



POLITECNICO
MILANO 1863



Masterclass by—
Krunoslav Ivanišin
with Zvonimir Prusina

School of architecture, urban planning and construction engineering
ASA— Advanced School of Architecture
Director— prof. Pierre-Alain Croset

September, 2023



*I hope
this photobook
will become a storybook.
It isn't yet — but it can
become one if you just
listen to your eyes.*

Wim Wenders
ONCE, 1994



ASA
info—

students—

exhib—

guests—

POLITECNICO MILANO
School of Architecture, Urban
Planning and Construction
Engineering

ASA—
Advanced School of Architecture
Director: prof. Pierre-Alain Croset

MASTERCLASS BY—
Krunoslav Ivanišin
with Zvonimir Prusina

DATE—
Sept. 4—Sept. 11, 2023

Athiba Balasubramanian
Maria Gaia Cicconi
Marcello Danelli
Marco Frassetto
Gaia Ghidoni
Sharen Katherine Delgado Iglesias
Mariia Nakonechnaia
Paola Nicolacci
Sara Raffaglio
Mario Francisco Pantoja Rosero
Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas
Gianfranco Sava
Francesca Sordi
Yue Tam
Diana Tortolato
Jose Gabriel Suarez Yumbla
Beatrice Varini
You Qi Wang
Francesco Zavoli

ATRIUM SPACE
Milano, via Ampère 2, building 11
Sept. 11—Sept. 15, 2023
17:00—19:00

Andrea Campioli,
Dean of the AUIC School

Pierre-Alain Croset,
Director ASA

Domenico Chizzoniti,
Program Director Master AUD

Pierluigi Salvadeo,
Program Director Master BEI

Silvia Bodei, Fabrizia Berlingieri,
Fabrizio Leoni, Angelo Lunati,
DAStU

DENSITY

— intro

DENSITY or specific mass is a variable property of matter, of a thing or a set of things – mass (or amount of something) per unit of volume: $\rho = m/V$. In addition to internal properties, it also depends on external conditions - it changes with a change in temperature or aggregate state, i.e., with a change in mass and volume, sometimes in unexpected ways.

When quantifying built or unbuilt spaces, we use variable sizes of density and distribution of buildings, density and distribution of population, density and distribution of plant and animal species. Urban density in the narrow sense is equated with surface or volume density of built-up areas. In the extended sense, it should also include the density of form, content density, possible density of architecture, space, and place. In the history of cities, density might be, yet efficiency or effectiveness are probably not prerequisites for the development of intelligence. Along the roads to Santiago, Cees Nootebom verbalized the mysterious nature of many places: “It is impossible to prove and yet I believe it: there are some places in the world

where one is mysteriously magnified on arrival and departure by the emotions of all those who have arrived and departed before.”

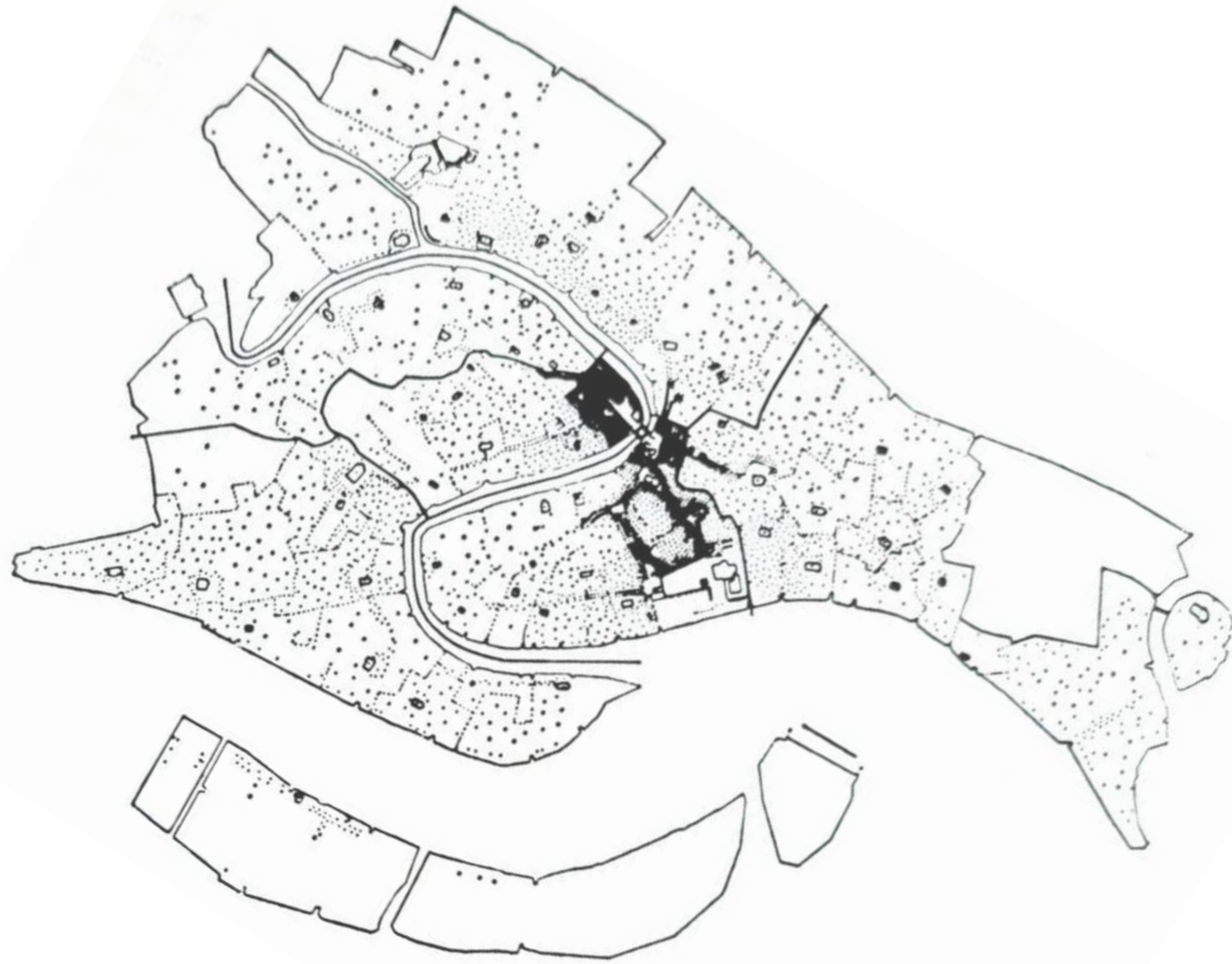
We started the workshop discussing the notions fundamental for an architectural project: the project itself (1), its relation to nature (2), form (3), space (4), thingness (5). Trying to avoid nostalgia, which is the mortal enemy of architecture, we introduced the actual place (6) later. Students were given readings, to produce from inside (in groups of two or three) paradigmatic forms without program or purpose: floor plans, images, and scale models, pseudo-projects as it were. At the end of the week, we assembled a model city center for a real place, the left-over empty block in the center of Mostar.

This book confronts the 9 studio projects and the excerpts from 23 paradigmatic texts arranged in a logical sequence, documenting the topic and the scenario of this advanced workshop in an imaginary discourse on fundamental notions and marginal conditions of architecture: A PHOTOBOK WHICH BECAME A STORYBOOK.

10 11



FIG. 1
VENICE, FIGURE AND GROUND PLAN
schwarzplan.eu



12 13

FIG. 2
VENICE. MEDIEVAL AGE SHOPS DISTRIBUTION, FROM FERNAND BRAUDEL, LA MEDITERRANEE ET LA MONDE MEDITERRANEEN A L'EPOQUE DE PHILIPPE II, PARIS: A.COLIN, 1966



FIG. 3
MIGNIGO ISLAND, VICTORIA LAKE, SUPPOSEDLY THE MOST DENSELY INHABITED PLACE ON EARTH
source unknown





The Exhibition is indeed amazing. You feel the terrible force which has brought these innumerable people, who had come from the ends of the earth, all together in one fold; you realize the grandeur of the idea; you feel that something has been achieved here, that here is victory and triumph. And you feel nervous. However great your independence of mind, a feeling of fear somehow creeps over you. Can this, you think, in fact be the final accomplishment of an ideal state of things? Is this the end, by any chance? Perhaps this is really the “one fold”? Perhaps we shall really have to accept this as the whole truth and cease from all movement thereafter? It is all too solemn, triumphant and proud that you are left breathless. You look at those hundreds of thousands, at those millions of people obediently trooping into this place from all parts of the earth – people who have come with only one thought, quietly, stubbornly and silently milling round in this colossal palace; and you feel that something final has been accomplished here – accomplished and completed. **It is a biblical sight, something to do with Babylon, some prophecy out of the Apocalypse being fulfilled before your very eyes. You feel that a rich and ancient tradition of denial and protest is needed in order not to yield, not to succumb to impression, not to bow down in worship of fact, and not to idolize Baal, that is, not to take the actual fact for the ideal...**

The record of the rock is in the rock. Each grain of sand is in its exact place, is of the exact size and color. Conscious rule invites constant change to new comprehensive levels of Rule. The laws of nature are in the making of all things. Man's indefinable desire to make a house or to shape a stone or to compose a sonata still must obey the laws of nature in their making. I think of Form as the realization of a nature, made up of inseparable elements. Form has no presence. Its existence is in the mind. If one of its elements were removed its form would have to change. There are those who believe the machine will eventually take the place of the mind. There would have to be as many machines as there are individuals. Form precedes Design. It guides its direction for it holds the relation of its elements. Design gives the elements their shape, taking them from their existence in the mind to their tangible presence. In

composing, I feel that the elements of the form are always intact, though they may be constantly undergoing the trials of design in giving each its most sympathetic shape. Form is not concluded in presence, for its existence is of psychological nature. Each composer interprets Form singularly. Form, when realized, does not belong to its realizer. Only its interpretation belongs to the artist.

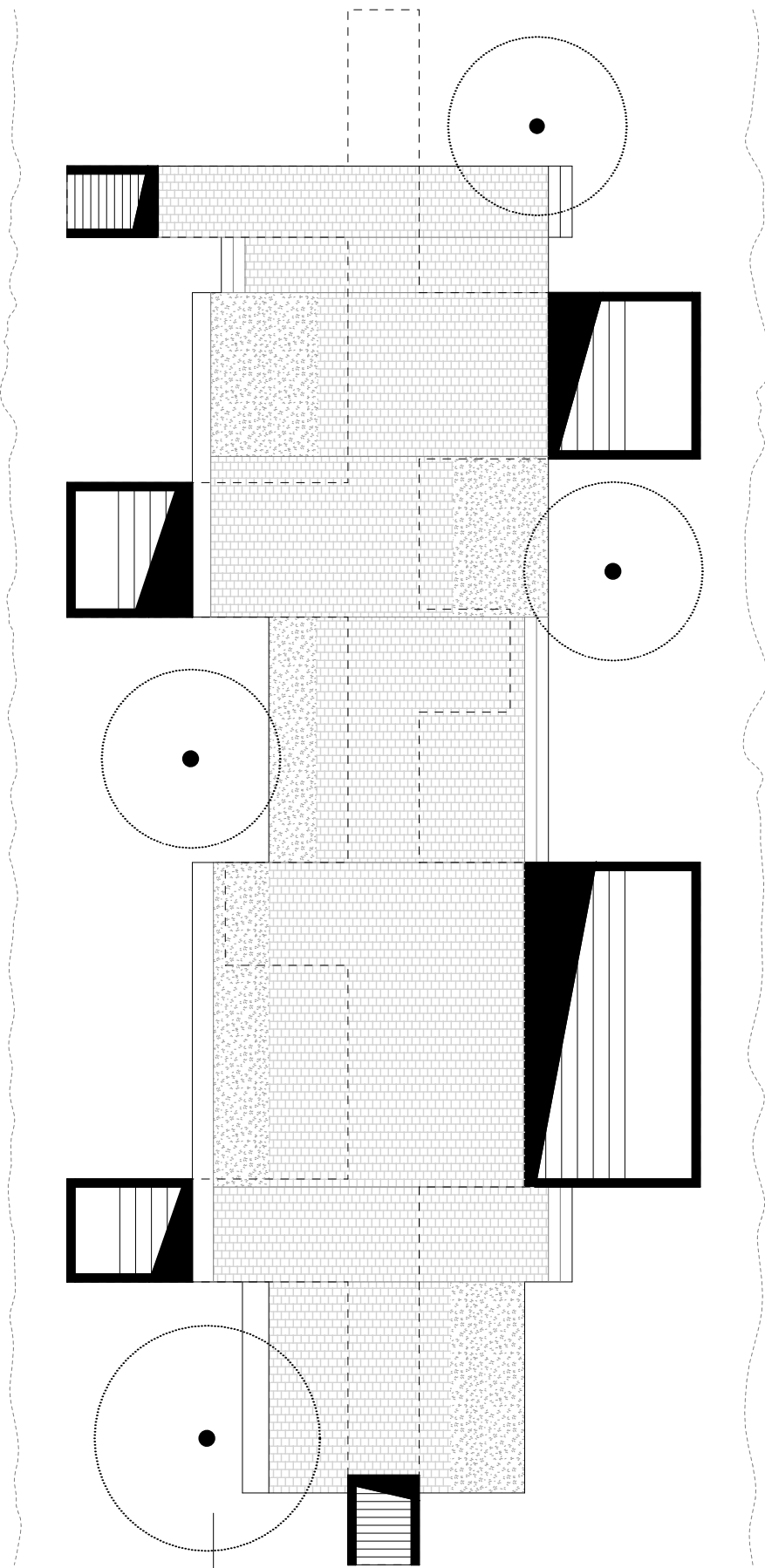
Form is like order. **Oxygen does not belong to its discoverer.** It is my feeling that living things and non-living things are dichotomous. Yet nature, the giver of all presences, without question or choice, can anticipate desire by the fathomless marvel of its laws; it has given us the instruments to play the song of the soul...

Architecture has no presence, Music has no presence - I mean of course, the spirit of architecture and the spirit of music. Music in this sense, as in Architecture, favors no style, no method, no technology - This spirit is recognized as Truth. What does exist is a work of architecture or a work of music which the artist offers to his art in the sanctuary of all expression, which I like to call the Treasury of the Shadows, lying in that ambiance, Light to Silence, Silence to Light. Light, the giver of presence, casts its shadow which belongs to Light. What is made belongs to Light and to Desire... Architecture can be said to be the thoughtful making of spaces ... **You in music, as we in architecture, are interested in structure.** To me the structure is the maker of the light. When I choose an order of structure which calls for column along side of column, it presents a rhythm of no light, light, no light, light, no light, light. A vault, a dome, is also a choice of a character of light. To make a square room, is to give it the light which reveals the square in its infinite moods. To get light is not just making a hole in a wall, nor is it the selection of a beam here and there to frame the roof. Architecture creates a feeling of a world within a world, which it gives to the room. Wherever technology reaches its real fulfillment, / it transcends into architecture. / It is true that architecture depends on facts, / but its real field of activity is in the realm of significance.

I hope you will understand that architecture / has nothing to do with the inventions of forms. / It is not a playground for children, young or old. / Architecture is the real battleground of the spirit. / Architecture wrote the history of the epochs / and gave them their names. / Architecture depends on its time. / It is the crystallization

