

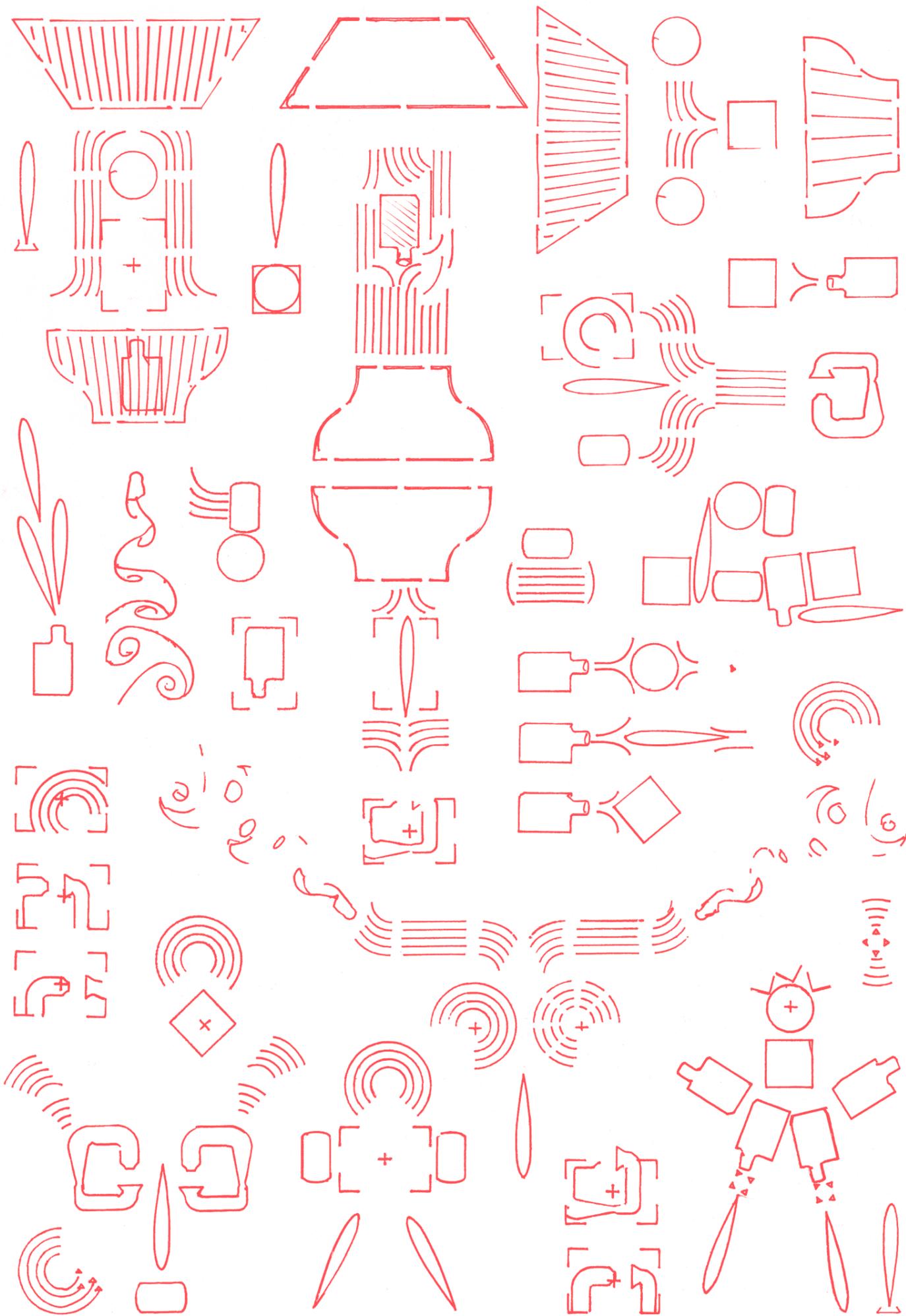
wind tunnel bulletin n° 06, june 2017

wind tunnel bulletin

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n° 06





Impressum

The Wind Tunnel Bulletin is published by the Research Focus in Transdisciplinarity at Zurich University of the Arts.

