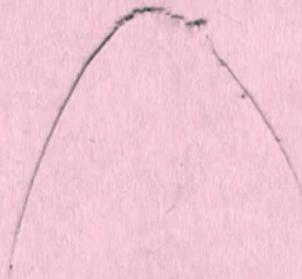
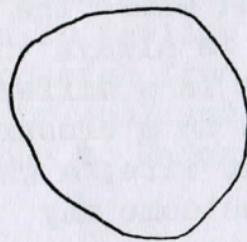

INPATIENT COSMOLOGY

Kit R.





first circle:



Having given in to interminable tedium you sigh from the very depths of your soul and rise in messianic fashion from your plastic-mattress bed with a sense of both grandiose hope and numb resig nation.

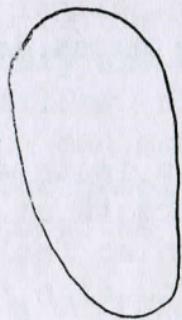
Your quest today as it is every day is to capture the attention of the nurse on duty and convince her using all the dazzling charm and wily cunning you can muster to discharge you from the hospital so you go to the desk where the nurse ought to be (it is always the same nurse even when it is a different one) and here we come to a crossroads on the path of your life, a choice or happenstance whose outcome may one day come to define the very essence of your existence on this mortal coil: either the nurse is at her desk or the nurse is not at her desk.

Let us assume that the nurse is not at her desk as this is the usual state of affairs so as she is not at her desk there is nothing for it but to wait and see if she returns -

if she were ever there at all which
incidentally is a point of some
debate amongst the inmates - so
you wait for the nurse to return
and here we come to a branching
of the way, a decision or accident
whose outcome may one day turn out
to have been instrumental in your
rise to global power or descent
into terrible infamy: either the
nurse returns or the nurse does
not return.

Let us assume as this is the
usual state of affairs that the
nurse does not return so feeling
bored and listless you sigh from
the very depths of your soul and
return, like Persephone to Hades,
to your bed.

second circle:



Having given in to interminable tedium you sigh from the very depths of your soul and rise like a phoenix from the ashes of your plastic-mattressed bed possessed as you are by a sense of hope and an absence of expectation.

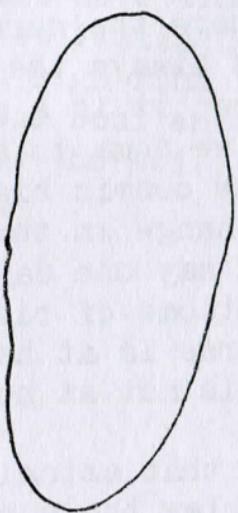
Your quest today as it is every day is to capture the heart of the nurse on duty and persuade her using all the lovability and charisma you can muster to discharge you from the hospital so you go to the desk where the nurse ought to be (it is always the same ~~nurse~~ even when it is a different one) and here we come to a point of uncertainty in the future of humanity in general, a deviation in the course of collective sapient reality whose outcome may one day cause or prevent the eventual death of society: either the nurse is at her desk or the nurse is not at her desk.

Let us assume that the nurse is not at her desk as this is the usual state of affairs so as she is not at her desk there is nothing

for it but to wait and see if she returns - if she were ever there at all which incidentally is a point of heated debate amongst the inmates - so you wait for the nurse to return and here we come to a branching bud upon the tree of life, a decision or accident whose outcome may one day turn out to have been instrumental in humanity's ecstatic enlightenment or abject destruction: either the nurse returns or the nurse does not return.

Let us assume that miraculously and without precedent the nurse returns to her desk and of course rebukes you immediately for loitering and preventing her from getting on with her very important business so feeling bored and listless you sigh from the very depths of your soul and return, like a phoenix to the flames, to your bed.

th ird circle:



Having given in to interminable tedium you sigh from the very depths of your soul and rise like Frankenstein's monster from your plastic-mattressed bed with the slow numbness of a reanimated corpse or a tranquillised patient.

