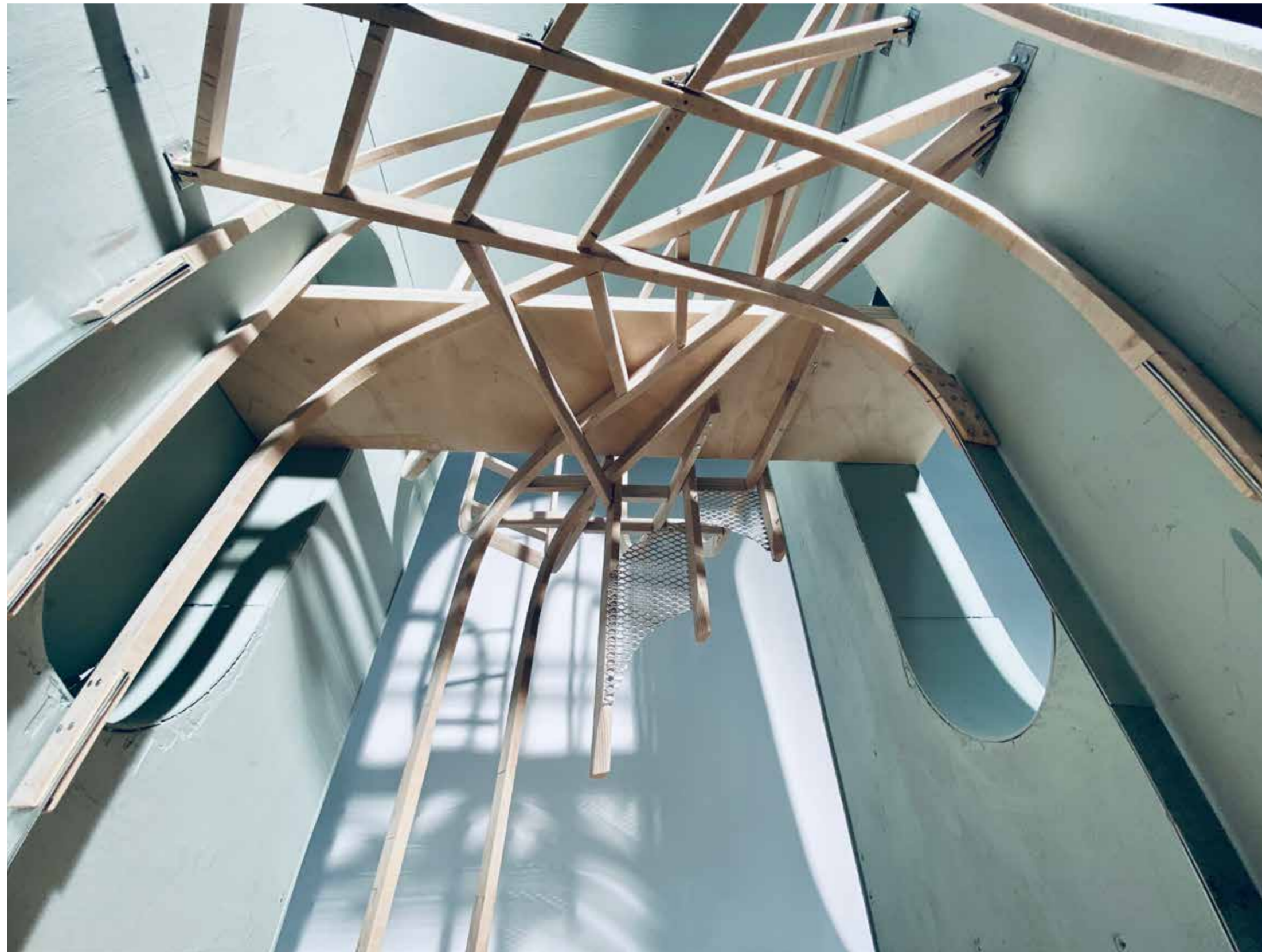


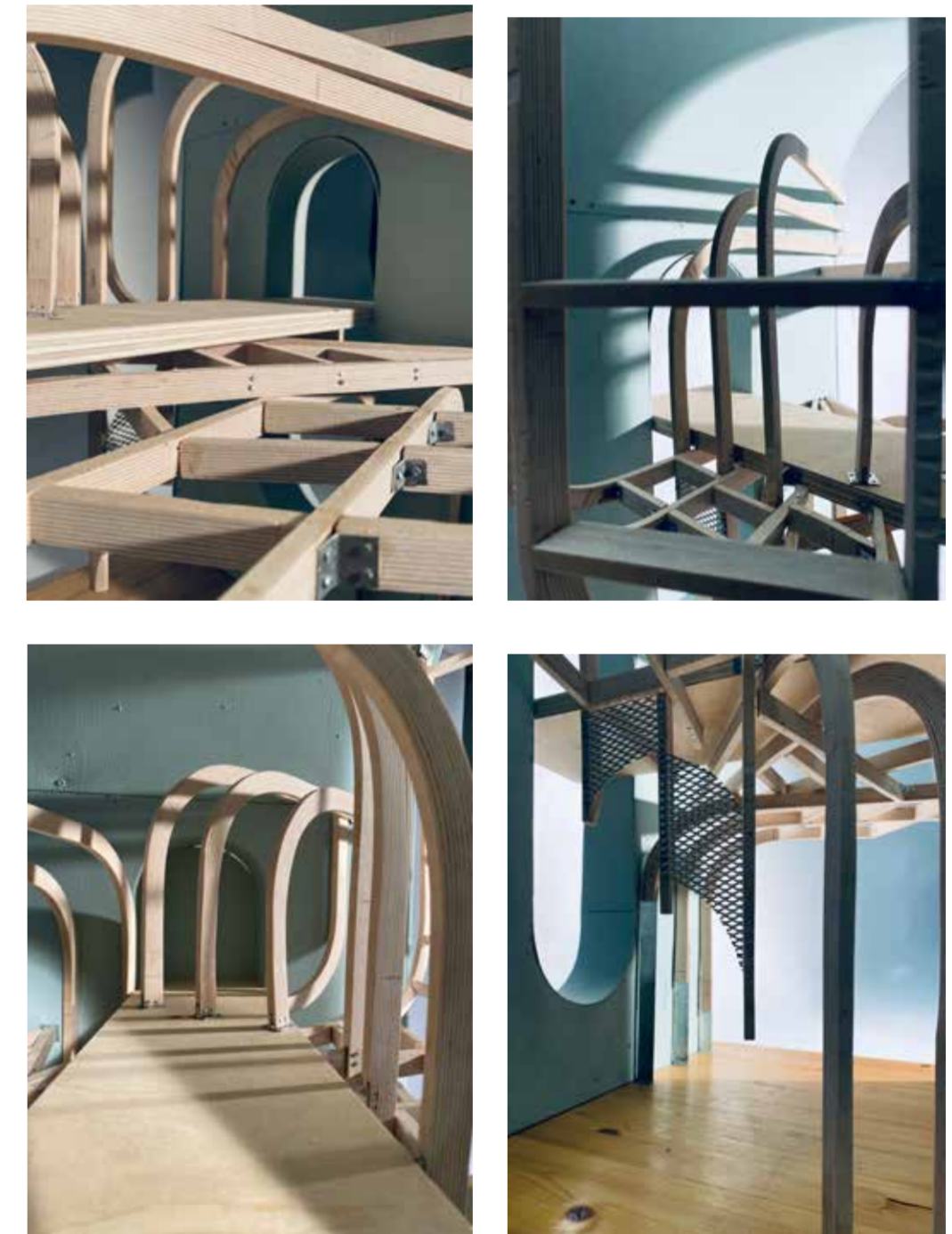
## Designing through making

This body of work explores design through the power of making, and how context, narrative and feeling can be captured and channelled from creator to viewer.



