

# Chip ‘n’ Dale



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Where have my thoughts gone now, up a tree? Say I rub myself on the bark, on the trunk, as the fabled philosopher supposedly did: Do you think I’d be able to find something in my poor head? It’s such a misery, thinking—you have no idea! Before long I’ll be hearing the voices of animals I never rub myself on, only love. I pet them. They speak so sweetly to each other, no need for me to understand what they’re saying. Take Chip ‘n’ Dale, for example: the two California chipmunks from those 1950s *Micky Maus* magazines (do those even exist anymore?), they loved each other so much. They were always there for one another. Not a single thing stands between Chip ‘n’ Dale: there’s no water in those two and nothing too deep. Yes, they’re a couple, that much is obvious. No need to lay claim to or even know the other’s sex; its availability to both is such a matter of course that it makes no difference. Each has one, sure—but can also take on the other’s whenever they feel like it, nothing changes either way. There’s no other ‘munk and no other sex for them; they take what they have, these modest little creatures who can always take the measure of one other in an intuitive sense, for granted even, but never have to measure or have something measured. Unlike snakes they don’t need to constantly tongue each other, every second, to see the other in each other. Each is already the other to themselves in one, main characters who don’t have to be silent, but can be. Chi-chat-chi chi they say—that’s their love language flowing out of them as naturally as it could possibly be, utterly self-explanatory, not just two animals in one but two sexes in one, too. Even though each has their own, which is satisfied just by their existence. If ever there was a tender couple, it is them. Nothing else in love would do after seeing them together for the first time as a child. No need to demand trust from each other because they always give it anyway, freely, anytime, without one ever having to hand over a voucher that the other has to make good on. It’s enough that they love each other, those two: love each other completely. They make use of their bodies (not in a sexual sense), their bodies complement each other as one, without them even needing to do anything for it or



work with their bodies and each other at all. A love that neither excludes nor includes the other but is, on the contrary, the one *and* the other: a matter that they undertake together without any mutual imposition ever. They are two and one in one—but not because love for each other has made them stupid and too lazy to distinguish themselves. They are duality without discord. There is certainly a kind of cleft that can get interesting in certain situations, but since it doesn't titillate, it doesn't figure much into the body's inclinations. These bodies give no cues—not because they themselves are never called, but because they are always already there; theirs is a mutual cueing, a call without any having to sound. To all appearances, Chip 'n' Dale are actually two (simultaneously a double?) physical manifestations that relate to each other—interrelate, as it were—for as long as it takes for this manifestation to happen, without having to assume any one form or the other? No, they're forms, no manifestations necessary. Two darling animals. One always knows what the other is going to do or say, and vice versa. One always finishes the sentence the other started. If the second chipmunk chimes in too late because the sentence was short and the first one, who started, already finished saying it (“Please Chriiiistmas don't be laaaaaaaate..!”), then the second will respond with an echo that at once embodies and represents love (but never forcibly “makes it!”), coming in with “Aaaaaaaate, Aaaatte, Aaattte.” They have fur on their bodies and look very much as though their never having existed would be dire, the gravest of harms. They are one, over our heads, everything we slender, well-trained, well-built people who could easily be captured in photographs in the newspaper want to be, were they ever to make it there, or even on TV, the ultimate technology through which we can really be something. It is there, on a talk show or peep show, that we can show who or what we are and what we're made of. After all without showing it, we'll never know, and it is in showing ourselves there that our form becomes hopelessly beautifully garbed and thereby transformed into something we really don't recognize, now less than ever. In other words: If we want someone to love us, then we have to strive to be someone. And the only one who might have come into question in that sense loathes us more than ever after seeing us on TV. Chip 'n' Dale don't need to be anyone or anything; they don't need to be garbed or done up with doodads, they don't need to accessorize. Theirs is a desireless love, and should One express a desire after all, then you can be sure Two has already desired the same thing or wants exactly the same thing at that exact moment and repeats One's desire themselves right after—or rather, with just a slight lag. An echo, albeit one that comes before the words have actually been uttered. An uncanny reversal of processes that are uncanny because they are disconnected insofar as and although they are in fact inseparable. Just as the world is made more uncanny by the possibility of annihilation, but not by annihilation itself—the threat of which has basically always only loomed, it has for decades now, maybe more so now than usual. In their repeating, their laggy echo, is the true fidelity we're all



