

Season
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Text contribution
appearing in parts:
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Part I
Demolition
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Saute ma ville

Stack stack stack

Under the floor there's another floor. I'm an excavator now. I'm looking through:
the dust
the pipe
the residual

Whatever the pleasures and prodigious efforts associated with erecting architecture, the art of causing it to disappear can be equally compelling or satisfying¹ writes Keller Easterling about the *unbuilding* in building. Structures, buildings are subject to destruction even before they exist by demolishing the prior surroundings, destroying landscapes, and excavation of material.

A spatial product is repeated to exhaustion. Now reverse.
Call it subtraction. It is not absence, but deliberate action of taking away, though there are various objectives. Demolition can be an attempt to silently erase or performatively collapse. *Ruin and decay has its own pornography. Demolition has its own TV shows¹.*

The residual lingers. A stick. A pile. The deterioration. The crumbling. The piling of the unnecessary. The unwanted. The brutality. The taste of metal. The smell of ink. Assumption of innocence. A friendly face. A support system. A livable city. A catalyst.

¹ Keller Easterling, 2014. *Subtraction*, 1. Berlin: Sternberg Press.

Recit

I buy a magnolia from lidl. I wish– I wish for it to grow to be a beautiful tree. The soil should be porous and permeable. Agreeable moisture level, not too dry, no soaking. Learn the substructure. Cultivate and hope for the best.

Ten years ago on a trip to a big city, the window of our room had a view of a blooming magnolia tree. I remember standing by that window and thinking that this is just how it all should be – everything is just as it should be. But I can not remember what that *everything* was. The only thing I could hold onto from that moment was the magnolia, its pinkish flowers and its long, striplike petals. Whatever that *everythingbeingasitshouldbe* was, I can not grasp.

Some years ago my mother planted a magnolia in the garden under the window of my childhood room. I had told her earlier about the magnolia I'd seen in the big city. She planted the seedling. No notice, no declaration. A silent promise between a mother and a daughter. Maybe she caught a glimpse of the *everythingasitshouldbe*. A sense of support. Perception of the construction. A resonance. Something soothing.

When something becomes decidedly useless, its true value can be attained. It is freed from an imposed logic.

Something is missing. Finally. Subtracted. That magnolia under the window never really took off. Now a stick in the ground. Nevertheless.

My first cat

*Obliterate
A building
The color of money
To search the rubble
For a sign of you
I blow myself up
Looking for my first cat
Little Boy with a white patch
Planes wrap the whole world
Arms stretch forever
A cloud of smoke blooms like a flower
I blow myself up*

Bunny Rogers

<https://www.tumblr.com/cunny4/712373374926618624/my-first-cat?source=share>