



GRAVITY

#03 FESITIS
NCESTIS

Onde. Line

From flowers to houses.
Cracked planters motivated Joseph Monier to
drown iron reinforcements into concrete.
From this *Fo.Lies* started an *Arc.Hive* of pipes,
bridges and floors in reinforced concrete.

Onde.Line is a platform founded by four
architects to give and change the space for
ideas.

OL works with Fo.Lies and Arc.Hive

Fo.lies are ephemeral expressions, inspirations,
aspirations, bits, jokes, accidents, nonsense,
random, polemics, instincts, impulses, intuitions,
distractions.

Arc.hive are completed thoughts.

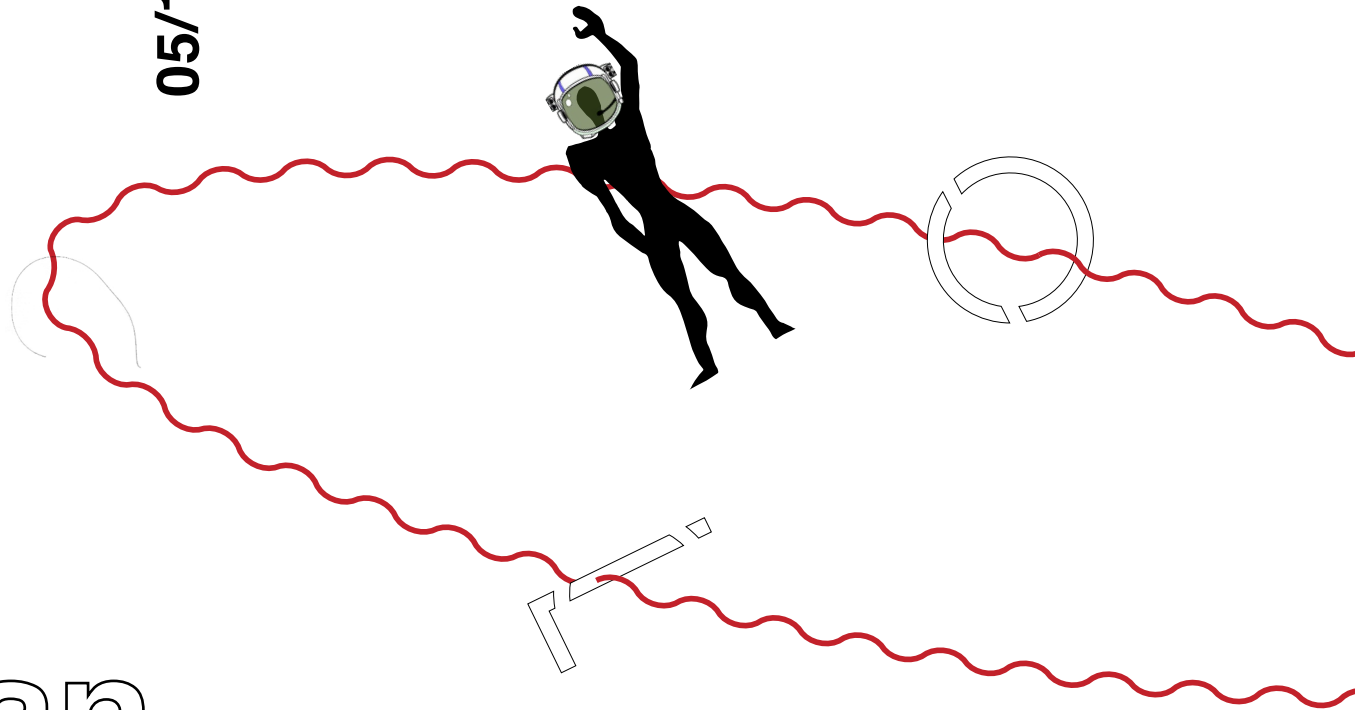


use@ondeline.com
www.ondeline.com

05/11/2018

"I believe I can fly
I believe I can touch the sky..."

Robert Sylvester Kelly



Fan. Zine

A fanzine (blend of fan and
magazine or -zine) is a
non-professional and
non-official publication
produced by enthusiasts
of a particular cultural
phenomenon
for the pleasure of others
who share their interest.

_ WIKIPEDIA

Onde.Line Fan.zine is about:

- Spaces and places - Tabula rasa
- Circumstances - Donald J. Trump
- **Necessities - Gravity**
- Potentials - B _ _ _ _ _ g
- Stimulus - F _ _ _ _ _ / _ _ _ _ _ s
- Strategies - S _ _ _ _ _ I
- Exchanges - D _ _ _ _ _ s
- Perspectives - Q _ _ _ _ _ o

Necessities

GRAVITY

The wind is behind, the sun is shining, but after having found DJT impressed on a white slate, we need to go back to what is really necessary.

In August 1665, 23-year-old Isaac Newton move to the family farm in Lincolnshire to escape the plague that was spreading across England. On the 18th month spent waiting for the reopening of the university, Isaac, inspired by the fall of an apple (or as the legend goes), associated for the first time gravity to the motion of the moon. For almost twenty years, this initial intuition of the law of universal gravitation was not published, nor presented, nor discussed anywhere.

