



Slaapkoppen
(Sleepyheads)
by *Randall.C*

<http://comixinflux.com/influx/show/42>

Contributors

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Comix Influx - Spread The Words

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Sleepyheads

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*_Come lay thyself to sleep upon my back_ // _And
meanwhile I'll go on with steady pace_ // _I'll not pick up
a thing along the track_ // _For fear that thou wouldst fall
upon thy face_*

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Randall.C // Sleepyheads

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*??For Isa With whom I sleep?? // ??Recognition to and for?? // ??Frank Nuyts &
Mario Boon, who attended to my return to the world of comics with flying colours.
Johan Stuyck for blind faith. The Unselfish Friends of the Sleepyheads Direction
Comittee, for their time, appetite and never-ending encouragement. The Russian
Masters. Luc Cromheecke for insisting on colour. Steven Dupré, Champion of
Diligence and Discipline, Prohibitor of Telephone Answering during working hours.
Brecht Evens, Guardian of Artistic Integrity, Diminisher of Wine Rations. Isabel
Goossens, Nelli & Manou Casaer, endurers of absence, bringers of life and little
stars.??*

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East

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*(1) Remember Frank ? (2) He's got a dog. (3) Frank says
it *always* knows which way is east. (5) He claims it's
because the dog was born at the seaside. (6) So, the
sea was always on the same side in life, to the *east*.*

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*(1) Just imagine he was born on an *island*... (2) East
can be in all directions. Because the sea is *on all sides*
(3) The sucker wouldn't worry about east... (5) But he
would always know where *the middle* was...*

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*(1) Do you know which way is east ? // Or the middle ?
(3) Somewhere over there, probably.*

(1) *What are you reading ? // A book. (2) Ah. // Thats OK, then.*

The sea (in all its big damp)

(1) *Look. // That is the sea. (2) And that other big rigging over there is the sky.*

(1) *The clouds swim in the sky... // The way whales swim in the sea. // That's logical, isn't it ? (2) It's just... // The clouds don't sing. (3) Or only very quietly...*

(1) *You should try not to fall asleep... (2) Because the sea will come closer all the time...*

(1) *It looks like we're walking in the sea // Oh, well... (2) That's only because of all these fish... (3) That's all...*

Igor & Olav

(3) *Well ? // What's happening ? (5) I have *prelingual thoughts*...*

(2) *About what ? (3) About a horse (4) I think*

(1) *Goddammit, man ! // A *horse* !! (6) With all that whinnying.*

The end of the world (and deeper)

(2) *OK, OK, I admit it... (3) It looks as if we're really under water... (4) But I don't think that will last much longer. (5) See ? // I told you so ! (6) Land ! (7) With rocks and stones and everything !*

(1) *And, snap ! // This clearly is a wood. (2) And this is a stinking bog. (3) A mountain range. (4) And this is a typical plain. // It goes to show... // No two landscapes are alike.*

(1) *It's strange that we didn't bring any luggage... // Because we seem to be travelling somewhere,,, (2) Have you got any luggage ? (3) Oh, well... Me neither. It'll be all right. (4) Bock (5) Aw ! // What's wrong ? (7) *Oah !**

(3) *The end of the world ! (4) Wow ! (5) Come quickly ! // Let's turn around !*

(1) *Hey // Did you hear that ? // The end of the world spoke to me ! (2) It said : (3) "West is in the east." (4) Do you think that's true ? (5) You see... // The end of the world loves cracking jokes.*

(2) Look out ! (3) There's a hole here ! (4) Must be
seventy meters deep, at least ! (5) And I should know...
(6) I'm in it.

(4) Urbs (6) You can come out now ! It's gone ! // What ?
// The brontosaur. (7) Whatever... Brontosaurus don't
even exist... (8) Just suppose that everything you could
think of, really existed... // Hah ! // That would be a right
mess.

(2) How about we only use *verbs* today ? (3) Come
again ? // Verbs.

An inn for the night

(1) ... is that I accidentally end up in a dream that is so
deep... (2) ... and so well-documented... (3) That I
would believe that dream was life itself...

(1) Or just in a dream. (2) You see ? (4) Tell me...

Igor And Olav

In the belly of the beast (and back out again)

(1) I just hope nobody feels like pissing into this hole...
(2) Or that a wild animal falls in it... // A shark, for
instance... (3) Or a *brontosaur* // Ha ha ha !!! (4) Now,
that would be funny !

