"Minnet av en plats"
"Reinterpreting Memory Lane"

Sofia Skogseid
Handledare/ Jesús Azpeitia Seron
Supervisor
Examinator/ Per Franson
Examiner

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Reinterpreting Memory Lane

Sofia Skogseid
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questions to address, such as what makes us remember certain places in particular, and how the complex functions behind memory work in general.

We all retain memories of places. They identify who we are as individuals. At the same time, they tie us to networks of people, culture, and society. Even through time, they reach into the past to people whose lives and experiences were as real as ours, and into the future to those whose lives we can only yet imagine. Architecture deals with time as well as space, memory as well as form, and the more expansive we are with the former, the better at the latter we will become.

I'm sitting at my desk in my Paris apartment, reflecting on how I ended up here. Not in Paris, per se, but in the capacity of being an aspiring architect. In a time I call "before", architecture happened to me and I was not conscious of its happening. That architecture was an architecture of the every day, and as such, I could not see it. The walls around me and the roofs over my head were invisible. In fact, what I experienced was life spilling over the edges of architecture; inside to sleep and eat, outside to play and travel. This invisible architecture constituted secret places, places of adventure, and places of protection and comfort, and it was the scenery in which my childhood was playing out.

Throughout my studies, these memories have commanded my attention, sometimes because I call upon them from wherever they live, and sometimes because they appear without conscious effort when I need their content or presence as a point of reference. I dare to say that the will to understand them probably makes up one big reason for why I find myself as an aspiring architect today.

This project is stemming from the growing grounds of this reflection and is the process of an archeological excavation of sorts in my memory. The subject is an old summerhouse, left for decay as a hostage in an ongoing family feud. In the time "before", it used to be a happy place, housing many of the sceneries of which I return to in daydreams.

The memories are episodic and fragmented, but by methodically examining them - one at a time - it might allow for me to understand them as parts of a bigger entity. Ultimately, dissecting is the act of revealing. My hope is, after having listened to their voices, that I by the end of the investigation have gathered enough knowledge so as to help me formulate an architectural hypothesis around their possible common denominators.

The project is the autobiographical examination and interpretation, fueled primarily by the curiosity to explore the creative outcome this investigation generates.

This project is not about trying to resurrect a social or physical past from a nostalgic mist, the "before". Rather, I am seeking to interpret from my past experiences. Throughout the process, I am confronted with interdisciplinary
Research Tool Kit

Given the at times impalpable characteristics of memories, often consisting of an intricate interplay of phenomenons, my working method is an attempt not fall into habitual traps of limiting the investigation of them to plans, sections and elevations. By introducing another set of tools, I will be able to better grasp the essence of the memories.

WRITING

My first tool I am using is writing. Translating the memory into words helps me to frame it, it renders the memory less abstract. Some argue that writing is the superior device to use when recapturing memories. Eleni Bastéa writes in the introduction to the anthology Memory and Architecture;

"It is easier for writers to articulate their debts to memory. The narrative form lends itself to self-reflection in a way that no work of architecture ever will. Nevertheless, it is constructive to review how writers have drawn from their personal past because, fundamentally, both writers and architects strive to express their inner, ancient lingering visions in contemporary, legible forms" (Bastéa 2004, 5).

Marc Trieb reflects upon the relationship between architecture, memory, and text as well in his essay "Yes, now I remember"; "We put in writing thoughts otherwise lost in time. Writing externalizes and makes concrete; writing allows us to add, subtract, and overlay; to shape and to polish" (Trieb 2009, XI).

However, I identify some limitations with this tool as well. Text is essentially linear and restricted to the specific codes shared by the writer and the reader. Furthermore, this is, after all, a project performed with an intention to investigate and translate memories' into form, hence I need to introduce additional tools.

ARTIFACTS

The second tool I am using is the construction of process artifacts. The creation of artifacts is a versatile research tool of trial and error and the experience of designing and manufacturing them gives me multiple sources of knowledge. First of all, I am forced to attempt giving shape to the investigated memory. In that sense, it serves as a communicative tool, both to me and the observer. Continuing, each artifact by default differs slightly from the sought out intention, and by examining this "deficiency" unanticipated knowledge can be collected. By the very nature of their existence, all artifacts also display a degree of abstraction, an abstraction deriving from conscious decision making. In the making of the artifacts, I need to take away any unnecessary components or details to help me getting to the core of the memory's spatial essence. The decisions of how and what to manufacture helps me understand more and more of the crucial components in each memory; scale, materiality, emotion, light and so on and so forth.

ILLUSTRATIONS

My third tool is the illustration technique of collage. I find this method useful since it in its essence, being constructed out of fragments to a greater whole, or composition is also reflecting the characteristics of the subject memory. "Human consciousness keeps shifting from one percept and thought to the next, from actuality to dream, association to deduction, and from recollection to imagination. Our very consciousness is an ever-changing collage of mental fragments held together by one's sense of self" (Shield 2013, IX).

Through the composition of a poetic image each fragmented ingredient is assigned a new roles and meanings in a bigger narrative. The collage technique I also recognize as an effective tool to emphasize certain feelings and associations since it allows for exaggeration and absurdity. However, compared to the tool of artifacts it is lacking the three-dimensionality that is crucial in memories.

These tools are continuously throughout the process documented and gathered into this book. It serves as a method for me to organize my work, integrate and establish a dialogue between three tools, and furthermore communicate the results.

The book could therefor also be viewed as an tool in itself. Having said that, given what I stated in the introduction, that the project is the process of the investigation, perhaps ambiguously it then renders the book also a status of "end product".
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INTRODUCTION

memory as point of departure

In the introductory chapter, I have gathered a contraction of the initial research I made before beginning the investigation. Given the complexity of the subject, I found it invaluable to obtain an overview knowledge of memory as an interdiscplinary subject. Thus, the introduction contains four different aspects on, or point of departures of, memory. First, the architectural perspective, which in its turn lead me to the philosophical realm of phenomenology. Acknowledging that memory would not exist without experiences lived through our bodies and stored in our minds, I am thereafter addressing the body as a receptive being as well as a brief introduction to the physiological aspect of how memory functions in our brain.

“Une maison dressée au coeur
Ma cathédrale de silence
Chaque matin reprise en rêve
Et chaque soir abandonnée
Une maison couverte d’aube
Ouverte au vent de ma jeunesse

(A house that stands in my heart
My cathedral of silence
Every morning recaptured in dream
Every evening abandoned
A house covered with dawn
Open to the winds of my youth)

- Jean Laroche
(Mémoires D’été 1954)
Architects and Memories

The inspirational power of memory is a common point of departure for many designers and architects. The ones that do it successfully are mastering the fine line of the challenge of not falling into nostalgia. It seems to me that the content of what these designers transfer is something that somehow touches us all and refers to our own basic experiences and identities. Following are some extracts from the words of architects who I find effective.

“One who cannot remember can hardly imagine because memory is the soil of the imagination. Memory is also the ground of self identity: we are what we remember. Buildings are storage houses and museums of time and silence. Architectural structures have the capacity of transforming, speeding up, slowing down, and halting time”
(Pallasmaa 2008, 17).

“They reach beyond signs and symbols, they are open, empty. It is as if we could see something on which we cannot focus our consciousness. Here, in this perceptual vacuum, a memory may surface, a memory which seems to issue from the depths of time. Now, our observation of the object embraces a presentiment of the world in all its wholeness, because there is nothing that cannot be understood. There is a power in the ordinary things of everyday life”
(Zumthor 1998, 17).
"To what, then, could I have aspired in my craft? Certainly to small things, having seen that the possibility of great ones was historically precluded. Perhaps the observation of things has remained my most important formal education; for observation later becomes transformed into memory.”
(Rossi 1981, 23).

Architects have often looked to philosophers and theorists from beyond the discipline for design inspiration or in search of a critical framework for practice. All of the previously mentioned citations can be considered touching upon the philosophical branch of phenomenology.  
One could say that I was already acquainted with the issues of phenomenology years before I first encountered the word. All questions that have occupied me in my architecture studies and ultimately leading up to this project are in fact investigated by this entire field within philosophy.

The discipline of phenomenology may be defined initially as the study of structures of experience, or consciousness (Woodruff, 2016). Literally, phenomenology is the study of “phenomena”: appearances of things, or things as they appear in our experience, thus the meanings things have in our experience.

Phenomenology studies our conscious experience as experienced from the subjective or first-person point of view; which lends this autobiographical investigative project a justification.

This philosophical tradition was launched in the turn of the last century by Edmund Husserl, when he suspended the natural standpoint (that all knowledge comes from experience) and suggested that one does not examine the objects of experience, but rather the entire complex of the way we experience objects, without regard to the actual existence of the objects themselves. The object can be ideas, constructs, and memories (Downing 2000, 60). For example, say we remember our grandfather's garage, it does no longer exist as the object we once knew in an experimental, emotional and intellectual sense. Husserl was with his launching of phenomenology implying that the physical garage is not the important part here. Rather it is our intentions toward the memory of this garage that are significant. It is "how" we remember, not "what" we remember.

According to the philosophy, our experience is directed toward things only
through particular concepts, thoughts, ideas, images, etc. and it studies the structure of various types of experience ranging from perception, thought, memory, imagination, emotion, desire, bodily awareness, embodied actions, and social and linguistic activity. The phenomenological standpoint seeks the essence of ideas that present themselves in the experience.

Conscious experiences have a unique feature: we experience them, we live through them or perform them. Other things in the world we may observe and engage, but we do not experience them in the sense of living through or performing them. However, we do not normally characterize an experience at the time we are performing it. In many cases we do not have that capability: in a state of intense anger or fear, for example, our entire psychic focus is occupied at once. Rather, we acquire a background of having lived through a given type of experience, and we look to our familiarity with that type of experience: hearing a song, seeing a sunset, thinking about love, etc. The practice of phenomenology assumes such familiarity with the type of experiences to be characterized.

Classical phenomenologists practiced three distinguishable methods:

1. Describing a type of experience just as we find it in our own (past) experience.
2. Interpreting a type of experience by relating it to relevant features of context.
3. Analyzing the form of a type of experience.

In the end, all the classical phenomenologists practiced analysis of experience, factoring out notable features for further elaboration.

During the process of the investigation, I have chosen to derive my research from the writings of the two perhaps among architects most well-known phenomenologists, Martin Heidegger and Gaston Bachelard, both of who I first encountered during my stay in Paris. Then why are these two philosophers relevant to the field of architecture in general and the subject of this investigation in particular?

Martin Heidegger who was active in the early to mid 20th century's Germany, identified a tendency in society to justify actions with increasing reference to economic and technical statistics in the post-war era. Instead, in his "Building, Dwelling, Thinking" from 1951 Heidegger pleaded that we should not forget the immediacies of human experience. Unlike Husserl, he made no distinction between mind and body, or between consciousness and everything else. He called this unity the Being-in-the-World.

According to him, we first make sense through our inhabitation of our surroundings - and our emotional responses to them - and only subsequent to understanding this elementary supposition can we attempt to assess our attitudes and actions through science and technology.

> "According to Heidegger, building configures physically, over time, how people measure their place in the world" (Sharr 2007, 2).

By recording physical traces of humans' engagement, both in large and small scales, buildings set out the particular ethos of every builder and dweller, and this way, he argued that architecture can help to center people in the world.

French Gaston Bachelard spent the majority of his life as a philosopher of science but shifted later in his life focus by releasing "The Poetics of Space" in 1958, a phenomenological interrogation into the meaning of spaces which preoccupy poetry, intimacy, and consciousness. Phenomenology, for all its complexity, moves memory, mental imagery, and imagination to the forefront of its questioning.
In short, for Bachelard the house is the quintessential phenomenological object, meaning that this is the place in which the personal experience reaches its embodiment. Bachelard saw the house as a sort of initial universe, akin to Heidegger’s call for an initial understanding of dwelling before truly comprehending anything else. He uses mental imagery as a vehicle for his philosophical reflections, and his goal, as for all existential phenomenologists is to understand rather than explain being.

