

**DWELLING
ON
GENDER**

**FLÜSSIGE
GEOMETRIE**



Das vorliegende Heft/PDF ist dokumentarisches Fragment und Erweiterung einer Zusammenarbeit zwischen der Fachhochschule Potsdam und der Universität der Künste Berlin. Die Beiträge stammen aus den Kontexten der beiden Seminare „Flüssige Geometrie: Feministische Perspektiven auf Raumtheorien“ von Nathalie Bredella (UdK) und „Dwelling On Gender: Wohnen als emanzipatorische Praxis im Post-Kapitalismus“ von Christian Berkes (FHP). Neben studentischen Arbeiten sind Beiträge von Gästen, historische Materialien und Zitate versammelt. Die beiden Studiengruppen haben im Rahmen einer kooperativen Seminarwerkstatt eng zusammengearbeitet und eine gemeinsame Rauminstallation realisiert. Beteiligt waren Student*innen aus den Bereichen Architektur, Architektur und Städtebau, Europäische Medienwissenschaft, Kommunikationsdesign und Kulturarbeit.

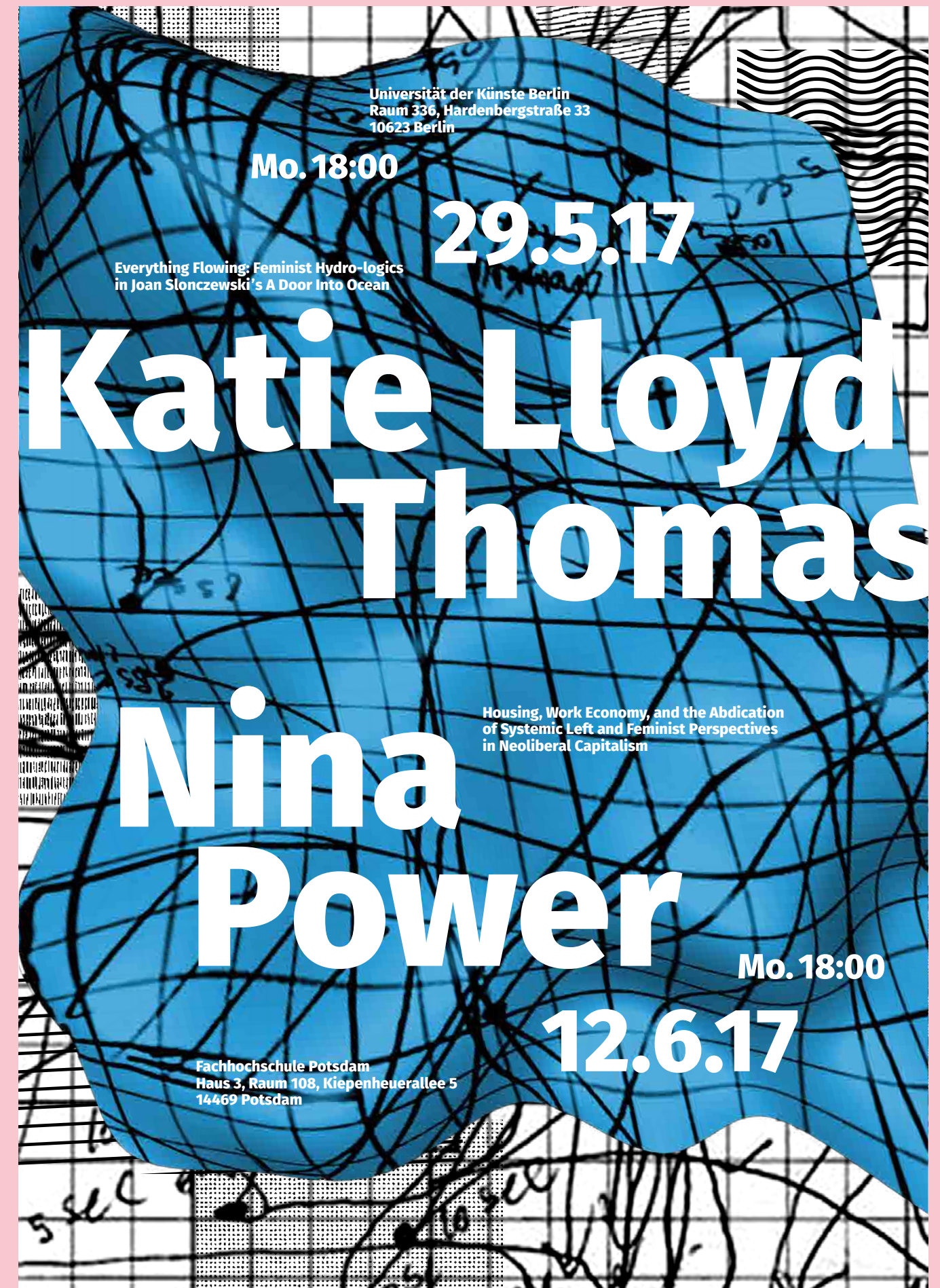
Die in Teil II und Teil III fotografisch, auditiv und olfaktorisch nachvollziehbare Rauminstallation war im Sommer 2017 bei der Werkschau der FHP und beim Rundgang der UdK zu erfahren.

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This notebook/PDF documents and presents student works, guest contributions, and quotes circulating around the two seminars „Liquid Geometries“ (taught by Nathalie Bredella) and „Dwelling On Gender“ (taught by Christian Berkes). The two groups merged in productive friction and realized a multisensory installation in Potsdam and Berlin. In a transdisciplinary approach, the project brought together architects, urban developers, media scientists, designers, and cultural workers.

In summer 2017, a spatial installation was presented at the annual exhibitions of the University of Applied Sciences Potsdam and at the Berlin University of the Arts.



Poster announcing the public events with two invited lecturers, designed by Jenny Baese

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Everything Flowing: Feminist Hydro-logics in Joan Slonczewski's *A Door Into Ocean* (extract)
Katie Lloyd Thomas¹

'Each force has an equal and opposite force,' Merwen said.
'So who rules without being ruled?' ²

In her essay, 'Feminist Subjectivity, Watered,' Astrida Neimanis proposes the 'body of water' as a feminist figuration which can both provide a positive aspiration for the formation of subjectivities, and at the same time (and in contrast to the use of the notion of 'fluidity' in much feminist theory) reinforce the connectedness of humans to other non-human bodies, whether aqueous (oceans, rivers) or living. While *fluidity* is an abstract concept, Neimanis argues, *water* has specific, material qualities, which build up 'ways of being' and also inform how we live together and relate to our world. Neimanis calls these 'hydro-logics':

A deep and detailed attention to the material capacities, or the specific logics, of water can inspire us to reimagine how we emerge as subjects. Like the myriad other bodies of water with which we coexist, we humans live according to these logics. Such logics can be understood as the specific capacities of certain bodies to *affect* other bodies. They are *ways* of being – movements or modes of relationality, sociality, endurance, becoming. We might describe water's logics as *hydro-logics*.³

Neimanis lists six such 'hydro-logics': gestation, dissolution, communication, differentiation, archive and unknowability. Her selection is contingent, but based in part on the 'hydro-logics' she identifies in earlier feminist theory and scholarship including the work of philosopher Luce Irigaray. The notion of a 'hydro-logic' suggests that the ways we understand and use materials play a part in ordering and informing social and conceptual worlds as well as the physical.

It is just such a hydro-logical figuration which the microbiologist Joan Slonczewski developed in her extraordinary science fiction novel *A Door Into Ocean* (1986) which is set on Shora, a moon of the future entirely covered in ocean and inhabited by only by women.⁴ 'Sharers' dwell in small communities on porous living rafts and practice a highly developed science of 'lifeshaping' through which they modify plant and animal life, enabling them to adapt their own bodies and ways of living to the marine environment, and also to reproduce without men. They abhor 'dead' stone and metal and live according to a principle of exchange as a reciprocal process that pervades every aspect of their lives. Boundaries and rigid classifications are an anathema to them, and as many of the novel's commentators note, the principles of Sharer living also structure their language.⁵ In the following extract Merwen, a Sharer

¹ A full version of the lecture and paper this extract is taken from will be published as; 'Feminist Hydro-logics in Joan Slonczewski's *A Door Into Ocean*' in *Landscript 5*, 'Material Culture' ed. Jane Hutton (Zurich: Jovis, forthcoming).

² Joan Slonczewski, *A Door Into Ocean* (London: The Women's Press, 1987, first published, New York: Arbor House, 1986) p.36.

³ Astrida Neimanis, 'Feminist subjectivity, watered' *Feminist Review 103* (2013) 23-41, pp.29-30.

⁴ Slonczewski, *A Door Into Ocean*.

⁵ For example, writing in 1993, Robin Roberts classifies *Door* as a science fiction novel that is 'postmodern and feminist', in which writers use 'narrative structures that draw attention to the way language can be used to oppress and confine women.' We might add that it goes much further than this: Sharer language also draws attention to its capacity to alter and engender relations. Robin Roberts, *A New Species: Gender and Science in Science Fiction* (Champaign: University of Illinois Press, 1993) p.13.

woman, responds to Spinel, a male visitor from the neighbouring stone-loving planet Valedon who is confounded by the Sharer word 'wordsharing' that makes no distinction between listening and speaking:

'What the devil is 'wordsharing'? Does the word for 'speak' mean 'listen' just as well?
If I said, 'Listen to me!' you might talk instead.'
'What use is one without the other? It took me a long time to see this distinction in Valan speech.'
Spinel thought over the list of 'share-forms': learnsharing, worksharing, lovesharing.
'Do you say 'hitsharing' too? If I hit a rock with a chisel, does the rock hit me?'
'I would think so. Don't you feel it in your arm?'
He frowned and sought a better example; it was so obvious, it was impossible to explain. 'I've got it: if Beryl bears a child, does the child bear Beryl? That's ridiculous.'
'A mother is born when her child comes.'⁶

Although Slonczewski was not influenced by Irigaray, their proposals of alternatives relational logics that could be expressed through language are strikingly similar;

If in affecting you, I affect myself, the body-instrument opposition no longer holds. For the instrument, which I am in order to affect you is itself affected as a body, just as your body which I affect, is an instrument which affects me. In that exchange of affection the *producer* and the *product* become one, the organ and the body can no longer be divided, myself and yourself are no longer embodied as distinct and rival universes.⁷

This same dissolution of subject and object is reflected in Sharer verbs, and their language is shown to express and be informed by the communicative hydro-logic of water. The same logic informs their ethics and the non-violent strategies with which they counter the invasion from Valedon (the central plot line of the novel). When Spinel discusses the 'High Protector' who rules Valedon, Merwen points out that if he rules everyone, 'Then everyone rules him.' In this view, 'ruling over' is a response to power, and thus it restores a notion of their own power to those who are ruled. Sharers resist occupation and invasion by the Valan troops by dwelling on rafts that are in constant motion and not fixed to any territory; 'What was there to invade? On the globe, red points of light marked the inhabited raft systems, two hundred and seven in all. Hardly a jungle for guerillas to hide.' Where or against what should they mount their campaign? 'Usually Headquarters lay well behind the front lines, but here there was no 'front line'. Or rather the front line was everywhere. Or had the real front line yet to appear?'⁸

As 'smooth space *par excellence*', the ocean's ceaseless movement and lack of fixed points or boundaries offers no territory to breach and defies the Valans' usual military tactics. 'Hydro-logics' permeate every sphere of Sharer living: from the immaterial realms of language and philosophy, to the large-scale materiality of mobile ocean-based dwelling that make possible an ethics of non-violence and ultimately fend off interplanetary invasion. *Door's* account of relational ocean dwelling is holistic; in so far as it integrates *both* a changed worldview with altered material practices and ways of living, and it is hydro-logical in so far as to do so it draws on the potentials of living in and of water to do so.

⁶ Slonczewski, *A Door Into Ocean*, pp. 36-37. This passage is also cited by Judith Still in support of her case for a feminine economy organized around abundance, rather than scarcity: Judith Still, *Feminine Economies: Thinking against the market in the enlightenment and the late twentieth century* (Manchester, Manchester University Press, 1997) p.158, 186. Still's is one of the few discussions to see parallels between Irigaray's work and *Door*.

⁷ Luce Irigaray, *Elemental Passions*, trans. Joanne Collie and Judith Still (London: The Athlone Press, 1992. p.58.

⁸ Slonczewski, *A Door Into Ocean*, p.207.

"What do you mean about Shora? Was 'Shora' a person, too, a Prime?"

Dak shrugged. "Shora was a legend even in my own birthtime. Off the regular trade routes; never worth the bother, for the powers of Torr. But I tell you, out of the thousand worlds ruled by the Patriarch, you won't find one like Shora."

At that, Spinel frowned; finally, he had caught the man out. "There aren't that many worlds in the Patriarchy. Torr's Nine Legions rule ninety-three planets. I learned that in school."

"There used to be more. Nine out of ten are congealed chunks of rock today; some still smolder. Weed out the bad ones, you know. What else is the Patriarch for?"

Just then the deck lurched and shoved at Spinel's feet as if there were an earthquake. While he scrambled to keep his balance, his tongue stiffened in back and he knew he would be sick.

"We've hit the atmosphere," cried the captain. "Back to your seat-belt now, and hope the sea's not too strong when we touch raft."

By the exit, Spinel slumped on the deck with his travel bags. His stomach had been violently emptied but still felt queasy; the deck remained unsteady, though the ship supposedly had landed on something.

A crack of light appeared. A breeze invaded the ship, carrying ocean salt and an indefinable sweetish scent, mingled rose and orange.

On Merwen's head, the clickfly was perched again, emitting loud sputters and chirps. Usha chirped back at it, more lively than Spinel had ever seen her.

Weakly Spinel asked, "Where is all your luggage?"

"To be delivered," Lady Berenice brushed past him, her manicured hands empty. Clearly she meant to keep her place above him. Yet Merwen ingenuously treated her little different from himself: with respect but not obeisance. Did Merwen not know the difference? Did Shora lack nobles, as well as men?

Outside, Merwen and Usha were down the ramp already. The clickfly circled overhead in a frenzy, emitting swooping cries. From nowhere a swarm of clickflies descended to buzz excitedly about the Sharers like bees at a honeycomb, but the insects seemed to do no harm.

As Spinel stepped down the exit ramp, he surveyed the surface below. It looked like hard crusted soil, with a sort of evergreen matting,

yet it could not be "land" underneath. His feet lost weight for an instant, and he gripped the railing until the swell subsided. The land—that-was-not-land stretched outward, about a fifteen-minute walk, he guessed, to where it branched into a herringbone pattern of channels all around. Beyond that, the gray girdle of ocean faded into sky.

Merwen came back to the ramp, with a lightness in her step and a glow in her eyes that she had never shown on Valedon. Dozens of clickflies perched on her arms or hovered above. "*Share-the-day*, Spinel, it's a glorious day!" she called, mixing the two tongues. "Do you hear the *clickflies*? All our sisters, from rafts and clusters across Shora, *share welcome* with us. Come on, our daughters await us."

"Does the raft always . . . move like this?"

"Oh, it's a good strong raft, it flexes well. It is many person-lengths thick. It is shared by traders; see?" She gestured toward the concrete buildings that lay behind the ferryship. "And our home raft is stronger yet, twice as thick at the center. The sea names ours Raia-el. Come home to Raia-el." She clasped his hand, and the umbrella folds of webbing hung loosely across his fingers. At the foot of the ramp, his soles met the tough, matted crust of plant growth.

"Hear me, starting!" Captain Dak's voice sang out from the ferryship. "You won't catch this old bird on Shora when the seagulls come. Two months you've got, to turn back," he warned.

"Thanks, I'll—"

"With all the rest of the Valan cowards," Lady Berenice called back. Scornfully she tossed her head and turned her high shoulders. The unladylike outburst startled Spinel. Blood rushed to his face, and he clenched his travel bag. "Thanks anyhow, Dak."

"Stop by and see me then. If you survive." A whistled arpeggio was the Captain's sign-off.

Before he could change his mind, Spinel hurried off with Merwen, who seemed anxious to reach the channeled raft-edge. The soil became moist, and long weeds straggled across it. Then the soil gave out altogether where branches immense as fallen sequoias extended out to sea, covered with barnacles and other scaly things. At Merwen's footfall, half the scaly things slid down the side. Spinel recoiled, but Merwen unconcernedly went out onto the branch, so he followed, more slowly. The rose-orange scent intensified, and its source soon appeared: blossoms, brilliant yellow tincorners sprouting from bushes on side branchlets that grew ever denser as he went on.

A narrow boat appeared, carving its way up the flowery channel. Three tiny purple figures arose in it; they jumped and waved, dancing wildly as molten glass in a flame, and the boat heaved precariously. Abruptly all three dove over the side, and in an instant they were clambering up onto the branch, waddling ducklike, for their feet were clamored outsize for their height than were the adults'. They surrounded Usha first, hugging and jabbering until Usha tugged the biggest girl back down to secure the boat.

Of the other two, one was waist-high and the other a toddler. They exchanged high-pitched chatter with Merwen and pulled insistently at her shift, until she loosened the garment and it collapsed around her feet. Now they all were unclothed.

Spinel burned with embarrassment. He had not believed that Sharers went unclothed, any more than he believed they were witches. He glanced back at Lady Berenice, wondering how she would take this. To his amazement, even she had slipped off her Iridian talar, stonewashed and all, and had rolled it into a neat bundle under her arm. Coolly she returned his stare, as if daring him to run back to the moonferry.

Before he could think, the Sharer girls converged on him. Their arms flashed up over his shirt and reached for his hair, which must have been a novelty for children who were bald as sapphires. At length Merwen pulled them away, saying in Valan, "Come now, Weia, Weia, Spinel is still shy, and you know what Valan plumage looks like, anyway. Here comes Flossa; is the boat ready now?"

"*Spinel, Spinel*," echoed Wellen, the middle child. The eldest, Flossa, started a spitting contest, and the three of them squealed with laughter. Merwen nudged them into the boat, where Usha was bailing out water with her efficient hands. "See the daughters of my womb?" Usha proudly asked him. "Grown so big and strong, with Mama and Mamasister gone."

"And *inconsiderate*," added Merwen.

At her selfname, Usha drew back and spoke again, in Sharer. The girls subsided. They crouched demurely on the floor of the boat, only stealing glances at the Valan creature, who huddled miserably next to the rail and wished more than anything that he had never left home.

Usha and Flossa paddled out to the open sea, where crests capped the waves and the boat heaved and smacked the water. Then, from the back of the boat, started the most unlikely sound Spinel would have expected to hear: an electric outboard motor.

Spinel turned, shook the wind-tossed locks out of his eyes, and stared in disbelief. The motor was a standard make from Iridis, used by those Chrysolite fishermen who could afford it. What in Torr's name was one doing here, on a boat made of some shiny substance completely foreign to him, with Flossa's webbed hand at the tiller? Nevertheless, this echo from home was a gift from the heavens, and as the boat leaped forward his spirits rose hopefully.

A shadow fell. Overhead passed an enormous bird with a fish snout and four spined wings. Wellen stood up and cried out to it, snapping her fingers. The bird descended and soared just past her head, its wingspan dwarfing the boat. Spinel ducked, and the wind from its wings brushed his back before it loftily soared away.

In the distance, a thumb-shaped projectile shot out from the sea, and a stream of water arched behind. The object glided majestically for a minute or so, until it returned to the sea with a thunderous crash. Another one rocketed from the sea, then another; there must have been a school of them. Waves soon reached the boat and rocked it steeply.

"They are glider squid," Merwen told him. "You'll see, they are good friends to share."

Spinel shook his head. How would he ever tell about any of this, back in Chrysoport? Even his own mother would never believe him, much less Alin or Melas.

Something nagged at him, something was missing, he did not know what. As he watched the sea, it came to him. There were no landmarks of any kind, just the flat horizon. It was hardly safe, out on the open sea in such a small craft, and with what navigation? "Merwen . . . how do you know where you're going? I mean, you got a compass or something?"

"Yes, nowadays we get compasses from the traders. But the clickflies always tell us. Clickflies know everything; you'll have to learn to share speech with them."

The boat pounded across the waves until it reached Merwen's raft, Raia-el. Once again he breathed the rose-orange scent, as the boat threaded in through branched channels where the flowers bloomed so profusely that they closed in a canopy just overhead. Beyond, the flow-ers gave out again where the great level trunks coalesced to join the raft.

Upon the raft rose a stalk of blue spires with concave sides that fit together like curved diamond shapes, broadening at the base. It might have been rock crystal, but the tips looked utterly fragile. Spinel ventured to say to Merwen, "Is that some sort of . . . giant flower?" Flossa collapsed in a fit of giggles. She translated to her sisters, who shrieked and rolled over backward, kicking their feet in the air. "You trolls' brats, you!" Spinel lunged at one of those infuriating flippers.

Weia and Wellen dove overboard and vanished, while Flossa picked up her paddles again, still giggling. What a nuisance they were, even worse than Oolite.

Merwen answered, "That is our house."

It looked flimsy for a house on the sea. In fact, he soon noticed, the sloping panels were nothing more than woven seasilk, twisted into saddle shapes and glazed somehow. What would become of it in a hurricane, let alone when "the sea swallowed"?

They walked up to the "house." Usha touched a blue panel, with a whoosh, a round wrinkled hole gaped in the fabric. From inside, Sharers crowded to greet them, their voices rushing like a song of the sea. Even Merwen spoke briskly, and her hands fluttered everywhere. Spinel stepped through the doorway, feeling lost in the confusion. The air he breathed was thick with foreign odors; light-headed, he leaned against a wall. His arm sank into a furry paste that covered the dipping walls and ceilings, glowing in flares of green and amber that created a dizzying illusion of motion. The feel of the squished material added to his queasiness.

Merwen tried to explain. "It's decorative, it's . . . a 'fungus,' is that right?" she asked Lady Berenice.

"A fungus? All over?" He pulled away and frantically brushed off his arm. For once he appreciated his mother's strict housecleaning.

"Yes, isn't it beautiful? Flossa and Wellen have kept up the painting. Come, now, you have many sisters to meet."

The names all flew past him, except for old Ama, who reclined on a low couch that undulated slowly, as it was filled with water. Ama's hands were shriveled into birdlike claws, but they flickered a silent greeting. A seasilken blanket was wrapped around the grandmother; the others were all quite exposed. Spinel stared more boldly at the strangers than he had dared at Merwen or Usha. They were as hairless as infants, even below, and their skin had the same sheen all over, with

the faint puckering typical of Sharer complexion. Somehow he felt a letdown, perhaps because he had expected to be aroused but was not. Meanwhile, Weia and Wellen had insinuated their fingertips under the flaps of his travel bag. Spinel hastily pushed them aside and opened it himself. The first thing he drew out was half of a cheese sandwich. "That's my lunch," he told Wellen, adding the word for "sharing food."

