

**THE DISTANCE**

**OF THE ~~MOON~~**

**EARTH**



describe orientation as a question of one's starting point: "The place in which I find myself, my actual 'here,' is the starting point for my orientation in space" (1974: 36). The starting point for orientation is the point from which the world unfolds: the "here" of the body and the "where" of its dwelling.

Orientations, then, are about the intimacy of bodies and their dwelling

**Sara Ahmed, „Queer Phenomenology“, 2006.**

**Some of you might not remember, but that's not bad at all. Now, when the Earth feels so far away, it's not easy to get close. During a time when many species do not exist anymore - we tend to oversee things happening subconsciously next to us. The small particles of dust in the air we breathe.**

**The interior gives an illusion that there is a wall between us and the Earth. Each window - a frame to a garden. But when the light of the sun has the right angle, - the Earth might be as close to us as possible. Dust comes to light, deposits on surfaces and alters any material. There is no dichotomy within dust, it has the perfect accumulation and proves that the air is alive, even though we tend to forget that.**

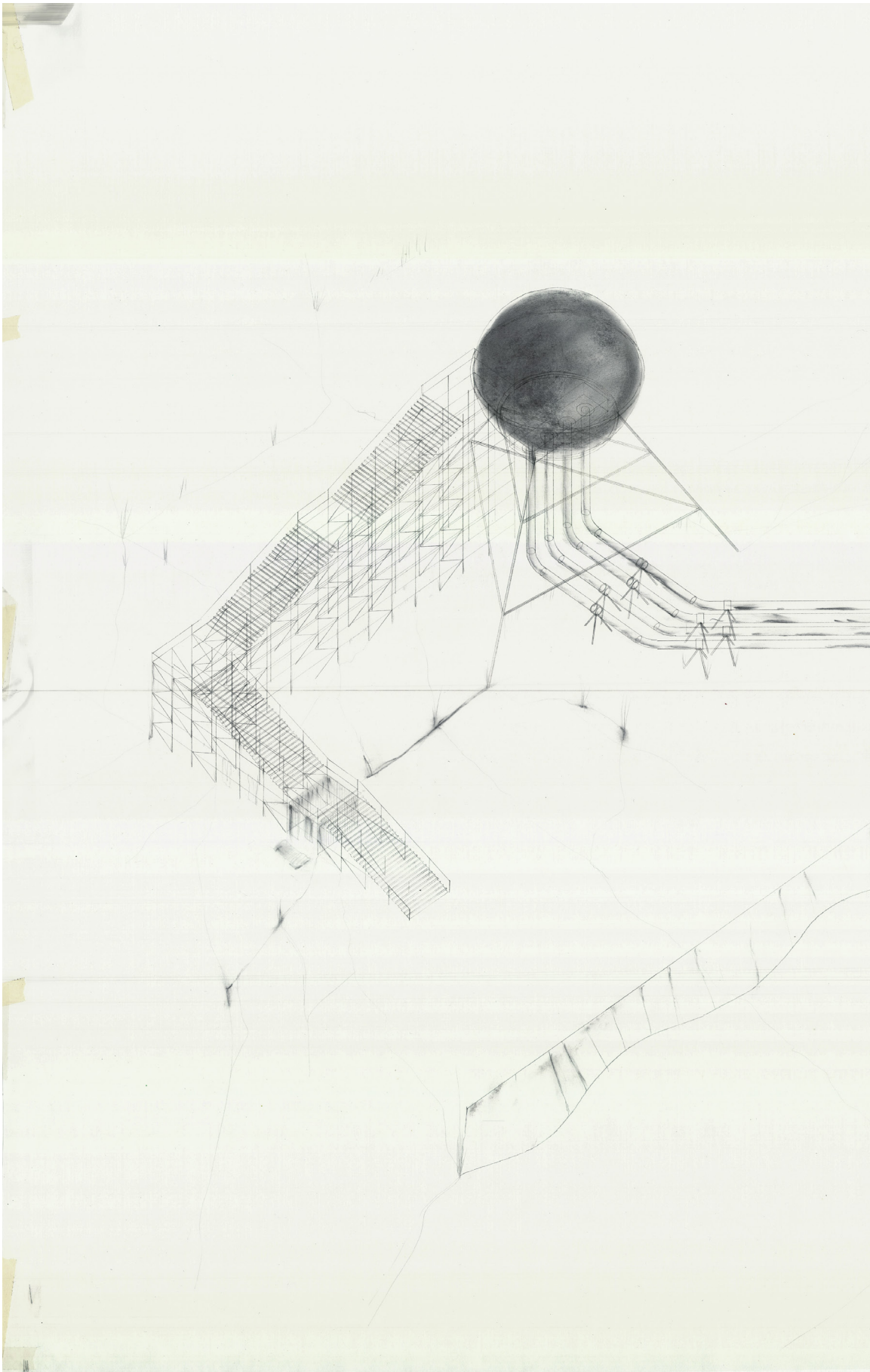
**Far away from Earth though, we find this home.**

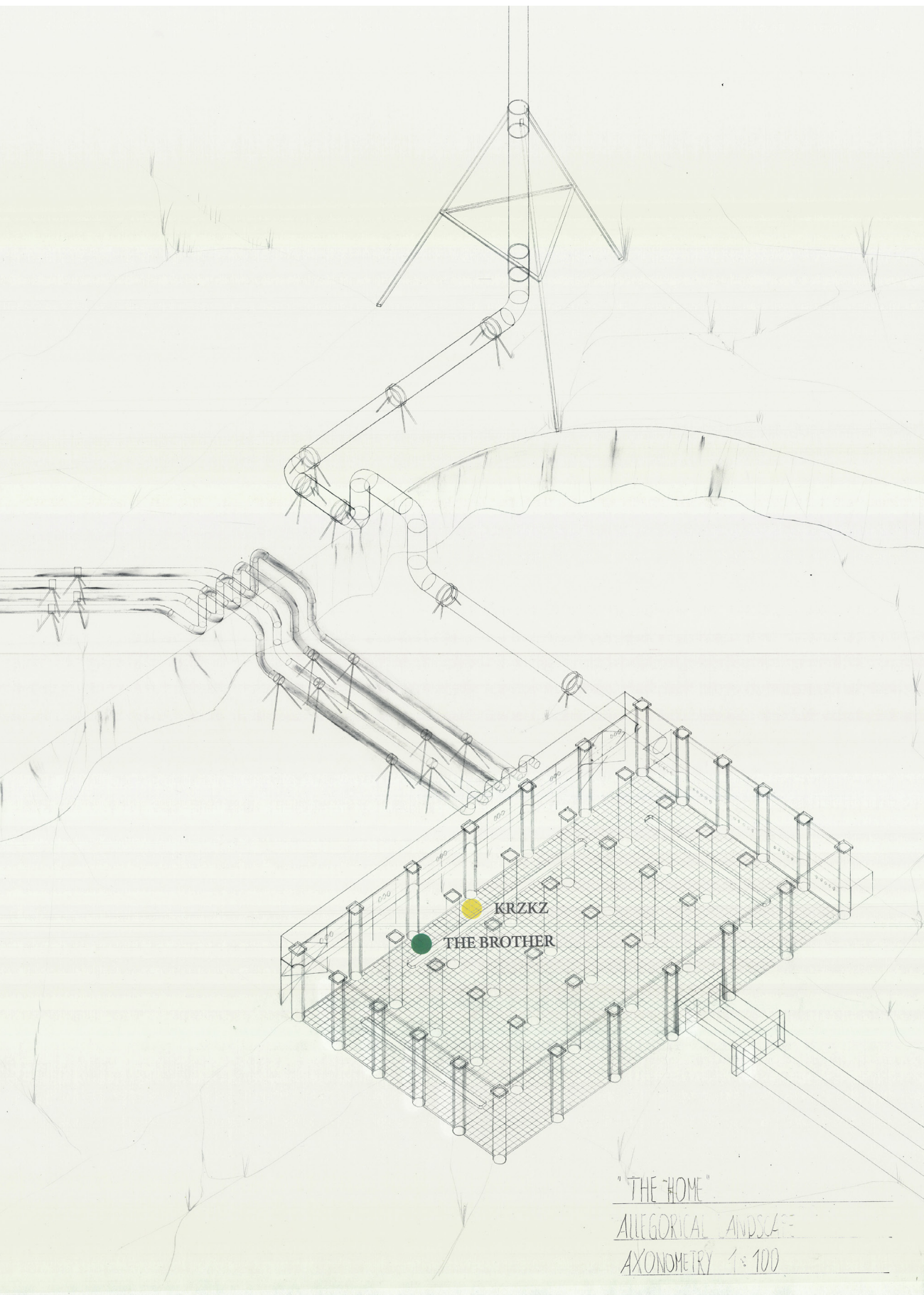
**Krzke and her brother live in a big transparent box, where each day the windows are presumed to be the same. The orientation has almost vanished as both don't know where they are and what has been there before.**

**Their breaths feel the same. The only difference is the smell of the other person. But as almost no other body enters or leaves the place, even this has almost balanced to the same.**

**A small glimpse through the glassy walls marks the world in a black curtain. The box is well isolated. To enter, they must move through a gate, which cleans their body before entering. They both haven't left it for years as the cosmic newspaper says it could be dangerous. Even deadly.**

**Luckily, their home has a mechanical system to purify the air. They don't have to worry.**





"THE HOME"  
ALLEGORICAL LANDSCAPE  
AXONOMETRY 1:100

***Krzlez* and her brother sit on the small wall at home, which is perfectly shaped with white tiles. While reading the cosmic newspaper, they find an article with the title:**

**SCALE AS MATTER, ARCHITECTURE AS TRAP.**

**The article was re-published as it is originally from 1968 and includes a wording by Robert Smithson.**

***"The city gives the illusion that the earth does not exist."***

**The article, besides a lot of bla bla, argues about human perception of the Earth in the last 100 years. Supposedly, we have no idea about the material world. The purified climate patch we hop through the city makes us believe that ecology is neutral, and the air invisible.**



**Krzkez is confused and feels a bit sad. There is something strange about the distance between her and the Earth.**

*“Was it always like this?”*

**She doesn't trust the newspaper article.**

*“What has changed? How far could it be?”*

**Her brother is too young. The daily routine at home prevails and he rarely leaves home. On the contrary, Krzkez has a certain curiosity. She is caught by the will to get closer to the Earth.**

**The newspaper also mentions that to calculate the distance to the Earth, you must link your body to the atmosphere, and to the wall. To do so, it provides some practical questions as an introduction to the measuring process. Krzkz mutters the advice next to her brother while walking around home.**

*“What do you see when you are in front of the wall?”*

*How do you think the wall is made?*

*How does the air you breathe connect to that wall?*

*Do you see the whole building?*

*Where did your body enter the room?*

*Where did the dust enter the room?*

*Can you blow the dust off the wall from your position?*

*How do you think the inside and the outside are connected?*

*What is your current position in the building to the rest of the building?*

*The rest of the city?*

*How much dust comes up when you blow against the wall?*

*Does it hurt your eyes?*

*Is everything clear – or is something blurry?*

**And last**

*How do you think the wall is connected to the rest of the world?”*

**Krzekz looks at the window and starts noting.**

My hand touches the tile  
where my feet stand on.  
That feels cold and connects  
to the glass wall, which  
connects to the ventilation  
openings where I feel a  
breeze coming that must  
connect to the ducts  
and then I don't know  
where it connects further  
to.

