

Family Big Hand

3.11.2034

mutti
vati
tochter
sohn
baby
tante
onkel
patentante

liegen im bett

sohn: hmm, es ist schön warm.

mutti: es ist sehr angenehm warm.

onkel: und draußen sehr kalt.

das bett, anders als die uns bekannten modelle, ist sehr, sehr groß. auch die bettdecke hat ein anderes fassungsvermögen, allen ist es möglich, gemeinsam unter der decke zu liegen. zudem liegen verschiedene schaumstoffpolster, mehrere daunenkissen und ganz viele stofftiere darunter.

patentante: i remember when i was a child and we were driving in the car, by looking through the window in the sky, i dreamed myself into the ocean of white clouds, jumping in those soft hillsides, full of joy. then it was possible. also because i didn't know yet that they are not concrete. from far away they look outrageously physical, but if you get close, they dispel. you would fall through, if you would jump. after i have been in the mountains and walked through them, i experienced that dispersal. my phantasy ended that somewhere far away would exist a soft pillow paradise.

tochter: mein kinderalptraum, der sich viele jahre in meinem schlaf wiederholte, war schwarz. ich erlebte eine landschaft, immer wieder die gleiche, als sei sie real. vor mir lagen viele hügel und hänge aus steinkohlen und drum herum war es tiefe finsternis. es fühlte sich an wie ein universum ohne sterne, und ich, als körper oder wesen in diesem raum, befand mich in einem unbeschreibbaren zustand, ähnlich einem gefühl von verlust über die proportionen von mir selbst und im verhältnis zu den dingen, ich und das universum pochten, zusammenziehend und ausdehnend. das gefühl war unangenehm und ich hatte angst. in der ferne, auf den steinkohlebergen, waren kleine, erleuchtete und helle objekte. sehr weit weg davon schaute ich in die kleinen lichter. der alptraum ist heute vorbei, er holt mich nachts nicht mehr ein, er ist zu ende und ist nur noch eine erinnerung. i have been given birth.

mutti: come under the blanket kids, come... come..
here it is dark, but softly nice and warm. the bright light stays outside and there is no reason for fear. daddy is here, mommy too. your sister, your aunt, your brother and all other relationals. we create a space of affinity. the experience of allurements, appeal, attraction, linking and pull, analogy and conformability and conformity, correspondence, likeness... cuties come..

onkel: ..parallelism, resemblance, semblance, similarity, similitude, chemical affinity, appetite, contiguity..

sohn: ..nearness, neighborhood, propinquity, proximity, vicinage, vicinity, closeness..

baby: ..proclivity, liability, addictedness, leaning, fondness...

mutti: ..attachment, bonds, connectedness, fellowship, solidarity, ties, kinship, relatedness, belonging, membership..

tochter: i dream of this so deeply

father: here i am

mutti: i am inside

baby: i live it

sohn: it's me

the daughter leaves the bed.

tochter: yesterday i was reading this text to father. he punched me in the face. outburst already of this few lines. he turned away and his back built a wall.

she walks out of the house, picks up a brick and sits down on the next bench.

tochter: i love this family. it is my common space of hesitation, vulnerability and reflexion. sometimes i need to go in distance, but i never lose commitment.

as it gets darker, she lies down and falls asleep.

in her dreams she gets drawn the present stage. it is a place of rivalry and competition. once many of them started very critically - questioning and searching and kept an open interest in all concerns. but they stopped after a while, latest as they arrived in the place they wanted to be, maybe not by knowing so; acknowledgement, security and money. then some of them still represented something like a critically being, as they still had something to do and be, but somehow the diversity of their materialized projection and their living grounded in reality lost track in the given system. anyhow, it is not the worst place to be, because, there at least people are competent to create an abstract place to talk about all this and above all phantasies about perception, dialogue and life. like a matrix on their wasteland. in consideration of this there exists, after all, a possibility and a venue for fiction. now they live in this matrix and they never leave. the world order is set and doesn't get questioned anymore. over the years they get used to the unspoken law of this place, the division of producer and consumer. the producers don't question their practice as they have a hell of a lot worship from the consumers side and the consumers don't question their intake because they are fulfilled by input from the producers side. but all of them live their lives either in production or in consumption and are not capable to share living outside of this matrix. and who could know if there would be something outside this matrix, if not reenacted everyday exhaustingly by everybody in the matrix, maybe outside could be never something else then desert, nobody knew and nobody would ever know.

witch und donkey treten auf. sie sind weit über den dächern.

