

A PLACE FOR POETRY

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PRE-DIPLOMA THESIS

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, so this 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 respond 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.

We always add explanations, create a story. It works with the matter, though it can be rewritten without changing what is physically there.

I want to explore this interplay. Preferably, a building should be just as good without the explanation. Though in a diploma project there will not be a physical result, so what is represented and how? This is 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.

DIPLOMA THESIS

INTRODUCTION PROJECT SYNOPSIS

What I do – the proposal

Below I describe my work. There are three main parts: reflections in text, reflections in architecture, a proposal for an architecture of a poet centre.

The programme has from the start been the poet centre. Places to meet poetry and the story of the three poets. The process has spurred many attempts and ideas. The reflective text is one result. What I call “jams” is another. They are described below and have own chapters. 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 texts and the jams. It is described below and in presented in it’s own chapter.

TEXT EXPLORATION

In the reflective texts I elaborate on themes worked on. How to use words? What can words convey? What can architecture say and not? What aspects do I find important when building a poet centre? I claim there is not one answer to the poet centre, and that openness of interpretation is vital. The authors should not be cemented. At the same time, I also take a stance in favour of a reading and reacting to the poetry, to keep it alive, and as an inspiration to an independent work that stands on its own grounds. 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”

ARCHITECTURAL JAMS A METHOD

The “jamming” has been the initial method of development. I define the jam as an intuitive, spontaneous reaction to a given condition, be it the tone or words of someone else, or the audience and ambience. Someone does something, you respond. It is most commonly known from music. 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.

The jamming is a process. It is a way of thinking. In form, in response to text. The jams react to these conditions:
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 visiting the “homes” 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 COLLECTION A POET CENTRE

Poets often develop their work and publish them into collections of poetry. These are edited and selected works, and demand a coherence, not only the singular poem or selected works. 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 search and research. It is gathered in the chapter “The Collection – the poet centre”. Below it is described in 8 points

1 The programme
A poet centre, for the telling and other act of conveying the story of the 3 poets, their poetry, and poetry in general. It consists of 9 spaces, in 9 places, connected by three different paths. It is described below. The spaces are all for reading. In addition, some 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 poetry
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 use of allegory, metaphors, animation, rhythm, simila 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 understand according to chapters in the book of Atle Kittangs “Lyriske Strukturer”. I have snacked at it. It was not present in the jams. It is explored in the collection. Poetic categories are connected with the architectural project in the following way:

The project | expansion lyric Site | the primal elements (3)
Circulation | the symbol, allegory and symbol creating repetition (4)
Spacial character | archetypal, psychology, or emotions, also motive vs theme (5)
Construction | semantic, metric and poetic rhythm (6, 7)
Details | animation and personification (8)

3 The place/site
The poet centre consist of a site defined as 9 places. Each has one constructed space, described in point 5. The site/places are 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 60 x 60 meters. The places are programmed as interconnected. One can walk from one to the other, though 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 create continuation in the reading.

What can I transfer from Lom? From the village in the end of the 19th to middle of the 20th century, the place the authors lived, and into my created sites? This has been a central question in the definition of the place. As mentioned, poems and a visit to Lom have given the foundation. Some buildings and traditions in Lom today have been so lasting that they seem permanent: the stave church and the log houses. The geology is the same, the topography also. Today the use of 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 correspond to the real place, and are based on readings of the place, of the traditions and of the authors lives. They are defined in the start of the chapter. The “middle of Norway” is defined as both the middle of the southern ellipse, geographically the highest point, the source of streams, and as the centre of “Norwegianess”, the heart in the creation of a national identity.

4 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. A way of 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 Aukrust path
Olav Aukrust was the heir of a comparably well of farm with long traditions, having a natural high place in society, being able to move freely. Though in young age he suffered a severe illness, experiencing other youth around him in the hospital die. He gained a lust for life, though living under reduced health the rest of his own short life. He could not become a farmer and chose the role of the visionary poet of the village and the nation.

Architectural response: The route is an elevated walkway, suitable for people with reduced health and movability.

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 Tor 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, though 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

5 The spaces
The spaces are the constructions, or buildings, I add to the landscape. They are based on the poetic categories of atmospheres and archetypes. They have varying characters. They also react to their outer appearance as allegories.

The 9 spaces are the following
1 a recitation point
2 a dark space
3 a house of fire
4 a light space of softness
5 a field and spaces for water and tools
6 a space for visual impressions in the lake
7 a space for olfactory and auditive impressions in the woods

8 a bridge, a meeting of two sides
9 a space of pleasant togetherness

The programme is defined further in the chapter. All are made for the reader.

6 Costruction
The constructed spaces adapt to the places and conditions. They have their origin in the jams, though are developed to the site, the set climate, and requirements.

7 Materials
The materials are adapted to site. Pine is used in the pine wood, timber of leaf felling trees in the leaf felling wood. Birch in the birch wood. Sand is imagined integrated in the glass, local stones in the masonry and as addition to the concrete. This system of belonging of elements, or similarity, is strived for as far as possible in the imagined built centre. It was also searched for in the model-building process.

8 Detailing
The detailing is formed to enhance the spacial character. Its poetic parallel is the principle of animation/personification in poetry. The body and its inner workings, the feelings, are a common reference.

THE BOOK

KEYS TO THE READING

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 it's own page)

My own poem in ultra light

TEXT BY OTHER PEOPLE

information and comments in lower text boxes

MAIN HEADLINES

SECONDARY HEADLINES

6 The reflective text is a part of the working process. It is 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 idea sets and preconceptions on the topics. The premises to understand the interpretation is found in the textual bulks, on the understanding of poetry, language, place, Lom, history and time, norwegianness 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 arriving buildings tries to interpret Tor Jonsson's, Knut Hamsun's and Olav Aukrust's relation to the world as expressed in their poetry.

The site, is fictional and constructed by me, following the laws of physics and geology and climate of middle-Norway.

The spaces for poetry have certain varying characters, relating to atmospheres or the not so easily captured.

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.

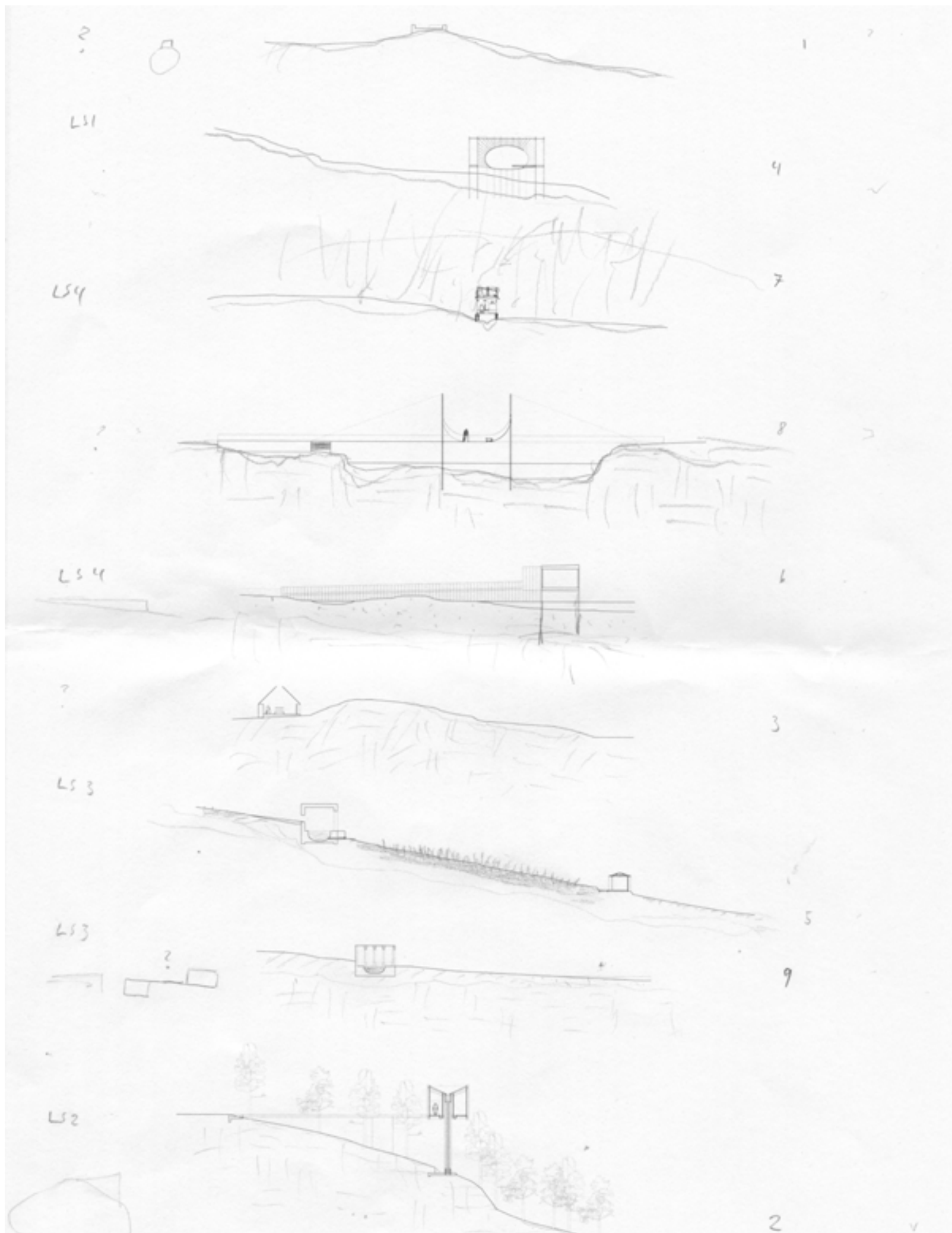
10 The conclusion of the project, by ending in the more universal character world, in ascribing it many interpretations, or stories, or meanings, can be seen as a critique of the architectural project trying to limit itself to a single meaning. It does not have to make "sense" in the rational way.

11 The project is also an attempt to work with creation 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 is to make the thesis understandable, to facilitate communication. To me it breaks with some of the logic of poetry, though to make a work obscure is no point .

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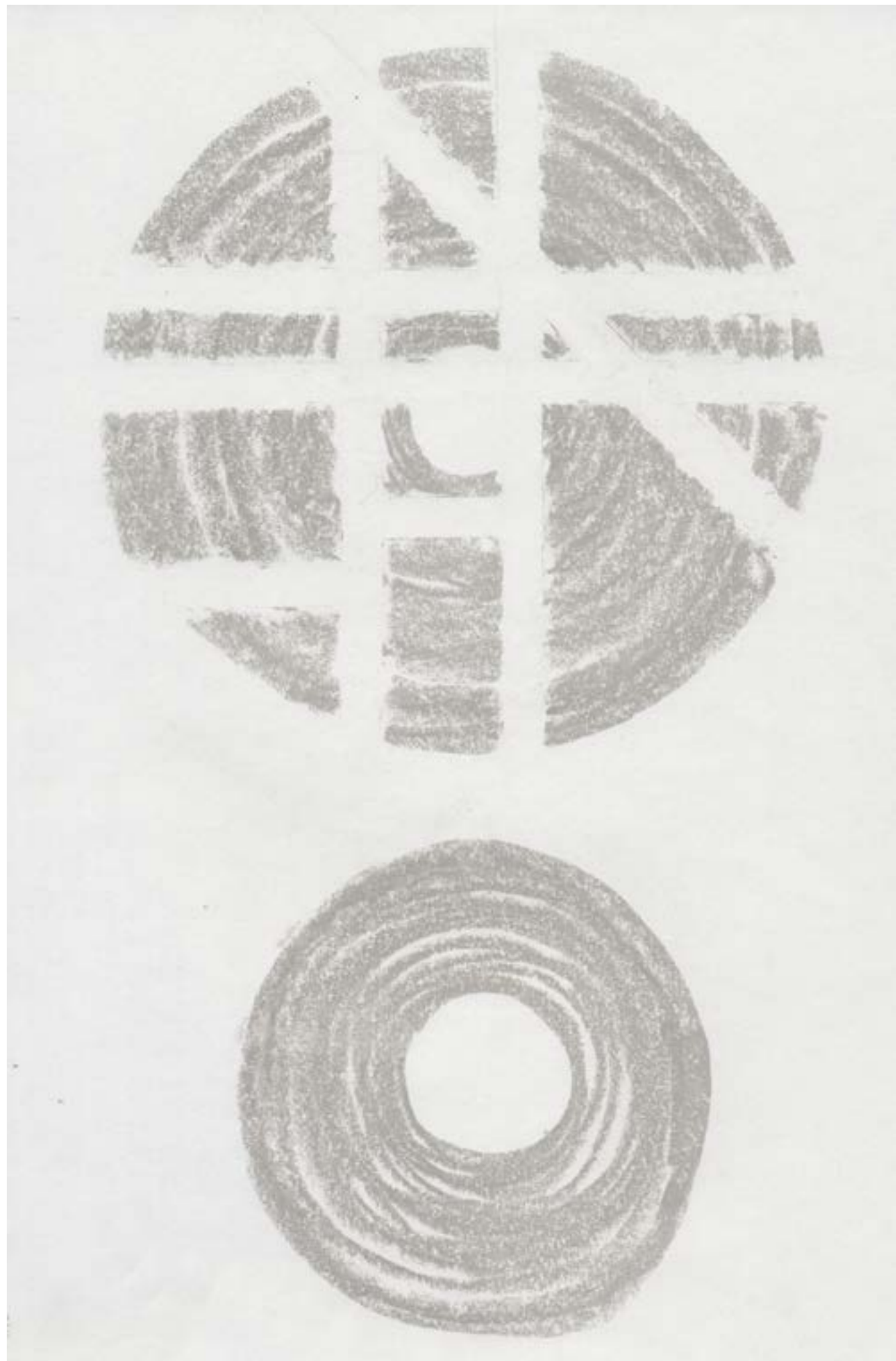


ON PROCESS

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 "didactical architecture", to use two categories of Mari Lending. She used it to describe the Steineset 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 in a emotional way.

It is the problem of attempting to catch experience. One will always be confronted with it.



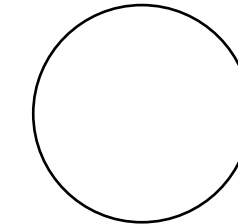
REFLECTIONS ON LANGUAGE

MANIFESTO

ON LANGUAGE ON BEING

How should words catch it? kan manage
to let go as the feeling in the body when talking
I like to be tired let go to
because then as Fredrik Høyer slams about, in the beautiful one
when Grønlandsutra and he smiles
I am am and seems to be ok
really tired in myself even though it is you [me!] he is talking
not extremely notice warmth to
just as right after sleep notice light
the inner monologue pauses for a while am disconnected and then walk over to the sink
I do not try as hard and completely in the world forgetting to put on the kettle
to grip in the words because
to achieve in the body the knees are almost unable to do their
reach out in the physical job
to understand I can be hold up the body
win in it everything is joy
spin nothing can stress or
further nothing take up space in the mind that feeling
on all in the brain not do anything else nothing can stress
in the conciousness not trying nothing take up space in the mind
in the inner world of words to make it do anything white
meaningful light
I only am it is as the intoxication everything is solely the light shining in
almost with alcohol or nikotin the water splashing
am calm or around in patterns
standstill the image of the fine one, that appears on the roof
I stop caring I close eyes plants
[no, this is the spin!] soil that is soft

and cold and grained
concrete that is
rough the form of the sink
edges rectangular and rounded in the
becomes beautiful an eruption of joy
or simply clear maybe?
the circle in the bottom toughes How should words catch it?
delightful form! Words catch
Circle It wants freedom
Life can not be caught
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
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
the seeds in the soil have become small
green
points
shoots
this
not thought
simply taken in



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

The words put everything into systems
have power
divide the indivisible
it can be useful
but
is not true

bye that reason

Architecture is physical
is for bodies
for bodies that trie 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 neighter

end up in the brain?

It?

The phenomena
the nomena
as I percieve it
sense it
this something
as it is revealed to us
me

the only thing to care about?

Image and writing
Depiction
not the thing in itself

the manifesto:
to create something
almost
wordless
react
without already given forms
without already given interpretation
frame

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

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

all meaning has left the image
only the beautiful is left

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 spor vi
i modlause stunder.
Men hugse det bør vi:
Eit ord er eit under.

Dei gloymest dei gjæve,
og alt det dei gjorde.
Men livet er æve,
Og evig er Ordet.

Tor 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.

Judtih Balso 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

outthrownness

It is easy to loose ones way in language
It is easy to loose ones way 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
also rhythms and systems
those are tangible

is the literal, the meanings in language,
then only there
in the architecture
to calm our social, active minds?
a rather unnecessary
addition?
are the phenomena really outside
language?
architecture?

LANGUAGE THAT IS ABSTRACT VS LANGUAGE THAT EVOKES SENSATION

To walk on gravel
A walk on the beach

vs

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)

ON TRUTH IN WORDS

Truth might lie in the words or not.
I found interesting statements from the poets. In the poem "Vår Røynd" Tor Jonsson writes

«Vår røynd 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-sidedness nor objectivity. Truthfulness is exactly the non-self-serving subjectivity.» It is from the preface of his early work «Fra det Moderne Amerikas Åndsliv»

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.

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

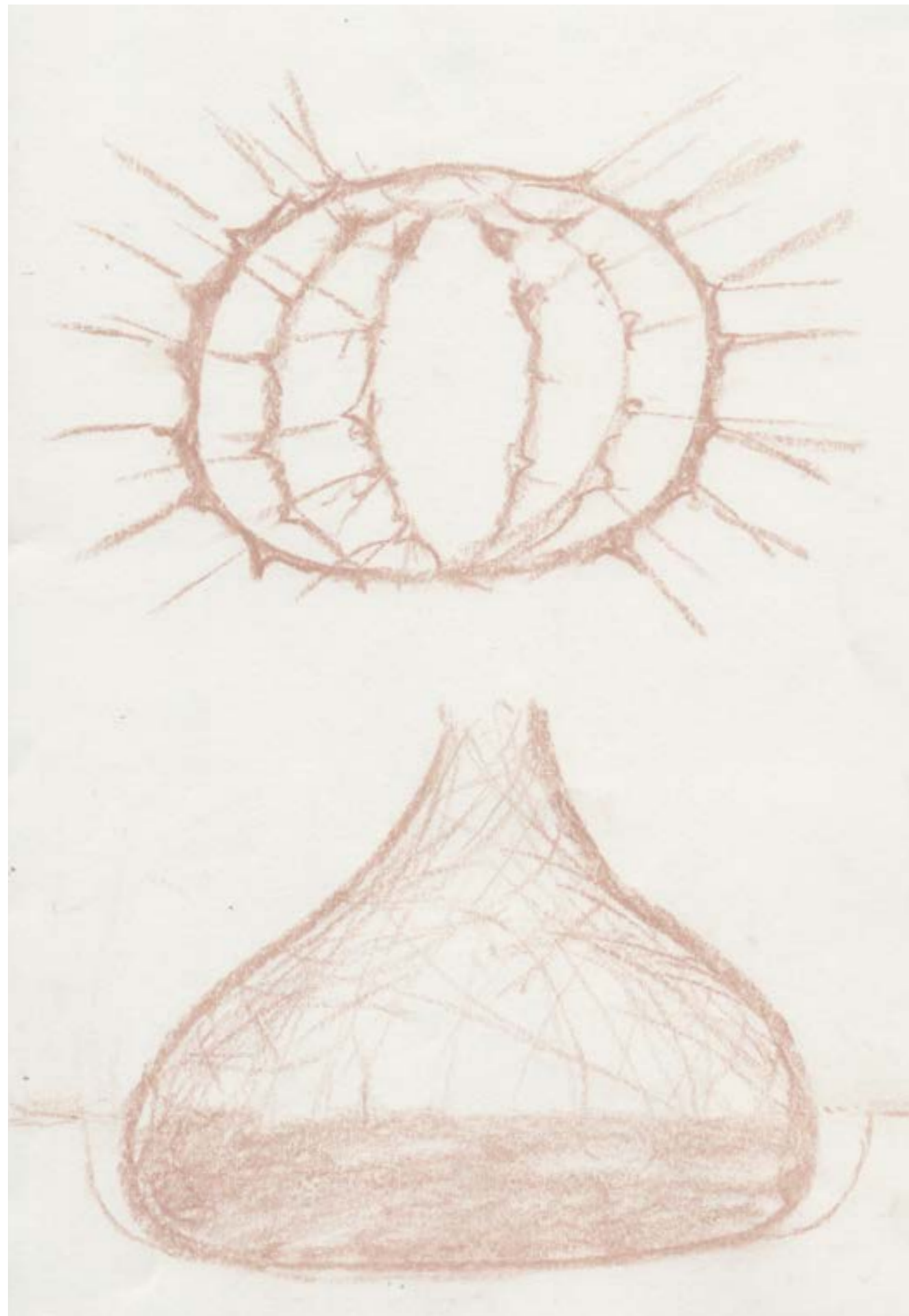
My thoughts are the sum of my inner image of the world. It is consisting of all I have taken in of language, tutoring, TV, internet, books. I like my world of thought, I search truth in it. I like that what I have taken in often has a solid status, is ascribed value in society and can help me live a 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.



BODY AND WORLD EMBODIED KNOWLEDGE

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 instead
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

reading in norwegian, commenting
in english
in prose
in small notes

reading, 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 relation
translation
relation

For Olav Aukrust and Tor Jonsson, the landsmål/nynorsk (country-language/new-norwegian) was of most importance. Their poems would not have been the same in riksmål or bokmål.

Knut Hamsun on the other hand actually translated many of his own poems. He turned from dansih spelling to following the norms of the «riksmål» (that later became the now called «bokmål» («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 «Det Vilde Kor» 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 else, 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.

REFLECTIONS ON POETRY

ARCHITECTURE AS CREATION OF A FICTION

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 "prosalyrikk", (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 condensed
language
in lines
not sectioned in sentences
there is so much space between the words

It is a fundamentally creative act with
language

LANGUAGE DEAL WITH SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION ARCHITECTURE DEALS WITH ANALOGUE REPRESENTATION

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

ON VOICE

John Berger, in his book Confabulations,
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.

Most famous might be Kurt Schwitters
sound-poem "Ursonate". The letters and
words are meaningless, though fascinating
to listen to, and it is a poem of the german
language.

I liked to listen to Jorge Luis Borges read
out his poems, long before I was able to
understand the words. Pablo Neruda as
well. They both have a similar intensity
and rhythm, the way to read poetry in the
Spanish language perhaps. I prefer Borges.
The strangeness of the Argentinean y.

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 hen has not drowned
already in convention

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

I have listened to poems of Knut Hamsun,
Olav Aukrust and Tor Jonsson being sung to
music. I noticed that especially one poem
by Tor Jonsson had been interpreted by
many, and that the differing interpretations
made the atmosphere of the poem change
completely. «Ei dagbok for mitt hjarte» is
not the same if sung quietly to a guitar, or
poured 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 one self at
the present. And to have an unmediated
dialogue with the text. The mediated one is
refreshing 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.

METHOD ON CREATION

ON WORDS AND THE CREATION OF ARCHITECTURE

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 redrawing 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.

The best have tried and later refuted themselves.

Poetry can catch beauty, experience of the inner or the outer life, of nature, of existence, of the individual, or the sacral, the godly system and eternity if so is acknowledged by society.

I think the multiplicity of possible meanings is result of the honesty.

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 be 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 book, or, text on paper. Or, text on a blank background on a screen. It can in all these conditions be easily avoided, put in a shelf, and only confronted by a willing audience.

Architecture on the other hand is on a grander scale, and the finished project is an alteration of the physical environment. It is thereby collective, a part of many different persons lives. It can't 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. Focus on the happiness, the bright, light feelings, love, care. As the art work of Agnes Martin. She would draw a line, and the bad feelings would stay below it. She was searching for the good, and the true.

In a house, a dwelling, if the strong emotions of a person decide the design, and reflect it, and recreate the echo of the

emotion, it will perhaps be a bothersome place to be in for the same person in another mood, or some years later – the person might not even be considered the same person in the different instances. Not to mention the possibility of other people living there, a family member, an adolescent child, or the house being sold. How do they find a home there. Or work there.

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 «Hva er Arkitektur», 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 the 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.

PLACE, SPACE AND TIME

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 some hundred years since the reformist 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 hold 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, preferable understandable in your own language. A present personal god, (though it took some more hundred years in Lom, or Norway, ere 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.

This fascinates me.

Most architecture does not last as long as a medieval church, though, it's 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



Tor Jonsson
Poet and journalist
Born in Lom, 14th of may 1916
Death by suicide, in Oslo, 14st of january
1951

Themes from his life-story:

Class struggle: The father was a day-laborer 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 were born. The family had to move when Tor was eight. The new "Stusslegstugu" 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, draum og røyndom. Livslyst og dødslengt prega både dikt og liv." - 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 biographer by Ingar Sletten Kolloen and the article of Eivind Myklebust on alkunne.no

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Siste stikk (enakter) 1951

Post Mortem:

Prosa i samling (prosa, redigert av og etterord av Helge Skaranger) 1960

Diktning (dikt og prosa) 1963

Og evig er Ordet (lyrikk i utvalg v/Reidar Djupedal) 1970

Kvite fuglar (lyrikk i utvalg v/Otto Hageberg) 1978

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

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

OLAV AUKRUST



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 folk art as the purest form of art
Young, he experienced severe illness, that would haunt him like a breath.

Nature and the religious were 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 were combined.

The mystic
Aukrust is said to have been one of Europe's great mystic poets. He had a great interest in theosophy and antroposophy 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 Sørbø compares it to Mikhail Bakhtin's carnivalism.)

He can be said to have been a traditionalist in neighbour to modernism. He knew modernism and was aware of crisis, say his biographers. Still, 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. It might have put him in a very unique position.

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

KNUT HAMSUN



Knut Hamsun
Poet,
Born in Garmo in Lom (actually Vågå), 4th of
august 1859
Died in Grimstad 19th of february 1952

Themes from his life-story:

Knud Pedersen was born in between the mountains in the middle of Norway's 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 dikt*
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 Bodø 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 Sletten Kolloen has written an exiting biography on Hamsuns life.

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



SKALDEN

I

Skaldskap er ofte ei glede
som sorgi og naudi gjev næring.
Difor er òg eit kvæde
ofte ei blømande tæring.

Elden som tærer i barmen,
slår ut i skinande blommar.
Elden i sorgi og harmen
driv fram ein blømande sumar.

*

Skalden skal trengslune trasse
og sigrande kvæde si kvide.
Med kvate ord og med kvasse
kløyve han yra den stride.

II

Som æventyrguten seg gjorde
til maur og falk og love,
kann skalden med skaldeordet
dei same bragderne øve.

Maurande djupt innunder
veldige røter smyg han.
Og høgt over avgrunns dunder
lik falken til himmels flyg han.

Einsleg i audni ber han
sin brand gjennom natti den lange.
Og sterk liksom lova gjer han
umsider det sigrande spranget.

III

Skalden er bleik av di han
styrer so stort eit orkester.
Skalden fær kveik av di han
hyser so eldfulle gjester.

Den siste, utrolege gjesten
er ofte ein hugsefull lengsel
mot siste, namlause resten
som sit i sitt einslege fengsel.

Men kjem so den lengtande gjesten
med den han til sist fekk fat i,
daa lyser hjaa skalden festen,
um so det er svartaste natti.

IV

Skalden kann ikkje sova
naar livselden brenn og brusar.
Daa lyfter han taket av stova,
og stjernehimlane susar.

Skalden, det er ein sjaar
som ser gjennom hildrande cimar.
Skalden er ein som skodar
djupt inn i heilage heimar.

Ein skald er ein skattefinnar
som ljosnar paa leitingsferdi.
Ein skald er ein sigervinnar
over seg sjølv og verdi.

Olav Aukrust

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

OM HUNDREDE ÅR ER ALTING GLEMT

Jeg driver i aften og tænker og strider,
jeg synes jeg er som en kantret båt,
og alt hvad jeg jamrer og alt hvad jeg lider
det ender vel gjerne med gråt.
Men hvi skal jeg være så hårdt beklemt?
Om hundrede år er alting glemt.

Da hopper jeg heller og synger en vise
og holder mit liv for en skjøn roman.
Jeg ater ved Gud som en fuldvoksen rise
og drikker som bare fan.
Men hvi skal jeg fare med al den skjæmt?
Om hundrede år er alting glemt.

Så stanser jeg virkelig heller striden
og ganger til sjøs med min pinte sjæl.
Der finder nok verden mig engang siden
så bitterlig druknet ihjæl.
Men hvi skal jeg ende så altfor slemt?
Om hundrede år er alting glemt.

Å nei, det er bedre at rusle og leve
og skrive en bok til hver kommende jul
og stige tilslut til en versets greve
og dø som en romanens mogul.
Da er det nu dette som gjør mig forstemt:
Om hundrede år er alting glemt.

Knut Hamsun

The passing nature of everything is topic of Hamsuns poem. In hundred years, all is forgotten. His misery, his enjoyment, his desire to end it all, and even his writing and literary hights.

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

Å DIKTE

Å dikte er å vera
det vesle som ein vart
og sleppe kvite fuglar ut
i nattesvart.

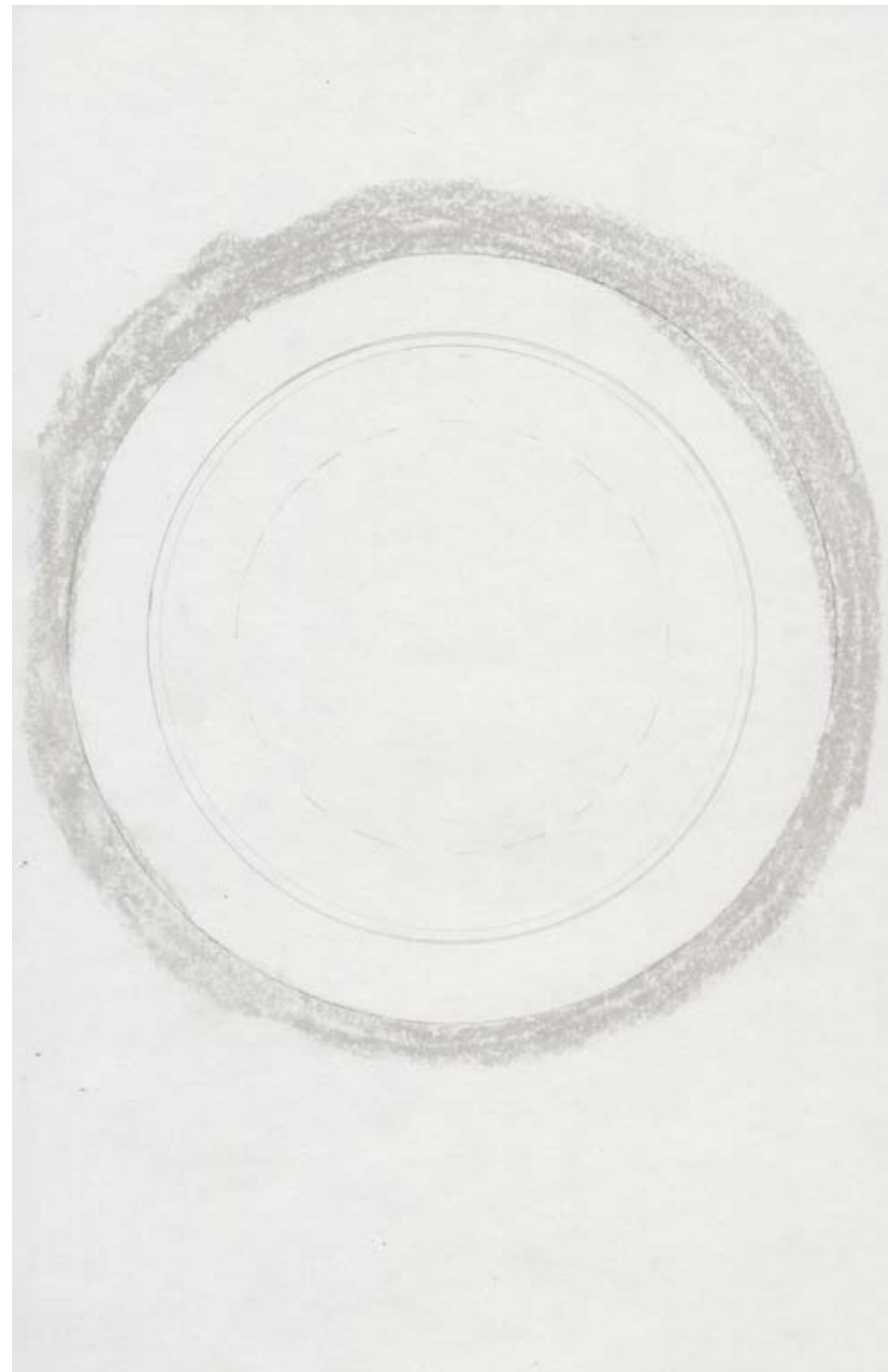
Å leva er å vera
det store som ein er
og stå i einsleg undring
og høyre fuglar flyge inn
frå ukjend verd.

Tor Jonsson

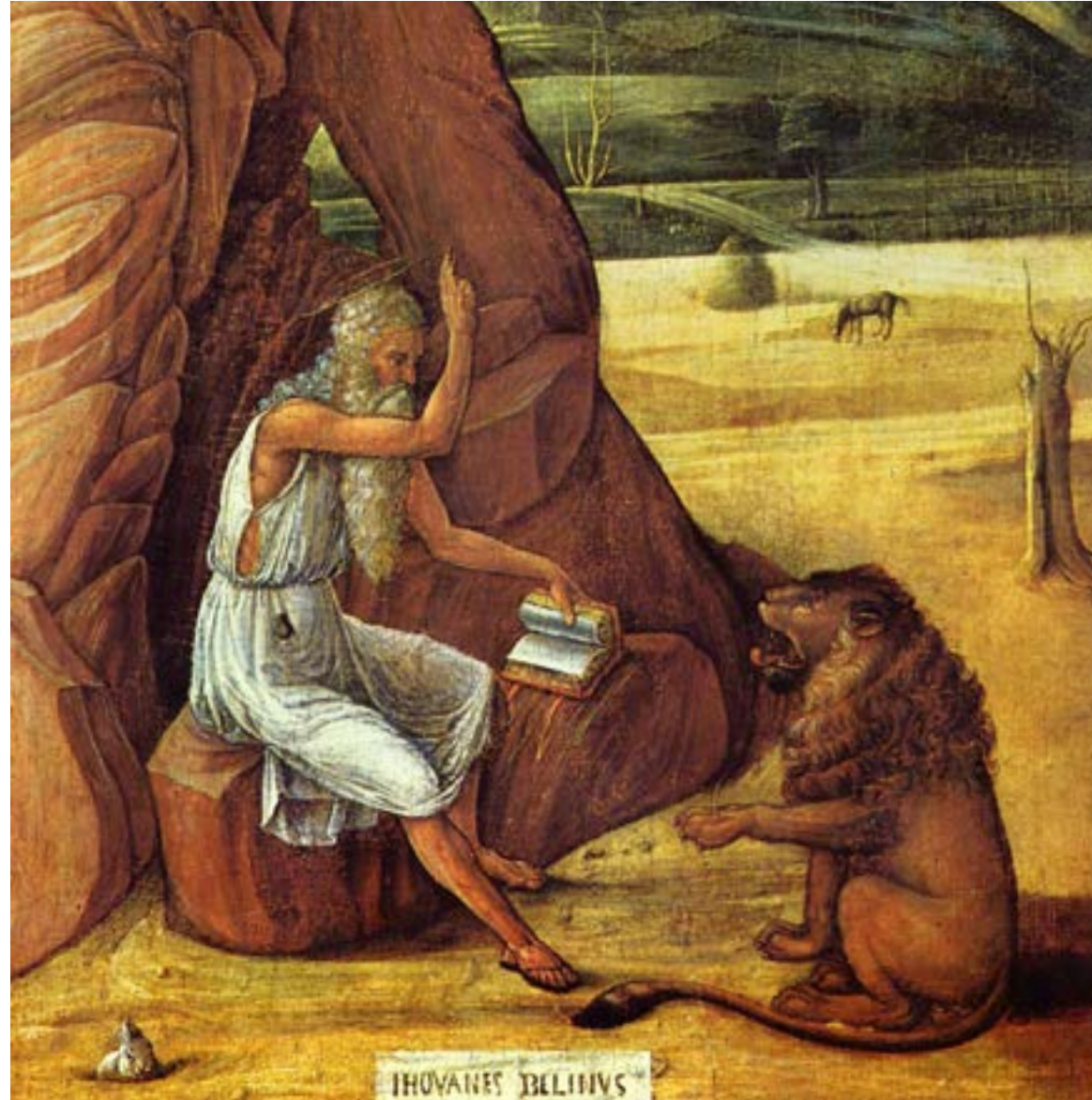
Jonsson describes writing poetry to sending out white birds into a dark night. To live is to hear sounds of birds flying in from a distant world.

the lonely soul can try to reach the soul of another, even if only the sound of the birds wings arrive the other.

