

SPACE FOR DISORIENTATION

finding, creating and allowing other urban directions

DRAWINGS +
DOCUMENTATION P₅

PART OF GRADUATION COMPENDIUM

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NOVEMBER 2025



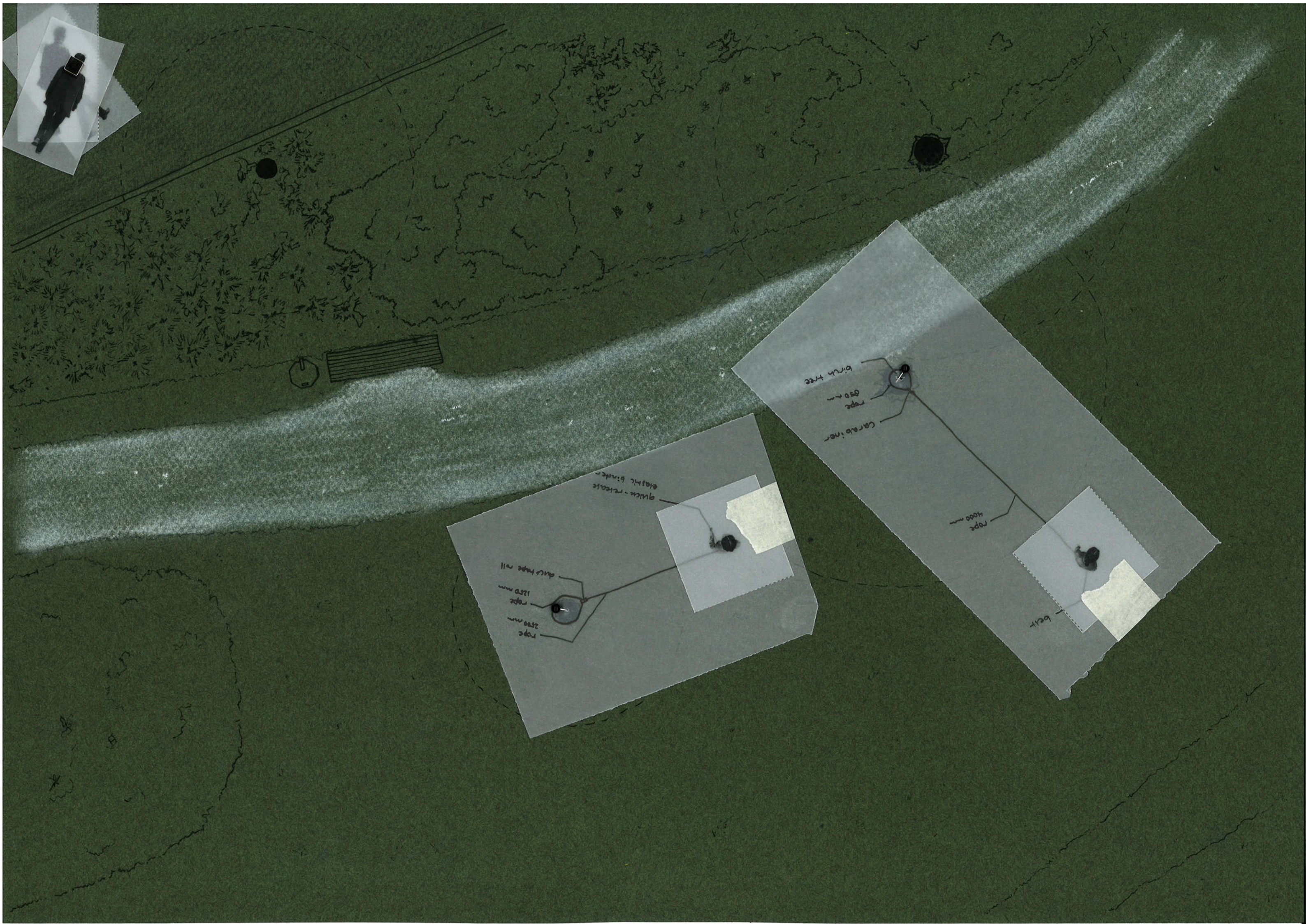
you stop and
ponder a
moment of
wonder.

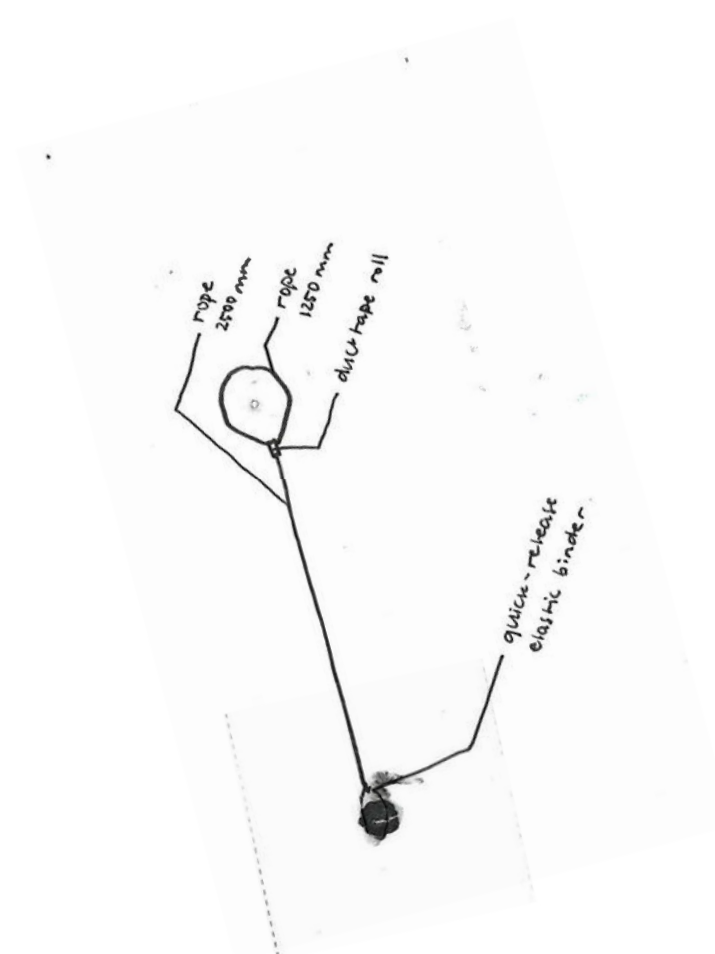
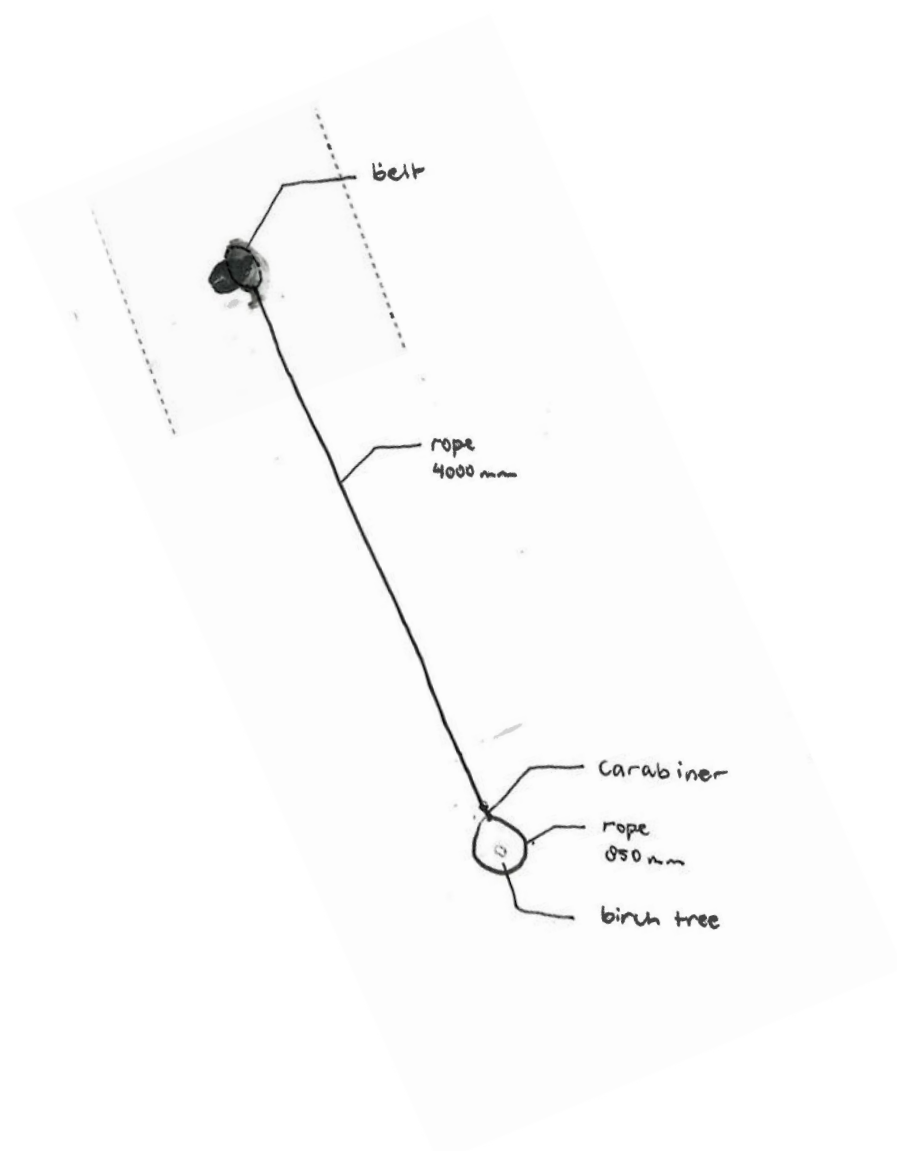
Why would
one walk
in a
restricted
manner

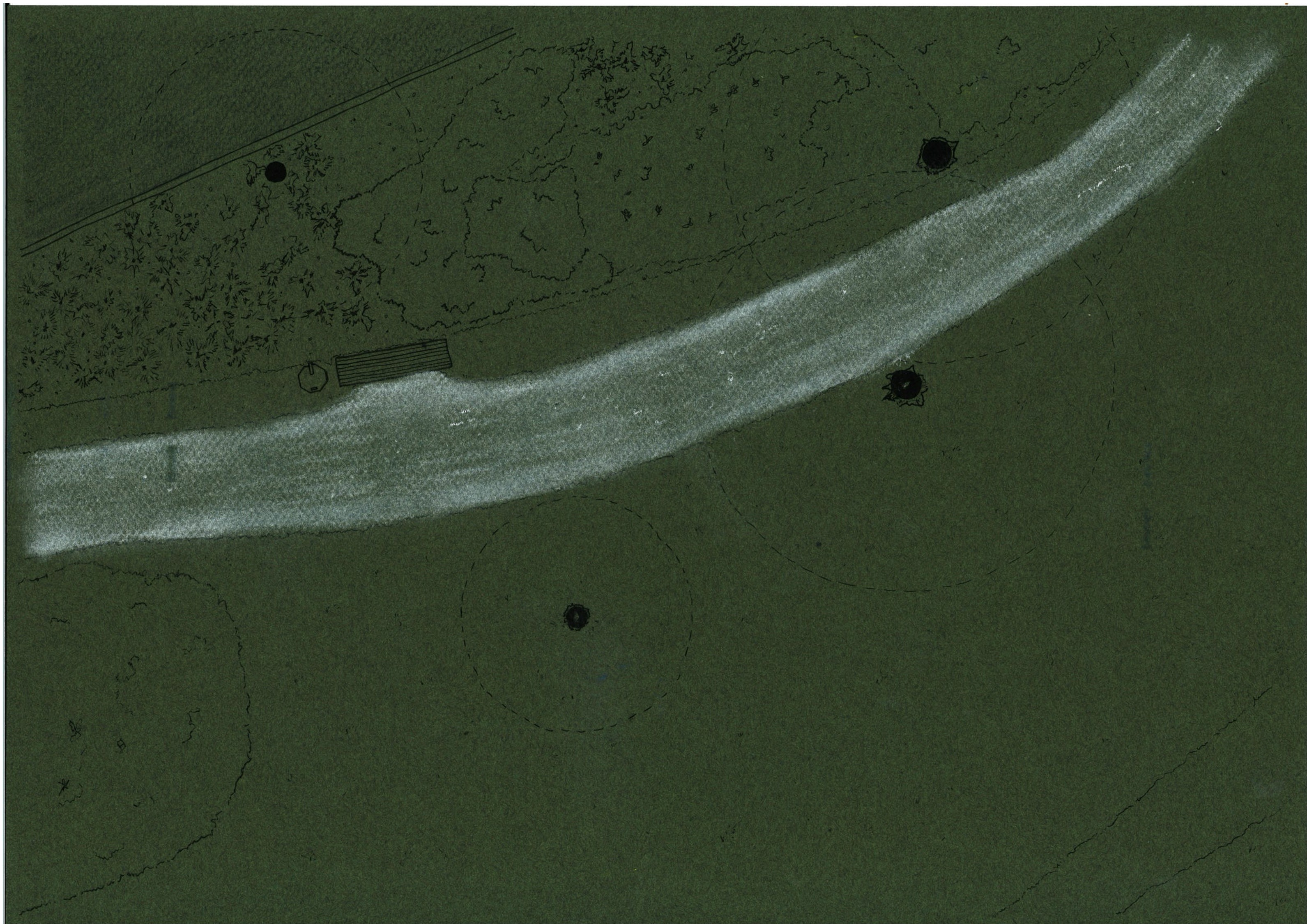
i ask

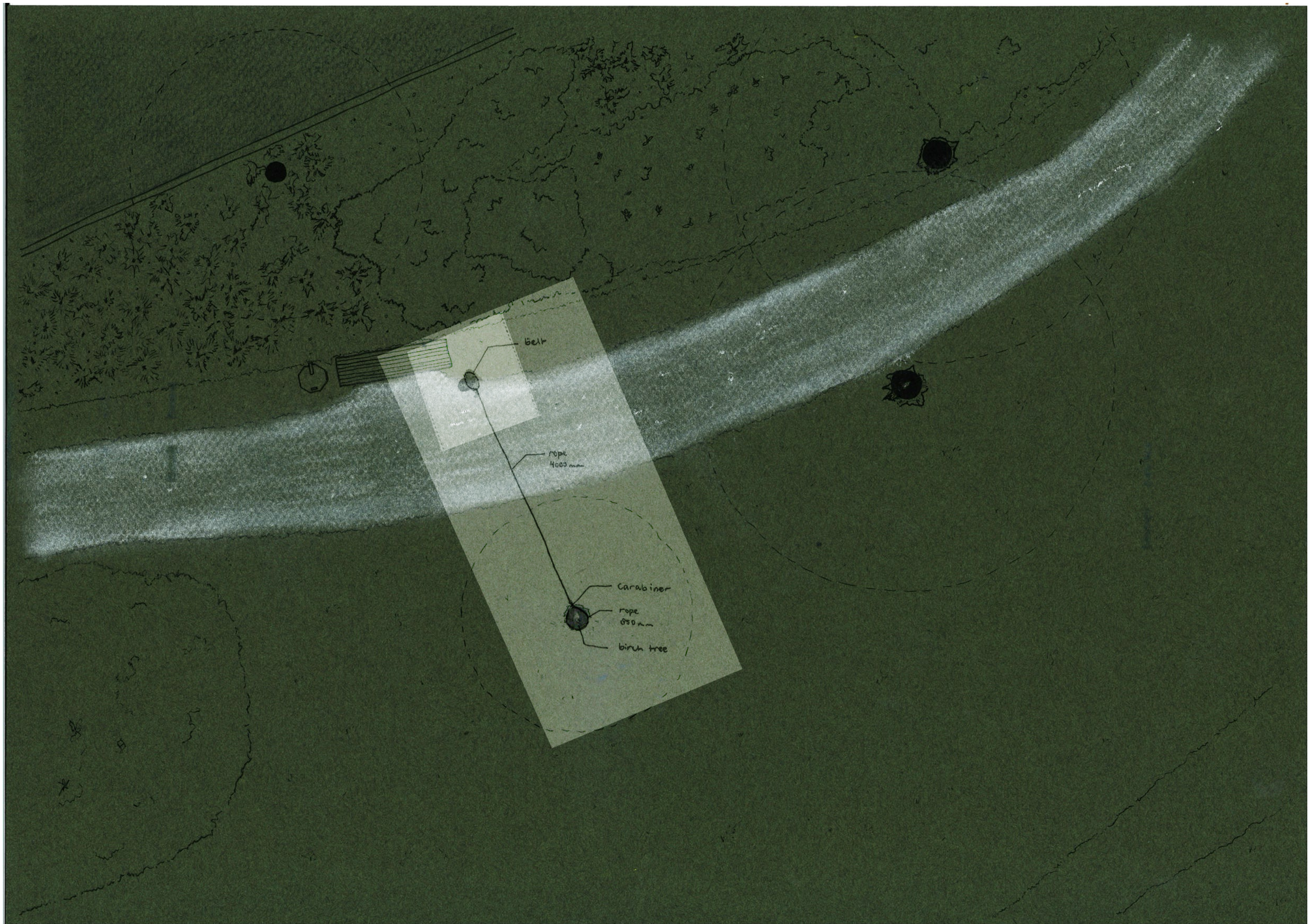
as i continue
my path..

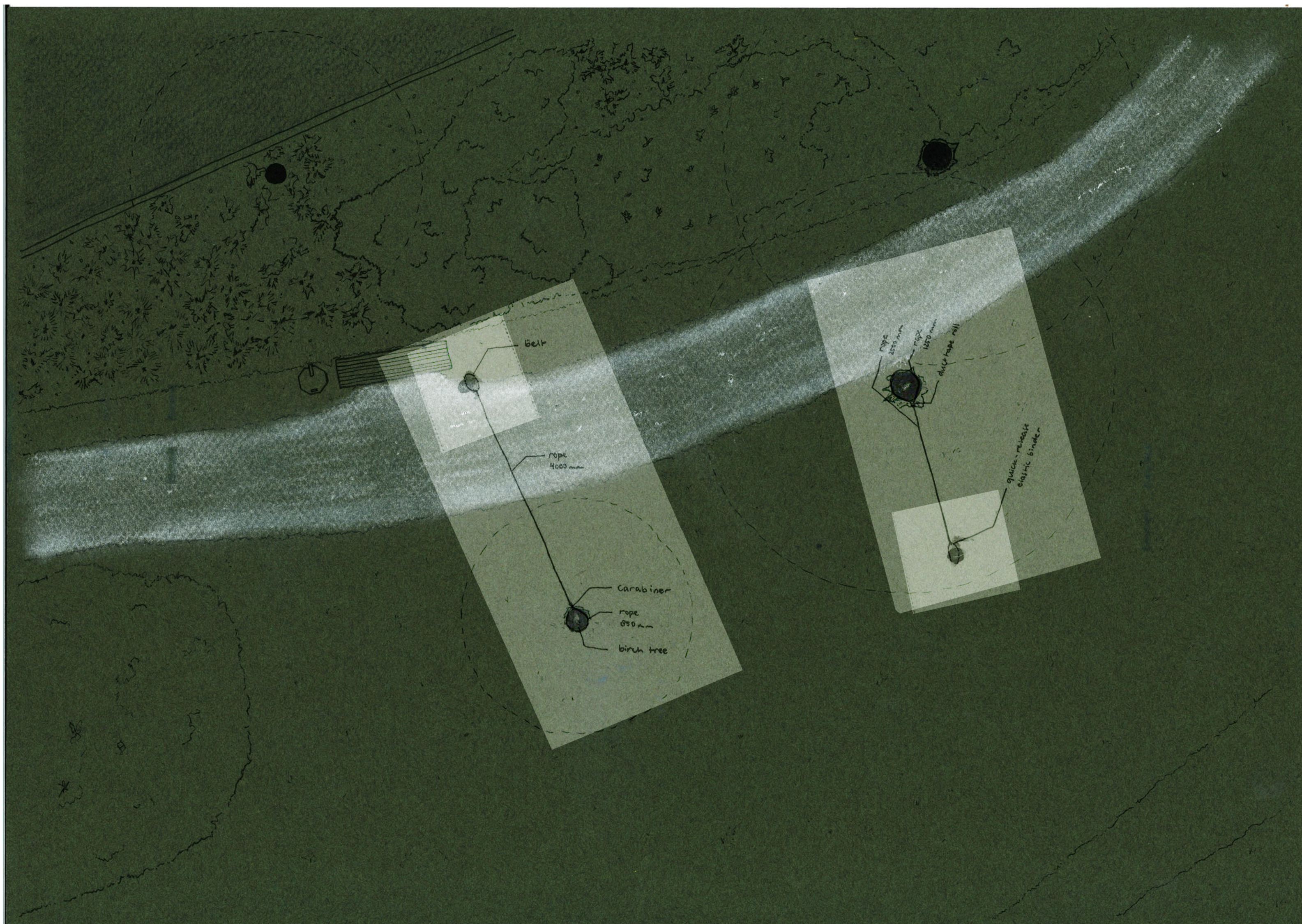
only momentarily
free











0.40 mm

bark of birch tree

rope
Ø 5 mm, 1240 mm

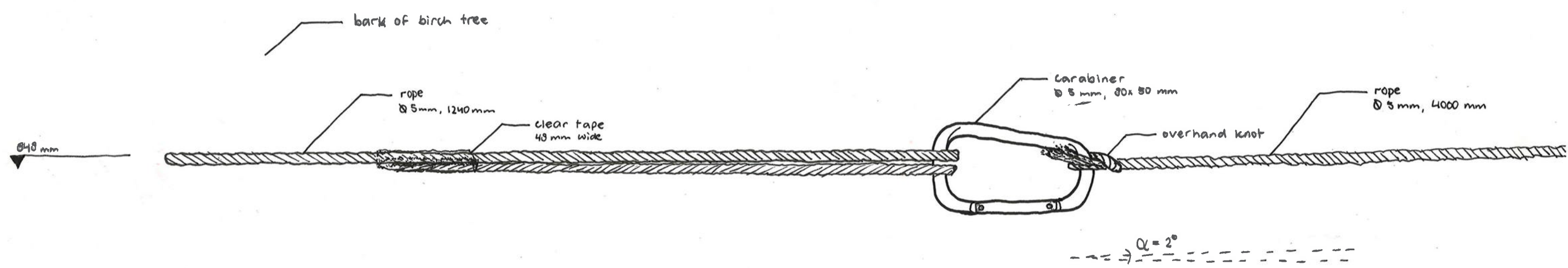
clear tape
40 mm wide

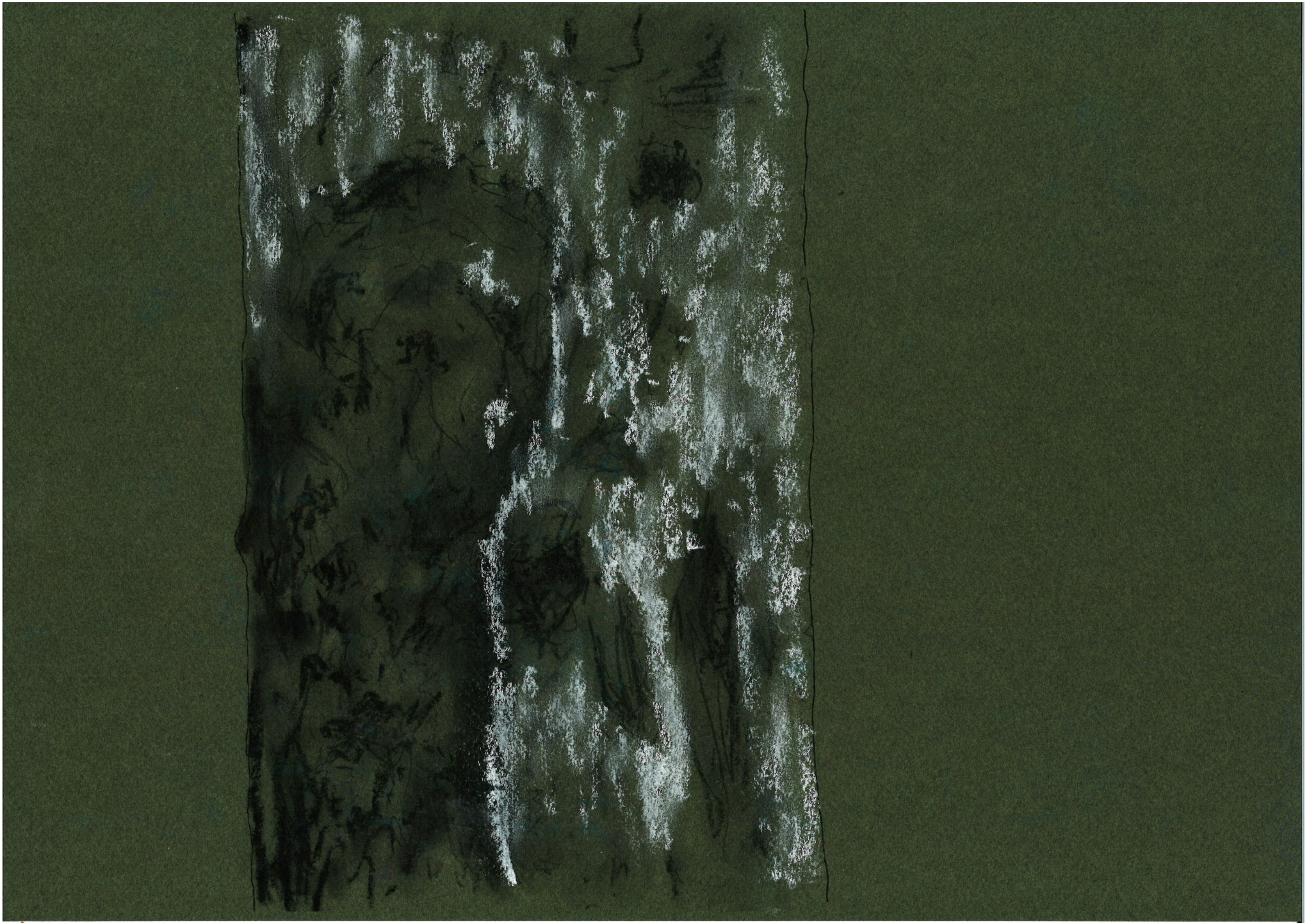
carabiner
Ø 5 mm, 80x 50 mm

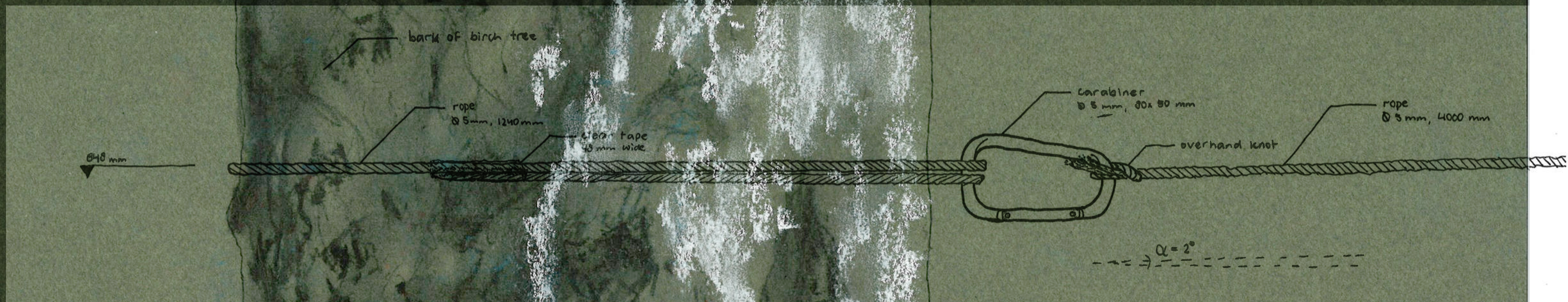
overhand knot

rope
Ø 5 mm, 4000 mm

$\alpha = 2^\circ$









it felt weird at first,
but now it's fine / i
still don't know why
i'm doing this though

i don't think i want
to do this / what
if someone i know
passes by?

what are you
doing? // can i
walk in your circle?

once you get going
it feels pretty
comfortable.

from what desire is the
path created? / why would
someone else want to do
this if it's not for your
project

i'm wondering if
the two adults mind
me walking here

sir, watch out for the
rope!! // *slams on
the bicycle breaks*

mom, what is that man
doing over there? // maybe
you should go and ask him
// sir, can we play in your
circle while you walk?

it feels like i am
continuously on my
way to somewhere /
it feels meditative

when does it become a desire path?

maybe this is a metaphor
for how we use public
space in general / how we
walk through cities while
on our phone

two elderly people have
been staring from their
balcony for more than 10
minutes / i hope they'll
engage

i feel more
restricted but also
a bit more free

i'm proud of my
circle / i can still
see the circle after a
week!

i don't want them to
think i'm really crazy
/ i hope they don't call
the police or anything

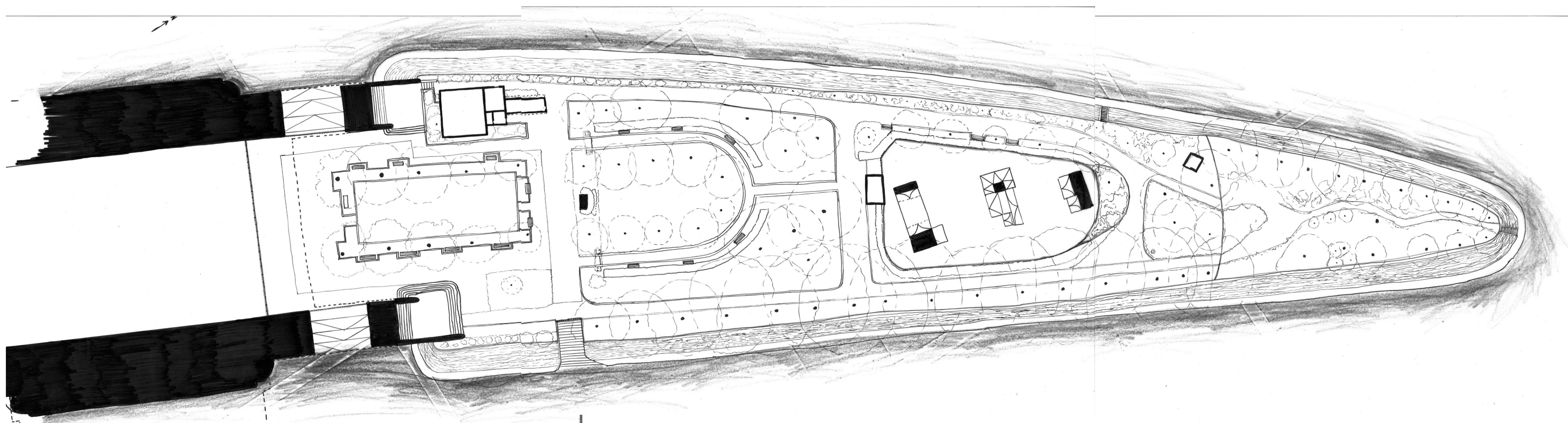
i really start to feel a
personal connection to this
tree / this is my circle / i
feel more confident to not
stop for passers-by

