

# A Dream About The Great Painting Exhibition *Or, Possibly a Nightmare*

The boundaries are blurred and flexible, a randomness barely held together, a tool to make the tragic bearable, a way to worship the shown. Through time and action, experiences of inner and outer worlds are captured, invented, and presented: something to feel.

I find it hard to look at all these works and try to figure out what connects them. My head keeps saying that there must be something, since we all share the same space. And I get irritated. I think...are we in the same place, the same space?

Some rooms: a few faces, the intimacy of glances. Suffering alone. Painting alone. I don't look at every single painting anymore, as it is when you bring different people together. And when I do, it is never just one painting I see when I look at one. Like an abyss that goes back and forth in time: layers upon layers of paint and realities. But becoming the sea does not mean to disappear.

Hmm, no, it pulls me away...opening categories feels wrong... (Can I even open them? Or do I just get stuck?) Words are similar...using them feels like using them: "fading flowers, a mad dame, butterflies or barrettes, black rose, a funeral, hidden desires, hurt feelings, decreasing self, revenge, emancipation, catastrophe".

I look into the distance and find: order.

Looks like a window.

Well done.

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In the next room there is a feast. We can escape concept for a moment, in search of new things. This story doesn't always make sense, but communication does.

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Contempt, slight, arrogance: your nose is upside down. You've worn it too high. A faithful murmur and a small dose of unity, blood runs straight to your ears, at the very back of the tongue, deep down, where your once beautiful whisper once lay. This is the inner world, a lived in space. The smelt—disgusting or appetizing— lacks the ability to theorize, a word that means nothing other than contemplation. Rush, thought, imagination, a simple game against boredom.

A difficult one.