

«Washed ashore on self-made stages»

LEA PISCHKE

island
isle
islet
peninsula
archipelago
enclave
reef
atoll
bar
cay
haven
key
refuge
retreat
sanctuary
shelter

There are many of them!
They are not in a sea or marked on a map.
They only exist here.
They have been built by human hands.
I also have mine, I have to share it with several people.

The biggest is to my left. It is inhabited by someone who makes sounds with electronic devices and some who are sitting nearby. It is made of tall scaffolding. I have to look up and I can see one of them tripping over a cable.
Will he fall off? Can he swim?

Then others appear. And disappear. One is particularly ephemeral:

tiny-wheelie-bin-rubbish-theatre-of-my-dreams

Put together by several delighted, very excited beings.

«It needs a CAAAR-PET!!» (the double of a primary school child puts a red plastic bag in front of two toilet rolls marking the entrance).

«No-no, the proscenium! HERE!» (placing a snack wrapper on top of another snack wrapper)

They pop up everywhere, these all-my-wishes-are-being-heard-buildings, sprouting from an abundance of left-overs, carefully put together, to be instantly kicked to pieces by another excited being.

Where? In the sea, the void, in the inbetween.

The inbetween of what?

Of the many

Islas Bonitas

Julian Weber, together with Juan Pablo Cámara, Judith Förster, Liina Magnea, Lyllie Rouvière, Karol Tymiąski, Rachell Bo Clark, Thomas Proksch, Roy Amotz and Annegret Schalke, is on a mission: as a team, they are building, destroying, and re-building playful constructs created out of usual and unusual materials.

A neverending recycling - and more often than not - upcycling loop of what a happy island can look like. Is a theatre a happy island? Is a happy island a theatre?

Solid bricks are being thrown in the air like a toddler by its parent.

The group is chasing each other. They jump, they run, then rest and dart off again.

Fun, thrill and action thicken the air. A constant whirling around in an opulence of potentials, in a shape-shifting building-site made of objects which could serve as a foundation for another happy island at any given moment.

Concentrated arm swings, angular torso shifts, restrained forward-movement, dubbed by electronic beats. The group is constructing its own locomotion with serious dedication. They are standing, staggered, to the far left, eyes fixated to the far right. Several metres separate them from their target. Then, they run.

With full impact against the wall.

Nothing is excluded, nothing is safe. The wall is part of the game. It represents another construction element, that of the ultimate hyper-Isla Bonita: Uferstudio 13, the performance venue itself.

Because:

All objects, including humans, can be slotted.

They can be put.

They can be stuffed.

Can be arranged in line.

Screwed in place.

Assembled.

Rigged.

Lifted.

Rods, platforms, joints, bricks, cardboard, plastic bags, cling-film, glasses, wrappers, fog.

The materials can be soft, squishy, translucent, ethereal, hardly graspable with your hands.

Or on the contrary: hard, solid, reliable, sturdy, tried-and-trusted, cold and heavy to the touch.

Or inbetween: hard, solid, yet see-through and fragile if not handled with care.

A wooden transverse flutist plays an étude, the notes are floating in the air like instantly arranged sonic dots. Shimmering constructs hanging above the rods and rigs and heads, intangible, yet so present. Like a timeline full of 3D-events.

The flutist is traversing the scenes, chirpily commenting and accompanying the building of the many pop-up sites. Their breath is undulating through the instrument's tube, a sensual act of activated air.

The islas bonitas are surrounded by a lot of activated air: speech, breath, vibrations, sung harmonies, resonant objects.

- 1 uuuuuhhhh
- 2 phewwww
- 3 [an étude]
- 4 scrap-scrap-traaap-cratt
- 5 This is a THE-A-T-RRRE!
- 6 bbbrrr-bbbrrr
- 7 hmmm-hmmm [unisono]
- 8 thud-thud-thud
- 9 yuhhuuuuid
- 10 «Hey»
- 11 «I love you!», «Me, too!», «You will always be in my heart» [from behind the window]
- 12 plop, plop [gushes of champagne]
- 13 daannng_____daaanng_____daaanng

The islas are inhabited.
One isla is the largest. The one I am on. It consists of three longitudinal platforms and many chairs, occupied by people. I am at the very front and let my feet dangle into the «water». The debris of all the mini-wheelie-bin-rubbish-theatre-of-my-dreams is brushed under our isla, washed ashore. Our isla is the receptacle of other isla’s building units. Rubbish? Is our isla being soiled?

But that is not everything.
In this cornucopia of sounds and objects, another island erupts: isla aesthetica.
The fog that dries the air, the slow motion of a performer with Pre-Raphaelite features, her gentle touching and raising of thin-walled champagne glasses counterpointing the other performers’ hectic agitations and heavy bricks in full flight.
The clanging of lengthy steel rods, the showering of light gels, the communal lifting of a huge square rig flooded in bright light, with a flutist wriggling right beneath.
Objects that can be both hit and caressed. Objects with colour, smell, shape, and sound. Objects which could be manhandled, while others can only be caressed, let alone be transported.

A lot of sensations are invading my isla. I pull back my feet. I am offered champagne. Am I on a christened ship? Am I mistaken? The bottles are being emptied, one by one. Once melted, they could serve as raw material for....and....and also....actually, my own isla needs an entrance made of stained glass. With different green shades. The bottles would be perfect for that.

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«LA ISLA BONITA»
JULIAN WEBER

PREMIERE
PERFORMANCE

SEPTEMBER 6 – 9
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