

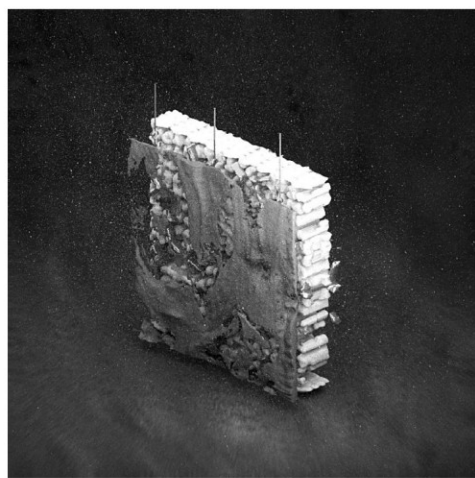
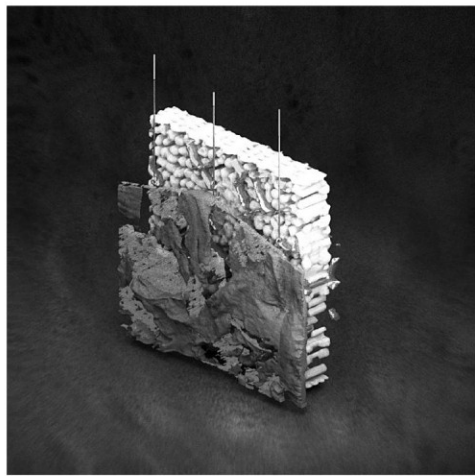
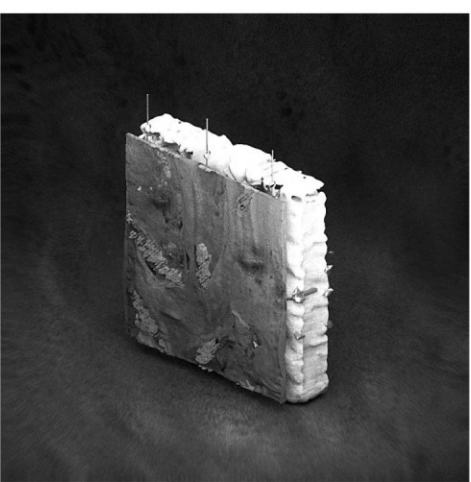


CLON(ED) WALL

RU (YIRU) WU
GREG CALLEJA AYAPANTECATL

“(F)lesh implies a sense of bodilyness and material sensuality, but also notions of the abject, it prompts investigations in a variety of fields, such as aesthetics, biology, cultural studies, art and architecture.”
Marcos Cruz

