

What's up?

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LOKAZ + **MIKSI** + **LETAČ** + **Alexander** + **Miloš** + **BOJAN ŽIVKOV**

It's getting so close and ever darker.

There are flashes of lightning
but no thunder.

CASCADING COMET

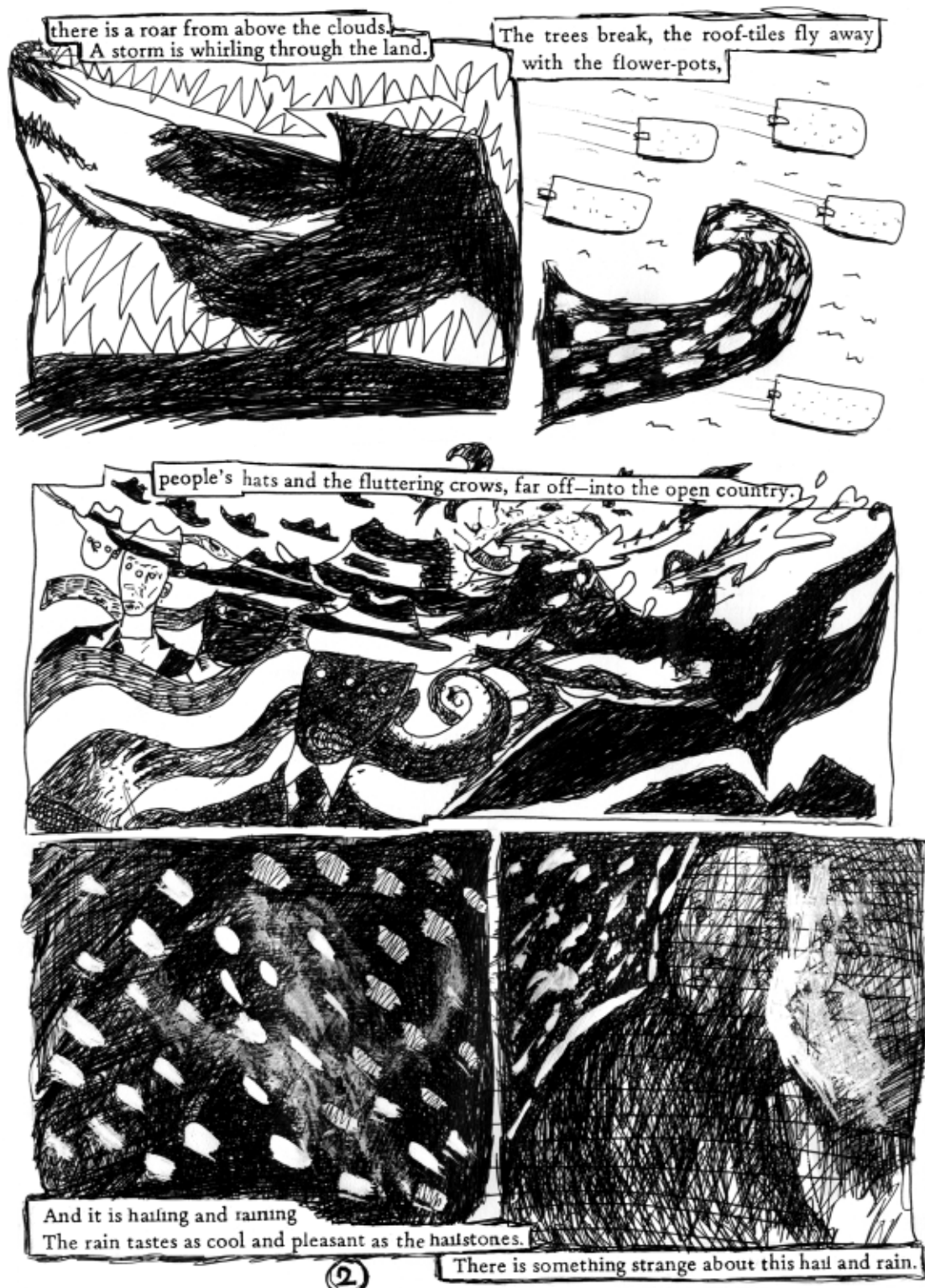
And now hailstones are coursing down,

large hailstones and small hail stones.

