

Threshold of Evanescence

Rebekah Tien

P5 Presentation

MSc4 Methods and Analysis

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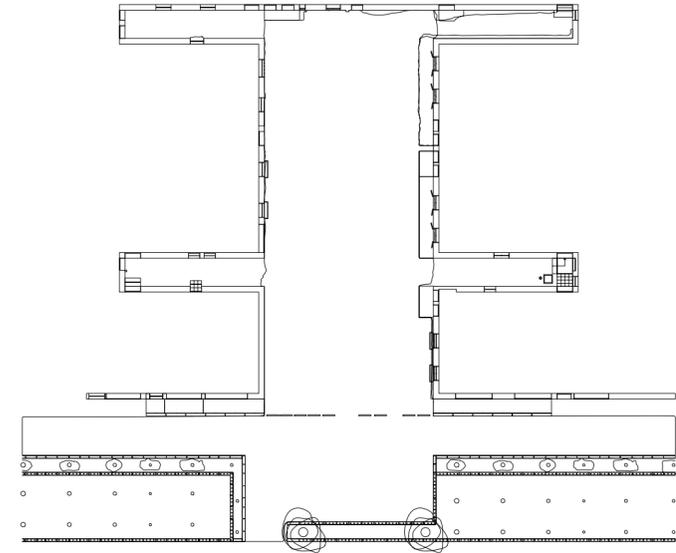
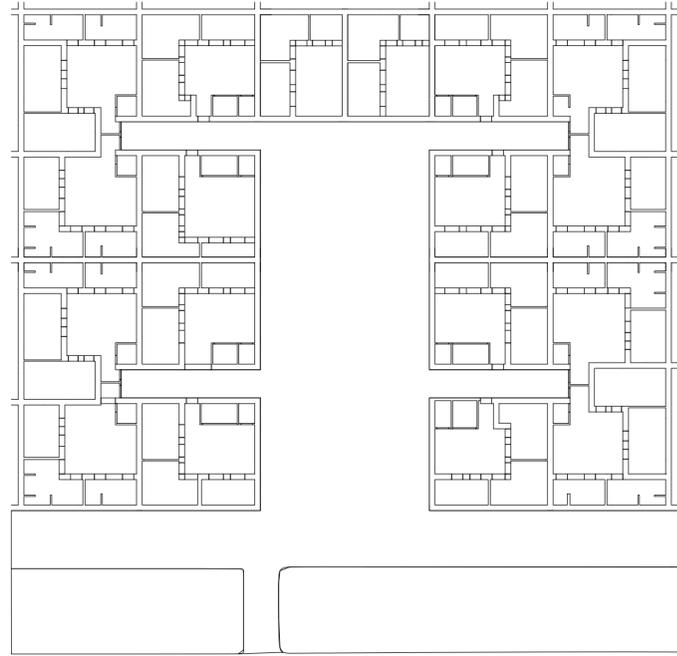
IV. To be Naked: Analysis of the Intervention

Part I |

Morphotypological Research of Ecochard Grid

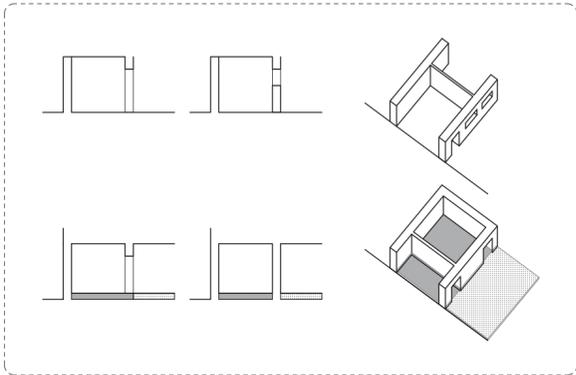
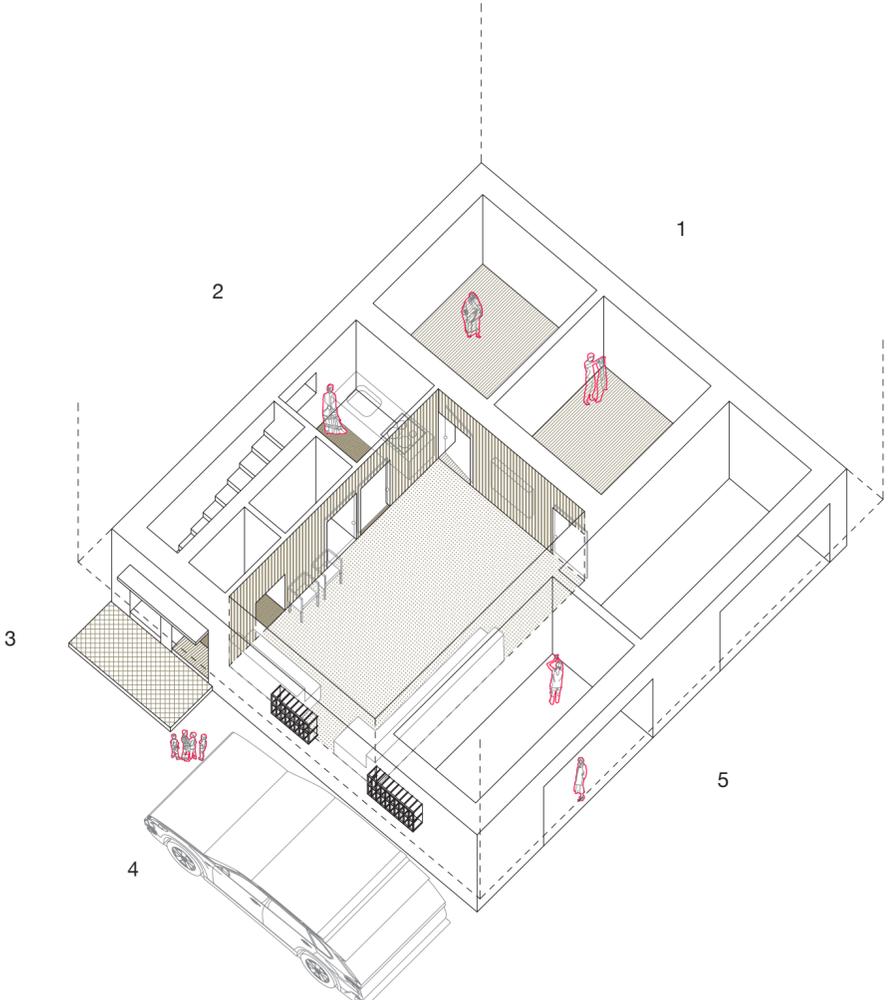
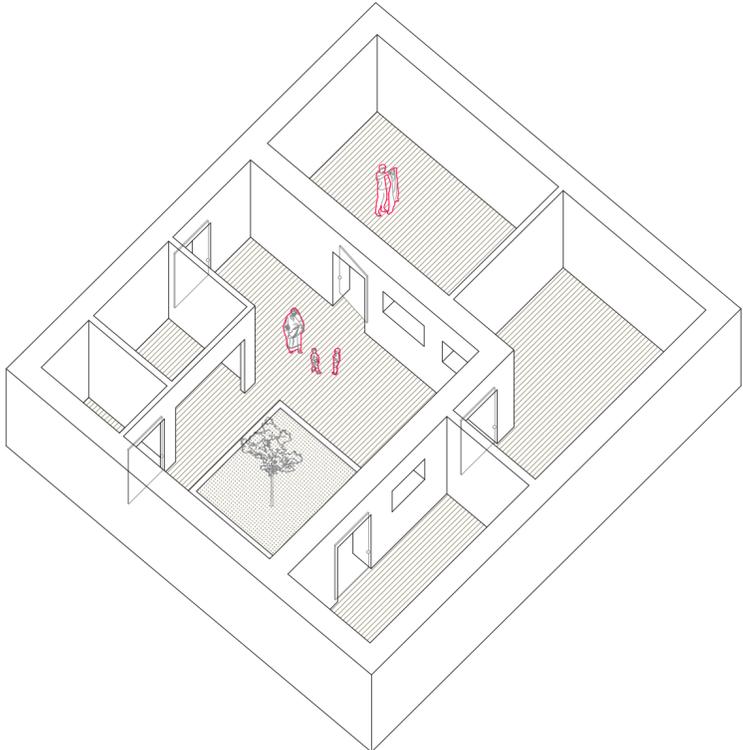
Ecochard 8x8



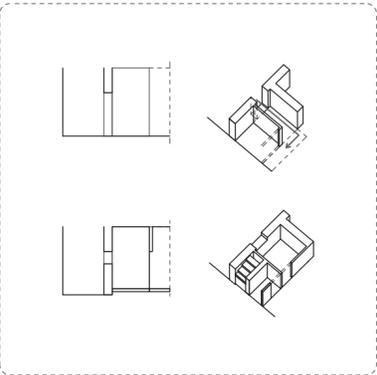


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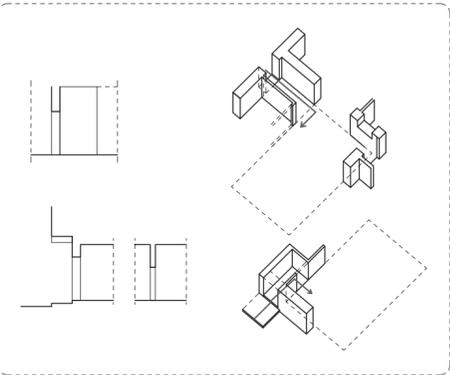
Single unit



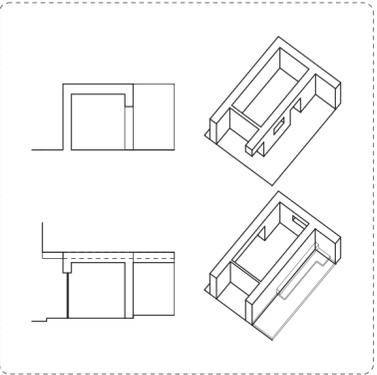
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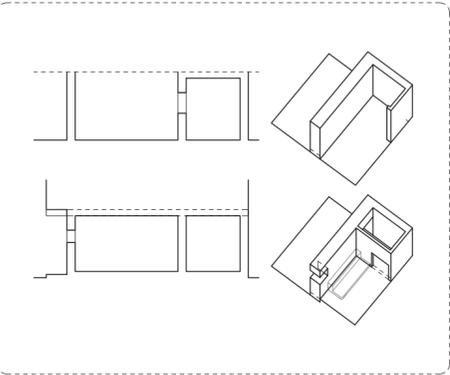
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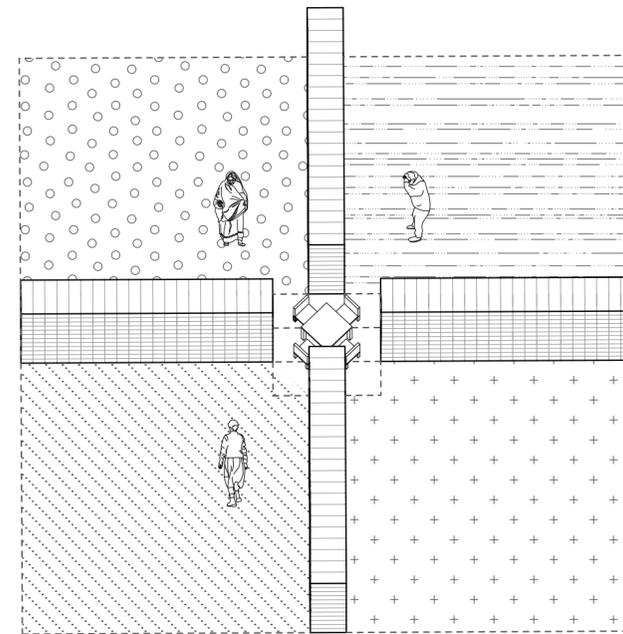
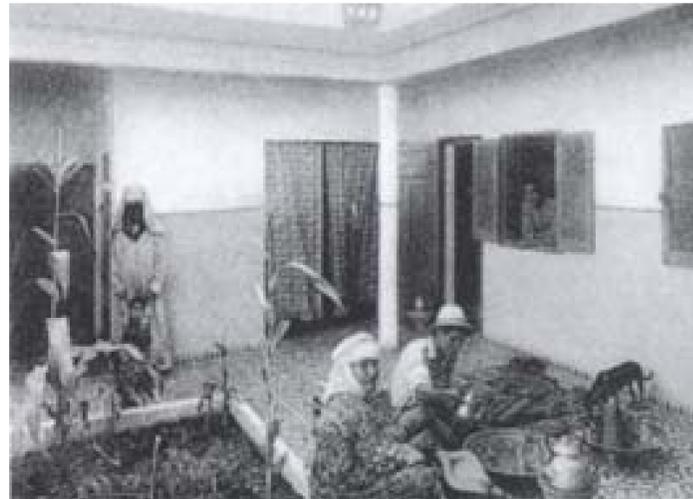


5



4

Ecochard 8x8
Collective Memory

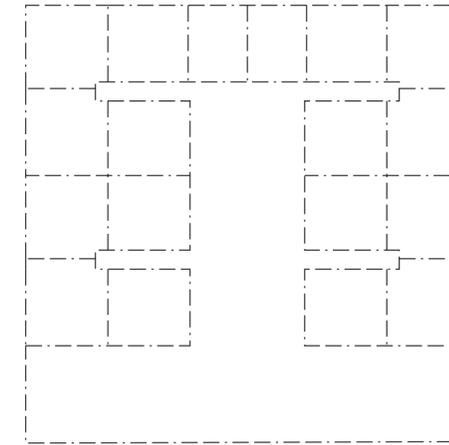
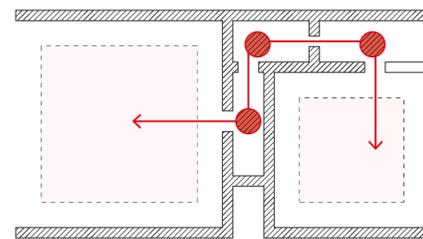
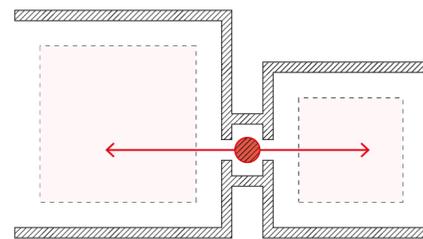
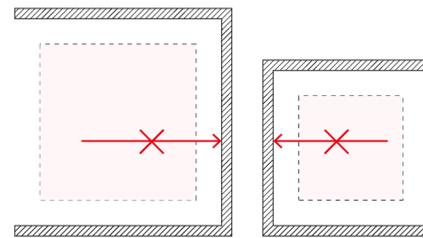
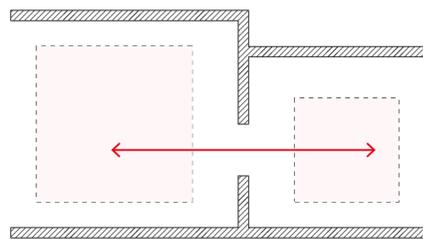
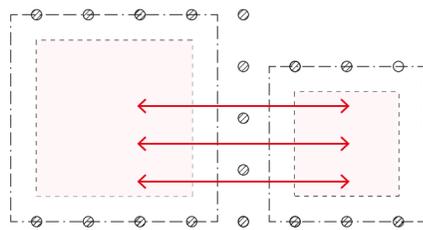
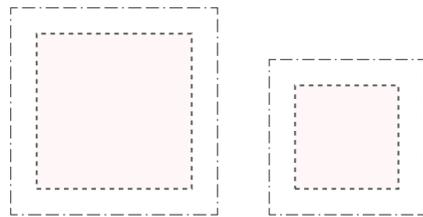


Ritual of Gathering

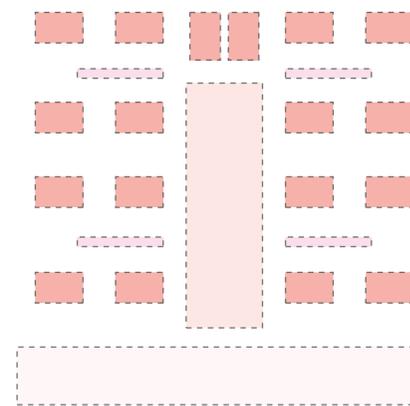


Ecochard 8x8

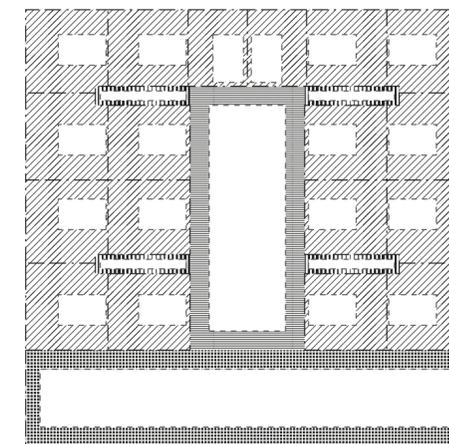
Abstraction



Territory

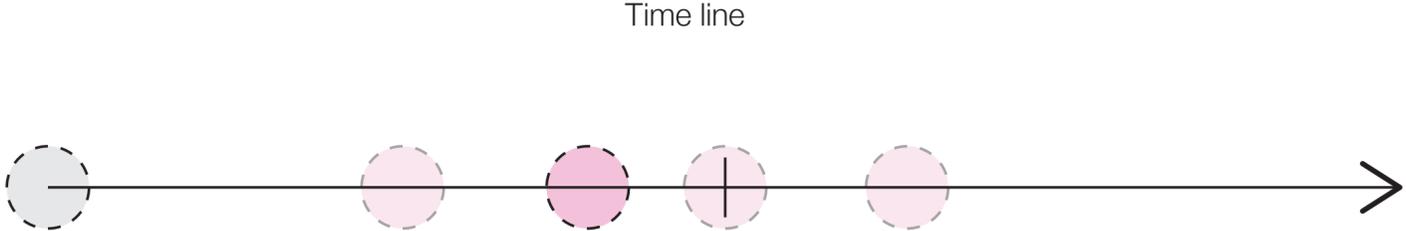


Memory



Response

Position



Position 1

Creating frame work that could accommodate many different memories, in avoiding complete destruction and achieving long lifespan of a building.

Position 2

Dealing with the relation between two specific rituals/settings and territories of a specific moment in the time line.

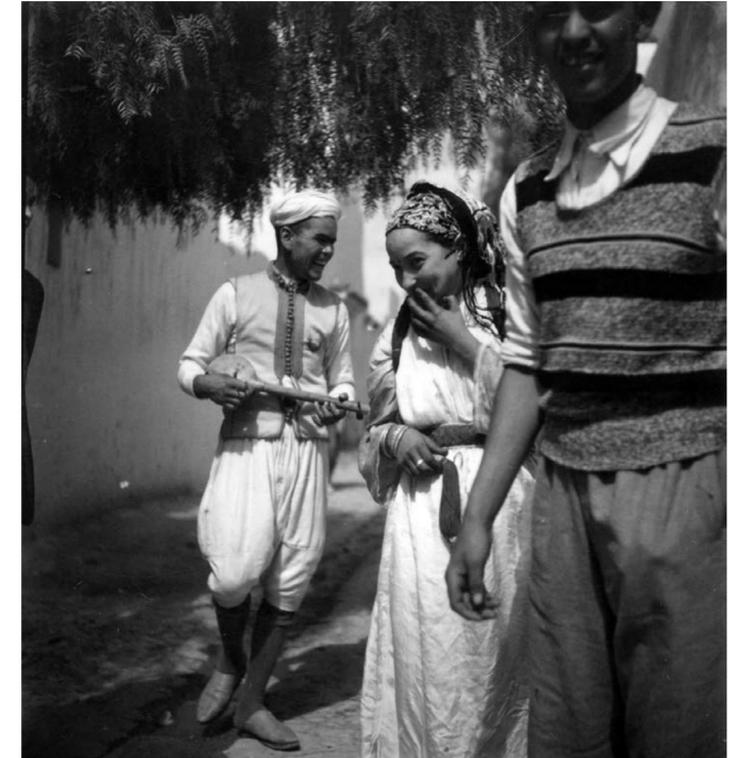
[Ecochard]

Part II |

Bousbir: Quartier Réservé 1924- 1955

Historical Context

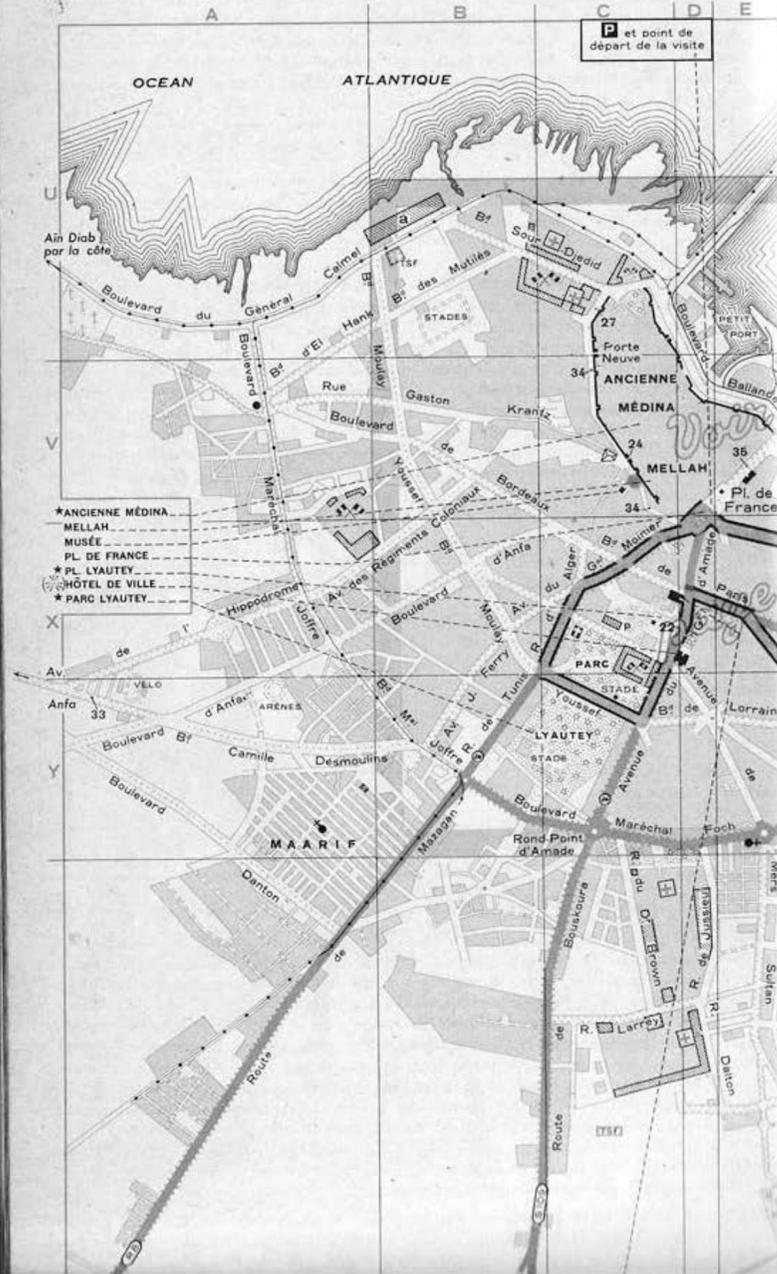
Colonial Prostitution



Site Isolation

★★ CASABLANCA (suite).

