



Passport II

Mladen Bundalo

2017

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a) This is my Real, golden, Bosnian passport. What a black hole does to matter in our Universe, this passport does to my thoughts. It attracts them, twisting and bending very space-time of a personal travelogue.

b) Once in Riga, during a passport control, they asked me to show them my real Bosnian passport. I told them that the passport they just controlled is the only one I have and it should be a real passport. But, they kept insisting on existence of another type of passport, the real one. After an hour of checking and discussion, they finally let me proceed.

c) I was wondering, what that could be? What is that real passport? Now I know. The police officer who controlled me that night in Riga - she is a philosopher in deed. She was asking for a Lacanian Real of a passport. Very need for having a passport. A state of nature, impossible to comprehend!



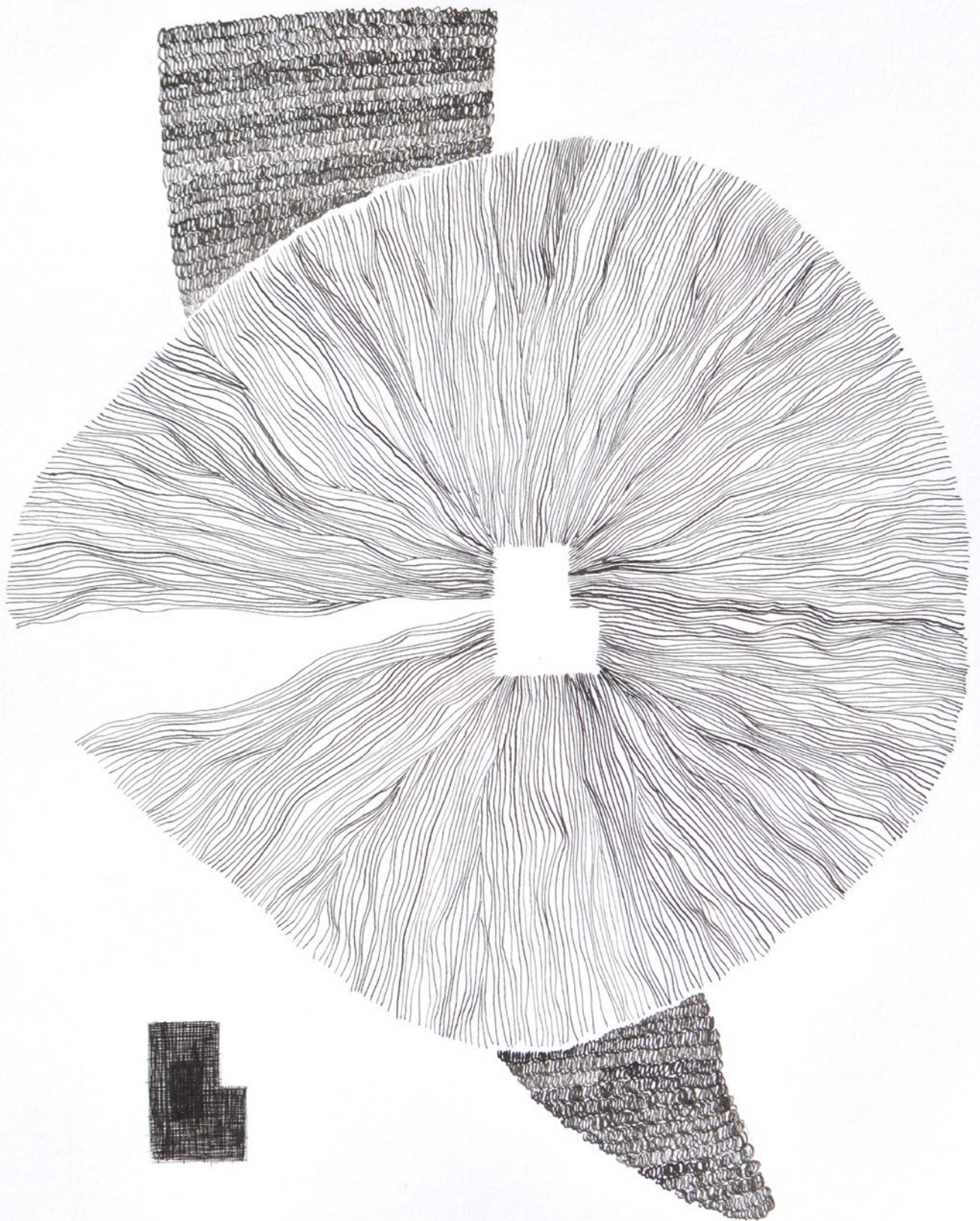
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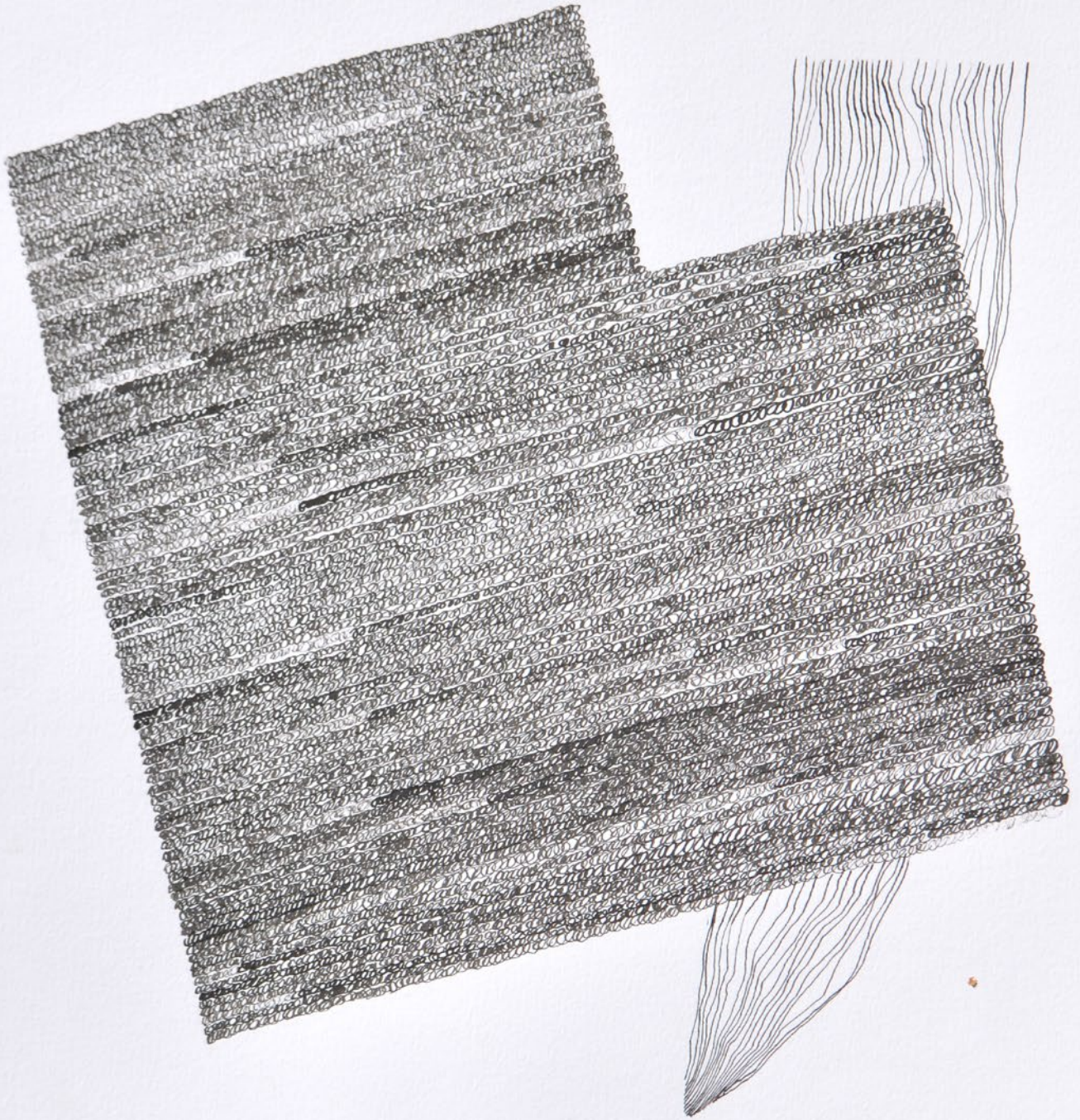