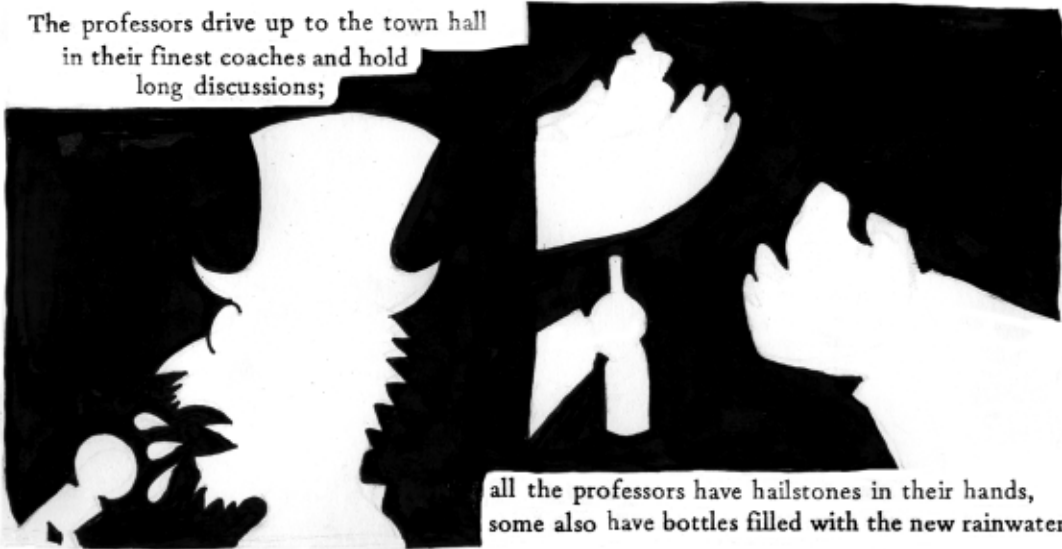
They are

pointed with edges, like badly hewn sugar.

But it is not sugar—it tastes cool and pleasant.

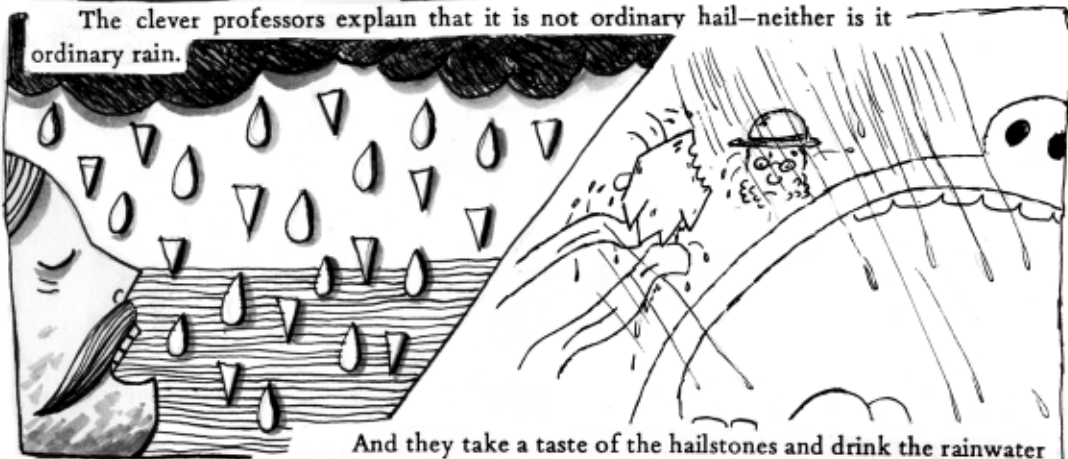


The professors drive up to the town hall
in their finest coaches and hold
long discussions;



all the professors have hailstones in their hands,
some also have bottles filled with the new rainwater.

