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Come Fresh Hell or Fresh High Water

29 November — 13 January 2017

Blain|Southern London



— Come Fresh Hell or Fresh High Water —

Come Fresh Hell or Fresh High Water

Hang the fuck in there.
Right in there you get to hang up your
DREAMS
your dreams and your d.r.e.a.m.s
your ——tell me other things
dreams?
Or your Dreams.
Your dreams your *Dreams* and your ——dreams?

Listen, if you can think of anything other than dreams,
there is a guest book at the front desk, you could just write
Hang up your – colon – dot dot dot.
Dreams for example.
Or, I don't know, dreams? Your dreams or your dreams. Anything! Your dreams or your dreams.

Everbilt a structure struck by how
Nothing is
Everbilt a system so brutal it blinds a newborn within 21 seconds?
Everbilt a filmreel that shows nothing but water?
Everbilt a construction using *steal steal away home?*
I ain't got long to stay here
as rust causes it to expand and brutalizes any concrete strategy, any concrete plan.
Any concrete vision of breakdown into water, cement and lime
Lie me flat *down* upside *down* and I will not talk. *I will now not now I will now speak.*

More on that in *precautionary tales*
tucked in and running.
{prove to audience it is possible by exposing velocity and lack
of tail} blaze and trail base
d on research. Based on gut.
Better based on gut.

And the flood. The tears the flood the tears.

Presumably.
His presumably.
About the melting pay caps.
Presumably.
About the increased oil price.
Presumably.
I get it, that is a shame.
Having to pay public sect
Or having to pay full
stop pouring or you will

oilblot

spill and you fold.
You spill and you fold
You spill and your folded note saying
“I never meant to etc I didn’t know etc” is to be related to as object not subject
ed to scrutiny. Why?
Your writing is too sweaty to be read. The ink pen slipped before the executive ordeal
me another hand over the folded bit of paper:
Your line is so shaky I can’t hear what you’re saying.

oilblot

And so we gather, guess and keep ourselves to ourselves because
human

oilblot

because *nature*
also because *animal*
and *abstract*
because *clothing* and **fire**
and **fire** and other **fire**
keeps us apart.

Me, I am more of a savings person, myself. Disagree just common come on sense, come back and
take over for a minute I need to pee.

One aspect of a discrete and very complex identity we all had to forge out for our selves and our
shelves, strategically placed for the odd visitor.

Apart men. Those particular. Men that go under *general items*. Go under *based on*. Go over our
distinct features with a

Mark her pen her words on her be
half dead and still screaming: This Is Not Sustainable.

Apart meant I am somewhat of a savings person and yet 50% of people in the UK
And yet 49% of people in this country.

And yet 51% of people in our country

Plasterboarded up all the entrances to all the shops to

ALL THE SHOPS apply for universal

credits me with having a fine voice despite croak

room with a view to forgetting earlier incidents with a view to increasing your purchasing pow pow
her with a view onto thriving market towns commissioned as spray painted visuals among vacant
cubes and vacant stairs.

Vacant stares, just don’t blink.

That’s how you train yourself.

That’s how the railway spy the railroad spine figures out where to attack next.

Drill a hole and repeat:

Ah, I can see nothing and feel myself no more, ergo we must hurt the most vulner

Able to hurt the most vul

Canic explosions by telling them they can have it –smile, bleach, floss, bleach– and then switching
off their gas. It’s easy.

No eruptions predicted.

It’s called energetic stake out.

It’s called energetics take out the last one standing on anything publicly owned.

Close your eyes and think of borders. Open them again and all bord look at the bord
Errs: Have gone have not gone. It doesn't work that way.

Err or

close your eyes the fluorescent lied about bright Nes
café to help you open your eyes. Open them.

O!Pen!Them!

Ah, you've seen it already. Sorry.

The damage is done.

Flood defencing the area, off off your of
fensive land's been drowned.

I knocked. I was going to place a strategic bag or two but over the years over the years the many
years of seven refused entries en

tries a trickle trickle down

has destroyed your

crop this.

crop crop.

10000 BCE Mesopotamians used eyeliner to protect themselves from the desert sun.

The deserted sun, that slightly lonely –but not addressing the underlying issue– sun.

We have gone. Some of us. The ones it liked best and some others. Gone. The fluffy ones and the
slippery ones. Gone. The dry ones and the wet

wipes their forehead.

It's hot.

Film reel's burned it really has burned a hole in my bucket dear thingy dear thingy a hole in my
bucket dear thingy a hole.

Not ideal for trying to get the mud flood out of our back garden.

{not the shrug. Avoid the shrug}

Eye liner or bin liner

Cruise liner or bruise, fine, her

skin is that type, probably.

{not the shrug. Avoid the shrug}

Or lie in her shadow and bask.

Or ask:

What HAS the world come to?

Degrees are now bought. Ma'I am. Bought.

On an ever upward sliding

scales are scrubbed off. Their value is high and higher.

It's hot. There's a bit of death around.

I would agree to degree. But I don't invest to divest. I mean I am ok with

Degreasonable measures:

I accept that my wife need not keep her lights on when reading. One reads in one's head.

