

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONES JOHNSONS OR HERE'S YOUR  
REALISM! OR THE MUCK OF MIMESIS OR THESE COUNT  
– STILL NOT – AS FICTIONS OR EFFERVESCENT DESCRIPTION  
CULTURE (FOR THE IMPOTENT) OR WHATEVER – THE AUTHOR\*

*“... I can only hope there are some few people like me  
who will see what I am doing,  
and understand what I am saying,  
and use it for their own devious purposes.”*

*B. S. Johnson*

## Bryan said:

A text is a text is a text is a ragbag.

### *Description of Bryan:*

Height: Approximately 6' 3".

Weight: Certainly more than 14 st. 10 lb. (although not less than that estimate).

Eyes: Dark Brown, but maybe blue or green, who cares? It's best if you just imagine your own Bryan. I've only seen black-and-white photos of him and so I'd have to say dark brown.

Complexion: Bryan said "pallid."

Hair: In existence.

Features: Present.

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\* This text was originally published under the title: A Pragmatic-Practical Version of the Paradigmatic Evolution of Modern Art and Literature, in: K. Wake/V. Nenek (Eds.): As Short as Disastrous. Our Twentieth Century, Quandary 2008, p. 142-145.

Collarband: A couple sizes bigger than me.

Disposition: Rejoiceful.

Bearing: Unruly with an affinity to Socialism (endearing).

Age: Demonstratably 26 to 27 years old.

Sex: Extremely male, generally.

Spectacles: As far as I can see none.

Teeth: Regular bare (there could be a space or comma there, it doesn't change anything).

Apparel: Long-sleeved elegance.

Overall impression: A lot. (Proper English! This is Literature!): This here is a fucking lot of Bryan.

*Nature of statement:* Exploratory-aggressive fits fairly well even if spell-check isn't familiar with the expression.

Another man who's also called Bryan said: That's fucked-up.

*Description of this Bryan:* Large.

*Description of description of this Bryan:* Pithy.

*Description of this Bryan in comparison to the other Bryan:* Pithier.

*Description of this Bryan in comparison to the description of description of the other Bryan:* Doesn't compute, due to division by zero.

[                      Space for further meta-reflections                      ]

*Nature of reply by the second Bryan:* Intentionally obscene. However, seems somewhat artificial...

... whereupon the first Bryan writes in his family tree. Something like: A text is a text is a text is fucked-up.

*While reading the crescendoing and reverberating tone of this remark:* Certainly unconvincingly flippant.

*Expression on the first Bryan's face:* Neither balked, nor abashed, nevertheless consternated in a particular way (Cf. Oxford Latin Dictionary, ed. P. G. W. Glare, 2004, p. 420: *consterno*<sup>1</sup>. To throw into confusion, confound, shock. b. to unsettle mentally, drive frantic).

On top of this, Bryan has an English but not particularly distinguished paleness, which in this case, of course, is not at all pejorative. The dear reader – we could call him Bryan as well – might (could it be any different?) at this point tend to think of an author, maybe even one in particular. This sort of assumption would definitely be heading in the right direction; however, it must be noted that in this case it has to be a writer and not someone like the writer of – shall we say – academic articles, a historian, for example, because then there certainly would have been mention of parchment colours at the appropriate time, according to which all of the following mental tendencies would have to have been oriented. By the way, historians aren't familiar with the subjunctive form.

Bryan II. said: Agreed.

*Tone of reply:* Unknown because it wasn't spoken, just written down.

*Purpose of reply:* To close this passage and to secure a modicum of peace on this textual battlefield in which I might be able, because my name is obviously not Bryan, to look down at the right hand corner of my computer and see what time it is because right here and now I'm sitting in the Deutsche Nationalbibliothek in Leipzig (formerly known as the Deutsche Bucherei) at 2:45 p.m. Central European time and, because of the prevailing architectural surroundings, I am unable to lean out the window as required to determine the time outside. (Bryan was absolutely right: "too little allowance is made for the undoubted effect of architecture upon people, of environment upon action or inaction")\*\*, but Bryan said that – please don't ask me now which one – at a later point. Because of that I would ask the gentle reader to forget this statement until further notice and instead remind me where I was.)

