

first house, last house

Haze.

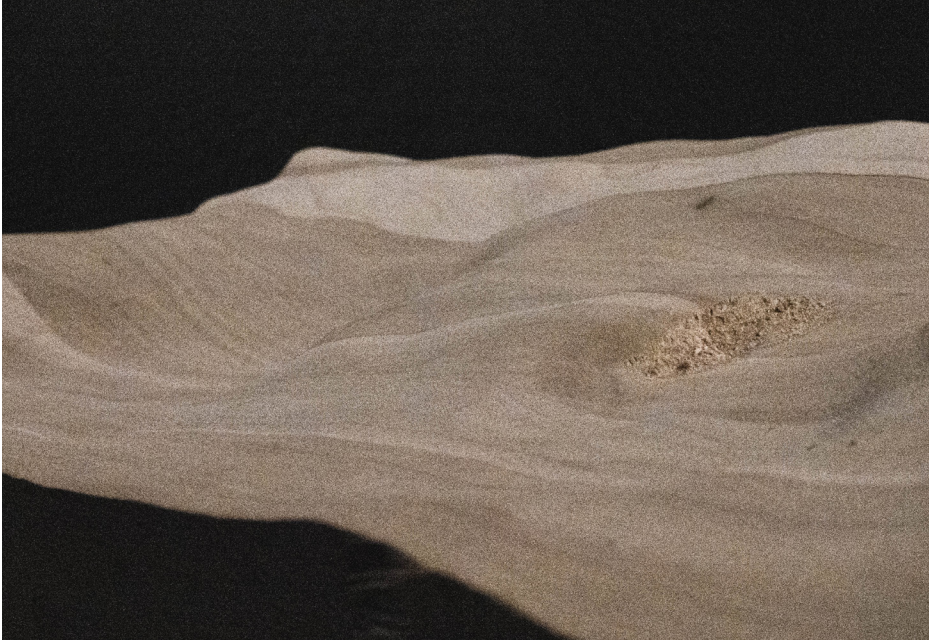
I

(sketch for memorial grounds)

A landscape: it is not known if it's outside or inside; a memory or an imagined past. Luckily there's a tree.

Beneath it you find a box, red: metallic, illustration on the lid: sunset, yellow beams, a made-to-look indigenous girl (indigenous to where?), keyhole: unlocked. Papers, someone have written messages with a pencil, must be some time ago because the writing is barely discernible from the paper which seem likely to disintegrate by the gentlest touch. Without luck you attempt to decipher the words written on the top sheet before you close the lid and sit down with your back to the trunk, then ask yourself: what is this land?

The haze sails along with the ocean and you knock carefully on the door next to you. No answer: Hello?









II

(anagnorisis)

Who are you? Who are you really.

no answer.

Words are just words, aren't they?

I can see from the way you carry your self

the way you float about in the hallways of this abandoned place

you call home, that you know

that home left ages ago

and to cope with it you embraced volatility

barely touching upon the matter of things

placing sorrow and other burdens in a land

which you tell yourself

is just as real as imagined

dancing around in your realized imagination

life is a dance

life is dance

moving from here to there

place to place

it's always new

and it never stops.

Oh, the agony.

III

(youtube-monologue)

I'm a fragmented mind. I've always been.

I'm so easily swayed, so impressionable, that in any meeting I bend for what I don't know. Unless I have an unwaivering reason to stand my ground, I adapt to whatever circumstance happens upon my self and I become that which am. I become what I meet. And thus my quests or questions are never entirely my own, they always belong to that which I am part of. In that sense I am architecture. I am the house. And if I am the house, the questions is: for whom am I?

IV

(1st episode of suspense tv-show)

It happens that fragments of you find their expression in other people. As if you're more than yourself and your body. As if you're an eternal being that randomly appears through people that I meet.

I'm always the one leaving. You're just staying where you are. Going nowhere, like the one who waits for the wind. I am standing outside a small house in the Moroccan desert.

V

(opерetta)

Maybe there is a house.

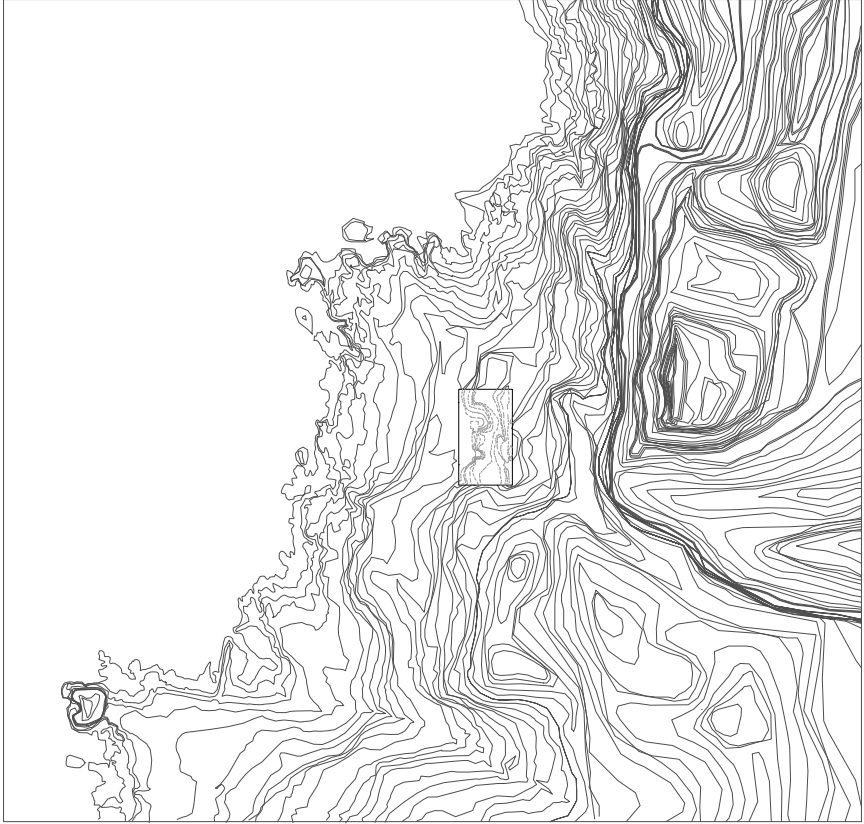
It could for example be in a landscape.



