

Sour Persimmons Chasm

We are just so new. We are so new to this.

In Appalachian folklore, a persimmon seed can predict the weather for the coming winter. If you cut open the seed and the kernel is shaped like a spoon, you will soon have a lot of snow to shovel. A fork-shape means a mild winter with powdery light snow, and a knife-shape means bitter winds which cut like a blade. But it never matters. As soon as you cut the seed open, it means that winter is on its way, and that on some level you are worried about it.

Not very long ago, reality did not need to exist. The hot, wet, world, where we stomp our little feet, or sigh with despair, or wonder what they're doing now, or turn our notifications off, then back on again, or stack up new books when we haven't read the other ones yet: it was not even supposed to be the main world. This is all a mistake. *I need to speak to the manager.* Until recently, earthly existence was a grotty little interregnum between the infinite realms where we began and ended. All we had to do, in this gap, was to try not to get pressed to death as heretics or die of dysentery in a grain store before we'd had children, then we'd ascend back to stars and heaven. We had no need to conceive of reality, although I honestly swear down that it did exist for a while. And now, just when it might potentially be useful, it's not there anymore. Reality is now like God to the Gnostics; *not-not-there*, but not exactly there either. It just sort of wandered off. I don't fucking know, I thought you were watching it.

"DO EVERYTHING. FEEL NOTHING." This is the current Tampax slogan. This slogan, of course, is speaking directly to the shadows on the wall of the cave. You can just be the body, shut up, stay in your stupid cave. Tampax will mediate between the everything and the nothing. There's a gap there, this is a chasm, that's where we crack open. *I said, I need to speak to the manager.*

The art we make is flowing dangerously now, too fast, melted ice cream hastily mopped up. It's an out of control séance, keys aloft, wet hair in a thunderstorm. I know, honey, I know. You can't help it. Evil is only as banal as everything else. And accompanying this: a shifting sense of meaning in the term "art world", which used to convey a particular space of cultural literacy, albeit one problematised by finance and dubious ethics, but now which *only* very specifically refers to finance and dubious ethics, and that's what happens when you take the "art" out of the "art world", and then maybe you take the "world" as well. I told you, it wandered off. Do everything. Feel nothing.

Hold a folk tale, don't tell, chisel it into a rock somewhere, now the rock knows, the cave knows, shhh, little baby, it's fine, everybody knows.

It's going to be a long winter.