

A feeling of



temporal empathy

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*Temporal Empathy:
A feeling of temporal empathy*

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Sometimes understanding something requires more than thinking. To fully grasp the meaning of certain things they have to be felt, lived through with our own senses. Feelings give weight to the indifference of factual knowledge.

Introduction

Many ideas find their origin in a feeling. The mind implicitly processes factual characteristics of things and turns them into feelings. These feelings are meaningful, but can still be vague and hard to grasp. They drift around like a cloud, impossible to clearly define its shape or boundaries. By turning feelings or experiences into words they can slowly be better understood. As language is considered, changed and built upon, concrete ideas start to form. They become clearer and easier to communicate. The vague cloud that existed before starts to form a clear boundary and identity. However, in doing this an important part of its essence is lost.

Somehow feelings contain a wealth of information and meaning that doesn't translate to the explicit. Take a joke for example: by explaining what it is about the joke can be understood, but in doing so the joke ceases to be truly able to make you laugh again. There is more to it than just understanding its factual content. *Temporal empathy* also consists of both aspects, they are two sides of the same coin. Luckily understanding temporal empathy does not depend on such a precarious balance of thinking. Either side can be taken in in any order without having the other lose its meaning. It does, however, require both sides to form a complete understanding

Temporal empathy concerns two things: something to perceive and conceive (temporality), and a way to do so (empathy). Rather than explaining the meaning of temporal empathy explicitly – as is done in the book that is this one's companion – I would like to approach its meaning through real-life examples and thoughts that invoke temporal empathy implicitly through a collection of experiences. A mixture of objects, buildings, spaces, thoughts and whatever else is compiled in this book.

Every item is accompanied by (or consists of) a train of thought implicitly connected to the subject at hand. At first glance they are very different from one another, but they all have one thing in common: they invoke temporal empathy. In fact, this was the single criterion they had to fulfil in order to be added to this collection. Understanding through experience is of the main ideas behind temporal empathy, so it would be a waste not to apply it in such a fitting situation; practice what you preach, so to say.

The second purpose of sharing these thoughts and experiences is giving temporal empathy a foothold in reality. Having theoretical discourse on architecture is fine, but its value multiplies if it can be related to the practicality of architecture. After all, the reality of architecture is that structures are actually being built and used. This collection shows, not tells, that temporal empathy can be invoked through very real properties of our physical surroundings. These properties have the same effect out in the world as they do here, ready to be discovered and in turn enhanced or recreated.

There is no set order in which to make your way through this collection. Going from first to last is fine, but so is picking a page at random. Every item has been placed into a category, but even these do not follow a specific order. These categories are more of a suggestion than anything else, a diving board for interpretations. One single item in this collection might leave a lot of questions on the meaning of temporal empathy. By passing by more and more items however, a faint image or feeling should form. In this light their diversity is their advantage; the more they differ from each other, the easier it is to see what they share. At the end this image has hopefully been given shape, and as

explicit thought slowly fades into the background, we can all nod in agreement on the meaning of temporal empathy without having spoken a word.

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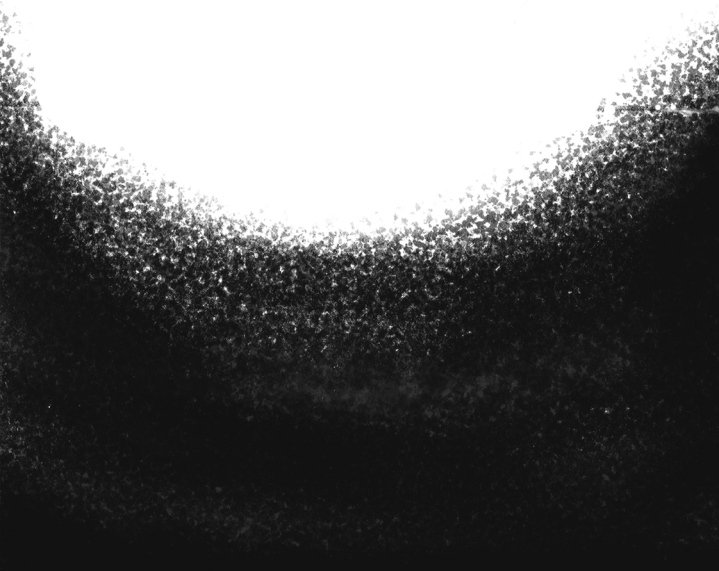
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Cycles

The world largely operates in cycles. At first glance, many instances that seem finite turn out to be bigger in the final picture. What ends in the morning might start again the next day. What seems to end after a while might repeat itself next year. In this way, things that might otherwise be singular in nature will show themselves to be connected to a larger timeframe. When the rhythm is known, you do not just see single events taking place, but the cycle in its entirety. Many things that seem linear in our existence turn out to be just a part of a bigger cycle.





1. Island

On the mouth of the Couesnon River in Normandy, France, lies the monastery of Mont Saint Michel. An old abbey is located in the middle, surrounded by a small village. What sets this monastery apart from other monasteries in France is that it is located on a tidal island. Situated on land hundreds of thousands of years ago, erosion ate away at the surrounding rock. The tougher basalt eroded much slower, leaving outcrops of rock rising above the seafloor. Reaching a tidal island is a very different experience depending on the time of day, since the options are heavily affected by the tides. When the tide is high, the entire island is cut off from the mainland and is only accessible by crossing the water. When the sea retreats it is possible to reach the island by crossing the causeway or walking across the sand from any direction.

And so life around Mont Saint Michel used to be heavily affected by the tides. Somewhere between once or twice a day, the island would be cut off from the mainland. Experiencing Mt. Saint Michel is not just about the island itself, but also about the tides, and thus about the entire ocean. Awareness of the island turns into awareness of the dance between the moon and the earth, and the daily cycles of the tides it creates. Unfortunately this changed in the 19th century, when a raised causeway was built. It permanently connected Mont Saint Michel to the mainland and turned it into a peninsula. It was not until some years ago that the admiration for the natural state of the island returned. The raised causeway was broken down, and the peninsula was turned into a tidal island again. The causeway has now been replaced by a bridge. Though it was unavoidable, and certainly an improvement over the car park filled strip from before, I am still somewhat disappointed that the tides will rarely turn Mont Saint Michel into a true island again.



2. Hallway Clock

On sunny days my hallway turns into a clock. The hallway has a wide granite staircase that spirals upwards, connecting the first and second floor to the ground level. Each floor is double height and the middle of the space is wide open so it can easily be observed in its entirety. Windows stretch from the top all the way to the bottom on one side. It probably is a bit grand for a student apartment building, but I won't complain. Living on the second floor I circle the space twice as I descend the stairs on my way out.

If I'm early I first catch the light on the wall to my right as I leave. If I get blinded as soon as I step out I should probably have gotten up earlier. By this time the sun is already lighting up the stone washbasin on the first floor that is no longer in use. While I'm gone it slides across the tiles, all the way to the opposite wall, where it usually greets me as I return home. If it is already gone when I arrive I know that I don't have to feel too bad about sleeping in anymore.



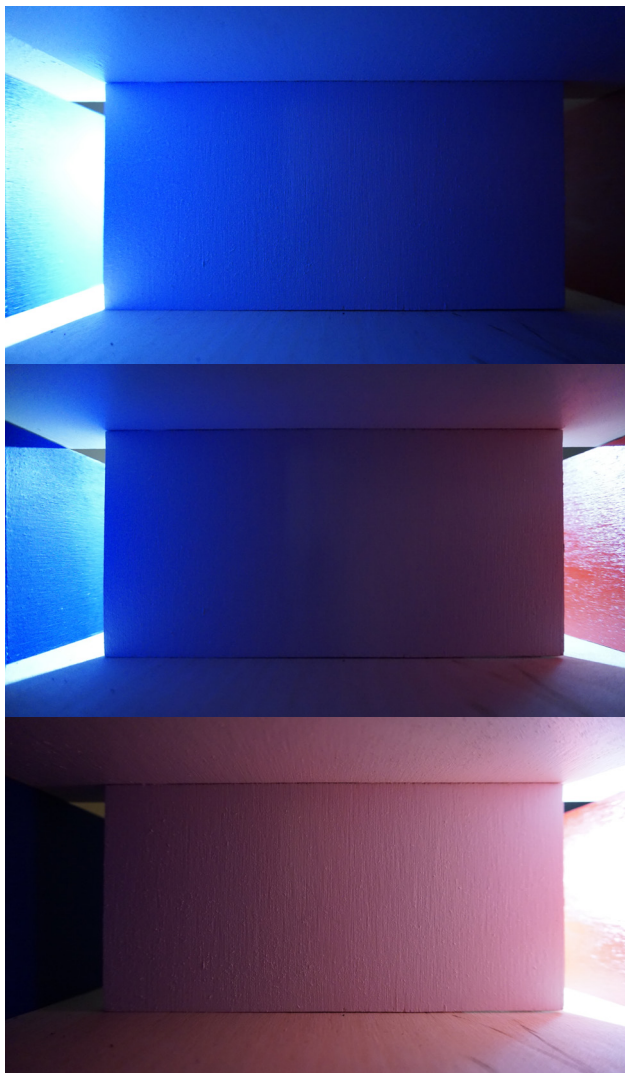
Hallway Clock

3. Hue

Just before the day starts or ends, and the sun reaches a certain angle, it colours the world in a peculiar hue for a short period of time. As the light travels more horizontally through the atmosphere only longer wavelengths reach all the way, and thus the blue light dissipates before it reaches our eyes. It's curious that everyone is pretty much in agreement that this short period of time is beautiful to take in, I've yet to hear someone claim they dislike the way the sky looks during the sunset. Though during the winter days grow depressingly short in the Netherlands, one of the few advantages is that this period lasts much longer as the sun makes a low-flying sweep across the horizon.

This is not the only way the colour of the sky varies. The colour of the sky is different all across the world. It seemed that conditions in the atmosphere vary around the planet, making for different coloured skies in different locations. I also recall reading somewhere that the Dutch skies were particularly famous amongst landscape painters during the renaissance. With all these variations in the sky's colour you'd think there would be no need for maps or clocks.

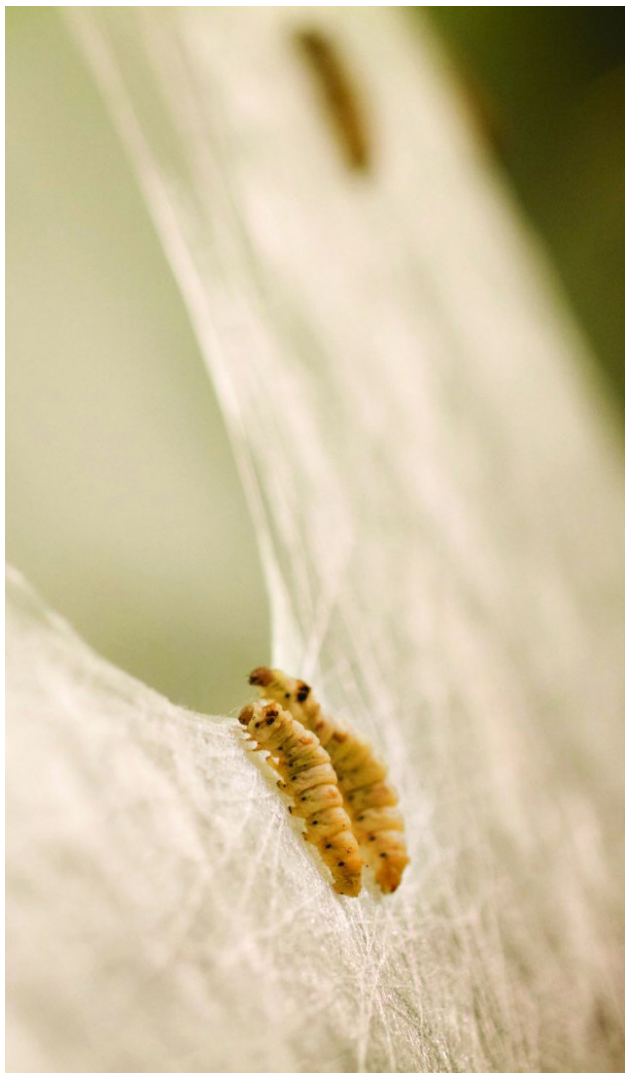
Unfortunately all these nuances are sometimes hard to notice as we spend more and more time indoors. The more we enclose ourselves, the less we become aware of the sky. But what if you could bring this back somehow? Say you make a room with two openings facing south. The walls running along the sides extend outside, one painted blue and the other red. The light that makes its way through the sky merges with the paint on the wall and fills the room in a bright hue. As the sun makes its way across the sky the room shifts from blue, to purple, to red. These intense shifts in colour should make for a strong reminder to look up at the sky every now and again. Ah, is the light already that red? I should probably get started on making dinner.



4. Silk Worms

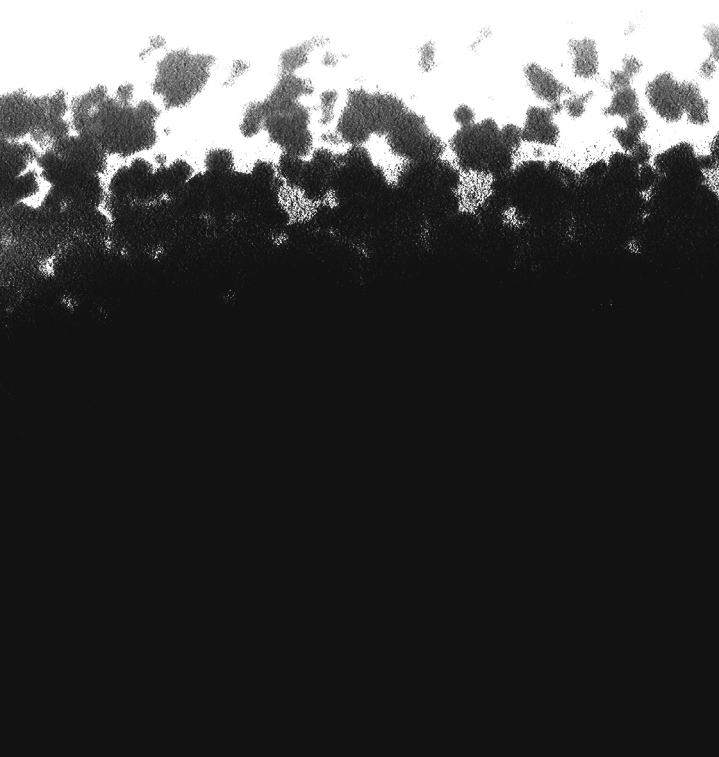
The Mediated Matter Group at MIT conducts research on the possible interactions between nature and design. By finding ways to integrate nature with technology and vice versa they seek to find new tools and ideas to find a way to mediate between the two. This extends beyond the simple application of natural materials in innovative ways. Instead, it becomes more a form of cooperation between humans and the rest of nature. One example of this is the silk pavilion, where the initial setup was provided by the researchers and silk worms finished the structure. By creating an initial dome-shaped structure out of silk fibres a foothold was created for the silk worms to come in and start their work. As part of their natural pupation process silk worms spin thin threads of silk and then form a cocoon out of them. The threads slowly started to fill in the rest of the structure until a translucent surface covered most of the dome. Due to the worms' affinity for darker spaces the density of surfaces could even be controlled by adjusting the light.