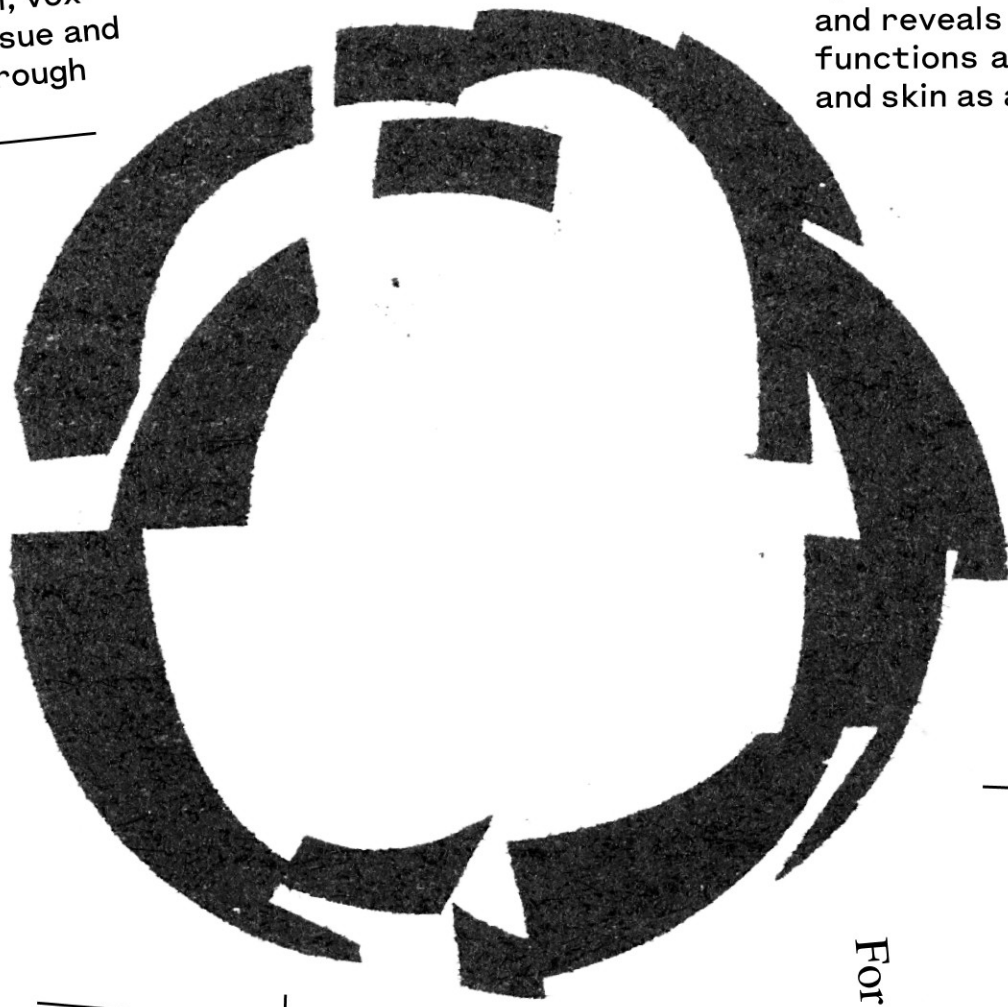
Body as a unit, which synthesizes microbiology and systems of living, presence until its imperfect demise is an amalgamation of repertoires that, in unison, choreograph in whole.
Body as ephemeral, voxelized through living tissue and sequences, wrapped through



skin, in our imagination of CLONED walls, human flesh is both a biological organism and a socially constructed fiction. It interrogates flesh as a non-architectural material, aiming to invent corporeal tectonics while sub-

verting traditional architectural imagery at the intersection of the weird and the grotesque in the age of posthumanism. By drawing parallels between the physiology of human flesh and the cavity wall system, we developed an animated flesh-wall system that simultaneously conceals and reveals its underlying structure. Fat functions as insulation, bone as structure, and skin as a suspended curtain system,

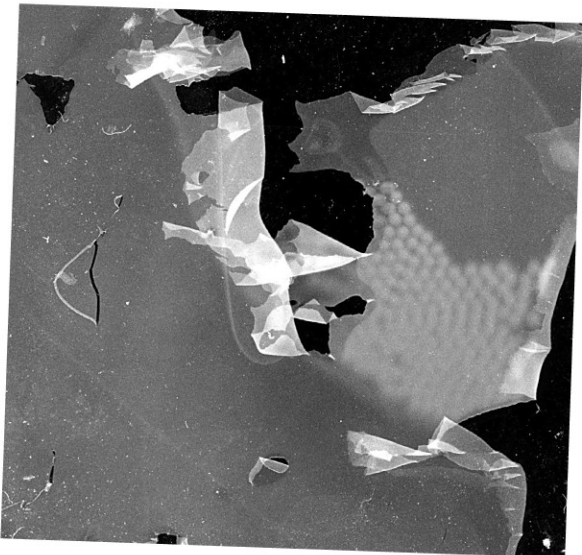
stripped of its conventional familiarity. Tattoos serve as modifiable filters, while cuts and scars become self-regenerative openings, further blurring the boundary between materiality and organic adaptation. We share more in common with static walls and our skin than not, thermal resilience and constructed morphology.