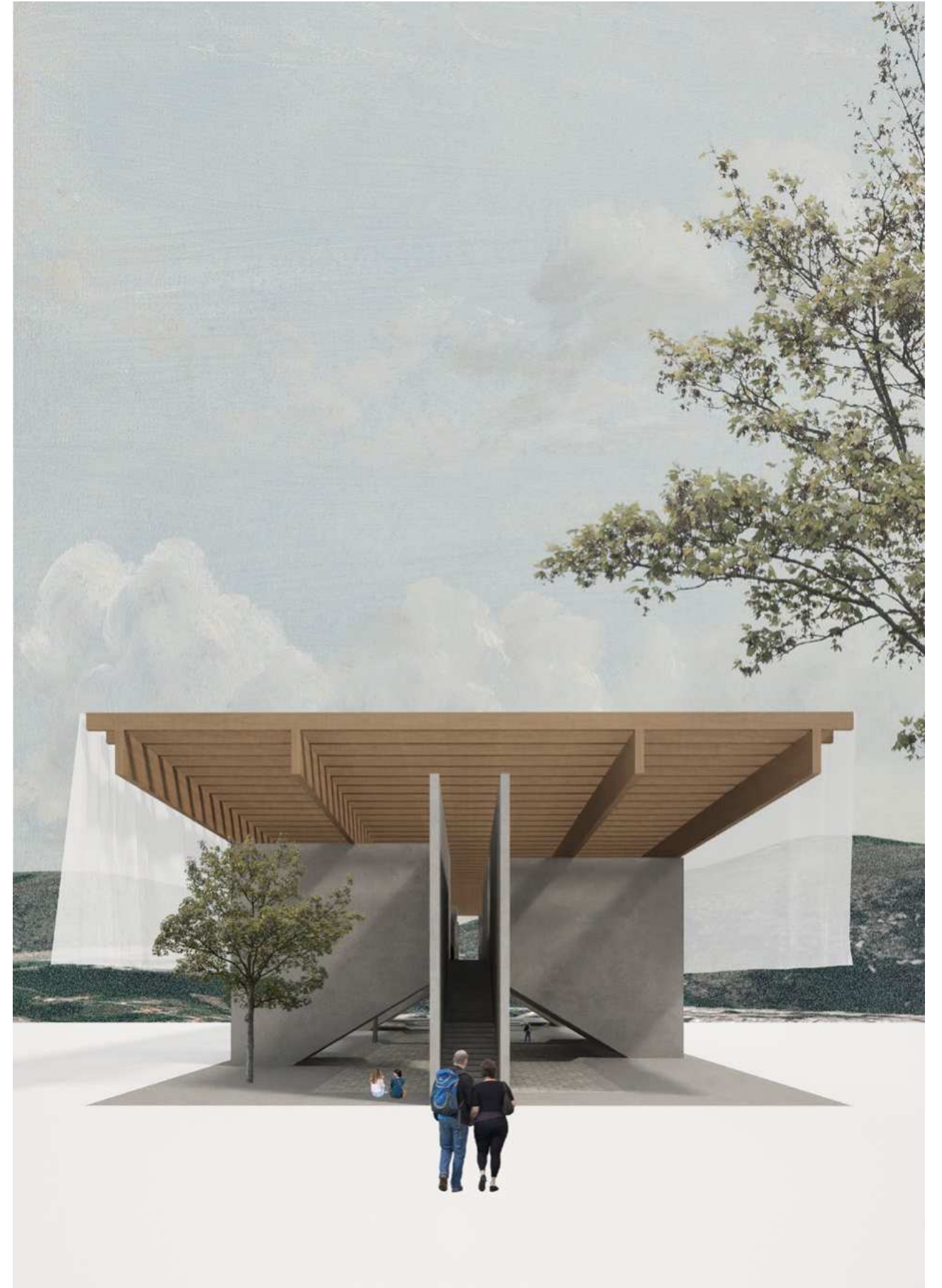
18 19





20 21

Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas

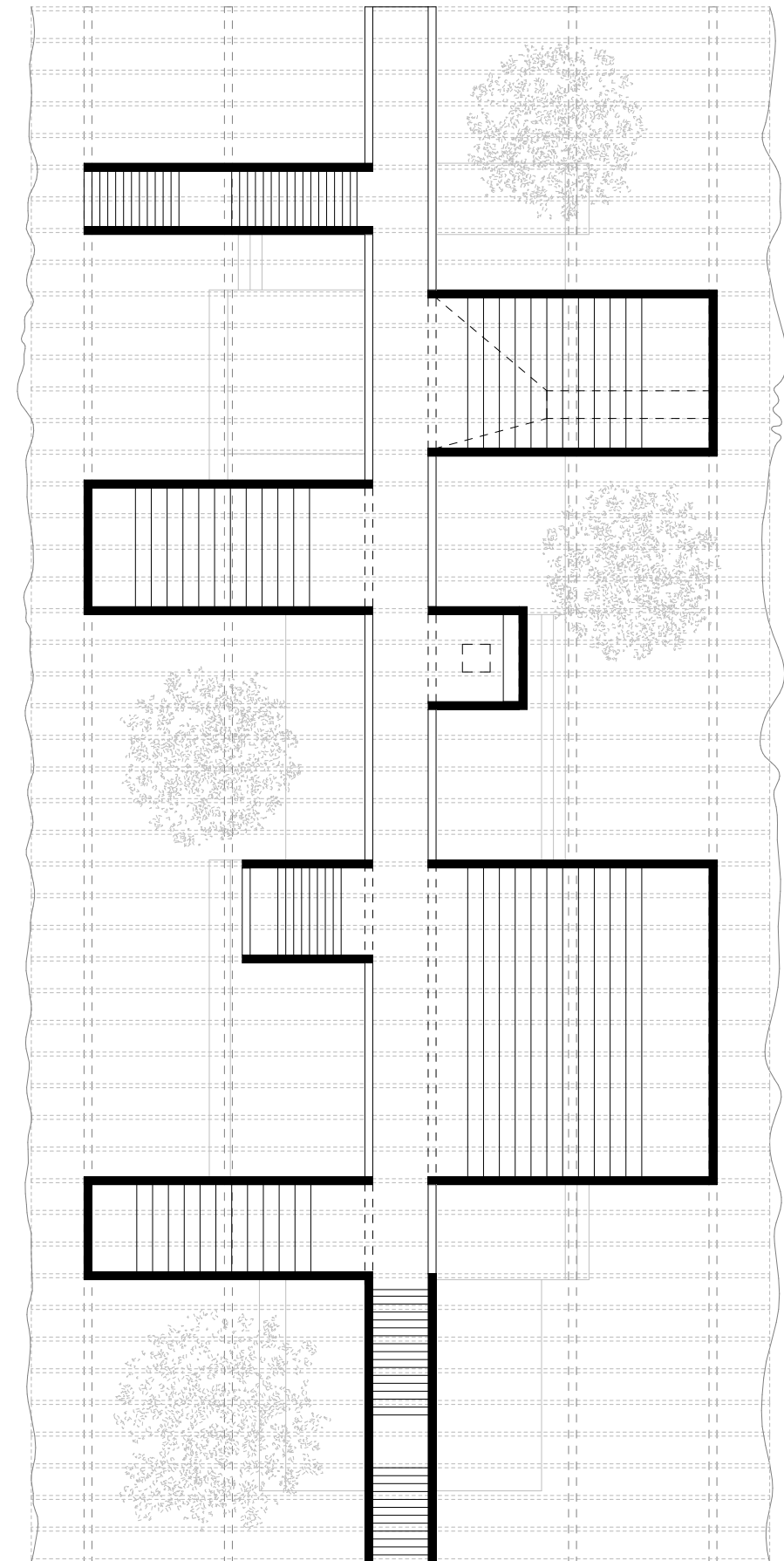


Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas



Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas

22 23



Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas

of its inner structure, the slow unfolding of its form... **Every decision leads to a special kind of order.**

Therefore we must make clear what principles of order are possible and clarify them. Let us recognize that the mechanistic principle of order overemphasizes the materialistic and functionalistic factors in life, since it fails to satisfy our feeling that means must be subsidiary to ends and our desire for dignity and value. The idealistic principle of order, however, with its over-emphasis on the ideal and the formal, satisfies neither our interest in simple reality nor our practical sense. So we shall emphasize the organic principle of order as a means of achieving the successful relationship of the parts to each other and to the whole. And here we shall take our stand.

The long path from material through function to creative work has only a single goal: to create order out of the desperate confusion of our time.

We must have order, allocating to each thing its proper place and giving to each thing its due according to nature.

We would do this so perfectly that the world of our creations will blossom from within. We want no more; we can do no more. Nothing can express the aim and meaning of our work better than the profound words of St. Augustine: **“Beauty is the splendor of Truth.”**

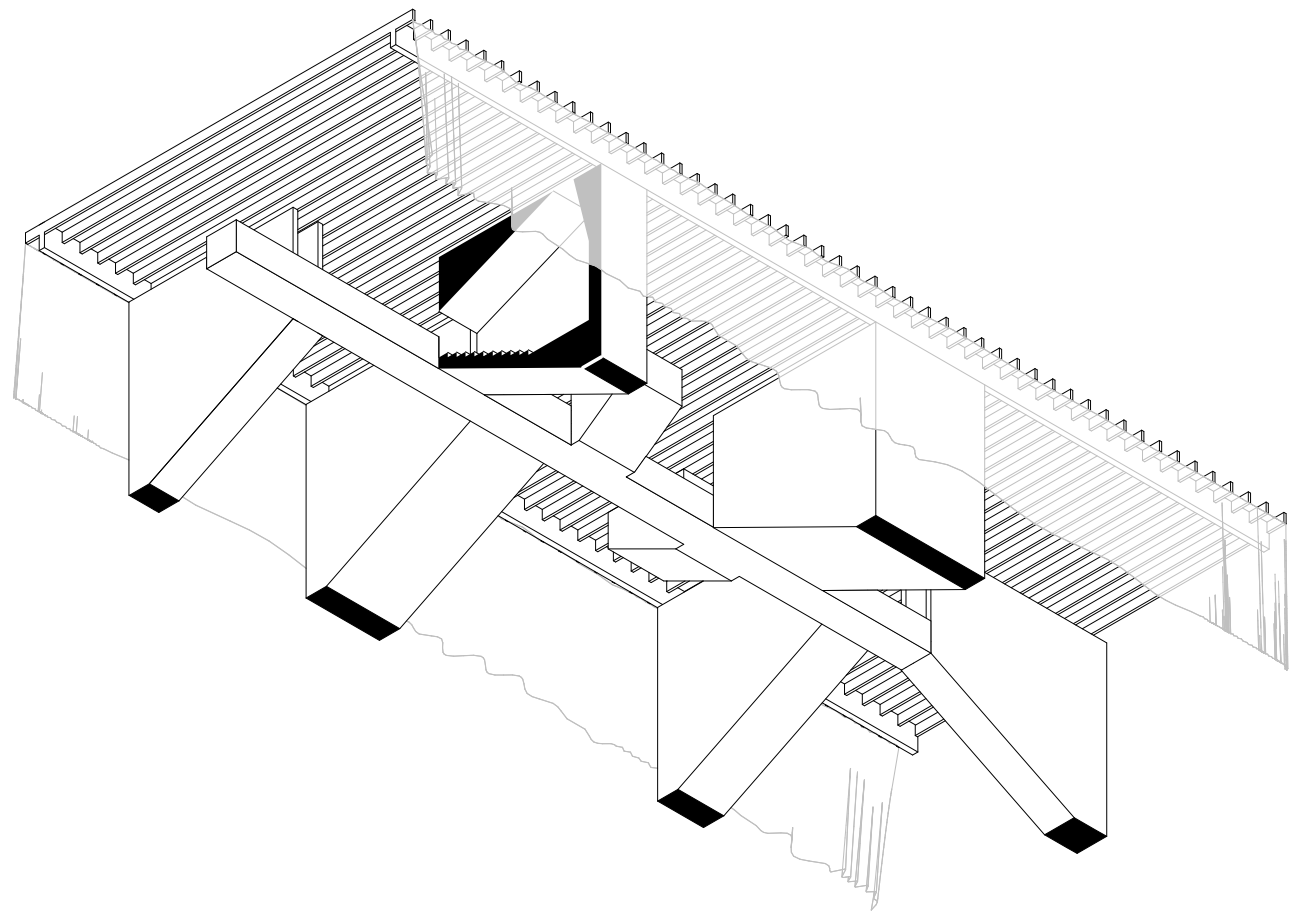
His strange appearance made the people turn round, and this led Alexander to look at him. In astonishment he gave orders to make way for him to draw near, and asked who he was. "Dinocrates," quoth he, "a Macedonian architect, who brings thee ideas and designs worthy of thy renown. I have made a design for the shaping of Mount Athos into the statue of a man, in whose left hand I have represented a very spacious fortified city, and in his right a bowl to receive the water of all the streams which are in that mountain, so that it may pour from the bowl into the sea."

...

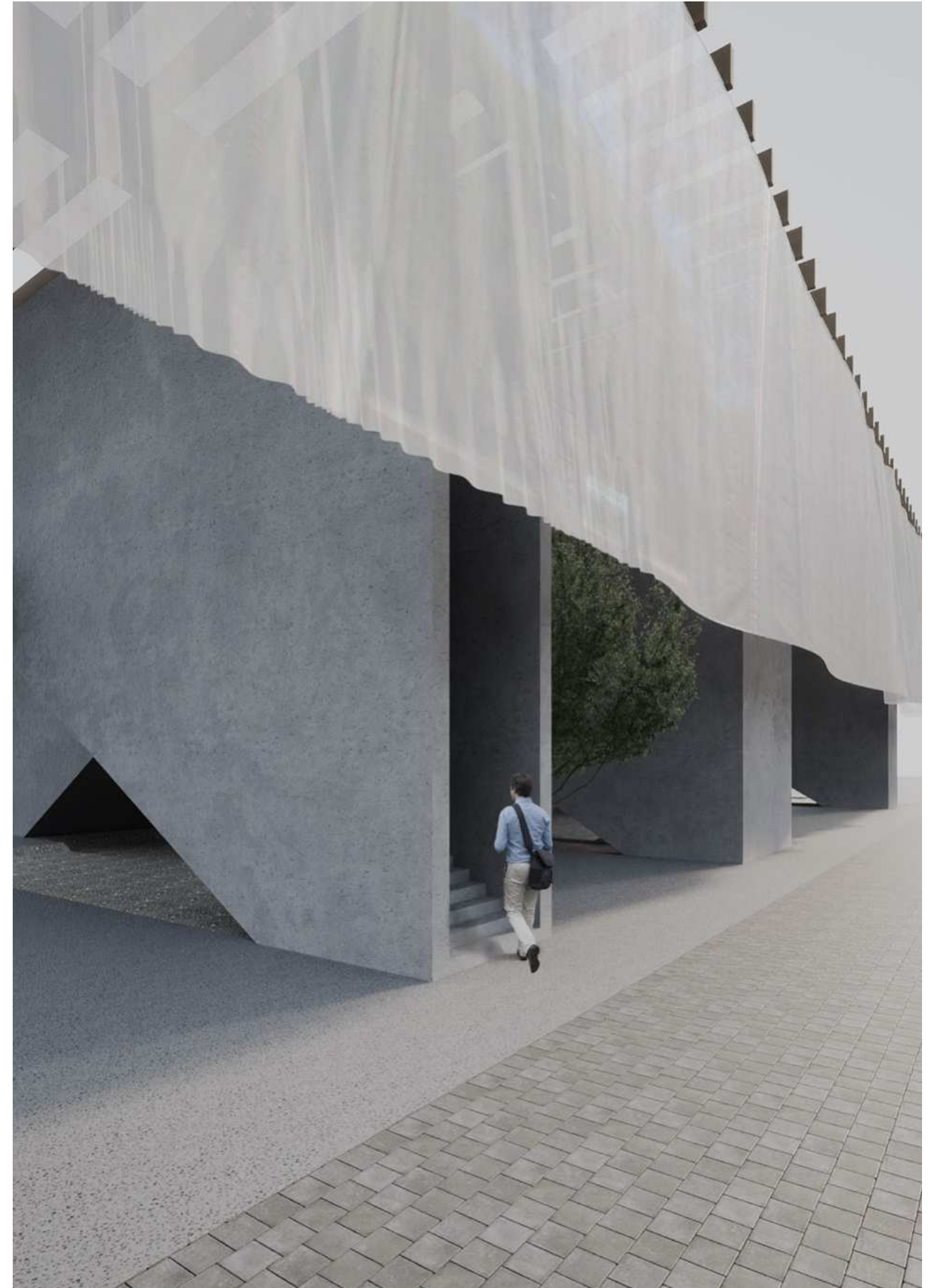
First of all Thales thought that water was the primordial substance of all things. Heraclitus of Ephesus, surnamed by the Greeks σκοτεινος on account of the obscurity of his writings, thought that it was fire. Democritus and his follower

24 25





26 27



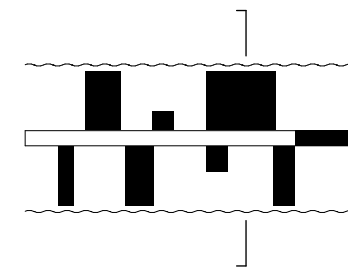
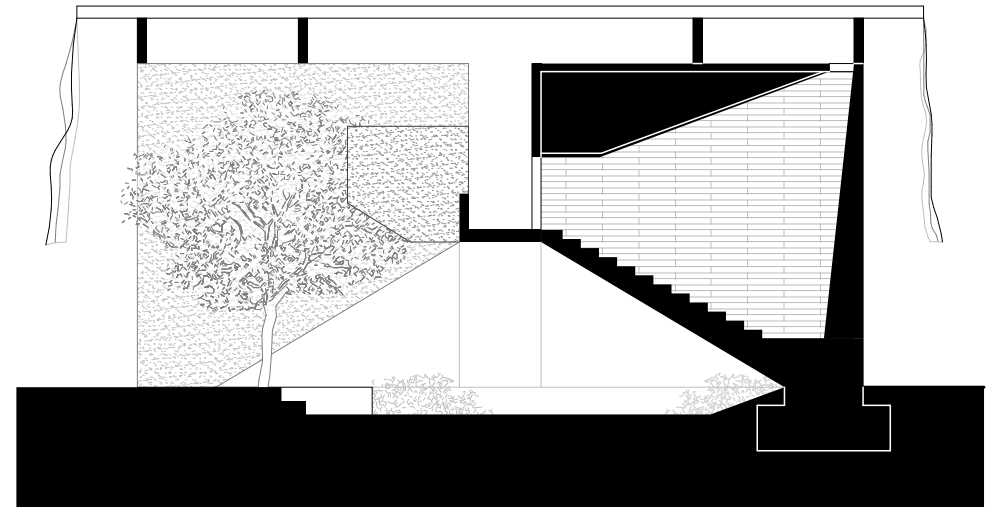
Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas

Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas



Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas

28 29



Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas

Epicurus thought that it was the atoms, termed by our writers "bodies that cannot be cut up," or, by some, "indivisibles." The school of the Pythagoreans added air and the earthy to the water and fire. Hence, although Democritus did not in a strict sense name them, but spoke only of indivisible bodies, yet he seems to have meant these same elements, because when taken by themselves they cannot be harmed, nor are they susceptible of dissolution, nor can they be cut up into parts, but throughout time eternal they forever retain an infinite solidity.

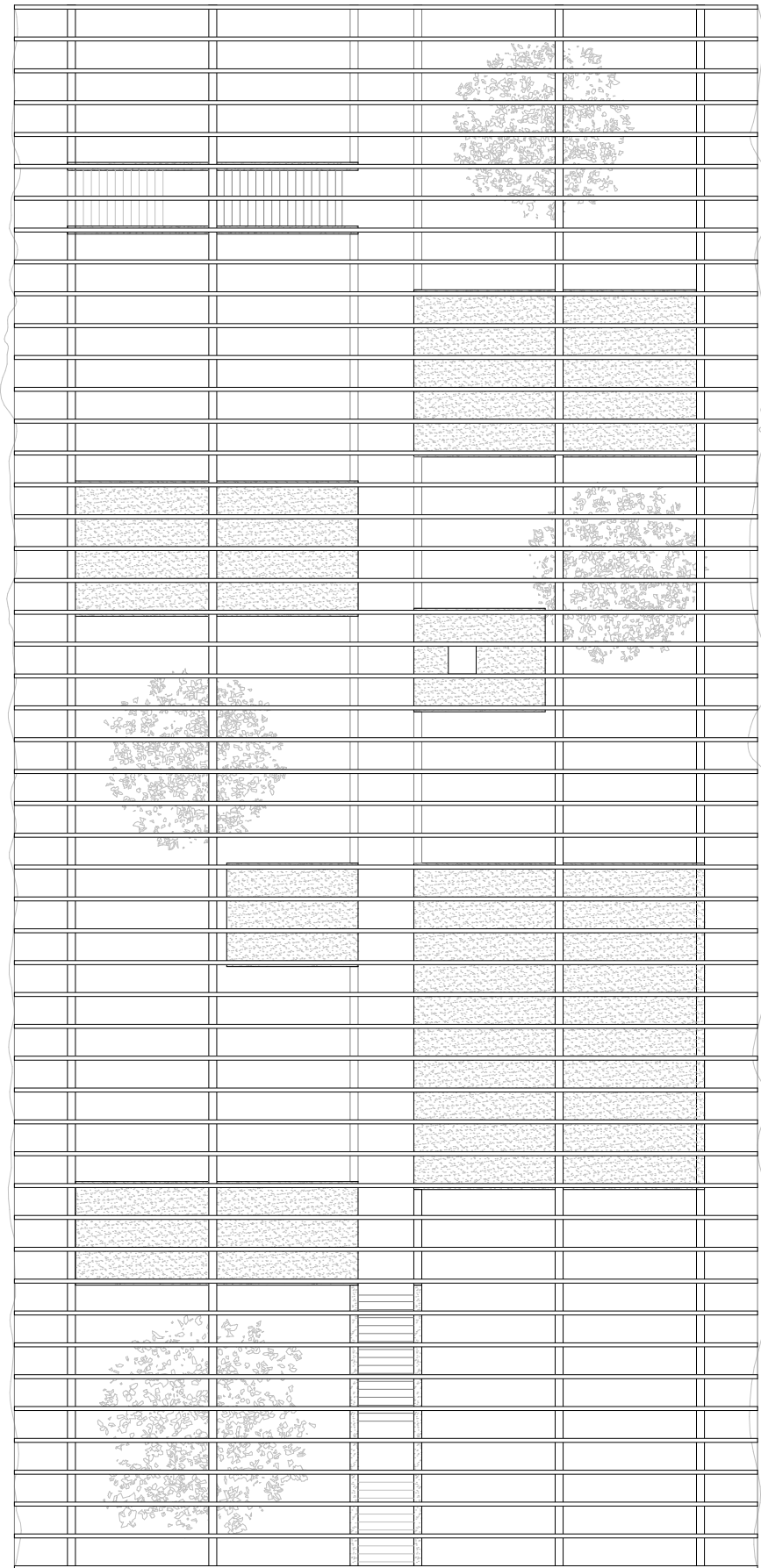
... Therefore it was the discovery of fire that originally gave rise to the coming together of men, to the deliberative assembly, and to social intercourse. And so, as they kept coming together in greater numbers into one place, **finding themselves naturally gifted beyond the other animals in not being obliged to walk with faces to the ground, but upright and gazing upon the splendour of the starry firmament**, and also in being able to do with ease whatever they chose with their hands and fingers, they began in that first assembly to construct shelters. Some made them of green boughs, others dug caves on mountain sides, and some, in imitation of the nests of swallows and the way they built, made places of refuge out of mud and twigs. Next, by observing the shelters of others and adding new details to their own inceptions, they constructed better and better kinds of huts as time went on.