Space is not primarily a container of three-dimensional objects for him; “A house that has been experienced is not an inert box. Inhabited space transcends geometrical space” (Bachelard 1964, 47).

For this reason, Bachelard argues that the phenomenology of dwelling has little to do with an analysis of “architecture” or design as such, rather, space is the abode of human consciousness.

To analyze being in existential terms, he argues that we need to desocialize our important memories, to “know” primary history through primary images - those images that have their own history and their own life. By doing so, he identifies “primary” intentions that exist in all humans, such as the desire to enclosure for example, and no matter their social or cultural identities, they can then hold the same intentions toward this memory because they too have experienced something “like” it. It is the essential aspect of being a human.

The philosopher focuses on the poetic image since it is, according to him, the property of innocent consciousness, something which precedes conscious thought and does not require knowledge. The poetry of a space is therefore a direct product of heart and soul and as such it has the ability to transfer us beyond subjective involvement into a kind of connection with the nature of the image.

**Understanding our “First Dwelling”**

- introducing the body memory

After having introduced memory in a concept of philosophy, I need to address the physical aspect immanent in memory. Due to the fact that memories are created through experiences, lived through and remembered by our bodies, there is a requirement to understand the terminology of inside / outside when doing an investigation like this - not as a classical architectural or physical circumstance - but rather as a psychophysical phenomenon. To be able to do so, I have to start from the beginning, before house, and before cave. Our first fundamental dwelling is our body and through it, we have our first acquaintances with the rest of the world. The body itself is a tool which helps us orient our selves in the universe.

The basic orientation refers to our postural sense of up and down which, because of its dependence of gravity establishes our knowledge of the ground plane (Bloomer 1977, 34). A consequence of this postural orientation is our need to symmetrize frontally the stimulus of sight, sound, touch, and smell and ultimately mobilizes a total body balance.

Sense - in physiological terms - is a capacity of organisms that provide data for perception. Commonly, we talk about our five senses; sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch. In the process of my investigation, I have become aware of the need to introduce a broader classification, thus introducing what I see as our “sixth sense”, the haptic sense.

The haptic sense is the sense of touch reconsidered to include the entire body, that is to say, that to sense something haptically is to experience objects in the environment by actually experiencing them fully, for example by walking down a path rather than staring at it. Treated as a perceptual system
the haptic incorporates sensations such as pressure, warmth, cold, pain and kinesthetics. Thus it includes all those aspects of sensual detection which involve physical contact, both inside and outside the body. No other sense deals as directly with the three-dimensional world as the haptic, allowing us the possibility of altering the environment in the process of receiving it.

The haptic sense has an action/reaction characteristic where we feel and do simultaneously.

All experiences in life, especially those in a three-dimensional space, are dependent on the "ever-present" body. As children, long before we reach any degree of articulate verbal or visual expression, we begin to develop a distinction between an inside and outside world. These two worlds are discovered simultaneously through a process of trial and error between our bodies and the environment in which we detect and respond to sensations derived from inside, as well as outside the body.

By confrontations with the world that exists outside our bodies, a simultaneous encounter of an inside world in an outside world is created. Each of them dependent on the other for its existence and making sense of its complexity.

The sensing of an inside/outside world is derived as a result of the haptic and basic-orienting system. In our bodies, there is haptically perceived landmarks and voids. These landmarks constitute an entire psychological realm of inner feelings that arguably is much more influential on our comprehension of the environment than we might give them credit.

The heart for example, with its rhythm and sound, is the phenomenon of an internal landmark, and we tend to give it a central characteristic, even though we know that it is not in anyway located in the center of our body. We also know that it is not the only organ that is essential to life. Yet, because we feel its presence so evidently, we grant the heart to play the role as the symbol for geographic superiority and, of course, love.

Continuing, the brain is another important landmark in the blueprint of the "psychic body". However, compared to the heart, its material substance is often perceived more as a void. The hollow head is the "attic of the body", and the feelings of emptiness and lightness is a psychic reaction to the physical state of being at least a slight bit further away from the sense of gravity on the ground.

Understanding first the experience of the psychological mass within the body, it then helps me explore how we perceive mass in external objects which encounter our body.

In the book “The Image and the Appearance of the Human Body” from 1935, the Austrian psychiatrist and psychoanalyst Paul Schiller discussed that we can detect different "zones" of mass within an object. To exemplify this, he chooses the act of holding a glass of water in one’s hand.

Schiller argues that we might imagine the glass' weight to be heavier toward the bottom and lighter toward the top, although intellectually we know that the total mass of the object is even all around. He continues to make the analogy with how we experience buildings - the foundations of a house are experienced heavier than its airy attic.

The seven psychophysical coordinates

The seven psychophysical coordinates
One way of looking at the entire body as a complex receptive system is also through the detection of the seven psychophysical coordinates. The experience of the front/back, right/left coordinates can be linked to our four polar coordinates, North, South, East and West, whereas the remaining three vertical coordinations alludes more to the existence of cultural mythical trilogies such as heaven, earth and hell.

In addition to these landmarks the human body has other properties of the bodyscape which are more geometric and linear. Our basic and frontal orienting senses have developed a metric of psychophysical coordinates which constitute our feelings of up and down, front and back, and right and left. The right/left coordinate, which psychologically includes our entire body, is constantly in right angle to our frontal axis of the face, no matter how the rest of the body is positioned. In comparison to this, our up and down coordinates are always subject to the direction of gravity. Our body is our first and foremost abode and through the seven psychophysical coordinates we project ourselves against the universe.

The Physiological Aspect
- presenting the concept of long term memory and episodes

Attempting to explain in short the utterly complex physiological aspects of memory as a non-science-scholar could be considered foolish. However, when doing a project about memory, it would be irresponsible not to take this part into consideration too. Hence below follows a reluctant attempt to summarize my understanding of the physiological side of memory and how it functions in the brain.

Scientists divide the human brain into processing three different categories of memories based upon the timeframe in which the memory lasts.

Short-term memory is typically so short-lived that we don’t even think of it as memory. The brain uses this type of memory as a collecting bin, so that for instance when the eyes jump from point to point across a scene the individual snapshots are collected together into what seems like a smooth panorama.

The working memory is responsible for temporarily holding information available for processing, for example, it plays an important role in our capacity of reasoning and the guidance of decision making and problem-solving.

Long-term memories can last for just a few days, or for many years, and they are the type of memory process that is relevant to this project.

Long-term memories are rich because they are formed through associations. Unlike short-term memories, long-term memories have a physical presence in the brain and are not dependent purely on specific patterns of activity. When we experience an event, our brains tie the sights, smells, sounds, and our own impressions together into a relationship. This relationship is the nerve cells - neurons - making new physical connections and synapses with each other, thus creating a memory (Burnett, 2015). Because the memory connects many different factors the “home” of the memory is therefore spread throughout multiple regions of the brain.
Long-term memory can be split into explicit and implicit memory. Implicit memories include habits and skills that we can do automatically. Explicit memories are things we are consciously aware of and are intentionally trying to remember. Continuing, there are two kinds of explicit memory: episodic and semantic. Episodic memory is the memory for things and events that happened to oneself, whereas semantic memory is for more general knowledge, such as facts.

Then what makes us store some experiences in the long-term memory and others not? Information is channeled to the hippocampus, the brain region crucial for the formation of new memories and one of the only places in the brain where new neurons are regularly generated. The hippocampus links all of the relevant information together and encodes it into a new memory by forming new synapses, like a very complex tapestry. But not all information is equal in the eyes of the hippocampus. The hippocampus will prioritize those that have been rehearsed repeatedly in the short-term memory or those with a strong emotional component.

The creation of a long-term memory is therefore a process critically dependent on so-called reinforcement. Reinforcement can work in different ways. Some situations can be reinforced through the occurrence of an emotional arousal. If a specific scenario is connected to a strong feeling of joy, or anxiousness it is, therefore, more likely that we remember it, based in the evolutionary benefit this capacity has proven to have (Ranpura, 2013). Emotion acts like a highlighter pen that emphasizes certain aspects of experiences to make them more memorable. Arousal is also a product of attention, so memories can be reinforced independent of context by paying careful attention and consciously attempting to remember. Arguably many people have tried to halt time on a beautiful summer’s evening—by declaring that “I must remember this when everything is dark and gloomy in November”.

Similar memories tend to clump together – spoken memories near the language centers, visual memories near the visual cortex. Every time they are activated they are strengthened. Imprinted memories are not left to storage in the brain completely untouched, they are plastic. We often revise the memory over time—perhaps by merging it with another memory or incorporating what others tell us about the memory, so it is constantly being updated and tweaked. As a result, memories are therefore not always reliable.
The first chapter contains my initial reflections on how to properly "locate" the house in my memory. It is a point of departure for the continuing excavation to understand that the house, in my consciousness, is both "there" and "not there" at the same time. The house's memory context is not limited to being one of the merely geographical parameters but proven to be far more complex. In this introductory chapter, I am also performing a framing exercise, where I am investigating the possibility to define the borders of the house's "Universe", deriving from my visual memories of the place.

"Longtemps je t’ai construite, ô maison!
A chaque souvenir je transportais des pierres
Du rivage au sommet de tes murs
Et je voyais, chaume couvé par les saisons
Ton toit changeant comme la mer
Dancer sur le fond des nuages
Auxquels il mêlait ses fumées"

(Long did I build you, oh house!
With each memory I carried stones
From the bank to your topmost wall
And I saw your roof mellowed by time
Changing as the sea
Dancing against a background of clouds
With which it mingled its smoke)

- Louis Guillaume
(Noir comme la mer, 1949)
**Context Complexity**

Memory and place are undeniably intertwined considering that there are few un-situated recollections. "Memories are motionless, and the more secure they are fixed in space, the sounder they are" as, Bachelard states. One important point of departure for the process of investigating the typology of memories I have connected to this house is therefore to understand its context. That is to say, not only its geographical context but also its social context.

Built by my great-grandfather in the early 1940’s this house has been in the family for generations. It is an ancestral place and as such, it is deeply connected to a sense of identity for me, one I share with family. When I picture myself running up the gravel road to the house, I can simultaneously imagine my grandmother as a child doing the same, and future generations too. As with architecture in general, through its being this house helps me anchor myself in time, it gives me a connection to a past, a present, and an unforeseeable future.

Another significant feature of its social context is at the same time also a geographical context. The house is the family’s last existing connection to the West coast where I have parts of my heritage. Therefore the house additionally speaks of a place of region with lingering images of landscape, merged with myth and tradition.

The house is situated in a disposition whose characteristics were different to where I came from. The trees were of other kinds, the air was salty and carried with it another palette of scent. The setting itself dramatic and defined by its verticality. Located on top of a cliff overlooking the sea, it is exposed to the forces of nature. Storms were never as powerful as here, nor were sunsets as magnificent. When my family set root, we were the first to arrive, but as time has passed more houses have appeared. The house’s setting is tied to this larger ecology of land also through the choreography of the travel there. The long journey in an overstuffed car built up anticipation and gave the eventual arriving a sense of gravity. It also made the imminent departure emotionally charged.

The typology of the house, simple like a fisher’s cabin in white wood, was built with the purpose in mind of serving as a summer retreat. And it has been ever since. This is important to address since I do believe it shapes the dynamic and tonality of the memories. In a summer’s setting, they are memories of happiness, freedom, solitude, and contemplation. With windows and doors left open at all times, it also disintegrates the division between inside and outside. As the surrounding nature becomes an extension of the house, bushes, stones and pathways, their sounds, movement and smells turns into a just as an integrated part. Worth mentioning also is that these are memories from my childhood, and as such, they are a fusion between reality and imagination. A characteristic ingredient of how children play and confront the world is their ability to transform spaces and things through metaphors and a skewing of scale.

