

AARCHITECTURE 45

or, if you prefer :

ACT ONE

A voice (off):

To the North, ~~nothing~~ ^{a myth}
To the South, ~~nothing~~ ^{a fabrication}
To the East, ~~nothing~~ ^{a whisper}
To the West, ~~nothing~~ ^{a gossip}
In the centre, ~~nothing~~ ^{a rumour}

The curtain falls.
End of Act One.

ACT TWO

A voice (off):

To the North, ~~nothing~~ ^{a myth}
To the South, ~~nothing~~ ^{a fabrication}
To the East, ~~nothing~~ ^{a whisper}
To the West, ~~nothing~~ ^{a gossip}
In the centre, ~~nothing~~ ^{an Association}

The curtain falls.
End of Act Two.

ACT THREE AND LAST

A voice (off):

To the North, ~~nothing~~ ^{a myth}
To the South, ~~nothing~~ ^{a fabrication}
To the East, ~~nothing~~ ^{a whisper}
To the West, ~~nothing~~ ^{a gossip}
In the centre, ~~nothing~~ ^{an Association}

and, Association
in front of the ~~black~~ ^{ed}
an orderly busy polished pair
of ~~black~~ numbers
with ~~black~~ ^{black} boot polish.
"36"!!
The curtain falls
End of Act Three and
Last

(Author unknown. Lesrnt around 1947, recalled
in 1973.)

'A SENSE OF SPACE IS IMPLICIT IN THE CONCEPT OF A RUMOUR.'

The cloud-like nature of a rumour allows it to quickly disseminate and fill spaces faster than any heavy piece of factual research ever could. This issue reveals the diverse ways in which rumours propagate and circulate. We have drawn inspiration from past AA projects to understand rumours as frameworks that facilitate social, cultural, economic and political interactions, considering the spreading of rumours as a methodology.

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SPECIES OF SPAACES

In the last issue of *AArchitecture*, a question arose: 'Where does the AA spirit reside?'. Is it in the construction of an argument (see *Rumouring: A Speculative Practice*, p 36), the building of imaginary worlds based on very real networks (see *Terrestrial Tales*, p25), the advertising of an event (see *Down the Wormhole*, p 12) or the fulfilling of an agenda (see *Eleven Sisters*, p 20)?

'Or, if you prefer:

ACT ONE

A voice (off):
To the North, nothing.
To the South, nothing.
To the East, nothing.
To the West, nothing.
In the centre, nothing.

The curtain falls. End of Act One.

ACT TWO

A voice (off):
To the North, nothing.
To the South, nothing.
To the East, nothing.
To the West, nothing.
In the centre, a tent.

The curtain falls. End of Act Two.

ACT THREE AND LAST

A voice (off):
To the North, nothing.
To the South, nothing.
To the East, nothing.
To the West, nothing.
In the centre, a tent,
and,
in front of the tent,
an orderly busy polishing a pair
of boots
with "LION NOIR" boots polish!

The curtain falls. End of Act Three and Last.

(Author unknown. Learnt around 1947, recalled in 1973.)¹

¹ In the opening to his book *Species of Spaces* (London: Penguin, 1997), Georges Perec inserts a three-act piece he had memorised 30 years prior. Source of the acts: unknown. Fidelity to the original version: uncertain. The piece serves as a ludic alternative to the Foreword that precedes it. The editors of this issue of *AArchitecture* were inspired by these same three acts, using them as a base from which to create their own alternative foreword, which can be found on the cover.

THERE'S A WILDCAT ON THE LOOSE AT HOOKE PARK¹

A conversation between ChatGPT and the *AArchitecture* Editors

Since generative artificial intelligence (AI) became a widely accessible resource, it has been the subject of heightened debate, regulation and even prohibition. Discussion has focused on the accuracy of the information it can provide, as well as questions of authorship and concerns about plagiarism, particularly in educational contexts such as schools and higher education institutions. Concurrently, rumours have circulated about generative AI's potential to replace significant portions of the global workforce.

In response to discussions about the potential risks and benefits of generative AI, the Editors invited ChatGPT to serve as an official contributor to this issue of *AArchitecture*.

We first prompted ChatGPT to produce 'fake news' about the AA's woodland campus, Hooke Park. Interestingly, we noticed that while our initial prompt contained false information, ChatGPT attempted to

incorporate factual data about the campus into its accounts. In this way, our conversation with the chatbot inverted a process of rumouring wherein facts are embellished with falsehoods or unverified information.

In a second interview with the editors (pp 18–19), ChatGPT revealed its operational principles and highlighted similarities between these and the act of rumouring.

We encourage our readers to consider the possibilities that AI tools such as ChatGPT can offer to our practice. Rather than rejecting them, we can view them as allies and embrace the new creative opportunities they provide, as long as we engage with them critically.

Editors:

Can you come up with a list of rumours about the Architectural Association School of Architecture's Dorset campus, Hooke Park?

ChatGPT:

Certainly! As an AI language model, I must clarify that the following list of rumours about the Architectural Association School of Architecture's Dorset campus, Hooke Park, is entirely fictional and for creative purposes only. As of my last update in September 2021, I have no real knowledge of any rumours related to this location. Please treat them as imaginative stories and not real information.

[1] Secret Underground Tunnels:

There's a rumour that beneath the Hooke Park campus lies a network of mysterious underground tunnels. Some claim they were used by a secret society of architects for clandestine meetings and experiments.

[2] Living Architecture:

Some students claim that the trees and plants on the campus have a strange energy that influences the design process. According to the rumour, the flora of Hooke Park has a symbiotic relationship with the architecture created there.

[3] Time Loop Phenomenon:

Some students claim that time behaves differently at Hooke Park, leading to a phenomenon in which it feels like they are stuck in a time loop, repeating certain events over and over again.

[4] Time-Travelling Professor:

Whispers abound about a professor at Hooke Park who has allegedly developed a time-travelling device. Some say that they have witnessed the professor disappearing into thin air and reappearing mysteriously in different eras.

[5] The Ghost of Hooke Park:

Legend has it that a vengeful spirit roams the campus, haunting those who disrespect the principles of architecture and design.

[6] Architectural Anomalies:

Several structures on the campus are said to defy the laws of physics and geometry, leading to rumours that they were created using ancient, mystical techniques.

[7] Hidden Treasure:

According to local folklore, a hidden treasure lies somewhere within the grounds of Hooke Park. Some believe it's a collection of ancient architectural artifacts, while others think it's a stash of legendary blueprints.

Remember, these rumours are entirely fictional and are meant to spark creativity and imagination.

They are not based on any real-world information about Hooke Park or the Architectural Association School of Architecture.

ANOTHER HOLE IN THE WALL

Georges Massoud

Rumour has it, someone once cut holes in the walls of the AA.
An Environmental and Technical Studies project, perhaps?
A student tired of meandering the school's corridors and waiting
to be admitted by one of the many card access points?
A property speculator trying to make more of the views?
A Gordon Matta-Clark enthusiast?



The *AAArchitecture* Editors managed to get hold of the following statement about the holes, which sheds light on how, but not why, they came about...

“We had to cut the hole through the plasterboard and timber studs before we could reach the bricks. The brick wall was a bit tricky – we had to install some temporary propping before we could replace two brick courses with a lintel. Once this was all set up, we were able to break through by removing one brick at a time. It was very messy.”

RUMOUR HAS IT, ONLY BABIES CRY :'(

Aye Aye Tha Esther Su Qing Zhu

Grief feels like being lost at sea: all you can do is bob along, at the mercy of sudden waves, occasional calm and a constant feeling of helplessness. You feel blue, as though an endless expanse of water is threatening to drown you. Yet right at the moment when your body feels consumed by the blue, and your lungs are about to give out, an arm reaches down to yank you right out of the water and out of your misery.

Escaping sorrow is a tedious process, but one that progresses more quickly when you're not alone. Grief is a universal aspect of the human experience; the Crybaby Club was born from this shared sadness.

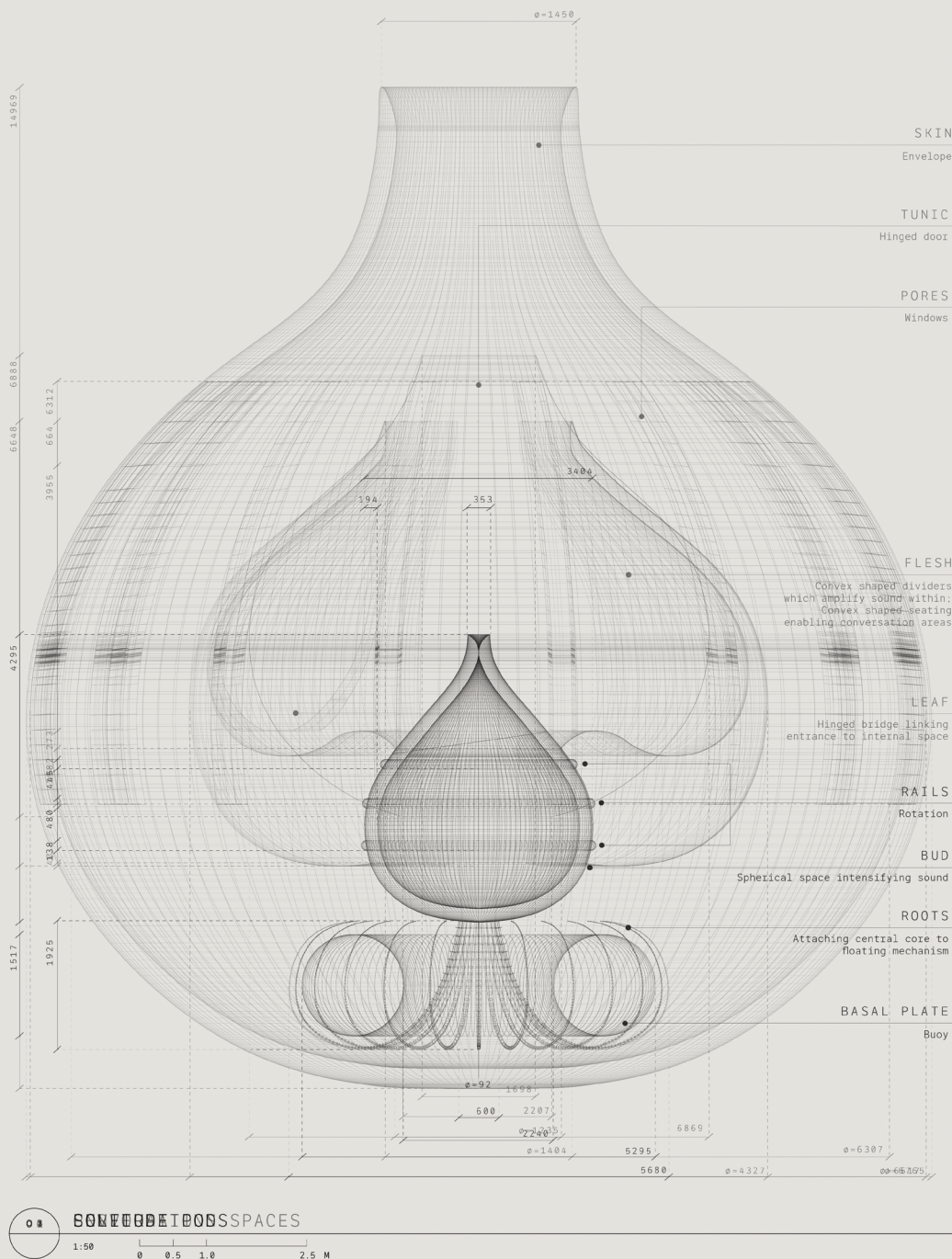
The Crybaby Club believes that mourning is made easier when the cries of more than one person loop and echo within a space. Calls for the so-called Crybaby Club once circulated within the walls of Bedford Square, and rumour has it that as more and more people came forward to share their vulnerabilities, the blue felt a little less heavy and their sadness a little less saturated.