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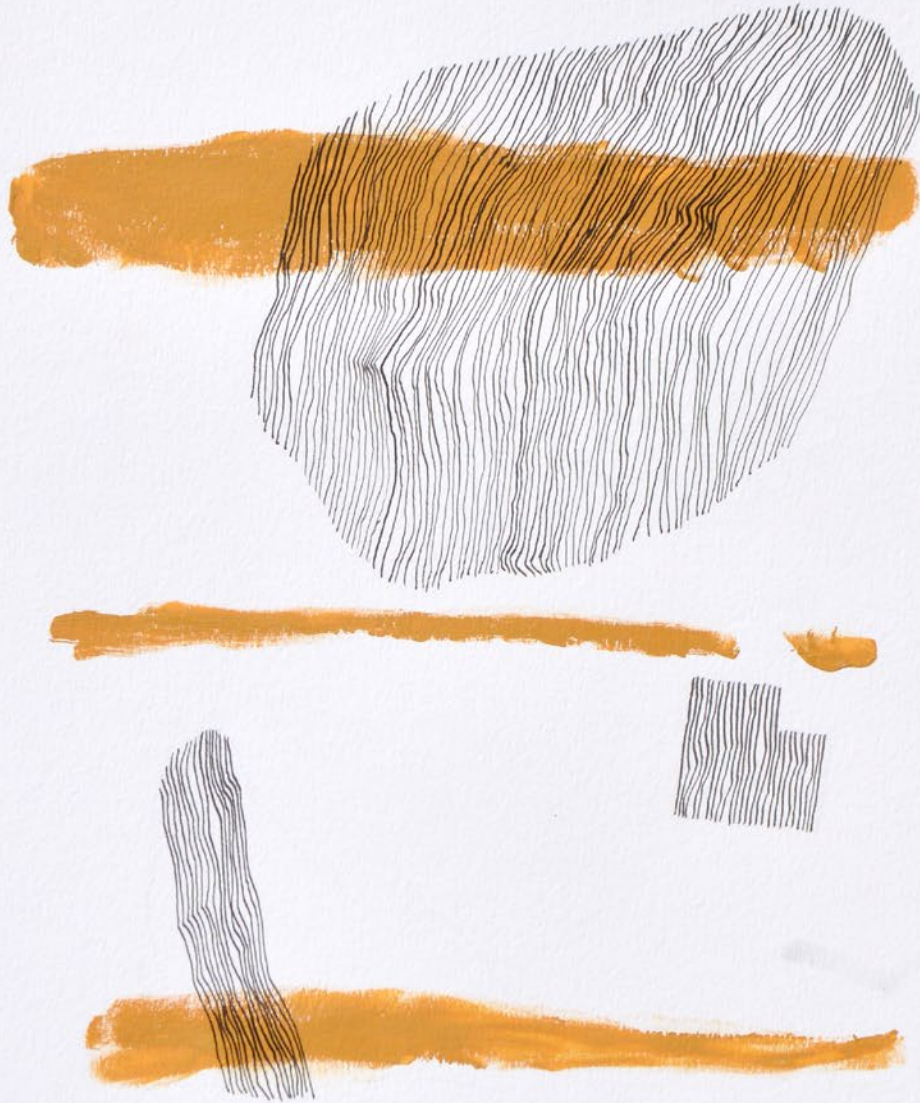