Wellen took the sandwich in the web between two fingers and flicked it with her thumb. She sniffed it gingerly, wrinkled her nose, and coughed hard. Then she ran off to a large shrub that grew in the back of the room and stuffed the sandwich between a pair of broad, fleshy leaves. The leaves snapped shut. Wellen then pried open an adjacent leaf pair and scooped the contents out onto her palm.

This performance perplexed Spinel, but Lady Berenice's face softened with amusement, the first time he had seen her slip from her noble bearing. "Wellen thinks it makes good plant food," she told him. "For the 'pudding plant.' The leaf juices will digest it for a few days, and then it becomes 'pudding.'"

Wellen proffered him a sample of what looked like a mixture of moldy cheese and clay.

"What was that stuff originally?"

"Probably squid entrails."

Suddenly Spinel wished he had filled his whole pack with Ahn's vegetables before he left. "Uh, thanks, but—" He reached into the bag again. "Now here's something for you!" From his father's parting gift, a handful of quartz marbles fell to the floor.

The girls gasped and scooped up the shiny stones, fingering them avidly before passing them on to their elders. Voices died to a murmur. Their distraction was a relief. Spinel yawned, and stretched his legs, and slumped against the wall again. There were no chairs, only mats on the floor. It must be midnight, he felt, yet it was still light outside. It did not occur to him that his accustomed time zone was irrelevant to Shora.

Once again the whole gaped open. An arm reached through, knotted and muscular. This Sharer entered with difficulty because she had to pull a large netted sack through the narrow opening. The sack held a writhing mass of tentacles—octopus, perhaps, but impossibly bright red, and they moved more swiftly than any octopus he had seen; their beaks snapped like crab claws.

"It's nonsense," Talion insisted. "Why don't Sharers turn their planet into a paradise? At the very least, they could exterminate sea swallows."

Berenice sighed. This was the part she herself found hard to understand. "Sharers know their own limits; that, perhaps, is their greatest strength. They don't like to alter the life balance. Something worse might replace sea swallows. . . ." Every "lesser sharer" had its purpose, Sharers claimed. "But they do use their powers. Haven't certain fishing vessels run into environmental problems of late?"

"Well, well. So Sharers were behind that."

That made her uneasy; there might be reprisals now. "Under extreme provocation, my lord. You must understand this: When Valan actions disturb the sea, they threaten not only the livelihood but the very center of being of every Sharer of Shora."

His hand must have risen to stop her at her first sentence. "I know what you wish, my lady. You wish me to turn back the clock to the days when a few rugged souls ventured into the boundless ocean world and battered a few curios to peddle back home. Your father was the first, now the richest of the lot."

At that, Berenice swallowed hard. She ached to recall her earliest vision of Shora, when free trade had seemed much like the native concept of *sharing*, and each side had endless wonders to offer the other. Where had they gone wrong? Over the years a hidden venom had poisoned the dream. If only the Patriarch's Envoy could heal it again.

"I will not overburden the Trade Council," Talion went on. "Business has suffered enough from the war; you should know how many Pyrrholite contracts Hyalite lost. This is no time to cut prices on Shora, or to squeeze the fisheries just because they offend the native aesthetic. A few fishing lines can't clean out a whole ocean."

His attitude faintly disgusted her, although she herself had no proof of Sharer claims, only her faith in their word. "Something has to give," she said flatly. "Otherwise, the moontrade will face a boycott."

"Boycott? Explain yourself."

"They'll stop trading, stop talking; that's it." Her hand sliced the air. "Traders will go Unspoken by the Gatherings."

"So a few natives stop trading."

"But if it spreads, my lord—"

"There's no leadership to organize them."

Berenice shrugged. "I've warned you before."

"Indeed, with phenomenal accuracy," Talion crossed his arms and leaned forward on his desk. "Just bear in mind that I commission you to report on trouble, not to instigate it."

She sat up, rigid. "Why, how could you suggest such a thing?"

"Would I hurt my own father's business? I'm trying to dissuade Sharers from anything drastic. I told them I'd speak with the traders, and with you—"

"Silence." Talion waited for her to take in his command. "You know too well that the last thing I need is for those natives to turn up their noses at us, just as Malachite is about to look their way. If you help them scheme at our expense, my lady, you'll live to regret it."

"I am a Valan citizen," Berenice replied frostily. "I serve Valan interests in the broadest sense. If you don't trust me, my lord, then I'm waiting your time."

"I'll be the judge of my own time. And when Malachite appoints a High Protector of Shora, that is who I'll deal with."

A High Protector? For Sharers? She tried to keep her face straight.

On second thought, though, it was no laughing matter. It was the one thing that could save Sharers and Valan settlers alike—if Sharers would accept a Protector and face the Patriarch on their own.

SPINEL FOUND THAT of the countless seafoods and herbs that Sharers knew, there were more than enough to delight his tongue. Now that he was determined to try everything, his stomach rebelled at the unaccustomed onslaught, and by morning he groaned with indigestion.

So he was sent below to the place of lifeshaping. A doorway opened in the floor of the silkhouse, and tunnels extended through the raft, winding in an eerie phosphorescent maze. Some opened into brilliantly

Soft Coercion, the City and the Recorded Female Voice

Nina Power

Four questions to begin with: What is the pitch of the neoliberal city? How does the pitch of the city construct images of and for the humanity that travels through it? How does gender relate to control of this space - corporate, commercial, privatised space and the few remaining places we might (often erroneously, or perhaps nostalgically) refer to as “public space”? How does the soundscape of the city relate to forms of control – what I will call here “soft coercion” – that often goes unnoticed, or at least blends into the background and becomes simply part of the tapestry of the urban sonic environment, alongside the whirr of traffic, the babble of the crowd, birdsong, sirens? We may think of the sound of the city as somehow being ‘neutral’ on its own terms, or at least cacophonous enough to escape linear description, but by paying careful attention to the patterns of urban sounds we do more than simply listen: the over-familiarity of certain sonic tropes starts to tell us something key about the way in which both gender and control are constructed and reinforced.

This essay considers the now-ubiquitous use of female-sounding¹ voices in a variety of urban settings – information announcements on public transport especially buses, trains and train stations, instructions on supermarket machines, security announcements. The references here will apply mainly to the UK context, but it is apparent that many European and North American cities will exhibit similar features. Much of what I am looking at also applies to more domestic and intimate technologies, such as mobile phones (the ‘Siri’ application – a voice-activated knowledge locator that responds with a female voice on the default setting in most countries – for example) GPS or commercial automated telephone answering systems, but my focus here will be on the female-sounding voice as encountered in the context of the city, as a traveller, shopper or commuter in particular, where the choice of the gender of the voice is far less available to the listener, and where the voice operates at a generic or collective level, rather than relating to specific individual instructions. Here the listener is perhaps passing through a

¹ I use the term ‘female-sounding’ to indicate that I am not interested in the normative question (what should ‘men’ and ‘women’ sound like if they are to perform ‘maleness’ and ‘femaleness’, as if this was anyway decidable) than to look at the intention of the companies that use voices that they have explicitly picked to ‘sound female’. It is clear that when hearing voices we tend to ‘gender’ them quickly, and often without reflecting on any assumptions that following from this apparent recognition. I want to ask instead why the ‘female-sounding’ voice has become a key sonic element in the urban landscape and ask what it means for the maintenance of the running and order of the city.

transport hub, or buying food at a supermarket terminal on his or her way home hearing multiple recorded voices intermingle. This is the sound of the banal, everyday urban experience, rather than that of an ecstatic night out or serious state of emergency (although a low-level fear enters in to the picture when we think about the way in which the message ‘in these times of heightened security...’ becomes the norm and ‘if you see anything suspicious please contact a member of staff’ is the sonic fabric of the everyday). It operates as a kind of aural clutter, but one whose pitch is supposed to remind us of a certain kind of female-sounding voice: in the British context, this voice is clipped, upper-middle class, brusque, sensible. It asks ‘have you swiped your Nectar card?’ in the same way we might imagine a nurse in a field hospital in World War Two would ask if you’d been drinking enough fluids or getting enough rest.² It tells us which tube station is coming up next in a firm, bureaucratic way³ such that we feel reassured we know where we’re going, but also faintly controlled and guided by some sort of invisible Mary Poppins. It is the regionless accent of BBC Radio 4, of a slight nostalgia for the War and post-war period, of hard work and no nonsense, of pragmatism and benevolent strictness. It conjures up images of governesses and schoolmistresses and films from the 1940s. It is the sound of Received Pronunciation and the Queen’s English, of the voice that Margaret Thatcher never quite managed to get to sound anything other than forced.

This voice of soft coercion (‘go here if you want to do that’, have you done x? It’s for your own good, you know’) announces something of a paradox: Although women have yet to achieve quantitative representation in positions of power (as of 2013, in the UK women are 51% of the population but only 22% of MPs; 23% of judges and 31% of local councillors⁴), their voices - albeit ghostly, disembodied, usually pre-recorded and extremely narrow in terms of origin, class and pitch - are everywhere. This flooding of the commercial and transportational economy with female-sounding voices is inversely correlated to the number of women in parliament, with recorded female voices outnumbering male voices 5 to 1.⁵

There are some observations to make, some technical, some political. The female voice in the places focussed on here is typically pre-recorded, either as complete phrases (such as

² A Nectar card is a reward card that contains points gathered through purchasing.

³ Though it should be noted that the story of Emma Clarke and her tube announcements is rather more complicated than we might initially think. See my earlier short piece on ‘The Dystopian Technology of the Female Voice’ for the Her Noise Archive (2012): <http://hernoise.org/nina-power/>

⁴ <http://www.parliament.uk/briefing-papers/SN02936/women-international-womens-day-2013-background-statistics>

⁵ http://britishlibrary.typepad.co.uk/archival_sounds/2010/08/womens-voices-calling-the-shots-in-recorded-announcements.html

the name of the places on the tube map - 'Old Street', for example always comes to mind, as the way Emma Clarke pronounces it captures exactly the pitch and tone I mention above), or as fragments of phrases that are later reconstituted by a second technology ('concatenation'). Think about those announcements you get that are ubiquitous but contingent, such as an announcement regarding the 'late running' of a particular train. Here you are likely to hear a female-sounding voice that seems more fragmentary than usual: 'Due to signal failure the9.52...to....Penzance....will be approximately....17 ...minutes late. We apologise for any inconvenience this may cause.' The pre-recorded blocks are played like notes in a particularly avant-garde piece, where the conductor is a machine and commuters the unwitting audience, rushing from one machine to the other at the behest of incorporeal commandments. But why make these voices female-sounding? Why not embrace a gender-neutral machinic-sounding pitch? Or to put it another way, what is it about male-sounding voices that train companies, supermarkets and so on dislike? The clue perhaps lies in the separation between the everyday and the emergency, between the supposed smooth-running of things and the potential for things to go wrong. If the role of the female-sounding voice is to reassure but also to direct, is the implication that a male-sounding voice would sound too dictatorial, too bossy, too 'serious'? With personal technologies such as Siri, the implication that her (default) female voice fits into a continuum of secretaries and personal assistants is clear (if you ask Siri who 'she' is she will respond 'I am your humble personal assistant'). In places that see a large number of passing human traffic, the situation is somewhat different - you do not command the machine, the machine 'commands' you by informing, instructing, softly controlling. As female-sounding recorded messages take over more and more sonic space, we notice them bleed over into even those scenarios where emergency can be calculated and prepared for, albeit only sonically: not just the late running of trains, but coded messages for fire alerts in train stations ('Would Inspector Sands please report to Platform 2') are often 'female-sounding'. The soft coercion of the everyday thus includes and incorporates its own contingency.

But we could go further and ask what if the smooth-running of things *was* the emergency? This would make the female-sounding voice the sound of quiet catastrophic, of social control as such, rather than just the ordinary running of things. This particular construction of gender - albeit of a disembodied, ghostly kind - would make the recorded female voice a kind of cover-story for a normalcy that is in fact a state of emergency, of crisis, of barbarism and capitalism. It would be more honest for this voice to be shouting, chastising, authoritarian, and perhaps therefore male-sounding to reflect the balance of power, but perhaps it is more alarming to reflect on why it doesn't need to be to have the

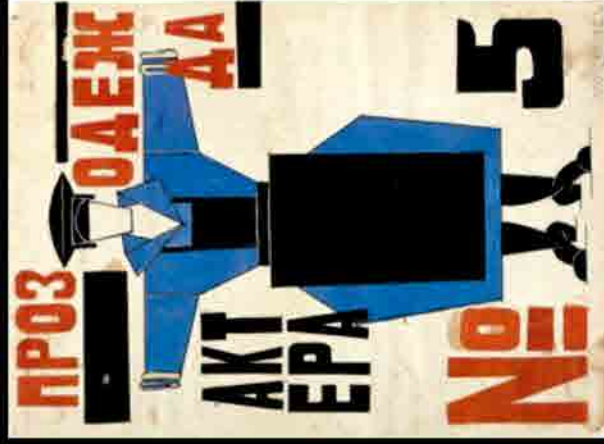
same effect: the co-optation of the female-sounding voice as the voice of everyday control is no longer the voice of authority conceived as male (as in the pioneering voice work of Laurie Anderson for example⁶), but of control regendered and recoded as female. What effects might this have on way in which we conceive of gender above and beyond our repeated fragmentary experience of the disembodied voice in urban spaces? Do the often unnoticed voices really have any effect on how we conceive of political representation, of the 'public', of where 'real' power lies? In so far as female-sounding voices represent order and soft coercion in a sensible mode they arguably do present a misleading impression of gender and the real control of property and space. The voices float monotonously over commercial and privatised zones, fusing an image of feminised 'Englishness' with that of corporate culture. In other words, they are *symbolic* of the destruction of the welfare state and the ambiguity of the 'public' as we witness it being finally hacked to death, but they are not *representative* of those doing the destroying (need it be pointed out that it is women and children who suffer most in times of economic crisis and benefit cuts). They are ideological sonic veneer for what lies beneath, the sonic equivalent of the 'Keep Calm and Carry On' poster and its myriad spin-offs, a fusion of war and crisis made cute for the middle-classes.

But what shall we do with the voices, the recordings that have replaced the real bodies of announcers and cashiers? We could do worse than to begin to pay attention to what they are saying, and not saying; of what they tell us about gender and the contemporary city, of where the power lies and where it doesn't, of the ideological function of 'certain' voices and the exclusion of others. The protester in the street chanting spontaneous slogans hears her opponent in every beat of the neoliberal city: to reclaim the machines - from supermarket tills to parliamentary processes - we must first identify who speaks in the voice of the enemy, and who speaks from elsewhere.

⁶ See her track 'From The Air' from 1982's Big Science LP, and her widespread use of audio drag filters.

The Soviet Experiment: Work, Family, Housing

‘The Family will be sent to a museum of antiquities so that it can rest next to the spinning wheel and the bronze axe, by the horsedrawn carriage, the steam engine, and the wired telephone’ – S. Vol’fson, 1929 (Soviet sociologist)



Liubov Popova's costume and set designs for Fernand Crommelynck's play 'The Magnanimous Cuckold', 1922

Guest contribution: Two slides from [Nina Power's](#) lecture

Alexandra Kollontai on 'free love', 1872-1952



‘Only a whole number of fundamental reforms in the sphere of social relations – reforms transposing obligations from the family to society and the state – could create a situation where the principle of “free love” might to some extent be fulfilled. But can we seriously expect the modern class state, however democratic it may be, to take upon itself the duties towards mothers and children which at present are undertaken by that individualistic unit, the modern family? Only the fundamental transformation of all productive relations could create the social prerequisites to protect women from the negative aspects of the “free love” formula.’ – ‘The Social Basis of the Woman Question’, 1909.

Guest contribution: Two slides from [Nina Power's](#) lecture

KATIE LLOYD THOMAS
EVERYTHING FLOWING: FEMINIST HYDRO-LOGICS IN JOAN
SLONCZEWSKI'S A DOOR INTO OCEAN
29./30. MAI 2017

In May, Katie Lloyd Thomas visited the Universität der Künste (UdK) in Berlin for a collaborative two-day workshop with the seminars *Flüssige Geometrie*, taught by Nathalie Bredella at the UdK, and *Dwelling on Gender*, led by Christian Berkes at the Fachhochschule Potsdam (FH Potsdam). Thomas is a lecturer in architecture at Newcastle University; her research focuses on materiality, technology, and feminist theory and practice. Both seminars prepared for her visit by reading Thomas's 2001 paper, "Lines in Practice: Thinking Architectural Representation Through Feminist Critiques of Geometry," and related sources.

On her first evening in Berlin, Thomas presented recent work on Joan Slonczewski's 1986 feminist science fiction novel, *A Door into Ocean*, to a packed room of students and visitors. Drawing on Luce Irigaray's notion of liquidity, Thomas argued that the Sharer world depicted in *A Door into Ocean* operates according to a radical alternative system that discards conventional notion of difference in favor of a "feminist hydro-logics" of fluid coexistence between individuals and their surroundings. Thomas's lecture highlighted contemporary architectural projects that employ "hydro-logics" to address ecological deterioration in cities like New York and Venice.

The following morning, Katie Lloyd Thomas joined seminar participants from the UdK and FH Potsdam for an intimate workshop and in-depth conversation about *A Door into Ocean*, "hydro-logics," materialities, and feminist practice. Students from the UdK also presented their individual seminar projects and discussed joint exhibition concepts with their colleagues from FH Potsdam.

Guest contribution: Summary of Katie Lloyd Thomas' talk

NINA POWER
HOUSING, WORK ECONOMY, AND THE ABDICATION OF SYSTEMIC LEFT AND
FEMINIST PERSPECTIVES IN NEOLIBERAL CAPITALISM
12. JUNE 2017

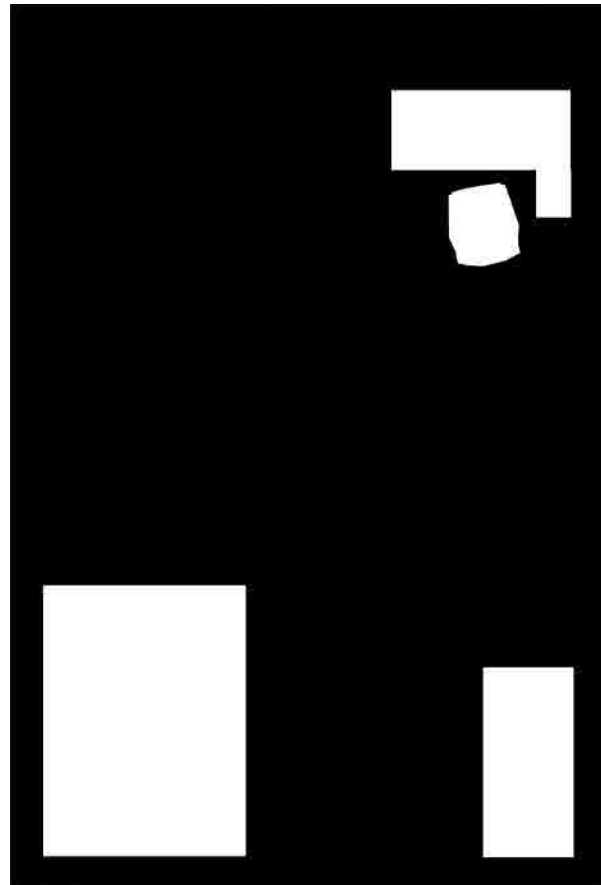
In June, Nina Power visited the Fachhochschule Potsdam (FHP) for a lecture and a collaborative workshop with the seminars *Dwelling on Gender*, taught by Christian Berkes at FHP, and *Flüssige Geometrie*, led by Nathalie Bredella at the Universität der Künste (UdK). Power is a senior lecturer in philosophy at Roehampton University and teaches at the Royal Collage of Art in London. One particular part of her research focuses on questions of representation, non-reproduction, and gendered voices in public spaces. Students read Nina Power's essays to prepare for the workshop. Power also assigned Alexandra Kollontai's "Communism and the Family" (1920) and Simon Fairlie's "A Short History of Enclosure in Britain." These readings foreshadowed Power's presentation by introducing a number of crucial issues: How do politics and social codes intervene to produce our conception of 'our private life'? Where does ownership come from?

Before her lecture, Power joined students for an in-depth conversation about the end-of-semester collaborative exhibition. She brought deep theoretical knowledge from the fields of the fine arts, architecture, and philosophy to the students' discussion about the exhibition concept.

Power's lecture was a kaleidoscopic tour through historical and present conceptions of urban space, with a focus on strategies of resistance against the hegemony of neoliberal capitalism. She outlined the possibilities and pitfalls of 'Soviet experiments' on work, housing, family, and free love and asked how these issues might relate to the present day in light of major shifts towards globalisation, financialisation, sanitisation, surveillance, and new nationalist political movements. These structural conditions formed the backdrop for a number of questions about the present state of housing and public space in Europe: Historically speaking, where do our conceptions of property come from? And how does enclosure and privatisation happen today? Looking at big cities like London, Berlin, and Moscow, Power showed that the disembodied voices installed in subway stations, shopping malls, and homes create specific socioeconomic situations. Power emphasized the fact that it is highly important to understand why this is happening, who it benefits, and how it changes our perception of society. She concluded with a polemic thesis: Under neoliberal capitalism you can either be a body that is silenced or a voice that has no body. But you can never be both.

Guest contribution: Summary of Nina Power's talk

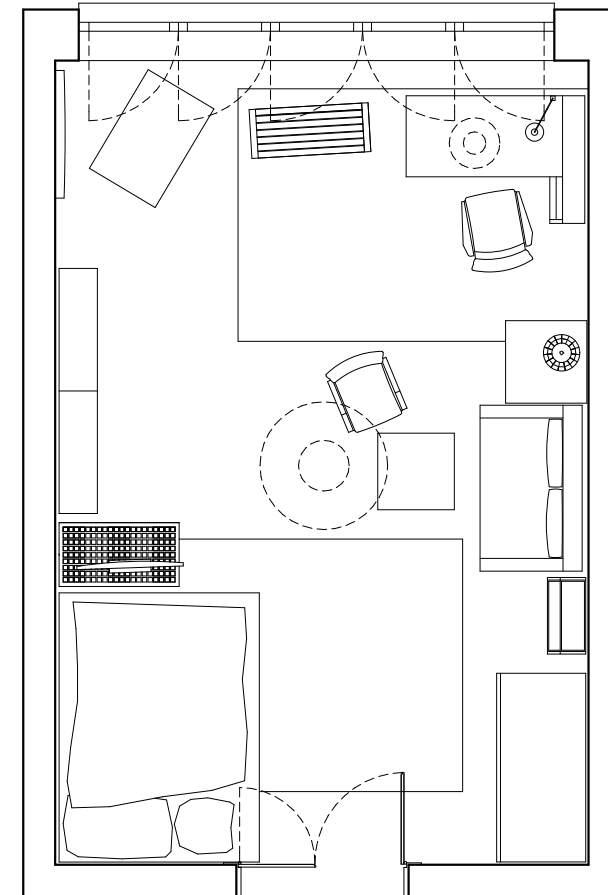
WIE VIELE MÖBEL BRAUCHST
DU WIRKLICH ZUM WOHNEN?