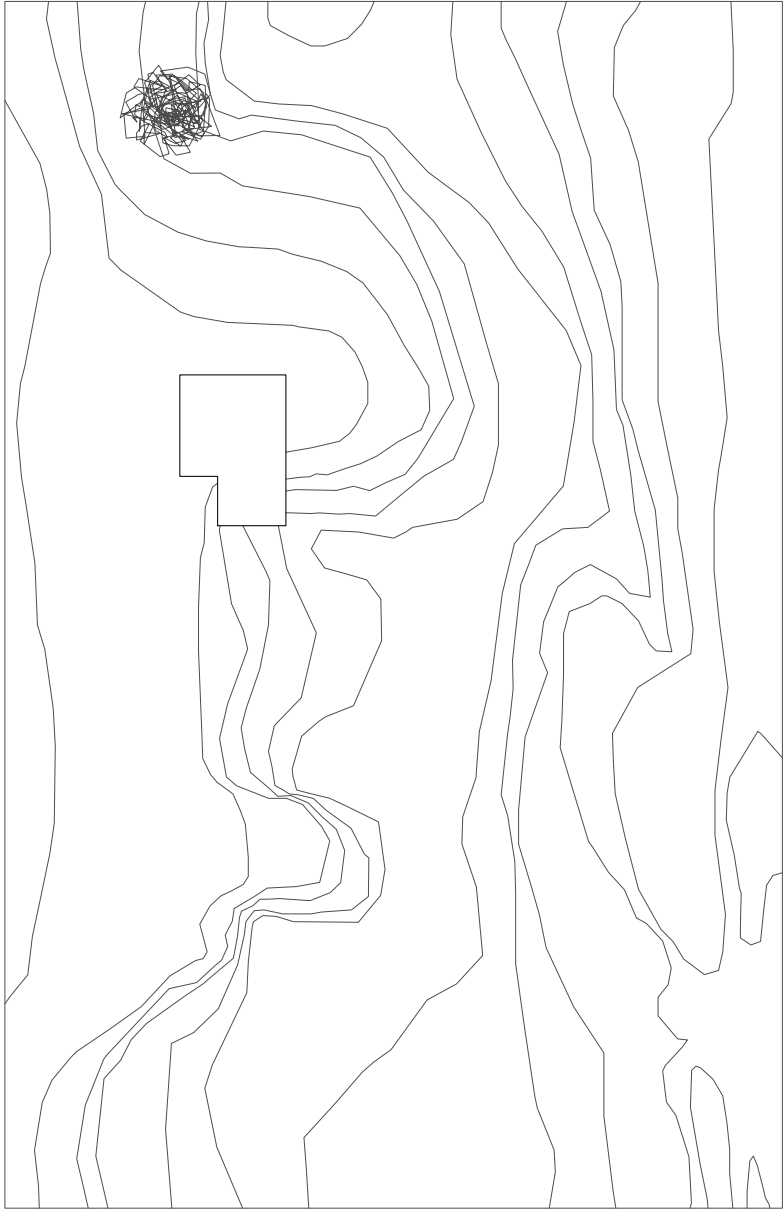








a landscape 1:5000

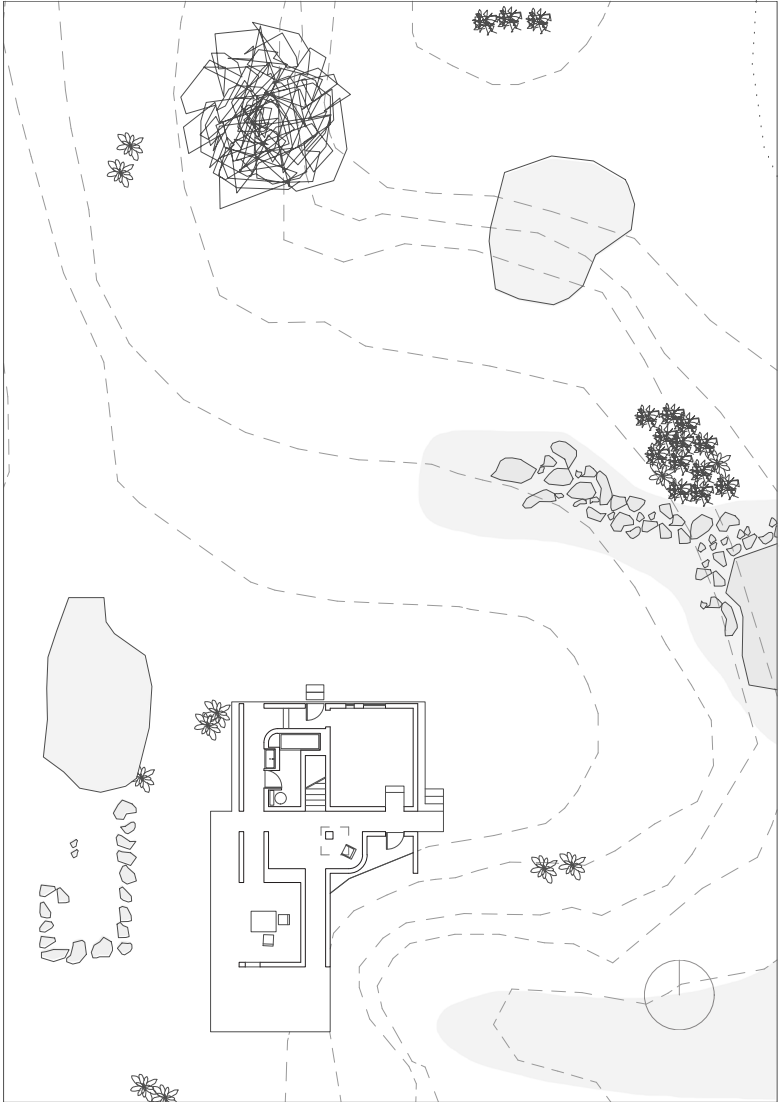


a situation 1:500

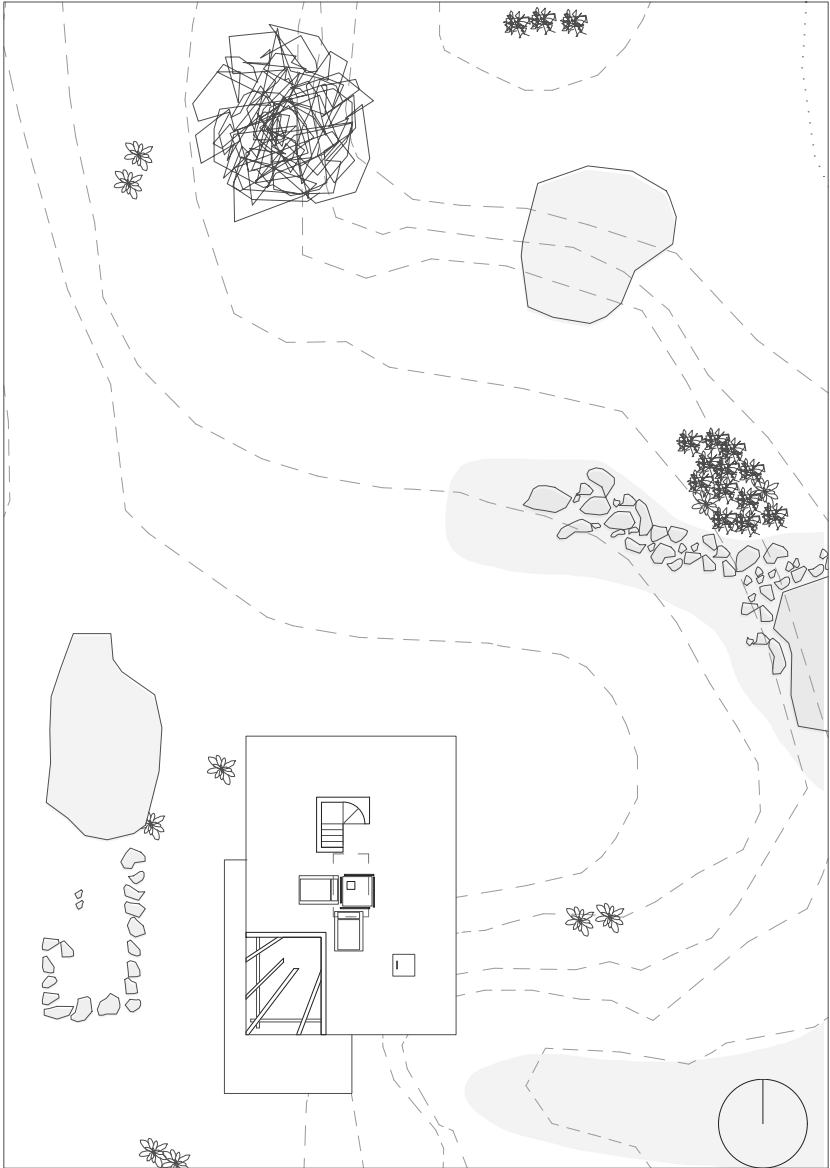


VI

And the land could be close to the sea.
The house sit between hills and shores.
A tree nearby, some rocky floors, and three big rocks in the garden
Nice to stand on top of having wind in the face.



