

The background is a dark, monochromatic photograph of a textured surface, likely sand or earth. The texture is uneven, with various shades of grey and black, suggesting shadows and highlights. On the left side, there is a dark, rectangular object that appears to be a piece of wood or a log, partially buried or resting on the surface. The overall mood is somber and earthy.

Elements

A BOOK OF SPATIAL EXPLORATION

Elements

The Hands That Want to See

Diploma by
Marita Myklebost Nilsen
2019

THE STUDY

Elements is a book about my thoughts on the relationship between the visually impaired and the basic architectural elements that we surround ourselves with. The study reflects my personal views on the matter, where I have attempted to imagine occurring situations with the outmost care and empathy, as I have only myself and my body to use as a measuring tool. Therefore, I wish to make a disclaimer that the results of these studies are not claimed to be the truth, but to be one of many truths.

I believe we all experience architecture and the world around us differently, dependant on our '*toolsets*'. Our *toolsets* vary accordingly to our bodily and mentally abilities, as well as our upbringing and culture. It's what makes us who we are and defines how we see the world.

I try to seek a common ground, where the both the blind and the sighted can experience architecture in new ways.



U N F A T H O M A B L E

*The wall may curve its way through a building,
like a snake through the forest bed.
Twisting and turning,
you have spun yourself around.*

Never ending.

*No corners for the searching hands to find,
nothing to stop by.
Where did I come from and where did I go?
Am I back where I started?
Is this the end?*



D E S O L A T I O N

The walls when too far apart, offers no contact or comfort.

Unrelevant. Disinterest.

Walls with great distance apart, creates spaces for crowds

it holds people in great numbers

Yet, loneliness makes an entrance.

To the blind, the walls might not exist at all.

Nothingness.

Just like the ocean. Wide and open.

An endless abyss.