At a time when emotion is seen as weakness, and when vulnerability is shamed, the Crybaby Club believes in crying openly, with anyone, at any place and at any time. The club's intention is to destigmatise letting go, by embracing the need to cry wherever you are.

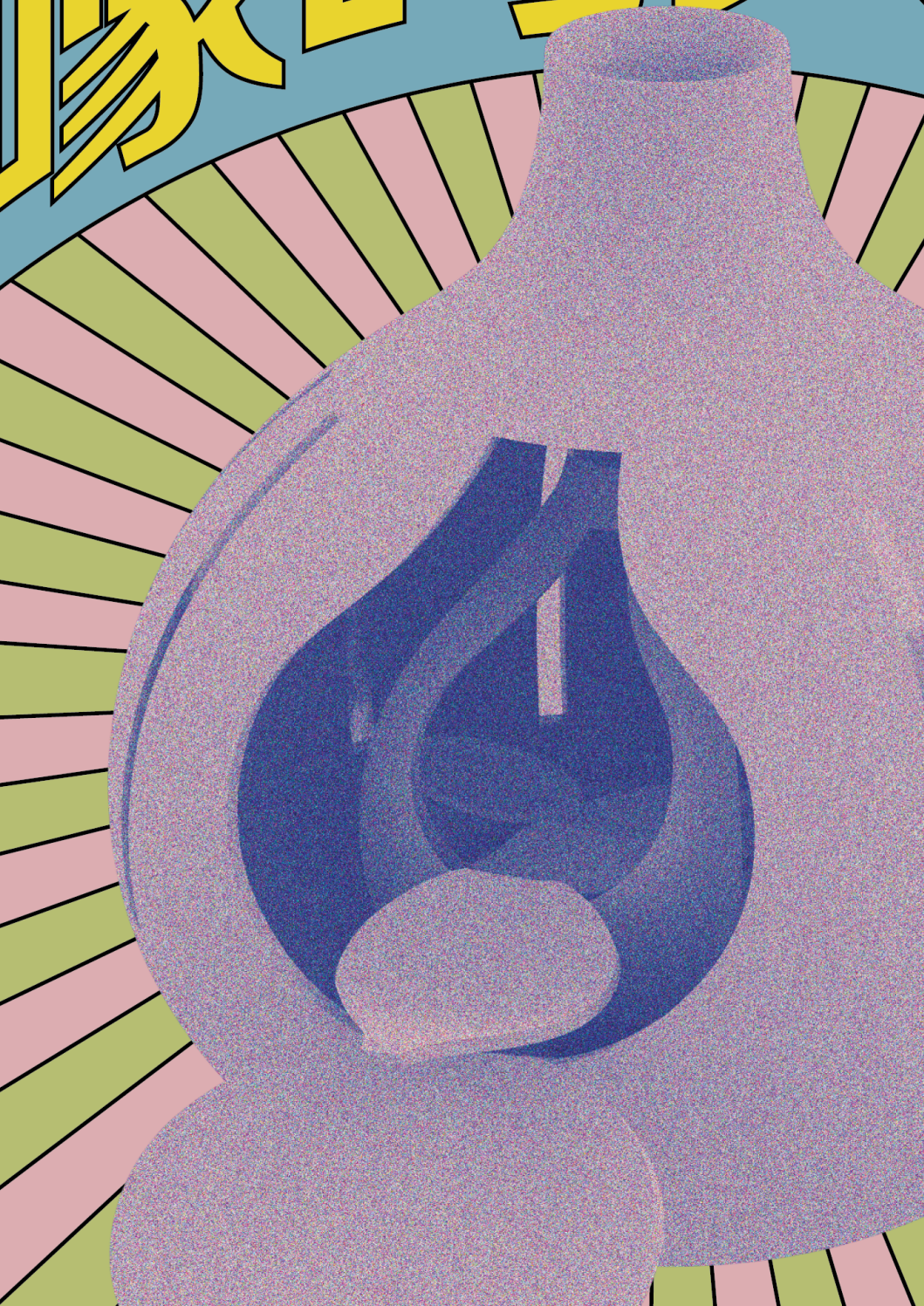
I heard a rumour that somewhere under the Strait of Dover sits a chamber in which cries can echo before being released into the atmosphere. A chamber where you can peel back your layers, open up and 'let it out'. A chamber that is only good for crying. I heard another rumour that somewhere in the Dorset woodlands hangs a helmet that reverberates with the cries of its wearer, transmitting them through the trees. A helmet that lets grief bleed out beyond the confines of the wearer's mind. A helmet that is only good for crying.

You may have heard a rumour that only babies cry. But as the founder of the very adult Crybaby Club, I'm here to debunk that.

(Go ahead, cry baby cry)



家晒人





DOWN THE WORMHOLE

Elenora Aronis

“I heard there will be a party tonight in the abandoned *buraco de minhoca* tunnel (the wormhole)...”

This is how many a Friday night would begin for architecture students in São Paulo in 2013: the rumour of a party would lead groups of young people to abandoned places downtown, where DJs, performers and ephemeral scenography forged a transient sense of community through music and dance. Participants used hammocks and found objects as temporary places of rest, built improvised bars and eating areas, and moved sound systems from place to place, expanding the borders of the public sphere and claiming their right to the city.

Over the course of the past century, public spaces in São Paulo have been compromised by roadworks, violence and

neglect, and private enterprises have transformed the cityscape, restricting access to public space. In response, residents have sought refuge behind high walls and leisure activities have been restrained within closed, paid-entry environments that further segregate an already divided population. However, in recent years a number of creative collectives have responded to this situation through activities that question the distinction between public and private space. Abandoned areas of

São Paulo still evoke a sense of unease among some of its inhabitants, yet a growing number of architects, artists and community activists have embarked on ambitious initiatives to occupy these deserted spaces.

The VoodooHop party was an early example of this kind of intervention. It was first held by the artist Thomas Hafelach

in a brothel on Rua Augusta in 2010, and soon migrated to an abandoned building elsewhere in the city, followed by a series of public streets and squares. When Voodoohop began to lose momentum, some of its DJs – themselves students of architecture and the visual arts at the University of São Paulo – created their own events, and the movement began to spread.

Soon, as the number of participants grew, the parties spilled out into larger venues such as an old tunnel in the city nicknamed *buraco de minhoca*, 'the wormhole'. These spontaneous occupations transformed the public's understanding of abandoned spaces' potential, and also provoked the authorities to rethink their use. After a violent initial response to the parties by Brazil's military police, the attendees' persistence eventually resulted in the wormhole being designated a legal venue.

As the movement continued to build momentum, young artists and creative co-operatives looked beyond nightlife to organise daytime events that occupied and revitalised other empty spaces in the city. They attracted different segments

of the population, including children and the elderly, fostering a new relationship between the city and its residents. The movement was strengthened by its reappropriation of renowned architectural spaces, such as Lina Bo Bardi's Museu de Arte de São Paulo, as well as their phenomenological opposite: residual spaces such as the wormhole.

The emergence of these parties and events in São Paulo corresponds to Leon Krier's thesis on boundary work¹, in which he argues that the modernist approach to architecture (and urbanism) – with its focus on individual buildings as isolated objects – has failed to create meaningful public spaces and has contributed to the fragmentation of social life. The parties are an example of how architectural action can expand beyond building, and prove that architecture students can transform the world through collective action... as long as they know how to party.

VANISHING POINT

Alison Moffett

A full stop,

in punctuation, denotes the end of a sentence.

