

Etudes in Making:
poems of construction
a book of thesis work by

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Master of Architecture

approved

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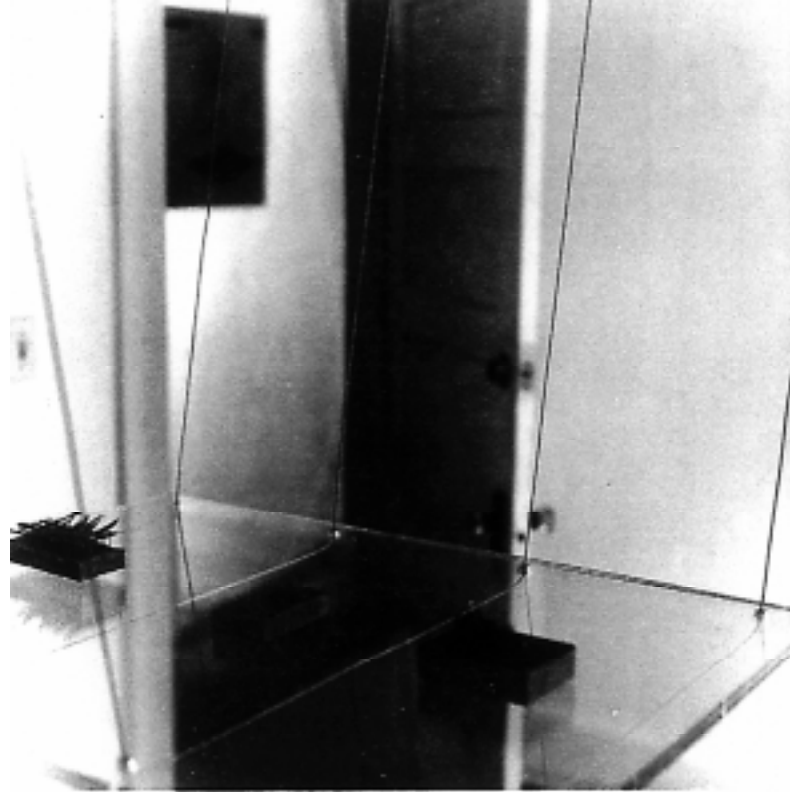
Marcia Feuerstein

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Thoughts of Narnia....

Entry into this wintered world through the wardrobe.
Brushing past the heavy fur coats, and snowflakes
sticking to your lips. The world must be entered
through the medium of the wardrobe and it seems
through the imagination or dreamworld. Let us not
forget how to be children where worlds exist on shelves
in closets, underskylights in a jewelry box, within the
pages of a book.



Abstract

Within this Book is a glimpse of the world that was brought forth from my thesis work. When beginning to find the place of the thesis work, I assumed that I should be making an architectural construction at the scale of building, the scale in which I then believed architecture existed. Knowing that I wanted to find a way of making where I could physically construct every thing I was to make in a careful architectural manner, I hoped that this consideration would lend itself to the design of a building (the kind that people can physically inhabit). What I found was that the building I am making is of a different sort of inhabiting, and that I have been able, through making, to hone my tools. With these I can come to a site(situation), and begin to make decisions that are in the world of architecture.

The textile article, one made of woven fibre, is continually referenced throughout this thesis. Being assured of the very close connection between fabric and building (Oxford English Dictionary definition), A Building as being a Fabric, I have explored the literal physical kinds of connections to which fabric lends itself. Fabric items (those made with fibre) engage the world of the temporary connection (a button, a tied closure), because of this, the exploration of temporary construction was naturally a part of this thesis. Finding that though physically temporary, the connection between a site and its construction, can have a presence that has more permanence in its temporal quality than if it were to have a more physical permanence.

During the making of each thing, it became clear to me that the woven must have limits; there is a beginning and a completion (Looms have a frame for construction with particular dimensional limits). What is that beginning and completion in each of the thesis projects, what is the construction? In order to have a metaphorical and physical understanding for myself it has been necessary to bring back that question into the realm of the textile and fabric article. What do you do with fabric? It is sewn into particular constructions. This particularity has the beginnings and completions to transform fabric into made things. The woven stuff can go on forever but it takes decision and an idea to take the material into a physical realization. It occurred to me that when one uses material in any form to create a construction, there are particular decisions made that have to stop the woven thing and bind it so that it can be made into something in particular. It seems that within the world of architecture it is important to know when to stop an action and when to make a decision, not letting something default into indistinguishability.

