A PLACE FOR POETRY
Title: a Place for Poetry

The diploma task will be to design a building, or a collection of spaces. The theme to be explored is the relationship between architecture and text/poetry.

The building task is defined as a center for three Norwegian poets: Tor Jonsson, Knut Hamsun and Olav Aukrust. They were all born in Lom, a Norwegian village and area therefore is the starting point for a site.

The method will be important, and start with going in a dialogue with the text of the poets, the story of their lives and the site, and exploring an architecture as a response: "Architectural poems", perhaps.

The outcome will be a result of the method. The project will take the form of a book.

I want to explore:
- Public space + materials + tectonics + poetry
- I want to involve literature and poetry in the development of architecture, as a starting point. How can it inform or relate to architecture? Where does it lead to work with architecture by its own means - the physical, non-text; materials, structure, space - in an intuitive response to poetry? And within the frames of a given site and program?
- Can this approach inform the program of housing the story and memory of poets, in a certain site and landscape? And can it create an environment for new exploration and creation in poetry.

The physical matter, and the representation of a thought physical matter is central in architecture.

I want to explore this interplay. Preferably, a building should be just as good without the explanation. Though in a diploma project there will result a physical result, so what is represented and how? Is this part of the research. Can the physical and the words be divided? How can they relate?

Perhaps, to make a centre of poetry, one should work like a poet?

The reading and responding to poetry, the atmospheres, will be a starting point for this project. Also the biographies of the poets - greater themes from their life stories. The site and functions are the material worked with.

I want to work with physical models. Something tactile, haptic, bodily. A design driven research. The poetry and themes are only the start, the project will be one interpretation. Or simply - my reaction through the means of architecture.

I in parallel want to work with printed text. A medium to store the textual, reflections, ideas. The creation of a story.

The design process will be intuitive, not deductive.
The programme has not started from the poet centre. Places to meet poetry and the poets. The climate has surprised many attempts and ideas. The reflective text is one result. What call “jams” is another. They are described below and in the chapter “The collection”. The collection is the elaborated architectural project, an attempt to give an answer to the task. It stems from what is developed through the reflective text and the jams. It is described below and in presented in it’s own chapter.

I have snacked at it. It was not present in the area, and tourism was already important somewhat similar – there is still farming in the area, and tourism was already important. Some buildings and traditions in Lom have given the foundation. Several themes and ideas have contributed to this change. The stave church and the role of the visionary poet of the village have gained a lust for life, though living under the hospital. He could not become a farmer and chose to move freely. Though in young age he did not inhabit it in the same way. He was a national identity. “Norwegianess”, the heart in the creation of a poet centre has taken the name and become weightier. The “middle of Norway” is defined as both of the middle of the southern ellipse, geographically the highest point, the source of inspiration, and of the centre of “Norwegianess”, the heart in the creation of a national identity.

The programme is developed further, relating to a visit to Lom in search for a site and sharing. They are further described in the text below, and in the chapter “The collection”. The jams and sketches changed character as the project/programme developed. It went from focusing on one building gathering and representing three authors, to a collection of spaces. The jams themselves contributed to this change. As this method of working and thinking has been central in the development, the jams have their own chapter in the book. Some lead towards the project/proposal, the collection, some stand more alone as trials, thoughts and ideas. At one point, the idea of the centre became more clear based on the jams, one project was developed further, relating to a specified program and a specified site. The poet centre, named “the Collection”.

In the reflective text I elaborate on themes worked on. How to use words? What can words express and not? What aspects do I find important when building a poet centre? I bring these into my own grounds. I come with a proposal, an independent work that stands on its own. I come with a proposal, based on my attempts at understanding and conclusions drawn. The proposal is described below and in the chapter “the Collection”.

The intention of a poetry centre for three poets, reading of poems, reading of biographies. Two trips to Lom in search for a site and sharing the “homen” of the poets. The jams and sketches changed character as the project/programme developed. It went from focusing on one building gathering and representing three authors, to a collection of spaces. The jams themselves contributed to this change. As this method of working and thinking has been central in the development, the jams have their own chapter in the book. Some lead towards the project/proposal, the collection, some stand more alone as trials, thoughts and ideas. At one point, the idea of the centre became more clear based on the jams, one project was developed further, relating to a specified program and a specified site. The poet centre, named “the Collection”.

The “jams” have been the initial method of development. I define the jam as an intuitive, spontaneous reaction to a given condition, be it the tone or the meaning of a poem or selected words. It is the model of my poet centre. My coherent architectural proposal of a poet centre has taken the name and idea of “the Collection”. It is the architectural elaboration on the results of the initial research and research. It is gathered in the chapter “The Collection - the poet centre”. Below it is described in 9 points.

1  The programme
   A poet centre, for the telling and sharing. They are for writing, crossing, gathering, working and sharing. They are further described in point 5, and in the chapter “The collection”.

2  Connecting architecture and place/site
   In my project I try to draw parallels between the project and forms and elements of poetry. I have discovered parallels and try to enhance them. The sectioning of meaning into lines in stead of sentences, the usage of metaphor, imaging, animation, rhythm, simile and repetition. You will find them in the text below, and in the chapter “The Collection”, where the project is elaborated. The element of poetry I have sought to understand according to chapters in the book of Atle Kittangs “Lyriske Strukturer”. I have included it. It was not present in the jams. It is explored in the collection.

The project/programme develops further, relating to a specified program and a dedicated site. The poet centre, named “the Collection”.

Poets often develop their work and publish them into collections of poetry. These are edited and selected works, and demand a coherence. They are the defined ends of my poet centre. My coherent architectural proposal of a poet centre has taken the name and idea of “the Collection”.

The place/site
The poet centre consist of a site defined as 9 places. Each has one constructed space, described in poet’s words. The site is constructed by me, based on nature and landscape types found in the poems and found in Lom. They are fictional. Each of the 9 places cover an area of 5 x 50 meters. The places are programmed as interconnected. One can walk from one to the other, through the area between them is undefined. It is blank. It functions as the empty space on the paper surrounding words of poetry. The gap that divides the lines in stead of the point and commas that separate words of poetry. The gap that divides the lines in stead of the point and commas that separate words of poetry.

3 The paths - allegory
The paths of poetry are an attempt to catch the difference in the three authors way to relate to their environment. Away from being in the world, of moving. Even as they lived in the same geographical spot, they did not inhabit it in the same way.

Olav Askrud path
Olav Askrud was the heart of a comparable mill in forms with long traditions, having a natural high place in society, being able to move freely. Though in young age he suffered a serious illness, experiencing other youths around him in the hospital die. He gained a lost life, though living under reduced health the rest of his own short life. Some buildings and traditions in Lom today have been lost that they seem permanent: the cave church and the log houses. The topography is the same, the topography plus. Today the area land is somewhat similar - there is still farming in the area, and tourism was already important in the early 20th century. The climate has not changed profoundly yet. This is the context of my site. Lom is defined as certain qualities, a space existing mentally, in the imagination. Many aspects connected to the real place, and are based on readings of the place, of the traditions attached to the authors lives. They are defined in the start of the chapter. The “middle of Norway” is defined as both of the middle of the southern ellipse, geographically the highest point, the source of inspiration, and of the centre of “Norwegianess”, the heart in the creation of a national identity.

The paths - allegory
There are three categories of paths leading between the 9 places with 9 spaces. One for each author, as described below. They are working with the allegory. An allegory of the lives of the authors. Each of the three ways of walking in the landscapes are an attempt to catch the difference in the three authors way to relate to their environment. Away from being in the world, of moving. Even as they lived in the same geographical spot, they did not inhabit it in the same way.

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Knut Hamsun led a more vagabond-like life, moving from place to place, working to sustain himself and his dream of being an author. He did not own much, though was free to wander the world on his own. He was alone. He fought himself up in society, to a high position as a “versets greve” (eng: “count of verse”).

Architectural response: The path meanders freely in the landscape. One is walking on the ground. It is enhanced with stones laid out, and small bridges, though without great constructions. It follows the standard of popular DNT routes, and blends in with the nature. All the best views are freely attainable.

Tor Jonsson’s path is one of poverty and opposition to privilege. The dream of his father to own his own little piece of land was crushed and they had to leave the peasant farming life when Tor was a child. He suffered a severe loss in status, from low to the lowest rank in the village, living on stray jobs. It enabled him to describe the less idyllic side of village life, coming up with still widely spread concepts, as the “bygdedyret” (“the village beast”). Owning nothing, he was not free in society the way Aukrust had been. In school, even though he was extremely clever, he could not get the best grades as these were reserved to the children of important families, and he would not be invited to all homes. He could not sit in the front rows in church, where the historic farmer families had their seats. This led to his dark view on life. His father died when he was a teenager, and he from then on had to take care of his sick mother and very shy sister. It was an isolated, through a life of responsibility. Tor Jonsson was unhappy with the injustice of life, and wanted a fundamental change. He would not accept economical help by friends and teachers that saw his talent. He wanted justice, not depending on the charity of others. Also, women, or the lack and longing, lead him to write many beautiful love poems.

Architectural response: The path is a marked out by coloured posts to follow. It leads you into unexpected and uncomfortable places of the landscape, down slopes and up steep hills. The path goes in a bow around some attractive places, as the field, not entering everywhere, not accessing all the spaces. The space “house of water” (a still not dead metaphor of the woman), is only seen from afar, as a perfect white cube. It is a path of will, one could always step aside and walk on a more comfortable route. The paths also functions simply as three ways of circulation, as three ways to move in the terrain. The story of the allegories is optional for the visitor to read. The way this functions is described further in the chapter on the collection.
1. Poetry is used as a method. The exploration of poetry is part of the process.

2. The book is the work. The model is made for the book, not the book for the model. The field is still architecture.

3. It is an exploration, not a result of an pre-given rule or dogma, and not confined to the most structured and architecturally developed and recognisable parts.

4. There are three main parts, the texts, the jams and the collection.

5. There are different texts with different functions. They are sorted in the following way:
   - Poems by the three poets in serif (they are the only part not translated)
   - Informative text starts in the first column
   - Reflective text starts in the second column (on its own page)
   - My own poem in ultra light
   - TEXT BY OTHER PEOPLE
     - Information and comments in lower text boxes

6. The reflective text is a part of the working process. It’s also a result, with my ideas and conclusions presented.

7. The jam can be seen as a prestige for the collection. The architectural jams are places next to poems. They do not all derive from singular poems. They are created as a response to an impressionistic reading of poems, prefaces, biographies, and own ideas and preconceptions on the topics. The premises to understand the interpretation is found in the textual balls, on the understanding of poetry, language, place, Lom, history and time, norwegianess and identity.

8. The collection
   - The spaces are for experiencing poetry
   - The paths in the landscape are to tell the story of the three specific authors. The way to move through the landscape, and the way to relate to landscape and existing buildings trying to interpret for Jonsson’s, Knut Haugau’s and Olav Aukrust’s relation to the world as expressed in their poetry.

9. There is a underlying assumption in this project that we as humans share so much DNA, and culture, perhaps, that we experience being in a similar way. That the qualia will not be very different. Reactions to light, darkness, comfort in certain temperatures and not in others. How to move in the body.

10. The conclusion of the project, by ending in the more universal character world, in ascribing it many interpretations, or stories, or meanings, can be seen as a critique of the architectural project trying to limit itself to a single meaning. It does not have to make “sense” in the rational way.

11. The project is also an attempt to work with creative rather than analysis and criticism. The inner creative spark that embraces, loves, attempts and celebrates all the ways we humans try to communicate, to make meaning, between one another, or to ourselves.

12. The structuring of the book and informative texts is the attempt to make the thesis understandable, to facilitate communication. To not to break with some of the logic of poetry, though to make a work accessible to experts.

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ON PROCESS

Sometimes there is a value in the discarded. Sometimes not. How to evaluate the process? The process is the starting point of the project, as described in the pre-diploma: reading, thinking, being inspired, trying to catch, to create an “emotional rather than architectural” architecture, to use two categories of Mari Lending. She used it to describe the Swissart of Peter Zumthor. This work does not try to imitate Zumthor.

What is important to me is that it does not have to make “sense” in the rational way. To the thinking in words. That comes second.

The important thing is that it makes sense to it in an emotional way. It is the problem of attempting to catch experience. One will always be confronted with it.
How should words catch it?
I like to be tired
because then
when I am
really tired
not extremely
just as right after sleep
the inner monologue pauses for a while
I do not try as hard
I stop caring
I can manage
to let go
let go
as Fredrik Høyer slams about, in
Grønlandsutra
am in myself
notice warmth
notice light
am disconnected
and completely in the world
not connected to the words
in the body
in the consciousness
in the inner world of words
I only am
almost
am calm
standstill
I stop caring

as the feeling in the body when talking
to the beautiful one
and he smiles
and seems to be ok
even though it is you [me] he is talking to
and then walk over to the sink
forgetting to put on the kettle
because the knees are almost unable to do their job
hold up the body
everything is joy
or
that feeling
nothing can stress
nothing take up space in the mind
white light
everything is solely the light shining in the water
reflective
spreading
sun around
in patterns
on the soil
plants growing
soil that is suit

and cold and grazed
the small
grape
thorn
rough
the form of the sink
rectangular
and rounded in the edges
becomes beautiful
or simply clear
the circle in the bottom touches what a delightful form!
Circle

the seeds in the soil have become small
green points
shoots
this
not thought
simply taken in

an eruption of joy
maybe?
How should words catch it?
Words catch
it wants freedom
Life can not be caught
but then I think about this
now and can walk into the feeling again
as I can think of the project
and the world
the world of words
and "to mean something to someone, another, other"
"to communicate"
"to have relevance"
to be part of an academic-professional context

and I can doubt
and think
that I do not know how to talk
if one does not “mutter to oneself”
or “shout out as in a megaphone on a fair”
“babble on” in a flow
as a radio show
without having any idea if anyone has put on the channel

and then think that maybe I should just stop talking
again or for good
and then
as I write this
there happens something bodily
and then
the eyes are filled by a liquid
it shivers through the body
a second

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and then think that maybe I should just stop talking
again or for good
and then
as I write this
there happens something bodily
and then
the eyes are filled by a liquid
it shivers through the body
a second
the words are direct connected
to feelings,
but my manifest says:
Words and feelings
are two different things
one happens in the body. Words can
influence it, but
so can the weather
and hormones and...
it’s a modulation of neurotransmitters
they float in the brain
and have effect out in the whole of the body
norepinephrine, dopamine, histamine,
adrenalin, GABA, glutamat, serotonin
substantia nigra and amygdala
and the pituitary gland
none of them alone are conscience
awareness
that which gathers it
that which experiences
that understands
Yellow
Words are not a substitute for the body
physical being
light, air, warmth, food, sex, a hug,
working with ones hands
words can convey information
without it having to be directly
connected to an experience
that is useful
end up in the brain?
Why did I

Architecture is physical
is for bodies that try to get everything into
the world of society
the world of words
it can choose to find a path straight to
amygdala
without going through the cortex first
Here I am afraid
Here I am not afraid
Here I am unafraid
this architecture cannot do
Here I am safe
this neighbor
The words put everything into systems
have power
divide the indivisible
it can be useful
but
is not true
bye that reason

The phenomena
the nomen
as I perceive it
sense it
this something
as it is meant to us
me
the only thing to care about?

