

Anoushka Mariwala

Master of Architecture 2024
Columbia University Graduate School of Architecture, Planning, and Preservation

here I learnt --

“

to stand in a room and attend in sympathy to another body the act of perception originating in a body and stretching out to find another recording its edges against your own and the ground as a site of interdependence, to scale, this is a position in the world, in face of the world.

(One person equals one person there is no way not to know this is you do, no way not to know we are fragile and easily hurt custodians of each other of necessity.)

“

to be in but not of -- ”

and learnt --

“

the institution will never love you back.

1

This body of work is for those that have taught me and those from whom I have learnt, with much gratitude for formatively helping me define my position in this world. Thank you for listening, and thank you for sharing. I owe much of what I want to be to you. This is not a gift to the institution. How I have been carefully taught and motivated to think serves as testament to what is possible when ideas can be expressed freely, and what is at stake when that liberty is under threat. Solidarity forever.

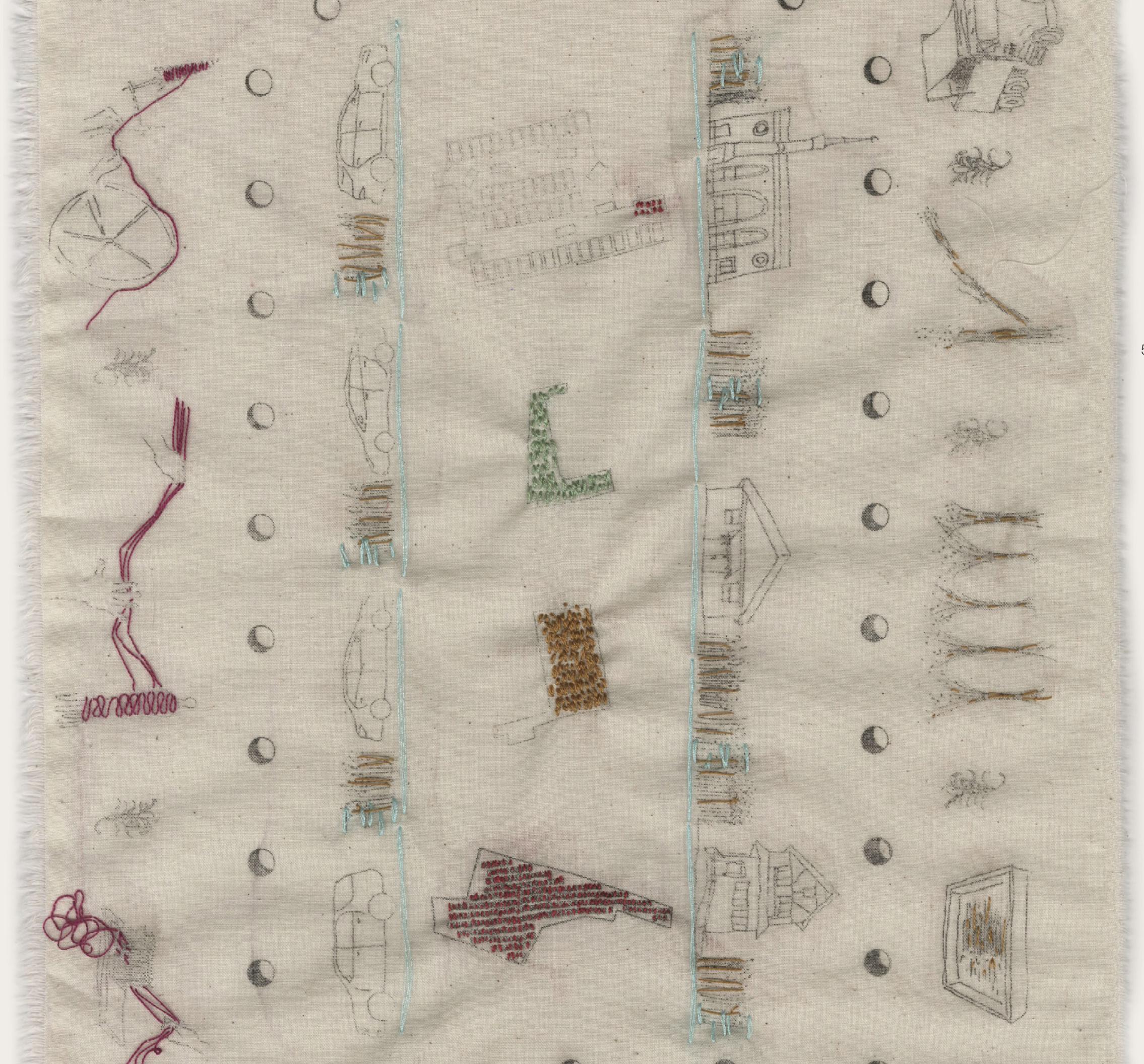
8 May 2024

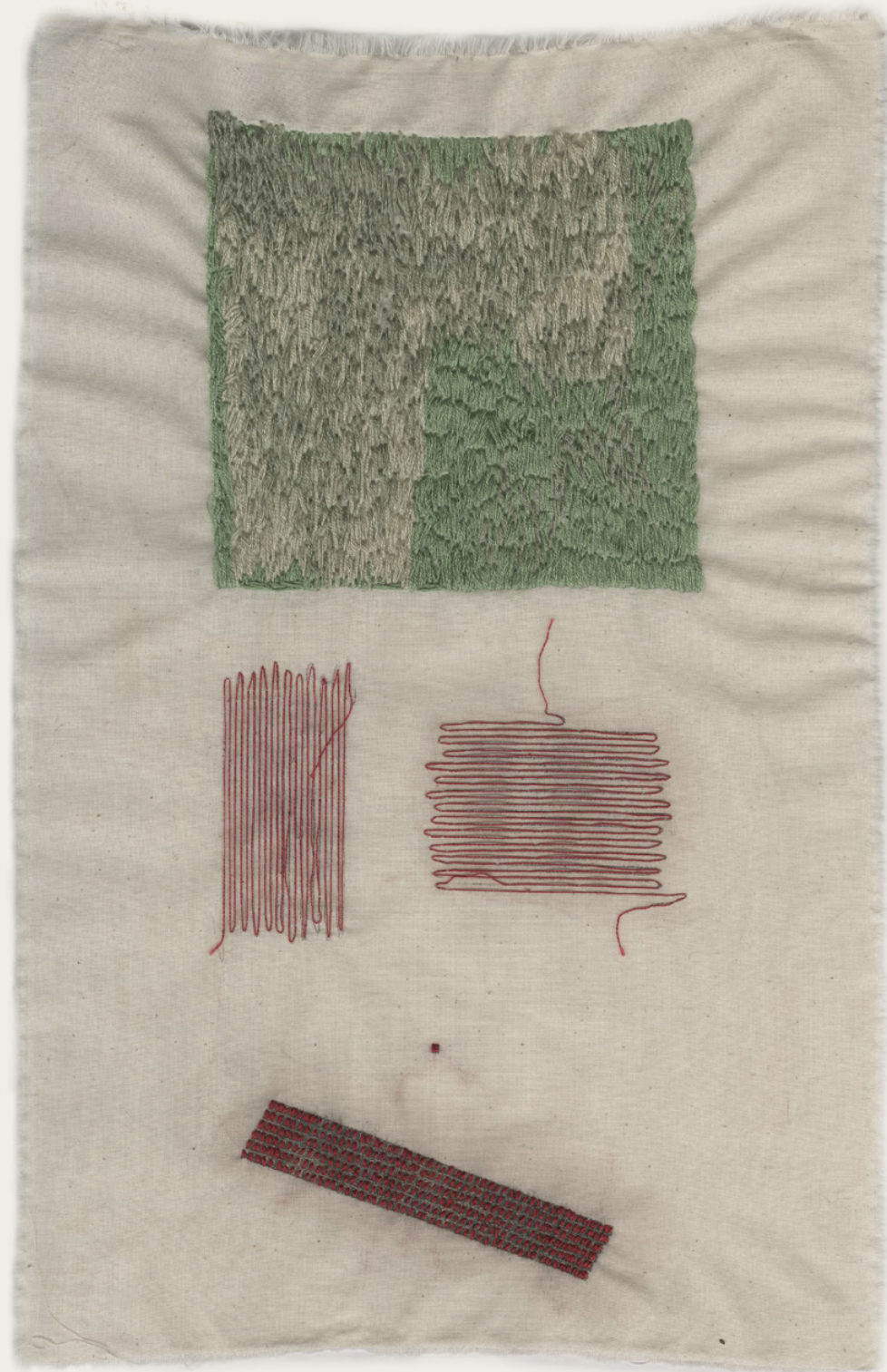
content

< what does it mean to be on indigenous land when you're not indigenous (20) that's this project that's columbia that's the encampment, frankly there are better and terrible ways to be on indigenous land. spraying pesticides obsessively is worse than laying down on a blanket (4) < the fact of your body, of black bodies of brown bodies being in a place is perceived as dangerous—dangerous to the property (64), somehow my standing on the grass is scary to < there was a columbia professor last week who said that in his class he was lecturing on john cage's 4:33 and told his class we can't listen to 4:33 today because you won't hear the sounds of nature the way cage intended, you'll only hear "infuriated chanting" when are voices unnatural when are voices when are bodies < i was thinking of raven's descriptions of when he was at the standing rock encampment and how he was describing being a witness and that's how dispatch started, that he was foreign to the place, that he was conscious of his self his body in a place and how it was perceived as threatening (even when you're asleep (34), maybe especially when) or < the seven generations model doesn't let you put yourself at the start or at the end, it's in the middle (42). the urgency with which we demand things is so artificial, seven generations reassures you that it's not for you to see, it's just for you to do. part of administrating - a project, a school (54), is to trust your responsibility < we haven't designated how many bricks, or how they should be laid, because we don't know, we don't need to know, someone does and that's enough for us to trust < i guess what i want from this review is to hear that somebody else than me is going to do what they believe in i guess i also want to know what will be enough to move you other than capital what moves a person other than that,

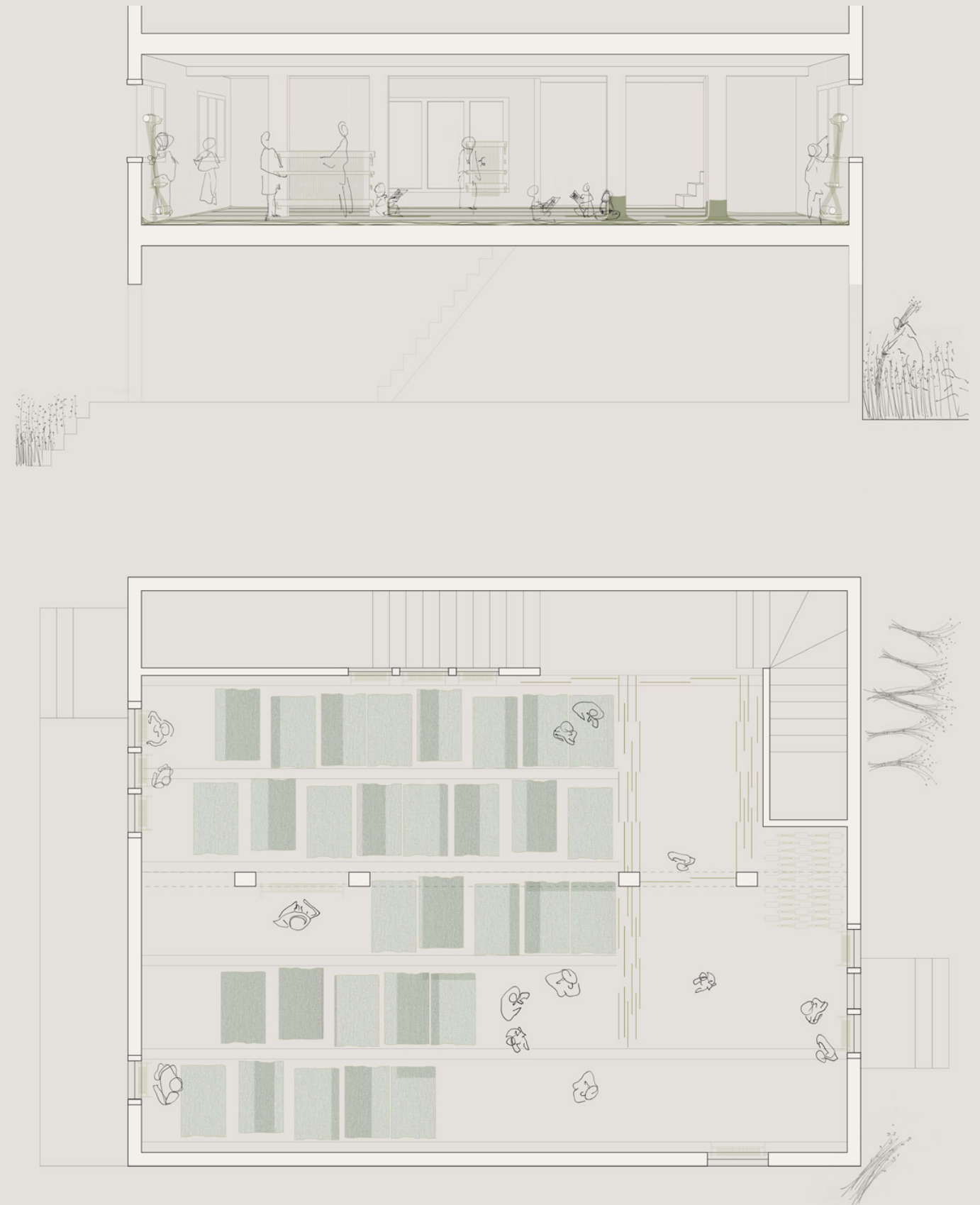
The increasing growth of the Muslim population on Staten Island coincides with an imagination of an architecture of the mosque and a sensitivity to how this image is received and regulated by its neighbours. In response, this project makes into a waqf the prayer rug, annually handmade to provide sacred surfaces on which new and future members of the Islamic community of Staten Island can pray. The rug is cyclically woven from spun bast fibres, grown on former parking lots bequeathed as waqf property for this intended purpose. The sites of cultivation and production are those lots adjacent to the Islamic Center of Staten Island, the Muslim American Society Staten Island, and the Albanian Islamic Cultural Center. These lots are already regularly used for Friday prayer and community activities when there is not enough room inside the mosques.

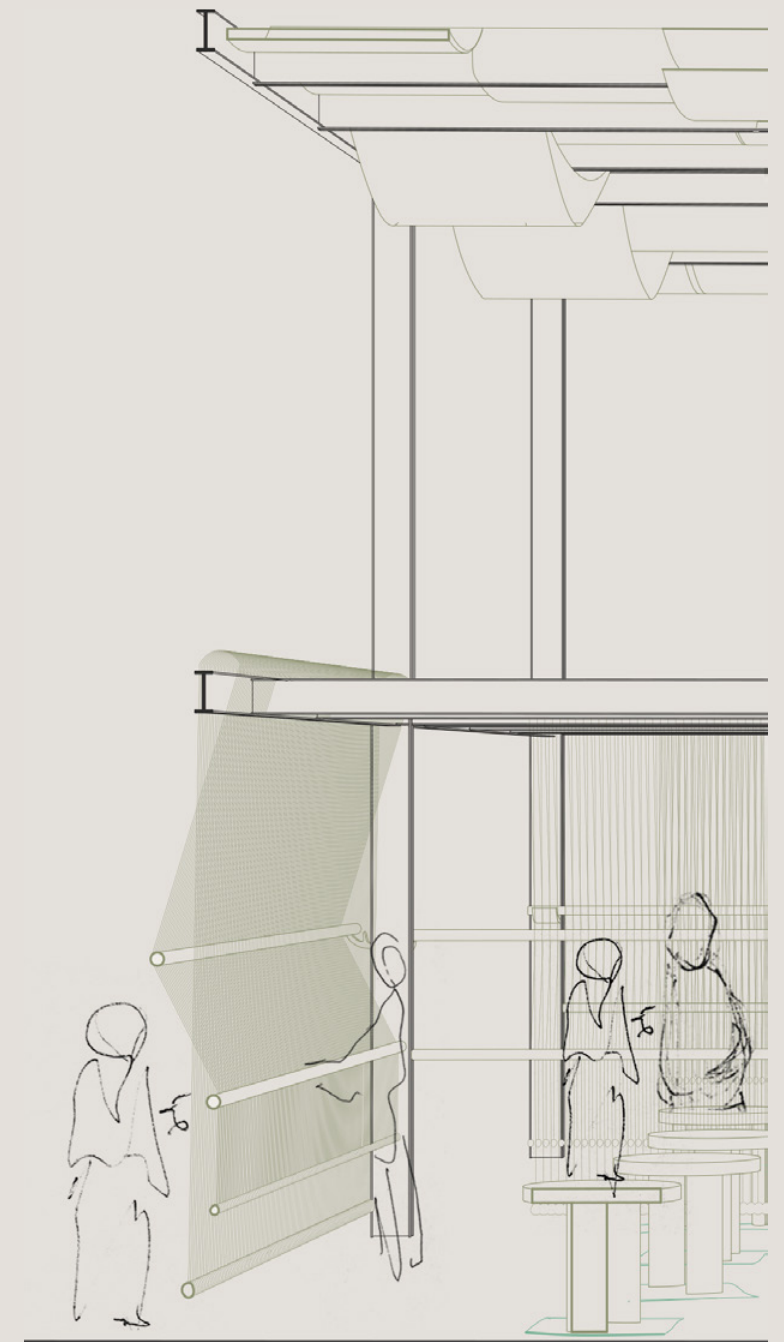
This extra-religious practice asks members of these mosques to give time and labour, rather than money, to sadaqah. The weaving of the rug is simultaneously a visible congregational practice and an incremental, dispersed transformation of the car-centric suburban landscape into sites of production, collapsing the means and materials through and on which we worship.



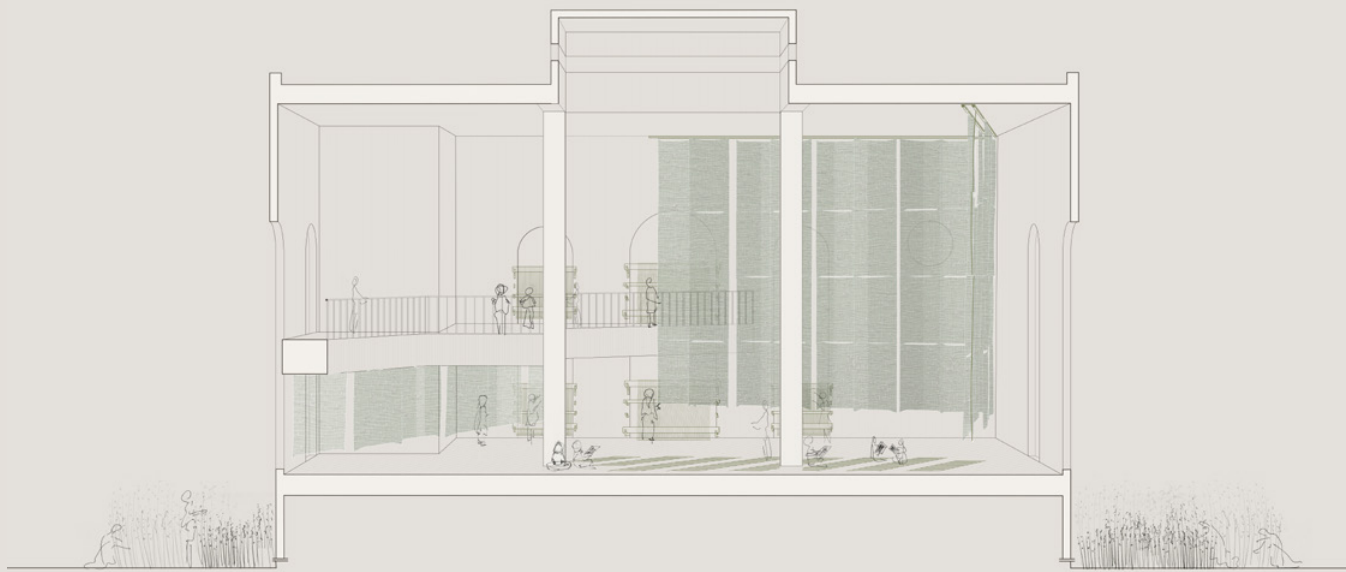


Every time a parking lot is donated to this charitable purpose, employees of the City of New York from the Department of Transportation arrive by truck to de-pave the asphalt surface. They recycle the collected asphalt for weekly roadwork across the city. Then, employees of the Department of Parks and Recreation prepare the surface for planting with sandy, acidic soil. Flax seeds are donated by the Greenbelt Native Plant Center. The first planting and successive maintenance of the productive landscape is within the purview of these civic bodies that currently also maintain the surface of the nearby Fresh Kills Park. The project is funded by the NY State Department of State's Environmental Protection Fund. One acre of flax can be spun into three to five hundred kilograms of linen, one prayer rug is composed of approximately one kilogram.

