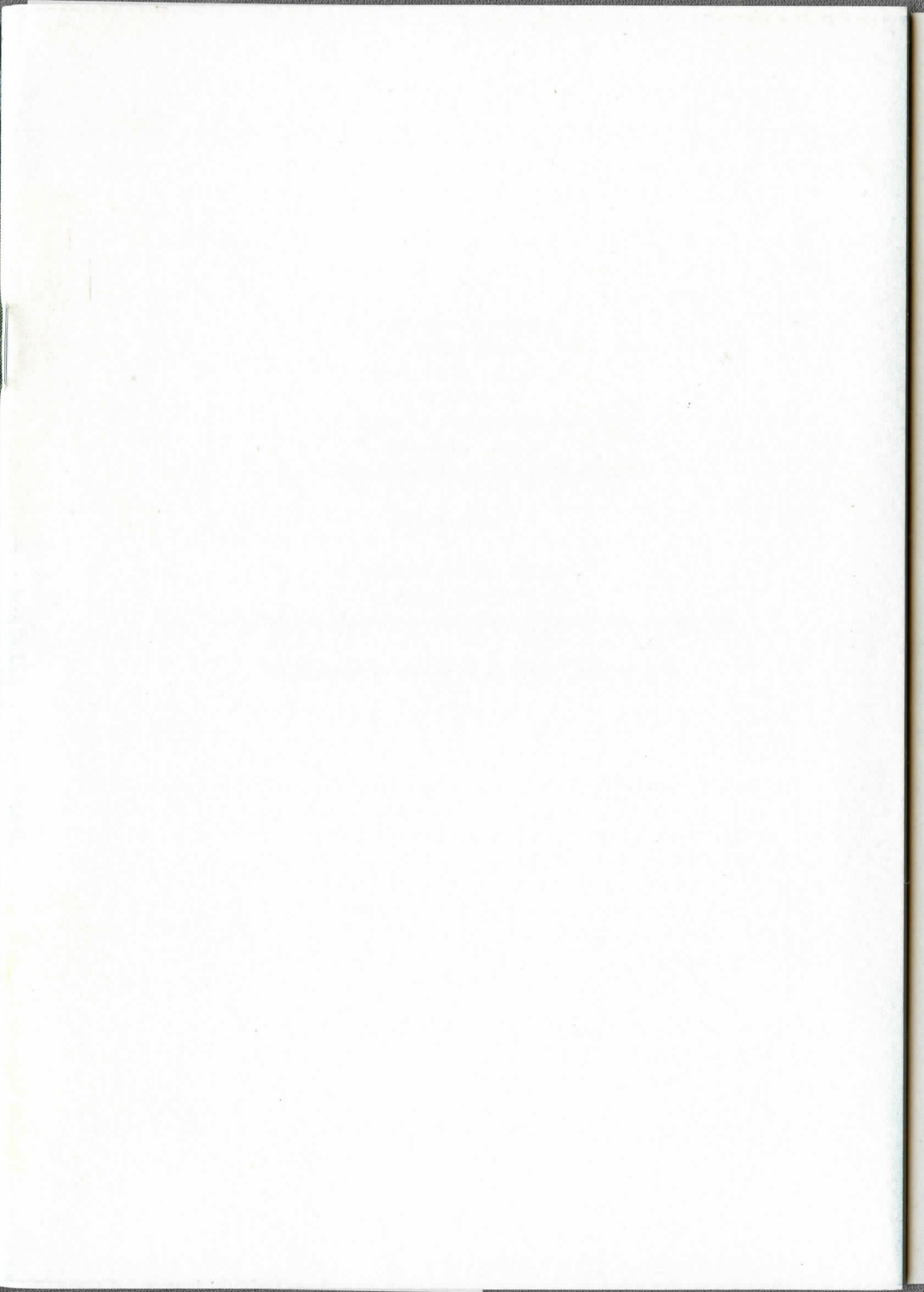


**As long as there is time to sleep**  
**Yoojin Lee**



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## 0.. Lie down: a prelude

'[T]he only reason we need to sleep that is really, really solid is because we get sleepy.'<sup>(1)</sup>



<sup>(1)</sup>Max, D. T., 'The Secrets of Sleep', *National Geographic Magazine*, May 2010, <http://ngm.nationalgeographic.com/2010/05/sleep/max-text>, (accessed 10 January 2016). This quote is from the answer given by a renowned sleep researcher William Dement when asked to tell what he knew about why we sleep, after 50 years of his research. He is a co-discoverer of REM sleep and co-founder of Stanford Sleep Medicine Center at Stanford University.

## 1.. Introduction


It started from being a night owl. The density of night air feels different from that of the day, sounds take on a finer texture, and your vision relies on multiple sources of light that substitute the sun; if you are awake, indeed. It seemed unfair to skip what the nighttime offers so I would stay up until the small hours. Some even call it ungodly hours. In those hours, often, it was easy to lose track of time, the 24-hour time which revolves around the circadian clock. Borders of time feel somewhat more malleable then – but what does this do? What does one do while extending the 'day' into the 'night'? Whatever nocturnal activities and desires keep you awake, such habits can leave your circadian rhythm fluctuating randomly, unexpectedly.

Besides any personal reasons or tendencies, certain environments are more suitable for such habits to be cultivated. The city, a metropolis, in which I was born and mostly grew up is one of those places where one can never fail to find an activity with which to occupy oneself literally around the clock. Sights and sounds of both human and machine activities flow along the streets illuminated with bright neon lights. Chains of white headlights and red tail-lights from traffic become the pumping veins of the nocturnal city when seen from high-rises, which themselves become vertically extended cubes of light. What you want at 3 A.M. you will get. Surely, some are obliged to stay awake because of what they do; but many of the city dwellers can 'choose' to do so if they 'wanted'.<sup>(2)</sup> This does not apply only to inhabitants of urban areas as such, especially in a time when numerous lit screens are readily available to assist a near-infinite choice of options and connectedness not only in public spaces but also in domestic, private ones.