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Cover, p. 123: Ugo Carment (2017).

p. 108: Marcel Duchamp: 11, Rue Larrey, Paris (1927).

p. 112-113: Yoshio Watanabe (1952).

p. 114: Bruno Taut: Das japanische Haus und sein Leben (1937/1997).

p. 115: Yoshio Watanabe (1981), Ocdp (2013).

p. 118: Robert Frank: For the Glory of Wind and Water (1976).

p. 119: Yasuhiro Ishimoto: Chicago (1959/61).

Back: Milton Van Dyke: An Album of Fluid Motion (1982).

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Wind Tunnel Bulletin No. 6

Research Focus in Transdisciplinarity at the Zurich University of the Arts
ISBN 978-3-9524260-5-0

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In the last issue, we watched the cloud of our project “Size Matters: On the Scale and Size of Models” disappear into the suction head of our wind tunnel – and now return transformed. This occurs because our new research project, “Aerial/Photographic Images: The Moving Image and the Camera as a Scaling and Analytical Instrument” will launch in a few months. We will be adding two newly created PhD positions to our team and one postdoctoral position, all funded by the Swiss National Science Foundation (SNSF). So now is a good moment to devote an issue of our bulletin to the no-longer-not-yet state in which we find ourselves in-between projects.

Wind needs both: a high-pressure and a low-pressure area. One blows, the other sucks, and the wind makes them twins. Do they look at each other? Who knows. In their interstice, we articulate a few things close to our heart: we have removed the engine of our Zurich wind tunnel and shipped it to the Venice Research Pavilion (Update), where we will be building a new tunnel between 8 July and 13 August 2017 – from wood that we will collect with a sailing boat out in the lagoon (Cover, On the move II). One building, the Ise Grand Shrine in Japan, is still going round in our heads. Perhaps these temples are vessels for the wind when it isn’t blowing? Or does it blow into newspapers itself and remained entangled in these (On the move I)? Last but not least, we are using the trip to Venice to reflect on the infrastructure surrounding us in Zurich, that is, the space conditioning our work (Housing). As usual, the bulletin concludes with an interview. In other words, with questions. And we prefer those anyway.

Florian Dombois, Sibylle Boppart, Kaspar König,
Sarine Waltenspül

Christian Morgenstern:
The Gallows Songs (1905)

The Picket Fence

One time there was a picket fence
with space to gaze from hence to thence.

An architect who saw this sight
approached it suddenly one night,
removed the spaces from the fence,
and built of them a residence.

The picket fence stood there dumbfounded
with pickets wholly unsurrounded,

a view so loathsome and obscene,
the Senate had to intervene.

The architect, however,
flew to Afri- or Americoo.

The Gallows Songs. Christian Morgenstern's Galgenlieder,
translated by Max Knight. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1964.

Robert Musil:
The Man Without Qualities (1930)

From which,
remarkably enough,
nothing develops

A barometric low hung over the Atlantic. It moved eastward toward a high-pressure area over Russia without as yet showing any inclination to bypass this high in a northerly direction. The isotherms and isotheres were functioning as they should. The air temperature was appropriate relative to the annual mean temperature and to the aperiodic monthly fluctuations of the temperature. The rising and setting of the sun, the moon, the phases of the moon, of Venus, of the rings of Saturn, and many other significant phenomena were all in accordance with the forecasts in the astronomical yearbooks. The water vapor in the air was at its maximal state of tension, while the humidity was minimal. In a word that characterizes the facts fairly accurately, even if it is a bit old-fashioned: It was a fine day in August 1913.

Robert Musil, The Man Without Qualities. Vol. 1, translated by Sophie Wilkins. London: Picador, 1995.

Lao-tzu:
Tao Te Ching (6th century B.C.)

