

**THE
DIPPER
SLEEPS**

{from up below}

Frau Welt:

*Enter Leadeyes and Gentlment I meant mes Dames and Messies meine Damn enunciErren
your dried out dripping
fried up friggin
piece of xyz*

I thanked her and left.

I thanked you and right, I should have lingered to share the pain ta pretty picture
it looks like death warmed up on an outstretched overstretched I can't pull further we're all pulled
over for killing the dear oh dear that canvas is as far away from BLANK another blank another death a
void another void avoided. I tell her don't paint your picture don't even bother
she knows she's sold her brush strokes the cat the wrong way up I say don't even bother I won't be
able to see my eyes have unsocketed recently the wet bulb temperature is popping high.
Temporary pain thresh holds an undesignated in or out mark her pain *trash* {hold *that for me a second
will you doll*} a perty picture pain. It leaks.

And get your dried out mark her words my words her mark
er pen out.

She writes:

The clouds hang low today the heat is wet.

There's an air of DEAF

I said the heat is wet

The wheat is het

erogenously grown only it's not let's not kid ourselves

Kid, Babe, Baby, Dame Baby Kid let's not.

Mono Welt: *it's late.*

You should

Sleep the sleep of the x

Sleep the sleep of the y

Sleep the sleep of the z

I thanked her and right, I understand your concerns we must act now
the time is now, it's now-o'clock if ever there was a time-o'clocked off. Over and out
side it's reasonably warm for this time of years and years of enjoyable shut-eye
on the other side the grass is a faint memory of soils gone by.

Particles fled into the lower planes to settle uncomfortably on earth the colour of

{breathe in hold breath}

dried blood.

{Scratch Scratch Heel Toe}

Throw a fist full grab

a wistful in the air with open hands it rains down dust: I herewith bapt eyes on the horiz on and on we
ride, our crotches **raw and unsentimental**, numb and dumb. I herewith christen you numb and dumb.

I tried but soll ich nicht auch oder soll I dare it got cold before he did. Solidarit is so fast sofa st. asleep
on the settee said he so hard to wake so hard to wake
so hard.

Shock is a *con*

Man *cept* err except

it draws but BLANK.

It is a gun in my pocket and I hate to see you. I suffer from social anxiety you wouldn't
understand. We all nod in understanding.

Here take this and tell me in all sincerity. Tell me now or forever hold your please, can you please by piece: "do you believe in repetitive histories?"

inaudible headshake firm handshake deal sealed upon my heart

Here here is l.i.t.e.r.a.l.l.y. looking at you I must tell you not to go beyond.

Do not go beyond do not

touch do not:

{MAKE THAT FACE OF GENUINE HAPPINESS}

at the end of the day (you mean now? Shut up dummy)

at the end of the day (as in any day now? Give it up bumhead)

at the end of the day we're all here to compliment each other.

Isn't that incredible the way he gets to climb that wall?

No. People have stopped climbing walls, they are too hot I suspect

Main suspect. Head off. Suspect. The Widow.

Still, I think she deserves a mild applause.

{Suspect hears a noise}

Turns their eye and looks. Freeze. I forgot I walked on. Road killer shades me for walking on. I don't know how to move m'lady I just put one shaky sole in front of the other and then at times beside and behind. I'm not sure which looks or even works best. Not for me to say at the end of the day my legs are heavy and my eyes are out. On the floor staring back at me pour me another.

Another what?

Another malcontent high-shine brumm brumm right down another please

~~one shaky soul stabilized before the other for one tough evaporating minute soul~~

I have so had enough I want another. I have just had it up to hear hear can I have another of whatever just something bland that doesn't take my mind off EVERYTHING something that does not make the smallest bite of difference. Swallow hard it's hard when your hands are born tying. When you're born with your ties handed to you in a manner of:

I'll give you this now it's something out of nothing.

Nothing means everything available at all times, starkly lit so it resembles everything else available.

Not by shape or form or use *it's no use* but by essence.

Thank you tender.

Thank you for clearing that up for me I think.

Thank you tender.

Rough.

Is that all there is to an analogy? Is that all there is it isn't you've over out. Overlook look! Look there it's dead sorry my mistake I believed for a brief second.

I left and right, second right I turn to you. My mirror stage alas applause I am complete after all. Detached from myself and attached to everything.

Not bad for an xyz.

According to the flesh we can now sink beneath and it should be ok.

We should be fine for another decade or so.

When I say we I mean we and not we. I mean WE. Not we, I apologize.

WE is bespoke.

