

**COLLAPSE / NOT THE END
A SCHERZO
BASED ON TREATISE BY CARDEW
BY JULIE PFLEIDERER**

**WRITTEN LIVE ON SATURDAY 23. AND SUNDAY 24. JANUARY 2011
BY JACOB WREN AND KATJA DREYER
AT THE BURNING ICE FESTIVAL/ CHANGING TENTS
AT KAAITHEATER BRUSSELS**

Day 1

A crowd of people are watching us

One has a camera, two have cameras

Some looking at the sky

A phone call from god that tells us that the people watching us are going to revolt

A photograph of us fearing the imminent revolt

Someone looking at a sheet of paper

On the paper evidence of a crime

Are we the crime

Putting the paper back in the envelope

Laughing a little

Standing beside the woman with the envelope before walking away

Smiling, still looking at us

Laughing, a kind of feedback loop

The chicken dance, briefly

Whispering more whispering

A man with a beer can, hat, scarf, reading our minds

Our minds are relatively empty

No, wait, I am thinking something, I am thinking that ,,,

A taller one and a shorter one in front of a tent

Talking to each other, realizing this is about them

Understanding what they are watching

A child with a plastic thing already out of sight

In a tent, in semi-darkness, sipping from a mug, looking towards the wall of the tent, something unseen within the tent

Two flagpoles, one with a flag, one without

The flag wet and sad but still doing its best to fly

A camera and a hello

A wave

Evidence that i have been doing this, that we have been doing this, evidence that might be used in a court of law back in canada, a life spent in jail

A cup, something being held above the cup, two beer cans in front of the cup, the cup is gone, a toast

Three beer cans, chatting, I wonder how I could do this exercise and have it be more interesting

When the actual end of the world comes will someone be sitting here typing it as it is ending

We are being discussed

The sky could also be described

It is grey and splotchy, it is brussels, the sky is brussels

Birds (I am told)

A dead looking plant, brussels sprouts (I am told) placed on the silver

The tent being described, explained, a cigarette being inhaled,

People form patterns as they are speaking to each other, the patterns shift but not by much

Pins in a lemmon

The lemmon moving back into the tent

An engine in the distance but still close

I looked up and realize it was not an engine but a thing with a crank

The crank is being turned and the sound it is making is like a sound of war and the war that is starting is a war that has started just after the end of the world which is now and not now but

A head into the tent and back out

Standing above the white car, as the car drives off the edge of the canal, flames, explosions, (I was told to exaggerate)

Overheard: a big zero? A big hero?

A man with a chair who has walked behind me

Should I turn around to look?

Something happened that I didn't manage to type

A table is coming towards me, it is a table that will begin the revolution

A white pot being taken into the kitchen

Magic spells being cast in the kitchen, demons hovering just above the tent

The same white pot being taken away again

The lemon with pins in it attached to the tent

The demon seeing the the pinned lemon, realized that this is no place for demons, summons the white pot on the head of a technician, demon, white pot and lemon all working together to bring the war to a start or end

A bicycle

A bouquet is thrown towards us, like at a wedding, neither of us caught it, we will not get married

A man in the door of a tent with a baby explaining to inside the tent going in the tent someone reading from a board

Inside the tent a meeting, a meeting where things are explained

What is being explained?

The top of the tent is the head of a demon, when the top comes off the head will explode and the world will have a hole in it that will be filled by an endless supply of tents and the tents will give life to the hole and things will be better, much better, because of the meeting in the tent, the door opens and closes and I see and don't see the meeting but things are still being explained

A piece of clothing pinned to another tent

A pink jumpsuit examining the clothing, it is a bathing suit for the summer that will begin when the top of the tent comes off and the demons head is opened it will be summer and we will all need our bathing suits which is why it had been pinned to the door

Three new people standing in front of me, one smoking, walking away towards the bathing suit, past the bathing suit, more cigarettes,