Igor & Olav (again, and not for the last time)

(1) Mothballing

(1) Aha ! // Look over here ! // A thickety forest ! // That
will make a good inn for the night ! (2) You know... (3)
The thing I fear most in the whole world...

(1) And that I would go to sleep in that dream // Because night comes...
(2) or because somebody says "It's time for bed you know !" // And that I
would dream again, // and go to sleep in that new dream as well, (3) and
so on, a handful of times, // until I lose count after a while. (4) And that
from then on, whenever I wake up... // I'll never really know anymore
whether I'm really awake.

(1) Did you know that a ladybird only mates... // with
partners that have exactly as many dots. // Strange, huh
? (3) Come on // Just go back to sleep...

(1) Come on ! // Let's change all this water into wine ! (5)
How about *beer*, then ?!

(3) Come on // Can't sleep with all that mating. (4) I just meant...
// How do you know you're really awake when you wake up... //
When you're in pain, perhaps... // Aw ! // Let go ! (5) I think you
can also just think you're in pain... // without it being real... // It's
more like some kind of gag, then...

(1) Like when you're afraid of something that's not there.
// For instance, an animal that doesn't exist.

(9) Is it me, or is it really dark in here ?

(1) Row, Row, Row your boat, Gently down the stream...
// Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream... (6)
It's no use... (10) You just need to go to sleep ! // Here
are some pillows. I'll tell you a story.

(1) Which didn't work out that well. // Oops... // Sorry ! (2) We met a nice
lady. (3) She let us ride with her. // She claimed she was 346 years of
age. I couldn't possibly believe that. (4) Wherever we went, villagers
came to see the woman for advice and herbal potions. (5) To me, it was
all fine and dandy. (6) But the girl remained sad. (7) One evening the
woman asked the girl to look into a mysterious little black box.

(1) I was incredibly hungry. (2) Hunger in my belly, and hunger
in my teeth. (3) Hunger in my eyes, and hunger in my limbs. (4)
And hunger in my head. I took so much to me that I understood
that eating everything would not satisfy the hunger. (5) And so I
went to look for the woman again.

(3) You guys asleep yet ? // Yes ! // Good ! (4) Then I'll
put the light on. (8) Come on !

(1) There's the sea again ! (3) I suggest we find a boat. //
Splendid plan ! (4) Look ! // Here's one !

(1) Or when you're afraid you've lost something... (3) But
you still have it... (4) Then being afraid would just be silly.
(5) But of course, you only know that when you know it.
(6) Look ! A beautiful cave ! (7) We can sleep safely
here... // Come on (8) Good night !

(1) Yes (4) I wish there was a light somewhere around...
// Me too... (6) I wish you were a light... // Or a switch.
(8) Aw ! (10) Maybe we should sing a little song, and
then a light will come... // OK.

(1) I was travelling around in those days, with a sad-eyed
girl. (2) She was probably travelling around because of
those eyes. (3) I was along for the fun of it. (4) And to
cheer her up.

(1) The next morning the girl was gone. (2) With something else in her eyes than
sadness, probably. (3) What was in that box ? // Oh... // A bit of this, a bit of that, a bit
of the other. (4) One day my hostess asked me why I stayed with her. (5) I am a dog,
and I stay with whomever I'm with. (6) Hihi ! // You stay with whomever you think
you're with. (7) She gave me a box to look into, as well... // What do you think is in
there ? // Hunger ! (8) There you are ! You're no longer a dog - you're a wolf. // You're
hungry. (9) I immediately ran away, because I swear : I would have eaten her alive the
very same night.

(1) And she brought me to a dark hole in the ground. (2) And there I received a little
pipe and a task. // Stay here until you know where your arm ends and your hand
begins. // Or the other way around... (3) Stay here until you know where your arm
ends and your hand begins. (4) And so I sat there, and stared at my hand and my
arm. (5) I don't know for how long... Time only exists when there's enough light to see
the difference between day and night. (6) And after the fire had gone out, the
darkness was as dark as the thickest thicket in the thickest of night. // Dark as hell... (8)
And then I fell asleep. // I think.