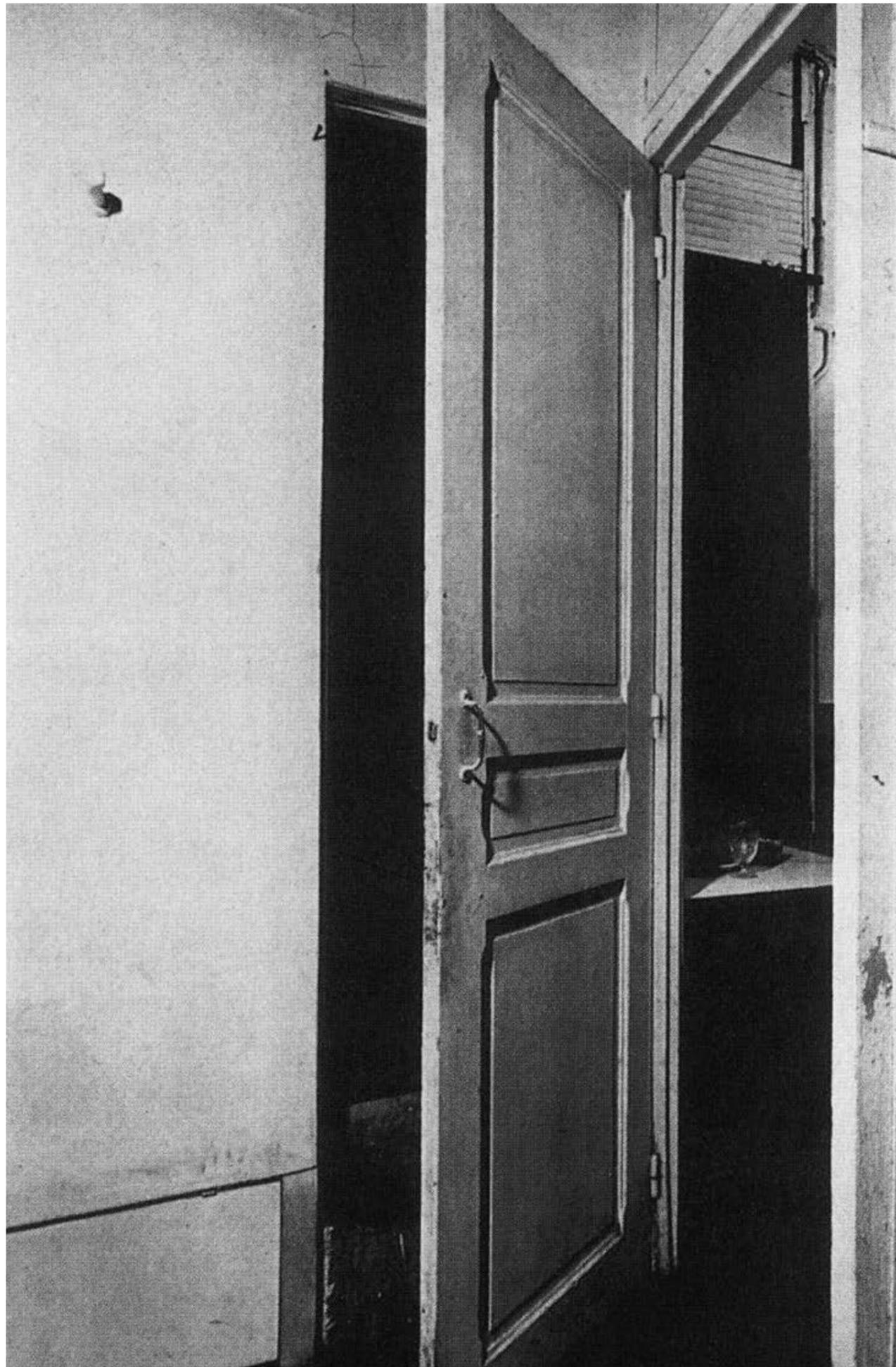
We join spokes together in a wheel,
but it is the center hole
that makes the wagon move.

We shape clay into a pot,
but it is the emptiness inside
that holds whatever we want.

We hammer wood for a house,
but it is the inner space
that makes it livable.

We work with being,
but non-being is what we use.

Tao Te Ching, A New English Version. Translated by Stephen Mitchell.
New York: Harper Collins, 1988.







When we Europeans go on a pilgrimage, then preferably to authenticity. We visit ruins in ancient Greece and the relics of saints in churches. Already Egyptian school-classes from the New Kingdom visited the buildings of the Old Kingdom long before Christ. Yet the members of Shinto, the ancient Japanese religion, pilgrimage to the Ise Grand Shrine, a group of wooden temples dating from 2013. The wood is fresh. No nails were used, only wooden joints.