A number of roads to freedom if I remember to pick them up along the way if I remember at all. All

I remember these days are the days. I remember the days. Any day

now it'll occur to me. Now it'll come back to me it never left but I can't for the life of me

Remember to pick up booze booze and _ooze.

I remember to ooze, it's just about the only thing left to do without movement or thought I thought to myself and chuckled.

B has evaporated. The humility was too high. 99.9%. Not am. **Am** is still here and hiding. **I am** she whistles through a broken tooth.

Now look at that. A smile.

A heavy smile and a pair of deep set everything else.

Wer Wind säät wird Sturm ernten I thought to myself as I turned a coroner.

Too many of them about these days I found myself. In that same spot

On:

**“So lebte er hin”
Und her. And her.
She, too. Straight down the line:**

It is a gun in my sceptre. A pocket in my gun. Or a ratchet.

I'm not entirely sure what a ratchet is supposed to feel like in such proximity to my private part take in this take this experience towards **expertise**.

Whatever it is that has lodged itself in my pocket without being expelled by me:

it is it: *I hate to see you I hate to see*, sometimes I'm blinded but then let me ask you this: what does the previous sentence mean. The *ballson* is dear oh dear to me I'm blinded by the sunball, in return I wave up and hope that if hate breeds hate the same is true for demonstratively cordial neighbourship.

“My sun, would you happen to have a little bit of salt?”

What happens next? What next has happened before I asked you what happens now?

It is so bloody bright or is it also unbearably burned which is why

I haven't bourn yet.

I mourn in anticipation let me tell you the case is settled, the sediment is sa line up for a pinch.

Take a pinch of salt, just a pinch of salt with nothing else, and rub it into your eyes.

Can you see me?

If not you continue to remove grain by grain until you've got the whole pinch back in between your index and your middle.

In every grain of salt, a sign surprises.

Slip not, ice dwarf, we've salted the pathways.

Is scribbled into the dust of the car hood.

Behind the windscreenwiper a male, tie not fastened, knot tied, not tired, but dead, more.

Behind the windscreenwiper the bulk of the car's body has gone amiss. The long deceased perched on nothing but a leftover bite of hope is nothing more than an appetite for a thing combined with the opinion that it can be had.

Hope:

Cut a hole sit on it and open up.

Much has already been said about flesh pipes and I'm only trying to cover as much ground as possible in the shortest amount of time so for the sake of rash and rapid argu

meant to move on to briefly consider the point at which you befriend your tubular classification. ~~The one thing that comes to mind in opposition to fully automated “we”~~

~~apons.~~

Shit:

Once the golden future has arrived and moved on two-dimensionally covered you with a flimsy veneer of glitter that isn't dense enough to look royal and not lustrous enough to hide your blistered flesh. It is just enough to make you look a little dusty. As if you'd followed through a long hatched plan to get

some decaded chore done and remembered halfway that you're not the type to finish tasks and what was the use of an emptied ~~car~~ garage or a

The future is a waffle wafer thin sheet of persistent raincurtainage*. You pass through it uneventfully.
(wave her a dieux fingers up *also unknown as trickle down affect)
as if this sheet of fallings was up to the job of divisioning spaciochrologies what's on the other side is nothing much to write home about.

I mean to say "home".

There is no there there is no there there is no there there, now there. {If you lodge yourself between the e and the t you get a sense of what I'm describing. If you lodge yourself between the t and the e you get a sense of who's coming for you.}

Of course you could always be moving along now with the future, once it has arrived position yourself underneath its seeping blade, and presently presently presently presently...

...I lagged. In order to speak I need to lag, I hope this was the right decision to take. Had I moved along

Let me get my horse
{gets horse}

Insert poem in galloping rhythm. If you read it right.

- ___
- __
- ..._____=
- ___
- ___
- ___
- ___
- ___
-

If you don't read it right I've gone too slow.

The future's not got much further to run anyway, if we're lucky we see it halt, aproptly or not and can stroll towards it. In our own bloody time. [on repeat: I is we. We is bespoke.]

If we're lucky it continues to dribble and a pool of gold will eventually soak our feet, too. If it doesn't. The agricultural runoff will.

QUESTION TO AUDIENCE: is the future and its families aware of approximate lifespans?

Shout from the off:

STICK TO THE SCRIPT

Act xyz

How to get yourself to cry and how to stop yourself from crying.

Disambiguation. For faulty irigation systems and naïve optomasm please sea Salton See

Spto the odd

One in one out

One of 200 species a day is granted a word:

Think about how much you wish it hadn't happened, what your life was like before, and what your life will be like from now on. Let yourself understand and feel the loss of what might have been.

