

Feels Blind: The New Pavilion

The sweet young barista at my local cafe told me she'd seen a "spaceship grotto" at the MuseumPark. She's an art student; she goes to the MuseumPark a lot. The spaceship grotto was the New Pavilion, and I asked her what she thought of it. She said it looked "kind of scary," and she didn't go inside. Yes, this is anecdotal; but I start here because I was also scared by the pavilion's green scrim of innocence. It frightened me too, many times, in many different ways. But I went inside.

Her remark reminded me of endless encounters I had in the 1980s when friends would tell me that punk rock was interesting, but the shows were too frightening, so they never went. Had they bothered to walk through the door, they would have found the sweetest, most timid people, bedecked comically in safety pins and chains, trying to hold convincing sneers despite laughing and smiling all of the time. In the assaultive musical environment we endure today, punk's basic sweetness and humanity is crystal clear, but back then it seemed scary to exactly those for whom it *could have been liberatory*.

Not everyone is scared of the New Pavilion. I asked a man emerging from its doorway in a cloud of marijuana smoke what this building was. "This is a temple," he told me, nodding sagely. Every morning scores of empty bottles remain from the parties Rotterdammers improvise on the pavilion's verdant

exterior. During the day teens slouch on its shoulders, remote and sullen on "smoker's hill," while fashion photographers circle models posed by the pavilion's steel door before swooping inside, where the models stretch and swing their hair across the tropical greenery.

Skaters have tried skating the interior walls; impromptu concerts are held; tourists pose; children squeal with excitement and speak of Telletubbies. In time it has become active. Oddly, this is largely through neglect. An ambitious program of deliberate "activation" proved impossible and the Pavilion spent most of the summer alone in the rain. Then the creatures of the night came out and began to leave their traces, the residue of their pleasure. It reminded me of the American city where I once lived, where skaters roamed the streets a few steps ahead of the police, looking for neglected places to colonize. In Portland, the underside of a bridge proved foul and hidden enough that the skaters managed to build an entire park out of poured concrete, the Burnside Skatepark, without anyone stopping them. Eventually the city bought the land and granted it back to the skaters, rather than chase them further, or destroy what they'd built. Maybe neglect can be a deliberate part of city development.

The New Pavilion looks both futuristic *and* pre-historic, as much like Fred Flintstone's cave/house as like George Jetsons' saucer-shaped home in the sky. Its relation to time—to other buildings, past or future, to the grass which enfolds it, to the city

it is part of, to this greater world that connects to it in infinite, precise, nearly invisible ways—is scrambled and vast. The love I feel for this confounding, unresolved building nests inside this confusion of time. Robert Smithson described something like it in his 1966 essay "Entropy and the New Monuments." (Bjarne Mastenbroek pointed me to this.) "Instead of causing us to remember the past, like the old monuments, the new monuments seem to cause us to forget the future. Instead of being made of natural materials, such as marble, granite, or other kinds of rock, the new monuments are made of artificial materials...they are not built for the ages but rather against the ages. They are involved in a systematic reduction of time down to fractions of seconds, rather than in representing the long spaces of centuries. Both past and future are placed in an objective present. This kind of time has little or no space; it is stationery and without movement, it is going nowhere."

This systematic reduction of time—which, as it approaches zero, becomes also a boundless exploding of time—this confounding of time's measure—fits well The New Pavilion's blunt affect. It bears no mark of time because nothing is remote or discontinuous from it. In this it also resembles the 16th-century monad of John Dee, a densely overloaded symbol that purports to collect all human knowledge in the modest labyrinth of a mark on a page. [SHOW MONAD]

I've grown to love the New Pavilion, despite strong negative first impressions that deepened with repeated viewing. This

building does not seduce you. It actively repels some, and I only grew to love it because I love poetry. I kept coming back and listening. I paid attention. I accepted its contradictions and broadened my view. I heard the music it takes part in. The New Pavilion is one of the most challenging and honest contributions to Dutch architecture in the last few years, and it rewards serious engagement—it even demands it. I'm not surprised a building like this is rare. Architects are rarely asked for honesty or conflict. Bjarne Mastenbroek had the advantage of an ambitious client who really needed something smart, and of a brief that expressly called for a challenge. (The brief specifically asked the architect to "design a 1:1 model of a process to be," not "a house of the future with the usual emphasis on technology." So, this is not Rotterdam's "Tomorrow Land.") To understand the circumstances that gave rise to the brief, and to this troubling, unresolved Pavilion, I have to tell you a story you might already know.

