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We looked into the inequality in urban air. New Delhi in India is one of the most polluted cities in the world. Every winter, heavy smog covers the city. The inequality to the exposure of polluted air dated back to colonial legacy from British India. In the early 1800s, the British military set up hill stations on mountains to separate themselves from the ground miasma. In central New Delhi, this area, called Lutyen’s Bungalow Zone, the LBZ, was designed during the colonial era exclusively for British bungalows. The “exclusive air” also reflects in today’s life. Under the polluted air, rich kids live in an enclosed environment that’s protected by the best air purifiers, from home to car to school. Meanwhile, poor kids have to endure the bad open air all the time. The open air school, which was a positive pedagogical tool in western context, now becomes detrimental.

As opposed to the centralized, exclusive Lutyen’s Bungalow Zone, we propose community-based, distributed civic infrastructures, to define New Delhi’s Common Air Zone. Programs are based on the existing initiatives in the community. Including Air ink lab, which collects exhaust and turns it into ink; phytoremediation, which uses plants to clean air; Algae company, which grows and harvest algae. Air becomes a catalyst for connecting different parts of the community. Instead of monofunctional infrastructure, we are coupling up programs to provide service and civic space simultaneously.
Trapped by Air

Since the 1980s, the life-threatening health effects of air pollution in Delhi have stunted the growth of newborns. Air pollution is the leading cause of premature death in Delhi. People living in the worst-affected areas such as the national capital region (NCR) of Delhi are dying of a variety of diseases, including cancer, heart disease, and respiratory problems. One of the most common causes of air pollution is smoke from burning garbage, which is popular among the poor who cannot afford to dispose of their waste properly. The most vulnerable are the elderly and children, who are more susceptible to air pollution. These people struggle to breathe, and their health is seriously compromised.

Disappearing Playgrounds

In 2016, there were over 1000 playgrounds across Delhi, but by 2020, only 5% of them remained. Air pollution has significantly reduced the quality of playgrounds and made them unsafe for children. Playgrounds have demanding requirements for the safety of children, and air pollution exposes children to false hazards and creates hazardous conditions. Children and teachers need safe environments to enjoy playgrounds.

Open Air as A Pedagogical Tool

Students need outdoor spaces to learn and develop. Many schools have opened their doors to the public, allowing students to play and learn outside in open-air classrooms. This has created new challenges for teachers to manage classroom activities in an outdoor environment. Open-air classrooms are also valuable for the nurse’s role in understanding the learner’s environment and offering appropriate educational and medical care.

Forced to be Open Air

In 2016, most of the classrooms across Delhi were open-air classrooms. Many classrooms lacked windows or doors, leaving them vulnerable to pollution and attack. Delhi’s roads are notorious for their congestion, causing students to be exposed to harmful fumes and pollutants from passing vehicles. This can result in respiratory problems, headaches, and other negative health effects. The crisis of open-air classrooms has become a major concern for schools, government, and parents.

I cannot afford happy endings. I’m not allowed to plant trees. I have no other ways to deal with statistics in a cheaper way than burning it.
II. "HouseFail"

Summer '21
Dan Wood

What is "HouseFail" about?

I utilized techniques of looking inward to unlock creative potential in the design of private house: an experimental house. I attempted to move beyond the "dream house" to one that embodies a broader range of subconscious actions, desires, emotions, gesture, elements. I was prepared to embark on a journey that may fail. I explored the essence of the creative act, with its origins in the often hidden "inner child" who is not afraid to do or say things that might be considered ugly or unconventional or even foolish.

"Don't be afraid to show yourself foolish; we must have freedom of thinking, and only he is an emancipated thinker who is not afraid to write [design] foolish things." - Chekhov
Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learned, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

-Dylan Thomas
My Feelings and Emotions

Focused: A space for feeling concentration of self and control/manipulation of self.
Lonely: A space that could give me isolation from outside influence.
Delirious: A space addresses full outside influence, indulgence of the “hidden”
Rage: A space releases stress and unjust.
Sorrowful: A space that gives me a sense of sorrow.
Blessed: A space that gives me the energy to appreciate.
Euphoric: A space that I could do or feel the energy of being ecstatic.
Serene: A space that helps me connect with the universe/the way of the world.
Weepy: A space that comforts me in release of sorrow.
Composed: A space that gives me sense of logic and synthesis of self.
Exhilarated: A space that indulges me with social re-connection.

My Activities

Sleeping and dreaming
Learning for serenity
Learning for knowing
Execution of culinary (multi-cultural)
Resting and self-reflecting
Digital art appreciation
Music appreciation and dancing
Karaoke and music appreciation
Innovative creating/manufacturing
Walking and talking
Intimate physical interaction
Intense physical training
What is "my book" about?

