

Small islands on a plane, images play out on them. A postcard sends “Greetings from the Resort“.

From a balcony close by:

Marie-A.: *Let them eat critique!*

Cringe Island: *Off with her head!*

Resort: *This artist deals with the notion of overcoming hierarchical structures through...*

The smiling head, rolling, losing its wig. Someone from beyond is watching the offered spectacle.

Someone: *Am I trapped in an in-between? Are these just fragments and remnants of a past long gone? They flare up to dissolve again. What remains are sentiments of a place on the frontiers of the here and the beyond, between heartfelt illusion and always already betrayed truthfulness. The attempt to capture this with images.*

Someone else: *Searching for a map that could provide answers? Look for the lighthouse.*

A voice sings from a gallery out of the smiling head.

Cut off Smiling Head: *Perhaps the high degree of autonomization, shall I say detachment, of the individual spheres of value— and thus the impossibility of a common canon—even forms the actual ground for the longing for the fusion of the categories of art and criticism, like Romeo and Juliet.*

Marie-A.: *The eroticism of sharing the very last, death.*

The words echo between the islands.

*Silence*

Luring whispers become louder from an unknown source.

Pirate Choir: *A total flame burning itself up, blood, guts and fear my vision. Offer world, stop, full of gold, stop, love, stop, adventure, stop.*

A beat drops into the pirate choir.

Islands shaking, glasses breaking, heads are aching.