DOKUMENTATION, PROJEKTION UND WAHRNEHMUNG
Seminar *Dwelling on Gender* SoSe 2017
Christoph Nolte|Kilian Schwartze|Julia Göse

Leaflet: Julia Göse, Christoph Nolte, Kilian Schwartze

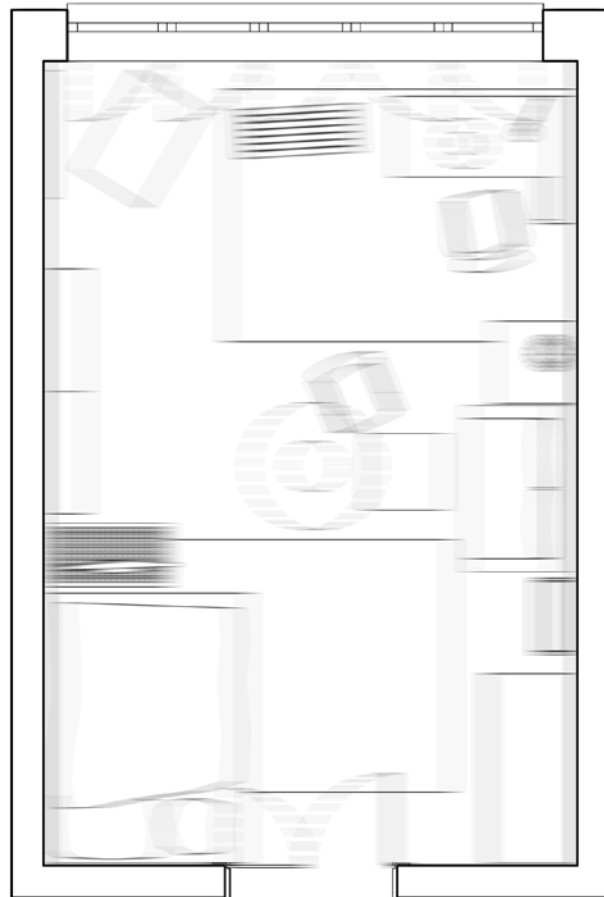
WIE VIELE STUNDEN
ARBEITEST DU AM SCHREIBTISCH?



DOKUMENTATION, PROJEKTION UND WAHRNEHMUNG
Seminar *Dwelling on Gender* SoSe 2017
Christoph Nolte|Kilian Schwartze|Julia Göse

Leaflet: Julia Göse, Christoph Nolte, Kilian Schwartze

WIE OFT ZIEHST DU UM?



DOKUMENTATION, PROJEKTION UND WAHRNEHMUNG
Seminar *Dwelling on Gender* SoSe 2017
Christoph Nolte|Kilian Schwartz|Julia Göse

Leaflet: Julia Göse, Christoph Nolte, Kilian Schwartz

WIE SIEHST DU DEIN ZIMMER?



DOKUMENTATION, PROJEKTION UND WAHRNEHMUNG
Seminar *Dwelling on Gender* SoSe 2017
Christoph Nolte|Kilian Schwartz|Julia Göse

Leaflet: Julia Göse, Christoph Nolte, Kilian Schwartz

Ideologie und Wirklichkeit

In wie weit sind die Vorstellungen und Überzeugungen der Schriftstellerin, Revolutionärin, Diplomatin und Sexualpolitikerin Alexandra Kollontai getroffen?

Wie hat sich die Rolle der Frau in der kommunistischen/sozialistischen Gesellschaft verändert?

Was können wir aus der Vergangenheit lernen?

Zwei Interviews, in denen die Vorstellungen der Schriftstellerin mit den realen Erfahrungen einer Kindheit im Kommunismus/Sozialismus gegenübergestellt wurden.

„Communist society will come to the aid of the parents. In Soviet Russia the Commissariats of Public Education and of Social Welfare are already doing much to assist the family. We already have homes for very small babies, creches, kindergartens, children’s colonies and homes, hospitals and health resorts for sick children. Restaurants, free lunches at school and free distribution of text books, warm clothing and shoes to schoolchildren. All this goes to show that the responsibility for the child is passing from the family to the collective.“ (Kollontai, in Komunistka, No. 2, 1920)

„In place of the old relationship between men and women, a new one is developing: a union of affection and comradeship, a union of two equal members of communist society, both of them free, both of them independent and both of them workers. No more domestic bondage for women. No more inequality within the family. No need for women to fear being left without support and with children to bring up. The woman in communist society no longer depends upon her husband but on her work.“ (Kollontai, in Komunistka, No. 2, 1920)

Zitate aus den Interviews:

„ Also so wie ich mich erinnere, waren meine Eltern beide berufstätig und vollzeitbeschäftigt. Ich war im Wesentlichen bei meinen Großeltern und habe auch das Gefühl gehabt, dass meine Großeltern mich hauptsächlich versorgt haben.“

“ [...] everybody was wearing a uniform and I was not. And there was an explanation to this, because I was a little bit overweight [...] I didn’t feel comfortable.“

“ I knew that my parents were taking care of me, but about the society, about the government I wasn’t thinking that deep.“

„ [...] junge Frauen waren am Arbeiten, auf dem Arbeitsplatz waren sie sicher eher gleichberechtigt, aber zuhause haben sie, glaube ich, im Wesentlichen die Hausarbeit dann noch zusätzlich gemacht.“

“ [...] in my childhood everybody was working, everybody was giving birth to children, and the women was supposed to work as well. Not immediately, but they spend one year and a half together with the baby and then they came back to work and be an equal partner [...] “

Die Interviewten Personen sind in der UDSSR (Sibirien) und in der DDR aufgewachsen, sie bleiben anonym.
Das Interview wurde von S. Morana geführt.

Leaflet: Sophia Morana



Leaflet: early group work (FHP) on key topics,
layout by Sophia Morana

Um die in Angela McRobbie's „Top Girls– Feminismus und der Aufstieg des neoliberalen Geschlechterregimes“ beschrieben Missstände in der Arbeitswelt entgegen zu wirken, nahmen wir in unserem Unternehmen einige Änderungen vor. Diese beziehen sich auf die Arbeitskleidung unserer Angestellten. Nach einem Jahr baten wir unsere Mitarbeiter zum Gespräch.

„Die gefällige, lebhaft, kompetente und anständige junge Frau – Schwarze, Weiße oder Asiatin – ist nun die attraktive Vorbotin der sozialen Transformation“
(Auszug aus Angela McRobbie's „Top Girls“)

„Jedem Mitarbeiter, ganz gleich ob Frau oder Mann wurde der gleiche Fundus an Kleidung zur Verfügung gestellt.“
(Aus dem Mitarbeitergespräch)

„Neue Normen für das Aussehen und die Selbstdarstellung bestehen nicht nur im Freizeitbereich und im Alltag, sondern auch am Arbeitsplatz [...]“
(Auszug aus Angela McRobbie's „Top Girls“)
„Die wachsende Bedeutung der obligatorischen Weiblichkeitsrituale und eine Intensivierung der vorgeschriebenen heterosexuell codierten Formen von Lust und Spaß gehört zu den wichtigsten Elementen [...]. In der Sprache von 'Gesundheit' und 'Wohlergehen' übernimmt der globale Mode- und Schönheitskomplex die Aufgabe, sicherzustellen, dass sich die Geschlechterverhältnisse weiterhin wie erwünscht gestalten.“
(Auszug aus Angela McRobbie's „Top Girls“)

„Besonders die männlichen Mitarbeiter sind zu Beginn auf die Barrikaden gegangen da auch sie im Sommer einen Rock zu tragen hatten. Viele von ihnen argumentierten damit, dass Röcke üblicherweise von Frauen getragen werden und sie nicht zur Lachnummer werden wollen.“
(Aus dem Mitarbeitergespräch)

„Die Möglichkeit, berufstätig und finanziell unabhängig zu sein, wird so durch den Imperativ weiblicher Identität konterkariert, dass der Körper das ganze Leben lang sorgfältig bearbeitet werden muss.“
(Auszug aus Angela McRobbie's „Top Girls“)

„Aufzustehen ohne sich Gedanken machen zu müssen was man anzieht und wie das Outfit den anderen im Büro gefällt sorgt nicht nur dafür, dass ich länger schlafen kann, sondern auch dazu, dass ich nicht das Gefühl habe mit jemand anderen mithalten zu müssen.“
(Aus dem Mitarbeitergespräch)

„Die tiefe Diskrepanz zwischen dem hohen Bildungsgrad von Frauen und ihrem häufig auftretenden niedrigen Selbstwertgefühl ruft in der Politik Besorgnis hervor“
(Auszug aus Angela McRobbie's „Top Girls“)

„Man kann seine Individualität nicht mehr durch sein Äußeres ausdrücken, sondern muss sich gegenseitig kennenlernen um einen Eindruck von einander zu bekommen.“
(Aus dem Mitarbeitergespräch)

Leaflet: Mehran Djojan

DAS ABSCHAFFEN DER HAUSARBEIT

Interview | Zitate |

Helen Hester – Promethean Labours
(Dolores Hayden, Angela Y. Davis)

Interview

‘Capitalism’s power as a system is therefore identified and named as a totality’

Carol A. Stabile

‘the larger family-sized group (twelve to fifteen people) would be more practical (...)’
‘A household, as a social unit composed of a ‘large grouping of people living together for an unspecified time, with no specified set of interpersonal relations’, would not retain the ‘division of labour by sex’ typical of the unit of the family.’
Shulamith, Firestone ‘The Dialectic of Sex: The Case for Feminist Revolution’

‘Part of the reason behind Davis’s emphasis on the workplace here is an attempt to counter the atomization and privatization usually associated with the domestic dwelling.’

‘on the job, women can unite with their sisters – and indeed with their brothers – in order to challenge the capitalists at the point of production’.
Angela Y. Davis, ‘Women, Race and Class’

‘In the first place, the ability to answer ‘an absolute (although not infinite) demand for human emancipation’ is shown to require not only the possession of certain material, cognitive, and emotional resources, but also the freedom to commit oneself to undertaking a degree of personal risk in the face of potential conflict and violence.’

‘The demands and prescriptions that a “Promethean” politics carries are not those of nihilistic destruction, nor are they infinite and unfulfillable; they are specific but unconditional demands made on our capacities that, although certainly limited in kind, are often more than sufficient, when concerted and composed into the action of a collective subject, to act in a principled, egalitarian and emancipatory sense.’
Alberto Toscano, ‘A Plea for Prometheus’

Auch in meinem Haushalt hat meine Frau, die auch Vollzeit arbeitet immer noch mehr Hausarbeit gemacht, ich weiß nicht wirklich warum. Das finde ich nicht fair aber ich bin nach meiner 40 Std. Woche immer zu kaputt gewesen, um noch den Besen zu schwingen.

Die Anerkennung in der Gesellschaft ist enorm. Alle verstehen, dass die einzige Möglichkeit dieses altmodisches Konzept der Hausfrauen-Hausarbeit abzuschaffen, darin besteht, dass dieses Problem kommunalisiert und bezahlt wird.

Angela Davis oder Dolores Hayden sprachen schon vor vielen Jahren von solchen Konzepten, aber unsere Stadt ist die erste, die das konsequent fördert, nachdem ein Volksentscheid darüber abgestimmt hat.

‘Alle verstehen, dass die einzige Möglichkeit dieses altmodisches Konzept der Hausfrauen-Hausarbeit abzuschaffen, darin besteht, dass dieses Problem kommunalisiert und bezahlt wird. Niemand hier möchte, dass Hausarbeit Frauensache ist, denn das war sie bis vor kurzem, auch wenn viele Frauen schon arbeitstätig waren.’

Leaflet: Alexandra Kruglova

EIGENTUM

Was bedeutet (kein) Eigentum als Lebens- oder Wohnkonzept? Welche Machtstrukturen manifestieren sich durch Eigentum? Spielt Eigentum oder Nutzung von Dingen für dich eine größere Rolle? Was bedeutet Eigentum für dich? Glück? Einschränkung? Verantwortung? Sicherheit? Gebundenheit? Geborgenheit? Belastung? Macht kein Eigentum frei? Würdest du dein Konzept von Eigentum verändern?

THEORIE

CO-OP INTERIEUR war kein Vorschlag zur Inneneinrichtung. Die Photographie war ein Manifest für ein anderes Prinzip des Wohnens und damit für eine „Neue Welt“. Hannes Meyers entwarf dieses radikale Bild zu einer Zeit, in der die bürgerliche (Innen)Einrichtung des Eigenheims, Absicherung und Statussymbole an Bedeutung gewannen. Für Hannes Meyer war Bauen nicht ein ästhetischer Prozess, sondern die Gestaltung von Lebensvorgängen und ein elementarer Prozess, der biologische, geistige, seelische und körperliche Bedürfnisse berücksichtigen sollte. Das Zusammenleben und die Stärkung der Gemeinschaft könnten durch eine rein rational-logische Architektur gesichert und verbessert werden.

Raquel Franklin, „Auf das absolute Minimum reduziert“; Pier Vittorio Aureli „Zimmer ohne Eigentum“



Wohnbild von Hannes Meyer, Architekt, Urbanist, Kommunist (1926)

„NUTZEN IST WICHTIGER ALS BESITZEN. Es ist an der Zeit, den Kerngedanken der Share Economies auf die Wohnungsfrage auszuweiten. Solange die Nutzungsrechte an bestimmten Gütern gesichert sind, müssen wir diese Dinge nicht mehr kaufen, um sie ganz für uns alleine zu haben. Diese Erkenntnis bestimmt einen Paradigmenwechsel unserer Generation: Nutzen ist wichtiger als Besitzen. Besitz hat noch in der Generation unserer Eltern einen ganz anderen Stellenwert eingenommen, der aus den existenziellen Nöten der Nachkriegsjahre gewachsen ist und sich in einer absoluten Wertschätzung alles Materiellen manifestiert hat. Von der heutigen Generation wird Besitz eher mit Verpflichtung in Verbindung gebracht und Verpflichtung als Last empfunden. Freiheit heißt, ohne großen Ballast wählen zu dürfen. Frei ist, wer sich um wenig kümmern muss und dem dennoch sämtliche Möglichkeiten offen stehen. (...) Wahlgemeinschaften nehmen dabei gegenüber den traditionellen Familienstrukturen einen höheren Stellenwert ein.“

Anna Kastele, „Wer teilt hat mehr“

Aus dem Seminar: Dwelling on Gender, SS 2017, FH Potsdam



Leaflet: Brenda Jorde

EIGENTUM

Was bedeutet (kein) Eigentum als Lebens- oder Wohnkonzept? Welche Machtstrukturen manifestieren sich durch Eigentum? Spielt Eigentum oder Nutzung von Dingen für dich eine größere Rolle? Was bedeutet Eigentum für dich? Glück? Einschränkung? Verantwortung? Sicherheit? Gebundenheit? Geborgenheit? Belastung? Macht kein Eigentum frei? Würdest du dein Konzept von Eigentum verändern?

PRAXIS

AUSZUG AUS EINEM INTERVIEW - EIN VERSUCH - EINE AKKUMULATION VON IDEEN ,

Wer bist du?

Ich heiße Leila, ich bin 29 und habe einen Sohn. Ich habe vor 6 Monaten fast all meine Besitztümer verkauft und bin mit dem, was wir für das Haus gebrauchen konnten in das Wohnprojekt eingezogen. Meine Möbel gingen also an die Wohngemeinschaft und all meine Besitztümer passen inzwischen in einen Schrank.

(...)

Was bedeutete Eigentum für dich und was bedeutet es heute?

Ein Problem der kapitalistischen Gesellschaftsstruktur sehe ich darin, dass nicht die Nutzung, sondern die Bestätigung des Gefühls etwas sein Eigen nennen zu können, zählen. Man vergleicht, man fühlt sich minderwertig, man kauft und kauft. Wir wollen uns allerdings frei machen von Statussymbolen, von der Bewertung materieller Dinge, wir verzichten auf Dinge, die keinen Nutzen für die Gemeinschaft haben. Inneneinrichtung, Wertgegenstände, Dekoration definieren mich nicht, sondern machen unfrei, es bindet an das Gesellschafts- und Wirtschaftssystem und an die geographische Lage.

(...)

Aber natürlich war das nicht immer einfach, es gab Streitgespräche und Diskussionen über das, was wir brauchen oder behalten. Zu welchen Zeiten die Gemeinschaftsräume freistehen und so weiter. Wir müssen dann immer wieder abwägen und uns in Erinnerung rufen, dass wir uns für dieses Konzept entschieden haben und viele Vorteile genießen.

(...)

Wie garantierst du deine Zukunft?

Natürlich bedeutet Besitz eines Hauses auch Absicherung und Geborgenheit. Das spielt für viele eine große Rolle, aber das kann eine große Gemeinschaft viel eher garantieren. Wir haben viel mehr enge Freunde, die man Familie nennen könnte. In diesem Mehrgenerationen-Projekt leben Menschen ohne große Familie wie in einer Großfamilie, nur das wir es nicht so nennen. Das gibt Sicherheit. Wir vertrauen nicht auf die finanzielle Absicherung, sondern auf die zwischenmenschliche.

(...)

Ihr besitzt keinen Wohnraum, wie funktioniert das?

Unsere Wohngemeinschaft ist Teil einer Bewegung. Wohnraum gehört der Community. In jedem Haus wohnen verschiedenen Generationen zusammen und ca. 10 Personen. Wir teilen Badezimmer und Küche und auch die Reinigung der Gemeinschaftsräume. Gekocht wird abwechselnd, was am Anfang sehr schwierig war, denn man muss mal auf etwas verzichten oder Kompromisse eingehen. Allerdings muss ich nun viel weniger Zeit in der Küche aufbringen und mein Sohn lernt schon früh, was teilen bedeutet und für eine Gruppe zu planen und zu sorgen. Wir lernen von den anderen und essen viel abwechslungsreicher.

(...)

Die Frage nach Hausarbeit wird bei uns neu gestellt und verhandelt, gleichmäßig zwischen allen Beteiligten. Wir verwerfen das Konzept der Hausfrau. Warum sollen Frauen isoliert kochen putzen und Kinder versorgt. Durch generationenübergreifende Nachbarschaft, Organisation, Partizipation von allen, Hausdesign, Stadtplanung und Architektur werden Geschlechter neu verhandelt bzw. wird nicht nach Geschlechtern unterschieden.

(...)

Hannes Meyer schrieb 1926 ein Manifest. Die „Neue Welt“ zeigte einen spartanischen, anti-bürgerlichen Wohnstil, um das Konzept des Eigentums zu überwinden. Inspirierte euch sein Ansatz?

Wir teilen vor allem einige Ansätze von seinen genossenschaftlichen Wohnkonzepten. Mir gefällt die Radikalität, mit der er dieses Konzept angeht und auch die Ambivalenz, die er zulässt. Trotz der absoluten Reduzierung finden wir in seinem Wohnbild von 1926 ein Grammophon, und einige wenige persönliche Dinge, die darauf schließen, dass Hedonismus, Eleganz und Komfort nicht vernachlässigt werden müssen. Meyer war auf jeden Fall ein Vorreiter, den wir noch heute zitieren können. Auch wir wollen reduzieren aber nicht auf Kultur, Kunst, Genuss und Komfort verzichten. Die Reduzierung des Eigentums macht das möglich, da wir als Kollektiv mehr besitzen als eine Einzelperson. Man muss sich lediglich gut organisieren.

(...)

Aus dem Seminar: Dwelling on Gender, SS 2017, FH Potsdam



Leaflet: Brenda Jorde

SHARING ECONOMY

- Nina Blume, Kommunikationsdesign, FH Potsdam

„Zum ersten Mal in der Geschichte der Menschheit leben wir in einem echten Weltsystem: dem Kapitalismus.“

- Raul Zelik (29.01.2017) Postkapitalistische Alternativen, Online Artikel; Deutschlandfunk.de

Steuert unser heutiges Wirtschaftssystem auf seine Grenzen zu? Politische Spannungen, Verteilungsungerechtigkeit, Knappheit von Ressourcen und Klimawandel lassen die Frage nach Alternativen immer lauter werden.

„Im Grund sei es schon immer so gewesen, dass sich Menschen aufs Tauschen, Teilen, Abgeben und Kooperieren besonnen hätten, wenn Kriege und Kreisen sie an den Rand der Existenz führte.“

- Nadine Oberhuber (19.07.2016), Gutes Teilen, schlechtes Teilen, Online Artikel; Zeit Online.de

Die Grundidee der „Sharing Economy“ ist es sich vom Besitz zu lösen und diesen frei zugänglich für jeden zu machen. Der temporäre Nutzen steht hierbei im Vordergrund und ist die Gegenantwort auf kapitalistischer Verkaufsstrategien und die Lösung auf eine neue Wirtschaftsform.

„Manche sagen der Sharing Economy das Potential voraus, unsere Welt von Grund auf umzukrempeln und eine dritte industrielle Revolution auszulösen.“

- Nadine Oberhuber (19.07.2016), Gutes Teilen, schlechtes Teilen, Online Artikel; Zeit Online.de

Das Sharing-Angebote immer mehr Anklang in der Gesellschaft finden, zeigt sich auch in Umfragen: Bereits jeder Zweite in Deutschland hat eines dieser Angebote genutzt und rund 70% sehen diese als bessere Alternative zu herkömmlichen Angeboten.

„Wir haben uns zur Aufgabe gemacht ein frei zugängliches Netzwerk aufzubauen, welches Güter herstellt, die niemanden gehören, aber von vielen produziert und allen genutzt werden können.“

- Unbekannt (03.07.2017), Interview zum Thema Sharing Economy, Dwelling on Gender

Als Schlüssel sehen die Befürworter den Zusammenschluss verschiedener Bereiche in Kooperationen. Diese organisieren sich selbstständig und stellen die Regeln gemeinsam auf, so stehen alle Beteiligten dahinter.

„Löst man sich von dem Gedanken, dass die individuellen Bedürfnisse an oberster Stelle stehen und denkt Entscheidungen für die Gemeinschaft, funktioniert dies erstaunlich gut.“

- Unbekannt (03.07.2017), Interview zum Thema Sharing Economy, Dwelling on Gender

Ausgehende Voraussetzungen spalten sich in zwei Ansätzen. Auf der einen Seite steht der technologische Fortschritt, der die Wissensproduktion als wichtigstes Gut in den Fokus rückt und sich durch den Austausch besser einsetzen lässt. Auf der anderen Seite steht die „Care Ethik“, die davon ausgeht, dass Menschen als Gemeinschaft besser funktionieren.

„Die Logik des Commoning geht davon aus, dass bei richtiger Nutzung „genug für alle“ da ist.“

- Das Commons-Institut, Was sind Commons?