While Isaac continued his silent struggle to explain the behaviour of gravitational force, Edmond Halley, still didn't have any answer to how the celestial bodies move.

In 1684 Halley visited the University campus in Cambridge where Newton was living and studying for already thirteen years.

At the question whether he had any mathematical theory regarding the ruling forces between celestial bodies, Newton replied he had found this formula some five years before.

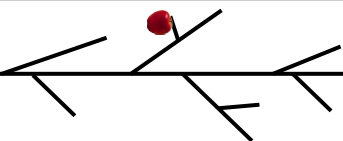
"I deduced that the forces which keep the planets in their orbs must [be] reciprocally as the squares of their distances from the centres about which they revolve"

All that was necessary was finally there: the right time, people, explanations. In 1687, with the example of the "cannon ball", Newton explained the force of Gravity to the world and lead the future for space exploration.



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10 - 10 - 2018



Soundtrack:
Beach House - Space song (2015)

FO.LIES BY
Francesco Orto



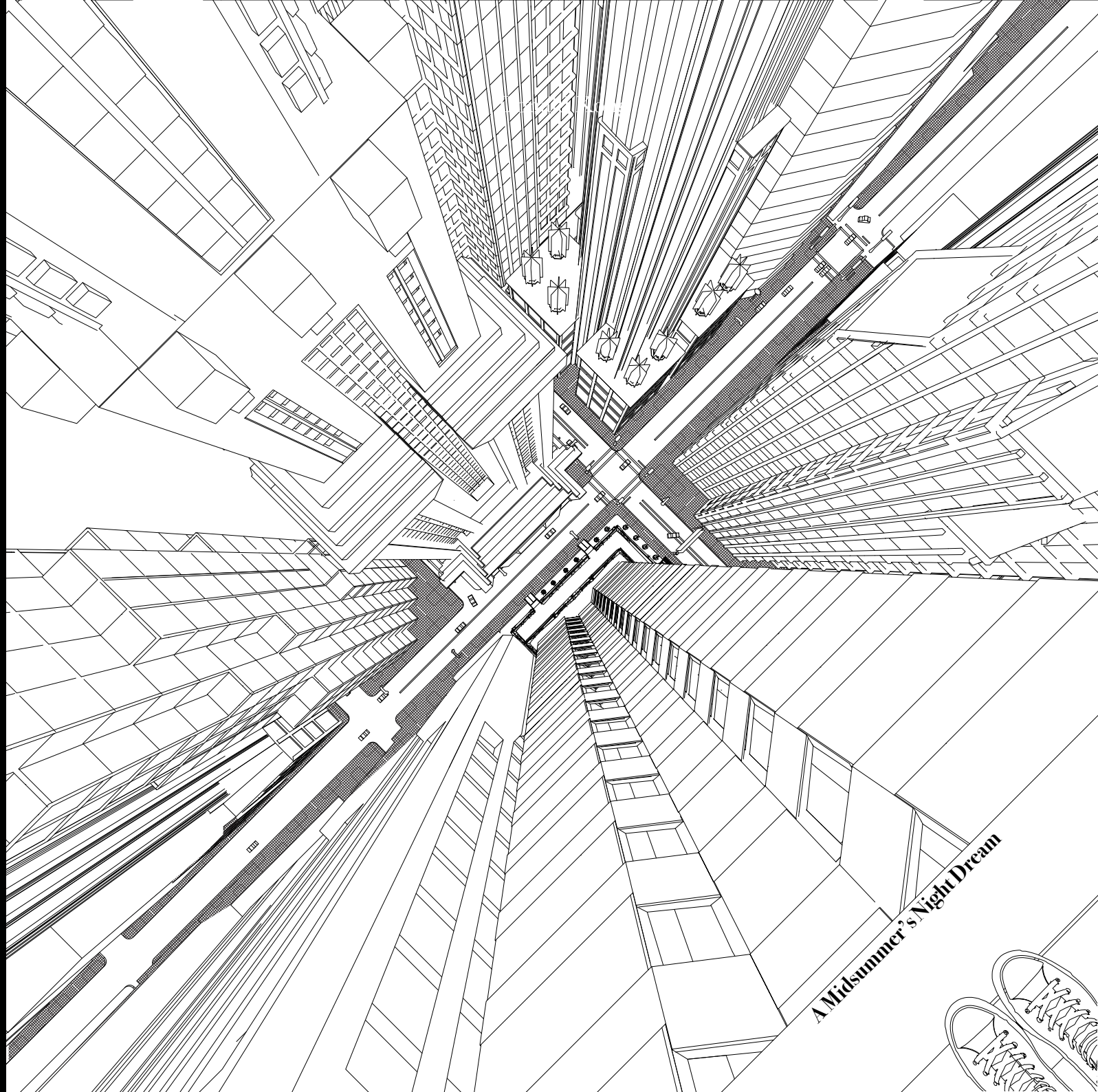
"[...] essendomi anche accresciuta l'impazienza di non avere il lume, disperato ho preso la detta spada, quale avendola sfoderata, il manico di essa l'ho appuntato nel letto e la punta nel mio fianco e poi mi sono buttato sopra di essa spada dalla quale con la forza che ho fatta acciò che entrasse nel mio corpo sono stato passato da una parte all'altra e nel buttarmi sopra la spada sono caduto con essa spada col corpo quaggiù nel mattonato e feritomi come sopra ho cominciato a strillare et allora è corso qua il detto Francesco et ha aperto la finestra che già si vedeva lume me ha trovato colco in questo mattonato che da lui e certi altri che lui ha chiamati mi è stata levata la spada dal fianco e poi mi sono stato rimesso a letto et in questa conformità è successo il caso della mia ferita."