Sleep is, naturally, incompatible with what the world of uninterrupted operation demands and promotes as an ideal norm. It is easily overlooked and very much a part of everyday life to the degree that it might be presented as banal. Yet this biological banality common to all living animals has the intrinsic potential to frustrate what the 24/7 world enthusiastically displays and insists. It defies being logically understood and utilized. It is a quiet, unnoticed form of resistance that happens individually but shared in its universality. It remains as a sign of shared time, participating in the world by its mere being there. A sleeping body, a sleeping being is vulnerable and intimate, but at the same time very present.

What does a sleeping body become against the backdrop of this world that is lit 24 hours? What does this state of repose mean when there is no time to pause? How can one exist as a sleeping being? Can one dream of hibernation and its potentialities? What does it mean to have an asynchronous biological clock? What follows will be my non-linear attempt to discuss these questions in relation to some selected aspects and experiences of sleep.

when you stay awake past midnight  
which time are you living in?  
the day you started earlier  
is not  
yet finished,  
you prolong the 'day' into night  
you postpone the end of the 'day'  
before you go  
to sleep  
the day is ever-expanding  
elongated  
and  
then  
how do you  
sleep further and  
faster?



the night  
fits itself  
together with  
the dawn  
but  
the  
fitted seam  
the seam line  
is  
never clear  
blurred  
and sleep  
the night  
into the day  
you night away  
the day  
are you  
sleeping  
faster  
and further?(3)

(2)Are we actually 'choosing' to be entertained, be connected, produce or consume? Do we not aimlessly wander through what we 'want' while still vaguely feeling empty and discontent? Do we not feel the pressure to 'choose', to 'want' and to prove?

(3)Note made in the night between 15th and 16th of July, 2014.

## 2.. Artificial stars

As the sunset draws near the grey light of the winter sun fades while the yellow light from the lamp takes over the hues in my room. It is a miniature lookalike of dawn. One side of the world dims while the other lights up by a small light bulb. Soon, there will be many dozens of lights scattered outside the window, switched on in the quickening darkness.

I will turn on another lamp then.

It is not dark enough yet to see a star, but an aerial view of the city will prove that complex constellations are already starting to sprawl across the surface of this side of the earth. The singular sun will be replaced by countless artificial lights. At least for those of us who have experienced electricity as an almost naturally occurring source of energy it is expected that one can switch on the light at any moment to ward off the darkness. Light continues, and activity goes on. It is still strange to think how light, visibility and activity are so closely interconnected, although they are logically so. Evidently, without the invention and industrial distribution of artificial light, the nocturnal life of human beings would have taken a different shape from what we know now.(4) From log fires, oil lamps, gas lamps, incandescent lights, neon, fluorescent tubes to xenon, LED lights and what-else-to-come: the development of artificial lighting has enabled an increasingly efficient use of nighttime and darkness, which used to arouse great fear, as well as the imagination, in a primitive human being. Factories, offices, cinemas, restaurants, shops and homes are lit. In a world that prioritizes productivity and utility, the nighttime should be put into maximum productive use. In a world that requires constant circulation and activation of goods, people and information, a light that never goes off illuminates a suitable stage. The darkness of the night is pushed further and further away, until it is that final 'time to sleep'. With prolonged hours of light, sleep can be casually postponed.

Whether they are meant as a means of lighting or not, we live surrounded by light-emitting devices. It does not sound too unfamiliar when one hears stories of falling asleep with the lights still on in the room, with the laptop or TV on, or with mobile phone in one hand. Such screen devices light up the faces of wakeful people across the globe. Here, light is not merely serving the purpose of lighting up a surface; it is 'more and more subordinate to information'.(5) We receive the light as information, and this is possible in the most domestic, private spaces through devices that are miniaturized and mobilized.

The glowing bodies that accompany us to sleep; or simultaneously, distract us from sleep; or, even watch us sleep? What if these artificial light-bodies can be compared to the celestial bodies in the sky?

It is said that the first manmade light was made as long as 15,000 years ago – a flame of fire struck on shrubs of some sort. Probably that was the first artificial star observed.

(4) In the nights before industrial artificial light, people relied on moonlight and starlight outdoors as well as devising various tricks. One was to cut off the barks of certain trees to expose lighter wood so that they could serve as reflecting signs. When I hiked up the mountains in the Himalayan range, there was no electricity available in the huts I stayed so everyone gathered around a fire as it grew dark and would soon go to sleep around the same time. We also woke up when the sun rose. This continued for about ten days. It was the first and only time that my daily routine was dependent on the rhythm of the sun to such an extent.

(5) Cartwright, A., 'Starry Nights: A Brief History of Artificial Light', *Different Skies*, Rough Spirits: Issue 3, 2015, p. 19, <http://differentskies.net/issue-3-starry-nights>, (accessed 17 January 2016). As an example of this, the author mentions 'the transatlantic fibre optic cables responsible for millions of financial transactions every day'.

### 3.. SLEEPY'S

One of the best places to observe myriads of artificial lights has to be New York City. At the very least, its image works as the preeminent example when trying to convey a landscape of a highly illuminated city. While I had my chance to stay there I walked around a lot in the nighttime, which I usually like to do but did so more then. Wandering along Broadway on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, I reached a corner where it was colourfully lit with signs, advertisements and traffic lights, not unlike other corners of the gridded island. The asphalt ground was slightly wet from the rain and the shallow puddles created a more reflective surface. What caught my eye was a signboard that glowed in red: 'SLEEPY'S'. Next to these big fat letters was a cartoon face of a mustached man wearing a nightcap, which was patterned accordingly in the stars and stripes of the American flag, smiling a sleepy smile. Then to his side, in a smaller font: 'The Mattress Professionals'. The man's face was lit in pale white neon light.