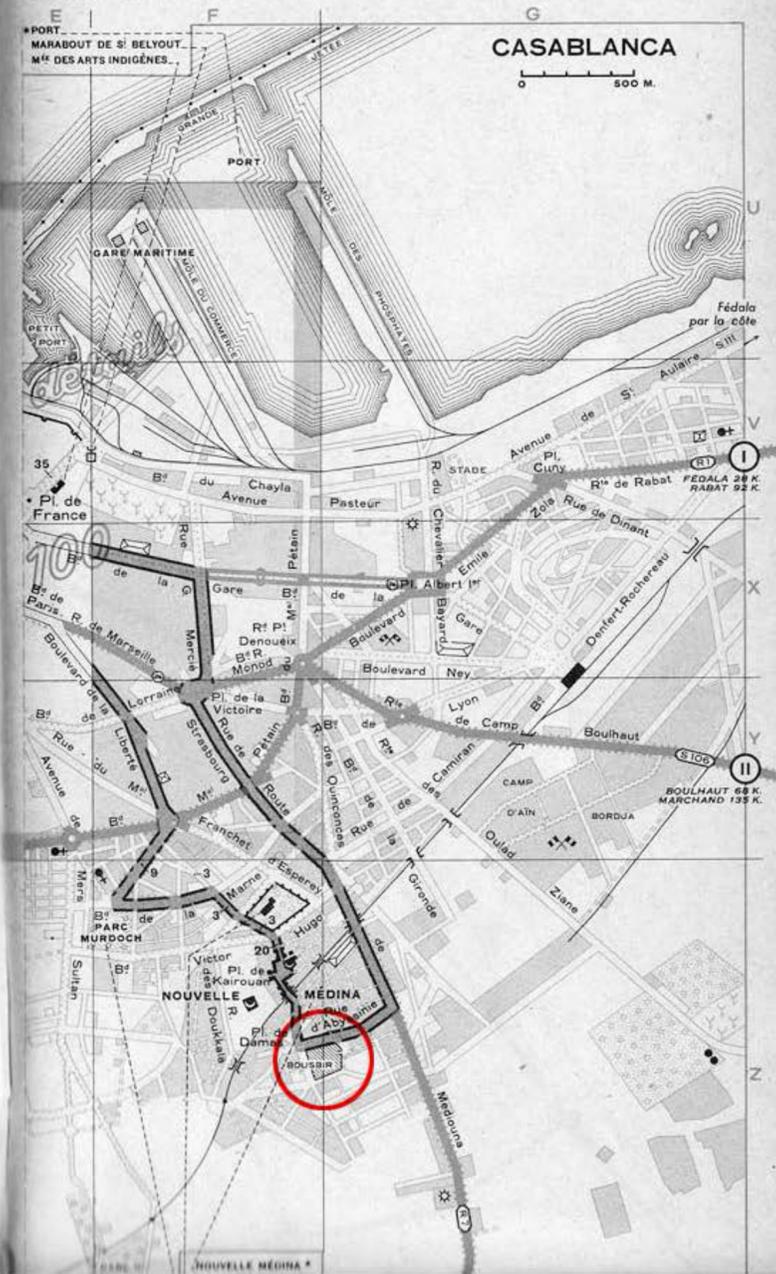
Avec Lyautey, nommé Résident Général en 1912, tout se transforme. Il applique sa formule : "Un chantier vaut un bataillon" et mène de front l'offensive militaire et l'offensive économique. Il décide que Casablanca sera le grand port marocain et un programme de travaux est établi sans délai. En même temps, il fait dresser un plan qui met de l'ordre dans la construction. On remanie. On abat. On commence à tracer de grandes voies, et on construit solide. Un premier boulevard circulaire est créé, puis un second.



CASABLANCA ★★ (suite).

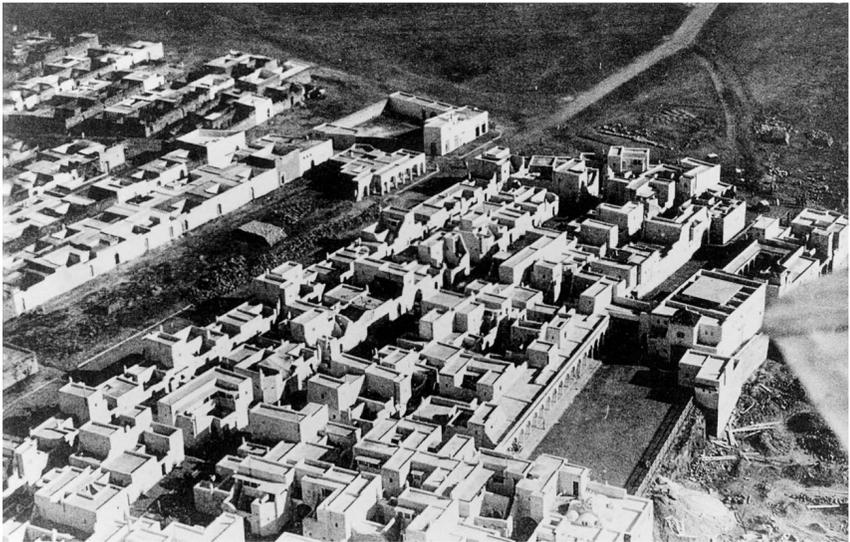
On se porte d'abord vers le port qui fournira la vie, puis vers la gare. La fièvre de la spéculation s'empare de la ville. On achète, on bâtit, on bâtit...

La crise de 1922 freine un instant cette ruée mais, en 1926, la poussée reprend. Les boulevards circulaires sont débordés, les maisons de rapport prennent des allures de gratte-ciel, la "ville champignon" s'étale sur un rayon de 3 kilomètres autour de la place de France : Casa est née.



Site

Isolation





Pre 1925 (Design)



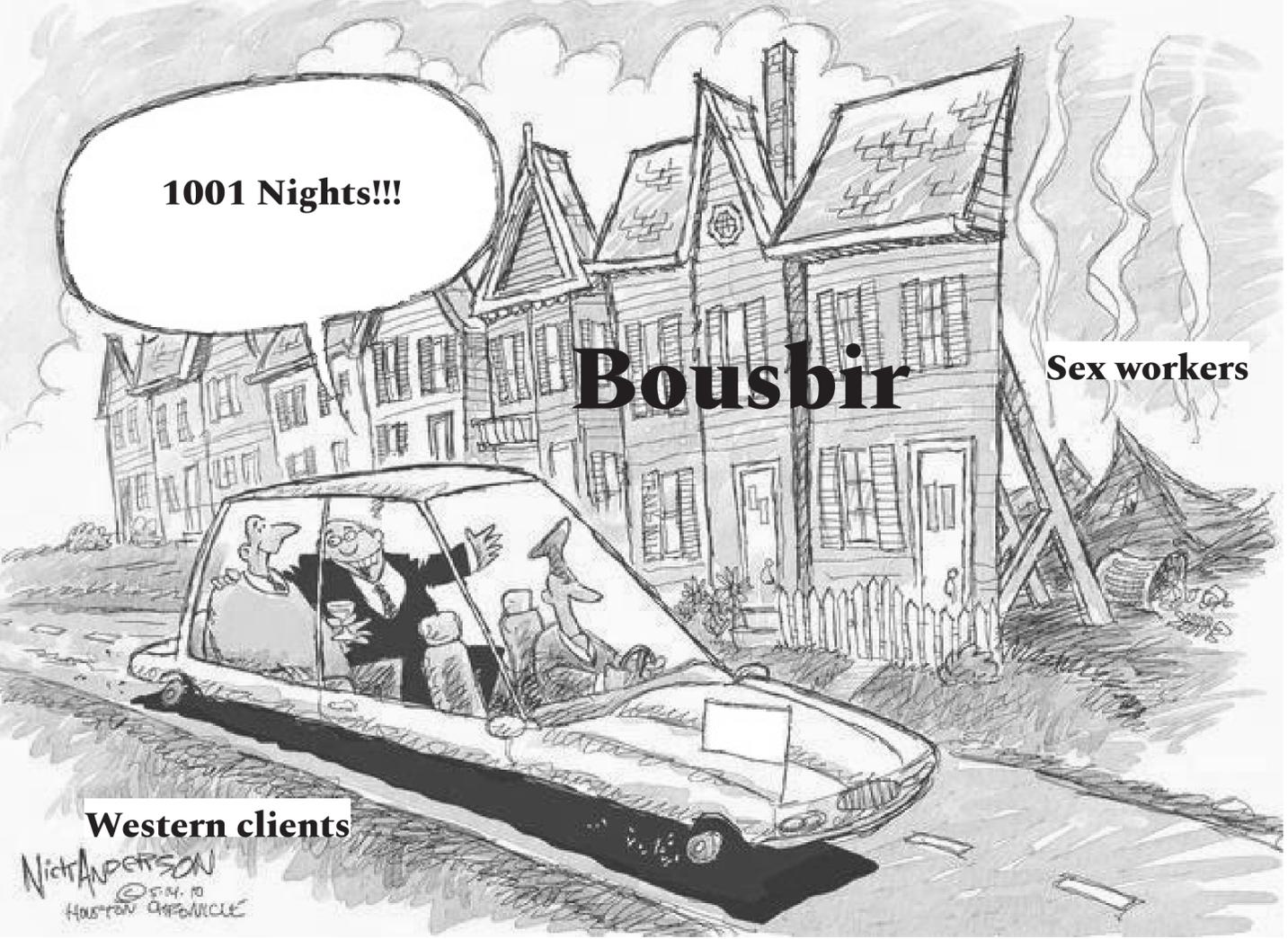
1924-1955 (Realised)



2003

Potemkin City

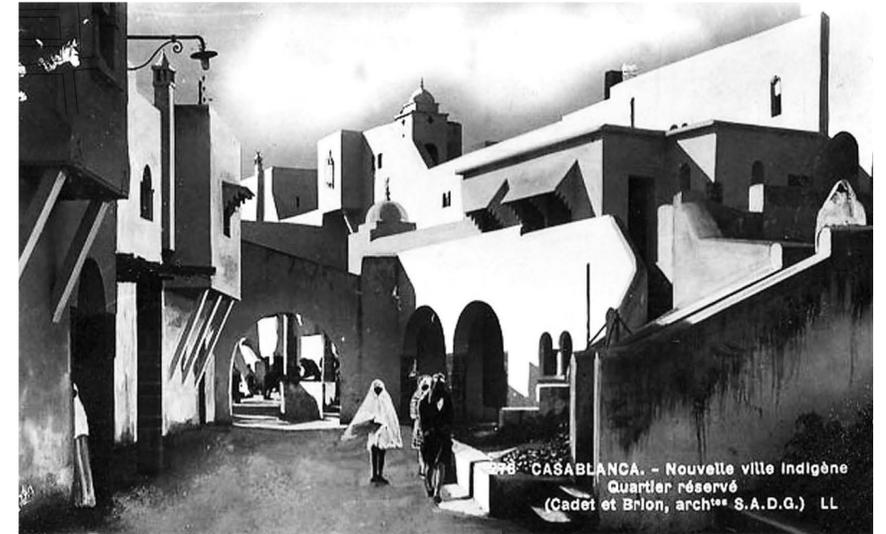
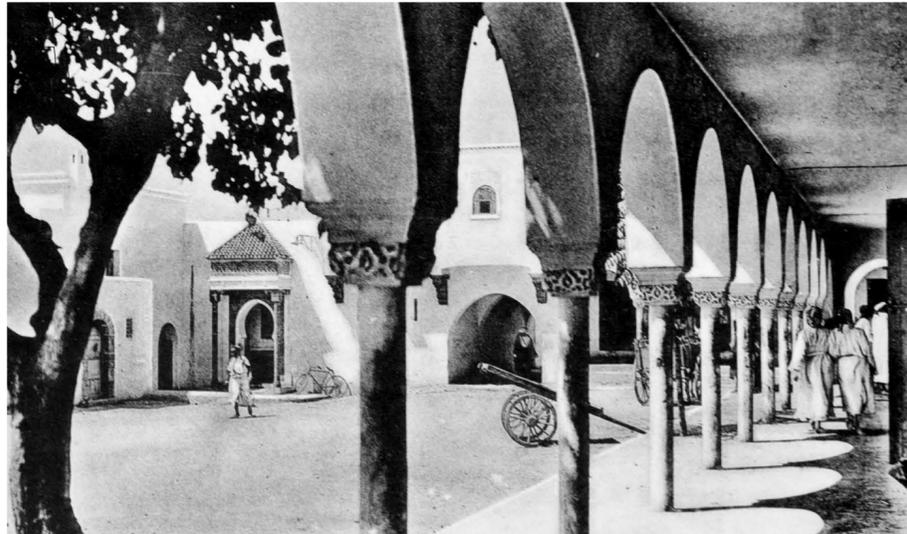
Fantasy
Pleasure
Beauty
Unique
Atmosphere
Cheerfulness
Architecture
Makeup



Abuse
Slavery
Prison
Identity loss
Inequality

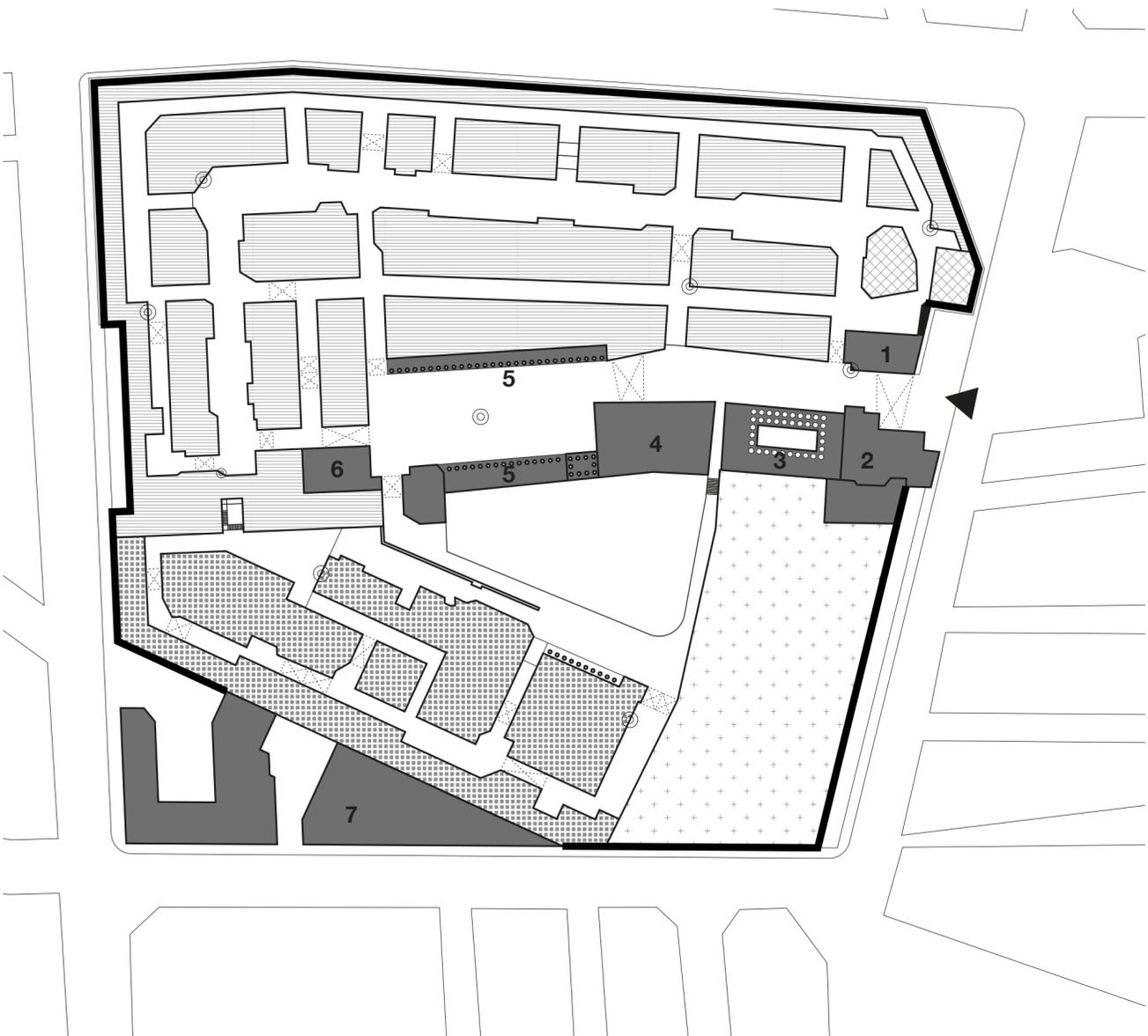
Architectural Strategies

Dressing to satisfy the imaginative geography



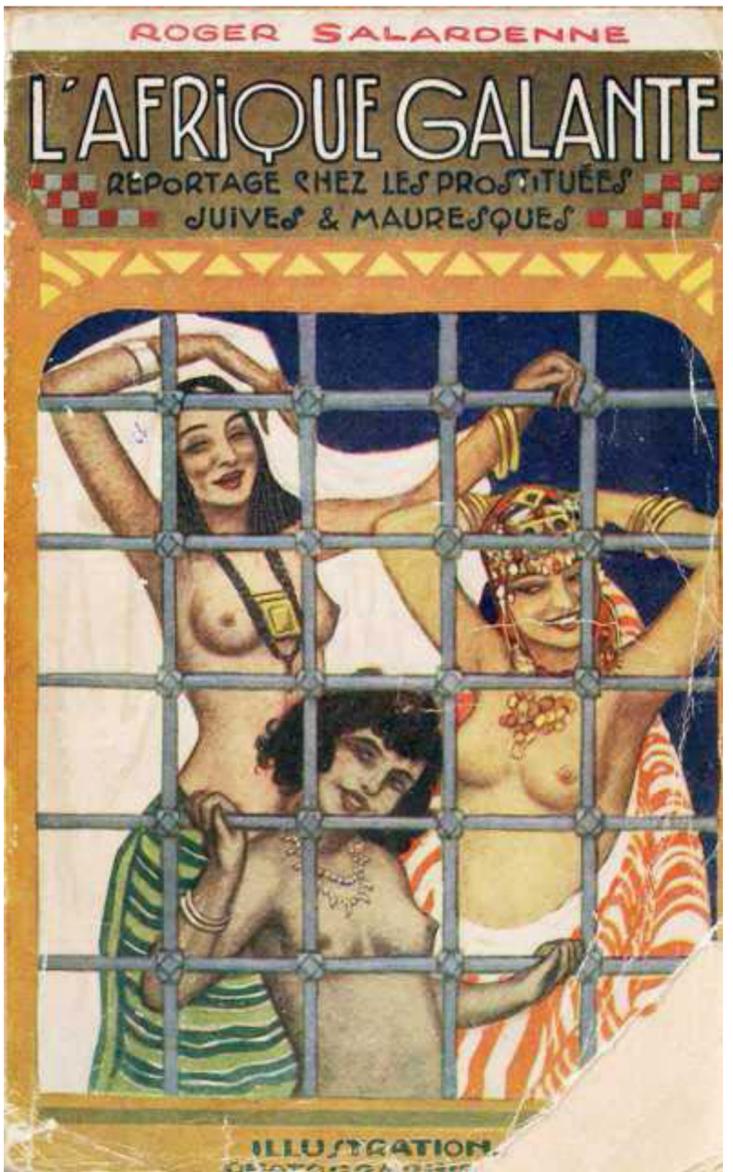
Social Order

Theme Park vs. Prison

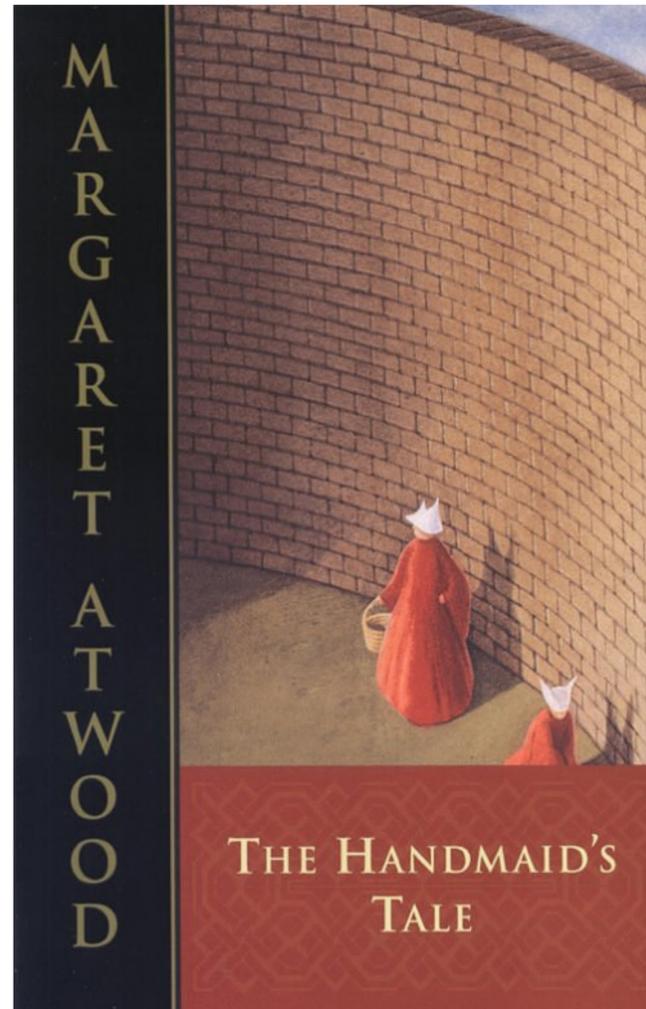


- Blind walls
- Public facilities
- ▨ Moorish sex workers
- ▩ Jewish sex workers
- ▧ European sex workers brothel
- ⊕ European zone (never realised)

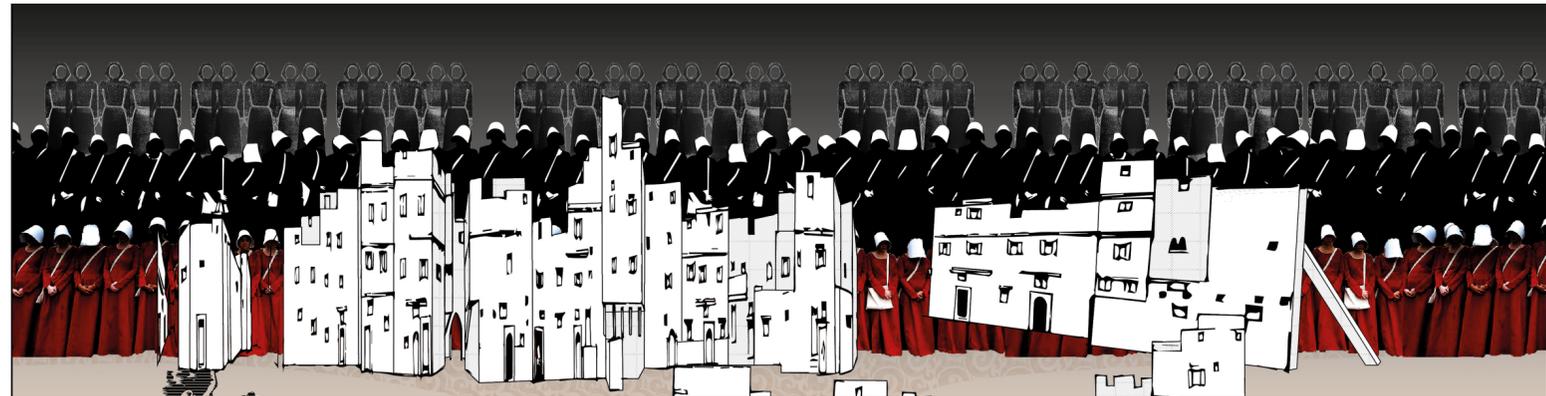
- 1 Police
- 2 Guard house + jail
- 3 Souk
- 4 Cinema
- 5 Shops and Cafés
- 6 Moorish Bath
- 7 Medical dispensary



Archaeology through Literary Fiction



The Handmaid's Tale
Religious Dystopia





“... I hunger to touch something, other than cloth or wood. I hunger to commit the act of touch.”

