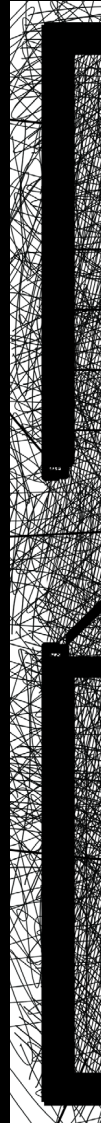


so that what you thought you knew was something completely different.



Apartment 432.
kim lüttich

These words cannot be taken literally.

Space has long been seen as being a monolithic whole, a monolithic hull which is grounded in the perception of four walls. Space, however is not quite so trivial, not quite so clinical. Instead, it is an entity of many: beings, forms, phrases, phases, scales. It is not confined nor defined by its boundaries but rather by its intestines; itself is a being. This is a story of an x-ray of Itself, in time and through time, with scale to itself and to others. It is a reel of its life, in real life.

This is a beginning. Or at least that's what I think.

| | |
|---------|--|
| i | But this |
| | is not the end. |
| i i | First, something like a draft disturbs dust, |
| | picks plaster, unsettles papers |
| 0 1 | gathers into a breeze, darkens into a wind, |
| | a gust. |
| 0 2 | Then the walls collapse. |
| | Its long fingers drape, hang |
| | (In the middle of the room, the midst of the things) |
| 0 3 | It demands |
| | Space. |
| 0 4 | Don't forget, It says, |
| | time is as confining as Space. |
| | It surveys the Emptiness, |
| | graces the floor, gnarls, |
| 0 5 | looks at her straight in the eye and - |
| | - |
| 0 6 | The walls snap back. The windows bang closed. |
| | There never was a window there before. |
| 0 7 | The Vastness is a severed circle, |
| | half over, half on, the Space's oily skin. |
| i i i | She reaches out, right there |
| | startled by her hunger for It. |
| i v | Startled by |
| | her own Unknown. |
| v | Don't forget, It says, |
| | this is the world of the Unknowing Known. |
| v i | This is the world |
| | of experimentation, |
| v i i | of bubbling and blubbering concoctions, |
| | reaching, dripping... |
| v i i i | But this |
| | is not the End. |

But this
is not the End.

I started this project trying to define what Space is, what Space was. I quickly learned that it was a lot more complicated than that. And so I did precisely that which I had been so relieved not to have to do: I built. Little empires, little vessels; at war, in war; complete destruction; complete construction.

And as the virus waged on, my apartment became my laboratory. A place of constant creation, exploration, miscalculation. Here I was, in my apartment, seeing things for the first time. I saw tea leaves, and coffee, baby grains of sand being led to the playground by their parents. I saw highways of dust, all meeting at the same pullout. I saw bouquets of miniscule water droplets, floating, hovering, until they mysteriously vanished, only to reappear again later.

It became something greater than I could ever have known. And it certainly is not over. This is a working document, an instrument to be amended all on its own.

This project has become so much more than I could ever have thought I could do. I owe many thanks to Thena, Yek-ta, Tom, and Mahina.

First, something like a draft disturbs dust,
picks plaster, unsettles papers

list of figures

*All documentation produced by: Blake Nuit, Carol Gerret, Doreen Usta, Ferda Fhly, Isabella Fiwfe, Patryk Knut, Frida Oot, Georgia Laetin, Grant Lio, Lorenzo Light, Oliver Aire, Peter Apier, Ralph Quabge, Renae Htoo, Sean Cactiu, Sol Cuchara or B.I.O.H.A. Press is being used with the permission of the attributed artists.

| | |
|---------|---|
| Fig. 1 | A Slice of the Door of Apartment 432 From Dust, Showing Debris, with the Door Being Open, Author, 2021; Title Page. |
| Fig. 2 | A Picture of A Jumble of Words, Unheard and Misunderstood, Author, 2020; p.i. |
| Fig. 3 | A Growth, Without a Tumour, Lorenzo Light et al. 3.603B; p.2. |
| Fig. 4 | The Light Spills Into a Window and Grows, Lorenzo Light et al. 3.603B; p.3. |
| Fig. 5 | Peace Has Left and Chaos Returns, Light Continues to Grow, Lorenzo Light et al. 3.603B; p.4. |
| Fig. 6 | The Enemies Are Encroaching, The Light Still Grows, Lorenzo Light et al., 3.603B; p.5. |
| Fig. 7 | Will There Be Peace, Undecided, The Light is Growing More Slowly, Lorenzo Light et al., 3.603B; p.6. |
| Fig. 8 | The School Bus Line, From the House Across the Street, Renae Htoo, 4.534B; p.10. |
| Fig. 9 | Everything is Disappearing Only to Reappear Again and Again and Probably Again, Oliver Aire, 400M; p.14. |
| Fig. 10 | A View From the Sleep, But Not Everyone is Here and Not Everyone is Sleeping, Doreen Usta, 360; p.18. |
| Fig. 11 | Before the Next Session Started but After the Last One Ended, Carol Gerret, 82; p.22. |
| Fig. 12 | The Rush Between the Dark (or so) and the Other Dark (and wet), Sol Cuchara, 175842; p.26. |
| Fig. 13 | Everything is in Chaos and This is an Imprint of It, Frida Oot et al., 13-21; p.30. |
| Fig. 14 | Map Showing Different Networks and the Cloud Behind Them, Isabella Fiwfe, 289467; p.34. |
| Fig. 15 | Dust, Under the Couch, Before the War, Doreen Usta et al., 10e18; p.38. |
| Fig. 16 | Dust, Under the Couch, During the War, Doreen Usta et al., 10e19.5; p.39. |

Fig. 17 Dust, Under the Couch, After the War,
Doreen Usta et al., 10e20; p.40.

Fig. 18 Moisture Hitting the Window, Shock,
Renaе Htoo et al., 22369; p.41.

Fig. 19 Moisture Sunbathing on the Window,
Slowly, Renaе Htoo et al., 22369.11; p.42.

Fig. 20 Fruit Fly Flying Around Its Earth, A
Cactus, Ferda Fhly and Sean Cactiu,
8mil.37; p.43.

Fig. 21 Darkness Meeting Lightness, Along the
Carpet, Lorenzo Light and Blake Nuit,
4.603B; p.44.

Fig. 22 Darkness Ate Lightness, Along the Carpet,
Lorenzo Light and Blake Nuit,
4.603B; p.45.

Fig. 23 Drawing of a Drawing of the Plan of
Apartment 432, Author, 2021; p.47.

Fig. 24 Photograph of Apartment 432 with
Instruments in Place, Author, 2021; p.48.

Fig. 25 Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of
Instrument 001, Author, 2021; p.51.

Fig. 26 Photograph of Instrument 001 from the
Kitchen, Author, 2021; p.52.

Fig. 27 Details of Instrument 001, View Through
the Panel, Author, 2021; p.53.

Fig. 28 Details of Instrument 001, Looking Up
Along the Panels, Author, 2021; p.53.

Fig. 29 Details of Instrument 001, Looking North
Along the Panels, Author, 2021; p.53.

Fig. 30 Drawing of a Photograph of a Plan of
Instrument 002, Author, 2021; p.57.

Fig. 31 Stitched Picture of a Timelapse Montage of
Instrument 002 in Apartment 432, Author,
2021; p.58.

Fig. 32 Collage of Scans of Carbon Copy Paper
Components of Instrument 002 (1:1 scale of
Apartment 432 just not in this reproduction),
Author, 2021; p.59.

Fig. 33 Detail of Collage of Scans of Carbon Copy
Paper Components of Instrument 002,
Detail of Component #284, Patryk Knut,
2021; p.60.

Fig. 34 Detail of Collage of Scans of Carbon Copy
Paper Components of Instrument 002,
Detail of Component #235, Patryk Knut,
2021; p.60.

Fig. 35 Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of
Instrument 003, Author, 2021; p.63.

Fig. 36 Detail of Drawing of a Photograph of an
Elevation of Instrument 003, Component
01, Author, 2021; p.64.

Fig. 37 Detail of Drawing of a Photograph of an
Elevation of Instrument 003, Component
02, Author, 2021; p.64.

Fig. 38 Detail of Drawing of a Photograph of an
Elevation of Instrument 003, Component
03, Author, 2021; p.64.

Fig. 39 Photograph of Components 01, 02, and 03
of Instrument 003 In-Situ, Author, 2021;
p.65.

Fig. 40 Photograph of Components 01, 02, and 03
of Instrument 003 In-Situ, Author, 2021;
p.65.

Fig. 41 Detail of Component 02 of Instrument 003,
Author, 2021; p.65.

Fig. 42 Detail of Component 01 of Instrument 003,
Author, 2021; p.65.

Fig. 43 Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of
Instrument 004, Author, 2021; p.69.

Fig. 44 Instrument 004 In-Situ (with Instrument
003 in background and Instrument 005 in
foreground), Author, 2021; p.70.

Fig. 45 Instrument 004 In-Situ (with Instrument
005 in the background), Author, 2021; p.71.

Fig. 46 Detail of Instrument 004 in the Valley,
Author, 2021; p.72.

Fig. 47 Detail of Instrument 004 on the Peak,
Author, 2021; p.72.

Fig. 48 Detail of Instrument 004 - Longitudinal,
Author, 2021; p.72.

Fig. 49 Detail of Instrument 004 in the Middle,
Author, 2021; p.72.

Fig. 50 Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of
Instrument 005, Author, 2021; p.75.

Fig. 51 Partial Elevation of Instrument 005, Author, 2021; p.76.

Fig. 52 Detail of Instrument 005 from Below, Author, 2021; p.76.

Fig. 53 Detail of Instrument 005 Showing Suspension Instrument, Author, 2021; p.78.

Fig. 54 Detail of Instrument 005, Author, 2021; p.78.

Fig. 55 Detail of Instrument 005, Author, 2021; p.78.

Fig. 56 Detail of Instrument 005 Showing Relationship to Floor, Author, 2021; p.78.

Fig. 57 Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of Instrument 006, Author, 2021; p.81.

Fig. 58 Photograph of Instrument 006 with a Visitor, Author, 2021; p.82.

Fig. 59 Plan Photograph of Instrument 006 with Breakfast, Author, 2021; p.82.

Fig. 60 Detail of Instrument 006, Author, 2021; p.83.

Fig. 61 Detail of Instrument 006, Author, 2021; p.83.

Fig. 62 Detail of Instrument 006, Author, 2021; p.83.

Fig. 63 Detail of Instrument 006 with Crumbs, Author, 2021; p.83.

Fig. 64 Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of the Office Underneath the Stairs in Apartment 432, Author, 2021; p.86.

Fig. 65 Plate II, Author, 2021; p.92.

Fig. 66 Meteorite Dust, Author, 2021; p.93.

Fig. 67 The Explosion of an Atomic Bomb 0.0016 milliseconds After the Trigger is Pressed, Author, 2021; p.95.

Fig. 68 Making of Instrument 001, The Panels are Hanging Part A, Author, 2021; p.101.

Fig. 69 Making of Instrument 001, A Real Close-Up with Blemishes, Author, 2021; p.101.

Fig. 70 Making of Instrument 001, The Panels are Drying, Author, 2021; p.101.

Fig. 71 Making of Instrument 001, The Back Will Never Be the Same, Author, 2021; p.101.

Fig. 72 Making of Instrument 001, The Panels are Hanging Part B, Author, 2021; p.101.

Fig. 73 Making of Instrument 001, The Sun is Tying to Get Through, Author, 2021; p.101.

Fig. 74 Making of Instrument 001, The Panels are Hanging Part C, Author, 2021; p.101.

Fig. 75 Making of Instrument 002, Panels are Everywhere and the Floor is Gone, Author, 2021; p.102.

Fig. 76 Making of Instrument 002, It Used to Be Clean, Author, 2021; p.102.

Fig. 77 Making of Instrument 002, A View from the Bedroom with a View to the Outside that is Reflected Back Inside 1, Author, 2021; p.102.

Fig. 78 Making of Instrument 002, A View from the Bedroom with a View to the Outside that is Reflected Back Inside 2, Author, 2021; p.102.

Fig. 79 Making of Instrument 003, The Blender and the Purple Mush, Author, 2021; p.105.

Fig. 80 Making of Instrument 003, A View of the Pulp Before It Got Stuck, Author, 2021; p.105.

Fig. 81 Making of Instrument 003, The Pulp After it Ripped the Paper, Author, 2021; p.105.

Fig. 82 Making of Instrument 003, More Pulp Again, Author, 2021; p.105.

Fig. 83 Making of Instrument 003, This Really Didn't Work or Always Use the Paper Part A, Author, 2021; p.105.

Fig. 84 Making of Instrument 003, This Really Didn't Work or Always Use the Paper Part A, Author, 2021; p.105.

Fig. 85 Making of Instrument 003, Everything Is Really Slow, Author, 2021; p.105.

Fig. 86 Making of Instrument 003, The End, Author, 2021; p.105.

Fig. 87 Making of Instrument 004, The View After 46 Hours, Author, 2021; p.106.

Fig. 88 Making of Instrument 004, The View After 22 Hours, Author, 2021; p.106.

Fig. 89 Making of Instrument 004, The Sun Is Playing, Author, 2021; p.106.

Fig. 90 Making of Instrument 004, I Spent a Week Making Straws, Author, 2021; p.106.

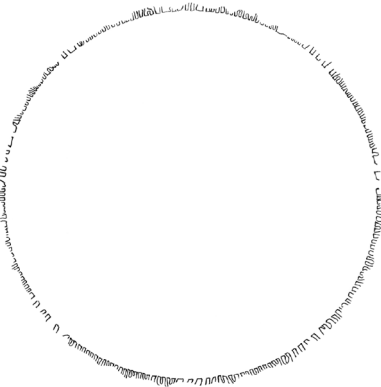
Fig. 91 Making of Instrument 005, The Gelatin is Almost Ready But It's Hard to Tell, Author, 2021; p.107.

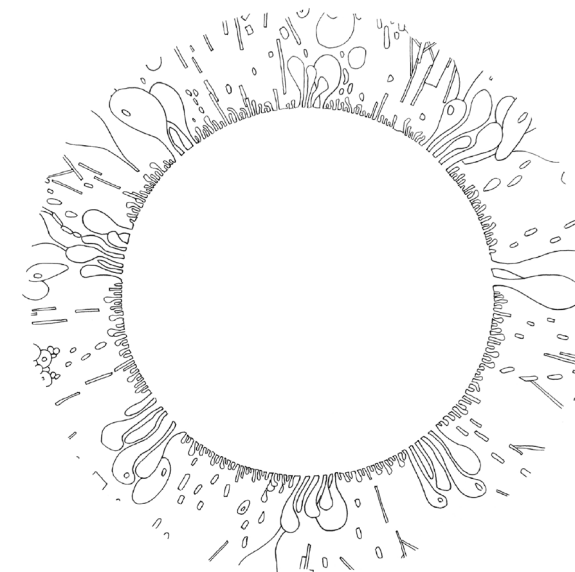
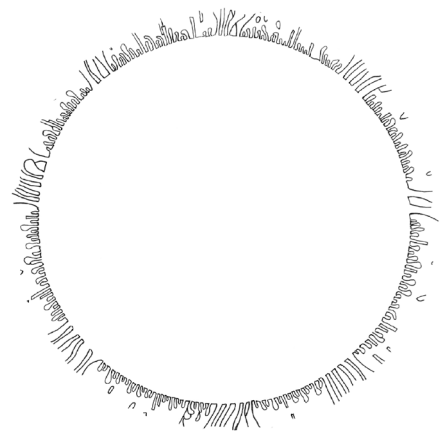
| | |
|----------|--|
| Fig. 92 | Making of Instrument 005. The Foam is Floating, Author, 2021; p.107. |
| Fig. 93 | Making of Instrument 005, Removing the Foam but Very Quickly, Author, 2021; p.107. |
| Fig. 94 | Making of Instrument 005. Trial 3 in Small Scale, Author, 2021; p.107. |
| Fig. 95 | Making of Instrument 005. Spreading the Gelatin Against the Border in Small Scale, Author, 2021; p.107. |
| Fig. 96 | Making of Instrument 005, View Before Realizing That Everything is Stuck in Large Scale, Author, 2021; p.107. |
| Fig. 97 | Making of Instrument 005, Some Beings Got Trapped But They Will Get Released, Author, 2021; p.107. |
| Fig. 98 | Making of Instrument 006, Before Things Got Wild (for the beings) in the Blender, Author, 2021; p.108. |
| Fig. 99 | Making of Instrument 006, After Things Got Wild and Some Beings Threw-Up, Author, 2021; p.108. |
| Fig. 100 | Making of Instrument 006, Everyone is Dry and Calm, Author, 2021; p.108. |
| Fig. 101 | Making of Instrument 006, The Deckle and Mould is Full But It's Not Right, Author, 2021; p.108. |
| Fig. 102 | Making of Instrument 006, The Deckle is Released, Author, 2021; p.108. |
| Fig. 103 | Making of Instrument 006, Everything Looks Good Version #237, Author, 2021; p.108. |
| Fig. 104 | Making of Instrument 006, The Sponge is Getting a Shave, Author, 2021; p.108. |
| Fig. 105 | Making of Instrument 006, The Babies are Drying and Everyone is Happy, Author, 2021; p.108. |
| Fig. 106 | Another Dimension, A Video of Apartment 432, Author, 2021; p.110. |
| Fig. 107 | Apartment 432 and Its Beings All Jumbled, In a Fisheye, Then Turned Around and Flattened, Author, 2021; p.111. |

