

PASSAGE OF WANDERS
PASSAGE OF WONDERS

"I don't mind. Whether something is
private or public makes no difference to
me. I wish I could make my private more
public and by doing so lose it."

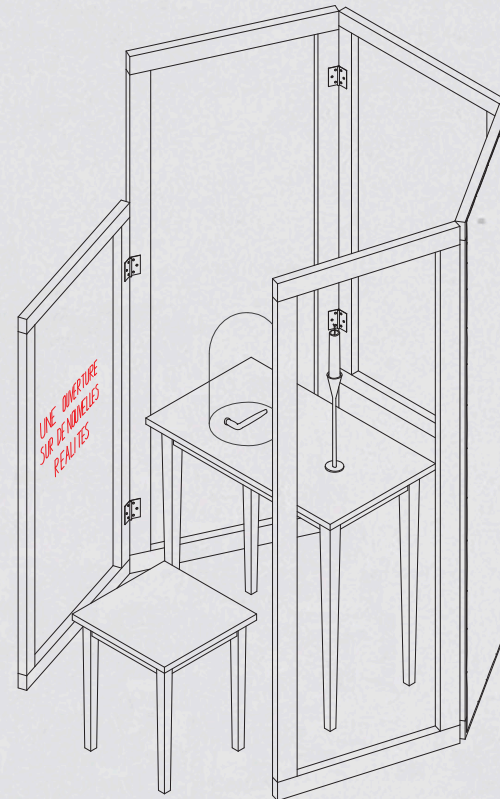
Writings
Louise Bourgeois



I'm standing there, half open half closed.
People dressed in a suit pass by. They are
meandering in between the buildings,
then finding their way in. Every minute
counts.

Feel welcome to enter the realm of do-
mesticity and recalibrate your time.

Open yourself to new realities.



STRUCTURES OF INTIMACY

FAREWELL TO THE 2020 SOCIETY

IN THE GENERIC STRUCTURE

WHAT IS LEFT THERE

IN THOSE CELLS

4 STORIES

4 STATEMENTS

WHAT WE LEAVE BEHIND

WHAT THEY LEAVE BEHIND

STRUCTURES OF INTIMACY

MY STORY - YOUR STORY - THEIR STORY-OUR
STORY

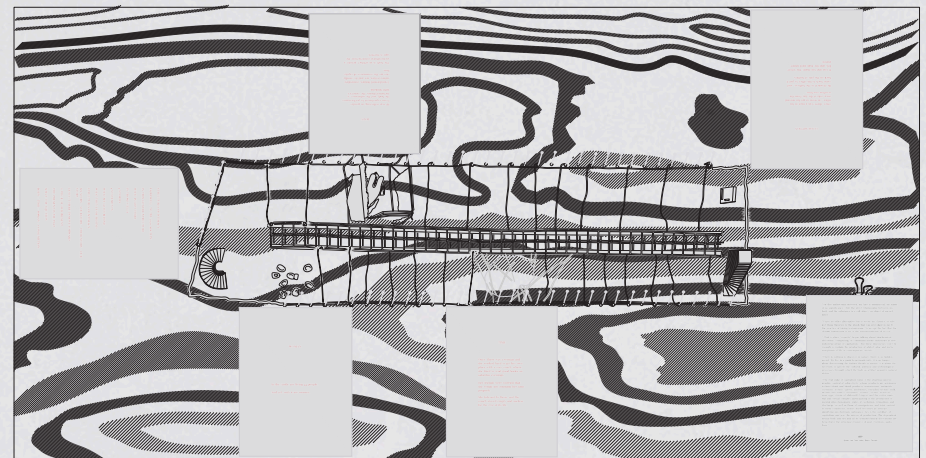
LEAVE IT HERE TO MOVE FORWARD

A PIECE OF OUR PRESENT

THE PRESENT IS THE PAST

SOLVE THE EQUATION

BODY - TIME - WOMAN - CONSUMPTION

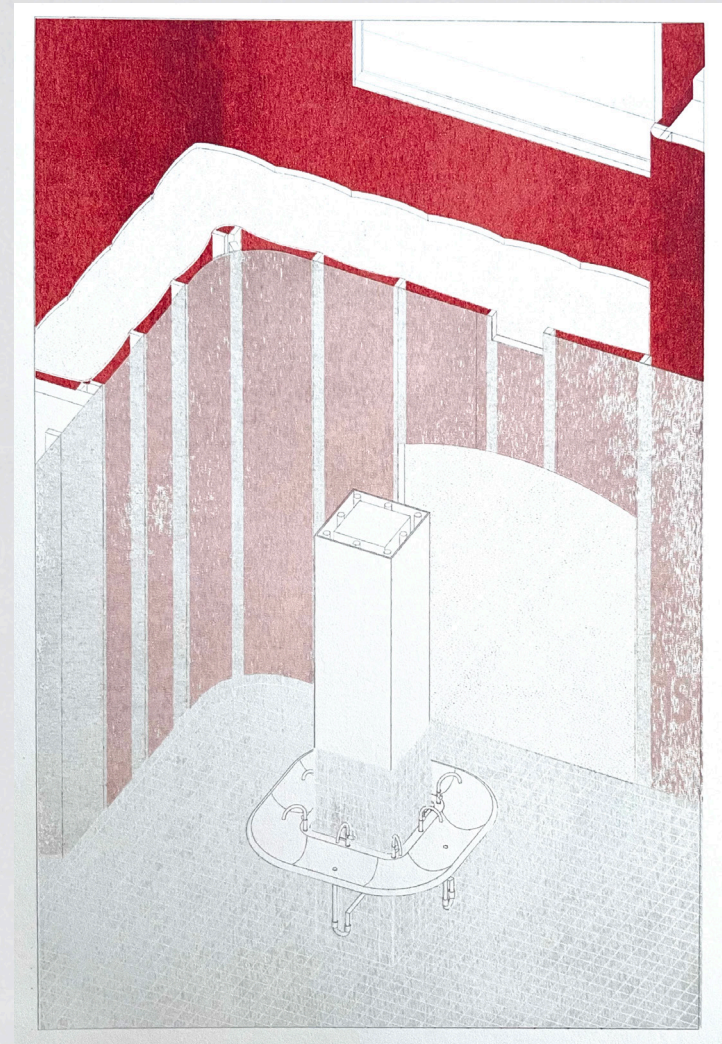


Once, the mail carrier let some envelopes fall in the sink.

As you wash your hands before going inside your house, you wash your hands before entering the Passage.

No matter who you are, no matter where you go, like a ritual, you wash your hands.

The wooden floor still remembers the water dropping from the mailboxes.



The trouble came when the baker forgot to wake up.
Maybe it was an oversight or a mistake, but i doubt it because it was not in the character of the person.

The subject and the activity are brought back together, the time of production is real and the making is visible.

The cyclic time is lived.

In the end, no one worked that day because of the gurgling noise of their belly.



Once, there was a woman and she worked hard to get her own place with a cozy couch, where she liked to read good books on Saturday evenings.

Her friends were worried that she would not consume her time properly. Working to produce was the only acceptable rhythm of life.

She listened to them, and the couch stayed empty and useless for the rest of its life.