— Margaret Atwood, The Handmaid's Tale





INTERZONE

G. G. G.

Reflection

Two Readings of Religion

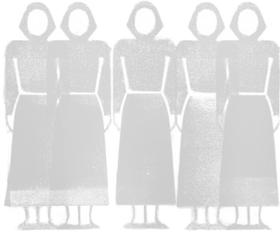
“ RELIGION ”



RE- LIGARE

re-link

relinking individuals with something larger than oneself



Female sex workers

relink with identity and dignity

RE- LEGERE

re-read

rereading one's reality through certain doctrine



Western clients

reread reality through eroticised oriental filter and sex

Reflection

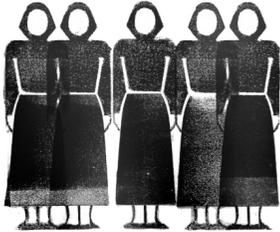
Two Readings of Religion

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rereading one's reality through certain doctrine



Western clients
reread reality through eroticised oriental filter and sex

Part III |

Intervention: Threshold of Evanescene

Role of an Architect?



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Light- Walls- Openings

Light

Abundant yet absent



Light

Abundant yet absent



Richard Serra's work NJ-2 at Gagosian Gallery in London. © Richard Serra. Courtesy Gagosian. Photograph by Mike Bruce

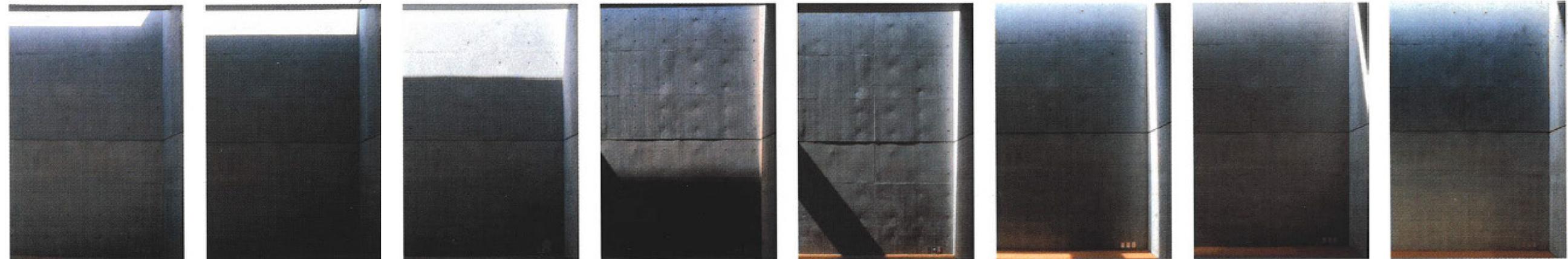
Light

Abundant yet absent



Richard Serra's work NJ-2 at Gagosian Gallery in London. © Richard Serra. Courtesy Gagosian. Photograph by Mike Bruce

Light
Temporality

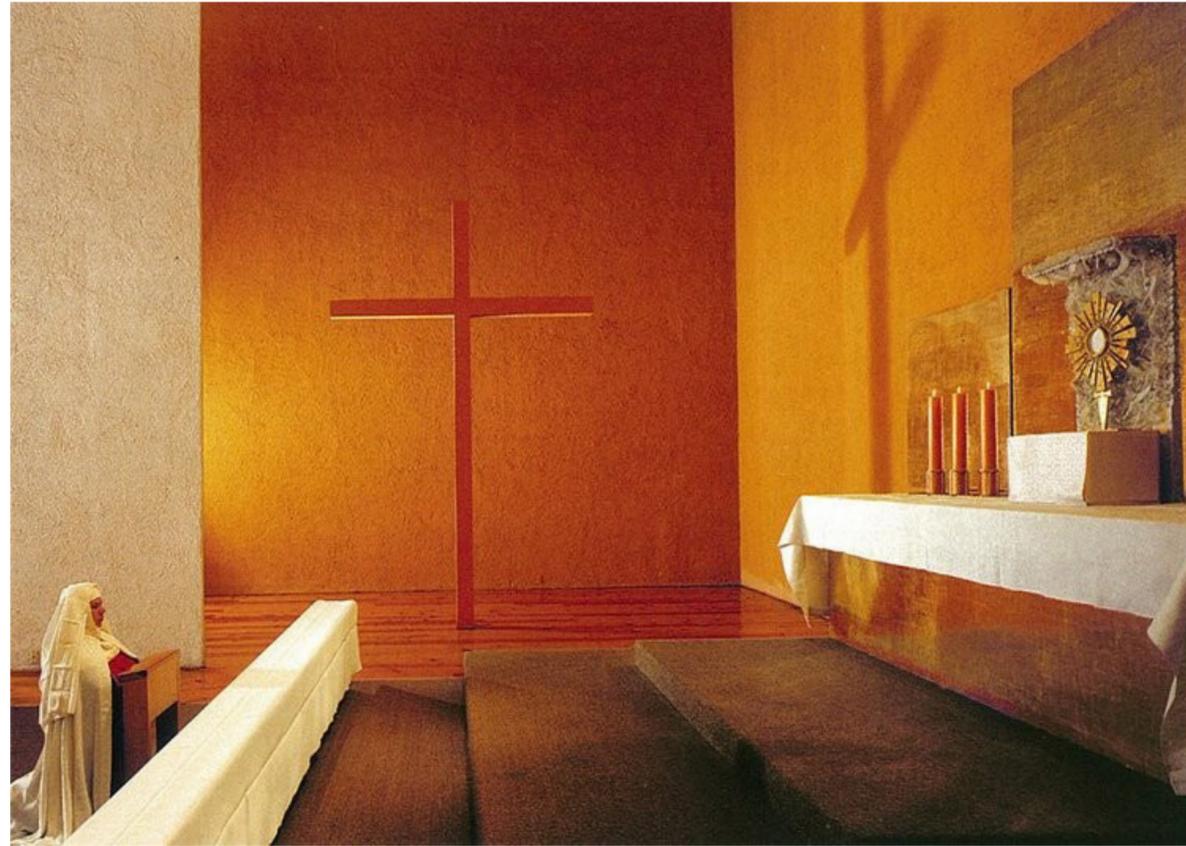


Tadao Ando Light Sequence

Walls

Combating potemkin





Capilla de las Capuchinas by Luis Barragan

Openings

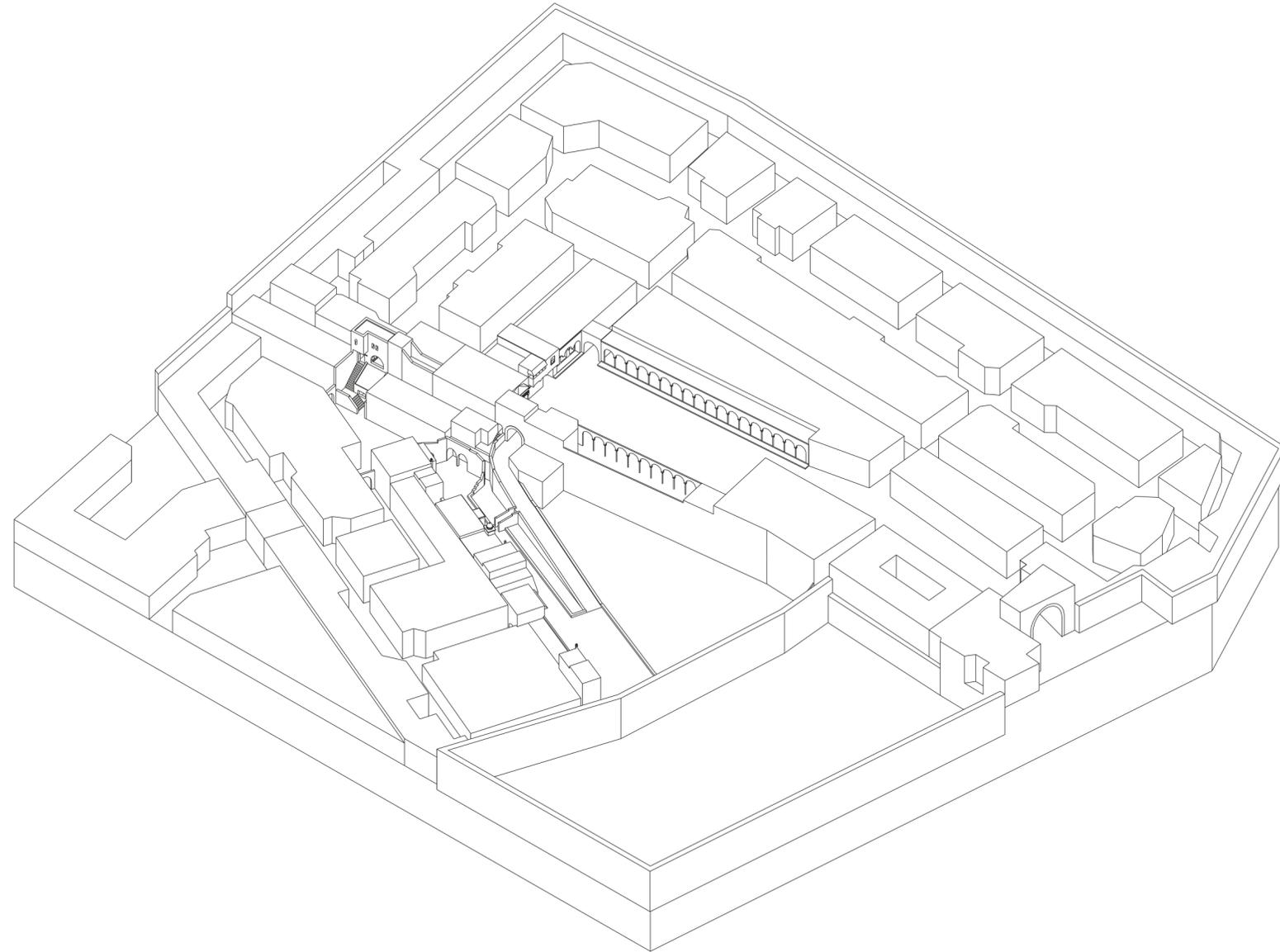
Individuality and Collectiveness

“When a Japanese person opens a low Fusuma (sliding door}, and sees a tree in fall colour, he feels that it is his own fall-colored tree. A person looking at the same tree from a different window likewise thinks that it represents a piece of nature meant for himself.

The bit of nature glimpsed through a slightly open window in a tea room is a piece of nature belonging to the two people in the tea room.”

