

Gerrit Rietveld Academie  
designLAB

Student  
Eun Kyoung Hwang  
1018695

Lecturer  
Xandra de jongh

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# 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) Perec. p.37

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

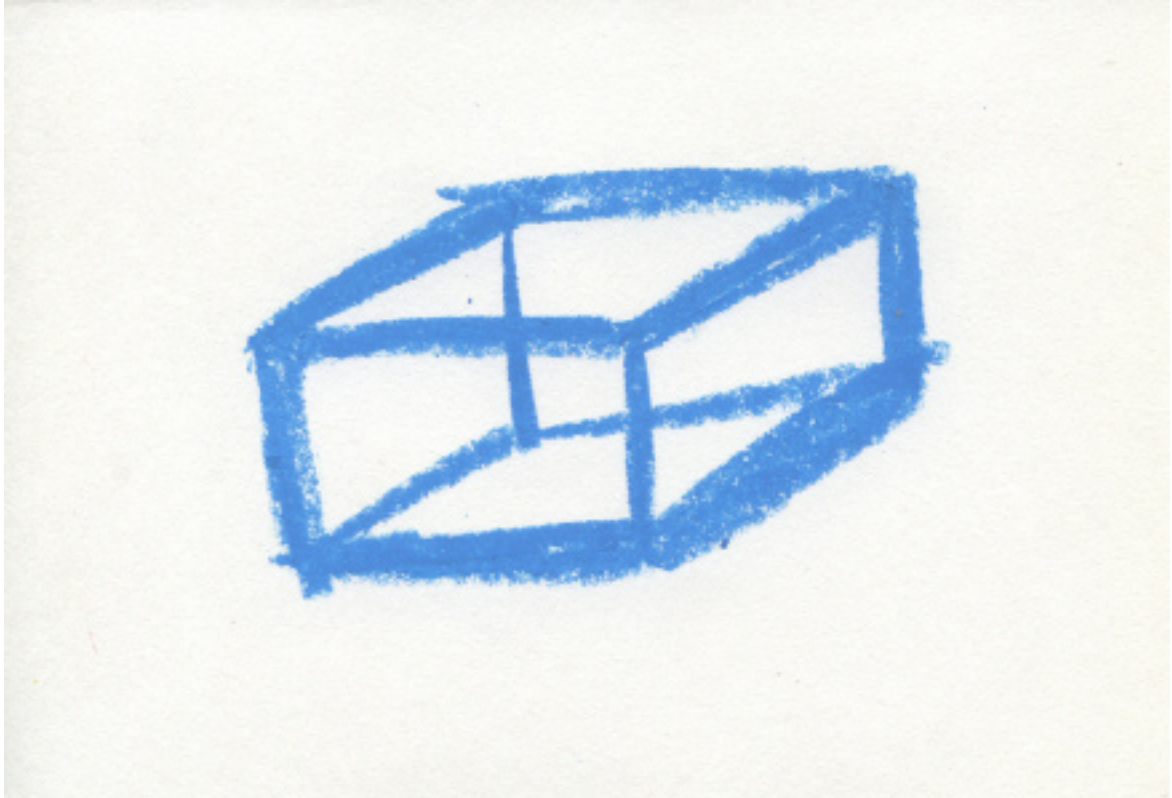
8) Perec. p.39

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

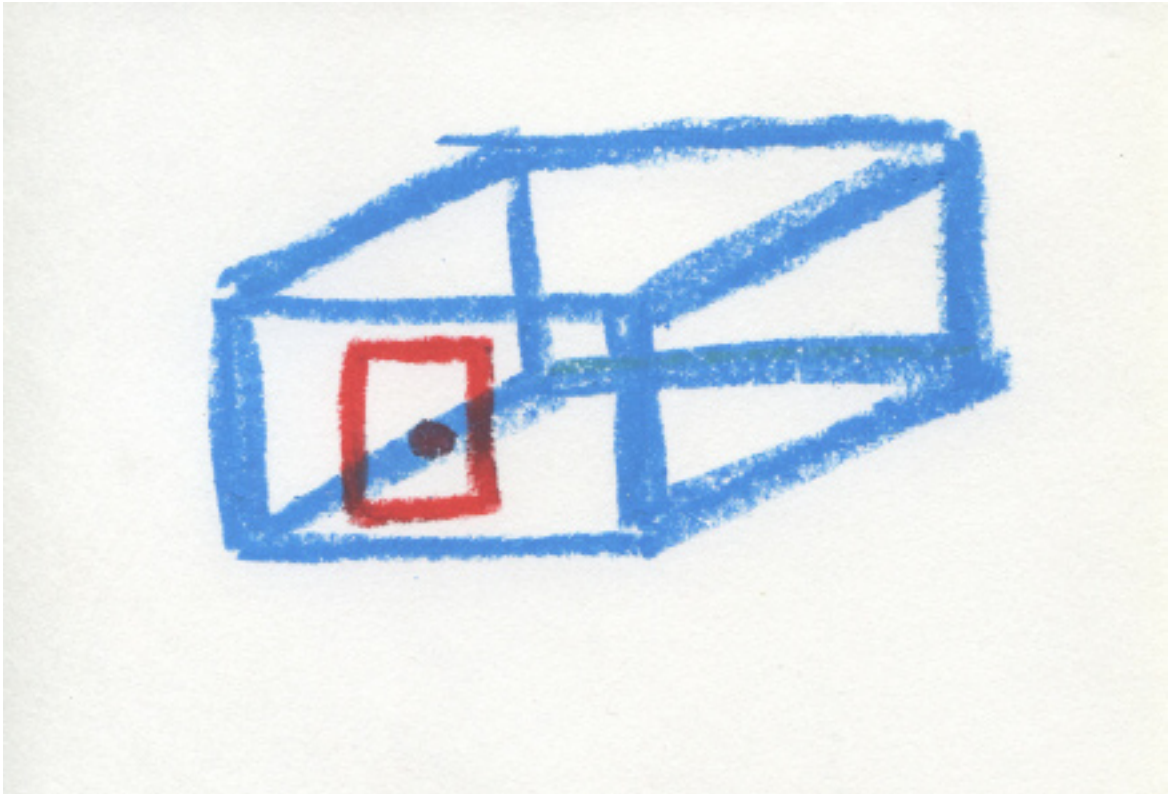
That's  
why  