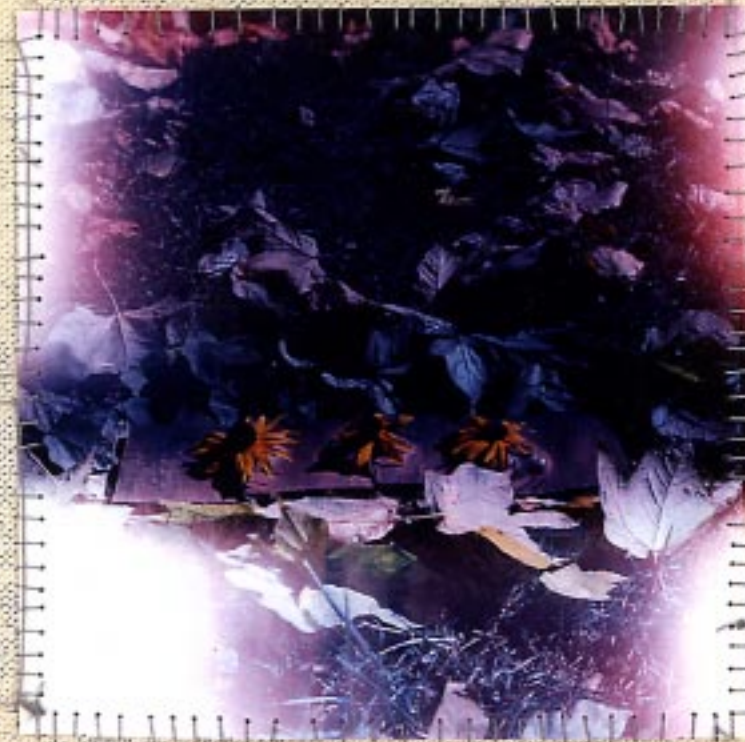
Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.
If all time is eternally present
All time is unredeemable.
What might have been is an abstraction
Remaining a perpetual possibility
Only in a world of speculation.
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.
Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose-garden. My words echo
Thus, in your mind.

But to what purpose
Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose-leaves
I do not know.

Other echoes
Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow?
Quick, said the bird, find them, find them,
Round the corner. Through the first gate,
Into our first world, shall we follow
The deception of the thrush? Into our first world.
There they were, dignified, invisible,
moving without pressure, over the dead leaves,
In the autumn heat, through the vibrant air,
And the bird called, in response to
The unheard music hidden in the shrubbery,
And the unseen eyebeam crossed, for the roses
Had the look of flowers that are looked at.
There they were as our guests, accepted and accepting.
So we moved, and they, in a formal pattern,
Along the empty alley, into the box circle,
To look down into the drained pool.
Dry the pool, dry concrete, brownedged,
And the pool was filled with water out of sunlight,
And the lotos rose, quietly, quietly,
The surface glittered out of heart of light,
And they were behind us, reflected in the pool.
Then a cloud past, and the pool was empty.
Go, said the bird, for the leaves were full of children,
Hidden excitedly, containing laughter.
Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind
Cannot bear very much reality.