A Story

Once upon a time there was a Netherlands Architecture Institute, and it was awesome. Dutch architects had a big home where they could meet and see what was going on in their profession. Speeches could be given, awards received, books launched, and crucial work in the profession was exhibited and discussed. An archive awaited the important work of these architects, and they produced and produced, knowing where all

of their good work was headed.

And then, in the late oughts, the economy collapsed, and all kinds of crucial resources disappeared. Not just institutes and budgets, but even the ways we have of talking about the work we do. I say "we," because among the many changes in the language of work then was to speak of architects and writers and artists and designers, even digital programmers, all as elements of one larger thing called "the creative industries." This term had been around for some time. But no one had ever needed to know what it meant. Architects, and the rest of us, already had words for the work we did.

The work we do defines the profession, and so economic change can break language or make it obsolete. In 1988, Jo Coenen knew what the government wanted when it commissioned him to make a home for Dutch architecture. Just look at it—his answer betrays no trace of doubt that the architect at that time and place could deliver a clear, enduring example of "real architecture." That's why they asked him. And that is, maybe, why the building seems so autistic and out of date today. Any late-20th century architect generally knew why the phone rang. The profession had a history and a discourse consistent with the day-to-day work asked of them. Much of it was hosted here. Social policy supported government investment in new housing and infrastructure that architects were tasked with designing. But time passed; government gave up its leadership role; profit-driven developers took the wheel

that drove new construction; and the work of the architect changed.

When the phone rang, it became harder to predict what someone might be asking for. Worse, the phone rang less and less. The architect wasn't asked for architecture, necessarily. Usually he was invited to join a team. There were bankers, engineers, statisticians, investors, even advertising firms, already on the team; and if the architect raised his voice to say that the work being proposed "wasn't real architecture," he could be fired for being wrong. Another architect would be called, one who kept up on things and knew how to do the work that was asked of him.

Thus economic pressures can change the meanings of important words, such as "architecture" or "literature" or "culture." By the time the bubble of prosperity that powered these changes collapsed and the Dutch government asked the NAI and two other cultural institutes to redefine themselves as a single thing—a new institute serving all of the "creative industries"—it was already unclear what would be housed inside a Netherlands Architecture Institute. What histories and what futures belong inside an institute of architecture? No matter, now. That time and that question has passed. [LONG PAUSE]

Architects and their many allies, inside the creative industries and out, were shocked by the NAI's closing. Like a family met

with an unexpected death, we halted, we grumbled, moaned, and kept hesitating to mourn. We visited the body often, checking its pulse to confirm that it was dead. We spoke of its death, over and over. We would not bury the body and deal with the problem of living. We railed against whatever was new, rather than burying the dead.

If an institute cannot halt time nor prevent the breaking of language nor the constant evolution of work that has bedeviled all of the creative industries, at least it can respond to these changes by aggressively refining the tools available to those of us who have to keep working and living. It can help us find concepts and vocabularies that fit. That's why we're here tonight. That's why The New Institute welcomes this shot-gun family—the "creative industries"—into its unlikely home and keeps pressing all of us to talk to one another.

No one seems to like the questions The New Institute is tasked with pressing. Every profession resists its repositioning as a "creative industry," no less vigorously than the architects. We all want our own institutes, our autonomy, our own histories. But the unwelcome questions challenging that are in fact an opportunity. Forced to shape new relations and concepts as interdependent workers in the creative industries, we are also given a chance to define the way future work is structured. The term's emptiness is a blessing. It is malleable, and we get to shape it.

If architecture is positioned as one among many allied creative industries, rather than as an autonomous cultural field, what tools will help the working architect survive and thrive? Not just economic tools (the infrastructure to go on working), but what discourse, what concepts and vocabulary, will enrich that position? And how can a New Institute help?

First, it can offer leading architects a chance to work. Rather than promising the traditional retrospective exhibitions to memorialize past accomplishments, a new institute can stage the living process of architects working, building. It can offer something more like a laboratory and less like a museum. In the context of this urgent change, The New Institute phoned Bjarne Mastenbroek and asked him to design a temporary pavilion for this site. It's not a new idea—the pavilion has a well-known place in the discourse of the profession, a chance to build free of market pressure or the whimsy of clients. Second, it can hire writers like me to work with what has been built. A writer doesn't just decorate an architect's work by cladding it in pretty words or "accurate" descriptions. A writer works, too, by applying the force of language to built structures. Let me throw the corrosive force of my language up against this thing and see what happens. Maybe I can help loosen its parts, get a little movement, and put them to purpose.