**Mapping the Universe**

To be able to physically articulate the house’s context as an attempt to “ground it”, I needed to define the in-memory conscious experience of the place. The boundaries of the context could perhaps be made visible through connecting the different fragments of delocalized memories into a bigger entity, like threads in a tapestry. This tapestry I choose to call the house’s Universe. The word Universe can be defined as everything that exists has existed or will exist, which is a suitable description of my experience while at this remote secluded place. Memory, in its broadest definition, is tied holistically to our bodies, as they exist in and are a part of this Universe. The territory of the Universe is therefore constituted by my recollections of the places of where I used to move, that is to say, the Universe is not restrained by the house’s legal property boundaries. It is extended to include the shore below where we used to collect shells and catch crab. It also elongated by what I could only gaze at from the house’s location on top of the cliff, making the constant backdrop of the two opposite islands just as much a part of the Universe too.
This investigation is deriving from the recollection of fragments of the gravel path that leads me from the house down to the far end of the pier. Through memory, I have traced six different visual perspectives located along this trail and recreated their visual context. The span of consciousness for each different point is limited by the surroundings and what I could see in peripheral view. Our peripheral vision is the part of the vision that occurs outside the very center of gaze, and is what many phenomenologists refer to when they use the term "unfocussed vision".

The first memory point is located at the very beginning of the trail. From the high altitude of the cliff, it offers an overview perspective with its vast range. This is the point from which I can identify the first far off opposite border of the Universe. To the left of my body orientation, the view is blocked by high trees, altering the spread of the angle that is perceived.

The focus range of the human eye

Memory trail between House and Pier
Having descended the steepest part of the trail, the direction of the road shifts a quarter of a turn. The ground here is flat, and again the perception is constrained by tall trees to the left. On my right side, I can see the fundament of the cliff. The perspective is cut off by the height of the landscape in the far-off end where the road makes a right turn and disappears out from the Universe.

Just before the road turns right and vanishes, the tracing of my steps instead winds to the left. This narrow section of the trail is characterized by its tunnel vision perspective, created by the framing rosebushes on both sides. It is no longer gravel under my bare feet but cold and slippery compressed dirt. Far away in the opposite end, one can from a peephole glance a slice of the sea again.
Having come out of the alley the landscape opens up again, and I can for the first time really feel the presence of the sea. The pace of my movement quickens as the hiked up trail slowly evaporates and alters into a patchwork of grass, stone, and seaweed run ashore. From this perspective, the Universe is flat and leveled with my perception of it. The islands floating on the brink of the Universe reveals themselves as a parallel unreachable entity, as I from this distance can distinguish a small jetty and a boat.

The cliff formations in the slate stone have created a variety of "objects", and the fifth memory point is taken from the location of "the bench". Sitting on the bench one is identifying two additional borders of the Universe. The first boundary is in close proximity the opposite cliff wall of the bay. The second one is the horizon of the open water.
The final memory point is the only view from which I have a three-dimensional memory of the exterior of the house. The perspective is taken from the far end of the pier, after having turned around to walk the trail back towards the house. From here, one truly grasps the dramatic altitude of the cliff on which it is situated, with windows like the beacons of a lighthouse.

By layering the fragments on top of my recollection of the actual property boundary it becomes a decisive illustration over how much more extensive the span of the Universe becomes due to the view given by the house’s altitude. It also demonstrates the constant presence of the sea, and how much of my recollection of the Universe is orbiting around it.
I am in this chapter, which could be divided into two subcategories, outside / inside, approaching the house itself a little bit further in memory. The first investigation is an exercise to memorize the house's outer shell, its facades. After having framed the house, I am further addressing the need to introduce the complexity of atmosphere, since it too, as an all-embracing metaphysical phenomenon, shapes my memory of the house.

The second investigation is an attempt to analyze the shifting relation I have to the house in my memory and to translate each phenomenon into form.

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We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.
Through the unknown, unremembered gate
When the last of earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning.
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the apple-tree

vers from "Little Gidding"
- T.S. Elliot (1942)
The House’s Exterior
- a sensuous investigation

The exteriority of the house is not coherent in my memory but consisted out of pieces that together create a framework of boundaries which are the facades. These boundaries distinguish inside from outside.

A characteristic of how I remember the house from outside is that it is never appearing as a three-dimensional form spilling over corners. They are only experienced one at a time. Thus the boundaries of the house are in fact also revealing yet another layer of boundaries - those created through the house’s placement in relation to its surrounding nature. This confrontation ultimately plays a just as important role in how the different facades are experienced.

As an investigatory exercise to frame the house from its different cardinal directions, I began by tracing my memories of each facade in the same order as we used to run around the house before dinner, counterclockwise.

The South facade is experienced to the left in a narrow pathway created within the void between itself and the tall, thick wall of greenery running parallel with it. Forced to stroke the body closely against the facade in the slim space I remember the flaked of white paint on each lath, almost mimicking the leafs of the opposite wall.

I remember the rhythm and the verticality of the wooden structures on both sides. To the left; organized, even and man-made - to the right; aimless, dynamic and a work of nature.

One wall dense and static - the other porous and vibrant. The narrow pathway on which I ran was limbo between the living tree and the dead, and the living one was performing a victorious dance casting shadows on the dead.

The South facade is never seen straight on, it is experienced closely from the side. Neither is it experienced in its entirety since the living side is progressively claiming more and more territory.

The facade is as tactile memory and a memory of light and shadows. It is also a memory of sound - branches scratching against the facade, leaves shivering, and stones tilting against each other as I placed my running feet on them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>South</th>
<th>Type of Experience</th>
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<tbody>
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<td></td>
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The memory of the South facade generated two artifacts. The first one is exploring the spatiality of the room that is created by the relationship between the two walls. It is monochrome and constructed out of the same material as to relate to the memory of the living and the dead tree. What was important to capture in this memory was the shadow-play created by the porous greenery. The image on the opposite page is speaking to the visual perspective of the memory, however, to reach that spatiality I needed to create the entire structure that is displayed in the images to the left.

The second artifact is based upon the memory of the materiality of the facade, the rhythm of the vertical panels and the sensation of stoking the palm of my hand against the flaked off paint. This artifact is too exploring shadow. The scale-like texture created by the exfoliated paint breaks the light, turning the monochromatic facade into a more vibrant experience.
The East facade is flat and uncharacteristic in the memory. Having understood the materiality of the house from where I started the lap, I can draw the conclusion that the wood panels are spilling over the corner to this side as well, but they are ill-defined from this point of view. In comparison to the south facade, this facade is solely remembered straight on and from a distance. Having come out from the intrusive condition that is the south facade, the space opens up as I turn the corner.

The East facade is a two-dimensional backdrop without windows. Its only distinction is a door left open. It is dark and the backdrop is covering the sun, casting a long shadow over the soft and rolling moss lawn. I don’t think I was ever here much.

Paradoxically, considering the flatness of the memory of the East facade, creating an artifact that related to that experience proved to be rather difficult. After numerous failed attempts, I decided to simply focus on the characteristics of distance through which it is remembered. The distance is both a metaphorical one alluding to its distance in my memory, but also a factual distance created by its relationship to the other set of boundaries I mentioned earlier. The shadowing trait of the two-dimensional backdrop lures the visitor back to the far end side of the pillow, which is an analogy for the moss lawn attached to the East facade. It is from this perspective that the facade is experienced.
Akin to its opposite companion, I remember the North cardinal direction being a tactile and multifaceted experience. Again I am experiencing the facade parallel to my left side but my eyes are facing the view of the sea in front of me. Alongside the bottom of facade runs a slate stair, and simultaneously as I am descending it, the gray concrete base of the house grows taller and taller. The white and fragile wooden character of the house is gradually replaced by a thick, heavy and cold mass. The closer I get to the ground, the more I become aware of the fundament of the house as if it is showing its roots bursting up from the cliff. The ground, the slate stair, and the concrete - all in a palette of gray. From the cracks between the stone slates as a wedge between the fundament and the stair, grass straws have managed to grow tall. They stroke my legs as I pass them by. Suddenly I remember that my grandmother used to say she grew up as a dandelion child. That meant that she had survived even through hardships in life and that it was important to be strong. Then I remember having fallen here many times on my way down. The stair is uneven and unpredictable with many loose stones, but I also recall eventually altering where I placed my steps to an absolute precision, as a game of hopscotch.

For the artifact dedicated to the North side, I decided to work in plaster. This material I figured would give the artifact the appearance of durability and heaviness that is one of the most important features in the memory of this facade. The chipped texture and formation of the slate stone is reoccurring in many memories from this place. It is the cliff on which the house is situated, it is the bottom on which the sea rests, it is each and every footpath my great grandfather lay across this plot of land. As with the example of the south facade, my intention with this artifact was to capture the meeting between the organized and the arbitrary, the well defined and the rugged. It was also important to incorporate the splice of grass straws since I remember their fragility and their soft stroke as I passed them bye. Finally, I chose to only build up the stair and the fundament, not the wooden part above it, since it is not really a conscious part of the memory.
I have a hard time remembering almost everything about this facade which I find peculiar since I identified the opposite facade as the back, hence this ought to be the front.

I can only understand it when tracing it from the inside. There must have been grand windows facing the sea since it was always so bright and warm inside, but I cannot picture them from the outside. However, I do remember one fragment of the facade in detail. Situated on the far-away end of the facade just by the starting point of my lap, is a niche. Placed in the niche are a concrete cast ponderous stair and a white bench.

This corner of the West facade served as the setting for the family photos that were taken each year, and which are framed in the homes of various relatives. The memory of this facade is, therefore, one from the front, the same perspective as the pictures were taken, and it raises the question if I have a real memory of this fragment or if it is an after-construction deriving from having seen it in the background in these pictures.

This artifact is constructed to replicate the memory of the corner as it is seen in the pictures, straightforward. It is assembled by different individual pieces, alluding to the characteristic of the memory of the facade serving as a mere backdrop in the reoccurring spectacle of eternalizing the memory of each summer’s constellation of guests.
After having finished the lap around the house I can draw several conclusions. The first and obvious one is that there are significant parts missing when attempting to combine the boundaries into a closed loop. After examining the outcomes of each artifact it becomes evident that I have more vivid, detailed and multifaceted recollections of the North and South facades. Here, I was due to the surroundings forced to move my body in a closer proximity to the facades. The memories of the North and South facade are therefore embodied memories, experienced in sound, light, tactility, and movement. Stairs for example, and their verticality choreograph our movements and they make us especially aware of our own presence, as we move up or down, pause for breath, or fall. Bachelard writes; "When I revolve dynamically the road that "climbed" the hill, I am quite sure that the road itself had muscles, or rather, powerful muscles. It is a good exercise for me to think of the road this way. As I write this page, I feel freed of my duty to take a walk: I am sure of having gone out of my house" (Bachelard 1964, 11).
Because of the East facade's "backside" character in a shaded context, I do not recall ever spending much time there. My undefined memory of this side could therefore also be explained by the important aspect of reinforcing memories through the duration of time. It is perhaps obvious, but still worth mentioning that we remember things in greater detail the more familiar they are to us.

As touched upon earlier, another reinforcement for memory is their emotional significance. The minor trauma of falling in the uneven stair running parallel with the North facade is working as a highlighter pen in my mind, because evolutionarily it has proved beneficial to memorize places connected to mistakes thus enabling us to alter our future behavior. Having conducted this framing exercise of actively and consciously working my way around the building an unexpected phenomenon took place. Deeply hidden memories started to reoccur as a residuary product. It was as if my mind was forced to remember more and more details.

If I was to perform the same exercise again the precision, level of detail and the complexity would most certainly be on a higher level.

The illustration on the following page shows my conclusion of the boundaries after having included the alterations brought by these newly discovered memories.
To Grasp the Intangible
- suggesting an atmosphere

Having traced the size of the Universe through a visual yardstick in my memory, as well as recollected the house’s layers of boundaries - I realize it is not providing a satisfying understanding of the context on its own. Significant places inflect emotions within us, thus our memories of these places stores these emotions too. I need to introduce the concept of “atmosphere” since it provides an all-embracing nuance to my memories.

