

Gerrit Rietveld Academie
designLAB

Student
Eun Kyoung Hwang
1018695

Lecturer
Xandra de jongh

14.02.2014
Amsterdam

Contents

Preface	3
Title	7
Introduction	8
1. Diary	18
2. Refrigerator	27
3. My room	42
4. Zoo	50
5. Facebook	60
Conclusion	72
Bibliography	84

Preface

Moving to Amsterdam to study
from far away was a big deal in my life.
I needed to pay a lot of attention
to get to know the city
in order to live.
No, actually to survive.
The name of the streets,
how to pronounce them,
how to find a place to stay,
where is a good bar, restaurant...
Where can I buy this and that...etc.
But the most excited thing was
that I was going to live alone.
I used to live with my family before.
My first place was in Uilenstede in Amstelveen.
In this student apartment.
I lived on the 11th floor.
I shared a kitchen with 10 others.
I lived there for a year.
That area was pretty quiet
and
surrounded
by nature.
I enjoyed the nature a lot
but sometimes I felt isolated
and it was a bit far away from the city center.
Then my second place was in De Pijp.
Lots of immigrant neighbors.
Lots of kebab shops, cheap markets.
Closer to the city center.

And now my third place is in Jordaan.
Very close to the city center. Yes!
Lots of tourists.
Full of cafés, bars, restaurants.
Oh and lots of canals.
And the place where I live is called
'Claes Claesz hofje'.
Built in 1626.

We have a courtyard open to the public
which means I have so many tourists
coming inside to have a look.
Sometimes
I wave to the tourists.
Feeling like a famous person.

The more I get to know this area
the more I like to live here.
I was wondering
why I liked living in the Jordaan
rather than other areas.

Is it just because of the nice location?
Or something else?

So I did some research about the Jordaan
and what I most obsessed about was
the origin of the name of Jordaan.

It was from a French word 'Jardin'.
It means 'Garden'.

Most streets and canals
in the Jordaan are named
after trees and
flowers.

(The etymology of the word gardening refers to
enclosure)

The area is bordered by
the Lijnbaansgracht to the west,
the Prinsengracht to the east,
the Brouwersgracht to the north
and the Leidsegracht to the south.
So it is surrounded by canals
as an enclosed space.

Then,
What is an enclosed space?

Jordaan

^

Jardin

^^

Garden

^^^

Enclosure

^^^^

Enclosed
Space

Open

Enclosed

Spaces

Introduction

“ There are spaces today
of every kind and every size,
for every use and every function.”

(1)

	SPACE
OPEN	SPACE
ENCLOSED	SPACE
OUTER	SPACE
	SPACE SUIT
	SPACE AGE
LIVING	SPACE
PROJECTIVE	SPACE
	SPACE CAPSULE
LACK OF	SPACE
	SPACE BAND
	SPACE HEATER
DEEP	SPACE
	SPACE ODYSSEY
	SPACE SALESMAN
EUCLIDEAN	SPACE
	SPACE CADET
	SPACE STATION
BLANK	SPACE
	SPACE OUT
PARKING	SPACE
	SPACE INVADERS
	SPACE WALK
	SPACE TIME CONTITUUN
	SPACE BAR

1) Georges Perec, Species of spaces p.6

LOST IN	SPACE
STARING INTO	SPACE
WATCH THIS	SPACE
	SPACE CURVE
	SPACE LATTICE
	SPACE OPERA
CATCHER	SPACE
	SPACE SICKNESS
BUNCHER	SPACE
THREE-DIMENSIONAL	SPACE
HAIR	SPACE
	SPACE RACE
NULL	SPACE
LEAVE A	SPACE
	SPACE OF A MOMENT
INTERCOSTAL	SPACE
AVAILABLE	SPACE
	SPACE NEEDLE
POSITION IN	SPACE
EDGES OF	SPACE
	SPACE WRITER
WIDE OPEN	SPACE S
LACK OF	SPACE
	SPACE SAVING
ENCLOSED	SPACE
	SPACE FILLER
WASTED	SPACE

(2)

I'd like to write about space and especially
`Enclosed space'.
Not only about its visual aspect / function
but more about its poetic side.

I want to rediscover it.

But
Before I start to write about `Enclosed space'
I need to know
about
`Space'.

Space
is the boundless three-dimensional extent in
which objects and events have relative position
and direction.
(3)

"Space is what arrests our gaze."
"Space is when it makes an angle, when it stops,
when we have to turn for it to start off again."
"There's nothing ectoplasmic about space."
(4)

And how different between
open space
closed space
enclosed space.

`Open space'
is open
to every side and to every one.

3) Wikipedia
4) Perec. p.81

And
I see 'Closed space'
as there's no way
to get into it.
No use,
No function.
No one paying attention to it.

"I have several times tried to think of
an apartment
in
which there would be a useless room,
Absolutely
and
intentionally useless.
It wouldn't be a junkroom,
it wouldn't be an extra bedroom,
or a corridor,
or a cubby-hole,
or a corner.
It would be a functionless space.
It would serve for nothing,
relate to nothing."

" But a space,
I repeat,
that would serve
no
purpose at all."
⁽⁵⁾

But
'Enclosed space'
I see
that there is a door
which can be opened.
So there is a chance it can be discovered.

" It's not a matter of opening
or
not opening the door,
not a matter of
' leaving the key in the door.'
The problem isn't whether or not there are keys:
if there wasn't a door,
there wouldn't be a key."
(6)

" Door,
can give images of
hesitation, temptation, desire, security,
welcome and respect."
(7)

" Granted there is a wall,
what's going on behind it?"
(8)

" A characteristic of
forests
is to be closed and,
at the same time,
open on every side."
(9)

