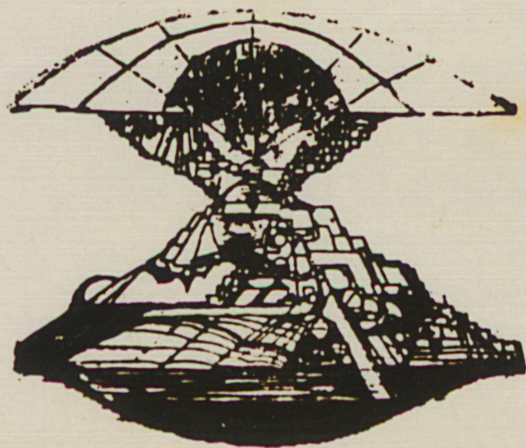


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Feelings, Emotions, Fantasies,.....
An extention of conscious reality

FEELINGS, EMOTIONS, FANTASIES . . .
AN EXTENSION OF CONSCIOUS REALITY

by

Shaahin Heidary

A professional paper submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree

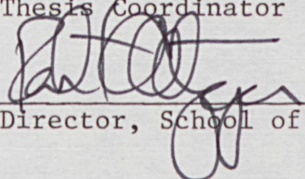
of

BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE

Approved:

Advisor

Thesis Coordinator



Director, School of Architecture

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY
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To my mother, my family, friends, teachers, and,
The apple tree outside my window....

تقدیم به مادر

... And the earth was brown

and the sky blue

water only in dew

man in for a clue

if he only knew
he only knew
only knew
knew....

what.....

what is all out there man is after

is it the sun, ... the moon, ... or the ocean

or the sky blue?!,.....

No....

if he only knew
what he is after

a question so clear, to an eye of the near and,

the sky blue that isn't here

if he only knew

that
it is man, man is after and,

That is a rapture

More Than anything, This Thesis is about a narcissus dallying with the wind,
it is about poetry,
it is about poetry of space and form,
it is about feelings taking form, and emotions making space and,
it is about a search for an ideal place to house those feelings and emotions,