My interpretation is that poetry is the way



**ON READING
REFERENCES**



GIOVANNI BELLINI
"SAN GIROLAMO
NEL DESERTO"
CA 1450

Jørn H. Sværen writes on the reader:
"Leseren er gjennomgangsfigur i kunsthistorien. Et tidlig eksempel er kirkefaderen Hieronymus der han sitter hensunken i en bok i ørkenen. [...] Leseren står eller sitter eller ligger. Han eller hun

leser for seg selv eller flere, en bok eller et brev eller en avis også videre. Med tiden kan alle lese, uavhengig av kjønn og klasse, og leseren går fra å være en historisk person til å bli et hverdagsmenneske. Leseren er hvem som

helst [...] Vi legger ikke lenger merke til figuren. Dette kan overføres til litteraturen. En død metafor er et billedlig uttrykk som ikke lenger blir oppfattet som et billedlig uttrykk. Tiden går.
(Dronningen av England, p.72)

Jørn H. Sværen writes about the reader:
"The reader is a figure throughout the ages of art history. An early example is the churchfather 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 more, a book or a letter or a newspaper and so on. With time everybody can read, independend 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 litterature. A dead metaphor is a figurative expression that is no longer understood as a figurative expression. Time goes on. (own translation)



VILHELM
HAMMERSHØI
"INTERIØR
STRANDGADE"
1901

"Den som vil vekke, må overdrive, skriver Alexander Kielland i et brev til broren.

Hammershøi overdriver i det stille. Han fremhever figuren ved å vende den bort."

"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. Sværen, Dronningen av England



The English Garden
a collection of allegories

å lære andre, og det har han også gitt til Oholiab, Akisamaks sønn, av Dans stamme.

35 Han har fylt dem med kunstnergaver, så de kan utføre all slags treskjæring og kunstvevning og utsydd arbeid med blå og purpurrod og karmosinrød ull og fint lingarn og alminnelig vevning - utføre all slags arbeid og tenke ut kunstverker.

36 *Arbeidet på tabernaklet blir utført.*

1 Og Besalel og Oholiab og alle kunstforstandige menn, som Herren har gitt forstand og kunnskap, så de forstår seg på alt det arbeid som skulle til for å få helligdommen ferdig, skal i ett og alt gjøre som Herren har sagt.

2 Og Moses kalte Besalel og Oholiab og alle kunstforstandige menn, som Herren hadde gitt kunstnergaver, alle som kjente at deres hjerte drev dem - dem kalte Moses til verket for å fullføre det.

3 Og de fikk hos Moses hele den gaven som Israels barn hadde båret fram til det arbeid som skulle utføres for å få helligdommen ferdig. Men hele folket bar fremdeles frivillige gaver fram til ham hver morgen.

4 Da kom alle de menn som forstod seg på kunst og som utførte alt arbeidet ved helligdommen, hver fra det arbeid han var i ferd med, 5 og de sa til Moses: Folket bærer fram mye mer enn det trengs til det arbeid som Herren har befalt å fullføre.

6 Da lot Moses rope ut i hele leiren: Ingen, verken mann eller kvinne, skal lenger bære noe fram som gave til helligdommen! Så holdt folket opp med å bære fram gaver.

7 Men det som var gitt, var nok til hele det arbeid som skulle fullføres, ja, mer enn nok.

8 Og de kunstforstandige blant dem som var med i arbeidet, laget de tabernaklet av ti tepper. Av fint tvunnet lingarn og blå og purpurrod og karmosinrød ull ble teppene laget med kjeruber på i kunstvevning.

9 Hvert teppe var tjueltte alen langt og fire alen bredt, alle teppene holdt samme mål.

10 Fem av teppene festet de sammen, det ene til det andre, og likeså de fem andre teppene.

11 Og de laget hemper av blå ull i kanten på det ene teppet, ytterst der hvor begge skulle festes sammen. Det samme gjorde de i kanten på det ytterste teppet, der hvor den andre sammenføyningen skulle være.

12 Femti hemper laget de på det ene teppet, og femti hemper laget de ytterst på det andre teppet der hvor de skulle festes sammen. Hempene var rett mot hverandre, den ene mot den andre.

13 Og de laget femti gullkroker og festet teppene til hverandre med krokene, så tabernaklet ble et sammenhengende telt.

14 Så laget de tepper av greitehår blå dekke over tabernaklet, elleve tepper laget de.

15 Hvert teppe var tretti alen langt og fire alen bredt. Alle de elleve teppene holdt samme mål.

16 Så festet de fem av teppene sammen for seg og seks for seg.

17 De laget femti hemper i kanten på det ene teppet, ytterst der hvor de skulle festes sammen, og likeså femti hemper i kanten på det andre teppet, der hvor de skulle festes sammen.

18 Og de laget femti kobberkroker å feste teppene sammen med så de ble ett dekke.

19 Over dekket laget de et varetak av rødfargede værskinns og oppå det varetak av takasskinn.

20 Plankene til tabernaklet laget de av akasietre og reiste dem på ende.

21 Hver planke var ti alen lang og halvannen alen bred.

22 På hver planke var det to tapper, med en tverrlist imellom. Slik gjorde de med alle plankene til tabernaklet.

23 Og av plankene som de laget til tabernaklet, reiste de tjue planker på den ene side som vendte mot sør,

24 og forti fotstykker av sølv laget de til å sette under de tjue plankene, to fotstykker under hver planke til å feste begge teppene i.

25 Likeså laget de tjue planker til tabernaklets andre side, den som vendte mot nord,

26 og til dem forti fotstykker av sølv, to fotstykker under hver planke.

27 Til baksiden av tabernaklet, mot vest, laget de seks planker.

28 Og to planker laget de til tabernaklets hjørner på baksiden.

29 De var dobbelte nederst, og likeså øverst til den første ringen. Slik gjorde de med dem begge på hvert av hjørnene.

30 Slik ble det åtte planker med sine fotstykker av sølv, seksten fotstykker, to under hver planke.

31 Så laget de tverrstenger av akasietre, fem til plankene på den ene siden av tabernaklet

32 og fem til plankene på den andre siden, og fem til plankene på baksiden av tabernaklet, mot vest.

33 Den mellomste tverrstangen satte de slik at den gikk tvers over midt på plankeveggen, fra den ene enden til den andre.

34 Plankene kledde de med gull. Og ringene på dem, som tverrstengene skulle stikkes i, laget de helt av gull. Tverrstengene kledde de også med gull.

35 Så laget de forhenget av blå og purpurrod og karmosinrød ull og

fint, tvunnet lingarn. De gjorde det kunstvevning med kjeruber på.

36 Og de laget fire stolper av akasietre til forhenget og kledde dem med gull. Hakene på dem var av gull, og de støpte fire fotstykker av sølv til dem.

37 Til teldøren laget de et teppe av blå og purpurrod og karmosinrød ull og fint, tvunnet lingarn med utsydd arbeid.

38 Og til teppet laget de fem stolper med sine haker. De kledde stolpehodene og stengene med gull. Og til stolpene laget de fem fotstykker av kobber.

37 *Paktens ark, nådestolen, skuebrodsbordet, lysstaken og røkofferalteret blir laget.*

1 Besalel laget arken av akasietre, to og en halv alen lang og halvannen alen bred og halvannen alen høy.

2 Han kledde den med rent gull, både innvendig og utvendig, og han laget en gullkrans på den rundt omkring.

3 Han støpte fire gullringer som han festet i de fire fottene på arken, to ringer på den ene siden og to på den andre.

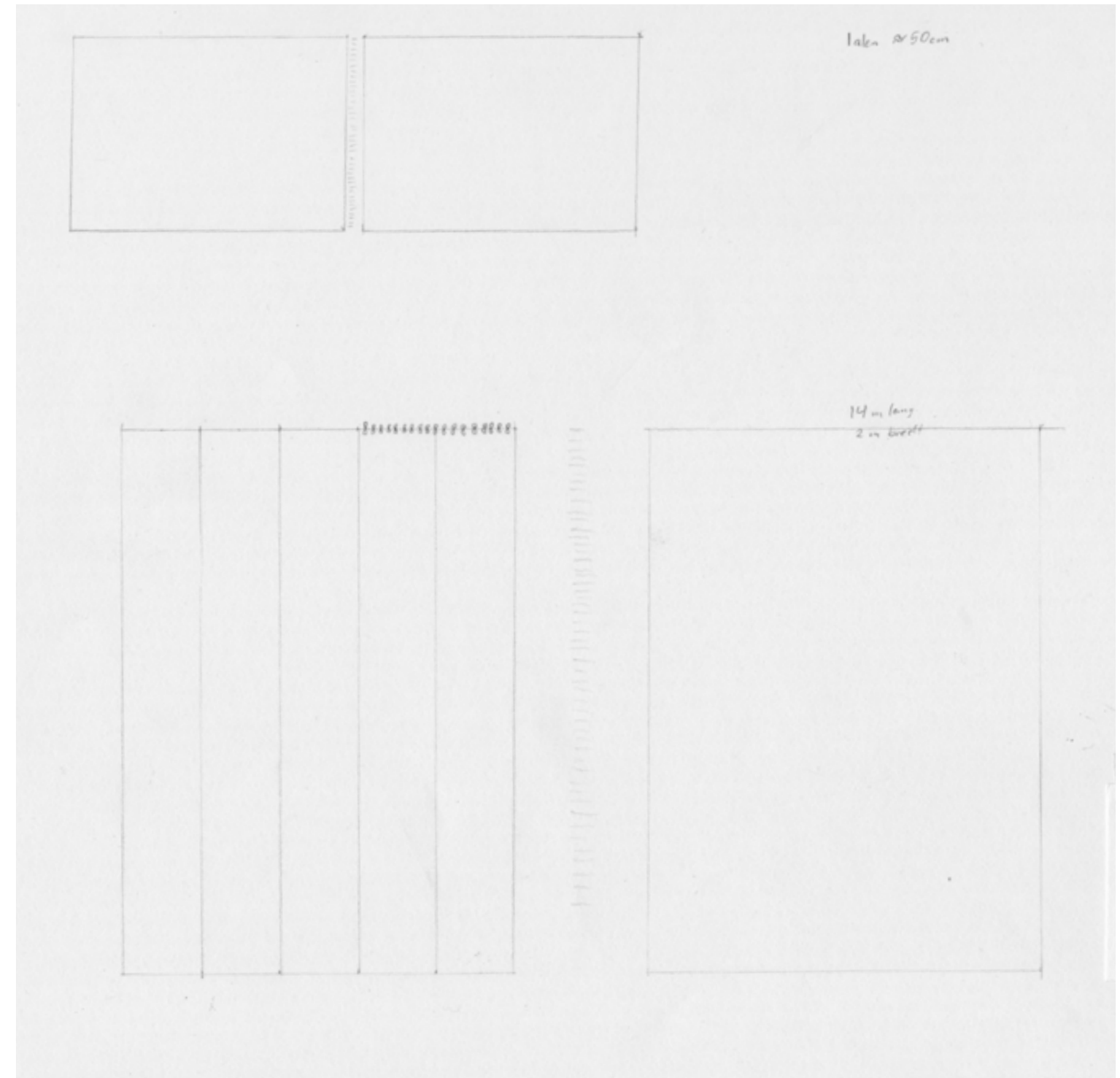
4 Så laget han stenger av akasietre og kledde dem med gull,

5 og han stakk stengene inn i ringene på sidene av arken, så arken kunne bæres.

6 Så laget han en nådestol av rent gull, to og en halv alen lang og halvannen alen bred.

7 Og han laget to kjeruber av gull. I drevet arbeid laget han dem og satte dem ved begge endene av nådestolen.

8 En kjerub ved den ene enden og en kjerub ved den andre enden. Han laget kjerubene i ett med nådestolen, en på hver ende av den.



THE TABERNACLE IN THE BIBLE

The description of the Tabernacle in the Exodus is perhaps the most influential singular building known only through text. It's description have inspired the building of synagogues, churches and art for thousands of years. It is the tent where

Moses and the priest will sacrifice and talk to God. It is Gods own building-instruction, defining the type of material, dimensitons, weight and constructional details. Also on how to organize to attain all the needed material, and how to use it. A use regulated

by strict rues, sanctioned by God himself. The following chapter tells of God punishing wrong use with sudden death.

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 costums in archaic tent construction

THE JAMS

ARCHITECTURAL JAM IN THE WORLD OF POETRY SLAM

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.

I	bokstaven D, usikker start, nøling	(a door)
I	bokstaven I, rett ut	(a timber post)
D	Bokstaven D fra staven, gjentaken, tilskjempet	(a cottage)
D	bokstaven D, to linjer	(a train bridge)
D	bokstaven D, tre linjer, fullføring = ferdig	(vinetasting)

Konstruksjonsteknikkar

[Konstruksjon og teknikkar]
Konstruksjon eller teknikkar



bokstaven D, som
staket og lisse

Grunngeometrier

TECHNIQUES OF CONSTRUCTION

- 1 start of a D, insecure, hesitating (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

Bygdedyrehagen

eit bur
ei innheigning
eín i buret
folkemassa innhegna rundt

Sanatoriet og rommet for å sone sviket

to rom
eit mørkt og innestengd
eit lyst og luftig
det er ei lita hengebru mellom dei
brua spenn over ein avgrunn

Fattigdomsvegen

du må gå der
det er aldri oversiktleg
du kan glimte ut
aldri nå
aldri sjå alt du ønskjer å sjå

Fridomsromet

eit søylerom
bjørkeskogen

Livskraftrommet

kraftig
lyst
spegling

Grødeheimen

ein låve
ein åker
fleire planter
veksthus tilknytt

Bur for kvite fuglar

nær bygdedyrehagen
eit dueslag
villskogen rundt
ei snøugle

Rom med norske sjølvordsstatistikkar

eit kott
svakt lys

Kvinna

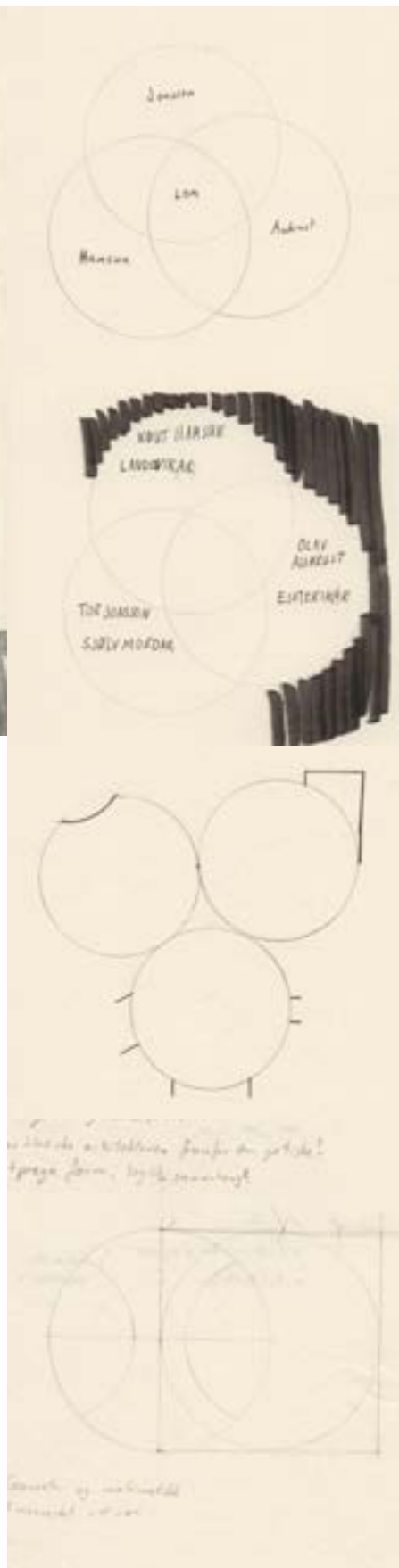
vass leia inn
eit kvitt marmortempel
eit bassend og ein veg ut
vassfall
sol skin inn på vatnet
det er varmekabler i golvet
damp kan oppstå

SPACES OF TEXT
MY RESPONSES
TO THE THEMES IN
THE WRITING OF
THE POETS

Tor Jønsson words:
Bygdedyret
Fattigdomsglaset
Kvite fuglar
Kvinna
sjølvord

Knut Hamsun words:
Sanatoriet and sviket
Livskraft
Kvinna

Olav Aukrust words:
Fridom
Livskraft
Grødeheimen
Sanatoriet
Kvinna



THE INTERCONNECTED CIRCLES

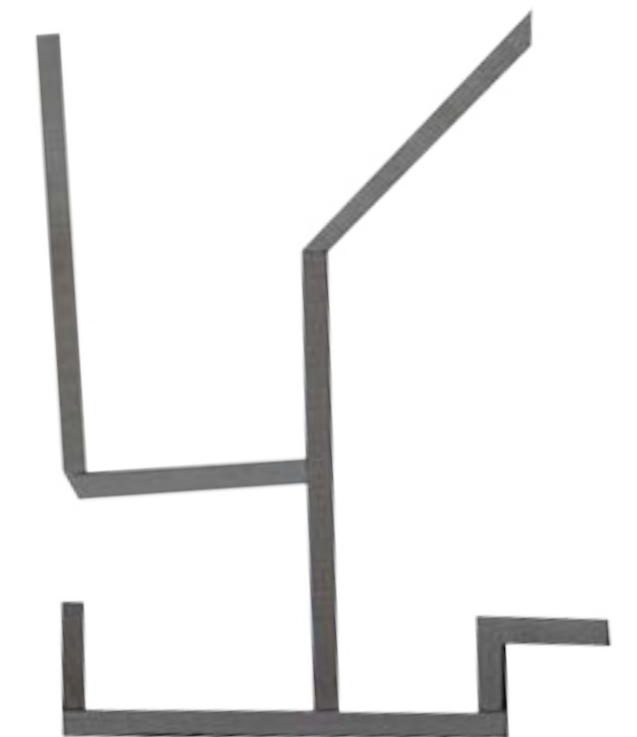
a way to understand the relationship of the three poets, Hamsun being the highest, Tor Jonsson being the low, and Olav Aukrust being the middle one, overlapping with both of them. The way they would like to place themselves in the world. Hamsun

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.

INTERRELATIONS

Attempts at imagining one building with spaces for all three poets and service space. It is an exploratin 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,

the openness, lightness and virility of Olav Aukrust.



THE EXTRUDED SECTION

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.

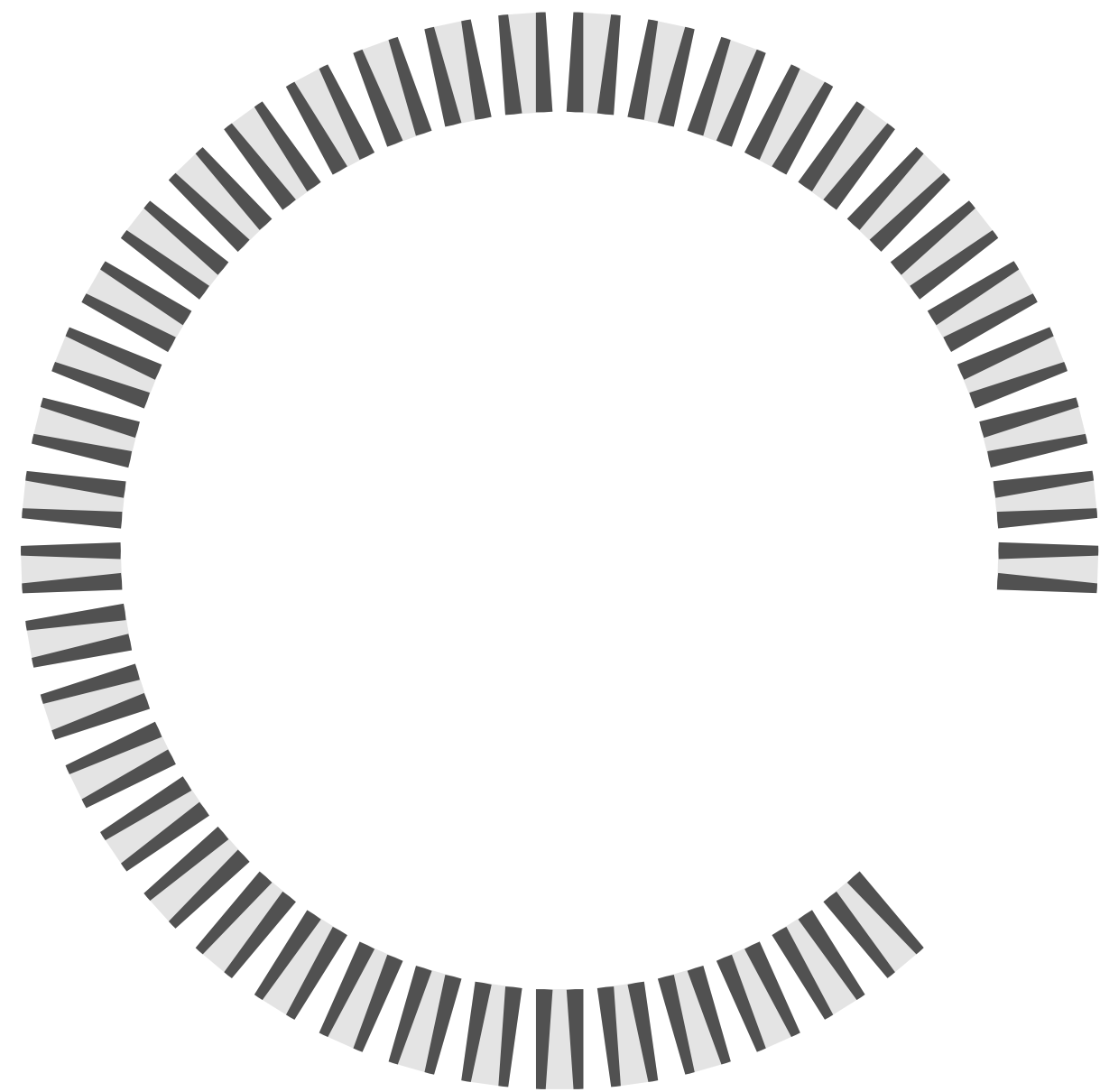
Olav Aukrust relating to God, the sky, the mountains, the nation; seeing himself, the poet, close to a medium for a divine revelation



**THE BUILDING FOR
KNUT HAMSUN**

A dually open house with a gabled roof. Here 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.

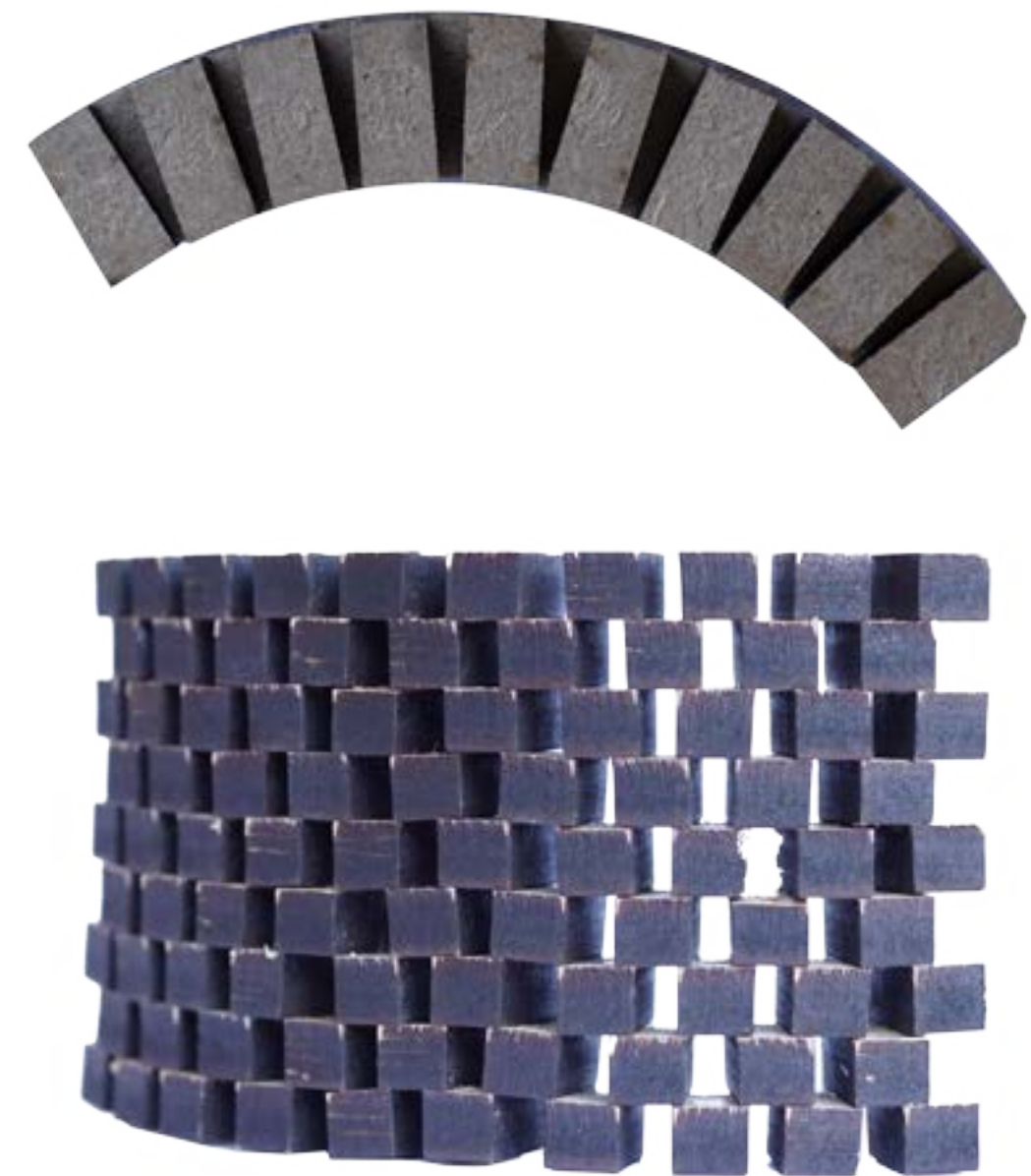


THE CIRCULAR BRICK ROOM

brick
dark area: mortar - overlap of bricks
light area: gaps that let through light
light grey area: gaps above/below brick

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 one you see can see right into your inner state and expose 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 at

one glimpse. 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 BLAX BOX
WITH FELT AND
THE WHITE CUBE
WITH A PILLAR**

The duality of an empty space. The search for a quiet space, relating to the conventions of museums and theatre. The pillar lets light fall on it a certain way, 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.



**SPACE TO
PRODUCE POETRY**

A place to experience poetry, placed in four situations.

1 over a stream in the woods
a building in steep nature
touching the ground, being in between
2 in the middle of a lake or in the air over

a cliff. Silence directly around. Isolation. A clear mark in nature.

3 in the middle of an urban piazza, in front of the church steps. The poet observing life. The tight busy city life might be more in need of spaces for breaks

4 a part of a museum complex, halfway in the pavement of a courtyard. Experiencing first exhibitions, and service, then entering the space with only atmosphere

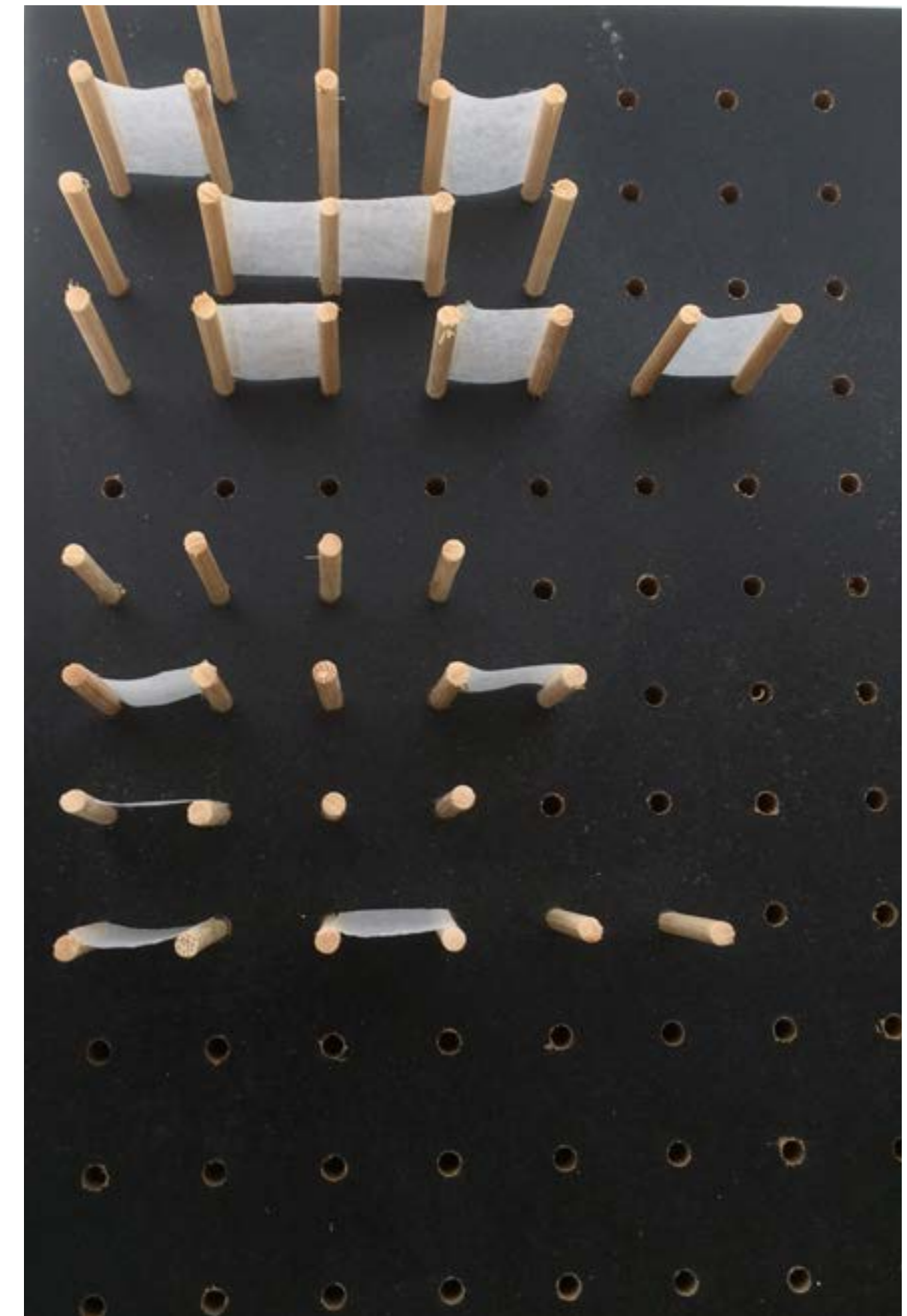


EXPLORATIONS OF GESTURES

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 mountain, 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 POINTING RHYTHM

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

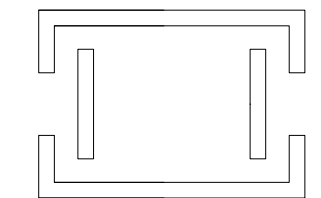
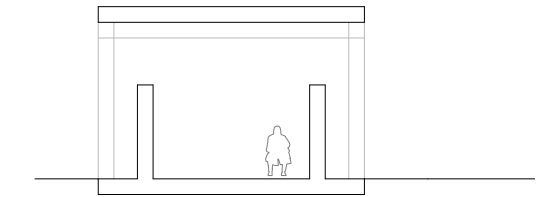
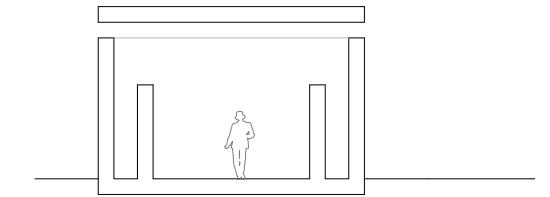
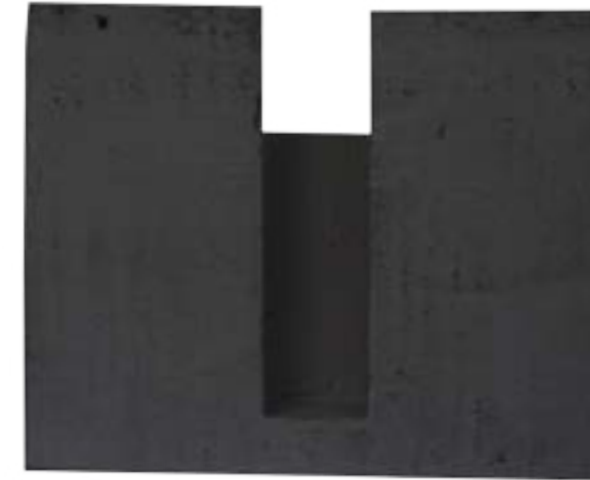
poem is an outer barrier, and inside the spaces are divided according to words. Each syllable holding up the roof. It is a way to visualise the rhythm of a poem. A tact.

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



THE WHITE WALLESS CUBE

It is a reaction to "FATTIG YNSKJE" by 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.

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.

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. 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:

FATTIG YNSKJE
and a reflection on the quiet world, the empty space as a backdrop for love, as life, as the human body. As the white cube, centring focus.

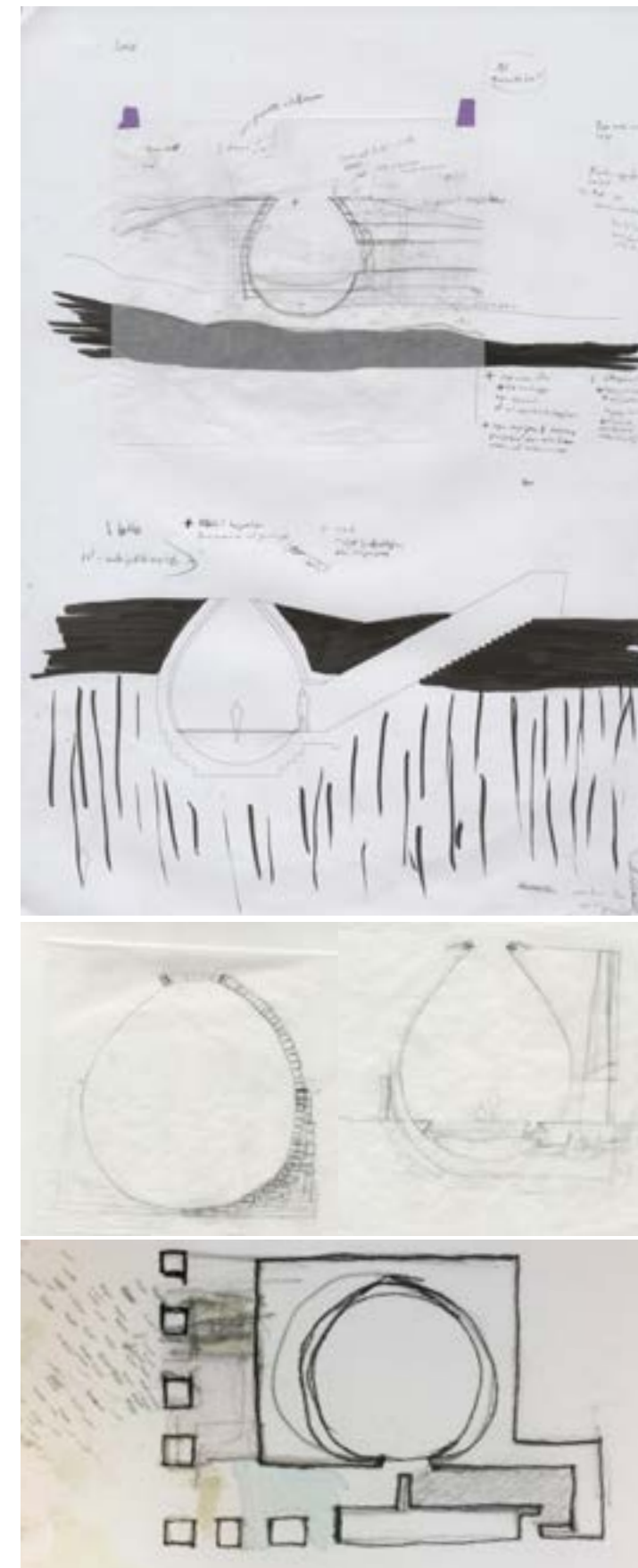


**THE SILENT
WALLESS SPACE AS
A SNOW IGLOO**

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. Or 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 matt 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, or, led to 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
endskønt det er Natten og alt er til Ro.
Jeg ligger paa Ryggen og tænker i Mørke
og kender mig stille og fro.
Jeg ligger og skriver mot Himlen
og henover Stjernernes Hær med min Sko.