Roma, il 2 agosto 1667.

_Francesco Borromini



FO.LIES BY
Davide Masserini,
Ludovica Marcacci Balestrazzi



A Midsummer's Night Dream

The seconds pass so
quickly suspended in the air.

The wind that cuts my face is fresh. The forest,
the city, my old school, my colleagues, Aunt Dora's dog, that pile of
fur that formed in her navel, always. Memories lived, passed, passed, run fast and
tireless, quick, one after the other. Not even the time to finish one that already the other
takes shape in my head. The wind keeps me up. I think: I can get confused with pigeons!
Ah pigeons, what useless creatures, stupid animals. Yet I am a person who loves animals a lot,
but I do not understand the usefulness of the existence of pigeons on this world. Poor little
animals, I think everyone hates them!

Again: the jams of the neighbor when I lived in that chaotic Rome, the mice of the attic
of the French house, the large windows of the hall that gave onto the canal in the gray
Rotterdam. I lived through lives eh. Carlo, Luigi, François ... think that for two years I
was even Elettra. Ahahahahaha, what a strange woman's life. The feeling I had was strong
discrimination: if you're beautiful everyone looks at you, if you're ugly you must at least
hope to be smart, otherwise you're fucked. What injustices that the present world gives. After
two years I was tired, too much effort and so I went back to being a man.

I look around: I'm still on the twenty-third floor. Meeting the eyes of the old woman
who is washing the windows, she smiles at me. What a beautiful life: we meet a lot of
people around, on the street, in shops, at work, everywhere and with each of them
we exchange something from a smile, a look, a dirty word. Yes I come back to that
ugly category of people who like to say bad words, I find them very liberating.

But I dose them, do not abuse them, they too are expensive, only some and
certain circumstances require them. Like that time when I jumped into
my roadster, and an army of swallows shit on me an army of swallows.

I go down fast, maybe I rush. I seem to be jumping: go up hard but
get down quickly! Trampolines were my drug until the tender age of
ten. I always wanted to have one at home but it remained a dream, like
a hammock. He had bought two hammocks, but they remained there,
packaged, then, once moldy, I had to throw them away.

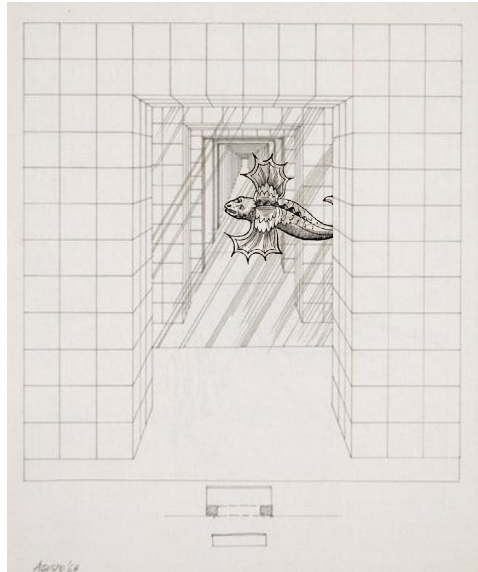
A blow, a strong blow on the hand, I feel a weight on my fingers, someone
is mumbling something. I'm no longer suspended but resting on a soft
surface, someone jumps next to me making me move from side to
side, bloom bloom. I'm jolted. "Daddyyy". I hug my baby, I
get up and start my Monday.