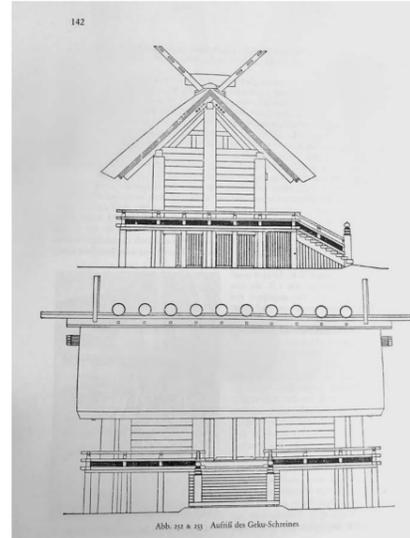


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Next to the temple is an area strewn with clean, equally sized pebbles because the shrines occupy two sites, between which they alternate. The shrine is dismantled every 20 years, and its wood is distributed among visitors as a souvenir. The temple servants rebuild the exact same shrine on the adjacent site. 2013 witnessed the 62nd iteration, with the next due in 2033. Before us stands a flawless temple, an ancient architecture stretching back uninterrupted two thousand years, a structure that now arises unblemished.

The temples are empty. What is there to be said about that?



The Ise site consists of two principal shrines and 123 additional shrines that extend across several square kilometres. The principal shrines are not accessible to the public. Pilgrims can only see them from a distance, their roofs visible beyond a view-blocking fence. Everything occurs in the imagination. Visitors must imagine the void, the invisible, that eludes their gaze behind the fencing.

The offering of sacred food in the Gekū, one of the two grand shrines, is a ceremony that has been performed for 1,500 years. At all times, without exception. The same ritual, every morning and every evening, in summer and in winter, in times of war and peace: there was always someone present to conduct the ceremony, down the centuries, twice a day.

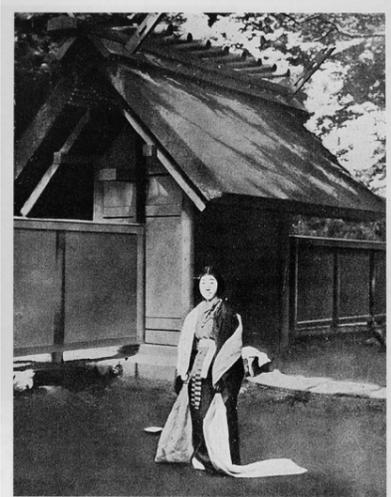


Abb. 254 Ise-Schreintor mit Schreindienerin

Cypress trees are cultivated in the Ise Shrine's own forests, which provide the wood needed to rebuild the shrine. It has its own rice fields for ritual purposes, its own facilities to produce the sacred salt, its own weaving mill to make the sacred textiles, and so on. The art of building houses without any nails has been passed on for centuries in the carpenters' workshops. So aren't the crafts, the people, and their work the actual attraction? Isn't the continuous nature of this process not an incredible cultural achievement, the perpetual, uninterrupted renewal of human actions?



Abb. 249 Zimmerleute in traditioneller Arbeitskleidung



To this day, 6 million people pilgrimage to the Ise shrines every year. Bruno Taut raved about the site as early as 1937: "This is Japan's greatest and utterly original achievement within world architecture."



Is it the wind that is tended in the 125 Ise shrines? The Von Karman Institute for Fluid Dynamics in Belgium, the largest of its kind in Europe, operates over 50 wind tunnels, thus fewer than half of those at Ise.

In 1993, the photographer Yasuhiro Ishimoto was granted access to the Ise Shrines. Two years later, he published the book "Ise jingū" (Tokyo 1995). We display his photograph of two newspapers blowing in the wind in Chicago on page 119.



Georges Perec: Species of Space (1974)
A space without use

I have several times tried to think of an apartment in which there would be a useless room, absolutely and intentionally useless. It wouldn't be a junk room. It wouldn't be an extra bed-room, or a corridor, or a cubby-hole, or a corner. It would be a functionless space. It would serve nothing, relate to nothing. For all my efforts, I found it impossible to follow this idea through to the end. Language itself seemingly proved unsuited to describing this nothing, this void, as if we could only speak of what is full, useful, and functional. A space without function. Not 'without any precise function' but precisely without any function; not pluri-functional (everyone knows how to do that), but a-functional. It would obviously be a space not intended solely to 'release' the others (lumber room, cupboard, hanging space, storage space, etc.). But a space, I repeat, that would serve no purpose at all.