A news clip on Bloomberg Business explains why there are so many SLEEPY'S, a mattress retailer, in expensive Manhattan.<sup>(6)</sup> In fact, there are more than 30 of them, which is a dominant number compared to six outlets of electronics store Best Buy. Some of them occupy the so-called prime locations, and in addition, an average American replaces a mattress only once every 10 years. Although SLEEPY'S themselves declined to comment on this situation, one of the explanations given is 'storefront marketing'. This means that the signboard of the store itself becomes a marketing strategy; and it could be still worth it even if a particular store at a certain location is not making a lot of money – if it succeeds to reinforce in the mind of a customer that it is *the* place to buy a mattress.

SLEEPY'S' wish would be for the people of this busy city to come in to their store, try rolling on some of the mattresses and purchase one of them to finally lay down their tired heads. You might find yourself glancing at SLEEPY'S on your brisk walk to get somewhere. Perhaps you will exchange looks with the man in a nightcap. Perhaps you will exchange a sleepy smile. Will SLEEPY'S make you feel sleepy? Like a contagious yawning?<sup>(7)</sup>

The famous song goes, romantically, 'I want to wake up in a city that never sleeps'. I wonder if that pale man smiling a sleepy smile will agree.

(6) Grobart, S., 'Why Sleepy's Is Dominating the Manhattan Retail Real Estate Game', *Bloomberg Business*, 17 February 2015, <http://www.bloomberg.com/news/articles/2015-02-17/why-sleepy-s-is-dominating-the-manhattan-retail-real-estate-game>, (accessed 7 February, 2016).

(7) It is a yawn that comes about when others around you yawn. There are different theories about it, and one study suggests that it is a sign of empathy and a shared experience that encourages social bonding.

#### 4.. I like to stay horizontal

I  
l  
i  
k  
e  
  
t  
o  
  
s  
t  
a  
y  
  
h  
o  
r  
i  
z  
o  
n  
t  
a  
l.  
(8)

(8)However, one cannot do so as much as he or she would like to. It is because of the buildings that vertically shoot upwards. It is because of the tower of light that stands so tall. It is because of the tapping beats of the body that stays upright through the night. It is because of the constant demand of verticality. A verticality that can be proved and quantified. Horizontality quietly unrolls and reminds you to lie down. It is in closer connection with the terrestrial than the heavenly, as it would not care for an ambitious attempt at overtaking the highest point. It accepts its primitive and humble way of being and the limits of the body. While verticality connotes hierarchy, there is something egalitarian about horizontality. After all, one knows that the final return for the body will be towards the earth. 'It is not in hectic activity, living as if we were sentenced to death, but in laziness that we come to share with the world the simple mode of being there. Maybe we don't need any vertical transcendence after all; we only need laziness to reveal to us that just by the fact of being there beings and non-beings have intrinsic value.' – Brabandt, P., 'Laziness Cures Resentment', in *Sleep Cures Sleepiness*, TLTRPreß, 2014, p. 1.6.

#### 5.. Who falls asleep?

Fall...  
Fall...  
Fall...

Fall asleep.

The sensation of falling suits sleep. There is something funny about this falling, nevertheless. Thinking of falling brings certain spatial images to mind because, naturally as we are physically bound to the law of gravity, it happens between a higher place and a lower one. Nothing falls *up*; it all falls *down*. It denotes a decrease – of height, pitch, volume, brightness, value, power, even dignity and morality, etc. – and in all cases some sort of space where a floating arrow is pointing downwards can be conjured up. Like a graph with an x-y axis. Sleep, however, takes place in one point in a space, as we know. One falls asleep while the body is staying still in a specific position and place.(9) This could be called the exteriority of sleep. This stillness and disinterestedness observed from the outside. Then, where is sleep's interior space?

'By falling asleep, I fall inside myself: from my exhaustion, from my boredom, from my exhausted pleasure or from my exhausting pain. I fall inside my own satiety as well as my own vacuity'.(10) This points to the interiority of sleep, and it is I who falls inside, or, even into, *myself*. Here, I am totally turned inwards to the point that I can no longer be aware of myself. When I am sleeping, I do not know that it is I who sleeps or that I *am* sleeping.(11) The I dissolves into sleep in this ordinary absurdity, but does this mean that my being is suspended while asleep? Does sleep merely fill up the awkward gap in the daily duration of my existence?

Rather than a suspension of being, sleep is a mode of being in the world. It constitutes a certain part of my being. Emmanuel Levinas, in *Existence and Existents*, saw it as existence reduced to taking a position. A sleeping being positions itself in a place. This 'place' is a base, a condition. It provides a shelter within what he calls the *there is*, a state of absolute wakefulness and unblinking watchfulness.(12) In order to follow his ideas, one can imagine sleep, placed on this base, as a sphere of liquid-gum-like fluid materiality, which also possesses density that grows towards the core. I am 'not dispersed, but entirely gathered together where I am'.(13) In time, sleep slowly melts and pervades the base.(14) It 'facilitates the concerted pulling-together' of consciousness, and out of this sleep-covered condition awakening happens, which leads consciousness to arise from it.(15) For Levinas, sleep is an elemental identification with place, a precondition for consciousness to emerge. He mentions 'the upsurge of an existent for which to be means *to take up being*', which implies that the existence of an existent is essentially an activity – even when the existent is inactive.