And since they were of an imitative and teachable nature, they would daily point out to each other the results of their building, boasting of the novelties in it; and thus, with their natural gifts sharpened by emulation, their standards improved daily. At first they set up forked stakes connected by twigs and covered these walls with mud. Others made walls of lumps of dried mud, covering them with reeds and leaves to keep out the rain and the heat. Finding that such roofs could not stand the rain during the storms of winter, they built them with peaks daubed with mud, the roofs sloping and projecting so as to carry off the rain water.

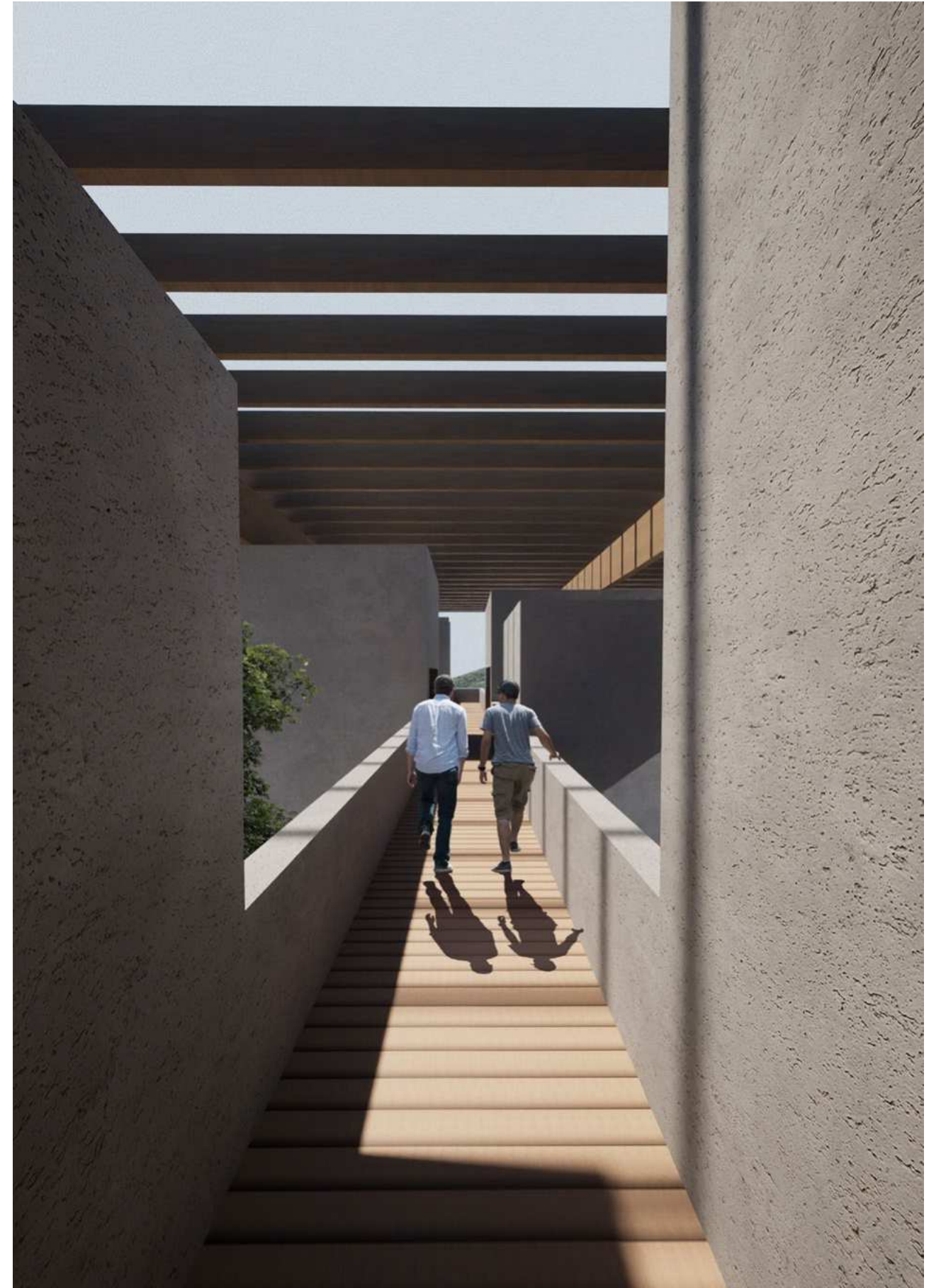
30 31





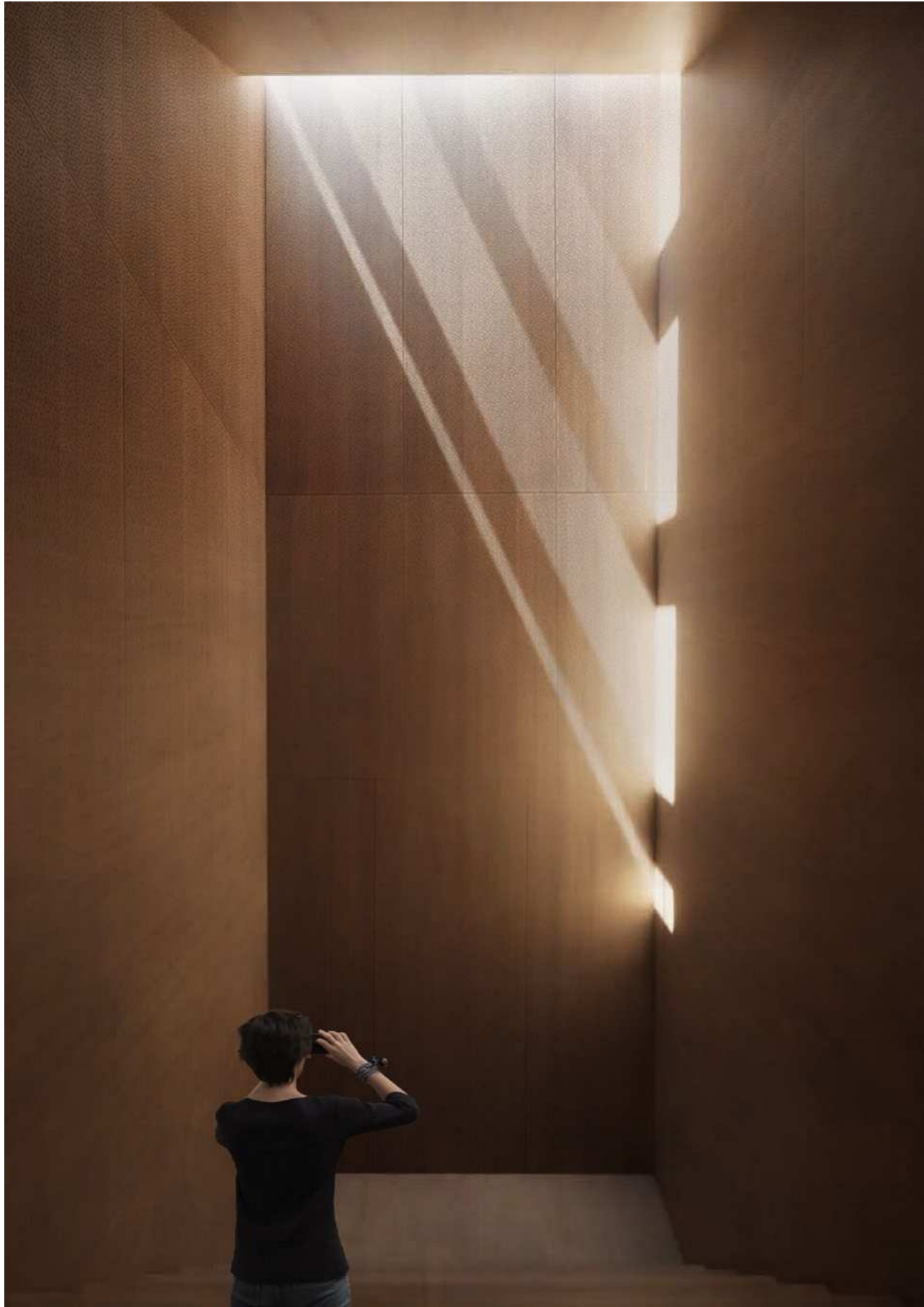


34 35



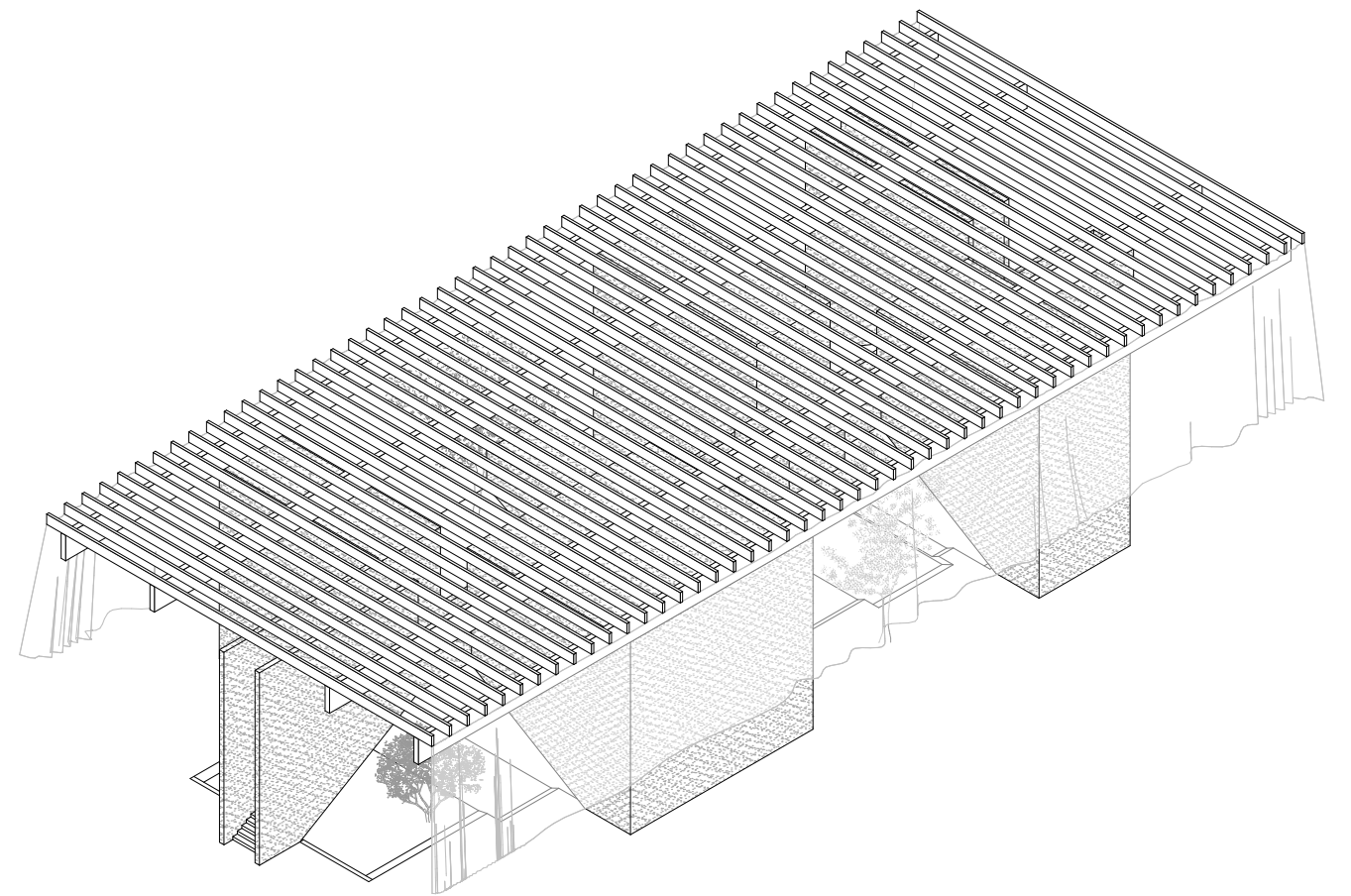
Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas

Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas



Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas

36 37



Mariia Nakonechnaia / Juan Heli Pereyra Salinas

The first sign of human settlement and rest after the hunt, the battle, and wandering in the desert is today, as when the first men lost paradise, the setting up of the fireplace and the lighting of the reviving, warming and food-preparing flame.

Throughout all phases of society the hearth formed that sacred focus around which the whole took order and shape. It is the first and most important, the moral element of architecture. Around it were grouped the three other elements: the roof, the enclosure and the mound, **the protecting negations or defenders of the hearth's flame against the three hostile elements of nature.** According to how different human societies developed under the varied influences of climate, natural surroundings, social relations, and different racial dispositions, the combinations in which the four elements of architecture were arranged also had to change, with some elements becoming more developed while others receded into the background. At the same time the different technical skills of man became organized according to these elements: ceramics and afterward metal works around the hearth, water and masonry works around the mound, carpentry around the roof and its accessories.

But what primitive technique evolved from the enclosure? None other than the art of the wall fitter (Wandbereiter), that is, the weaver of mats and carpets. This statement may appear strange and requires an explanation.

And now, I said, let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or unenlightened: **Behold! human beings living in a underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den;** here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you

38 39



The Washing Machine

Across my house, there is a room

a realm

a limit that withstands my **senses** and contracts my fears to the edge.

No thought meets with me when I am in search of the entrance but only of being overwhelmed. If I speak to the crowd, there shall be more than one soul that identifies this room in their own homes and to whatever they call **home**. If I try to open the room, pain takes control of my eyes and shuts them before I enter, when I faint away and forget for a second the presence of the room, there is nothing but a glance of happiness and ease.

Damn, you **room**.

Hiding within my walls, keeping the keys inside, as my willingness to go grab them and melt them so no other soul has to describe unnecessary suffering and sorrow.

A pause can be reached, sometimes by mistake, when I catch a glance of the ceiling across my view, it may be misunderstood, but when I look up the rotten windows of my room, all I can worry about, as the first time I crossed the **threshold** of a church, the first time I cried on an afternoon or the time I was placed in this coffin.

Just a **relief**.



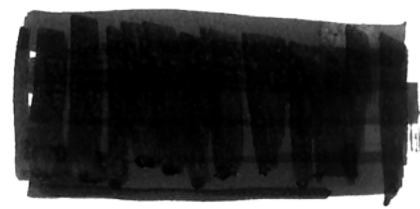
Jose Gabriel Suarez

Sara Raffaglio / Jose Gabriel Suarez



40 41

Sara Raffaglio / Jose Gabriel Suarez



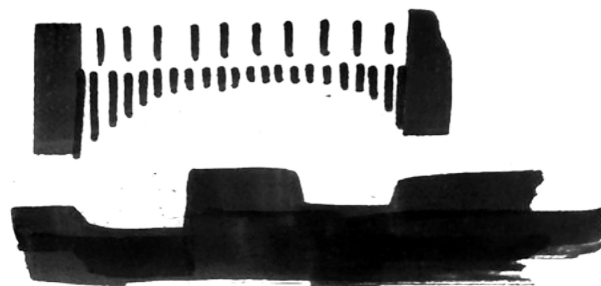
space



excavating



discovery



light



void

look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.

I see. / And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood and stone and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent.

You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners. / Like ourselves, I replied; and **they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?**

True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads? And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows? / Yes, he said. / And if they were able to converse with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them? / Very true.

42 43 And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy when one of the passers-by spoke that the voice which they heard came from the passing shadow? / No question, he replied.

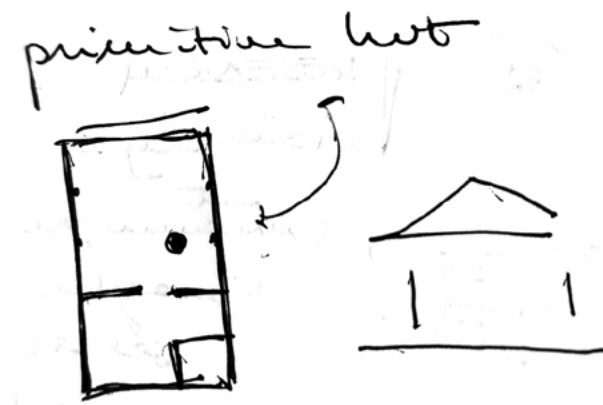
To them, I said, the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images. / That is certain.

We ask now the question of truth in view of the work. But in order that we become more familiar with what stands in question, it is necessary to make visible anew the happening of truth in the work. For this attempt, we choose on purpose a work that would not be counted as representational art.

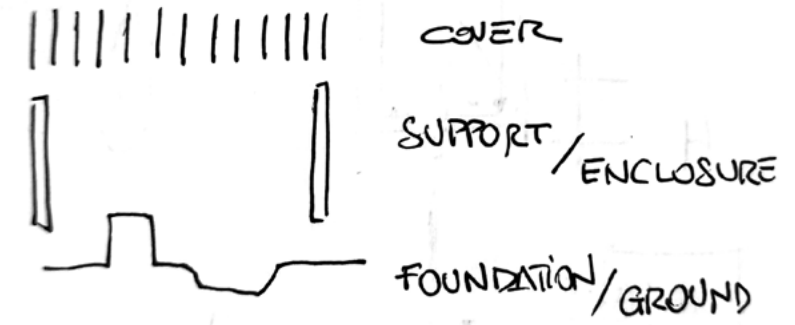
A building, a Greek temple, portrays nothing. It simply stands there in the middle of the cleft and rocky valley. The building encloses the Gestalt of the god and lets it stand out in this shelter through the open colonnade of the holy precinct. Through the temple, the god west in the temple. This presence of the god is in itself the stretching out and delimitation of the precinct as holy. The temple and its precinct, however, do not hover suspended in the indeterminate. The temple-work first joins and at once gathers around itself the unity of the paths and



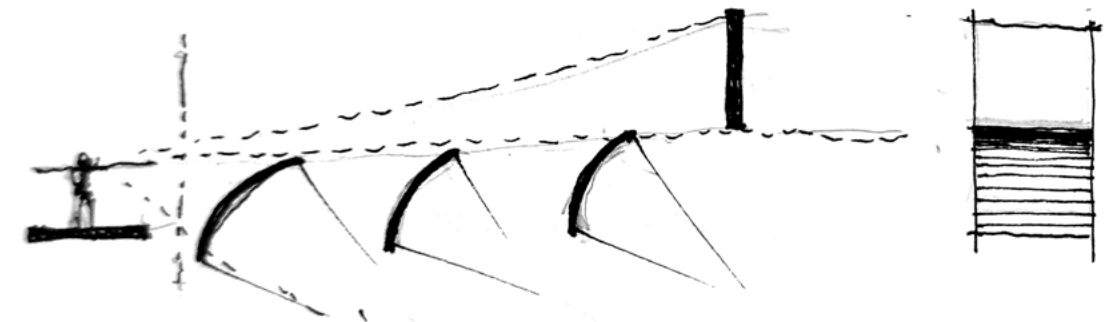
44 45



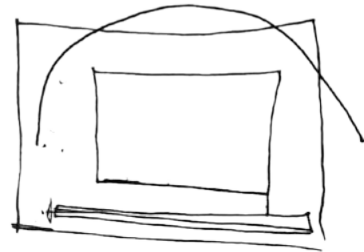
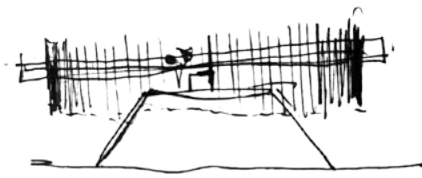
enclosure



