

**Zeitschrift:** Trans : Publikationsreihe des Fachvereins der Studierenden am Departement Architektur der ETH Zürich

**Herausgeber:** Departement Architektur der ETH Zürich

**Band:** - (2020)

**Heft:** 36

## **Titelseiten**

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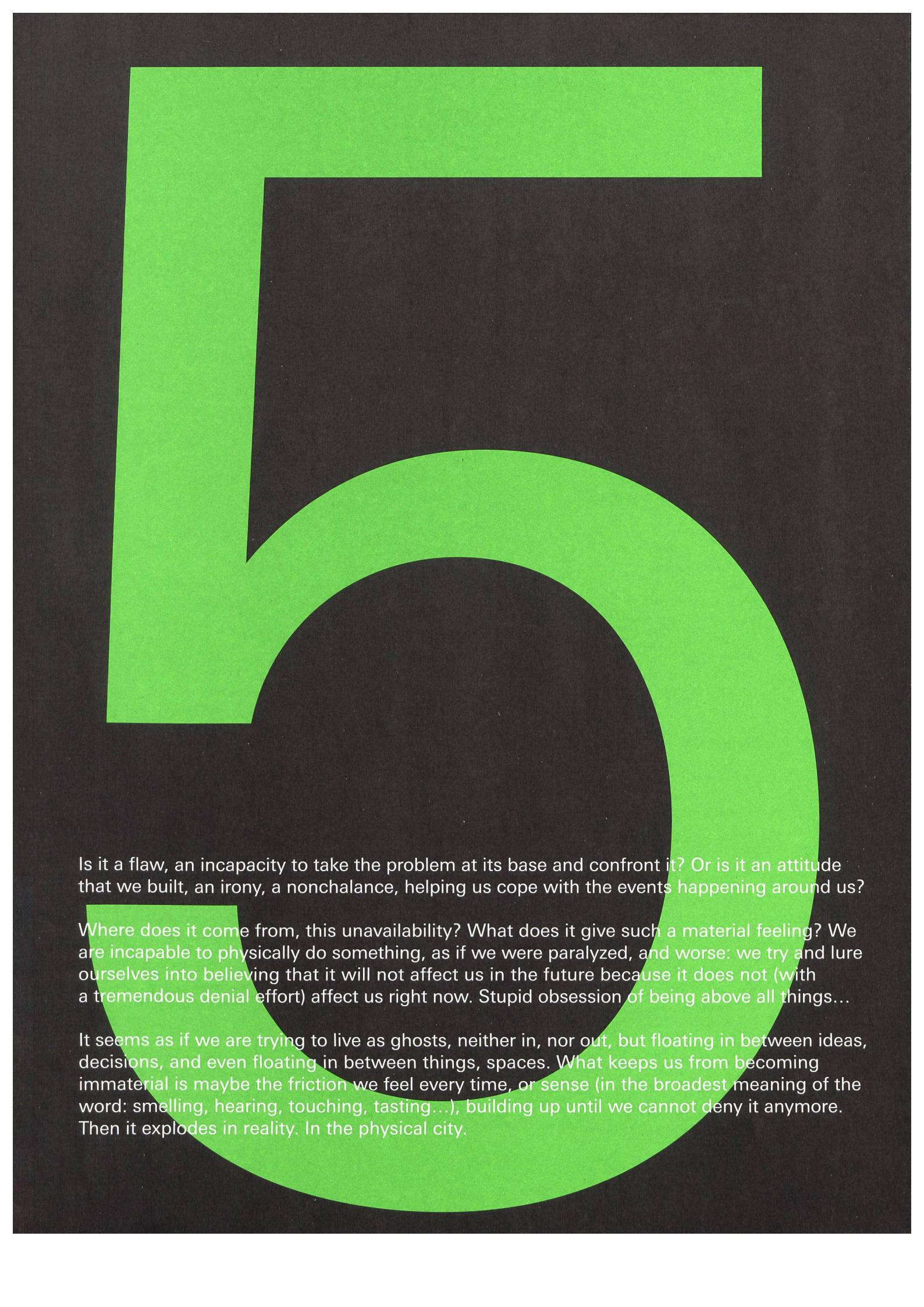
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Is it a flaw, an incapacity to take the problem at its base and confront it? Or is it an attitude that we built, an irony, a nonchalance, helping us cope with the events happening around us?

Where does it come from, this unavailability? What does it give such a material feeling? We are incapable to physically do something, as if we were paralyzed, and worse: we try and lure ourselves into believing that it will not affect us in the future because it does not (with a tremendous denial effort) affect us right now. Stupid obsession of being above all things...

It seems as if we are trying to live as ghosts, neither in, nor out, but floating in between ideas, decisions, and even floating in between things, spaces. What keeps us from becoming immaterial is maybe the friction we feel every time, or sense (in the broadest meaning of the word: smelling, hearing, touching, tasting...), building up until we cannot deny it anymore. Then it explodes in reality. In the physical city.