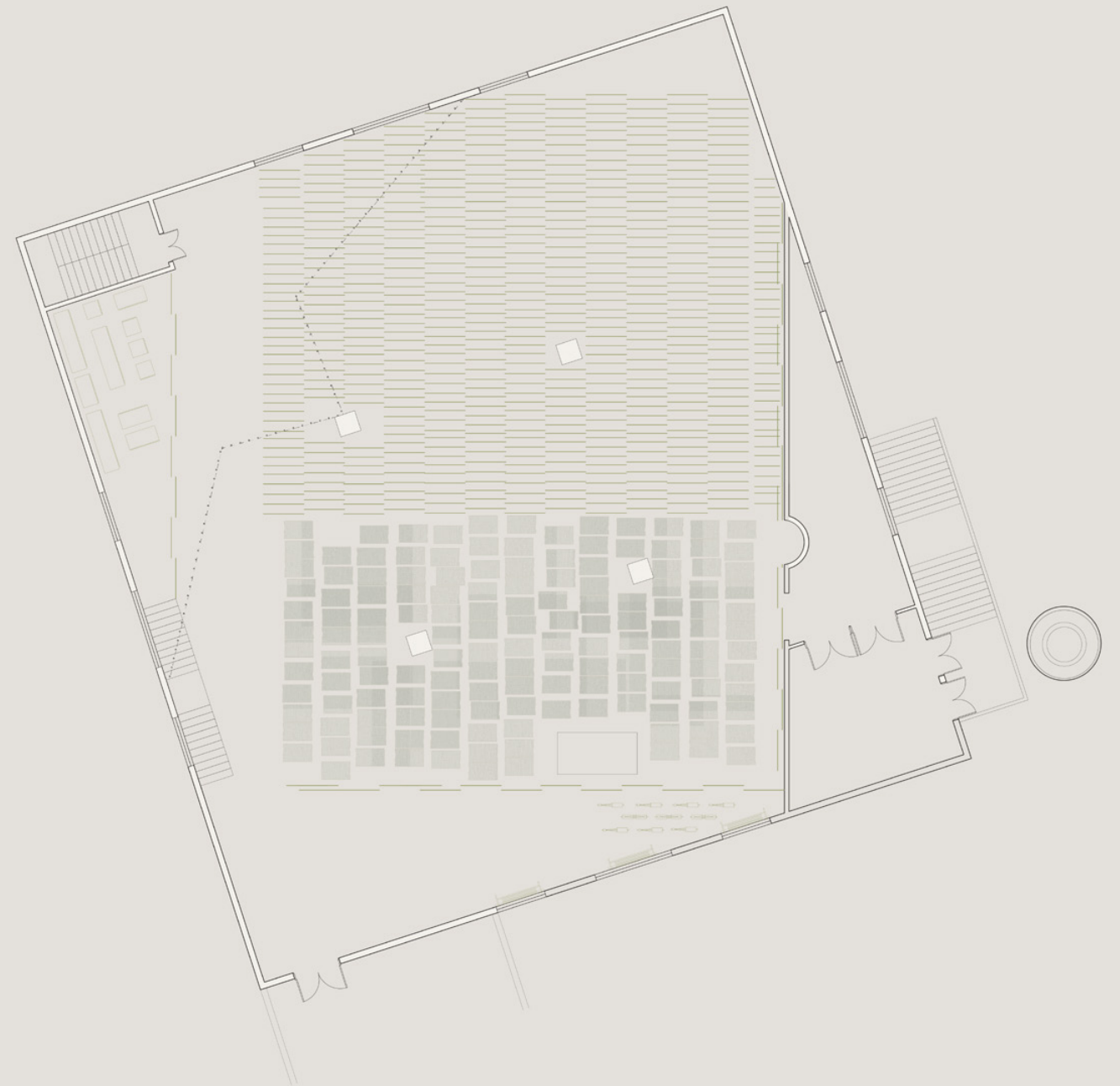




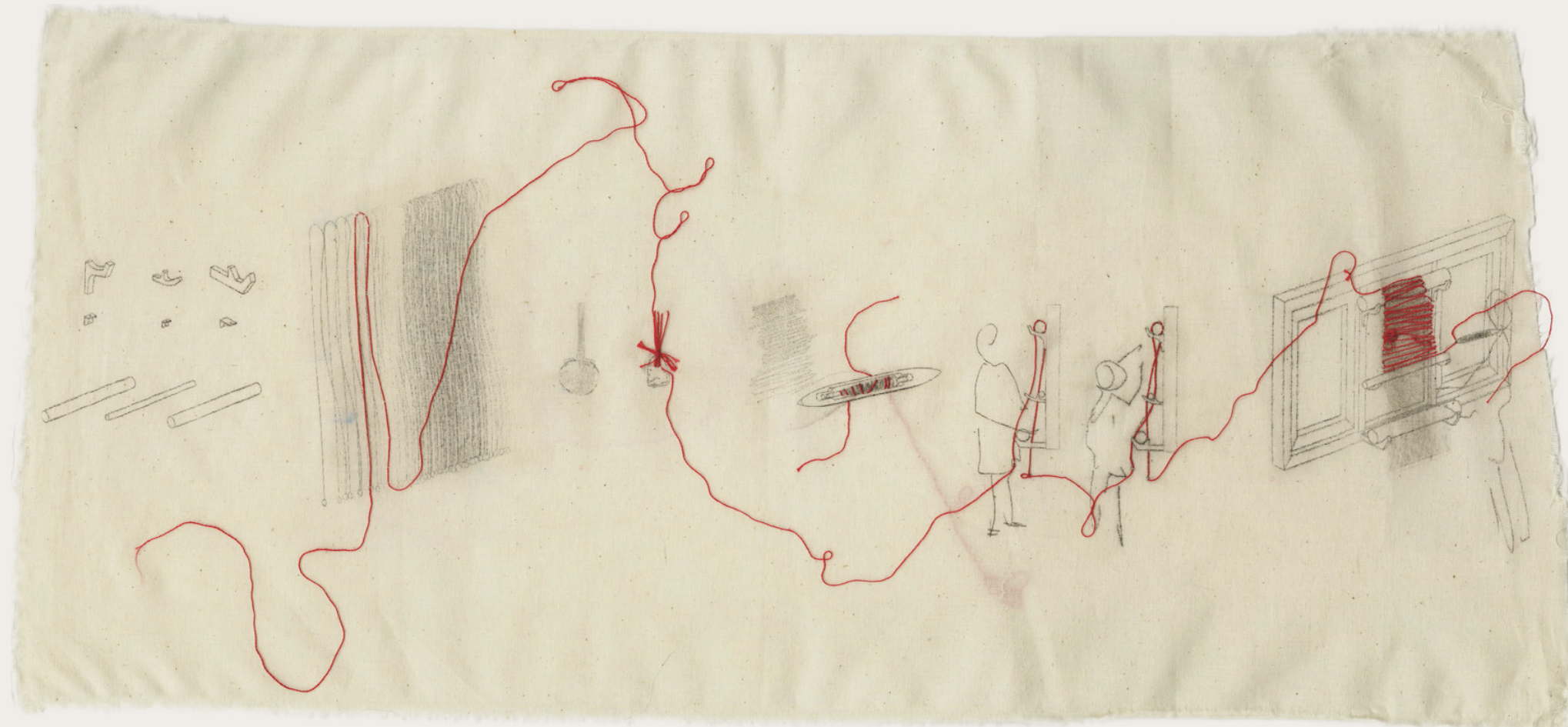
Looms open onto the steel frame of the proposed mosque expansion project currently underway, which is seasonally re-appropriated for large-scale, exterior weaving. At the top level, two layers of fabric are woven through the steel joists. Installed on the steel columns are large-scale looms which require operation by multiple people.



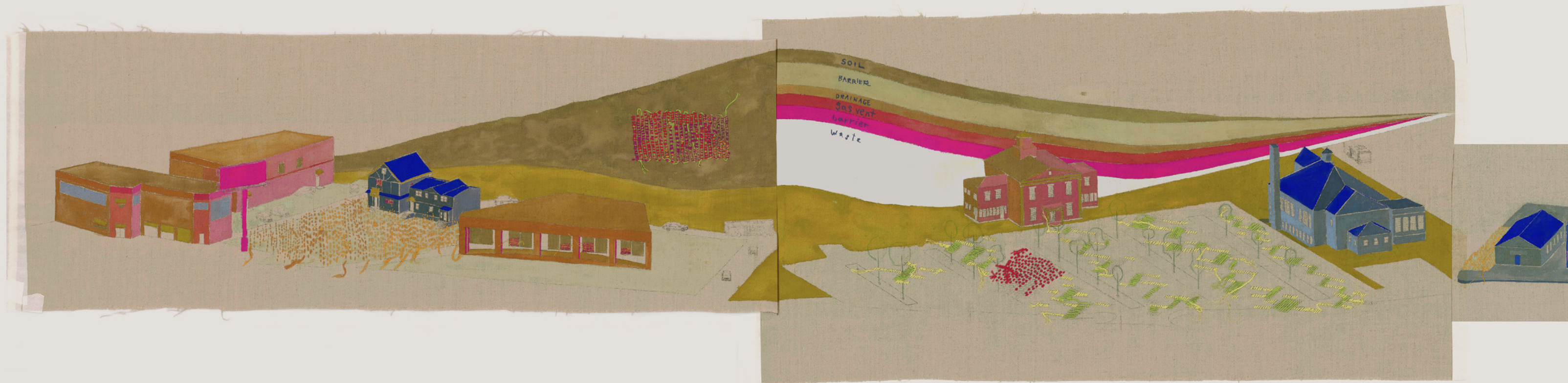
An inner-perimeter of moveable curtains and hung carpets delineates the space for prayer oriented to Mecca. This new 'room' sits within a thickened threshold.



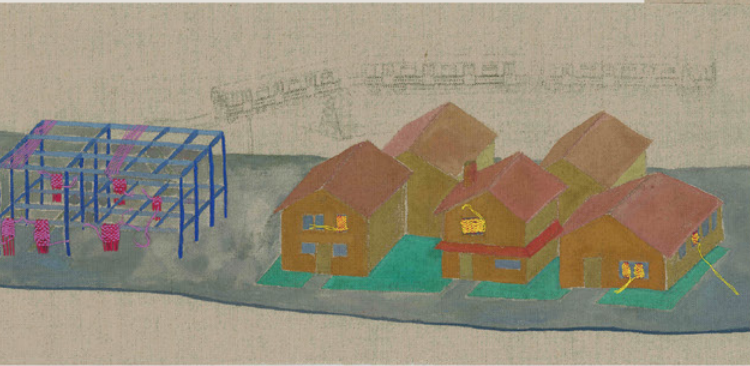
The logic of formal decisions are deliberate in resisting a large, overdetermined, single, imposition; the only instance of largeness is an annual congregation of the members of all the mosques who participated in the ritual production of the carpets, which occurs on Fresh Kills Park—adding another layer to the many that make up this constructed ground. Instead, the patches of planting and the spaces for weaving are small and dispersed, and appropriate existing infrastructural conditions towards new ends. From the existing infrastructure to material paraphernalia and the body, orientation becomes a primary determinant of form and use.

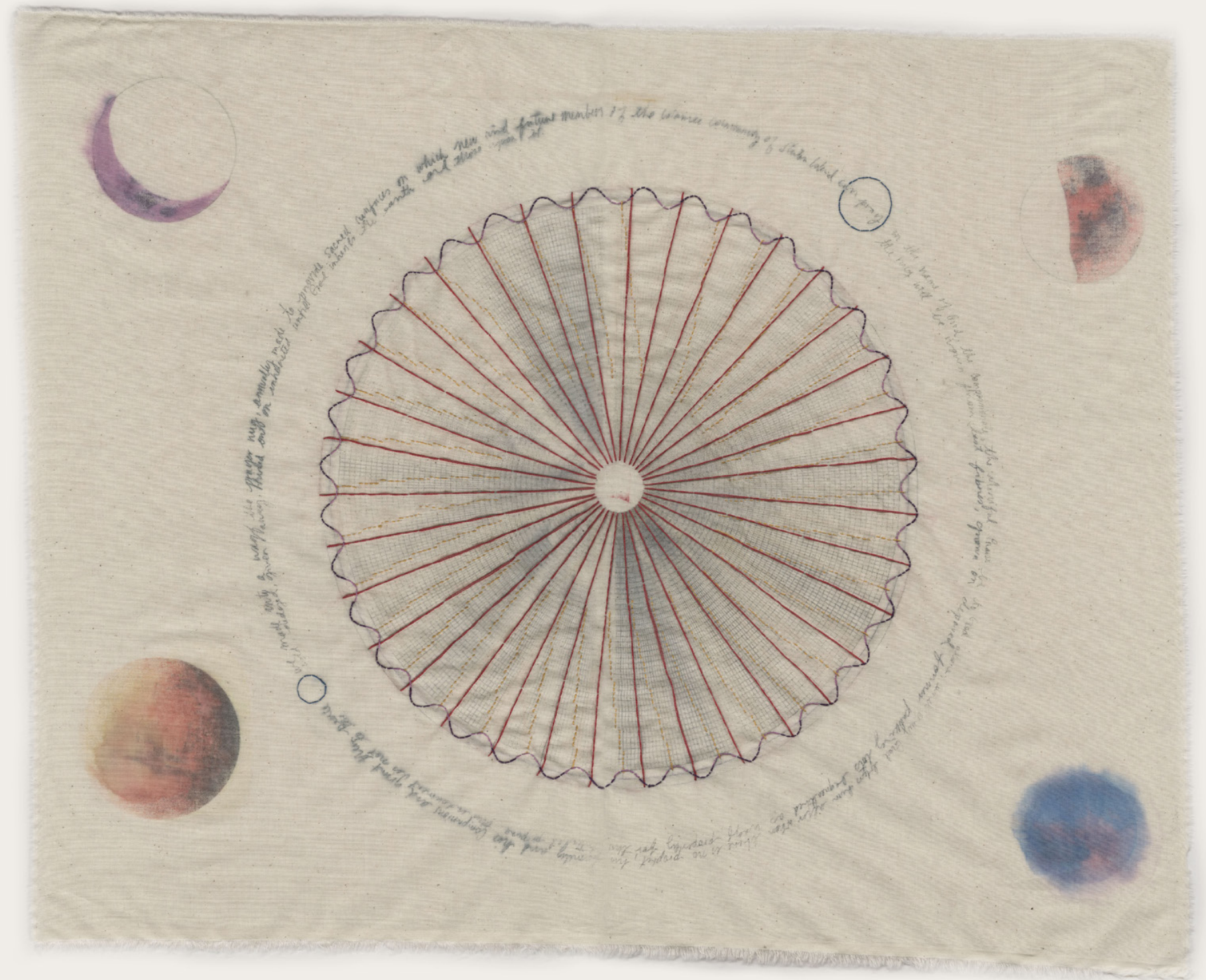


The Staten Island Handweavers Guild and the Ghanaian kente cloth weavers from Bonwire residing in Staten Island initially facilitate the practice with compensation for their knowledge and time by hosting classes to teach skills necessary for spinning and weaving. These classes and knowledges are generationally integrated into and may replace current mosque activities, on holy Fridays and hours when the mosque is unoccupied. This extra-religious practice asks members of these mosques to give time and labour, rather than money, to sadaqah.



The making of the rug at each scale becomes a visible congregational practice across the island, covering windows, openings, and public infrastructures. Our project is in making the labour process visible—if not yet celebrated—where the suburban landscape is permeated by social, communal, and bodily activity. The four-foot high patches of flax compete with the car in constituting the suburban landscape. As textile production grows, remnants and experiments begin to cover, drape, and wrap more surfaces. The donated carpets colour and soften the interiors of mosques and public spaces the community occupies. The material has spatial impact in its tactility. Softness characterises space.





For one hundred days, these fields are watered, trimmed, and pruned by volunteers: members of Islamic communities in Staten Island. When the plants grow 1 metre tall with few blue flowers in bloom and seed capsules turn brown, the volunteers begin the ritual of harvesting the crop. From September to November, the plants are pulled, bundled, retted, dried, scutched, hackled, and spun into linen fibre. Then, they are woven into prayer rugs, unrolled annually on Eid prayers at Fresh Kills, and donated to institutions in need of prayer surface. This ritual occurs in perpetuity on a thirty-four year cycle following the Hijri calendar. The ritual of harvesting the crop falls on Eid on years 20, 21, and 22 of the 35-year lunar-solar cycle. The ritual of weaving them into prayer rugs finishes precisely on the eve of Eid on years 1, 2, and 3 of the cycle. In the years when these processes do not precisely coincide, the ritual process of making continues, using the previous year's harvest.

dibáá' nishítj (my mind is full of a desire – the kind associated with thirst)

distil
the picture into
painting.
they only need
to know about
colour
and
speed.
they don't get everything
they're thirsty for;

20 like Sun
making glowing
shapes on
sacred
Rocks.
they don't
get to
look up.
only
at
the
pavement
and
fences
and
plastic.
the ground's
presence
is only

because
she is
ineluctable.
we
don't
deserve
him here
but
that is the
generosity
we get
Anyway.

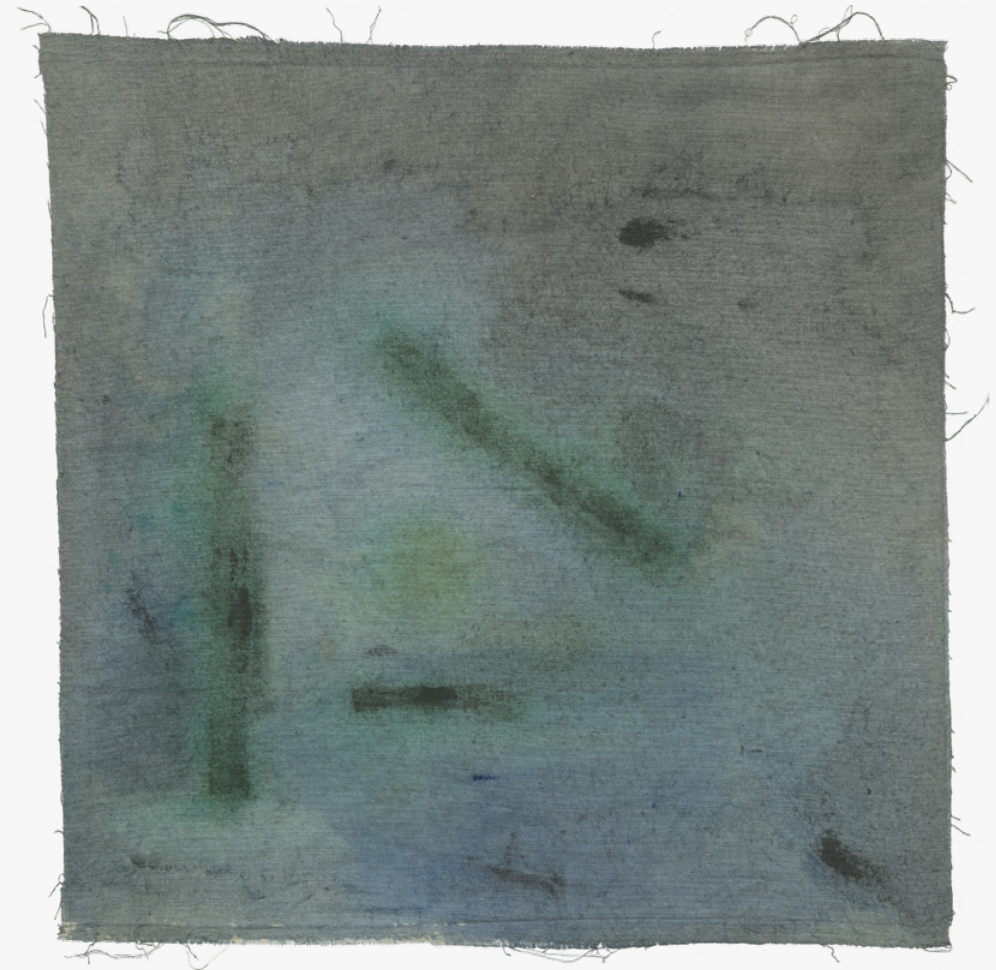
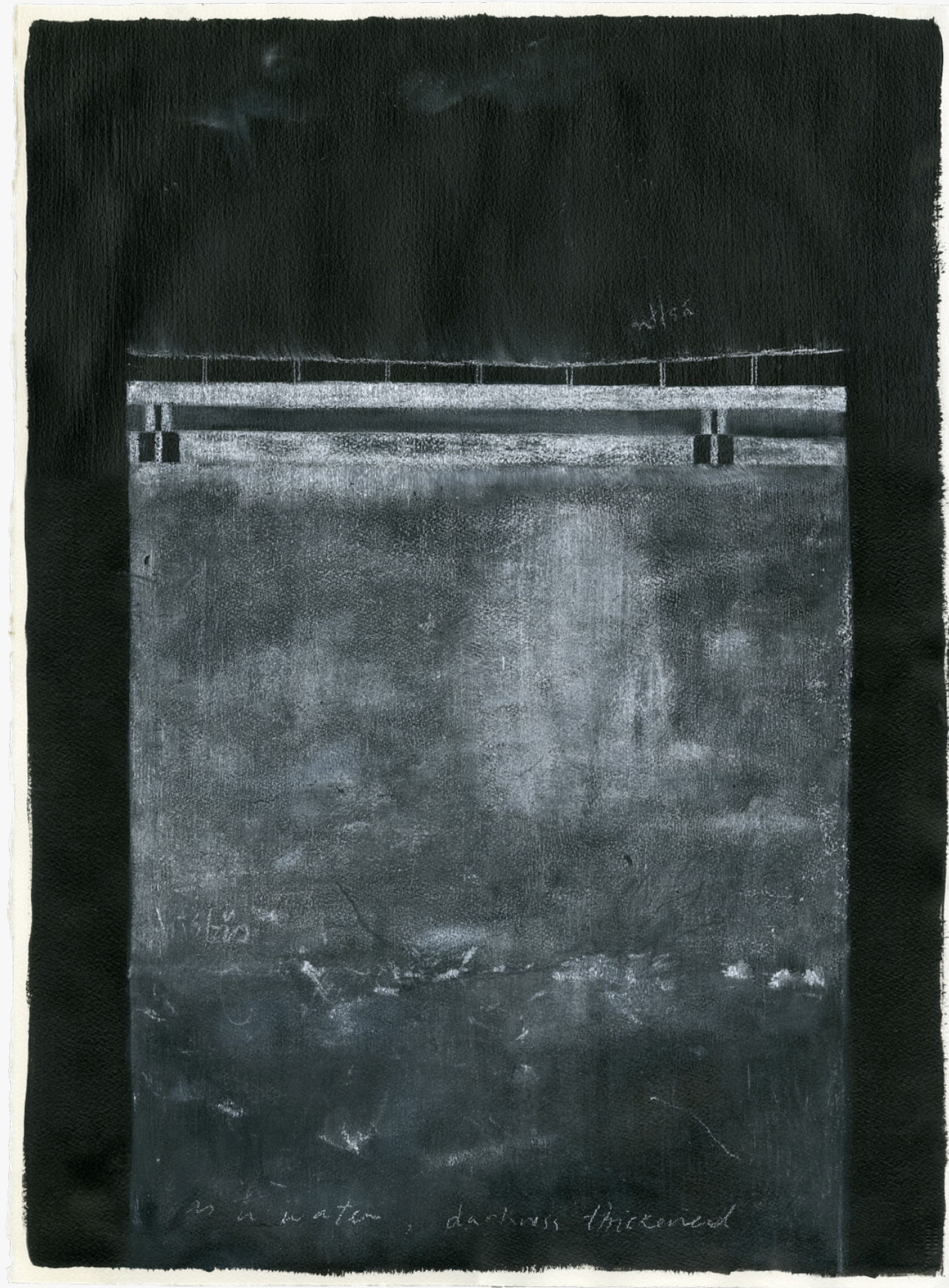
When a hole is uninterrupted
what is the difference
anyway
between fullness and emptiness or
down and
up when you are inside the moon
or a rain drop in a well
or in any wetness at all
or in the dark.

*Round Rock, Chinle Agency
Navajo Nation*





One car follows the other follows the other (they are getting a tour), Rain begins to fall on the front windshield. From the back seat, the speed makes rocks and plants and irrigation hoses blurs of colour. Drops of Rain do not touch the windows on the side of the car, and the way they touch the plants and the ground is so thin it is- at this speed- imperceptible. For the girls sitting in the back, it is as if this world never rained. The way the air is here is so dry that sometimes the clouds come and rain starts to come down but before reaching the ground she decides to go back up again. They think they can hold water.