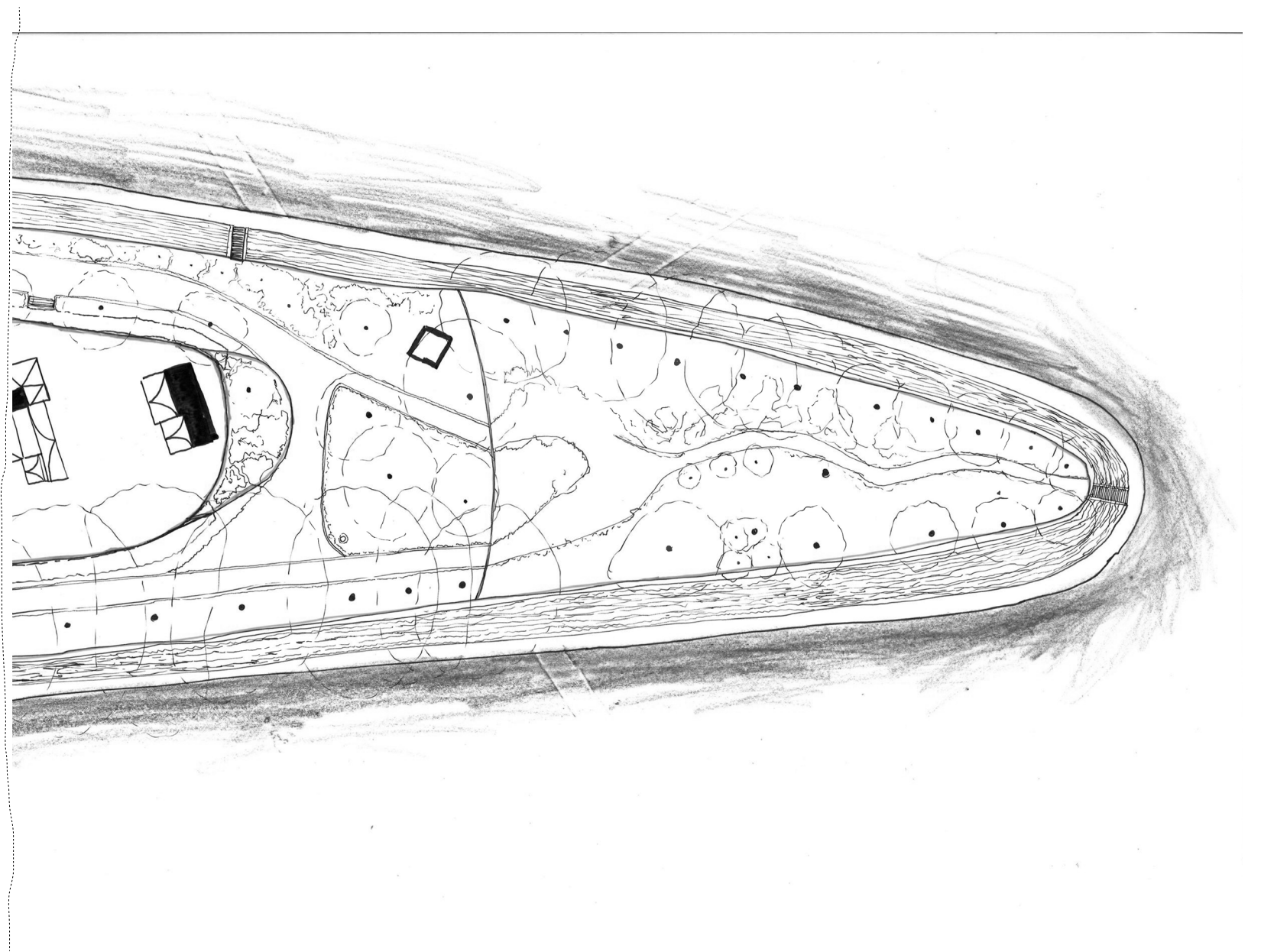
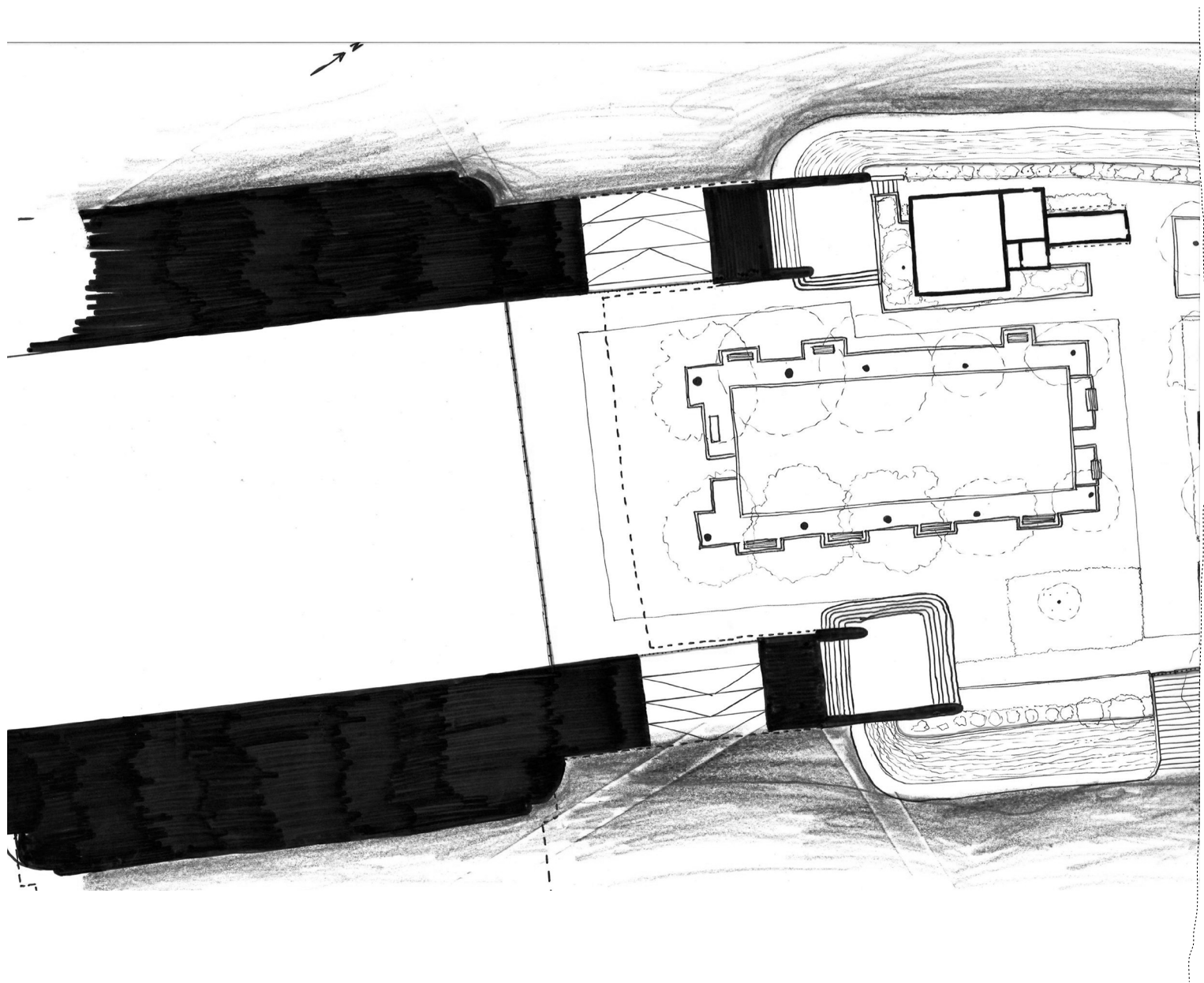
i hope these
people don't find
me annoying

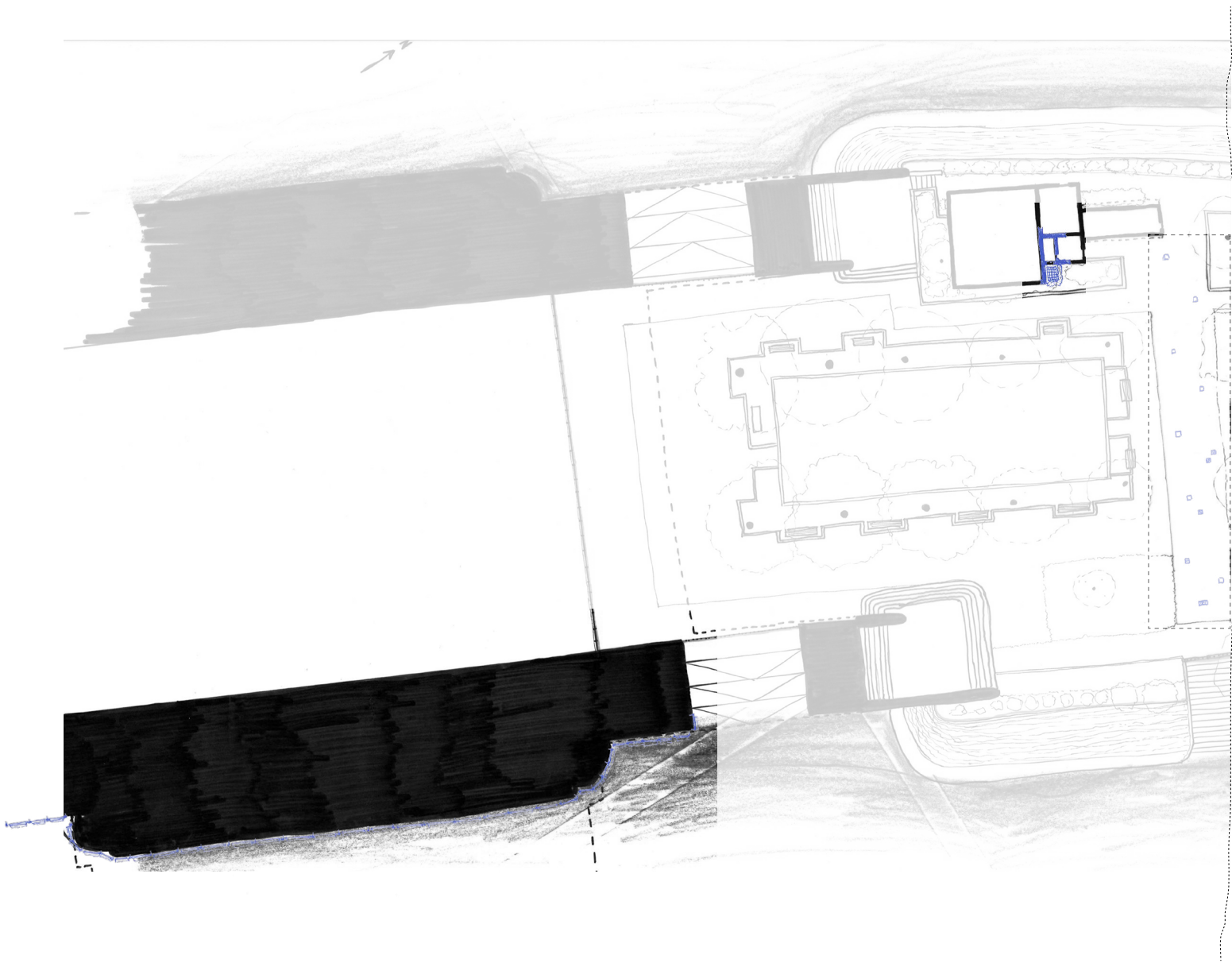
it looks like a performance
art project // it's for that
guy's graduation // why
are you doing this? // i
don't know

every time i do the
experiment it becomes
easier / i gain confidence
of designing and taking in
space

what is the point of doing this?







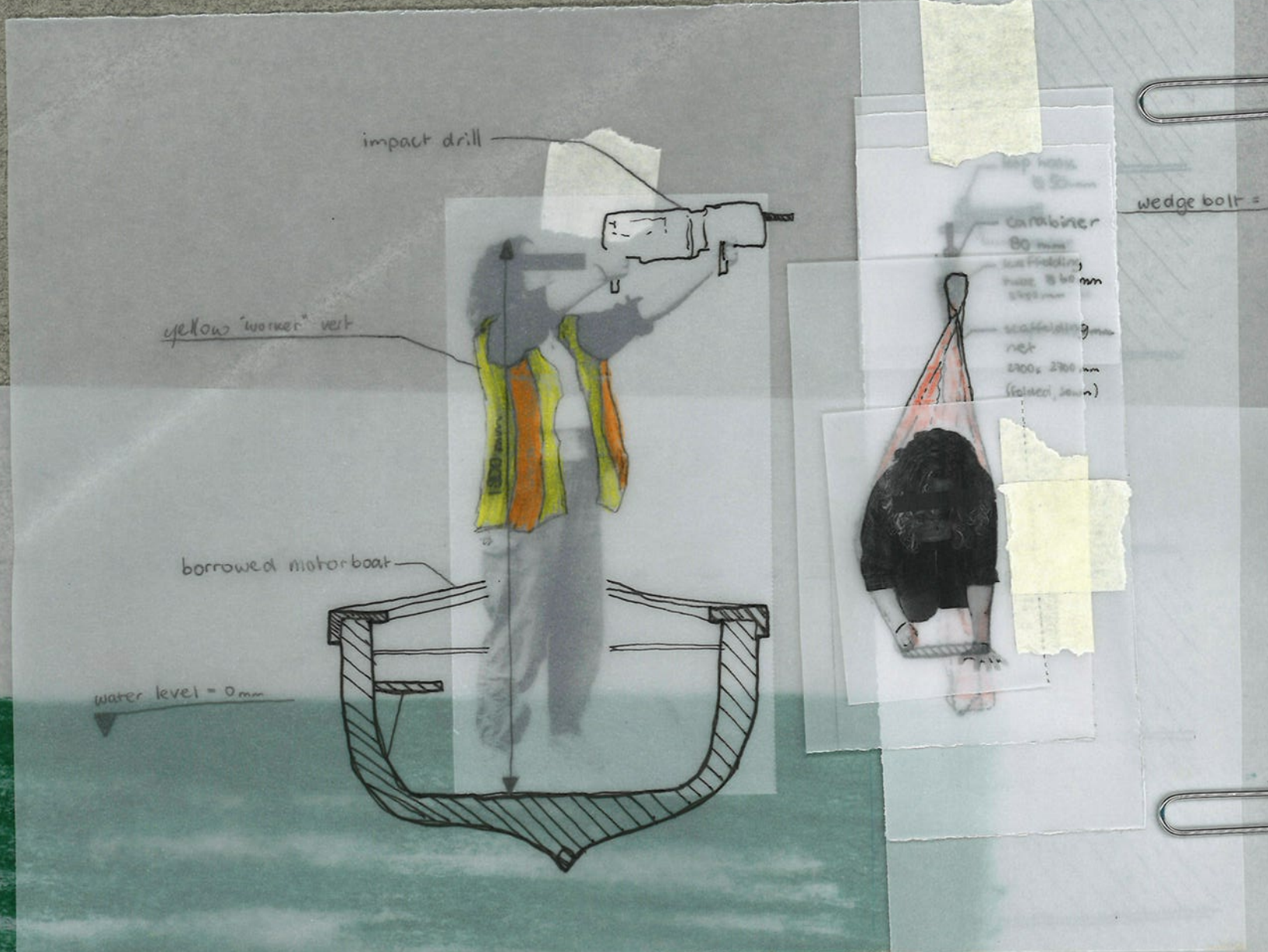
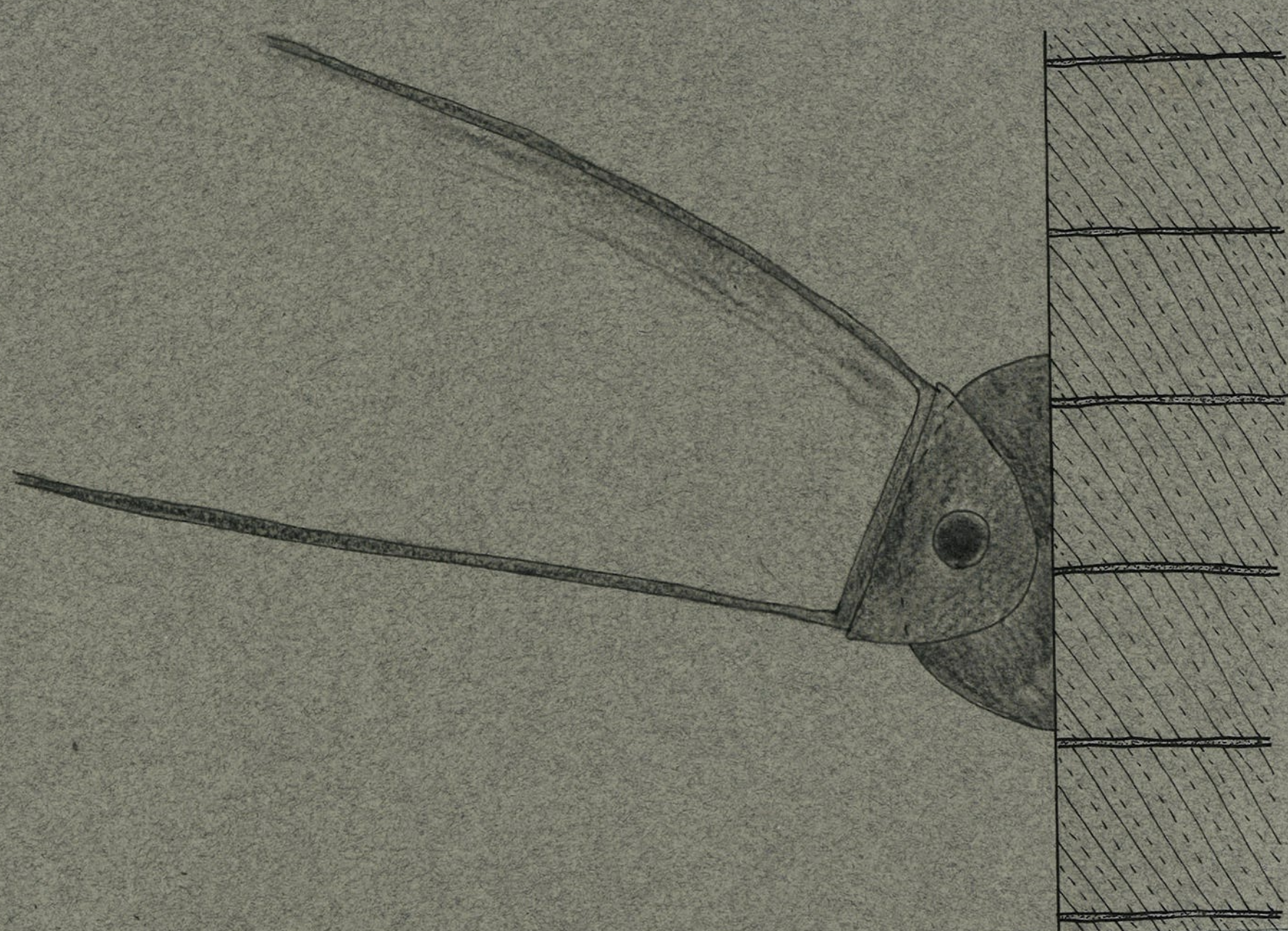


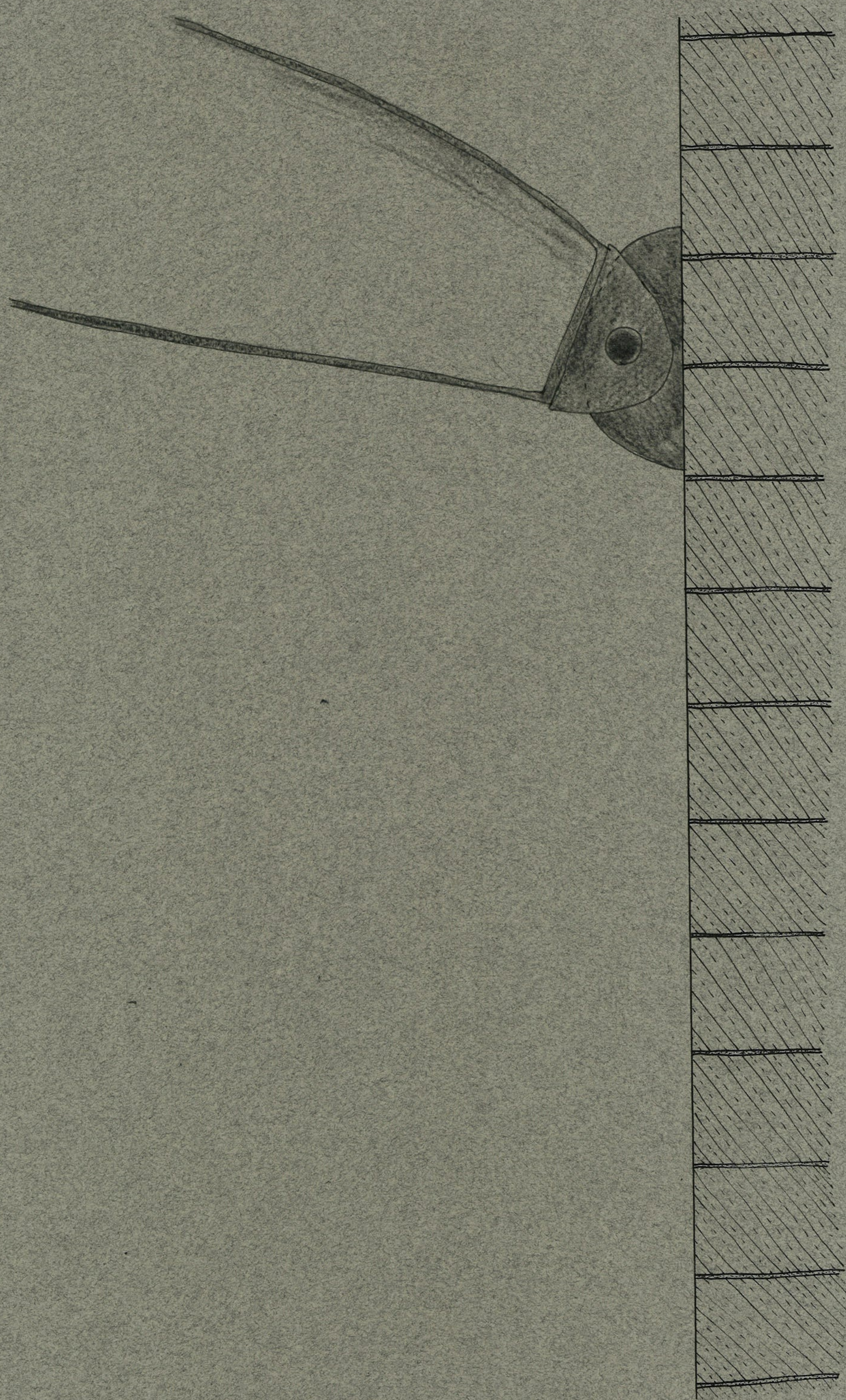
like a tight tendon
it tries to
grasp the banks
of the bloodied
river

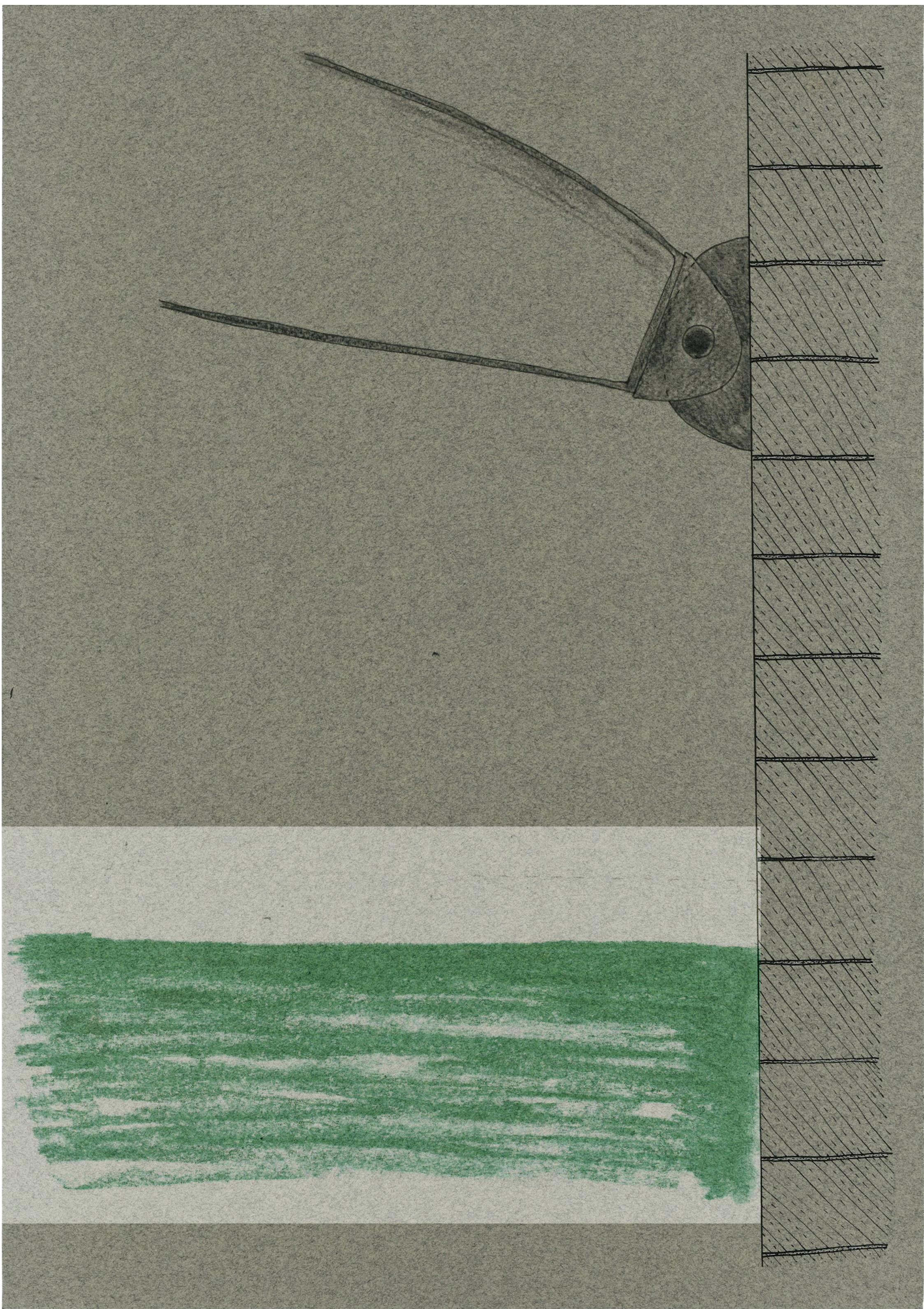
the freak-
flags illegal
on base of
damage to
the public

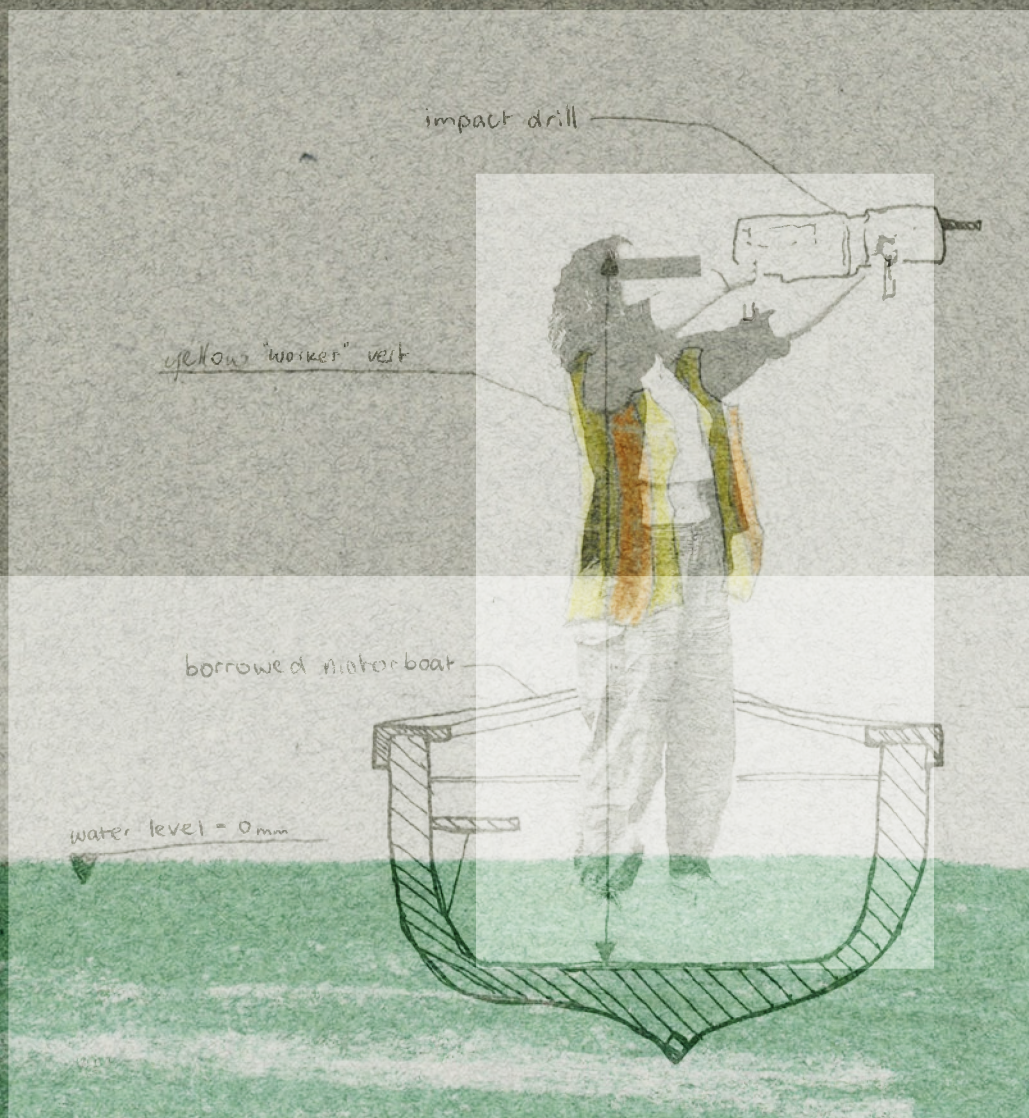
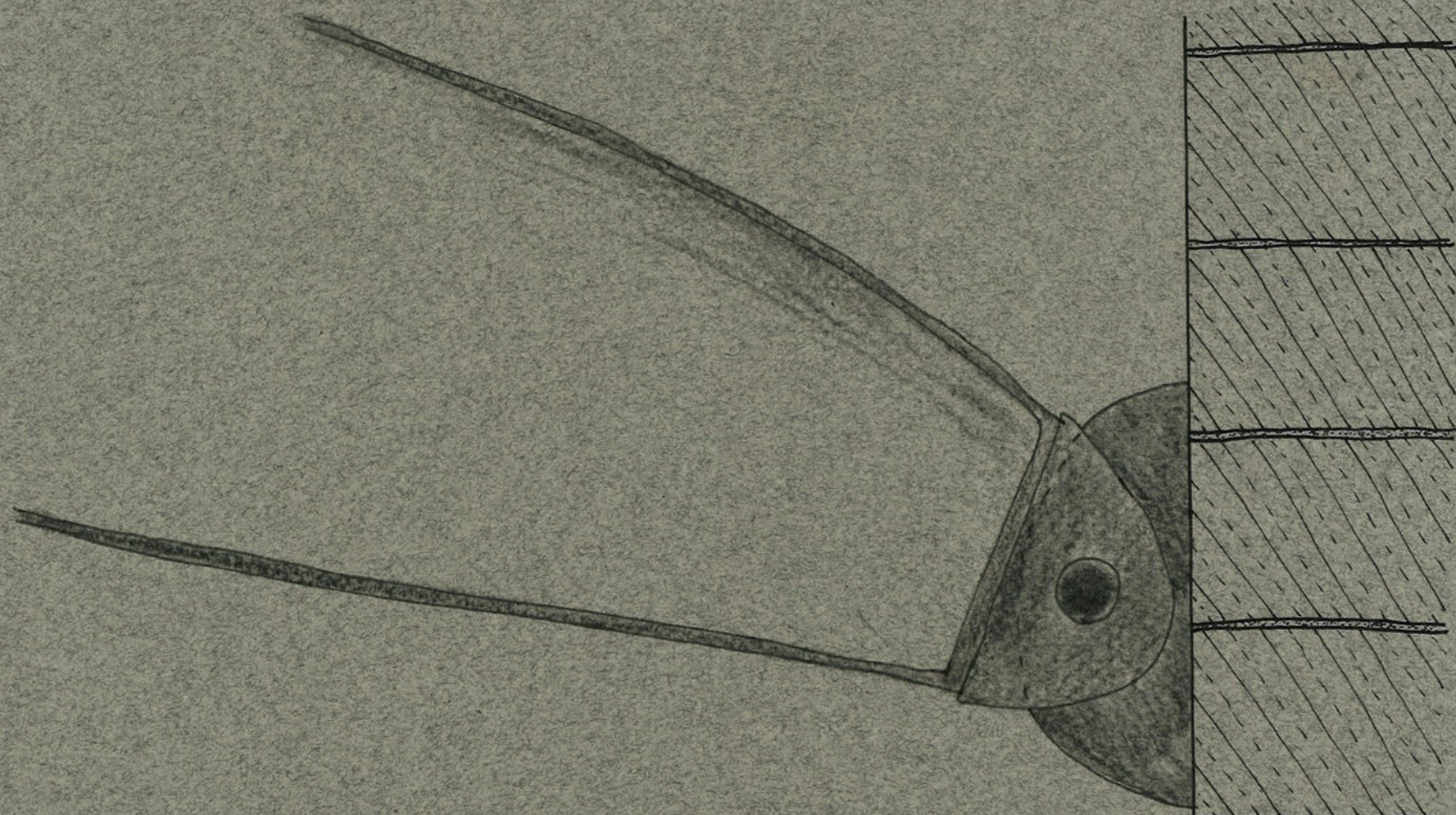
space