first house. plan first floor 1:200

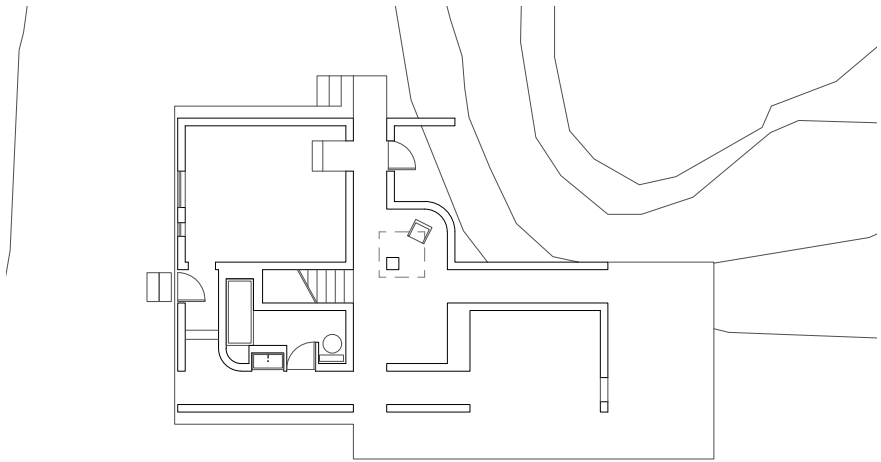


first house. plan second floor 1:200

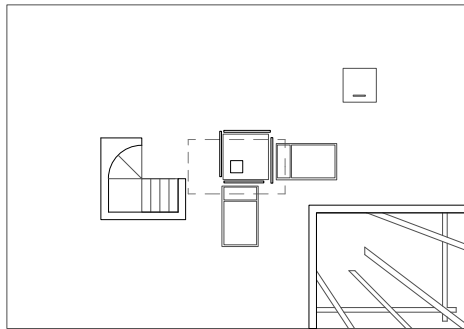
VII

The halways are for running. The end of which holds a window towards the land. And didn't you love that, how things could seem to pass you by in a flash all the same whilst the land ahead remained almost exactly as it was. Only later did you notice how the land was changing too. Only lately did you come to think that the land changes more rapidly than these walls.

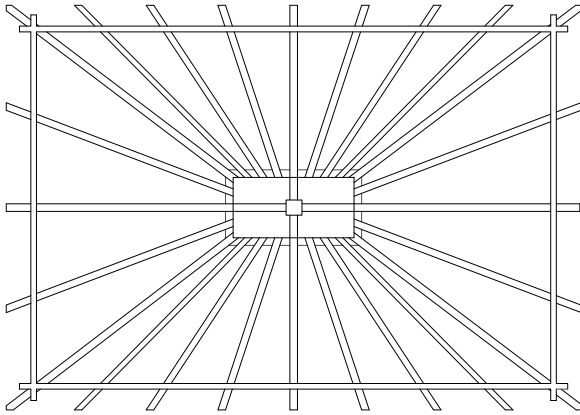




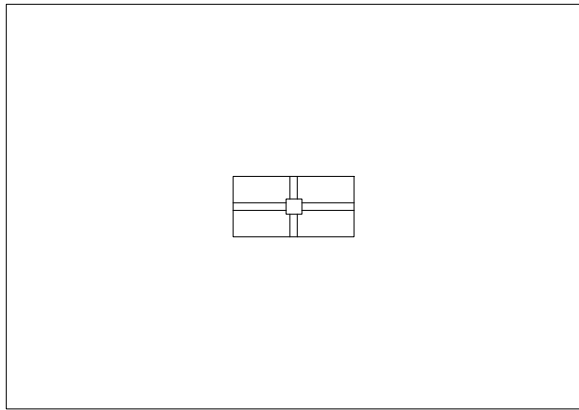
first house, plan first floor 1:100



first house, plan second floor 1:100



roof plan



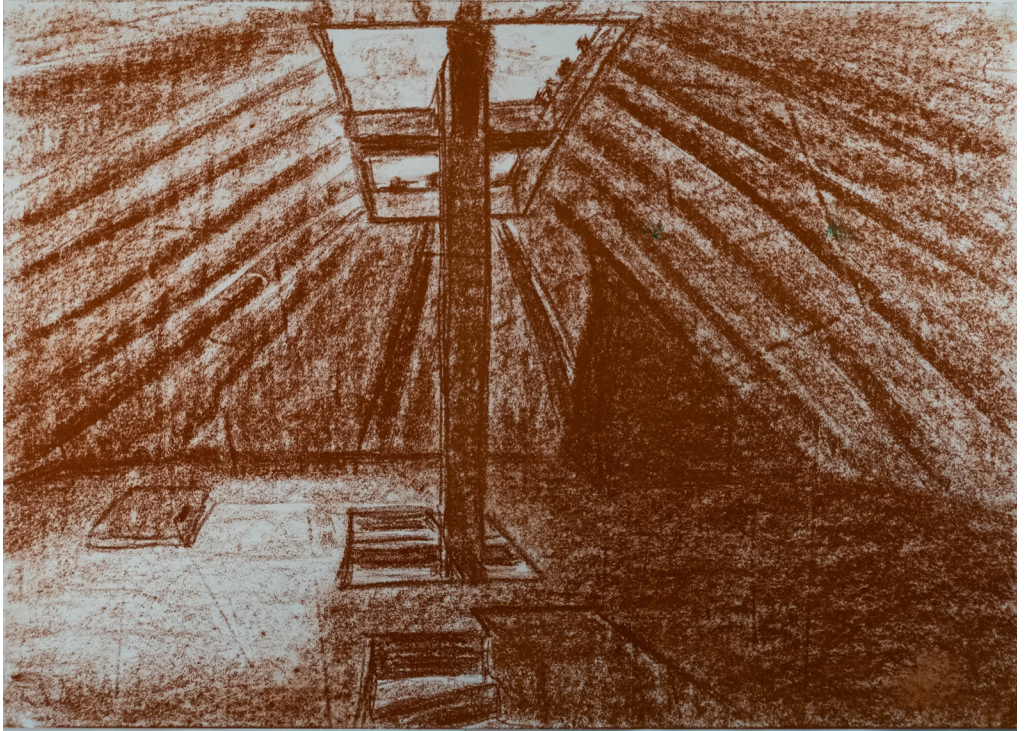
roof plan

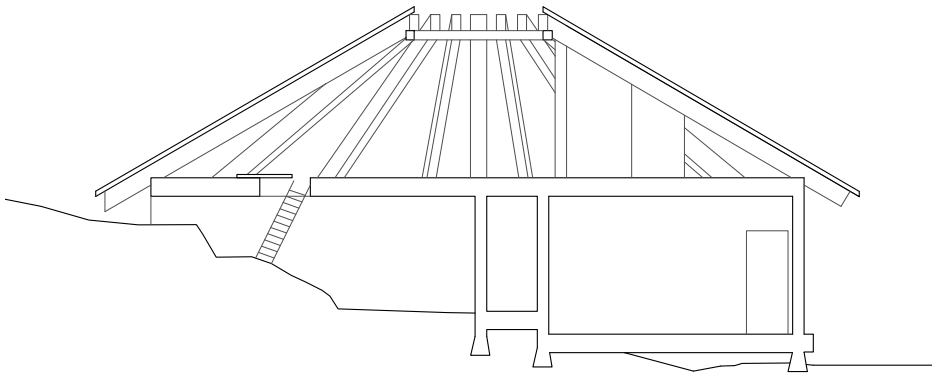
VIII

(forgotten memory)

