





One never sees the sun in a dream

LOORA KAUBI


12.01.2023 - 26.01.2023

Uus Rada


it's like I'm always hiding, said Fog.

Shadow: Ah, fun. I think I like games. And make-believe.

Fog: *sighs*



Shadow: It actually feels more like you're floating. I know that's not actually who you are. But you don't always have to put a stamp on it, you know! I personally am highly dependent on my other side, so I always assume I have a little sun in me. Apart from that brick wall. Without it I wouldn't actually *be*.



Fog: A few months ago, on the highway from Tartu, it felt like I wasn't even there. A couple arrived and was just staring, you know? Both fascinated and blunt. They didn't stay for that long. It's because they never found my start, my edges. They never do. I'm one to be looked at from a distance, in less crowded places. It gets lonely.

Shadow: I find it rather charming when one tries to place a chair on my borders. *The best of both worlds*, they shout out on social occasions. But when one is alone and tries to sit half sun half shade, they just have this small grimm. As if they are slightly proud, they cracked the code. It's not that special, you know. Just more clear.

Fog: I'm mostly transparent.

Shadow: yea. Me too.

— Laura De Jaeger






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But I feel a little glum on those rare occasions I meet a sleepwalker; do they ever pursue the greatest perk of it all? Would they use the opportunity to turn into a chameleon and drop their tail, or a snake the instant it starts shedding its skin, and for once, let all, all that ever-constantly-always keeps happening, go? Years back, my sleepwalking friend woke up the whole hotel room in Barcelona. He was in a state of panic because the fan on the ceiling was *coming to get us all*. For a strange amount of time I believed him. It felt as if I had joined him from the side. Strangely natural, maybe due to the fact that I was still waking, not awake yet. As such, I lived through the fan coming down on us. I'm pretty sure we shouldn't call them sleepwalkers but sleep-movers, sleep-do-ers. There is so much more than just walking going on! They relate to people, work around objects and experience fear or excitement. They walk, crawl, roll, most dangerously is that they might even jump. Another friend was once sitting up bravely, slightly worried, as she was apparently participating in a cycling-race through a never ending tunnel. My favorite story of my Barcelona companion however was that one early morning, as a boy, he walked downstairs and out of the door when his father stopped him. "It's 5 o'clock in the morning, where do you think you are going?". He stood still, and simply told his father the house was on fire, so he walked out. At that time, there was no dubious encounter, no attack by a fan or no other heart-beat racing, life-like quest. He calmly let go.

— Laura De Jaeger