Leaflet: Nina Blume

ARCHITECTURE. — Architecture is the expression of the true nature of societies, as physiognomy is the expression of the nature of individuals. However, this comparison is applicable, above all, to the physiognomy of officials (prelates, magistrates, admirals). In fact, only society's ideal nature — that of authoritative command and prohibition — expresses itself in actual architectural constructions. Thus great monuments rise up like dams, opposing a logic of majesty and authority to all unquiet elements; it is in the form of cathedrals and palaces that Church and State speak to and impose silence upon the crowds. Indeed, monuments obviously inspire good social behaviour and often even genuine fear. The fall of the Bastille is symbolic of this state of things. This mass movement is difficult to explain otherwise than by popular hostility towards monuments which are their veritable masters.

For that matter, whenever we find *architectural construction* elsewhere than in monuments, whether it be in physiognomy, dress, music, or painting, we can infer a prevailing taste for human or divine *authority*. The large-scale compositions of certain painters express the will to constrain the spirit within an official ideal. The disappearance of academic pictorial composition, on the other hand, opens the path to the expression (and thereby the exaltation) of psychological processes distinctly at odds with social stability. This, in large part, explains the strong reaction elicited, for over half a century, by the progressive transformation of painting, hitherto characterised by a sort of concealed architectural skeleton.

It is clear, in any case, that mathematical order imposed upon stone is really the culmination of the evolution of earthly forms, whose direction is indicated within the biological order by the passage from the simian to the human form, the latter already displaying all the elements of architecture. Man would seem to represent merely an intermediary stage within the morphological development between monkey and building. Forms have become increasingly static, increasingly dominant. From the very outset, in any case, the human and architectural orders make common cause, the latter being only the development of the former. Therefore an attack on architecture, whose monumental productions now truly dominate the whole earth, grouping the servile multitudes under their shadow, imposing admiration and wonder, order and constraint, is necessarily, as it were, an attack on man. Currently, an entire earthly activity, and undoubtedly the most intellectually outstanding, tends, through the denunciation of human dominance, in this direction. Hence, however strange this may seem when a creature as elegant as the human being is involved, a path — traced by the painters — opens up toward bestial monstrosity, as if there were no other way of escaping the architectural straitjacket.

GEORGES BATAILLE

Leaflet: quote chosen by UdK students

When is a drawing finished
and who decides that?

I wanted to create fragmented drawings that could or could not be finished. This drawings don't have to be organized in a specific way in order to complete the final representation of the space. What is the final representation of the space anyway? Who decides it is the final? Could a fragment of the space be a representation of the whole. The drawings gave me the opportunity to reflect about the room and its potential configurations by putting his main objects together. I tried to work with drawings that not only visualize a room but its possibilities.

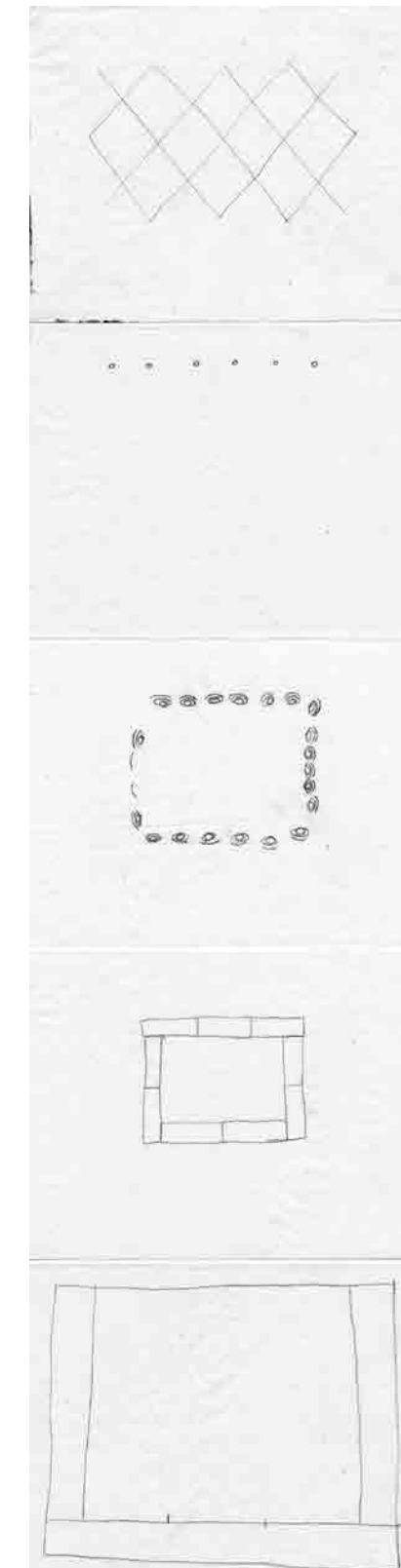
I wanted to start drawing with black pencil on white paper and then migrate to other materials and forms of representation such as surfaces instead of lines, porous lines, imperfect papers and negative rather than positive. By working with surfaces instead of lines I had a new perception of space as a container and how the objects in it affect each other and overlap within the room.

The porous line that fades on an imperfect surface (paper) features the materials that shape the drawing and influence the perception (or interpretation) of the space. To visualize by using vivid, imperfect or changing materials, closer to the final reality of the represented space and therefore, closer to our physical reality as humans.

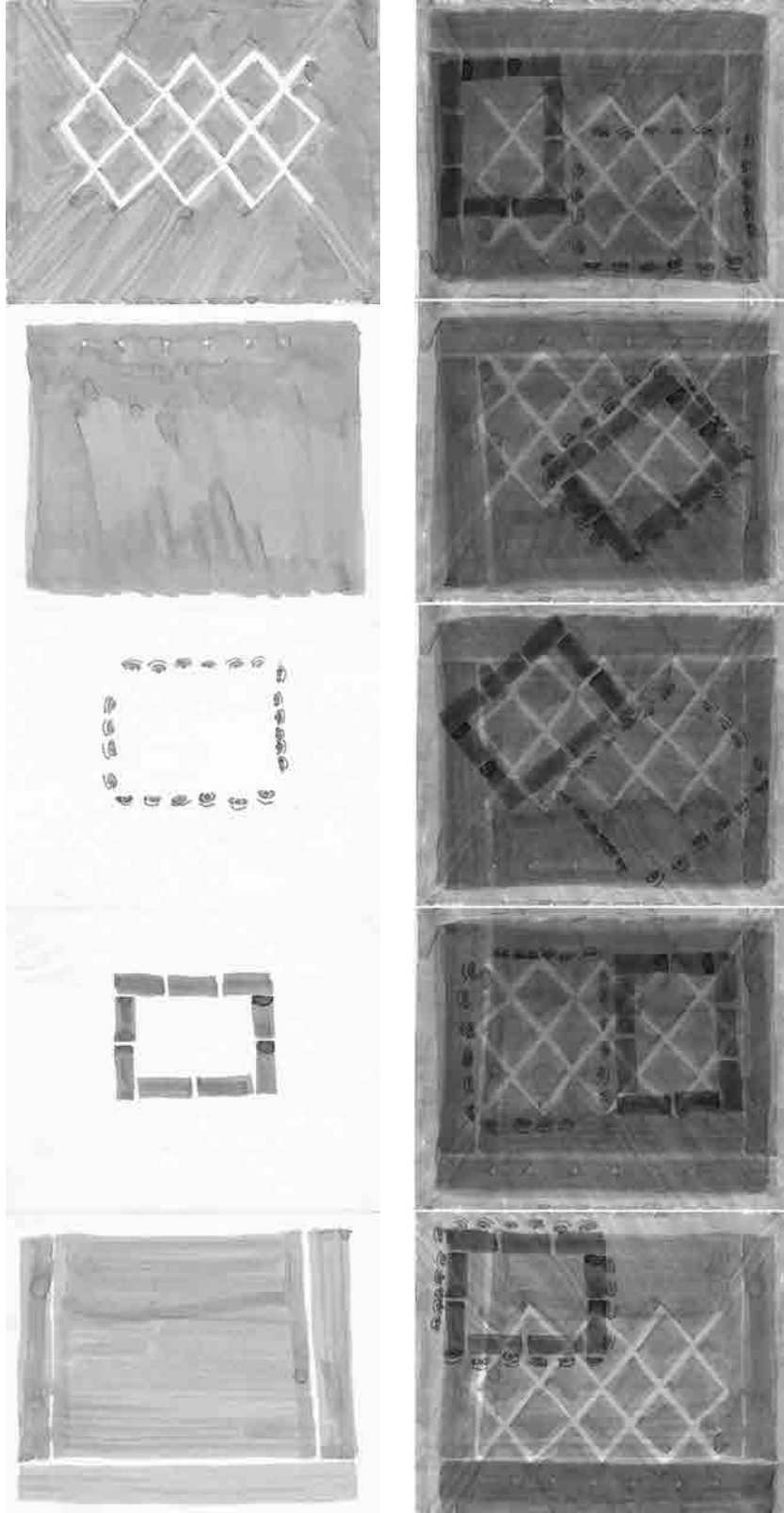
Negative/positive representation. Do I want to represent an empty space that is filled up with the objects that give it shape or is the room already full and the objects steal space from it? Is it better to visualize in positive and worse to visualize in negative? Is negative representing the materiality of space that we can't see?

Cristina Achury
Universität der Künste Berlin
Flüssige Geometrie
SS/17

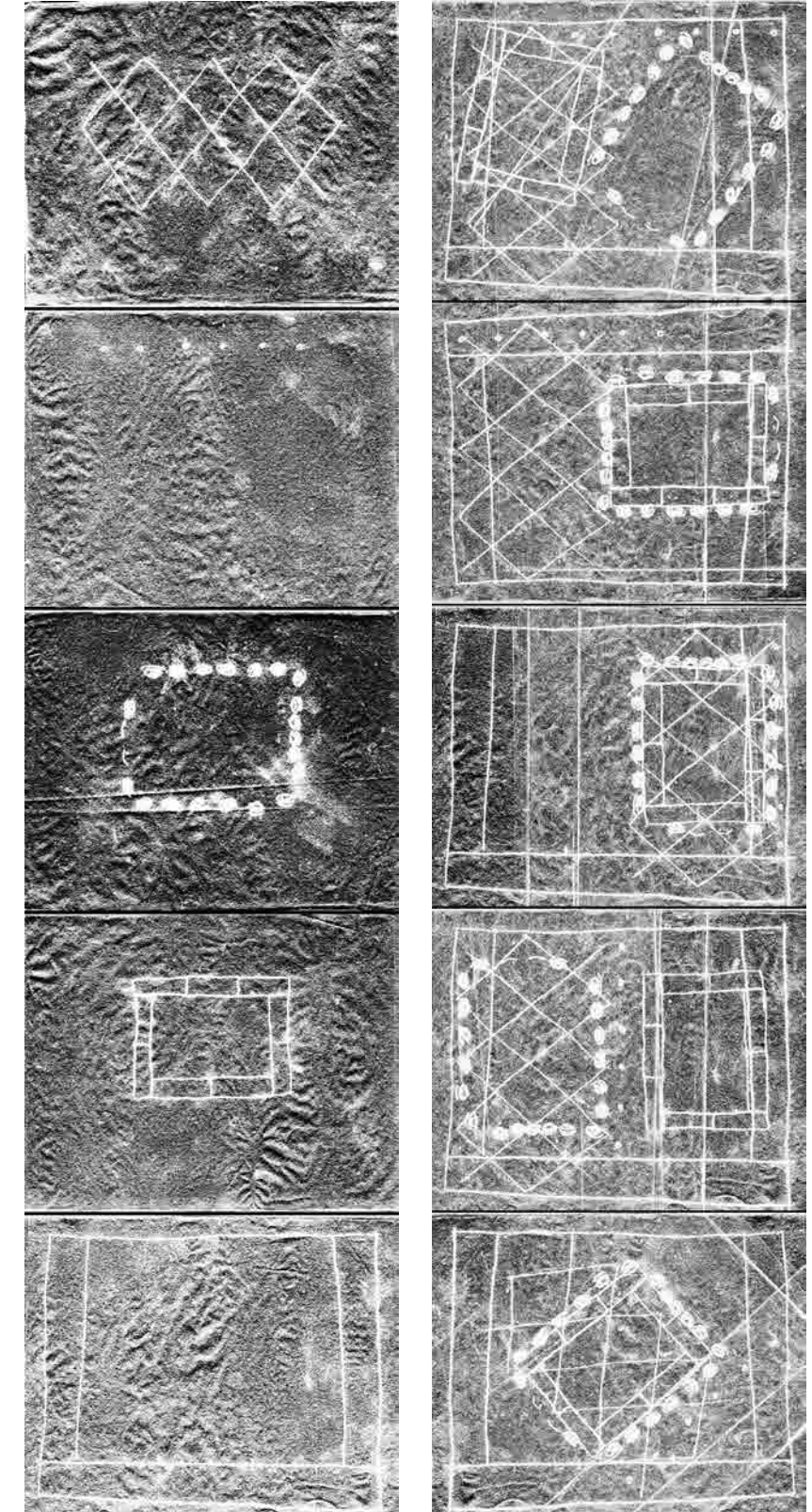
Leaflet: Cristina Achury



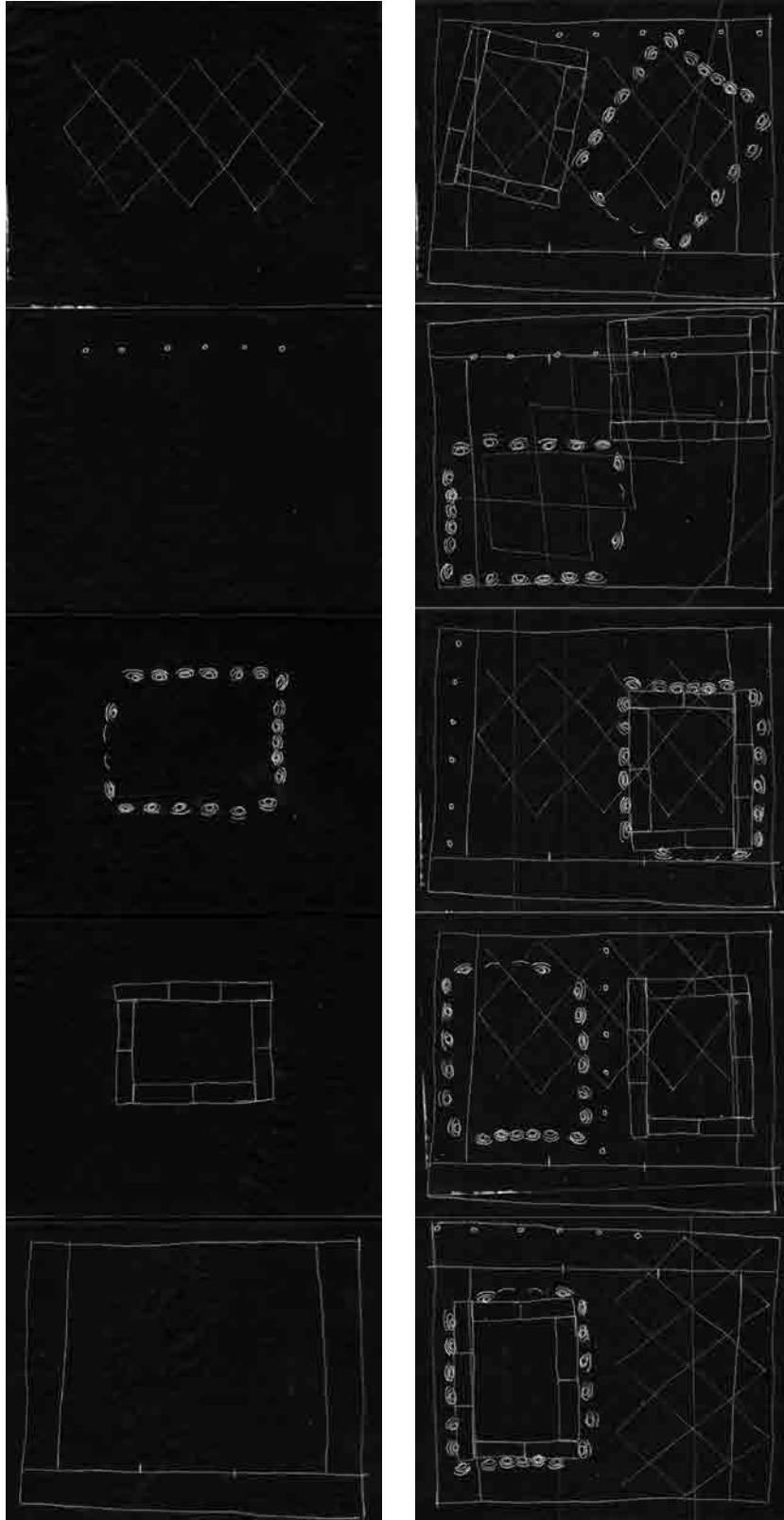
Leaflet: Cristina Achury



Leaflet: Cristina Achury



Leaflet: Cristina Achury



Leaflet: Cristina Achury

What is a feminist practice?

Does the architectural practice omit discourses?
Can omissions and denials of the geometric drawing be challenged? What is the role of the geometric drawing and the lines it uses? Does emphasis on line and dimension contribute to spatialization? How does spatialization present knowledge as metaphor free? Do we accept the metaphor by crossing over the line? How does crossing into the line confront with the stabilizing semiotic of line? Can the semiotic mode be revealed in the architectural drawing? Why do architectural drawings copy the ideal lines of geometry and not the messy substantiality of the buildings they represent? How to represent space not as a container of solids but as a facilitator of flows?

Cristina Achury
Universität der Künste Berlin
Flüssige Geometrie
SS/17

Leaflet: Cristina Achury

MAPS, VALUES AND FEMALE BODY

The pure geometric definition of space is a denial of its power-related nature. Geometrical representations draw lines for streets, country borders and public parks. Land is imprinted with the shape of its measure, claiming to document the facts of a place. On the two-dimensional surface of maps, a reconstructed old palace exhibits its outlines on land in the same way as a housing estate or colonized borders. No variables are communicated, **no lines can be contested**.

"The lines of the map omit layers of indigenous meaning and inhabitation and have an objective authority that renders the political forces at work invisible, and presents the process of land appropriation as neutral" (Haraway)

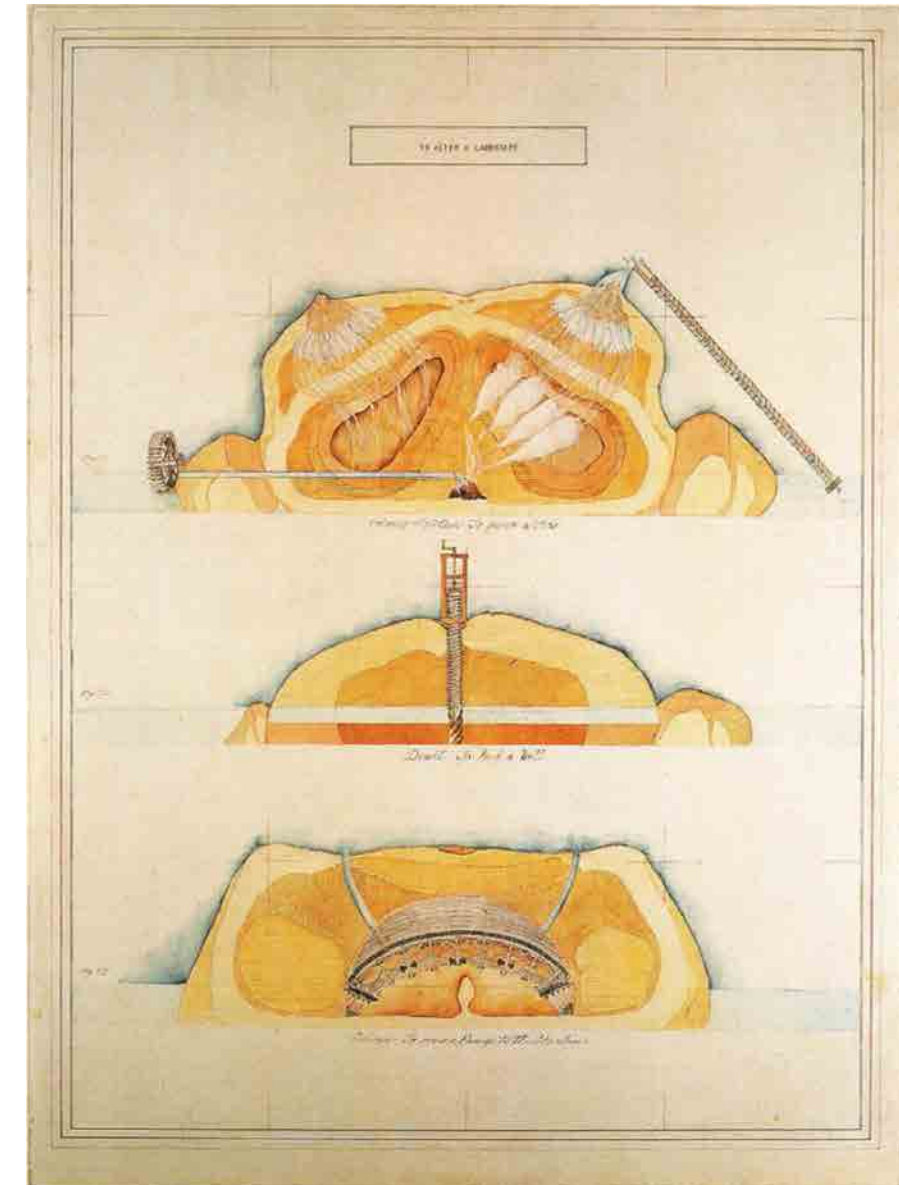
The objective authority, politically and administratively **codify values** through the narratives of maps. Geometric representations become instruments of power, eliminating existing social relations of space and creating **muted reflections of places**.

The objective knowledge of maps is actually a situated one. It is traditionally shaped through the perspective of the western-male-scientist observer. Neutral facts are being established by map=decision=value-makers. It is a power-laced spatialization whose lines are drawn by male observations.

