



THERE IS DUST ON MY PAPER

An exploration of the Earth through dust – to argue against the invisibility of air – while breaking human scales and thoughts.

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The Catalogue Raisonné collects and lists the makings throughout the exploration of the studio Incipient Raum by the author. As the studio's methodology often results in analog artifacts, some of the outcomes in the catalogue are labeled with their physical specifications.

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“[Air] has been neglected from Western philosophy because air does not show itself. As such, it escapes appearing as (a) being. It allows itself to be forgotten.”

Luce Irigaray, „The Forgetting of Air in Heidegger“, 1999.

“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.

“What we expel. The dirty, the abject, is exactly what composes us, what we already are.”

Hélène Frichot, „Dirty Theory: Troubling Architecture“, 2019.

THERE IS DUST ON MY PAPER

Within our dynamic world, we mentally and physically pass through borders and platforms – room to room, void to void, air compartment to air compartment. But what if we take the same path with our eyes closed? What remains is our breath, the noise, and the smell. And from that point on, things vanish. Borders disappear, and natural fluidity emerges.

In a time of environmental destruction, biodiversity loss, and climate change, we tend to oversee things happening unintentionally next to us. The air we breathe is rendered out and externalized. Though the invisible element is what connects us – humans, non-humans, gases, bacteria, pollen, and seeds. Dust then, carried by wind and bodies, makes air visible to the pure eye when it settles or through light reflections on particles in the dark. Dust is never non-existent. It blurs the boundaries of the binary construct between inside and outside, artificial and natural. It floats around the Earth, connecting the local with the global.

Accidentally, filthy, and unwished in most places – dust reflects our perception of natural processes in terms of scale and appearance. How filthy or visually unappealing this element may be, to give a voice to life in all its forms is unquestionably ethically attractive. Dust troubles our perceptions of nature and how it is (re-)produced through the fetishistic dominance of the visual image and the pictorial representation. Maybe we must re-negotiate standards we usually take for granted, such as health, pure air, or a clean window – to think a bit outside the human scales and thoughts.

The thesis challenges the dichotomy between nature and culture by exploring different forms of situated media to create a more ethical practice within architecture. While mapping on different scales, the primary tool became language to read and create space, where dust plays an active role in shaping it. The words and texts jump between memory and imagination to question the authenticity of ecology within architecture.

An abandoned site in Graz serves as the initial space for exploration. Any prior human program is gone, the artificial power of ventilation is off, and the windows are broken. No one cleans up. Inside becomes outside, a space that speaks for the autonomy of nature.

The outcomes are a collection of objects centered around the topic of dust. The main project developed into an auto-fictional short novel that tries to bring the bodies together while narrating through language as a spatial tool. Based on the writing - a physical exploration then responds to the site in Graz as a performative space and invitation into our world full of tiny particles. This generates a sensory experience where one sees nothing except one's own dependency on the eye - while being in the air.

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The Incipient Raum studio invites the student on a journey to an unknown city with an unknown reading, leaving them with their own curiosity. This thesis started in Graz, Austria, browsing through “A Wild Thing” by Hilde Bouchez in September 2023.

Chapter 1

le voyage

GRAZ (AUSTRIA)

- CLOSE TO SLOVENIA
- KPÖ MAYOR
(COMMUNIST PARTY AUSTRIA)
- "GRAZER SCHULE"
(ARCHITECTURAL EPOCHE)
- MOUNTAINS TO HIKE
- INSTITUTE FOR CONTEMPORARY ART
(@ TU GRAZ)
- CHEAPER?
- GOOD WINE, EASY BY TRAIN





(FIGURE: 1) GOOGLE EARTH, 12.12.2023



(FIGURE: 1) GOOGLE EARTH, 12.12.2023
(BACKGROUND)



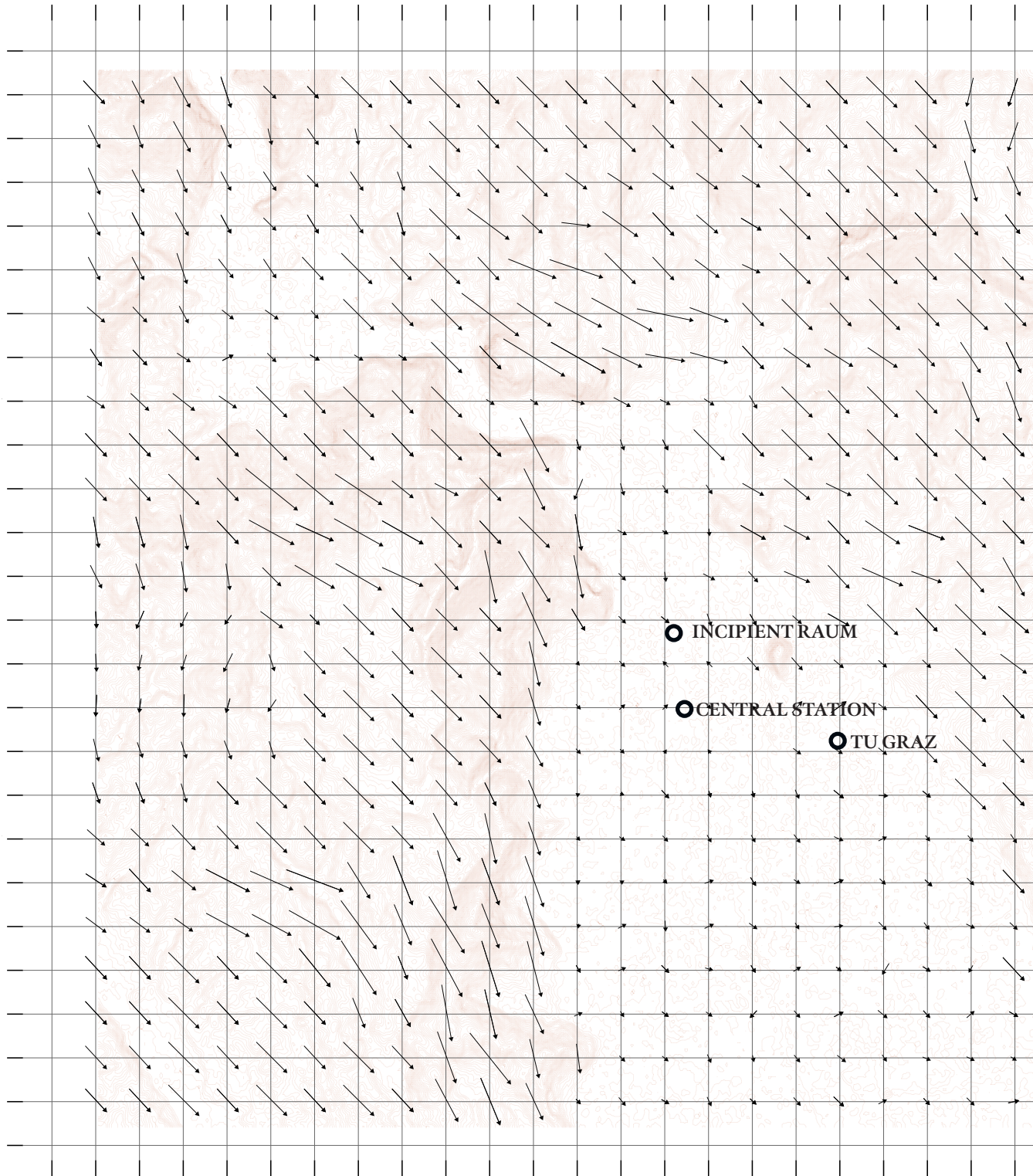
**ANALOG PHOTO
GRAZ, 12.2023**



**ANALOG PHOTO
GRAZ, 01.2024**



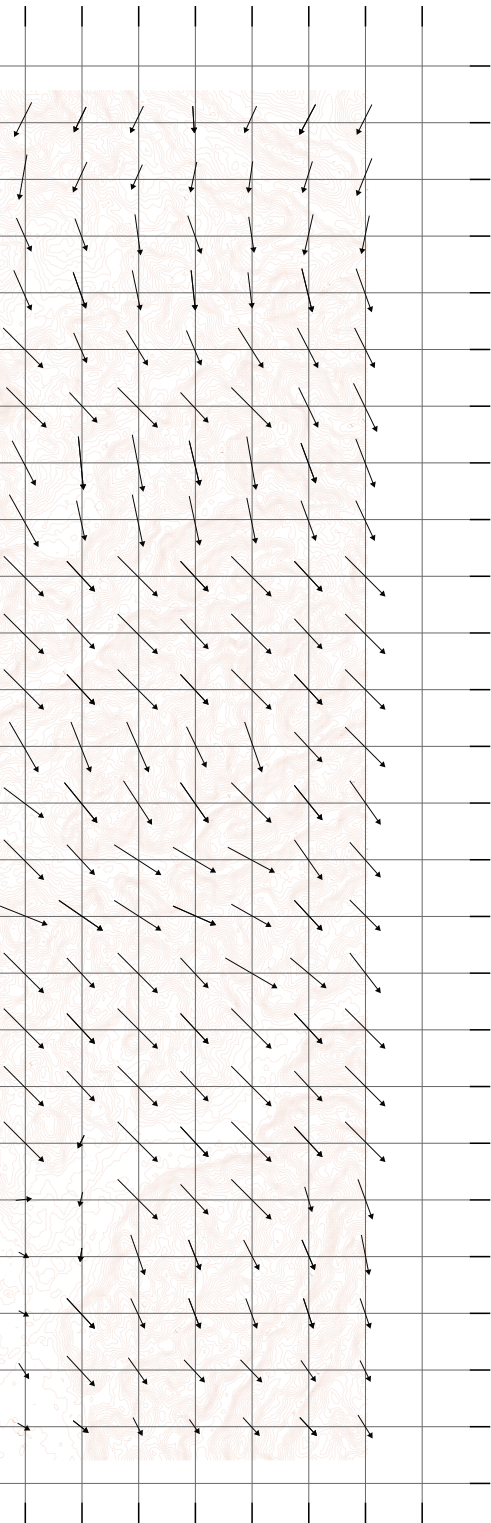
**ANALOG PHOTO
GRAZ, 12.2023**



○ INCIPIENTRAUM

○ CENTRAL STATION

○ TU GRAZ



- ALMOST NO WIND IN THE CITY
- LOCATION WITHIN A BASIN
- WIND-DIRECTION HOSTLY (AVERAGE)
FROM WEST
- LINEAR ENTRANCE IN THE NORTH

GRAZ WIND & ELEVATION MAP
1:200.000
DATA SOURCE: METEOBLUE, 2023





(FIGURE: 2) UWE KOZINA, „SMOG ÜBER GRAZ“,
PHOTOGRAPHY, 1989.



Le horla collects the works, which reflect on universal experiments around the topic of dust. It tries to see architecture in a wider spectrum of social and cultural observations, while guiding through readings and test.

Chapter 2

Le horla

AIR AS CARRIER

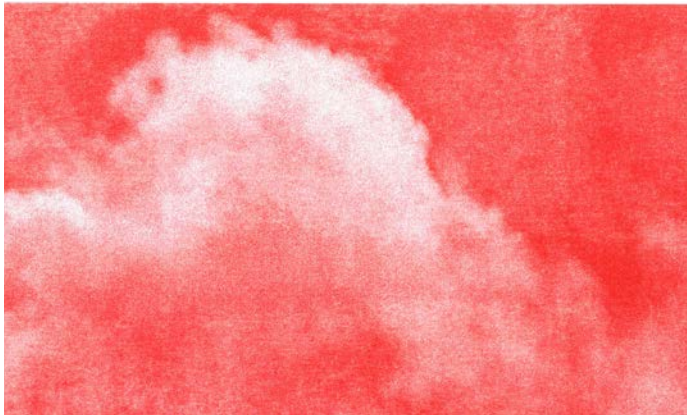
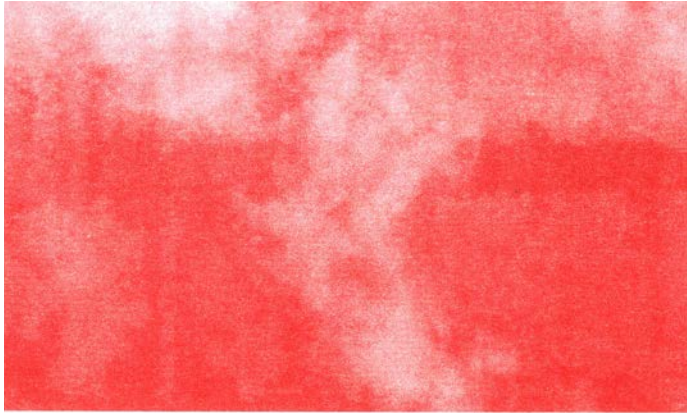
The air is everywhere. It surrounds us. It feeds us. It feeds all. It is the negative infrastructure and hides mostly in our subconsciousness as the moving clouds, the smoke of cigarettes, the transmitter of viruses, and the wind on the skin. But the air is so much more; it carries life and things that are too small or too big to read in the daily routine. Looking at Luce Irigaray, who tries to merge Western and Eastern divisions of philosophies, she states that air has mostly been forgotten in modern Western philosophies. As it usually remains pictorial invisible, “[...] it tends to be forgotten.” (1)

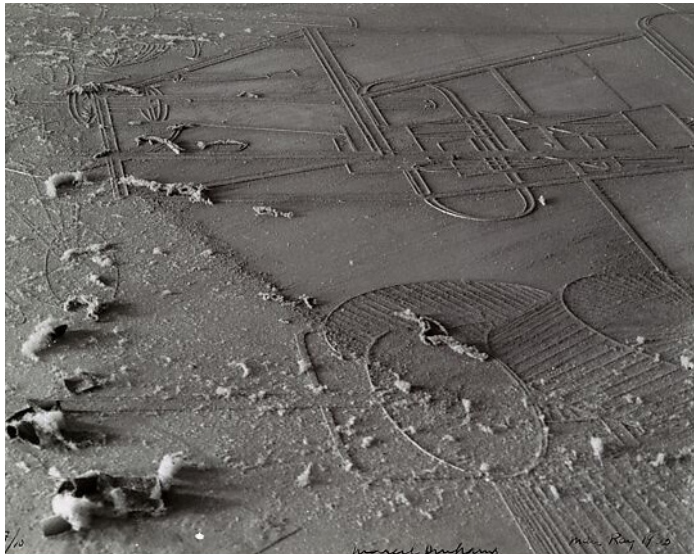
The culture dominated by the eye externalizes the medium of air from its lively behavior and reduces it to a scientific object. Most things and beings outside the visual-pictorial world remain either as granted objects or as completely forgotten.

Eva Horn mentions: “[outdated or pre-modern models of air] can offer glimpses as to how we might understand the air not as an external environment or backdrop but as medium enabling, shaping, and threatening human ways of life.” (2)

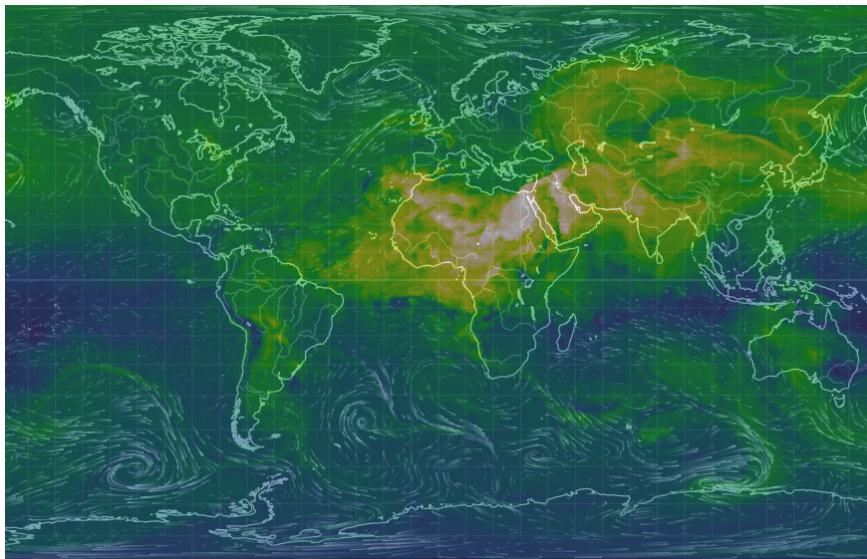
As the current architectural practice and its visual representation reproduce the dichotomy between nature and culture, we need to find methods to articulate – through the air – making it visible.

1 - Christina Grammatikopoulou. „Remembering the air: Luce Irigaray’s ontology of breath”. 2017
2 - Eva Horn, „Air as Medium“, 2018.





(FIGURE: 3) MAN RAY, „DUST BREEDING“, 1920.



**(FIGURE: 4) GLOBAL MODELING AND ASSIMILATION OFFICE
NASA, „PLANETARY DUST STREAMS“, 2017.**



(FIGURE: 5) MATTHIAS WANDEL, „PHOTOGRAPH OF AIRBORNE DUST“, 2013.

From time to time though, when a beam of light has the correct angle, air becomes visible through dust. Showing itself from a microscopic to a planetary scale. Dust travels around our Earth from many different sources—carried by wind and on bodies—landing on any surface, skin, or in our lungs. It is always around us – even though we tend to forget that. As to Latour, there is a lack of understanding global phenomena, as the emotions and habits of thought currently “disconnect between the range, nature, and scale” (3) of the very so.

And even after the longest travels—passing borders, mountains, oceans, window-frames—every particle of dust will settle at some point. The movement, when the particle shines, proves that ecology is never static or neutral. Deleuze and Guattari wrote in “A Thousand Plateaus” on the complexity and dynamics within ecology “even when they [plants] have roots, there is always an outside where they form a rhizome with something else - with the wind, an animal, human beings.” (4)

Dust troubles the notion of inert entities, by becoming the symbol of an uncontrollable element floating around. It positions itself as the authentic carrier of a rather complex world which is not as simple as a tree in a rendering.

3 - Bruno Latour, „Waiting for Gaia“, 2011. p.2

4 - Gilles Deleuze, Félix Guattari, „A Thousand Plateaus“, 1987. p.11





DUSTY DETAIL 1:2
PAPER, CARDBOARD
CA. 100cm x 100cm x 60cm



1



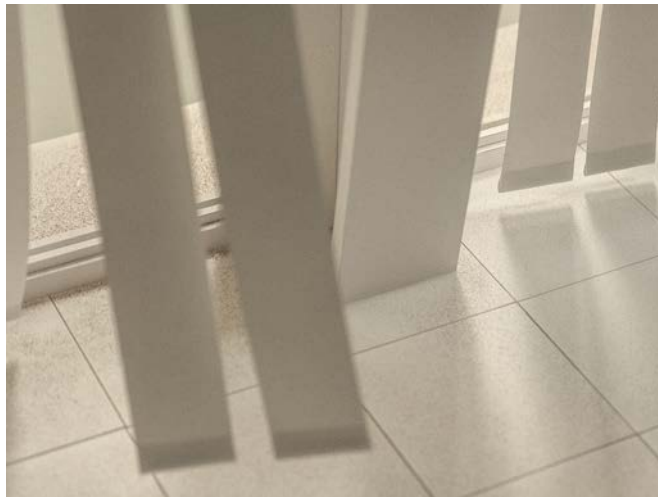
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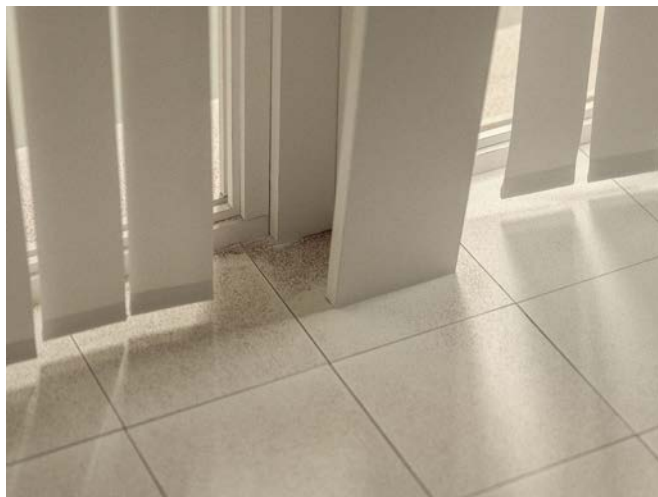
3



4



5



6



**GYPSUM TRACES
SOIL, FINE DUST, HAIR
4cm x 10cm**



FROM DUST TO DIRT



The composition of dust - excrement, parts of soil, skin cells, pollen, bacteria, volcanic ash, traffic fine grains, salt particles — makes it much more relevant for the human than usual swiped away. It slips in between, smuggles, hitchhikes and links the body (myself), the wall (architecture/culture), and the air (nature). (5) It creates a hybrid element— blurring the boundaries between those three often divided entities. To read a space through dust could create a more accurate understanding of the Earth by its interconnectedness and complexity.

Dust is the ready-made dirt in which we are always surrounded and made of the same matter. There are no differences between nature and culture, as humans, as well as non-humans, are part of the same continuous natural world. And while dust is as banal as it seems, it proves that the atmosphere is alive and allows reflection on environmental processes and value systems. (6)

(7) *“By and large, anything we take note of is preselected and organised in the very act of perceiving.”*

5 - Angelo Ciccaglione, „The deposition of dust“, 2021.

6 - Bruno Latour, „We have never been modern“, 1991. p. 109

7 - Mary Douglas, „Purity & Danger“, 1966. p. 38

Modern science and a culture around knowledge progression brought new pre-conditions and cultural standards of hygiene to the economically advanced parts of the world. The physician John Tyndall investigated the motion of particles in the correlation between light and wind. His most famous experiment from 1878, the „dust-free chamber“, advanced the gap between the Earth and the Human, while swiping any authenticity away. (8)

Dust, then, turned into the “matter out of place”. A way to dissect fully from nature as the uncontrollable world. Nowadays, our culture takes air and health for granted. It has reached the home, the residential space of each person, to buy their own air purification advice. Though, “What we expel. The dirty, the abject, is exactly what composes us, what we already are.” (9)

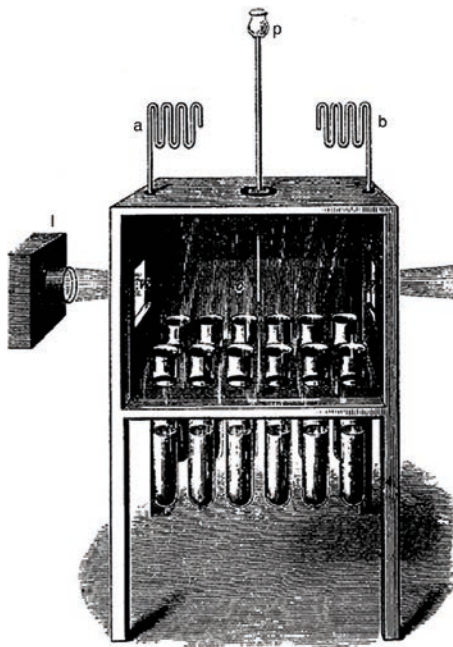
A closer look is therefore ethically attractive and could change Westernized ideologies of purity, health, death and dangers. As François Roche (R&Sie Architects) proposes, a new angst-management (eng.: anxiety management) is necessary to frame the dangers differently instead of its total rejection. An outcome to accept, live and get used to the danger and disgust. (10)

8 - John Tyndall, “Spontaneous Generation”, 1878. P. 591

9 - Mary Douglas, „Purity & Danger“, 1966. p. 41

10 - Hélène Frichot, „Dirty Theory: Troubling Architecture“, 2019. p. 27

11 - Andreas Ruby, Benoît Durandin, „R&Sie...architects. Spoiled Climate“, 2004. p. 142



(FIGURE: 6) JOHN TYNDALL, „DUST-FREE CHAMBER“, 1875.

THE STRAIGHT LINE OF A BORDER TURNS THE
EARTH INTO A HERE AND THERE.

BUT THE AIR DOESN'T CARE.

DUST FLOWS, STREAKS, SETS.

IS ALWAYS ON THE MOVE,

FLIES BY, ACCIDENTALLY.

TO PLACES: FROM OUTSIDE.

OVERCOMES BOUNDARIES.

FINDS HOLES AND CRACKS: GAPS, DOORS.

IS TEMPORARY.

FROM BELOW, SIDE, ABOVE.

HAS NO FORM.

IS RISKY.

RESISTS,

THE CLEAN,

THE PURE,

THE CORRECT.

DUST IS,

MATTER OUT OF PLACE, INTOLERATED.

OUR BODY.

BY SOMEONE.

SOME MANY.

HOW FAST,

CAN IT REALLY BE. SHOULD IT BE.

HOW FAST,

CAN THE WIND BRING NEW LIFE,

CAN THE WIND TAKE NEW LIFE.

WHERE DOES IT GO?

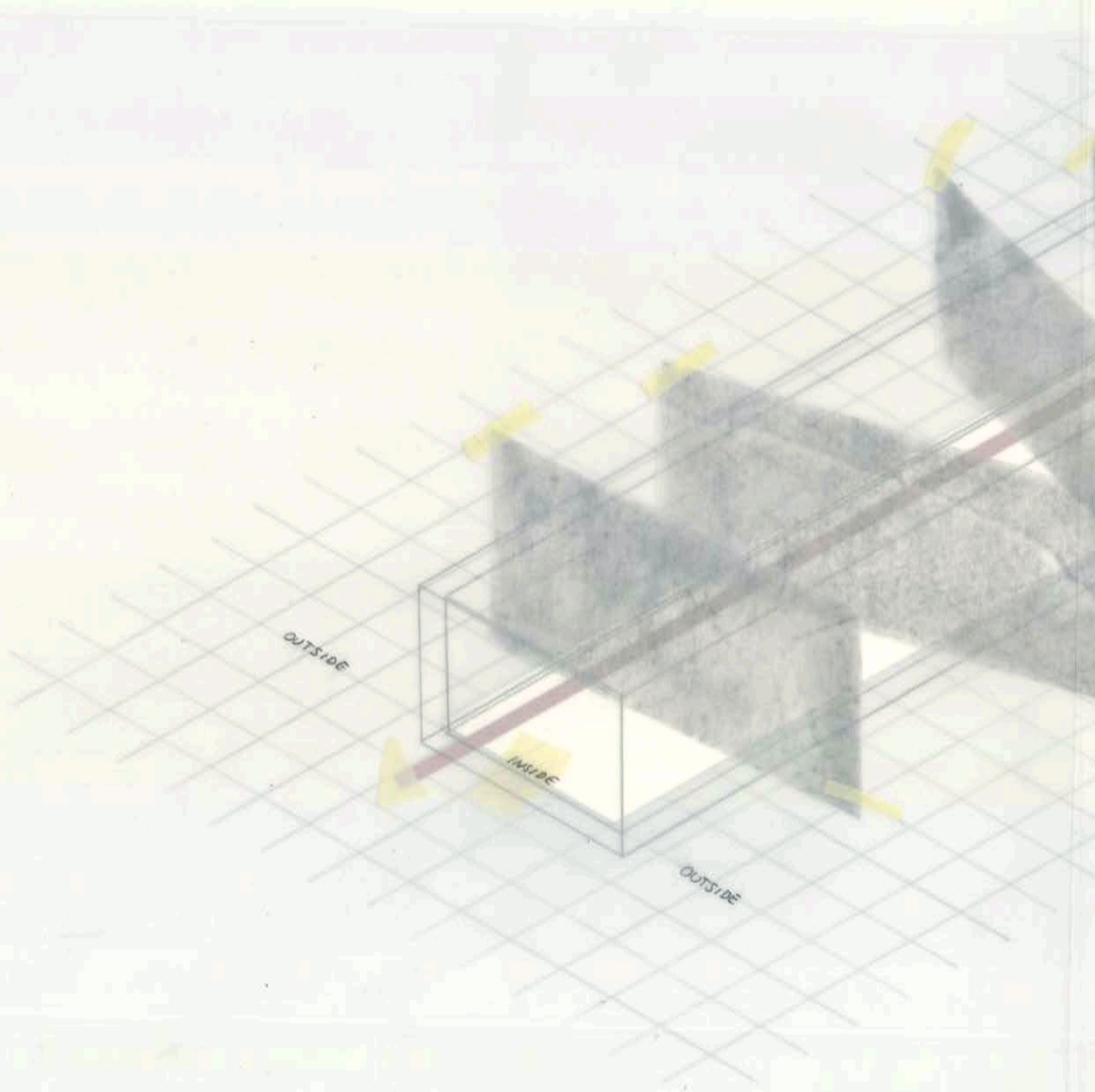
So where is all the Dust? All the pollution, all the skin, all the bacteria – must be somewhere. If you can't see it, you have to look closer, or it might be cleaned and stored somewhere else. While following the dust, societal systems can be deconstructed, such as industrial exhaust concentrations, car and street densities, construction dust, workshops. On the other side you might become aware of the invisible maintenance labor, the purification products, the textiles, the HEPA-Filters, specifically planted trees in parks – all resulting in an artificial urban climate pattern.

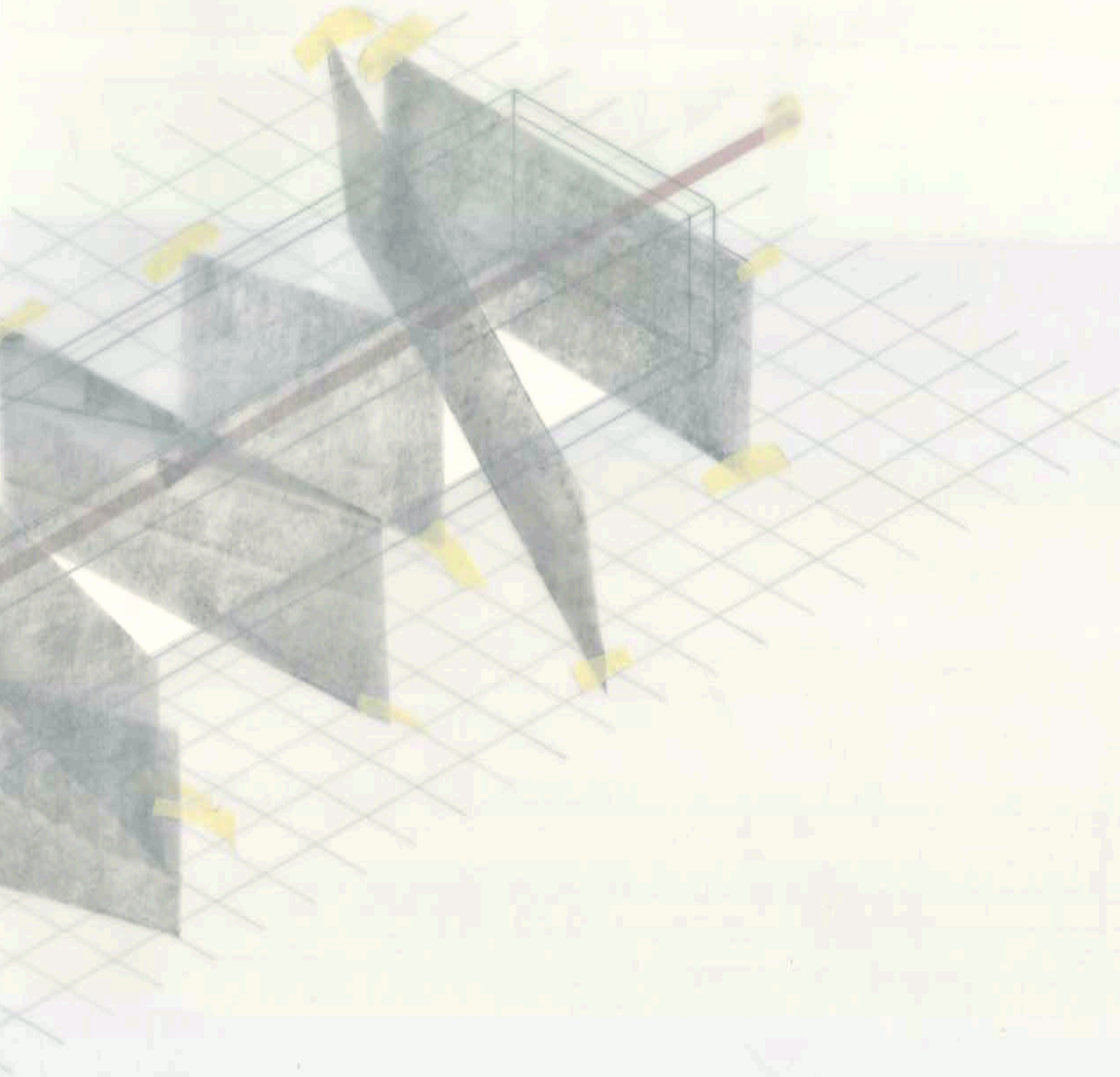


(FIGURE: 7) CHOON KHIN (SMARTAIRFILTERS.COM), „HEPA FILTER“, 2024.