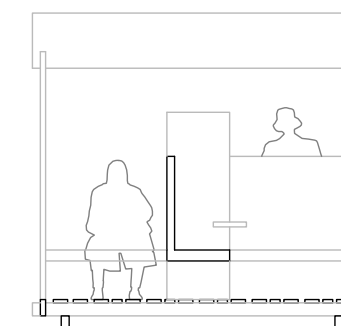
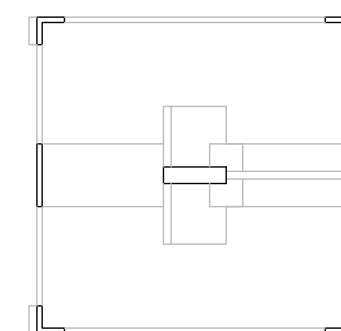
Det tasser og sysler i Skogen.
Den Lyd ifra Straaene kender jeg før;
de syded saa gule i dag i Solen,
nu knækker de over og dør.
Og Granernes Naale falder,
den Lyd er saa inderlig liden og skør.

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 lydøst dét lever
som lever hernelde i Grams og Grus!

En ser dem iblandt fare sammen
og puste med Brystet saa dirrende tidt
og vente saa raadvildt om noget vil hælde
naar Mennesket nærmer sig lidt.
Det er vel naar Mennesket kommer
for Musen som Bjærgene 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 svarere er.
Jeg rykker min Sko tilbage
som skrev over Himlen og Stjernernes 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, so you can read, one on each side, undisturbed. It is a study in ways of reading and walking, taking different parts, sharing and dividing.

HVA SUSER I NATTEN*

I

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 Sovne 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
paa de vilde Spor:
om Natten Kloderne møder Kloder,
og kanskje suser en Stjerne ned
til dig, vor Moder.....

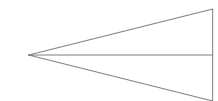
Jeg lytter til Suset fra Tinder og Dal
og kender min Sjæl klinge ind som en Stræng
i den store Korral.
Saa dækker et Mulm mine Drømmes Stier,
jeg falder i Sovn paa min Moseseng,
Og alting tier.

II

Og Solen gaar op med sit gule Væld,
og Fuglene hopper og Maurene gaar
i det stille Fjæld.
Og Myggenes Sværme begynder at syde
og Lyngens og Blaaklokkens Hjerter slaar
med skælvende Lyde.

Der frugtes og grødes en Sommernat
naar Kloderne hvisker hinanden sit Savn
og Stævne har sat.
det var sig engang at en Sjæl var tilstede
da Jorden aabned sin længtende Favn
og Stjernen var nede.

Knut Hamsun



THE TENT

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.

VEDNYINGEN

Jeg gaar og pusler i Skogen
og tænder et Baal ved Kvæld.
Der slukner en Dag i Vesten
og Maanen staar halvt paahæld.

Alverden er gaat til Hvile,
det tier fra Busk og Sti,
kun Flagermusvinger puster
i Nyingens Skin forbi.

Mit Hjærte dovner og drømmer
og stilner som i en Rus.
Omkring mig vælder fra Skogen
et sagte cvindeligt Sus.

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 threes. It is another interpretation of the many poems dealing with the human in the woods, in

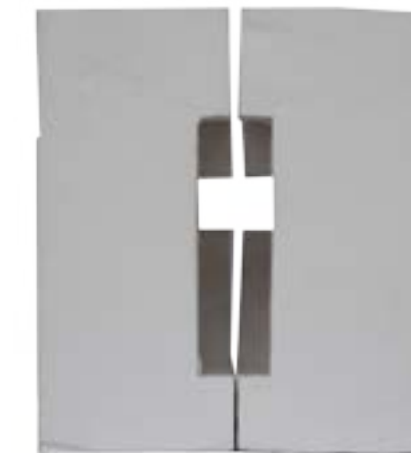
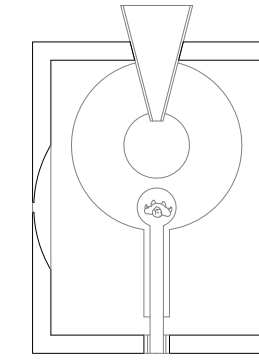
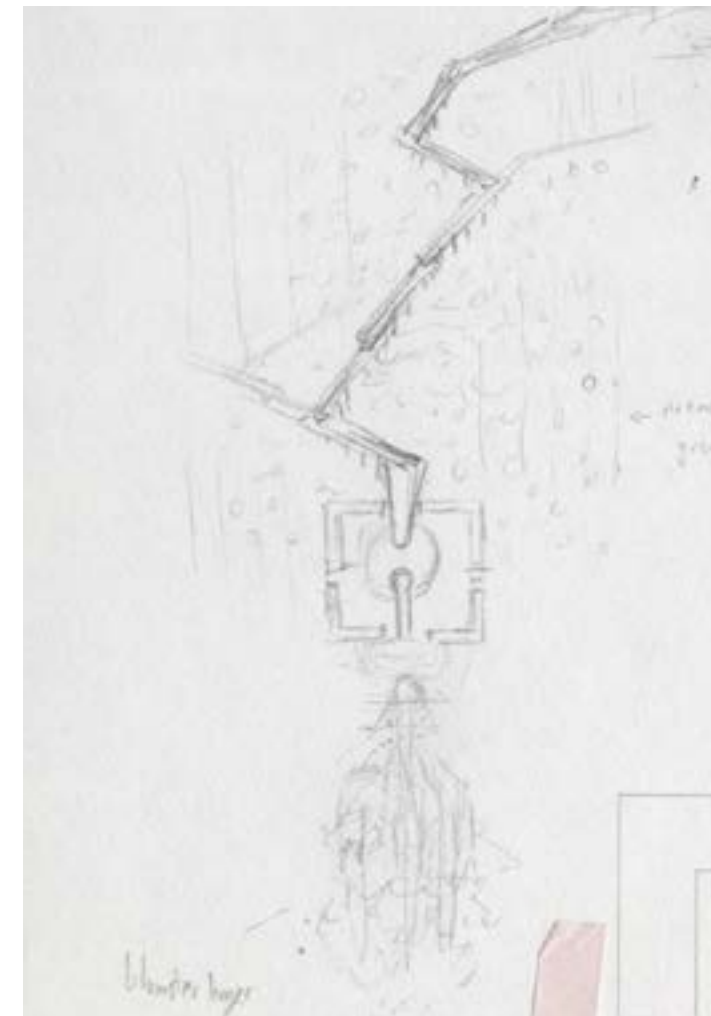
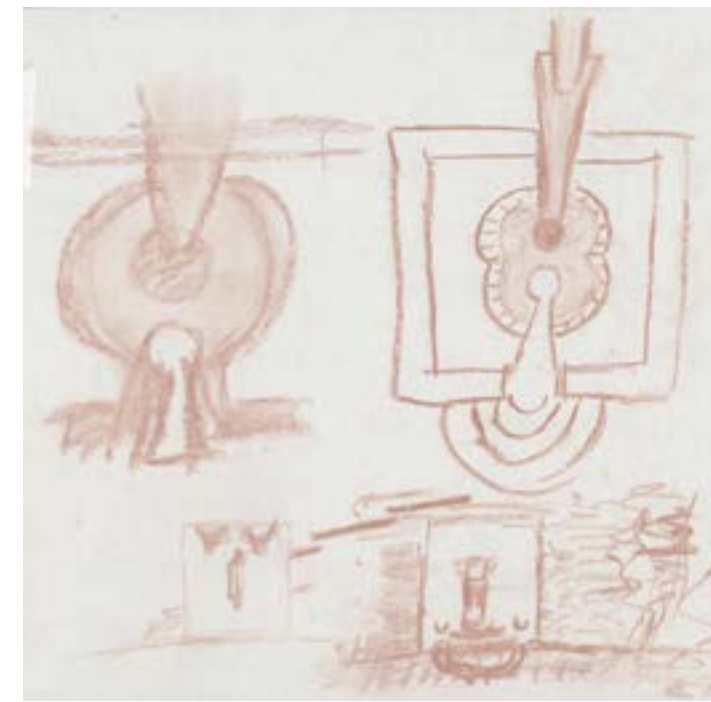
finding peace and life and joy there, and spring, and autumn, decays and rest. "Ved Nyingen"

THE HOUSE OF WOMAN

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 modernised 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 trays used in Lom 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 close by drained by modern technology and channelised into the water system, so the land around the building and flower garden is barren. It is in addition

covered with gravel. The brightest gravel from the area, mixed with a path of olivine containing rocks, that could clean any possible pollution present in the ground.



THE WAX

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 silk.

DET HAUSTAR

Når tankan' ut att stundar,
når fuglan' tek til morgne seg
og alle burt seg skundar,
då gloymest sjolve eg
som att sit hugsefullog stur
og lid det, alt, og einsleg bur,
til soli glar
og blásten blár
i visne lauv som kveldsvind plar,
-då trár dei heim umsider,
og kjem ved midnattstider,

Dei týr til fred og frelse
frá alle ville vegar inn;
eg mun so fjág deim helse:
Velkomne heim til min!
Då gjerest blankt eitbál i stand,
og alt som ut um dagen rann:
kvar minste sviv
som naut sitt liv
på eigi hand, i elden driv,
- av det eg nyt og nærest
som ikkje dá fortærest.

Hev tankan' heim seg drégla
-den lange leid, den kyrre kveld
og roynde er og spegla
av sjolve meg som held
min samvitspegl i mi hand,
då loyset stillt ein bát frá land:
or likhams grav
då ber det av
ut i det strie allheimshav,
og ljós ikring meg fløymer,
og áva mot meg stroymer.

Dá kann meg dagsens bulder
og Babels virrvarr ikkje ná,
meg ingor heks og hulder
i dragsóg-fanget fá.
Dá renn det ljon og stjernerap,
då fyller glans Ginnungagap,
i ljós eg flyt,
og sæle nyt
eg dá, til dagen fram att bryt
og sogen ned til mannar
mi naud på nytt eg sannar.

Olav Aukrust



THE FIREHOUSE | TIME

watercolour. The ground plan is square. The top of the roof is open, there the smoke escapes. There is a fire in the middle of the house. The walls are made of olivine found in the area, the roof of copper. At first, the stone will look green and the roof

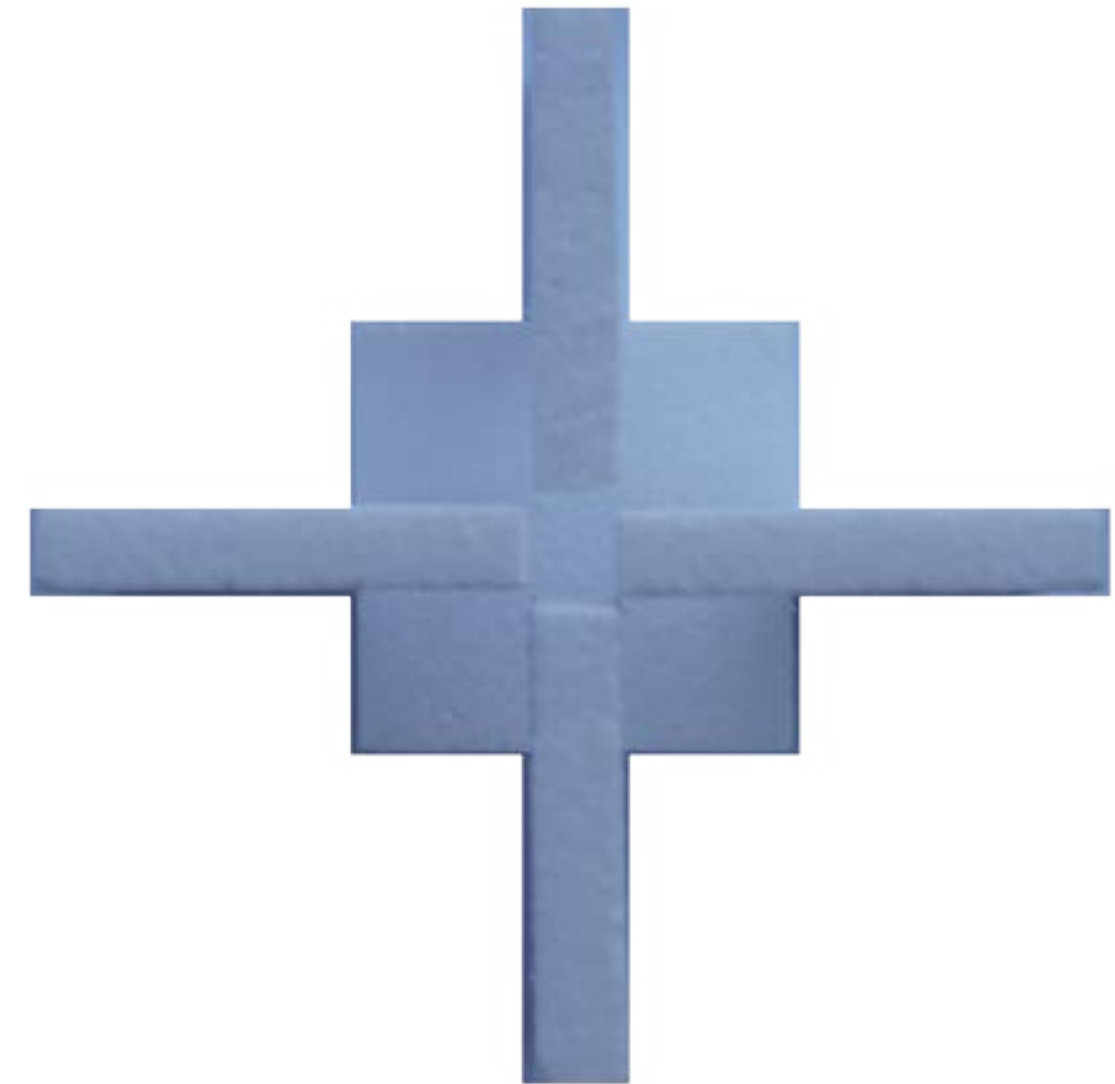
copper, then the oxidation takes place. There is much iron in the local olivine rocks, rendering it dark red over time. The copper is covered by light green patina, irr. The site surrounding the building will first be planted with a moss garden, ferns and

bright greens. The vegetation will grow and become a greater element as time goes by.



THE HOUSE OF BATH

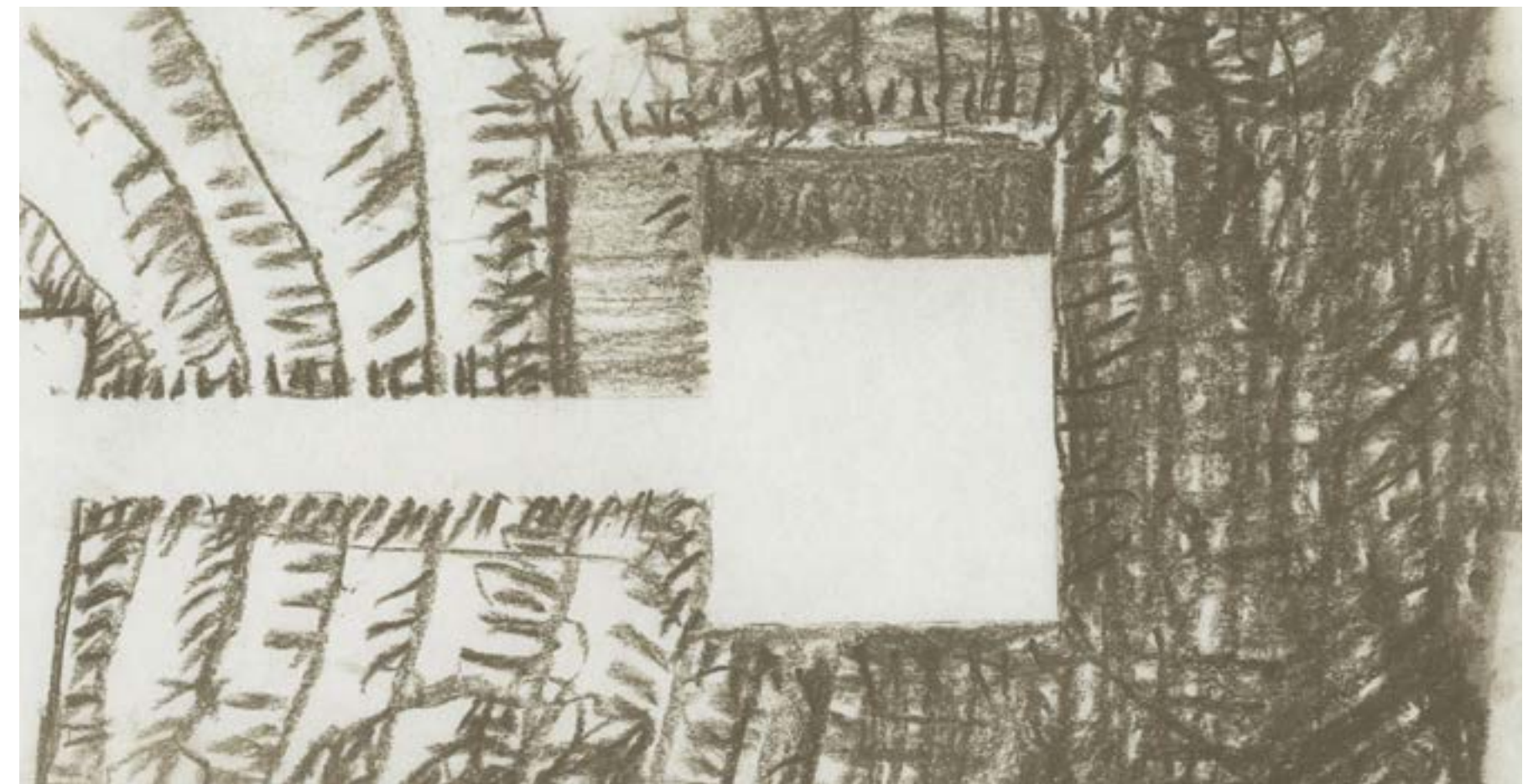
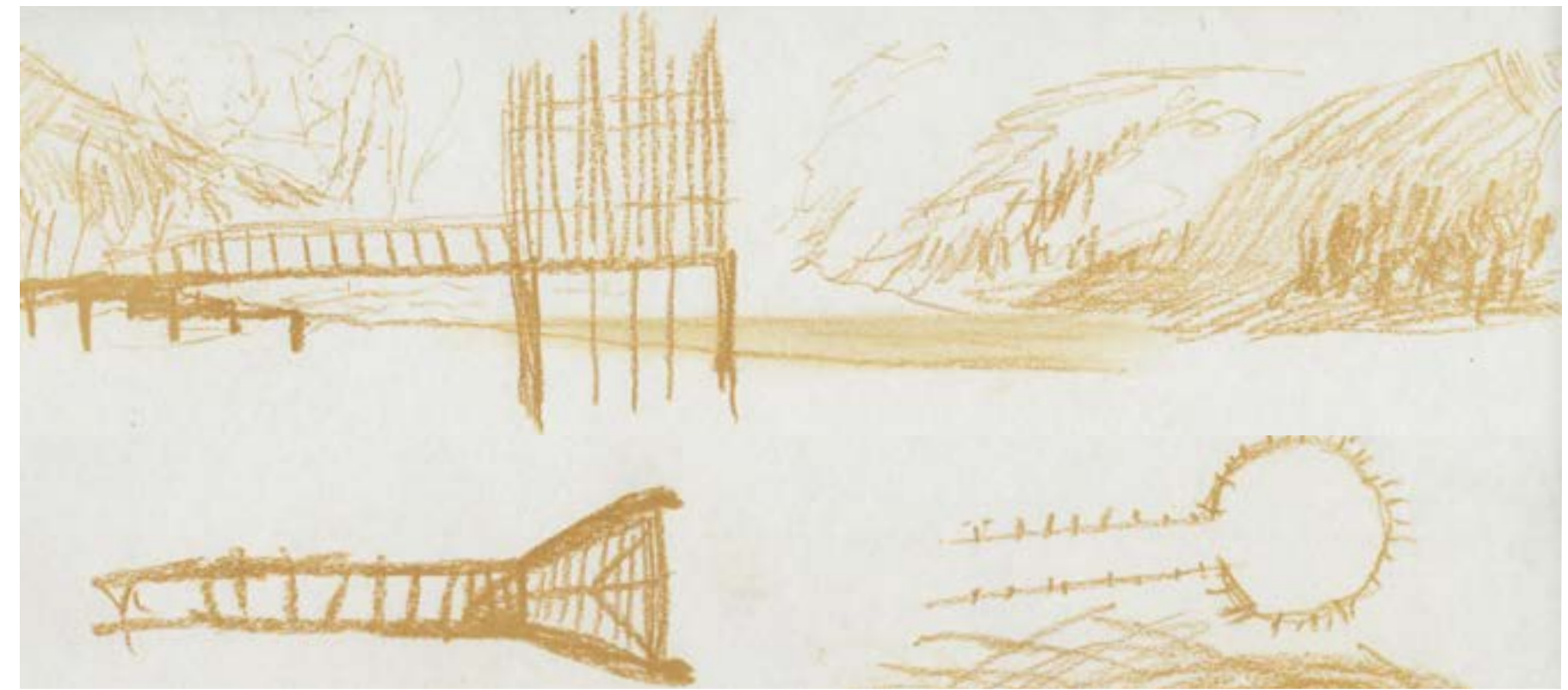
It is a bath, covered in bright green glazed tiles of the dimensions 100x200. It filters sunlight in colours and the rays go true a light mist from the warm water.



**THE WALLS WITH
THE FIRE PLACE IN
THE MIDDLE OF
THE CROSS**

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

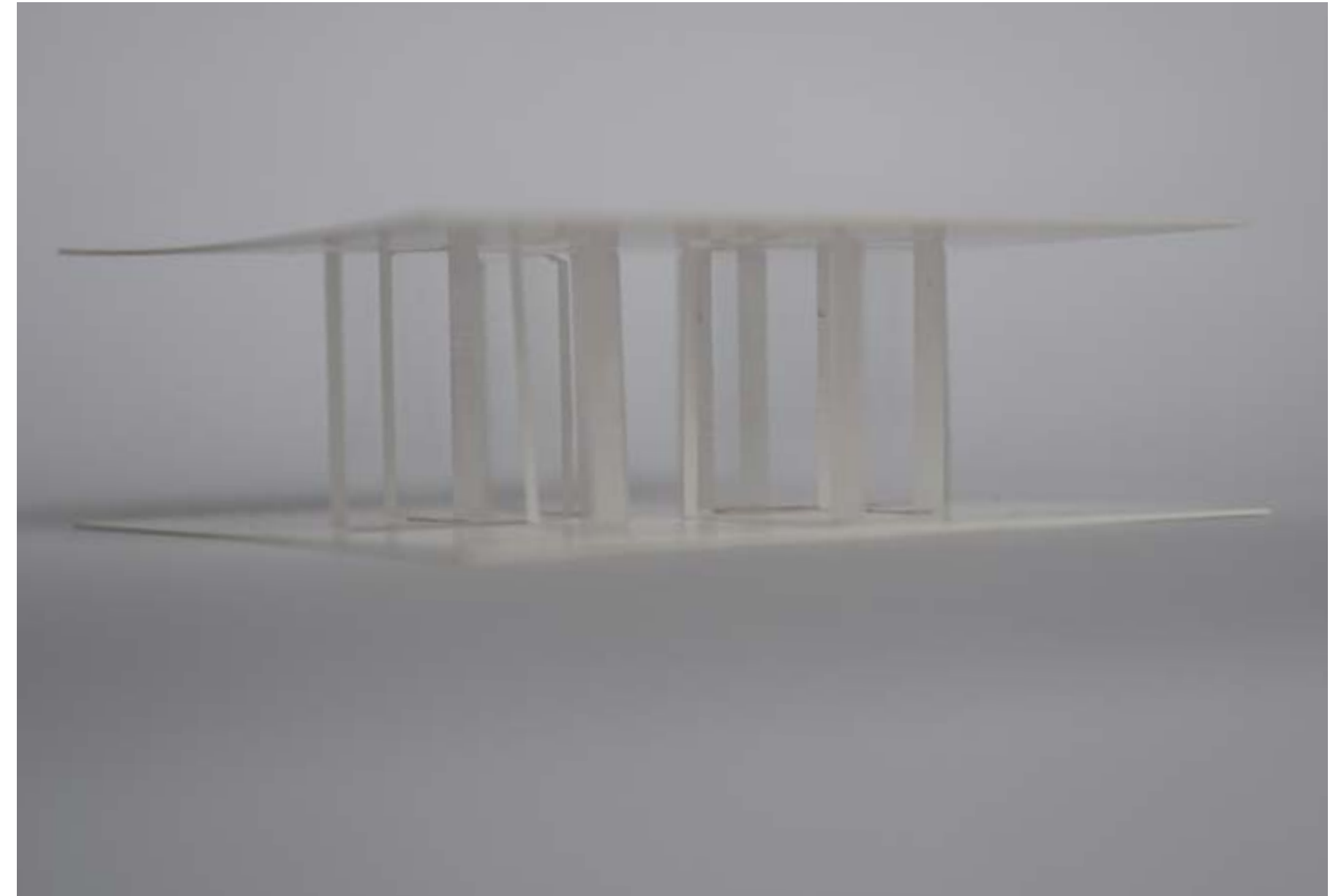
them containing a door into the garden. Four conditions follow.



**THE PIER
A WRITERS ROOM
IN THE LAKE**

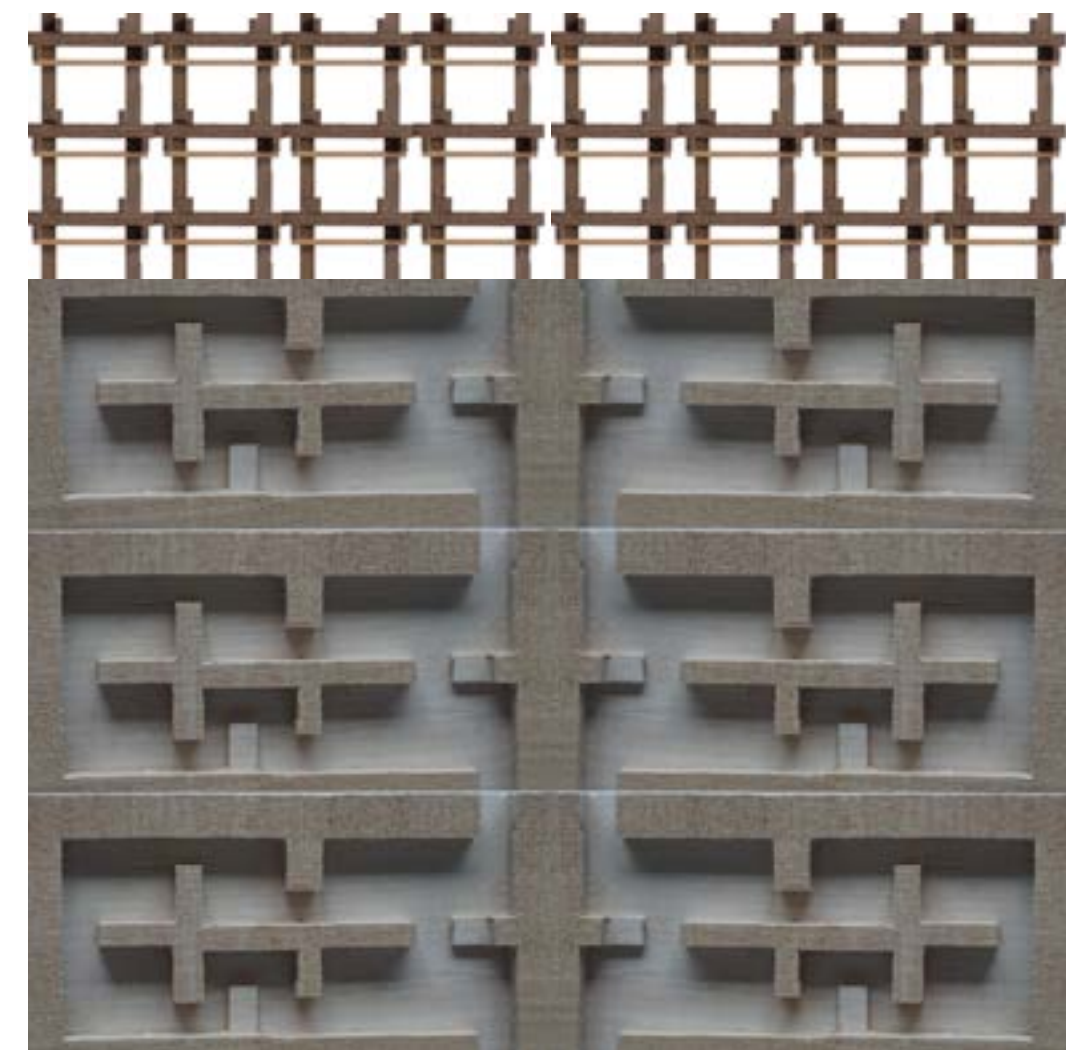
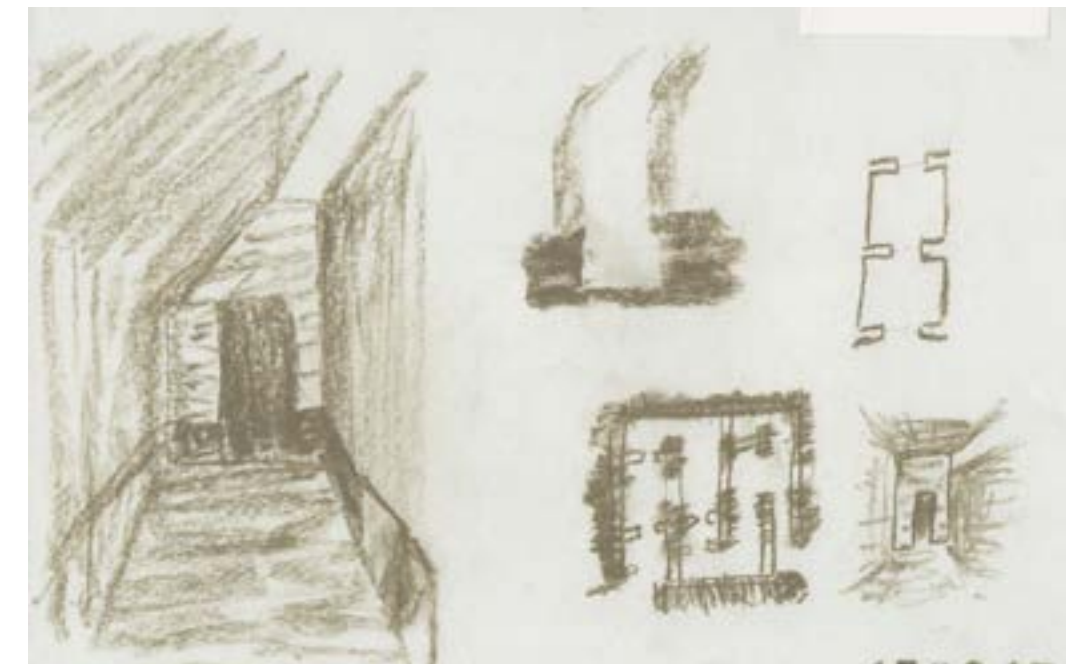
Walking out on a boardwalk, from the sand into the turquoise water of melted glaciers. All the birds around you squeak. In the end the poles rise up to form a circle, there is a circular room, with wood cladding around. You enter straight ahead, leaving your

clothes, going into the room with a desc. You can arrive by boat from the other side.



THE GLASS WALLS

The thickness of the glass, carrying the roof and creating barriers. Glass dividing space. Always reflections of the outside in different direction. 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.

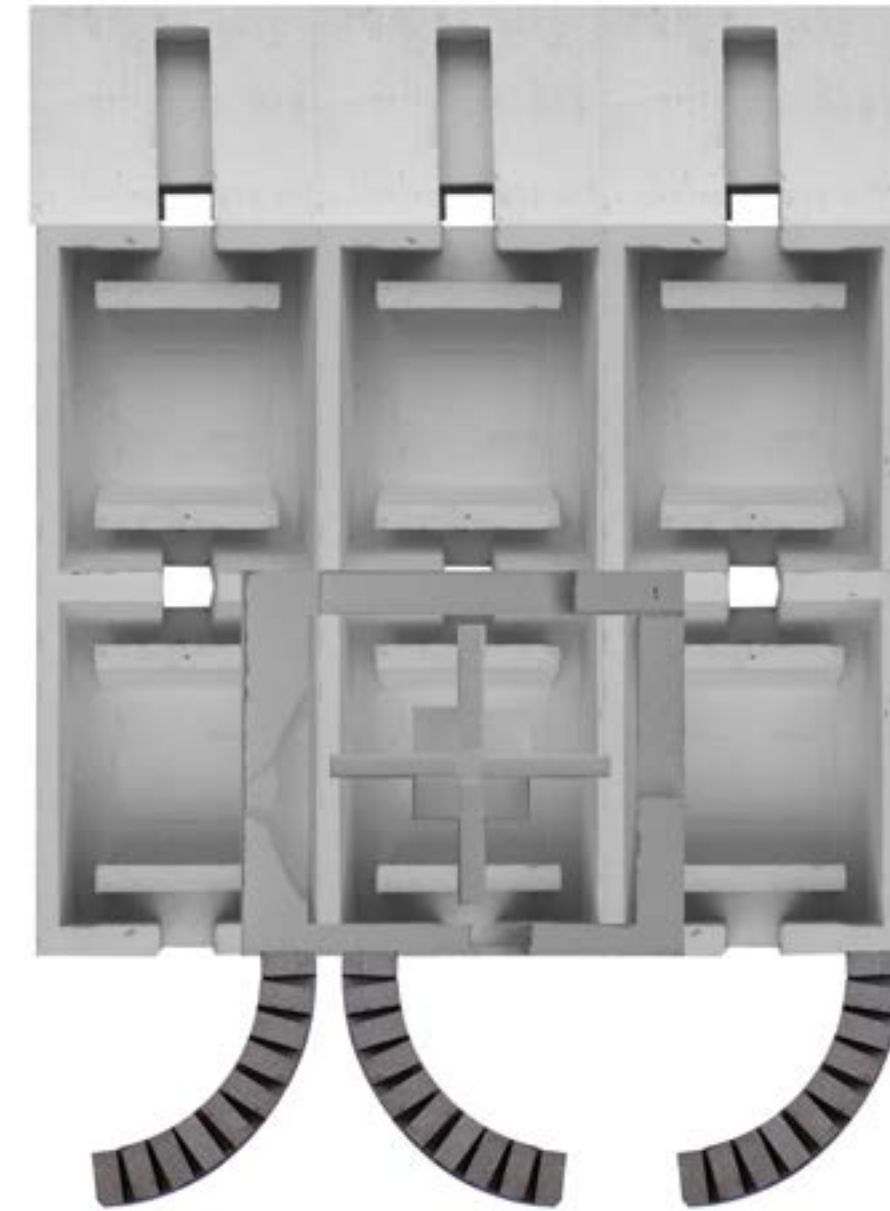


**THE CUT OUT
GROUND**

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 Sellanraa, 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

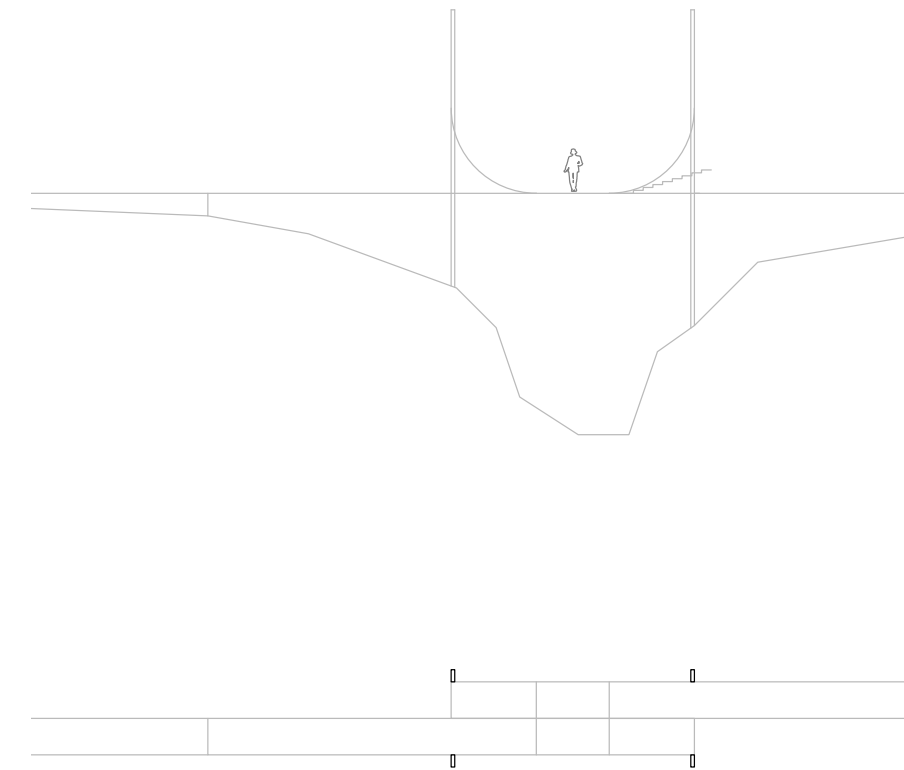
result of my love of carving wood, exploring the deeper layers, the lightness vs the roughness of the unpolished.