Why did I
Is that me?
Is that you?

Song and poetry
To paraphrase Dylan
"as long as it is beautiful and moves, it
does not matter if it makes sense. Or is true"

The true in that which moves one
in the beautiful
Even if one does not want it
to be that way,
and it does not make sense

Image and writing
Depiction
not the thing in itself
the manifest:
to create something
almost wordless
react
without already given forms:
without already given interpretation
frame

after Litteraturhuset, and the poem of
Cecilie Løveid:
Andy Warhol
repeats the image
repeats and repeats
in the end it no longer means anything
and he is in ecstasy

Song and poetry
To paraphrase Dylan
"as long as it is beautiful and moves, it
does not matter if it makes sense. Or is true"

Warhol is in ecstasy
Ordet

Kva hjelp det å syngje som elv i det aude?
Kva hjelp det å kyngje med klokker for daude?
Kva hjelp det å skapa all venleik i verda, når ORDET lyt tapa for svolten og sverda?
Slik undrast og spør vi i modlause stunder.
Men hugse det bør vi: Eit ord er eit under.
Dei gløymest dei gjæve, og alt det dei gjorde.
Men livet er æve, og evig er Ordet.

T or Jonsson
Mogning i mørkret, 1943

ON WORDS

Words
How to find words?
That which exists outside of us
how to find words for that which exists outside of us?
How to find words for that which exists outside of words?
Architecture
how to describe architecture in words?
The struggle with language has been lifelong.
I do not want to work with architecture and words because it comes easy.
If it came easy it would be uninteresting.
So some years ago I chose architecture.
For my diploma thesis, I chose language.
And as language is so much, I chose poetry.
The field of language that, for me, is most concerned with the limits and uncertainties and also the creative and truth seeking possibilities of language.
I can be very moved by poetry.
It happened the first time two years ago.
It suddenly opened itself up. Before it was obscure.
Judith Rask writes about the truth possible in poetry, differing from the philosophical, logical truth.
The truth that is not clear.
As life
As existence

What a word
ex is tence
exi stence
outtrownness

It is easy to lose oneself in language
It is easy to lose oneself in an architectural design process
The books main quality is not to bring about one clear thought from beginning to end. A thought with a right answer, in a strict system of meanings. No scientific definition. No operationalisation of existence, though, perhaps a discussion of the ground for operationalising, or translating, a subjective experience into something partly measurable, partly shareable. Something that can be evaluated by another human. Another human, another person within the field of architecture.

I hope.
Hope has been the only constant.
ARCHITECTURE AND LITERATURE INTEREST

What can you grasp in architecture?

Sculpture deals with materials, space, and mass.

So does architecture.

Does it deal with other things than the physical?

People enter or functions do.

That means people, somehow.

Life

The two fields

language and architecture

are discrete.

beauty

or some sort of aesthetic emotion

might connect them.

alsa rhythms and systems

those are tangible.

is the literal, the meanings in language,

to calm our social, active minds?

a rather unnecessary

addition?

are the phenomena really outside

language?

ARCHITECTURE AND LITERATURE INTEREST

LANGUAGETHAT IS ABSTRACT

VS LANGUAGE THAT EVOKES

SENSATION

To walk on gravel

A walk on the beach

The feeling of gravel under the soles of feet

The tickling of sand underneath fingernails

and the smell of rotting dark brown seaweed crackling under a foot

Words can be experienced

(that does not make them more true).

LANGUAGE THAT IS ABSTRACT

VS LANGUAGE THAT EVOKES

SENSATION

ON TRUTH IN WORDS

Truth might lie in the words or not.

I found interesting statements from the poems. In the poem “Vår Røynd” Tor Jonsson writes

’et strå er grå, men alt er sant, vi grip eit

strå’ [...]”.

I translate it to “Our reality is grey, but all is true, we take hold of a straw [...]”.

Jonsson prefers the grey reality over a non-real story of a divinity present in peoples lives.

The word “RØYND” is itself interesting. As a noun it would best be translated to reality, though it can also be a verb, and “å røyne” means to get to know through personal experience.

Hamsun wrote

“Sannferdighet er hverken tosidighet eller objektivitet.

Sannferdighet er nettopp den uegennyttige subjektivitet.”

roughly translated to “Truthfulness is neither two-sided nor objectivity. Truthfulness is exactly the non-self-serving subjectivity.”

This statement still resonates into our time, though it has gone through many changes, and perhaps, we have long ago passed the demand for a shared truth.

Hamsun’s biographer, Ingar Sletten Kolloen, draws a connection between this program of searching in the subjectivity and the unstable mental health of Hamsun’s mother.

The author searches to describe the deep complex psychological movements of a sensitive mind.

Hamsun searches for words where his mother only had insanity.

Searching for words

Finding words

To find words: It is a powerful tool

it is not truth.

it is simply a way to avoid insanity.

I like this thought.

The world is too complex and big to comprehend. There is too much knowledge.

What is left is a cacophony of words. Dada.

My thoughts are the sum of my inner image of the world. It is consisting of all I have taken in of language, tutoring, TV, internet, books, I like my world of thought, I search truth in it. I like that what I have taken in

often has a solid status, is ascribed value in society and can help me live a comfortable life. It is knowledge authorised by powerful institutions.

I love that it gives me a sense of belonging in the world, a connection to history, to people that lived before, a tread of knowledge leading back to the pre-socrates and before. Fragments in loose connection, though still, an entry pass into a seemingly shared world.

The world has so many impressions, so many experiences.

Now

To have importance and overview over a scientific field, one needs to have an extremely narrow focus. A special type of cellmembranefunction,

a specific expertise

in the physics of oil.

Outside,

the rest is dada.

Or, experience.
I understand the world through my body
how else should I understand it?
north is a tickling over the right shoulder
south is a movement to the front in the chest
something is high because it is higher than me

up there are the big ones
big, because I cannot climb up myself
a portal can be a castle
unyielding, inaccessible

I can turn towards the earth in stead
there you have to be small to gain entrance
if I lie down on the stomach
with one ear down
I even as adult can gain access

but it was easier before
and will be easy again

before that I have to tighten the muscles
stack bones vertically
float over the ground
hard rods and tensioned lines
ON TRANSLATING

writing in English, a third language
writing in Norwegian, then translating
writing in sentences, then sectioning
the lines
condensing
a prose in the form of verse
mad sing in Norwegian, commenting
in English
in prose
in small notes
mad sing, then translating
in form, in acrylic
in paper, in structure
in mass, in wood
in colour, in image
sensing in form, then translating
in words, searching words
searching structure
searching structure in the logic
in the words
in the mass
in the drawing
searching to cross
the lation
translation

For Olav Aukrust and Ter Jonsen, the
landsmaal/nynorsk (country-language/new
Norwegian) was of most importance. Their
poems would not have been the same in
riksmaal or bokmaal.

Knut Hamsun on the other hand actually
translated many of his own poems. He
turned from Danish spelling to following the
norms of the riksmål (that later became
the new called dobbelt-mål (book-language)
in 1916). This meant that he radically
changed them. It has not been a focus of
this project, it is still information worth
noting. Did the poems change?

I have for the most part not translated
the poems, and have not found any
acknowledged translations of any of the
poetry collections into English. I found a
translation of Olav Hekte’s MM into German,
though it adds little to the project to include
these (It is after all not an academic work
in the fields of literature). I have tried to
translate all of my own notes written in
Norwegian as well. My own interpretations,
I write better in Norwegian. I have used
more time on inhabiting the language
Still, the nynorsk makes accessibility mainly
restricted to Norwegians.
of what fiction?  
This time not the one I knew not the story of science not the coherent novel this time the poetry

The norwegian word for poetry is “dikt”, and to write poetry is “diktning”. Diktning is also a term used for all writing and telling of stories that have a non-binding relation to reality.

I snacked at Atle Kittangs “Lyriske strukturer”, a former bauta in the field of literary science on poetry. I learned the following:

The greek verb “poiesis”, means to create or form. It first covered all artistic activity. Later it was used for the literary arts. The lyrical was an undercategory of poetry. A poetry you could sing. Sing accompanied by the lyre. It consisted of smaller strophes that expressed the inner life and mood of the writer.

I take the road back the limited meaning poetry informs the other option of the original all arts architecture included

Hamsuns novels are known for being lyrical, often defined as “prosalyrik”, (prose-poetry?), and one can talk about the poetry in the novel. Hamsun put strong ideals to the beautiful lyrical quality the words need to contain, not only the quality of the plot. He writes atmospheres, not stories.

This project is not focusing on that part of Hamsun still reading Pan earlier creates a backdrop for his verse and I want to work on atmospheres

Poetry is the condensated language in lines not sectioned in sentences there is so much space between the words

It is a fundamentally creative act with language

This division from Branko Mitrovic. He argues for architecture as a way of thinking and getting new insight into the world.

I have listened to poems of Knut Hamsun, Ola Askrud and Tor Jønsen being sung to music. I noticed that especially one poem by Tor Jønsen had been interpreted by many, and that the differing interpretations made the atmosphere of the poem change completely. -El dagbok for mitt hjerte is not the same if using quietly to a guitar, or pounded out to electric punk.

To choose the voice to take in the poetry is important as to what one wants to explore. The inner voice, reading text on paper, makes it possible to find ones own resonance, to see where one is ones self at the present. And to have an unmediated dialogue with the text. The mediated one is reflecting if the wish is to get out of ones own mood.

In the end of the book there is a list of suggested tracks of words to sound.

John Berger, in his book Confrontations, writes about the song, not only conveying words, but the sound of the mother tongue. Poetry is also based on sound. It might do the same.

The voice and sound is inherent in the way to perceive poetry. It might alter its meaning completely.

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ARCHITECTURE AS CREATION OF A FICTION

ARCHITECTURE DEALS WITH SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION

ARCHITECTURE DEALS WITH ANALOGUE REPRESENTATION

ON VOICE

Poetry is oral it demands a voice as all writing especially poetry the inner voice of the reading out loud

the one that reads shares of herself her interpretation

if she has not drowned already in convention
Karl Ove Knausgård describes the act of creation as the opposite of the act of parry. Creation demands courage and some sort of recklessness. To parry is to focus on solving or avoiding problems. The adult father uses most of his time to parry, in love of his children, though finds his freedom when redeploying to write.

Trying to think and organise my words is important to me. Essential actually, even though I should probably be spending most time on designing right now.

To find words helps me find a tread in the designing.

Most of the best poetry is the one that does not let itself condense into a clear statement. This is my statement. There is always a double or much richer meaning. Like life itself.

You can't reduce life itself into one clear formal logic meaning.

Poetry is personal, or can contain all the personal experiences of a person. It is in recognition and beauty, through the difficult emotions that it often has its strongest effect. The finished result is often a poem, or, text on paper. Or, text on a blank background on a screen. It carries all those conditions be easily avoided, put in a shelf, and only confronted by a willing audience.

To catch the hardly reducible things that is hard to make sense of in formal logic that create a resonance in the poetic logic. Architecture is building that relates to meaning and beauty.

The greatest similarity between poetry and architecture might lie in the act of daring to create. To put something out there, add, give something that is open for critique.

Poetry is personal, or can contain all the personal experiences of a person. It is in recognition and beauty, through the difficult emotions that it often has its strongest effect. The finished result is often a poem, or, text on paper. Or, text on a blank background on a screen. It carries all those conditions be easily avoided, put in a shelf, and only confronted by a willing audience.

Architecture as the other hand is on a grander scale, and the finished project is an alteration of the physical environment. It thereby collective, a part of many different persons lives. It can be chosen in the same way. Almost in all cases, someone has to enter a room, or meet a building without having the urge to experience something profoundly affecting. It should therefore be much milder than poetry.

Architecture therefore has to be primarily positive and caring – open and welcoming to the other, to the one that will use it.

When writing the book Erinna eer Arktikken, professor Mari Hvattum defines architecture by two main characteristics that distinguish it from mere building: care and surprise. She adds a criteria to distinguish architecture from art; architecture has plumbing.

A poet centre is a place no one has to live, though some might have to work. It is an imagined place. Existing inside a book, though you, the reader, should be able to see yourself walking there, reading there. See your book loving friend who almost always seems to be living in some sort of inner world of ideas, sharing your world through talking, not taking much notice of the everyday surroundings, sitting down and reading in one of the spaces. Discussing in one of the spaces. Or simply being. You should imagine your grandmother, and the schoolclass as well, and the random hiker stumbling across this place. Your vision should give you a sense of being there, and therefore, I want to make it a pleasurable place. And harsh or open sometimes, though not distracting you from the texts to read there. To think there.
Architecture is space that is shared across time.