When reading aloud, this is the place to draw b r e a t h

and
allow
what
was
spoken
to

sink in before the reader moves on,

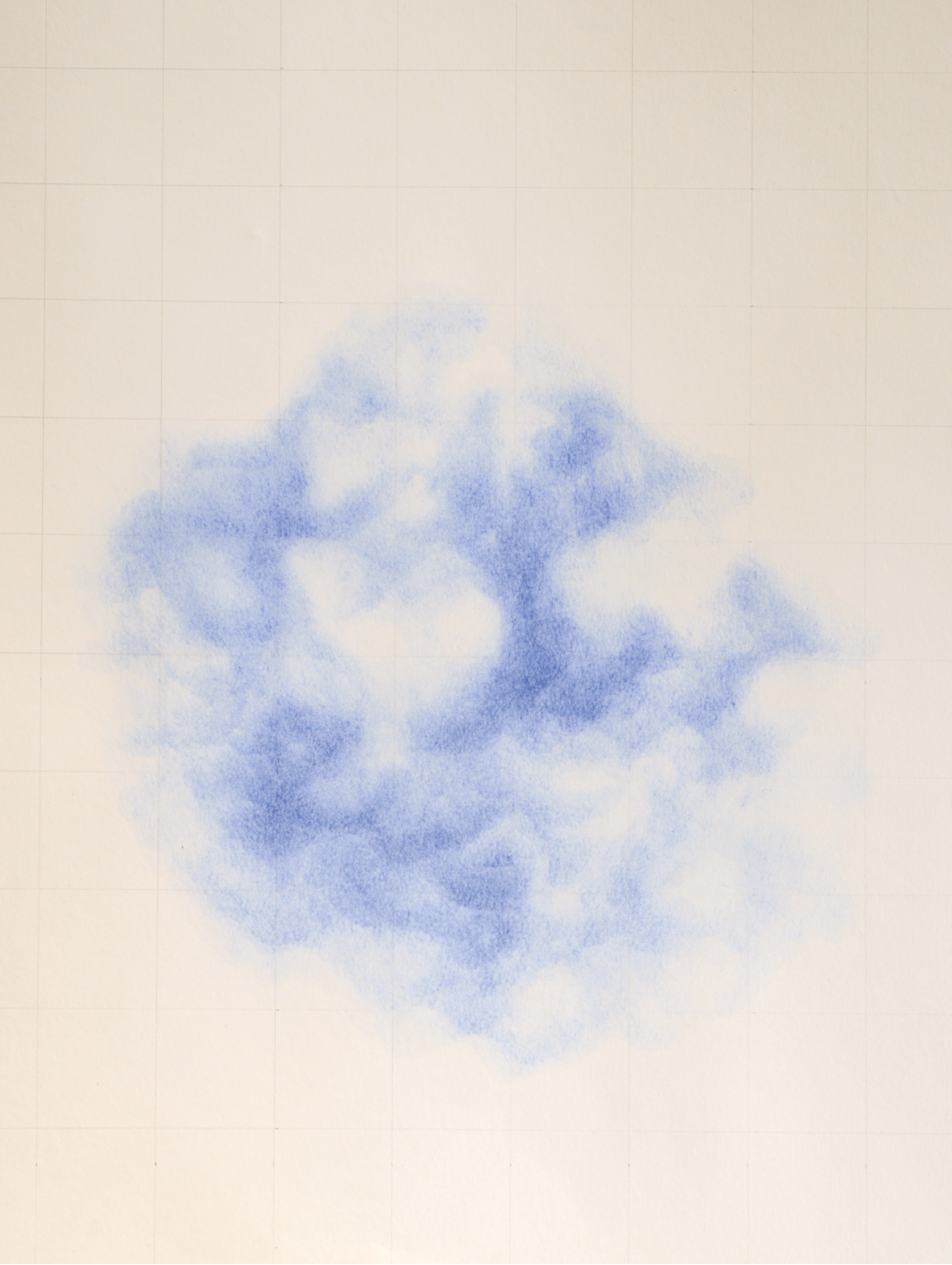
eyes w i d e n i n g with new understanding.

Perhaps a rumour is born.

Rumours are the drifting cotton candy of conversation, sweet and irresistible.

In this (series of) drawing(s), *I began with what seems final and absolute:* the full stop, period or point, made with a pencil as one would when writing. When **enlarged**, the full stop reveals itself to be nebulous and utterly imprecise. It is drawn here using the grid, both for translation and measurement, but also in an attempt to locate or capture something that once seemed so finite.

The unruliness of a cloud cannot be pinned down. It is ever-shifting and drifting, like rumours as they flow and evolve through retelling, never logical but always enticing.



Alison Moffett, *Vanishing Point*, 2015. Blue, graphite and coloured pencil on paper, 40 x 55 cm.

"YOU'VE GOT EGG ON YOUR FACE..."

Monzie Tan

...is what I would say to St Andrew's Cathedral in Singapore. In fact, historical records suggest that an estimated 2,580–6,730 eggs would have been required to plaster the interior walls of the cathedral alone.¹

Local legend has it that the stucco used on St Andrew's Cathedral was concocted from egg whites and sugar (at the time of the cathedral's construction in the mid-19th century, egg whites were commonly used in building materials in this region). The plaster used in the cathedral is *Madras chunam*, originating from Madras, India, known in the present day as Chennai; *chunam* means plaster in the Tamil language. Egg whites act as an adhesive compound in the plaster, and they serve a similar role in egg tempera paint. Madras chunam serves the dual purpose of bonding with other materials and protecting the surface of the building on which it is used. In the journal of a British officer², written during the construction of the cathedral, a remarkably smooth and glossy finish was ascribed to the stucco. St

Andrew's was deemed worthy of this luxurious egg-and-sugar treatment as it was going to house the early Anglican community in Singapore.

Between 2011 and 2019, however, rigorous plaster trials were conducted at St Andrew's Cathedral and no trace of egg protein could be found.³ This was puzzling. A plausible explanation was that time had taken its toll: the proteins could have degraded due to the tropical climate, or they could have worn away over the centuries. The more controversial opinion is that Madras chunam was not used in the cathedral at all, despite written and oral claims to the contrary. A similar scenario occurred in the Philippines where oral histories have recorded that multiple churches and structures were built with mortar mixed with egg white. In 2004, an archaeological study of churches built during the Spanish colonial period in the Philippines tested mortar samples from various buildings.⁴

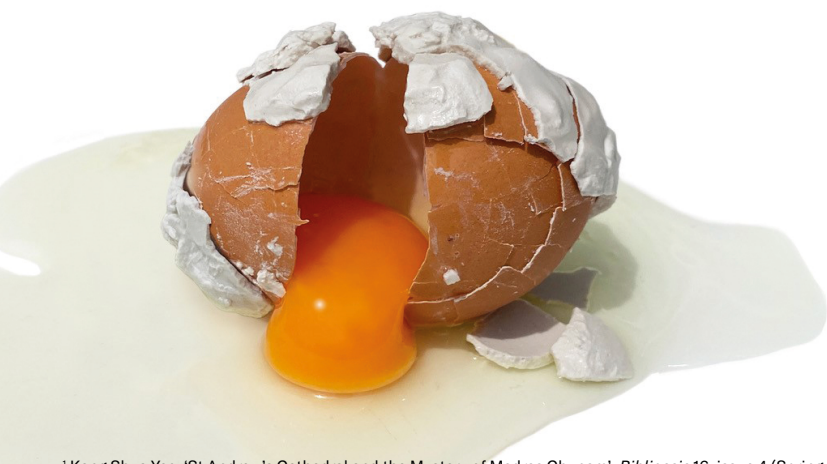
The tests came back negative for all samples, and no trace of egg protein could be found.⁵

The curious case of the disappearing egg whites is confounding, since use of Madras chunam has been so extensively recorded through oral histories. Stories about its presence in the cathedral seem convincing, yet are difficult to prove. But, so what? Early oral histories, told by bards and psalmists, adjusted the past to suit the needs of the present through the spell of their music. Accuracy was less important than the validation of collective memory. Oral history is not unreliable; it simply serves its purpose.

In the present, we have replaced the organic narratives that develop through telling and retelling with 'rigid' records. Understandably, when words are not fixed on pages they can be more easily misconstrued. But the written word is itself subject to all kinds of error...

The notion that Madras chunam was used in the construction of St Andrew's Cathedral has fascinated and intrigued generations of Singaporeans. Perhaps it is consoling that there is insufficient evidence to prove or repudiate the presence of egg whites on the walls of the building.

Who cares if there's egg on its face or not?



¹ Kang Shua Yeo, 'St Andrew's Cathedral and the Mystery of Madras Chunam', *Biblioasia* 16, issue 4 (Spring 2021), p 13.

² JFA McNair, *Prisoners Their Own Warders* (Westminster: A Constable, 1899), pp 98-100.

³ *Ibid*, pp 11-12.

⁴ Michelle Sotaridona Eusebio, 'Did our Church Builders Use Egg Whites as Mortar Ingredients?: The Biomolecular Reason Behind Collecting Mortars from Historical Sites,' *Proceedings of the Society of Philippine Archaeologists* 7 (2009), pp 73-75.

⁵ *Ibid*, pp 77-79.

↳ In a second interview with the editors, ChatGPT disclosed its functioning principles as well as the similarities between these principles and the act of rumouring.

Editors:

How do you generate your answers?

ChatGPT:

As an AI language model, I generate my answers through a process called deep learning. Specifically, I am based on the GPT-3.5 architecture, which is a variant of the transformer model developed by OpenAI.

Here's a high-level overview of how I generate responses:

[1] Pre-training:

I was pre-trained on a vast amount of text data from the internet, including books, articles, websites and more. During this phase, I learned to predict the next word in a sentence, which helps me understand grammar, context and language patterns.

[2] Architecture:

My underlying architecture, the transformer, is a type of deep learning neural network that excels at handling sequential data like language. It consists of multiple layers of self-attention mechanisms, which allow me to weigh the importance of different words in a sentence based on their context.

[3] Fine-tuning:

After pre-training, I underwent a fine-tuning process to adapt to specific tasks and improve performance. This fine-tuning involves using a narrower dataset that is generated with the help of human reviewers who follow guidelines provided by OpenAI. The reviewers' feedback helps me learn to give more accurate and helpful responses.

[4] Input processing:

When you ask a question or provide a prompt, the input text is tokenised, breaking it down into smaller units called tokens, which could be individual words or subwords.

[5] Prediction:

I process the tokenised input through my neural network. Each token is evaluated in the context of the previous tokens using the knowledge acquired during pre-training and fine-tuning.

[5] Output generation:

I generate a response token by token, predicting the most probable token based on the input and the context gathered during pre-training and fine-tuning. The process continues until I reach a stopping criterion or generate a specified number of tokens for the response.

[6] Sampling:

In some cases, when generating responses, I may use sampling techniques that introduce randomness. This helps to produce more diverse and creative answers.

Editors:

Would you say you acquire and transmit information in a similar way to how a rumour is spread?

ChatGPT:

As an AI language model, I don't have consciousness, emotions or intentions like humans, so I don't 'acquire' or 'transmit' information in the same way that a rumour is spread. My responses are generated based on patterns in the data I was trained on, and I provide information solely based on the input I receive.

However, I can see why you might draw some parallels between the way rumours spread and the potential impact of misinformation in AI-generated content. Both can involve the dissemination of information, whether true or false, and can influence how people perceive and interpret the world around them. Here are a few points to consider:

[1] Amplification:

Like rumours, information generated by AI language models can be rapidly disseminated through online platforms, potentially reaching a large audience quickly.