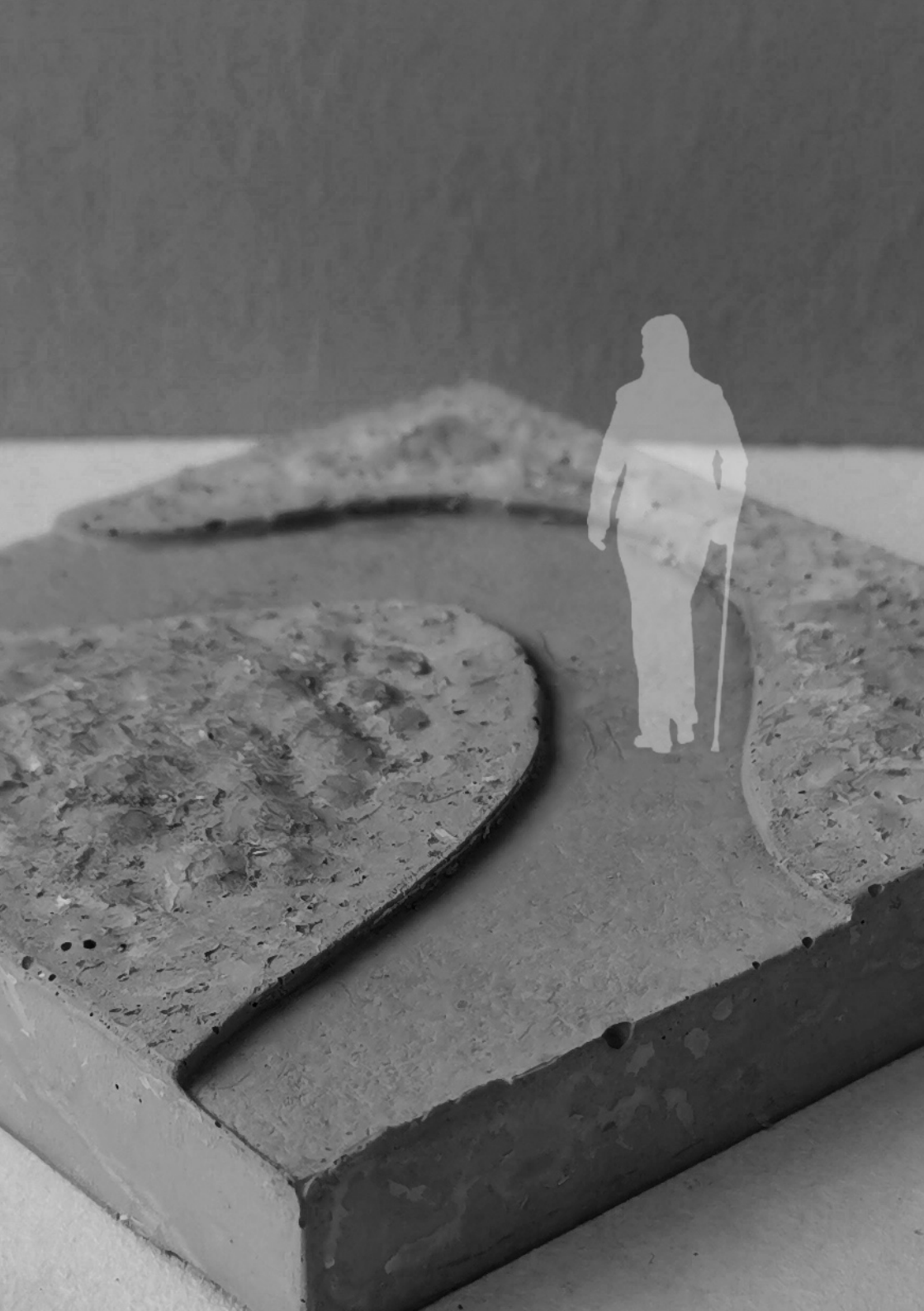


EMBRACE

*The wall may comfort you; closing you in,
into its familiar embrace.
Not too close, not too far.
within an arm's reach.*

*Never will you be lost, it holds you in its palm.
sheltered and protected, away from harm.*

*Free to leave, it is not a cage.
a space to be called, entirely yours.
Intimately.*



W A L K W A Y

*The floor may guide you, along its many paths.
Some manmade, some born by nature.
Some clear as day, others marked to prevent
a misfortunate step.*

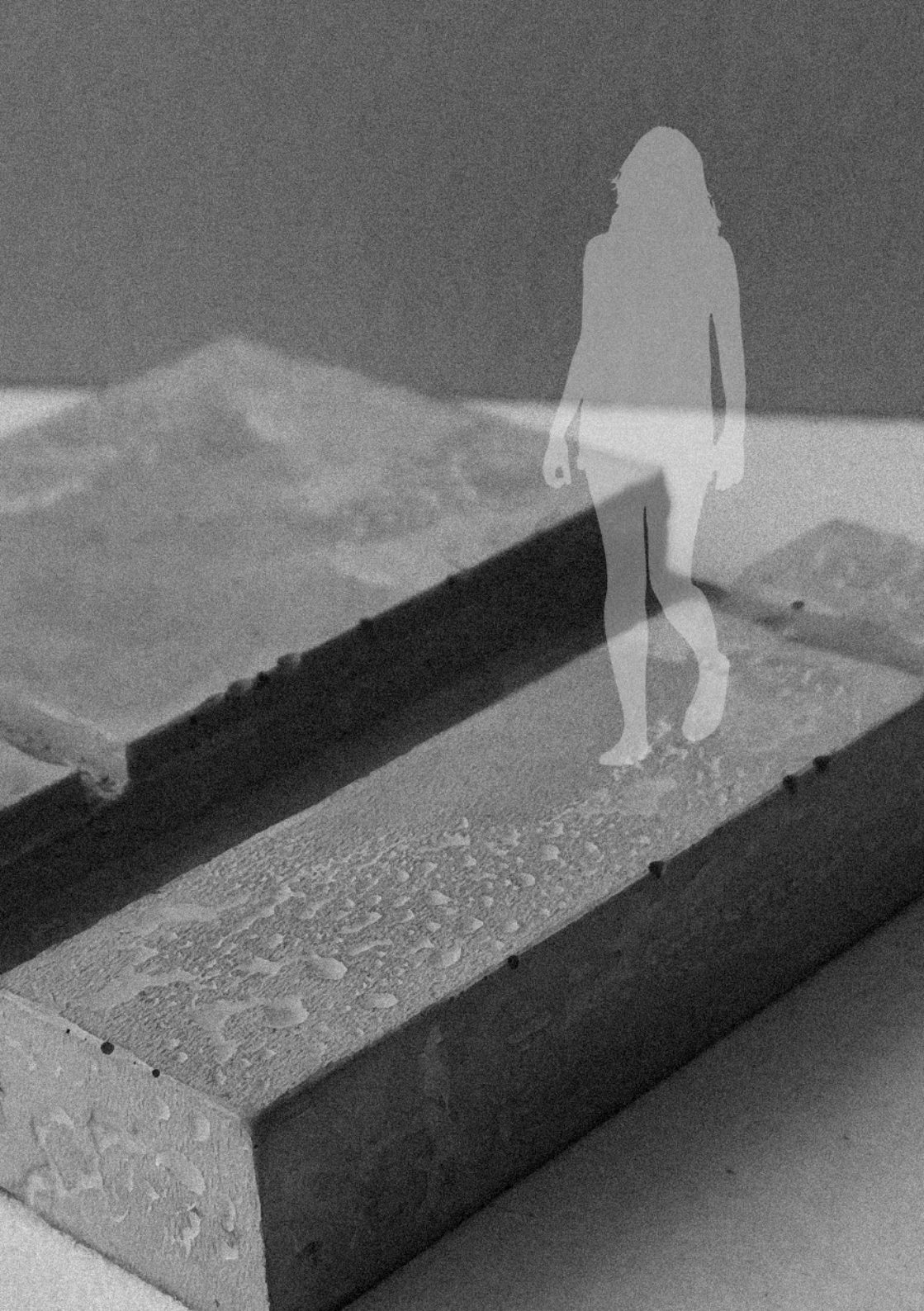
*The man never to be lost,
provided the paths are few and clearly marked.
But too many, and you find yourself,
in a maze of many helpers,
all asking for attention,
because they are the correct one.*