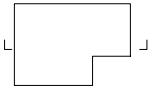
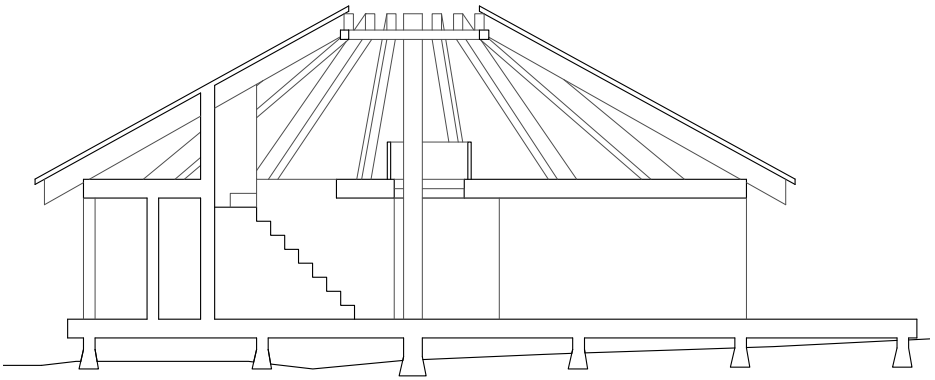
Sleeping under a parasol, or what you imagined as your bed-time firmament; an additional blanket for when stars shone too bright. His voice telling tales of a different childhood, or was it imagination? And then his song; daatidaa-dum-dum-didaaadum, then sleep.

But you still heard what he said whilst stroking your hair thereafter:
Good night, my heart. Good night.

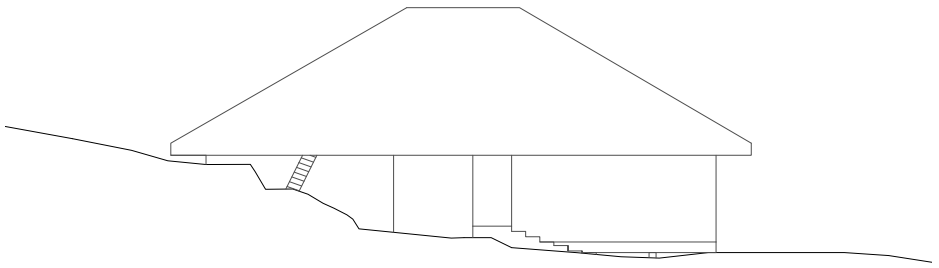




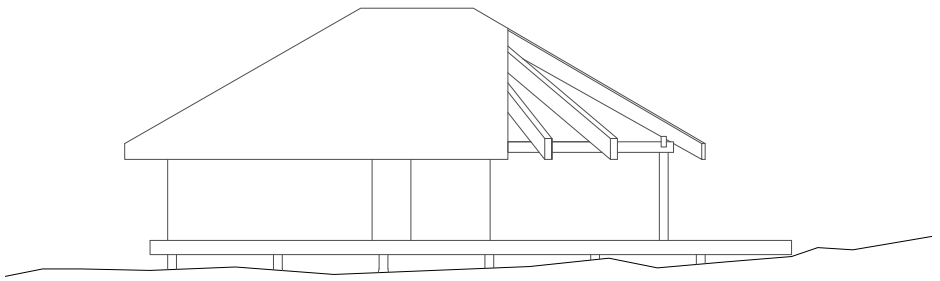
section a 1:100



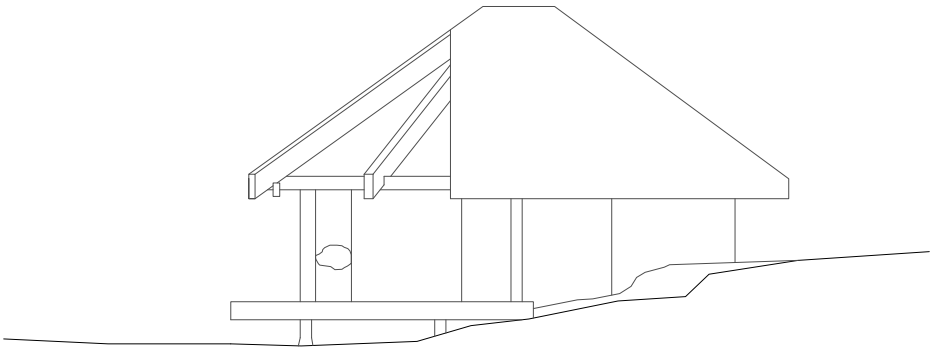
section b 1:100



elevation a 1:100



elevation b 1:100



elevation c 1:100

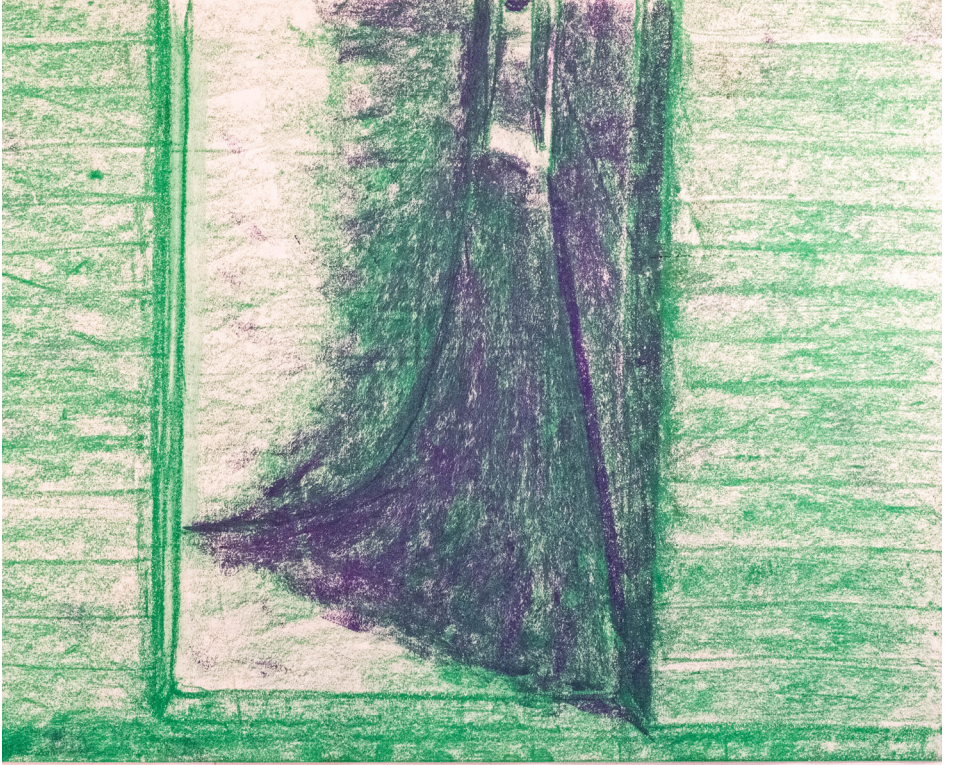


elevation d 1:100

IX

(for radio)

Always something that need be done in the garden. Chopping wood or sawing logs. The missing thumbs scared you at first, but as you became acquainted you found them intriguing, beautiful even. And he always said that was how he lost them, whilst sawing. This kept you off work-shops and mechanical saws for a quarter of a century. What you did then? Ran around the house of course, finding crevasses and rooms for you body to fit. They always said that if no-one stopped you you'd keep going until you fainted.



