



the people

Agnietenplaats 2, 6822 JD Arnhem

Ter um banco inteiro ao seu lado é uma decisão muito particular

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Opening: Apr 15, 2025, 6:30 pm

*Wiltherine;*  
2025; 10:00min video loop

*Charleston;*  
2025; plexiglass

*Legacy;*  
2025; plexiglass

Legacy stepped out of the Tower into the gleaming afternoon sun. Leaving the cool air conditioning behind, the rotating door spat him into the scorching heat — his white shirt instantly becoming translucent with sweat, clinging to his bronzed muscular body, perfectly sculpted. It was so hot it felt like the rubber soles of his dress shoes melted into the bubbling asphalt, becoming one.

Wiltherine stood by the floor-to-ceiling window of her 52nd floor office, watching him slide down the busy avenue. Her angular glasses rested halfway down the bridge of her nose. Her blouse — casually undone — gave a glimpse of her breasts, secured by a lace bra. As Legacy disappeared between the tall buildings, her heart started beating faster. Desire welled up, once again. She imagined running her hands down his hot, sticky skin. Their chests pressing against each other, sweat melting their bodies together. Seamlessly.

Not marriage and certainly not love, thank you very much!

The Tower is a cutting-edge, 79-story skyscraper at the heart of the financial district. Just as those inside take in the city, the city looks right

back at them. Rising 324 meters with its sleek, phallic form — thicker in the middle tapering toward a domed top — the building merges structural expressionism, neo-futurism, and postmodernism, cementing its place as a distinctive urban landmark. More than just a headquarters, the Tower stands as a testament to long-term commitment and unwavering confidence in the city's future as a global financial hub.

A hand suddenly landed on her shoulder. Slipped away into a daydream, Wiltherine hadn't registered that someone had come in. The surprise, mixed with the cold artificial air of the office, sent a shiver through her. It was Carleson. He smiled, worth millions and knowing it. She crashed back into the glass-wrapped office. "H-h-hey tiger," she clumsily said.

Carleson was a devil blessed with the face of an angel and cursed with a past he couldn't escape. He had a heart of ice, but for his lover he'd burn the world. He'd destroy anyone crossing their path, and he'd do it so calmly, looking so gorgeous, you wouldn't even notice everything going up in flames around you until you were just a pile of ashes under his patent leather shoes.

2.79  
3.87  
4.59  
5.42  
5.42  
6.64  
5.42  
5.84  
10.22  
10.74

— Q1

Picture this: you step into a space unlike any you've known. Everything around you has this seductive, almost unreal, glow. Objects — some functional, most not — are carefully placed, but not in an annoying way. It all feels right, effortless. Like it's always been like that. Like that's how it's supposed to be.

There's no one around. It's too early anyway. The office is quiet, untouched. The only sound is the soft beep of the alarm. Citrus and Pledge scents from carpet cleaner and furniture polish hang in the air, lingering, suspended. Soon, the AC will wake up and start to slowly suck them in. As the renewed sterile air spreads, people will begin to arrive. But for now, everything is static, dormant.

Inside a room, there's someone. You're not in your territory, but they are — you realise that quickly. You don't let it throw you. Actually, you like it. They have this kind of energy some might find repulsive. Conceited, out of reach, ruthless. Not you. You think highly of yourself and know you're up to the part. Whatever happens here will lead to big things.

You take a step forward, offer your hand. Not too eagerly. You don't want to seem desperate. Your hands lock, and for a moment, you slip. You catch yourself feeling their grip. It's nice, tighter than you imagined. A little bit painful. It kind of turns you on.

Shit. Focus.

Wherever you went, people knew her. How to describe her? She was inspiring. A leading figure. But somehow casual about her influence. She never had to exert power — never forced it. People just respected

her. She made them believe in themselves, in the inevitability of success. That kind of faith was intoxicating.

And yet, no one had ever really seen her. Sure, her name popped up in respected publications, experts mentioned her in seminars and lectures, but her image remained... elusive. Every now and then, a picture would surface in a newspaper or magazine, but that only made the mystery grow stronger. The photos were barely identifiable. Like miracles in old books. A hazy, beautiful, untouchable celestial presence.

If you do it right, then others will recognize your efforts  
and you will earn the reputation you wish to have.

CARLESON: [looking lustful] Wow, you got so much bigger.

LEGACY: Do you think so? I've been hitting the gym lately.

CARLESON: Yeah, I can tell. [gently squeezing his bicep] Shit, your arm...

Can you flex for me?

LEGACY: [confused and aroused] Yeah... sure. Like this? [flexes arm]

CARLESON: [keeps massaging his bicep] Yeah, exactly like that... You love showing off, don't you?

LEGACY: I guess... I'm happy you like it. To be honest, I've been hoping you'd notice. [smiles]

CARLESON: You're so gullible. That really turns me on, you know?