I touch the bench I sit on  
that connects to the window.  
My finger will leave  
traces on the bench from  
the oil and dust on my  
skin, which might be  
touched by another person  
later and will connect  
to that person's body  
with my bacteria.

I lick the column which  
tastes like nothing but  
connects to another  
column that connects  
to the floor that  
connects to my feet  
and then to my body  
and I smell my own  
sweat.

I see the ventilation opening,  
that connects to the wall  
that connects to the ground  
outside that I can see  
is not the same as the  
tiles inside but connect  
to the wall in the back.  
that must connect to  
the world behind which  
I don't know what else  
connect to.

**The Earth seems far away. She is frustrated.**

***Krzekz* leaves home. Packed with papers, pencils, and a transmitter to send her thoughts as letters back to her brother. She proposes to report the exploration.**

**Krzekz takes boats, jumps on trains, runs for buses, and hops over many fences. She wanders around and reminds herself of the questions from the cosmic newspaper.**

*"How much dust comes up when you blow against the wall? Should it hurt my eyes?"*

**She is noting some words.**

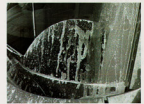
I blow towards the concrete wall, some parts of it fly away.

I touch it, so I have little stones from the first layer on my fingertips. I rub my fingers so they fall on the ground

**The transmitter rings and she receives a letter containing some valuable help from her brother.**

# TO: KRZKZ

primarily made of fog—illustrates what the architect describe as the “constant battle between artificial and real weather forces” and how, together, they produce the often-invisible architecture around us. In these examples, air may be seemingly controllable, but it's ultimately fleeting, immovable, invisible, and in most cases, largely untamable.



View from the Sahara Desert Museum over Mauritania by Steven Cella, March 2012. Photo by Marco Geronzi. Courtesy of the photographer.

Queer theory, Calvillo says, can orient us through this strange space between the controlled and the “wild.” She references

MECCA CALVILLO "AERODROM" IN EQUUS MAGAZINE 7 2022

Histories of explanation and representation solidify around problems, meaning that we inherit conventions in knowledge production, perhaps none more important than the division of knowledge production itself into scalar categories. These categories emerge both as an objective reflection of the phenomena in question and the social, political, and economic decisions to orient scientific attention in one direction over another.

New kinds of problems—like climate change, for instance—pose special challenges insofar as they bring together the large and the small, the near and the far, the fast and the slow, the weak and the strong, making a mess of existing scalar conventions. The history scale in climate science is an example. In the study of climate, signs must be extracted from a vast sea of scalar variability—this sea of cycles and oscillations span from a nanosecond quick flicker of

## The Avery Review

ADRIAN LANGELOU, "SCALE AS PROBLEM, ARCHITECTURE AS 'BAPT' IN CUMMINGS ARCHITECTURE AND THE PRACTICE OF ARCHITECTURE 2018

Air has been adopted from western philosophy because "it does not seem matter." As such, it escapes appearing as being, it allows itself to be forgotten<sup>64</sup>. So it's the air's ubiquitous presence that becomes an abstract and a path to oblivion.

The human being is made of matter and breath and lives in earth, as well as air. But, according to figures, western philosophers, like Martin Heidegger, do not have the ground, "whether it be that of the earth or that of being<sup>65</sup>."

CHEKCHINA GRAMMATOPOLDOU, RESEMBLING THE AIR: LUKE RICARDO'S OUTSIDER OF EXHAUST 2018

dynamics of the earth's atmosphere and enlarged our knowledge about how potential future behavior will influence this hypercomplex system, "air" currently mostly referred to as "climate" or "atmosphere" remains elusive, both as a matter of fact and as a matter of concern.<sup>63</sup> Air radically transcends traditional scales and instances of political decision-making from municipalities to nation-states and even supranational institutions. One of the most important yet most difficult challenges politics faces today is, in Latour's words, "to assemble a political body able to claim its part of responsibility for the earth's changing state."<sup>64</sup> The question is how and on what basis such a political body might be assembled. How could we conceive of air as a novel political entity that demands new forms of knowledge, decision-making, and consensus? As Jim Dator writes, the problem is not just one of conflicting interests but of the scale at which these conflicts play out: "Environmental, economic, technological and health factors are global, but our governance systems are still based on the nation state, while our economic system [free market capitalism] and many national political systems (interest group 'democracy') remain profoundly individualistic in input, albeit tragically collective in output."<sup>65</sup> The air is both global and local, and it is a hybrid between human politics, scientific knowledge, and processes of nature. Yet it is also, paradoxically, an object that defies its scientific "objectification" and a matter so elusive that it refuses to be mere "matter." The air is unique among the elements in... signifying the being of non-being, the matter of the immaterial." Steven Connor writes "Air is an issue that is so close and so omnipresent that we still have a hard time even grasping it as an "issue"—and not just taking it for granted as mere background.

## An Elemental Medium

To notice the complicated nature of the air, this article proposes an understanding of air not so much as mere matter but as a *medium*. This means looking not only at what air is and how it behaves—considered from the standpoint of the natural sciences—but also at the functions attributed to it as a medium: more specifically, as a *medium of life*. I will therefore focus mostly on its epistemology that is, on the current and historical functions attributed to the air and its various synonyms such as *climate*, *atmosphere*, or *weather*. Instead of seeing air as an externalized object of scientific investigation, this means undertaking a historical and cultural epistemology of air not only as an environment but also as an intrinsic element of human civilization, human knowledge, and phenomenological experience, as Latour himself suggests: "It is not air the whole of our habitations is mortal. In there a dwelling more vast, more spacious, or even more generally peaceful than that

EVA HOLM, AIR AS MEDIUM IN EQUUS 700 2018



## Bettina Wismann In-visible Interactions

**Luciferian' control**  
The words of particles and parts of parts and indivisible nuclei capture time, as the fire bodies, the original elements of which the world consists. Though can be created out of nothing—air matter is not substance divisible. That were the state, every thing would just decompose and in complete disintegration—and that constitutes a perception of natural phenomena. In that reason, the process of disintegration is represented in the fire at

Although Lucifer, Democritus, and Leucippus used the Greek word *Atomos*, meaning an indivisible, to label an indivisible particle, Lucifer never did in labeling the same word *atomos*, the first things, matter or general corpus, matter and bodies that generate matter from, such as things, and corpus particles, fire bodies, the indivisible particles, and determine these first indivisible bodies and their arrangement.

Even if these original bodies were a finite number of forms, their potential combinations are unlimited. The diversity of things—physical particles—does not result from a diversity of forms of the indivisible—other words, from unlimited diversity of forms of the body that enter from the combinations and arrangements of elements, analogous to letters in the words other meaning by

of their of position. The letters are bound in number, but they can be combined in an unlimited number of ways. That the fire bodies or elements create nature entities or things simply through "elemental" parts, which is an original fire, with matter, lines of material atoms, relate from, according to the statement, in which world is composed of nuclei or particles. The first bodies themselves are not divisible, because as their reciprocal composition, clear and the indivisible particles are not through accident, as given the possibility in the thought and sense the Luciferian succeeds in providing a clear and exact description of the indivisible particles between the combined particles. The imperceptible processes and structures of the first bodies are represented by means of perceptible events.

**Invisible motion**  
But how do we get from the number. Can particles be the size of a nucleus—which is smaller than any of the functions of compression and decomposition as permanently happening in things, whereas "the size of the particles occupying the bodies" as an all particles occupying the bodies "man" "incomplete" "Should This be the way they are composed of matter? If the fire, the indivisible atoms which the smallest particles construct

1. ...  
2. ...  
3. ...  
4. ...  
5. ...  
6. ...  
7. ...  
8. ...  
9. ...  
10. ...

tion. What I created was an image in which the book of matches appeared to be half as far away and half its familiar size.

The machinery of perception created the image in accordance with the rules of parallax, rules that were for the first time clearly verbalized by painters in the Renaissance, and this whole process, the creating of the image with its built-in conclusions from the clues of parallax, happened quite outside my consciousness. The rules of the universe that we think we know are deep buried in our processes of perception.

Epistemology, at the natural history level, is mostly unconscious and correspondingly difficult to change. The second experiment that Ames demonstrated illustrates this difficulty of change.

This experiment has been called the *reversal room*. In this case, Ames had me inspect a large box about five feet long, three feet high,

IS EVERY SOMEBODY KNOWS ...

GEORGE BARNUM, MIND AND NATURE 1939



the architects describe as the “constant battle between artificial and real weather forces” and how, together, they produce the often-invisible architectures around us. In these examples, air may be seemingly controllable, but it’s ultimately fleeting, immutable, invisible, and in most cases, largely untamable.

NEREA CALVILLO, AEROPOLIS, BOMB MAGAZINE, 2023

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Epistemology at the natural history level, is mostly unconscious

GREGORY BATESON, MIND AND NATURE, 1979

#### *Invisible motion*

But how do we get from the smallest, first particles to the visible things? They come into being, are sustained, and dissolve due to a motion—which is hidden from our eyes—of first bodies. Processes of composition and decomposition are permanently happening in things, whereby “the sum of the particles escaping the bodies” as well as the particles entering the bodies remain “unchanged.”<sup>4</sup> Should something be lessened in one place, there is an increase in another. Thus, the law of the

BETTINA VISSMAN, „INVISIBLE INTER-ACTIONS“ in GRAIN, VAPOR, RAY. 2015

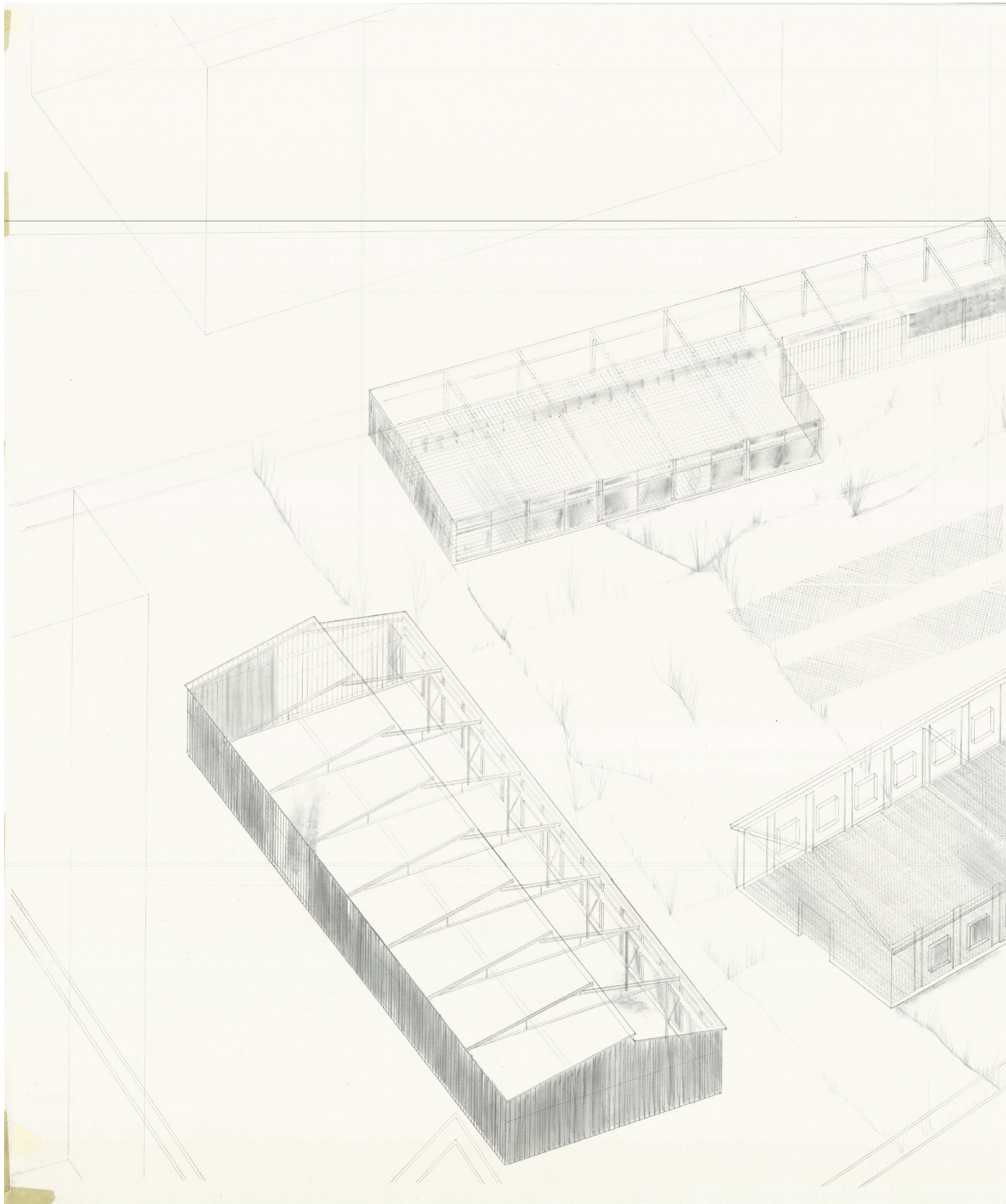
**While spending some time in a city between two mountains, on a cold day, the air turns into a lake of smog. Her visible distance is reduced to only a few meters. Tires of cars and bikes are scattering the particles through the street. Rising, floating, settling.**

