

Ghost

Our planet is in crisis. Ecological well-being is disregarded by the anthropocentric model of sustainability which often ignores the complex interconnected nature of the ecosystem – our macro-home, a home for all lifeforms. The act of minimizing square footage in the name of ‘sustainability’ is akin to a ‘Band-Aid on a bullet wound’ amid the climate crisis.

In rebellion against the ubiquitous micro-home approach.

this submission proposes a radical rethinking; Architecture derivative of a single domestic act, performed in conversation with the site; responding directly to the physical, ecological, and spiritual aspects of the site.

‘Ghost’ asks the question; How can we live with the smallest (micro) presence on this earth-

barely seen, heard or felt.

Opposed to ‘making home’ which begins with the claiming of space, ‘Ghost’ instead suggests that domestic space can be both organized and inspired by the intimate performance of a domestic act in reverence to the natural site.

Imagine an architecture that begins with the preparation of a hearth, using its smoldering heat to prepare a cup of tea.

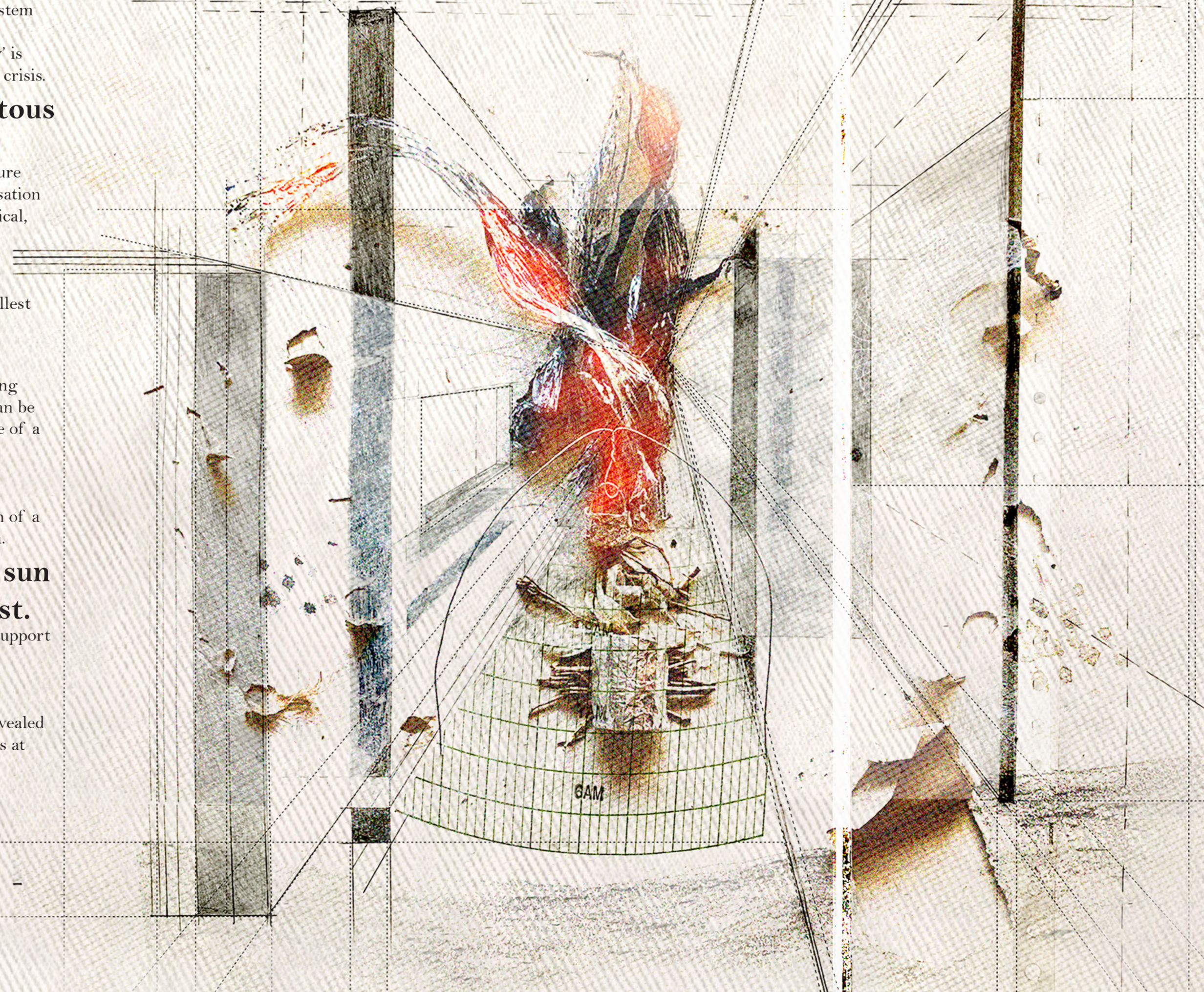
Or warming cold butter in the sun to spread on your morning toast.

What subtle architectural elements would you build to support these intimate moments?

A window that faces east to capture the sunrise?

A deep windowsill that allows the sun to rest upon it?

Humans operate through paths of desire, and what is revealed through acts and decisions on site express one’s attempts at finding home.



“Using forest fragments and a burner, I build a hearth small enough to tend. Birch bark and dry branches ignite in flames. I spot my seat, softened with age, cushioned by moss. It sits in a spot beside the fire, pinned between the solid earth and my heavy body. My seat is placed where the morning sun is strongest, adjacent to a tree-framed view of a nearby birds nest.

Radial to the hearth, I walk towards my bag for the tea leaves, honey, and milk. I imagine these items placed on shelves, differing in proximity to the heat, with the milk in closest proximity to the earth. I can hear the water rumbling louder, singing out for my return.

Returning to the fire, I sit back onto the ripened seat and prepare my tea, blowing and sipping from the vessel. The liquid fills my belly with the result of this morning’s ritual. My day might bring colder breeze but in this moment I feel warm and grateful.”