

FLAVIA TRACHSLER 29.10.22 - 06.11.22

OBLIQUE

How many plans have been made for you today, how many assumptions? Even as we stand here in this white box, a colossal building industry metabolises the city and determines to a great degree how we live. A system of regulations, norms and certificates stitch the multiplicity of actors, intentions and artefacts together to ensure, that everything is built to Swiss standard. As an architect I know, that every building project makes idealised assumptions about its future users. When assumptions about gender, sexuality, race, productivity and behaviour repeat themselves, we recognise them as patterns. A pattern can be mind-numbingly ornamental or brutal. Day after day, what are bodies expected to do? Day after day, how do they live together? Day after day, what is built for whom?

Flavia Trachlser actively seeks out friction when confronting these questions. Maybe an intuition of being out-of-place draws her to the places she confronts. Be it the new developments of the Europaallee and the Freilager or architectural visualisations, she is compelled to close the distance between herself and the material fabric that make up these idealised spaces until it the misalignment between the ideal and her own being takes form. Touch is indispensable to grasp the contours of the matrix that underlies the means of architectural production, often out of reach.

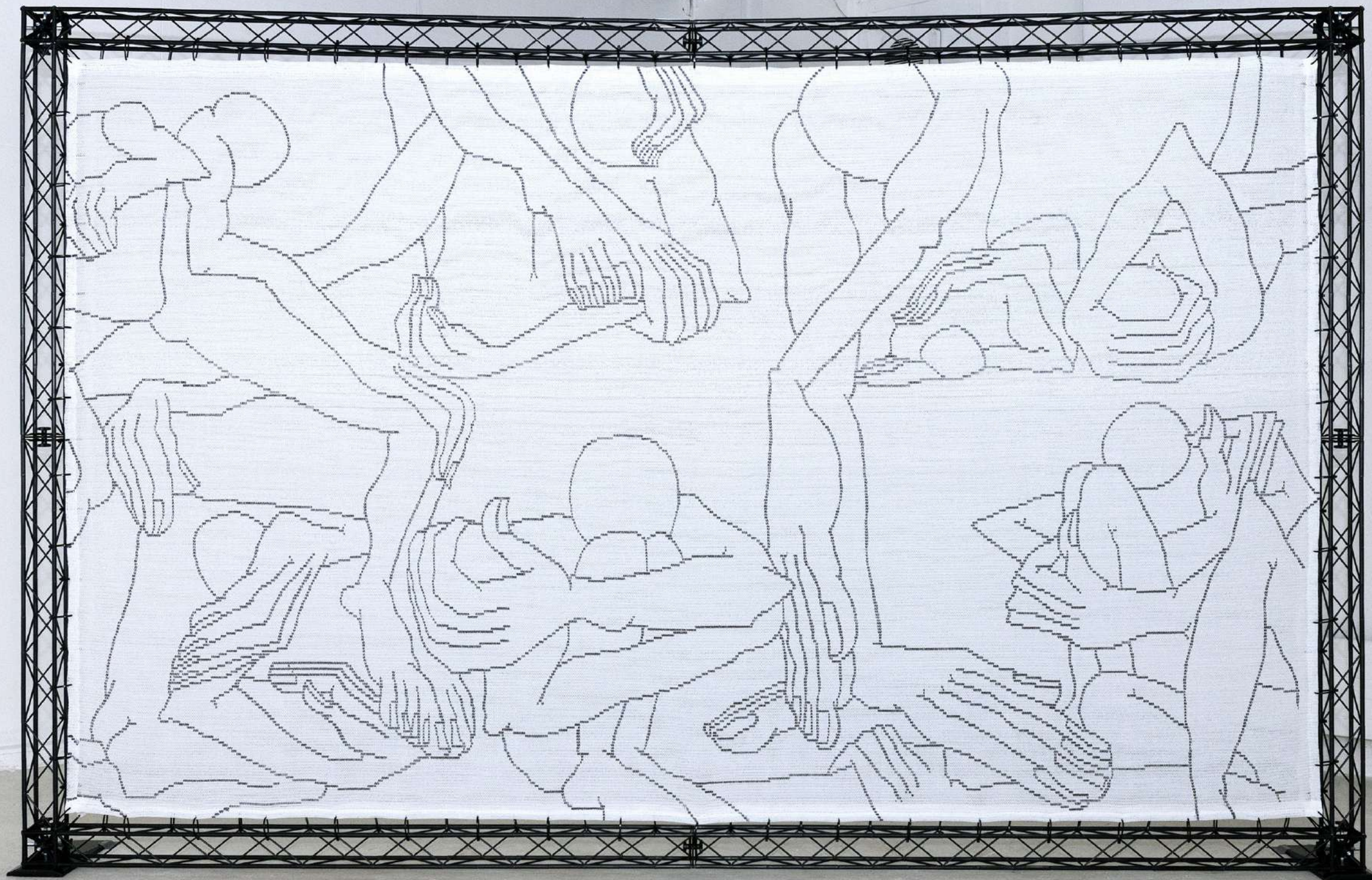
When architects design new environments, we use tools such as sketching, CAD-programmes or 3D-programmes. The simple act of drawing a line, marks a decision between which part of the complex material world is worth tracing and what we leave out. Our tools enable us to work together through a common language, but they also limit us to their resolution, their semantics, their grid. To a great degree they determine the outcome. It is no coincidence that the newly built look uncannily like CAD-drawings or renderings. When Flavia sketches bodies, it is a search through the tip of a pen to find the form that matches her intuition. It is a repetitive act with an open end, but she also cannot escape her own automatisms and her bodily knowledge of postures that comes in like a muscle reflex. Breaking out of those habits would require an active attempt of manipulation.

