

Pedro António JANEIRO & José FERREIRA CRESPO

Heterotopias or Hetero-Utopias Drawing Outside the Margins



Preface by Franco PURINI

Afterword by Marcello SÈSTITO

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CIAUD – Research Centre for Architecture, Urbanism and Design

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Heterotopias or Hetero-Utopias Drawing Outside the Margins

ISBN: 978-972-9346-46-0

DATA DE EDIÇÃO: fevereiro 2022

DESIGN E PAGINAÇÃO

Filipa Nogueira Pires,
Gabinete Comunicação,
FA.Ulisboa

IMAGEM DA CAPA

Marcello SÈSTITO,
"In sogno la Casa di Gaston Bachelard", 2021.

Este livro foi desenvolvido no âmbito dos projetos de investigação:

"Arquitecturas-Imaginadas: Representação Gráfica Arquitectónica e 'Outras-Imagens",
e "Desenho: Metodologias de Ensino e Aprendizagem", sedeados no CIAUD/FCT/
FA.UlIsboa, coordenados por Pedro António Janeiro

&

"Desvelar o Desenho: Projectos e Arquitectura em Luís Noronha da Costa", coordenado
por José Ferreira Crespo



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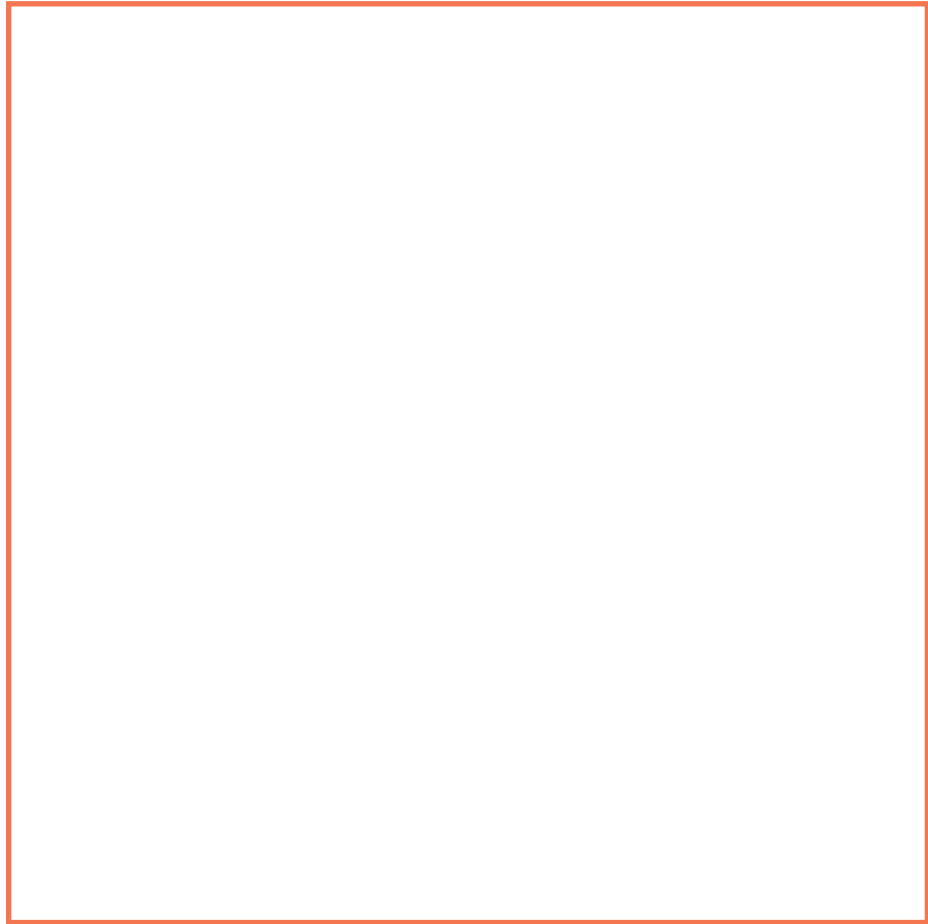
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PREFACE

Franco PURINI

Il disegno dell'utopia



Nonostante le molte definizioni sul disegno che sono state elaborate nel corso della storia delle arti credo che la ricerca grafica sia un'attività - più precisamente un'arte di per sé - che custodisce molti segreti che non si riesce a decifrare ma che agiscono potentemente nell'immaginario. Tutto ciò ricordando che il disegno e la scrittura hanno la stessa origine, essendo due entità basate sul *segno*, vale a dire il modo per eccellenza di incidere la nostra presenza nel mondo con un tratto che per sua natura è unico, inimitabile, assolutamente identitario, anche se può essere simile ai tratti di molti altri scrittori e disegnatori. Entrando più in profondità nel significato del disegno penso che esso sia l'*idea* e non il modo di rappresentarla. Il disegno è dunque l'esito di una simbiosi tra la mente e la mano. Non esiste l'*idea* se non si traduce simultaneamente in un sistema di segni, così come non c'è segno che non esprima un concetto. In questa *duplicità unitaria*, se mi è concesso ricorrere a un ossimoro, c'è sempre una componente visionaria così come una tensione utopica, vale a dire la volontà di conferire a un'immagine una grande capacità di rivelare realtà implicite nonché nuovi modelli del futuro e delle possibilità evolutive del mondo. Il disegno è, ovviamente, anche uno strumento, ma questa sua strumentalità è anch'essa qualcosa di molto più importante di un servizio, un momento inventivo e una ricognizione critica e una comunicazione relativa al percorso compositivo di cui il disegno è anche *memoria*.

Il disegno è un *cercare* e un *trovarsi*, ma anche un itinerario verso un vedere che sia veramente in grado di mostrarci cosa è il mondo per quello che è per come si dispone ai suoi continui cambiamenti. Non è possibile comprendere cosa sia una montagna, una nuvola, un'onda, un albero, un fiore, il nostro corpo, un edificio se non si disegna. La fotografia più bella e tecnicamente perfetta non ci può far contemplare nella sua struttura e nella sua necessità di essere quelle che sono, tanto per fare due soli esempi, la corteccia di un pino o la perfetta geometria di una roccia. Infine il disegno chiede a ciascuno di noi di essere assolutamente *soggettivi*, ma nello stesso tempo ci richiede che ciò che si produce sia leggibile dal maggior numero possibile di persone che vedranno o abiteranno le architetture che abbiamo disegnato o che osserveranno i nostri *ritratti di paesaggi*.

Ho detto all'inizio di queste note che il disegno possiede un lato misterioso. In effetti chi disegna è senz'altro consapevole di ciò che

si vuole venga alla luce ma, al contempo, all'interno di una positiva contraddizione del processo creativo, tracciando le linee che sono state ordinate nel foglio di carta emerge un lato in ombra di cui il disegnatore non è consapevole. In effetti più che un significato segreto - un segreto si può rivelare - il mistero ha una valenza che rimane inesplorabile generando un'energia dell'assenza che ci spinge ad accelerare la nostra immaginazione rendendola più ampia, profonda, avanzata. In sintesi noi disegniamo mentre il disegno che stiamo realizzando ci inserisce in un *disegno superiore*, la mappa incompleta ed evanescente di una specie di *ultramondo* da noi stessi generato, anche se non saremo mai in grado di comprenderlo e di sapere cosa esso ha intenzione di rivelarci. La promessa di una conoscenza che è nostra, ma della quale non riusciamo coscientemente ad appropriarci, è il dono più autentico del disegno, una presenza mancante che ci dà una straordinaria e inesauribile forza.

Heterotopias o Hetero-Topias. Disegnare fuori dei margini, di Pedro António Janeiro e José Ferreira Crespo, è un libro nel quale ciò che ho detto finora è fortemente presente. Il contenuto di questa importante opera è un *dialogo ideale* tra i due autori i quali, con numerosi riferimenti alla filosofia, alla storia e alla critica dell'architettura, all'analisi delle teorie e delle poetiche delineano un *paesaggio discorsivo* che percorrono in ogni direzione. Tale dialogo è anche la prefigurazione di un *trattato sul disegno*, valido per la stagione quanto mai complessa, ma anche molto problematica, dell'architettura nell'attuale età della globalizzazione. Le due visioni degli autori non sempre coincidono, ma tracciano nel loro insieme una precisa *mappa del disegno* i cui confini suggeriscono di oltrepassare. Questo obiettivo è coraggioso, dal momento che il *disegno storico* è oggi soggetto a una crescente marginalizzazione causata, anche se non voluta e programmata, dal *disegno digitale*. Un altro aspetto del disegno architettonico manuale che da tempo non è più considerato, se non proprio negato, è la sua *artisticità*, che il contenuto di questo volume riafferma decisamente. Per quanto riguarda l'utopia, che ha avuto nella seconda metà del Novecento in Eugenio Battistini degli interpreti più attivi e profondi, del quale Marcello Sestito è uno degli allievi più importanti, essa è presente direttamente o indirettamente nel libro in vari modi, l'*eterotopia* di Michel Foucault; la *distopia*; la *retropia*, ossia un'utopia orientata verso il passato; l'*ipertopia* vale a dire un'idea del mondo come esodo totale da tutto ciò che si conosce e si vive, la *transtopia*,

cioè la possibilità di modificare volta per volta le trasformazioni con l'ossessione per tutto ciò che sarebbe, anche per poco, stabile; "l'utopia della realtà" di Ernesto Rogers come intercettazione e rappresentazione di quanto di innovativo è già in atto, nella nostra vita e in quella della comunità alla quale apparteniamo anche se non è ancora identificato.

L'opera di Luis Noronha da Costa, un architetto e nello stesso tempo un pittore, è il simbolo vivente dell'attitudine che l'utopia deve avere a non divenire un insieme di orientamenti anche molto diversi ma una *finalità dinamica* che può agire contemporaneamente su molteplici piani. Dovuto in molte intuizioni all'opera di Alvaro Siza, che ha conferito al testo una consistente parte della sua magica atmosfera, il libro è chiaro, logicamente costruito, sperimentale nel senso più ampio di questo termine, astratto e insieme molto concreto, teorico-critico ma anche utile specialmente quando si scopre, leggendolo, che questo trattato può essere letto anche come un *manuale*. Il contributo dei due autori al dibattito disciplinare, in un momento in cui la *società liquida* di Zigmunt Bauman sembra ostacolare con la sua *complessità mobile* il confronto tra i molti orientamenti sul costruire - autori che ringrazio per il loro prezioso lavoro - può aiutare l'architettura a ritrovare nel disegno il suo necessario *fondamento ideativo*, il suo essere la sorgente più pura, e perennemente scorrente, delle idee sull'*abitare poetico dell'umanità*, ricordando Friedrich Hölderlin , che vale la pena pensare, comunicare, realizzare.

Roma, 13 Luglio 2021

INTRODUCTION

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Ten texts about Drawing, two authors who draw.

This introduction could start and end like this. Nothing else is needed.

However, one thing is *the thing*, another thing is *the discourse about the thing* – “the thing” here is Drawing.

Here: the Drawing that goes beyond the mere visual and/or figurative representation of the architectures of the houses; the houses that always transcend its drawing, because the houses are not its drawing, but, rather, made from it, either through it or thought and lived by it; or, however paradoxical this may seem to us, the houses are the representations of the drawings that saw them before they were born and then came to be inhabited, uninhabited, abandoned, ruined, forgotten, or, forever in the memory of a Human.

Here: Drawing as promise of a house that isn't merely its facades, membrane or skin; the Drawing that doesn't just say the house-view, the drawing of the house that doesn't end with the visibility of the material, but that foresees, precedes and accompanies the entire creative process of Architecture until it transcends in Place, in Sense, in Feeling, in Affection.

Therefore, Drawing, here, is not only understood as a tool or a rude instrument that makes films, membranes, or walls that can shelter the Human, but as a simple gesture that foresees the tearing of the Earth.

Tearing up the Earth – perhaps for this reason, in Camerino, at the end of July of the year of the earthquake, Franco Purini said at that International Seminar that “*Architecture is a violent act*”, we quote it by heart.

Drawing, therefore, as a projection (not only as a “project”) of other possible or unreachable places for now – as an attempt to provide the Human with its proper and just atmosphere, through the house.

Although “violent”, as Maestro Purini told us that day, architecture brings in itself, since the expulsion from Eden – the world was already fixed and ready –, a memory of the divine breath. After inflating the Human in his Image, and after having designed a Garden for him, he expels

him from there. Doing so, banishing them is what impels them to Drawing, the Building and the Housing of their other-house – since that day, the path of human conquest of Freedom, the conquest of other-paradises, of other- houses, inventing other-places, and, also, other-utopias.

They look sad in the Masaccio's *Cacciata dei Progenitori dall'Eden*, since 1425 in the fresco of the *Brancacci Chapel at Santa Maria del Carmine*, in Florence, but no, they are just free...

Anyway, this is just one in millions of story beginnings... and perhaps, there may or not – exist a connection to Michel Foucault's *Other Spaces*.

This book.

This book is a partnership between three Research Projects based at the Center for Research in Architecture, Urbanism and Design of the Lisbon School of Architecture of the University of Lisbon: "*Arquitecturas-Imaginadas: Representação Gráfica Arquitectónica e Outras-Imagens*" and "*Desenho: Metodologias de Ensino e Aprendizagem*", both coordinated by Pedro António Janeiro, and "*Desvelar o Desenho: Projectos e Arquitectura em Luís Noronha da Costa*", coordinated by José Ferreira Crespo – all these three Projects collaborate under the Research Group ADAPT LAB/CIAUD/FA/ULisboa.

This book may seem like an anthology, but it is not: and isn't one because it's not just a compilation of texts; it is, as the reader will be able to perceive, a meeting or a sharing of convictions about Drawing and its close connections to the Discipline of Architecture, between two people. Therefore, what motivates this book is precisely "an interstice" – whether agreeing or disagreeing about the subjects and themes dealt with, so many times – where communication can happen about Drawing.

There is yet another reason to press this book – perhaps the most useful one.

The reason is this: because all these ten texts are published in scientific journals and books of this specialty – but, published and dispersed in several countries, and, therefore, of difficult access to our students; organizing them in a single publication/book and making it free online, not only promotes its dissemination, but also its reading, as well as its reflection among students, teachers and researchers, thus serving as a matter of discussion about Drawing in Architecture, Urbanism and Design (either within the School of Architecture of the University of Lisbon, or with other Institutions, and also with the general public).

It remains for us to say that the ten texts in this book have already been published previously; and that, moreover, all of these ten texts were, each on their date, submitted to Scientific Evaluation in a Double Blind Peer Review system in each Scientific Event for which they were applied for presentation and publication.

Finally, we would like to thank the authors of this book's Preface, Franco Purini, and Afterword, Marcello Sèstito, for their generosity and criticism.



Pedro António JANEIRO

***Drawing as a Legacy:
The drawn landscapes of the
city and its reading in the
thickness of the present.***

Article published in Magazine "**ABITARE LA TERRA, DWELLING ON EARTH - Quaderni 4 - Supplemento alla Rivista di Geoarchitettura**", Organization by Paolo Portoghese and Carmine Gambardella, with the title "***Drawing as a Legacy: the drawn landscapes of the city and its reading in the thickness of the present.***", GangemiEditore International, Roma, ISBN13: 9788849239959, ISBN10: 1592-860820002 , 2020, pp. 22 and 23.
(Double Blind Peer Review – Class A International Indexed Magazine - Italy)

Fig. 1: Pedro António Janeiro, Mercado de Arroios, Lisbon, 2019.



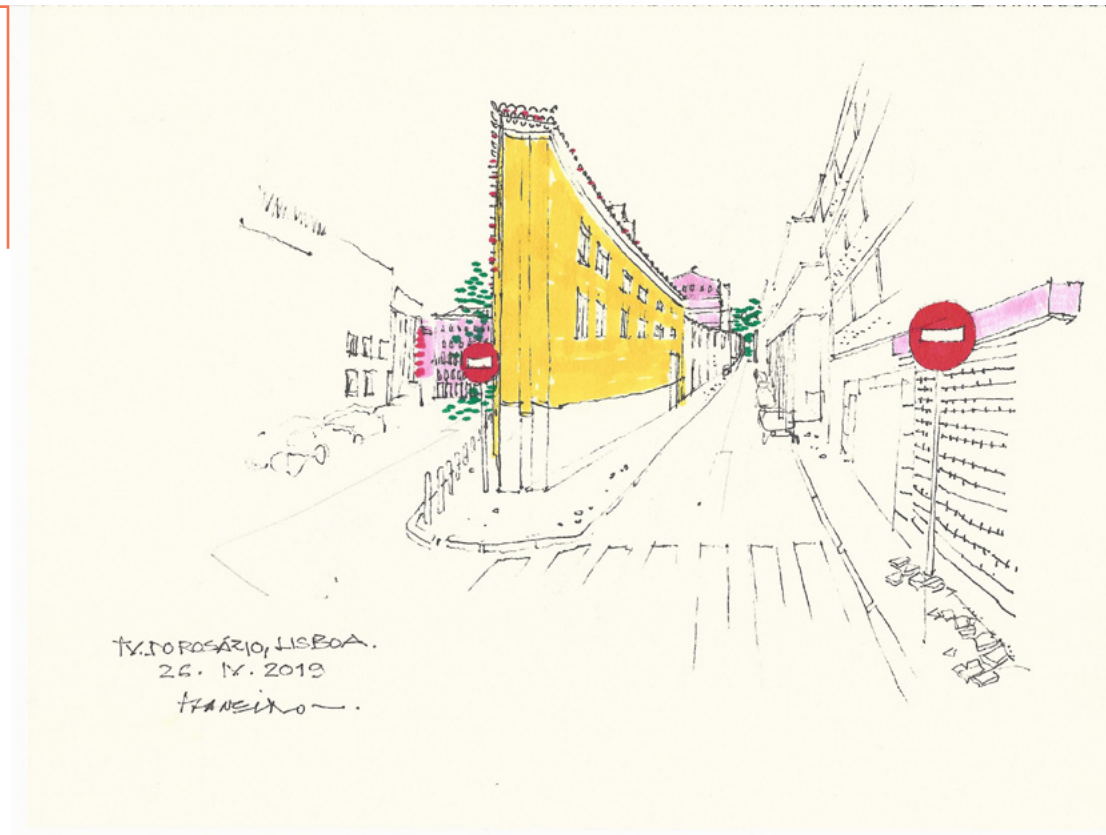
Art as penetrated the world and pierced, as would be natural given the proximity, Architecture - Architecture that functions, so to speak, as a kind of frame of life, of the existence of human(s) in society.

Architecture is an activity, *pour l'excellence*, based on representation and, therefore, on *image*.

Architecture is a system of perceptual images with a future and a present "spatial shape"; and, the architect acts on the environment through image (in sense of *imago*, lat.) - operates through the drawing. The drawing is an image.

Drawing, as an image, allows architecture.

Fig. 2: Pedro António Janeiro, Tv. do Rosário, Lisbon, 2019.



Drawing, moreover, like any other object, does not have an existence independent of the subject/drawer, and, thus, not existing by its own means, drawing needs experience - subjective recognition and *reading* - in order to enter the world of things.

A drawing, let us not forget, does not appear spontaneously in the world of things; it is, in fact, an object built by a subject, it is an image; and it exists, as such, as a sensitive manifestation from the moment when someone - the subject who realizes it or someone else who can read it - recognizes it as a drawing, as an image.

(Reality exists...)

The drawing, by simulating the "domain" over a part of the continuum of every space, can anticipate both the architectural object and the architecture as all as the city.

Perhaps it is not a good idea to call a drawing the product of an act of *illusionism* (even because *illusionism* can only be understood: the

art of entertaining an audience by creating illusions that confuse and surprise them, usually because they give the impression that something impossible has happened, as if the illusionist had supernatural powers - which is not applicable either to the architect or to his gesture), we can be misunderstood or find ourselves inappropriately ironic - that is not what it is about, and this is not how we want to be read; rather, we want to reflect on the image, on the drawing, as a process - where, through a sensitive order, other sensitive orders are summoned by association, and thus be able to consider it as a simulation - and a simulation in a very particular way: the simulation of the architectural object and/or architecture.

Fig. 3: Pedro António Janeiro, Pavilhão de Portugal de Siza Vieira, Lisbon, 2019.

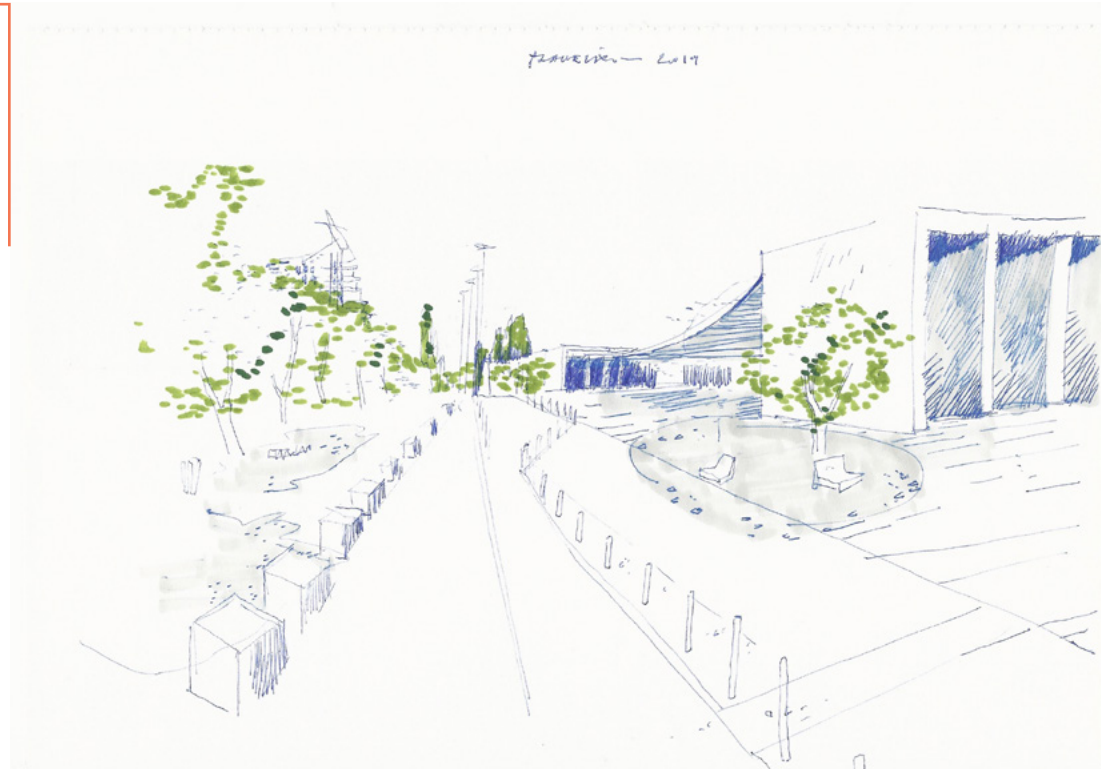


Fig. 4: Pedro António Janeiro, Santa Maria in Trastevere, Rome (drawing from memory), 2020.



In a drawing, as a *simulacrum*, there is a kind of invitation that is made both to its builder and to its spectator: drawing invites those who build it and/or those who *read* it to immerse or penetrate it. This possibility of immersion or this, in other words, possibility of penetration, allows those who build and/or *read* it to feel that they are in a reality that transcends the world in which this immersion takes place - that is to say: the simulation takes place when the builder and/or the spectator of the drawing consents to *go beyond* what we can call *the physical area of the image* (a support with points and/or lines and/or spots) and “enters” into a fictional area; when, in the background, it “enters” into a space that *reaches beyond* the physical area of the image, as if it were transparent (the Brunelleschi’s mirror at a Florentine Baptistery(?) *La Finestra di Alberti*(?) *Il Tubo di Galileo*(?).

Alberti builds a grid in front of a precipice (the precipice is “the reality”) – for us to see the cliff or for us to be aware of “precipices”(?).

Four centuries later, Mário de Sá-Carneiro wrote: “[...] *If I wander, I find*

only clues...// Warheads arches towards the sun – I see them closed;
// And heroic hands, without faith, cowed, // They put grids on the
precipices.[...]”...

Quod iustum est medium.

... “*Transcendent*”, therefore, in this sense of overtaking the physical area of the support... – the divine revelation of things, no more; a new moral order of *feeling* things, the Perspective; reality as sensibility.

It is this “overtaking”, it is this “entry” into a fictional zone that the drawing seeks, grabs and take when trying to simulate a reality that is not actually there, but only *suggested*. *Only...*, but not *lonely*, and, definitely not *holy* no more.

This suggestion, which is the drawing, strives to immerse the viewer who, in turn, tries to feel himself in that simulation, or rather, tries to feel what he would feel as if, in fact, he was there, in that part conquered by that free space that image simulates.

This simulation, when drawing is instead of architecture - which provides for it, so to speak - offers perception (in short, the human body) the characteristics by which it is allowed to immerse itself in that image, foreseeing a part of the space that does not yet exist.

Fig. 5: Pedro António Janeiro, Junqueira, Lisbon, 2019.



Fig. 6: Pedro António Janeiro, Terreiro do Paço, Lisbon, 2019.

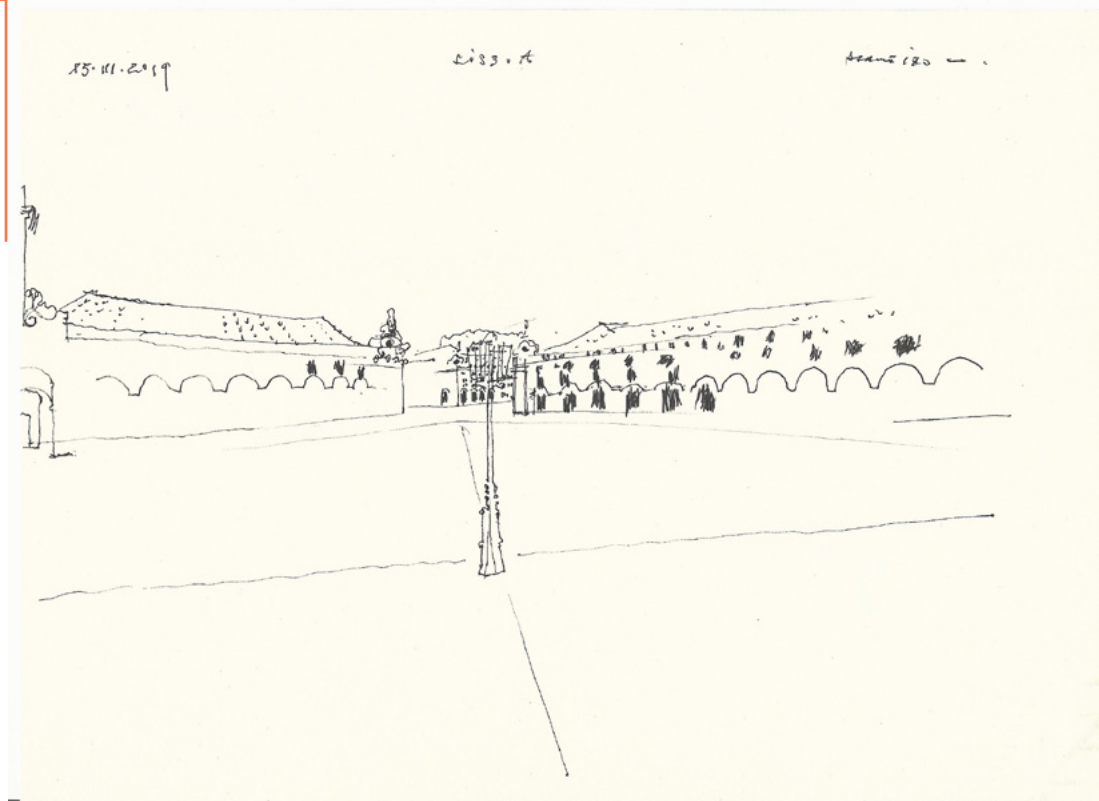


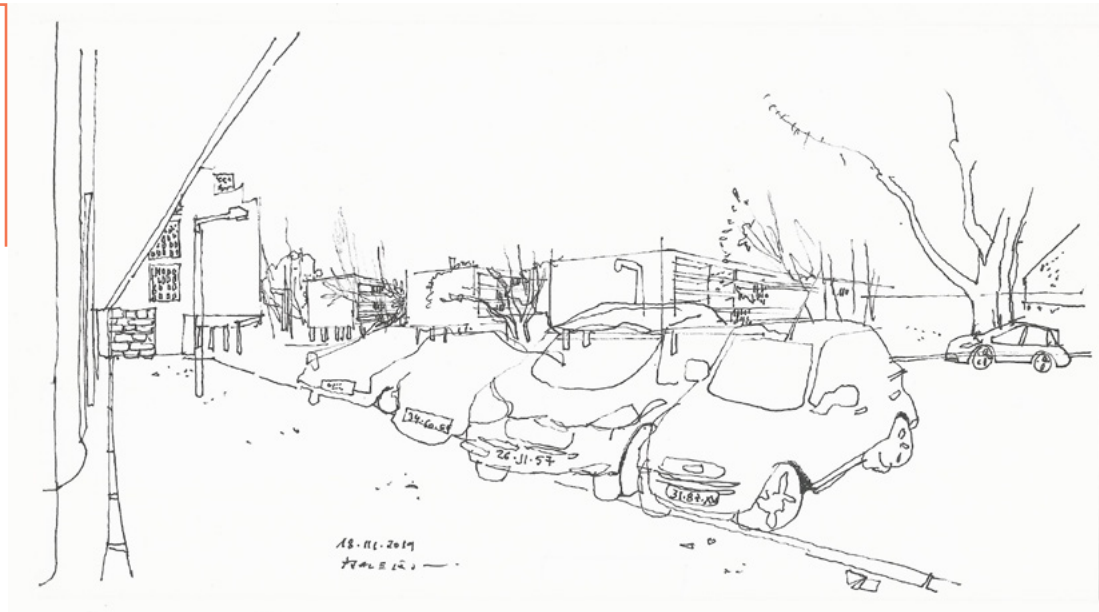
Fig. 7: Pedro António Janeiro, Rio de Janeiro (drawing from memory), 2014.