For I had wished to rip out my eyes
CASSANDRA LESAGE FONGUÉ

[Do not close your eyes, but imagine them so.]

Imagine Democritus, as he took his sight, as he reached with his index and thumb, the palm of his hand eclipsing the lens of his Eye. Did he hesitate? Did he keep his eye open as his fingers curled into its socket. Was the final image of his sight, etched by light into his brain? But then, feel the fire, the blazing, scorching, molten pain of blinding light, here a precursor to optical blindness. Your retina peeled, ripped, ruptured and mangled onto the vitreous body of the Eye. The optic nerve fires phantom images, remnants of sight, into the brain.



it redefines the space, imbuing it with new possibilities. Each shift, each gesture, becomes an act of radical change, a reinvention that awakens the space to its own potential. The body and space converge, shedding the weight of the past, no longer bound by the scripted movements of tradition. In this dynamic exchange, both the body and the space become alive—malleable, responsive, and forever in flux. Together, they create something new with every threshold crossed, a constant reinvention and transformation that allows both to thrive in unexpected ways.



Popular discourse often reductively portrays transition as revisionary, as a shift from occupying one stable, legible set of embodied boundaries to occupying the opposite set—there is no “beyond” to this “body.” of discourse. But in my experience, for trans bodies, there is only the body beyond. There is only the refusal to learn that the morphology of the body holds a priori meaning, only the unlearning of knowledge based in objective categories, and only the relearning of what the body can be beyond those categories.

Looking at this image in the present day, I notice how the impressions on my skin are echoed by the creased fabric background. An apt isomorphism: the binder's marks on my skin were ultimately creased fabric background. None of these, however, are normatively categorized as male, not female. I wore binders to morphologically undermine, even implode, the boundaries of my body and thus of the category of female. In honor of this implosion, a tattoo now reads “Come apart at the seams” where my chest had been surgically reconstructed (terminology shared, here, between architecture and medicine).

Western architecture is rooted in an epistemology of boundaries and demarcation, of enclosure and stability. Trans bodies such as my own—in which bodily, social, and spatial rupture are inevitable—performatively enact a necessary critique of this epistemology. When I was 20 years old and an undergraduate architecture major at Yale, I lived in an apartment on the corner of Dwight and Elm that had been converted from an attic. Given this initially unplanned use of the space directly under the house's hip roof, the ceiling in the living room and bathroom that I shared with my roommate sloped steeply, meeting the outer wall only about three feet off the floor (as far as memory serves). In that living room, my roommate and I once duct-taped an aqua blue bedsheet to a low part of the ceiling so that it hung vertically. It became the improvised backdrop for the above self-portrait, part of a project for Joel Sanders' seminar on “the politics of display.” On my back, you see subtle, but distinctly present, impressions where a chest binder, a notoriously restrictive garment, dug into the surface of my skin. They are more visible in this image than the spatial adaptations that went into its creation, yet the two are equally necessary to the portrait before you.

On skin
GRAY M. GOLDING

synthetic, shifting and adapting in response to our virtual and material environments.

The body, in this sense, is something beyond—beyond definitions, beyond constraints, beyond the boundaries of what we once thought possible. It is a site of transformation, a space where mind and body are no longer separate but intertwined, continuously reshaping our understanding of who we are.

Body as Thought, Mind as Flesh. I cannot define it, yet I feel it deeply; the dictionary cannot capture the subtle interplay within. We are more than mere matter.

Body Beyond is an invitation to imagine the body beyond the physical and sensory limitations we typically assign to it. It asks us to consider the body not only as an organic entity but as a site for a higher form of being—an intersection of mind, body, and environment. The relationship between body and mind is not just intimate; it is fluid, transcending dualities of thought and flesh. What if we are not passive beings, but living, feeling entities, where our physical form is integral to how we think, feel, and exist?