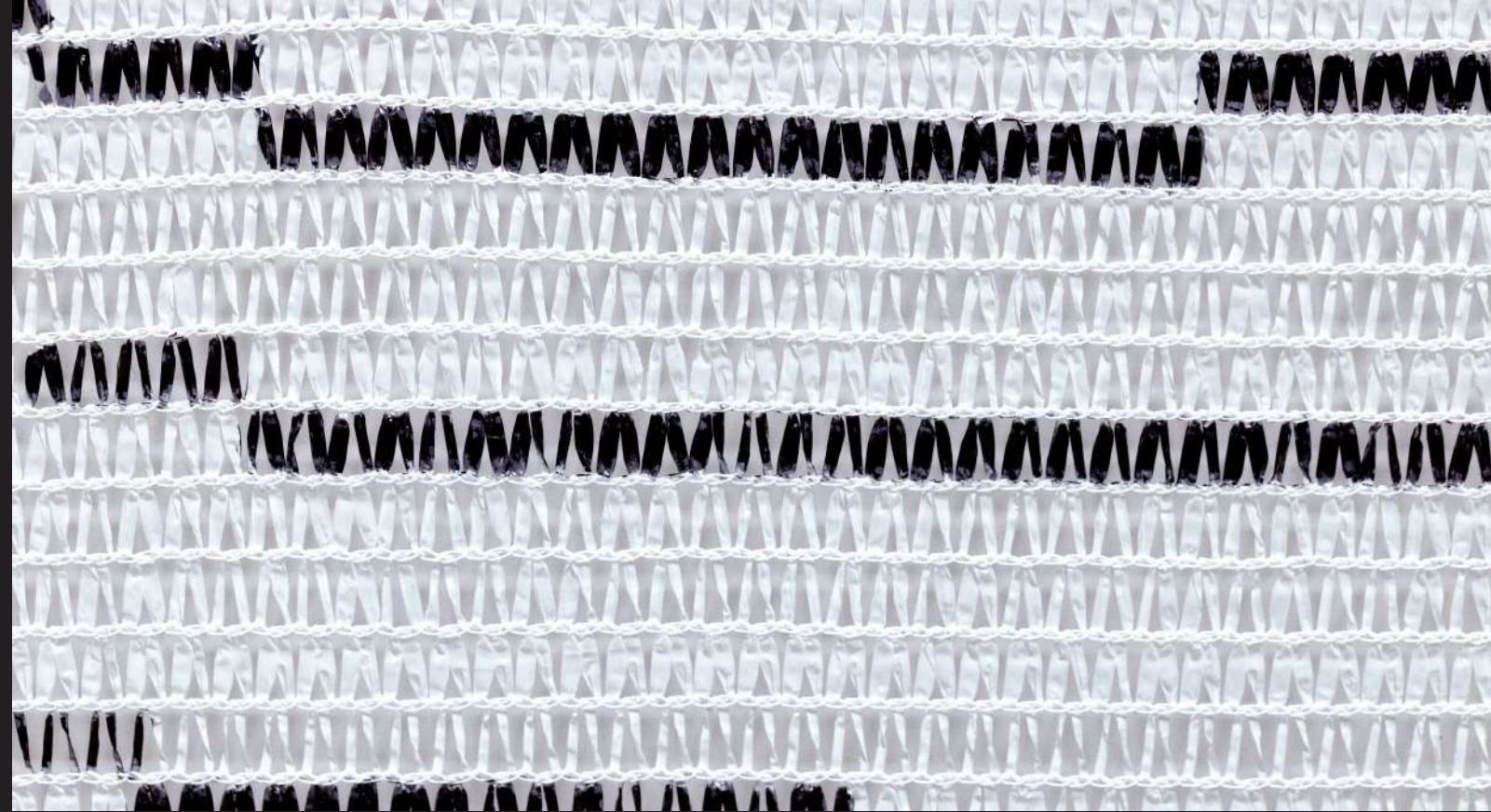
What she discovers is not only that she does not always fit seamlessly into the pattern prescribed, but that she herself is made of patterns. The way she traces a bent finger can be found again in the contours of a warped arm. It is no coincidence, that the drawing of a body produces repetition. Our bodies being the result of our genetic make-up. But we also products of the environments that shape us.