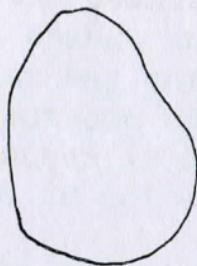
Your quest today as it is every day is to capture the nurse on duty and induce her upon pain of eternal damnation to discharge you from the hospital so you go to the desk where the nurse ought to be (it is always the same nurse even when it is a different one) and here we come to an intersection on the cosmic highway, a potential change in the universal constant that may one day come to define the outcome of time itself: either the nurse is at her desk or the nurse is not at her desk.

Let us assume that astonishingly and inexplicably ~~xx~~ the nurse is at her desk so you approach with hope and trepidation and here we

come to a catalyst for the alteration of reality, a moment whose outcome may one day turn out to have been instrumental in the eventual heat-death of the universe: either the nurse has time to talk to you or the nurse does not have time to talk to you.

Let us assume as this is the usual state of affairs that the nurse does not have time to talk to you so feeling bored and listless you sigh from the very depths of your soul and return, like flesh to the soil, to your bed.

fourth circle:



Having given in to interminable tedium you sigh from the very depths of your soul and rise like an unpeased spirit from your plastic-mattressed bed with the psychic pain of a life unfinished or a voice unheard.

Your quest today as it is every day is to capture the soul of the nurse on duty and convince her via sheer force of will to discharge you from the hospital so you go to the desk where the nurse ought to be (it is always the same nurse even when it is a different one) and here we come to a jolt in the trajectory of time's arrow, a choice or happenstance whose outcome may one day come to define the manner in which creation is finally consumed by its creator: either the nurse is at her desk or the nurse is not at her desk.

Let us assume that in contravention of all expectations the nurse is at her desk so you approach ~~her~~ her with hope and trepidation and 11

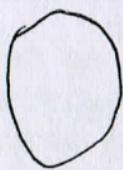
here we come to a fork in the path,
a point of indecision on the part
of the gods that may one day turn
turn out to have resulted in the
commencement of the apocalypse:
either the nurse has time to
talk to you or the nurse does not
have time to talk to you.

Let us assume in this perfect and
unrepeatable moment that the
nurse has time to talk to you so
you take your chance - which
might never come around again in
your lifetime - to explain your
mental state to the nurse and here
we come to a rift in the way, a
point of divergence in humanity's
road towards annihilation: either
the nurse thinks your mental state
is a problem or the nurse thinks
your mental state is not a problem.

Let us assume as this is the usual
state of affairs that the nurse
thinks your mental state is a
problem so you take this chance
to make a change - for change is

the reason you're here after all - and you ask for some benzodiazepines to help control the bleed of unauthorised realities into your consciousness and here we come to a point of indulgence bestowed upon the mortal world by supernatural forces: the nurse's response is a function of your character and either she is suspicious of your character or she is not suspicious of your character.

Let us assume as this is the usual state of affairs that the nurse is suspicious of your character and rebukes you for your manipulative drug-seeking tactics she says you must change your attitude - for change is the reason you're here - and let her get on with her very important business so feeling bored and listless you sigh from the very depths of your soul and return, like a ghost to the ether, to your bed.



fifth circle:

Having given in to interminable tedium you sigh from the very depths of your soul and rise like a hungry vampire from your plastic-mattressed bed with the all-encompassing desire of a desperate undead blood-lust or a futile search for escape.

Your quest today as it is every day is to drain the will of the nurse on duty and persuade her via bloody-minded repetition to discharge you from the hospital so you go to the desk where the nurse ought to be (it is always the same nurse even when it is a different one) and here we come to a particle not yet observed, a probability equation whose resolution may one day come to define the future of life's evolutionary path: either the nurse is at her desk or ~~xx~~ the nurse is not at her desk.

Let us assume that inexplicably and without precedent the nurse is at her desk so you approach her

with hope and trepidation and here we come to a splitting of cells, a coincidence whose outcome may one day turn out to have resulted in the evolution of my per-

intelligent lizard people: either the nurse has time to talk to you or the nurse does not have time to talk to you.