### Badia Heights

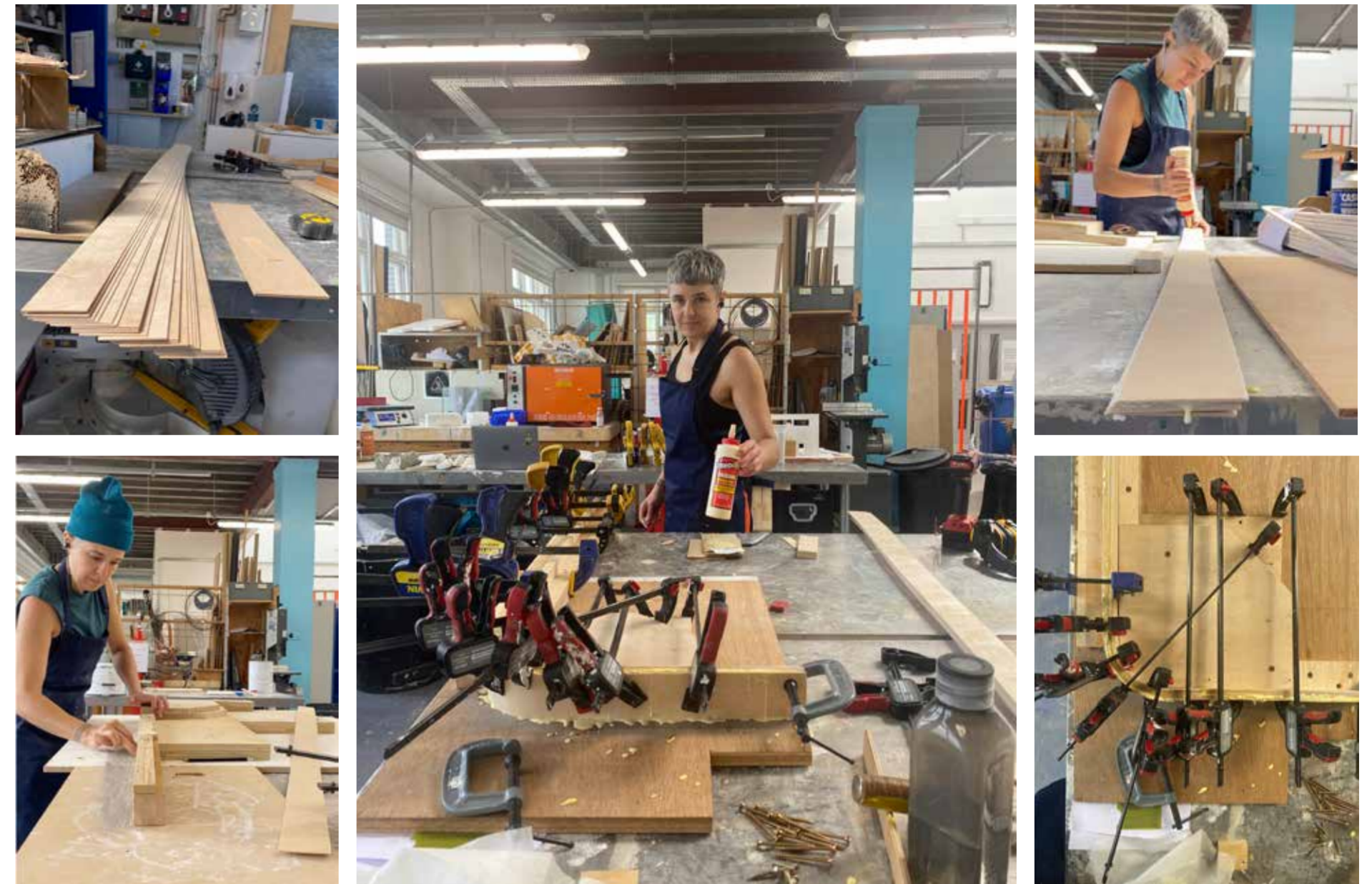
The intervention creates home for Bedu healer 'Om Menwer' in a viaduct archway. It is custom that a Bedu dwelling (which is traditionally a Bedouin tent) is divided into two spaces – one private room for family, and another for hosting guests.



The desired outcome was to create a structure which echoed the curvature of the arch, weaving together the proposed with the existing, whilst simultaneously bringing a softness to the space.