HIERARCHY

They are three
Three exhibitioins. Biographies.
Interdependent and inepended
Two share the entrance space, the other
leads to, or is accessed from, another
direction.

A timeline



THE BRIDGE

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.



**THE WOODEN
ROOM ELEVATED**

Preliminary/intermediary studies of
construction for Space 2

**THE COLLECTION
THE POET CENTRE**

**A SITE
CREATED**

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 low sun, 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
 (which equals the yearly precipitation in areas as the Sahel and caucasus east of the caspian sea, countries like Iran, Morocco, Mongolia and Namibia)
 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

temperatures in Lom 1929
 average winter: -11°C
 average spring: 0,5°C
 average summer: 8,8°C
 average autumn: 2,6°C
 (measured at 1894 m.a.s.l.)

Elevation
 ~ 470 m
 this makes the the possibility of peak warm days during summer 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-zone is defined as mountainous, with less than 110 days of growing season a year, though the local, protected parts have better conditions. Herdighetszone 6-8 (Norwegian robustness-zone for plants)

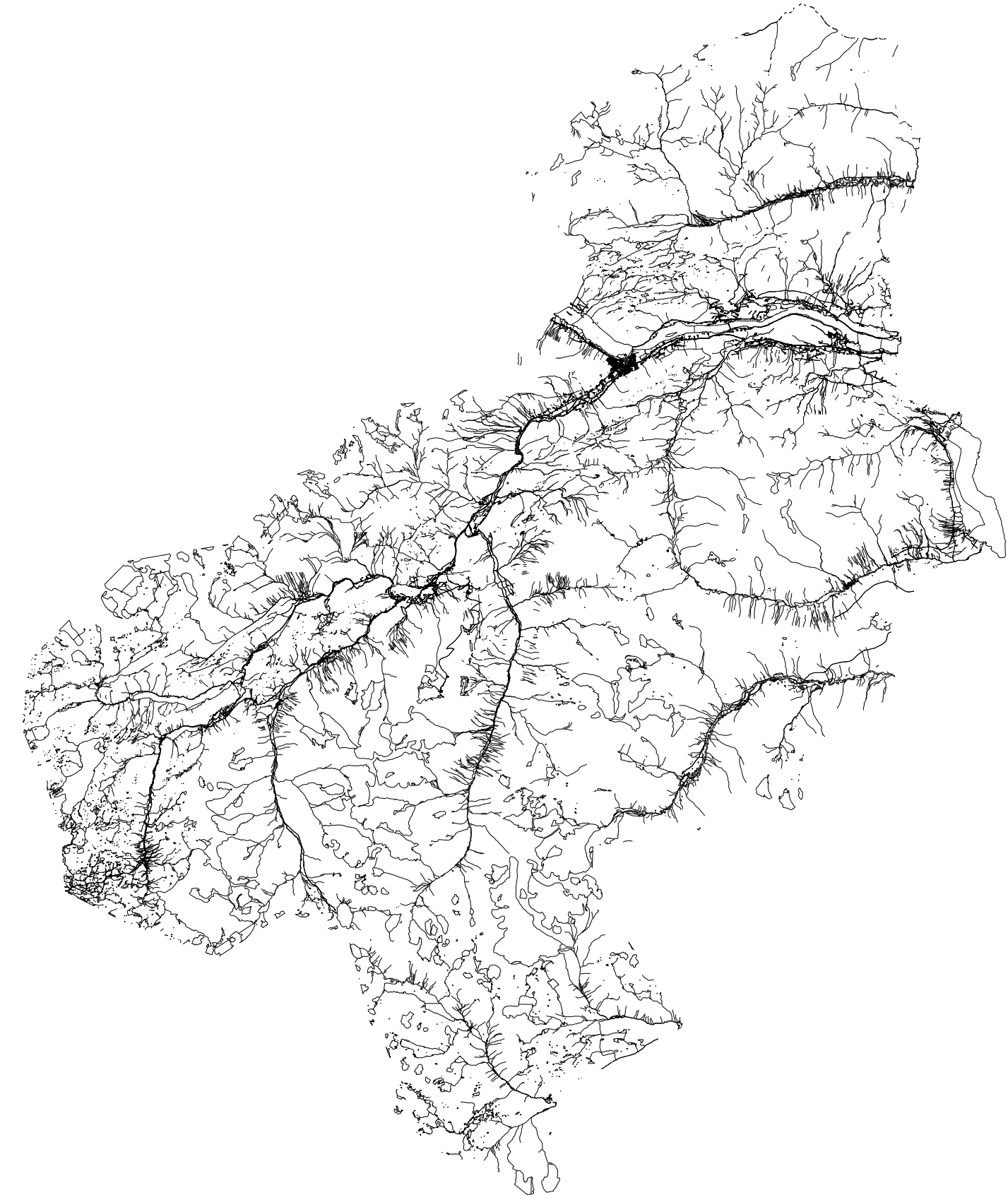
GENERAL

population
 1 person per square kilometre
 1p/km2
 most of the area is defined by national parks
 neighbours to the sites are farmers and in viewing distant a small town with a stave church from the 12th century.

Close by, there is a crossroads, 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.

Hazards
 the river is prone to debacles from ice embacles and floods.
 In summer, cold air can 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



MUNICIPALITY OF LOM WITH WATERWAYS, ROADS AND BUILDINGS

the whitest parts are the mountains
 there we lay the national parks
 the lines gather in valleys
 there stay the roads and houses



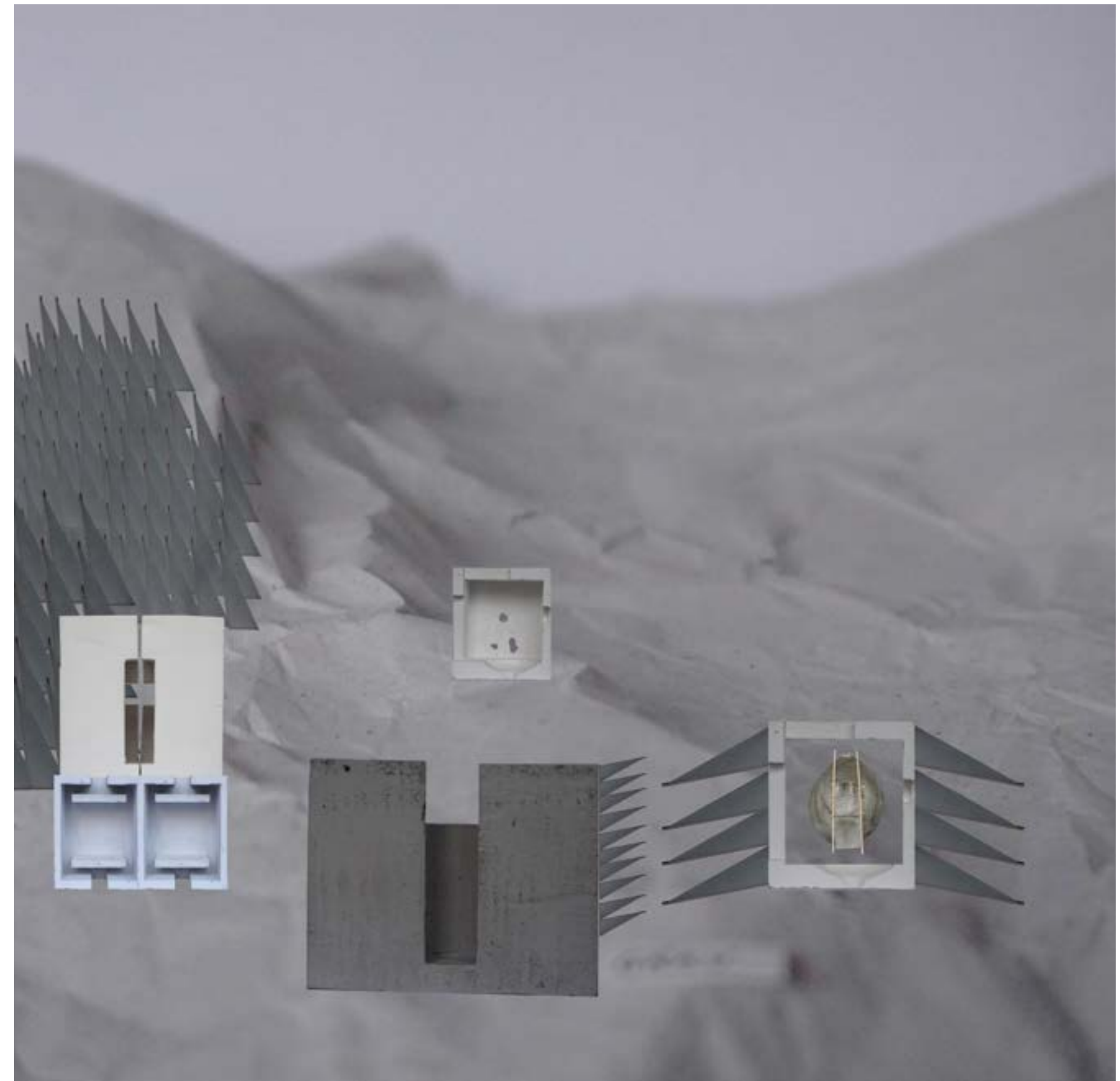
**FICTION AND PLACE
LOM 1929**

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 Jonssons 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 select only fragments of what exists, and invent a new landscape from a combination of these fragments.



**COLLAGE
MODELPHOTOS**

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

SOTA

Det er ei sater som heiter Sota,
og cinsleg 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 trollsskog 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 væc,
ho fekk då nøgdi, til sist, av béc,
og dei fekk metta seg béc 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 lodde
hin stupte då skotet small.

Han kom til Sota ved midnatts-leite
og kravde løni for velgjort arbeid.
Han stengde dori, ho sløkte ljøset
- det rauta tungt gjenom fenafjøset
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 folkchugen
der flyt han upp or den svarte tjønni -
og fer til kyrkje med fagert fylgje,
frå høgste Lomseggi lát Fangjen hylje
sin munnharp'-slátt 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 frá Lomseggi fossar slåtten
som nemnest Fangen den dag i dag.

Nifs er slåtten hans Kristen Fange,
og svart er segn i som sjolve Sota:
som høgste Lomseggi ris ho bratt
imot himmelkvelv, og som tjønn ved natt
går ho ende ned i sitt helvit-djup.

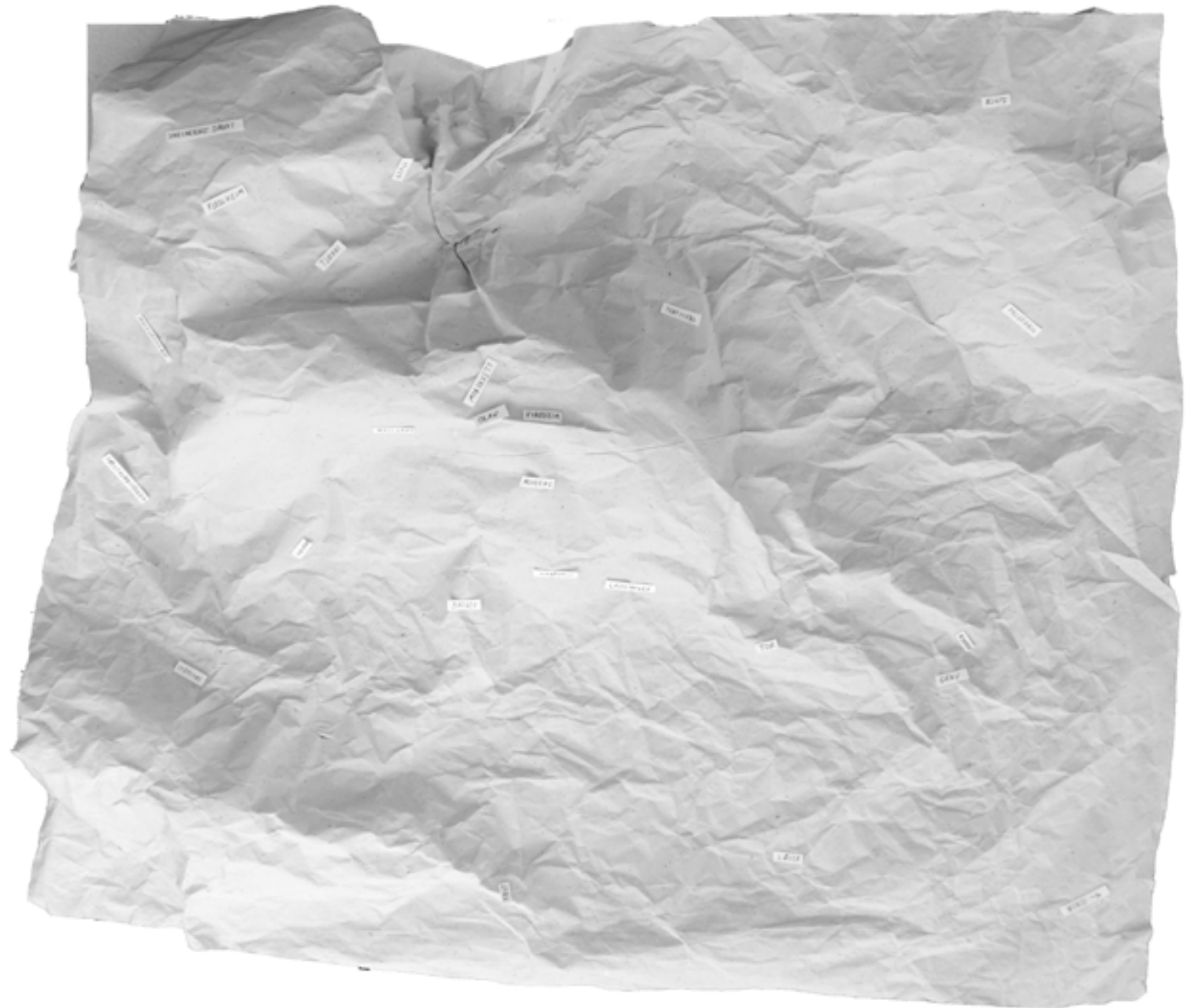
*

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

*

Eg kom dit myrkrædd ein gong ved midnatt,
og segni gufsa frá gamle tuftom,
og det var nattgangar-vilt ved Sota,
og det var attgangar-stilt ved Sota,
og skoddi rá uppi hoom rakte,
kragg og trollsskog kraup og krakte
kryp og krek der til domedag.

Olav Aukrust



LANDSCAPE OF WORDS ON PAPER

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



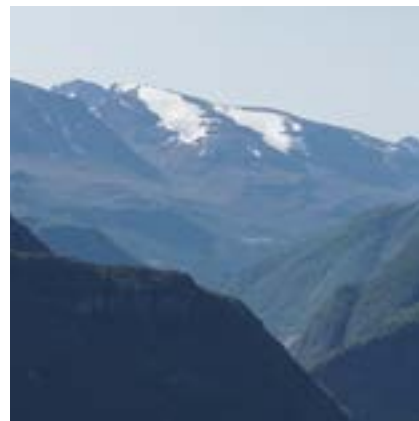
birch forest



elvelandskap • delta



sand • glacial river



high mountains • 2400 m.o.h. • Galdhøpiggen



hiking areas • 1200 m.o.h



rhythm in landscape: water • field • farm • forest • pasture • mountain



dobbeltbekkasin • great snipe • figuring in Anna Karenina by Tolstoj



dverglo • rare bird species



grouse • white bird



treskjegg • soft trees of spruce



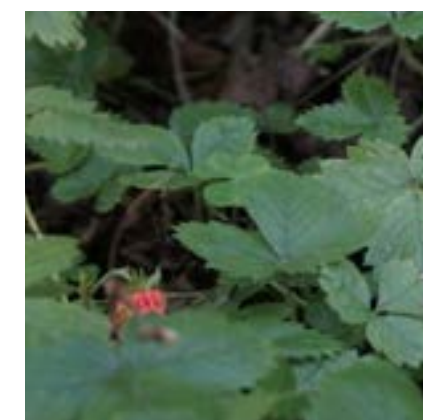
dvergbjørk • birch creeper



lichen • bare mountain



birch



berries

TPOLOGY OF LANDSCAPE

typology defined as existing around the site.

these and the following images are fragments chosen to define a place.

FLORA AND FAUNA



stave church • 1170 - 1200



farm • steep terrain



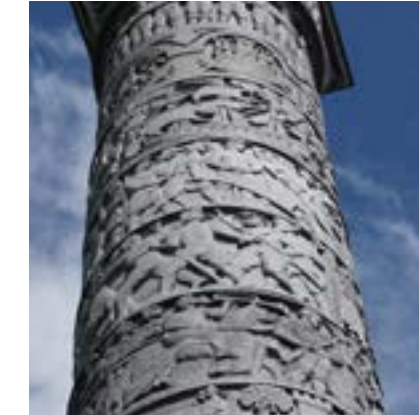
peak • tall logbuilding



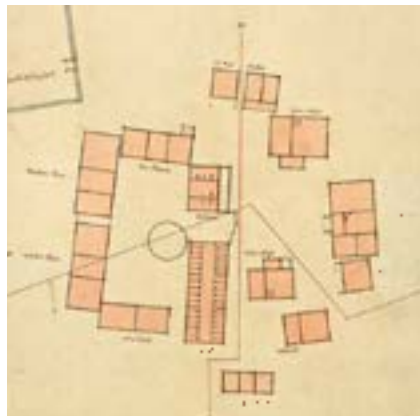
Slate cladding



grass roof



Sagasøylen



tun • ættegard • sygard Garmo • measured and drawn by Magnus Poulson m.fl.



old farm house • Nore stugu • measured by arch. student Carl Berner



form • entrance • light entrance



Tourist road (ntv) stop • in between trees



ntv • view



ntv • mountain • Wold



entrance



plank



timber • masonry • ventilation



Church of St.Eystein



A CENTRE OF POETRY

SKETCHES AND THE WAY OF THINKING

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.

First idea sketch of elements of the created landscape.

Arrival, café, parts for each poet. An ancient farm with rooms for rent is the neighbour just up hill. In the vicinity there is a stavechurch and a other outhouses for rent.

PROGRAM OF THE CENTRE

Architecture for words
for concepts

without people

as language

without people

without use
dies

does not have meaning
is shot down in flight

(notebook 18/9-17, another one losing
feathers on the way to English)

Space for meeting with poetry

spaces to read, sit,
recite, stand, 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 ~200 lux
Daylight is the best 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.

THE CENTRE AN INTRODUCTION

READING THE BUILDINGS

I have defined the spaces as having
characters, defined by certain adjectives of
conditions of the body of the feelings.
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 this allegory to appreciate
the architecture or to read the buildings
character. Though, as some people
appreciate the wastness 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 read there will also be changing
the site. That it is all interpersonal, not
objective. Language. That the physical
is still somehow more tangible, direct,
unmediated. The openness of architecture.
It is exiting to work and play with the
meanings.

THE PATHS THE ROUTES TO WALK

The routes
a scenario

At the reception you received a map. It has lines that show you the locations of the buildings and routes to walk. The different paths are called after one of the three poets. The Knut Hamsun walkway is a path as on a hike in a highly frequented area, with adjustments made to cross barriers. The Olav Aukrust path is a boardwalk, or ramp, adjusted to wheelchairs, walking aids and for people not to fit. Aukrust very young suffered serious illness and did not have a good health later in life. On this route you will be lightly lifted over the foul ground, always able to see all 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 Jonssons life, you will be guided to harder routes that is not adapted as the Hamsun-one. It goes around the important parts, on the outskirts, often leading in strange directions ere arriving. The combination of poverty 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 tex to read, on biography and interpretation written by an expert, and the poems themselves, varies and is selected to the differing poets. Through walking on varying ground, reading varying, poet-adapted texts, and visiting the spaces in different succession, at least three distinct stories can be told in the same place

THE OLAV AUKRUST RAMP

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

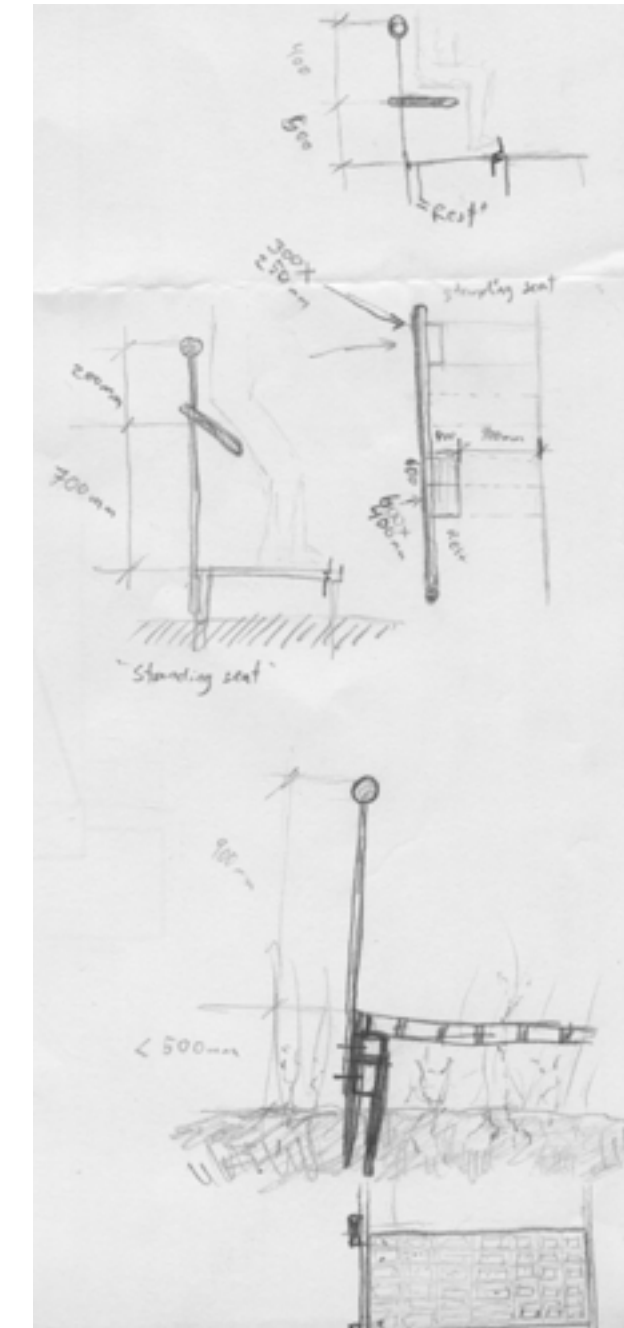
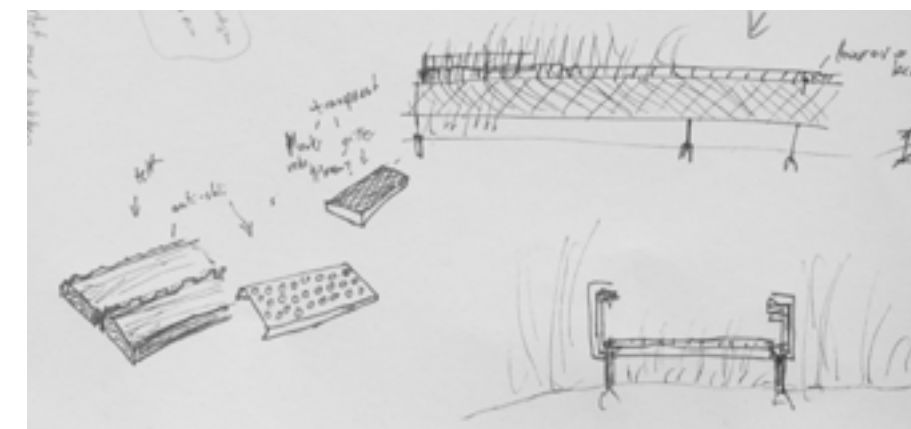
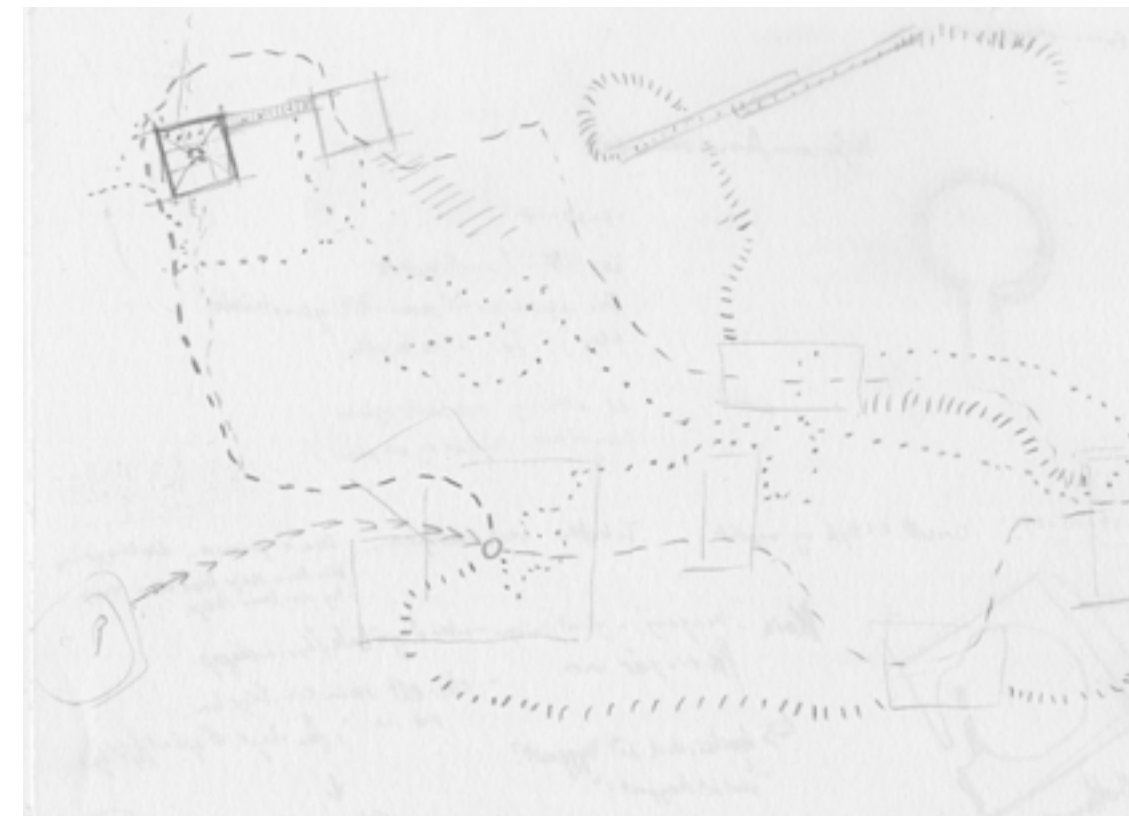
Construction
The ramp is constructed by two low rails of steel. They are elevated 10-30 cm above the ground where the landscape does not demand higher elevation and a more bridge like construction. On the low parts there is a handrail on one side. It has a round smooth wooden profile for the hand, being held up by thin steel rods, connected to the rails and spaced every meter, open elsewhere. If the ramp reaches a hight of 50 cm above ground there is 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 interchangeably high and low. The high is 70 cm above the ramp surface, tilted, 30 cm wide, to lean against, the lower is 50 cm above the rail and 40 cm wide, as a chair. It is to make possible to kinds of rest. In between the steel profiles of the rails are rectangular elements, of varying material. Where there is grass and other vegetation growing, this elements are a steel rasters, letting through most of the light and possible water, so the grass 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

Stories to be told
Olav Aukrust suffered from severe illness at a young age and would be haunted by ill health and the fear of it the rest of his life until he died of sickness at the age of 42. He could not take over the farm he was to inherit, as his health did not allow him. He found his new mission in poetry, in lifting himself up to the status of the national "skald"

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 meanings seems to evaporate into unimportance. When dealing with death or immovability or great changes, sorrow, when put out of the everyday, involuntarily, for many, poetry does give something, comfort, meaning, resonance. It's special logic, it 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 an ever lasting chatter. Not being relevant in the everyday struggle. Poetry often has a short form. It makes it easier to take in than a complex novel, or even an intriguing intelligent conversation. When energy and concentration is so low, the brain so 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 to quickly falls back into sleep or exhaustion. In this this state one still can have a need for something more uplifting than the very present around



THE PATHS SKETCHES AND SECTIONS

Early sketch of three paths leading through a fixed set of buildings. One of the earliest of all sketches was the one of clay, with three paths to reach the same goal, the top. Together with the small sketch.

It was dropped and came back.

The lower sketches and the one to the right are for the Olav Aukrust ramp. The rail should be soft and with a diameter of 40mm, as this is comfortable to hold. The

seats are in two hights, one for short rests, leaning against the seat, quick to get up from, one for sitting down normally.

THE TOR JONSSON PATH

one. The centre should be able to welcome visitors close to this state.

The Olav Aukrust path therefore is attempted to make it accessible. It has a hand-railing all the way, and a tightly spaced resting spots. It is important that one, even with reduced capacity, can have a chance of walking on ones own force. 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 cane or railing as long as the distances are not too long. 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 or on a special transportation car. Even though they normally walk in their everyday surroundings. Being sick on an airport, without any aid, might feel like running a marathon. This project should not be like that. The ramp is also functional for baby strollers

Landscape

All the landscape in their varied and inverted forms. The path does not lead through water, though it does not take the most comfortable route either

Program

To walk on the bare ground, minimal, if any, adjustments made

Construction

Coloured posts hammered into the ground. Steel rods drilled into the rock. Points of orientation to follow, drawing the line between them oneself

Stories to be added:

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 strict line, 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 ones physical movability, ones way of overcoming hurdles and ones way of seeing the world is of importance to some. It is somehow also what good poetry and literature at large does. It changes your perspective and lets you glimpse that the world is not the same for everyone, there are things you do not see from your common perspective, or, 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 hear anyone else say before

THE KNUT HAMSUN PATH

Landscape

All the landscape, where one intuitively would prefer to walk it. Not smoothly adapted, though well walkable. It offers many possible routes, and gives access to great views and exploring most of the surrounding from different angles

Construction

Hamsun's path is a quite enjoyable walk in nature, as many Norwegians are used to. It is less adapted than in a park, though more than on the mountain. It is often paved with steppingstones, to not sink too deep, though you always walk on the ground, in contact with the element you are walking on

Stories to be told

Hamsun's life was not one of privilege; he came from a rather poor farm and searched to find his way into the bourgeoisie culture of the publishers and artists in the city. He had to labour hard in his young years, and his famous novel "Hunger", describes the struggles of the poor poet all too well. Still, in his aloneness, he was free, not taking responsibility for others than himself. This path has many sideways, letting you roam more freely, seeing much more of the landscape and the world. It is not so privileged in other than its freedom

Reflections

This is a well known typology of path, rather exiting for the body to move in and the eyes to see. I think it might be a preferred way to move around, at least for the young and agile

ENTRANCE

The transition

a scenario existing in text on the plan, place 3, there is left out a blank space for this space of transition, to be imagined

A person would arrive at a parking park, where a car, a bicycle, a person on foot with backpack, could come and leave his luggage or vehicle. Along the road there is an elongated bus stop, where a bus could park. There are charging stations at the stops for bicycles, cars and usb-devices. There is good wifi here, for free use, with an outdoor amplifier. There are outdoor and roofed places to sit, eat and rest before you enter the building. Here you have the possibility to connect to the world at large again, if you want. The mobile net is not so stable, due to the mountains around. There are lockers for backpacks. 9 tents can be put up in a camp in-between the trees. The toilet is open from the outside all day. It appears to be a regular tourist road stop, though the facade to the parking in-between the trees is not too spectacular. Once you enter the building you are welcomed by a reception, a place you will get the information you need to continue. This space is rather closed, you look directly through to the other side, where the outside routes start. Before you go, you can sit down in a temperatured space

Coming to the outside, you see over to another smaller building. It is a fire house. It has a fire in the chore, with the smoke escaping from the ceiling. It is not light, the light comes in where the smoke leaves at the top. It is possible to sit around the fire to be warm

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 space of all poems | silence
- 5 The field, the water priestess and the shed
- 6 The space for writing in the lake | reverie
- 7 The cottage in the wood
- 8 The bridge
- 9 The delights of culture

CONDITIONS AND REQUIREMENTS OF THE SPACES

- number of users:
- 1: 1 recite alone, 1-10 sit
 - 2: 1-6 sit, 1-15 stand
 - 3: 1-9
 - 4: 1-10 sit, 1-20 stand
 - 5: 1 inside shed, 1 inside water-space, 6 sitting, 6 working
 - 6: 1 writer in solitude, 5 doing yoga
 - 7: 2
 - 8: 2 (it can take bigger loads as well)
 - 9: 6

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

THE ACTORS CHARACTERS OF THE SPACES

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

- ground typology:
- 1: mountain 0,05-0 m to rock
 - 2: thin moraine 0-0,3 m to rock
 - 3: mountain 0,1-0 m to rock
 - 4: thick moraine 1-3 m to rock
 - 5: thick moraine >3 m to rock
 - 6: sand >3 m to rock
 - 7: wood 0,3-2 m to rock
 - 8: rocky riverbed : 0-1 m to rock
 - 9: thick moraine and sand 1-3 m to rock

- climatised
- 1: no
 - 2: yes
 - 3: yes, partly
 - 4: yes
 - 5: no, partly protected
 - 6: yes
 - 7: no, partly protected
 - 8: no
 - 9: yes

- Sound
- 1: open air, reverberation
 - 2: metallic sound
 - 3: muffled, crackly
 - 4: soft
 - 5: water timbre, 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: timbre, water

- Construction
- 1: in situ concrete
 - 2: prefab laminated timber frames, stiffened by a in situ concrete column
 - 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, hight
 - 3: heat
 - 4: balance, light
 - 5: smells, sounds, activity
 - 6: sight, movement
 - 7: balance, trust
 - 8: trust, movement
 - 9: warmth and humidity



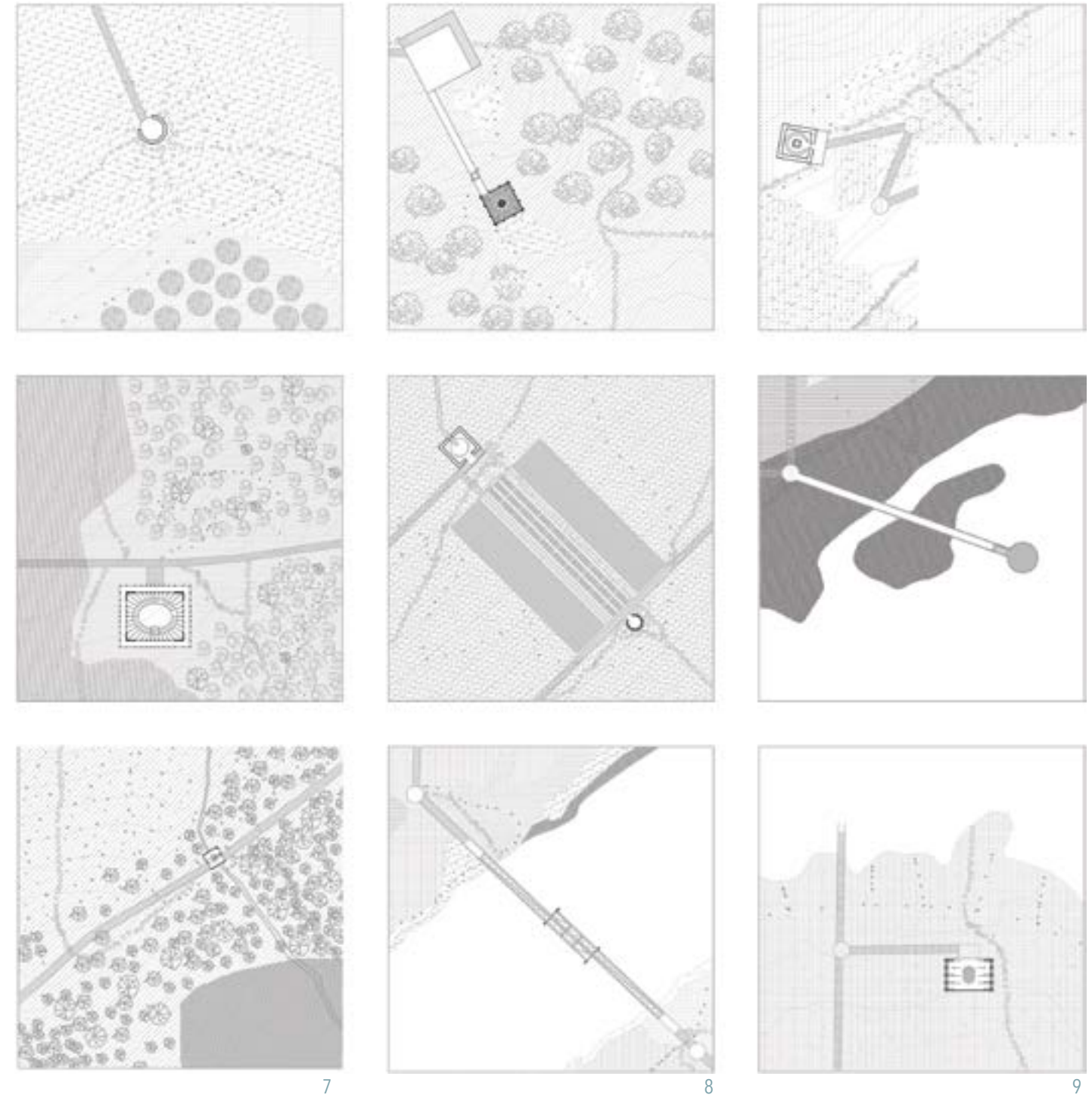
THE BODY THE HOME OF FEELINGS AND EXPERIENCE

The person is alone in her body. The body is constructed and risen by hard longitudinal matter held together by soft muscle tension

That is my experience

It is a construction in physical matter
It is here experience resides

THE SITE



PLACE	SPACE
1 2 3	1 2 3
4 5 6	4 5 6
7 8 9	7 8 9

The site: 9 places. They are connected, though there is a gap inbetween them. Each place is its own world, its own character. Inbetween 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 closedness, contrasting the free air, or,

framing and enhancement of the outside.