The clever professors explain that it is not ordinary hail—neither is it
ordinary rain.

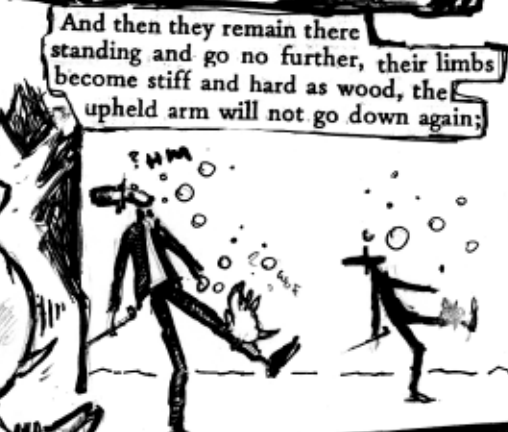
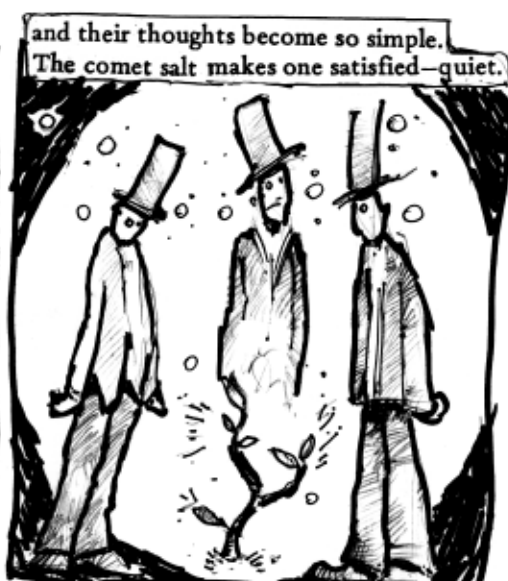


And they take a taste of the hailstones and drink the rainwater

And they say, there is a new substance contained in them—a comet must
have exploded in the sky—it definitely must have been a comet.



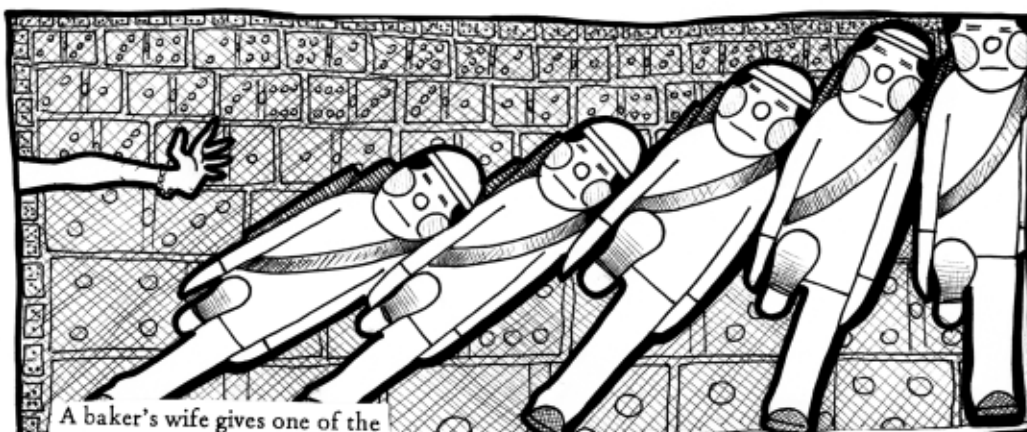
The new substance is Comet Salt.