Crying aids your sleep the sleep of the

Crying makes you look grotesque

Crying removes toxins

Crying boosts your mood

Crying lowers stress levels

I was charged with hosting an event {fictional, glamorous, decomposing}

I'm sure this will be a really nice event, says she.

Event

usually I'll get round to telling her (long deceased) that the event was the first indication, not the initial cause, the cause that led to the cause, the sting the needle the intrusion that was removed in its corpulosity but not in its miniscularity. The puny little hooks made their way in.

Knock knock, who's there? Small reasons ~~not reasons the why is suspended~~ small operators sent out ~~not sent out the motive has been suspended~~ to immolate you.

The uninspired truth in a vessel held together by waves of various currents hey by webs of xyz

Truth is an off-key tune in the drippy belly of a boat came a croa
key song out of deep out of blue out of
ah that's long gone.

On repetition {ALL}

The pot is empty

Refills have been cancelled read the guidelines. [decomposed]

On repetition:

The pot has drained the soil is toxic, in it wade little cats, lost husbands and a disgraced prime minister. In wader waves from all angles before I can throw my arms around them and turns:

The last one to leave or to drop another drop disappears, possibly a tear, possibly the last bit of fluid left in one particular body, I thought for a second it was mine. I thought it was

Men

Situation but it's been years since I've met someone who can even remember the smell of it. Strati

fictation: *The Day We Left*

The tub has been cleaned, squeaked,

The marbles in the bathroom. The marbles off the FREEZE: wait while we google for nuance.

[insert on villa vs temple vs palace and where it was that medusa was raped and who'd copied their balustrade and who took advantage of it. Oh isn't it a terrible story]*

*ed. Please insert paragraph on victim blaming by Athena, appropriation of female gaze by Perseus and private jet / Pegasus classifications are redundant.

What cannot be done any longer: Walk past the temple of Athena and get excited by the thought of seeing a battle made out of 75% man and 25% horse.

How to marvel at something so solid. I asked my fr. end to destabilize them by 2.7%

Transparency was increased.

Glass / Water tiles you as a creature together. Fr. Welt and Fr.

Actions: tiny shards squared, be they mosaic, security fences, accountability, rock.

I fell to pisces.

I tied myself back together. Splitting mirror imagine spitting on said concept with a throat full of pussy cat purrs: CAT astrology has happened while you were sweeping. CAT atonia off killed 60% off kilter off off they've all left the boat as soon as it became clear that it was fuelled by *ffo* *ssil oh the irony, said the tiger, let me keep my integrity said another creature you've never heard of and never will, it would have been too good to be...said a small one you feel won't be missed on a planetary scale but No. Ah No ah No you might be wrong there.*

Don't CAT egorize the shards before reassembling ego

rise by using a brown military tie and on the third day you say: excuse me for invading... {pause} your privacy, but I've got to tie your hands (id.) and knees (super thumbs up shins down) on behalf of your risen ego, here, let me tie a not not a knot a not knot a knot, not?

The rock has been rolled to the side and who was it who lived in that cave shall we say?

/ who was I to resurrect.

Slides back in

Doors, channels, hoods, cavities. Together. Bow.
Put together: blow.
A whistle:
I walked out.
Simple sequence of e
vents
Air
vents made sure the circulation kept running as he, his *madness*, ran out

You put your lips not altogether just sometogether otherwise where would the storm go?
A wind player without release, puncture her cheek, roll the tomb stone aside
just in time for the detonation. *Self-inflicted* means constitutional responsibility was put out on the
curb.

In the dead of night.

Hey, your sovereign is not just for X-mas, its for {insert timespan depending on form of government}

Sticks head out of glass cube to whistle: Drove my chevvy to the levy
Athar: "This will be the day that I die, but let me start at the beginning."

Giant Rock is the biggest
freestanding boulder in the world
{prime location, invest. Return to
come again.} So unfit for human
habitation, Dr. Pepperspray to keep
us away but the wind has changed
and we're back for a
Refill the hole that was once a
room living Land
fill it with soil, speculation or
whatever the sentiment is that used
to get you out of bed in the
morning.