The stave church in Lom is in many ways still the same space as 800 years ago, or at least as throughout the same hundred years since the religious additions. It has had very differing meanings, deep meanings, in those years: From being a place where God is present, and houses and guarded, in the form of bread that de facto, during mass, transforms into the body of Christ, and with the presence of humans representing the human that held the key to heaven, and thereby your key to heaven. Until the house where God is present among the believers, and is worshiped and the holy word is made available, preferably understandable in your native language. A present personal god, though it took some more hundred years in Lom, in Norway, for the church would use Norwegian.

It then became the primal place for everyone to learn to read and get knowledge. The priest would hold exams. It later was simply a house of worship, now being more of a museum, a place a belief in god is represented, where one admires the work of craftsmen and artist and the cultural expression of their beliefs. It also has been a symbol of a nation, a shared identity through history. It is also a place to admire the endurance of the wood and the construction.

This way, the building, though always still called a church, has still NOT had the same use and meaning, through all these years. The building has not been the same. The space has.

PLACE, SPACE AND TIME

Most architecture does not last as long as a medieval church, though, its uses and meanings should be able to change.

I strive to have an openness of meaning in my buildings. I will allow to design a dark space, that might affect the negative, though, it should never only be the hard feeling. Like life is not only hard feeling, it is always also somehow a positive energy of survival.

Building is so very positive.
ON THE AUTHORS
Tor Jonsson

Poet and journalist

Born in Lom, 14th of May 1916

Death by suicide, in Oslo, 14th of January 1951

Themes from his life story:

Class struggle: The father was a day-labourer struggling for social reform and a possibility to own his own small piece of land. He lost his claim on the “husmannsplass” Prestkroken, where Tor and his sisters where born. The family had to move when Tor was eight. The new “Strømsborga” was a little one-room house without soil, so the family could not sustain itself, and fell into poverty. At age 13, Tor lost his father.

Mother: Tor lived with his sick mother and one shy sister in the two room house until after his mother died in 1950. He wrote of longing away, but always came home after shorter periods working outside the village.

Love: Tor wrote a lot about love, but the unhappy type. He did not have a serious romantic relationship until after he moved to Oslo in 1950. In the summer he met Ruth Alvesen, and they dated. He went into a great turmoil, depression and alcohol abuse. In the mid of January he took an overdose of barbiturates.

“I diktinga står han i spennet mellom tradisjon og modernitet. Det handlar ofte om liv og død, kjærleik og hat, bygd og by, drøm og røyndom. Livslyst og dødslengt pregga både dikt og in.”  - from Alkunne.no

The themes are full of contrasts.

Life and death (especially love and death)

Love and hate

Village and city

Dream and reality

Eagerness for life and longing for death.

The information above is based mainly on the reading of the biography by Ingar Sletten Kolloen and the article of Eivind Myklebust on alkunne.no

Bibliography

Mønstring (lyrikk) 1942

Forsøg ved Blå Vatn (lyrikk) 1946

Jernnetter (lyrikk) 1948

Vinter (prosa) 1950

E sorg for liv (lyrikk) 1951

Sirot bladet (prosa) 1951

Post Mortem:

Mogning i mørkret (lyrikk) 1943

Berg ved blått vatn (lyrikk) 1946

Jarnnetter (lyrikk) 1948

Nesler (artikler) 1950

Ei dagbok for mitt hjarte (lyrikk) 1951

Siste stikk (enakter) 1951

Post Mortem:

Bladet en søndag (lyrikk) 1952

Dikning (dikt og prosa) 1963

Ofte eng i Oslo (lyrikk) 1975

Kvite fuglar (lyrikk i utvalg v/Reidar Djupedal) 1978

Ved grensa (tekster i utvalg, ill. av Anders Kjær) 1995

Blant bygdedyr og vestkantkrokodiller (prosa i utvalg, ved Ingar Sletten Kolloen) 2000

Rog Størksen Kolven and the article of Eivind Myklebust on alkunne.no
Olav Aukrust

Poet and teacher
Born in Lom, 21st of January 1883
Died in Lom, 3rd of November 1929

Themes from his life story:
The national and the spiritual
He saw folkart as the purest form of art.
Young, he experienced severe illness, that would haunt him for the rest of his life.
Nature and the religious where connected in his writing. A place to experience revelation or epiphany. He said to have had a revelation himself, from then on being designated to the role of the poet, or skald.

To share the insight with his nation. He represented a religious-cultural ideology. The Olsok celebration held an important place, where the norse, the christian and the national where combined.

The mystic
Aukrust is said to have been one of europes great mystic poets. He had a great interest in the theosophy and anthroposophy being practiced and preached by Rudolf Steiner at his time, and he also found a great interest in the mystic Swedenborg.

Folk art
Olav Aukrust had an interest in folk music and played the fiddle. He also collected folk art and antiquities from old farms.

The “bygdekultur” (village culture) he describes in his poetry as something pendling between the wild celebration and an awareness of the holy. (Jan Inge Sætre compares it to Mikhail Bakthins carnivalesm.)

He can be said to have been a traditionalist in neighbour to modernism. He knew modernism and was aware of crisis, say his biographers, 50's, he chose the classical form, and sought some sort of ideal beautiful form. By some he was praised as the greatest poet of his time. This happened already as he was quite young (for a poet). Especially his vast knowledge of words, and the unique use of them into beautiful harmonies was praised.

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Hamar i Hellom, 1926.
Emne, Gyldendal, 1926.
Solrenning, Gyldendal, 1930.
Norske terningar, Gyldendal, 1931.
Dikt i samling, I-II, Gyldendal, 1942.

Aukrust reflected on the estetic, and the limits of what can be said with words.
KNUT HAMSN

Thomas from his life story:
Knud Pedersen was born in between
the mountains in the middle of Norways
southern elipse. At the age of three he
moved with his family to Hamarøy in
Nordland, where his father rented a farm.
He developed a strong relationship to
nature. To the woods. He would also write
about the northern coastal life and farming
in his later book.

He returned to Lom for a period and had his
confirmation in the old stavechurch.

In 1904 he published his single collection of
poetry: Det vilde kor og andre dik.
Another, En fløjte lød i mit blod, was
compiled and published in book form by
Lars Frode Larsen as late as 2003.

At the age of 17, Knut Hamsun moved to
Bøde to learn a trade, and would try a wide
range of works and travel the next years. It
is said he was a tram conducteur in Chicago
for a while.

From the 1890s onwards he lived of his
writing. It was not easy for him, at least
not in the start. Ingar Skjetten Kulle has
written an ending biography on Hamsuns
life.

Bibliography

Den Gudefulde (1877)
Et Gjensyn, episk dikt (1878)
Bjørger (1878)
Fra det moderne Amerikas Aandsliv, artikler (1889)
Sult (1890)
Mysterier (1892)
Redaktør Lynge (1893)
Ny jord (1893)
Pan (1894)
Ved Rigets Port, skuespill (1895)
Livets Spil, skuespill (1896)
Siesta, noveller (1897)
Aftenrøde, skuespill (1898)
Victoria (1898)
Munken Vendt, skuespill (1902)
Sproget i Fare, pamflett (1918)
Konerne ved Vandposten (1920)
Siste Kapitel (1923)
Landstrykere (1927)
August (1930)
Men Livet lever (1933)
Ringen sluttet (1936)
Paa gjengrodde Stier (1949)

Knud Hamsun
Poet,
Born in Garmo in Lom (actually Vågå), 4th of
August 1859
Died in Grimstad 11th of February 1952

Themes from his life-story:
Knud Pedersen was born in between
the mountains in the middle of Norways
southern elipse. At the age of three he
moved with his family to Hamarøy in
Nordland, where his father rented a farm.
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Men Livet lever (1933)
Ringen sluttet (1936)
Paa gjengrodde Stier (1949)
ON WRITING

THE POETS OWN
REFLECTIONS ON THE ROLE
OF A WRITER
IN THEIR POETRY.

SKALDEN

I
Skalden er ein lokal, som er kjennetegna av sin vennlighet og glede som skaper friluft og annen glede. Han er ein sjell, som er blitt kjent for sin glede og sin evne til å gi glede til andre.

Ille er en sjell som er kjent for sin glede, og han er blitt kjent for sin evne til å gi glede til andre.

Skalden kan oppleve glede, men også sorg og rede. Han er en sjell som er blitt kjent for sin glede og sin evne til å gi glede til andre.

II
Skalden er kjent for sin evne til å gi glede til andre, og han er en sjell som er blitt kjent for sin glede og sin evne til å gi glede til andre.

III
Skalden er kjent for sin evne til å gi glede til andre, og han er en sjell som er blitt kjent for sin glede og sin evne til å gi glede til andre.

IV
Skalden er kjent for sin evne til å gi glede til andre, og han er en sjell som er blitt kjent for sin glede og sin evne til å gi glede til andre.

In this poem Aukrust describes the poet, or, better, the norse Skald, a specially gifted person with a special place in society.

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The passing nature of everything is a topic of Hamsun’s poem. In hundred years, all is forgotten. His misery, his enjoyment, his desire to end it all, and even his writing and literary heights.

[It was not a prophecy come true - his writing has lasted over a hundred years. Who knows how long?]

Jonsson describes writing poetry to sending out while birds into a dark night. To live is to hear sounds of birds flying in from a distant world.

My interpretation is that poetry is the way that the weary soul can try to reach the soul of another even if only the sound of the birds wings arrive the other.

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My interpretation is that poetry is the way that the weary soul can try to reach the soul of another even if only the sound of the birds wings arrive the other.
Jørn H. Sværen writes about the reader: "The reader is a figure throughout the ages of art history. An early example is the church father St. Jerome, as he lies contemplating over a book in the desert. [...] The reader stands or sits or lies, he or she reads for herself or moves, a book or a letter or a newspaper and so on. With time everybody can read, independent of gender or class, and the reader goes from being a historical person to be a everyday human. The reader is anybody [...] We do no longer notice the figure. This can be translated to literature. A dead metaphor is a figurative expression that is no longer understood as a figurative expression. Time goes on."

(own translation)
“The one that wants to awaken has to exaggerate, writes Alexander Kielland in a letter to his brother. Hammershøi exaggerates quietly. He enhances the figure by turning it away.”

Jørn H. Sæver, Dronningen av England
The description of the Tabernacle in the Exodus is perhaps the most influential singular building known only through text. Its description has inspired the building of synagogues, churches and art for thousands of years. It is where Moses and the priest will sacrifice and talk to God. It is God’s own building-instruction, defining the type of material, dimensions, weight and constructional details, along with how to organize to attain all the needed material, and how to use it. A use regulated by strict rules, sanctioned by God himself. The following chapter tells of God punishing wrong use with sudden death.

The Tabernacle in the Bible

An attempt at drawing the tabernacle fabric after the instructions found in the bible. It was not always clear what connected how. I decided not to use much time on figuring out. It was an instruction open to interpretation, and probably in need of some in depth knowledge of customs in archaic tent construction.
The jam is here defined as an intuitive, spontaneous reaction to a given condition. Someone does something, you respond. I see the jam as a parallel to the form of the unprepared poetry slam. Using it on architecture is a way to try the method of working as a poet in the creation of architecture. Improvisation is key, so is the freedom to play with what is given. Without the demand of a completed form.
1. Start of a D, insecure, hesitant (a door)
2. The letter I, direct (a timber post)
3. The letter D from I, repeated (a cottage)
4. The letter D, two lines (a train bridge)
5. The letter D, three lines, 1 completed (vinetasting)

The letter D geometries
- A half circle and a line

1. Konstrukjons- og tekster
2. Tekster
3. Konstruksjon og tekster
Tor Jonsson words:
Bygdedyrehagen
ett bur
ei innhegning
ei i buet
folkelmassa innhegna rundt

Fattigdomsglaset
to rom
et mørkt og inneslengd
ett lys og luftig
det er ei fira hengbru mellom den
braa spen over ein augurn

Kvite fuglar
eit bur
ei innhegning
ein i buet
folkemassa innhegna rundt

Kvinna

Saratoriet og rommet for å sone sviket
to rom
et mørkt og inneslengd
ett lys og luftig
det er ei fira hengbru mellom den
braa spen over ein augurn

Livskraftrommet
kraftig
lyst
spreyklig

Garderheimen
ein leve
en åker
frie planter
vektsut tilknytt

Bur for kvite fuglar
ramt bygdedyrehagen
ett duslag
viltogen rundt
en inngje

Rom med norske sjølvmordsstatistikkar
eit kott
svakt lys

Olav Aukrust words:
Fridom
Av
et ene
ed varje
eit live
enle ferie
et forestil
et emne
Denne dagen

Livskraft

Grødeheimen
en låve
et en
fleire planter

Knut Hamsun words:
Sanatoriet og sviket
ett duslag og ei veg ut
rommet

Fattigdomsvegen
da må gå der
det er ei ord
psn attacked

da kan glimte ut
da nå
da ser du ønsker å sjå

Fridomsromet
eit søylerom
bjørkeskogen

Kvinna

eit kvitt marmortempel
ett bassend og ein veg ut

vassfall
sol skin inn på vatnet
damp kan oppstå
a way to understand the relationship of the three poets, Hamsun being the highest, Tor Jonsson being the low, and Olav Aukrust being the middle one, overlapping with both of them. The way they would like to place themselves in the world. Hamsun wanting to be above everyone; Aukrust to be the high leader in the middle of the people and Jonsson who identified with the low, poor, outcast.

THE INTERCONNECTED CIRCLES

Attempts at imagining one building with spaces for all three poets and service space. It is an exploration of spaces capturing some essential character of each author. The two-sidedness of Knut Hamsun, with a dark hidden core, the roughness of Tor Jonsson, and the openness, lightness and virility of Olav Aukrust.
The way poets relate to the world.

Tor Jonsson living under the weight of Olav Aukrust. Being the lower part of society, seeing the world from below, where the dirt lays. An outsider living among the villagers.

Knut Hamsun relating outwards, towards the contemporary society, people and structures, and the world of nature populated by people with complex minds, exploring a deeper, darker part of the psyche. Striving to be accepted and rise higher than the common man.

Olav Aukrust relating to God, the sky, the mountains, the nation; seeing himself, the poet, close to a medium for a divine revelation.
A dually open house with a gabled roof from the brick circular wall finds a place. The backside of the circle serves as a staircase leading up to a plateau. Higher up you see the same space from different angles.