I don't accept that my boy can't have his automo

Bile and more bile. There is nothing left to throw up on the table.

Vehiqually reasonable that a worker has to worker has to worker has to work her

To the point of a shrug.

That shrug.

{show that specific shrug}

I disagree.

Fact: insisting on sandbagging you is the least efficient way to hold onto your partner.

{Oh dear oh dear oh dear oh dear oh dear oh dear oh dear foss}

I'll fuel your fury to the point, one point of

ACTION:}

To level to ditch, to dig and to drain:

I will build a bunker of my own.

I will boil boilen boiler bonkers of my own

It's hot.

Also:

Not having a uterus does not prevent you from gaining acces to hys

Tear, yah, I saw it it was pretty fucking male. It was pretty fucking white.

It fell onto home turf and evaporated into mist

Err missed her getting off the plane, that glorious glamorous sight while

Histerial shots show the degree of devastation and. You shrug.

Water damage as a look, look: Insurance Lawyers For You Dot

Come now. Ah

no not you. Soz

Category 1

Clean water

Category 2

Grey water

Category 3

Black water

You wait and you weight and you wade across fields, cow slips of the tongue I mean cowlicks used to grow here, remember, but not today, not now, his tear yah also referred to as shell shocked at what might happen to you so you climb the highest tree and hold.

Eyes ripped open. Lids folded over and under. You hold.

Cow licks her lips before changing her mind and opting out of revenge and into saving every last creature left.

Yes. That's what they're like. Feel bad now? You should.

Eyes ripped open. Lids folded over and under. You hold

One epic hold.

Me and the sleuths.

Me and the sleuths.



Come To Grief

Come come, I'll show you the extraordinary standard.
Pla stick to my side.
Stick to your skin.

Responsibility averted

And I'll take you by the hand
And I'll lead you through the corridors the corr the cordoned off
Bites of my more als
more and more.

Coun counter media reports we do have a body and we do have a head with eyes, mouth, hair and stuff.
We do have a dog and an album. We have a mother, too. And an oyster card.

Coun coun sil
Count silver. Is it enough silver for the neighbours to see their faces reflected times infinite?
Is it enough silver tongued men in silver tongued cars with silver tongued briefcases.
We need a silver tongued woman to come and shake hands with pl
Easy not with resi
Dents caused by everyone throwing down their right to a life.
Throw down first.
Throw up after.

Cut.
Cut cut cut

A clean slate. Cut all the forces. Have none left.
No hoses. No blue blue blue blinks. No horses or horses. No hoses.

Come to grief.

A clean slate does shine, too.
A clean slate. Fire proof for what it's worth it isn't worth it. Slayed for compensation.

We had little phone booths on every level so that in case of a
you could call from floor to floor.
We had little phoney booths on every level so that in case of a
you could call from floor to floor.
We had little pony booths on every level so that in case of a
you could call from floor to floor.

Empire states that buildings need not be safe if your post
Coded message to the Houses of Parliament to say:

If you all drew Big Ben
You could literally make a lot but surprisingly little money. It's complicated.
If you all drew Big Ben
Ding but not breaking. That's the motto in the construction industry.

*There isn't mush
Room for brea
Kingdoms won and kingdoms lost.*

*The football
At the bottom of the miss
I'll miss carrying the football around. I'll miss having my photo taken with you.
I'll miss kicking the living daylight out of anyone unlike
I'll miss chatting to you in the locker
room to lock her up for
the cuts made to police, emergency and fire services.*

*It took 13 months to come up with.
High stakes out
High stacks and higher. If we put a feeler on it's even higher.
Knock down
Knock down 42 workers or 4, depending on how official the source.
I'll source them fresh, on the market floor.
Trading in clouds.
My cloud can be chopped up and fried with a haunch of venison or it can be watched in its entirety
for the very last time.
8 hours and so on.*

Then your skin begins to itch and you fall apart from the fact that we've already fallen.

*I dissent my kids to public no private no public no private
What?
I didn't say anything.*

*I teach my kids val
ue sent your kids to public no private no public no private
What?
I didn't say anything.
I sketched it.
I taught my boy an eye for an eye for a fat short eye for tall structures.
I taught my boy how to demol
ish good ish structures for pro
Fits into the tray perfectly.*

*How satisfying.
You can lead a horse.
And with a gun to its head (it has a gun, too)
And with a gun to its head it will drink the flood back to a sustainable level.
You can burn down the stables but you can't make a horse draw in charcoal that it went to get from
the burned down stables, now, can you?*

*Re pent re pent re penthouse offers?
Most of them have gone but we do still have a
show home a new clear all clear
slated show home that is above all particles above all
Radiation levels with you when you least expect it.*

*The slow growth
of hands on heads on shaking heads.
Was that it, then?*

It was Limestone from Indiana, steel girders from Pittsburgh, cement and mortar from upper New York State, marble from Italy, France, and England, wood from northern and Pacific Coast forests, hardware from New England. Even the facade used a variety of material, most prominently Indiana limestone but also terracotta, brick and Swedish black granite

*knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight
knight*



{points}

*knight**

**I'm sorry, I felt it needed repeating. You see without his silver cladding he looks just like anyone else, like anyone else so you may well well well have missed him.*



— Come to Grief —





— Mother Courage And Her Daughters —

Mutter Courage Und Ihre Töchter

Ruining it for everyone.