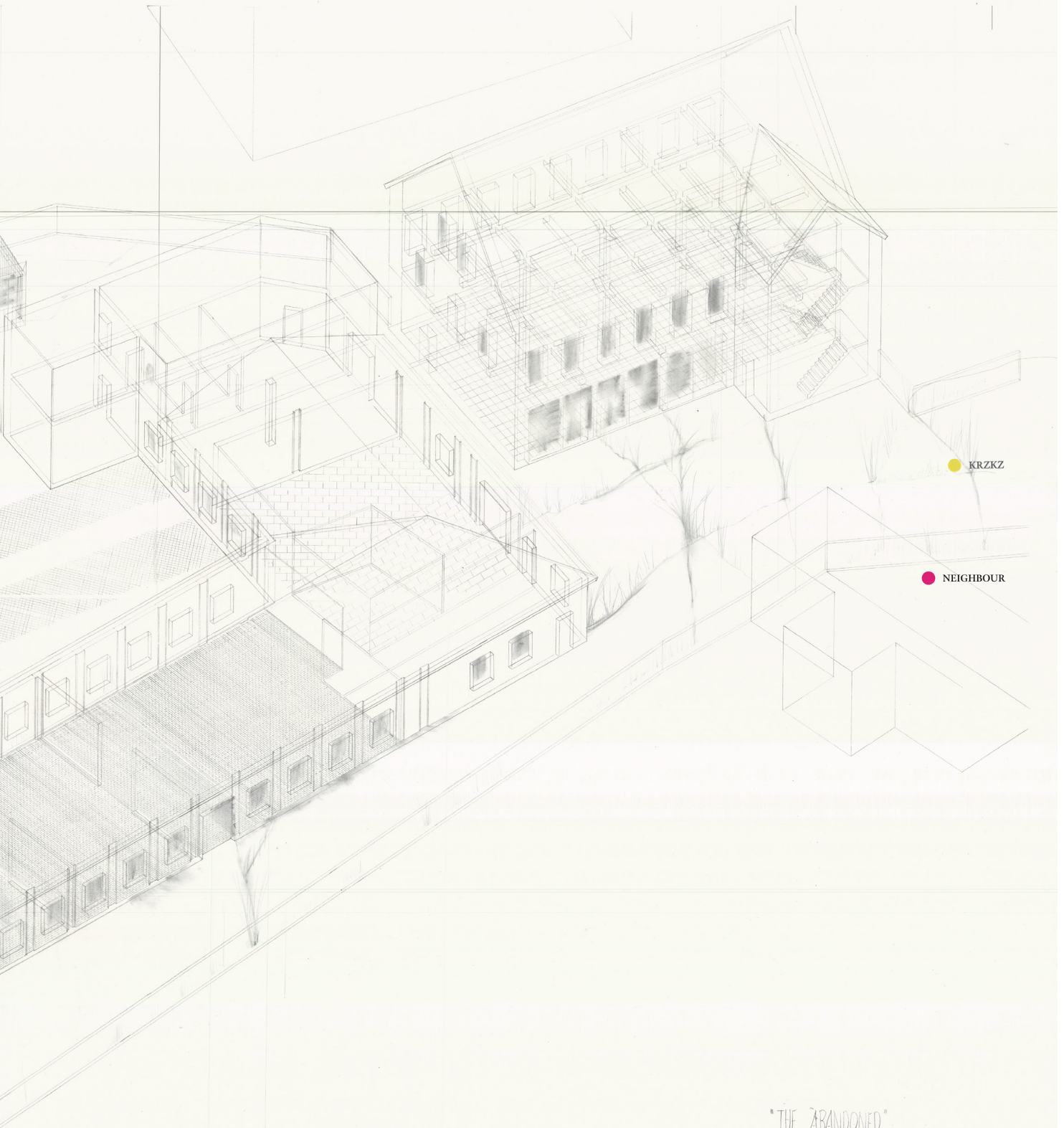
**Krzysz changes her strategy and finally arrives at a place where the noise of the urban rhythm drops. The buildings are not visible but cracks in the ground link the public street through the fence to the front yard of the hidden site. She sees the neighbor working next to the fence and he comes over and says:**

*“Do you want to enter this site? There was no one for 10 years. Why do you care? There is nothing you should worry about; the future of the site is already written.”*

**Like a child, she doesn't care about the neighbors' doubts. The blocked entrance is easy to jump over. And she prepares the first letter to her brother.**

**Besides her text, Krzkz draws the landscape from a personal perspective, linking the words with lines and pictures. She creates a collage and overlays it to a scale to line out where her thoughts and memories travel.**

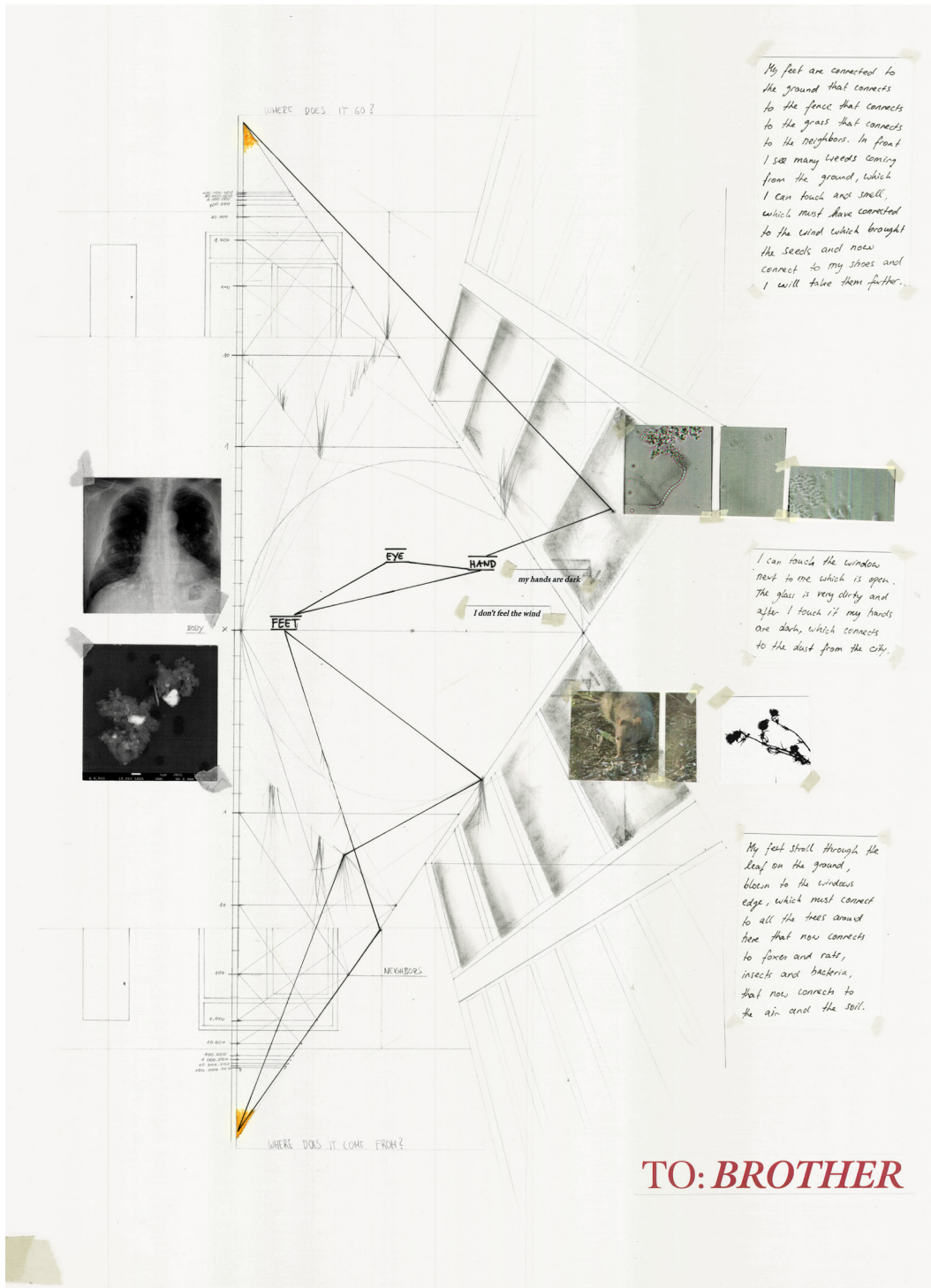




● KRZKZ

● NEIGHBOUR

"THE ABANDONED"  
REAL LANDSCAPE  
AXONOMETRY 1:100



**LETTER (1) TO BROTHER**  
**DRAWING, WRITING, PICTURES**  
**59,4cm x 42cm**

My feet are connected to the ground that connects to the fence that connects to the grass that connects to the neighbors. In front I see many weeds coming from the ground, which I can touch and smell, which must have connected to the wind which brought the seeds and now connect to my shoes and I will take them further.