It is imagined in the context of one independent building for each poet.
An allegory of the mind. Of a state of vulnerability. From the inside you have a full view to your surroundings. This makes it feel as if anyone can see right into your inner state and exposes you. From the outside, one can barely get glimpses of what goes on inside the mind of another, most often you don’t notice other than the most overt facade. The soul is opaque.

In the circular brick room, at the focal point, one can see in all directions, having control of the surroundings, and theoretically being seen by all surroundings. Though, one passing by looking ahead might only randomly see the person inside the circle as one glimpses. A brighter light on the outside and further distance from the brick also makes it harder to see inside. On the inside one could hide a direct gaze by taking one step to the side.
The duality of an empty space. The search for a quiet space, relating to the conventions of museums and theatre. This pilar lets light fall on it in certain ways, creating variation in space according to light settings. The dark box removes impression, also the one of sound, and locks you in your mind, being deprived of other senses, all inside is enhanced.

THE BLAX BOX WITH FELT AND THE WHITE CUBE WITH A PILLAR
A place to experience poetry, placed in four situations:
1 over a stream in the woods
2 over a cliff, silence directly around
3 touching the ground, beeing in between
4 a part of a museum complex, halfway in the pavement of a courtyard.

Isolation. A clear mark in nature.

The poet observing life.

The tight busy city life might be more in need of spaces for breaks.
Explanations of gestures

Paper on stone collected on the trip up Lomseggje. Ways of acting in landscape. The pier extending a horizontal line in a sloping landscape. The Extrusion, an angle, a horizontal and vertical construction meeting, in front of a steeper landscape.

The two sides of the wall. A wall, a building on each side, each relating to their "half" of the territory. The wall leads you into A. The other side of the wall leads you into B.

The angle along the mountains, laying the building along the landscape, as a ramp, lightly following the edge, lightly sloping upwards.

The small building rising up from the landscape, the top being horizontal, the lower part adapting to changing topography.
The single syllables represented as pillars. The ones making a word being connected by paper. The model is of the poem “Fattig Ynskje.” It is short and concise. The structure of syllables and words are possible structural guidelines. Around the poem is an outer barrier, and inside the spaces are divided according to words. Each syllable holding up the roof. It is a way to visualise the rhythm of a poem. A tact...
It is a reaction to “FATTIG YNSKJE” by Tor Jonsson.

FATTIG YNSKJE
Var eg ein Gud, ville eg skapa ei stillare verd.
Der skulle alle elske.
Var eg ein Gud ville eg skapa kjærleik og død,
berre kjærleik og død.
Tor Jonsson

A reflection on the quiet world, the empty space as a backdrop for love, as life, as the human body. As the white cube of art museums, with a centred focus.

THE WHITE WALLESS CUBE

Model material: gypsum mixed with sand from the Bøvra. To be made of concrete with local gravel and sand as addition.

In the middle of the room you see no walls meeting in corners. The roof is floating over the wall, letting light in. There is more light towards the entrance. A series of these spaces could create a whole museum.

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In the middle of the room you see no walls meeting in corners. The roof is floating over the wall, letting light in. There is more light towards the entrance. A series of these spaces could create a whole museum. It is another test of the quiet room inspired by the poem of Tor Jonsson «Fattig Ynskje». It is a reaction to this poem by Tor Jonsson.
A water-filled balloon cast in a plaster cube. An entrance is cut out. A circular hole at the top. It is a space with no other spacial references. There are no lines to guide perception, no direct light that reveals a form. The mind must work to grasp the space or simply give up and withdraw into itself, whatever it has brought with it. So it might be alerting enough to let one stop and wonder and be present, quiet. It is an attempt at something close to a ganzfeld experience. The ideal place to experience poetry, if only one has enough light. It was developed some time in drawing, until the conclusion was that in massive, block form, it would best be made as a snow igloo, letting light through the walls, disappearing in spring.

Or it would be an extravagant massive crystal castle. It is one of the important ancestors of the collection, especially to the space of solitude.

The trial to make the indoor massive space a physical reality failed, as did the idea of the soft ground to walk on. Light being a necessity, a textile space was chosen over the massive one.
HØSTNAT
Det tasser og lever i skogen, 
enksom det er Natten og alt er til Ros. 
Jeg ligger på Ryggen og tænker i Mørke 
og kender mig stille og fri.

Jeg ligger og skriver mot Himlen 
og henover Stjærnernes Hær med min Sko.

Det tasser og sysler i Skogen. 
Den Lyd ifra Straaen kender jeg før; 
de syded saa gule i dag i Solen, 
nu knækker de over og dør.

Og Granernes Naale falder, 
den Lyd er saa inderlig liden og skør. 
Det er ikke andet som lyder.

Men sligt er vel Fare og Støj for en Mus? 
Da skælver hun ind under Lyng eller Blade 
og har ikke bedre Hus.

Jeg tænker: hvor lydløst dét lever 
as Hernede i Grams og Grus!

En ser dem iblandt fare sammen 
og puste med Brystet saa dirrende tidt 
og vente saa raadvildt om noget vil hænde 
når Mennesket nærmer sig lidt.

Det er vel naar Mennesket kommer 
for Musen som Bjærge der kommer i Skridt.

Det strømmer ind paa mig altsammen 
at alle de bittesmaa Liv er nær.

Som jeg er saa svær for disse, har alle 
et noget som sværere er.

Jeg rykker min Sko tilbage 
han skrev over Himlen og Stjærnernes Hær.

Knut Hamsun

THE HOUSE OVER THE STREAM IN THE WOODS
A small building of open structure, 
protecting from rain and direct sunlight 
and view, though letting the sound of the 
stream be amplified, and smells and noises 
from the woods stream in. It is a study in 
a place to find quiet, through stimulating 
the senses. Quiet by means of pleasurable 
experiences of nature.

THE DUAL BENCH
One end of the bench is open, to be sat on 
from both sides, the other has a wall, letting 
a standing average grown up look over 
while standing, though not while sitting.

There is fur to sit down on, one can read, 
one on each side, undisturbed. It is a study 
in ways of reading and walking, taking 
different parts, sharing and dividing.
VANDER IN NÅTEN

Jeg vanker indover det brune Fjæld, jeg har ikke Heste, jeg har ikke Kusk, og nu er det Kvæld.

Og Himlen slukner og Mørket kommer.

Men nu er der Hus under hver en Busk for nu er det Sommer.

Jeg kender mig stedt i en vaagen Blund.

Det synes som Himlen og jorden er et nu i Nattens Stund.

Det lyder som Jorden i Søvne dier.

Hvad suser i Natten som ingen har set og som aldrig tier?

Da bæver jeg ved hvad jeg ligger og tror, min Tanke drømmer afsted – afsted på de vilde Spor:

om Natten Kloderne møder Kloder, og kanskje suser en Stjærne ned til dig, vor Moder.

Jeg lytter til Suset fra Tinder og Dal

og kender min Sjæl klinge ind som en Stræng i den store Koral.

Saa dækker et Mulm mine Drømmes Stier, jeg falder i Søvn paa min Moseseng. Og alting tier.

II

Og Solen gaar op med sit gule Væld, og Fuglene hopper og Maurene gaar i det stille Fjæld.

Og Myggenes Sværme begynder at syd, og Lyngens og Blaaklokkens Hjærter slaar med skælvende Lyde.

Der frugtes og grødes en Sommernatt

naar Kloderne hvisker hinanden sit Savn og Stævne har sat

den tav GANG og en Spil ser tilbage de heder atferd af immediately Farg

Knut Hamsun

THE TENT

This is a reaction to “Hvad suser i natten” by Knut Hamsun.

It is a reaction to “Hvad suser i natten” by Knut Hamsun.

It is a protection from the weather made by a simple roof, slightly retaining the heat of your body warming up the air around you.
VÆR NYINGEN

Jeg går og pusler i Skogen og læser det Kvalde Krønik.
Dredesten er Dags Venner og Menneskelige hjørner parkereld.

Abenteurer går til Huls derne i træ og Smør trold peger naturer.

Med Hjernen drenerer skævheden og øjeblikken virer i Røv.

Omkring mig væuder fra Skogen er i et evindeligt hus.

Knut Hamsun

THE NEST

sand from the river Bøvra

acrylic

wood of alder

paper tape

The nest is a light space, a version of the rooms without corners. It has more self pronouncing materials. It lets light through.

The pattern of the shadows of the trees. It is another interpretation of the many poems dealing with the human in the woods, in finding peace and life and joy there, and spring, and autumn, sleeping and rest.

"Ved Nyingen"
It is an interpretation of the three authors relationship to women. The facade is the image of the clean woman, the ideal all worshipped. Tor Jonsson always from a distance. Aukrust saw his attraction and relationship with women as a part of a spiritual revelation, almost sanctifying his intense mental love for his wife’s sister. Knut Hamsun has a complicated relationship to women, searching the unattainable and praising the uncorrupted charm of not modernized women, mistrusting the emancipated ones. This is a short simplification. There exists own seminars held on the topic.

The poets are three men with a male gaze. The house for the woman is a temple. It is created from ideas rather than experience. Symbols. The inside is dark and mystical. Water is let into a dark pond in the middle by traditional water boys used in barn to water crops. The water is led from the foot of the glacier to the building and then let out into the fields below. The pond leads the water out into three strips of flower gardens in front, skirted by two fields of barley. All the water is led, drained by modern technologies, and channeled into the water system, so the land around the building and flower garden is barren. It is also dense covered with gravel. The brightest gravel from the area, mixed with a path of stones containing rocks, that could clean any possible pollution present in the ground.
The space of the female room, or the space of quiet. Space turns into mass. The air and water that can fill it, streams, liquids, hardened. The figure is in the size suitable to be held, to make it possible to feel the shape of space. And carry it with you, like the nomadic people of the north carry their art. Made for the hand, for the travel, for the touch. It rests side by side.
Det tar tid og tilfeldig
finnes sirkel og rett
egenskaper i å drikke deler.
Vem som helst kan ta med
Dagene blankt av for rand,
og det var som jeg tar disse,
kan man se over,
samme som at
pangler i visne drør en
det nokre og saman
som ikke dekterer av.

Det tar lotus og begref
det lange, det skrem kved
og sier no og sier gje
av og av meg men hold
mit innerste igi i tvehånd
å besjøft stilt om det sa
ikke kan grå.
dette der å
utvikle almenhet,
og brenningstinghvor,
egenskaper, terrenge.

Det kan meg deiligem bak
og heldenom stort ikke
megang begiven bak
igheng verder.
Blomsterkniterring
kamerergjør
nytt av de.
aslike til
og skattelse av byr i
og regeringsplanen
tanken stra av og saman.

Olav Aukrust
It is a bath, covered in bright green glazed tiles of the dimensions 100x200.

It filters sunlight in colours and the rays go true a light mist from the warm water.

THE HOUSE OF BATH
The division of space through walls, united through the fire in the middle. Dividing and joining at the same time, outside of the walls you can walk from one room to the next. One room you enter and one you exit, two face a glass facade to a garden, one of them containing a door into the garden. Four conditions follow.
Walking out on a boardwalk, from the sand into the turquoise water of melted glaciers. All the birds around you squawk. In the end the poles rise up to form a circle; there is a circular room, with wood cladding around. You enter straight ahead, leaving your clothes, going into the room with a door. You can arrive by boat from the other side.
The thickness of the glass, carrying the roof and coating barriers. Glass dividing space, always reflections of the outside in different directions. The local sand is melted into the massive glass. Sand or filtering of glacial minerals. There would be different colours and a certain opacity in the glass.

THE GLASS WALLS
The floor plan is carved out of a solid material. Over it is a lighter structure. The solid material has parts that are lower, to sit, and higher, to make a low wall. Its plan is dynamic, leading you through a path. The walls above can follow the floor or be set apart.

It is inspired by Walter Pichler, and Isak Sellarsen, none of them directly connected to poetry. It is also connected to the description of hard labor in poetry of Tor Jonsson and Olav Aukrust. It was simply a result of my love of carving wood, exploring the deeper layers, the lightness vs the roughness of the unpolished.
They are three exhibitions, Biographies. Interdependent and independent. Two share the entrance space, the other leads to, or is accessed from, another direction.
The bridge has two sides, it connects two territories. The figure is a standard metaphor for language, literature and art. Even for religion. It has two starting points, at one part of the bridge there is a meeting, where you are no longer here but already there, or in a place in the middle. Each starting point leads you to a dead end, and upward slope of the straight line, where you can sit, watch, rest, or you cross from the line you came to the line to go. From there you can continue.
Preliminary/intermediary studies of construction for Space 2

THE WOODEN ROOM ELEVATED
SITE CONDITIONS

LIGHT

The daylight varies in intensity, from over 100 000 lux in sun at noon in summer, to 5 lux with thick storm clouds and the sun at the horizon. With fewer, the site is in the shadow of surrounding mountains. Daylight in winter is 10 000 lux.

The maximum sun angles at the sight at noon:
- 22th of June: 51,6°
- 22th of March: 28,9°
- 22th of December: 4,9°

Direct sunlight periods:
- South: April – September
- East: March - October
- West: April - September
- North: mountains block all sun, though peaks in the south reflect down red light in summer nights.

CLIMATE

Precipitation:
- 300 mm a year

This equals the yearly precipitation in areas as the Sahel and the arid parts of the Caspian sea, countries like Iran, Mongolia and Nambia.

Max snow measured in a year: 40 mm

Most rain falls in the mountains and are lead into the valleys and the site by small streams and human built waterways.

Temperature:
- Annual average: 2°C
- Normal variation of averages: -15°C to 15°C
- Temperature in Lom 1929:
  - Average winter: -11°C
  - Average spring: 0,5°C
  - Average summer: 8,8°C
  - Average autumn: 2,0°C

Elevation:
- ~ 470 m

This makes the possibility of peak warm days during warmer being even higher than implied by the average. Summer days can be warm.

Wind:
- Normal: 0-4 m/s
- Main direction: east-west

Growing:
- The growing season is defined as mountainous, with less than 110 days of growing season a year, though the local, protected parts have better conditions.