6) Percec. p.37

7) Gaston Bachelard. The poetics of space p.224

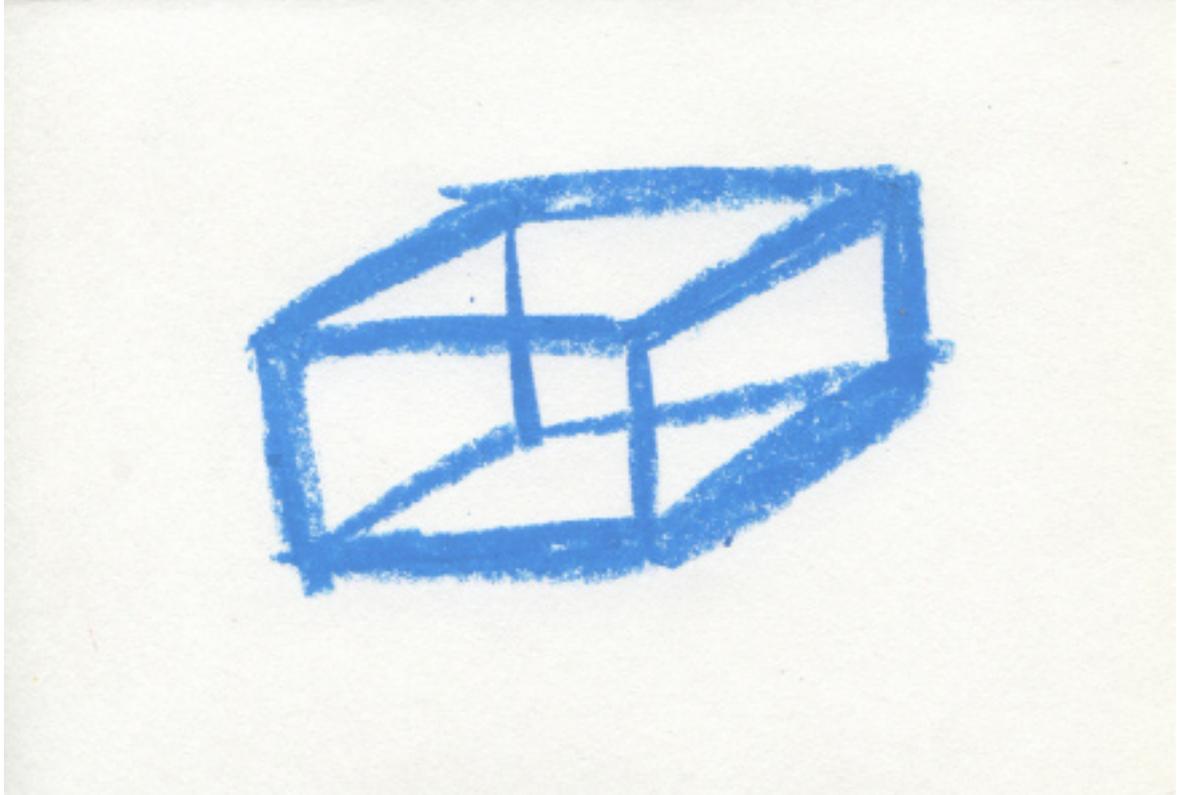
8) Percec. p.39

9) A. Pieyre de Mandiargues, Le lis de mer, 1956, p.57

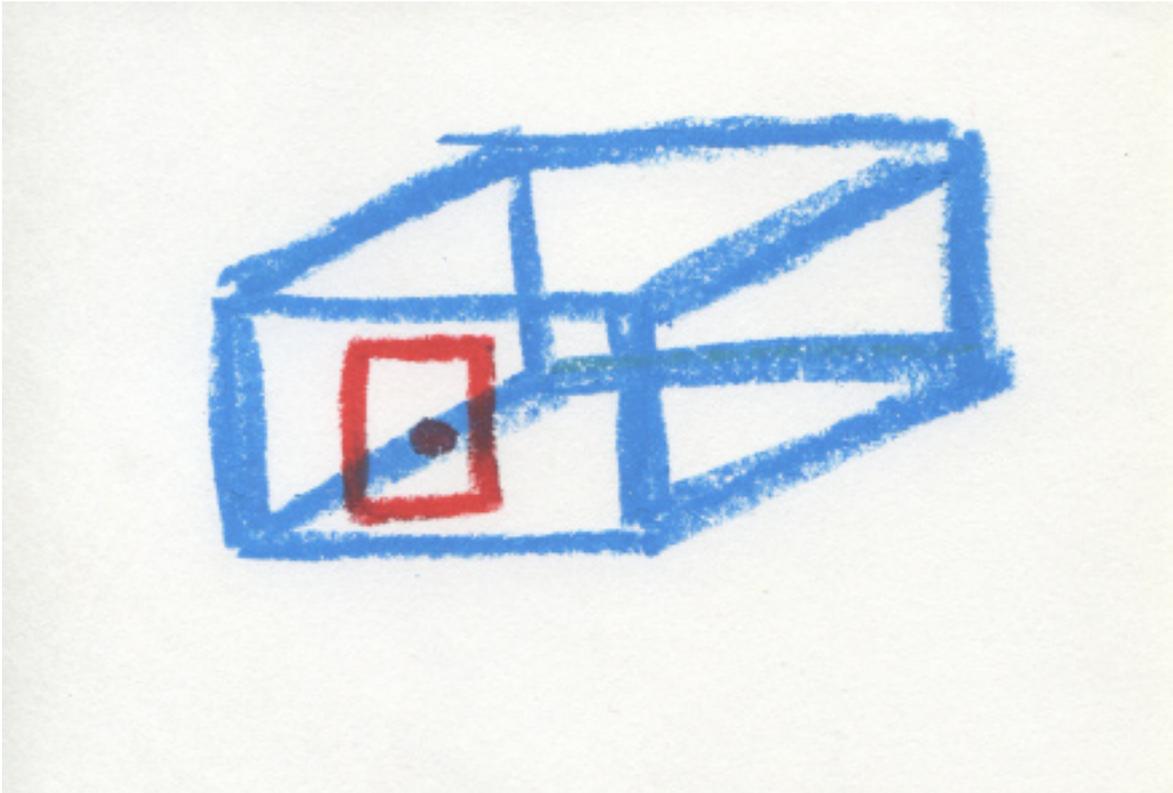
That's
why
I'd like to write
about
'Enclosed space'.
It has charm.
If
it's open space
or
closed space
I'm still interested in them
But
I feel
more
attracted to the
enclosed space.
Because
it allows me
to discover
it's hidden side,
it's own ultimate depths,
the most
secret regions of
it's own
being.