You've no doubt noticed that it is impossible to sit in the shadow of the New Pavilion, which cannot be said of Jo Coenen's building. This modesty is just one of the myriad, poetic and

contradictory assertions made by Mastenbroek's design. Among the others is boastfulness, beauty, harsh ugliness, innocence, blindness, vision, tranquility, imprisonment, vitality, death, and, underlying them all, I believe, a barely repressed rage.

They're all part of what the brief called for—an example of process; the way the architect thinks—not a futurist's prognostication of how we'll live. We're looking at a tool for thinking—thinking by building—not the house we'll live in in 2050. It's interesting to see the Sonneveld House sitting confidently across the street, a house we visit by imagining the pleasures of living in it. Mastenbroek concedes that pleasure to the Sonneveld and its neighboring villas. His New Pavilion has little or no dialogue across the street, despite sharing a home address. The pavilion is too strange, too indifferent to middle class notions of comfort. It is completely alien, babbling alone in a foreign language, like a refugee family that's been plunked down on the block who, in their incoherent way, have no thoughts about comfort because they are simply hoping not to die.

The pavilion is more obviously tied to the bulky headquarters it sits beside, like a broken water main fountaining in the yard. But nothing has burst, yet. The swelling in the grass betrays some sort of pressure deep in the bowels of Dutch architecture. But is the New Pavilion a disaster about to explode upon us or the reassuring performance of a reliable back-up system, that

admirably resilient bladder called "the architect"—a miraculous organ into which rivers of poison can be poured that he'll smilingly swallow so the system can bring forth its great golden stream of buildings; how much abuse can be heaped into this holding tank without breaking it?

About this question, the New Pavilion is poker-faced, or no-faced. There is no facade, only this pressured swelling of the earth. Architecture, here, is completely interior. It makes no sculptural claims. True, the architect's process distorts the earth, pushing against the surface, but it barely breaks the skin. The breaks are in two places—on top, to open a kind of defenseless eye that can only see the sky, and nothing else; and on the front, to open the throat that let's us pass and be swallowed. The pavilion's interplay with the external, material context is as close to zero as Mastenbroek could dial it, so that all that's left is this set of buried pressures shaping whatever the architect can give us to help relieve the pressure; which, given the brief, must be "architecture," or all that's left of it. So, how does that feel?

PLAY: "FEELS BLIND"

The poem on the pavilion's door led me to this. Near the bottom, it says "FEEL BLIND." The song is by Bikini Kill. I saw the band in the early '90s. Kathleen Hanna and Tobi Vale in Olympia, Washington, circa 1992. Another band there, then, (Tobi's boyfriend Kurt's band), was recording "Smells Like Teen

Spirit." But this is the song that history will remember. Such majesty. That beautiful pale flower that blossoms open at the end, Tobi Vale's desultory cymbal crash, is exactly where Bjarne Mastenbroek's angry pavilion begins. He has swallowed the considerable rage that precedes it, knowing that rage was not part of the brief, even if it is part of his process (and probably fearing that it's almost impossible to be as articulate as Kathleen Hanna). But he has barely swallowed it, and it keeps pushing up, like a gut full of bile. If the New Pavilion is "kind of scary," that's maybe because the swollen pregnancy it houses begins in these deeply negative emotions of refusal, a refusal that feels so urgent it threatens to annihilate hope.

The pavilion does not offer us any easy way out. We can only exit through the same narrow passage that led us in. Mastenbroek has rigorously stripped the interior of decoration or distractions, except, notably, the plants. Which is not to say the building is indifferent to context. The New Pavilion is a more deeply contextual and engaged building than, for example, the larger one it sits beside. Context is not only visual or material; it also lies hidden in massive accumulations of pressure, adjacency, and connections from which visual pleasures and play often distract us. The New Pavilion foregrounds this web of connectedness by stripping away the distractions we normally fix upon.