In order to see we need to represent, or in other words, we only see what we represent, or that we try to represent mentally so that we can see; it is therefore double, because a drawing is an evocation, or a representation, of what we see, and therefore, if what we see is already a representation, we are facing a very specific object with a double character. Duplicate, since the drawing is a representation of a representation. And simultaneously, coincidental.

For all those reasons, we can now better understand and even consolidate some considerations that we established at the beginning of this test, that is: tautologically reality exists, in fact, however *only* as a representation - because there is a representative artifice that gives it a momentary and factual existence; that what we can call "real" (if, at all,) exists *only* as a felt imagined, not reproduction or copy, but "reconstruction" - as a spatialization, as a *possibility of being thought, or represented by* - of a feeling (a "*Sinnggebung*" as Husserl called it at *Méditations Cartésiennes*, before Lyortard?; the Guiraud's "*Sens*", a "*direction*"?) at a certain moment that we have already called the *present moment*, the *instant*, in other words, what is fulfilled of "here" and "now", a "*Dasein*" as Heidegger crystallized it in an apparently *lonely word*.

Fig. 8: Pedro António Janeiro, Rua Antero de Figueiredo, Lisbon, 2019.



Drawing, on the other hand, clings to this *Dasein*, rescuing it from the apparent linearity of time: "Drawing is our understanding to fix the moment" said Almada Negreiros in one of his Madrid conferences - let's say that drawing saves the moment of "that flowing river", of the Marguerite Yourcenar river and no less alien to the pre-Socratic Greeks. But, in fact, drawing does not stop time, preserves it - perpetuating it, in a way - beyond its continuous and unstoppable character, subverting the course of that Cayster of Ephesus.

Fig. 9, 10: Pedro António Janeiro, Alfama, Lisbon, 2017; Pedro António Janeiro, Alfama, Lisbon, 2017.

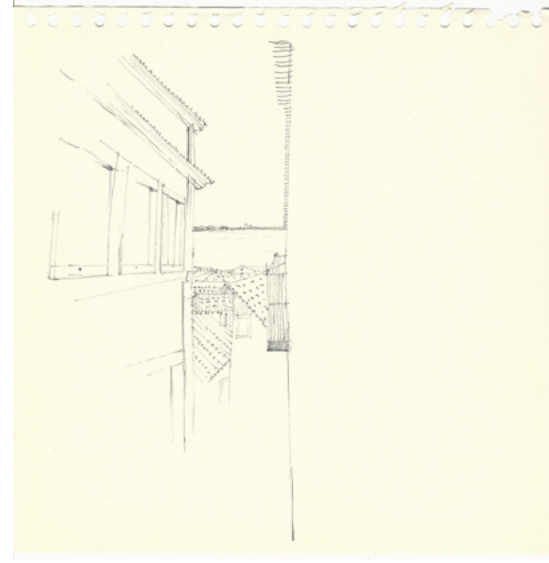
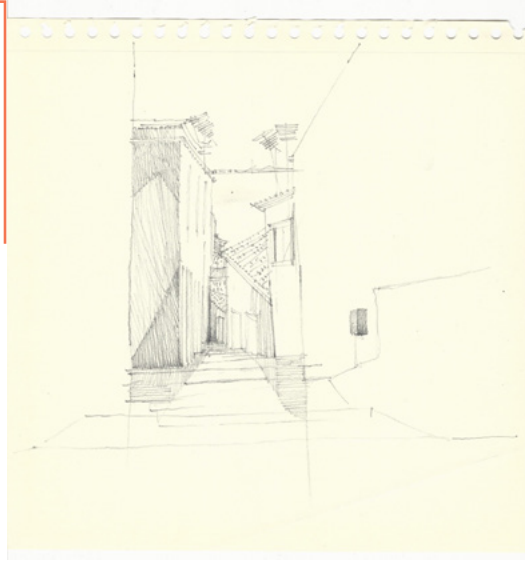


Fig. 11, 12: Pedro António Janeiro, Tv. Henrique Cardoso, Lisbon, 2019; Pedro António Janeiro, Cemitério dos Prazeres, Lisbon, 2019;

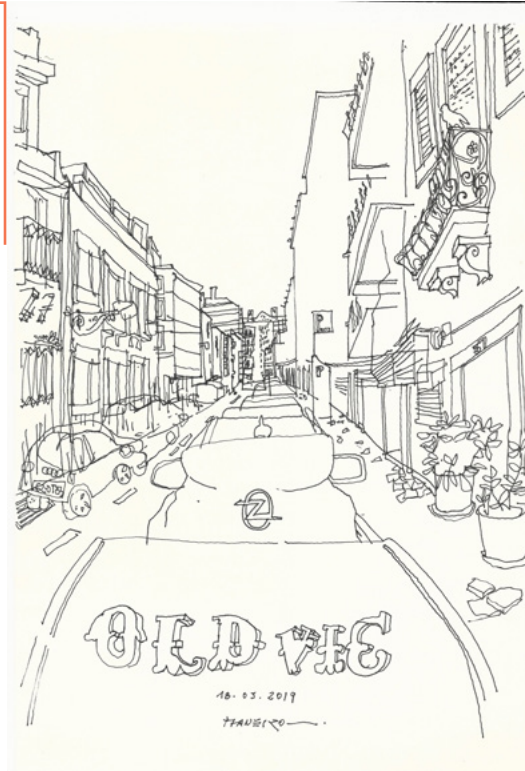
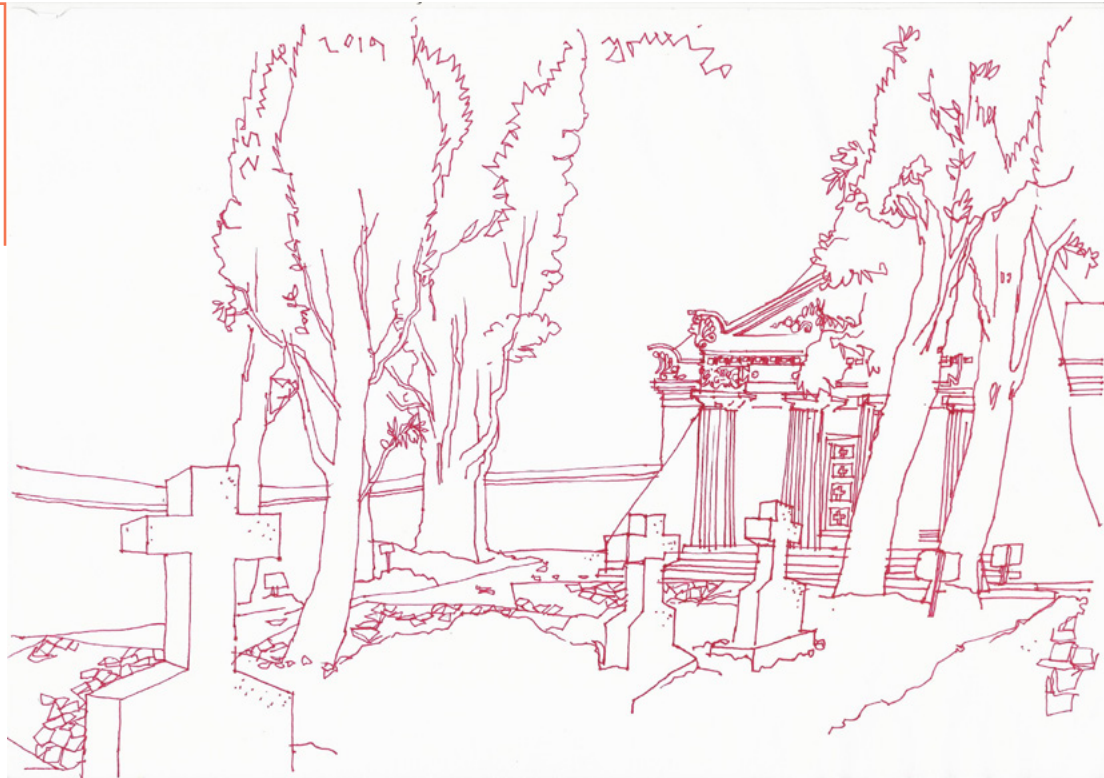
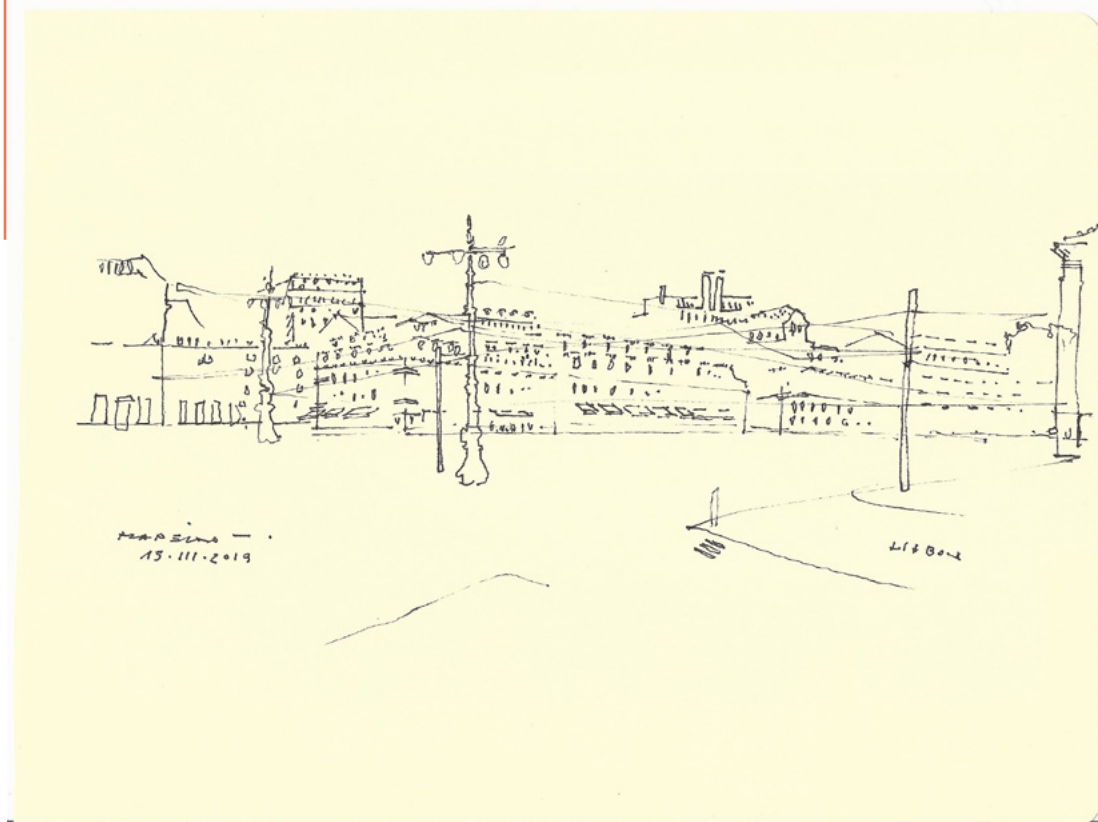


Fig. 13: Pedro António Janeiro, Cemitério dos Prazeres, Mausoléu dos Duques de Palmela, Lisbon, 2019.



Drawing, in general, makes things pass from *one state* to *another state*: if the drawing is, as they say, in academic slang, “in sight”, then *what-is-seen* is carried from the *world where things seen exist* to, through marks on a surface, come to exist according to another form of existence - an existence-in-drawing; but, what if the drawing is not “in sight”? And if the drawing, more particularly in what concerns us - and which is its ability to anticipate both the architectural object and, perhaps, architecture - is not “in sight”, but the first news of an object that does not exist build and, after its construction, to be inhabited? In this case, in the case where the drawing is *instrumentalized* to anticipate the object and / or the architectural space (s), in the case in that drawing is a kind of “promise” of that object and / or that space, more than we can speak of becoming, in its sense of ascending, of reaching...

Fig. 14: Pedro António Janeiro, Corpo Santo, Lisbon, 2019.





José FERREIRA CRESPO

*Drawn from the World:
Portuguese architectural
languages.*

Chapter published in Book **ESPAÇOS NARRADOS, A CONSTRUÇÃO DOS MÚLTIPLOS TERRITÓRIOS DA LÍNGUA PORTUGUESA**, Editorial Coordination by Professor Doutor Luís Antônio Jorge, Faculdade de Arquitectura e Urbanismo da Universidade de São Paulo, FAU/USP, Brasil, Organization by FAU/USP, with the title "**Línguas Portuguesas: Architecturas do Mundo**", FAU/USP Editora, São Paulo, ISBN: 978-85-8089-022-8, 2012, pp. 655-658.

(Double Blind Peer Review)

It would seem Portuguese architecture was never a good example of Europeanity, but rather the fruit of a language whose purpose is to utter the word World, even without speaking...

In contrast to other European ways of making architecture, which were disseminated around the globe - British colonial architecture, for example - Portuguese architecture did not restrict itself to reproducing a single and concluded model taken / exported to other destinations. In these other destinations, Portuguese architecture is as diverse, plural and fertile as the places where it manifests and / or is: it is, because it adapts to the place, an architecture so permeable that it does not even seem to make sense to speak of a "colonial architecture", especially in the case of Brazilian architecture under Portuguese colonial rule. Oscar Niemeyer tells us in the first person: "[...] I became so fond of her, that I started to see her as something of our own. Brazilian architecture from colonial times. And that explained my little receptivity to the ancient and glorious European architecture as opposed to the emotion that invaded me when walking through the cities of Portugal, with their whitewashed houses, or with their larger works, exhibiting an irrefutable architectural dignity."¹

¹ Oscar NIEMEYER, *Conversa de arquitecto*, Campo das Letras, Porto, 1998, p.35.

In the case of British colonial architecture - it seems to make sense to define it as such, as "colonial". The models originated in England, are repeated ad infinitum whether in Africa, America, Asia or Oceania. It does not seem to bring anything new to these other destinations, it is limited to transporting / exporting complete and finished models to another part of the world. They seem to be buildings that are insensitive and impermeable to the reality that surrounds them. The language and culture remain uniquely and exclusively linked to Britannia, limiting themselves to being pale copies of the original product. The architectural structure appears as rigid and unflexible, impervious to change, it seems as if there is no space for the existence or emergence of the World. Conversely and very privately: "The cities founded by the Portuguese in South America, or in India, or no matter where, are set in lovely and impregnable places. What is being built coexists closely with Nature. Its simple geometry is rigorous, dependent and transformative [...] It is worth re-studying this way of building. And it is urgent."²

² Alvaro SIZA VIEIRA, 01 textos, Civilização Editora, Porto, 2009, p.52.

The architecture of Portuguese roots in the world does not refer to a physical territory defined by artificial borders called Portugal, rather it refers to an idea of the World - a World that ends only where the horizon lives - within infinity. This is the idea that is carried by culture: by architecture and by language - language itself being an unfinished and constantly evolving entity, housed by speech; and architecture, an unfinished and constantly evolving entity, housed by life; language seeks other mouths where it may be sheltered, much in the same manner the idea of architecture, emerges of its own accord, once a promising place has been found where it may settle... a place that guarantees a continuous growth, cultivation, a sort of promise, a project... "[...] a tension in view of the realization, as if what comes after was already contained in it in some way, as if it wrapped up a kind of desire that demands a future"³

³ Julián SANTOS GUERRERO, *Pensar a Casa, Casa da Arquitectura*, Matosinhos, 2011, p.12.

The value of this architecture is not truly linked to the buildings that represent it, but rather to the culture, the uterine and underlying idea, the mother tongue that it houses and (re) vitalizes. In the infinite project that she promises and launches, even though it might seem to be finished or complete. This architecture generated as if by osmosis, linked and rooted to the place where it is has its own unique identity, makes sense only where it is, launching itself into the future and promising growth. A world that enhances the creation of others. "With the Portuguese, another idea of Humanity was launched: a plurality of color, plurality of cultures, which has not yet been perfectly assimilated; nobody has yet digested Portugal's discovery very well ..."⁴

⁴ Agostinho DA SILVA, *Ir à Índia sem abandonar Portugal*, Assírio & Alvim, Lisbon, 1994, p.32. (Translated by author).

The *padrão* itself, a landmark in the form of a stone cross, which may nowadays be seen exclusively as a manifestation of colonialism, may perhaps also be interpreted as a project, while physical presentation of an Axis Mundi, it seeks to fertilize the earth, to generate a world. The *padrão* may perhaps also be a manifestation - made matter - in-seminating the earth with this multicultural promise - dream - which is the Portuguese language, one which belongs to the world that speaks it, and is different depending on the mouth that gives it life. It is for all purposes a seed that will sprout world-ness. It is not a monument from the past, but a monument for the future, - a project, a launch, an *iectum* - sharing with other constructive gestures "a tension towards realization, as if what comes after was already

⁵ Julián SANTOS
GUERRERO, *op. cit.*, p.12.
(Translated by author).

⁶ Jean-Paul SARTRE apud
Gaston BACHELARD,
*A Terra e os Devaneios
do Repouso*, Martins
Fontes Editora, São Paulo,
1990, p.20. Translated by
author).

⁷ Martin HEIDEGGER, *A
Origem da Obra de Arte*,
Edições 70, 2008, p.3.
(Translated by author).

⁸ *Idem Ibidem*, p.52.

⁹ José ORTEGA
Y GASSET, *A
Desumanização da Arte*,
Vega, Lisboa, 2000, p.88.
(Translated by author).

contained in it in some way, as if it was wrapping up a kind of desire that demands a future.”⁵

This idea of the world - infinite - described will be the basis of all “Portuguese” construction spread across the globe - “(...) it is necessary to invent the heart of things, if we want to discover it one day.”⁶ - linking cities separated by seas and oceans with each other through a common link that will link places that generate world (s) and travel. The song “Fado Tropical” immortalized by Chico Buarque and Ruy Guerra represents in a certain way this phenomenon: “(...) And the Amazon River / That flows Trás-os-Montes / And in a pororoca / It flows into the Tagus / Oh! this land it will still fulfill its ideal (...)”. This ideal or promise, in essence, we argue, has a very distant intention from colonial or imperialist rule, it is not a question of will to dominate but rather a will to connect, and it seems to be a very intimate desire. In our view, the project of Portuguese architecture languages, is fundamentally one of love. One which takes root in the land from whence it grows, wherever that may be... It is a sort of physical manifestation of love for the place where it is. A place which justifies it’s entire existence, a place where world-ness may take place, where language may take shelter. For “Language is the home of being. Man lives in this dwelling of being.”⁷

It would be of little interest for us to discuss the authorship of this project (project), or the nation that originated it - “It is not N.N. fecit that should become known, but the simple factum est.”⁸ - we will eventually be interested in thinking about the quality of the author, in its etymological sense, *auctor*, he whom increases. The one who increases the world, the one that turns earth into World, - “Life is little if there is not an enormous desire in it to expand its borders. We live in the same proportion that we yearn more. The obstinacy to keep ourselves within our usual horizon means weakness, decay of vital energies. The horizon is a biological line, a living organ of our being; while we enjoy fullness, the horizon emigrates, expands, ripples elastic almost in line with our breathing. When, on the contrary, the horizon is fixed, it is because it has become ankylosed and we have entered old age.”⁹ - this intimate and universal desire that escapes the dogmatic rule and opens up the world - “The work as a work installs a world. The work keeps the open of the world open”¹⁰ - liberating man and his culture (s). These culture (s), this/ these world (s) spring from the land where the seed is sown, where

¹⁰ Martin HEIDEGGER, *op. cit.*, p.35. (Translated by author).

¹¹ Martin HEIDEGGER, *op. cit.*, p.59. (Translated by author).

¹² Eduardo LOURENÇO, *Nós como Futuro*, Assírio & Alvim, Lisboa, 1997, p.31. (Translated by author).

the house emerges, where the language is spoken. The language as "(...) the event of saying, in which, for a people, their world historically emerges and the land is preserved as a reserve."¹¹

If the language is a living, permeable and changeable organism, so should the architecture that houses it. These architecture (s) are thus a living example of this premise. Thus, it seems to be of importance to study - today, more than ever - this wise, free and permeable architecture, as well as the world (s) it hosts. "Anachronism? perhaps, but towards the future."¹²

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Pedro António JANEIRO

*One Drawing, Two Worlds.
or
My Skin or the Skin of the
World or No-Where.*

Chapter published in Book "*Scenari Postpandemia – Arte.Architettura.Utopia – Quaderni della Collana internazionale di studi e progetti utopici*", Organization and Direction by Marcello SÈSTITO, Università degli Studi di Reggio Calabria, Italy, with the title "*Un Disegno, Due Mondi / Um Desenho, Dois Mundos*", Tímea Editore, Rome, 2020, pp. 40-45, ISBN: 978-88-99855-49-9.
(By invitation)

I was born believing that the skin was what separated me from the world - I, therefore, for myself, was my skin and my own skin inside; and, the world, and everything that composed it, for me, was the outside of it, of my skin outside. My skin, therefore, was what separated me, what served me as a border, what gave me the notion of "limit" corporately. The skin, then, was the limit of my house, my first house, the skin was the membrane - which, like a wall, a wall or a line drawn on the floor - used to do here and there. Now my time in the world, my skin, architected me: not only in the sense that it protected me from the world, but also in the sense that it saved the darkness of the body within. Two places: the outward skin; and the inside skin.

But, the skin that was mine was from the world too - transparent, outdated, alive in me and alive in the world.

I forgot, did not know or did not remember (I felt it only years later) that I saw and smelled and heard the outside world and that this world - which was only apparently outside me, as a scenario or as landscape - it was me, after all, who built it feeling it (by a huge stroke of luck I was born in 1974 in Portugal after the 25th of April of that year - I was able, neo-born, by luck, to see and smell and hear, but also to think and say in Freedom what I saw and what I smelled and what I heard, what I felt, after all). The world, after all, was not from the skin-out, I was the world, because I felt it - there was, therefore, no existence of the world itself, in itself, but a sensitive world because it was felt by me. Me and the world in - a utopia(?) "Happy" as in Francesco Patrizi or Ludovico Zuccolo(?), An "admirable kingdom" by Jean de Moncy(?), Or "Nowhere" by William Morris(?).

I was born as one is born - I was born from the world-to-here, to-here-from-skin-to-inside in a body.

I was born thinking that this mundane world was alien to me: but that, closing my eyes and covering my nose and ears, the world was not there. I was born this way, I was educated like that within objectivism - that the world was everything that existed from the body-out; the expanded, huge world; that reality was everything that covered the body in what defends it, the skin, but on the outside, touching it (on the skin) but on the outside. I was born as if born, therefore, in the

interstices of lies, in the belief and superstition of the gods and in the fear that the gods would avenge themselves in case we do not venerate them or if we do not respect them or, paradoxically, we believe in them. The gods need this fantasy world because without this fantasy they too will one day die. The gods need those born like me to believe that the world is all that exists from the limit of the body from the inside out - the skin - to it and to them. The gods also need reincarnations and resurrections and rituals and settings where these rituals can take place - after all, the gods feed on the fear of those who are born, because without fear, without horror, without the unknown, the gods perish. When Wittgenstein said that death was not life, because death cannot be lived, the gods bled. And by bleeding them, he bled all the religions and all the beliefs and all the superstitions that for centuries in Europe and in the world are westernized in its terms, purified non-believers with death - burning them alive, cutting them apart, mutilating them, tearing off their skin and skinning them in public.

The gods need to be born in the belief that the world exists only outside the body - because they exist outside (?), In utopia (?). Obviously, and Histories can prove it, if the world, in a strict sense, was only what exists from the skin of the body outwards, then we would not have had the pests in Europe where the gods were asleep with so much senseless incense.

(...)

"... Everything flows in reverse

Blood does not come out from the wound, but rather, the world comes in."

(...)

I wrote this sentence one day, lost, in 2014.

Finally, the skin ... and the certainty that the world enters and that the body leaves in tears and in seeds and in other bodies and, therefore, other utopias.

My skin denounces my shape, and thus, like a wall or a wall or a line, it gives me existence in the background that is the world. My skin, being the visible part of the house that I am, also and to some extent hides me; and, hides me, as if by paradox or tautologically the house where I live. The house where I live is my second skin; the skin that if I am skinned, like that of Bartolomeu in Albanopolis (that Galilean from Cana, so beautiful, so martyr, so beautifully beautiful and so manly on Michelangelo's wall in Capella Sistina), today can kill me; never so much as today, with the presence of a virus, the house was so much more skin or so much more architecture. Why?

Because the house prevents, impermeable as the skin, the objective world, where the virus hovers, from entering. We entered a paradox(?).

Conceptualizing today (or even making the case for) a sensitive world, phenomenologically or existentially read in the light of Kant, Kierkegaard, Husserl, Merleau-Ponty, Sartre or Lyotard, is possible; but it is also possible, contemporaneously (and this is where the paradox resides, in this contemporaneity of worlds), to conceptualize, feeling phenomenologically, a world from outside or previously given by scientific objectivism where a virus hovers and kills, and that, because skin covering the body is not enough, it needs to be expanded by the skin that is "the house" and its design, broad sense, "architecture", "a body gap" as said by Plato's best student. Today, when the gods are bled - even if the rites are perpetuated - it is not enough to reserve the blood of the lamb or the goat and with it to paint both the doorposts and the door lintel, as is told in Exodus (12; 1-13), where the house alone was not enough in the land of Egypt so that the firstborn would not die that night before the flight; today the house is enough, just "the house", but "the house" is not just the other skin of the bare-skin-that-covers-the-dark-body-from-inside, the house is also a setting, a confined space of representation.

The paradox was apparent, therefore. After all, the gods have always taken advantage of suffering and its representation in order not to be forgotten or bled - so that the religions, owners of the gods, were not themselves bled (as bled, for example, in Roman Europe, During the 1517 Reformation with Luther's 95 Theses - Luther, himself, owner of the gods...).

Be thrilled, ignorant, bad or forgotten, all those who have not yet bled their gods, with the anachronistic and utopian Urbi et Orbi of 28 March 2020 in Rome's Saint Peter's square, and with those that will follow. If it is not the need for a scenario provided by the house, what is it?

The gods do not exist - they are only a projection of the fear of the human in the face of death -, on the one hand? Do the gods exist - are they a kind of puppets cunningly manipulated by religions that cultivate the idea of death to control the living of their contemporaries and those who will be born later? And what does that matter? It does not matter.

I was born like any other human being:

*"Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!
 Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!
 Holy!
 The world is holy! The soul is holy! The skin is holy! The nose is holy!
 The tongue and cock and hand and asshole holy!
 Everything is holy! everybody's holy! everywhere is holy! everyday is
 in eternity! Everyman's an angel!"* – Allen Ginsberg.

The belief in gods negates, in a way, the importance of the body - its life and its death -, in short...

(...)

... And, I was born in my circumstance - "my circumstance" exactly as Ortega y Gasset says - believing that there were two worlds: my world, my skin and hers inside; and, the world, everything from my skin outside. Two utopias. I was deceived.

The skin that covers the body like a veil - that protects it from the world (?), That waterproofs it from the world (?), That highlights it (?), That makes the body a figure on a background (?), The skin- veil that makes the world a scene (?).

The skin, a limit. The house, the other skin, the skin that once again serves us in the chronology of Civilizations and that without it today,

Michelangelo's left hand and the soffit of a celestial dome would be needed to keep us from being forgotten ...

... or other drawings in vain.

Fig. 1: Pedro António Janeiro, "Another Fallen Angel", 2012, charcoal and graphite on cotton paper 120g, 49x39cm, private collection. Cascais, 25 de Abril de 2020.





José FERREIRA CRESPO

***Brazilian Modern Movement
or Tropical Classical
Architecture?
Drawing a hypothesis.***

Chapter published in Book ***ARQUITECTURAS-
IMAGINADAS: REPRESENTAÇÃO GRÁFICA
ARQUITECTÓNICA E OUTRAS IMAGENS N.4 DESENHO
(...) CIDADE-MODERNA***, Pedro António Janeiro e Cêça
Guimaraens Editores, with the title "***Movimento Moderno
Brasileiro ou Arquitectura Clássica Tropical? Uma
Hipótese.***", Caleidoscópio Editora, Casal de Cambra,
ISBN: 978-989-658-366-8, 2016, pp. 264-277.
(Double Blind Peer Review)

ABSTRACT

This paper seeks to create a text of hypothetical nature wherein the works of Brazilian modernism are thought under the guise of the classical world. Searching therefore unto a common ground between both these worlds of thought - which might, at first glance, seem very different - namely: The classical universe and the modernist universe. This exercise will try to find affinities between both, in order to hypothesise the works developed by Brazilian modernism as being, in fact, a classical manifestation of architecture.

“With the tears of time
And the lime of my day
I made the cement
of my poetry.

And in perspective

of future life
I built in the flesh
Its architecture.

I’m not sure if it’s a house
Whether it’s a tower or a temple:
(A temple without God.)

But it’s big and clear
It belongs to its time
- Come in, my brothers!”¹³

¹³ Vinicius DE MORAES, *Poética II* (Source: <http://www.viniciusdemoraes.com.br>) (Translated by author).

This text aims to be an interpretive and purely hypothetical approach to Brazilian modernist architecture. We hereby forewarn the reader that it is not our intention to analyze this phenomenon – being as large and plural as it is - by creating a synthetic text that summarizes or concludes it - we furthermore believe that such a goal would be impossible to achieve in such a short text, especially when taking into account the importance of this architectural movement and because we declare ourselves, by all means, incapable of fulfilling such mammoth task.

This said, we can only launch an interpretive hypothesis - with an open structure - that allows us to point out some considerations. In this case, it is our intention to draw a parallel between classical architecture - which has an endless modernity - and modern Brazilian architecture, which is - in our view - a classic expression, given its enormous rigor, clarity and musicality.

In both cases, we are surprised by their relationship with time. We find in them a timeless dimension - or rather, omnitemporal.¹⁴

¹⁴ In the sense that the seem to belong to all times: Past, Present and Future.

It is also our intention to create this text as if it were a sketch¹⁵, thus tracing notes and relationships on paper that we consider to be worth recording.¹⁶

¹⁵ Thus aligning ourselves with the theme that gives name to the seminar that hosts this text: *Arquitecturas -Imaginadas: Architectural Graphic Representation and 'Other Images': "Drawing (...) Modern City"*.

We then ask the reader to allow us this drawing, even if it may take the form of a whim - or perhaps nonsense.