Open space



Closed space



Enclosed space

Diary

A diary
is a book
which has a separate space
for each day of the year.
You use a diary to write down things
you plan to do,
or to record what happens
in your life
day by day.
(10)

A personal diary
may include a person's experiences,
and/or thoughts or feelings,
including comment on current events
outside the writer's direct experience.
Normally
intended to remain private
or to have a limited
circulation amongst friends or relatives.
(11)

10) Collins Cobuild Advanced Learner's English Dictionary
11) Wikipedia

" I inhabit
my sheet of paper,
I invest it,
I travel across it.
I incite blanks, spaces."
(12)

" To write:
to try meticulously
to retain something,
to cause something
to survive;
to wrest a few scraps
from the void
as it grows,
to leave somewhere a furrow,
a trace,
a mark
or
a few signs."
(13)

12) Perec. p.11
13) Perec. p.92

I see a diary as an
open space.
You can release all your thoughts
and
emotions
in your diary
in this rectangular note.
But at the same time
when you finish writing and close your diary
at that point
it becomes an enclosed space.
You are the one
who can actually open it again.

I guess there's no one
who never wrote a diary.
Especially
when they were little.
In my elementary school
I had to write a diary everyday
and show it
to a teacher.
Then the teacher checked my diary
and commented on it.
There were no secrets and I didn't mind
if someone read it.
During the vacation,
it was a mandatory to write a diary everyday.
Of course
I didn't do it everyday.
Then at the end of the vacation
I wrote the whole diary
in one day.

The total vacation was around
40 days.

I also had to write
the weather each day.
So I had to fake it.

Monday was sunny,
Tuesday was sunny,
Wednesday was sunny,
Thursday was sunny,
Friday was sunny,
Saturday was sunny,
Sunday was cloudy.

Or

Cloudy, cloudy, cloudy,
cloudy, cloudy, cloudy, sunny.
Sunny, cloudy, sunny, sunny, rainy,
cloudy, sunny.
Rainy, rainy, rainy, cloudy, cloudy,
sunny, cloudy.

·
·
·

Actually,
It wasn't that easy to decide
the weather.
Because
there were so many options!

When
I was growing up,
I didn't write a dairy that often.
I only did it
when there was something going on
in my mind.
If I was in love
or
feeling melancholy
or
happy...
Only then did I care
and was a bit afraid
if someone might read it.
Once
I remember
I wrote something bad about my sister.
One day
I was at home
and
I felt some negative
energy from her
the way she treated me.
Later on
I recognized
that she read my diary!
Of course,
I also often read her diary
and
pretended
that I knew nothing
or
just tried to be nice to her.

Since
I moved to Holland to study
I started to write a diary again.
But this time somehow
I felt much more freedom
in my writing.
I write it in my language.
And
I know even though someone might read it
they won't understand
what I wrote about.
What true freedom!

I visited 'Anne frank house'
a few weeks ago.
When
I was little I read her diary
and
imagined myself as her
being in this hidden place.
Now
I was in her place, seeing it for real.
I questioned myself.
Did she ever think
that
her diary would be read by
the public?
Did she ever think
that
her diary would be that
famous?

If she knew,
perhaps
she wouldn't have been that
honest?

Her diary is no longer
somewhere
to keep
her secrets.
Her diary is the most famous
and
the most popular in the world.
The secrets
she kept in that enclosed space are
no longer secrets at all.
It can no longer be called a diary.

"I hope
I will be able to confide everything to you,
as I have never been able to
confide in
anyone,
and
I hope you will be a great source of
comfort and support."
(14)

From the beginning,
Anne intended her diary to be written
just for herself and
hoped
no one else would read it.

Refrigerator

A common household appliance that consists of a thermally insulated compartment.

And a heat pump (mechanical, electronic, or chemical) that transfers heat from the inside of the fridge to its external environment so that the inside of the fridge is cooled to a temperature below the ambient temperature of the room.

Refrigeration is an essential food storage technique in developed countries.

Lower temperatures in a confined volume lowers the reproduction rate of bacteria, so the refrigerator reduces the rate of spoilage.

A refrigerator maintains a temperature a few degrees above the freezing point of water.

Optimum temperature range for perishable food storage is

3 to 5 °C (37 to 41 °F).

⁽¹⁵⁾

I have two jobs.
Cleaning and babysitting.
I work for 3 households.
Since I've been doing this job
there's a chance
I can open their refrigerators.
To clean and organize their stuff.

" With its unique smell, which is the signature of
intimacy."
(16)

I found it
pretty interesting to have a look at
what they bought
what was inside.
How they placed their items.
On the top, the bottom
and the middle.
To open a refrigerator is like
looking at an entire apartment.
Then somehow
I can guess their personal life style.

" I imagine a Parisian apartment building
whose façade has been removed.
So
that all the rooms in the front,
from the ground floor up to the attics,
are instantly and simultaneously visible."
(17)

16) Bachelard. The poetics of space p.14

17) Percec. p.40

I wrote down the items
which I found in those 3 refrigerators.
For
their privacy I give them a number.

(Refrigerator No.1)
(Refrigerator No.2)
(Refrigerator No.3)

Ok,

(No.1):

11 cans of beer
4 bottles of beer
2 bottles of red wine
6 cans of coke light
2 packs of butter
2 bottles of ketchup
1 bottle of caesar dressing
1 jar of strawberry banana jam
1 jar of anchovies
1 jar of capers
2 jars of pesto
5 cans of tomato paste
2 jars of mayo
2 packs of pasta sauce
8 batteries
Ham
Bacon
Eggs
Cucumber
Apple compote
Pancake
Left over pasta noodles

(No.2):

1 jar of mayo
1 tube of wasabi
2 jars of pickles
1 bottle of honey mustard
1 bottle of figs mustard
2 bottles of teriyaki honey sauce
1 bottle of sweet wok sauce
1 bottle of sisi(mango) – soft drink
1 bottle of coke 0.5liter
1 pack of milk 500ml
Tropicana
1 jar of mayo with yogurt
1 jar of mayo with citroen
Applemoes
1 can of beer
2 bottles of white wine
ketchup
1 bottle of garlic sauce
1 bottle of barbeque sauce
1 bottle of sweet chilli sauce
3 packs of butter
2 jars of cranberry jam
Hummus
Cheese 48+
Apple pie

(No.3):

1 bottle of red wine
3 bottles of beer
Olives
Yogurt for kids
Cheese
Rotten fruit
Soya sauce
Wasabi
Salami

As you can see
they don't really have
real cooking items.
Or
maybe
they do.
But
I mean
not like fresh vegetables,
fresh meat...
Something
fresh that is good for your body
and health.
Maybe
because of their situation.
One is a single dad,
one is a single mom,
and
the other one is just single.
(Not sure if she ever got married)

Refrigerator No.1

Has a lot of
alcohol
and
coke light.
She got divorced
I guessed not too long ago.
(Ok here there is no more privacy)
She is chubby.
Tall.
She smokes.
She drinks often,
maybe
because
she got divorced recently?
She isn't completely okay?
Or
is it just her usual habit?
Should I say to her
I think you drink too much?
Oh, no...
That's not my business.
But
I'm a bit concerned about her health.
Because
she drinks a lot
and
she smokes pretty often.
I guessed.
And
she has a little boy.

