

AURORA'S PORTICO WALKS THROUGH THE ACTS

By Vera Bühlmann and Andrea Collinari, January 2026

AURORA walks lightly through the Acts, never arriving, never lingering long enough to become a centre. She brightens beginnings, delays conclusions, and keeps orientation open wherever thought threatens to settle. Following her path, the Acts become less a sequence than a changing weather of appearances, where every step reveals another way of continuing.

WALKS THROUGH THE ACTS

Where the Figures Walk (Indicative Sentences of the Acts)

Each walk follows a single figure as it passes through the Acts, revealing how the same architectonic world appears from a distinct temperament of relation. Rather than explaining the Portico, these itineraries trace changing orientations, allowing the constellation to reorganize itself with every passage. Together, the walks compose a mobile atlas of perspectives, where no figure occupies the centre, yet each discloses a different continuity running through the whole.

Prelude — The Vessel That Is Not Filled

Here, holding occurs without accumulation, and boundaries remain open enough for relation to persist.

ACT I — Before Arrival: The Time It Takes to Become Young

Here, time works without arriving, and orientation emerges through inclination rather than position.

ACT II — What Helps Without Completing

Here, assistance sustains exposure, and bodies remain capable by not being finished.

ACT III — Passing Without Entering

Here, relation persists by passage alone, and nothing comes to rest as interior or exterior.

ACT IV — Lines Drawn So That Thought May Follow

Here, form guides without compelling, and lines remain available without claiming authority.

ACT V — The Measure That Instructs Without Speaking

Here, endurance instructs silently, and form remains exposed to noise without hardening.

ACT VI — Lines That Cross Without Meeting

Here, orientations intersect without convergence, and placeness appears as tension without synthesis.

Coda — Placeness Remains

Here, nothing is concluded, and orientation continues without ground.

Aurora

Aurora Walks

Prelude

Here, she glimmers before anything expects her.

ACT I

Here, she delays beginning until inclination becomes perceptible.

ACT II

Here, she lightens bodies without making them whole.

ACT III

Here, she brightens passage without revealing an inside.

ACT IV

Here, she glows along lines without fixing their end.

ACT V

Here, she flickers between endurance and noise.

ACT VI

Here, she crosses orientations without becoming a center.

Coda

Here, she fades without leaving darkness.

Prelude

Where Aurora First Peeks Out

Before anyone notices, Aurora is already there. She doesn't arrive. She hates doors. Doors make things feel finished. Aurora lives in a vessel that is not filled. It looks a bit like a clay pot, but if you try to put something inside, it politely refuses to become "*full*." Aurora likes this pot because it holds room, not stuff. She taps the rim and giggles. "See?" she says. "*Nothing is missing. Nothing is added. It's just holding.*" This is where she waits—not in the place, but with it. The place doesn't belong to her, and she doesn't belong to the place. They just let each other be nearby. And then—without starting—she wanders on.

ACT I

Aurora Before Morning (Before Arrival)

Aurora is often mistaken for sunrise, which annoys her slightly. "*I'm not between night and day,*" she explains, standing on a fence that isn't really a fence. "*I'm what happens when time is thinking but hasn't decided yet.*" She doesn't wear a watch. Watches argue too much. Aurora lives in a kind of time where things can still become otherwise. In this time, you don't know where you are, but you feel a gentle leaning—like when a cat chooses a lap before sitting. She calls this becoming young. Not young like birthdays. Young like being able to turn around inside yourself. She teaches this by lingering. Not delaying—just hovering. She hums while nothing quite arrives. And because nothing arrives, everything stays possible.

ACT II

Aurora Helps (But Doesn't Finish Anything)

Aurora notices bodies wobbling. She doesn't fix them. Fixing is rude. Instead, she brings little helpers: a walking stick that doesn't insist, a pause that doesn't explain itself, a handrail that never asks where you're going. "*These are auxiliaries,*" she whispers. "*They help without telling you what you should have been.*" Aurora knows bodies are busy negotiating many times at once—heartbeat time, sleepy time, hungry time, thinking-too-much time. She doesn't try to make them agree. She just makes it bearable. Desire follows her around like a curious puppy. It doesn't want a toy. It wants to keep walking. Aurora pats its head. "Good," she says. "You're not lost. You're oriented."

ACT III

Aurora at the Portico (Passing Without Entering)

Aurora loves porticos because nothing settles there. She walks through sideways. Inside and outside stand near each other but don't touch. They nod politely. No one moves in. No one moves out. Everyone keeps moving past. Aurora starts a conversation without speaking. Silence gathers—not the awkward kind, but the kind that keeps things from turning into answers. She listens to ideas passing each other like strangers on a bridge who will never meet but will always remember the shape of the crossing. "*Don't stop,*" she

whispers. *“If you stop, you’ll arrive.”* And arriving would ruin everything.

ACT IV

Aurora Draws Lines

Aurora finds a stick and starts drawing. Not boxes. Never boxes. She draws lines you can follow if you want to. Lines that say, *“This way is possible,”* not *“This way is correct.”* She learned this from geometry, which she treats like a friendly guide dog for thought. “These lines don’t explain anything,” she laughs. *“They just help thinking not to fall over.”* If you stop following a line, it doesn’t get angry. It stays where it is, ready for later. Aurora calls this kindness form.

ACT V

Aurora Meets the Silent Teacher (Measure Without Speaking)

Aurora stands very still in front of a statue. The statue doesn’t say, *“Be like me.”*

It just remains. Aurora feels its weight—not heavy, just serious enough to slow her down. *“This is measure,”* she says softly. *“Not a rule. A posture.”* Noise rattles around, trying to break things or dissolve them. Aurora lets it stay, but not take over. She likes forms that

survive being tested. “*Endurance*,” she says, “*is how something teaches without opening its mouth.*”

ACT VI

Aurora at the Crossing Lines (That Never Meet)

Now Aurora looks at the world like a map that refuses to point. Lines run side by side forever. Other lines cut through them, adding gravity. They cross—but never fuse. Aurora balances on the crossing itself. “*This is a place*,” she announces, “*but you can’t stand still here.*” Arts, sciences, thoughts, gestures—they all pass through, guided but not gathered. No overview. No final stop. Aurora waves as she keeps walking.

CODA - Why Aurora Never Leaves

Aurora doesn’t stay behind. She doesn’t conclude. She appears only when thinking becomes just sticky enough—like glue on a lonely carpenter’s bench—for something invisible to get caught. She exists because orientation hasn’t hardened into answers.

Placeness remains, she tells us, not because it’s owned, but because it can be entered again—differently. And if one day you feel something guiding you without pushing, helping without fixing, delaying without wasting time—

That's probably Aurora. She's already on her way past.