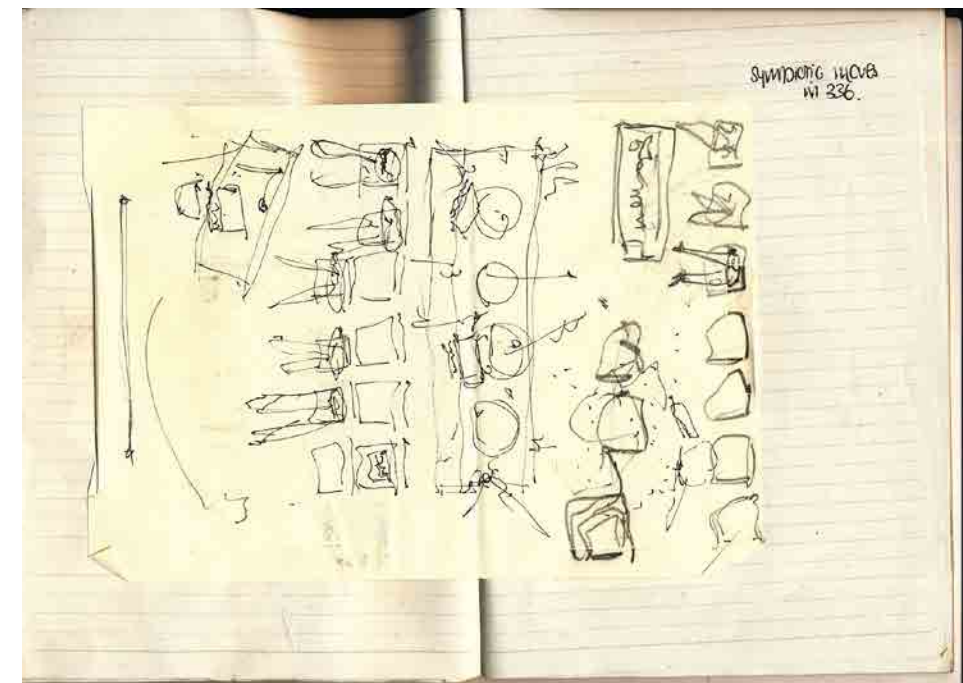
One rebellious figure to this fake 'objective authority' is Haraway's modest-witness. He/she is "more corporeal, inflected, and optically dense suspicious, implicated, knowing, ignorant, worried, and hopeful." (Haraway)

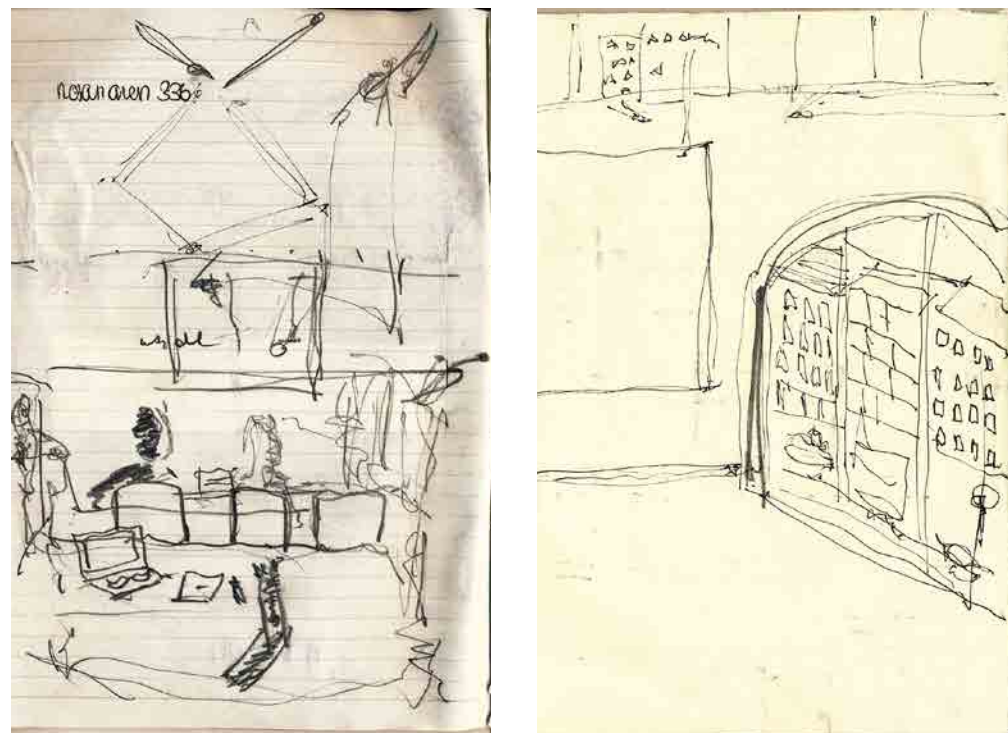
In the work "Body Maps" of Kathy Prendergast I see a muted modest witness. Just as the landscape the female body is an object of spatialization. **Both are investigated through maps, colonized for gain and controlled through inscriptions.** The lines of objective authority define what is proper for them.

Can we pull her back from the surface of the map and make her the witness who draws her own facts?

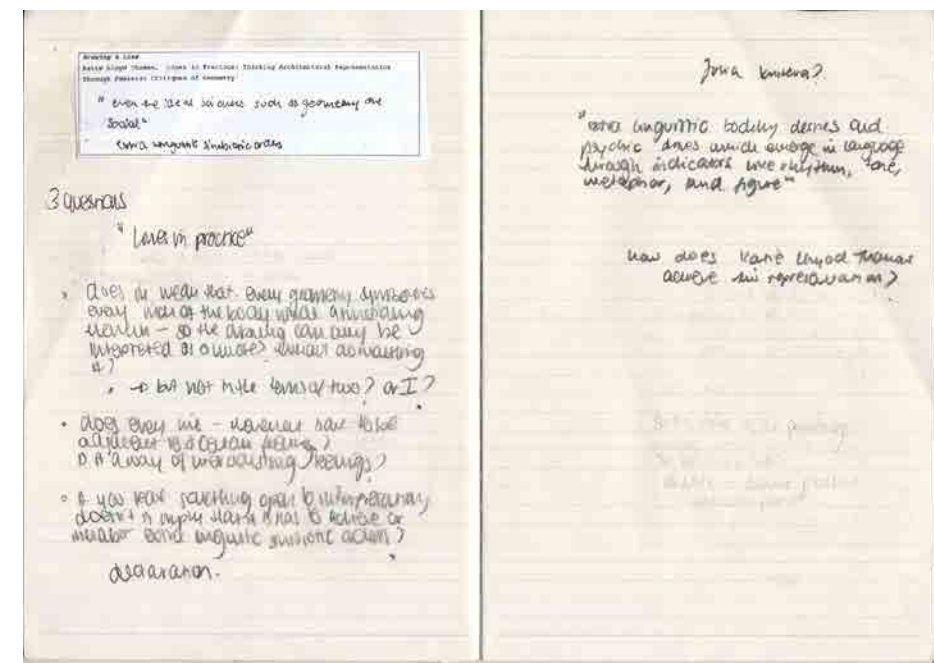


To Alter a Landscape, Kathy Prendergast
Body Map series, 1983





Drawing a Line
 Katie Lloyd Thomas, 'Lines in Practice: Thinking Architectural Representation Through Feminist Critiques of Geometry'



- Julia Kristeva:
- extra linguistic semiotic order
 - symbolic order of language, referring to the extralinguistic bodily desires and psychic drives which emerge in language through indicators like rhythm, tone, metaphor and figure.
 - although the child's original maternal-semiotic identification is supplanted by its entrance into a paternal-symbolic order of language, it is the maternal body which generates and continues to challenge that symbolic order.

A feminist practice is an independent thoughtful criti-
cising practice, that deals with the feministic approach,
emphasizing their power as a mean of architectural
measure, through the use of representation, touch of
materials and other really formalistic expression, that
symbolises the topic in a critical way.

Moreover it inhabits extra linguistic body desires
which are used an element of design, and experien-
cing space through the era of maternal role, an semi-
otic child, but seen as a power of indicators of rhythm,
tone, metaphor and didactic figure, which can be de-
ployed as the strongest element and bond to spacial
value and qualities

what is a feminist practice?



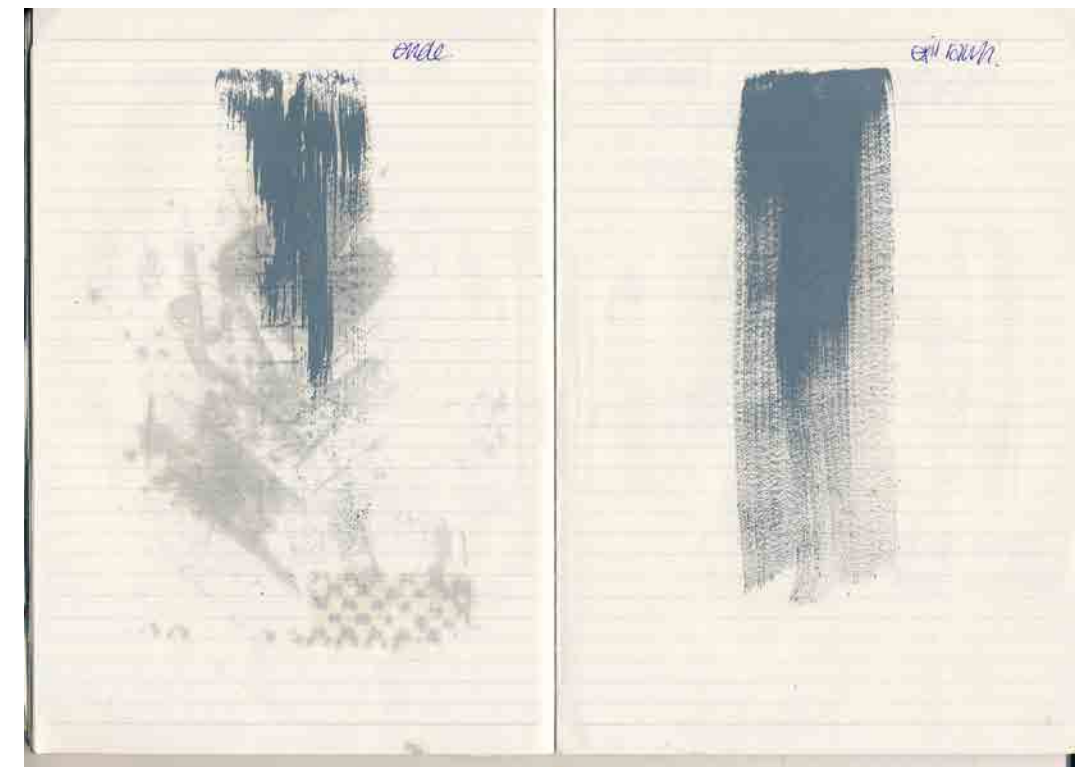
Merwen answered, „That is our house.“
It looked flimsy for a house on the sea. In fact, he soon noticed, the slipping panels
were nothing more than woven seasilk, twisted into saddle shapes and glazed somehow.
What would become of it in a hurricane, let alone when „the sea swallowed“?
They walked up to the „house.“ Usha touched a blue panel; with a woosh, a round
wrinkled hole gaped in the fabric. From inside, Sharen crowded to greet them, their
voices rushing like a song of the sea.

A Door into the ocean - Joan Slonczewski 1986



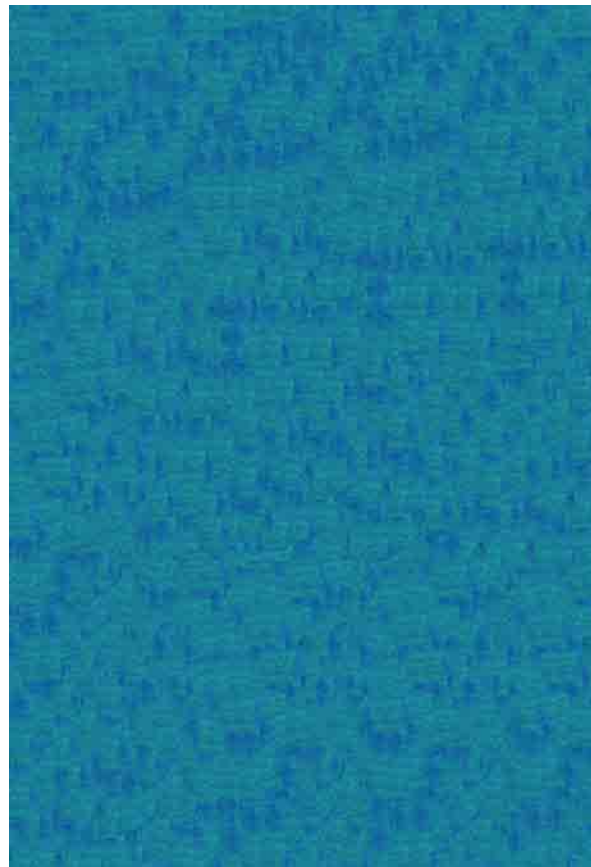
space I
fkuid sound thought movements

Leaflet: Johanna Roth



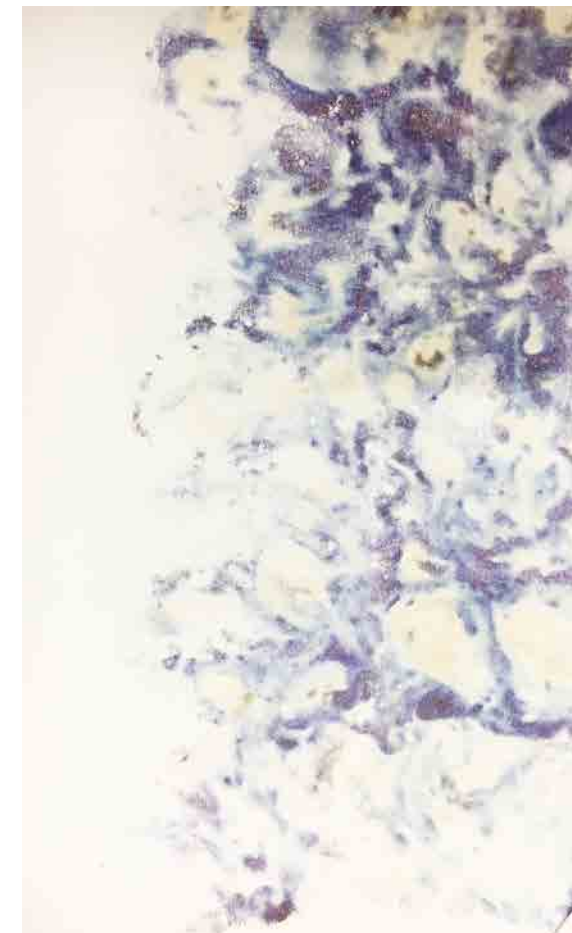
space II

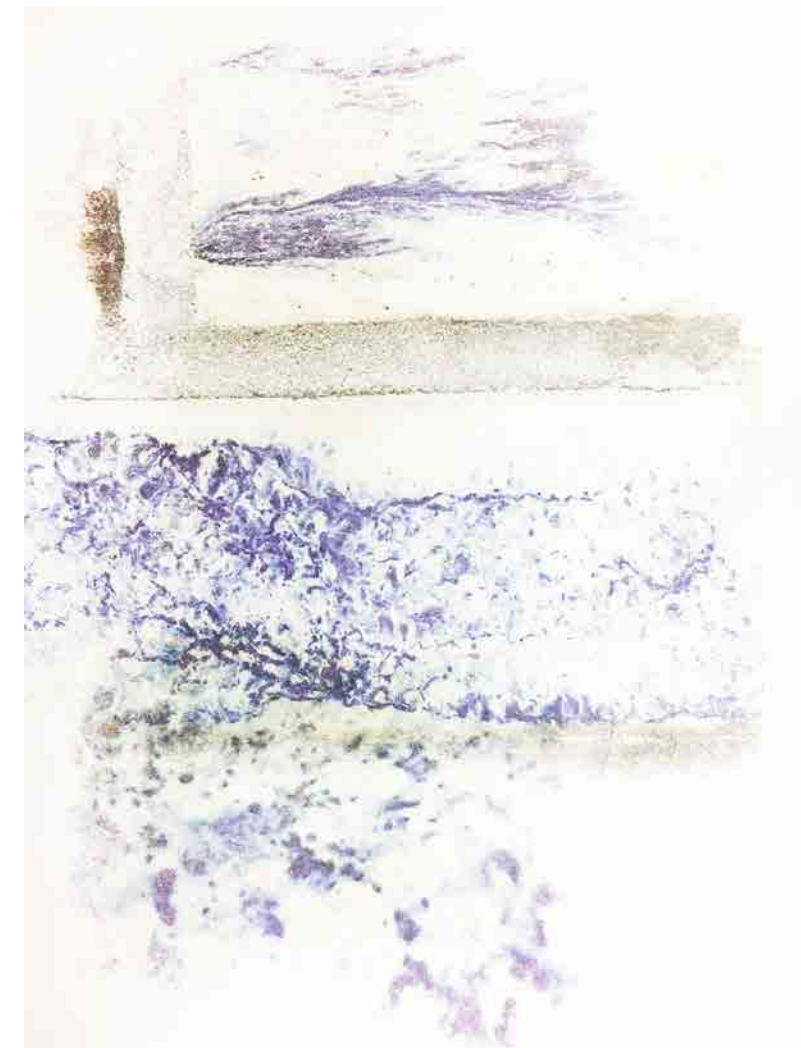
Leaflet: Johanna Roth

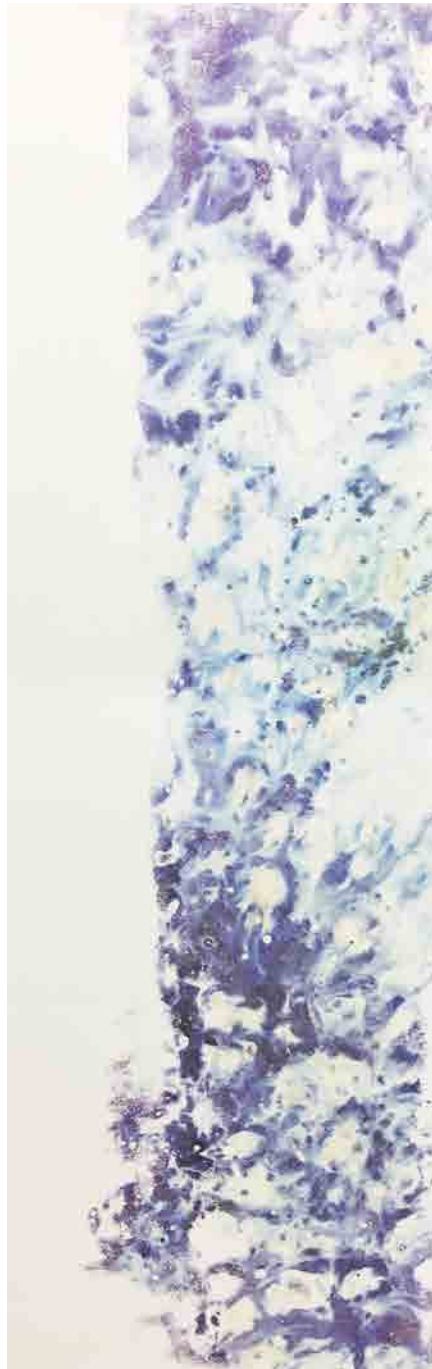


For Kristeva color can be at once culturally endowed with symbolic meaning and at the same time operate beyond the symbolic, in the semiotic where it destroys 'unique normative meaning ... in order to have the subject come through' (Kristeva, 1984b:221).

spaces
freedom swimming in s structural membrane







For Kristeva color can be at once culturally endowed with symbolic meaning and at the same time operate beyond the symbolic, in the semiotic where it destroys 'unique normative meaning ... in order to have the subject come through' (Kristeva, 1984b:221).

In 'Flesh Colors' she makes a plea for the use of color (and sound) in psychoanalytic therapy, that might allow for the qualities of 'flesh, gender and genealogy' denied in 'non-figurative writing, arbitrary forms and formal codes' (Irigaray, 1993b: 160).

Haraway offers a way of resisting spatializing practice. In her inquiry into technoscience she adopts the figure of 'modest-witness' who reviews the facts not as the traditional (male) observer of science but is a 'a more corporeal, inflected, and optically dense ... kind of witness. The modest witness is no mirror of reality, but is visible and present in the telling of the stories of science' (Haraway, 1997:24)

freedom swimming in the structural membrane

In this project, which refers to a different representation of a project flooding an industrial site, I tried to refer to colors, the simbiotic way of thinking of Kristeva, the space of the natural fluid geometry of water, and the sound of streaming, filtering, and splashing water.

The intensity and velocity must be seen as a process, from which the space can be read.

This project enables the city to unfold itself in a new character, and a reoccurring theme, in visual and oral perception.

The materials used have a complete other connotation through the contrast, rigid, lose, clean, massive, and light.

With the use of bright, superficially smooth materials the reflections will be of a big impact, making the water seem endlessly, creating the freedom of swimming in a structural membrane.

Der Boden reicht nicht aus....

ich habe keinen Halt, fühle mich wie in einem Vakuum. Als müsste ich auf dem Boden balancieren.... jeder Schritt ist einer aus der Sicherheit, ich bin ständig in Erwartung eines Hindernisses oder eines Schlags ins Gesicht. Beim Kontakt mit der Wand bin ich erleichtert. Sie ist wie ein Boden auf dem ich krieche, an dem ich mich festhalte. Von hier aus kann ich in Sicherheit navigieren.

Die Treppe muss hier irgendwo sein. Ich habe Angst, runterzufallen.

Ich möchte krabbeln, klettern, liegen.

Das Licht strahlt mir ins Gesicht und ich sehe das Leuchten. Ich folge der Lichtquelle instinktiv, die Wärme leitet mich und wird immer intensiver, bis ich am Fenster angekommen bin. Ich richte den Kopf nach oben und spüre die Glut im Gesicht,

ich stehe wie unter einer warmen Dusche.

Licht wird körperlich, bekommt eine andere Wichtigkeit, weil es das Einzige ist, was ich sehe. Die Wärme des Lichts macht mir bewusst, wie kühl der Fliesenboden und die steinernen Wände um mich herum sind.

Die Textur der Wand ist mir viel bewusster. Der Putz ist kühl, glatt und rau zugleich, aber nicht zu rau, um immer wieder mit den Fingern über ihn zu fahren...

Die Hand sucht und erwartet ständig Ecken und Kanten... eine Rundung ist etwas Besonderes: man wird plötzlich nicht von einem Hindernis geleitet oder gewarnt, sondern wie automatisch, reibungslos geführt.

Irgendwie schön, irgendwie unheimlich...

Ich stelle mir anhand der Laute eine visuelle Karte des Raumes vor, eine Art auditives Sichtfeld, das 360 Grad umfasst und in allen Richtungen sensibel auf Reize reagiert: Stimmen, Schritte, Schleifen. Entfernter Lärm, Echo...

Der Rhythmus des wiederkehrenden Lichts beim Gang entlang der Fensterreihe gibt mir Ruhe. Ich zähle die Fenster ab und kann mich orientieren.

Das Einzige, was ich definitiv erkennen kann, befindet sich im Radius meiner Armlänge.

Leaflet: Joshua Guinness



Notation:
„Auditives Sichtfeld“

Leaflet: Joshua Guinness

Omissions only

I imagine a space and describe it with everything that is apparently not described. I describe the omissions only.