This activity of inactivity is not a paradox; it is the act of positing oneself on ground, it is rest inasmuch as rest is not a pure negation but this very tension of a position, the bringing about of a *here*. The fundamental activity of rest, foundation, conditioning, thus appears to be the very relationship with being, the upsurge of an existent into existence.(16)

An unconscious sleeping being negligent of the world is what makes the initial relationship with the world possible upon awakening. The inwardness and privacy that are established in sleep creates a stance from which to receive the world. Levinas did not see sleep (unconsciousness) as the simple reverse or negative of consciousness but as what makes it possible. This indicates a positive gaze on the status of sleep by deeming it a prerequisite for 'taking up' consciousness; but does this not stop at saying that sleep is secondary to 'a bigger purpose'? Levinas concludes his essay by stating that 'we must not fail to recognize the event in sleep, but we must notice that into this event its failure is already written.' The event here would be how consciousness rises as a being. According to him, when this event takes place, sleep evaporates into thin air, thus its failure: 'Fragile sleep, soft-winged sleep, is a second state.'(17) This is perhaps an expression of somewhat melancholic sympathy towards sleep – but it ends here. Sleep still seems to be destined as 'somewhat derivative and indeed private form of existence.'(18) Sleep evaporates after serving its bigger purpose. It will return as condensation, only when the necessity of a 'purpose' rises.

A purpose. Whoever falls asleep when there is a shining purpose to aim for?  
Tonight, I fall asleep purposefully.

(9)Perhaps with the exception of a sleepwalker.

(10)Nancy, J., *The Fall of Sleep*, Fordham University Press, 2009, p. 5.

(11)Who is it that falls asleep?

(12)For Levinas, this wakefulness, or insomnia, is caused by one's responsibility in facing the afflictions of the world. The sheer visibility of the sufferings causes insomnia and this corresponds to the necessity of vigilance. This insomnia does not reject a concern for the other, but does not give a clear acknowledgement of the other's presence either. Then, is it possible to ask what else, other than the sufferings of the world, one might feel responsible for? Does this insomnia resemble the anxiety to 'stay connected' or 'be available' at all?

(13)Blanchot, M., *The Space of Literature*, University of Nebraska Press, 1989, cited in Wortham, S. M., *The Poetics of Sleep: From Aristotle to Nancy*, Bloomsbury, 2013, p. 102. In writing this, Blanchot was influenced by Levinas's ideas.

(14)This imagery coincides with what Blanchot also writes in the above volume: 'In sleep, the mind abandons itself to the body and disperses its location through it, dissolves its concentration into that soft, almost disjointed expanse.' – *ibid.*, p. 135.

(15)Wortham, *op. cit.*, p. 102.

(16)Levinas, E., *Existence and Existents*, Kluwer Academic Publishers, 1978, p. 36.

(17)*ibid.*, p. 83.

(18)Wortham, *op. cit.*, p. 103. Let us think about the 'sleep mode' of devices.



## 6.. To sleep in a world without lullaby(19)

In the 1990s a team of Russian scientists launched a project that aimed to turn night into day. The project, called *Znamya* ('Banner'), involved setting large reflectors on an orbit around the earth at an angle that would allow them to reflect the sunlight towards patches of regions on the dark side of the planet. Like a mirror play, but on an astronomical scale. This bold project had different objectives from a child's game though; it was backed up by intentions such as extending the workday and reducing electrical lighting costs.(20) 'Daylight all night long' was the slogan used for its promotion. The first *Znamya* was sent to space in 1992, and although it did not meet the initial expectation of producing the illumination equivalent to that of several full moons, it was enough to be a single full moon projecting five kilometre-wide beam of light moving from south of France to western Russia. In 1999, benefiting from the international attention it drew, a larger *Znamya 2.5* was thrust out to space. Unfortunately, however, one of its mirrors was caught up and ripped as it was deployed, and the launch ended in a failure.

Moon moon moon shining bright  
Moon moon moon my nightlight  
Moon moon moon I can see  
Moon moon moon you're taking care of me

(What lullabies to sing when the moon doesn't care anymore?)

The project ceased and was never resumed since, but while it ran its course *Znamya* garnered immediate opposition from different scientists, environmentalists, cultural and humanitarian groups. One of the issues they were concerned with was the possibility of harmful physiological influence on the metabolic patterns of both humans and animals, including sleep. This story is one example 'in which a state of permanent illumination is inseparable from the non-stop operation of global exchange and circulation'.(21) The world of non-stop operation is the 24/7 world in which a pause, such as sleep, is rendered inadequate. Jonathan Crary describes it as 'a time of indifference', in the way that it systematically denies the fragile rhythm and texture of human life. It does not sympathise with the body's desire to stay still and horizontal. It takes possession of time. It imposes 'the absoluteness of availability', and 'the ceaselessness of needs and their incitement, but also their perpetual non-fulfillment'.(22) One has to be always available and what one wants has to be always available. The *OPEN* sign is forever switched on. Connection is endless and never shuts down. It almost feels like this constant availability will bring a content, complete circle of fulfillment; but there will always be a missing link. Perhaps it is a missing line of lullaby? A sign of care that surpasses the logics of efficiency and functionality?