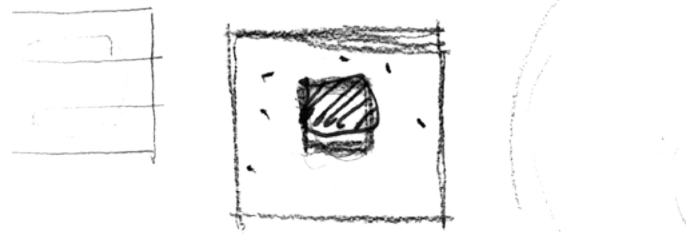
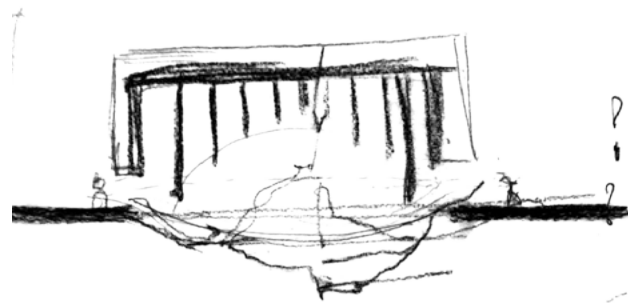
basic elements



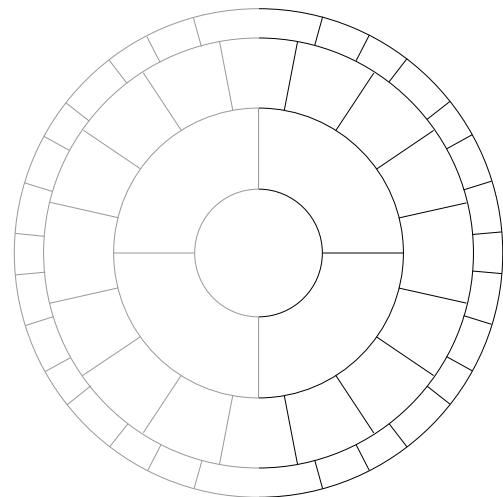
experience



perception



sculpting



illusion

46 47



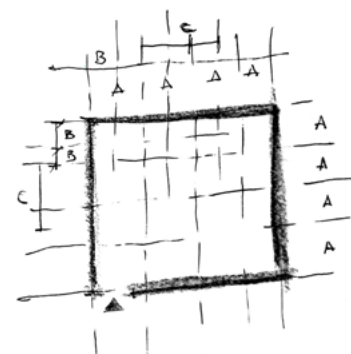
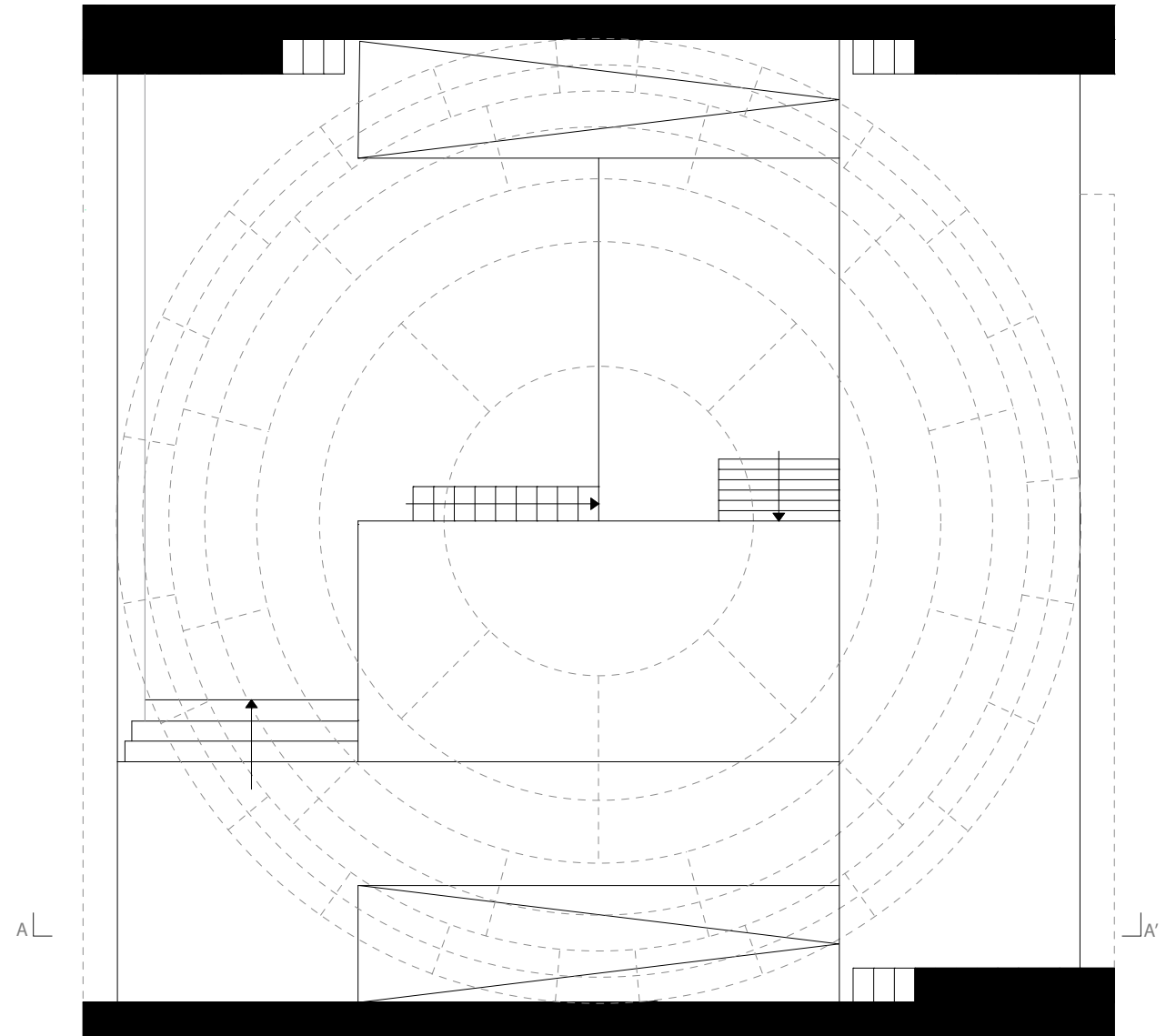
relations in which birth and death, doom and blessing, victory and disgrace, endurance and decay win for mankind the Gestalt of its destiny ...

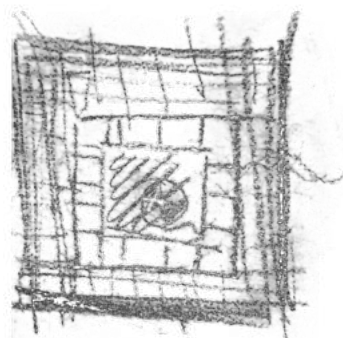
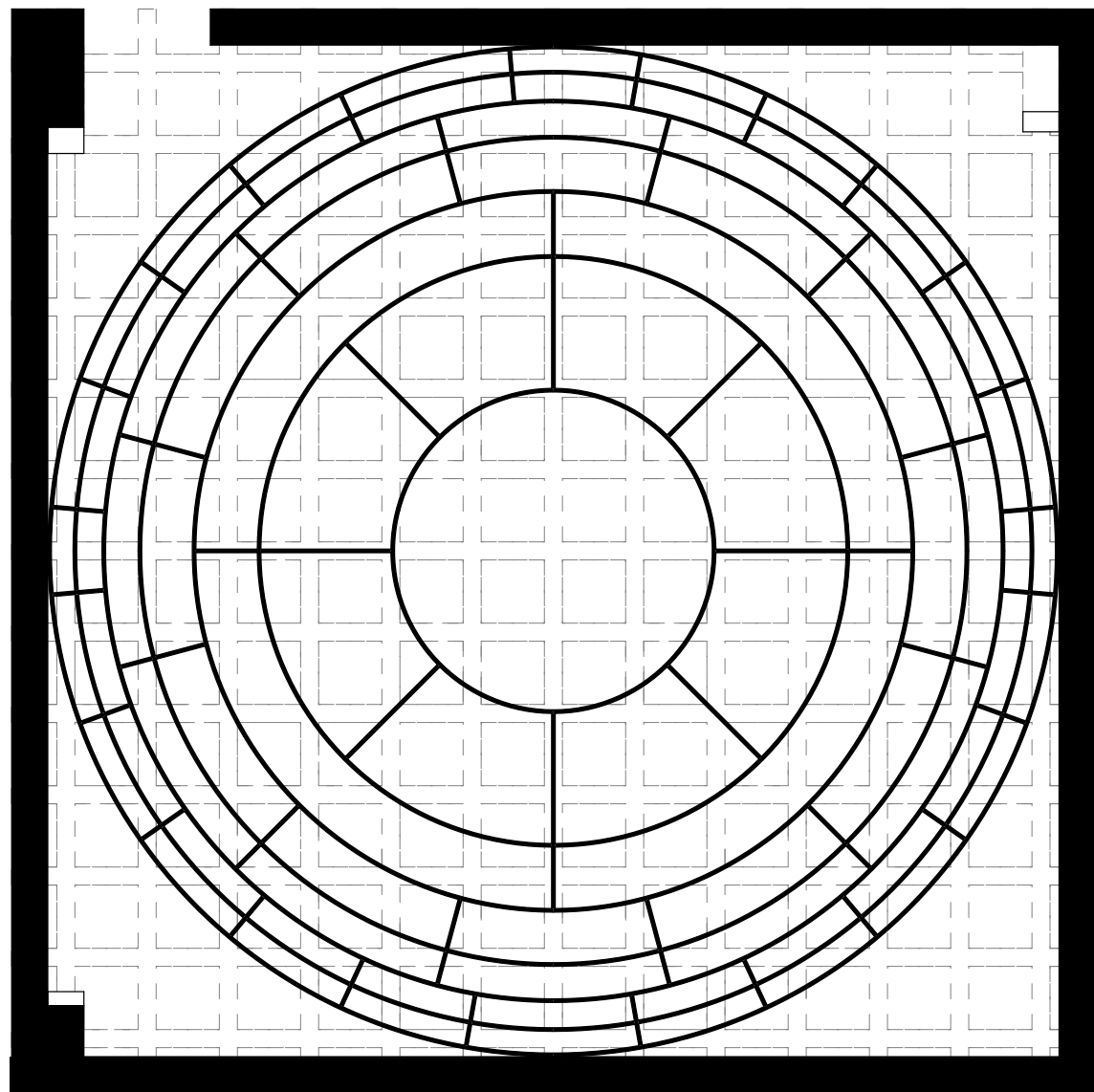
Standing there, the building rests upon the rocky ground. In this resting-upon, the work takes from out of the rock the darkness of its support, unwieldy and yet forced-to nothing. Standing there the building holds its stand against the storm raging away above it, and so first shows the storm itself in its violence. The radiance and glow of the stone, themselves shining only by grace of the sun, first bring the light of day, the expanse of the sky, and the darkness of night, to appear in relief. The secure towering-up of the temple makes visible the invisible space of air. The unshaken work stands against the rolling sea, and in resting lets appear the surge of the tide. Tree and grass, eagle and bull, snake and cricket first enter into their contrasting Gestalt and so come into relief as what they are. This coming-out and arising itself and in its totality, the Greeks called φύσις. Φύσις clears at once all that upon which and in which man grounds his dwelling. We name this ground the earth. What this word here says is to be kept away from the representation of a piled up mass of stuff, as well as from the purely astronomical representation of a planet. The earth is that wherein φύσις, the arising (das Aufgehen), shelters-back (zurückbirgt) all that arises (das Aufgehende), indeed as what arises. In what arises, the earth west as what shelters (das Bergende).

Standing there the temple-work opens up a world and sets it at once back on earth, who thereby herself first comes out as the homely ground. But never are men and animals, plants and things, at-hand-before-us and familiar as unalterable objects, in order then incidentally to present the fitting environment for the temple, which also some day arrives among what is present. We come closer to what the temple is, if we think all this the other way around, supposing of course, that we have beforehand the eye for how all turns to us differently. Mere inversion, executed for its own sake, yields nothing.

In its standing there, the temple first gives to things their visage, and first gives to men their vision of themselves. This sight remains open as long as the work is a work, as long as the god does not flee out of it. So it stands also with the image of the god, that the victor at the contests dedicated to the god. It is no copyimage, with

48 49

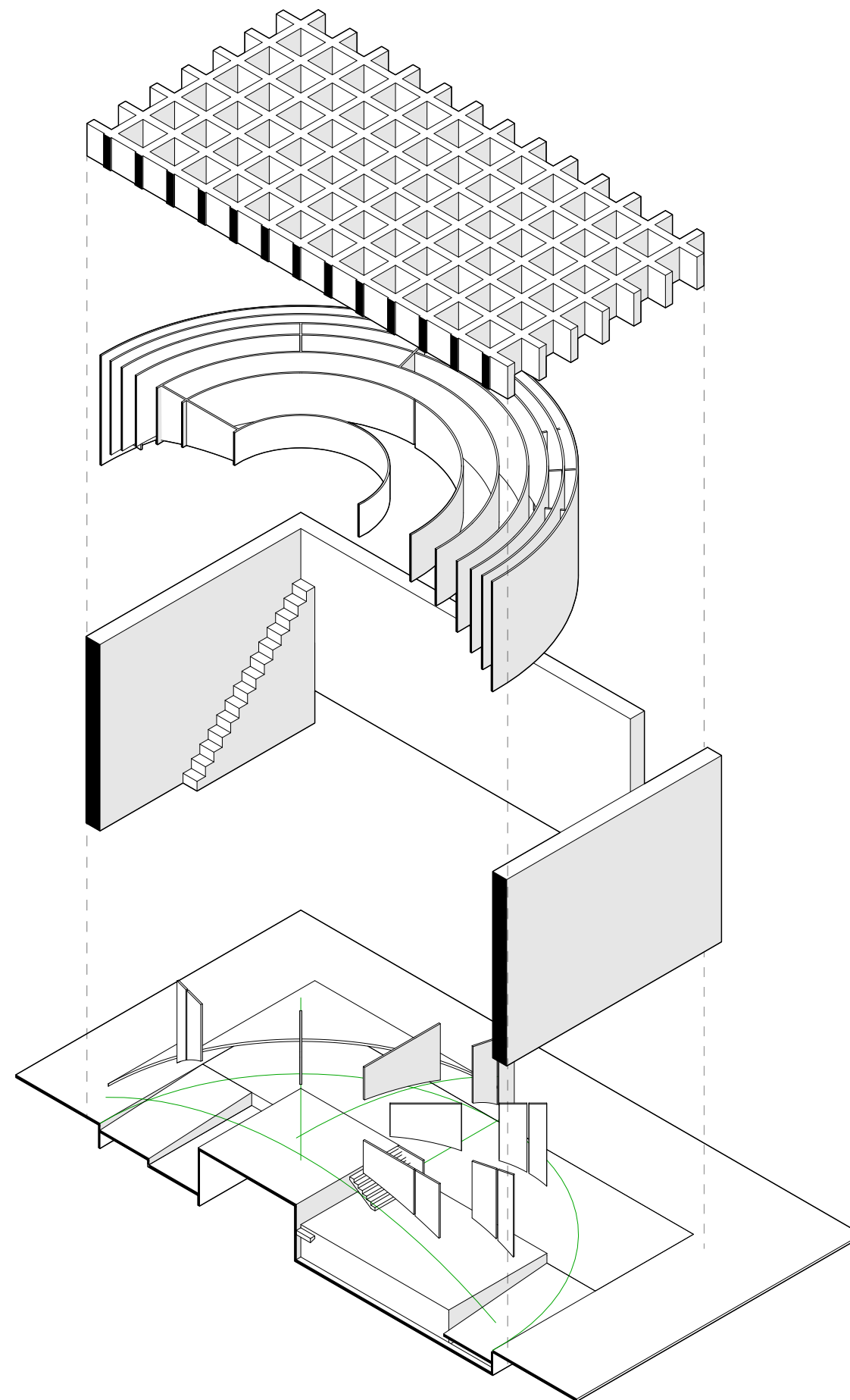




Sara Raffaglio / Jose Gabriel Suarez

0 1

50 51



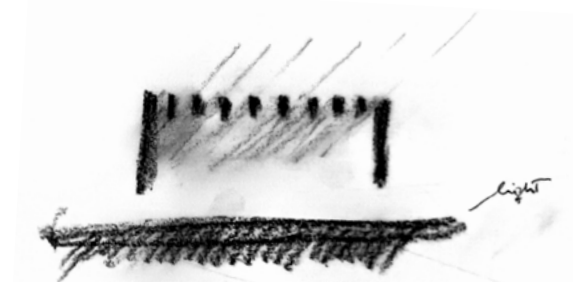
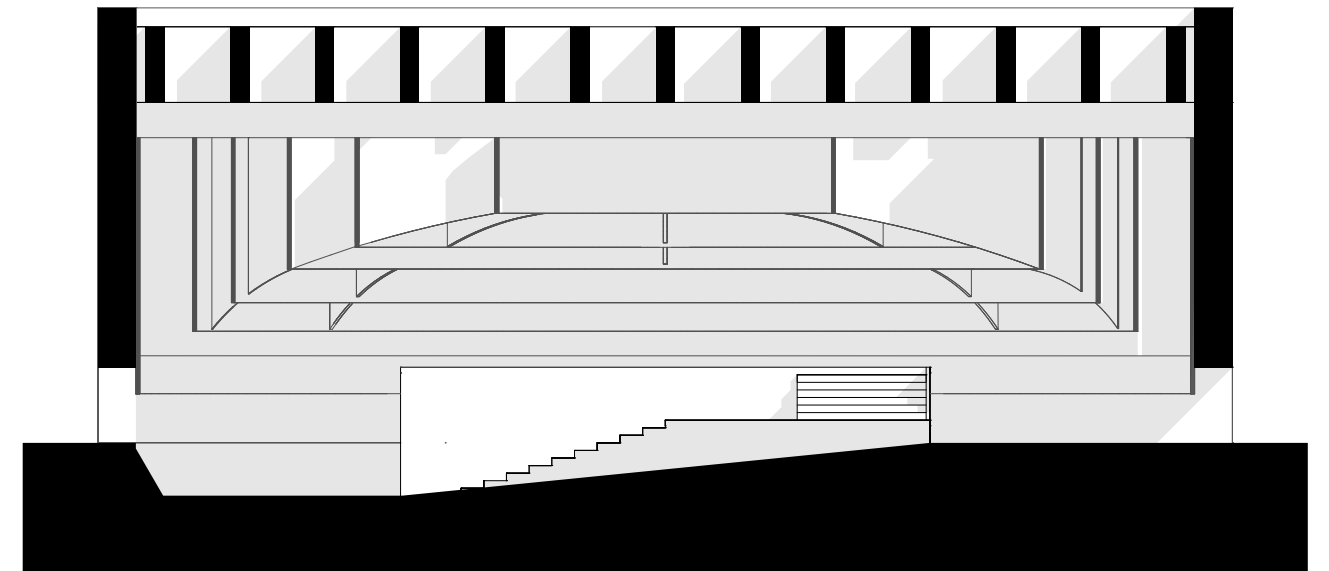
Sara Raffaglio / Jose Gabriel Suarez

which one more easily takes cognizance of the way the god looks, but it is a work that lets the god himself be present and so is the god himself. The same holds of the spoken work. In tragedy, nothing is mounted or produced, but the fight is fought between the new gods and the old. In that the spoken work arises in the saying of the people, it does not talk about this fight, but rather transforms the saying of the people, so that every essential word now leads the fight and puts up for decision what is holy and what unholy, what is great and what small, what is brave and what cowardly, what is noble and what fleeting, and what is master and what servant.