No! Profit! To! Be! Had!

Never, that's the trick.

You Will Not Win. Winning, please Winnie winning Winnie please winning must be abolished.

A spoon full of sugar and you still hate your work because, contrary to what they want you to go along with, from behind, zooming out, skipping a beat the queues and skip the wait, wait, contrary to that, you don't have the privilege of magical powers. Or a club card. Or a fucking umbrella.

At every doctor's visit you forget to close it in the waiting room.

In the dressing room. In the waiting dress, all slashed open and pretty.

And another minus.

Don't open your paraplui indoors. In curtains, which shall act as doors as *we value your privacy highly*.

Can I have doors instead?

Adorable she wants doors! A door able to close is good and a door able to open and close at will is even better.

Are you better?

Are they better? They're better but not yet better.

But better, yeah.

And the twins?

Milk and Milk. White and White.

They are two grumpy little fuckwits. Spill and Spill.

I inked my words in an at tempt me, though I really shouldn't I am detossing in an at tempt – but until the surface isn't **white** as **neutral** as **white**, until the surface is a colour different to my words the cat will cry over the lost milk as it couldn't distinguish it and all sense was lost.

All spoke was gone.

Liked.

Some idiot put brocken glass in it and now the sugar is paranoid, too. Slash and/or burn your throat.

No I say, stick to tasks I say. Stick to things. Stick to what you know. Empty bin, buy kettle.

Keep busy. Keep smiling. In every job that must be done there is an element of fun.

You find the fun and *{snap}* the job's a game

And ev'ry task you undertake

Becomes a piece of cake.

to audience: please sing as far as you ever possibly never can.

spoken: in every job that must be done there is an element of fun.

Like: Having children and then leaving the rest up to someone else.

Not judging.

NOT FUCKINK JUDGINK OK
I think you ar...
NOT JUDGING

She shakes her shoulders and goes *superkalifra*

He goes:

It is actually more fun to talk with someone who doesn't use long, difficult words but rather short, easy words like: *What about tea?*

I **rack** my brains for another short word

I look here

I look there.

In every. single. bastarding. corner.

Fox

That's short and sweet.

Fucks is longer but so much more rewarding. So much more

(*wrong*)

Behind the curtain with his pants down again.

He shakes his sticky hand:

"Never owned a pair"

Owned one but the fly was split. Half left half right, you can't work with such onfensive matter.

I do understand.

The donkey

The donkey

Shall I mention him at all?

*Astrangedelusionpossesestheworkingclassesofthenationswherecapitalistcivilisationholdsitssway.Thisdelusiondragsinistraintheindividualandsocialwoeswhichfortwocenturieshavetorturedsadhumanity.Thisdelusionistheloveofwork.Incapitalistsocietyworkisthecauseoffallintellectualdegeneracyofallorganicdeformity.ComparethethoroughbredinRothchildstableservedbyretinueofbipedswiththeheavybruteofnormanfarmswhichplowstheearthcartsthemanurehaulsthecrops.TheproletariatmusttrampleunderfoottheprejudicesofChristianethicseconomicethicsandfreethoughtethics.Itmustproclaimthe**RightsOfLaziness**thousandtimesmorenobleandmoresacredthantheaneamicRightsOfManconcoctedbythemetaphysicallawyersofthebourgoisrevolutionItmustaccustomitselftoworkingbutthreehoursadayreservingtherestofthedayandnightforleisureandfeasting.Agoodworkingwomanmakeswithherneedlesonlyfivemeshesaminutewhilecertainknittingmachinesmake30000inthesametime.Everyminuteofthemachinetimeisthesequivalenttoahundredhoursoftheworkingwomanslaboureveryminuteofthemachineslabourgivestheworkingwomantendaysofrest.Butwhatdowesee?Inproportionasthemachineisimprovedandperformswomansworkwithaneverincreasingrapiditythelabourerinsteadofprolongingherformerresttimedoublesherardourasifshewishedtorivalthemachine.Oabsurdandmurderouscompetition!*

Brocken is German for a large shapeless mass, ready to get up, seize all means by all means, please help yourself to another spoon to another cup to another coup while I'll narrate the brief tale of the donkey.

The donkey

The donkey

Shall I mention him at all?

What bocken bins?

There are no brocken bins in Britain.

And altogether now:

What bocken bins?

There are no brocken bins in Britain.

Sugar, yes. Spoons, yes. Medicine you will be able to afford once you find a brocken bin, yes.
But no brocken bins. None of them.



No Wishes for Today, except
To play it out, and not become the fool.

-stolen

Disillusion and Delusion

*I see a bad moon a-rising
I see trouble on the way
I see earthquakes and lightnin'
I see bad times today
I hear hurricanes a-blowing
I know the end is coming soon
I fear rivers overflowing
I hear the voice of rage and ruin
I hope you got your things together
I hope you are quite prepared to die
Looks like we're in for nasty weather
One eye is taken for an eye
Oh don't go 'round tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a bad mood on the rise
There's a bad mood on the rise*



It is high up and it's looking down wondering about guilt assignage, assistance and assassination.