"In the beginning there was Corbu[sier] (...)"¹⁷

¹⁶ "God created the paper so that architecture could be drawn on it; everything else - at least for me - is an improper use of it; Torheit (Nonsense) would say Zarathustra." Alvar AALTO apud Juhani PALLASMAA, *Conversaciones con Alvar Aalto*, Barcelona, Editorial Gustavo Gili, 2010, p. 71 (Translated by author).

Modernist architecture would claim a break with the tradition and architecture of the past. The design of this new architecture should represent an image of a modern man, aiming all the while to achieve a design of a matrix¹⁸ - capable of being reproduced on a global scale.

The origin of a new architecture would be declared, or, a new origin for architecture. A new beginning. Original?

With regard to this new beginning, we would like to focus our attention on two points.

¹⁷ "Álvaro SIZA VIEIRA, Olhar / Look at Niemeyer, Editorial Teorema, 2009, p.9.

The first point is related to its effect, that is, the way in which this architecture related to the world it wanted to transform. Although equipped with unquestionable innovations¹⁹, we know that the desired model, what we would call the matrix, was not - at least in general - sensitive to the space where it was found, in a way, the model was repeated ad nauseum, with very few variations.

¹⁹ "Nothing old is reborn again, but neither does it completely disappear. Whatever was, always reappears in a new way." Alvar AALTO apud Juhani PALLASMAA, *op. cit.*, p. 79 (Translated by author).

"If modern architecture was initially considered empty and uninteresting by the majority, it was painful to discover that, as their products multiplied, they were considered even more empty and less

²⁰ Continuing: "The human intentions of the Modern Movement have not touched anyone's heart. For all but the few informed, modern architecture communicated nothing but boredom." John SUMMERSON, *A Linguagem Clássica da Arquitetura*, São Paulo, Martins Fontes, 2006, p. 117-118 (Translated by author).

²¹ Continuing: "Maybe I shouldn't link the words "intelligible" and "always" so closely. However, an intelligible harmony - it is something that is in total agreement with the nature of classicism and is very close to the use of orders, which in themselves are demonstrations of harmonious composition." John SUMMERSON, *op. cit.*, p.116. (Translated by author).

²² Continuing: "(...) through the application of what he called *tracés régulateurs*, the regulatory outlines, he was able to exercise a (...) type of control that (...) essentially belongs to the Renaissance, and that was fundamental for the works of Alberti and Palladio." John Summerson, "The classical language of architecture" John SUMMERSON, *op. cit.*, pp.115 and 116. (Translated by author).

²³ LUCRETIUS, *Da Natureza das Coisas*, Lisboa, Relógio D'Água Editores, 2015, p. 27 (Translated by author).

interesting, as attractive as a Gorgon's head."²⁰

The second point that we would like to address concerns the questionability of the term Original, when we refer to the modern Movement. We then refer this question to a common space shared with the classical world.

With regard to the latter, its objective "(...) has always been to achieve an intelligible harmony between the parties."²¹ This idea is not at all strange to modernist design, especially if we take into account its maximum representative, Le Corbusier. For him "(...) it was always of surmount importance to highlight the harmony. (...) The purist manifesto followed the same orientation and, in a chapter of *Vers une Architecture*, deals (...) with the "plan".²²

Therefore, we may deduce that even in the case of such professed originality, its birth would have had a point of origin external to itself, we argue, that perhaps it is of classical genesis.

In short, "The principle from which we will start / is that nothing is born out of nothing (...)"²³.

Fig. 1: Artificial stalagmites that remain from an excavation. The top end of each landmark shows the natural level of the terrain. (This photograph is the image that closes the book "Brazil Builds" - the book that made Brazilian architecture known to the world.).



"(...) So it is preferable to think that there are many common bodies / to many things, as we see happening with the letters for the words, / instead of thinking that something can exist without primordial elements."²⁴

²⁴ LUCRETIUS, *op. cit.*, p. 29. (Translated by author).

We therefore invite the reader to take part of this creative exercise and attempt to read this movement through a classical filter, if you will, let us call it a sort of creative reading exercise.

According to the German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche: "We will have gained a lot from the science of aesthetics when we have managed to induce directly, and not only through logical reason, that art derives its continuous development of the duality of the Apollonian and the Dionysian. (...) These two very different trends they go hand in hand, usually in a violent opposition that separates them, inciting each other to increasingly powerful births and perpetuating the struggle of the opposition which is only apparently outlined by the word "art"; until, finally due to

²⁵ Friedrich NIETZSCHE, *A Origem da Obra de Arte*, Mem Martins, PUBLICAÇÕES EUROPA-AMÉRICA, 2005, p. 25. (Translated by author).

a metaphysical miracle of the "Hellenistic" will, the two seem to embrace each other, and in this union they finally generate the work of art that is as Apollonian as Dionysian (...)"²⁵.

Fig. 2: "El reposo del escultor ante un pequeño torso" Pablo PICASSO (Note: The classical world facing modernity?).

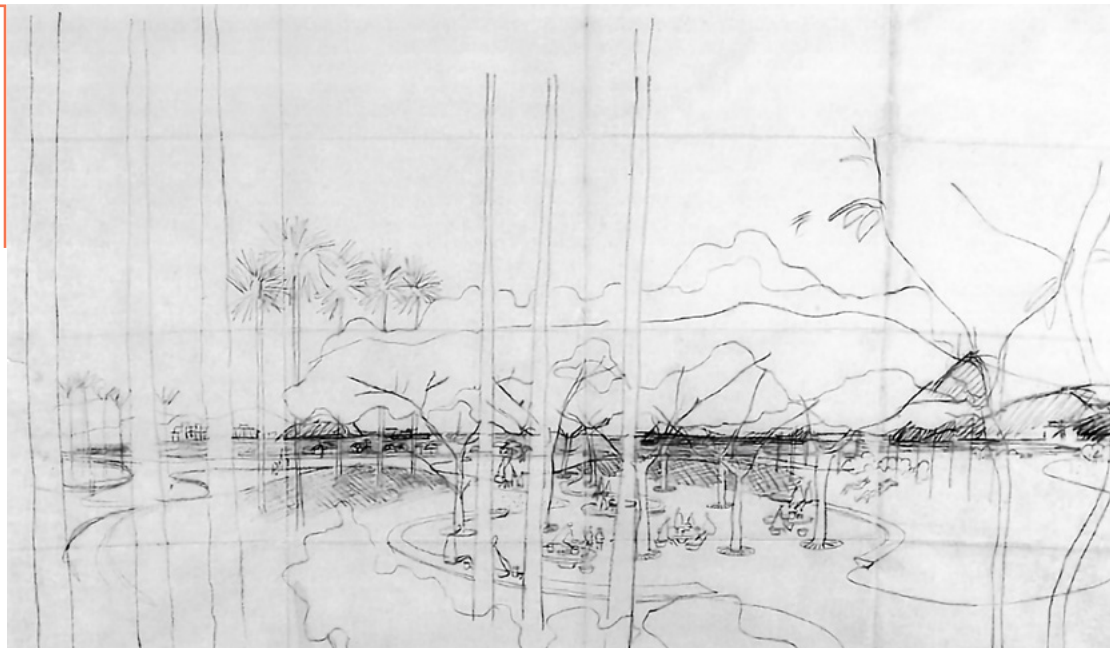


Modern(ist) Brazilian architecture presents an alternative to the predominant Modernist logic and reason. Introducing the element that the Modern Movement would generally lack: Venus – and as such completing the Vitruvian triad: Firmitas, Utilitas, Venustas. By confronting the dictatorship of the status quo, Brazilian architects erected sensitive buildings that clearly belonged to their homeland, and furthermore helped surface this sort of Brazilian spirit, if you will... Unveiling at the same time the spirit of the place, in a both innovative and wise way.

"(...) it was on paper, when drawing (...) that I protested against this monotonous and repeated architecture (...) it was the intended protest that the environment in which I lived exalted with its white beaches, its monumental mountains, its old baroque churches, its beautiful tanned women"²⁶

²⁶ Oscar NIEMEYER, *Meu sócia e eu*, Porto, CAMPO DAS LETRAS, 1999, p. 34 (Translated by author).

Fig. 3: Drawing, Affonso Eduardo Reidy.



²⁷ Álvaro SIZA VIEIRA, *Olhar / Look at Niemeyer*, Editorial Teorema, 2009, p. 10 (Translated by author).

This movement embodies a soul "[...]that comes from the land, which inspires or regenerates the Architecture of Brazil."²⁷. This same movement ends up enticing and contaminating the rest of the world with its joy and soulful approach, setting out an example.

The architect Álvaro Siza Vieira narrates the moment when he discovered Brazilian modernism: "The magazines placed on our desks (monographs of Gropius, of Neutra, of Mendelsohn, of Mies) were mysteriously replaced. [...] on the paper there began to appear [...] pillars as points, walls as thin undulating lines, almost dissolving their shape, and yet so clear, so new and so evocative"²⁸

²⁸ Álvaro SIZA VIEIRA, *Olhar / Look at Niemeyer*, Editorial Teorema, 2009, p. 10 (Translated by author).

The Portuguese architect continues by saying that: "The works of

²⁹ Álvaro SIZA VIEIRA, *Olhar / Look at Niemeyer, op. cit.*, p. 12 (Translated by author).

modern Brazil gave us back the energy and joy that once germinated in the distant baroque Brazil."²⁹

This reference leads us to think about the spirit in which this work is embedded. Relating modernity to a distant time where something remarkable took place, and form, in architecture.

We venture say that it is precisely there is an intention, a will, universal and transversal to time, that produces this sort of work, both Modern and Classical, or perhaps, and to put it simply: true.

The human will to find his or her place on earth, and in time, to simultaneously inhabit and shelter life.

"The universe of poetry is not located outside the world, it is not a fantastic impossibility, the product of a poet's mind; expects to be precisely the opposite, the crude expression of truth [...]"³⁰

³⁰ Continuing: "The Dionysian Greek wanted truth and nature at the height of its power (...)" Friedrich NIETZSCHE, *op. cit.*, p. 56 (Translated by author).

The human and primordial will to build, to inseminate the world.

Fig. 4,5: Drawings, Oscar Niemeyer.



³¹ Friedrich NIETZSCHE, *op. cit.*, p. 29. (Translated by author).

³² Continuing: "(...) Construction produces Nature." Álvaro SIZA VIEIRA, *op. cit.*, p. 13. (Translated by author).

³³ Lina Bo BARDI in "*Arquitetura de Palavras: a escrita livre e exata de Lina Bo Bardi*" (Jornal A Folha de S. Paulo), <http://www1.folha.uol.com.br/ilustrissima/1239337-arquitetura-de-palavras-a-escrita-livre-e-exata-de-lina-bo-bardi.shtm> (Translated by author).

³⁴ "We become for a brief moment the primordial essence and we feel its unbridled desire and the pleasure of existence. We now see the efforts, the torment, the destruction of phenomena as necessary, given the constant proliferation of forms of existence that push and force themselves to follow their path towards life, the exuberant fertility of the will of the world." Friedrich NIETZSCHE, *op. cit.*, p. 100. (Translated by author).

³⁵ "True Dionysian music is nothing more than this mirror of the universal will. All the concrete events reflected in that mirror are immediately amplified in our emotions

"It is not just the alliance between man and man that is sealed by Dionysian magic; it is also the alienated nature, hostile or subjugated, that celebrates its reconciliation with the prodigal son, man."³¹

It is our conviction that Brazilian modernism is a manifest example of this drive, insofar as it "[...]turns nature into architecture's material."³², mediating the universal creative spirit. Building with the "[...]strictly controlled and calculated freedom of nature, [and an] absolute obedience to the 'laws that rule', nothing arbitrary, but, as in nature, the maximum of fantasy"³³

The work becomes inseparable from nature. An architecture at one with the world. Manifestation of its will(?)³⁴.

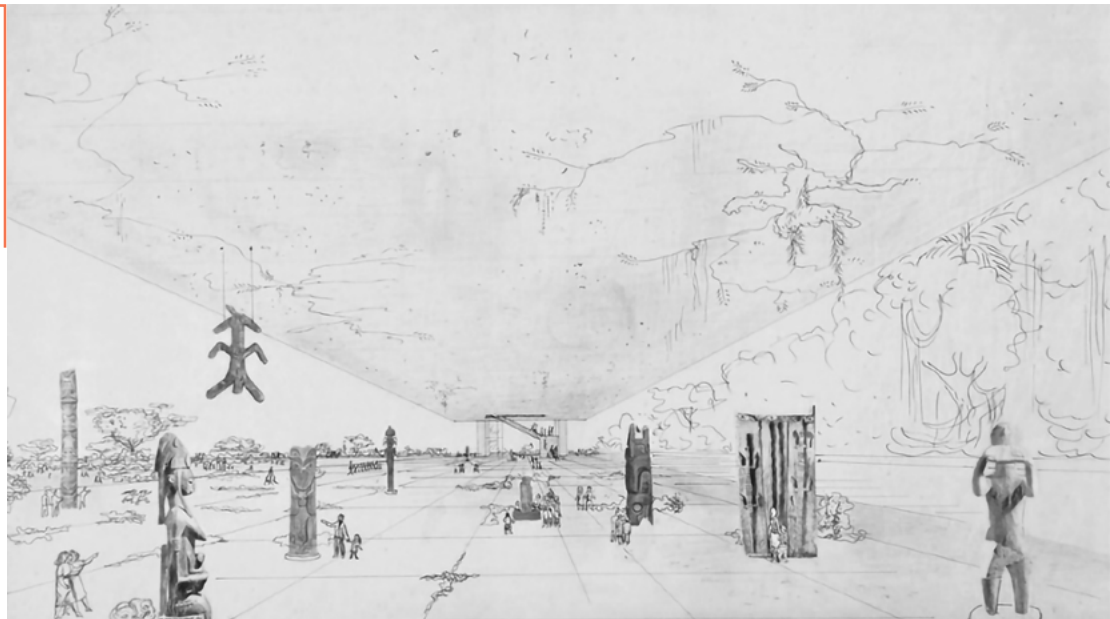
"Apollo overcomes the individual's suffering through the radiant glorification of the eternity of appearance; beauty triumphs over the suffering inherent in life; the pain is, in a sense, removed from the features of nature. In Dionysian art and its tragic symbolism, that same nature speaks to us in a genuine, undisguised voice: 'Be like me! The primordial mother, the eternal creator, who eternally impels to life, who is eternally satiated in the incessant flow of phenomena!'"³⁵

As such, it is not only the Apollonian dimension of pure, orderly and rational beauty that qualifies the drawing - design - of Brazilian modernity, but also music, dance and Dionysian lust³⁶. Forming a movement founded on an endless vital impulse.

in an illustration of the eternal truth. " NIETZSCHE, Friedrich, op. cit., p. 100. (Translated by author).

³⁶ "True Dionysian music is nothing more than this mirror of the universal will. All the concrete events reflected in this mirror are immediately magnified in our emotions in an illustration of the eternal truth. " Friedrich NIETZSCHE, op. cit., p. 103. (Translated by author).

Fig. 6: Drawing and Collage, Lina Bo Bardi.



³⁷ Lina Bo BARDI in "Arquitetura de Palavras: a escrita livre e exata de Lina Bo Bardi" (Jornal A Folha de S.Paulo), <http://www1.folha.uol.com.br/ilustrissima/1239337-arquitetura-de-palavras-a-escrita-livre-e-exata-de-lina-bo-bardi.shtm> (Translated by author).

Architect Lina Bo Bardi would come to say: "I never looked for beauty, but poetry"³⁷

The search for Poetry, or Poïesis³⁸. The search for the encounter between Apollo and Dionysus, for the "[...]fraternal bond between the two deities. Dionysus speaks the language of Apollo, but Apollo speaks finally the language of Dionysus, and thus the supreme purpose [...]of art in general is achieved."³⁹

³⁸ Poïesis (Ancient Greek: ποιέω) is etymologically derived from the ancient Greek term ποιήσις, which means "to make". This word, the root of our modern "poetry", was first a verb, an action that transforms and continues the world. Neither technical production nor creation in the romantic sense, poietic work reconciles thought with matter and time, and person with the world.

³⁹ Friedrich NIETZSCHE, *op. cit.*, p. 126. (Translated by author).

⁴⁰ Martin HEIDEGGER apud Oscar NIEMEYER, Oscar NIEMEYER, *Meu sócia e eu*, *op. cit.*, p. 36. (Translated by author).

⁴¹ "The other symbolic forces, the forces of music - rhythm, dynamics and harmony - would suddenly find an impetuous expression." Friedrich NIETZSCHE, *op. cit.*, p. 33 (Translated by author).

⁴² Affonso Eduardo REIDY, *Affonso Eduardo Reidy*, Lisboa, Editorial Blau, 2000, p. 25. (Translated by author).

⁴³ The poem of the curve:
 "It is not the right angle
 that attracts me / nor the
 straight, hard, inflexible
 line, / created by man. /
 what attracts me is the
 free and sensual curve, /
 the curve that I find in the
 mountains of my country, /
 in the winding course of its
 rivers, / in the waves of the
 sea, / in the body of the

Sometimes even giving up reason, because it can be the "[...]enemy of thought. and undoubtedly of the imagination.⁴⁰ "The reason will instead be found by building monuments to this immense Brazil, in honor of its life pulse. A fertile and tropical pulse that serves as a plan from which to trace its rhythmic and musical architecture."⁴¹

This way, "The richness of the flora, the dramatic nature of the landscape, the strength of the sun, the color of the sky and even the own temperament of the people is reflected in our architecture [...]."⁴² Creating an endless poem.⁴³

Still on the topic of poetry, we quote the São Paulo architect Vilanova Artigas when asked about the possibility of being dubbed an idealist: "If they call me an idealist? I totally agree[...]I know that I made poetry out of this whole process [...] from the first to the last verse".⁴⁴

We further posit that poetry will make the creation of this tropical movement possible. Because only with a poet's sensitivity could the world be recreated in such a human way, with such passion, "[...] Balance, structure, rigor, that other world that man does not know, that art suggests, of which the man has nostalgia."⁴⁵

The classic and sensitive world of human ideas. Of the human being at his and her best.

favorite woman. / The entire universe is made of curves, / Einstein's curved universe. " NIEMEYER, Oscar, *Meu sócia e eu*, *op. cit.*, p. 58. (Translated by author).

⁴⁴ João Batista VILANOVA ARTIGAS, *Vilanova Artigas*, São Paulo, Instituto Tomie Ohtake, 2003, p. 229 (Translated by author).

⁴⁵ Lina Bo BARDI in "*Arquitetura de Palavras: a escrita livre e exata de Lina Bo Bardi*" (Jornal A Folha de S.Paulo), <http://www1.folha.uol.com.br/ilustrissima/1239337-arquitetura-de-palavras-a-escrita-livre-e-exata-de-lina-bo-bardi.shtm> (Translated by author).

Fig. 7: Photomontage, Lina Bo Bardi.



Because, "Architecture exists because of man. He is the center of all concerns and the module to which all measures relate. His pace determines relationships of time and space in the places where we live. His physical or spiritual needs generate the programs that architects must attend to."⁴⁶

⁴⁶ Affonso Eduardo REIDY, Affonso Eduardo Reidy, Lisboa, Editorial Blau, 2000, p. 24. (Translated by author).

This work of classical dimension comes thus to sculpt time, returning it the essence of its form: eternity.

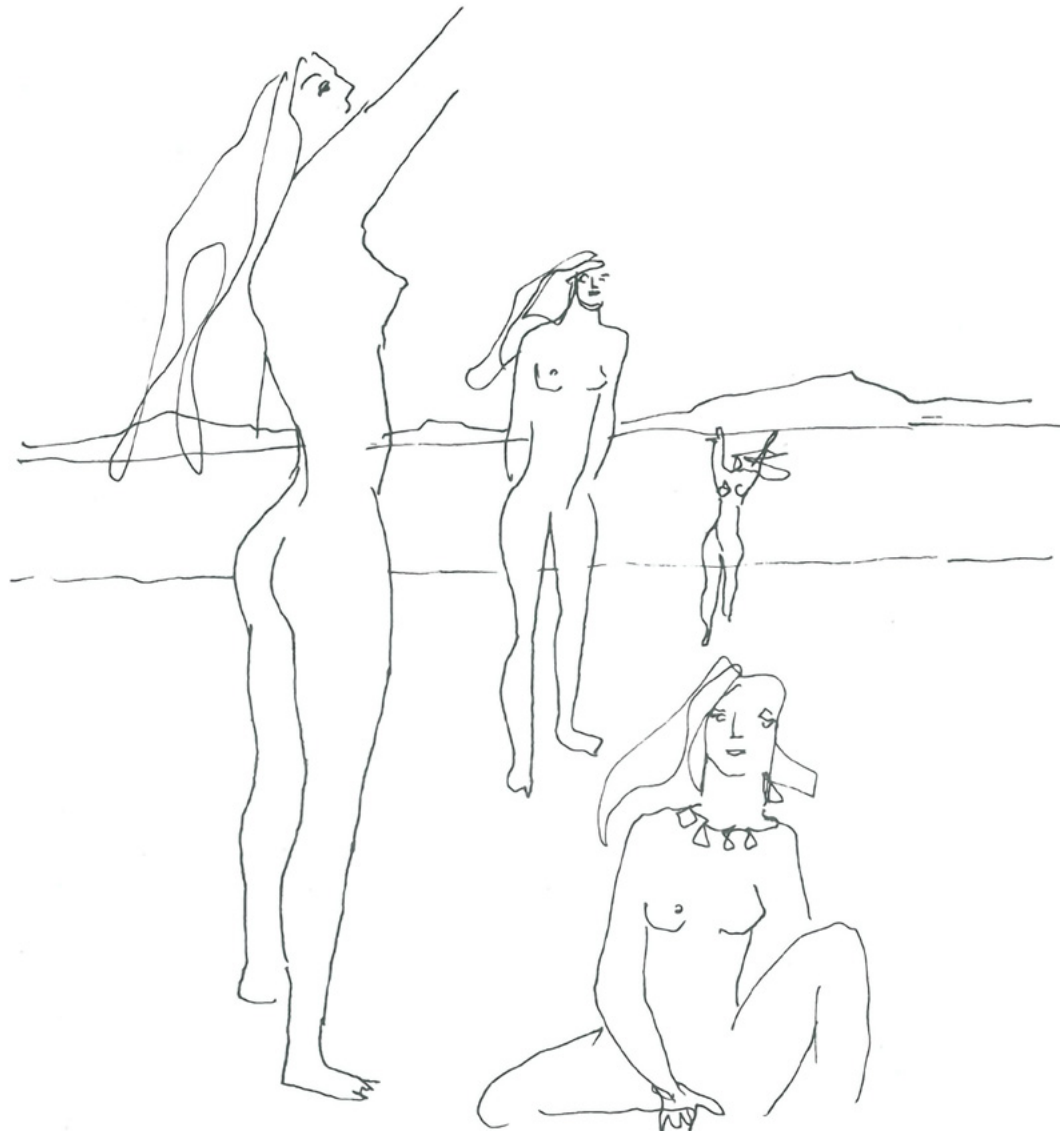
"Architecture, is construction and art. [...]The artistic value is perennial, enormous and priceless. It is a price without price and without wear. On the contrary, it increases over the years as men educate themselves to recognize it. The artistic value remains even in the ruins. The years run and wear away the material, while valuing the spiritual."⁴⁷

⁴⁷ João Batista VILANOVA ARTIGAS, *op. cit.*, p. 10. (Translated by author).

To the point of divinizing the world and earthly life, men inhabit the miracle of existence while listening to the metaphysical silence that emanates from the constructed matter. Architecture then appears "[...]as a luminous formation of clouds seen by the bacchants when they descend the mountains in flocks, as if a wonderful painting in the center of which the image of Dionysus is revealed to them."⁴⁸

⁴⁸ Friedrich NIETZSCHE, *op. cit.*, p. 57. (Translated by author).

Fig. 8: Drawing, Oscar Niemeyer.



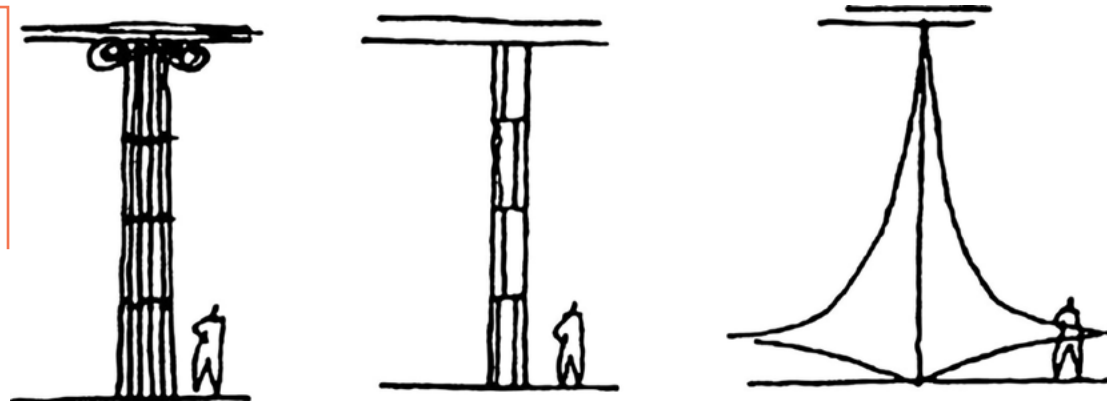
⁴⁹ Work designed by architect Oscar Niemeyer in Brasília.

⁵⁰ André MALRAUX apud Oscar NIEMEYER, *Minha arquitetura*, Rio de Janeiro, Editora Revan, 2000, p. 39. (Translated by author).

The French author André Malraux would come to say about his visit to the Palácio da Alvorada⁴⁹: "They are the most beautiful columns that I have seen after seeing the Greek columns."⁵⁰

We hypothesize that perhaps these columns are the same, if not in shape, at least in essence, in spirit, in will... They share the same time, both are simultaneously eternal and present, classic and modern.

Fig. 9: Drawing, Oscar Niemeyer.



“When the Dionysian powers rose with such impetus as we now experience them, Apollo, wrapped in a cloud, must also have come down to us; some future generation will contemplate its most exuberant manifestations of beauty. But anyone would instinctively feel the need for this effect if they had ever imagined themselves, even in dreams (...) strolling under rows of Ionic columns, looking up at a horizon sculpted of pure and noble lines, seeing reflections of their transfigured form in shiny marble, surrounded by people walking solemnly or with delicate movements, with harmonious sounds and rhythmic gestures[...]But, illustrious stranger, think also about this: how much have these people suffered to become so beautiful!”⁵¹

⁵¹ Friedrich NIETZSCHE, *op. cit.*, p. 140-141. (Translated by author).

Obrigado Brasil...

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Pedro António JANEIRO

*The Drawing and the “Cocoon-House” or The Drawing and the “Cocoon-Home”:
The blue and the other colors of the sky, and the greens under it.*

Lecture given at the *XIX INTERNATIONAL FORUM ‘LE VIE DEI MERCANTI’ WORLD HERITAGE and DESIGN for HEALTH*, Naples 15 July, Capri 16 and 17 July 2021.
(Double Blind Peer Review)

Abstract

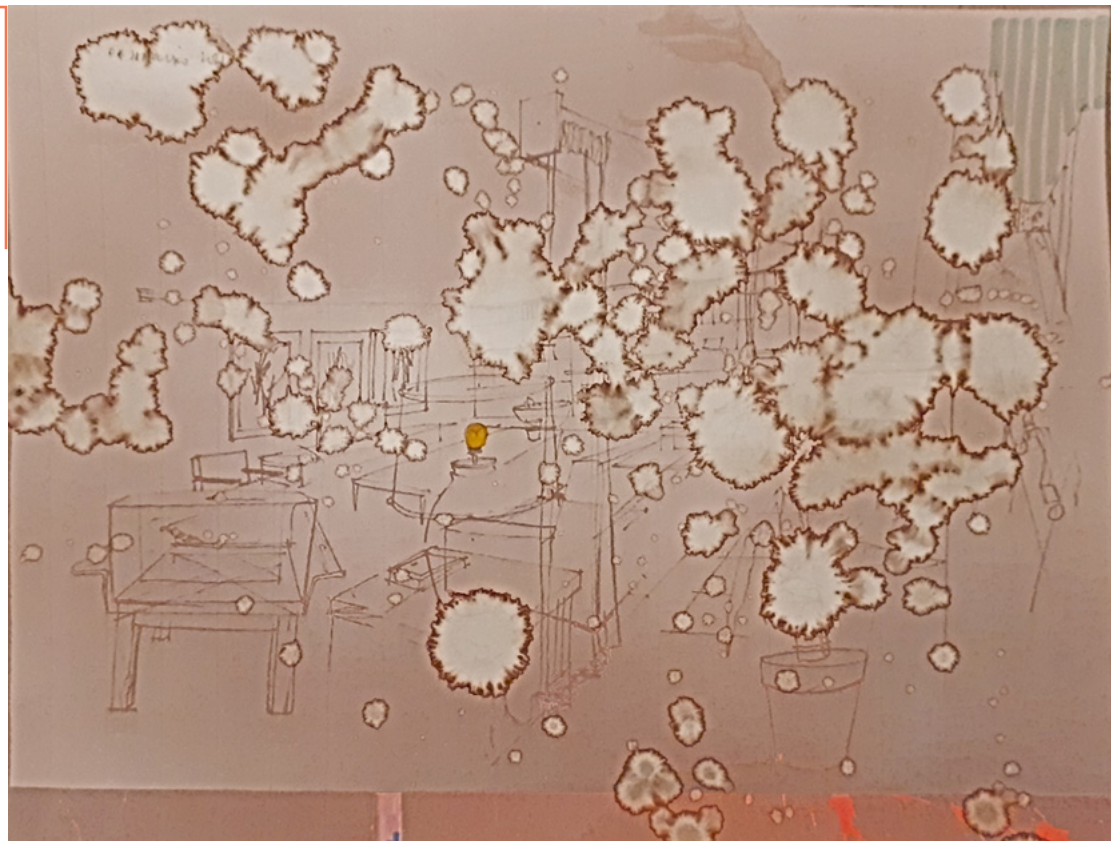
Perhaps the human being invented "the house" when he realized that his naked body was not enough to protect him from the *horrors of the world*.

