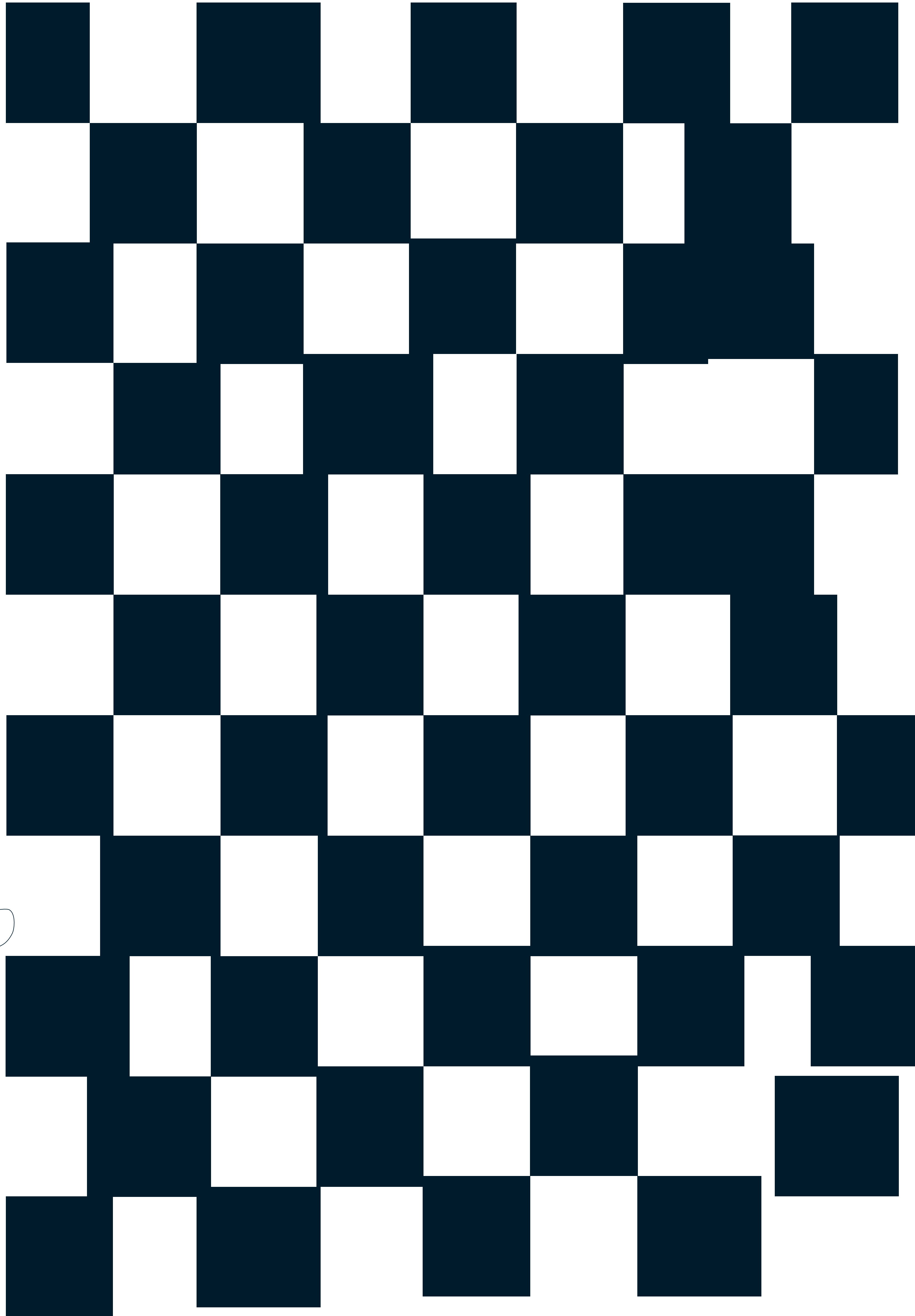


I  
will tell you  
a story, I never did this  
before, at least not in this way.  
it is a story about the intertidal zone.  
it is a story about friendship, it is not a  
story about friendship, well I can tell you,  
to understand it you have to know this: most of  
the day while I'm working and not 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, ~~but you reach~~  
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.