This book is me, myself. It is consisted of four parts of my body: head, hands, torso and legs. These four parts each manifests a spiritual part, my identify, of me through different materials: plastic, wood, metal and fabric. These four objects then were assembled into a totem, an abomination, of me. Through "making", there’s so much I’ve learned about myself and I know more would come. And in the outro of "my book" I’ve come to an understanding...
I am a troubled, weird man who does not take good care of my body and mind. And I have always believed that looking into the negatives might help bring out the positives since negatives define the positives and inverse. Or is that just an entrapment of self-pity or self-loathe? Am I defined by those binary forces? I take great efforts to understand and I am taken great efforts to be understood, inter and intra-personally.

The strings of recollections of experiences and associations of things folded and wined against themselves. (con-volvere) convoluted. Contradictions and departures of linear reasoning are omnipresent throughout my life. Eviscerating and inverting what hides inside for examination in hopes to liberate and form a further understanding of myself through these two deep structures/themes puppeteering me: Negatives and Positives. And I am the settlement of the collision between these two forces.

Who the fuck is "I"?

Though this loathsome gargoyle, who burns in hell, secretly yearns for heaven, bizarre counter-balancing of weird sources of pleasures. Yearnings of returning to mother’s bosom, oral pleasure. Liking of displacing subjects/objects at less than appropriate locations, sensual pleasure. What conduit supposedly goes in may go in, what conduit supposedly goes out may go in as well. Maybe these manifestations of at times misplacements and displacements of appropriate-ness reflect the conflicts of the insides. “As below so above”. Maybe these bizarre acts/operations would revivify the convolution of my weird experiences, feelings, mind, associations of things that lay dormant and purposefully ignored.

And these objects, the constituents, of abomination are I.
HEAD

/ˈhed/  
Noun: a person’s mental ability : mind or intellect
Impulse:

Seeing the Coca-Cola bottle as one of the puppeteering institutional power structure/external forces of me, I want to deconstruct it.

Interpretation:

Head/Mind(identity), arguably the most important part of the body, is formed by the interaction between invasive stimulants and a receptive resilience. They complete each other. The remnant of the invasive force can be traced even without the presence of the force. Scaring/traumatizing the mind turns into "traum"/dream or memory constituting the mind.
“noodle drain?”
"Tormented Brain"
TORSO
\tor-sō\
Noun: the human body apart from the head, neck, arms, and legs: the human trunk

"What’re you hiding underneath?"
"What’d ya mean?"
Impulse:

E-viscerating (examining) and one of the deep structures/external forces (McDonald’s bag). Inverting and e-viscerating the bag to deconstruct what it was.

Interpretation:

The institution/bag is procedurally inverted step-by-step. To prevent ripping the bag, first the bag needs to be squeezed hard and softened into a fabric-like ball. I used my hands to pull the bags from the inside out like how one would e-viscerate (taking out organs) organs out of a chicken. Then the procedures are presented and examined.
HANDS

\`hands \`
Noun: : used in reference to the power to direct something

OMG! It's "les-fingered"!
Impulse:
Finding comfort/justification with caressing and mouthing (sucking?) on sharp object (that of hand) to counterbalance the anxiety of the unknown/coming.

Interpretation:
The out-reaching wire mesh sub-structures have captured the sense of anxiety of the unknowns. The objects would communicate their “comfort” by the counter balance, the anxiety. That comfort was communicated through the “pods” instead.

The auxiliary objects (left hands) as it serves as a supplement to the first object and gives a sense of jealousy towards the first.

These metals hands each represent something that are important to me: presence, receptiveness, auxiliary, and torment.
"I point therefore I am"
LEGS

\textit{leg} \textbackslash
Noun: a branch or part of an object or system

The limb that is easily forgotten?
Impulse:

Looking at fabric, I feel like they want to stand up. Something that is agreeing to gravity wants to resist the decadence and erect itself and do and make and be. Does the invert of legs define what legs are.

Operations: rotate, invert, twist, misplace leg spaces.

Interpretation:

By misplacing/torturing the pants fabric, in order to know what it is to exist.

Fabric resists changes, agrees to gravity. Series of torturing/operations make it come alive and go and be, and there’s always that hinting drive of sex lying around any motives.
I was guessing looking at/for the negatives does require one to look also at/for the positives. Throughout this short journey of self-seeking, though one’d spend one’s whole life chasing this unknown question, there is no answer but only trying to know better. Being an adult is just less of culturally being a baby/teenage, there is no absolute cut-off line for adulthood. We as human, I suppose, struggle to define who we truly are. “Why” is one of the most sophisticated question there is to be answered. I guess learning to be and love myself, looking beyond that which are keeping me behind and down, would make my life a bit easier. Life is too short to be spent mourning the past. Or maybe these are just me being tired of chasing and excuses that I use to avoid truly realizing myself to the fullest. Or maybe this is just humanity. I do not know.

My struggle of this constant indecisiveness under the bombardment of some bipolar forces will continue or maybe it’s pointless since to a certain degree we as human are all the same or maybe not. I do not know. However, undoubtedly my struggle will continue and so will my self-seeking journey until I cease to exist or until the absolute oblivion.

“To know thyself is the beginning of wisdom.” - Socrates.
“hmm, really?...” - Eric Chyou

Me? Eric Chyou