I'd like to write  
about  
'Enclosed space'.  
It has charm.  
If  
it's open space  
or  
closed space  
I'm still interested in them  
But  
I feel  
more  
attracted to the  
enclosed space.  
Because  
it allows me  
to discover  
it's hidden side,  
it's own ultimate depths,  
the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

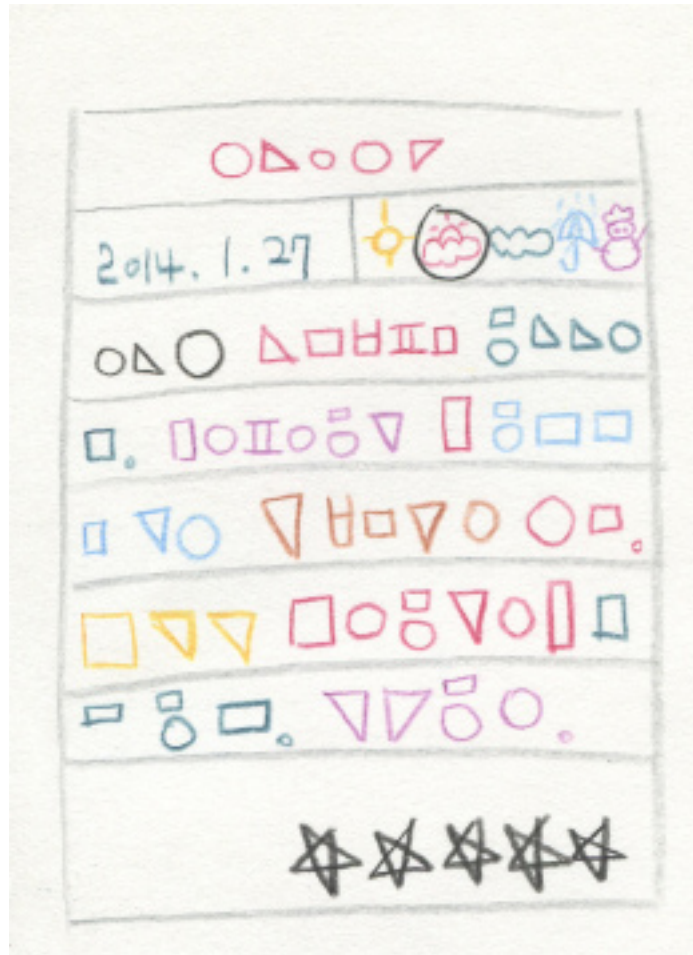
If she knew,  
perhaps  
she wouldn't have been that  
honest?

