

**Isabel Waidner, *Jupiter, sans star credentials*, 2021**

**Video Description:**

Isabel is narrating to the camera. They have a brown fringe and are wearing a white T-Shirt with a red circle on it. We can only see the words 'DREAM' that are written in white and sit on top of the red circle. The background behind Isabel changes.

**00.00**

[We hear Isabel clicking their computer to start recording. Isabel is in Space. Behind them over their right shoulder is a purple planet that moves forward and gets larger as it moves, a green round shape can be seen flickering on it. Directly behind Isabel is a large white planet that could be the moon]

"We swing from the giant fly system in the sky. Category is, space junk. I'm a derelict space shuttle, jovially flapping my one remaining wing. Next to me, Sterling, my bestie, as a decommissioned satellite, looking A-star. Perhaps unfairly, I've heard Jupiter called 'a failed star', or a failing star, a star,

**00.25**

[the background changes to white and we can see a space satellite spinning behind Isabel]

that is, that never acquired or aspired to actual brilliance. I identify. I'm Jupiter, I'm the Voyager flyby mission, and I can't say I'm a hundred percent in the moment, performing. Whereas Sterling? is radiant.

**00.44**

[the background changes and we can see what could be a child's drawing of some trees. A black saucer spaceship is concealed within them. The spaceship is atop some grass. There is no detail in the drawing, all the shapes are filled in with scratchy colours.]

The sun is a star and – like Sterling - a loner. The sun is a hot ball of glowing gases. As Sterling's long-term collaborator, I, Chachki,

**00.52**

[the background changes and Isabel is back in Space. A large planet looms behind them. This could also be the moon. We can see details of craters on the planet's surface which is yellow, grey and pink]

admit that, too often, I find myself going along with what some say is the cost of being able to really really really shine up here, but what's actually just bad behaviour.

[The plant's surface now takes up the entire screen and is no longer colour, rather grey, it quickly switches to another child's drawing of an alien and spaceship]

Should've heard Sterling when the astronaut fly crew hoisted us up via giant celestial pulleys, or when the fly person fixed Sterling's harness to the infinite rig.

### **01.18**

[the background changes to another child's drawing of a space ship drawn on white paper with thick black lines]

They, Sterling, were unprofessional at best - at worst, annoying - yet none of us said anything. When it matters though, Sterling, in their jumpsuit apparelled with aluminium foil, turns on the light.

### **01.28**

[the background changes to white and we can see a space satellite spinning behind Isabel]

We're hundreds of metres above Camden High Street. That's Parkway down there, and Delancey Street. I can see my block, and Sterling's, two doors up. There are people on the flat roof of Fairfield House, Arlington Road, waving.

### **01.45**

[the background changes to a composition of 4 children's drawings]

No way can they see us, we're too high up, and if they can, they'll never be able to make out the intricacies, like, I constructed my outfit from silver polyester and integral boning.

### **02.00**

[we now see a white child eating a hamburger dressed in a costume of a blue, orange and white planet. The text [www.coolest-homemade-costumes.com](http://www.coolest-homemade-costumes.com) appears on top of the image]

The International Astronomical Union downgraded the status of Pluto to that of a dwarf planet, apparently. As of fairly recently, Pluto is no longer a planet. In moments like this, when reality hits, when the low-grade status of Pluto, an ex-planet with several moons, really registers, I imagine what it'd be like if Sterling and I performed at the National Theatre instead of the tremendous castle in the North London air.

**02:28**

[the background changes to white and we can see a space satellite spinning behind Isabel]

The National Theatre's various venues are equipped with state of the art rigging systems, you can see their fly towers go up the exterior of their building. Once inside, the view of the stage from even the rear stalls is decent.

**02.48**

[we now see a black child wearing a black 49ers t-shirt standing in front of a white door with his hand on his forehead looking at a model of planets in space]

I imagine Sterling and I'd have to have difficult conversations and may well fall out over what level of visibility, what pay grade, would make up for us aligning ourselves with institutional power – I'd say, oh payday,

**03.01**

[we now see a child eating a hamburger dressed in a costume of a blue, orange and white planet. The text [www.coollest-homemade-costumes.com](http://www.coollest-homemade-costumes.com) appears on top of the image which quickly edits to and Isabel being back in Space. A large planet looms behind them. This could also be the moon. We can see details of craters on the planet's surface which is yellow, grey and pink. More plants zoom in and out of view]

' Sterling'd say, 'they're funded by the Wall Street Journal, and what about our fans on the roof of estate, we wouldn't want them paying top dollar for the privilege of seeing us. In reality, the dilemma hasn't presented itself. We've never been asked to do anything inside the National Theatre, and that's despite Sterling's stellar credentials, my space shuttle overdrive, our sustained artistic industry and our mid-range and rising international popularity. My preferred public platform is the space between an independent art gallery and Penguin Random House. Failing that, I hope Fairfield House can discern, if not the two of us, then at least Sterling, in the big nature theatre up in the sky. Decommissioned satellite, hotheaded sun, Sterling just stepped it up for the people in the back. Whereas I, I feel like I'm alone in a Zoom meeting. End video, leave. I say, 'Don't know how you do it, Sterling. They say, 'Do what, Chachki.' I say, "Play to no one. My talents are wasted up here.'

**04.11**

[the background changes to white and we can see a space satellite spinning behind Isabel]

I beat my polyester wing senselessly. Sterling counters, not no one. Way, they see it, they're playing, not just to the fans on Fairfield House roof, but to low-grade space clutter, paint flecks, solidified liquids and particles from rocket ship motors all around us. They're playing to Pluto stripped of its planetary station, and to the decontextualised solar panel over there,

cruising at speed. Way Sterling sees it, they shine, having no real alternative. Always pulling gravitational forces together and creating a planet x from literally space dust. As for myself, I'm Jupiter. I'm a derelict space shuttle and I'm hanging on by a thread.'

## **5.00**

[people dancing in close proximity to one another, they are having a good time. One person is furiously fanning two fans simultaneously.]