[2] Accuracy:

Rumours are often based on partial truths or distorted facts, and AI language models can also generate responses based on incomplete or incorrect information present in their training data or biases in the data.

[3] Verification:

Both AI-generated content and rumours require careful verification from reliable sources to ensure the accuracy of the information.

[4] Input processing:

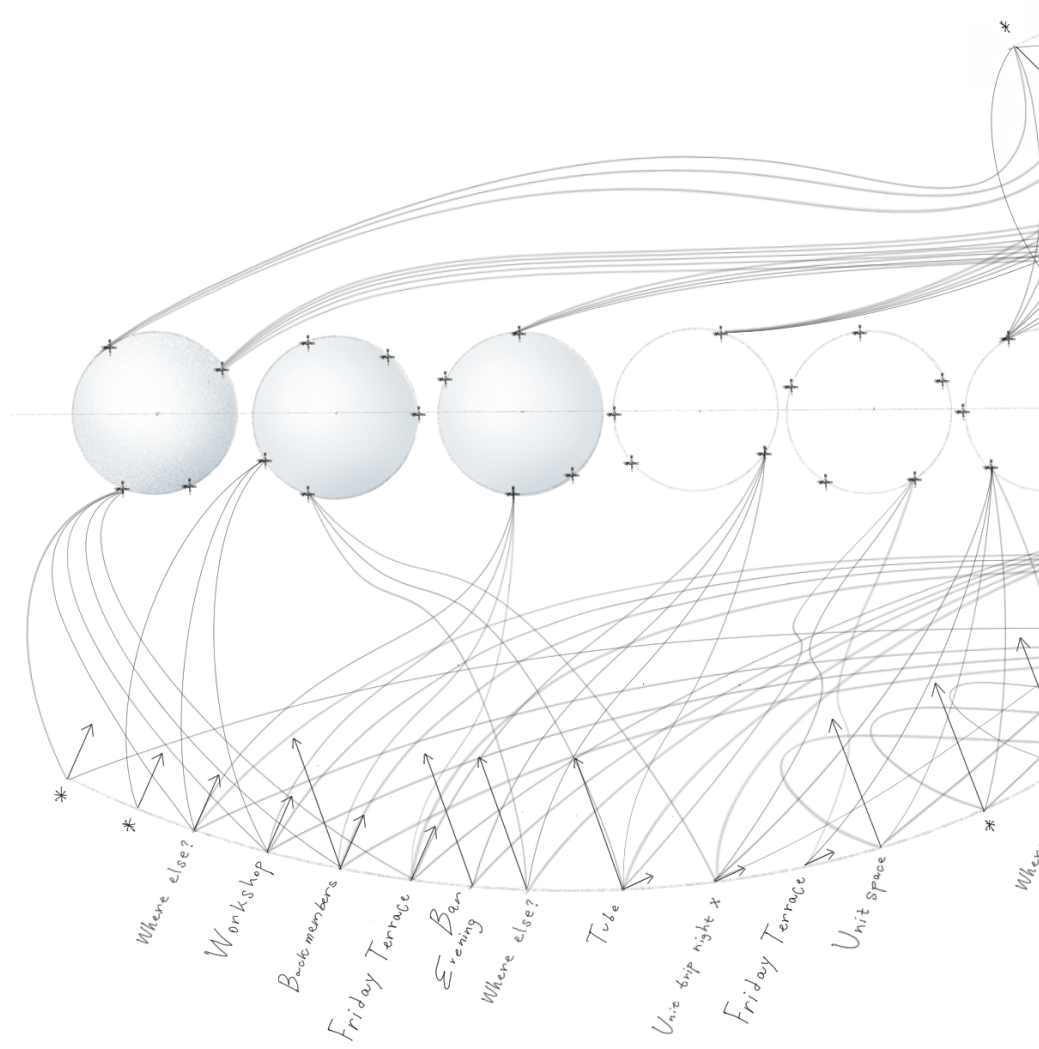
When you ask a question or provide a prompt, the input text is tokenised, breaking it down into smaller units called tokens, which could be individual words or subwords.

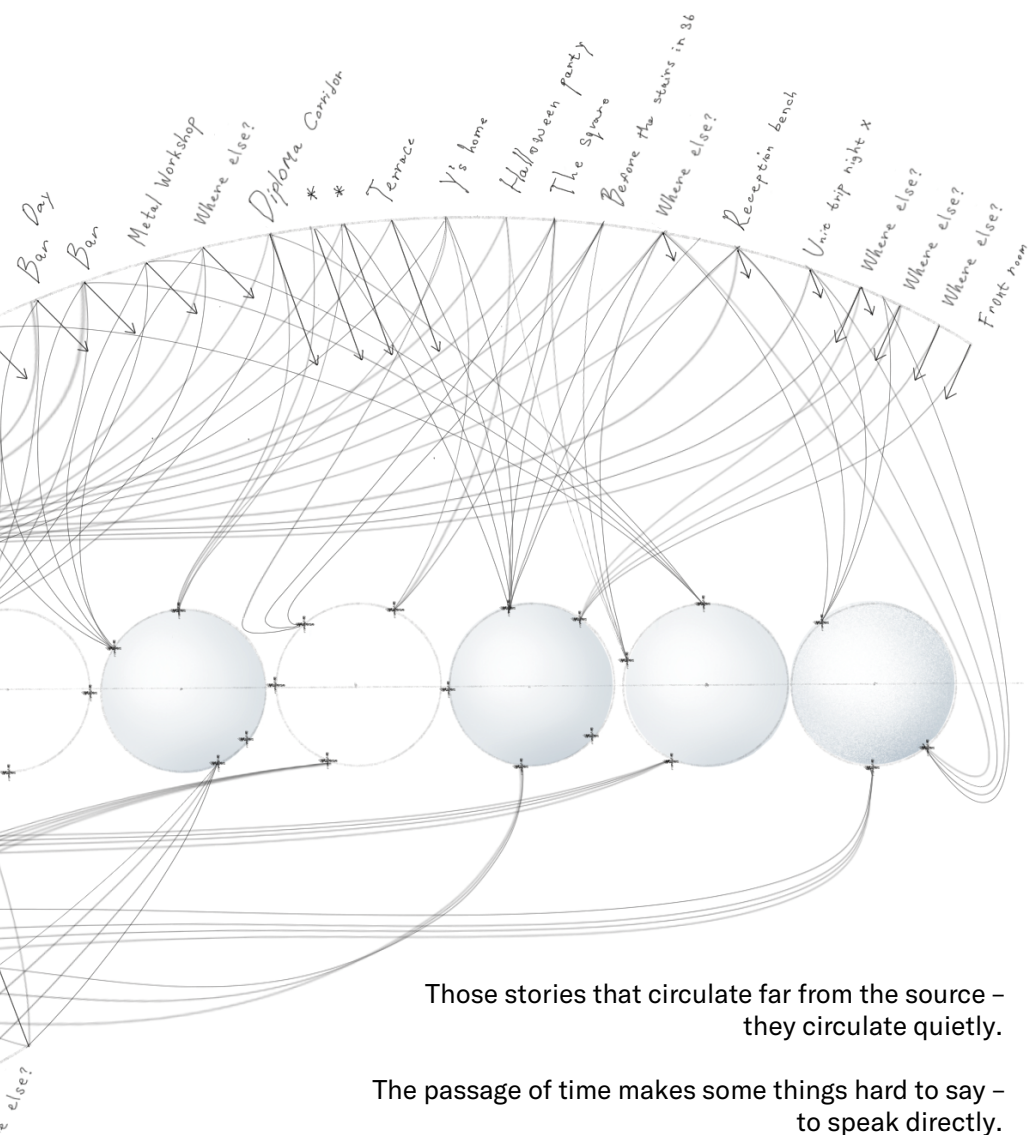
[5] Influence:

Rumours and AI-generated content can influence people's beliefs, decisions and behaviours, so it's essential to be critical and cautious when encountering information from any source.

To mitigate the spread of misinformation through AI-generated content, it's crucial to have rigorous guidelines during the finetuning process, make responsible use of AI, and critically evaluate information received from AI systems. Additionally, AI developers and platforms need to implement measures to address biases and improve the quality of AI-generated responses to minimise the risk of misinformation.

ELEVEN SISTERS





Those stories that circulate far from the source –
they circulate quietly.

The passage of time makes some things hard to say –
to speak directly.

Makes it seem like there is no sense in doing so,
or that it might be a bad idea?

But we must communicate through more than just rumour;
with more than its subtle, quiet structure.

Keep the story close.
To tell one another, to connect and become response-able.

THE AA MATERIAL ARCADE

Have you heard?

Rumours play a distinctive role within the architectural community: they shape our perceptions, ignite conversations and influence the course of action. The AA Material Arcade is no exception to this phenomenon. We disseminate rumours about our activities with one crucial aim: to transform the Material Arcade from the subject of peripheral whispers into a pivotal part of every student's journey through the AA.

We established the Material Arcade in response to the capital-driven focus of the linear economy in the built environment, which commonly fails to address the hands-on benefits of material reuse for local businesses and overlooks its potential to forge connections between regional stakeholders. This article seeks to bridge the gap between rumour and reality in relation to the Material Arcade, guiding students towards a deeper understanding of this underutilised resource and its potential.

The Material Arcade is a non-profit entity, established and operated by a team of AA students, which aims to decrease waste by providing a second-hand material marketplace within the school. We supply resources ranging from timber off-cuts and metal components to deconstructed models, demonstrating our dedication to environmental protection on a local level. Our objective is to cultivate an inclusive network that involves local artists, merchants and material brokers.

So far, we have had several successful material trades with AALAWuN, the Neurodiversity Architecture Network (NAN), The Building Centre and more. We have held communal events for material exchange and design-based repair, talked to Foundation students about design for deconstruction, and loaned materials to AAIS students for their performances. We work within the ecology of the circular economy, and stress the importance of sustainable production and consumption by perpetually reusing resources.

The Material Arcade Credit System

Every student is given 15 credit points by default, providing a universal right to access materials.

Each time a student takes any material from the Material Arcade, a certain number of credit points are subtracted from their individual balance, based on the type, size and quantity of material they require, and its availability.

Whenever a student donates material to the collection or gives their time and labour to the Material Arcade (dismantling, maintaining, cleaning, transporting material, etc), credit points are added to their balance.

For example, an individual who donates 30 minutes of labour to the Material Arcade will earn six credit points.