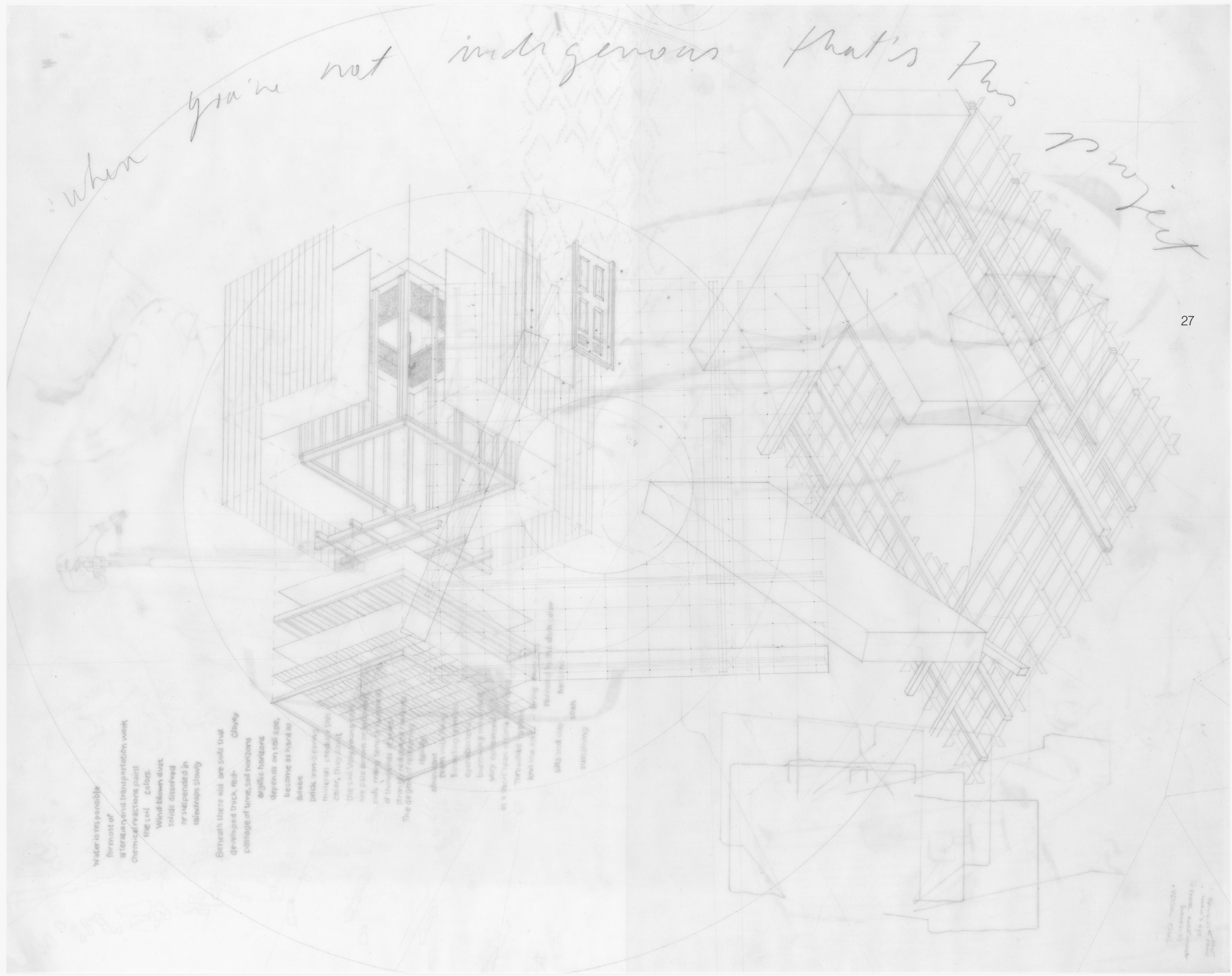


Steve says don't drop it in there ! contaminate the water. . His tank is full, he smiles for a photograph, he drives off in the blue truck. The pump drips in the pool, which ripples, then stills.

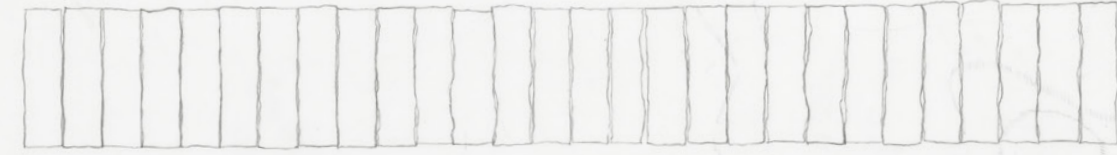
What does it mean to be on indigenous land when you're not indigenous that's this project that's Columbia that's the encampment, frankly there are better and terrible ways to be on indigenous land. spraying pesticides obsessively is worse than laying down on a blanket. the fact of your body, of black bodies of brown bodies being in a place is perceived as dangerous - dangerous to the property, somehow my standing on the grass is scary too -

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I was thinking of Raven Chacon's descriptions of when he was at the Standing Rock encampment and how he was describing being a witness and that's how dispatch started, that he was foreign to the place, that he was conscious of his self his body in a place and how it was perceived as threatening or -



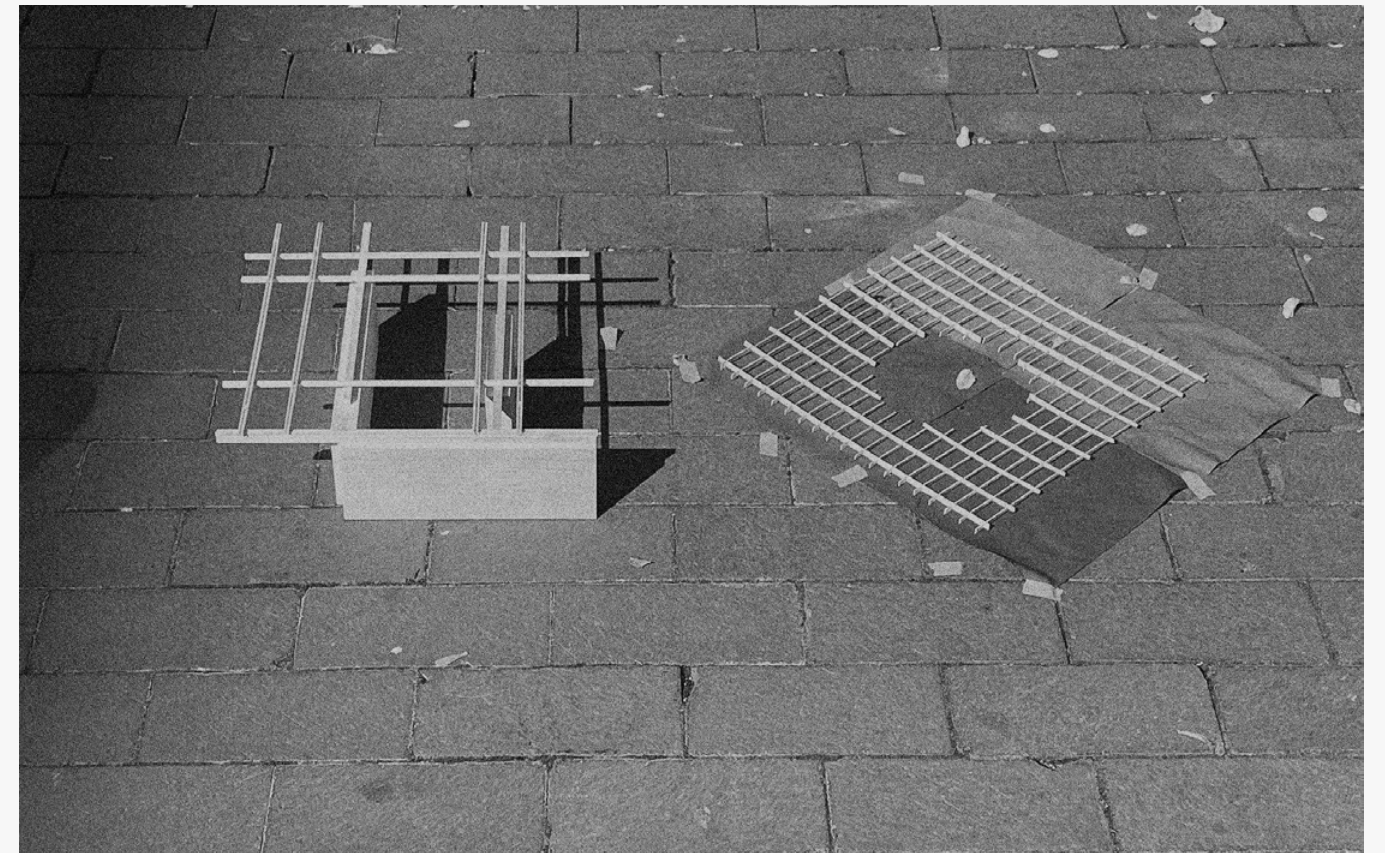
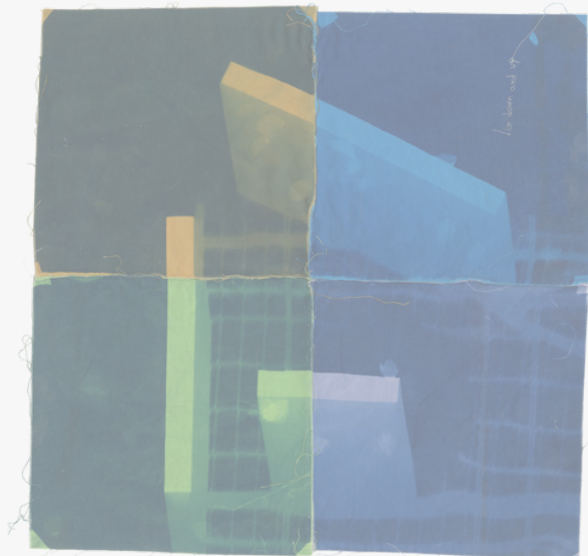
27



Handwritten text in a non-Latin script, likely a mix of English and another language, located below the main sketch on page 28.



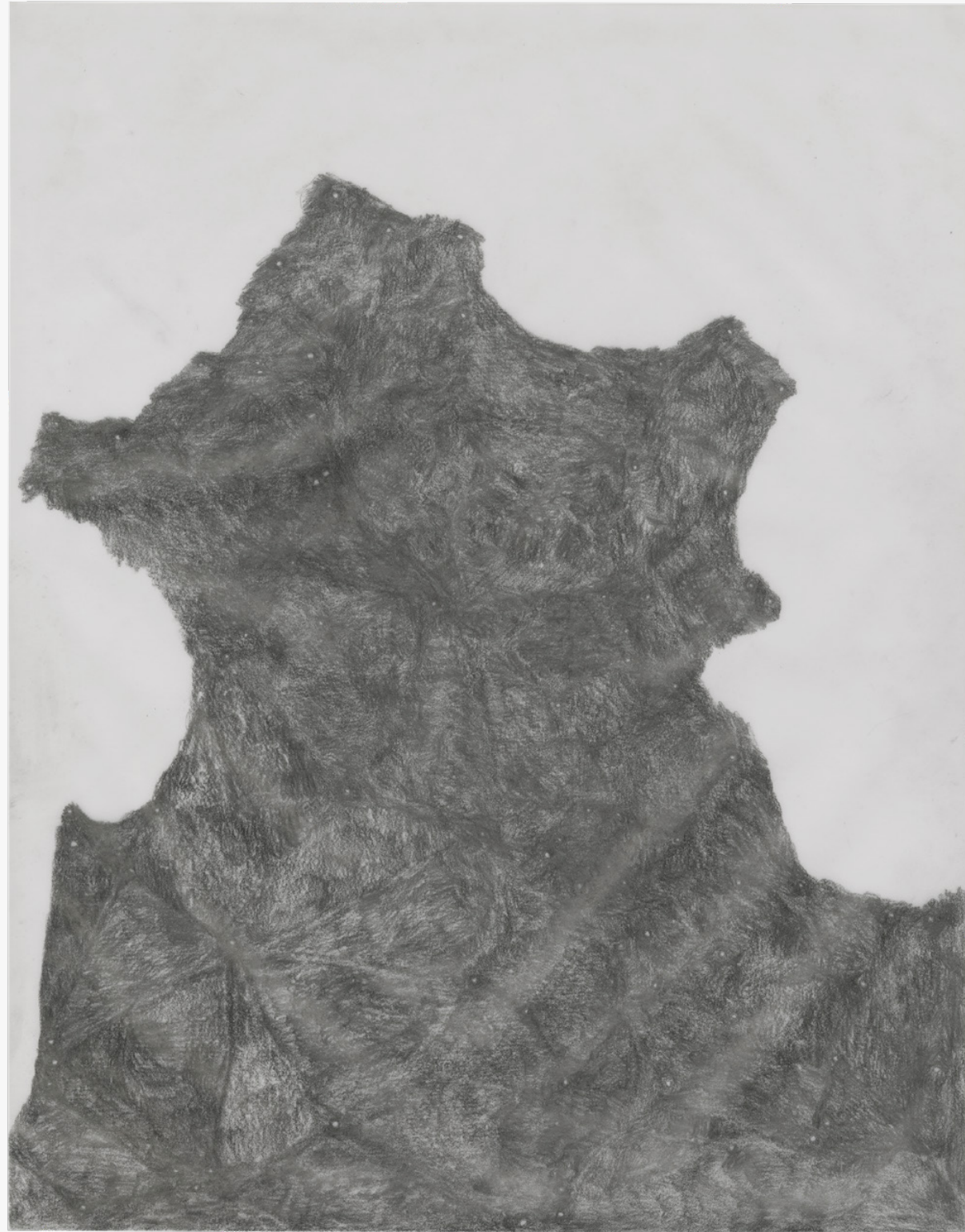
Handwritten text in a non-Latin script, likely a mix of English and another language, located below the main sketch on page 29.



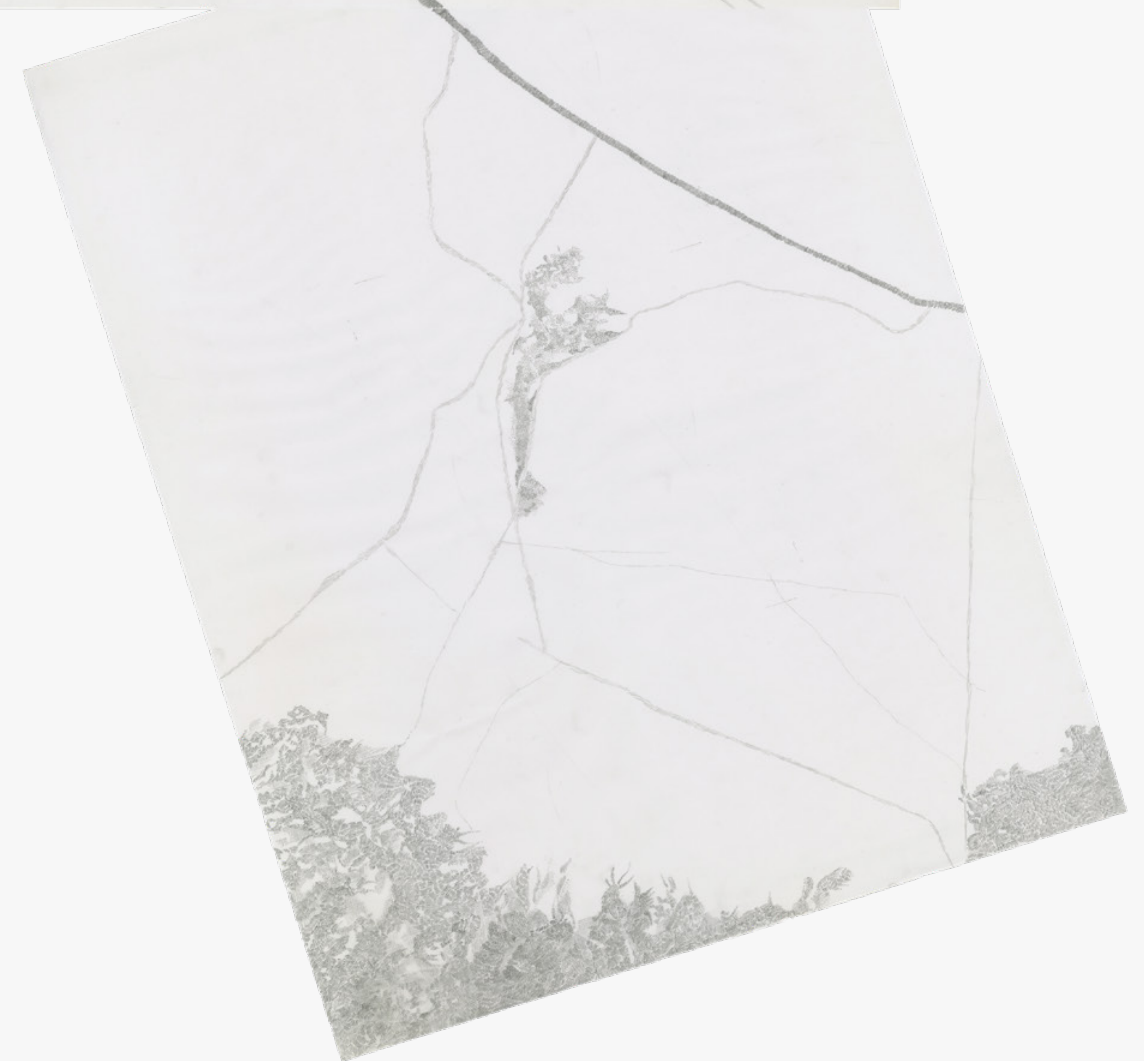
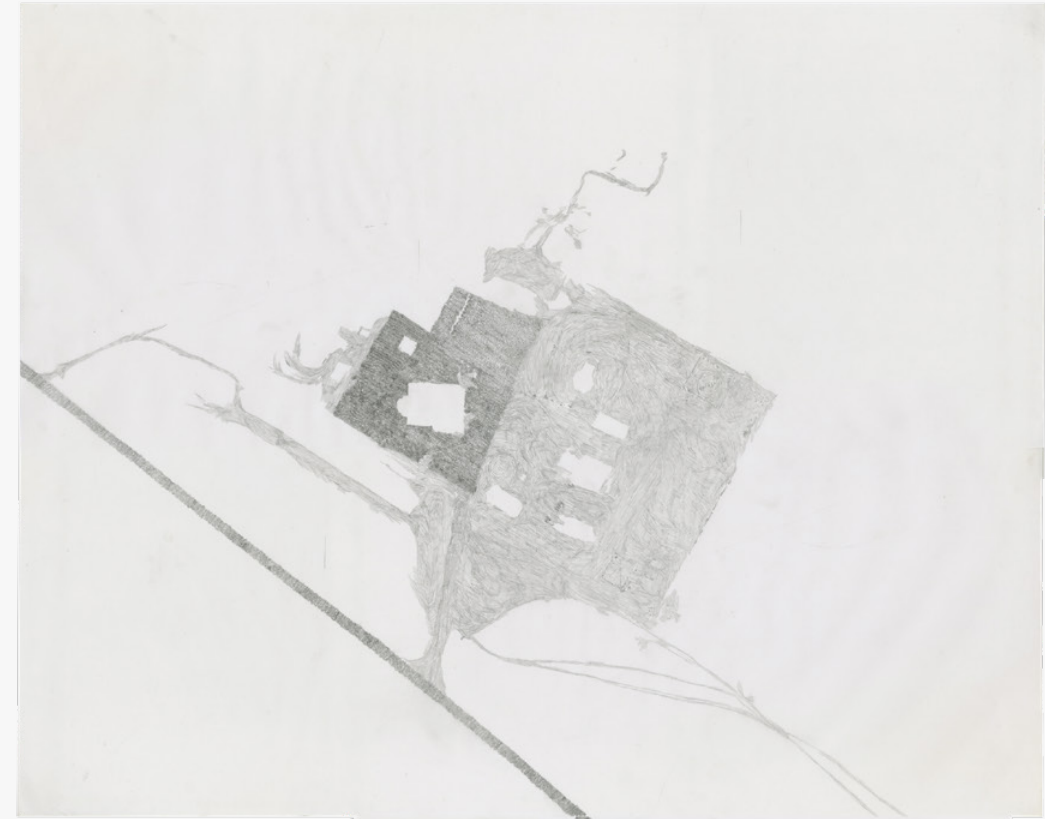
We haven't designated how many bricks, or how they should be laid, because we don't know, we don't need to know, someone does and that's enough for us to trust

Now they only see darkness, they might call the screen black, empty. They might say I see nothing. It is night. The machine cannot know night time. (How does the pencil?) Neither can they, from inside. The screen is black and many things are happening, according to the score. A small group of coyote people are under the stars; they are naming constellations. The sky is invisibly, apparently close to them. Or I guess the ground is really high. The security man with the flashlight startles the viewers, but not the group in the parking lot. They are more scared when the light turns away and are touched by the darkness. As in water, the darkness is a thickened medium—to be submerged in which makes evident the non-difference between a body here and a body there.

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31



Always at the Point of Vanishing —
the works, bodies and histories of Nasreen Mohamedi
Questions in Architectural History 2, Ateya Khorakiwala, Spring 2022

**“Plainer [sic.] surfaces with concentrated depths.
Each line, texture (form) are born of effort, history and pain.”**
Nasreen Mohamedi, July 20, 1971

To what extent is the body biographical, and alternatively, to what extent is it historical? I am interested in using Mohamedi’s practice and accompanying criticism of her work to unpack this question, through a formal, historical, and biographical reading of her work. I begin with the understanding that a creative practice is a means to materially expand the body, in both space and time. The term body then begins to encompass not only the biological and phenomenological, but also its material products — the actual art (in Nasreen’s case: drawing, photography, writing, and audio recording) that constitutes the body of work. This formulation complicates notions of ownership and belonging: the body has historically been a site of intervention, policy-making, discourse, and technique. If the bodily identities imposed on Mohamedi (in writing, criticism, discourse) are symptomatic of historical determinism, might there be a way to first, read her work historically rather than biographically, and then re-insert it into history under biographical terms once more? That is to say, how is Mohamedi’s body simultaneously both hers and history’s (and, by extension, ours)? For this, we must consider each of these: drawing, reading, photographing, and writing, as verbs rather than as nouns, centering practice as a laborious process in embodied time.

I outline a trio — related, but possibly independent — readings of Mohamedi’s body. First: a post-colonial body engaged in working under the violence of partition and what it meant to be an Indian occupying Indian land. Second: a gendered body navigating the loss or lack of maternal figure, lover, and child. Third: the body as (broken) machine, laboring with sophisticated tools in a rapidly-industrializing environment while dealing with the onset of a degenerative disease.

**“My lines speak of troubled destinies
Of death
Of insects
[...]
Talk that I am struck
By lightning or fire”**
Nasreen Mohamedi, Baroda, June 3, 1968

The body drawing a line is a direct descendent of British armchair politics, which consisted of the (masculine) production of abstract cartographic lines on paper that had very real and violent socio-political implications (“death [...] “struck by fire”). The line is a border, the border is a line. Mohamedi’s personal practice (articulated in the possessive phrase “my lines” above), the repetitive, almost obsessive production and reproduction of lines can be read dually: first, as a female reclamation of political, male border politics registered through line drawing, and second, subsequently, using this reclamation to place the body in a specific place (on/amongst the lines), and so contribute to

notions of a newly-independent, post-colonial, modern Indianness through art.