The meeting continues, it had taken a turn, a turn for better or worse, the door swings closed, open, baby has taken over the meeting, baby wants the demon to become a toy, demon says yes baby, I will become a toy, then when we swim you can float on me, baby says I find that arrangement acceptable

Child running with clothing, footsteps in the distance,

Chair with fur being placed in front of the door, now no one can go into the meeting

Baby is trapped with demon-toy by girl smoking and drinking and looking away from me

A fire in the distance

The porn magazine has disappeared, but it should be vintage

The search for the porn magazine begins

Baby and demon are trapped so they don't know about the search for the vintage porn magazine

Kisses of greeting

Rolling cigarettes

The fire is blowing towards a man watching it, the fire has thoughts, consciousness

Will the man in the long coat let the woman into the meeting, he sends her away, the baby says to the demon I am receiving telepathy from the fire, the fire is telling me that it is not just wood that has been chopped and burned, it is the future of the wood that does not yet know how to burn

Wood is being chopped

The wood tells the baby through telepathy that it disagrees with the fire,

A man with a mask or an alien walks past and into the kitchen and wants food

Wood is being chopped, the man chopping does not know that the wood he is chopping knows more than him about the tents, the wood knows that the tents will plug up the hole in the world when the hole in the world is made by the fire that is better than fire

The meeting is over but the baby is still inside the tent

Around the fire there are people being festive, why are they being festive? Why is the chopping making them happy? Does the wood, as it is being chopped, send out rays of happiness?

Beside me is the alien and the girl

The girl explains to the alien that she must get on his back, wants to grasp his eyes, a loud crash

Something very interesting is happening but I don't know how to describe it

The girl is on the aliens back

Everything is happening around the fire

Orange tape on the tent, first just one line, now two lines, making an arrow, now a Z

The meeting resumes

The girl is riding the alien as they examine the tent, the girl whispers in the aliens ear that the baby and the demon are working together

What happens if I'm talking to you and would you describe it?

I will come probably several times

At the biography tent there is now tea time without tea, without tea but with talk and everyone is invited to come

Everyone go to the biography tent

Go

Go

Go

To the biography tent

There is talk there

There is talk there

In the biography tent

Now many people are watching me

They are thinking that I have been reading what was written before which was not really the game

A message from the biography tent

Competences are hard to define or pinpoint

I know that Backwards NEVER GOES BUT... where are we from?

Performancing, lecturing, writing, dancing, discursing, relating, interacting, disseminating, researching, etc are places we have never been

Ambiguity... inviting for multiple interpretations of reality

But what is the ratio between them?

Again it is difficult to pin point

The whole life is only masturbation

(But not as fun)

White boards placed all around me with writing on them

Mother and child rocking back and forth surrounded by white boards on the ground

A chair

Inside the meeting tent it is lit up

People are now surrounding me

A small thing on a string being pinned above the door

Another chair almost facing the first

The fire in the distance is blowing

The baby eyes me suspiciously

It is wearing a green hat

It is looking inside the tent with the other baby, the telepathic one, and the demon which is now a toy

A stick with a flaming tip

Is it a tip for lighting up the tents, will the tents all burn down tonight?

The sound of war beside me

Two walking towards me, looking around, going inside or just looking inside

One goes in

The little girl goes in two

Now so many others in the tent

Someone says we are open

The much slower sound of war

I have been meaning to compliment you on your fur hat

Go in

People speaking flemish, since I don't understand I can imagine what they are saying

They are saying that we must send Jacob back to Canada

Send Jacob back to Canada

Or to Portugal

The door swings open and closed

A smile, a small laugh

A string which is being pinned above the door, to ward off demons? But the demon is already a toy, how can you ward off a demon that is already a toy? The door swings open and closed

You're not too cold? You have something hot here.

A smile

People are now closer to me

Now I want to write something political

Don't blame poetry for the crimes of bad poets

Don't blame political art for the crimes of bad political artists

I have been photographed more times today than in my entire life

Where will all these photographs go?