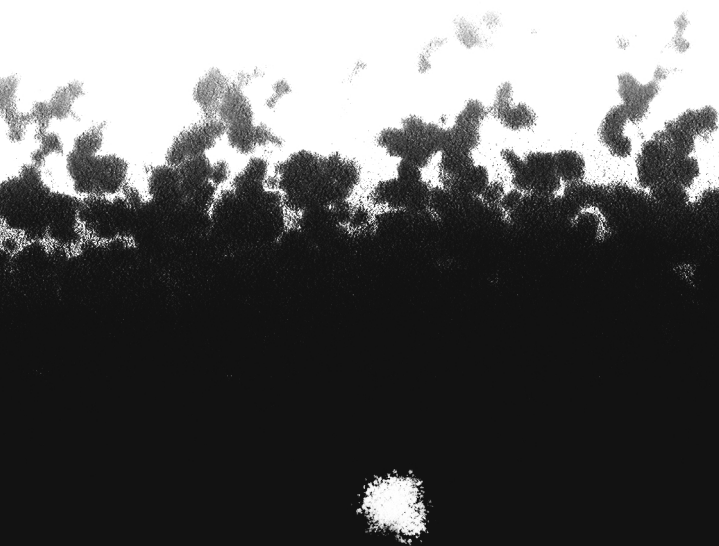
The cooperation between moths and people also lasts for all stages of a silk worm's life. Normally in silk production the threads are harvested by boiling the cocoon of the larvae, killing them inside. With the silk pavilion the larvae are left alive and grow into moths. The moths grown on a single silk pavilion are capable of producing 1.5 million eggs, which in turn hatch larvae that can produce up to 250 pavilions more.



Moment

What is most precious only lasts a short while. It is that single specific instance that is more special than the infinite instances it sits in between. Of course there is a certain sadness too. What has been for that short period of time might never be again, but the experience of that moment makes you all the more glad to have been there.



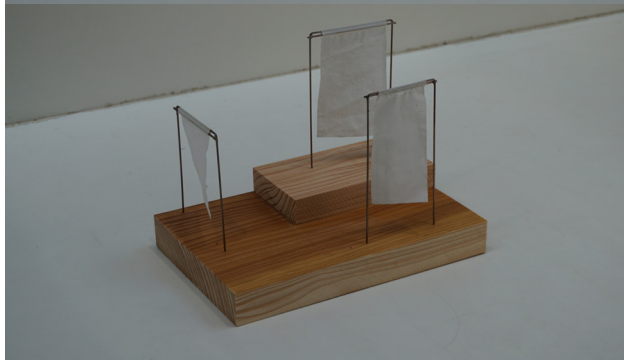


5. Sheets

The same location, on three different days. The sheets hanging on metal frames, like laundry on a clothesline. All pieces of fabric have been treated with a hardening agent. Each model was then left outside to dry. As the wind blew the fabric in all directions, the sheets twisted and turned, slowly dried and stiffened. Due to the wind blowing differently every day, the resulting composition is completely different even though all other starting conditions were the same. Now that they are dry, different kinds of spaces have formed in between the fabric. On days with barely a breeze the sheets hung straight, forming thin but firm walls. Where the wind blew with force, the sheets hung almost horizontally, creating a ceiling. Where the wind twisted the sheets did too. This way three different days have been captured in these frozen sheets.

6. Burning

I built a model out of wood, rice paper and matchsticks. It was quite small, which made it hard to neatly construct the wooden frame. Carefully I folded the paper sheet, which had been cut exactly to size, over the frame. When it was done I admired the precision I had achieved on such a small scale. Then I set it on fire. Within moments the model I spent the afternoon building disappeared in a bright orange glow, and then into a brittle stack of blackened wood. The paper model seemed even more fragile and precious in hindsight than it did before.







7. Nuclear Test

During the 1950's a small town was built in the middle of the Nevada desert. The buildings were fully furnished and the cabinets stocked with packaged and canned foods. Not inhabited by people, its population instead consisted of mannequins. The name of the town was Survival Town, built with the sole purpose of being destroyed. As part of a series of nuclear tests by the American government called Operation Teapot, Survival Town was built to test how various construction types would hold up in the event of a nuclear explosion. Across the town cameras were installed, both inside and outside the buildings. The videos captured by these cameras were stitched together and released under the name Operation Cue. One specific recorded shot shows a typical American family home standing in the middle of an empty plain. A white flash fills the screen as soon as the atomic bomb is set off. Almost immediately after this the heat waves reaches the house and smoke curls off the façade as it evaporates the paint. Moments later the blast wave reaches the house, blowing it apart entirely.

Before the blast, the entire town stood motionless, completely unused, after the explosion most of the town was wiped away, but in those few seconds in between, like some twisted firework, the buildings fulfilled their purpose.

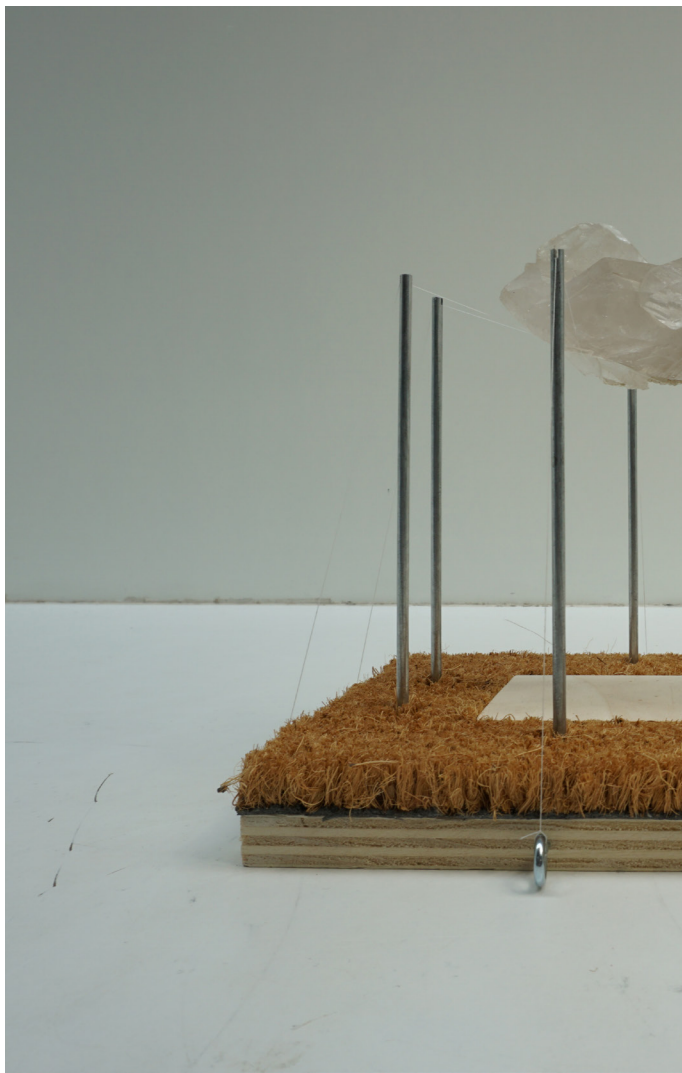
8. Anticipation

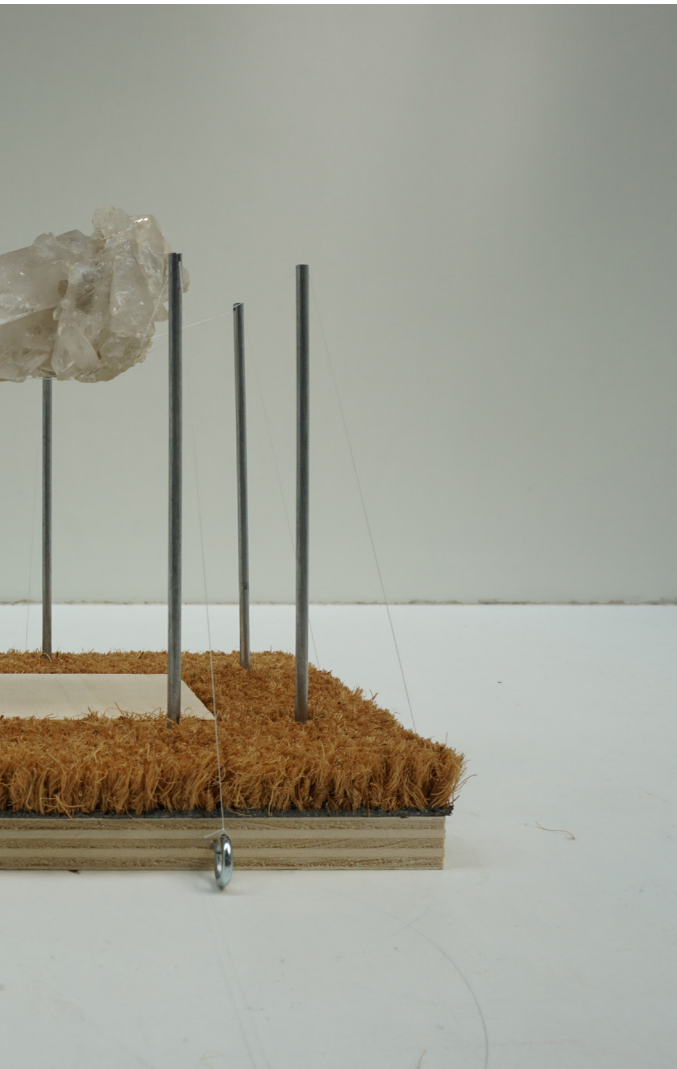
The tension of anticipation is something special. It can be exhilarating or nerve-wracking, and it is often both at the same time. Almost everyone knows what I am talking about. Whether it you're about to dive into the water or speak in front of an audience. It keeps building and building. It is the feeling of uncertainty about a defined moment in the future, one that is coming closer in sight. Unlike the past or the present there's no sure way of telling how things are going to go, even if you've experienced what is about to happen before. The moment you touch the water or start speaking, it completely evaporates. It would be interesting to try to invoke this feeling through architecture.

The model is of a pavilion out in a field. Thin steel columns surround a wooden platform. Wires are spanned between the tops of the columns, crossing through the middle of the pavilion. The large quartz crystal is hangs suspended above the floor. The wires are so thin that they are hard to see, leaving the crystal seemingly floating in thin air, especially from a distance. Is the crystal about to fall? Is it safe to stand under? It gives me a feeling of anticipation that won't be resolved unless the wires snap.










Present

The busier you are, the harder it is to live in the current moment. When I spend a lot of time working I tend to get too absorbed into my own mind. On days like these I often find myself having moved from one place to another, without any recollection of the journey in between. By the end of the day I feel tired and detached. That is when I know that I need to take a break and get out off my own head for a while.

I know I am not the only one. People seem to be craving this kind of escape more and more often, with the amount of people practicing things like meditation and yoga. These excercises definitely help, but it takes practice to effectively execute. That is why I like to get a helping hand. When trying to be open to experiencing the present, the awareness does not solely have to come from within. The correct space can do wonders in escaping your own mind. Whether it is the sounds, textures, smells of your surroundings, changing or unchanging, certain environments seem to invite you to step outside of your head and feel the space around you, not as a space to imagine but to experience it as it is right now.





9. Teshima

One summer I took a ferry across the Seto Inland Sea. From the top deck of the ferry you could see the many islands dotted across the water. The warm breeze carried the smell of the sea and the ship, and the sky was completely blue save for a few tiny clouds drifting by every now and then. It was a perfect setting for an afternoon nap, if I didn't have a goal in mind that day.

I wanted to make a visit to the Teshima Art Museum. It is called a museum, but it consists of only a single space: a thin, white, concrete shell in the shape of a ginko leaf, with two large oval shaped openings in the roof. Getting to the museum was no easy task. It is located on the hillside of Teshima, overlooking the sea. On top of taking the ferry, once you're on the island you have to take either an electric bicycle or scooter across the island to get there, the road twisting and turning as it makes its way along the steep hillsides. Climbing over the last hill the museum and the sea suddenly comes into view down below. With sweat on my back I silently thanked the rental shop that there were no regular bikes available, which I would surely have been stubborn enough to take instead.

Approaching the museum you are led along a path that shows you the sea one last time before it turns towards the entrance of the museum. At first glance the museum seemed out of place. The white amorphous shell contrasts heavily with its natural surroundings. It was not until I sat down inside and took in the atmosphere that it became clear that the museum is as much about its surroundings as it is about the interior. The inside was empty, but it filled up with the smells of the sea and blooming flowers, the sounds of the sea and wind, and the heat of the summer, all drifting inside through the large openings and slowly flooding the space. Though I was unaware of it at first, after sitting for a while I noticed a water droplet was

slowly making its way across the floor. It moved a couple of centimetres, until it stopped in its tracks. It sat there until another droplet showed up, bumping into the first, merging with it and carrying it along in its momentum. In the end it started circling, until it was finally sucked into the floor again. Looking around, droplets seemed to be making their way across the floor all over the museum. These droplets seemed to well up from the ground out of miniscule holes in the concrete. They all seemed to be heading for the same places, starting and stopping, until they disappeared into the ground again.

Focussing on all these sensations everyone inside seemed to become acutely aware of the present moment. It was as if the full essence of the island and its surroundings were concentrated in that single space. Back in my room at the end of the day, after making my way back the same way I came, I could still vividly recall being inside that white shell. Even now I can still close my eyes and take my mind back to the experience of that day.





10. Backside of the Moon

The human eye can process a surprisingly large range of brightness. Unless we look towards the sun, we can see perfectly fine on a bright day. On the other hand, even if there is no apparent light source we are still able to see faint outlines and contours. I imagine that everyone who has ever stumbled through the dark at night in fear of waking others is familiar with this. There is just one drawback: it takes a while for our eyes to adjust. Put simply, the most sensitive light receptors in our eyes are overstimulated in bright light and need time to recover. It's been speculated that this is why pirates are depicted with eyepatches: they would immediately have one adjusted eye at the ready when moving into the dark below deck.

The reason I'm writing about this is because of a 'temple' on the island of Naoshima called Minamidera, designed by Tadao Ando and James Turrell. Their design makes use of this exact biological mechanism. You enter the building by sliding your hand across the wall as you walk through an increasingly dark hallway, until you reach a pitch black room. It is so dark, you can't see your hands if you hold them in front of your face. In total darkness, you are told to stand and wait. You stand peering into the darkness, searching for any sign of light. You can feel your pupils dilating, taking in as much light as they can. After a while, a purple hue slowly starts to show itself on the opposite wall. Slowly the hue takes form, until a large rectangle becomes clearly visible. Interestingly, this rectangle was always there. It wasn't the space that was changing, but your own eyes.

This feeling of taking in light is impossible to replicate with photos or video, and the waiting period cannot be avoided unless you are dressed as a pirate. There are no shortcuts to experiencing Minamidera. You'll just have to be patient and wait for the light.