The first step in understanding atmosphere is to appreciate that certain place’s quality is not merely a visual perceptual quality.

The environmental character of a place is a complex fusion of countless factors which are grasped as an aural feeling, mood or ambiance.

The experience of atmosphere is something that goes beyond the five basic senses, it includes the haptic sense as well, such as the sensation of orientation, gravity, balance, stability, motion, duration, continuity, scale and illumination. To sense an atmosphere is therefore what phenomenologists would call a multi-sensory experience.

The immediate judgment of atmosphere that Zumthor refers to when he says; “I enter a building, see a room and in a fraction of a second have this feeling about it” (Zumthor 2006, 10) is perceived in a vague and peripheral manner rather than through precise and conscious observation.

This complex assessment also includes time as it fuses perception, memory, and imagination, as Pallasmaa points out in a lecture at Columbia University’s Graduate School of Architecture. (Columbia GSAPP, 2012).

As I enter this house in memory, the house also enters me and the experience is essentially an exchange and fusion of the object and the subject. The sum of this fusion is that it creates a unity that is bigger than its constituent parts. Atmosphere, I suppose, could therefore also be described as an exchange between the material of the place and the immaterial dimension of my human perception and imagination. Paradoxically though, to again refer to Zumthor, we grasp the atmosphere before we identify its details or understand it intellectually. In fact, we may be completely unable to say anything meaningful about the characteristics of a situation, yet have a firm image and recollection of it.

As an example, although most people do not consciously analyze or
understand the interaction of meteorological facts, we grasp the essence of weather at a glance, and it inevitable circumstances our mood.

So how then would I best describe the atmosphere of the house and the Universe in which it is situated? As touched upon earlier, this is the place of my happiness, eternalized through memory in a summer's setting. The house has a simplicity that entails a suggested understanding of the way of life it is constructed to support. Nothing in excess, solid walls for places to sleep and holes made for windows where they are facing a view. Assembled by the hands of my great-grandfather from parts provided by the Universe itself it renders the house a holistic atmosphere in both a material and immaterial sense. It is not an architectural oeuvre, but I do think Heidegger would approve of it. To him, house located human existence. He believed that a house was set out around the human presence, configured by it but also configuring the activities of that presence over time. At best, a structure was built by its inhabitants according to their needs and then configured and reconfigured through the ways in which they dwelt. For Heidegger, a house was built according to the specifics of place and inhabitants, shaped by its physical and human topography (Sharr 2007, 10).

Our innate capacity to grasp comprehensive atmospheres and moods is similar to our capacity to imaginatively project a suggestive setting of an entire novel as we read it. When reading a great novel, we keep constructing all the settings and situations of the story at words of the author. And we move effortlessly from one setting to the next as if they preexisted as physical realities prior to us reading. The settings seems to be there, ready for us to enter, as one moves from one scene to another. What is so fascinating is that we do not experience these imaginary spaces as pictures, but in their full spatiality and atmosphere.

The same phenomenon can be applied to our dreams. When we dream, we do not dream in pictures, but in complete spaces and imaginatively lived experiences. Yet, they are entirely products of our imagination. Experiencing, memorizing and imagining spatial settings, situations and events, all engage our imaginative skills. Even the acts of experiencing and memorizing are embodied acts in which lived embodied imagery evokes an imaginative reality that feels similar to actual experience. That way, in every experience there are two layers.

Our fast and intuitive capacity to categorize places after how they are perceived atmospherically could be derived from a biologically and instinctively determination through evolutionary programming, says Pallasmaa. “The existential value of a diffuse grasping of a space’s ambiance could be understood from the point of view of biological survival. It has evidently given us an evolutionary advantage to be instantly able to differentiate a scene of potential danger from a setting of safety” (Columbia GSAPP 2012).

In short, we are genetically and culturally conditioned to seek or avoid certain types of atmospheres. Recent studies have revealed that the acts of perception and imagining take place in the same area in the brain, and consequently these acts are closely related. Even perception calls for imagination as percepts are not automatic products of our sensory mechanisms. Perceptions are essentially creations and products of experience and imagination. As Susan Schwartztenberg writes in her essay Re: creating the Past: Notes on the neurology of memory: “The lenses of our eyes are very imperfect, with true focus only within a very narrow cone of vision. In addition, the image received in the eye is inverted and reversed. In order to see we must scan a scene to capture its many facets, and from this, the brain surmises the visual totally before us. In fact, we see very little; instead, we rely on memory to complete the picture and re-present an image we can recognize” (Schwartzenberg 2008, 54).
Inside the House
- shifting experience

I am finding myself throughout the process struggling with the decision of whether or not to address the memory of the house's interior in detail. Considering its modesty it is not a challenge to recall its organization, but this investigation is as stated, not driven out of a wish to recapture the house as an entity on its own. Yet, it is through its very being the focal point of all my memories from the Universe. Be it episodes from the inside, or episodes where the house is merely existing as a diffuse notion, they are all deriving from a relationship between myself and the house as well as the house and the Universe.

Bachelard writes; "[Thus] we cover the universe with drawings we have lived. These drawings need not be exact. They need only to be totalized in the mode of our inner space. But what a book would have to be written to decide all these problems!" (Bachelard 1964, 12).

A relevant approach is to address the varying experience of being inside the house from a phenomenological perspective. My memory of the house's character is significantly changing depending on external factors, such as time of day, weather, and social context.

Following this notion, I therefore conducted an investigation on how to give shape to the shifting experiences of my relationship towards the house.
The Absent House

During a sunny day, I have few recollections of the house, probably stemming from the fact that I was rarely inside at this time. Given that it in this situation is measured against my extended territory of the nature outside, the already small house appears downscaled and almost claustrophobic. Somewhat paradoxical since the house's walls are broken up by open windows and doors left open. Upon entering, I remember the difficulty of brushing sand off my feet against the cold stone always in the shadow by the East facade.
I wanted to gestalt the house as being reduced to a sole association with a window left open. To me, a light curtain blowing in the wind is one of the most concise poetic images of the house. The framework is constituted of brass billets soldered together with silver. It can be understood as two shapes. The exterior symbolizes my memory of the outer edges of the house, and the secondary structure is the curve movement I remember from using the house merely as a shortcut.
For the second artifact, I experimented with taking the absence of the house even further. The concept behind the design is based on my experience that the idea of the house imprinted in me in a metaphysical way, however its physical shape much less so. All boundaries of the house are eliminated, leaving only a vacuum of space, a footprint where I imagined the walls to be. It still can be read as walls, created by the break of continuation of the surface, but in a strictly physical sense - they are not there.
The Rooted House

The house at night is caught up in the midst of an in-memory eternally storm. The house's role as a protector is also addressed in the writings of Bachelard. He develops an argumentation issuing some houses' "negative" or "positive" reaction to outer threats. A negative house is characterized by its tendency to scrounge for a storm's focus, leaving its inhabitants less of a target outside. In comparison stands the positive house, the house that acts as a fortification.

I would argue that my house is a little bit of both. The house's location on top of the cliff with the neighboring sea made it an easy target for the forces of nature. Yet, the facades that during the day could have been described as delicate cardboard sheet serving as a division of inside and outside is at night transformed into a recluse.

This phenomenon is beautifully described in a passage from Henri Bosco's Malicroix, taken from The Poetics of Space.

"The house was fighting gallantly. At first, it gave voice to its complaints; the most awful gusts were attacking it from every side at once, with evident hatred and such blows of rage that, at times, I trembled with fear. But it stood firm. From the very beginning of the storm, snarling winds had been taking the roof task, trying to pull it off, hunched over farther and clang to the old rafters. Then other winds, rushing along close to the ground, charged against the wall. Everything swayed under the shock of this blow, but the flexible house stopped the beast. No doubt it was holding firmly to the soil of the island by means of the unbreakable roots from which its thin walls of mud coated reeds and planks drew their supernatural strength. Though the shutters and doors were insulted, though huge threats were proffered, and there was loud bugling in the chimney, it was of no avail. The already human being in whom I had sought shelter for my body yielded nothing to the storm. The house clung close to me, like a she-wolf, and at times, I could smell her odor penetrating maternally to my very heart. That night she was really my mother."

Bachelard identifies this expanding or contracting quality that houses can possess. He calls it the house that "breathes": "First it is a coat of armor, then it extends ad infinitum, which amounts to saying that we live in it in alternate security and adventure. It is both cell and world. Here, geometry is transcended."
In the translation of my imagery of the rooted house, I decided to work with a casting mold so as to allude to the rigidity of the cliff. Further, I wished for the artifact to speak to my experience of the house’s fundament being sprung out of the mountain as if it bare roots. The symbolic house itself is one of a light character, but one that does not give in to the forces of nature because of its anchoring in the ground.
The second artifact dealing with the rooted house is a nod to the imagery of a birds nest. The typical nest is a fragile and lightweight structure, assembled from materials found and gathered, which makes for it to be a compelling comparison to the wooden house itself. However - just like the house - this nest is sprung from the ground with roots of concrete steel. This reinforcement continues up through the foundation and ultimately ends up composing the entire structure. Its mere shape carries such strong associations of what it is, but at a closer inspection, it becomes evident that this particular refuge is, in fact, more of a recluse, hard, heavy and anchored.
PART THREE - the episodic investigation

I have in this chapter gathered the investigation of five episodic memories from the Universe. Each investigation is performed using my three tools:

- writing
- illustration
- artifact(s)

in a strive to embrace and communicate the entire complexity of each memory.

Additionally, I have analyzed my experience of each memory from a phenomenological perspective, searching for guidance primarily in the writings of Heidegger and Bachelard.

The episodes are presented in the same order as they were executed, which does not correspond any autobiographical chronology.

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O nostalgie des lieux qui n’étaient point
Assez aimés à l’heure passagère
Que je voudrais leur rendre de loin
Le gest oublié, l’action supplémentaire.

(Oh longing for places that were not
Cherished enough in that fleeting hour
How I long to make good from far
The forgotten gesture, the additional act.)

- Rainer Maria Rilke
  (Vergers, XLJ)
At times I envision myself embedded in the built-in bunk-bed in my house. Even though just a child, I can clearly remember how crawling inside its cocoon-like structure triggered within me an intense awareness of my being's presence in time. I was far from the first to occupy this bed. No, it must have been here a long time, and I was rather just at the end of a long line of successive nightly guests. It's size, so short and narrow, suggested it stemmed from a time when people never grew tall. This notion intrigued me. The mere scale of it and how it seemed to perfectly mirror my little body rendered me a strong claim on it. The, what I imagine once airy horsehair mattress, was so compressed from carrying the weight of previous generation's bodies that it had transformed into an itchy block of concrete. And it smelled. In fact, the entire cocoon had a quite distinct odor, the one that takes a grip on fabric left cold and damp in an uninhabited house during winter. Was it mold? I'm not sure, but in combination with the mattress, it was definitely unfamiliar to where I came from.

Maybe it was the smell of old.

If there was ever a setting to me that bared resemblance to the portal qualities of the wardrobe to Narnia, this bunk-bed was it. I remember my dad reading 'The Emigrants' as a bedtime story for my older brothers. I was supposed to be sleeping in the lower bunk, but I eavesdropped and suddenly my bunk was situated under deck of the ship heading across the Atlantic. My berth was equipped with a drapery, and when it was drawn it created an entirely closed, dark space. Most nights though, while trying my best to stay awake long enough to keep up with the unfolding drama at sea, I remember the kitchen light trickling through the fabric like glitter. Filtered by its color it made the entire space red, all but by the very end of the bed - where the drapery failed to meet the wall - and hence created a splice of yellow light. When I eventually fell asleep the ship was still swinging on the ocean on its way to the promised land.
Both Heidegger and Bachelard are addressing the phenomenological qualities within small nooks like this. Though the bodily experience is vital to all spatial memories, arguably it is especially evident in this particular setting. This memory is closely connected to intimacy and how it, in its turn, is relying on scale. Although I suppose one could measure the space mathematically - as one way of understanding the scale - to really capture the experience of the space requires another type of measuring, one where my body is the yardstick.