Will they go to the CIA?

Someone shouts the CIA?

I am so fucking addicted to Facebook,

I would be on Facebook right now if I wasn't here.

Katja is now being photographed more than me, the CIA likes her better.

The CIA loves photographs of Belgian artists. LOVES THEM. It is the end of the world and we are photographing each other for the CIA and we know that is the best possible way to make the world a better, purer place that will be full of photographs and love and art and poets who will not be blamed and will be blamed because it is the weekend and on the weekend you must party.

The CIA loves photographs of artists being political and being a party

There are 2 meanings for the word party

The fun reason and the other reason

I prefer the other reason

There are things in front of me that I should be describing but I am more interested in my own thoughts

What is an ego? Is this a good example?

In the meeting tent someone is sitting on the ground.

Mother and baby rocking back and forth.

Baby looks away.

Why do I refer to all children as baby?

Mother explains to baby what I am typing. Baby thinks this is so 1967. Before I was born is what I think when I look at this.

Now more people are behind me than in front of me

Someone looks in the back window of the car

Inside the car there are lots of animals fucking

The animals will multiply like it says in the bible

The bible was written telepathically by the wood and the fire

Inside the car the animals telepathically read the bible written by the wood and the fire

This is political art

What the animals, wood and fire are doing is political art inside the car is political art and

A woman reading the white boards at our feet, she smiles and looks back down at the white boards and then walks away so I will stop typing about Herman Venderickx

How many stories will we have to write until we understand our history?

I feel an end - endings folding on endings, on endings, a future of endings, its a good feeling, the author has disappeared, anyone can write this ending, enjoy write this ending enjoy,

Day 2

Are you ready?

What might it mean to be ready in a situation such as this one?

On the far end is a tent without a roof

The roof was gone before we arrived

A part of a tent is carried past me and placed in the truck

In the truck there are many parts of tents, they are like body parts, a truck full of body parts which used to be tents, a part of a tent on someones head, being placed up against the side of the truck, body parts inside and outside of the truck, like a body that is both inside and outside of the truck, a body that consumes and becomes the truck

Mittens swinging as she walks

A brief conversation

A garbage pail being lifted over the chain, dragged inside

A flat piece of wood being taken inside

Skipping with a white box into a tent, the kitchen tent where the food is over

A small box, empty of wine, being thrown in the garbage

An environmental art project where things are thrown in the garbage

A head being shaved next to the former fire

A coffee cup walking by

A camera

Being photographed again

A pile of coffee cups being taken back to the kitchen

Patting his stomach

A sewing machine passing

Something being offered, from a small white box, being offered again and again

Standing a bit higher than everyone else

A seat from a car being carried back towards the car, placed next to the rear bumper of the car, the trunk being opened, inside the trunk is a briefcase, inside the briefcase...

We are having a short meeting in the kitchen

The sound of war

Being thanked

Hovering around the kitchen, what will happen at this meeting, the door is taken off so the meeting is "open",

Waiting for the meeting to begin

How annoying will it be to try to have a meeting with Katja saying everything that is happening as we are trying to have a meeting

Standing in a circle

Something is being said but I can't hear what

The spirit is jovial

Take one of these and put it in and tell me what it is

Then we are the child converter (possibly mis-heard)

A bite of the special concentration that they are all eating, I cringe at the taste

Standing in a circle chewing, applause

No one was sick even in such a dirty kitchen, no one was sick, no one was belly...

The meeting appears to be over, discussions, a positive mood

Sitting in one of two car seats on the ground by the rear bumper of the whiter car, a car that's been taken apart is still a car, when all the cars have been taken apart we will have many empty cars which we can fill with meaning

People standing around chatting

Children in the white car as the seats are being put back in, or are going to be put back in, or will they?

Children crawling in, and across, the inside of the white car.

