

Architecture or the chronicle of an instant

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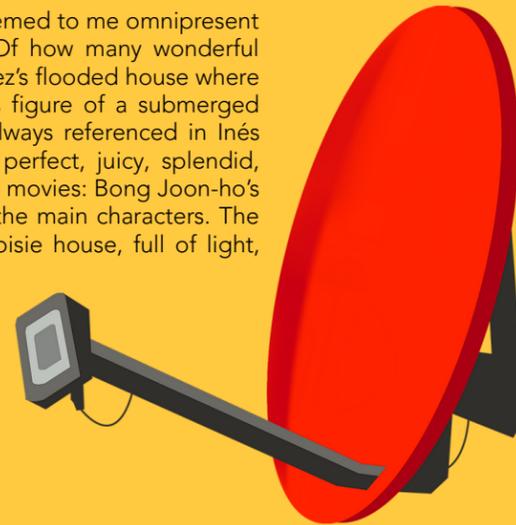
[[inverösimil](#)] Escúchanos en SPOTIFY



How many and how valuable are the spaces in narratives. Spaces have seemed to me omnipresent and highly undervalued elements in the history of things and ideas. Of how many wonderful stories are they the protagonists: the House of Usher, Felisberto Hernández's flooded house where a melancholic writer navigates with an obese lady through the sinuous figure of a submerged mansion. Or, "El dorado", a mythical and dreamlike hacienda that is always referenced in Inés Arredondo's work, it is a place that refers to childhood, to losses, to perfect, juicy, splendid, familiar and therefore wrapping, imagined scenarios in our heads. Even in movies: Bong Joon-ho's "Parasite" would not have achieved its aesthetic without the houses as the main characters. The claustrophobic space referred to poverty. And then there's the bourgeoisie house, full of light, food and wonderful spaces with perfect and well-developed angles.

In the everyday, spaces are always there and they are often taken for granted. If we stop to think about it, the house at the end of the street is the peak of creation: in the first floor, a small bodega with various ads - Coca Cola, Lays, Wonder Bread and a thousand more stacked, even superimposed, on its outer wall -

Its second floor is a small residence: there lives, in a feat of space, a complete family. And there is still a third floor, the roof with a washing line. The boiler, the gas tank, and three dogs also live there, against all logic.



In its naturalness, the architecture of everyday spaces loses its impact and its dreamlike quality. In its interior, there are countless objects whose characteristics - tuned or not by a certain style, by a certain implicit cadence - convey a particular experience.

Who hasn't gone to their mother's house and found that all, absolutely every element in the house fit together extraordinarily?

The furniture, the angles, the lightbulbs themselves, everything there is warm, everything there is right where it should be.

Bachelard understood it quite well: we can say that an angle is cold or that it is too sharp and that, therefore, it is masculine, expulsive, arrogant.

It can also be a concave, maternal space. The latter is the angle of the cave, of the womb: naturally, the curved space has rest-like qualities. It regresses to the most precarious moment, it invites it.

I'll continue to elaborate on lines around spaces. Roland Barthes, a wonderful French essayist, thought that photography represents a past time perpetuated in an instant.

This same image can be thought of for the house. In this sense, adds Adriana Masís, who thinks of architectural spaces as a taxidermist: uses techniques to retain a moment for eternity, crystalizing a way of existing, a way of inhabiting the world.

It makes one think of this "Farabeuf or the chronicle of an instant", by Salvador Elizondo, but, instead of constructing a dizzying novel around the moment of death, houses and how constructions configure paralyzed moments in a poetic act, mental states eternity facts. It is a true act of Valdemarization.

This gives us the possibility to think about architecture as symbols of permanence, of our way of inhabiting the world. For example, Jaime Sanz thinks in this regard how every day it is for youth not to have a house of their own, to move as cosmopolitans, without architectural roots that take root. Postmodern liquidity architecture calls it. On the other hand, one could think of its validity in everyday Mexico.



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"We don't inhabit because we have built - says Heidegger - but we build and we have built to the extent that we inhabit."



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Translated by: Sofía Figueroa



PROMESAS DE TIERRA



FROM BELLOW, FROM UP TOP

PIRIZI



ARCHITECTURE OR THE
CHRONICLE OF AN INSTANT

SARA SERRATOS



CITY, HOW AND WHAT
(ACCORDING TO ME)