In Heidegger’s scheme, we measure ourselves against our bed and, in turn, measure the bed against ourselves. The bed’s dimensions and peculiarities are known instinctively by measure with the body as if we were one with it. In its familiarity, the bed can also become a place of refuge, a personal territory that permits a measure of the world (Sharr 2007, 80).

According to Heidegger my familiarity with this particular bed, and my knowledge and memories of it, is helping me to test a perceived present against a past, against an imagined future - or against others who have slept there. Such earthly measurement opens contact with the ultimate mystery of life and could, possibly, help one to think differently about one’s place in the world.

Le Corbusier also reflects upon this when remembering “Lits-Clos”. Until the twentieth century, the closed bed was a relatively common piece of furniture (Burriel 2013, 175). It was a multi-functional piece of furniture, at the same time bed, wardrobe, bench or chest. Corbusier himself argued that these kinds of domestic items in themselves manifested the delicate balance between the two dimensions that must coexist in harmony in all created spaces: the cosmos - represented by the circle - and the man - by the square. To achieve a perfect conciliation between the two spheres, one needs an architecture that functions as an extension of one’s own body and results in a sensitive and nuanced connection with his environment, intermediate between the scale of the world and one’s own. He writes; “To seek the human scale, the human function is to define the human needs. […] These needs are typical, that is, we all have the same, we all need to supplement our natural capacities with reinforcing elements.” (Burriel 2013, 176).
I want to halt further by the importance of the body’s relation to the bed and the recumbent positioning of it. Most people are familiar with the stereotypical picture of a psychoanalysis session, where the patient is lying down on Freud’s couch (even though arguably this is rarely the case anymore). But what was the beneficial theory behind it? The idea was that this physical arrangement seemed to facilitate the most important process of psychoanalysis: free association. Free association is the procedure in which a person says whatever comes to mind, without censoring and without judgment. For the psychoanalyst theory, this is vital because it is how the unconscious reveals itself (Gordon, 1992). When we recline, we drift into a more dream-like state in which we recall forgotten feelings and memories, we gain access to deeper sensations, fantasies, and longings. This kind of wandering mind is not terribly different than what we do as we fall asleep at night, in bed, lying down. Thoughts just come.

Bachelard uses the image of small spaces that require us to adjust our full bodily size to define an essential element of inhabitance. He writes:

“In our houses we have nooks and corners in which we like to curl up comfortably. To curl up belongs to the phenomenology of the verb to inhabit, and only those who have learned to do so can inhabit with intensity” (Bachelard 1964, xxxiv).

For Bachelard, each nook and corner is a resting place for daydreaming, and he argued that often a particular daydream were acquired there. In the corners in which we are alone, a framework is created for an interminable dream.

“[T]here exists for each one of us an oniric place, a place of dream-memory, that is lost in the shadow of a beyond and a real past” (Bachelard 1964, 15).

For phenomenologists these type of things, wardrobes, cabinets, and drawers represent the functions of putting away and taking out, storing and remembering. The inside of a cupboard is an intimate and secret space, and it is not supposed to be opened by just anybody. Little boxes and caskets are hiding places for intimate secrets and as such, they are of significance for our imagination.
The first artifact is exploring the actual space, allowing for the viewer to through a peephole catch a glance of the light seeping through the curtain. The artifact is talking about the built-in nature of the bunk bed itself, about being inside an enclosed space within a bigger context.
The preceding artifact staged one aspect of the memory, the mere dimensional situation in which it occurred, however, it was lacking the oniric quality of the spatial memory. In fact, the memory is much more complex, where the definite setting is transformed from one thing to something else. The space itself is small and confined, and paradoxically perhaps just because of this, the intimacy of the space, allowed me to experience greater amplitudes such as the vastness of the ocean.

The second artifact is, therefore, exploring the dreamlike element, where the heavy and built-in bunk-bed is now set free, floating on waves and the closed room is gradually expanded and evaporated upwards into a cloud. Compared to the previous artifact, this version is withdrawing the viewer from inside the actual space to instead being situated outside, spectating from a distance what is happening triggered from the inside.

The two artifacts are addressing two different spatialities innate to this particular memory, and it is difficult, if even unnecessary to claim which one is most true to the experience. Perhaps they are dependent on each other to capture the entire complexity of it.
I n a summer’s reality of days piling up slowly fusing into an undistinguishable entirety, what served as an anchor of time each day was the ritual surrounding bedtime. With no running water inside, worldly chores such as doing the dishes, showering or brushing one’s teeth were performed outside.

On top of the flat rock overlooking the sea was another stone, the toothbrushing stone. Even though this stone was too - out of stone - it was different from the rock it was situated on. Unlike the platform of the cliff, this stone had not always been here; it did not belong. Somebody - strong enough to carry it - had purposely placed it there, providing it a lesser kinship with nature and one more with the house. The stone, as did the house, had a thought out reason for its being. It was playing the role as a podium, allowing me to reach above the rampant hedge to catch a glimpse of the sea.

The flat rock, framed by the hedge was the setting, and me - center-stage on top of the uneven rock - were performing the same balancing act each evening. Simultaneously and equally reverberating across the sea, was another spectacle playing out. It was the sun slowly descending between the two islands floating on the water. Two performances, with both actors oppositely and synchronously observing and conducting at the same time.

Its crescendo was in the moment just before the last shiver of light flickered out behind the black silhouette of the other side. As a cliffhanger, it left me each night wondering where it disappeared to? But as the sun had set, the curtains were drawn of the stage and I would have to go to bed, resting assure that perhaps tomorrow’s performance would provide a development of the story.

T he T oothb rushi ng S tone

Illustration - Descending Sun (following page)
Why is this memory so clear to me? By now I have seen more sunsets than I can count to, but it is always this particular scene and this particular sun that I revisit.

In an attempt to break it down, I have come to draw the conclusion that it must be depending on a complex interplay of different phenomenological reasons, something that Bachelard would entitle a "polyphonic experience". Initially, I will need to draw a parallel with the toothbrushing stone and Heidegger's infamous bridge.

Heidegger made a distinction between object and what he instead called "thing". The word "thing" in Heidegger's vocabulary describes life's machinery as drenched in experience and use, rather than distantly observed according to an abstract system. (Sharr 2007, 18).

Me, using and interacting with the toothbrushing stone every evening granted it a thing-status, or as he would have said, gave it a "thinging". Further, as described in the memory, I was experiencing the stone as being more in relation to the house than with nature.

In Heidegger scheme, a thing - building and toothbrushing stone alike - should not be understood just as an object to be admired or the product of a construction process, but primarily as a part of an ongoing human experience of dwelling. According to the philosopher in the relation between man and space takes on the form of dwelling.
"Up near the roof, all our thoughts are clear" (Bachelard, 1964).

If we choose to see our own bodies as a type of "first dwelling", the brain is the airy attic located at the very top of our seven psychophysical bodyscape. Feelings of lightness and clarity is a thus a psychic reaction to the physical state of being at least a slight bit further away from the sense of gravity on the ground. This idea stems from the Renaissance, when the five senses were understood to form a hierarchal system from the highest sense of vision down to touch, related with the image of the cosmic body (Pallasmaa 2005, 16). Up and down, the vertical polarity is our most basic orientation. In the chapter about body-image theory, Bloomer derives this to the "child's struggle to stand up and walk and the desire to grow up" (Bloomer 1977, 40). Upward, which in the body image means upward from the center of the body, indicates striving, fantasy and aloofness, in comparison to downward, representing depression but also realism. To stand with two feet on the ground, to be grounded, compared to "reaching for the sky", is an example of this mental hierarchy connected to our bodyscape.

The difference of level the toothbrushing stone provided, though only a step or two is engraved in my memory. And that is ultimately how the haptic memory works, a certain place is not only a place, but a place plus two steps, and when we recall the place in its longitudinal detail, everything that ascends and descends comes to life again. As I was stepping up on the stone, the sun was stepping down. So this memory is not only one of merely watching the sunset, it is an embodied experience rooted in not only a visual perception but eminently a haptically reinforced and anchored one.

Returning once more to Heidegger, he would probably have given a further explanation to why I remember this scenario in particular, that being that the toothbrushing stone was part of a rite or a routine. To him, being a great advocate for the magic of everyday life, seemingly small traditions like this were types of endeavors quintessential to our sense of dwelling.

Last, but certainly not least, as I have mentioned previously when addressing the question of what makes us remember certain things, I do believe that the mere beauty and the emotional arousal of this imagery is acting as a reinforcement of the it. A sunset could be considered the epitome of fleeting beauty. For a brief moment, perhaps the time it takes to properly brush one's teeth, the sky is a spectacle of color. And then it's over. However, studies have shown that the psychological effects of admiring the sunset may persist long after it has become dark (Andrew, 2014). One that I especially find intriguing is the notion that beauty enriches life, making it more rewarding. This raises further the intellectualized question of what beauty is and its importance.

Having said that, this is a question so unfathomably big and who's answer have been negotiated and shifted in line with different philosophical movements ever since the old Greeks, (Bloomer 1977, 23) and is therefore a question I will brace myself from immersing in for this project.
To properly capture this memory proved to be a complicated task, possibly due to its complexity of phenomenons. It has a spatiality spanning over the correlation between the boundaries between a smaller place and infinity, and at the same time my body in relation to the universe. Continuing, how does one stage a moment of existential clarity? How does one capture the beauty of a sunset? After an array of discontinued trials, I decided for the first artifact to focus on just a few parameters of the memory in, them all orbiting around the visual aspect of it, the light of the sunset and its descending movement.

When we vision movement, it is in fact constituted of the sum of rapid freeze frame images collected with the eye and processed in the brain into a smooth flow. Watching a sunset is a slow phenomenon, right until the very end when it seems to accelerate. Thus in my memory, it is not the visual memory of movement, its an existential memory of movement and the flow of time. The dark silhouette of the floating islands is still and continuous. Therefore, the first artifact is taking its point of departure from one single image. Through a collage technique, the sun is made to gradually change its positioning in the sky, until it ends up disappearing behind the islands. The images are thenceforth printed on transparent sheets so as to capture the void created from light's condition not to penetrate black surfaces. The series of images are mounted one after the other creating an illusion of movement in the sky as the observer is circling the artifact.

Working yet again with layering made sense since it in a way alludes to the way this memory is constructed. It is not one specific event, it is a story about building up an image through a recurrence of episodes.
A common activity among the house guests was to play “hide and seek”. One summer in particular, I remember us children having listened to “Anne Frank’s Diary” which was performed as a serial on the radio. The ardor of which the act of hiding was performed was henceforth amplified. In a far-off corner of the land grew one of the most rampant shrubs, and because of its shaded setting, this was a part of the plot not usually visited. It was the perfect hideout.

The density of the branches was so thick that only a person of my size would be able to squeeze through, and being the youngest it ruled out everyone else. To the distant sound of countdown “47, 48, 49…” in the background I gathered courage and pressed myself through its thick membrane. Halfway in I stumbled upon something hard. It was the skeleton of a boat!

Somebody must have left it there over the winter a long time ago and forgotten about it. Now the shrub had swallowed it hole.

Crawling under it, inside the hollow space created by its hull I was suddenly free from the intrusiveness of the branches. Eventually, after a fair amount of time had passed I heard people yelling my name as they were poking around the branches on the other side of the bush. I lay as still as I could, holding my breath. They never found me and until this day I never told anybody about my perfect hiding place. It was my secret treasure.

Illustration - Hide and seek under the boat
Analysis

This memory addresses many interesting phenomenological issues. To begin, the act of playing the game "hide and seek" is a good manifestation of how the body and the bodily awareness is closely linked to space. It is one's body that goes away to hide, and it demands an understanding of how one's body interacts with the immediate surrounding (Barrit 1983, 141).