PLAN
1:200

1 THE RECITATION POINT HERITAGE OVERVIEW, EXPOSED OPENNESS

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 big an effort taken in consideration the condition of almost no rainfall. Even though it would probably enhance the visual association to the artillery bunkers.

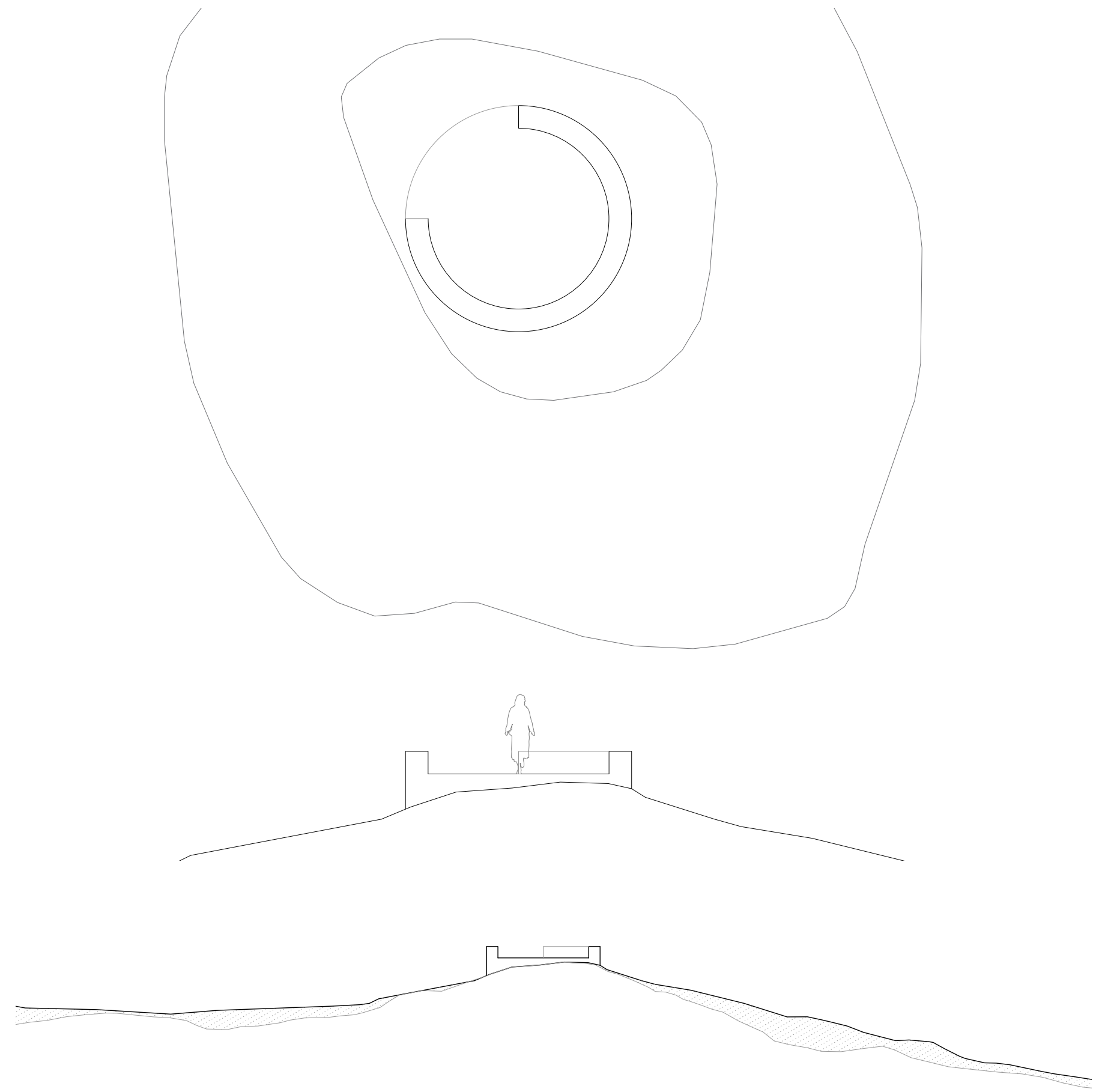
Stories to be added:

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 typology of the second world war occupation; the bunker, more specifically, the artillery bunker, circular constructions all along the Norwegian coast. The Norwegian public discussion seem to never finish to discuss the war and nazism and Hamsuns nazism, 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.



PLAN 1:100
SECTION 1:100
SECTION 1:200

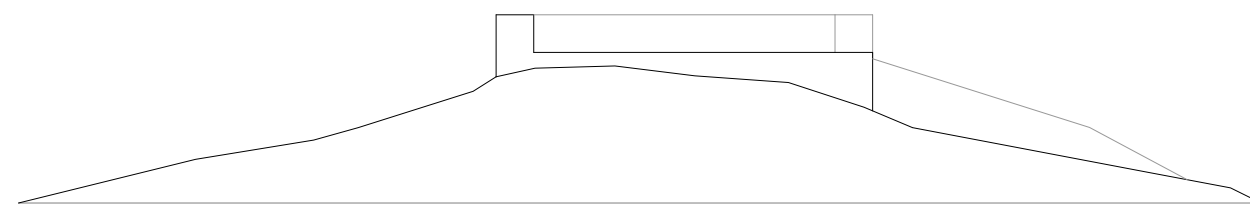


VONDE TIDER, ANGESTTIDER

Vonde tider, angesttider
knus vårt ville angestmot
til vi vågar leva, leva
redde til vår inste rot

Angesttid med angesthelar,
la oss røme bort ifrå
dette motet som vil knuse
jorda som vi lever på!

Tor Jonsson







PLAN 1:200

2 THE DARK SPACE LONELINESS, DESPAIR

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 band 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 walls are held into place by pillars at the middle part of the frame beams, where the middle beams of the floor frame extend out. The inner walls are made of steel sheets, with a welded on cross, cross-bracing the wooden frame. The space between the outer cladding and the inner steel sheet is filled with insulation. The roof follows from the upper frame, along the diagonal beams, until the centre of the construction, where the occasional water is lead down through the middle of the column. The drainage are small pipes, of

an 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 column 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

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

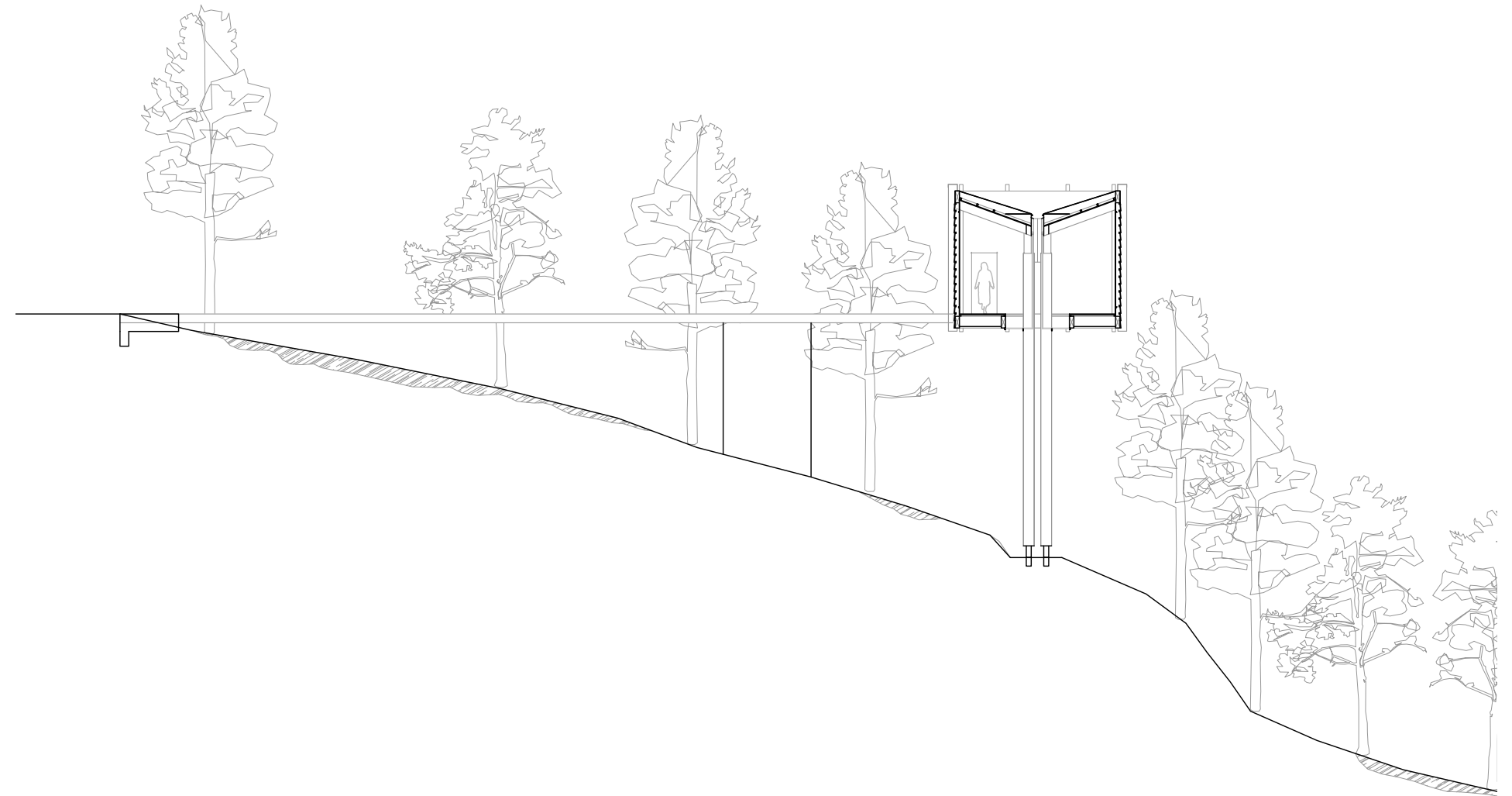
Hamsun writes on the conflicted mind bordering to insanity. All the nuanced states of mind. His poetry is perhaps somewhat less complex, though he has a humour about death and the meaningless, that can let this space ring quite different from that of the others. In addition, his is still remembered for his nazism, and there is a great discussion on how to handle his legacy. The writer, the work, is praised and canonised, 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 create 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. It is what makes it bearable, relatable, 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. Gives space. This is a fundamental part of humanness. Human beings have more negative primal emotions than positive. So say psychologists as Paul Ekman who classify human basal emotions. The negative emotions save from danger.



SECTION 1:200



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 chore, 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 lifted from the ground. The roof was cut out on in cardboard. There was a rest. At night 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 column of four and eight parts.

Material

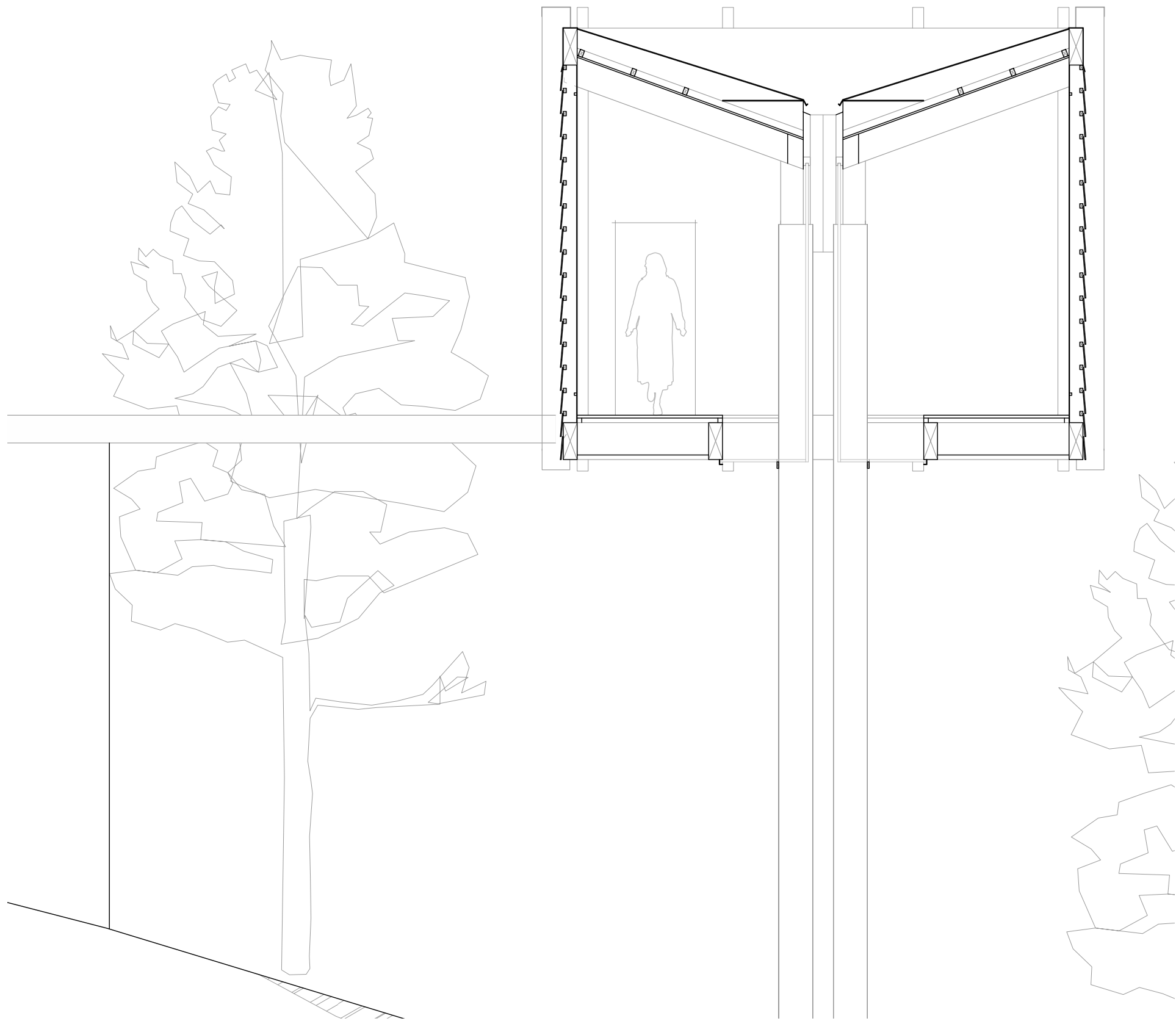
Pine, steel, glass.

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.

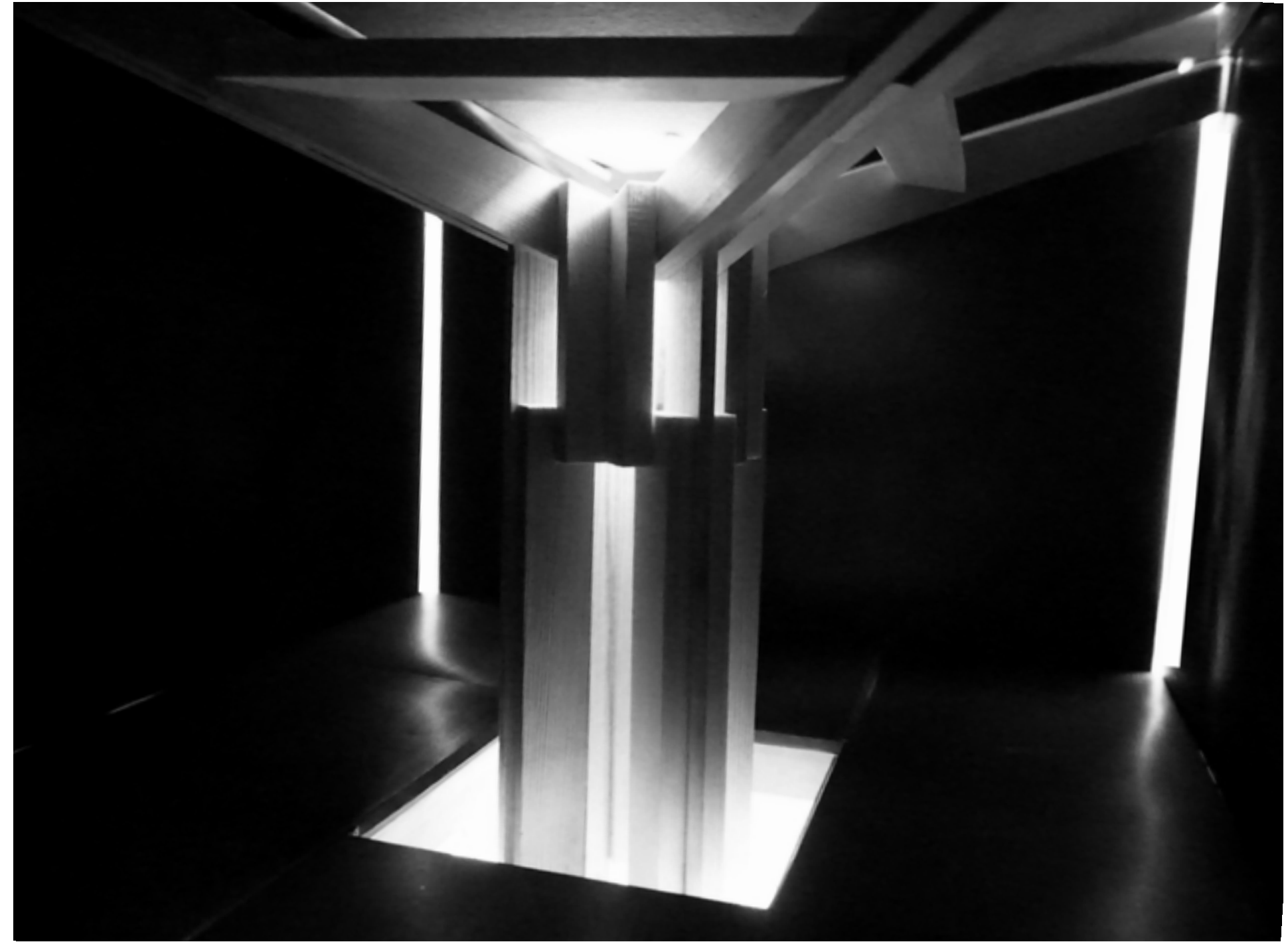
In the poem "Norsk kjærleikssong", ("Norwegian love song") Tor Jonsson describes the pine-family (spruce) as himself, the masculine, and the birch as the bride, the feminine, and together they are Norwegian nature.

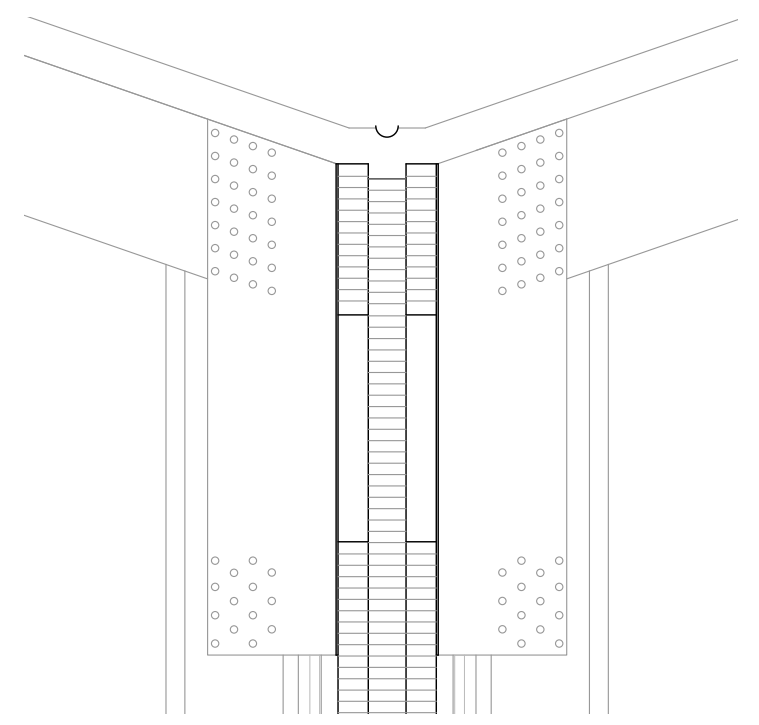
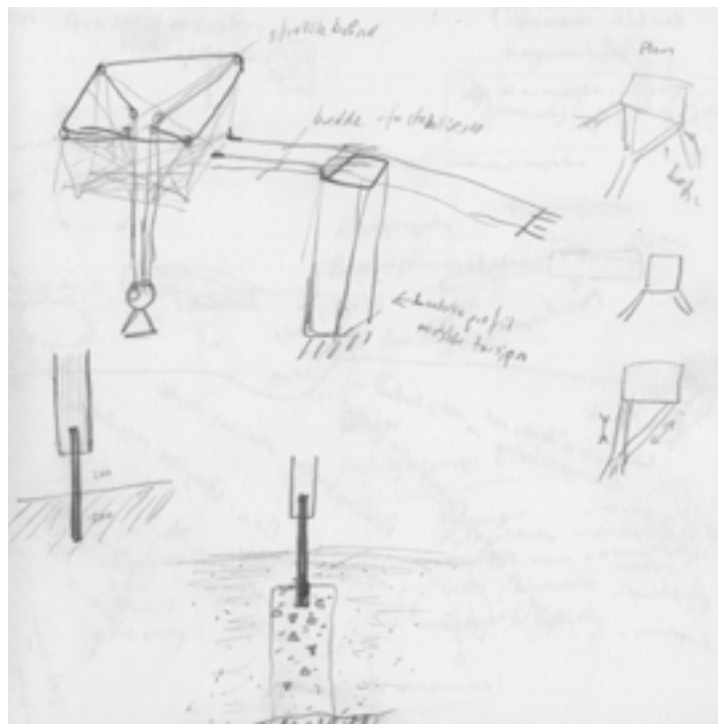
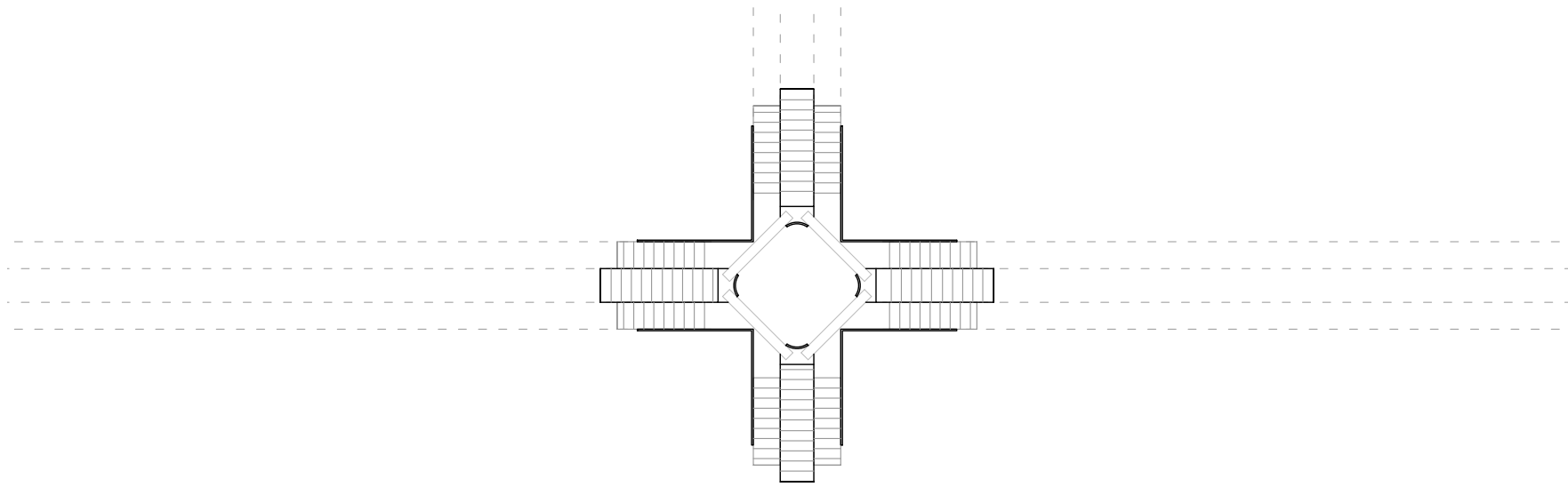
Eg er grana, mørk og stur.
Du er bjørka. Du er brur
under fager himmel.
Båe er vi norsk natur.

Tor Jonsson



SECTION 1:50



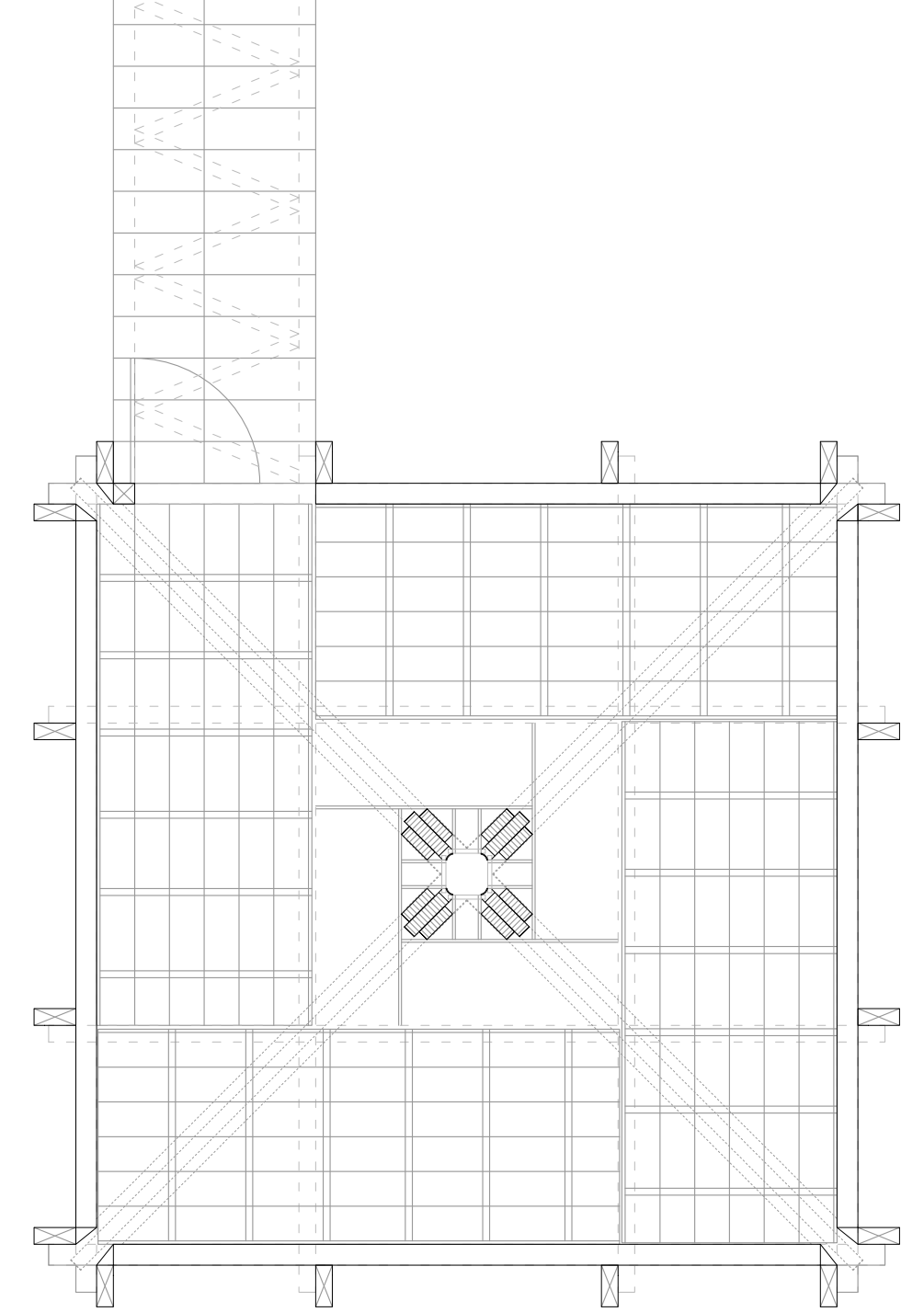


DETAIL 1:20

Steell transition from column to beam, with light in between.
The steel is bolted to the triple crosslaminated 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



PLAN 1:50

bigger glass panes, creating an open glass floor, exposing the high 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 alusion to a swastika is intentional. In

this way the space more directly finds a starting point in the three poets.

SANGEN I SKOGE

Der vælded en Sang i den Skog bag Skoge,
det var som en Sanger raadløst forgik.
Og Fillerne flød om den Sangers Knoge
og Galskabens Stjærner stod i hans Blik.

Der flagred en maaløs Rædsel i Skoge
af Tonen som ud af hans Strube sprang,
og Dyrene bort ifra Marken droge;
men skogen den hørte en uhørt Sang.

Det var som der skreges en Ed i Skoge
for al den Elende i Verden var.
Og Ordene helt op i Himlen joge
og klirred indover en lun Passiar.

Da smisked og smigred de Englesnoge;
men Herren han svart: Den Sang var sand!
En Rødme af Sol gik opp over Skoge –
det blev som en Morgen i rettens Land.

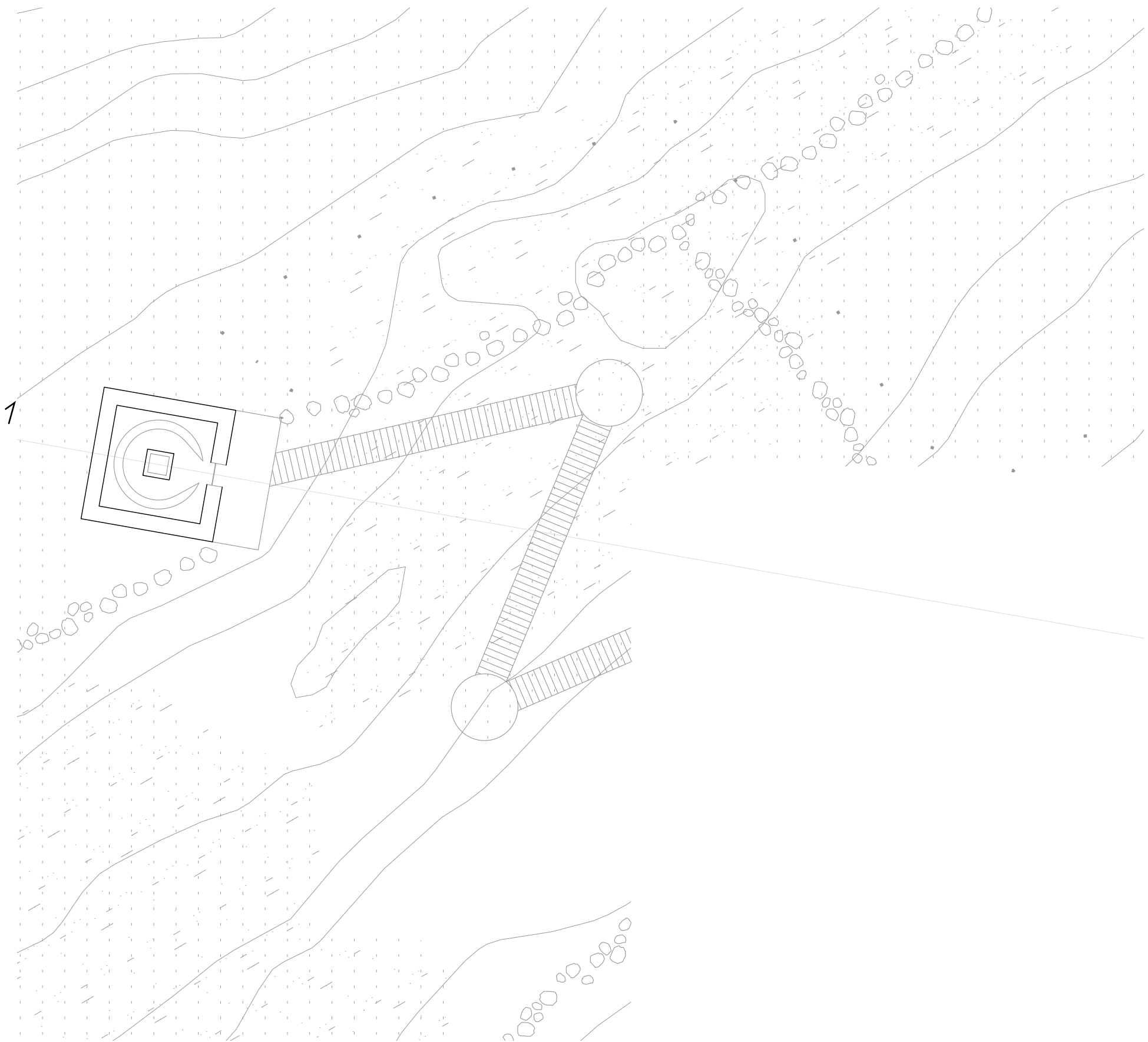
Knut Hamsun

SÅ STIG DÅ I MEG EINSEMD

Så stig da i meg, einsemd,
storm mitt jordlivs siste skanse
og øyd min tæringsdraum om lykke her.
Du avgrunnssvimre jord,
ver du ei onnor verd,
gjev all din løyndom
i denne gjennomlyste morgonstund,
i denne timen føre dødsens store dag
når einsemdrøyster ropar meg attende
til atterføring or ein annan grunn.

No stormar all mi einsemd mot si grense.
Mitt liv var draum forutan dagklar visse
og difor eig eg ikkje jorda meir. –
Men livet skal eg aldri, aldri misse.

Tor Jonsson



PLAN 1:200

White space is the space of entering the site, as described in text before.

**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

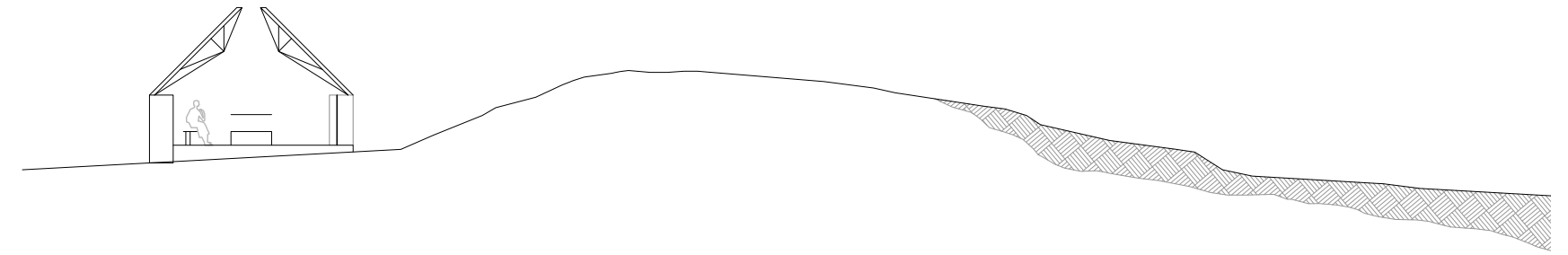
A foundational wall of green olivine stone sourced from nearby. It is green when new. A wooden roof with a hole in the middle functioning as the smoke exit and only source of light. It is clad in copper, a bright metal, visible from afar. As time goes on, the olivine will oxidate into reddish stone due 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 *Haugianerne* 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 Aukrusts mother in the mid 19th century and until around the time he was born. So writes Mæhle.

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

Tor Jonsson : I leave it up to Kolloen or others.