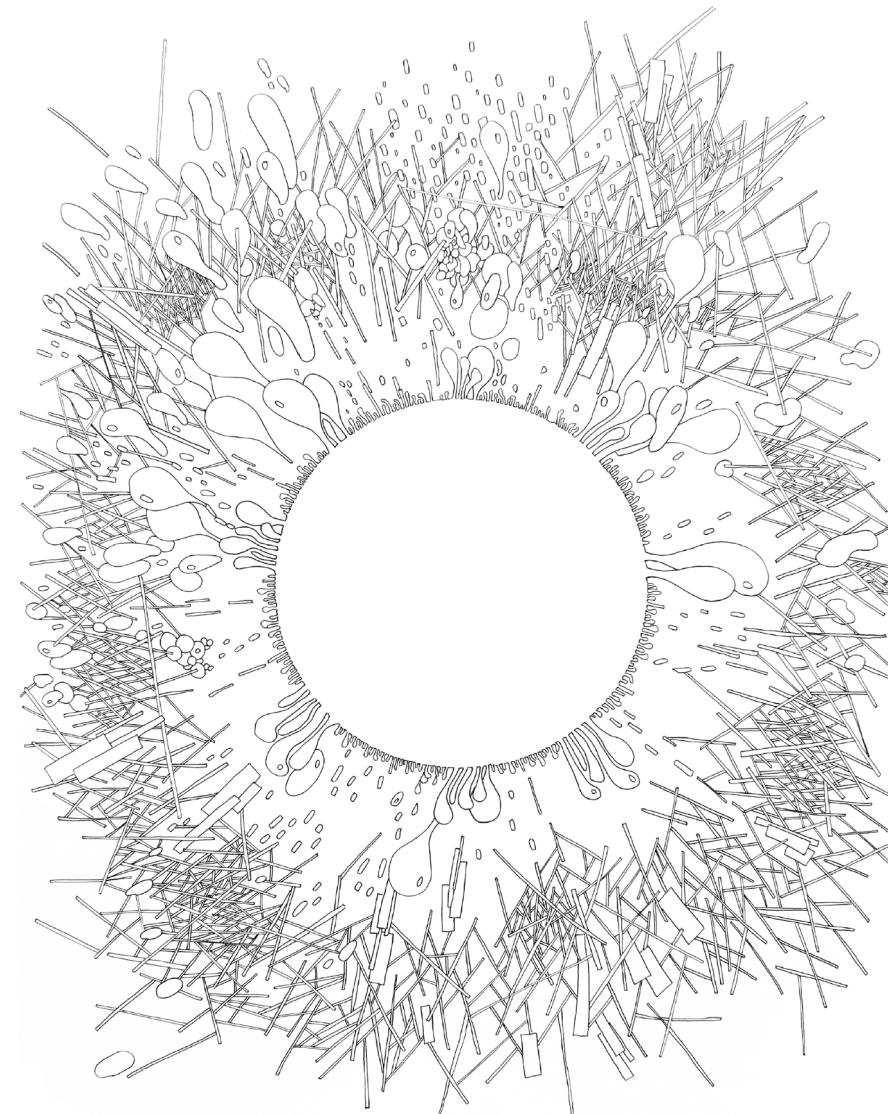
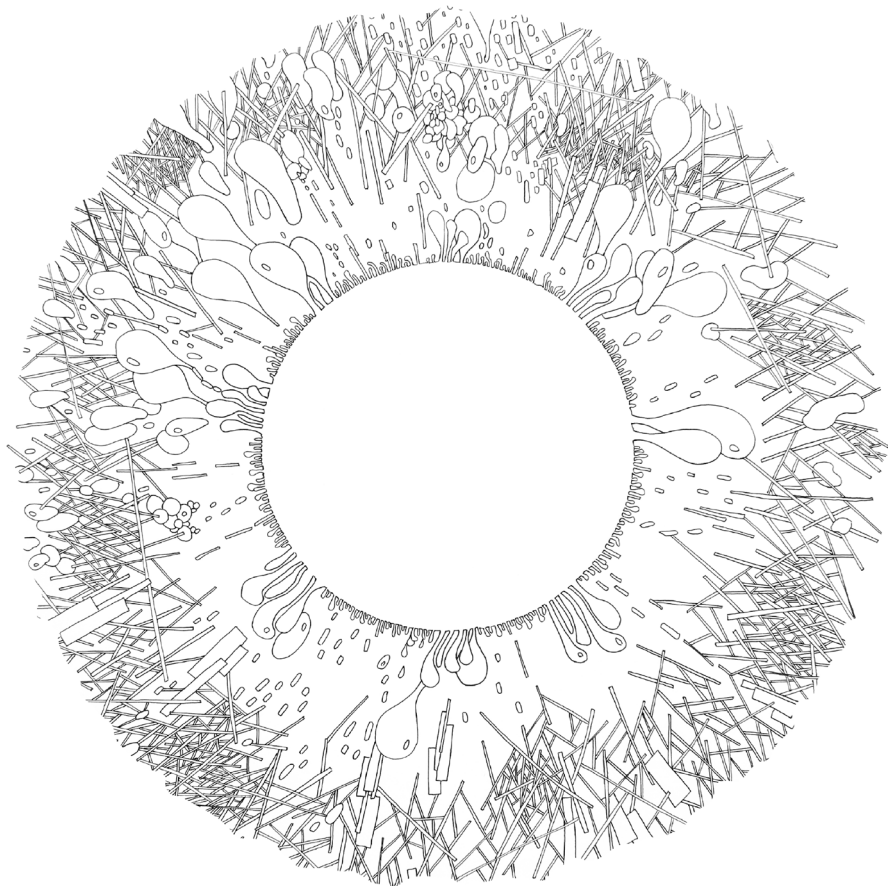
For everything who was told they never could. You can.

gathers into a breeze, darkens into a wind,
a gust.

prologue







In some distant place, a door slams shut. A young woman shifts in her chair. Her pen strokes the paper and then stops. The bags under her eyes are emphasized in the low light. All around her are scraps, creating vast tunnels and caves of abandoned ideas¹. The one that has survived the war is the one she is sighing over now. She will present her concept today, delicately suspending her thoughts into two dimensions, hung onto the wall. She dreads the moment the question will come. She cringes at the comments that will follow too.

She doesn't understand what is to be understood as space. To her young ears it sounds as if everyone has their own versions. It is, seemingly, an unknown known².

Soon, the ever expanding light will rush through the single panes of the windows. Her cluttered desk, with tiny droppings of eraser here and smudges of ink there, will no longer be the lighthouse in a choppy sea. Her single desk lamp will become fainter and fainter, like a ship sailing away from the shore. But for now, in the dim light, it is just the young woman, her lamp, and a dark sea. She wrestles with her three dimensional ideas, stripping them down, squishing them into the paper.

And there they will stay.

Outside, and in. Inside, and out.

It is early April. The captain of the Star Harmonia feverishly navigates her wide berth through the delicately woven channels. Her hull has sunken down further, the towering loads bearing down on her vast chest. The captain must play the game, letting the current take him further out to sea. The people are expecting him. The brewer picks up his hops and starts the production of his award-winning ales. Two revelers stumble past the scraggly buildings, in their haze they have gone several streets too far. A man finishes his night shift, a new man takes his place.

In the vast room on the third floor, the young woman is still hunched over in her chair³. For the past several months, she has created many fictional reproductions, all about space. It has been so all-encompassing that she cannot be sure whether her reality is truth or fiction. There seems to be a never-ending stream of space possibilities. And they all seem compelling - perhaps all of them are true, all of them are false⁴.

But for now, the young woman leans her left elbow on the table, pen down. Looks at the paper sideways, waiting. She had never seen the clock in the corner, the one that now said 00.16⁵.

Then the walls collapse.

water droplet



The School Bus Line, From the House Across the Street
Renaë Htoo, 4.534B.

Suppose space is a collective, it exists solely because there is more than just itself. In this situation, there is no uniformity, no maximum, just one minimum. There is addition and subtraction, but no zero⁶. There is emptiness but not nothingness, there is vastness without infinity.

For the most part, beings will not know that there are worlds of others. There is not enough day nor night to go over familial history - it would take each being an incomprehensible amount of time to list off all the clouds, puddles, oceans, rivers, and seas they had once been apart of. And that's just the immediate family. Next, you'd have to consider all the backs, the hats, the umbrellas, the rocks, and the roots each being had ever rolled down and through. There simply wouldn't be the time.

So in this world, there are no formal introductions. You are just here (or there) and you continue on as you were. Perhaps a being will get picked up by a shoe, hitching a ride into the next space, diminishing the former to expand the latter. In this event, even if a new being takes the place of the old, the space is fundamentally different. Here, composition is everything⁷. It is the compass, the dictator, the ambassador, and the map.

It all seems rather random, but that couldn't be further from the truth. Every indent, every placement is made with great concern. As there is no space without the collective, the beings in this world have erected an ingenious solution. Their feet and hands are infinite, allowing for 360 degree movement in any and all directions. Their fluidity a direct result of the need for collection and connection.

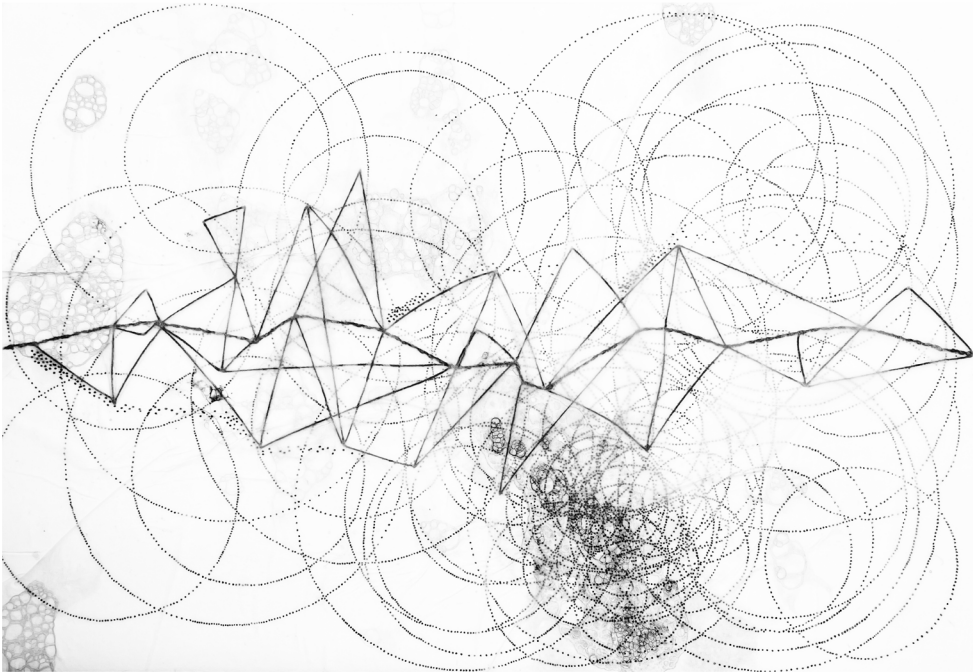
A being says goodbye to his group, dividing into many more. Slowly these new clones emerge and huddle into a steam. Rising, growing, shrinking, moving. Parents huddle into their kids, hoping that they will not be ripped from their arms just yet. One more hug, as the sun's fingers grip the tops of the trees, pulling itself over the top of the mountain. The beam will come and this space will disappear, leaving only a faint outline on the wooden planks.

On some occasions, plagues of these beings can swarm entire swaths, establishing territories on top of already claimed land. These pirates are unwanted enemies of the state, like the fruit flies circling the bowl on the kitchen table. Most of the time, however, these spaces blend into the existing world, becoming as immemorable as the consecutive pages of a poorly written book.

In this world, just as everything can appear, it can disappear. A mist, a fog, a cloud, a drop. The cycle repeats, with slight variations, endlessly. All things happening now happened a million times before and will surely happen a million times again. And in the dead of night, when most noises are asleep, these beings fill the vacant streets with their songs, sung for the millionth time. Once more.

Its long fingers drape, hang
(In the middle of the room, the midst of the
things)
It demands
Space.

air molecule



Everything is Disappearing Only to Reappear Again and Again and Probably Again
Oliver Aire, 400M.

One cannot enter a building, walk down a forest path, brush up against the dust of an old brick building without meeting ten trillion trillion beings⁸. They are invisible in all places, invisible to most others. Just not themselves. In this world, the beings are constantly jostling for the best spot.

The highest highs are accompanied with the priciest price tags. Years ago it had been decided that the best space was that which was the furthest up. It was the hardest to get to, so only those with the appropriate resources could reach it. Gates were implemented, night guards stand on rotation. It is said that in this space there are luscious gardens, cheeks are always rosy.

Those beings who have made it do not descend back down into the crowded chaos below. They look down at their neighbours with a mix of pity and disgust, slowly forgetting their common ancestry. Some boast that they have lived their whole lives up high, in the highest space on the highest peak, never having descended into the valley below. They teach their children to shun the children from lower elevations. There are separate sports leagues, bakeries operate on different schedules.

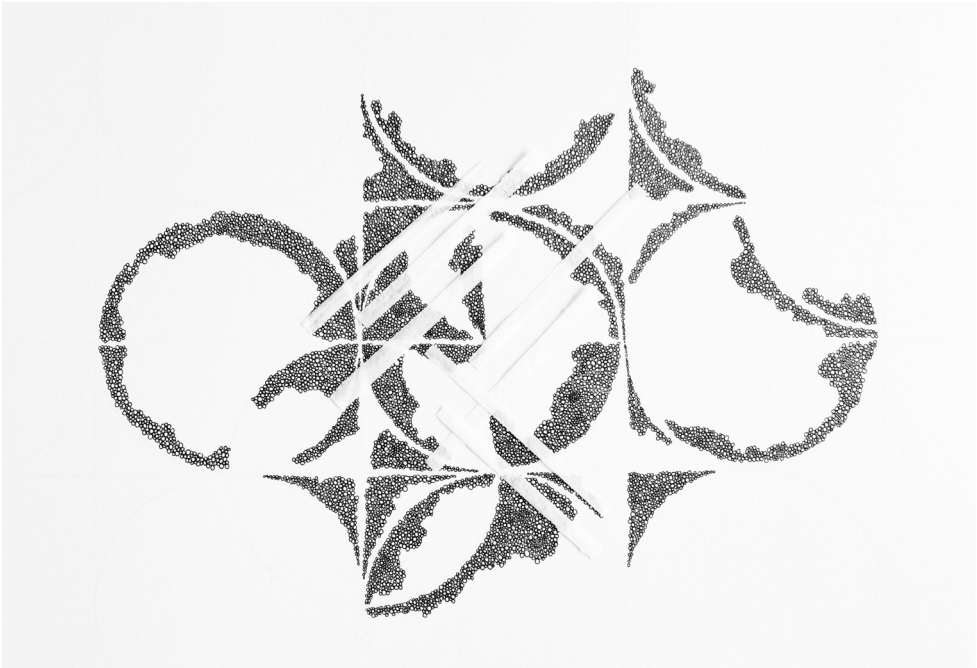
Here, the spaces are clear delineations, separated in both literal and metaphorical terms⁹. There are not unlimited caches of space, there are only two: the low and the high. Beings inhabit these spaces but do not themselves create it. The space is there because of them, but not for them.

But they don't seem to mind. For them, they are not concerned with such trivial matter. Those down below look with longing at their neighbours up above. Thinking, wishing, hoping. If only they worked those extra hours, maybe then they could climb up. But the night guards now have additional shifts, the barricades reinforced. Rumour has it that now there is a fight in the highest high: the beings on the very top want to build a barricade.

It seems to never be good enough.

Don't forget, It says,
time is as confining as Space.

dust particle



A View From the Sleep, But Not Everyone is Here and Not Everyone is Sleeping
Doreen Usta, 360.

Consider a world in which no being is the same. A world where compositions are so varied, like the fingerprint on a human thumb. Here, a being's innards are like a barcode, hinting at its origins without revealing its entire family tree.

In this world, beings are not out in the open - they are timid, nervous, erratic¹⁰. They prefer the darkest of corners, slowly gathering their comrades over time. They are prolific hoarders, x-rays of their inhabited spaces over time. These beings do not produce space, but rather products of it. They are also thieves, stealing tiny fractions in the dead of night.

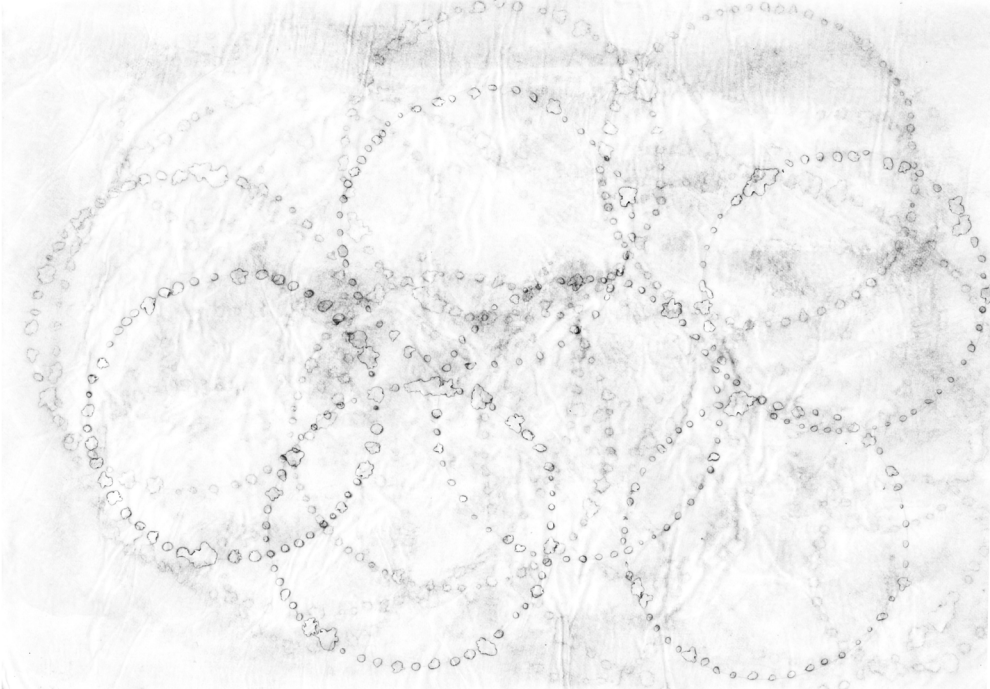
In the classroom, the children in this world are not taught maths and sciences. Instead, they are taught the skills of creeping, of hiding. Nothing above the faintest decibels are produced by these beings, ever concerned of their unveiling. Age is not derived from the passage of time, but rather from the collection of it.

In each space, there is at least one being, no matter the number of occasions the vacuum is brought out. Size is adjusted accordingly too: the greater the space, the greater the being. The more trafficked the space, the more diverse the being. The space and the being is completely interdependent. A symbiosis which could only occur here. A symbiosis because were it not for these beings, the space would eventually be swallowed by the uncollected detritus and debris.

It is then, a complex relationship: the beings as saviours of the space, the beings as phantom delineators of extents¹¹. For no being will cross over into a different space. They are forever relegated to the corners which prohibit their further advancement. No wars are fought here, beings are unaware of the apartment next door. Instead, they cower in the depths, and underneath couches. Like hunters, patiently waiting for their next prey to come just a little bit too close. They extend, grab, contact, weave. With each acquisition, space is altered, never to return to its original state.

It surveys the Emptiness,
graces the floor, gnarls,
looks at her straight in the eye and -

ash



Before the Next Session Started but After the Last One Ended
Carol Gerret, 82.