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.





Diary



# 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).

<sup>(15)</sup>

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.

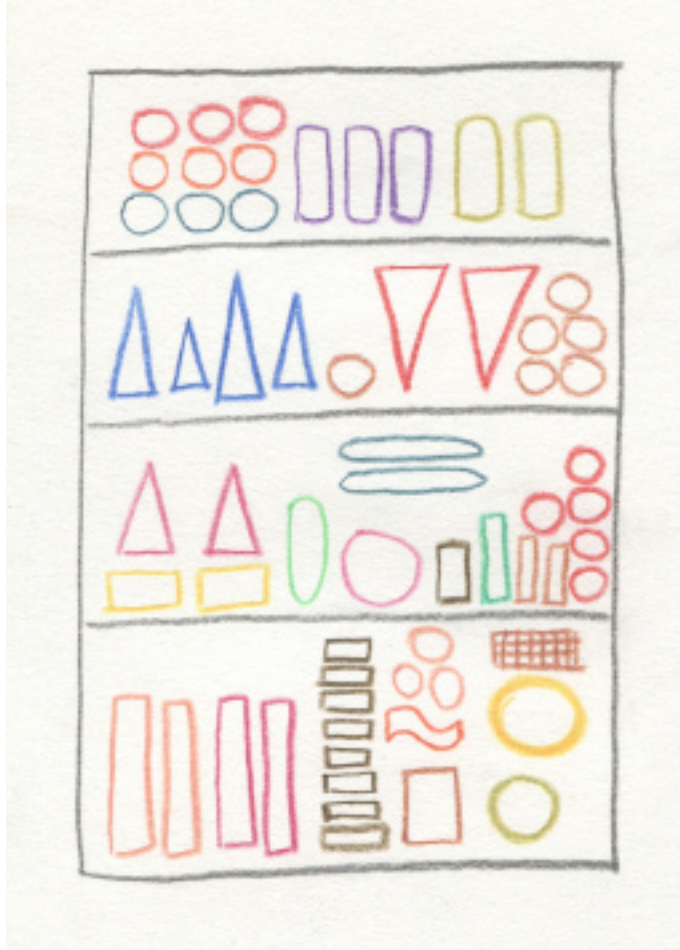
### Refrigerator No.3

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.