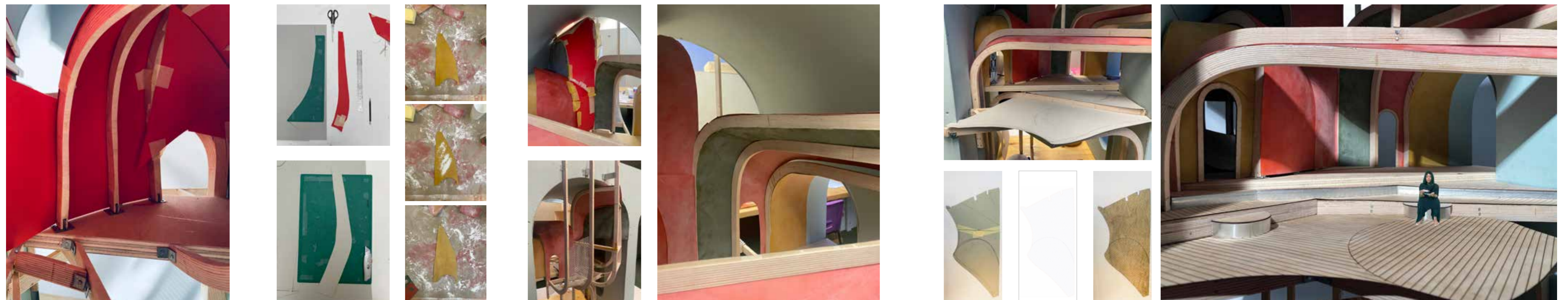
The first attempt to achieve the curvature for the 1:20 model was made using steam. 20 x 10mm strips were prepared, and the steam bending equipment fired up. However, a combination of the lack of bendability in the timber (pine), and the bending set-up not reaching optimum temperature this was unsuccessful. A sealed steam box and the use of a deciduous species such as birch or beech would yield better results.



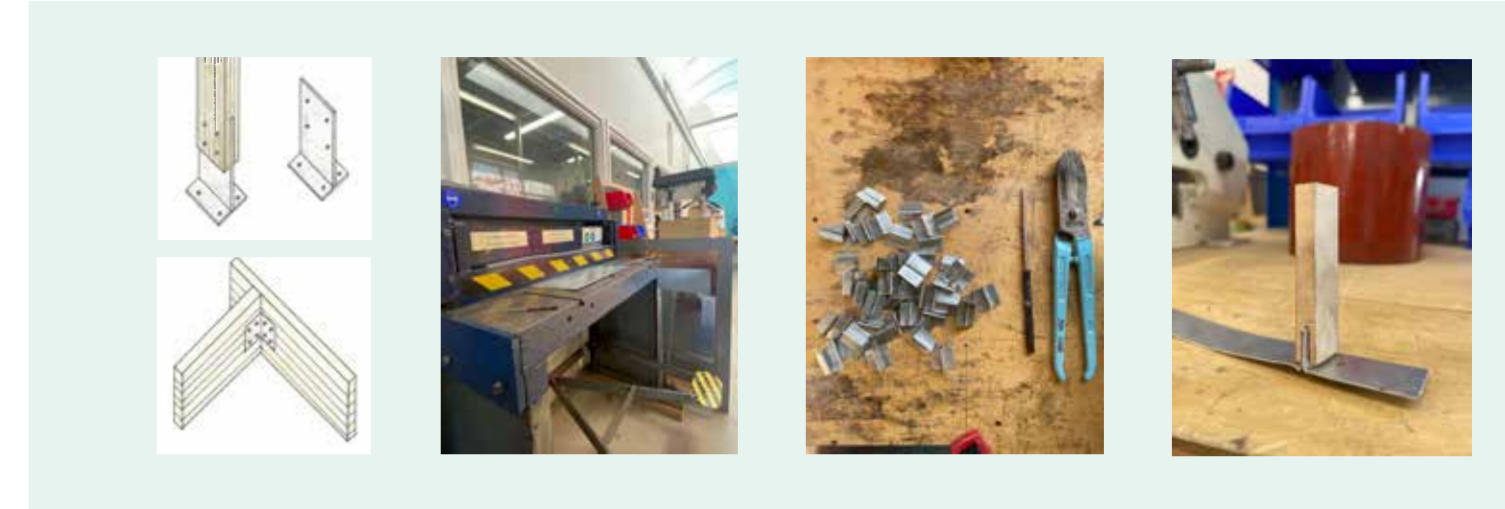
The second attempt was made by laminating strips of 1.5mm ply together and clamping them around the form, which was already made for the bending.

The secondary material of the intervention is hempcrete, chosen for its insulating properties, durability, and sustainability. The carbon negative material will bring a grounding energy to the space.