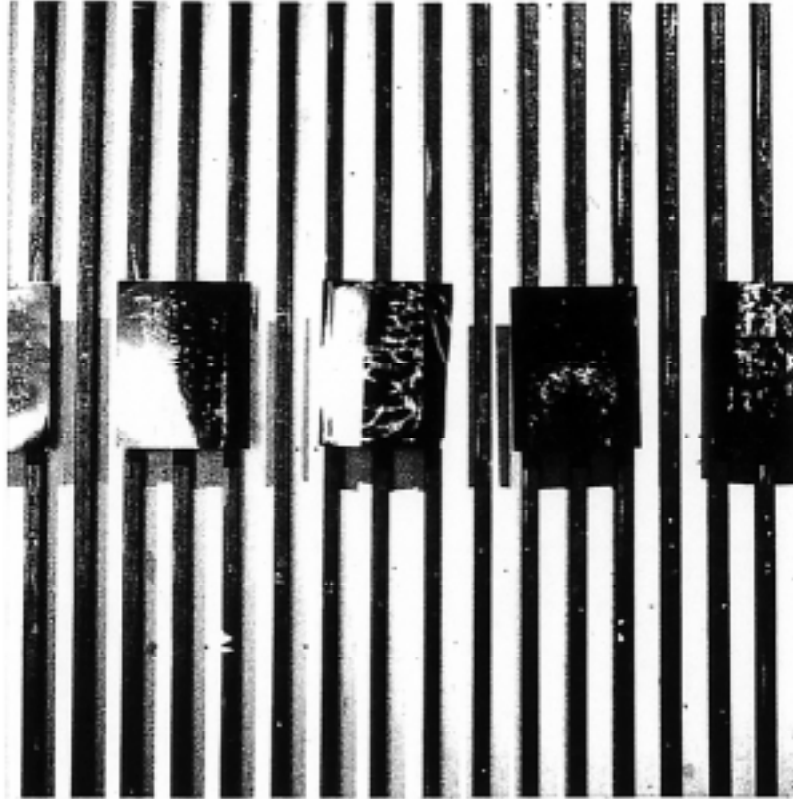
Time past and time future
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.