Goddess of bossy underlings
Her astronomical body quivers
The earth's natural, with emphasis on natural, un na tu ral satellite is not unphased.

Originally created with the intention to come up with a good, marketable character it was launched and left.

Launched and right, yes, briefly, but the reflective properties of the stellar mass meant it soon came to realize its misalignment and moved further into the other direction. Some say far far over, some say *love, I can barely see you over cast iron* visors under. Cast say it's still pretty central up there during most of their nightly grazings.

While they stand there, in their acci
Dental? No, *OPEC* is not a denture
adhesive in their accidental crop circle, singing in chorus, tenor and counter tenor, against one
another and up into the
firm.

*ament this, the male population can stick together, too. We communally let our engines r.o.a.r. Car
tell her. Tell her it's not solidarity exactly, it's called something esle, I forgot, but we have managed
in the past to organize ourselves into bachelor parties and lads abroad.*

They sing the evening coral, it leaves their mouthes bleached and ready to die, plant-based matter
has excused itself politely:

Please explain the difference between disillusion and delusion.

My girlfriend claimed she has been disillusioned for quite some time about our love...Thank you.

She left the relationship because of being disillusioned...

Ah. Let me explain conditioning.

Conditioning is when you're faced with the tangled, the unmanageable, the unruly and you decide that instead of engaging you'd rather run your wrong through unobstacled items.

That is where you'd grasp the conditioner

(now reach for the bottle) we are invested in changing behavior by rewarding or punishing a subjected to ab.so.lute con.trol each time an action is performed until the subject associates the action with pleasure or di

Stress enough just how highlight enough just how highlight of the season
all behavior changes with the waning the winning moon.

The condition the felinated condition. The condition is blue.

The condition is grasped only on fields at full mo

On yields

the condition full on heart on hard on and what is your next step?

Where will you go with it.

On fields on battle bottle battle

Fields gar

Field trips over and lands on their uncertainty. Squashed. That is a lucky moment in every man's life. Liberated.

Disillusion and Delusion.

Discard the used the ab ab

used used items items is another type of conditioning
that works well in relation to bridges.

The pillar of so

Cite the many *I just can't evens*

and wrap them back up into their original wrapp

er up she clearly feels most comfortable inside.

She obviously needs that skin to skin thing.

One think we can all do to end patri

Arch ene me

let me think, is: everything.

I've now thought of everything and come up with

666 things we can all do to end the unnatural loosness of limbs we've been experiencing lately.

Arch and arch more. A bit more to make space for the tall ones amongst us.

Triumph diverted.

You know me (say one two

the other) In that

respect the way

I want to be referred

two in

dividual not to be split any more than was necessary. Just swallowed whole. One whole fr
actual object.

I object to all this. All of it. Let me express it with a

{shrug:}

This is WILD
It's wild
~~*It's not it really isn't*~~
~~*It's not really is it?*~~
Man you are wild!
~~*Honestly, I'm not*~~

(and let me put your options to you:)

~~*I'm not*~~ wearing a wizard or veering a wizard out of the country the witch has made hers.
Let me explain alie
Nation is a thing that has been claimed by someone long ago.
You, and me, Maddy and Dummy, we all now base our core identity on someone shotgunning first.
Please ask if you have any questions question questions.
And now Mr. Alienation is the single direct descendent of the one who deliniated the bourne.
And for us to stay within the compass
ionately refuses but con
Fines everyone who refuses to be sucked or suckled in by them. Cons
Piracy? Yes a bit like piracy.

Elevator to a position from which you see her knick
hers by saying “oh, that’s an interesting concept” and then putting your name under it
in a way that forever hinders the lift to function again.
I am am I stuck in a
lift all slings from her neck it’s time you discontinue to
Elevate her to that position is the classic ally
Shitbag move along now don’t be diffi
Cult classic where all the heroines are killed off into gorge
Ous corpses. Our corpses
Are seething. FYI



— *Disillusion and Delusion* —



— Increasingly Ineffectual Movements of Helpless Compassion —



— *Slash-and-Burn*

(Not To Be Confused With Scorched Earth. Occupational Burning Redirects Here. Not To Be Confused With Occupational Burnout) —

Doorbell.
Wait.
Door opens.

She takes a sip:
Well this is a surprise.
Well if this isn't the good old times
My word you have
My word

{previously on slash and burn: Abendlied https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TGc_HGwdxk}

Amazon Fire:
Slash and burn agri
Cultural capital is **Thé** Worst to be pronounced Thé Worsts are

the social assets of a person (education, intellect, style of speech and dress, etc.) that promote social mobility in a stratified society

in other words:
Huge poppy
Huuuuge poppy

Think of it as a metaphor. It does not work at all. But why is that?

Let's talk corporeal sustainability.
And for that we need to stick to realistic proportions.

Stick with us for the eve is on its way.
Don't scorn me
I am devastated.

