

Riding the Line

I am riding the line

I am riding the line in a direction

I am an extension of form along the line

In the periphery between two points

The line takes me somewhere

I am a moving shape on wheels

I am a moving point

Attached to the line

Square

The square fills without announcing itself.

Silent Room

Space is provided for sixteen people. The chairs are arranged like soldiers in an army, aligned in perfect formation. No gaze can cross another, no subtle gestures can be exchanged. It is the epitome of efficiency, of controlled space. The massage chairs are like small islands.

A partition to my left is the right partition of my front man, and if I follow the straight gaze forward, I see the left wall of the person in front of my neighbor. The booths seem to amplify the silence.

Home

The home is kept free from external influences. For the sake of cleanliness and because one wants to escape the outside world. We bring it in through our skin and clothes and through food. Despite doors, windows, and walls, and floors. Only oneself is still a host for the dirt one brings in through the barriers. Shoes are removed, skin is washed, trash is taken out, toilets are flushed, and clothes are washed at irregular intervals.

Paranoid City

I talk about the extent to which architecture exerts influence over our lives. About whether it pushes me over the edge.

Ill Tree

It's strange to see a tree that is openly in need of help and standing with a crutch. Perhaps just a precaution, yet unusual, as everyone has tried pitifully to split tree roots at some point to dig somewhere. They are tough. Even with a spade, it's a sweaty job.