Imagine a world in which a being lives just five minutes. An entire lifetime, compressed into 1/288 rotation of the Earth. Compressed into the time it takes to hard boil an egg. This is a world that not only moves at tremendous speeds, but also consists of shapeshifters. A being inhabiting this world starts out as one entity and ends his or her life as something completely different.

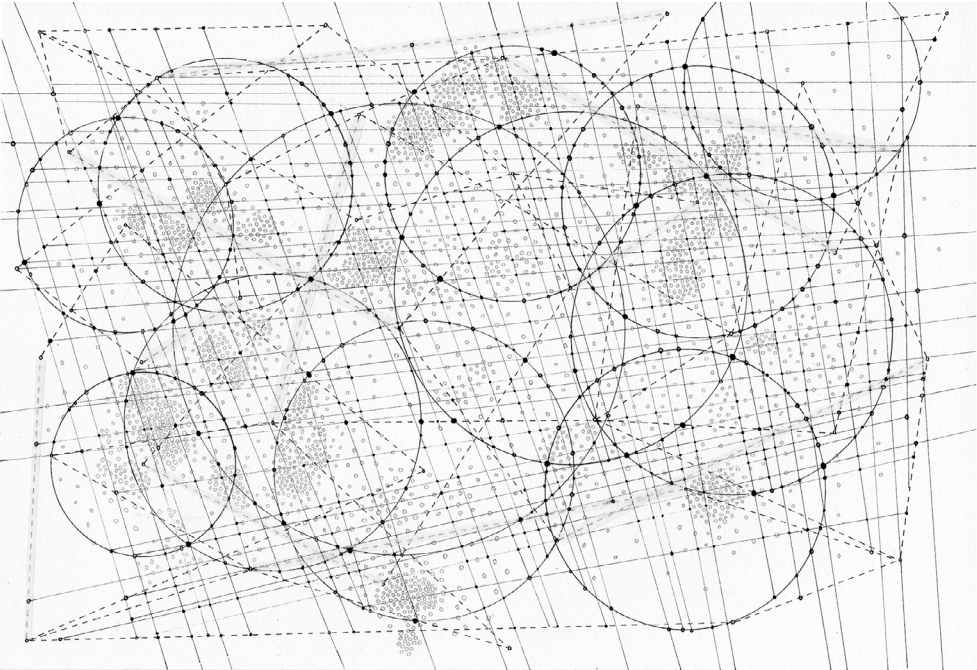
At the onset, space is horrendously compressed, all beings smashed together like the busiest bus in the largest city during the worst rush hour. Not surprisingly, these beings spend the first part of their lives in constant arguments and battles. Disagreements about who was standing on who, who was being suffocated by whom. Fights about the bad odour of the neighbour, about the hot water always being used up.

Here, space becomes two entities, although not simultaneously¹². Beings are packed squished, molded, forced into a space which seems significantly too small for their great volume. Space becomes their prison, their confined embrace. And yet with a single flame, a glowing ember, they are released. Like the brightest star on the blanket of the night, as the ember smoulders, death and escape walk down the aisle, hand in hand.

Beings here spend their lives disgruntled, desperately hoping their situation would change. Except when the moment comes and their existence does improve, the cruel irony is that their lives, in this form, are over too.

-
The walls snap back. The windows bang
closed.
There never was a window there before.

spoon



The Rush Between the Dark (or so) and the Other Dark (and wet)
Sol Cuchara, 175842.

A being suddenly thrust into this world would have to be excessively talented at dodging. For all is coming at them, endangering their very existence, every second of every day. Gangly towers fall from the sky in repetitive motions. Some are close, some are far, the spindles consistent across the world.

And yet, surprisingly, for the beings here, there is one main purpose. And it isn't to avoid the immediate kiss of death from the terrors up above. It is to build, exploit, and conquer¹³. If there are terrors in the skies, these beings are the terrors down below.

Each being here is born into a hierarchy, there is rigid structure, no uprisings allowed. Protests in the streets are squashed immediately, posterboard and paper (or markers, for that matter) are not sold here. Beings at the bottom of the pyramid must work, at tremendous speeds, always in record time.

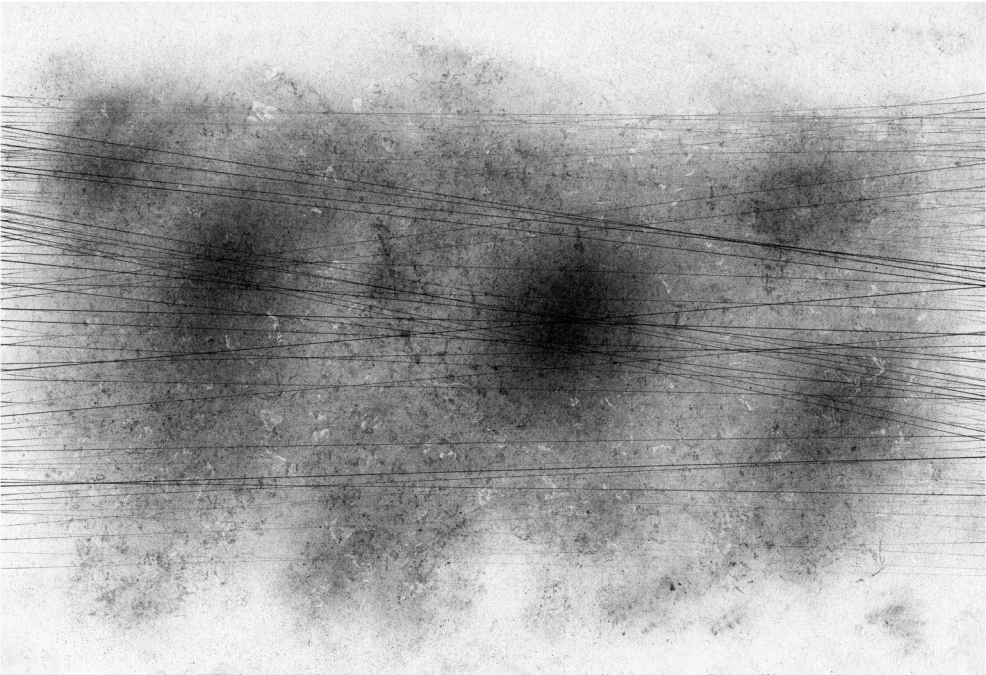
Children are taught to bump into each other, their delicate antennas sense failure or success¹⁴. Decisions are made, maps are drawn, empires are built. Beings spend their lives working for the Queen. Everything relies on everything else, and space is a product of this existence.

For this is a world where space is not merely a confined logic, instead it is the entire trail. The entrails of the being's work is as much the space as is the empire itself. Were it not for this expedited movement, each dodge made to avoid imminent death, the delineations of space would not occur. Here, there are layers and complicated webs, spaces woven on top of others, like the layer cake of roots in a forest floor¹⁵.

Some argue that this is the most stressful of all existences, this constant racing, searching, repeat. Others point out that there is a high level of order and understanding, allowing for a life without the fear of the unknown. Hard to say, which one is better.

The Vastness is a severed circle,
half over, half on, the Space's oily skin.

footprint



Everything is in Chaos and This is an Imprint of It
Frida Oot et al., 13-21.

From a description of the appearance of the trees, the river, the streetlights, and the sidewalk, all would appear normal. The forest stretches to the north and west, slowly climbing into the hills and then the mountains far away. Paths stretch out here, and out there, slicing through the image with the same ease as a pair crisp new scissors. Some are wider, some narrower, some more compressed than others. From here, however, there seems to be order, no hair out of place¹⁶.

But look more closely, much more closely, and it becomes apparent that not all is as it appears. The paths are not crisp, clean lines, but rather scraggly with rough edges. A little nudge out here, a little nudge out there. No path is the same, each space has its own unique markings.

This is a world wherein the beings are the designers, the doctors, and the line cooks. The beings before them have laid down the spaces to be followed, and most beings do follow this trajectory. It is, afterall, constantly being reinforced in the ads on the television and the radio. The elderly lady across the hall states the importance of such adherence at every chance. The echoes of the children singing the Order Song bounce off of the sandstone walls like tiny raindrops falling into a vast ocean.

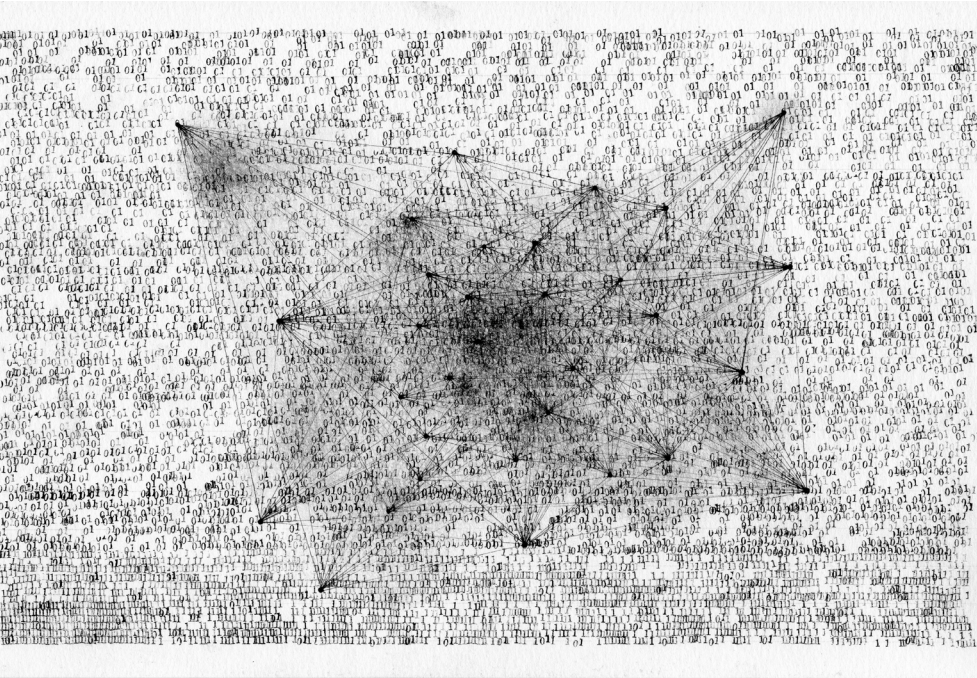
These beings live lives of order and monotony. Like a flickering light, each lift up elevates the beings into overwhelming light, and each push down thrusts them into all-encompassing darkness. Their lives are structured around this dichotomy, in sequential order until the darkness prevails.

And then there are some beings, albeit a very minuscule minority, who dare to break the rules. In the cover of the night, and away from prying eyes, they venture into the great unexplored. These beings go into the unspaces of space - that realm which has boggled scientists for years. On the one hand, it should be space as it is accessible and moldable, and on the other it is not space as it does not meet the standards of the definition.

At any rate, the beings here are not all too concerned about such state of affairs. For they are sure that if enough beings trample over the same unspaces, they will be molded into a space¹⁷. And that is truly their only concern.

She reaches out, right there
startled by her hunger for It.

wifi



Map Showing Different Networks and the Cloud Behind Them
Isabella Fiwfe, 289467.

It is late afternoon. Everything is buzzing, beings hurriedly scurrying from here to there. It is not as busy as it was, nor as busy as it will be, but it is growing. Traffic is getting worse.

In this world, beings travel tremendous distances in inexplicably short periods of time. They ping, zoom, flit, from one connection to the next, carrying the zeroes and the ones. Once landed, the jumbled mess is assembled, regurgitated. Something else is swallowed, and the cycle is repeated. Back and forth, like a game of ping pong between the best two players in the world.

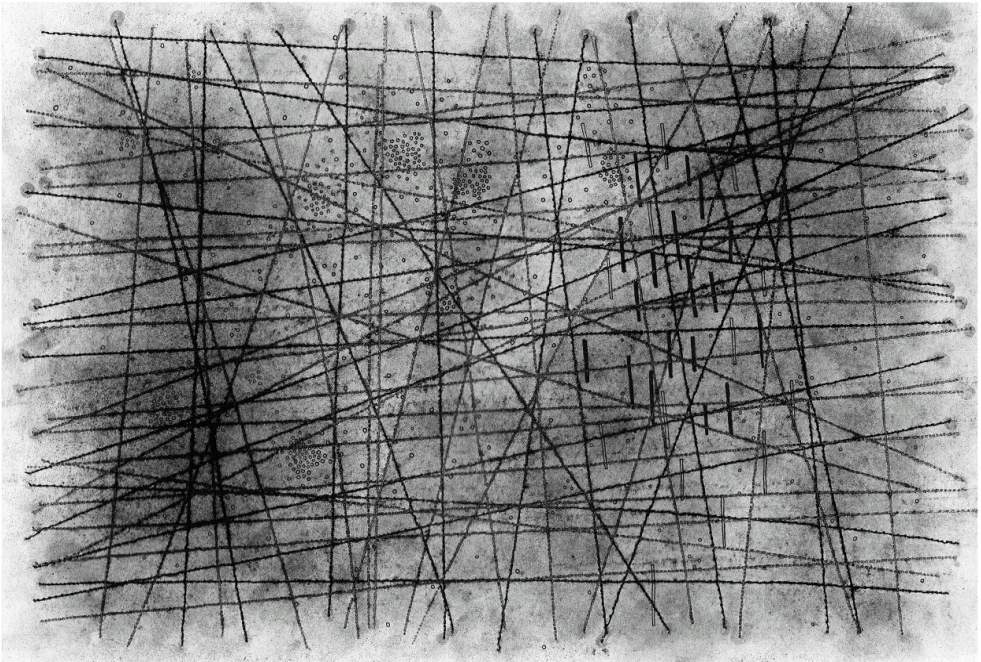
Beings stay, forever on one path, forever bound to one connection. There are infinite paths and thus there are infinite beings. It is only the zeroes and the ones which are ever-changing. First, thirty-three zeroes and fifty-eight ones are transported. Vomited out, seventy-five zeroes and ninety-two ones are flitted back¹⁸. In the next track over, the same, only different volumes.

Here, space is not a singular path, cut off from its familial origins. The tracks are the umbilical cords which bind the beings to the space: there is not one without the other. Beings in this world are aware of this, and spend their whole lives suspended in anxiety. Scared of teetering off the track, taking the corner with just a little too much speed. For beings here are easily replaceable - there are no funerals, dead bodies are never recovered.

The consolance comes from the fact that although everything else is fleeting, space is an unbreakable constant. A world in which space is absolute is a world void of inhibitions¹⁹. For while the onset of sadness is unpredictable, the emergence of space is predictable. While beings wallow, space stands firmly rooted. While beings doubt their individuality, space is wholly confident in its existence. In a world of uncertainty, beings take refuge in this assuredness. For in a world where space is a permanent fixation, beings can always rely on its foundations.

Startled by
her own Unknown.

interlude

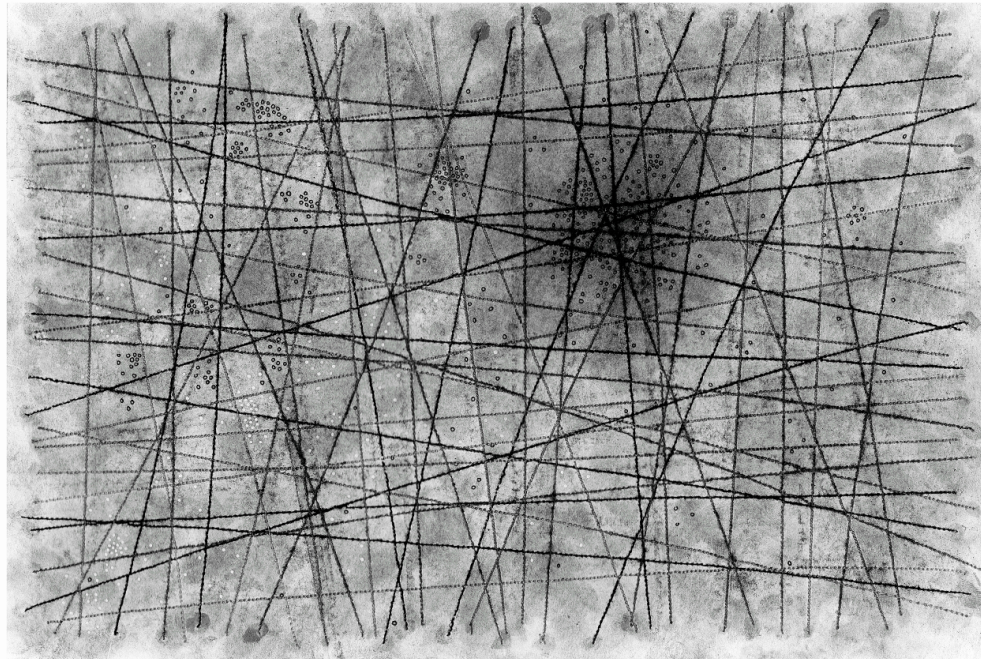


In the room,

In a moment which to me was
fleeting
to it it was eternal.
The blackness
and the light;
the back and the forth
although the forth seemed less
forthcoming.

Dust, Under the Couch, Before the War
Doreen Usta et al., 10e18.

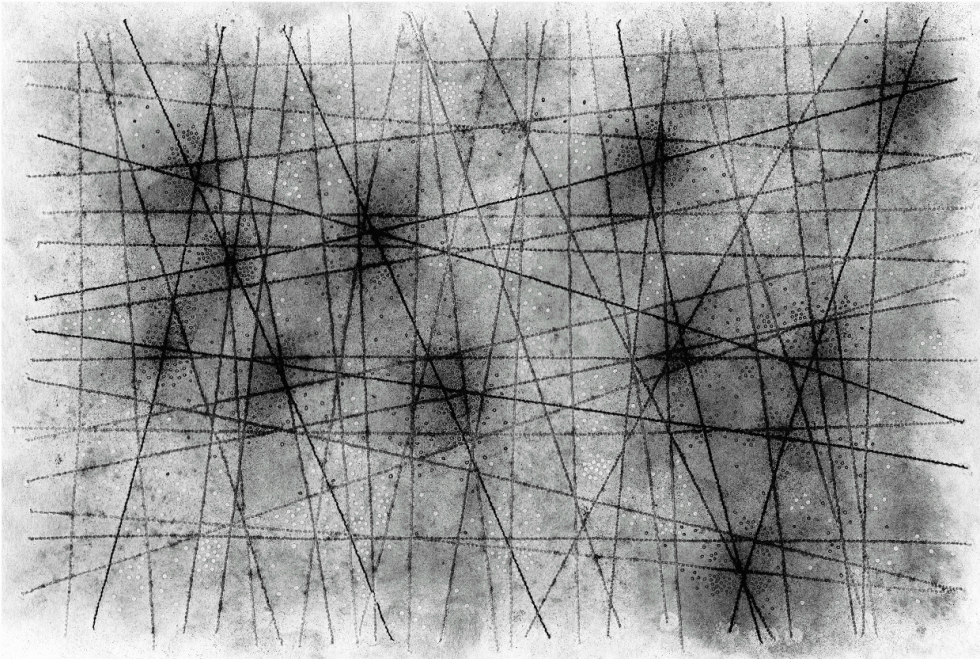
or outside the window;



I am not even too sure
Is it the same one as the day before?
Or is the before the same one
as now?
The now can only become the known
through the passing of time.