Refrigerator No.2

I'm not sure
If
she
ever
got married
and has kids.
Because
she lives alone.
She likes to drink
coca cola.
Every time
I'm there for cleaning
coke is always there.
And
even 1 or 2 big empty bottles.
She told me
that
she has been sick.
And
still not so healthy enough.
But
As you can see
from her refrigerator
it's not good stuff.
All
that instant stuff.
I never saw
fresh vegetables, fruit...
Oh
maybe she doesn't cook at all.
She just eats out.
Then
maybe she eats well.

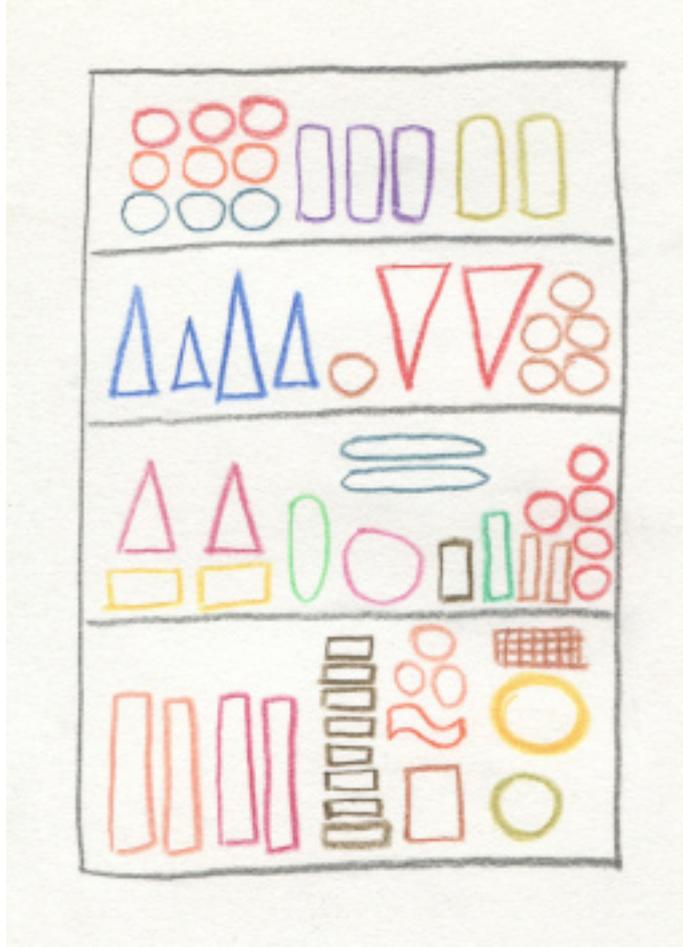
Refrigerator No.3

He's single dad.
He also got divorced
not
so long ago.
He's very busy
with his company.
Because
he's the
CEO.
As
you can see
there not that much stuff
in his refrigerator.
But
There is often
rotten stuff.
He
is
just
too
busy.
He doesn't care
anything about his house.
He moved in more than a year ago
but
I still
see unpacked boxes everywhere.
Dirty clothes everywhere.
Dust everywhere.
He should hire me
as
a regular cleaning lady.
Ok.
I will propose it.

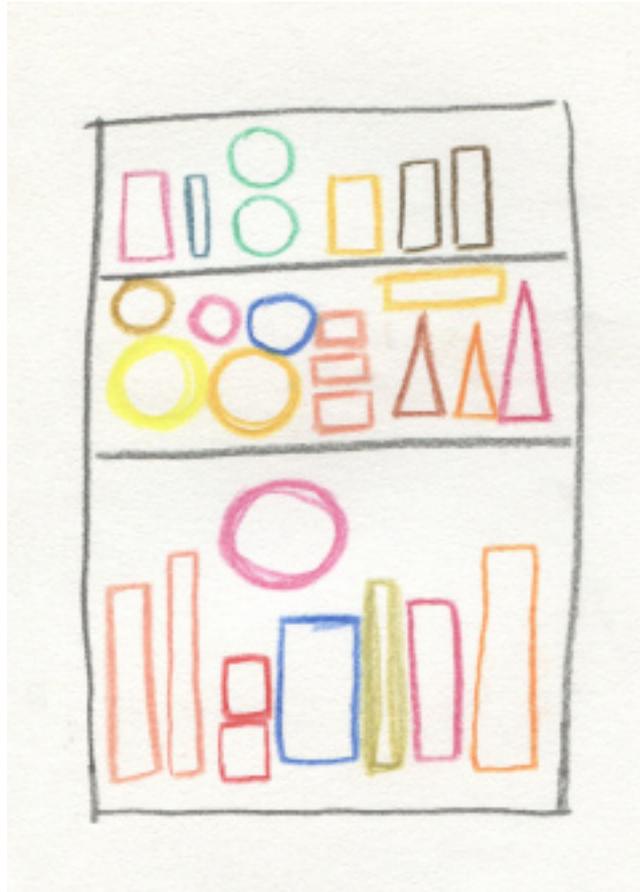
Somehow
I felt
I sneaked
a
peek
at
their
private
life.
Through
their
open refrigerator.
To see
what they eat
and
what they like to buy,
their personal taste
in food,
their eating behavior.
And
from that
I can guess
their life style
a
little
bit.

There was a movie
called
'Chungking express'
In 1994.
Directed
by
'Wong Kar Wai'.
One of the main characters
was
a girl
who worked at the snack shop.
And
there was a policeman
who went there almost every day.

