

A **EON.**

Inspired by and featuring text from
the space choreography “AEON”
by Moritz Majce and Sandra Man

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Text commissioned by Moritz Majce and Sandra Man

It is a short trip from the city to the SPACE.

On a half-empty bus, the SPACE INVADER consumes a steady stream of virtual faces pre-selected by her smartphone, now and then glancing out into the busy streets through the window, subconsciously acknowledging the Spätis and traffic lights speeding past. Four-and-a-half digital encounters later, the bus comes to a halt.

Bus Operator:

You have reached your final destination.

The INVADER descends and enters what seems to be a wasteland. A large concrete plain, wide and empty, spills across the land. Some small bushes and shrubbery crown its edges, receding into sandy hills and industrial parkland. In the distance, a tree stands stubbornly in a detritus of rubble, a lone plastic bag clinging to its trunk.

The bus lets out a soft sigh as it makes a sharp U-turn and slips out of sight.

The INVADER scans the SPACE for a recognisable point and successfully locates a towering blue-and-yellow sign, with the word "IKEA" etched into the grey sky. She decides to walk in that direction.

Out of nowhere, a person, a SPACE WALKER, dressed in white worker's overalls and piercing the SPACE with searching blue eyes, appears. Assuming a relaxed stance, the WALKER faces the INVADER and stands completely still.

Surprised by the sudden presence of another body, the INVADER takes a step back.

Invader:

Who are you?

The WALKER looks straight into the INVADER's eyes, fearless.

Walker:

Ich bin die, die zuhört.

The WALKER tilts their head towards the sky, as if listening to the clouds. The INVADER watches the WALKER with suspicion. She takes note of their appearance - they are small and slight, seemingly androgynous.

Invader:

What are you listening to?

The WALKER repeats the same gesture again with the other ear, as if searching for the source of a sound. Then, they tilt their head back to the centre, balancing their skull on their spine, looking back into the eyes of the INVADER. It is as if the WALKER hasn't heard the INVADER. She repeats the question.

Invader:

What are you listening to?

Walker:

Eine Stimme.

The two bodies fall into silence. The INVADER, mirroring the WALKER's gesture, tilts her head towards the sky, straining her ears.

Invader:

A voice? I can't hear a voice.

The INVADER looks back at the WALKER.

Invader:

What is it saying?

The WALKER rotates their head to the side, lowering their chin slightly so that their ear is directed towards the INVADER's sternum. After resting there for a moment, they move back into a neutral stance and re-assume eye contact with the INVADER.

Walker:

Die Stimme sagt, wir werden auf die Straße gehen.

The INVADER looks around. She scans the wasteland around them and then looks further into the distance. She can no longer see the street she came from.

Invader:

Which street?

Walker:

Auf der Straße, sagt die Stimme, wird es still sein. Kein Auto. Die Straße wird leer sein.

Very subtly, the WALKER micro-bends their knees, while continuing to look at the INVADER. The INVADER watches them, perplexed.

Walker:

Auf der Straße, sagt die Stimme, wird es still sein. Der Asphalt unter unseren Sohlen wird glatt sein. Links und rechts von uns werden die Häuser weit weg sein.

Invader:

Well that sounds quite far from any street I know, or quite frankly, that I'd like to visit.

The WALKER bends their knees further, directing their femurs towards the ground. Slowly, their heels peel away from the surface and their knees sink into the sand.

The INVADER bends down into a squatting position, meeting the eye-line of the WALKER.

Invader:

Where I come from, the streets are full of activity. People stroll from site to site, crossing each other as they jump from A to B. Data bleeds through the arteries of the internet and sets the pulse of the city. Without these veins, we wouldn't be able to navigate our networks, or set up camp in a place where the rest of the world can see us. Will there be no others?

Walker:

Die Straße wird leer sein. Die Bäume werden kahl, die Vögel werden weg und die Leute werden woanders sein. Uns wird niemand entgegenkommen.

The WALKER reaches towards the ground with one of their hands. As if searching for something important, they feel the sand and take it into their fingers. Giving it their full attention, they lift their hand to their chest and crumble the sand between their fingertips. The INVADER watches them intently.

Invader:

Nobody at all? Will I be alone?

Walker:

Wir werden zusammen gehen.

The WALKER's hand resumes their search in the sand. Collapsing their torso inwards, they reach their hand to one side, their fingers crawling along the sand.

Walker:

Die Straße, sagt die Stimme, ist eine Linie unter dem Himmel. Hinter uns, sagt sie, wird nichts nachkommen.

The INVADER watches as the WALKER gently brushes the sand away with their hand, revealing the grey concrete underneath.

Invader:

I have pins and needles in my hands and the pores in my skin feel tight. It's as though my blood is constricted by my veins and if I can't find space in my body, I don't trust myself to go on this trip with you.

Walker:

Wir werden geradeaus gehen.

Invader:

Where is this voice you hear coming from?

Walker:

Die Stimme holt die Worte aus dem Bauch.
Gegen die Schwerkraft pumpt sie sie durch die
Brust in den Kopf. Ich höre sie.

The WALKER shifts their hands further along the now bare concrete and lowers their torso, melting their body into the ground. Gently, with their piercing eyes, they encourage the INVADER to do the same.

The INVADER follows. Her muscles tense and slightly light-headed, she resists the hard concrete with her pelvis. She looks around and spots a few blades of grass. They are so big they look like trees.

The INVADER and the WALKER lie next to each other, their spines supine. They look up at the grey sky. In a sudden surge of fear, the INVADER turns her head to look at the WALKER.

Invader:

You didn't answer my question. Where is the voice coming from?

The WALKER, rotating their head, looks into the eyes of the INVADER. They enter into a long silence. The INVADER notices her heart beat quicken and her pupils dilate.

Walker:

Ich kann die Stimme hinter Ihren Pupillen sehen.
Mit tagweiten Augen schauen wir einander an.

For just a moment, the WALKER holds the gaze of the INVADER. The INVADER feels a sharp pang rise from her stomach as she breaks eye contact and turns her head to look back up at the sky. She closes her eyes. The concrete is soft.

The INVADER falls into the darkness behind her eyelids and the space between her ears. She listens to the WALKER's pulse, slow and steady, and in the same beat, hears the soft rush of blood as it shifts through their veins.