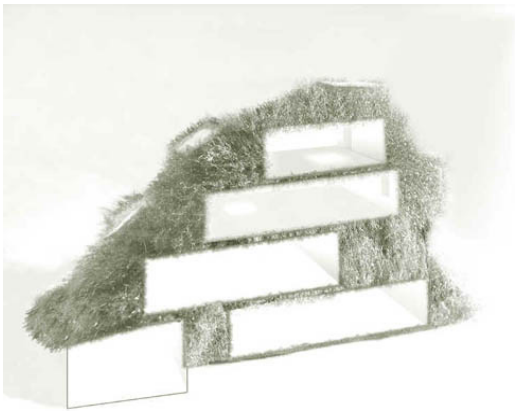






COLLAGE: THRESHOLD INSIDE/OUTSIDE
60cm x 40cm
MYLAR, GRAPHITE-DUST, PAPER

GETTING DUSTY TOGETHER



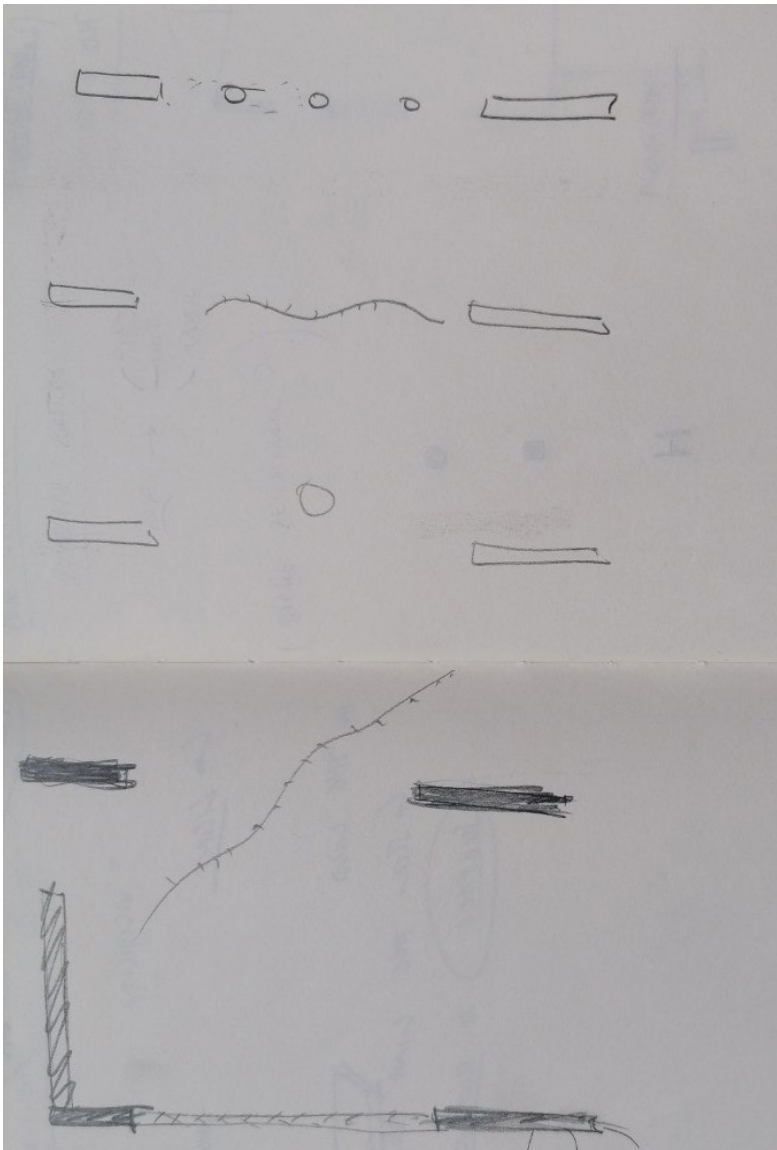
(FIGURE: 8) FRANÇOIS ROCHE, DUSTY RELIEF, 2002



HOW DOES IT FEEL TO LOSE MY VISION?
HOW CAN ARCHITECTURE PERFORM A
"BEING IN THE AIR"?
HOW CAN A STRUCTURE ATTRACT DUST?

(FIGURE: 9) DILLER SCOFIDIO + RENFRO,
BLUR BUILDING, 2002

- AN ARCHITECTURAL INTERVENTION TO CREATE MORE TURBUENCES ?
- A WINDCANAL AS AN AIR-TIGHT SPACE TO TEST DIFFERENT TYPOLOGIES.



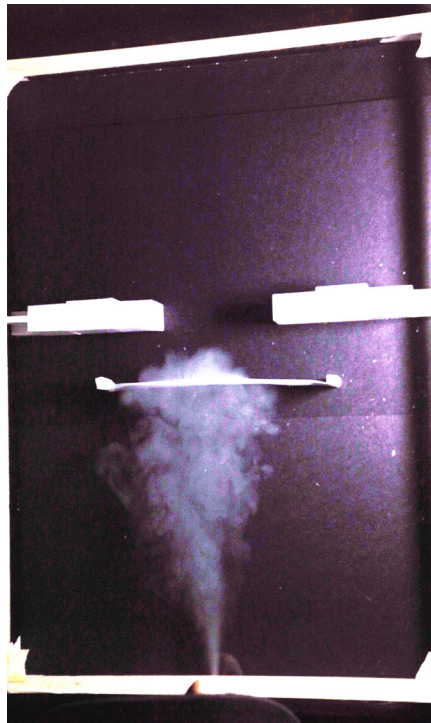


**1:20 AIR DUCT
PLEXIGLAS, STYROFOAM, SMOKE, LIGHT**

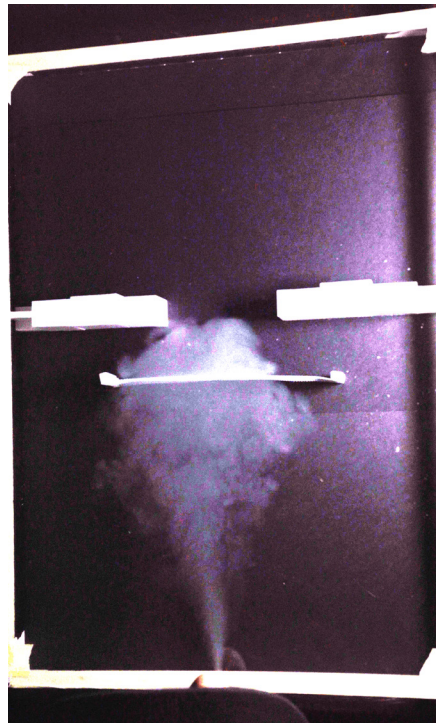
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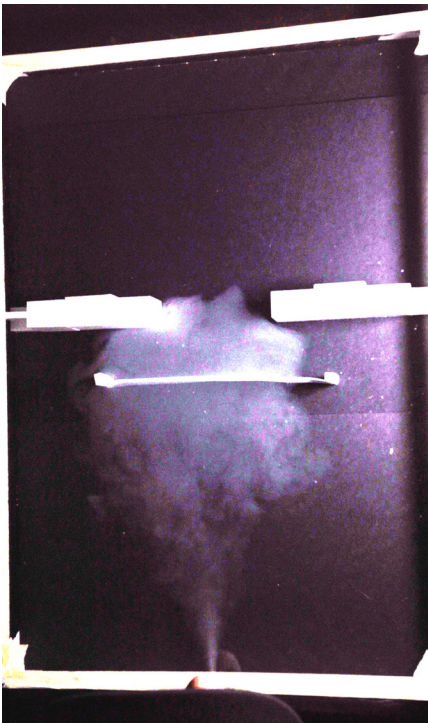


3



1:20 AIR DUCT TESTS
SEQUENCE:1, NET OUTSIDE FACADE
0:06 min.

4



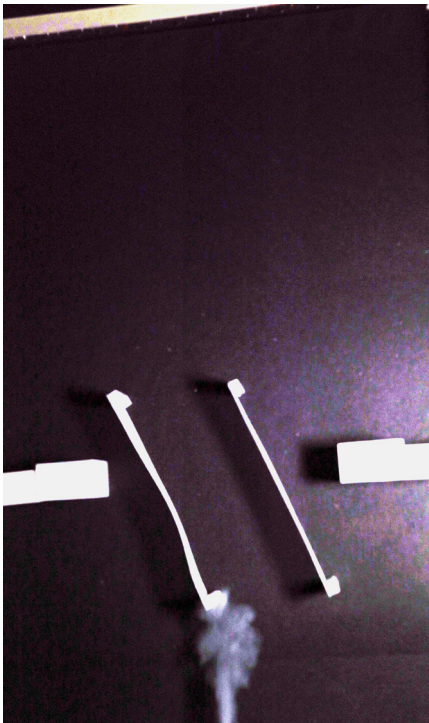
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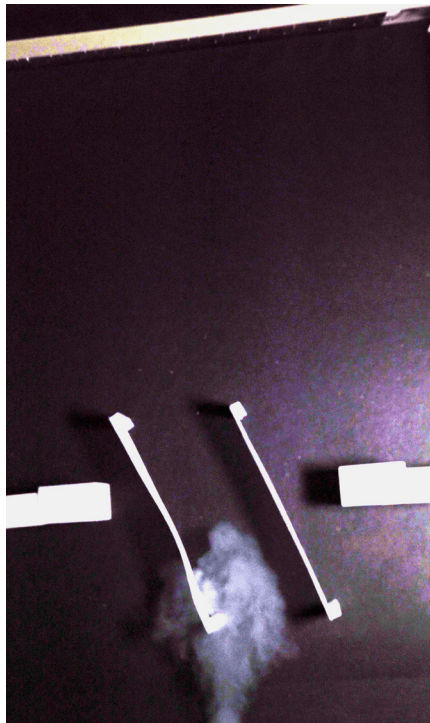
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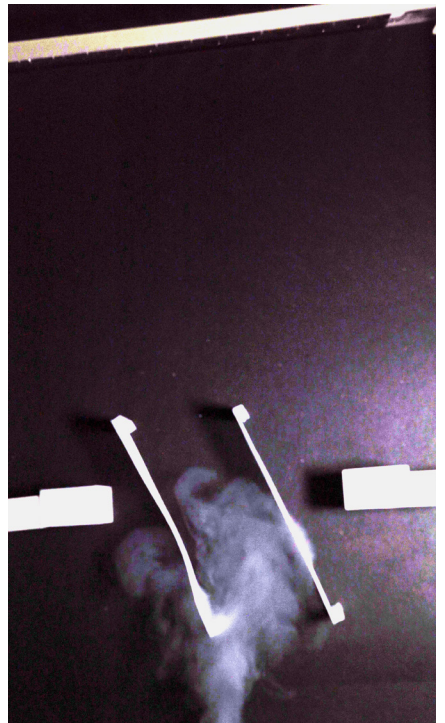
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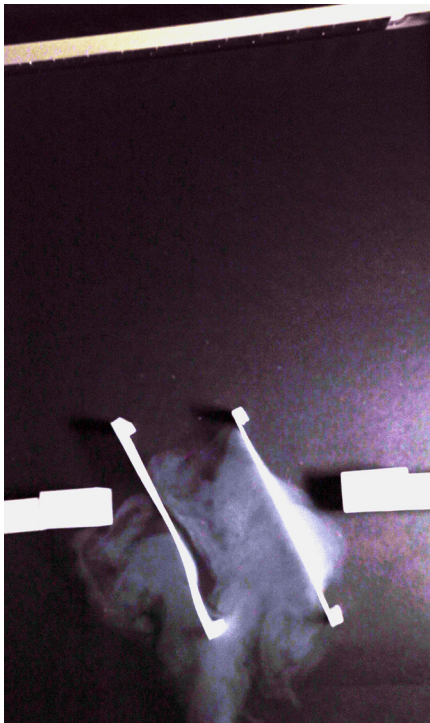


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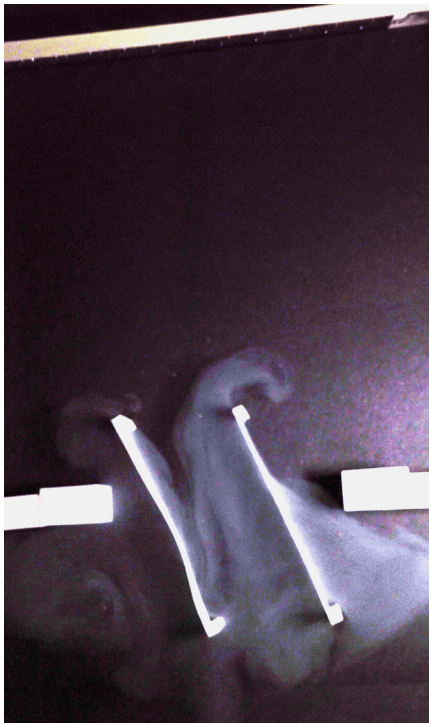


1:20 AIR DUCT TESTS
SEQUENCE: 2, ANGLED NETS BETWEEN WALL
0:06 min.

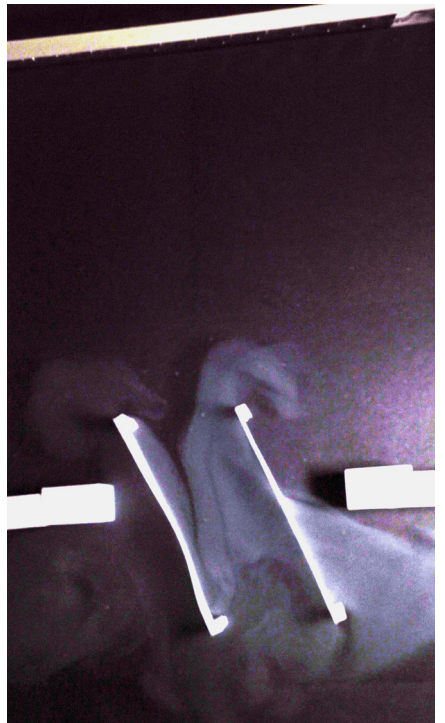
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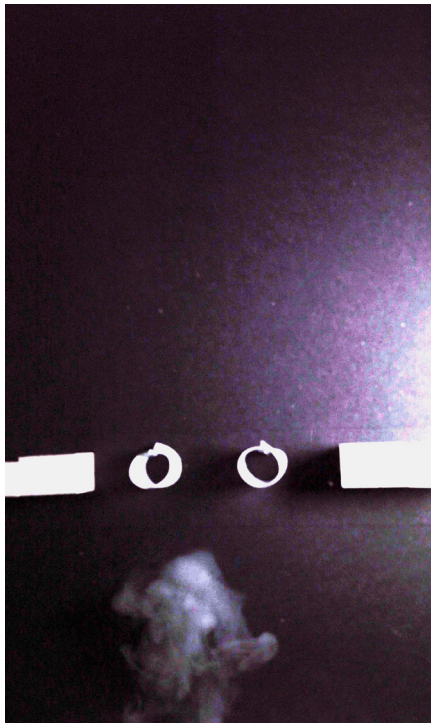
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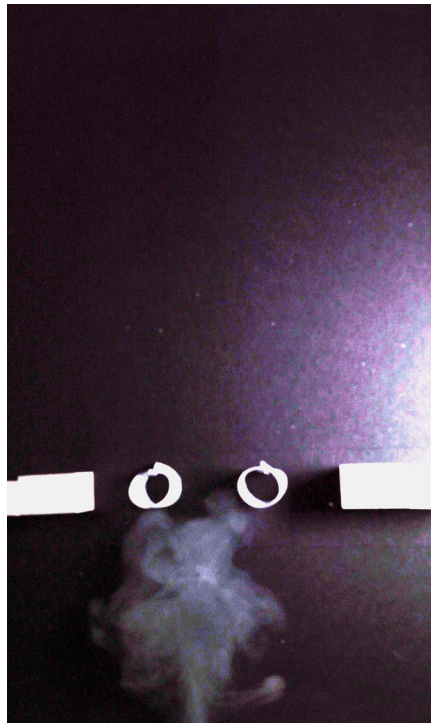
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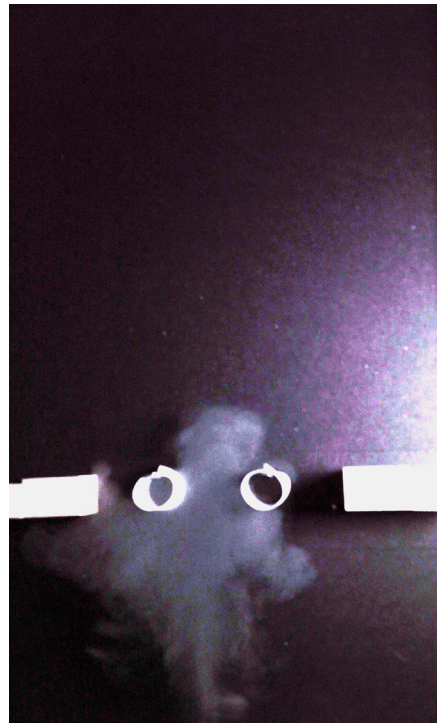
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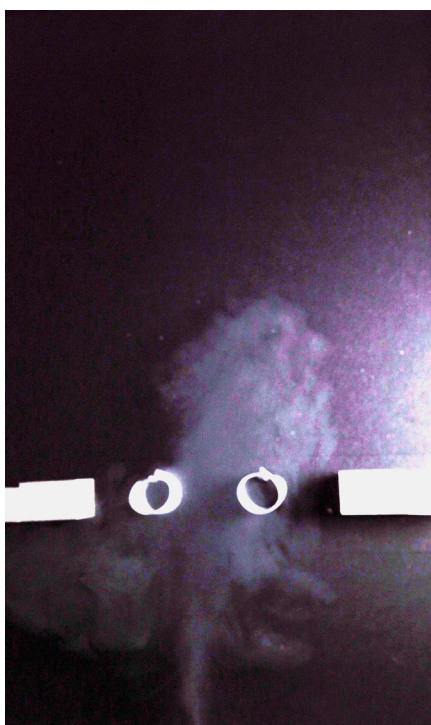


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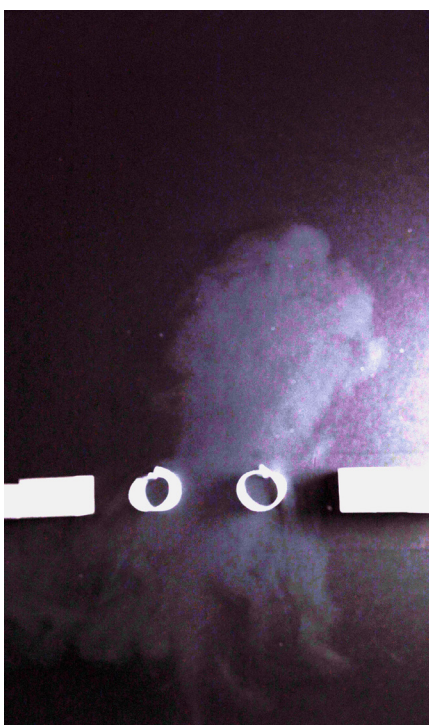


1:20 AIR DUCT TESTS
SEQUENCE: 3, CURVED NET COLUMNS BETWEEN WALL
0:06 min.

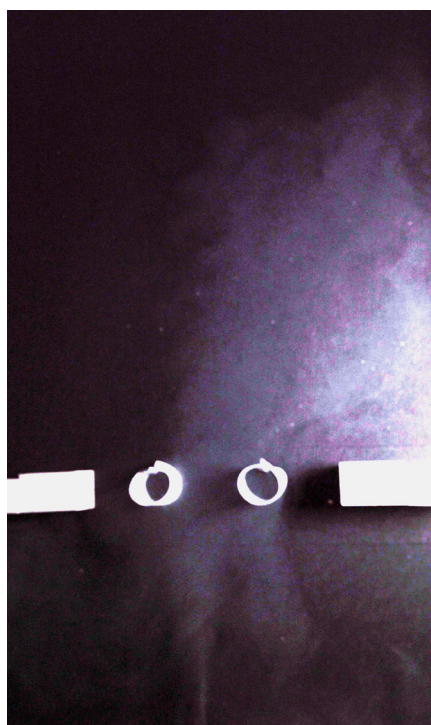
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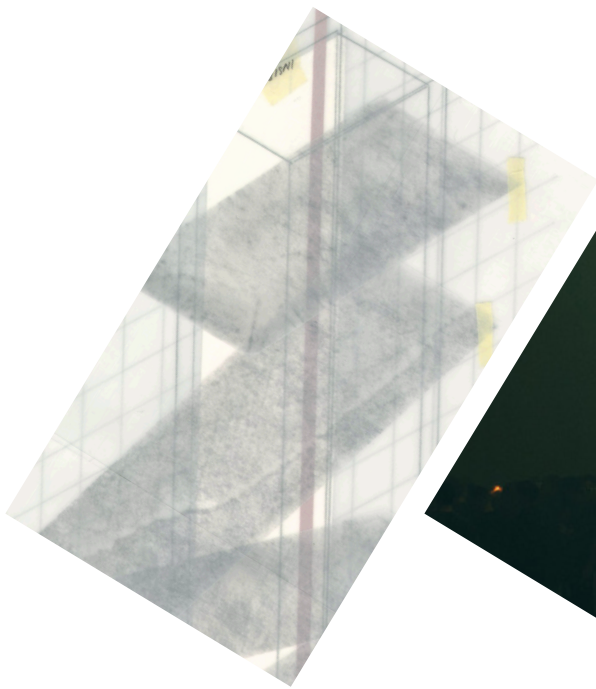


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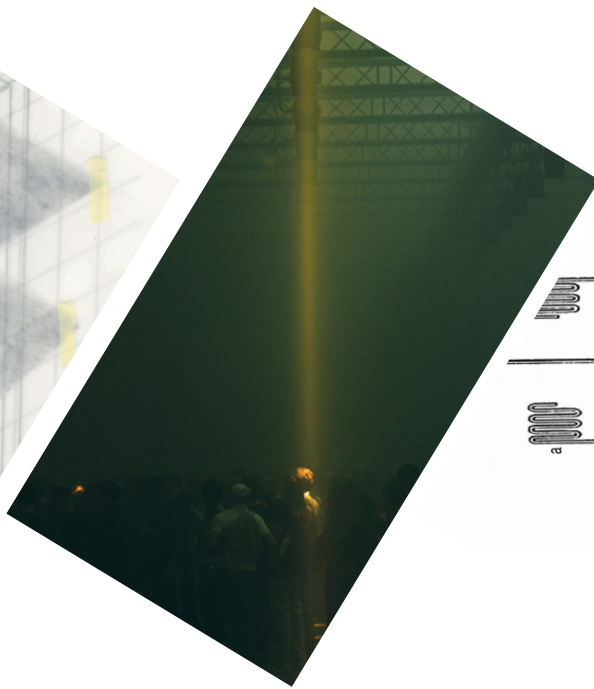


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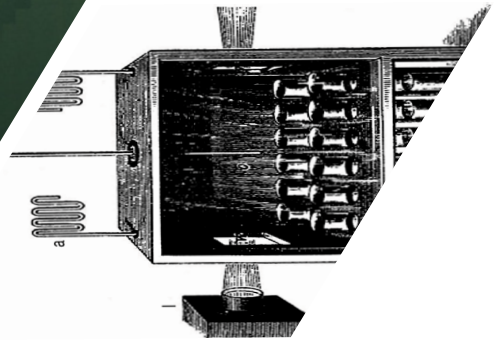




**COLLAGE: THRESHOLD
INSIDE/OUTSIDE**



**(FIGURE: 10) TRAUMNOVEL-
LE, „TROPPA FISO“, 2022.**



**(FIGURE: 11) JOHN TYNDALL, „DUST-
FREE CHAMBER“, 1875.**

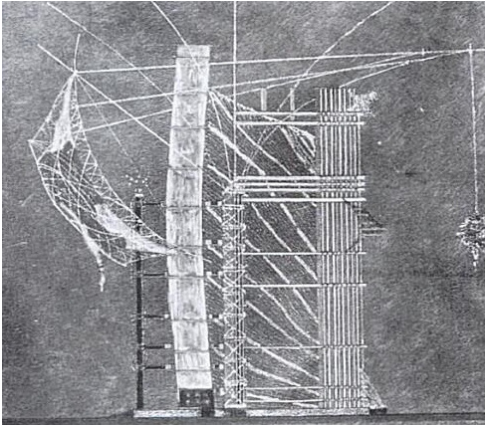
“To allow the body to be a fucking body.” A moment when (12)
in a darker void - music, other people, and from time to time a light
beam - all intersect. At this moment, when the visual perception
is almost lost and the only thing you see are silhouettes and the
reflection on dust-particles floating around. This exact second
might be the blur between artificial and natural, between sacred and
profane. The air - full of bodies expel, spit, sweat, exhaust, smoke,
bacteria. Such a moment is as close as we could get to an authentic
urban wilderness. Like the excess at the Dionysian orgy, it's about (13)
breaking free from societal norms, cultural standards or taboos. As
for example, Traumnovelle's stage at Horst 2022, on the complete
opposite the dust-free chamber by Tyndall from 1878.

12 - McKenzie Wark, „Raving“, 2023, p. 80

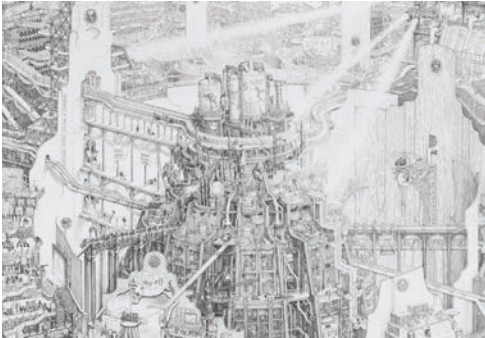
13 - Ingrid Böck, „R&S reading Bataille's 'Formless'“, 2008.

OUR CLEAN HOMES

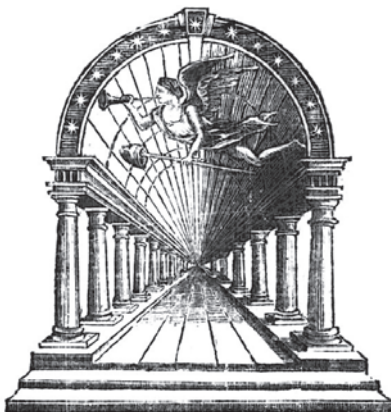
The following axonometry visualizes the theoretical work into an allegorical landscape. Assembled, they come together as a collage. Each element has symbolic meaning as soon as it is seen as part of the total landscape. It is an exaggerated place - a home as a glass box - which explains the cultural reproduction of an invisible atmosphere.



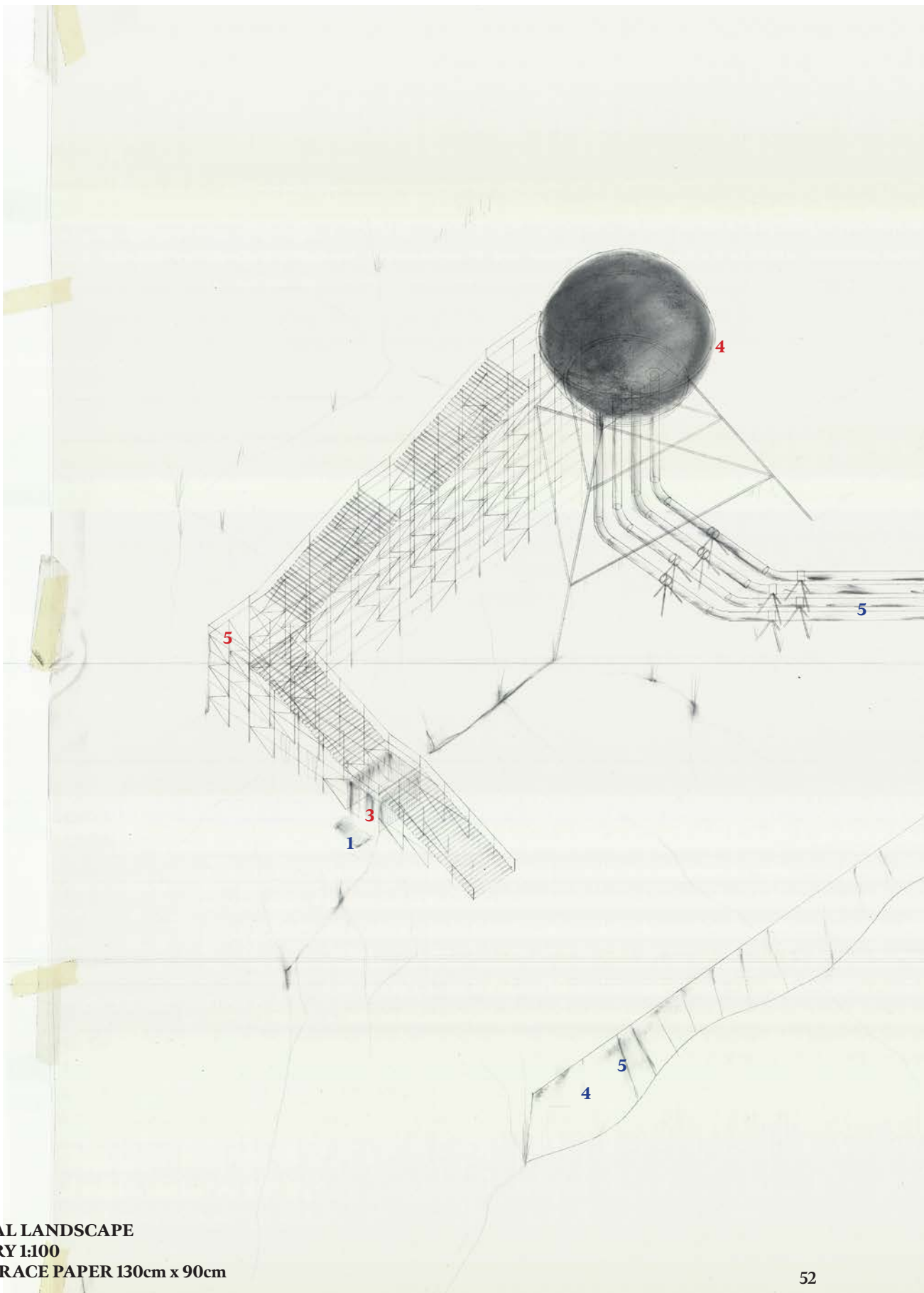
(FIGURE: 12) JENNIFER BLOOMER, „ABODES OF FLESH AND THEORY“, 1992.



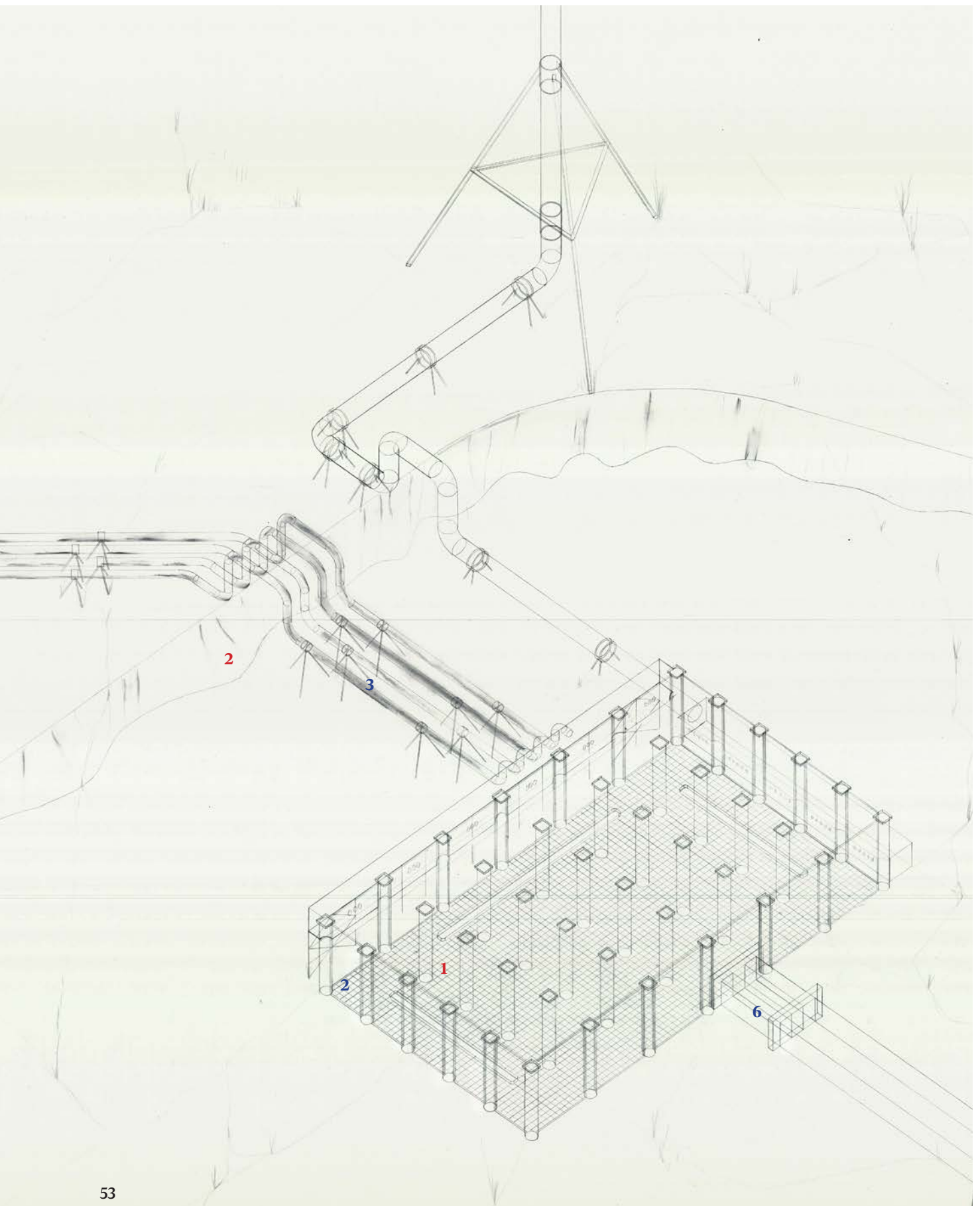
(FIGURE: 13) CARLIJN KINGMA “THE WATERWORKS OF MONEY“, 2023.



(FIGURE: 14) UNKNOWN, “ALLEGORICAL IMAGE OF THE UNITED STATES“, 1779.



ALLEGORICAL LANDSCAPE
AXONOMETRY 1:100
PENCIL ON TRACE PAPER 130cm x 90cm



MAYOR ELEMENTS

1 - Tyndall Box

John Tyndall researched in the late 19th century on a dust-free chamber. The aim was to create a space with no dust particles insides to stop fermentation process.

