

I

C o n t a i n e r

*Opening lines of Lotte's monologue, Botho Strauss (1978)

BIG AND SMALL *"Can you hear? Two men are walking up and down outside. Forever. Deep voices. Can you hear? Crag."*

HEAR THAT, she whispers to herself in a coarse voice.

here,
here, but
no, not here

Fullstop.
With your EAR.

There was so much snow today. About five inches But I didn't

NO, No, no
Not even with the
Glistening, sparkling lavender powder

Dusting with my gloves on
Condensation in the winds North Easterly
Trains run regularly to a place nearby called
Dewsbury

If only

Deixis.

want to go out

sun shining through it
coated fields of snow

I knew which direction it was in

Dew
moist, wild, pure, innocent
smile he said
be happy I thought
you were my friend

There was so much

Inside the pristine gallery just off Sloane Square
She stood next to Houseago's giant ear
Stroked it, rapped it with her fingers
Under the auspices of a gallery attendant who
to read their book

A big, black, unnerving
but

comforting EAR

I kept pushing myself up against it

Dusting with
Condensatic
Trains run in
Dewsbury



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'Time passes, but not the way it should... can you'
HEAR THAT, I whisper to myself in a coarse voice.



Not the way it should... can you?
I say to myself in a coarse voice.

CONTAINER 1
/60

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HEAR THE WHISPERS TO MYSELF IN A COARSE VOICE
'Time passes, but not the way it should... can you'



