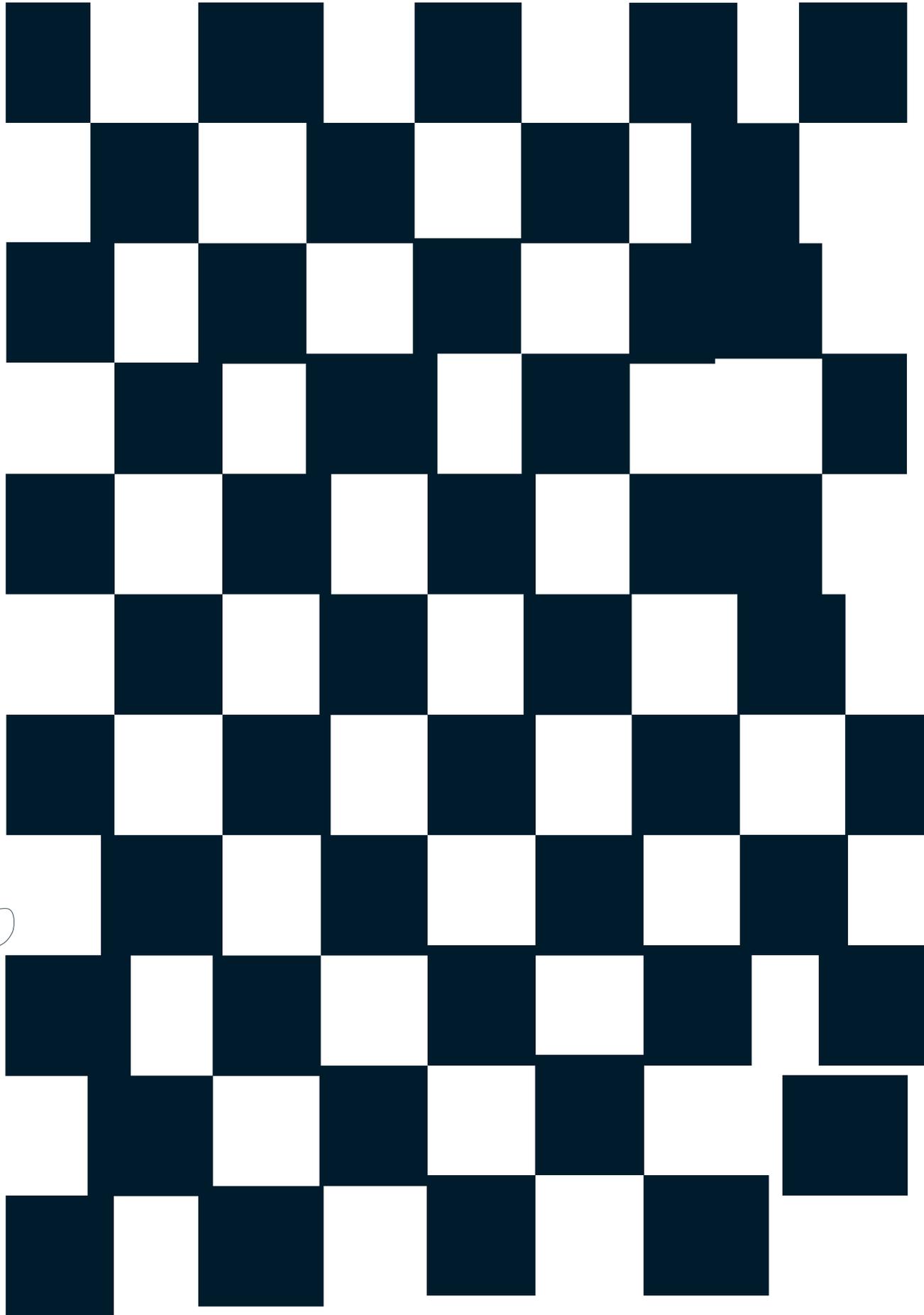


I
will tell you
a story, I never did this
before, at least not in this way.
it is a story about the intertidal zone.
it is a story about friendship, it is not a
story about friendship, well I can tell you,
to understand it you have to know this: most of
the day while I'm working and not working I spend
time looking at objects.
more or less attractive objects, objects that are desirable
or bleak or barren or that no one really cares about, some
objects look like art.
it doesn't matter, so many objects are there to see, and they
all look really really good, don't they? they get me really
excited, this is where I always get lost . . . yet while I scroll
and scroll these objects talk to me, they say:
sometimes you confuse consuming and producing, but
it doesn't matter, we promise you, you are going into a
big construction period which will push you towards
the future energetically, you'll run into it all: luck,
creativity, success, likability, sellability, celebratability.
you can be a producer of consumers, you can be a
consumer of products.
you can have it all, love and affection will embrace
you, and while this sounds totally intriguing this
makes me feel really sad, but I still can't detach
myself, undead objects are floating around me and
the days seem long and dark and senseless, the
objects become giant monsters, they suck me in
and drag me along, oh please objects let me go!
let me go!
but not all days are like this, one day an object
came along and it whispered in my ear: we
are not objects at all, no we aren't, and this
time could be yours, but it isn't, because
you can't deal with space as it is and
endlessly fantasize about how you
wish it could be,
take heart

that
the outrageous
will come and meanwhile
consider serving your tribe by
caring for your self, uncover and
unlock some of your stashed selves,
get over the anti-conformist paranoia and
insecurities that keep you from exiting the
aquarium and dip into the wide waters of the world.
the day this jpg was whispering to me she was a happy
day, in this very moment I realized that these objects are
only stand ins!
And that I'm a mussel too, I like large groups, the salty
breeze of the ocean, movement is simple, it's just you,
mostly you are just hanging around, ~~waiting for the judge~~ heads
out with your big tongue and get whatever you need to
survive, everything feels simple and you are happy, but
then again there are other days, un-mussel days
then you are not a mussel at all,
you might spend your time sitting on the sideline bench,