Hordhightssone 6-8 (Norwegian robustness zone for plants)

Hazards:
- The river is prone to debacles from ice embacles and floods.
- In summer, cold air drop down from the glaciers in the high mountains, creating night frost. These nights are called "jarnnetter", or iron nights.

* Conditions are defined by me, and are an abstraction of actual conditions in middle Norway.

GENERAL

Population:
- 1 person per square kilometre (1/km²)

Most of the area is defined by national parks.

The local, protected parts have better conditions.

Nearby, there is a crossroad, where two roads passing over mountain passes to the west coast fjords meet a road following the river down the valleys until the Oslo area.

MUNICIPALITY

Of Lom with Waterways, Roads and Buildings

The whitest parts are the mountains.
Here we lay the national parks.
The lines gather in valleys.
There stay the roads and houses.

112 113
Every place has its own stories and layers of meaning. The local poets go into the story of Lom, and have with their view and writing of the place altered how we perceive the place of Lom. Tor Jonsson’s term “bygdedyret” has become a common imagination on village life in Norway. History has also done its work, and the Lom the three poets knew does no longer exist in the same form.

The site of the project is therefore fictional, in that it selectively incorporates what exists, and invents a new landscape from a combination of these fragments.

Sketch of how to construct the site, the place. Model photos in collage. All are based on the jamns. The idea of the different characterized buildings in a fictive landscape is already present and was pronounced through the creation of the collage.
SOTA

Det er ei sæter som heiter Sota,
og einsleg ligg ho i svarte audni.
Eg kom der veg-vill ein gong ved midnatt,
og myrke segner imot meg susa,
sev for vind uti straum rakte,
kragg og trollskog kraup og krakte
kryp og krek der til domedag.

Det var ei hildrande ungmøy-hulder
som sat budeigje på denne stulen.
Ho heldt med tvo, og det vart til våe,
ho fekk då nøgdi, til sist, av båe,
og dei fekk metta seg båe tvo.

Det hende noko der, langt attende.
Det small eit skot der ein gong ved midnatt.
I ormut otte låg ein og glødde,
han låg og lura, han låg og lødde
hin stupte då skotet small.

Han kom til Sota ved midnatts-leite
og kravde løni for velgjort arbeid.
Han stengde døri, ho sløkte ljoset
- det rauta tungt gjenom fenafjoset
tvo hjarto dunde i natti nifs.
Han som skaut, var han Kristen Fange,
men han som stupte, fekk ingen spurt meir.
Han jaga fram gjenom natti, fullvåk,
han lengta mot hennar heite famntak
i tjønni søkktest han ende ned.

Han fanst att sidan, i folkehugen
der flyt han upp or den svarte tjønni -
og fer til kyrkje med fagert fylgje,
frå høgste Lomsegg lát Fangjen hylje
sin munnharp’-slått over ferdi ned.

Då dryp det blod or den svarte kista,
og som ei saud-soks er harpa stor,
og det syg og syg som på djupe vatn
høyr, ned frå Lomseggi fossar slåtten
som nemnest Fangen den dag i dag.

Kva dei tvau tala den siste natti
hev ingen høyrt um og ingen spurt um.
Kva løn, kva fagnad -kva lagnad fekk han?
- Og munnharp’-spelar og tulling gjekk han
og ho sat aldri på Sota meir.

Eg kom dit myrkrædd ein gong ved midnatt,
og segni gufsa frå gamle tuftom,
og det vart ganske grått og da,
og det vart ganske dunkelt, og da
kragg og trollskog kraup og krakte
kryp og krek der til domedag.

Olas Aukrust

LANDSCAPE OF WORDS ON PAPER

words from poems of Jonsson, Aukrust,
Hamsun, describing landscape.
A way to explore and create a site based
on the poetry of the authors and my inner
image of a mountain landscape.
TYPOLOGY OF LANDSCAPE

elvelandskap • delta
sand • glacial river

high mountains • 2400 m.o.h. • Galdhøpiggen
hiking areas • 1200 m.o.h.
rythm in landscape: water • field • farm • forest • pasture • mountain

typology defined as existing around the site.
these and the following images are fragments chosen to define a place.

FLORA AND FAUNA

dobbeltbekkasin • great snipe • figuring in Anna Karenina by Tolstoj
dverglo • rare bird species
grouse • white bird
treskjegg • soft trees of spruce
dvergbjørk • birch creeper
lichen • bare mountain

bark
berries
stave church • 1170 – 1200
farm • steep terrain
peak • tall building

lit • ættegard • jergard (Garden • measured and drawn by Magnus Poulson in 1874)
old farm house • three storeys • measured by arch. student Carl Berner
form • entrance • light entrance

entrance
plank
brick • masonry • ventilation

NEIGHBOURS LOM AND MIDDLE NORWAY
Slate cladding
grass roof
Tourist road (ntv) stop • in between trees
ntv • view
ntv • mountain • Wold

Church of St. Eystein

120
Idea of many differing pavilions in a landscape of varying character.

Zoning of areas: pine wood and bare rock, birchwood, agricultural land, moraine, river, sandbanks, lake.

Pavilions in connection, as dualities - the prison cell and the sanatorium.

First sketch of three different routes to visit the buildings, to create three distinct, specific stories in the same place.

A CENTRE OF POETRY
PROGRAM OF THE CENTRE

Space for meeting with poetry
- spaces to read, sit, recite, write, cross, gather, work, share, move, be
- routes to and between the spaces for reading, facilitating the telling of varied stories

The architecture of spaces and routes facilitate the exploration of the work and life of the poets.

Requirements
- To read on paper one needs a comfortable place to sit, and enough light to be able to read.
- Recommended working light at a desk is >500 lux luminance
- The surrounding area should be ~300 lux (Better light for reading)
- At 60 a person needs 5 times as much light to see clearly compared to a person at 20.

For comfort, shelter and warmth is needed.

Architecture for words
- for concepts without people as language without people as language without use dies

(An introduction to the architecture of the spaces)

THE CENTRE
AN INTRODUCTION

READ THE BUILDINGS

I have defined the spaces as having characters, defined by certain adjectives of conditions of the body of the buildings. The paths focus on the allegories telling the story of the authors, in addition many of the buildings can also be read as allegories, not only from the outside. It is not vital to know these allegories to appreciate the architecture or read the buildings characters. Though, as some people appreciate the widthness of symbolic and allegoric meaning to be read out of an ancient church, perhaps also people visiting this site and these spaces might want to be able to read very direct references to the specific poet they are interested in, throughout. Therefore, there is a connection to all of the three poets.

I find it interesting that the story can be very different and still work. That the atmosphere of the space will change after which story is told. I think it would be great to develop these allegories even further with scholars on the poets and fictional writers, to have a manuscript ready for the visitor. Three different manuscripts actually. Creating very different experiences of the spaces. As in the landscape, described on the next page.

My point is that the stories could be different. That the physical material lets itself reflect into a variety of symbols and allegories. That they all make sense, that the poetry road there will also be changing the site. That is all interpersonal, not objective. Language. That the physical is still somewhat more tangible, direct, unmediated. The openness of architecture. It is exciting to work and play with the meanings.
The routes are a scenario
At the reception you received a map. It has lines that show you the location of the buildings and routes to walk. The different paths are called after one of the three poets. The Knut Hammarway building is a path on a site in a highly frequented area, with adjustments made to cross barriers. The Olav Aukrust path is a boardwalk, or ramp, adjusted to wheelchair, walking aids, and for people not on foot. Aukrust was very young suffers serious illness, and did not have a good health later in life. On this route you will be lightly tiptoe over the bud ground, allowing to see some of the highlights, though not experience the routes and parts that make you feel your body and it’s resistance to challenges. If you are interested in Tor Jonsson life, you will be guided to harder routes that is not adapted to the humans one. It goes around the important parts, on the outskirts, often leading in strange directions ere arriving. The combination of scenery and responsibility would not let Jonsson on an easy straight road.

The paths of the differing poets will lead you to the buildings in varying succession, according to the story to be told about the author. The line on road, biography and interpretation written by an expert, and the poets themselves, varies and is selected to the different paths. Though walking on varying ground, reading varying, poet adapted texts, and walking the spaces in different succession, at heart four distinct stories can be told in the same place.

**Landscape**
The ramp creates a slowly sloping landscape throughout all the other landscapes. It is from a firm, non-slippery ground to find stable steps.

**Construction**
The ramp is constructed by two low rails of steel. They are elevated 50 cm above the ground where the landscape does not demand higher elevation and a more bridge like construction. On the low parts there is a handrail on one side. It has a smooth wooden surface for the hand, being held up by thin steel rods, connected to the rails and squared every meter, open enough.

If the ramp reaches a height of 50 cm above ground there is a railing on both sides, and closed between. Every ten meters there is a small seat on the side of the railing, for a short rest. It is an easy height and low, the high is 70 cm above the top surface, tilted, 30 cm wide, to lean against, the lower is 50 cm above the rail and 40 cm wide, as it is too make it possible to kinds of rest. In between the steel profiles of the rail are rectangular elements, of varying material. Where there is grass and other vegetation growing, this elements can grow underneath and up in between, creating a minimised visual distinction between the ramp and the surrounding. In the forest the elements are made of wood, also blending in easier. The wooden boards are dimensioned and formed to create enough friction to be walkable when there is frost. Other adaptations are possible.

**Program**
A place to walk, or roll, in the landscape between the spaces and, if wished, learn about the work and life of Olav Aukrust.

There are resting places and turning spaces along the way.

**Reflections**
To me, it does not make sense to make a place for poetry that is not accessible to the ones of reduced health. Poetry deals with fundamental aspects of life. It can give meaning or comfort when all other means seems to evaporate into unimportance. When dealing with death or immortality or great changes, sorrow, where put out of the everyday, inanition, for many, poetry does give something, comfort, meaning, resonance. It’s special logic, a search for grasping the complexity, not holding the meaning, makes it relatable even when such things as politics and science and the great tales of society seem like little other than a new lasting chatter. Not being relevant in the everyday struggle. Poetry often has a short form. It makes it easier to take in than in a complex novel, or even an intriguing intelligent conversation. Where synergy and concentration is low, the brain is reduced by physical or mental strain, one only has about two minutes of clear open mind. Four lines of poetry can give more than a novel that one could not finish, as one all too quickly falls back into sleep or exhaustion. In this state one still can have a need for something more uplifting than the very present around.

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**The Knut Hamsun Walkway**
Knut Hamsun was a writer that has lived in Trondheim. He found his inspiration for his work in the city, and the surrounding area. He used the city as a place to think and write, and the surrounding area as a place to find inspiration.

Knut Hamsun lived in Trondheim for most of his life. He was a writer, and his work is known all over the world. He was a part of the Norwegian literary movement, and he is known for his novels and short stories.

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Knut Hamsun lived in Trondheim for most of his life. He was a writer, and his work is known all over the world. He was a part of the Norwegian literary movement, and he is known for his novels and short stories.
The Olav Aukrust path therefore is attempted to make it accessible. It has a hard-surfaced all the way, and slighty spaced resting spots. It is important that one, even with reduced capacity, can have a chance of walking on ones own legs. The ramp also is functional for a wheelchair. Still, it is important to remember that there are many categories of wheelchair users. Some have to use it always. Others use it only occasionally and prefer a car in railing as long as the distances are not to wast. Often, the surroundings decide how much one is in need of aid. Places as airports are examples where the distances are so vast between resting spots and the tempo is so quick, many elderly or sick will be driven around in a wheelchair. The Olav Aukrust path therefore is attempted to make it accessible. It has a hard-surfaced all the way, and slighty spaced resting spots. It is important that one, even with reduced capacity, can have a chance of walking on ones own legs. The ramp also is functional for a wheelchair. Still, it is important to remember that there are many categories of wheelchair users. Some have to use it always. Others use it only occasionally and prefer a car in railing as long as the distances are not to wast. Often, the surroundings decide how much one is in need of aid. Places as airports are examples where the distances are so vast between resting spots and the tempo is so quick, many elderly or sick will be driven around in a wheelchair. The Olav Aukrust path therefore is attempted to make it accessible. It has a hard-surfaced all the way, and slighty spaced resting spots. It is important that one, even with reduced capacity, can have a chance of walking on ones own legs. The ramp also is functional for a wheelchair.

The Jonsson path is one of persistence and not at all facilitated. As his life, not taking help from anyone above, fighting his own battle for justice, seeing the unflattering side of the village society. The path is one strictine, not going in many directions or offering many opportunities. The path should be walkable, as many not so well used paths in the mountain are walkable. It can have points seemingly to hard to cross.

Reflections

As people are different, our struggles are different. To be challenged in one physical mobility, ones way of overcoming hurdles and ones way of seeing the world is of importance to some. It is also important to understand and literature at large does. It changes your perspective and lets you glimpse the world in the same way for everyone. There are things you do not see from your common perspective, as, if you happen to see the world from another side, sometimes you will find someone describing the thing you knew but never found the words to describe or never have anyone else say before.
THE ACTORS
CHARACTERS OF THE SPACES

overview, exposed openness
loneliness, despair
gatheredness, nature, heath, survival
solitude, clearness
luscious abundance
serenity
meeting, crossing
comfort and delight

number of users:
1: 1 recite alone, 1-10 sit
2: 1-6 sit, 1-10 stand
3: 5
4: 1-10 sit, 1-20 stand
5: 1 inside shed, 1 inside water space, 6 sitting, 8 working
6: 1 write in solitude, 5 doing yoga
7: 2
8: 2 (it can take bigger loads as well)
9: 6

square metres:
1: 19
2: 30
3: 21
4: 130
5: 18 + 5
6: 22
7: 8
8: 10
9: 48

Sound
1: open air, reverberation
2: metallic sound
3: muffled, cuddly
4: soft
5: water timber, open air, wood
6: soft, clear
7: taking in all the sounds of the stream and
the birds in the trees
8: open, the soaring river
9: timber, water

Construction
1: in situ concrete
2: prefabricated timber frames,
stiffened by in situ concrete columns
3: stone and timber
4: timber and textile
5: white concrete, timber
6: timber, glass
7: timber
8: steel, concrete
9: brick, glass

activation of body functions
1: view
2: darkness, height
3: heat
4: balance, light
5: smells, sounds, activity
6: sight, movement
7: balance, trust
8: trust, movement
9: warmth and humidity

The person is alone in her body. The body is
constructed and risen by hard longitudinal
matter held together by soft muscle tension
It is a construction in physical matter
It is my experience to live

THE BODY
THE HOME OF
FEELINGS AND
EXPERIENCE

I am experience

THE SPACES AND
PLACES

LIST OF NAMES
1-9

1 The recitation point | heritage
2 The dark space | loneliness
3 The fire house | protection
4 The spaces of all poems | silence
5 The field, the water priestess and the shed
6 The space for writing in the lake | loneliness
7 The cottage in the wood
8 The bridge
9 The delights of culture
The site: 9 places. They are connected, though there is a gap in between them. Each place is its own world, its own character. In between is silence, the white area of the page.

