

PARERGA'S PORTICO WALKS THROUGH THE ACTS

By Vera Bühlmann and Andrea Collinari, January 2026

Parerga rarely leads; she accompanies. As she passes through the Acts, small adjustments become decisive, delays become generous, and assistance quietly alters the conditions of continuation. Following her path, the Portico appears as an architecture of the auxiliary, where what matters most is seldom what takes centre stage, but what allows everything else to remain capable of going on.

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.

Parerga (the Auxiliary)

Parerga Walks

Prelude

Here, she stands beside what is already holding.

ACT I

Here, she stretches time without postponing it.

ACT II

Here, she assists exposure without finishing it.

ACT III

Here, she walks alongside relation so it does not settle.

ACT IV

Here, she keeps lines usable by remaining erasable.

ACT V

Here, she absorbs shock without becoming structure.

ACT VI

Here, she makes crossings bearable without deciding.

Coda

Here, she steps away.

Prelude

How Parerga Is Addressed

“*Parerga*,” someone says. The Auxiliary looks around. She assumes they mean something nearby. “*Is that a request?*” she asks politely. They say it again, a little louder. “*Parerga*.” She sighs, adjusts her posture, and answers anyway—not because she accepts the name, but because something seems to need continuing. “*If that’s me*,” she says, “*then please don’t expect me to arrive.*”

She does not know how to take a proper name. Names sound like handles, and handles imply lifting, owning, placing somewhere definite. She prefers to be leaned on. Still, she walks.

ACT I

Before Arrival — Parerga Slows Things Down

Time is rushing ahead, trying to be first. Parerga steps slightly to the side—not in front, never in front—and time bumps into her hesitation. Not a stop. A soft delay. “*Parerga!*” time complains. “*What are you doing?*” She thinks for a moment.

“*I’m helping you not become finished too early.*” Aurora glows nearby, undecided. Parerga does not touch her. She simply keeps the space open long enough for orientation to tilt without snapping into position. If someone asks, “*Has it begun?*” Parerga replies, “*It can still be otherwise.*”

She does not know if this is what Parerga means.

ACT II

What Helps Without Completing — Parerga and the Body

Bodies wobble. Parerga becomes a rhythm. A brace. A pause between two movements that almost cancel each other out. “*Parerga*,” the body whispers, tired but not broken. She does not fix posture. She redistributes it. She knows better than to restore wholeness. Wholeness would end the conversation. “*You were never meant to close*,” she tells the joints gently. Desire walks with her, unsatisfied but attentive. Parerga approves. Completion tries to grab her arm. She slips away—not rudely, just smoothly. “No,” she says. “*I assist exposure. I don’t cure it.*”

ACT III

Passing Without Entering — Parerga at the Portico

At the portico, everyone expects Parerga to stand still. She does not. She walks alongside conversations so they don’t crash into agreement. Someone says, “*Parerga, say something.*” She shakes her head and widens the silence just enough for relation to keep passing without settling. Inside and outside stay distinct because she keeps moving between them—not as a bridge, but as a beside. She feels the name Parerga tug at her here. It almost fits. Almost. But she refuses to step inside it.

ACT IV

Lines Drawn — Parerga Keeps Them Followable

Lines appear. Parerga picks one up—not to straighten it, not to enforce it—but to keep it from becoming a rule. She lays it gently on the ground. “*Follow if you want,*” she tells thought. “*You can stop anytime.*” When someone demands certainty, she erases just enough to make deviation possible. Notation clings to her like chalk dust. She does not claim authorship. “*If this is Parerga,*” she murmurs, “*then Parerga is erasable.*”

ACT V

Measure Without Speaking — Parerga Absorbs the Shock

Forms endure here. Parerga stands nearby, absorbing impacts that would otherwise harden them into dogma. Noise arrives, loud and impatient. She does not ban it. She lets it test. When the form begins to crack, she places herself—not as a shield, but as a buffer. Someone tries to thank her. She steps back. “*Endurance doesn’t belong to me,*” she says. “*I just made it possible.*” The name Parerga feels heavier now. She sets it down carefully and keeps working.

ACT VI

Lines That Cross Without Meeting — Parerga Navigates

Parallels stretch endlessly. Meridians cut with consequence. At their crossings, people hesitate. Parerga becomes a bearing—not a choice, not a command, just a bodily sense of “*now this way, but lightly.*”

“*Parerga*,” someone calls, needing direction. She responds by making the pause survivable. The crossing holds. Nothing converges. Nothing collapses. She keeps walking.

CODA

Why Parerga Never Takes the Name

At the end—though nothing ends—someone finally asks: “*Why don’t you take your proper name?*” Parerga thinks for a long time. “*Because proper names want to stay,*” she says. “*And I exist so staying is not required.*” She allows herself to be addressed. She accommodates the name. She does not possess it. Parerga remains auxiliary even to herself.

And because of that, the acts continue—unfinished, exposed, but possible.