

07.03 – 07.06.2020



Sophie Jung
They Might Stay The Night

Sincerity Condition.

Working across text, sound, sculpture and generally considered a performance artist reading or ad lib-ing the sculptures' polyvocal excursions, *They Might Stay The Night* is the artist's first major sculptural (only) show. An assembly of agents, a collection of uncollectables, they stand as a network of abiding incompleteness, an ever-changing choir of urgencies and pleasures, traumas and manifestations that communally relay between dominant and minor themes with their *materi a list conditions and conditionings* go on try to *list en loudly*. Try to matter, they try to matter as matter that is both legible utensil, metaphoric apparition and autonomous plurality on a mission or asleep. Made from found, stolen, borrowed and haphazardly made attributes,

confused limbs of limbo'tic inhabitements itants itants I tanz noch lang nicht ausgetantzt, jahrzehntel unverbracht the ancient re gymnasts can't go home yet rehearsal for better condition ex- or elocution less on out of nightm air is crisp the sky is blue,

they are set in a space made/not made (*who can tell these days the days oh the days*) for them, against a *pictouresque, counter-simulacric* twee yet structurally brutal backdrop of Luxembourg's National Savings Bank (on which Disney famously modelled his theme park), the former Gestapo villa, National symbols and multinationals' headquarters upon *headquartered and feathered* on freshly-tarred roads and in the far distance, overlooking what a piece of tourist couture in the giftshop down the road calls "the original country of dreams". Within the Mediterranean Baroque of the Casino Luxembourg they mimic and counter, in a permanent haze of excited exhaustion, unsure of where to next, ready to roll a pair of dice or raid a pair of banks or just to sleep. For a bit, or a good long time. Collectively interrupted and corrupted views with eyes patched around and into a greater hole. A troupe of awkward comrades, not good exactly, but full of leaky compassion and anti-heroic manoeuvres, they query metaphoric apparition by way of delving into subconscious scripting territories around hallucinations of materialist manifestations.

Yesterday's players whisper into the s'hell of significance they howl across the smoker's valley and through the tower chained at the b'ankles too skinny for capt you're one of us or are you one of us? Are you one or are you many times asked never responded the result in the tip of my toe is sprained across the floor in bitesized nuggets. Tree times a slaythee if you breathe a word. What even is a word a world I was going to say word. On the streets is nothing, a decomposed entity sighing out of tune. Not one showed up to their refinal floor-bored ambulation before always already having had your back turned on you through a mirror staged a coup of milk of tears of ripped up bed spring's been cancelled too so we lie softer. Such as: Stability in ruffled feathers. Not as: Sweet dreams in tethers cos when the bailiffs come to change the locks on your pretty little head you skip to the beat of no drum roll over and contract in time with a hungry intest in tests they didn't show up the stats and figures were on our side and drooping but backstage. Wouldn't you too, you've been walking loops for too long to adjust pace in a place unlevelled too shevelled for peace by peace the n/r ations run out of a hoard a crowd a pit full of come rad raids the cupboards and dims the light, some Re spite in a beam of lied about the pillar of socie a sigh. Aspirational constriptions rolled up and shoved from palm to palm off offer of a better deal. The pie chart'er flight of fancy sectioned into seg mental image or an orange or anger in the wake of a tangerinable resultimately specululation. I have yet to pro fit for work despite respirational constrictions. All or nothing lab or no thing for a wreath for a wrath.

Hands up hands down hands wringing all around my ears the bell announces a tie: for and against sincerity sin certinty con dition condition.

Ancore!
A chore!