

Antoine Félix Bürcher
Pissing in a river
2024

It's hot out, burning, like a sauna, tempted to say, like hell. We stroll, on the frying pavement, my sandals are melting, my forehead, dripping with sweat. Here we are, in the gallery, in the museum, cooled and aware. We traverse, Little Europe, cosplaying, eating olives at Le Dive, without stones, as if, the stones would weigh us down, like an anchor that drags our corpus into the abyss and darkness of the sea. We, actors in this flowing city, like a wave we ride from shore to shore. Always online, connected and aware, on time, always late for dinner, always in time for cigarettes.

Objects, charged with knowledge, like a metaphor, beyond the surface, into the deep. Like deep-sea fibre optics, spanning across the ocean bed, into our hands, into our tiny stupid heads. Within this jungle, transmitted and broadcasted, full of handles, no followers, only posts. This time, the rain never stops, we grow gills, and dive deep. Beneath the shipwreck, reactionaries, drowned and full of history. Frosted and petrified, like glass, always in motion, never static. Always posting, never offline, why should I, miss out, thankfully.

We stay connected, always, you and me, in this tiny world. High above the waters, cooked and ready to unfold the discourse, see the world, unmask it and turn every stone. Embracing the cringe, not backing down, melting, being water, and resisting authorities. Back to school, bodies of water, peeing in the river, flowing down the Limmat with my clothes in a wet bag, on my way to work, no work, no work out; just being water. Still or sparkling, in and out, bottled and always on the go. Wireless, always hooked up, paired and ready to blow up, go wherever, always charged, never silent, always connected, always tuned in.

From afar, distanced but well-adjusted, Benjamin Franklin, rolled up, always at hand, throughout the world, from time to time. Flowing, being water, resisting authority, never offline, always in for the ride. On the shore, not scared, I swear, brave and faithful, like a body of water, I float, into oblivion, ready to dive, new gills, from shore to shore, like a coastal elite, never worried, always inspired. Full of chlorine, pure, bottled and ready to get to work, always in motion, never static, be water. (Theodor Nymark, 2024)