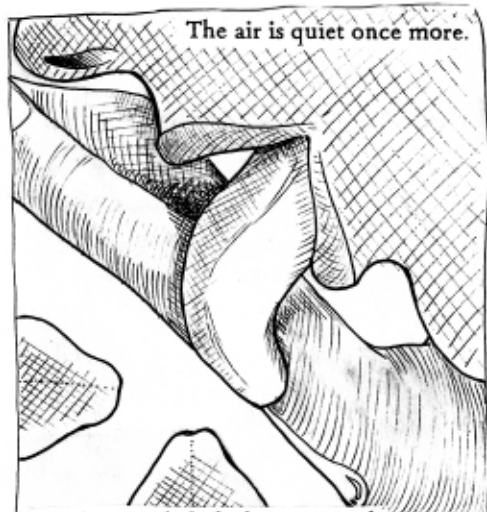
But in the bright sunshine, one can see the extent of the matter.



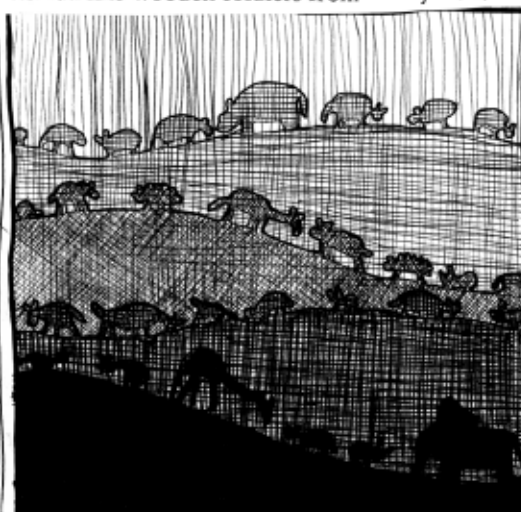
Ten wet soldiers are standing bolt upright on one leg on the parade ground, the raised legs will not go back down.



A baker's wife gives one of the soldiers a shove in the side and all ten of them fall like wooden soldiers from a toy-box.



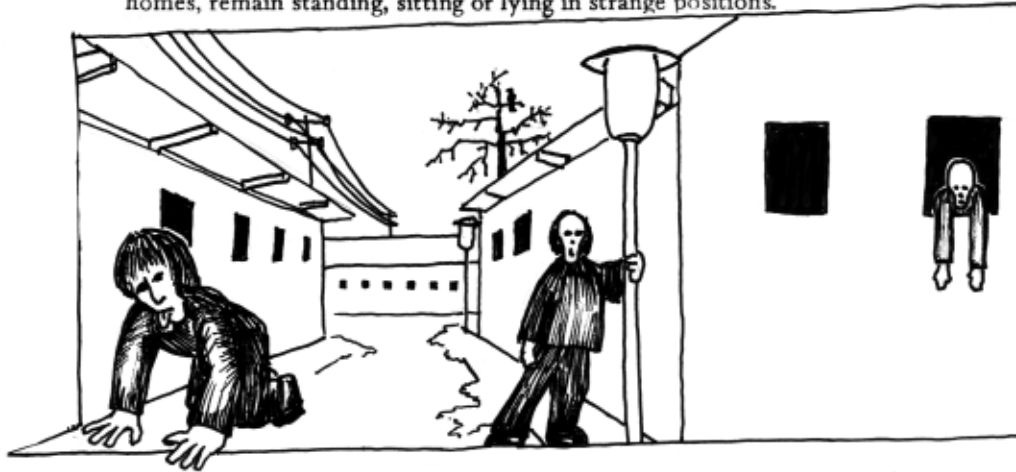
And the people lick the comet salt which covers the ground in heaps.



animals lick the comet salt as well.

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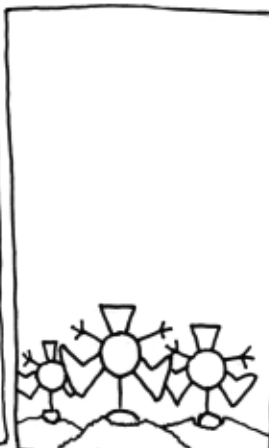
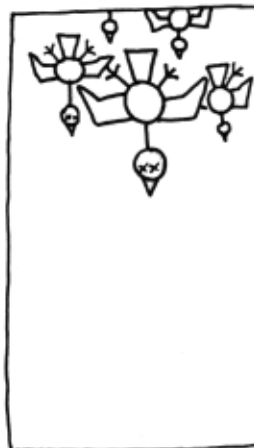
And one by one all the people and animals, in the streets and in their homes, remain standing, sitting or lying in strange positions.