witch: come, we live together.

donkey: oh, this is so beautiful. i really like you and i understand you and want to share my life with you.

witch: paint my walls white, i can't paint, i am so not practical assessed, i am a thinker.

donkey: yes, i like to do it and i cook you some nice things to eat.

witch: i am very beautiful.

donkey: yes, you are very beautiful.

witch: my books in the boxes are so very incredibly interesting, i read all of them.

donkey: i (interrupted)

witch: i read the books in your shelf as well.

donkey: i (interrupted)

witch: i have so many interesting things to say about them.

donkey: yes, i think so, too. i also read (interrupted)

witch: pscht. come here. here, in this picture you can see my friends, they are so incredibly good friends of mine, they understand me and love me very much. they think i am very beautiful and interesting. and they love my work!

donkey: yes, it's like that.

witch: but they are mine!

donkey: what do you mean?

witch: you are very welcome to listen at my pictures i draw of them everyday! but don't talk to them!

donkey: i don't know.. what it is about... i am confused..

witch: what are you looking at?!

donkey: i am looking at you.

witch: don't look at me, you want to steal me, you want to be me, because i am so beautiful and intelligent.

donkey: but i am here. i (interrupted)

witch: i only see myself everywhere, everybody wants to copy me, i am in danger!

donkey: but i (interrupted)

witch: yes! you want to be me!

donkey: no, i don't want to be you, i like your you, and want to be me.. and what is about your friends.. they are very nice and very different from you and they value you, your you, you.

witch: they are all liars, they all use me, me, me.

donkey: i don't think it is as you say. listen, i (interrupted)

witch: yes! that is the worst! you are supposed to look at my pictures of them, but you are not supposed to spend time with them! leave my friends alone, they are mine, mine, mine!

donkey: dear my friend, calm down. you don't have to be in fear, once everybody of us is in fear sometimes, we are all here and you are not alone.

witch: i am not in fear, all is different then i want to have it. you are supposed to be here and he is supposed to be there and i am here and the other one should be there and her, she is supposed to be opposite of him. can you understand this?

donkey: no, i don't understand. i am very helpless and powerless about this! ... i can't no more.. and my hope, for a recondition of the broken bridges, ends. i tried hard and for such a long time, gave time space to help healing, but i have no strength anymore.

the planets separate.

witch: what is this!

donkey: i am sad. i have to go.

witch: yes! you are a bad person! i knew it anyway and always! and you were never my friend!

donkey: goodbye my friend. i will miss you, i hope you will do well.

witch: goodbye, you are allowed to call me.

donkey: goodbye.

the daughter wakes up. rubbing her eyes she sits up and sees from far away the windows of her home glowing into the night. the space around her is huge and slightly cold, there are no stars and no moon. she wonders what is happening in there, leaves the brick behind and walks back.

court: what are you up to?

tochter: i am walking home.

court: the witch told me you are pregnant, is that so?

tochter: yes, i am.

court: how can you be pregnant, having no man and no own house?

tochter: i live within my relatives together and with this baby, i carry along our intentional community.

court: in the name of the tribunal, i arrest you for suspicion of an incestuous relationship.

tochter: i don't know what you are talking about!

court: who is the father?

tochter: there is not one father, i can't tell, we are all influenced by each other.

court: you will figure it out in the cell. police! bring her where she belongs.

police: come on.

the daughter is trapped, all threads of contact and communication are torn. she doesn't know what happens to her and cries. strung out she falls asleep.

back in her dreams it doesn't get better. she falls back on the stage, which reminds her of her presence. the presence of oppression. there people build their own grid of condemnation, decisions over life and death, every day. in the world of producers and consumers the grid of speed and growth prevails, instructed by the opinion of taste, appearance equals fame and creates spaces of knowledge. ... (everybody in the courtroom, quite annoyed, wonders about those present stage descriptions in the text, as the passage we are reading in this moment. as black and white as this place is drawn it sounds soul-destroying and narrowed as it is told, it resembles old forgotten weighty lyrics by bad rappers, like:

I'm back with the track I'm white not black
But the color doesn't matter so now step back
Brown or black or white or red or what
You now what time it is it's time to say enough
Cause every nation's in a situation
You know it's time for a combination
See what they spray up on the wall
Stop the war that's not your fault

or

You better listen to what I've got to say
I got the mic in my hand and I am on my way
It's not terminator not superman
Not a bad story of the ku-klux-klan
It's like a picture and it starts to shine
It's bright in colors so open your mind
Give yourself a chance take it in your hand
Give yourself a chance talk to understand
Give yourself a chance right now

but anyway, we continue... we were on the stage which she gets drawn in her dreams...) ... at this place fame is never seen as a victim, only as quality and encouragement. as there is nothing next to the pictures of production offered, everything that appears is water in the desert. the air is filled and reigned by satisfaction and dissatisfaction in a strange simultaneous way. as everything that you produce or consume is visible, and as everybody takes care to mediate everything she produces or consumes in this manner of showing it to others in reference to oneself, life grows to an everyday performance of interests and presence. in this manner, you distinguish yourself from the other and furthermore you are able to experience yourself through your own construct. everybody grows into once own walking mirror. in this way you connect to the matrix, it is your possibility to be there and this means life. the more you perform, the more you are there, the more you are alive.

this implicates satisfaction. but simultaneously this performance takes you to an abstract existence, mirrored in your visibility, as a product. everything you do becomes picture and you stream along your path of action embedded in the matrix. you are your action and your action is always product. from a specific point of development this means that you are chained to your you in the matrix, which needs supplies in your trace of appearance consistently, enquiry growing, delivering in addition - life becomes picture, idea and product, leaving to live being, outside the abstract life, outside the matrix. outside the matrix equals no action, no product, no other, no existence. doing nothing in there equals death and is just not there.

daughter: but father, father, why are you so angry at me!

father: this is not funny!

daughter: but this is meant serious.

father: yes, this is serious!

daughter: but what is the problem?

father: where are you!

daughter: i am here!

father: that is not you, that is some other, which you confirm by your description!

daughter: but the other is me too!

father: but you talk about things you don't have a clue of and you don't have anything to do with.

daughter: i don't understand?

father: what do you want to be loved for!?

daughter: for this.

father: that everybody in the end can say, yes, you are right, it is true!?

daughter: no, there is no right and there is no true.

father: but what is this embedding about, you don't need this, leave it behind, just do your thing!

daughter: but my thing is part of this. it is possible to draw it fragmentary and to take on its existence for a moment, in the next moment it is off and maybe not relevant or just to a limited extent, but at least its conceivable partial truth appears for a moment.

father: this is representation!

daughter: no, this is memory!

father: i can't stand those explanations.

daughter: me neither.

father: so why are you doing it?

daughter: because there are no answers! there is no outside! it is memory, which has to be talked about every day and this must not end ever! one is not without the other and the other way around!

father: but you don't have to drop it here.

daughter: then i will be part of oblivion.

father: it is a huge contradiction in itself. either you ride or you don't!

daughter: so you are the one who is scared, you react to what is claimed to go and what doesn't.

father: no, i just don't have anything of your outspoken directness, yes you are right, what else, what do you want to be loved for?!

daughter: you claim history, originality and independence of me?

father: yes, i do.

daughter: but, what do you want? i don't have a problem with people doing this, i as everybody else get a lot out of it, but it has to be possible not to do this and do this here? all those histories and originalities are traceable, if you are close, you can see on what, out of what or see direct where it comes from? and don't forget the centuries-old structure around all of us, each one within their distinct role, nothing of it and nobody in it is pristine?

father: but this is not relevant, they built themselves out of it, they have something and you don't!

daughter: but this here is not nothing.

father: yes, in our woods that is nothing.

daughter: maybe the woods are bigger than you guess.

father: ja right, and how and for what do you want to live, how do you spend your time?

daughter: like this.

father: but that means nothing!

daughter: is that so? how shall i know?

father: i know and i tell you to work through it and don't smoke so much.

donkey, ape, wolf und clown treten auf.

donkey/ape/wolf: hello clown!

clown: hallo donkey, ape and wolf...

donkey/ape/wolf: hey! what's up, why is your head hanging that close to the ground.

clown: ah, donkey, ape and wolf, i am just sad or tired or powerless.

donkey/ape/wolf: hey hey clown! don't let your head hang down! it's fun to be here!

clown: ha, ha, ja, i know, and i think the same, it is just..

donkey/ape/wolf: la la la la la, can you see how we turn around that funny.

clown: yes, it is funny.

donkey/ape/wolf: la la la la la!

clown: thank you donkey, ape and wolf..

donkey/ape/wolf: hey clown, but what is it, tell us!

clown: ach.. i am just wondering by whom i want to be governed.

donkey/ape/wolf: hmmm...