Perhaps today "this house invented for this *naked body*", already expelled him from the idyllic unreal dreamed Paradise. This house, as an *other-body-invented*, is today, as never before, more than a shelter or a defense, more than a second skin or an other-self, more than a "corporal interval", as Aristotle called it... this house is *life* as it never was.

Keywords

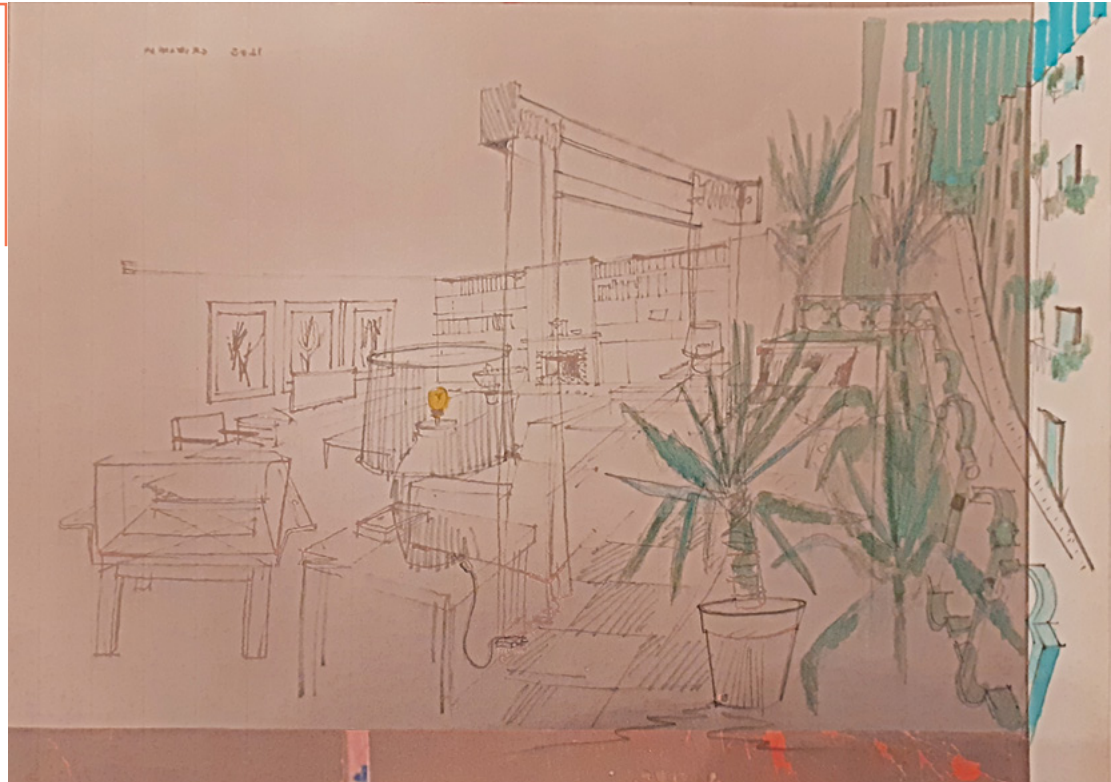
Drawing, architecture, house, home, cocoon.

Fig. 1: Pedro António Janeiro, pencil and watercolor on paper, 29X42 cm. Viscount of Talaia Collection.



“The house”, today, is so much more, it is more than a shelter, a defense, a protection, a trench, a receptacle, a cover, more than the Filarete cloud (or, ceiling?), creek, cove, port. “The house”, today, it becomes, is an amputation of the World.

Fig. 2: Pedro António Janeiro, pencil and watercolor on paper, 29X42 cm. Viscount of Talaia Collection.



Therefore, in this sense – as an amputated segment of the World – “the house” is a “cocoon”, although this amputation is provisionally a reality: “the reality”.

Amputated worlds, or amputations of the world, we know them many throughout the history of architecture: monasteries, convents, other panoptic jails, other cells, etc., voluntary or involuntary deprivations in the name of faith or necessity, or law.

But, to amputate the World is to establish another one: blue or any other colors that the sky admits, Franciscan, Benedictine, Dominican, Cistercian cloisters, or others; green Carthusian yards; but their inhabitants bodies free, even though imprisoned or cloistered or encased.

Nowadays, in this new way of *being* or *staying* "at home, in a cocoon", that's were architect's Drawing can act:

The importance of the courtyard, the cloister space, the balcony, the gallery, the greens of the plants, which are also impermanent and which also mark the passage of hours, the important trajectory off the sun, the time, is fundamental for human habitations, and plants, flowers and fruits; the importance of the colors that the sky takes on. Let us all remember Heidegger in 1952 in Darmstadt: "The Sky is the arched course of the sun, the alternating course of the moon, the wandering brightness of the stars, the seasons and their change, the light and twilight of the day, the darkness and the light of the night, the hospitable and the inhospitable of time, the passage of clouds and the bluish depth of the ether [...]."

"The house", nowadays, has become, is, in fact, an amputation of the World – a hyperbolic virus, which requires humans to encase, to encase "at home".

Fig. 3: Pedro Ant3nio Janeiro, pencil and watercolor on paper, 29X42 cm.



Houses have ceased to be the place where humans practically only sleep and take one or two meals, to become a Parallel-Verse of ablation, cutting, excision, mutilation of “outside World” (as defined by Phenomenology and Existentialism), to become a *World of being and staying*.

“The house” today has, in fact, become an amputation of the world – a virus has required humans to encapsulate themselves “at home”.

The architect, after all – the one who knows the sky colors of the cloisters of convents and monasteries, the one who knows *the arcuate course of the sun*, the one who knows the human and its *Metamorphosis*... can act: more than ever, courtyards, balconies, open air are needed.

“Stay at home” – “protect yourself”, “get away”.

But what exactly does it mean to “stay at home”?

Fig. 4: Pedro Antônio Janeiro, pencil and watercolor on paper, 29X42 cm.



Fig. 5: Pedro Antônio Janeiro, pencil and watercolor on paper, 29X42 cm.



The pandemic has further accentuated social differences between human beings.

“Staying at home”, if the house is a home with a garden or a patio, is different from “staying at home” if the house is an apartment.

“Staying at home” in an apartment without a balcony, in a house only made of one door, walls and windows, is different from “staying at home” if the house, as a device, has a generous balcony where, in addition to the sky, you can breathe the air in a different way – that space that advances and stretches like an arm to a body, like an isthmus to a peninsula, that extends out of the house, is where humans can water the plants, can see them grow and bloom, and, through them (through the changing shades of their greens, and the colors of their flowers that call the birds and the bees), feel time passing.

Time passing beyond the arched course of the Sun.

Fig. 6: Pedro Antônio Janeiro, pencil and watercolor on paper, 29X42 cm.



Fig. 7: Pedro Antônio Janeiro, pencil and watercolor on paper, 29X42 cm.



Fig. 8: Pedro Ant3nio Janeiro, pencil and watercolor on paper, 29X42 cm.



Away from the world, protected from the world, *at home*, we have observed, it is quite different for each human being in the times we're living at.

Architecture has always known that "the house", as a shelter, served to protect – "*La capanna*" as it is known by Treatises, at least since the Ten Books of Vitruvius. What Architecture did not know is that "the house", one day, would, in fact, become the necessary amputation of the world – one, in fact, delimited part of the space of the *continuum* of all space, a frontier. Architecture did not know that this "*domain*" – so well described by Moore and Allen, in *Dimensions of Architecture* –, which must respond to the perceptive and sensitive dimensions of its inhabitants, was, after all, such a fundamental wall, an essential "cocoon".

Fig. 9: Pedro Ant3nio
Janeiro, pencil and
watercolor on paper,
29X42 cm.



After all, an "amputation of the outside world" requires the "establishment of another world", an inside one. "Staying at home" means, not in a theoretical or philosophical sense, not within almost an osseous discourse, one effectively encapsulating or hermetically sealing, like the caterpillar is encased with thread filaments its house like a drawing – a *metamorphosis*(?) (*Μεταμορφ3ω*), such as Ovidius dialectics, that unites gods with mortals in a world in constant movement moved by balanced passions and desires. The caterpillar is encased, it is its destiny; the human being built cities, it is his becoming, it is his way of being able to fly.

Seldom, people, like the caterpillar, draw their own houses with thread filaments; therefore, it is up to the architect, and Architecture as a discipline, to do it for them, to draw these houses for these people, projecting them in order to become homes. There is, therefore, an ethical duty in the architect's job and its architectures: the necessary *amputation of the world and the establishment of another world*. A better one.

Tradition, Theory and History of Architecture have known this since the time when, for example, they designed and built cloisters, monasteries and convents, cells: while they were drawing them, they thought about the importance of the *alternating figure of the moon*; while they were building them, they thought of the *wandering glow of the stars*; while imagining them lived and inhabited, they tried to reach, through their design, the *bluish depth of the ether*. But, those, were drawings that satisfied deliberate and voluntary wills and faiths – nevertheless, the blue and the other colors of the sky, and the greens under it, always contemplated by its architects; in these spaces there is always something of Eden (as the two books of Genesis describe it); in these spaces, deliberately thought as excisions to the world, there is always something of a *natura naturans* as Spinoza said it; something that could bring or could restore the human being to return to the origin, an origin where the human being is no longer naked, unexposed, but protected from the dangerous looks and temptations of the *outside world*. Architecture and architects managed those excisions – just to mention two examples, among thousands, of the same typology: *Monastero di Santa Maria Scala Coeli*, in Évora, Portugal (1587); *Monastero della Certosa di Galluzzo* (1342), Firenze, Italy, which Le Corbusier curiously visited in 1907;

Le Corbusier learned from it...

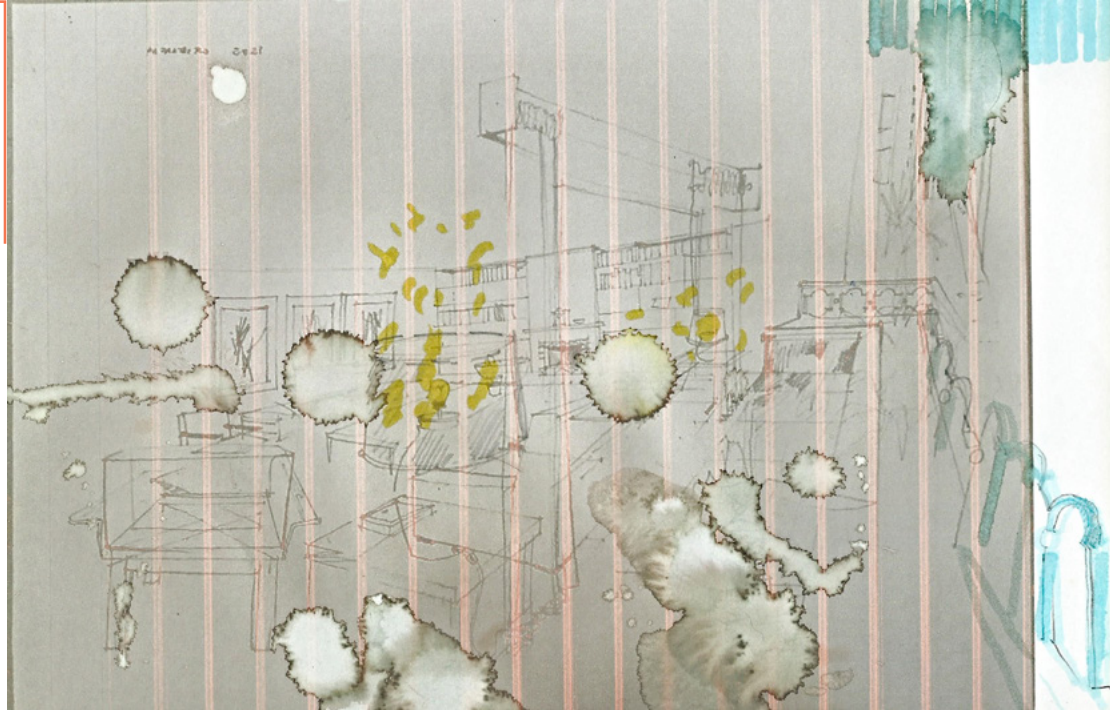
(...)

The human being remains naked (“naked”, not in the strict sense; “naked”, as “vulnerable”, as “helpless”, as “at mercy”); therefore, the architect must learn from drawings of spaces like these (learn even from those spaces built after the Council of Trent (1545-1563), and from the conservative shame of Innocent X, Clement XIII and, from the statues amputator, Pius IX in 1857), and apply that knowledge to the design of the houses to be drawn and built, as Le Corbusier did.

In monasteries or social districts, Eden can now be resurrected by Architecture so that, whenever necessary, *the seasons and their changes and the passage of clouds* can continue to exist, so that people who stay at home can breathe something from the world from which they were expelled.

This, or arrested behind bars.

Fig. 10: Pedro Antônio
Janeiro, pencil and
watercolor on paper,
29X42 cm.





José FERREIRA CRESPO

Architecture as shelter for the memory of the real.

Lecture given with the name "*Arquitectura como Refugio de la Memoria: Habitando lo Real*" presented for the **IV SEMINÁRIO INTERNACIONAL ARQUITECTURAS-IMAGINADAS: REPRESENTAÇÃO GRÁFICA ARQUITECTÓNICA E OUTRAS-IMAGENS, DIBUJO (...) CIUDAD (...) REMINISCENCIA**, a partnership between the Research Project "Arquitecturas-Imaginadas: Representação Gráfica Arquitectónica e 'Outras-Imagens'" of the Research Centre for Architecture, Urbanism and Design (CIAUD) of the Lisbon School of Architecture, University of Lisbon (FA/ULisboa) and the Departamento de Ideación Gráfica Arquitectónica of the Escuela Técnica e Superior de Arquitectura de Madrid, DIGA/ETSAM, which took place in ETSAMadrid, on the 17 and 18 of May in 2017. (By invitation)

ABSTRACT

This text seeks out to question the space of the virtual in contemporary reality: its presence in the social and intimate lives of people, and more concretely, in architecture. Similarly, this text attempts to reflect upon how architecture has contributed to the virtualisation of the world. On the other hand, in an evermore virtual reality, how can architecture help ground humanity? Before it becomes completely virtual...

"This is the story of a crime - the murder of reality. And the extermination of an illusion - the vital illusion, the radical illusion of the world."⁵²

⁵² Jean BAUDRILLARD, *O Crime Perfeito*, Relógio D'Água Editores, Lisboa, 1996, p. 20. (Translated by author).

This text may perhaps be frightening. This is not its purpose, however, perhaps a scare may alert us, so that we are aware of the gravity - both that of the theme, as well as the force of nature which grounds on earth. To the extent, that "we move away [...] more and more from the center of gravity (ours, that of the world)."⁵³

⁵³ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 63. (Translated by author).

There is no intention of turning this text into a macabre text that shows forth the end of the world, but apparently, given the reality in which we live, the best way to describe such it will be by means of the hyperbole as a figure of speech, precisely because of its similarity to the present state of things . We live today in a hyperbolic reality, where: "The image is itself the new reality, or hyper-reality - a virtual world suspended over the real world, floating in its own hermetically sealed envelope. We live in a world that has lost contact with its real-world referents [...]"⁵⁴

⁵⁴ Neil LEACH, *A Anestésica da Arquitectura*, Antígona, Lisboa, 2005, p. 16. (Translated by author).

We live in an increasingly virtual reality. Where the presence of the screen surpasses that of the real world, and separates us from it. The real is sought by us on the other side of the screen — taking the form of memory — we no longer remember to look for it on this side of the screen, in the material world, where our bodies are found among the ruins of a human past. Reality thus becoming a memory, one which we argue is urgent to evoke.

Thus, it may be pertinent to ask ourselves about the state of affairs. We have that right, as people, and as architects, that duty. Thinking about the role of architecture in today's times - especially when they run so quickly.

"In societies that are too fast, like ours, the effect of reality fades: acceleration causes the effects and causes to become disordered, linearity is lost in turbulence, reality, in its relative continuity, no longer has time to take place."⁵⁵

⁵⁵ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 73. (Translated by author).

So what is the place of architecture in the middle of all this? Are we contributing to this loss of consciousness? Will we be accomplices in this crime - that of murdering reality? Can we still save the memory of architecture → → ? If so, where is it to be found?

"Reality has been expelled from reality [...] But where did the constellation of meaning go?"⁵⁶

⁵⁶ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 73. (Translated by author).

The death of the real

Our attraction for the screen is similar to that of Narcissus for the mirror. Narcissus chose to chase his reflection in the water, drowning in the perfection of his own image. How about us? How can we save ourselves from the fatality of our own image? Before we find ourselves living too far from the margins that anchor us to reality ...

"Where do we get our energy from, that which is mobilized in the networks, if not the demobilization of our own body, the liquidation of the subject and the material substance of the world?"⁵⁷

⁵⁷ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 63. (Translated by author).

We alienate ourselves from the world, from reality. We alienate ourselves from our own selves. We are going through a state of loss of identity in which even the Self seems unreal, in the sense that we only exist if we find ourselves on the other side of the screen. We aren't anywhere, nor are we at all, until we post, or display, ourselves within the web. Such seems to be the proof of our contemporary existence.

It seems as if people exist only to the extent that they are part of the virtual world. Thus, the anxiety of living on the other side of the screen is only comparable to the suffering of no longer being in the real world. We feel that we are here, but in reality the presence is only partial, "[...] like the 'virtual' suffering of the phantom limb, which follows the amputation of the real limb (all virtual reality is the result of a surgical operation in the real world)".⁵⁸

⁵⁸ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 34. (Translated by author).

In this way, both the intimate and the social space have moved to a networked space that is not present and is invisible. Beg your pardon... a networked space, omnipresent and seen everywhere.

The personal and social space is thus cybernetic, and not only exists on the other side of the screen, it has overflowed towards us. We relate to others, and with ourselves, by means of a virtual language, we express ourselves through a language which belongs to the other side of the screen. We model our behaviour out of the example taken from fictional characters, characters which we may want to look like, or even worst: which we wish to embody. The show is no longer on the stage, but in the audience: "We are no longer spectators but performance actors, and increasingly integrated in its development."⁵⁹

⁵⁹ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 51. (Translated by author).

The virtual became thus reality, and "[...] while we could face the unreality of the world as a spectacle, we are defenceless in the face of the extreme reality of this world, in the face of this virtual perfection."⁶⁰

⁶⁰ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 51. (Translated by author).

The limit that separated the Real and the Virtual has vanished. The virtual is now real, and the real is virtual. We are always in front of the screen, our eyes have become projectors of a screen that is the world. These eyes are formatted, formatted to absorb all the visual information they can, and then immediately project it again.

⁶¹ Neil LEACH, *op. cit.*, p. 13. (Translated by author).

"It is a culture of copying, a society of saturation, the second flood. The world has become infinitely photocopied."⁶¹

⁶² *Myopia, or Nearsightedness*: From ancient the greek, *myopia*, meaning "short-sight", from *myops*, meaning "closing eyes".

We are continuously logged in and immersed in a kind of pixelated world. It seems to be one of the effects of *myopia*⁶² that originates in the flood of images that drown our vision. We suffer from a type of blindness that prevents us from seeing what is really in front of us, and from unveiling its meaning.

"In this shift towards a culture of simulation, the role of the image changes and ceases to reflect reality, starting to disguise and pervert the same reality. Devoid of reality itself, we are left with a world of images, of hyper-reality, of pure simulacrum. The detachment of these images from their complex cultural situation of origin, decontextualizes them. They are fetishized and judged by their appearance, at the cost of any further reading"⁶³

⁶³ Neil LEACH, *op. cit.*, p. 18.
(Translated by author).

Recently, a product called augmented reality was launched. According to a Google search, it is a technology that superimposes an image generated by computers, to that which the user has in the real world, thus providing a composite view. An interactive experience of a real-world environment where the objects that reside in the real world are enhanced by computer-generated perceptual information, sometimes across multiple sensory modalities, including visual, auditory, haptic, somatosensory and olfactory.

To a certain extent, there is nothing new here, as this is already the way in which we see the world, virtually. The reality is perceived as "(...) a generalized virtuality, which puts an end to the real through its promotion at all times."⁶⁴ On the other hand, in the hypothesis that we still live in a real world, what this new way of seeing the world does is to describe it to death. The so-called augmented reality, is in truth its opposite. It is a reduced and reducing reality that completely removes the possibility of increasing it by our own. We are no longer authors of our own world, in other words, there is an annihilation of any kind of subjectivity in the world. Such view model operates on the world by turning it hyper-objective. The world becomes, objectified, through an image filter. A filtered world.

⁶⁴ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 54. (Translated by author).

"We will enter, freed from ourselves, into the spectral universe and without problems. This is the great virtuality."⁶⁵

⁶⁵ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 63. (Translated by author).

It may, perhaps, all be considered as a sort of upgrade to the commercial advertising experience, which leads us to a similar end. Taking the example of the advertising poster, which captures "(...) the power of the commercialized image, and sells not only the product, but a lifestyle. This situation threatens to overwhelm the individual's decision-making capacity, as it is the market that starts to dictate what is allowed. In addition, such "experiences" can only

be lived, in essence, second-hand. The individual has to conform and subscribe to a predetermined model; the possibility of active participation in the construction of the world in which we live has been eliminated."⁶⁶

⁶⁶ Neil LEACH, *op. cit.*, pp. 102 and 103. (Translated by author).

In killing reality, we are mainly killing ourselves, but perhaps that is precisely the point. Our ultimate desire of withdrawing ourselves from the world without the sordid affair of a death per se. Rather, and on the contrary, a kind of immortality.⁶⁷

⁶⁷ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 64. (Translated by author).

"What is the most radical metaphysical desire, the deepest spiritual enjoyment? That of not existing, but seeing. Like God. Because God, precisely, does not exist, which allows him to look over the world in his absence. We too would like above all to purge the world of man in order to see it in its original purity. There we glimpse an inhuman possibility, which would restore the more-than-perfect shape of the world, without the illusion of the spirit, not even that of the senses. An exact and inhuman hyper-reality where we could finally enjoy our absence, and the vertigo of disembodiment. If I can see the world beyond my disappearance, it is because I am immortal."

It is a total reversion to the human condition that is a prisoner of its own mortality. Any streak of humanity is removed from being, so that it can become perfect and immortal.

"Is it not to escape this terrifying objectivity of the world that we are in the process of realizing it? Is it not to escape the ultimatum of a real world that we are in the process of making it virtual? [...] In a real world, death also becomes real, and secretes a dread of its own."⁶⁸

⁶⁸ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 63. (Translated by author).

The Being dies as a human in reality to become immortal in virtuality.

Architecture as an accomplice

⁶⁹ Juhani PALLASMAA, *The Eyes of the Skin, op. cit.*, p. 34.

"Architecture has become an endangered art form."⁶⁹

To what extent is architecture not structuring virtuality, helping in its overtaking of reality? Aren't we, architects, accomplices - of the

death of the real? of the world's de-realization? Aren't we, in our profession, moving further and further away from the real world?

"Today, architecture has become mere utility, technology and visual aesthetics, we can sadly conclude that it has abandoned its fundamental metaphysical task."⁷⁰

⁷⁰ Juhani PALLASMAA, *Mind in Architecture*, op. cit., p. 53.

Are we not consuming architecture instead of experiencing it, in its purely imagetical aspect? Carrying forward a sort of serial production, within the void of the screen, decontextualizing it, and emptying of meaning?

"(...) As a result of the techniques and practices within the studio, architects are increasingly distancing themselves from the world of real experience. The fetishization of the image decontextualizes it, ending the discourse of the discipline in the logic of aesthetics, in which everything has already lost much of its original meaning."⁷¹

⁷¹ Neil LEACH, *A Anestésica da Arquitectura*, Antígona, Lisboa, 2005, pp. 26-27. (Translated by author).

The word aesthetics itself has lost its original meaning. Aesthetics derives from aesthesia, its etymological root being the Greek word *aísthēsis* (αισθησις), meaning: sensation, feeling, perception. Now, the opposite of *esthesia* is anaesthesia. Strangely, this word is more familiar to us. Anaesthesia, meaning precisely the lack of sensations and feelings. The lack, we would say, of what makes us most human.

Paradoxically, aesthetics has lost its meaning. Aesthetic overproduction seems ironically now conducive of an opposite state, the excess of sensations or feelings brings us to a state of numbness and lethargy. Aesthetics has thus become anaesthetic.

"Sensory stimulation through images can cause a narcotic effect and mitigate our social and political awareness, keeping architects comfortably installed in their aesthetic cocoons and away from the real concerns of everyday life. In the intoxicating world of the image, the aesthetics of architecture threatens to transform, according to what is defended here, into anesthetics of architecture. Drunkenness through aesthetics leads to a drunken aesthetic, and consequently less critical awareness. The result is a culture of thoughtless consumption, with no space for meaningful speeches, in which seduction translates into the only operating strategy. Architectural design is reduced to a

⁷² Neil LEACH, *A Anestésica da Arquitectura, Antígona*, Lisboa, 2005, pp. 6-7. (Translated by author).

superficial play of empty forms of seduction [...]"⁷²

Architects are extremely vulnerable to the unrestrained absorption of images – perhaps due to the fact that architecture is in some manner built with, and towards the realization of images – making them voracious and insatiable consumers of visual manifestations.

The problem, however, lies in the images' lack of content, that is, under their magnificent appearance there lacks essence. They are empty. Now, most of the architecture produced today, we argue, is rooted in this same void. They are based on nothing.

⁷³ Neil LEACH, *A Anestésica da Arquitectura, Antígona*, Lisboa, 2005, p. 60. (Translated by author).

"The world has been aestheticized and anesthetized, emptied of content."⁷³

It is then rare for us to experience architecture in its real condition, I mean truly experiencing it, having direct contact with it. In exactly the same way that it is difficult for us to experience reality.

⁷⁴ Neil LEACH, *A Anestésica da Arquitectura, Antígona*, Lisboa, 2005, p. 101 (Translated by author).

"In the society of the spectacle, reality has remained so hidden under the accumulation of images - of spectacles - that it is no longer possible to experience it directly. Advanced capitalism has created a society of alienated individuals with no sense of genuine ontological experience."⁷⁴

Generalized *an-aesthesia*, the result of the flood of images, is in turn the cause of our loss of humanity. For how can a person be if she or he does not feel? We have become mere spectators of the visual spectacle that is our life. A life without senses.

⁷⁵ Neil LEACH, *A Anestésica da Arquitectura, Antígona*, Lisboa, 2005, p. 82 (Translated by author).

"The awareness we have gained in sensory terms [...] corresponds to a plan of indifference that covers everything else. This process creates its own sensory cocoon [...] around the individual, a kind of semipermeable membrane that ensures a state of constant satisfaction by filtering out everything that is undesirable. To aestheticize, therefore, means to fall blissfully into an intoxicating stupor, a kind of alcoholic fog, which serves to protect the individual from the outside world."⁷⁵

We build, for the most part, an architecture that competes only with advertising.

⁷⁶ Steven HOLL, *The Eyes of the Skin*, John Wiley & Sons Ltd, Chichester, 2005, p. 8.

"Throughout our world consumer goods propelled by hyperbolic advertising techniques serve to supplant our consciousness and diffuse our reflective capacity. In architecture the application of new, digitally supercharged techniques currently join the hyperbole."⁷⁶

Apparently, architecture has become a form of visual communication whose sole purpose is to sell itself, and convincingly enough for that matter, in order to justify its existence. Success depends, in large part, in its capacity to promote itself.

⁷⁷ Juhani PALLASMAA, *The Eyes of the Skin*, *op. cit.*, p. 30.

"Instead of an existentially grounded plastic and spatial experience, architecture has adopted the psychological strategy of advertising and instant persuasion; the buildings have turned into image products detached from existential depth and sincerity."⁷⁷

At the same time, it seems as if other arts follow the same path. They too are prisoners of the same dynamic of exaggerated advertising. The arts panorama tends to the same end. An infinite virtuality.

⁷⁸ Juhani PALLASMAA, *The Eyes of the Skin*, *op. cit.*, pp. 21 and 22.

"The dramatic shattering of the inherited construction of reality has undoubtedly resulted in a crisis of representation. We can even identify a certain panicked hysteria of representation in the arts of our time."⁷⁸

All these "products" should be eaten with the eyes, and never the expression: "One's eyes are bigger than one's stomach", made so much sense. Moreover, we are all eyes, if not to say exclusively...

⁷⁹ Juhani PALLASMAA, *The Eyes of the Skin*, *op. cit.*, p.22.

"The hegemonic eye seeks dominion over all fields of cultural production, and this seems to weaken our capacity for empathy, compassion and participation with the world (...) The world becomes a hedonistic and meaningless visual journey. It is clear that only the distancing and separating sense of vision is capable of such a nihilistic attitude; it is impossible to think of a nihilistic sense of touch, for instance, because to the unavoidable nearness, intimacy, veracity and identification that the sense of touch carries."⁷⁹

⁸⁰ Juhani PALLASMAA, *The Eyes of the Skin*, *op. cit.*, p. 21.

This retinal world "(...) is causing us to live increasingly in a perpetual present, flattened by speed and simultaneity."⁸⁰

When building an architecture that is only visual, we are not creating space, or giving way for our other senses to exist. The more that

architecture appeals only to the sense of sight, the more it reduces the experience of living as a total phenomenon.

"Architects soon forget the importance of our verticality (our spatial relationship with the world that defines our humanity, including our capacity for thought), our historicity (we are, effectively, what we have been), and gravity (the 'real world' of bodily experience into which we are born, and that includes our sensuous bond to all that is not human) [...] The result is an architecture both oblivious of its specific cultural context and of the experiencing body, hardly attuned to its intended programmes, and disengaged from its ethical imperatives."⁸¹

⁸¹ Alberto PÉREZ-GÓMEZ, OASE 58, *The Visible and The Invisible*, SUN Publishers, Amsterdam, 2001, pp. 36-3.

This is evident in the way of building architecture today, when "As compared with the old world of experiential reality and causality, our technologized world contains ever more elements of illusion, immateriality and a-causality. This feeling of dreamlike unreality is brought about by technologies that operate beyond the threshold of sensory perception and materials whose properties cannot any longer be detected by the senses."⁸²

⁸² Juhani PALLASMAA, *The Embodied Image*, op. cit., pp. 79 and 80.