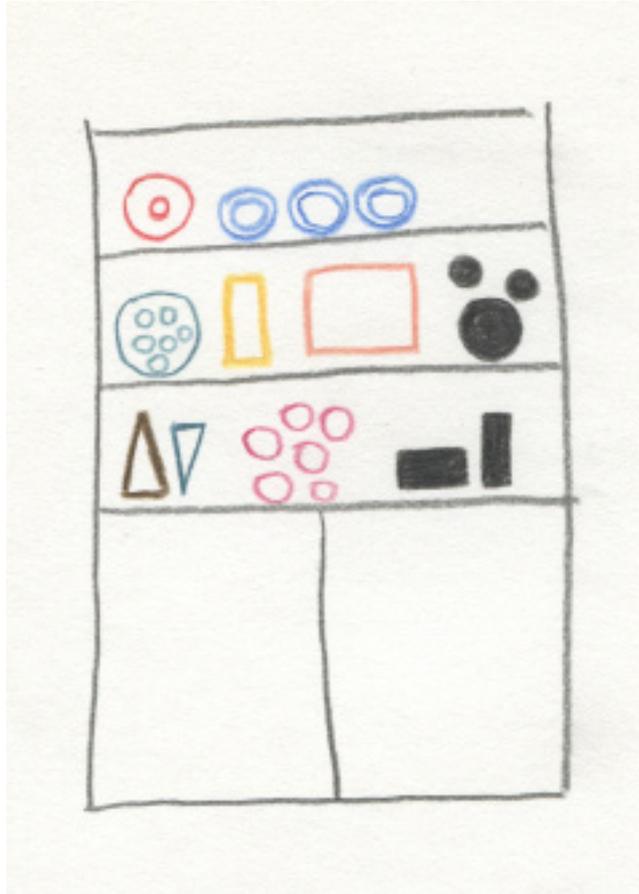
The girl liked the policeman.
Somehow
she got hold the key to his place
without
him knowing.
So
she went to his place sometimes
and
spent some time there.
Cleaning,
checking out his stuff.
And
slowly
she got to know him.
Only
when he wasn't there.



Refrigerator no.1



Refrigerator no.2



Refrigerator no.3

(I want to say
that
those people are really nice people.
They are really kind to me.
No offence to them.)

MY Room

A
room
is
any distinguishable space
within a structure.
Usually,
a
room is separated from
other spaces
or
passageways
by
interior walls;
moreover,
it is separated
from
outdoor areas
by
an exterior wall,
sometimes with a door.
(18)

First floor.
About 15 square meters.
It has a low ceiling.
Rectangular.
With one big window that looks outside,
alongside my neighbor
surrounded by white walls.
Built in the 16th century.
This place used to be
for singles, widows
and
the elderly.

It has a very small corner kitchen
and a cozy bathroom with a cute little window
from
which I can see a big tree
and a beautiful courtyard through.
Sometimes
I can see the moon from far away.
Sometimes
a cat is staring at me.

My room is my entire house
so it is a one-room house.
One big working table,
one leather cozy chair,
one closet bed,
one bookcase.
Two same size mirrors.
That's what I've got
in this one-room house.

" If it has a cellar and a garret,
nooks and corridors,
our memories have refuges that are all the more
clearly delineated."
⁽¹⁹⁾

I
have decorated
on
the white walls
with
some quotations that I like to read
everyday
it stimulates me.
Like
'be the source',
'live now or never'.
One postcard on the door
'New york'.
One big 'Eye shaped lamp'
that
I made for school project.
Some memos
the address of home in Korea,
password of the internet.
A fake bank note of about 340,000 euro.

Sometimes
I stay at my place
without going out
the whole
day.
Even
without having kept in touch
with anyone.

" Sufficiently isolated to be identifiable."
(20)

But
Sometimes
I have friends that come over
to my place
to have a dinner
to talk about things going on
around us.
Sometimes my room can be very private
but it can also be open to friends.

When I'm alone
in my room
I realize I'm alone most of time.
I dream a lot about myself.
Imagining
what I'd love to be and who I'd love to be with.
Am I doing ok?
What do I need to change in my life?
Sometimes I cry.
Sometimes I talk to myself.
Don't care if I didn't brush my teeth
or
wash my hair.
I'm completely free there
and full of myself.

"I should say:
the house shelters day-dreaming,
the house protects the dreamer,
the house allows one to dream
in peace."
(21)

But
sometimes,
when I stay in my room
the whole day
doing my job without talking
or
seeing anyone
I feel pretty much isolated from the world.
It feels ok.

And
I think I can continue this for some days more
but most of time
I feel pretty absent.

Then I call a friend or friends
to come over to my place.

And
I start to clean my room and organize things.
Hide some things that I don't want to be shown.
Light some candles
to create a good atmosphere.

The door has opened.

" We protect ourselves,
we barricade ourselves in.
Doors stop and separate."
"The door breaks space in two,
on one side, me and my place, the private,
the domestic.
On the other side,
other people,
the world,
the public, politics."

(22)

Friends came.
Having some tea together.
Having a dinner together.
Having a conversation.
We laugh together.
We watch movie together.
Share my thoughts.
Share my emotions.

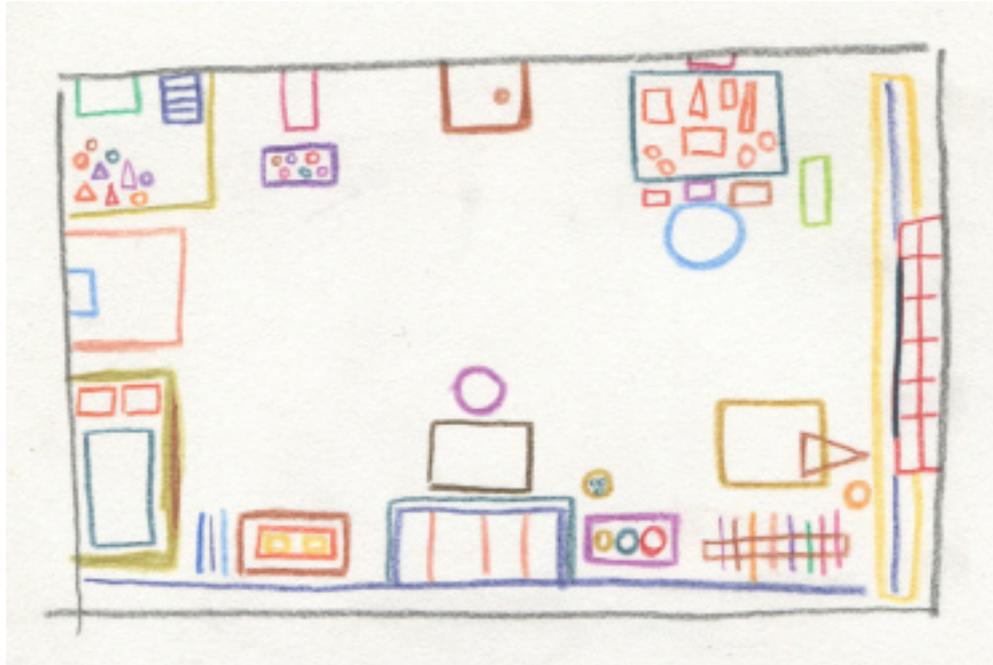
Then I see suddenly
my room becomes a place
where all those interactions occur.
I feel them
they feel me.
We become better friends.
Then I feel good.

