



THE WORLD WHERE WE LEARNED HOW TO PLAY

(Residency CACP Villa Perochon Niort 2017)

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It's a puzzle; my story -and every picture I make- where each piece fits in with time. This story is no different.

I wander in a city unmapped. Early morning walks to see the light fall on the pale walls as if they've never been touched before. Where ever corner appears strange to me, everything still open to be explored. Discovering the contradictions of society manifested in the landscapes. Grasping the irony in small facts. Framing the first impression of the unknown.

Seeking similarities, looking for a connection, for the significant other to fill a missing gap. This befalls us so frighteningly, the modern world becomes more complex, faster and less personal; it seems an even greater challenge to find one another. Keeping this in mind, blind dates have been organized, like so many other speed-daters to encounter a possible sweetheart. Drinks and small talks done. Plunging into the vulnerable state of mind, which reminds us underneath of a shared desire for physical intimacy. However it's where one sought for familiarity or an openness, that one is often confronted with the discomfort.

As time goes by, you get to know which road leads to the heart of town, which door you need to knock on to see a friendly face. The uncharted shifts in a moment, when the invisible becomes visible, where secrets unfold.

A picture is made as a souvenir, triggering curiosity for what really happened then.



URGENT

Young female photographer spending some time in Niort wishes to meet a charming man. PM me for any questions, I'll put you in contact.

-Shhh Shhh, please!!! I don't want to have too much competition.













You saw a picture of me, one where I was exposed fully naked. I received a message telling me that you wanted to touch my skin. I agreed. We saw each other for the first time in the pub opposite the railway station. I was nervous. Never before had I met someone I knew nothing about except that their hands wanted to explore my body.

After a first glance, you immediately gave me a kiss on the mouth. Your eyes were shining and followed every move I made. It made me even more nervous, and little by little my fingers started shredding the beer mats. You asked me if I trusted you enough to go to your home. I still didn't know your name.

Bernard, just like my dad.

Your car was parked further down the road, shining in the sun. Your moustache had already gone grey with the years, and there was nothing left of whatever hair may have remained on your head. You took me for a ride. I landed on your sofa, having seen nothing else of your house. You turned the seat over to prove it had been made in South Africa in the early twentieth century. It was on this sofa that I found myself on my knees, my pale bum in the air, ready for a firm slap on the buttocks.









Would it be possible to make the image in your room? There will be just you and me, right? My girlfriend does not know I'm meeting other girls. I guess it's not the first time such a story happens to you. It would be a good idea to surprise my girlfriend with a nude photo of me, but she has to believe our encounter was just a coincidence.