(14)

2 - Filter Wall

Dust is never non-existent. If you can't see it, it is cleaned up and stored elsewhere - behind a wall of filters. Physical filters and mental filters. Dust and atmospherical movement have been completely disconnected from our consciousness.

3 - Janitor's Closet

To reproduce the clean and pure state of each site, physical labour is used to clean up the dust. In many buildings, the space and tools needed for this are stored in the janitor's closet. The maintenance labour is mostly rendered away from the daily routine of life – invisibilized.

4- The Bubble

As dust never vanishes completely, it is just concentrated in one place more than at others. We keep on trying to control dust as we a scared of the health risks.

5 - The Stair-way

It's not easy to overcome cultural norms and your feelings of disgust. It is a correlation to water towers to store the element which feeds life – just not as beautiful. It takes an effort to get dirty.

MINOR ELEMENTS

- 1 - Carpets** Carpets historically had the function of being the interior object of atmospheric regulation. Nowadays, they are only left as a decoration.
- 2 - Glass** New products emerge with cleaning chemicals to the ongoing wish for neutral surfaces and clean windows.
- 3 - Ducts** On a bigger scale, ventilation systems and air filtration are in the use of ducts to exchange poor air with fresh air.
- 4 - Fibreglass Strips** Fibreglass strips are small plastic elements used in HEPA filters as a material very well to be charged with electrostatic power and attractive to dust. They are usually exchanged every 6 months.
- 5 - IKEA-HE-PA** IKEA is working together with Universities in Europe on curtains which purify the air in homes. The level has reached the mass product production. (15)
- 6 - Gate** The gate can be found in most buildings. The threshold zone between two air compartments, creates a physical inside and an outside.

The ici is the site-specific investigation in Graz. The landscape which was found as a start into the topic. It was the moment of arrival which made me curious about reflecting on air and dust – at the same time working specifically with this landscape. A hidden abandoned site directly in the city. It is defined by its banality, but with a closer look, the history of the clouds is marked on the materials.

Chapter 3

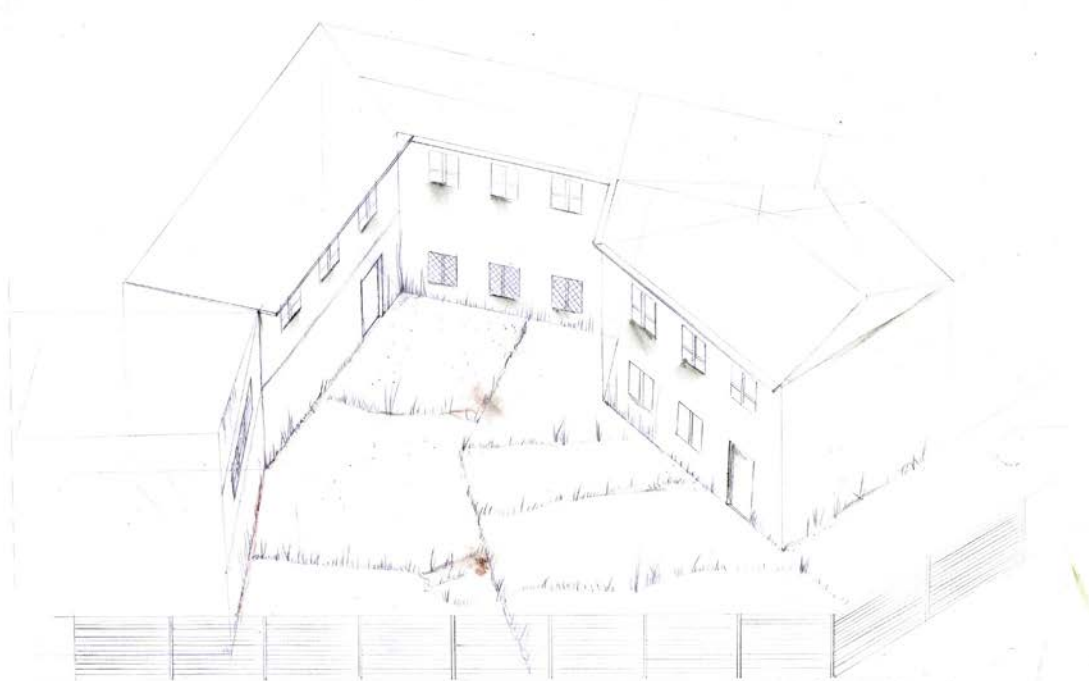
le ici

WALKING EXPLORATION

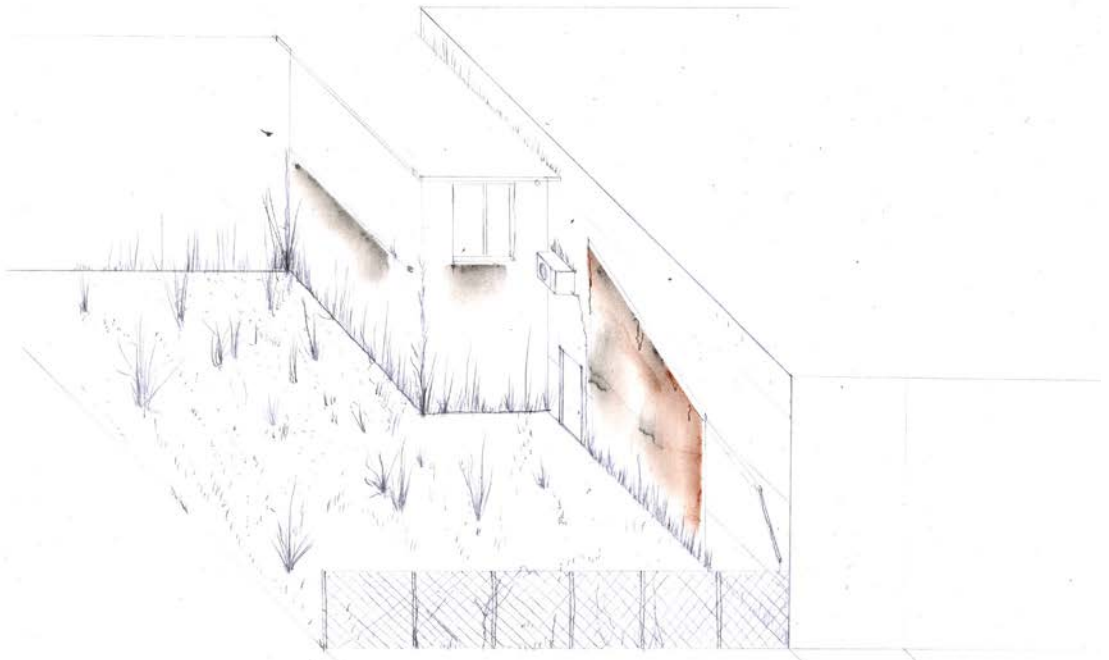


WALKING EXPLORATION
MAP, GRAZ (LEND), 1:10.000, ABANDONMENT

Lend, one of the most central districts in Graz, has a high number of abandoned buildings and whole landscapes. This is a result of rising rents, changes in consumerism and industry. The city does not have a plan on respecting existing sites and mostly demolishes and completely transforms whole neighborhoods. Graz is facing one of the highest degrees of soil consumption in Europe. (16)



**GRAZ WALKING EXPLORATION
ABANDONED SITE**



**GRAZ WALKING EXPLORATION
ABANDONED SITE**

INCIPIENT RAUM

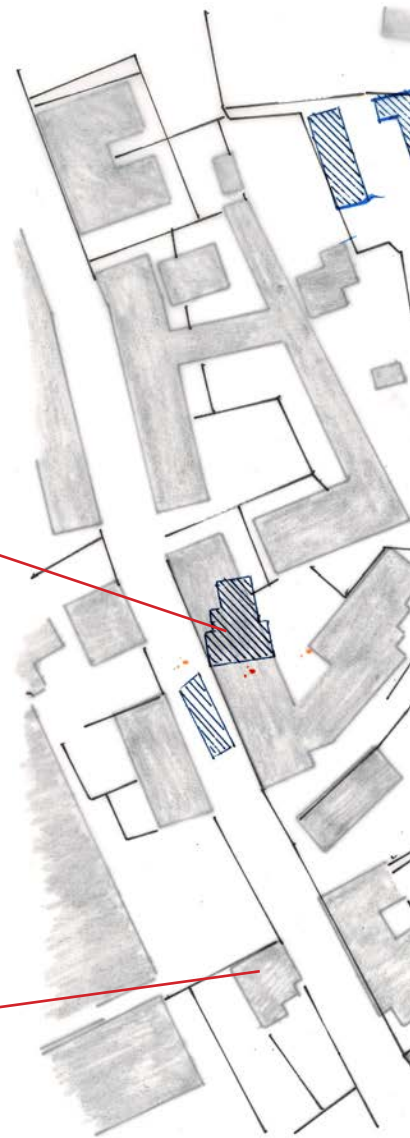




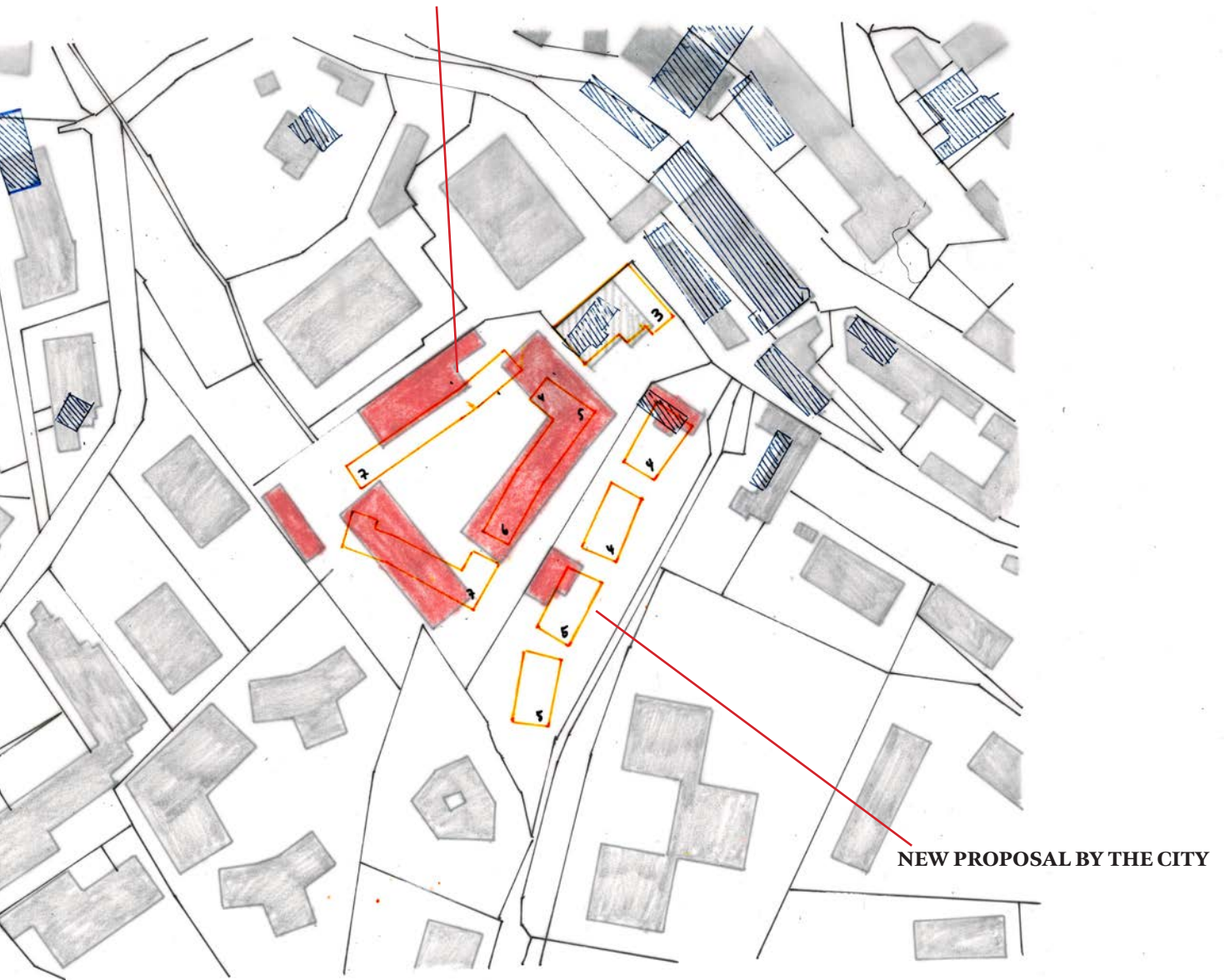
HISTORICAL HOUSING (AROUND 1800)

The city of Graz has left the site abandoned for 10 years, after the closing of a car repair shop and a former papermill. The owner, a known insurance company from Vienna, published a competition for new medium-rise private housing units, including an underground parking lot. The demolition of the site is expected to begin in summer 2024 as to a call with the insurance company. The concept of re-using material was not stated. Neither is the integration of much needed public and shared space foreseen by the winning proposal. (17)

CURRENT



WILL GET DEMOLISHED

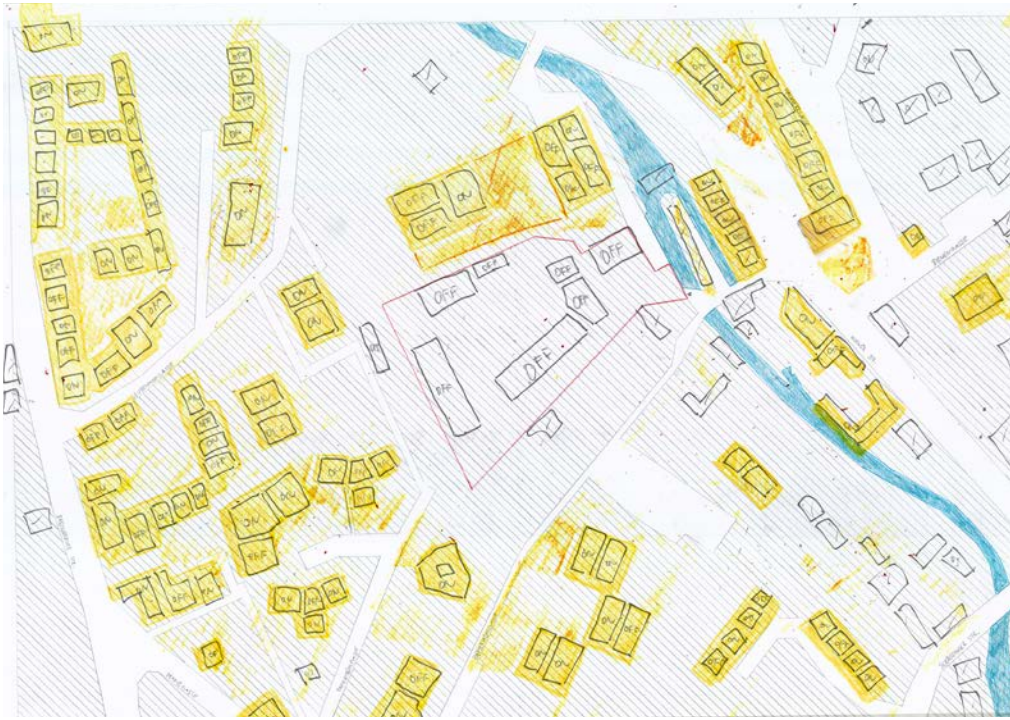


TRANSFORMATION PLAN, 1:750



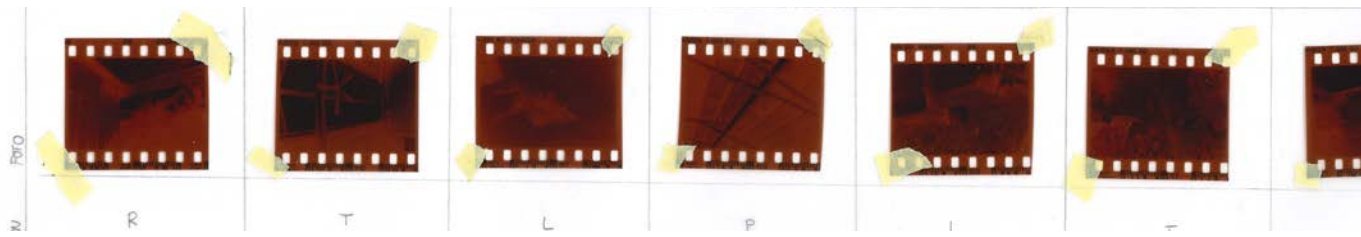
NOLLI-MAP, 1:750

Within the urban landscape, we cross transitions between unconditioned and conditioned atmospheric areas. While jumping between the patches, we take dust with us, creating a mix between the compartments. The plan and strict border become rather a gradient, porous line.



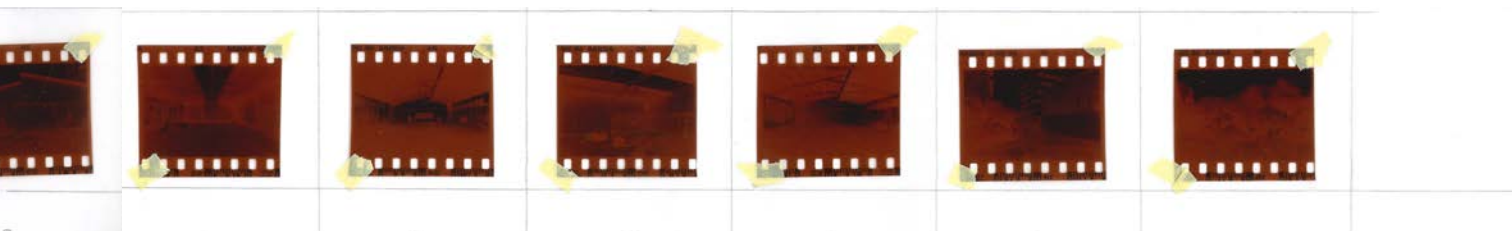
CONDITIONED / UN-CONDITIONED PLAN 1:750





**PHOTOGRAPH NEGATIVES, FILM 36mm
GRAZ, SITE OF STUDY, 12.2023**

In the darkroom you might see the most, even though you see basically nothing.





**BACKYARD
CRACKS IN THE GROUND
ANALOG FOTO 12.2023**



**SHOWROOM HALL
BROKEN VENTILATION
ANALOG FOTO 12.2023**



**SHOWROOM HALL
OUTSIDE MATERIAL
ANALOG FOTO 12.2023**



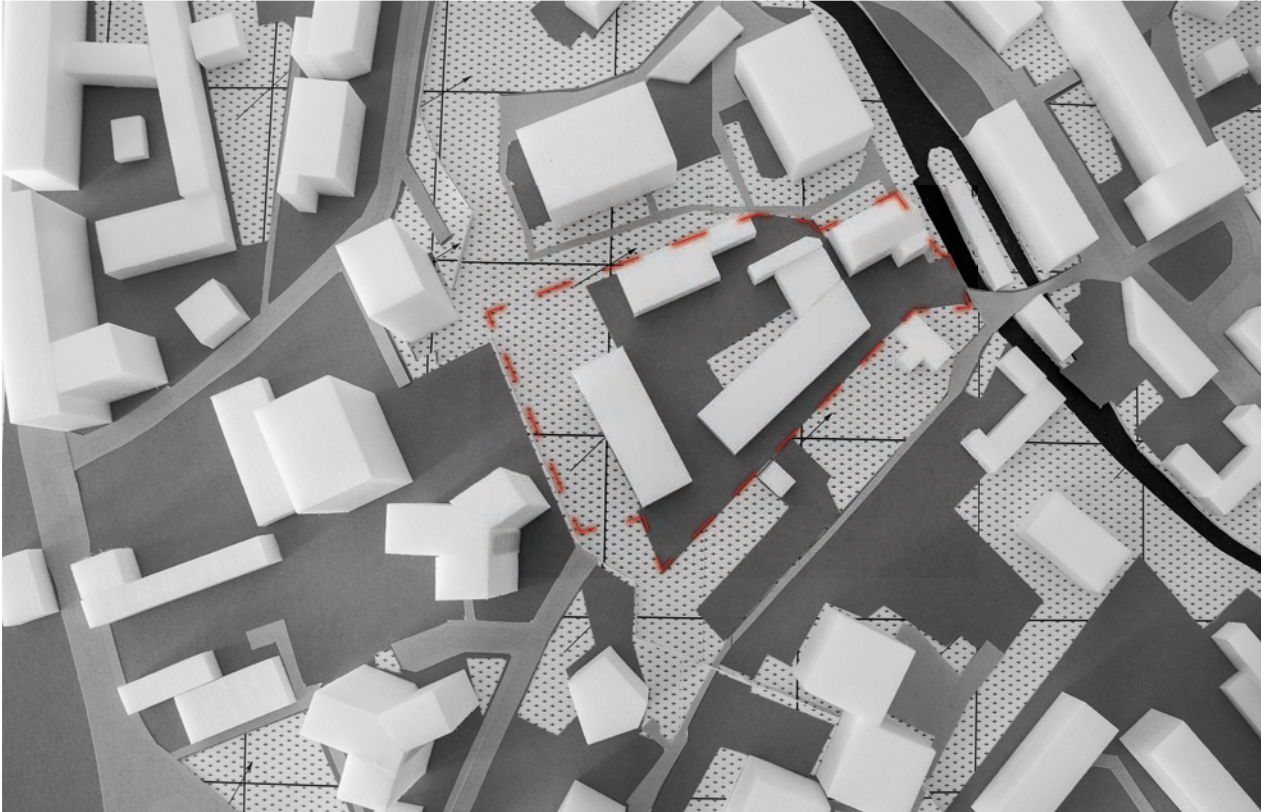
**REPAIR WORKSHOP ENTRANCE
POLYCARBONATE FULL OF DUST
ANALOG FOTO 12.2023**



**CANOPY
POLYCARBOANATE
ANALOG FOTO 12.2023**

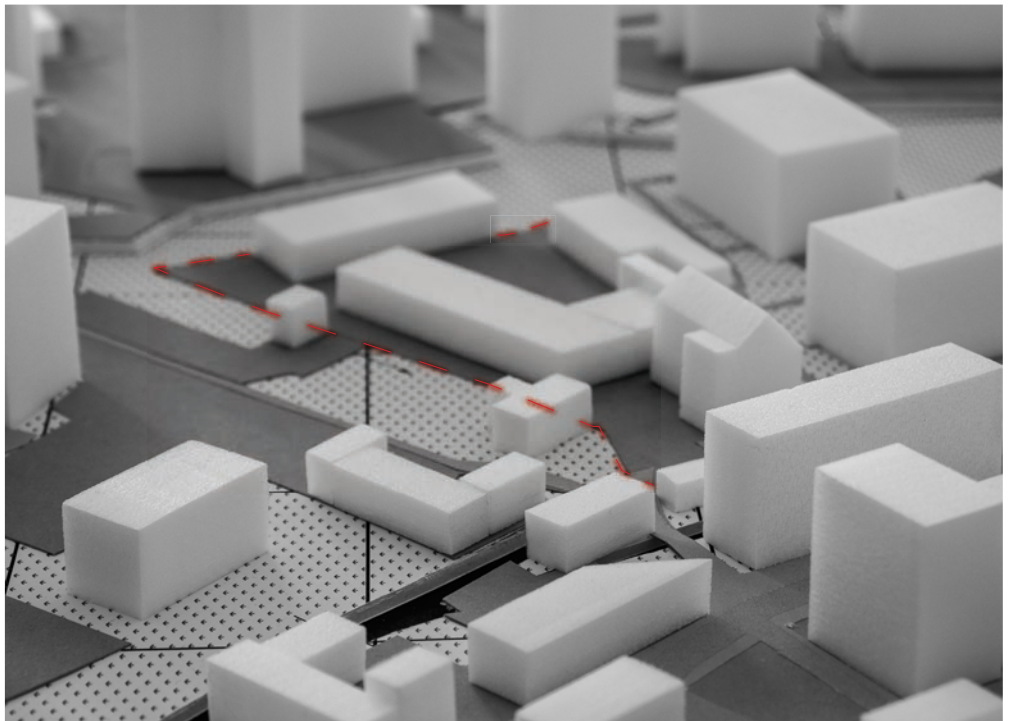
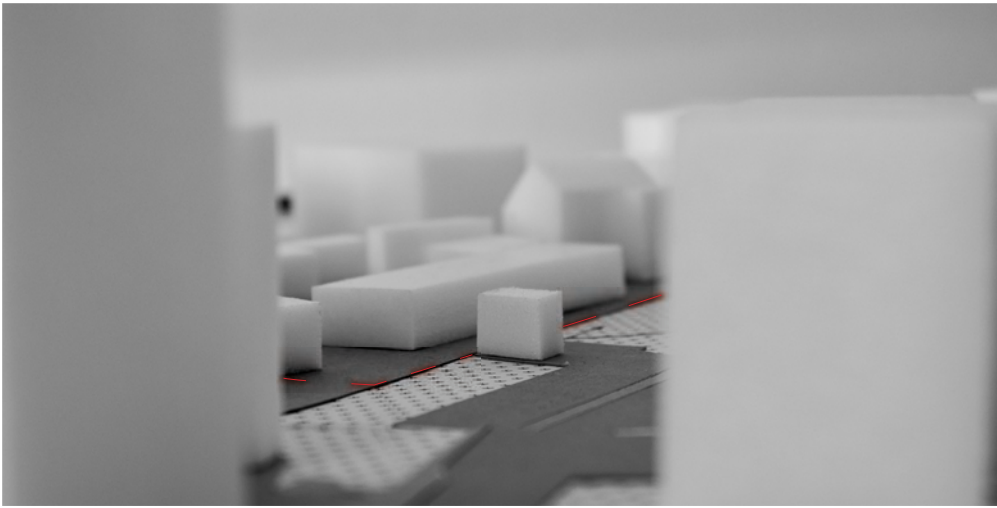






**SITE-MODEL, 1:750
FOAM, PAPER**

- LIKE AN "ISLAND" NEXT TO THE HIGHER BUILDINGS
- ELEVATION A BIT LOWER
- SINGLE ENTRANCE FROM THE EAST



READING SPACE THROUGH DUST

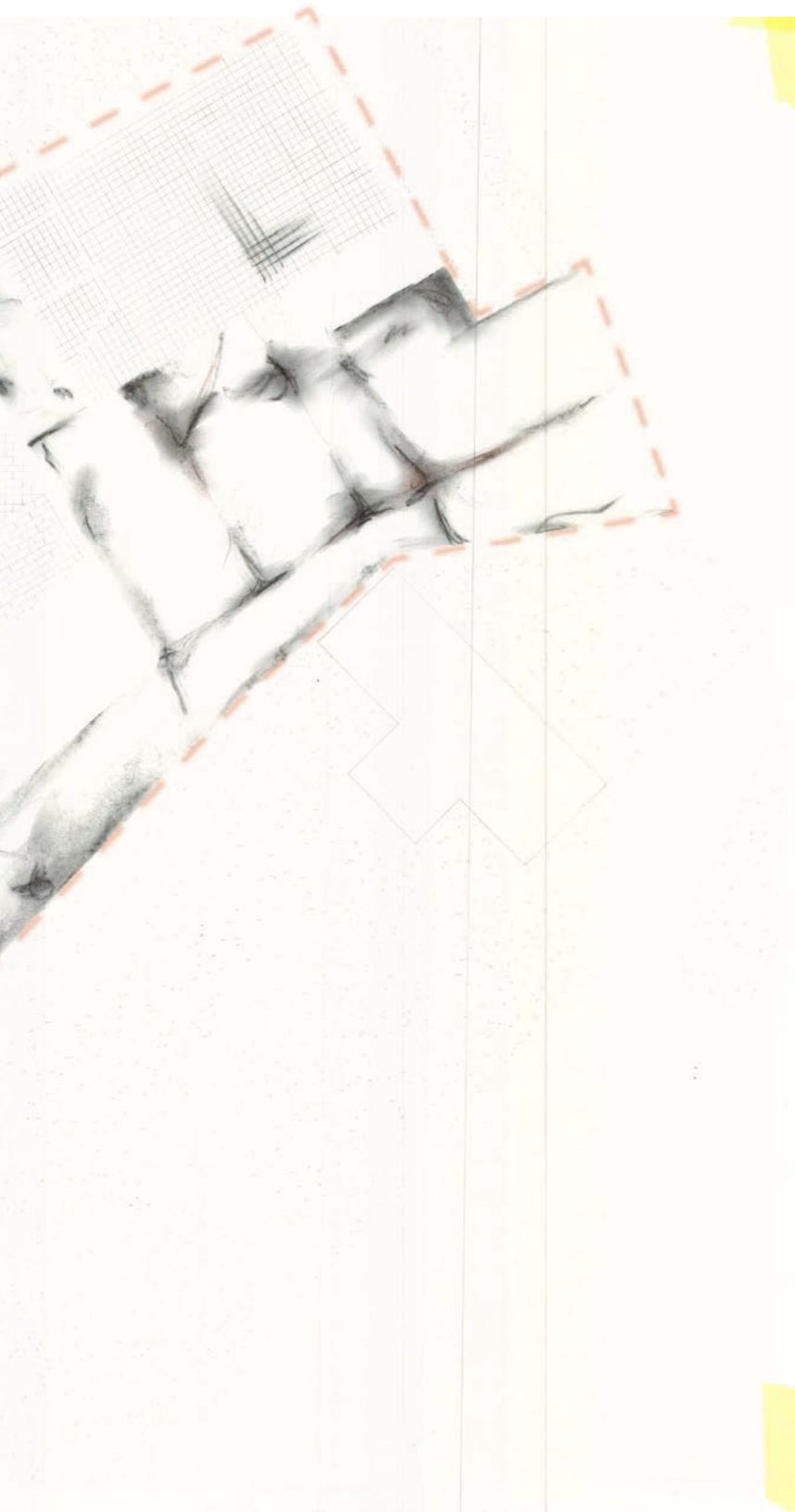
The image shows a large-scale architectural drawing on a sheet of tracing paper. The drawing is a plan view of a ground-drawing, featuring several rectangular areas filled with a fine grid pattern. These grid areas are arranged in a somewhat irregular, overlapping fashion. A prominent dashed red line runs across the drawing, forming a large, irregular shape that encompasses most of the grid areas. There are also some faint, solid lines and a small yellow rectangular mark on the right side of the drawing. The overall appearance is that of a technical drawing in progress or a study sketch.

**GROUND-DRAWING 1:150, PLAN VIEW
PENCIL ON TRACING PAPER, 85cm x 60cm**



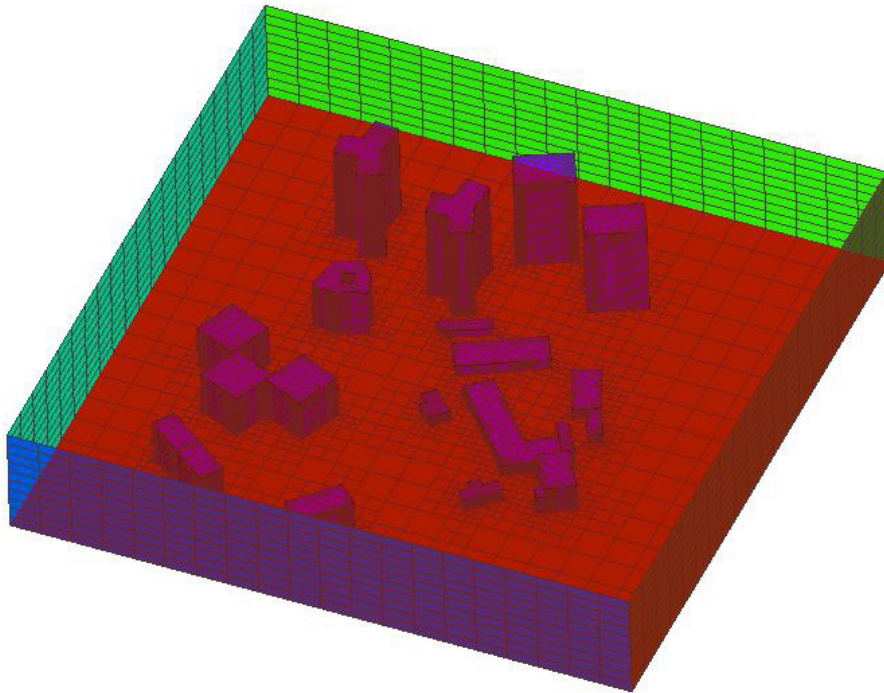


GROUND-DUST-DRAWING, 1:150, PLAN VIEW
GRAPHITE, PENCIL ON TRACING PAPER 85cm x 60cm

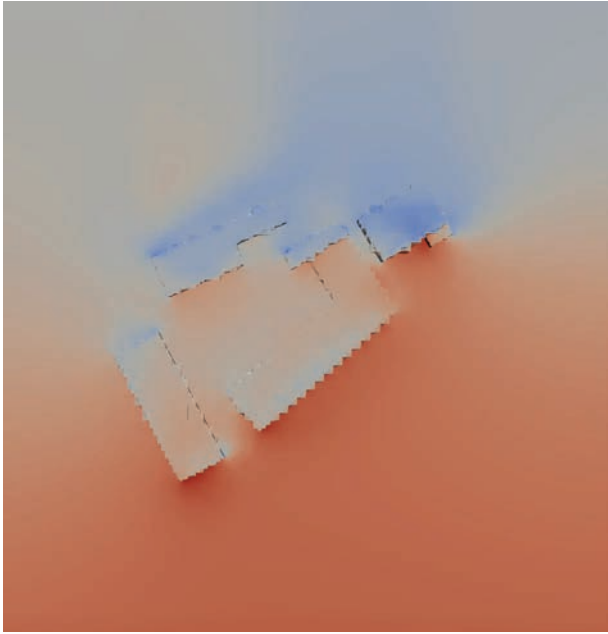


The ground is the transition from soil to air. It is the point where both elements come together. The soil enables growth and decay. Dust and seed settlements define the abandoned plot and could be traced as a marker of design.

