

A Text For Richard's Diplomarbeit

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Once you stay in any space long enough they all become fictitious. I was talking to my sister yesterday, and she was telling me how she remembered the first time she walked along Linke Wienzeile and then how she sometimes has flashbacks to that exact first memory. This was not a special memory, nothing really happened in it, she was just there, walking the streets of a foreign city. Yet, it is so abruptly disjointed from any other Linke Wienzeile experience. It was an *a*memory. A virgin memory.

Spaces tend to have stages of perception – there's youth, then maturity, and the end is when you leave it, just like a love affair. In the beginning it's foreign, tempting, promising, then it's well known and then it's over.

A yearbook of spaces is a yearbook of all the people who've been there and of all the people that all the people who've been there thought of and of all their trajectories.

A model of a space that already exists is an inscription of the (non-)productive time that has passed in it. It is a model for all events that could have happened and all events that had never happened.

These models physically capture the fictitiousness of spaces and all possible events and encounters, creations and directions of progress within it + the memories and the gone times – all these states are depicted together, holding hands, swaying silently, only this one time in harmony, with the scale figures on the walls, who're watching from above as some non-intrusive ideals.

Most places are just empty and whatever when there is nothing inside

Some are really impressive totally empty, *very well done architect!*

Flats and rooms, offices and studios are really boring too

They were built for you! You! To live here, to work here, to rot here

Those who've built these places want you to continue from where they've left of

To bring your friends, to come up with fresh ideas, to be clueless at times, to be lonely to do nothing to eat to sleep to touch to watch, oh so much, that will, thank god, be forgotten one day