



As we leave the forest we stumble upon a concrete cube. The cube has a length, width and height of 4,52 meters and a 2,26 meter high horizontal slice remains open. We enter. The surface underneath our feet has a sandy, gravelly texture and an undefined relief. As has the surface above our head. Sixteen diagonal reinforcement bars surround us. Each with a diameter of 25 millimeters and slanted at an average angle of 30 degrees. It seems as if the slice in which we are standing has somehow been washed away, leaving behind only steel and erosion. Moving around we take hold of a bar and feel a slight vibration. We are shocked to realize that the whole upper part of the cube is gently moving back and forth in the wind. Fear comes over us as we realize that we are standing in a place where concrete belongs.