Rhythm
The overall rhythm of the routes goes like this: walking in landscape – taking in landscape, weather, smells, cold, flora and fauna. Indoor space: concentration. Either a closeness, contrasting the free air, or framing and enhancement of the outside.
Landscape
The place is located on a hilltop, with a good overview of the surroundings. There is little high vegetation around.

Program
A place to recite poetry. If alone, at a midpoint, the sound will be reverberate to enhance the speakers voice. If many, people can sit in the circle, being sheltered from the wind. It might also simply be a sheltered resting point, as on a hike, without anyone taking the focus of attention.

Construction
First some steel is connected to the ground by drilling in the rock surface and casting. It anchors the construction steel and concrete poured afterwards. The inside circle is in polished concrete. The inside of the cylinder, the wall, is cast against a steel sheet, preformed into a perfect circle. The floor area is later polished to be extremely smooth and compact, not leaving any gaps and for plants to take root. It is also treated with to be repellent. The concrete is of high outdoor quality. The outside of the cylinder is cast against rough wooden planks of the cheapest material, easily adapting to the ground. It leaves better growing conditions for moss.

The nature will adapt to the concrete in different way, hopefully leaving the perfect circle intact.
A considered solution with drainage pipes leading water out all across the perimeter of the circle seemed to by an effort taken in consideration the condition of almost no rainfall. Even though it would probably enhance the visual association to the artillery bunkers.

Stories to be added:
Olav Aukrust : The perfect circle is inspired by his idea of the aesthetic and beautiful. He saw beauty in the intellect, in the perfect abstract form, the pronounced form, and the un-beautiful was all that was incomplete, as a malformed face and and the unpronounced.
Knut Hamsun : The outer walls roughness and building material reflect the building typography of the second world war occupation; the bunker, more specifically, the artillery bunker, circular constructions along the Norwegian coast. The Norwegian public discussion seem to never finish to discuss the war and nazi and Hamsuns naziism, so I do not stop from it being a possible interpretation here as well. Though, in this circle, all that is exiting into the landscape is the human voice.
Tor Jonsson : The bunker that shoots out nothing other than words. His pacifism, and belief in the word, as the poem opening the book, «Ordet». What does it help, when the word loses against the starvation and sword? He still uplifts the word as a wonder.
VONDE TIDER, ANGSTTIDER
Vonde tider, angsttider, knuser vårt ville angstmot
til vi vågar leva, leva
redde til vår inste rot
Angesttid med angestheltar,
la oss røme bort ifrå
dette motet som vil knuse
jorda som vi lever på!

Tor Jonsson
Landscape
Pine and spruce forest. There is little sun and little vegetation on the ground.

Program
To stand | to walk around | to sit | to read
It is a dark space, and there are small lamps hanging from the roof over small desks on which to put the paper or book to read. It is also a space to simply be in, experiencing vertigo or gathering the thoughts in the darkness.

Construction
There is a hollow column standing on steel feet on the ground, is divided in four parts, sometime more, sometimes rather gathered. It splits into four diagonal beams holding a wooden frame of square format. The top beams of the frame connect tightly and function as partially as bands that keep the diagonal beams from receiving too much momental forces. The diagonal beams are also held together by a steel plate, about midway, with a square opening in the middle to let through the light. This steel connects the diagonal beams to each other.

From the horizontal frame beams, at the corner, there are connected pillars hanging down, holding up the floor frame. The floor frame has a whole in the middle through which rises the column. The drainage are small pipes, of extruded aluminium profile at the same time being the frame of windows in the middle of the column. Described later. The roof is insulated and thick, though exposing most of the beam structure, and letting down light in the middle.

The corners of the hanging frame are glassed, letting in light. The glass is mounted on the outside, the light frame is not visible, being behind the massive wooden pine pillars. The width of the opening is given by dimensions in the columns and diagonal beam structure, and by the dimension of the horizontal upper beams.

The model photos and the constructional drawings on the next pages try to explain the construction further. The exclusion and letting in of light is important.

The whole structure is stiffened by a concrete column of a closed profile holding up the walkway/bridge leading into the room. The walkway is a truss, stiffly attached to the wooden boxes floor and the concrete column, taking the torsion forces.

Material
floor: dark wood
wall: dark steel
ceiling: dark wood
construction: cross laminated solid timber of pine
outer cladding: wood shingles

Material
floor: dark wood
wall: dark steel
ceiling: dark wood
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outer cladding: wood shingles

Stories to be told
It is the space for all the hard feelings, all the darkness.

tor Jonsson
His poetry is full of darkness, so was his life. He committed suicide. Much of his poetry has a hard, harsh tone. There is a power in them.

Olav Aukrust
He was confronted with death from early on. He also divided the world into good forces and destructive, dark forces. Also his poetry vibrates with the dark, the dangerous, and the rough.

Knut Hamsun
Hamsun writes on the conflicted mind bordering to insanity. All the nuanced states of mind. His poetry is perhaps somewhat less complex, though he has a human about death and the meaningless, that can let this space ring quite different from that of the others. In addition, he is still remembered for his naziism, and there is a great discussion on how to handle his legacy. The writer, the work, is praised and censured, though always with an additional clause of not praising the person and his late political views. I can't give this discussion justice in a few lines, though I'm sure a scholar on Hamsun would be able to make a story of such tension, to make this building vibrate even more than what lies in the physical structure.

The darkness is what gives power to the poetry. Its what makes it beautiful, readable, important. It is important.

It can feel like the chore. The feeling of darkness at the chore can be extremely lonely. Finding it expressed by someone else, as in poetry, gives comfort. Goes space. This is fundamental part of humanness. Human beings have more negative primal emotions that positive. So say psychologists as Paul Ekman who classify human basic emotions. The negative emotions save from dangers.
Material

Pine, steel, glass.

Pine is used in the pine forest. There is an uncanny darkness in pine. Also, the echo of tradition, nationalism and heaviness. It is perfect for the three authors. For the pathway, claddings and the tall dark space. Perhaps there could also have been a pine room of nationalism. Sticky and yellow and dark. The inside of the dark space is clad in steel sheets, roughly cut by an angle grinder. The pine is the constructive core, the main elements, the floor, the roof and the outside cladding. The well-known smell, cottage, homes of grandparents, old things, the stave churches and log buildings. A hole in the middle of the familiar.

In the poem “Norsk kjærleikssong”, (“Norwegian love song”) Tor Jonsson describes the pine-family (spruce) as himself, the masculine, and the birch as the bride, the feminine, and together they are Norwegian nature.

Eg er grana, mørk og stur.
Du er bjørka. Du er brur
under fager himmel.
Båe er vi norsk natur.
Tor Jonsson

MODEL BUILDING

The model is made in scale 1:20. It was conceived in the workshop. Starting with an idea of a space with a hole in the middle. A dark space around an open area, lifted up. The floor grid was made. A frame was experimented. Light came in through the corners. There came the idea of the inward sinking roof. The roof would need a frame to hold it. The box would need to be lift from the ground. The roof was cut out on cardboard. There was a rest. An insight appeared the idea of putting the structure in the middle. It had to be tested.

How to make a column and not fill in the void? I wanted to figure it out in the workshop. With the hands and machines. Not the computer. The result was the columns of four and eight parts.
Steel transition from column to beam, with light in between. The steel is bolted to the triple cross-laminated and glued timber column and beam. The tensions flow through the middle beam, the steel functioning as the ligaments, holding the parts together.

The split in the four-part column has insulated glass coming down to 480 mm below the wooden floor level. There it meets horizontal glass panes of insulated safety glass in a transparent silicone joint. Outside the column stretches a frame for bigger glass panes, creating an open glass floor, exposing the height and the column’s further extension into the void. There is a plate covering the gap between the glass and the column, with insulation underneath. The column is partially hidden at this point, and the light creates a cross. The spiraling of the floorplanks of the room and the glass stimulate a movement, drawing you to the glass, the vertigo. The seductive power of the darkness, of death. The allusion to a swastika is intentional. In this way the space more directly finds a starting point in the three poets.
SÅNGEN I SKOGEN

Der vokted en Sang i den Skog i Skoge,
skrive små av sangen igjen i en skinn.
Og Ellers flottet den Sanger i Krone
og Kalkkatet Stergrav midt i hans Felle.

Det flog en en anonym Rain in Skige
af Emotioner med hans Strøm sprang,
og Drama fort fra Malmen droge;
men ikke de enkle, en hersent Sang.

Det var en egen skoge av En Seige
for at den fikk av標Verden var.
Og Bronnen ble en i Handsen jeg
og kallet akse i den Provins.

Dineske lagte sangen av Engelske
med Hjemme to skrive. Den Sang var small
for at den ble en i hands One.
Men engen i Skogene –
det ble inn i Skogen inn i Land.

Knut Hamsun

SÅSTIG I MEG EINSEMD

Så stig da i meg, einsemd,
sarm mitt jordlivs siste skanse
og øyd min tåringsdrøm om lykke her.

Du avgrunnssvimre jord,
ver du ei onnor verd,
gjev all din løyndom
i denne gjennomlyste morgonstund,
in denne timen føre dødsens store dag
når einsemdrøyer ropar meg attende
til atterføiding or ein annan grunn.

No stormar all einsemd mot segsame.
Men livet skal og dekkas og lekse
og likegg og dekkas her.
Men livet skal og dekkas her.

Tor Jonsson
**3 THE FIRE HOUSE**

**PROTECTION | GATHEREDNESS | NATURE, HEATH, SURVIVAL**

**3 Fire house**

**Landscape**
A rather barren landscape devoid of shelter.
The inhospitable mountain and nature unwelcoming to human beings. Low vegetation.

**Program**
A warm and smoke filled room, with a circular bench to sit around the fire. An archetypal architectural form, present in many cultures, especially nomadic tents. Here stories can be told, poems recited by heart.

**Construction**
A foundational wall of green olivine stone sourced from nearby. It is green when new. A wooden roof with a hole in the middle functioning as the smoke exit and only source of light. It is clad in copper, a bright metal, visible from afar. As time goes on, the olivine will oxidate into reddish stone due to the iron content, and the copper will oxidate into green. The shelter of the building will let some other vegetation grow around.

Stories to be added:
Olav Aukrust: A traditional way of living- a dark living room with a central fire heating and smoke filling the top of the room. The gathering of people around the fire also bears a similarity to the painting Haugenprinsen by Adolph Tiedeman depicting Hans Nilsen Hauge reciting a text in front of the illiterate audience. A reference to the lay Christianity that would educate and inform people, having similarities to the Grundtvigian idea of education that was present at the farm of Aukrust’s mother in the mid 19th century and until around the time he was born. So writes Mahle.

Knut Hamsun: Man sustaining himself. The traditionalist way of living.

Tor Jonsson: I leave it up to Kolloen or others.
WATERCOLOUR
COLOUR
CHANGES WITH
TIME

HAUGIANERNE
BY ADOLPH
TIEDEMANN
1846
Arrival

It is a building at the border between the agricultural field and the light behind wood. Along the path strengthened with gravel grow clover. Some are collected from the wood over the Stusslegstugu, the home there grows clover. Some are collected from all over the world and from all ages. That enters the building at the border between the program. It is a building at the border between the arrival, have more than three leaves. Of Tor Jonsson. Unusually many of them are for the inner space to become visible. In a comfortable, light space. It can still be interpreted according to each and everyone that enters. It tries to follow my idea of architecture, to allow human life to unfold, without taking the focus and guiding the interpretation to much. Of, guiding the interpretation into the light, the positive, the space of creation, of beauty.

4 THE SPACE OF SOLITUDE

SOLITUDE, CLEARNESS

Landscape

A wood of birch, ash, cherry, linden trees, and beech. A grass field cultivated on the other side. A grass field cultivated on the other side.

Program

A space to enter and sit is comfortable softness and warmth in a space without corners. There are bookshelves, a library of poetry. The three poets have a shelf each, exhibiting and gathering important work. The other shelves are for a variety of poetry from all over the world and from all ages. One can take a book of poetry, go into the expanse, take of ones shoes, and enter into the textile corner-less space.

Construction

A laminated wood frame on holds up the floor of a textile membrane room. From the frame there extrudes a walkway in timber to enter the textile space hanging from wires, the strongest cables attached to the floor ellipse. No wires downward, the floor goes in slightly when walked on, asa trampoline. One enters and exits the building over a bridge following the same construction principles as the Olav Aukrust ramp. The transition into the building is right at the entrance. From these one walks around the cocoon, the laminated timber frame is the walkway, before entering the textile over a bridge. The roof is made of a grid of double timber beams. The spacing in between the double beams is defined by the cables and wires extending towards the open space surrounding the textile, the pillars hold the wires that hold the textile room. The main forces go into the frame, through the cables. The forces to stretch out the shape of the wall are mixed in comparison and are stretched by wires to the pillars. The grid of the wooden construction is defined by the cables and wires extending out in an even manner, every 10° place and every 5° vertical. The whole construction is lifted up and stabilized by solid laminated wooden angular columns. The frame is connected to them, making them work together. They meet the ground on steel feet, with the steel entering the wood. The solitude you go from a space filled with construction and impressions, very material and structured, into a less describable space. It does not have any corners or sharp forms to focus on. It is empty. The contrast enhances the emptiness.