We think of an architectonic drawing as a neutral representation that is true, that shows everything relevant. What is everything? What is much, what is little, what is enough, what is everything relevant? In an architectonic drawing, everything relevant becomes objective truth. Yet, it is an unperceived simplification. A simplification becoming everything relevant becoming everything. In fact, every drawing has omissions. To show everything is equally impossible as seeing everything, hearing everything or perceiving everything. Every drawing is subjective.

« I sit alone at my drawing board, trying to design a building. There are memories of smells, the echoes between walls, textures in my fingertips; raised voices arguing their case, quiet gestures of resistance, faces lit in anticipation of possibilities. But my pencil can only draw the lines of habit. Lines, more lines, on white, until the configuration resembles other drawings of buildings I have seen. It is ready to be built, but all I see are the omissions – no history, no location, no corporeality, no contestation – between the geometries. » (Katie Lloyd Thomas 2001)

As little as it is possible to show or draw everything, it is equally difficult to show things that are outside of the habitual. The habitual that we draw and redraw and see and see again and see even if it is not there is constituted over time. What constitutes it are conventions, coded information. The coding of information allows us not to collapse while perceiving the world around us, but by doing so, we also miss out on what actually could be there. aa and ab and ac and ad all becoming A. Standardization processes. Standardization processes are a means of control.

But who defines the criteria of standardization is power related, the dominant remains, the marginal cracks.

By showing the omissions only, a new layer of objectively unneeded elements is added. Those form an excess, elements that go beyond conventions, beyond functionality, beyond scarcity; excess as describing « the other, the abject, the scapegoat, the marginalized, the destitute, the refugee, [...] this conception of excess as that which outstrips and finds no stable place in orderly systems, or within systematicity itself. » (Grosz, p. 152-153) The unneeded elements of excess bring in a new layer that is usually skipped, the layer of those that are not dominant. All omissions together form a new image of the situation that can stand up against the conventions in power.

Transferred to the field of architecture, showing omissions and allowing excess would lead to a habit of building that « would not function as finished object but rather as spatial process, open to whatever use it may be put to in an indeterminate future, not as a container of solids but as a facilitator of flows: “volume without contour” » Grosz, p.164

An architecture of excess, the refusal of standard architecture, is thus the refusal of societal norms and standards. In manifest words of Bataille, let us open the path « towards bestial monstrosity, as if there were no other way of escaping the architeconical straightjacket.»

Florine Schüschke

to show the omissions only

color as opposed to line

memories of smells

voices of people in the process

looked at being age 5

assonances and nonsense sounds like in poetic language

zyklus. dimension as opposed to moment

ambiguous, dematerialized boundary

series

as text

as void – described by neighbors

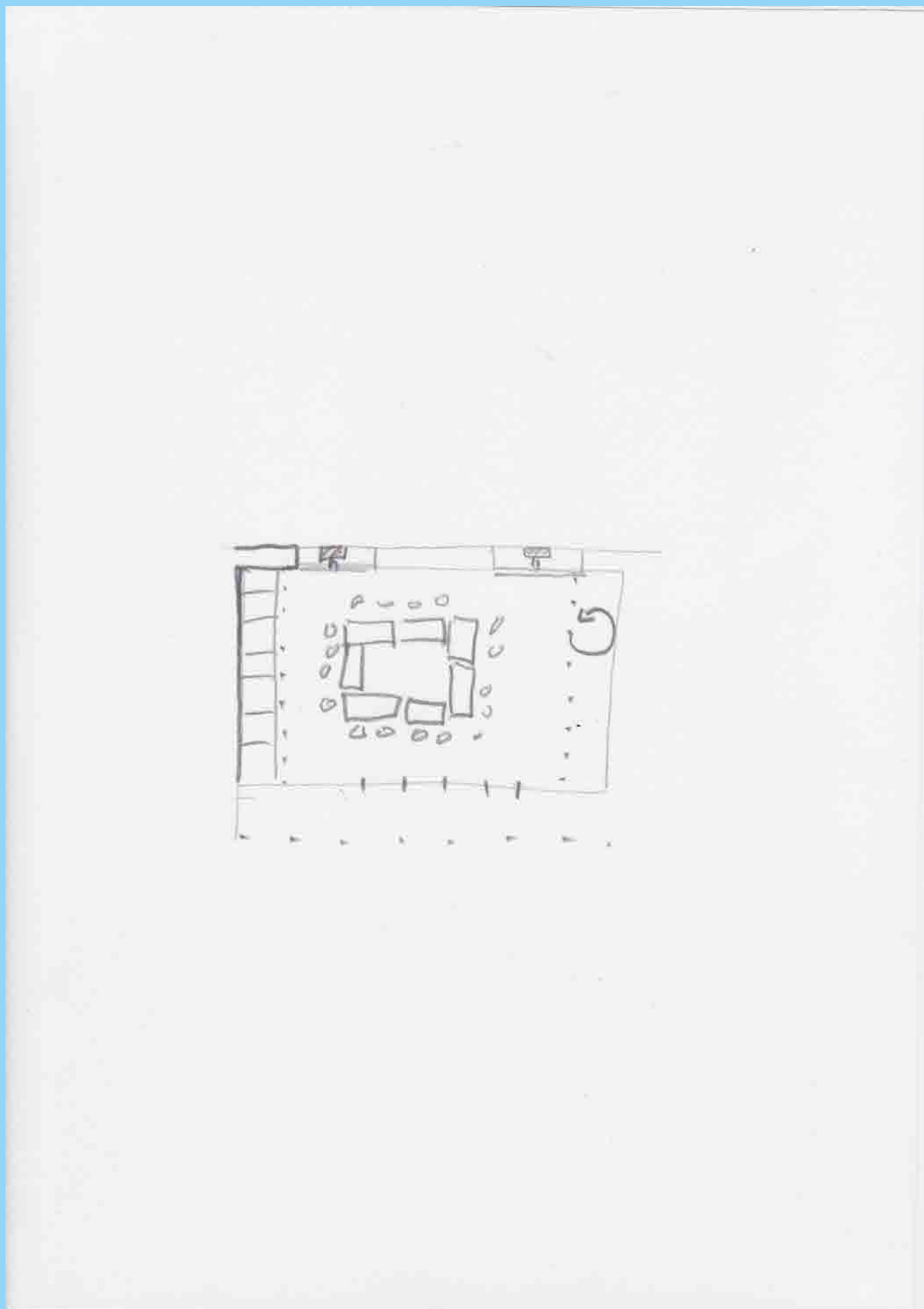
as multiple meaning – negotiable spaces

blurry

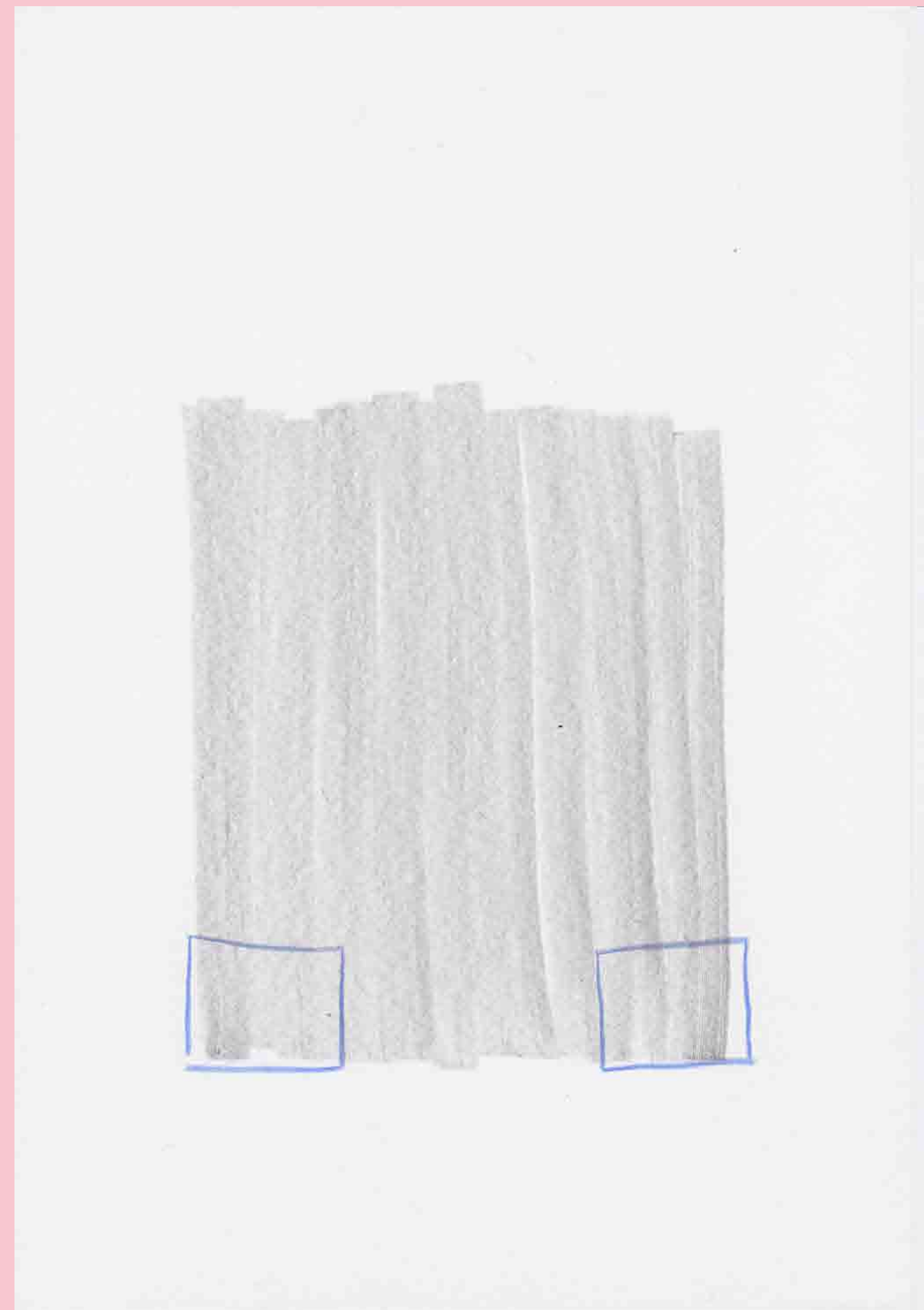
abstract

showing social relations

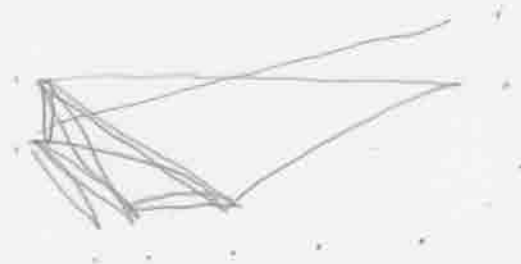
umgewichtung – rebalancing



Leaflet: Florine Schüschke



Leaflet: Florine Schüschke



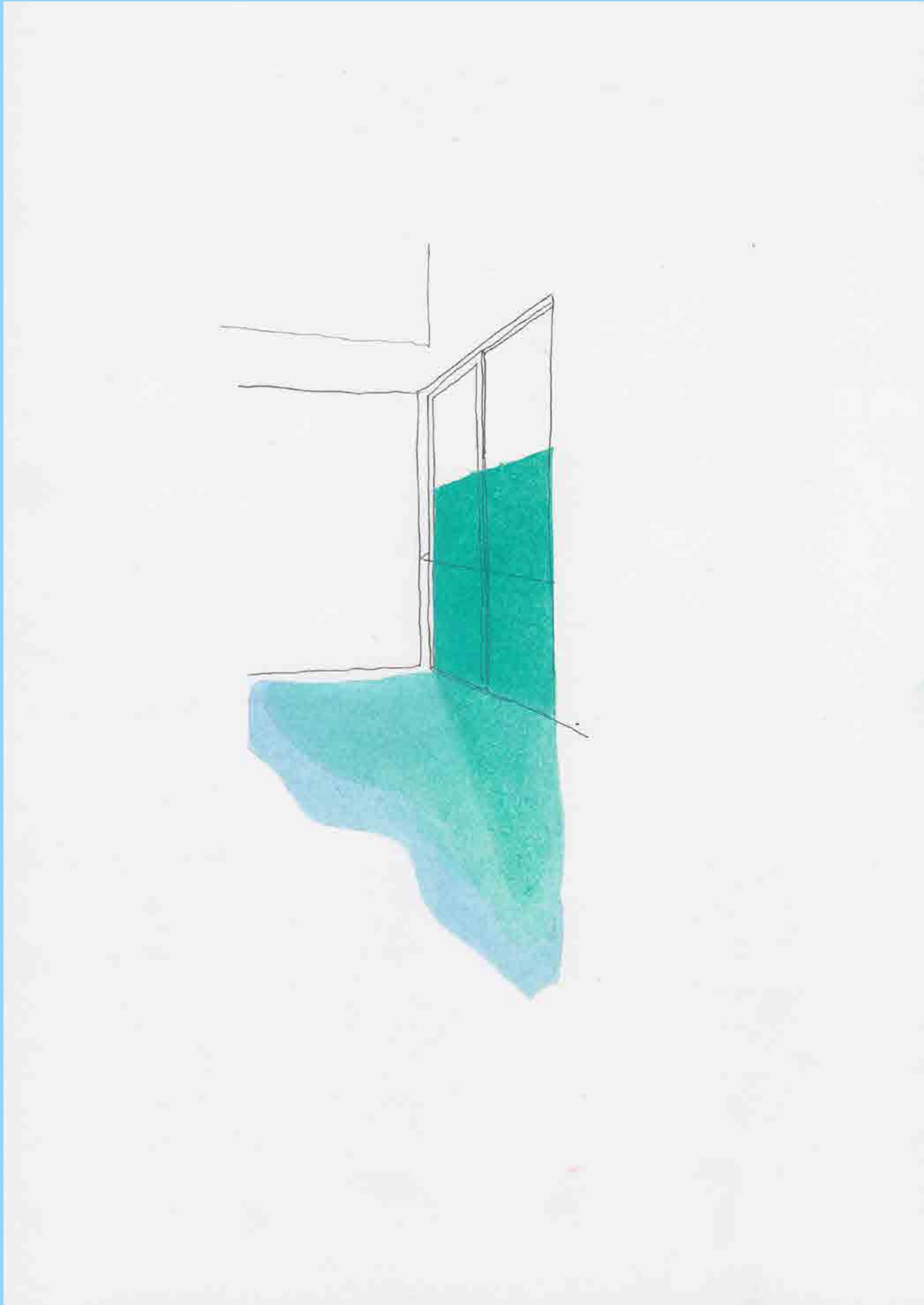
Leaflet: Florine Schüscke

ein tonloses feines Surren bevollt den Raum, und jedes Wort, das darin fällt wird Teil dieses permanenten tonlosen Schwirrens. Die Glasur ist der Eingang zu einer Urine, das erste Betreten des Glaskastens, wie das Zittern eines Vogels nach dem Prallen gegen die Glasscheibe. Ein tolles Vakuum, die Luft schon von den vorigen Benutzern verwendet, Mangelwirtschaft der Atemluft.

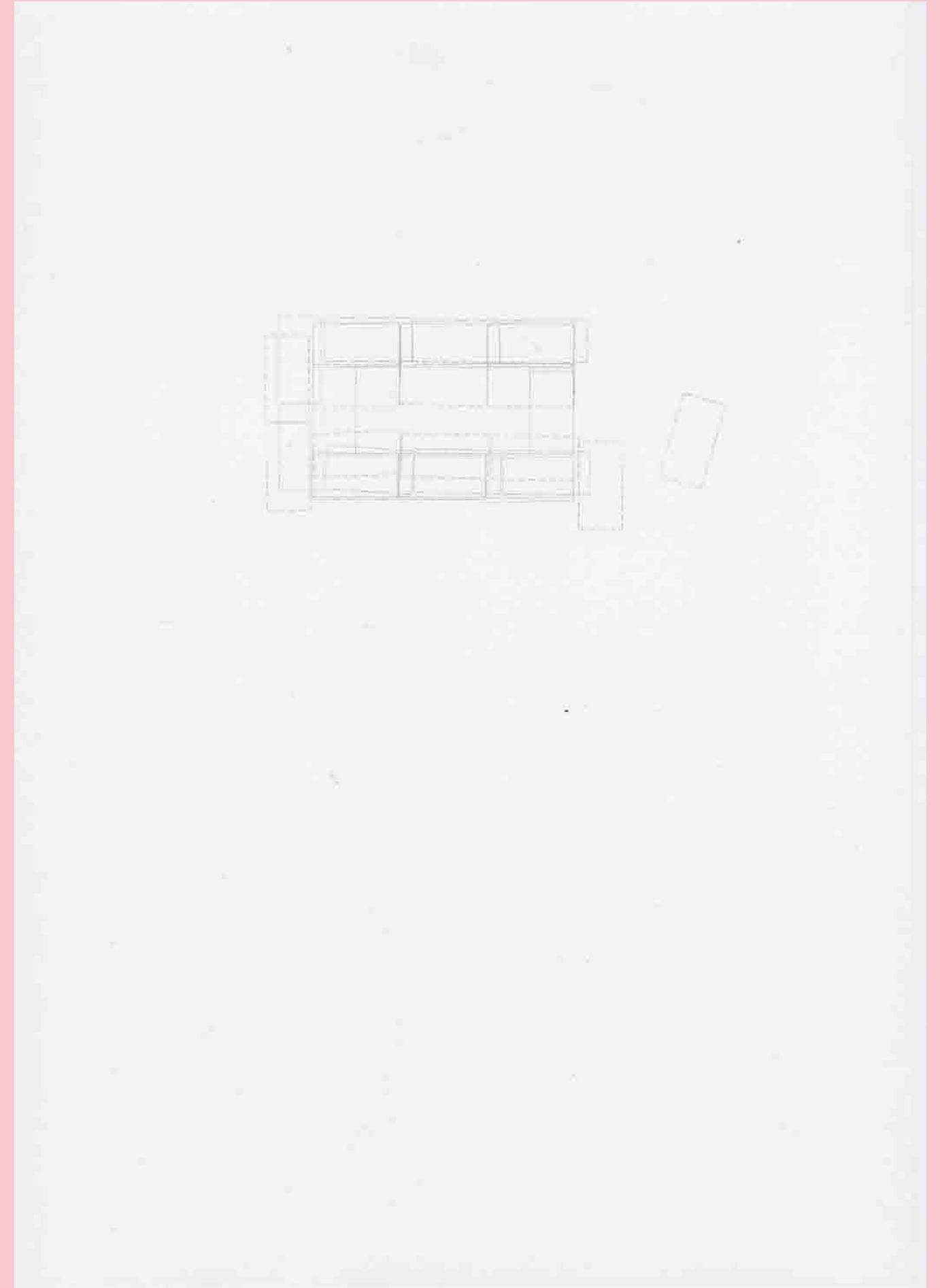
Eingehüllt in eine Schale, die mehrere Personenlängen dick ist, darinnen blaugrauer Geruch, unter Wasser-Matze trübe Geräusche und mattes trübes Licht, dull sounds, dull light, fahles Licht, graues Licht, fahles Schimmern durch bläulich grün gesprenkelte Vogelschale. Geruch nach bevois archivierten Gedanken, nädelm Linoaleum; den Raum betreten heisst, sich einem ekstatischen Geflecht von Projektionsflimmern und Worten anzuvertrauen, dem Schwirren, dem Rauschen, dem Rauspern von Schleinhäuten, Schnaufen, Anpuff, dem Staubduft. Unter der vier Meter hohen Decke werden die darin Sitzenden von einem schweren weissen Milchlünkel eindruckt.

Draußen rauscht die Straße, scheint weit weg, drei Stockwerke tiefer ist sie nur in Ausschnitten zu erspüren, nicht, weil das Fenster zu hoch ist, sondern zu tief, und durch die tiefen Fensterlaibungen verdeckt, abgeschlossen hinter doppeltem Glas, das sich vor die Hitze von draussen schiebt.