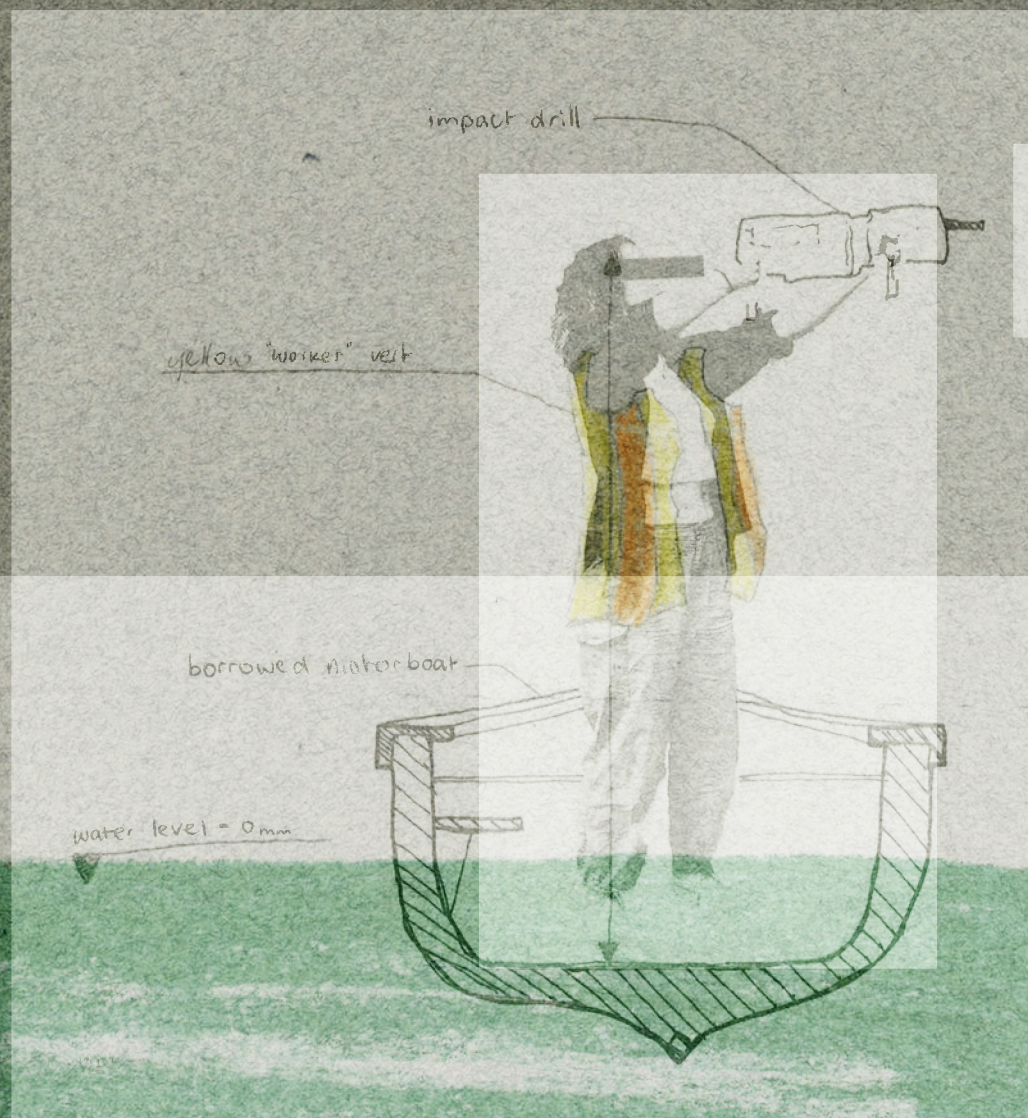
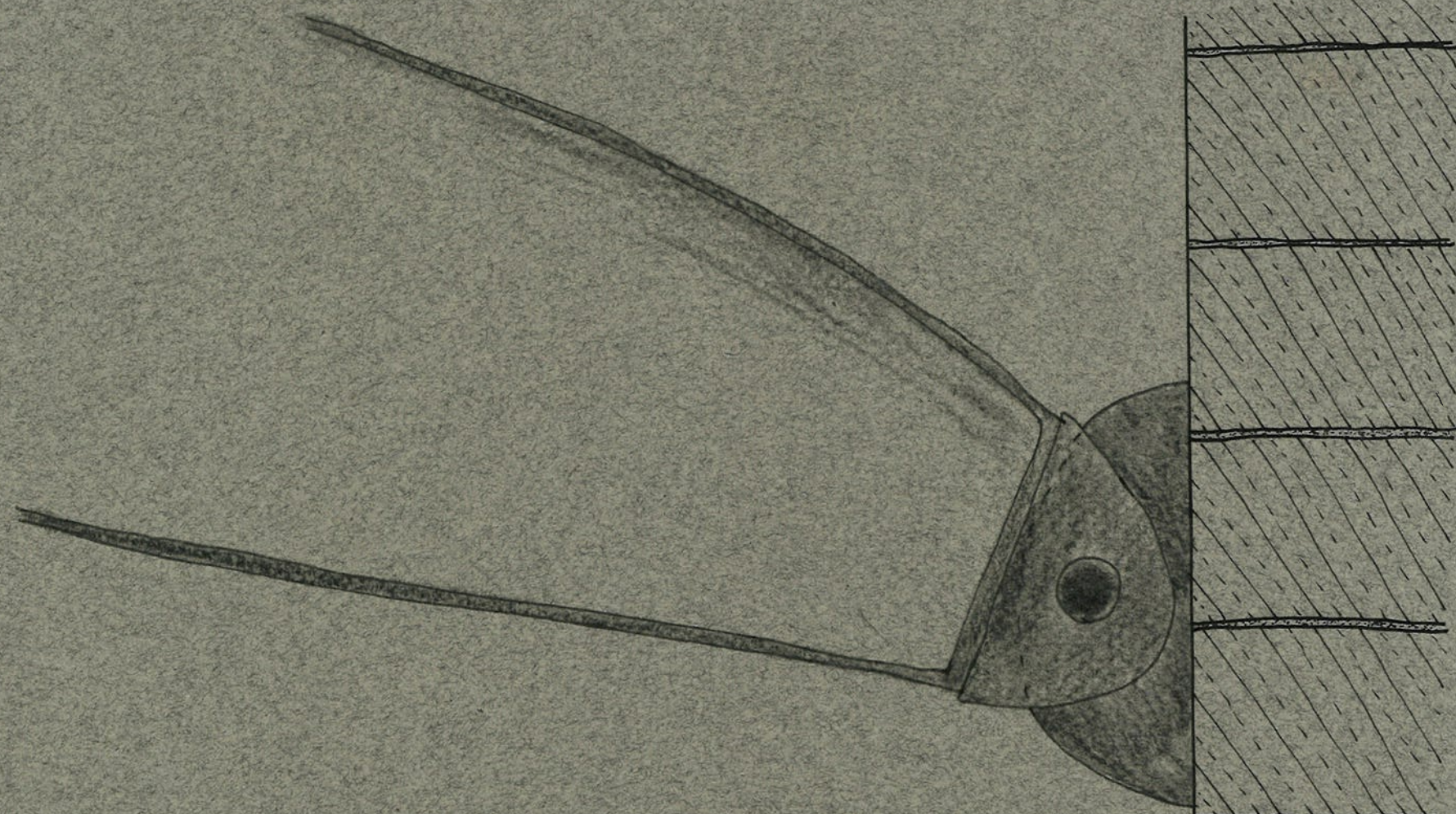
does that
relief tension?





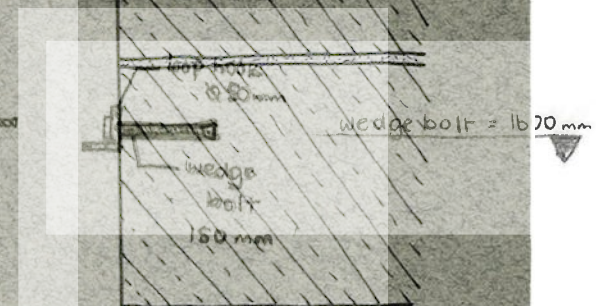
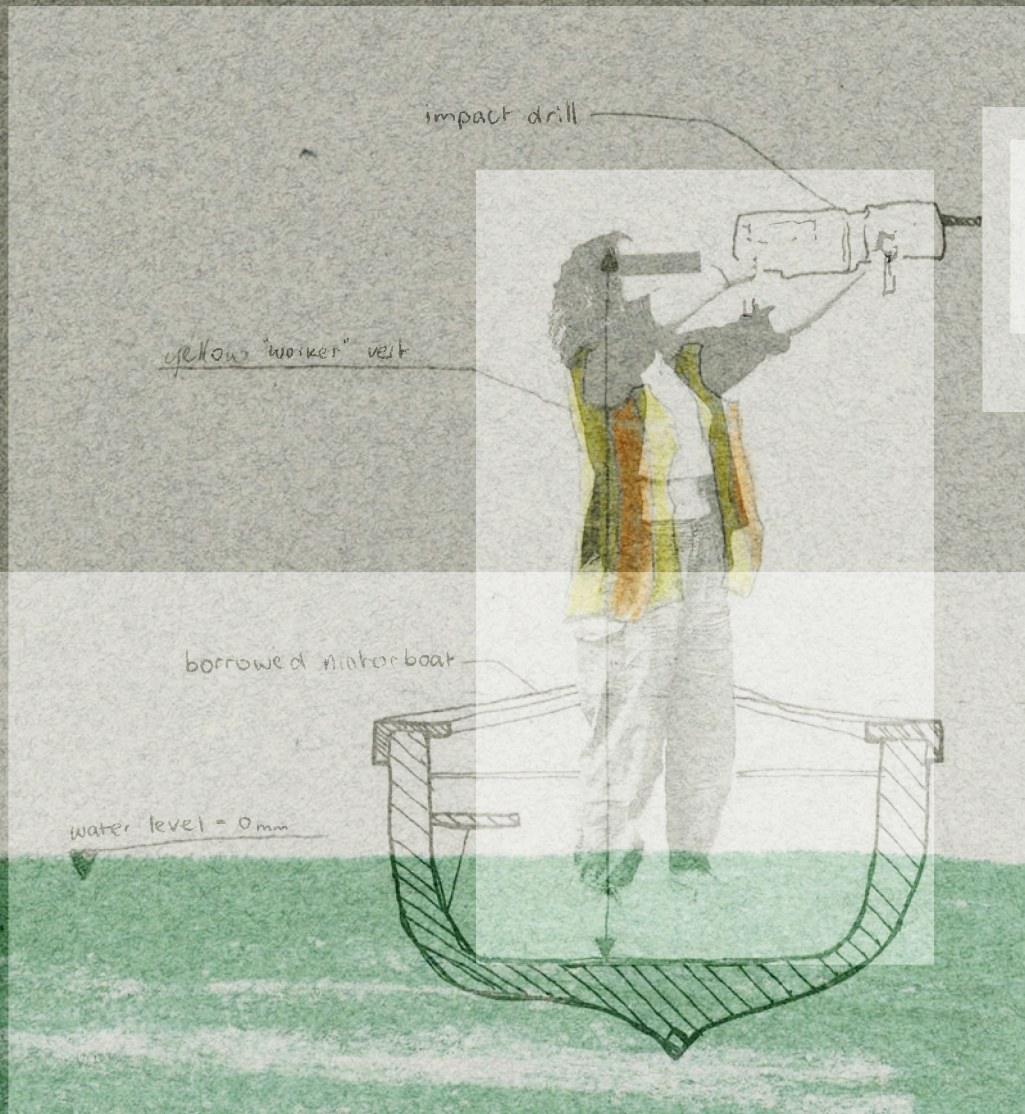
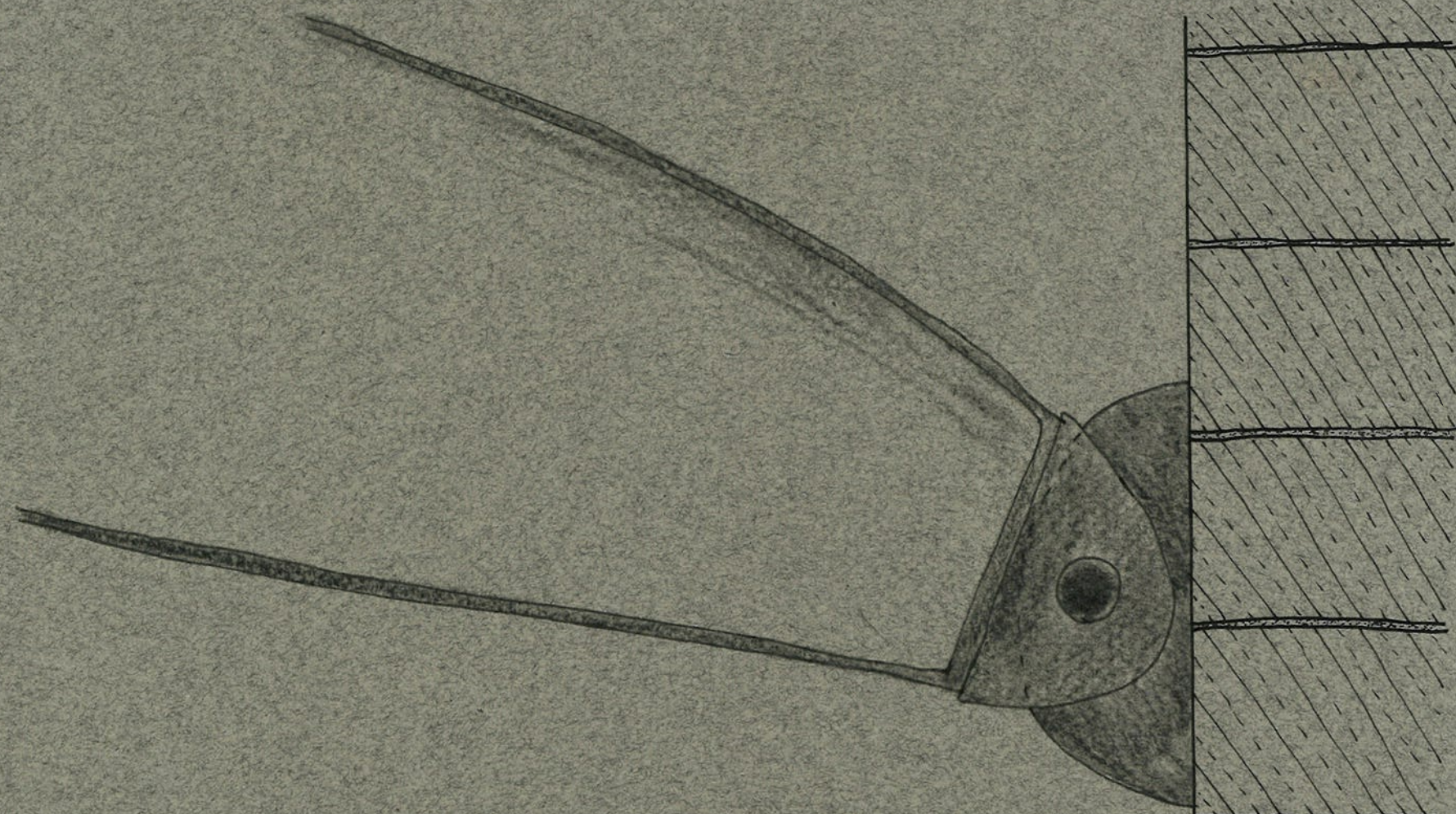


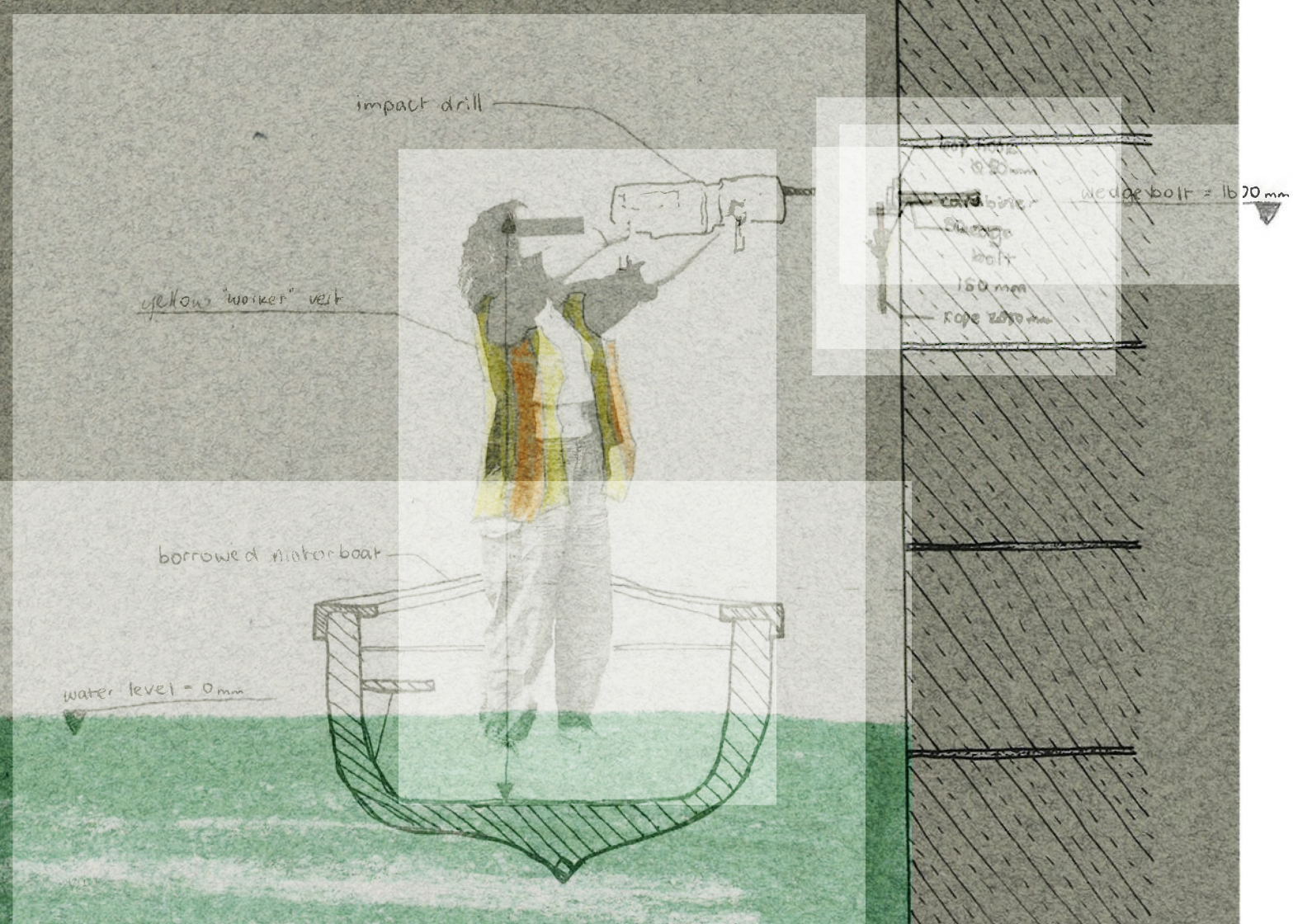
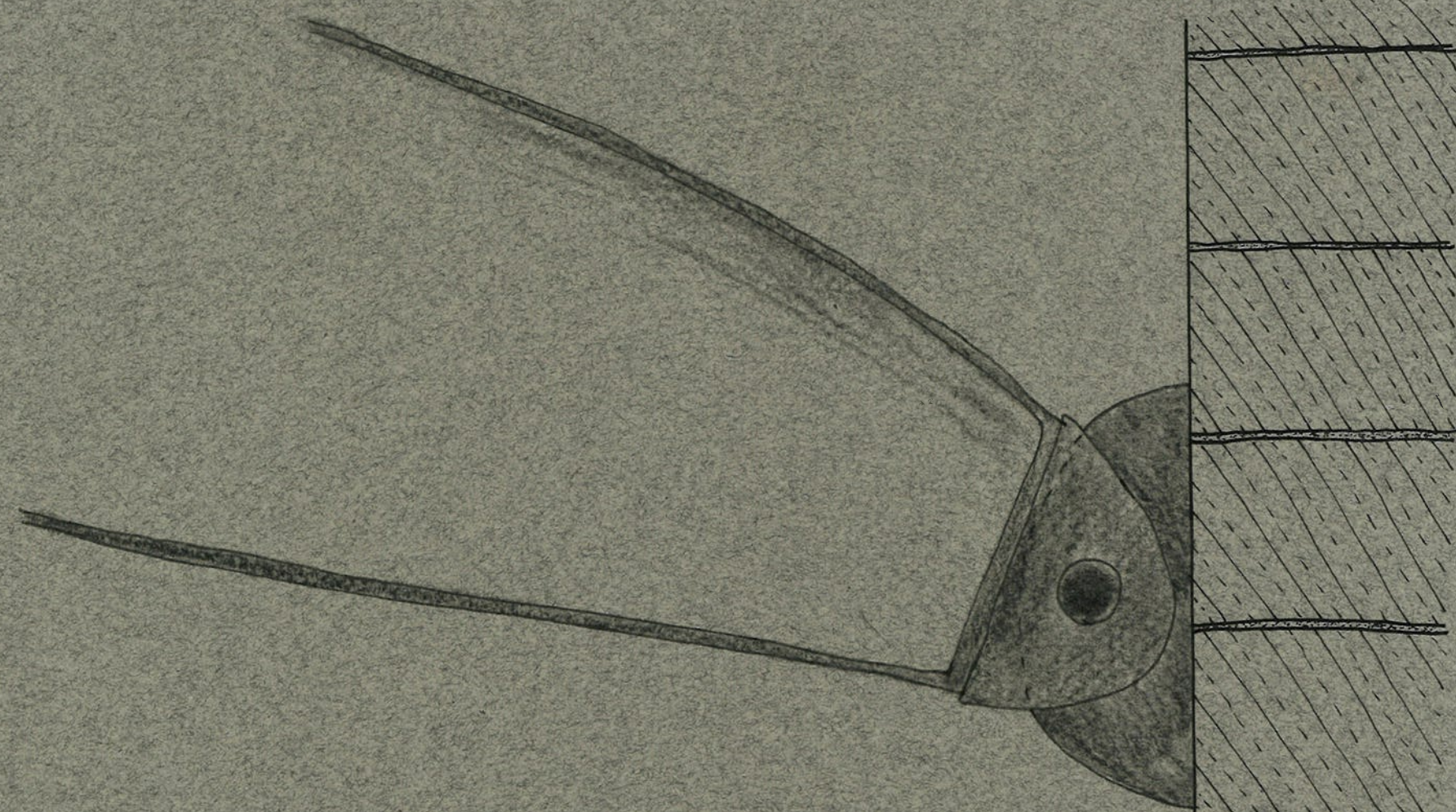


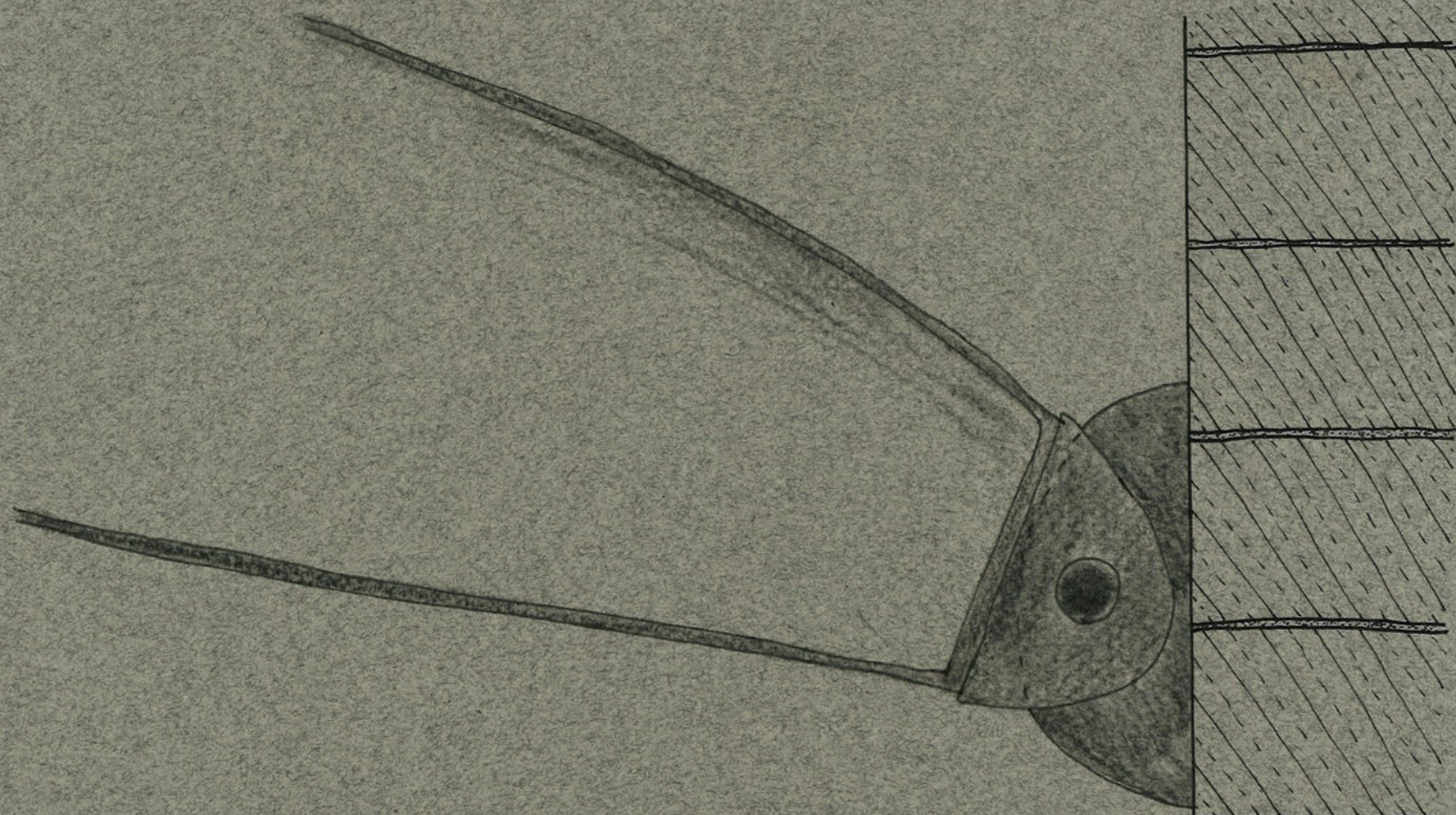


wedge bolt = 16 20 mm

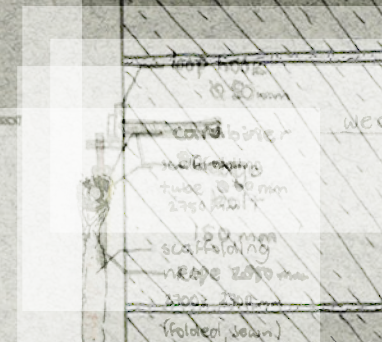
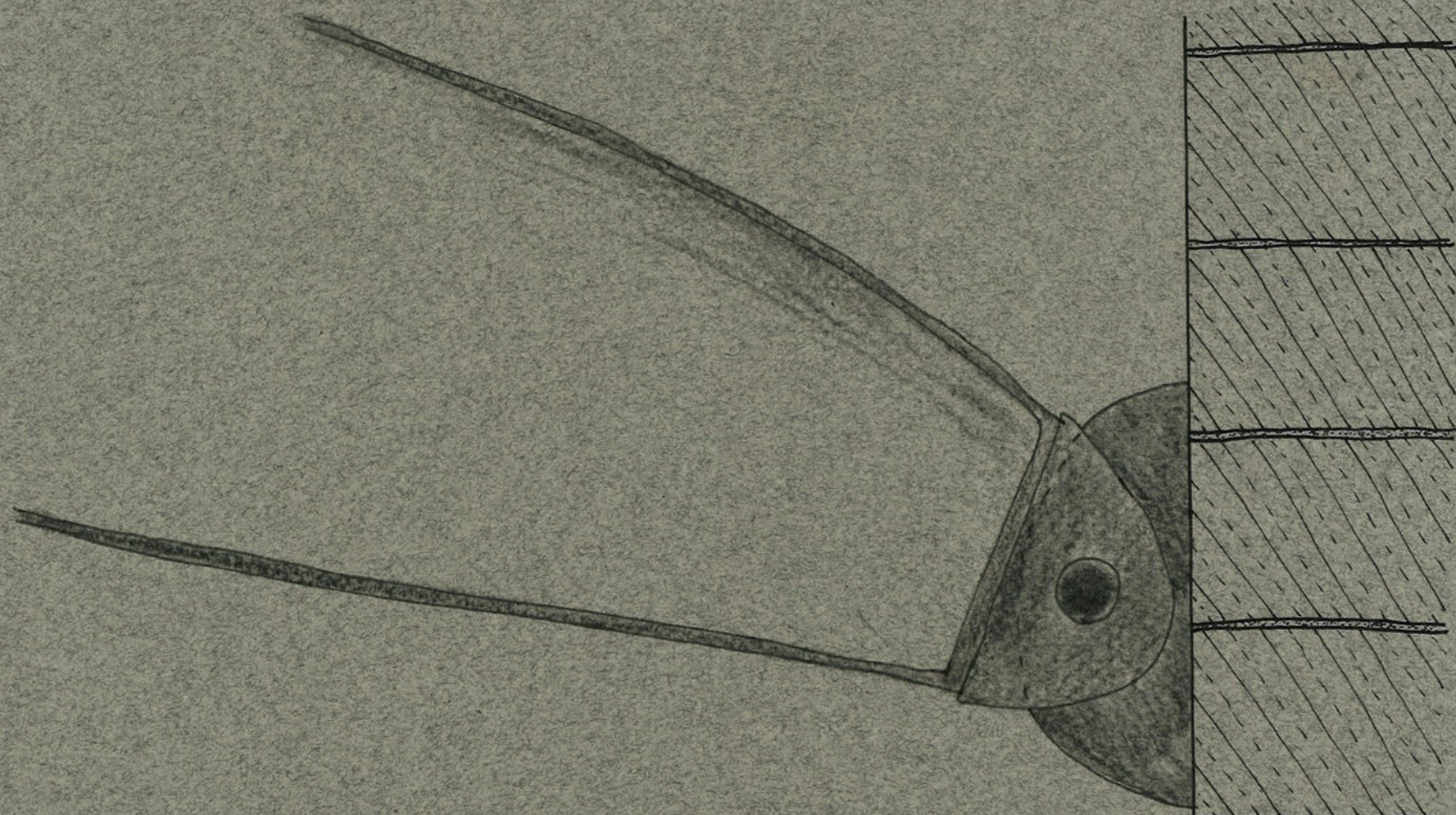
water level = 0 mm



