

When artworks are sleeping. Resting in plain view behind glass, or hidden from sight. There are many artworks sleeping in studios and galleries at the moment. In what ways are your eyes still closed? (We are slowly coming to know one another). You have been making daily drawings of Roman structures for me. Rome was not built in a day and you are reminding me that neither are we. Are all the sleeping artworks slowly building new structures too? Finding new foundation and carving new ground? I like to think they are. They breathe in the silent gallery air and take on new meanings. She said that *most children will have regressed during this time*. Social phobias are abounding. The artworks, while sleeping, are not regressing. They are gathering momentum. They are dreaming. Building memory and resonance, waiting to conceptually pour. Photographs have continued developing on the gallery floor. The museum turns into darkroom. The studio becomes a silent womb. They are breathing quiet unhurried breaths, while we inhale laboriously under masks. Their breaths are more measured than ours. I wish I could rest within a dark gallery space. I want to slow down my breathing. There can be great prophetic power held within the lungs of an artwork. Pauline Oliveros suggests that we: *Take a walk at night. Walk so silently that the bottoms of your feet become ears*. My artworks are ears, listening to the world. My feet are artworks, walking to learn. My ears are simultaneously tired and hungry. I wish I could be a sleeping artwork momentarily. Hang me up on the gallery wall and let me rest. To take a step back from the world and from routine. To *pause, stop, subdue and consider*, after covering your body with speech. I need to take time by myself to process things. To come up against problems of language continually. To still be attempting to define things. Sometimes a pause in conversation is the only way forward. Sleeping is defined as the condition of being asleep - not much of an explanation. Any way that we hang an artwork will condition it. Any way that we present ourselves will condition us, and our surroundings. We are in constant methods of action, even when still. We are in modes of syntactical becoming. We are constantly cast through affect, when connecting with one another. We are always breathing together. What happens when we cannot touch? I shared a photograph of my sculptures in storage many years ago and labelled them as sleeping. She said, *sleeping, but activated*. History is marked with sad tales of artworks being seen and unseen. Sacred works hung in colonial halls await journeys of repatriation. Acts of war have cast grand works of the past and the artists of the future to eternal rest. At least there is safety to be found within our sleeping gallery spaces. Artworks still held within arms of curatorial care, most of the time. Like the artworks, I need the *absence of sound*. I need to spend whole days without talking. My throat needs to rest. Then I'll bask within your sounds. Give me a few moments. My feet are tired from listening and my mind is tired of trying to predict what is needed next. I want to melt into sonorous rhythms and get lost in acts of reading. While I explore, the sleeping artworks can hold my responsibilities.