

Birke Gorm

*to raise, to fold*

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Yes? ... Wow, finally. I have to admit—I do ask myself at times: Why does she even have a phone? ... No, no, no, no, no. No. ... I know for a fact that the call went through, don't pretend. It rang long enough and, as always, went to voice mail. The connection was there. ... No, I'm not getting into this again, stop messing with me. I know how you are—or are not—with your mobile. You were probably in the garden or somewhere again, and that's ok, but at least stand by it. ... Well, whatever... Library, lecture, conversation, concert, crosswords, theatre, therapy, journal writing, learning a new language or playing the piano. I don't know what you're doing all the time, and it's none of my business, really. Now, this time I just wanted to chat, but it could have been something important, and how will you know if you won't ever answer the phone? You probably don't even check who's trying to reach you, I mean, I rarely desperately need you, but someone else might—has to ask you something urgently, needs a favour, is in despair, or has been injured. See, that could lead to a big disappointment or, in the worst case, suddenly turn from dramatic to deadly. ... Argh, you know exactly what I'm saying. ... Well, of course it's your choice how much you care about other people's well-being, or get involved or feel responsible—or not. But you certainly don't act like it, is all I'm saying. ... I know it's a change. Of course it is. I know you find it annoying to carry it around in your pocket, when your pants are tight. Or generally on the body, yes. Yes. Sure. ... I'm just saying, there are a lot of options, and no, your backpack isn't the best solution. Because... you always have to dig into the depths there and by the time you fetch it, it's usually too late. I see how you're repeatedly and frantically rummaging around for it until it stops ringing and then you give up and forget. Don't you have other bags? Or there are alternatives such as... wider clothes, like cargo pants for example. No, I know you're not the cargo pants type of person but you'd have multiple possibilities to put your belongings in one single garment. ... Ok, ok, I get it, you don't want to carry it around in your trousers. Luckily, there's plenty of other clothes with pockets too: Hoodies, shirts, vests, jackets, dresses... That new jacket you just bought must have got an inside chest pocket ... Ugh, well maybe you have another jacket that has one then. ... Oh, so now it's the size that bothers you? No, no. Don't start this again, I don't want to hear it. If you keep referring to the past, then why don't you go get a reticule, or even better, a sweetmeat purse, like they had in the seventeenth fucking century. ... What? No. I'm sure you've heard of them. These little purses—usually no bigger than a small handbag. They were used to hold sweet smelling herbs or sachets to mask body odours, 'cause people hardly ever bathed. Made from fine fabrics, and mostly neatly embroidered. Lots of hand stitching and plaited drawstrings and bulbous tassels hanging at the top, bottom and sides... Decorative stuff like that. ... No? That's not for you either? Suit yourself, then. ... Anyways...