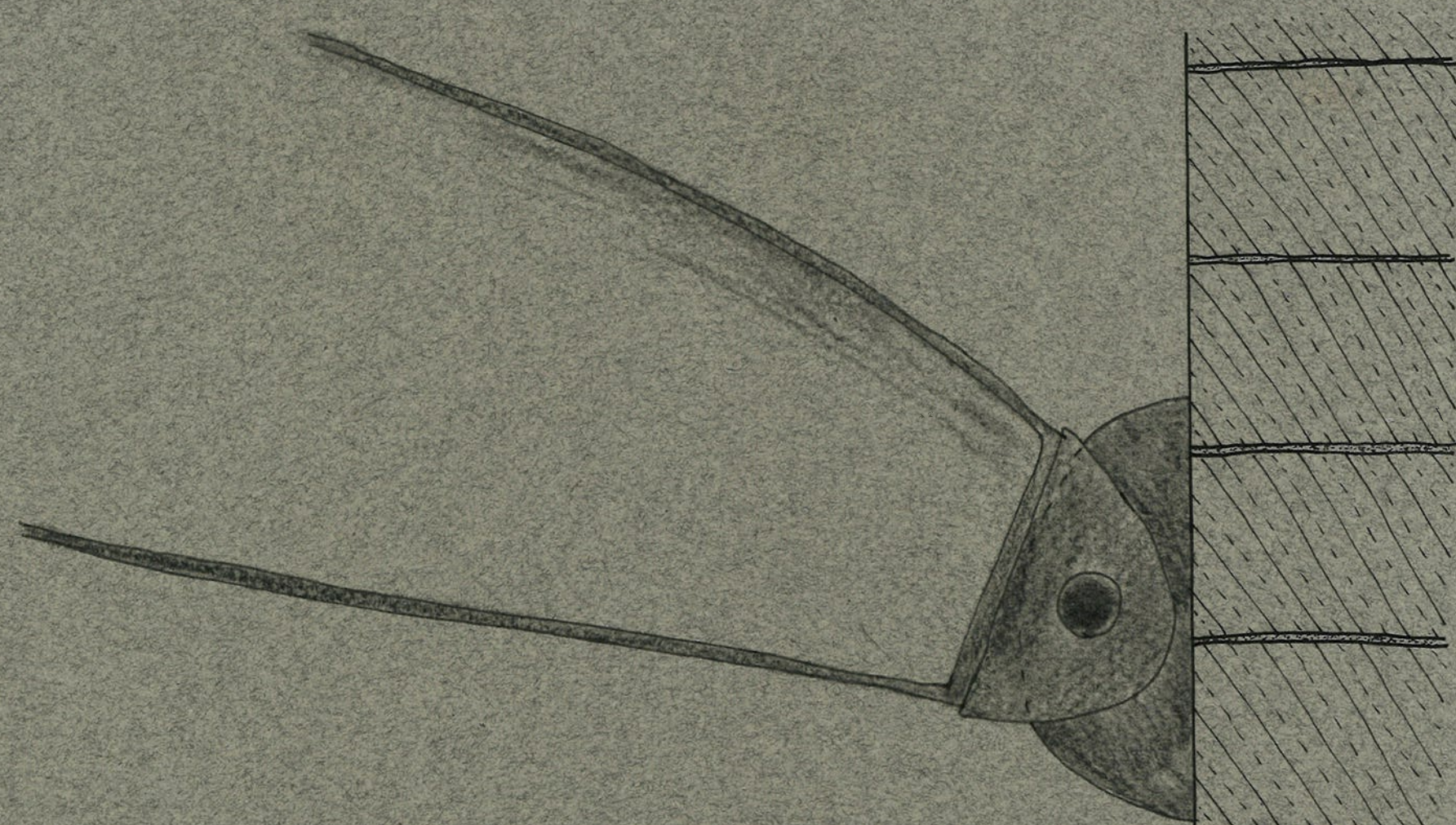


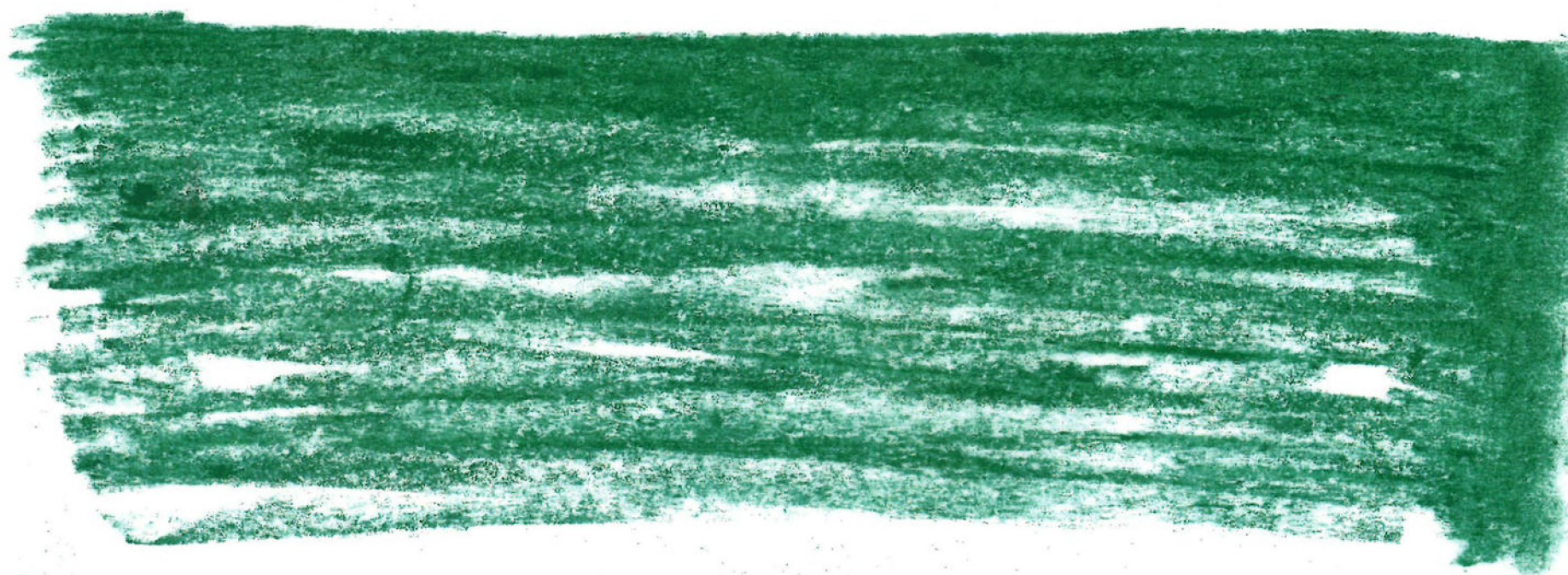
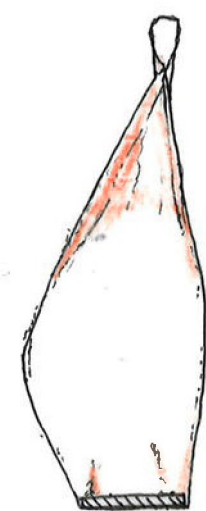
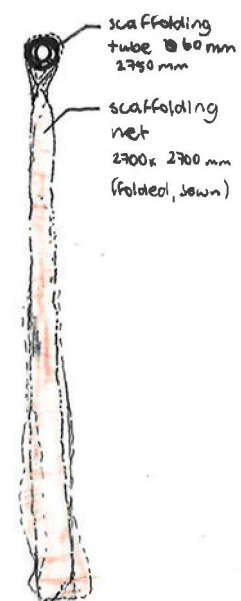
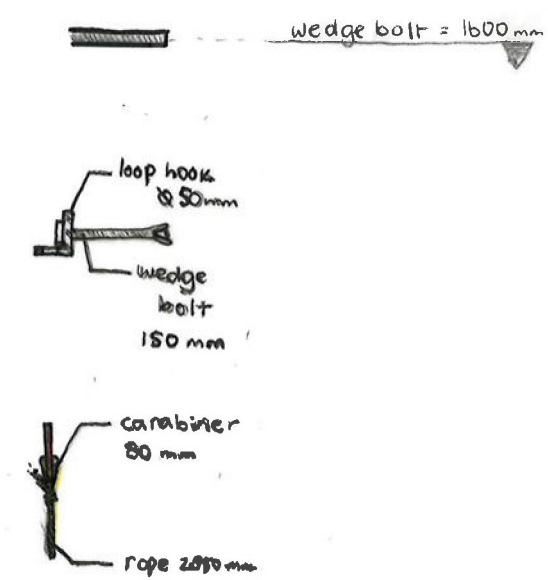
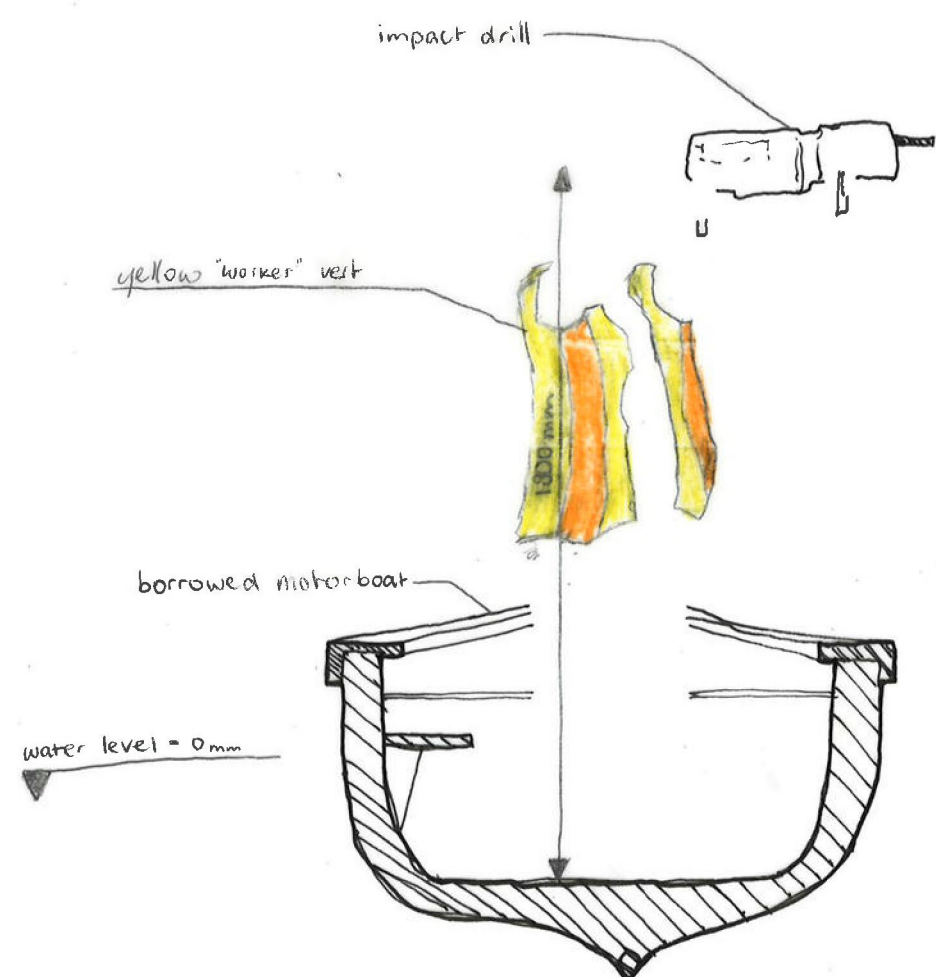