**Let's go down there and listen in to the inquiry. We're in SoCal in 1943 / 1968 let's say,
remember to bring the radio ariels* "we" distributed earlier.}**
***point out with the largest of them, on a graph of voluntary size, that you can pull them out and
out and out and out. And yet...**

{looks into audience. Yes? Correct}

**Anyone who remembers pene in their unsymbolic mode can testify: {silence} growth has limits
for if it didn't it would either {back to flesh tube} or render us all egorical.**

*We'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night
Though the heart be still as loving and the moon be still as bright.
For the sword outgrows its sheath.*

Roving prohibited due to the necessity for unprohibited growth. We break for and against fish:

red herring diminished
laissez-faire = have others do it for you
(costume change)

*I know how to be pretty but today I'll hold my head otherwise.
A thousand times with nobody watching. Shall we give ourselves a minute to remember how we got
into this mess?*

audience member declines

Detective lieutenant can you get your magnifying glass out?

writer adds description of events unfolding in real time:

We see the detective lieutenant outline the patterns

we see the lieutenant detective trace the bodbod

We see the lieutenant go up to the Bar

Gain: uneven. For more information see my tutorials on Rapunzel: “firesale of labour power in return for zyx (shrugs)”, Rapunzel: “colonizing the horizontally and vertically on behalf (backrest) Rapunzel {bored;} err or look it up and down there is no safe way to get out.

CUTS HAVE TO BE MADE*

{this, friends and enemies is a binary misconception of how how the marquette works.}

**Keep your hair on. Cuts are based on a violent patriarchal beauty dogma that – {wrong march}*

**Keep your hair on. Oysterity, due to its purifying role in the ecosystem, has been proven to be full of micro particles that cause infertility in the male population*

{applause}

We see the lieutenant go up to the Sheshells is independent apologies let me try again hehellshellsonthehehore-Bar.

Lieutenant, can you show me how to mix things up without mixing things up?

{winks at audience. We’re all in it together, the lieutenant is an expert on it}

We are ~~see~~ sat in a hotel bar. Located in the atrium. Around us are stairs of various heights and materials, we can watch everyone still left here come and go, we can watch them halt, stay, reverse. The elevators have had their steel ropes cut.

To hang a heavy conscience it takes more than a foggy set of slip-proof not-nots, more than damp and musty bed sheets. Still the doors open occasionally. What emerges is a cat, husbands or a disgraced prime minister. Look left and right, can’t seem to decide. The doors close. The bell goes.

Temporary sanctuary.

A ratchet is in fact

On repetition.

How to mix things up without mixing things up:

right where was I?

Detective goes behind the ~~cloud to hide its face and cry~~ bar and gets out the drinkware.

The base of your drink is burbon.

To that you add a good measure of borbun.

If you’re feeling loose or lonely you could try adding a dash of borbon and to top it off:

A splash of borbun.

What have you made us today inspector?

A bourbuon

Applause, scattered laughs, “ouououou”

We are aware of the irony of clapping our palms that just seconds ago were stretched out to either side of us in combination with a deep shrug.

Palm outstretched, leaves it there while palm leaves, swaying in the wind
ow, unhinged, we shan’t mention it, framed or unframed, one too many has
tipped the wait,
er has tipped the point
is:
let sleeping horses lie for no return is necessary.

Lyre:

What is and isn't ironic has, for the 24th year running, topped the list of dinner table and cocktail party conversations.

The year is 2019 but only as time stops always imminently. Continuously stops imminently. A black cat is sat next to me, paws together in a begging act, atop another black cat. Skinned. This is c) cosy b) mordant a) inessential) CON

What time it is? Funny, I've been asked this same question for as long as I can remember and never was the answer as similar as it is today.

Please tick applicable: It's nine past two
It's now a-clock. The time is now.

Another question.

To the husbands that have left the elevator by obstructing the door with their countless limbs (Cats and a disgraced prime minister stay inside, unsure of tactics or desires.)

They stop in their tracks, scratching their chins.

(the question is to be found in chapter STRAIGHT DOWN THE LINE. Reproduced in facsimile in this chapter following this next word)

There "is" a hangman who stands atop a "hill" along a road to "town". Every husband / cat / disgraced "prime" minister who "passes" is asked the "same" question: **Where are you going?** If the passer-by answers "honestly", they are allowed to "continue". If "they" tell a lie, they are hanged. There is, however, "one" reply for which the hangman can neither hang the "person" nor let them go: **Nowhere, I've reached "my" destination, I have "come" here to be hanged.** This one husband / cat / disgraced prime minister has tricked desire and recognized the hangman **not** as an obstacle, one of many tunnels, tubes or portals on their way through life, **but** as life itself. They have recognized the man in his function, called upon him in his role and glitched a system based on strategic circumvention, based on the idolisation of desire's unfulfillability.