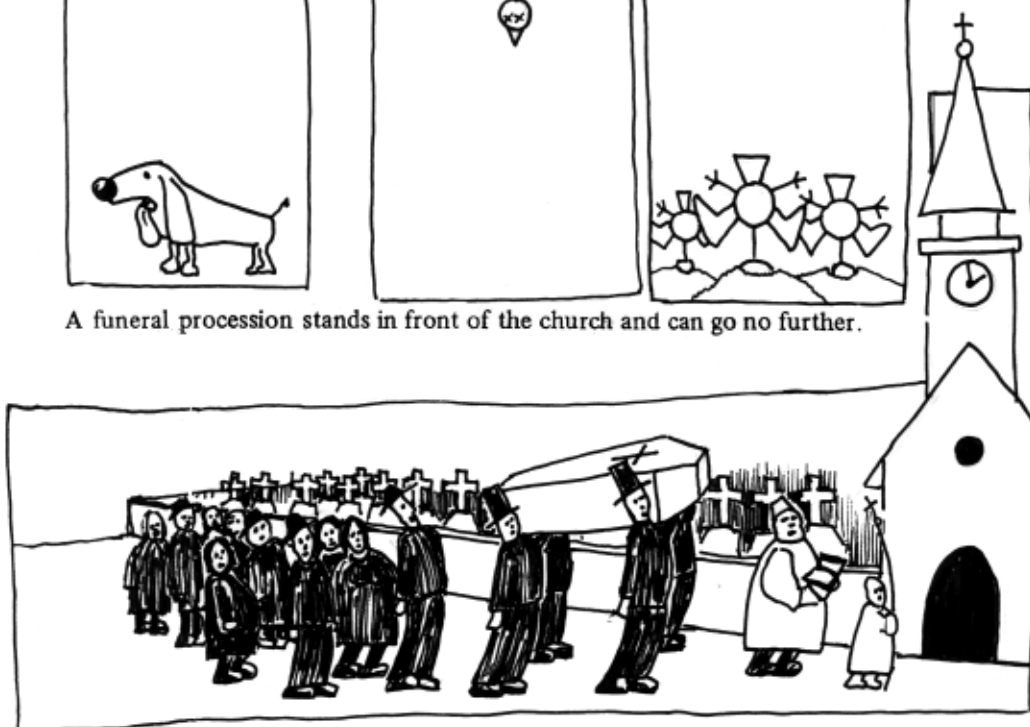
The dogs' mouths stay open.



The birds fall with stiffened wings onto the piles of salt, and move no more.



A funeral procession stands in front of the church and can go no further.



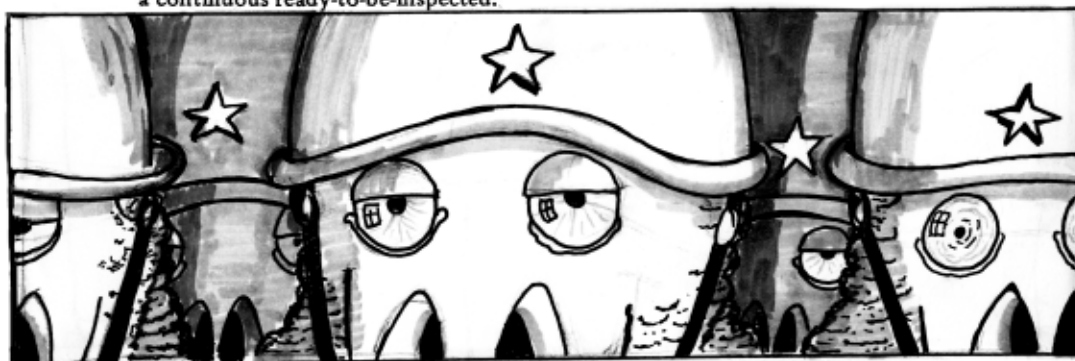
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And the air is so still

A policeman sits unmoving on a bench beside a tramp—looking unceasingly at one another.