It was a voyage into the light. The earth became illuminated by her own inner light. At Mycenae I walked over the incandescent dead; at Epidaurus I felt a stillness so intense that for a fraction of a second I heard the great heart of the world beat and I understood the meaning of pain and sorrow; at Tiryns I stood in the shadow of the Cyclopean man and felt the blaze of that inner eye which has now become a sickly gland; at Argos the whole plain was a fiery mist in which I saw the ghosts of our own American Indians and greeted them in silence. I moved about in a detached way, my feet flooded with the earthly glow... In each place I open a new vein of experience, a miner digging deeper into the earth, approaching the heart of the star which is not yet extinguished. The light is no longer solar or lunar; it is the starry light of the planet to which man has given life. The earth is alive to its innermost depths; at the center it is a sun in the form of a man crucified. The sun bleeds on its cross in the hidden depths. The sun is man struggling to emerge towards another light. From light to light, from calvary to calvary. The earth song...

If Epidaurus spells peace Mycenae, which is outwardly as calm and hushed, awakens wholly different thoughts and emotions. At Tiryns the day before I was introduced to the Cyclopean world. We entered the ruins of the once impregnable citadel through a womb-like aperture made, if not by supermen, certainly by giants. The walls of the womb were as smooth as alabaster; they had been polished by thick coats of fleece, for here during the long period of night which settled over this region the shepherds brought their flocks for shelter. Tiryns is prehistoric in

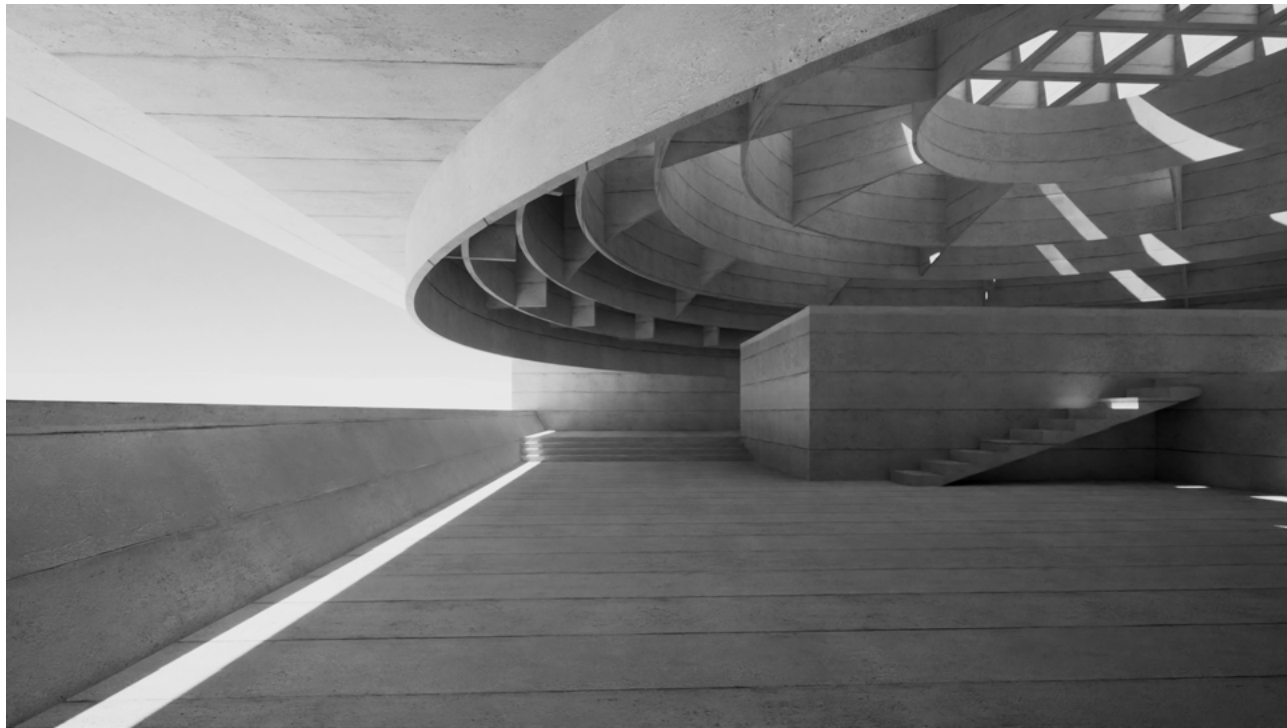
52 53



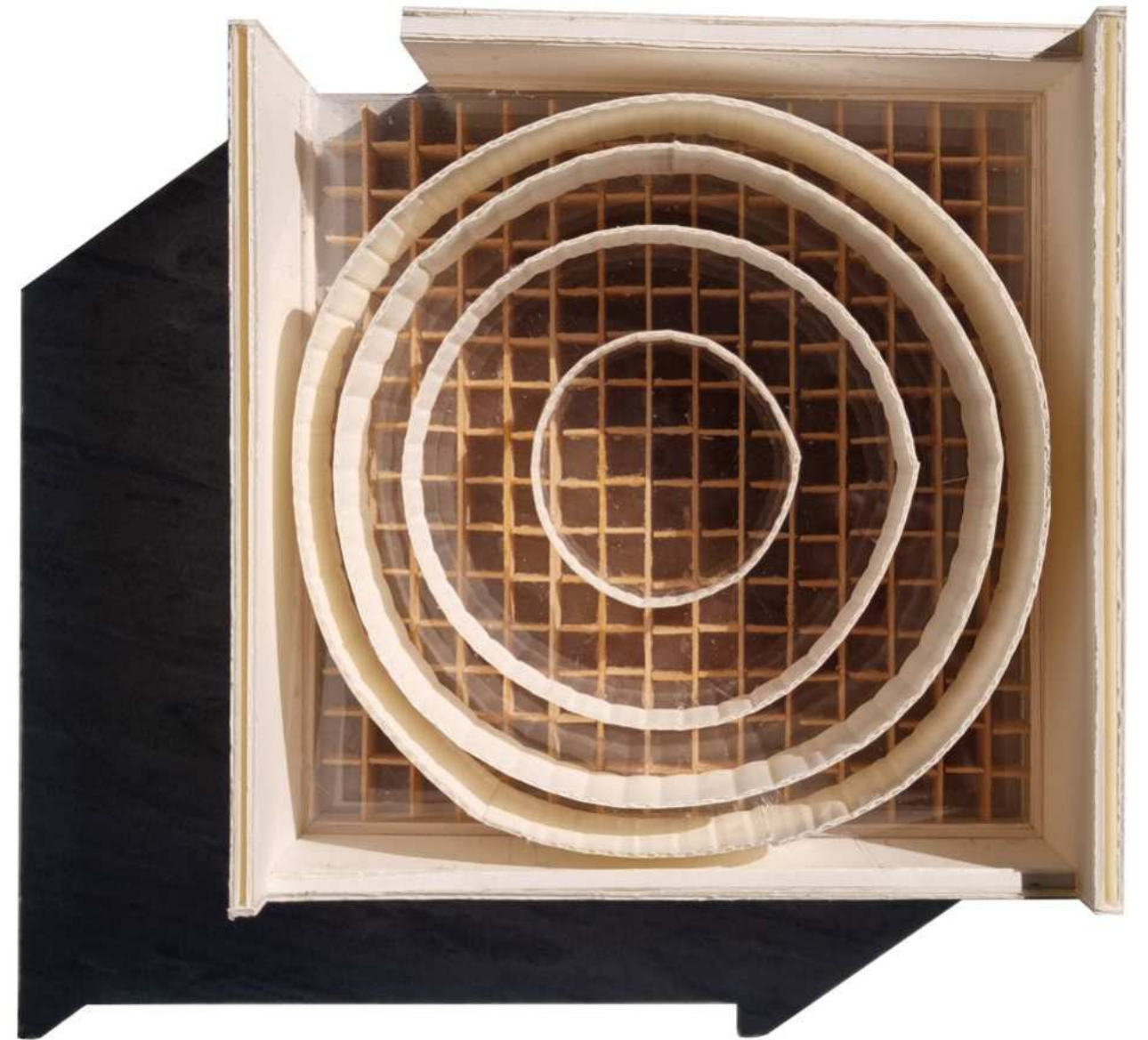
People met, meet there.
It's shaded.
You present a quality, architectural, no purpose.
Just a recognition of something which you can't define, but must be built...
But that's a definite architectural quality.
It has the same quality as all religious places...
It's terrific.
It's the beginning of architecture.

54 55





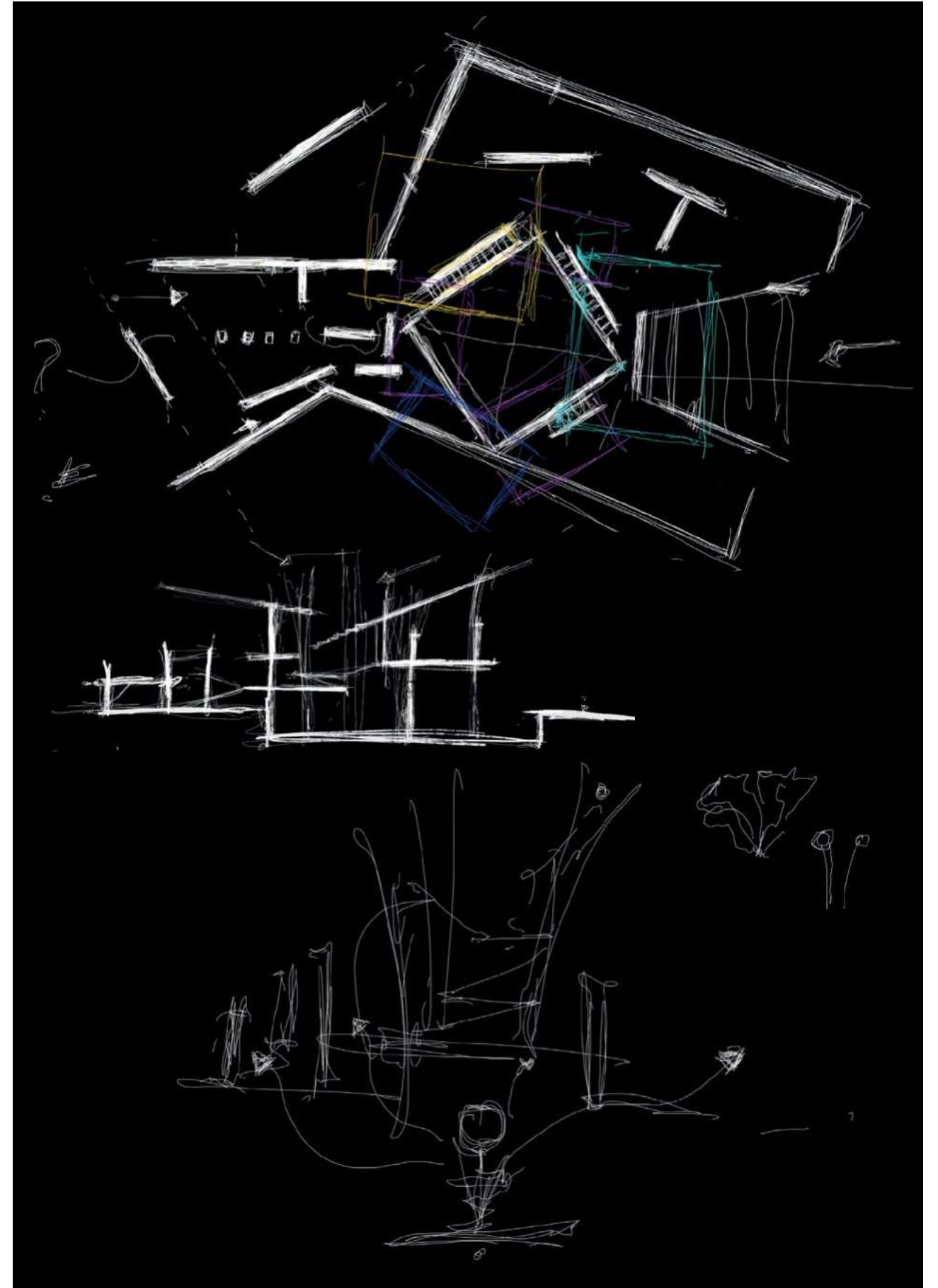
Sara Raffaglio / Jose Gabriel Suarez

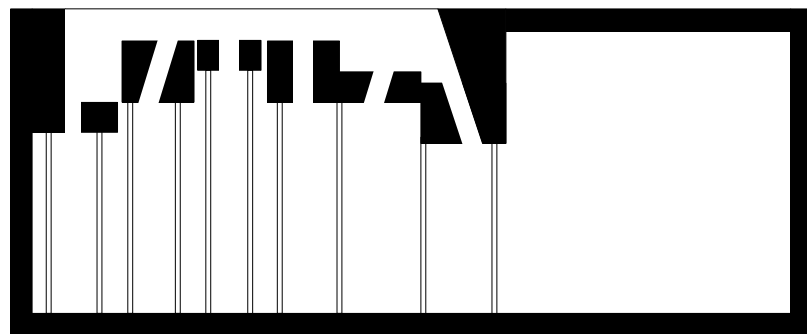


Sara Raffaglio / Jose Gabriel Suarez

The project begins with the idea of using a strong geometry to define the space so that its users can have a unique experience while going through it. It revolves around a squared core that is located underground while at the ground floor, this core is surrounded by walls that create a sort of labyrinth that gives a sense of loss to those who enter the space. In contrast to this, the users can have a clear view of the main elements of the project when they are outside, especially of the three “boxes” that rise from the core. In fact, the core’s walls rise in order to support the stairs that lead the users to the enclosed spaces comprised of said “boxes”, each of them having different heights and each with a special roof that plays with light in order to give a different feeling to those inside. Due to the peculiar way in which walls and pillars are located around this core, people can access the project from every direction, so that the building can be connected with whatever project is located next to it.