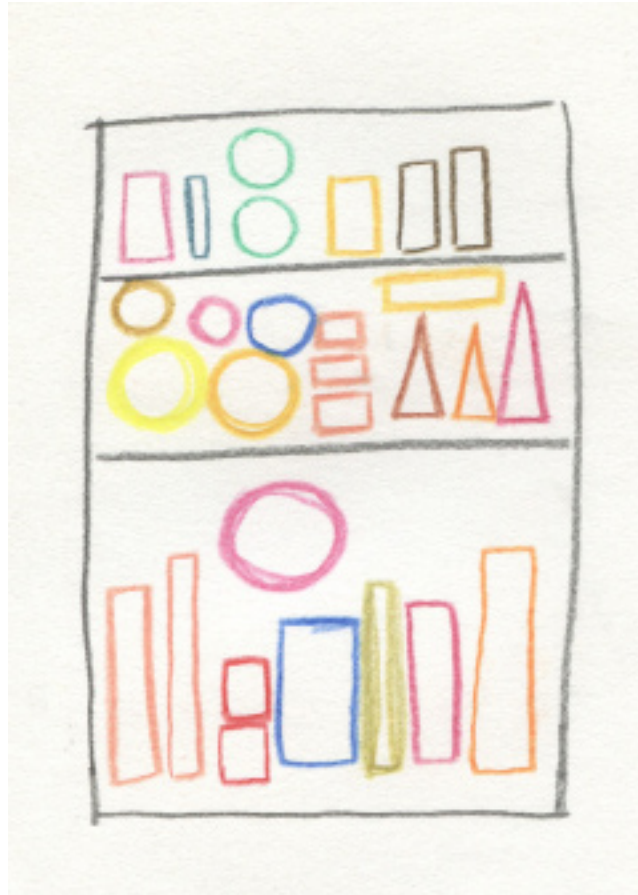
Somehow  
I felt  
I sneaked  
a  
peek  
at  
their  
private  
life.  
Through  
their  
open refrigerator.  
To see  
what they eat  
and  
what they like to buy,  
their personal taste  
in food,  
their eating behavior.  
And  
from that  
I can guess  
their life style  
a  
little  
bit.

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.

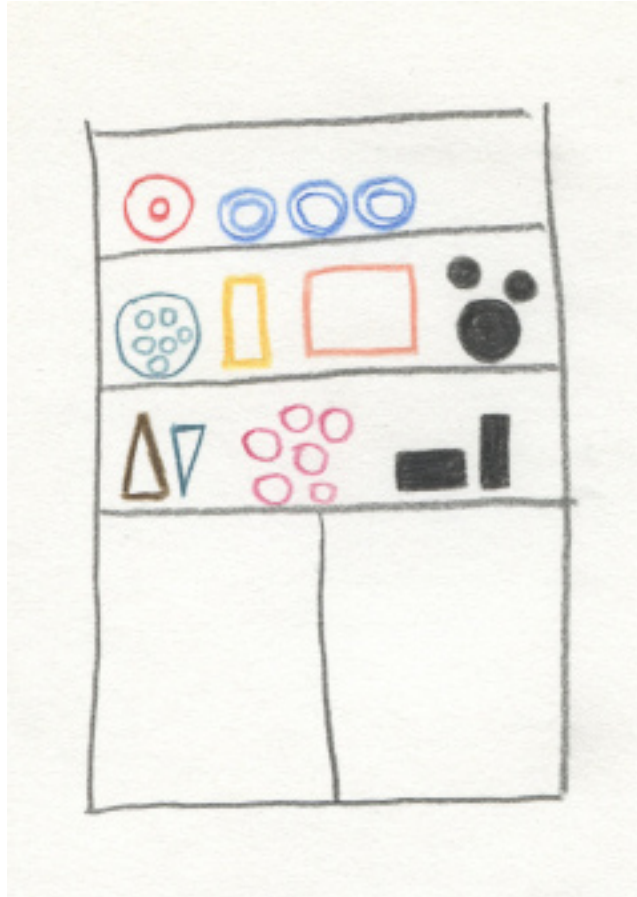
The girl liked the policeman.  
Somehow  
she got hold the key to his place  
without  
him knowing.  
So  
she went to his place sometimes  
and  
spent some time there.  
Cleaning,  
checking out his stuff.  
And  
slowly  
she got to know him.  
Only  
when he wasn't there.



**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."  
<sup>(19)</sup>

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.