The 24/7, according to Crary, gradually erodes distinctions between day and night, light and dark, action and repose. In spite of being a vulnerable state, sleep is possibly one of the remaining forms of human existence that defies the collapse of these everyday oscillations – in a humble way. It acts as a natural barrier. It has been scientifically studied in a variety of directions, but still manages to frustrate attempts to rationalize and utilize it. It is not possible to make it 'uniform' and 'smooth'; it testifies the meandering nature of life and human time. It stands for individual subjectivities and alternate temporalities. There are sleep medicines, therapies and tools such as apps for tracking or managing sleep, but it easily evades these means of external control with something as blunt and unruly as a heavy, snoring body. When time must be made useful and bodies should stay active, one will still fall asleep, into 'its profound uselessness and intrinsic passivity, with the incalculable losses it causes in production time, circulation, and consumption'.(23) Amidst demands of maximised use of any resources, what makes sleep a compelling anomaly is the fact that 'nothing of value can be extracted from it'.(24)

Still, sleep is continuously exposed to threats on a social level. To be part of the society under the order of 24/7, one feels the need to be constantly doing something, moving, being 'productive'. On the go. Of course, no one can literally stay active 24/7; but what keeps the tension is the fact that one knows it is always possible to stretch the 'useful' hours. When 24/7 society leaves these possibilities open and accessible anytime, anywhere, it comes as an overwhelming mixture of choices and responsibilities to the individual. In this sense, despite its private nature, sleep is essentially dependent on society to be sustained. Crary claims that 'sleep is one of the few remaining experiences where, knowingly or not, we abandon ourselves to the care of others'.(25) Due to the vulnerable nature of the sleeping being, sleep relies on mutual trust. We fall asleep next to the ones we care for and/or trust, relieved in knowing that they will do the same. While we fall asleep into the same sleep together, to sing a lullaby for the other is to affirm this trust.

What lullaby could one sing?

(19) 'How to sleep in a world without a lullaby, without a lulling refrain, without a capacity for forgetting, without unconsciousness itself [...]?' – Nancy, *op. cit.*, p. 39.

(20) The project was led by Vladimir Syromyatnikov, one of the most important astronautical engineers in history. It was initially born as an idea to support his solar sail project, which was to employ solar energy to propel a spacecraft. His statesmen, however, saw the potential of using it to maximize labour efficiency, and, in turn, Syromyatnikov took the opportunity to gain support for his future project.

(21) Cray, J., *24/7: Late Capitalism and the Ends of Sleep*, Verso, 2013, p. 5.

(22) *ibid.*, p. 10.

(23) Cray, *loc. cit.*, p. 10.

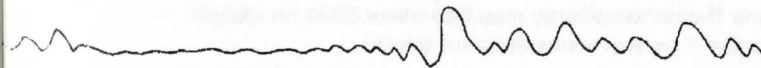
(24) *ibid.*, p. 11. The 'value' here is a value that can be consumed and commodified.

(25) *ibid.*, p. 125.

#### Intermission.. Robot's downtime (Do robots dream of sleep?)

"Well, you say you've got to keep Multivac busy day and night. A machine can do that. But if you gave a growing kid homework and told him to do it for hours and hours, he'd get pretty tired and begin to make mistakes, maybe even on purpose. So why not let Multivac take an hour or two off every day with no problem-solving – just letting it chuckle and whirl by itself any way it wants to?"

Roger's father looked as if he were thinking very hard. He took out his pocket computer and tried some combinations on it. He tried some more combinations. Then he said, "You know, Roger, if I take what you said and turn it into Platt integrals, it makes a kind of sense. And 22 hours we can be sure of is better than 24 that might be all wrong."<sup>(26)</sup>



(26) Assimov, I., 'Point of View', in *The Robot Collection: The Robot Novels*, Doubleday, 1983, p. 39. In this science fiction, a computer named Multivac starts to malfunction. Dad tells his son Roger that Multivac cannot be simply shut down because of all the work it has to do. Roger goes on to say that perhaps it is like a kid and should be treated in a different way.

## 7.. While there's still time

In her film *D'Est* (1993), Chantal Akerman observes the everyday life caught between a world that is almost ending and the other that is impending. She shot this film while travelling across the former Eastern Bloc after the collapse of the Soviet Union. You see ordinary people – many times they are waiting, in a queue. Sometimes the waiting faces stare back at you. This collective waiting of ordinary people itself becomes a sort of sign because the film catches the pure waiting, without revealing the reason or purpose of it. The waiting is shown as a shared time, a shared experience, albeit a temporary and perhaps a daunting one. Akerman said that she wanted to make this film 'while there's still time'.(27)

Waiting, similar to sleep, is something that is bound to be invalidated under the scheme of 24/7. Is there a time to wait? Who has the time to wait? With the promise of near-infinite availability around the clock, what is visible under the unblinking light can be directly associated with what one can have, *right now*. In the world moving at an accelerated speed 'social phenomena that are characterized by the appearance of stasis or slow rates of change are marginalized and drained of value or desirability'.(28) 'While there's still time', then, acts as merged layers of meanings. Literally, before the change takes place and what is at hand disappears, and, perhaps more notably, while there is *such time* in which postponement such as waiting is valid, and in which it is possible to have 'an extended time frame that is shared collectively'.(29)

Yet, what makes sleep different from waiting is that it happens in a total surrender that is equal to all.

The blind sleep, and the deaf and dumb sleep,  
The prisoner sleeps well in the prison—the run-away son sleeps;  
The murderer that is to be hung next day—how does he sleep?  
And the murder'd person—how does he sleep?

The female that loves unrequited sleeps,  
And the male that loves unrequited sleeps,  
The head of the money-maker that plotted all day sleeps,  
And the enraged and treacherous dispositions—all, all sleep.(30)

There is something radically egalitarian about sleep. If Akerman's ordinary people waiting in obscurity tell of 'time-in-common', sleep signifies it even more compellingly.(31) It is a sharing of time without knowing, even without wanting to or not. Paradoxically, it is shared in its unshareability, as we all fall asleep into the same sleep but alone. Perhaps this is like a knowing nod we share with each other without being able to put a finger on what the nod is about, and probably it is not necessary to know what it is about. We will still do it, share it. A gesture that is not differentiating but still acknowledging the other.