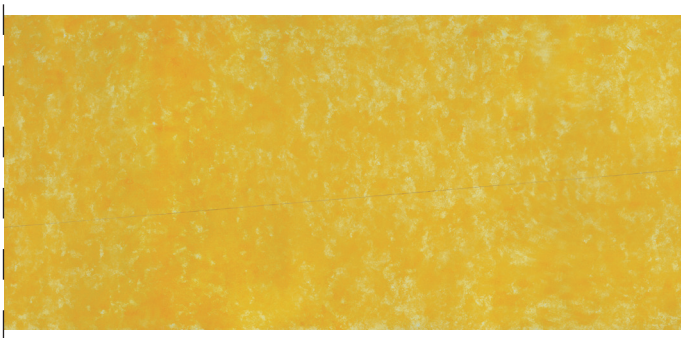
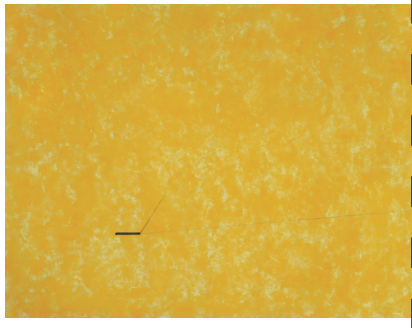


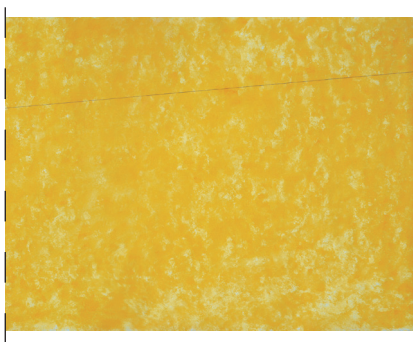
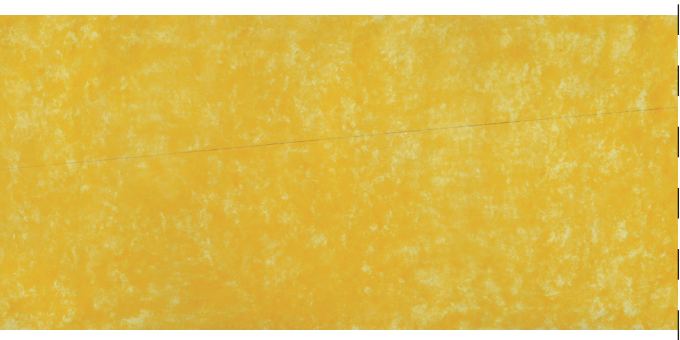
11. Three Day Path

Initially I thought that awareness of the present came to me most clearly when confronted with new experiences and changing surroundings. However, after a while I concluded that the opposite situation often brings me into the present just as much, if not more. Am I ever more aware of the present than when my surroundings are unchanging? For example, never am I more aware of every passing second than when I am sitting on a platform, waiting for the train to come. With nothing to occupy my mind unchanging surroundings force me to experience the now in excruciating detail.

From this thought came the concept for a tower and path. An enormous tower, kilometres high, stands on a vast plain. The tower can be reached by walking along a path that stretches across the plain in a straight line. An isometric drawing of this design on a scale of about 1:150000 stretches for over 5 metres, the path a razor-thin line across almost its entire length. The distance towards the tower is immense; it takes three full days to reach it. As you walk, nothing seems to change. The only sign of progress is the tower over the horizon, growing so slightly as you keep moving forward that you don't seem to get closer at all. Despite all your efforts, nothing seems to change until you finally reach the tower. It would seem to me that an experience like this would bring you closer to the present than ever before.







12. Summer

I feel as if, in a way, I am much more awake during the summer in a way. It is hard to describe what I mean by 'awake' exactly, but I do know what creates this feeling, because I've experienced it time and again. During warm summer days with clear skies I step outside for a bit before I do anything. Since it is warm enough I don't need to wear shoes to go outside. I would prefer to never wear anything over my feet at all times, but in order to not freeze my toes off I often have to make concessions. Now that I am bare footed though, I feel the hot metal slope at the front door underneath my soles. I quickly walk further into the yard and I start to feel the grit of the pavement. Besides this there is the strong but warm glare of the sunlight, sounds of the neighbourhood and the smell of plants, along with many other things that come to me in the current moment. It's as if I'm listening to my surroundings to a much higher degree, and it is this experience that I am trying to describe when I say I feel 'awake'.

The opposite is true during the winter. When the days grow colder and shorter I often find my senses dulling. The cold winds I take shelter in thick clothes and go outside as little as possible. Inside, every room is heated up to the exact temperature that makes me unaware of the temperature at all. Underneath overcast skies that show up virtually every day, each surface seems lit up almost equally. In principle the same feeling of being awake could apply here, since there is plenty around to be sensed. The issue is that I am just not open to sensing anything, since the less I feel, the more comfortable I am. It's not necessarily that these types of sensation are bad fundamentally, but perhaps the difference is moderation. During the summer, after having been outside for a bit it feels pleasantly cool inside. The open windows and door all over the house create a draft through the hallway, and

the tiles feel cold at my feet while walking over to my desk. If I sit back behind my desk immediately I would not be able to see anything anyway, so I just stand and wait for my eyes to adjust from the harsh sunlight outside to the softer light inside. These sensations are all the more strong through its contrast with the previous situation.

When I take a break again a bit later, I step outside into the backyard to take in some more sunlight, so I slump into a lawn chair and cover my eyes with my arm and slowly drift off. The longer I lay there the more I feel the rays heating up my skin. After a while the heat becomes too much, so I hide underneath a Hawaiian shirt for a bit. The scent of warm linen cloth and sunscreen lingers underneath my makeshift tent, bringing back memories of the summers that have come before. Sunlight filters through the floral patterns on the fabric. As I revel in the moment I wonder what I did to deserve such a lovely afternoon.





Memory

Attached to the Fleet Foxes' self-titled debut album was a note on memories from frontman Robin Pecknold. In it he spoke of an instance when he found a box of old photographs of his childhood. It turned out that the vivid images were one to one copies of the photographs in the box instead of his actual memories. He forgotten that he had ever seen the photographs, and over time they were grafted onto the memories he perceived to be his own. This left him with a feeling of betrayal. The point of this story was to say that music is different when it comes to memories. Songs can take you back to a specific moment in time but they can't change or falsify the image of the memory you create yourself.

The reason I mention this is because I think the same goes for space. The atmosphere of a memory is shaped by the surroundings in which the event took place. The way the light shone through the window, the cold of the winter air, the fabric of a chair against your arm, all these characteristics form the decor for your memory. You will never move through a space the same way twice, but return to a place from your past and the memories will come flooding back. Sometimes spaces can even carry signs of events you have not even witnessed. They allow you to imagine and place yourself into a collective memory. Memories are deeply interconnected with space.



13. Homes

What place is more important than your own home? It is one of the few, if not the only place where you are in control. You can decide to keep it to yourself for a while, or invite in those you want to have around you. Though not everyone is fortunate enough to be able to choose where they live, there at least is a degree of control over how it looks. The memories you make in your home are intricately connected to the space itself. Why else is moving such an emotional affair, even if you move two blocks away? Because of this there are few spaces with which you have such special ties.

This connection is explored by artist Do Ho Suh. The idea of home, and what it means to a person, especially himself, is the essence of his work. Due to having lived all over the world the concept of home has often changed throughout his life. I found this to be most clear in his work called *Passage/s*. Here he has made painstaking recreations of rooms from many of his former homes and strung them together, forming one long hallway. These rooms are not exact replicas but rather highly detailed recreations in wireframe and fabric. By walking through these frames you feel yourself present in the museum walking to an abstract representation, as well as being moved halfway across the world to many different spaces Do Ho Suh has once called home. The artwork serves as an invitation into the memories he has created of these spaces which have been so important to him.



14. Dementia

Often when people become unable to take care of themselves they move to a place where their living requirements can be taken care of more easily. This means moving to a facility that has efficiency and healthcare in mind. The problem lies in the idea of a 'facility'. People don't want to live in facilities, they want to live in homes. Of course good care is important, but there is more to life than making sure the machinery keeps running. Elderly are moved out of their familiar surroundings and moved into a nondescript one. While this transition is difficult for anyone to make, it is especially hard for those who develop cognitive problems such as dementia. Moving them to unfamiliar environments add to the unrest and confusion they experience. Conversely, what seems to put dementia patients at ease is being in environments familiar to their past. For these people a good life is tied to these sort of surroundings. The question then becomes: How do you infuse the present surroundings with memories of the past?

Junya Ishigami has answered this question by responding to another issue at the same time. Old wooden houses all over Japan stand abandoned. Though they have housed lives before, they don't fit the image of a modern life. They belong to lives of a different age, and therefore they are abandoned. Luckily, this is exactly the age that the dementing population of Japan finds comfort in. All these houses carry characteristics of different wood, construction methods, carpenters, time periods and scars of living. To preserve their spirit they cannot be taken apart, so they are moved in their entirety and arranged together on a new site. There they are combined to create a new place for dementia patients to live. This new living space is a place tied together by these memories, new and old, private and shared.



15. Tin

I own a spoon that is not quite a spoon. I bought it in a small shop where all kinds of products made of tin are sold. I passed by it every day but its main audience was clearly the tourists that arrived in the area by bus. For this reason I usually avoided it, but one day my curiosity got the better of me and I went inside. The walls inside were lined with hundreds of tin objects, most polished, some with a dull sheen showing through a layer of patina. Besides all the things that were for sale, the shop owner gave demonstrations of the production process.

As I walked in, tin was being poured into a mould. Two heavy blocks of cast iron were clamped together, with a small hole at the top. Tin was poured into the hole until it reached the edge, after which it was cooled. As the two halves of the mould were separated, a spoon emerged. Then again, it was not really a spoon yet. The mould was far from perfect; the two halves didn't fit together perfectly, so some of the molten tin had found its way through the seam which left the spoon with many flat protrusions. On top of this, too much tin was poured into the mould, so the bowl of the spoon ended in a solid tin cone. After some convincing the shop owner let me take it home for the same price of a finished spoon.

I don't know why I wanted to have it then, but I feel like I slowly start understanding. In the beginning, it is a block of tin. In the end, it is a spoon. Right in between these two states is something that is neither tin nor a spoon. Or perhaps it is both the spoon and tin at the same time. This much is also true for the finished product, but this image is much more present in this in-between state. When does something become an object? At what point does a material – or a collection of materials – turn into a different thing? It feels like these questions are somehow all present within this spoon.



16. Chapel

Fire is usually associated with destruction, not with creation. Things are lost in fire, not gained, but in fire something doesn't just disappear. Instead it leaves traces of what was there before. In a way this trace is something that is added. Peter Zumthor used these traces as an important element of his Bruder Klaus Kapelle. This chapel is made out of concrete which was poured in a mould, but instead of removing the mould through moving it, it was burnt away. The mould for the concrete walls was made out of logs in the shape of a tipi. The concrete was poured on top. Once it had hardened, the wooden inside was burned away. This unique event in the construction process leaves an imprint on the experience of the space today. This makes significant impact on a visit to the chapel. The concrete walls are imprinted with logs, and the surface is charred, covered in burn marks. Though it has now faded, in the first few years since its construction even the smell of fire was still present. This trace of the past could only have been created through fire.

17. Black Ice

Pieces of ice made of ink are strewn across a surface, creating a spatial composition. After a while, the ice begins to melt as more and more ink slowly starts to spread across the floor. The blocks with their hard edges make way for the soft curves and rounded edges formed by the tension in the water's surface. Next the water begins to evaporate, and the black pools become shallower and shallower until only black spots remain, as a reminder of the objects that were once there, creating a shadow of not only the ice but the process of melting as well.







18. Scents

Scents are able to jog our memory in a way that few other things can. Some smells are able to bring back memories with such force and immediacy that it can make our head spin. The area in and around Zaandam was home to the first industrial area of Europe. Production thrived first through the use of windmills, and later transitioned into factories lining both sides of the Zaan river. Nowadays most of these are long gone but some still exist today. This makes for a very strange mix of buildings all through the city, with factories being located next to residential neighbourhoods. The way that this was often most noticeable was through the smells these factories produced. This is the town I grew up in. I must admit that it doesn't sound very pleasant, and sometimes it wasn't. Making my way to school on my bike every day I passed the Tate and Lyle, a factory that apparently produced products to be used in many different kinds of food. It miraculously managed to produce a different smell every day, every one as awful as the next. It made it so that you could never get used to it and would never want to eat another piece of processed food ever again. However, this is not what I remember the most. When I think of the smell of my hometown I remember the scent of sugar and fruit wafting through the air on my way to a friend's house, making me aware of the fact that they were making fruit biscuits again further up the road at the Verkade factory. On rare occasions, if the wind blew in the right direction, the smell of coco powder would make its way to the backyard of my parents' house from the new shipment that arrived at the factory up north. Even now the smell of fruit and sugar instantly brings me back to my high school days, and I'm sure it will do so long after I've last set foot in my home town.

19. Istanbul

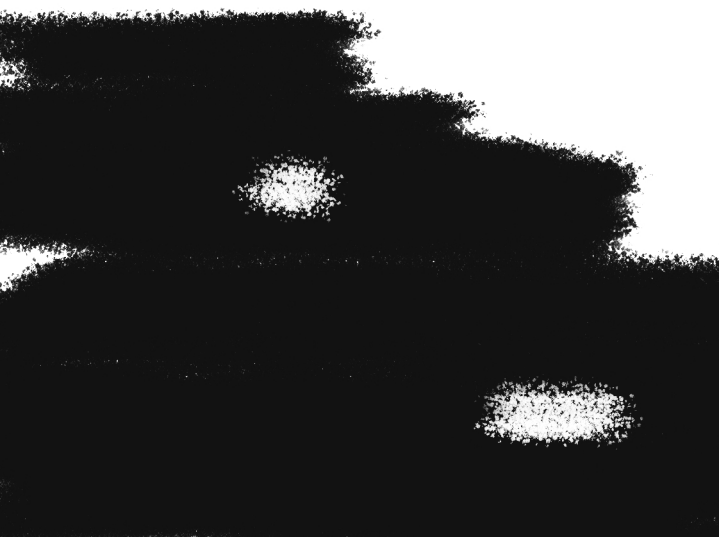
I think one of the things that makes historical architecture so fascinating is how it allows one to place themselves in a different time. Despite all the time that has passed, we form a connection to the people who have walked the same floors many years or even civilisations ago. We can almost see ourselves walk around banquet halls as medieval royalty or as Romans through the leftovers of streets lined with sandstone buildings.

In this regard the Hagia Sophia brings about something even more special. Because of Istanbul's tumultuous history, the Hagia Sophia has been used in drastically different capacities. Though first built as a cathedral, it was later transformed into a mosque. What makes the Hagia Sophia unique in this respect, is the fact that the Christian decorations and artefacts were not removed when it came to house its new religion. Instead they were either left as is or covered by Islamic ornaments. Religious symbols were not replaced but rather added to. On top of this the building holds another mark of history, almost comical in comparison to the drastic change of converting from Christianity to Islam. On the southern balcony, a small inscription was found. After thorough research it was discovered that part of it read 'Halvdan', written in old Viking runes, most likely indicating that at one point a Viking named Halvdan had made its way from Norway all the way to Constantinople. Presently it functions as a museum, with signs and designated walkways topping off the varied collection of artefacts that represent the Hagia Sophia's history. With so many different, seemingly distant periods represented in the same building, a tread is formed reaching through many different moments in time.



Istanbul





Deterioration

Through the passing of time, things change. The fact that things change might very well be the definition of time. As time passes the state everything is in will inevitably change. Deterioration is the way something is slowly drifting away from what we intend or would like it to be. Through interactions with the air, the weather, people and whatever else, wrinkles will inevitably appear. Stone cracks, steel rusts and tiles break. It can be postponed by taking good care of what we have, cleaning and repairing it regularly, which then creates an unending battle between upkeep and deterioration. Deterioration might not be desirable, but at least it is a sign that time is indeed still flowing. In a sense those signs can also contain a lot of beauty. Perhaps it is foolish to create something that only takes its intended form just when it is made. When so many states are possible it probably is our mistake to only allow a few specific ones. Instead we could consider things as living, and deterioration as unavoidable but welcome change.

20. Sand

“I know a little about sand myself. Let me tell you. Sand moves around like this all year long. Its flow is life. It absolutely never stops – anywhere.”