Mastenbroek has subtracted all of the pleasantries, the aesthetic and intellectual puzzles of style and context that

normally take up the attention of architecture's consumers. He's robbed us of the chance to consume, giving us, anyway, hammocks, so we can sway while we wait, but for what? The green is nice, but the plants are also prisoners, refugees. And they look beaten. Huddled together, their tips burned by the sun, their tops broken, they might be victims of a hate crime.

In this way, The New Pavilion gives us green ecology, the nonhumans with whom we must share our destiny, while refusing to give us "Nature." The same can be said for the industrial lawn that's been rolled over the pavilion's steel shell outside. It looks like "nature" but it was trucked here from an indoor grass factory that produces this stuff by the meter using (one imagines) the most hideous of chemical processes. In the New Pavilion we are undeniably enfolded in a world of plants and ecologies, literally so; but we are equally enfolded in the brutal politics and economics that placed them here. Writer and literary critic Timothy Morton calls this entanglement the "dark ecology."

The "dark ecology" is a universe of things—including the "things" that are writing and reading this text, you and I—as well as the things it is printed on and that move through the world in concert with it. Persons, animals, objects, concepts, have an equivalent complexity and shroudedness in this densely interconnected world. All are shaped mutually in a "mesh"—to use another of Morton's terms—that was well-described by Darwin. Morton extends Darwin's deep, agnostic

appreciation for the incredible surprise and specificity of living things to a world, our world, riven too with the virtual, the remembered, the forgotten, and the merely imagined. To inhabit this world, Morton says, is to fall into the shadow of "the ecological thought."

"The ecological thought," Morton wrote in his 2010 book of the same name, "is a virus that infects all other areas of thinking. Ecology isn't just about global warming, recycling, and solar power—it is not just to do with everyday relationships between humans and nonhumans. It has to do with love, loss, despair, and compassion. It has to do with depression and psychosis. It has to do with capitalism and what might exist after capitalism. It has to do with amazement, open-mindedness, and wonder. It has to do with doubt, confusion, and skepticism... Like the shadow of an idea not yet fully thought, a shadow from the future (that wonderful phrase of the poet Shelley), the ecological thought creeps over other ideas until nowhere is left untouched by its dark presence."

The New Pavilion is Morton's "ecological thought" expressed as architecture. It is the spot where this shadow from the future touches ground. But Morton's time-sense is rather like Robert Smithson's. Things run backwards, so that causality is inverted. The future arrives to tell us what happened, not what will be happening next. There is no element of prediction in Morton's work, nor in the New Pavilion, just this radical overloading of the present moment so that our view broadens bringing time to

a standstill by crowding as much as possible into a singular present, what Morton has also called "ecology without nature."

"One of the things that modern society has damaged," Morton says, "along with ecosystems and species and the global climate, is thinking. Like a dam, Nature contained thinking for a while, but in the current historical situation, thinking is about to spill over the edge. ...the concept 'nature' has had its day and no longer serves us well. The main reason is that nature is a kind of backdrop—and we are living in a world where there is no backdrop: it's all foreground now. When we replace nature with the ecological thought, we discover a much stranger, more intimate, more jaw-dropping world."

The New Pavilion is a portal to this intimate, stranger world. There is no getting out of it. The pavilion presents a kind of Klein's Bottle (that mobius 3D space) melding inside and outside, plants and man, shelter and threat, so completely they become legible only as a totality, a permanent temporariness that holds us in our constant flight. Structurally, the pavilion is built, as a Klein's bottle, around the outside's clever interpenetration of the putative "interior." The green environment circles back in through the ground to erupt inside the sterile white room, in the form of the hostage plants, bathed in the world's natural light that enters, also Möbius-like, through the dome's open eye, above.

There is no clear inside or outside to the Pavlion, just as there

is no separation of human and non-human, temporary or permanent, refuge or prison. For all of its solid clarity, the structure simply shapes a permanent entanglement in flux, a vast yet precise dynamism that is the world we live in, the world we're part of—"the Ecological Thought." This is a setting without shelter because there is no separation of parts, no *other* to be threatened by or take shelter from. Old dichotomies have collapsed. What is "home" when there is no place apart? With no *domus* there can be no domesticity.