looking for. They even share their little nuts with each other, but that goes without saying. Why even mention it. They are almost as unified as God, except that God needs three Persons to accomplish the same thing. Here it's just the two humanimals, and there'll never be a pause in their love, or their speech, for that matter. It just is. Their loveableness never put anyone off or put them out. They are perfectly attuned, those two. One's probably a girl, I think to myself, the other a boy. But I can't tell which is which. Never rush to judgment based on nature, and if you do rush to judgment, be judicious with it. Such distinctions can only ever keep you from understanding the world. Just grab your body determination book and look at these animals, at their physical being, sex and all (one is larger and has this huge pink



nose, but I can't tell now which is which), primary and secondary. It isn't as sensory objects that they get their value, but as things imbued with something else, and it's that something else that interests me—an added plus that can be neither sensed nor seen. And for which nothing is paid, and on which no one will cash in. The animals do get something from it, but it doesn't make them any more valuable, except maybe to each other. And so the world around them drains out, gives way. I renounce my view of nature; I'm giving it up and giving it away. If you want it, be my guest! The Who and the What are one and the same thing with these two and are—rare as it is—in absolute agreement. Did you know



there's no halting their course, although it's possible to alter the course of entire, giant rivers? They are a course in themselves, these two, just one coursing into the other; well, maybe in one another they might veer off course, experience a lapse, overlap, lose their boundaries; they are, after all, one in two, and it is precisely there, in each other, that they never lose their way. Although they don't know where one of them ends and the other begins. They don't lose themselves in each other, even though they are not separate. Their groundedness is lost, they live up there in the tree, their nut reserves enclosed in a room of their own, close at hand, and they need no new ground or soil that might be lost or maybe even returned, and upon which a new being, their (true?) being could begin to grow—they don't need any of that. It is precisely in the fact that nothing happens that they continue to be there for each other, that they are preserved for each other. That's love, I think: the fact that nothing happens. Although something could happen at any moment, even the gravest threat, the extremest of dangers. It is precisely in the fact that nothing happens that love happens, so it's there when we need it. At some point they want to sing Christmas songs, Chip 'n' Dale (together, of course, as it should be, how it should be), and since they belong together, they sing, Christmass Christmass tiimme...iime... and unfortunately they sing it in front of Uncle Donald's house, and they're not all that musical, they don't sing very beautifully. Donald isn't musical either, but he knows unpleasant music when he hears it; he actually hears especially well because no one ever listens to him (his nephews know better; it always ends in catastrophe when they do), so he himself has to listen, but never listen to himself—and feel too, more often than not, although he listened. So Chip 'n' Dale, in their animal defenselessness, sing their songs and are exposed to the cunning Donald, they are at his mercy just as humans have been at the mercy of superior technology since its inception (or so they imagined back in Donald's and his friends' day; these days no human is at anyone's or anything's mercy anymore; the human being has emptied itself, has become an empty surface that can't even do so much as repeat something another has said, can't lag-say it, let alone add to it, because that would involve having heard or even guessed what the other might have said), and so humans are at the mercy of technology, at the mercy of thought, which can already do calculations even though it keeps being held back in the first grade because it can't imagine the involved numbers, can't conceive of them, thinking can't even conceive of itself. So this subjugation means there's no way to recognize the world from an outside perspective, no way to gain the degree of certainty that comes from calculation, that was conceived on the basis of a judgment of nature that would allow humans to get it back. Only now it looks completely different. Basically it no longer looks like nature. Oops, looks like calculating nature (its calculability?) destroyed the whole thing! There they are, the two of them, sitting in their tree smack in the middle of nature, and they never have to give up their encounters with co-nature, not yet anyway, even as technology is