We need to share our breath with someone.

Friends leave.
I am alone in my room again.
It feels ok until now.

The door has closed again.

“ And the old house
I feel its russet warmth
comes from the senses
to
the mind.”
(23)



My room

Zoo

Which
animals are confined
within
enclosures,
displayed to the public,
and
in which they may also be bred.
The term zoological garden
refers to
zoology,
the study of
animals.
(24)

Spring
and
autumn
are
the best seasons
to go to
the zoo.
I personally
prefer to go there
in the autumn.
Colored trees,
the smell of autumn,
and a tender sunshine
are
so perfect to makes me feel
alive.
And
it always reminds me of
my childhood.
In
elementary school,
middle school,
high school.
We went to zoo once a year
as a school picnic.
in the autumn.

So
for me
when I think about the zoo
it becomes a kind of
wonderland
where I can have fun.

In
this wonderland
you are not the main attraction
but
the animals
who
live there.

Flamingos,
Monkeys,
Elephants,
Seals,
Tigers,
Bears,
Camels,
Kangaroos,
Snakes,
Hippopotamus,
Giraffes,
Turtles,
Penguins,
Chimpanzees,
Gorillas,
Lions,
Deer,
Rhinoceroses,
...
What else.

Each one of them
needs to be in a certain spot,
a certain space
otherwise
it could cause chaos.

“ The buildings stand one beside the other.
They form a straight line.
They are expected to form a line,
and it’s a serious defect in them
when they don’t do so.”
(25)

The zoo
was a special enclosed space for me.
Where I could experience
a different world.

I remember
when I first saw an elephant
with my own eyes.
That huge body, the long nose...
And
the way they eat food...
It was almost unreal.

I enjoyed
watching all those animals
each
unique
character.

Until
I came to Amsterdam,
now
I don't visit the zoo regularly.

" We live fixations, fixations of happiness."
(26)

I was so happy
when I heard that I could go to
'Artis'
with a student discount.
Only 3 euros!!
I could go there alone
but
I wanted to have some company.
So,
I wrote a message
on Facebook.
That
I was looking for a companion
who would like to go to
the zoo
with me.
And
one of my friend
commented
on my post.
Well actually
she wasn't really a friend.
We haven't really
keep in touch
for long time.

Then
she suddenly appeared
and said,
" No, way"
I said
" Yes, it is only 3 euros =) "
"Oh
you meant that I'm going to the zoo?"
(Yes,
She was a vegetarian
and also this animal lover)
And then
she told me
all the bad stories behind the zoo
and
if I want to be one of the cruel people
that go to the zoo.
And she never stepped foot
in a zoo.
Bla bla bla...
Ok.
That's your opinion
which I didn't ask!
She messed up my mood that night.
So I couldn't go to zoo.
I felt very offended.

" We comfort ourselves by reliving
memories
of protection."
(27)

I went to
Artis
a few weeks ago.
It was about one and half years later.
Maybe
somehow
that argument remained
in my mind.

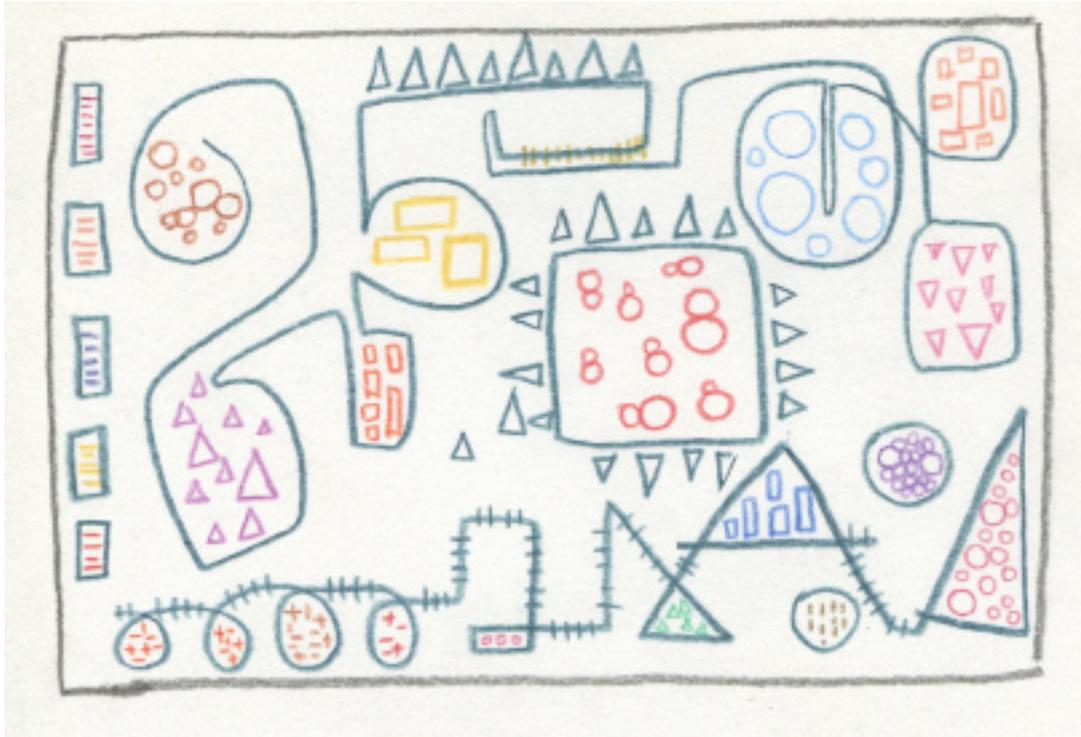
In front of the entrance
of
the zoo
I decided.
' Ok,
today
I will try to look at
the animals
with more attention.'
I tried to figure out
if they seemed
happy or unhappy.
I tried to see
the other side of the zoo.
But
you know what
they seemed all happy....
Or
didn't know
or
didn't care
where they lived...
They seemed like that to me.

