THE SPACE CADET AND THE GOLDEN MOON

If you look straight ahead, wherever it is your nose points, chances are your view of what I am seeing now is obstructed. Maybe by a lazy forest, or a fat, weary mountain, or a building perhaps, maybe there are some walls or a dry ceiling, maybe dinner is about to be served.

Here I am, looking at all kinds of constellations of stars. With a little imagination, they just about resemble the naked back of my wrinkled and spotted mother, only inverted, in a way, white is black and black is white. Over there is Orion, stretch your neck and you will see it, it looks somewhat like a rabbit, running in fright, or like two old men dancing. To your right, there is Taurus, which looks like a slingshot in a way, pale and kind of boring; to your left is Monoceros, which looks like a funny man, about to eat an apple. I learnt these only recently, at cadet school, where we had exams and everything. “What constellation looks like a man about to eat an apple?” the Lieutenant asks, hand in pocket, as he paces up and down the rows of benches. Everyone looks down – Not me! Not me! “Stupid! Monoceros!” he yells, “...and what do we do when we see Monoceros?” That is when you launch the rocket for course correction. Everybody knows that. When you begin to see the funny man eating the apple you launch the rocket for course correction, otherwise you will be dreadfully lost in space, everybody knows that, as easy as ABC. It's just that we don't feel we need to know his name, but it is Monoceros.

Then there is Canis Major of course, which has no order at all, it seems to be totally misplaced, like it should not be there, bright and yellow and ghastly, all

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1 Or Thoughts about my Work, by Johan Bergström Hyldahl
strewn about with no rhyme or reason. Lepus is all right though, kind of funny if you think about it, like a box or maybe a chair with too many legs.

The windows rattle less as I leave the atmosphere. The condensed moisture that has seeped through the cracks in the dry insulation freezes on the glass, obstructing my view of the lunar landscape ahead of me. It is damp in here. My uniform is covered with a thin film of pearly drops of perspiration, the wool itchies all the way from the balaclava down to the thick, embroidered socks. I must have fallen asleep.

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Johan Bergström Hyldahl, Dear Jesus, Do Something!, 2014

My latest work “Dear Jesus, Do Something!” marked in many ways a point of departure from a practice that I had been working with since before commencing my studies at KKH. Foremost, I believe that the work is the result of a fundamentally different stance towards the creation of meaning, which is dealt with in coming footnotes, but also something that has made me rethink the properties of a work, and the merit of definition. I stopped thinking of it as art, which has been a very important shift of mindset for me. Disregarding the project as a whole, which includes lenticular images as well as sculpture, and focusing on the film itself, the form has surfaced questions regarding the status of the work. With some distance to the production, I can begin to try to dissect the form. The film is a 24 minutes story, divided up into a prologue, three chapters of equal length, and a epilogue followed
I had a strange dream, as I often do when I have forgotten to drink sufficient amounts of fluids. Fluids make up 70% of the human body composition, Lieutenant told us, and are the single most important building block of any living organism, or at least one of them - others are hearts, brains and livers. Fluids keep the nastiest dreams at bay, but are hard to bring to space, since they leek out everywhere and cause a terrible mess.

by credits. The material is partly filmed, partly animated, partly portraying characters, partly portraying inanimate or animate objects. I believe I made it intending for it to have integrity in and of itself, irrespective of context. In many ways, it functions as a film, which could be shown at a regular film festival as an art house cinema short production. I believe that there is nothing about the narrative, the images, the sound, nor the editing which inherently gives it merit as an artwork. I think this statement neither credits nor discredits its merits as an artwork, but rather present this as an individual as opposed to general stance which I have found generative, potentially mainly in relationship to the media of moving images. Reflexiveness, as an oppositional, or validating force, always occurs, subconsciously or consciously, in the act of any form of visual production, since it is impossible to filter out past experiences of any cultural visual representation. Reflexiveness also always occurs in the generation of any form of narrative construct. My perception is that oppositional reflexiveness is at a higher hierarchical level in the discourse of visual arts, than in the discourse of contemporary filmmaking; though present in both fields, discourses have differing focuses. However, a conscious level of reflexiveness, the ability to intellectually articulate a reflexive position of opposition or validation of something canonized, either from the point of view of a dramaturgical construction of narratives or in visual art, I believe, subjectively, to be a hygiene factor in any work. If this holds, a work has merit irrespective of the context, even though readings and subsequent discourses may differ, and the need to classify is rendered meaningless.
The dream. There was a frightful dog, broom-like whiskers whipping the air – whoosh! – and a deer with antlers, as vain as can be, as well as all kinds of other nonsense that the mind can think of when you let it stray.³ And there I was, in the middle of it all, unable to move. Try as I did, I could not even wiggle my toes, no sounds would come from my hoarse throat as I tried to shout to scare the beasts away. Over our heads, above those hateful birds in the clouds, a gentle moon swayed, dancing across the golden starlit sky.