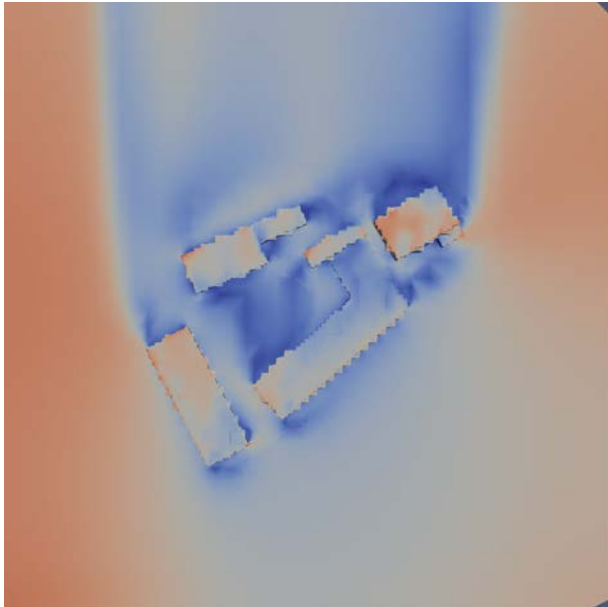
The aim of this computational fluid dynamics (cfd) simulation is to analyze where and how airflow could be steered through the building complex. This way it's possible to define turbulences and therefore slow down, speed up, and stop air from moving at a certain place. If the aim is to catch dust at some point, this simulation could be useful to locate such space.



**CFD SIMULATION
3D BOX BOUNDARIES**



**CFD SIMULATION
WIND PRESSURE SOUTH-WEST**



**CFD SIMULATION
WIND FLOW SOUTH-WEST**



WIND-FORCES & TURBULENCES, 1:150, PLAN VIEW
PEN, GRAPHITE, AND PENCIL ON TRACING PAPER, 85cm x 60cm

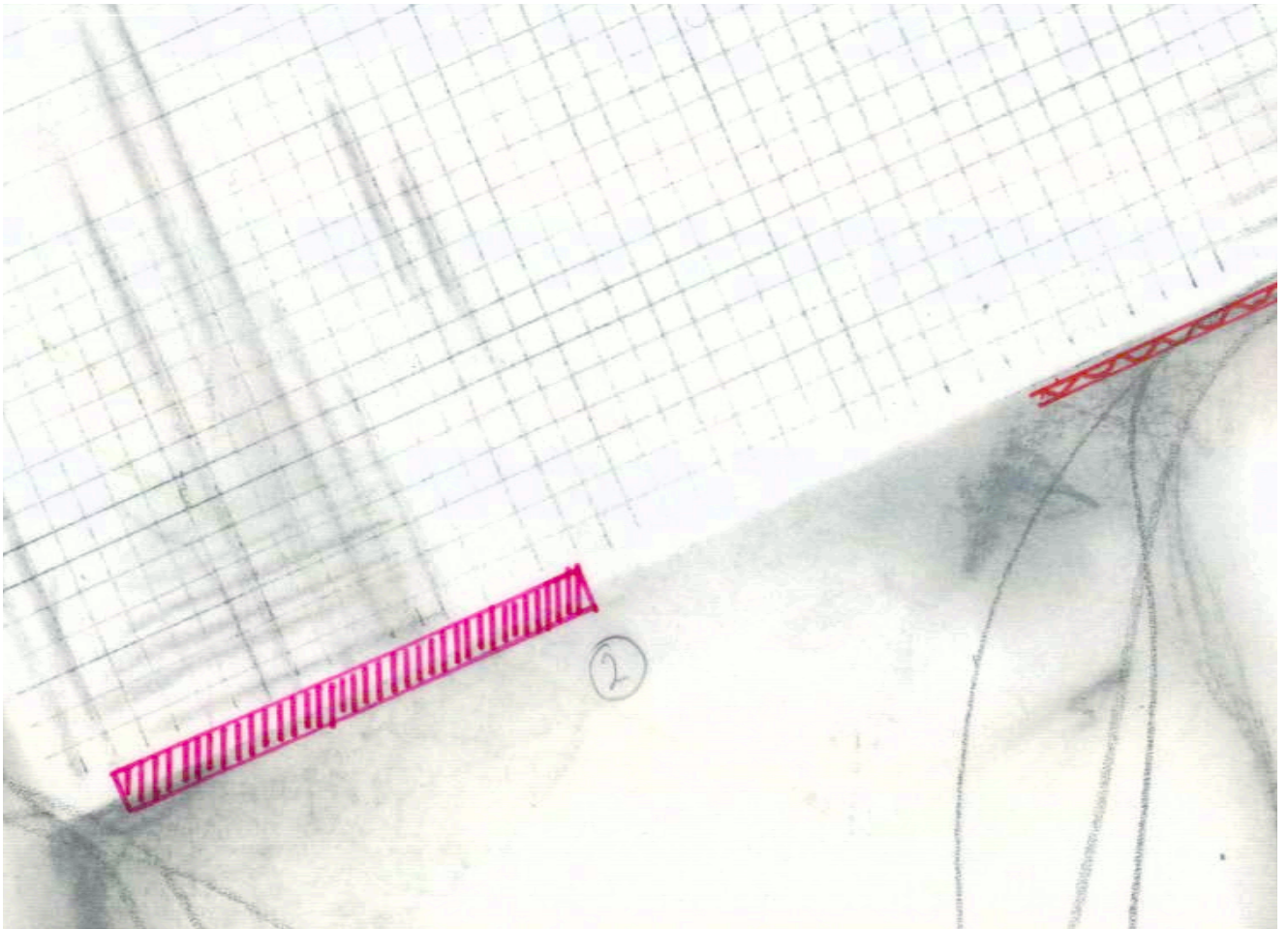


- ① THE DOOR WAS LEFT OPEN, NOT BROKEN
- ② THE GLASS OF THE OPENING IS BROKEN.
MANY BIRDS ARE IN THE INSIDE OF THE HALL. THE VENTILATION WAS NO FUNCTION, TENDRIL PLANTS GROW ON THE TILES.
- ③ THE WIND FORCES THE PK-BEVELS TO BEND AND HASTICLY HOPPING FROM ITS ORIGINAL STATE.
- ④ A BROKEN WINDOW NEXT TO A STEEL FRAMED BEAM. IT SUPPORTS THE PLANT TO GROW UP
- ⑤ THE MAIN ENTRANCE AND GARAGE DOOR OPENING WAS DITCHED AND LEFT OPEN. THERE IS NO ELECTRICITY ANYMORE TO CLOSE IT DOWN THE WIND CAN ENTER FROM THE SIDE AND LEAVE HARM ON THE WOODEN THE GROUND.
- ⑥ A BROKEN WINDOW.

HIGH FACADE PRESSURE 
 WIND STREAM LINES 

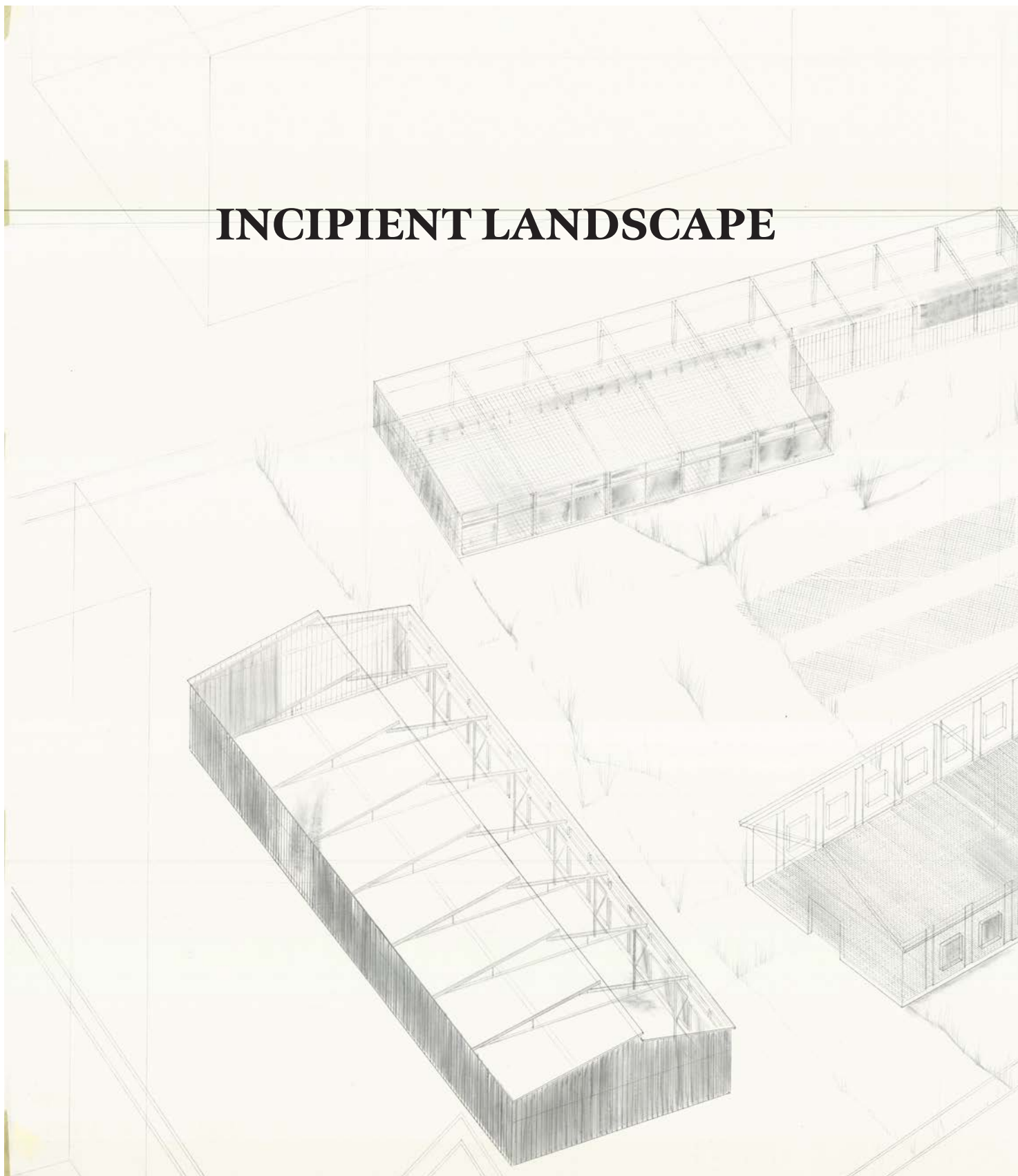
PLAN VIEW - GROUND
 1:50

There is dust on my
(and every other)
paper.



WIND-FORCES, DETAIL

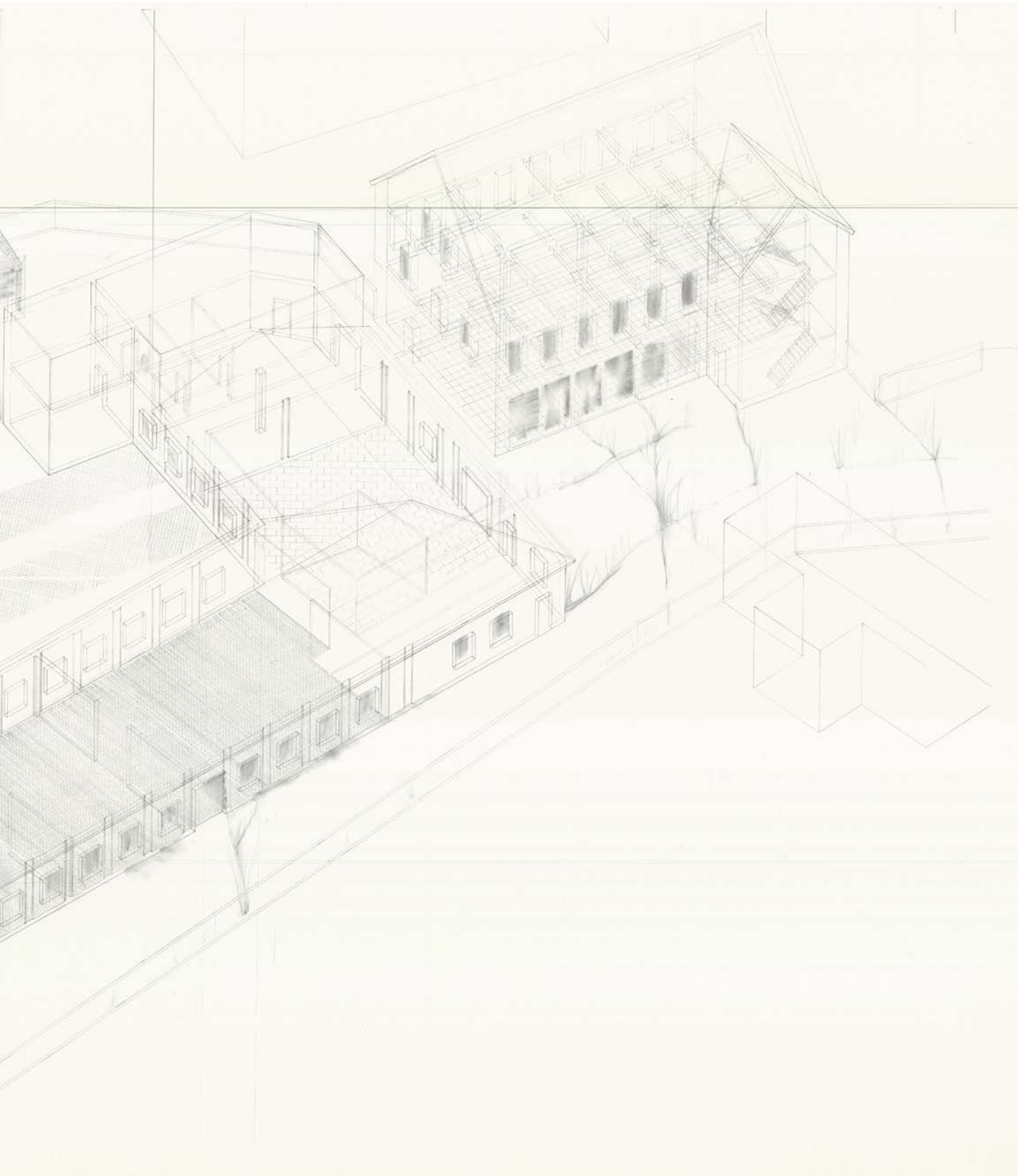
INCIPIENT LANDSCAPE

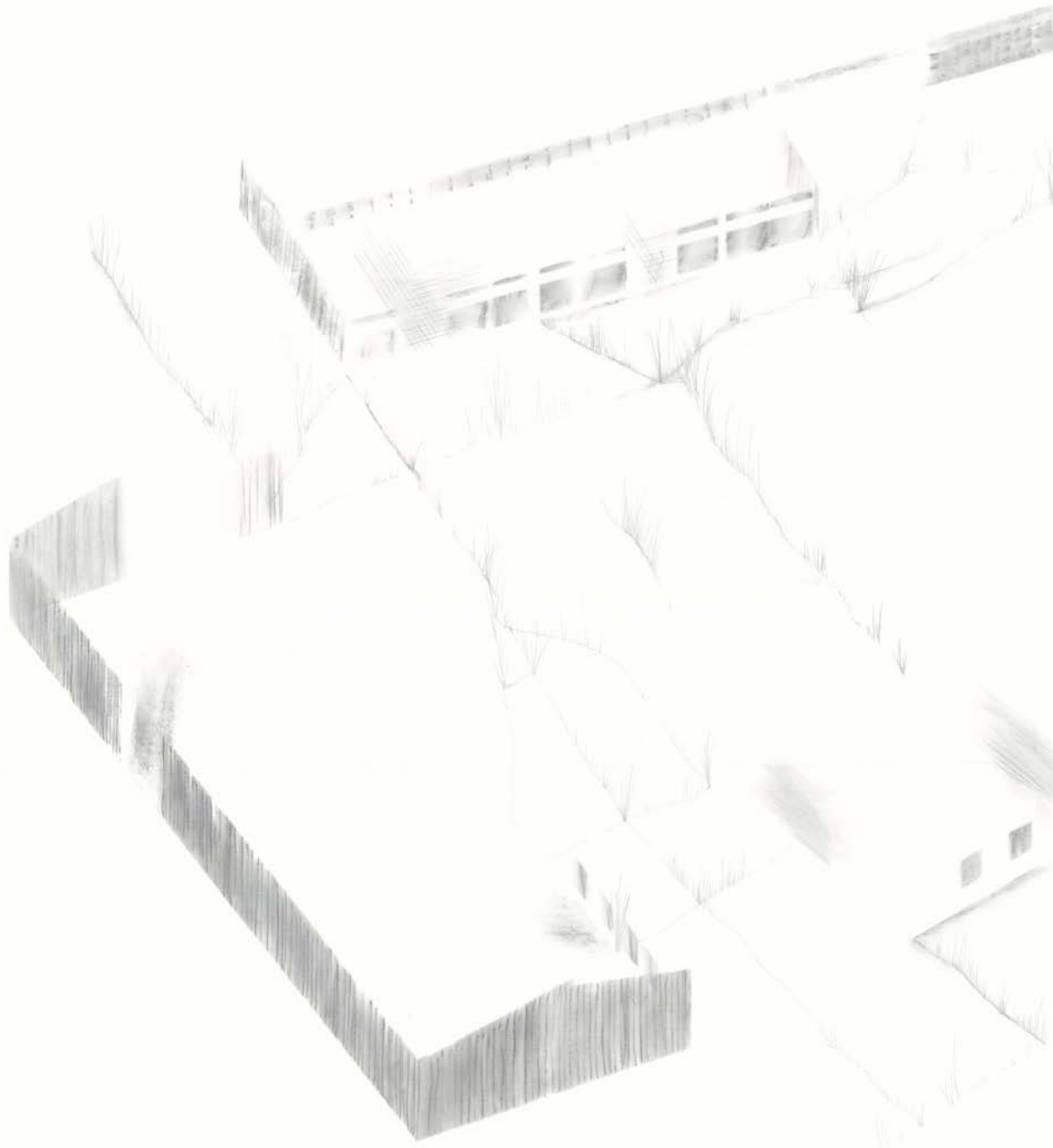


INCIPIENT LANDSCAPE

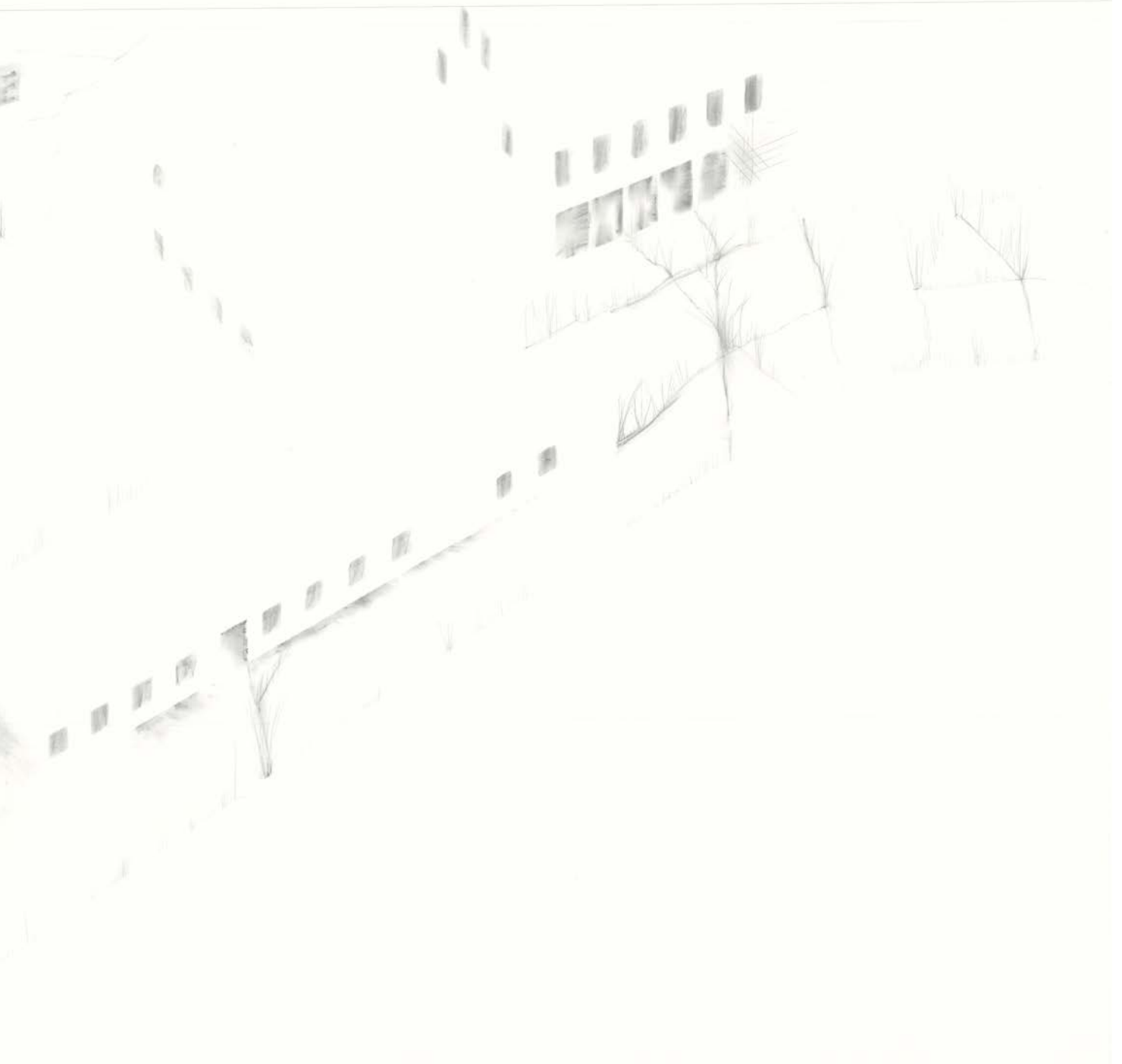
AXONOMETRY 1:100

PENCIL, GRAPHITE DUST ON TRACING PAPER 150cm x 90cm





INCIPIENT LANDSCAPE
DUST AXONOMETRY 1:100
GRAPHITE DUST ON TRACING PAPER 150cm x 90cm



The auto-fictional short novel „The distance of the earth“ is a situated critical writing, with different real and not-so-real experiences. It is based on perspectives through dust – within architecture. The project links between the wall (architecture/culture), the air/dust (nature), and the body (situated human). It tests the interconnectedness of air and dust. Writing here becomes a tool to challenge architecture as a dominant visual practice, while creating an authentic position and representation within the debate about the dichotomy of nature/culture.

If you follow the dust, you might understand the Earth. The story turns into visual memory writing. The outcome has inspiration from Jozef Wouter’s “Soft Layer”, Italo Calvino’s “The Distance of the Moon” and McKenzie Wark’s “Raving”.

Chapter 4

The distance of the ~~moon~~ earth

„The starting point for orientation is the point from which the world unfolds: the ‚here‘ of the body and the ‚where‘ of its dwelling“

Sara Ahmed, „Queer Phenomenology“, 2006.

**AUTO-FICTIONAL SHORT NOVEL,
COLLAGE ON PAPER, DRAWINGS, WRITINGS
59,4cm x 42cm
52 PAGES
DIGITAL TRANSCRIPTION IN ANNEXE**

THE DISTANCE

OF THE ~~MOON~~

EARTH

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.

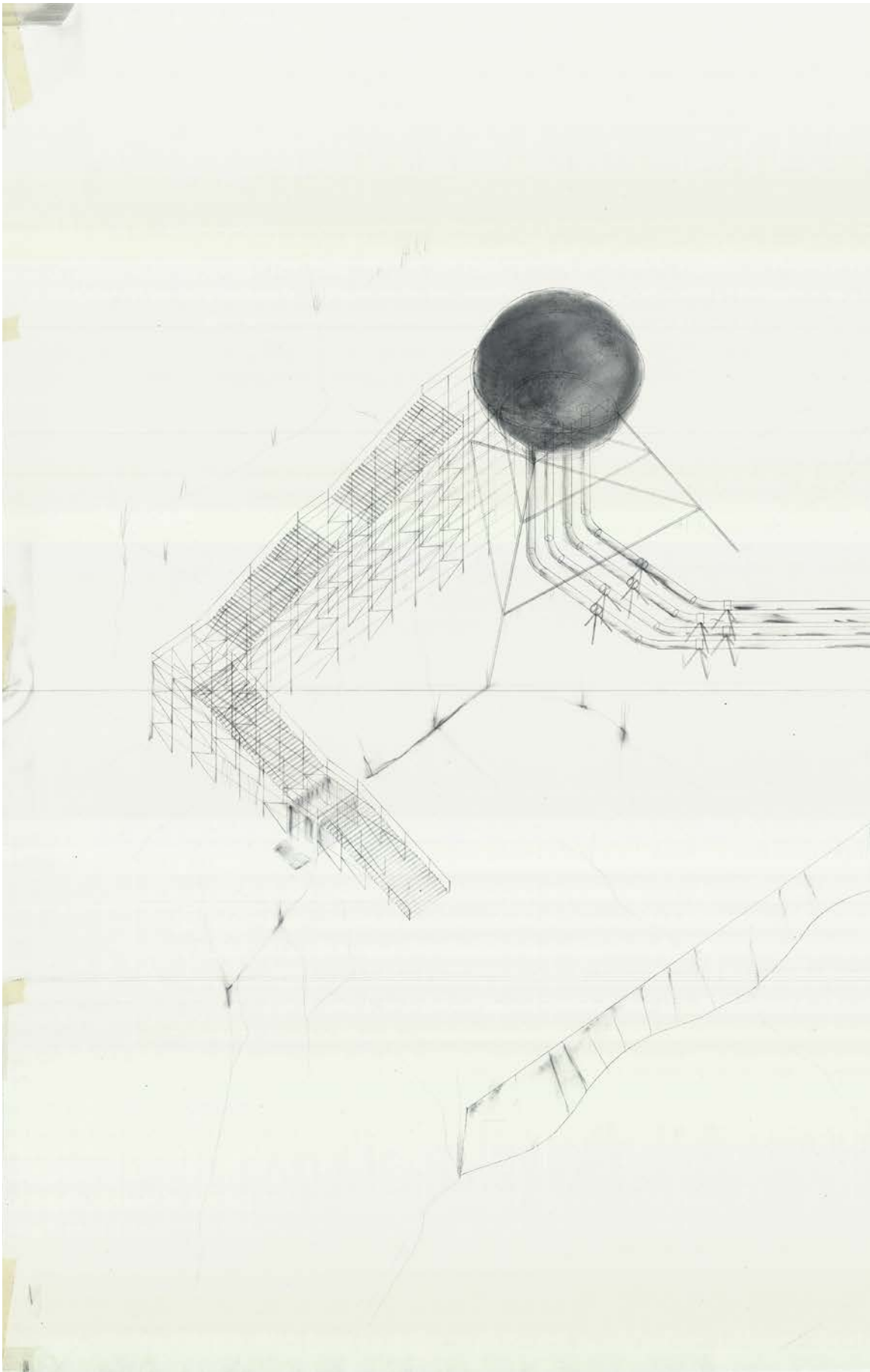
Far away from Earth though, we find this home.

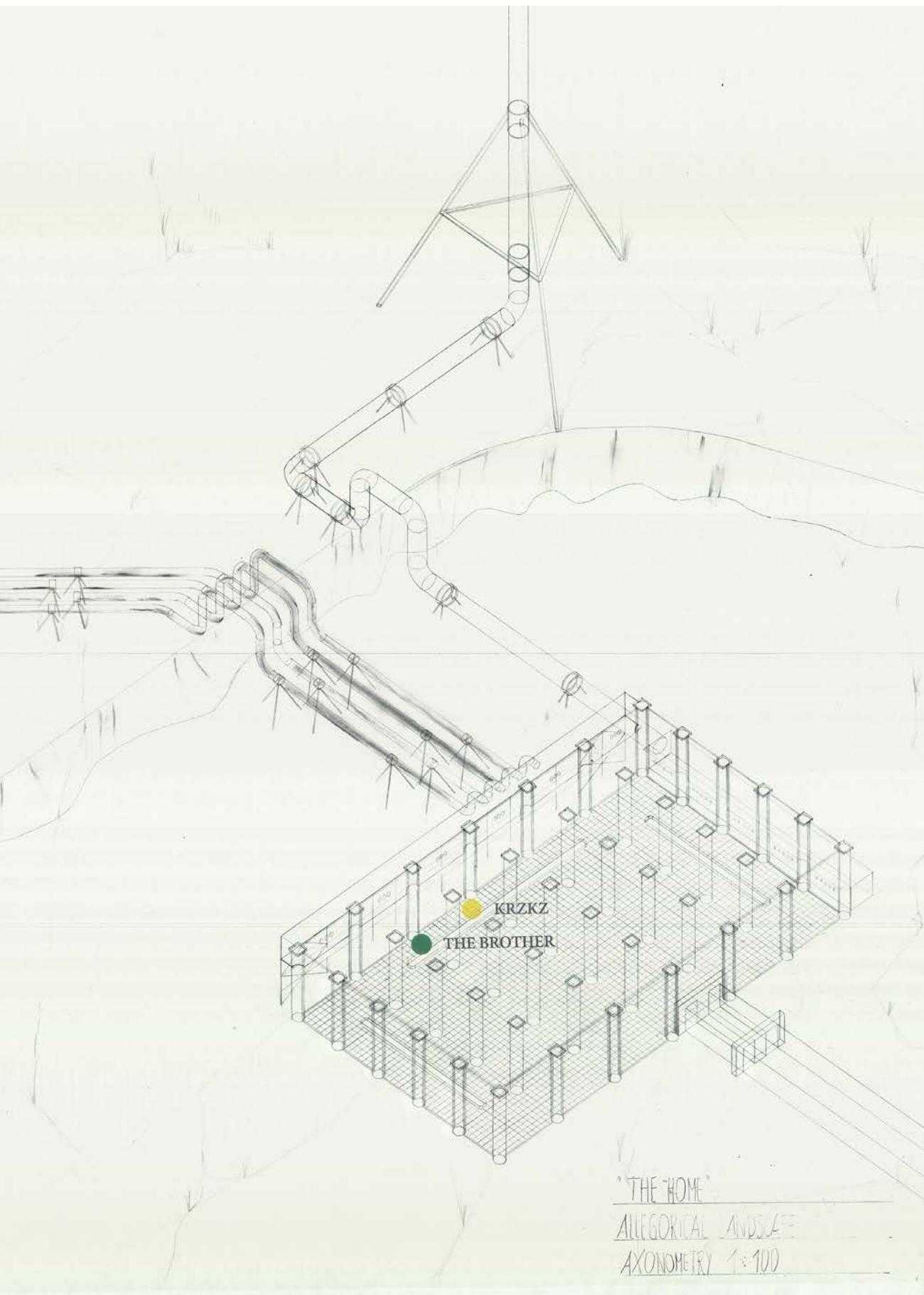
***Krzkez* and her brother live in a big transparent box, where each day the windows are presumed to be the same. The orientation has almost vanished as both don't know where they are and what has been there before.**

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.

Krzlez 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, Krzlez 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.

***Krzlez* 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.

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“, 2023

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

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.”⁴ Should something be lessened in one place, there is an increase in another. Thus, the law of the conservation of matter is not violated.

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.