Then
I saw a chimpanzee
I guessed it was a she.
And she looked pretty old.
Her skin was peeling off.
Maybe she was the oldest
among the chimpanzees.
She sat on a tree
showed her back to me
but she often turned her face to me.
Well,
not exactly
to me but.
Ok to the people.
Each time she turned her face to us.
I'd tried to make an eye contact with her.
But she never really looked at my eyes
but she smiled all the time.

Suddenly,
I was wondering
if she was born in this zoo
or
she came here when she was a baby.
And spent her whole life
in this zoo.

" When the image is new, the world is new."
(28)

I felt so sad...
That she had never experienced
the great nature
that she was supposed to be there.



Zoo

Facebook

An
online
social
networking
service.
(29)

“ What I hope for from it,
in effect,
is nothing
other than the record of
a threefold experience of ageing:
Of the places themselves,
of my memories,
and of my writing.”
(30)

I’m sure
that
almost every young person has
Facebook.

I actually have two accounts.
One is for to share things
with friends
and
the other one is only for myself.

I created the first one
on August 1 2009
and
I created the second one
on April 26 2012.
Because sometimes,
I didn’t feel so comfortable
posting things on
FB
but
I still wanted to post something online.
Whether to share or not.

“ Where being wants to be both
visible and hidden,
man is half-open being.”
(31)

30) Perec. p.56
31) Bachelard. p.222

Most of time
before posting something on FB
I consider it -
public,
friends
or
only me.
(You know there's 3 options
when you post something on FB
you can decide to show it to public
or
friends
or
only me)
Most of time
I go for 'Friends'
if I'm there in the image.
If not,
if it's just a image like moon or sun
or
someone's artwork
then I go for 'Public'.
But
If I want to keep it only for myself
or
if I say something bullshit
then
I go for
'Only me'.

I
added
a second account as a friend
on my first account.
I logged on in my second account
and
had accept that friend request
from my first account.
So
my first account became a friend
of my second account.
Of course for
I'm using different name
for my second account .
I've used a different year of birth
so I became much younger,
I've used a different school
in which I'd like to study,
or completely out of nowhere.
I've used a different city
in which I'd like to settle down
in the future.
So it is not true all the things
that had shown about me.
Those are my wishful things.
Imagination.
Oh
even I'm in a relationship
since this October.
In reality I'm single though.
" What remains identical."

(32)

So
if I go to the first account
there
I can see my second account
but
only as a friend.

Also
if I go to my second account
there
I can see my first account
but
only as a friend.

And
I'm checking them
especially,
my first account from my second account.
To see
if everything is how it should be.
Like,
Things shouldn't be shown.
Wow,
I sound like I'm such a control freak!

" All
we communicate to others
is an orientation towards
what is secret
without ever being able to tell the secret
objectively.
What is secret never has total
objectivity."
(33)

For
my first account
I have
366 friends.
I see them each time
when I log into FB.
There I see the new posts of
these 366 friends.
Each one of them posts something
different.
Speaking their languages,
saying their words,
Putting up some images
they found interesting.
Putting up some video clip
that they liked.

“ It’s the same air,
the same earth,
but
the road is no longer quite the same,
the writing on the road signs changes,
the baker’s shops no longer look altogether,
the loaves are no longer the same shape,
there are no longer the same cigarette packets
lying around on the ground.”
(34)

Then
I scrolled down
and
if
I found
something interesting
or my taste
then I click
' Like'

Till now
I've got 37 'Likes' on one image.
That's the biggest number
so far.
I saw some people got
50 or 100
' Likes'.
Then I wonder
how this can be...
Are they that social and popular?
But I'm not?

" All
the spaces of intimacy are
designated by
an
attraction."
(35)

My second account,
became like a digital diary.
But
there's only one friend
which is I,
myself
looking at myself.

" This space that has its being in you."
(36)

I'm trying to find
a better
expression
on this second account.
Trying to write things
more
precisely and honestly.
Trying to feel myself
what I've got in my mind
and
release them
in
some
words.

" Impression seeking expression."
(37)

36) Bachelard. p.200
37) Bachelard. p.186

And
I don't need to worry
about the views of others
the way
they may think about me.
I'm free from the others.
From their judgment.
Yet
I'd still like to share things
with someone else
with who I feel intimate.
Then
there's myself
who feels me
and
who understands me very well.

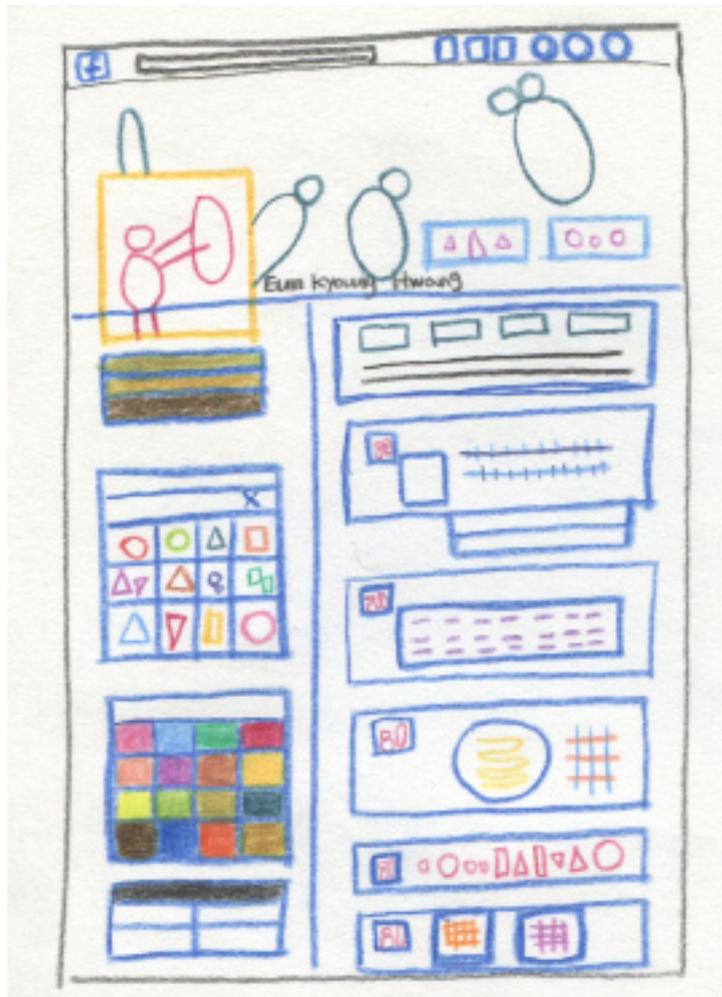
" In absolute solitude,
but a solitude with an immense horizon
and
widely diffused light."
(38)