Georges Perec, Species of Space. Translated by John Sturrock. London: Penguin, 1997.



Florian Dombois

The wind blows the rain.
The rain produces the fog.
The fog hides the birds.
The birds search for light.
The light gleams through the openness.
The openness attracts the mosquitos.

And where there are mosquitos, there is no wind.





What would Venice be without the wind? Where is the wind when it isn't blowing? And how might the idea of research be made fruitful for the arts? Dombois will build a wind tunnel from materials found in the lagoon while sailing through its waters.

Florian Dombois: Galleria del Vento
Exhibition, 9 July–13 August 2017
Vernissage, 8 July 2017, 16 h



The Research Pavilion 2017, 'The Utopia of Access', is initiated by the Uniarts Helsinki. The Pavilion is realized together with the Norwegian Artistic Research Programme and the Swedish Art Universities' collaboration Konstex in cooperation with the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna and Zurich University of the Arts.

At Research Pavilion,
Sala del Camino,
Giudecca 621, Venice
www.researchpavilion.fi

How did, and how will, Venice benefit from the wind?

Saturday, 15 July 2017:
Gold from Gust

How to share, how to challenge artistic practice and production?

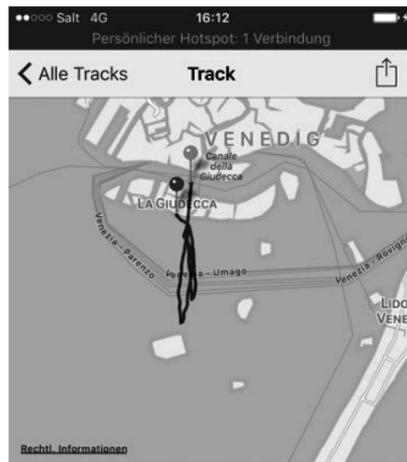
Saturday, 22 July 2017:
In the Agora of Art

(in cooperation with Institute for Computer Music and Sound Technology, Zurich)

How might artists collaborate with researchers from the natural and human sciences?

Saturday, 29 July 2017:
Friendship of Artists and Scientists

(in cooperation with Institute for Performing Arts and Film, Zurich)



Name
Datum Do. 11.05.17, 16:13
Dauer 51:29
Distanz 6.41 km
Ø Geschw. 7.5 km/h



Name
Datum Mi. 10.05.17, 14:03
Dauer 01:09:33
Distanz 11.36 km
Ø Geschw. 9.8 km/h

How does something become art?