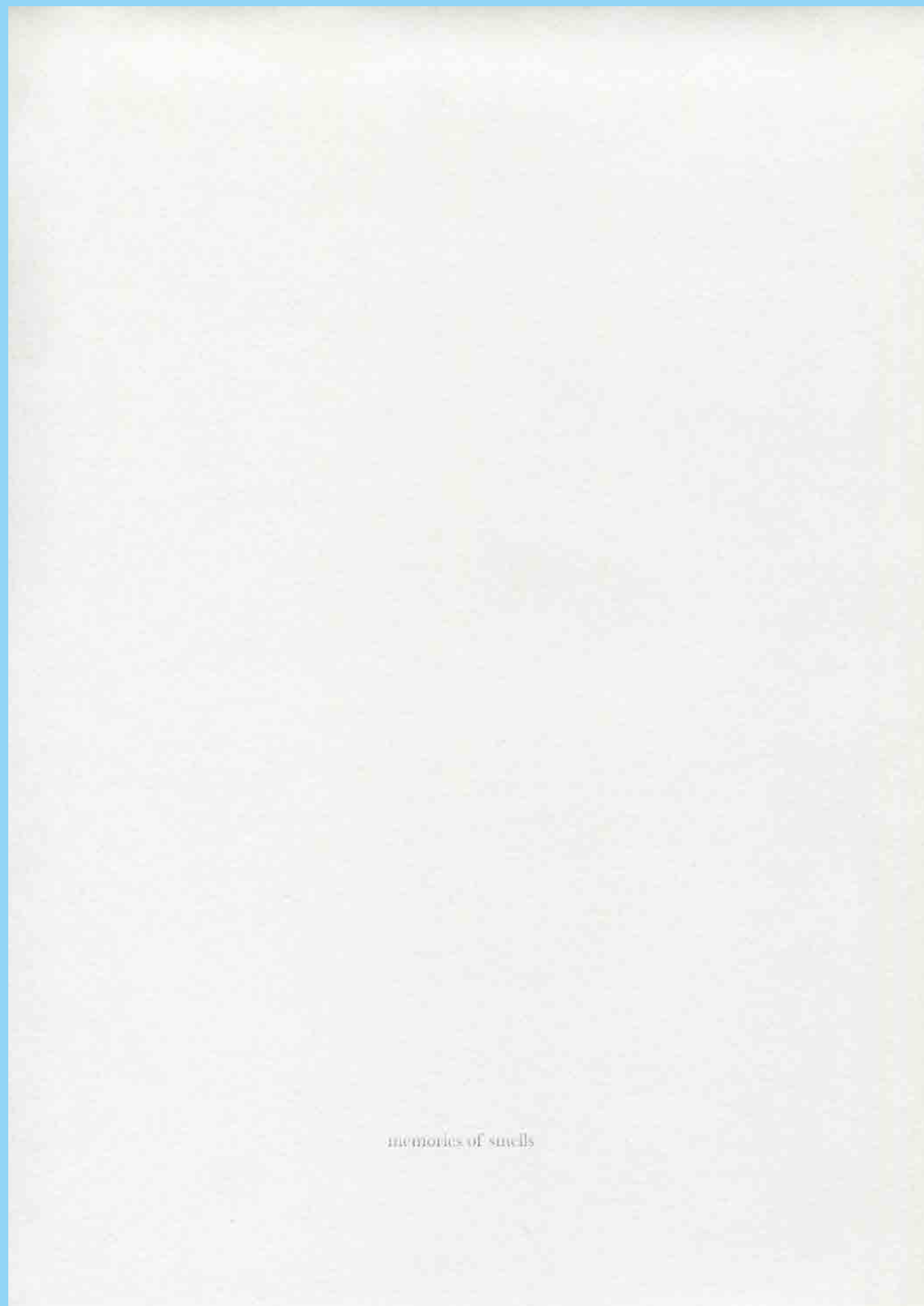
Leaflet: Florine Schüscke



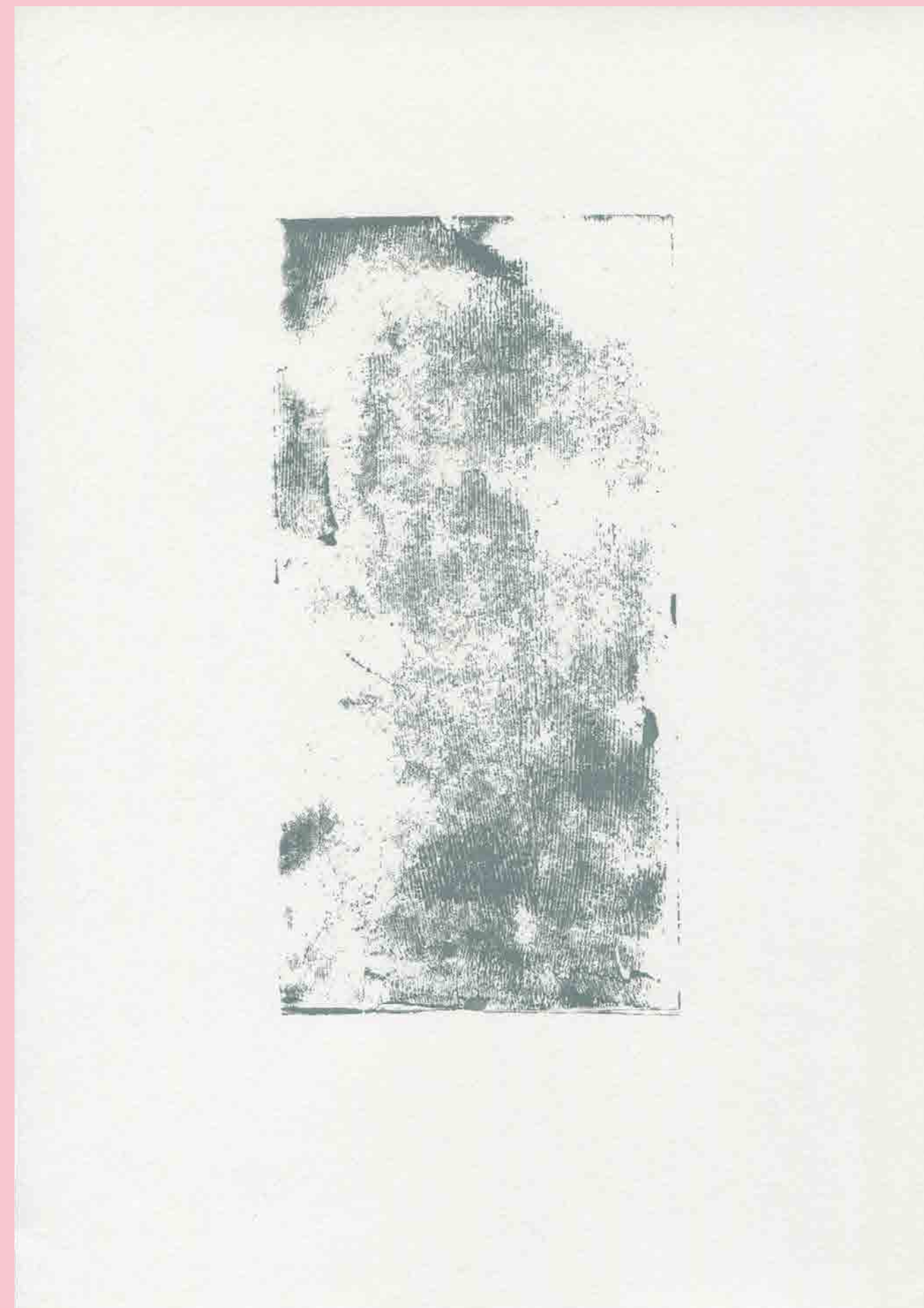
Leaflet: Florine Schüschke



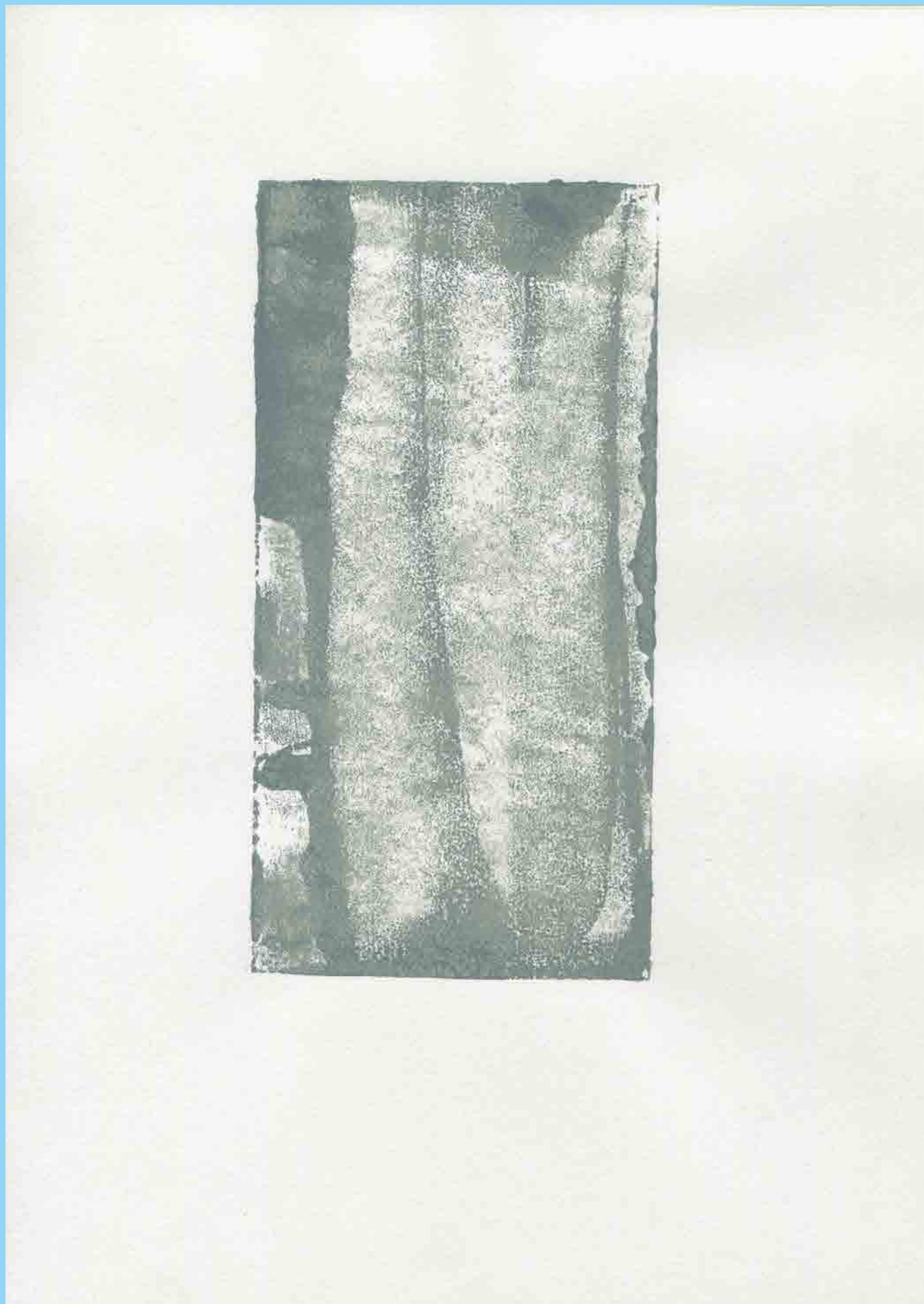
Leaflet: Florine Schüschke



Leaflet: Florine Schüsche



Leaflet: Florine Schüsche



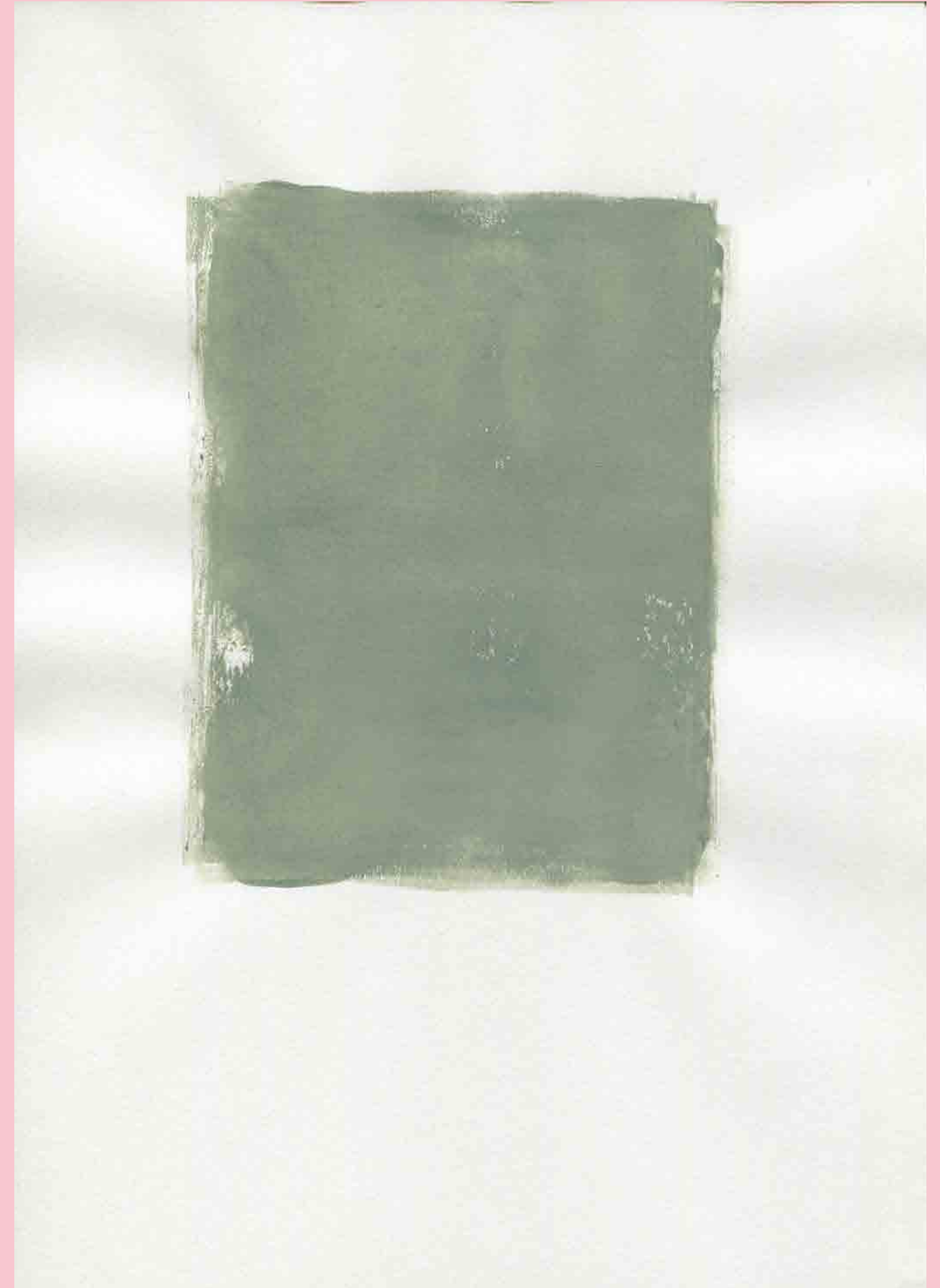
Leaflet: Florine Schüsche



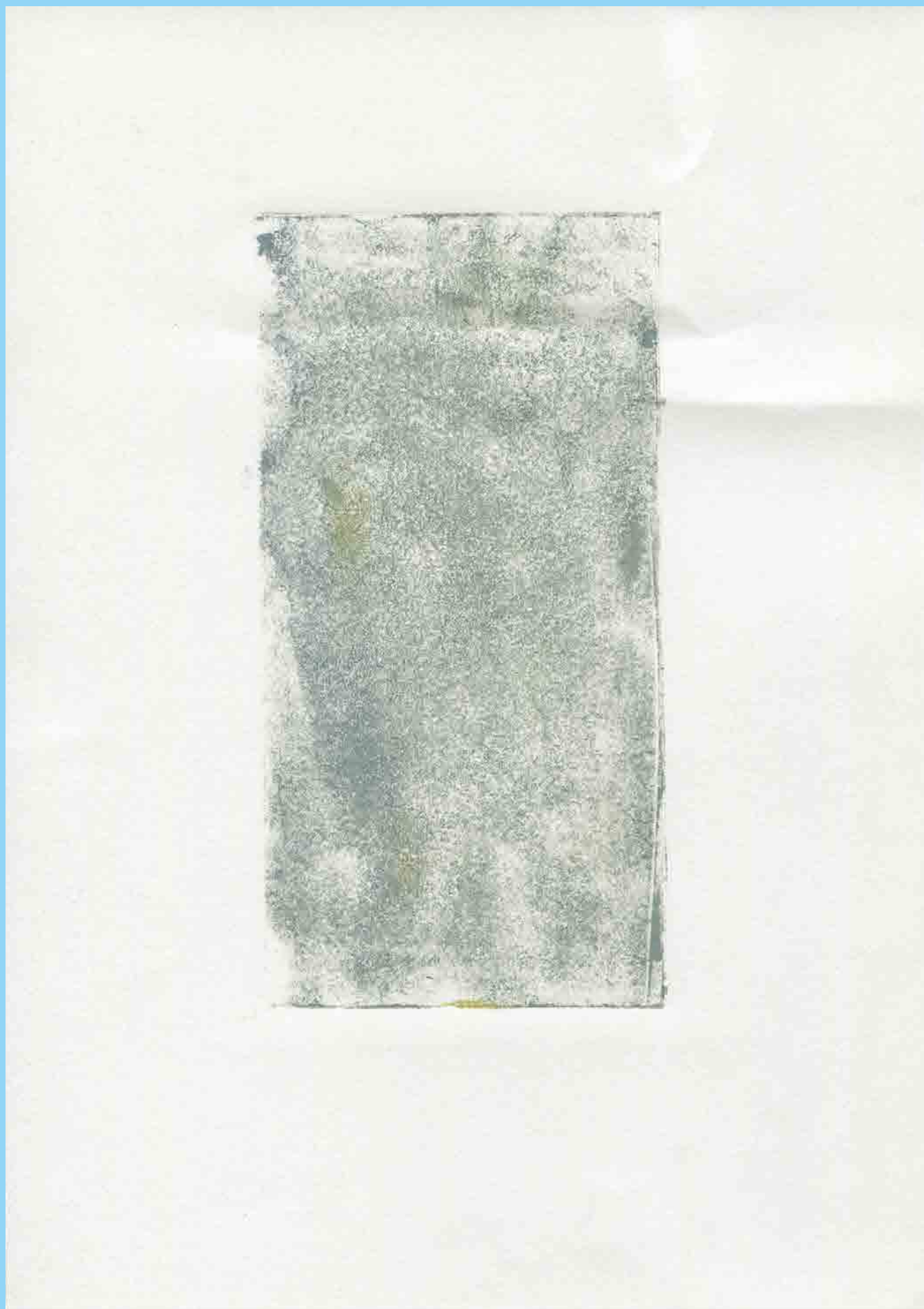
Leaflet: Florine Schüsche



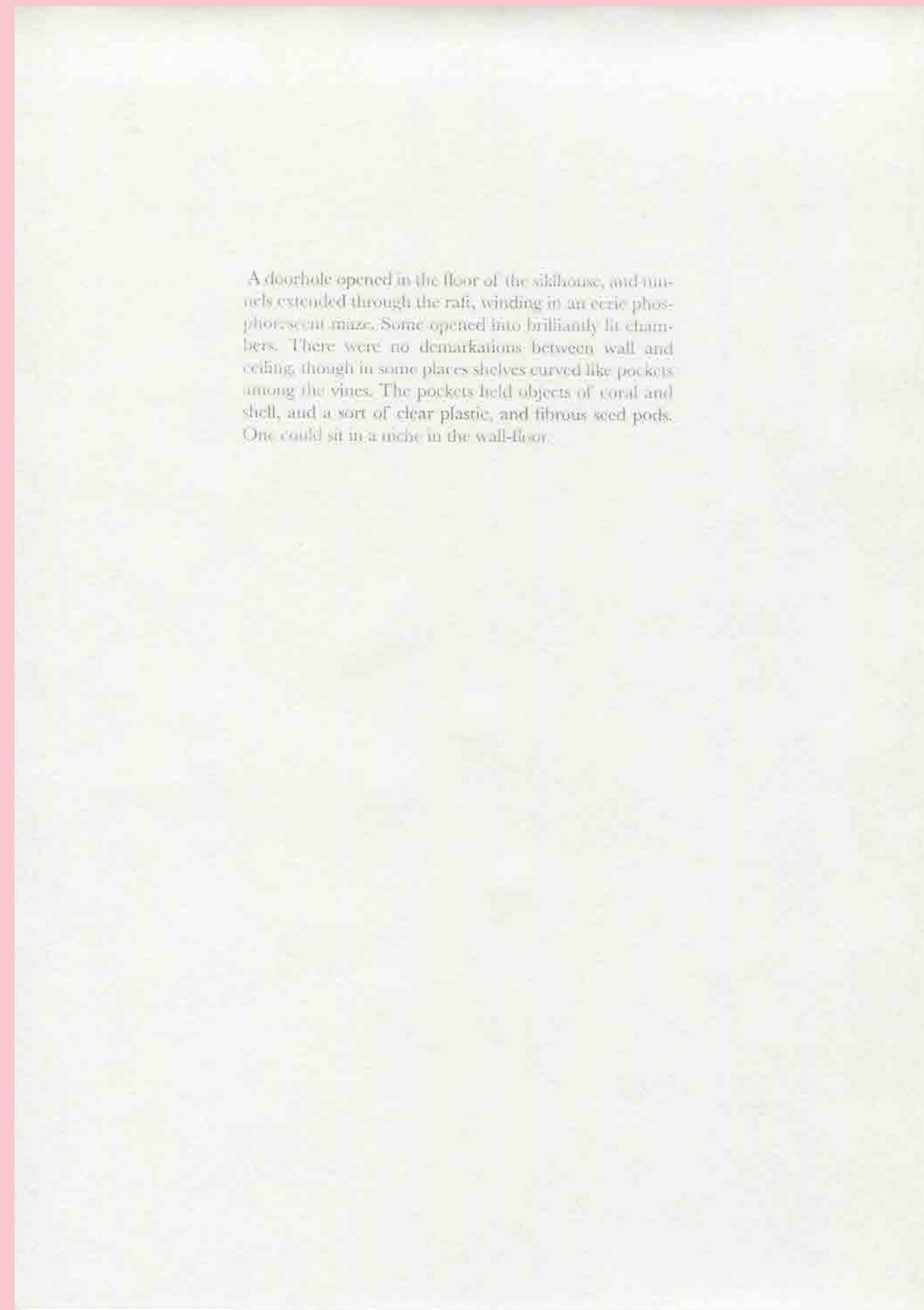
Leaflet: Florine Schüscke



Leaflet: Florine Schüscke



Leaflet: Florine Schüschke

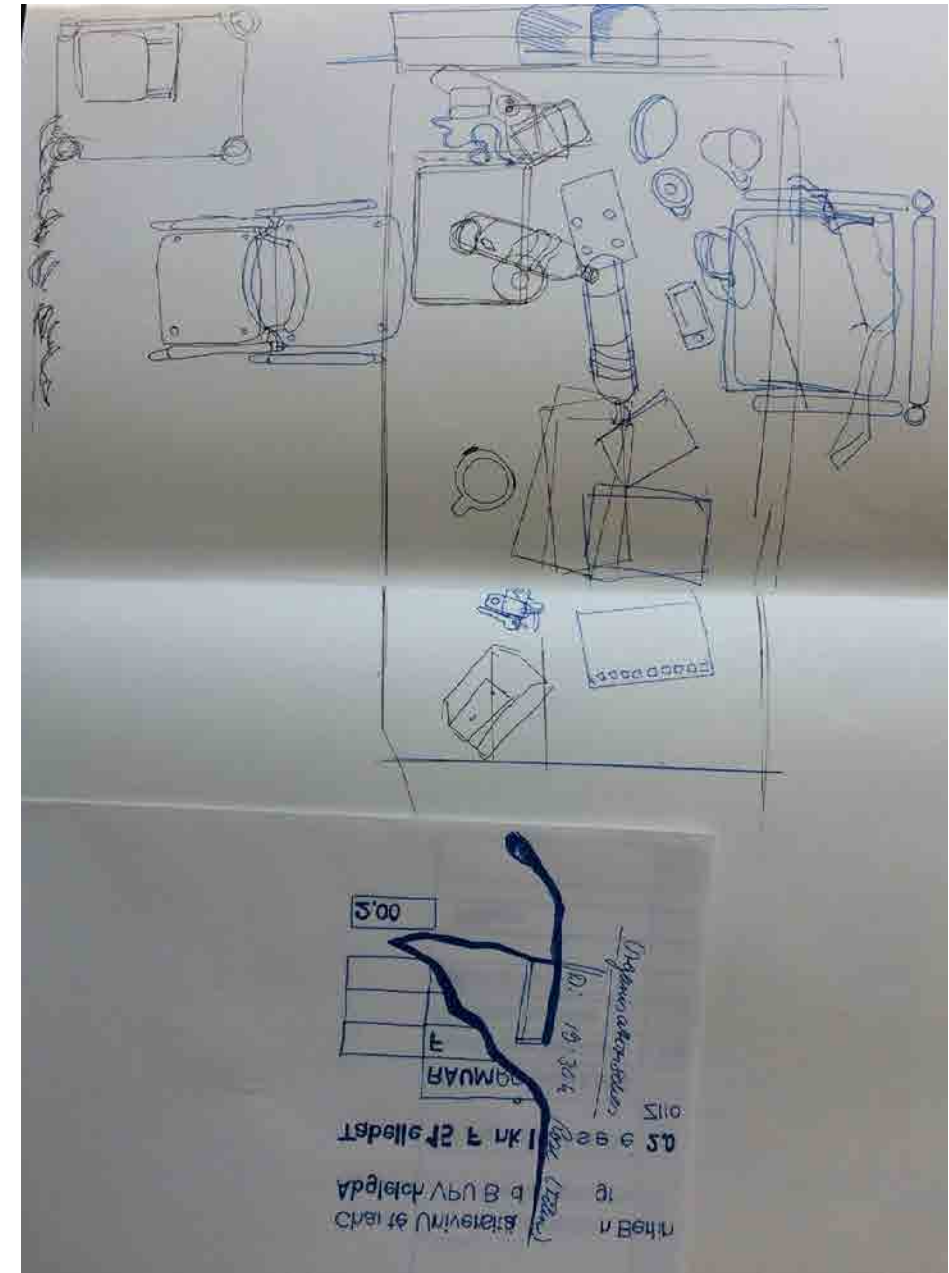


A doorhole opened in the floor of the sikhhouse, and tunnels extended through the raft, winding in an eerie phosphorescent maze. Some opened into brilliantly lit chambers. There were no demarkations between wall and ceiling, though in some places shelves curved like pockets among the vines. The pockets held objects of coral and shell, and a sort of clear plastic, and fibrous seed pods. One could sit in a niche in the wall-floor.