Verb-power is bestowed on the object itself rather than its maker — the grid “writes absence,” it “accounts for space.” The grid “announces” and “resists” and it “does its job.” In its Western formulation, the grid (notably, the rather than a grid) is entirely autonomous, and so, both finished (a product) and ahistoric (permanent). On the other hand, Mohamedi offers her body as maker of the grid, and we once more return to her possessive, “my lines” and the declaration “I am struck.” By referencing her grid as a collection of lines, she emphasizes process, rather than the grid as product. Moreover, she accounts for the history of the lines as the evoke “troubled destinies,” a phrase that I am compelled to consider in the lineage of Jawaharlal Nehru’s 1947 speech on the eve of Indian independence, beginning: “Long years ago we made a tryst with destiny, and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge...” Fifteen years later, the violent lines of partition transmuted the romantic “we,” a reference to the metonymic Indian body, and its “tryst with destiny” into “troubled destinies” only to foreground Nasreen Mohamedi’s indegenic practice.

“What about the Indianness of Mohamedi’s art? Where is the silver foil, the golden thread, the brocade?” A lamentation to which we might respond by suggesting that the line of golden thread is replaced by the graphite trail, a border line pushed into paper to reflect a new Indianness, or perhaps, more personally, to connect her various homes, Bahrain, Paris, and Bombay. The act of pushing to which I refer is a forceful imprinting of lines on paper by hand (body), that reads as a gesture that visualizes, albeit at a far smaller scale, partition violence and its very permanent repercussions.

**Watching the electricians topping the wire-strains between concentration and danger — hung
on a rope.**
Nasreen Mohamedi, July 17, 1980s

Nasreen worked from Mumbai, Delhi, and Ahmedabad, three large, industrializing metropolises. The view from her studio window, described in the above diary excerpt, exemplifies these rapidly changing attitudes towards technology and industry in India. The new Congress government ushered in an era of information technology and telecommunications revolutions across the country, and the electricians — whose work Mohamedi was privy to from the confines of her studio — are paradigmatic of these tangible, material shifts in urbanism and culture. In words, Mohamedi describes the tension “between concentration and danger” embedded in her drawings. Her work, given this urban context, assumes figurative characteristics: we begin to read her lines as “ropes” or “wire-strains” stretched across the expansive sky, producing a precarious composition of fragile, stringy lines rather than a pristine grid. The “thickening and slimming” of the line serves as a trace of the pressure from the drawing hand, just as the entangled electric wires might be read as traces, or material remains, of the laboring bodies that assembled them.

Galligan, Gregory. “Nasreen Mohamedi: What Geometry One Finds at the Beach.” *Art Asia Pacific*, No. 53, May 2007: 102-107.
Kapur, Geeta. “Elegy for an Unclaimed Beloved: Nasreen Mohamedi 1937-1990.” Essay. In *Lines Among Lines*. The Drawing Center (2005): 5-19.
Min, Susette. “Fugitive Time: Nasreen Mohamedi’s Drawings and Photographs.” Essay. In *Lines Among Lines*. The Drawing Center, (2005): 21-28.

This project engages the production of a shared, social space for sleep and dreaming in Lower Manhattan. The dreamscape is developed as a system of tunnels excavated and reconstituted from aggregate rubble of the demolished surrounding buildings, and includes a dense, above-ground network of curtains. I am interested in ground, and the primordial non-hierarchical condition of occupying a nearly unregulated, unrefined groundscape, moving down and inwards rather than up and outwards, topographical gestures that are spatial and function as metaphor at the site, in a city where darkness and access to the sky are exclusionary privileges rather than rights. This project is directly influenced by Jonathan Crary's *24/7*, a diagnosed condition of "non-stop" existing without breaks, boundaries, or demarcations between production and consumption, public and private, work or rest.

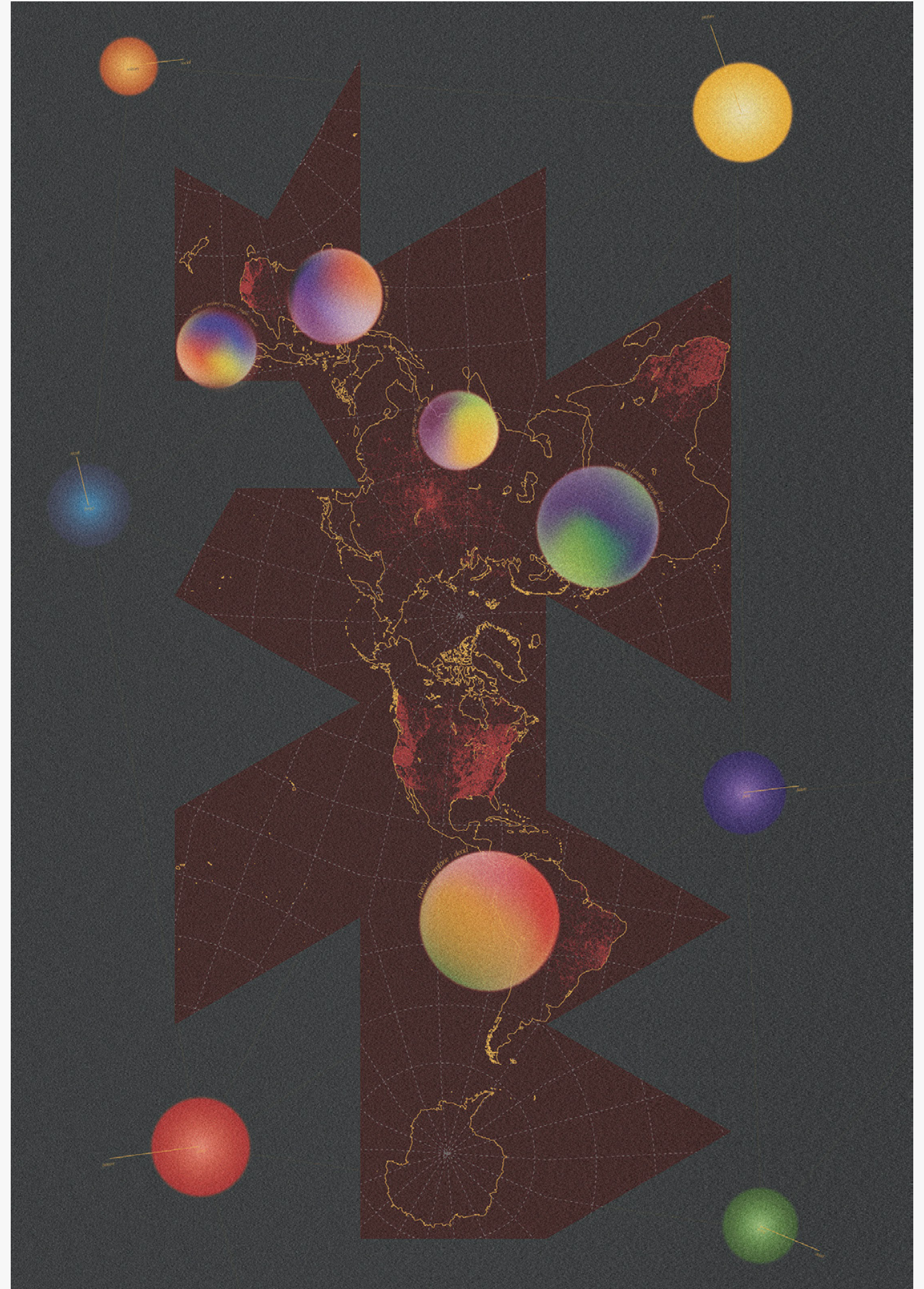
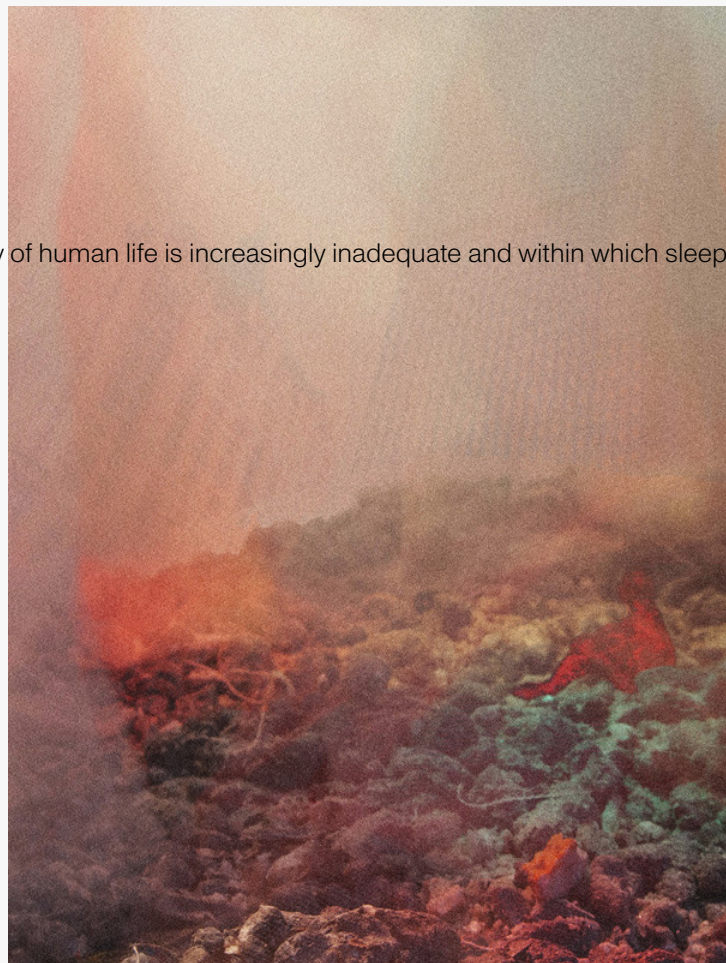
How can we critically reposition the value of sleep and dreaming to acknowledge the creative and biological potential embedded in these processes? Sleep is in a state of crisis, a condition that cannot be harnessed, colonized, or extracted for value. The dreamscape emerges as a new type of commons related to body, posture, and labour, a spatial provocation to reimagine what might happen if we close our eyes and dream.

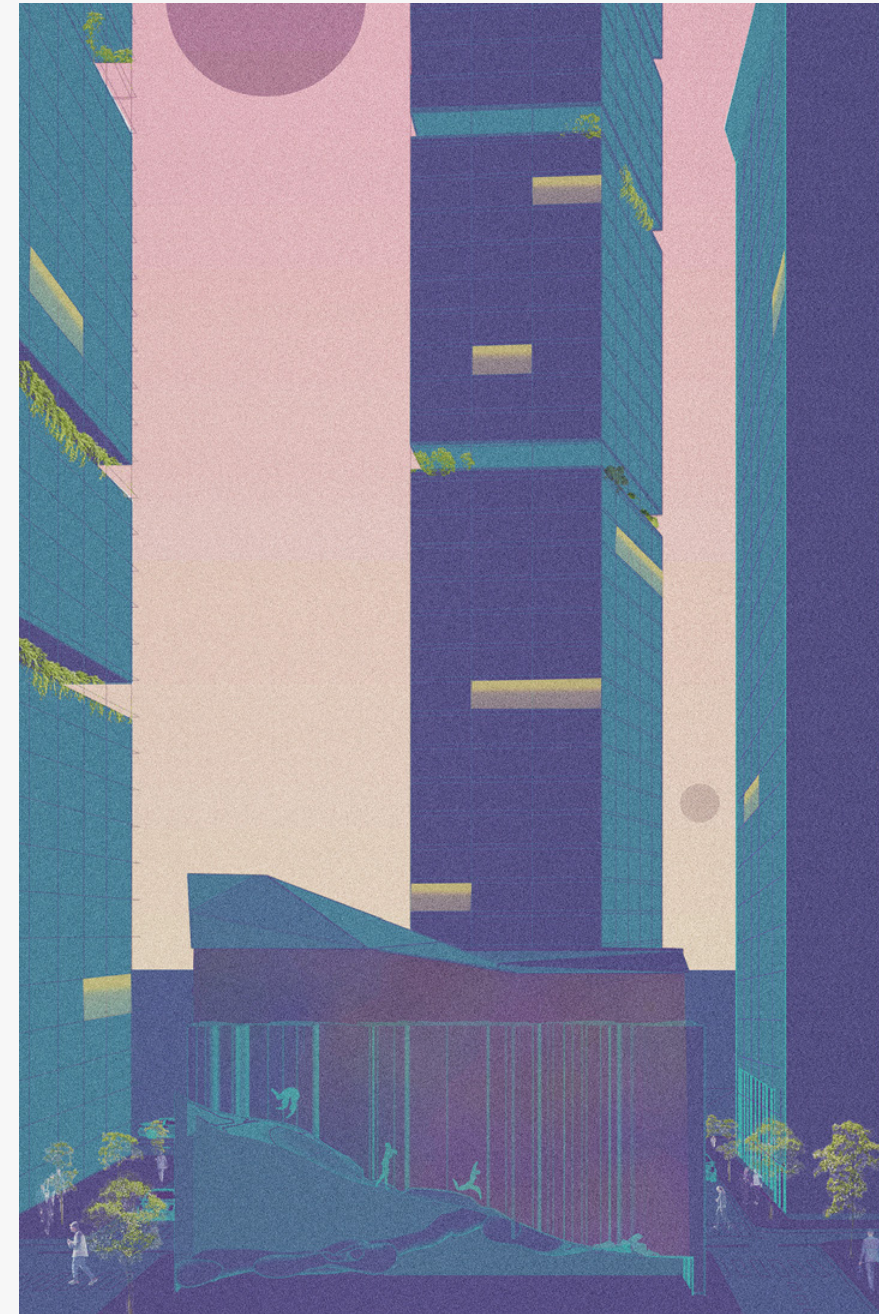




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24/7 is a time of indifference, against which the fragility of human life is increasingly inadequate and within which sleep has no necessity or inevitability.

In relation to labor, it renders plausible, even normal, the idea of working without pause, without limits.

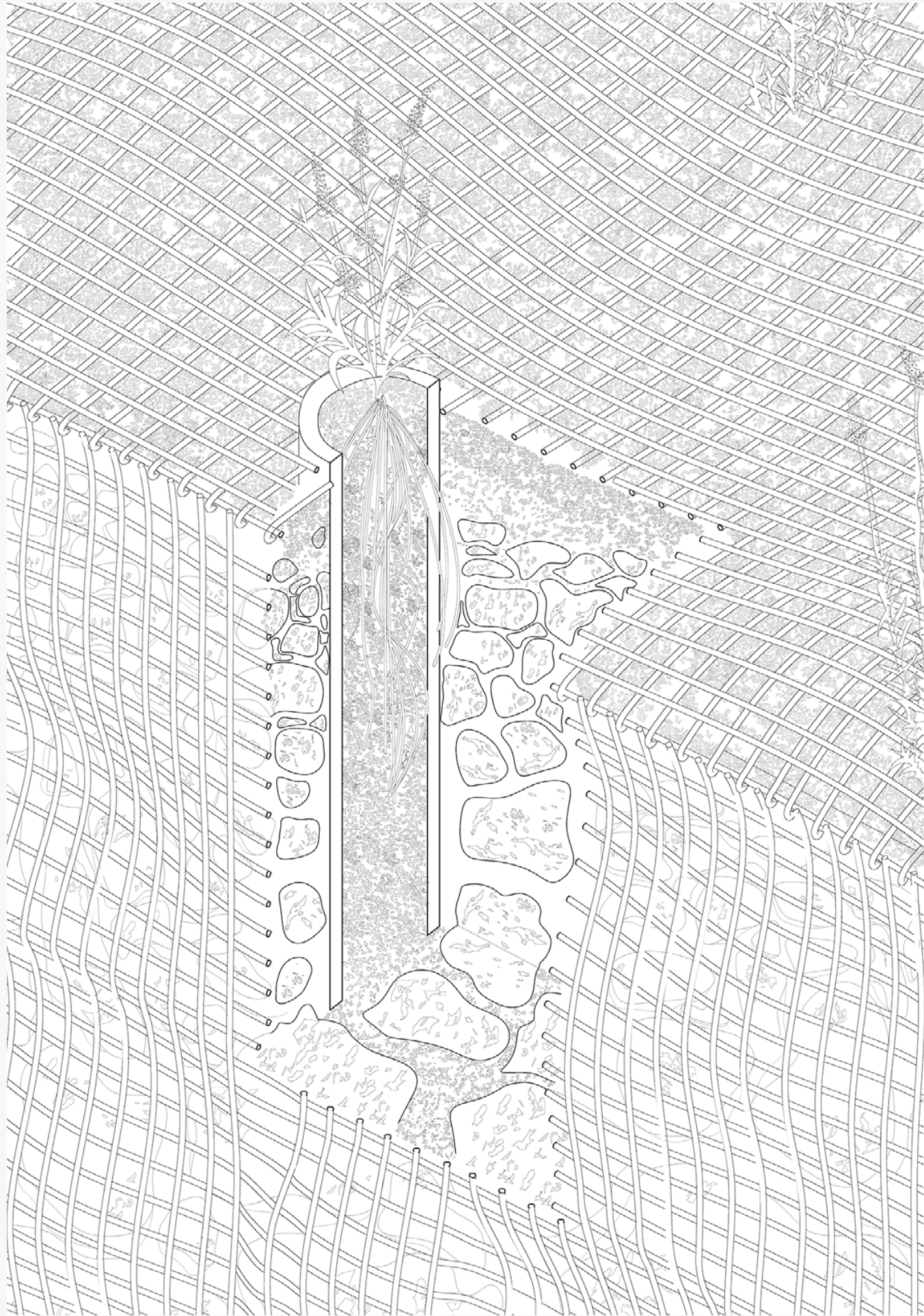




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In the late 1990s a Russian/European space consortium announced plans to build and launch into orbit satellites that would reflect sunlight back onto earth [...] Opposition to the project arose immediately and from many directions. Astronomers expressed dismay because of the consequences for most earth-based space observation. Scientists and environmentalists declared it would have detrimental physiological consequences for both animals and humans, in that the absence of regular alternations between night and day would disrupt various metabolic patterns, including sleep. There were also protests from cultural and humanitarian groups, who argued that the night sky is a commons to which all of humanity is entitled to have access, and that the ability to experience the darkness of night and observe the stars is a basic human right that no corporation can nullify. However, if this is in any sense a right or privilege, it is already being violated for over half of the world's population in cities that are enveloped continuously in a penumbra of smog and high-intensity illumination. This ultimately unworkable enterprise is one particular instance of a contemporary imaginary in which a state of permanent illumination is inseparable from the non-stop operation of global exchange and circulation. In its entrepreneurial excess, the project is a hyperbolic expression of an institutional intolerance of whatever obscures or prevents an instrumentalized and unending condition of visibility.

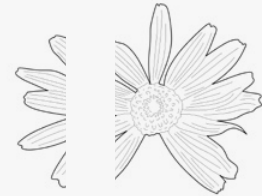
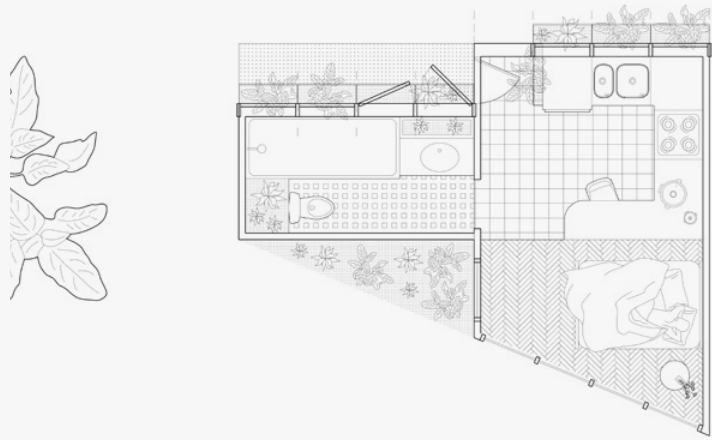
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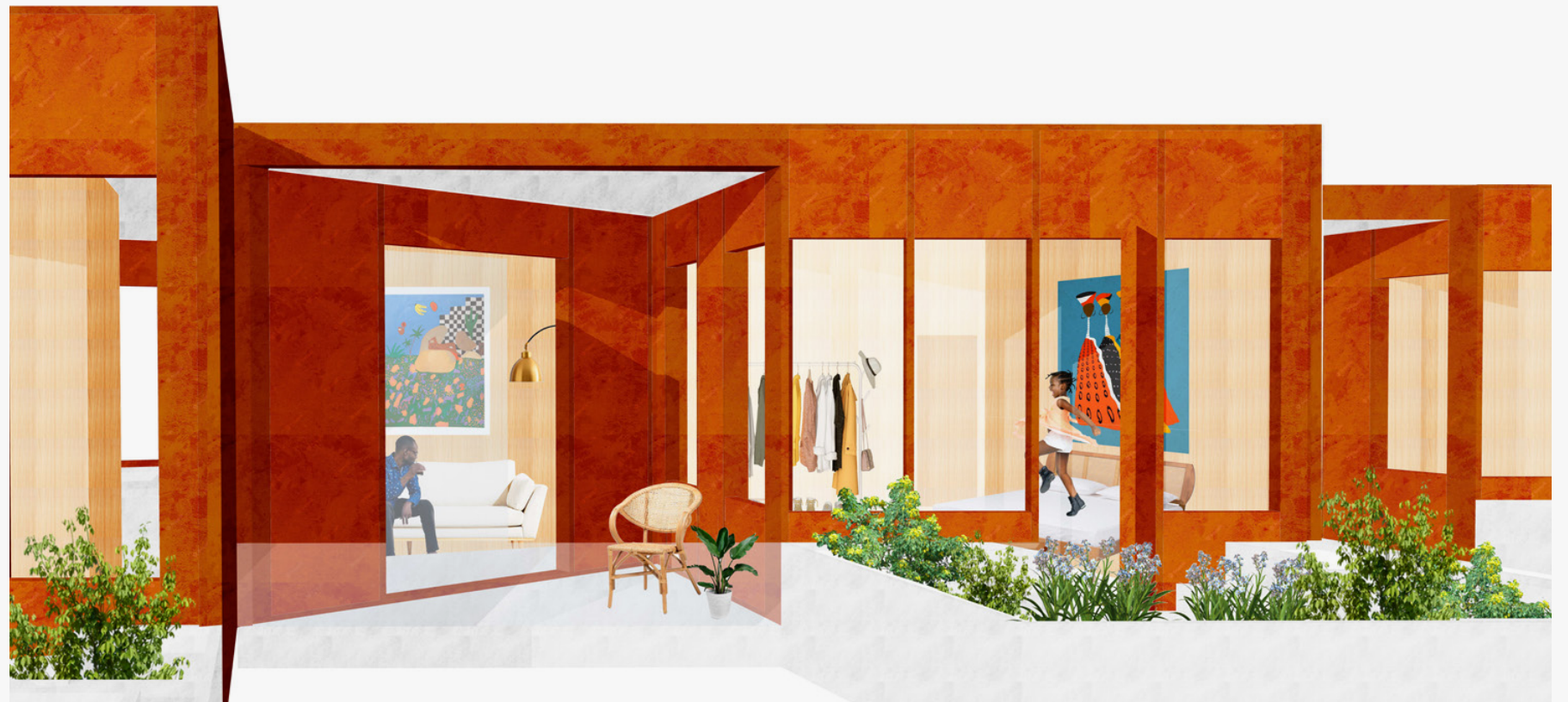
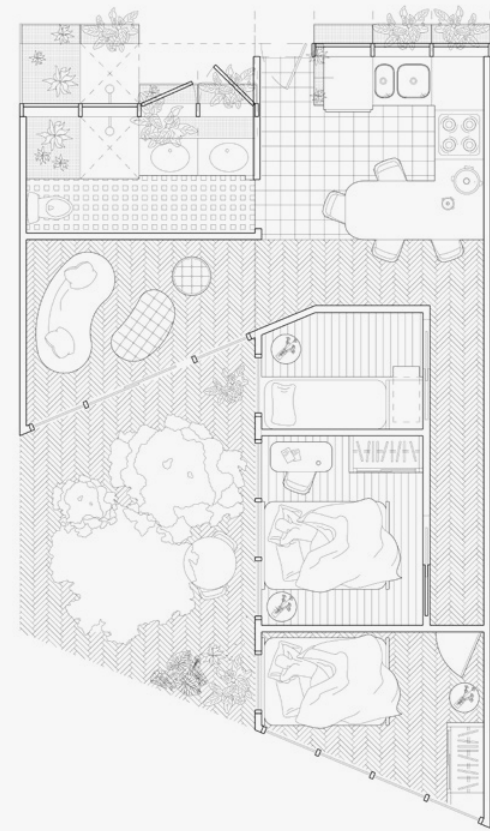
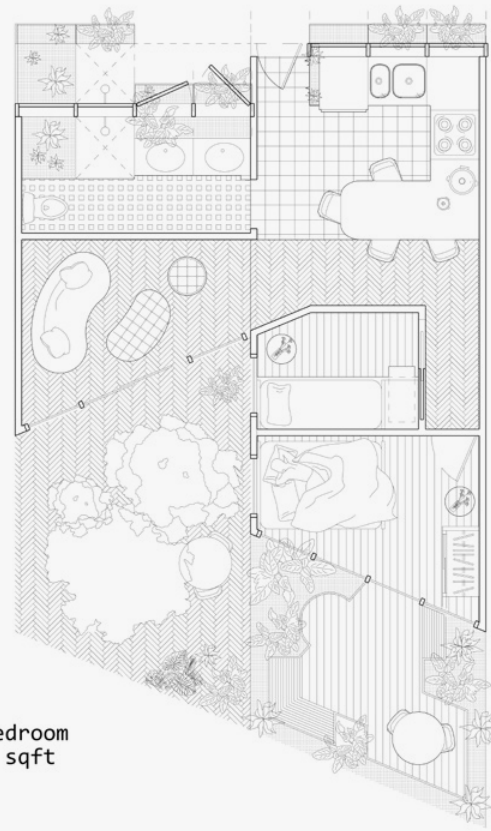
The project positions housing at the intersections of density, proximity, and intimacy, and is concerned with ideas of housing as living – with water, in environmental precarity, and with each other through a series of perforations, or thresholds between inside and outside, wet and dry, the public and the private.