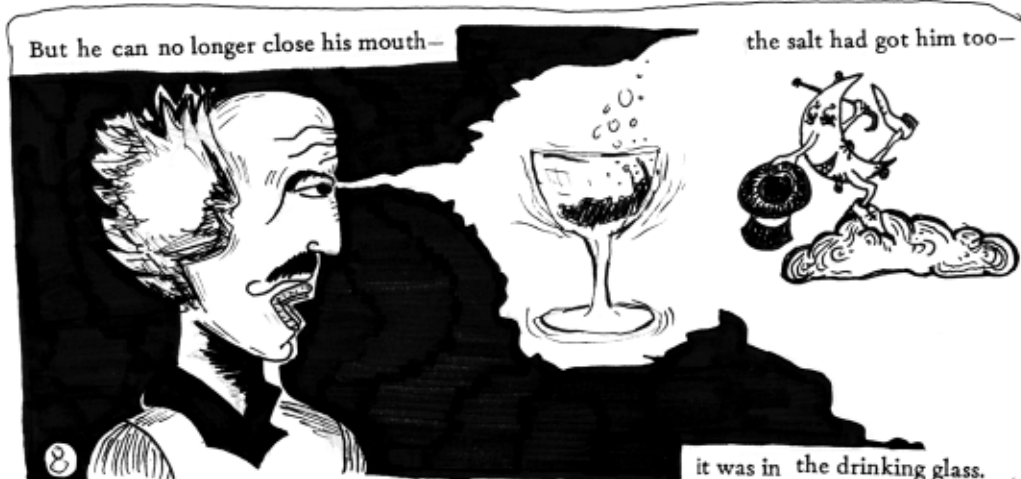


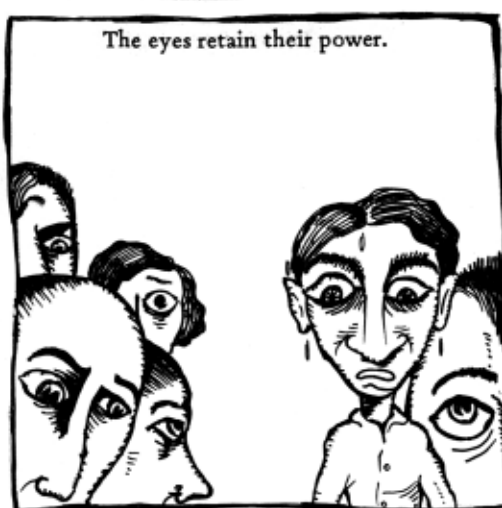
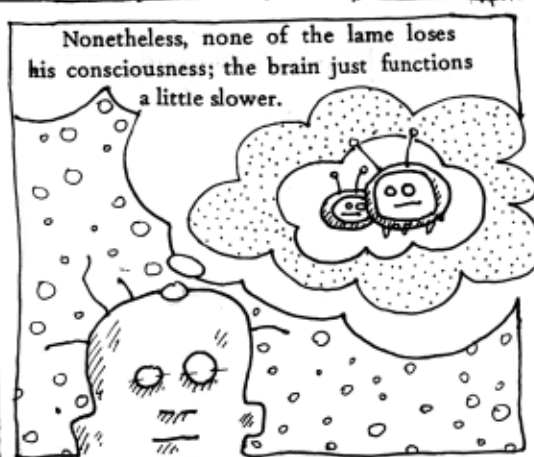
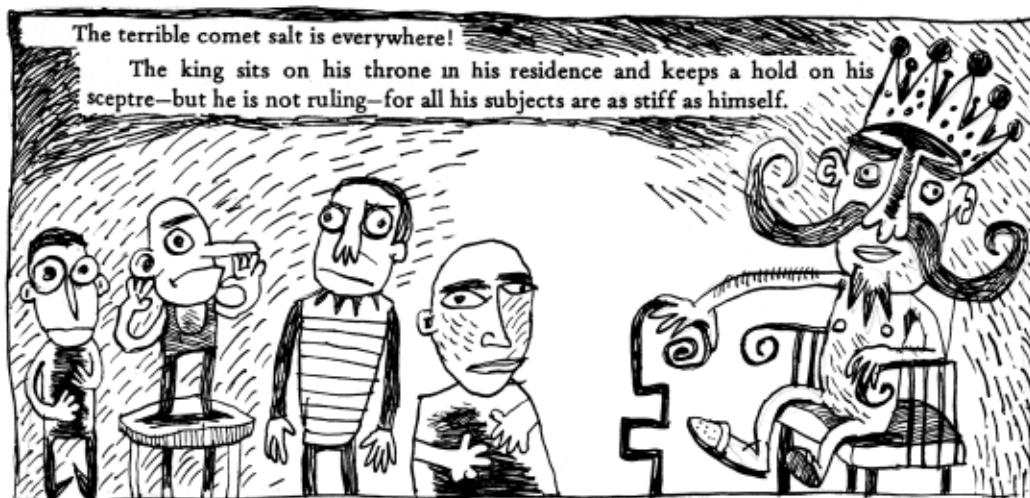
A regiment of decorated nightwatchmen stand in front of the city hall in a continuous ready-to-be-inspected.