[The phone starts ringing. The two men separate abruptly.]

CARLESON: [picks up the phone] Hi, hello. Wiltherine, hi.

[LEGACY just stands there, looking slightly lost.]

CARLESON: [after a brief silence] I see, I see. No, we can't let this one slide. Those motherfuckers. You know what? Give me five minutes.

Conference room. [puts down the phone and looks at LEGACY:]

I'm sorry, something major just came up. I need to go down, stat.

LEGACY: No, I totally get it. I'll head out with you — I need to go back to the office anyway.

CARLESON: Yeah, it's gonna be a shitshow. You shouldn't wait for me.

Come, I'll close the door behind you.

[The two men leave the office and walk to opposite sides of the corridor.]

concept for you. He is the bank in person. He personally monitors the evolution of your business. He is familiar with all types of financial products. And behind him stands the centuries-old experience and the global leadership of our shareholders. Enjoy the privilege of having a personal banker.

Having a whole bank by your side is a very personal decision. We offer you the new concept of personalized service: the personal banker. Your first contact with the account manager of our bank will confirm this

-27.99%  
-15.64%  
-15.23%  
+/-0.00%  
-18.44%  
+22.62%  
-7.28%  
-42.82%  
+4.89%

— Q2

The sky behind the UV-glazed windows shifted from metallic blue to warm yellow, then into hot red. Enough to take the occasional visitor's breath away, but the executive level was used to it. The last lingering interns were still busy typing on their computers. Wiltherine walked slowly through the office, the carpet muting the sound of her heels, following a path she knew too well.

Carrying a large stack of documents, she pressed her back into the glass door and pushed it open to enter Carleson's office. Her lips curved — not enough to classify as a smile, but enough to broadcast her thoughts: You still can't handle what I'm into.

As the stack of paper hit the desk, Carleson looked up, but not enough to lock eyes with her. His gaze seemed to land somewhere else. "Thanks, but I'd rather not stand up right now." Adrenaline rushed to her head, filling it with hot blood. She closed the last button of her shirt, defyingly. "Your day's about to get a bit longer," she spit back.

The bulge in Carleson's pants grew bigger as she arched her back. They both knew what was going to happen — a game they loved playing after hours, and even more during business hours. She swung one leg over him and slowly descended into his lap. His face didn't change, but his smile grew larger. Once on his lap, they performed their favorite move — the one where her hands moved from his shoulders down to his waist, and his from her calves up to her waist. His belt buckle was always the hardest to open. Why he never bothered to buy a different one was beyond her. One could say the delay was just another part of the show. His response was always the same: pulling down her pantyhose and thong together, in one sleek swipe.

As her underwear hit the floor and his face vanished in between her buttcheeks — “I like licking cunt. It makes me feel like a pig at the trough.” — Carleson suddenly realised their routine was about to end. And for the first time, he didn’t remember what came next. Line?

Leaving Carleson’s office, Wiltherine pulled her hair back into a stern ponytail. A fine trickle of cum made its way down her stocking toward the floor.

People think it’s easy to be in his position, but they don’t get what it costs. If he’s sure of anything, it’s that he earned it. All the sacrifices, the long hours, the nights without sleep — it was all worth it. He almost feels sorry for people who never had that kind of drive. When you have a calling, you just have to put in the work. Eventually, you’ll get there. Simple.

Walking past Carleson’s office, she could see two silhouettes conversing with each other. Business posture, friendly but laced with power play, the two men grappling for an upper hand.

“I wish I could press these two together. Just pull their pants down. I’d arch one over and put the other’s dick inside the first. Then push until they squeal for joy like little pigs. Kiss, kiss, kiss. Fuck, fuck, fuck. And then cum, all over each other.”

Playing with dolls in her head, but they weren’t just rubbing against each other anymore. They were fucking. A secret behind closed office doors.

My Account Manager contacts me personally if any factor is expected to affect the return on my capital. Each of the Account Managers at our bank knows the exact and correct answer to the specific interests and needs of their clients. Moment by moment. And, since they know how to tailor their advice to each situation, the information they provide is personalized for each client, at a given moment. That’s why the banking service offered is innovative and personalized, ensuring, through its quality, that the capital of their clients is invested to its maximum potential.

CARLESON: Yeah, he’s all in, absolutely.

WILTHERINE: You sure? Last thing I want is to be putting out another fire this quarter.

CARLESON: I’m totally sure. I ran the numbers by him. You should’ve seen his face.

WILTHERINE: Hm... can I have a think?

CARLESON: Yeah, no, take your time. We’re finessing. I get it.

WILTHERINE: Good.

CARLESON: Great, it’s gonna be great.

WILTHERINE: Fantastic.