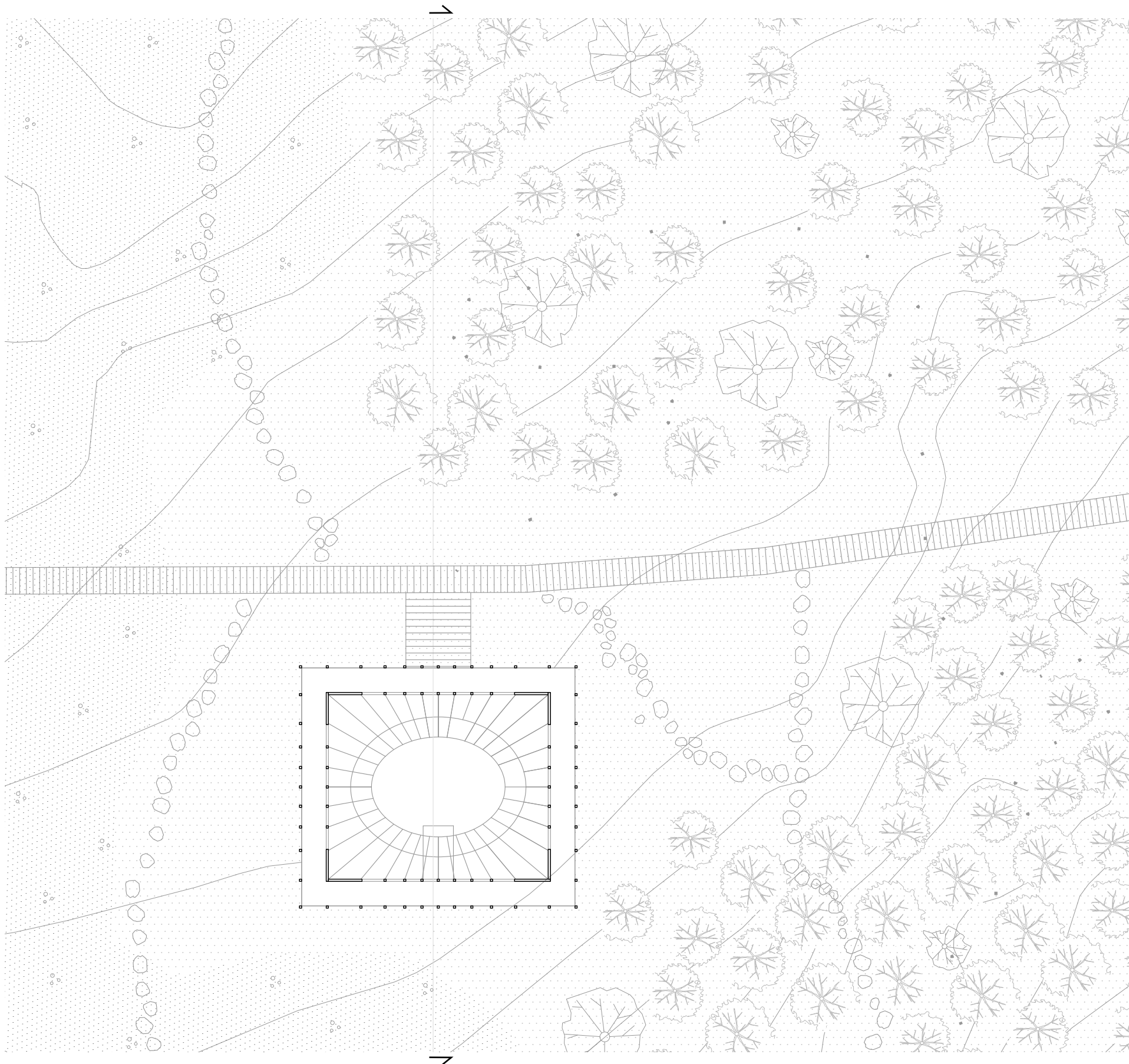
SECTION 1:200



WATERCOLOUR
COLOUR
CHANGES WITH
TIME



HAUGIANERNE
BY ADOLPH
TIEDEMAN
1848



PLAN
1:200

Arrival
It is a building at the border between the agricultural field and the light birchwood. Along the path strengthened with gravel there grows clover. Some are collected from the wood over the Stusslegstugu, the home

of Tor Jonsson. Unusually many of them have more than three leaves.

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.

Program

A place to enter and sit in 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 to the entrance, 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 gives in slightly when walked on, as a 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 there 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 two parts of the double timber is defined by pillars hanging down from the roof, until the floor, also being attached and stabilized by the frame. They are felled into the roof beams. The roof is stiffly connected. The "floor" is also a cross beam construction as the roof. The top of the roof, over the cocoon is glassed. See further description on the following pages. The pillars carry the outer

rim of the walkway/frame, the facade, and are the structure of the bookshelves. In 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-roof are minor 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* planar 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.

Stories to be told

There is no specific text given to this space. It is the space for the inner stillness, emptiness and light from which stems creation. All the works of the poets are available here. Also other poetry. It is for poetry itself. And for the visitors inner world.

The solitude

You go from a space filled with construction and impressions, very marked 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 onto the floor, you notice the fabric slightly giving in. It is not too bouncy, though you discover it comfortably soft to sit down on. Warmth is coming up through the fabric. 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 is there.

You. Texts you carry with you.

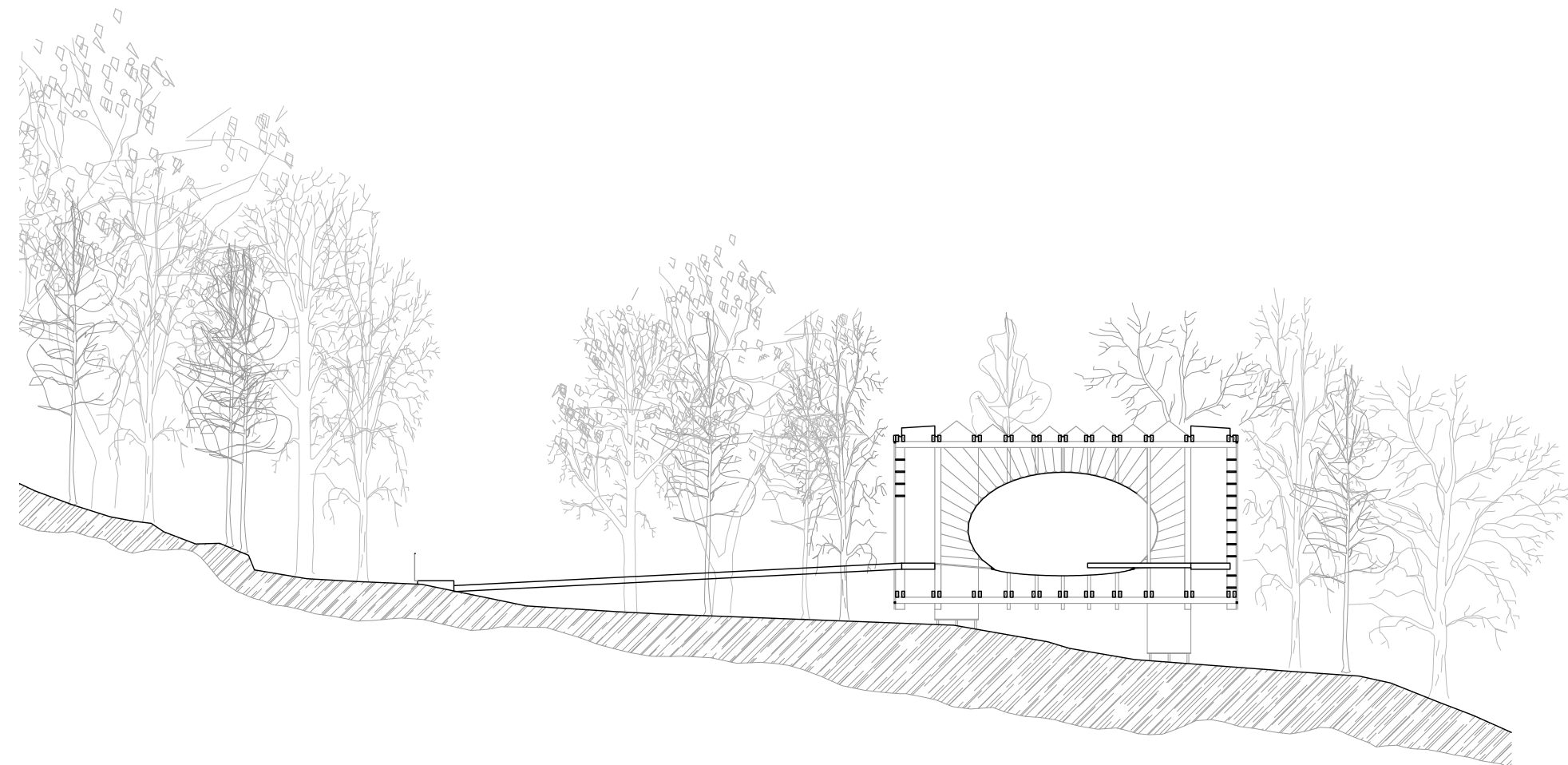
The light makes reading very pleasurable, as there is no glare or to bright lights. At evening there are lines of led along the seams of the fabric, enhancing the intensity of light.

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

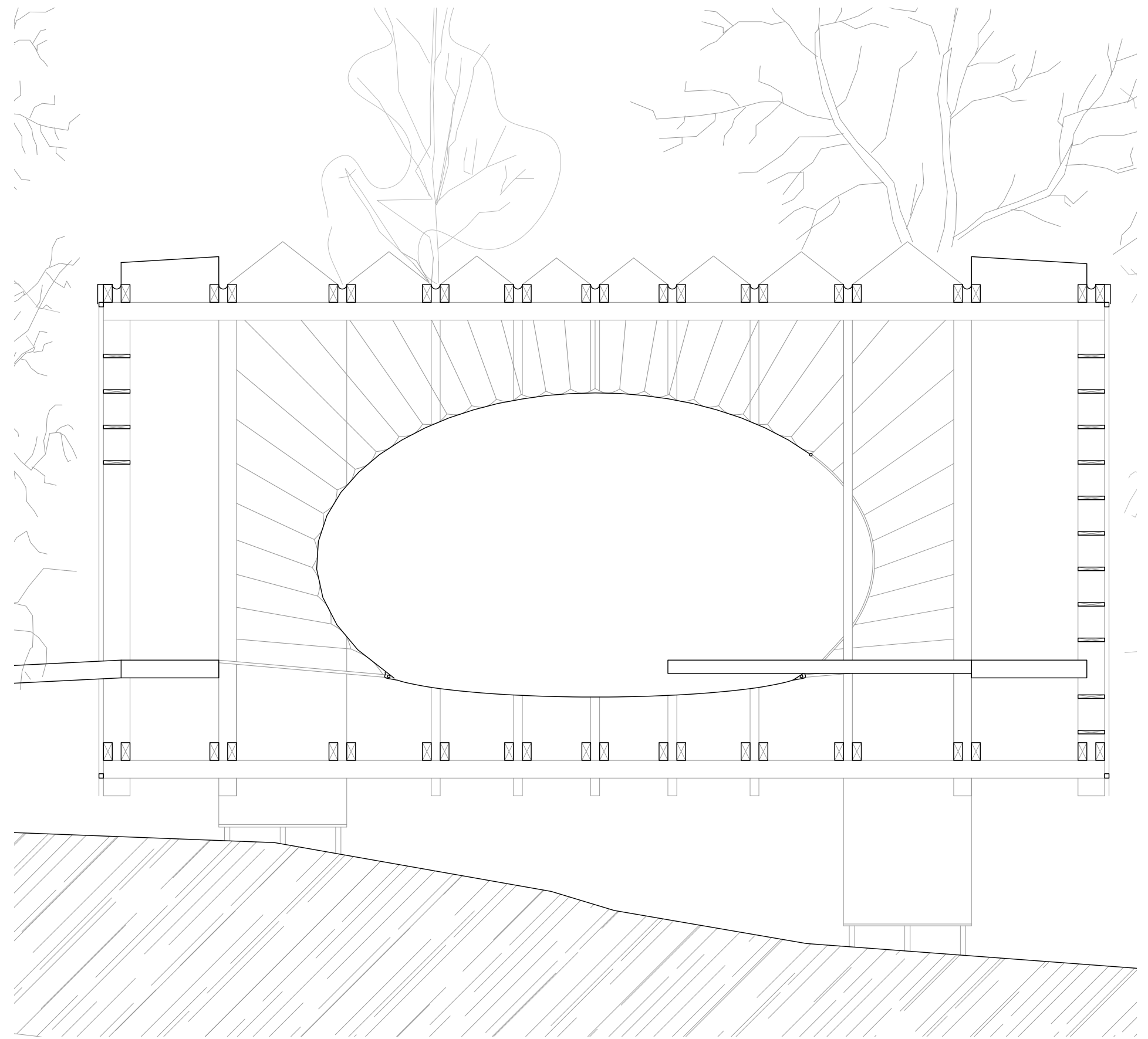
Reflections

Poetry is always an interpretation. What you carry with you will fill it. And you can meet the other. The space inside you can be empty, lonely, or quiet, 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. Or, 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 it into to 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

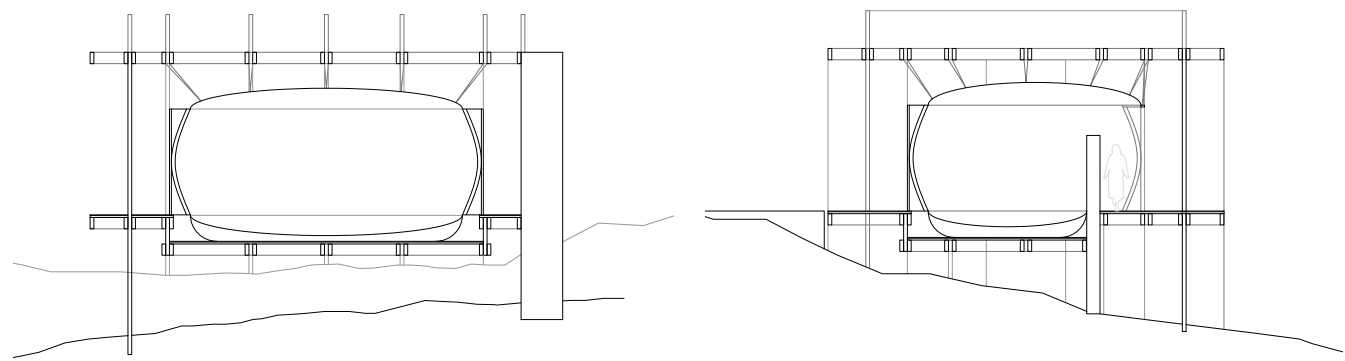
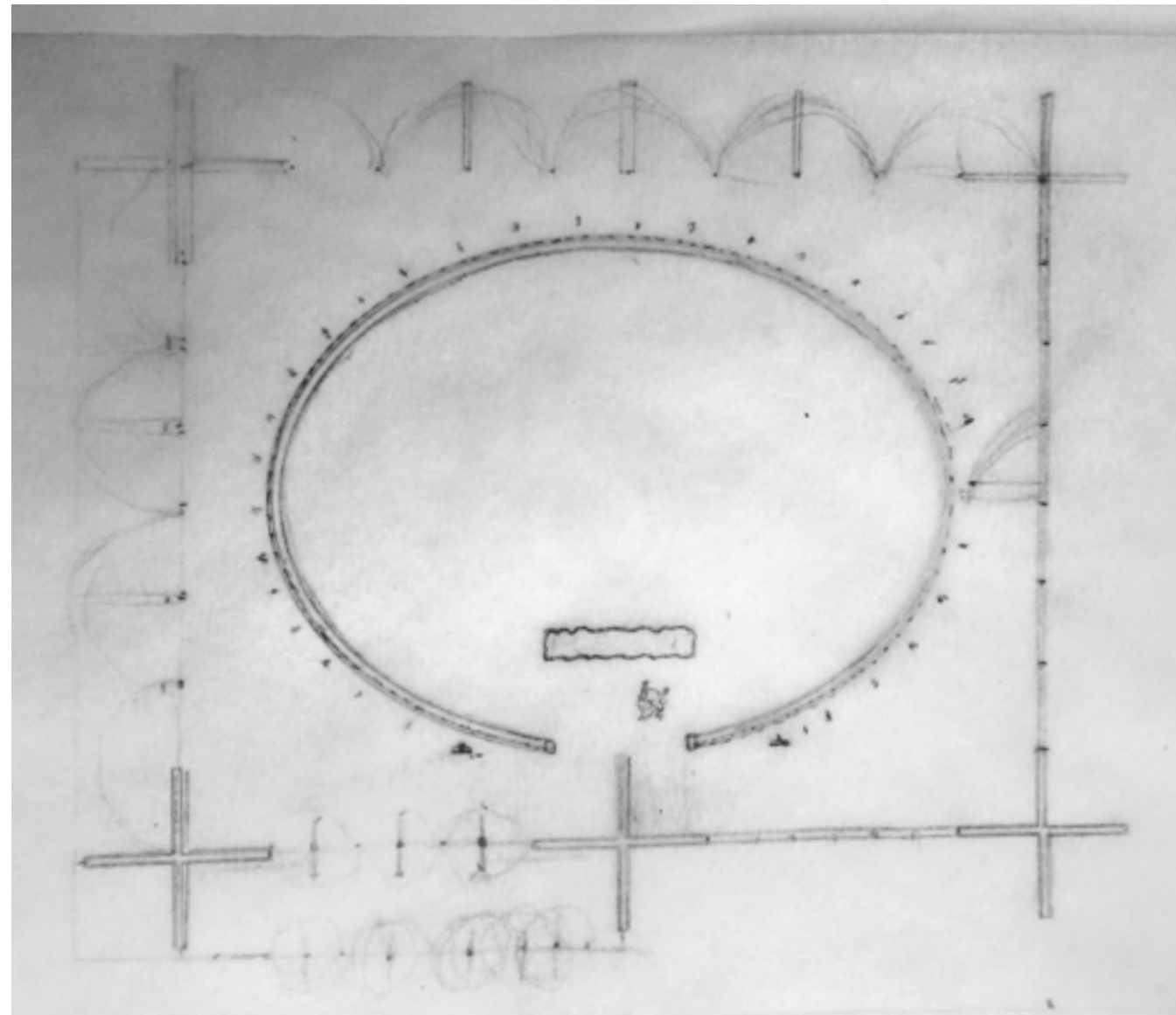


SNITT
1:200



SECTION
1:50

"Lauvskogen"
"Ungdomsli"



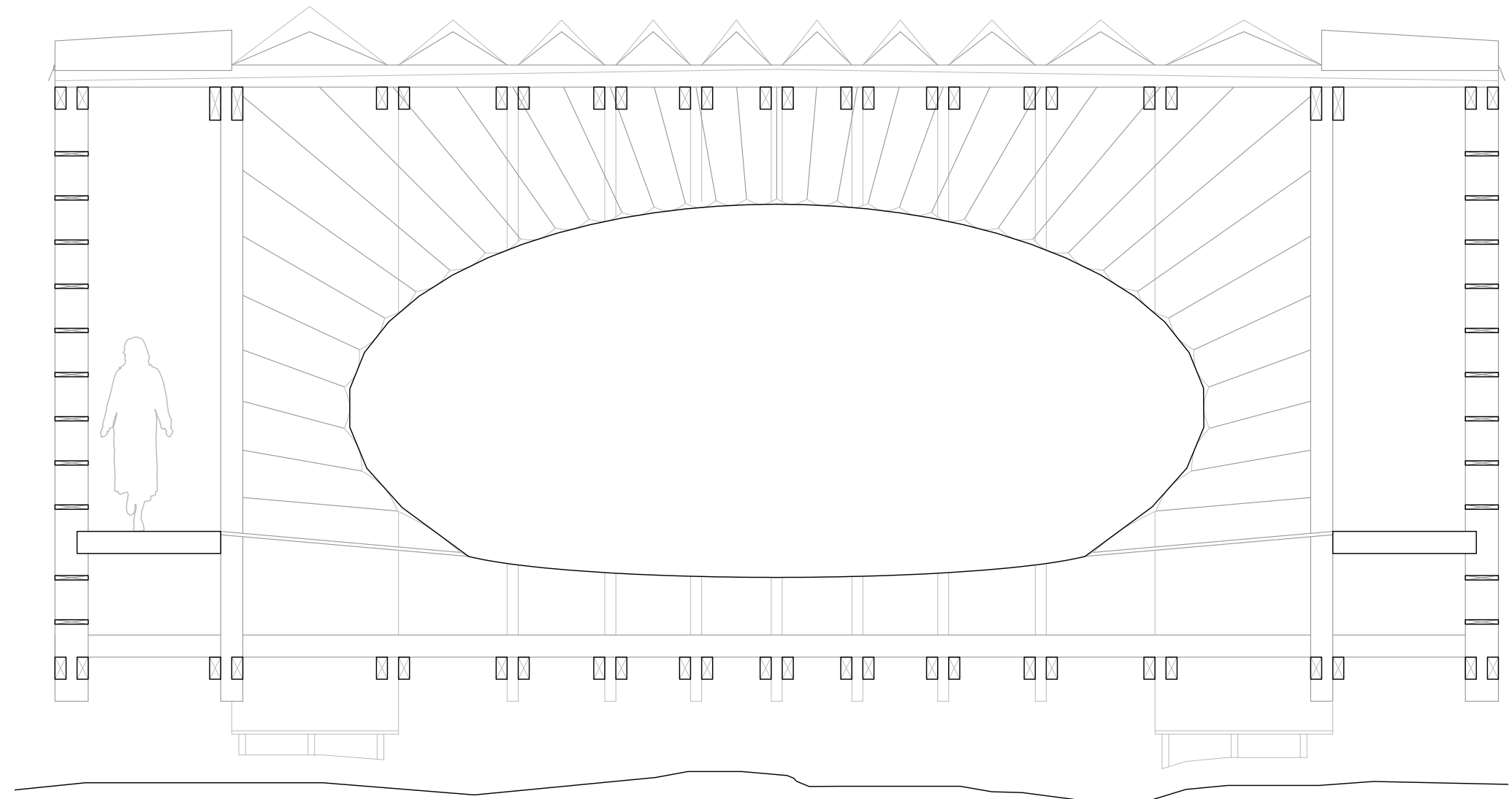
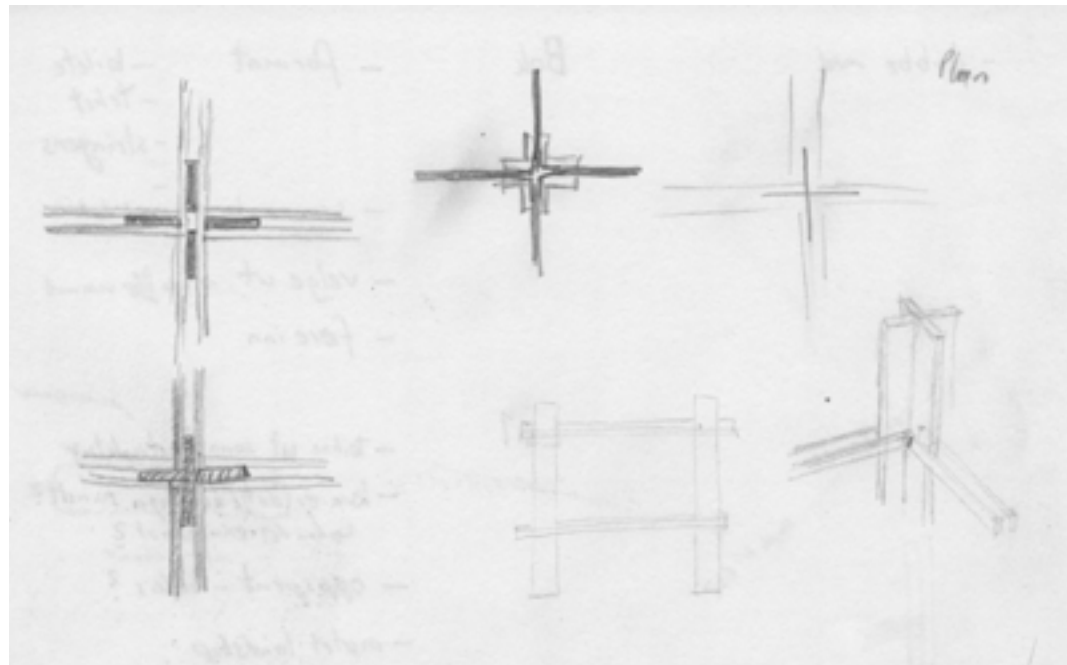
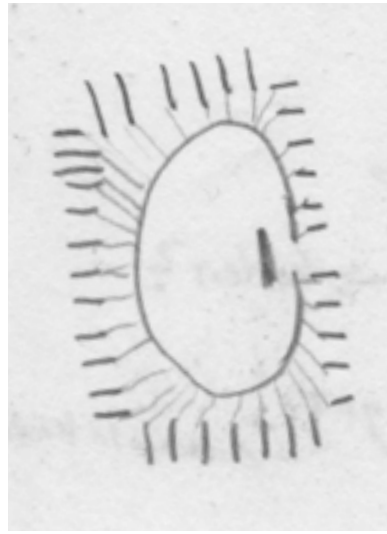
**SKETCHES AND
EARLY SECTION
1:200**

early developments

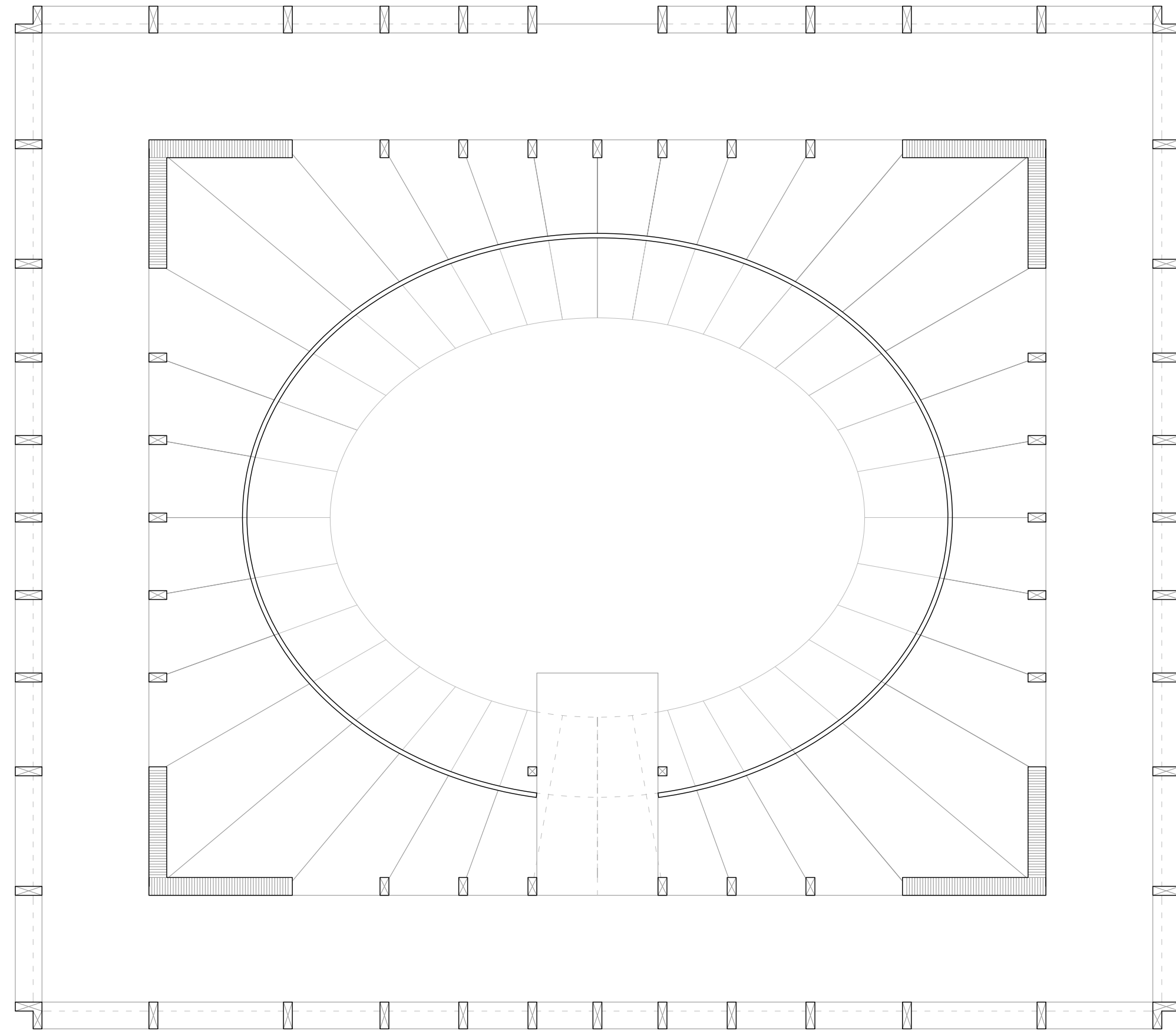


**INTERIOR
MODEL**

Enhanced seams where the fabric is stretched out to form the space. I imagine there to be strips of light on the back of the seams, lighting up the space in the evening and night.

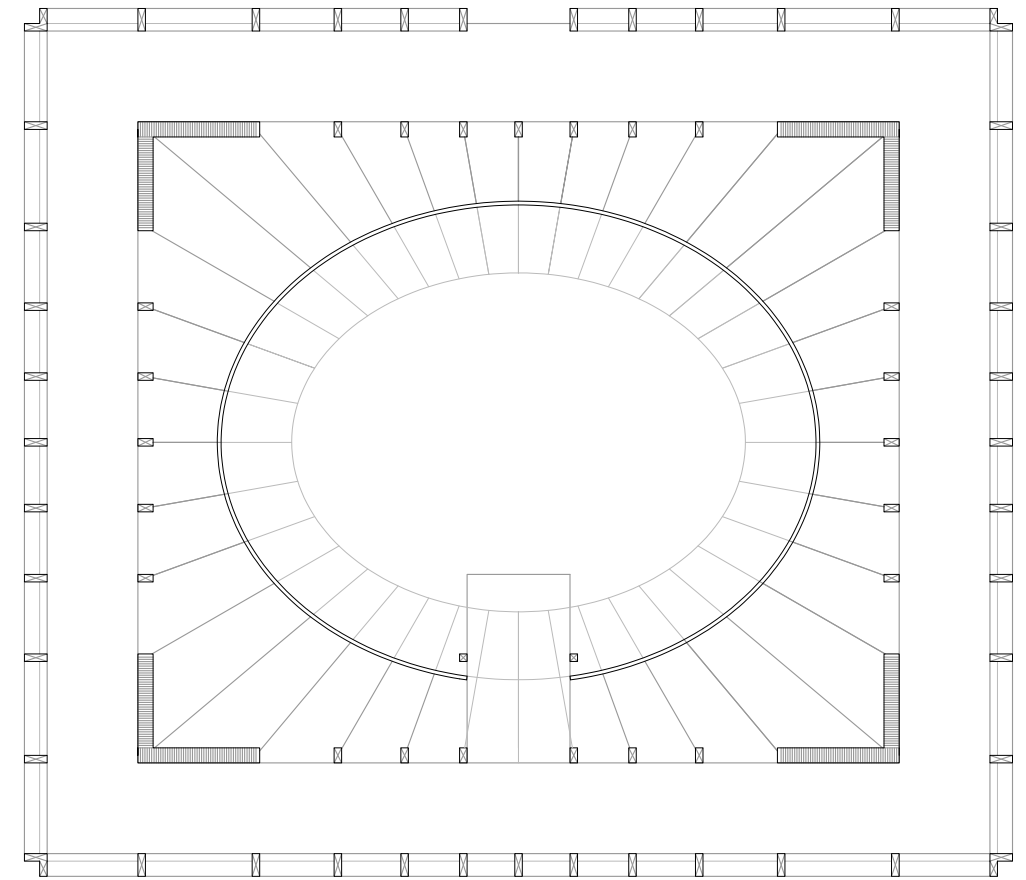
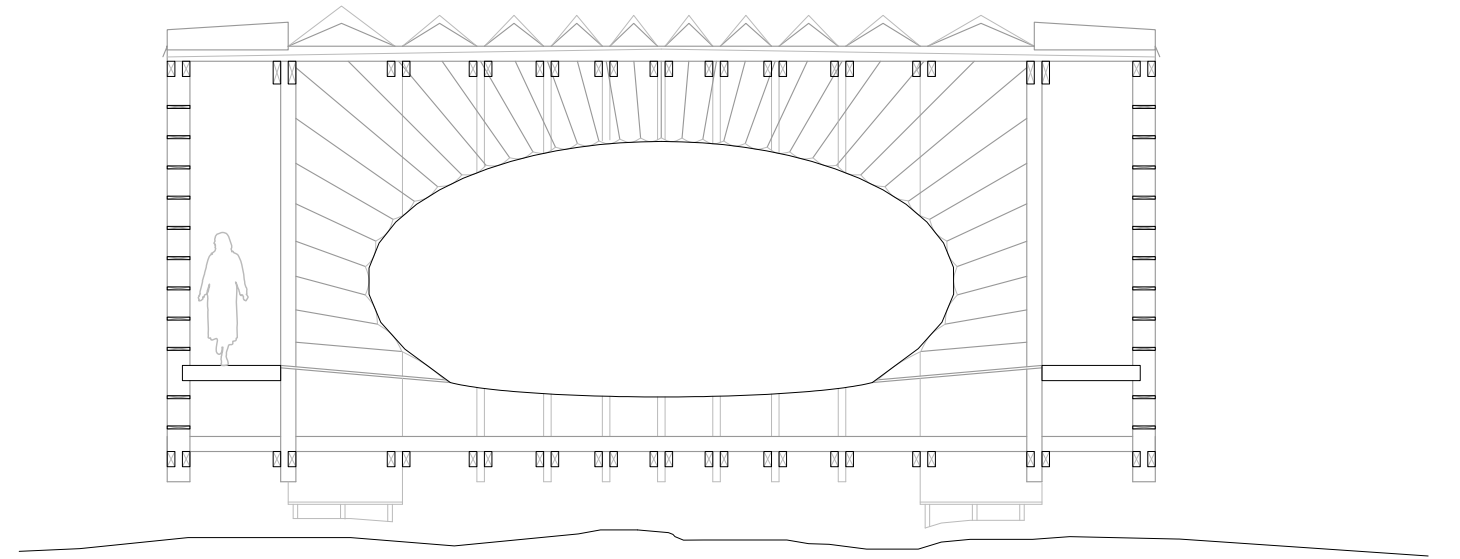


CROSS SECTION
1:50



PLAN 1:50

Entrance is from the north. Bridge leading to the textile space is on the south side.



SECTION 1:100
PLAN 1:100



**INTERIOR VIEW
MODEL
1:50**

The cornerless space, a space without clear spatial references. The photo is seen into the narrower end, a deeper space of white.