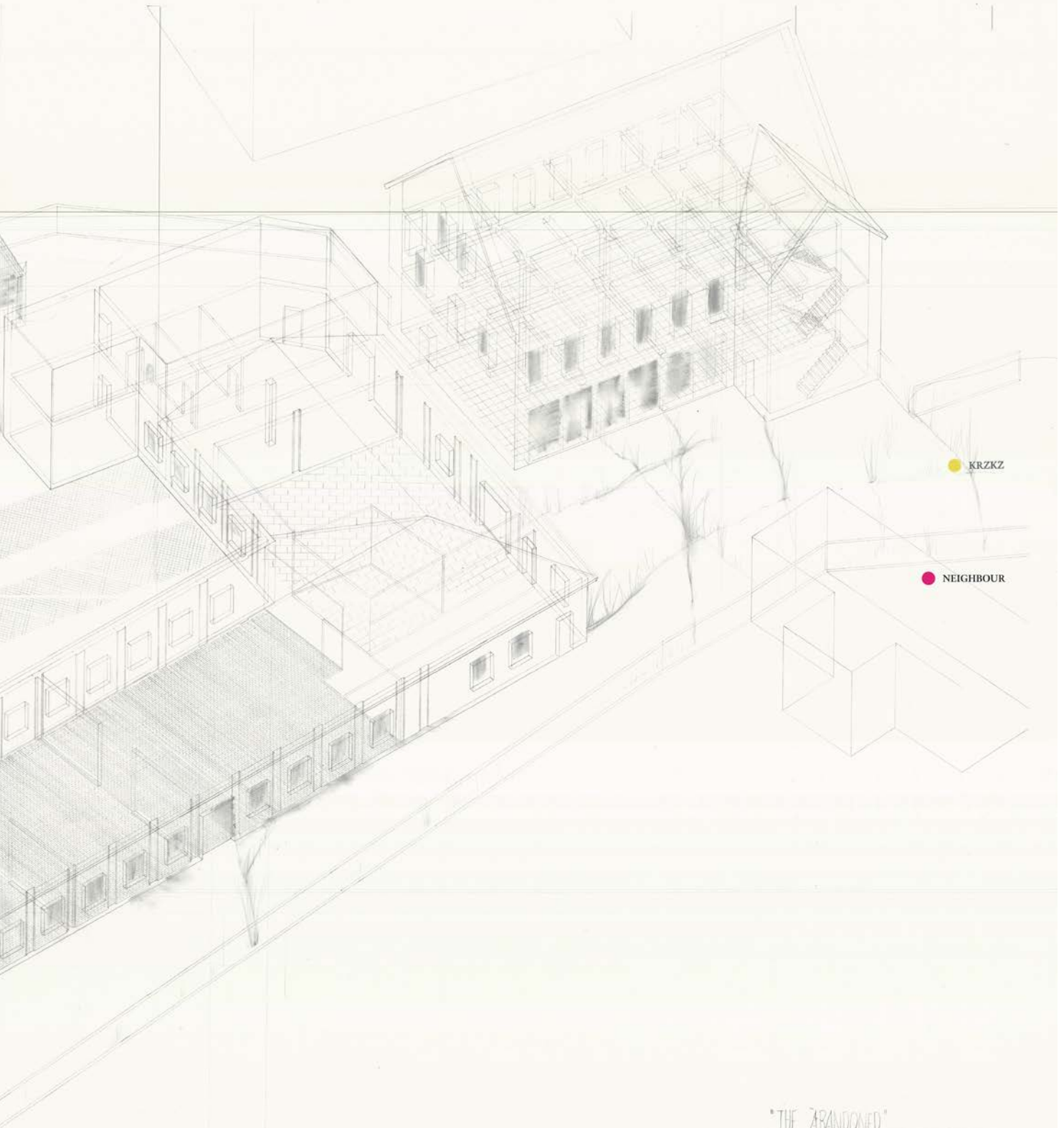
***Krzkez* changes her strategy and finally arrives at a place where the noise of the urban rhythm drops. The buildings are not visible but cracks in the ground link the public street through the fence to the front yard of the hidden site. She sees the neighbor working next to the fence and he comes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

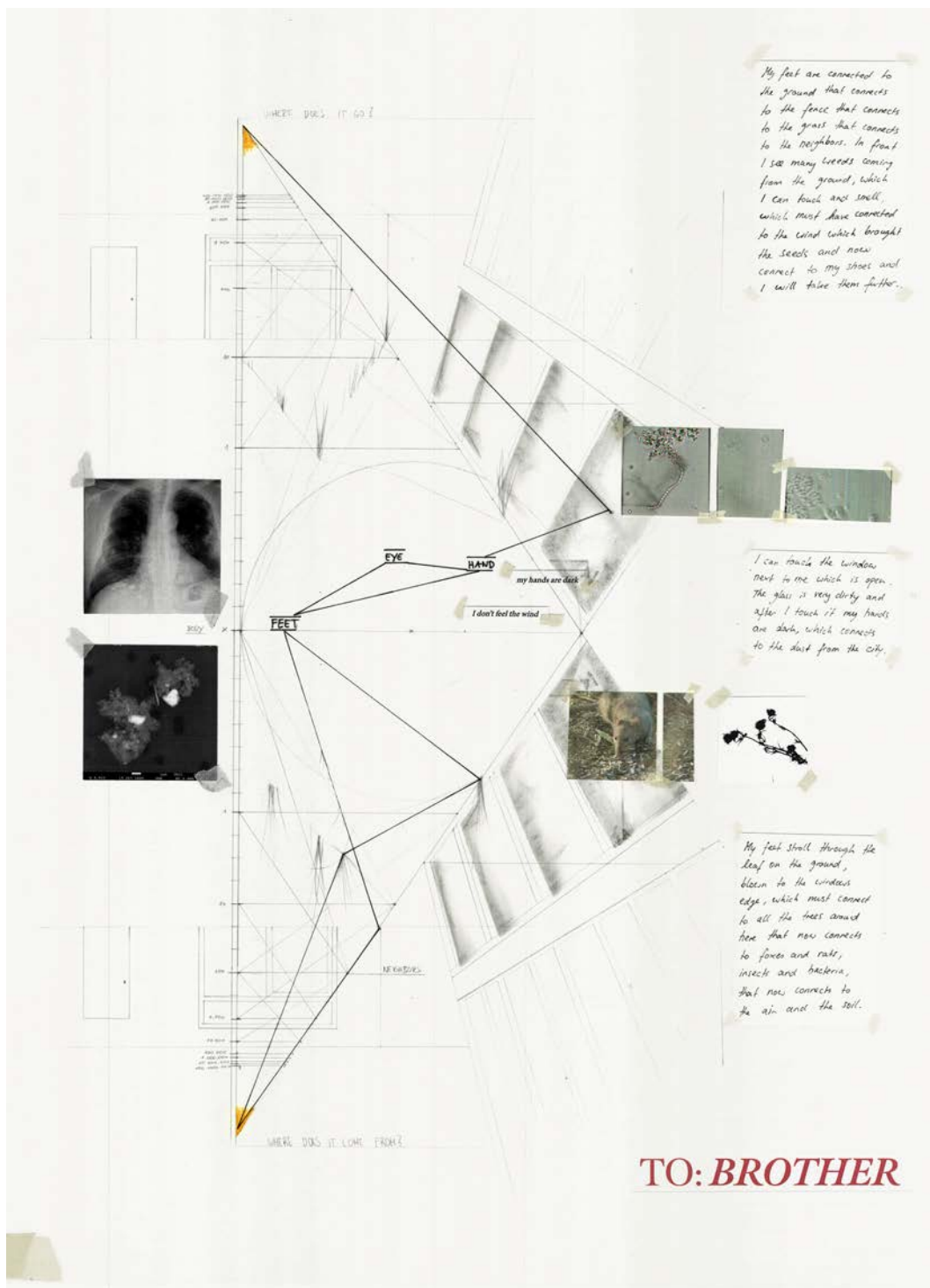




● KRZKZ

● NEIGHBOUR

"THE ABANDONED"
REAL LANDSCAPE
AXONOMETRY 1:100



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 trees 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, dust is on 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, bloom to the window edge, which must connect to all the trees around here that now connects to flowers and rats, insect and bacteria, that now connects to the air and the soil.

TO: BROTHER

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 windows 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 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.

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.

**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.²⁴ 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

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.

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



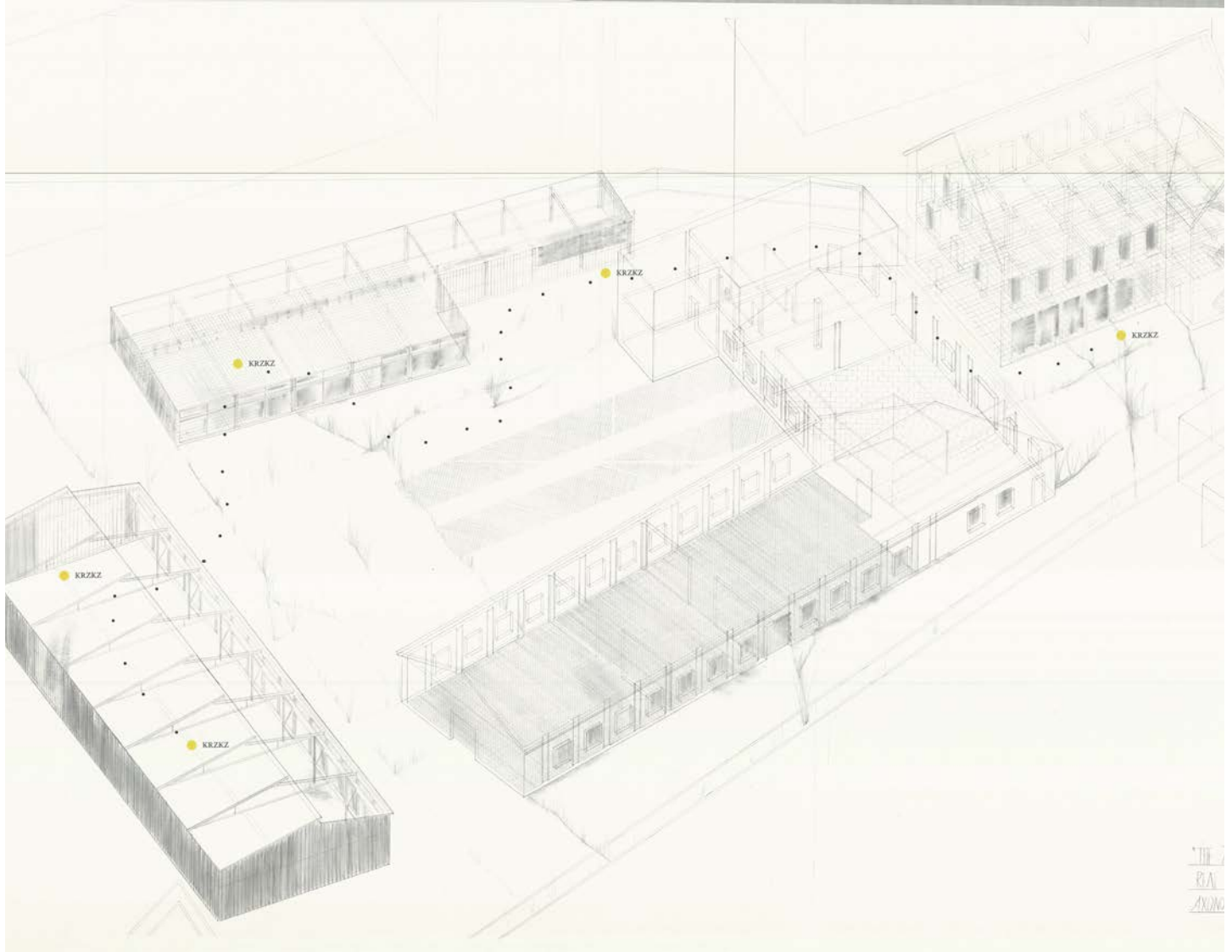
compounds. So the scale of movement ascends from the atoms and by degrees passes within the range of our senses, so that eventually movement is extended to those particles that we can perceive in the sun's light, although the blows that cause their movement are imperceptible.

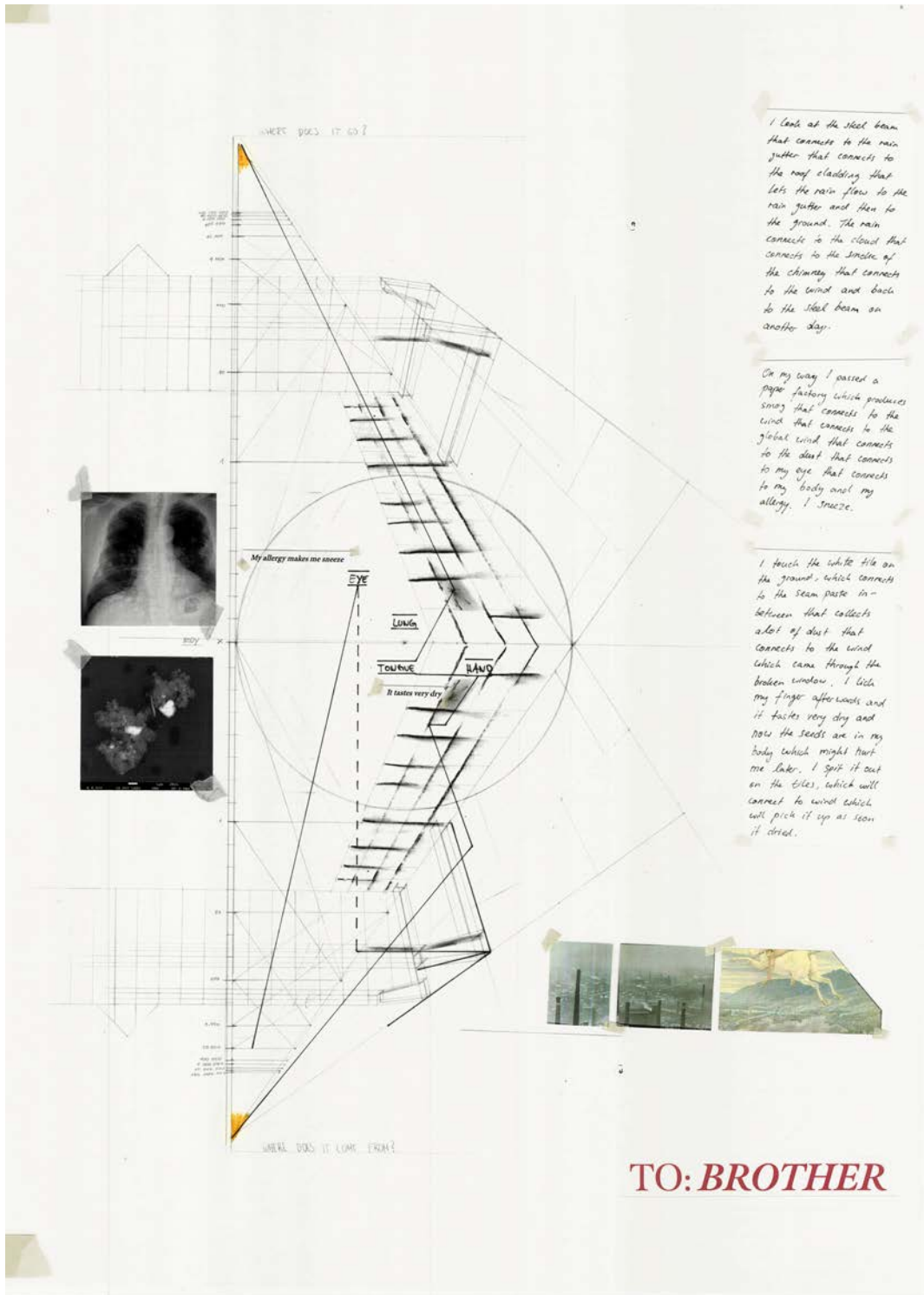
BETTINA VISSMAN, „INVISIBLE INTER-ACTIONS“ in GRAIN, VAPOR, RAY, 2015

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.





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.

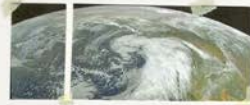
On my way I passed a paper factory which produces smog that connects to the wind that connects to the global wind that connects to the dent that connects to my eye that connects to my body and my allergy. I sneeze.

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 dried.



WHERE DOES IT GO?

WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?



SKIN
EYE
HAND
LUNGS
FEET
The feathers disgust me
makes me cough

I see a bird flying to the room through the gap between the Pic-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, down 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 slurrp 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 grain around the landscape.

TO: BROTHER

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.

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

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

INGRID BÖCK. „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.”

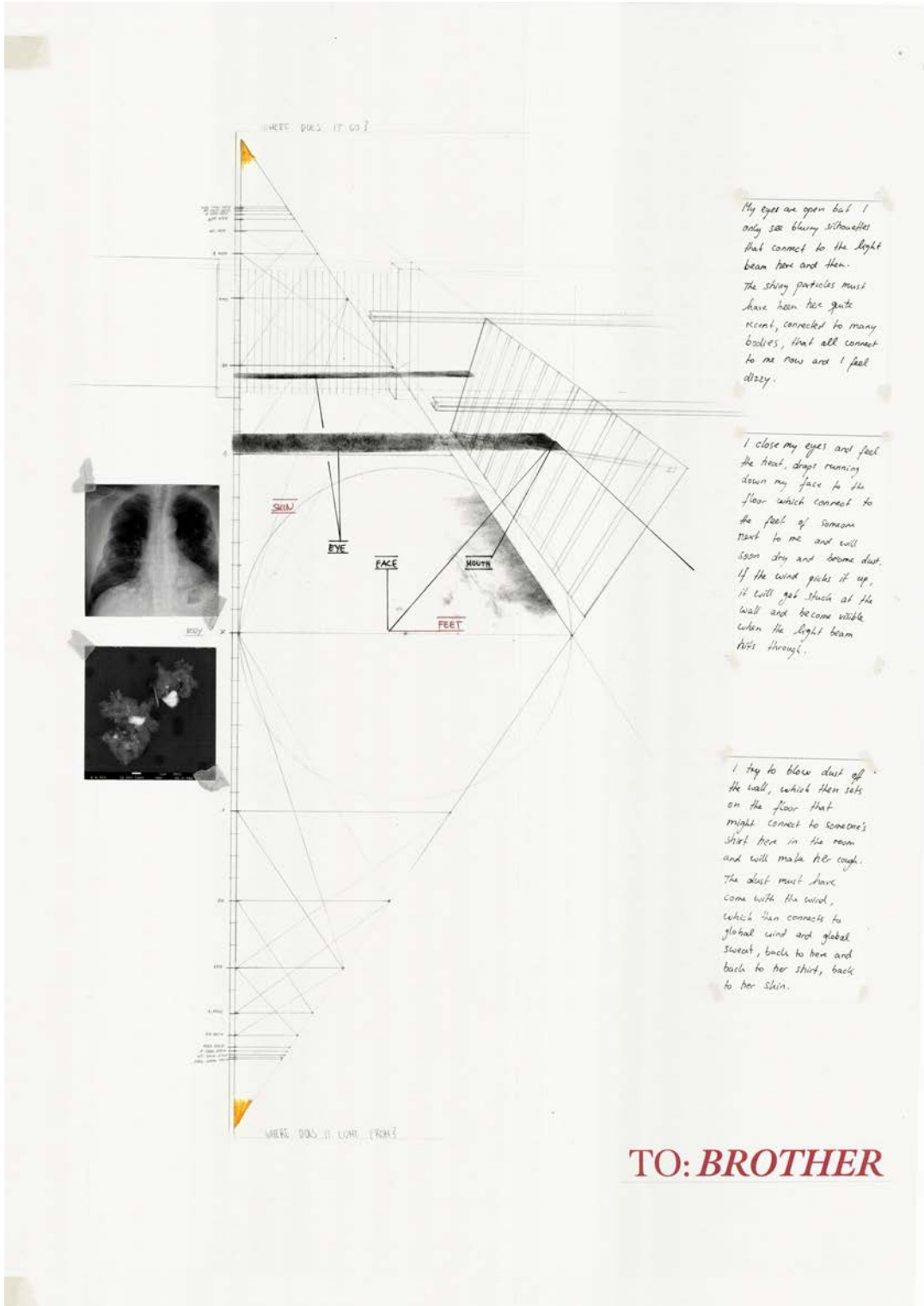
The site, full of glass and plastic, made the aerial flow visible. Sitting on the surfaces - the grains full of seeds, pollen, bacteria, and insects. It seems like everything is part of the same continuum. Krzkez feels uncomfortable.

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 her and back to her shirt, back to her skin.

TO: BROTHER

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

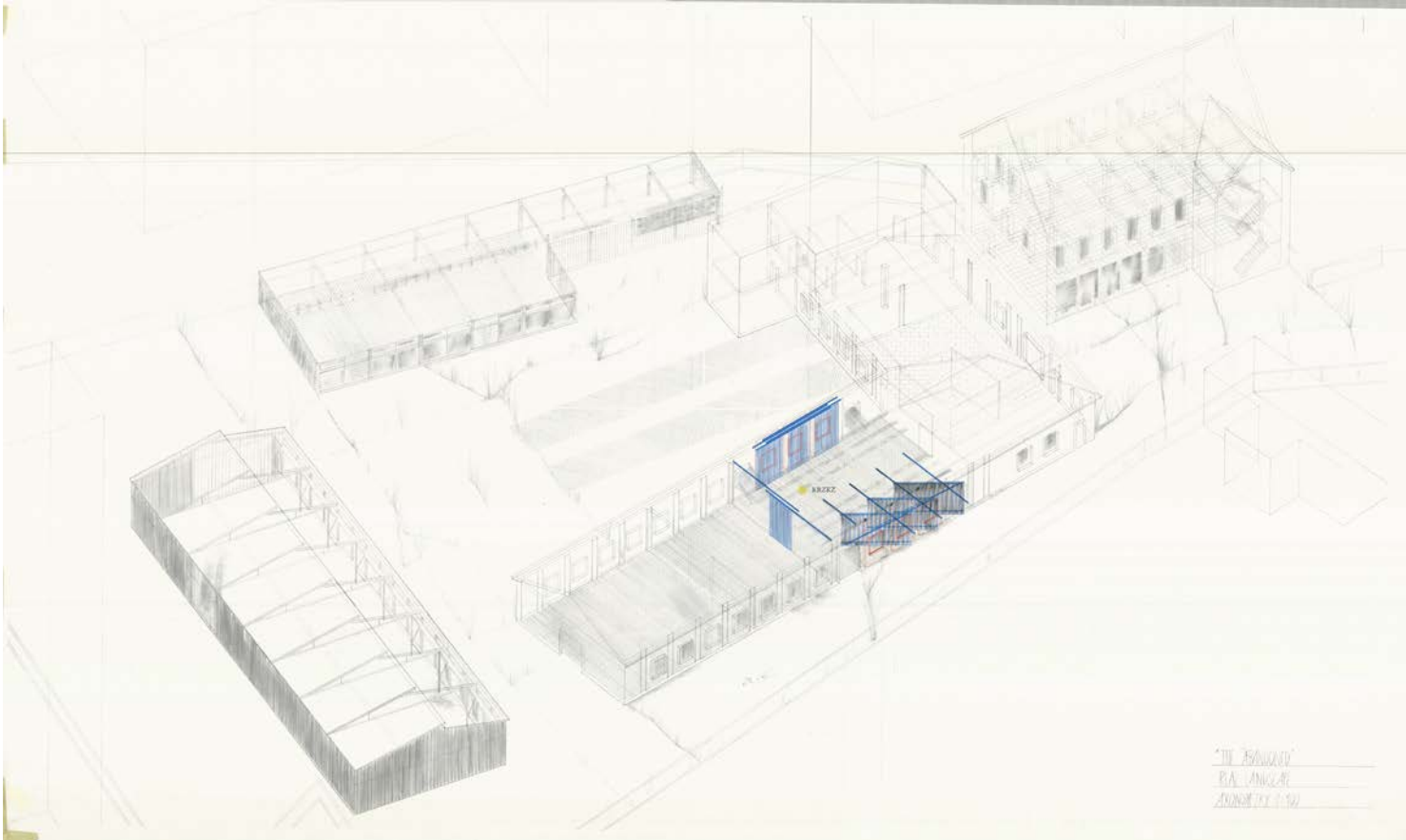
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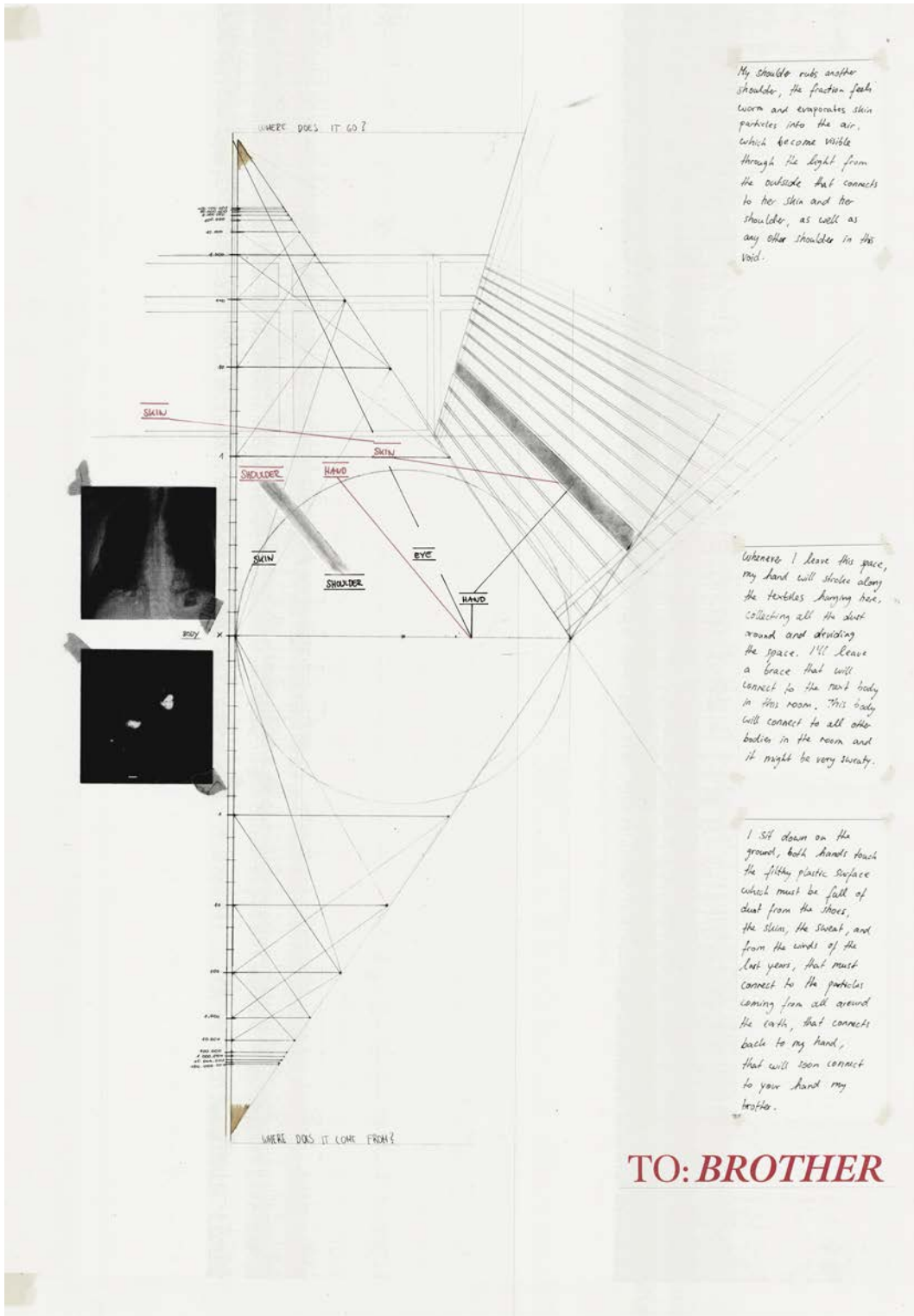


"DE ARZIZ"
BA. ANIZAR
ZONN. 1/100

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.

Krzlez 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.



My shoulder rubs another shoulder, the friction 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.

Whenever I leave this space, my hand will stroke along the textiles hanging here, collecting all the dust around and dividing 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 skin, the sweat, and from the words 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.

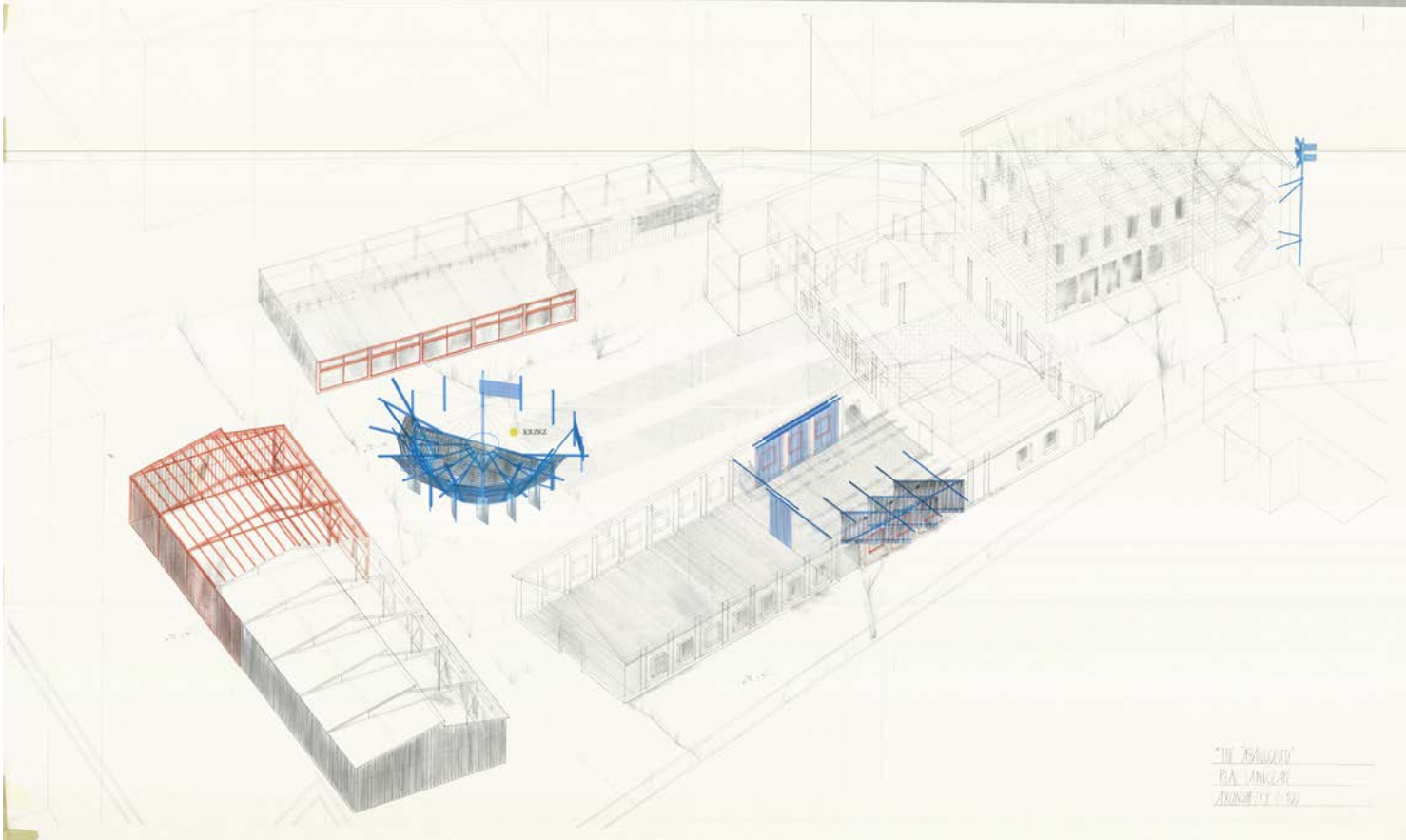
TO: BROTHER

**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.

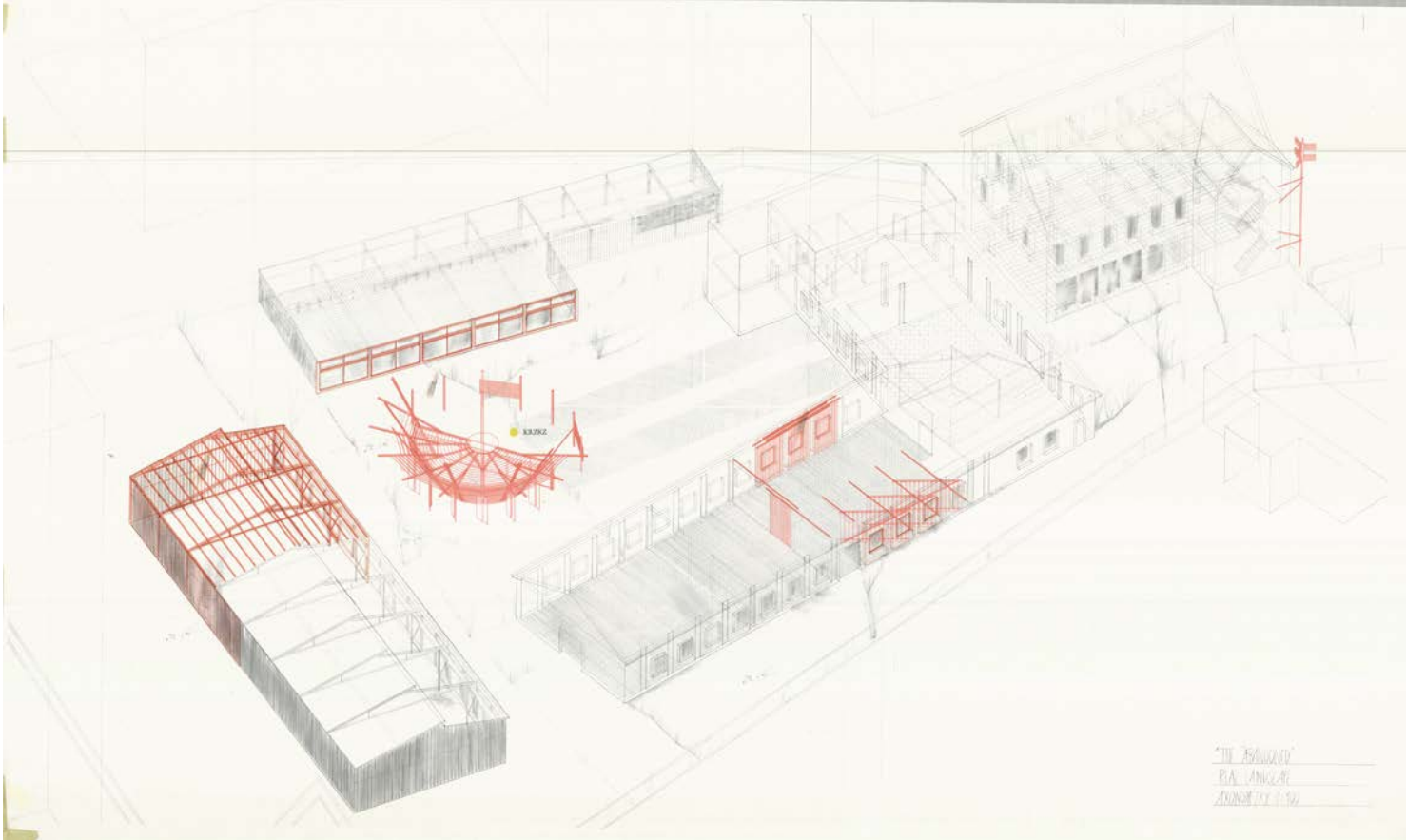
I sit down on the ground, both hands touch the filthy plastic surface which must be full of dust from the shoes, the skins, the sweat, and from the winds of the last years, that must connect to the particles coming from all around the earth, that connects back to my hand, that will soon connect to your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



№	1
№	2
№	3

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 ASSOCIATE"
P.A. LANGZAI
ZONING: 1-50

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
tentacles next to me,
the slight wind stirs
them which connects
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 tentacles
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;
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I leave the structure.
My eyes slowly adapt
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street, that I know
now, connects to the
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.**

Language, writing, drawing and architecture intersected in the short novel as a process between the different media. An image could be written, a writing can be drawn, a drawing can be modelled – and backwards.