In the same way any practice or theory of architecture that is based "[...] on a desimbodied view will therefore be proportionally inadequate to the the extent that it overlooks the embodiment of meaning. Examples of this shortcoming are certain types of computational modeling that disregard history and embodied consciousness [...] that architectural computational models cannot incorporate the prereflective and embodied dimensions and qualities that ground human meaning."⁸³

⁸³ Mark L. JOHNSON, *Mind in Architecture*, MIT Press, Cambridge, 2015, p. 40

The perversity of the new techniques of production and architectural representativeness still lies in the illusion of understanding the model represented as the final model, that is, constructed. That is, "with the new techniques, the traditional relation of representation and what is represented, is no longer seen as a dialectical process of disclosure, but as a 'direct presence' of reality."⁸⁴

⁸⁴ Dalibor VESELY, OASE 58, *The Visible and The Invisible*, SUN Publishers, Amsterdam, 2001, p. 60.

This type of illusion when carrying out the design aspect of a project logically has its consequences in its construction.

Where “[...] the detachment of construction from the realities of matter and craft further turns architecture into stage sets for the eyes, into a scenography devoid of the authenticity of matter and construction.”⁸⁵

⁸⁵ Juhani PALLASMAA, *The Eyes of the Skin, op. cit.*, p. 31.

“Computer imaging tends to flatten our magnificent, multi-sensory, simultaneous, and synchronic, capacities of imagination by turning the design process into a passive visual manipulation, in a retinal journey. The computer creates a distance between the maker and the object, whereas [...] creative work calls for a bodily and mental identification, empathy and compassion.”⁸⁶

⁸⁶ Juhani PALLASMAA, *The Eyes of the Skin, op. cit.*, p. 13.

We design unreally in order to build the same way. By building unreality, we undoubtedly become accomplices in the death of the real.

Now, “[...] how far can the world be unrealized before succumbing to its reality deficit [...]”⁸⁷

⁸⁷ Jean BAUDRILLARD, *op. cit.*, p. 26 (Translated by author).

Shelter the real

In this black scenario described so far, the role of architecture is vital. The importance of architecture lies in its ability to be a rooting force in the world, a rooting force of the real. It is a realizing force, insofar as it manifests the real.

This text defends an architecture capable of harbouring the memory of the real, creating memories rooted in the world, that is, in ourselves.

“When we speak of man and space, it sounds as though man stood on one side, space on the other. Yet space is not something that faces man. It is neither an external object nor an inner experience. It is not that there are men, and over and above them *space*; for when I say ‘a man’, and in saying this word think of a being who exists in a human manner — that is, who dwells — then by the “man” I already name the stay [...] among things.”⁸⁸

⁸⁸ Martin HEIDEGGER, *Building, Dwelling, Thinking, In Neil Leach, Rethinking Architecture: a reader in cultural theory*, Routledge, Oxon, 1997, p. 106.

Now, the survival of architecture is also the survival of humanity.

"The ultimate meaning of any building is beyond architecture; it directs our consciousness back to the world and towards our own sense of Self and Being. Significant architecture makes us experience ourselves as complete, embodied and spiritual beings."⁸⁹

⁸⁹ Juhani PALLASMAA, *The Eyes of the Skin*, *op. cit.*, p. 11.

It is through architecture that we relate to the world, with time, that is to say with reality. Therefore, we must build as if we were saving the world. Architects have that responsibility, that duty.

"The timeless task of architecture is to create embodied and lived existential metaphors that concretise and structure our being in the world [...] Buildings and towns allow us to structure, understand and remember the shapeless flow of reality and, ultimately, to recognise and remember who we are."⁹⁰

⁹⁰ Juhani PALLASMAA, *The Eyes of the Skin*, *op. cit.*, p. 71.

It is the task of architecture to save the world. Save the real, by being its shelter.

"Buildings do not merely provide physical shelter or facilitate distinct activities. In addition to housing our fragile bodies and actions, they must also house our minds, memories, desires and dreams."⁹¹

⁹¹ Juhani PALLASMAA, *Mind in Architecture*, *op. cit.*, p. 52.

Architecture should make an effort to remember how to build buildings with the whole body and for the whole body. Because "[...] existential meanings of inhabiting space can be wrought by the art of architecture alone."⁹²

⁹² Juhani PALLASMAA, in Alberto PEREZ-GOMEZ OASE 58, *The Visible and The Invisible*, SUN Publishers, Amsterdam, 2001, p. 26.

It is in this sense that we want to call your attention, and the word 'attention' is important here. The word 'attention' has its etymological root in the word, *tendere*, which in Latin means to reach by hand. Therefore, let us be attentive to the real and not to the virtual. Let us tend with our hands to the body of the world, and not to the screen. As architects, we must be aware. Really attentive. So that our hands reach reality, matter and not the emptiness of virtual space.

Let us commit ourselves, body and soul, to the resuscitation of reality. Resuscitation in the strict sense of the word, in the sense of giving soul to the world, to things... The appearance is not enough, let's continue looking for the essence. The essence of the world that resides in things. In matter.

"Postmodern life could be described as a state in which everything beyond our own personal biography seems vague, blurred, and somehow unreal. The world is full of signs and information, which stand for things that no one fully understands because they, too, turn out to be mere signs of other things. Yet the real thing remains hidden. No one ever gets to see it. Nevertheless, I am convinced that real things do exist, however endangered they may be. There are earth and water, the light of the sun, landscapes and vegetation; and there are objects, made by man [...]"⁹³

⁹³ Peter ZUMTHOR, *Thinking Architecture*, Birkhauser, Basel, 2006, p. 16.

It is not up to architecture to de-materialize, it is not its essence. It exists in its material form, in its capacity for materialization, for fulfilment. The derealization of architecture has no place in the world. There is, in fact, no place for its derealization. Why do we insist on doing it? Are we ashamed of its body - of architecture? Or of our own-human?

"The material presence of things in a piece of architecture [...] that is what I would call the first and the greatest secret of architecture, that it collects different things in the world, different materials, and combines them to create a space [...] To me it's a kind of anatomy we are talking about. [...] The body! Not the idea of the body - the body itself! A body that can touch me."⁹⁴

⁹⁴ Peter ZUMTHOR, *Atmospheres*, Birkhauser, Basel, 2006, pp. 21-23.

This is where we live, this is our home. In architecture. In the world. Here we are whole. We are human here. We are real.

"Architecture as an art communicates to us the possibility of recognising ourselves as complete, in order to dwell poetically on earth and thus be wholly human."⁹⁵

⁹⁵ Alberto PEREZ-GOMEZ, OASE 58, *The Visible and The Invisible*, SUN Publishers, Amsterdam, 2001, p. 38.

The destiny of the human being is thus linked to that of architecture. Architecture is the home of human beings on earth. Where everything that is human is incorporated. Without architecture there is no human being, as it is the shelter of his or her existence.

It is then up to us to shelter mankind. Its memory.

Architecture cannot forget ...

"Perhaps creating is nothing more than remembering deeply." (Rilke)

Once again, we ask for your understanding. As obscure and pessimistic as this text may be, it only wishes to bring to light a series of questions which we think are of importance. This text had no other purpose than to raise questions. If the reader does not see him or herself in what has been written here, by all means you are free to forget it. On the other hand, and in the slightest possibility that the reader can relate, at least in part, to what has been said, then please commit it to memory.

"As our consumer and media culture contains increasing manipulation of the human mind, in the form of thematised environments, commercial conditioning and numbing entertainment, art has the mission to defend the autonomy of individual experience and provide the existential ground for the human condition. One of the tasks of art is to safeguard the authenticity of the human experience. The settings of our lives are irresistibly turning into a mass produced and universally marketed kitsch. In my view, it would be ungrounded idealism to believe that the course of our culture could be altered within the visible future. But it is exactly because of this pessimistic view of the future that the ethical task of artists and architects, the defence of the authenticity of life and experience, is so important."⁹⁶

⁹⁶ Juhani PALLASMAA, in Alberto PEREZ-GOMEZ, *op. cit.* p. 24.

We believe that it is through architecture that we take root in reality. That it is our foundation on earth. If it has always served as a shelter from the dangers of the natural world, it must today serve as a shelter from the dangers of the virtual world. Architecture has the capacity to return us to ourselves: "Architecture is born of the body, and when we experience profound architecture we return to the body."⁹⁷

⁹⁷ Juhani PALLASMAA, *Mind in Architecture*, *op. cit.* p. 70.

So, instead of being an accomplice to the derealization of being, architecture should seek to ground itself in the memory of that which is real.

For "[...] the higher we want to build, the deeper must be the foundations."⁹⁸

⁹⁸ Dalibor VESELY in in Alberto PEREZ-GOMEZ, *op. cit.*, p.60.

Architecture cannot forget ...

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Pedro António JANEIRO

*The Heuristic of Drawing
and its Apparent Laterality to
Architecture:
Hanks, knots and balls of yarn.*

in memoriam Francisca da C. Carvalho

Lecture accepted to be given at the **42nd International Conference of Representation, Disciplines Teachers, Congress of Unione Italiana per il Disegno, Reggio Calabria and Messina**, "*CONNECTING, drawing for weaving relationships*", 16-17-18 September 2021.
(Double Blind Peer Review)

"Connecting, drawing for weaving relationships", a memory:

I remember so well how I, as a child, opened the hank of wool yarn with my arms, stripping it (saving it from its knots), while my grandmother, from her right hand, involving the thread that came out of the hank, rolled it in her left hand, building a ball as a sphere.

When I was a child, my grandmother Francisca was a sphere builder; but, not just spheres, because she built other beauties later with those spheres of yarn... I did not know as a child, the cosmologies, neither from Aristotle nor from Ptolemy, whose models are so detailed described; nor did I know about Duhem's instrumentalist conception about Ptolemy to determine the existence or non-existence of the epistemological conflict between realism and instrumentalism in Greek astronomy; neither of Hegel's Aesthetics; nor of Kant's Beauty; nor even less about the resurrected Ether of which, in Darmstadt, on 5 August 1951 Heidegger spoke to tell us Mortals between Earth and Sky.

Fig. 1: Hank.



Fig. 2: Ball of yarn.



From my memory...:

From the incredibly strange, anamorphic and meaningless hank, embarrassed and full of knots to the sphere of the ball, a line ran. From my open arms to my grandmother's right hand, that wrapped a harmony around her left hand, I remember the time (the time it took to process – the time it took to process the chaos of the hank into a logos in a ball.

I only learned about my concern about Time a Drawing takes after having had contact with Metaphysics and Aristotle's eleven concentric spheres made of a fifth unalterable element, a perfectly transparent substance known as ether, one immediately beyond blue, one blue in transcendence, in a coma. At that time, I was also unaware of Eudoxus and Callipus.

I remember the time that it took the hank to become a sphere, to be a time in suspension, a *kairós* [καιρός], a sensitive time that does not make the hands of the clock move – as when I drew, and draw, houses, naked bodies in flesh, faded, or pliers or knives that cut, or any other visible or imagined object, or houses above all,

or drawings of street skies and other ethers in cities – a feeling, a phenomenologically felt time.

Even today for me to draw is this: it means solving the knots of the hank, taking the end of a line, which lives in a pencil or a ballpoint pen, and putting in order (my order) the violent chaos of the dense and complex world, full of us waiting to be unleashed; then, with the running line, weave a pattern on a surface.

Perhaps because of this, drawing interests me more as a process than as a product. I am more interested in the running line than the finished ball; the process more than the product; more unknitting than the knots; the process of weaving the lines than the drawing after it is done. I am interested, therefore, the process between, the becoming of the caterpillar while building its cocoon in the hope of being anything-else, flying, fulfilling its *natura naturans* (I also met Spinoza long after I was that child with open arms to see the sphere to be built while hopping the construction of other beauties).

When I draw houses, I am more interested in the house that is being thought while it is being drawn than the finished house, ready that I offer to the world.

Drawing is the time of this process, the opportune, right or supreme moment that grabs the house that does not yet exist, but that comes to existence as a promise on a sheet of paper.

For this reason, there are no correct drawings or wrong drawings: there are effective drawings or ineffective drawings. The “expression” is the effectiveness in the communication.

About drawing:

I am more interested in the gesture that the hand makes, how often it stops, the speed with which the line travels from the hank to the ball of yarn than the hank or the ball. I am more interested in the resolution of the chaotic knots that the world or the imagination presents to us than, sometimes, my logic, or my way of saying through lines, harmonic spheres...; I am interested, above all, in the time of this happening.

Who draws knows that, while drawing, time seems to stop: a kind of putting the world in parentheses while we see the line being made into something, a Husserlian *epoché*, a kind of ek-stase as Heidegger presents it in the *Essence of the Fundament*.

Once the balls of yarn made, my grandmother used them to build sweaters and blankets (there was, therefore, also in potential in the disorder of the hank a hope, a desire, an objective: through the use and time of the line, there was the temperature, the fabric, hopping the human comfort of these blankets or sweaters).

Fig. 3: Blanket; wool, 170x110 cm, Francisca da C. Carvalho e Maria Luísa Tavares Janeiro, 1979.



However, when I was a child at my grandmother's house, with these colored wool threads: I tied the door handle (of this little room where we used to have lunch) to the lamp; and from the lamp to the table leg; and from the table leg, the wool thread well stretched, up to the nail on which was hunged a blue watercolor by the Swiss Fred Kradolfer (an underwater landscape of a tulip that the Dutches had forgotten to invent); and from there, from that steel nail that is

still there, the line was carefully stretched to the lamp shade that was on top of a small table near the sofa; and from there to the key (yellow metal with letters cut out to write OLAIO) that closed the cabinet door where the white and cobalt blue plates was kept; and from there to there; and from there to there, a thread of wool was traveling; until, after a few hours of work, as if in a web, I stopped marveling at how that room, through my intervention, had gained other meanings.

About those other meanings that the line may have or gain, we built, many years later, we made plastic interventions in the city of Narni, Italy, in the Workshop *Il Tempo e il Divenire: Disegno e Interventi Artistici a Narni, no IX SEMINARIO INTERNAZIONALE DI PROGETTAZIONE ARCHITETTONICA "ARCHITETTURA CITTA' TERRITORIO IN TRASFORMAZIONE, TRADIZIONE – CONTEMPORANEITÀ– SOSTENIBILITÀ, RIFLESSIONI PROGETTUALI SUL RECUPERO DEI CENTRI STORICI", "Micro/Macro – Architetture per il territorio ed il centro storici"*, in July 2011. Also a good memory, that I can show some images:

Fig. 4,5: *Workshop Il Tempo e il Divenire: Disegno e Interventi Artistici a Narni, 2011.*

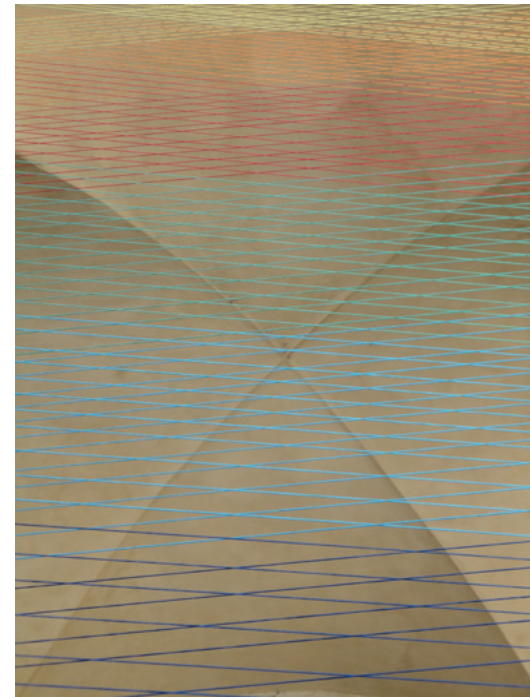


Fig. 6,7: *Workshop Il Tempo e il Divenire: Disegno e Interventi Artistici a Narni, 2011.*



I didn't know it at the time, but I was building three-dimensional drawings in the room where I had lunch at my grandmother's house.

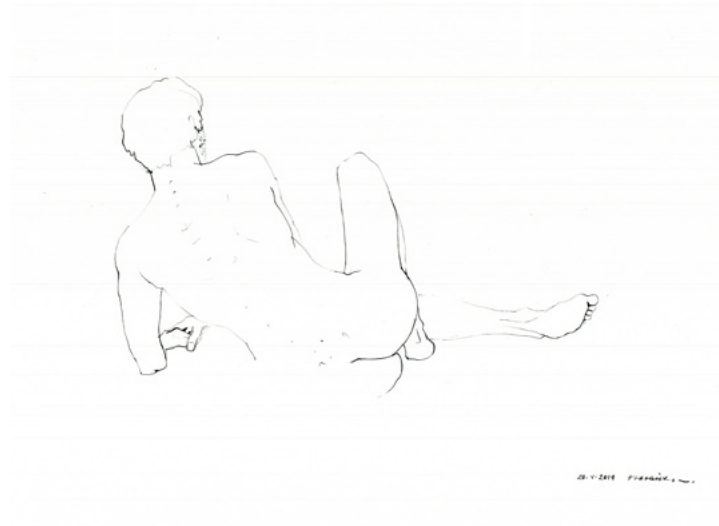
After all, the line that comes out of the pencil graphite is not that different from the line that comes out of the ball of thread: in "intentionality" it is the same; in will of the body, and use, they are the same; the same that counts Pseudo-Apollodoro, the line of Ariadne and Theseus in the labyrinth of Daedalus. "[...] the thread in the labyrinth is the moral thread.", says Deleuze in *The Mystery of Ariana*.

In my grandmother Francisca's lunch room, with the thread I connected everything to everything as in a fractal or as a mathematician 'curve stitch' by Mary Everest Boole at the end of the 19th century – my "installation" made certain aspects of the room to be more visible, more noticed. The line I used pointed to certain aspects that would probably go unnoticed by the inhabitants of that space forever. This is because the eyes follow the line.

In addition to the aesthetic aspects of the installation, it seems that the thread, that line, had almost a signaling function that removed certain objects or characteristics from anonymity that without it, without this installation of colored wool threads, no one would ever, out of habit in the use of that space, would have seen. My installation, my 3D drawing with line, woke up space and awakened the objects that constituted our daily heritage; it gave them another meaning: from anonymous they became protagonists; they could be seen.

That child, as a child, died.

Fig. 8,9: Pedro António
Janeiro, 2019.



Today:

The function of the pencil is, while I am using it, to drop a line. The graphite cylinder that lives in the dark of my cedar pencil, in molecule, is a diamond (a carbon in its purest state); its function is, through me, my body, to find the glow that oozes through the contours of things that make up what I call *world*. The graphite of my pencil, or the cubic centimeters of ink in my pen, can potentially build a thousands of meters long line.

From the tip of my pencil or pen, if I press them against a surface, the world seen and drawing done, curled up as in a sphere, emerges from the *disordered world* as in a wool hank: a world reconstructed by lines saying frontiers between figures and backgrounds; like a thread at the weaver's loom, light and dark; points that start and end a drawing, ended sentences if I use them to write.

I do this with my hand, like my grandmother did it with her hand.

I think there is, in this memory that I told you, a common goal: hope.

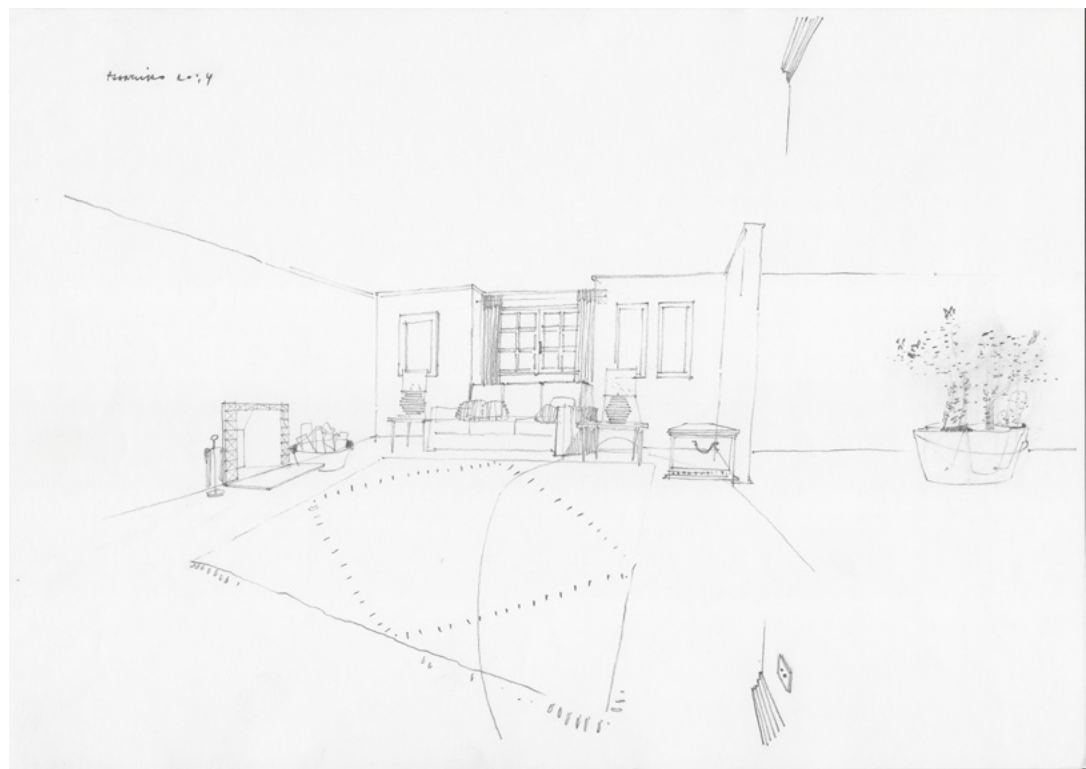
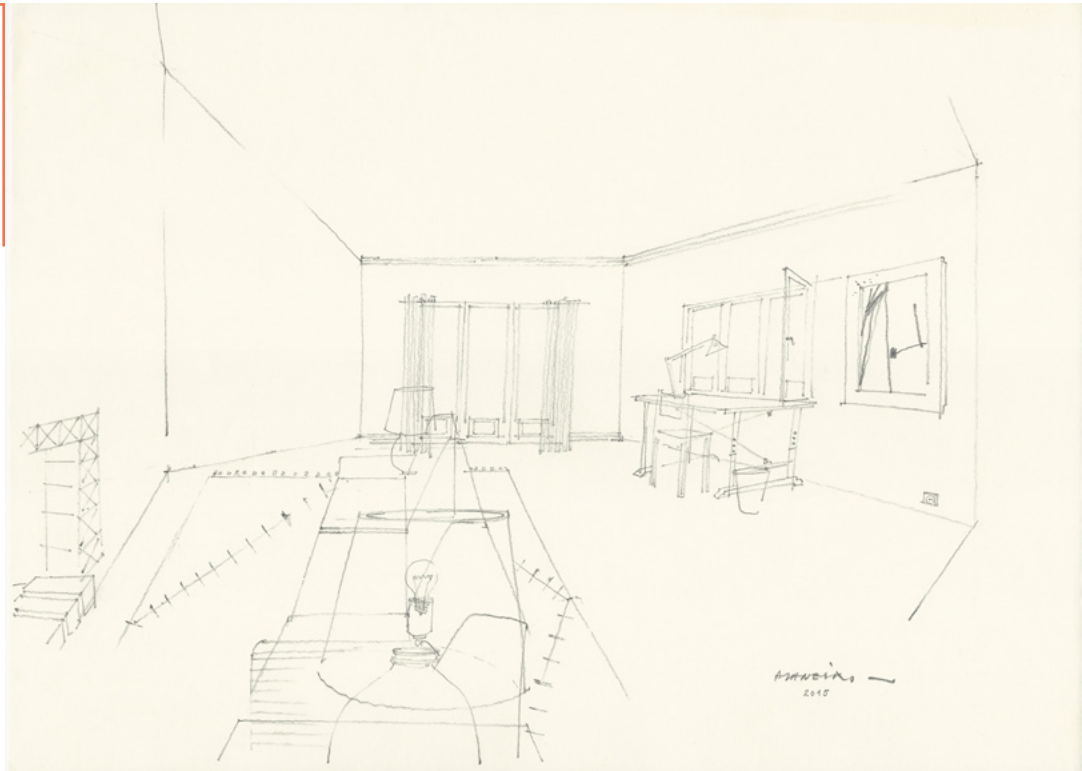
My grandmother Francisca was untying the hank of wool to make spheres to make blankets and sweaters; I am untying the world to draw houses – there is a similar objective: the comfort of the human body that is naked and at the mercy; but that with sweaters and blankets it is provided; but that with a house that shelters human bodies are defended. Comfort, however, should not only be understood here as a reaction to temperature, but as a feeling of fullness that Aesthetics focuses on and that Architecture, as a discipline and as a project, does.

Full-Feeling: Drawing, Drawing and the House:

Points, centimeters, meters, kilometers of line. A line asleep inside my pencil, chaotic, meaningless, in a cylinder; but, that my body, freely through it, decides to wake up the things of the world by weaving.

We can identify in drawing, which simulates and anticipates the architectural object, the existence of an internal space, a virtual space conquered beyond the marked surface. In order for us to see it, it will be necessary to resort to a special type of technical drawing that we can call a *scheme* – a graphical representation that synthesizes an idea, a fact, a concept, a principle, a model, a process, among other knowledge, which, to a certain extent, aims to highlight and thus facilitate the understanding and communication of structural, hierarchical or causal relationships between the various elements that make up this information. Thus, we can consider that those visual representations have an interior where, by simulation, the mechanisms that constitute architecture as a device come to reside.

Fig. 10,11: Pedro Ant3nio
Janeiro, 2019.



Therefore, in this kind of simulation on a surface, there is an internal articulation whose objective is simulation.

Therefore, it will not be a cause for scandal if we say that the current representation process (based on a "stigma of realism", as Francastel says it) that architecture use had its beginning in Renaissance painting – the Renaissance painting that, trying to shorten the distance between representation and represented, tried to seduce the eyes with the aim of establishing a total climate (a total experience of the object to be built by a simulated invitation); as well, it will not be entirely unreasonable to compare architectural drawings (an eminently technical representation, because it is instrumentalized in the sense of construction) with images produced in the Renaissance.

But, let us establish this comparison in a different way: the drawing – the technical images that assist architects and architecture (and Renaissance images which gave rise to the first ones) are at a same heuristic level. And why heuristically similar?

Because, if by *heuristic* we understand the capacity of a system to make innovations and to develop techniques in an immediate and positive way for a certain purpose; because, if the heuristic capacity can be described as the faculty of discovering and/or inventing and/or solving problems through creativity and, in the absence of a better term, *lateral thinking*, then "heuristic", seems to be the appropriate word.

The type of drawing that serves architecture and, through which, the architectural object is built, is, after all, nothing but a lateral thought to architecture itself – "to architecture", meaning: the relationship that can be established between that drawn object, which this image suggests and anticipates, and human, its inhabitant. And, why, lateral?

Because, after all, human does not inhabit the image in the same way that inhabit the object that that image suggests to be inhabited. Imagea, after all, are inhabited only by the eyes; the architectural object, after all, is totally inhabited by the body, and in all its extension.

This heuristic level, of which we spoke, is, on the other hand, architecture itself – as space management (*or, better, as delimitation of a part of the locus continuum*), and as a device.

Technical images in architecture, such as what happens, after all, with the Renaissance images – especially those provided by painting –, seek a spatialization, through the summarized and schematic simulation (in the sense that they are simplifications of a more saturated and complex reality), equivalent or analogous to the real.

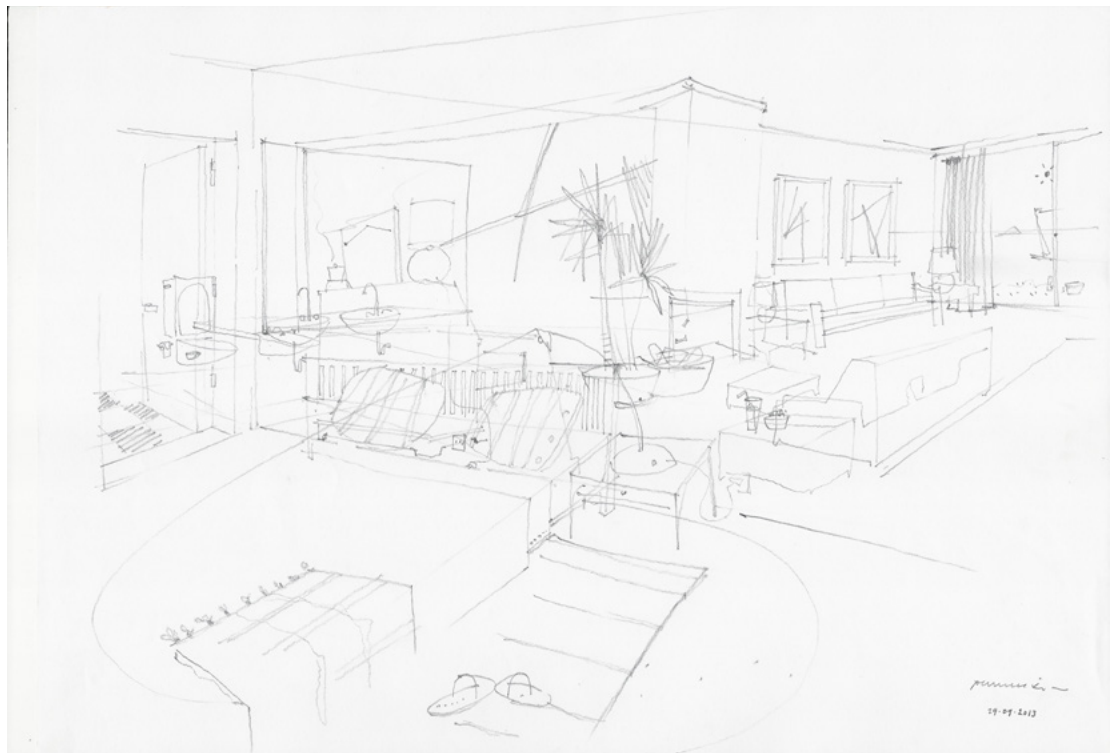
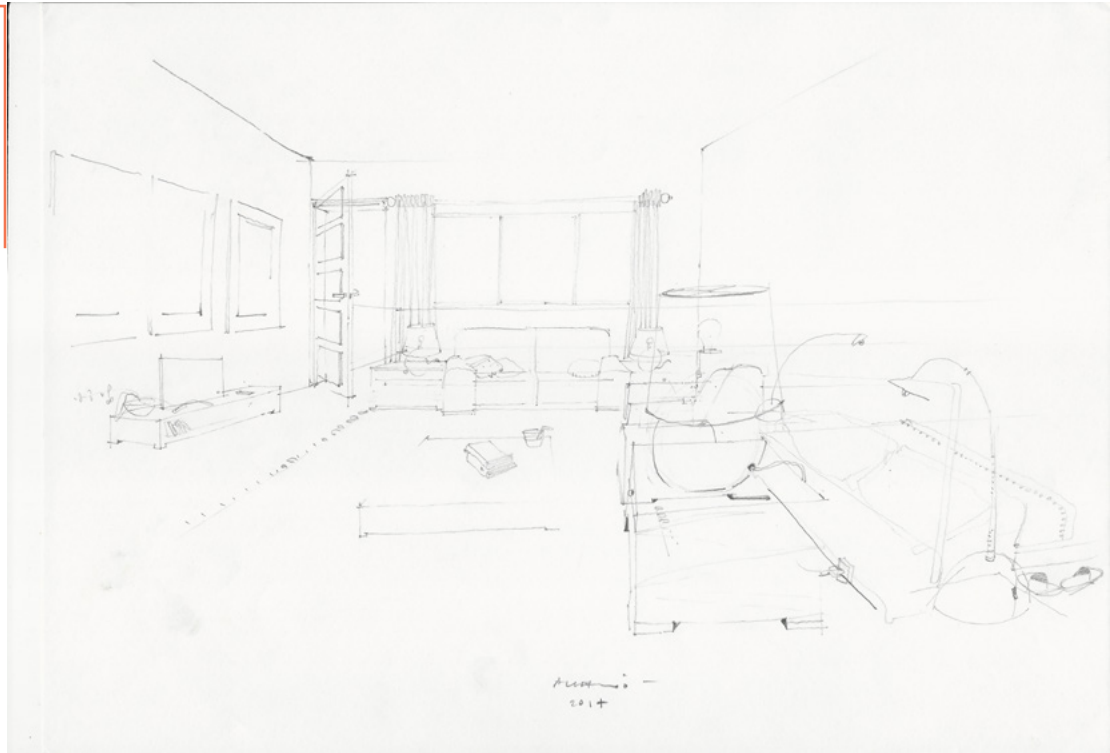
Image, as a simulation, puts in schema the complexity of the architectural organism; but, even so, it will always remain far from the effective experience, far from pleasures that can be discovered in space, *in locus*. It is image itself, it is drawing itself, as an instrument of projecting in architecture, who can sometimes deny that possibility of pleasure in space, when architecture should be no more than that – pleasure or happiness. How many times do we come across architectures that are only the result of drawing exercises that ignore the inhabitant?