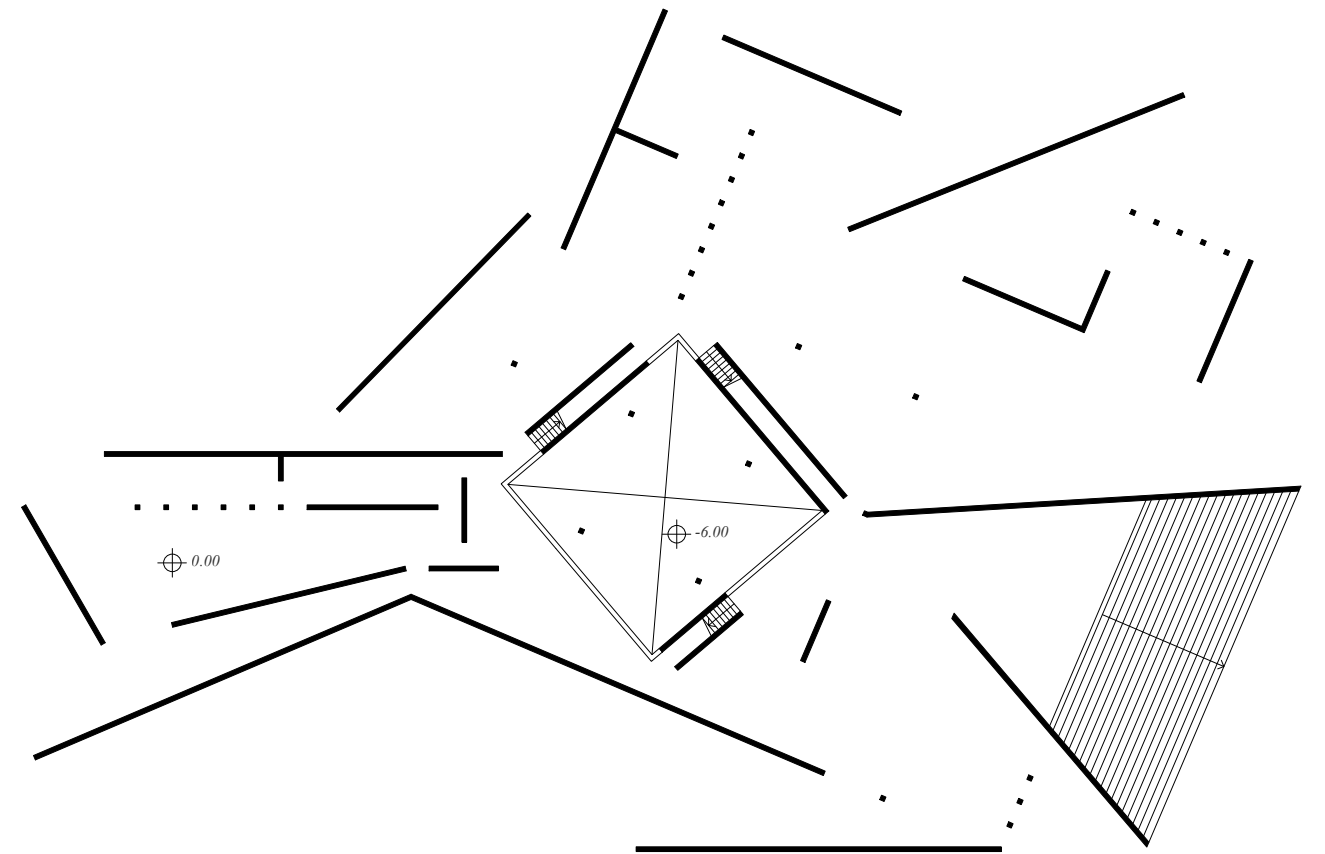
58 59





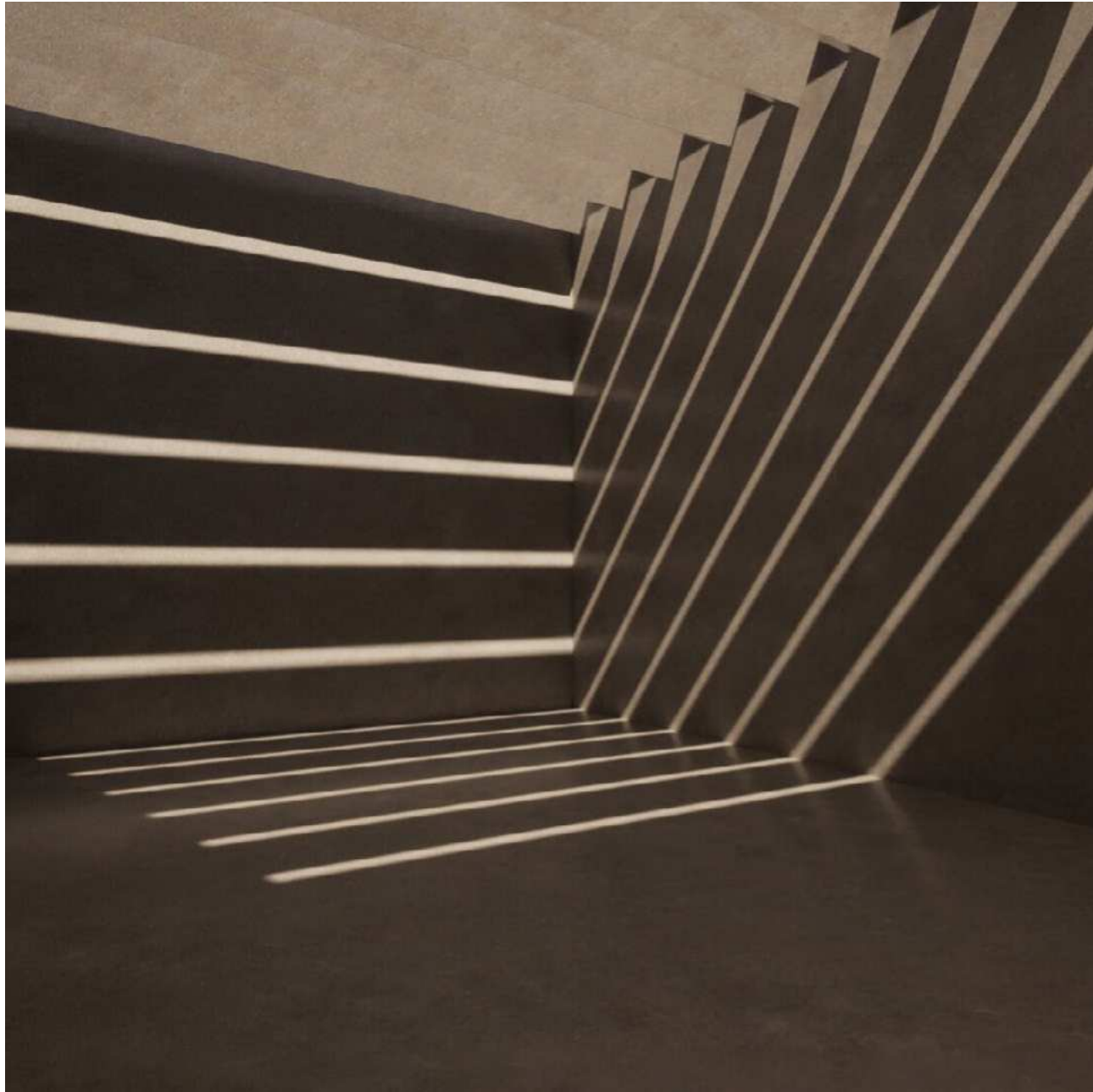
Ground floor

60 61



0 2 5 10 25 50 mt



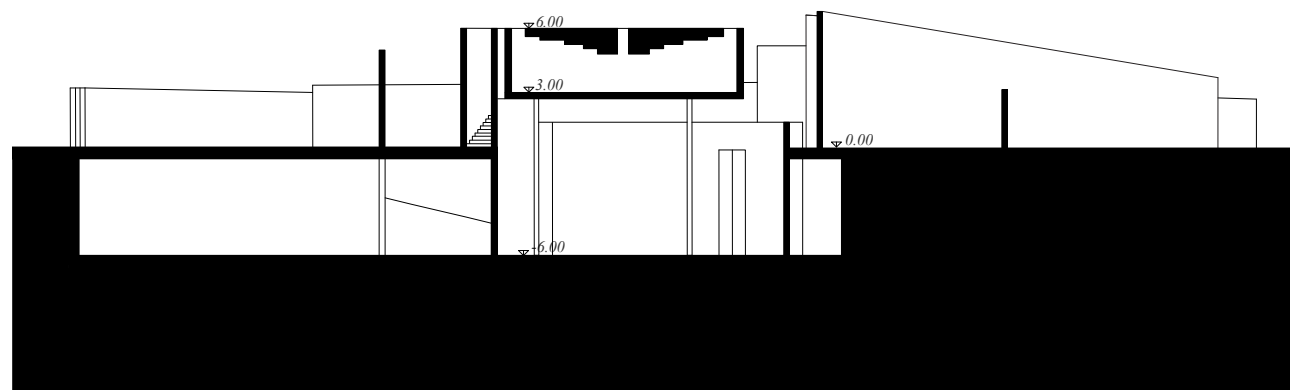


Gaia Ghidoni / Mario Francisco Pantoja Rosero



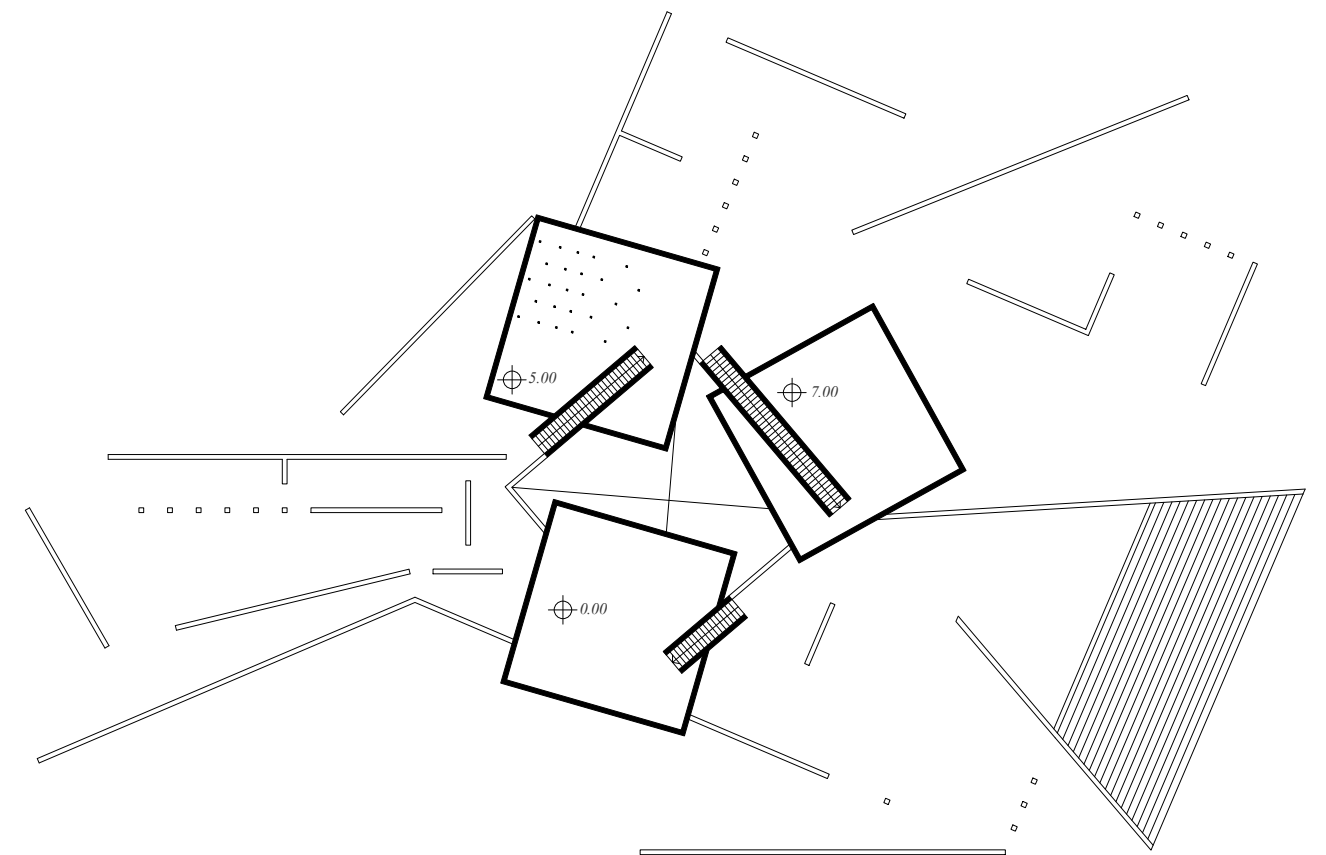
Gaia Ghidoni / Mario Francisco Pantoja Rosero

Section AA'

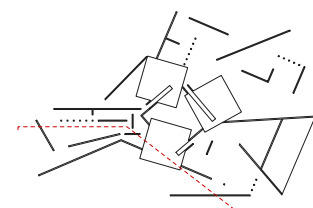


Upper floors

66 67



0 2 5 10 25 50 mt



character. Little remains of this once formidable pioneer settlement save a few colossal ramparts...

Mycenae, which follows Tiryns in point of time, is quite another scene. The stillness of it to-day resembles the exhaustion of a cruel and intelligent monster which has been bled to death. Mycenae, and again I give only my impressions and intuitions, seems to have experienced a vast cycle of development and degeneration. It seems to stand outside time, in any historical sense. In some mysterious fashion the same Aegean race which brought the seeds of culture from Crete to Tiryns here evolved to a godlike grandeur, threw out a quick spawn of heroes, Titans, demi-gods, and then, as if exhausted and dazzled by the unprecedented and divine-like flowering, relapsed into a dark and bloody intestinal conflict which lasted for centuries, ending at a point so far back as to appear mythological to their successors.

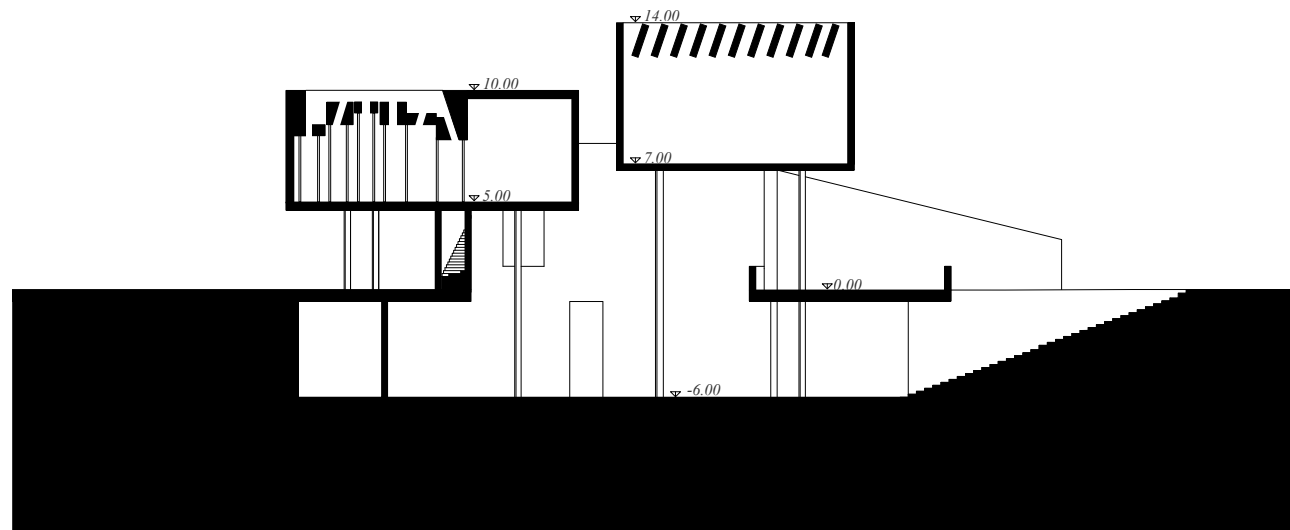
At Mycenae the gods once walked the earth, of that there can be no question. And at Mycenae the progeny of these same gods produced a type of man who was artistic to the core and at the same time monstrous in his passions. The architecture was Cyclopean, the ornaments of a delicacy and grace unrivalled in any period of art. Gold was abundant and used unstintingly. Everything about the place is contradictory. It is one of the navels of the human spirit, the place of attachment to the past and of complete severance too. It wears an impenetrable air: it is grim, lovely, seductive and repellent. What happened here is beyond all conjecture. The historians and the archaeologists have woven a slim and altogether unsatisfying fabric to cover the mystery. They piece together fragmentary items which are linked in the customary manner to suit their necessitous logic. Nobody has yet penetrated the secret of this hoary scene. It defies the feeble processes of the intellectual mind. We must await the return of the gods, the restoration of faculties which now lie dormant ...

But Mycenae, like Tiryns, is peopled with the ghosts of antediluvial men, Cyclopean monsters washed up from the sunken ridges of Atlantis.

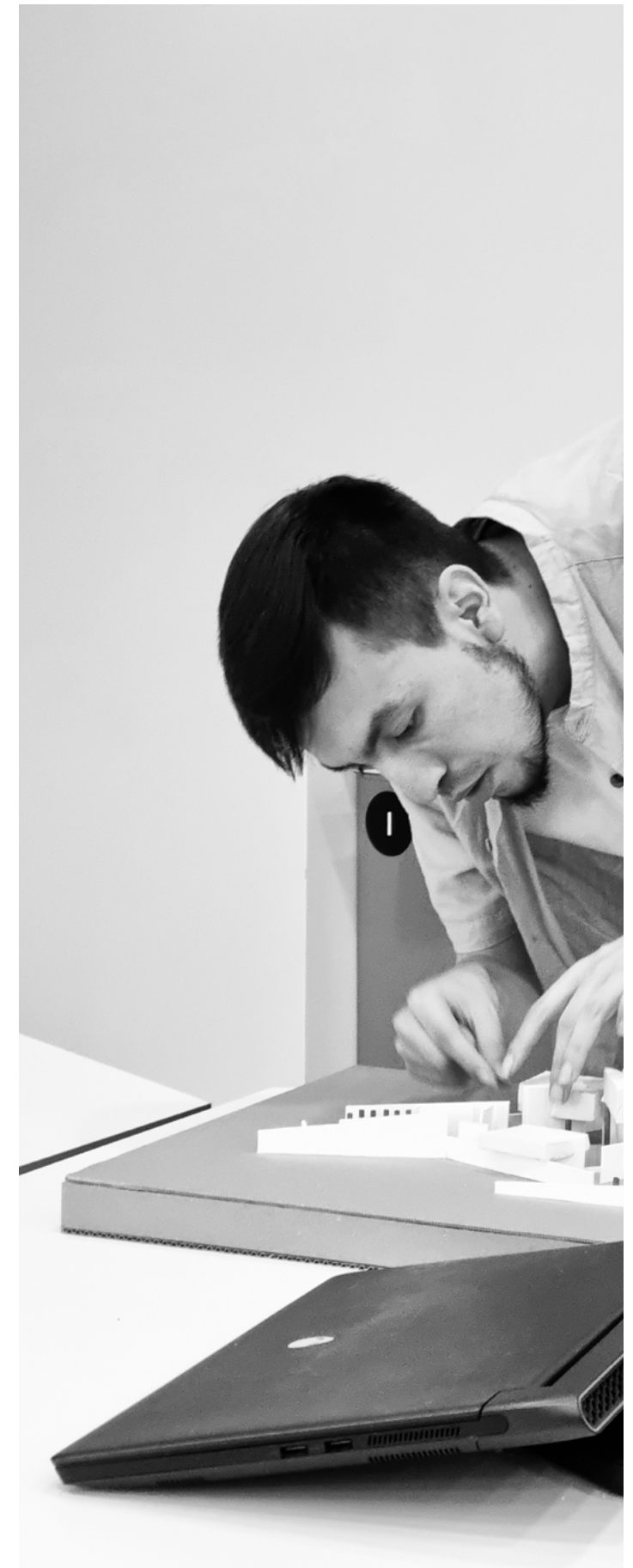
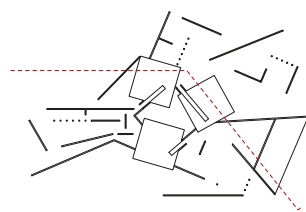
68 69



Section BB'



70 71

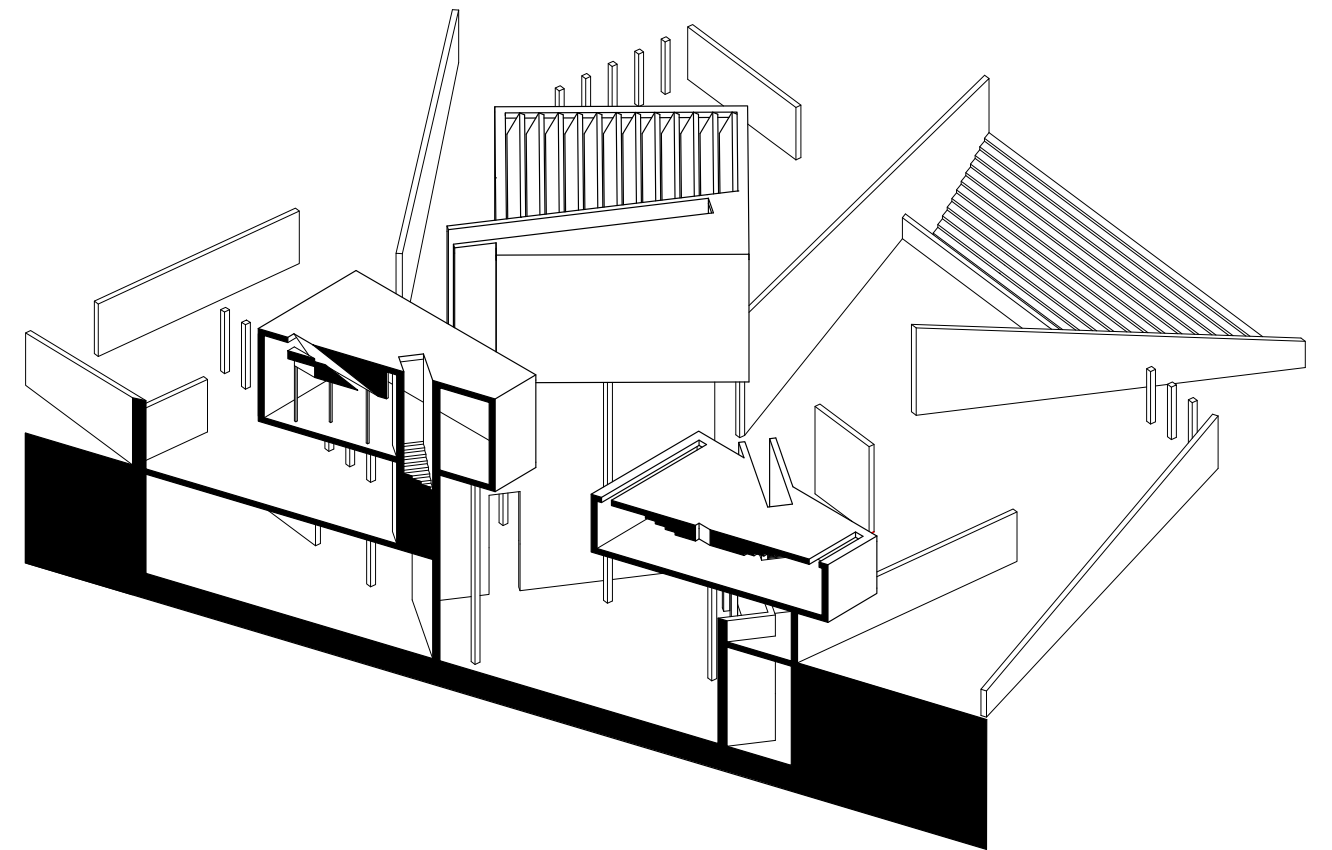




Gaia Ghidoni / Mario Francisco Pantoja Rosero

Sectioned Axonometry

72 73



Gaia Ghidoni / Mario Francisco Pantoja Rosero

Mycenae was first heavy-footed, slow, sluggish, ponderous, thought embodied in dinosaurian frames, war reared in anthropophagous luxury, reptilian, ataraxic, stunning and stunned. Mycenae swung full circle, from limbo to limbo. The monsters devoured one another, like crocodiles. The rhinoceros man gored the hippopotamic- man. The walls fell on them, crushed them, flattened them into the primeval ooze. A brief night. Lurid lightning flashes, thunder cannonading between the fierce shoulders of the hills. The eagles fly out, the plain is scavengered, the grass shoots forth... The eagles, the hawks, the snot-knobbed vultures, gray with greed like the parched and barren mountain-sides. The air is alive with winged scavengers. Silence — century upon century of silence, during which the earth puts on a coat of soft green. A mysterious race out of nowhere swoops down upon the country of Argolis. Mysterious only because men have forgotten the sight of the gods...