(1) I know where there's a way out... (2) It's too tight for me,
tough... (3) Here we are ! // Maybe you'll get through (4) It looks
easy, why don't you give it a try ? // Maybe the hole has gotten
bigger ... (5) Nnnggrr ! // Argh ! It's no use ! (6) Take off your
cap ! // Hey ! // Look here !

Igor & Olav

(1) Look ! // Do ye see those clouds ? // They look like horses' heads (2) Or - no ! // A circus woman ! She works with horses. She throws herself to the feet of the mighty circus boss. // But he turns her down. (3) So the next night she does her dressage act completely in the nude, like a Rubensian goddess. All the men in the steaming circus tent have red ears and necks. // The number is breathtaking and grandiose. (4) But then at the very last moment, during the dangerous finale, in which she performs a grand-écart, astride on two wildly galloping horses, while she plays an Edith Piaf tune on a flute... (5) ...She falls ! // She breaks both her hips and her tail bone. She immediately knows she'll never ride a horse again. (6) She cries. // And a little boy from the audience comes to her and shyly smells her hair. // He whispers something in her ear but she doesn't understand.

(1) Oh, well... // I don't know... (2) To me, they're still horses' heads.

The Spaniard

(1) Do you see that ? (2) What ? // Where ? (3) What thing ? (4) Aw... // Nothing // Never mind... (6) My great-grandfather lived with the Senoi indians in South America // He was the local shaman's pet.

(1) The Senoi lead a quiet and peaceful life near a large river. They pick fruit, hunt sweet animals and catch fish with a spear. Changed "nice" to "sweet" to imply the tastiness. (3) One day a Spanish ship sails up the river. (4) But the indians don't see the ship. // What you don't know, you can't see. // Until that day there was no need for a concept such as "ship". (5) They do notice the strange rippling in the surface of the water. And they ask the shaman for an explanation.

(1) The shaman retires to his hut, where two virgins give him a ritual massage while he partakes in a magical cigar. (2) During the conversation with the spirits, he learns about the idea "sailing ship". (3) The shaman shares his knowledge with his tribesmen. // And then they too are able to see the ship. (4) And its crew.

(1) Three weeks later the Senoi tribe is history. (2) Due to the fact they had no way to comprehend *gold fever*. (3) Who knows what's +around+ that we can't +see+...

Sailor, rising from the deep (Natasha)

(1) Goat's cheese ! (2) Hmm... (4) Sausage and beans. (5) Borscht (6) German beer. // Lentil soup ! (7) Dancing to accordeon music. // Bacon ! (8) Hm.

(2) A steam bath ! (3) And of course : (4) Getting a blow job !!! (5) From *Natasha* !!

(1) Not from Natasha ! // Natasha is mine ! // And besides : // Natasha doesn't do blow jobs. (2) Oooh ! // How strange... (3) And she gave me one ! (4) Where ?!

(1) All over ! (2) In the corn. (3) On the bus (4) In the cantine's kitchen. (5) In the cantine's latrine. (6) Together on a horse. // And in the stables. // Behind the stables.

(1) At the sergeant's wedding party. // And at Ivanov's. (2) At Goran's, the beekeeper. (4) At Miroslav's funeral... // Seven times. (5) Good afternoon, natives ! // Who is Natasha ? // Anyhow ?

(1) Na! Ta! Sha! Is! Mine!! (2) Natashaaa !!! // I'm coming ! (4) Bravo ! // Splendid jump, comrade !

(1) Well ? // Did Natasha give good blow jobs, then? (7) Like a Catalan whore with a mouth full of warm butter. (10) On the submarine, that was the problem...

(1) Two months later, our goal was within reach. // I can smell the gold already, sailor. // That's why I'm setting ye free. // I'll be need every pair of hands. (2) Have ye considered what ye could do with a pile of gold like that, sailor ? // Yer wildest dreams are probably about sausage and liquor and fat women... // ... and about having someone to scratch yer back in yer dying days. // Ha ha... // Oh, sailor... // If reptiles like you could rise above your normal thoughts for just a second... // ...free of habit, rank, class, morality, courage, law, trifle and practical grievances... // ... free of the ant's brain that keeps ye captive... // If gravity were the only law, sailor... // ... then, what would ye wish for ? (3) Captain ! // Come quickly ! // You've got to see this ! (4) it's a real spectacle.