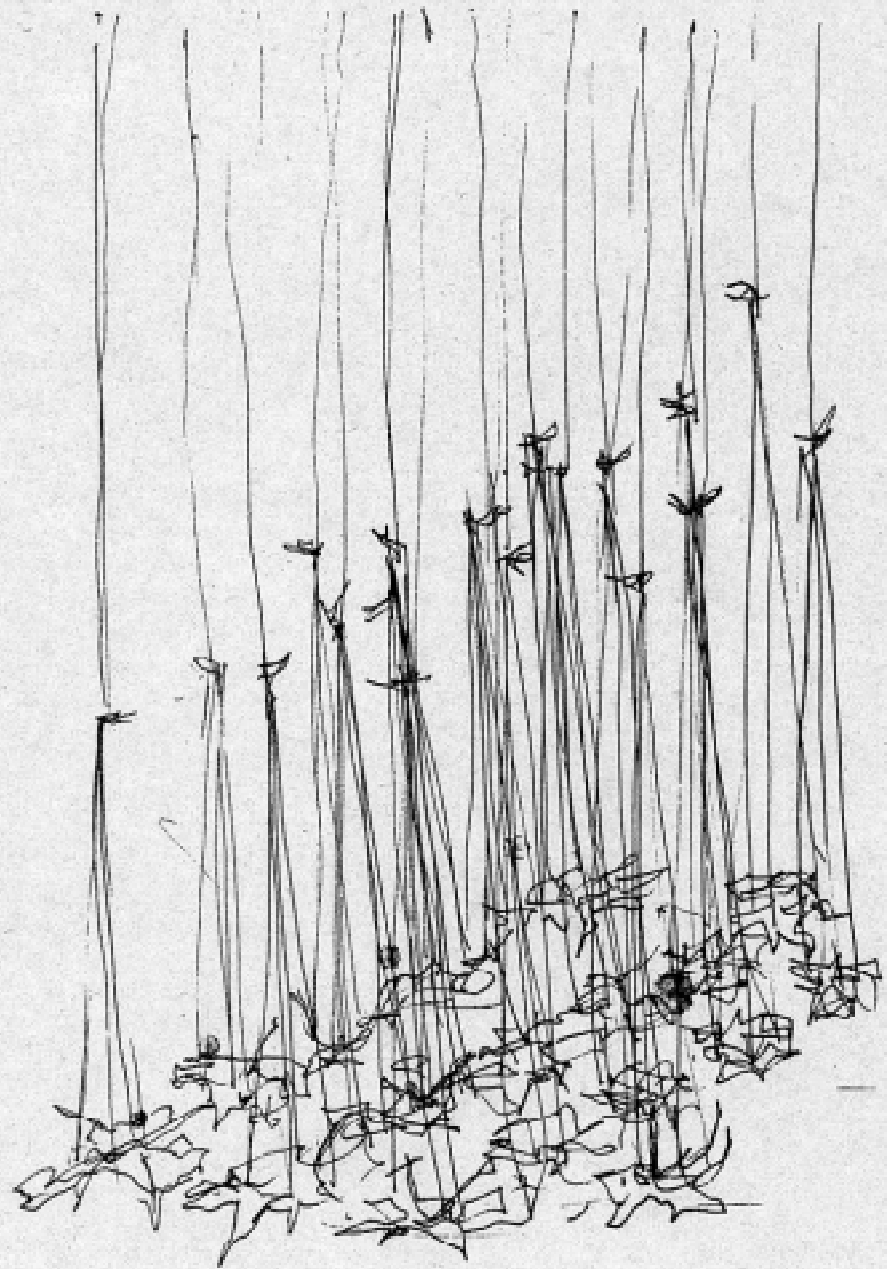
T.S. ELIOT FOUR QUARTETS BURNT NORTON I



“Brocade and broach (to make a hole with a pointed rod or pin or needle, to begin to talk about) come from the same word, the vulgar Latin *brocca*, a spike. Punching holes, undermining, slipping in and out leaving thread behind. The same move as Theseus in the labyrinth but for very different uses. There will be no linear backtracking here, for these threads are knotted and joined and crisscross all over each other. Not the space of Ariadne, but of Arachne. Brocade involves perplexity because perplexity is the technique of its making.” *page 178*