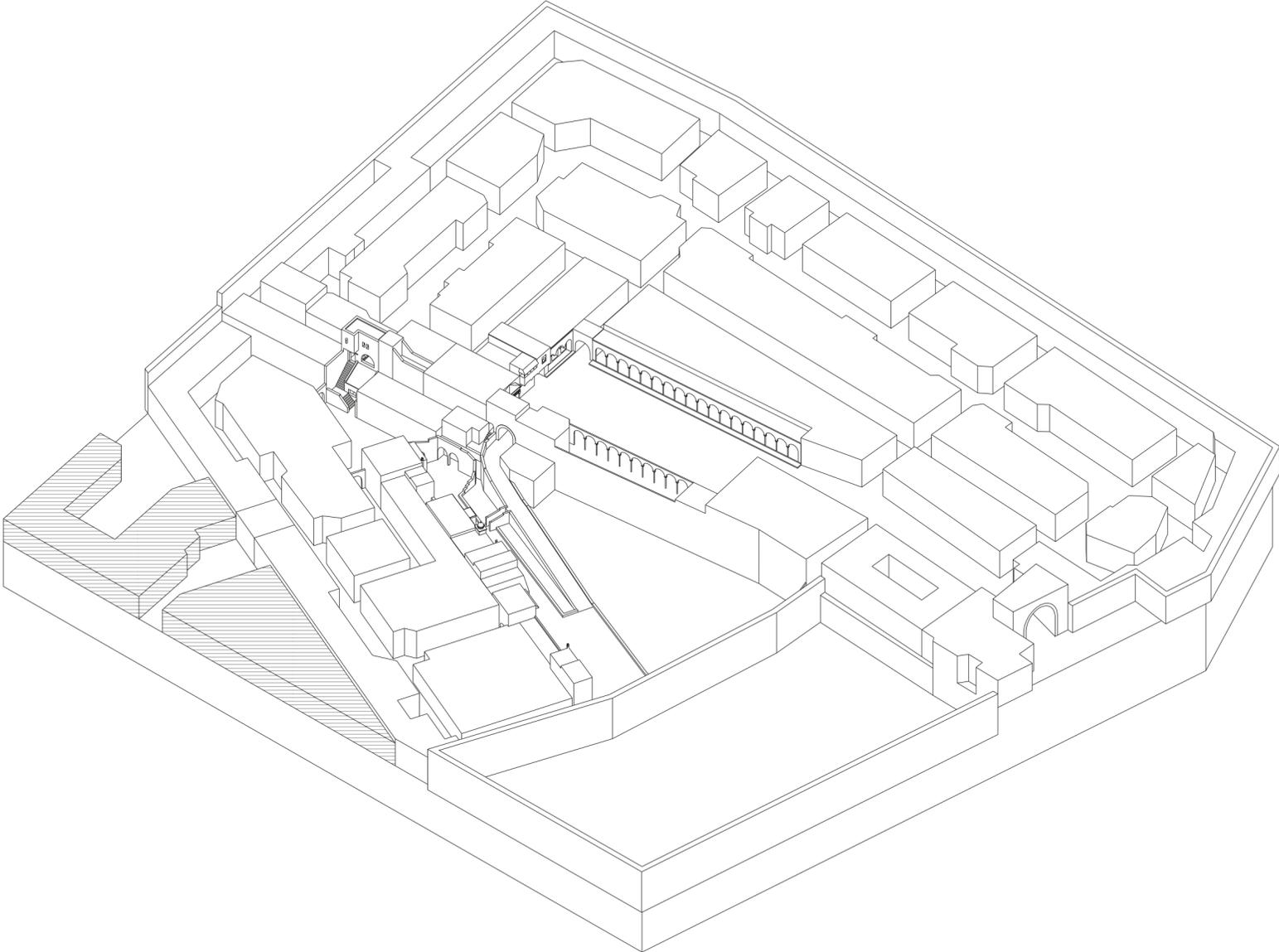
- Tadao Ando

Site
Bousbir

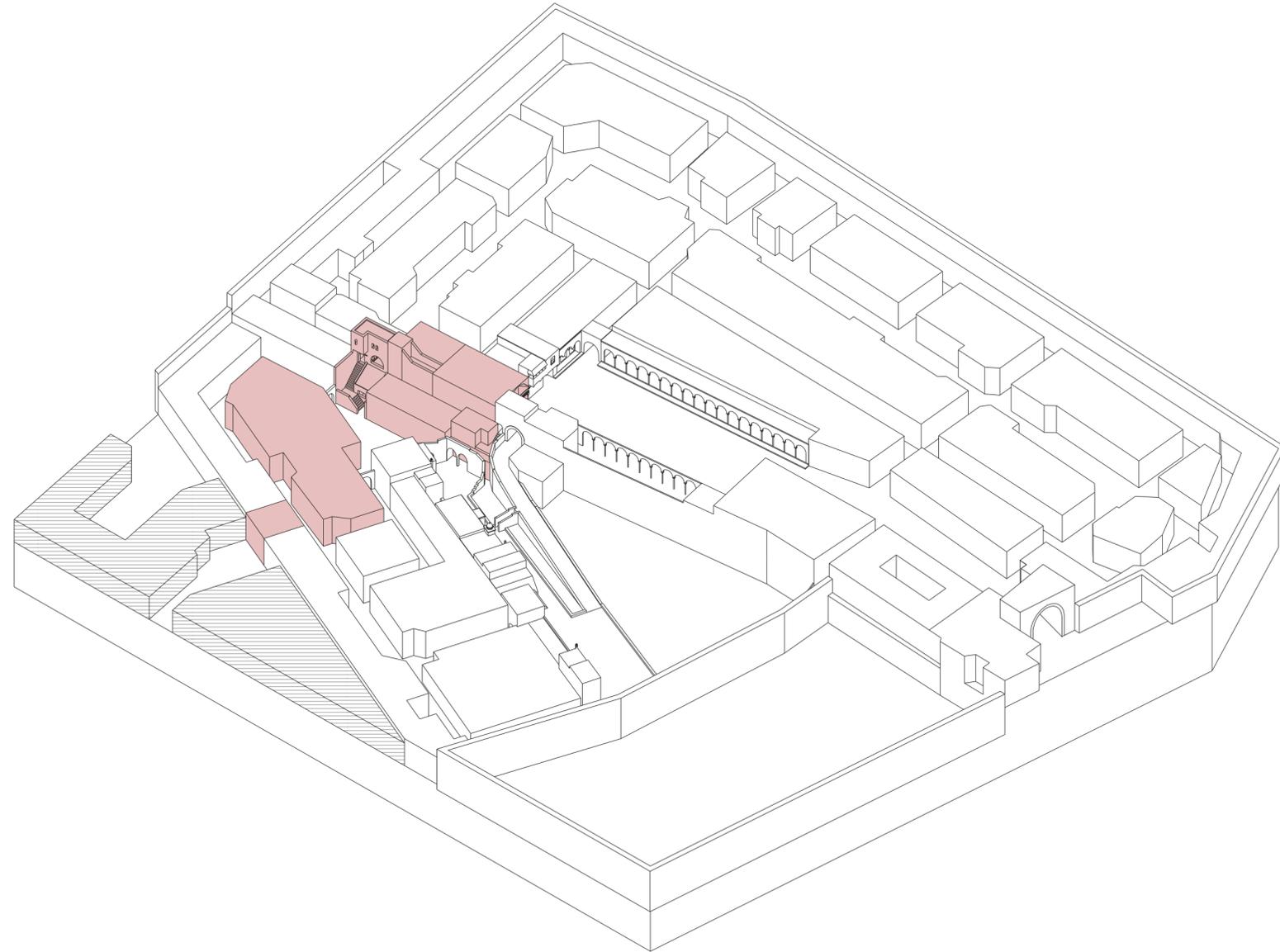


Site

Medical Dispensary

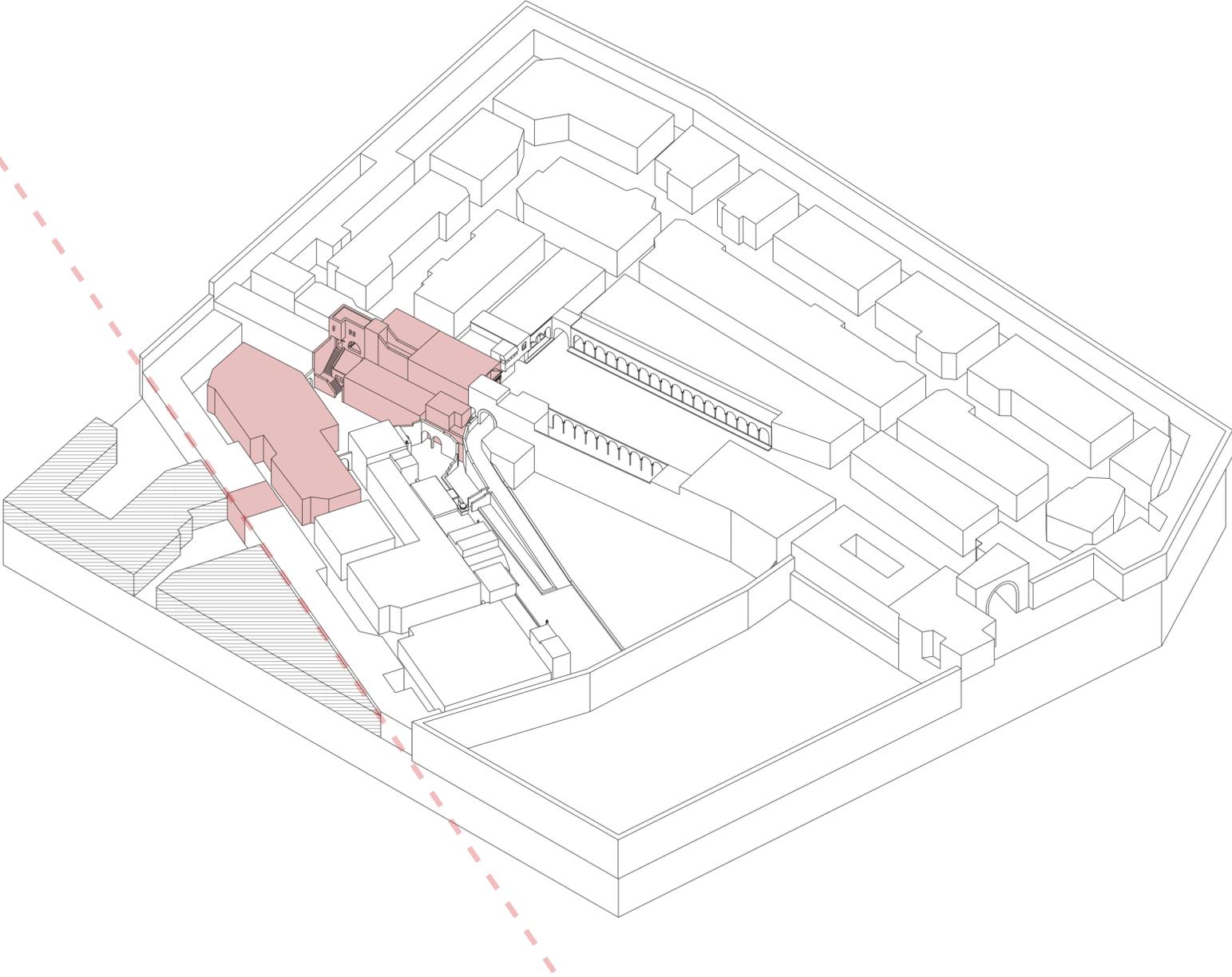


Site
En Route



Site

Link between two realities



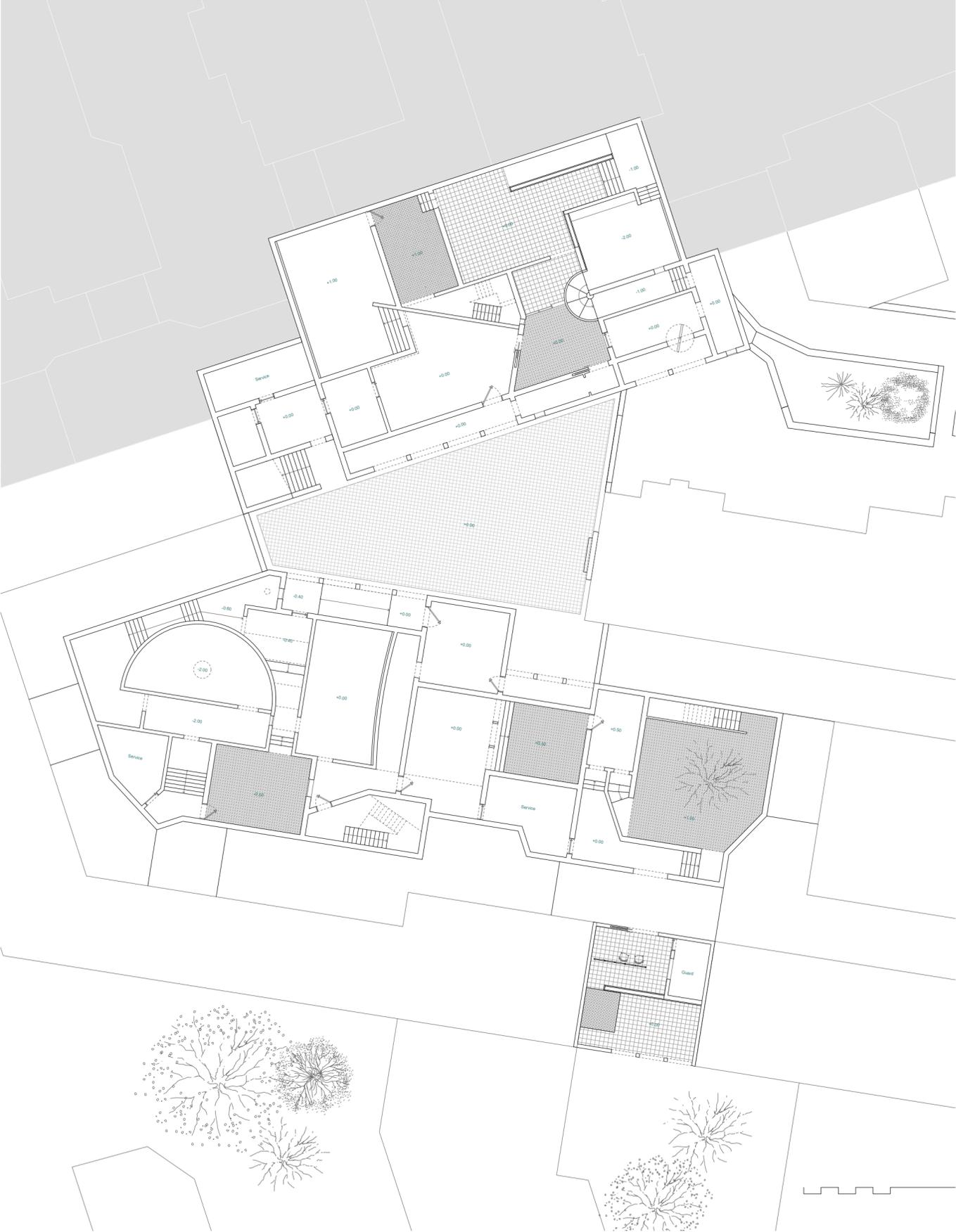
Intervention

Threshold

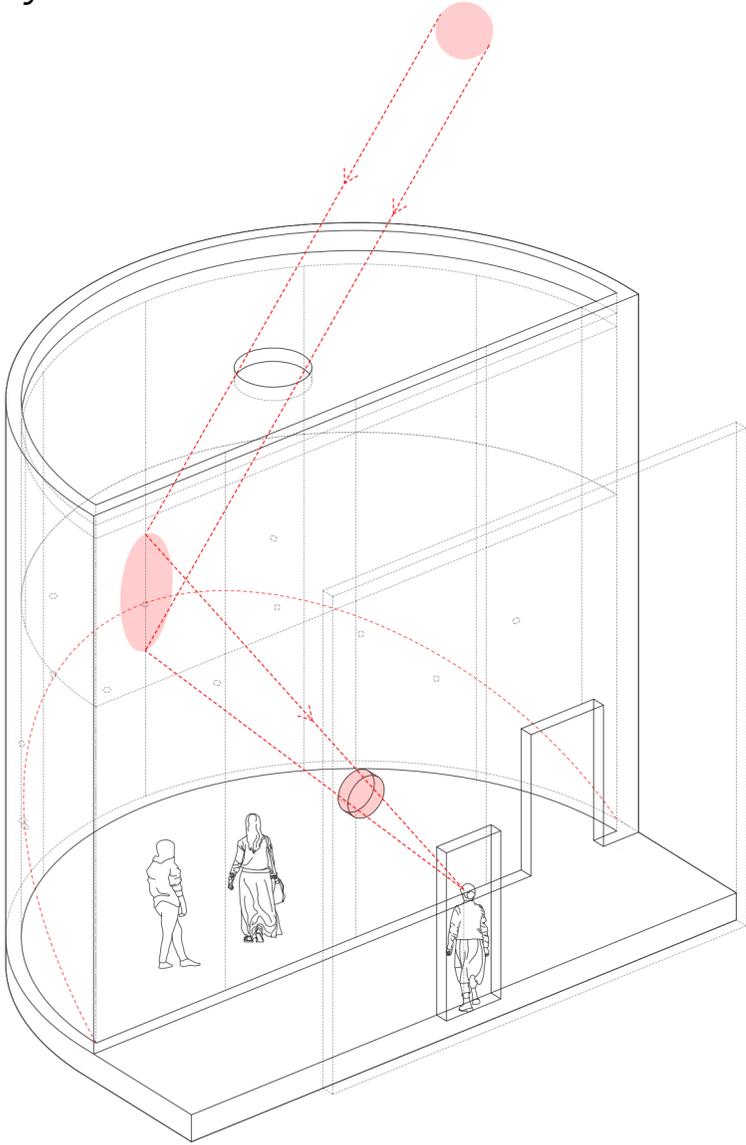


- 1 Police
- 2 Guard house + jail
- 3 Souk
- 4 Cinema
- 5 Shops and cafes
- 6 Hammam
- 7 Slope (6m height difference)
- 8 Fountain (only one in that area)
- 9 Medical Dispensary
- 10 Moorish zone
- 11 European zone (never realised)
- 12 Jewish zone

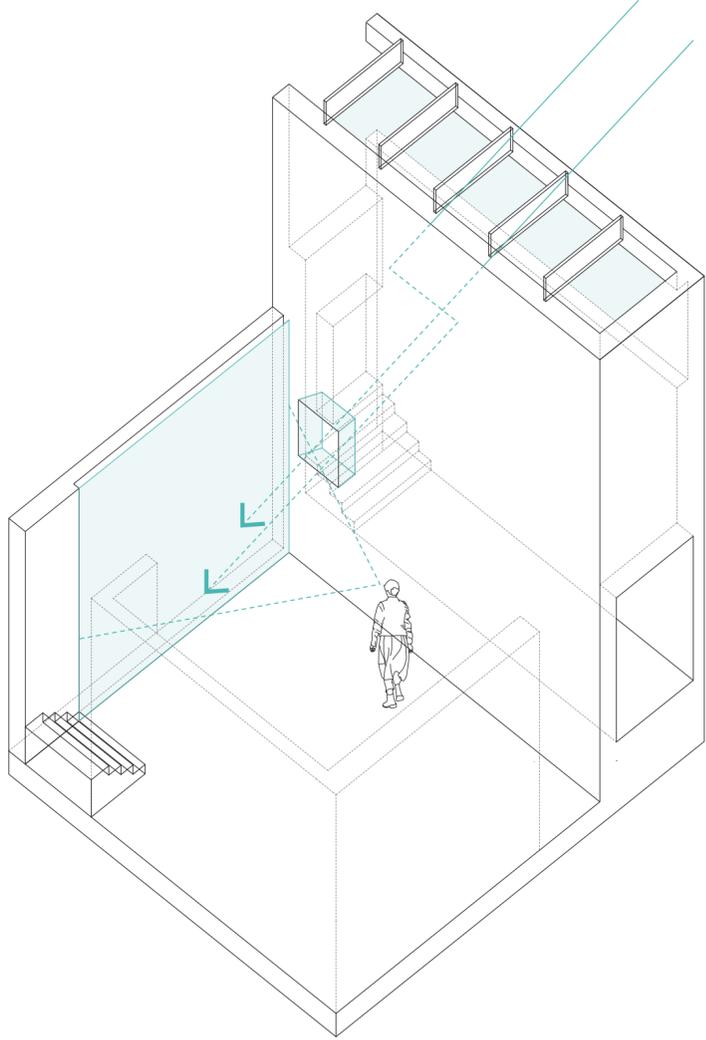
Intervention
Threshold



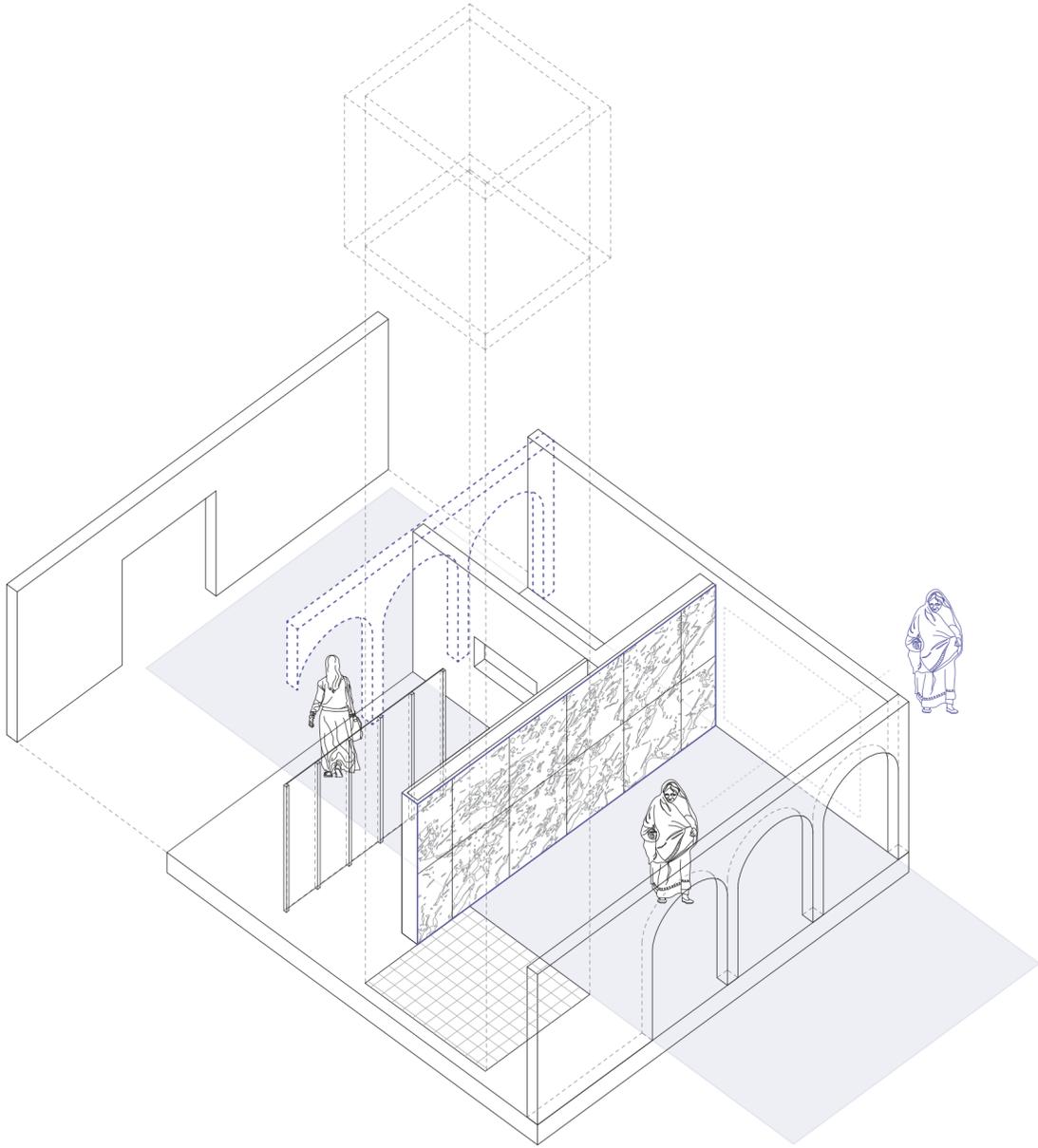
Materialisation
Systems



1. abstraction of wall



2. abstraction of light



3. abstraction of light and wall

Materialisation

Light vs. Wall Reading

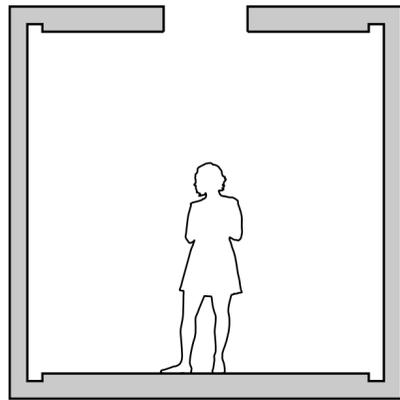


Wall (Materiality) revealed by Light

Light given form and revealed by
Wall

Materialisation

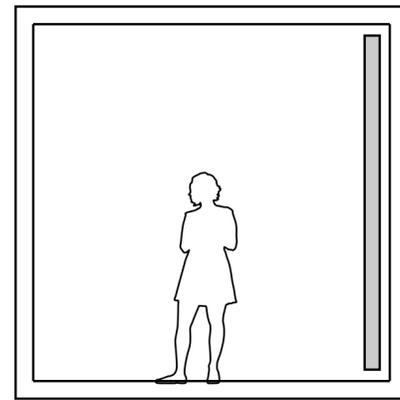
Development of 4 types of Wall



TYPE 1
abstraction of wall

“Abstraction of walls”- When strong direct **light is given form** and revealed by wall.

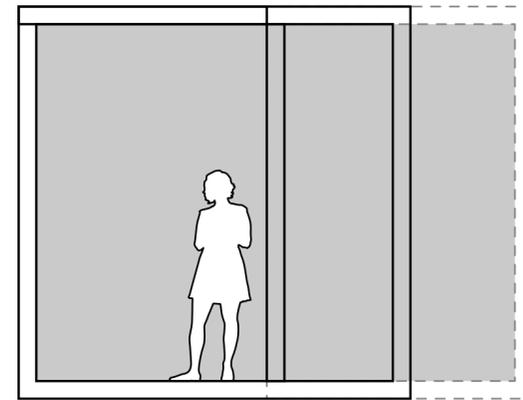
In this system, walls are abstracted on the material level as the light plays a sculptural role. The sculptural form of the wall plays important part on how the light performs. Examples in the design that belong to this system are half circular in-situ concrete wall where the skylight runs across it throughout the day, and the glass cylinder wrapped in translucent curtains.



TYPE 2
abstraction of light

“Abstraction of light”- When walls are revealed by light, **emergence of materiality**.

In this system, softer, diffused, indirect light hit the walls, revealing in more detail the materiality of the walls. Depending on the specific space, the cladding (material) of the wall varies. The form of the wall also depends on how the material wish to be revealed. Some examples being the slightly curved aluminium clad wall taking in light from adjacent space, and water wall feature that shimmers in a dark room when light comes in from an to a bright space.



TYPE 3
abstraction of light and wall

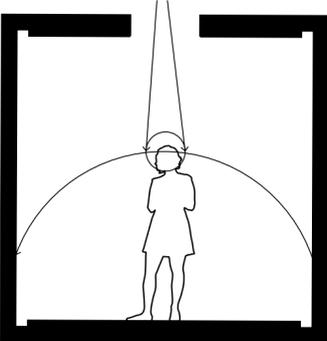
“Abstraction of wall and light”- This is when wall and indirect light work together in creating an **optical illusion of another dimension**.

The walls in this case are of highly reflective materials, and the construction of the wall is hollow, denying access to the solid beneath. The walls are flat, relatively small, and light weight.

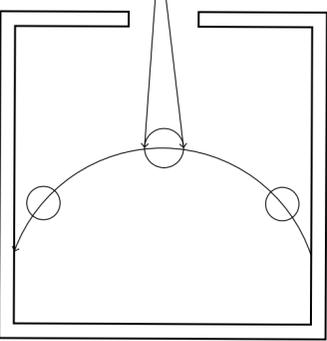
TYPE 4
functional wall

Functional walls. Generally load bearing elements that simply plays the role of supporting the structure and delineating necessary spaces.

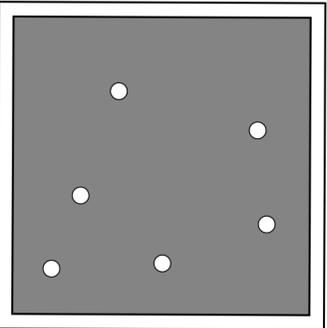
Type 1: Abstraction of Wall



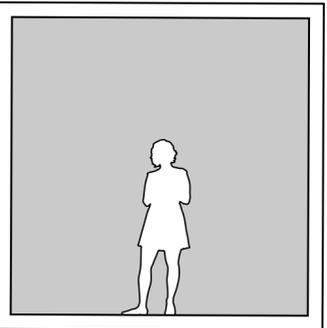
Overview



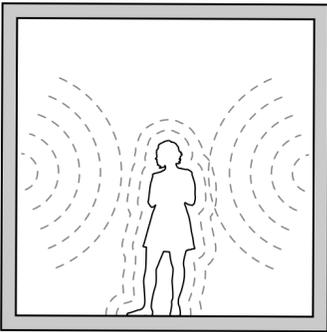
Daylight
Light given form,
strong direct sculptural
light



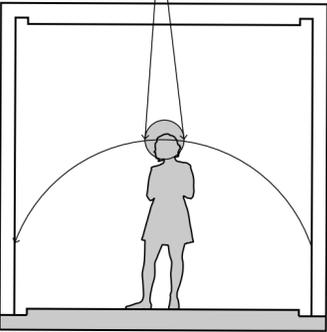
Artificial Light
Light given form, one
with the wall



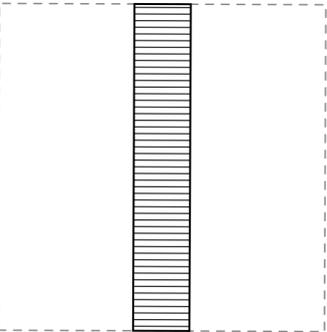
Reflection
Polished in situ
concrete, reflective
for smooth light
movement



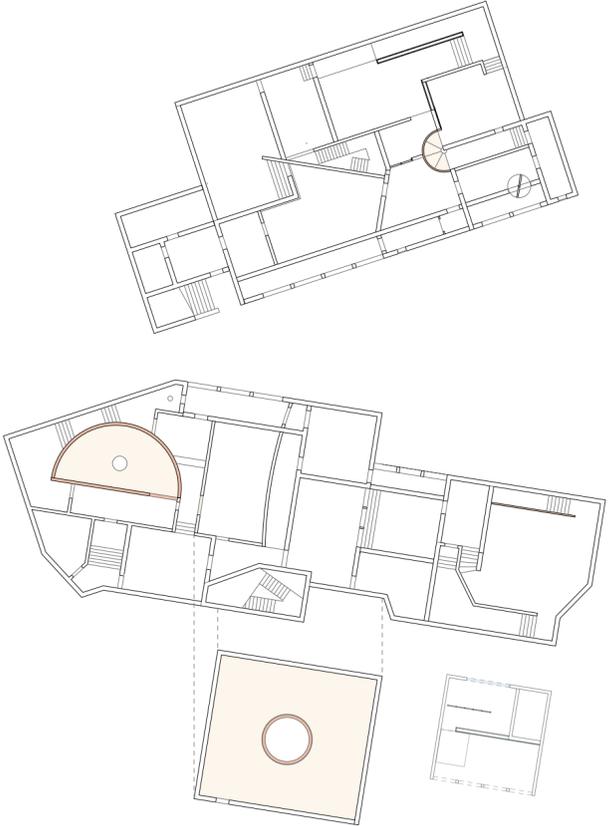
Acoustics
Long reverberation
time caused by
form and materiality,
increasing self
consciousness