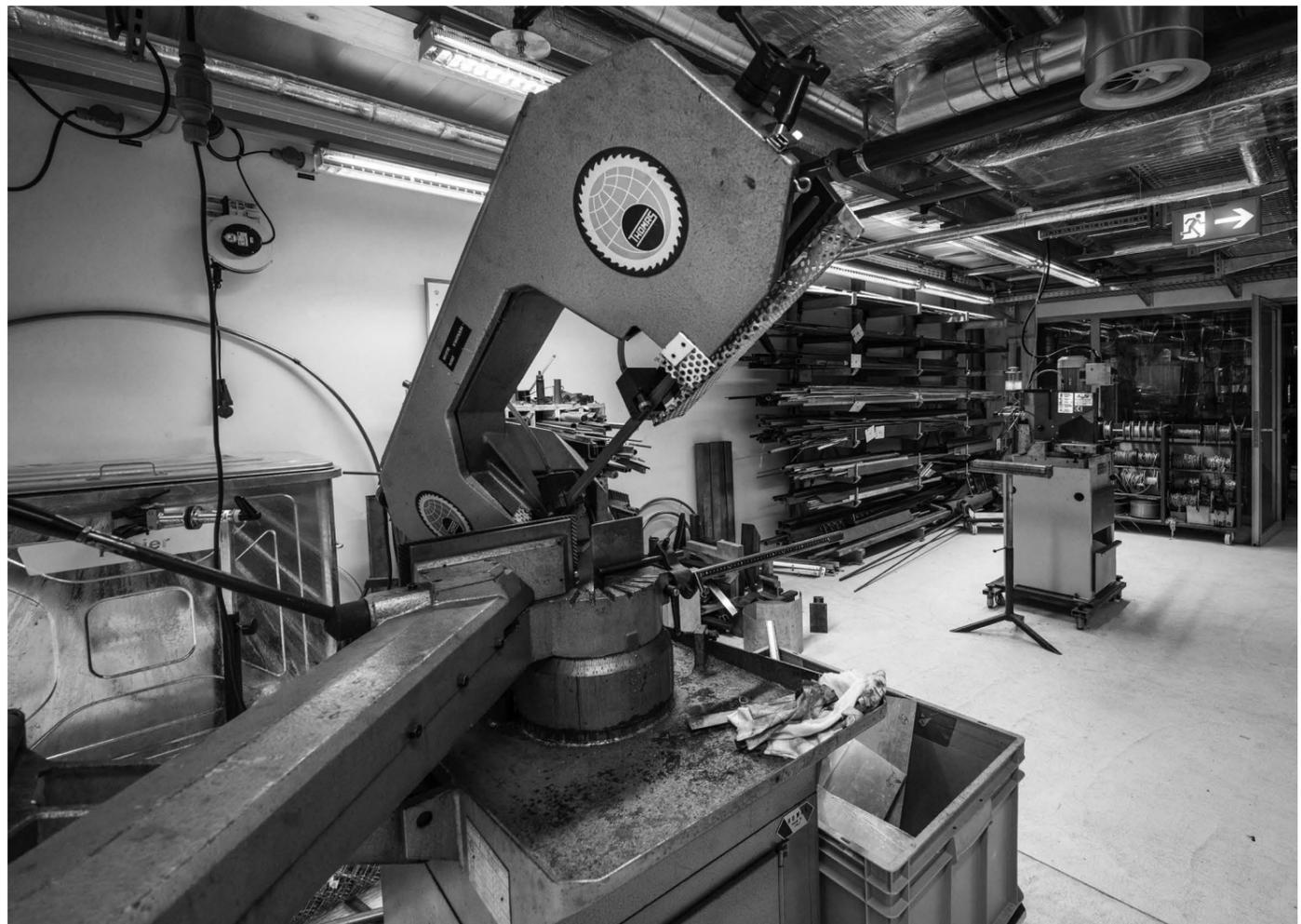
Saturday, 5 August 2017:
Not-yet Art. And for Good Reasons!?

(in cooperation with Institute for Critical Theory, Zurich)

How can art universities support artists and the arts in general?

Saturday, 12 August 2017:
Academia As a Resource





Do you know the image of dangling a carrot in front of a donkey?

FD: Yes, of course, and I love this image. Sometimes I'm the donkey, sometimes I carry the stick. In both cases, the carrot is always ahead of me. I believe that each has good enough reason to enjoy the ride: the coachman feels superior; the donkey plays along and still decides where to go; and the carrot notices with each step how coveted it is.

Are you serious?

FD: Yes, perfectly.

Is it still new to produce a bulletin about nothing?

FD: Are you alluding to the exhibitions in which there was nothing to see? For instance, Yves Klein's at the Galerie Clert in 1958 or the "Air Conditioning Show" by Art & Language (1966-67)? Yes, there's this nice catalogue, "Voids - A Retrospective" (JRP|Ringier), about the exhibition of the same name, which John Armleder and his friends initiated, and that was held at Paris's Centre Pompidou and at Kunsthalle Bern in 2009. No, this bulletin isn't about nothing.

Is it about the space between the pages and the articles?

FD: Do you mean like Hans-Jörg Rheinberger's new book "Der Kupferstecher und der Philosoph: Albert Flocon trifft Gaston Bachelard" (Zurich, 2016)? Hans-Jörg gave me a draft of his manuscript to read on 11 October 2014 and asked me what I thought, especially how the book might be well designed. While I was reading the manuscript in a café, a fly settled on one of the illustrations. I immediately realised that Flocon and Bachelard both worked with the space that opens up between the pages when one opens a book. No, that's not the issue here either.

Is it about time, in which nothing happens?