"But" "who" "am" I "talking" "to". "It" "is" "a" "gun" "in" "my" "pocket" "and" you "have" "come" "here" "to" "be" "hanged". We have just undone moralising judgement, truth and lie are suspended for as long as the elevator is under construction (the servicing team should have been here weeks ago. The last member has just arrived atop a hill on his way to town.

expertise:

Falling to pieces without a shatter
Shattering without falling to pieces
Living in pieces
Piecing together a life.
How to get out of a bouldered cave unharmed

**Today we will have our expert xyz speak on behalf of
On be quartered of or sometimes even unquantified bits of
The Writer and The Audience.**

On be half of the plan back rest, also called sissy bar gain equals loss (page xyz)

Let me tell you a story

There was a person, in the desert, under the largest freestanding boulder in the world, he lived. He hollowed himself a livingroom. He had a radio and he was German. He was blown up by a rally of un-others so to speak for being different or for having a radio or both. Pssst.

In the past:

In the future we all live in glass houses and are uncomfortable when someone peaks in.

Very uncomfortable. We just look back out of bleary onto bleary eyes.

Terms and condition in print so small so very very small. We bought into sotto voce and are now tied to a lease of softly spoken parleys for the next xyz.

There is a row of identical glass cubes containing a flock of teenage un-males spelled to converse just below the threshold of audibility bathed in ambient candle light. The candles are illusionary and the make is **Suis Good**.

Behind it there is a desire path upon which they built a row of identical glass cubes containing a flock of teenage un-males spelled to converse just below the threshold of audibility bathed in ambient candle light. The candles are illusionary and the make is **Am Bien**.

Beside it is a country road upon which were built rows of desire paths of identical glass cubes containing a flock of teenage un-males spelled to converse just below the threshold of audibility bathed in ambient candle light. The candles are illusionary and the make is **Are Mal**.

The country road leads into a ~~Hamlet~~ of a gridded build through alleys and paths that hold rows of identical glass cubes containing a flock of teenage un-males spelled to converse just below the threshold of audibility bathed in ambient candle light. The candles are illusionary and the make is **“thinking makes it so”**

To Die, To Sleep – To Sleep perchance to mumble something semi audible concerning love or the likes: “A seat at the table”

Wife Widow and Whore

“A seat at the table”

Wife Widow and Whore

Wife Widow and Whore

“A seat at the table”

Wife Widow and Whore

“A seat at the table”

Wife Widow and Whore

“A seat at the table”

“A seat at the table” “A seat at the table”

Niwfe Window and Whorne:

change of plan

THE TABLE.

{entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem}

says one of 200 creatures a day and isn't spare

but this was. This was.

Epilogue

Pipe up and wind down. Wind and oil, water and rain. Oil and wind. Me. Up.

A pair of **b**

rogue / rogue

Drinking water

Not for resale

Spiders march in

protest for better

conditions us to accept the end as unavoidably not ever here yet.

Hold on a minute keep the line

up for all things worth the wait

a minute is either food or it is either something dropped.

Or it is neither but or

It just isn't.

{flip side} Semaphorever STOLEN:

lowered her lashes until they almost cuddled her cheeks and slowly raised them again

like a theatre curtain: behind it 8 million deserted fish ashore asure

like a theatre curtain:

like a curtain curtain

like a regular net

gain a few pounds lose a few pounds it's the name of the gameplan

goes as follow:

Me, let me just lie down a second I am still reeling

I talk too much:

THE UNEVEN BARGAIN

You talk too much.

White G

love, just sit back and watch your whereabouts disintegrate.

(looped in the background, slowly moves into soggy focus:)

risen.

The levels have never been level before we get to level them the levels have

They have risen on the 3rd day, moved the boulder, the largest one about, aside and asked you all for thoughts and prayers.

Attention Attention

A con? Do not f.e. pipe up

with eyes that say *I'd never* only that eyes can't speak

contrary to common misbelief

I see a puddle flicker in the distance. Wetland, is it?

The sirens go:

In the wetlands has been spotted: Poseidon.

Let me tell you the offishial {buzzer goes} ohcetaceas {ding dong} story:

“words matter”

buzzer goes

“matter matters”

buzzer goes

“words words”

{ding dong}

FEED THEM WAFFLE is the correct answer.

Top and bottom open up wide to receive the *dough*

<<<METAPHOR>>>flip<<<METAPHOR>>>

Top and bottom switched around are still top and bottom and what's inside is squared and of very little nutritional value

Twins find a way around where others stand in line stand

Still! Shh!

Knight

End

King

Right

NEVER

A horse has been put down by all the other horses' widows.

That's not a move.

No move. Two moves while two move.

Nothing moves. Freeze.

End Game conditions are sweaty.

Greytones down the argument for the sake of the middle.