[The equality of sleep] consists precisely in not differentiating. That is why night suits it, along with darkness, and especially silence. Likewise, too, a necessary apathy—passions, sorrows, and joys must be asleep, desire must rest too, and even contact, or the smell of the bed, of its sheets, and of the companion, if there is one, with whom one sleeps.(32)

(Chantal Akerman passed away in 2015. She had hypersomnia and sometimes directed her films in her pajamas.(33))

(27)Akerman, C., 'On D'Est', in *Bordering on Fiction: Chantal Akerman's D'Est*, Walker Art Center, 1995, cited in Crary, *op. cit.*, p. 122.

(28)Crary, *op. cit.*, p. 46.

(29)*ibid.*, p. 41.

(30)Whitman, W., 'Sleep-Chasing', in *Leaves of Grass*, W.E. Chapin & Co., Printers, 1867, p. 320.

(31)Crary, *op. cit.*, p. 122.

(32)Nancy, *op. cit.*, p. 17.

(33)Hamrah, A. S., 'For Chantal Akerman', *n+1 Magazine*, 9 October 2015, <https://nplusonemag.com/online-only/online-only/for-chantal-akerman>, (accessed 12 November 2015).

## 8.. Dormant buds on twigs

Growing torpid

The text

ure of that sign of dormancy

,perhaps furry, perhaps brittle,

lights up inwards, only inwards

Against being used up, exhausted

Alight inwards while

the 'OPEN' glows in LED just around the corner of the eye, the eye that was about to close but opens and opens and opens opens the green eye the not-yet green bud opens

A light-emitting diode

Voltage runs, electrons recombine, energy manifested as photons

visible to the closing, no, open, eye

I'll take care of you

of your tired eye

The imperative of your green eye is

not

to sprout a leaf or bloom a flower

Stay as what-might-come-but-not-yet-come

Close your eyes against

external manifestation

I'll cover you soft

Knowing of instantly fulfilled desires permanently

sets the anode and cathode in motion

A constant current

You wanted suspension?

Lift it up

Lay it down

Let us wait, let them wait

It can wait

I'll sing a lullaby in that hesitant

oscillation of waiting

Thank you for waiting.

## 9.. Ostriches are diurnal but may be active on moonlit nights

'People who sleep badly always appear more or less guilty. What do they do? They make night present.'<sup>(34)</sup>

Here, I'm going to leave a note of excuse and confession of a night owl. These are clusters and snippets of thoughts that haven't been put down yet until tonight. A night owl doesn't sleep in the nighttime when she is supposed to. She is awake and doing something. Probably she can't get up by 8 A.M. I thought about the owl etched in among the 'monsters' in Goya's *The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters*. A creature that begins to hoot and flutter at the onset of sleep. But also a creature that skips the night's sleep. Sometimes stands for wisdom, sometimes for stupidity. Most of this text has been written in the night. I've been writing about sleep in the nighttime, and more than once I became sleepy while writing about sleep. How can a night owl claim her time? Surely, night owls need to sleep as well. Sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon, sometimes in the night, sometimes in the twilight. Sometimes a lot. Sometimes not much. Sometimes dream of hibernation.

Owls will still fall asleep. Ostriches are diurnal but may be active on moonlit nights. And I will always fall asleep, as long as there is time. Listening to the night, I'm wondering – could an owl sing a lullaby?<sup>(35)</sup>

(34)Blanchot, *op. cit.*, p. 90.

(35)How to prolong? How to bring a moment of pause, a slowing-down?