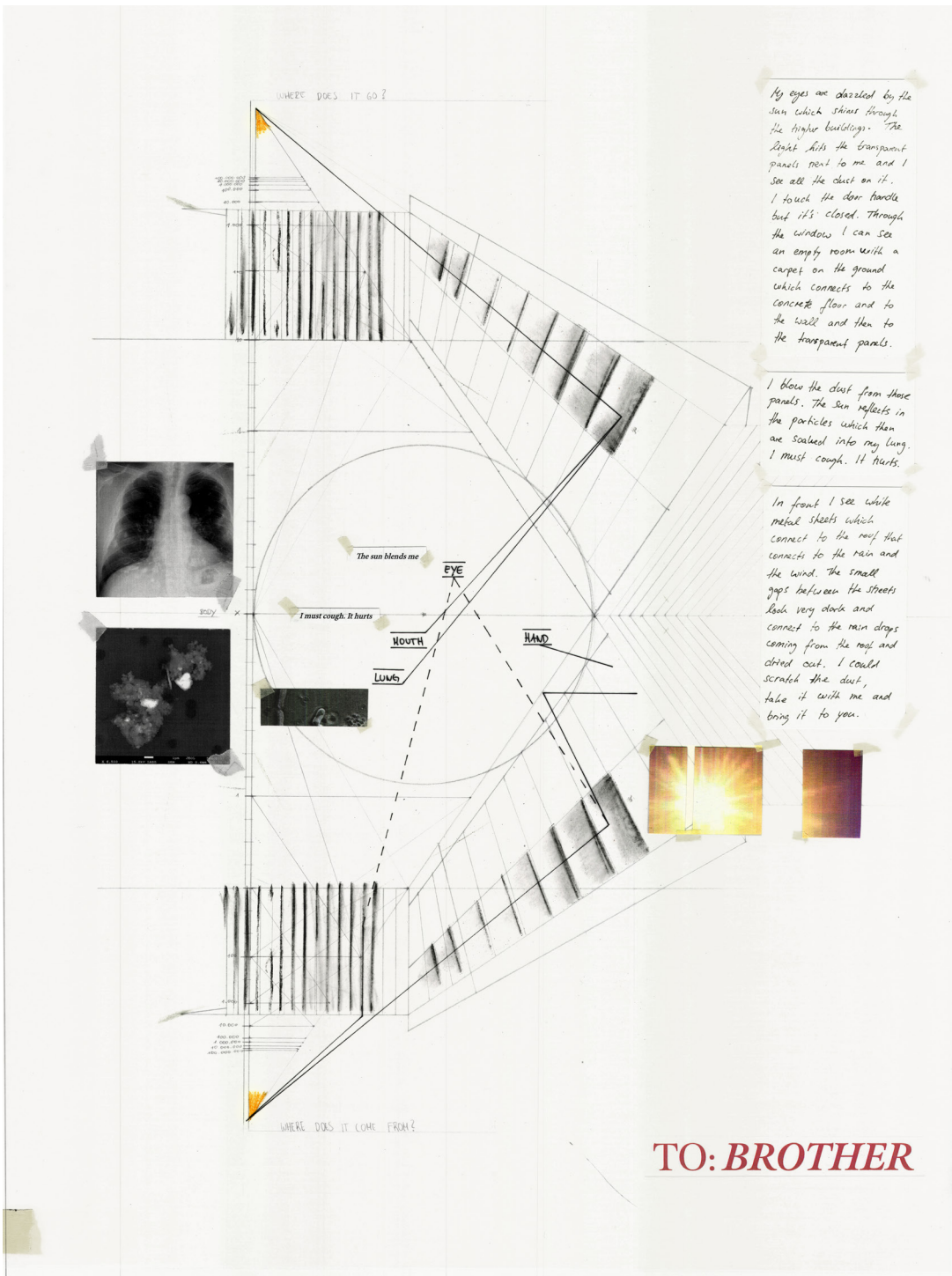
I can touch the window next to me which is open. The glass is very dirty and after I touch it my hands are dark, which connects to the dust from the city.

My feet stroll through the leaf on the ground, blown to the window edge, which must connect to all the trees around here that now connects to foxes and rats, insects and bacteria, that now connects to the air and the soil.

**The site seems chaotic with many different elements and structures. Surrounded by higher buildings, she feels lost. The corners are full of weeds, and some parts of the buildings are not visible anymore. The windows are black. The materials are a mix of plastic, glass, metal, wood, and some bricks. Most of them are broken, some of them removed. It seems like a former car workshop - lots of windows and big glass doors defining the showrooms.**



***Krzkez* continues exploring and finds a corner where she wants to write again.**



My eyes are charred by the sun which shines through the higher buildings. The light hits the transparent panels next to me and I see all the dust on it. I touch the door handle but it's closed. Through the window I can see an empty room with a carpet on the ground which connects to the concrete floor and to the wall and then to the transparent panels.

I blow the dust from those panels. The sun reflects in the particles which then are soaked into my lung. I must cough. It hurts.

In front I see white metal sheets which connect to the roof that connects to the rain and the wind. The small gaps between the streets look very dark and connect to the rain drops coming from the roof and dried out. I could scratch the dust, take it with me and bring it to you.

**TO: BROTHER**

**LETTER (2) TO BROTHER  
DRAWING, WRITING, PICTURES  
59,4cm x 42cm**

My eyes are dazzled by the sun which shines through the high buildings. The light hits the transparent panels next to me and I see all the dust on it. I touch the door handle but it's closed. Through the window I can see an empty room with a carpet on the ground which connects to the concrete floor and to the wall and then to the transparent panels.

I blow the dust from those panels. The sun reflects in the particles which then are soaked into my lung. I must cough. It hurts.

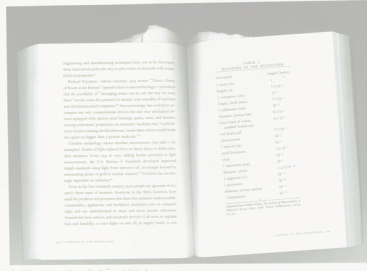
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**Her brother is reading at home,  
researching, connecting, drawing,  
noting. Finally, he prepares again some  
thoughts for his sister.**

person, any object, any relationship can mean absolutely anything else," the profane world — the material world — is rendered a world in which each person, object, or relationship is of no particular significance.<sup>24</sup> At the same time, these "things" that are used to signify acquire a power that locates them on a "higher plane," in the realm of the sacred.

JENNIFER BLOOMER, *ABODES OF FLESH AND THEORY*, 1992

TO: KRZKZ



JOSIPA AVANTI, *DUST*, 2004

THE EQUIVOCALITY OF LANGUAGE  
IT MIGHT BE WITH US  
IN THE MIND OF THE MIND  
IN THE MIND OF THE MIND  
IN THE MIND OF THE MIND

directions (p. 62-66). Orientations are about how we begin, how we proceed from "here," which affects how what a "there" appears, how it presents itself; in other words, we encounter "being" as coming from different sides, as well as having different sides. Hassard relates the questions of "this or that side" to the point of "here," which he also describes as the same point of orientation, the point from which the world unfolds and which makes what is "there" seen "there" (p. 62). It is from this point that the difference between "this side" and "that side" matters. It is only given that the world is not...

Inputs.

At Calvillo's suggestion, we might, for example, evaluate terms we often take for granted, like health, purity, and cleanliness. Cling Ma'Y Chen, Calvillo reminds us that we might find joy in the toxic—the "ohh, pulse rush, adrenaline, heat, heat, tingling skin" of controlled poisoning, in a similar way that hallucinogenic drugs, and even alcohol, are often used as if...

practices. We might also use air's pollution to dismantle structures of power, examining its circulation and unequal distribution, or render particulates like dust, pollen, and chemicals visible to better navigate the invisible world.

Queerness helps us see, unmissable, nature gestures to the "difficently" in troubling spaces, "stragglers." The ar...

NEREA CALVILLO, *AEROPOLIS*, BOMB MAGAZINE, 2023

NEREA CALVILLO, *AEROPOLIS*, BOMB MAGAZINE, 2023



Allegory for Benjamin, like the Dionysian egg for Bataille, is a "harsh disturbance of the peace and a disruption of law and order" that occurs where the sacred and the profane are indistinguishable. "And this place can be allegorized (or emblemized) as allegory itself. Because in allegory 'any person, any object, any relationship can mean absolutely anything else,' the profane world — the material world — rich with person, object, or relationship." At the same time, need to signify acquire a power that by place, in the realm of the sacred, rendered in allegorical terms, the "sacred and devalued." This allegory, of course, not unrelated to suppression as well as our project: "visually constructed profane world re-grounded into signification, are in situ expressions that in they are and devalued, shuffled between the

TO: KRZKZ

conceptual and critical tools such as Donna Haraway's 'situated knowledge' to examine the inter-relations between location, subjectivity and knowledge.

JANE RENDELL, „ONLY RESIST: A FEMINIST APPROACH TO CRITICAL SPATIAL PRACTICE“ in ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, 2018



...and positions of... and a time... this discourse has been the work of post-structuralist... which has been particularly important for... articulation in various ways of thinking about position, situation and location in the world, new ways of knowing and being have been discussed in spatial terms, describing conceptual and critical tools such as Donna Haraway's 'situated knowledge' to examine the inter-relations between location, subjectivity and knowledge.

JANE RENDELL, *ONLY RESIST: A FEMINIST APPROACH TO CRITICAL SPATIAL PRACTICE*, ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, 2018

A further reason why you should direct particular attention to these particles that are seen to be in connection in the soil/void is that each connection also implies a material connection — it is from this point of connection that we can see the trajectory of movement change course and being forcibly turned back, even the voids seen that are, in fact, dense. To consider that they actually this relative movement from the atoms. First, the primary element of things seen of their own accord, they are actually atomic aggregates, which are, one might say, oriented to form in the atoms, are recognized by the nature of the atoms themselves and they themselves in their turn small slightly larger compounds, so the scale of movement itself from the atoms and by degrees passes within the range of our senses, so that eventually movement is extended to those particles that we can perceive in the sun's light, although the blows that cause their movement are imperceptible.