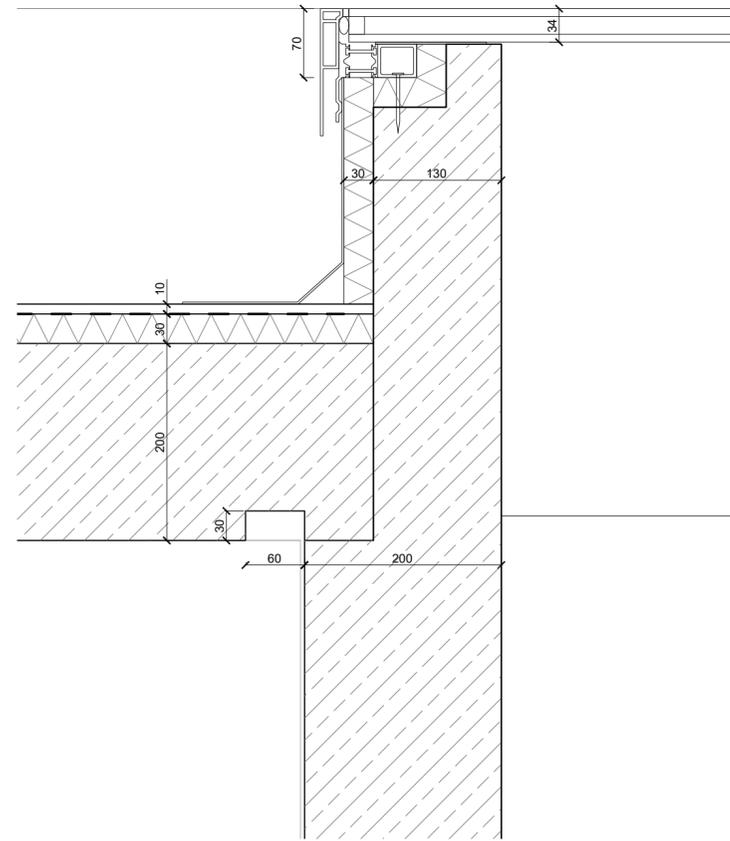
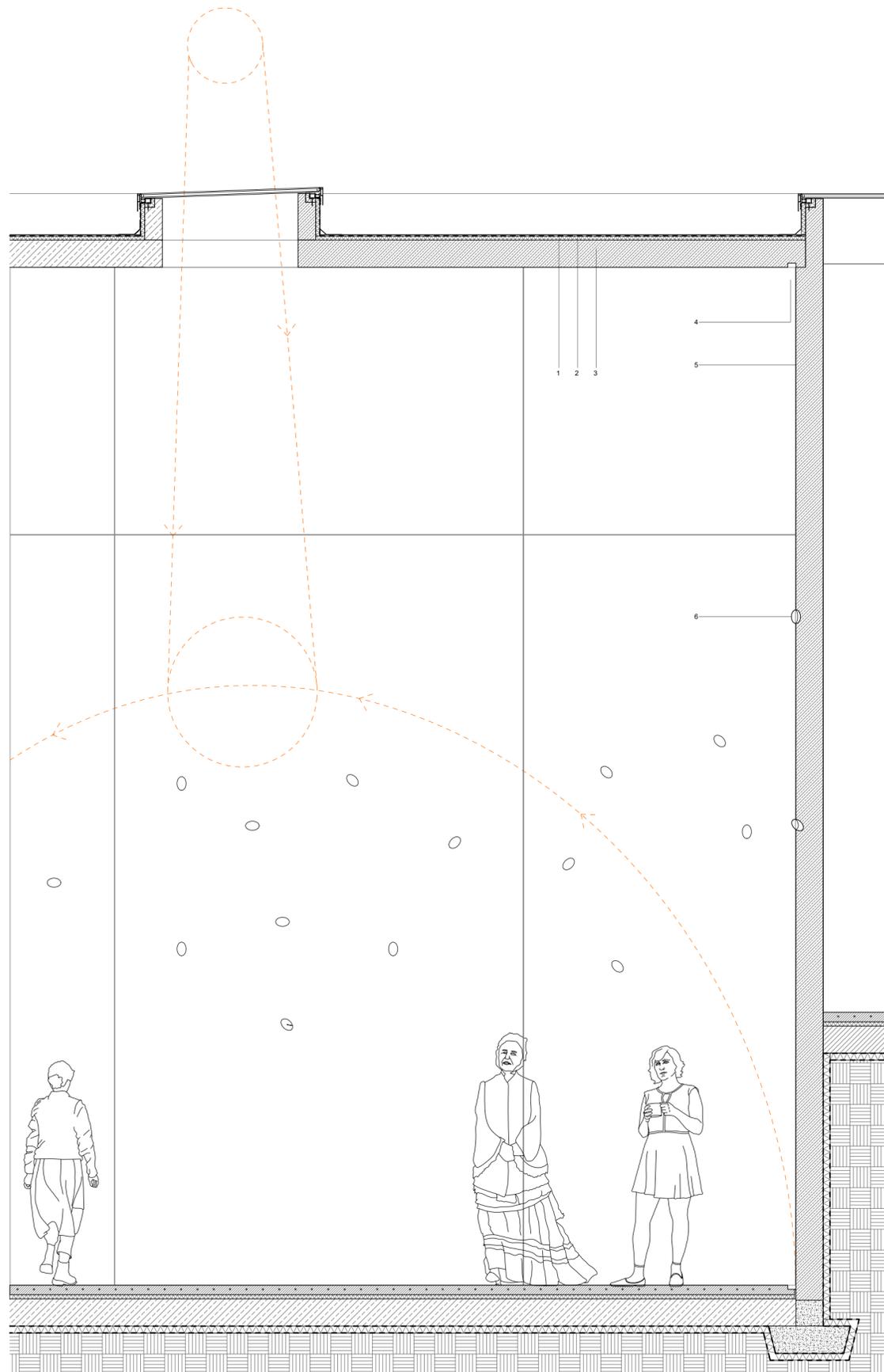


Hierarchy
Abstraction of wall
on material level,
enhancing light and
self consciousness

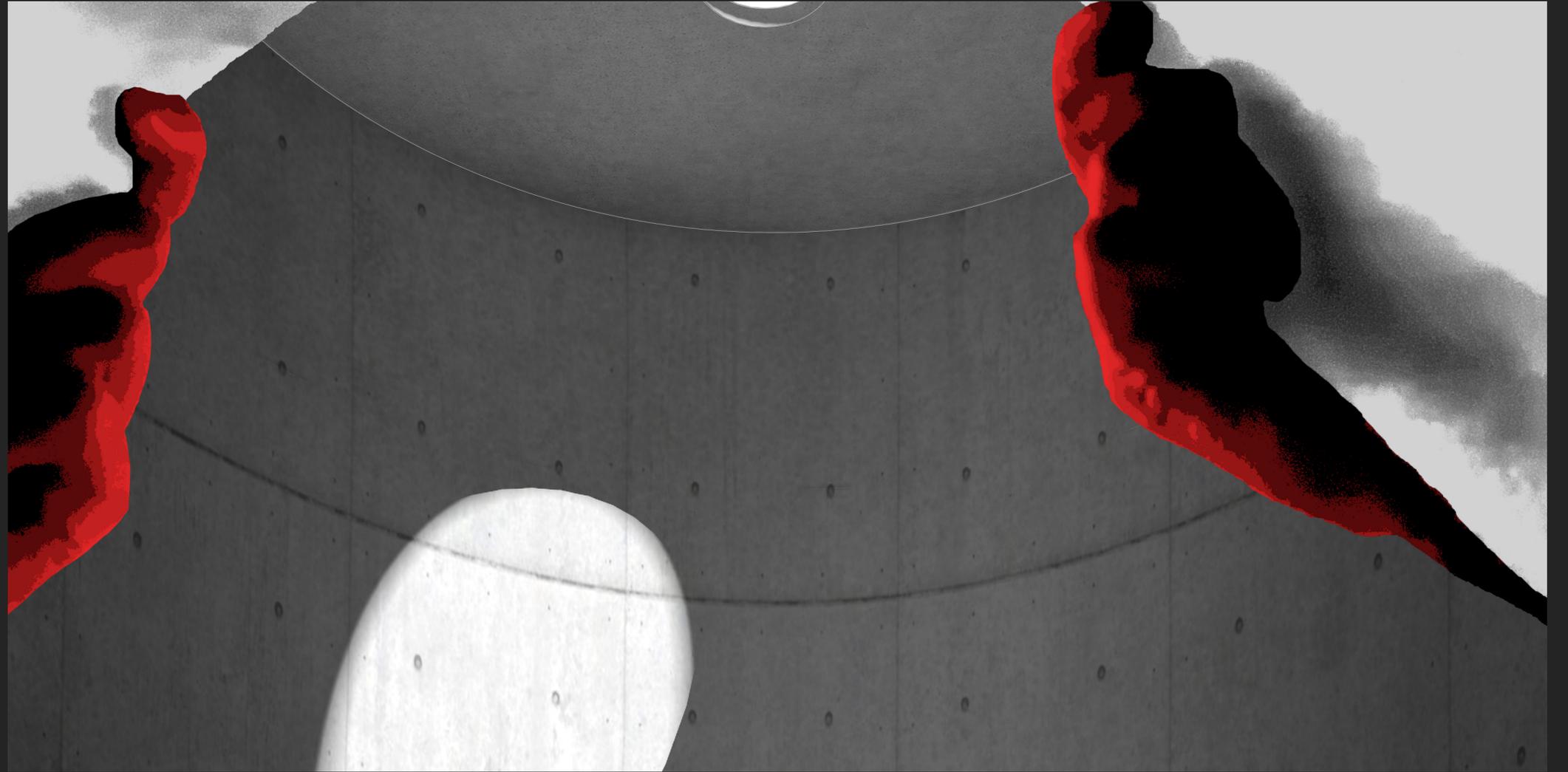


Wall Structure
Single material (e.g.
in- situ concrete/
glass bricks/ curtain
confronting light
directly)





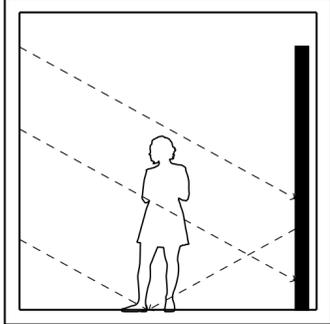
Lights cast in concrete wall | Peter Salter



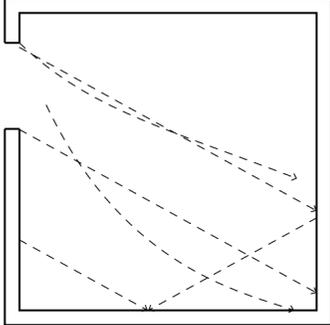




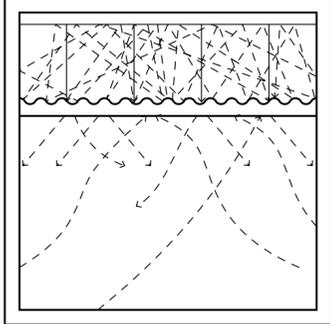
Type 2: Abstraction of Light



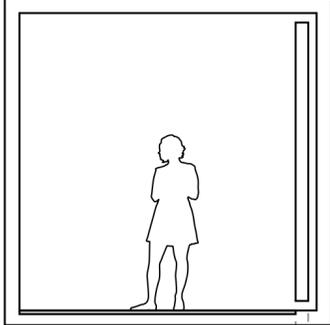
Overview



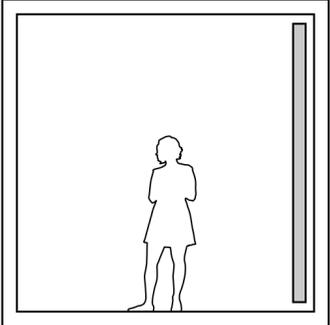
Daylight
Indirect, diffused, filtered daylight. Soft, allow emergence of materiality



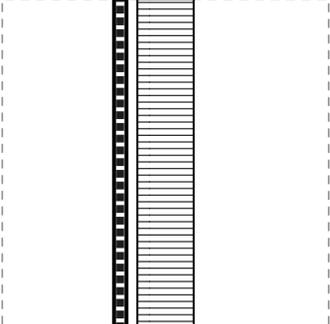
Artificial Light
Filtered through corrugated glass, light broken up through refraction and reflection



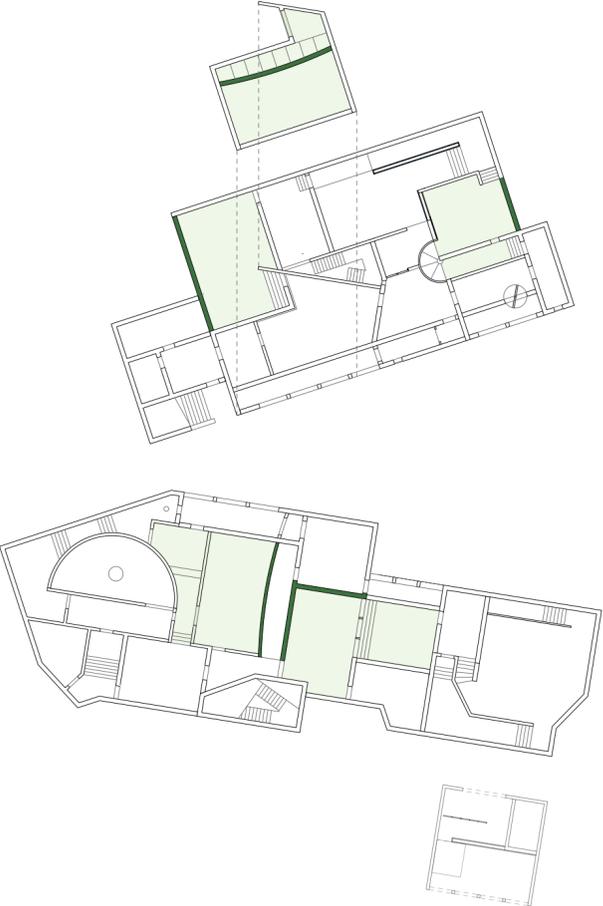
Reflection
Polished screed floor allowing slight reflection of the materialised wall

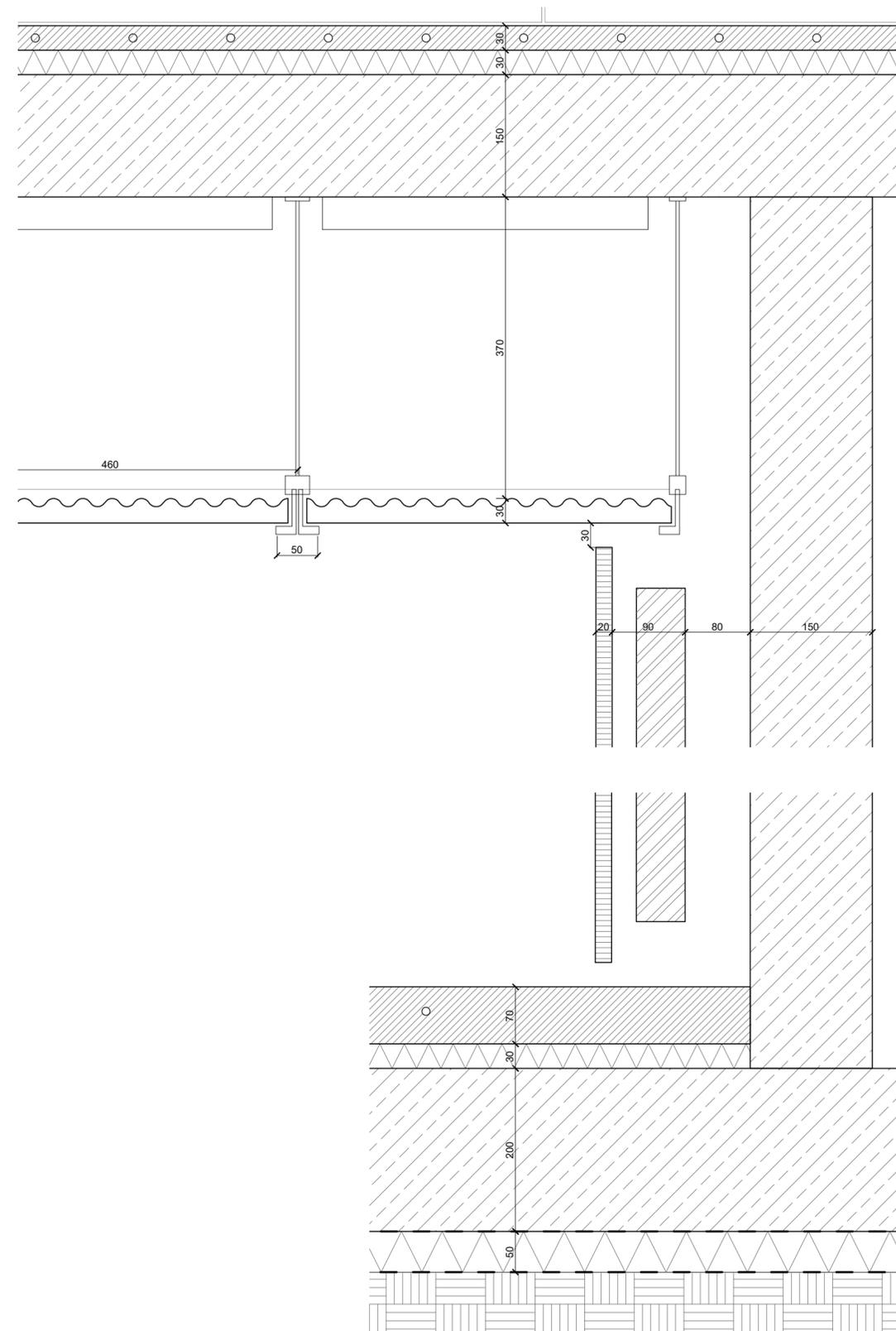
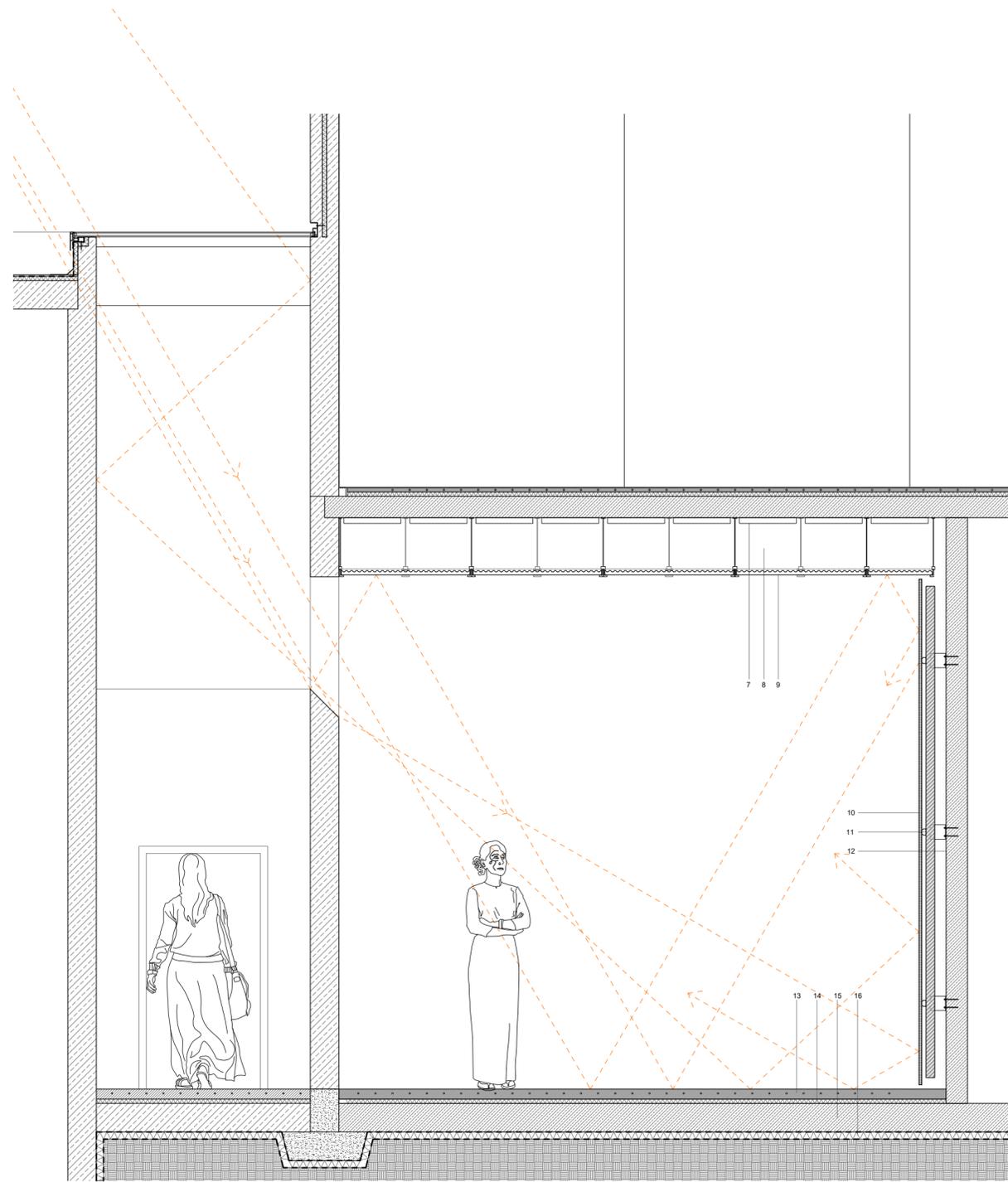


Hierarchy
Abstraction of light, enhancing wall and emergence of materiality



Wall Structure
Structural element with cladding (material)