.... Count again from the beginning: bibliography

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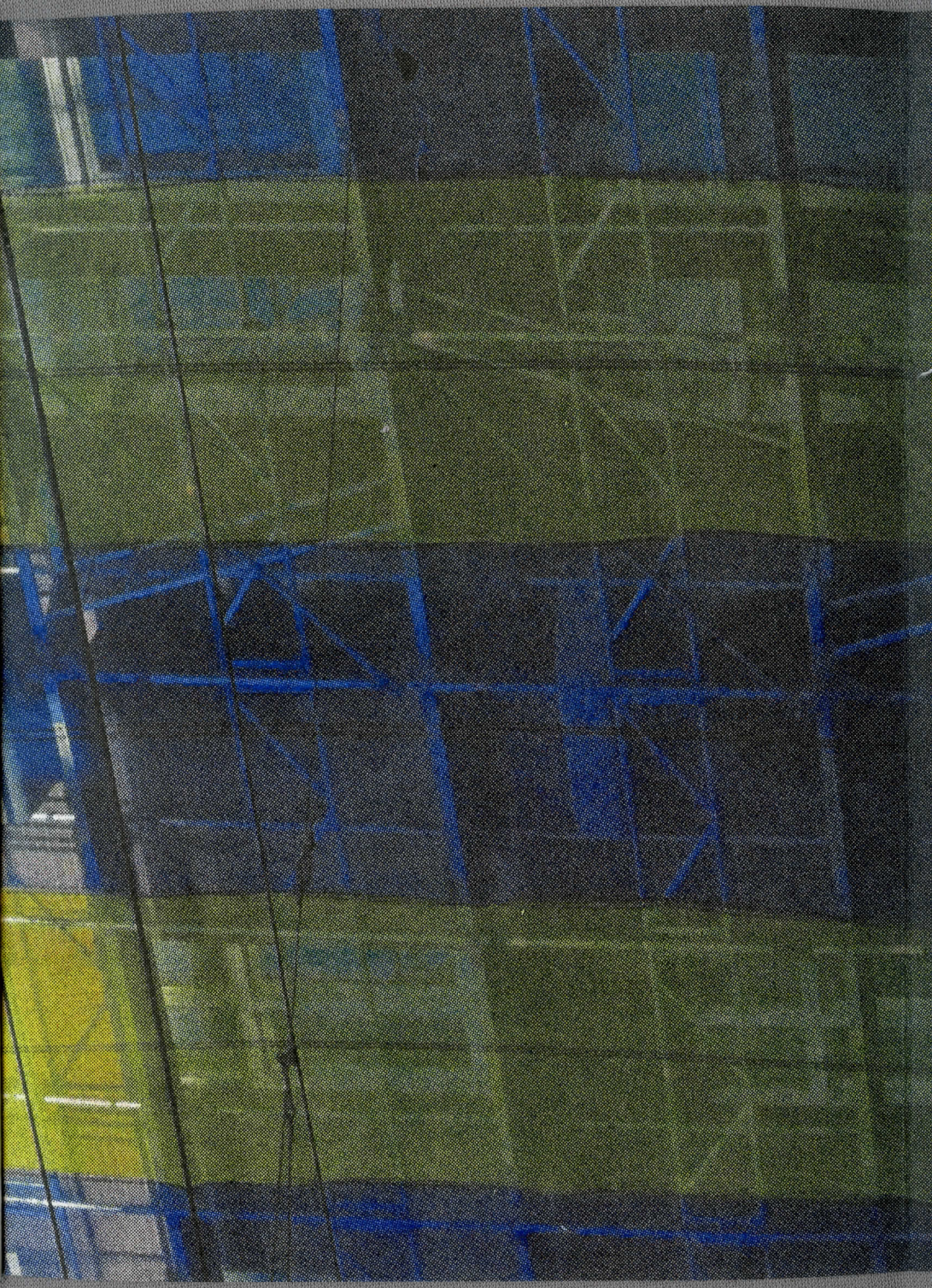
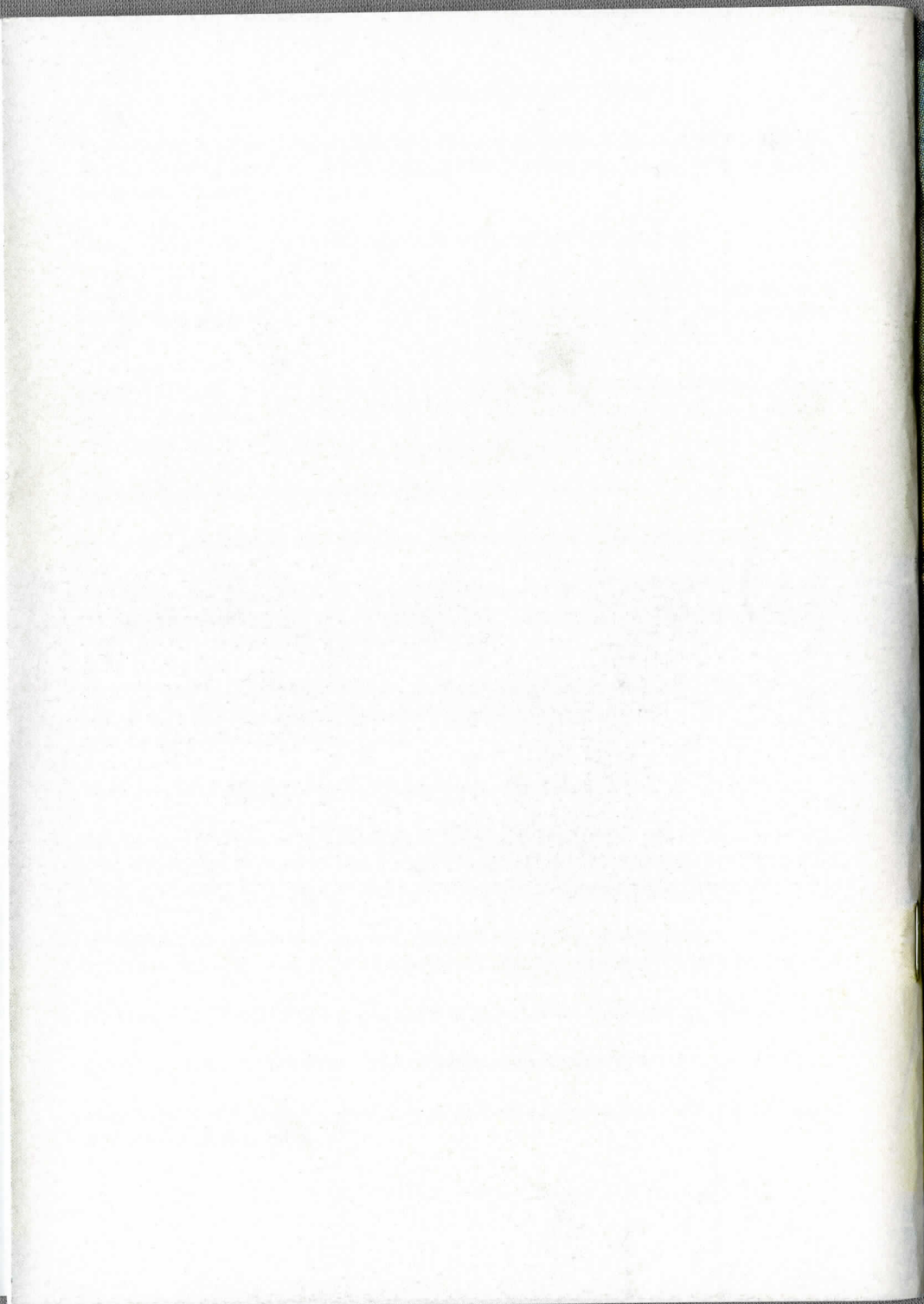
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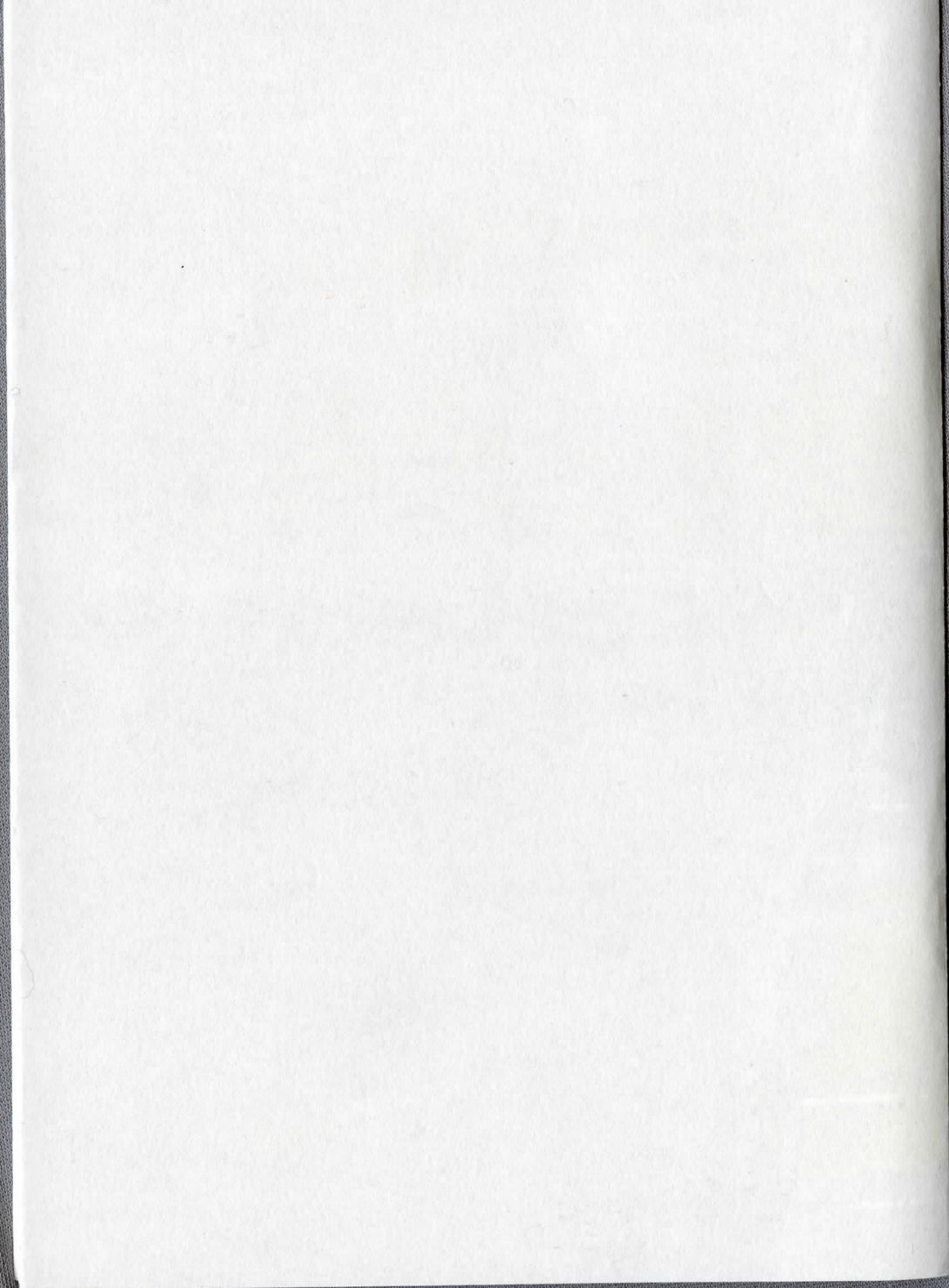
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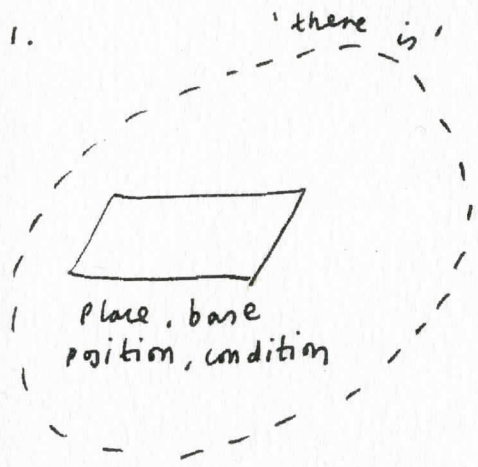
