

1. A Failed Roof

For Urban Art Village, 30 - 31st October, 2025
Sponsored and facilitated by Britomart, Heart of the City and Matt Liggins Studio
Ø Takutai Square, Britomart, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland



An installation by Calvin Feng, Philip Lee, Oliver Ray-Chaudhuri, Jack Wu and Iman Raza Khan,¹¹ in conversation with Bypass Journal⁹. Fragments of the existing: memories of a previously attempted roof², a structure⁵ of bamboo from a suburban garden; a foundation⁷ of basalt rocks; a facade⁶ of calico fabric partitions and a suspended light⁴ are composed into a space to read, gather and consider the space's making and its future possibilities. The wind¹⁰ and rain³, which threaten to inhibit our quest for shelter, are celebrated as contributors to its construction.



11. TEAM

Calvin Feng, Philip Lee, Oliver Ray-Chaudhuri, Jack Wu, and Iman Raza Khan

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10. WIND

South West Prevailing

9. BYPASS JOURNAL

2021-Present

→ Between Tāmaki and Ōtautahi and other places in between

Bypass Journal is named for the printer's bypass tray, whose discovery is a rite of passage for the architecture student: a way to hijack the printer's university paper. Floppy sheets of paper and faded colours are surpassed by a whole new world of gsm, transparency, colour, texture and relief, of the realisation of

far beyond those previously appreciated. It is an act of creative determination which frequently brought the printers to a standstill, unable to cope with the sudden imposition of an 'other' not pre-programmed into the systems of the machine.

Today, most of the bypass trays of the UoA School of Architecture are locked up, and students wanting to exploit this alternative route

have to venture elsewhere. For us, Bypass represents a partial shelter, a refuge from the realities of day-to-day architectural work: a place to dream.

8. TEXT

Published by Bypass Journal, 2025

Our roof invites passersby to linger a little longer amongst the rocks,⁷ a temporary reimagining of the square as a place to read. A miniature room of plywood and timber offcuts contains the reading material, this page an illustration of a dream, of a possibility that will undoubtedly shift when brought into contact with reality. It is an invitation to consider both the value of our existing spaces in the city and to imagine the potential of slight additions beyond those we might typically assume. As we write this (and as you read this), the installation remains incomplete, immersed in and repaired in response to the inevitable realisations, failures and uncertainties of reality.

2. ROOF

Clear Corrugate Polycarbonate Roofing
5x 860mm x 3600mm
→ Trade Depot, Onehunga, Auckland

We started with the memory of a previously attempted roof, devised for the 2023 iteration of Urban Art Village: a translucent tarpaulin delicately suspended from a grid of slender bamboo columns, grounded by concrete blocks and made to protect a miniature world of scaled models and coloured paper constructions.

All it took was a sudden gust of wind¹⁰ to expose the naivety of our plans and, preoccupied by other priorities, the roof was reluctantly forgotten. Half-achieved and half-remembered, the roof remained a dream that gnawed at our minds, an idea so simple but so easily foiled by the realities of nature.



Today, busy elsewhere, the left-aside becomes our distraction (surely it can't be that hard?). We imagine the roof a corrugated plane elevated on a structure⁵ of bamboo, its transparent waves distorting the blues or greys of the sky above and animating the potential of precipitation.³ A first step towards a partial interior, its generous eaves a shelter for people, paper⁸ and a light facade.⁶

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3. RAIN

Cloudy with a chance of rain

5. STRUCTURE

Bamboo (*Phyllostachys edulis*)

34x various lengths, 1000mm - 3600mm
→ A suburban back garden, North Shore, Auckland

Galvanised Steel Scaffolding Couplers
60x Double Couplers for 48.3mm Tube
→ Direct Scaffolding, Panmure, Auckland

4. LIGHT

Arlec 60w Handheld Work Light with 5m Lead, Philips E27 Bulb
→ Bunnings Warehouse, Grey Lynn, Auckland

As the sun fades and the shadows of the city deepen, the room becomes illuminated, a light to read under or a beacon to orient oneself. The light, fixed to the bamboo⁵ roof beams, is a reminder of another incomplete dream: a constellation of lights to be exhibited in November.

In our previous attempt the roof² was a dream sketched out within an insulated interior, and its failure only came when exposed (too late) to the realities of the outside. How easy to draw a couple of lines and call it a roof! Seduced by a shelter of another kind (of the drawing, a world of boundless and unimpeded possibility), we overlooked the volatility of the wind and rain beyond the confines of the page.

On reflection we recognise the twin value and danger of such a shelter. It is the shelter of our final year of university that afforded us the space and time to become lost in the infinite world of drawing: to dream and imagine unrestrained by 'reality'. But to realise those constructions in the world requires a strong grasp on the obstacles that stand in the way. The question we grapple with now, one or two years post-graduation, is how to immerse ourselves in the 'real world' without losing contact with the possibilities of making alternatives to what is immediately present.

6. FACADE

Calico 100% Natural Cotton Fabric
16x 500mm x 1460mm
8x 1350mm x 890mm
→ Spotlight, Christchurch

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Perhaps what we seek is a sort of space, a shelter in which we can imagine alternatives while remaining connected with the outside. Somewhere that our accumulating experience of how things should be done might be re-animated and challenged by untethered imagination.

We recall again the bamboo grove, where the harsh wind¹⁰ is transformed into a rustle of leaves and the occasional downpour³ is filtered into a light shower. In another place (Ōtautahi), we transfuse its delicate movement into the family of calico cut-outs that clothe our structure.⁵ An incomplete facade celebrates the wind whose transformative power we once resisted. Curtains trace the contours of the sky and caress the rocks below, a compromised interior buffered by the outside.



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Tie down straps fix our roof² down to a memory of another place. A grid of basalt boulders and stainless steel pipi mark the site of Tamaki Makaurau's original shoreline, a faint trace of papakāinga and kai moana now concealed under layers of concrete and buildings. Today, the once-foreshore is animated by life of a different kind, the dull pavement embellished by a flurry of many overlapping urban existences. Static and mute, the rocks are an anchor among restlessness, a foundation on which to perch, to pause, chat, breathe or rest. In a momentary lull, inhabitants of the city enact a little reclamation of their own.

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