

ANNE BRUGGENKAMP

born under venus

i grew up in a fairy tale and waking up was very hard and disturbing (still love solitude and silence). i remember the awkward peacock from the nearby woods that woke me in the morning, it's sound still pushes me back in time, late sixties. growing up in a construction site smelling fresh concrete and seeing the buildings grow, the bricks stacked high, it was a marvel (in the surreal sense). i didn't realise at the time that this ideal of living was already collapsing. modernity died under my feet. nostalgia was born on it's rubble.

into the past

reflective nostalgia is about the gap between the past and the present. this gap gives me vertigo. i remember walking inside the concrete skeleton of an unfinished flat. the building still being a dreamlike construction. red bricks and young green grass. how is one to become nostalgic when born in a time of believe in progress and full blown optimism?

heritage

according to leonardo benevolo's *history of modern architecture* the office of van den broek en bakema played a key role in the development of modern post ww II architecture. the office was responsible for the neighbourhood i grew up in, conceived and built between 1962 en 1968. already in the 1970's there were reports about social problems which accumulated during the next decade. it prompted some very dubious measures: demolishing some parts and renovating others. because of this the original plan was completely destroyed. in 2006 the project by van den broek en bakema was listed in the dutch architectural guide as one of their best plans. when i visited the area last year i was shocked by the carelessness of the alterations.

nightmare

every idea means to an end. all antitheses, all opposites undone. all the new is already old. poetry killed by contempt. contempt of matter. contempt of colour. contempt of space. contempt of being.