By embracing a holistic view of corporeality, we place the body within interconnected personal, social, and environmental ecologies. This redefines realities increasingly shape our experience. Donna Haraway suggests we are becoming fluid entities, navigating between biological and digital worlds. The body, then, is no longer a fixed biological entity—it is an evolving negotiation where selfhood exists in the space between the organic and

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The Body Unmade:
A Speculative Chronicle

Beril Gök



I. Emergence

I emerge, not as a singular form, but as an accumulation—a collection of minerals, fluids, and breath woven into motion, drawn together by unseen forces that have shaped all matter before me and will continue long after I dissolve. Born from dust, sustained by air, I take shape in the pull of unseen forces. My body hums with the memory of matter. I do not begin at birth; I begin in the sediments of time, in the restless migrations of atoms.

II. Growth and Intra-action

I am a body in motion, shifting with every encounter. My skin hums with the memory of touch—of the warmth of another's presence, the imprint of wind carving its way across my surface, the quiet erosion of time against flesh. My breath is borrowed and returned in endless exchange, a rhythm not my own but shared with the world that remakes me with each inhalation. I am not bound; I am porous, entangled. Each moment I am remade by the things that pass through me. My edges snudge like ink bleeding into damp paper, a sketch unfinished, rewriting itself with every pulse. I do not own myself. I am a confluence, an echo of everything I have touched and been touched by.

III. Transformation and Material Evolution

I am not static. I am layered, shifting—a body formed from sediment and flow, from stone and water, from the slow accretion of time pressed into marrow. Roots thread through my being, binding me to the strata of time, interlacing past and present forms of existence. I fracture, I reform, I absorb, I shed. My body does not resist change - it invites it. My boundaries dissolve like salt in warm water, like leaves breaking into loam. I wonder if I am growing, decomposing, or merely shifting within the web of life that holds me.

IV. Return to Earth

I sink, not as disappearance, but as return—bone into dust, flesh into sediment, breath into wind. I break apart, yet I do not end. My marrow seeps into the roots of unseen things, my remnants taken up by the hands of time. The ground does not consume me; it carries me forward, weaving me into the quiet persistence of new beginnings. My form unspools, a ribbon of sinew and dust, unravelling into the ground that has always known me. I do not vanish; I disperse. The soil does not invade me; it welcomes me. I feel myself become something older than I have ever been, something waiting beneath the surface, restless and vital.

V. Beyond the Body

To see my body is to misname it, to anchor a wave with a word that cannot hold. I am a shimmer in the heat, an outline traced by absence, a breath caught in a current of dust. I am less a figure than a flicker—a hush before the tide retracts, before the soil resettles around me. I am a transient note in the great composition of matter, a chord struck and left to resonate through the sediment of time. I unfurl, unlearning myself, peeling away the husk of certainty, spilling into the world and being spilled into in return. There is no final form—only motion, only current, only the ceaseless unravelling of a question never meant to be answered. And so, I drift, neither lost nor found, like a whisper moving through the cracks of existence.

+

What remains is not a body, but soil, waiting to nourish new roots, to be carried by wind, to dissolve into water - an echo of what was, shaping what will be.

How to Feel the Moon
ANNA BATLLE, SIGNE FERGUSON

First, ask yourself a few questions.

1. What are these new crevices that have suddenly appeared? Is it stress? Is it time?
2. Am I the moon?
3. How do you kiss the moon?
4. How do you scratch the moon?
5. What happens when your feet don't hit the floor but the rest of your body feels like it is resting on it?
6. How do I show you how I have embraced the moon?
7. What does it mean to know that the first structure on the moon will be a mine?

Now, Reflect.

When I look at my own reflection I see new craters. And then some things that haven't changed at all. My skin still feels recognizable from a distance. But sometimes I feel far, like I am rotating in a distance. And like there is a lot of sudden change coming, all at once, like a sneeze.

No. I am learning to kiss the moon. I am learning to scratch at the moon.