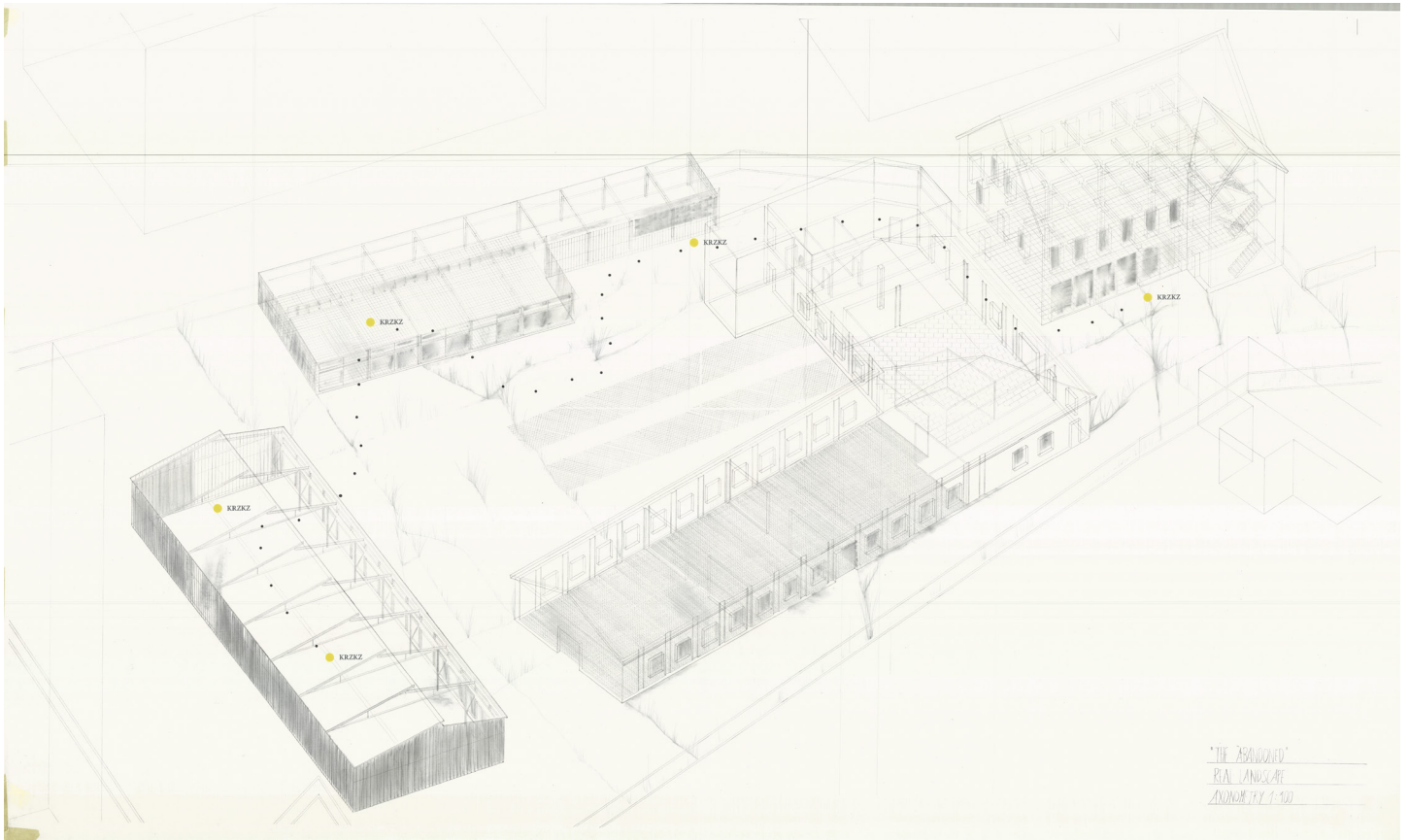
...compounds. So the scale of movement ascends from the atoms and by degrees passes within the range of our senses, so that eventually movement is extended to those particles that we can perceive in the sun's light, although the blows that cause their movement are imperceptible.

BETTINA VISSMAN, „INVISIBLE INTER-ACTIONS“ in GRAIN, VAPOR, RAY, 2015

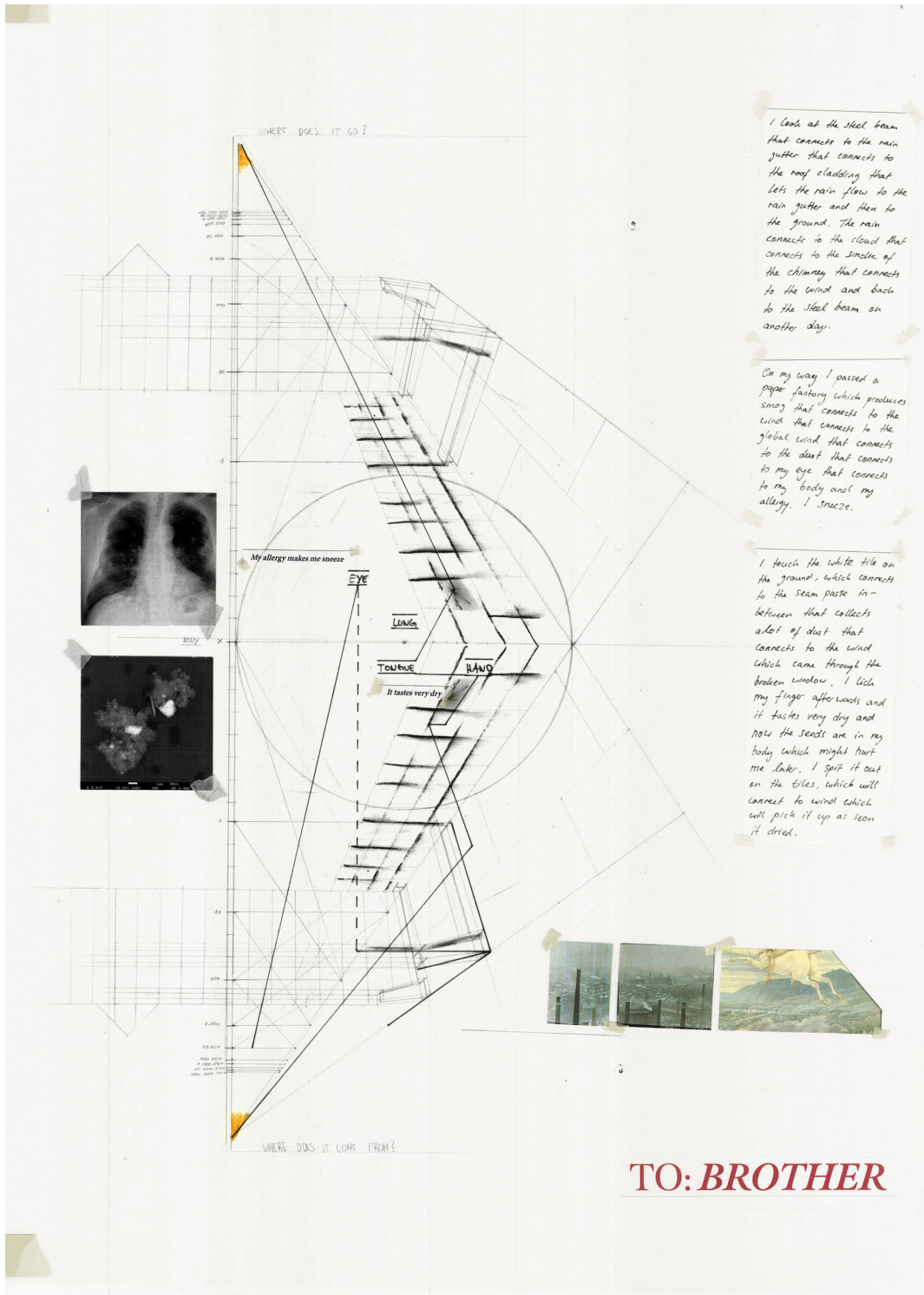
LETTER (2) TO KRZKZ  
BOOK SCANS, NOTES  
59,4cm x 42cm (+ ZOOM INS)

*Krzysz* reads the texts while sitting on the ground.

Deeper exploring the site, she finds more empty halls. While slowly observing other objects, angles of light, and wind directions - she continues documenting and communicating with her brother.



"THE ASANOZHEN"  
REAL LANDSCAPE  
ANOMORPHY 1-100



**LETTER (3) TO BROTHER**  
**DRAWING, WRITING, PICTURES**  
**59,4cm x 42cm**



I look at the steel beam that connects to the rain gutter that connects to the roof cladding that lets the rain flow to the rain gutter and then to the ground. The rain connects to the cloud that connects to the smoke of the chimney that connects to the wind and back to the steel beam on another day.

On my way I passed a paper factory which produces smog that connects to the wind that connects to the global wind that connects to the dent that connects to my eye that connects to my body and my allergy. I sneeze.

I touch the white tile on the ground, which connects to the seam paste in-between that collects a lot of dust that connects to the wind which came through the broken window. I lick my finger afterwards and it tastes very dry and now the seeds are in my body which might hurt me later. I spit it out on the tiles, which will connect to wind which will pick it up as soon it dries.



**LETTER (4) TO BROTHER**  
**DRAWING, WRITING, PICTURES**  
**59,4cm x 42cm**

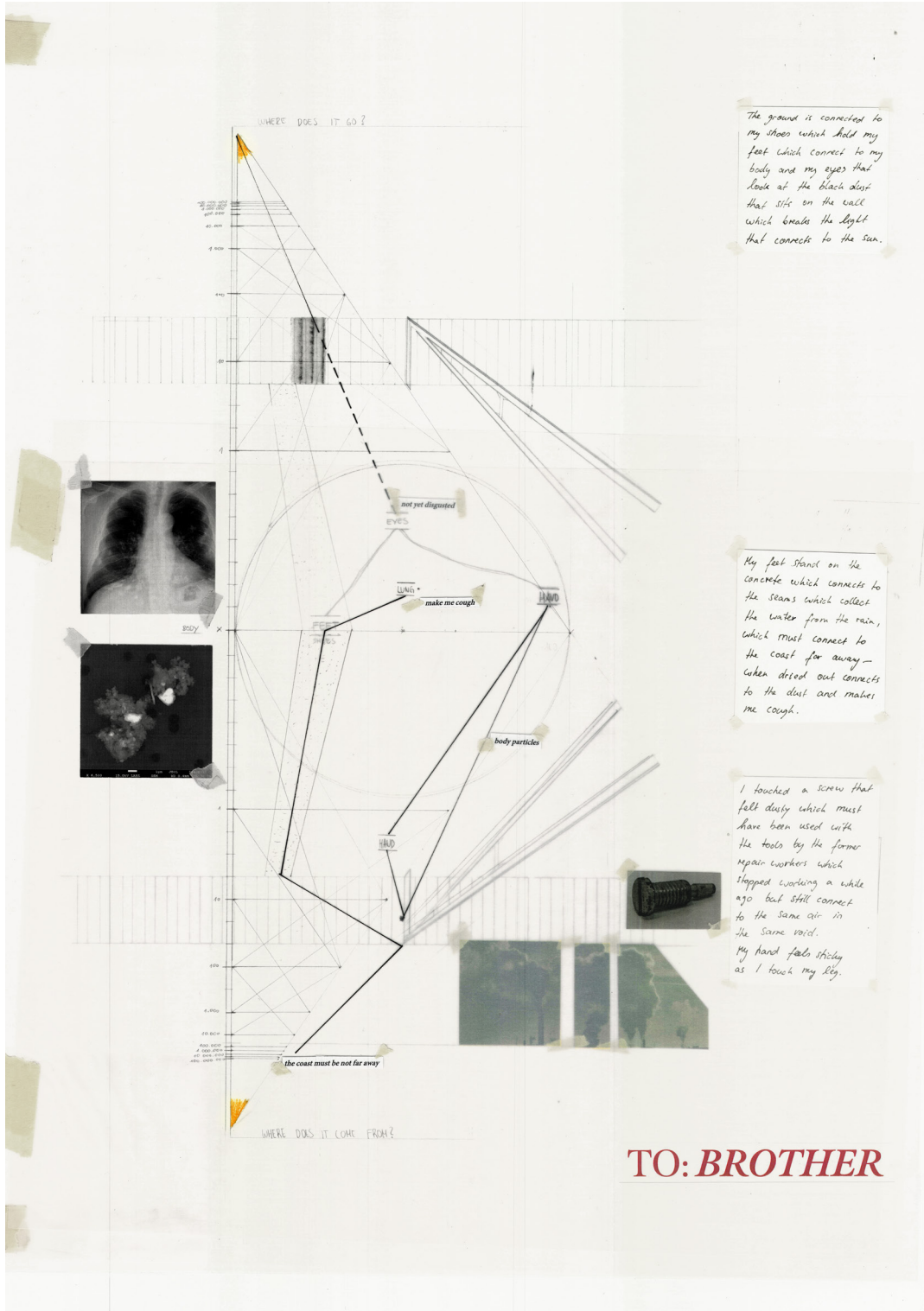
I see a bird flying to the room through the gap between the PVC-panels, which must have been flying around the neighborhood and bringing feathers that will land on the ground, that will connect to my hands as I pick them up. That disgusts me and I throw them back on the ground.

They will decompose and be taken by the wind, blown to the window, which will connect to the sunray and someone else might see the dust on the glass, which used to be this feather.