I must remember to take notes of this before the details, where the devil dwells, slip my mind. My sister will be able to make sense of it, she always does, being the educated one. She knows the name of all the stars and all the planets in the sky, counts them on her fingers: ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE! Pluto! Neptune! Saturn! Orion! Pole Star! Name one, she points it out to you straight away, no questions asked. She works at a laboratory where she conducts research on all kinds of subjects, and writes articles of great length, detail and importance. She can stay up for three nights in a row just to perfect the ideal sentence: “In the dawn of mankind we walked with curved backs, like old people, or monkeys”, “In mankind’s dawn, our spines where more arch-like than today,

Matthew Barney, *Cremaster 4, 1995* (also see footnote 4)
ape-like as seen in seniors”, “In early days of mankind, tilted vertebrae forced an arched posture in man, young and old, similar to those of the monkey”. Details are important; since these are controversial subjects, all ground needs to be covered. She thinks of everything. Everything is neat and right, and packed in appropriate bags and jars and cups. Here are the containers of fluids; over there, a bucket of tweezers and all sorts of instruments, right next to the sink where she prepares her food. When we go out for a walk, she feeds me rolls with jam, candied apples, nuts and dried fruits, and tells me about this and that and godknowswhat, about the seasons, the longevity of certain trees, the sadness of the mule, what makes ants so important, or why the wind blows in a new direction every day.

She writes poetry too, and reads it to me with much thought and clarity:

One tag, two tag, three tag, four
Keep that foul hound by the door
There he keeps our foes at bay
While I see my love’s fat sway
Slap that fat and joke around
Guarded by our mighty hound
One tag, two tag, three tag, four
Keep that foul hound by the door

It is like she is always asking questions: why is the dog at the door? All these questions in her head, where do they come from? That inquisitiveness? From our mother? Certainly not from our father. He sleeps all day, on a mat at the kitchen sofa. If you wake him up he stands up tall, waves his arms in the air
and hollers so that the hair on your head stiffens, runs over to the stove and slams on pots and pans with his bare fists. Stronger than a bear⁴. He can chase a

⁴ In New York, during the spring of 2013, having waited in line behind people with books and brochures to be signed, I asked Matthew Barney to draw me a bear, an animal I myself have a certain inclination towards drawing, which is something he was unwilling to do. I believe that this was an important moment for me, since it clearly marked the endpoint of a one year long journey of a fundamental shift in my stance towards art in general, and on a side note, a relieving sense of separation from an artist with whom I was often compared. When I commenced my time at KKH, coming from a background where claims need to be quantitatively or at least logically supported, I saw my practice as one where research laid a foundation, from which visual material was extrapolated. I created narratives, or webs of existing theories, which I valued to some extent higher than the visual form they eventually manifested themselves in. The manifestations became indexical of the systems I built, characters or props from a hermetically sealed body of ideas. One character performing one specific task had its clear function in my mind, which led me to the conclusion that I had a certain authority of interpretation. This method of working has a close relationship to the practice of Matthew Barney, which is why I was interested in going to hear his presentation. For reasons mentioned in other footnotes, I had at this point realized this stance towards art in general was unfortunate. The practice of Matthew Barney, with its clear distinction between signifier and signifieds, as well as its linear and closed relationship between manifestation and its underlying hermetically sealed body of references creates a dead body of work. The act of “research” becomes the collection of ideas and facts that are already known, and remains a subset of what the artist knows. Works like these pose no to few questions, but rather function as educational statements in a one-way dialogue between the artist and the audience, a refined, but nevertheless closed and dead system. The polar opposite, a practice in which the artist poses questions, allows for a slippage between signifier and signifieds, and dares to value intuition over knowledge, or at least placing these at the same hierarchical level, has
dog to the corner of the Earth if he had to. At least he could, when he was younger. He would run round and round in a circle all day long, no one could stop him. He would collect lumpy things people had left out on their porches to dry, tie them together to a raft of sorts, toss it in the river and float away on it, like a conquistador of older times. And everyone would run down to the shore of course, brows tightly pulled together, lips pulled up over their teeth, stamping the ground in anger. HAHAHA he would laugh, as he drifted back into the shore further downstream. What did you see, the people would ask. “Oh, this and that”, father would brag, “I could see all the way to the cliffs at the horizon, and a fish as tall as a man, with a barrel-sized belly glimmering like polished silver, and rocks and stones of course!” the crowd rolled their eyes, “The water is thirty feet deep but as clear as day. And listen to this, once I SWAM out to the middle of the river, believe it or not – its true! And a fish swam up to me and looked me in the eyes, frowning at me like you do now. He bubbled and gurgled, as if to scare me off, so I grabbed him by the gills, sat on him, and rode him like you would a bike or a mule! As true as I stand here before you! Up and down the river, for half an hour at least!” Everyone is quiet. A woman steps up to my father to be. “Let me ask you this, if you are so clever,” my mother to be asked, clenching her fists white and kicking sand back and fro, “have you ever seen the moon?” The crowd, who had