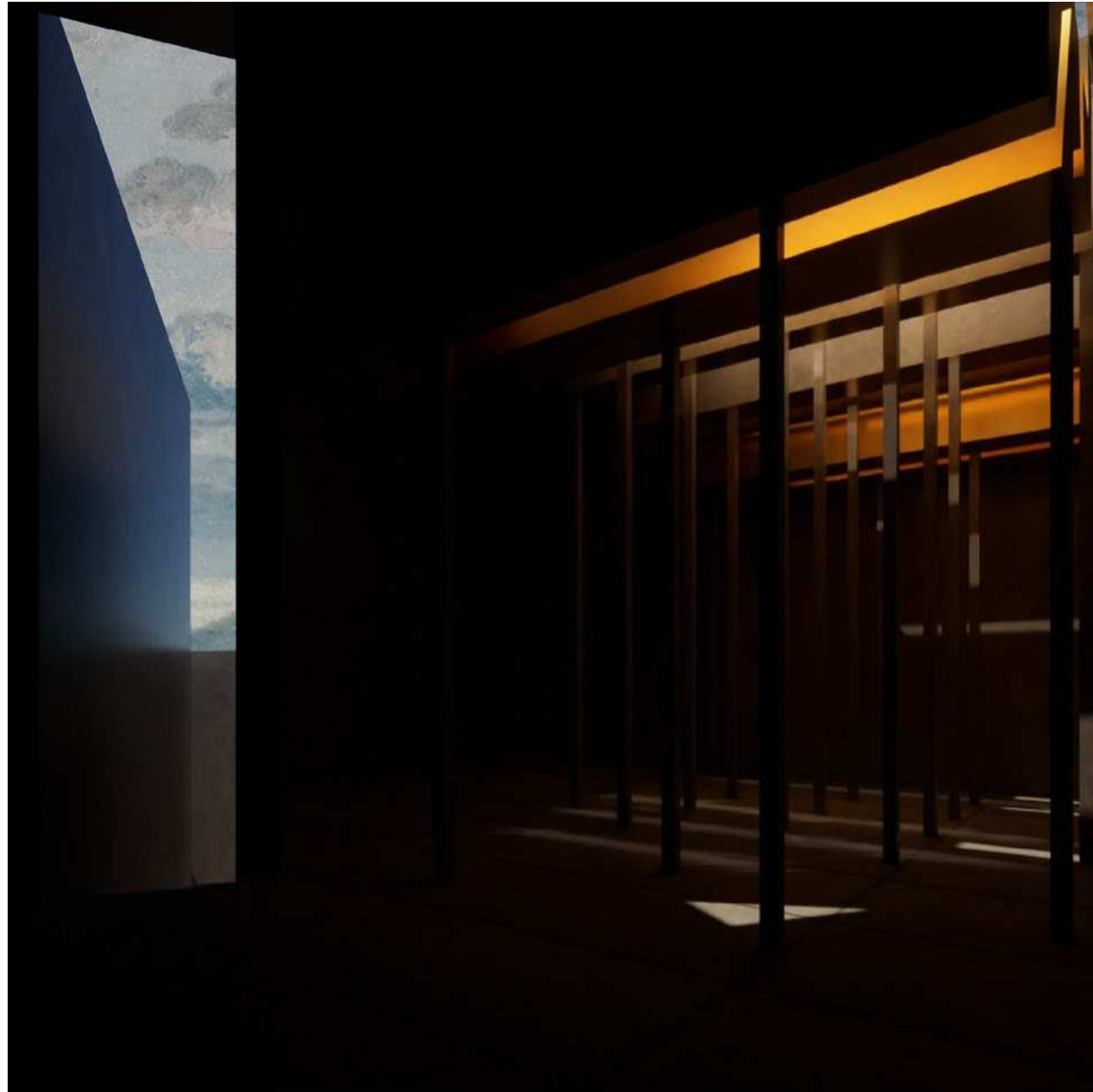
Only Agamemnon is there... he spills out in the open, floods the fields, lifts the sky little higher.

Yet it was in **the desert, the true wilderness** that Wright was ultimately to achieve **the freedom in planning**: freedom from the axial symmetry, from right angles, from centralized spaces, which has persisted in the geometry of all his earlier work, even when the functional relations and human use of spaces were at variance with the formal plans...

Ocatillo Camp, named after the desert flame-flower, deserves to be recognized as one of the classic personal statements of 20th century architecture, ranking with the Glasgow art school, the Barcelona Pavilion, or Notre Dame du Haut at Ronchamp. But it has also about it the air of freshness and new invention usually associated with the beginning of an architect's career; and as far as Wright is concerned, I think it was, in fact, the second beginning – even though the Depression nearly made it a false start...

74 75





The desert seems, again, to have caught him in a receptive mood and inspired him to enthusiasm. It also inspired in him the first full-blown **organic analogies drawn from Nature**, the sort of thing that became his commonplaces later but are hard to find in his earlier writing. Not only were the structures “to grow up out of the desert by way of desert materials,” but he also proposes the forms of the mountains behind San Marcos as the source for the asymmetrical pitch of the gables, and the growth habit and surface ridges of the *sahuaro* cactus as the model for a whole new architecture. And it was the desert that in some way made it impossible for the new architecture to be symmetrical: **“Out here in the great spaces obvious symmetry claims too much, I find, wearies the eye too soon and stultifies the imagination.** Obvious symmetry usually closes the episode before it begins. So for me I felt there could be no obvious symmetry in any building in this great desert, none especially in this new camp.”

⁷⁶ ⁷⁷ ... Wright came to understand other things, too, at Ocatillo. The buildings round the perimeter were little more than stiff tents or boards and canvas, very flimsy by district surveyor standards, but adequate to the environmental needs of a desert community – more than adequate, indeed, for their management of diffused light went far beyond the simple service of environmental need. Wright, however, was most impressed by their structural lightness: **“I believe that we pay too slight attention to making slight buildings beautiful or beautiful buildings slight.** Lightness and strength may now be synonymous. Usually we spend so much too much to make buildings “last” as we say. **Unqualified to build, we are still making caves for cavedweller survivors.”**

Under the bright light, I want a city all white, but the green cypresses must be there to punctuate it.

And the blue of the sea shall reflect the blue of the sky. Thus did we arrive by sea like in old times, to watch all these things unfold. It was not simply a detour but





80 81



also a bizarre idea that brought us bedbugs at Rodosto and thirteen hours of stormy seas in a very small boat.

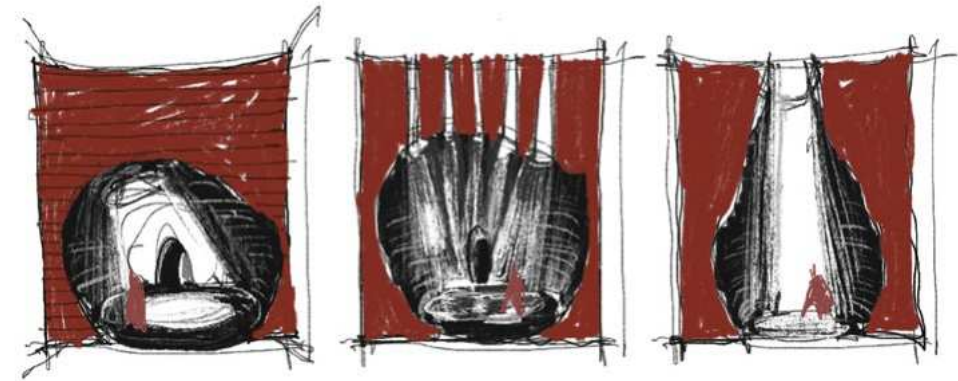
Just like the Russian pilgrims who the other day were watching for the first sight of the Holy Mountain; we were waiting expectantly on the upper deck when the Seven Towers appeared. Afterward came a number of small mosques, followed by large ones and then the ruins of Byzantine palaces; finally Hagia Sophia and the Seraglio appeared. We entered the Golden Horn between Pera, dominated by its Genoese Tower, and Stamboul, planted with minarets – each on a mountain facing the other. I was deeply moved, for I had come here to worship these things which I knew to be so beautiful.

The leaden sky drizzled, turning the sea gray. The Golden Horn was muddy, and its banks as unstable as a marsh. The mosques, dirty as an old wall, shaded wooden houses stacked among numerous trees. I didn't even see Scutari: it was behind us, and I forgot to look. Sailors and stevedores cried out, and from their rowboats dancing madly back and forth they climbed aboard our little ship. We were unloaded with the same disregard one might show for cattle and found ourselves bewildered in the very middle of a street swarming with a crowd of Greeks, Germans, and French, all that suspect blend of the Levantine.

There were omnibuses, and it was raining. It rained for four days, and a leprous gray stretched out over everything. For three weeks I waited for the weight on my heart to lighten. I had to work at it, and most of all I wanted to love this place. As for the imperially corrupt Byzantium, I don't think it can be brought back to life. Its spirit has departed from the few stones that remain. For three weeks I gave vent to my rancor against these things which had decked themselves out to show up at our every encounter – how shocking! Auguste too was hopping mad, and I came to ask myself in anguish whether I was not a fool for remaining so morose in the presence of Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari.

...

82 83

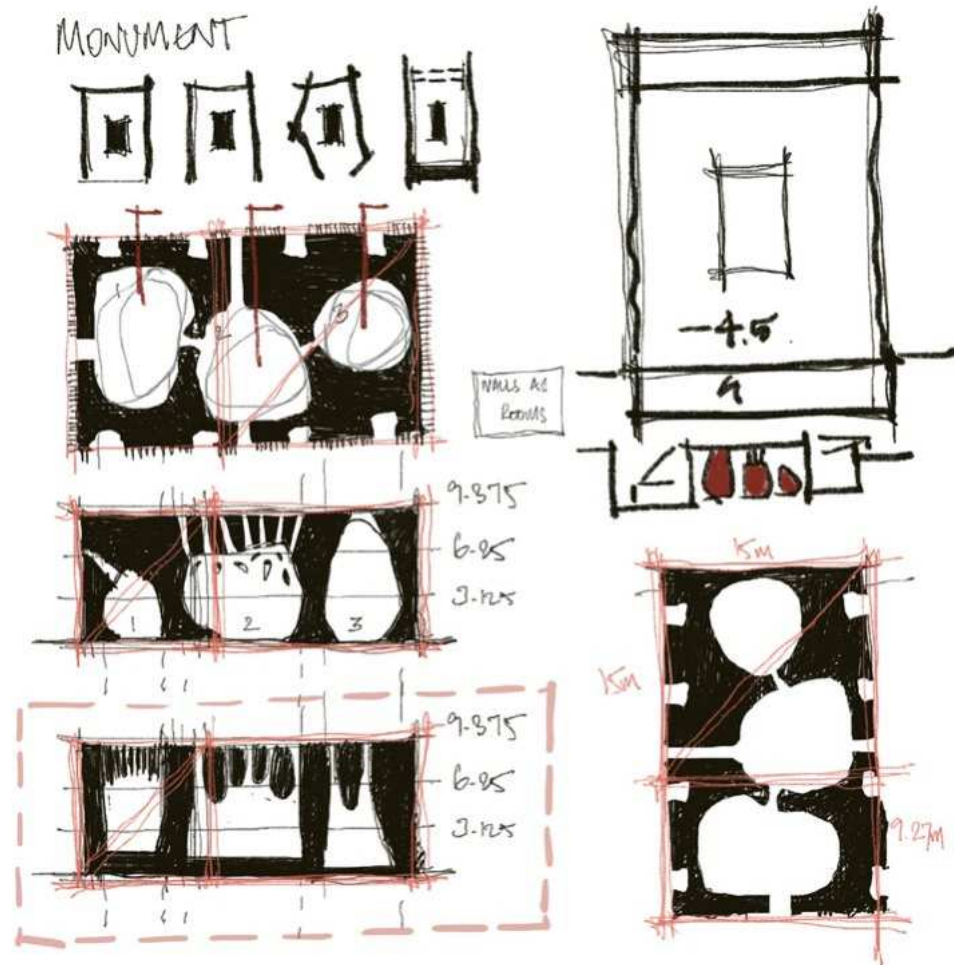


“ According to Ledoux’s own explanation, it symbolizes eternity, while the upward view towards the point where the light enters symbolizes the upward glance from the kingdom of the dead to the light of heaven.”

Hans Sedlmayr

Grotta

Athiba Balasubramanian / Diana Tortolato



"In the realm of monumental architecture, we must tread the fine line between imposing grandeur and approachable intimacy, ensuring that our designs invite contemplation and connection."

Renzo Piano

Monumento

Athiba Balasubramanian / Diana Tortolato



"By introducing the platform with its level at the same height as the jungle top, these people had suddenly obtained a new dimension of life, worthy of their devotion to the gods"

Jorn Utzon

Piazza Ribassata

Athiba Balasubramanian / Diana Tortolato

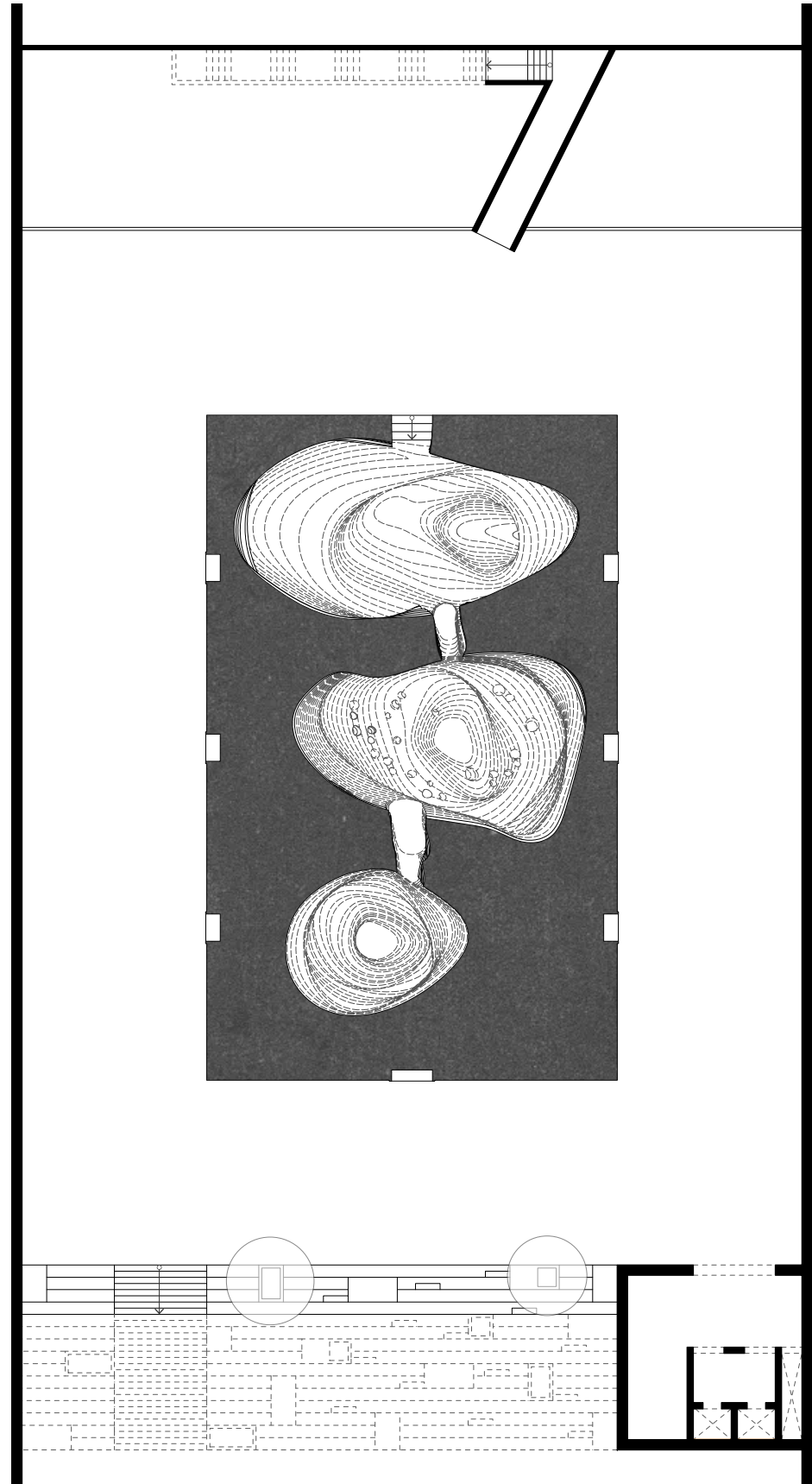
Stamboul is a closely knit agglomeration; **every mortal's dwelling is of wood, every dwelling of Allah is of stone.** I have already said that it hangs against the side of this great hill like a suspended carpet of violet wool blended with tints of emerald; the mosques on the crests are its prestigious fasteners. Here there are only two types of architecture: the big flattened roofs covered with worn tiles and the bulbs of the mosques with minarets shooting up. They are linked to each other by cemeteries.

When there is a fire in overcrowded Stamboul, it is terrible. Criers walk the streets at night, tapping on the hard stone pavement with heavy iron rods. That noise, in all its solemnity, is the same sound that parts the crowds beneath the vaults of Notre-Dame in Paris to make way for the holy prelates or for the sacred utensils at holy communion. Almost every night there is a fire. If the wind is blowing – or if some underhanded revenge is involved – Stamboul is consumed. It is atrocious, awesome. It is a gigantic candelabrum that we, Europeans, are watching with looks of terror. As for them, they let the flames spread, persuaded that these things are predetermined. Then in complicity with the night the Turkish soul resigns itself; the lights remain out and no one stays up to watch. There is a silence that only one who has heard it can imagine.

...

I shall give this entire account an other cast, for the earth is free of greenery and appears to be of baked clay. Black and gray stones will teeter-totter terrifyingly on immense reaches confined only by craggy rocks or restrained by the rugged mountain slopes. Their harsh forms, softened by neither sea nor time, will penetrate numerous inlets and erode their edges at the outermost bounds of vast red expanses, harsh and barren. Such is the spectacle at each step along the way from Eleusis to Athens. The everpresent sea, pale at noon, blazing at twilight, serves as a measure for the height of the mountains that obstructs the horizon. The compressed landscape thus no longer benefits from the infinite space that softened the imagery of Athos.

86 87



Ground Floor Plan
Scale 1:300

The Acropolis – this rock rises alone in the heart of an enclosed frame. Slightly to the left beyond Piraeus, where vapors rise from the sea, one senses that the open sea is just beyond and that flotillas enter there. Hymettus and Pentelicus, two very high mountain ranges, like two wide adjoining screens, are located behind us, orienting our sight in the opposite direction, toward the estuary of stone and sand, the Piraeus. The Acropolis, whose flat summit bears the temples, captivates our attention, like a pearl in its shell. One collects the shell only for its pearl. **The temples are the cause of this landscape.**

What light!

At noon I saw the mountains shimmering just like hot air over a basin of molten lead.