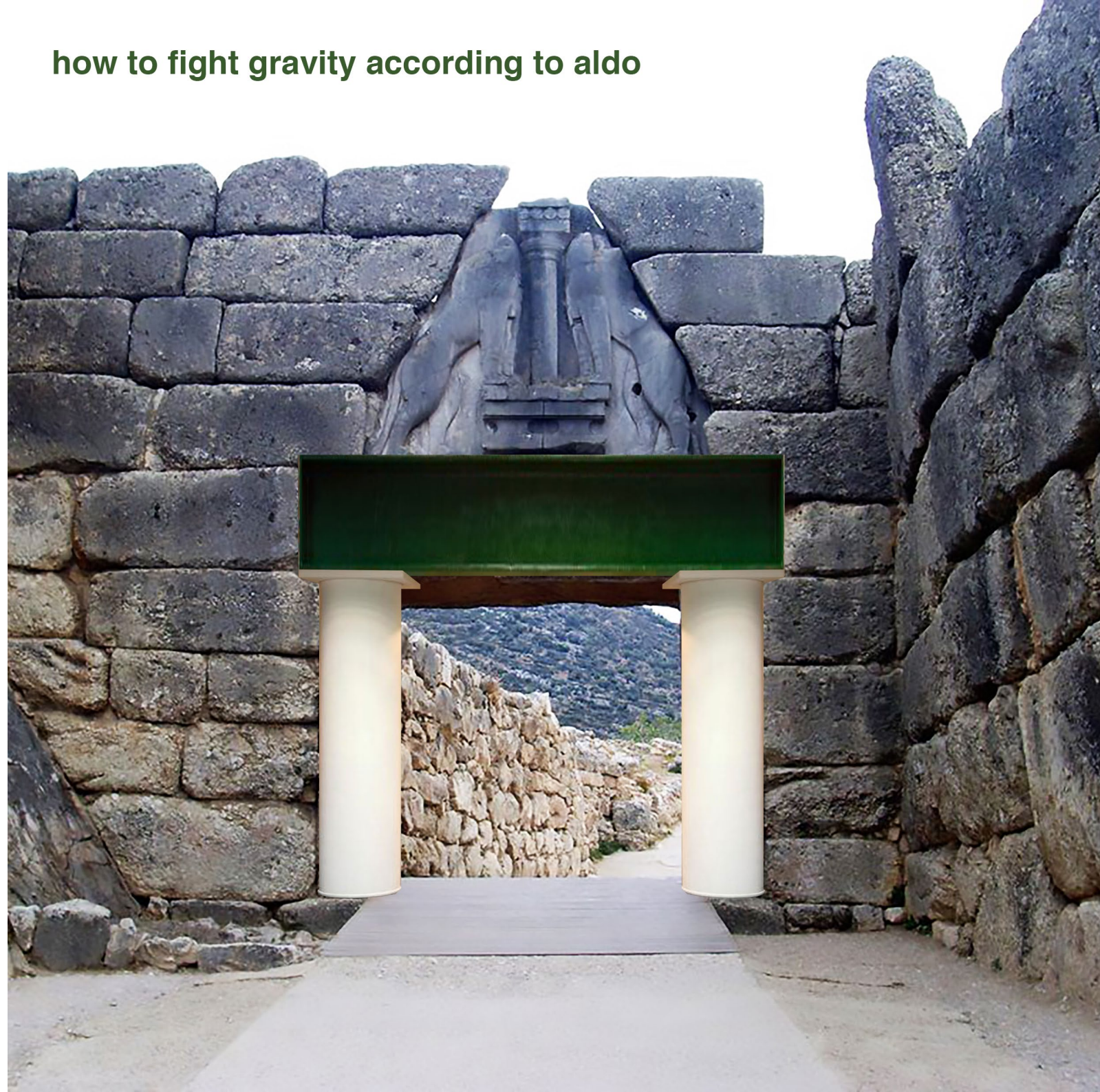
Soundtrack:
The Smiths - There Is a Light That Never Goes
Out (1986)

"Any talks of ours about architecture of ideas, a primar, neo-platonic architecture, or at least an architecture which could find in its own logical generation the reason for its existence, anz talk of ours of this kind, carries us near the tautology: "architecture is architecture".[...]"

Superstudio: Lettera da Graz
Domus n°481, Oct. 1969.



how to fight gravity according to aldo





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The Manhattan Transcripts
1976-1981

Soundtrack:
Serge Gainsbourg - Le Chanson de Prévert
(1961)

il PESO della GRAVITÀ

A parlare di gravità oggi in Italia ci si sente come a parlare di guerra a Sarajevo negli anni '90. O di bombe a Hiroshima. O di eruzioni a Pompei. Ci si sente dentro. Crollano palazzi, chiese, scuole, perfino ponti. Per non parlare dei governi, della fiducia, dell'unità. E così ci si sente in bilico, sospesi tra una legge della fisica, così pulita e astratta, e i calcinacci della realtà, che crollano.

Eppure lo si sa, pure qui, in Italia, come funziona. Questione di masse e di distanze, e si sa anche che bisogna rispettarla e onorarla, quando erigiamo le nostre città. Cerchiamo quindi tra i calcinacci l'origine della colpa, i complici di quell'imperdonabile *hubris* nei confronti della natura. Ma c'è qualcosa che sfugge quando proprio la gravità, crudelmente coerente e precisa, ci crolla sulla testa.

E si scopre, allora, che seppur sia una legge della fisica, come tutte le leggi che si rispettano, anche la gravità è valida solo fino a prova contraria. Parola di Karl Popper: è falsificabile. Proprio come la colpevolezza, non importa che sia vera, ma che sia oltre ogni ragionevole dubbio. E così è lì che vacilla, pronta a crollare, la

nostra fiducia nella gravità, e nella giustizia.

E si scopre anche che, nel costruire i nostri palazzi, chiese, scuole e ponti siamo tenuti a garantirne la solidità, ma per un periodo, di vita. E ci sentiamo ingannati oltre che dal mondo teorico anche da quello fisico. Il suo limite non è la falsificazione, bensì il tempo. Lo raccontano i calcinacci di un'architettura già morta da anni, ben prima di crollare.

E si scopre, ancora, che se la gravità non basta a capire la natura, men che meno può bastare a prevederla.

Ci sono terremoti che non siamo riusciti ad anticipare, e frane che non si possono arginare. Così ci sentiamo ingannati anche dalle tecnologie, dal progresso, dagli esperti, dai media, che hanno contribuito a distrarci, e portarci a guardare la facciata mentre si corrodevano, lente, le fondamenta.

