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Designing our coexistences

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[Characters: teachers and students. Scene: corridors. Dim light on a drawing table, a blinding focus on a computer. Actors walk through the scene randomly. Above, lined busts of scowled and finger-wagging old masters. On the virtual walls, colored maps pretend that there is some control over what happens. By far, the reality does not wait. Beside, sustainability moans. Actors take turns in disconnected lines.]

... you share the same space, the same tasks, close illusions, like ghosts, shadows, immaterial personas, you are unknown, you even don't imagine the convenience of living together...

... we arrive with hopes and we get lost from ourselves, who will shelter us? How to do it if nothing is natural?... to know, and knowing how to do, and making to know it...

[Busts in chorus: He who knows does not teach, he who teaches does not know, he who makes does not teach, he who teaches does not make, he who is a student does not study, he who studies... who studies? In my days!...]

.... Federal staterunned municipal private, communism, socialism, democracy, neoliberalism, other, others, grids, fears, separation, exclusion, public, private ...

... not everything is black or white, none of this is this, is it? ... place for doubt, borning the coexistence ...

... they did not allow themselves to be masters, they pontificated without teaching ... they did not understand the past and avoided the contemporary ...

[Maps scream: tables! Numbers! Data! Objectivity! The world does not obey: we will plan more! From the top of these paper towers one thousand of superimposed layers contemplate you... to change the world...]

Wide Raymundo...? without real, pure representations? Multi-colored: to stroll around, to work, to celebrate carnival? life as it is? ... a world of equals, flawless ...

... A world without women, excepted those who design minimal kitchens, where a place is given to us forever ...

[The busts insist: functional design...? bubbles? flows? programs?]

... Interconnected, complex, simultaneous, incongruous: it would be better if drawings were uncomfortable, just like life?

... But not: the clean city, dry architectures, the photos with no people, the anxious search for a useless, uninhabited perfection...

[Sustainability moans: If the newest new washes whiter, what about the liability with the built heritage? ...]

... All is not lost, it never has been, the world has never been easy, living is dangerous, changing is difficult, coexistence is an attitude, it does not come from outside, it happens here

or it does not, it is in all classes or it never is, it is in every design or it never is, it is always present or it will not be welcome later ...

[The scene opens: all curtains disappear. The reality no longer expected enters with new actors: they are all very small from near, very tall from far. As a Virus, they pervade the environment. Statements are accurate, encounters are possible. It rains. The busts vanish and a couplet appears above: ... to design coexistences: to design coexisting ...]

... among themselves: colleagues, students, teachers, researchers, from all departments which were used to make teaching slaughtered, from all roads, especially the divergent ones...

... the pleasure of accepting what I do not appreciate, the respect to those who do not like me ...

... breaking old schemes: universities as the territories of the (self) exclusion, micro-particles of everybody and of everyone ...

... recalling Calvin, the Italo: *while the world is hell it is worthy to note and to valorize what is not hell ...*

[*Final scene: sun and shadow on the Turca Square, in Juazeiro, Bahia... a drop of water drains on the ground, but it does not get dry: it joins others and others and others towards a flood.*]