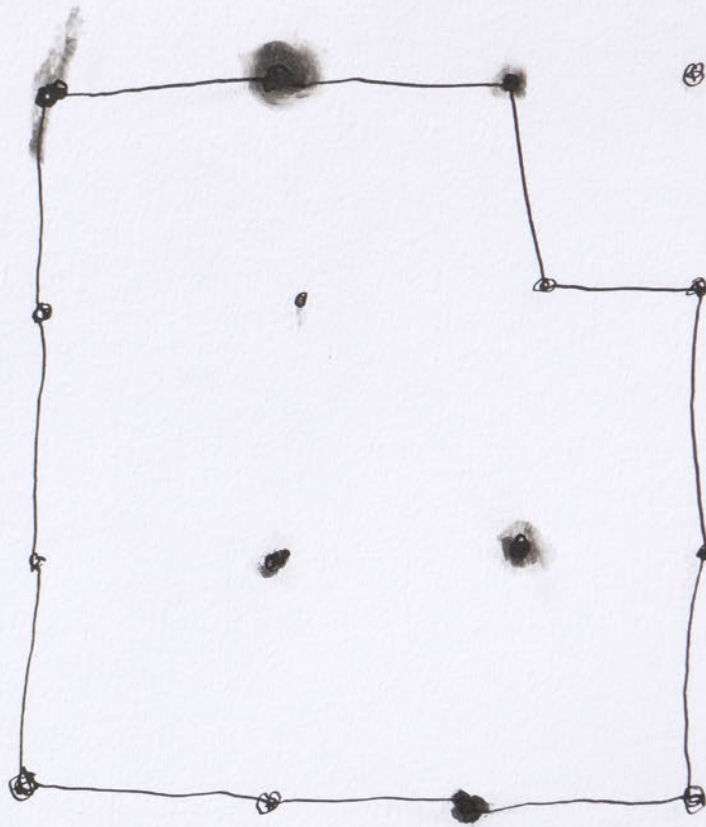


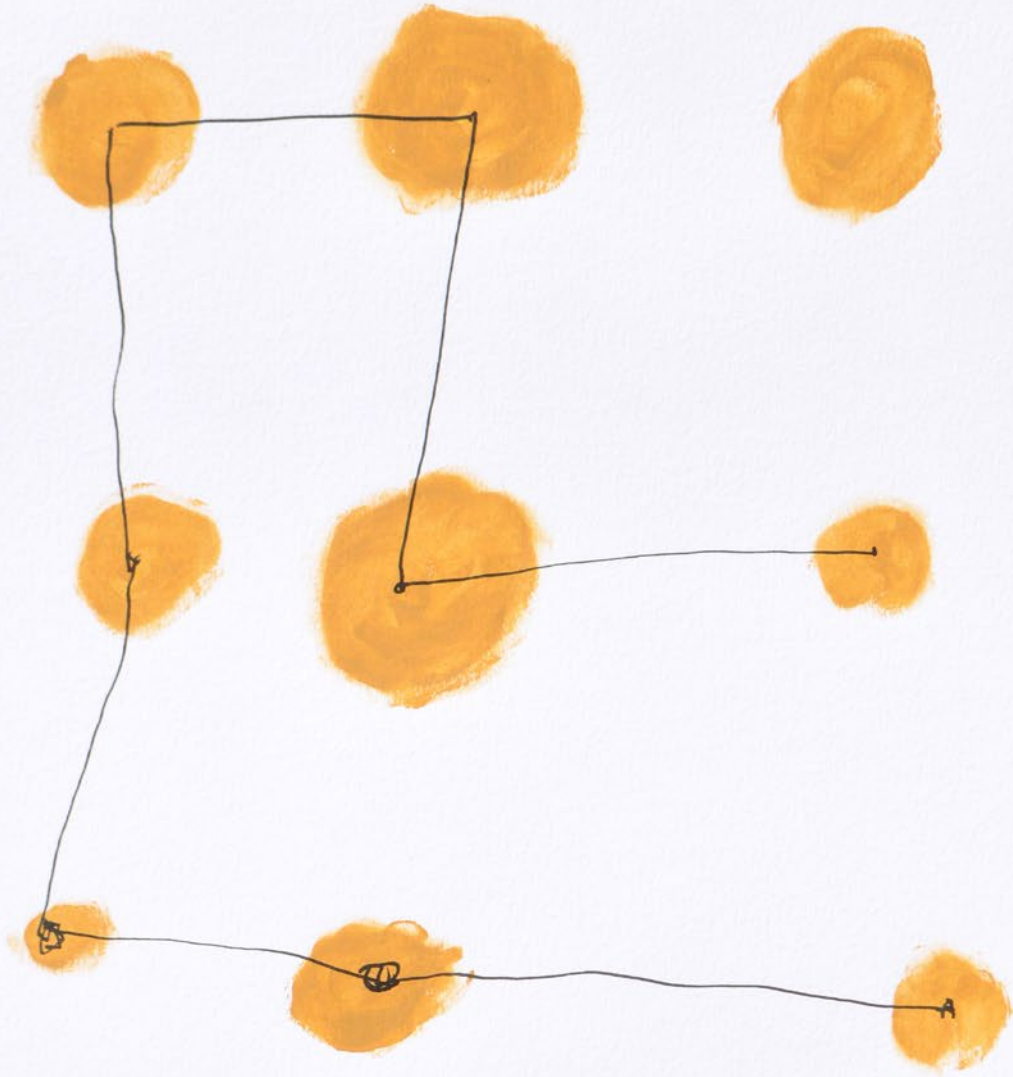




Moving Chromatope: Real passport

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Moving Chronotope: Real passport

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Moving Chronotopes: Real passport