E si scopre, infine, che ci sono gli uomini, stupidi, impotenti, fallibili, vulnerabili, deboli di fronte a questa gravità. O forse questo lo si sapeva già. Che ci sono infinite Cassandra, rare portatrici della verità, destinate a non essere credute. E Sisifi che, per la loro astuzia abusata, si trovano a raccogliere pietre per l'eternità. E Icari, che volano troppo in alto, per poi cadere.

Così vediamo allargarsi quella faglia, piano, piano. Il quadrato della distanza cresce, sempre di più. E la forza di attrazione si riduce, tra chi sta sulle opposte sponde ad assistere allo spettacolo, tra Nord e Sud, tra italiani e migranti, tra stato e giustizia, tra un prima e un dopo... E ed è ben difficile capirsi, con tutto quel vuoto in mezzo. L'altro lato è troppo lontano per sentire, e capire che esistono problemi ben più gravi della gravità. Ed è più grave anche non saper reagire, non trovare accordi politici, non trovare accordi economici, non trovare un senso.

La verità è che qui in Italia non l'abbiamo mai capita la gravità. La usiamo male quando non serve, non la usiamo quando serve. E proviamo a negarla, aggirarla, eluderla come qualsiasi altra legge, sempre più spaventati dalla sua ineluttabilità. Ma, accecati nello sforzo estremo di combatterla, non ci accorgiamo che anche lei, la gravità, è, proprio come piace a noi Italiani, un po' sbagliata e approssimativa. Che si arrangia nella vita quotidiana per risolvere i problemi, talvolta semplificando, talvolta mentendo, in alcuni casi perfino agendo per inerzia.

Eppure Newton ci aveva avvertito: "non sono stato in grado finora di scoprire la causa di queste proprietà della gravità". E, dopo di lui, ci ha avvertito perfino Einstein. Di quanto è relativa questa gravità.

Bernard Tscumi:

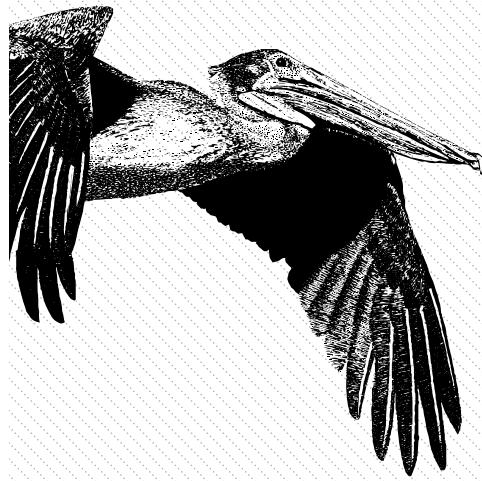
**To really appreciate architecture,
you may even need to commit
a murder.**



Architecture is defined by the actions it witnesses as much as by the enclosure of its walls. Murder in the Street differs from Murder in the Cathedral in the same way as love in the street differs from the Street of Love. Radically.

Non ci resta che capire se si cade in verticale
o in orizzontale

Soundtrack:
Flying Lotus - Never Catch Me ft. Kendrick
Lamar (2014)



Praslin, Seychelles, 15°C, 1013 hPa



Dutch design collective Studio Diip has added wheels and sensors to a fish tank so that its inhabitant can drive it by swimming in a certain direction.

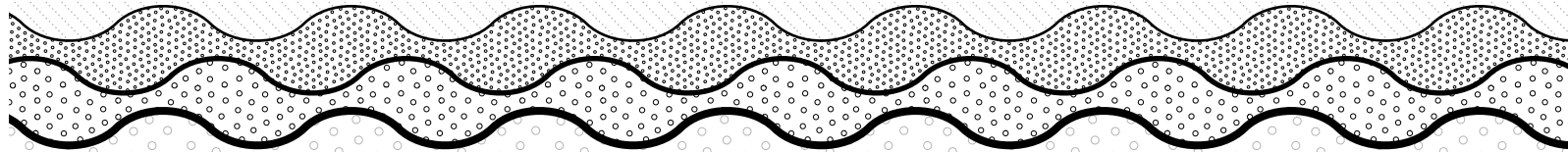
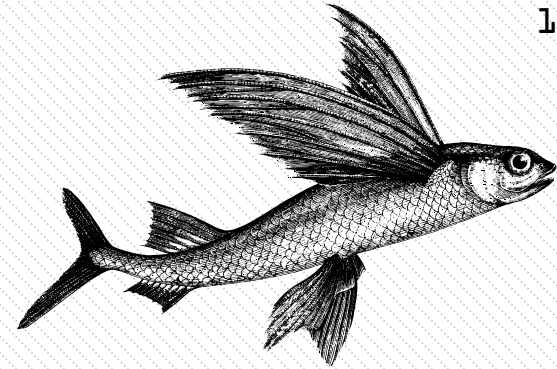
[_www.dezeen.com](http://www.dezeen.com)

