

The Office

This is a room you cannot and do not want to enter. It does however bear the possibility to get a glimpse of what is going on inside. It concerns us all.

With an assembly of land, a regulating body often comes with it. Whatever regulation means. Oftentimes it involves paperwork. Paperwork, whilst consisting of a thin layer of ink on fine matter, attempts to hold everything together in order to provide a systemically controlled overview. In the case of this room the viewer gets confronted with a pile of stuff, perhaps friendly, at times grouchy, maybe even dangerously observing. It works as a reminder of an administrative force that legitimizes and questions access. »Look at this dump«. It is in this kind of architecture, which one would call an office, that one thinks of the nice weather outside, an appeal to the guilty conscience. »If I go swimming, I am done«.