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Moving Chromotopes: Red passport

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Moving Chronotopos: Real passport

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Moving Chronotopes: Real passport

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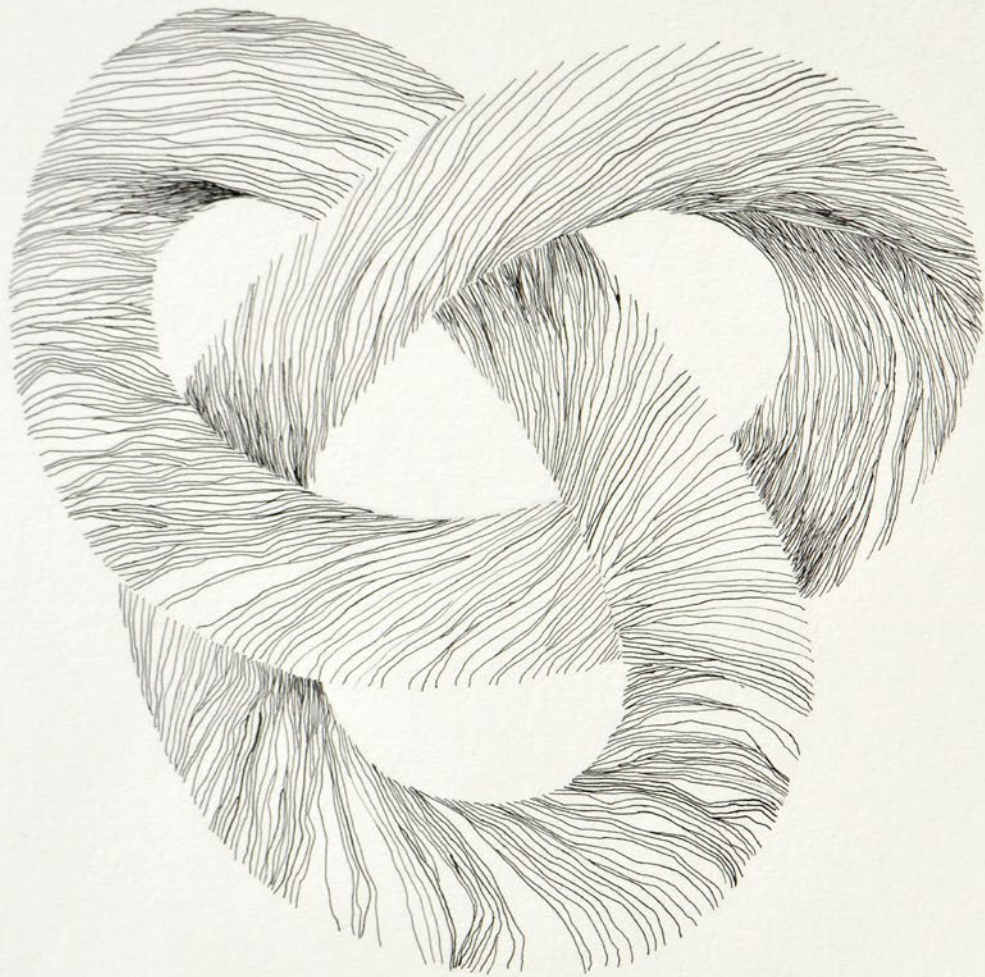