In the novel *Woman in the Dunes* a man travelling to the coast finds himself unable to get home before dark, and is offered a place to stay in a village on the edge of the dunes. He is led to the edge of the village, where houses are situated in deep pits, already being swallowed by the approaching sand. He descends down a pit on a ladder and finds that a woman lives inside the house. The next morning he awakes to find that the ladder has disappeared. It turns out he is trapped by the villagers. As the sand keeps falling ceaselessly he is forced to shovel sand every night to keep the house from being buried, and thereby the rest of the village. No work means no water, and thus he continues to work as he tries to figure out a way to escape. Sand behaves according to the rules. The first pertains to its size. Sand is made of rocks of intermediate shape; smaller than a pebble, larger than clay. This specific window of size allows it to be carried off by the wind. In places where sand gathers dunes are slowly formed and as they form they can take on many shapes and sizes. However, a pile of dry sand, no matter their size, never exceed an angle of 34 degrees. This is the second rule, the angle of repose: the steepest angle in which a type of granular material can be stacked before added material starts to slide off. As dents are made they are quickly filled up with sand again to retain the correct angle. Prevailing winds gradually carry sand over the next ridge where it tumbles down the slope again, and so the sand gradually moves towards wherever the wind is blowing, without much regard for what lies in its path. It encroaches: moving slowly and but steadily, it moves over any limits and borders that have been set. The

fictional village in *Woman in the Dunes* unfortunately has its real world counterparts, such as Mauritania's capital Nouakchott, which is slowly being covered by sand. These towns and cities fight endless battles to keep themselves from being swallowed by the approaching dunes.

What the underlying message is in *Woman in the Dunes* is not entirely clear. Is it about the foolishness of the villagers and the futility of fighting against the sand? Despite the endless digging the sand has already entered the back room of the house. The moisture that is trapped in the sand continually eats away, rotting the building until there is nothing left. The village will eventually be swallowed up by the dunes and a couple of shovels and buckets are not going to turn the tide. The entire endeavour does not seem to be very fruitful in the end. At the same time, the man seems to find a certain peace in his new life toiling against the sand. He forms a relationship with the woman, and slowly the thought of escape slips from his mind as he settles into routine. In a sense he finds more meaning in his new life than in his old one. Perhaps meaning can only be found in diligently struggling against the sand every day.

21. Permanence

If you're proud of your work as an architect, it must be painful to see your buildings disappear. Buildings seem so solid and unchanging in the moment that I sometimes forget most are demolished eventually. Only a few seem to survive through multiple eras. These are the temples and tombs of ancient times. If you were to attempt to create permanent architecture, there are no larger giants on whose shoulders to stand. The only issue with creations like these is that they are essentially dead as a building. As society changes their original purpose is lost, and they turn into nothing more than a museum piece. The only reason they're not in exhibitions is that exhibits are not big enough. It seems then, that even the most rigid and lasting architecture requires flexibility. Though nothing came of it, Le Corbusier imagined a megastructure underneath an expressway in his Plan Obus. Fourteen floors of undesignated space, to be used however the people saw fit. Perhaps such an approach is the most effective when trying to create some sort of permanent architecture.

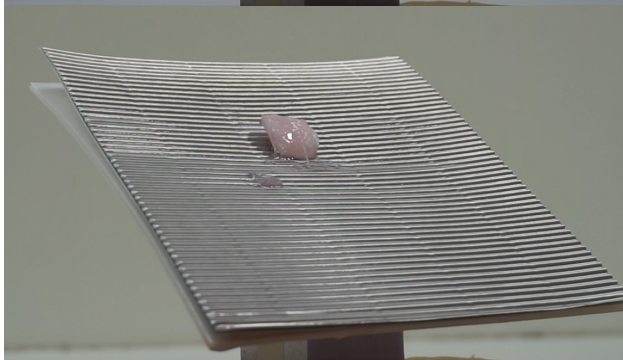
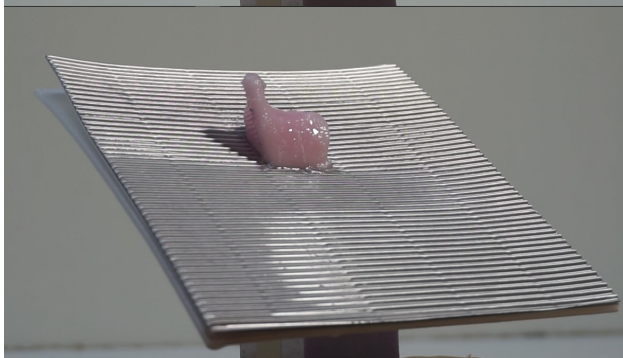
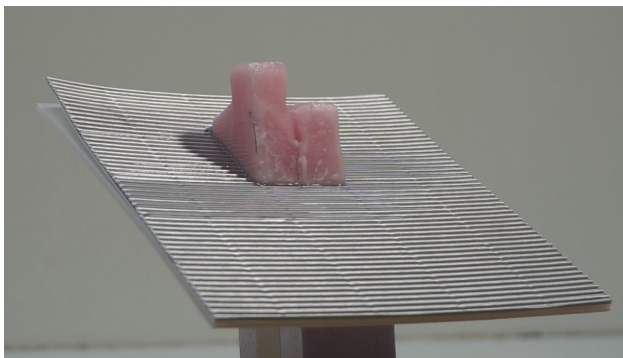
Imagine enormous columns of natural stone, carved out of a mountain, many floors high. The columns are arranged in a square grid. Though the columns provide no shelter on their own, secondary structures can be built in between using the stone for support. As the needs, people and society changes, the structures in between are built, abandoned, taken down and replaced continuously. The only thing that remains is the stone columns, baring more and more scars of everything that it has supported over the centuries. It is nothing more than a designation of space, and the first step towards building. The rest is up to the people.



22. Melting

What if you could erase a building instantly by pressing a switch? Once you're done and the building is no longer needed, you could just pull a rope and the entire thing would come down.

A house made of wax sits on a sunny hillside. To protect the house a sun screen has been placed, covering the entire building in its shadow. When the building is no longer needed, its inhabitants move out and the sun screen is taken away. As the hot rays of the sun beat down on the house, it slowly starts to melt. The house becomes smaller and smaller as the wax drips down the slope. In the end, the hillside is empty as if nothing had been there in the first place. I think there is a certain grace in disappearing in such a way, and a certain gratefulness in being allowed to do so.



Melting

23. Arch

The island of Jeju, south off the coast of South Korea, experiences summers that are particularly humid. During the summer it experiences rainfall more than once every three days on average. It is here that an arch has been built as an art installation. The design of the arch is pretty simple, but there is one thing that makes it stand out: instead of bricks made of clay, blocks cut from rock salt were used. At first standing in the arch provided an intimate feeling, with light in orange hues filtering through the bricks. Over the course of the summer though, the rain slowly ate away at the salt. The salt bricks slowly dissolved and the mortar, strengthened with steel wire, remained standing. After three months only a white open frame remained.

24. Maintenance

Buildings are sent into the world to be as well-equipped as possible, but nobody can make it completely on their own. Buildings age, and we age long with them. As the elements beat down on them and materials start to wither, it is up to us to keep everything fixed up. It can't be brought back to its original state, but it can be repaired. Buildings receive scars, or wrinkles. Perhaps the structure doesn't hold up as well as it used to, but as long as we make an effort to provide care, buildings are able to exist for a long time. It takes effort, but in the end it is important to realise that work and care need to persist even when a building is completed for the first time. Even if we don't do it perfectly, every small fix allows it to keep going for a little while longer. By working together like this, buildings and people are able to take care of each other.

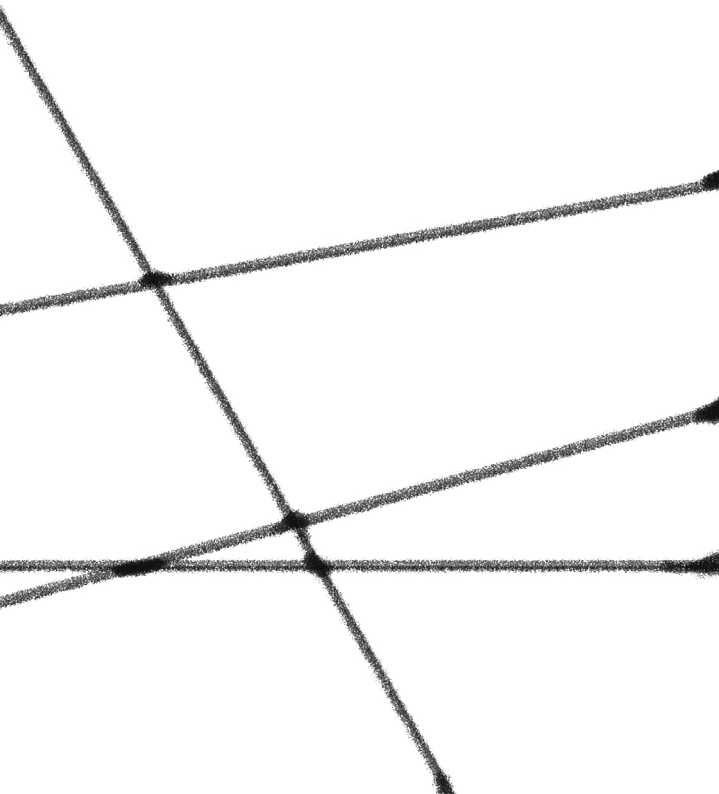






Relations

Nothing exists in a vacuum. No matter how solitary something might be or tries to be, in the end they are tied to others. Invisible strings bind everything together into an enormous, intricately designed web. When something changes it affects everything it is connected to, which in turn are altered slightly too. These effects ripple along the chords that connect everything. It is therefore foolish to think that anything you do has only a single isolated outcome. Everything is defined by its relation to its surroundings. This is not something that is either negative or positive. Rather, it is something that should not be ignored, for better or worse.



25. Wabi Sabi

Some years ago I became aware of the concept of Wabi Sabi for the first time. Travelling through Japan with a friend we sought to understand its meaning. Wabi Sabi is considered an intrinsic part of Japanese philosophy, though it is hard to accurately convey its true meaning due to the language and culture barrier between Japan and other countries. When it is discussed in regards to design Wabi Sabi is generally reduced to aesthetics. Simply put, most interpretations are about aging, transience, and the beauty of imperfection. It is often exemplified through things asymmetrical, dirty, broken, deteriorated. The idea is that there is value and beauty in all these aspects of life. This is then put in direct opposition of traditionally Western aesthetics, which are defined as striving towards cleanliness, symmetry, perfectionism and permanence. Though this makes for a very clear story, it is apparently not the complete picture.

I took a break from studying because I intended to travel across Japan for a couple of months. Coincidentally, a friend of mine was considering visiting Japan around the same time. He was about to graduate in photography, and for his final project he wanted to do research on Japan's new anti-tsunami measures that were being built following the destruction of the 2011 earthquake. Meters-high concrete walls were erected along the coast. Many seaside villages were better protected against tsunamis, but at the same time their connection to the sea was severely damaged. He wanted to find out how this affected the people living in these areas. This premise sounded pretty interesting to me too, so we discussed travelling together for a while. I could assist in his project before continuing on my own. This is how we came to spend a month travelling along the coast of eastern Tohoku together.

To gain a better understanding we went around asking a very straightforward question: What is Wabi Sabi? The idea was to gather these responses and combine them with photographs of the towns, walls and sea. Surprisingly, everyone's initial reaction was quite similar: surprised looks and confused laughter. People would glance around as if looking for an answer. 'I never think about Wabi Sabi', we were told, and this seemed to be true for most. It was clear that everyone understood what Wabi Sabi was; the difficulty came in explaining it to people who didn't. Luckily they were still willing to try. Some spoke about nature, pointing to the trees on the other side of the road. Some about treating others with respect and kindness, some about the beauty of getting old, and some waved their arms around in some vague gesture. The answer that stuck with me the most came from the manager of our hostel in Sendai, standing outside on a smoke break. We stood outside, underneath the eaves of the building, taking shelter from the rain. He took a long drag from his cigarette, stared into space for a while, and turned around to look inside through the window. He pointed towards a cup that was standing on the living room table. 'Do you see the cup?', he asked. 'It's not about the cup, it's about the table.'





26. Liminal Space

Though it happens rarely, sometimes a feeling of discomfort washes over me. Even though I cannot think of why I should feel that way, I just seem to feel slightly anxious for no particular reason. A place where this often happens to me is at the airport. Waiting in a terminal makes me nervous, almost guaranteed. I can't find a comfortable position to be in, and a voice from the back of my head keeps telling me to get out of there. I had a hard time explaining these feelings until I came across the concept of liminal space. Liminal spaces spring forth from the idea of liminality. This psychological concept describes the state in which one finds themselves during a transition, where one is no longer in the initial state but not yet in the next. Liminal space can refer to certain rites of passage in one's life, such as graduation, moving, marriage, birthdays, coming-of-age ceremonies and the like, but also to actual physical spaces, such as hallways and staircases, as well as parking lots and airport terminals. The in-between space owes its existence to the ones that come before and after it; on its own it is meaningless. A staircase that goes nowhere has no reason to be. These spaces are filled with potential, which brings a sense of excitement, but also with uncertainty, which brings discomfort, and eeriness.

Reading about liminal space finally made sense of the way I felt sometimes. I remembered the fake staircases on the movie set where my mother worked, which led nowhere. Standing at the top with nowhere to go, I remember the same anxious feeling. I had never considered it, but some spaces are not meant for living in. These places are not meant for rest, they are not places inhabit for extended periods of time. They function only in transit. Liminal spaces offer a great feeling of potential, but you have to be careful not to let the tension build up too much.



27. Garden

In Chinese and Japanese gardening there exists a concept known as *Shakkei*, or Borrowed Scenery. It can be seen as a design philosophy for creating a garden. The aim is to draw the surroundings and background of the garden into the garden itself. Anything that is visible in the distance can be represented in the garden. Usually these are natural elements such as mountains, forests, lakes or even singular elements like a tree or rock, but they could also be manmade structures. The designer of the garden carefully picks the views he wants to be visible from the garden, and conceals the ones he does not care for. Lastly, elements in the foreground are used to draw attention to these distance views, such as rocks, foliage or ponds.

Your own garden feels like a small space that is completely yours where you can experience the world privately. I suppose the same goes for your house, but the feeling is different. Perhaps this is because there is very little separation between your own small world and its surroundings. Still, a sense of separation remains. This is inevitable if you want your garden to have a private atmosphere. So how do you make it so that you can experience the world in a private setting without closing yourself off from it? Maybe the concept of *Shakkei* was conceived precisely to solve this dilemma; the essence of the world at large, captured in the safety and comfort of your own space.



28. Wayfinding

One of the things I enjoy most when travelling is finding my way in a new place. I would almost consider it a hobby. During city trips I find great joy in reading maps, figuring out how to get to a destination, and then recalling the way through the streets without having to look at a map again. It forces you to become very aware of not only your immediate surroundings, but the places they connect to as well. The same feeling of joy comes over me when I go cycling through the fields around the city I live in. The area is extremely flat with small towns and groups of trees dotted around the place. The feeling of seeing the steeple of a church on the horizon, driving into the woods and making your way in its direction on nothing but your internal compass, and finally stopping in front of it is hard to describe. I think it has something to do with the perspective you gain of all the places you go, and being able to look back on the journey you've made. For the same reason I always dragged my family up every tower we could find whenever we were on vacation. With the hotel to the right, the sea to the left, that one square in front near the steeple in the distance, all in view, everything would fall into place.

Even stranger than is the sensation you get when you suddenly cross over between two areas you know very well. Walking through a neighbourhood which you know very well, entering a street you've never been in and suddenly finding yourself in another familiar place that you never knew was adjacent to the other. Whenever this happens I feel like my brain suddenly gets into gear and rearranges my understanding of these places and everything associated with it so that the map in my head is corrected.



