



## Space

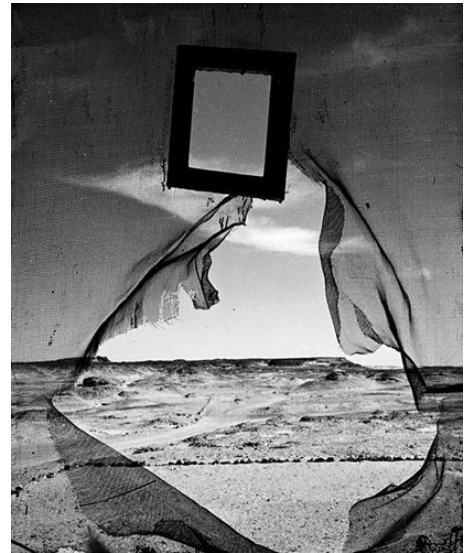
All life is out there. All time is stationery.

A window at the far end of the room, where no window was. Ever before. Standing where nothing else matters and otherwise all is space. There is a world beyond and a mirror to reflect your empty view.

So many grains of sand, so many torn dreams.

No one else notices but you. It is your own private showing. Approach slowly.

As you step through and turn back to look on what you have left. The winds of the soul blow. An empty gallery in the middle of your empty view.



Space – Lee Miller. 1937