My shoes slurp on the ground which blows up dust settled here.

This will land on my skin, and my hair will be black coated.

As my body moves I bring my hair and the grains around the landscape.



**LETTER (5) TO BROTHER**  
**DRAWING, WRITING, PICTURES**  
**59,4cm x 42cm**

The ground is connected to my shoes which hold my feet which connect to my body and my eyes that look at the black dust that sits on the wall which breaks the light that connects to the sun.

My feet stand on the concrete which connects to the seams which collect the water from the rain, which must connect to the coast far away — when dried out connects to the dust and makes me cough.

I touched a screw that felt dusty which must have been used with the tools by the former repair workers which stopped working a while ago but still connect to the same air in the same void.  
My hand feels sticky as I touch my leg.

**Some moments, when the light is very dark - the rays of the sun reflect the aerial movement of particles floating around her. The polycarbonate panels seem like flashlights and gradient walls between white and grey.**

**Before she continues, a third letter from her brother makes the transmitter ring and she takes a break, sitting in the darker hall on the ground - her eyes moving through his thoughts.**

larger. There are indeed differences, but they are differences in size. There are no differences in nature – still less in culture.

BRUNO LATOUR. WE HAVE NEVER BEEN MODERN. 1991

TO: KRZKZ

vision, which represents the height of reason. In this sense, pictures are conceived as a vertical section through the „purely visual“, separating the perceiver from his feet still standing in the dirt. [25] On the other hand, the horizontal axis governs

NEXTRROOM.AT R&SIE READING BATAILLE'S „FORMLESS“. 2008

In his Documents article „Architecture“ Bataille argues that philosophy, mathematics, and architecture have generated a system of petrification that cancels the individual perception through becoming a unified whole of fixed determinations of what was initially concrete, sensuous, and liquefied. In this way, scientific theories are attempts at „depriving, as far as possible, the universe in which we live of every source of stimulation“. [31] Bataille concludes that “it is obvious that mathematical organization imposed on stone is none other than the

NEXTRROOM.AT R&SIE READING BATAILLE'S „FORMLESS“. 2008

**While the Earth is constantly surrounding her, it might be difficult to believe that some small particles can become a link between her body, the room, and the atmosphere.**

*“The dust comes from any organism. The bird lost feathers, I lost skin, the wall, some bacteria, and the neighbor some ash. It has always been around. No matter how it looks. When I look closely, I find it on all these windows. It must come from far away, now here.”*

**The site, full of glass and plastic, made the aerial flow visible. Sitting on the surfaces - the grains full of seeds, pollen, bacteria, and insects. It seems like everything is part of the same continuum. Krzke feels uncomfortable.**

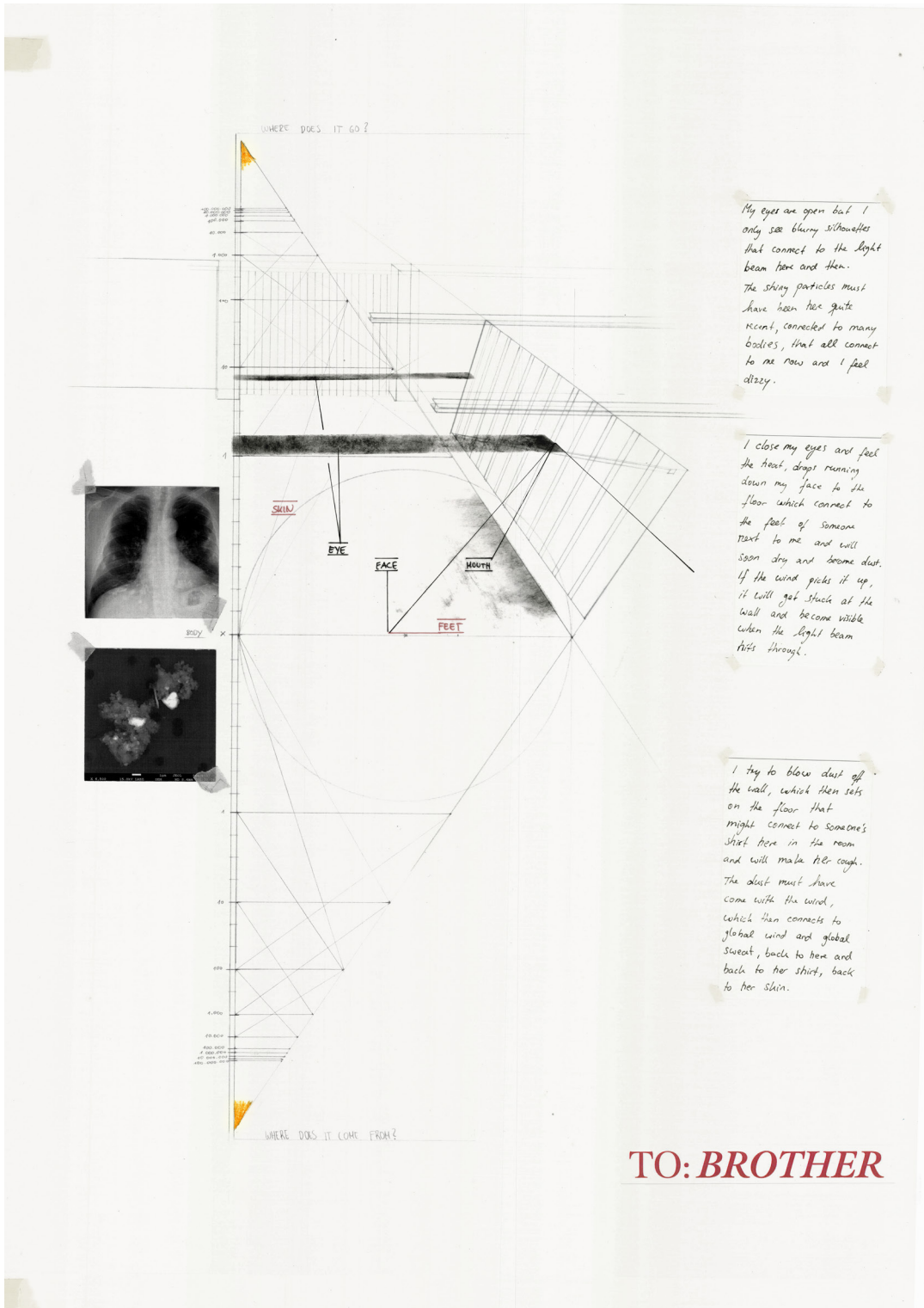


**The phenomenon is shifting her between memory and imagination, between desire and disgust.**

*"Do others feel the same?"*

**She wants to respond to it by making it more public. The moments reminded her of dancing in the night which resonated in her mind and body. Somewhere between absolute introversion and aliveness. The moment you leave a crowd, and the skin is still soaked by sweat, black layers on the hair. Where does this connection come from?**

**So, she starts daydreaming.**



My eyes are open but I only see blurry silhouettes that connect to the light beam here and there. The shiny particles must have been here quite recent, connected to many bodies, that all connect to me now and I feel dizzy.

I close my eyes and feel the heat, drops running down my face to the floor which connect to the feet of someone next to me and will soon dry and become dust. If the wind picks it up, it will get stuck at the wall and become visible when the light beam hits through.

I try to blow dust off the wall, which then sets on the floor that might connect to someone's shirt here in the room and will make her cough. The dust must have come with the wind, which then connects to global wind and global sweat, back to here and back to her shirt, back to her skin.

**TO: BROTHER**

**LETTER (6) TO BROTHER  
DRAWING, WRITING, PICTURES  
59,4cm x 42cm**

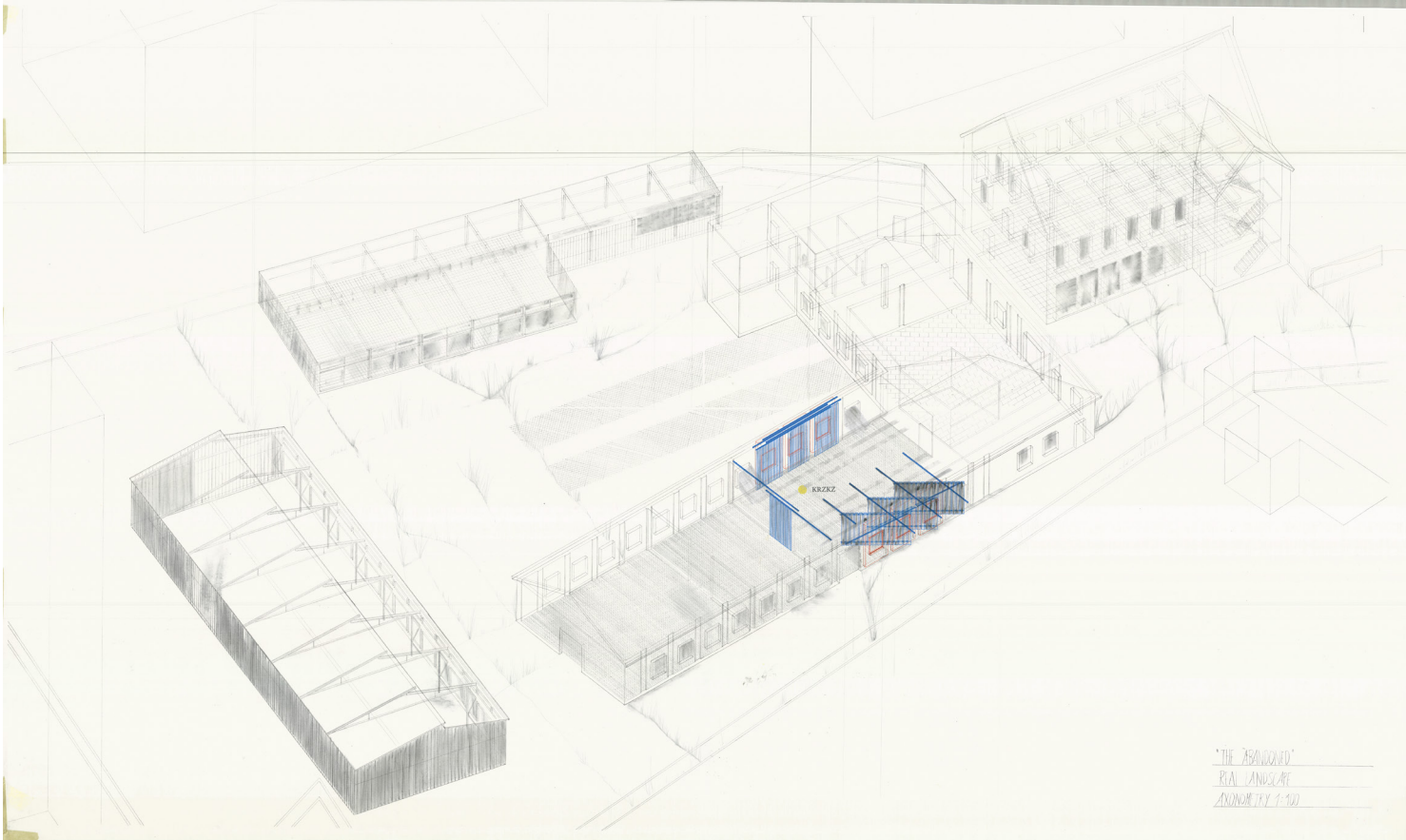
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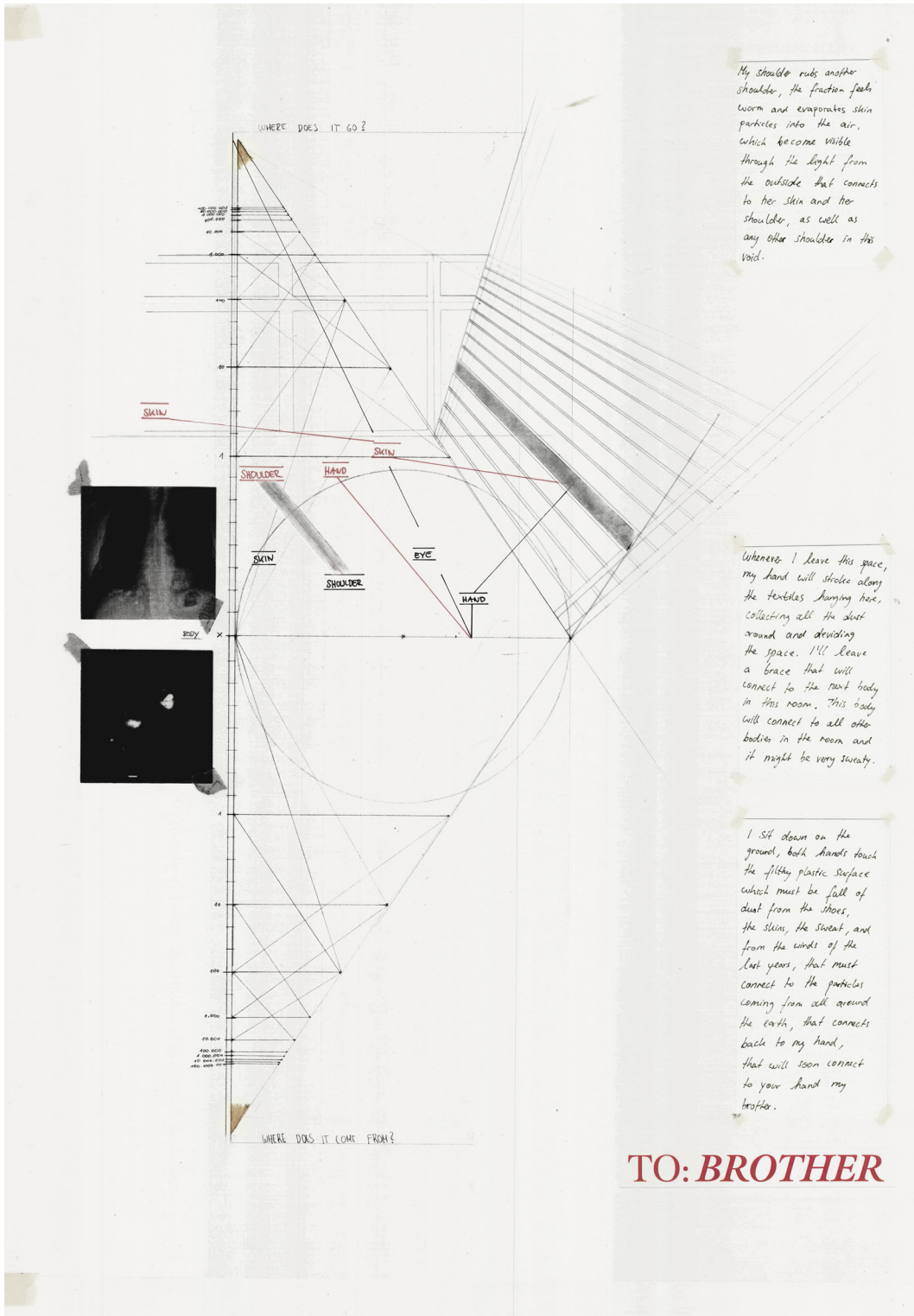