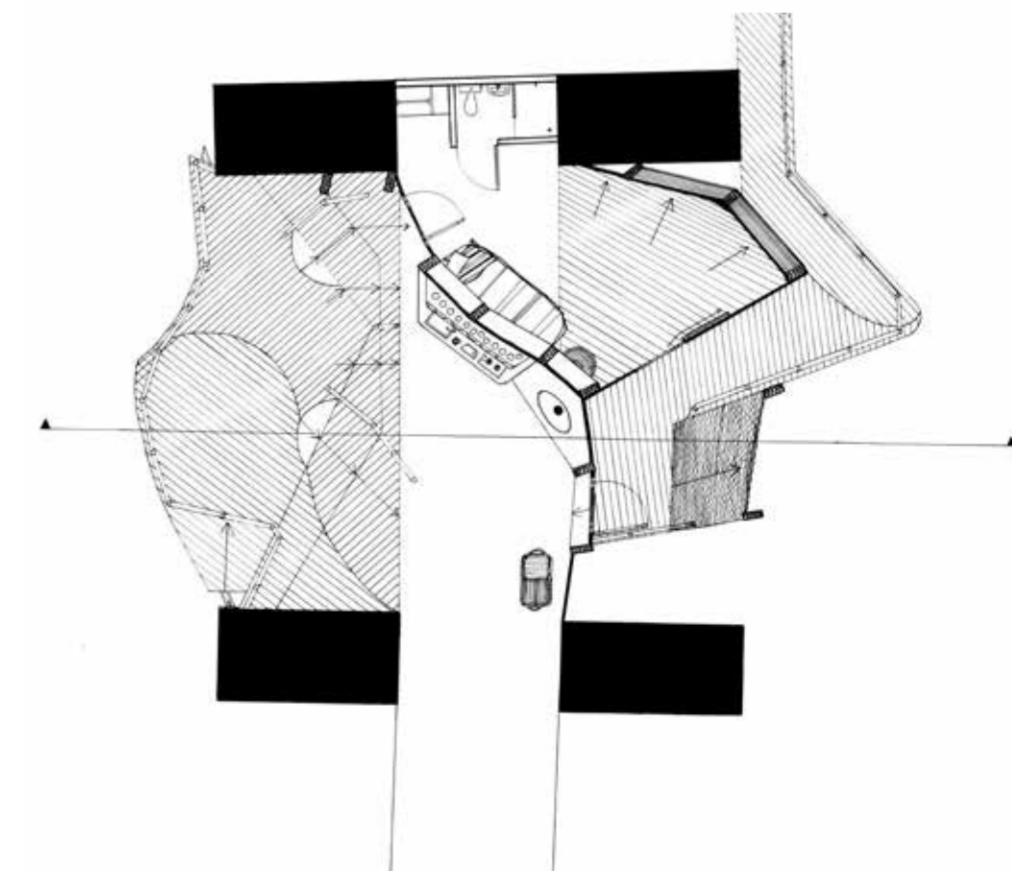
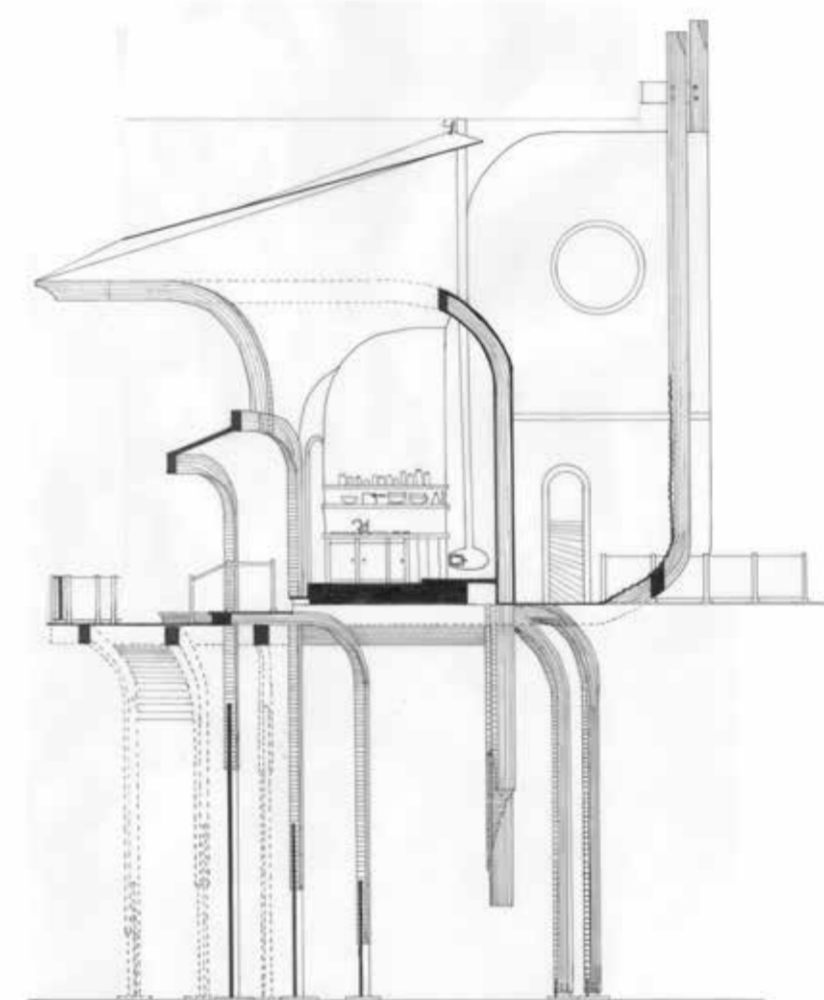
Using thin card and masking tape rough templates were made, from which patterns were created, dry painted and dusted with plaster.