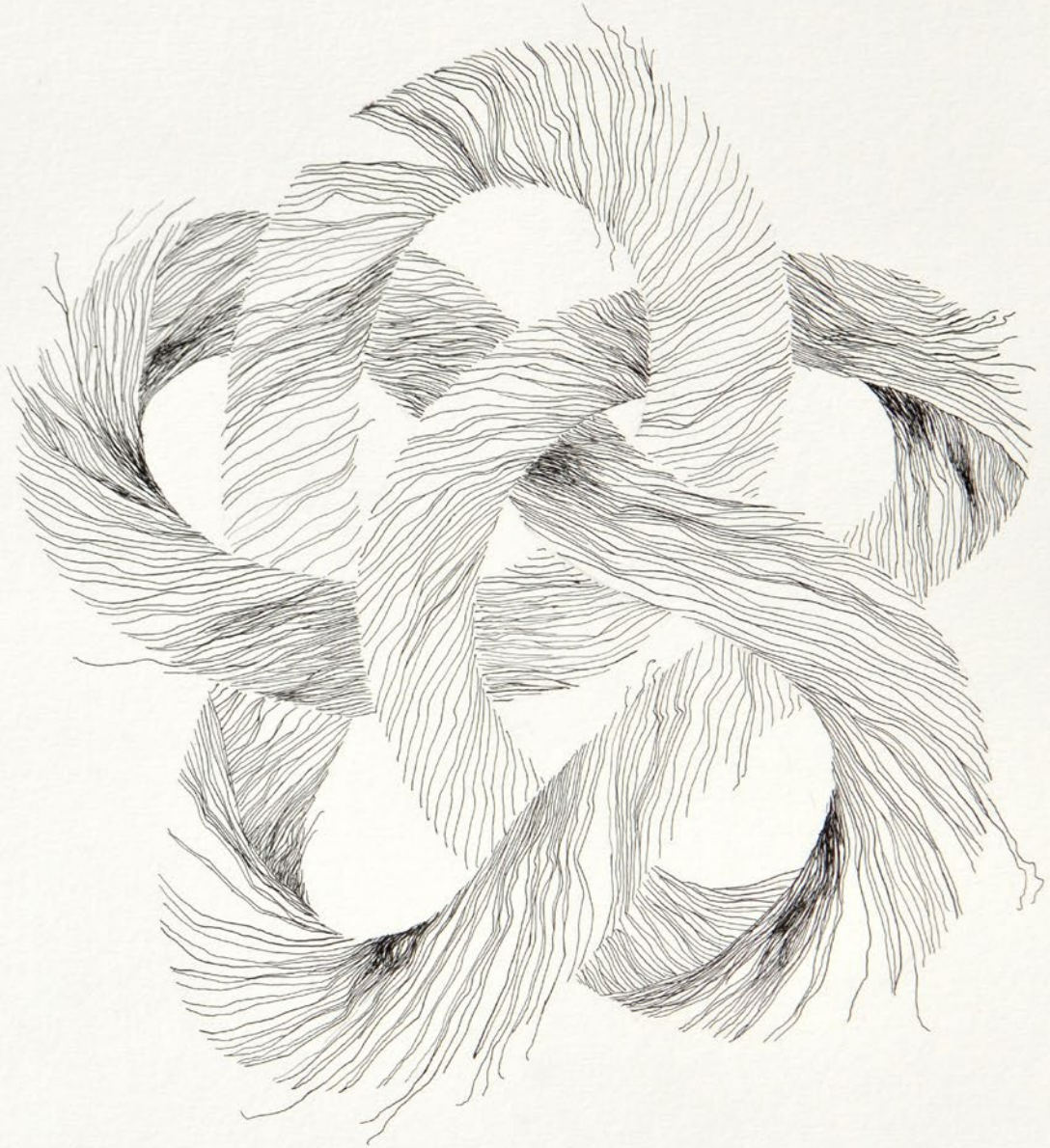
Moving Chronotopes: Real passport

Mladen Bundalo 2017











REAL PASSPORT

MLADEN BUNDALO
2017

- A) THIS IS MY REAL PASSPORT. IT HAS SO MUCH OF MENTAL MASS AND GRAVITY INSIDE MY MIND. WHAT A BLACK HOLE DOES TO MATTER IN OUR UNIVERSE, MY PASSPORT DOES TO MY THOUGHTS. IT ATTRACTS THEM, TWISTING AND BENDING THE VERY SPACE-TIME OF A PERSONAL TRAVELOGUE.
- B) ONCE IN RIGA, DURING A PASSPORT CONTROL, THEY ASKED ME TO SHOW THEM MY REAL BOSNIAN PASSPORT. I TOLD THEM THAT THE PASSPORT THEY CONTROL IS THE ONLY ONE I HAVE AND IT SHOULD BE A REAL PASSPORT. BUT, THEY KEPT INSISTING ON AN EXISTANCE OF OTHER TYPE OF PASSPORT, THE REAL ONE. AFTER AN HOUR OF CHECKING, AND DISCUSSION THEY FINNALLY LET ME PROCEED.
- C) I WAS WONDERING, WHAT THAT COULD BE? WHAT IS THAT REAL PASSPORT?
NOW I KNOW. THE POLICE OFFICER WHO CONTROLLED ME THAT NIGHT IN RIGA - SHE IS A PHILOSOPHER IN DEAD. SHE WAS ASKING FOR A LACANIAN REAL OF PASSPORT - A NEED OF PASSPORT.
A STATE OF NATURE IMPOSSIBLE TO COMPREHEND!

WE MOVE, WE CREATE PATHS. WE REPEAT PATHS. THINGS ARE HAPPENING ON THESE PATHS. THEY START VIBRATING, BECOMING ALIVE STRINGS. THE STRINGS INTERSECT EACH OTHER, ENDING UP IN KNOTS - SIX DIMENSIONAL STRUCTURES, LIVING INSIDE OUR MINDS. THEY ARE EXPANDING AND RESONATING THROUGH OUR BODIES, LIKE BRANES THROUGH THE UNIVERSE. SOMETIMES WE SEE THEM AS WORDS, IMAGES, VOICES, FEELINGS, PAST, FUTURE OR JUST A PROBABILITY.