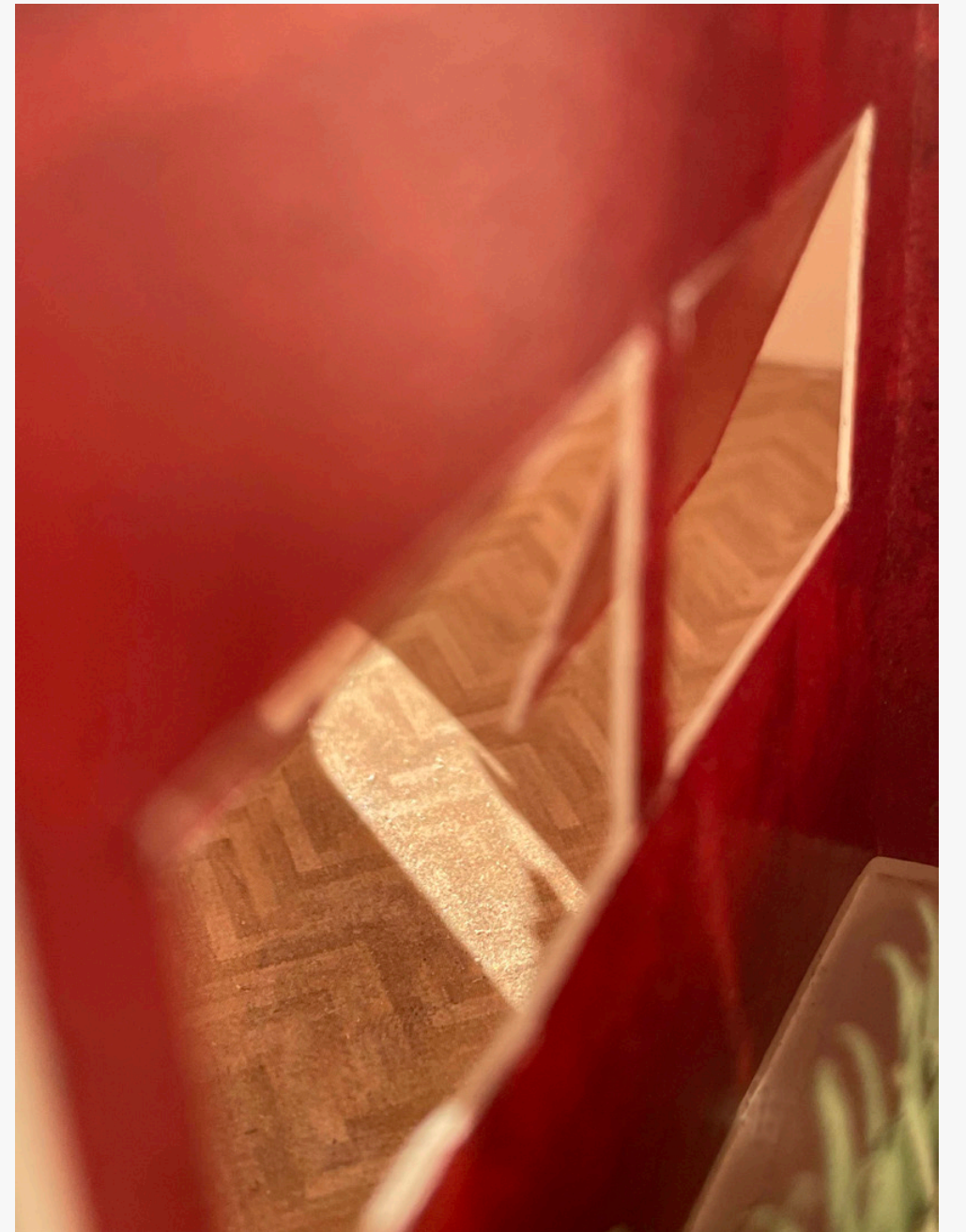
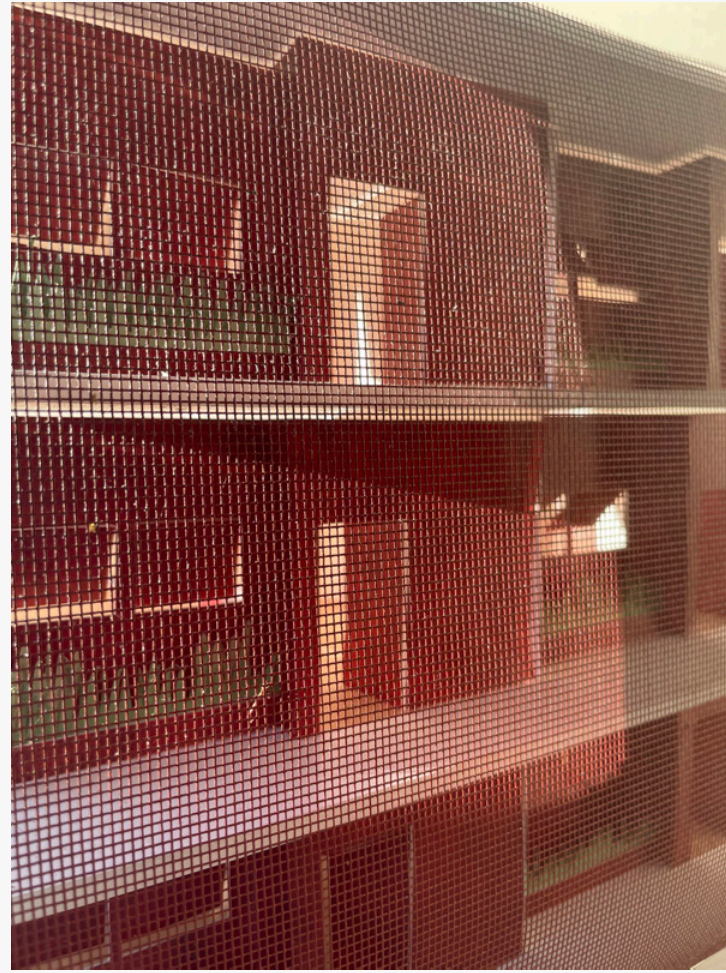
In the next 50 years, the site will face increases in daily temperature of 6 degrees, increase in precipitation by 11%, flash flooding and water inundation. How then, can we produce spaces of resilience that absorb change rather than resist it, both spatially and materially? The bath, the terrace, and the kitchen become the nexus of life and living, and serve as opportunities to share space and lives within and across apartment types and occupants. These are located along the shared, single-loaded hallway, producing a “wet” striation in plan. The typology is dependent on the multiple lives water can have in a single cycle of a residential project. The project becomes one of reconfiguring our relationship to the water closet, to intimacy, and to hygiene, which have historically been relegated to the invisible and the unseen. A series of terraces that engage the atmosphere, serving as an exaggeration of the stoop typology by allowing for connections with neighbors across the hallway, allowing for opportunities to personalize private outdoor space.





2 Bedroom
503 sqft





	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12	
for eating	beans	[Symbolic representation]											
	beets	[Symbolic representation]											
	broccoli	[Symbolic representation]											
	brussels sprouts	[Symbolic representation]											
	carrots	[Symbolic representation]											
	corn	[Symbolic representation]											
	kale	[Symbolic representation]											
	green peas	[Symbolic representation]											
	squash	[Symbolic representation]											
	tomato	[Symbolic representation]											
for joy	baby's breath	[Symbolic representation]											
	black eyed susan	[Symbolic representation]											
	canna	[Symbolic representation]											
	carnation	[Symbolic representation]											
	daffodil	[Symbolic representation]											
	dahlia	[Symbolic representation]											
	hydrangea	[Symbolic representation]											
	daisy	[Symbolic representation]											
	zinnia	[Symbolic representation]											
	for care	bearberry	[Symbolic representation]										
marsh rosemary		[Symbolic representation]											
prickly pear		[Symbolic representation]											
primrose		[Symbolic representation]											
aloe vera		[Symbolic representation]											
ginseng		[Symbolic representation]											
lavender		[Symbolic representation]											
basil		[Symbolic representation]											
yarrow		[Symbolic representation]											
for resilience		oak	[Symbolic representation]										
	black tulipo	[Symbolic representation]											
	gingko	[Symbolic representation]											
	maple	[Symbolic representation]											
	river birch	[Symbolic representation]											
	willow	[Symbolic representation]											
	cypress	[Symbolic representation]											
marsh plants	[Symbolic representation]												





In March 2017, a group of women led a protest on the streets of Kolkata in response to a new state law requiring children to display their Aadhaar cards - the national state ID - to receive their free mid-day meal. This order was passed in an anxious social climate in which state participants were beginning to question the constitutional validity of requiring Aadhaar identification to access state-funded services and fundamental rights. In a country of rampant adolescent malnutrition, the free meal is a significant incentive to attend school. The image of indignant maternal bodies with makeshift aprons as protest signs superimposes the ostensibly shared impulses of the state and the parent: to feed and nourish those for whom they are responsible. How does the Aadhaar identification project implicate the caloric bodies of the Indian state's subjects? Which bodies does the system include, and subsequently exclude? Finally, how can we understand the modern Indian development project in the context of this project?

Despite UIDAI's CEO Ajay Panday's suggestion that with so many fake ration cards, India had, until Aadhaar, been subsidizing a "ghost nation," the specters have not been eliminated, only displaced to different absences. These unregistered individuals are doubled ghosts in the state machine: First, they are simply not registered, and so accounted for, in the state apparatus. Second, their invisibility renders them incapable of accessing nutrition through the mid-day meal program (for children) or monthly rations. The calories of a metabolic body are replaced by procedural ectoplasm – an utter absence, a seen-through-ness.

Can the body be classified as document? This follows from Dr. Revati Prasad's formulation of data not simply as "always-already formed," but whose making is predicated on the erasure of title in one's body and its labor, where "the citizen's body is a critical part of Aadhaar's infrastructure, and not just its object of control." Prasad asks, "What kind of value is contained in this emergent property form?" to which this paper responds: a caloric value.

The xerox shop: is a locus for visibility, and so, belonging, in the state. In cities and towns alike, a small group of people seem perpetually hovering at the desk, awaiting the "original and copy" document that mark their place in and rights via the state, only for these to be "flagged and filed away for the future," existing purely on a "horizon of expectation." There is no door or interior to the xerox shop, it is only and all threshold, so the pavement transforms into a space of sociability and visibility as one waits. There are no ghosts here, only real, visible, measured subjects clutching Aadhaar cards. This phenomenon corresponds to Lisa Gitelman's formulation of the "know-show function" of the document that identifies it as an epistemic object. Certainly, at the center of this "modest site of self-possession," is proof: of belonging to the state and of ownership of the document (the Aadhaar card) whose affective power of material possession eclipses literary or legibility. In fact, it was the recognition of the desire for something tangible amongst the cardholders that led to the production of the physical Aadhaar card, a later addition to the ecosystem seen as a "small concession to familiarity and convenience." For the Aadhaar, print is registered as imprint: of the tagged body via machine into document. The anthropometric origins of state measure are not entirely lost, since the Aadhaar card has legitimacy and familiarity because of the body's mark-making practices that

produced (and later at the xerox shop, reproduced) it.

The village ration shop: Mobile and internet connectivity is a spatial marker that distinguishes the rural from the urban centers, despite development efforts to bridge, or blur, the boundaries between city, town, and village. The inauguration of the Aadhaar network precedes the physical infrastructures: the electrical wires, telephone poles, scanners, and mobile phones on which it is contingent. In Hindi, the word "aadhaar" translates to base, or foundation. Given its etymological roots in stability and groundedness, it is particularly mordant that its infrastructures are pervaded by disjunction and fragility.

during a community grievance hearing in rural Jharkhand, a young woman complains that she has been unable to receive her food rations recently. She claims that since she works in a cement factory, her fingers are not naram (soft) enough to be read by the machine. She rubs her fingers against one another, as if feeling the roughness of her own skin in an attempt to understand, or sense, her own bodily failure as deemed by the machine.

This is the key of the binary machine. By building a baseline that takes a certain dataset as normative, Aadhaar translates bodies into "essentialized differences". The failure of the machine to read, or capture, a body inscribes difference (here, coded as hardness rather than a necessary softness) as intrinsic to the body. The assumption that the performance problem is with the user and not with the biometric technologies fixes identity into categories that denies the possibility of mobility. Bodies that resist this normativity are shuffled into an empty category, the "residual" pile, the ghost, the other. The panchayat (the village center) becomes the space where these bodies are seen, heard, and read. When the system succeeds, there are no bodies, only ghosts at the site. But when the system fails, the bodies appear – in protest, in beseechment, in desperation. Like the protest, the panchayat also becomes the locus of otherness: a coalescence of the bodies behind the "ERROR" or a circulating table on a Google cloud server, a testimony that, in media recording and circulation, becomes testimony of animate and indignant subject.

A significant portion of this "residual pile," as demonstrated in the video, is the manual laborer, whose callused hands lead to effaced prints that cannot be registered by the machine. Not insignificantly, most of these manual laborers have historically been from lower castes, relegated to the margins of society. In the constraints of the machinic logic, building the state exempts participation in the state. The individuals generating value for the state (in metabolic activity and exertion of caloric energy) are then institutionally denied existence in the State in their failure to be indexed. The history of tactile exclusion is vast: discrimination of Dalits ("Untouchables") was based on bodily proximity and separation, crucially linking state projects of hygiene and purity to specific uses and exertions of hand and finger.

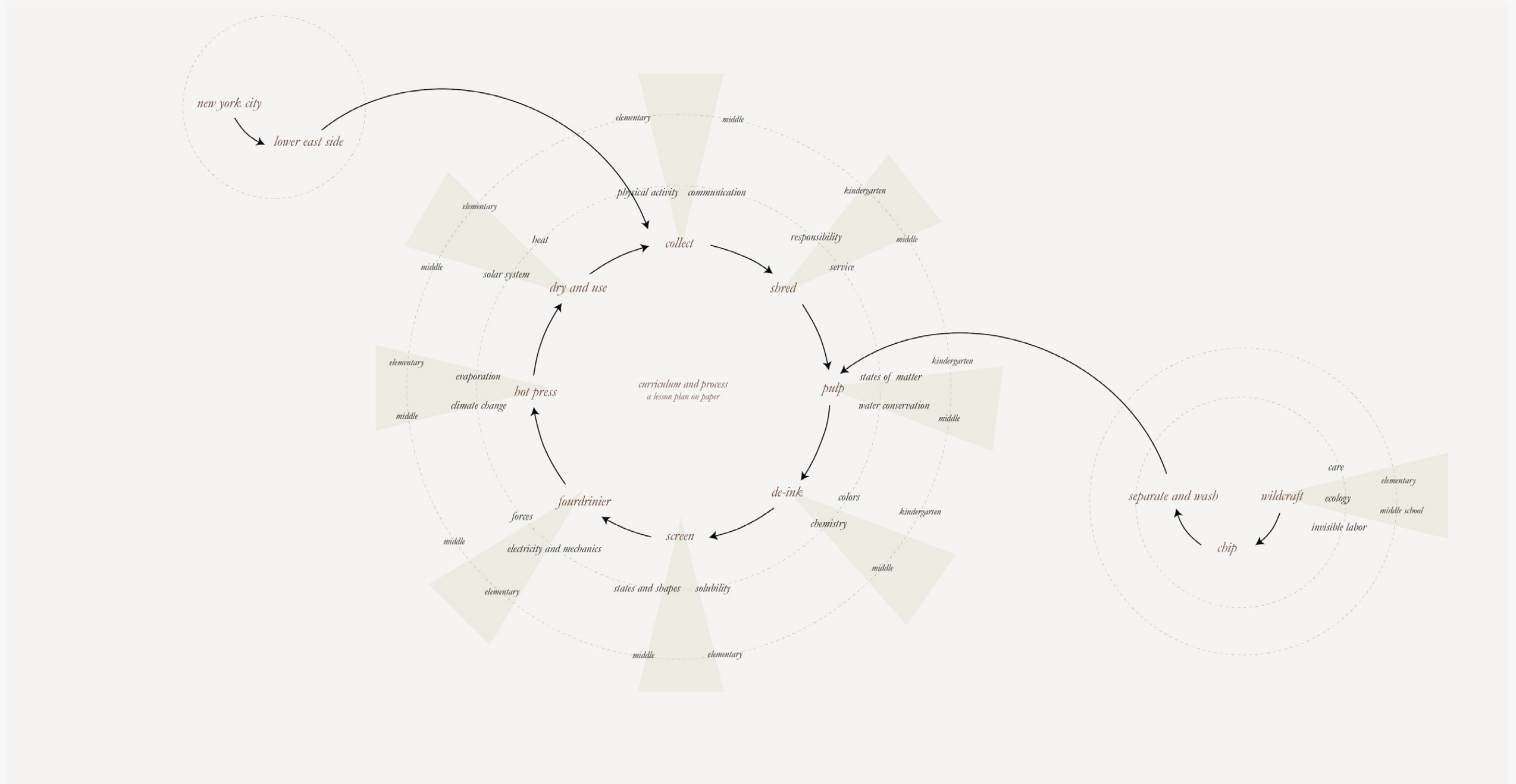
the failure to register or be successfully verified translates into a failure to vote, an erasure in the voter list that led to voter suppression in the state elections of 2018. With a failure to register, the low-caste citizen becomes the "low-resolution citizen," one who continues to be laden with the implications of a social existence in a system that pretends to eclipse subjectivities. The failure of the successful thumbprint renders this abnormality visible, corporeal, literal: bodily abnormality as failure to register in the system of development, and therefore externalized from the project of development itself.

This project reimagines the school as a stack of paper; an imagination of post-carbon education that informs the structure, tectonics, and pedagogy of a school that operates from a spirit of sharing, where both physical material and knowledge are considered a vital and interrelated commons, built up and layered through time, so reconfiguring the objects and bodies that we might consider archive.

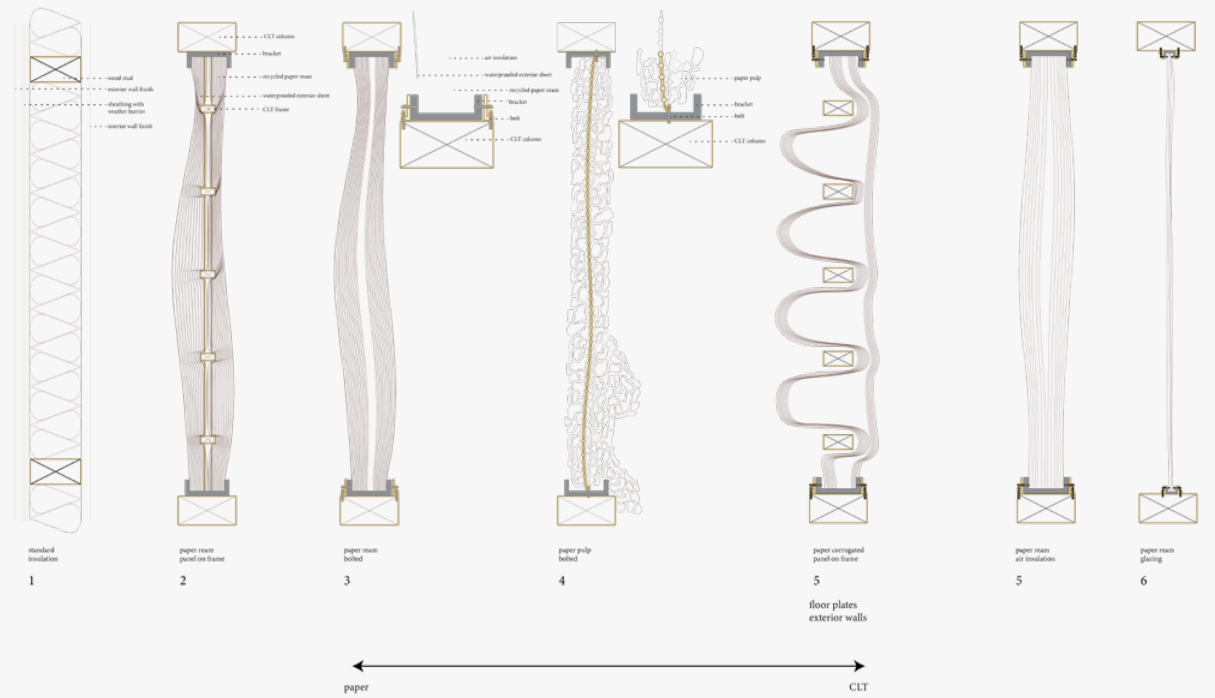
Paper is deployed through the glulam spaceframe in accordance with the programmatic requirements of the public school: as cladding, shading, partition, insulation, and circulating material.