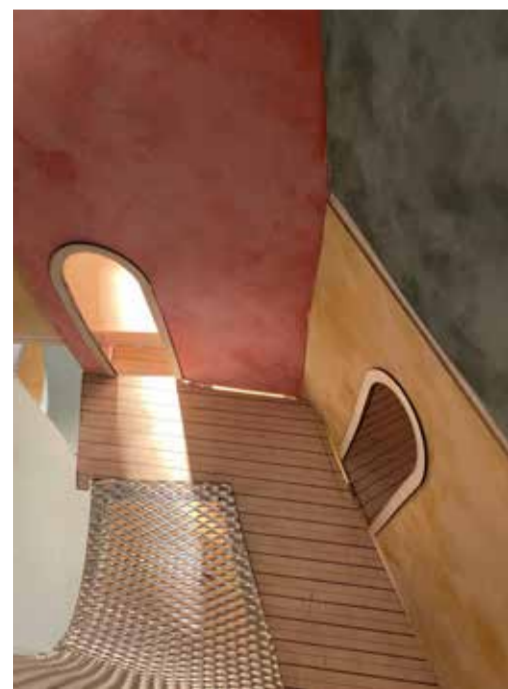
From template, to vector file, to final laser cut flooring



Left to right: The shape of the mesh screen by the secondary walkway is echoed below, tensile roof allows space to remain open yet be sheltered from the elements, the flooring and beam sharing the same journey, further bringing together the inside and outside and the tensile fixings and the making of.



Plan and section of proposed intervention (not to scale)



These photographs show the thresholds from the secondary walkway while exploring the shadows cast throughout the day. Further example of this investigation can be seen in this short film -

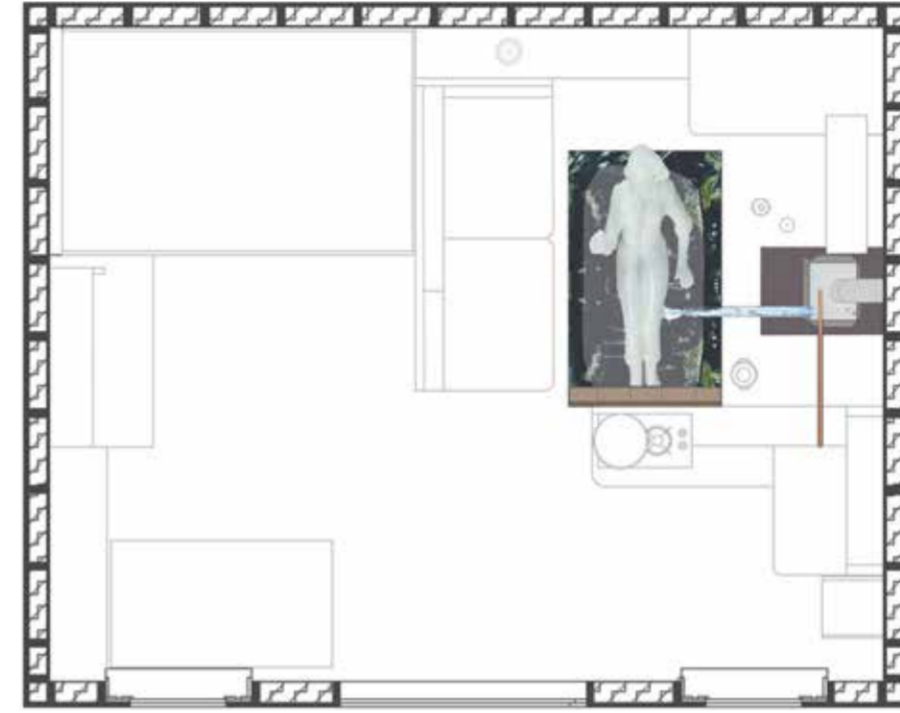
<https://www.instagram.com/tv/Cemj6ejSIU/?igshid=YmMyMTA2M2Y=>



