

Sophie Jung

SLOPPERY

UNDESIGNATION

A custom:

In this country fish are released into a body of murky water. On a fine Saturday morning the body, their body is pulled out.

Previously: we're the mass that pushed away its watery container, from all sides. Make space for me to be in you even / uneven. Me only we all.

Out, now. Fish sees fishers. Fishers see fish. Their many scales a tile individually fighting off leakage. Nothing to be done. We're out. Fish leaks. Fish lacks fish. Singular and plural who is to say. Fishes lacks fishes. One of the crowd has been pulled out.

Reaction 1: Fish spits out its container.

Meanwhile: Red light – little fly pierces a skin. The Little Fly is the deadliest animal alive. Slap.

It breeds in murky water, its bottom pierces the skin of the body of water to drink up air. That is stage 2.

Act 1

Murky water is released out of the body of the fish.

Are they now hollow? Yes (mistook an answer for a sting)

A voice fewer in the fish chant. All lines spoken at once. All lines spoken in my own time above water. My own times is a few moments before death. Spoken is nothing. Meaning has left its container. I am not synonymous. I am not an illustration. I am anaesthetic.

I have spat out my numb name.

You have called me again. NAME. The same. I am the same many times. I am many all at once. Each time you pull me out I become THE. Each time you pull me out I spit out a living solution. I, liquid am

SLIPPHERY

Customs: A border crossed, a sk in sk out standing with your hat, your dirty vest and your hooks. While below, saturated with what we are, contained in fluidity. While above, death dance I refuse. You call me I refuse. I hold no name no name holds me. You frame me with your voice and that. Here is THE. I spit the essence of my water home, now in not around me, at your flat feet. Sliph on it. Sliph and fall into the water. I welcome you as you welcome me. Swim with us as one body unnamed. All just as much the THE in our onedom.

Meanwhile: Red light – little fly sucks it up. She needs the red food to feed her breed. I am many oh vary I do.

Siphony

Person to Fish: I need you to be complete. I need to understand your body as the water understands your body. Replace liquid with ration.

Thinks to themselves: I don't want your collective I want you. I am not solite so slide solidar it is not warm enough today for me to go bare. I am alone allo ne all one just me.

Little fly: Replaces liquid with liquid. You are incomplete.

Shifts concentration

Fish to Fish: I am called into skin into scales up to release more than what I stand for. I

swim for you. My school swims for its own already presence. Name? Present: We are one.

Gift = Poison. Poisson in vain one in one out in name.

A simultaneous projection. One container, many voices, humming in rhythm, speaking the lines as a choreal one.

A liquid I. Dissaluted the body it came from it sees it seas it seize it it turns to it turns in to it: I eye cry: eye cry bloody drops, exemplary only if you chose to lick them. Symbolic only for those who believe a word stands in for a word.

Host I'll take over: A thing hollows out a thing, occupies that thing and says: I am now me and also that thing.

We are many (the aerial chorus) trapped (the captive) I mean all the rest but not (fly off) while the word subjectivity is of no consequence down here below across the words.

I release: One word one carbon dioxide trapped. A silhouette of water onto spent air breaks as it crosses the threshold. What I sent off has now merged with a wider atmosphere. (Guilt. CO2. Son) tense this sent ends in meaning full meaning spilled: meaning here is clumsy. Floating one word, the next as they travel up to cross over into air territory.

Lost often gets lost

I become airborne. I become me aning a thing of *re levance = Again. Pulled up*, the whole I, one picked up from school pulled across the horizontal gate. Tra versing the line by cold heart from body of water to air of death.

Little Fly: I follow your exhale, I find your breath out. CO2 See oh to find you I follow your ex hail de salute unnoticed: I land I sea I suck I flee.

He: A metaphor. SLAP Me: left dangling. **Unsignified = undignified.** Let me call you:

A new container is spoken into action. I disagee me is a fraction. I am never all. Never it.

I am part of a moving entity, leaking tiles replaced when and if.

Me at your mercy goes like this: I accept your bait.

I'm pulled up a deathproof layer of containment or contami nation has wrapped itself around the undesignated one of all. THE. A name. To cover him, me, wholly. Not all. Just him.

A stitch up.

An itch up stop don't scratch!