The New Pavilion keeps our attention fixed on this condition, the pleasures and perils of the refugee; rather than indulging the usual distractions of virtuosic engineering or visual fondling that most architecture invites us to consume. Mastenbroek gives us the bare minimum that architecture can do—and it doesn't look like much—only a distortion in the course of things, the accommodation an inherently violent system makes to house us. Which again reminds me of punk rock, which turned out to be such a utopian movement, so full of vegans and macrobiotic saints, neo-hippies, really, wearing their scuffed fake leather, refusing all the crap.

At the heart of Mastenbroek's refusal is his disgust with all of the glittery extras that threaten to crowd out architecture's core mission, its gift— the intelligent provision of shelter to those who need it. He stages our encounter with "the ecological thought" as honestly and efficiently as possible. Architects are typically asked to make villas for rich people, a degrading task

Mastenbroek convincingly describes (in the case of Zaha Hadid's villa for Naomi Campbell) as providing a starlet with a cross between a rocket and a shoe.

And this is typical. Architecture has become such an incredibly huge accumulation of stuff, of ambitions and purposes, of capabilities—the architect's eager and constant offer to help—anything the architect can horde or claim as his own, wanting an identity, a reassurance, like a layer of fat, as bulwark against his disappearance. The bloating of architecture is precisely corollary to the incredibly swift, internal shrinkage of the profession's native purposes and identity. The architect is willing to take on, to *be anything*, so desperate is he to survive, and so uncertain is he of architecture's survival.

The New Pavilion is, first and foremost, a refusal to continue with all of the nonsense that architecture has become. It is a zero re-set for the profession. Henceforth we get the bare minimum, a distortion in the system that swells to shelter us, and that will shrink again or disappear in time.

And yet, miraculously, the New Pavilion also refuses to look like poverty. Exploring the minimum, the pavilion nevertheless insists on industrial materials and a machine-tooled finish. Structurally, it is nothing more than a lean-to with a tarp roof—about as distant from designing rocket-shoes for starlets as you can get. This is architecture's equivalent of the 1-4-5 blues chord-structure off which 90% of punk rock built its culture

("Feels Blind" cleverly inverts this formula into a 5-4-1)—but its materials and the precision of its engineering invite a wholly other discourse than the one invited by, say, the work of Samuel Mockbee/Rural Studio or Oscar Tuazon. The New Pavilion does not trade in any coin except architecture, not even the paradoxical glamour of *arte povera*. It is architecture minus everything that architecture is not.

Poetry

Formally, the New Pavilion is a poem constructed with a purely architectural vocabulary. Poetry—with all of its complexity, its internal contradictions, its unresolvability, its compact concision and resistance to either mastery or complete surrender—a form that I understand to be relational, demanding a fully-engaged reader, yielding its meanings only via the vibrant agency of both writer and reader committed to a shared text—is the design process evident in the New Pavilion.

It is a powerful strategy and a useful research tool in all of the creative industries. Poems oblige all of us—author and audience—to live cheek-by-jowl with unresolved paradox, fear, hope and failure. We are, after all both ethical and rational creatures. We can't help but want to do right, to be virtuous, even while knowing we'll fall short. We will try and fail, and try and, as Beckett said, fail better.

Of the many "right responses" to the poem of Bjarne Mastenbroek I include the herb smokers, those who lay back in the hammocks and deepen their entanglement by smoking the dried leaves of the plant world that died to become their sacrament. I also include the daily ministrations of the guards who figured out which plants needed how much water and endeavored to give it to them, to lengthen their lives, even amidst such suffering, to save some, even if they could not save them all nor make life very much better. And I include the initial act, the architect's response to a challenging brief in the form of serious, deeper challenge. He followed his instincts to undefended assertions, the unresolved beauty of this peculiar structure. He took risks in public. He built here in the industry's old front yard, where it ought to matter.

Robert Smithson, in his last, most productive years, focused on the exhausted sites of old strip mines, using art to turn the dead residue of that industry into new life. His most completely realized project was in the Netherlands, near Emmen, where he built "Broken Circle and Spiral Hill," in 1971. Smithson had no interest in disguising the industrial past that defined his sites. He did not do as, say, James Turrell, find rich art patrons and troll for unencumbered real estate on which to impose his artistic vision. Smithson worked directly with mining companies and municipalities. His interventions are a kind of last phase of mining, after the industry arrives at its deepest contradictions—strip mining destroys the earth it profits from—his work finessed a future out of it.