Finally, we compared technical images of architecture (those within architecture is thought) with the images of the Renaissance. Let us look a little more.

From a phenomenological point of view, between the pictorial image and the technical image, there are some differences.

These differences remain with the objective, with the sense for which they were realized: if the pictorial image finds its purpose in itself (it simulates a space beyond the opacity of the surface on which it is configured, and does not seek beyond that space where a particular narrative can happen); the technical image, which also simulates a space beyond the opacity of the surface, seeks, in doing so, to foresee an object and a space to be built according to its own way of presenting it (the technical image expresses the intention of the existence of a new space). This new space is promised in and by the image, by Drawing – and it stands between it, which anticipates it, and its three-dimensional consequence. It is this new space that comes out of the image that, in three dimensions, is offered for use.

Fig. 12,13: Pedro António
Janeiro, 2017, 2013.



Even more: we can consider this new space as a three-dimensional multidimensional image. And why multidimensional?

Because they are images that the architect makes appear in three-dimensionality – transferred from the simulation of the technical image, from the drawing, to the three-dimensionality; and pluridimensional because, once in three-dimensionality, time acts on it (space).

Time – which was inert in the simulacrum, because, from the space, the architect, is only able to establish contact with its representation – breaks out of image and manifests itself, breaks out indirectly, over the space previously simulated. The space transferred from simulation to three-dimensionality will be constituted by the human within a dynamic of succession-of-images-movement-in-time. From the simulation of space to experimentable space, we move from a level of inert-time-images (*simulacrum of space*) to a succession of images-movement-in-time (experimented space). Obviously different levels.

Time, always the time ...



Pedro José FERREIRA CRESPO,
Pedro António JANEIRO

*The Place(s) of Drawing(s) in
Architectural Heritage: The
Drawing, The Building, The
Dwelling and its Seed. Noronha
da Costa as an Architect.*

Chapter published in Book *XVII INTERNATIONAL FORUM LE VIE DEI MERCANTI, "WORLD HERITAGE AND LEGACY – CULTURE, CRIATIVITY, CONTAMINATION"*, organization by Carmine Gambardella, UNESCO, with the title "*The Place(s) of Drawing(s) in Architectural Heritage: The Drawing, The Building, The Dwelling and its Seed. Noronha da Costa as an Architect.*", GangemiEditore International, Rome, ISBN: 978-88-492-3752-8, 2019, pp. 150-159.

(Double Blind Peer Review – International Indexed ISI WEB OF SCIENCE)

Abstract

From an architectural standpoint, drawing is the first symptom in the path towards building, as such, it is also the outset of dwelling. The inaugural line drawn out on paper gives birth to a *poetical* process, seeking to unveil a physical entity from an image. While in formation it already shelters a promise of existence — a dream. In gestation, it is already *bringing-forth* an idea: summoning life to presence, to take place.

A drawing is a *dawning*...

Whilst still in a seminal stage, the building is already taking roots in its own drawing, it is becoming.

It unfolds towards us in search of an anima — a soul. This animation happens through the movement of our *settling-in* its realm. Whether it be lifelike or not, the drawing/building will live a life once inhabited: it will start *becoming* before our eyes; It will branch out and shelter us.

Why does this happen?

We do not know. Perhaps, because “[...] *poetically, man Dwells on this earth.*”⁹⁹

⁹⁹ Friedrich HOLDERLIN
apud Martin HEIDEGGER.
... *Poetically Man Dwells* ...
in Neil LEACH, *Rethinking
Architecture: A Reader in
Cultural Theory*, New York,
Routledge, 1997, p. 111.

This text seeks to explore the poetical dimension of architecture, focusing on *Drawing* and *Drawings*: as way(s) of Building and Dwelling. *Drawings* belonging to the sphere of architecture reveal an underlying foundation which is invisible in actual buildings, such *poetic* structure is as vital as any physical structural system in sustaining the existence of architecture. In this sense, their place in architectural heritage is of unique importance. Noronha da Costa, a case to be studied.

Keywords:

Architectural Drawings, Architectural Heritage, Architectural Representation.

*"If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me [...]"¹⁰⁰*

¹⁰⁰ Web: <http://shakespeare.mit.edu/macbeth/full.html>

A drawing is a dawning...

It's diffuse emergence sets an atmosphere for our dwelling, sheltering us. Drawing is the building becoming, it is the animation, the giving of a soul to a body, that of the building, in formation. A seminal movement by which a building comes forth to us in first instance, evoking that which it may be, that is its nature, which is to say, a promise, or perhaps a dream...

It is not the building, as finished object — if that is ever the case — but rather a may-be, an entity which may, or may not, take physical form. However, it exists, or it lives, in, and through, a suggestive state, manifesting itself through a dream-like atmosphere and meanwhile lying in dormancy. Only to be awakened by our senses.

Therein, in in such atmosphere, (it) lies in-formation, presence is all the while taking form through a gestative process. One might say that in the drawing, much like in the work of art, "[...] *the truth of an entity has set itself to work. 'To set' means here: to bring to a stand. Some particular entity, [...] comes in the work to stand in the light of its being. The being of the being comes into the steadiness of its shining.*"¹⁰¹

¹⁰¹ Martin HEIDEGGER, *Origin of the Work of Art*, in Martin HEIDEGGER, *Poetry, Language, Thought*, New York, Harper & Row, 1971, p. 35.

The drawing, as building, becomes before our eyes. Our eyes are informed by (and of) it's becoming. Furthermore, our body is somehow involved within it. We intuit its presence, its being, its wonder... By mentioning intuition, we mean "[...] our most exacting sense. It [intuition] is the most reliable sense. It is the most personal sense that a singularity has, and it, not knowledge, must be considered [our] greatest gift. If it isn't in wonder [we] needn't bother about it."¹⁰²

¹⁰² Louis KAHN, *Lecture at Pratt Institute in Louis KAHN, Essential Texts*, New York, W. W. Norton & Company, 2003.

Whilst still in a seminal stage, the building is already taking roots in its own drawing, it is becoming. Still it does so unmeasurably and "[...] *the more deeply a thing is engaged in the unmeasurable, to more deeply lasting is its value. [...] and so I think that what [one feels is], again, just wonder, [...] a great feeling — without reservation, without*

¹⁰³ Louis KAHN, *op. cit.*, pp. 269 and 270.

¹⁰⁴ KAHN, Louis *op. cit.*, p. 270.

¹⁰⁵ Martin HEIDEGGER, *op. cit.*, p. 38.

obligation, without accounting for [one's self], just the closest in-touchness with [one's] intuitive wonder."¹⁰³ and "[...] from wonder must come realization [...]"¹⁰⁴

Such realisation may come by means of physical and material building, but if we are to believe that to draw is also to build — which we do — then a drawing which is animated by our being, as makers or as spectators, is fulfilled, and as such, realised. It accomplishes *Being*. The drawing, again, much like the work of art, "[...] opens up in its own way the Being of beings. This opening up, i.e., this deconcealing, i.e., the truth of beings, happens in the work."¹⁰⁵

Fig. 1: Noronha da Costa, *Untitled*, 1972. Cellulose paint and oil on canvas. 192x 114,5 cm. Private Collection.



The drawing opens up to being, in other words, it is, and what it is is already building. It is so, in the truest of ways, by doing what a building does, this is: to build. So, even if the drawing does not assume the physical form of a *proper* building, it is already working towards building, for that is its essence. It holds within it the potential, or better, the will to be a building, however, when perceived by itself – holding no relation to the place it envisions – the drawing works within, towards being itself, which is: a promise.

The word Promise, etymologically, comes from the latin *promissum*, which implies the action of *promittere* (promising), meaning: to send forth, to let go, to foretell – from *pro* “before”, which in turn has its root in the Proto-Indo-European language: *per-* “forward,” hence “in front of, before” + *mittere* “to release, let go; send, throw”.

The similarities, from start to finish, to the word Project are all too clear.

Project, from Latin *proiectum* “something thrown forth,” the noun use of *proiectus*, past participle of *proicere* “stretch out, throw forth,” from *pro-* “forward” + *iacere* “to throw”.

Thus, an architectural drawing cannot be anything other than a project, which is a throwing forth of what we hereby name, and repeat: a promise...

Is it not the same with a Seed?

Is it not a promise?

Is there not a profound relation between an architectural drawing and a seed?

Or, for that matter, between a Building and a Tree?

Fig. 2: Albertoli, "The Origin of the Corinthian Capital".



For Marc-Antoine Laugier, this comparison seems unequivocal. In his *“Essai sur l’architecture”*, he remembers the episode of Callimachus and the origin of the Corinthian capital.

“All the world knows the history of Callimachus the sculptor. The first idea of the corinthian capital came to him by chance, which made him discover a vessel, about which an acantha root had raised negligently its leaves and branches. Why then should we please ourselves with corrupting the most happy idea that ever occurred.”¹⁰⁶

¹⁰⁶ Web: <https://archive.org/details/essayonarchitect00laugrich>

From this we may learn that ever since its origins architecture has carried out a sort of mimetic relation with nature, by this we do not mean that it simply imitated or copied nature, but rather that architecture, from a germinal stage, nurtures a rooted connection with nature, and that this same connection is undoubtedly poetic.

We borrow a few lines from Solomon’s Song of Songs:

*“Our bed is green;
the beams of our house are cedar;
And our rafters of fir.”¹⁰⁷*

¹⁰⁷ Web: <https://archive.org/details/songofsongscommo00vrch/page/34>

Architecture evolves as nature, from seed to tree...

It is not our wish that the use of metaphors hinders the comprehension of this text we are now writing. On the contrary, we evoke these images only to make clearer the underlying ideas we find to be true in building. This being said, *“The metaphor is, probably, the most fertile capacity man possesses.”¹⁰⁸*, and as such it is not farfetched to identify a metaphorical dimension within the act of building — or within the act of dwelling.

¹⁰⁸ Jose ORTEGA Y GASSET, *The Dehumanization of Art, and Other Writings on Art and Culture*, New York: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1968, p. 76.

“Poetry builds up the very nature of dwelling. Poetry and dwelling not only do not exclude each other; on the contrary, poetry and dwelling belong together, each calling for the other.”¹⁰⁹

¹⁰⁹ Martin HEIDEGGER, ... *Poetically Man Dwells* in Neil LEACH, *Rethinking Architecture: A Reader in Cultural Theory*, New York, Routledge, 1997, p. 118.

Returning to the promise within the seed, or the promise within the drawing: its wonder, or rather, our wonder before it, allows it to hold true. It holds true as something which is by wishing-to-be, existing as something which is wishful of further existence, of extension. It is to

the extent that it wishes-to-be, or, in other words, the more it wishes-to-be the more it is: a drawing...

The drawing whilst seed, be-comes by spreading its branches to enfold and shelter us, and thus comes closer to fulfilment. By dwelling inside the promise the drawing holds, we are somehow, in wonder, realising it. We are involved by the presence of the promise within the drawing. This is not only a visual experience, but a whole-bodied participation. We find ourselves within the spatial universe *opened* by the drawing, we feel it with, and in, our bodies, whether we are conscious of it or not.

*"Quality, light, color, depth, which are there before us, are there only because they awaken an echo in our bodies and because the body welcomes them."*¹¹⁰

¹¹⁰ Maurice MERLEAU-PONTY, *The Eye and the Mind*, in Maurice MERLEAU-PONTY, *The Primacy of Perception: And Other Essays on Phenomenological Psychology, the Philosophy of Art, History, and Politics*. Evanston: Northwestern University, 1964, p.164.

Thus, a drawing would hold no meaning to us if our bodies were not involved in, and by it. Were we not to inhabit it, an architectural drawing would never truly become one, but rather a collection of meaningless marks on a surface, and not a promise of space — and place. Furthermore, the fact that drawings are means of, and to, building, lies precisely in their capacity of projecting a space capable of human inhabiting. If they were barren land, where no seed could ever exist, let alone sprout, then we would cast ourselves out of it. We would not allow ourselves to perceive the drawing as a drawing... An architectural drawing is all the while a *promise land*, which is to say that, an architectural drawing is all the more itself, whenever we may find shelter within. When we are welcomed to inhabit the image it brings forth. When we believe in it...

The same applies to the maker of the drawing — or painting, or as Paul Valéry and Merleau-Ponty point out:

*"The painter 'takes his body with him,' says Valéry. Indeed we cannot imagine how a mind could paint."*¹¹¹

¹¹¹ Maurice MERLEAU-PONTY, *op. cit.*, p.162.

It seems impossible to imagine someone who draws a space, without projecting. When we say projecting, we mean the act of drawing as well as the act of the person projecting him- or herself whilst drawing. For if the drawing is an extension of the person drawing it

— which we believe is true — then it is clear that one projects oneself into the space which is being drawn, or else, one would simply be unable to designate, or qualify, the space — as perceivable.

On the other hand: "*Only if we are capable of dwelling, only then can we build.*"¹¹² This, we believe, holds true within drawing, which is to say, only by dwelling within the drawing may one hope to understand it as building.

¹¹² Martin HEIDEGGER, ...
Poetically Man Dwells ... in
Neil LEACH, *op. cit.* p. 108.

"[...] *I'm interested in the drawing of the house; the drawing of the house as 'seed', holding the same meaning of that which is a seed in relation to the shadow of a tree. It interests me to think about this because (in the same way that a shadow waits, dormant, in the soul of a potential tree) the drawing of the house [...] is only a fragment of its visible part, waiting for the life of men to pulse inside.*"¹¹³

¹¹³ Pedro António JANEIRO,
Case e Città e Semi e Ombre
in Antonio CONTE, *LA*
CITTÀ SCAVATA Paesaggio
di patrimoni tra tradizione
e innovazione. Roma:
Gangemi Editore spa, 2014,
p. 34. (Our Translation).

Architectural drawings are built in a sort of parallel dimension, or rather a transversal dimension, which unfolds in depth, beyond the surface of the paper. Sketches, in particular, are animated, this is, they have anima: a soul. They share this soul with that of the drawer, when externalising an idea. The drawing is animated in that it is brought to life by movement, the same movement implied with the act of drawing, which carries out a form from an inner world — that of the mindful body — to the outer world. Drawings are always drawn — in the sense that they are extracted, or pulled — from inside us.

Whether it be lifelike or not, the drawing is alive: its life being given through the process of becoming. We perceive them as places, places we may somehow dwell in. Sometimes more so than in real buildings, as if they were more open to our inhabiting them.

How does this happen?

We do not know. Perhaps, because "[...] *poetically, man Dwells on this earth.*"¹¹⁴

¹¹⁴ Friedrich HOLDERLIN
apud Martin HEIDEGGER, ...
Poetically Man Dwells ... in
Neil LEACH *op. cit.*, p. 111.

What we know is that the person who draws is an author...

To fully understand the meaning of the word author, we must delve into its root. Author, comes directly from the Latin *auctor*, meaning

“producer, progenitor; builder, founder.”. Literally, it means “one who causes to grow,” agent noun from *auctus*, past participle of *augere* “to increase”.

So, as spectator of an architectural drawing, one awaits for the *growth* of the drawing as it branches towards us, involving us in an ever-growing territory suggested by the drawing itself. One participates in the growth of the world it settles, being its openness projected both by us — as spectator-authors — and the drawing. It is a participative process where spectator becomes author in his own right, in the sense that he too works towards increasing the territory projected within and by the drawing. Such process is always of profound intimacy.

The act of drawing itself being of great intimacy, moving continuously between inner and outer worlds in search of a common ground, where architecture may exist. Therein lies much of the importance of architectural drawings, from which we may learn so much. They exist in a purer state, holding a promise, a *raison d'être*, a dream which validate them, an openness quality which is seldomly found in real buildings. In this sense, their role in architectural heritage is as central as buildings themselves. We repeat: we may learn much from them...

Returning to the seed, we imagine the tree within, however “[...] *the most interesting part of imagining a tree is its shadow, which not belonging to it, but rather from the effect of sunlight that reaches it, makes more of the tree than the tree itself [...]* I found myself, making analogies between the seed of the tree towards shadow, and the drawing of the house towards human life.”¹¹⁵

¹¹⁵ Pedro António JANEIRO, *Os Desenhos das Minhas Casas (Nas Minhas Cidades)* in Pedro António JANEIRO, *DESENHO [...] CIDADE, Arquiteturas-Imaginadas Representação Gráfica Arquitectónica e Outras-Imagens*, Casal de Cambra, Caleidoscópio, 2016, pp. 224 and 225. (Our Translation).

So one intuits that if the seed relates to the drawing, and the tree to the house, the shadow casts the place of human dwelling.

“In making for ourselves a place to live, we first [...] throw a shadow on the earth, and in the pale light of the shadow we put together a house.”¹¹⁶

¹¹⁶ Junichiro TANIZAKI, *In Praise of Shadows*, London, Vintage Books, 2001, p. 28.

In fact that same shadow is found in drawings, and it may very well be what pull us in, for it reveals the light. In other words, shadows

appear only when there is light, and light is what allows us to unveil an entity's appearance, however, a thing is always different under a certain light. The depth of a shadow uncloses the impossibility of fully ascertaining a given body. So while it gives volume to a body, it also unfolds it into spectrality.

*"Just as a stone flung into the water becomes the centre and cause of many circles, and as sound diffuses itself in circles in the air: so any object, placed in the luminous atmosphere, diffuses itself in circles, and fills the surrounding air with infinite images of itself. And is repeated, the whole every-where, and the whole in every smallest part."*¹¹⁷

¹¹⁷ Web: <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/5000>

So, not only does a seed hold a tree inside but "[...] I believe that within the seed of a tree live shadows, and [...] those shadows shall only exist depending on the geographical location where that seed will [...] grow [...]"¹¹⁸

¹¹⁸ Pedro António JANEIRO, *Os Desenhos das Minhas Casas (Nas Minhas Cidades)* in Pedro António JANEIRO, *DESENHO [...] CIDADE*, op. cit., p. 229. (Our Translation)

Frank Lloyd Wright tells us: "*The present is the ever-moving shadow that divides yesterday from tomorrow.*"¹¹⁹

¹¹⁹ Frank Lloyd WRIGHT, *The Living City*, New York, New American Library, 1970, p. 249.

Then perhaps, we may suggest that likewise: The shadow is the ever-moving present...

Perhaps, the shadow is what fully brings a drawing to the present, which is to say, to presence. And by being in presence we may inhabit the drawing. Shadows evoke time. The ever-moving shadow coincides with the ever-moving present, the first is a manifestation of the last. So without shadow, a drawing is not ready for a place. Without a shadow, a drawing is not ready to be inhabited...

We would like to recall the first quotation we evoked, by William Shakespeare:

*"If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me [...]"*¹²⁰

¹²⁰ William SHAKESPEARE,
Web: <http://shakespeare.mit.edu/macbeth/full.html#8>.

It seems impossible to foresee which seed will or will not grow, however it is possible and of utmost importance to recognise that within each seed lies a promise... a dream.

Whether a drawing grows into a building, or whether it is able to involve us inside its world, we do not know, but the value of architectural drawings are not to be mistaken. Their place in architectural heritage is central, their legacy never-ending.

Within drawings lie built and unbuilt dreams...

Noronha da Costa as an Architect.

¹²¹ Pedro CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, Web: : <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/6363>

"Since is life a dream at best, And even dreams themselves are dreams."¹²¹ [23]

We would like to show you some drawings, all of them unbuilt.

But are they truly unbuilt?

We will leave that for you to decide, or better yet, to imagine...

They refer to three houses. We believe in the promise they hold within, we believe that they will be built once they are inhabited by our eyes, and in our view, even without being physically built, they shelter our body.

They are dreams... Dreamt by the painter, sculptor, filmmaker, and Architect: Luís Noronha da Costa.

Fig. 3: Luís Noronha da Costa, *House in Queluz*.
n.d. Graphite on paper. 17,6 x 23,2cm.

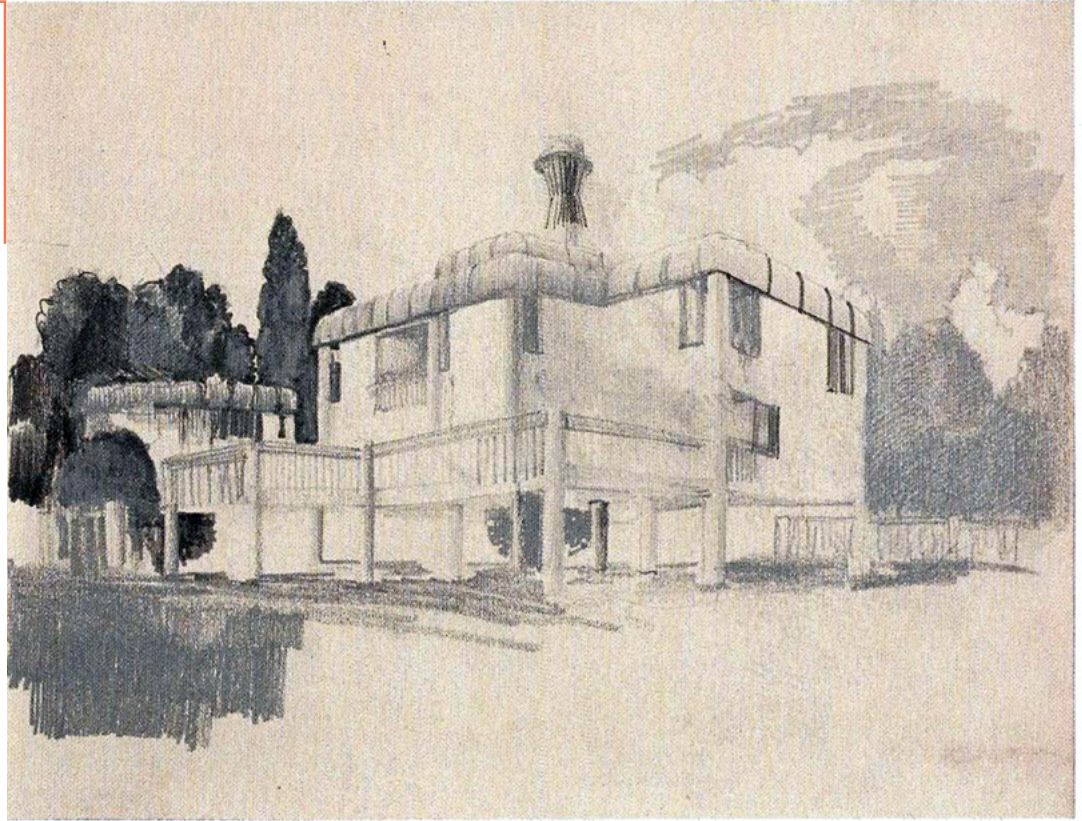


Fig. 4: Luís Noronha da Costa, *House in Queluz*.
n.d. Graphite on paper. 17,6 x 23,2cm.

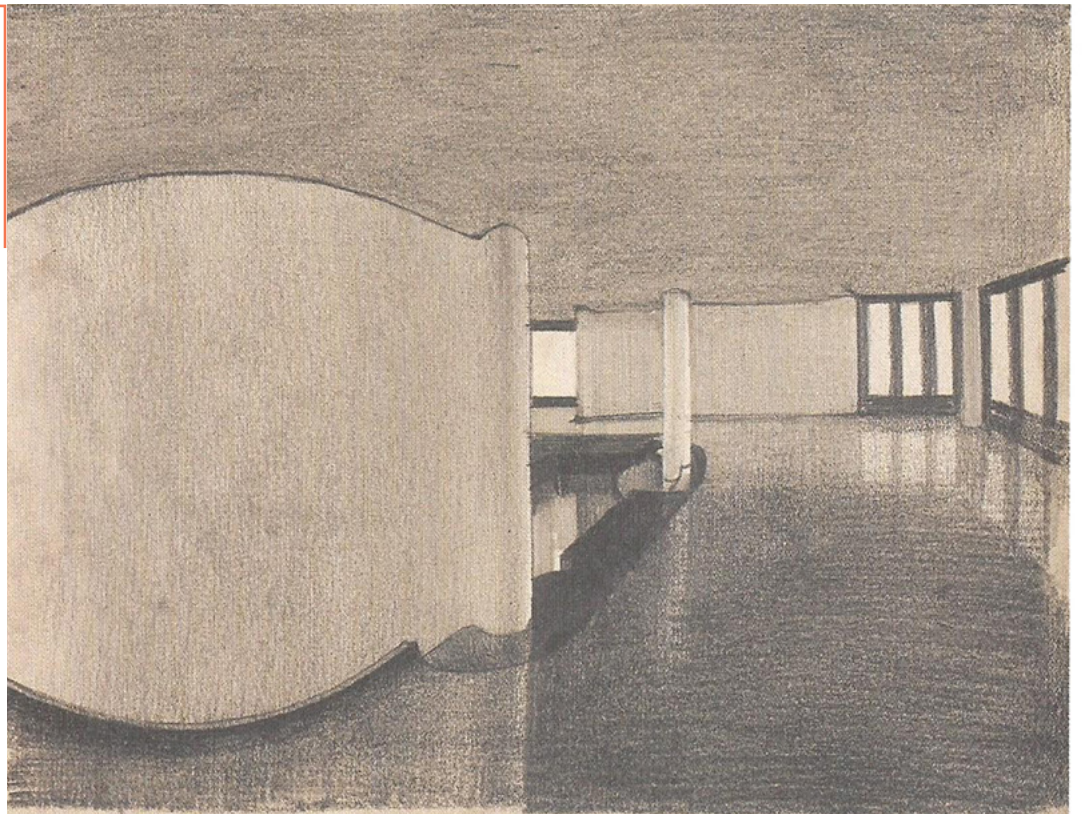


Fig. 5: Luís Noronha da Costa, House in Murches. n.d. Graphite on paper. 21 x 29,5cm.