Maybe there is a house, it could for example be in a landscape.
The land could be Nordkapp, Suldal
or Lista
Or it could be any place.

The house has a column in the middle.
the column bears the roof of the house, the column bears the house:
it's where the house rests upon itself.
It's a see-through house:
from each side you can see through a hallway
from one side to the other.
There are some curved walls inside: places of comfort,
or places of hiding.
And maybe there's one where you can really hide.
A place that only you know.

There is a staircase up to just beneath the ceiling
which is where you sleep.
And just above your pillow there's an opening
to look at the stars.
Or you can open the hatch in the floor which takes you down
to the land, and you can sleep on that land, with the hatch open,
still beneath the roof

And you spend your days in your maybe it's a house
and you figure out the landscape.
You don't know how you arrived here,

but it's reminiscent of what you used to belong to,
so you can feel that you belong here, too.
Maybe you belong in this land now,
because the land you're from is no longer
the land you knew, it has changed.
And so everytime you now are in the old landscape
you are gripped by fear or desperation,
because the land is not the land that you knew
and things have changed: you
the landscape and so the belonging that you once held has left
and it's a long time since then
it's a long time since belonging
it's been long since we belonged

And so you had to break way,
you had to find a new land,
you had to find a new land, because the old is gone.
The old land no longer exists.
That's what you do or have been doing. Driving around in your car;
maybe with a lover, maybe a friend
And you look for that landscape that could be the land that
reminds you of the land where you once belonged.
And until now you have not found it.

Now you have found it.
You know now that this is where you will belong.
The land has many of the same features as the childhood land:
a low light with long-casting shadows during winter.
The shore, the empty beaches, full in the summer.
The smell of rotten seaweed in the bay by the barn.
And the wind. Always the wind.

Even though you've never been here before you know exactly where to lay down to hide from the wind and still be in the middle of the sound of it.

Because this is where you belong, in the crevass in the land. Laying still, with layers of wool on your body, some of which your mother knitted. Listening to the wind, watching the ocean. And you know that this is where you belong. This is what you've longed for your entire life. And you remember your grandfather, you remember how he behaved in this landscape, which is not the land you are in, but the landscape is still the same. And they always tell you how much you look like him. Act like him. And you do: you are so much like your grandfather. Not your father or your mother, but your grandfather. You even have the same dignified and curious way of walking about. And you picture him in front of you.:

You watch his steps and his eagerness to, or his way of expressing his joy of being in that land.

And he finds something and shows it to you, and you can see how full of life he is. And you find yourself in that very land, in that very land you find yourself just like your grandfather; you walk about in the land.

And you get so excited to find a stick or a sea conch or a keepsake or a belonging.

And the belonging feels a bit different, it feels a bit alien to this land, it's a belonging that does not belong to this land.

And you pick it up and you open this belonging, because it is a box, maybe it's a red box with some ornament, and you open it.

It does not need be locked although it has a keyhole.
And inside you find a letter. Maybe it's a letter that you wrote
to someone like yourself a long time ago. Or maybe
the handwriting is your mothers
And you read this letter.

For a while you read this letter, and things feel ok.
And then you fold the letter together and put it back in the box.
And you decide to carry it to someplace else.
Because now that you have found it in this place,
it's not to be there anymore. So you spend your day looking
for that place where this box now should belong.
And it needs a new place, a place that looks like or is reminiscent of
the place where you found it, but is some other place.
And as you spend some minutes resting
beneath your favourite tree, watching the afternoon sun dipping
below the horizon, you find its place
right next to where you sit. And this is where you always sit.
And even though you've been looking for this place all day long, you
found it right next to where you always sit. So
you put it in the earth-pocket beneath that rock that you like.
And you know it will be there for a while. Just like yourself.

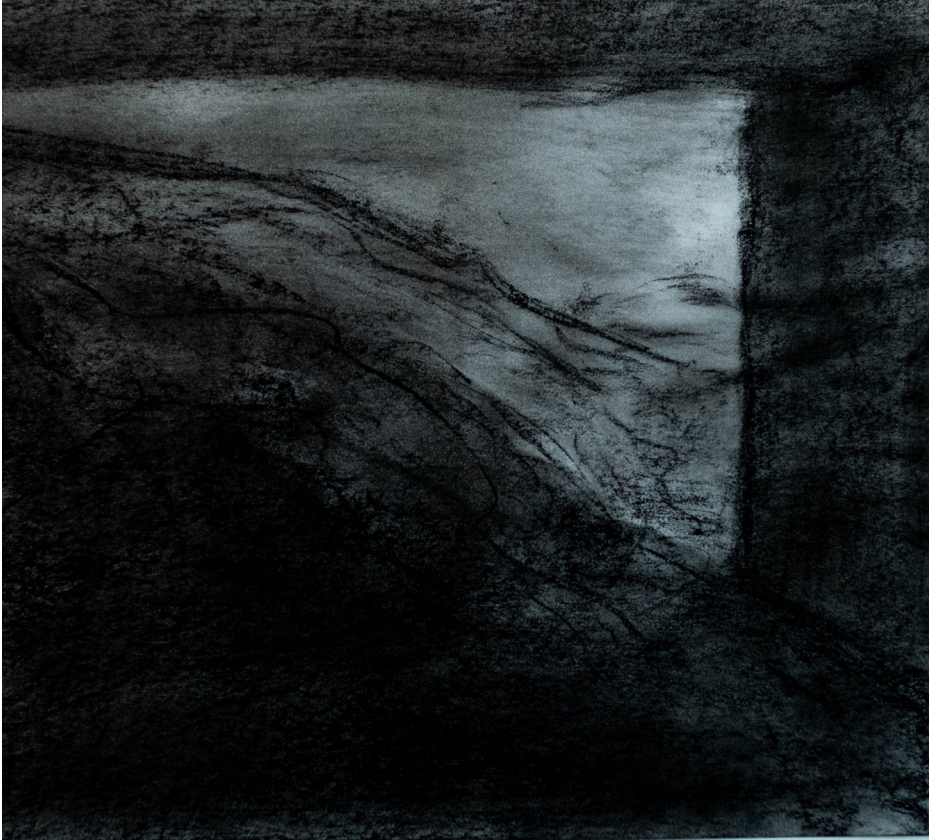
XI

Oh those nights where you couldn't sleep. How the house was a different world. How the curved walls offered comfort or a vantage point you haven't found since.



XII

Frequently you escaped from what? You never had to go far though, just beneath the hatch there was a different universe. The smell of damp earth or rock, the more audible wind and the unfamiliarity which the ever changing scenery presented you with was enough. Enough to be curious, enough to feel brave, enough to be afraid and happy to get back inside.