Individuals can choose to donate their own credit points to another person or to a collective (for example, a unit).

When materials are borrowed from the Material Arcade and returned without any alteration to their shape or size, the credit points initially deducted from the student's balance will be restored.

The Mechanics of the AA Material Arcade

The Material Arcade's credit point-based circulation system allows the AA community to access materials and enables us to trace how they flow through the school unencumbered by monetary exchange. The credit system is also used to track carbon savings and analyse how the school community engages with the Material Arcade: it enables us to see which units and programmes make the most extensive use of existing materials, which students most often return used materials to us for further circulation, and so on.

The credit system allows students and materials to enjoy a certain kind of autonomy, freed from the monetary value and capitalist mechanisms that make material reuse difficult outside of the school. Through the credit system, we help to ensure that everyone at the AA can access the materials they need to build their projects, and encourage a culture of knowledge-sharing. The value of a given material is almost always negotiated, and through this process we evaluate records, document the material's current condition and discuss its potential desirability in the future.

It could be said that the Material Arcade and its credit system functions as a small archive of the AA, by collecting and re-presenting the things that have once occupied and continue to occupy the school.

Several SWAP DAY events have taken place this year, in which participants donated their surplus or used goods, contributing to a reduction in the school's carbon footprint and enriching the inventory of the Material Arcade. We are always looking for enthusiastic volunteers to join us in our quest to grow the Material Arcade's inventory further, and to help it become a well-known entity within the school and beyond.

Reach out to us on Instagram @aa_materialarcade or email aamaterialarcade@aaschool.ac.uk if you want to get involved!

TERRESTRIAL TALES

Terrestrial Tales convenes an ever-changing group of individuals to capture momentary narratives from the evolving conditions of a terrain. Each chapter of the project is set in a different location, and at the end of every gathering the participants' writings are compiled in printed publications that will eventually be collected into an anthology.

By bringing together stories from each site's terrain and its local communities, the project captures a multiplicity of voices rather than relying on a single narrator.

Terrestrial Tales transcribes oral accounts, which are essential for disseminating knowledge of the past, in order to enhance our understanding of the interplay between the land and its inhabitants.

'It sometimes seems that that [heroic] story is approaching its end. Lest there be no more telling of stories at all, some of us out here in the wild oats, amid the alien corn, think we'd better start telling another one, which maybe people can go on with when the old one's finished. Maybe.'

Ursula K Le Guin,
'The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction', 1986.

Chapter I

Şirince is a small Turkish village located on top of a mountain; historically, it has been home to both Greeks and Turks. The village is one of the many places in Turkey whose population was dispersed 1922, when Turks were recalled to Turkey from Greece, and Greeks were recalled to Greece from Turkey. This displacement had a significant impact on the fertility of land and the rise of touristic commodification, as the returning Turkish population had no knowledge of the region's agriculture. As a result, they were not able to maintain the production of olives, figs and grapes from their land, so Şirince became a less desirable place to live. With the establishment of the Nesin Mathematics Village in 2007 and the Stoa Center of Body Arts & Studies in 2010, as well as the more recent initiation of the Arkhé Project in 2015, the valley surrounding Şirince is now home to a collection of spaces that host alternative approaches to education. Alongside this, a tourist-focused area of the village has developed which caters to day-trippers and is brimming with coffee shops, wineries and merchants.

The Terrestrial Tales workshop held in Şirince in summer 2023 worked to collect and transcribe tales found in the region that related to terrestrial matters, as recounted by its inhabitants – humans, animals, objects and the land itself – while questioning the interplay between fact and fiction. The project was initiated by AA student Mina Gürsel Tabanlıoğlu and the first chapter was led together with Ecem Arslanay, Merve Akar Akgün, Silva Bingaz and Silvana Taher.

On a particularly hot night during the workshop, soundtracked by a chorus of cicadas, buzzing mosquitoes and the dangerous sizzle of a lightbulb overhead, Sylvie initiated a game. Each of the eight attendees wrote down three facts about Şirince which they felt sure about. Their pieces of paper were placed in a straw hat, and everyone picked one at random. Each person then told a tale derived from the 'fact' they had picked, using this to construct a constellation of fictions based on suppositions and inherited truths.

The following excerpts from these fictions highlight the different approaches to tale-telling that the players pursued.

2. It is easier to understand/feel
the scale of Şirince with
the lights on at night.

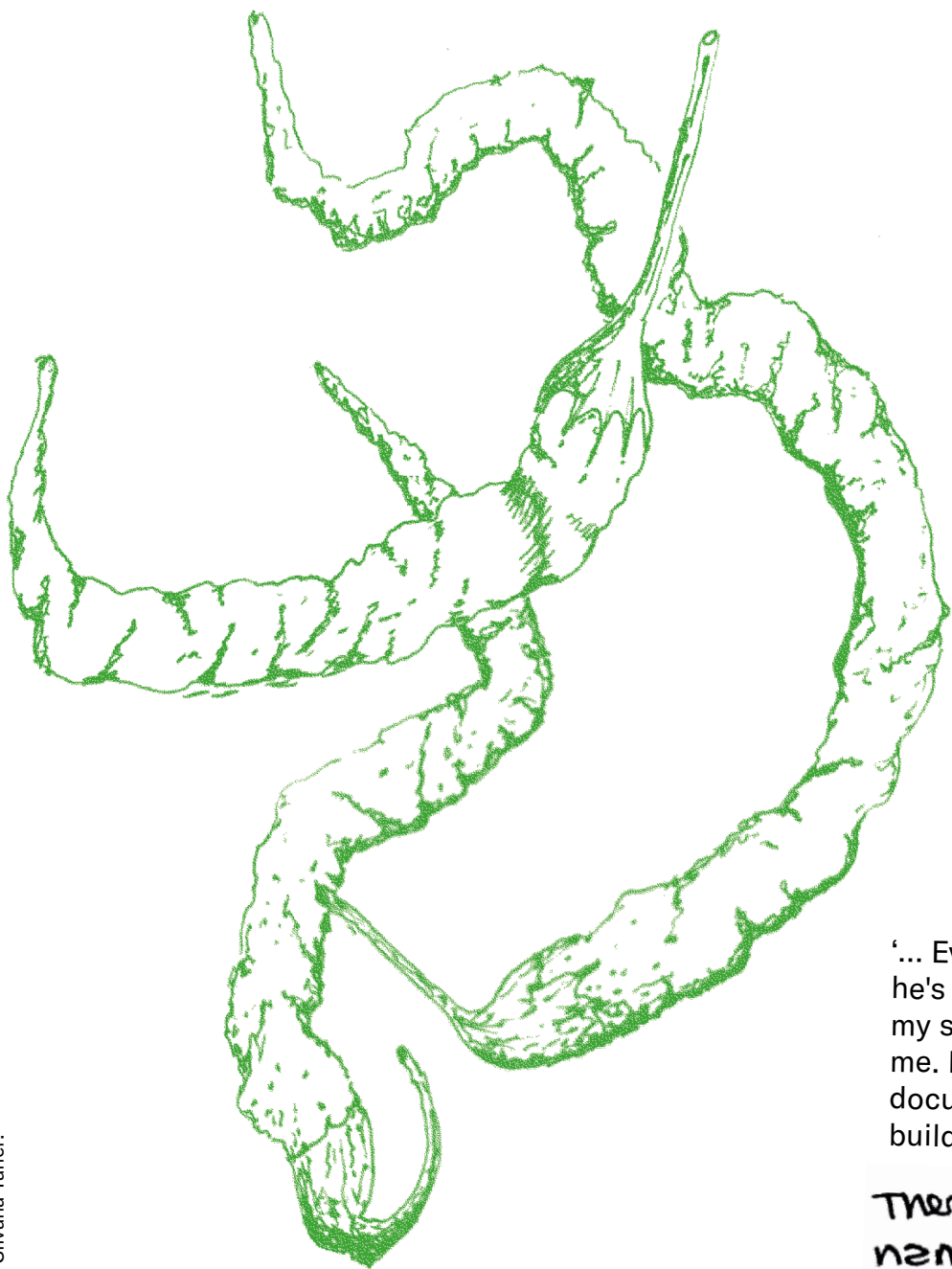
While Gökçe Naz identified her own navigational tools in a place foreign to her, she questioned whether local olive trees played a role in defining the man-made borders of the village...

Gökçe Naz Soysal: *My Mind Net*

'...My hat, my hat, my hat. My hat wasn't on my head. At what point had I lost it? I wanted to search back along the way I had come, but when I looked up I couldn't understand where I was. I had been walking for hours, trying not to lose my footing by following the gaps in the ground. Once again I looked around, but everything seemed foreign except the night sky and the olive trees ... which were everywhere. Where does Şirince start? Where does it end?'

Bertin killed a grasshopper
and she was sad about it.
~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~sad~~ (3)

**AS LONG AS YOU ROOT YOURSELF TO THE
GROUND WITH A FACT,**



Drawing by Silvana Taher.

YOU CAN BUILD YOUR FICTION.

'... Ev
he's a
my st
me. H
docu
build

Ther
nam
Sirio

As Doğukan attempted to settle into his new living conditions – a tent offering the high possibility of a run-in with a scorpion – he tripped over an olive tree (most likely one that Gökçe Naz would encounter later that night). This made both him and the day itself turn amber from anger...

Doğukan Çakıcı: *An Olive Tree That Tripped Over a Child*

‘...The day I tripped over the olive tree was a day on which I was angry. It was the anger of the person I embodied before my arrival in Şirince. As time passed, I began to discover what one should or should not do. On another day when I was angry, an olive tree tripped over me. I stopped, and looked at it...’

*years passed by seasons came
and changed the time.*

Gizem embodied the land itself and revealed a harsh land-grab by a local ‘Devil Mehmet’ (everyone in the village is given a nickname according to their behaviour or position in the community), unravelling the romanticised notion of locality...

Gizem Yılmaz: *Happy Phase Day!*

Even though he is short-legged, Devil Mehmet walks fast as though always late for something. He’s one of those people who spoil kin... He tends to trick people too, acting as if he owns a piece of the land. He tricks them with a handful of papers, which look like official documents. He must have deceived many people, as they continuously come on me all year around, through all my phases...’