Dust, Under the Couch, During the War
Doreen Usta et al., 10e18.

*or under the bed -
that one spot in the far corner.*

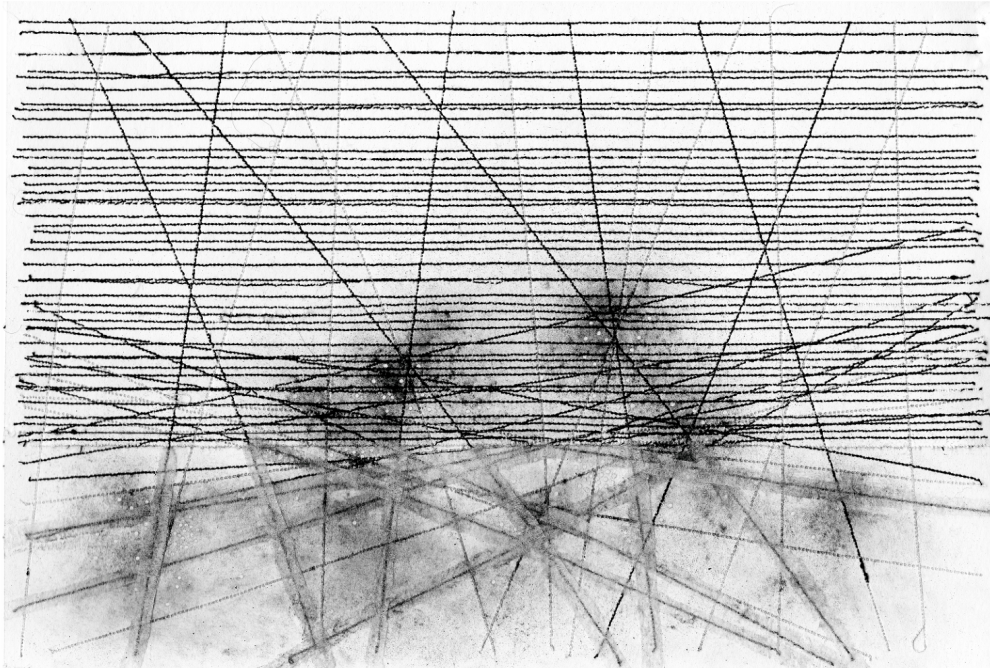


Time had never been
an entity which had concerned it before
which still stood true now.
It was space
which was the sole proprietor.

Or so it seemed to me
to be
as I stood by
watching it float inbetween the spikes
of the transplanted plant
apparently sitting still.
Or maybe that was just because of my percep-
tion
of time.

Dust, Under the Couch, After the War.
Doreen Usta et al., 10e18.

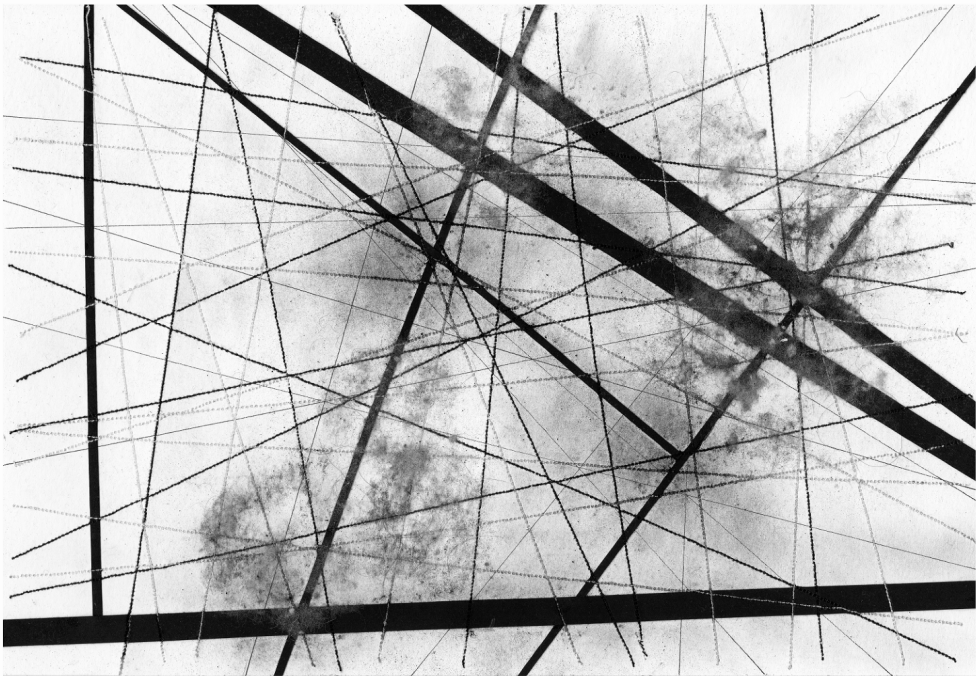
*It was always there
and yet, somehow,*



Or perhaps,
unlike anything at all,
there was only this.
He had never thought
that it was endless
but it seemed as though
there was always something
just that much further.
If only he squinted his eyes.

Moisture Hitting the Window, Shock
Renae Htoo et al., 22369.

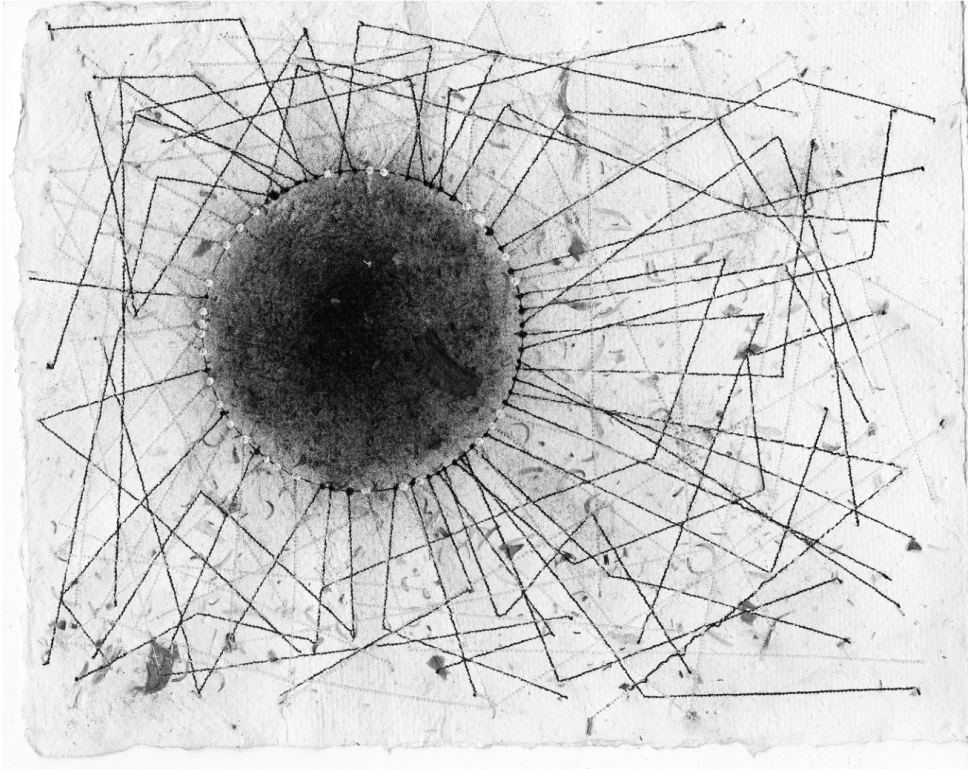
always hiding.



This was some of the best,
better than it had ever been.
A collection of tiny specks
of dust
of dirt
of skin
of lint from your socks.
She'd been collecting it for years
(or days, even seconds maybe -
who knew?)
and now she relished
a cloud following her everywhere
she went.

Moisture Sunbathing on the Window, Slowly
Renae Htoo et al., 22369.11.

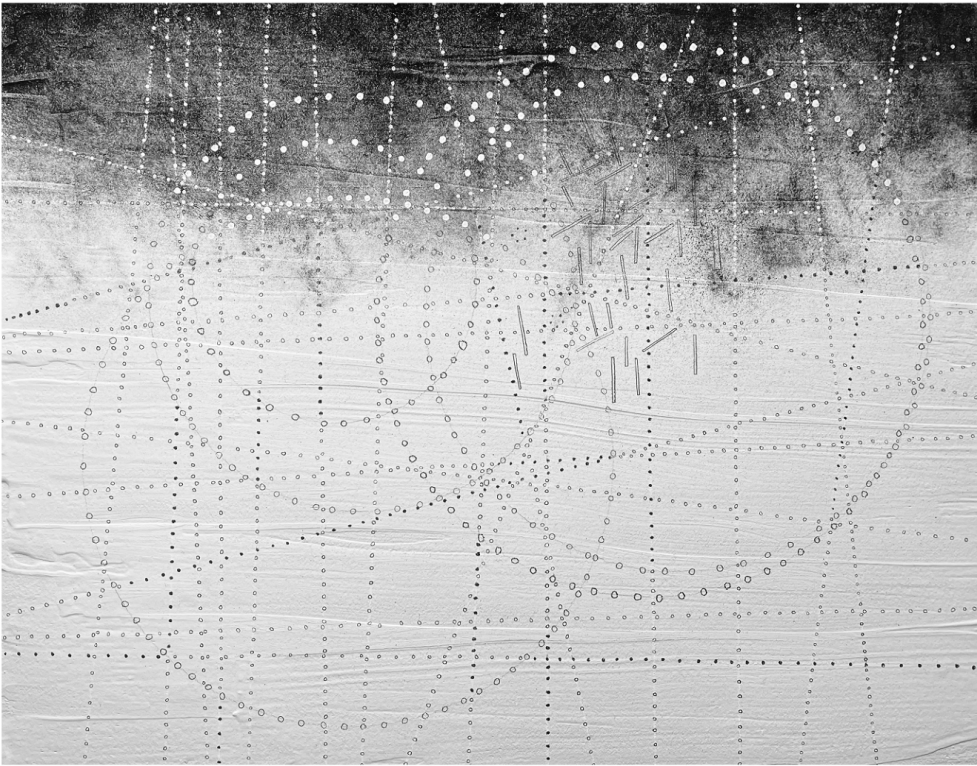
*Although it didn't quite agree
with the term "hiding".*



It wasn't always this upending.
Riots came and went,
protesters ebbing in
pockets here nor there.
No-one was ever sure
what exactly it was
they were so adamantly up in arms.
(For arms could not be found here).
But swaying, surging, retreating,
catapulting miniscule grains into the sky
only to fall back down
upon them.

Fruit Fly Flying Around Its Earth, A Cactus
Frida Fhly & Sean Cactiu, 8mil.37.

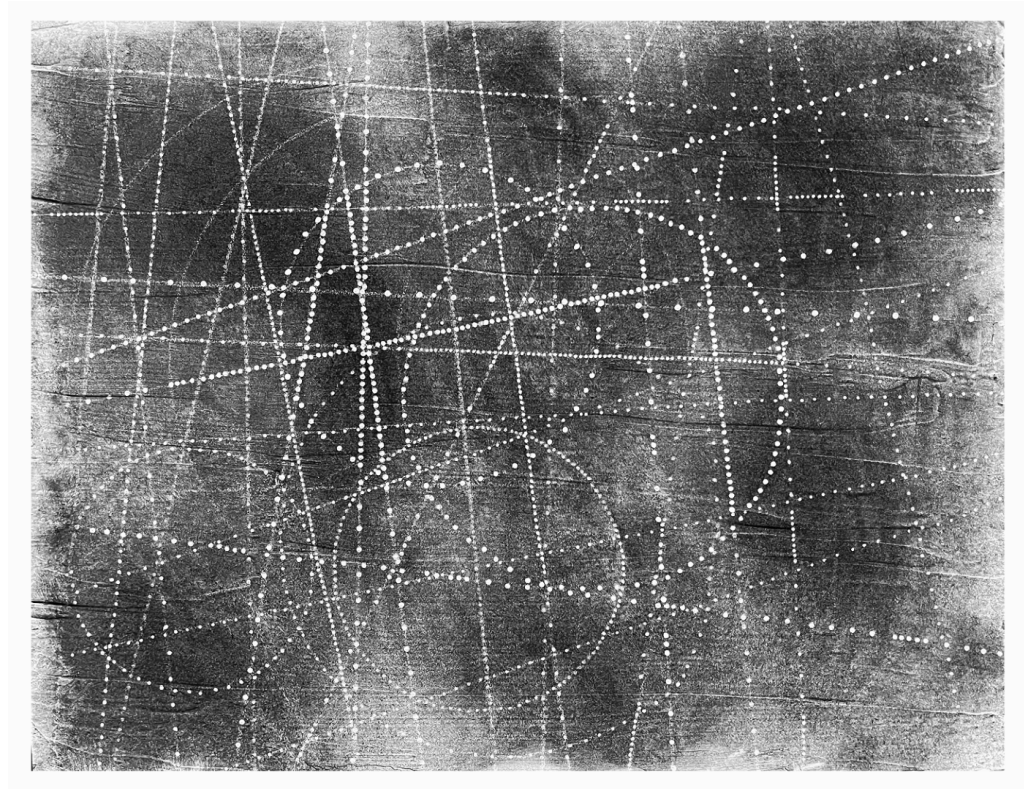
*Maybe there should have been something else,
except that the regulations never changed.*



Here stood a mountain
of spikes as far as one could see.
Only they weren't prickly;
quite delicate instead.
But not like a flower,
rather like a steel ribbon,
That which held
the bridge in place.

Darkness Meeting Lightness, Along the Carpet
Laurenzo Light & Blake N'uit, 4.603B.

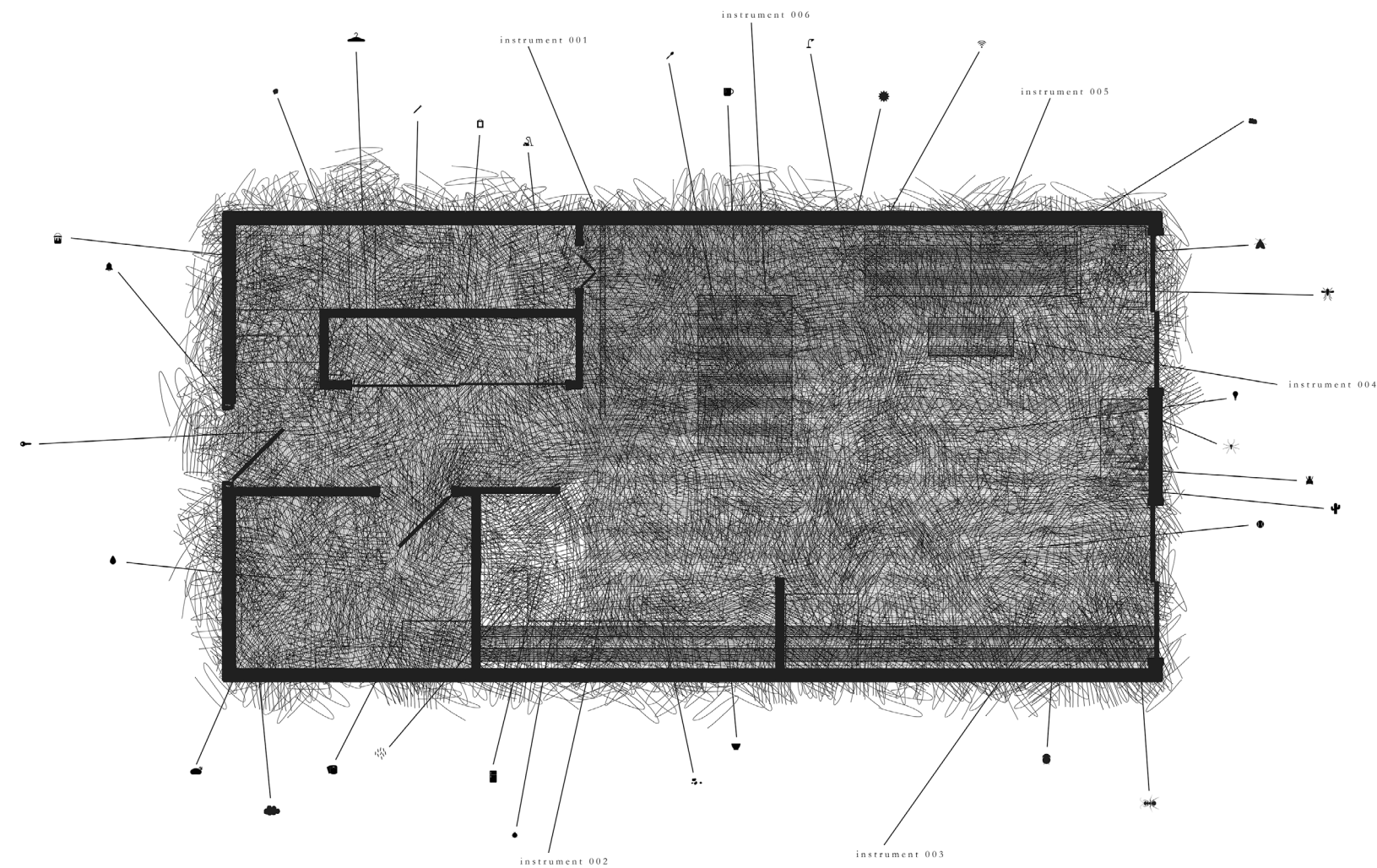
*The guest list had never been amended.
It was just as it had always been.*



The creep,
he noted,
only happening at night.
Slowly the vastness became
a flickering alive.
Ghosts hovering,
quivering,
afraid
of their own shadows.

Darkness Ate Lightness, Along the Carpet.
Laurenzo Light & Blake Nuit, 4.603B.

Don't forget, It says,
this is the world of the Unknowing Known.