XIV

(dance: salsa)

A ray of sun hits the pine wall. Billions of photons gathered in a spot small enough for the hand to seize hold of. It will soon clutch a twig.

A body moves by and casts a shadow. It belongs to her. The body belongs to the woman. The man is left behind the strip of light that is piercing into the room through a gap in the velvet curtains. Olive green. He is not allowed to cross the line; this is the rule she has given him. He dares nothing but obey that rule.

Now she is dancing for him and he watches keenly, entranced by every movement, every posture and change of direction and every shadow made to light. All the light made to shadow. He catches every slight change in tone or intensity, every moment every silent scream, her longing to get out of her own skin. Now she lays herself on the floor; as to tease him, make herself small; frail, affectionate as she knows he loves. With his eyes he follows her, patiently waiting for the moment she, by pure heedlessness crosses the line with her foot.

He will grab hold of it, lead the woman's body along the parquet, through the strip of light. She will make no resistance. Locking her arms with his hands. Put his body atop hers.

Explosions: plasma. A glowing ball blasts fountains of fervent mass. One of which is thrown far enough to escape its gravitational sphere. Billions upon billions of photons at the speed of light.

She utters the word. He lets go.

A ray of light across two dancing bodies.

XV

(still leben)

He sits in the house and waits. Waits for nothing, waits for no-one. What he awaits will never come and what he is waiting for he will never know. Every day he sits on the chair by the table and waits. Waits for something that has already happened. For it to happen again. He has no words for this. Only the house in which he is sitting. Only the walls that surround him and the landscape that envelops him can tell. They do tell. They recite the same mute story every day. And for each day that goes by it sinks deeper and deeper within him. In the end it's impossible to separate the man from the loss, the loss from the house, the longing from the land. The man has been given the silence of things. This is what he is waiting for.

XVI

(internet comment)

I'm a fragmented soul. I keep one piece in a jar, the rest are all over the place.

XVII

(nature morte)

The body, or the souls' house. Which you are born to and never can escape. Your eyes; windows towards the world, with the limitation they possess. The senses otherwise: translators for things as they really are, but the way things really are you will never see. Or it does not exist. What you see is a construction of your own house. The apparatus has broken down every single movement to their essential components then reconstructed them so that you, with your insufficient and limited capabilities will have some means to understand what is happening right in front of you. But you don't experience the world as it is, you are just a slow and sluggish receiver for its signals. This is where you live, in the chamber of distortion. You shall never be free.

XVIII

(digital poster)

They have fallen asleep in front of the television-set. In her lap: half done knitwear. Today's newspaper is laying on the table, beneath the smart-phone which before it went black showed a young insecure girl (14) standing on a scene, singing in front of a panel of four judges consisting of three aging pop-artists and one industry-magnate. Watching the clip, one is made to be amazed by her powerful mezzo-soprano voice which is often difficult to hear over the loud whailing and applause from the audience. When the performance is over, tear-inducing audio effects is combined together with praise and expressions of disbelief from the judges. A tear has dried up on the phones' front-camera, the somewhat indeterminable film of minerals and salt will annoy the owner of the phone (man, 52) when he takes pictures of himself to send to teenage girls for a few days.

All this in the gleam of the blue light from the still image from the television. How long left? I push the button.



XIX

Maybe there's a house.
It could for example be in a landscape, or
it could be in a dance,
or it could be seen in a movie,
it could be remembered
and forgotten
the house could be that which pass you by
it could be by the sea
or in the mountain,
under the rock, beneath the tree
in a sunset whilst walking down a gravel road with your friends
or beneath the roof you sit on top of holding hands
the one you make a sound for when coming through the door
the first cup of coffee

the throwing of a chair to the wall in agony
or an unbearable scream before
laying crunched on the wooden floor
moving your hands slightly,
feeling growth-rings on your palm
finding solace in counting them
eleven on that board
that's when you met your best friend, eleven
give him a call
ask is life still kind?
say that you'll visit this fall

put heat to the stove
water to the kettle
listen to the silence and then
she will come
when you're in the middle of some book
unimportantly important

and even though you know
it's still a surprise
the opening of the door,
the voice whose sound
you answer

XX

(sound effects)

institutionalized gait
dawdle behind
straitjacket trails
evaporates in the corridor

(I)

so graceful
with the dressing gown

again
soap, exits.

XXI

(interior)

You know, do you know that I call you home? Do you know that I call you home, for you are free, or.

For I can see that you're free, I can see your freedom where you're walking with your walking stick over the green hills on your farm you are looking for, you are looking for the goat, but I can see that you're free. And I would've never let you go where you're going now if I knew what I now know. But I see you where you're going over the green grass and I see the leafless trees crouching over the knoll and I see what they're saying and I see their words and I see how they scream. The trees and the grass are screaming out loud, loudly screams the trees and the grass for you, for you whom are bearing, yes you're bearing and I can see you from here and I'm far away. You, you, you. Do you hear the wind what it grabs hold of, or are you wearing a headset? And I see how you carry, and I see how you've made up your mind and I think that it might even be nice, but what is life if nice? What is life if you don't listen, what is life, what is it life what what?

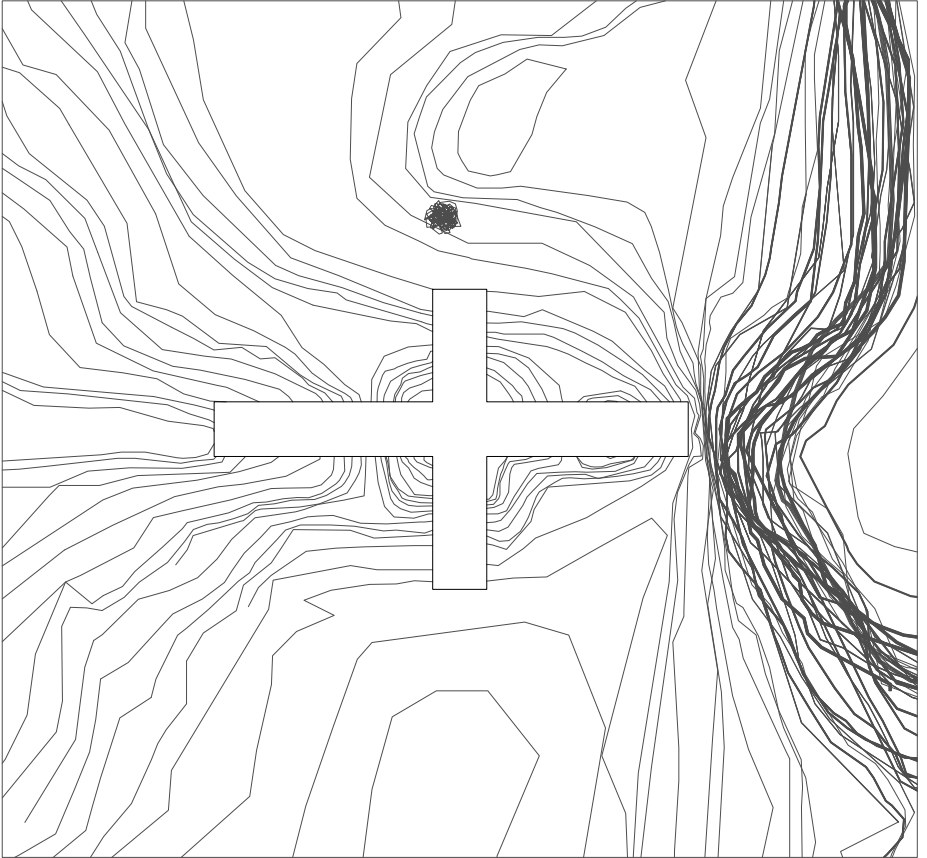
And I know that you know fear, and once we stood with it together and we put it aside and we cycled along, it must have been summer and we let the pond embrace our bodies and we let each other. We did not say it, but now we know, we know now. We know we know, I you. You have not closed your eyes but you're not looking there. And the last time I met you to check how things were, I brought a belated gift, I just came to see if your eyes were still there. And thank god I found them. I picked them up and put them in my pocket, so that you won't lose them like the others. And when ours met the veil was gone, but I saw how you quickly put it back on and now you're carrying new eyes and we told each other that we can always come. And what is life if what? And I see that you're free no matter how forced your tongue, and I see your words, those you dispose in the land: beneath the big rock by the forrest entrance, in the stream down towards the fjord. I see how