Further, in hide and seek you are "not there" when the game is being played, but the pleasure and the excitement from the game come from knowing that you are being sought after. Hence, the game offers both a feeling of aloneness but one that is accompanied by a feeling of togetherness. Ultimately, the memory is one of feeling missed, and thus also loved. When alone, safe, and hidden in the hiding place, I started noticing the small world all around me - the grass, the ants, the patterns the trenches in the wood planks of the boat. Simultaneously, it was also a time for looking at the world from afar, lost in my thoughts far from the game, daydreaming, carried away, everywhere and nowhere at the same time.

The hiding place in its phenomena is withdrawn from involvement, and therefore it is where solitude is found. Through the solitude, a particular kind of awareness can be found, one that is not oriented towards anything in particular, not focused on any special object or event. Rather, this mode of awareness is diffused, object-poor, scattered and dreamlike (Langeveld 1983, 12). It acquires significance in the sincere experience of depth, happiness, or melancholy. From the phenomenological point of view, quietude is not only the opposite of noise, but it is much more the opposite of the noise of life itself. This place, then, is not simply hostile to "loudness", but rather to "noise" in a deeper sense. Through the silence of the hiding place one is, again, free to discover one's personal world, a world which includes inner and outer life, a world where therefor both possibilities meet.

Passing through the thick membrane of the bush, upon discovering the boat has comparisons with the phenomenological qualities identified among curtains or draperies. Curtains hide the location where the mysterious "something" remains hidden; the unexpected, the surprise. It is a portal act, the passing through to another, parallel side, which for understandable reasons is alluring from the phenomenological point of view. We live on the other side of the curtain, but when entering on "the other side", the curtain becomes a sanctuary. Drawing the parallel with the memory of the bush and the hiding behind a curtain in the window is relevant because they both offer the opportunity to look at the world from a lookout post, to see but not be seen.

The hiding place is the place where the distinction between the outer and inner world melt into a single, unique personal world. Space, emptiness and also darkness reside in the same realm where the soul dwells. Psychologically though, I believe that this could all be shattered and replaced with a feeling of emptiness and anxiety, in a scenario when one is not being sought after.

Another interesting perspective of the memory comes from paying a closer attention to the actual space itself. The shrub's embracing of the boat, creating a void within it could be discussed both through Bachelard's thoughts on nests and of shells. The idea of a shelter according to him, could be considered a primal instinct. Bachelard writes; "With nests and, above all, shells, we shall find a whole series of images that I am going to try to characterize as primal images; images that bring out the primitiveness in us. I shall then show that a human being likes to "withdraw into his corner", and that it gives him physical pleasure to do so" (Bachelard 1964, 112).

Nests and shells according to Bachelard are among the oldest and most familiar image symbols known to man. The nest in its most basic structure represents our human instinct and endeavor to construct and provide shelter for our own. A nest, like any other image of rest and quiet, is associated with the image of a simple house. Spatially, this is a memory of being both inside and under a structure at
the same time. The most immediate layer of the memory is the skeleton of the boat, which resembles Bachelard's theories about shells. The shell itself is an abode created to store the treasure within, the life. But the boat left in the forgetful mist has no life, it is simply reduced to being an emptiness. Bachelard writes, "But an empty shell, like an empty nest, invites daydreams of refuge."

Continuing, from a more philosophical viewpoint the shell represents in ancient mythology the human in its entirety as body and soul, the outer shell the physical flesh, and the inner mollusk, the soul. In essence, Bachelard attempts to show the many ways in which artists empathize with human's attempts to find security in an uncertain world.

"I have simply wanted to show that whenever life seeks to shelter, protect, cover or hide itself, the imagination sympathizes with the being that inhabits the protected space. The imagination experiences protection in all its nuances of security, from life in the most material of shells, to more subtle concealment through imitation of surfaces. As the poet Noel Arnaud expresses it, being seeks dissimulation in similarity: 'To be in safety under cover of a color is carrying the tranquility of inhabiting to the point of culmination, not to say, imprudence. Shade, too, can be inhabited'" (Bachelard 1964, 150).
The first investigational artifact I constructed for this memory was created with the idea of hiding something within something else, like an unknown treasure. For the general observer, the artifact appears from the outside to be a mere drapery of threads, shaped into a cubic form so as to be as anonymous as possible. However, hidden from sight inside the structure is a cavity, shaped in the vacuum space created by the upside down boat left in the bush. I wanted the artifact to have an organic feeling, one that was alluring to stroke one's hand through and that way discover the hollow space, the same way as I remember exploring the boat.
Originally I set out to construct the artifact from threads, I wanted the shape to appear thick and solid seen from the exterior. After countless tries with a number of different kinds, I realized that the 1600 pieces would all eventually get tangled into each other, hence the result would more resemble a mop. I needed another material that instead would have the property to stay in the given position without conflicting its neighbors. Metal would have been an option, but then the haptic sensation of interacting with the artifact would go missing. Further, taking the manual labor time into consideration I draw the conclusion that to laser cut entire sections of thin cardboard would be a fair compromise. Each section was thereafter coated in black (the hiding place of color as Bachelard puts it) and assembled through the plexiglass grid one at a time. The critical point in this stage of the process was to fit each section’s 44 stripes into the wholes without bending the structure, something that proved to be more or less impossible. The end result, therefore, turned out quite unpolished and far from the sought out intention. Simultaneously I performed a small trial with plexiglass, to see if there would be any unanticipated qualities of working with a transparent material. Not satisfied with the outcome and convinced that there must be a way to execute the artifact I decided to change the structure - which in a sense also was rather reasonable since the characteristics of a shrub or a bush is not that they are hanging.
The proceeding artifact was at large a continuation of the previous one but adapted in its construction after the knowledge that had been collected. Instead of being suspended from a main grid structure, I wanted the sections to be integrated and joint with each other independently. This would also allow for the artifact to stand on its own. The pieces needed to be completely perpendicular and locked in that situation to create the hologram appearance of the cavity, something that would have to be at the expense of the haptic quality of its predecessor. The decision landed on cutting out the segments in 3 millimeter mdf sheets which was done in Denmark and then shipped here for assemblage. The artifact turned out to physically manifest the effect I had been after with its appearance of being an anonymous box to the observer who does not know what it is. Orbiting around it though, the shape of the cavity appears and disappears in fractions of a second. Further, the fascinating thing with the three-dimensional piece was that it contained many unanticipated qualities, that is not coinciding with the memory but are inspiring residuary products.
Serving as the house’s constant backdrop was the sea. Perpetual in its presence yet like stage wings - ever changing. Its mood and the spectra of colors it paraded, enabled to distinguish one day apart from another in an existence where time otherwise seemed to have stagnated.

"Oh geese, there is a storm coming tonight!" my grandmother used to say. I stared and stared out over the sea, yet I could not see them.

Placed on the window sill among the ever-expanding collection of shells and dead flies, were a pair of old binoculars.

They were cold and heavy in my hands, and their dry brown leather strap was scratchy against the back of my neck.

Through the lenses, the sea was immediately more reachable but less real, as if watching something sitting very close to the tv.

But still no geese, only waves.

And once a submarine - although no-one believed me.

Years later I understood that the geese were just as real as the fairies my mother had seen dancing on the fields from the car driving to the house at dusk.
At first glance, this memory could be abbreviated to being a memory of not understanding, hence feeling excluded. To be able to understand this more in detail, I had to seek knowledge of how metaphors are explained from a phenomenological perspective.

First I needed to accept the concept of there being a knowledge of things, and knowledge about things, which was studied by the American philosopher Susanne Langer in the mid 20th century (Downing 2000, 73). To have knowledge of a thing is directly connected to our sensuous experience of a thing in the phenomenal world. However, to have knowledge about a thing requires conceptualization, which is a more abstract being in the world. If I have knowledge about a thing it includes its relationship to context, how it is made up and how it functions, that is to say that to know about something is to know about its logical form.

Continuing, this itself requires the capacity of analogue thinking, and the ability to categorize through analogous thinking is the same thing as grouping experiences. For example, if we stumble upon an experience that we do not know from before, we tend to seek after other similar experiences that can help us conceptualize the new one.
Many metaphors we use are so called “embodied” metaphors. This concept again stems from the phenomenon of thinking about the world in terms of our bodies and their relationship to the environment. In its turn, we therefor appropriate words to describe the location or movement of our bodies through the environment and then express abstract concepts metaphorically. An example of this is that “time goes by”, or “truth emerges” although it of course does not physically do so. The concepts the are embodied, and constitutes an example of the abstract way of thinking in which we understand the world. Embodied metaphors spreads through the language we use to locate ourselves in the world and communicate the meaning of our experiences.

Thought and action provides the first framework for our construction of the world (Downing 2000, 76). Later, we use embodied metaphors in language as a way of expressing our being in this world

To think metaphorically could also be seen as making patterns, orientation through configuration or gestalt. Basically to gestalt is to mean “the whole that we humans experience as more basic than the parts”.

Both Heidegger and Bachelard were advocates for the importance of metaphors, although in their own separate ways. Heidegger found etymology, the history of the meanings of words, to be a source of insight. He worked as an etymological archaeologist, trying to analyze the meanings of familiar words and using what he found to question received understanding (Sharr 2007, 23).

To him, it was only possible to begin trying to understand the world from a starting point already entangled in the familiar everyday language, priorities and things of the world. For example, the etymology of whenever we say ‘I am’, ‘you are’, ‘we are’, was to the philosopher a manifestation of the importance of building and dwelling conceived together through human existence.

Continuing, Heidegger saw metaphores as the vehicle of discovery: through metaphor, the invisible appeared through the visible, we could see human phenomena such as time as if it were in a state of activity. Metaphor was in fact the means to dismantle the dead, thingly, and fixed character of objects, ideas and concepts by making them do something, by almost forcing them to perform actions, metaphors did not only describe reality, it also created it, it animated it.

Heidegger did not see language as a neutral instrument, rather the opposite. He called for a greater consciousness of the layers of meaning inscribed in daily conversation.

Bachelard, as I have understood it, had a more ambiguous relationship to the usage of metaphors. Instead he laid out his theory about the power of the poetic image. Unlike metaphor, which to him was merely an intellectual comparison, the true poetic image causes a deep resonance in the reader.

"Academic Psychology hardly deals with the subject of the poetic image, which is often mistaken for simple metaphor. Generally, in fact, the word image, in the works of psychologists, is surrounded with confusion: we see images, we reproduce images, we retain images in our memory. The image is everything except a direct product of imagination…”

I propose, on the contrary, to consider the imagination as a major power of human nature. [...] By the swiftness of its actions, the imagination separates us from the past as well as from reality; it faces the future. To the function of reality, this in experience of the past, should be added a function of unreality; which is equally positive, as I tried to show in certain of my earlier works” (Bachelard 1964, 18).

When reading a poetic image of a home, all of the homes of the reader’s past would emerge in his imagination according to the philosopher. The poetic image makes reading active - experiencing poetry is the mapping of your own memories onto the poet’s text. Ultimately, I think this memory is imprinted in me because it was the first encounter of understanding the world as communicated through the imagery of metaphors, and it has continued to serve as a reminder of the magical power of fantasy and storytelling.
The first artifact is alluding to the sea being a horizontal, continuous surface. As a point of departure, I also had the Swedish saying, "gjuta olja på vågorna" which inspired me to work with a casting mold. Hence, I created a concept of a pattern, as a metaphor for the metaphor. It is a single tile that can be assembled in infinity. The tile itself has extruded wedges made to resemble the movement and shape of the rising waves.
The second artifact is an adaptation of the former, but this time splitting up the geese one by one, thus enabling them to be assembled and resembled anew into different constellations, just as the shifting character of the sea. The plaster pieces are in this version also coated with paint and lacquer to liken the glossiness of the water.
Geese assembled

Geese dismantled
At times my grandmother’s storm prophecy turned out to be correct and the rain came gushing down with immense force from the sky. To shelter from the downpour all house guests gathered inside the minuscule dwelling. To avoid being beaten in monopoly yet again, I quietly sneaked away.