(1) But by nightfall the whole colony set itself in motion. // Holy Virgin of Bratislava ! (2) What is that ? // A mating dance ? (3) If that's what it is, I hope we don't look like a sperm whale cow... (4) No ! (5) It's not a mating dance ! They're going to sleep ! // ... My late uncle Davor used to swear by Lenin's grave that he had often seen herrings sleep upright. (6) But he also claimed he saw a mermaid twice, so we kicked him with our boots whenever he started with talk like that. // Pfah ! Most uncles deserve a good beating now and then.

(1) But the recoil drilled us even deeper in dead trouble. (3) "In dead trouble for good", I really should say. (4) I dived into the first hole I could find. (6) Like I usually do.

(1) I shall not die here ! // That is a given ! (2) When I was twelve, I hunted in the forests of South Siberia at the side of Silent Petrov, the best hunter in the world. (3) One day I was surprised by a she-bear. Certain of my death, I was paralysed with fear. Petrov saved me. (4) I expected to get a good rollicking, or a punishment, like chewing Petrov's boots to keep them supple. // Close your eyes, little rat. (5) But Petrov did something else... // ... I show you your death. (6) There. // If you so choose, this was the last time you've ever been afraid... // Period. (7) So I know my death, sailor ! // And this is not it ! // Come on !

(1) I suggest... (2) We keep it that way ! (4) The gold is mine ! (6) Well, comrade ? // Now what ?

Under the water, On the water, Out of the water* // *And home

(1) Two days after we left Murmansk, Olav was locked up in one of the torpedo bays. Everybody had enough of his long face. // Pfah ! A face like that is contagious. (2) Especially when you expect to see nothing but each other's faces for the next few months. (3) Olav couldn't help it, he said... He was thinking of Natasha. (4) So what, everybody was thinking of Natasha... (5) Everybody, except for the captain, who had his mind solely on our mission. (6) Salvaging the sunk carrier Uspenski's cargo : a fabulous amount of gold. (7) Enough gold to supply a whole continent of sailors and stevedores with vodka for seven lifetimes. // Twelve crates a day ! // Absolutely !

(1) By Stalin's greasy moustache ! (2) Sperm whales ! // At least a hundred ! // Huh... // Like clouds... (3) Reaching the wreck of the Uspenski through that forest of giants was impossible. // Hmm... // OK. (4) We'll give the fat bastards 24 hours to complete their mating parade. (5) And if they're not gone by then... // ... we'll provide the fireworks.

(1) Captain ! // We're surrounded ! (2) The sperm whales forced our submarine to an upright position. (3) As if they thought we had made a deal and sleeping was a communal activity. (4) It's just we weren't thinking of sleeping at that time. // Captain ! // We're cracking up ! (5) Torpedoes ! Launch everything we've got ! (6) The captain hoped that force from the recoil would free us from our precarious predicament.

(2) The whole boat cried, screamed and cracked. (3) I thought I would suffocate from fear. (4) After a while the screaming of the boat changed to moaning, hissing and sputtering. (5) And a muted beating every so often. (7) Quit shivering, sailor ! // Ye shall not die here !

(3) The captain and I were picked up by Portuguese whalers, the same guys who had fished Olav from the brine. (4) Did I say "the brine" ? I meant, "the sea", of course. (5) I hope you have kept silent about the gold, sailors. (6) Naturally, captain. // We have kept silent like two dead cossack horses. // Hmm... // Keeping silent like dead horses... // That's good !

(1) We could keep our mouths open and hope a fish jumps in. // Or take a nap. (2) That's a better plan. // It's been a long day. (3) Good night. (4) And that's it. // We woke up in this place.

(6) If I touch ye, it is as to write words on yer exterior. (7) "Sheep skins" // "Egg shell" (8) "Thorny rose" // "Raisin" (9) To decorate ye with gestures. // To dress ye as a godlike goddess. (10) Or as a butterfly. Ye can choose.

(1) If I touch ye, It is in order to paint ye. // In the colors of famous artists. (2) Klee // Matisse // Klein (3) Klimt (4) To blind me with yer spectacle I touch ye. (5) And also to thrust ye to the stars... (7) Through yer hole.

(1) Paw of Bear // Tail of Horse (2) Bud of Rose (3) Fin of Fish (4) Mouth of Lips (6) Ye know what, birdy... (7) Sleeping is for sissies.