wedge bolt = 16 20 mm



wedge bolt = 16 20 mm

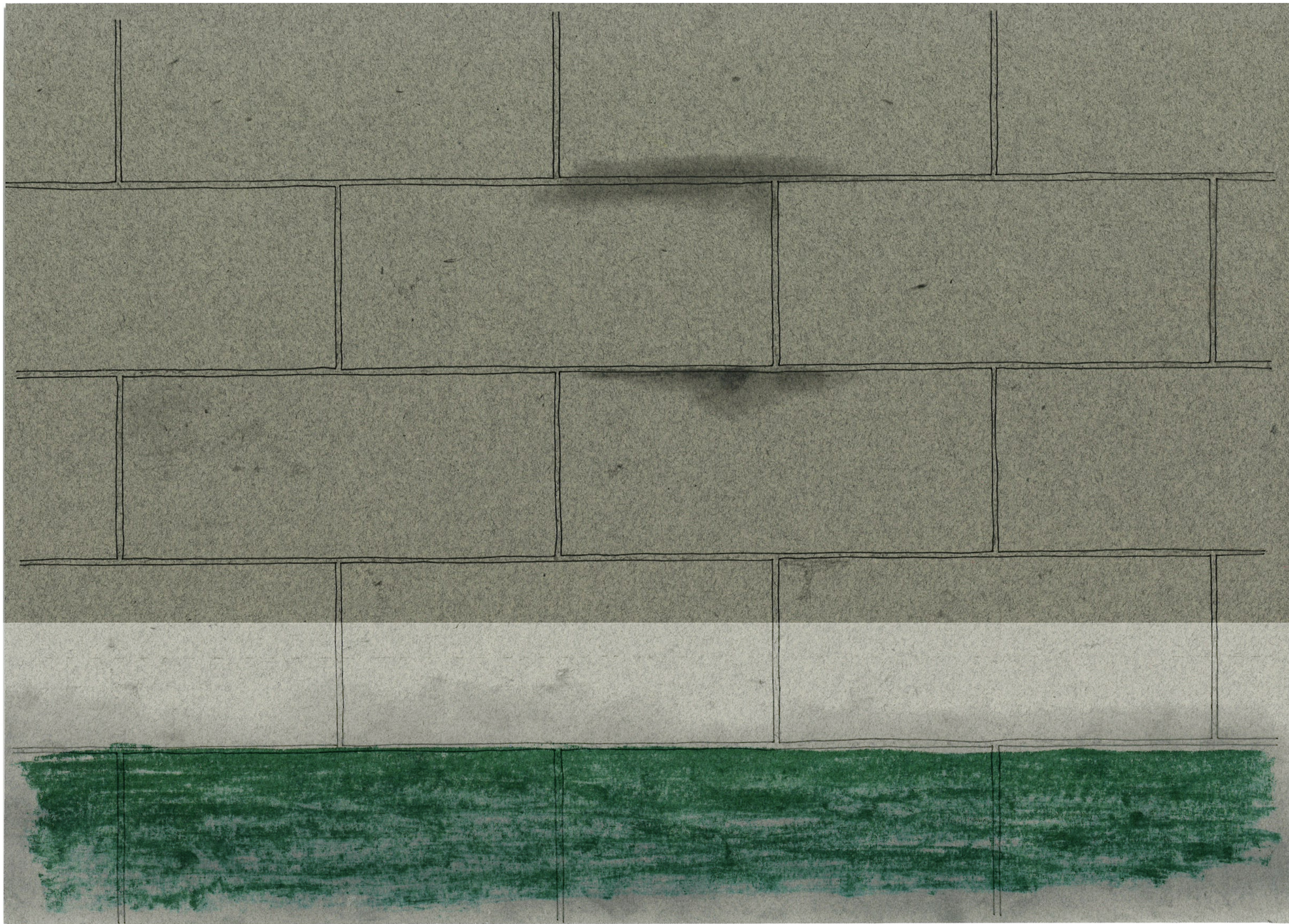


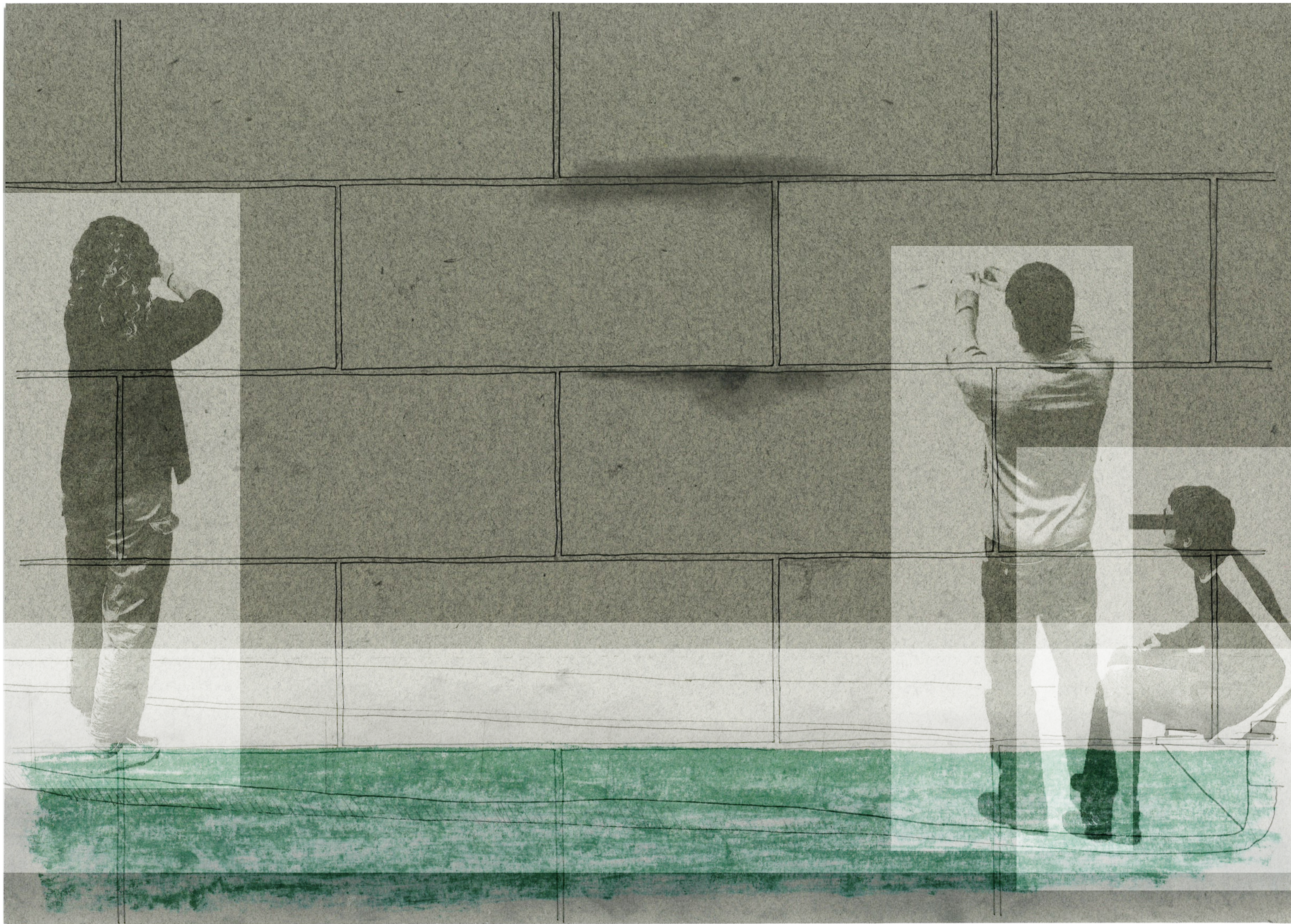




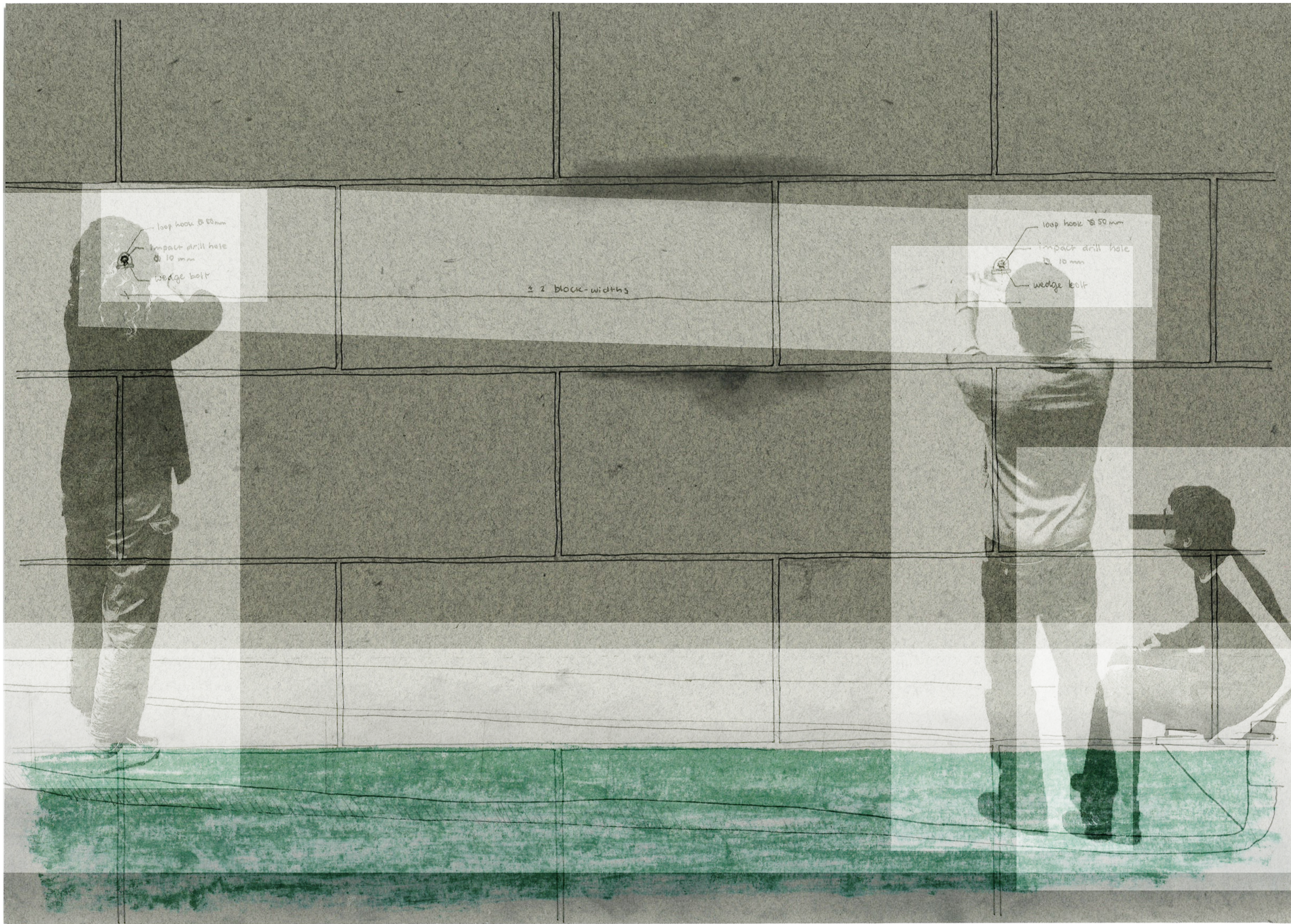


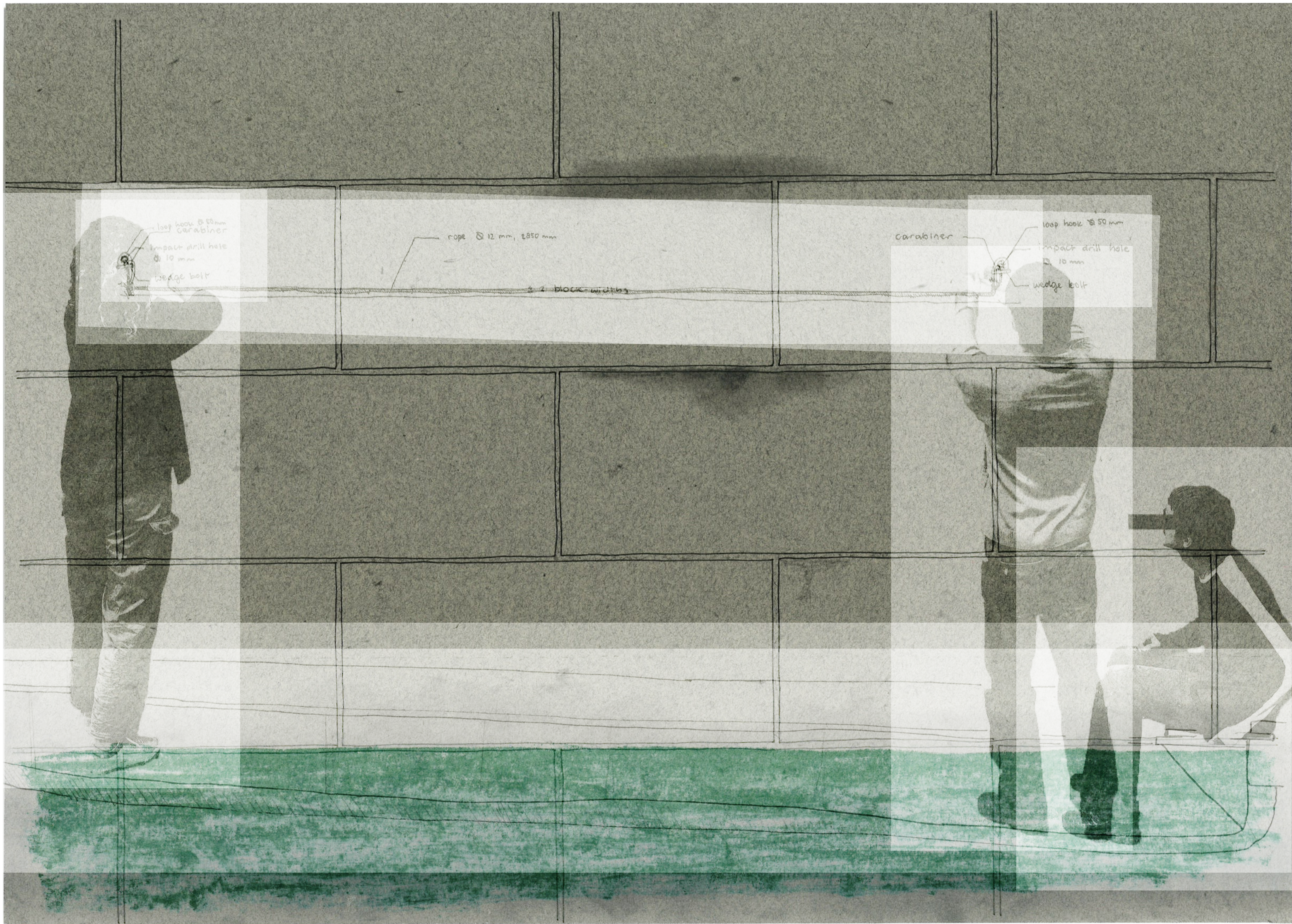




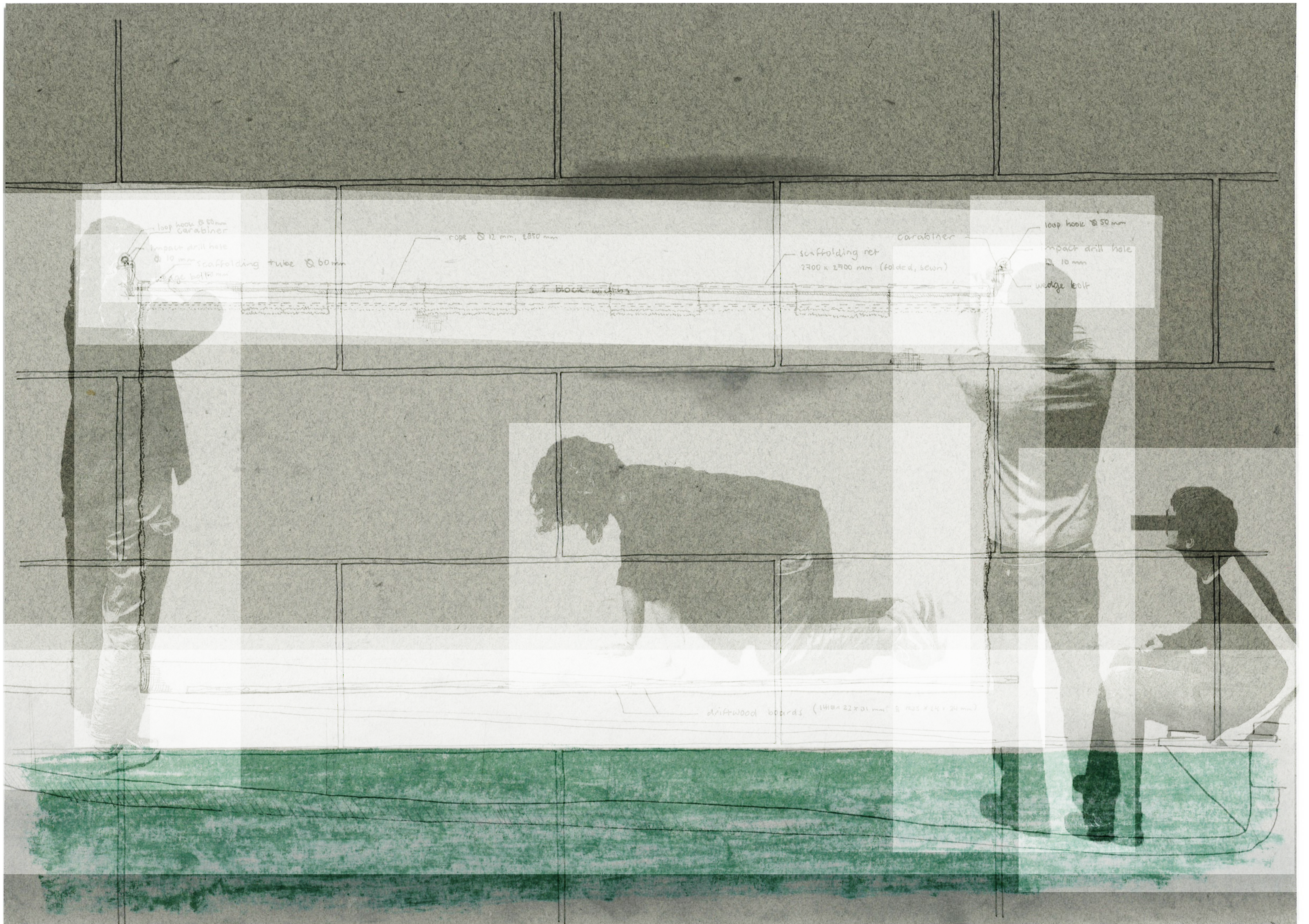


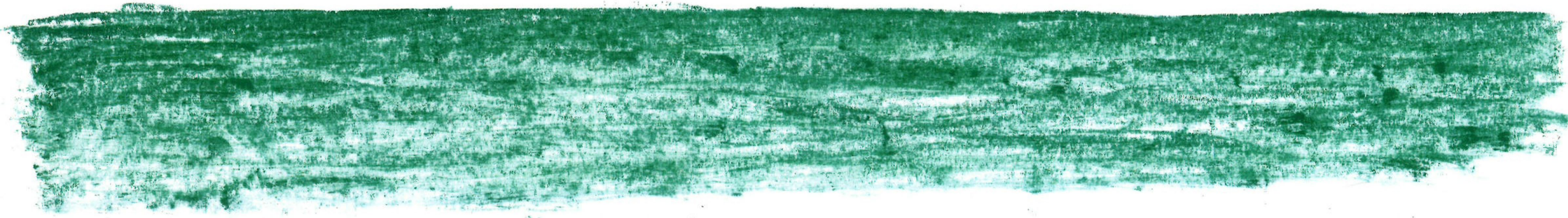
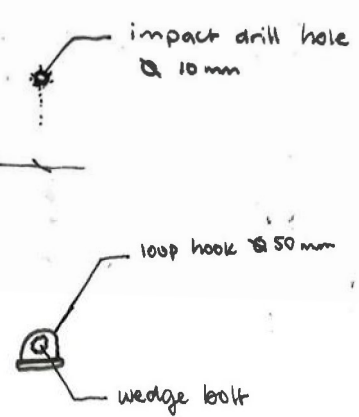
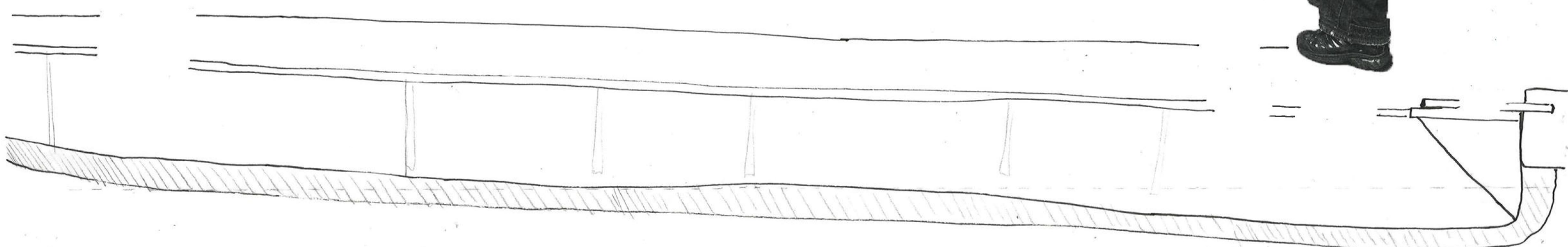
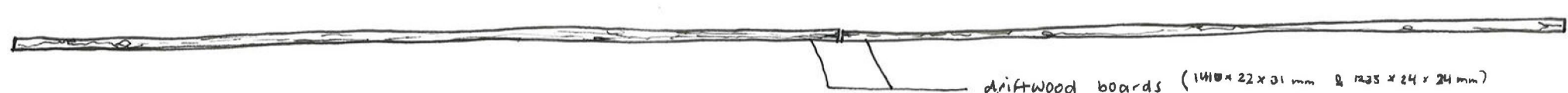
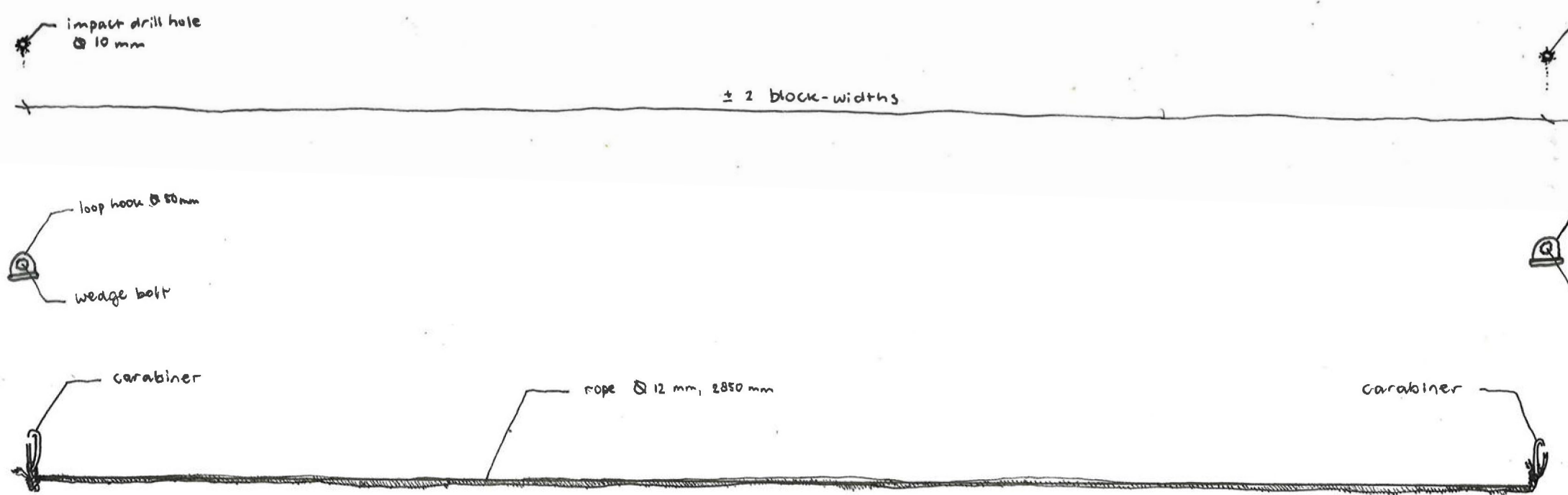