"THE ABANDONED"  
REAL LANDSCAPE  
ARCHITECTURE 1-100

**One part of the dream links the front yard with the backyard. The garden has been inaccessible. A breakthrough itself requires the removal of a few windows. She closes the inner room with dust traps and makes use of the darkness to install light beams through the air.**

***Krzekz* positions the entrance as a distraction for the wind, mostly from the west, to slow it down and make it float around. Any light from the outside remains indirect. The installed materials will alter and grow over time as a result of human bodies and natural wind force.**

**And she sets up another letter, to extend the structure she imagines.**



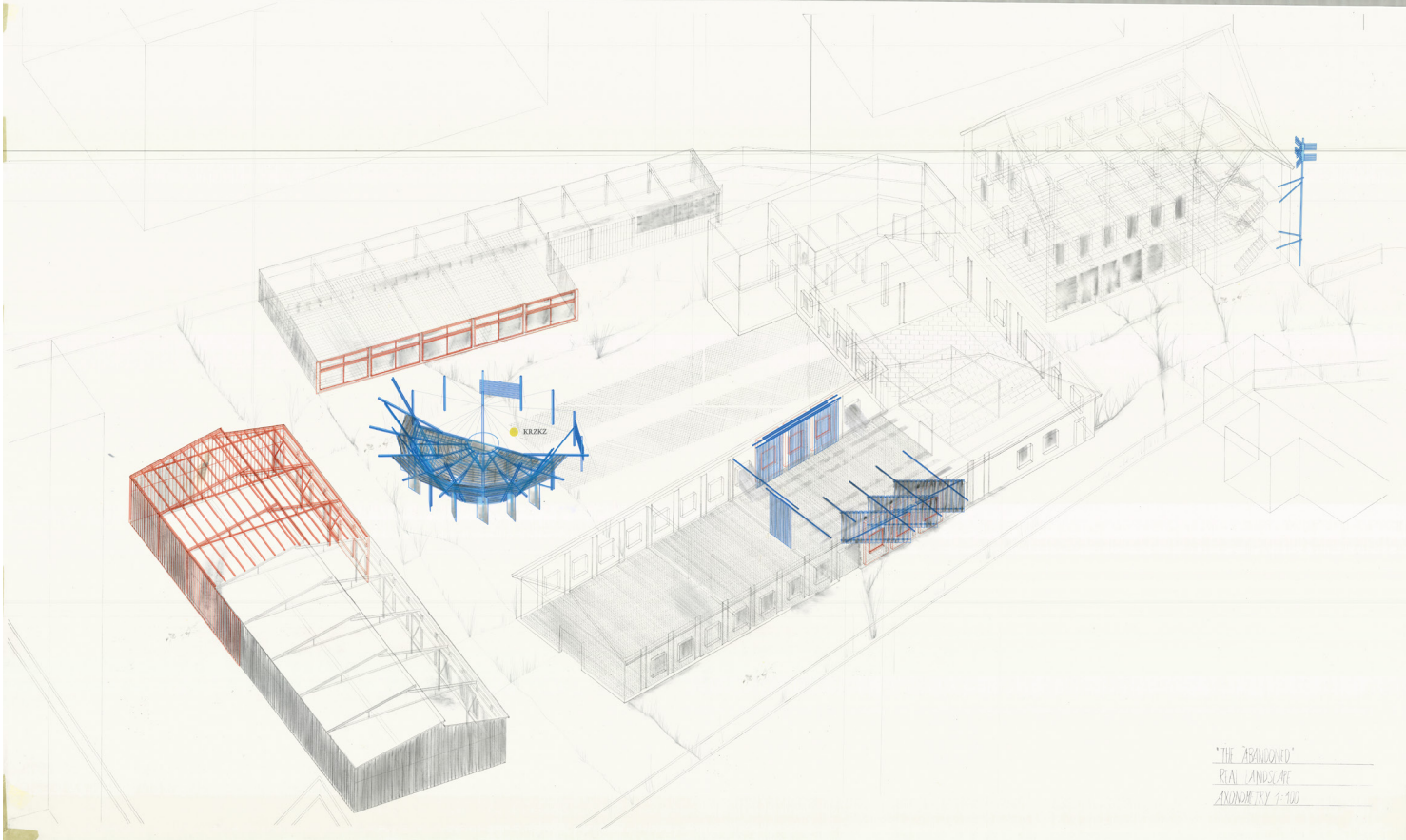
**TO: BROTHER**

**LETTER (7) TO BROTHER  
DRAWING, WRITING, PICTURES  
59,4cm x 42cm**

My shoulder rubs another shoulder, the fraction feels worm and evaporates skin particles into the air, which become visible through the light from the outside that connects to her skin and her shoulder, as well as any other shoulder in this void.

Whenever I leave this space, my hand will stroke along the textiles hanging here, collecting all the dust around and deviding the space. I'll leave a trace that will connect to the next body in this room. This body will connect to all other bodies in the room and it might be very sweaty.

I sit down on the ground, both hands touch the filthy plastic surface which must be full of dust from the shoes, the skins, the sweat, and from the winds of the last years, that must connect to the particles coming from all around the earth, that connects back to my hand, that will soon connect to your hand my brother.

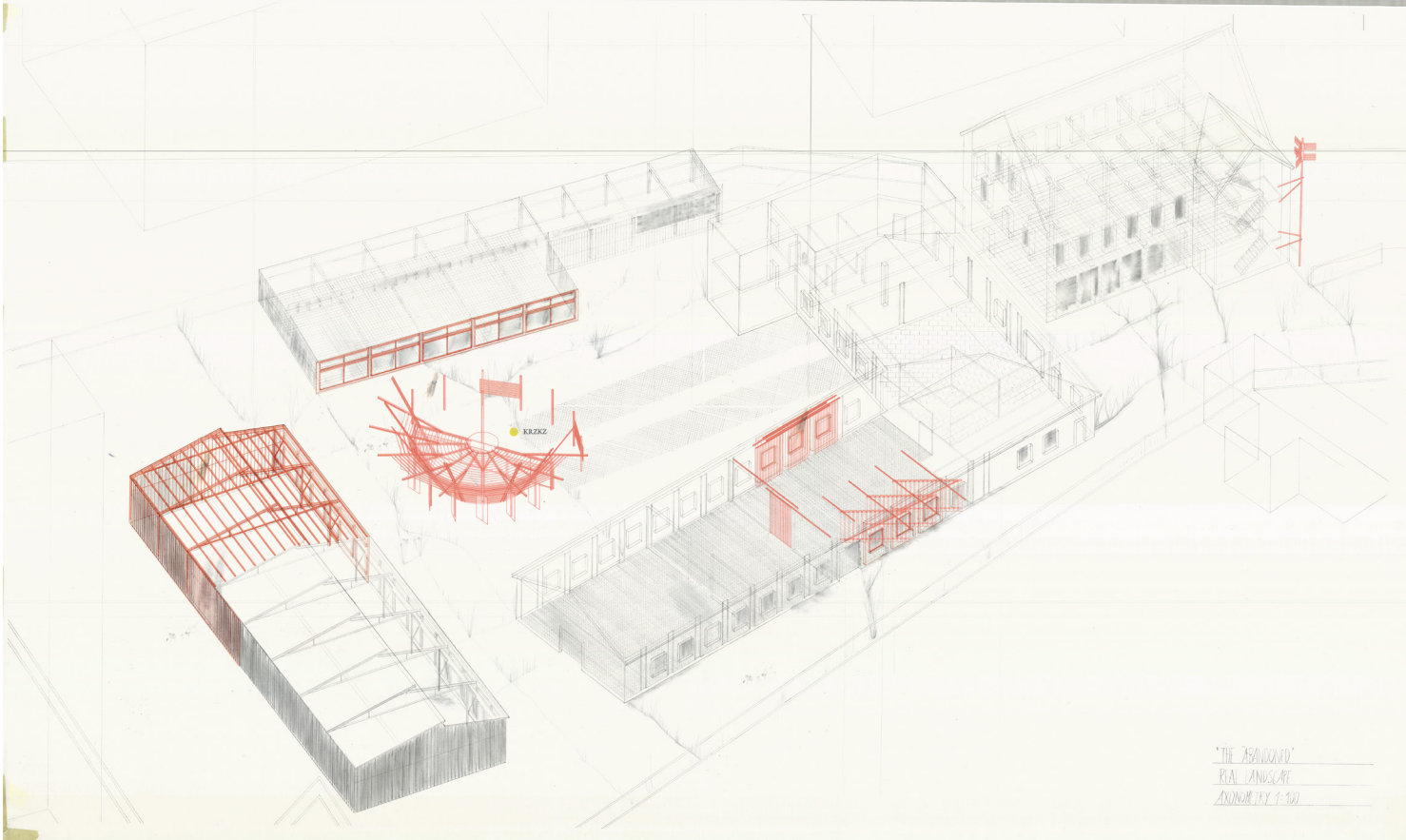


"THE ABANDONED"  
REAL LANDSCAPE  
ARCHITECTURE 1-100



**The second part involves a structure with existing beams from the abandoned site. The same detail as before defines the walls - textiles wrapped around the polycarbonate panels. When the wind pushes towards the installation, the fraction creates an electrostatic dust collector. She places the intervention right inside the windiest location to create a funnel.**