you take your words and stick them in the land and I see where you're going when you're searching and you're not really searching, for you will always find in the end and you are walking amidst the words you've set out for yourself, you're walking in words in the land. And the words lay there in the land, for you, and this is how you know of yourself. I see what you know and I know what you hear for I frequently visit myself.

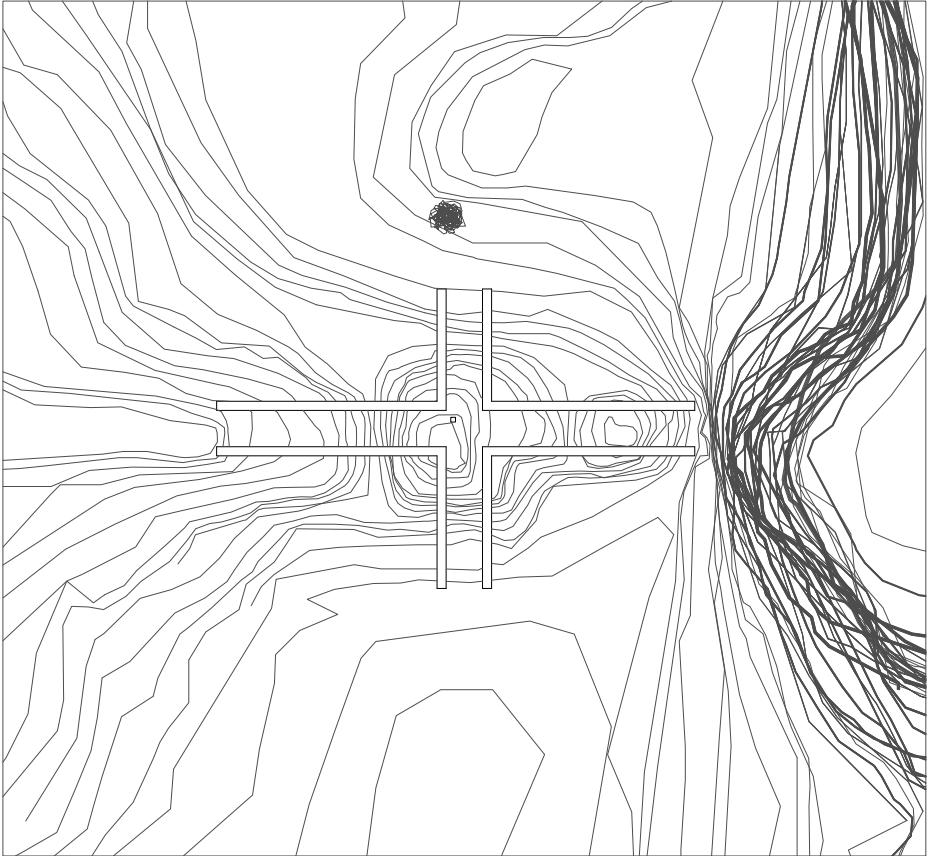








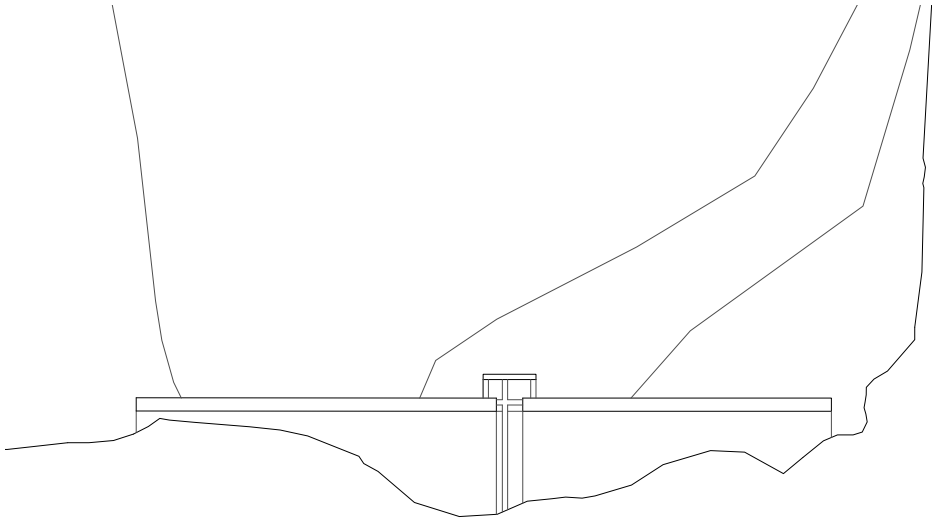
last house. roof situation plan 1:750



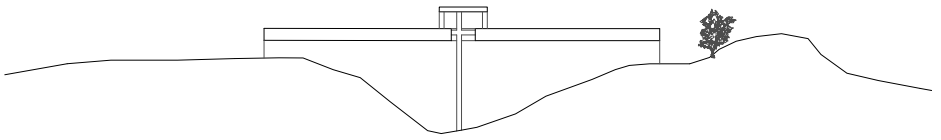
last house. situation plan 1:750



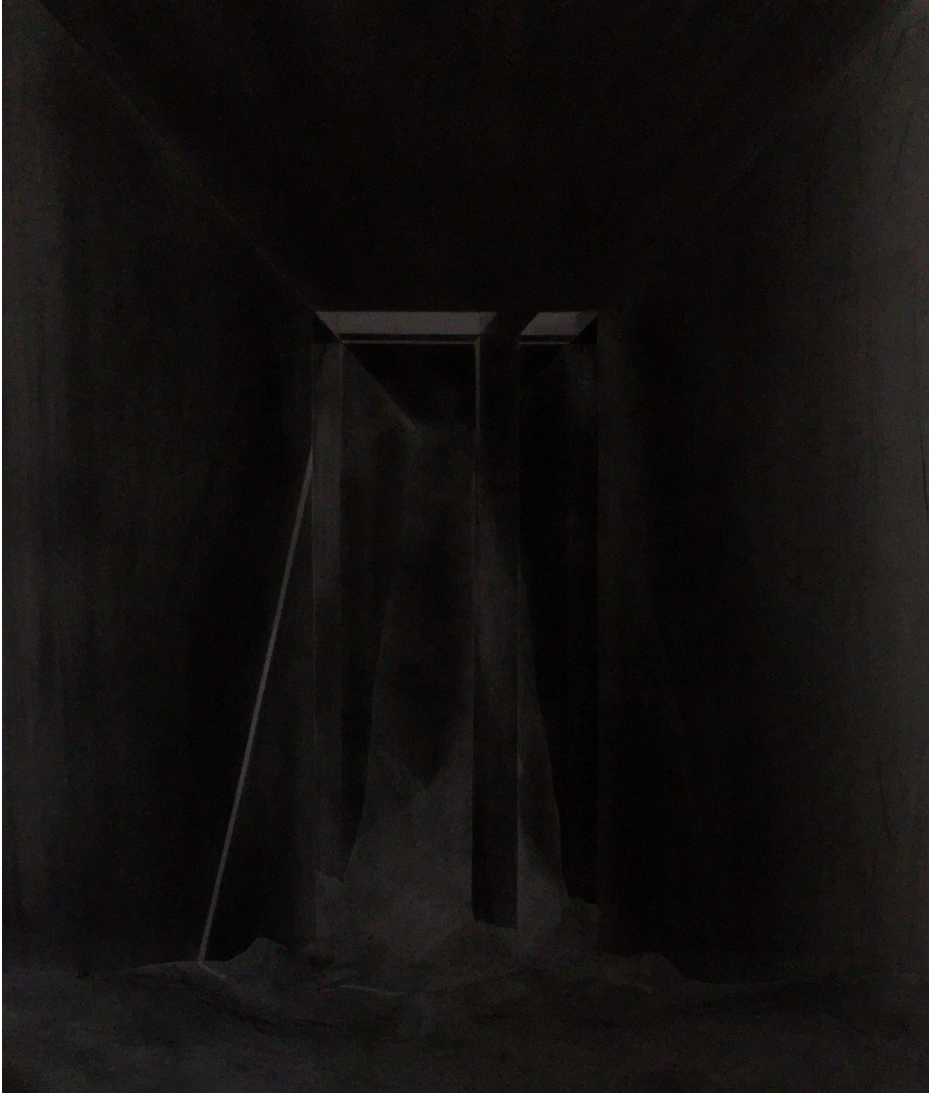
last house. situation section 1:1000



last house. section a 1:500



Last house. section b 1:500



XXII

(exodos)

And I see my self standing here, looking at the house I've made like it's something else, as if something not made from my hands, as if created by other hands than my own, but it's not, it comes from my hands, it is me who have drawn these lines, it is me who have found a piece of sketching paper and put it on the drawing board and with the black-ink pen in my hand drawn a straight line with an irregular line beneath it, the straight line is centered, using two thirds of the horizontal length of the paper and the irregular line going from edge to edge, inclining towards the straight line above it and almost touching it as it approaches from the left before descending quite dramatically and then rising again to almost touch the horizontal line coming out on the right and I think I have nothing more to add to it and I look at the drawing and I think that there's something about it for already the two lines speak their own, they speak their own language and I think that there must be more to add to it and I stand here watching it as if waiting for a magical moment to appear, where I find it in me to let the

pen touch the paper again and I stand looking at the drawing for a while, for how long I don't know, I never know with these sort of things, but it must be a while for when I notice how I'm staring, evening has already descended and almost all light has disappeared from the window and I can barely make out the lines from the paper and I stand here looking at the two lines that I've drawn and they're barely discernible in this late-autumn greyness and I find nothing to add to or remove from the drawing and I think it has something about it and I think that they speak their own

and I look at the piece of off white sketching paper and I look at the bleeding black-ink lines across it and as darkness comes from outside I see how they become clearer and clearer, how the black lines emancipates a strange shadow of their own and I think that from these lines there comes darkness, I think from these lines darknes shine, and I stand here looking at the house, it is a late autumn evening and the mountains are soaring high above, and although barely discernible from the rest of the land, I

see clearly the entrance of the concrete house and I think that the house is its own shadow, one that is other than the shadow of the night and I stand here and I look at the shadow of a house and I think it has something about itself, I think that it speaks and I think that there are words in this land, in this air and I see how they rest between me and the house and I see myself standing here and the words are standing here with me and they are all outspoken and they all speak themselves and I think that the house speaks darkness and I see how it shines, like a light that is no light but shines clearer than any light has ever shone and I stand here and utter these words and I say that there is a darkness that comes from this house and it shines bright, and a house is resting in the light from the shadow of itself

and I think that I've made many houses, and that I cannot always see this shadow that shines but with the houses I really like, the houses that I consider to be good houses, great houses, it is like that,

and it's not always so that others like the