To get anywhere in town
To cross my fields that aren't mine but I trespass
I trespass
To get anywhere in town you need to understand that a cup of coffee costs 8p to make while the cup itself costs 16p. Fishy.

Ninety percent of predators have been wiped out
But continuing to walk the scorched earth.
Not me. It's not about me it's not me.
My baggage: a bit of pain, quite a bit of fun, a bit of pain, quite a bit of discrete pain
T a pretty picture of how shit the situation is. If you can. If you can find your b
Rush hour glass figured out of here, the time is all in the hips as I used to say. This time it's all in
The nets. Gains, the grains are falling

*Quick they're after us with shotgains
My baggage: I dropped it. Content
Fell out with everyone that ever loved me. In my mind only in my mind fell in to the pond
Ering on how not to be wasted on this. Im
Pact with the dove'l
It goes: **If you're nice I'm nice, ok?***

*Though I was accidentally dragging that empty bag the bag after me trenching the earth after me
after me
Repeat
After me: attached to the ankle what are the options?
What are the portions?
Bottom trawling is the formula.
The formula is not behavioural but politi
Calories gained are similar but nutritional value
Is obviously
It's obviously
Lost. I'm quite obviously lost.
The fourth wheel
The fourth wheely bin good this week, the rubbish produced was minimal.
The fortune wheels them out just at the right time:*

*Scientist 1:
shakes her head*

Scientist 2:

sorry

*Scientesticles: are dragging along the floor, he has his head through his legs watching them bump
over every grave of gravel.*

Scientist 3? Yes?

Oh don't worry my child we've always bottom trolled.

*The gleaners have been. Have the gleaners been?
{the doves are chirping in the coppout evening light: We need a systemically challenging answer}
Yes and No*

*Orange
Or anger*

*You tell me mate
Ing is difficult, as the fucking eco system has col
Lapsed. Over. Out. Onto my plate
is full I can't help I'm crazy. Busy. There is nothing.*

*Waiter wait her tune is about to come on.
A homage to marine life everywhere
She looks they shout: who tf do you think you are?*

{press charges press play: Marinella by Tino Rossi}*

**Please take note: Note I not I note that NotI is a restriction enzy*

*me, I think restriction has its charms I think small fish catch big fish catch bigger fish catch biggest fish, that is true but their tedious trail of
life loss is starting to smell.*



(!!!Reserved for Helpers!!!)

On Murder, Mourning and the usual

Are animals sentient?

Are animals sentient I wonder.

Are they?

Are animal sent I end this discussion with a vote.

Blank stare away from anything lying or

Lying

A blank stare

A cross

Oceans

Warm oceans.

Body temperature.

And *{breathe out}* relax

Let yourself soak up the

Let yourself soak in

Let yourself soap up the op

The op the table the couch the op

Era

In sleep he sang to me

In dreams he came

That voice which calls to me and speaks my name

And do I dream again for now I find

The Phantom of the Opera is there

Inside my mind

out the falling

Mind out the

Mind your head the weight grows stronger yet.

Guilt guilder guillotine

Teen and already flattened by the prospects.

By the history of white fuckuppings

SOOOOOOOO

{fold arms, puff up}

200000000000

{fold arms in the opposite direction, no need to exaggerate}

The ruining the running tab is
It's up its bar is at such and such Fahrenheit (when the temperature is too high)
The bar is at such and such centigrade when I feel the gloves
Must. Come. Back. On.

Someone turn it off turn it off
Can someone please just turn it off already?
The bubbles are so high I can't see my conscience.
Your conscience?
Is a) not a thing or b) a thing but {laughs: your conscience?}

Let's lay it out.
Put your grievences on the table.
What do you grieve then?

The running tap a tab a tap is at A LOT
A LOT in reparative compensation.
The sation the sen
sation is:

When you get into "your" bath with frozen feet
and they feel as if they're burning {pause}
When you get into your bath with burning feet
for there is
Literally {li'chally}
Literally {lidderaly}
Literally {li'chally}
Literally {lidderaly}
Litchally {li'chally}
Literally {lidderaly}
No way to turn the temperature dial back.

Why not?
Since when's that been broken?
Who tf broke it?
I was away for...what?
For what?
Oh to mine some urgency over in ...
To mind out of the country on business
Do you hear that. Out of the country. On business.
Air miles away air clear up there air your grievences then.

They feel as if they, yes, did do something wrong.

And they did.
Currently I do wrong as I write
Currency did wrong from the start.
A buck is a deer is deer is a dead deer is a hide under your tables so the fall out won't get you.
(easy)
A fall out is settled by paying off one's debt in buck skins.

That's between settling horrors and indigenous people.
And dead outer layers.

And layers and lay her's on the bed
And her's too.

And lay hers and lay hers and lay hers on the couch.
An earth of silver foxes.

Sacrificing their penile bone.*



*Yes. It's true. I didn't know that either, but they do actually have a bone there. Talk about lack!



— Reserved for Helpers —





— Cautionary Tales —

Just look at him! There he stands,
With his nasty hair and hands,
See! his nails are never cut;
They are grim'd as black as soot;
And the sloven, I declare,
Never once has comb'd his hair;
Any thing to me is sweeter
Than to see Shock-headed tweeter

Go away
Scratch your head
In con
Fusion of keratin and comfort
Komm fort now right away komm komm
Da fort sofort are we pathololologized.