As you step unto the floor, you notice the fabric slightly giving in. It is not too bouncy, though you discover it comfortably soft to sit down on. Warming is coming up through the textile. There are no sharp shadows in here, there is daylight spread in all directions, coming through the fabric from all directions. You sense you own muscles, how you hold yourself. What you bring with you is what there is. You. Testy you carry with you.

The light makes reading very pleasurable, as there is no glare or too bright light. At evening the lights are low and washing the looks of the fabric, enhancing the intensity of light.

In the space enter you, your text, and others. You walk on the same textile membrane, sensing such movements

Reflections

Poetry is always an interpretation. What you carry with you will fill it. And you can read the other. The space inside you can be empty, lonely, peace, peaceful, harmony of absence. Light or blocked view. This space tries to create a background for the inner space to become visible. In a comfortable, light space. It can still be interpreted according to each and everyone that enters. It tries to follow my idea of architecture, to allow human life to unfold, without taking the focus and guiding the interpretation to much. Of, guiding the interpretation into the light, the positive, the space of creation, of beauty.

This is the space I imagine myself immersing into the world of books and text without interpreting in it’s context of the landscape. It opens up for even other poetry than the one of Hamsun, Aukrust and Jonsson. The center thereby has a counterweight to the very site specific, author-specific interpreting spaces.
Enhanced seams where the fabric is stretched out to form the space. I imagine these to be strips of light on the back of the seams, lighting up the space in the evening and night.
PLAN 1:50

Entrance is from the north. Bridge leading to the textile space is on the south side.
The cornerless space, a space without clear spatial references. The photo is seen into the narrower end, a deeper space of white.

INTERIOR VIEWMODEL 1:50

Photocollage of me moving my hands just at the edge of the visual field, where my hands seem to disappear. Eyes focusing straight. Eyes wide open.

There are two eyes next to each other horizontally. The field of vision consists of two circles partially overlapping. It is close to the shape of the ellipse. One takes in much more horizontally around one’s axis than above, in the sky, or below, on the firm ground. That seems logically.

A space does not have to be as tall as it is wide to be tall and wide. Height has a denser scale.

Eyelids narrow even more of the above and below, flattening the field of vision.
Double beamed roof grid structure. The grid is interconnected, working as one. It is held up by the angled columns. It, with the angled columns, holds up the laminated wood frame of the roof.
To avoid too harsh shadows forming on the surface of the membrane room, the glazed roof has frosting on the panes towards the south and east and west according to the sun angle and movement. The angle of the panes is 54° hinder the sun to enter the north facing panes during the midday glare. The soft rays of dawn and dusk may enter freely.

The model was made to test out a construction and materialize to be able to discuss it with a structural engineer. The principle of angled columns stabilizing and holding up a grid structure from which the rest hangs.

After consultation the construction of space 4 changed. There was added the perimeter frame of CLT massive wood stretching out the floor of the textile room as tight as a trampoline, holding up the inner cocoon. The columns system was simplified into an inner system.
5 THE FIELD, THE WATER PRIESTESS AND THE SHED LUSCIOUS ABUNDANCE

WORD: Landscape

Barren land, rather dusty, covered in gravel around. All the water is channelized into the water tank in the house of water. From there it runs out to water the field of barley and the three middle lines of flowers.

Program

The house of water is to be viewed and entered standing. Inside is no space to sit down. The field is to be worked. The house for tools is to be used for the working of the field. Around it are seats, to sit alone and read or take notes. The seats alternate with table height planks, to do work with flowers, pot and tools, or for notes and letter writing.

Construction

The ground is altered to steer the water from the surrounding area and via water boards into the irrigation system centred in the house of water. The house of water is made of white light concrete, with bright sand from the glacial riverbed below used as fill. It is in the shape of a perfect white cube standing on a darker grey pedestal, blending in with the granite/glimmer gravel around. The house for tools is made of timber. The walls are constructed of wooden vertical panes, connected by planks and a horizontal 2x2 structure. The panes are also connected by and holding up horizontal panes that serve as seating and table, arranged interchangeably. The roof is a cone. The entrance panes are parallel, not meeting the central axis, and stiffening the structure from tension.

Stories to be added:
From the paths, the allegory/symbolism:

The house of water: fertility, the woman,
The house of tools: farming life, the traditional way of sustaining life in between the harsh mountains, man cultivating nature. The field: the life source. The flowers: the added beauty, taking care of needs other than the basic.

Tor Jonsson: His path does not enter neither the house of water nor the workshop. He was teased for his soft hands growing up, as his father lost all right to land and he therefore did not work the fields as his classmates. His nearsightedness would also stop him from later taking work as a day labourer on farms. His romantic relationships to women where of a distant kind, most strongly expressed in his many poems of love. He would praise the clean white woman of his dreams, putting all his hope of salvation into finding love, it appears to me, from reading his verse. His life would also end after one dramatic romantic relationship. He seemed to be living better with longing and hope than a definite experience that led to disappointment and rejection.

Knut Hamsun: He could move freely both in the realm of women and hard work on the field. He found himself, as a young writer, to be frustrated that his strong hands that could crush a man, could not help him be published. He later managed both, writing and having a farm. Though he let his wife, the mother of most of his children, take care of the farm. He turned from describing the unattainable desired woman to fronting a view that a woman’s fulfillment in life lies in motherhood. In his verse this is not so pronounced though.

Olav Aukrust: He was the heir of a farm, though, due to ill health, could not work on the fields. Women on the other hand he would have close relationships to. So close, he would spell both his sister in law and another to the status of a divine muse. His knife he attribute a less important role for the creation of his verse, and they would have two blissful periods in their marriage. He has some very blossoming poetry both on the power of nature, the folk life and the power of the seductive “hulder”. His poetry is often so rich and praising of nature around and a lust for words and rhyme and rhythm.
Love
To be in love
To be in a space of love
To fall in love
To fall in space

The feeling of spring
The feeling of belonging
LAD SPILLE MED VAAR OVER JORDEN

Jeg ved ikke hvordan
mit Hjærte er fat,
der holder mig vaagen
den langsomme Nat.
Snart banker min Puls
som en Hund der gør,
snart ligger den stille,
det er som den dør.
Jeg hejser Gardinet:
det blaaner af Dag,
Is hænger fra Rænden
på Badstuen Tag.
Jeg luster i Marken:
og lytter mig til
e et sært og skævende
Fornemt Spil.

Det rummer sin guld af Munden
og Drene sagte til Flintes Fis:
alt Tanke og projekt med Bouz
som Banduet og Forlivet.
De Sjæle nevnte stærke og blide,
Engelsk begyndte sit Song.

Det fremmer de ind Fjæger
og ægget en smuk Sjælens hjem,
men ejeren ved Vestens Grenne
en Vifte af skæve fløde fra
Selvet, Selvet, Grund hæntede Ole,
lyder på Flis og Blode.

Hvis vi en Tid vender videre
Alt hvad som fandt Røde gre
alt hvad vi emne nette
og alt hvad Fjære slår,
Langs Elle drog der Morænderne
der holdt i spej og Kampen.

Av. Vassenden kommer til Dalen
Nevnemmer han Fis, den ægte Fisken,
og bloger over Vestens Højre
og skæve og de ægte Otto.
Med høves og Bouzeren røder en Sønes
ved Byen og tag og alt.

Lad spille med Vaar over Jorden
Og ind i denne Naturens Musik
der rummer og sidder Herre,
en Tak for der Vaar spejl.
Den hønes som Flora og Venus ved Galyt
og Op til neden af Ynde.

Knut Hamsun
Stoma er skum med vegge-slag.
I nordatilglaset står det ein blome i ein sprokken vase. 
Ei vekkjarklukke mæler æva – 
Eg høyrer einkvan i stova sukke.
I glaset står blomen forutan rot. 
Ho tråklar ei bot.
Ryggen er krøkt og bringa trong. 
Han kalla ho blome ein gong.

Sting etter sting – 
Ingenting – 
Så rettar ho rygg.
Da vert ho stygg. 
Harde beinberre kantar.
Kva er det som vantar? 

VIBRACEL

Den ring jeg har paa min Finger jug ikke jeg gladelig, som
en ring av Stora Flickan som
ett ring av Ringesvind.
Hun viste den meg, hun natt
og skatte den min.
jeg la den i Stora Frida ringen, og
jeg la den til Vinje frem.

Jeg la den av Nattens vinder
paa det isende Spillet,
og saa kortaen snakket med Budden
men ingen gav han Ringen av.
Hun gav meg ringet av Garen,
et la meg av i Een.
Snekke feminine Livet.

Men etter en beliebig vinter
natt fikk Hun meg da,
og fotografen og den
også ringen av.

Men jeg vil la meg av
natt fikk Hun meg da,
og fotografen og den
også ringen av.

Knut Hamsun

TORSO
Sunndag.
Sentraværen med vegge-slag.
Inne er natt.
Stova er skum med vegge-slag.
Ei vekkjarklukke mæler æva – 
Eg høyrer einkvan i stova sukke.
I glaset står blomen forutan rot. 
Ho tråklar ei bot.
Ryggen er krøkt og bringa trong. 
Han kalla ho blome ein gong.

Så rettar ho rygg.
Da vert ho stygg. 
Harde beinberre kantar.
Kva er det som vantar?

Tor Jonsson
6 THE SPACE FOR WRITING SERENITY

Landscape
A sandy shore of a lake, close to where the river from the north meets the glacial water near the mountain range. This is calm on this shore, with not many strong winds, and there is vegetation at the shore. Birds thrive very well here, nesting close to shore and eating in the shallow waters.

Program
A house on stilts in the middle of the lake. A place to relax from all the noise around. Only one long entrance of a boardwalk leads in and out. A kayak or boat can also anchor to the walkway and enter it by a stair from the water. Inside there is an open room with views in all directions except the walkway where one entered. The room is empty upon arrival. In the entrance area you can hang your clothes. There are chairs, feet for a table and a plate for a table stored. You could also sit down on the bench when tying up your shoes. One can sit alone here and write. One can gather to read poetry or simply to be in the surrounding, viewing the lake, the morning fog and the surrounding mountains. One can do yoga or eurythmics.

Construction
Timber posts are hammered deep down into the sand. They create a foundation for the structure, as traditional wooden piers. On top there is a simple, plank walkway, and a circular room with an elongated entrance. The indoor space is also created of timber, walls mainly being insulated glass or insulated wooden surfaces.

Olav Aukrust: Olav Aukrust was very inspired by theosophy and anthroposophy movement of his time and the ideas of Rudolf Steiner. The eurythmics play an interesting part in this. It is a system of movements, to express words or music. It has its own alphabet, and it is own system to show the different tones in music, and it is in major or minor. It is a way to connect the intellect with the body. It is a physical manifestation of music and speech, usually in the form of poetry. A physical manifestation of poetry, through body gestures.

Tor Jonsson: Tor grew up hearing many stories of people jumping into the river or lake, as they did not handle life any more. He became obsessed with the idea of suicide as a thirteen year old, imagining that his father has taken his own life in stead of dying in a work accident when handling dynamite. The lake and river got a special role of finding peace in his poetry.

Knut Hamsun: The lonesome writer. Hamsun would retreat to solitude in rural places when he needed to write. He would especially need to get away from his family and young children. He would also thrive in the city, though often would leave to rent a room to stay and write. Alone, on the countryside, in small, well served establishments.

Form words
focus outwards | open | visual transparency | sound transparency | translucens | filtering | closeness to outside

Emotional atmospheres
nature | spring | summer | outside world | outside humans | outwards

References
Turist road project | old mills
Materials
wood | glass
Scale
closeness to outside
EFTER FESTEN

Jeg hørte kun Nirvana spille;
Alverden sover, Dagen gryr.
Et sæt hørte min børne og sig, så
nu løfter vinden stov og grus og stille.

Det var ikke dedikationen... Jeg hørte kun for en mand, at
om næsten to hundrede timer og
nu gør stille vinden stort og stille.

Den anden døde af Victor,
hvem var det for, der Pige snas?
Men var det synde, at de
Låg han saig i gevinst og folker?
Jeg hørte kun Nirvana spille;
Alverden sover, Dagen gryr.
Jeg stikker brødien dig "jeg
nu løfter vinden stov og stille.

Knut Hamsun

She uses diffrent from orginal
Landscape
Birch wood, with a small stream running down from the mountains.
The wood is quite dense. It is a slope. There are many small birds nesting here.

Program
The building has four entrances, two from one side, two from the other. A bench divides the room longitudinally, so one entrance connects to one exit. The bench spans between the end walls. In the middle the bench has a backrest in an angle. The bench is wider here. The backrest stretches all the way to the east entrance. The backrest has a small table to be flipped out, to put a mug or a notebook. The bench is covered in reindeer fur. There are reindeer in the national parks of renheimen and jotunheimen, bordering to the site. There are woollen blankets as well. When sitting on the part that has a backrest, one is not seen from the other side. Two people standing see each other, two people sitting do not. The two sides can sit together on the bench without backrest.

Construction
The house is built of log and timber. The floor planks are spaced, so that you can see and hear the stream. The log walls are also spaced, to filter the light of outside, though not letting in too much air or too much view. The roof covers it all. It is a small hidden space.

Stories to be added
All three of them have a strong connection to the life in between the trees. They also, all three, have a stories on being alone and being together. Reading their poetry, it is not difficult to find many to be read here.
FAGERHAUG

Der bjørkeskogen svagar
så lauvsvilla skimrar,
der sol på sumardagar
skin bjart så blomen svimrar,
der engespretta gnikar
sin solefallsslått,
der tusen blad og bekar
angar så godt –
der dagen stig or natta som gjeta or laug,
der kjenner eg meg attar.
Det heiter Fagerhaug.

OG

Og huset det er grått, sa’n,
av solsteik og elde,
men himlen skin så blått, sa’n,
med solbrann i ei kjelde.