" When the dreamer really experiences
the word immense,
he sees himself liberated from
his cares
and
thoughts,
even from his dreams."
(39)

Wow
It sounds like FB has become so important to me.

But
I'm just doing FB
to remember things.
That's all.

" My
spaces
are
fragile:
time is going to wear
them away,
to destroy them.
Nothing
will any longer resemble
what was,
my memories
will
betray me,
oblivion
will
infiltrate
my
memory."
(40)



Facebook

Conclusion

“ Space is a doubt:
I have constantly
to mark it,
to designate it.
It’s never mine,
never given to me,
I have to conquer it.”
(41)

“ This space that has its being in you.”
“ It seeks its soul.”
(42)

“ And whenever space is a value-
there is no greater value
than intimacy.
It has magnifying properties.”
(43)

41) Perec. p.91

42) Bachelard. p.200

43) Bachelard. p.202

'Open enclosed spaces.'

I open enclosed spaces.
Observe them.
Imagine them.
Understand them.
Then
I feel intimate.

I had an imaginary friend long time ago
I could only meet him
in the bathroom.
While I was sitting on the toilet.
He lived at the bottom of the wall,
very small
and to talk to him
I had to pay attention
to find him first.
He was only a face wearing a hat.
He only talked to me
when I talked first.
Yet
since
I lost him.
I didn't see him anymore.
I didn't talk to him anymore.

"Where did I lose you,
my trampled fantasies?"
(44)

As
I grew up,
people told me
that
I'd better think in a realistic way
that
I was too much of a dreamer
treated me
like a stranger.
I've always felt
that
I was an outsider
and
the society would never accept me
the way I was.

But
for me
they were the strangers
I'd never really understood them.
Yet
I'm a human.
Sometimes
I was thinking
maybe
I'm wrong.
And
the people are right
in general.
Ok,
Let's try to change myself
to fit
in this society.

But
when I looked at the society
there's too many rules
that we have to follow them.
Even though the rules are not in the law
but in our mind.
Otherwise
we would be a loser.
I saw many people were really trying to follow
those rules
like
to have a nice house,
a nice car,
be well educated, have a nice job
etc.
...
Of course
I do want those things too.
But
this is not my purpose to live.

Until,
I understood myself,
I felt that I might a loser
who would never be
in the mainstream.
But
now
it is not a matter whether being
in the mainstream
or not
I know myself, who I am.
Nothing will really bother me about
the way I am.
I observed myself.
I imagined myself.
I understood myself.
So then,
I felt intimate with myself.

“ At the door of the house
who will come knocking?
The world pulse beats beyond my door.”
(45)

When we are children,
we are curious about everything.
We are brave enough.
We are excited enough.
To discover everything
around us.

There is lots of fun
to be had.

“ Look,
seek and wonder,
tremble...”
(46)

But
when
we become
'Adults'
we are not allowed to be childish.

We must be serious.
We must think like 'Adults'.
Otherwise,
people would think you're too childish.

45) Bachelard. p.4
46) Bachelard. p.143

You think more about reality.
How you're going to pay your rent, bills, etc.
Instead of thinking about
'Khuvsgul'
the lake in Mongolia.

I know
maybe I'm too idealistic.
But
I do strongly believe
what you imagine you will have
in your life.

I see
some people around me
who are not happy with themselves.
They think
they are the victims in this society.
I can truly understand them.
But
are you just going to sitting there
and
complaining everything around you?
Have you never really wanted to know
how far
you're able to go
beyond yourself?
What are you so afraid of?
Aren't you curious
what are there behind the door?
Don't ignore it.
Don't stay
in your comfort zone.

But
you kept ignoring it and ignoring it.
Then at some point
you suddenly felt
Lost.

You are sucked
into a vortex.
You would spend so many times
in pain and fear.
You would want to know
what you should do.
Then there,
you start to look back on your life
and try to think
what you've been missing.
And
you realized that you saw nothing,
you felt nothing.
You thought you saw things around you
but
you were never really getting into it.
You never really opened the door to see,
to feel
what was truly inside.

" The well-rooted house
likes to have a branch
that is sensitive to the wind,
or
an attic that can hear the rustle of leaves."
(47)

Luckily,
you were starting to
observe,
imagine,
understand
more
things around you.
Then
you felt intimate.
And
there you start to feel more appreciation
for the
things around you.
You feel more.
You see more.
Like a child.

Look
around you.
There're so many
enclosed spaces
willing to be opened.

We need to open enclosed spaces.

They are waiting for us
to show their
enormous
immensity.
And
they want to share it
with
you.

" It accumulates its infinity within its own
boundaries."
(48)

Until
we open them
they are nothing
but a closed space.

" The space
we love is unwilling to remain
permanently enclosed."
(49)

" As I stood in contemplation
of the garden
of the wonders
of space.
I had the feeling
that I was looking into
the ultimate depths,
the most secret regions of my own being.
And I smiled,
because it had never occurred to me
that
I could be
so pure,
so great,
so fair!
My heart burst into singing
with the song
of grace
of the universe."
(50)

49) Bachelard. p.53
50) Bachelard. p.189

Bibliography

(Books)

Georges Perec
'Species of spaces'
Penguin Books, 1997

Gaston Bachelard
'The poetics of space'
Beacon Press, 1994

Anne frank
'The diary of a young girl'
Random House LLC, 2010

Pieyre de mandiargues
'Le lis de mer'
Robert Laffont, 1956