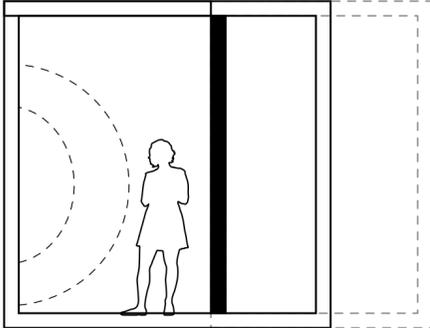




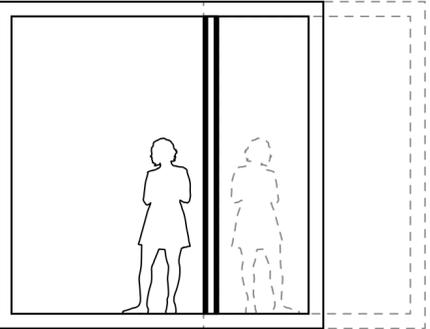




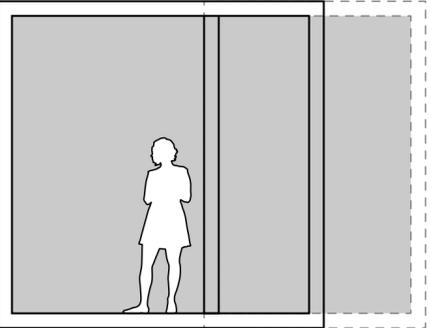
Type 3: Abstraction of wall and light



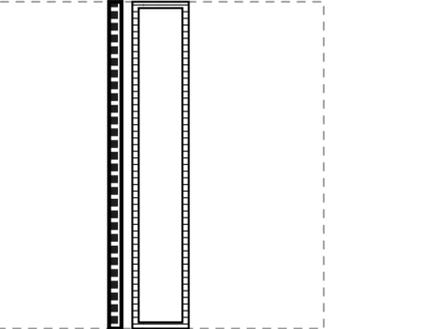
Overview



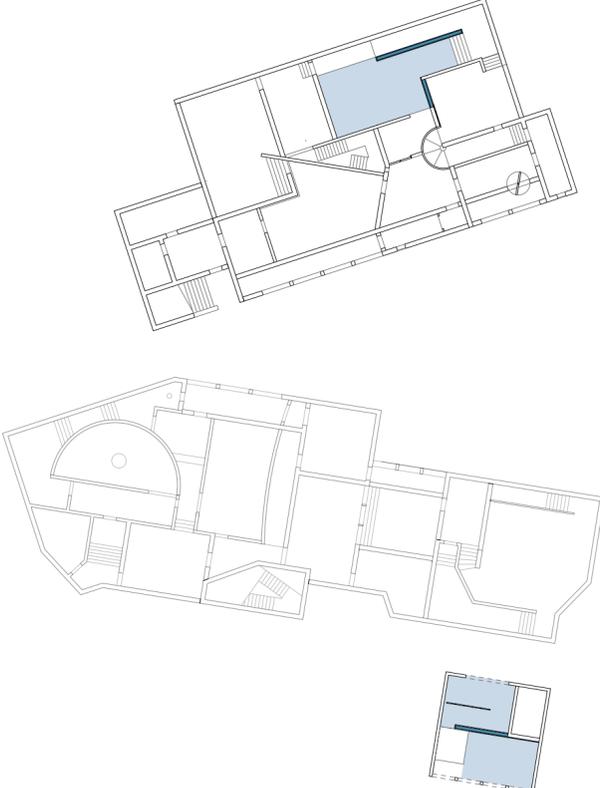
Reflection
The wall is of very polished natural stone material, working together with light in revealing another dimension

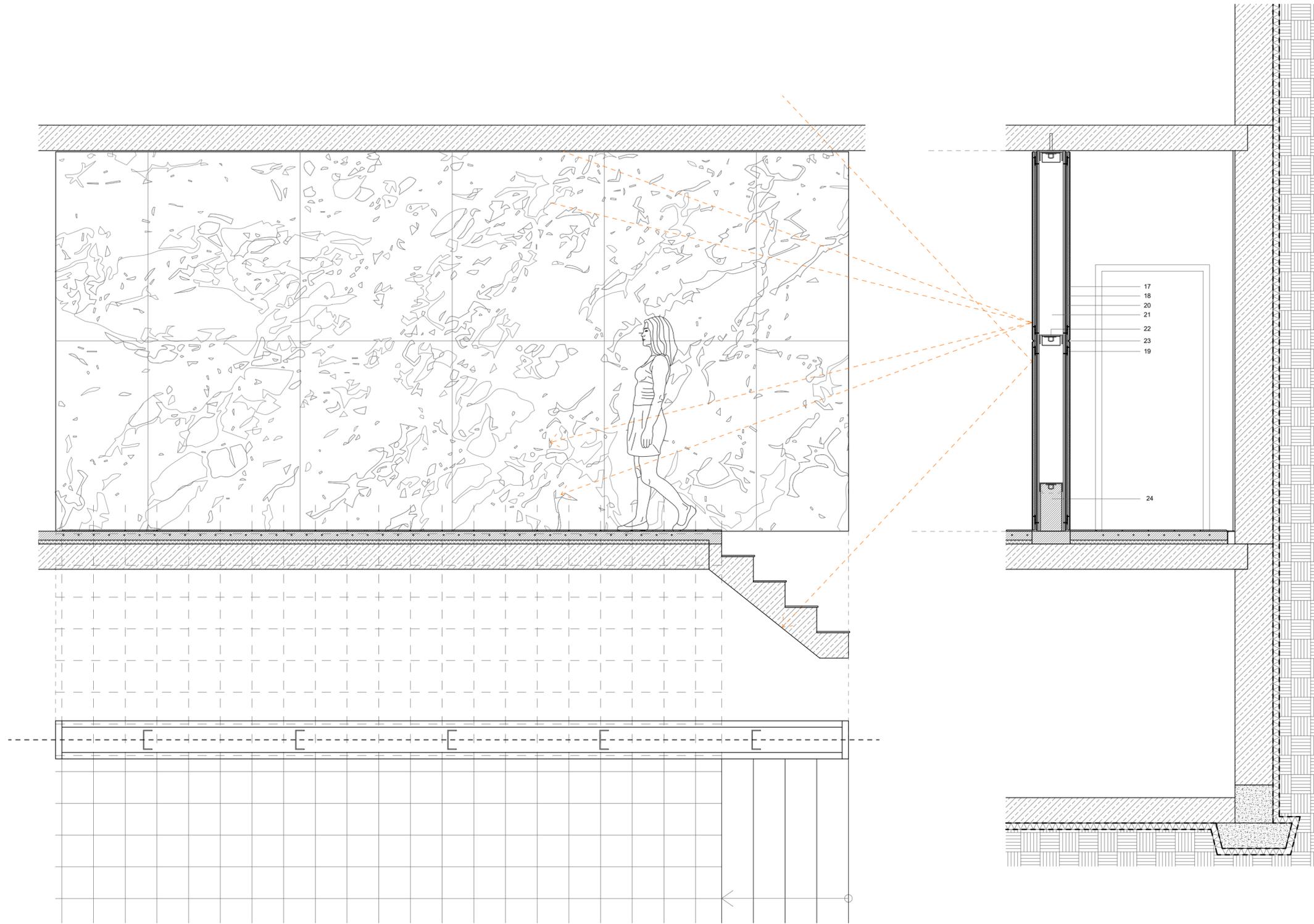
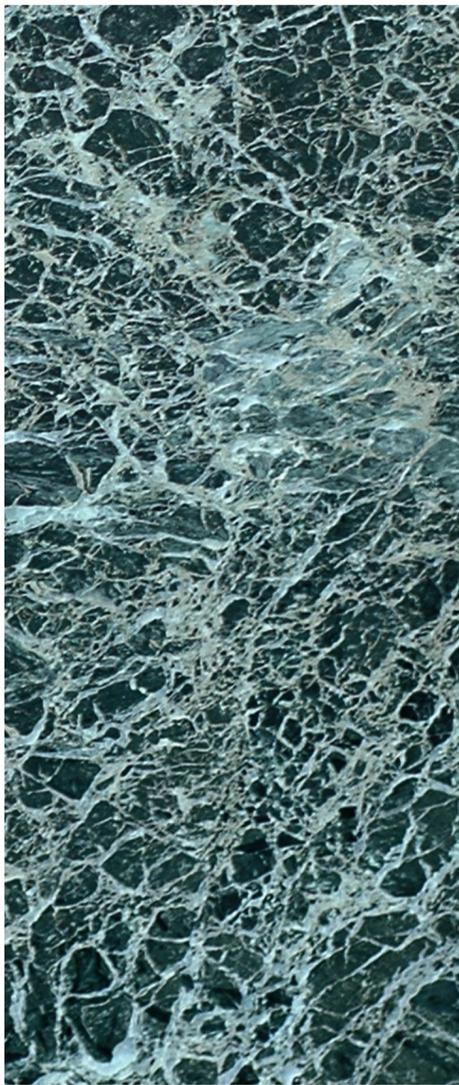
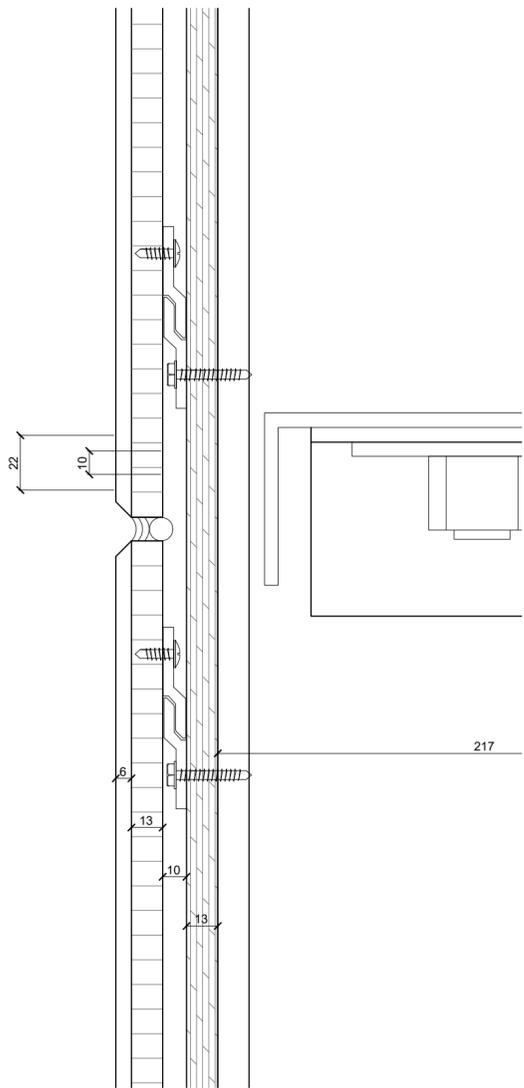