Cautionary tails of vision, vision, visions, vision and vision.
Spot the odd one out.
Must I?
Must I point my finger?
They're hiding under the sheets all tucked in
See!

I shall flip my finger finger finger t
hat. Butt no it made me lose my hat
And now the rain, the storm, the rage thunders down onto my unprotected cranium
Crane crane another and so many other cranes:

In concrete terms rebar reduces the lifespan of a building by about 2000 years and that is fact.
In concrete terms it expands to four times its size and causes what we refer to as concrete cancer.
In concrete terms we are in a bit of brutalized situation:
There are around 1000000000000000000000000000000000 tons of concrete America will have to
unstructure by the end of the century. We have no means of recycling it yet and renovating ill
buildings from the inside out is a painful operation during which the patient is most likely to
Die.
There I said it.

Had you not used steel to hasten the process we could all take a bit of a rest
Assured that none of what she has just told you is in any way verified.
Have you not read precautionary tales explaining why continuous growth leads to tears?

Had you not used sued used material from the bottom of the ocean:
shells shells s
HELLS:

The one thing that has just been confirmed however is that
Naglfar (copy paste enter

the first rings
a bell) should land on our shores any minute now.

If you happen to be in possession of an abandoned building you'd do well in offering it up to the dead souls looking for accommodation between now and soon.

EOM



Chronically Digressive

Let's begin with the word prop. One basic definition is a thing that holds up something else, from a wooden post supporting the roof of a mine shaft (a pit prop), to a burly rugby player who shoulders his smaller teammate's weight in the front row of a scrum (a prop forward). Then, of course, there are theatre props, known more formally as 'theatrical properties', a phrase that originated among companies of strolling players in Medieval England, to refer to their common ownership of the paraphernalia of their trade. Props of this type may be physically indistinguishable from their off-stage counterparts (a whiskey glass that features, say, in a production of Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*), or cartoonish parodies of them (think of the strings of bright pink plastic sausages that provide the McGuffin in seaside Punch and Judy shows). In either case, they have an odd ontology. Languishing in a property master's store, the prop practices a kind of inert mimesis, quite different from a work of art. The stage is the one place where it becomes something close to an authentic object, and even here it does so in support of a fiction. Propping-up, it seems, is what props do.

Sculpture has an uneasy relationship with prop-making. A medium much concerned with the direct physical encounter between the work and the viewer – the meeting of an art object and a human body on the same, shared ground – it struggles with the prop's peculiar combination of utility and artifice, and with how it dissolves into the fabric of an imagined world. For an artist to describe her own sculptural practice as a form of prop-making, as Sophie Jung does, is highly unusual, especially when we consider the finely calibrated assemblages that populate her exhibition *Come Fresh Hell or Fresh High Water*, each of which feels (to borrow a phrase from the poet Emily Dickinson) so sufficient to itself. Perhaps for her, the notion of the prop speaks not of limitations, but of an opportunity: the chance to test just how much textual weight a sculpture might bear.

Jung is, after all, a storyteller. In her sculptural installations – and the performances and texts that attend them – she weaves free-wheeling, deeply idiosyncratic, and sharply funny narratives, which draw on everything from pop culture to philosophy, the idlest of thoughts to the most heartfelt of convictions. Both objects and language are prone to slippage in this work, and form and content is always shifting shape. For *Come Fresh Hell or Fresh High Water*, Jung has transformed Blain|Southern's lower gallery into an environment that recalls at once a bunker, an ice cellar, a Brechtian stage set, and a dressing room. Scale, here, is subject to sudden glitches, and the most mundane of objects – coffee mugs, shower curtains, hat stands – hum with histories, ironies, and a simmering sense of fury.

From one angle, Jung's practice might be described as a skewed form of 'show and tell', in which she uses live monologues and audio and video soliloquies to introduce visitors to the objects she's assembled in the gallery space. But if her performances begin life as a loose verbal (and gestural) commentary on the ideas embedded in her sculptures, then they very quickly grow into something else, like an annotation that has overrun the margin of the page, and spilled into the outside world. The self that Jung presents in her monologues is not only chronically digressive, but is also given to making cavalier leaps of logic. By turns gawky and swaggering, sultry and manic, easily distracted and full of desperate focus, she seems driven by the need to link up her every stray thought, no matter how disparate, letting nothing go to waste, until her words begin to resemble a sprawling, eccentrically edited wiki.