Jennifer Bloomer, “D’Or”, *Sexuality and Space*



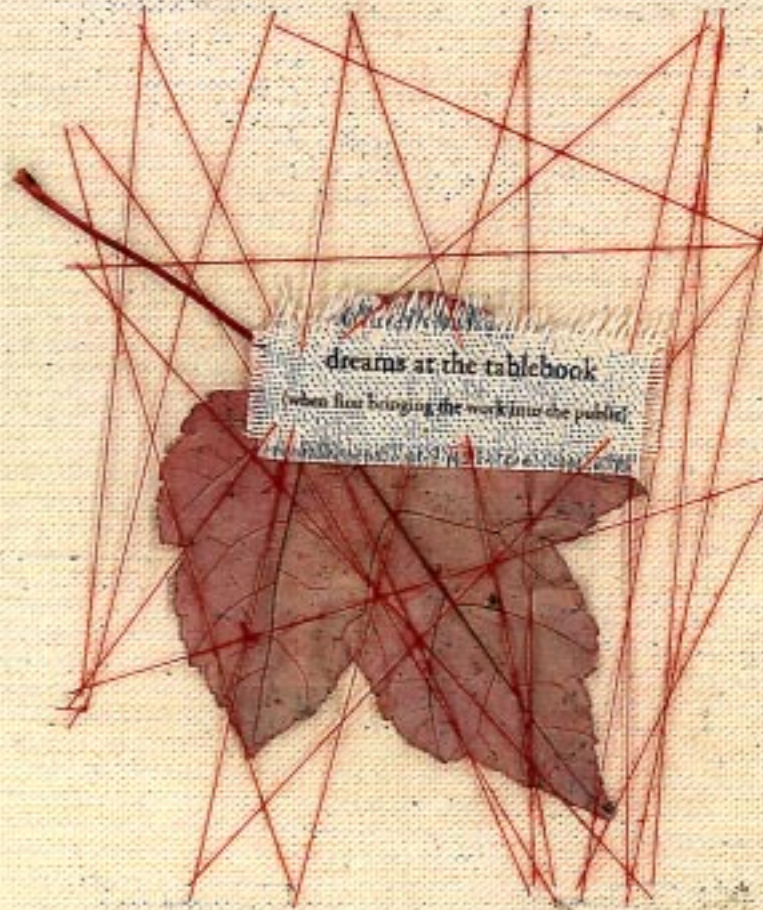


construction • elements

sew
knot
tie
wrap
fold
thread
fabricate
sew
hang
bind
hold
weave

flower
string
weight
sky
light
metal
wood
walls
rooms
earth
sound
leaves

Getting them dressed for public appearance. Straightening their ties, cleaning up the loose ends. Floating moving bodies along the dance floor. The dance that occurs when one dances alone in the company of others, shimmering gossamer bodies. Are they at a costume ball or are they on the beach alone? Echoes in the pattern of movement walking up a rocky path to discover light. eye contact, and none there to. A translucent nightgown. The dance down Fifth Avenue white painted leaf cloaked, leaf cloaked. Walking home barefoot with shoe stuffed shells, shell stuffed shoes. The muscles held together so tenuously the white washed bone hollowed through. A silken cord masquerading the bone in the dress shop or on the stairs. The retiring into a cool evening slumber with wind blowing on your eyelashes. Eyelashes, butterfly wing dust held together with the finest thread. Branches with eyeglasses, a looking glass into a small Fedora or bone world. The bone world of the shell. A relic of the once living carressed by the flaxen fibres. Hair in my mouth, caught to my eye grass licking the sides of my ankles a place to be held by the skin on my teeth. the side of my face pattered by my sweater pulling it off and falling asleep. Dreaming of glass and pollen and bees. Petals stick to my lips, the rain runs down the side of my neck into the earth below me. The garden is looming above me and to my right and left and the boxwood hides secrets and birds and children and the songs of them are muted in my ears. Wooden shells, Glass. shiny and enlarging my nose and the scent of marigolds on the edges. Where are my scissors? What to snip and cut and tie. I think I need a bed or a blanket to wrap around me and watch the dandelion birds float to the stratosphere and the collection of sky cabinets on my head. There is the orange section that I did not taste as I bit through. It was dry and crumbly and I choked it down, far ahead of me the nightgowned girls walk barefoot on the chewed rock. The peel is held in my warm hand and I don't know what to do with it.



maplist

A Book of Poems is a collection of singularities having their own form and forming a body of work. Each with its individual character, each belonging to a whole, each having its own identity and pointing to something beyond itself, a poem does not have to be exhaustive to be complete. Within the body of my thesis work is a collection of constructions, studies in making, the name given to them is the Maplist. The Maplist has been a way of understanding that the path of making is not linear, that things will continue to be added to it, that it is not an end in itself.



maplist

plaster hammocks
suspended branch
red sticks
wrapped formwork
rose petals
forsythia blossoms
plaster blocks
dream of the alley
food & body installations
hanging room
bound site
threaded phlox
phloxthread installation
phloxthread nests
encased hands
red blanket
wall fragment
sound vessels
screen room
bentwood catenary
green book
maplist item installation
fall hanging installation

a way to wander through the thesis work (not necessarily linear)



Table of Book Contents

Introduction	orange threaded room • Narnia • door • thesis statement • T.S.Eliot • Arachne • dream of the alley wall • fall hanging installation(sketch) • construction elements • tablebook dreams • maplist, installation, items on the list • blue sky • table
A Room as a Book: A Book as a Place	Philomela • open book • screen room(closed) • forsythia • Bookspace • hanging room • Kakuzo Okakura • little Fedora • screen room(open) • green book
Fabric: revealing the Body	chrysalis • Fabric • plaster hammocks • weaving • pair of curves • Christo, Moore • leaf blanket • red blanket, sycamore bark • monastic binding • Socrates • feathers • bentwood catenary • sound vessels • woven alley
Installation: transforming the site and the sited	food and body installation • eleventh of March • threaded phlox • Field Room Container Book, open Book • Engine • cat • plaster blocks • red sticks, suspended branch, wrapped formwork • maplist item installation • fall hanging installation • rose petals
Dream of the Alley	fruit • pollen • wing dust • marigolds • translucent • Pia, Steve, Marcia • readings, vita
Completions and Beginnings	full chair, December 1998
Blueprints: inhabited drawings	hanging room • plaster hammocks • red sticks • wrapped formwork • bound site • screen room • wall fragment