

# *a souvenir of nowhere*



*Gerrit Schurer*

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Like a smudgy white taxi, driving through a nocturnal snowscape, our present is moving through time. It has no aim, no desire, no emotion, it just moves forward. It is permanently on its way from nowhere to nowhere. Never arriving, there is always further on, there is always more.

All that has passed, is swallowed by the moonless darkness of fading memories. Everything within the range of the headlights is composed of a formless white, there are no details, like hope without joy. The car is full of people, full of conversation, full of love, laughter, pain, lust, sorrow, hope and fear, in short, full of life. Your life. My life. Our lives. Warm and safe. It seems like it will last forever, gently swaying, going nowhere.

We are not aware how we got in this car, how our lives became part of this vibrant present. We only know that at some point we will have to get off, some day, all alone. The others, our beloved ones, must continue the journey and are forced to leave us in the cold creeping dark.

Everyone we know and love is on this same journey from nowhere to nowhere. The only way to gain some immortality is to be meaningful to others. Thus we create a kind of souvenirs. Once we are forgotten, we will be gone forever. A souvenir of nowhere. For that one day. Or actually, for afterwards. Please, remember me...





1

*our lives*



























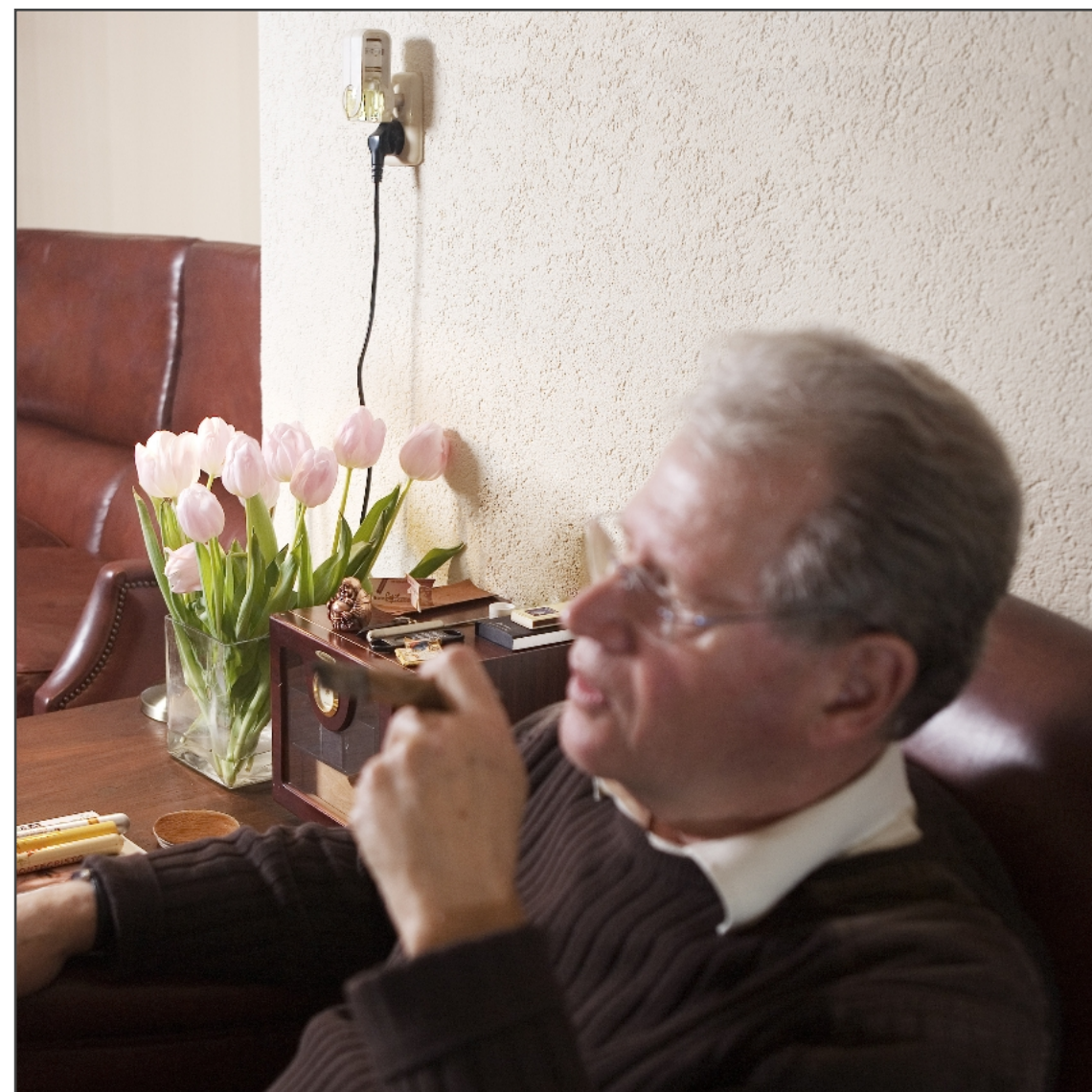
















2

*a souvenir*

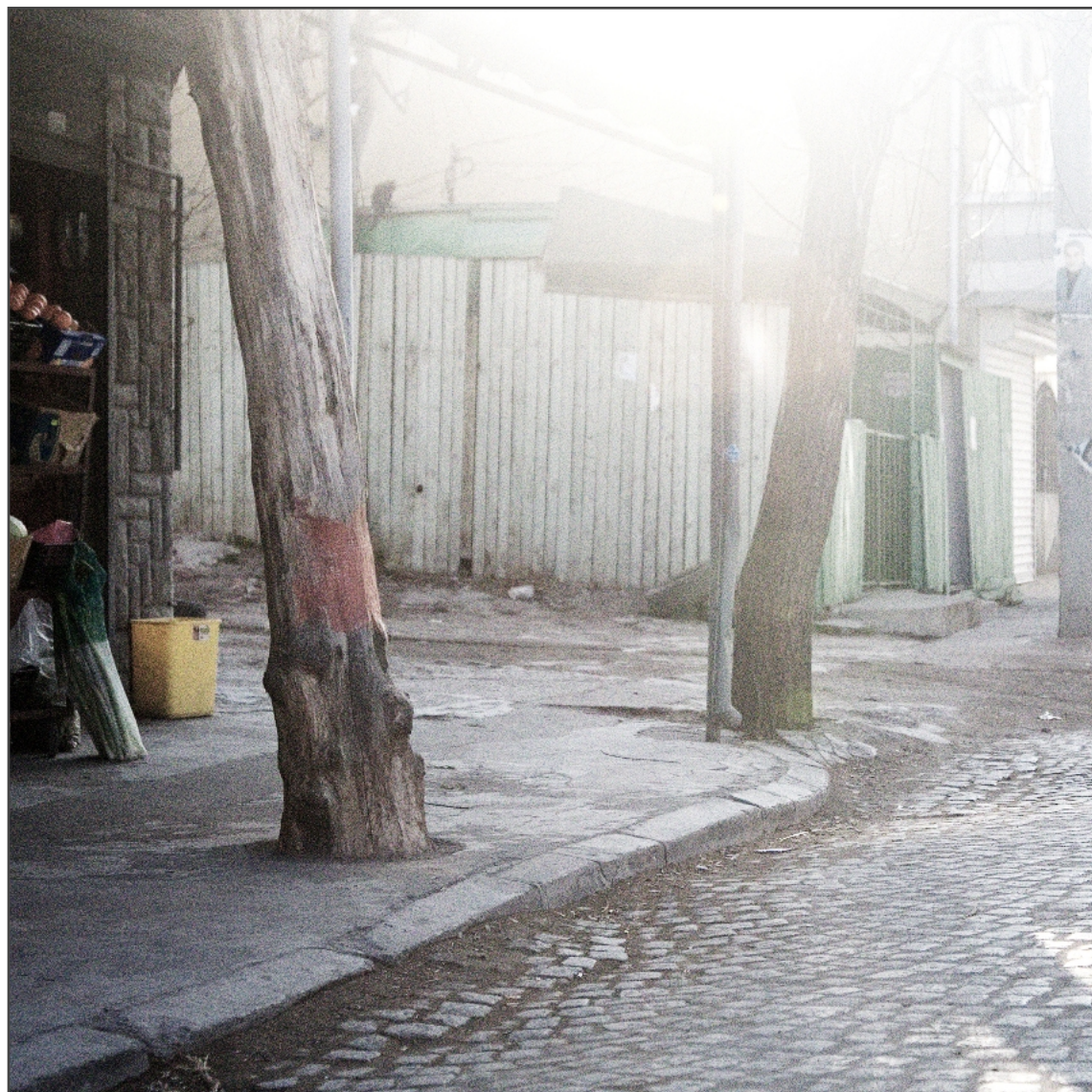








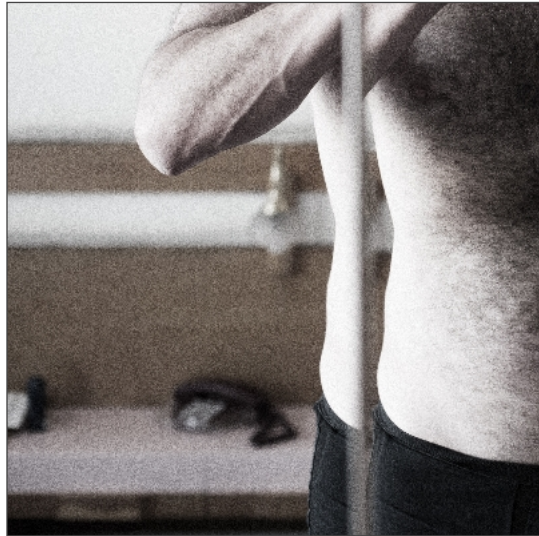












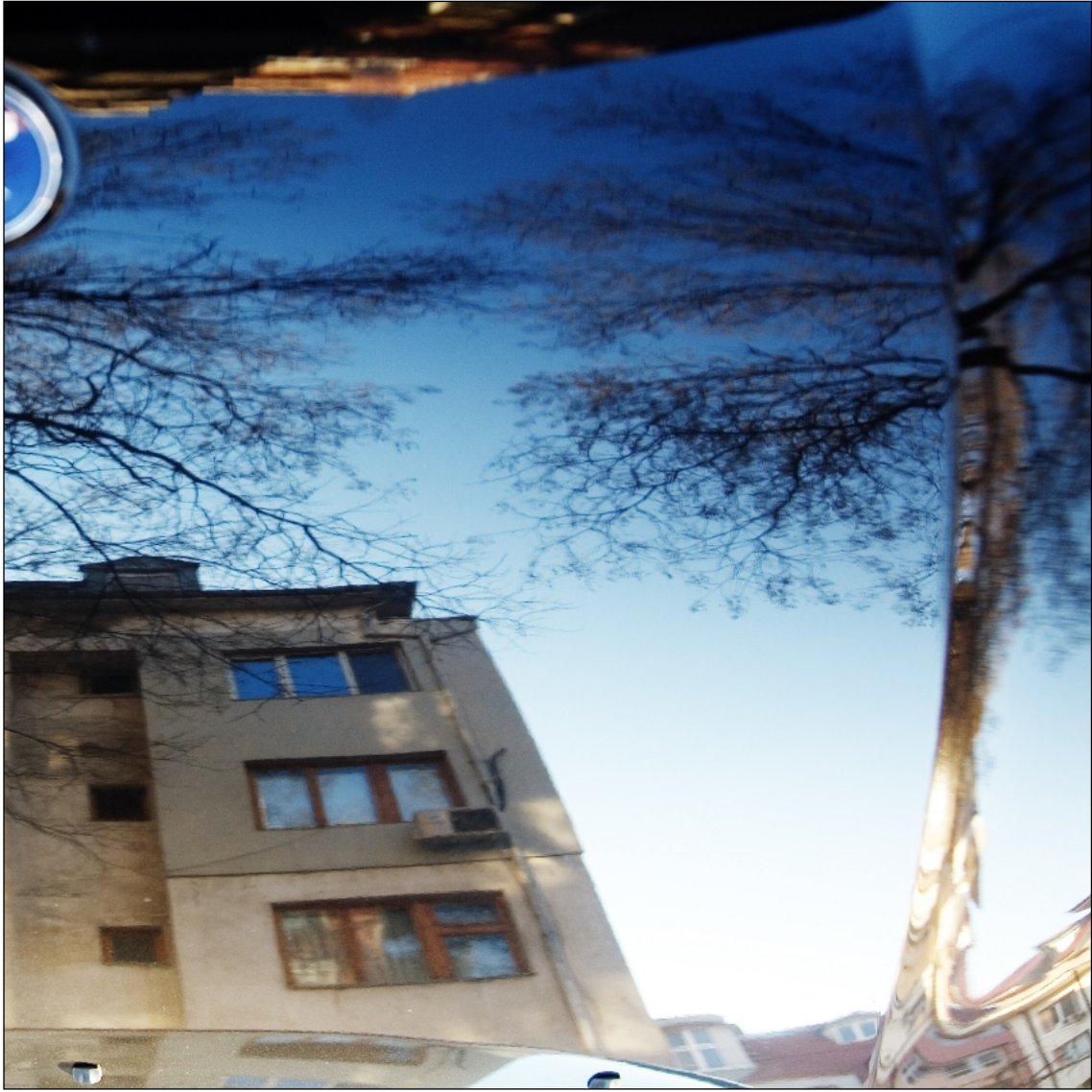


















3

*fading memories*













































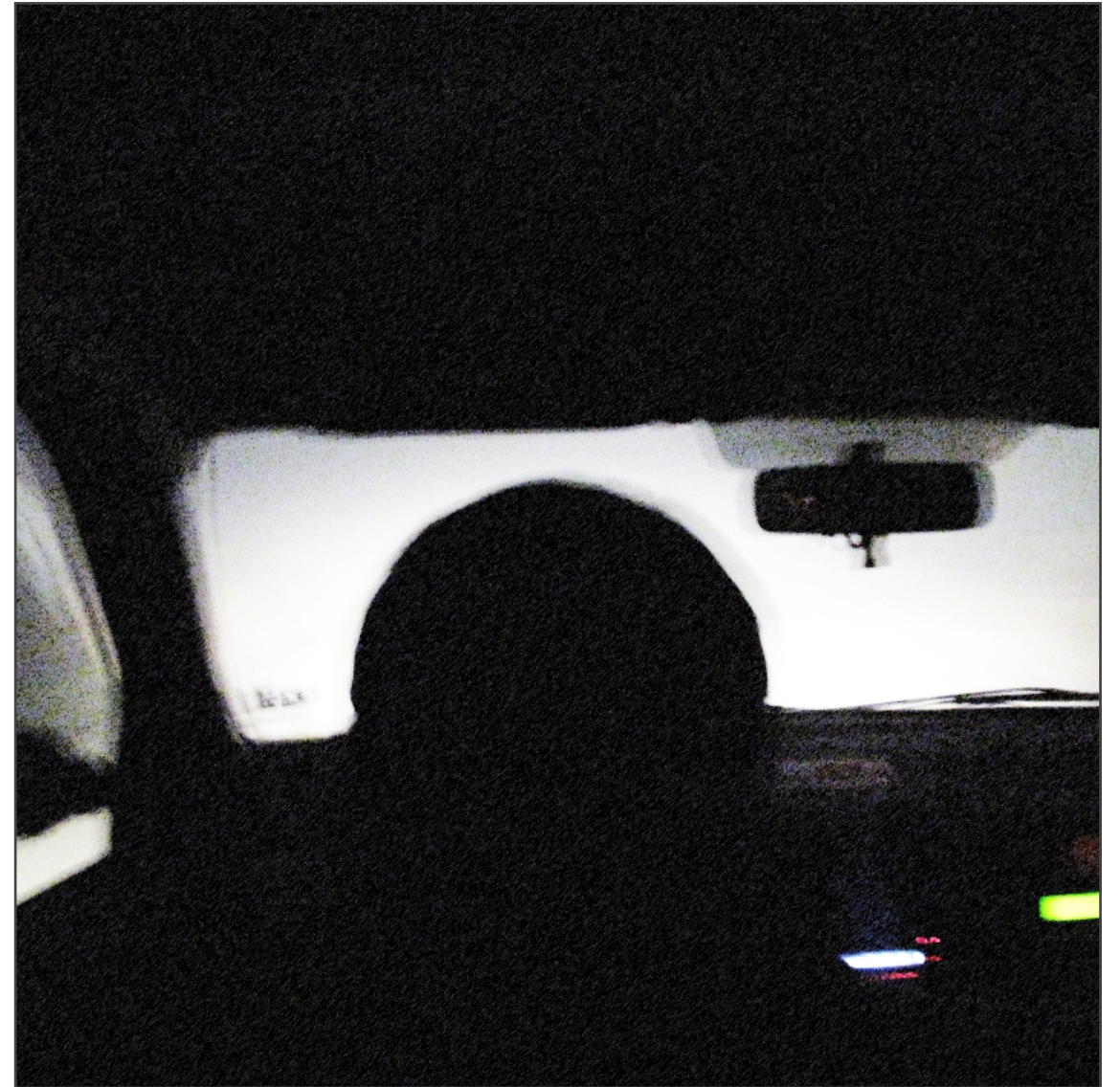






...

*going nowhere*





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