

FRAGMENTS, WHISPERS,
AND MATERIALS IN SPRING

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In my attempt to seek stillness and closure, I start wandering and sensing my surroundings. I visit the still pockets behind buildings in transition. Buildings, previously functioning as non-profit social housing, undergoing demolition, entering a state of metamorphosis.

On these sites, whispers, stories, and material remains become a collection of witnesses nesting in the soil. An organic archive.

In my wandering, I smell notes of mineral dust, engine, moist soil, green leaves, eggs, and canned tomatoes; in the distance, incense for prayer and protection.

With my camera, I see how nature embraces these concrete skeletons in limbo, housing remnants of wallpaper on the concrete walls, now strange objects in their own neighborhood. Loud heavy cracks of concrete, the engines in the distance, the sirens and signals, birds flying by in groups.

I am taking in a monumental change in the architectural landscape. I'm next to the endless summer breeze, caressing the treetops, while I am wondering about how long these moments will last. How much can I remember from when these sites were daily routes to school and adventure? Will the paths miss the sound of kids running home as the streetlamps come on? Will the gardens miss the grandparents caring for the soil?

50-year-old structures housing families wanting space, light, and access to nature. Warm meals, news on the television, kids on the playground, tea and coffee brewing all day, walks and conversations. The modernist planning of housing areas was not perfect. According to some researchers, living a good life in those buildings would be impossible. I believe that the grandparents, gardens, and kids would disagree with this. I know I would. There is a softness in the rough edges of cracked concrete. I am documenting what I see. Wondering.

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Photos taken in Gellerup, Aarhus