But which one is your path?



C O N N E C T I O N

*The wall stands tall, like a beacon in the night.
Even with your eyes closed, it can be your light.
A point of reference, something to come back to.
A familiarity to follow,
as you search through the night.*



U N C E R T A I N T Y

*The floor may hold dangers unseen.
A hole, a ditch, an obstacle too much.
Shadows play tricks on your mind.*

*Is it the abyss that I see, with my feeble eyes?
Is it a ledge, or a drop so great I might fall to injury?*

*Every step placed carefully,
a moment of distraction; a mis-step.
Your grounded body, cast astray,
off the path you thought was safe.*



G U I D A N C E

*The wall may guide you,
through the entirety of your body,
from the end of your toes
to beyond the height of your self.*

*Gently it may hold your hand,
and show you the way through space.
It marks the beginning and the end,
the twists and the turns.*

*Tall it is standing,
not likely to crumble.*

*A safe way indeed,
to take you to your destination.*



A P E R T U R E

*The window carefully punctures the thick wall,
letting the sunlight pass through.*

Feeling the summer's warmth upon your face.

A gentle kiss.

*Frames a view ever so gorgeous,
lets the air flow inside.*

A kind breeze.

A connection to the outside world.

Some small, some large.

Framed carefully,
others a mere absence of a wall.



S P A C I O U S

The ceiling stretches far beyond the reach of the curious hand.

The blind man, unable to reach.

Yet, he senses the room with his whole being.