INTRODUCTION

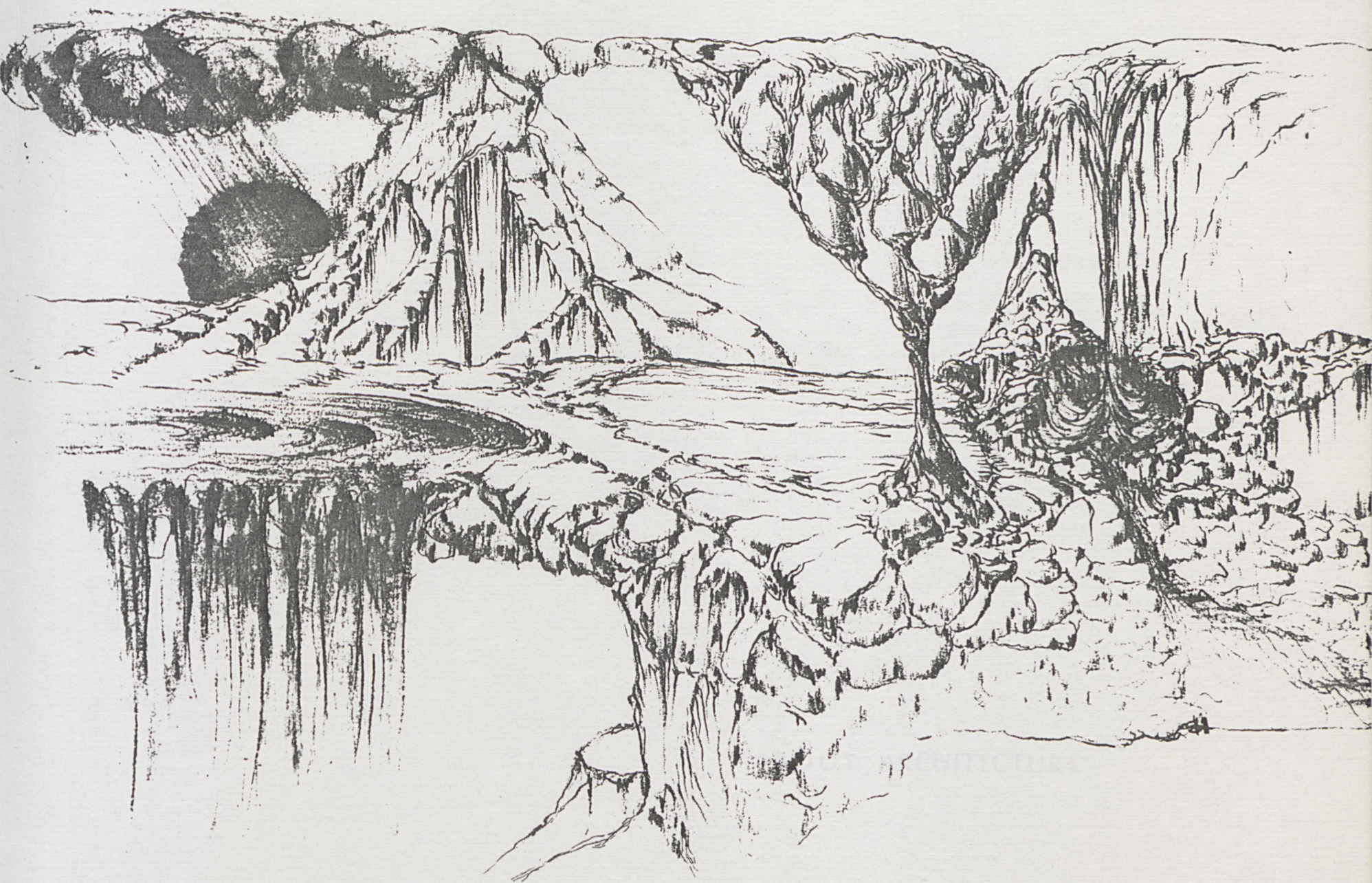
In a landscape of ideas where all things merge into one thing is where my mind is exploring; in this land of unified singularity the impossible bears no meaning. Within that realm of vivid imagination is seated the generating point of all creation. Things grow out of nothingness, reach maturity and deteriorate eventually. The cycle is not viewed as such though. Deterioration is not an end to a beginning. All things are lived, are given a moment of chance to impress their environment by expressing their short lived presence. And that can have a long term affect on things present and for things to come.

Here the function of creative power is manifested in the act of becoming. It is a never-ending natural cyclical principle within which is deeply rooted the "meaning". This natural rhythm is thus the manifested meaningful whole of Logos.

Present in all existence is the immeasurable power of creative being. The meaning is therefore, realized and felt in all.

Nature as the Messenger of the meaning is the chief discloser of this primordial bond. Man on the other hand, receiver of the "intention", is an active participant in this interchanging and everflowing dialogue of intangible communication.

Simply put, the act of creation is set forth, manifested then in all life form, and through emotional perception is revealed to Man. The cycle is complete, and the "meaning" carried out.



ABOUT ARCHITECTURE

snow is falling, gradually, gently,

question is, what architecture is

Looking through the window pane, looking at the slow and patient rhythm of life -

New feelings awakening within me,

or maybe the old forgotten ones coming back.

.....THINKING WHAT ARCHITECTURE IS

For some reason the answer lies not in architecture itself, rather in the overallness,

The totality to which architecture belongs...

Then maybe I should ask: "WHERE DOES ARCHITECTURE BELONG"?...

Architecture belongs to where life belongs, to where imagination belongs, to where light belongs;

nature, people, animals, birds, the earth, sky, or the water;

it belongs to molecules of existence, to trees and to fresh air...

architecture belongs to the snow, to the universe, and it belongs to the smallest germ of life.

.... "ARCHITECTURE IS ANOTHER HAPPENING IN THE EXPERIENCE OF LIVING AND BEING"

When the fresh snow of an early winter storm places itself upon a pine tree,
That's an architecture of happening ...