don't get me wrong: this is also not such a bad place to
be, you get a lot of cool photos hanging out with your
friends, you don't have to get all sweaty and all and
you can watch the game, if you play for the top clubs
you can even get great blankets and jackets that keep
you warm when winter is coming, mostly you only
get called into the game last minute,
then you are asked to show all your athletic
proves, perform all the tricks, invest what you
can, maybe other players were not available, they
were injured, their parts were lying around in the
field or they just went to another club, a different
league, sometimes though it gets cold on the
bench for all the blankets and jackets, the
chitchat is boring and stale, everyone sitting
there is smarter about the game than the
game itself, the judging is harsh inside
and outside, but who is the judge,
there are also other traps
and pitfalls.

sitting
on a side bench
might imply that you don't
know what kind of mussel you
are, you may not be the real thing,
you're not playing the game properly,
you don't understand the rules or you
misinterpret them, but what if you don't believe
in the real thing? and cynicism is not an option? the
objects whisper: but this is how we screw them it's all
tricks there are no heroes there are no winners
its all bullshit no saints no geniuses
only dirty tricks and fairy tales make the game
go everyone just wants to hang on and
to strike lucky all the rest is just shit
all right I'm with you about the losers
you know, this is when the good joke you wanted to tell
gets stuck in your throat, this is when fear creeps in,
Ronaldo is very fearful too, He doesn't like the bench
so much, he wants to play the game all the time, he
felt true pain after Lionel won the golden mussel for
the 4th time, after the second and third he already
thought he would not go there anymore, the world
was upside down, it seemed unfair, Ronaldo for sure
can be ridiculed easily, but from where I stand he's
a hero in all the hairdressers shops, he stands out,
he wants to win all the prizes and all, he is so smart,
he knows who is a really good player, he knows one
from the other, he wants to be an extraordinary
object too, he wants to shine so badly, so he
gathers as many mussels as he needs, to stand out,
he feels connected and empowered, he shines,
doubts arise wether Ronaldo can really be
called a mussel, maybe he is a hermit crab in
disguise, oh eny!
mussels of course are also stand ins,
gee, your mussel tastes salty, mussels
never come alone, they come in large
groups, piles, they gather and
clump.