FO.LIES BY
Stanislaw Z. Gladych



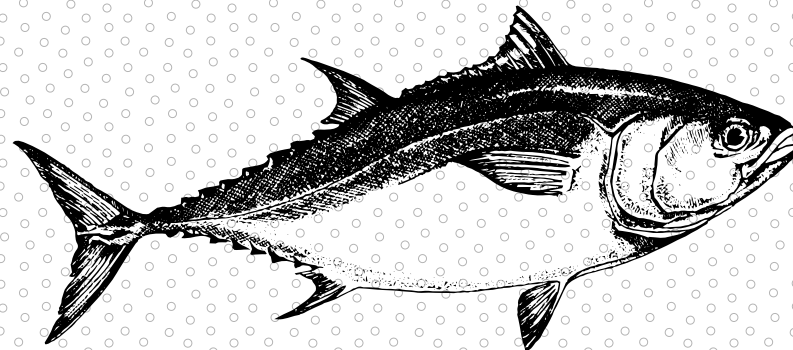
deadline

1.293 kg/m³

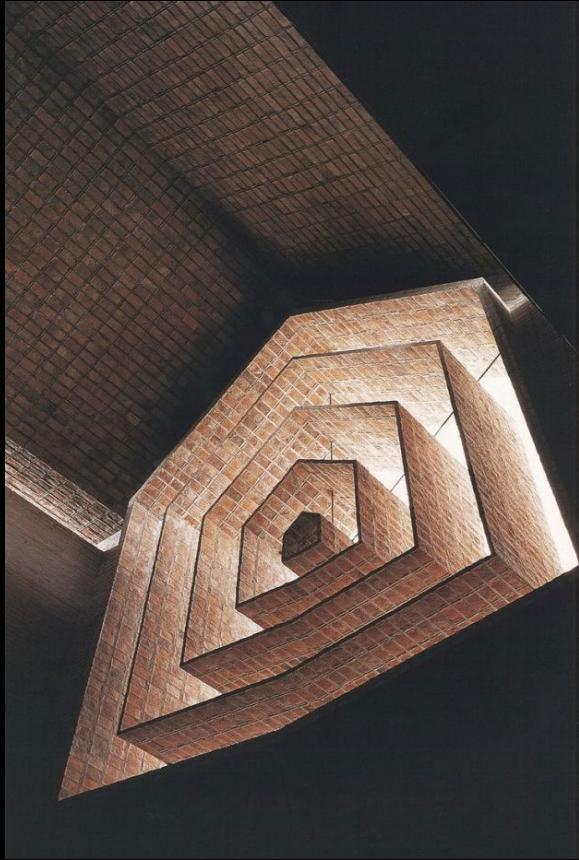


deadonda

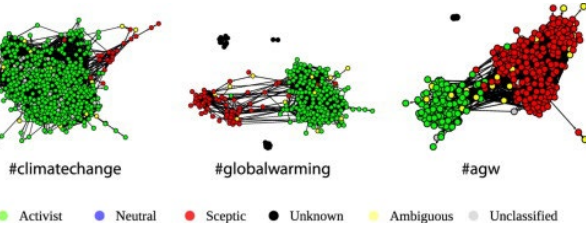
1.02-1.03 kg/l



~~~~~  
Eladio Dieste



Soundtrack:  
Röyksopp - Remind me (2001)



**Network analysis reveals open forums and echo chambers in social media discussions of climate change**

Global Environmental Change  
Volume 32, May 2015

\_Hywel T.P.Williamsa, James R. Mc Murray, Tim Kurz, F.Hugo Lambert  
<https://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S0959378015000369>

FO.LIES BY  
Zak McKracken

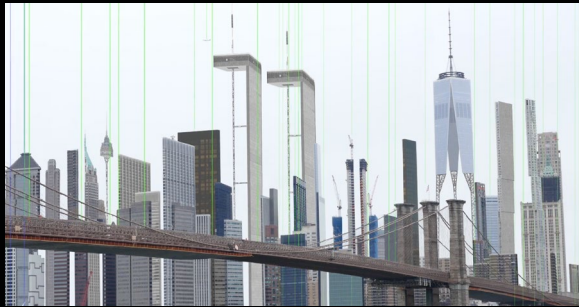
*gravity*  
/'gravɪti/  
noun

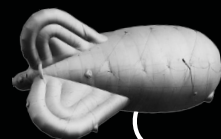
1. The force that attracts a body towards the centre of the earth, or towards any other physical body having mass.
2. Extreme importance; seriousness.
3. Solemnity of manner.

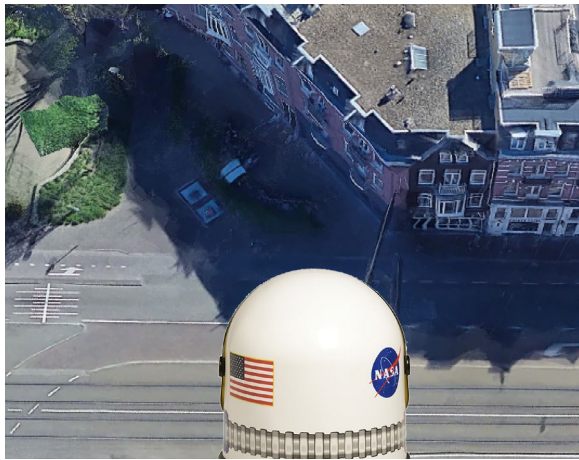
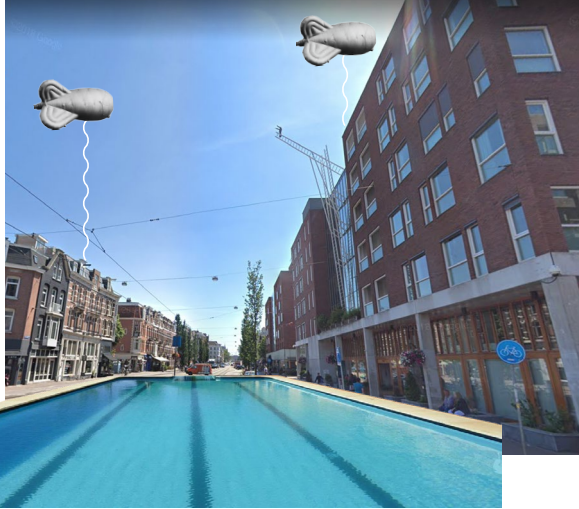




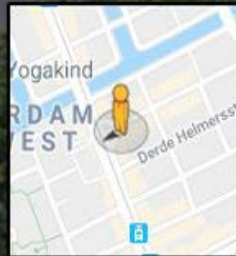
<http://menilmonde.com>





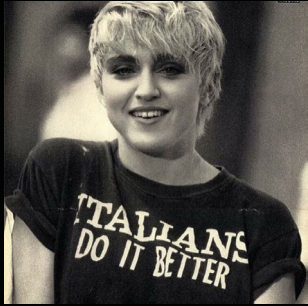


Bosboom Toussaintstraat  
Amsterdam, North Holland  
Google, Inc.  
Street View - Oct 2016

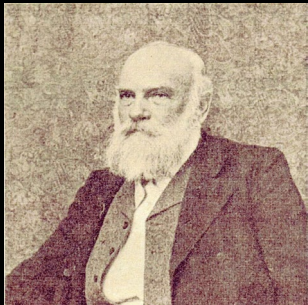


FO.LIES BY  
OLdirty

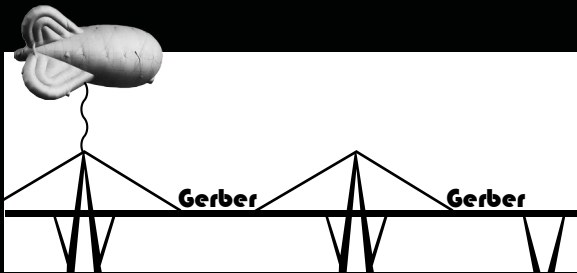




Madonna



Gerber



Gerber

Gerber

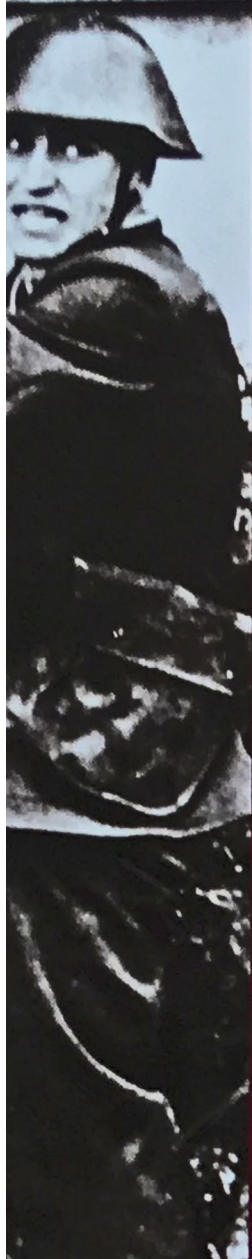


Madonna





FO.LIES BY  
Gustav Grüne



ON THE 13<sup>TH</sup> OF  
