

# THE FEELING OF THINGS

*we can unite forever in floating...  
just like the traffic*

[07.07.13/22:05:30-22:05:35]

Maybe Freud was wrong.

Instead of mourning not being the master of the house, perhaps the better option is to be a house, a sculpture, or alternatively, a nervous breakdown.

In eight sessions, the Torres de Satélite, a hybrid between sculpture and architecture, meets with Nervous Breakdown for an associative exchange of ideas in the virtual space between Mexico City, Route 66, London, New York and Iceland.

Like Torres, the architectural sculpture - or sculptural architecture? - whose five columns are towering above the Queretaro-Highways at the gates of the satellite town Ciudad Satélite, Nervous seems to be a borderline case, associated with the feeling of distress. He is beside himself. Though they meet in »sessions«, access to the individual unconscious is not their objective. Rather, they use their access to the collective unconscious in order to forget about their hollow teeth. Self-invention, as opposed to self-reflection, is the order of the day.

Constitutive elements of their provisional identities are copied and pasted, dragged and dropped into wobbly assemblies of partial features, only to be replaced by something found on the next link. In this way, they add themselves to the traffic, where identities emerge and disappear at dizzying speed.

After eight sessions, it becomes apparent that being a house, a villa, a shack or a too-late-to-be-modern sculpture is far more imperative than being a subject on an analyst's chaise longue, and might only be worth trading for a ride in a corvette while eating pistachios.