

Formation de bureau

The first time I came into this room I felt like no one had been in it for a long time. Things have been standing still over the years, holding their breath as dust slowly rested atop their surfaces. Every move I made was a sign of my intrusive presence.

Then I noticed that a new element had been introduced to the ceiling of the space: TL lights. The kind of lights owned by exhibition spaces, hospitals and offices: lighting without shadows, the kind that comes from everywhere. Nothing and no one can scape the omnipresent eyes of TL. It was made clear what the aim of this room would be from now on.

The floor has always been tiled in yellow and red. Everything is tiled except the corner that was covered by sand. It felt soft and unstable. I started to dig out the sand just to know how deep the foundations of the building were. I wanted to find out where the building ended and the ground began. I dug for days until it was clear that the hole's depth could be infinite. Right there I remembered a work from my friend Yoel that involved the profile of a concrete house coming out of the floor of an exhibition space. I invited him to continue digging this hole with me and to wonder together, what does it meant to do this?

After some months, the hole remains endless and we keep asking ourselves:

How much do we need to dig just to find out that we have dug enough?
How deep do we need to go just to realize we've gotten to the middle of nowhere?
What are we trying to discover inside this massive amount of sand?

Additionally, on the walls there were two cabinets; an empty one and another full of documents. We have been reading these documents for months. Each new document gives us clues as to they are about, who wrote them and what for. Each new document poses questions that expect to be answered by the next document.

I wonder, what would it mean to finish reading them?
If we ever finish reading this documents would it make us experts on the topic of these documents?
Would this make us specialists on every topic related to this room?
What if we finish and still have questions?
Where would we go in search for answers?
Which other proof would stand as a material truth this time?

In case our task came to an end,
how would we communicate what these documents "really" mean and say?
How would we show others our new discoveries?

Suddenly, we saw a guiding light in-between the piles of sand and paper. We took a text by Jorge Luis Borges called *The Ethnographer* as a structural pillar in the attempt to have something to hold on to. It involves moving to another land and living among other people in search of secrets. It's also about moving back to your own land.

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