29. Birds

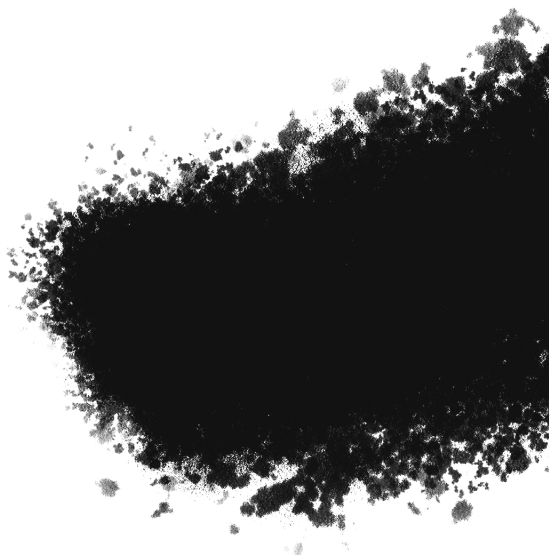
I was cycling around Rotterdam looking for a location to design a building to house public facilities. I wanted to find a location to build a place where people from around the neighbourhood could come together outside of their own homes. A community center, so to speak. One of the locations I came across the remains of an old coal storage, sunken into the ground. It was around 100 metres long and 25 metres across, shaped like a giant trough. Apparently the water couldn't seep into the ground and instead collected in the trough, waiting to evaporate. Thinking this was an interesting location, I marked it down and continued looking for other potential candidates.

After some consideration back home I decided the coal storage was most suitable, so the next step was to return to it in order to get a better understanding of the place. As I was trudging through the water and silt in the trough I noticed that the place was not as abandoned as I thought it was. Many insects had made their way there as well. The air was filled with flies, bees, butterflies and dragonflies. On occasion a small bird would land some metres away from me and hop around, taking off again as soon as I made a move. When I was making notes on the side of the trough a man walked up to me and told me about all the birds nesting in the area during breeding season. Due to urbanisation there were very few places left in the area where these birds could breed in relative peace. I realised that I was involved with parties much different from myself, with their own needs and habits. If I am to share this place between its current inhabitants and the people that I want to introduce to it, how do they interact? Are there moments where they can benefit from another? When do they need to be separated? It's questions like these that I will need to answer if I attempt to create a successful design here.



Movement

A picture is inherently a static thing. Of course it has been made in a certain period which determines its nature, and all circumstances in experiencing it, such as the lighting, surroundings and mental state might change, but the essence that is left in your mind is timeless. Compare this to music. Sound is impossible to capture as a single instance, the experience of music is inherently tied to the passing of time. Because of this the image, or captured essence of a piece of music is always temporal. Looking at it like this, where does architecture fit in? Its hard to argue that architecture is like music. Due to its visual nature it is possible to create a snapshot of any building and keep it as a mental image. However, I sometimes feel that



architecture is unjustly treated as a picture. Architecture is a living thing, change over time and the shaping of our interactions is key to the essence of architecture.

Perhaps architecture is more akin to something like dance or theatre. Though it is possible to capture any given point as an image and treat it as static, the true essence of it is lost without observing its movement or the way it changes as it interacts with its environment. A place to start then, might be to look at actual movement.



30. Windmills

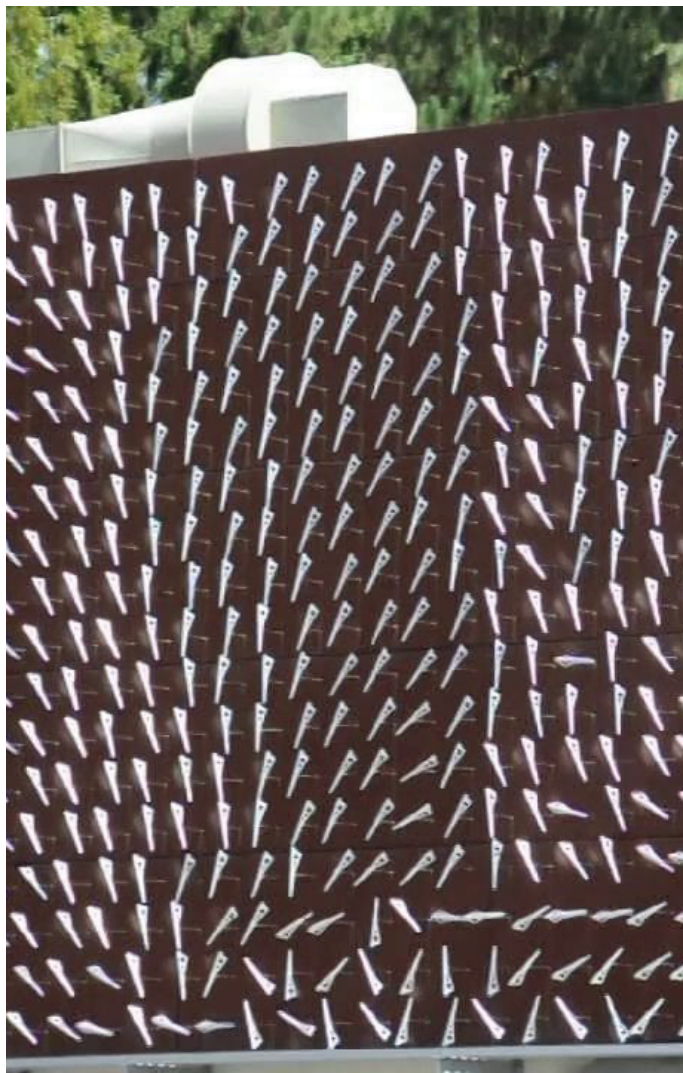
When I was a small child I was apparently obsessed with rotation. I could not keep my eyes off anything that turned. I would spend hours sitting in front of the washing machine, mesmerized by the tumbling laundry inside. When we would go for a walk and I was placed in a stroller I would spend the entire trip bent over sideways to stare at the spinning wheels. Even when going somewhere by car I would stare at any windmill that would pass by my window. I would stare at it until it went out of view because couldn't turn my neck around any further. I suppose it was for this reason that my grandfather often took me to the Zaanse Schans. The Zaanse Schans is an outdoor museum focused on the traditional culture of the area. As the first industrial area in Europe, the fields were littered with hundreds and hundreds of windmills. Nowadays there are only a couple left, gathered from other places and brought together here. What fascinated me most about these windmills were not the spinning wings on the outside. Rather, it was the machinery in the interior. All kinds of different cogs, sprockets and axles made out of wood smoothly transferred movement through the entire mill. To my two year old mind, this was the jackpot of spinning objects. I could visit the windmills for hours and spend all of them just staring at the gears turning effortlessly.

31. Weather Vanes

One of the most influential forces on our planet is one that we cannot see. It shapes our weather, carries seeds over great distances, and allowed us to travel the world using sails. The actual flows of air are highly complex, but when we talk about the wind its movement often reduced to nothing more than a velocity and a singular general direction. Often this is more than adequate, but maybe it is also difficult to imagine it otherwise. Vision is one of our most important senses from moment to moment, and the wind escapes it completely. Instead we only see the wind when it interacts with other objects.

Windswept is an installation by Charles Sowers, which clearly transposes the movement of the wind into a medium which we can clearly see. By placing the same weather vanes in a grid formation on a façade you can see the complex flows and twirls of the wind as it blows past the wall. As the vanes form different compositions on the wall I am reminded of diagrams showing magnetic fields in my high school physics book, except for the fact that these move much more turbulently.

Of course we see the wind in the leaves on the trees, flags, and our hair as it gets tossed around, but never are the patterns so clear as when looking at these weather vanes.





32. Fabrics

Marc-Antoine Laugier's essay of the primitive hut is perhaps one of the most influential pieces of writing in the history of architecture. The essay calls for simplicity and fundamentals as the basis for architecture as a counter-reaction to the opulence of Baroque at the time. Accompanying this famous essay is an arguably even more famous image by Charles Eisen portraying such a primitive hut.

Now I have no intention of critiquing this theory or the image itself, but when I think of primitive architecture, tents are the first thing to come to mind. Some of the earliest forms of architecture were made by draping cloth or hide over a lightweight frame. These kinds of structures are much more flexible than a heavy wooden structure, all that is needed is some rods and fabric. Their simplicity also allows for both easy construction and deconstruction, and its low weight allows it to be moved from place to place. As such, I imagine moving around is a big part of primitive architecture. This is still visible in the way some people live currently. Nowadays nomadic tribes still use tent-like structures to set up an entire village in one location, just to pack it up later and move to the next location. Simplicity and low weight allows all their architecture to be bound to the backs of camels or horses.

If architecture like this would lie at the basis of architecture, the concept of architecture itself suddenly becomes a lot less static. Such a free architecture would allow us to be more free ourselves. In comparison architecture of today seems terribly complex and immobile.



33. Mazes

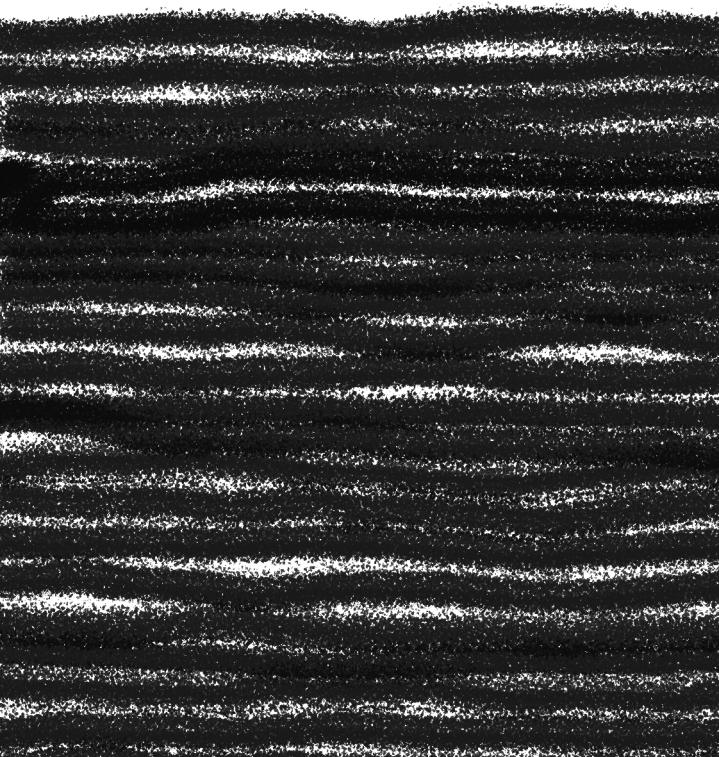
I wonder at what point people discovered that it was a lot of fun to deliberately hinder ourselves in reaching our destination. What drives us to get lost voluntarily? Apparently it moves us enough to take the time to build entire mazes to walk around in.

On paper the goal of a maze might be to solve it as quickly as possible, since there is little other punishment for following the wrong path than lost time. It is more of a mental exercise. What I like about an actual maze that we have to move through with our whole bodies is that everything is measured in movement, and as such we can actually feel it. A wrong turn stops us dead in our tracks, forces us to turn around and trace our steps back to the last point of certainty. The reward then, is to extend the distance from point A to point B as little as possible. Doing a second run through a maze and seeing if you can make the right turns swiftly and effortlessly, swerving through it without mistakes is a lot of fun in its own way. Instead of limiting movement through spatial awareness and guessing it calls upon our ability to memorise the correct path. It is completely different from the slow and careful walking of before. Without experiencing it myself I would have never thought that running in circles could cause anyone to feel such simple joy.

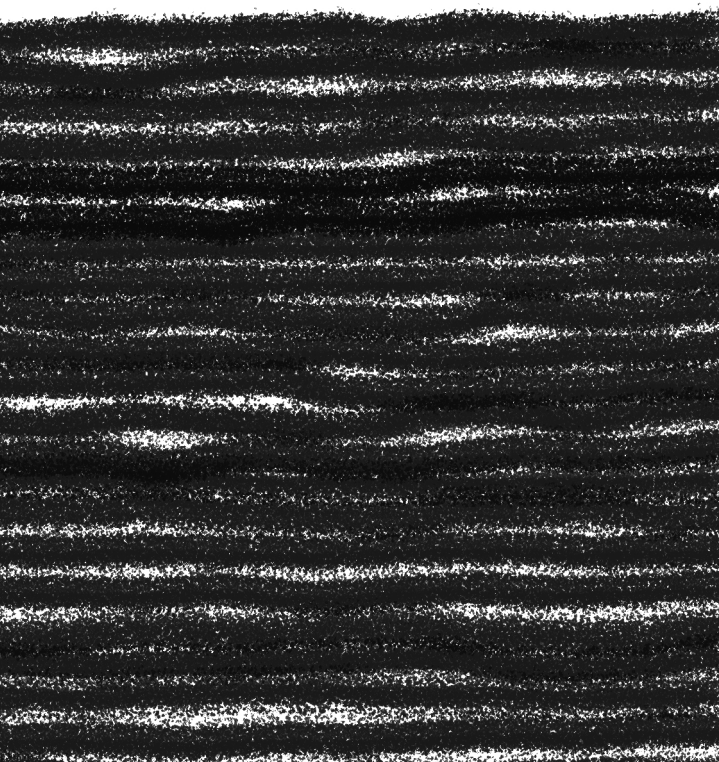


Layers

As events occur and things happen they rarely pass without leaving some sort of sign. As time passes these signs accumulate on top of each other. When only the top layer is visible it might seem as if nothing much ever happened at all, but what if the layers are revealed? When the birthday cake is cut and a piece is taken out, and layers are revealed that were impossible to perceive by just looking at the fondant? I feel that new a complexity and depth is shown, and the contribution and effort of each



layer becomes clear. Though each layer doesn't necessarily contribute that much, without every addition the whole would never exist. Even better then, when you are allowed to contribute with a layer of your own. Whether each layer or contributor is aware of the other or not, a very special kind of teamwork has taken place. You can take a step back and appreciate that all these singular events have come together in that way.



34. Check Dams

Sometimes rivers flow so rapidly that it becomes dangerous. Especially when heavy rainfall occurs the surrounding area can be damaged by the sudden surge of water. As much as we might try, we cannot stop the water from flowing. We can, however, control the way it flows to some degree. One way to do so is by creating a series of dams in the river to decrease the speed with which the river flows, forming stepped terraces instead of a continuous slope. These dams are called check dams.

When I encountered this particular check dam I was walking around aimlessly when I decided to follow a stream I came across. It had not rained in a long time, and there was barely any river to speak of. As I started to climb the mountain there was nothing more than a small pitiful stream at my side. In these moments metres-high concrete dams seemed excessive, but looking at the dams themselves it was clear they were not. On their surfaces streaks of many colours, from brown to orange to green to blue were visible. These were deposits of minerals and algae left by the water in times when the river was many times its current size. Layer by layer everything that was deposited formed a shadow of the flow of the water, which stays behind even in the moments the water does not flow. Once the wet season begins the river will surely grow again, adding even more colours to the surface of the dam.



Check Dams

35. Berlin Posters

Berlin is one of the biggest cultural hotspots in Europe. The amount of shows, performances, clubs, exhibitions and whatever else is staggering. In order to attract visitors they naturally need to advertise, and that they definitely do. Especially the neighbourhood of Friederichshain, Berlin is completely plastered with posters. Along the busier streets such as the Warschauerstraße, popular spots accumulate an incredible amount of posters, leading to the creation of centimetres-thick columns as paper such as these. Lampposts and traffic signs increase in diameter by multiples.