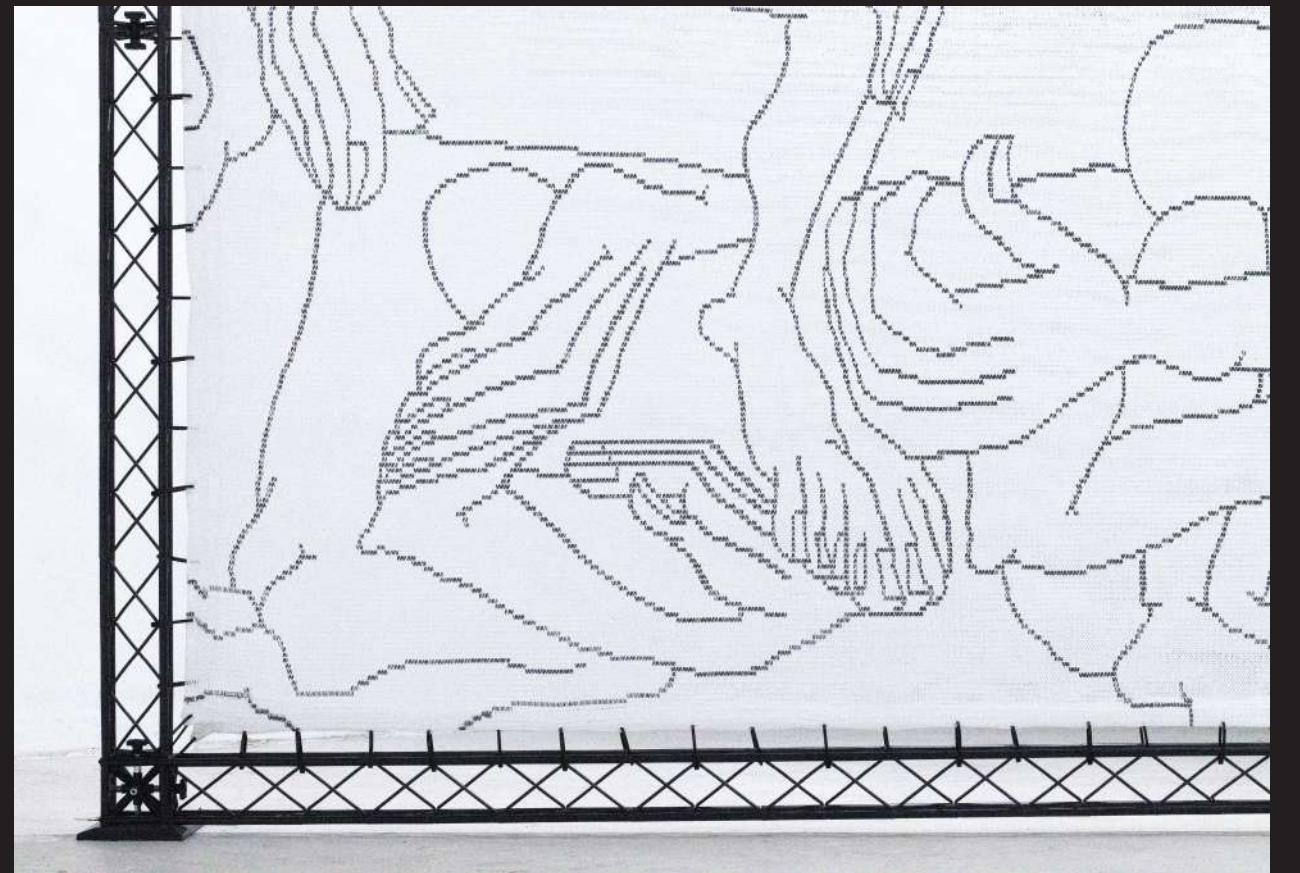
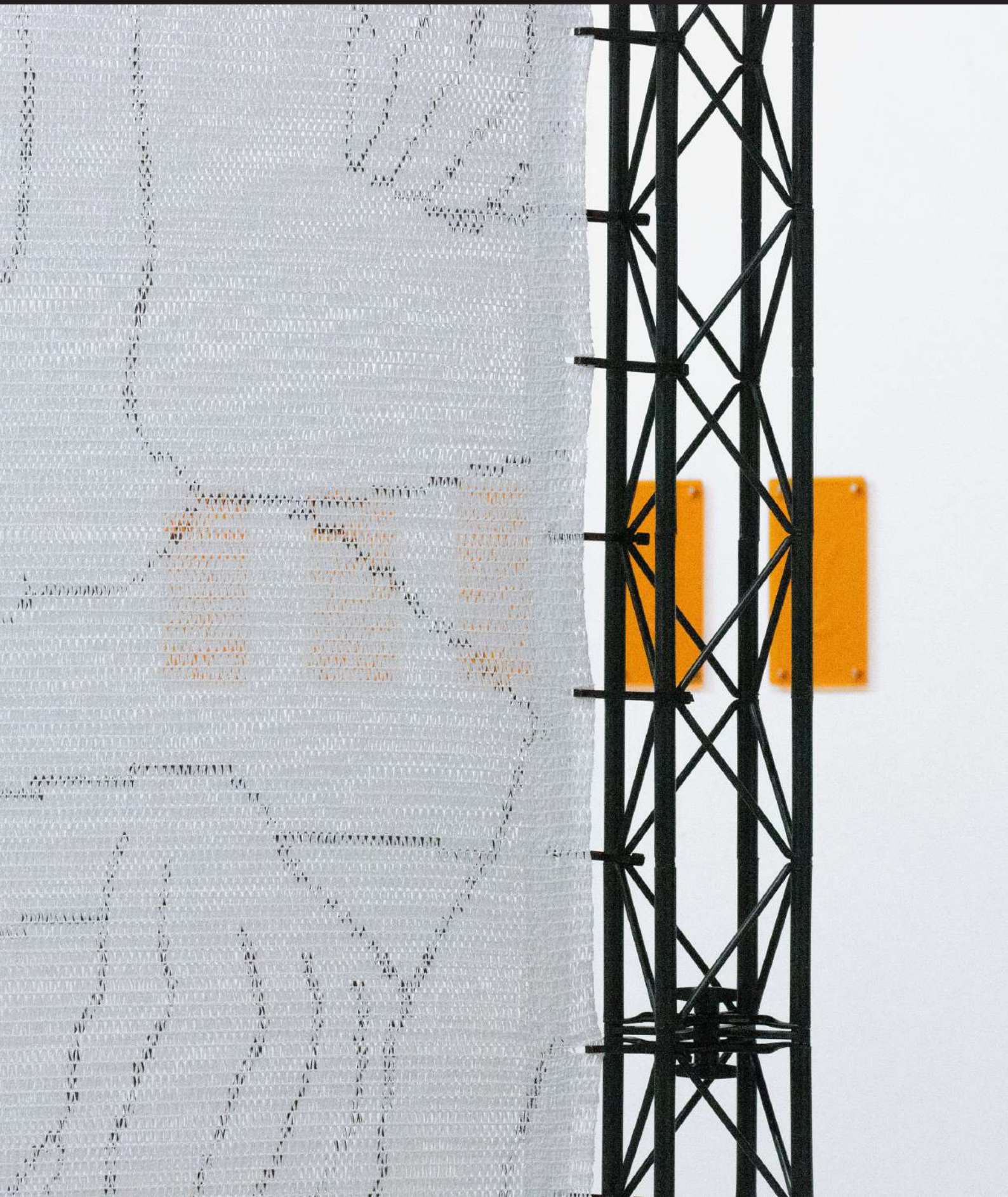
Flavia records her own set of patterns in the form of a tracing tool lasered into plexiglas. However the set of lines is non-finite. They do not claim to be a universal metric. They do not have a scale, they have loose ends and forks that lead to unknown places. If they were tools, I would not know how to use them. But they haunt me while I draw the next line.