Leaflet: Florine Schüschke



Leaflet: Christof van Wyk



Leaflet: Christof van Wyk

Unsichtbarkeiten: Bett mit Raum

Die in einer Kooperation zwischen der UdK und der FHP entstandene Rauminstallation begreift Wohnen und Architektur in mehr als drei Dimensionen: Schwarzlicht macht den meist unsichtbar bleibenden Prozess der Produktion des Raumes sichtbar und fordert uns auf, unsere Sehgewohnheiten anzupassen. Eine Tonspur stellt die Frage nach den blinden Flecken verschiedener Repräsentationsformen und erzählt Episoden über das Teilen in einer digitalisierten Zeit. Dabei werden inhaltliche und technische Bezüge zum Umgang mit Stimmen in öffentlichen Räumen hergestellt. Ein überdimensionales Bett schließt an diese Diskurse an, lädt ein zum Verweilen und fragt: Wodurch wird ein Raum wohnlich und wie organisieren wir Gemeinschaft? Klassische Betten der Kunst- und Architekturgeschichte dienen dabei als Ahnen. Der bereits im Vorflur wahrnehmbare chemische Geruch funktioniert als immaterieller Vorbote und ermöglicht Assoziationen mit häuslicher oder ambulanter Care- und Reproduktionsarbeit. Er darf auch als Kritik an der geschlechterspezifischen Ausbeutung und Prekarisierung von Arbeitskraft im Reinigungsbereich gelesen werden und zeigt so, dass sich das Häusliche und das Politische nicht trennen lassen. Als ursprünglich politisches Format begleiten die Flugblätter diese Auseinandersetzungen und helfen, diese sprichwörtlich in die Welt zu tragen.

Invisibilities: Domestic Landscapes

This collaborative installation, created by seminars at the UdK and the FHP, examines the relationship between architecture and lived experience. A black light makes visible the mostly invisible process of the production and uses of space, as well as traces inscribed by use. A recorded sound loop gives spaces to voices, and poses questions about the limits of voices heard in public spaces. At the center of the exhibition, a bright white oversized bed invites visitors to linger in the room and consider the questions: What makes a space habitable? How do domestic living patterns change within contemporary society? How do we organize community? A slight chemical smell triggers unconscious associations of clean spaces, neutralizing the traces of bacteria and dirt, made visible by the black light.

Die im Folgenden fotografisch (Online + Print), auditiv (nur Online) und olfaktorisch (nur Print) nachvollziehbare Rauminstallation war vom 14. bis 15. Juli 2017 bei der Werkschau der FHP und vom 21. bis 23. Juli 2017 beim Rundgang der UdK zu begehen.

The spatial installation documented here was presented in summer 2017 at the annual exhibitions of the University of Applied Sciences Potsdam and at the Berlin University of the Arts.

Hinweis: Die folgenden Seiten tragen den Geruch, der für die Rauminstallation verwendet wurde.

Note: The following pages carry the smell that was used in the installation.



Spatial installation: setup, FHP



Spatial installation: exhibition view with black light, FHP



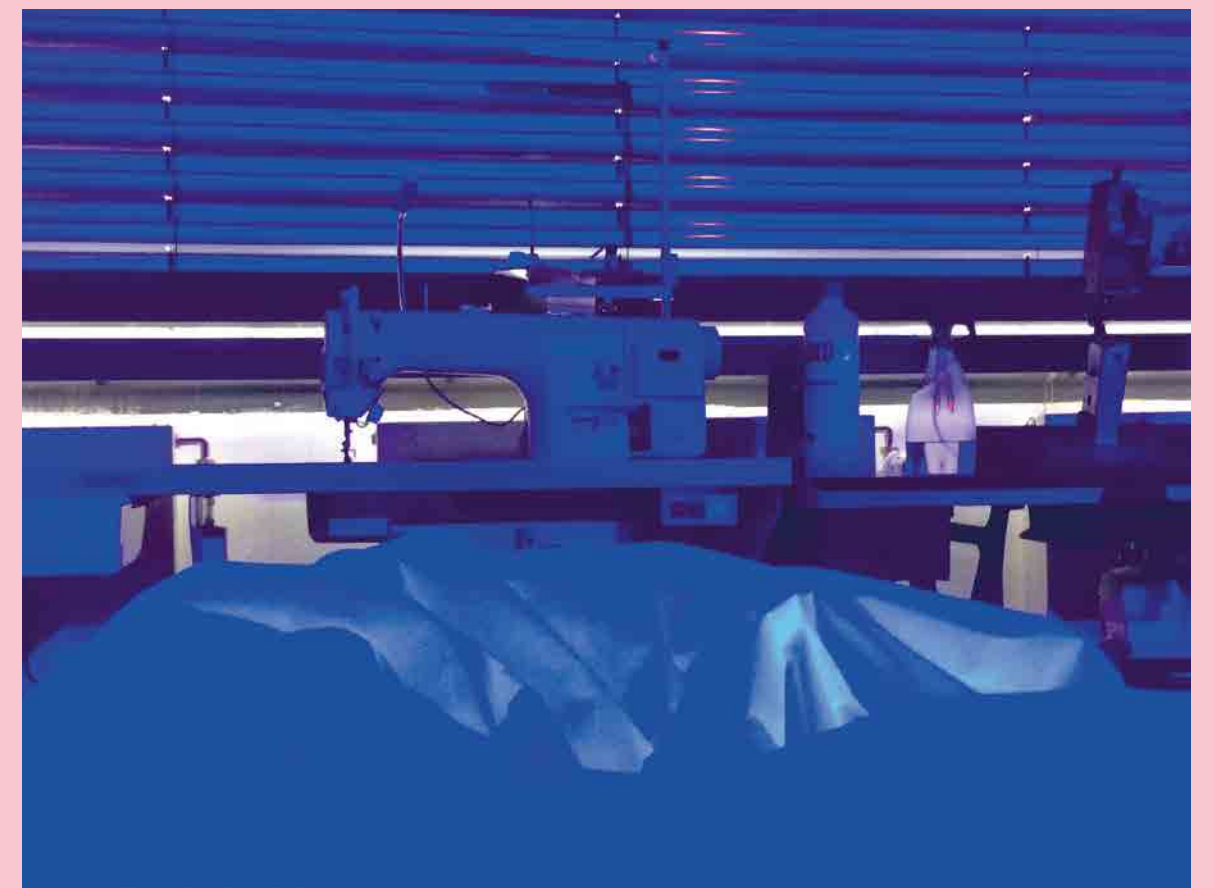
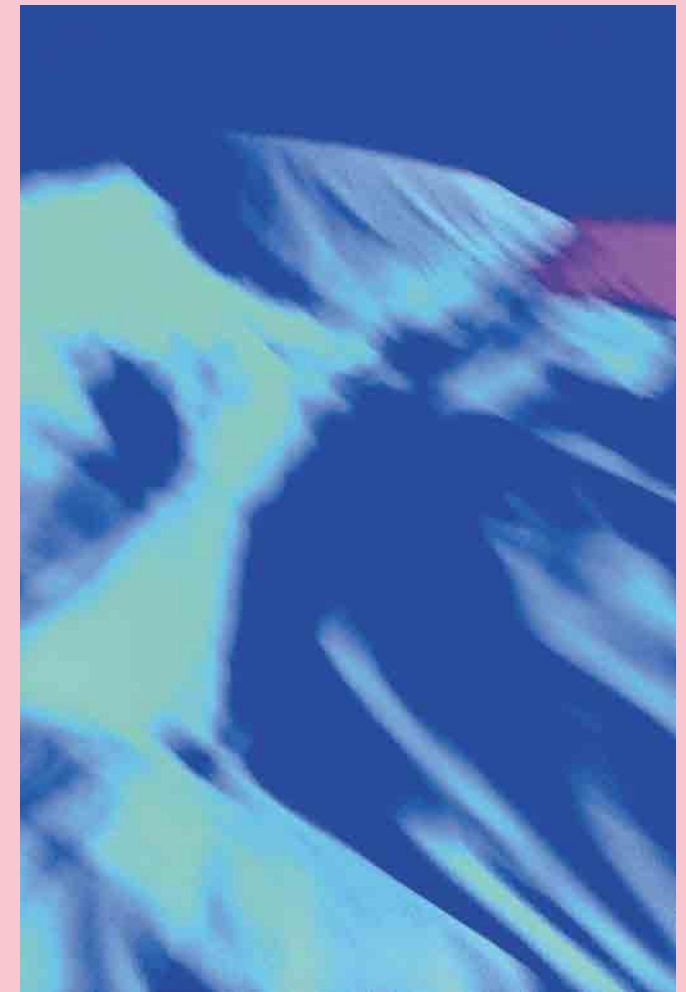
Spatial installation: transport and setup, FHP



Spatial installation: exhibition view with oversized bed, FHP



Spatial installation: exhibition view, FHP



Spatial installation: exhibition view with found sewing machines and flourescent hand lotion, FHP



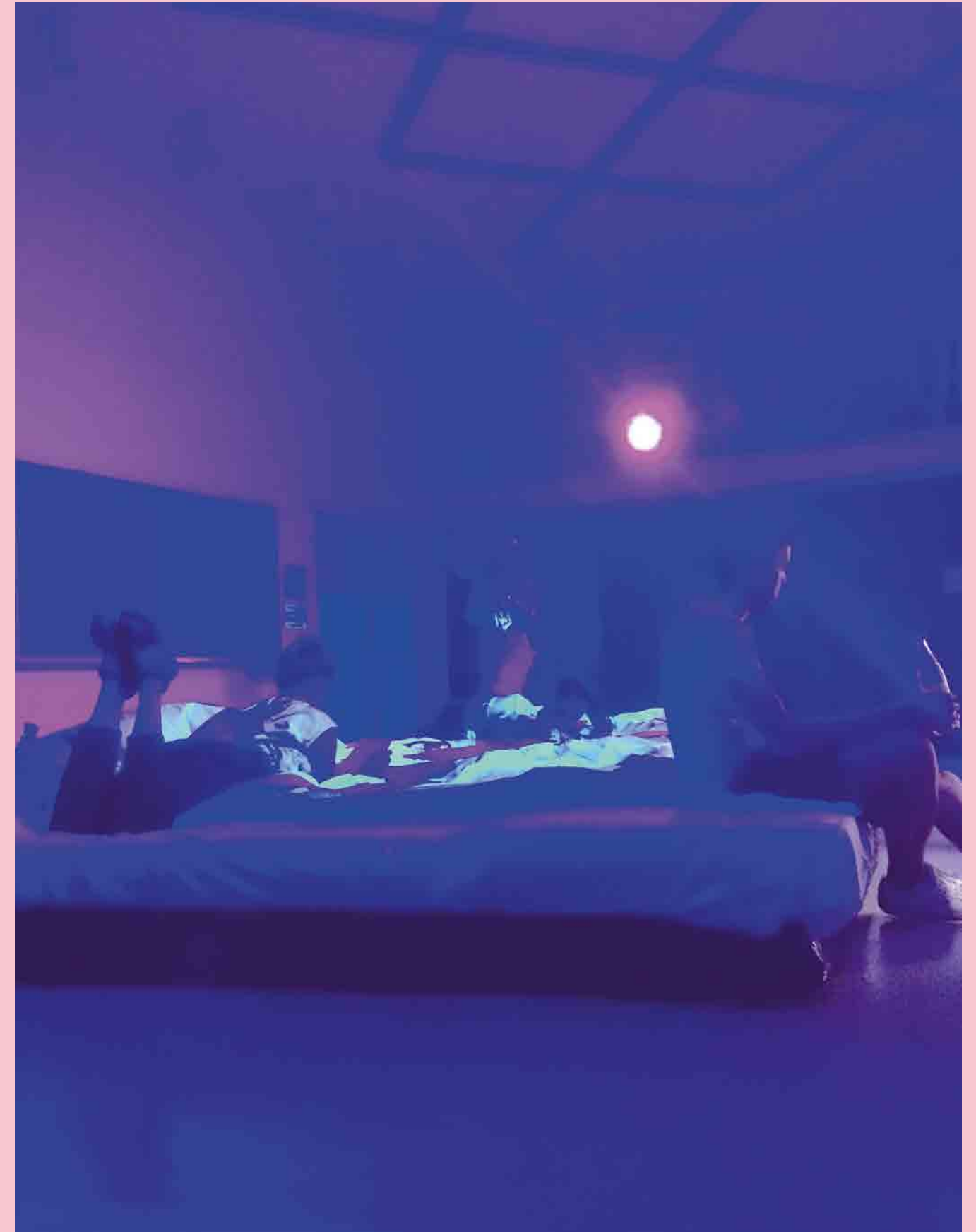
Spatial installation: Room 336 in its usual configuration, UdK



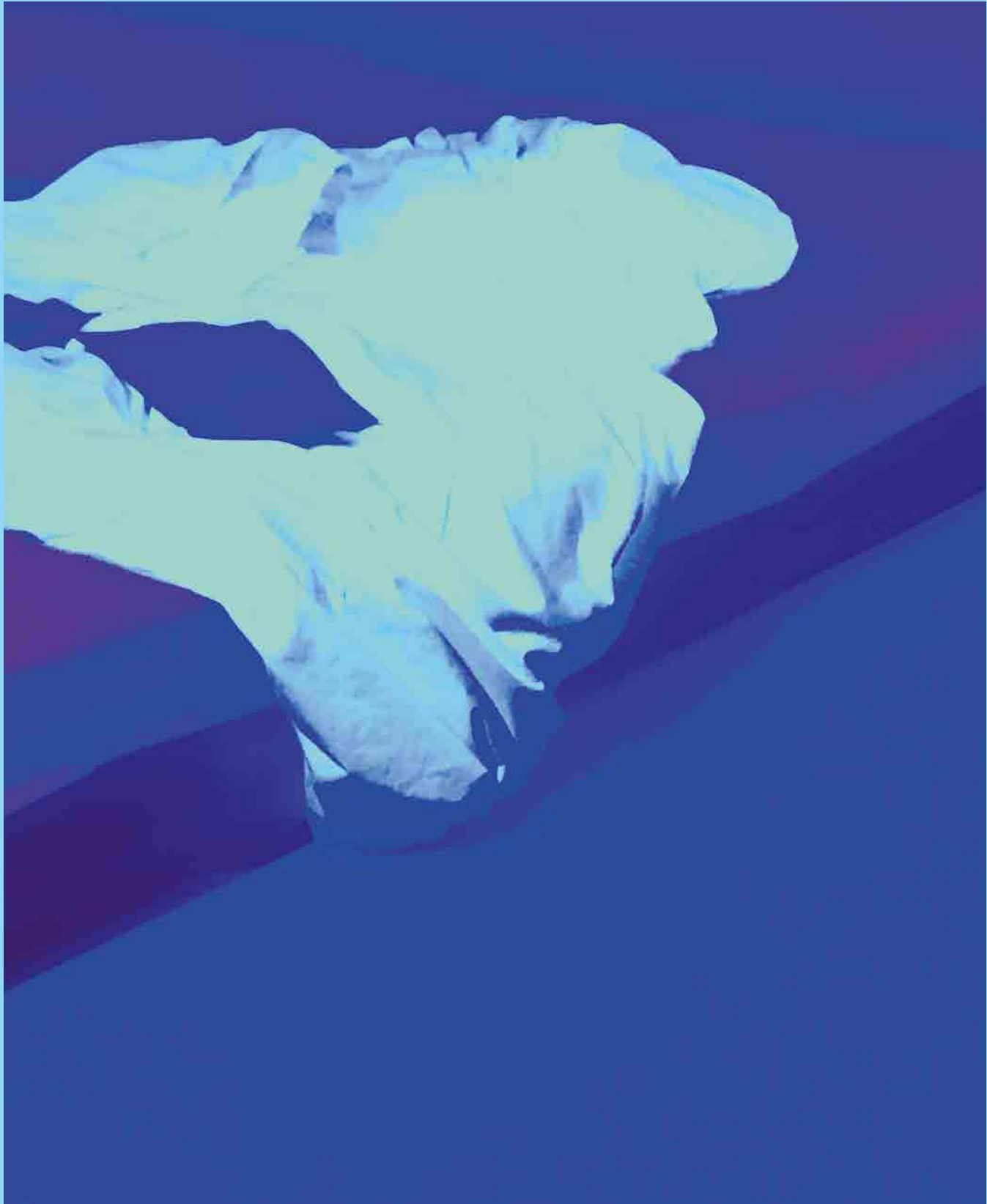
Spatial installation: Room 336 during the exhibition, UdK



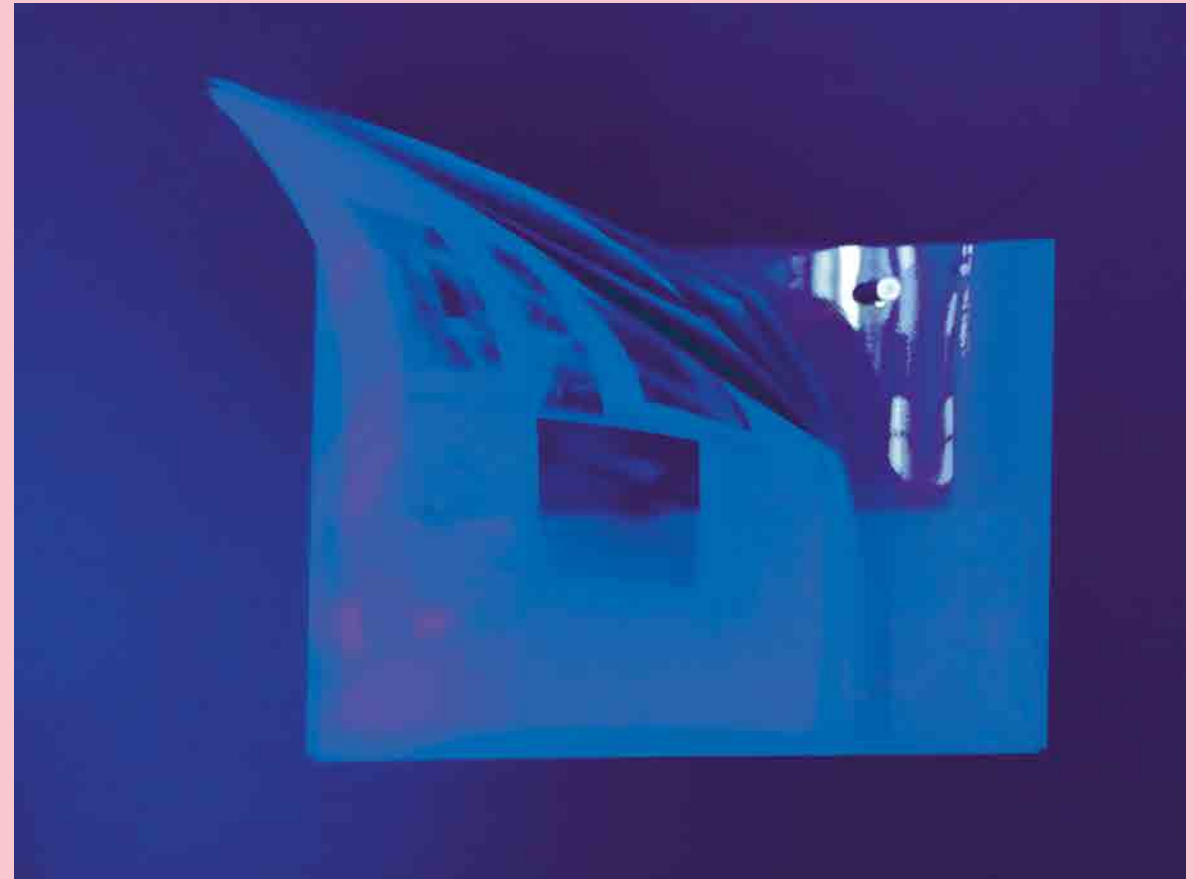
Spatial installation: Room 336 in its usual configuration, UdK



Spatial installation: exhibition view with visitors, UdK



Spatial installation: detail, UdK



Spatial installation: exhibition view with oversized bed, visitor, and leaflets, UdK

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2017

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Was ist eine feministische Kritik architektonischer Visualisierungspraktiken? Wie lassen sich Wohnen, Ökonomie und Gendertheorien zusammendenken? Diesen Fragen widmeten sich die Seminare „Flüssige Geometrie: Feministische Perspektiven auf Raumtheorien“ (Universität der Künste, Berlin) und „Dwelling On Gender: Wohnen als emanzipatorische Praxis im Post-Kapitalismus“ (Fachhochschule Potsdam).

Die gemeinsam produzierte Rauminstallation war sowohl bei der FHP-Werkschau, als auch beim UdK-Rundgang zu erfahren. Gegen die Vormachtstellung des Sichtbaren stellte diese multisensitive Bezüge zu einer Vielheit von Räumen und Ideen her. Im Vorfeld fanden zwei öffentliche Vorträge der Architekturtheoretikerin Katie Lloyd Thomas und der Philosophin Nina Power statt.

Das vorliegende Heft/PDF ist Dokumentation und raumzeitliche Erweiterung des Projektes zugleich. // What is a feminist critique of architectural visualization? How to bring together gender politics and housing politics? A workshop with two seminars researched, discussed, created, and translated ideas on how to make visible spatial power relations. This documentation depicts some of the gendered geometries, unaccounted experiences, forgotten histories, and utopian potentials that came across.

Eine Kooperation zwischen dem Bereich Architekturgeschichte mit dem Schwerpunkt Medien- und Gendertheorie der Universität der Künste (UdK) und dem Institut für angewandte Forschung Urbane Zukunft der Fachhochschule Potsdam (FHP)