Additionally, the basement of the school and the adjacent Sara Roosevelt Park are conceived of as part of a larger paper-making production facility, whose output is used both for, and in, the school. This additional program ensures that paper production and consumption are localized in a circular economy that expands beyond the footprint of the school building. The school's structure, both physical and organizational, is intrinsically connected to the extended LES community: it relies on volunteers to run the paper-making facility, maintain the school building, and in turn, supply an abundance of recyclable, used paper products.





Failure is built into the expectations of this system, and in turn, the structure demands care, replenishment, and maintenance, values that are core to the school curriculum. Paper is knowledge materialized, and this paper-school centers an embodied pedagogy and learning/living process, connecting students to material, space, production, and labour to develop an acute, embodied consciousness of what it means to inhabit the space and body of a learner and a knowledge-maker.

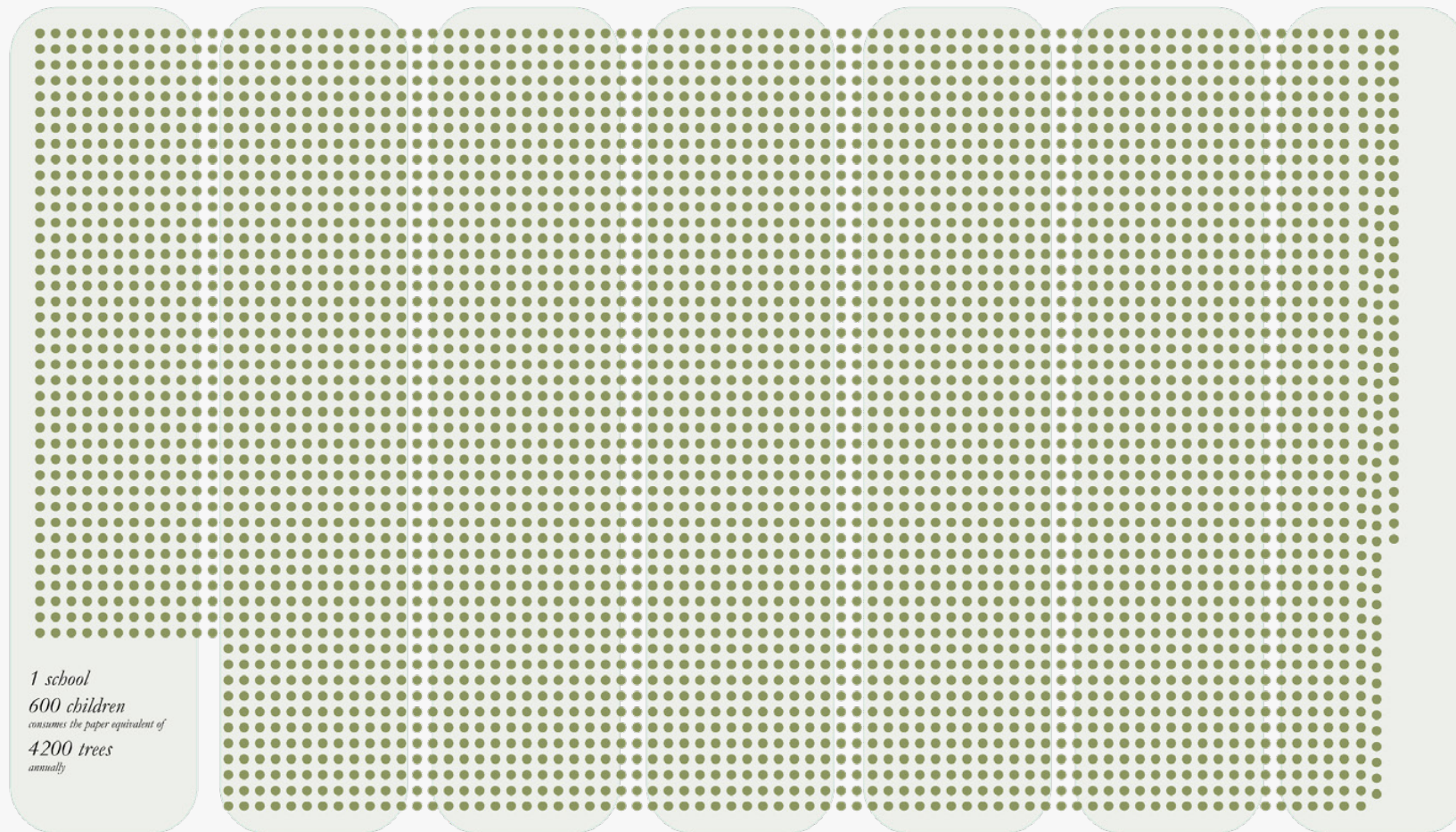


20%
of NYC waste is recyclable paper

340 million lbs
per household of paper waste annually

22 trees
in Sara Roosevelt Park, 2022

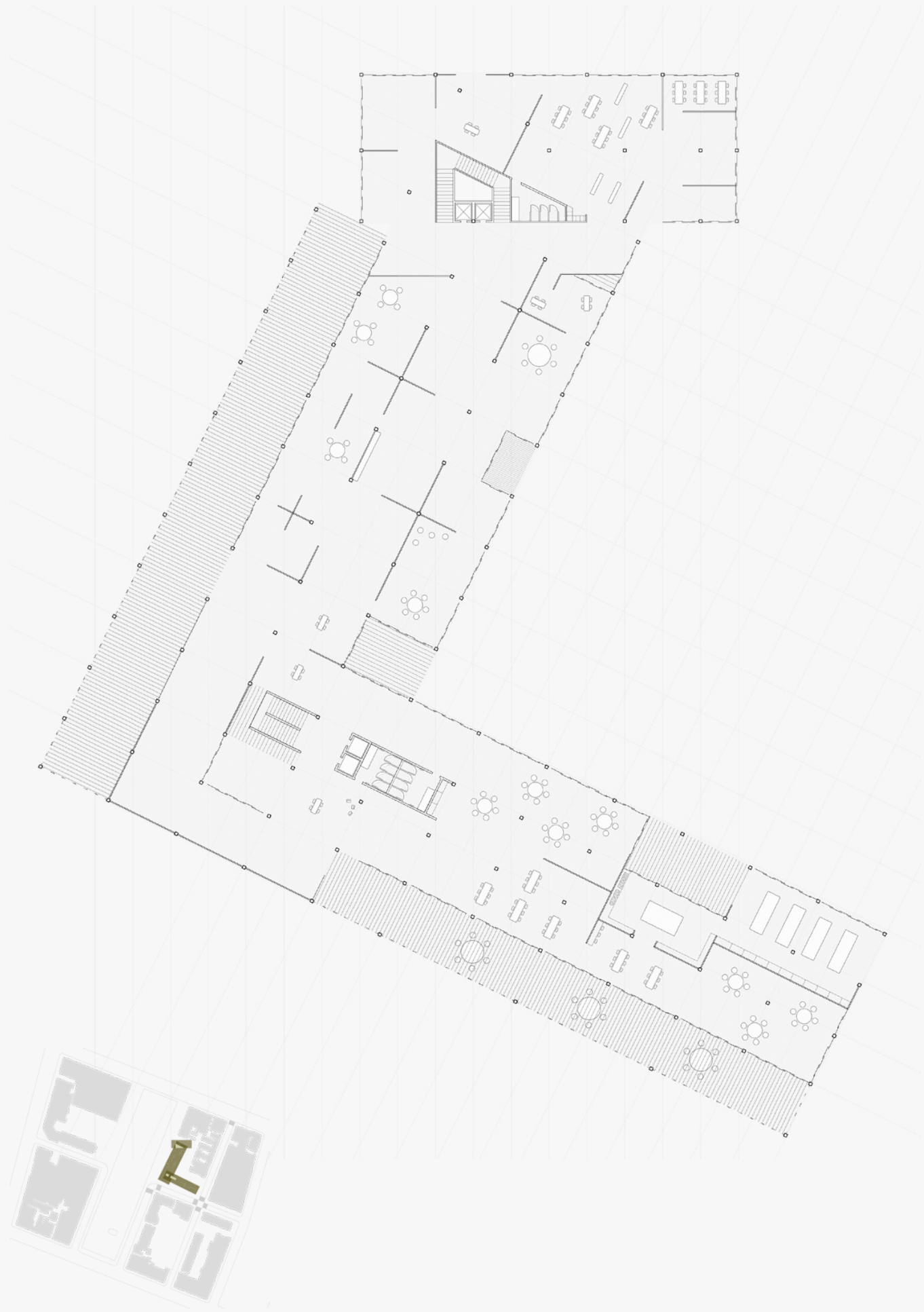
1 individual
consumes the paper equivalent of
7 trees
annually



1 school
600 children
consumes the paper equivalent of
4200 trees
annually

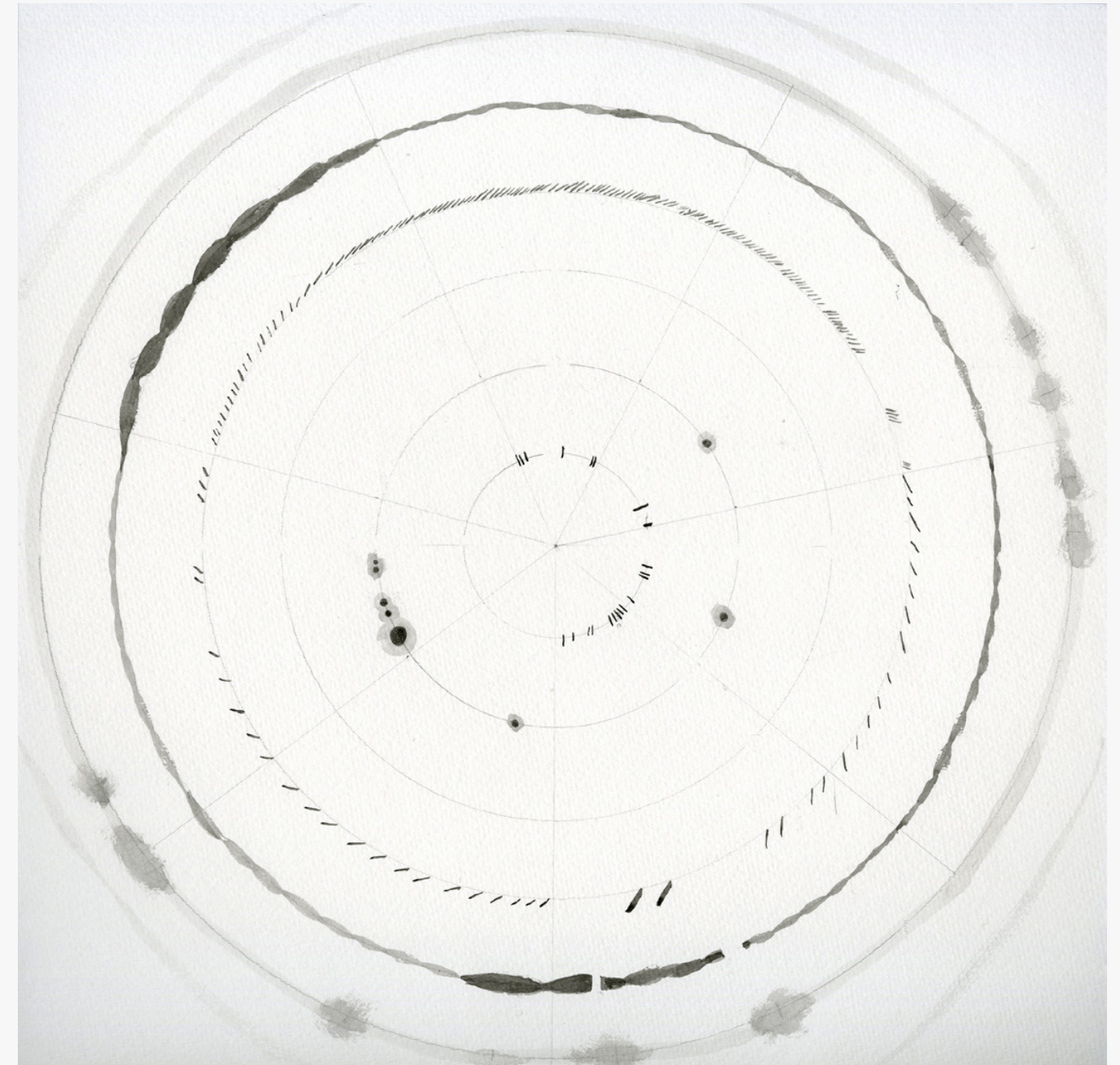




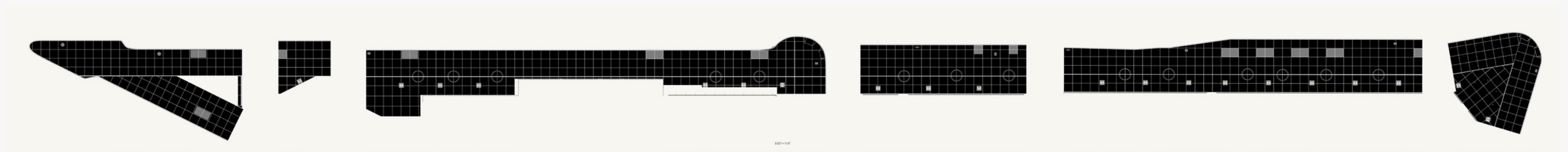


The purchase of land (as ground) and land (as subsurface deep into the Earth's bedrock) via eminent domain by Columbia University at The Forum on W 125th St. are complicit in the anticipated neo-colonial fantasy of constructing 6 million square feet of "program space" over the next 25 years. Can the "failures," or the "gaps" of the sealed environment – the door, the pavement caulk, the double-glazed facade – allow for different ways of relating to land and impositions of boundary? A line, the property line was once drawn, then forgotten. This "line" measures 2 inches of real territory (the width of a pavement expansion joint) absorbed by paper trails, by ink mark-making, lost in bureaucratic procedure. With a 2 inch width and a 700 foot length, it is a sizable 113 sq ft footprint on the ground. Given the maximum floor-area ratio of a site in a C6 zone in Manhattan, the property line could build up 715 feet into the air. The total volume of this site is over a hundred thousand cubic feet.

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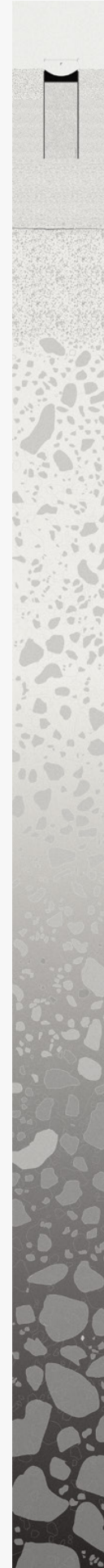




This project attempts to undo the logics of land ownership and value by purchasing and applying a conservation easement on a 2" property line to render it legally undevelopable in perpetuity. As document, the easement introduces text as an architectural and spatial device. As reparation, this covenant asks how land might exist outside of the legal-economic regime of property that was instituted by slavery and colonization. This space is where the res nullius of the sidewalk turns into the terra nullius occupied by the sovereign power – terra extends to what is above and below it. With a 2 inch width and a 700 foot length, it is a sizable 113 sq ft footprint on the ground. Given the maximum floor-area ratio of a site in a C6 zone in Manhattan, the colonizing property line could extend 715 feet into the air. The total volume of this site is over a hundred thousand cubic feet. With current appraisal values of land around it, the air is deemed worth over a million dollars.



The surplus-creating, private economy materialized through the New York City Commissioner's Plan of 1811 continues to manifest itself through the parceling, re-zoning, and colonial disciplining of territory by Columbia University.



1. Purpose. The purpose of this Easement is to grant to Grantee certain rights to restrict the use and development of the Protected Property to protect in perpetuity the use of the Protected Property for the purpose of protection of historic land, and being on a fault line and within the flood zone, unfit land, and through such protection, enhance, preserve and protect said Protected Property for the use and enjoyment of the public.

2. The following uses and practices are inconsistent with the purpose of this Easement and shall be prohibited upon or within the Protected Property

- (a) Any commercial or industrial uses
- (b) The division or subdivision of the Protected Property.
- (c) Dredging, mining, excavation, filling
- (d) Disturbances of the Protected Property's surface topography
- (e) The use of toxic chemicals

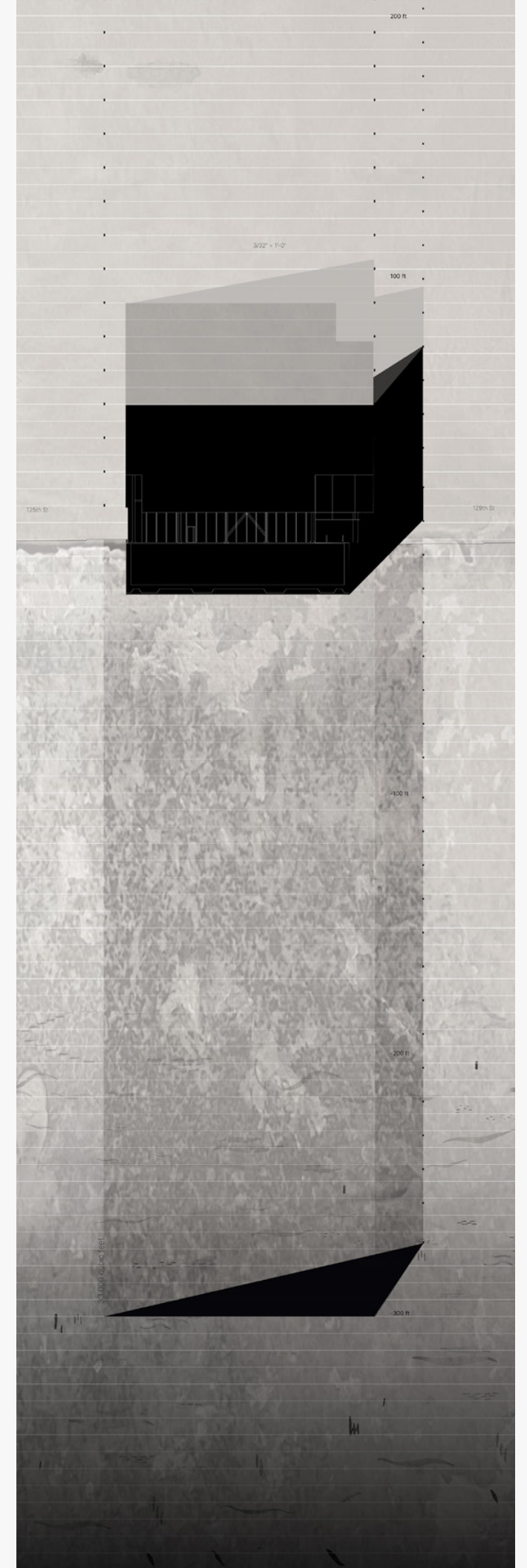
3. Affirmative Rights Conveyed; including:

- (a) the free provision of apples provided by trees on the Property, to any who might pick them from trees or collect them from the ground
- (b) the provision of potable water from spigots located on the Property

5. Public Access. There shall be public access to the Protected Property, except that access to specified areas:

- (a) the enforcement of a protection tax issued to the proprietarians of Lot 31, Block 1995 which the Property encloses for those trespassing on the Property to occupy the premises of Lot 31 between the hours of 8am and 8pm daily. This conservation reparation will be equivalent to the appraised value of Lot 31 for the equivalent year and used for the maintenance of the Property.

In all: a thought – How do you enter a space?





The "property" of The Forum is the building as well as the purchase of subsurface ground 300 ft deep into the Earth's bedrock) and unused floor area ratio. With a 2 inch width and a 700 foot length, the pavement filler is a 113 sq ft footprint on the ground, the total volume of this site is over a hundred thousand cubic feet.



NYC Department of Transportation concrete sidewalk

Modernity, Milk –
Achyut Kanvinde's Dudhsagar Dairy Plant in Globalism and Postcolonial Development
Postmodernism and World Systems, Reinhold Martin, Spring 2023

An account of the Dudhsagar Dairy Plant in Mehsana, Gujarat could begin at its 1973 inauguration, or in 1947 at the eve of Indian Independence, or even a year before, in 1946, with the establishment of the Anand Milk Union Limited dairy cooperation. It could begin with the Bengal Famine of 1942, if not even earlier. While negotiating each of these historical strands through its course, this essay finds its starting point somewhere in the middle: at the eleven-nation 1959 World Agricultural Fair held in New Delhi, sponsored by the Indian Farmers Forum. The American pavilion, designed by Modernist Minoru Yamasaki, featured a 36-by-42-foot model of American dairy, poultry, and wheat farm land, along with displays of farm and dairy machinery. The fair, as articulated by then-Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, "represent[ed] the basic industry in India, and the means of satisfying the hunger for 400 million people."

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How does quantitative public infrastructure define and produce a state? The Dudhsagar plant was an early experiment and later, substantiation of this equivalence. Commissioned to architect Achyut Kanvinde of Kanvinde & Rai by the Dairy Development Board soon after the Fair, the project produced an architecture that spatialized and made material national systems of milk collection, processing, and distribution still in operation today. The imagination of abundance it promised in an era of scarcity is declared in its name, which in Hindi directly translates to Ocean (sagar) of Milk (dudh-). I locate the project under the designation quantitative architecture, defined by Ateya Khorakiwala as design that "responded to the technocratic mandate of national planning and technological modernization... design for a nation that conceived of itself through a rational process of modernization... an imagination that all uncertainties can be quantified and thus managed."

How does the project negotiate the schizophrenic lives of the country? I suggest here that development – uneven, dynamic, inconsistent – occurs through the construction of, in the use of, and the products of public infrastructures, each of which this essay unpacks in the context of a single architectural project. Architectural knowledge is material, spatial, and speculative, and 'presents technologies as inseparable from ideology.' Dominant contemporary reckonings with development theory argue that infrastructural projects instantiated a top-down biopolitics, between a 'liberal-capitalist pursuit of growth and a bureaucratic model of redistribution.' However, I argue that Kanvinde's project presents a reconciliation of top-down Nehruvian and bottom-up Gandhian modes of development, producing the architecture for a system that folded growing farmer enterprises into a centrally planned public sector by spatializing the architecture of the revolutionary White Revolution in dairy production.

In 1948, Kanvinde was sent to Harvard, where he learnt in the Modernist and Bauhaus traditions under Walter Gropius, Marcel Breuer, and Sigfried Gideon at the Graduate School of Design. This context locates Kanvinde's locus of emancipation as the West, and his direct engagement in a global network of post-war, post-Independence designers. Such was the case with a significant portion of Indian knowledge elites sent abroad on government programs under the condition that they serve a public office upon their return. Kanvinde metonymizes the aforementioned national schizophrenia, caught between an established global and a yet-to-be-inaugurated local. With this

context, I look toward three intersecting gestures of developmental and aesthetic significance in this project: first, hygiene and working conditions, second, the labors related to material and construction of the project, and finally, the image of the plant in the rapidly urbanizing town of Mehsana. This is not an ironic, self-referential, or indulgent project. I want to emphasize its eye to care and longevity in its position towards labour: both the labour of building the infrastructure, and the labours of the bodies that occupied it every day.

