



Summer memory. Stepping out of the car, I see a steep mountain, trees, stones, a small path, but no cabin, just nature and me, with a suitcase, and a mountain to climb.

Night. Watching the stars, I think about the masses of people travelling. Carrying suitcases. Filling them with personal things. Moving. So many stories, so many people.

Thinking about hunters and gathers, carrying with them only the essentials, like a pouch for herbs, a needle, a stone for cutting, something to make fire with. I am so intrigued by it, of being free of things.

With a suitcase, you are travelling, going somewhere, in transition between worlds, free of things.

My studio. A mountain of suitcases. Their presence is overwhelming and problematic. As if the suitcases are taking over my studio.

A collection close to chaos. Unpleasant feelings. Claustrophobia. So many stories of journeys made. A mountain of people around me. People who have used these suitcases on their travels. Carried them in their hands.