## Ritual

This project set out to explore a daily ritual which takes place within our walls.

Washing in front of the fireplace has been a ritual for as long as fire has been in the home, which dates to the first development of the chimney in 1185. Chopping the wood, warming the water, and preparing the space are all rituals within themselves; rituals within ritual, which out of something as essential and unremarkable as having a wash, create space for inner connectedness.



Photomontage of the ritual, proposal collage, 1:20 model with soapstone bath and plan and section of proposed intervention (not to scale)

The images below follow the transformative journey of the piece of soapstone, as it is carved from a hand to the bath used in the 1:20 model of the proposed intervention.

This was done using a scutch chisel, mallet and chisels, and finished using varying grades of wet and dry sandpaper.

While carving the stone brought a natural and raw element to the model, as the stone was small and at risk of splitting (mishap shown below) the shape of the bath was largely dictated by the stone itself.



'Awash With Fire' succeeded in capturing the essence of the ritual, and the sub-rituals, while providing context. Both audio and visual came together to deliver feeling. The stills demonstrate how short moments communicated the gentle pace and romantic energy of the environment.

Click or scan to watch here -

[https://www.instagram.com/tv/CYRikS\\_hVT8/?igshid=YmMyMTA2M2Y=](https://www.instagram.com/tv/CYRikS_hVT8/?igshid=YmMyMTA2M2Y=)



## Sensory Extremety

"The last six weeks of school put me through the wringer and shone a very bright light on some of the struggles I face navigating neurotypical-lead environments as a neurodivergent human.

I left uni feeling frustrated and tearful more than once.

As I read, researched, and learned about our built environment and society's place within it, I was twisted and pulled and forced inward to look at my own experiences of environment, and how they have intersected with my connection to self and with other humans alike.

With this short film I set out to share the extremeties of my sensory experience in hope to raise some awareness and understanding around the unseen difficulties so many of us face."



That moment  
when everything that is soft and curved and  
colourful is suddenly ripped from the scene  
and drawn into my core so rapidly and without  
warning  
that I feel violated

I struggle to breathe  
I shudder and try to shake it off  
I can feel the mask slippin'  
People are lookin'

The cacophonous cocktail of sounds climb to  
crescendo  
to meet the jagged edges of the scape  
and they tower over me  
Yet somehow  
I can't leave

I clench my toes and grind my teeth  
and dig my fingers into my thighs so deeply  
that it hurts

I can't escape the intensity of the intrusion  
It's all consuming

I want to be seen without having to put myself  
in the spotlight  
And heard without having to shout

I get home and feel the weight start to lift  
as I peel off the mask  
Layer by layer  
I take off the suit of armour  
which gets heavier with each passing hour

Sometimes I ruminate  
and/or perseverate  
Play sounds on repeat and release as they res-  
onate

Glistening edges and luminescent glows  
connect me to a place  
that my soul knows  
as home

A place where all that exists is light and  
shape and energy  
and they dance together  
alone  
over a backdrop of darkness

They soothe the wounds my solar plexus has en-  
dured  
and send their vibration throughout the en-  
tirety of my being  
They remind me that I'm here with a purpose  
As they power me back up

I unravel and evolve and adapt in attempt to  
fit into the world around me  
I surrender to the intensity that forces me  
inwards  
What separates me out there  
is what connects me in here  
And it pushes me to persevere

I don't belong out there  
I can't last long out there  
Still I put on the mask  
and I leave the house  
That suit of armour  
which gets heavier  
with each passing hour

[https://www.instagram.com/tv/CaVkr-NAeC/?utm\\_source=ig\\_web\\_copy\\_link](https://www.instagram.com/tv/CaVkr-NAeC/?utm_source=ig_web_copy_link)