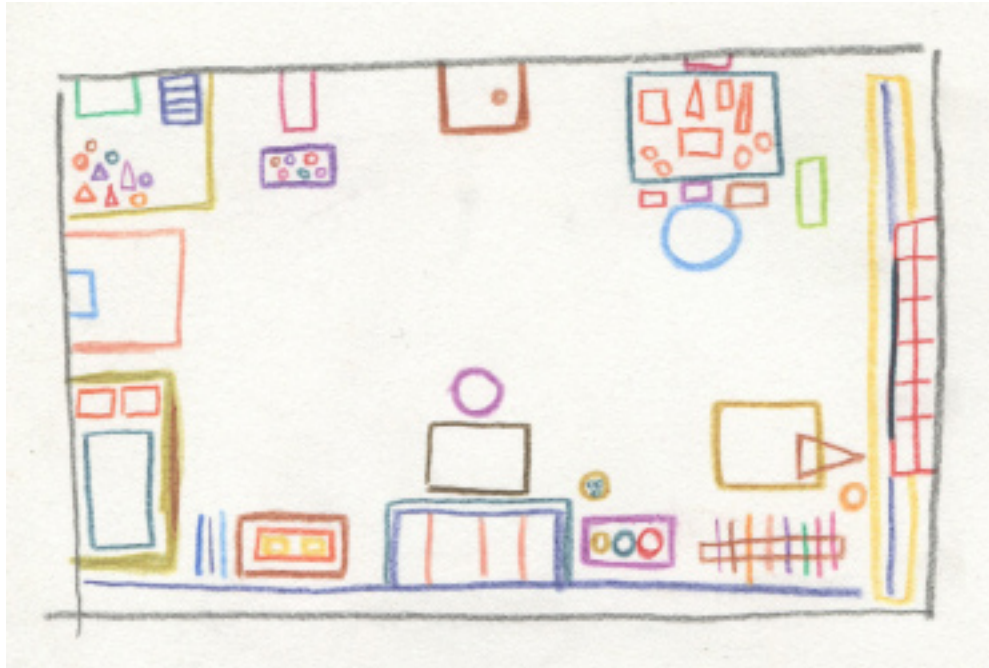
Then I see suddenly  
my room becomes a place  
where all those interactions occur.  
I feel them  
they feel me.  
We become better friends.  
Then I feel good.

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.