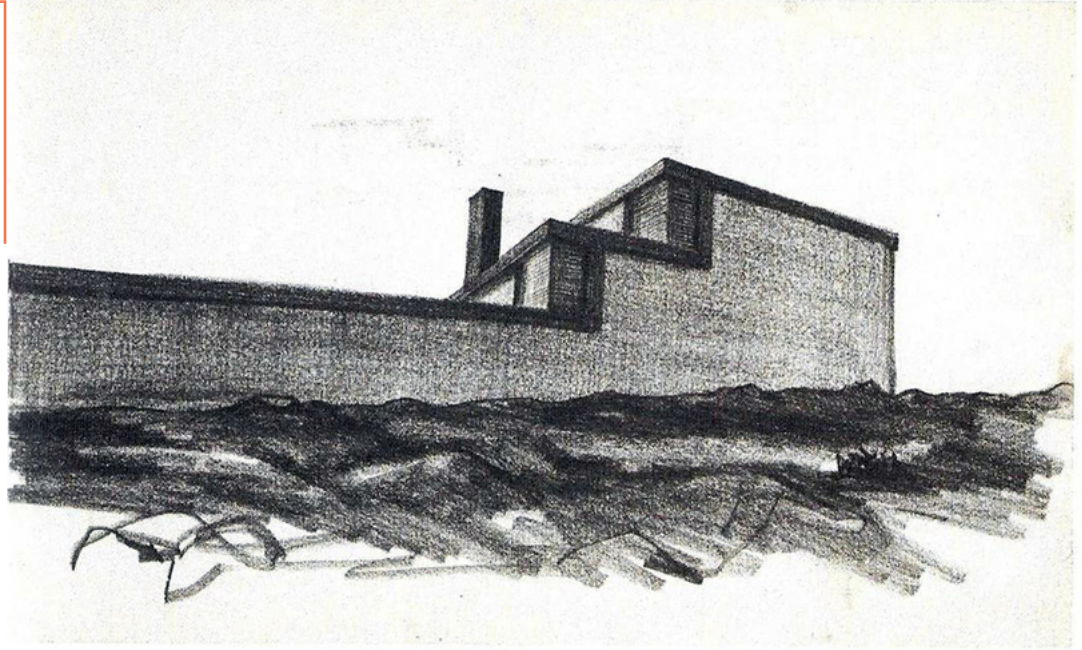
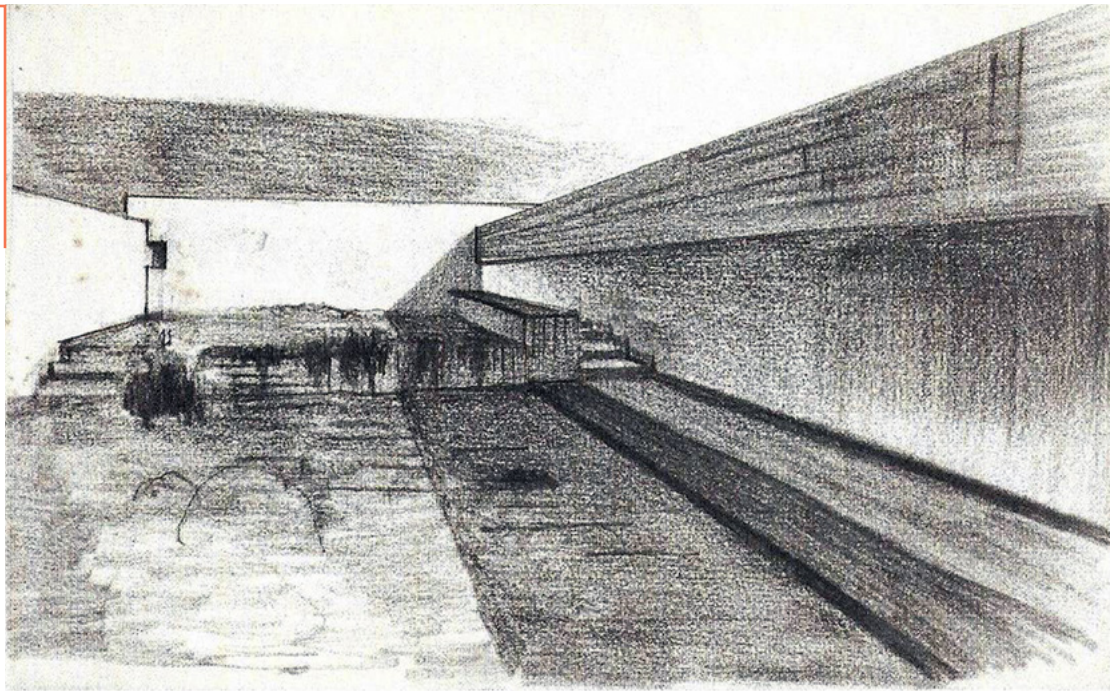


Fig. 6: Luís Noronha da Costa, House in Murches. n.d. Graphite on paper. 21 x 29,5cm.



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Web: <https://archive.org/details/songofsongscommo00rvrich/page/34>

Web: <http://shakespeare.mit.edu/macbeth/full.html>

Web: <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/6363>



Pedro José FERREIRA CRESPO,
Pedro António JANEIRO

*Drawings and Utopias: An
Unbuilt House by the Sea;
A Project by Noronha da Costa
for Magoito, Sintra, Portugal,
1971-∞.*

Chapter published in Book *XVIII INTERNATIONAL FORUM LE VIE DEI MERCANTI, "WORLD HERITAGE AND CONTAMINATION – ARCHITECTURE | CULTURE | ENVIRONMENT | AGRICULTURE | HEALTH | ECONOMY LANDSCAPE | DESIGN | TERRITORIAL GOVERNANCE | ARCHAEOLOGY | e-LEARNING"*, organization by Carmine Gambardella, UNESCO, , GangemiEditore International, Roma, ISBN: 978-88-492-3937-9, 2020, pp. 276-285.

(Double Blind Peer Review – International Indexed Book -
ISI WEB OF SCIENCE)

Abstract

This text aims to present a project of a house by the Sea, drawn by the Portuguese Painter, Sculptor, Filmmaker, and Architect: Luís Noronha da Costa. By not being built, or rather, by being unbuilt(?), we set out to dwell within this house through its drawings all the while looking to unveil the world(s), the promise(s), the dream(s), they hold within. How does this house come to be?

Keywords:

Noronha da Costa; Architectural Drawings; Portuguese Architecture; XXth Century Architecture; Unbuilt Architecture.

We wish to tell you about a project developed by the Portuguese Architect Luís Noronha da Costa (LNC). The project refers to a house which, similarly to so many other of Noronha da Costa's projects, was imagined by the sea yet is unrealized, or unbuilt (?). As such we will have to access to it through its drawings. We must therefore pay close attention and see them under a certain light... So that they may fulfil their design, their intention, or better yet: their Project, and so that we may, perhaps, dwell within the house they (re-)present...

Maybe we should start with a brief introduction of the author of the project: Luís Noronha da Costa (b.1942) graduated as an Architect by the Lisbon School of Fine Arts (Escola Superior de Belas-Artes de Lisboa). Architect, Film-maker, Essayist, Sculptor and Painter, "[...] *he is one of the most productive artists in the contemporary Portuguese art landscape [...] Although he began his professional path in 1965 and of, meanwhile, having divided his practice between painting, cinema, sculpture, architecture and writing, his work is unknown in the most severe sense of the term [...]*"¹²²

¹²² Delfim SARDO, *Noronha da Costa Revisitado*, Lisboa, Edições ASA, 2003, p. 7. (Our translation)

Perhaps his architectural projects are those that suffer most from this lack of knowledge. In any case, it might be important to underline that "an artist does not, ideally, have a biography [...]. Or rather, the only biography that one should retain is made by his works.

Ideally, an artist's biography should then only be told basing itself on a certain number of very strict dates. Those, rare dates, that correspond to the moments when he painted this or that decisive work, or wrote this or that text, or composed certain musical pieces."¹²³

¹²³ Bernardo PINTO DE ALMEIDA, NORONHA DA COSTA: a representação das imagens, Porto, Edições Afrontamento, 2011, p. 7. (Our translation).

In this sense, it is important to clarify that what is here before us — that which is in question — is the work. We will seek to delve and fathom, as far as possible, what this work might be and how it works when being. Avoiding, or at least trying to avoid, what could easily happen in a study of this kind where what is emphasized is the Author and not the Work itself.

It remains however to be understood if it is possible to separate them...

"The emergence of createdness from the work does not mean that the work is to give the impression of having been made by a great artist. The point is not that the created being be certified as the performance of a capable person, so that the producer is thereby brought to public notice. It is not the 'N. N. fecit' that is to be made known. Rather, the simple "factum est" is to be held forth into the Open by the work: namely this, that uncon- cealedness of what is has happened here, and that as this happening it happens here for the first time; or, that such a work is at all rather than is not."¹²⁴

¹²⁴ Martin HEIDEGGER, The Origin of the Work of Art, in Martin HEIDEGGER, Poetry, Language, Thought, New York, HarperCollins Publishers, 2001, p.63.

Interestingly, the work we have in hand is a project, one whose physicality(?) is linked to the surface of paper on which it was inscribed. The traces of its existence? Nine pages of a small notebook filled with freehand drawings, seventeen technical drawings and a two-page written description. That said, neither the quantification of the pieces drawn nor the dimensions pointed out on them, will be of any use to us if we seek to understand the true dimension of the project. On the other hand, they may help us understand how fragile the existence of a drawing is, especially when it holds a promise within... one that has yet to become(?). However — it may be — as long as it is a promise, it fulfils its intention precisely by promising - or rather: as a project, it projects. For if we dwell on this issue, we may perhaps understand that the project per se is always unfulfilled, even if it originates a house. The project is a movement towards the establishment of a work, and the work - if it takes place -

still houses the project that inseminated it, however the project as an isolated phenomenon is unfulfilled, it is a wish, or a dream ... it is not real, although it tends towards reality.

*"The drawing, as a fetal structure of art and architecture [...] is an entry to an imaginary world [...] which may be translated through markings on a surface – a first symptom of the visibility of the imaginary in the real."*¹²⁵

¹²⁵ Pedro António JANEIRO, *ÀS PORTAS DE SHAMBALA: O Desenho como Entrada em um Mundo-Ficcional* in Pedro António JANEIRO, *A IMAGEM POR-ESCRITA. Desenho e Comunicação Visual: entre a Arquitetura e a Fenomenologia*, São Paulo, FAUUSP, 2012, p.41. (Our translation).

Let us turn to the etymological root of the word Project: from the Latin *proiectum* "to throw something forward", *proiectus*, past participle of *proicere* "to lengthen, to launch," to *pro-* "front" + *iacere* (past participle *iactus*) "to launch". Therefore, the movement is carried within the *Pro-ject* - launching itself forward - then, following the origin of the word, this seems to suggest that in fact, the project is always unrealized and *per se* unrealizable. Unrealization is a *sine qua non* condition for the Project to be.

¹²⁶ Gaston BACHELARD, *The [...] we orient oneirism but we do not accomplish it.*¹²⁶ *Poetics of Space*, New York, Penguin Books, 2014, p.35.

On the other hand, and in an inverse movement, we have the word *Object*: from the Latin *obiectum* "something set in front of," *obiectus* "set in front, opposite", past participle of *obicere* "to present, oppose, launched in the way," of *ob-* "In front of, against" + *iacere* (past participle *iactus*) "to launch". So, *Ob-ject*: what is before us, or rather, what is thrown in our direction. What is always in our way, taking place at all times in front of us.

Now might be a good time for one to refer to the subjective dimension of this study, by using the same etymological logic, one can infer as evident the place of the subject, *Sub-ject*, as the basis for any type of understanding of the phenomenal world.

So, first point – which we would say is of variable nature – one might venture to say that we are studying an object which is a project. By saying this, we are also aware that the studied phenomenon is animated by a sort of reciprocity... a duplicity which somehow forms a oneness. In other words, what we are trying to say is that a part of the phenomenon we are studying launches itself towards us (*object*), whilst another part launches our selves with it (*project*).

On the other hand — and likewise — the nine pages inside the small notebook filled with drawings, the seventeen sheets of paper with technical drawings and the two-page written description, are also all objects. Objects that do not make of the project a project, but without them the project would not subsist. In fact, the drawn paper appears to us as a physical memory of the project, as a trace of the movement towards the construction of the house, but a movement which is somehow already inhabited. The project drawings - at least, the ones we will show you - appear to us as inverse ruins, or, in other words, as signs of a house that is already becoming, and as such, in some way, already inhabited. The inner life that they already carry within as beginnings represents an anticipation, in much the same way as when we behold ruins we somehow feel the life that still pulses within the remaining structure.

Fig. 1: Luís Noronha da Costa, *House in Magoito*. n.d. Graphite on paper. 34,2 x 47 cm.

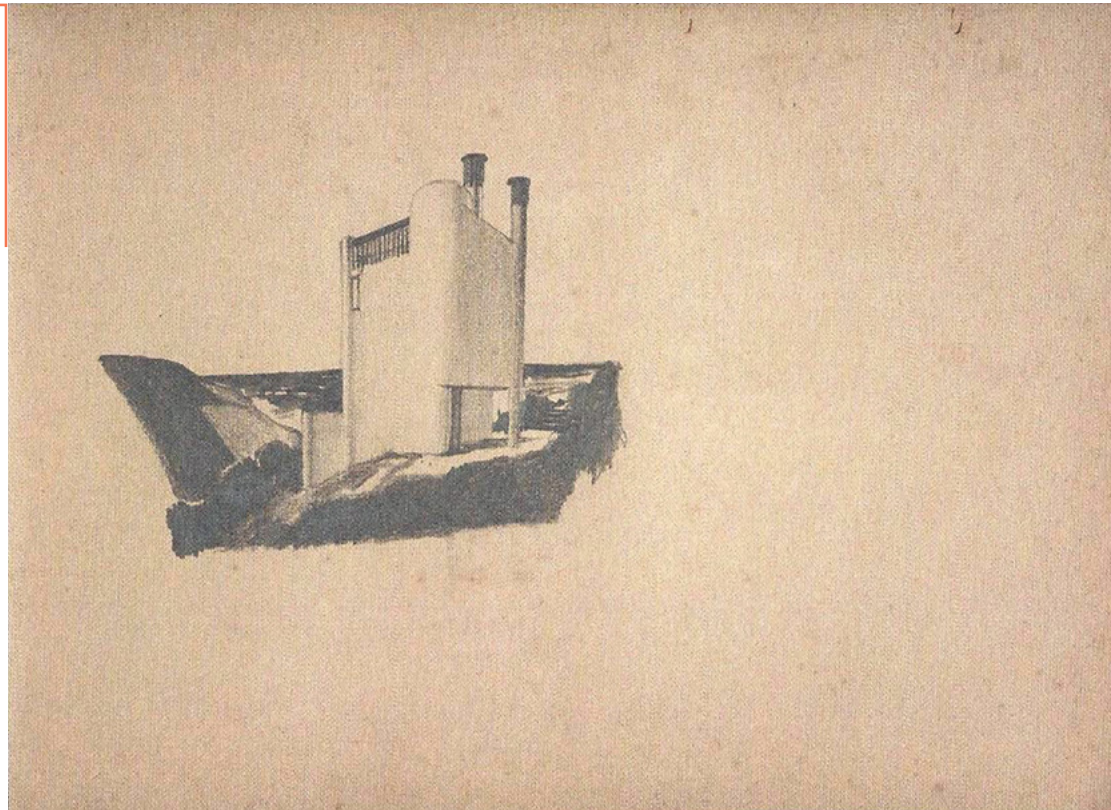
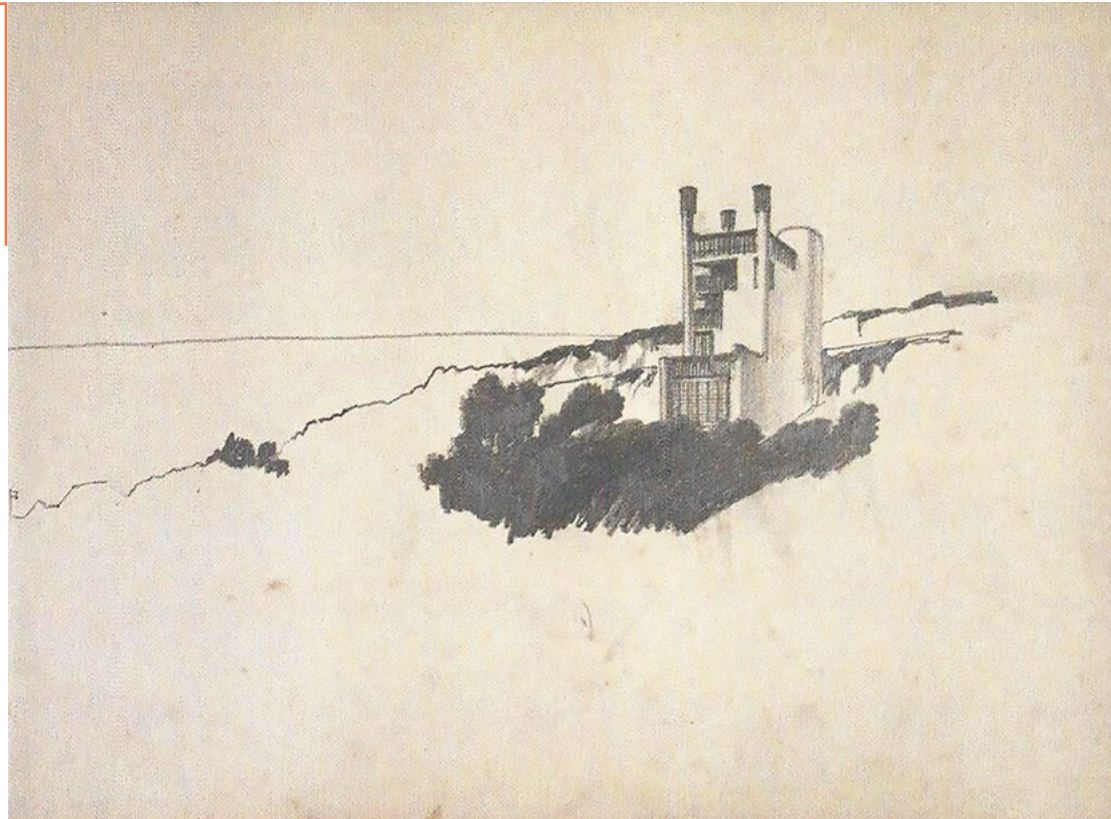


Fig. 2: Luís Noronha da Costa, *House in Magoito*.
n.d. Graphite on paper.
34,2 x 47 cm.



Louis Kahn tells us: *"The spirit of the start is the most marvelous moment at any time for anything. Because in the start lies the seed for all things that must follow. A thing is unable to start unless it can contain all that ever can come from it. That is the characteristic of a beginning, otherwise it is no beginning."*¹²⁷

¹²⁷ Louis KAHN, *Essential Texts*, New York, W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2003, p. 42.

We ask: Could it be that what animates both design and ruin is our inhabiting them – our dwelling projected onto the welcoming object? Is the Project not an essential movement and manifestation of human dwelling?

*"When [...] it becomes a ruin, the wonder of its beginning appears again."*¹²⁸

¹²⁸ Louis KAHN, *op. cit.*, p. 229.

Is it a mistake to think that it is precisely the project that animates the work? Does it make sense to think of the Project as that which gives architecture - in its various physical stages: design-building-ruin - its soul?

"[...] the 'drive' for realization is given to the project because it is a project, and it is in the 'idea' itself, in the arché, in the beginning, regardless of what happens or not [...] As if a project had a kind of coming within it, of strength, that goes beyond the simple idea or the pleasant intellectual composition. This makes so that it must necessarily exteriorize itself [...] manifesting itself in a drawing, in a line, in a plot of lines and signs passed to some sort of support [...] It makes so that the project is always involved with the real, with the thing, with becoming a thing [...] Because this step was already at its origin as dynamis, as an opening, a dynamic force [...] a virtuality that promotes the 'real' at its origin, in its conception and, of course, before 'its achievement'. [However,] the project is marked by a structural 'unrealizable' that is inherent, un-erasable, and which remains a project even when we see the building implanted on the ground [...] There is something in the project, this tension, this force or that virtuality, which is not neutralized or exhausted by the transition to the materiality of construction [...] in the arché of construction, there is something 'non-buildable' [...] and precisely there is the engine, the force, the impulse of construction. The project surpasses [...] any authorship."¹²⁹

¹²⁹ Julián SANTOS GUERRERO, *Pensar a Casa*, Porto, Associação Casa da Arquitectura, 2011, pp.13-14. (Our translation).

We may have prolonged ourselves on the issue of the Project, but it seems to us strictly essential to start our study with this questioning. Which, in our view, is always underlying the problem at hand, and which will be taken up again throughout this text to try to achieve a better understanding of the object before us.

House by the Sea. Designed in 1971, for a land located on the cliffs of Praia do Magoito, in Sintra, Portugal

We chose four freehand drawings — which we consider to be the ones that open themselves the most, in the sense that "*Truth is never gathered from objects that are present and ordinary. Rather, the opening up of the Open, and the clearing of what is, happens only as the open-ness is projected, sketched out, that makes its advent in thrown-ness.*"¹³⁰ [9] In our view, they are drawings that contain within them the essence of the work in question, representing at the same time the end and/or the beginning of what we seek to understand. A continuous circle where object-project gives way project-object, and so on, and so forth ... operating, working ... or better still: being.

¹³⁰ Martin HEIDEGGER, *The Origin of the Work of Art* in HEIDEGGER, *Martin, Poetry, Language, Thought*, op. cit., p.58.

*"Although it becomes actual only as the creative act is performed, and thus depends for its reality upon this act, the nature of creation is determined by the nature of the work. Even though the work's createdness has a relation to creation, nevertheless both createdness and creation must be defined in terms of the work-being of the work."*¹³¹

¹³¹ Martin HEIDEGGER, *The Origin of the Work of Art* in HEIDEGGER, Martin, *Poetry, Language, Thought*, *op. cit.*, p.48.

Manuel Tainha would say the following words about Luís Noronha da Costa's architectural work:

"I don't like, nor do I practice, subordinating the vision of artists or people in general to the great classification keys in which the historian's or critic's thinking encloses them. With Luís Noronha da Costa, however, the case is different, such are the regularities that I find in his work as an architect."

*He belongs to the family of artists of spontaneous inspiration. All artists have their moment of inspiration. Alright. But in these, the inspiration comes more spontaneously: the works flow out, giving the impression that they are born finished, without dark moments or accidents on the way. They improvise. But, as is commonly said, only those who know very well what they are they want to do can truly improvise; those who manage to remove the stigma of the arbitrary, of the gratuitous."*¹³²

¹³² Manuel TAÍNHA, *Galeria de Arte Contemporânea - Castelo Branco* in VVAA, *Jornal Arquitectos*, n.º100. Lisboa: Ordem dos Arquitectos, 1991, pp. 38-39. (Our translation).

It should be remembered that the case study is the object and not the author, however, we remain in doubt as to the possibility of dissociating the author and his work, or rather, that this dissociation will allow us to achieve a more in-depth understanding.

Let us revisit the previously quoted premise: *"It is not the 'N. N. fecit' that is to be made known. Rather, the simple 'factum est' is to be held forth into the Open by the work: namely this, that unconcealedness of what is has happened here, and that as this happening it happens here for the first time; or, that such a work is at all rather than is not. The thrust that the work as this work is, and the uninterruptedness of this plain thrust, constitute the steadfastness of the work's self-subsistence. Precisely where the artist and the process and the circumstances of the genesis of the work remain unknown, this thrust, this "that it is" of createdness, emerges into view most purely*

¹³³ Martin HEIDEGGER, *The Origin of the Work of Art* in HEIDEGGER, Martin. *Poetry, Language, Thought, op. cit.*, p.52.

from the work."¹³³

Therefore, the question may lie in what is sought to be understood ... we launch two hypotheses:

i) an understanding which comes from the association between the author and the work he produced, will result in an understanding of the process. In other words, that which is involved in the author's process of making, creating, searching, etc. In sum, what we think may be behind the process that leads the author to create a certain work. To this we would call the Author's Poetics.

ii) an understanding that resides in the work, sheltered in the opening that the work opens. To this we would call the Work's Poetics.

Or, perhaps... if we were to reformulate these previous hypotheses, we might find that these are already within the following ideas which we now revisit:

i) Project - Object?

ii) Object - Project?

In fact, both of these movements should interest us if we are to deepen our understanding. For both are presently — in this text — being projected by the work, or rather, by the attempt to grasp from which route to take while navigating our understanding of the work, in view of deepening it... So far we are able to understand that at the heart of the project lies its desire to be realized, but, at the same time, the project is per se unrealizable, because that is what makes the project a project, the act of continually moving forward. On the other hand, the object is always what it is, what it is always being. What is in front of us, all the while coming towards us.

It is for us impossible to overcome this opposition of movements - which in fact make up a whole - and which, become the work itself.

For, ultimately, it is precisely within the work that these movements coincide...

They coincide "[...] *In essential striving [...] the opponents raise each other into the self-assertion of their natures [...] In the struggle, each opponent carries the other beyond itself. Thus the striving becomes ever more intense as striving, and more authentically what it is.*"¹³⁴ [13]. and "*The repose of the work that rests in itself thus has its presencing in the intimacy of striving.*"¹³⁵

¹³⁴ Martin HEIDEGGER,. *The Origin of the Work of Art*. In HEIDEGGER, Martin. *Poetry, Language, Thought, op. cit.*, p.47.

¹³⁵ Martin HEIDEGGER,. *The Origin of the Work of Art*. In HEIDEGGER, Martin. *Poetry, Language, Thought, op. cit.*, p.48.

¹³⁶ Martin HEIDEGGER,. *The Origin of the Work of Art*. In HEIDEGGER, Martin. *Poetry, Language, Thought, op. cit.*, p.30.

It is within the work that both, Project and Object, become, by being. Similarly to the the work of art which "[...] *opens up in its own way the Being of beings. This opening up, i.e., this deconcealing, i.e., the truth of beings, happens in the work. In the art work, the truth of what is has set itself to work. Art is truth setting itself to work.*"¹³⁶

Therefore, the unveiling of the work happens in the work, not in thought, in interpretation, or in a text about the work... in short, what we are doing as exploration happens within the field opened by the work, but in no way replaces or enlarges the work. You can at best enlarge the understanding of the work, but never the work. Moreover, only the Author is able to increase the work, to the extent, and at the moment he creates it.

*"This entity emerges into the unconcealedness of its being. The Greeks called the unconcealedness of beings aletheia. We say "truth" and think little enough in using this word. If there occurs in the work a disclosure of a particular being, disclosing what and how it is, then there is here an occurring, a happening of truth at work."*¹³⁷

¹³⁷ Martin HEIDEGGER,. *The Origin of the Work of Art*. In HEIDEGGER, Martin. *Poetry, Language, Thought, op. cit.*, p.27.

¹³⁸ Martin HEIDEGGER,. *The Origin of the Work of Art*. In HEIDEGGER, Martin. *Poetry, Language, Thought, op. cit.*, p.32.

It is therefore within the work that the work happens. "*Where does a work belong? The work belongs, as work, uniquely within the realm that is opened up by itself. For the work- being of the work is present in, and only in, such opening up.*"¹³⁸

Interestingly Noronha da Costa will have this to say about his paintings: "*[...] they seek to be space-opening, Opening, or else they will be nothing.*"¹³⁹

¹³⁹ Luís NORONHA DA COSTA, *Noronha da Costa*, Lisboa, Imprensa Nacional - Casa da Moeda, 1982, p. 35. (Our translation).

We recognize the same search within the author's architectural drawings.

These drawings are space(s)-opening(s).

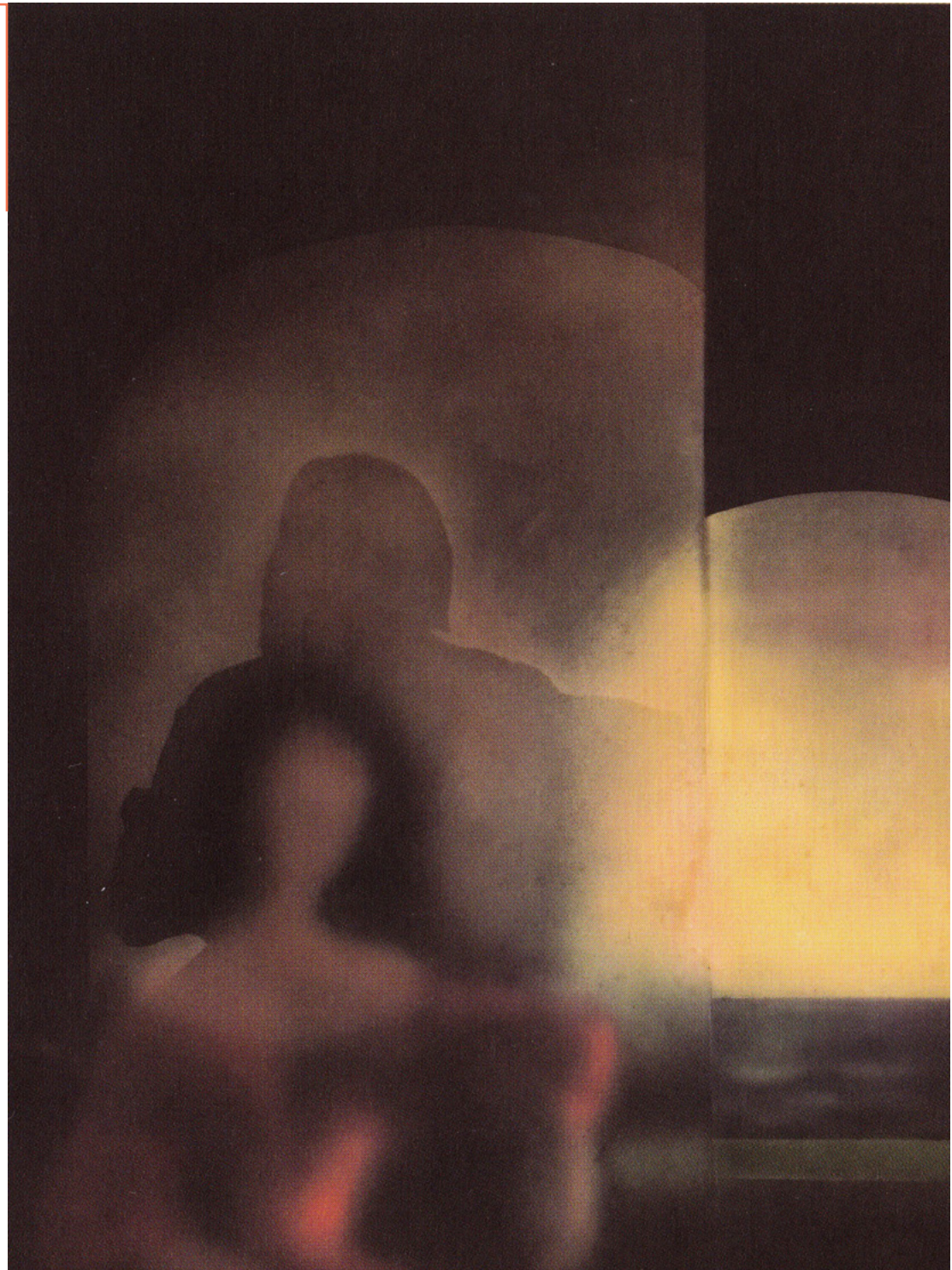
They are promises, dreams of recollection. A drawn welcoming...

"The interiority of recollection is a solitude in a world already human.

Recollection refers to a welcome."¹⁴⁰

¹⁴⁰ Emmanuel LEVINAS,
*Totality and Infinity: An Essay
on Exteriority*, Pittsburgh,
Duquesne University Press,
2007, p. 155.

Fig. 3: Luís Noronha da
Costa, *Untitled*. 1969.
Cellulose paint on
hardboard. 114,5 x 79,6 cm.
Private Collection.