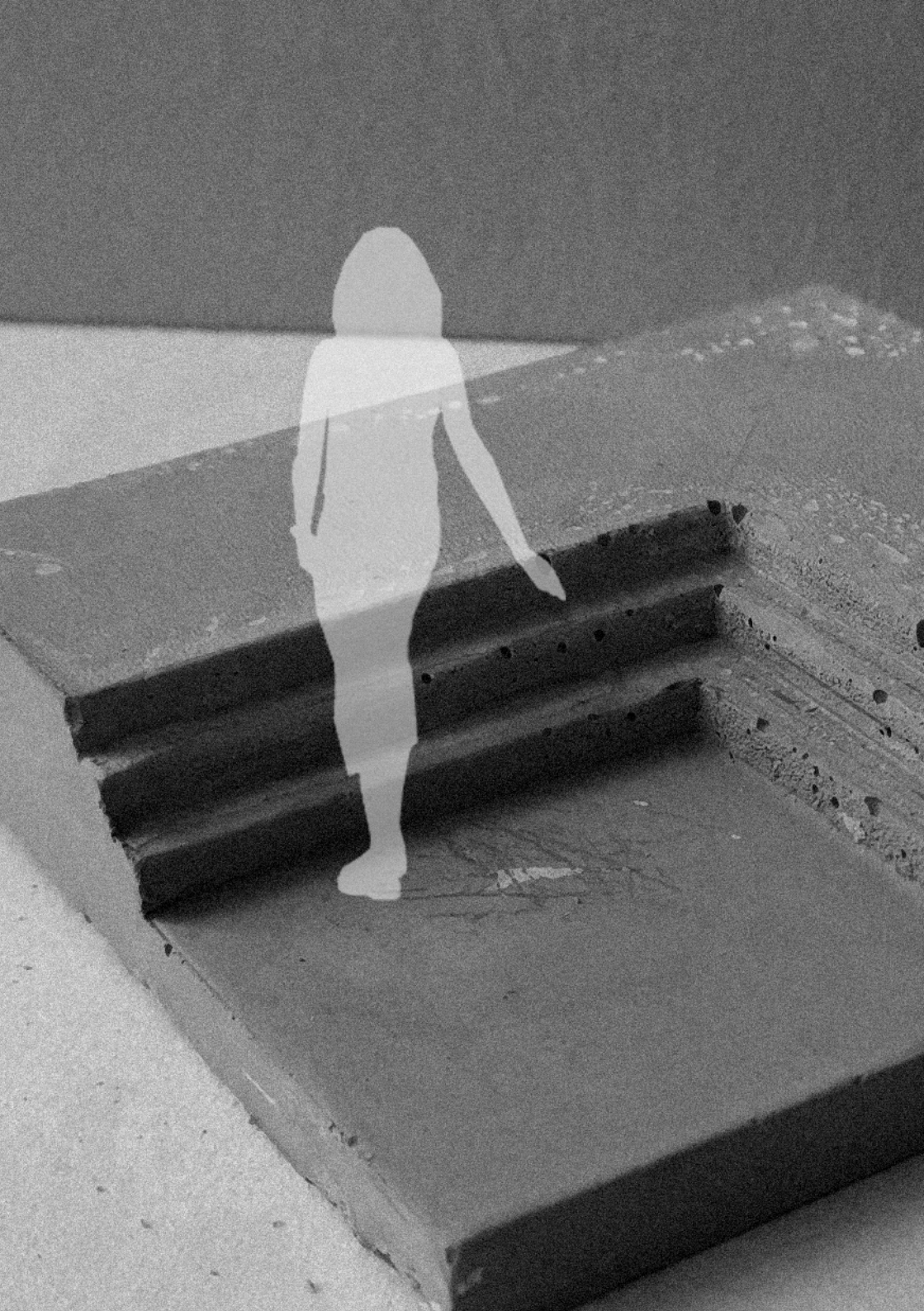
The air so clear, the sounds so elevated.

His being so small in a room so grand.

Big enough to hold an orchestra of sounds,

gentle enough to hold the most

quiet thought.



R I S E & D E S C E N D

The floor may shape itself into steps of greater comfort.

*Gently it will let your body rise or descent,
carefully, step by step.*

Rise to the sky or descent into earth.

As far as your feet will carry your body.

But gone by unnoticed, it may pose a danger.

To the visually impaired,
a stair could be a ramp. Perhaps a hole?

Badly marked. The edges unclear.

A mis-step, a fall.

The body goes tumbling down.



O B T R U S I V E

*The ceiling may hang, lingering above your head.
Its presence felt, heavy like the fog.
Hunched over, protecting yourself,
by every careful step you take.
A ceiling so low, interfering with your space.
Poses great discomfort.*



A B S E N C E

*The door tall and wide, makes an entrance grand.
A portal to a room, surperior to the previous.
Wider than five men, taller than two,
a grand sight indeed,
if you are able to.*

*Reaching for the doorframe, the blind man is.
The left, the right, the top and the bottom.
Unable to reach.
The human body, minuscule in comparance.
Is it a door,
or the absence of a wall?*



B A L A N C E

*The floor grounds our body and soul to the earth.
Our feet carry us across the soft and the hard, the cold and the
hot.*

Its forces act upon our body, creating the perfect balance.

*So fundamental, yet perfect when unnoticed,
when it carries your body,
through space with ease.*

However, when uneven or steep,
perhaps crumbling beneath your feet,
it poses great discomfort.

Thrown off balance; our existence made clear,
our bodies fumbling through space.

- *END* -