In 1972, a year before his death, Smithson wrote, "a dialectic between mining and land reclamation must be developed. The artist and the miner must become conscious of themselves as natural agents. In effect, this extends to all kinds of mining and building. When the miner or builder loses sight of what he is doing through the abstractions of technology he cannot practically cope with necessity. The world needs coal and highways, but we do not need the results of strip-mining or highway trusts. Economics, when abstracted from the world, is blind to natural processes. Art can become a physical resource that mediates between the ecologist and the industrialist. Ecology and industry are not one-way streets, rather they should be cross-roads. Art can help to provide the needed dialectic between them."

It's possible that the industry of architecture has reached deep contradictions that are like mining's. The work is exhausted. Its renewal depends on a kind of intellectual jiu jitsu, like Smithson's, to redirect the considerable force that expended itself making rocket-shoes for starlets. I see Mastenbroek's pavilion as similar to Smithson's strip-mine recoveries. This is architecture, pure and simple. Mastenbroek does not mask its contradictions or brutalities; he finesses them into something possible, something with a future. And it doesn't look like much.

A Poem: Degrees of Gray In Philipsburg

When I'm not writing, I sometimes work as an editor. In that job I've got to handle incredibly important stuff I could easily ruin—that is, the prose of other writers. I think editors, like doctors, need to take a Hippocratic oath: "first, do no harm." Editors are charged with seeing a living thing into the world, making sure all the intelligence and style a writer tries putting into words survives the passage from their pen into print. Maybe all of us who live inside architecture are charged with something similar. I think so. We need to live up to it, especially when it challenges us.

Often writers give me material that's uncomfortable or deeply bothering. The good ones do, anyway. And over the twenty-five years I've been editing, I started to see that when a writer gives me lines or paragraphs that leave me unsettled, that cause problems, stuff I cannot get comfortable with, they're actually giving me the heart of the matter. I started paying close attention to my discomfort, and expressly not editing out or fixing whatever caused it. In the New Pavilion Bjarne Mastenbroek has bravely done the same.

The most urgent thing, the most dangerous thing, to do right now is to be intelligent in public, to be challenging, to stop being dismissive or mocking. The creative industry of our peers demands our intelligence and daring. We might not have money, but money is not the only kind of capital that circulates

here. Intelligence, dignity, respect, seriousness, are all crucial resources that we ought to apportion to the work and the people we value. To deny it, to withhold our intelligence and respect, our seriousness and our talents from those who beckon them, is a terrible waste.

The New Pavilion reminds me of another great poem about loss and promise in another industry in crisis—the silver mines of Western Montana. The poet, Richard Hugo, witnessed their mid-20th century collapse and wrote "Degrees of Gray in Phillipsburg," a poem as complex and hopeful as Bjarne Mastenbroek's pavilion. I'll close my part of the evening by reading it. After I'm done, we'll rise from our seats and go to the pavilion to hear Katia Truijen voice the pavilion's music in a different register.

"You might come here Sunday on a whim.
Say your life broke down. The last good kiss
you had was years ago. You walk these streets
laid out by the insane, past hotels
that didn't last, bars that did, the tortured try
of local drivers to accelerate their lives.
Only churches are kept up. The jail
turned 70 this year. The only prisoner
is always in, not knowing what he's done.

The principal supporting business now
is rage. Hatred of the various grays
the mountain sends, hatred of the mill,

The Silver Bill repeal, the best liked girls
who leave each year for Butte. One good
restaurant and bars can't wipe the boredom out.
The 1907 boom, eight going silver mines,
a dance floor built on springs—
all memory resolves itself in gaze,
in panoramic green you know the cattle eat
or two stacks high above the town,
two dead kilns, the huge mill in collapse
for fifty years that won't fall finally down.

Isn't this your life? That ancient kiss
still burning out your eyes? Isn't this defeat
so accurate, the church bell simply seems
a pure announcement: ring and no one comes?
Don't empty houses ring? Are magnesium
and scorn sufficient to support a town,
not just Philipsburg, but towns
of towering blondes, good jazz and booze
the world will never let you have
until the town you came from dies inside?

Say no to yourself. The old man, twenty
when the jail was built, still laughs
although his lips collapse. Someday soon,
he says, I'll go to sleep and not wake up.
You tell him no. You're talking to yourself.
The car that brought you here still runs.
The money you buy lunch with,

no matter where it's mined, is silver
and the girl who serves your food
is slender and her red hair lights the wall."

Thank you.