



November July

Jonathan Reissinger
and Rokas Wille

This work was created between 2024 and 2025.

This is the first edition with 30 German and 30 English prints
(January 2025).

Part 1

November











Part 2

July

Police I.

We are putting up posters on an advertising pillar. A police car stops right next to us. We leave everything and ride off quickly on our bikes. Up the bridge over the zoo. No car can follow us here. Below us are the empty animal enclosures, the elephants are indoors, sleeping. As we drive I look up into the black treetops towering over the bridge. At the very top sits a white peacock. The magical moment is over in an instant as we reach the road on the other side of the bridge.

A police car comes around the corner, it must be another one. We frantically drive off in different directions. I ride towards the police car on the other side of the road and turn around a corner into a driveway. I park my bike in front of the house and hide behind a hedge. I can no longer see the car from here. Have I overreacted? But the car has probably been informed by the other one by radio.

After a while I drive to the meeting point, zig-zagging through the town. A police car is driving far behind me, is it following me? I drive as fast as I can and manage to leave it behind. I'm the first at the meeting point, but the others arrive too, everything went well.

Spider

A small spider runs across the wooden floor in the bedroom. It has long, thin legs and a pale blue color with purple spots. It is deadly poisonous. My father manages to squash it. That was pretty risky, he could have been bitten. But the spot on the floor where it died remains dangerous. Even years later it's still deadly to even touch that spot. So I always have to walk around it. I'm afraid of that spot.

Robot horse

It's a warm summer night. My mother picks me up from the hospital. We walk home, it's not far. The pavement has stored all the heat of the day. I'm pleasantly warm in my summer clothes. The night sky is dark purple, illuminated by the city's light pollution. Only a few stars are visible. Then I see a small horse flying high up in the sky, with my father sitting on it. "There's Dad!" I shout. The horse floats down, wearing a green medieval cloak. But as it gets closer, I realize that it's not my father on the horse at all, but a man with a beard – my father doesn't have a beard. And it's not a real horse either, but a robot horse made of shiny metal parts. White light shines out of its mouth. It lands in front of us, the strange rider laughs. The horse dashes towards me and bites my hand. Light flashes from its mouth and I get a strong electric shock.

Police II.

I received a sending-off and just want to get home as quickly as possible. It could have turned out much worse. So I'm lucky, there won't be any consequences. I'm fast on my bike. It's summer, but it's quite cold at night out here in the countryside. The others know the way home and it's agreed that I won't wait for them. I couldn't remember the winding route across the fields, all the turns in the dark – and it's quite far. So I decide to take the road to the closest village with a train station. There is no parallel cycle path and no street lighting. I'm afraid that a car won't see me, but I don't come across any.

Poplars grow by the cold stream. I can smell them, the air is damp. I reach the station and soon the train arrives in the city. The dry, warm air of the city greets me as I get off, I feel safe again. Here the air smells of another tree, as the tilia is in bloom. The others soon arrive and we meet at my place. I make us some tea.

Closet

I get home very late. I put my things in the hallway, enter my room and switch on the light. My gaze falls upon my closet next to the window. There is still half a meter space between the wardrobe and the wall. I realize that I have never looked into this gap before. How can that be, I've lived here for so long! I walk forward and look into the dark gap between the closet and the wall. I freeze. The wall in the gap is painted, neatly, with the contents of my cupboard next to it. The objects are more crowded in the little space, painted squeezed and stretched to fit, but they are definitely all my things, exactly as they are in the cupboard. Painted down to the smallest detail. I must have overlooked the painting when I moved in. But I put the things in the closet after I moved here.

Texts

Rokas Wille, born in Frankfurt am Main in 2002.

He is studying media art at the HfG Karlsruhe and works with film, sculpture, painting and text.

www.rokaswille.de

Photographs

Jonathan Reissinger, born in Rosenheim in 2001.

He is studying media art at the HfG Karlsruhe and art education at the AdBK Nuremberg.

www.klasse-munding.de