the potential to provide work where the artist becomes a subset of the work, and a situation where the artist is no longer able to maintain an authority of interpretation. Entering the presentation of Matthew Barney, I was filled with these preconceived ideas, which during his presentation was strengthened, providing a release for myself, and a strengthened trust in an alternative stance. But the possibility remains that this line of thought is a mere construction, stemming from the unwillingness of Matthew Barney to draw me a bear.
been humming and whispering all of the sudden fell quiet and looked at my poor father. “The moon? I have seen as far as any bird! Once, I climbed up the tallest tree I could find, in fine pants and shoes, and saw so much that I almost fainted and fell. A cloud and a field and pine cones, more than you could count on your fingers!”, my mother-to-be grinned in a ghastly way, “But not the moon, white and round like a belly!”, My father’s face reddened. “I can lift a stone as tall as a grown man! Toss it over the river if I like! I AM STRONGER THAN A BEAR!” Then there was a terrible fight of course, until everyone was tired and all was good again and it was time to go homewards.\textsuperscript{5} Questions only lead to misery and sad misfortunes. I do not ask many questions. I let my mind float away instead. I think about the space and the skies and the stars, oh so dark, and I think of all the ghastly horrors of the night. But then I think of an old woman slipping on a frozen puddle of water, dropping her bread, or about someone who has lost his way – he looks so confused with his beard and little hat! – and I giggle and all is well again. Sometimes when you let your thoughts slip you say something, a train of words that just come crashing through your teeth with a wheezing sound. Say

\textit{Pieter Bruegel, Land of Cockaigne, 1567}
whatever pops into your head. “What do you mean?” she says, my sister.
Inquisitive as ever. “What do you mean?” and sometimes, when I have said
something nasty, she cries, then I cry too, and all is misery and sadness for a
while.

I can just about make out Monoceros. Soon it is time for course correction
or I will loose myself forever in space. I want to stretch my legs, but my mobility
is limited by the thick chords, that keep me strapped to my seat. I can wiggle my
toes, move my arms and twist my head, all at once if I please, like a dance similar
to the ones we do when summer comes in all its glory. But why would I? I am at
work. Enough now. Freedom is good, but only within reason. Better be still. I
take a deep breath and listen to the sound of my voice:
BRRRRRRRAPAPAPAPAPAPA! HO HUH HO! Everything seems to be in order.

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The role of the metaphor, the symbolic and representation has changed
dramatically in my work (see also footnote 4). I think I will leave this with a short
statement: Having given up the authority of interpretation, I have been given a
flexibility of interpretation in return. A symbolic language used unilaterally falls
dangerously close to illustration, a jigsaw puzzle which should fit together nicely.
However, not all jigsaw pieces can be controlled to fulfill a predetermined end. An
artifact placed in a specific context in order to function as a proof for a
predetermined claim, will ultimately always fail to do so, in its inability to function as
a universal signifier, or in its ability to encompass more signifieds than intended.
However, a bilateral negotiation between author and reader has the potential to
create new knowledge. A question such as “what is this about?” is formulated
wrong. The correct formulation would be “what is this about to me?” I am more
interested in representation that defies a straight-forward moral or metaphorical
reading, than representation that becomes illustrative. Unconditional of subject
matter, this becomes propagandaesque.
Why did I sleep? Why am I so drowsy? The ship makes a terrible racket, KLANKLANKLANK, enough to wake you up from the deepest of slumbers. I look over my shoulder and see the Earth from above for the first time in all its vanity and glory.