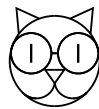
already heading their way. Chip ‘n’ Dale are the most unassuming of opportunities to be, and to be thoughtful. After all, only one of them has to think at a time, and they always alternate their thinking, one after the other, while the other repeats what the first has said. The two don’t have their feet firmly planted in reality, they are sitting in their tree. They don’t need to keep an eye on their works or what they’ve done because they’ve gathered nuts, and they have their storage space for those little nuts, and that’s in the tree, too, and the two ‘munks don’t need any signposts for that tree. Not only are they physically hanging onto the branches as they climb, they’re also emotionally hung up on their concepts, their ideas, which are all somehow nut-shaped and filled with intense, high-concentrate love, and it is on this conceptual limb that they keep climbing, upwards, but not to get, have, or give a concept or idea of themselves; what they want is to give up any ideas or preconceptions they might have about each other—but again, only to each other. Their rapport is a simple and calm one: the idea is to do everything together, come what may, would that have been what once was. They don’t need a fridge in the nut space where their reserves are kept. They don’t need devices at all. Each lets the other into their world; each is of the other’s world; they don’t shut the other out, externalizing them as if they were foreign objects, mere devices to be used or not. They let each other in at any given second, each into the other. That’s the difference between them and us: that they each allow the other into themselves without reservation, without anyone ever having to leave anything out. And they have to show this serenity (they aren’t, by any chance, siblings, are they? No idea, could be) in their mutual love, show it themselves and to each other—precisely because they don’t need to show up or show or prove anything to each other or themselves (the nuts belong to both of them!). They don’t have to help each other, either; they ARE the other’s help, because they don’t rely on one another—or they do rely on one another, but never being apart, they don’t know what that even means, have no idea what it is to so utterly rely on someone, there being no place-shower to show them to a place like that, there’s just their hollow in the tree. There is (given they have nothing, only each other) no world that they let in that would simultaneously remain on the outside, there are no things to set as absolutes or to be operated by superior beings, where is the transcendence in that... Chip ‘n’ Dale are at once Yesyes and Nono, just as your speech should go; they refer to nothing that requires operation (devices!), they only refer to each other, they relate, and since they are one, this relationship is also a perfect one with themselves. They don’t even need a relationship to the nature they live in, because while they are animals, they’re also not. They are action and inaction at once. They don’t have to do anything. They don’t have to change or transform anything, not even themselves. And because they have no relationships, either with other animals or with nature as such, because they can’t imagine any meaning that such relationships might have, because they don’t even have a relationship with each other, they just are



are are—the meaning of our own life remains utterly shrouded in darkness, which I always thought was really uncanny because it is so exposed. Anyone alone is exposed, they're vulnerable and at the mercy of something, be it an atomic bomb—the power of which also comes from nature, and which has been hanging over our heads for decades and may soon arrive to hide us all from ourselves in a catastrophe while Chip 'n' Dale keep concealed in their cozy den, the den in which they simply are togetherness. I don't know. I don't know their secret. The atomic bomb is an even bigger secret because Chip 'n' Dale are actually pretty small, but I don't know; it's a big secret where the so-often-demanded sense is: that of being one—a secret, exactly. I don't know how these two chipmunks manage to be a secret. To me, at least, they are a secret. Then again, if the point of a secret is to eventually be revealed, then maybe they're not a secret after all. Just as the fact that the bomb hasn't exploded yet (though it could at any moment) only makes it more dangerous; the fact that Chip 'n' Dale are not giving up their secret makes it all the more impenetrable. I know these two darling animals by sight, by seeing them. So they don't really exist. I saw them in my childhood, meaning they could come back any time—which only adds to their mystery.

## BIO

Elfriede Jelinek is the author of numerous novels and plays and lives in Vienna. She was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 2004.



Wild Papers editor: Ingo Niermann  
 Translation from German: Amy Patton  
 English copy-editing: Rosanna McLaughlin  
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