they
dont have
style
There is none
I don't have style
There is none.
That reminds you: I'm a mussel too.
To understand how the game works, though,
we must bear in mind just who the players are.
looked at it in another way, it's just a contest between
all and all, oh don't admit that you are insecure, whisper
the pros, oh I like him so much but he is a laughing stock
for all, another one says, yet you know, I don't even like his
work, better dance with a more successful player that will
make me shine, this is the thread that will weave me a really
warm jacket, and shiny it will be too, this is when white
forms become black, this is what shutterstock proposes,
football is a team sport, gymnastics not so much, tennis
not at all, one mussel, two mussels, maybe three, open or
closed, all possible variations, these mussels are showing
off, boasting, blazingly so, they are ready to be eaten,
ready to crack open and bare their inner mussel, we
better close that mussel, the mussel shall be closed, of
course this makes her even more promising, you will
not know if this mussel is dead or alive, in the milieu
of the frail gymnasts in their sparkling outfits and
make up the term competition sod is dear to all, and
a certain appetite for the limelight, they work hard,
at first glance it appears as something trivial, which
understands itself, It is not at all, Let's be clear: this
concept is obviously not a gendered concept.
There's something professional about everything
I do.
To the extent that this formatting becomes
generalized, competition will get tougher.
The cynics among you will say that none
of this is new, Quite right, It isn't, Sweet
as strawberry, But there are no new
magic formulae, We know
what we have

to
do, Coalitions
based on personal
affinities should
be relatively stable, mutual trust and
sympathy
do not disappear over night, And yet there
has been no evidence of stability so far.
Again that fine line between cooperation and
competition and, They cooperate selfishly and there is
a perpetual under current of competition,
don't be shy, this is not an option, take as much as you can
endure, don't be afraid and cheer up, be easy and breezy,
but sometimes the pressure becomes to harsh, sometimes
she perceives her competitors as almost too strong, in
the beginning she didn't understand that it was all about
competition, she was so naive, later doubts did arise and
the performance derailed, maybe this is why she couldn't
attack hard enough, if you look at it, she did everything
right, she made a proper run through her program but
then she opened her legs to early while going down,
she found herself in a template, in an assist and had
to add further steps, some enjoyed to see her fail or
fall, they are falling like leaves, you say: this is really
boring! This is not a story about the intertidal zone
at all.
You betrayed us!
But I tell you: mussels never come alone, they
come in large groups, it would be hard to tell one
from another, most of us live on exposed shores
in the intertidal zone, our strong byssal threads
attached to a firm substrate, you think this is
easy? you think there is no grumbling? we like
clumping and clowning and crumping, its so
last season! do you like our moves, are you
the judge, It doesn't matter, we just hang
out together, and it helps, against the
storm, against some of the big waves,
but shucks, it's not like we
don't move to

attain
a better life
position, its pretty tight
here too, sometimes we might
even parasitize fish, we attach
ourselves to them,
I mean who wouldn't, shutterstock has a
different idea, one mussel, two mussel, maybe
three, open or closed, all possible variations, these
mussels shine, recently I thought a lot about groups
or communities, also because I was asked to, football is
a team sport, gymnastics not so much, tennis not at all,
look at my drawings, they are beautiful, look at my text, it is
beautiful, a piece of equipment where you can take a fall due
to the wrong technique or undeveloped skill or too much
fear she would call a challenge, she likes it because she can
fall, some like it when she fails or falls,
but a fall can feel beautiful,
I mean who is the judge,
I like the red tartan lining, it reminds me of something I
have not been part of, its pretty brutal, I get lost,
I get lost not knowing wether I'm producing or
consuming being produced or being consumed,
And let me explain you something, Producers
produce things, sometimes the objects talk
to me like lovers We hate goodbyes WERE
HEARTBROKEN Au revoir, Tanja We will always
fondly of us, Maybe it just wasn't meant to be, or
maybe one day you'll come back to us, You'll be
given love You'll be taken care of You'll be given
love You have to trust it Maybe not from the
sources You have poured yours Maybe not
from the directions You are staring at that
is your cyborg self that's dripping and
dreaming and never finished she is never
alone,
she is a mussel too, hey ho to the
mussel.