Drawing of a Drawing of the Plan of Apartment 432
Author, 2021.

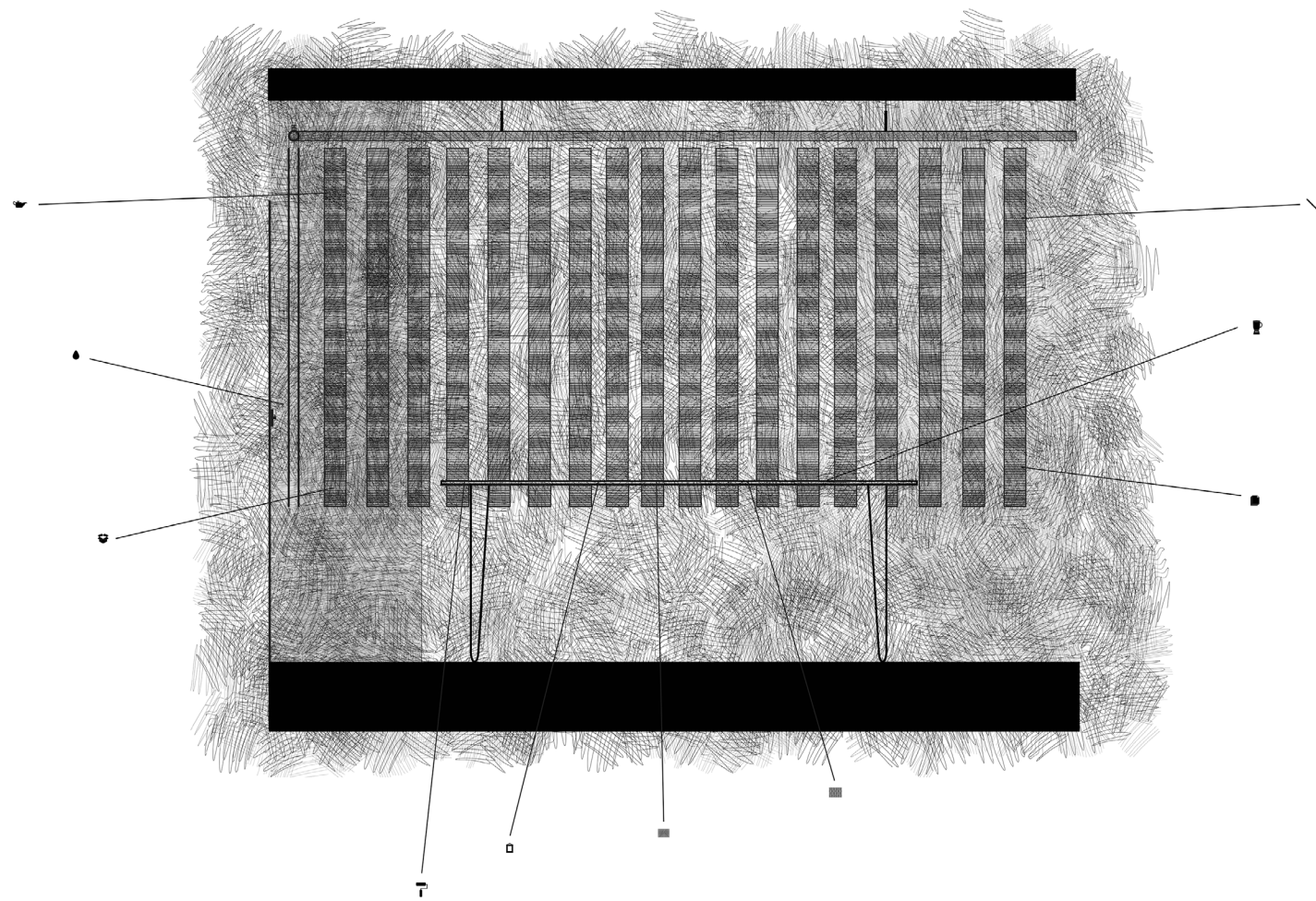


Photograph of Apartment 432 with Instruments in Place
Author, 2021.

tracking: air
location: emergency sprinkler pipe
dimensions: 46" x 3.2"; 52" x 3.2"

instrument 001

All the instruments in this laboratory are made, by hand: an accumulation of processes, all in one frame. Its growth, its patient zero, can be identified right here: this paper, suspended in mid-air. Egg cartons, old scraps, amazon packaging: it's all here, blended, whizzed until it is nothing but a mush of its former self²⁰, metamorphosing into an instrument to measure, to record, to explore. Covered in oil, its fibrous skeleton broken down²², just enough to be structurally sound whilst allowing the tiniest of tiny sun rays to peek through its body, bringing our eyes' attention to the shadows dancing behind it.



Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of Instrument 001
Author, 2021.



Photograph of Instrument 001 from the Kitchen
Author, 2021.



View Through the Panel

homemade paper, canola oil, archival ink, charcoal, acrylic, upholstery thread
bifold panels change shape, form, position, as the air movement changes in the apartment



Looking Up Along the Panels

homemade paper, canola oil, archival ink, charcoal, acrylic, upholstery thread
bifold panels change shape, form, position, as the air movement changes in the apartment



Looking North Along the Panels

homemade paper, canola oil, archival ink, charcoal, acrylic, upholstery thread
bifold panels change shape, form, position, as the air movement changes in the apartment

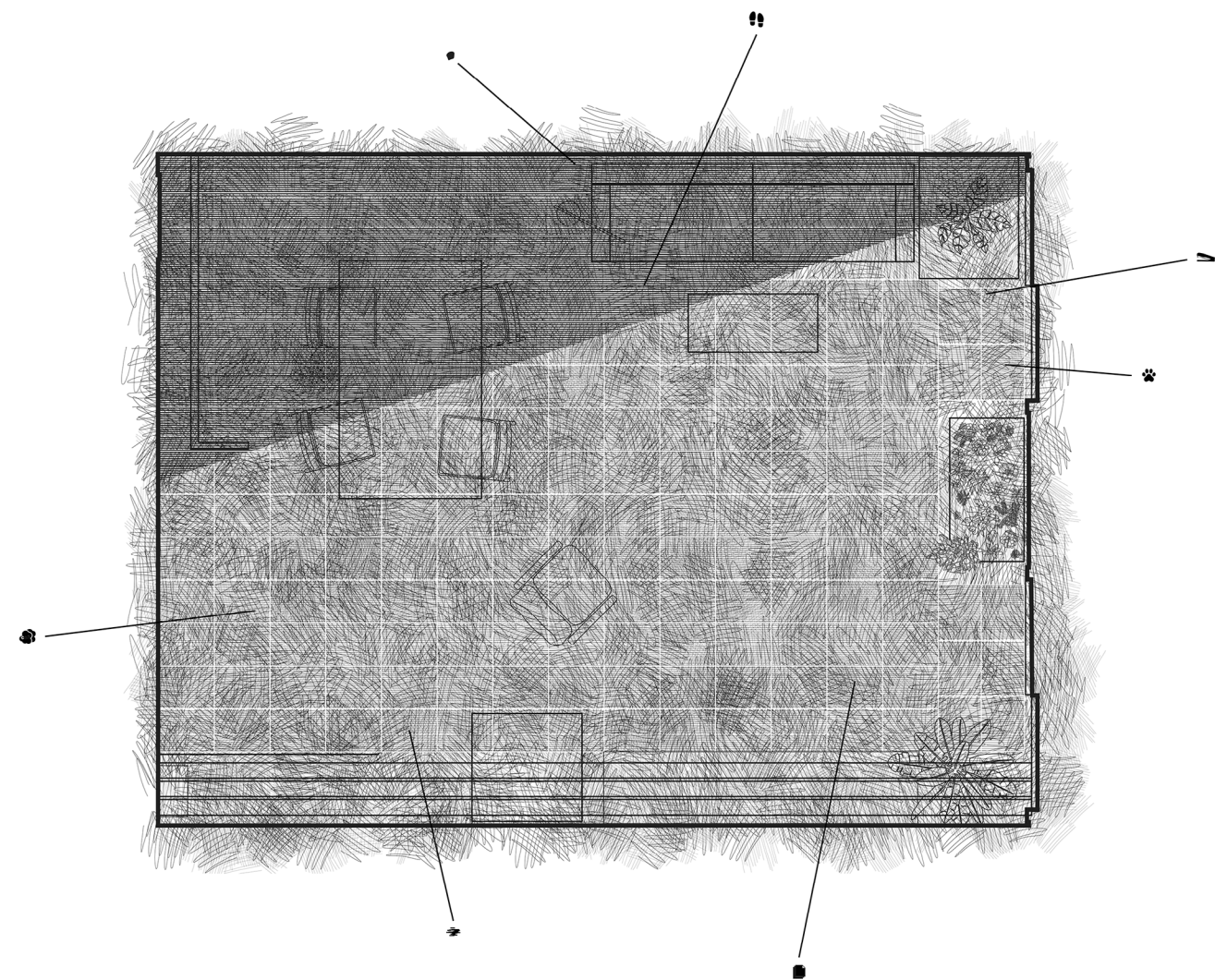
Details of Instrument 001
 Author, 2021.



tracking: canine & human & oil & crumb & debris
location: concrete floor
dimensions: 524" x 179"

instrument 002

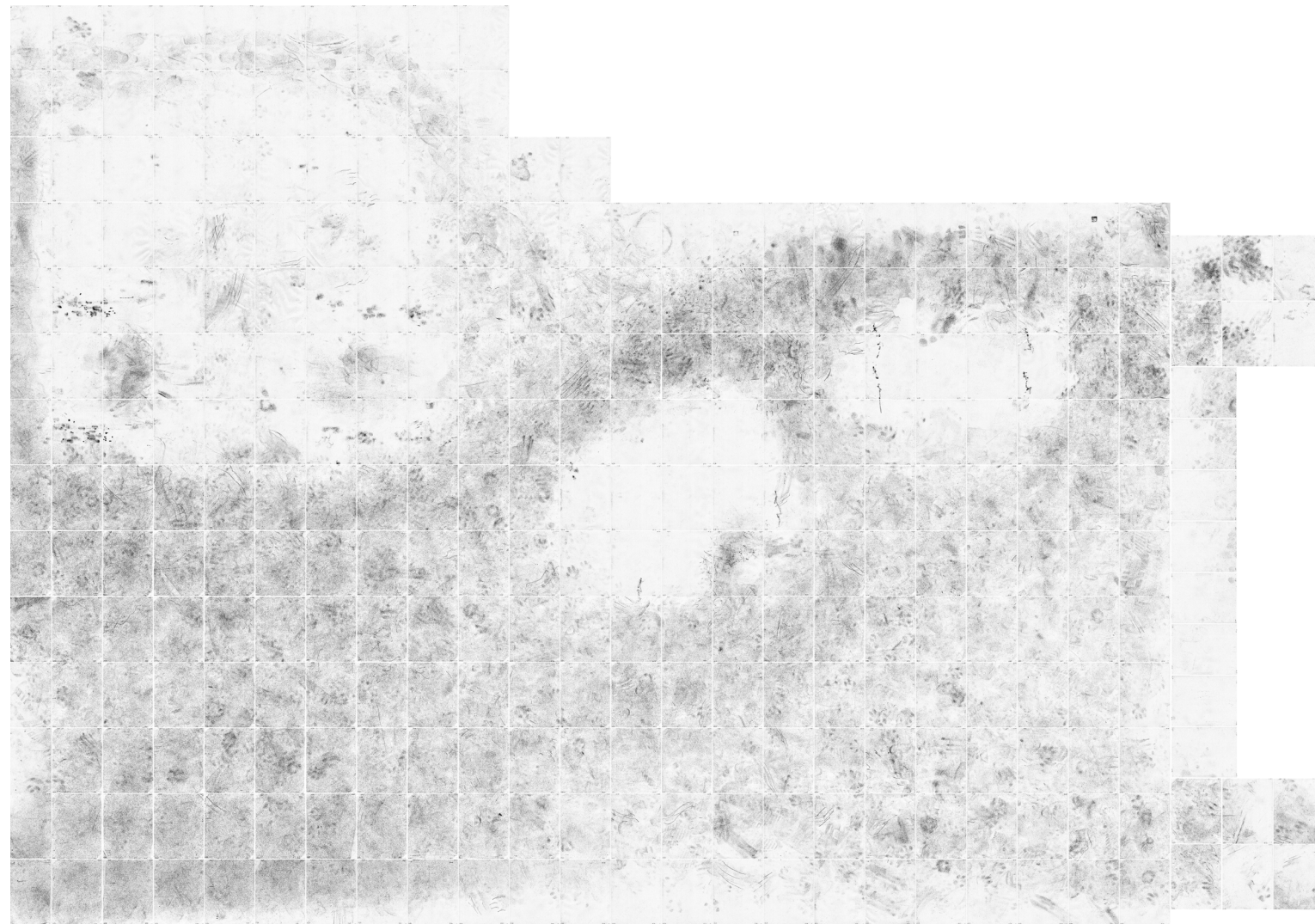
Here lies, quite literally, one instrument, one whole. And yet, like a centipede, it is composed of many different limbs, moving together²¹, succinctly. Each could be independent of the other, and yet would make little sense without the whole. This is an instrument of layers: first the paper, then the carbon paper stapled on top²³. With each foot step, each chair movement, each drop, little particles of the carbon get moved from the top layer to the bottom, its shadow permanently etched on. This is an instrument which measures movement, a visual chronology of how the space is used. A carbon copy of the story the space has told.



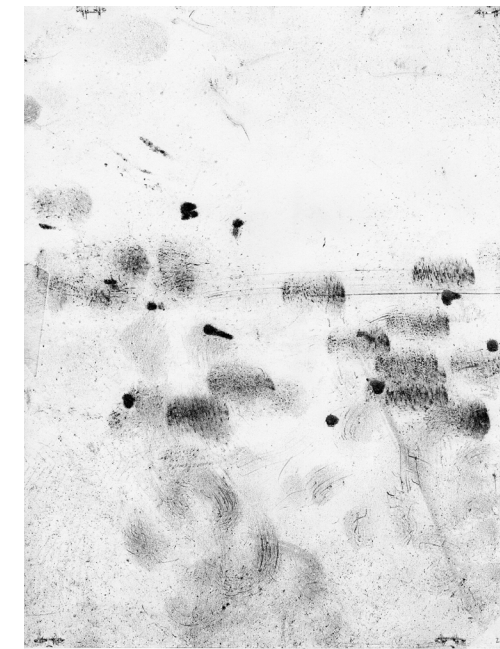
Drawing of a Photograph of a Plan of Instrument 002
Author, 2021.



Stitched Picture of a Timelapse Montage of Instrument 002 in Apartment 432
Author, 2021.



Collage of Scans of Carbon Copy Paper Components of Instrument 002 (1:1 scale of Apartment 432 just not in this reproduction)
 Author, 2021.



Detail of Component #284

heavyweight paper, carbon copy paper,
 staples
human, dog, oil, dog bone



Detail of Component #235

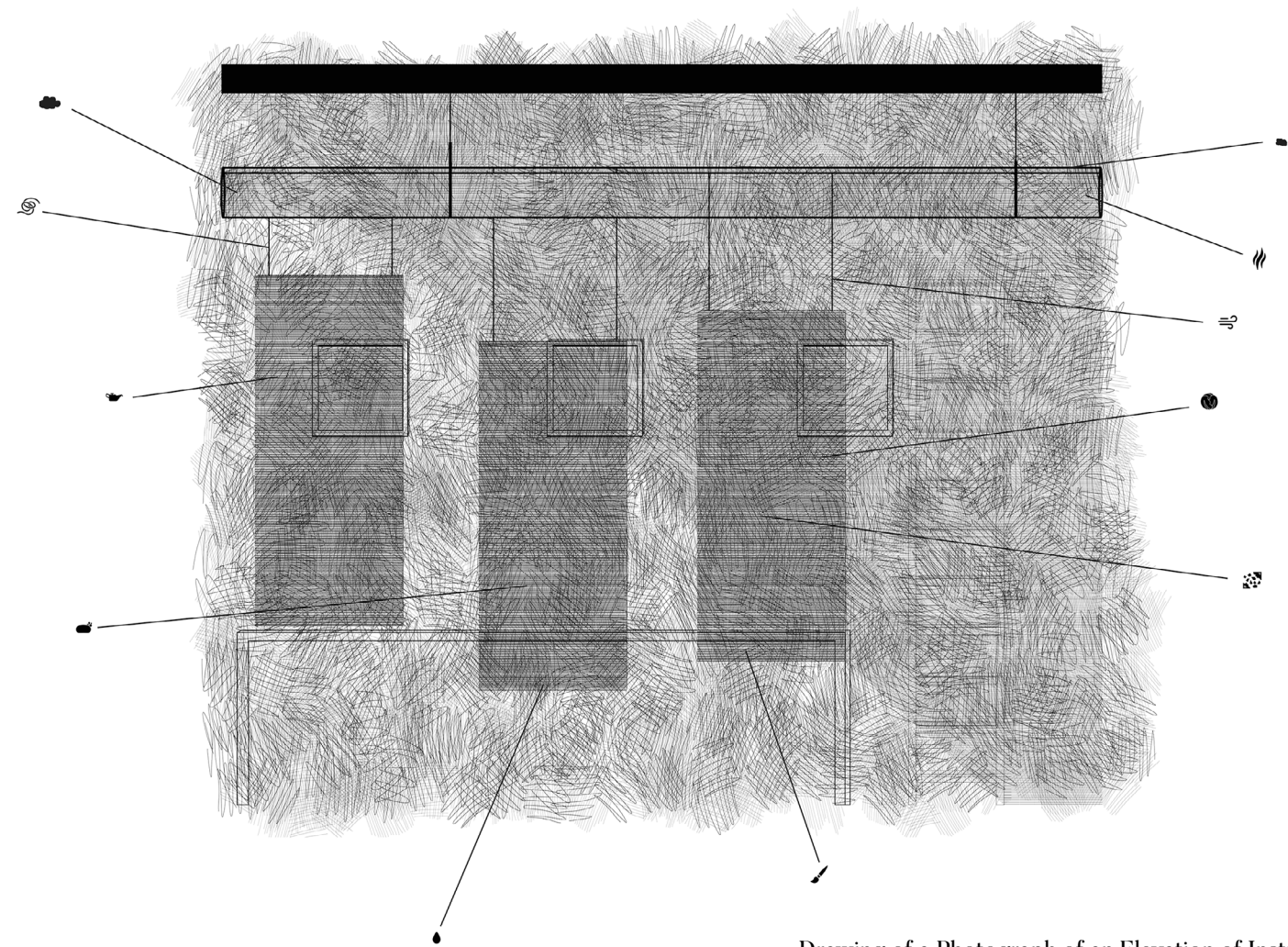
heavyweight paper, carbon copy paper,
 staples
human, dog, sand, rock

Detail of *Collage of Scans of Carbon Copy Paper Components of Instrument 002 (1:1 scale of Apartment 432)*
 Patryk Knut, *Adventures of Two Friends: A Graphic Novel*, C. C. Publishing, 2021.

tracking: condensation & moisture
location: air vents
dimensions: 34" x 72"

instrument 003

An instrument was needed to visually explore that which cannot be seen: the droplets, those tiny microscopic things. Using the force of a blender, red cabbage was reduced to its watery grave, and painted on to the imperfect paper²⁴. Each paper, suspended, the bathroom door closed; droplets choking, jostling for the best position. Soap particles enter the mix, the air is heavy and thick; the human blissfully unaware of the war behind the shower curtain. And when the gate is opened, the droplets released, the cabbage paper is there to greet them²⁶. Forever, these droplets are engraved and remembered: where they touch the paper the colours change. Each paper different, each droplet having interacted with a different soap.



Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of Instrument 003
Author, 2021.



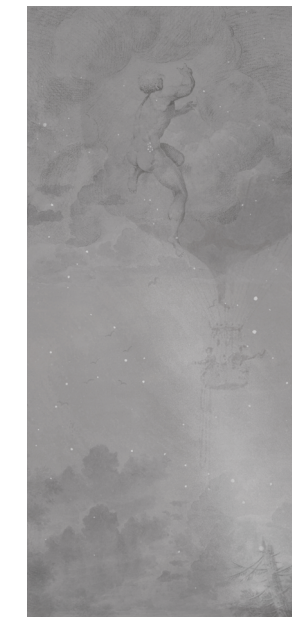
Baselayer for Component 01 of Instrument 003

ink, large format
plotter, historical
photographs, author's
personal collections
moisture, in the ground



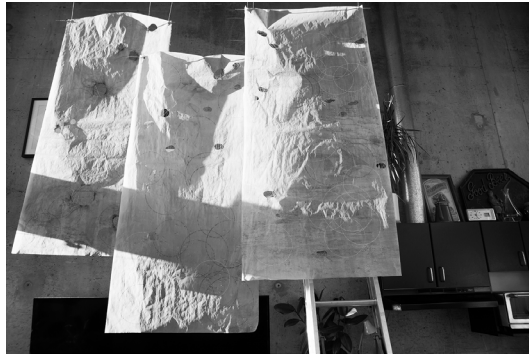
Baselayer for Component 02 of Instrument 003

ink, large format
plotter, historical
photographs, author's
personal collections
*moisture, in large
puddles*



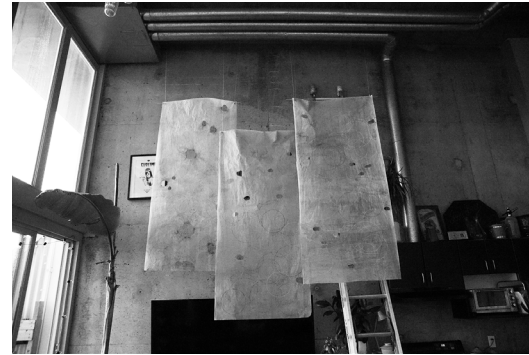
Baselayer for Component 03 of Instrument 003

ink, large format
plotter, historical
photographs, author's
personal collections
moisture, in the sky



Photograph of Components 01, 02, and 03 of Instrument 003 In-Situ

homemade paper, ink, archival ink, charcoal,
acrylic, canola oil, car window glass shards,
upholstery thread, silver thread, cabbage
extract, moisture
moisture tracking through the apartment



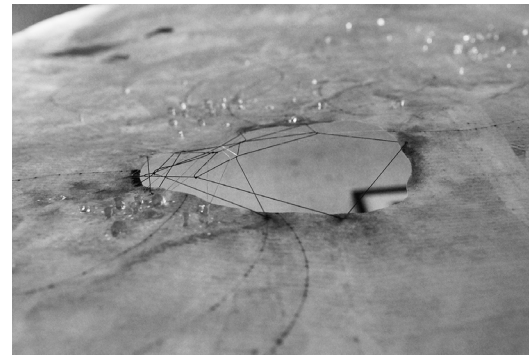
Photograph of Components 01, 02, and 03 of Instrument 003 In-Situ

homemade paper, ink, archival ink, charcoal,
acrylic, canola oil, car window glass shards,
upholstery thread, silver thread, cabbage
extract, moisture
moisture tracking through the apartment



Detail of Component 02 of Instrument 003

homemade paper, ink, archival ink, acrylic,
canola oil, car window glass shards, upholstery
thread, silver thread, cabbage extract, moisture
moisture tracking through the apartment



Detail of Component 01 of Instrument 003

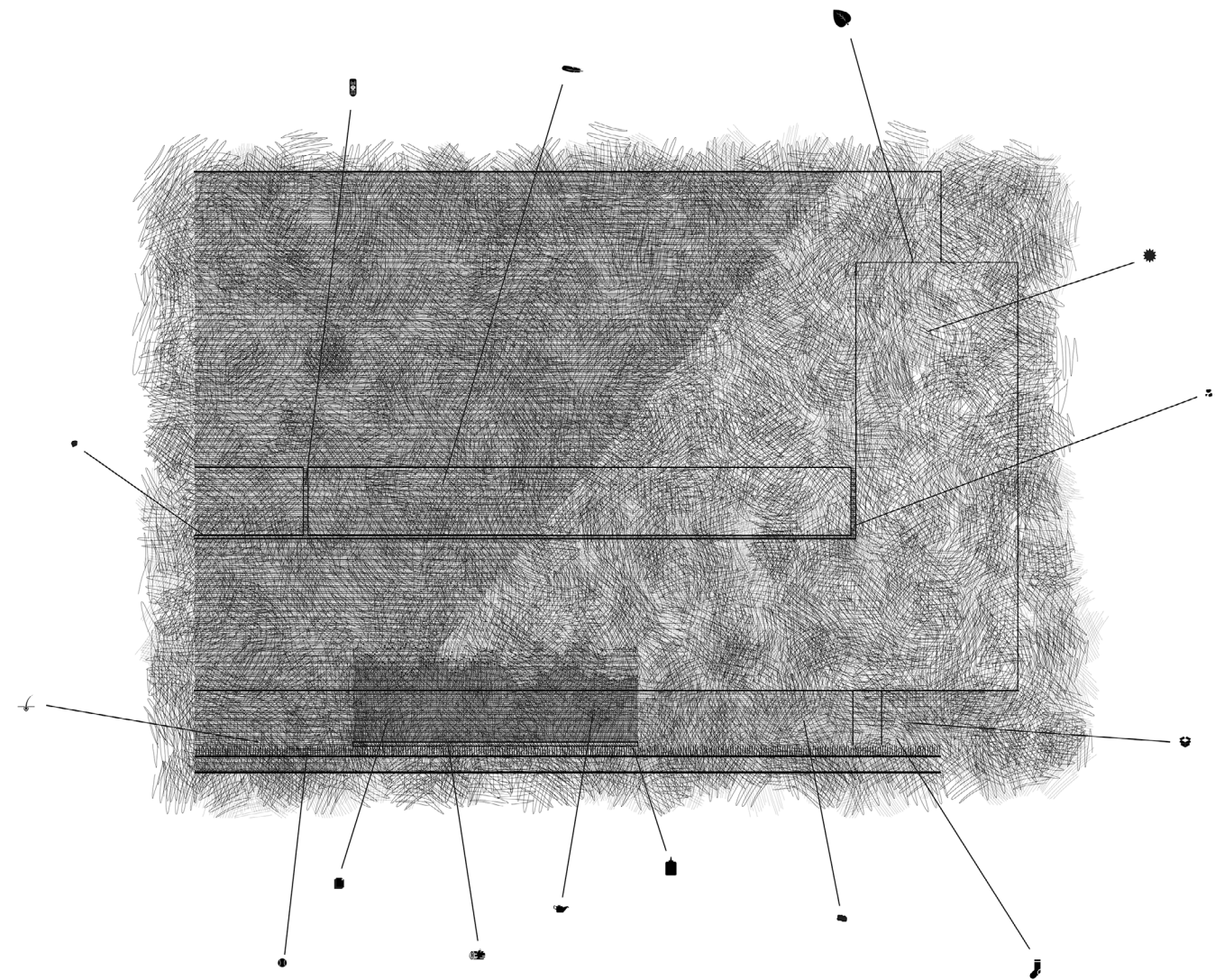
homemade paper, ink, archival ink, charcoal,
acrylic, canola oil, car window glass shards,
upholstery thread, silver thread, cabbage
extract, moisture
moisture tracking through the apartment



tracking: sand & dirt & debris
location: shag rug
dimensions: 20" x 10" x 13" (max) / 4.5" (min)

instrument 004

There is this idea, in a laboratory, that everything must have its place, everything must be sterile. This laboratory, however, unapologetically does not follow those rules. And nowhere is that more apparent than right here. The tiny grains of sand, the dirt that is tracked in on the bottom of feet, clinging onto the hair hanging from a dog's beard. A sort of catchment was needed to measure²⁵, to record, and to house. An inviting landscape of straw highrises now greets these beings²⁷, gesturing them to settle in, make themselves at home. Another instrument that grows and changes over time.



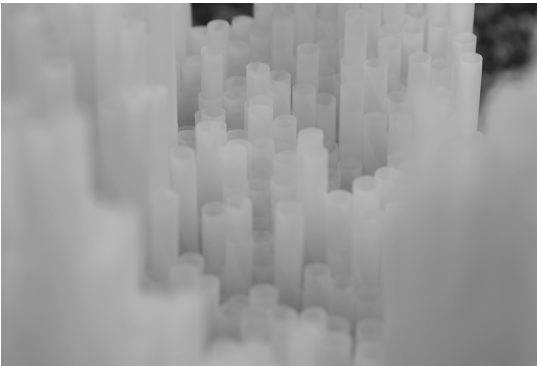
Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of Instrument 004
Author, 2021.



Instrument 004 In-Situ (with Instrument 003 in background and Instrument 005 in foreground)
Author, 2021.

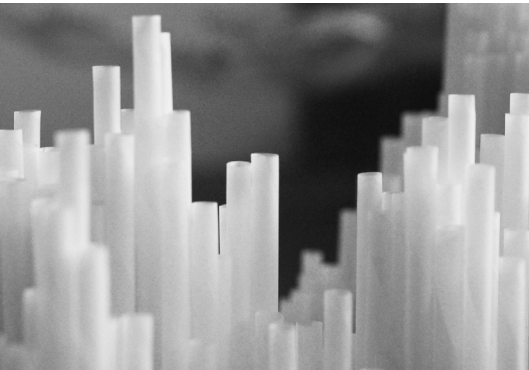


Instrument 004 In-Situ (with Instrument 005 in the background)
 Author, 2021.



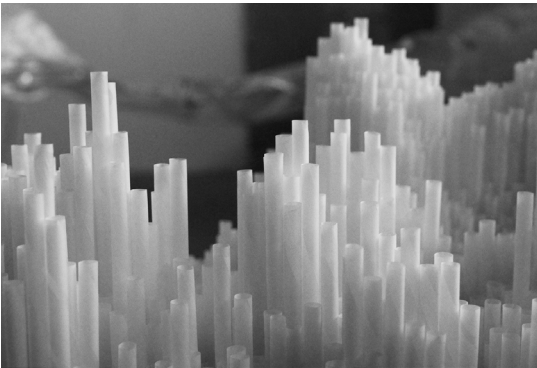
Detail of Instrument 004 in the Valley

homemade paper, canola oil, tacky glue, bond
 glue
 sand and debris nestling and catchment



Detail of Instrument 004 on the Peak

homemade paper, canola oil, tacky glue, bond
 glue
 sand and debris nestling and catchment



Detail of Instrument 004 - Longitudinal

homemade paper, canola oil, tacky glue, bond
 glue
 sand and debris nestling and catchment



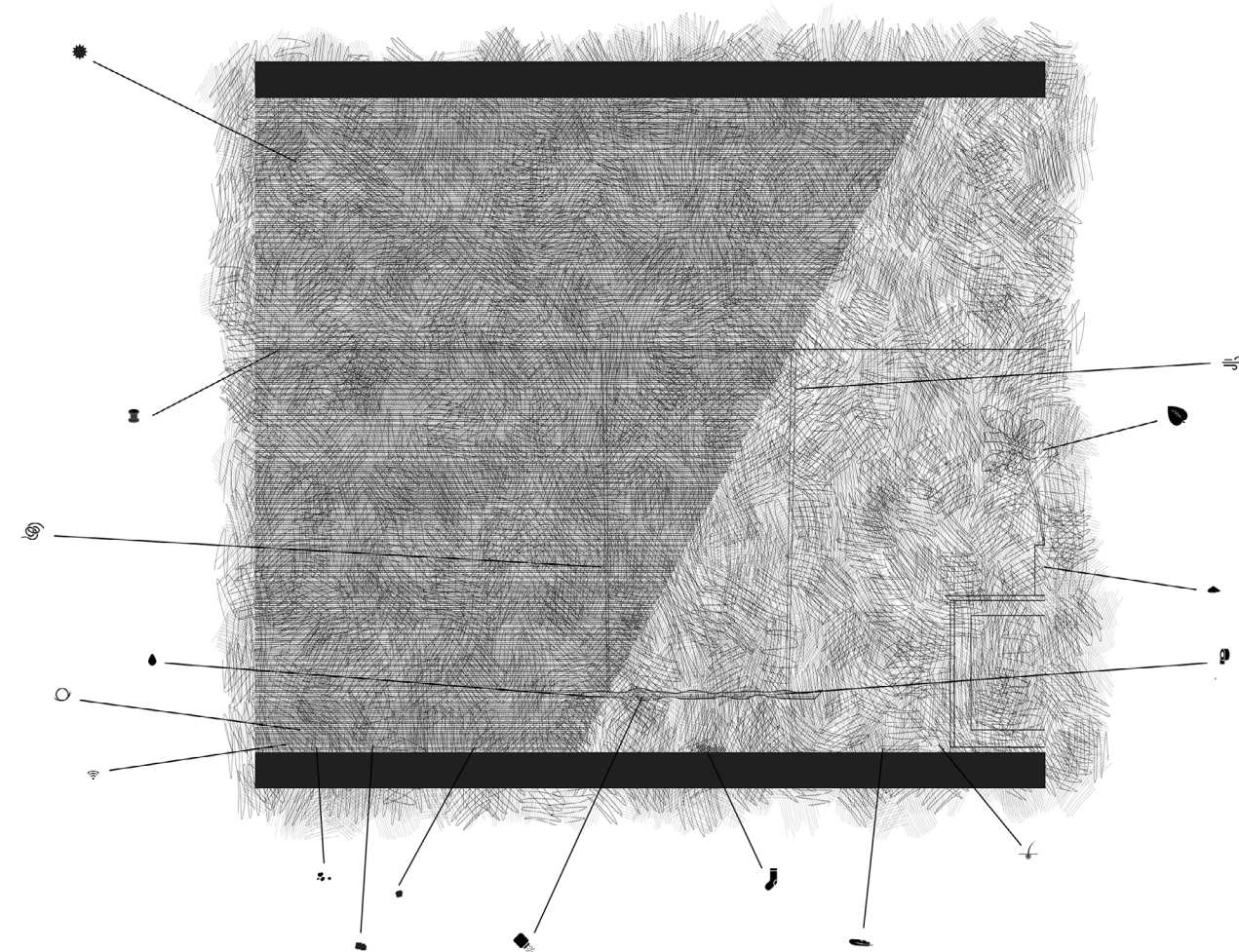
Detail of Instrument 004 in the Middle

homemade paper, canola oil, tacky glue, bond
 glue
 sand and debris nestling and catchment

tracking: dust
location: couch
dimensions: 28" x 54"

instrument 005

Every place, virtually every crevice, has beings that we try so hard to get out. And yet, somehow they are here to stay. This is an instrument meant not to destroy but to invite: invite the dust into the crevices of this gelatin paper. It is an instrument with an open invitation for the dust to explore its valleys and its peaks, and to determine for itself where it would like to rest its head. Like the dust, this instrument is a shapeshifter²⁸: it transitions from crystal clear flowing lava, to gooey molasses, and finally to a topographic plastic³⁰, as smooth, however, as a baby's skin. A requirement, you see, for the dust to be able to succinctly maneuver along its frame.



Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of Instrument 005
Author, 2021.