The scale of the bodies sometimes does not exist.

The hybrid doesn't exist. We can't be between your size and my size. We are one or the other. We are big or small. We are looking at you from the distance, or we are imagining being on the surface of you.

Many Indigenous peoples believe that we all share a skin. We all share a body. My scars are your scars. Share some skin.

You and I don't exist but we exist. Our skin is connected to everything in the room with us. The sidewalk, fragmented, extends to my skin - beginning to crack.

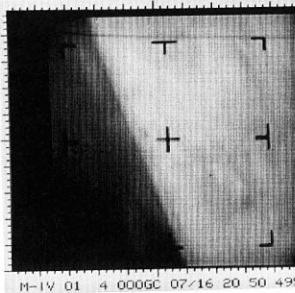
The act of xeroxing is one thing. Moving your skin onto it is another. Trusting your feet to feel the ground below you

In dance, we trust the space to be discovered, or rather uncovered. Space doesn't exist until the body moves through it. These bricks are feeble attempts to make me turn right or left. Screw your scenic window of pause. I prefer to smoke my cigarette next to the dumpsters in the back in-between of the buildings.

Take a moment to learn something new from Mars.

1965. Pre computer. Pre cell phone. It is the first year that color is transmitted through televisions, available for mass market consumption. Mariner 4 was NASA's probe, trying for the second time to capture an image of the surface of Mars. The actual image would take hours to develop, and in the meantime, engineers figured out a way to extract a binary from the actual data in order to create a picture. A one to one point by numbers pastel drawing, with oranges and yellows, and browns - far more representative than the black shrouded developed image that eventually followed.

These are lessons we can take from Mars. Sometimes, we can extend our bodies in the way, so that we are pastel coloring on the surface of Mars. Using data, but then running it through the body, is a remarkable way of keeping up with AI's Jones's.



Back to poetics.

Extend your finger tips.
Extend your eyes.
Age your body with time
Marinate in the acids of consequence.
Look at the moon for 100 years
Look at the body for 100 years
Don't let your eyes fall out.
What blessings God's presents of struggle bestow.

Thank you for participating in the first edition of
How to feel the moon.

Meeting Ahmet
Selected excerpts from my journal.
June 10, 2023. Rabat, Morocco
ALI SALAMA

I first heard the clanking.

I knew what I was hearing before I saw it. I broke into a grin as I walked through the sound. Clink-clink-clink-clunk.

The rhythm was almost musical, like a drum ringing through the soug of Rabat, Morocco.

The 13th-century Persian poet and mystic Rumi is said to have first started whirling upon hearing the rhythmic beating of a blacksmith by the name of Salahoddin in a market in Konya. Intoxicated by the rhythm, he fell into a trance of spiritual ecstasy and began whirling on the spot—his body dissolving into the world around him, melding with the cosmos whose axis he embodied. The more he turned, the less of him remained, until only divine harmony was left.

Inside the small stall, Ahmet sat, Menkakh (a hammer-like tool used to break Zellige) in hand, clanking away.

Dance Notation: Spatial Analysis
ANGELA SIMONIELLO

By embodying the dance notation,

two-dimensional patterns were

brought to life, revealing new

dimensions as in movement,

responded to shifts in direction

and spatial positioning. Unlike

static representations, the physical

traces left behind—marks

that emerged through real-time

adaptation. Additionally, audience

proximity influenced the performance,

introducing an interactive

layer of interpretation based

on written notation revealed the

physical traces left behind—marks

on the floor created by movement.

These imprints offered a large-scale

interpretation of the choreography,

transforming the notation from

a compact 7-inch by 4-inch page

into a 10-foot by 11-foot physical

"page" within the performance

space. This shift in scale pro-

vided new insight into notation's

adaptability, highlighting the ways

in which movement, spatial con-

straints, and personal interpretation

shape execution.

