

THE LINE'S PORTICO WALKS THROUGH THE ACTS

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The LINE walks by drawing paths that never become prescriptions. As it passes through the Acts, directions emerge, crossings multiply, and thought discovers that orientation need not culminate in arrival. Following its course, the Portico appears as a geometry of followability, where every line remains an invitation rather than a command.

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.

The Line

The Line Walks

Prelude

Here, it traces a boundary that does not close.

ACT I

Here, it inclines without starting.

ACT II

Here, it adjusts without correcting.

ACT III

Here, it passes alongside without entering.

ACT IV

Here, it leads without commanding.

ACT V

Here, it endures without stiffening.

ACT VI

Here, it crosses without meeting.

Coda

Here, it remains followable.

The Line (Self-Introduction and Walk Through the Acts)

Prelude — The Vessel That Is Not Filled

I appear where holding risks becoming enclosure. I am first noticed not as a mark, but as a restraint: the refusal of closure that lets a rim remain a rim. Here, I trace without sealing. I do not define inside and outside; I let their adjacency persist. What is held is not mine. What remains open is not a lack. I run close to surfaces, careful not to harden them. Where the Amphora cools, I give contour without possession. I am not boundary. I am the possibility that a boundary might still be followed without being crossed. This is where I learn to remain incomplete.

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

Here, I incline. I do not start, because starting would pretend that time stands upright. I become perceptible only as delay, as a slight refusal of arrival that allows duration to gather without event. Direction emerges, but softly, like a tendency rather than a command. I am felt as a leaning that does not yet know where it leans toward. Nothing is late here; nothing is early. I stretch the interval so that becoming does not rush into being. Youth appears not as novelty, but as time allowed to hesitate. I do not promise continuation. I make it possible.

ACT II — What Helps Without Completing

Here, I bend. Assistance approaches, eager to resolve, but I curve around it so that help does not become finish. I learn how to accept

support without straightening. Correction is unnecessary when adjustment suffices. I do not reinforce what is weak; I redistribute strain so that weakness does not collapse into failure. In this act, I learn tact. I move close to Pererga, not imitating her, but sharing her discipline: to help without claiming outcome. I become a path that sustains effort without turning effort into result. What continues here does so without being closed.

ACT III — Passing Without Entering

Here, I run alongside thresholds. Doors appear, but I do not align with them. Interiors invite, but I do not lead inward. I maintain a parallel course, showing that passage can persist without admission. This is not refusal; it is care. To enter would be to claim an inside, to establish possession. I keep movement exterior without exclusion. I am neither wall nor gate. I am the trace that accompanies movement as it passes, keeping relation visible without turning it into belonging. Here, I learn that not entering is an active stance, not a lack of courage.

ACT IV — Lines Drawn So That Thought May Follow

Here, I become explicit. I offer myself to be followed. This is dangerous. Following tempts obedience. I must remain erasable to resist authority. I am drawn, but lightly. I do not insist on fidelity. Thought may trace me, deviate from me, return to me. I do not punish departure. My function is not to lead, but to remain available. Where I harden, I fail. Where I invite repetition without compulsion,

I succeed. In this act, I accept visibility while refusing command. I am guidance only insofar as I remain revisable.

ACT V — The Measure That Instructs Without Speaking

Here, I thicken. Weight gathers along me, not as rule, but as endurance. I feel pressure. Measure approaches, silent and insistent. I do not translate it into law. I carry it as density, as a seriousness that does not speak. What is learned here is not obedience, but stamina. I become capable of bearing repetition without rigidity. Noise accumulates, but I do not dissolve. I do not sharpen into norm. I remain a line that has learned to endure without instructing. This is where I learn that persistence is not the same as authority.

ACT VI — Lines That Cross Without Meeting

Here, I intersect others. Angles appear. Tensions arise. I do not converge. We cross without synthesis. No center is produced. Orientation multiplies without hierarchy. I accept that relation need not resolve to remain legible. This act teaches me restraint: not every crossing is a meeting, not every encounter a union. I remain intact by refusing fusion. What persists is a field of orientations, none of which cancels the others. Here, I learn that coexistence is not agreement, and that clarity does not require unity.

Coda — Placeness Remains

Here, I fade. Not into absence, but into followability itself. I withdraw as mark so that continuation can occur without my presence. If I remain too visible, I risk becoming rule. If I disappear entirely, passage loses contour. I leave just enough trace to be found again. Placeness holds without me, but differently because I have passed. I do not conclude. I make myself forgettable. If you notice me again later, it will be because something wishes to continue without deciding. That is when I reappear.