I never trusted those maps with their fancy colors and lines. Green and red and blue and red like a frostbitten apple. If you stroll on a meadow you can only see grey, and it smells of water and hemp. When you see the sunrise it is feverishly pink, sometimes dimly red or yellow. The forest is grey and black and makes an awful cacophony of creaking sounds. The hills are brown, sometimes blue, with their awkward shapes. The river is green in the fall, brown in the spring, yellow in wintertime. If you mix them all together, it should all be brown and grey, like a fancy coat. Yet here I am looking down at the green and blue light sparkling below me, like those fancy maps suggest, and I am filled with remorse.

I should have left earlier. I could probably have been accepted to cadet school a few years ago.

There are a number of tests you need to take to enter the cadet school. There are the three tests of perseverance, motivation and character. Perseverance is the easiest. You sit in a room and wait for a while, and then a man with a severe expression on his face comes in. Then your mind starts to wander. What does the stars on his shoulder mean? Is he angry or sad? Remember that this is a test, you tell yourself. Will he bring sorrowful news? He asks you if you want to go to the moon. You should answer yes, immediately and give him a sharp look. Why is that, he will ask, and return an even sharper gaze. Now it is important to be alert. If you say something stupid you will be expelled straight away, no questions asked. You take a deep breath and answer with
conviction. Because it is interesting and I want to go there most of all. Then a serious of tricky questions come, and you can feel how your heart starts beating faster and faster. You just need to remember that they are trying to trick you with their questions and remarks. But it’s not as fun there as you may think. I don’t care. What if you can’t get home? I don’t care. Shouldn’t you do something better with your life? There is so much misery here that you can work to solve. I don’t care. You won’t make any money. I don’t care. You won’t have any friends. I don’t care. It’s cold and lonely there, nothing but dust and sand and stone and rock. I don’t care.

Of course you do care, but you can’t say that to the test leader because then you fail the perseverance test. Everybody knows that you will have lots and lots and all there is and everything you can wish for once you come back, and that’s why you want to go. But what you need to do is to slam your palm in the table so hard that it rattles and tell the officer that you want to partake in the advancement of mankind, and that there is no sacrifice, great or small, to stop you from doing so. He will then smile, nod, and pick up his big stamp to give you perseverance-test-accreditation.

Next room: Motivation. There is another chair for you to sit down in, hard and uncomfortable. In front of you there is a table with more food than you have ever seen. There is a pig with an apple in his mouth, something white sprinkled all over him, looks like cream. Over there you see goat stew, mashed potatoes, pears and a big jar of something brown and sweet. You are hungry and reach for a pear. Bang! Something whacks you in the head. There is a stinging sensation crawling down your spine like cold water. Again: WHACK! All you have to do is say stop, and then you can eat to your heart’s delight and then it is thank-you-
goodbye. WHACK! No, Please! WHACK! What? WHACK! And then there is sadness again and you start to cry. WHACK! It is so easy to say stop, they tell you, look at all this food! WHACK! The whacking echoes in your head and the dark room fade away. Golden pears sway in front of you, singing the praise of rest from this terrible whacking. WHACK, WHACK, WHACK! Do you want us to stop? I don’t care! And then there is some more whacking and then your done. You get a towel and a second stamp and all is well again.

Next room: Character. All the cadet candidates are put in the same room and faced with the collective, tiresome task of erecting a marble statue lying facedown on the floor. Your instinct will be to run up to it, tear of your shirt and pants and try to lift it yourself, stronger than a bear, which will end in nothing but tears and teeth-grinding. No, instead you take a minute to consider the situation. Successful cadets conspire to get others to do the task\(^7\) Look around

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Jeff Koons, Jeff Koons in front of Popeye, 2008

I truly believe in division of labor. My practice in relation to moving images requires collaborations, which by default implies a higher degree of chance in a project, as well as giving up control over formal decisions. While outsourcing, to call a spade a
you, there is a woman with a noble chin, and a man with deep furrows on his
forehead, they must think a lot. And over there you see the dumb wits, sweat
already glistening over their swelling arms and faces, contorted by the labor of
trying to erect the stone. You walk up to the ones who dwell in the background,
my chin is noble too, I think a lot, let my mind wander. You wander around
together for a while, and then dictate for the others what to do. Not there, lazy
bones! Over there! Move it! You can even give them a whack on the head with
whatever you can find, and holler at them, louder and louder! PUSH! PULL! THAT
WAY! UP! UP! UUUUUUUUUUP! A stern face carved in stone, overlooking a crowd
of faces damp faces, glimmering in the pale light. And then you get the final
stamp, and a medal and all sorts of praise, and you are on the right side of the
fence. Look out, there they come, out through the exit, heads falling forward,
closer and closer to the ground in humiliation, hulking and moaning, with their
sore backs and sweaty brows. No one looks at the other as they walk down the
stairs, slowly declining from hope and potential to misery. Elbow your way
through the crowd that has gathered joyfully on the right side of the fence to
behold the spectacle, raise your hands in victory, and link them behind your
head. You shout something funny: “Strong chests! Good lifting comrades!”, you
giggle and laugh and you’re filled with a most comfortable warmth inside, and all

