

we, symbiotes (wherever we go, we will follow)

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opening hours: saturday, 2 – 6pm or by appointment

I think I know how you feel.

I feel understood.

Maybe that's what connects us.

Similarly, the text we write together oscillates between two perspectives.

And we write of the friendship we share.

We followed each other all the way here: footsteps fade as they make their way down a flight of stairs and lead into an unknown room. The presence of another becomes foreseeable - her absence, however, unsettles: Can the steps be trusted? Still, we follow without hesitation. Something passed lies near and the still visible traces give us an answer we might not want to know. As the outside world enters our spaces we feel a sense of awkwardness. We mop and vacuum and clean - only the corners of the room become a harbor for the gentle intruders who, despite our best efforts, live with and around us without us being aware of them in our buildings.

Sometimes, when I lie awake in bed, I hear you turn over in your sleep, the rustling of your blanket – the wall is thin. Sometimes, I hear your footsteps, how you stand up or speak.

Sometimes I also wonder if these are really my dreams.

Being together and becoming together and being oneself and becoming oneself...

That's why I can't remember a me without a you.

And dependence. Frightens me. It means addiction, lack of freedom, lack of independence. The irresistible urge to embrace and enclose one another.

But if we are both dependent on each other, do I still need to be afraid?

It all lies in the quality of the water I suppose: because only when we see, can it exist. Some are smaller and some are heavier, some are green and some are blue or red even. Some won't move at all and some float on the surface never reaching the bottom. The microbes seem to absorb and digest what they find around them, a precarious development as its encasement demonstrates a contrary notion: a deactivation of any further growth, a defeat of former relationships.

But nothing makes itself. Nothing is truly autopoietic or self-organizing. You are never alone.

We grow together and through each other - just like the symbiosis which brings together different ways of life.

Sometimes I hear your footsteps, how you stand up or speak.

Where do you begin? Where do I end?

It seems as if we were crossing borders. I give myself up – in the recognition of our „us“.

When others think that we are sisters - I think, we are - I am astonished. Are we really so alike that one might think we share the same genes?

Knowing that the human body consists of more cells of others than of our own, such a judgment becomes ordinary. As natural boundaries between you and me blur. Where do you begin? Where do I end?

In the light of the setting sun, fears are forgotten. Hopefully, we place our wishes and dreams in the superior forces of this world. Their rays show the way. Purposefully and omnisciently those structures are penetrated, which organize the everyday life: Points of light - bags of 7 colors - to discipline our nature. We believe we have finally arrived - follow the flags, the feast awaits.

text: Julia Hegi & Antonia Truninger