Chapter 5

Mise en pièce

WRITING THROUGH DUST

The language itself is based on perceptual questions to enable the thoughts to jump between what's seen, what's remembered and what's imagined. The observations are context related and often remain subjective. While the visual representation often keeps the designer further away from the construction site itself, site-writing can imagine a space directly by physically being inside, sensing the space through the own experience. As Vroman & Cannaearts argue, referring to Robin Evans, that the architectural drawing, which is principle in our practice – “separates the act of designing with the act of constructing.” There is always a distance (18) between site and studio, which creates neutrality of materiality, ecology, and raises questions if the drawing is rather an artwork or a contextualized representation.

Writing architecture tries to mix fiction and critical language. It opens a method to think space through humans and non-humans, as well as to listen to materials, or immaterial things and anything that usually doesn't get attention in visual-image practice. Different language tools from descriptive to metaphorical style are used. Therefore - what is the relation between writing, language, drawing and architecture?

How do you connect the wall to nature?

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?

PERCEPTIONAL QUESTIONS

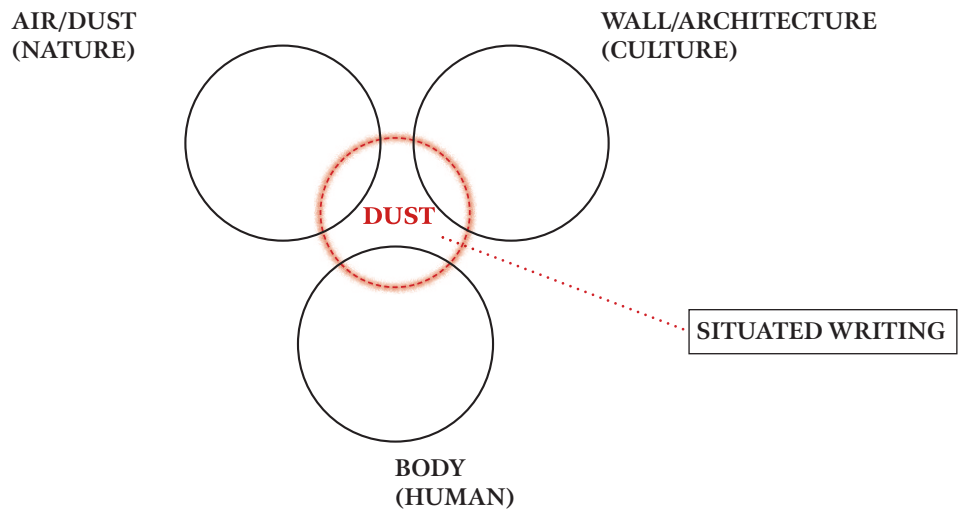


DIAGRAM: DUST AS CONNECTOR BETWEEN NATURE, CULTURE, BODY



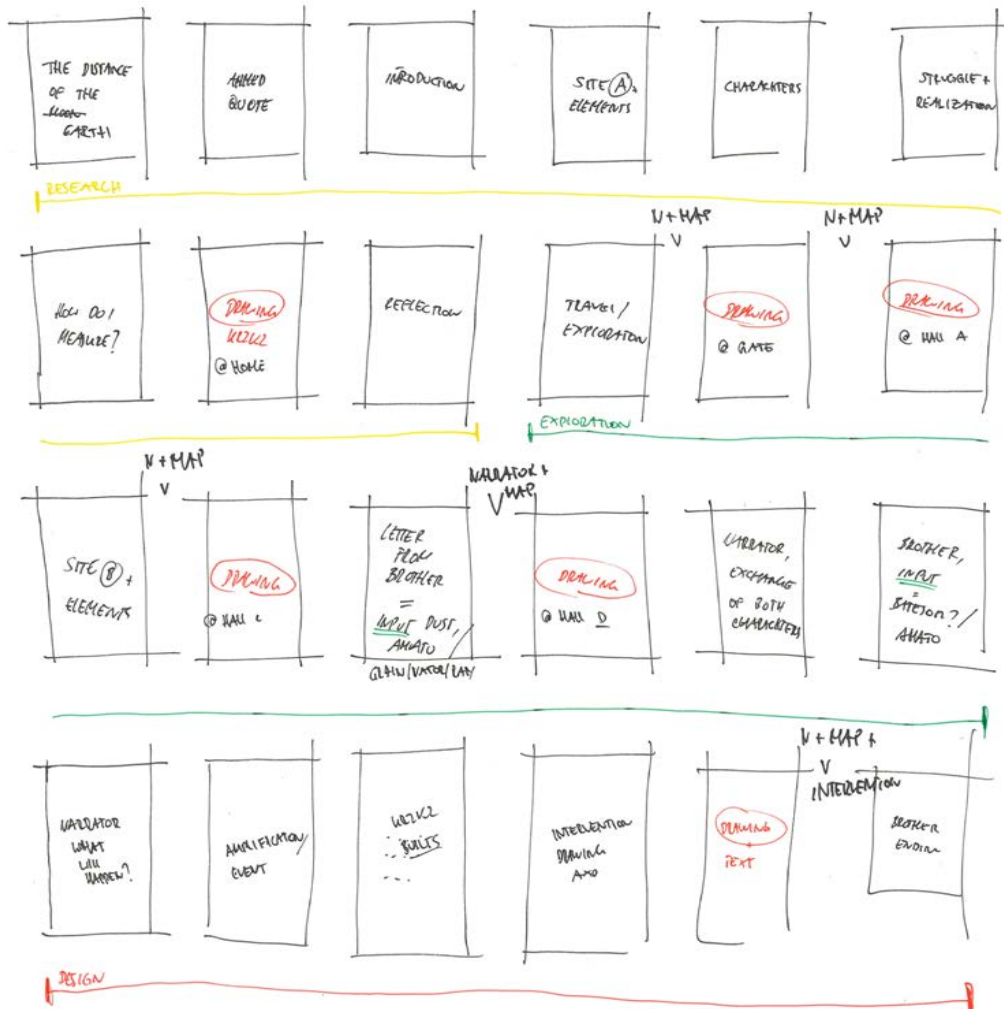
While editing the writing, memory and imagination were layered over the axonometry to use it as an analytical tool. The eye and the mind are in constant exchange to create connections and relations between air, dust, the architectural elements and the self.

I sit on the ground, both hands touch the filthy surface which must be full of dust from the sky that connects to the wind of the last year that must connect to particles coming from all around the earth, that connects back to my hand, that will soon connect to the hand of my brother.

NOTEBOOK NOTES,
APRIL 2024

“Every architectural proposition is a kind of speculative fiction before it becomes a built fact, just as every written fiction relies on a setting, the construction of a coherent milieu in which a story can take place.”

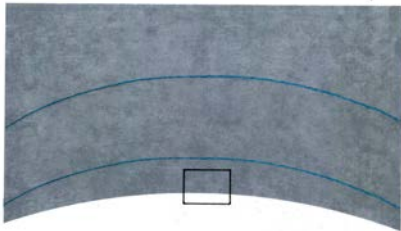
Hélène Frichot, Naomi Stead, „*Writing Architectures: Fictocritical Approaches*“, 2020. p.11



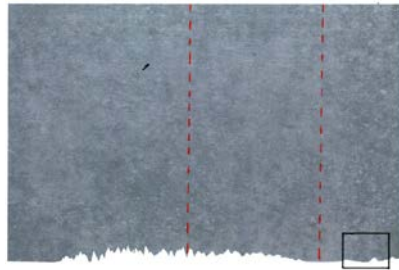
**THE DISTANCE OF THE EARTH,
INITIAL STORY-BOARD**

ATMOSPHERIC RELATIONS

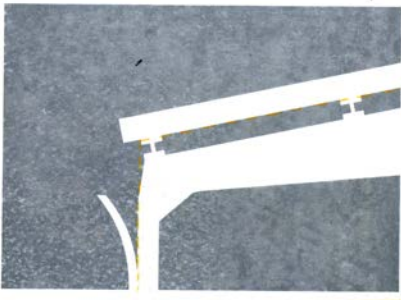
THE PLANET



1:100.000.000

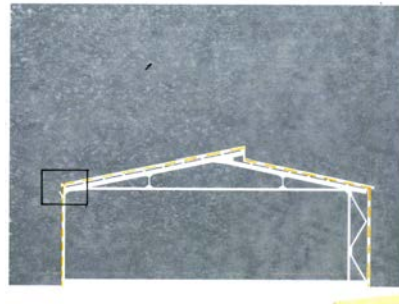


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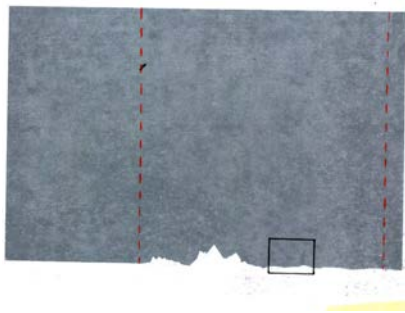


1:10

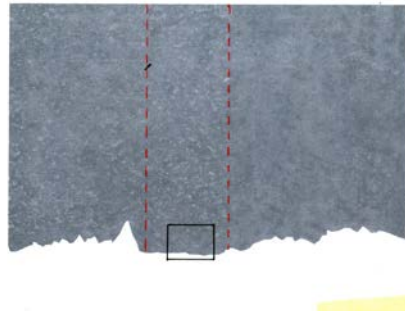
THE INCIPIENT RAUM



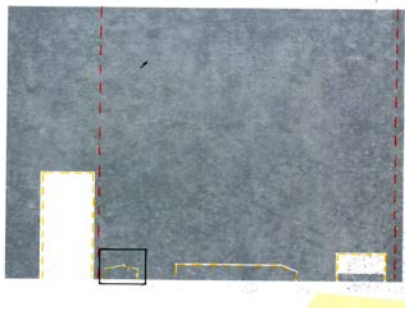
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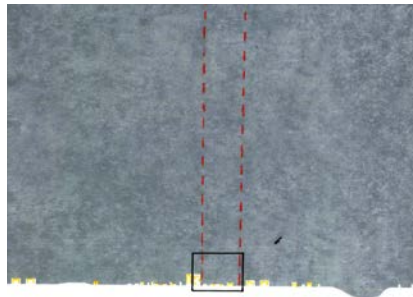
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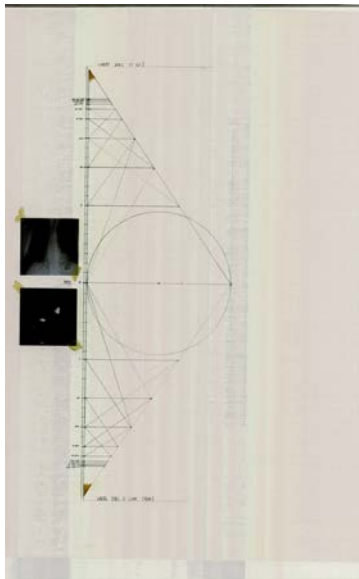
1:1.000



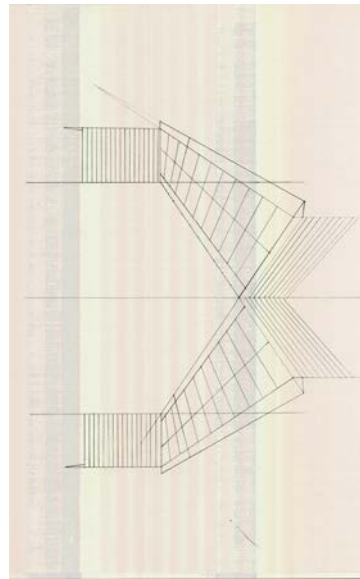
1:10.000

What is the connection between the wall and the earth?
This scale jumps in a section from a wall in the site to the planetary scale. It is inspired by the novel “Cosmic View: The Universe in 40 Jumps” by Kees Boeke. It helped as an initial idea to base the writing on connections, breaking borders and boundaries.

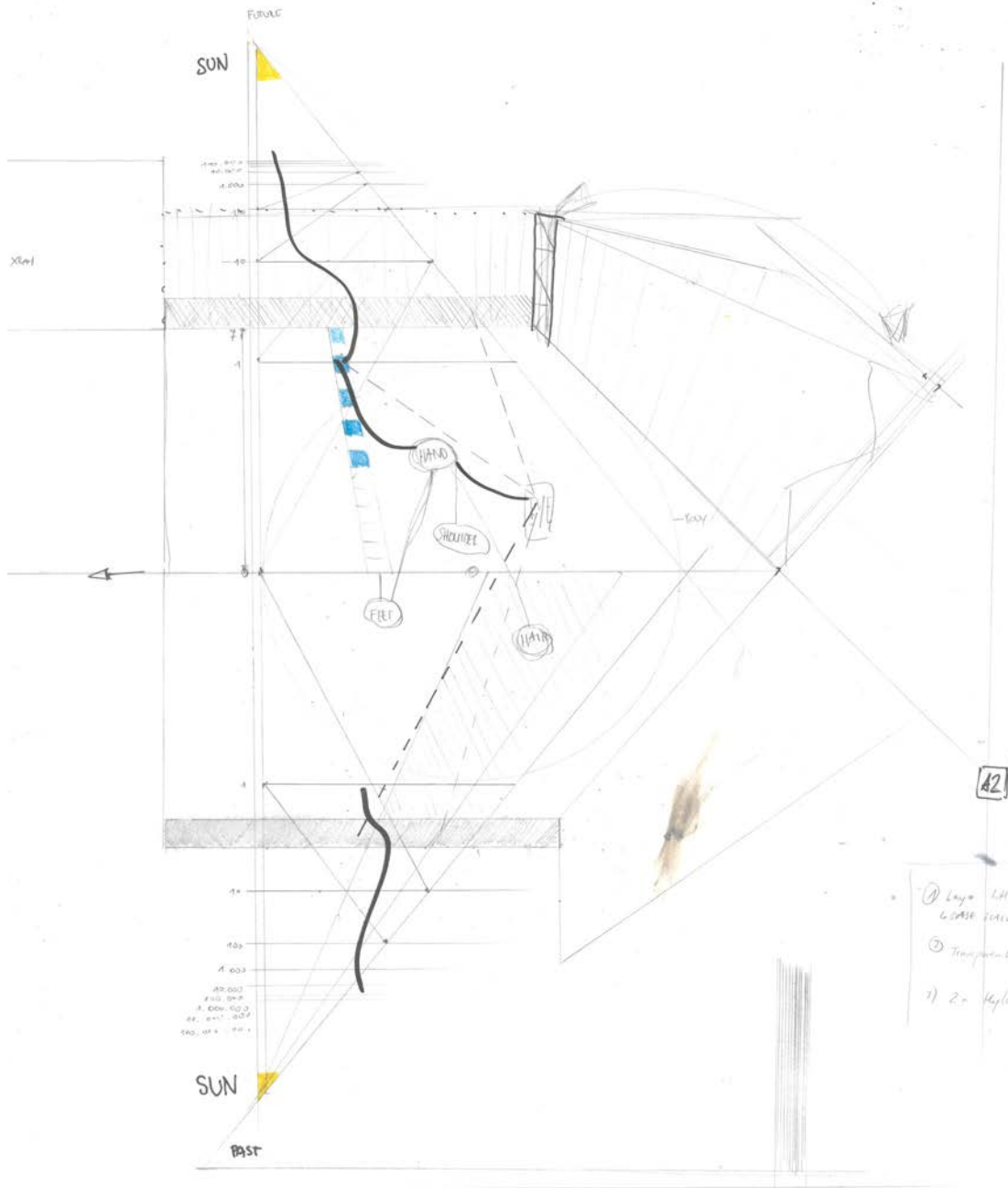
The drawings turned into an analytical tool—a mix between diagrams, spatial segment, photographs and texts—a collage. The background is a scalar bar, mirrored to think, and draw between “Where does the dust come from?” and “Where does it go?”, between future and past. It references Michael Webb’s “Regatta course sketch” from 1982. The next layer represents the subjective perspective of the point where it’s written. Combined with the written text, they became a spatial representation to communicate subjective thoughts on how you could read space.



SCALAR BASE DRAWING



ARCHITECTURAL PERSPECTIVE



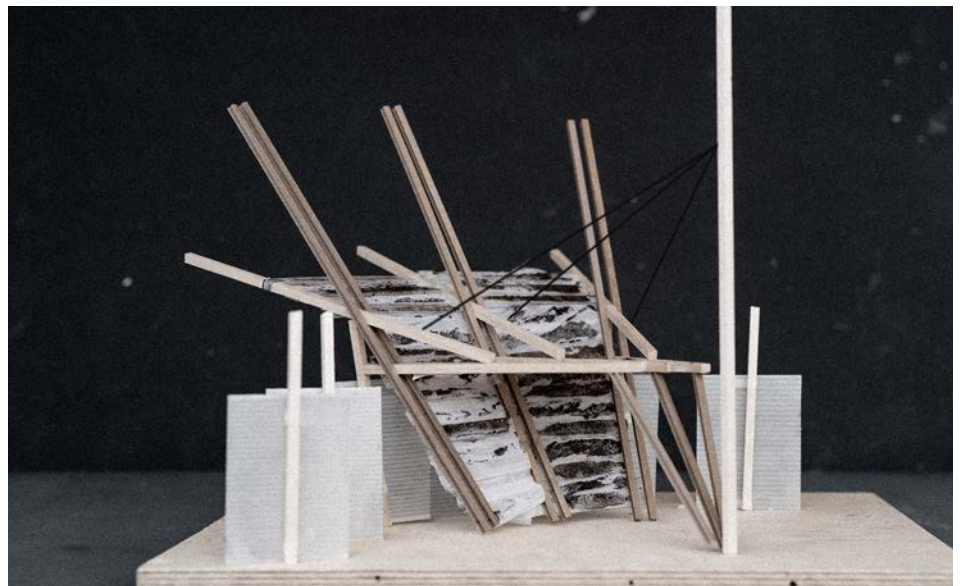
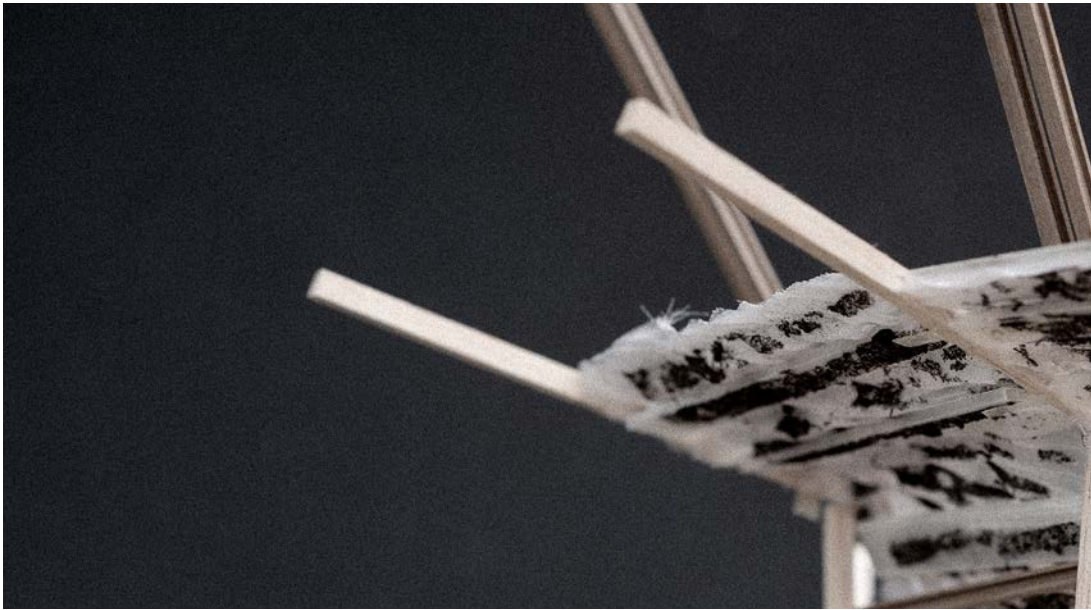
ATMOSPHERIC RELATIONS, FIRST SKETCH

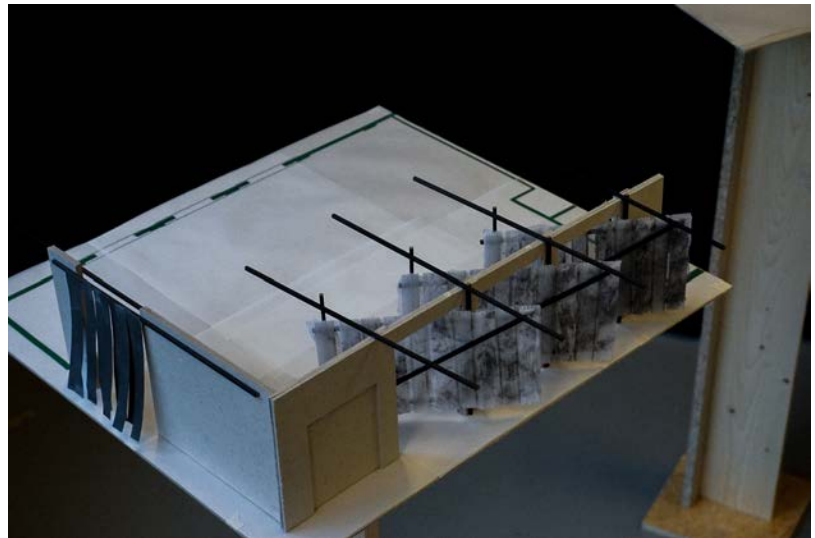
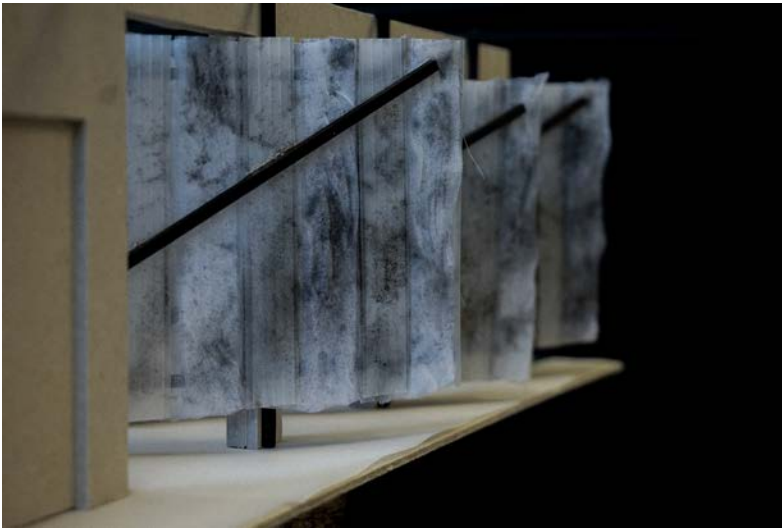
PHYSICAL EXPLORATION



**PARTIAL MODEL 1:33
PAVILION/STAGE (2ND DREAM)**

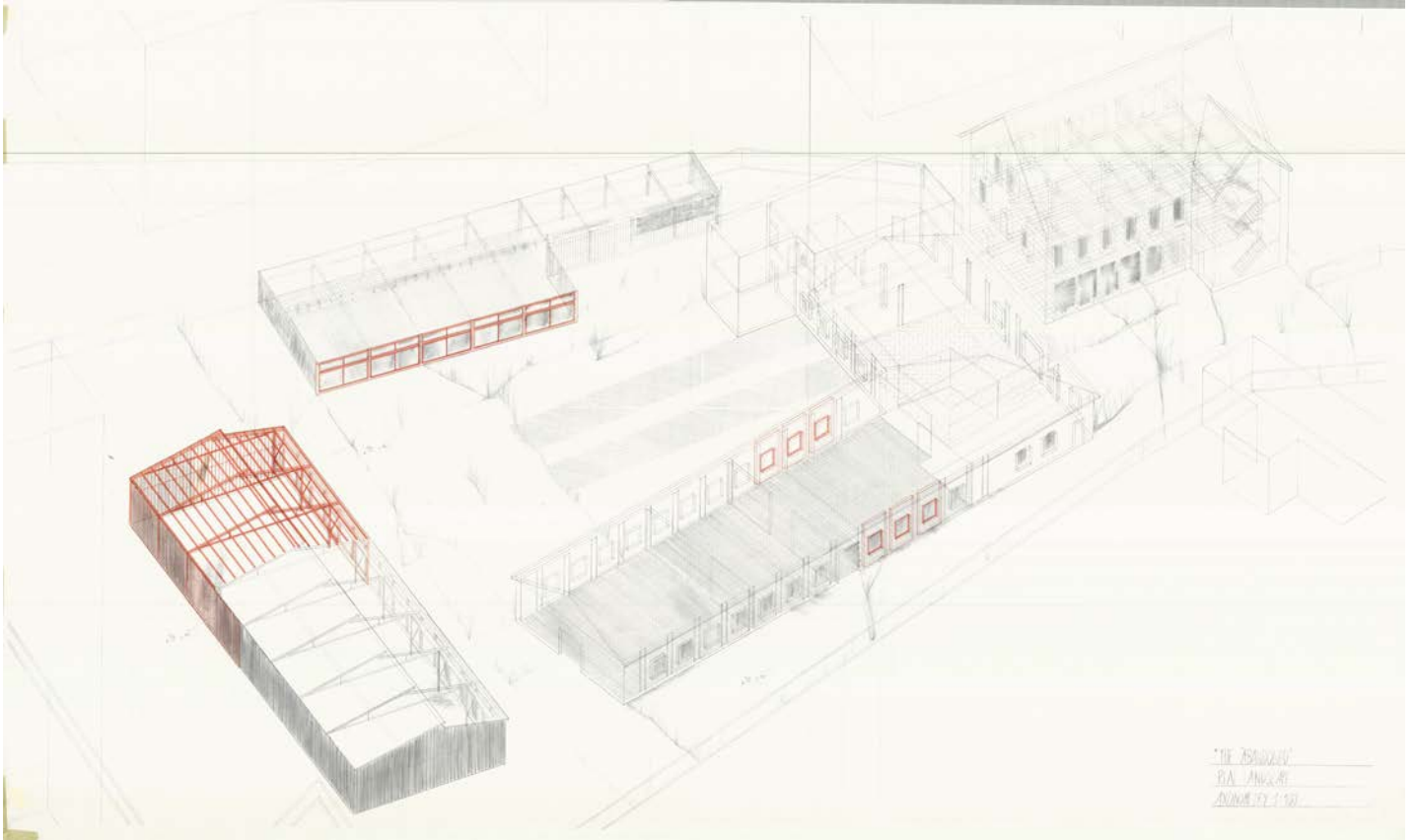
The partial model captures the perception of space, generated by the text, to create a spatial exploration. It tries to translate the words to segmented material combinations. The partial model can be seen as “cut-out-responses”, in reaction to the words, in situ.





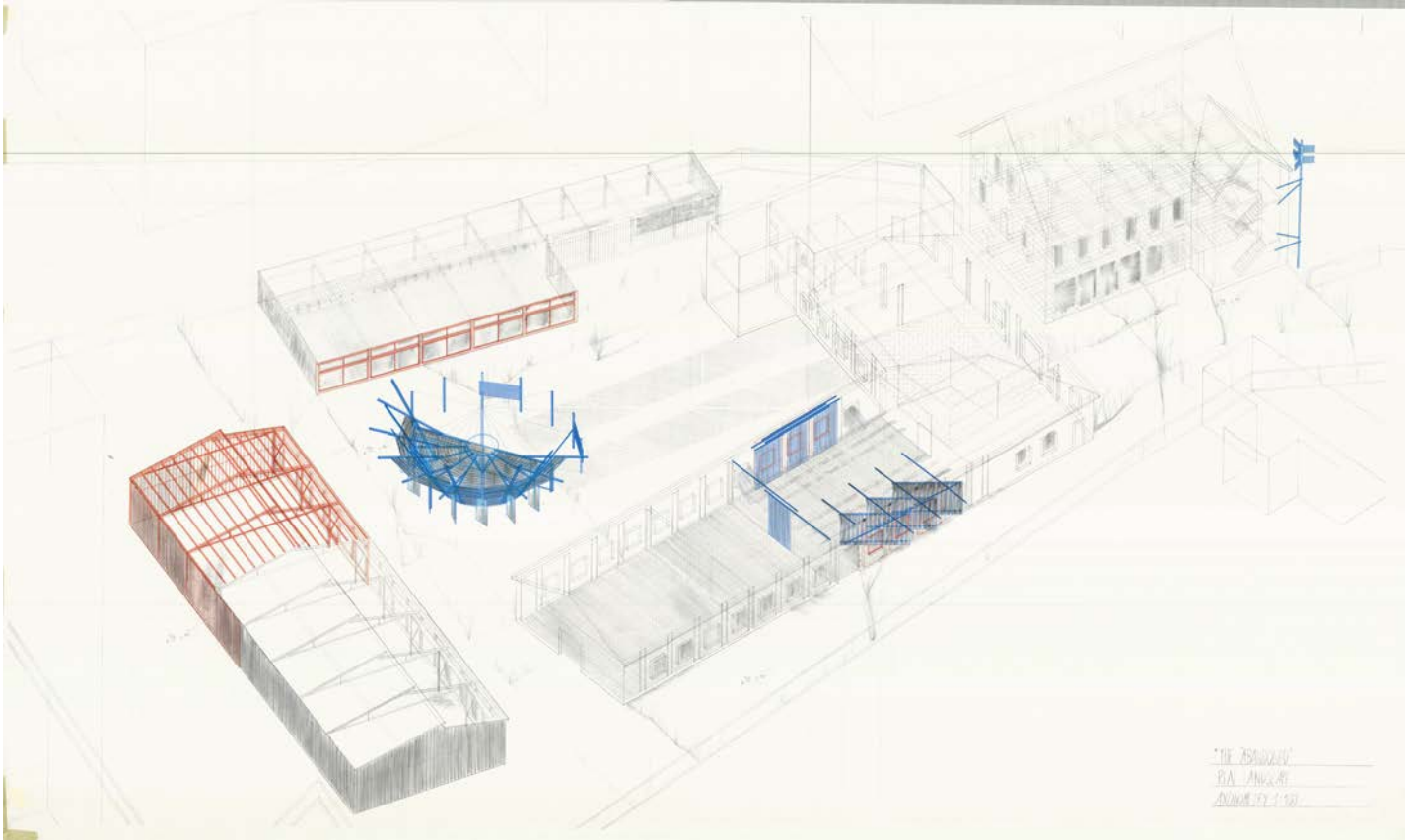
**PARTIAL MODEL 1:33
1ST + 2ND DREAM
CARTON, PLASTIC, DUST POWDER**



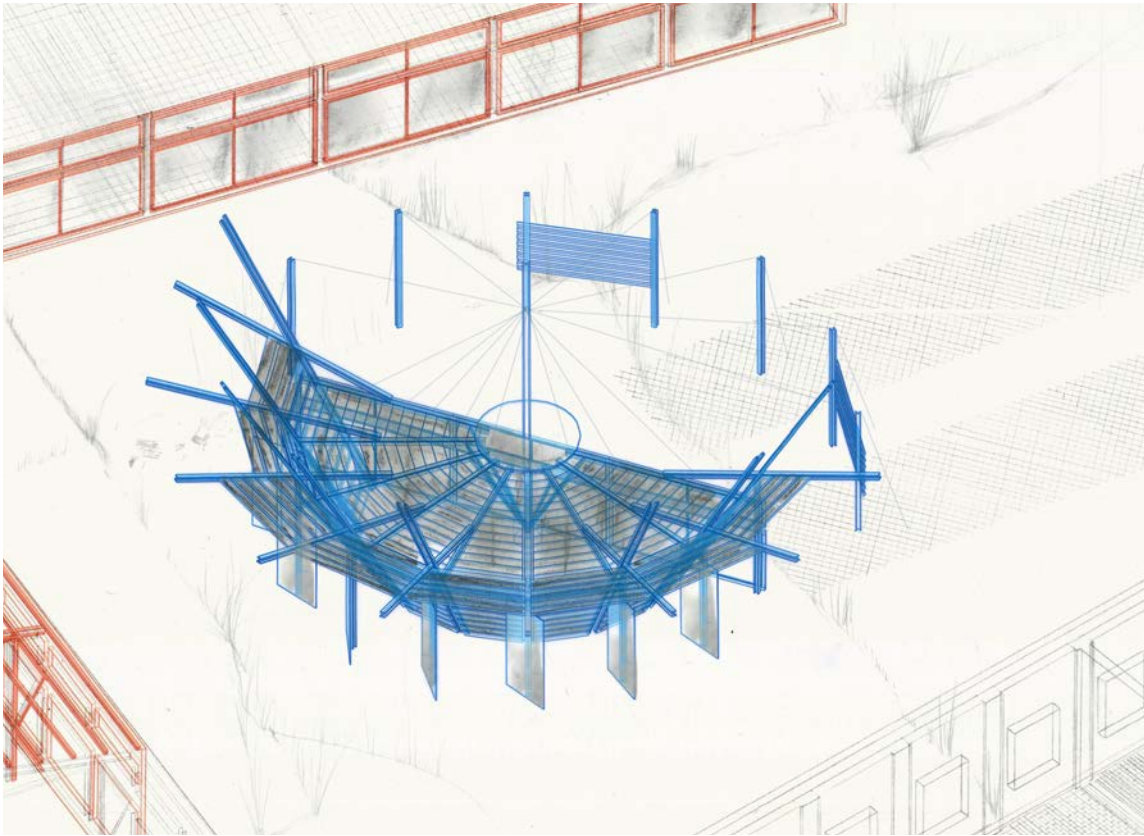


**DRAWING INTERPOLATION
DEMOLITION PLAN
AXONOMETRY 1:100
PENCIL, PRINT ON TRACEPAPER**

The drawings can take the cut-out (partial model) to a wider scale of the whole site and/or building structure. The cut-out is now tested to the specific conditions to details, structures and loads – interpolated and extended.