You now have the title of “manager”. To start, relax and let it settle in, not only with yourself, but also with your co-workers. You’ll have more than enough time to tell them what to do later.



4.2% YoY  
17.5% increase  
82.6%  
\$14 million  
12% improvement  
2.8%  
5 out of 7 members

— Q3

WILTHERINE: [with slight annoyance] What's the matter with you?

LEGACY: [defeatedly] You promised me.

WILTHERINE: Promised you what?

LEGACY: I'm in deep shit, you know. You said it was all gonna work out, and now look at me. I lost everything.

WILTHERINE: Sweetie, relax.

LEGACY: [sinks into the couch] I can't... [buries his face in his hands]  
What the hell am I gonna do now?

WILTHERINE: Try again? Maybe something else? I don't know...

LEGACY: Babe... I'm so lost. [starts sobbing]

WILTHERINE: [through clenched teeth] Oh my god... [walks towards  
LEGACY and sits next to him on the couch] It's going to be fine, trust  
me. Things will all fall into place. Just wait.

LEGACY: I can't wait anymore... it's all gone. [sobbing intensifies]

WILTHERINE: [barely audible] What the... [pulls his hands away from his  
face, lifts his chin toward her] Babe, that's just how the market is.  
Sometimes you win — big time — sometimes you lose. You can't let it  
get you down. You know you got what it takes. I know you do. [smirks  
at him while nodding]

LEGACY: [looks at her, tears streaming down his face, gathers the  
strength to smile] I do?

WILTHERINE: Yes, of course you do, silly.

LEGACY: I... yeah... I do. I've got what it takes [his face lightens up]

WILTHERINE: Babe, you do.

I can only — miserably, broken-heartedly — say yes.

216,000 square meters of grey tinted glass  
Single-glazed inner screen

Double-glazed outer layer  
178,857 strips of painted sheet metal in different colors  
90,000 tons of diagonally braced steel  
Every blind solar-controlled  
75,000 m3 of reinforced concrete  
13,500 window openings cut out of of high-performance aluminium

CARLESON: You need a lighter?

[LEGACY leans in for the fire but drops the cigarette dangling from his lips and slowly gets down on his knees.]

A very exclusive space. A class apart. An authentic club reserved for connoisseurs of style, elegance, and refinement. All of this is found inside, fully upholstered in genuine leather. Cozy, spacious, and comfortable, it is the ideal place, perfectly ventilated by the powerful automatic air conditioning system. And to help you maintain your social posture, it is also equipped with electrically adjustable ergonomic seats.

Nothing disturbs the tranquility and silence experienced inside. This is class for people of your class. Obviously superior.

The thing about desire is, it keeps you coming back. Carleson knew that too well. Whenever Legacy left his office, he already knew he'd return. He liked to lean back in his chair, shirt still unbuttoned, looking down at his chest streaked with Legacy's cum. Every time Legacy walked in, he had to leave something behind. That was the deal.

So each time, Carleson would sit there and swirl the milky liquid around with his finger until it came close to close to a circular shape, a sort of target. He liked doing that before he finally made himself cum, something he would never allow Legacy to see. The goal was simple: try to shoot inside the borders of the circle. He hit his target nine times out of ten — at least, according to his own metrics.

Anyone who understands the problems of running a home will be nearer to understanding the problems of running a business.

Performance. Compare us with everything that has satisfied you until now. The comfort of the interior... Made to be compared, we surpass any comparison.

Carleson gripped the copy machine, steadying himself. He had just opened the wrong door at the wrong time — seen something he shouldn't have. He'd rushed back to his work, trying to forget, but the image persisted.

He ran his hand over his forehead, and then, in a flash of anger, slammed his palm against the display. His knees gave way, and he collapsed onto the soft gray carpet, swallowing a scream so intense that a vein bulged at his temple. White paper brushed past him like cold snow on those endless winter afternoons in the tiny suburban town where he had grown up. Only one word crossed his mind that night: R-E-V-E-N-G-E.

87% costumer happiness

95.7 per share

4 new floors

17% dividende

\$36 million

1 new shareholder

— Q4

Have you heard? There's a rumor going around the office. It's a good one — better than anything you'll ever catch. It's creeping through the lightly frosted glass divisors separating the upper management and the rest, slipping under the metal-framed doors, moving from cubicle to cubicle. The sun, setting in a perfect gradient through the slatted blinds, knows about it. So does the last to turn off the fluorescent tube lights, saying hi to the cleaning staff as they exit the floor. The polished granite tabletops whisper it to the ergonomic chairs.

Where did it begin? No one remembers. Is it true? Everyone's sure. Carleson, Legacy and Wiltherine are no longer mere counterparts. They've been sleeping together.





*Exhibition text in collaboration with Jonathan Blaschke,  
corrections by Johanna Schäfer.*