(1) No ! (3) You feel like saying your hand starts at your pulse, don't you ? (4) But you hold that back... // ... because you know the next question : // Where does that pulse begin ? (5) Maddening, isn't it ? (6) Shhh... Let it pass. (7) Watch closely, there's no boundary.

(5) What was that ? (6) I dunno... the dog just plopped. (7) Er... I think it's a wolf.

(1) Oh, snot... (2) It's the Portuguese ship ! // With a whale in tow.

(2) Maybe they are around, but we don't see them. (3) Who ? (4) The Portuguese and the captain of the sub. (5) I hope we +don't see+ them, and that they +aren't even here+. (6) Well, helmsman? // Where does the voyage lead us ? (7) To the horizon as far as I can see.

(1) Then, where are they, your Portuguese ? // Sailed home without a ship ? (3) If they can do that, they are indeed keen men. (5) Maybe they just plopped... (7) Friends ! (9) Let's not talk about plopping, please !

(1) I will... // HNK. // make the pieces smaller. (3) Oh ! // Another little piece for the fire ! // Sweet ! (5) Come on ! // The fire is hungry ! (6) Hola ! // Wait a minute... (7) I know this scene...

(3) Hello, little sailor. (4) Seek ye the hole to the stars ? (5) Come along with the mermaid. (6) My mouth is the gate. (7) Ye are an egg, sailor. // Ye are full of foam. (8) Yer shell needs cracking.

(3) Do you have it too ? // That feeling... (4) ... that we're only thrashing around ? (5) A little, er, pointlessly ? (6) And do you think that's because we don't understand any of it ? (7) or... (9) ... because there's nothing to understand ?

(1) Boundaries are silly. You made them all up yourself. (2) You think something only exists once you've caged it inside a little word. Hihi. // A trapped bird is no longer a bird. // Stop your trapping. (3) There's no line between being awake and sleeping. (4) Green is blue. The current is the sea. (5) The valley is the mountain. (6) The branch is the tree. (7) Forget the little boundaries. (8) They're only +frayed ends+ (of a very big rag). (9) *It's easy !*

(1) "Plopped" ? // Plopped, indeed. Just like that. All of a sudden. Spontaneously. (2) "Automatically", perhaps ? // Er... // Yes.. // That too ! (3) I don't believe any of it. // You plopped him, you pig. // But Olav ! // I don't even know how to plop. // The dog just did it. // I don't know what plopping is... (4) Not to worry ! // I'll show you immediately ! // Automatically ! // Oh ! // Wha-

(1) It could be a sperm whale, too... (2) *Helloo !* // *Anybody home ??* (3) Or a black elephant... // Or a very fat bowler hat... // But not a bug ! // It's too big for a bug. (6) Full speed sternward !

(1) Can't we just go somewhere for real ? // Eastward, perhaps ? (2) Ha ! // That's going to be tricky, comrade ! (3) According to the compass, east would be somewhere... // ... over there ! (4) Oh ! // A strange spot for a quarter... (5) Are you sure about the compass ? (6) Yep ! // It's a Portuguese compass... (7) The Portuguese are the Da Vinci's of seafaring.

(2) Wow ! // Easy, helmsman ! // But ! // I'm not doing anything ! (5) Hey ! // Look ! (6) The little ship is bouncing ! (8) Maybe it doesn't like little Portuguese... (9) And hop, we're going east after all. // It's easy when everything works automatically.

(6) Aha ! // There ye are ! // Look ! There's nothing anymore ! // It's dark all around ! (7) Yes. // I know.

(1) It'll pass... (9) Booh ! (10) Boohoo

(1) Hoo hoo ! // I want to go home (2) Aaaahrr (3) I'll help you go home !! // You gloomy pig ! (5) That doesn't help... (6) That cloud consists mostly of smoke. (8) Oops !

(2) Doomness ! // Damnation ! (5) Badness ! // Sorrow !

(8) Strange...

(1) At first, I thought "Oops, we're falling !" (2) But that could also be : // "Hey ! We're flying !" (3) Because we're flying just as much as falling. (4) So : // Look ! We're flying ! // Haha ! (5) it's unbelievable ! (6) Ha Ha (7) But I believe it all the same !

(2) I believe it ! // I'm flying ! // Haha. // Hahaha. (9) Hehe... (10) Funny. (11) It was just as if I heard laughter

(1) from within the flowers ! (3) Funny, no ?

(2) Splatch (3) Splatch