*Unplanned but welcome entrance by the reader:* You were talking (or writing) about the time of day, which, despite the aforementioned architectural problems and an almost unavoidable schizotopia, was not "the hour of day

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\*\* See B. S. Johnson: *These Count as Fictions*, in: B. S. Johnson: *Aren't Your Rather Young to be Writing Your Memoirs?*, London 1973, p. 111-123, here: p. 120.

indicated by the clock on the tower of Their Lady of the Assumption in Rathmines, suburb of Dublin”, but was still able to be established even if appears to play as little of a role in this story as the even slighter possibility of leaning out the window or the fact that no reader, except for the one that wrote (or said) this, would speak so complexly (or...), because the story continues with Bryan II., who said – I quote: “if I fall out of this window [...] you are to inform the nearest Garda station immediately.”

*Tone of the remark:* Feigned serious.

*Action on part of Bryan II.:* Claims to lean out even futher.

*Portion of anatomy poised on windowsill (described nowhere else in detail):* Head, around the forehead.

*Physical state of Bryan II.:* Apparently uncomfortable but in fact feeling quite well.

*Successful climax of action:* None. Bryan II. neither fell out of the window nor did he actually glimpse the clockface; besides, the time was already mentioned and is known by Bryan as well as me, even if there might be a certain schizochrony between us. And anyway, the extremely problematic problematic of the whole matter was already described – although possibly in a way not less problematic – in great detail.

*Method employed:* Most extreme prolongation.


*Subsequent necessity of treatment:* Heavy heady head-scratching.

Whereupon Bryan II., ignoring the previous digressions concerning schiziod time-space relationship without getting red in the face (after all, Bryan has, as described, fair paleness, just like all the figures here who remain richly pale and despite everything, i.e. also despite the impending reference from some random smart ass that the associative, referentially applied description – to quote myself - “not particularly distinguished paleness” refers to Bryan I. and not Bryan II.), said: “Twenty to five, if one can believe the Church in oh at least this one small particular.”

Whereupon Bryan I. said: The text is positively bursting with verbal repetition. Besides, it’s time for supper. (In light of the statement above it must be noted that there is some degree of agreement between the two Bryans with regard to the whole space-time confusion which means that the word schiziod, used exceedingly fondly in context this, is unfortunately not able to be utilized and therefore a further verbal repetition is not possible).

*Nature of the remark:* Chatty, hints at a – apparently caused by careless oc-

cupation of a windowsill – hyperactivity of various areas of the brain, leading to the wise excision of a large piece – text as well as brain – after all, this here – and some of the Bryans might agree with me here – should be a short story. Besides, a section about a woman, whom I could hardly call Bryan, is omitted without destroying the fiction or the arduously supported continuity of this story. Whoever doesn't like it doesn't need to feel like they're being cheated because there'll be another story later with instructions for the use of women. And for all of you that haven't gotten enough: you can read the omitted piece here<sup>\*\*\*</sup>, and as far as I'm concerned, much more...



So after the “said the woman,” including a life story, that is probably quite interesting, (possibly including a love triangle with the two Bryans), was left out and the – it should be noted, very accessible and literary in the highest sense – discussion of Irish licensing laws was done without (in addition to other thoroughly humorous curiosities which fall under the rubric “miscellaneous”), it would be wise, in light of certain inclinations, for the reader get a choice between multiple possible story endings.

But because one of the possibilities from one of the Bryans (or a third Bryan, who might have appeared in the omitted piece, which would mean a certain overcrowding of the *ménage à trois* hinted at; if the imaginative reader, however, believes that the missing piece of text has to be given an appropriate portion of the worst kind of filth and obscenity, that is solely his contribution), none of the possible endings for this piece, suggested by any Bryan, fit with the existing text, in fact, they fit so poorly that I am forced to leave them out; as a

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<sup>\*\*\*</sup> The very / at the very place / but not in that very story / in short / in a word / p. 94-110.

result, the idea of freedom of choice (and the last bit of hope for a favourable reception as well) is dead. Nevertheless, because I, as I might have not directly written at the beginning, but still meant, intended to pronounce my own truth, I will hand the reader, at this remote point, the moral of the story and to make it short and sweet say, almost painlessly,

Thanks

Bryan

*(Translation: Bradley Schmidt)*