Off the road they're called commonsense

{I don't understand it}

Salty tears rival salty irrigation run off
in irritation.

I talk too much.

DEAF

Applausible

END

Is nigh

"It's night."

Close your mouth when you're chewing.

So what if our corpses aren't exquisite?!

*Elvira Højberg with Fanny Paul Clinton
Fanny Paul Clinton with Elvira Højberg*

"And, in my great expansion, I was on the desert. How can I make you understand? I was on the desert as I had never been before. It was a desert that called me like a monotonous, remote canticle calls. I was being seduced. And I went toward that enticing madness."

In the evening the electric light projects patterns that look like silvery cellulite. The reflection of the sculptures on the floor stands sharp. Everything is doubled, contorted, or drowning. The scene seems to mimic a mirage. Not a *fata morgana*, which leaves mountains, plates, or castles on the sea's horizon; but an *inferior mirage*, the one that scatters the desert with unreal bodies of water. Perhaps inferior means especially malicious. It is the mirage that promises cold wet in the driest dry, respite in dragging torment, a change where there is none. Still the feeling here, while overlooking the sculptures, is not mean but quiet – reminiscent. Like a memory of water cut into air. An empty pool. Decadent and ruined.

The problem with decadence is that there's so much about these days that it's becoming very hard to come by. The bigger the gap between the rich and the poor, the less it takes for a luxury to seem decadent and the more you have to try to distinguish your indulgences from all the others, which come to seem merely routine.

Everyone has a chaise-longue my darling.

The unforgiving light and mirror floor recall a high-end boutique, or maybe the dispossessed imitation of one in Topshop or some shopping centre – 'starkly lit so it resembles everything else available'. Everything under the same light means everything looks more or less the same, under one uniform logic, reduced to being commodities ... all much of a muchness. When everything is on offer and has a price, there's nothing special, nor particular. Decadence becomes faded around the edges; never quite debauched enough. Objects convey luxury without actually being luxurious. This is less a sign of moral decline and more the deep slumber that is the law of exchange, where difference is suspended to one system of value. There are changes in degree and proportion, but essentially they all stand in for the same idea. And remember it's not the use or the form of the things that makes them like everything else but their essence, their identity under the light she describes. Washed out by the intense whiteness, there are no markings, the displays looking the same in almost every city. A bit of everything and nothing special. That solidarity means the welt.

It means *Frau Welt*. It also means a fat fragile glove stuffed and bursting, blown-up dolphins, cracked whistling. It means a deer-rack, and a waffle iron specifically. A selection.

Welt means world. It means globe. It means public. The last meaning is slightly surprising, I think. Let's think about the public. The public is 'of or concerning the people as a whole'. In some rational sense then, public = world. In a practical sense, we seem to have forgotten that, especially the part about 'concerning'. We've been too occupied looking the other way. Deliberately blind and casual. **There's an air of DEAF**. Jung writes. (Maybe less so now. Some of us are quite concerned now.)

Mrs. Public. It's unnatural to imagine the public as a single person. The public swallows single persons. Just like We. Who is actually We? **When I say we I mean we and not we. I mean WE**. Are We the public? The Ancient Greeks understood the public in terms of friendship, *philia*, which makes the public sound like fewer people at a time. Like two or three or however many can fit around a dinner table. A conceivable gathering. Note that friendship to the Greeks wasn't sticky and intimate but open and sober. When Greeks say friendship, they really talk about dialogue. What they really say is that We are not a healthy public. A healthy public is human beings conversing with one another.

Hannah Arendt talks about something similar. She does not use the word 'healthy' but 'humane'. Her question is something like this: how to conceive a humane public in dark times? She answers:

"[T]he world is not humane just because it is made by human beings, and it does not become humane just because the human voices sound in it, but only when it has become the object of discourse."

The inhuman, she writes, remains that way unless it is "constantly talked about". Constantly talking is one way of describing Sophie on stage. She has a way of rendering information so that it sounds open, like negotiation. Like conflicting voices. I wonder: is this a way of being public humanely?

Frau Welt is not the world. She is particular, like a friend speaking to you.

I just don't know how to judge the sincerity of her words. Her friendliness might be coercion rather than whatever we mean when we say 'they are really genuine, you know'.

Certainly the lack of polish, the provisional nature of the objects suggests something spontaneous, honest and not too contrived. So too the bumbling nature of the talk. The awkward transitions between subject matter are artless, or perhaps they are so pretentious as they leap from hieratic to demotic, that they undermine their own seriousness.