As I was admiring this particular stack someone told me posters are stacked this way due to the laws that are in place against advertisements. You are not allowed to just stick posters anywhere, only in designated locations, and breaking this rule nets you a fine. Since the express purpose of these posters is to draw people towards you, it shouldn't be too hard to find out who to fine. There is, however, a small loophole in place. Once a poster has been placed where it shouldn't that space is already defiled. Any additional posters placed on top do not ruin it any further, and thus they don't get fined again. So once a poster is in place, they can be stacked endlessly without repercussions. I have not been able to confirm this theory, but it is amusing nonetheless. Even if it is untrue, I can imagine it would be worth adding a layer anyway, just to be able participate in this anonymous cooperative project. An ever expanding stack of paper, being added to one thin layer at a time.



36. Hands and Feet

What would happen if our bodies clearly left marks wherever we went? Ink-like spots covering every surface, first seemingly at random, but over time clearly settling into a pattern of average movement. The accumulation of these marks would clearly show how a space is actually used. Spaces would turn into a record. Seeing this, would we follow in these movements even more, or would we try to deviate on purpose? Do we become more aware of what we are doing and what people have done?

In reality our bodies are already recorded by our interaction with spaces. It might be hard to see at first, but every surface you touch records that interaction in some way. Our feet wear down the floors, our hands leave oil on everything we touch and our weight leaves indentations wherever we sit. Usually when these marks become too pronounced we choose to remove them. Surfaces are cleaned, walls are repainted, worn steps are replaced. Cleaning is important to a healthy life, but is it really necessary to remove every sign of life? Rather than a space that looks like it has never been touched before, perhaps a space which records life is much dearer to us.

37. Facade

Usually dirt is undesirable on buildings. Because of exhaust fumes in large cities coming from industrial activity and cars a continuous layer of soot settles down and eat away at everything. Older stone buildings, monuments and statues all over Europa are in a rapid state of decay due to air pollution coming from traffic exhaust fumes. In the short term this is barely noticeable, but over long periods it leaves black layers of particles which needs to be cleaned every so often. Doing so is expensive however. The facade of the Bijenkorf mall in Rotterdam takes a different approach by taking the dirty air into account in its design. The facade is made from travertine, which captures the particles on its facade. The honeycomb-shaped tiles have been engraved with lines in different directions, creating a striking pattern that grows over time. Every passing car leaves small traces that build up to change the façade.









Growth

Not everything that changes over time changes for the worse. Instead of deterioration, there is creation. As long as new energy is added or materials gather, growth can occur. Sometimes fast, but often slow, in real time nothing much seems to change. During these times there is not much else to do than be patient. Time moves too slow if you stay in the moment to savour the change. If you don't pay attention though, things can suddenly have become very different before you know it.





38. Water Screen

Not all change occurs at a pace that is immediately noticeable. Instead of seeing it happen it only becomes visible after returning to a place after being away for a while.

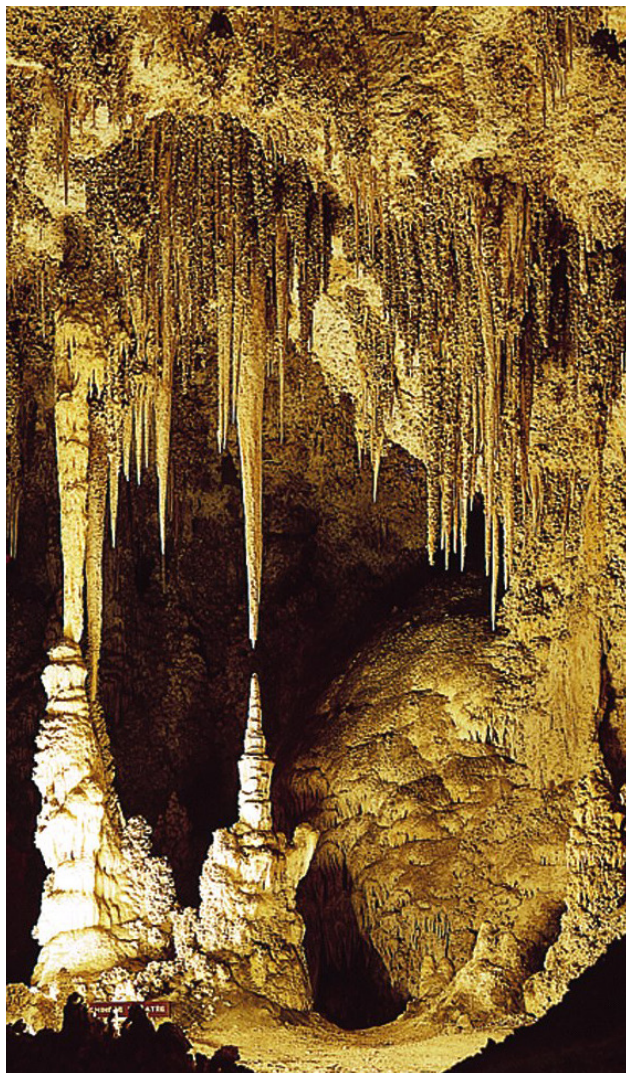
A walkway traces the edges of a pond. A canopy stretches out above the walkway, with columns reaching into the water. Between the columns, pure white sheets of fabric are spanned, also reaching into the pond. Due to capillary action, water is drawn higher into the fabric until it cannot compete against gravity any further. In due time moss and algae find their way onto the fabric and start growing. The wetter the fabric, the better they grow. The better they grow, the darker the patterns on the fabric become.



39. Cavern

Though I haven't been in a long time, natural caves have always fascinated me. They are one of the few places left that seem to be nearly untouched. In reality the stalagmites and stalactites which grace the ceilings and floors are the result of water seeping through the rock over centuries, leaving the faintest deposit of mineral with each drop. The amount of time, that has so have passed for these meters-long rods to form is staggering.

The process is so very simple, we can see it happening right in front of us. We also understand what a staggering amount of time has passed for them to grow to such a size. I feel like the droplets of water perfectly convey how miniscule their own influence is. It is one of the slowest process of growth in which we can actually see something happening in front of our eyes. Over the years we can see trees grow, but observing one we don't see anything happening. The earth slowly shifts in the form of tectonic movement, but we don't notice it the ground moving under our feet. Yet here we encounter a process that has taken place for countless years, and we can actively see it happen. Looking at it this way gives me such a sense of the scale of time that it makes my head spin.



Cavern

40. Spider Web

Of all the built structures I know, spider webs are among my favourites. Seeing a spider make a web from just a single strand to a full web is fascinating. String by string their work slowly grows into an intricate structure. Though strong for its size, to us spider webs are removed all too easily. Spiders are apparently also very aware of the transience of their work, as they put in more or less effort into building a web depending on the incoming weather. Still, knowing that their work will be destroyed eventually, they diligently keep working on new webs. If they were able to keep working knowing that they could expand their web indefinitely, some amazing things would surely be made.

In a museum in Düsseldorf I encountered an artwork by an artist that must have held the same appreciation. It was a small metal frame suspended in a dark room. Over a period of fifteen years different species of spiders had occupied this frame, one after the other. Spinning their webs, each spider responded and built upon existing webs, adding to the whole. The end result is a structure that is the culmination of fifteen years of work. To lengthen the lifespan of a spider web by extending its construction for years while keeping them just as they are, they seem even more precious. Presented in the dark with a spotlight lighting up the silver threads the fragility of this effort becomes clear, everything easily undone with a single swipe of the palm.



Spider Web

41. House Plants

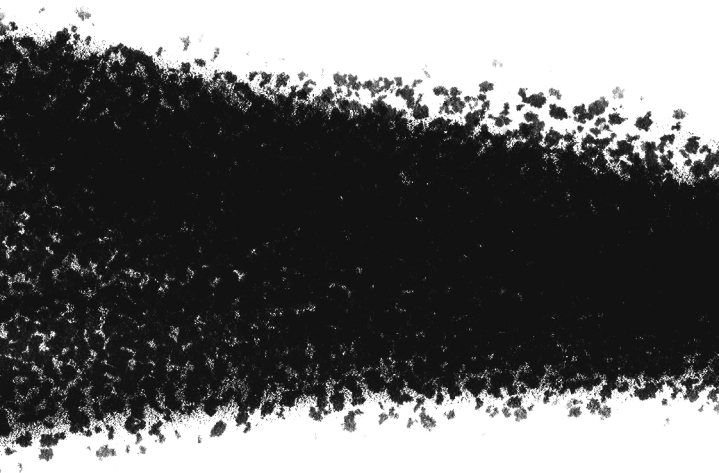
When it comes to our house, we have a bit of a strange relationship with plants. We appreciate their beauty but we keep a clear distance between us. As long as we only gain from it everything is fine, but we draw a line as soon as we need to accommodate. Each of us have clearly designated spaces. Plants live in the garden, people live in the house. Of course, we are also allowed to visit each other's domain. We put on our shoes and venture outside, perhaps even claiming some spots to place a table or a chair. We also allow plants inside, but only in clearly designated spots. We decide where they live, separately, confined to pots. As occupants of a house we are not equal. So what would happen if we were? I think the result is somewhat close to the house Junya Ishigami designed for a young couple in Tokyo. Here about a third of the ground floor is covered with dirt, in which plants, flowers and even trees are planted. In an environment like this, plants and people become more like actual housemates. And so, just like with human housemates, you give up some of your personal freedom, especially since they are so different from us. Plants have no regard for the cleanliness of your house, spreading leaves and pollen. A lot of space is taken up by them. They might invite over unwanted guests such as birds and insects every time you leave the door open, and they certainly don't any part of the water bill despite their use of it. However you also gain a lot. They bring in different smells and sounds. As they grow and the seasons change over the years the house is filled with new colours and experiences you wouldn't have experienced so closely otherwise. Though it might be a hassle sometimes, living with different such different housemates broadens your perspective in a way that you could have never achieved on your own.

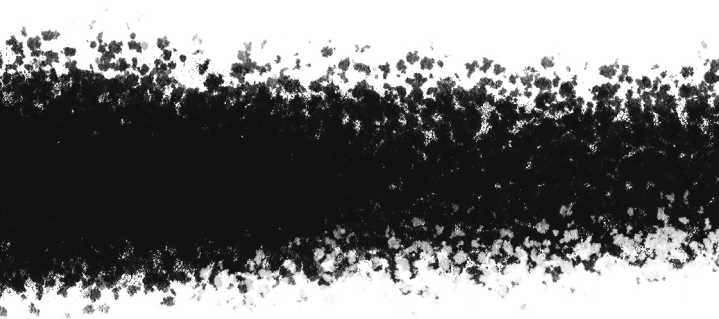


Conditions

If you create something it would make sense to argue that it should be at its best in as many situations as possible. Why spend the effort if you do not profit from it as often as possible?

This would be my initial reaction, but it is not necessarily the right one. There are many variable possibilities in any given situation and thinking like this would be like trying to avoid as many as you can. Wouldn't it be much more interesting to be more aware of these possibilities? Sure, things might not always be the way you want them to be, but when they are it is all the more valuable. It also makes you aware of the state of these variables at any time. Will the conditions be right today? Perhaps sometime soon? Maybe you can make them so. Only when the stars align does something truly special happen.





42. Observatory

The Rokko Shidare Observatory is a lookout point that offers a view over Kobe and the surrounding area. It is located on top of a mountain, as to offer as wide a view as possible. It might seem somewhat strange then that the entire viewing platform is covered by a wooden structure. It somewhat resembles a mosquito net, or the type of steel mesh cover that is used to keep insects away from food that has already been placed on the table. It is made of thousands upon thousands of small wooden rods, bolted onto each other to create an intricate web. Most of the year this structure does not show its purpose, but on a few occasions it comes out of hiding. During the winter there are some days in which the conditions are just right; when 100% humidity, a temperature below $-5\text{ }^{\circ}\text{C}$ and a wind speed of around 5 m/s occur at the same time, a needle-like ice crystals start to take shape on the countless rods. Just like the evergreen trees that can be found all over the mountain are covered in soft rime, the observatory gets covered in ice. Though the viewing experience could be seen as being worse during most of the year, the few days that the observatory can be experienced fully make up for it completely. When you finally encounter the observatory in its full glory after climbing the mountain must make one feel extra lucky.



43. Tomb

I am always impressed by the strong grasp older civilisations have had of astronomy. Despite their primitive technology they were able to read the night sky with great accuracy. Even if no direct knowledge has survived the passage of time, its application can still be found in the structures they left behind. Newgrange is such a structure. It is one of the most important prehistoric sites in Ireland. It is a tomb built in a hill, constructed around 3200 BC, and consists of a long hallway resulting in a central space. Despite the tomb being constructed long ago, those who built it had a strong grasp of astronomy. Without artificial lighting the hallway reaches so far into the hill that the inside of the tomb is pitch dark. However, due to the precise orientation and shape of the hallway there are but five days on which the sunlight is able to reach all the way into the back for only fifteen minutes.

44. Spring Winds

The Spring Wind House is a celebration of spring. It is built out of a funnel made of fabric, attached to a single wooden frame held upright by wires. Located on top of a hilltop, it forms a space only when the wind blows in from the right direction. In this barren landscape shelter is created only when it is most needed; the wind fills up the funnel and creates a space inside. With the help of the wind a two-dimensional object suddenly gains a third dimension. An object also becomes a space, but only by the grace of the wind.







45. Umbrellas

What is more enjoyable than a spontaneous get-together? It might be due to the fact that it happens so rarely, but few things are as pleasant as walking around town and running into someone you know, and then someone else, and then some more people join in. Or you decide to give someone a call: 'I'm here and here right now, do you want to hang out? Before you know it you are all sitting down, laughing and having drinks. Clumping together like that requires a very delicate mix of people, and a correct state of mind of everyone involved. If the balance is off, people greet each other and walk off again, or don't pick up the phone to make a call at all. Perhaps this is where the spontaneity comes in; maybe we recognise how small the chance is that something like that happens, and so we feel the need to capitalise on it, increasing the chance of sticking to each other. Another important factor in this is place. When there is room to get together, both physically as well as in an atmospheric sense, people are more inclined to gather there. While other factors are harder to control, a place is something that can be created. Places like these can be breeding grounds for spontaneous get-togethers.

I feel like events like this can happen more easily in places where the sun shines often. In the south of Europe people naturally flock to the many squares to hang out, often until late in the evening, since the warmth of the day still lingers for a long time. Cafés, benches and trees line the squares, children run after each other in the middle. In places like this regular public space suffices. In the Netherlands things are more complicated. It rains on a third of all days a year. The national weather institute measures an average of 45 days of nice weather (a lot of sun, barely or no rain and above average temperatures) a year. This means that most days people barely find themselves outdoors. In comes a great design by DUS Architects. It

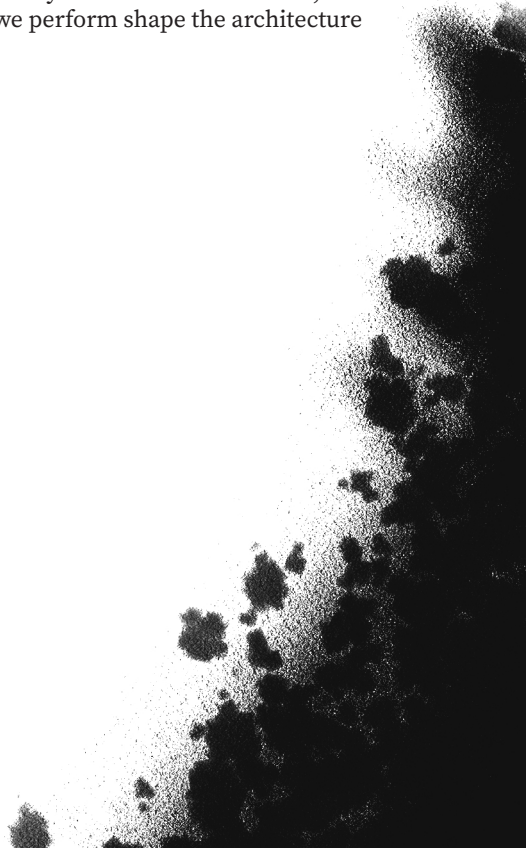
consists of red umbrellas stitched together, connected in the centre to a lamp post on the square outside their office. Without the consent of the municipality, they organised a small party for the neighbourhood on a short notice. Drawn in by the striking red structure, people could take shelter underneath the umbrellas.