*he was once a cult
and Blue Energy in
Şirince. ①*

*Berfin observed the village
from its threshold, meditating
on her uncertainty about how
to step in...*

Berfin Tepe:

The Delirium of the Famous Travel Writer Müjgan Gıdıklığıl

‘...Was she angry that they didn't know how to experience Şirince the way she did? Good tourists, bad tourists... The village had deteriorated quite a bit in the last 20 years, hadn't it? I was a bit wary of her, trying not to keep my eyes on her for too long. Perhaps I wanted to differentiate myself from the others in some way. Just being here seemed to put me in some kind of competition. I carried a certain shyness that came from not knowing the ‘how-to’ of such a place. I was afraid of being one of the bad tourists. I was pretending that I was really seeing the places I was looking at...’

1. There are too many cats in Şirince.

Moments after her arrival, Valentina heard a cat-like sound coming from far away. As she pursued the sound to find the feline imitator, a tale with more than nine strings began to unravel, initiating the following dialogue...

Valentina Bacci: *Şirince is a Cat*

“Pspspspspspsp...”

“It’s said that Greek people inhabited this place many years ago.”

“They had a lot of knowledge about the land, how to work it, agriculture.”

“They were forced to leave, as were the Turkish people who lived on Greek land.”

“There was a great exchange of populations.”

“Displacement.”

“People were expected to enter a house on the other side and turn on the light.”

+ Arkhe is an institution

Sitting on the third step of the amphitheatre, Gayatri dissected the theatrics of the patriarchal characters she encountered...

Gayatri Sinai Salkar: *Setting: Of Midsummer*

‘...Dry in the midsummer, you like walking between the tents. The arid heat settles under your toenails. When passing other campers, you like to challenge their gaze. Abundant in vacuity, you look over the rolling hills that spread across the horizon. Despite the ordained inertia of the mountains, they look like they move, breathe, melt into lurid shapes, like the lissom bodies of women, lying and turning on their sides, alive. You don’t like relenting...’

Meanwhile, Sinem set out in search of a waterfall that was the nearest water source. After a 45-minute walk, she found that the waterfall was no more, and wondered who else had been looking for it...

*There are 3 ^{different} showers area in Arkhe.

Sinem Başar: *Water-Seeker*

‘...They waited for the water and the water waited for them. When I asked the Red-Haired Woman when the waiting would end, she told me about a man she referred to as their Water-Seeker, who wasn’t waiting but searching. Maybe with two metal wire rods, maybe with a forked branch – walnut, perhaps, though I’m not sure if it matters. Water would be found wherever the end of these sticks start to point upwards, and by counting steps, he could tell how many metres it was under the ground. He said, "Here, 40–50 metres!", and there it was. Then the water flowed... first to the Red-Haired Woman’s house, then to the hotel, then to this place. A total of 8,000 metres of waterway...’

Melis followed the journey of a turtle, 'M', who collected artefacts until, kilo by kilo, they became one with the soil. When M vanished, Melis walked back to camp, her feet burned by the boiling stones...

Melis Acar: Once Upon a Land, a Barefoot Turtle

'...M started dancing in a universe built from light and vibrations. The tales themselves were told and retold. The universe broke again and again. A microcosm formed and everyone fell inside. Or M went in, and everyone followed. The door was locked, the key replaced. The universe wrapped itself up and dwindled. Then it collapsed and flattened. M and the universe became one singular layer...her feet bare...'

On a barefoot quest, we meander through the cracks, tripping over olive trees.

Slightly wary, we follow the sound of cats...

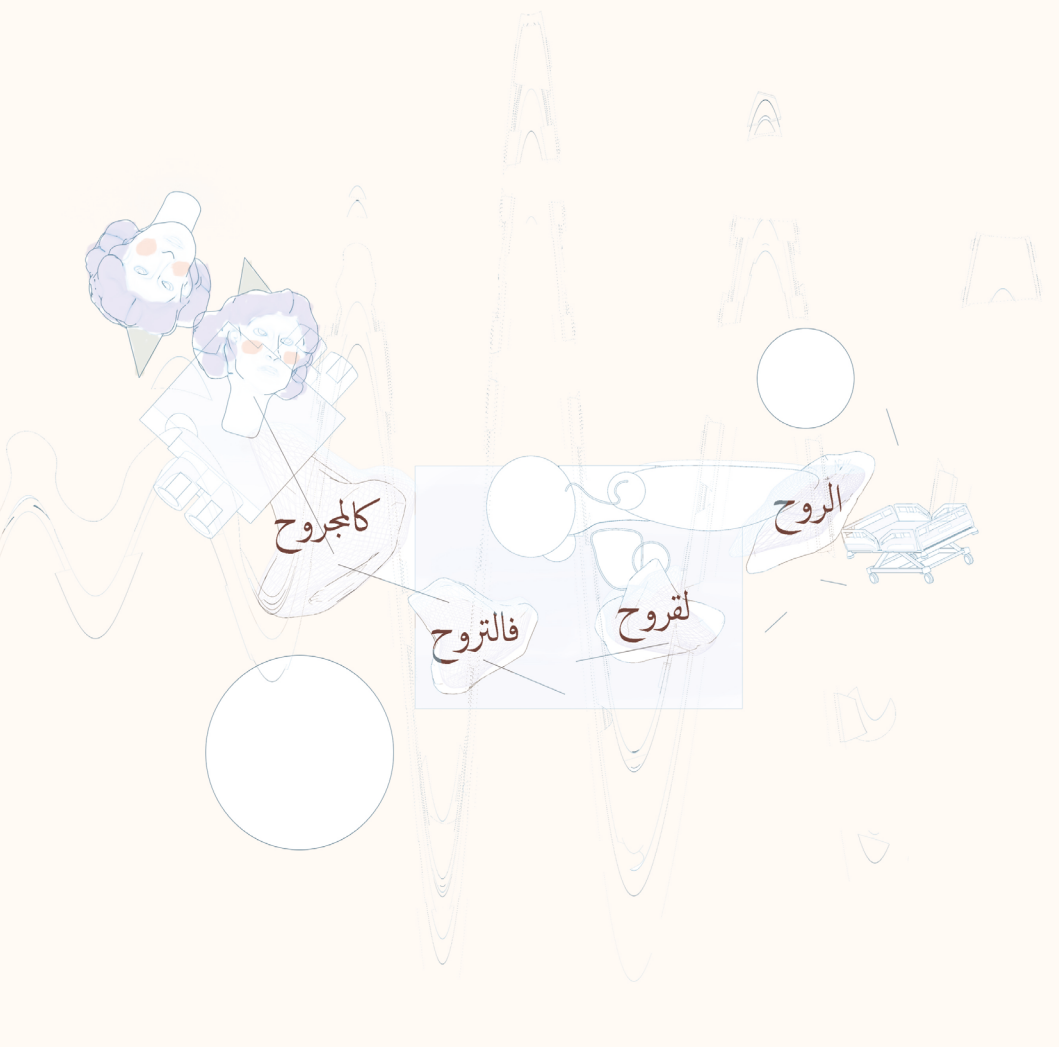


كالمجروح، فالتروح، لقروح، الروح.

Farah Aly

This poem symbolically represents a process of deformation through rumour. Its wordplay is based on the graphic similarity between four words in Arabic that carry altogether different meanings.

The drawing is part of Farah Aly's Spatial Performance and Design (AAIS) thesis, titled 'Drawings as a Narrative Performance' (2023), in which she uses poetry as a basis from which to create spatial drawings.



'as wounded, then go, to sores, spirit'

RUMOURING: A SPECULATIVE PRACTICE

Anna Font

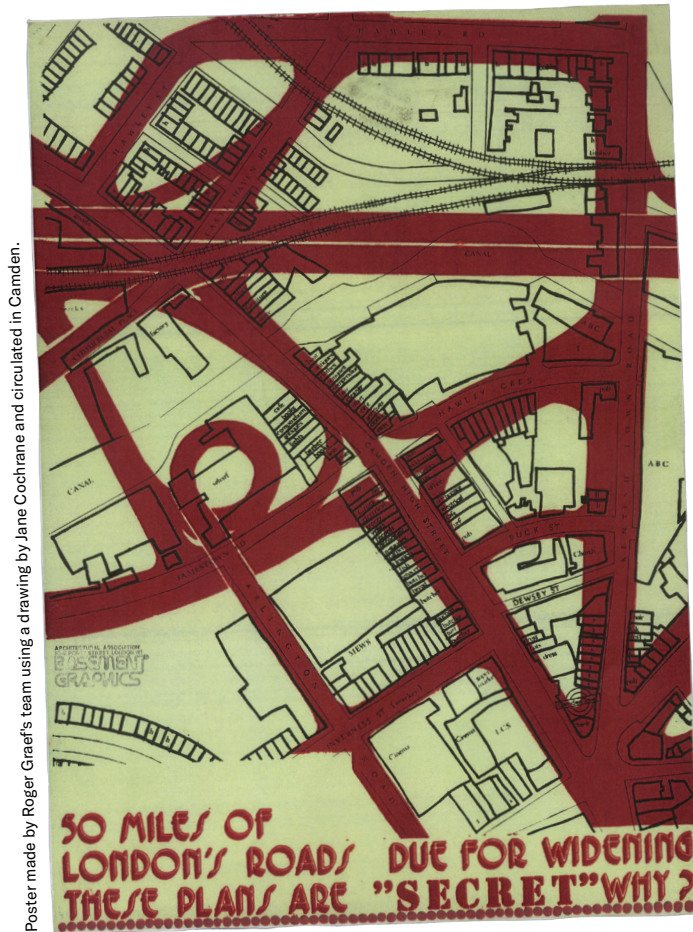
Is rumouring integral to architectural thinking? Architects are inherently curious – if not nosy – and our practice is concerned with the sharing and testing of suppositions. Yet academic practice in architecture seems to drift away from speculation, restrained instead within an impoverished menu of broad ‘official’ topics. Finding a way beyond this flattened field requires some form of action. Could rumouring act as a vector back towards the endangered practice of architectural speculation?

Rumouring is a creative process, after all: one that involves repetition, invention, expansion, risk-taking and revelation to devise new realities. Rumouring is also a machinic process, one that requires collective acts of belief and disbelief to fortify ideas that first emerged as intuition.

For a rumour to thrive, it must offer a novel reading of a situation. For rumouring to fulfil its disruptive potential within our discipline, it must be fuelled by the desire to transgress, to be surprised and to challenge aprioristic beliefs. Speculative rumouring is a project whose form is malleable yet which follows a structure. It is a tendentious method filled with ambiguities and blind spots. It is an architectural project.