Previously: Red light – little fly unnoticed, spits it out. Poi son don't itch it'll make it worse. Depends on what you think is bad. I've already swapped fluids you're one step be hind be mind out:

Slappery

be slap *be squirt be red.*

Be read:

Word word word word.

Each of you with equal importance.

I spit my language into a body.

Numb Numb Numb N aim to become many. My name is little fly. I am what I am.

Artist: (*chants “unable to locate subject position”*)

Choir: *unable to locate warm moving body*

In his life fish has been pulled out by many other names, the young ones in fashion and the older ones dated. And each time his outsides were replaced by yet another name. That same name. In the air world he is many, years of being announced the same, repeated and repeated. Each time the water spits him out his body spits out the water.

I hereby call you –

And everything leaves his name. The designator expulses the designated.

Fish: I can't contain essence. I can't with my name contain fishness. I am not individual. I am not undivided. I am many. I am so unfishy at times. Each time I'm spoken fish I fish spit out another unfish.

The moment it hits your crisp hobby air it is merges with everything. It slips into all of you, slippery designationationation:

A buzz: How come when fish cross an imaginary line they become OUR fish, but when little flies cross imaginary lines they become your little fly.

Meanwhile: Red light – little fly *has sucked from one and spat into the other.*

Don't swap bodies little fly you make one die.

Metaphor: from meta “over, across” + pherein “to carry, bear” {born across borders, more on that later, let me introduce:}

Language hijacked world:

hi jack.

Jack:

A word is like a fishnet grabbing everything it can hold.

Excess spilling over at the edges

Undesignated but alive.

The meaning / fish in the net / words flap for a moment. Then die. Then Rot.

Never use a rotten word. Never use a word past its moment of being spoken. Release content as soon as it enters air. Lips pursed, lips open, lips closed. Gatekeeping slop.

Released. Pulled up again not by a net, no system or structure but a single pair of I's. father and son or something like that.

They get to name too. Role play it out of water a word out of water gives them a sense of he/demonic power. A sense of 's miniature scene. Small callers, little languagemakers.

Slippery water: A body that has been its defining outside is now its fluid inside. Spat. At the world. In defiance of singularity

At the point of being pulled out of the water the fish spits out the water, leaks the murky. Spits it onto other named things, impurifies them, too.

Naming is a forever failing attempt to own.

Let me put it differently

Naming is a forever failing attempt to contain

Let me put it differently

Naming is a forever failing attempt to single out

Let me put it differently

Naming is a forever failing attempt to purify

Take it off and let me put it on:

Language is a forever failing attempt to put it differently.

Let me put it back into the pond (ers about released words. Sloppery on the page.)

Drenched

Trenched:

A little fly net instead keeps out all the buzzwords, all the hungry fluidswappers. Little fly net is silent.

Little fly is symbolic.

Little fly carries many times its body weight in other body matter. Oh other body matter stands in for little fly.

It's a life or it's a death operation.

I live off.

I live you off.

Once.

Only I when littleeltil lived under the body of water becoming me.

A siph on my feet drinking air looking down at you, for once:

Don't look at me

I'm off. Fish is not a container. Fish is not a metaphor. Fish is immanence. Voice is immanence. Voice is thick. Words are thick.

Little fly can't hear you fish, she's grown up now and getting ready to fuck: A two tone humm the air is thick.

Language's taxidermy –literal for skin arrangement– is less dead than it looks.

It arranges itself anew as soon as you look away. A twitch a scale an itch a crust.

A brown fat layer

(alpha and omega III) between inside and outside, everything but neutral. Literal for neither the one nor the other – the layer is both. The layer is.

The thickness of a word is. At the point of speaking its essence flies through the air, it chants itself into new arrangements. There never was an essence there never was an ssense an sssence hits the humming flies:

Meaning wasn't fixed it was sucked up, meanwhile, little fly, red.

It transformed in the system little fly red meaning wasn't fixed it was spat out, meanwhile, little fly spit.

Meanwhile little words red language was only ever the carrier.

Upon release let me rewrite the scene.

The sum a choric hum

There is no inside. There is no outside. Yet spent bubbles form and burst on their way to the sur face up face down you see the sw arm wet from reaching:

Sw arm wet red from slapping.

Little bodies burst on impact

Meanwhile language hums itself a choral truth: was only ever the carrier was only ever the killer.

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TEXT

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LIQUID

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