In a small closet space mostly serving as storage room for all different kind of raffle, a distant older relative had left behind his entire collection of Tintin albums as he had moved abroad to be an astronaut.

And what a treasure it was! Gathered from all parts of the world and in all possible languages, they were stacked upon each other - pile after pile. Even as the patterning sound of raindrops against the roof window eventually ceased I would stay in the closet, completely consumed by the stories. Through the adventures of Tintin the walls of the small nook became invisible and I was too out exploring. We went to all different corners of the world, from the bottom of the ocean and even to the moon.

Looking up at the sky from the opening in the roof, I wondered if my relative the astronaut had been there as well?
My memory of the Tintin Collection is ultimately a two-layered memory. The first layer being the memory of the actual space, the closet, the second the recollection of all the places experienced through the escapism of literature.

I will begin with the actual space itself.

Serving as a storage room, a place for “things” and not people, it only became conscious to me as I inhabited it during the rainy days. Its characteristic of being a “left-over” space, in combination with its modest scale made it inviting for me to take property of it, to claim it. Children have the tendency to be drawn towards places like this, in a grownup’s world where space often has a fixated function (Downing, 2000). It is a memory of solitude, here I was alone.

Places like these are more commonly remembered since they by their definition allows for contemplation and a pause in time. Solitude involves some degree of social withdrawal, but it is not necessarily a state of loneliness. I withdrew in the closet, and from the closet into the books. Quite possible it was all an attempt to escape the boredom otherwise associated with having to stay inside. Boredom as a phenomenon is another interesting chapter that both Heidegger and Bachelard deals with.

Martin Heidegger discussed the human predisposition for boredom as the perception of time passing and the lack of attenuation with the world and human environment (Sharr 2007, 23). He called this process of awareness of being “individuation.” The individuation is in its turn the process of discovering one’s solitariness, that solitariness in which each human being, first of all, enters into a nearness towards what is essential in all things. Heidegger intended solitaire as a condition of being and consciousness, a neutral description, but also argued that to be able to in detail understand the veracity of the world, it was preferably done alone.

Bachelard too emphasized the necessity of boredom for a child’s imagination and daydreaming:

“What special depth there is in a child’s daydream! And how happy the child that really possesses his moments of solitude! It is a good thing, it is even salutary, for a child to have periods of boredom, for him to learn to know the dialectics of exaggerated play and causeless, pure boredom. How often have I wished for the attic of my boredom when the complications of life made me lose the very germ of all freedom! And so, beyond all the positive values of protection, the house we were born in becomes imbued with dream values which remain after the house is gone. Centers of boredom, centers of solitude, centers of daydream group together to constitute the onietic house which is more lasting than the scattered memories of our birthplace” (Bachelard 1964, 36).

Continuing, except for the sound of the rain outside, this is a memory of silence.

Pallasmaa writes at great length about the intimacy of silence in the Eyes of the Skin. To him, “sight isolates, whereas sound incorporates, vision is directional, whereas sound is omni-directional. The sense of sight implies exteriorty, but sound creates an experience of interiority. The eye reaches compared to the ear that receives” (Pallasmaa 2005, 49).

The closet is essentially filled with the mute tumult of memories. When faced with a strong spatial experience it silences all external noise, it makes us aware of our fundamental solitude.

In another essay, “Space, Place Memory and Imagination” Pallasmaa returns to the same subject and eventually draws the conclusion that “Nothing has changed the nature of man as much as the loss of silence. Silence no longer exists as a world, but only in fragments, as the remains of a world” (Pallasmaa 2007, 19).
order that protects the entire house against uncurbed disorder” (Bachelard 1964, 100), he continues; “And to fine words correspond fine things, to grave sounding words, an entity of depth. Every poet of furniture - even if he be a poet in a garret, and therefore has no furniture - knows that the interspace of an old wardrobe is deep. A wardrobe’s inner space is also intimate space, space that is not open just to anybody”. The Tintin Collection was a stored treasure, waiting for me to find it.

The second part of the memory is the memories of the stories. One of the reasons for why I have such clear memories of these is of course that I during the different stays over the years had time to read them time and time again. Each frame was closely scrutinized in detail, so as to make the story last as long as possible. Studies about why we remember certain books better than others have also shown that there, again, is a linkage between emotions and the memory. Good literature, in general, transports the reader into imaginary realms and fosters complex behaviors that invite us to experience emotional and intellectual callings far greater than the sum of the factual constituents on any given page.

The phenomenological theory argues that in considering a literary work, one must take into account not only the actual text but also, and in equal measure, the actions involved in responding to that text (Iser 1972, 280). Understanding it like this, then literature has two poles, the first referring to the text created by the author, and the second to the realization accomplished by the reader. Therefore the true life of any written story is, therefore, lying somewhere halfway in-between these two polarities. The work is more than the text, for the text only takes on life when it is realized - it is the convergence of text and reader that brings the literature into existence.

Accepting this ultimately offers me the key to better comprehend when Bachelard makes the analogy between describing a house and reading: “Paradoxically, in order to suggest the values of intimacy, we have to induce in the reader a state of suspended reading. For it is not until his eyes have left the page that recollections of my room can become a threshold of oneirism for him. And when the poet speaks, the reader’s soul reverberates. It therefore makes sense from our standpoint of philosophy of literature and poetry to say that we “write a room,” “read a room,” or “read a house.” Thus, very quickly, at the very first word, at the first poetic overture, the reader who is “reading a room” leaves off reading and start to think of some place in his own past. You would like to tell everything about your room. You would like to interest the reader in yourself, whereas you have unlocked a door to daydreaming. The values of intimacy are so absorbing that the reader has ceased to read your room; he sees his own again” (Bachelard, 1964, 35).

![Cover - A Child's Garden of Verses (Jessie Willcox-Smith - 1885)](image)
The first artifact created for the memory of the Tintin collection is referring to the portal qualities of storytelling. The space is from the exterior designed to be disguised as a collection of the 22 albums I have a clear memory of - neatly placed in a row. The footprint of the volumes combined is roughly of the same proportions as the small closet space itself. Seen from the side opposite to the shellback, the collection can be understood as a section of the white panel house facade. Glancing into the space through the opening in the facade, the walls are covered with albums, from the bottom to the very top. This is to recreate the overwhelming feeling of excitement and anticipation closely associated with the memory of the collection. The floor and ceiling are constructed of mirrors so as to create an optical illusion of an infinite space. This is also to refer to the fact that imagination exceeds through and beyond borders of confined physical space.
Good heavens, sir! It's horrible... horrible!
Yes, in one sense it's horrible...

It's enormous!
Simply enormous!

And it's hairy legs! It makes me shiver to think of them!
Enormous, yes!

What legs? Why, belonging to that gigantic spider... Spider! Is it true! Is this your idea of a joke, young man?

It looks like... it looks like a huge ball of fire...

It IS a ball of fire! A VA-A-A-A-ST ball of fire!

Yes, it's a gigantic mass of matter in fusion...
But why is it growing bigger... before our very eyes...? Because it is growing just so!

Come and see for yourself!
By the rings of Saturn!... You're right... it is, quite definitely, a spider...

You see now!
How extraordinary! Extraordinary! It has characteristics of Meta-augmented... at least... Ne! It is an Arachnus diadematus!

An enormous Arachnus diadematus!
Anyway, it's a spider! Light! What a monster! And it's travelling through space... Supposing it...?

Naturally it's growing bigger... it's heading towards us, at an incredible speed!

Yes!... That fire-ball is going to collide with the earth!

Great heavens! But that'll mean...

...the end of the world, yes!
The following artifact is based on an interpretation of the memory of a specific room from the books and is the observatory from "The Shooting Star". A giant meteoroid approaches the earth, spotted from an observatory by Professor Decimus Phostle, while a self-proclaimed prophet, Philippus, predicts the end of the world. Being arachnophobic, I remember clearly how the small spider caught on the far off end of the telescope appeared enormous through the lens, and how I used to cover up that particular frame with my thumbs.

I remember this room in particular imagining the opening in the dome being the same as the roof window in the storage space through which I too could observe the starry sky.

The artifact itself is built up as a section model, a theatre stage and coulisse, made to be observed straight on, just as the frames in the album.
In the epilogue, I am formulating my hypothesis generated by the outcome of the investigation. Here, I am also evaluating the toolkit of which the excavation was performed with, as well as how the entire process in itself embodied a manifestation of how memory works - through a network of associations - resulting in unanticipated outcomes. Further, I am stressing my issues with Martin Heidegger and Gaston Bachelard, but acknowledging that despite my criticism, I am finding that a knowledge about phenomenological philosophy is to a high degree valuable for architects. On a final note, I am looking towards the future and reflecting on what this project has taught me, and how an understanding of my autobiographical memories can be of use in my coming professional life.

Knowing must therefore be accompanied by an equal capacity to forget knowing. Non-knowing is not a form of ignorance but a difficult transcendence of knowledge. This is the price that must be paid for an oeuvre to be, at all times, a sort of pure beginning, which makes its creation an exercise in freedom.

- Jean Lescure (Lapicque, 1956)
Formulating a Hypothesis

The subject for this investigation has been a memorable place from my own autobiography, one of an old summer house that initially, from an architectural perspective, might be discarded as - at best - insignificant. What this investigation has generated to me, is a deeper understanding about why the memories from this Universe are so persistent, despite perhaps a lack of architectural qualities, and it is against this background that I can begin formulating a hypothesis.

The memories examined in this investigation are at first glance, scattered and fragmented, both in the level of detail and physical characteristics. However, having analyzed them further, I can start distinguishing architectural parameters that unify them.

- The memories situated in spaces with clearly defined boundaries and where their scale corresponded with my body have the common denominator as being memories of intimacy.

  - The intimate memories are joined by their experienced dim light, somber but not completely dark.
  - The memories identified as intimate are more multifaceted in detail, storing more sensuous information, they are embodied memories.
  - In all the intimate memories I am alone and withdrawn. However, it is a solitude that at the same time carries the knowledge that I was surrounded by family close by, understood by a muffled sound in the background.
  - Although clearly defined spatially, the intimate memories are also memories fused with the experience of breaking through the identified boundaries through imagination. Arguably, this made possible just because of the experienced security within the confined space.

- The two memories that stand in opposition to the intimate spaces, are "the Toothbrushing stone" and the memory of "the Geese". These are different in character, more diffuse and harder to grasp.

  - The common denominator I detect among the non-intimate memories is their lack of clear spatial borders, their vastness. They are memories of experiencing the own individual's smallness in the Universe, strengthened by the outlook over the horizon from the high altitude of the cliff.
The non-intimate memories are less detailed and more described as a general atmosphere.

Thus, since this other category of memories have an emphasis on the metaphysical than the physical, they are harder to translate into a physical shape.

These observations might not be groundbreaking. After years of architecture studies, I know that a conscious manipulation of scale, light, and movement are tools that can help transcend the sought after intention with a space. However, the strength in this investigation lies in that I have derived this knowledge from own experience, and its manifestation of how the experienced space affects the memory over such a long time, and how the memory continues to dwell in them.

What unifies all the investigated memories is their ability to store information. They are all memories of a sense of self, of places I have claimed and experienced a brief halt in time in, offering an awareness of my own existence in relation to the world in which I exist. The memories are strengthened by their reoccurrence, as they are all memories closely tied to a routine.

Thus, ultimately, my hypothesis is that the reason for these memories having survived to adulthood is that they essentially are memories of inhabiting. To inhabit is both the act of living in a place and the practice of the everyday life in that place.

To me, this investigation has proved that the spaces in which we dwell are forever imprinted within us, they affect us and over time continue to work as a point of reference, something which in its turn, grants a bigger awareness of them a level of importance.