And in the city hall the professors are sitting around like wax dummies.







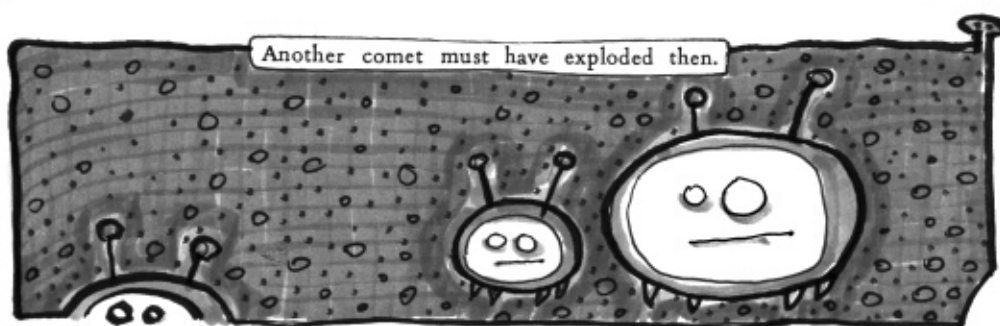
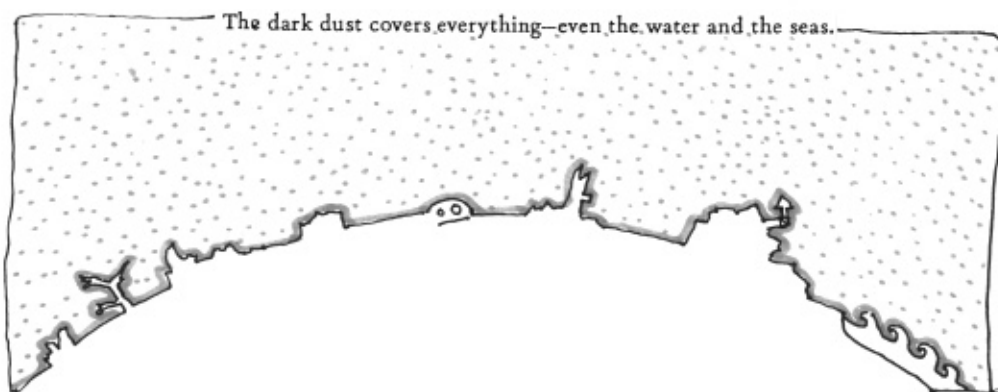
and not one moves a finger.

The whole surface of the earth has become completely rigid. 9

DEVET/AEBET/NINE/NEUN







/ PAUL SCHEERBART (1863-1915)

A neglected forerunner of Dada and the Expressionists, his visionary oeuvre bristles with original ideas taken to extremes. He starved himself to death in protest at the First World War.

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1902