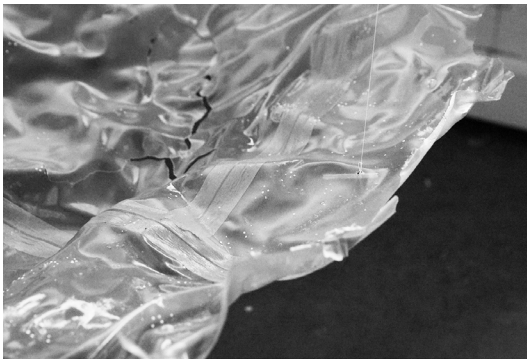
Partial Elevation of Instrument 005

gelatin powder, water, upholstery thread, wood,
acrylic paint
*resting place for dust, away from the vacuum
cleaner and floor*



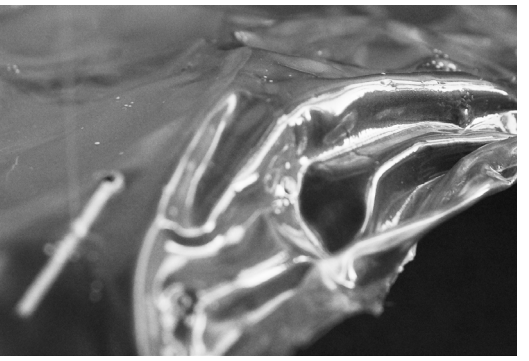
Detail of Instrument 005 from Below

gelatin powder, water, upholstery thread, wood,
acrylic paint
*resting place for dust, away from the vacuum
cleaner and floor*



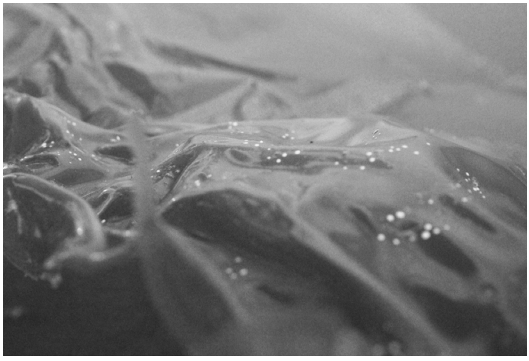
Detail of Instrument 005 Showing Suspension Instrument

gelatin powder, water, upholstery thread,
wood, acrylic paint, green tape (bonded to
gelatin sheet)
*resting place for dust, away from the vacuum
cleaner and floor*



Detail of Instrument 005

gelatin powder, water, upholstery thread,
wood, acrylic paint
*resting place for dust, away from the vacuum
cleaner and floor*



Detail of Instrument 005

gelatin powder, water, upholstery thread,
wood, acrylic paint
*resting place for dust, away from the vacuum
cleaner and floor*



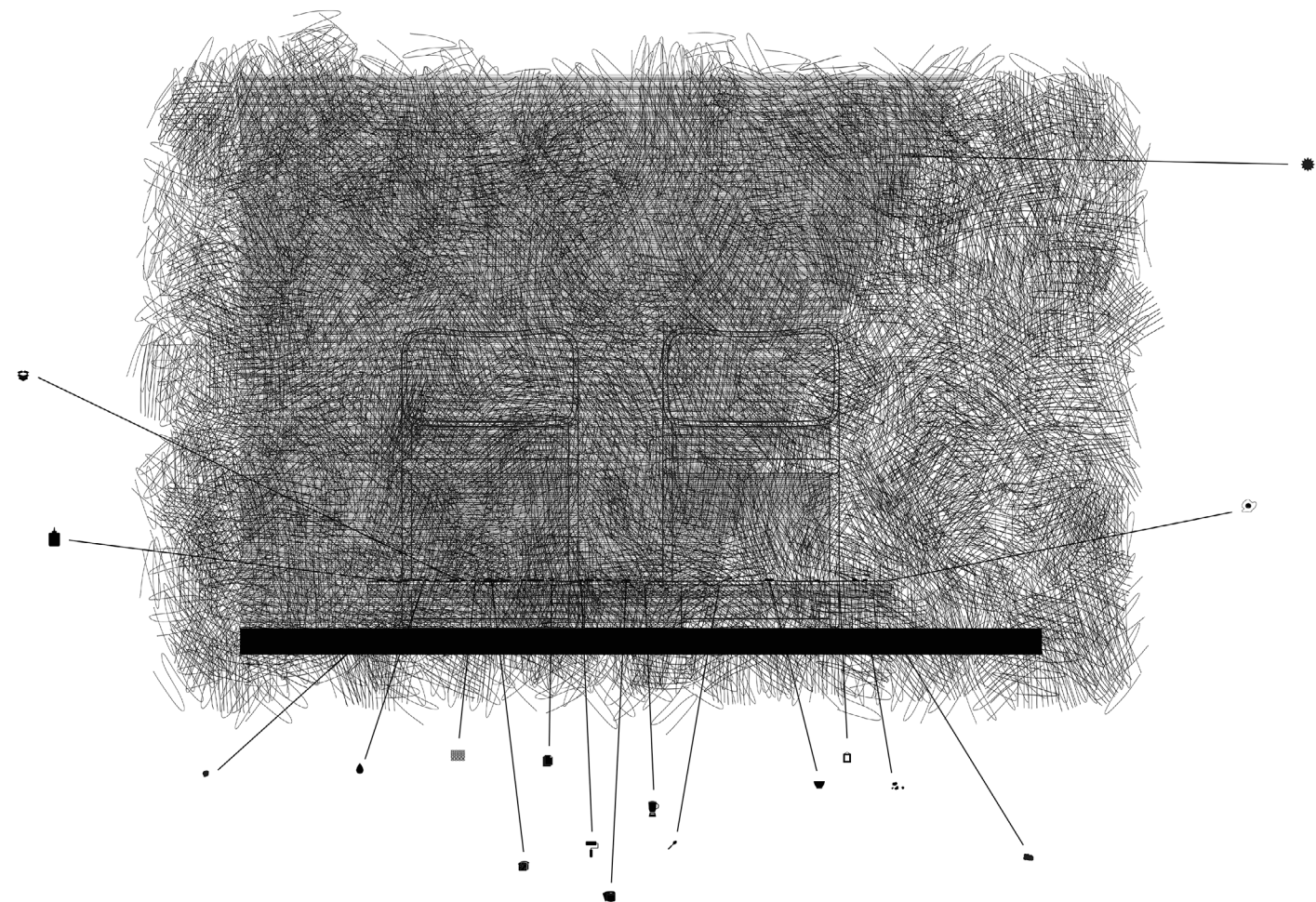
Detail of Instrument 005 Showing Relationship to Floor

gelatin powder, water, upholstery thread,
wood, acrylic paint
resting place for dust

tracking: crumbs
location: kitchen table
dimensions: 58" x 37"

instrument 006

A familiar face, a paper instrument suspended, hanging in mid flight. Carefully pieced together, the water as a glue, having been whisked away²⁹; now the instrument is a mere skin. Each time a crumb is dropped, it is marked, it is recorded³¹. The larger the circumference of the circle, the larger the crumb which found its resting place on the paper. And as each meal is eaten, as each particle settles, the paper grows, its limbs extend. Growth happens in millimeters over vast swaths of time, yet each is recorded: a lasting history of all that which once found its place on the table.



Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of Instrument 006
Author, 2021.



Photograph of Instrument 006 with a Visitor

base: handmade paper; circles: handmade paper,
various dimensions (the bigger the circle, the
bigger the crumb)
*fallen crumbs are marked by a corresponding
paper circle*



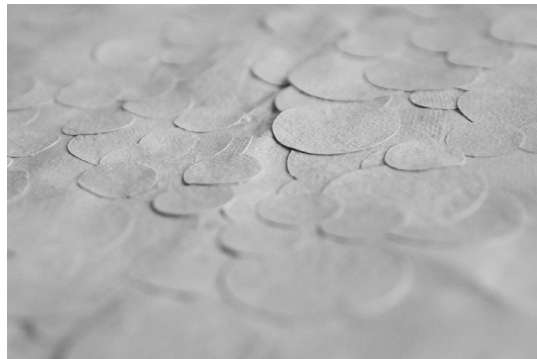
*Plan Photograph of Instrument 006 with Break-
fast*

base: handmade paper; circles: handmade paper,
various dimensions (the bigger the circle, the
bigger the crumb)
*fallen crumbs are marked by a corresponding
paper circle*



Detail of Instrument 006

base: handmade paper; circles: handmade paper, various dimensions (the bigger the circle, the bigger the crumb)
fallen crumbs are marked by a corresponding paper circle



Detail of Instrument 006

base: handmade paper; circles: handmade paper, various dimensions (the bigger the circle, the bigger the crumb)
fallen crumbs are marked by a corresponding paper circle



Detail of Instrument 006

base: handmade paper; circles: handmade paper, various dimensions (the bigger the circle, the bigger the crumb)
fallen crumbs are marked by a corresponding paper circle



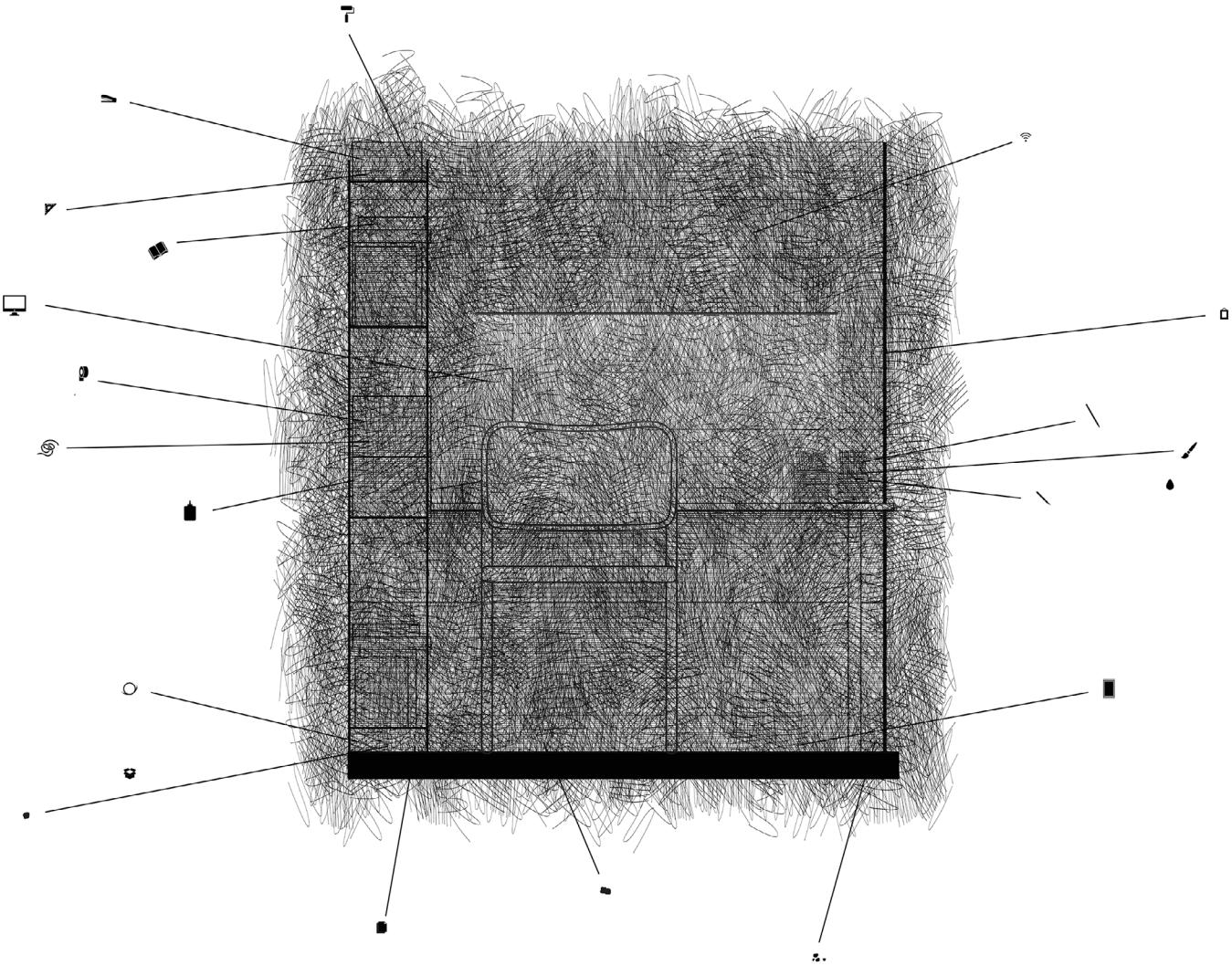
Detail of Instrument 006 with Crumbs

base: handmade paper; circles: handmade paper, various dimensions (the bigger the circle, the bigger the crumb)
fallen crumbs are marked by a corresponding paper circle



This is the world
of experimentation.

epilogue



Drawing of a Photograph of an Elevation of the Office Underneath the Stairs in Apartment 432
Author, 2021.

In some distant place, a door slams shut. A young woman shifts in her chair. The bags under her eyes are emphasized in the low light. She sits at her desk, completely unaware of the clamorous sea that is the space which surrounds her. Further along, another young man sits at his desk, equally as unaware. Further south still, the scene repeats. Unending.

For this is not just her story, it is their story, your story, our story. It is a question of what we understand space to be, of looking inwards and perhaps seeing space for the first time. It is a daydream; one which carries you along a pristine sparkling river, with luscious trees teasing the rivers surface. And as you float, you wonder: what if these instruments were a part of our everyday life? What if our houses became places of community gatherings for beings both great and small³², and our tools became welcome mats, instead of treatises of war.

This is her experiment, a laboratory of inventions, of creations, of studies. By her, with her, without her. There is no end product, no final outcome. It is a laboratory of continuation, a partnership for life. Indeed, she can go wherever she may please, but it is the insides that she cannot leave.

of bubbling and blubbering concoctions,
reaching, dripping...

Aire, Oliver et al. The Handbook of the Unseen World. Vancouver: B.I.O.H.A. Press, 2020.

Bachelard, Gaston. The Poetics of Space. New York: Penguin Books, 2014.

Borges, Jorge Luis. Ficciones. Barcelona: Lumen, 2019.

Boyer, M. Christine. CyberCities: Visual Perception in the Age of Electronic Communication. New York: Princenton Architectural Press, 1996.

Brodsky, Alexander and Ilya Utkin. Brodsky & Utkin. New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 2003.

Calvino, Italo. If on a Winter's Night a Traveller. London: Vintage, 2015.

Calvino, Italo. Invisible Cities. London: Vintage Digital, 2010.

Easterling, Keller. Extrastatecraft. Madrid: Mairia Libros, 2015.

Edgerton, Harold. Atomic Bomb Explosion Through a Rapatronic Camera. 1987. Photograph. Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Foucault, Michel. The Birth of the Clinic: an Archeology of Medical Perception. London: Routledge, 2008.

Foucault, Michel. Discipline and Punish. New York: Vintage Books, 1978.

Gillet, J. A., and W. J. Rolfe. Astronomy for the Use of Schools and Academies. New York, New York: Potter, Knight, Ainsworth, 1888.

Ishigami, Junya. Another Scale of Architecture. Japan: LIXIL Publishing, 2019.

Kaplicky, Jan. Jan Kaplicky Drawings. London: Circa Press, 2015.

Knut, Patryk. Adventures of Two Friends: A Graphic Novel, C.C. Publishing, 2021.

Kotoulas, Soririos. Space Out. Wien: Springer, 2005.

Lefebvre, Henri. The Production of Space. John Wiley and Sons, 1991.

Lefebvre, Henri. State, Space, World: Selected Essays. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2009.

Matta-Clark, Gordon. The Beginning of Trees and the End. New York: David Zwirner Books, 2015.

Morton, Timothy. Hyperobjects: Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2017.

Noble, Paul. Nobson. Amsterdam: Drukkerij Mart.Spruijt, 2014.

Reiter, Wellington. Vessels and Fields. New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1999.

Sacks, Oliver. The River of Consciousness. London: Picador, 2018.

Spiller, Neil. Drawing Architecture. London: Architectural Design, 2013.

Sorkin, Michael. Twenty Minutes in Manhattan. New York: North Point Press, 2013.

Uenguer, Erdem. "Theory for the Sake of the Theory: ARCHTHEO '11." In ResearchGate. Istanbul, 2011. https://www.researchgate.net/publication/321155578_Space_The_undefinable_space_of_architecture.

Vaughn-James, Martin. The Cage. Toronto: Coach House Press, 1975.

Zevi, Bruno. Architecture as Space. New York, New York: Horizon Press, 1974.

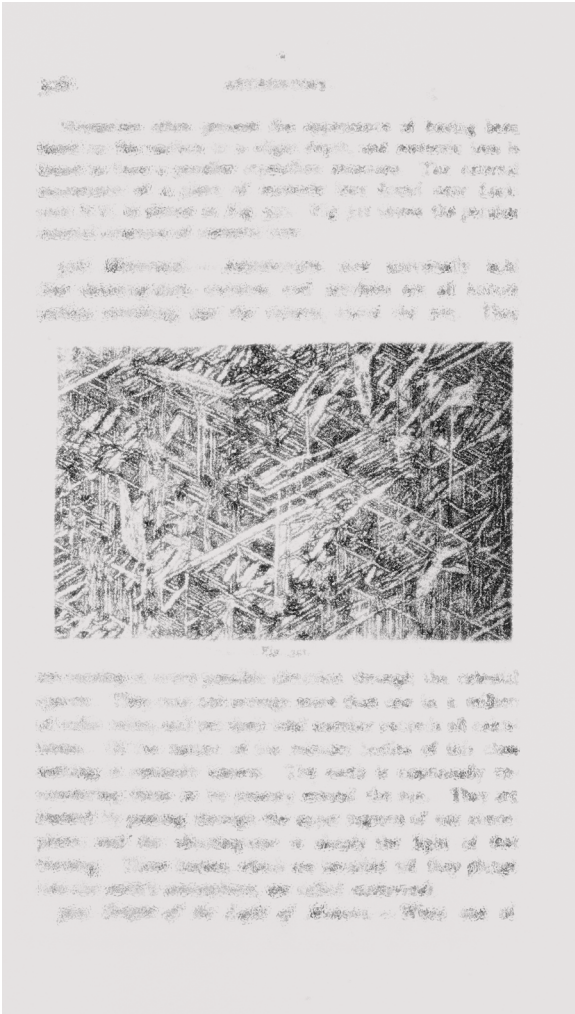
But this
is not the End.

appendix



There is a world of eraser droppings and
graphite dust, living on her desk. And on
desks all across the world. Different desks,
same tunnels, same caves.

The Tunnels and Caves of Abandoned Ideas 1
Gillet, J. A., and W. J. Rolfe. Astronomy for the Use of Schools and Acade-
mies. New York, New York: Potter, Knight, Ainsworth, 1888.



Minute bodies.

An Unknown Know 2
Gillet, J. A., and W. J. Rolfe. Astronomy for the Use of Schools
and Academies. New York, New York: Potter, Knight, Ainsworth,
1888.

*“Moreover, our houses are no longer aware of the
storms of the outside universe.” (48)*

She sits in her desk, completely unaware of the
clamarous sea that is the space which surrounds
her. And in a distant place, another young man sits
at his desk, equally as unaware. Further south still,
the scene repeats. Unending.

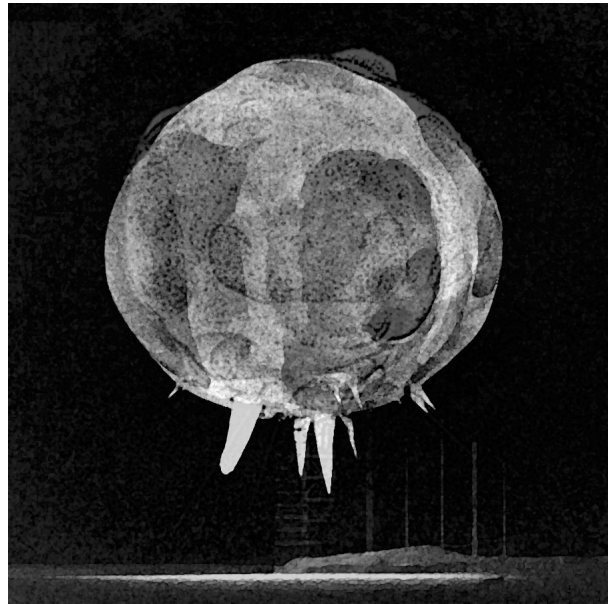
The question that then arises is: how wide is the
blanket of the unaware?