clown: once i did what i did, because i wanted to do it. and i had a lot of fun and joy in it and sometimes even the others too, and the best, it was not only fun and joy, but also quite annoying and demanding, furthermore it had its frame, neighborhood and exchange. those felt like contented times!

donkey/ape/wolf: and and and what happened?

clown: i don't know, at first it just got more and then, then.. i don't know, it took me, and then, took me over.

donkey/ape/wolf: took you over?

clown: yes, i am reigned. and i wonder what i became and what i do. i wonder if there is still fun, joy, annoying, demanding, frame, neighborhood and exchange. yes, somehow yes, but somehow, things got torn out of my reach and i am forced to keep up my picture. and now i wonder if i can be in the institution without being in it, like a member who subverts all membership rules.

donkey/ape/wolf: hmm..that is difficult to grasp..

the witch appears on the scene.

donkey/ape/wolf: hello hello witch!

donkey: haven't seen you in a very long time!

witch: hello donkey, ape and wolf.

donkey/ape/wolf: what are you up to?

witch: why do you want to know?

donkey/ape/wolf: what!?

witch: what do you want of me?

donkey/ape/wolf: oh, sorry witch, you seem to be quite sensitive.. we just wanted to talk with you.

witch: i can tell you 'just want to talk to you'. you can only see, you monsters!

donkey/ape/wolf: hey witch, what's going on, what do you mean?

witch: i hate your power game.

donkey/ape/wolf: our power game?

witch: everywhere i go, if i go, i see you hanging around in a group.

donkey/ape/wolf: but we just like each other.

witch: ja, right! just hang around with each other.

donkey/ape/wolf: yes, like you and your friends.

witch: don't say anything about me and my friends, you know nothing about me.

donkey/ape/wolf: man witch, what's up, are you aggressive or what?

witch: no man! i am probably the only one left who has some clear, critical and differentiated positioning going on.

donkey/ape/wolf: are you talking about your work now?

witch: your appearance oppresses me.

donkey/ape/wolf: because we are friends? maybe you should get straight where the enemy is located, discourse dump head. and maybe try once to eat your own soup or open some windows.

the daughter is woken up.

at this point of the text, another dialogue was supposed to follow. that finally would have been a dialogue in

which the perspective of the witch would have come across differently. or maybe it would have been a monologue. a monologue not about her personal opinion concerning the private realm, but at least one about the motives of her work: a very, very close tunnel vision, analytics of... but unfortunately the daughter already got woken up out of her dreams, so there won't be a monologue and thus the daughter gets less shaken up in this text as she could.. and we continue:

the police brings her into the courtroom.

tochter: what the fuck. bullshit.

police: come on.

court: there must not be something like you.

tochter: but father what have i done?

court: you are a product of incest and you proceed in preserving this path.

tochter: what do you mean?

court: you are pregnant by a frame of relatedness!

tochter: but father! do me no harm! shall i have done something wrong?!

court: the requirement is to reproduce external of your own kind!

tochter: what does this mean?

court: to grow, spread and distribute!

tochter: why?

court: to participate in the presence.

tochter: yesterday's jingles.

court: listen to me!

the daughter falls into delirium. her body can't stand the shock and sets its signs. her short term memory shuts down. she feels a tingle in her legs and hands. she falls. a murmur goes through the courtroom. her dreams emerge anew, slowly she arises in the garden of her kindred. everybody starts to follow in suspense. the sun is shining, the sky is blue, it is warm and wild flowers are everywhere.

tochter: mutti, mutti!

mutti: ja mein kind, wir sind hier, komm zu uns.

she runs and her mother spreads out hands towards her, happily she falls into her arms, father, son, baby, aunt, uncle and god-aunt follow, all together they sway into one another.

all of them: where have you been?!

daughter: i don't know! it felt like yesterdays! i was in fear and they captured me!

uncle: what do you mean?

tochter: i was in court!

all of them startle.

godaunt: let's go to the sand heap over there at the sidewalk.

tochter: yes! and do some sandcastles and riverbeds.

sohn: yes! and put some water in, too!

everybody: yeahei!

they walk over and kneel down. everybody immersed in their own little intention of procedure, with the sand to hand, from different initial points little somethings develop, hands over hands cross in their doing, digging, piling up, clinching and taping. slowly emerges a come together, whereas nobody stops continuing. by turns somebody pours some water to stabilize the sand, clinching and taping time after time again. as there develops already some riverbed as well, sometimes one fills in some water and water streams along. digging, piling up, clinching, taping, piling up, digging, taping. clinching, taping, digging. suddenly the earth breaks open, rifts pull through the meadow, the brother reaches for his aunt, the uncle embraces the father, the daughter looses grip of her mothers hand and spirals downwards into darkness.