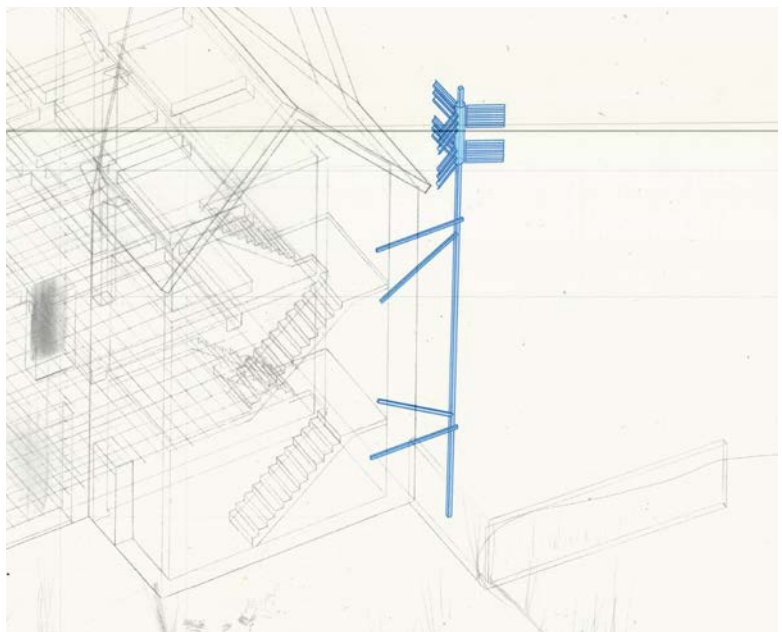


**DRAWING INTERPOLATION
DEMOLITION AND INTERVENTION
AXONOMETRY 1:100
PENCIL, PRINT ON TRACEPAPER**

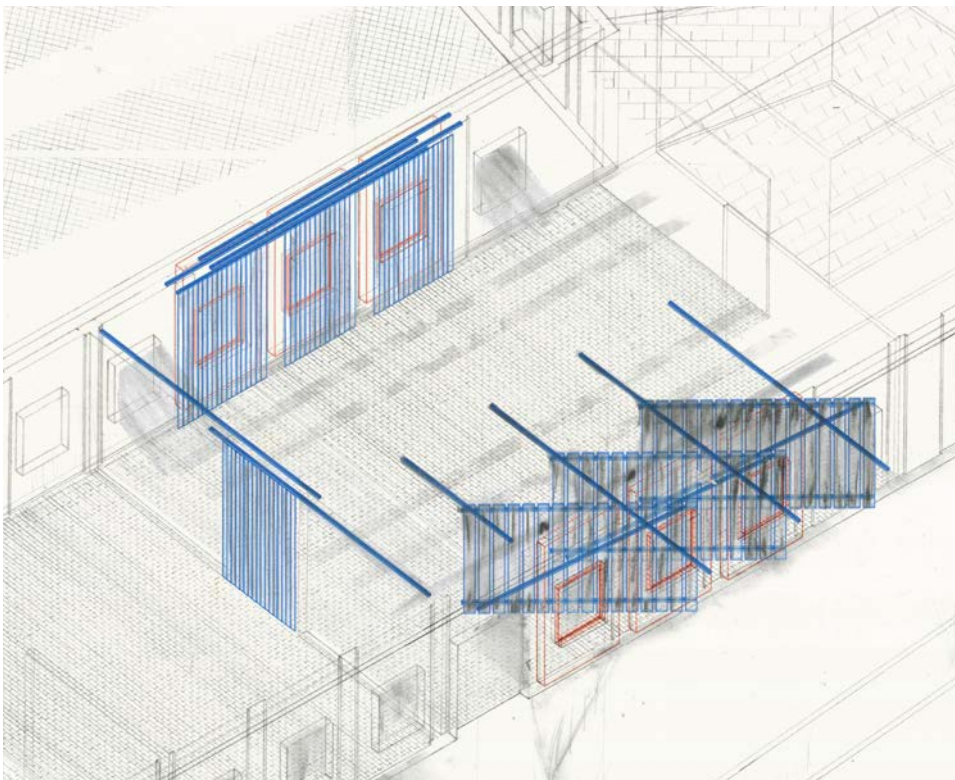


ZOOM-IN PAVILION/STAGE (2ND DREAM)

**DRAWING INTERPOLATION
PENCIL, PRINT ON TRACEPAPER**



ZOOM-IN ENTRANCE AND WIND-WHEEL (2ND DREAM)



ZOOM-IN CENTRAL ROOM FOR PERFORMANCE/STAGE (1ST DREAM-AM)

Chapter 6

Réflexion

FINDINGS

On the behalf of the often-neglected element of dust, the thesis followed the question of how spaces can be read like texts and how texts can be constructed like spaces. Writing an auto-fictional story guided the work through different kinds of other medias and scales. Language became an intersection with collage, drawing, model, and photo. The Situated writing turned into research of a more authentic representation of nature.

A visual-image polemic, where words helped through the reading of space, and design of an intervention – to let a small element become the creator of such space.

What if architecture is rather a way of seeing and perceiving the existing material through a different lens? It can become a practice on how we navigate through the world. Therefore, it might be worth re-evaluating what is already there and floating around us.

While starting on ecological philosophies of Deleuze & Guattari, Latour and H el ene Frichot, the outcome opens a different view on the filth and the dichotomy between nature and culture. A spatial response as a public intervention and amplification, inviting to our dusty world. The thesis doesn't argue for abolishing all maintenance strategies, rather knowing and understanding the Earth more accurate - using the element of dust.

It opens questions and sensitivity on how we value things and beings based on the visual-pictorial media and how we share the Earth. As Latour said in 2017 and later 2022 in the KU Leuven Stories, “[...] we must ‘land on earth’ again”.

(19)

The outcome of the thesis can be seen as a methodology - situated writing and atmospheric relations (collages), followed by physical explorations through drawing interpolations and partial models.

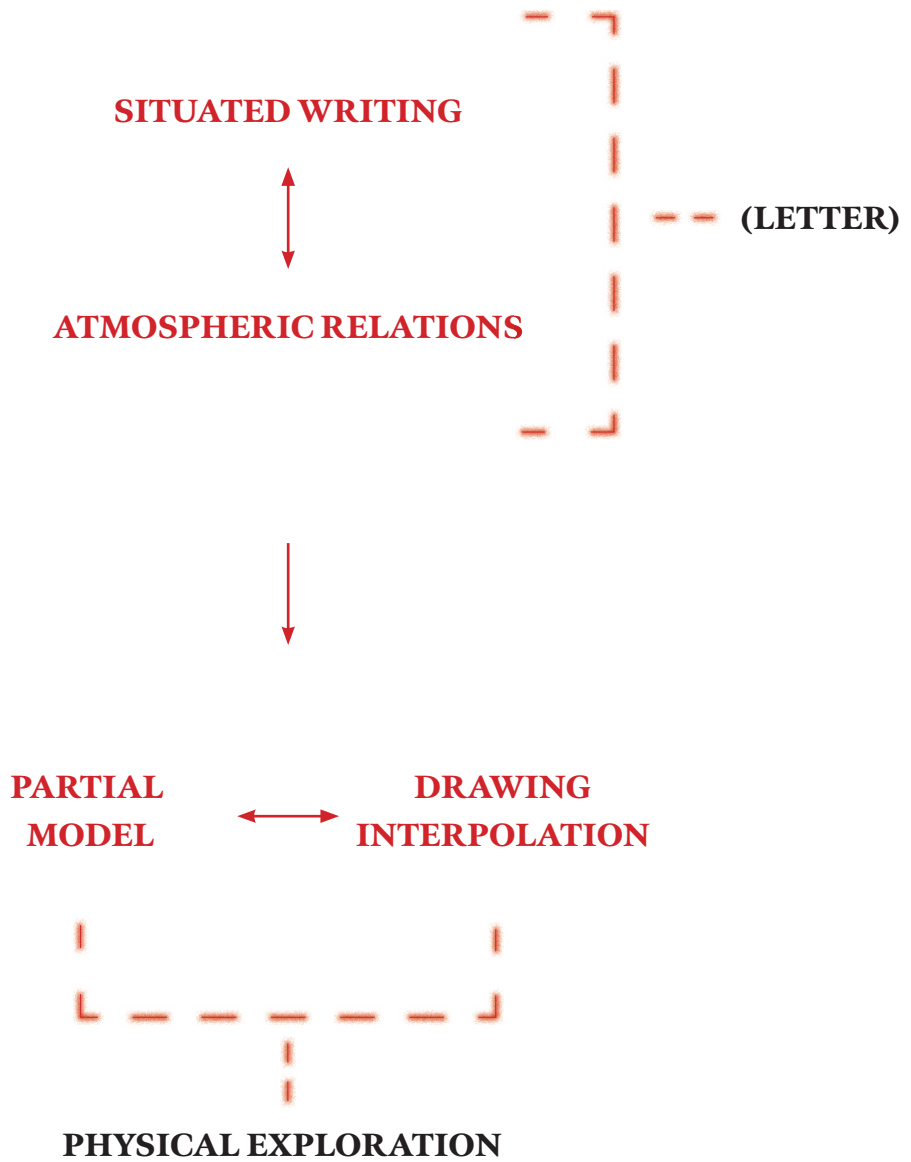


DIAGRAM: RESULTING METHOD OF EXPLORATION

RESEARCH RELEVANCE

The studio of Incipient Raum became a space for personal reflections, tests, and experiments – in general, a high outcome of unexpected knowledge between all the students in the studio and our supervisor Tomas Ooms. This thesis specifically mix's themes of environmental philosophy, phenomenology, and queer ecology, questioning the categorization of nature. It mixes media from photography, video, drawing, collages to creative writing - which results in a performative learning outcome.

Throughout the master's studies, a general atmosphere of uncertainty lies above many students and around the topic of the future as an architect. What can we build? Should we still build? Is architecture still a building practice? What kind of practice do I want to work in?

From a personal perspective, the thesis became a travel through many worlds. It opened many doors, but also helped me to guide how I want to practice. Besides a spatial design, it helped me to keep in mind, that architecture can also be a practice which guides through the existing world.

How does the world look through dust?

What is the relation between nature and culture? The representation of nature - by culture?

What does architecture as a situated practice look like?

What are the relations between language, writing, drawing, and architecture?



READING: HILDE BOUCHEZ' „A WILD THING“, 09.2023

Annexe

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.

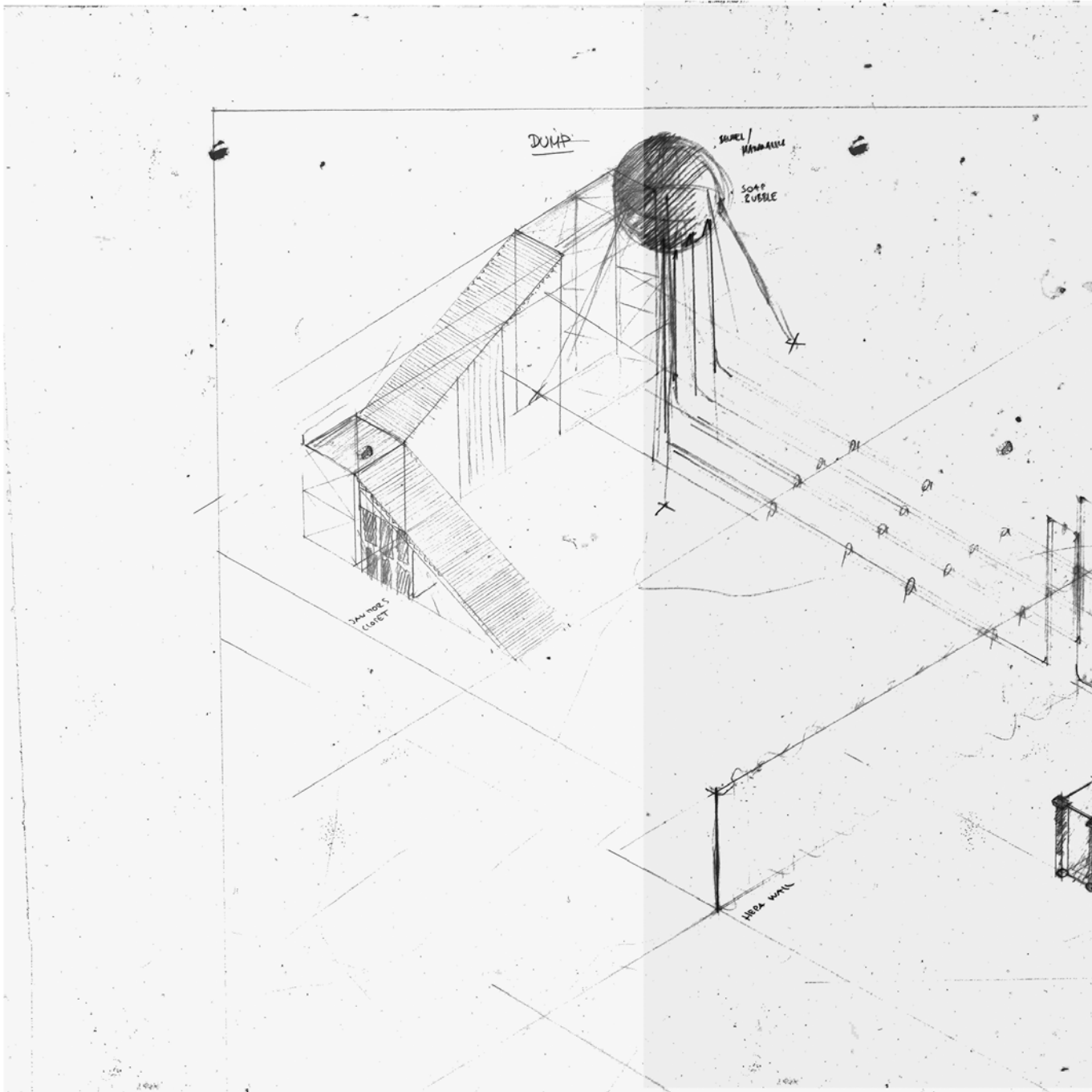
It has been a year since I came last time. Now, even darker, I put my mask on while entering. I feel the dry air in my eyes, which must have been like this for some time, there was no rain. It connects to the

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

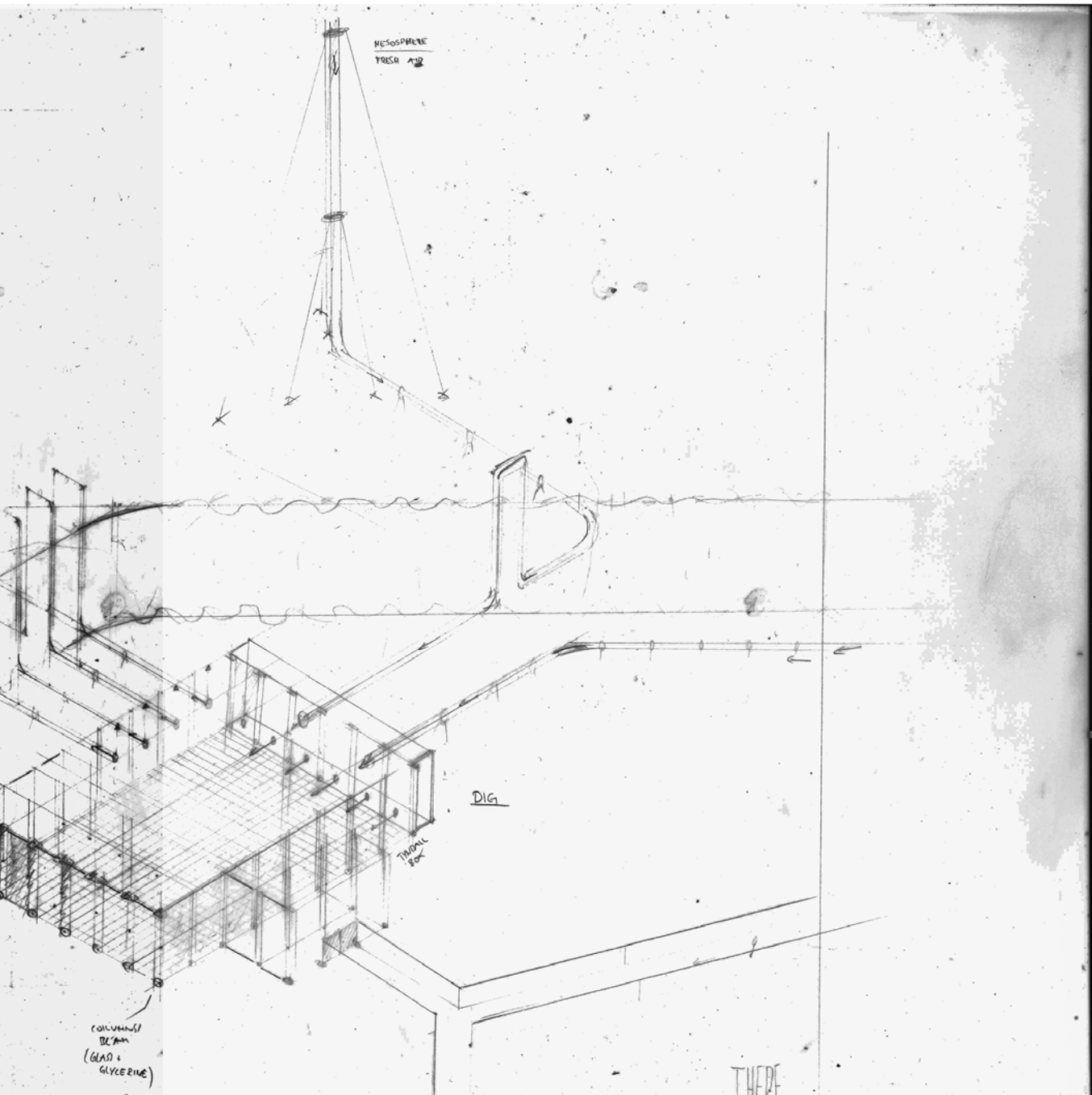
The light from outside shines through holes in the roof, which reflects and remains the only thing I can see. The global wind and the global dust connect to my void, my skin, my lung, and my eyes.

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.

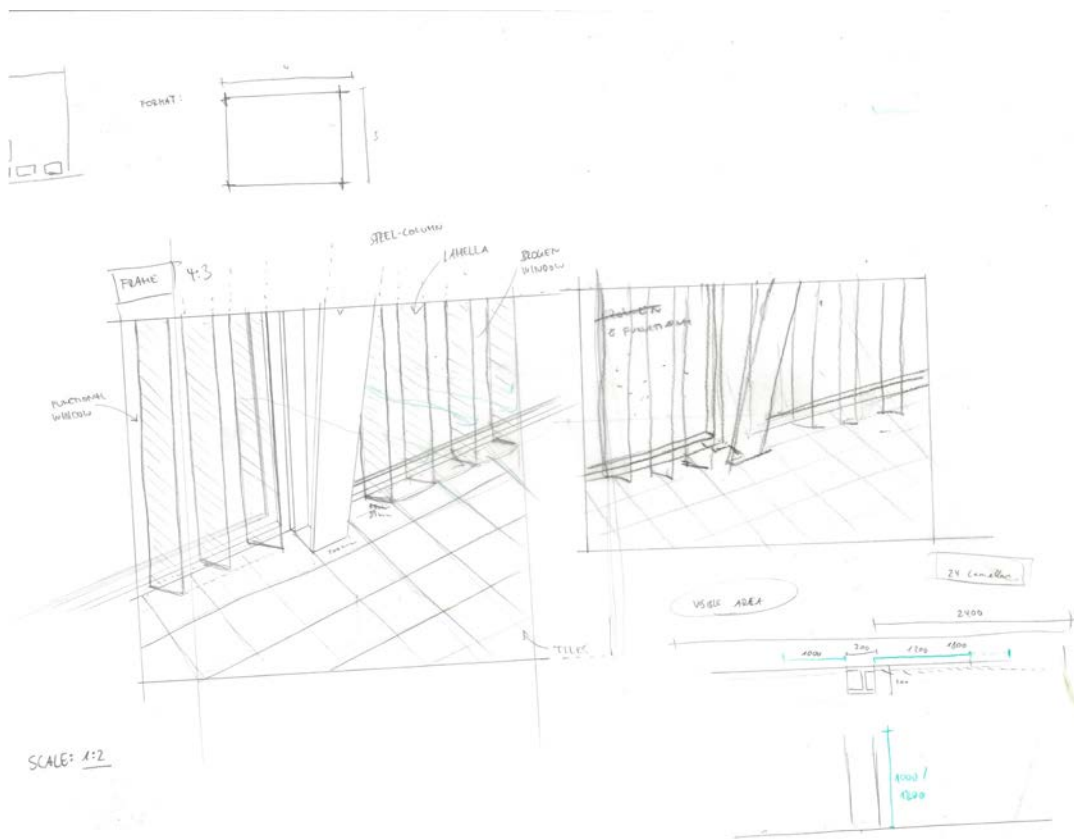
I leave the structure. My eyes slowly adapt to the daylight and see the wall on the other side of the street, that I know now, connects to the million particles between me and this wall.



ALLEGORICAL LANDSCAPE FIRST SKETCH
PENCIL ON TRACE PAPER 60cm x 30cm

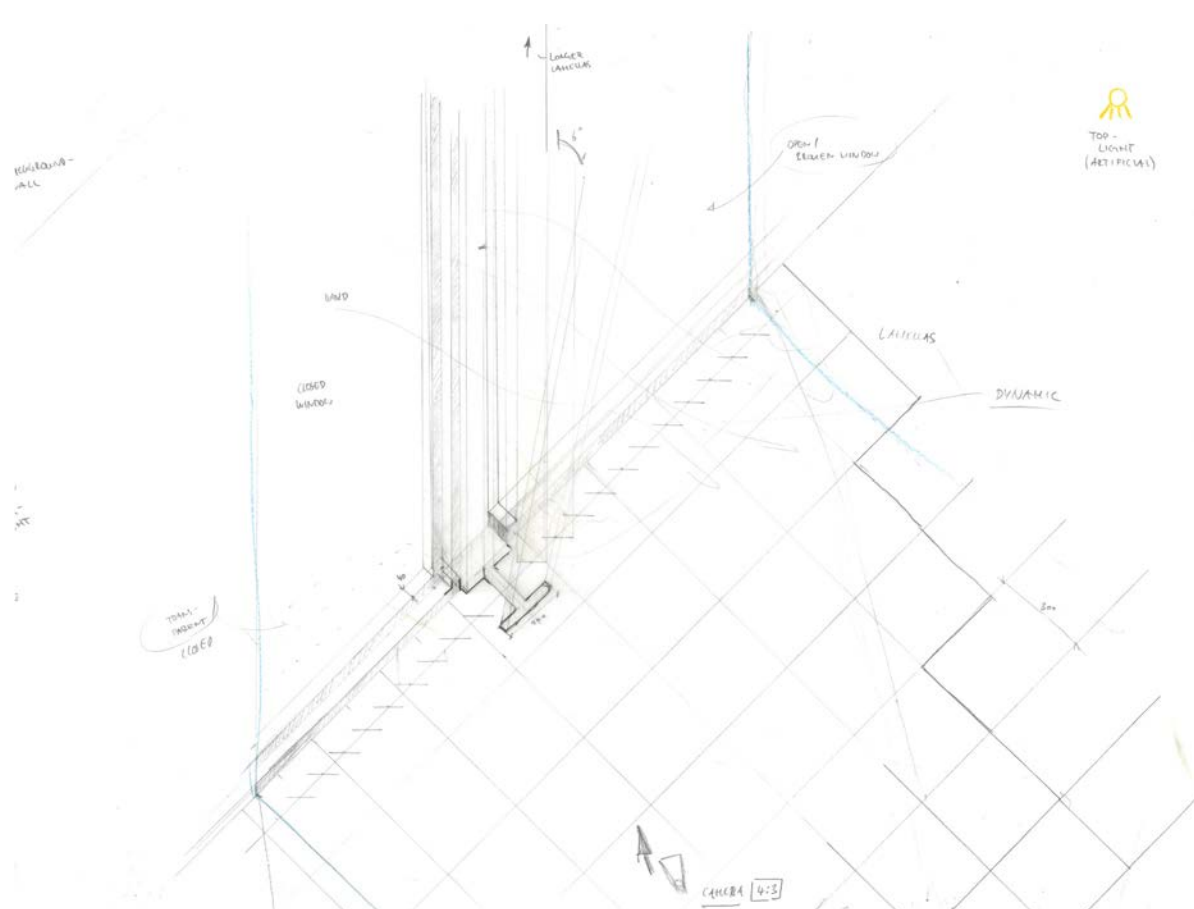
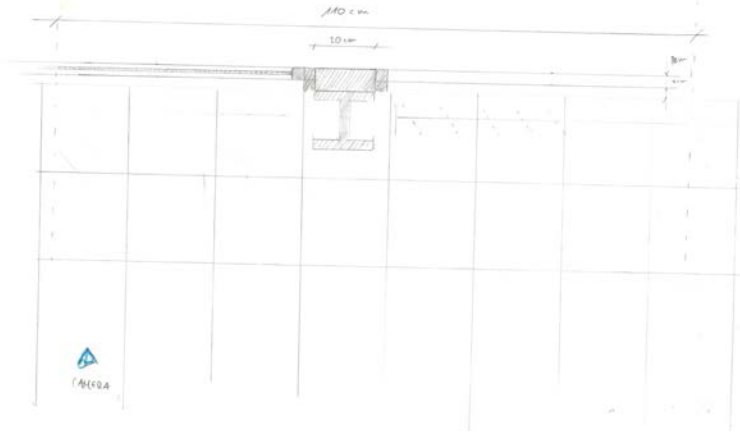


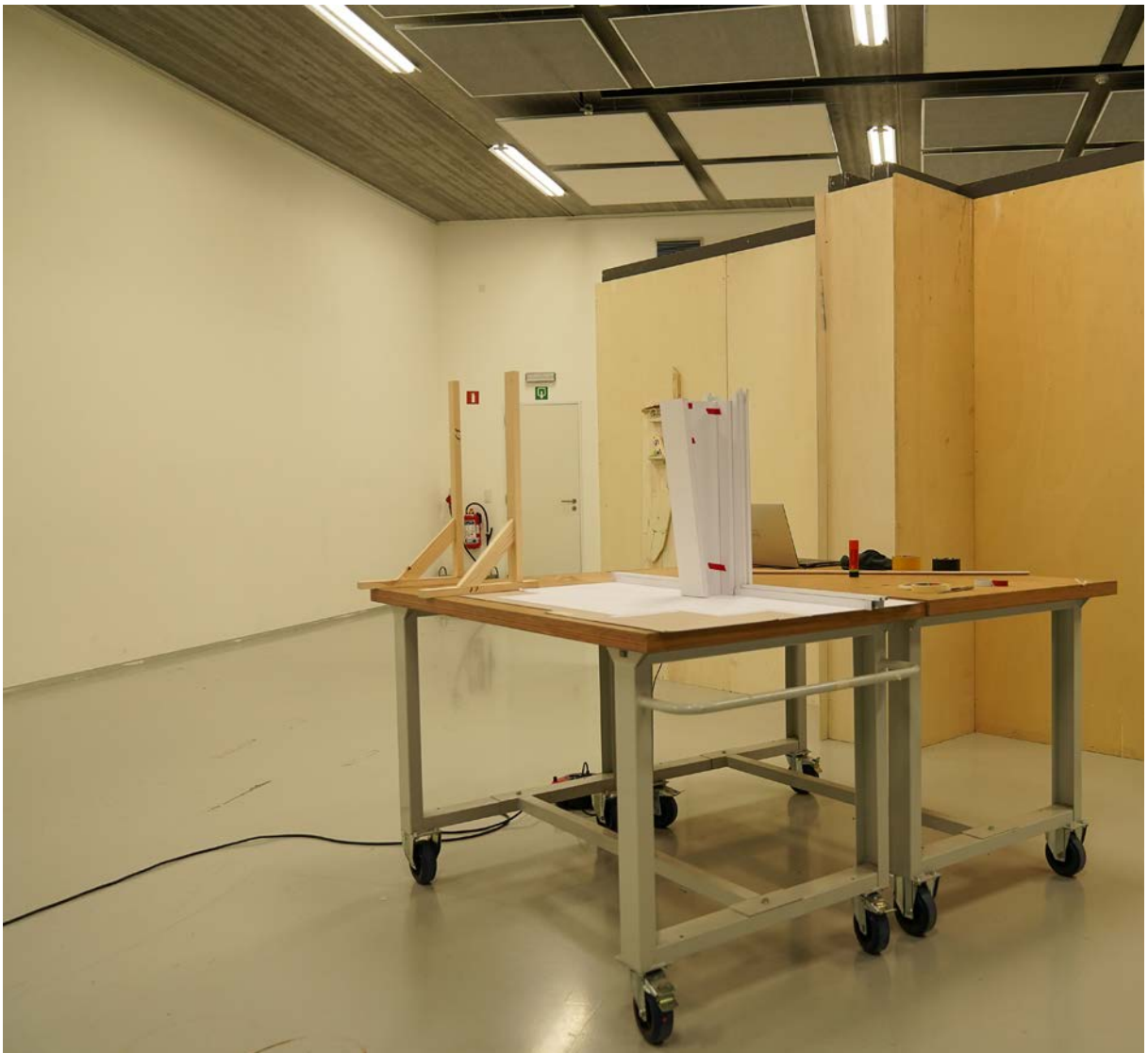
The 1:2 model was built as a photographic model to stage the very moment and temporal change when dust comes through a broken window. In that way, it tries to illustrate a moment while re-creating a clean and pure white scene with a small interruption of dust.

