

# Halmoni Interlude

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“Where is Sellerbrücke?” This is the most important question in Puppy’s life at this moment. Puppy is late. It hates being late. Especially for this special occasion, when Puppy gave itself three times longer for the journey than the internet told it to, to make sure it would be on time. But it got lost and now it’s late. Puppy is supposed to be at Sellerbrücke by 16:30, and it’s 16:37. Puppy calls Party. They talk rapidly back and forth about the potential location of the bridge, while, at the same time, Puppy asks loudly to passersby, “Where is Sellerbrücke?!” No one seems to know. Party says that it is a “tiny bridge”, but there are many small bridges all around Puppy. As it is about to cross a small bridge to see if the performer, Marky, is there, someone calls Puppy from behind. It’s Marky. Puppy is so startled that it drops its bicycle. The loud crash makes two passersby pushing baby carriages let out a short cry. Puppy reports tersely into the phone, “The performer found me,” and hangs up. It’s cold.

Puppy is there as a single audience member for Marky’s performance, *Dirty Non-Dancing*. The performance description reads: ‘Feeling like a stripper with no clothes left to take off.’ Marky and Puppy have never met before. It turns out that Sellerbrücke is truly a tiny bridge tucked into a corner over a small artificial waterfall (or is it “a kind of a dam?”, as Party said on the phone). Marky turns on the music through a small speaker, which is all but inaudible to Puppy because of the continuous splashing of the water falling. It’s very cold. Marky is wearing a string vest, and as she slowly moves her body, her breasts keep falling out of the top. Puppy feels the urge to put the nipples in its mouth, as if with the instinct of a newborn. [ Omitted: Puppy’s other fantasies ] Marky is dancing on top

of a large sheet of transparent glass, and towards the end, she lifts the pane up vertically to gently move with it. As Puppy calmly watches the colourful make-up around her eyes, her slow movements, and her almost naked torso in this cold weather, it thinks how unique, bizarre, and wonderful human beings are. It wonders why, when many humans around it seem to be so beautiful, it should feel so lonely at times.

After the performance, Marky tells Puppy that she had to cut the performance short because she was so cold. She also adds that she couldn't go into any of the "dirty and spicy parts", which is what she "usually really works with". Hearing this, Puppy slaps its thigh very loudly several times and shouts, "I missed out!" The two of them, after sitting in the cold, chatting pleasantly, not being able to get into their "dirty stuff", part ways.

As Puppy cycle home, it thinks about Marky's comment that she didn't shiver at all because she got so much heat from performing. She was focussed. On the other hand, Puppy's mind was wandering widely and wildly. 'Same situation, two different people, two different experiences,' thinks Puppy, 'It's as if the other day when Tuna and I were by the lake. I was trying to relax, but Tuna seemed actually relaxed. I was surrounded by nature but it was as though Tuna was standing in the line of Kit Kat Club (A sex club in Berlin – Puppy has memories of nights when it sat on the kerb across from the club while drinking beer, watching a long line of people in collars and harnesses of various kinds, hoping to be let into the club).' The most magnificent outfit Puppy had ever witnessed in that line was a whole body unitard that exactly matched the skin colour of the wearer. The night was chilly and the wearer was initially wrapped in a long black coat with a black collar around their neck. As they approached the entrance of the club, they took off their coat, and for a moment, Puppy thought they were naked. When it registered what was happening, it felt a rush of joy at the marvellous sight.



“Tuna looks like she’s going to Kit Kat Club,” texted Thorny

When Puppy arrives home, a text from Thorny buzzes at its phone. It reads: ‘Fizzy sent me this video of a hot volcano expert. Thought you might enjoy.’ Some months ago, when Puppy and Party were drawing each other’s portraits while drinking tea, Fizzy called Party from a rural part of Iceland. Fizzy was shaken and needed someone to talk to because a powerful earthquake had just struck their area. They sent Party a video of a big house collapsing in front of their eyes.

The video of the hot volcano expert is lush. In the beginning, a news anchor talks in Icelandic with a very concerned expression. The screen soon splits into two. Another news anchor appears and starts talking with an equally grim expression. Then, we hear a short burst of jolly laughter coming from somewhere out of the frame. The hot volcano expert enters the second screen in dark blue work overalls, chewing gum. She is being interviewed. After just enough time has passed in order to carefully study the hot volcano expert's features, the screen turns to an overhead shot of an erupting volcano with sizzling lava flowing all around it. The hot volcano expert pops back on the screen and talks with a light and even slightly playful manner (we hear very loud machine sounds all around), and then walks out of the frame.

Dramatic things can happen to you suddenly. A house you've been living in for your whole life may turn into rubble in a minute. Your house may suddenly be in the path of a lava flow. You may turn your head for a moment and suddenly meet someone's eyes. It happened to Puppy.

On the very last Saturday night before the first hit of Covid in Berlin, Puppy was dancing alone in a small bar turned into an impromptu dance club. It was dark and crowded, and the music was great. The night was deep. Puppy was dancing happily, because Puppy loves to dance at night. Then, for a second, Puppy turned its head, looked back, and saw Sandy, who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. Their eyes met. In that moment, Puppy's entire body was suddenly struck by an arresting spark. When Sandy finally came over and swayed next to Puppy, who, by then, was distractedly bobbing up and down, it said to her, "You're very beautiful." What a pathetic and cringy cliché that sprung out of Puppy's mouth! Sandy replied, "You know when you see someone and feel something special? I felt that when I saw you." That night Puppy took Sandy home.



Some days after the performance, Puppy got Marky's number from Party, and asked, "Can you describe the dirty part, what you were going to do but couldn't do, in words?"

The following is what Marky wrote:

*dirty is the glass.  
dirty's what you see through the glass.  
dirty is the reflection on the glass.  
dirty is what is reflected on  
the  
the glass.  
dirty isn't nasty  
only gets real nasty if you've watched dirty dancing.  
dirty non-dancing  
might be the  
Time of your life  
to be*

And here is the first song that Puppy sang to Roamy under the full moon:

all sounds are the same  
my space is empty  
except you

마치 별이 너무 많은 밤하늘이  
나를 두렵게 했듯이

touch  
what I miss is  
touch

voice  
coming through my ears  
in colours

what am I missing in my space  
am I forgetting to miss something  
in an honest way

별이 없는 까만 밤