Hierarchy
Abstraction of light and wall, enhancing space

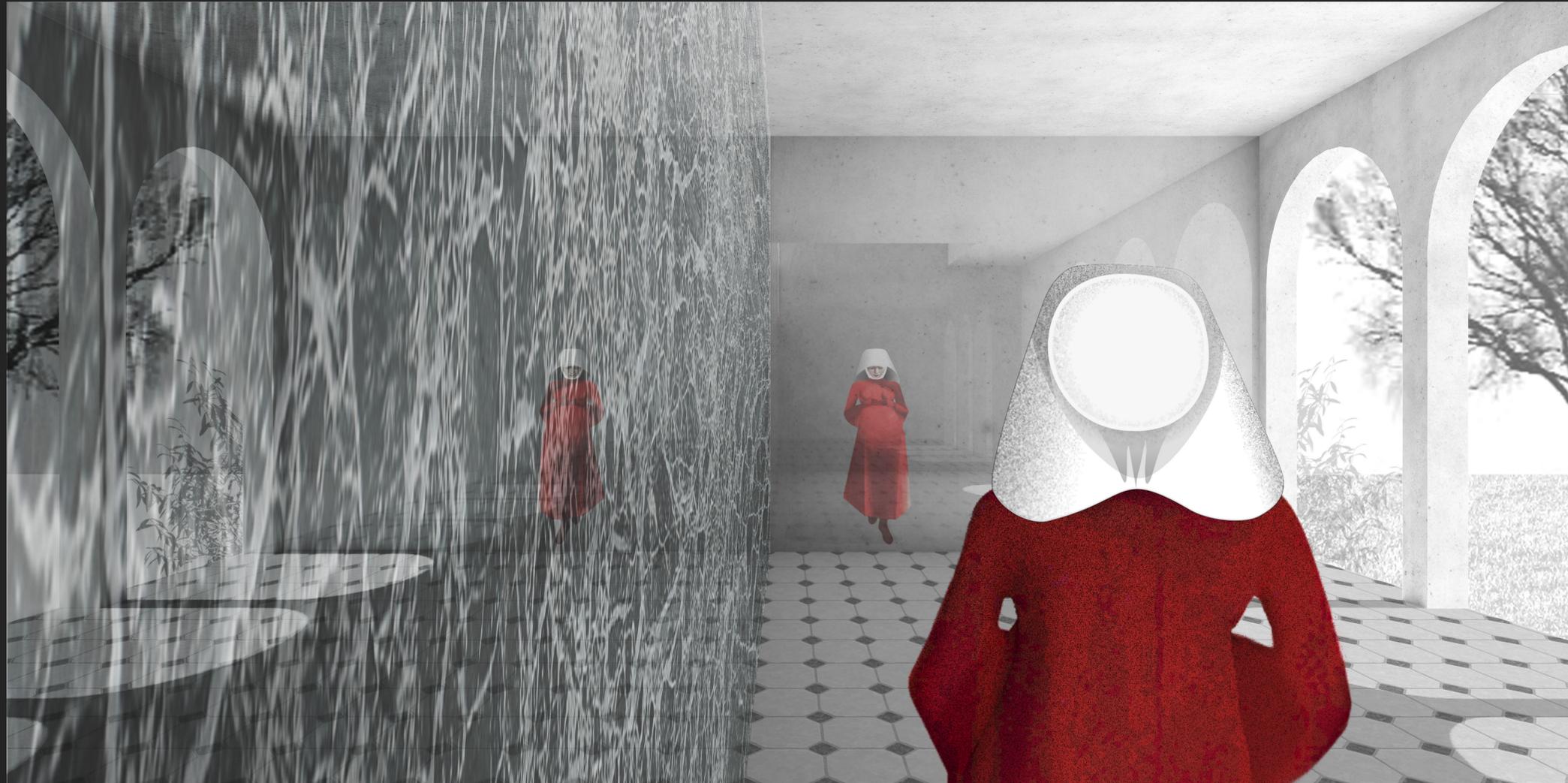


Wall Structure
Hollow steel structure with reflective (natural stone) cladding

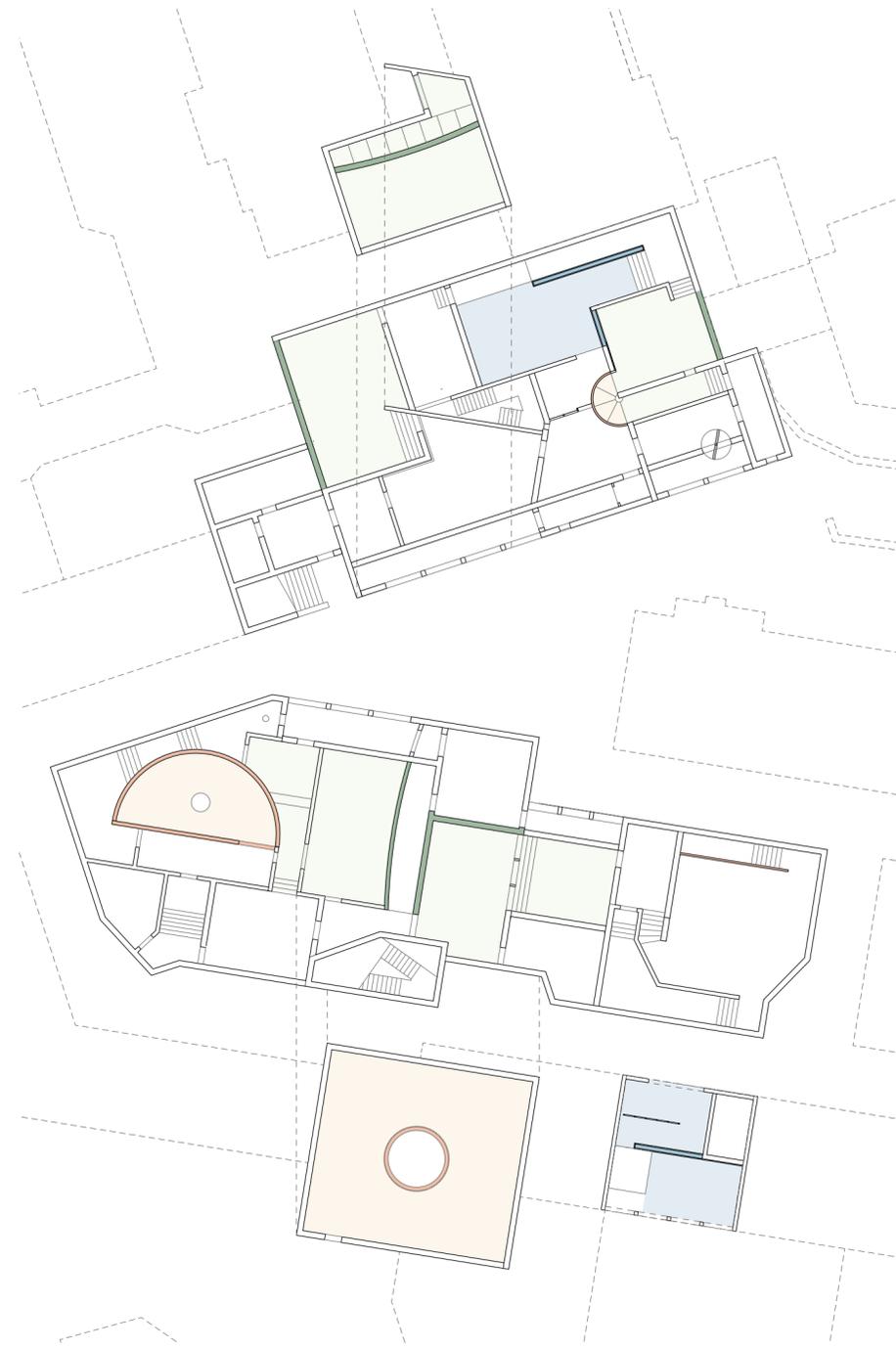


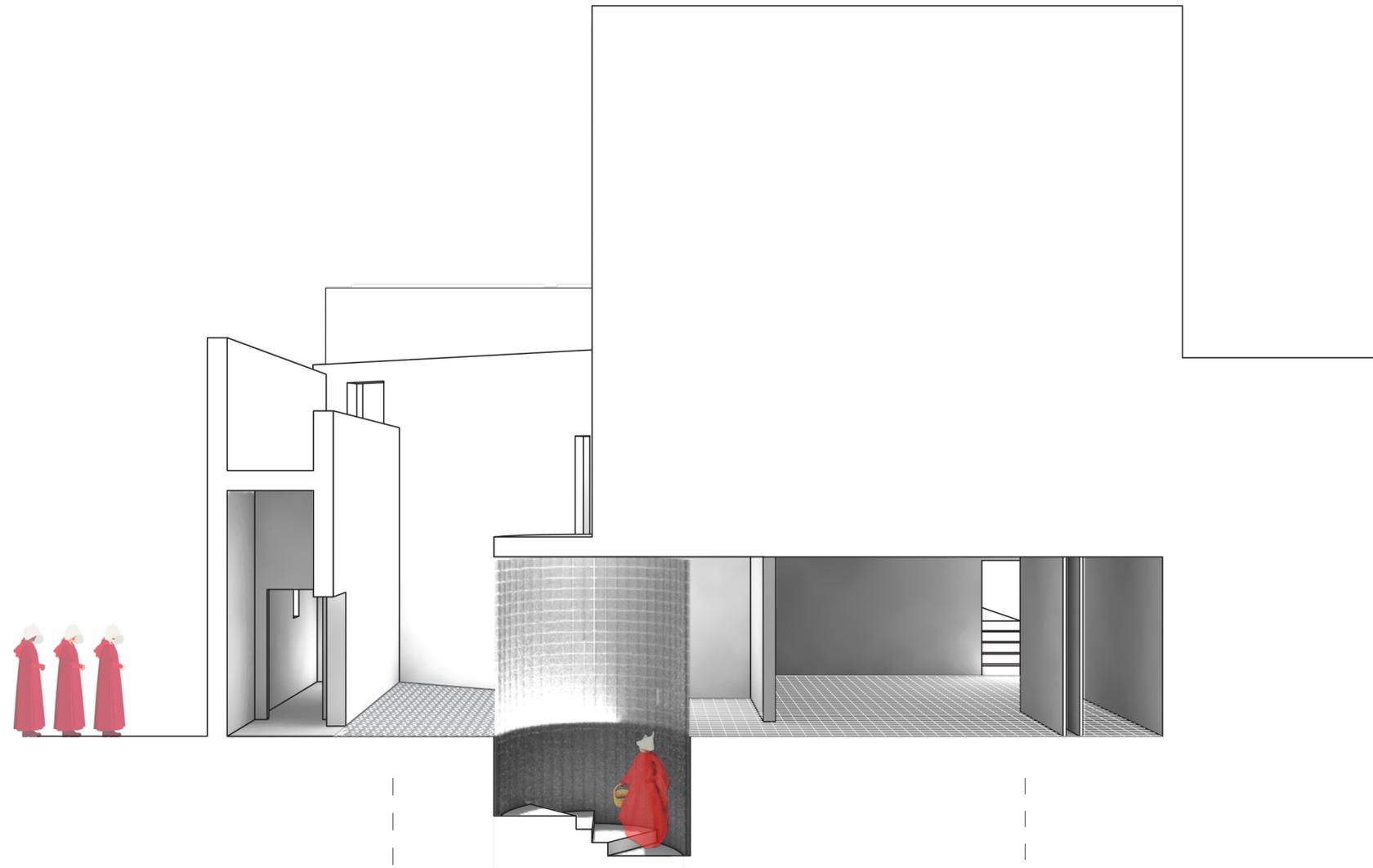






- Type 1
- Type 2
- Type 3



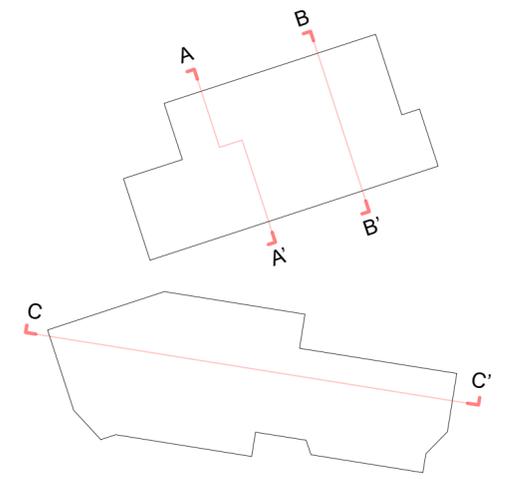


Absence of
Light and wall

Absence of
Light and wall

Abstraction of
Wall

Abstraction of
Wall and Light



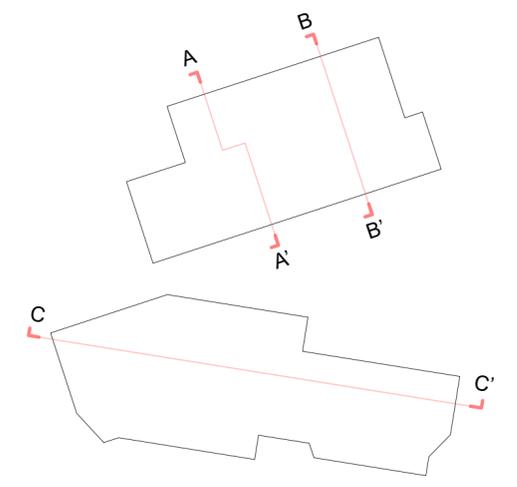
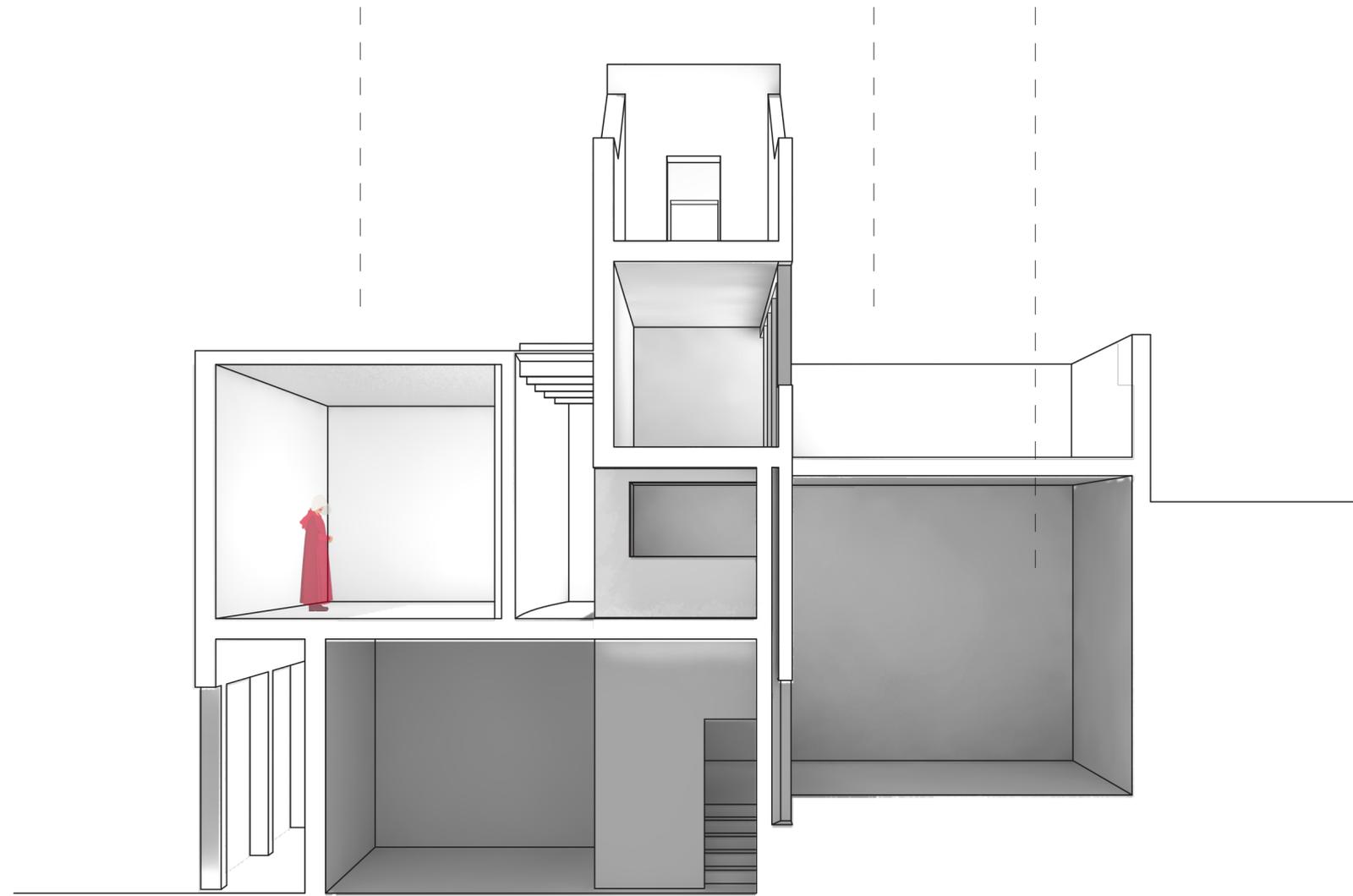
Section A-A'

Absence of
Wall and Light

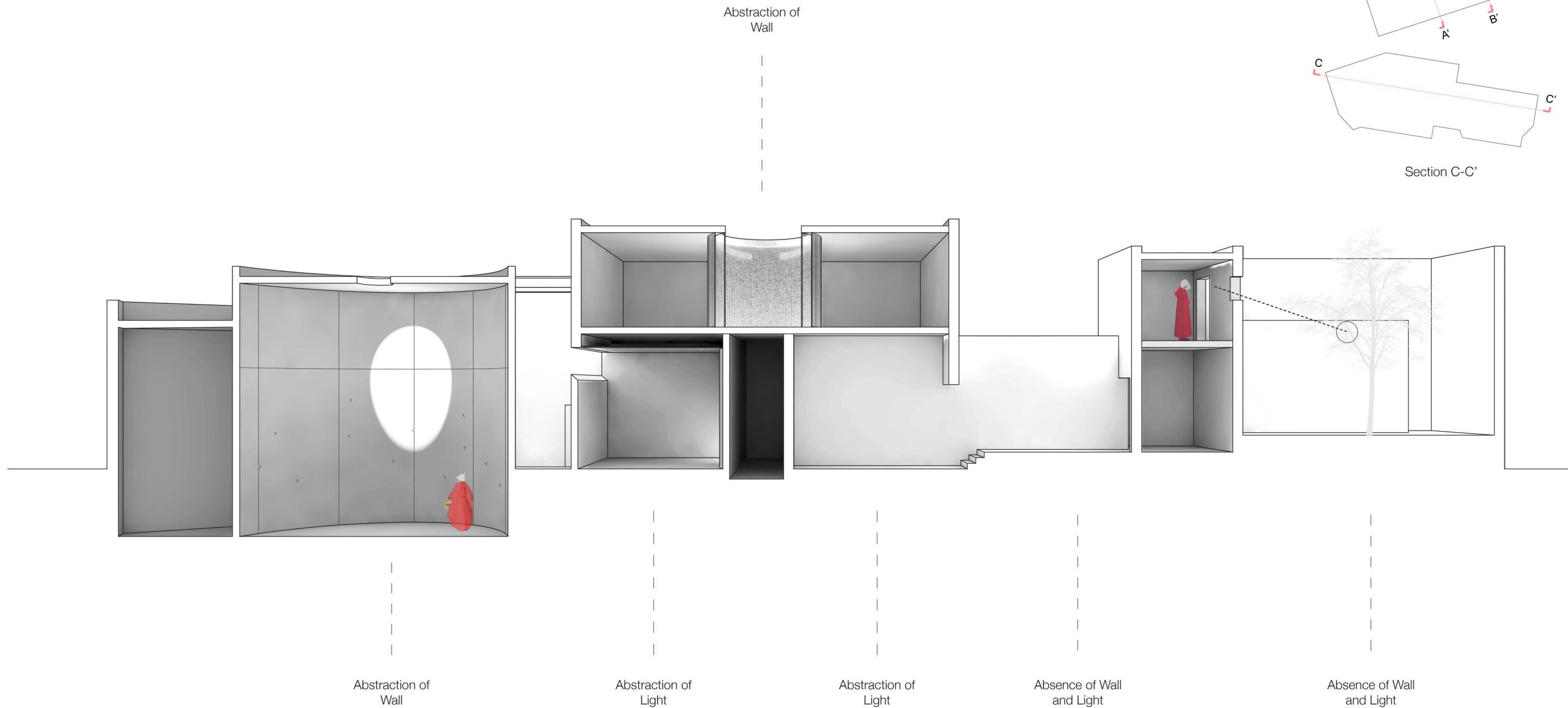
Abstraction of
Light

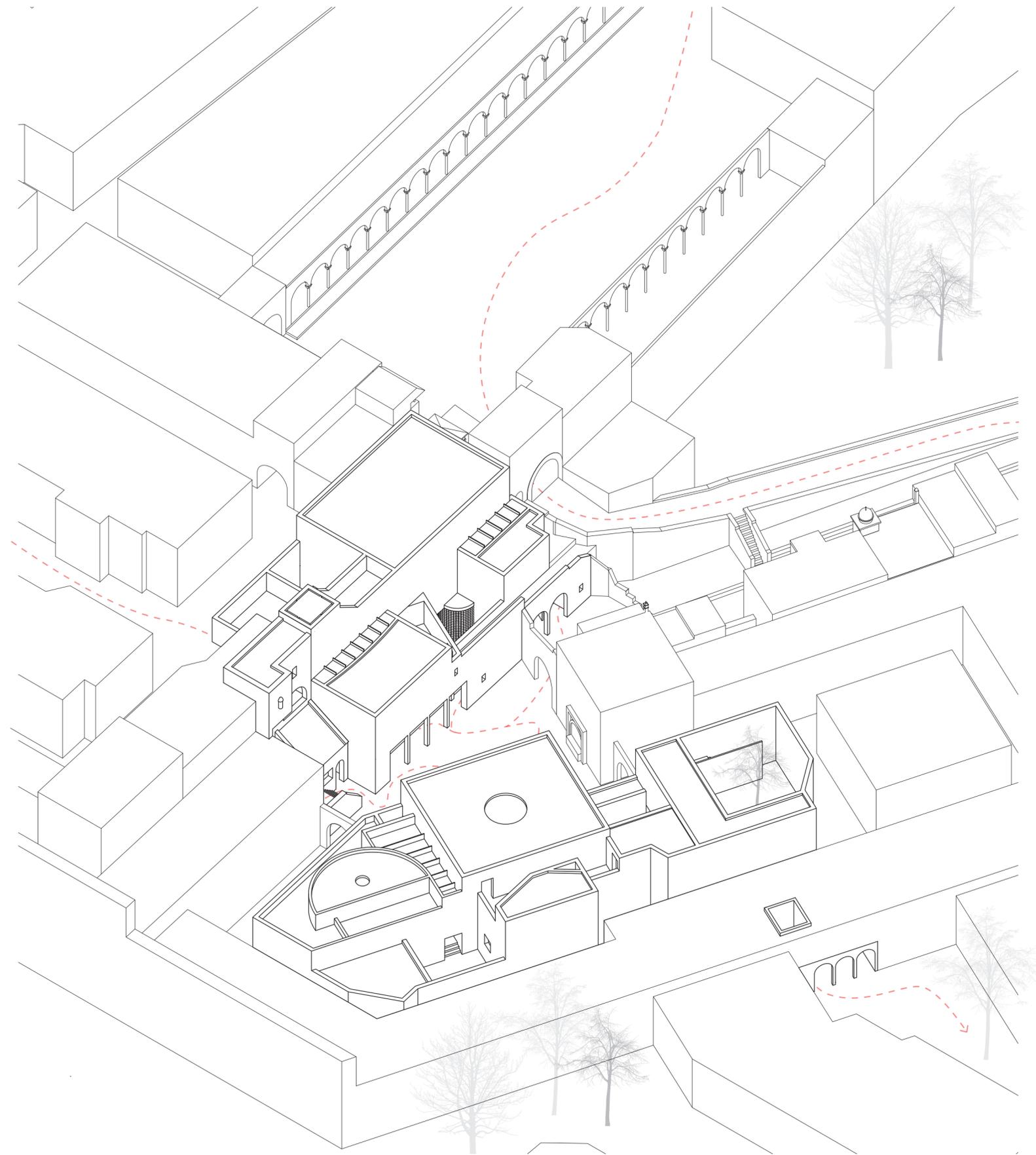
Absence of
Wall and Light

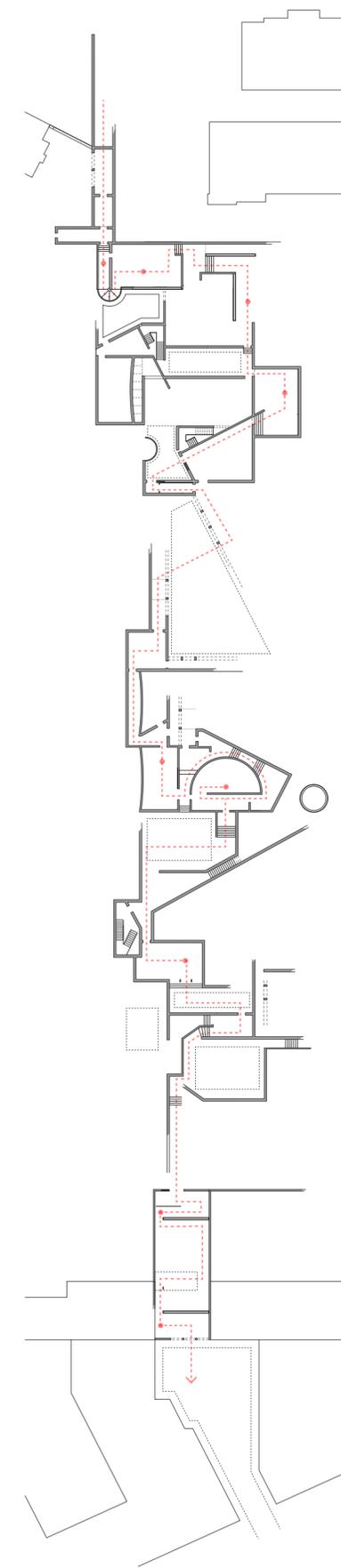
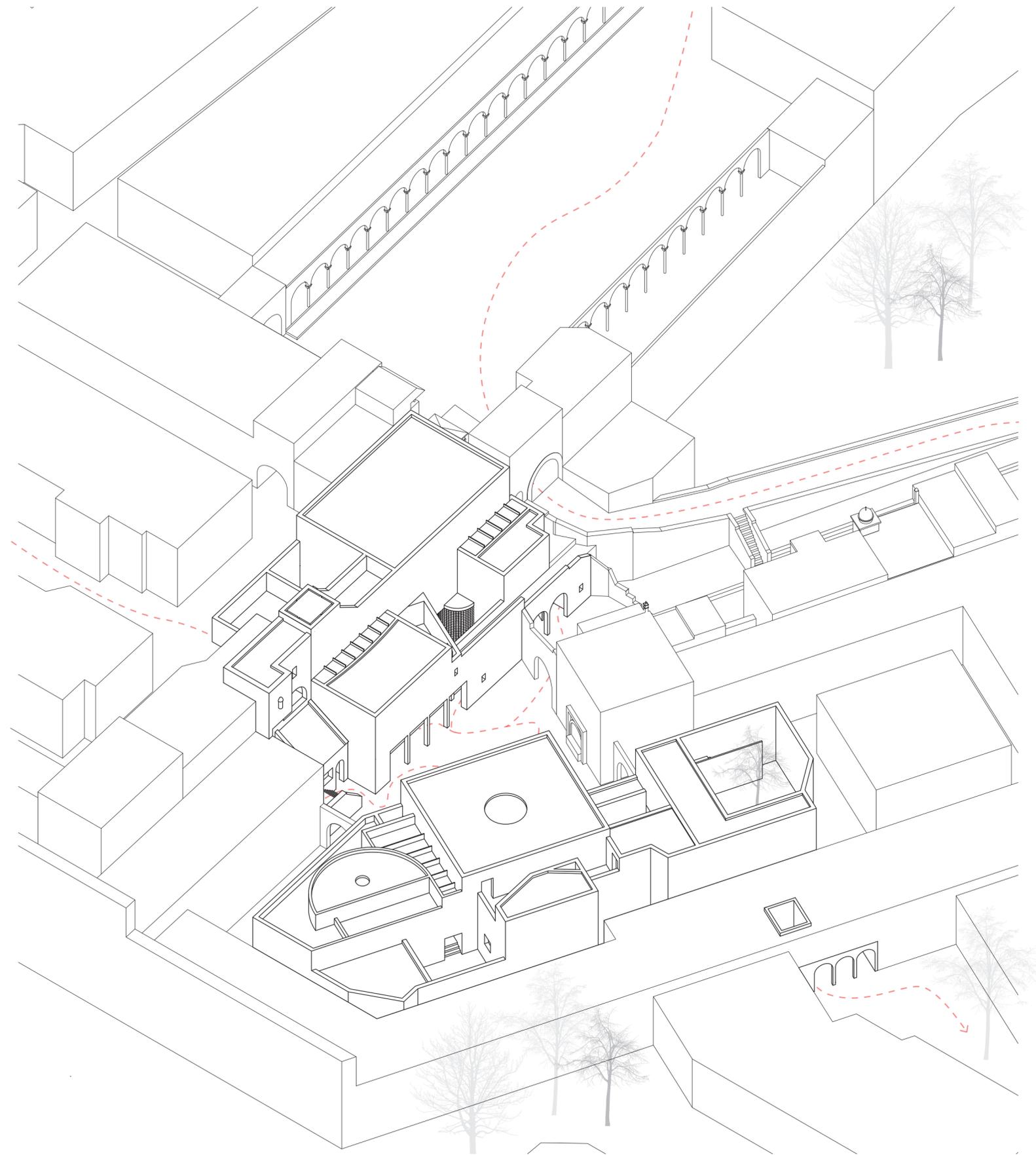
Abstraction of
Light



Section B-B'







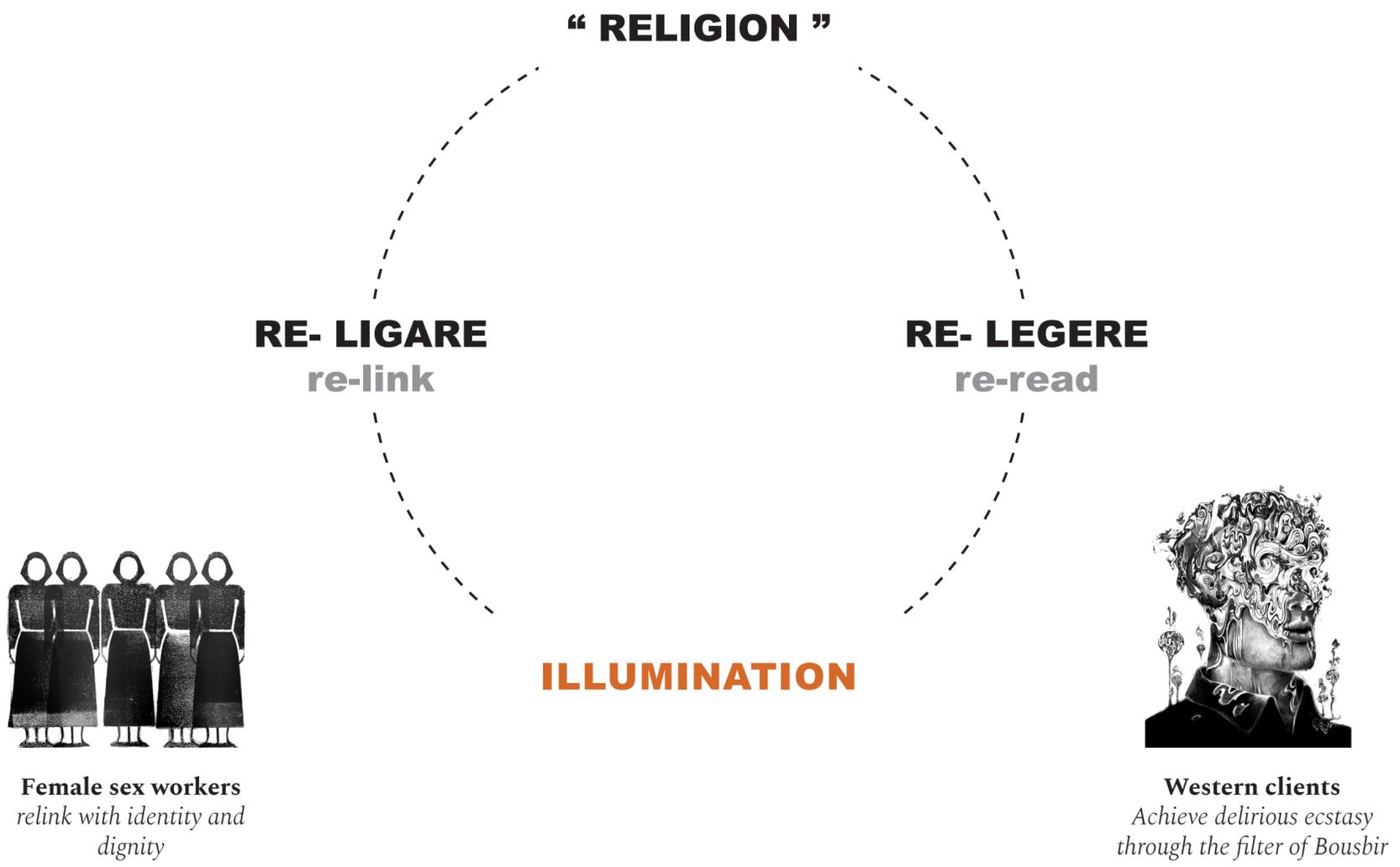
Part IV |

To be Naked

Reflection

Analysis of the Intervention

Religion and Threshold

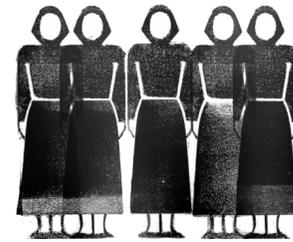


“ RELIGION ”