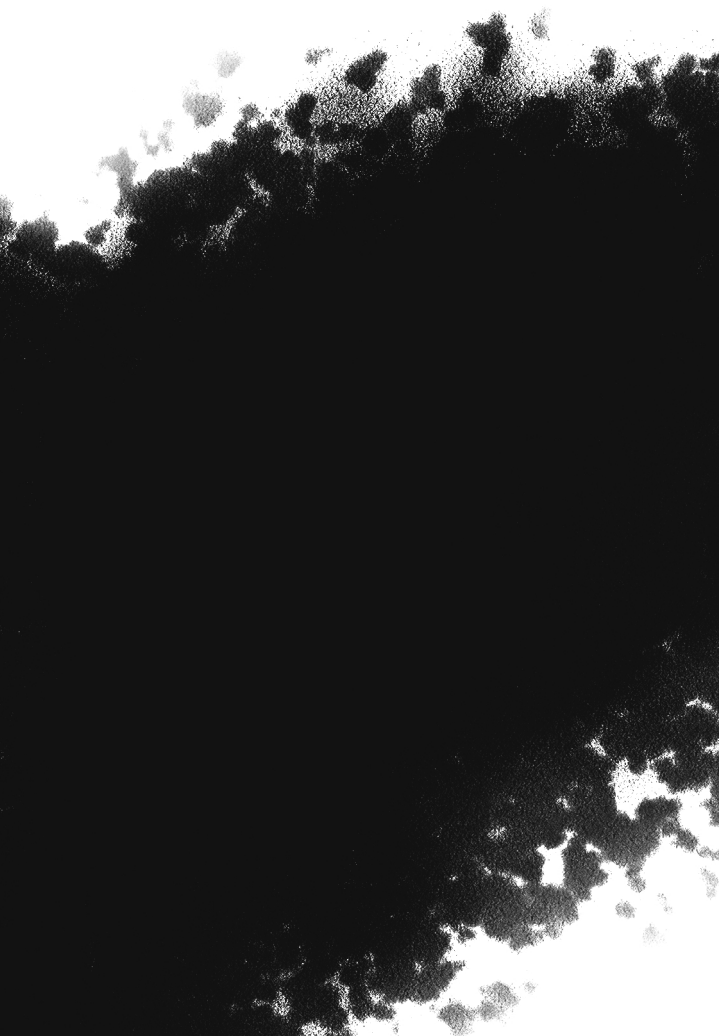




Ritual

As we are creatures of habit, we shape our activities in such a way that they form easy to follow patterns. If we do so, we don't have to rethink every activity we do, and we can fall into a rhythm, which we have a natural tendency for. As such we create rituals, sets of operations performed in a specific order at specific intervals. We extend these rituals to our architecture as well. Buildings are formed by the way we interact with them, and so the rituals we perform shape the architecture we make.





46. Cyclades

The Cycladic islands, located in the Aegean Sea, are famous for the brilliantly white buildings dotted across the hillsides along the coast. Tourists flock to islands like Mykonos in droves to experience the pristine white streets. Everything is painted bright in order to better handle the heat from the sun, which creates temperatures of over 35 degrees Celsius throughout most of the year. To keep everything sparkling white new layers of whitewash, a lime and chalk based mixture, are frequently reapplied. Nowadays every wall has soft edges on every side, but this wasn't always the case. After years of repeating the process across town the paint has become so thick that all corners and edges that were once sharp have been rounded off into gentle curves.

47. Mosque

The Great Mosque of Djenné is the largest adobe building in the world. It is by far the largest structure in the city of Djenné, Mali. Since it mostly consists of mud it is not weatherproof. With the wind and rain beating down on it the mosque is in a constant state of degradation. That is why the inhabitants of Djenné come together once a year during the 'Crepissage de la Grand Mosquée'. They work in unison to gather mud from the surrounding areas in weaved baskets and scale the building using the studs that protrude from the façade. Together they restore and replace all the mud that has worn off over the past year, preparing it for the next.







48. Shrine

Travel through Japan, and you're bound to run into many Shinto shrines. Sometimes they are placed very prominently, and other times you find them tucked away into the smallest corners. These shrines, ranging from sizable buildings to boxes the size of a birdhouse, are believed to enshrine Kami. The belief of Shinto revolves around these Kami, which can be loosely translated to 'spirits' or 'Gods'. They can be embodiments of natural forces or natural objects, among many other things. Since it is outside my field of knowledge I don't have a complete grasp of what Shinto entails, so I won't attempt to explain much. I do however, want to discuss a specific architectural example.

One of, if not the most important shrine of them all is the Ise Grand Shrine. Here the goddess of the sun, Amaterasu is enshrined. This shrine is so important that access is restricted. Visitors can only catch a glimpse of its thatched roof over the surrounding walls. It is on this site that a very interesting ritual takes place. The inner complex houses two identical sites right next to each other, one containing the shrine, the other empty. Every twenty years, the shrine is painstakingly recreated on the empty site, using the same design and traditional building methods. Only the best traditional craftsmen are allowed to work on the shrine, taking 17 years to complete it. Once it is done the older shrine is taken down, and the planning for the new construction starts. As an architect I wonder: what is the embodiment of the shrine? Rather than the building itself, is it not the building tradition that has been handed down over hundreds of years? It is not the walls, floors and roof, but the methods and ideas that have passed down to each generation, from one builder to the next.



Shrine

49. Guest House

Historically the main construction material in Japan has been wood. In fact, it wasn't until the previous century that a transition started taking place with the advent of concrete. Though much lighter and easier to process than stone, it comes with two major drawbacks: its fire and bug resistance. As such the Japanese have developed many different methods for better protecting wood from being burnt or eaten by insects. One of the more well-known methods to make wooden structures more durable against fire is Yakisugi, better known as Shou Sugi Ban. In this process the surface of timber cladding is charred, forming a pitch-black protective layer.

In the old post town of Tsumago I encountered a similar but somewhat different method. One of the main attractions of Tsumago is the Wakihonjin, an old guest house dating back to the nineteenth century. Nowadays it functioned as a museum and they even gave tours. Halfway through the tour the guide explained how the building was kept safe from fires. Instead of fireplaces, the main source of heat was an open fire pit in the middle of the building. There was nothing resembling a chimney save for a small opening in the roof high up between the rafters. This meant that smoke freely drifted through all the rooms and settled on all surfaces. The women who worked in the guest house would take pieces of cloth and gently rub the thin layers of smoke into all the beams. They performed this task every single day, for forty years. Over time this formed a protective layer in the surface of the wood.

The end result was very different from charred wood. Instead of the opaque, rough and cracked look of Yakisugi the wood exuded a dull glow, seemingly shining from within. The reddish wood of the beams faintly showed through the layers of black, like the embers of a fading fire. Fascinated, I immediately started thinking about

trying to recreate the effect once I got home. I attempted to take a picture as a reference, but the colours proved impossible to capture on my camera. Photos taken from the shadow came out dark and fuzzy, photos taken in the sunlight overpowered the nuanced colours of the wood. The subtlety was too much for my simple camera to handle. Perhaps it didn't matter, since any attempts by me to recreate the effect would probably fail. I would never invest the same amount of time and patience. Sometimes it is impossible to take shortcuts. Like an artist paints layer upon layer of paint to create colours that are impossible to create otherwise, this wood only took its current form after forty years of polishing, diligently working on every beam each day.

I could things off here, but I cannot help but mention this last amusing anecdote. During the town's heyday when the building still functioned as a guest house, its owner was a huge fan of the emperor. He had been attempting to get the emperor to come visit the town, and more specifically, to stay in his guest house. In anticipation of this occasion he had even built a toilet specifically to be used by the emperor, more luxurious than the ones already present in the guest house. After many letters the emperor finally visited the town and he even came to the guest house specifically. However, once he did, he only stayed for thirty minutes and did not go to the bathroom. Disappointed, the owner kept hoping that the emperor would visit again. He never did. And so the toilet still stands there today, never having been used by anyone.





50. Palace

In the year 1879 postman Joseph Ferdinand Cheval was making his usual rounds around Hauterives, France, as he stumbled across an unusual pebble. Intrigued by its shape, he picked it up, put it in his pocket and took it home to look at it on his own time. This was the first step in the construction of his Palais Idéal. For years Cheval had built castles, palaces and caves in his mind, which he never mentioned to anyone in fear of ridicule. He had forgotten these dreams completely, but the sight of this peculiar stone brought them back. 'Since Nature is willing to do the sculpture, I will do the masonry and the architecture' he pronounced.

Over the next 33 years he picked up stones during his daily rounds of mail delivery and took them home. Eventually his pockets became too small so he started bringing along a basket, and then a wheelbarrow. Through his second marriage with Claire-Philomène Richaud he had access to a dowry which included a plot of land, and on this land he used the stones he collected to build his palace, little by little. Cheval had never travelled, and instead found inspiration in the postcards and illustrated magazines he delivered. Because of this the palace seems to reference styles used in Buddhist and Biblical architecture, even though he had never visited buildings like these himself. The inhabitants of the village took him for a fool, but he continued building year after year. In the end he created a building that was over 27 meters long and 14 meters wide, earning a reputation around the world for its creativity.



51. Paths

One of the first major road networks created in Europe, and perhaps the world, is the one created by the Roman Empire. The Romans spread out across the continent, annexing land and along the way built cobblestone roads over the paths they took. This got me thinking about the nature of roads. Since many areas did not have roads before the Romans came along I presume that a 'road' constituted nothing more than a stretch of land carved out into the ground. It was probably just a result of people moving from point A to point B. When travelling through new terrain you trample plants, break branches and move things out of the way. Over time the same route becomes easier to walk along, so people will choose to walk the path most travelled instead of struggling themselves. The more people walk along a path the clearer it becomes, and the clearer the path the more people will traverse it. The creation of paths is simply a result of walking, strengthened by a positive feedback loop. The roads Romans paved were in all likelihood paths that were originally created this way. Paths were not something constructed in order to traverse terrain, but a result of travelling itself.

Nowadays most roads are planned way ahead before anyone travels along their paths. To me it is a bit of a shame that the old way of creating roads is lost. Luckily there is one way in which the original process persists, and that is when the people decide that those in charge of making paths have made mistakes. In the Netherlands we call these *olifantenpaadjes*, which translates to elephants' paths. People still take the easiest route, especially if all that stands in the way is a patch of grass. It happens on corners, but also across entire fields. They might look dirty and they ruin the original design of the area, but I quite like them. At least in this way the original spirit of paths is kept alive.

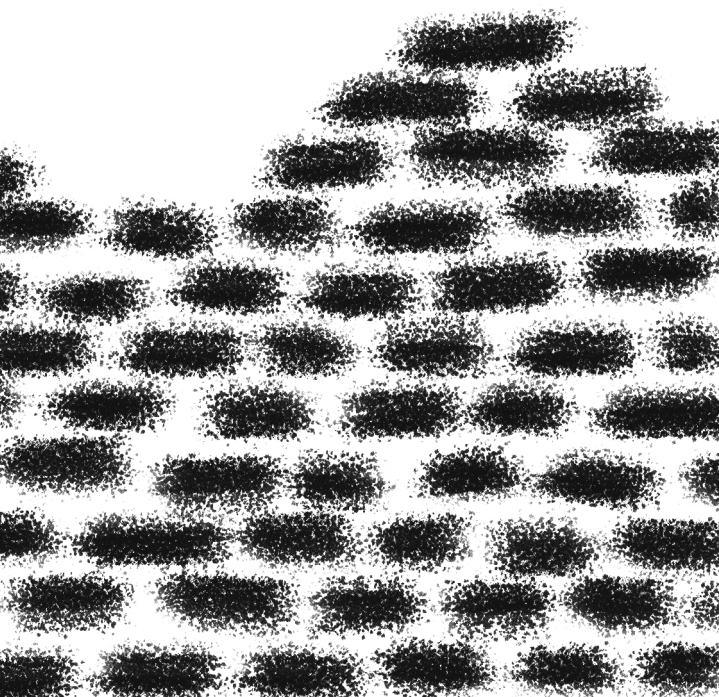


Energy

A lot more is present in the structure of a building than just its materials. Hands move, stones weigh, machines creak, wheels turn. All this is reflected in the buildings we make. The method with which something is created is visible in the thing itself. Just as the brick represents the fingers that kneaded the clay into shape, the screws represent the drill, the plaster the trowel, the weld the torch, the plastic the mould. In the same way all energy that is stored in or put into the creation of something can be seen. Sometimes it



is more obvious than other times, but it is always there, you just have to know what to look for. Perhaps buildings are more clearly defined by the energy surrounding their existence, both potential and spent.



52. Tectonics

Though widely acknowledged as an important architectural concept, there is no clear definition for tectonics in architecture. In a broad sense tectonics relate to the structure of a building and the experience thereof. Buildings that are tectonic possess a certain clarity in construction, but what this means exactly is up for debate. Some argue that tectonic architecture is about integrity in the way structure shows the transferring of the load it bears. On the other hand, since one of the main functions of a building is providing shelter, it can be argued that cladding is an integral part of structure, and thus elements are allowed to be hidden from plain sight.

The term tectonics is also used when it comes to the movement of the surface of earth's crust. Tremendous forces underneath the hardened mantle on the surface slowly but surely move around plates the size of continents, pulling them away and pushing them towards each other. Since these plates only move ten centimetres a year on average, the movement is unnoticeable to the human eye. Only in the event of an earthquake, where building pressure between rubbing plates is released at once, are we suddenly reminded of the processes taking place below our feet. However, even without movement the earth shows plenty of signs of these forces. Where plates move away from each other deep trenches form. Where plates push against each other, the earth rises, layers of sediment unearthen and mountains are formed. Here the connection between tectonics of the earth and tectonics in architecture become clear. The origin of the word tectonic lies in the Greek *tektonikos*, meaning 'pertaining to building'. Just as the crust shows signs of the forces that determine 'how the earth is built', so does architecture.