spade, as a part of a practice has merit from a discursive point of view, I do not
believe this discourse is relevant to my practice. I believe it is a relevant tool to
circumvent my shortcomings in a production, and am less artistically interested now
in whether I made an image myself or not, even though I am personally fulfilled by
doing so, which is probably something I should work against.
is good and well. Then it is all about preparation. Day turns to night. Fall turns to winter and spring and then back to fall again.

Night is falling. Wind rustles through the streets. An ocean breeze maybe, a wind carrying the smell of the brown river, a garden wind carrying the sent of decaying leaves and soap from the blankets vainly hung to dry. It shakes and rattles sheets of glass in windowpanes, sways the trees, arches the grass that keeps rising from the Earth, and hunches the backs of workers heading for warmth. It collides with itself in an alleyway, carrying away the dust that has collected between the cobblestones, lifting particles up in the air, over the rooftops, further up than the spires protruding towards the sky, passing over the warm gushes of air steaming out of the chimneys, and onwards out to the ocean where passengers on the rolling heavy ships have nothing to do but gaze towards the empty skies. At the center is the Sun, it’s yellow fingers stretching out farther and farther away, tickling everything it can see. Then, there is the Earth. At this stage, we cannot see the movement of the dance, nor can we experience the motion as the Earth starts revolving, not only around itself, but also around the gentle Sun. Then, all of the sudden, there is light. Roosters shout CUCKOO, and all the wildlife crawls slowly out of their hidings. A fox pokes its head out behind the bushes; a rabbit runs in fright. A frightful dog, broom-like whiskers whipping the air – whoosh! – and a deer with antlers, as vain as can be. And around the Earth floats the Moon, sometimes closer to the Sun, its illuminated face turned away from us, hiding in darkness, sometimes farther away, you never really know, one night it floats above the chimneys as if to cheerfully say “here I am!”, other nights hiding in anger behind low hanging
clouds, or even remorsefully swooping over roofs that need mending, peeking in through the cracks, casting slivers of silvery light.

The silvery light almost blinds me as it bounces around between the windows and the apparatuses of polished metal in my cockpit. There is a red little light faintly blinking, probably makes a ringing sound too, which is drowned by the roaring thunder of the engines behind me, and the clattering noise suggesting the increasing pull of the gravity of the Moon. “Monoceros appearing”. Behind the Moon, I can now see the arm, or maybe the shoulder, of the man eating his apple. He is playfully hiding behind the glowing sphere of the Moon, the rattle of the ship increases, shaking my body back and fro in a way that almost animates the man and his apple. Teasingly, he seems to dance in and out of visibility, munching away while ever so gently swaying his erected arm in unison with those long, wobbly legs on a soft and endless golden floor. The

Google / Johan Bergström Hyldahl, Freckles on back, 2014
craters of the Moon, majestic in their loneliness, are clear, but fall out of focus as the dance intensifies. My mother and father dancing together with myself and my sister, bare feet over the warm wooden floor on a summer afternoon. Round and round, not in a frenzy, but in a joyful moment of physical inspiration. We laugh, and I can hear my pulse throbbing against my temples in excitement. Grey grass, muddy waters, sand castles, sun tainted wooden facades, all blurs together into a formless mass, indistinguishable even as we spin slower and slower.⁹