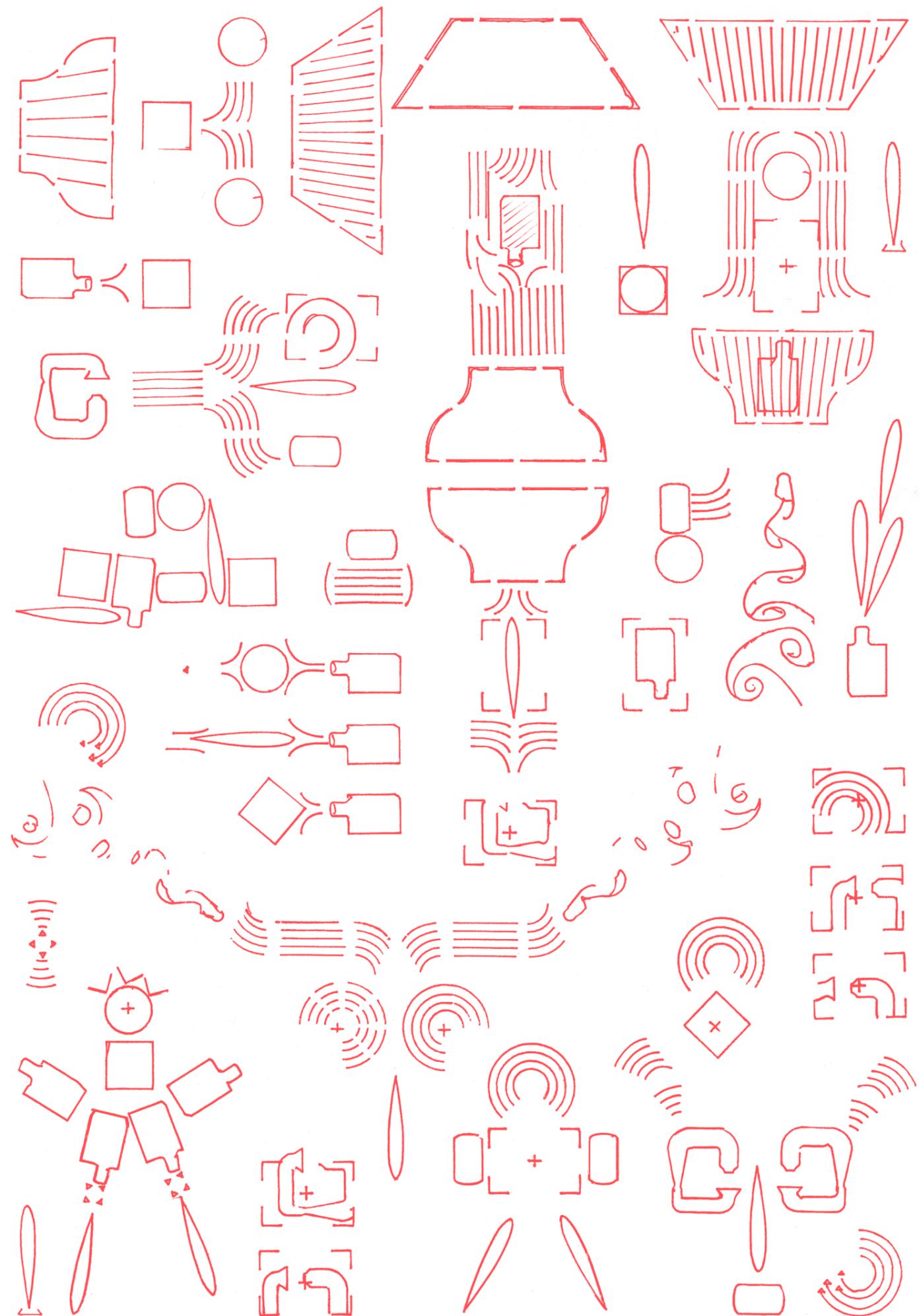
FD: Hm. Possibly. Idle time as a resource or as a projection screen, as a poetic space? We are waiting for the new project, and yet we still have so much on our hands. Our book, "The Wind Tunnel Model," has just appeared. It's an attempt to articulate the main lines of the project between the covers. Right now, I sense a strange mixture between a great explicitness and a simultaneous implicitness, that something is in the offing, yet still unarticulated.