53. Indonesian Bricks

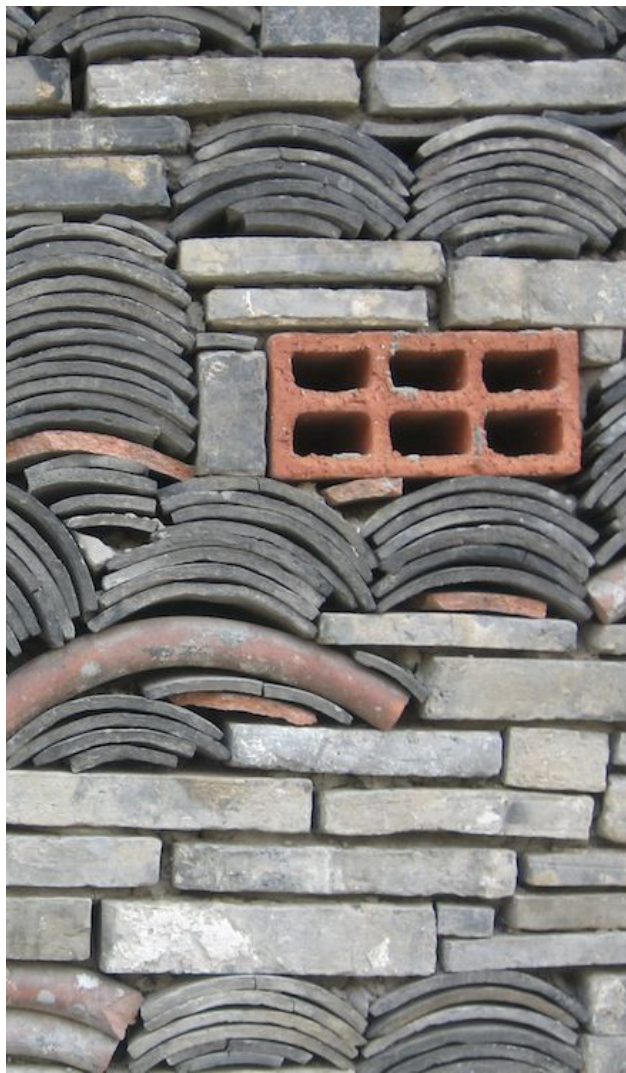
My grandfather used to be an architect. At the age of 89 he is now long retired, but of course his interest still remains, as is probably unavoidable for someone who has spent his life in architecture. It is no surprise that we often end up discussing architecture together, even if no one else in the room is particularly interested. One of the subjects that comes up during these conversations is the experiences he had while traveling in Indonesia together with my grandmother when they were younger. In one of these stories they were on their way to the next stop when he suddenly noticed a building made out of peculiar mud bricks. These bricks were unfired and had an odd pattern pressed into the surface. Intrigued, he went up to the building and asked the inhabitants what the reason or cause of this pattern was. As it turned out, the patterns were imprints of fingers. All bricks were hand pressed into shape. The imprints were caused by the folding of hands around the mud, after which they were laid out in the sun to dry. Instead of smoothing out the bricks afterwards they were left that way. It was only necessary to create a functional brick, so there was no need to change them any further after creating the general shape. This resulted in a wall that was not just a wall, but a reflection of the effort of making the material through the repetition of the same action, over and over again.

The method with which something is created is visible in the thing itself. Just as the brick represents the fingers that kneaded the clay into shape, the screws represent the drill, the plaster the trowel, the weld the torch, the plastic the mould. Sometimes it is more obvious than other times, but it is always there, you just have to know what to look for.



54. Wa Pan

Traditionally the people of the Zhejiang province in China have had their own unique way of dealing with damage to their homes as a result of storms and other natural disasters, called Wa Pan. Instead of throwing away the roof tiles and bricks as debris or sorting them for reuse, everything was treated equally. All broken pieces of roof or wall were used to rebuild homes by stacking them in any way they fit together. While this practice is no longer in use, architect Wang Shu managed to get approval to use the technique in a new and modern way for the Ningbo History Museum, keeping the tradition alive. Collecting materials from all over the region he incorporated materials 400, or even 1500 years old into the façade.



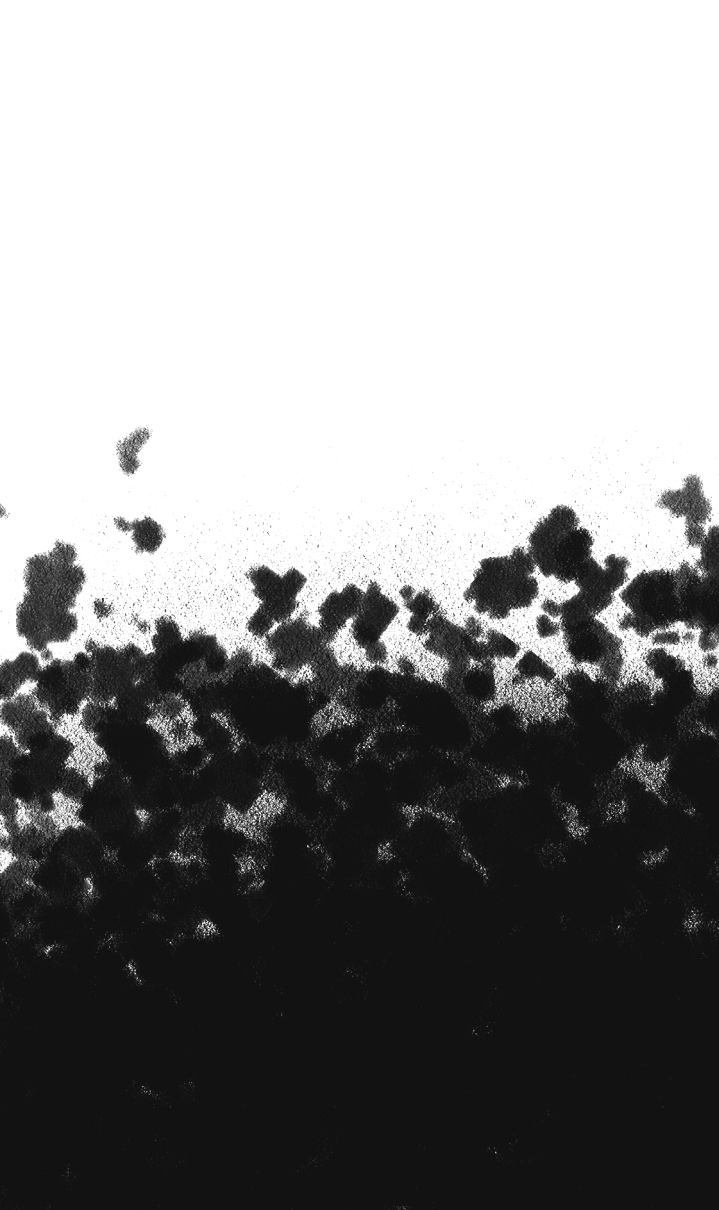
55. Building

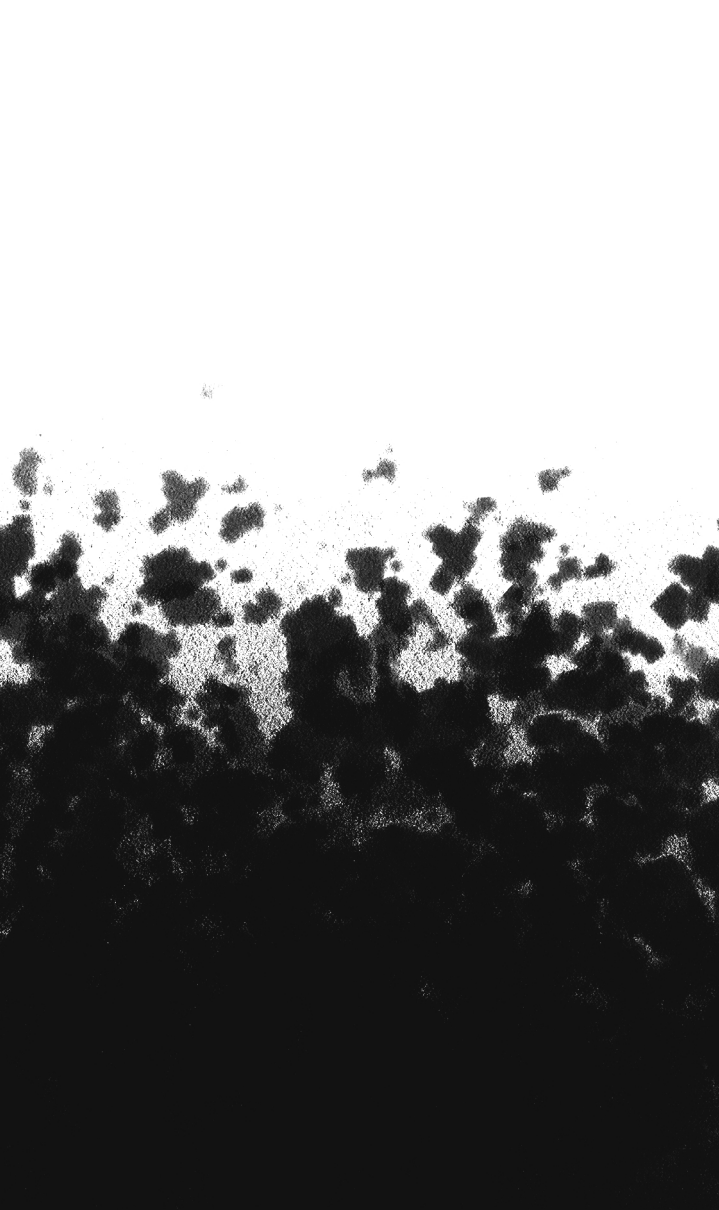
Designing requires a lot of energy. Having an idea is one thing, but actually working it through until it becomes a complete design is another. Of course a good idea brings along a lot of enthusiasm and motivation, but not enough to carry you through the entire process. It is worth it because the end result contains so many qualities and aspects that the original idea did not contain yet, but that is something I need to remind myself of once in a while. It still is a whole lot of work to get there in the end, especially when it comes to exercises as complex as the ones architecture provides. All the more amazing it is that people take the effort to actually execute these designs. If designing something takes a lot of effort, the amount needed to actually build it is incredible. That people have conceived buildings with over 1.5 million square meters of floor space is beyond me, but even the smallest buildings contain massive amounts of hours, work and materials. I once remodelled an old corrugated steel shed into a home together with my father. It was quite small (about 55 square metres) and the load bearing structure and exterior walls of the shed could be reused as they were. Despite this, once we got going I felt like there would be no end to our labour. Even with the knowledge that it was just the two of us instead of an entire construction team did not save my patience in the long run. The amount of screws I drilled was enough to make my head spin.

Even more insane then, is the fact that buildings are often demolished even when they're not in a state of decay. Though it might be a waste, it is nothing compared to entire apartment complexes, or even entire neighbourhoods being broken down. During the remodelling I recalled an argument I had with a tutor half a year earlier. I suggested bulldozing right through some houses to make space for a street that would improve the flow from one square to

the next. My tutor argued that was a waste to demolish a building that worked just fine, but I was unable to see the issue with making such a 'small' adjustment to the city at the time. As our break ended and I reluctantly put my working gloves back on, I made a mental note to not be so callous with such suggestions in the future.

This does not mean that destruction is not necessary sometimes. If we did not undergo such tasks we would never have developed as far as we have. It is impossible to hold on to everything, some things have to be thrown away. Sometimes what has been made before is not adequate anymore, loses its use, or can even become dangerous. However, it is still important to realise that you are doing so. Someone who would break something down without a second thought has probably never built anything before.





Epilogue

It might seem as though this exercise in understanding through feeling is an addition to the main piece of written theory on temporal empathy. In fact, the opposite was true. Before a single attempt was made to put anything into words, there was a small selection of intriguing images and experiences. Likewise, the first step was not just to try to put thoughts into words but to collect even more things which seemed to fit in with the rest of the group. As the research developed and the explicit theory started to gain weight, the act of collecting quietly continued. Even as the complete concept had been laid out additions and alterations to the collection were still being made. I could have continued endlessly, though the meaningfulness of each entry would probably have declined at some point. The final selection was made with diversity in mind, but spending more time with it would surely have brought about more changes.

There was no attempt to be all-encompassing, which would be impossible in the first place. The personal nature of the text that accompanies each entry is painted by my personal experience, and as such would have been quite different if they were made by someone else. The same goes for the categories into which the entries have been divided. Depending on which stance you take some could have been fused together or perhaps subdivided even further, not to speak of perspectives which have not been included at all. The final categories are a consideration of both diversity and the amount of entries they could be given. Perhaps while reading questions started to pop up about why certain entries were included in a specific category and not another. Many entries can be seen from multiple perspectives. Appointing a category was not meant to box in each entry but rather to give a suggestion,

a sort of lens through which to approach the subject in reality.

Another important thing to note is that temporality does not need to be expressed so strongly in architecture for it to be experienced, to be real. The essence of every item in this collection is closely tied to temporality only because it aids in bringing across the message as clear as possible. The truth is that it is present in everything, from the cracks in the wall, to the changing colour of the light in a room, to the people that make their way through it. There are endless ways for it to show itself through our surroundings, usually in much subtler ways. In a way this is also the point: it is not just a gimmick that adds value, superficial or not, to something. It is an intrinsic part of the essence of all things. To ignore this aspect of things is to ignore part of their essence, which, hopefully, has become at least a bit clearer now that we have reached the end.

Project list

Cycles

1. Mont Saint Michel
Normandy, France
2. Hallway of a student apartment complex along the
Mijnbouwstraat
Delft, the Netherlands
3. Model, of a small room with red and blue walls on
either side
By Author
4. Silk Pavilion
By MIT Mediated Matter Group

Moment

5. Model, made of pieces of fabric, stiffened in the
wind using wood glue
By Author
6. Model, made of balsa wood and rice paper, set alight
By Author
7. Nuclear tests during Operation Cue
Atomic Energy Commission Nevada Test Site, America
8. Model, made of a quartz crystal suspended over a
surface using sowing thread
By Author

Present

9. Teshima Art Museum
By Ryue Nishizawa
Teshima, Japan
10. Backside of the Moon
By Tadao Ando & James Turrell
Naoshima, Japan
11. Mixed media, Section of a 80 x 500 cm sized isometric perspective drawing, scale 1:150000
By Author
12. Photo, view from underneath hawaiian shirt

Memory

13. Passage/s
By Do Ho Suh
14. Home for the Elderly
By Junya Ishigami
15. Photo, tin spoon halfway through the production process
By Author
16. Bruder Klaus Kapelle
By Peter Zumthor
Mechernich, Germany
17. Model, frozen ink on cardboard
By Author

18. -
19. Hagia Sophia
Istanbul, Turkey

Deterioration

20. -
21. Model, marble columns placed in grid on earth
By Author
22. Model, wax placed on cardboard, melted by heated
By Author
23. Disappearing Arch
By stpmj
Jeju, South Korea
24. Aged building outside the main station in 2016
By Author
Imabari, Japan

Relations

25. Tsunami protection measures
By Luc Wittebol
Kadanohama, Japan
26. Komyo-ji reception area
By Tadao Ando
Saijo, Japan

27. Shoden-ji garden
Kyoto, Japan
28. View over Venice
Venice, Italy
29. Remains of a coal storage in the Merwe-Vierhaven
Rotterdam, The Netherlands

Movement

30. -
31. Windswept
By Charles Sowers
San Francisco, USA
32. The Primitive Hut
By Charles Dominique Eisen
33. Longleat Hedge Maze
Longleat, England

Layers

34. Check Dam in unnamed river up Mt. Hiei
Kyoto, Japan
35. Posters on overpass near Warschauer Straße station
Berlin, Germany
36. Model, ink on folded paper
By Author

37. Bijenkorf Rotterdam
By Marcel Breuer
Rotterdam, The Netherlands

Growth

38. Model, rice paper set in ink and wax
By Author
39. Stalagmites and stalagmites in Mammoth Cave
Mammoth Cave National Park, USA
40. Hybrid Webs
By Thomas Saraceno
41. House with Plants
By Junya Ishigami
Tokyo, Japan

Conditions

42. Rokko Shidare Observatory
By Hiroshi Sambuichi
Kobe, Japan
43. Newgrange
Boyne Valley, Ireland
44. Spring Wind House
By Architecture Uncomfortable
45. The Bucky Bar
By DUS Architects
Rotterdam, The Netherlands

Ritual

46. Whitewashed buildings and streets
Mykonos, Greece
47. Crepissage de la Grande Mosquée
Djenné, Mali
48. Ise Grand Shrine
Ise, Japan
49. Rafters of the guest house
Tsumago, Japan
50. Palais Idéal
By Ferdinand Cheval
Hauterives, France
51. Elephant Path
Delft, The Netherlands

Energy

52. Rock formations in Agios Pavlos
Thessaloniki, Greece
53. Drawing of handmade bricks
By Wim van der Lingen
54. Ningbo Museum Facade
By Wang Shu
Jinzhou, China
55. -

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