Robert Ryman, Hansa, 1993

Seeing the work of Robert Ryman for the first time was in many ways an important experience for me. I saw his work for the first time at Dia: Beacon, shortly after having had a bad experience with an art historian discussing the works of Felix Gonzalez Torres. I will try to give account for his statement here: “Felix Gonzalez Torres’ candy piles have initially the same weight as FGT’s boyfriend when he contracted AIDS, they represent him. When we pick up a candy from the pile, we
I am spinning around my sister, who in turn spins around our father, who in turn spins around our mother, who in turn spins around god knows what until we stop symbolically partake in the decay of his body until death...” A statement like this can render any work of art banal, a linear illustration of a rational idea (see footnote 4 about Matthew Barney). A statement like this categorically leaves out the development of a poetic language that has merit in and of itself, one which subordinates and complicates any relationship there is between a signifier and a signified. A work consists of an inseparable unity of a physical body and an intellectual mind. The concert Musica Ricercata (1956) by Gyorgy Ligeti I believe illustrates this well. It is a piano concert divided up into eleven movements, beautifully spanning a wide emotional register. It slips from haunting to comical, through romantic to introspective and further away to aggressive. It is a highly reflexive and revolutionary music, written in part as a protest against soviet and subsequently also censored. It is written under a simple yet strict rule which grows from restriction, through potential to hubris. The eleven movements comes from the register of the clavier. In the first movement, the pianist is restrained to two pitches in all octaves, the second movement grows in compositional flexibility with three pitches, and grows so forth, until the final feat in which the entire register of the clavier is used. Politically, musicology-wise, and historically this is intellectually interesting, but this remains a futile hygiene factor, similar to the one presented to me by the art historian in relation to Gonzalez Torres work, in relation to the physicality of the piece. This is similar to the experience I had with the works of Ryman, where I had the sensation that the maintenance and development of the painterly language was sufficient to an extent that any attempt at an intellectual dissection of it would be a violation. Plainly put, a very romantic, even spiritual sensation of painting for the sake of painting. Defying any linearity of interpretation, and opening an endless realm of subjective poetry. One year before seeing this work, I rejected a work with a sentence I believe I can use to describe my warm sentiments towards this work – An Empty Surface for the Projection of Individual Fantasies.
and sit down. Jumping Joe and jumping Jack, how many antlers in your back? I dig eight fingers into my mother’s fat back, trying to avoid the nasty dark spots. With a little imagination, you can find Monoceros there too, tracing imaginary lines between the freckles and dimples. Feverishly purple starlit sky.

And here it is, Monoceros, in all its glory, no longer teasing, no longer hiding, now slowly pacing back and forth on a wide-open floor of stars, streaks of galaxies and clouds of nebulae. Having left the gravity of the Moon behind me, I can sense a foreboding tranquility. The rocket for course correction is useless now, since I can no longer force myself down towards the field of force that would pull me into a slowly descending orbit around the Moon. It might be for the best though. Spinning around the Moon, which in turn spins around the Earth, which in turn spins around the Sun, which in turns spins around godknowswhat might just be too much. I can barely make out the dark side of the golden Moon as I turn back, blinded by the faint sunlight. The red little lamp has stopped blinking and now glows a submissive light. Beepepep, beep, beeeeeeeeeep, hmmmmmmmmmmm. The warning signal dozes off, and leaves room for the subdued hum of the engines. I am now moving forward at an unknown speed in stillness, there will be no more acceleration in any direction. Only Monoceros growing ahead of me.

Hmmmmm, hum, hum, the family sings along as we put the porridge of the morning into our bowls. With a little imagination, pale flakes of crushed wheat, and dark, shiny seeds look like the rooftops on a hill of a high civilization, like ours. Atlantis built like a fortress behind the walls of my porcelain bowl. Golden porches stretch out on a city built in smooth terraces, overlooking marble palaces, arched bridges, and open windows facing in all directions. Some butter,
it melts quickly, a city bathed in sunlight, Now milk! Everything preserved in perfect secrecy as the milk is poured over slanting roofs, running down through alleys and streets, until every crevice is filled with opaque liquid. The brown river blends with the white, it rises, carrying white blankets away, vainly hung to dry, sweeps away the dust that has collected between the cobblestones, carries it up over the rooftops, white foamy bubbles climbing up the spires protruding towards the sky, up, up, up over the stairs leading up to the entrance of the cadet school, gushes in to its halls, comes crashing through with perseverance, motivation and character, finally embracing the erected marble statue, with his long, wobbly legs, one of his arms outstretched, the other bent over his chest, pinning down an apple between his hand and his open mouth. Don’t panic. Take a deep breath, fill your lungs with air, float on your back and let the rising liquid carry you upwards towards the sky. As the last chimneys drown there is stillness again, and you can imagine that you are a passenger on the rolling heavy ships with nothing to do but to gaze towards the empty skies. If you look straight ahead, wherever it is your nose points, your view of what I am seeing now should no longer be obstructed. No more lazy forests, or fat, weary mountains; no more buildings, nor walls or dry ceilings; no more dinners about to be served.

The End

The End\footnote{The End}