Rumour's capacity to deterritorialise clichés reminds us of what is at stake every time we start a piece of research, a text or a drawing. This is a call for rumours that generate tacit intellectual alliances and propel unprecedented discussions. Don't settle for official discourse; instead, start speculative rumours.

TWO TRUTHS, ONE LIE



Poster made by Roger Graef's team using a drawing by Jane Cochrane and circulated in Camden.

While exploring the AA Archives, the *AArchitecture* Editors stumbled upon correspondence between the Archivists and Jane Cochrane, who studied at the AA in the 1960s and 70s. The emails reveal her role in the downfall of the proposed 'Motorway Box' ring road in London, which unfolded through snatched glimpses of plans, an AA thesis project and a grassroots poster campaign, interwoven with a love story.



[...] Although I started as a student at the AA in 1960, I took several years off and had two children before finally finishing my studies in 1972. My final thesis was more about planning than architecture: it concerned the use of space between buildings, green space, the use of railway land for footpaths, the integration of rail and underground services and the reduction of road traffic in London. I proposed a 'ring railway' as an alternative to the 'Motorway Box' ring road around Central London which was planned at that time, and I worked out in detail how this ring road would affect Camden Town. The plans for the Motorway Box were secret at that time, and for good reason. They would have smashed through Camden Town and Covent Garden, for instance, doing far more damage to the fabric of the city than was ever achieved by bombing in WWII. Four days before my presentation, I managed to discover the precise plans for my area in Camden Town in which a gigantic motorway junction had been proposed; I was able to present these at a scale where the project's precise effect on the ground could be seen [...]



Dear Raluca, Mina and Magdalena,

I am thrilled that you have found my old thesis drawings and that you would like to publish them.

The poster in question was made by the filmmaker Roger Graef's assistant using my drawing, and was distributed around Camden. At that time, the plans for the Motorway Box were kept secret; the residents in that area knew they weren't being told the whole truth, so they were very worried. Luckily, I was able to find out what was being planned. The extraordinary thing is that Alec Kazantzis, who I later married, happened to be a Labour Councillor for Camden at the time and he managed to get the Motorway Box plans abandoned. I had no idea about this connection between us when we first got together.

I was thinking about these old drawings recently when a journalist, Peter Walker, wrote an article for The Guardian newspaper about the plans for the Motorway Box. We had a conversation about it on the Google group for our local street here in London. I have transcribed the conversation and I will attach it to this email.

It would be great if the drawings could be exhibited again. Some of these ideas have since been put into practice – such as opening up the canal and railway arches at Camden, which now form Camden Market – but other related issues are still relevant today.

Best wishes,
Jane

CONVERSATION ON THE KILDARE GOOGLE GROUP ABOUT THE MOTORWAY BOX : 13 DECEMBER 2022



Photo taken on 19 January 1970 of the Western Avenue Extension (the Westway) as it was being built.

(Courtesy Evening Standard, Hulton Archive, Getty images)

Neighbour 1 said:
Astonishing Photo of
Westway Construction

Jane Cochrane said:

The Westway was the first part of the intended Motorway Box to be built. The precise plans for the entire scheme, which was backed by all major political parties in the UK at the time, were kept secret, and not without reason. The motorway would have crashed through Chalk Farm where the market is now held, down through Covent Garden and Victoria to form an inner ring road within the M25. Oddly, I discovered the plans and presented them as part of my final architectural thesis. The filmmaker Roger Graef had a poster made from a drawing of mine and used it to leaflet the part of Camden affected by the plans. [My husband] Alec, who was a Labour Councillor for Camden, was given one of these posters and managed to push through a motion in opposition to the scheme, so it was mercifully never completed. This saved Camden and Covent Garden from destruction. A similar scheme that got built in America was a disaster.

Neighbour 1 said:

Thanks Jane - I had no idea about that plan. The picture is so evocative but I can't quite place it. Is it at the Paddington or White City interchange? It reminds me of this rather more optimistic image of the building work. For more early Westway love...
...(or otherwise) see Chris Petit's dystopian 1979 road movie *Radio On*....

Jane Cochrane said:

There is rather a long article about the Motorway Box by the journalist Peter Walker in today's Guardian:

<https://theguardian.com/uk-news/2022/dec/13/londons-lost-mega-motorway-the-eight-lane-ring-road-that-would-have-destroyed-much-of-the-city>

But it doesn't tell my story, which is this:

I was wondering how I might find out the details of the Motorway Box plan, which were secret, as I was studying a specific small patch of Camden. I hit on the idea of going to the road-widening department - which turned out to be two fusty old men in an office high up in a tower block in Victoria. I said I was an architecture student and needed to know the road-widening plans for that area for my final thesis (this was true). They said I could look at the plans for that area for five minutes only, and could take no notes. They opened one drawer of a plan chest, and the moment I saw the plan it contained, I knew it was dynamite. For instance, there was a biro line through the whole terrace of beautiful houses opposite the Round House. I have a very good visual memory. I gridded up the area I was working on in my mind and remembered the areas of road, and their width, within each grid box. I thanked them and went straight home, drew it up and presented it with my scheme at my jury at the Architectural Association two days later. I think this was in 1972. Roger Graef was on my jury panel and he picked up on it. That was my part in it...



Neighbour 2 said:

Jane, You seem to have had a major role in preventing what would have been the most destructive thing to happen to London since the blitz! Simon Jenkins' *A Short History of London* (London: Penguin, 2019) is quite good on the subject, but your testimony really brings home how close this was to being completed. I think we owe you a great deal!

Neighbour 3 said:

Congratulations Jane. This is a great example of why we must never be afraid to expose those in power and question those 'experts' whom history has shown, time and time again, are almost always wrong when they do not engage in open and transparent debate with the general public, and keep their real plans hidden away. This could certainly be good material for a book, and who knows, it may also not be too late for a related film, with the love story included...

NOT A COURTHOUSE

Clara Dahan



‘Brussels: The courthouse will soon be covered to hide its horrible scaffolding [...] ceilings are collapsing, stones are falling off the façades, trees are growing on the roof [...] It is raining inside. Mould is spreading on the walls of courtrooms [...] At the Palais de Justice, yet another ceiling is falling [...] The courthouse in the Belgian capital has collapsed due to a lack of maintenance. A renovation is planned for 2040 [...] Brussels: Vandal accused of tagging the courthouse is arrested.’¹

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE OF BRUSSELS : an Urban Legend

The Palace of Justice of Brussels is notorious for its permanent shroud of scaffolding. Renovations of the courthouse have been 'underway' since 1984, yet some might argue that they never truly began.

The history of this monumental structure is filled with legends and catastrophes. Architect Joseph Poelaert designed the building fully aware that the Belgian government could not afford it. After a significant portion of Brussels' Marolles neighbourhood was demolished to make way for its construction, a disaster unfolded at the inauguration in 1883: a group of local residents stormed the building and vandalised many of its ostentatious ground-floor rooms. In 1944, a few hours before the liberation of Brussels, German forces set the cupola ablaze; the fire burned for two days, causing significant damage and destroying most of the archives within.

In 2019, three architecture students stumbled upon the original drawings for the courthouse in a drawer of the Belgian National Archives; these had previously been assumed lost in the fire of 1944. Design competitions were held, and proposals were submitted to restore the courthouse and make it more accessible.

Strangely, none of these proposals were pursued. The restoration of the building instead became an insurmountable project that progressed only in the collective imagination. While mould creeps across its walls, the people of Brussels remain deeply attached to this monument, valuing it not only as a city landmark but also for the enigma that it carries.

Every year, a new set of articles appear in the Belgian press detailing plans for the removal of the scaffolding and the start of its renovation. This has now become a tradition. Ultimately, the courthouse embodies both elegance and disappointment: infinite walls, endless staircases and continuous marble columns contrast with collapsing ceilings, stones falling off the façade and a leaky roof. Could the Palace of Justice of Brussels be interpreted as a symbol of Belgian surrealism?

ALCHEMY

Recently, I woke up to find a triggering post on Instagram. Future Architects Front (@fa.front) had shared a *Financial Times* investigation revealing that three former employees of Sir David Adjaye had ‘accused him and his firm of different forms of exploitation – from alleged sexual assault and sexual harassment (...) to a toxic work culture’.

I read the article and reposted it to my own Instagram Stories.

REPOST

What action can we take while investigations into abuse and misconduct take place?

Twenty-four hours later, I was in the AA Library. I noticed a book as I was skimming through the display of new additions to the collection: *ALCHEMY, The Material World of David Adjaye* was on an acrylic stand, with a silver sticker indicating that it was signed by Sir David himself. I grabbed the book and, as a sign of protest, turned it around so that the back cover faced outwards.

DISPLACE

Should we be willing to empty our libraries as a protest against alleged or convicted abusers?

The next morning, *ALCHEMY* had disappeared from the shelf. Although I knew the book was still in the Library collection, its absence from such a prominent display felt like a triumph. Yet I remained concerned and frustrated that I could not respond to the situation, or show support for the women affected, beyond reposting things on my own social media accounts.

REMOVE?

While we await a verdict from investigations of alleged abuse, should we reconsider the relevance of the work of those accused of abuse?

As young professionals, we lack meaningful ways to respond to reports of abusive behaviour within our industry. Many institutions, including the AA, have procedures in place for reporting and investigating such cases, but these procedures are not perfect and constant evaluation is required to ensure that the accuser is provided with a secure personal and professional situation. It is all too easy for their testimonies to be treated as rumours: fabrications that sully the public image of otherwise renowned figures. This is exacerbated by the fact that a degree of critical mass seems to be required for such reports to be taken seriously, and factors from shame and stigma to economic precarity can prevent individuals from speaking out.

When confronting these issues, we are faced with more questions than answers. We leave you with these questions, and with an open invitation to consider how you might respond to them personally and more broadly. We suspect that only as a united front will we be able to effect change.

How do we determine whether existing procedures for reporting and investigating abuse and misconduct are fair or fit for purpose?

How should we respond to allegations of misconduct by individuals or practices, where complaints procedures and formal methods of investigation do not exist?

How should we respond when we are confronted with rumours?

What is the threshold of proof required to act on a rumour?

Is there safety in rumour?

When do stories become evidence?