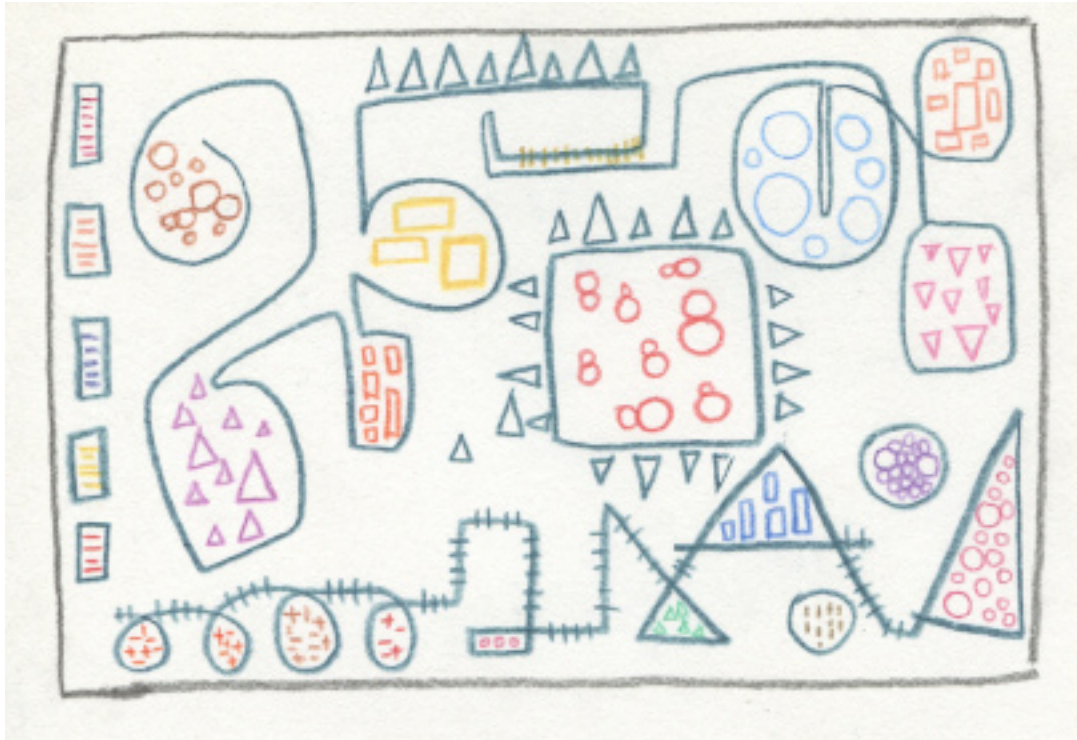


Then  
I saw a chimpanzee  
I guessed it was a she.  
And she looked pretty old.  
Her skin was peeling off.  
Maybe she was the oldest  
among the chimpanzees.  
She sat on a tree  
showed her back to me  
but she often turned her face to me.  
Well,  
not exactly  
to me but.  
Ok to the people.  
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)

29) Wikipedia

“ 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.

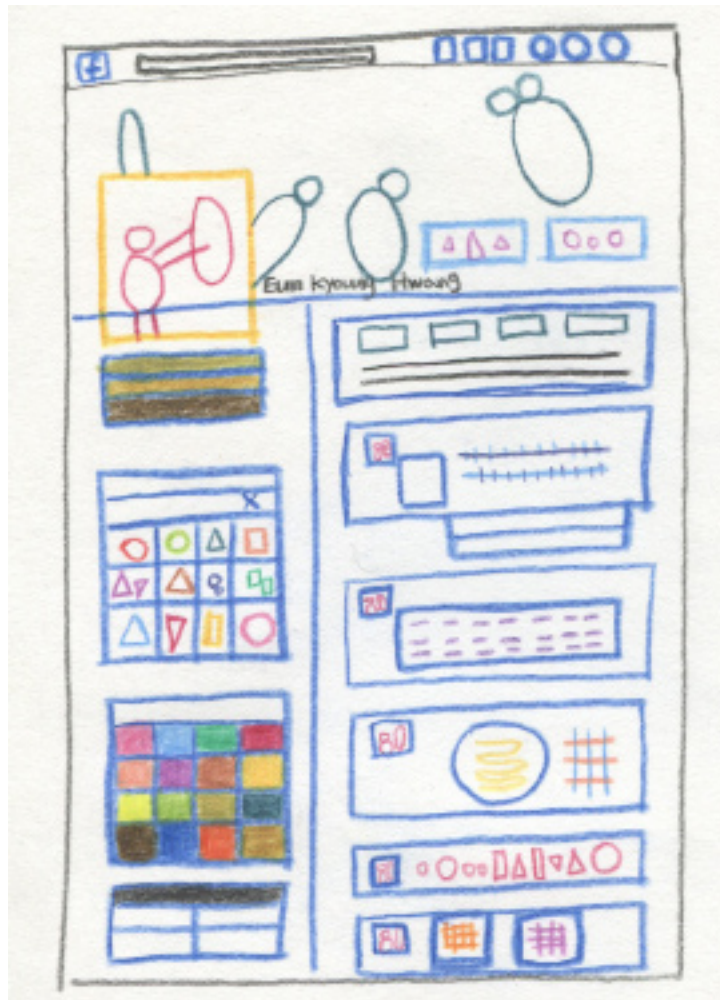
" In absolute solitude,  
but a solitude with an immense horizon  
and  
widely diffused light."  
(38)

" 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





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