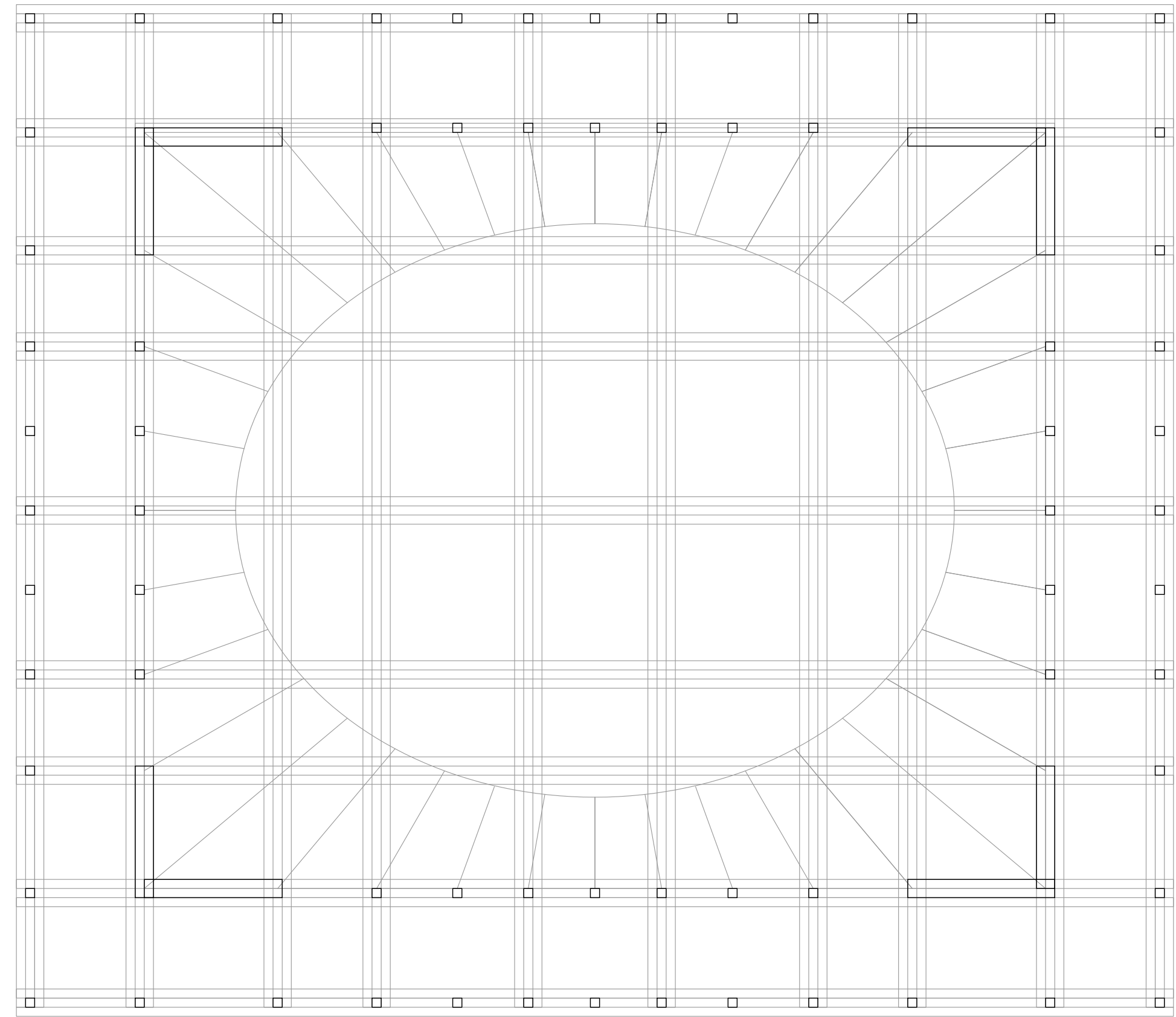


FIELD OF VISION

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 is wider

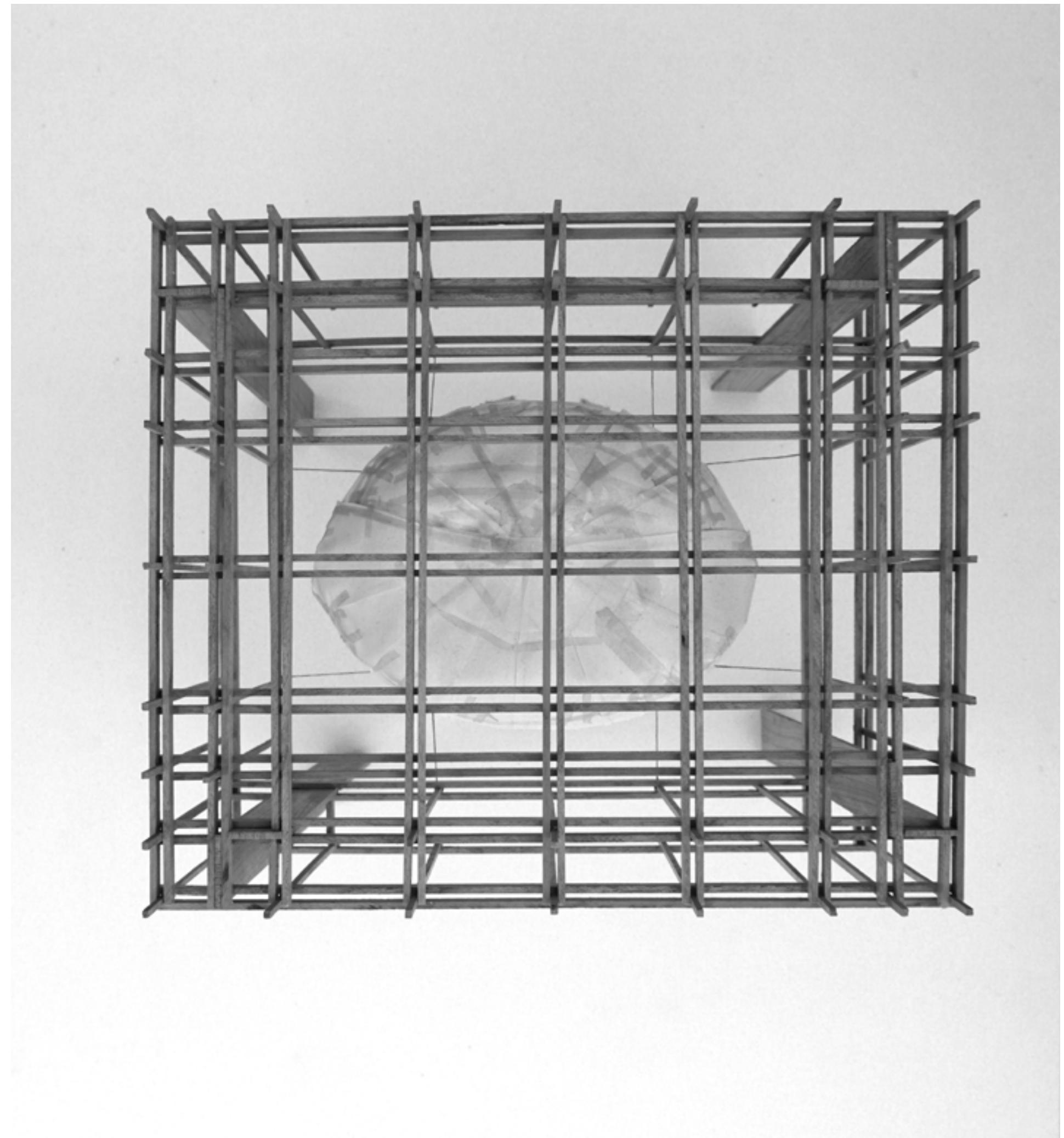
horizontally. The eyes are round. The field of vision consists of two circles partially overlapping. It is close to the shape of the ellipse. One takes in much more horizontally around ones axis than above, in the sky, or below, on the firm ground. That

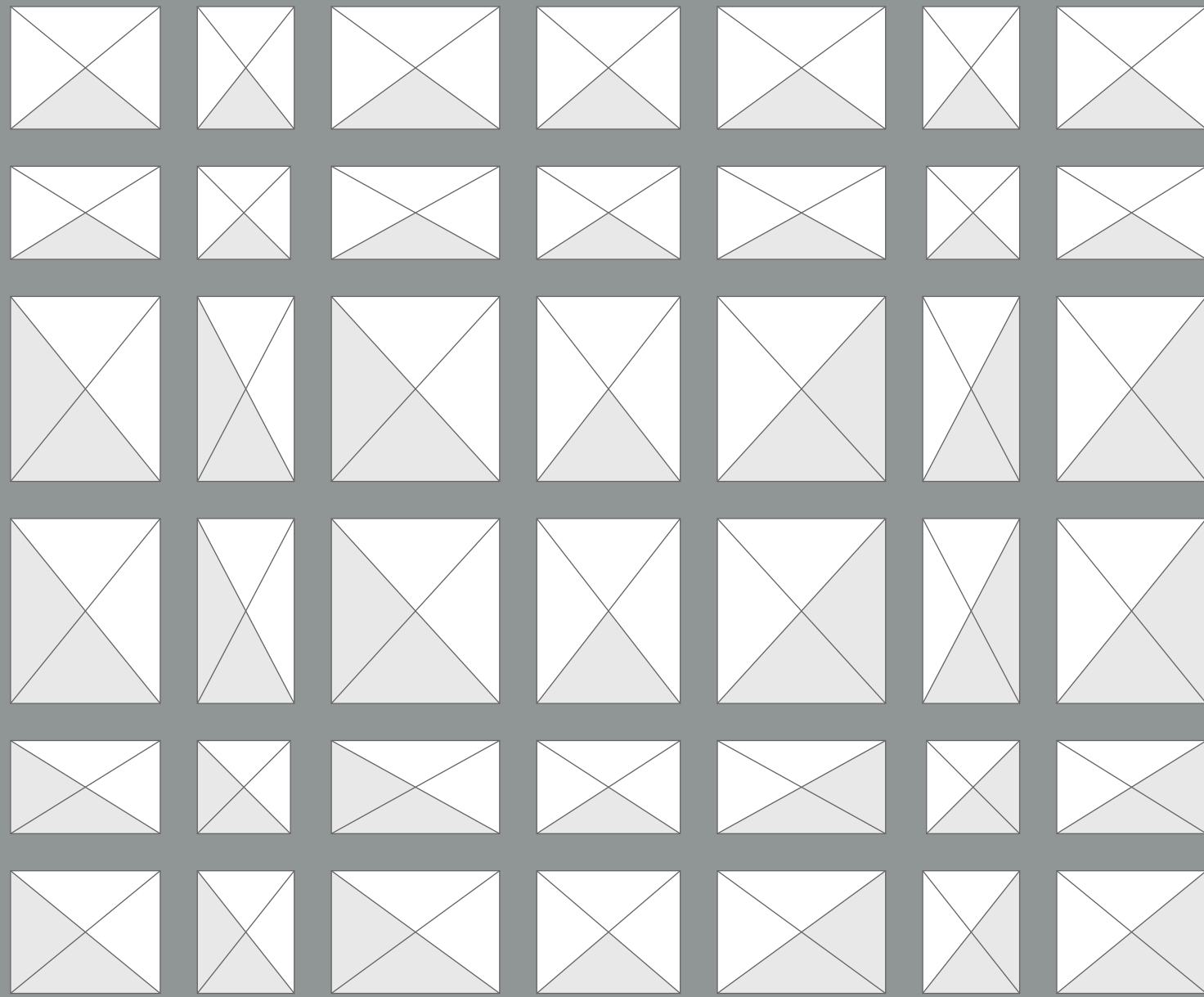
seems logically. A space does not have to be as tall as it is wide to be tall and wide. Height has a denser scale. Eyelids narrow even more of the above and below, flattening the field of vision.



ROOF STRUCTURE
PLAN
1:50

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 floor.

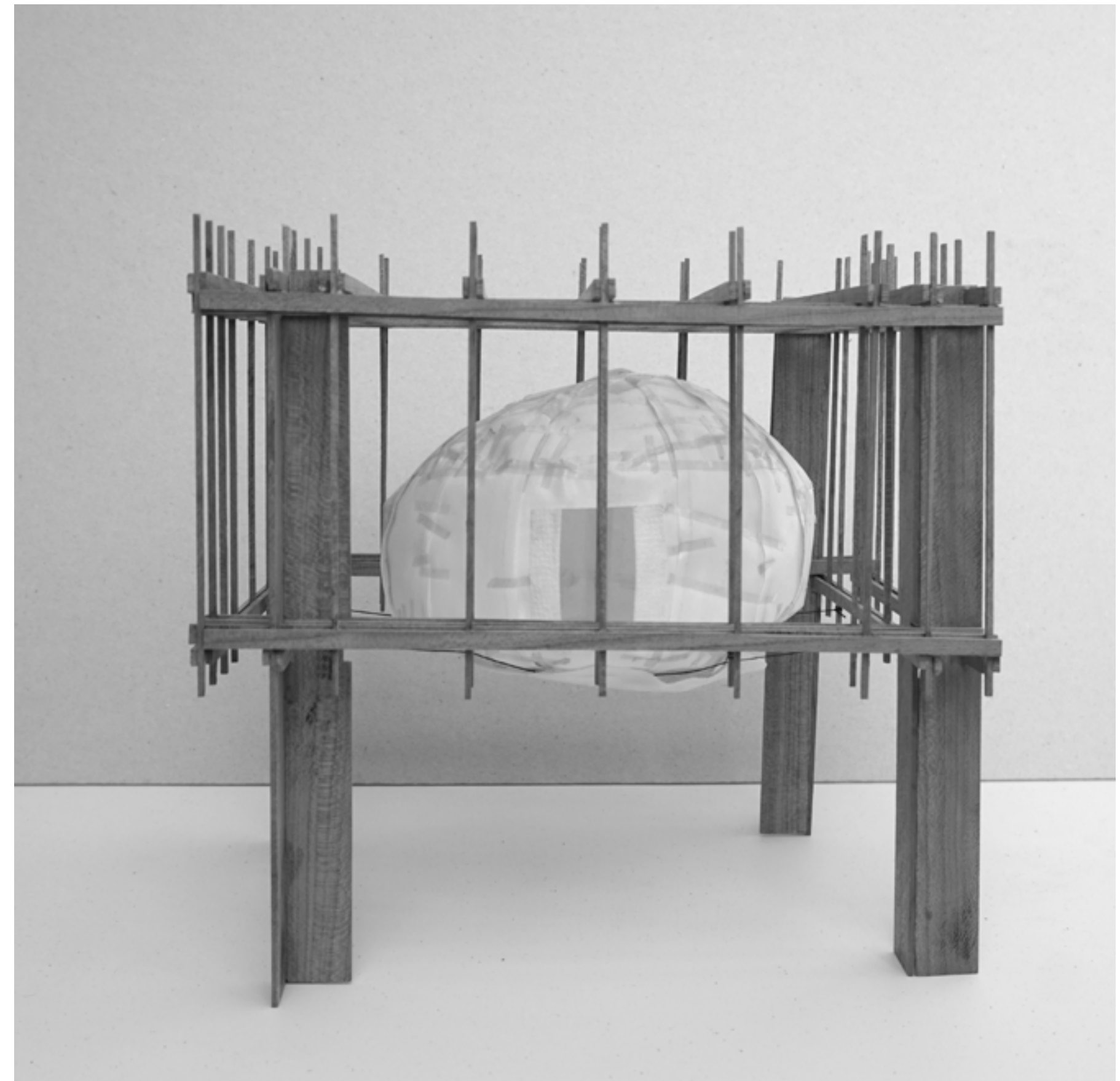




**GLASS ROOF
SCHEMA
GLASS AND ROOF
AND SCHEMA
1:50**

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° hindering the sun to enter

the north-facing panes during the midday glare. The soft rays of dawn and dusk may enter freely.

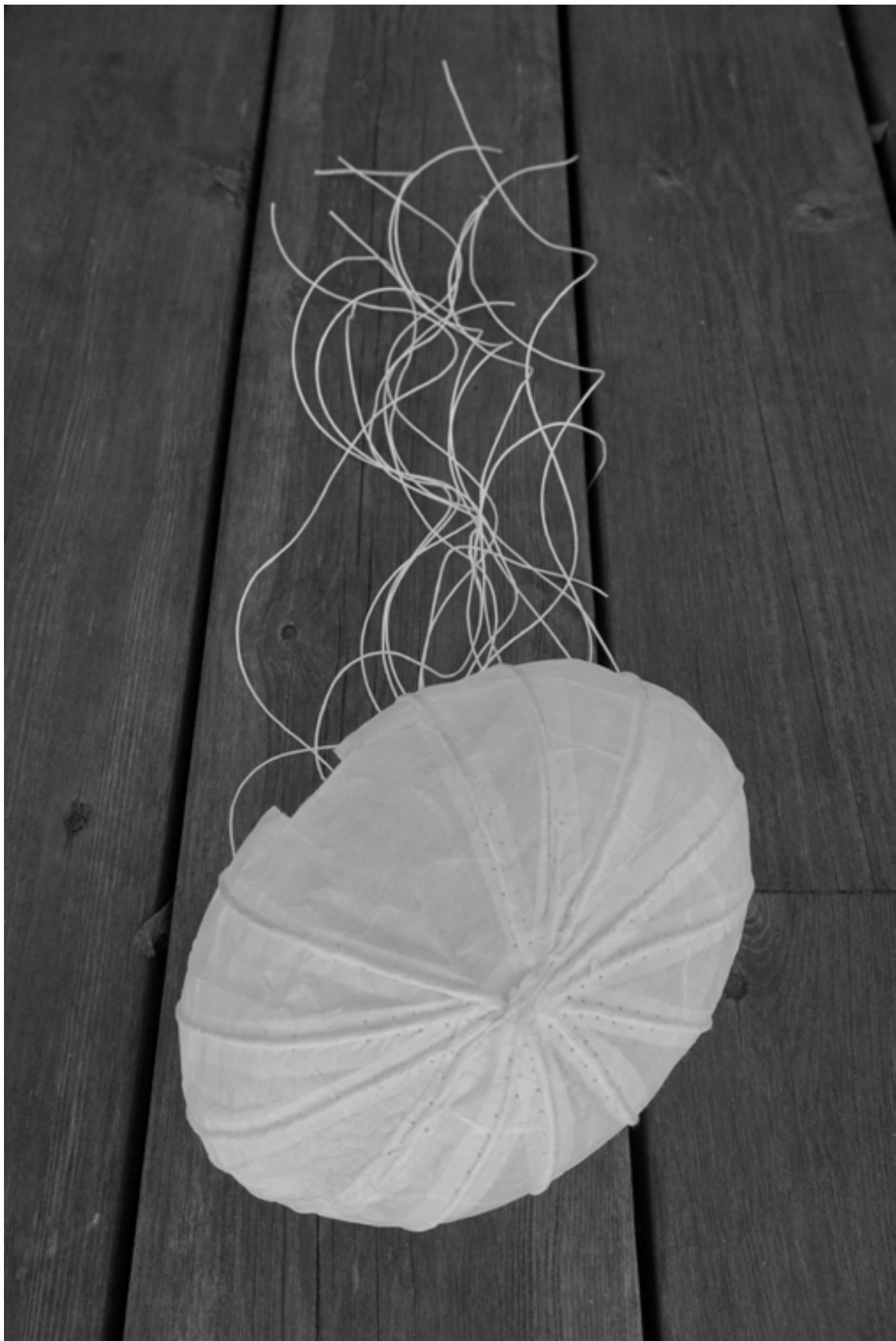


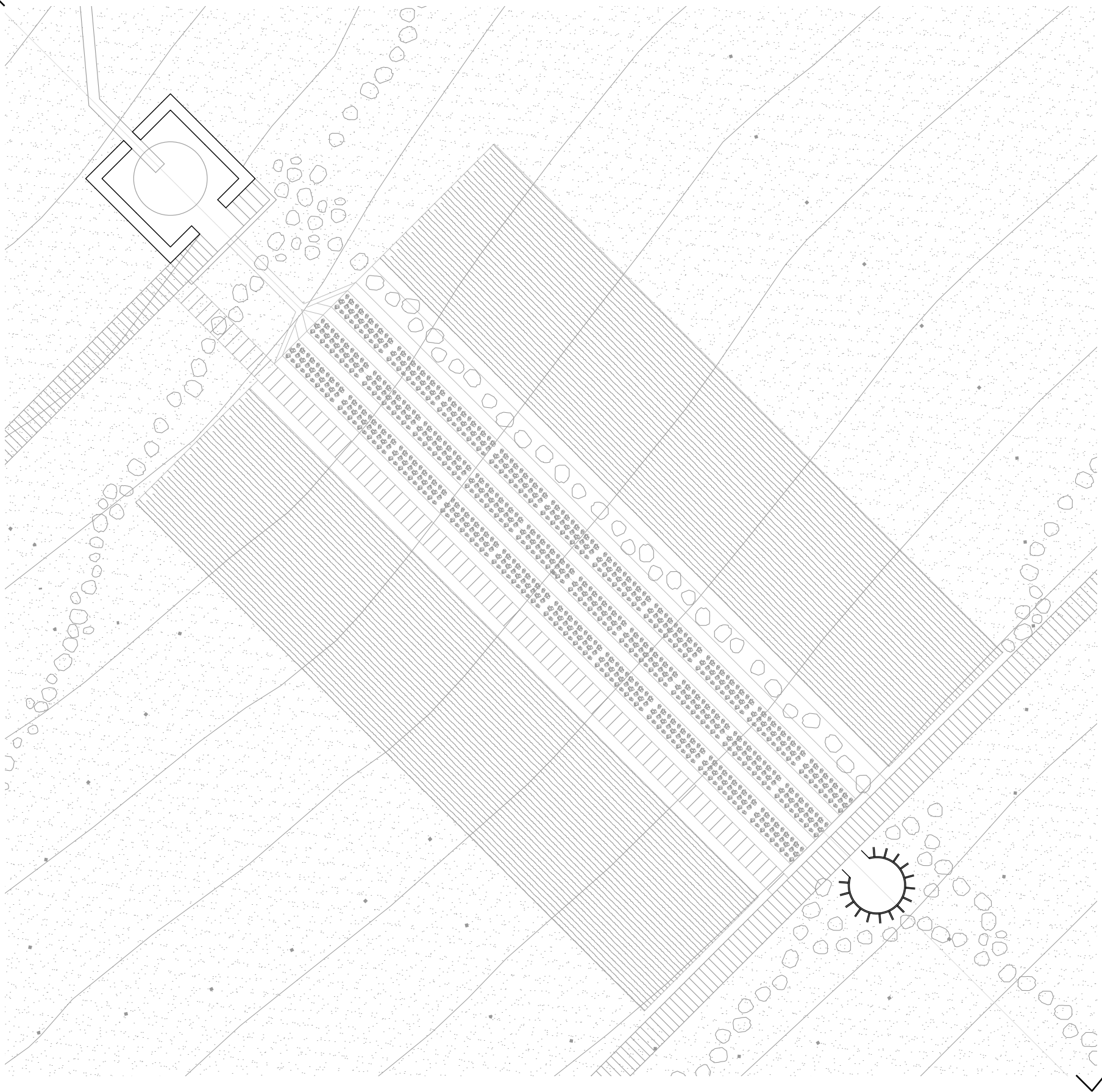
**MODEL
EXPLORING
CONSTRUCTION
1:100
CHERRYWOOD**

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 roof 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 column system was simplified into an

inner system.





PLAN 1:200

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 is lead 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 high 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 torsion.

Stories to be added:

From the paths, the allegory/symbolism :

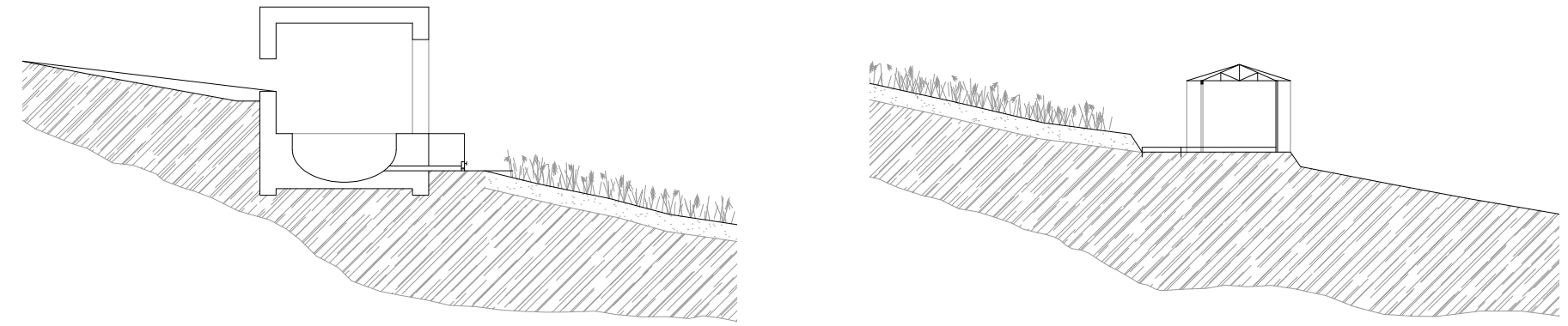
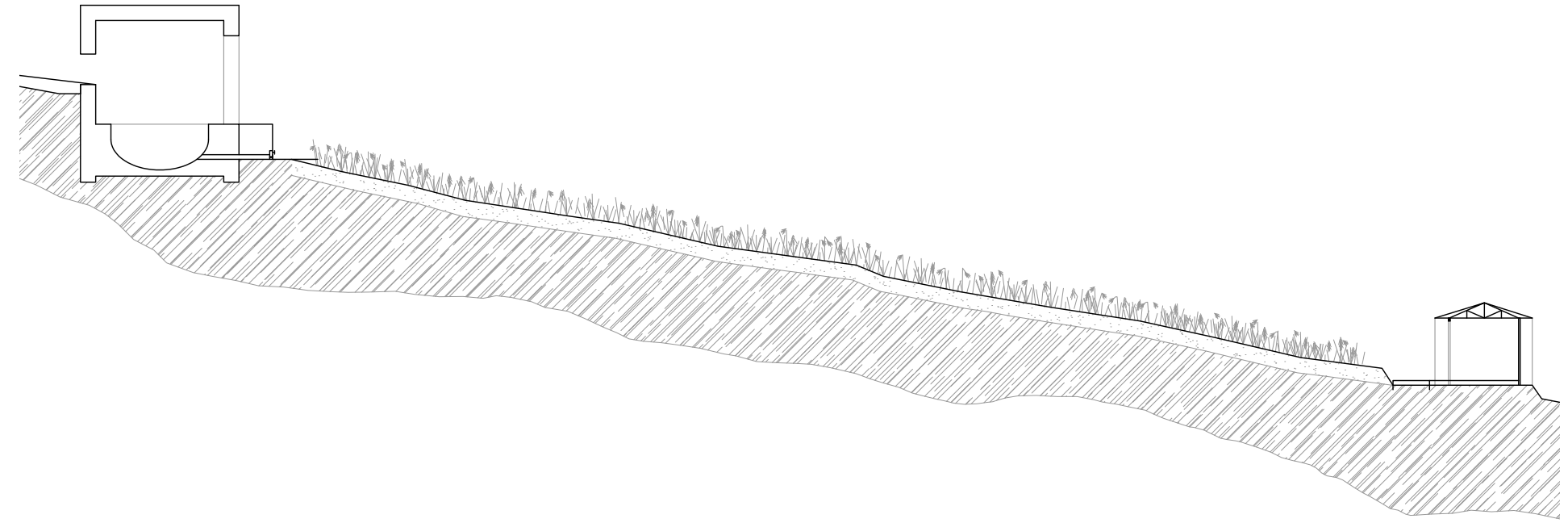
The house of water: fertility: the woman, The house of tools: farming life, the traditional way of sustaining life in between the harsh mountains, man cultivating nature. The field: the life source. The flowers: the added beauty, taking care of needs other than the basic.

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 dream, 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 fulfilment 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 uplift both his sister in law and another to the status of a divine muse. His wife he ascribe a less important role for the creation of his verse, and they would have troublesome periods in their marriage. He has some very blossoming poetry on both the power of nature, the folk life and the power of the seductive "hulder". His poetry is often so rich and praising of the nature around and a lust for words and rhyme and rhythm.



SECTIONS 1:200

Love

To be in love
to be in a space of love
to fall in love
to fall in space

in love

the feeling of spring

to love
the feeling of belonging



LAD SPILLE MED VAAR OVERJORDEN

Jeg ved ikke hvordan
mit Hjærte er fat,
det holder mig vaagen
den langsomme Nat.

Snart banker min Puls
som en Hund der gor,
snart ligger den stille,
det er som den dor.

Jeg hejser Gardinet:
det blaaner af Dag,
Is hænger fra Rænden
på Badstuens Tag.

Jeg lister i Marken
og lytter mig til
et sært og skælvende
Foraarets Spil.

Det vaares saa godt i Marken
og Dyrene vaagner til Flirten og Flir,
alt Furuen sprækker med Kvac
som Draaber af Livselixir.
De Stjærner deroppe står stille og blege,
Fuglen begynder at lege.

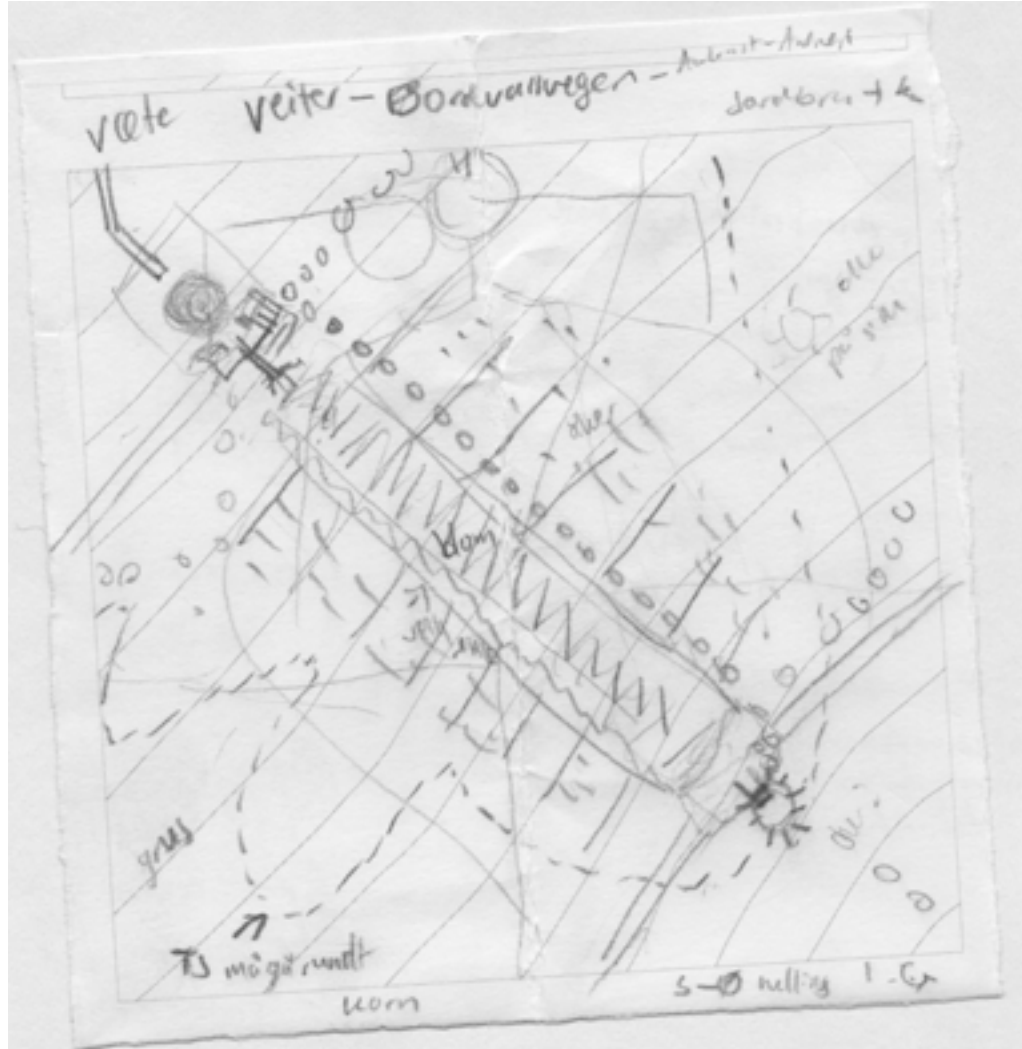
Det lysner de vide Vegne
og en efter en vender Stjærnerne hjem,
men ude ved Verdens Grænse
en Vifte af Ild bryder frem.
Solen, Solen, Guds luende Øje,
hviler på Elv og Hoje.

Rørte en Trolldmand ved Jorden?
Alle dens aandende Barme gaar,
alle dens Lemmer røres
og alle dens Pulse slaar.
Langs Elven driver der Morgendampe,
det buldrer av Skrig og Kampe.

Se, Vaaren er kommet i Dalen.
Nu rommer han Hiet, den magre Bjørn,
og højt over Vestens Bjærge
sejler en kongelig Ørn.
Men henne ved Husene reder en Skare
til Bryllup i Tugt og Ære.

Lad spille med Vaar over Jorden!
Og ind i den store Naturens Musik
der nynner en Lyd fra mit Hjærte,
en Tak for hver Vaar jeg fik.
Det dunker som Hovtramp i Brystet af Glæde
og Øjet blir vaadt af Væde

Knut Hamsun



TORSO

Sumardag,
Stova er skum med vegge-slag.

I nordatilglaset
står det ein blome i ein srokken vase.

Ei vekkjarklukke
mæler æva –
Eg hoyrer einkvan i stova sukke.

I glaset står blomen forutan rot.
Ho tråklar ei bot.

Ryggen er krokt 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?

Tor Jonsson

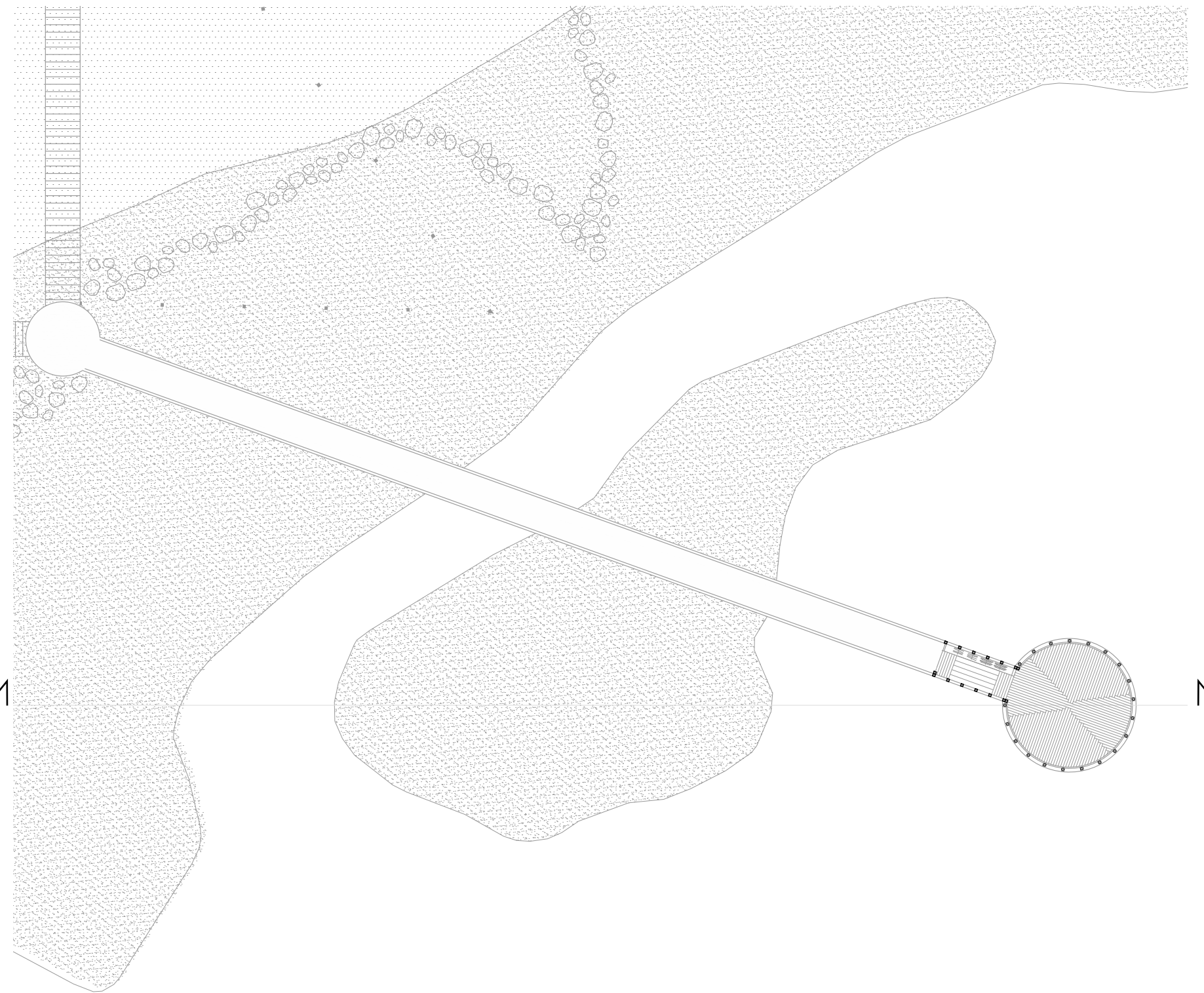
VIOLINCEL

Den ring jeg har paa min Finger
jeg fik en glædelig Stund,
hun løste en Stræng af Flasken
og snodde mig Ringen rund.
Hun hilste Godnat til alle
og rakte mig Skatten frem,
jeg kendte et Stød av Glæde
og jodlet paa Vejen hjem.

Jeg ligger om Natten og tænker
paa hele det blinde Spil:
vi sad saa mange rundt Bordet,
men mig gav hun Ringen til.
Hun rakte meg sorgløst Gaven,
et Lunc paa maa og faa.
Saa skiltes vi ad for Livet;
hun tænkte ej mere derpaa.

Men ofte naar bedst jeg mener
den hele Historie død,
der farer mig gennem Brystet
et velkendt berusende Stød.
Og Ringen er bleven forliden
og snorer min Finger itu –
jeg skatter den mere derfor,
jeg mindes hende endnu.

Knut Hamsun



PLAN 1:200

6 THE SPACE FOR WRITING SERENITY

Landscape

A sandy shore of a lake, close to where the river from 8, with the glacial water meets a grander river moving slowly and filling up as a not to deep lake. It is calm on this lake, 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 out in the lake. A place to redraw 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 untying 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 and the surrounding mountains. One could even 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 surface.