Sincerity is generally conveyed by graveness of delivery. If someone is being earnest and solemn they come across as more honest - no messing around, just straightforward because that's what the important subject matter demands. Irony and comedy signal the duplicity of words, and that the speaker is focussed on literary persuasion rather than directness. Yet the opposite seems to be true in a Sophie Jung performance. The slipperiness of the words she speaks undermine her own authority, rather than allow her to be the grand manipulator in control of all she discusses. The bad jokes, the double entendres, indicate that she doesn't take herself too seriously, that she isn't seduced by her own position as performer. Nor is she able to prevent the literary fabric of the performance from showing through from time to time.

We don't fall in love with the fictional detective because she knows all the answers and always gets it right. We identify with her because she too is caught in signs, bungling interpretations of words or events, and only occasionally stumbling upon something like a workable meaning. If Jung were pretending not to perform, not to be delivering words for an audience, but just saying them straight and sincerely, in full confidence of their meaning, that would be the real con trick. Authenticity here is in acknowledging the pretence.

There is no one who would know this better than Sophie: her father is an actor, her mother is an actor, her sister is an actor, and she wanted to be an actor before she wanted to be a costume designer, a teacher, a photographer. Her first sculptures were a con. She was still taking photos when one time she had no photos to show during a residency, and so she started pulling stuff from lofts and streets and compose them into zany fusions. Have you heard about how Sophie arranges objects? It is not a con but a real mystery: there's a strict logic to the process, she says, though she cannot put it into words. When she says things like that, you get the sense that her work is definitely rigorous and spiritual and genius. Words sort of pushed themselves upon her, because visitors would ask questions about her improvised creations, and so she added text, afterwards, which she still does today. When does a pretence become real? Are detective novels about sorting out the real from the imaginary or from supposition? Who is the real criminal and what was their true motivation? Whilst these may be what we expect, so often in crime writing it is the state or the courts that are unfair or criminal. The detective is just as compromised as the miscreant they hunt. The crime may be the fault of classed, gendered and raced injustices, so where do we locate the responsibility, by which we mean the truth of the action? But now we're shifting

from *The Bigger Sleep* to *The Big Sleep* (1939), Raymond Chandler's detective fiction, containing the usual combination of lies and murder. Yet even death, that final fact, seems unreal when placed in genre writing where it is subject to mythic connections between intention and act. This is a strange world where we know what we are doing, are fully aware and certain of why we are doing it. Chandler's book doesn't exactly resist the narration of experience, or the detection of motives, but it does fail to deliver them conclusively and properly. *The Big Sleep* is notorious for leaving a lot of loose ends.

Sophie Jung might be the loose end artist. Her way of allowing things to hang is another way of keeping them dynamic, without resolution, not finishing an idea or a work. Her environments lie in wait for her presence to talk about or with them. But this suspension, or lack of resolution, is as much a purgatory and limbo as it is a way of keeping things alive and open. She has to repeat her act again and again, forced into the slavery of performing in which the work is never done, and her objects are never being in and of themselves. This suspension is the alienation of labour, the mediation of self through common language:

*Spiders march in
protest for better conditions us to accept the end as unavoidably
not ever here yet.
Hold on a minute
keep the line up
for all things worth the wait*

Procrastination is less a way to be free than it is a case of exchanging one prison sentence for another.

But is the aim to be free? Engaging with the work of Sophie Jung, that being her sculptures, performances, or texts, can give you the sense of being caught in a trip. It is wild, and strange, and there is a sort of infinity to it. As if endings only occur when a gallerist starts tapping on her watch, or Jung runs out of paper. The first time I went to see a performance of hers – *Producing my Credentials* at Kunstraum in London – was on a warm summer evening. The temperature is not unimportant, as I had to wait outside with a steadily growing queue of people. Whoever had made it inside for the first performance stayed in there, for hours, which for us, the latecomers, gave the act an air of mysticism, in the way of any closed-off gathering, and the situation a tinge of out of control, as if the gallery staff *had not known what they were in for.* Eventually we were told that no more shows would follow that night, so I left, only to come back some weeks later for the second round. This time, I made it inside, to a room with loose asphalt, sticks, and yellow; and a mind-boggling performance that lasted a staggering two and a half hours, though it felt like twenty minutes, or several days: as if time had been contorted or suspended. Suspension might be a useful word to think about how Jung moves through subject matter, and why she could do it forever. Suspension as in hanging, as in presented like clothes on a rope, frankly and informally, with no hierarchy or discernible order.