While the architectural separation of human (the reception building) and material (processing building) displays technocratic tendencies of mass production, the emphasis on lighting and ventilation runs through both masses. Structural columns act as tall ventilation shafts that rise as the shaft from the roof, formally expressed as sharp, angular caps. These solved for the discomfort of excessive heat and odour generated at the plant. This ventilation system relied on convectional circulation of air rather than energy-intensive exhaust fans. This is pragmatic developmental design that is hyper-aware of its climactic context and condition of scarcity, both of which are accommodated in the design of the plant by its use of natural cooling and lighting strategies. Sectionally, the project uses the slope of the site to create a multi-level building that uses gravity rather than extensive and expensive mechanical pumping systems. The milk is received from trucks at concrete decks on the upper level, and transferred to be pasteurised at lower levels. It is finally received, stored, and transported by truck from the ground level.

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The dairy project was the first in a large-scale effort to gain self-sufficiency in food products, an economic move to increase domestic production to substitute dependence on imports, turning the Wallersteinian periphery autonomous of the core. These efforts came to a head in 1956, when Verghese Kurien, the Chairman of the National Dairy Development Board, visited Nestle in Switzerland. Upon attempting to convince the board to manufacture condensed milk in India, rather than importing milk and sugar, he was told that making such a delicate product "could not be left to the natives." Two years later in the throes of the Indian dairy revolution, India began to produce its own condensed milk and subsequently banned the import of condensed milk into the country. Already, the dairy cooperative model had begun to revolutionise the Indian food industry and its reliance on imports. No milk from a farmer was refused, and 80% of the price of the milk was directly paid to the farmers, who controlled the procurement, procession, and marketing of milk and its associated products. The national milk grid was finally solidified with the technological breakthrough that produced milk powder (primarily produced at the Dudhsagar plant), a stable form of dairy that could be transported nationally and exported overseas. Village milk collection transformed rural life: women cattle-tenders assumed more economic power, livestock health, hygiene and sanitation conditions radically improved, and an increased awareness of nutrition proliferated across the nation. I provide this context to lay out the global conditions that made Kanvinde's project meaningful and necessary outside of its material form. Quantitative architecture made economic liberation possible and visible. Architectural historian Vikramadita Prakash argues that, for Nehru, "modernity was not only unfettered by the past, but was also an instrument to unfetter the past." In 1998, India achieved the status of the world's largest milk-producing nation, supplying nearly a quarter of the global milk supply. Today, dairy farming is India's largest self-sustainable rural employment generator, and Amul continues to operate as a farmer-run cooperative. The spread of these rural cooperatives into forms of industrial modernity represents a stabilisation of schizophrenia into a sustained and operative apparatus for growth.

juice bar is a biannual student publication that is interested in articulating, questioning, and altering the value of and relationship between language and design. It is an archive of what we are thinking, doing, and making at architecture school, and a place to talk about it.



with Juliana Yang
Peter Walhout, David Zhang

Postscript - Teamwork

After studio, we all sat around a kitchen table and started reading. It was like having a conversation, only silently. when i read, i cannot help but to react, respond, have my own, different, or eerily similar opinions. for me, this is a rare and valuable instance where i can share these with you, and have you respond, react, have your own different or similar opinions about how i read your text... and also how we read each other's notes, and learn to lean into the frictions of editing with four, five voices, to pass around an object, and to change it as it shifts hands and voices as it is increasingly fingerprinted feels in many ways like the closest we have gotten to each other in avery, [we hope you print, cross over, underline, and rewrite similarly.] [Capitalizing design differences?]

Last semester, on the vernal equinox, our office of academic and student affairs and student council's health and wellness committee sponsored a juice bar. An unfolded banquet table covered in a draping, navy tablecloth and plastic-tropicana bottles was a welcome if meagre, gesture of care. It was not a site of congregation, nor a fountain of replenishment. And so Juice Bar began: a conversation between two people. Somehow - through word of mouth, by pieces of paper scattered around Avery, over emails or bits of red tape - the project has grown. This engaging struggle with meaning through talk and subsequent written expression seems to serve as a crucible in which new understanding is forged. What do we want readers to get out of this issue? More paper? To feel the value of a real thing in their hands. Just to feel better. To have a medium for thinking, for communicating (although I don't know how I feel about that word) What have you learnt, about the process, and yourself? Probably how to have conversations through editing, you know, like in editing each other's edits. Also, how ready people are to write. Maybe to channel my energy towards something... shareable? To expand our notion of writing as technology, as artefact, as activity, practice, and a form of space-making... I think I have more questions now than I thought I did. Anoushka is very good at facilitating ideas and keeping hers an undercurrent. David's name is dah-wee. Asking the right questions is one of the highest forms of care. I think And from Juliana, probably to think about the implications of a thing you are doing, even if only for yourself... Yeah, that's a good one. That's important. What is the relationship between GSAPP Juice Bar, and Avery? Institutionally, maybe Juice Bar operates at the [intersection of critique and appreciation (they might even be forms of the same thing)] There's something about actual sheets of paper around the school, hidden away in desks, it seems like the value of them not being read is as high as the value of them actually being read by people.

Does this read like the call at all? Not really, no... But I can make it read like it, if you want. Does it need to? There's already good stuff in here. Something about the value of editing... of paper... how it started with two and now it's four? There's a lot of stuff about bars on here.

[Bartending - you're serving as much as you're being served... I don't think it's about words... The exercise, dare I say it, is not even about the text. It's about what you can know about the individual, the current milieu about the school... Every issue reads like a snippet of a moment...]

The messy reality is that often, in the mad rush of service, patrons can't get a drink, tabs are left open, and unexpected people slip out to go home together. We hope you can show us grace as we navigate unprecedented numbers of submissions, an expanding team, and the very mission of this little bar. We are always open to conversation. It's been such a lucky experience to read and write with everyone. I don't have anything to add that hasn't been put down and edited with care already. But I'm excited to see this real thing. A soft folded paper that will sit on our benches, our tables, in trash bins, and under other piles of paper.

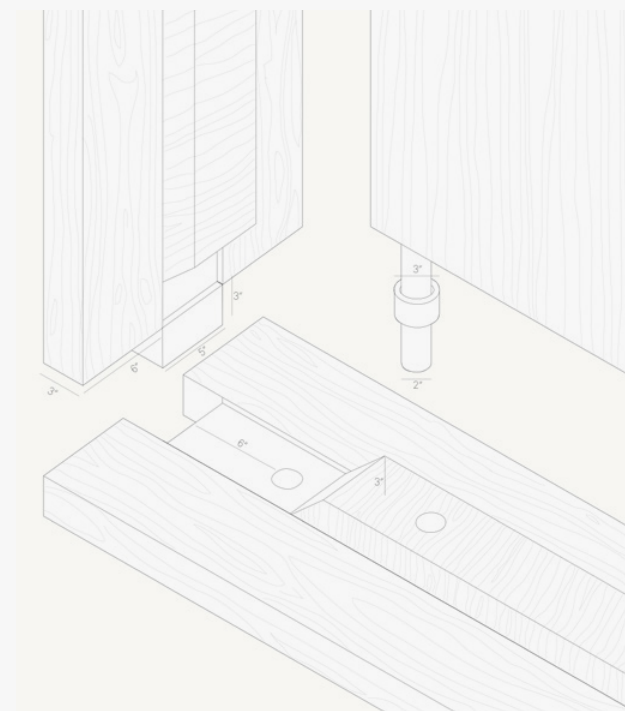
Handwritten notes:

- change as a formal rule
- reacting through material
- step into step!
- scale
- connection (purposeful)
- And eating?
- Project: need to eat food? even in your head!
- as a collective I?
- when the definition of identity is taken from the first person, maybe ~~change~~ the narrative can transcend individuality
- is it a sense of a collective "you" for the opposite effect of individualizing design differences?
- The talk around i in the days following this bar - I remember that time fondly, a similar sense of appreciation and critique
- is it helpful to include specific instances of that struggle? Misunderstandings, awkward cases, etc.
- what is your main critique to avoid scale? (we should talk about this)
- [like maybe] a bit in writing is added?
- We're all living in Anoushka's world!
- how do we create these connections?
- like maybe he has the words if still unclear, i think it's working if we're all on the same page!
- like maybe this is a good thing to do? maybe myself on papers - in that conversation, what's the goal? does it need to be central?
- We can't own the reception of it writing
- it's like the idea of people being out of the reading, but a make it all possible
- ok maybe it's not that messy...
- it's not just about conversation in practice, it's about a dialogue in a dialogue.
- me too!!!
- Thinks about readers and how they're



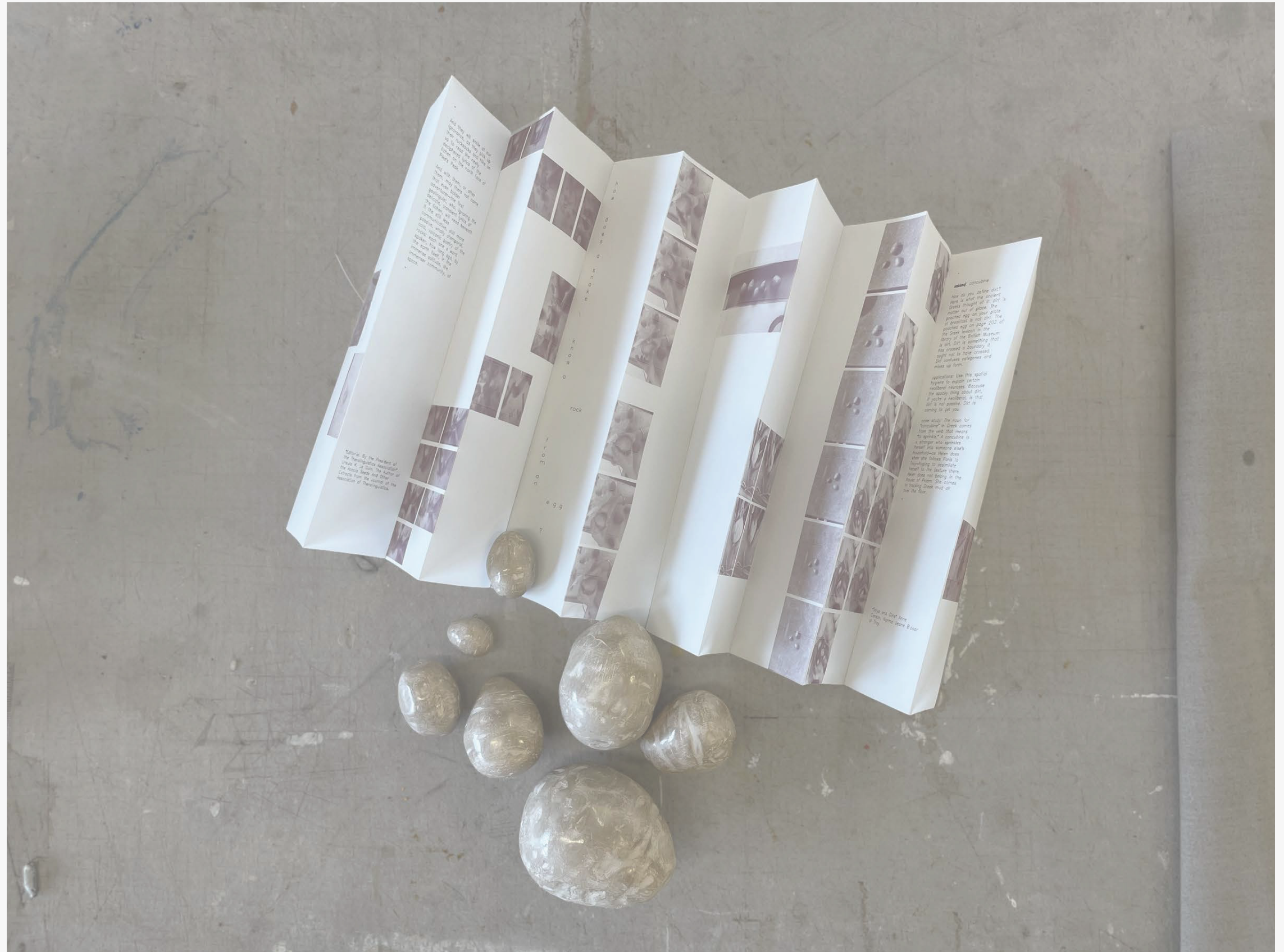


door detail
1" = 6" physical model with construction drawing set



how does a snake know a rock from an egg?
“sculptural objects with deteriorating specificity”
with Manar Alrougi

Immeasurable Sites, Spring 2024
Immanuel Admassu



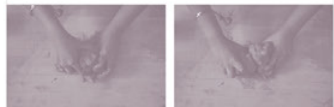
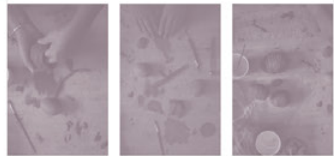
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And they will smile at our ignorance, as they pick up their rucksacks and hike on up to read the newly deciphered lyrics of the lichen on the north face of Pike's Peak.

And with them, or after them, may there not come that even bolder adventurer—the first geologist, who, ignoring the delicate, transient lyrics of the lichen, will read beneath it the still less communicative, still more passive, wholly atemporal, cold, volcanic poetry of the rocks; each one a word spoken, how long ago, by the earth itself, in the immense solitude, the immenser community, of space.

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Editorial. By the President of the Therolinguistics Association Ursula K. Le Guin, The Author of the Acacia Seeds And Other Extracts from the Journal of the Association of Therolinguistics.



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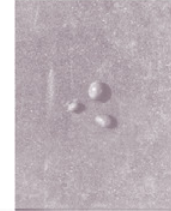
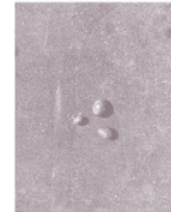
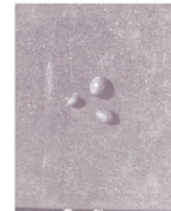
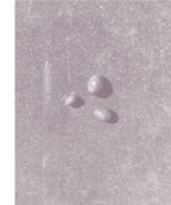
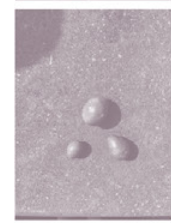
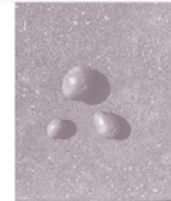
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παλλαξί: concubine
How do you define dirt? Here is what the ancient Greeks thought of it: dirt is matter out of place. The poached egg on your plate at breakfast is not dirt. The poached egg on page 202 of the Greek lexicon in the library of the British Museum is dirt. Dirt is something that has crossed a bound⁸⁵ it ought not to have crossed. Dirt confuses categories and mixes up form.

applications: Use this spatial hygiene to explain certain neoliberal neuroses. Because the spooky thing about dirt, if you're a neoliberal, is that dirt is not passive. Dirt is coming to get you.

case study: The noun for "concubine" in Greek comes from the verb that means "to sprinkle." A concubine is a stranger who sprinkles herself into someone else's household—as Helen does when she follows Paris to Troy—hoping to assimilate herself to the texture there. Helen does not belong in the house of Priam. She comes in tracking Greek mud all over the floor.

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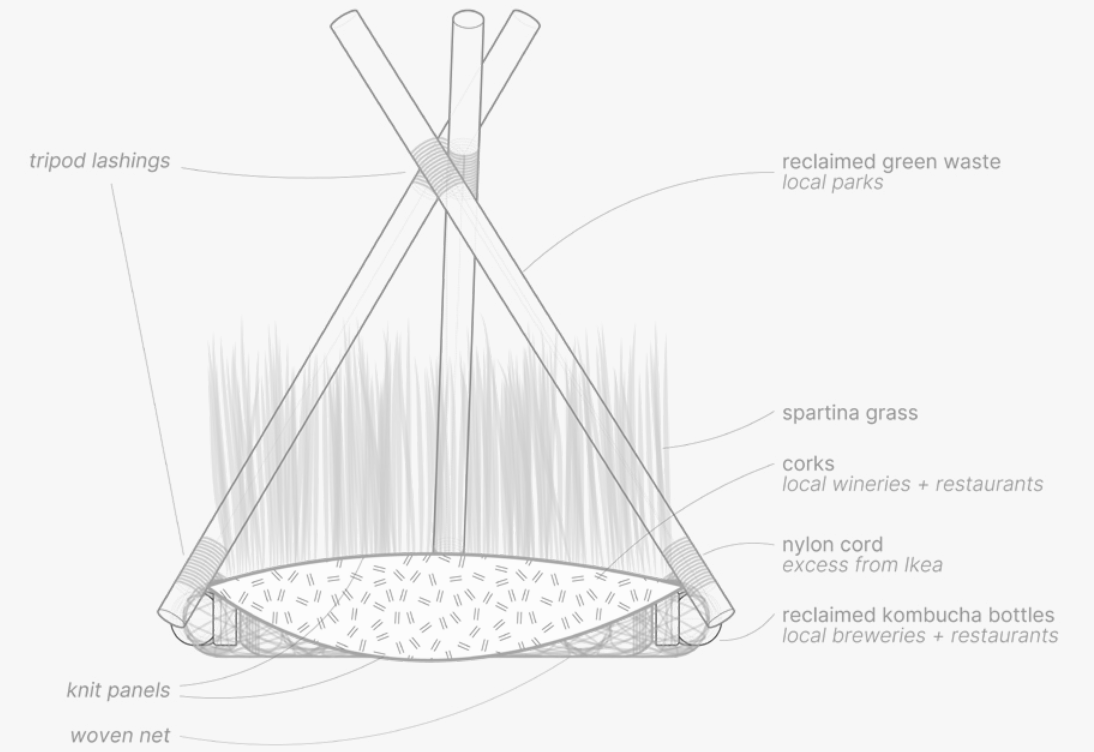
Troys and Girls Anne Carson, Norma Jeane Baker of Troy.

recycled float for canal remediation

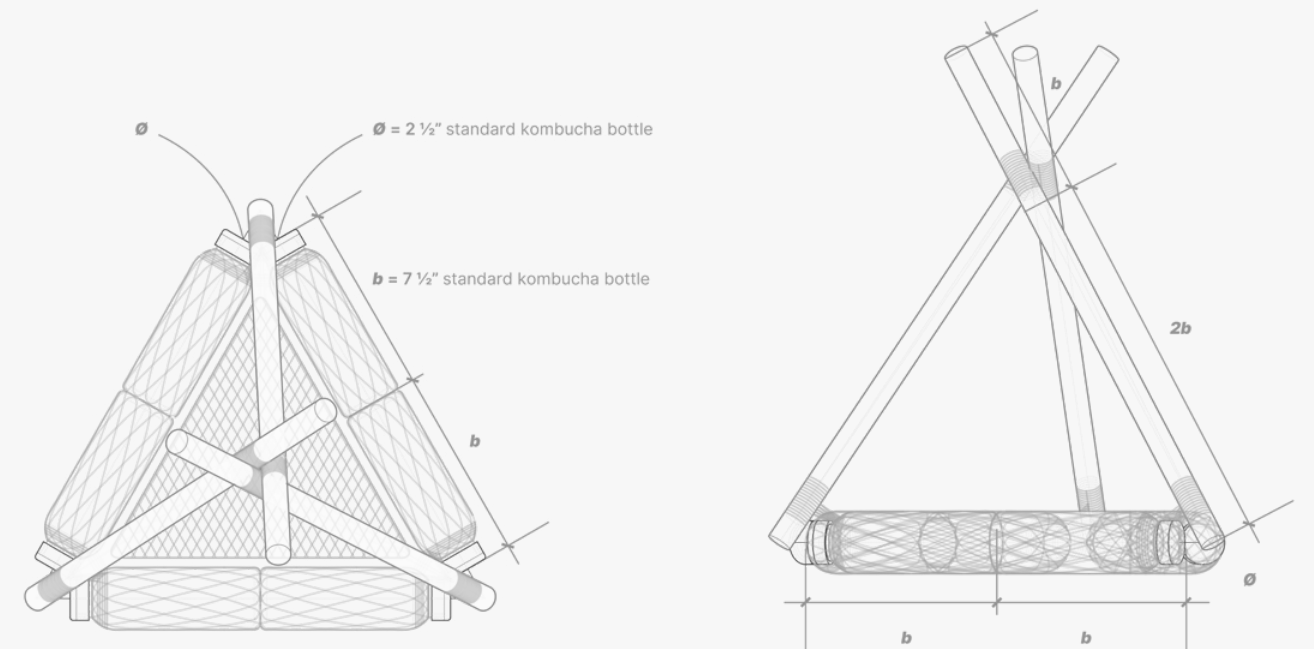
1' 0" = 1' 0" physical model and drawing set
Seed Bombs, Emily Bauer, Fall 2023
for RETI Center, NYC with Will Cao