houses that I like, usually others don't understand why I like the houses that I like that much, and often they seem bedraggled by what I find enjoyable in a house and that can be frustrating, it can almost make me want to stop making houses, and if I happen to show a drawing of a house that I like on a day that I'm prone to others opinion, just a slight hint of dismay in the other could be enough to send me into a daze that I have to spend several days recovering from

and I think that it's not certain at all that if I make a house that I like then those for whom I make it will like it too, but when I make a house that I like, it's like I am not in charge of my own actions and it's weird to say this, but when I make a house that end up becoming a good house it's always like I'm not in control of my own thoughts or choices and it's almost like the house just happens, and it's a poor analogy but the best thing I can say is that I'm like a sailboat on the big sea in the storm with no other choice than to adjust my sails accordingly and follow the waves so that I don't fall out of the boat and

that's how it feels like making a good house, like being on a sailboat in the storm, and it's always a struggle, the emotions that comes with making a good house is never just nice or good, for whenever a good house comes along there's always a lot of pain involved, a lot of struggle too, and therefore I'm always cautious for whom I make a house, for even if it's just to draw some lines and to raise a construction on some land it's like every single piece of the house is a piece of my self

and to make a good house is to be in the storm and then it's like there are higher powers guiding me towards making the choices that I make and if I were to believe in god then it would be they who came and guided me, and so it may feel at times, that whatever guides my choices is reminiscent of what believers might call God although I myself don't believe in any divine power, no, no god but life itself and I think that I have other names for god, for the way I think about the arbitrary doesn't seem so unlike what believers think of the divine or God, Him whom they say is all that is good

and all that is light and I think that sounds like joy and I think that making a house must come from the joy of making, and it's through a joyful making a house becomes a good place to live, but if one is to make houses that is more than that, more than just good places to live, then the joy of making them must find its place within the pain from which it derives

and one can recognize those houses where life or darkness has taken place for from them there comes a shadow that derives from the pain of life and I think that with time every house gives in to this pain and with time all houses will shine dark, and one can say that this is the shadow of time or the light that emanates from it and even mediocre houses will eventually give in to the gleaming shadows belonging to their inhabitants, and for some it comes quicker than others, some people carry their misfortunes or their scars in such a way that they manage to quickly veil even the most indifferent of places in a cloak of tenderness,

and if one is to make such houses, then one must let darkness or pain shine through

the joy of creating so that it can cast its light over the making and I think that because this is the light that comes from pain it belongs to the body, for pain is a bodily thing and only by bodily means can one sense pain, only through the body can one make pain be felt through the joy of expressing oneself and a house must be made from the body, a body is necessary to make a good house

and whatever is necessary comes from the painful, and it's always the painful in life that makes need, and a good house must be needed, and this necessity must come from experiencing life itself

and I see myself looking at the drawing that is the house I've made, and I can barely see it for the darkness, and although it's nothing but two lines on a piece of paper I think it's a good house

and I find another piece of sketching paper from the stack and put it on the drawing board right next to the first one, and with the

black-ink pen in my hand I draw two straight lines; one horizontal and one vertical, both almost going from edge to edge on the off-white sketching paper

the lines cross each other at the center like they always do, and I think that's how I always do it and I ask myself what is that darkness that comes from these lines?

Tor Christian Meling