MY OLD COLLECTION OF COLLECTIONS
TRADITIONAL COLLECTIONS OF FINITE SETS
Stamps from the leaders of Spain, the UK, the Netherlands and France.
TRADITIONAL COLLECTIONS OF NON-FINITE OR PER-MUTATING ARTIFACTS
Boxes full of special rocks
One of many boxes that make up my sea shell museum “the nautilus”
With note on rules and entrance prices
12 different editions of the same Peter Rabbit book, a Peter Rabbit puzzle and a Peter Rabbit stick puppet
Sugar bags saved for the museum of my childhood best friend. These bags never made it to his collection because his mother found out he secretly ate the sugar in bed at night, after which the museum got suspended.
I also have several of naive collections consisting of objects I cannot seem to throw away.
Bugs
Casts of my teeth
My childhood stuffed animals
Dog socks (this collection is from Kraker)
SOME ‘COLLECTIONS’ FUNCTION AS ABSTRACT OR ESSENCE OF A SPACE

THEY CONSISTS OF SPECIAL OBJECTS OR MEMORY ARTIFACTS.
A dried salamander, 4 butterfly wings, a bug. Some precious notes by my mom including a list of names of the friends she met and some notes on how to enjoy each others company (be happy, share, do things together)
A floater, a spring, some old barbed wire.
A leave, some strings, 3 bugs, dried grass. Maybe about 100¥ (0.73 cents) saved in a side view car mirror cover.
OBJECTS THAT ARE MORE THAN JUST AN OBJECT
Dried frogs (that will never be kissed)
A collection of wishbones that still have a wish inside of them.
THE SUM OF MY OBJECTS HAS BECOME MORE THAN THE OBJECTS.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO CAPTURE WHAT THEY REPRESENT.

IN A WAY, THESE OBJECTS ARE A CONDUIT FOR IMAGINATION, THEY FORM A COSMOS IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.
WHILE MAKING AND COLLECTING ARE BORN OUT OF A DESIRE TO PIN SOMETHING DOWN, THEY ARE ALSO THIS BATTLE THAT CANNOT BE WON,
I AM CONSTANTLY CHASING AND REFORMULATING THE END OR LIMIT OF MY COLLECTIONS