**Half of the installation remains outside, the other half inside, the transition would become an effect of bright to dark, pure to filth - losing own's vision while seeing the most in small reflections of dust particles. A windcatcher at the entrance is a sign of openness.**



"THE ABANDONED"  
REAL LANDSCAPE  
ARCHITECTURE 1-100

The dream ends and she remembers the neighbor saying that the future of the site is already set. Everything will be gone soon. The buildings, the walls, the weeds, the pollen, the windows, and the dust. What will remain are her letters.

*“Why don’t take it all, take the dreams, take the materials, and set it up wherever? Could be right in the center of the public.”*

She leaves the site, strolling back through the city in the foggy light, clouds of smog. *Krzlez* writes one more letter to imagine a space, which confronts many people in their daily life, in proximity between two buildings. The edgy corner increases the amount of wind.

This time though, she directs the letter straight to the city’s public mailbox. *Krzlez* invites them to join her image of a place where you will not see anything, besides your own dependency on vision itself.

## TO: CITY

I hope you sometimes  
close your eyes and  
breathe this structure.

It has been a year  
since I came last time.  
Now, even drier, I put  
my mask on while  
entering. I feel the  
dry air in my eyes,  
which must have been  
like this for some time,  
there was no rain.

It connects to the  
textiles next to me,  
the slight wind stirs  
them which connects  
to the low noise  
of particles scratching  
the panels.

I breathe — a big  
cloud of reflections  
creates a cloud of  
points that will  
probably never leave  
this void but land  
on my skin or the  
ground.

The light from outside  
shines through holes  
in the roof, which  
reflects and remains  
the only thing I can see.

The global wind and  
global dust connect  
to my void, my skin,  
my lung, and my eyes.

Some of my sweat  
will remain inside,  
dry out, and stuck  
for a long time.

My mind and body  
dissolve — maybe  
into any future body  
entering the room.  
I don't see anything  
clearly. The forms  
and edges of the  
walls and textiles  
blur with each other.

I leave the structure.  
My eyes slowly adapt  
to the daylight and  
see the wall on the  
other side of the  
street, that I know  
now, connects to the  
million particles  
between me and this  
wall.

I hope you sometimes  
close your eyes and  
breathe this structure.

It has been a year  
since I came last time.  
Now, even darker, I put  
my mask on while  
entering. I feel the  
dry air in my eyes,  
which must have been  
like this for some time,  
there was no rain.

It connects to the  
textiles next to me;  
the slight wind stirs  
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I breathe — a big  
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million particles  
between me and this  
wall.

**It might sometimes be more useful to re-examine what is already around us instead of making something new. If the city gives an illusion of an invisible atmosphere, follow the dust on your window and you might find out where it takes you. However filthy or visually this life may be, it is undeniably ethically attractive to get closer.**

**The authentic behavior of dust as a product of perfect accumulation might help to reflect on the dichotomy between nature and culture, and to rethink terms as health, purity, and cleanliness, which we usually take for granted.**

**She takes the bus back, hops on the  
boat and soon is home with a little bit  
of dust on her skin.**

# THE DISTANCE OF THE MOON EARTH

## HAND-WRITING TRANSCRIPTIONS

### Krzkz writing 1 (At Home)

My hand touches the tile where my feet stand on. That feels cold and connects to the glass wall, which connects to the ventilation openings where I feel a slight breeze coming that must connect to the ducts and then I do not know where it connects further to.

I touch the bench I sit on that connects to the window. My finger will leave traces on the bench from the fat and dust on my skin, which might be touched by another person later and will connect to that person's body with my bacteria.

I see the ventilation opening, that connects to the wall that connects to the ground outside that I can see is not the same as the tiles inside but connects to the wall in the back that must connect to the world behind which I don't know what else connect to. I lick the column which tastes like nothing but connects to another column that connects to the floor that connects to my feet and then to my body and I smell my own sweat.

### Krzkz test writing

I blow towards the concrete wall, some parts of it fly away. I touch it, so I have little stones from the first layer on my fingertips. I rub my fingers so they fall on the ground.

### Letter 1 from Krzkz to Brother (At Abandoned)

My feet are connected to the ground that connects to the fence that connects to the grass that connects to the neighbors. In front, I see many weeds coming from the ground, which I can touch and smell, which must have connected to the wind which brought the seeds and now connects to my shoes, and I will take



them further.

I can touch the window next to me which is open. The glass is very dirty and after I touch it my hands are dark, which connects to the dust which lies here in the city. I don't feel the wind, but the dust on these windows must have been brought by it over the last years.

My feet stroll through the leaf on the ground, pressed into the window corner, which must connect to all the trees and weeds around here that connect now to foxes, rats, and other animals and connect to insects and bacteria that connect to the soil and the air.

**Letter 2 from  
Krzcz to Brother  
(At Abandoned)**

My eyes are dazzled by the sun which comes through the higher buildings. The light hits the transparent panels next to me and I can see all the dirt on it. I touch the door handle but it's closed. Through the window, I can see an empty room with a carpet on the ground which connects to the concrete floor to the wall and then to the transparent window panels.

I blow the dust from those panels and the sun reflects in the particles which then are soaked by my lungs, I must cough. It hurts.

In front, I see white metal sheets that connect to the roof that connects to the rain and the wind. The small gaps between the metal sheet look very dark and connect to the raindrops coming from the roof and dried out. If I would go closer, I could scratch the dust, take it with me, and bring it to you.

**Letter 3 from  
Krzcz to Brother  
(At Abandoned)**

I look at the steel beam that connects to the rain gutter that connects to the roof cladding that lets the rain flow to the rain gutter and then to the ground. The rain connects to the cloud that connects to the smoke of the chimney that connects to the wind and back to the steel beam at another day.

On my way I passed a paper factory which produces smog that connects to the wind that connects to the global wind that connects to the dust that connects to my eye that connects to my body and to my allergy. I must sneeze.

I touch the white tile on the ground, which connects to the seam paste in-between that collects a lot of dust that connects to the wind which came through the broken window. I lick my finger afterwards and it tastes very dry and now the seeds are in my body which might hurt me later. I spit it out on the tiles, which will connect to wind which will pick it up as soon it dried.

**Letter 4 from  
Krzcz to Brother  
(At Abandoned)**

I see a bird flying to the room through the gap between the PVC-Panels, which must have been flying around the neighborhood and bringing feathers that will land on the ground, that connect to my hand as I pick it up, that disgusts me, and I throw it back on the ground. It will decompose and be taken by the wind, blown to the window, which will connect to the sunray, and someone else might see the dust on that glass.

My shoes slurp the ground which blows up dust settled there. This will land on my skin and my hair will be black. As my body moves, I bring my hair and the grains around the landscape.

**Letter 5 from  
Krzcz to Brother  
(At Abandoned)**

The ground is connected to my shoes which hold my feet that connect to my body and my eyes that look at the black dust that sits on the wall which breaks the light that connects to the sun.

My feet stand on the concrete which connects to the seams which collect the water from the rain, which must connect to the coast far away - when dried out connects to the dust and makes me cough.

I touched a screw that felt dusty and slimy that must have been used with the oily tools by the former repair workers which stopped working a while ago but still connect to the same air in the same void. I hope they carried masks at that time. My hand feels sticky now as I touch my leg.

**Letter 6 from  
Krzcz to Brother  
(At Abandoned -  
Daydream)**

My eyes are open, but I only see blurry silhouettes that connect to the light beam every here and then. The shiny particles must have been here for a long time with many bodies, that all connect to me now and I feel dizzy.

I close my eyes and feel the heat, drops running down my face to the floor, which connect to the feet of someone next to me and will soon dry and become dust. If the wind picks it up, it will be stuck at the wall and become visible when the light beam hits through.

I try to blow dust off the wall, which then sets on the floor that might connect to someone's shirt here in the room and will make her cough. The dust must have come with the wind, which then connects to

global wind and global sweat, back to here and back to her shirt, back to her skin.

**Letter 7 from  
Krzcz to Brother  
(At Abandoned -  
Daydream)**

My shoulder rubs another shoulder, the fraction feels warm and evaporates skin particles into the air, which become visible through the light from the outside that connects to her skin and her shoulder, as well as any other shoulder in this void. I take a breath and must cough, while seeing the air touching the wall and the bodies.

Whenever I leave this space, my hand will stroke along the textiles hanging here collecting all the dust around and dividing the space. I will leave a trace that will connect to the next body in this room then this person will connect to all other people in the room, and it might be very sweaty.

I sit down on the ground, both hands touch the filthy plastic surface which must be full of dust from the shoes, the skins, the sweat, and from the winds of the last years, that must connect to the particles coming from all around the earth, that connects back to my hand, that will soon connect to the hand of my brother.

**Letter 8 from  
Krzcz to City**

I hope you sometimes close your eyes and breathe this structure.

It has been a year since I came last time. Now, even darker, I put my mask on while entering. I feel the dry air in my eyes, which must have been like this for some time, there was no rain. It connects to the

textiles next to me; the slight wind stirs them which connects to the low noise of particles scratching the panels.

The light from outside shines through holes in the roof, which reflects and remains the only thing I can see. The global wind and the global dust connect to my void, my skin, my lung, and my eyes.

I breathe – a big cloud of reflections creates a cloud of points that will probably never leave this void but land on my skin or the ground. My mind and body dissolve, maybe into any future body entering the room. I don't see anything clearly. The forms and edges of the walls and textiles blur with each other. Some of my sweat will remain inside, dry, and stuck here for a long time.

I leave the structure. My eyes slowly adapt to the daylight and see the wall on the other side of the street, that I know now, connects to the million particles between me and this wall.

**Influences from:**

**Italo Calvino, „The Distance of the Moon“, Penguin UK, 1965.**

**Jozef Wouters, „The Soft Layer“, Varamo Press, 2022.**

**Mc Kenzie Wark, „Raving“, Duke University Press, 2023.**