Reflections on the Process

I began this archeological investigation with a wish to at the end having gained enough information about the different memories so as to articulate a general hypothesis about them. However, what proved to be perhaps most educational throughout the project, was how the process itself ultimately became a manifestation of how the memory in fact functions - as a network of associations.

When reflecting upon this to me new process I can only but compare it to other processes which I am familiar with. From my experience, the general process of realizing an architectural project is a rather linear path. Of course - this path too has its ups and downs and possible sidetracks - but conclusively it is form stable enough to be able to divide it into different phases of different tasks connected to a timeline.

The process itself could also be seen as the act of gradually narrowing down the problems identified and eventually offer a proposal. In the best case, this proposal also constitutes an answer to the question asked.

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However, submitting myself completely to this alternative working method, I became increasingly aware that I would not be able to in advance predict where the investigation would take me. That is to say what the final outcome would be. This, of course, equally exciting as exhausting. Perhaps the most evident example of this was the divergence between what memories I eventually ended up investigating and what memories I had anticipated addressing.

By examining one memory, there would without exception be created a residuary-product, one which offered the linkage to the deciphering of another, unforeseen memory.

Through additional research in literature, I have learned to understand that this was, in fact, a result of how the memory functions in the brain. When remembering certain episodes from this Universe, what took place in my brain was the process of retrieval. This is a quite complicated process to describe in short, but basically, it is the process of digging up past experiences from the depths of my mind. Retrieval of memory refers to the subsequent re-accessing of events and information from the past, which have been previously encoded and stored in the brain (Bastia 2004, 10).
Continuing, what makes the process of remembering so complex and equally fascinating is that when accessing a particular memory, it is always altered to fit our present circumstances. We only remember what we encode and what we encode depends in its turn on who we are, a definition which in itself is a constantly shifting. When we remember, we complete a pattern with the best match available in the memory. Images and events are not etched in stone but rather subject to a selective, continuous recasting that reflects our current experiences and preoccupations.

Hence, if I would have performed this investigation at any other time in my life, the outcome would most likely be different. This insight made my experience of the excavating process to bear resemblance with the impossibility of chasing my own shadow.

This, in fact, was acknowledged as early as Socrates, when he compared the memory to a soft piece of wax, "indistinct… easily confused, and effaced" (Fisher 2004, 284).

Quite intuitively I began the episodic investigation by examining my memory of the bunk bed, an imagery that is especially persistent to me. Through the investigation, I have understood that this derives from the fact that the brain orders its memories in a hierarchical system. The higher up on the hierarchy a memory is, the more accessible it is.

This memory is frequently reoccurring since I measure all the proceeding beds I’ve slept in with this pristine one. Secondly, it is a clear and well-defined space, which made it approachable for a first investigatory trial.

After having gained a further in-depth understanding that this memory is particularly strong also because of its multi-sensuousness, an interplay of factors all centered around my body, it transferred me out at sea, and from there, I found myself decoding the memory of being outside the house in the vast openness and the withering heights of the cliff-edge.

This memory is equally strong in presence in my mind, but utmost unpredictable considering their seemingly essential difference, I detected similarities between the two. Ultimately, the toothbrushing stone was too a memory about calibrating and verifying myself against something, although this time the borders were the “rest of the world”, “everything else” and quite metaphysical.

From the exposed setting of the clifftop viewpoint - my mind wandered off yet again to its complete opposite, withdrawing to the hiding place.

This memory was one of many during this investigation that I stumbled upon unconsciously, one that had been hidden deep down but was revealed through my retrieval of it.

After remembering the hidout and listening to the radio theater, I began remembering listening to the weather forecast, also on the radio with my grandmother, and instantly the memory about the geese that came baring promise of storm reappeared. This subsequently offered the linkage to the closet room with its Tintin-Collection and the escaping from the downpour. Also the play with optics that the old binoculars offered evoked the memory of my fascination of another visual phenomenon, that of the telescope in the Shooting Star album.

The imaginative power of the Tintin-collection, its ties to the sound of rain, the storm prophesy with the geese, they all constitute different elements stored in disparate parts of the brain linked together by associations and neural networks. This web-like structure of connections could therefore, of course, go on more or less forever, which renders the experience of this investigatory process feeling both overwhelming with no clear end at sight, and at the same time immensely inspiring.

Memories are not neatly stored in our brains like books on library shelves, but could possibly be better compared to a kind of collage or a jigsaw puzzle, which in itself lay the ground for this investigation to be more of a patchwork than a linear process.
Evaluating the three Tools

This investigation was performed with the usage of three tools; writing, illustration and artifacts, I shall, therefore, evaluate my experience of them.

Writing, I would argue, is the most efficient tool to unconditionally grasp the entire complexity of the memory. It is fast, effortless and without boundaries. However, no matter how precise I would be in the description, the receiver would always project his or her own memories of spaces as an additional layer on top of the written words so as to create an image. That is to say, it is a precise tool for communicating atmospheres, sensuousness and feelings, but it would always lack in accuracy of the exact spatiality.

An illustration is perhaps the most direct way of framing the visual imagery of the memory, but ultimately it will always be a mute and two-dimensional image, leaving the receiver wondering what happens on the "other side" of the image, or outside its borders.

Communicating through artifacts was perhaps the most challenging tool to use, but hence also the most rewarding. The production of the artifacts was extremely time-consuming, which rendered the experience of producing them feeling much less free and effortless than the other tools used. Each artifact in itself was a more or less a small project, with a fair amount of sketching, problem-solving and failed attempts before the final outcome. To solve issues with the construction of the artifacts, I was at times forced to reach out for help and seek knowledge from across the borders of architecture, as well as to learn how to utilize, to me, new materials and techniques.

The making of the artifacts, but also their finished result, I would describe as something eigot, something that did not always correspond with the intangibility of some of the memories. Having said that, it proved to be an effective tool for me to understand what the core substance of each memory was since I in the design process was forced to filter out among the complexity to find a spatiality to translate.

As a creative generator, the manufacturing of artifacts I consider as being the superior tool for me. This, because in my view, creativity thrives upon a strive to find answers and solutions to the questions asked, and the artifacts insufficiency to truly grasp the aura of the memories generated a frustration to continue searching for answers.
Thoughts on Phenomenology and Architecture

I have during the process of excavating my memories been focusing on finding answers to their meanings through the writings of phenomenologists Martin Heidegger and Gaston Bachelard. The decision fell on Heidegger since he is arguably the most cited phenomenologist among architects, and Bachelard because of his interpretation of phenomenology and the poetic image he interrogates in the "Poetics of Space" that spoke to my own view on architecture. Continuing, Bachelard's ambition to phenomenologically identify what he calls the 'primitiveness' of the "humble home", I found to be corresponding well with the subject of this investigation, my deserted summer house.

Having said that, I acknowledge that there is well-grounded criticism that can be directed towards both philosophers as well.

To begin, I recognize that their writings to a great extent are "children of their time". Finding themselves lost in the fast pace of modern technology and development, their views on dwelling are retro progressive with nostalgic tendencies and manifest a poorly disguised longing for times and a way of living that do not, or at least to a great extent, exist anymore. Heidegger, for example, and his return to the hypothetical farmhouse reflects a clear romantic view of identity tied to a provincialism, something that I would argue has many inflictions. When identity becomes territorialized and mapped on to a geographic terrain, the risk of exclusion of people who are not rooted in the same territory emerges. The study of identity as sprung out of dwelling and place inevitably implies a feeling of belonging which has a fascist growing ground. As well known, Heidegger himself became a member of the Nazi party in 1933 during his time as rector of Freiburg University. The philosopher's romanticism could also be viewed upon as ignorant with respect to gender. His mythical image of "home" could be interpreted as suggesting a return to a traditional domestic arrangement, with preset roles many times amounting to women being subordinate, taking the role as servants of the house.

When it comes to Bachelard, his evocation of the rustic childhood home, which he derives and exemplifies his statements from, is almost exactly contemporary with Heidegger's praise to the peasant hut in the Black Forest. Bachelard focuses on the intimate places of memories, habitations, our childhoods, and investigates how the images we retain from our most essential dwellings have played upon our daydreams and contributed to our sense of happiness and well-being.

However, I throughout reading his texts struggled with the notion that not all of us grew up in a prototypical, three-story, middle class, one-single family house. I would argue that most do not these days and considering Bachelard's way of thinking, it would imply that we then are deprived of a true ability to dwell, something that I have a hard time accepting. Continuing, what I also detect as a weakness in his theory is his consequent neglect of "unhappy" encounters with spaces, traumatic experiences. Not all of our associations with small spaces need to be pleasant and nurturing in their "wombiness."

In hindsight, there are other phenomenologists that I think would have benefitted the analysis of this memory investigation further, such as Maurice Merleau-Ponty and more recent Christian Norberg Schulz.

Being aware of what I detected as weaknesses in the writings of Heidegger and Bachelard, I still believe that there are important lessons to learn from the phenomenological philosophy that can be directly applied to my future architectural profession.

As I stated in the introduction, my approach to architecture has probably always been one that could be considered phenomenological - what I was lacking was the knowledge about the existence of this philosophical framework. The philosophy offers a capacity to gather and provide a framework for many aspects related to architecture, that otherwise could be experienced as hard to grasp. The subject also corresponds in itself well to the interdisciplinary characteristic I find the field of architecture to have. Architecture, to me, is about a desire to fuse sensibility and poetry into the...
processes of construction and design. Acknowledging the feelings, desires and psychological needs of the user, then architecture has the ability to serve a deeper function.

If architecture is about shaping our physical habitat to suit human purposes it should consider the way we relate to space, it should take into account the specifics of a lived experience. Studying architecture from a phenomenological perspective can enable architects to think about the experience of space and evoke images and details. If integrated into the design process, these images can then help serve the purpose of architecture being something engaging.

Continuing, designing architecture through the eyes of phenomenology is something holistic and all-embracing, and having throughout this investigation gained more knowledge about the brain makes me draw the conclusion that a successful design should therefore also be sprung out of a collaboration between the two brain sides.

The design of successful architecture is a process too complex to be simplified or made only from rationalization-left side of the brain-, yet not so complex that we can not capture the essence through intuition in the right hemisphere.

Working with memories - for the future

As a final note in this project that - because of the nature of the subject has focused on the past - I would like to gaze towards the future. How can the experience of this project be of value in my forthcoming practice of architecture?

Ultimately, to me, this project has led me to believe that memory is knowledge. From a design perspective, memory can be used to help create new actions by means of example. I think that architectural designers, like everyone else, function through metaphoric thinking of memories. Whether conscious or not, we constantly refer to past individual or collective experiences in order to calibrate the emotional and experiential aspects of design tasks. Memory, I would argue, is therefore to an extent the point of departure for discourse. It establishes a reference point from which its parameters are used as tools to develop design ideas.

Continuing, a more in-depth understanding of how memory affects individuals, culture and society is therefore of utmost value.

I believe that the creative element of memory is significant for architects, since it allows one to reach back into our own past and find qualities from which to work and strive for. Since we cannot comprehend fully what we have not experienced, without memory we would be trapped. This excavation process has manifested to me how memory and imagination become intertwined, turning even a modest summerhouse into something incredible as time passes. The true impact of a place and the meaning of the memories connected to it, can perhaps only be reconstructed at the moment when the memory merges with circumstances of the present.

Places like this particular Universe, or other places from our own autobiographies, symbolize our human desire for comfort, solitude, contact, detachment poetry and much more. These human characteristics are common to all of us. They connect us as individuals, allows us to communicate and their expression in architecture connects us to past places, present experience in place and the potential future of places.
NOTES

(Bastía, E (red.), 2004) Memory and Architecture. University of New Mexico. 5, 10


(Ramsura, A (March 12, 2013) “How We Remember, and Why We Forget” www.brainconnection.com). 158


EXHIBITION OF THE BOOK