One of the challenges (or even impossibilities?) faced by anybody writing a short text about Jung is how to approach the tangled and seemingly near-illimitable web of what she terms 'things/concepts/objects/stuff' that feeds into a given body of her work, without overwhelming the reader with information. Perhaps the answer is to focus less on her individual reference points (which are in any case the subject of lively commentary in Jung's performance texts, reproduced elsewhere in this publication), than on the contours of the web itself. During the development of *Come Fresh Hell or Fresh High Water*, she emailed me a spidergram, outlining the connections she had intuited between her current preoccupations. For all its scribbled notes, crossings-out and urgent, radiating arrows, looking at it again now the show is installed, it has an odd sort of clarity. The words 'ice packs', 'permafrost' and 'Van Gogh's painting *Shoes*' (the most pondered over footwear in Western philosophy) have all found physical form in the sculpture *From The f'n Dark Of The f'n Worn Insides* (all works 2017). Similarly, Jung's fascination with such seemingly disparate 'things/concepts/objects/stuff' as the layout of Sigmund Freud's study, Henry Moore's militaristic portrait busts, Hélène Cixous's notion that women 'write in white ink', and her own grandmother's long-hidden artistic practice has been translated, with considerable sculptural aplomb, into the altar-cum-psychiatrist's couch of her *Reserved for Helpers*.

Thinking about the sheer volume of data disseminated in *Come Fresh Hell or Fresh High Water* (the show's stutteringly poetic title alone calls to mind everything from the melting of the polar ice caps to the weary witticisms of Dorothy Parker), it's tempting to wonder how we might ever process it all. Perhaps, though, this is not the point. Jung's art is not a riddle to be solved, or an equation to be balanced. Rather, it is something to be experienced, a stream of consciousness into which we might dip an exploratory toe, or much better, allow to sweep us clean away. For all that it teems with reference points, it does not demand that we approach it armed with any particular prior knowledge (indeed, if there is any artist who invites her audience to perform a mid-show Google, then surely it is Jung). What is important, here, is our willingness to

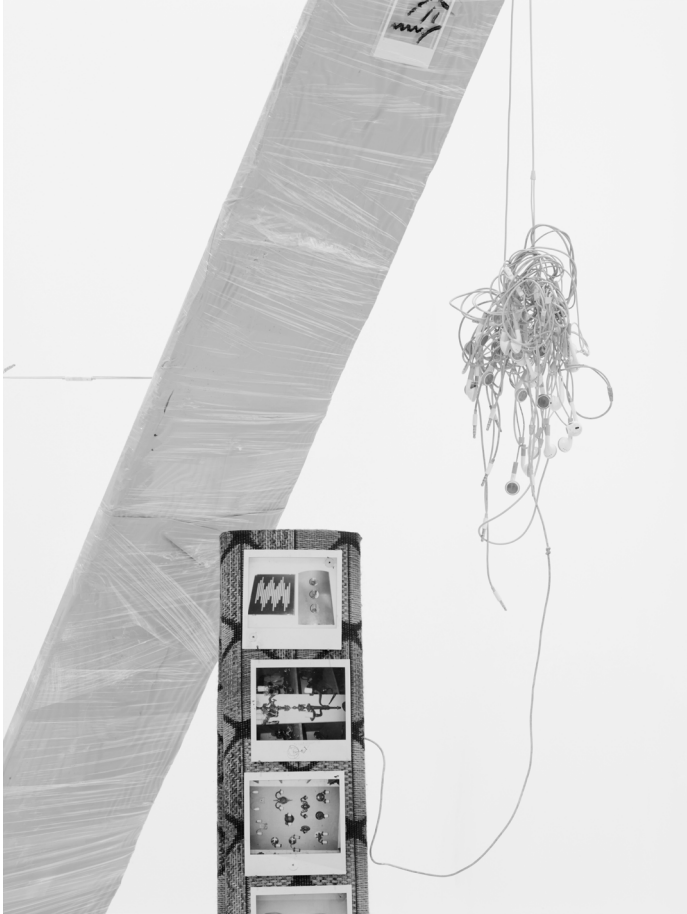
travel along the wonky vectors the artist plots, whether they are between the corrosive effects of steel rebar on concrete and the gnarled fingernails of the 19th-Century German children’s book character *Stuwwelpeter* (the sculpture and accompanying performance *Cautionary Tales*), or between the use of flammable cladding on British tower blocks and the recent sale, for \$16,000, of a sketch of the Empire State building by President Donald Trump (*Come to Grief*). From such chains of association, Jung braids her narratives. We might think of her as a hybrid of a search engine-enabled bricoleur and the *Basler Schnitzelbänggler* – a jester-figure who features in the carnival of Jung’s sometime-home town of Basel, and who holds up a mirror to the world’s hypocrisy, folly and vice.



— *The Fucking Gold Fucking Bug* (detail) —

Back, for a moment, to props. Emailing with Jung during the development of the show, she told me that what she calls the ‘talent-scouting’ she does for the found items that comprise her sculptures takes place long before she writes their attendant performances. That is, unlike a theatre prop, which is made necessary by a detail in a script, her props – their colours, shapes, and textures – precede the texts that they prop-up. They are, in her words, ‘the main actors’ in her dramas, who ‘decide, based on their collaged bodies and their back stories, on how the narrative unfolds’. Form ‘invites meaning in as a first tenant [...] a very fragile and insecure yet extremely playful and flexible lodger’.