Let us assume in this singular and providential moment that the nurse has time to talk to you so you take your chance - which might never come around again in your lifetime - to explain your mental state to the nurse and here we come to an explosion of the possibilities of biology, a point of divergence in life's tiresome path along a road to nowhere: either the nurse thinks your mental state is a problem or the nurse thinks your mental state is not a problem.

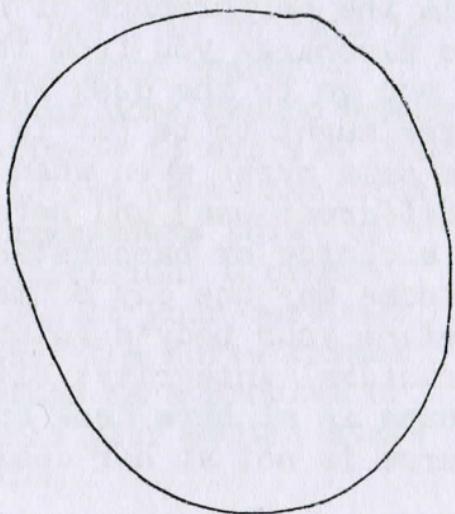
Let us assume as this is the usual

state of affairs that the nurse ~~xxxx~~
thinks your mental state is a problem
so you take this chance to make
a change - for change is the reason
you're here after all - and you ask
for some benzodiazepines to help
control the bleed of unauthorised
realities into your consciousness
and here we come to a point of
mutation, an ooze of corporeal
uncertainty: the nurse's response
is a function of your character
and either she is suspicious of
your character or she is not
suspicious of your character.

Let us assume that deviously and
with an obvious ulterior motive the
nurse is not suspicious~~x~~ of your
character and in a performance of
nurturing softness says that you
need to make a change - for change
is the reason you're here after all -
so you must learn to rely on your
own resources and not keep asking
for addictive medications to solve
your temporary problems but instead
you must breathe, breathe deeply in

this singular perfect moment,
breathe deeply not in pursuit of
a state of enlightenment but in
pursuit of a life that does not place
an irrational and therefore
unacceptable burden on society,
so breathing deeply you sigh from
the very depths of your soul and ~~return~~
return, like a blood-sucker to the
grave, to your bed.

sixth circle:



Having given in to interminable tedium you sigh from the very depths of your soul and rise like a patient awakened from a coma from your plastic-mattressed bed with the slow dislocation of a mind not yet fully present.

Your quest today as it is every day is to gain the trust of the nurse on duty and induce her via the performance of normality to discharge you from the hospital so you go to the desk where the nurse ought to be (it is always the same nurse even when it is a different one) and here we come to a choice or happenstance whose outcome may one day come to define your body's future structural integrity: either the nurse is at her desk or the nurse is not at her desk.

Let us assume that in a disconcerting break with normality the nurse is at her desk so you

approach her with hope and trepidation and here we come to a moment of choice, a division of fleshly possibility whose outcome may one day turn out to have resulted in your body's premature decomposition: either the nurse has time to talk to you or the nurse does not have time to talk to you.

Let us assume in this singular, perfect, and unrepeatable moment that the nurse has time to talk to you so you take your chance - which might never come around again in your lifetime - to explain your mental state to the nurse and here we come to a ~~xxxxxxxx~~ point of existential indecision, a crossroads on the map of your personal survival: either the nurse thinks your mental state is a problem or the nurse thinks your mental state is not a problem.

Let us assume that for once in the history of medicine the nurse thinks that your mental state is not a

problem so now is your chance - which might never come around again in your lifetime - to ask to be discharged from the hospital.

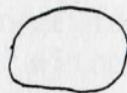
You ask to be discharged from the hospital.

The nurse asks if you have completed the requisite paperwork, and here we come to a test of the certainty of your flesh, an instance of fate that will ultimately be responsible for the answer to the question of your death: either you have completed the requisite paperwork or you have not completed the requisite paperwork.