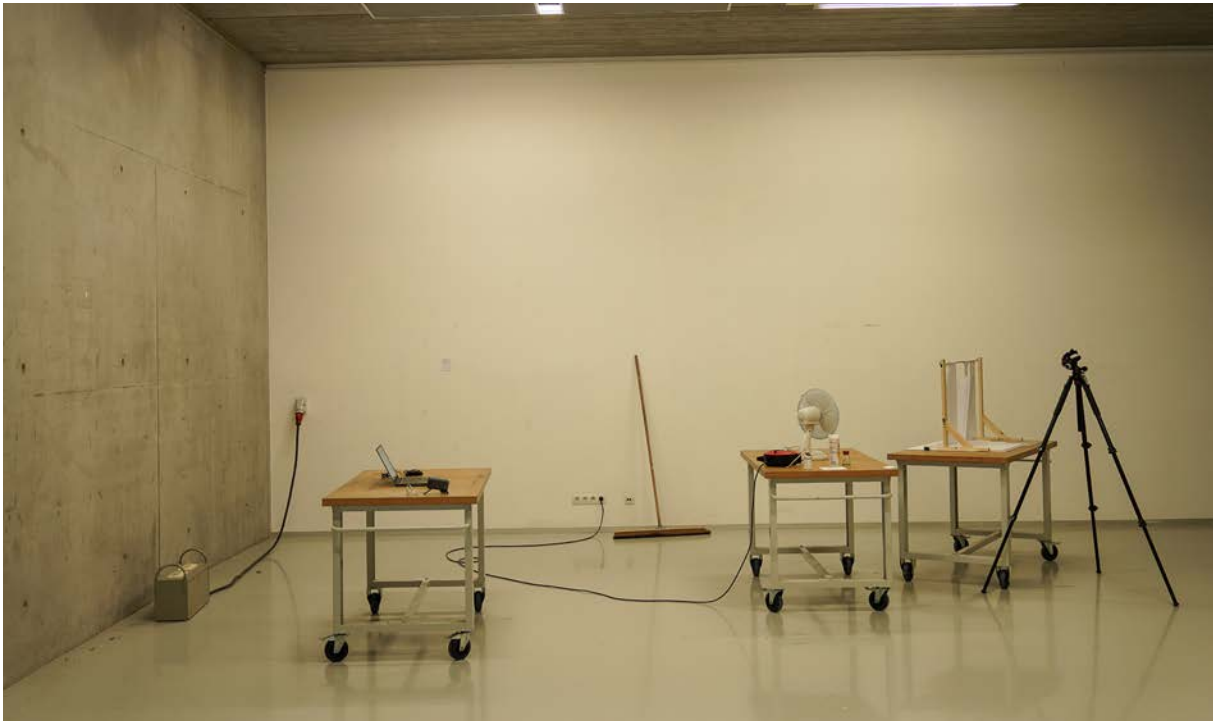


**DUSTY DETAIL 1:2
SKETCHES**

A-2



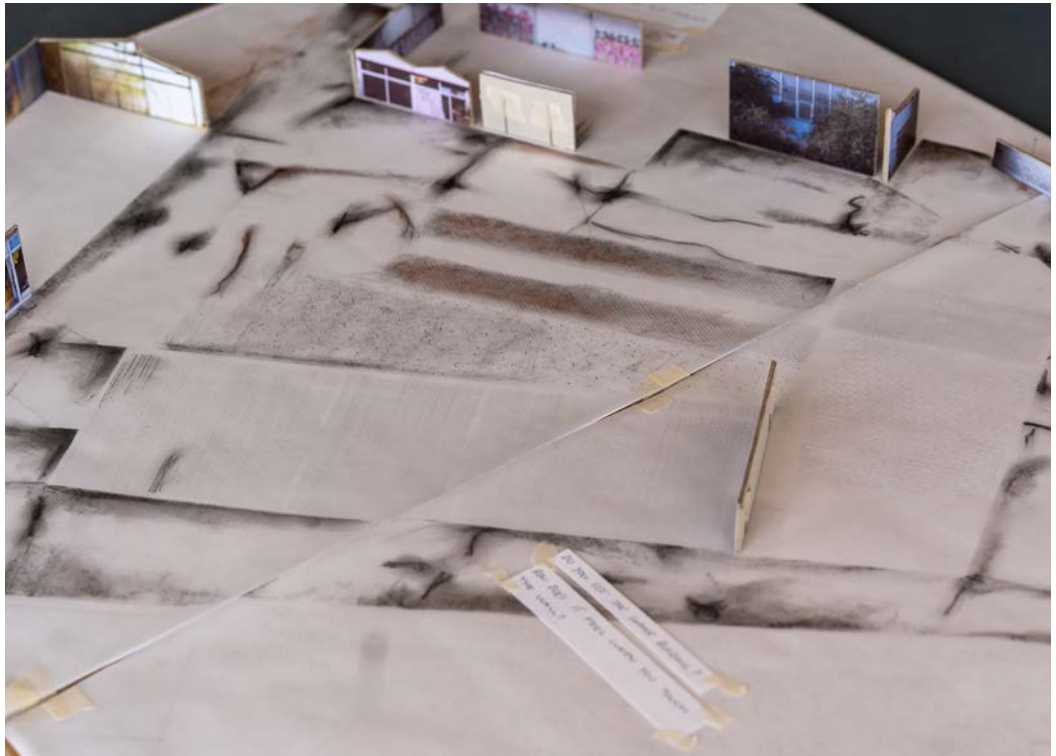


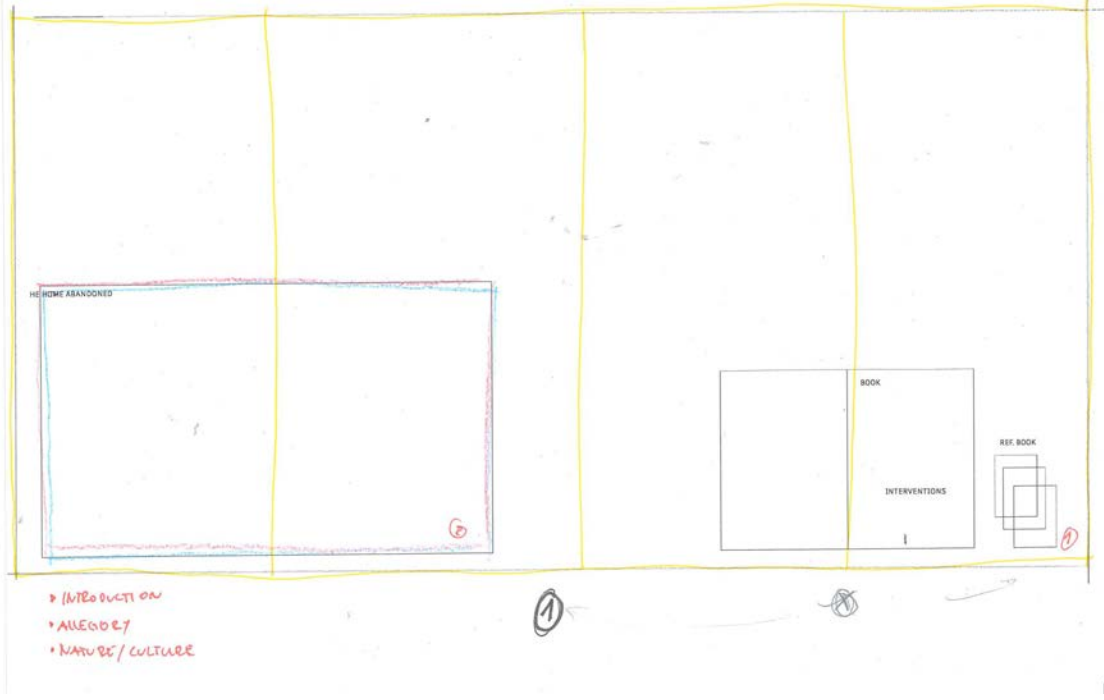


**DUSTY DETAIL 1:2
SET**

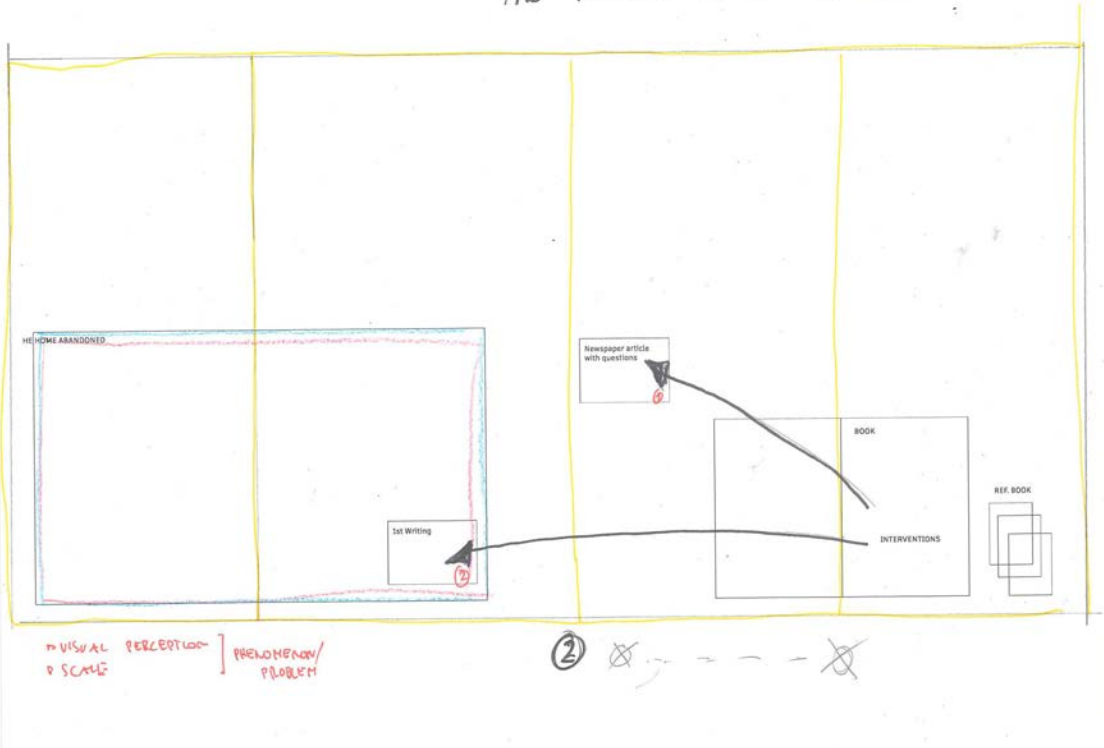
**PHOTO-MODEL 1:150
DUST GROUND PLAN, PHOTOGRAPHS**



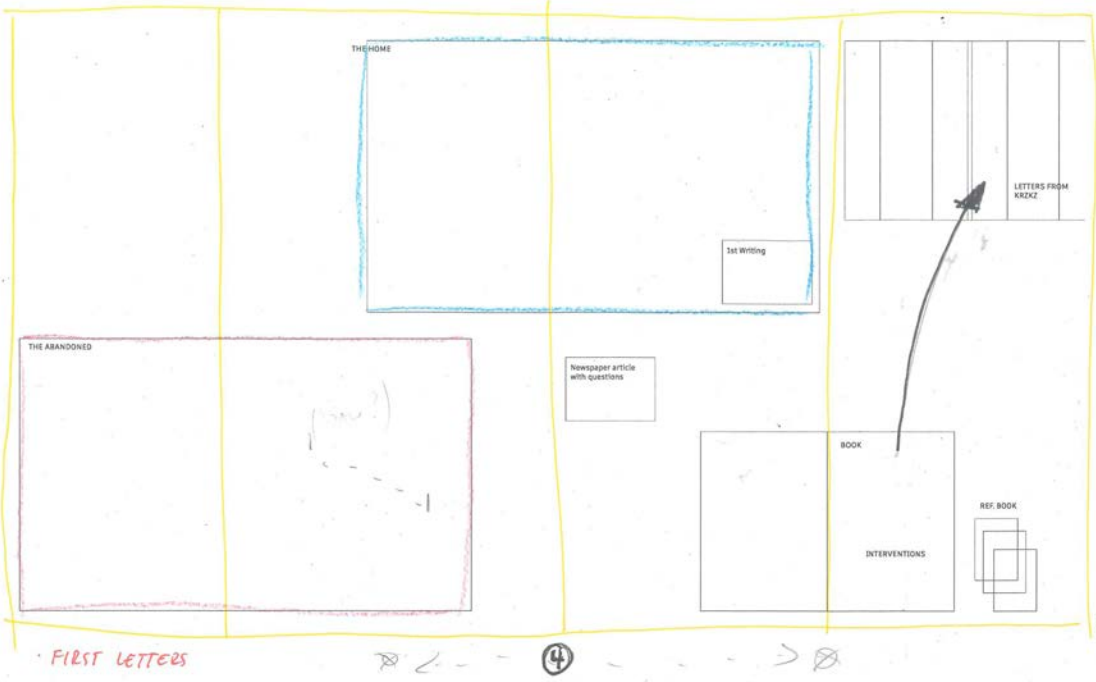
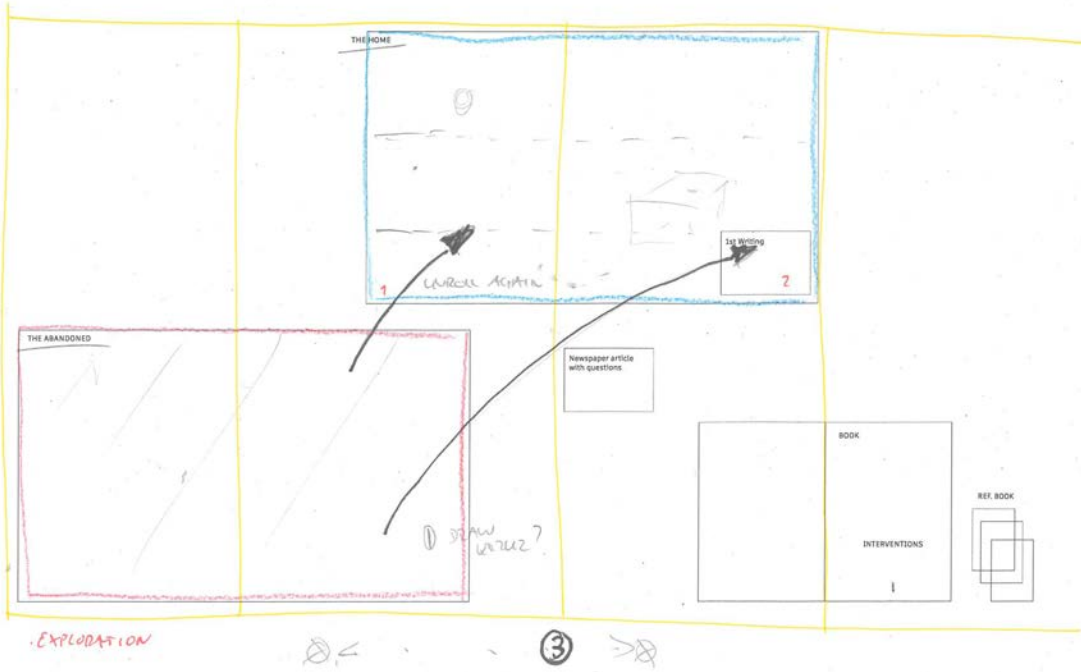


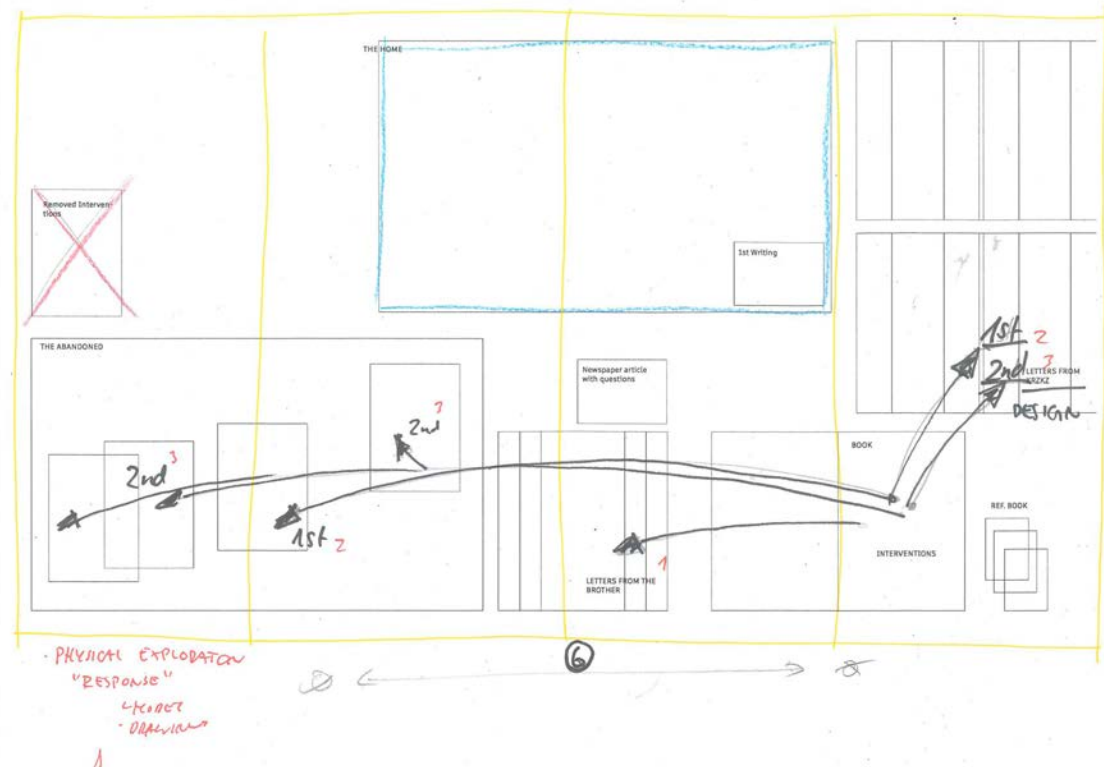
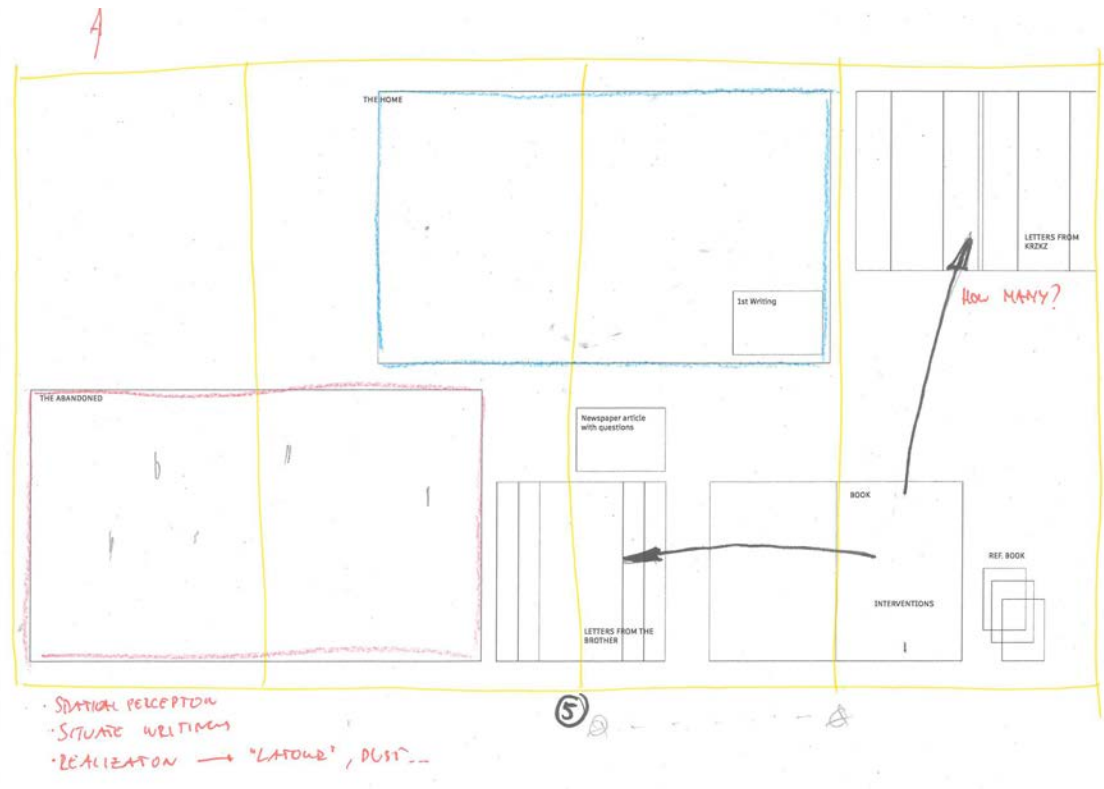


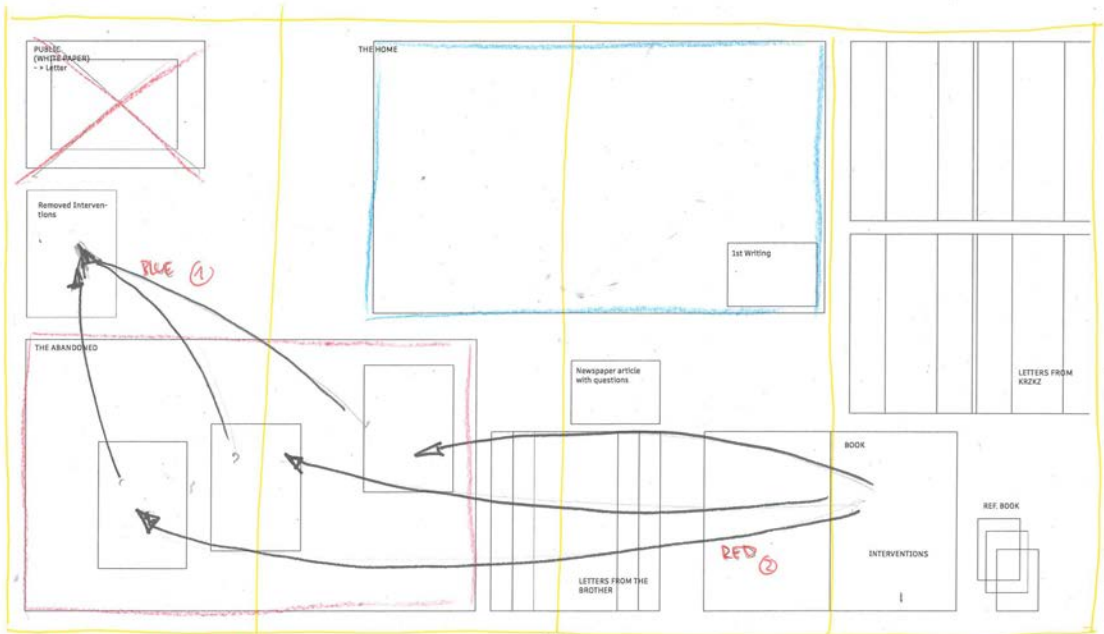
THE DISTANCE OF THE EARTH



„THE DISTANCE OF THE EARTH“
 STORYBOARD SKETCHES WITH 4 TABLES
 PERFORMATIVE LEARNING

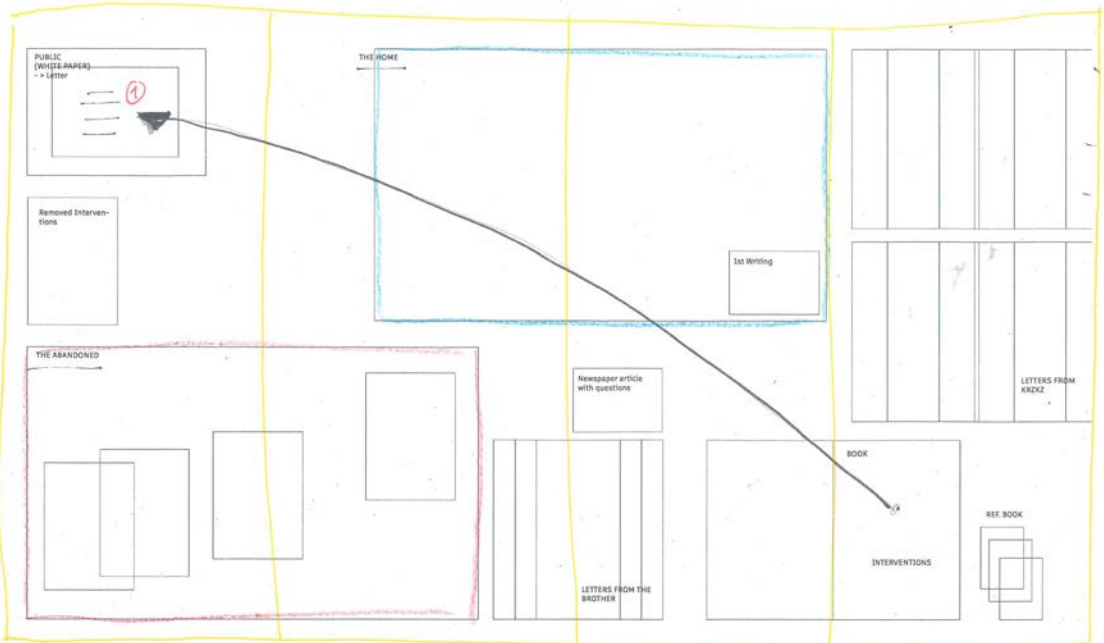






TEMPORARY -> PERMANENT

7



ENDING / REPLETION

8

Conversation with Neighbor at the entrance of the site in Graz
08.12.23

What has been here before?

It's been for 30 years a car repair shop. Closed for around 4-5 years. Before there was a carpentry workshop. The houses behind are quite new as well, as there was a small factory before. In its long history, this has been a paper mill. So, the location has always been connected to industrial work, waste. Sometimes it was quite loud and smelly, but always friendly and easy going.

I know about the plans of this location, multistory housing, with an underground parking lot and new outside planning as well. Your plot is also within this planned masterplan. What is your opinion on it?

I will not move. This location, as well as my parents next to me in the house like this area and will not move for the investment. This back and forth is going on for a while.

With the leaving of the car repair workshop, new animals, and plants habitat here in the plot, have you felt this?

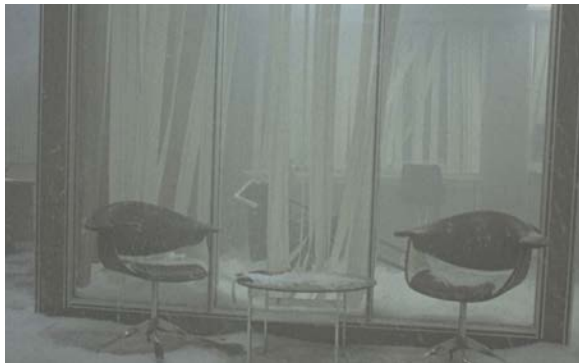
It's amazing, we see many hedgehogs, mice, birds, foxes, running through our plot into the greenery and resting there. I guess the quietness and darkness at night makes it very comfortable to create a nest around.

We would like to see other proposals, keep the low infrastructure as it is. It is the last oasis in Graz, the last open field where the ground lets air through. If you come in summer down this road, there is a temperature drop of 5°. The open fields let the cold wind pass through – it's amazing. Graz is concreting itself down to all. Let this oasis be as it is.

The whole journey was influenced by many references, speeches, and talks. I want to highlight some of the debates which weren't fully related to the topic, but I looked back a lot while working on "There is dust on my paper".

Nulle part





(15)PATRICK BERNATCHEZ, „I FEEL COLD TODAY“, FILM COULEUR, 16 MM, 2007.

Z and E wait just a little ways off. I catch them up. E wants fries, but there'll be nothing nearby open this late, or this early. I offer to make something. E does one of her brilliant post-rave reviews. I say she should do a blog, and Z instantly agrees. It's not lost on me that two white trans women who other white people used to treat as men are encouraging a Black cis woman

to just do a thing
follow an impulse
promises of ongoing

I'm thinking of
the meal that E is
sweet exhaustion
The body just gives
audio earplugs or

The next morning
be sexual anymore

drops. I'd been living in the fantasy of a desire. That someone would fill a small part of a lack. If only every now and then, if only for a little while. One should not hope for things, least of all ongoingness.

I take a while to respond. I'm trying to be cool, but I get pissy. Then regret it. Then I think about what good rave crew she is. I'll ask her to go dancing again, not soon but someday, but just for the dancing. And I want to know about her damage. That's what friends do, right? Friends know about our damage. Friends have each other's keys. Even rave friends, who can be intense but temporary.

What's to really be wanted, or needed? The rave need not be a space of desire at all.⁸ Just a space that might open sometimes toward enlustment. But lusts edge onto aggression, violence,

unboundedness. That creep who followed E around. Was I a creep? Did I press on this girl too hard? Oh no! I made a bold move. I thought the signs were clear. In the sober morning, I still think they were. All she said is there's no ongoingness to that. As there really isn't to many things at all.

I'm trying to write about practice, about practice in a situation. A situation is not a story. The thing about autofiction as a kind of writing is that if it's honest, stories never really end with the happy ever ongoingness. Something always dies. Even if just a flicker of useless desire.

...of time. That we have is the sideways time of the now, a latent destiny. A time for which the rave is the aesthetic form, a metonymic part.

I'm writing, furiously, alone in my bed. About J, about that rave. For no reason, or maybe just as a reason to pass through this sadness. A tear splats on the keyboard. I've not been able to write since I transitioned, so it feels good to feel bad about it all while writing.

Phone buzzes. It's Margret. She texts to ask me about doing a book for this series on practices that she edits. Giving in to a manic impulse I say yes if it can be this: *Raving*. But how to write a book about raving as practice that is itself a rave practice? Usually, one writes for a future, for ongoingness. A rave just goes until it stops. Sometimes when the police arrive.

I was texting my friend Eva Hayward about it all morning. I don't know if some of these lines are hers or mine. A good conversation is also a rave that way, the blending, edgeless dance. It goes and then stops.

Problem with being human these days is that our subjectivity never adds up. The subject is always split, always divided, feels it lacks. You can spend years in therapy working through that. Or become a raver. Get out of your head, merge into k-time. Take some hard lefts. Drives go off in at least three directions: ravespace, xeno-euphoria, enlustment.

Maybe there's still more kinds of dissociation one can practice.

Maybe there's still more kinds of dissociation one can practice. Practice, like an art. Maybe dissociation could be its own aesthetic category.⁹ Not specifically a trans thing but something at which we're virtuosos.

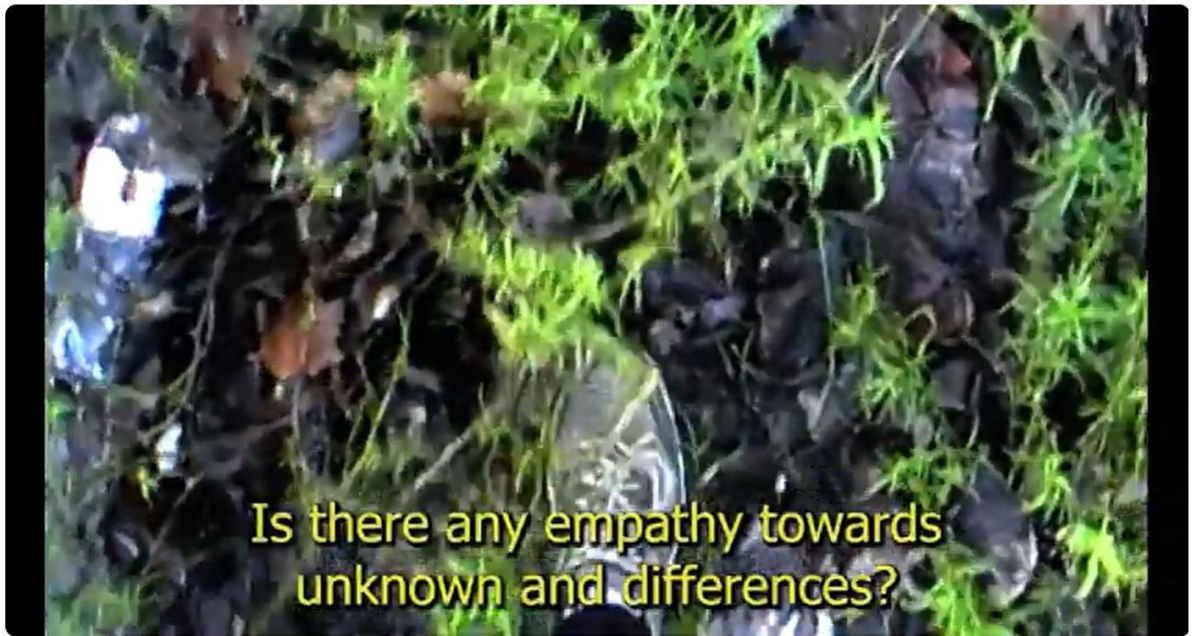
maybe there's more. No point desiring them. If they're to be had, they happen.

At the rave, in any of these states, there's just the situation. As with writing, in any of its states. When there's just the situation of language itself. No ongoingness. Like the rave, writing is a practice where I can go and get free, of dysphoria, of sadness, of useless desire. The work is the cum stain of its inception.¹¹

practice of pleasure, of play, that opens to expansive need, in selves and others.

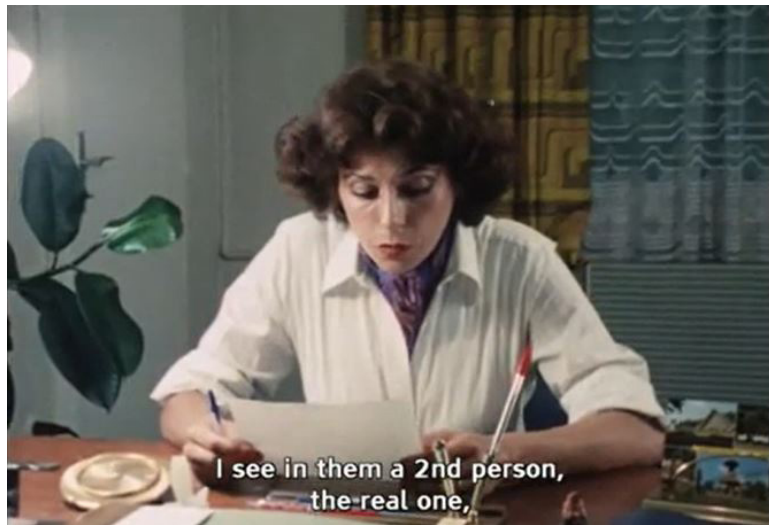
I throw myself into experiences, felt as sensations, parsed as perceptions—out of which might emerge concepts.² Let's think of concepts as *resonant abstractions*. Like diagrams, they gather perceptions into fields, patterns, rhythms, under a name. A name that will now work more like a chord than a note in a sentence. Resonating with concordant perceptions, of the surround.

(16) MCKANZIE WARK, „RAVING“, 2022.





**(17) TOM KOHRS, „RUDERAL READYMADES: INVASIVENATIVE“,
2023.**



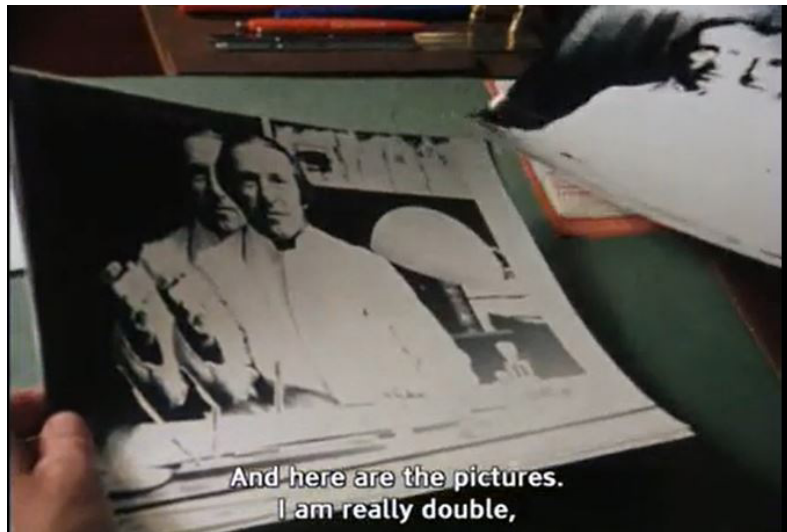
I see in them a 2nd person,
the-real one,



Was the Mirror broken somehow?
-No!



People keep telling me there's
no such thing as what I see.



(18) VALIE EXPORT, „INVISIBLE ADVERSARIES“ (GERMAN: UNSICHTBARE GEGNER), MOVIE, 1977.

- IMAGE → IDEOLOGIES → NORMATIVITY?
↳ QUESTION OF RE-PRODUCTION!

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The back/-cover shows two images opposite each other.
Both are riso-printed and scanned.
One is a photograph of a cloud, one is the exhaust of the paper mill Sappi in Graz, Austria.

TOM KOHRS