Both utopian and collapse – Frau Welt without order. She mentions 'endgame' and, of course, Samuel Beckett comes to mind, though the two are not at all alike except for the absurdism. I get annoyed when people describe her work as 'narrative' just because she uses words. Fiction, theatre and narrative are not synonyms. There's more to a play than a plot and other ways of representing or imagining the world than to organise it into a story. Sure there's the occasional anecdote thrown in there, but never expanded beyond the occasion that occasions it, the encounter with a particular object or form in the exhibition. The event of happening upon a sculpture doesn't necessarily extend outwards into a coherent account of a life, as if the artist – as if people in general – follow causality and don't change from one minute to the next. For the Basel show its something else entirely. The objects aren't stations in a text, but constellate around a figure, an atmosphere, left hanging like the writing and performer. She's gone from a fragmented performance, to a floating one.

In *Endgame* (1957), the characters Hamm, Clov, Nagg and Nell are all noted for their incapacities and their inability to move on,

but this doesn't necessarily make life totally unbearable for them. They forget, they lose themselves and repeat the same fights and stories with minor variations, enough to keep them going. Even if the performer has to engage in a long run, forced to act out the same again, they can't help but be aware that they will never get it right. Is it the repetition and forgetting that makes it bearable or the knowledge that it will never really repeat? It must be awful for the actor to try to put the messiness of the self on-hold and watch it bleed in every time. The lighting usually stays the same.

And how, in theory, exuberant to abandon clean perfection, wring out neurotic anxieties, untether, un-hold. "A schizophrenic out for a walk is a better model than a neurotic lying on the analyst's couch." Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari notably write in *Anti-Oedipus*, their critique of the Freudian unconscious—a symbolic plane pregnant with truth or meaning—in favour of a novel, materialist psychiatry, in which the unconscious is not a cipher of mental disorders but real and acting, and the schizo not a treatable derivative of mommy/daddy trauma, but our full, fragmented underlining. In presenting a paradigm where recognizing the self is the first step in losing it: a cogent, concluded, Lacanian "I" (*je*), they attenuate the conflict between sanity and alleged madness. Musings on selfhood: the interplay between an individual and the roles it inhabits, between coherence and storm-tossed multiplicities, between purity and corruption, lace through Sophie Jung's practice in its own allusive—and then sometimes literal—manner. The mirror stage, the original split between a scattered self and its unbroken image, besprinkles *A Bigger Sleep*. It is bracketed after *Is That All There Is?*, the title of a centre-sculpture – the rose couch bordered with tassels and flanked by smashed glass on which Jung languishes during her performance – and appears half-way through the text accompanying the exhibition, like this: *My mirror stage alas applause I am complete after all. Detached from myself and attached to everything. Completion as a movement that flees the I, as a thought, is bristling, as is "alas" and "applause," and the way they inconspicuously push up against each other; how softly an act of jubilation follows a miserable exclamation; how grief and joy sounds in a breath. Next to the rousing loss of constraint, there is also, and firstly, loss, just loss.* Antonin Artaud, the distinguished madman and school-book schizophrenic, felt this above everything else. He writes: "The real pain is to feel thought move within oneself." According to Susan Sontag, this deep, excruciating pain, spun from an intolerable paradox: acknowledging the irredeemable fragmentation of his self and still wanting to master. Partially, she explains, Artaud was a symptom of his time—though the most extreme, the meanest, of this kind—existing between the *anti-genres*, the *avant-gardes*, "work that is deliberately fragmentary or self-canceling"—of which Cocteau writes, "the only work which succeeds is that which fails"—and the romantic Total Book, still haunting the twenties, especially its quest for consciousness, and its author-figure: the modern literary hero, here as the suffering literary hero.

Sophie Jung has moved one step further: she is not a hero and her work is scarcely painful. She fails, falls, and fragments, but she does not dwell or suffer. Instead of decrying with wild screams and thousands of pages the failure of language, of art, of theatre, as Artaud did, in a desperate attempt to conquer, at least, the processual, the fugitive, schizophrenia, she acknowledges and moves on. Alas applause! Her practice nimbles under the suffocating gist of totalities, even the totality of there being none. It nears the temper of Hélène Cixous when she writes:

Let's leave it to the worriers, to masculine anxiety and its obsession with how to dominate the way things work—knowing "how it works" in order to "make it work." For us the point is not to take possession in order to internalize or manipulate, but rather to dash through and to 'fly'.

"The sole 'baggage,'" he says, "that helps us to conquer chronological time and to participate in the other, absolute time, is a bouquet of texts. ... Light baggage buzzing with words, which, ever since the world has been the world—and there are many legends that vouch for it—has ensured our passage, without let or hindrance, over onto the other bank."

The Bigger Sleep
Sophie Jung

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