Let us assume as this is the usual state of affairs that you have not completed the requisite paperwork so there's nothing to be done for now says the nurse she will make a note that you desire to complete the paperwork required for your discharge and will inform you when

a doctor arrives to sign off
on your bill of ~~health~~ mental
health now you must go away and
let her get on with her very
important business so breathing
deeply - very deeply - you sigh
from the bottom of your soul and
return, like a victim to brain-
death, to your bed.

seventh circle:



Having given in to interminable
tedium you sigh from the very
depths of your soul and rise
like a tethered bear from your
plastic-mattressed bed with the
futile curiosity of an animal
whose questions will never be
answered.

Your quest today as it is
every day is to gain the sympathy
of the nurse on duty and convince
her via the expression of human
emotion to discharge you from the
hospital so you go to the desk
where the nurse ought to be (it
is always the same nurse even
when it is a different one) and
here we come to a tear in the
cloth of reality, a fluke whose
outcome may one day come to
define your classification as
human or otherwise: either the
nurse is at her desk or the nurse
is not at her desk.

Let us assume that miraculously
and without precedent the nurse

is at her desk so you approach her with hope and trepidation and here we come to a randomisation, an unseeing decision whose outcome may one day turn out to have resulted in the obliteration of all your life's purpose: either the nurse has time to talk to you or the nurse does not have time to talk to you.

Let us assume in this singularly anomalous moment that the nurse has time to talk to you so you take your chance - which might never come around again in your lifetime - to explain your mental state to the nurse and here we come to a disintegration of structure, a reimagining of the boundaries of the real: either the nurse thinks your mental state is a problem or the nurse thinks your mental state is not a problem.

Let us assume that in contravention of hospital tradition the nurse thinks that your mental state is not a problem so now is your chance -

which might never come around again in your lifetime - to ask to be discharged from the hospital.

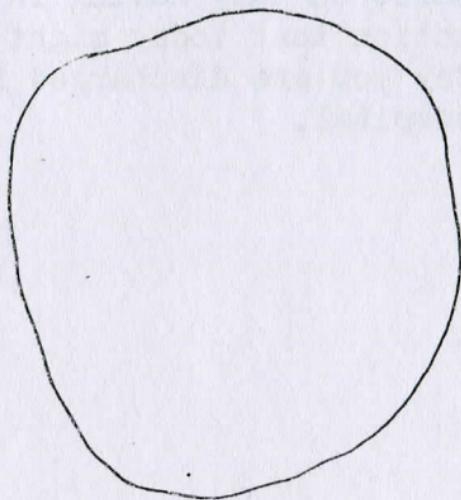
You ask to be discharged from the hospital.

The nurse asks if you have completed the requisite paperwork, and here we come to a crossroads, a quirk of time that will ultimately be responsible for your humanity or lack thereof: either you have completed the requisite paperwork or you have not completed the requisite paperwork.

Let us assume, for a moment, the impossible: you have completed the requisite paperwork so it only remains for the paperwork to be processed according to the official channels at which point you will be discharged from the hospital which obviously cannot happen immediately as the official process takes time - but you have all the time in the world - you must come

back ~~tomorrow~~ and ask the nurse about your progress tomorrow so breathing deeply - very deeply - you sigh from the bottom of your soul and return, like a beast to its wordless reverie, to your ~~bed~~ bed.

eighth circle:



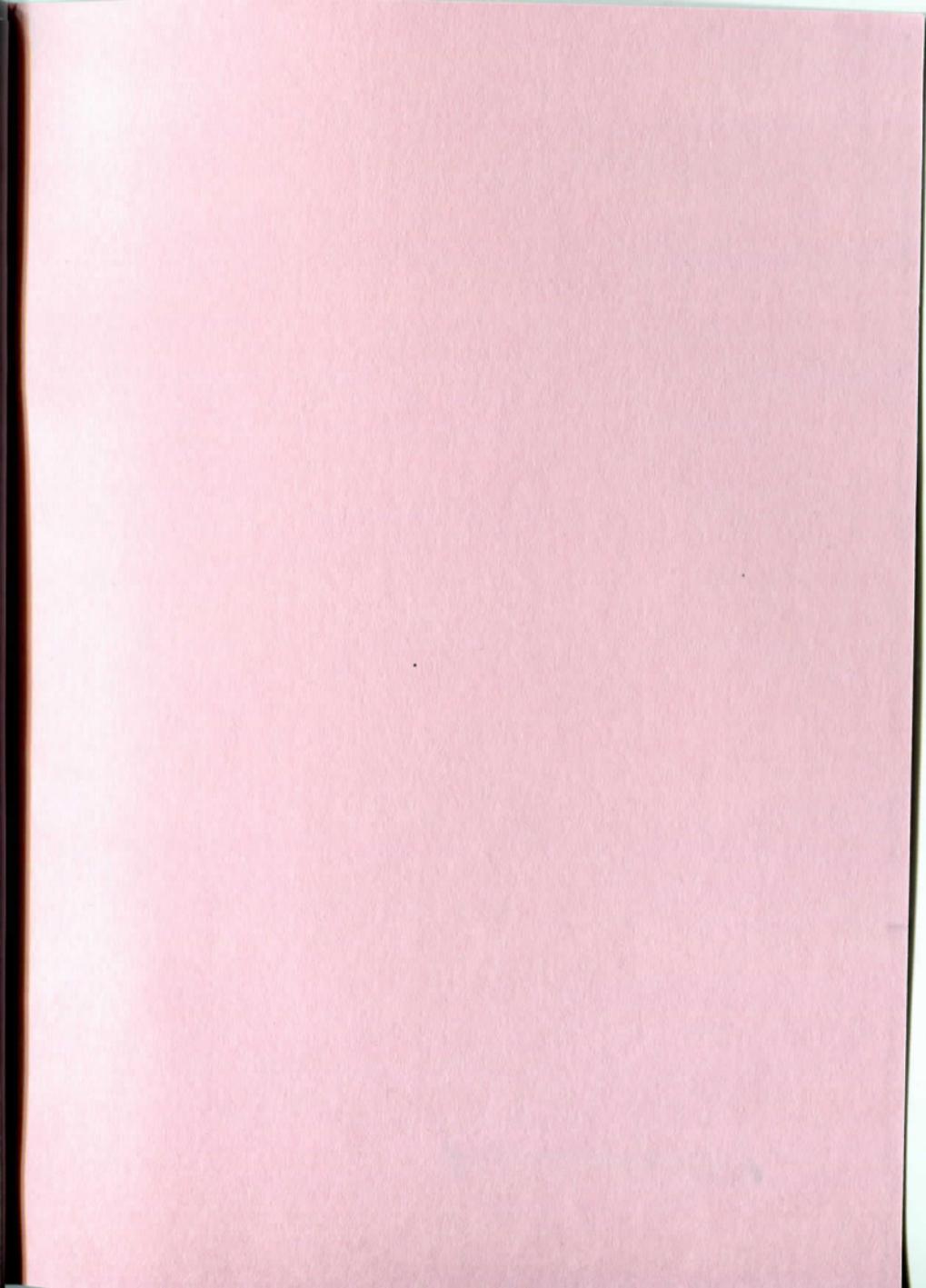
Having given in to interminable tedium you sigh from the very depths of your soul and rise like an inpatient from your plastic-mattressed bed with the clarity of a mind renewed and a madness purged and you go to find the nurse on duty having in mind the notion that today might be the day you are discharged from the hospital.

The nurse is not at her desk.

a note:

This zine isxxIxxxxxx inspired by "The art of asking your boss for a raise" by Georges Perec. The structure of this text is based heavily on that book. It xxixxxxfxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx is a very good book, and I think you should read it, unless this zine is very boring for you, in which case, the book probably would be too.

-Kit R., July 2016



2016
Sunshine, Victoria