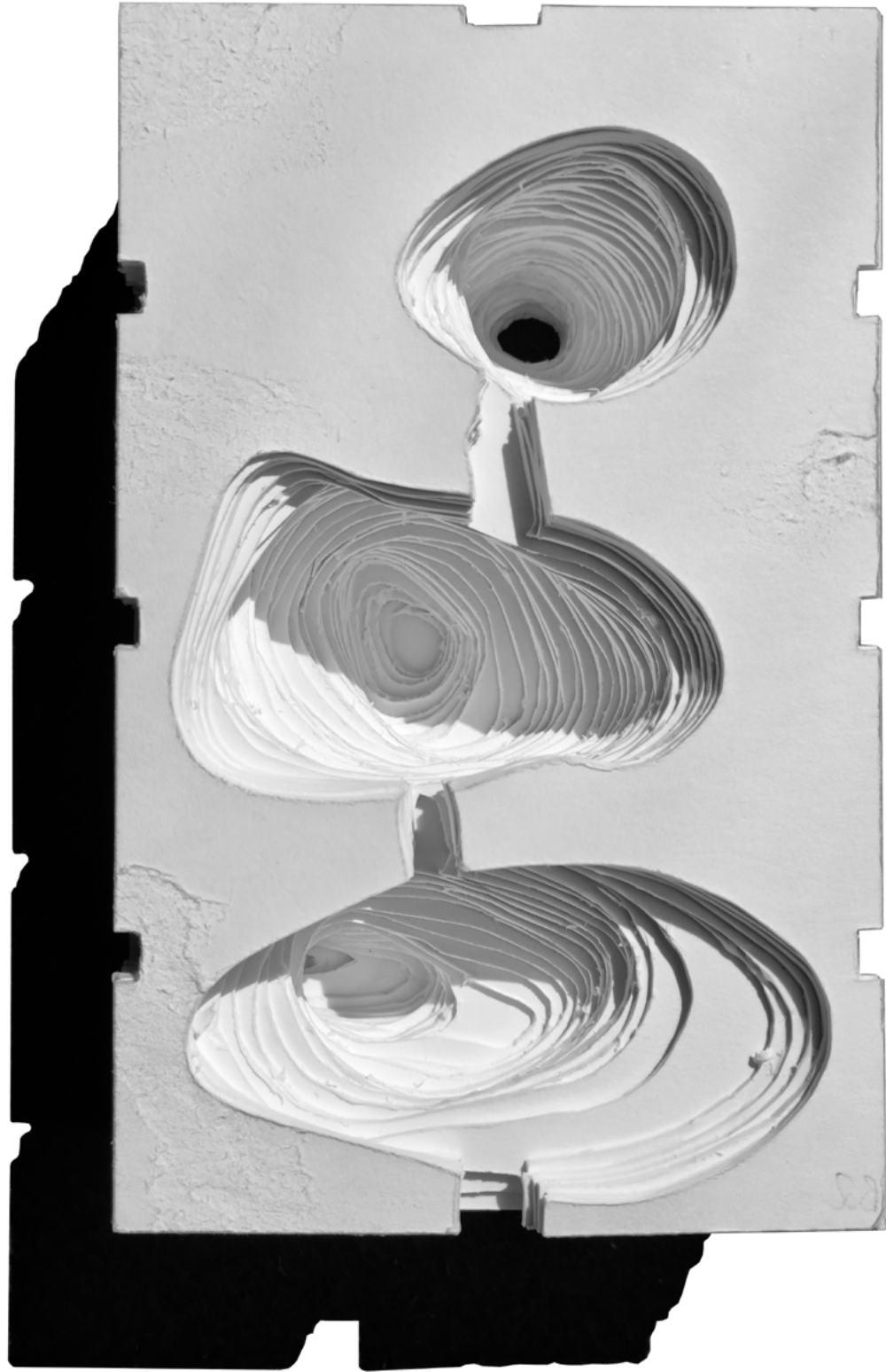
Taking pictures is an act in time, / in which something is snapped out of its own time / and transferred into a different kind of duration. / It is commonly assumed / that whatever is captured in this act / lies IN FRONT OF the camera. / But that is not true.

Taking pictures is an act in two directions: / forwards / and backwards. / Yes, taking pictures also “backfires.” / This isn’t even too lame a comparison. / Just like a hunter lifts his rifle, / aims at the deer in front of him, / pulls the trigger, / and, when the bullet departs from the muzzle, / is thrown backwards by the recoil, / the photographer, likewise, is thrown backwards, / onto himself, / when releasing the shutter...

Just as the hunter is not struck by the bullet, though, / but only feels the recoil of the explosion, / this counter image contained in every photograph / is not actually captured by the lens, either. / (Yet it remains somehow intrinsically in the picture, / as an invisible impression of the photographer, / that even gets developed within the darkroom chemistry...) ...

88 89

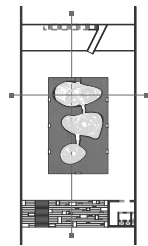
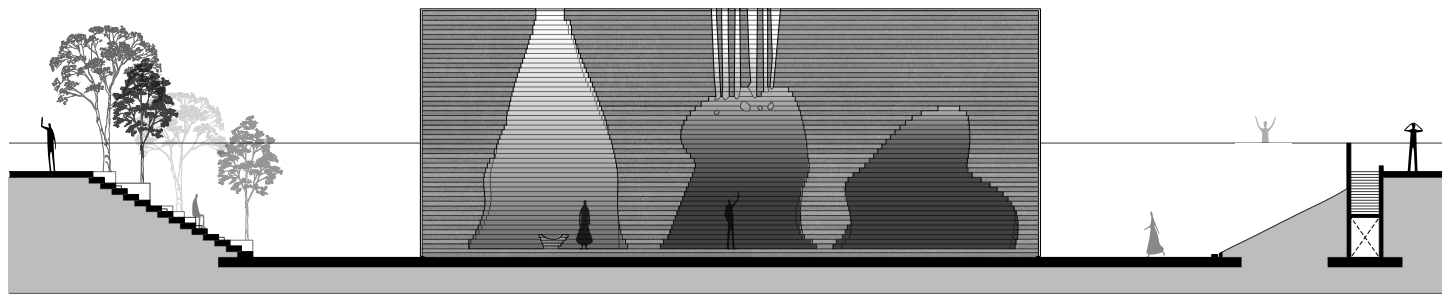




Athiba Balasubramanian / Diana Tortolato



Athiba Balasubramanian / Diana Tortolato



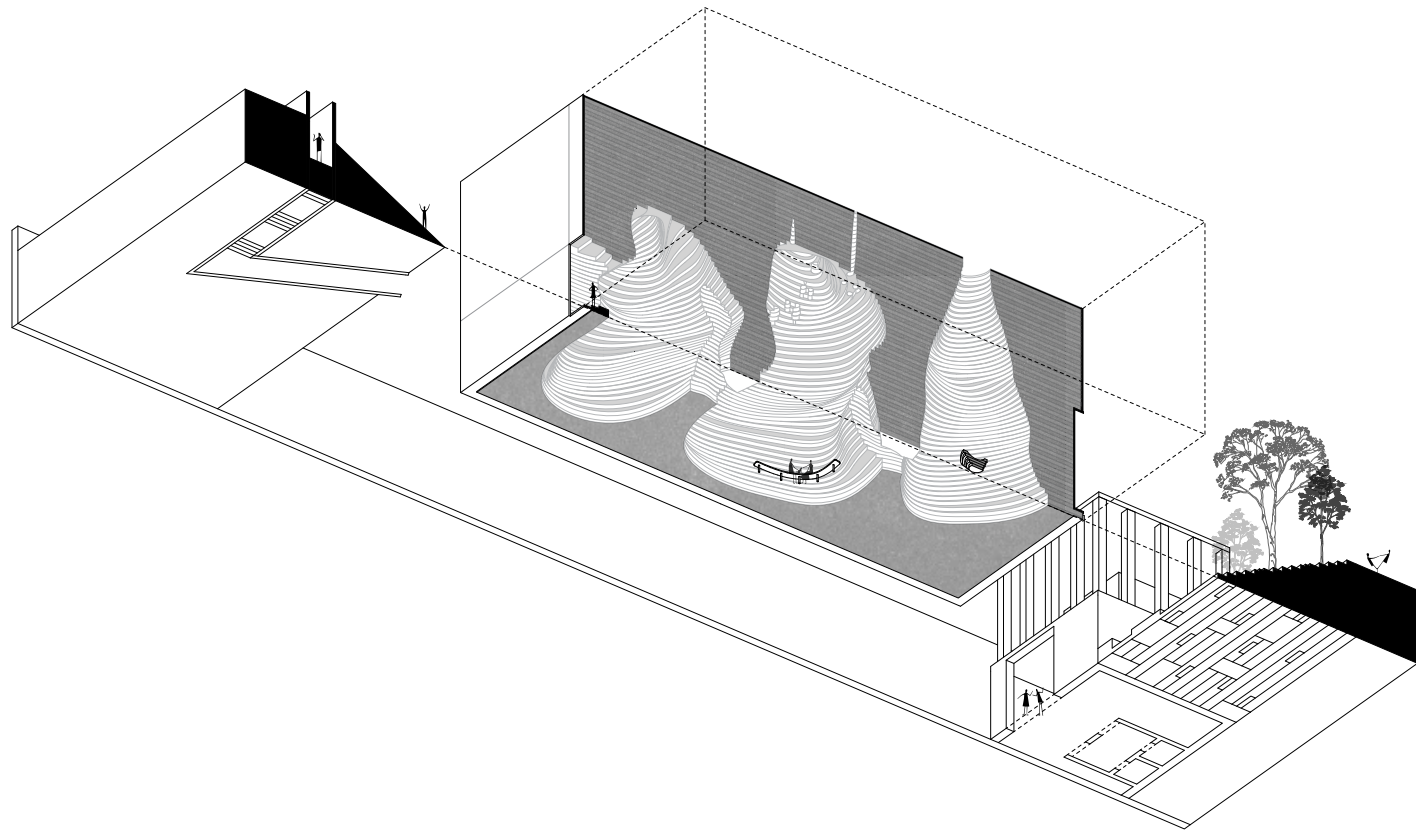
"Inspiration is the feeling of beginning at the threshold where Silence and Light meet: Silence, with its desire to be, and Light, the giver of all presences."

Louis Khan

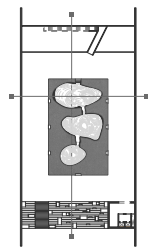
Section
Scale 1:300

92 93





94 95



Axonometry Below
Scale 1:300

Athiba Balasubramanian / Diana Tortolato



Atmosphere

Athiba Balasubramanian / Diana Tortolato

I hope / this photobook / will become a storybook. / It ISN'T yet – / but it can become one / **if you just listen to your eyes.**

Once... / I got early up in the morning / to take pictures of this huge monolith / in the middle of the Australian outback. / It took me a whole day to walk all around Ayers Rock. / On my trip / I never met anybody, / but ever since I left the motel in the morning / I was joined by a dog / running ahead of me. / It was blazingly hot, / and except for a stubborn German like me, / nobody in his right mind would have gone on such a march...

On the evening of that day / I took another image / of the Ayers Rock.

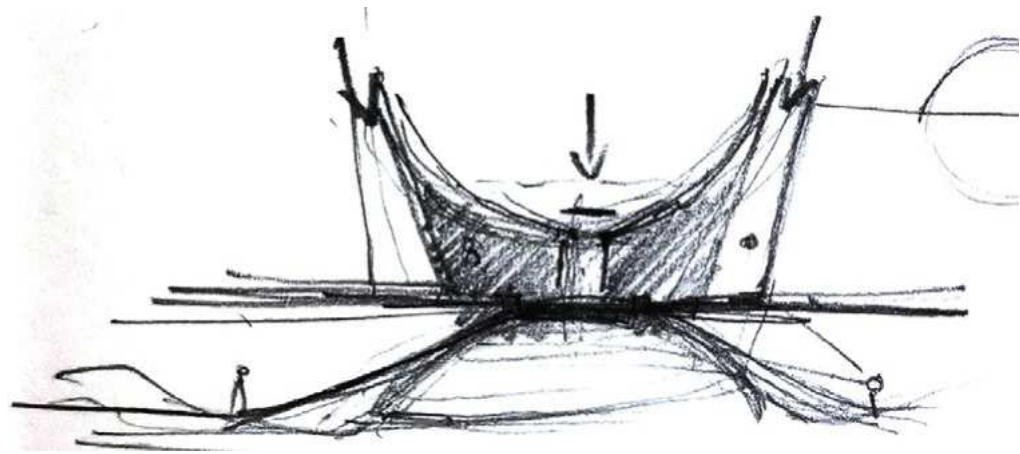
“Once is not enough,” / I used to say as a kid. / That seemed very plausible to me, / “once upon a time.” / **But when you take pictures,** / I learned, / none of that applies. / Than **“once” is / “once and for all.”**

It is the artificial ruin, a thing that must by no means be confused with those artificial grottoes that have existed since the Renaissance, for these last are intended to give the illusion of the natural, whereas the artificial ruin is meant to show the decay of the work of man. ⁹⁶

It is usual to regard the artificial ruin merely as a more or less indispensable adjunct to the nature garden, as one among a number of devices for exciting a particular kind of sentiment, the others being caverns, grottoes, arbors, temples of friendship, weeping willows, etc., and indeed that was in the first instance the character that attached to it. It evokes, as does the very park itself, a certain feeling of purgative melancholy and is a kind of reminder of the transience of all earthly things.

Yet this building of artificial ruins also indicates a kind of breakdown, one may even say a violent breakdown, of that sense which it is peculiarly the function of architecture to satisfy. For what is here visibly under attack is that affirmation of permanence which is implicit in every piece of architecture. In its stead architecture is actually shown in process of dissolution, a





‘Architecture is the masterly, correct and magnificent play of mass brought together in light. Our eyes are made to see forms in light; light and shade reveal these forms.’

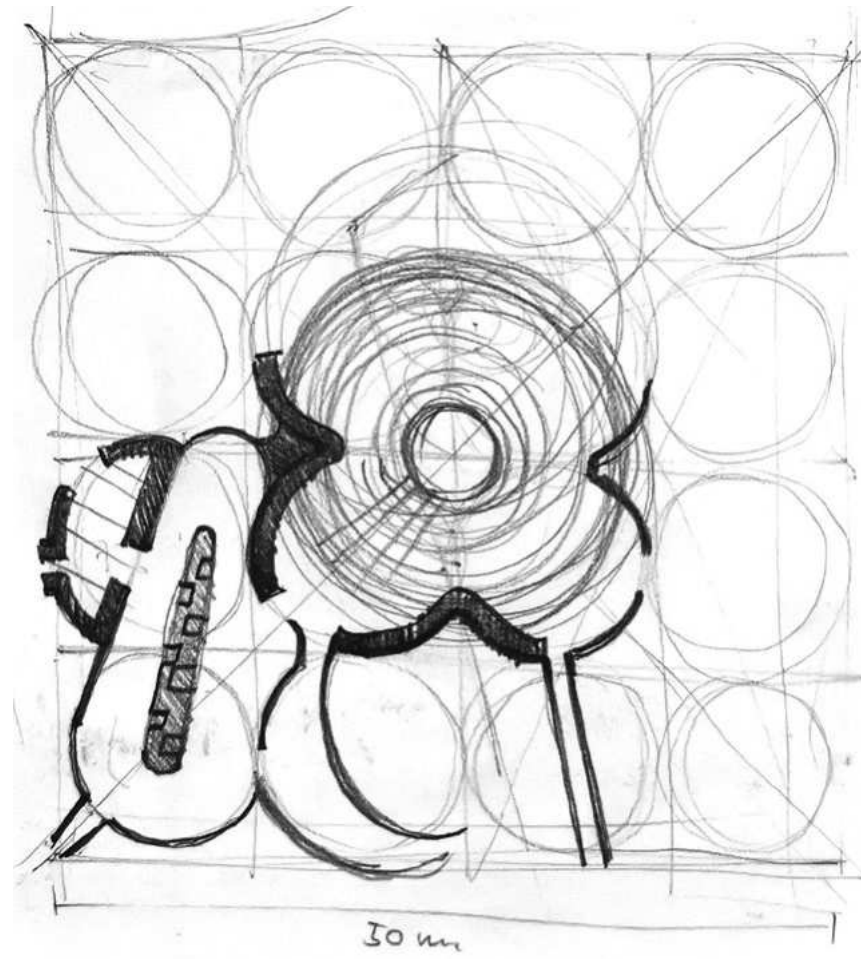
Le Corbusier

Le Corbusier (2013). Towards a new architecture. Courier Corporation.

Gianfranco Sava / Yue Tam

98 99





‘The problem of architecture has always been the same throughout time. Its authentic quality is reached through its proportions, and the proportions cost nothing. In fact, most of them are proportions among things, not the things themselves. Art is almost always a question of proportions.’

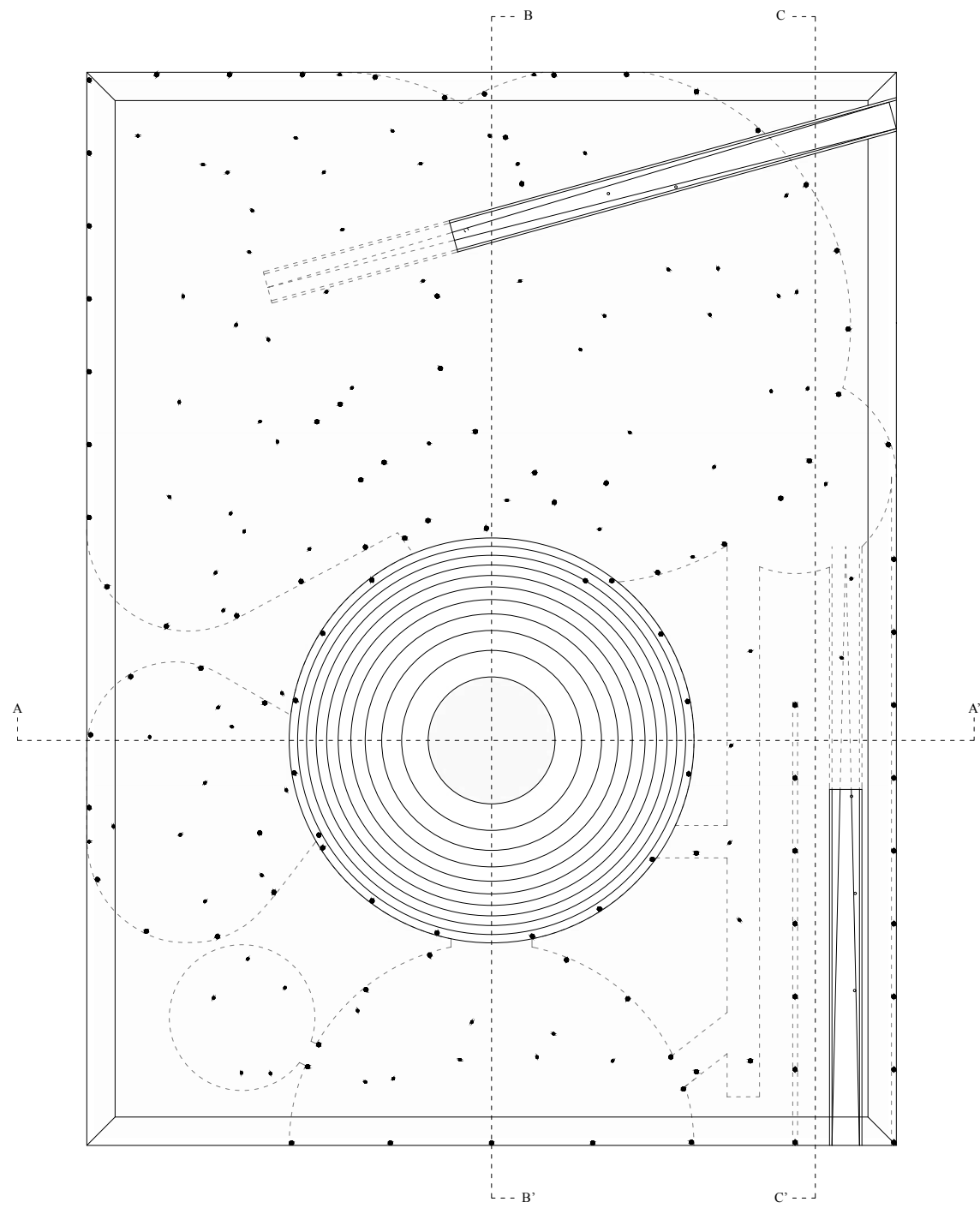
Ludwig Mies van der Rohe

Krohn, C. (2014). *Mies van der Rohe—The Built Work*. Birkhäuser.

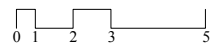
100 101



Gianfranco Sava / Yue Tam



Ground floor



Gianfranco Sava / Yue Tam

102 103



Atmosphere

Gianfranco Sava / Yue Tam