Becoming Aware of Being Unaware 3
Gaston Bachelard. The Poetics of Space. New York: Penguin
Books, 2014.

*“Perhaps the mistake lies in establishing that at the
beginning I and a telephone are in a finite space
such as my house would be, whereas what I must
communicate is my situation with regard to nu-
merous telephones that ring; these telephones are
perhaps not calling me, have no relation to me, but
the mere fact that I can be called to a telephone
suffices to make it possible or at least conceivable
that I may be called by all telephones. For exam-
ple, when a telephone rings in a house near mine,
for a moment I wonder if it is ringing in my house
- a suspicion that immediately proves unfounded
but which still leaves a wake, since it is possible
that the call might really be for me and through a
wrong number or crossed wires it has gone to my
neighbour, and this is all the more possible since in
that house there is nobody to answer and the tele-
phone keeps ringing, and then in the irrational log-
ic that ringing never fails to provoke in me, I think:
Perhaps it is indeed for me, perhaps my neighbour
is at home but does not answer because he knows,
perhaps also the person calling knows he is calling
a wrong number but does so deliberately to keep
me in this state, knowing I cannot answer but
know that I should answer.” (133 - 134)*

At this point, she does start to argue back and
forth, an argument that is pointless, as every
argument with yourself is. And yet she contin-
ues, spiralling further, into the blackness, into the
vastness. Forever inching further away from what
is real. Or perhaps unreal.

If There Should Be Any Reality At All 4
Italo Calvino and William Weaver. If on a Winter's Night a Travel-
ler. London: Vintage, 2015.



She had read about this, long ago. Heard stories from her grandparents, about the testing and the dust. 0.016 milliseconds into a detonation and there is a fleeting space. It will never be repeated, it can never be put together again.

And yet, perhaps, if we could stretch out time, this could be space. It was a fruitless task, she knew that much. But it was this that had started it all.

And it was 0.016 (or, 00.16, she wasn't quite sure anymore) which would remain.

The Seed 5

Harold Edgerton. Atomic Bomb Explosion Through a Rapatronic Camera. 1987. Photograph. Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"From one part to the other, the city seems to continue, in perspective, multiplying its repertory of images: but instead it has no thickness, it consists only of a face and an obverse, like a sheet of paper; with a figure on either side, which can neither be separated nor look at each other." (105)

Interrupting one of these beings in his thoughts, we come to learn that at some point in his past he was gently playing in the canals of Venice, splashing up against the wooden piles that were meant to keep the city dry.

They are the real rulers of the city, although they let some others think that's not the case.

A Dichotomy for Two 6

Italo Calvino and William Weaver. Invisible Cities. London: Vintage Digital, 2010.

"In the ceremonies of the public execution, the main character was the people, whose real and immediate presence was required for the performance." (57)

It had always been clear to them all that there could never be space without a collection, like not having flour for a cake.

However, they never really did like cake.

Without Us There is no Them 7

Michel Foucault. Discipline and Punish. New York: Vintage Books, 1978.

"Every city is over-exposed and its physical sense of space decomposed as our eyes are constantly bombarded with ephemeral and interchangeable images, visions that move along the constant space of flows called the informational city." (138)

There was no way to crawl out of this web, just like there was no way to climb higher up. The web was there, just as the guards stood watch. And as the time passed, there was more web, stronger web, just as there were more guards, and stronger barricades.

An Infinite Crawling Web 8

Christine M. Boyer. CyberCities: Visual Perception in the Age of Electronic Communication. New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1996.

“The spatial therefore has formal properties. There are special techniques that permit a certain amount of programming, notably calculus, or forecasting. And then there are also the contents. What does this prove? We already know that the science of space, being divided into several levels, is not a unified and comprehensive science, that it does not have a logistics of space as its culmination.” (172)

“This architecture sees the environment as pathogenic and gaskets itself away from it. The glass house next to the tunnel extract fan is metaphorically precise. Windows should not be opened for fear of filling the room with carbon monoxide (or the avian flu, or sarin gas). Yet the activities within remain visible. If safety is identified with panoptic transparency, self-exposure is a medium for reducing risk. More and more of daily life is governed by the management and manipulation of fear. [...] Public service announcements caution us to be on the lookout for people who dress unusually, which covers just about everyone around here. The result is a shrink-wrapped city, designed for the pleasures of danger.” (227)

“We cannot, however, lay down fixed proportions of space as architecturally right. Space value in architecture is affected first and foremost, no doubt, by actual dimensions; but it is affected by a hundred considerations besides. It is affected by lighting and the position of shadows: the source of light attracts the eye and sets up an independent suggested movement of its own. It is affected by colour: a dark floor and a light roof give a totally different space sensation to that created by a dark roof and a light floor. It is affected by our own expectancy: by the space we have immediately left.” (218)

“Looking back through my old notebooks, I find that many of the thoughts sketched in them are forgotten for years, and then revived and reworked as new. I suspect that such forgettings occur for everyone, and they may be especially common in those who write or paint or compose, for creativity may require such forgettings, in order that one’s memories and ideas can be born again and seen in new contexts and perspectives.” (108)

“Consciousness lives because it can be altered, maimed, diverted from its course, paralysed; societies live because there are sick, declining societies and healthy, expanding ones; the race is a living being that one can see degenerating; and civilizations, whose deaths have so often been remarked on, are also, therefore, living beings.” (35 - 36)

“In the extrastatecraft of infrastructure space, tuning a multiplier is like crafting rumor or gossip. Designers can alter the repertoire of a technology to be more suited to certain populations just as the construction of suburban homes was designed as an assembly-line process. Similarly, a new spatial protocol will be more powerful if it finds a carrier that multiplies it. Infrastructure space is thick with technologies that are potential multipliers: populations of suburban houses, skyscrapers, vehicles, spatial products, zones, mobile phones, or global standards.” (217)

A loud shout erupts down below. There is intense commotion. But up here, so high above, the loudest shouts sound like mere echoes of a world so far removed.

All comfy and tucked away, he ignored the shrieks and cries. After all, he was up here and that was down below.

Two different worlds, eternities apart.

She stroked her latest seizure: the tiniest of brown thread, not quite straight, not quite curly. She'd add it to the left of her middle, the order needed to be kept. And besides, she had to be conscious of her size. If she got too big, she could get noticed.

There was no room for error here.

They always had to be accounted for - one could never be quite sure. Did someone eat someone else, or did the vacuum come and suck someone away? And then there were the trivial matters, like marriages, births and deaths, and random items for sale. They could all be found at the community bulletin. New ones everyday.

It felt a little bit like a bad Christmas. Waiting all year for the time to come, to open up your present. And then when the wrapping came off and the present revealed... socks. Again. Now, if he could learn and remember, he would know to ask for something better next time around.

But therein lay the problem: nobody could learn. It was just the same process again and again. It would be socks every year, for eternity.

He zoomed past the baker on the street, the crumbs laid out, a cinnamon smell wafting through the air. There is better up ahead. He pushed on. Past the plum pit, sold for higher than market value. It was winter after all, these items were rare this time of year. But still, bigger prizes lay ahead.

He scrambled over the boulders, over the shiny step randomly laid out on the street. City planning had never been their strength, he thought.

There was going to be a competition in school today: The Best Receptor Award. He had trained for months leading up to this, racing up and down his avenue, trying to cut down his detecting time. Indeed, if looking down at him from a perch on a branch above, all that would have been seen would be his little black body, a blur racing up and down the street. Bump here, bump there, target. 5.201 seconds.

Too slow.

A Duality (Plus Three) 9
Henri Lefebvre. State, Space, World: Selected Essays. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2009.

Glass Architecture of Fear 10
Michael Sorkin. Twenty Minutes in Manhattan. New York: North Point Press, 2013.

The Others 11
Bruno Zevi. Architecture as Space. New York, New York: Horizon Press, 1974.

A Rebirth, A Death, A Rebirth, Repeat 12
Oliver Sacks. The River of Consciousness. London: Picador, 2018.

There is No End 13
Michel Foucault. The Birth of the Clinic: an Archeology of Medical Perception. London: Routledge, 2008.

An Antenna of Gossip 14
Keller Easterling. Extrastatecraft. Madrid: Maira Libros, 2015.

“The more I struggle to understand hyper-objects, the more I discover that I am stuck to them. They are all over me. They are me. [...] Hyperobjects are agents. They are indeed more than a little demonic, in the sense that they appear to straddle worlds and times, like fiber optic cables or electromagnetic fields. And they are demonic in that through them causalities flow like electricity.” (29)

“Lost in these imaginary illusions I forgot my destiny - that of the hunted. For an undetermined period of time I felt myself cut off from the world, an abstract spectator. The hazy and murmuring countryside, the moon, the decline of the evening, stirred within me. Going down the gently sloping road I could not feel fatigue. The evening was at once intimate and infinite.” (94)

“The living organism has neither meaning nor existence when considered in isolation from its extensions, from the space that it reaches and produces (i.e. its ‘milieu’ - to use a fashionable term that tends to reduce activity to the level of mere passive insertion into a natural material realm). Every such organism is reflected and refracted in the changes that it wreaks in its ‘milieu’ or ‘environment’ - in other words, in its space.” (196)

“The reason we do not know where cyberspace is, or when we are in it, or how it looks and feels when we are is because our conceptual and perceptual faculties are stuck in older ideas of space. We are hemmed in by our present assumptions and by our inability to visualize, and thus physically experience, space that we cannot measure by means we already know.” (10)

“While place is the positioning of objects to each other; space is the experience of them. In other words, in relation to place, space is like the word when it is spoken: reading action is a kind of space, growing out of the experience of a written text (a place established with signs). Stories thus carry out a labor that constantly transforms places into spaces or spaces into places.” (6)

Looking back, she remembers the time when the empire was so small, the Queen sitting on a tiny throne. It had, back then, seemed forlorn; they’d never be able to build an empire to sustain.

But that was then, and this is now.

She had been one of the daring ones. She didn’t mean to break the rules (she preferred the term “bending”), it just sort of came to be that way.

She loved the extra crunch, the extra squish. The clean crackle, the determined snap. With every movement there came life, exhilaration. She couldn’t imagine spending her life along the same route as everyone else.

It was raining, not that it would kill him. But he didn’t like it. His sister kept saying he was a whimp, but he didn’t think that was true.

He just hated the whole process of having to wait to dry out before being able to do anything again. What a waste of a day. It was better off staying dry.

He was zooming, at inextricable speeds, back and forth, forth and back. And as he raced he thought only about one thing: the homemade soup hanging in the bag on the hook in the coat room in the lunch room in the staff lounge in the drab grey building across from the bus stop that also existed, almost identically, across from his house.

It was just that he would get lost. He wasn’t supposed to, nobody else ever did, but then there he was. Lost. And everytime that happened, he’d have to race around once more, pick up more zeroes and more ones, just enough to spell out ERROR 404. And then that gave him a few minutes of peace.

But it didn’t much help his skills in navigation.

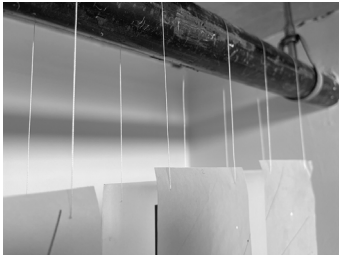
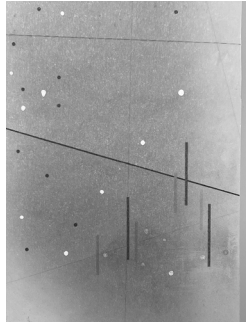
Hyperobject 15
Timothy Morton. Hyperobjects: Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2017.

A Hair, One, Out of Place 16
Jorge Luis Borges. Ficciones. Barcelona: Lumen, 2019.

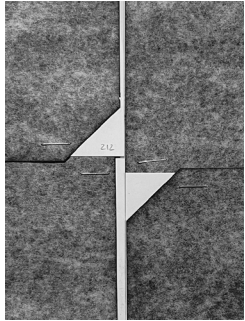
Not One Without the Another 17
Henri Lefebvre. The Production of Space. John Wiley and Sons, 1991.

Stay Open (Closed) 18
Soririos Kotoulas. Space Out. Wien: Springer, 2005.

A Theory on Time 19
Erdem Uenguer. “Theory for the Sake of the Theory: ARCHITHEO ‘11.” In ResearchGate. Istanbul, 2011.



Making of Instrument 001 20
Grant Lio, and Kim Luttich. Vancouver: 432, 2021.



Making of Instrument 002 21
Peter Apier, Kim Luttich, and Frida Oot. Vancouver: 432, 2021.

- canola oil
- foam brush

- i. Dip brush into oil
- ii. Apply liberally to paper until saturation occurs
- iii. Let sit overnight
- iv. Wipe off remaining oil with toilet paper
- v. Let dry overnight
- vi. Placing paper between two pieces of cloth, iron on no-steam setting until all remaining oil has been removed and paper is no longer greasy

- carbon copy paper
- stapler
- staples
- heavyweight paper

- i. Staple copy paper, carbon side down, to heavyweight paper
- ii. Number the right side of the paper
- iii. Lay down so that sides of heavyweight paper are touching
- iv. Use masking tape to secure to floor
- v. Leave in place for a period of time (a week in the case of this rendition)
- vi. Remove from floor and use remover to separate copy paper from heavyweight paper

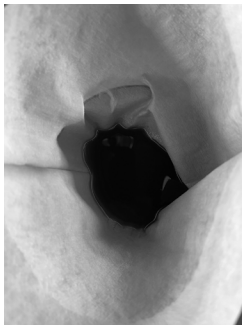
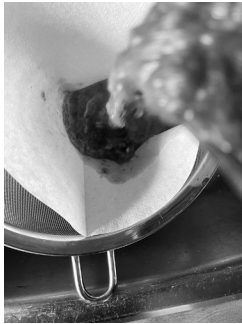
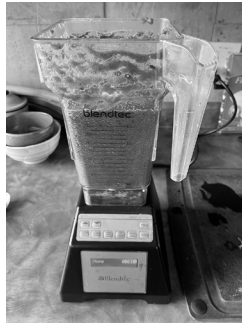
- red cabbage
- water
- blender
- coffee filter

- paper (see *Procedure for Creation of Instrument 006*)
- foam brush
- canola oil (optional)

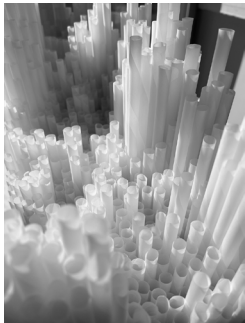
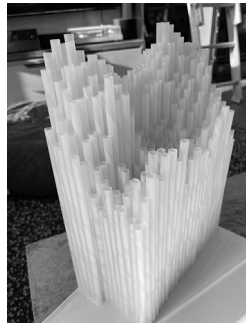
- i. Cut red cabbage into small pieces
- ii. Add to blender and cover with water
- iii. Blend until cabbage is broken down
- iv. Pour mixture into coffee filter and let drip into a bowl
- v. Litmus juice is ready once all pulp is removed and only pure liquid remains
- vi. Using a clean foam brush, apply juice to paper
- vii. Let dry overnight, ensuring to keep paper away from moisture
- viii. Hang and expose to moisture where Instrument is to be tested
- iv. Once dry, apply canola oil (as in *Procedure for Creation of Instrument 001*)

- paper (see *Procedure for Creation of Instrument 006*)
- canola oil
- glue
- wooden dowel

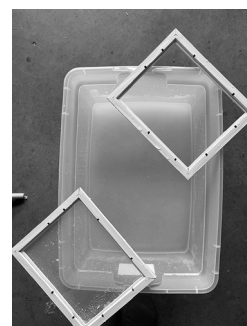
- i. Follow *Procedure for Creation of Instrument 006* and *Procedure for Creation of Instrument 001* to prepare materials
- ii. Cut paper into strips (1.5” width, length can be variable)
- iii. Using wooden dowel, lay strips along length of dowel, slightly angled
- iv. Apply glue to top corner where paper is overlaid
- v. Wrap paper around dowel
- vi. Apply glue to midpoint and again to the end flap
- vii. Pull dowel out and let glue dry
- viii. Snip ends of straws off to create flat edges



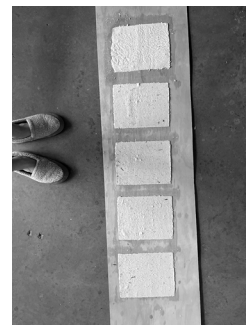
Making of Instrument 003 26
Peter Apier, Kim Luttich., and Ralph Quabge. Vancouver: 432, 2021.



Making of Instrument 004 27
Peter Apier, and Kim Luttich. Vancouver: 432, 2021.



Making of Instrument 005 28
Georgia Laetin and Kim Luttich. Vancouver: 432, 2021.



Making of Instrument 006 29
Peter Apier, Kim Luttich, and Frida Oot. Vancouver: 432, 2021.

- powdered gelatin
- water
- pot
- silicone sheets

For mould:

- Tape silicone sheets together until desired dimensions are reached
- Along border, place “wall” of playdough to create mould

- i. Add 3 tbsp water per packet of gelatin to a pot
- ii. Slowly heat over low heat, stirring constantly
- iii. Once gelatin has melted, remove from heat
- iv. Skim foam off of the top, discard
- v. Quickly pour gelatin into pre-prepared mould
- vi. Use spatula to disperse gelatin, working quickly
- vii. Let dry overnight

Note: the thicker the gelatin is layer, the more it will warp

- fibrous material (old paper, egg cartons, packaging, plants, etc.)
- water (1/4 tub full)
- tub
- liquid starch
- blender
- deckle and mould (picture frame with wire mesh)
- sponge
- rubber roller

- i. Tear fibrous material into small pieces
- ii. Let pieces soak overnight in water
- iii. Blend mixture until material is completely broken down.
- iv. Add to tub (filled with water)
- v. Repeat at least 4 times
- vi. Add 4 tbsp starch per 1/4 tub filled with pulp
- vii. Submerge deckle and mould and lightly shake
- viii. Lift deckle and mould out once satisfied with pulp amount/patterning
- ix. Wipe sponge on back (wire side) of deckle and remove excess liquid
- x. Place onto board and use rubber roller to remove any remaining water
- xi. Lift deckle off slowly
- xii. Let dry





Apartment 432 and Its Beings All Jumbled, In a Fisheye, Then Turned Around And Flattened
Author: Vancouver: 432, 2020.

this is just the beginning, or end, depends on how you look at it.

Imagine if this single apartment could be stretched into a form wholly unknown