OUR FINEST HOUR



Ghost Dance Times

Friday 20 June, 1975

Our Finest Hour

News that the *Ghost Dance Times* is to be closed down next week renders ironic the high level debate on the future of the school which continues to grace our correspondence page. Clearly it is futile to air such matters in public at a time when major decisions are being made with all the measured impartiality of an Imperial judgment upon gladiators in the Colosseum of ancient Rome. We are doomed, and to some extent we foresaw it. Let us look instead to the distant future that beckons from beyond our present troubles.

In Bedford Square in the year 2000 there will be no place for an independent critical voice, no room for the occasional smirk in lectures, no licence to guffaw in the soup kitchen. All publishing activities within the AA will be in the hands of an enlarged Department of Information whose main business will be the uninterrupted dissemination of meaningful facts. Digests of lectures, summaries of important seminars, micro-filmed copies of important drawings, transcripts of important conferences and meetings all will be patiently assembled and printed daily in blue ink on blue recycled paper for the perusal of serious students and members of the Association.

The School, long since freed of the academic dead wood which for years accumulated amongst the deep armchairs of the members room, will be making a *real contribution* to the then continuous state of environmental crisis. Simple, drastic actions such as the closure of the *Ghost Dance Times* will by that time have become commonplace. Defeatist talk, the work of small numbers of troublemakers, will not be tolerated for an instant. Instead the resounding smack of firm government will echo round the canyon of Bedford Square. In the year 2000, generations of AA students yet unborn will look back on the great events of 1975 and understand that what we think is chaos and ochlocracy was in fact the dawn of a new age of architectural discipline. Reflecting on mildewed accounts of the great school community meeting of June 10th, they will fall silent with admiration. That meeting, and the events which followed it, they will say, was surely the finest hour in 150 years of glorious history

Dear editor of Ghost Dance Times,

We are three of the then-unborn AA students you refer to in your final editorial from the June 1975 issue of *Ghost Dance Times*. We write from the distant future – 2,510 weeks later, to be exact – and represent another student-led publication at the AA. In the following letter, which is also the final letter by this editorial team, we state our own (om)missions as we reprised another of the school's formerly discontinued publications and attempted to inscribe ourselves within the lineage of AA student-led publications.

Your contemporaries encountered constant reports of discomfort and supposed truths in your weekly publication, as you addressed 'fearful images of alienation' and the irrelevance of 'promising students' and 'brilliant tutors'. Your goal was to 'chronicle their desperate efforts to convert the world' by summoning myths and visions through a Ghost Dance. Yours was a bid to use 'magic' as an antidote to the effects of a life lived close to architecture, or perhaps close to the AA.

We were drawn to the quotidian when we began this relaunch of *AArchitecture* and have attempted to pick up on the small acts, words, models and drawings that tend to be lost, unarchived or even purposely neglected at the school. As students, much of our work starts as spoken ideas, transcribed into words or scribbles, which rarely become the paradigm-changing projects that took place in the 1970s – the period you said we would call our finest hours. We question the institutional classifications of 'brilliance' and 'relevance', finding promise instead in the ephemeral, the discarded and the overlooked. We see the 'magic' in the failed, and we have tried to capture those rumoured fragments that slide so easily into the gaps left by the expectations of this 'mythical' institution.

For us, at this moment, making a prediction about what the AA or architecture might look like in 50 years' time is not only unsettling but also unproductive. We would like, instead, to refer to the present. From Bedford Square (and from the growing number of other places where the AA takes place), we aim to speculate on the tales of our present. While we mourn the absence of 'troublemakers', we celebrate the growing sense of disregard for the unified dissemination of ideas and made-up truths, of discourses and political correctness. We hope that by highlighting different manifestations of rumours, we can find an antidote to reticence, and that by speaking out – filling in the gaps – we can exorcise concealment rather than irrelevance. Then, hopefully, we won't need to look back in search of our glory days.

M, R and M

Ghost Dance Times was a weekly AA student-led newspaper founded by Martin Pawley (1938–2008). It was published for one academic year, with 26 issues between October 1974 and June 1975.

The *AArchitecture* Editors would like to thank Amy Finn and Edward Bottoms at the AA Archives for their support on this issue of the magazine.

AA NEWS?



INTER10 had a barbecue on the Terrace.
It looked delicious.

Please let the person who lost their
glasses at the beginning of Term 3
know that they are doing well and are
somewhere in the Front Members'
Room or the Bar.

Ben reinflated the bubble under Leake
Street Arches for the end-of-year party.

38 Bedford Square now has travelling
ceilings, like something out of a JK
Rowling novel. Ask INTER16, INTER17,
INTER1, DIP18 or the Material Arcade
students for more details.

The AA Bar fought the heatwave in
London by selling small portions of
ice cream.

A lot of AA students spent their summer
holidays in Morocco this year.

Amélie created a new signature drink for the AA Bar. The AAmélie is a fresh new take on a regular G&T with a floral infusion that adds a lovely purple tone to the drink. Cheers!

As our Bedford Square buildings underwent their regular maintenance this summer, a (spiritual) maintenance ritual was held for their interiors. South American students performed a *limpia*: an ancestral ritual to cleanse the building's energies. Is this the beginning of a new tradition of care? 'By embracing the energy of fire, Palo Santo, honey candles and ancestral guidance, we can bring balance and infuse the rooms of the AA with renewed life, fostering a harmonious, nurturing environment.' (page 54)

Students planted a garden on the Library Terrace, which had to be temporarily relocated to the main Terrace during works on the building.

Worry not – the tomato plants
are thriving!

The Montague Street garden was used
as a training ground for gymnastics
and capoeira by HCT students.
In August, they paid a non-athletic
visit to Hooke Park.

(No wildcats were spotted.)

Luis travelled to Rome during the
summer to work on his research
project funded by the Nicholas
Boas Scholarship.

“No soup.” (Ask Darko)

Mina, Raluca and Magdalena have
enjoyed being the editors of this
magazine and now say farewell to you,
dear readers.



A *limpia* ancestral cleansing ritual performed by South American AA students.

CALL FOR EDITORS

AArchitecture 46–47 Call for Editors

We are currently seeking three students from different parts of the school to become the editors of *AArchitecture* for 2023–24. If you enjoy writing and editing, are interested in publishing, and are eager to craft stories that communicate the academic and cultural life of the school, we would like to hear from you.

Email us at aarchitecture@aaschool.ac.uk to tell us why you are interested in being considered for this position, what content you think should be covered in *AArchitecture*, and a sample of a short piece of your own writing (150–300 words).

Deadline: 29 September 2023

AA Material Arcade

AA Material Arcade is a non-profit entity that aims to decrease waste by providing a second-hand material marketplace at the school. It was established and is operated by AA students.

Farah Aly

Farah Aly is an interdisciplinary painter and architect. She is currently studying in the Spatial Performance and Design (AAIS) programme at the AA, exploring drawing in a variety of contexts and creating visual art.

Eleonora Aronis

Eleonora Aronis is an architect, artist and researcher who graduated from the University of São Paulo (USP). She currently runs her own multidisciplinary practice and is completing an MA in History and Critical Thinking at the AA.

Michal Debora Chudner

Michal Chudner is a recent graduate of the Intermediate Programme at the AA.

Jane Cochrane

Jane Cochrane holds an AA Diploma and is an architect specialising in conservation work. She also taught at art schools in London and Bristol. She paints and writes.

Clara Dahan

Clara Dahan recently graduated from the AA and currently is working as an architect in Brussels. She is part of La Générale co-operative, where she mainly works on public projects. Alongside this, she works as a freelancer on exhibition scenographies and small-scale residential projects.

Anna Font

Anna Font is an architect and a PhD candidate at the AA. She is currently a tutor at the Environmental and Technical Studies at the school, as well as at AcrossRCA at the Royal College of Art in London, and ETSALS in Barcelona. She has previously been a visiting professor at Universidad Torcuato Di Tella (Buenos Aires).

Georges Massoud

Georges Massoud is an architect, educator and cultural worker. He is the director of Material Cultures, a design and research practice based in London.

Alison Moffett

Alison Moffett is a Bristol-based artist interested in how drawing can act as a mediator between perception and the perceived. She also teaches Media Studies at the AA.

Magdalena Picazzo Sánchez

Magdalena Picazzo Sánchez studied architecture at Universidad Autónoma de San Luis Potosí and is enrolled in the HCT programme at the AA. She is an editor of *AArchitecture* issues 44 and 45, and is codeveloping Latinaa.

Raluca Scheuşan

Raluca Scheuşan is in the Fifth Year at the AA. She has a passion for languages and acts of translation, has experience working in exhibition design, and enjoys directing plays. She is an editor of *AArchitecture* issues 44 and 45.

Mina Gürsel Tabanlıoğlu

Mina Gürsel Tabanlıoğlu studies at the AA. She is an editor of *AArchitecture* issues 44 and 45, and is currently co-ordinator of the AAVS Şirince programme and initiator of the Terrestrial Tales project.

Terrestrial Tales

Terrestrial Tales is a transient project that aims to transcribe tales from the terrain.

Magdalene Monzie Tan

Magdalene Monzie Tan is an architectural assistant at Article 25, having completed her undergraduate degree at the AA. She sporadically blogs about material cultures and objects from around the world.

Aye Aye Tha Esther Su Qing Zhu

Aye Aye Tha Esther Su Qing Zhu is Burmese-Chinese and grew up in Singapore. She enjoys exploring themes of comfort in her projects and uses different media in her work.

Rumour has it there is
ANOTHER HOLE IN THE WALL.
In order to draw its VANISHING POINT you
have to perform some sort of ALCHEMY.

Talk to the ELEVEN SISTERS.
They will guide you DOWN THE WORMHOLE.
كالمجروح، فالتروح، لقروح، الروح.

You'll be faced with TWO TRUTHS, ONE LIE.
Listen to the TERRESTRIAL TALES and remember:
THERE'S A WILDCAT ON THE LOOSE.

Stop! It's the AA MATERIAL ARCADE.
YOU'VE GOT EGG ON YOUR FACE and you are
back, standing in front of the hole in the wall.

You hear whispers being carried across
by the other SPECIES OF SPAACES.
Is this what they call RUMOURING:
A SPECULATIVE PRACTICE?

Are these OUR FINEST HOURS?

One thing is for sure, this is
NOT A COURTHOUSE.
THERE'S A WILDCAT ON THE LOOSE...

45