Somehow, the tranquility that otherwise sets in on project completion doesn't want to happen. But perhaps that's the heart of the matter. Not being finished? What fascinates me about the Ise Shrine is that it's never 'finished.' It must be dismantled time and again and rearticulated. It's like juggling: the balls are secondary; it's far more important that they remain in the air.

Are you afraid of finishing?

FD: No, not really. On the contrary, I can be very pragmatic about finishing something. That's why the unfinished, provisional state of the wind tunnel makes me nervous. It bothers me in a nice sort of way, and also makes me insecure. But it's right. In "The Wind Tunnel Model," I ask: "Where is research when it isn't doing research?" It seems to me that we tend to overlook something quite important in this respect. Knowledge isn't a product. Now that's evident in German, because *Wissen*, "knowing," is also a verb. Just like "understanding" in English. It's a process, one that needs people and spaces. It requires precision. And flow.

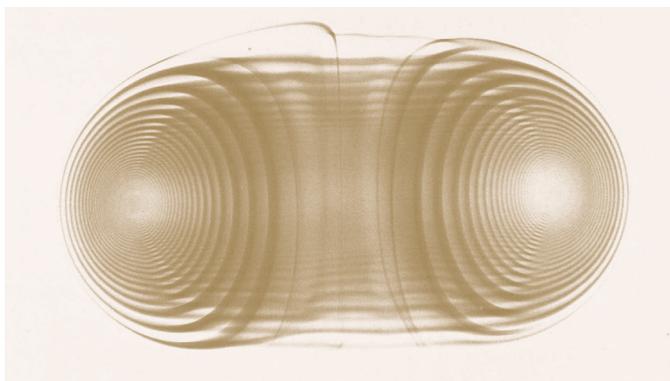
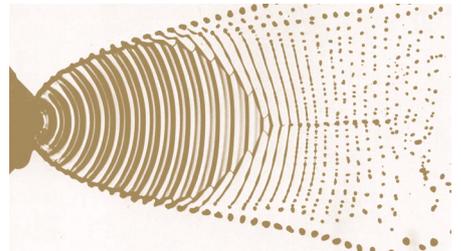
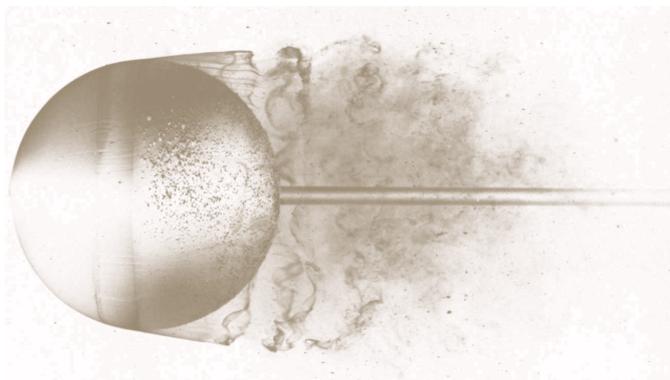
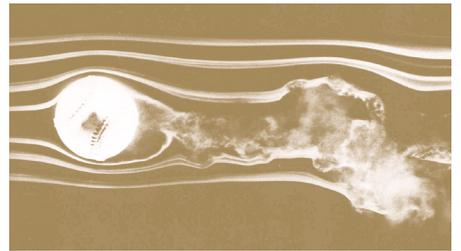
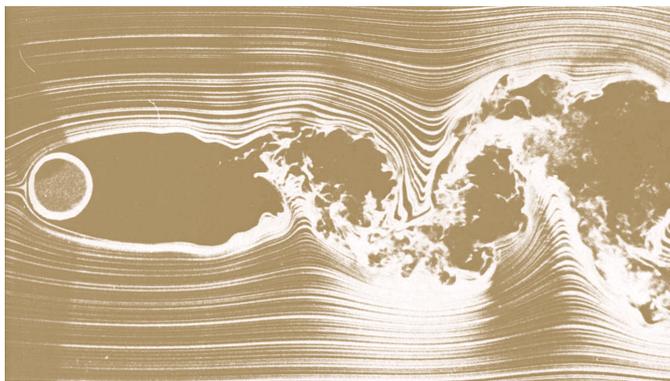
FD: Florian Dombois



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