The Fates Are
Dialoge between Parcea and Achesis:
The Fates depict the incarnation of destinies. Three mythological goddesses who assign destinies to us at birth.

Talking
Lachesis measures the thread.
Atropos cuts the thread.

On a winter night in 2000, they meet next to a tall wooden tower. They speak about the dark mill and how they can make 100,000 of clothes for the sheikh. Clotho thinks about how to save the world with textiles through factility. They think about how they can make the carpet for the Saudi Prince's Falcons Fly Coach but there is a fourth goddess appearing. She cares and thinks about the tenderness of the workers...

The Fates
Clothe: I can spin filament 10 times thinner than a hair.

What about you Lachesis?

Lachesis: Can you make 10'000 km of this? Can you do 600 meter per minute. I need 80,000 yards.

Clothe: Yes stitches in the air I can do it.

Clothe: We are going to lose precision

Atropos: (as blind) And they are so functional, they never break! We need the Luddites to destroy them!

I'd rather play UNO right now. I have the game in Braille!

Clothe: The machines are so loud, are they not going too fast?

Atropos: (as blind) No, let's better put on some music and play. Everybody knows or You want it darker.

Clothe: But we have to make the carpet for the Saudi prince and continue weaving history.

Achesis: What is priceless are the things that make us live.

Clothe: I say it.

Achesis: We only die once. We live every day! Yes and the point of life is to live.
TROPOS: That's why we have to change something. Don't we try to avoid repeating patterns in life but we somehow can't until we die.

ACHESIS: I feel time is overflowing or is it the present?

LACHESIS: 'Magistra vitae' would like to join the conversation because she is worried.

LACHESIS: What, who believes in the future?

ARE

ATROPOS: I am the future.

LACHESIS: You better try to spin an algorithm. People are staring at the screen anyway now.

ATROPOS: That's why we have to change something. Don't we try to avoid repeating patterns in life but we somehow can't until we die.

LACHESIS: It's all a day dream. We need more artists, more poetry, less satellites, more stars.

CLOTHO: About what?

ATROPOS: The planet dying. And there is no planet B.

LACHESIS: New, focus, I always said: everyone needs to go to therapy, you can't figure out EVERYTHING yourself, if we stop destroying ourselves, we may stop destroying others.

ATROPOS: Transforms into CARE and starts to scream: We need more modesty, humility, honesty and humanity!

CLOTHO: I feel like I am overhearing or is it the future?

LACHESIS: "Talking"
The fates depict the incarnation of destiny. Three mythological goddesses who assign destinies to us at birth. 

**Clotho** spins the thread.  
**Lachesis** measures the thread.  
**Atropos** cuts the thread.

On a winter night in 2020 they meet next to a tall wooden tower. They speak about the dark mill and how they can make 1000000 of clothes for the sheikh. Clotho thinks about how to save the world with textiles through tactility. They think about how they can make the carpet for the Saudi Prince’s Falcons Fly Coach but there is a fourth goddess appearing. She cares and thinks about the tenderness of the workers…

**Clotho:** I can spin filament 10 times thinner than a hair.  
What about you Lachesis?

**Lachesis:** Ouahhh can you make 10'000 km of this?  
Can you do 600 meter per minute. I need 60 000 yarns.

**Clotho:** Yes stitches in the air! I can do it with the air spinning machine.  
You know the amount of the stitches is forming the price right?

**Lachesis:** What is priceless are the things that make us live!

**Atropos:** (is blind)  
We only die once. We live every day!  
Yes and the point of life is to live.

**Clotho:** The machines are soo loud, are they not going too fast?  
We are going to lose precision.

**Atropos:** (is blind)  
And they are so functional, they never break!  
We need the Luddites to destroy them!  
I’d rather play UNO right now. I have the game in braille!

**Lachesis:** No, let’s better put on some music and play ‘Everybody knows’ or ‘You want it darker’.

**Clotho:** But we have to make the carpet for the Saudi Prince and continue weaving history

**Lachesis:** What, who believes in the future?

**Atropos:** I am the future.

**Lachesis:** You better try to spin an algorithm. People are staring at the screen anyway now

**Atropos:** That’s why we have to change something.  
Don’t we try to avoid repeating patterns in life but we somehow can’t until we die?

**Clotho:** I feel time is overflowing or is it the present?

**Lachesis:** Magistra vitae would like to join the conversation because she is worried.

**Clotho:** About what?

**Atropos:** The planet dying. And there is no planet B.

**Clotho:** It is all a day dream.  
We need more artists, more poetry, less satellites - more stars!

**Lachesis:** Now, focus. I always said; everyone needs to go to therapy, you can’t figure out everything yourself, if we stop destroying ourselves, we may stop destroying others.

**Atropos:** Transforms into CARE and starts to scream: We need more modesty, humility, honesty and humanity!

…

and the world continues to spin around….

Don’t drop it its **FRAGILE**
Let’s take care  
It’s too fragile

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**Stéphanie Baechler, 2020**

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1 Luddite is a member of any of the bands of English workers who destroyed machinery, especially in cotton and woolen mills, that they believed was threatening their jobs (1811–16)  
2 Textile spinning machinery without the intervention of the human…  
4 Magistra Vitae is a Latin expression, used by Cicero in his De Oratore as a personification of history, means “life’s teacher”. It conveys the idea that the study of the past should serve as a lesson to the future.