Furthering this notion,

the body itself can be considered

a framework—its limitations

and individual precision directly



inherent irregularities offer an alternative approach to architectural design.

or after a choreographic work, directly influencing its form and perception. As a modeling tool, the human body provides the most authentic representation of dance, preserving its experiential essence and spatial intent.

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Deja-Vu:
Office Park Tim in the Tropics
LAYNA CHEN

In the summer of 2024, I was staying in a small town called Kumai in Central Borneo, a place that, from Google Maps' aerial photos and online travel journals, appeared to be an untouched, exotic landscape.

I was volunteering with a small peatland rehabilitation center that summer, situated between a palm oil plantation on one end and a national park on the other. Not far from the small rehabilitation center, rows of oil palms stretched out in mechanical repetition, their thick, waxy leaves blending into a crisp, uniform line toward the horizon. As we drove past these orderly roads, I felt the strangest sense of deja vu. A temporal rupture dislocated me from my body as the landscape of Borneo folded into my memories of the suburban office park landscapes in California. This striking similarity allowed me to understand how much of the world has been restructured by extractive industries.

That summer, my guide drove me through a palm oil processing plant. The plantation's industrial core had generated a network of secondary industries around it, not dissimilar to the standardized, rural network of an office park. The impact of the palm oil industry is often framed solely in terms of deforestation and land loss, yet it also imprints a temporal order—a placeless, regimented logic that standardizes time and space. As we neared the processing plant, my guide pointed out small convenience stores selling instant ramen. Small roadside eateries were selling what he jokingly called "Kumai fried chicken." In Borneo, I felt transported back to my childhood, to the nucleus of my town in California, where an office park stood surrounded by endless highways, homogeneous fields, and sun-scorched grasslands.

In the mornings and afternoons, I would wake up and take a walk around the city as these trucks drove in and out to work.



References:

1. Chan, Sophie. In the Shadow of the Palms: More-Than-Human Becomings in West Papua. Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2022.
2. Nixon, Rob. Slow Violence and the Environment: tales of the Poor. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2011.



(on the back of my head @)
as I float backstroke—
whispering gossip cuts through my skull
sharp like a laser

The ear you hear is not
an ear because you hear it;

It is an ear because it hears you?

(on my tongue @)
The ear grows out of my taste buds—
I hear the plastic sweetness of her love words,
taste the off-tuned notes of a recipe I copied from Google.
Synesthesia, is the soft prosthetic dissolves in my mouth
like popping candy

(on my palms @)
Like unstable Bluetooth pairing,
when we hold hands walking to McCarren Park,
between telepathy and invisible signal
I hear all your untold stories
and the silent prayers

(on my knees @)
The humming begins,
as I hear the bruises on my knees healing.
The snapping of my joints, is just as loud
as the 808 bass drum

(on my sole @)
I hear the crack of melting ice
from a winter 5 years ago
and the faint breath of the sand
7,861 miles away in my tropical hometown.
A tiny hermit crab pinches my ear lobe—
now turning into a pearl earring from Kulangsu

Hyperplasia, amplification—
my body of many ears,
as I close my eyes,
the world comes to me.

2. Quote from Antonio Machado:
"The eye you see is not an eye
because you see it; it is an eye
because it sees you."
Proverbs and Song.

My Body of Many Ear(s)
After "EAR ON ARM" by Stelarc
RU (YIRU) WU

Every morning when I wake,
I reach towards my side,
expecting an embrace.
When I don't receive it,
I think of a way to change
my routine: shower,
before brushing my teeth, prepare
the prata only after grinding
the coffee beans like an octopus
curious about difference and
boredom on the unpredictable.
I'd look out to a view of the
Charles—its icy surface gleaming
brightly as the sun envelops
my body with warmth. This life
is the one that I chose,
so why isn't it enough?
Then, I'd think of you, at home
on the opposite side of the
globe, your bed empty without
me—it's an empty gesture
perhaps since it brings me no
closer to you, but I refuse to get
used to a routine devoid of you.