A massage chair being carried towards the white car

What if all cars had massage chairs inside instead of regular seats?

There will be a last service in the currency tent at 2:05. And you know where it will happen.

A small crank that makes a squeaky noise when you turn it.

A table with jars and candles taken out of the food tent and outside, in each of the jars is a dream, each dream is...

To prevent the disaster, and we

Well, we wanted cheese and we had no cheese

Easy

Can I hang some information on you?

In each jar is a dream, each dream unlocks a different way of remembering key moments of your life, if you remember them one way then you think you should take one path and if you remember them a different way then your life changes completely. These are very important jars.

Signs being tapes to me. I cannot read them.

A massage being given in front of the white car

Which manages cultural disasters

This is the cultural control group which manages cultural disasters

Shall we start?

Service in the currency tent NOW

One side of a tent coming OFF

A blade cutting through the side of the tent

Does the side of the tent feel pain?

The side of the tent coming apart into triangles

Triangles being put into the truck

Triangles are such an interesting shape, they have three sides, they are not monogamous

They are not like a happy wedding

They are being put into the truck

Massages continue in front of the white car

So many triangles

Triangle, triangle, triangle

Many sides coming off many tents

And being filmed

Triangles being filmed coming off being filmed into the truck

The grey flag is going a bit crazy now

Being given chocolate euros

Looking through blue bags full of clothing

If we try to think of all the people who have ever worn all of these items of clothing and then try to think of enlisting them in the revolution then these bags of clothing are the seed of a complete and completely successful world art revolution.

LONG LIVE THE BLUE BAGS

One tent on the far end is almost done

People coming out of the money tent and walking towards the railing, cheering, throwing something over the railing, long live the central bank

The war between the blue bags and the central bank

The blue bags will win

Now a lot more is happening all at once

The tents are collapsing

One tent is already gone

A destroyed christmas tree on the ground in the distance

A small bench

Another small bench

The time lapse is now going to go away with me

The currency tent has a last message

Its the motto of the breakdown

This week was in tents

This week was intense / in tents

That was the motto

Orange tape being pulled off

Historians of the collapse will someday write about how when it all came down there were magical swirls of colour that hovered above the heads of each of the participants

I see orange, blue, purple, green, grey, yellow, all swirling above our heads like a message from the future revolution, like a message from the blue bags, that the future will be full of colours

A small girl with a large wall-tent, trying to figure out how it comes apart, a blade comes to the rescue

The tent being cut open, like plastic surgery

Children carrying a sign: co-working 4 changing business

An electric kettle being put back into its white box

Furniture scattered around like it doesn't know where to go

The electric kettle instruction manual being washed with a hose

The weather fits the theme

The theme is THE END

The end of a week

The end of a week in tents a week intense

Babies are being held

Camera

Cameras pointed down, pointed up and down

The sound of Jacob's voice

The sound of a carhorn

Beeping

People are wearing hats and gloves

Panels are being carried square panels

The triangles have been gone already

In the truck

www.caarental.be

the building in front is square and yellowish grey

the flag is actually swinging

also grey

now, me too I can see the orange tapes and the people standing and chatting

and I do see them

the rest of the biography tent is being wheeled away

my thoughts on that?

Yes?
If it would have bround
It would have wheeled easier
But
Is that important?
Is easieness important
Yes , i do have only two fingers to type
But i have 10 for doing other things like ...aehm
Well all kind of other things, go go go
Fingers
Tables are being carried out in front of memajority is weating black
Funeral?
No artists
I said the majority
Not everybody
No
There is some colour involved
Where are the children?
The res is revolt happening behind me
A microrevolution is happening behind me
Because of the cold i guess
 And the duration I guess
More and more the place looks like a battlefieldi can if i want imagine cut off hreards
Heads Lying around
Demons hovering above them
I can imagine a stench
Of rotting things
I f i want

Maybe the writer should take over again.....