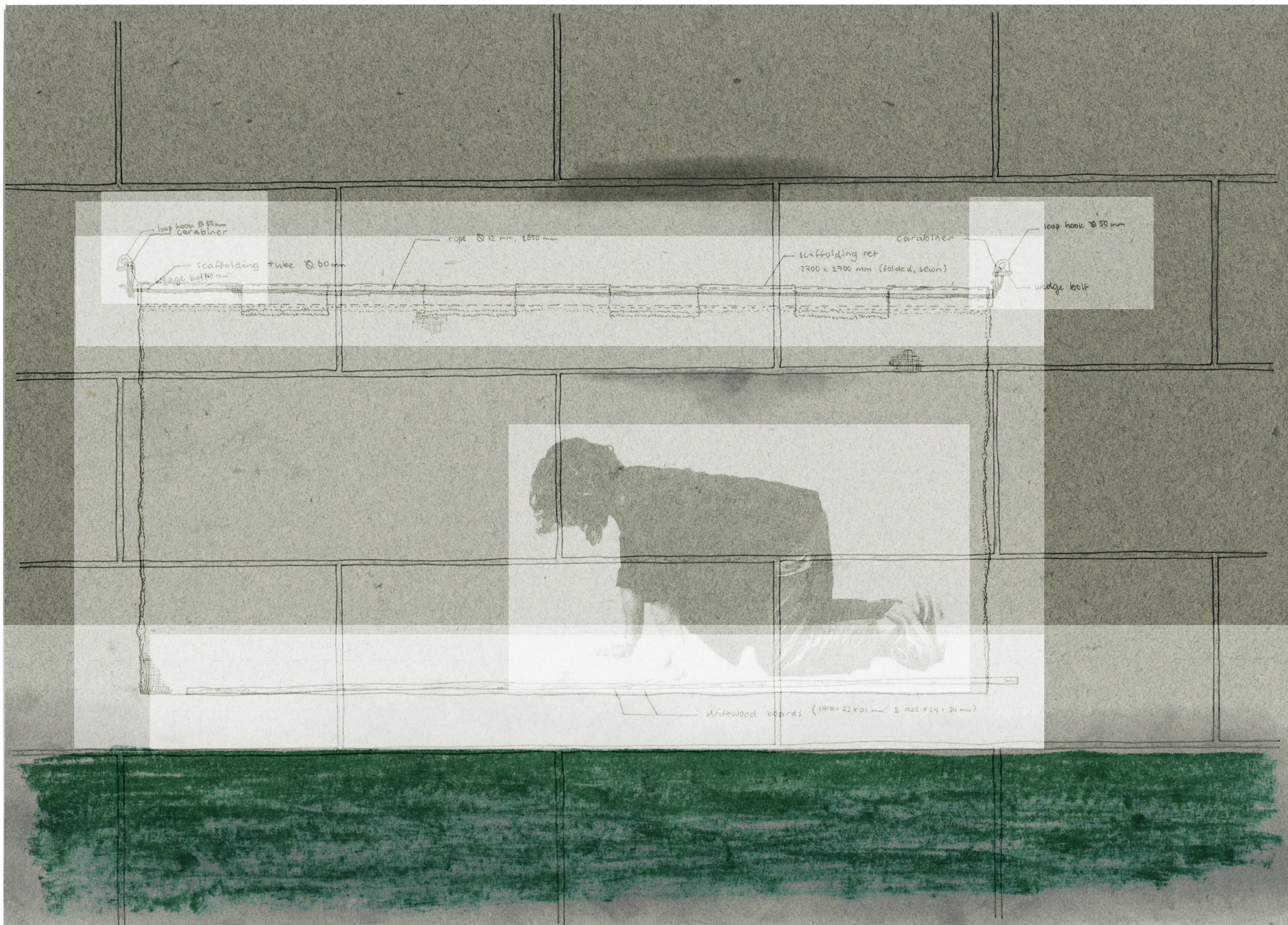


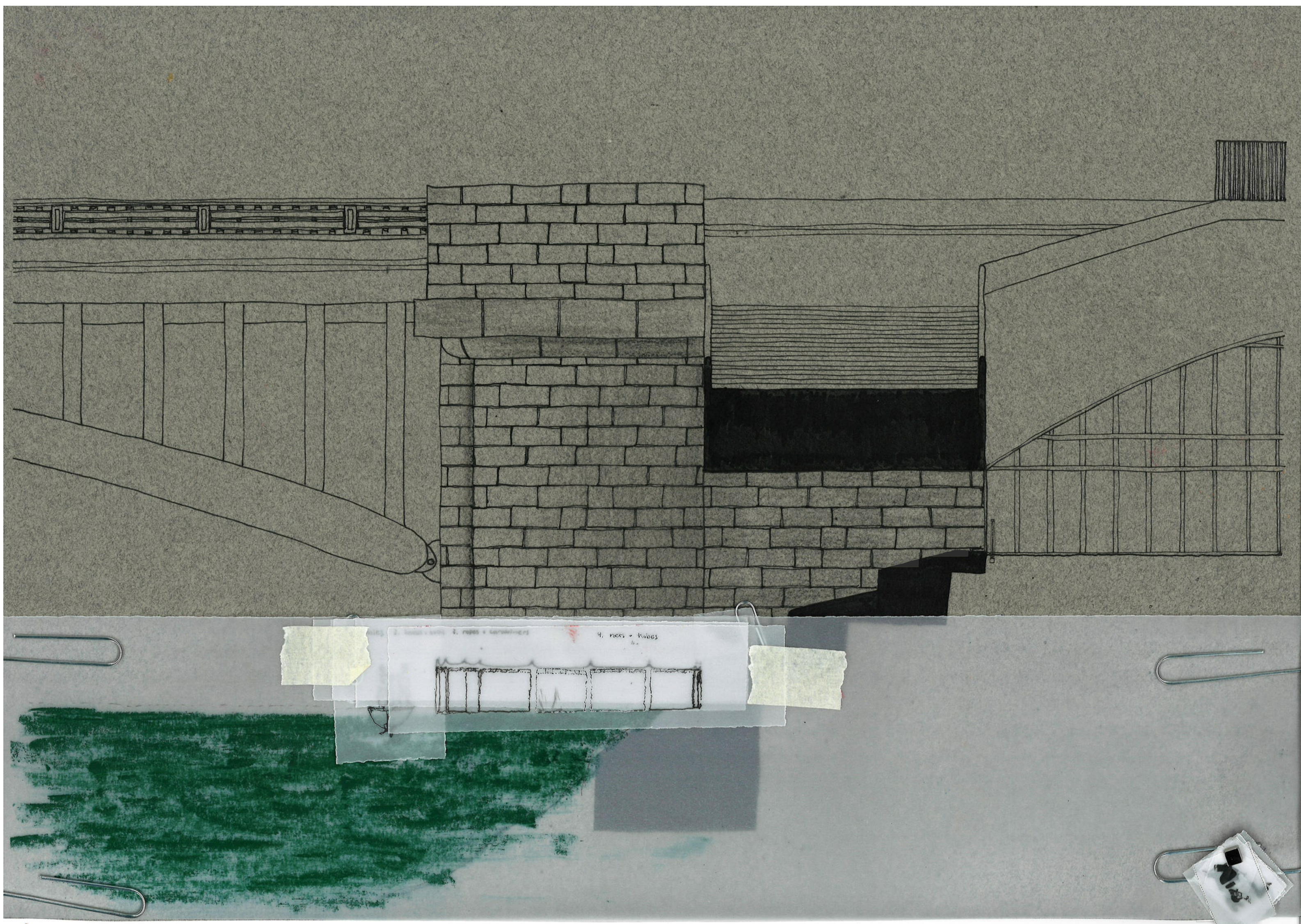


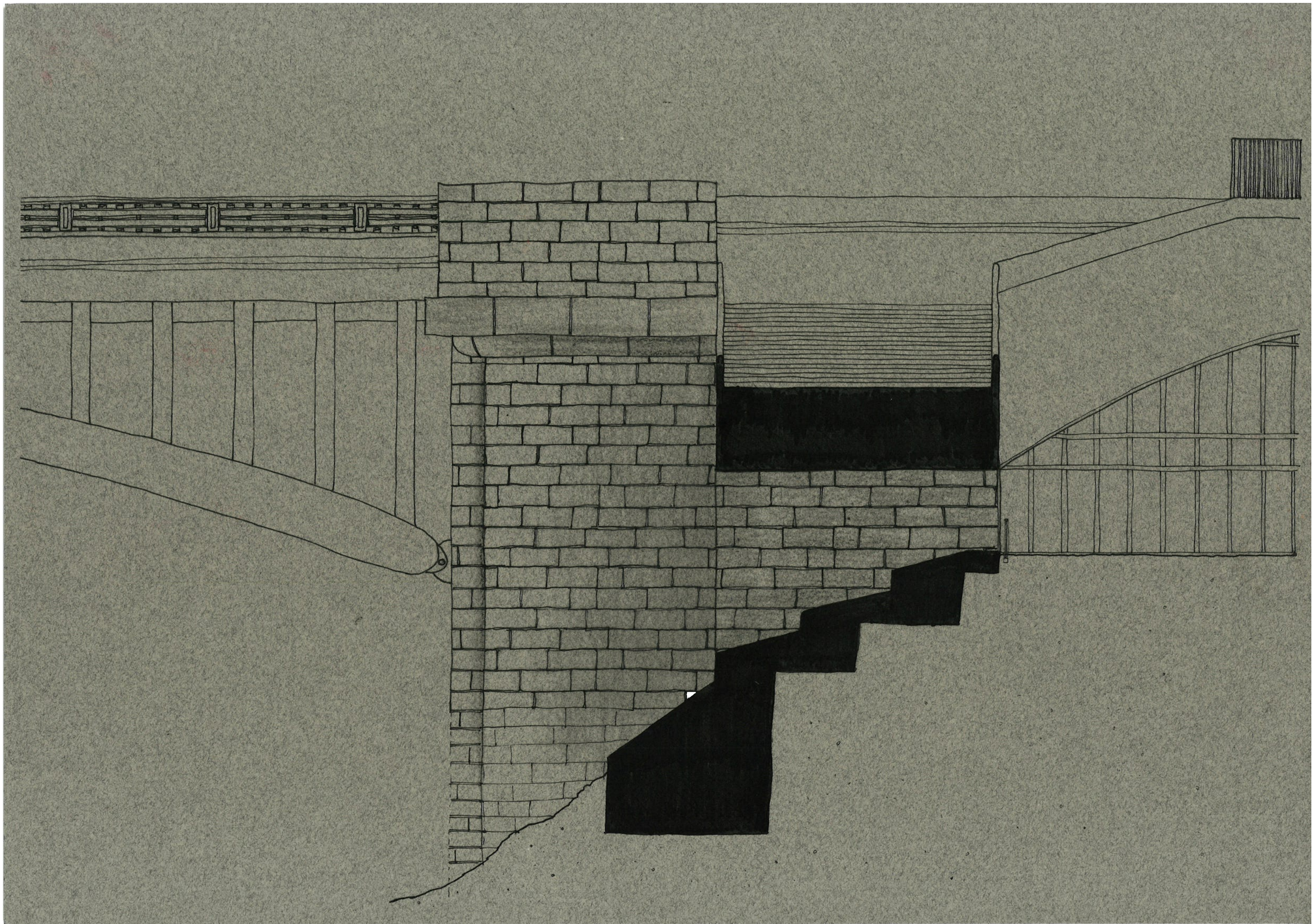






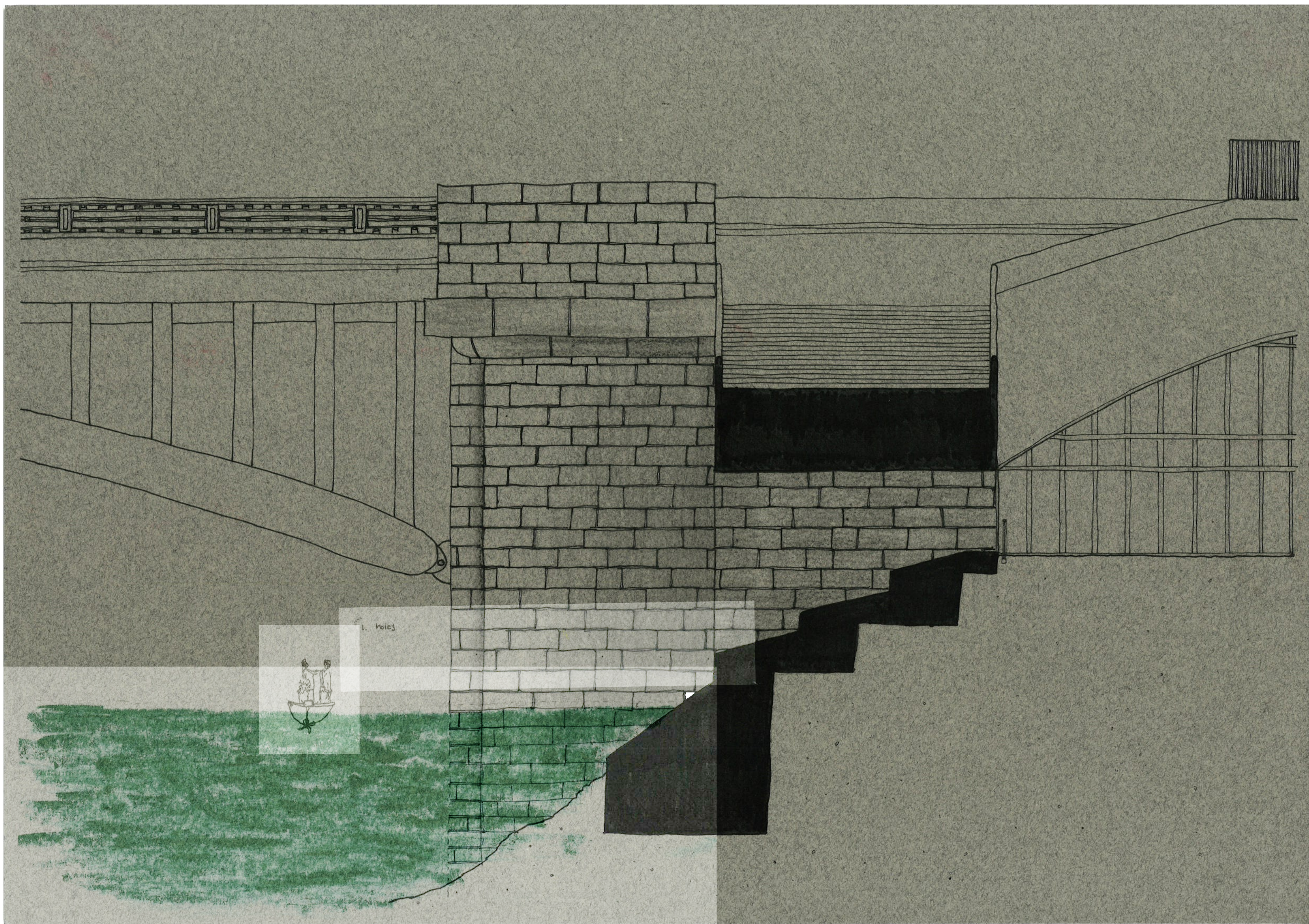


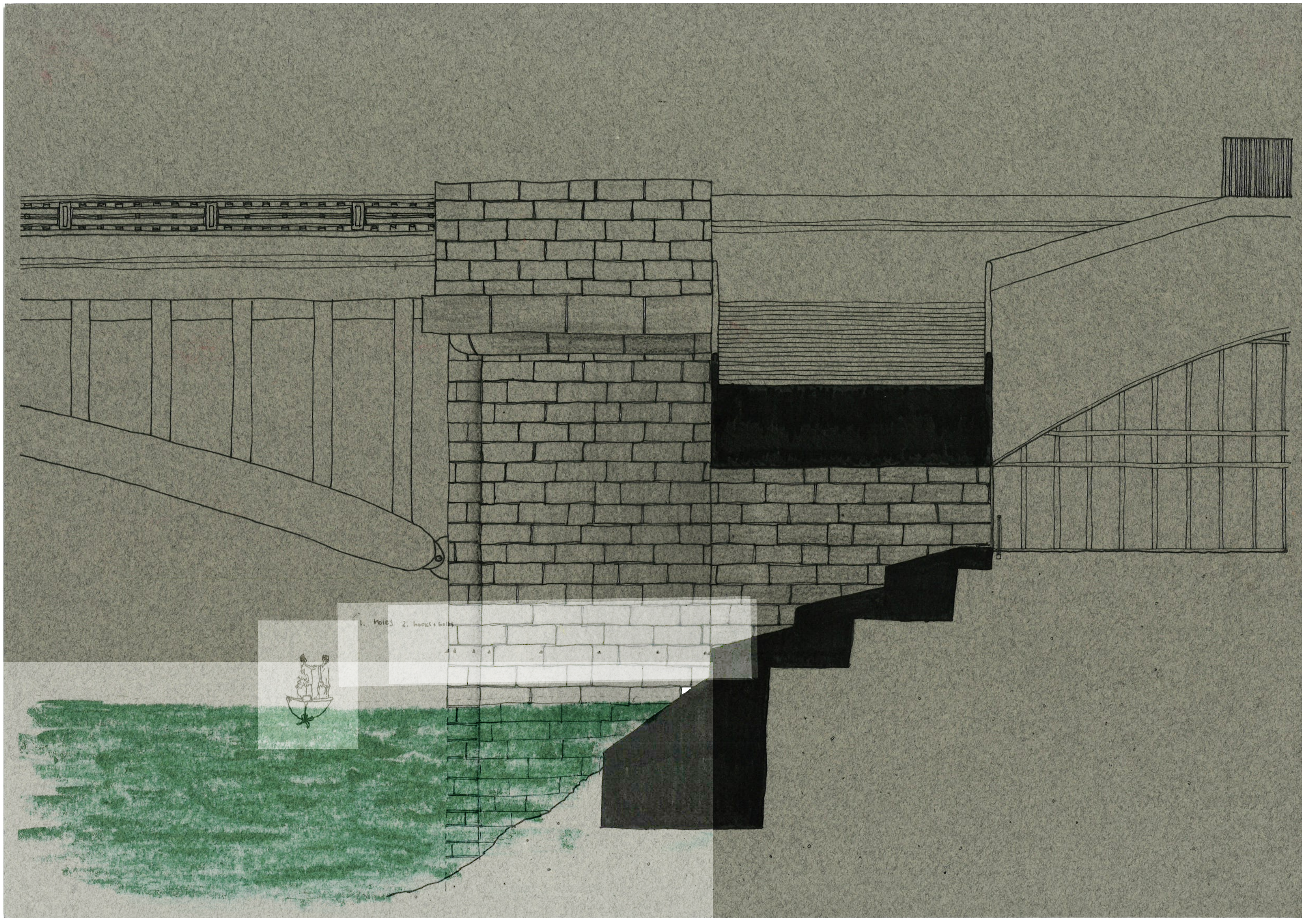


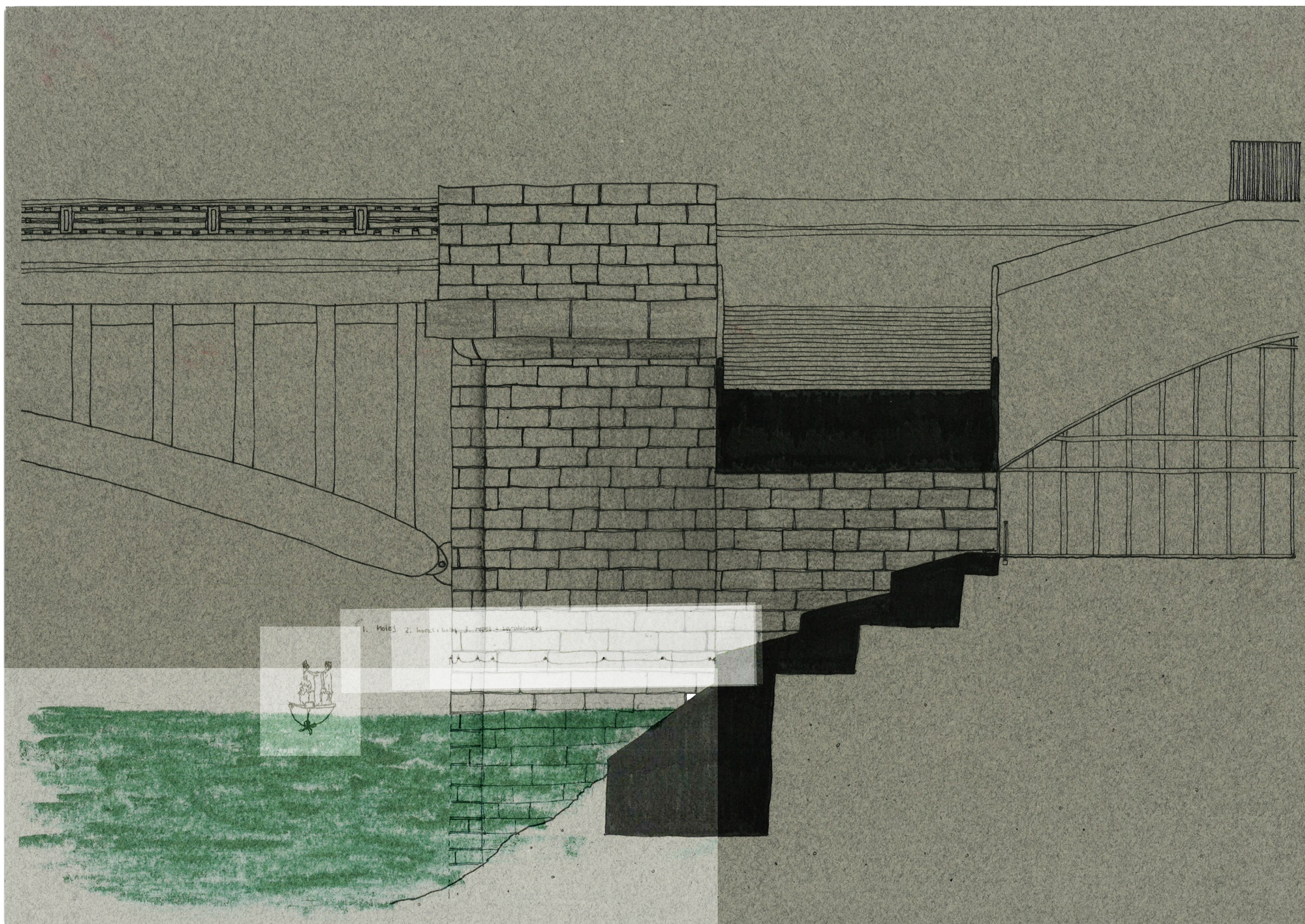


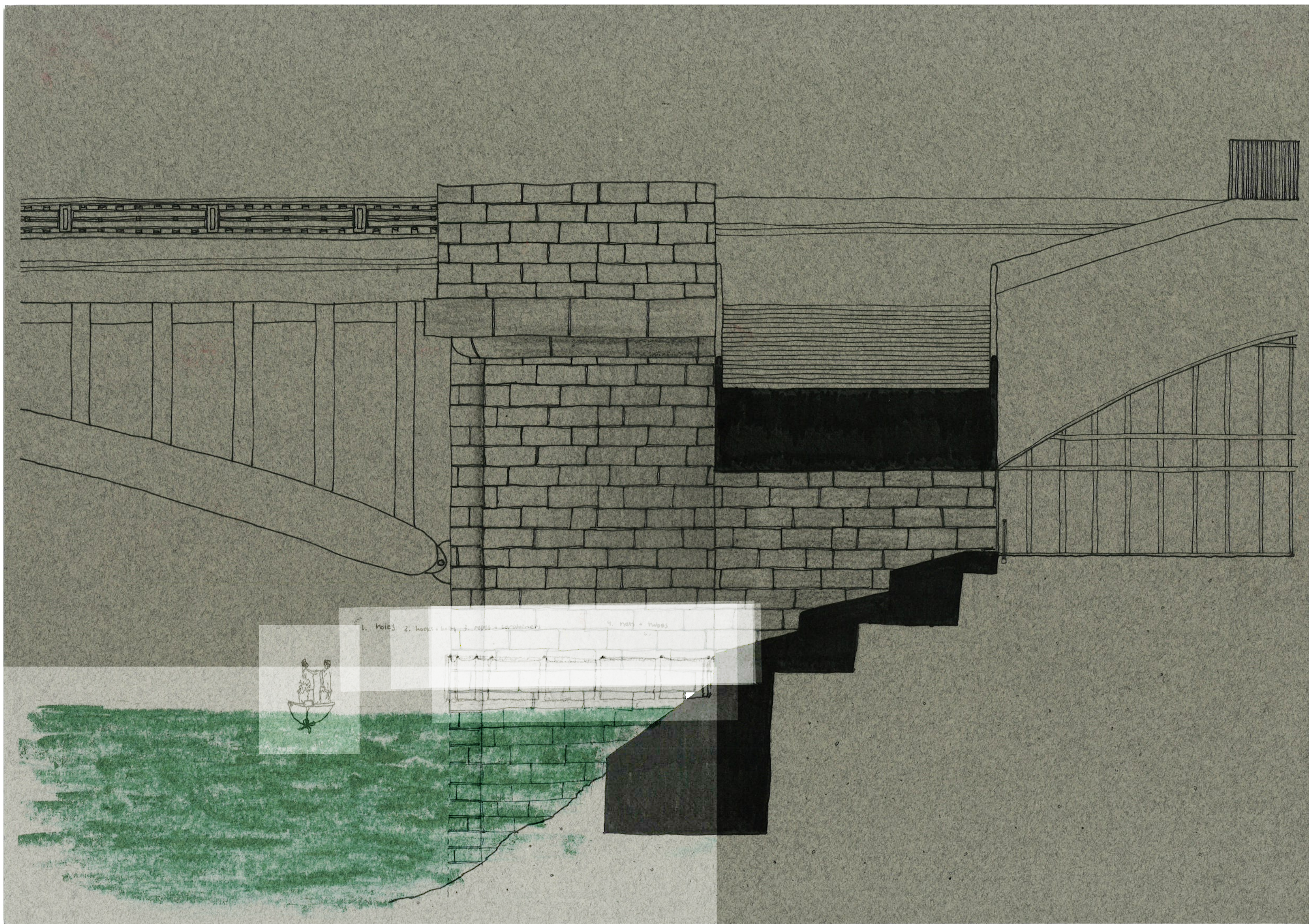


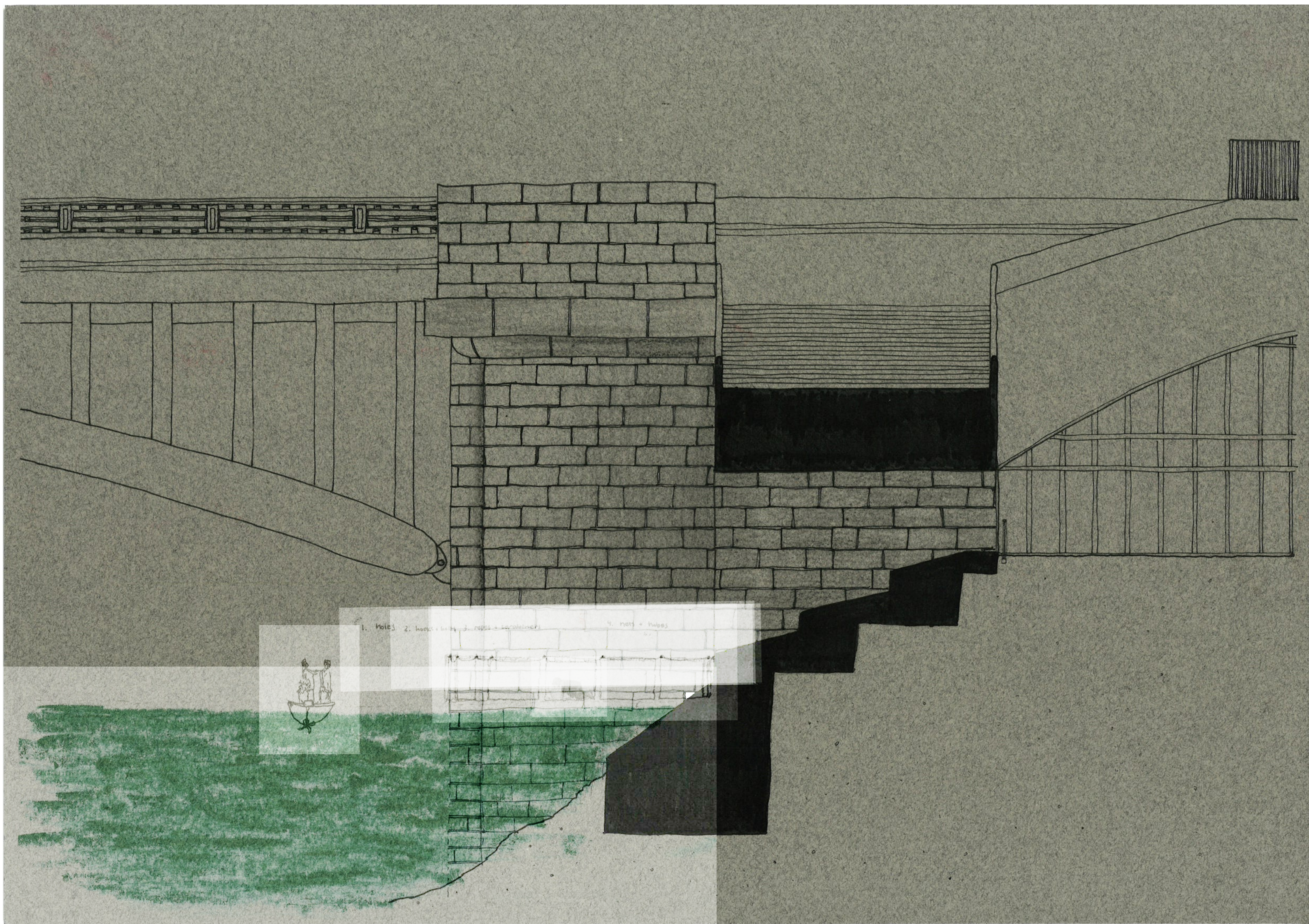












1. holes



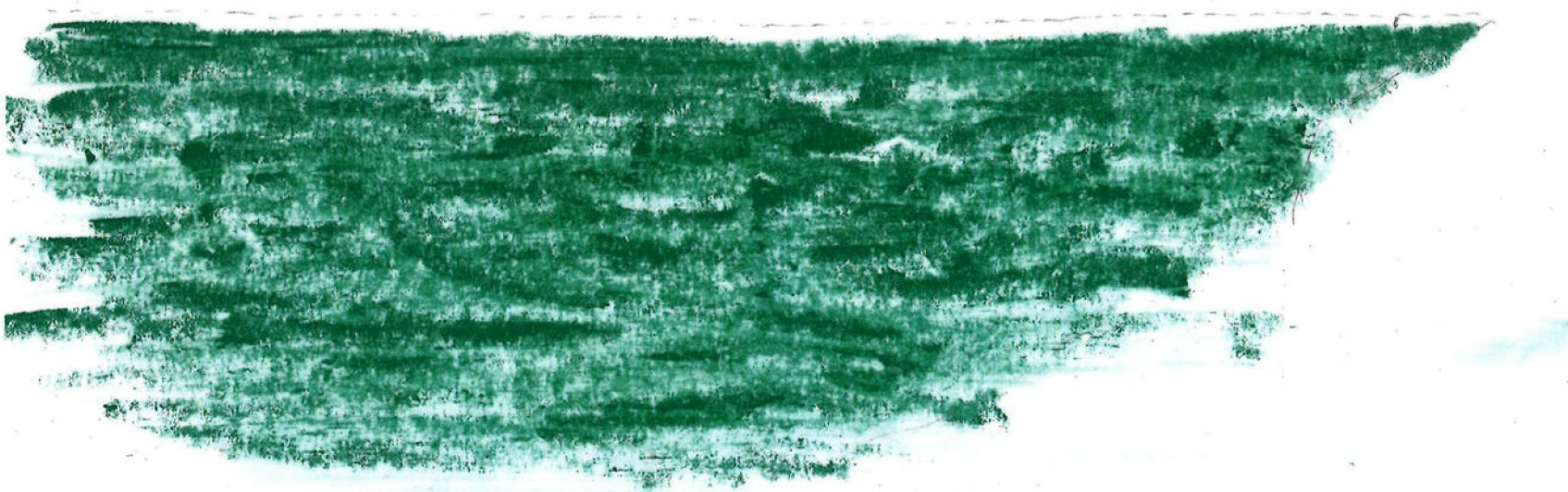
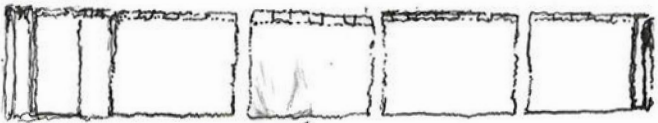
2. hooks + bolts



3. ropes + carabiners

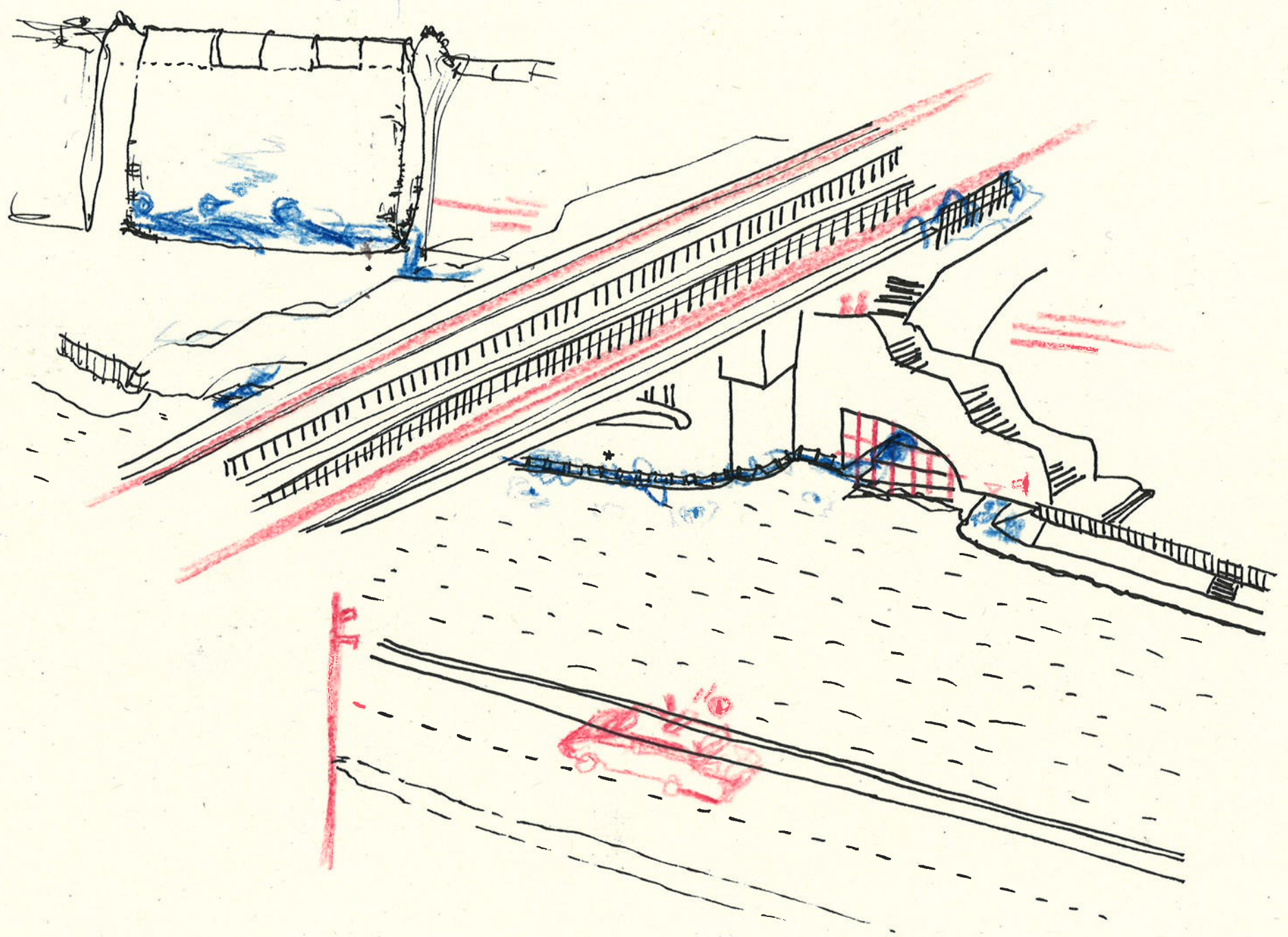


4. mats + tubes





... and then?



the river is freezing
cold as i hear the
sirens above
an unfinished job
leaving ripples behind

adrenaline,
heart beat skips
can't breath
hands frigid
trying to slide the tube over the rope
why do this in winter?

together on the driftwood
squeezed in by the net
we come closer
you laying in my lap
my feet hanging in
the cold stream
frozen in the moment

three young self-proclaimed 'guerrilla
urbanists' (21, 21, 25) arrested for
damage of public property

as i hold onto the sheer fabric
my ring tears it open
quickly switching to monkey bar
making my way to steadier ground

high-tide catches a fish in the net
and leaves it there to rot

from afar i gaze
upon delinquents
1-1-2
dialing
four people on their way
to find resistance

man (21) found dead in seine
after attempting
viral 'net bridge speedrun'

mold forms on wood
left out in harsh weather
submerging, emerging, submerging, emerging
rotting, losing strength, decomposing, developing life

chaining ourselves to
the fence underneath the arched staircase
faites place, faites place

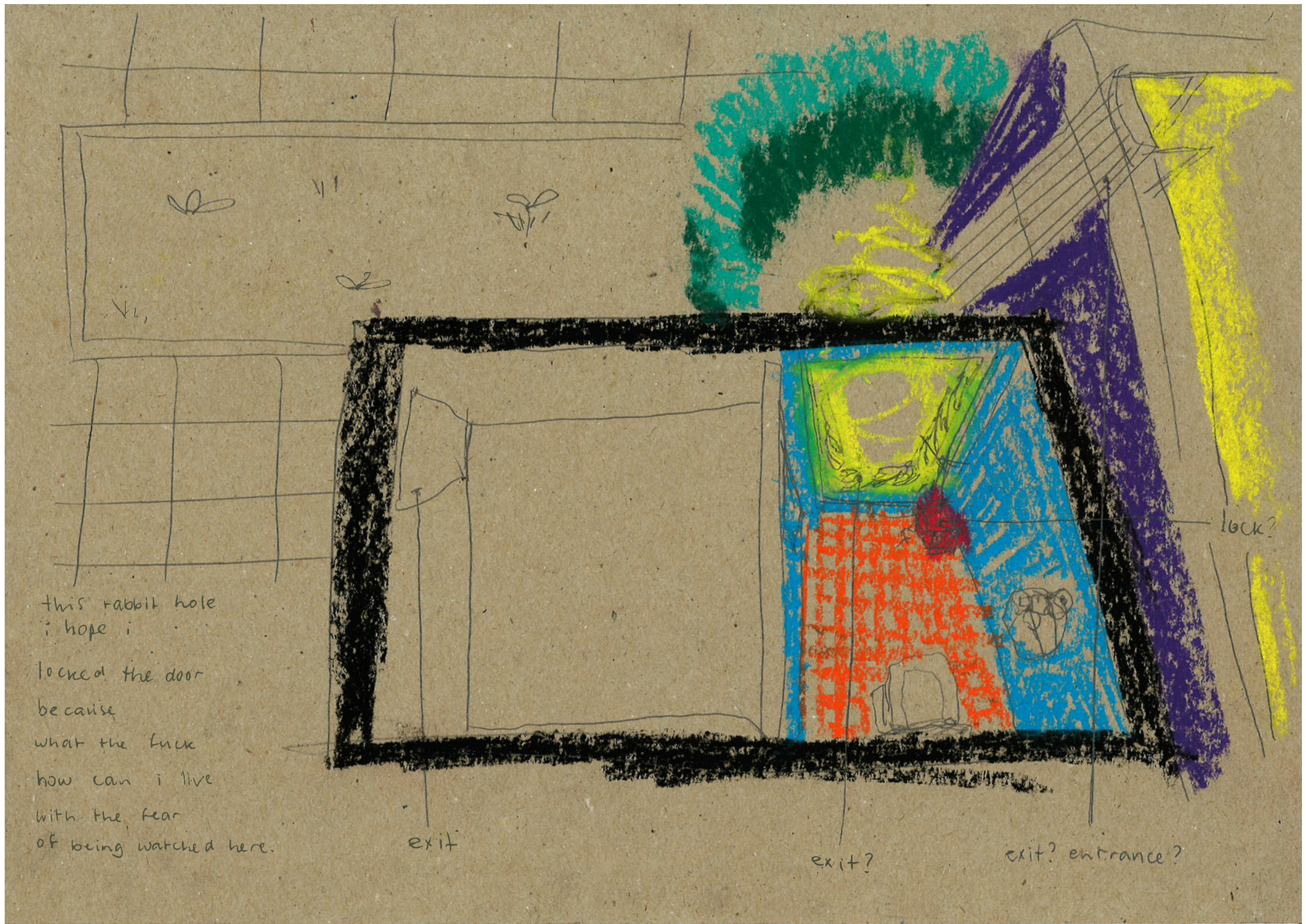
if they can have their bridge
we can have ours
faites place, faites place

as long as my friends
stay i'll stay
faites place, faites place

as their hands get cuffed
my throat closes up as i try to swallow my spit
faites place, faites place

i jump the fence
and throw myself in the water
faites place, faites place

police tore down net bridge



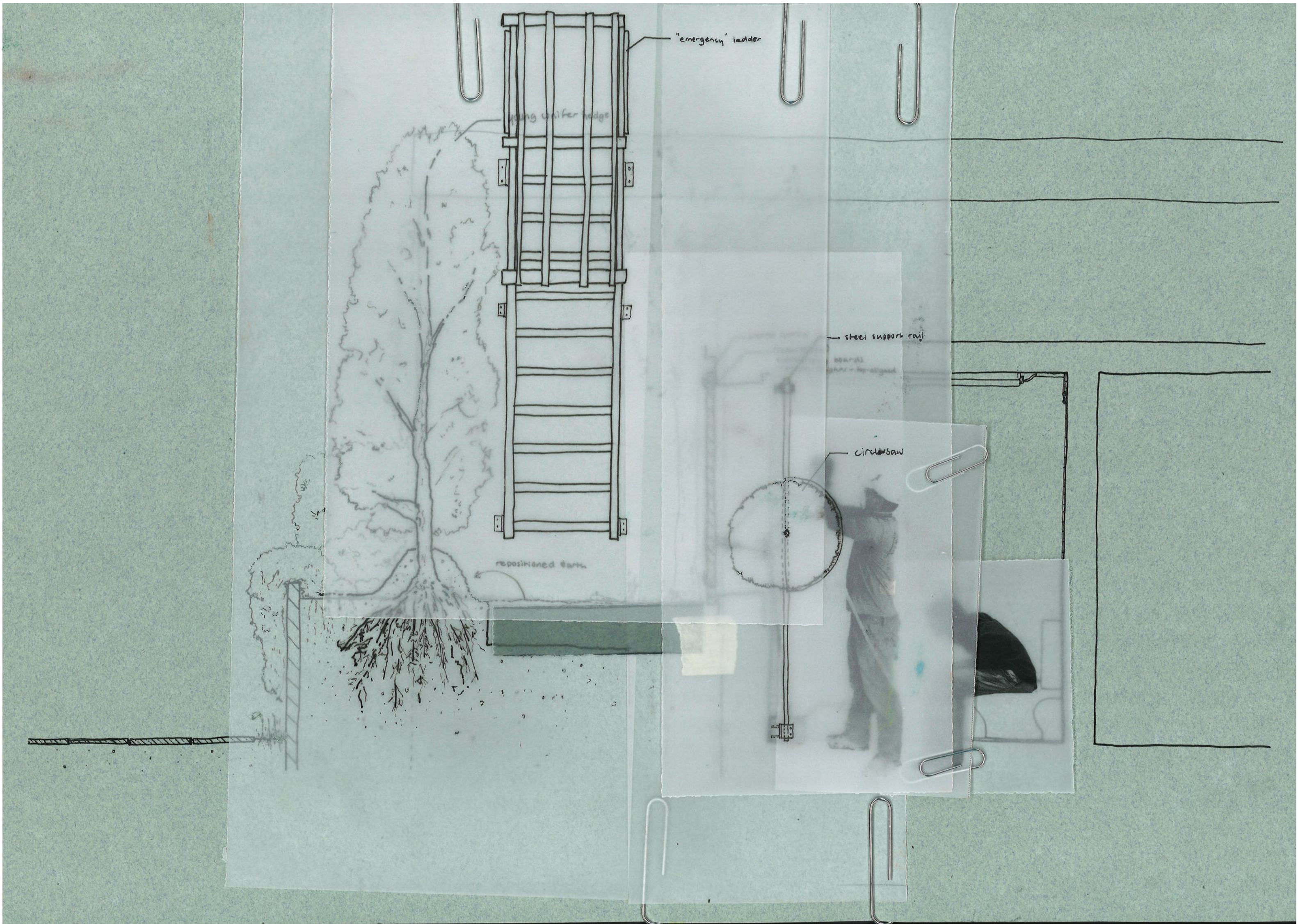
this rabbit hole
i hope i
locked the door
because
what the fuck
how can i live
with the fear
of being watched here.

exit

exit?

exit? entrance?

lock?



