

The Fates

Dialogue between parca

Are

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

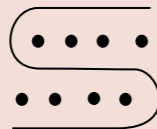
Talking

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 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

Clotho: I can spin filament

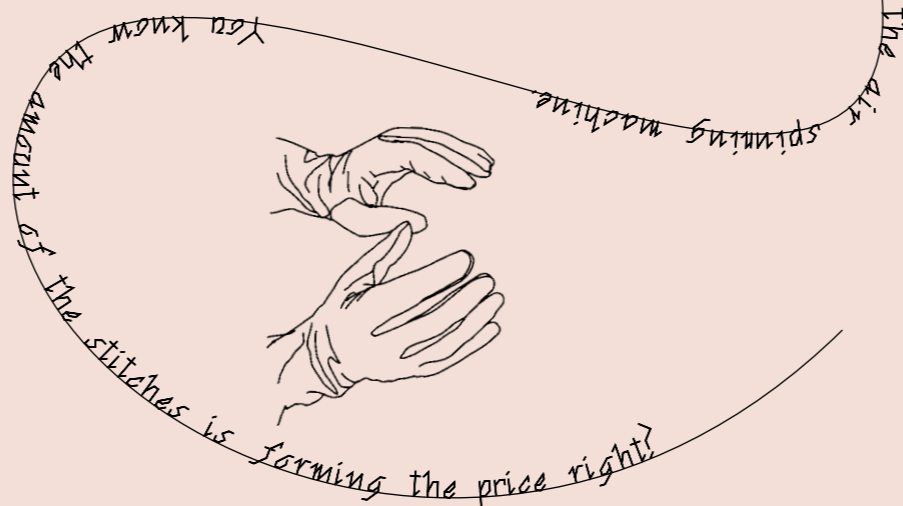
10 times thinner than a hair.

What about you Lachesis?

Lachesis:

Quahh can you make
10'000 km of this?
Can you do 800
meter per minute. I
need 80 000 yarns.

Clotho: Yes stitches in the air I can do it with the air spinning machine.



L a c h e s i s :
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 so loud,

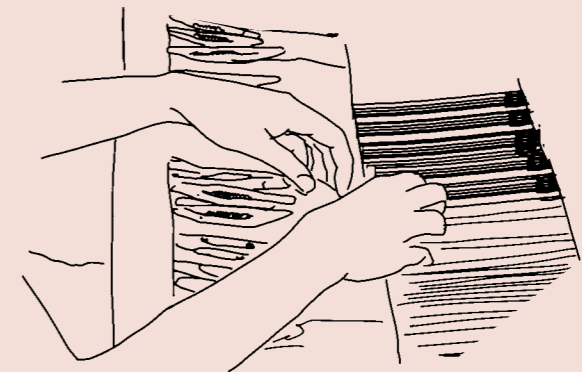
are they not going too fast?

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:

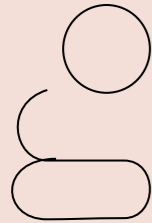
No, let's better put on some music and play 'Everybody knows' or 'You want it darker'.

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

Lachesis
What, who believes
in the future?

Are

Atrapos:
I am the future.



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

Atrapos:
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 like is overflowing or is it the present?
Lachesis:
'Magistra vitae' would like to
join the conversation because
she is worried.



Clotho: About what?

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

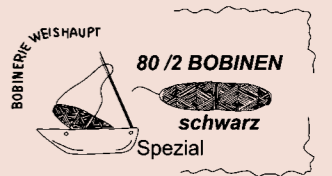
Clotho: It is all a day dream.

We need more artists, more poetry, less
satellites - more stars!

Talking

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.



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

Don't drop it its FRAGILE
Let's take care
It's too fragile
and the world continues to
spin around
SB

THE FATES ARE TALKING

DIALOGUE BETWEEN PARCEA

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 tower¹. They speak about the dark mill² 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 Coach³ 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 Luddites¹ 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' ² or 'You want it darker' ³.

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 starring 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 vitae⁴ 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 CARE¹ 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

Stéphanie Baechler, 2020

¹ <https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tr%C3%B6ckneturm>

² Textile spinning machinery without the intervention of the human...

³ <https://www.telegraph.co.uk/travel/news/saudi-prince-buys-plane-tickets-for-80-hawks/>

¹ Luddite is a member of any of the bands of English workers who destroyed machinery, especially in cotton and woollen mills, that they believed was threatening their jobs (1811–16)

² <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Lin-a2ITelg>

³ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v0nmHymgM7Y>

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.

¹ *All That Is Solid Melts into Air* by Marshall Berman written between 1971 and 1981. Berman uses Goethe's Faust as a literary interpretation of modernization, through the processes of dreaming, loving and developing. Excerpt of text: Suddenly four spectral women in gray hover toward him, and proclaim themselves: they are Need, Want, Guilt, and CARE. All these are forces that Faust's program of development has banished from the outer world; but they have crept back as specters inside his mind. Faust is disturbed but adamant, and he drives the first three specters away. But the fourth, the vaguest and deepest one, Care, continues to haunt him. Faust says, "I have not fought my way through to freedom yet."