Just as Jung destabilises her sculptural practice by reimagining it as a species of cart-before-the-horse prop-making, so she appears to frequently derail her own performances, falling prey to hesitations, salty asides, bursts of song, Tommy Cooper-esque object gags, and groan-inducing puns. Storytelling, here, is not about authority, or beginnings, middles and endings, but ultimately about the contingency of knowledge, and of meaning. It is also, I think, about taking pleasure in the dexterity – and the multiplicity – of a single human voice.



— *Gloves On Gloves Off* (detail) —

The Fucking Gold Fucking Bug

Padded coat hangers, rusted metal, test-tube, bubble wrap, rope, hotel soaps, Perler beads, adhesive tape backing strips, tar paint

Passing Ships (Let That Sink In)

Mild steel box metal section, porcelain cats, C-print photograph by the artist (2006), tourism poster, tar paint on PVC plastic sheeting, magnets, blue Styrofoam block, cat hair, scissors (various), mini black wheelie bins

Gloves On Gloves Off

Hospital shower curtain, earphones, hide, bedrest, Polaroids, slate, tar paint, Macintosh notepad, Cos sticker, A4 photocopy, film wrap, Perspex Polaroid frame, copper nails

Mother Courage And Her Daughters

Clothes rail, yellow curtain, A4 photocopy, masking tape, watercolour painting, medium, cotton, plastic airport security bags, used tissues, Post-its, Winnie-the-Pooh tea set

Come To Grief

Perspex, mushroom trays, slate, charcoal drawings of Empire State Building, Dick Francis paperbacks, vinyl sticker

Reserved for Helpers

Fox stola, clothes peg, A4 photocopy of ripped newspaper pieces, copper sheet, golden bath foam, Gyprock plasterboard, polystyrene heads, tap, mourning veil, Phantom of the Opera cup, 3-D drawn penises

A Problem That Has A Name

Airplane door, plastic PET bottles, resin, garden fence, family photograph, tape, copper, clay bookend, 5 editions of *Yap* by Jan Stewer, dried flowers

Disillusion And Delusion

Galvanized thin coat angle bead, rubberized cotton, oxidized steel plate, A4 photocopy, medium, paper towels, Perspex shelf, conditioner, Garfields, blue Styrofoam block, carpet tile, rubber mini aliens

Cautionary Tales

Rusted rebar, infant's feather duvet and cover, Freud's carpet mousepad, undesignated marble fruit, childhood drawing, polarizing 3-D glasses of various brands

Slash-and-Burn (Not To Be Confused With Scorched Earth. Occupational Burning Redirects Here. Not To Be Confused With Occupational Burnout)

Copper pole, nylon rope, Moleskines, 3-D drawn items, ink, Nescafé cups, car jacks, A4 photocopy of a photograph by Peter Burleigh of his parents staging *The Gleaners* after Millet (1987), Perspex frame, copper nails, shoe trees

Come Fresh Hell or Fresh High Water

Coat stand, Energetics weights, copper-coloured papier mâché poo, clay sandbags, perfume bottles, punched flat bar zinc-plated steel "Everbilt", C-print photograph by the artist (2007), watercolour on newspaper, vintage eyeliners, tar paint on PVC-plastic sheeting, plasterboard

(From The Dark Opening Of The Worn Insides) EVER ICE

Large shoes, ice packs, scaffolding pole, papier mâché

Bags of Character

Euros, aluminium shelf support, thread

Lodger is a new series of exhibitions conceived by the writer and curator Tom Morton. Running concurrent to the exhibitions in the central space, *Lodger* expands Blain|Southern's programme into new territories, often spotlighting a younger generation of artists.

About Sophie Jung

Sophie Jung (b.1982, Luxembourg, lives and works in London and Basel) was educated at the Gerrit Rietveld Academie, Amsterdam, NE and Goldsmiths College, London, UK. In 2016, she won the Swiss Art Award.

Selected solo exhibitions include: *It's Not What It Looks Like*, Sophie Tappeiner, Vienna, AT (2017); *Producing my Credentials*, Kunstraum, London, UK (2017); *Death Warmed Up*, Liste Performance Project, Basel, CH (2017); *New Waiting*, Temnikova & Kasela, Tallinn, EE (2015); *Learning About Heraldry*, Ceri Hand Gallery, London, UK (2013)

Selected group exhibitions and projects include: *Unmittelbare Konsequenzen*, Kunst Halle Sankt Gallen, CH (2016); *Tarantallegra*, Hester, New York, US (2016, curated by Nicoletta Lambertucci); *Jungs, hier kommt der Masterplan*, Kunsthalle Basel, CH (2015); *Äppärät*, Ballroom Marfa, Texas, US (2015); *Panda Sex*, State of Concept, Athens, GR (2014); *read the room / you've got to*, SALTS, Basel, CH (2014, curated by Quinn Latimer)

Thank you

Special thanks to Tom Morton and Sophie Jung

Peter Burleigh <3

Germaine Hoffmann

Nina Coulson

Sophie Tappeiner

Senam Okudzeto

Andreas Wagner

Rebecca Lennon

Jamie Fitzpatrick

Niki Russell

The Monkey Cat

All images courtesy of the artist and Blain|Southern

Photo: Peter Mallet & Richard Eaton



— *Passing Ships (Let That Sink In)* (detail) —

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