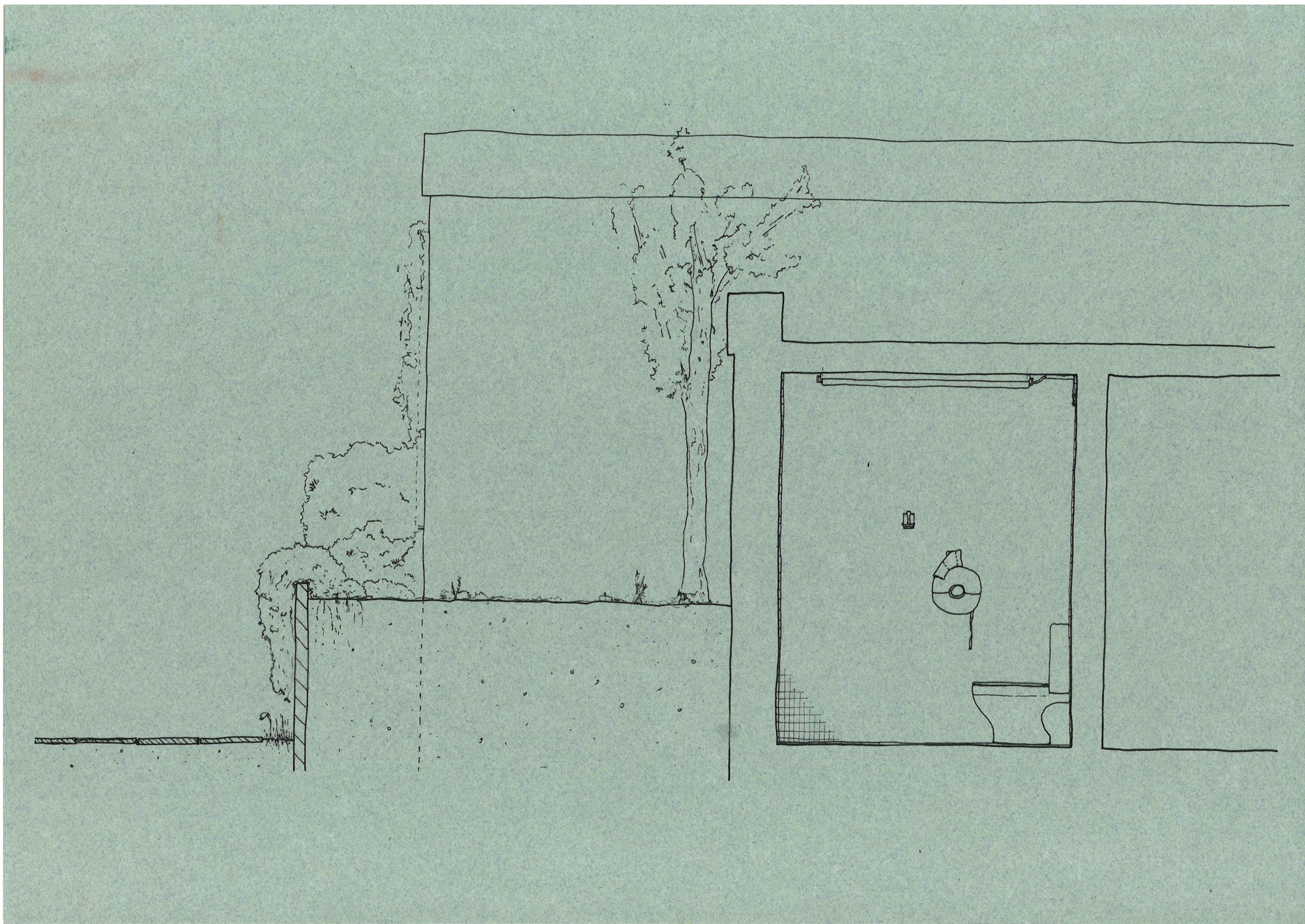
"emergency" ladder

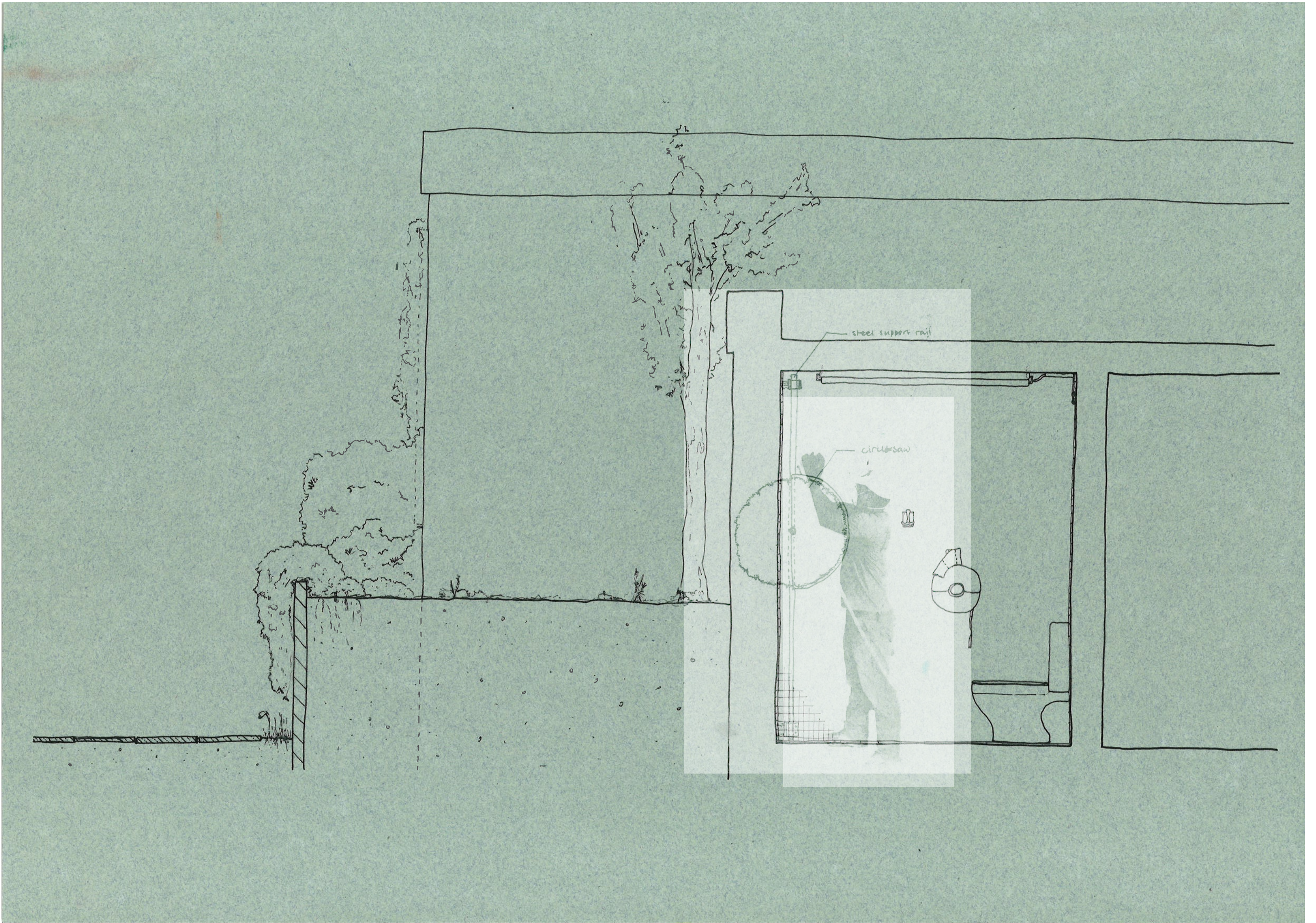
young cypress hedge

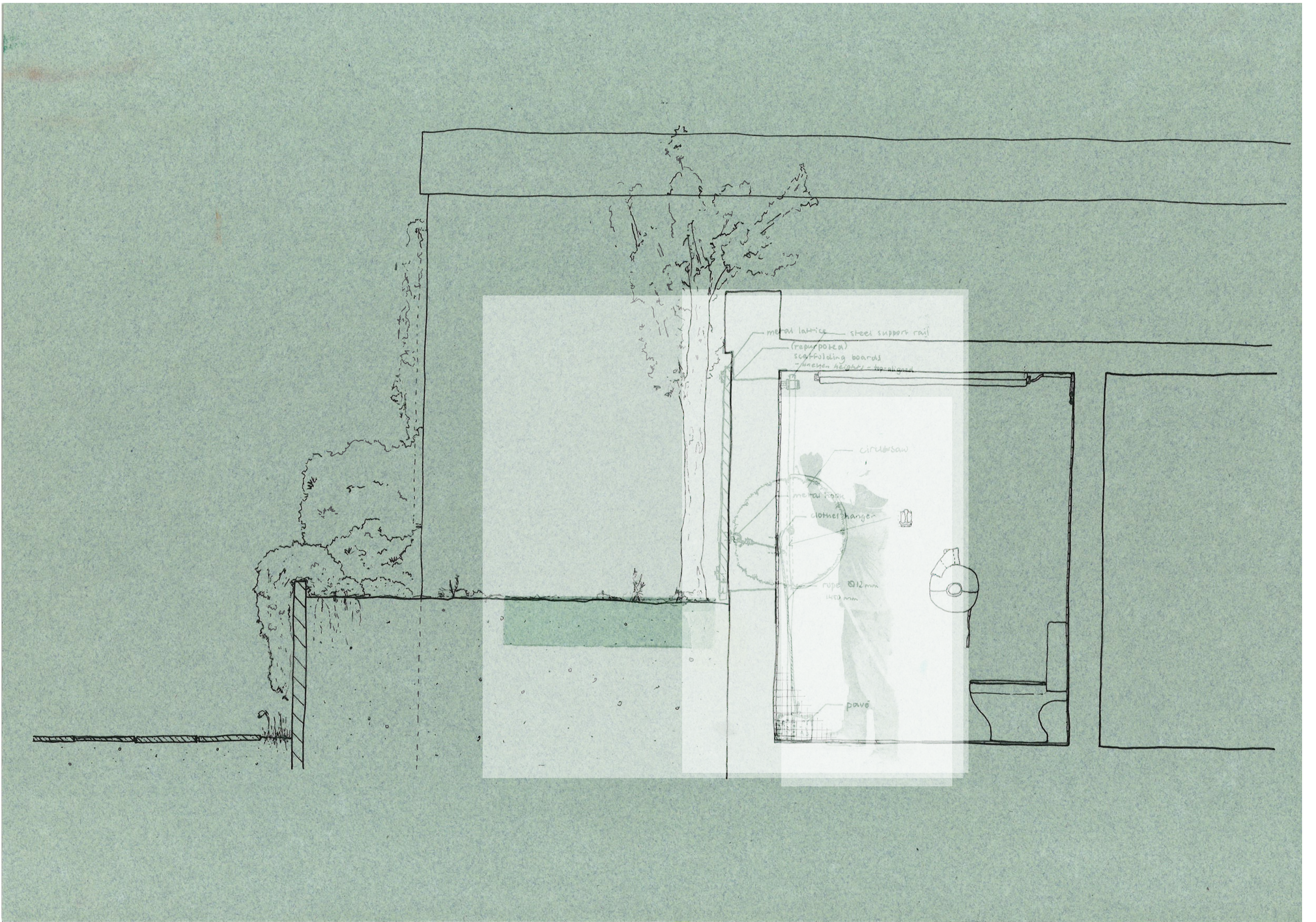
repositioned earth

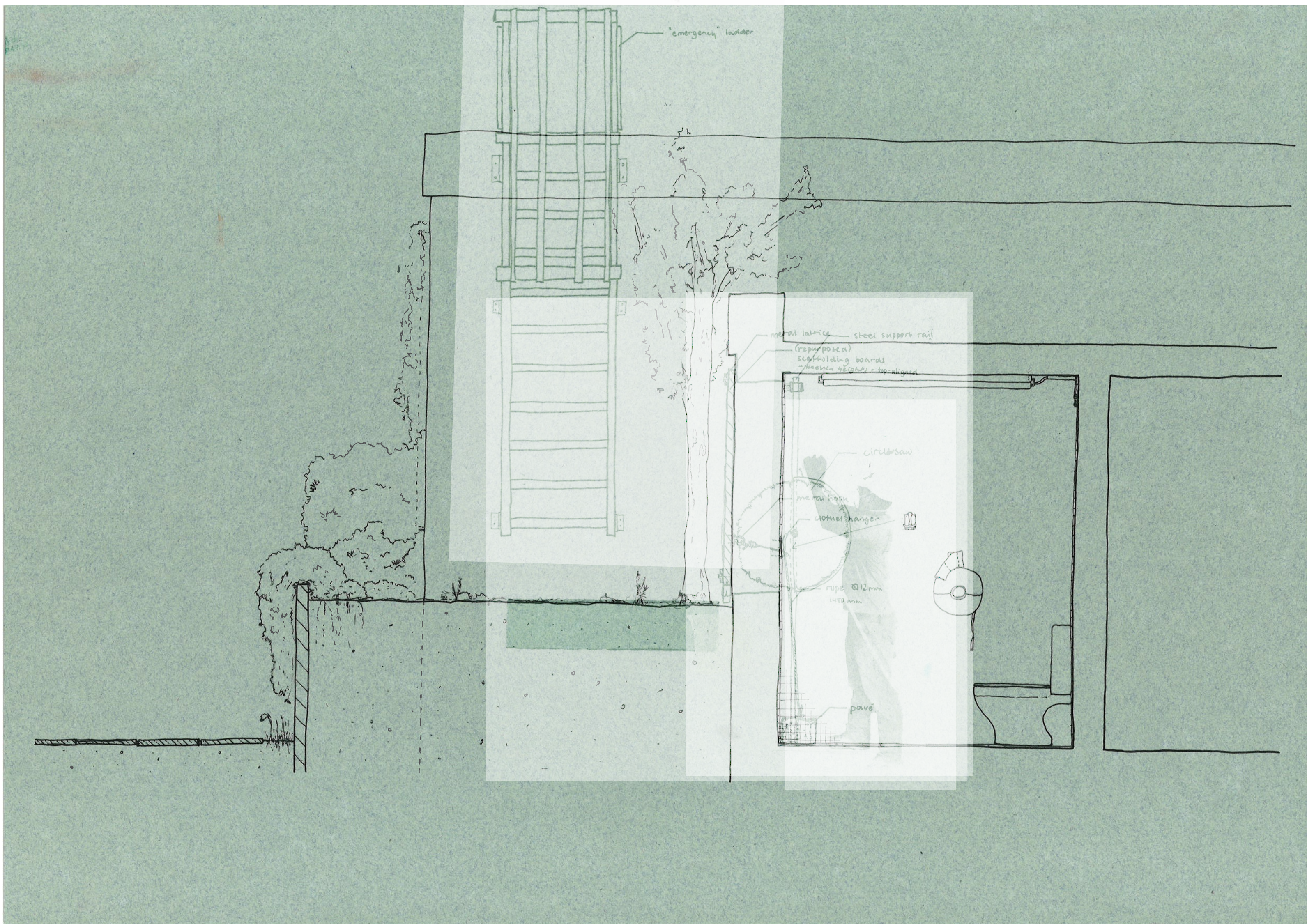
steel support rail

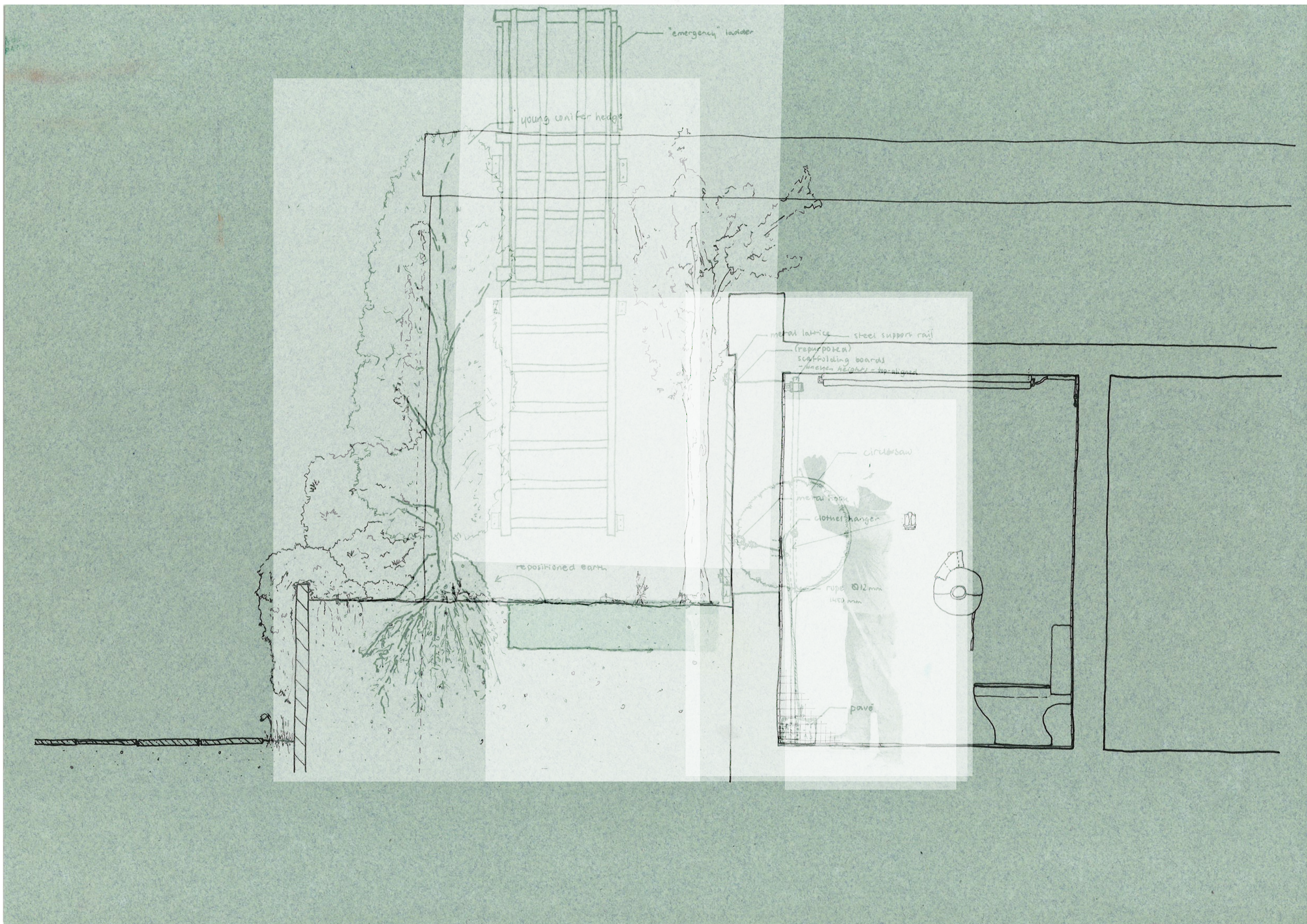
circular saw



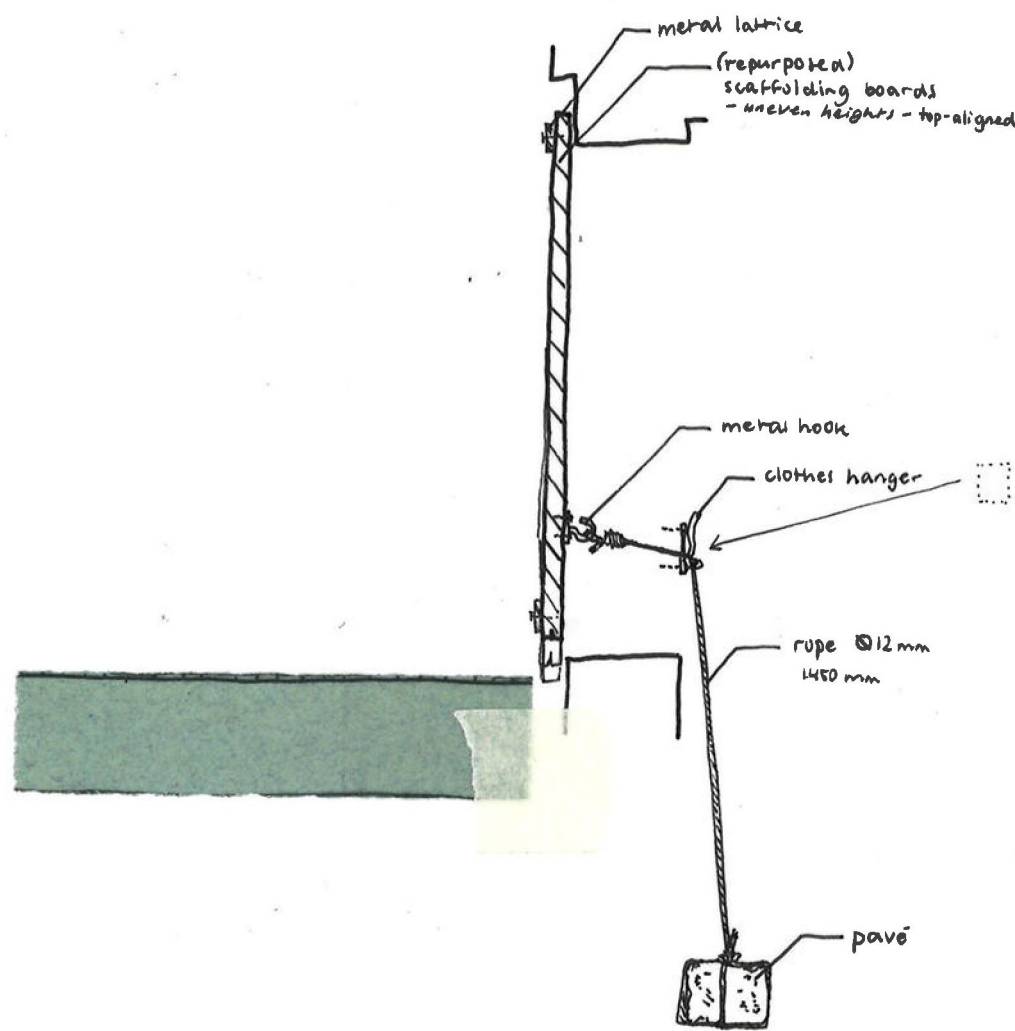
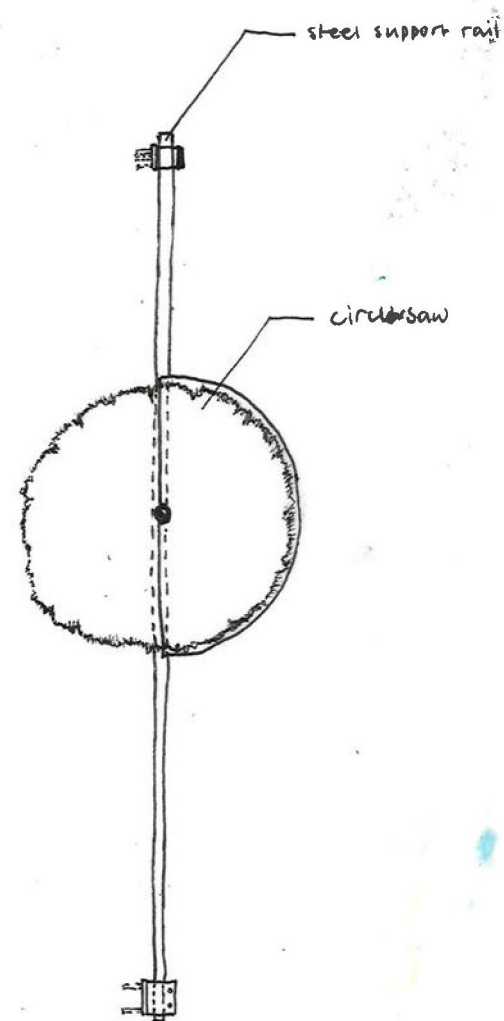
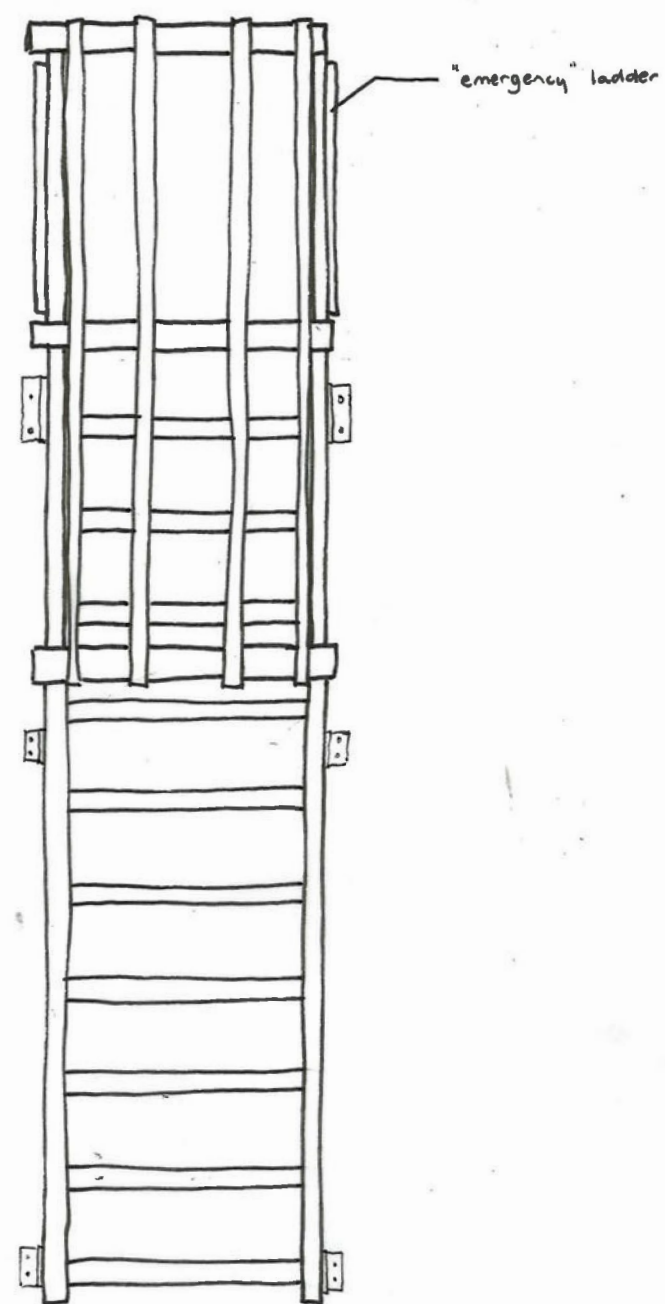
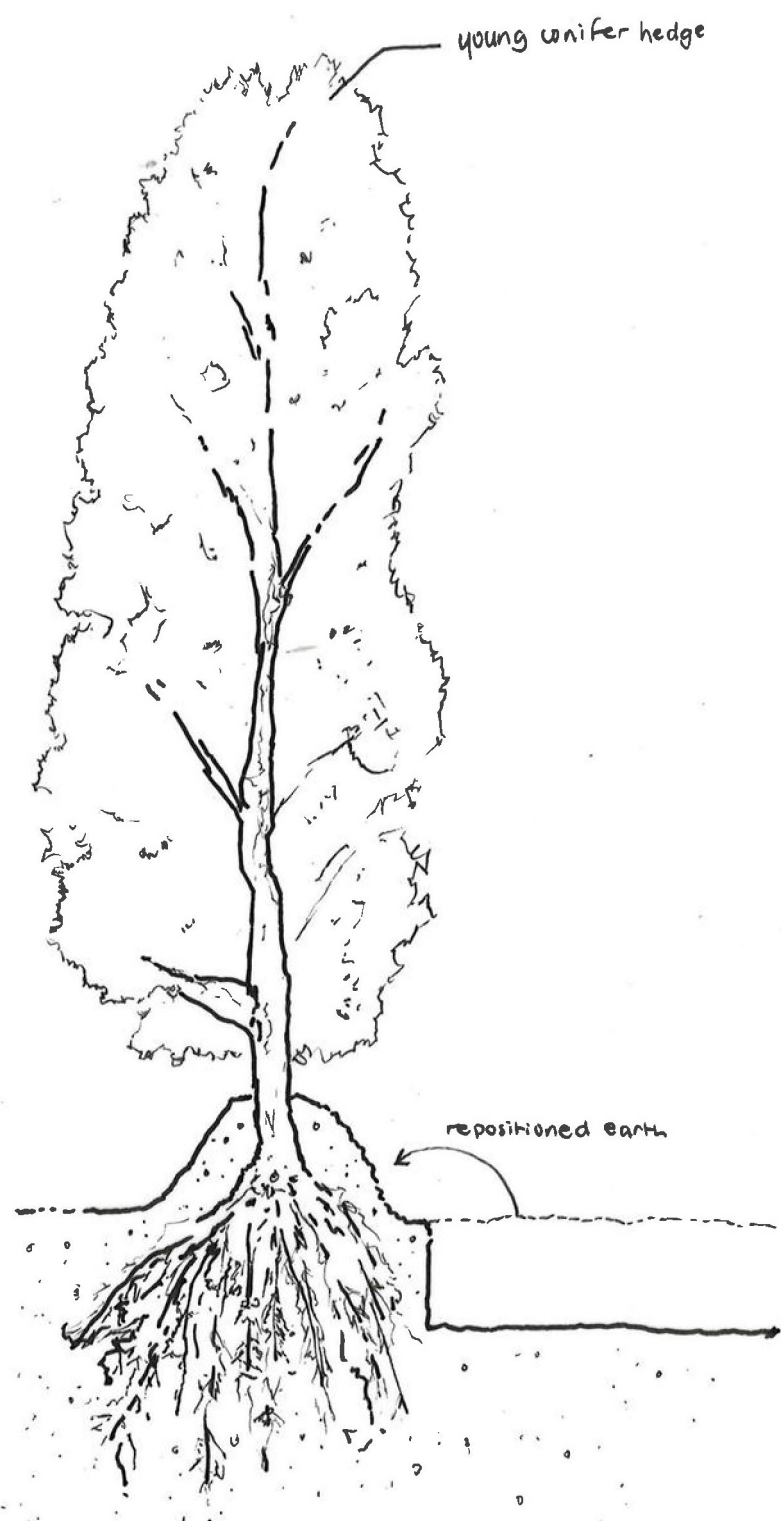