RE- LIGARE
re-link

RE- LEGERE
re-read

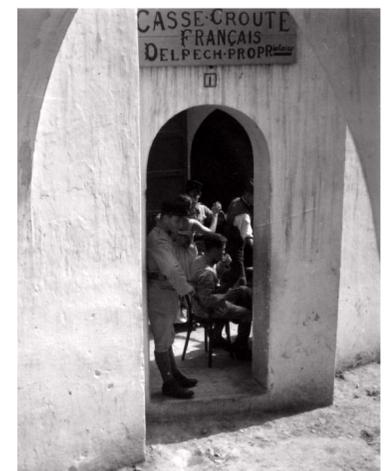
ILLUMINATION

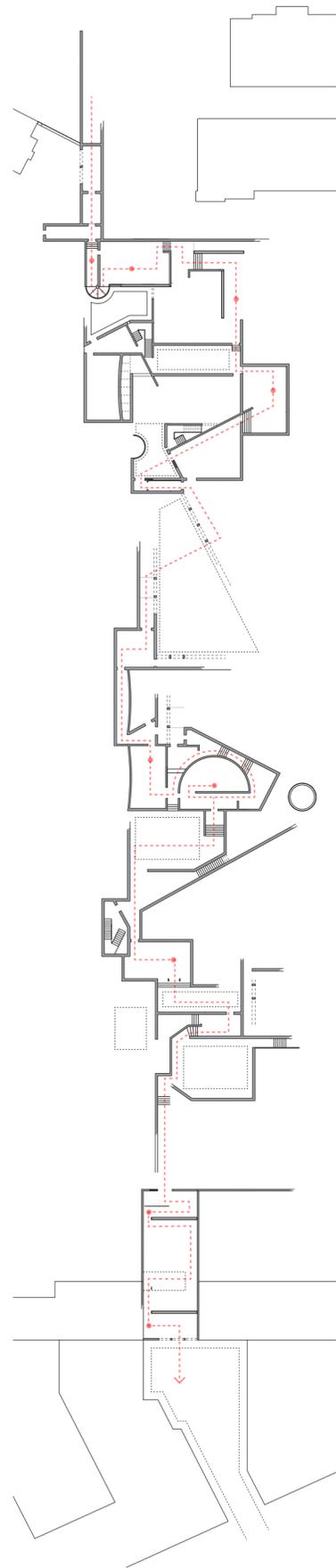


Female sex workers
*relink with identity and
dignity*



Western clients
*Achieve delirious ecstasy
through the filter of Bousbir*



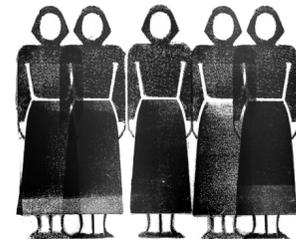


“ RELIGION ”

RE- LIGARE
re-link

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re-read

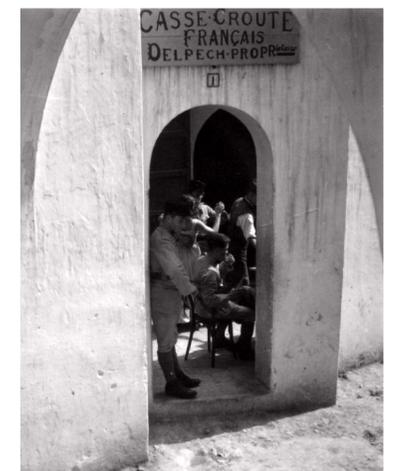
ILLUMINATION



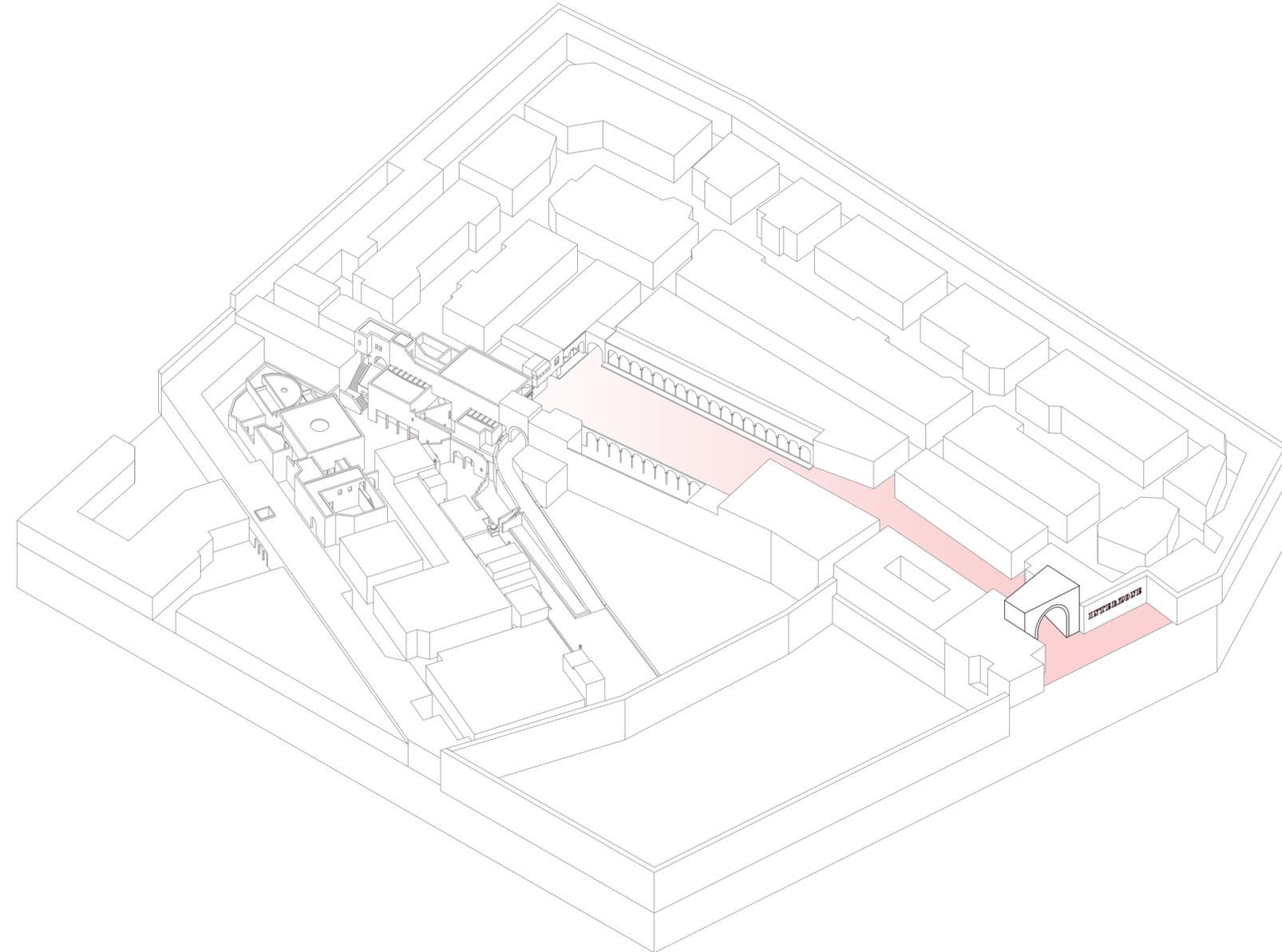
Female sex workers
relink with identity and dignity



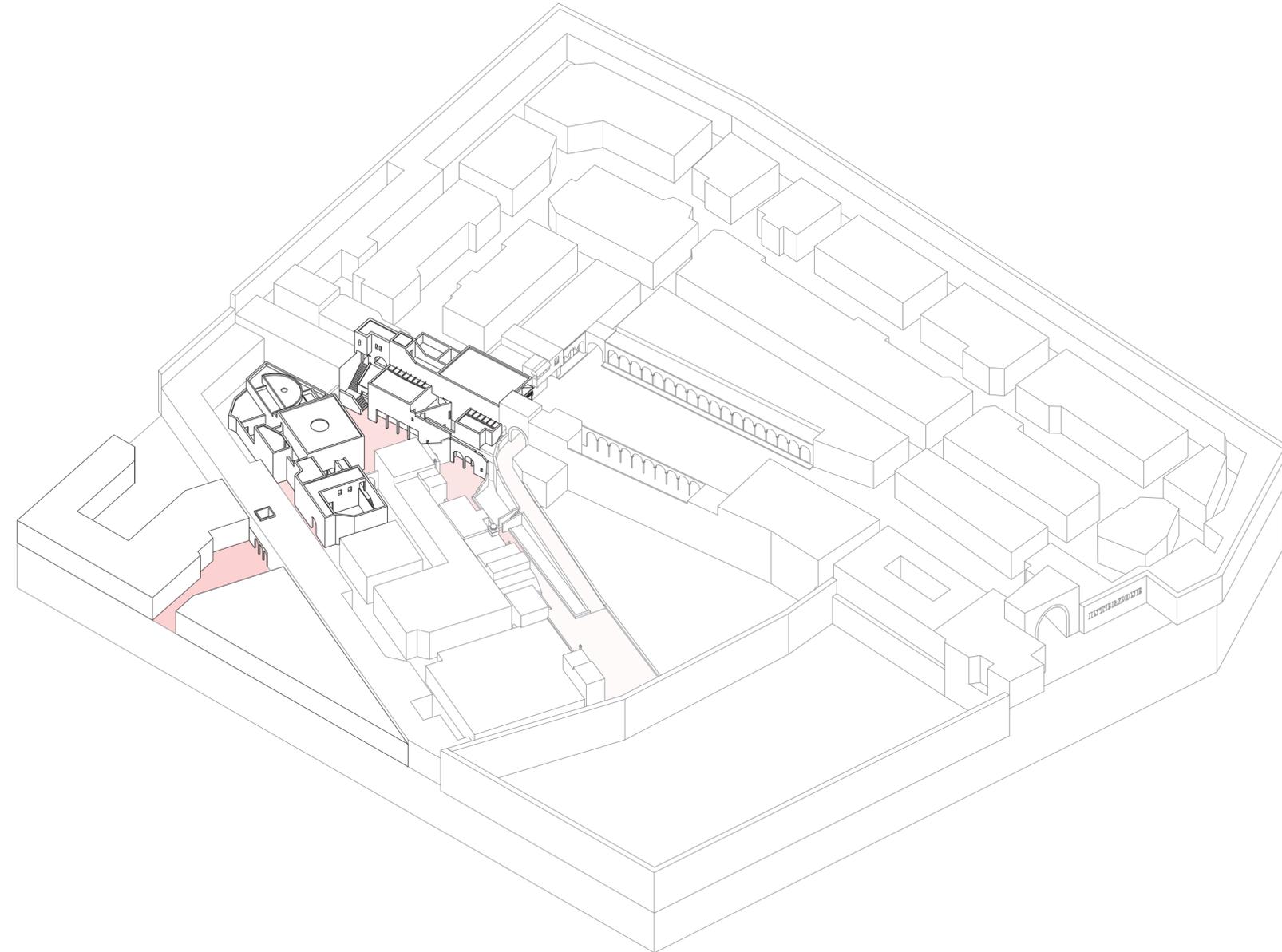
Western clients
Achieve delirious ecstasy through the filter of Bousbir



Analysis of the Intervention
Dressing

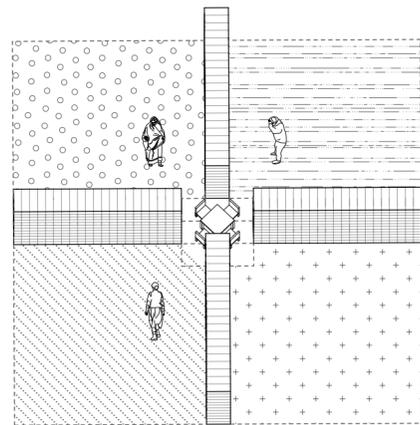


Analysis of the Intervention
Undressing



Analysis of the Intervention

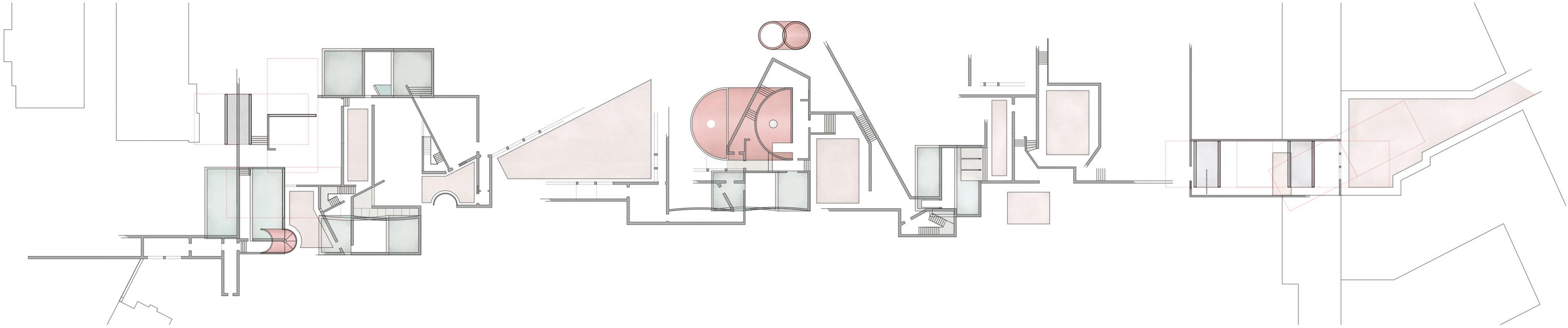
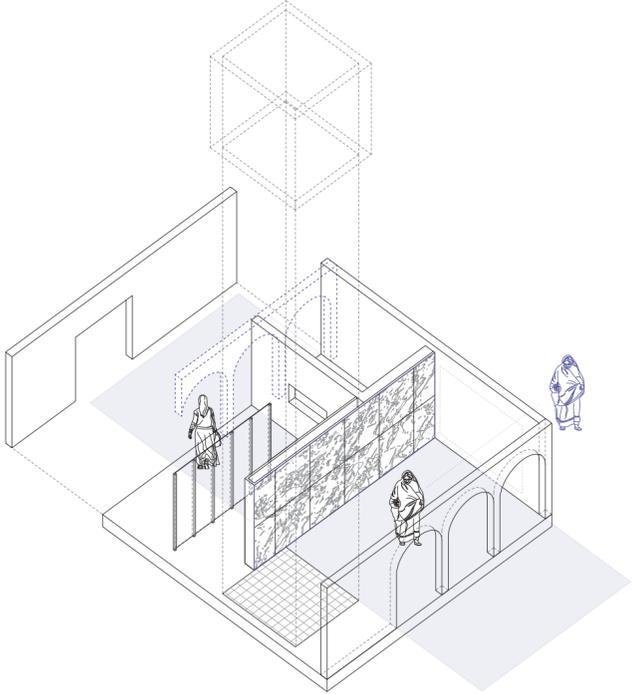
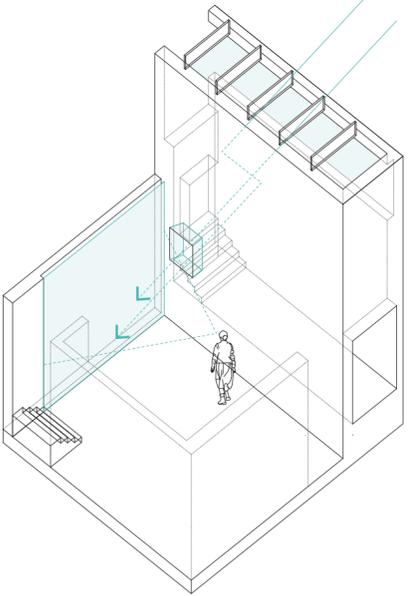
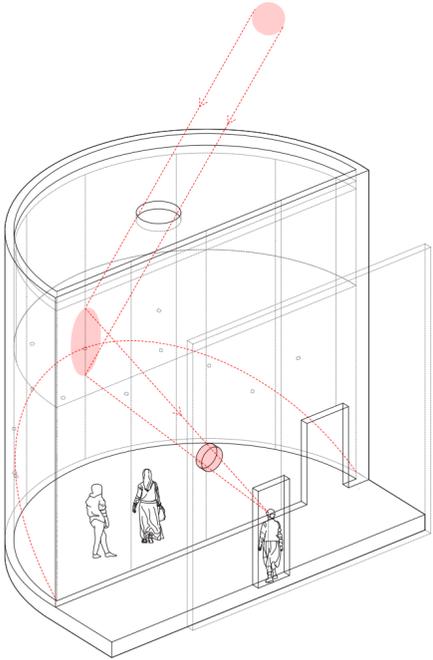
Becoming naked

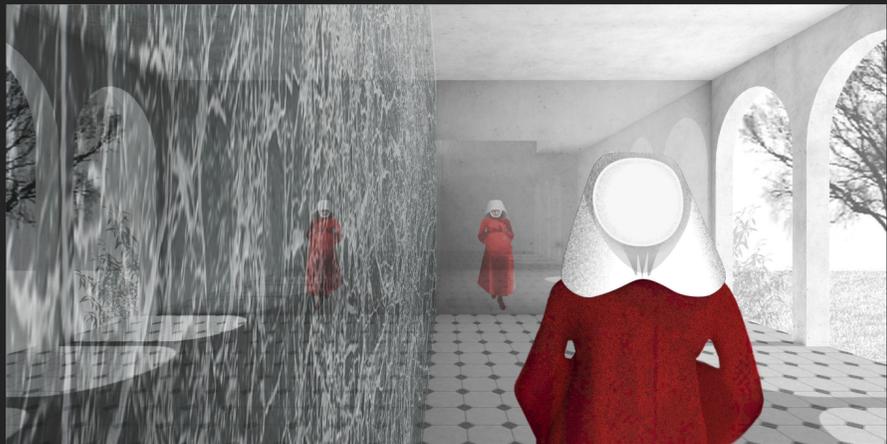
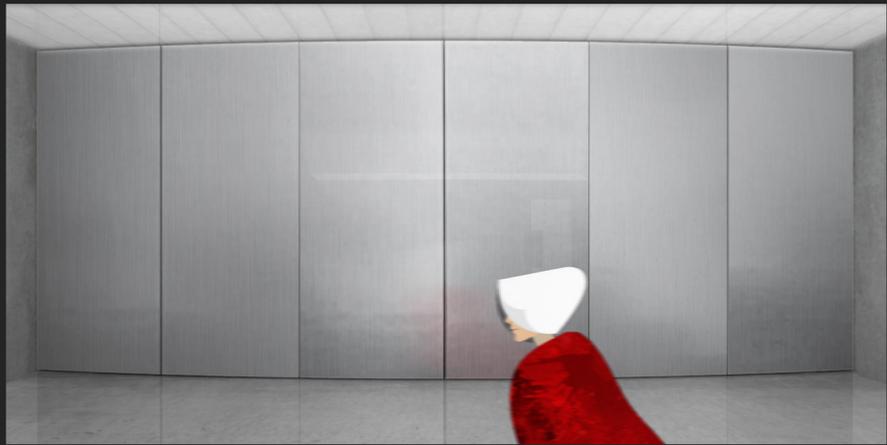


Ritual of Gathering



To be Naked
Threshold of Evanescence





known as Holy Rollers, but only among us, it's a disrespectful nickname. What the machines print is prayers, roll upon roll, prayers going out endlessly. They're ordered by Compuphone, I've overheard the Commander's Wife doing it. Ordering prayers from Soul Scrolls is supposed to be a sign of piety and faithfulness to the regime, so of course the Commanders' Wives do it a lot. It helps their husbands' careers.

There are five different prayers: for health, wealth, a death, a birth, a sin. You pick the one you want, punch in the number, then punch in your own number so your account will be debited, and punch in the number of times you want the prayer repeated.

The machines talk as they print out the prayers, if you like, you can go inside and listen to them, the toneless metallic voices repeating the same thing over and over. Once the prayers have been printed out and said, the paper rolls back through another slot and is recycled into fresh paper again. There are no people inside the building: the machines run by themselves. You can't hear the voices from outside; only a murmur, a hum, like a devout crowd, on its knees. Each machine has an eye painted in gold on the side, flanked by two small golden wings.

I try to remember what this place sold when it was a store, before it was turned into Soul Scrolls. I think it was lingerie. Pink and silver boxes, coloured pantyhose, brassieres with lace, silk scarves? Something lost.

Ofglen and I stand outside Soul Scrolls, looking through the shatterproof windows, watching the prayers well out from the machines and disappear again through the slot, back to the realm of the unsaid. Now I shift my gaze. What I see is not the machines, but Ofglen, reflected in the glass of the window. She's looking straight at me.

We can see into each other's eyes. This is the first time I've ever seen Ofglen's eyes, directly, steadily, not aslant. Her face is oval, pink, plump but not fat, her eyes roundish.

She holds my stare in the glass, level, unwavering. Now it's hard to look away. There's a shock in this seeing; it's like seeing somebody naked, for the first time. There is risk, suddenly, in the air between us, where there was none before. Even this meeting of eyes holds danger. Though there's

nobody near.

At last Ofglen speaks. "Do you think God listens," she says, "to these machines?" She is whispering: our habit at the Centre.

In the past this would have been a trivial enough remark, a kind of scholarly speculation. Right now it's treason.

I could scream. I could run away. I could turn from her silently, to show her I won't tolerate this kind of talk in my presence. Subversion, sedition, blasphemy, heresy, all rolled into one.

I steel myself. "No," I say.

She lets out her breath, in a long sigh of relief. We have crossed the invisible line together. "Neither do I," she says.

"Though I suppose it's faith, of a kind," I say. "Like Tibetan prayer wheels."

"What are those?" she asks.

"I only read about them," I say. "They were moved around by the wind. They're all gone now."

"Like everything," she says. Only now do we stop looking at one another.

"Is it safe here?" I whisper.

"I figure it's the safest place," she says. "We look like we're praying, is all."

"What about them?"

"Them?" she says, still whispering. "You're always safest out of doors, no mikes, and why would they put one here? They'd think nobody would dare. But we've stayed long enough. There's no sense in being late getting back." We turn away together. "Keep your head down as we walk," she says, "and lean just a little towards me. That way I can hear you better. Don't talk when there's anyone coming."

We walk, heads bent as usual. I'm so excited I can hardly breathe, but I keep a steady pace. Now more than ever I must avoid drawing attention to myself.

"I thought you were a true believer," Ofglen says.

"I thought you were," I say.

"You were always so stinking pious."

"So were you," I reply. I want to laugh, shout, hug her.

"You can join us," she says.

"Us?" I say. There is an us then, there's a we. I knew it.

· SOUL SCROLLS ·



To be Naked

Me as her



· SOUL SCROLLS ·



Heckman



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