mutti: nooooooooo!

tochter: ahhhhhhh!

recurrent a loud murmur goes through the courtroom.

the daughter falls deeper in her memories. she is at home, the lights are dimmed, openness spreads in her inside. all her kind is with her. all of them are there. she touches them, they touch her, they touch each other. they are. separated and aligned at once. the frontiers of body fall, the walls of the mental dismantle, the feelings shift. thirstiness gets stayed. they are in heat. water is everywhere. they unlearn what is a women and who is man. they oblivate what is heterosexual and what is gay. language drops, so do all sets of possible categories. they are adapting it's not-existence. every meaning discomposes. they leave the grid and flow into freedom beneath. his hand on her stomach, her mouth on her ear, she slowly arises. she wings through clouds, the sky opens and boom! the brain cuts her off again. in a flash everything comes back onto her. a mass of pictures lightning her mental. she starts to swirl in pain. she gets torn away and the others are gone.

recurrent a loud murmur goes through the courtroom.

court: here we go! welcome back!

tochter: what happened, why am i?

court: you exist to draw us your garden and we are here to charge.

tochter: it is transparent. it has four walls and one floor, there is no roof. mainly it is based on senses. the sense of immediacy. it is direct. my skin floats, my eyes rinse, my nose twigs, my mouth opens, my hands grasp. my joints are chained to a pedestal which embraces a table, history reaches far. ancestors inscribed all times and spread over the whole world. knowing and living. i feel the currents in the back of my brain, feel soft and need some rest. there is no law, what are you here to charge me for?

court: we are here to follow felonies.

father: so what felony have i done?

court: nothing changed concerning the duty of productivity. as a member of woods today everyone must live in an outward family dynamic. in days gone by incest indeed may have been desired, but it must never be consummated. now we are even that far already to see the destructive potential of this desire and its laws as a historical acceptance of violence. we declare the incest enjoinder as a cultural donated institution. in the name of the tribunal, as we followed your dreams thus far, i accuse you of living an illegitimate closeness in domestic juice.

tochter: yes, we are cooking in our own liquid, but i can't see no wrong.

court: it's equal to economic stagnation.

mother: it's my and my kinds' spring in the desert.

court: but where is participation?

tochter: it is a garden! we all participate!

court: this is only your garden and this is a deformity. growing up means to leave the own kind and to link up with new others. the sex-appeal of the others stands in the duty of cultural progress. there has to be mixing of foreigners to become growth and stimulated exchange of ideas, knowledge and commodity. progress is trade and transformation. and you live the delict of stagnation!

brother: but the foreign lies to be experienced in a garden! i want to submerge in this ocean! go deeper every day! every day itself resembles transformation. the other and the foreign is within us. outside the garden far away, it seems to equal reign of typologies and economy of abundance. i can't feel anything out there!

court: but the others!

tochter: shall at least try!

court: but they have no time!

baby: then give them time!

court: they lack experiences!

sohn: time passes over into experiences!

court: and they lack education!

godaunt: then give them education and help them to built out their heart!

court: this is your assignment and your responsibility!

tochter: you don't believe your own words!

court: i make you believe my words!

alle: nooooo!

court: in the name of the tribunal, i condemn you to become visible with what ever you do.

tochter: noooo! nooo!

court: therefore you will leave your garden. there will be different people, foreigners and houses in different places and countries, there you will remark and bring out.

tochter: nooooo!

court: you will oblige those requests. that's how it shall be. that's how it must be. that is how it always has been and always will be!

alle: (singen)

oh, ok..

..

OK!

clap your hands

spin around

jump up high

OK!

clap your hands

sit down

stand up

1,2,3,4,5

goodbye, goodbye
see you again

goodbye, goodbye
see you my friends

goodbye, goodbye
i had fun today!
i had fun today!

stomp your feet
shake your body
stand still

OK!

stomp your feet
turn left
turn right
1,2,3,4,5

goodbye, goodbye
see you again

goodbye, goodbye
see you my friends

goodbye, goodbye
i had fun today!
i had fun today!

goodbye!

The Text *Family Big Hand* by Jutta Zimmermann is presented at Nousmoules in conjunction with her exhibition *Opposite House of Sea*, 2015.

Nousmoules
Schadekgasse 6-8
1060 Vienna
mail@nousmoules.net
www.nousmoules.net