AUGUST 1961,  
THE CITY OF  
BERLIN WAS  
DIVIDED BY  
A WALL.  
IN 1965 THE  
HOLZAPFEL  
FAMILY MADE A  
SPECTACULAR  
ESCAPE  
GLIDING INTO  
THE WEST  
USING A  
HOMEMADE  
HARNESS.



A good elevator song:  
Vinícius de Moraes e Antônio Carlos Jobim - Garota de Ipanema  
(1962)



FO.LIES BY  
Mark Moore





Lausanne, Switzerland



Isiolo, January 2017

Soundtrack:  
Architects - Gravity (2017)



tectonic      tectonic      tectonic



tectonic      tectonic      stereotomic



tectonic?      stereotomic      tectonic

“[...] Understanding that part of the building wishes to belong to the earth (stereotomic) and that part separates itself from the earth (tectonic), or recognizing that the entire building works in continuity with the earth, or on the contrary, that it establishes only minimal contact with it, helps in the production of the new architectural organism. [...]”

\_Alberto Campo Baeza



# COLLECTED

## necessities

4-5  
Gravity test

6-7  
Happy birthday

8-11  
Fall back into place...

12-13  
Architecture is architecture

14-15  
Spaghetti West

16-19  
Kawabonga

20-21  
Fish mobility

22-23  
Divine blow

24-25  
Changing Climate Change

26-29  
Fashion is a Scenography

30-31  
The Flying Dutch

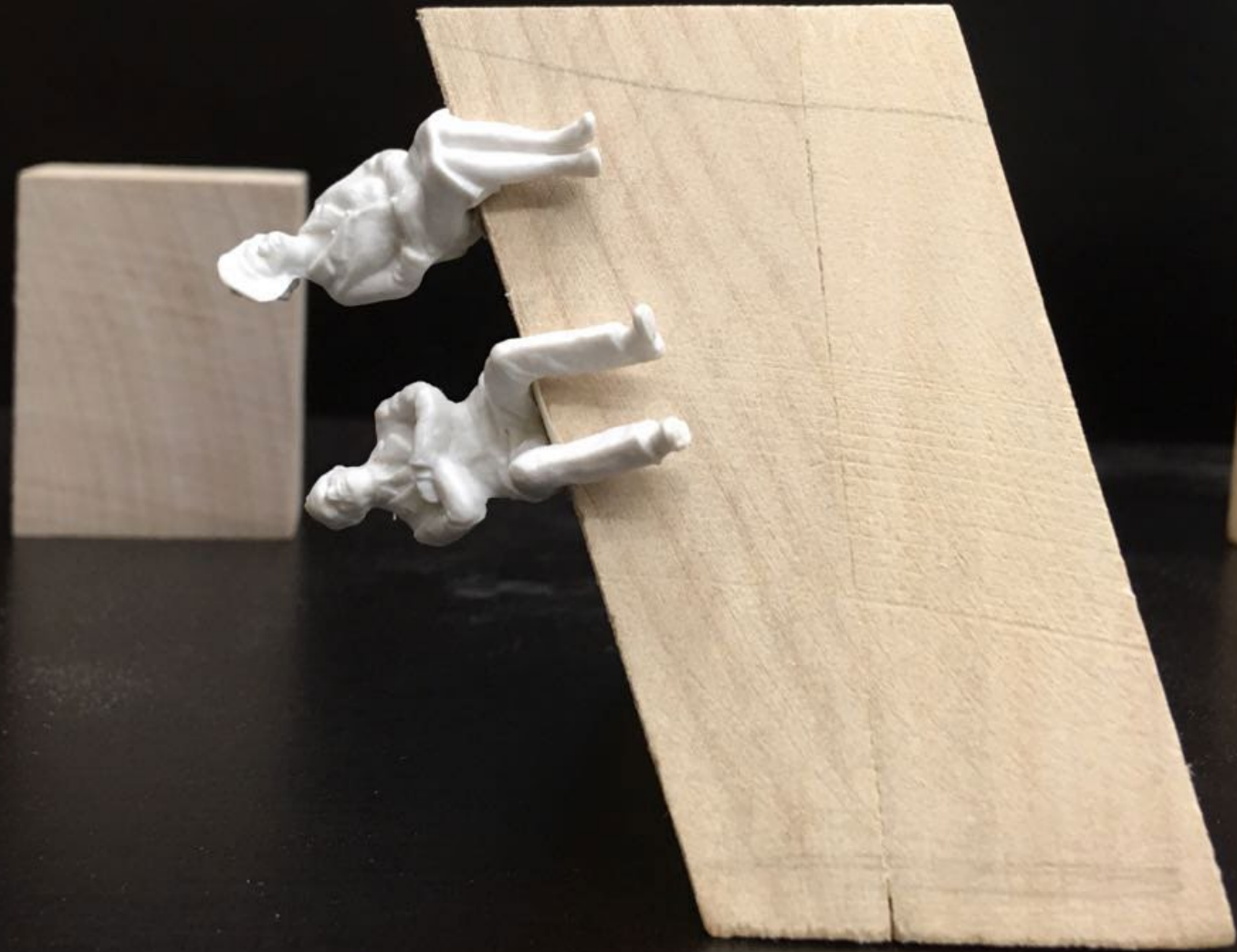
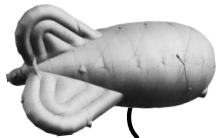
32-33  
Gerber do it better

34-35  
Stunts

36-37  
The Great Glass Elevator

38-39  
You can teach a new dog old tricks

40-41  
WTF Tectonic



# Potentials BIG BANG

## #04

“Actuality is to potentiality as someone waking is to someone sleeping, as someone seeing is to a sighted person with his eyes closed, as that which has been shaped out of some matter is to the matter from which it has been shaped”

“If the world has begun with a single quantum, the notions of space and time would altogether fail to have any meaning at the beginning; they would only begin to have a sensible meaning when the original quantum had been divided into a sufficient number of quanta. If this suggestion is correct, the beginning of the world happened a little before the beginning of space and time”.

“This, the sceptics claim, is not merely impossible but clearly insane, which is why the advertising executives of the star system of Bastablon came up with this slogan: “If you’ve done six impossible things this morning, why not round it off with breakfast at Milliways, the Restaurant at the End of the Universe?”

“Big Bang is coming. The universe is blowing up into thousands of pieces. Or is it reassembling into the original quantum? It’s a matter of time and it’s a matter of space.”

“Don’t be sceptic! Play Battiato forward and backwards. Then again forward, and again backwards.”

“Build up the structure, then fill it, then clean it out. Hop on the train, and miss it.”

“Now, give us your personal Big Bang. Just before the beginning. Just after the end.”

**Adams\_Aristotele\_Lemaître\_Onde.Line**