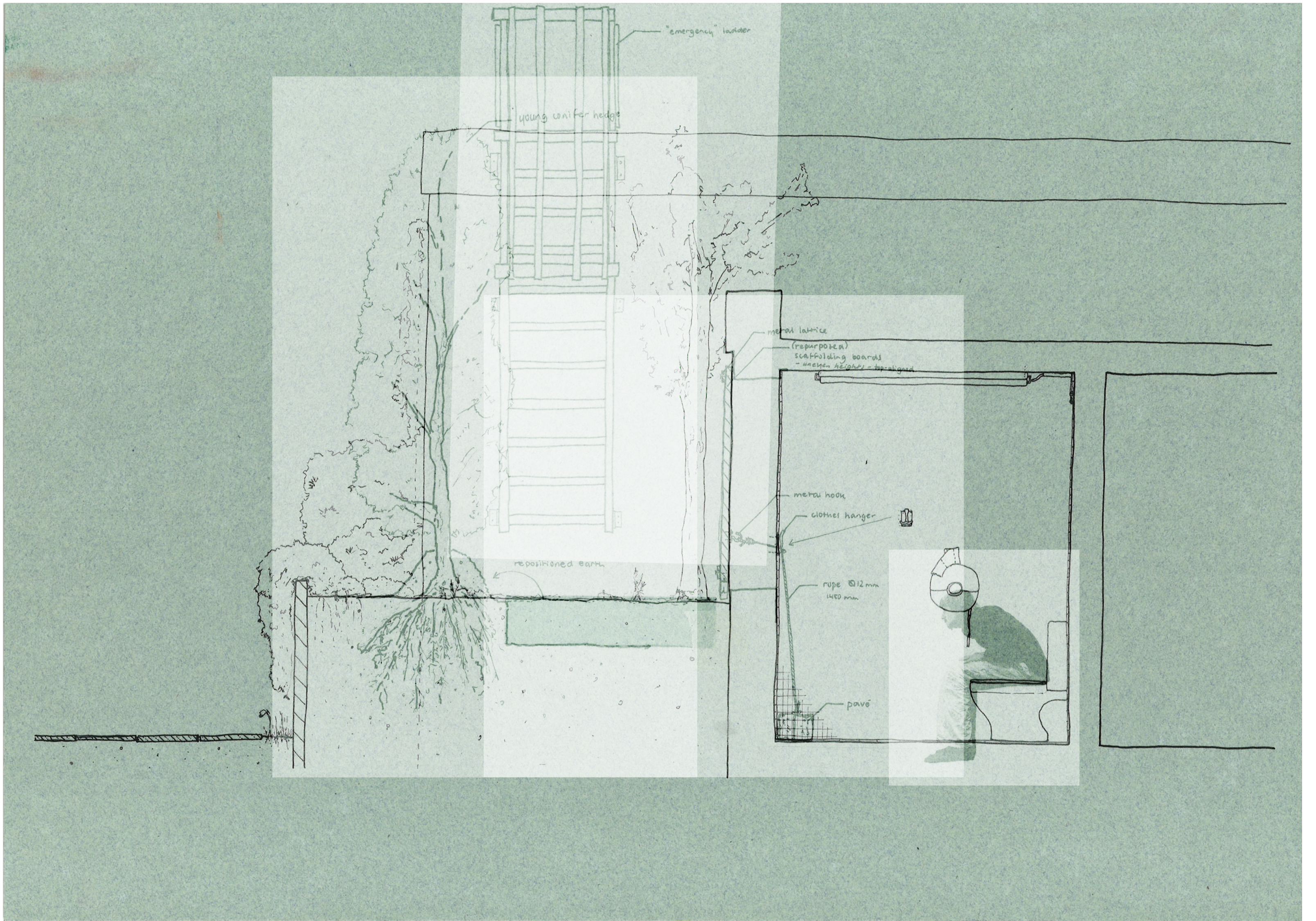


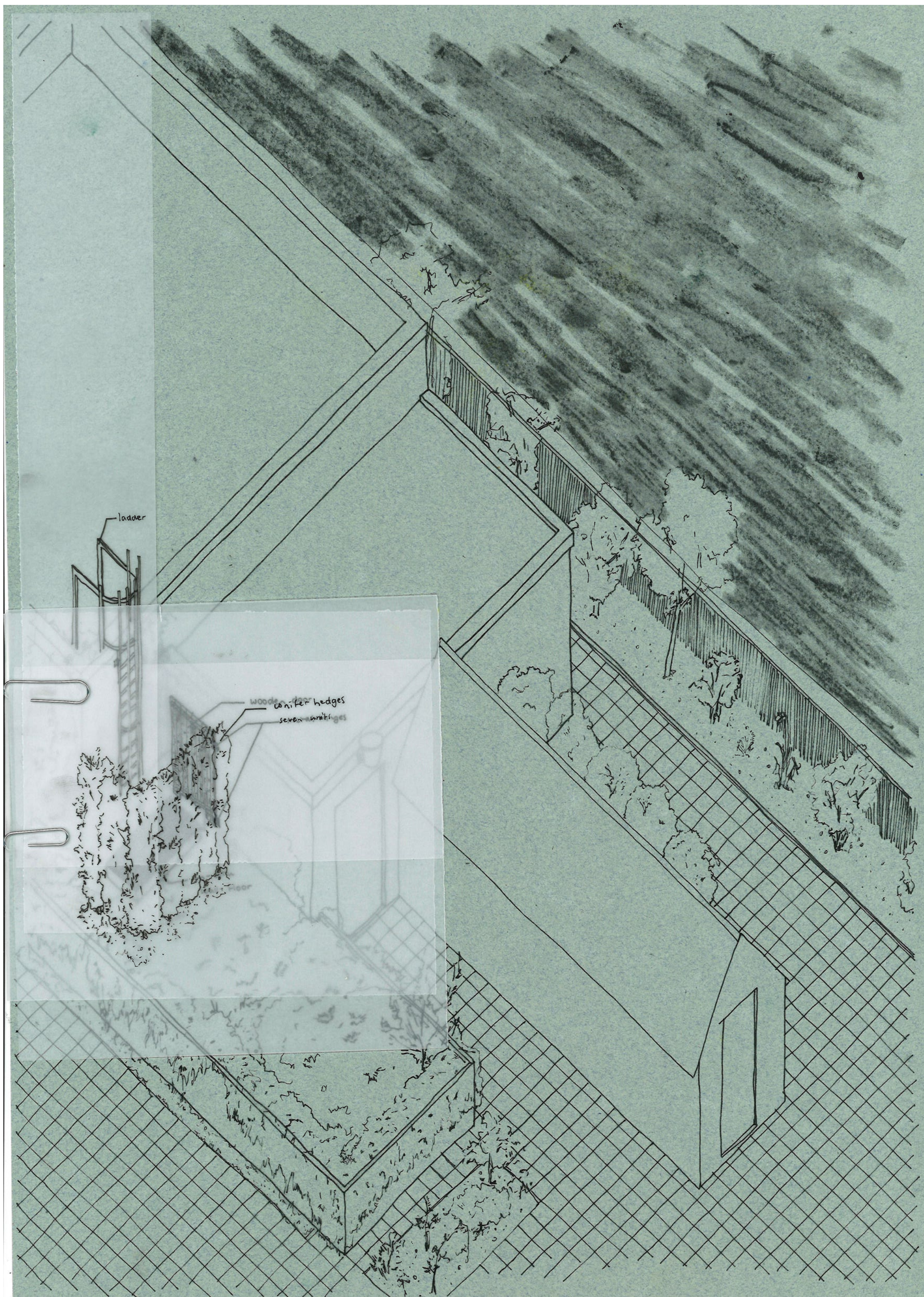


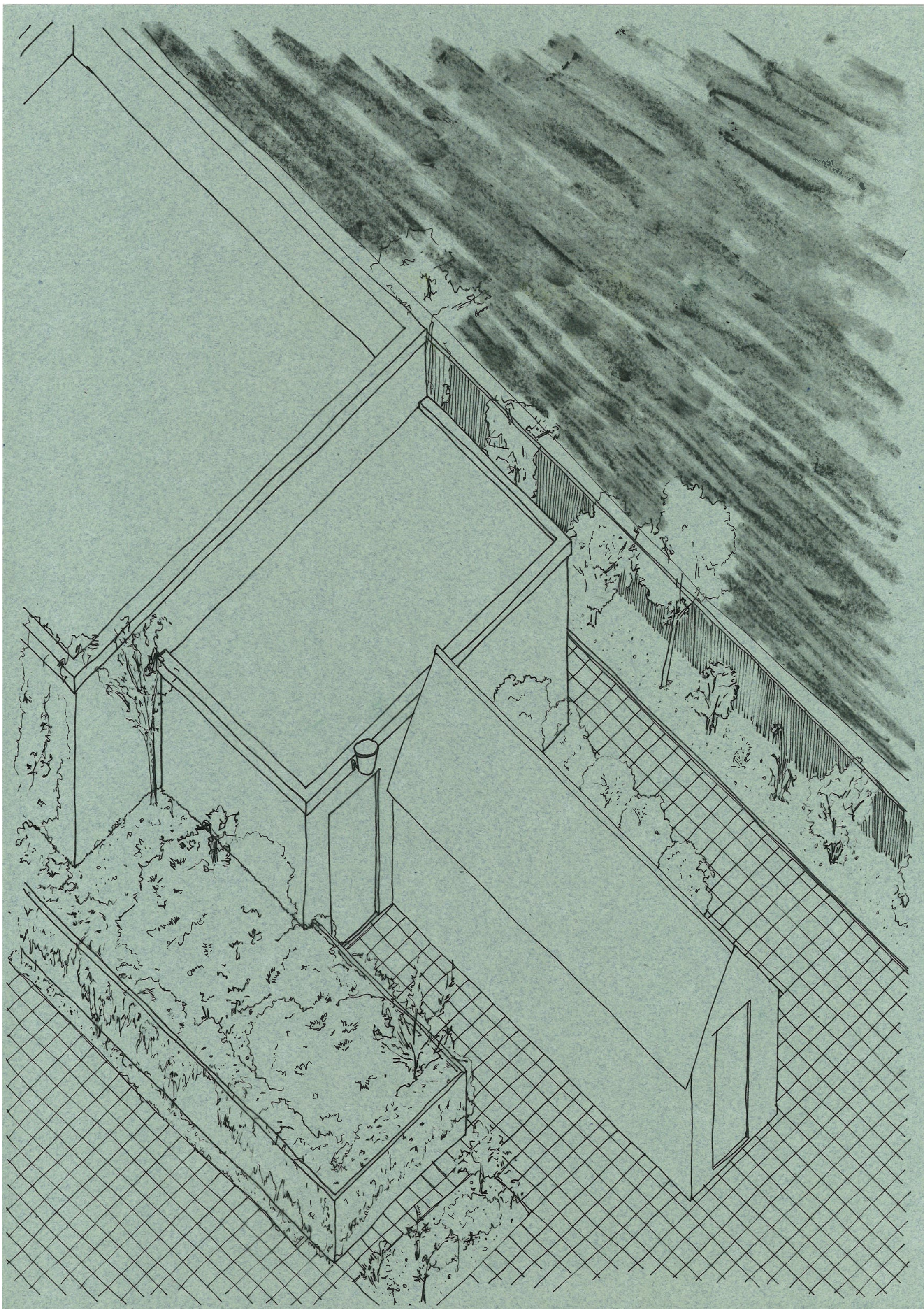


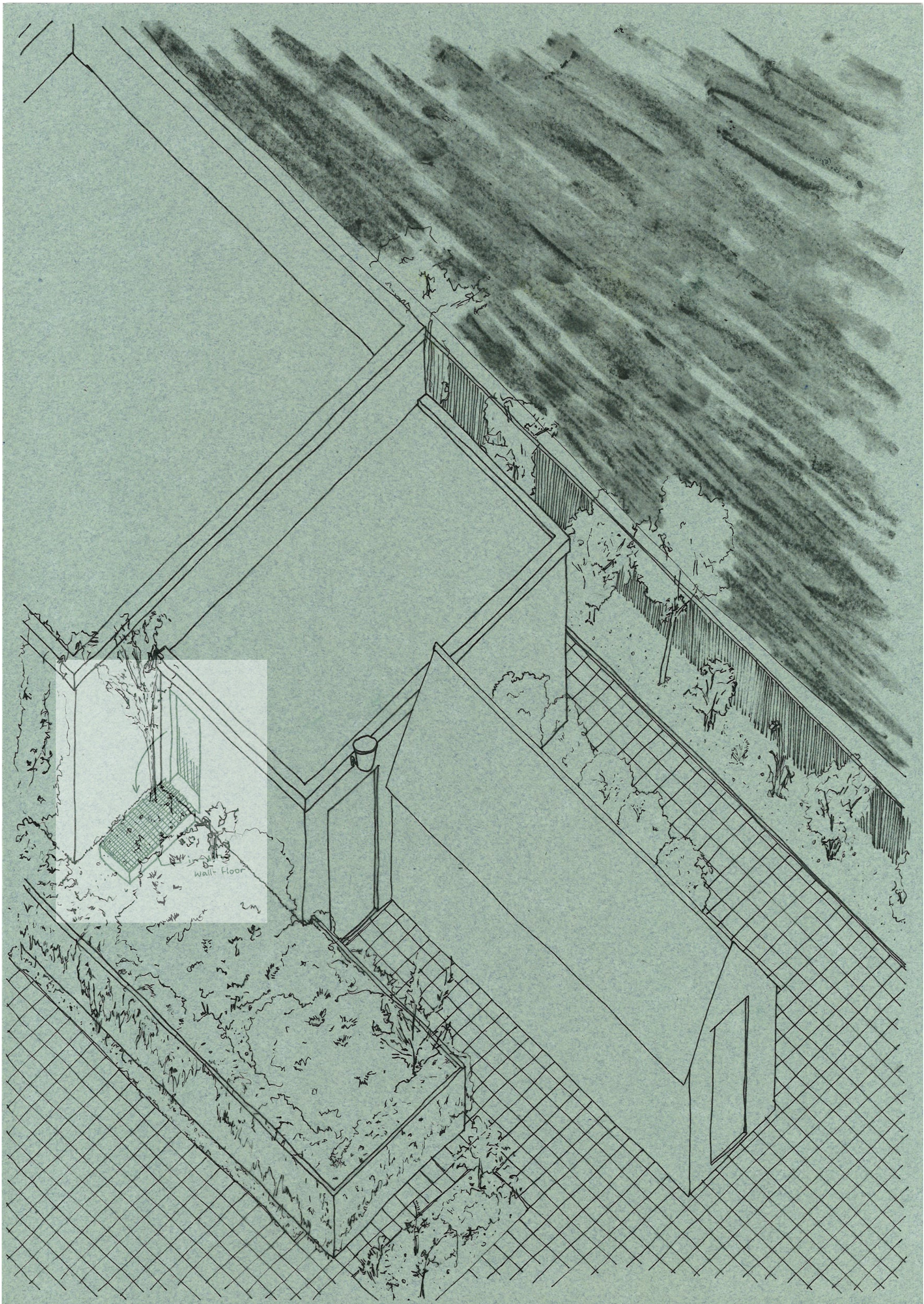


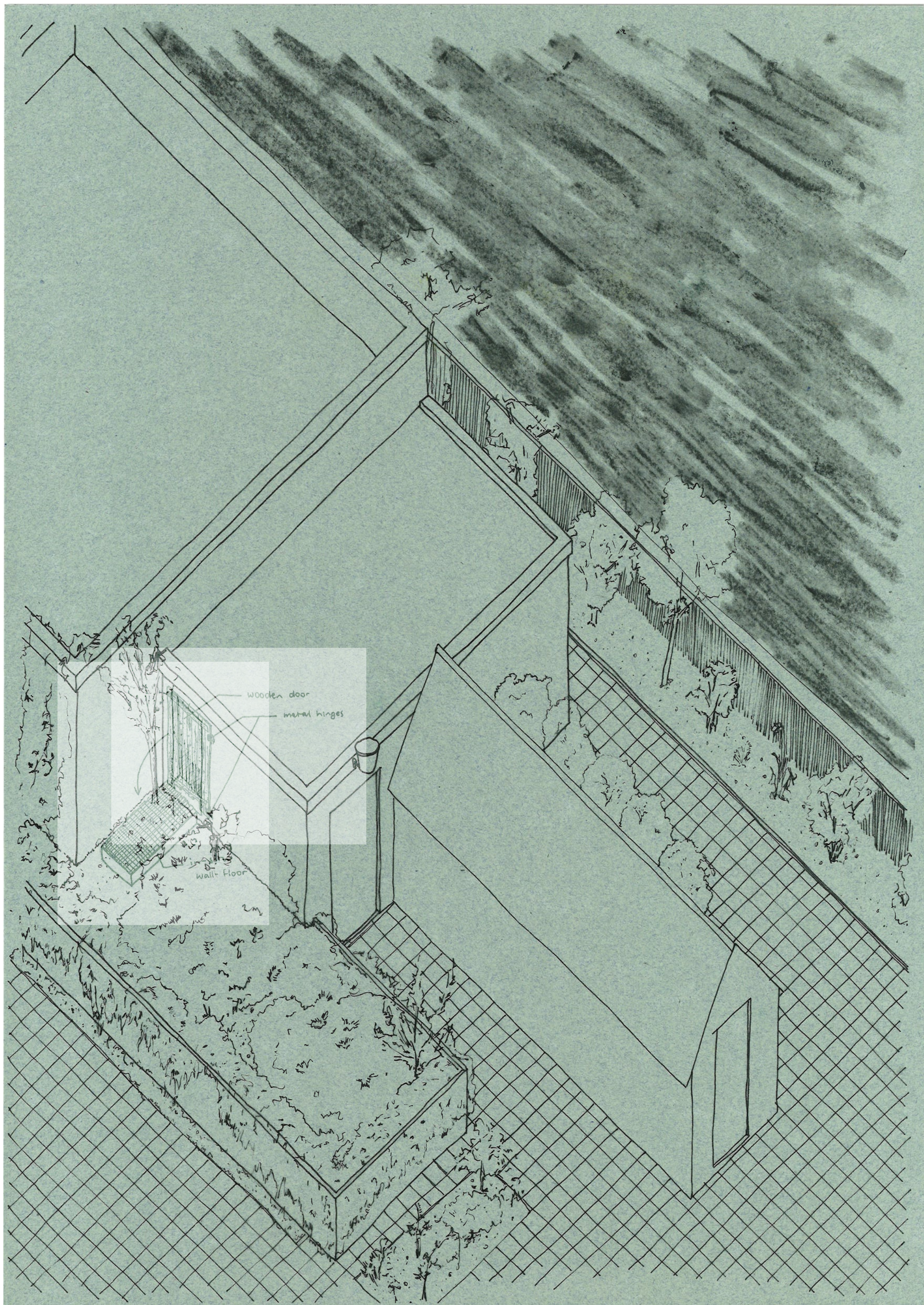


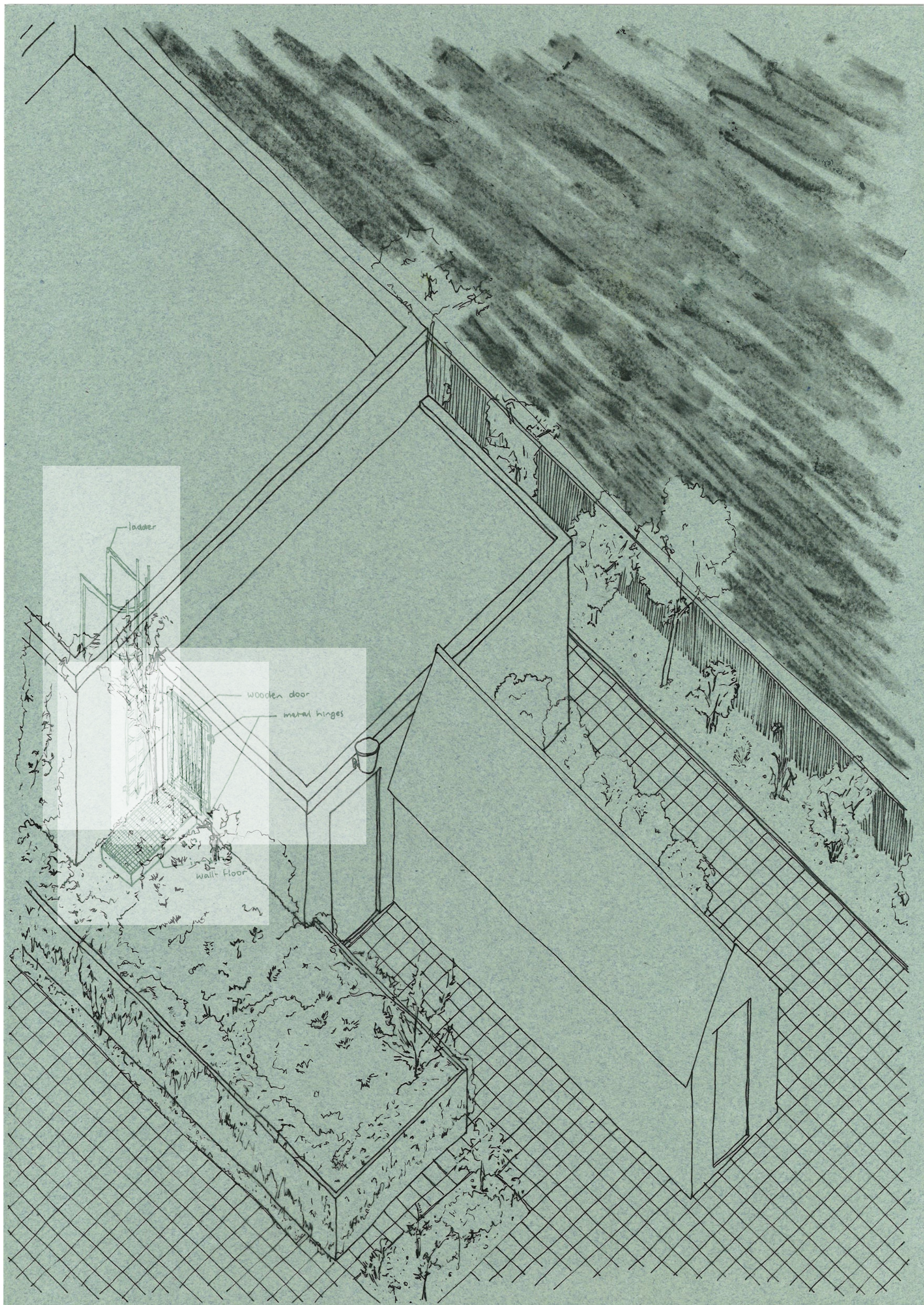


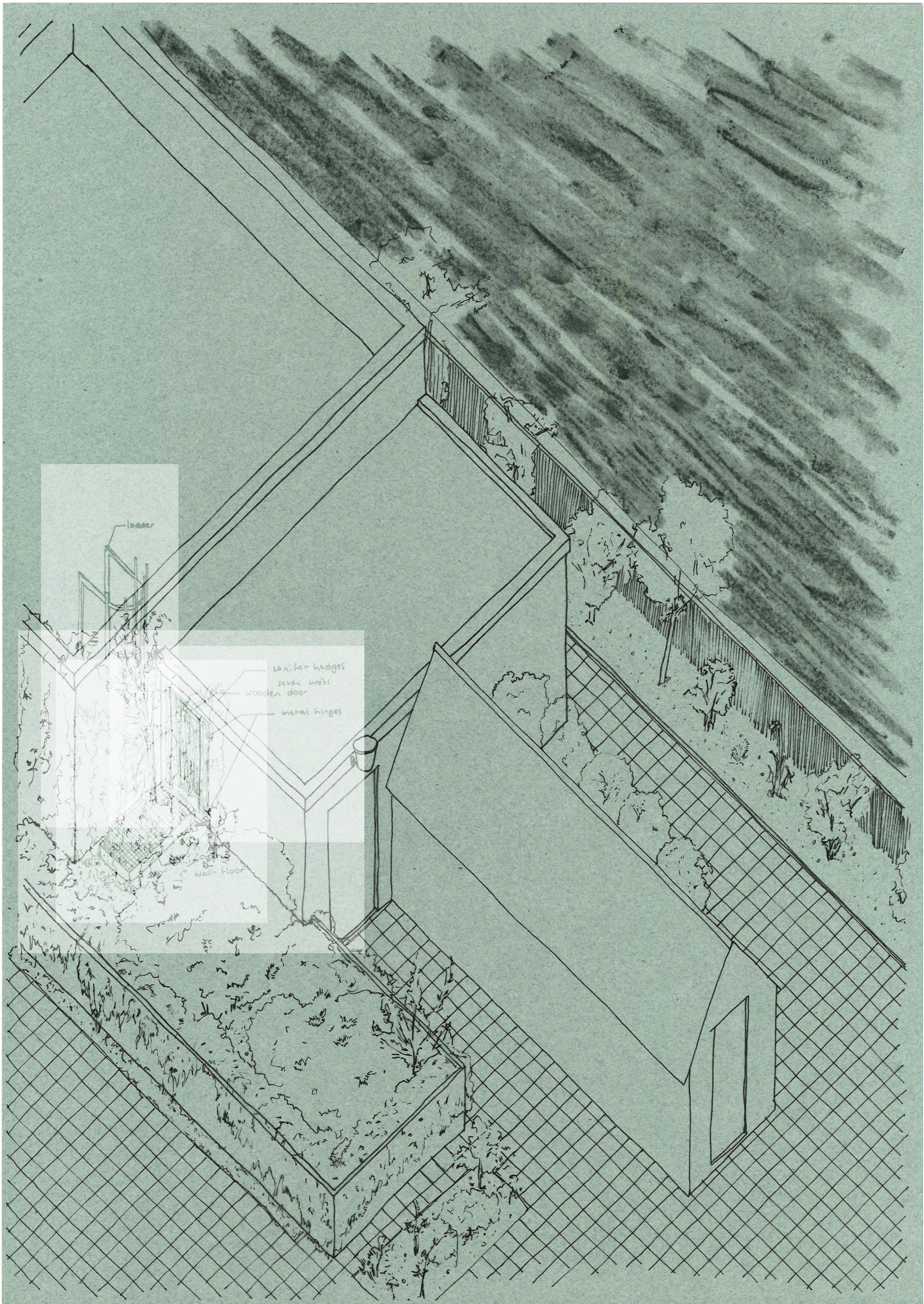


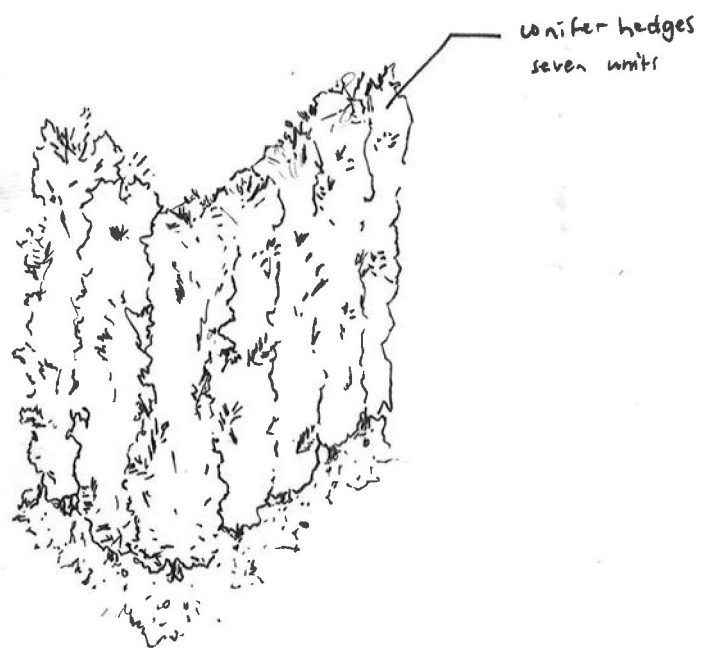
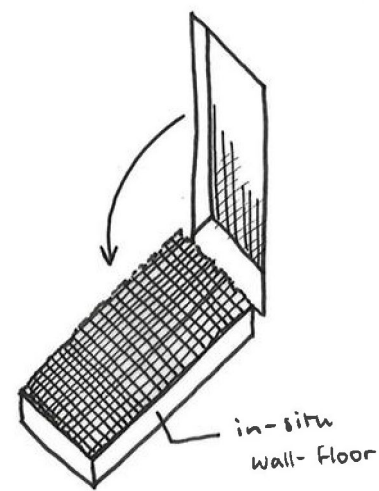
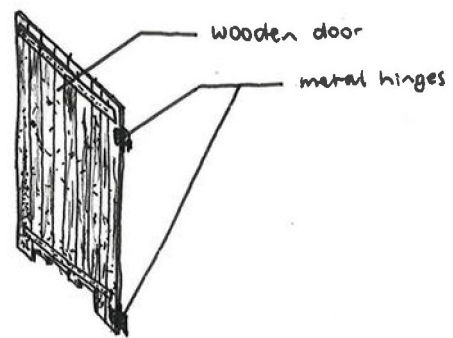
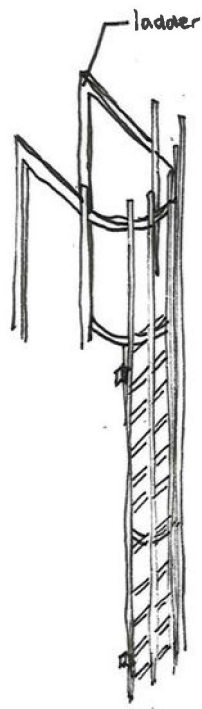


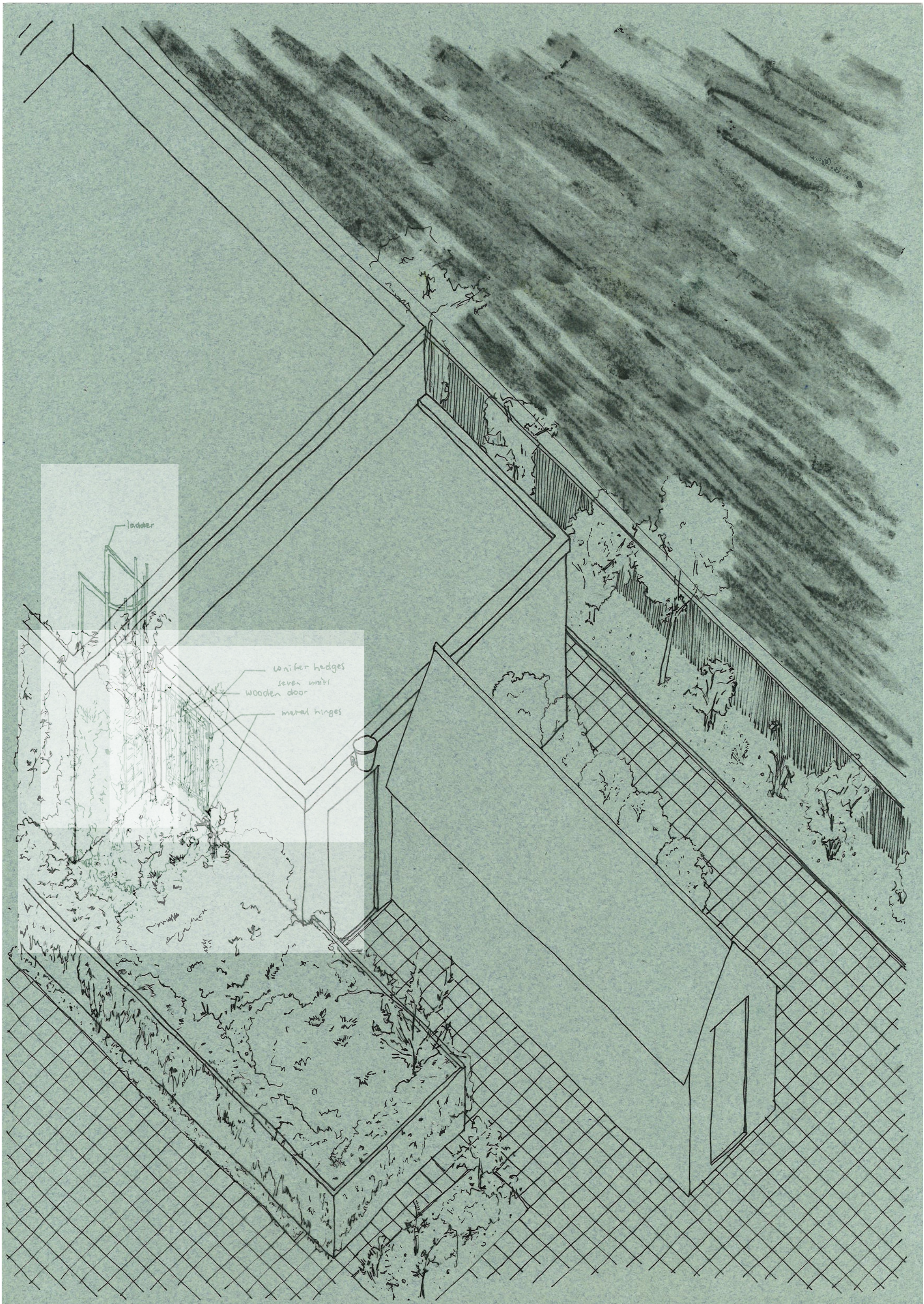


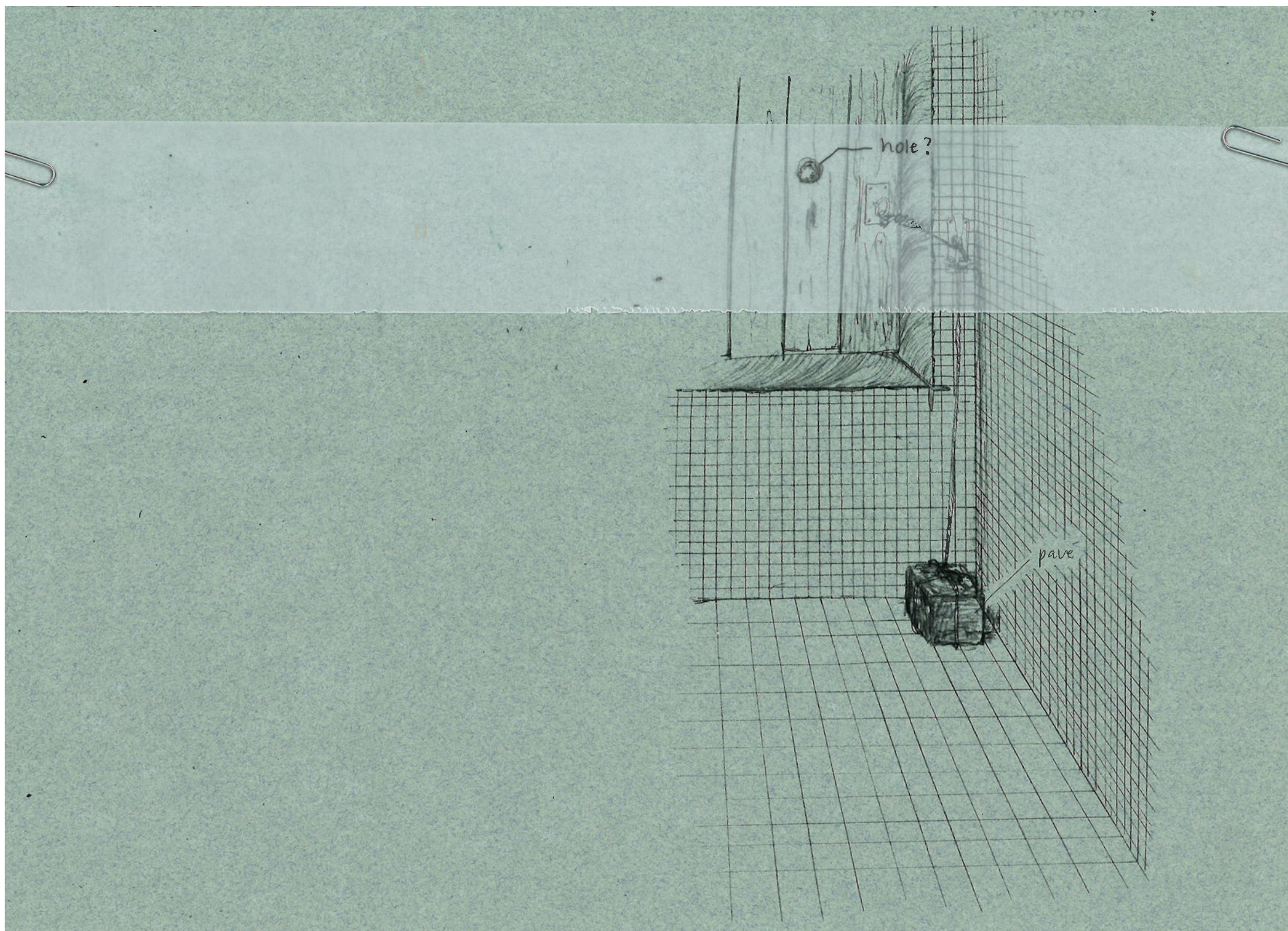


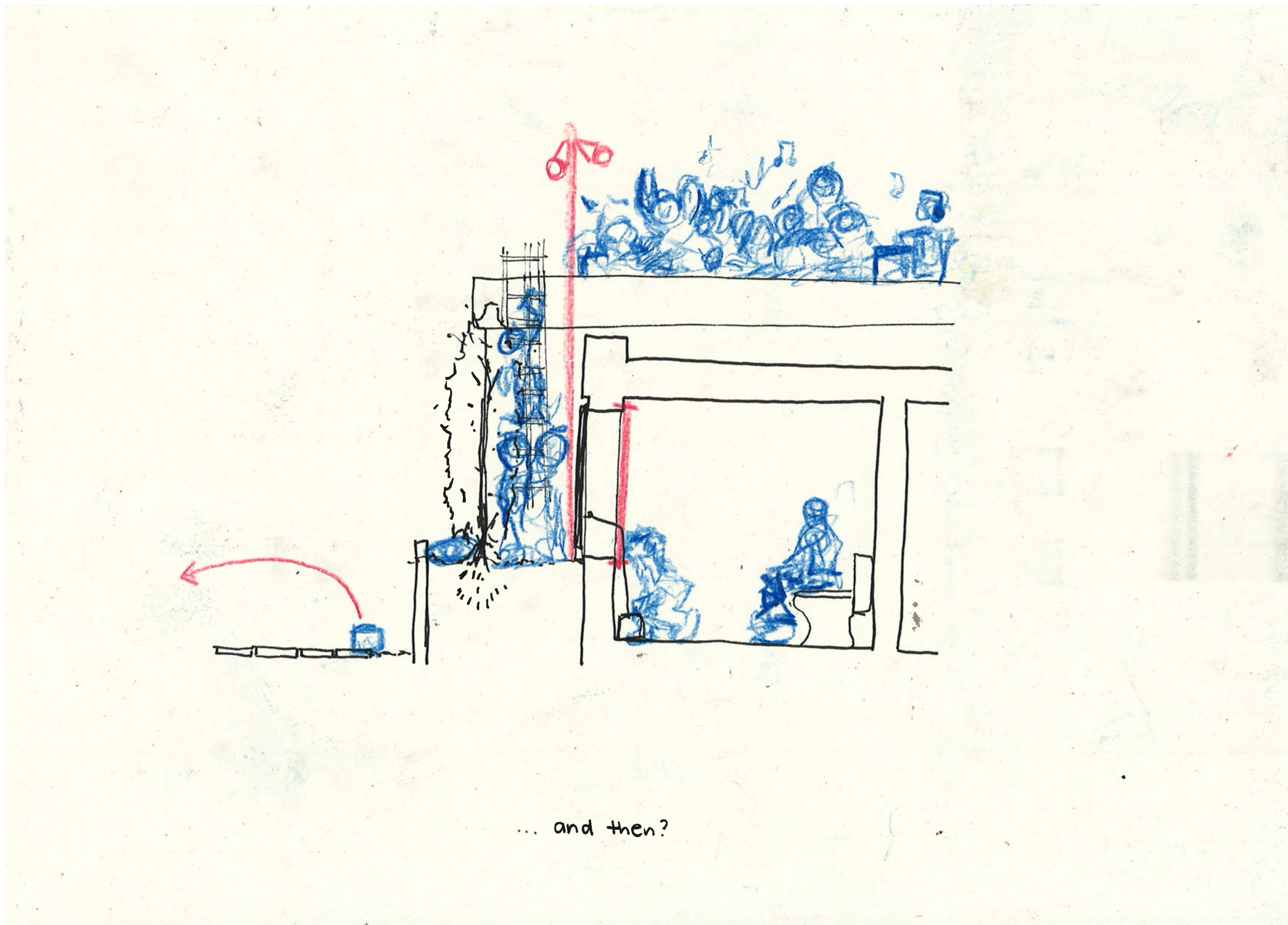












... and then?

sitting against the wall
the conifers tickling my feet

i unlock the door
and stumble over the rope
scrape my knee
on the unfinished edge

i peek through the fuzzy columns of the hedge
i make up the outline of a wooden frame
slightly ajar, bare feet
the blue tiles, say "*bonjour*"
an audible gasp, slipping on flip-flops
stumbling inside, tying the knot
enough surprises for today

rainwater leaking over the threshold
clogged drain
mosquitoes

pack of 20 pills, €80
pick-up by 12, underneath the door

maman i'm scared
someone's behind the door

come to the toilet
knock three times on Sunday after sunset
and i'll stick it through for you

picked up the *pavé*
dropped it on my toe
bleeding

a party on the roof
feeling on top of
the world
welcome to my island starts playing

municipality camera installed
surveilling blind spot

following you up the ladder
lying next to you on the concrete roof
no shade to protect us
from merging on the rock

i got fired for
a picture on instagram
of us having sex on the roof