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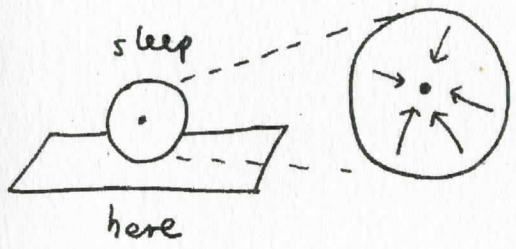




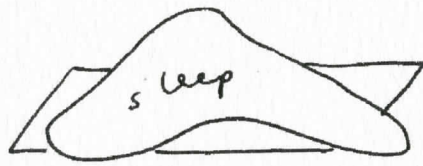
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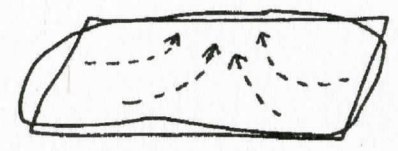
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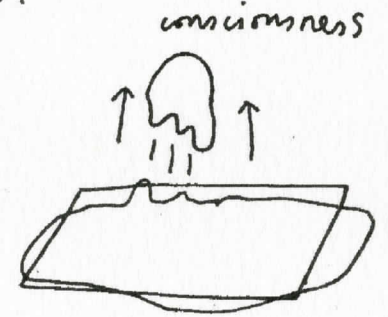
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