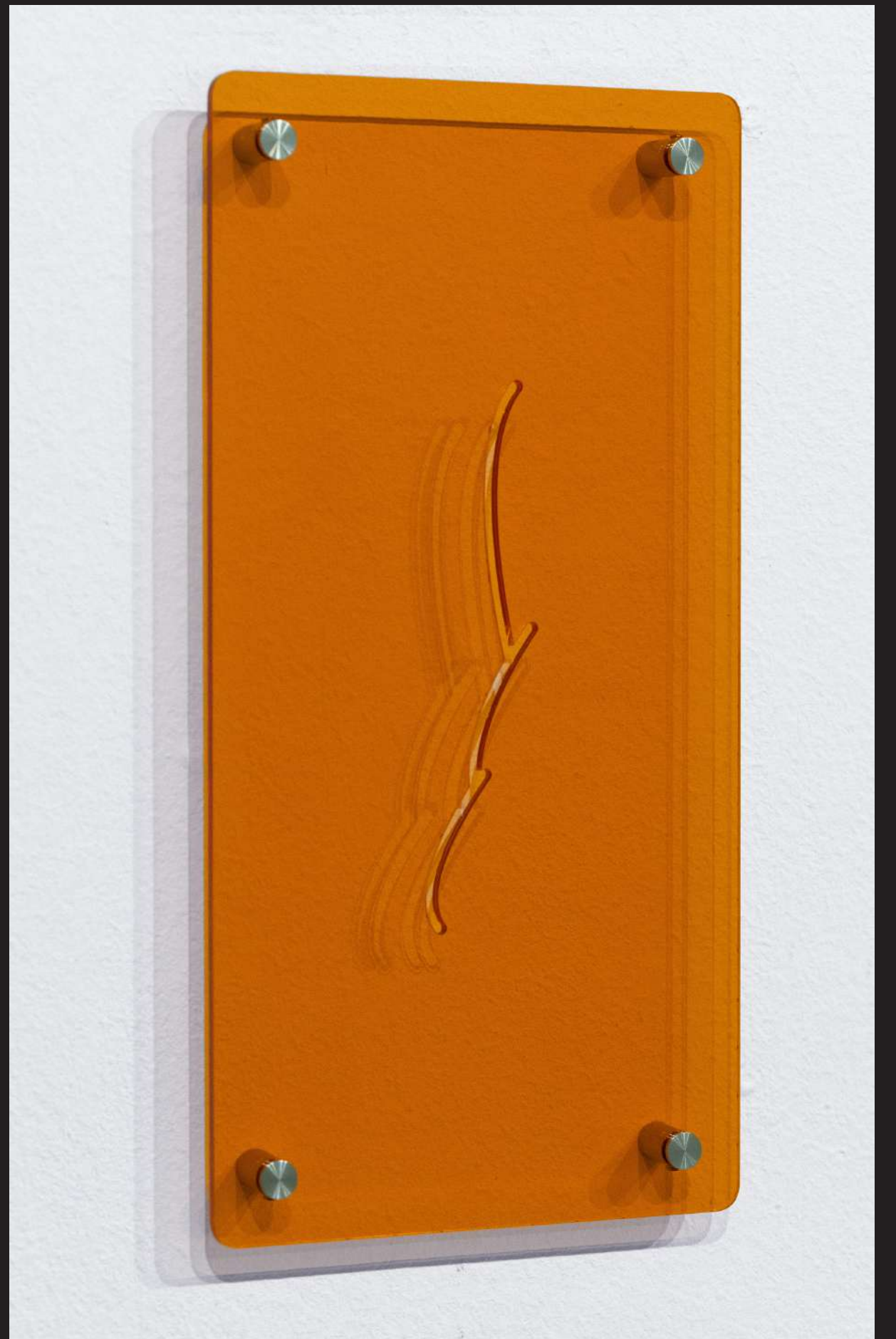
I rediscover the lines of the stencils on a mesh that was produced in order to cover up buildings during construction. The grid of the mesh is optimised to protect pedestrians from loose material, let air through as not to create a hazard in harsh winds and allow communication, but still dense enough to carry legible printed advertisements. The bodies that she transposes onto mesh are unidentifiable and introspective. Flavia says they are sketches that she collaged together. They are twisted and wrapped and reach into one another. In the diagonals the lines of Edding ink become pixelated, bringing forth the warp and weft of the plastic textile.

Sonja Flury, 2022











OFFSPACE
FLÜELA STRASSE