Heidegger tells us: *"Éthos means abode, dwelling place. The word names the open region in which man dwells. The open region of his abode allows what pertains to man's essence, and what in thus arriving resides in nearness to him, to appear. The abode of man contains and preserves the advent of what belongs to man in his essence."*¹⁴¹

¹⁴¹ Martin HEIDEGGER, *Letter on Humanism* in Martin HEIDEGGER, *Basic Writings*, New York, HarperCollins Publishers, 1993, p. 256.

Now, man will always tend towards home, because it is there that his essence is preserved. That's where he truly is. It will be important to remember that even when understanding home in its wider sense, the same logic applies to the stricter sense of the building of the house, in fact *"(...) it is important to ask about the qualities that are a condition for an object - a building - to acquire this capacity. But there is only one quality, after all: the welcoming - the feminine gift, the maternal aptitude to welcome (which allows the self to recollect in a way that only happens at home); that hospitality, that embrace, of a humanized otherness, different-from-me and for-me."*¹⁴²

¹⁴² Pedro MARQUES ABREU, *Palácios da Memória II - a revelação da arquitetura*, p. 184.: http://home.fa.ulisboa.pt/~pabreu/memory_palaces_Theoretical_section.pdf (Our translation).

So, perhaps, it might not be such nonsense to consider these drawings as sheltering drawings, where one may find recollection. As far as they become, they welcome our embodied gaze to dwell within their realm of possibilities... all the time building a House by the Sea.

*"[For to draw] is to enter with-in the opacity of the support and to conquer a world beyond-it: a window [...] or further still: it is to dream, to dream [the window] beyond the presupposed transparency of its glass. It is to inhabit a world so far from this one, yet so near — at hand's reach —, so tangible by the open eyes, into an almost-touched."*¹⁴³

¹⁴³ Pedro António JANEIRO, *op. cit.*, pp. 41-42. (Our translation).

Again we find ourselves in front of our object of study. Let us direct our conscience towards it, understanding in advance that *"[...] To be conscious is to be in relation with what is, but as though the present of what is were not yet entirely accomplished and only constituted the future of a recollected being."*¹⁴⁴

¹⁴⁴ Emmanuel LEVINAS, *op. cit.*, p. 148.

At no point in this text was it mentioned that the author of the drawings: Noronha da Costa, designed this house for him and his family. Something that now seems important to mention, if we want to proceed with the study of the work. Confirming our suspicion that it

will be a difficult, if not impossible, task to completely dissociate the work from its author, since the work is so intrinsically his.

The question of the project for the personal house seems to take on another dimension, as the project becomes all the more intimate. This does not mean that an honest and wholehearted architect, when designing, does not do so by involving himself with his whole being and with all his sensitivity. However, the fact that the project is thrown forth by the same person who will live in it, is somehow bound to profoundly influence the process.

We also believe that these drawings reveal a rather unique work method, deeply rooted in the author's way of being, and living. One which somehow accompanies him throughout the rest of his artistic work. Everything in these drawings refers to a world of his own. These may seem like tautological observations, for how may product not have something of its maker. Correct. However, something is bound to happen when you put so much of yourself into a work. It seems to us that this is an event, where the work and the author launch themselves - launching and being launched - in a united way. As a matter of fact, the same thing happens to us when facing the drawings, we too enter the world(s) that they establish, and we are launched by them as we look for what is in them - or, rather, what in them is - as we unconceal them.

¹⁴⁵ Emmanuel LEVINAS, *op. cit.*, p. 165.

*"The unconcealedness of beings [...] is never a merely existent state, but a happening."*¹⁴⁵

It is within the world opened by the work that the work somehow realizes itself. Author-Work-Spectator merge into one, as if in a whirling Dervish dance, rotating within the space opened by the work.

We apologize for any possible deviation, hoping to have been as clear as possible. We find that these exploratory exercises are necessary to understand the space opened by the work. On the other hand, this same exploratory disposition is in line with the drawings we present. The same drawings that seem to suggest:

¹⁴⁶ Emmanuel LEVINAS, *op. cit.*, p. 165.

*"To be free is to build a world in which one could be free."*¹⁴⁶

We conclude this text, with the feeling of having only scratched the surface. We are certain that there is still much to be explored, and that the project asks for more of our attention. That said, perhaps this text can be understood as an approximation - or as a project of its own - towards a future, and more realized, object.

Fig. 4: Luís Noronha da Costa, *House in Magoito*. n.d. Graphite on paper. 34,2 x 47 cm.

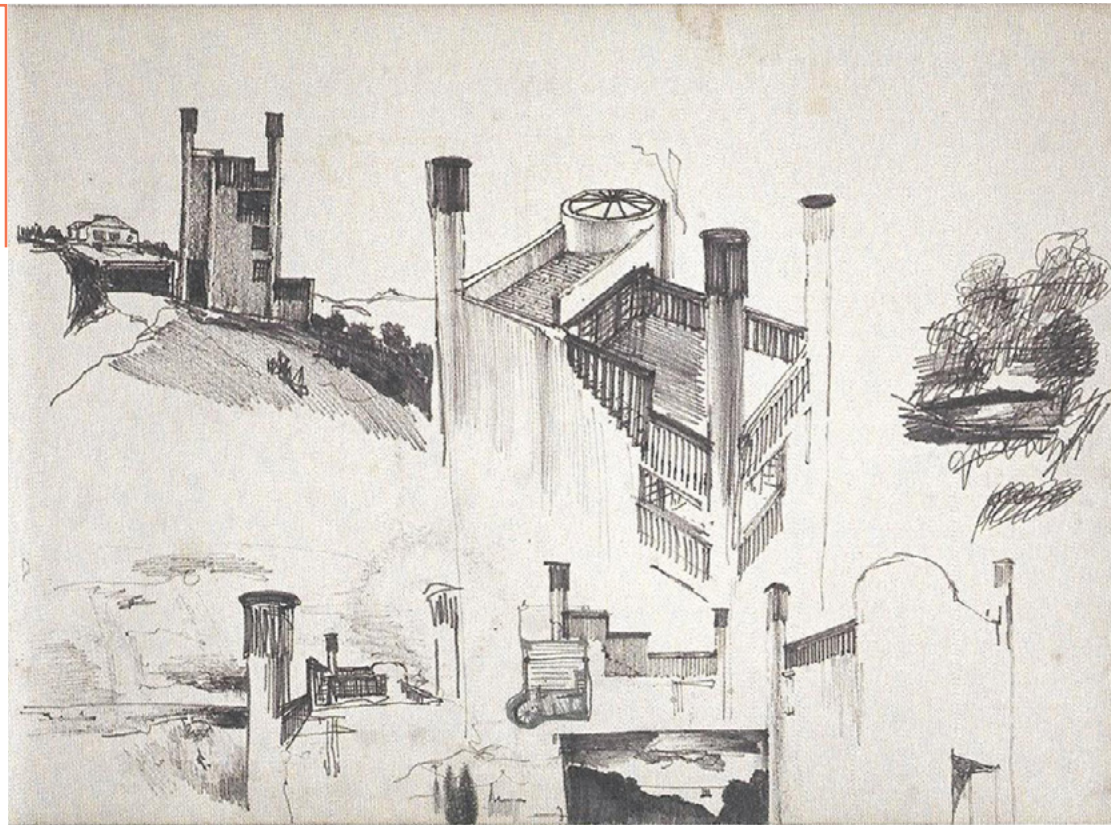
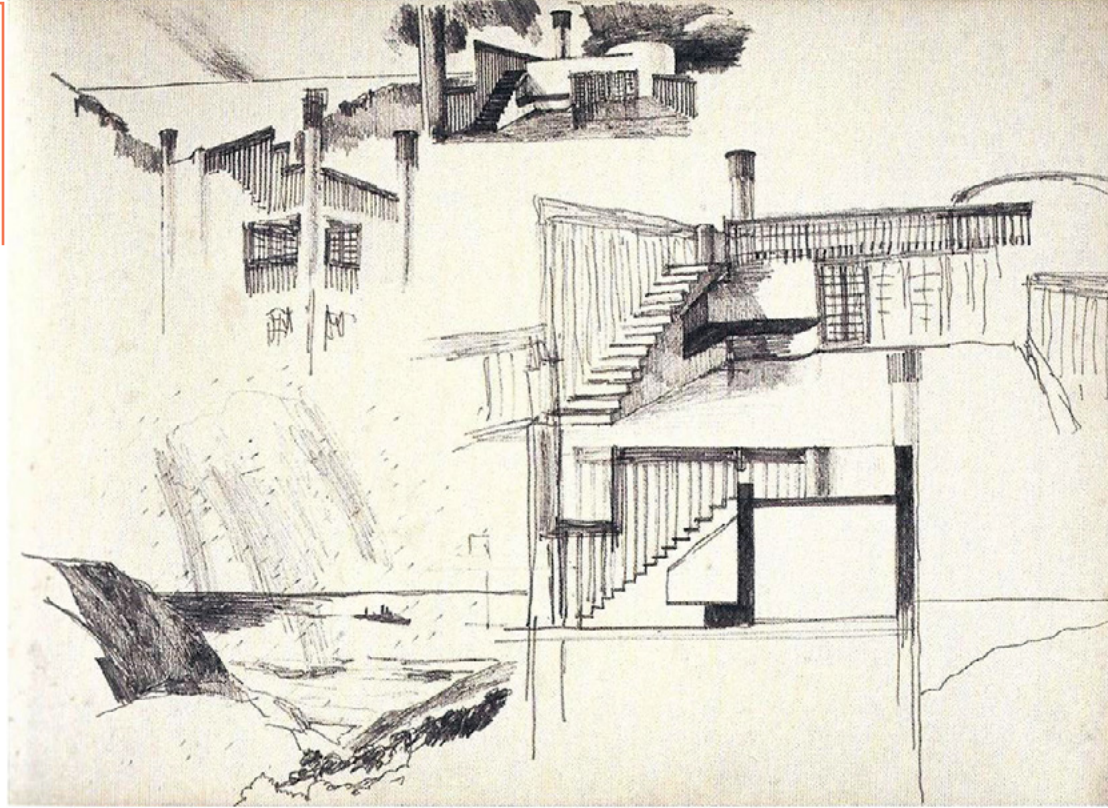


Fig. 5: Luís Noronha da Costa, House in Magoito. n.d. Graphite on paper. 34,2 x 47 cm.



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Pedro António JANEIRO,
Pedro José FERREIRA CRESPO

*The Drawing and the
Painting as a Possible or an
“Impossible”(?) Architectural
Project(s) or Hypothetical
House(s) in Noronha da Costa.*

Chapter published in Book *XVIII INTERNATIONAL FORUM LE VIE DEI MERCANTI, “WORLD HERITAGE AND CONTAMINATION – ARCHITECTURE | CULTURE | ENVIRONMENT | AGRICULTURE | HEALTH | ECONOMY LANDSCAPE | DESIGN | TERRITORIAL GOVERNANCE | ARCHAEOLOGY | e-LEARNING”*, organization by Carmine Gambardella, UNESCO, GangemiEditore International, Roma, ISBN: 978-88-492-3937-9, 2020, pp. 286-294.

(Double Blind Peer Review – International Indexed Book -
ISI WEB OF SCIENCE)

Abstract

Painter, Sculptor, Filmmaker, and Architect Luís Noronha da Costa (b.1942) is generally considered as one of the most prolific artists in Portugal, in particular due to his paintings. In this text we set out to understand how this artist's Painting practice is deeply connected, not only to his Architectural practice, but to Architecture as a whole. On the other hand, our aim is also to understand how his own Architecture – whilst project and/or object – relates to Painting. Although it is well understood that both these Disciplines share common borders we hypothesise that in Noronha da Costa's work they actually exist in a common Space, where Architecture and Painting in-form each other and lastly, become one.

It seems quite obvious to state that there are many ways to dwell: one dwells within a painting, a drawing, a house. Our work seeks to understand the specific case of Luís Noronha da Costa – who trained and practiced as Architect, but who is known as Painter – who draws and paints Architectures, as project; and, projects architecture while drawing and painting. A paradoxal and unique case in the disciplinary studies area of Drawing, Painting and Project in Architecture – as well as the bordering territories which lie between them.

Keywords:

Noronha da Costa; Architectural Drawings; Portuguese Architecture; XXth Century Architecture; Unbuilt Architecture.

Fig. 1: Luís Noronha da Costa, *Untitled*.
n.d. Cellulose paint on
hardboard. 98 x 78,5 cm.



Once upon a time...

There was a time...

There was once a painter who was an architect...

There once was an architect who is a painter...

If it were possible to say in words - the words that explain (?) - painting and / or architecture, then, perhaps, painters and architects would be writers.

The unleashed words that, at best, become poems, may only inform us...

They cannot replace neither the works of painting nor the houses that architects desire...

Essences of poetry.

Disordered in crazy syntaxes.

New leaps into the unknown.

Webs over precipices...

Words may, at best, inform us...

Once upon a time there was a man.

Once upon a time there was Luís Noronha da Costa...

Fig. 2: Luís Noronha da Costa, *Untitled*. n.d.
Cellulose paint on canvas.
54 x 65 cm.



When in 1961 *Les Presses Universitaires de France* took to the press *La Flamme d'Une Chandelle* by Gaston Bachelard, they were certainly not informed of how many candles Noronha da Costa dreamed about painting...

Reaching, beyond the opacity of the supports, a field-beyond...

In depth.

With-in-and-beyond...

Deep.

As if it were a dive in an *oceanically* nostalgic water like the one where, as a boy, he would see boats passing by inside windows...

The windows of his childhood home in Estoril, Portugal.

The depth explored within the visual field...

This achievement that both Theory of Image and Architecture place in the Italian *Quattrocento* as being a great idea of Alberti falls apart when one visits Pompeii, and some of its best examples regarding the domain of the atmospheric perspective at the *Museo Archeologico Nazionale di Napoli*, where one may learn that in the year 79 AD the Romans already dominated vanishing and their points, in parietal paintings that simulated, symbiotically to the masonry, virtual spaces beyond the blind walls - mistakes of purpose designed and colored foreseeing architectural-spaces-others just for the delight of vision and Grace as an aesthetic category as Kant will come to tell us centuries later.

Let us leave the perspectives of Pompeii and the windows of Alberti (or Duchamps) in peace – these themes will be other texts.

Diffuse, Nebulous, Foggy – for lack of what words cannot say – paintings...

Once upon a time...

Noronha da Costa's work as a painter, but also as an architect.

Not only the technique of projecting paint with an airbrush onto all kinds of supports, not only a stylistic one (still difficult to fit into Art History today – thankfully...) but an Aesthetics, or a way of Feeling... if one were to go to the etymological root.

An inaugural-feeling.

As for Drawing, due to architecture, the same happens – Noronha da Costa, while designing, searches...

He *searches* the making of architecture, projecting it as a painter, he searches for a *home*...

One that may be inhabited much as a painting is inhabited.

As such, by drawing he projects... anticipating atmospheres that were once inhabited...

Perhaps, once upon a time...

Predicting, we dare to say, by the light of a candle...

Fig. 3: Luís Noronha da Costa, *Untitled*. n.d. Pastel, Tempera and Photograph on paper. 55,4 x 70,9 cm.



... And even when that-candle is not represented, it searches to offer its light, that same light which leaves the World as if in an inconcrete state of being...

As it were...

Fig. 4: Luís Noronha da Costa, *Untitled*. n.d.
Cellulose paint on canvas.
100 x 81 cm.



a yet-to-be-outlined...

a yet-to-be said...

a yet-to-happen...

In a *freeing* of the spectator before the precipice of his own existence...

Fig. 4: Luís Noronha da Costa, *Untitled*. n.d.
Cellulose paint on canvas.
100 x 81 cm.



Before the abyss of the space that, be it in Painting or in Architecture, as drawing or project, leaves the inhabitant in a state of suspense, or rather, in suspension...

The inhabitant is left facing with-in-infinite-possibilities...

Whether one, being left at his own mercy, is to inhabit Luís Noronha da Costa's paintings or his architectural drawings, the anticipation of spaces is what presents its atmospheres.

The presence of space itself sets the undertone:

Veiled...

Expectant...

Yet-to-be-inhabited...

AFTERWORD

Marcello SÈSTITO

SOGNO-SEGNO-DISEGNO.

"il ragazzo inuit...richiesto di disegnare qualcosa sul foglio di carta che aveva davanti inizia il lavoro, ma l'immagine sta andando 'oltre il bordo', imperturbabile egli gira il foglio e continua l'opera sull'altra faccia".

Ruggero Pierantoni, Forma Fluens.

Si può lavorare dentro, ai margini o fuori dal disegno stesso. Gli autori del volume *Heterotopias or Hetero-Utopias, Disegnare fuori dei margini*, Pedro António Janeiro e José Ferreira Crespo hanno deciso ormai da anni di circoscrivere il loro impegno alla ricerca dei valori profondi che un disegno può esprimere in una sorta di semiotica del segno più che della parola, che tenta di delineare le *origini e destino dell'immagine*, che è anche il titolo di un'approfondita analisi che Janeiro compie alla ricerca di una *fenomenologia dell'architettura immaginata*.

Una indagine, che con esiti diversi e paralleli compiva l'amato storico dell'arte Juan Antonio Ramirez in Spagna nei suoi testi: *Construcciones Illusorias* (1983) e *Edificio y sueños* (1983), che tenta, con acume, di rispondere attraverso una sommatoria di capitoli dai titoli affascinanti, alla domanda che si poneva Marvin Minsky qualche tempo fa: "Che cos'è che fa di un disegno qualcosa di più delle sue singole linee?"

La presenza di alcune opere di Luis Noronha da Costa, invitato a questo banchetto, conferiscono al tutto un'atmosfera straniante in cui le "cellulose" dell'architetto portoghese, volutamente sfocate, alludono a un mondo in formazione, ectoplasmi in cerca di una loro verità rappresentata.

Il libro ben strutturato si muove tra "gli interstizi" tematici di una disciplina in parte compromessa a seguire gli esiti virtualizzanti delle realtà digitali, in quel vuoto impercettibile, ma in cui tutto è possibile, che separa la penna dal foglio nella nota poesia pessoana.

Ma ciò che lo rende utile e attuale è la naturale perseveranza nel raggiungere l'obiettivo di far parlare il disegno di sé, come se tra il mondo e il segno, in quel "Fra" caro a Pedro António Janeiro si introducesse, come in una parentesi dilatata, o un nucleo inventivo, tutta la tensione emotiva che anima il disegnatore, tutta la scaturigine propositiva.

E cosa fa il disegno per chi non vuole diventare pazzo ma è pazzo per il disegno come vorrebbe Smolarz per Hokusai?¹

¹ Bruno Smolarz, *Hokusai, dita d'inchiostro*, Barbès, Firenze 2012

Il disegno annusa l'aria e come il raddomante con la sua bacchetta bifida, cerca l'acqua, lui con la sua asta appuntita compie

circonvoluzioni nell'etere, scruta nel profondo delle cose, ne coglie i tratti istintivi e quelli profondi, si nutre di tracce e indizi, rivela le trame sottostanti, compie esercizi ginnici con la mano costretta a disinibite articolazioni, come se le ossa del carpo e del metacarpo delle multiple dita non bastassero, come se persino l'anatomia pentedattila non fosse sufficiente a compiere le giravolte che impone il lapis.

Il disegno ha questo di buono, rende chi lo pratica ottimista, ma non di quell'ottimismo ottundente, bensì quello velato di malinconia, di chi sa che solo una parte delle proposte disegnate troverà conferma nel reale. Il disegno è il vero tramite tra la realtà e la surrealtà, rivela di quest'ultima la sua natura seconda che non è data semplicemente dalla prima ma ne coglie l'origine come un dato implicito.

Il disegno ha concesso ai sogni di manifestarsi non solo nel *sopor* albertiano o nella *precognizione* scamozziana e nemmeno nello *sdormire* pessoano, ma proprio nella consistenza dell'esistenza.

Il disegno è atemporale, si sposta tranquillamente e senza indugio tra i secoli, le epoche, le ere; le attraversa rimanendo sé stesso; è a-geografico, si sposta tranquillamente tra i luoghi, le foreste, le pianure, i deserti o gli oceani.

Sottraendoli all'oblio, il disegno muta i volti, ritraendoli li consegna alla storia, e al futuro.

Si disegna nel vuoto o sulle materie, è indifferente. Con la luce o con le ombre. Col fiato sui vetri appannati. Si disegna col sangue o con l'inchiostro, con la polvere o il fumo, è indifferente.

Si disegna per piacere, per diletto o per sopravvivere, per riconoscersi e per conoscere.

Il disegno si auto sostiene, disegna sé stesso disegnando la matita, lo stilo, la penna o il carboncino o tutto ciò che lo rende manifesto.

È il disegno che disegna le lettere e quindi le parole per tutte le fiabe e le poesie del mondo.

E si può scrivere col pensiero grazie alle interfacce cervello-computer come dimostra il dispositivo sviluppato di recente alla Stanford University.

Il disegno è mobile e immobile al contempo, la linea guizza repentina ma una volta fissata impone un arresto temporale allo sguardo. È il disegno che guida il disegnatore.

Il disegno è Classicista, Manierista, Suprematista, Costruttivista, Cubista, Minimalista, Memorista, Globalista, se ne frega degli Ismi, esso li produce e l'invera.

Il disegnare segue il flusso delle passioni interiori, ora collerico, ora sanguigno, ora flemmatico ed il solco che traccia risente delle pressioni del polso e dell'impulso del cuore.

Il disegno è ritmico, produce anch'esso un suono sottile dato dallo stridore delle penne e dei pennini, o dai lapis e dalla grafite sul supporto, il pulviscolo che produce nelle sue scorie assomiglia alle stelle nell'universo.

Il disegno è affilato come la lama della katana del samurai che le firma temprandole con l'Hamon.

Il disegno copre le stagioni e le assorbe nelle sue grafie tutte, sollevando i venti e le maree, i terremoti o i sommovimenti tellurici. Si insinua nelle rocce, entro l'alveo del fiume, ne riproduce le sinuosità, affonda con le sue radici.

È il disegno che traccia le costellazioni, l'orsa, il cancro, la lira, il sagittario ... che allinea le rotte delle imbarcazioni, che traccia destinazioni, dalla Terra alla Luna, che cala pertiche come linee negli abissi, che geometrizza città miletiane o naturalizza paesaggi e bustrofedicamente ara i campi.

Il disegno quando è continuo divide il mondo, quando è discontinuo lo rivela in parti.

Il segno si manifesta nel vuoto prima che sulla cosa, che il supporto è solo un incidente, che la linea può fuggire in ogni dove, che il segno

è prima inciso nella testa, e solo dopo appare come un fulmine, spezzando il tempo; un prima e un dopo. E dopo nulla è più lo stesso.

Il disegno è il vero indicatore del tempo, al suo apparire corrompe ciò che noi sapevamo di lui, si consuma in solitudine, come chi si abitua alla reclusione in una cella, dove abbandonata l'idea della fuga, la rassegnazione incute una calma incombente. E solo in questo stato di morte apparente si disegna, come un duello tra sé e sé, una battaglia senza fine tra ciò che si possiede e ciò che si vuole dare, tra l'esercizio della mano libera e la costrizione del corpo intero.

Quando si disegna il tempo si contrae in un inizio, esso richiede meditazione interiore e coraggio nell'abbandonare una visione sulle cose che farebbe gola alla fotografia, per questo Picasso distrugge il suo stesso operare mettendone in crisi le visioni fotografiche.

Il disegno esige di più: vuole che il reale transustanzi in altro, nell'onirico, nella fantasmagoria, nell'utopia.

Il disegno poi è democratico, annulla le incomprensioni e le distanze generate dalle lingue, si lascia accarezzare da chiunque, apparenta e unisce anziché dividere i popoli.

Ma il disegno separa pure i mondi, il segno prodotto è solo quello dei possibili infiniti rimasti esclusi dalla scelta, ma questa esclusione preme costantemente e incessantemente come un viandante che cerca rifugio, bussa alla porta del disegnatore implorando di essere accolto.

Ma lo stesso disegnatore è sottoposto a pentimenti, quel pentimento che nelle parole di Pierantoni suona così: "In realtà il 'pentimento' indica l'indecisione tra diverse forme e soprattutto, quando si tratti di disegno di figure o oggetti, indecisione tra differenti punti di vista".²

² Ruggero Pierantoni, *Forma Fluens*, Bollati Boringhieri, Torino 1986, p.128.

Il disegno è capace di affastellare più cose, di raggruppare ciò che non si raggruppa, di accorpate ciò che è diviso, di associare ciò che non si associa.

Il disegno mette insieme più cose, lo nota Pericoli nei disegni di Steinbeg: "la cartografia, gli alfabeti, la calligrafia, l'architettura".³

³ Tullio Pericoli, *Pensieri della mano*, Adelphi, Milano 2014, p.39.

Ma c'è una cosa che il disegno ha l'obbligo di fare, deve caricarsi di senso e di preveggenza, pena lo scadere nella leziosità, nel virtuosismo grafico, nell'ombreggiatura ammiccante, peggio nella scolastica o nell'accademismo, inutile all'architettura se il disegno non significa.

Certo così dicendo mi accorgo di far coincidere disegno e progetto, ma forse il primo è sgravato dal peso delle eccessive responsabilità previsionali, può essere ludico e impertinente, persino irriverente e provocatorio.

Il disegno per l'Architettura è tutto, è madre e padre, anticipa il costruire e definisce l'abitare, crea gli spazi del nostro quotidiano e della nostra sopravvivenza, entro i luoghi del disegno noi abitiamo con i nostri gesti, del vivere semplice, costruiamo la sedia, il mobile, l'armadio o il tavolo per la mensa sotto il quale i nostri figli simuleranno la prima capanna dove impareranno ad abitare, giocare e vivere.

Ma c'è una cosa che il disegno non può fare, anche se a lui spetta anticipare le cose, non può sostituire la materia. Per questo il monito di Sinisgalli: *"...l'architettura nasce nella luce, non nasce sulla carta, ha il dovere di resistere più di un albero, più di una montagna, alle intemperie, all'usura, alla polvere"*.⁴

⁴ Leonardo Sinisgalli, *Furor mathematicus*, Mondadori, Milano 1950, p.79.

Ma lo stesso Sinisgalli dimentica che vi sono segni che sopravviveranno alle piramidi e sogni disegnati nei fogli che vedranno perire e sgretolarsi le architetture che essi stessi hanno aiutato a esistere, che il segno su un adeguato supporto può sopravvivere persino a sé stesso.

Perché chi disegna, disegna ovunque: nelle panchine dei parchi, agli angoli degli edifici, sui sedili della metro, in bagno sulla carta igienica, recupera fogli diversi, carta di pane o da macellaio, ruvida o morbida o persino papiri... Perché l'idea non ti avvisa, nasce come un colpo di luce e alla stessa velocità, si installa e si insedia sul foglio, pretende di essere ascoltata, migliorata, rinnegata a volte.

E quando il foglietto, scontrino, o biglietto del tram, su cui abbiamo tracciato quegli strani ghirigori che alludono a qualcosa, e lo riponiamo nella tasca interna quella vicina al cuore allora succede qualcosa di straordinario. Non abbiamo solo ripiegato un foglio ma un mondo: si agitano spazi e persone, un andirivieni di folla si

aggira attorno all'oggetto pensato, se è un'architettura gli abitanti si rincorrono entro spazi domestici, si affacciano dalle finestre, litigano i parenti, gli animali nel giardino sono irrequieti. Ma ripieghiamo anche elefanti o balene perché il disegno non ha scala, come il seme di sesamo che produce un albero gigantesco, ha tutto in nuce.

Ah, non dimentichiamo, *Lapis* sta a significare sia pietra che matita e ve ne è una che di nome fa *fermasangue*.

Nell'elenco che Franco Purini propone nel suo magistrale testo di apertura al volume troviamo l'utopia nelle sue diverse declinazioni e metamorfosi: la *retropia*, la *distopia*, l'*eterotopia* foucaultiana, l'*ipertopia*, la *transtopia*, a cui si può aggiungere, per rimanere nel contemporaneo la *retrotopia* di Bauman o la *Utopia Nera*, da scongiurare, di Marc Augé, o le riflessioni su *un Occidente senza utopie* come fanno Paolo Prodi e Massimo Cacciari, e la nostra accentata *ÈUtopia* che dà il nome ad una collana di utopie dedicata alla storico Eugenio Battisti, maestro mai troppo compianto.

Tutto per confermare la vitalità del termine che da Tommaso Moro ad oggi non cessa di modificarsi trascinando, com'era da aspettarsi, le intere problematiche sociali che attendono risposte. Persino chi ne predica la fine, come per la fine dell'Arte, rischia comunque di rientrare negli eterni interessi sull'argomento. E se è proprio il *non luogo* ricercato che sembra essere sfuggito ormai dalle maglie geografiche rimane da sondare quel *luogo interiore*, quello conosciuto dai mitografi, dagli asceti, dai mistici, dai profeti, dagli artisti, dai sognatori, dai pazzi, dai santi, dai visionari, quel luogo che si agita nell'interno e che nessuna geografia potrà mai stabilire non essendoci coordinate precise, né meridiani né paralleli su cui orientarsi. Ma è proprio questo che rende questo luogo interiore perturbante e imperturbabile allo stesso tempo, quel luogo che il disegnatore, e i nostri autori, conoscono benissimo per averlo frequentato, quel luogo che cercano insistentemente di proporre sul foglio sempre più povero di sogno.

Perché è il disegno che anima le cose e noi stessi, Valéry lo ricorda: "Quand'ero un bambino che disegna gli uomini nei suoi quaderni avevo un momento solenne. Era quando mettevo ai miei uomini gli occhi. Che occhi! Sentivo che davò loro la vita e sentivo la vita che loro donavo".

Quando gli autori mi chiesero, con generosità, oltre la postfazione, un disegno per la copertina del volume non si sa per quale mistero, si coagulò nella mia mente la forma di una Casa, era quella di Gaston Bachelard, più che quella di Adamo in Paradiso, che chiedeva asilo nel mondo e che si andava modellando, in una forma plastica che non voleva assolutamente irrigidirsi, come a voler rimanere in uno stato larvale, offrendosi come *plasmica*, direbbe Emilio Villa, cioè come una massa in continua trasformazione, forse in cerca di una sua stabilità, come l'Utopia o l'Eterotopia appunto, passando però dal *sogno al segno, al disegno*.

Milano, 15 Luglio 2021.