



MISCELLANY, OCT. 17, 1938

Coincidence In Detroit, year ago, Street Sweeper Joseph Figlock was furbishing up an alley when a baby plopped down from a fourth-story window, struck him on the head and shoulders, injured Joseph Figlock and itself but was not killed. Last fortnight, as Joseph Figlock was sweeping out another alley, two-year-old David Thomas fell from a fourth-story window, landed on ubiquitous Mr. Figlock with the same results.

Perfect Lover is a wearable, made on the occasion of Artists Print XII as part of a joint table with B09k at La Maison des Arts de Schaerbeek in Brussels, Belgium.

See also: "Untitled" (Perfect Lovers)

Qihang Li and Hannes Drißner,
Jan. 31 – Feb. 2, 2025

I read this news on the bus. On my way home, passing by the riverbank, a sloped one. I saw two moons. I turned my head, and there were two again. One overlapped the other, and the other had already moved to a new spot. It reminded me of a setup with three mirrors, their shadows differing: one sandy, one cloudy. I took a photo, but when I adjusted my angle to capture the 'another two', they disappeared.

I opened my notes and wrote down, "Two moons."
A ping-pong ball, two bones.

A horse began to run, its body covered with long,
combed grasses,
floating along with the wind.

The moon's disc and the sun's disc
just so happen to share the exact same diameter.

One moment, and another.
The left ear breathes toward the right ear.

I lay between two dreams,
in a very specific spot, right where I am lying now.
If you ask me where exactly,
it's where I woke up,
and found my hand injured, bleeding heavily.
There's a hole in the center of my palm.

This is a story of coincidences, not of twins, but brothers. In 1975, in Bermuda, a man riding a motorcycle was accidentally killed by a taxi. A year later, his brother met the same fate, in the same way.