Olav Aukrust : Olav Aukrust was very inspired by the 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 it's own alphabet, and it's own system to show the different tones in music, and if 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 redraw 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 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 | det outside world | outside humans | outwardness

References

tourist road project | old mills

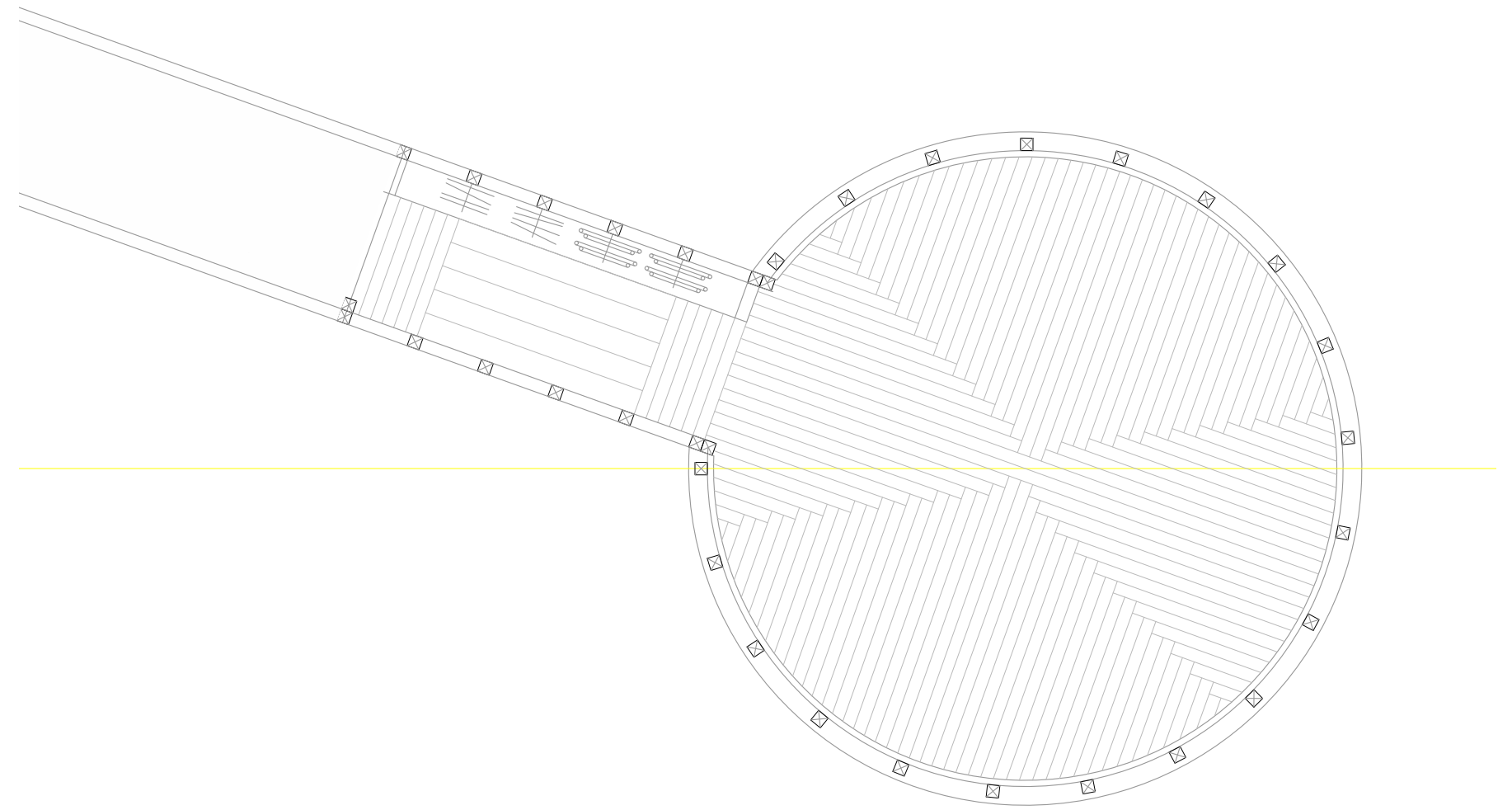
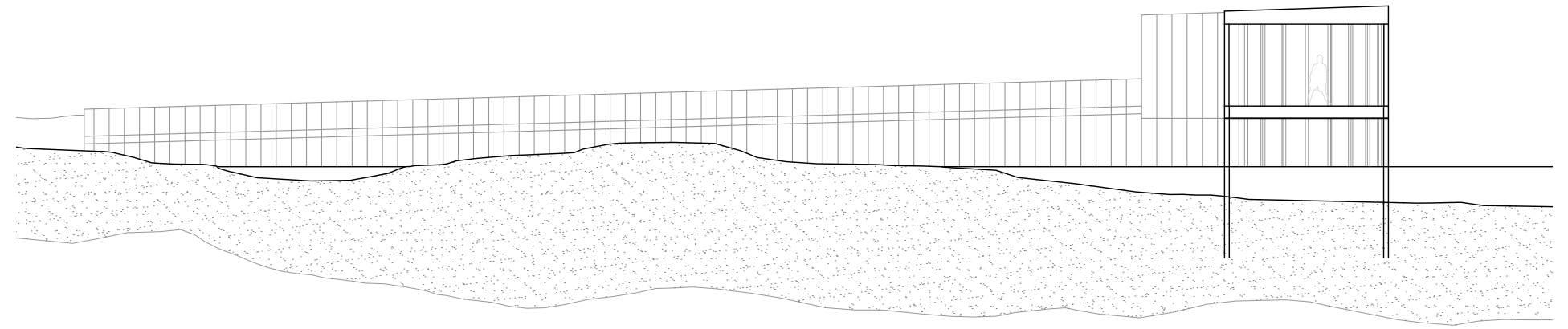
Materials

wood | glass

Scale

closeness to outside

Stories to be added



SNITT 1:200
PLAN 1:50



EFTERFESTEN*

Jeg hører kun Nirvana spille;
Alverden sover, Dagen gryr.
En Lom har skræmt sig selv og flyr,
saa ligger vandet atter graat og stille.

Det suser dødt i mine Øren....
Jeg mindes kun fra Festens Larm
den Storm som løfted hendes Barm
og saa det sidste røde smil i Døren

Din Aande dufted af Violer,
hvem var det for, du Pige smaa?
Mig var det ej du aanded på.
O du og han var lig to vilde Foler!

Jeg hører kun Nirvana spille;
Alverden sovevr, Dagen gryr.
Jeg slukker hvad hun slog i Fyr,
saa ligger Hjertet atter graat og stille.

Knut Hamsun
**line setting different from original*



PLAN 1:200

7 THE COTTAGE IN THE WOOD CALM REVERIE

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

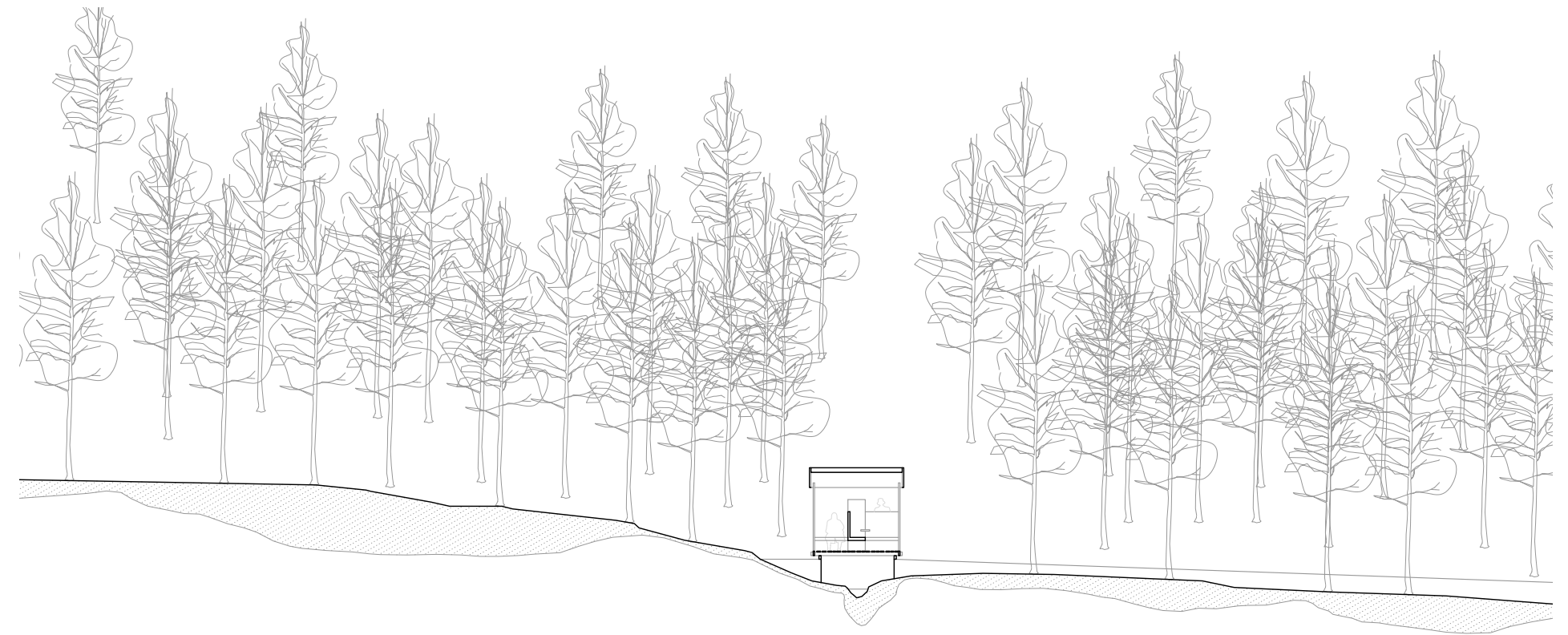
The building has four entrances, two from one side, two from the other. A bench divides the room longitudinal, so one entrance connects to one exit. The bench spans between the end walls. In the middle the bench has a backrest in an angle. The bench is wider here. The backrest stretches all the way to 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 below. The log walls are also spaced, to filter the light of outside, though not letting in too much air nor too much view. The sound enters and the smell. 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.



SECTION 1:200

FAGERHAUG

Der bjørkeskogen svagar
så lauvblada 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 huset det er grått, så'n,
av solsteik og elde,
men himlen skin så blått, så'n,
med solbrann i ei kjelde.
Og hegg og hageprimmel
står nattfødd og ny
med dâm av helg og himmel,
soldag og sky –
Og skuggen stig og solelden romer til fjells.
Da kjem ei kvitkledd kvinne
og ropar heim til kvelds.

Tor Jonsson

GRAVSSTED

Nej Herregud lad mig ikke forgaa
i en Seng med Tæpper og Lagener paa
og med vaade 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 nægde min ringe Bøn
at sovne tilslut paa dens Tue.
Saa gir jeg igen, uden Taler og Styr,
mit store Kadaver til alle dens Dyr,
til Kraake, Rotte og Flue.

Jojo jeg skal holde en Fest naar jeg dør,
en Fest som skal skaffe de Næb og Klør
og Tænder en del at bestille.
Men Ekornen lægger sit Hode paaskraa
og ser fra sin Kvist med de Øjne smaa
som Menneskeøjne, den Lille

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.

Og sent paa Kvælden og Natten lang
der lyder til Ære for Liget en Sang
saa skøn som af nogen Klokker.
Da faar jeg min sidste Ovation,
for Uglen i egen høje Person
vil tude som bare Pokker.

Og Resten af hele mit jordiske Støv
er dækket ved Gry i en Grav av Lov
naar sluttet er Nattens Gammen.
Farvel, mine Venner! Jeg mætted Jær bra!
Men alt dette Lov hvor kommer det fra?
Jo Vinden har fejet det sammen.

Knut Hamsun



PLAN 1:200

8 THE BRIDGE MEETING, CROSSING

Landscape

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

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 ere 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.

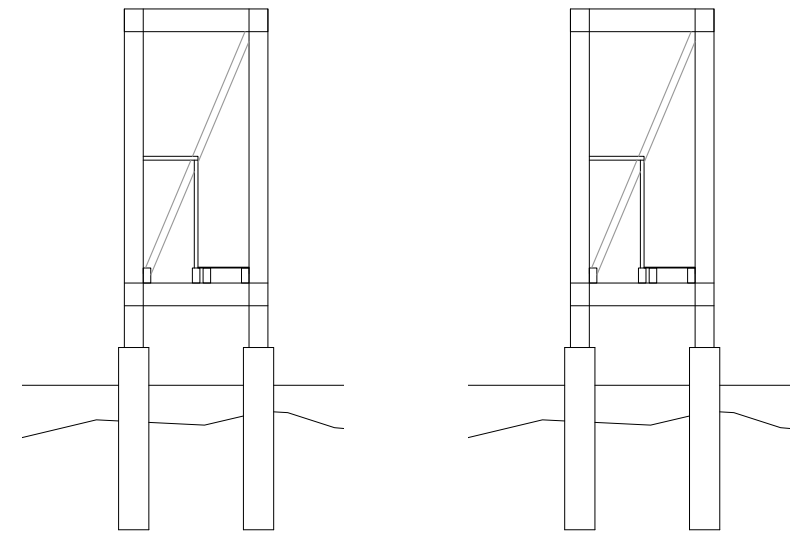
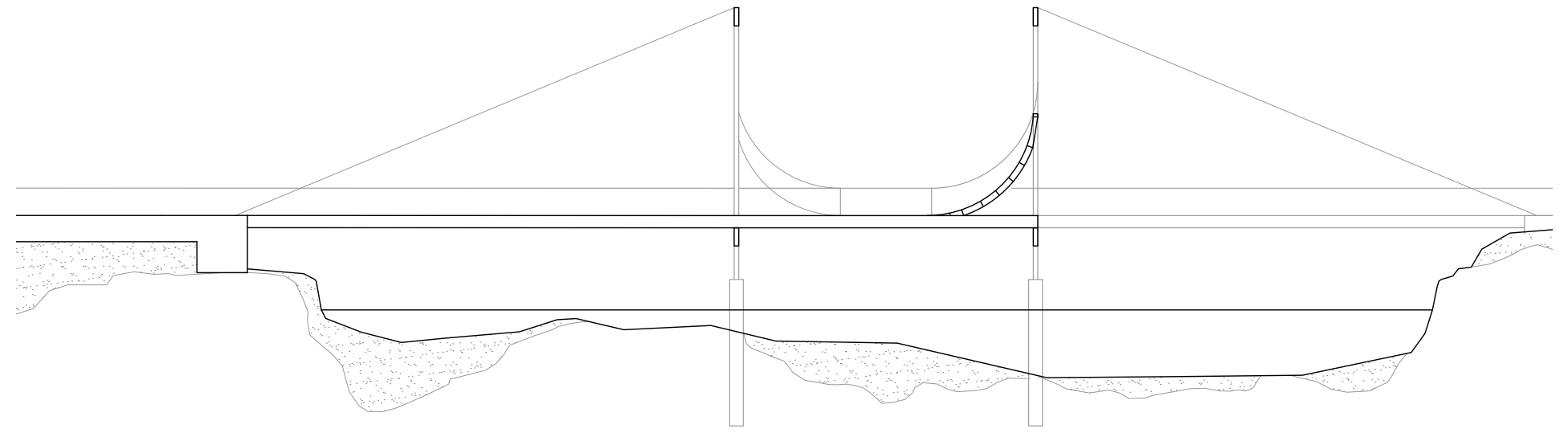
Stories to be told:

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. It relates to the poets own image of their role.

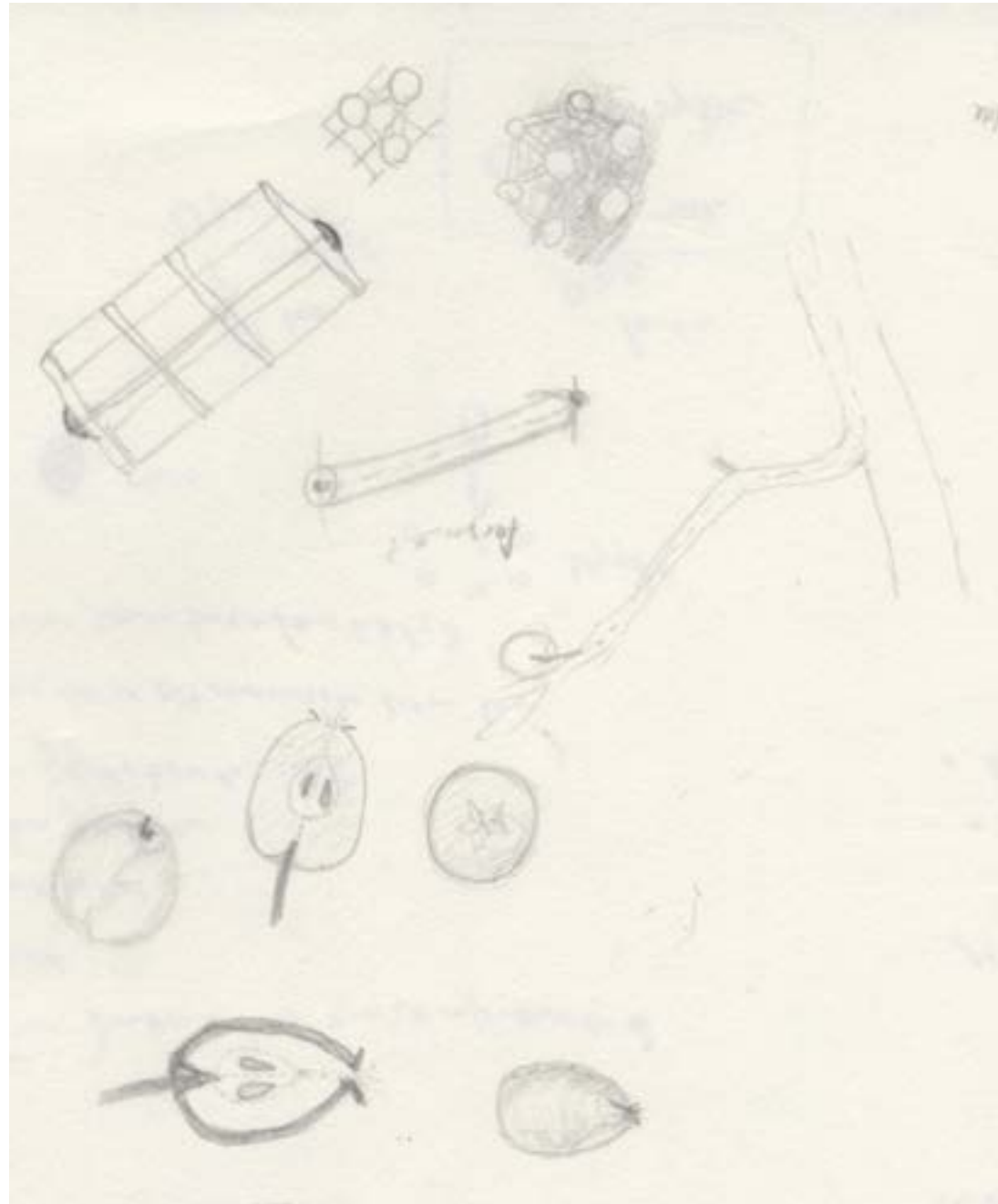
Tor Jonsson: sending out white birds into the night sky and hearing birds fly in from distant shores.

Olav Aukrust: The poet as the visionary, fighting between the extreme inner powers of light and darkness.

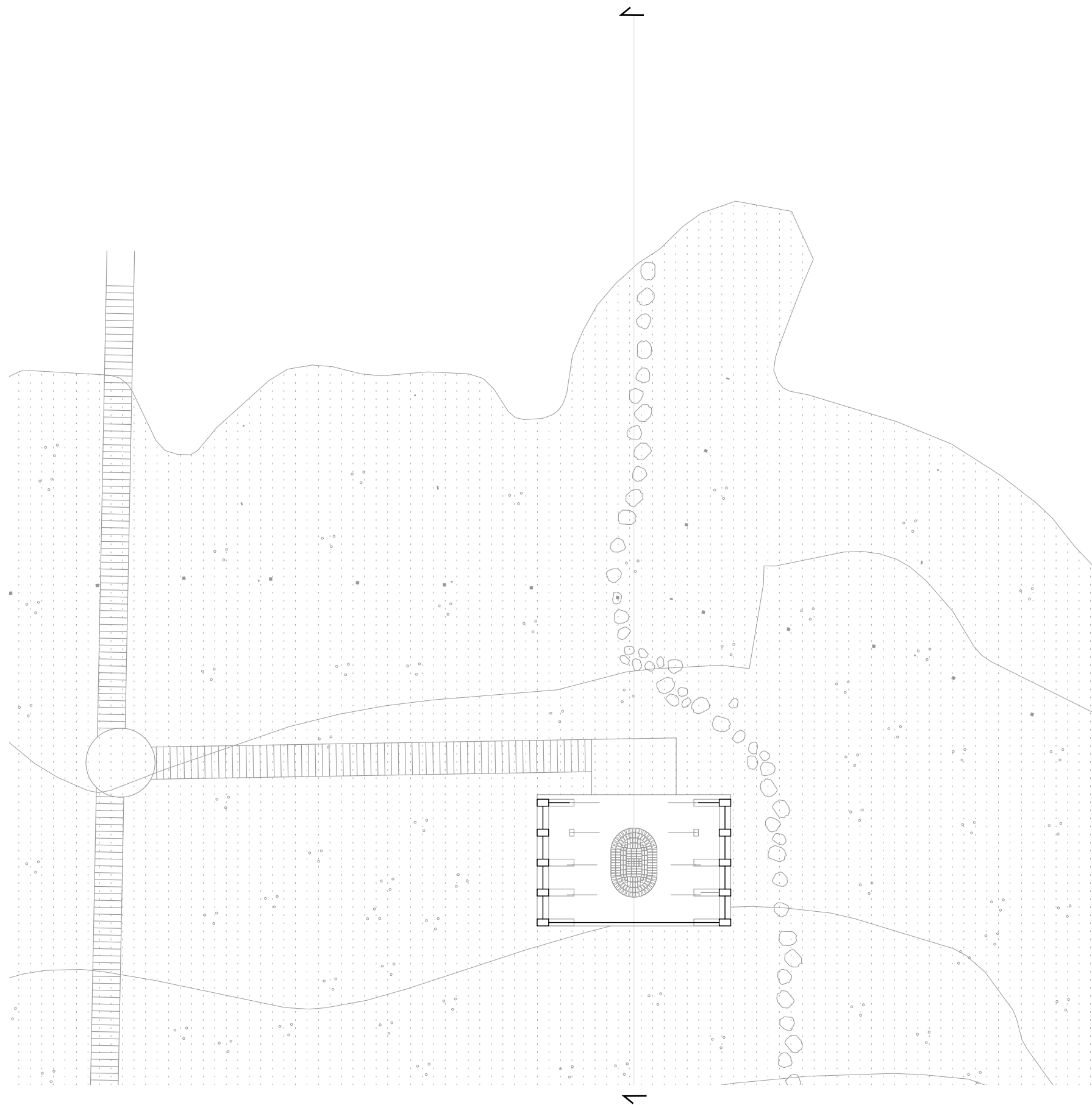
Knut Hamsun : The poetry as something lasting and yet not. Though, better than other meaningless ways of living or ending ones life.



SECTION 1:200
LONGITUDINAL
SECTIONS 1:200
VIEW FROM BOTH
SIDES



MODEL
STRUCTURE TEST



PLAN 1:200

9 THE DELIGHTS OF CULTURE COMFORT AND DELIGHT

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 also 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 or closed.

Stories to be told:

Olav Aukrust : He would delight in feasts and cultural gatherings. His poetry from time to time also flows over with and 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.

Tor 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.

Form words

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

Emotional atmospheres

movement | extravagance/superfluous | dionysian wildness | extacy | entertainment | to get away from oneself | sensuous | culture | dream

References

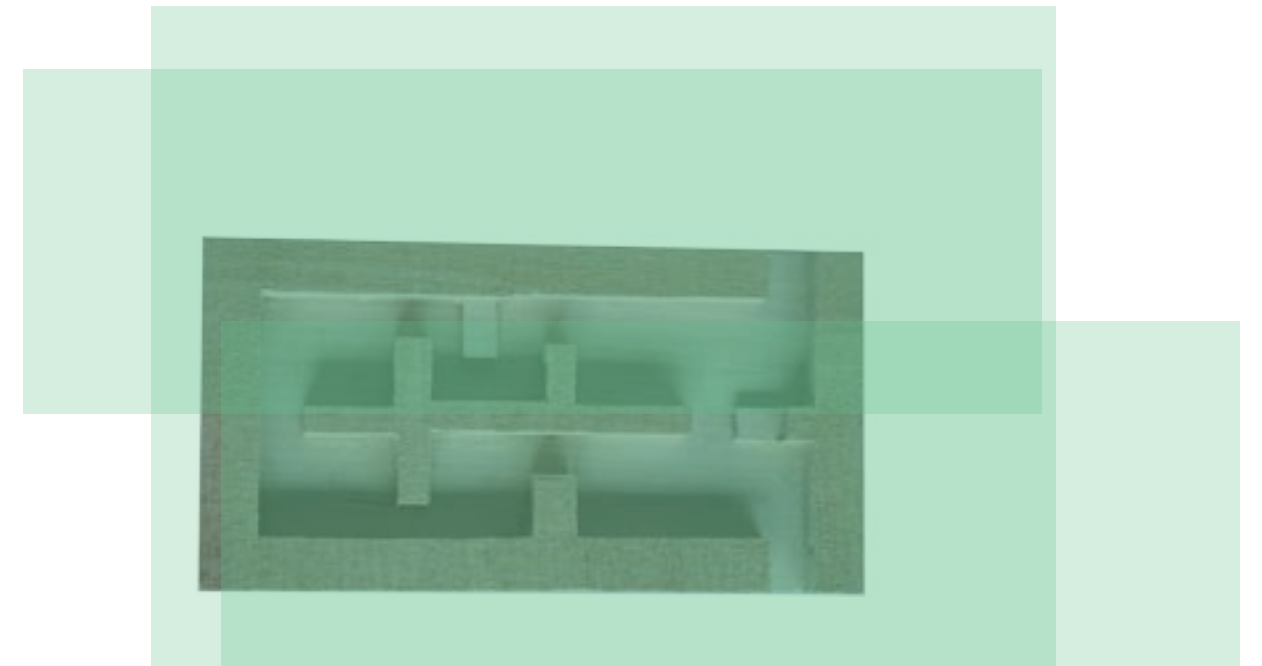
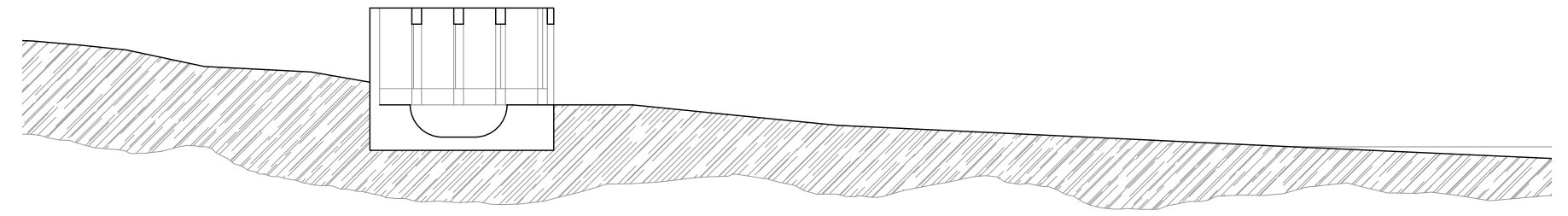
pop-art | Matthew Barney | Saga - folklore | house for the senses

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, against a big, light space



SECTION 1:200

Collage of the idea of green and blue tiled floor following a principle of excavation in mass. Above this, bright coloured glass.



COLLAGE

Collage of the idea of coloured light filtering into the room of the pool

Byggje tårn

Grava gråstein
utor veitom.
Bera lyftarstein
opp mot hogste leitom-

Lyfte draumen
opp or einsemddjup.
Bera draumen
bort frå stygge stup.

Vera ein.
Bera stein.

Stein er søkkt
djupt i dy.
Bera - Byggje hogt-
Byggje tårn mot sky.

Bera stein.
Gjera draumen stor.
Byggje tårn,
bru frå jord-

Byggje høgt
over li og lein-
Bera denne draumen-
Bera stein.

Tor Jonsson

REFLECTIONS AND CONCLUSIONS

EVALUATION OF THE METHOD

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 I 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 only a limited given part of the world, without at the same time giving space to question and explore a more wider topics 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. I could not rely simply on the resonance. 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 that this is important. As well. Not only reflection and identification is important in poetry, but also to get to know the unknown, the one you do not immediately understand. The difference. The bridge to cross.

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.

ON MODERNITY AND TIME

MODERNITY AND TRADITION

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

ON NORWEGIANNESS

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 grassing grounds of sami people. The non-industrial self-sustaining farm, the self-made farmer.

IN THE WORLD OF ACADEMIA

Putting other peoples words in connection to my work. Here are texts that i recognise, that also challenge, that relate to the ideas I have digested into my own thinking.

SENSUALIZING ARCHITECTURE

«*DUE TO ITS VERB-LIKE ESSENCE AND THE IMPLIED BODILY CONFRONTATION, AN ARCHITECTURAL ENCOUNTER PROJECTS A FUNDAMENTALLY SENSORIAL EROTIC CHARACTER*»

Alberto Pérez-Gómez in *Eroticism of space*, published in 1992. On page 60 there is a description of «Hypnerotomachia Poliphili» a book from 1499. A story of sensualisation of architecture, a desire for a woman described through en experience of architecture. It is mixing memory and desire, a dual pleasure. The description of the architecture is not about utility, and reason, but a desire to sensualise and poeticise the human condition. Genuine acts of architecture are sensualise and poeticised, as passing through a door, looking out of a window. We project our emotions and associations into the building, and in return, the building projects them back at us. The creative work takes place in a sensitised and vulnerable mental state. I find these words exiting.

UNCERTAINTY

Juhani Pallasmaa ascribes this quote to Brodsky

«... *WHEN UNCERTAINTY IS EVOKED, THEN YOU SENSE BEAUTY'S PROXIMITY. UNCERTAINTY IS SIMPLY A MORE ALERT STATE THAN CERTITUDE, AND THUS IT CREATES A BETTER LYRICAL CLIMATE.*»

found on p.181 in Encounters II. Pallasmaa connects it to the 86* angle of the Knut Hamsun Centre in Hamarøy designed by Steven Holl. The angle pushes you through the space, and together with the slightly tilted floor of the balcony, "I become aware of my steps as if walking in nature». In seeing it that way, the partly annoying literal transference of elements of the novel "Mysterier" into a building, as is redeemed by this very direct, sensual way of dealing with the building. "The balcony of the empty violin box" works great as a sentence and an aquarelle, though, on Hamarøy, it makes me unwell.

TO DO

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 it's own field, and does not claim to say anything important on the starting point.

The work can be great. The text can be great. To mix them still feels like haram, it is not kosher. Both might instantly loose their value, and only thorough dedication and investigation into the new work, one can repair this first instinct: The aversion against a profanation of a divine original.

I prefer my own inner voice reading «Mysterier», and my own world of meaning, and it is hard to cross over to that of another. It might be part of the school system, of learning something to be right and wrong, a fear of having misunderstood, that drives me to either just read and read and read on the most correct interpretations, avoiding to apply my own experience as reference, or, to avoid is at all and only redraw to my own world and inner voice, the experience that is true to me, my "røynd".

I hope this book, this work does not give you the same reaction. Because I do believe it is important to dare to explore the world

of meaning as well. It is also a way of giving new impulses, of rewriting the cultural stories or simply allowing and daring, as an individual, to explore a very complicated field. The point is to explore, testing possibilities and limits. In the context of a diploma, and a paper-project.

Tor Jonsson and Olav Aukrust are no longer so well read, so I hope the reintroduction to them can be of interest in itself, even though it does not pretend to be academic. The important in the work was to avoid to cement the authors. To build the ultimate centre, that governs all truth on an author. As they are dead they cannot protect themselves against the biographers. Luckily, the work can live on its own, if it is strong. The poems live in books that can be read anywhere.

A way to not cement, to make a work live, is to allow oneself to react to it, to be inspired, to make new use, to find truth in it or beauty. This way the centre, imagined, can, perhaps, be open enough for others to inhabit and to create in, if not a new work, then their own interpretations. I cannot make anything neutral; architecture is never neutral.

Please come with an open mind and know, this is a search of a student of architecture into the field of architecture. To overcome the fear of words and translation, to still achieve and architectural result. To be able to work with the tools of architecture in a for me new way.

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

What I learned from feminism, black right's activists, fight for gay and transgender rights and postcolonial efforts, powerful forces in today's society, is the importance of taking control of one's 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 dichotomy, the non-binary. It is not public nor private, as classically defined. Other 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. Like an adolescent freeing herself from her parents by going into direct opposition, inversion is just another way of approving the system of the parents. Or of the majority or the state, the hegemonic world view. The process of writing one's 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 about on the history of nynorsk and many of the questions central to both Tor Jonsson, Olav Aukrust and Knut Hamsun) and the post-colonial strategies in so called third world countries, and the discourse of today. Re-exploring the history with today's lenses makes it relevant again, and shows the power of the imagination. It is not done explicitly in this project, though a centre for the three poets would be a place to retell the stories.

Rewriting the cultural stories is absolutely vital. It changes our collective imagination. And to do so, to be listened to, to not just hammer against an opponent with political arguments, shutting out all that is not already known, literature is a valuable tool.

It and all art has the potential to show the recognisable human in all the other, the unknown, the recognisable unknownness as well in what is thought to be known, deep enough to spark imagination. This is my hope for art. For showing the complexity and ambiguity of being, allowing new imaginations to form and hopefully alter suppressing, violent practices.

When being in Berlin, to research some projects there in the light of the commoning-discussion, a new way to create shared space, an attempt at a third space, or the discussion where I started to be introduced to the concept of third space. I interviewed Markus Bader from the architectural office Raumlabor, on their ideas of transforming the field of the Tempelhof airport into a new city district. The office consciously worked on how to add layers of meaning and imagination to the field. Of how to make the average Berlin citizen, not just the next door neighbour, or the rich future inhabitant to take ownership of the area. They did this by opening up the field to people for informal activities many years in advance of any building being erected. When opening the field, Raumlabor and others arranged an arts festival with many events, directly adding to the layers of stories and imaginations, and changing the perception of the space, from unaccessible airfield, to recreational park.

To me, this has been outmost inspiring as to what the power of imagination can do for our field of architecture. Or, to what its role might be. Also a way of self-criticising, and exploring. It is not new, it is perhaps only our way of searching a freedom. To me, it is. It is perhaps nostalgia to the 60s. Or any other time. As mentioned, history can learn us much if read again.'

ON THE PAPER PROJECT - FROM THE PRE-DIPLOMA

The programme is restricted, to facilitate the work with architecture as structure and tectonics in relation to the meeting with poetry. It is the 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 poet 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, deductive language, or rethorics of persuasion.

As a centre for poetry needs visitors, it would be a great way to enhance an urban area/village, to make a social meetingpoint and add all the additional programme and openness that would allow its use and justify societies investment in it. It could be a generator. It could be an opposition to the neoliberal 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 today.

There is a dilemma trying to create a good programme without the in dept knowledge of the wide field of sciences, 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 as how to approach it - or perhaps as many as there are projects.

In this context I would categorize 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 dept, draw on other persons/fields knowledge and engage. A poet centre in Lom would be an urbanistic approach to the norwegian countryside, something often left out 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 too much time would be left of the diploma semestre 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 megacity to a norwegian small town. Something like a big house of culture. Then one could design the new trend into a given place. Something like a standard architectural task. This could go in all directions, though some professional architectural approach might describe the core. It would show that I care for "the world out there", and still give time to focus on the design.

To me, this approach stands a great chance of falling into a paternalistic way of thinking, not challenging the prejudices one carries within oneself on the needs of others. This is of course the way we have to act in much of our lives. We can never be perfect, and

we can not shut out the worlds and have to do our best by trying and engaging and proposing and then listen to the result. Take our knowledge as a base and hope we haven't missed out on too much. Get dirty.

Though a diploma project leaves room for a third option:

3: The Paper Project
The third option is to set up a very limited programme, reducing the world out there to factors important to one's story, to the language one wants to use. A reduced, distilled world. And, in my case, focus on the knowledge that is the real speciality of architects: being able to give form to the surroundings of humans. Paper projects can nerd into whatever one thinks is the specifics of the field, though the distilling 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 is one form, giving certain premises of transparency and logical coherence. Poetry has another form and another language. They can all contain a story of value, of truth, or at least truthfulness.

I choose to investigate poetry. Its 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) :

alkunne.no
aasentunet.no
torjonsson.no
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images of authors also from wikipedia and wikimedia
also images of dverglo and the great snipe

Lom 1929, digitalt museum

Photo of my own bible

All other photos are taken the author herself

LISTENING LIST

Andrej Nebb
album «Kvite Fuglar»
album «Natural»

Finn Coren - «Ei dagbok for mitt hjarte X»

Kendrick Lamar - «Poetic justice»

Fredrik Høyer & various musician- in podcast "Ferdignakka - lydboksingler" ferdig-snakka.no

Diktarplagar
Album «Evig er ordet»
among these, a selection:
«Å dikte (Ei dagbok for mitt hjarte, Samlaget 1951)» (TJ)
«Ved Fattigdomsglaslet (Berg ved blått vatn, Samlaget 1946)» (TJ)
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«Sota (Himmelvarden, Gyldendal 1916)» (OA)
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«Glimt» (album «på gjengrodde stier») (KH)

Kjetil Bjørnstad, Ole Paus
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