

Nils Dunkel, *to float even more*

"This is my home. That's what they say, home."

Chantal Akerman

From a distance, I realize that I was skeptical of you, too. Yet I thought all these years that it was only you who rejected me.

My skepticism was justified. After all, until today you show me nothing more than your surface. It seems smooth and cool. I can only guess that there is more behind this well-kept facade. There is always more hidden on both sides of the element that separates the inside from the outside. More than we can rationally grasp and express in systems, theories and words.

I used to perceive your surface not as a membrane, but as a hermetic material. My attempts to see behind created the urge to look at your reverse side. I wanted to see your other side. But even from this point of view, everything was flawless. I looked at the other side of your wall. It was as if you had been industrially manufactured and made sure that all inscriptions were thoroughly masked. You looked indestructible to me.

What you were ready to show me was a reliable and unchangeable construction, which gave less warmth, but all the more stability.

Little by little I understand that it is your controlled gestures that form the ornament of my home. Since I understood that, they lose their position as insufficient phrases for me. Of course, they are stereotypes. But their repetition becomes a pattern into which I immerse. More and more clearly I see the variations, the deviations within the recurring play. With the disappearance of my evaluation of you, my home loses its uncanniness.

Unable to grasp your inner self, I learned to live with your facade. I accepted it for what it was. I stayed outside. And then I noticed subtle traces that you left standing and that were soaked in awareness. I saw in them your trust that I would not point to them, not thematize them, not trivialize them through words, but that I would silently accept them and let them be. That I would accept that we are like two poles facing each other.

Text: Ania Kołyszko