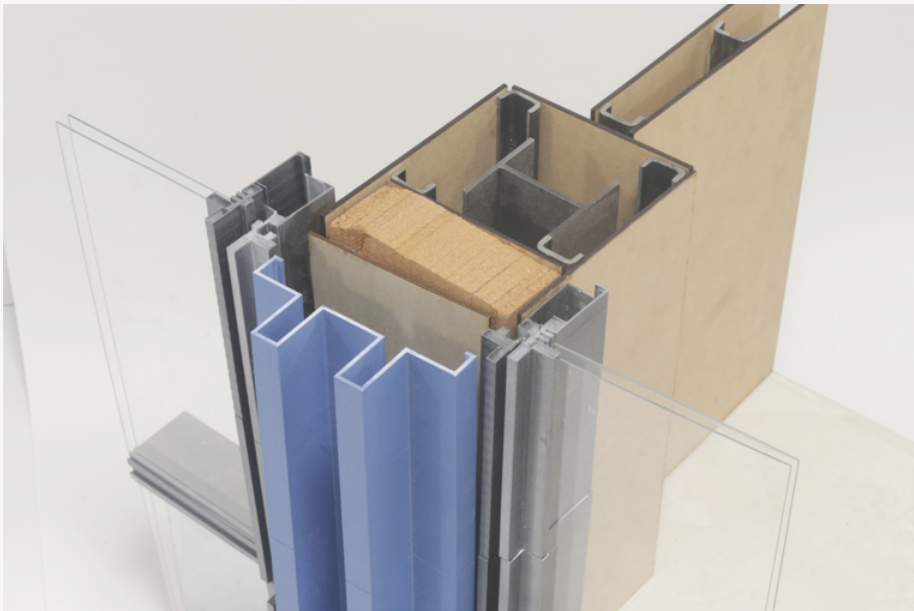
86



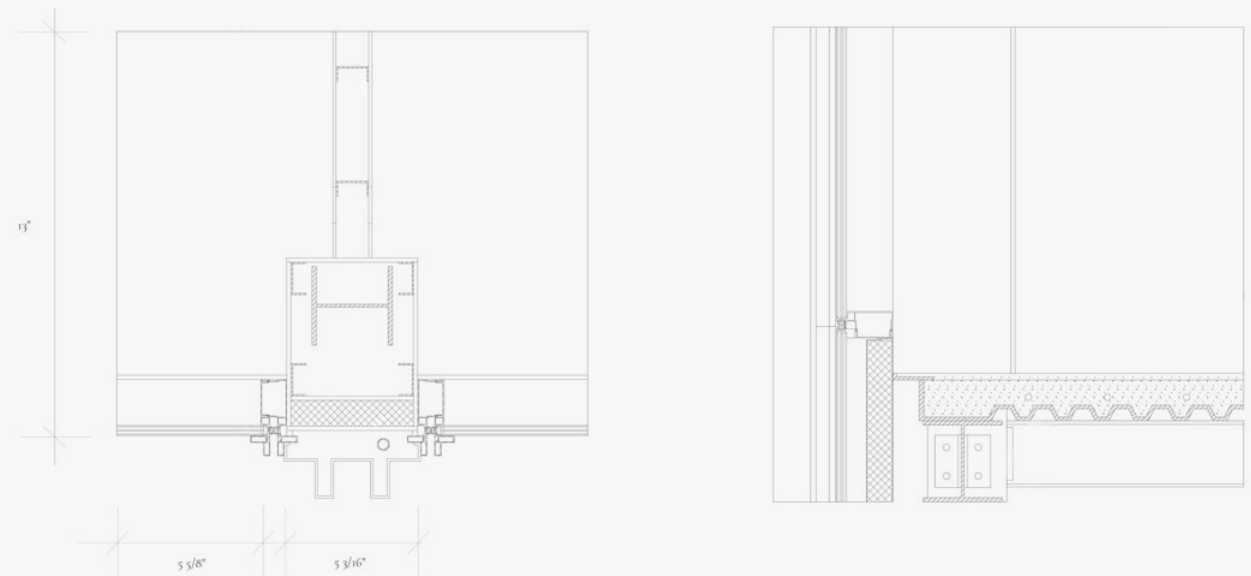
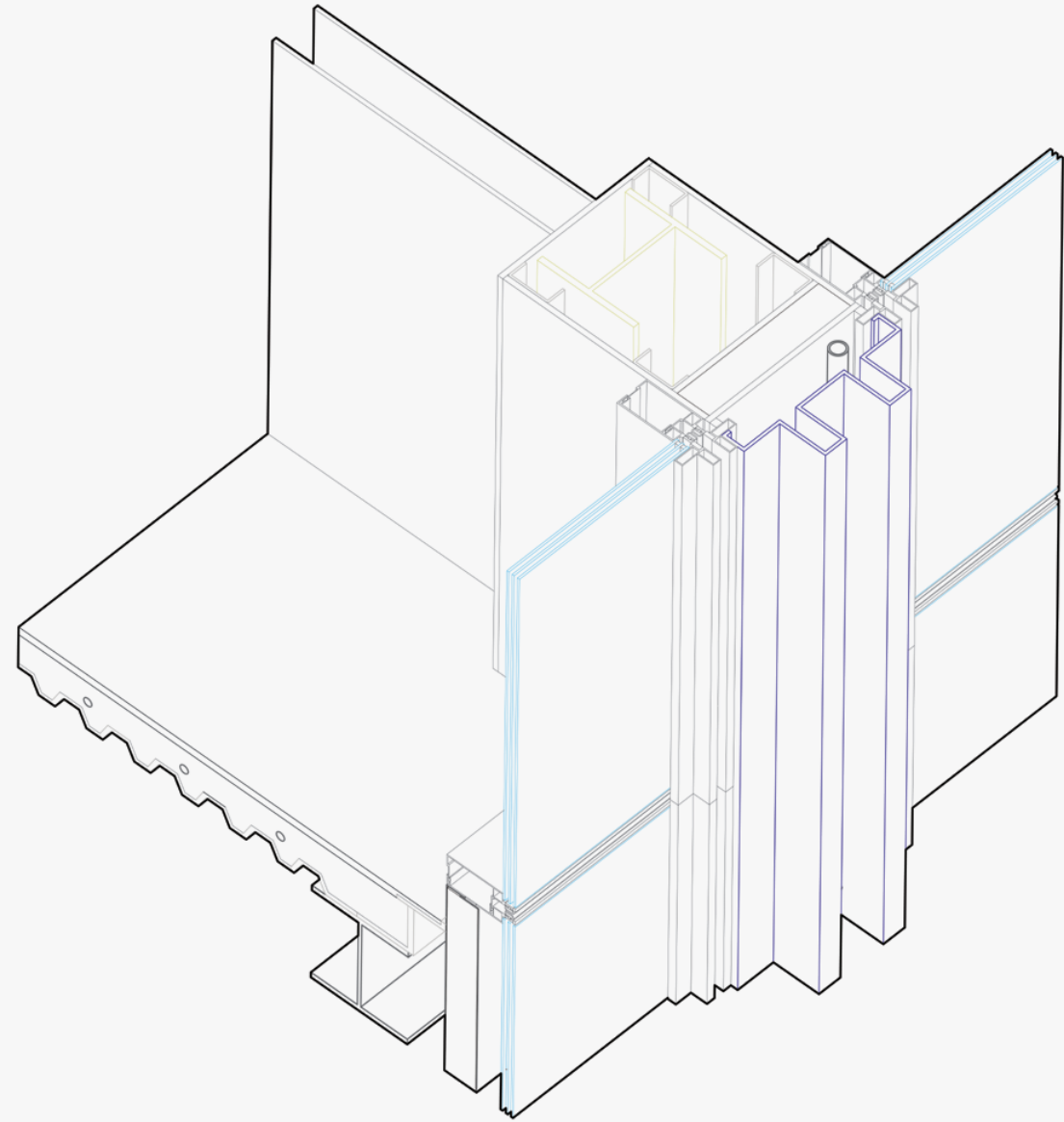
87

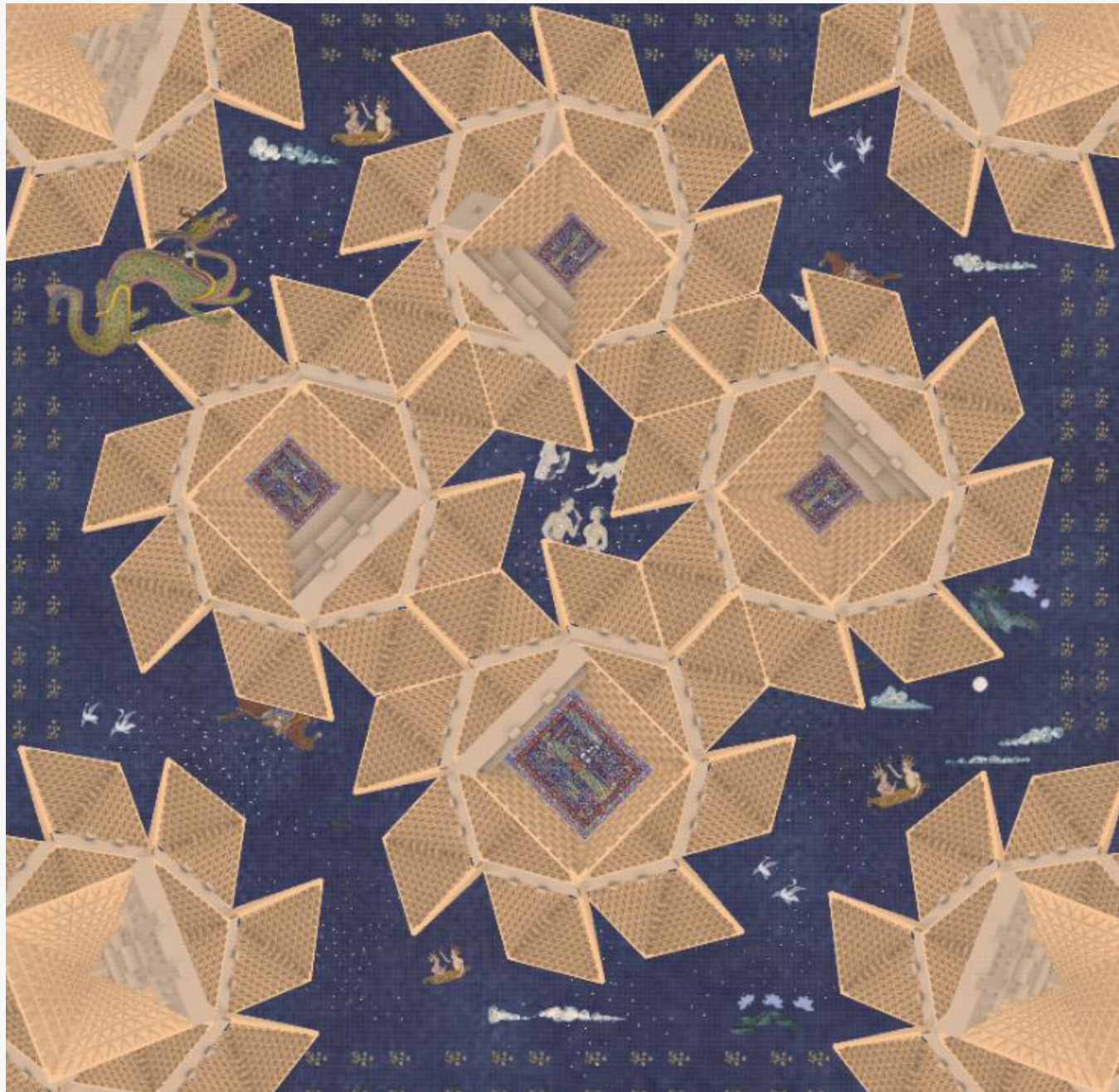




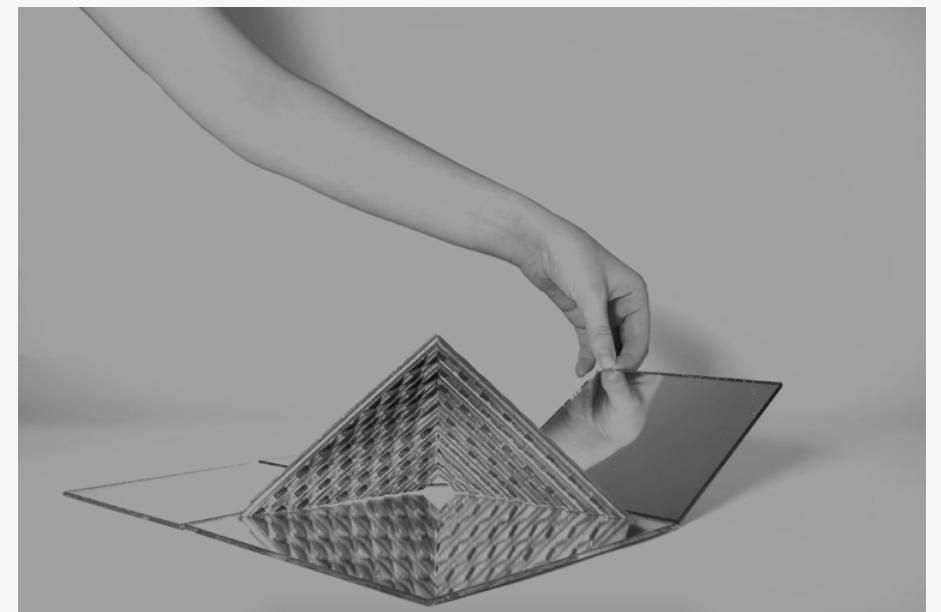
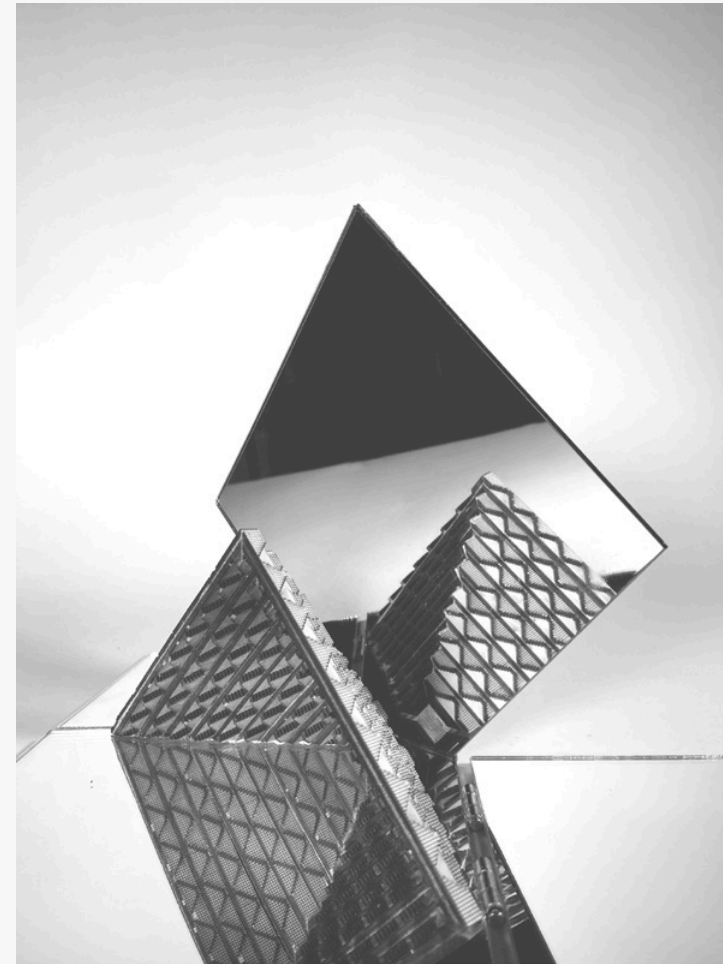


unitized curtain wall and custom column cap
 1" = 1/4" physical model with construction drawing set
 with Ian Callender and Gio Kim



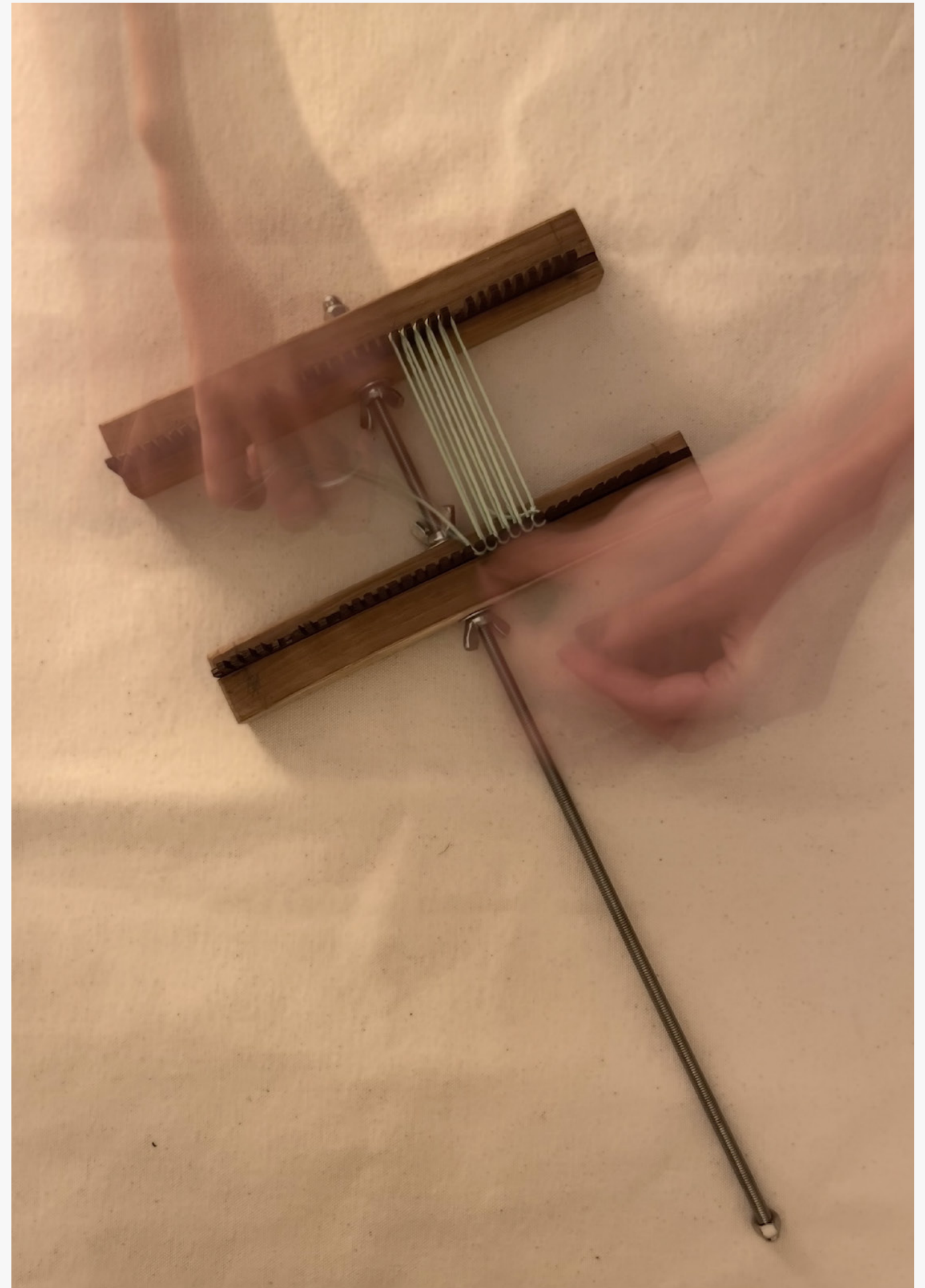


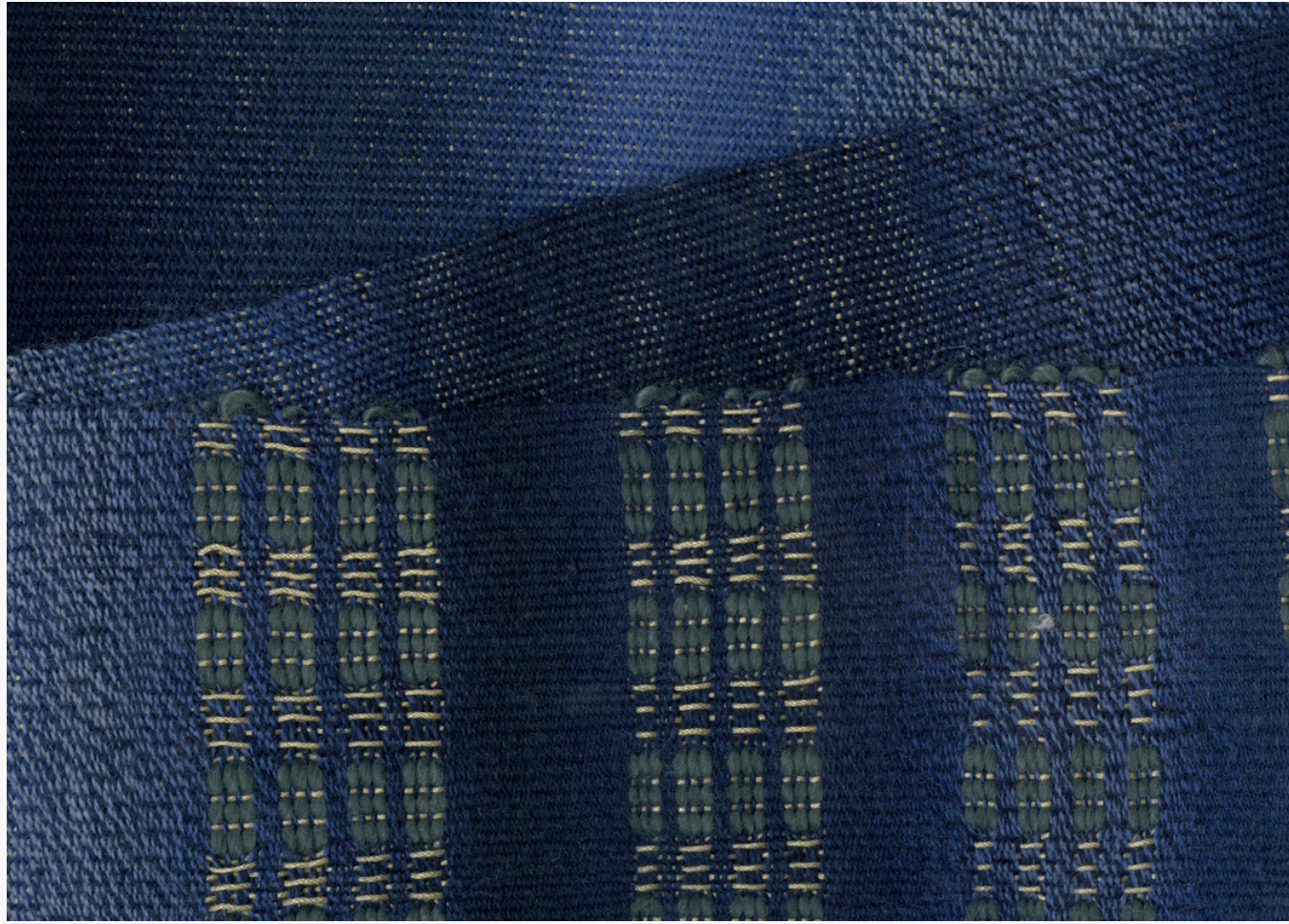
Chand Baori Stepwell, Rajasthan
 Architectural Drawing and Representation, Fall 2021





custom tapestry loom in oak with detachable walnut raddles





plain weave and weft float
cotton yarn and mohair



plain weave
cotton yarn and mohair

< what does it mean to be on indigenous land when you're not indigenous that's this project that's columbia that's the encampment, frankly there are better and terrible ways to be on indigenous land. spraying pesticides obsessively is worse than laying down on a blanket < the fact of your body, of black bodies of brown bodies being in a place is perceived as dangerous– dangerous to the property, somehow my standing on the grass is scary to < there was a columbia professor last week who said that in his class he was lecturing on john cage's 4:33 and told his class we can't listen to 4:33 today because you won't hear the sounds of nature the way cage intended, you'll only hear "infuriated chanting" when are voices unnatural when are voices when are bodies < i was thinking of raven's descriptions of when he was at the standing rock encampment and how he was describing being a witness and that's how dispatch started, that he was foreign to the place, that he was conscious of his self his body in a place and how it was perceived as threatening (even when you're asleep, maybe especially when) or < the seven generations model doesn't let you put yourself at the start or at the end, it's in the middle. the urgency with which we demand things is so artificial, seven generations reassures you that it's not for you to see, it's just for you to do. part of administrating - a project, a school, is to trust your responsibility < we haven't designated how many bricks, or how they should be laid, because we don't know, we don't need to know, someone does and that's enough for us to trust < i guess what i want from this review is to hear that somebody else than me is going to do what they believe in i guess i also want to know what will be enough to move you other than capital what moves a person other than that,

Anoushka Mariwala