Hegg og hageprimmel
står nattfødd og ny
med dåm av helg og himmel,
soldag og sky –
og skuggen stig og solelden rømer til fjells.

GRAVSTED

Nei! Herregud! Lad mig ikke forgaa
i Seng med Tæpper og Lagener paa
og med Næser tilstede.

Lad mig rammes; en Dag naar jeg intet ved
og falde omkuld i Skogen et Sted
hvor ingen vil komme og lede.

Jeg kender vel skogen, jeg er dens Søn,
den vill ikke angre mennesker
men vil ikke giftes med en Herre.

Jeg vil holde en Fest, jeg vil holde en Fest
og med de Næs og Klør
og med Tænder en del at bestille.

Ekornen lægger sit Hode paaskraa
og ser fra sin Kvist med de Øjne smaa,
saa blir der et rigeligt Maal til hver,
og enda saa sidder den mætte Hær
og piller det gode Taffel.

Da ribber tilslut en Ørn mit Skelet,
han blir paa Stedet til alt er ædt,
saa trækker han ind sin Gaffel.

Da faar jeg min sidste Ovation,
for Uglen i egen høje Person
vil tude som bare Pokker.

Resten af hele mit jordiske Støv
er dækket ved Gry i en Grav av Løv
naar sluttet er Nattens Gammen.

Farvel, mine Venner! Jeg mætted Jær bra!
Men alt dette Løv, hvor kommer det fra?
Jo! Vinden har fejet det sammen.

Knut Hamsun
8 THE BRIDGE
MEETING, CROSSING

Landscape
A river with rock walls on the side. Turquoise glacial waters. A strong stream. Rocks sticking up. One part being shallower and calmer than the others.

Program
A bridge to cross the stream. Also, resting area in the middle, to be on the bridge, to read, look, cross. The bridge is not one, it is two sides meeting. The middle axis is shared, the walkway is not. On a common bridge you walk from one side to the other. At one point you are closer to one side and at another to the other. The territories stretch and blend into one ever the transition is finished. On this bridge the transition has to be done consciously. You do not see the bridge reaching the other shore before you have crossed over to the middle and cross to the parallel walkway. The two sides meet in parallel, not merging, only touching.

Stories to be told:
The allegory of communication, and if we ever can share a common world. We can touch, though never really merge. There will always be a distinction. It is also the task of the poet. To search to cross over the bridge. To reach the other shore. Triumphant to the poets own image of their role.
Tor Jonsson: sending out white birds into the night sky and hearing birds fly in from distant shores.
Olav Aukrust: The poet as the visionary, fighting between the extreme inner powers of light and darkness.
Knut Hamsun: The poetry as something lasting and yet not. Though, better than other meaningless ways of living or ending ones life.
MODEL STRUCTURE TEST
Landscape

Shore of the lake, where the glacial stream enters. A green plane of herbs and flowers.

Program

A hamam, or bath house. A place where the human body can comfortably rest and be overwhelmed by colour, damp warm air and good smells. There is a small pool in the middle, and individual spaces on the side. It is a place to come out of one self, through human made enjoyment. It is a place to read poetry, though the oldest original prints will not survive the damp, so an adapted form has to be made. It is a place to be comfortable in ones own body at rest, as nature. One can run out and dip in the lake if one wishes.

Construction

The foundations are created in a dug out hole in the ground, and a brick structure is made in top, creating a massive ground and low walls. Over 700 mm above the floor the construction changes to a lighter one. The massive walls become pillars, with coloured glass in between. In between the different boots there is also coloured glass, and the doors to the boots are opaque light panes for the coloured shadows to fall on. The space can be open to one side or the other.

Stories to be told:

Olav Aukrust: He would delight in feasts and cultural gatherings. His poetry from time to time also flows over with excitement over the existing. The space could be read as a cathedral in the landscape, a place to worship the divine present. Light and colour in their more traditional religious reading of glass windows, or in the reading of Steiner his focus on the colour theory of Goethe.

Knut Hamsun: It could be read as his enjoyment of the city life, where he would buy good food, use more than he had and love to give extravagant gifts, such as filling the table of the barmaid with flowers in the middle of the night.

Knut Jonsson: His path does not enter. On his path one can swim in the lake. The world inside is constructed not real. The real is the greyness outside.

Emotional atmospheres:

movement | extravaganza | superfluous | dionysian wildness | extacy | entertainment | to get away from oneself | sensuous | dream

References

pop art | Matthew Barney | Saga - folklore | focus for the senses

Materials

stone – marble, alabaster, “kleberstein” | colour – glazing of tiles or bricks | water

Scale

rooms in a sequence – interconnected – not able to see the whole in one glance | something small, intimate, agains a big, light space

Form words

Overflod – superfluous | variation | dynamic | open-closed | focus inward | light in a contrast to darkness | comfort | warmth

PL 1:200

9 THE DELIGHTS OF CULTURE

COMFORT AND DELIGHT
Collage of the idea of green and blue tiled floor following a principle of excavation in mass. Above this, bright coloured glass.
Collage of the idea of colored light entering into the room of the pool.

Bygg je tårn
Grava gråstein
UTOR VEITOM.
Bera lyftarstein
opp mot høgste leitom-
Lyfte draumen
opp or einsemddjup.
Bera draumen
bort frå stygge stup.
Vera ein.
Bera stein.
Stein er søkkt
djupt i dy.
Bera - Bygg je høgt-
Bygg je tårn mot sky.
Bera stein.
Gjera draumen stor.
Bygg je tårn,
bru frå jord-
Bygg je høgt
over li og lein-
Bera denne draumen-
Bera stein.

Jonsson

Collage  of the idea of cououred light
Herring into the room of the pool.
REFLECTIONS AND CONCLUSIONS
This work would not have come about if it was not a simultaneous exploration of both architecture and poetry. If I had defined one or the other in a strict form in advance, if I had set clear limitations and definitions to how operationalise poetry, I would probably not have found the searching and exploration as interesting. I don’t want to see the architectural research as distinct from a wider exploration of the world, not simply as a way of thinking on a limited given part of the world, without at the same time giving space to question and explore a more wider topic of life. It has not been a smooth process.

As I got to know the poetry of the three authors I saw that it was different than expected.

As I got to know the poetry of the three authors I realised that it did not resonate in me directly.

As I got to know the poetry of the three authors I realised I could not do as planned. It was stressful.

As I got to know the poetry of the three authors I realised the poetry was a work of “others” in a real sense. Men of the early 20th century do not leave so much space for identification for me, a woman living around 100 years after.

As I got to know the poetry of the three authors I realised all readers would be different, and the imagined space of the poet centre is not for me, but for them. I still have to give something, though it is the poetry and life story of the authors, or more importantly, the meaning these can have to the visitor, that is the central. I only should provide frames, cues and points of anchorage to, if wished, let the poetry be seen in an open angle.

As I got to explore the architectural ideas and responses I realised it would become a complex work.

As I got to explore the architectural ideas and responses I realised that the words play an important role in it, even if it should always be able to work without the explanation.

As I got to explore the architectural ideas and responses I realised the book was the structure needed to include it all.

EVALUATION OF THE METHOD

MODERNITY AND TIME

The poetry of Hamsun, Aukrust and Jonsson share one common ground; they are all written in rhyming verse, in a time when modernity was making its entry. Sigurd Obstfelder had already published his famous poems, that had a different form, not following the strict rules of rhyme and tact.

They still have a contemporary, important for the time, and still read. Buildings can be like that as well.

ON MODERNITY AND TRADITION

The period of the end of the 19th century and the start of the 20th where a time of nation building in Norway. Aukrust played one important role in this, and Jonsson was his critic. Hamsun was a world traveler in comparison, rootless, the modern man, though criticizing the same. He still had the praise of nature that would become so important in the self-understanding of Norwegians, and in his prose, he praised what has been called a colonization of the northern territories of Norway. The agricultural developments, privatising former grazing grounds of sami people. The non-industrial self-sustaining farm, the self-made farmer.

ON NORWEGIANNESS

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To do a work, architecture, inspired by literature, something similar to a translation to form, of a famous high quality work of giants as Knut Hamsun, is a difficult task. Almost impossible.

I myself get a feeling of sour-bitter gelatine topped by a lump of cotton in the mouth most times I see a piece of art or architecture, and someone says "this is Pan turned into form" or "this is my interpretation of this book". Or, the mentioned Centre for Knut Hamsun by Steven Holl. I sometimes find it very interesting as well, but only if the work stands by itself, is good in its own field, and does not start to say anything important at the starting point.

The work can be great. The text can be great. To mix them still feels like haram, it is not kosher.

The poems live in books that can be read anywhere. Luckily, the work can live on its own, if it is strong. The poems live in books that can be read anywhere.

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WHAT THE SPACE OF IMAGINATION MEANS TO ME – AND THE RELEVANCE OF POET CENTRES

What I learned from feminism, black rights activists, fight for gay and transgender rights and postcolonial efforts, powerful forces in today’s society, is the importance of taking control of one own story. It is also important on an individual level and part of psychological therapy.

The concept of a third space is important. It is the space outside of the dictionary, the non-binary. It is not public or private, as clearly defined. Often laws apply to it, and that way other ways of living are possible, and possible to imagine. It is the hope for an alternative to status quo.

As an adolescent freeing herself from her parents by going into direct opposition, inversion is just another way of appropriating the system of the parents. Of the majority or the state, of hegemonic world view. The process of writing one own story has to start with the own experience. In the mentioned context, also, the personal is political: identity is powerful. I find it fascinating that there are similarities in the national identity creation of Norway post-Danmark in the 19th century and start of the 20th century, as is written on about the history of speech and many of the questions central to both. It was the time of Olav Aukrust and Knut Hamsun) and the questions central to both Tor Jonsson, on the history of nynorsk and many of the post-Danmark in the 19th century and start of the 20th century.

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The programme is restricted, to facilitate the work with architecture as structure and tactics in relation to the meeting with poverty.

It is poetry that is important. It gives rise to my interpretation and creation.

I want to experiment and explore. To make use of the freedom of the diploma and search for a new way to explore the poetic centre.

On the choices left out:

In a built project, the programme would have to take a stance to the actual community, the municipal economy, and all sorts of factors. The whole of society and science and politics. Another language – the world of scientific, definable language, or the realm of persuasion.

As a centre for poetry needs visitors, it would be a great pace to enhance an urban amenities, to make a social meetingpoint and add all the additional programme and openness that would allow it to use and justify society investments in it. It could be a generator. It could be an operation to the system, a new common, another way of living, or it could be another great commodity fitting perfectly into the way we live today. It could be the perfect programme for Lom of the design.

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There is a dilemma trying to create a good programme without the polemical knowledge of the wide field of science, such as sociology, and without the toolkit needed to actually understand the social needs to be addressed in a given project. There are at least three options one has to approach it – or perhaps as many as there are projects.

In this context I would categorise them as follows;

1: The Urbanist

One could make the research to explore today’s society and look for the new, relevant topics as the main part of the project itself. Study other fields more in depth, draw on other person’s fields knowledge and engage. A poet centre in Lom would be an urbanistic approach to the norwegian countryside, something often left side in the discussions centering so much on the city as the place of the future. To me this would be extremely exiting. Though, to take it seriously, not much time would be left in the diploma semester to explore the design and relation of the architecture and poetry. Probably the poetry would get a minor role in a much greater programme. The language would also be a scientific one. 2: The Modern Architect

One could pretend to understand and give a plausible story, based on known tropes and assumptions, or trends or analysis translated directly from, perhaps, a US Hegacy to a norwegian small town. Something like a house of culture. The one could design the new trend into a green place. Something like a standard architectural trend. This could work in all directions, though some professional architectural approach might deceive the one.

It would show that I care for “the world out there”, and still give time to focus on the core.

On the choices left out:

The third option is to set up a very limited programme, reducing the world out there to factors important to one story, the language one wants to use. A reduced, divided world. And, in my case, focus on the knowledge that is the real specialty of architects: being able to give form to the surroundings of humans. Paper projects can never contain what one thinks is the scope of the field, though the detailing and conscious creation of the limits is important.

Every project in the school context, though also in the real life, is a story and an interpretation. Therefore one can choose the format, and the language is important. The scientific, sociological language one is forced in, gives certain premises of the surroundings of humans. Paper projects have to contain what one thinks is the scope of the field, though the detailing and conscious creation of the limits is important.

I choose to investigate poetry. It’s usual form is on paper.

My project is on paper.
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more information and important resources on the authors can also be found on the current webpages (fall 2017/spring2018):

allkunne.no
aasentunet.no
torjonsson.no
hamsunsenteret.no

Andréi Nobbi
album «Evig er ordet»
album «Mørkevand»

Finn-Carson – «Å dikte (Ei dagbok for mitt hjarte) X
Kendrick Lamar –« Poetic justice»

Fredrik Høyer & various musician in podcast "Diktarplagar - lydboksingler"

Images:
Hammershøi, Interiør Strandgade https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:1901_Hammershoi_Interiuer_Strandgade_30_anagoria.JPG
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https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:View_of_the_Lake_and_the_Island_from_the_Lawn_at_Kew_MET_DP105028.jpg

LISTENING LIST

Andrej Nobbi
album «Poetic justice»
album «Mørkevand»

Finn-Carson – «Å dikte (Ei dagbok for mitt hjarte) X
Kendrick Lamar – « Poetic justice»

Fredrik Høyer & various musician in podcast "Diktarplagar - lydboksingler"

Diktarplagar
Album «Dagbok er salthun among those, a selection»

«Hamsun» (Ei dagbok for mitt hjarte, Samlaget 1957) (TS)
«Ved Fattigdomsglaset» (Berg ved blått vatn, Samlaget 1946) (TS)
«Skalden – IV (Himmelvarden, Gyldendal 1916)» (OA)
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«Glimt» (album «på gjengrodde stier») (KH)

Kjetil Bjørnstad, Ole Paus
album «Hamsun»

Olav O. Aukrust m.fl.
Album «Fjell-Norig Til Olav Aukrust sitt hundreårsminne 1983»

Tor Jonsson Orkester
album «Lys»

Photo of my own bible
All other photos are taken the author herself