When the autumn leaves of a maple tree gently swing down to touch the feet of the earth,
That's an architecture of acknowledgement...

When the sky touches the earth, and where the horizon reaches for the sky,
That's the language of the sublime....

When a tulip springs into being in the midst of winter,
That's an architecture of joyful surprise....

When a man quietly rests his body upon a wall, a building,
That's an architecture of unconscious dependency....

When the sun sets its tired body upon the horizon, and when it rises briskly to the
freshness of an early morning breeze, that's best felt....

When a sparrow nests under the eave of a building, that's the architecture of spontaneity....

And when a man feels the sun on his face in the presence of his house,
That's an architecture of simplicity...

.... and life goes on....

So, architecture is not just for people; it is not just to serve the needs of circumstances; architecture, -
when comes to life, is for all; it is for people for birds; for sky, for earth; for water, for wind;
for children, for adults; for nature, for the sublime; and for itself...

Every particle of life, of tangible, and of intangible existence participates into-
giving meaning to an architecture that is of life and for life..

Architecture is interaction of people with people, people with nature;
it is of sharing and belonging, of becoming and blending;
it is another event in the rhythm of life; and it adds to the breath of life;...

... And it is for the snow that's falling gradually, gently....

PROCESS

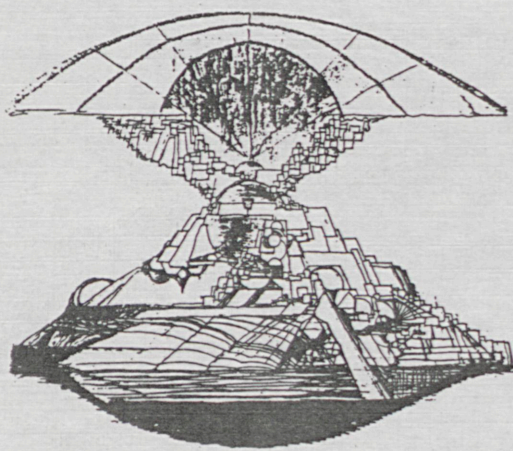
Some things are better left unsaid, for it is a great injustice to the feeling to be exposed prematurely to the hands of verbal misinterpretation.

The very process by which I arrive at anything that has its roots in creativity, is truly unexplainable for me. I can only make an attempt in doing so.

The closest word to explaining this creative process is intuition; also called creative-forgetfulness by Lao-tzu, the Chinese philosopher. It is the very process that allows the inner being, the radiant soul, to reveal its presence, and therefore allowing the creative impulse, with its roots in totality, to act without any inhibitions and with a natural freedom. I feel that creative intention always finds its expression through some tangible manifestation, which is the echo of one's innermost genuine desires and beliefs in response to those beliefs, mirroring themselves in that physical tangibility. For any creation to truly speak of its spirit that authentic clear mirroring should inherently exist...

To create truly is like giving birth to a feeling that once lived in the subconscious.

THE PLACE



"A place, a world in which the Earth, Sky, Mortals, and Gods are bidden to come to Their appointed places of meeting" origin p. 74.

"Heidegger explains that through the verb, *EREIGNEN*, which comes to mean, the joint process by which the four of the four world are able, first, to come out into the light and clearing of truth, and thus each to exist in its own truthful way, and secondly, to exist in appropriation of and to each other, belonging together in a round dance of their being; and what is more, this mutual appropriation becomes the very process by which the emergence into the light and clearing occurs, for it happens through sublimely simple play of their mutual mirroring. The mutual lightening-up, appropriating, reflecting is at the same time the mutual belonging, and conversely happening by which alone the meaning of Being can be determined."

Thus the place does not serve any "function" as we interpret it, i.e. a building type, rather its function lies in its adherence to some of non-physical, intangible existence reflected through its physical manifestation. Recognizing such things as water, wind, earth, sky and the sunlight, movement and rhythm of life, responding to and respecting land; and last but not least it is providing a place for feelings and emotions where they come one step closer to life by being illuminated poetically. The only requirement for existence of such place.

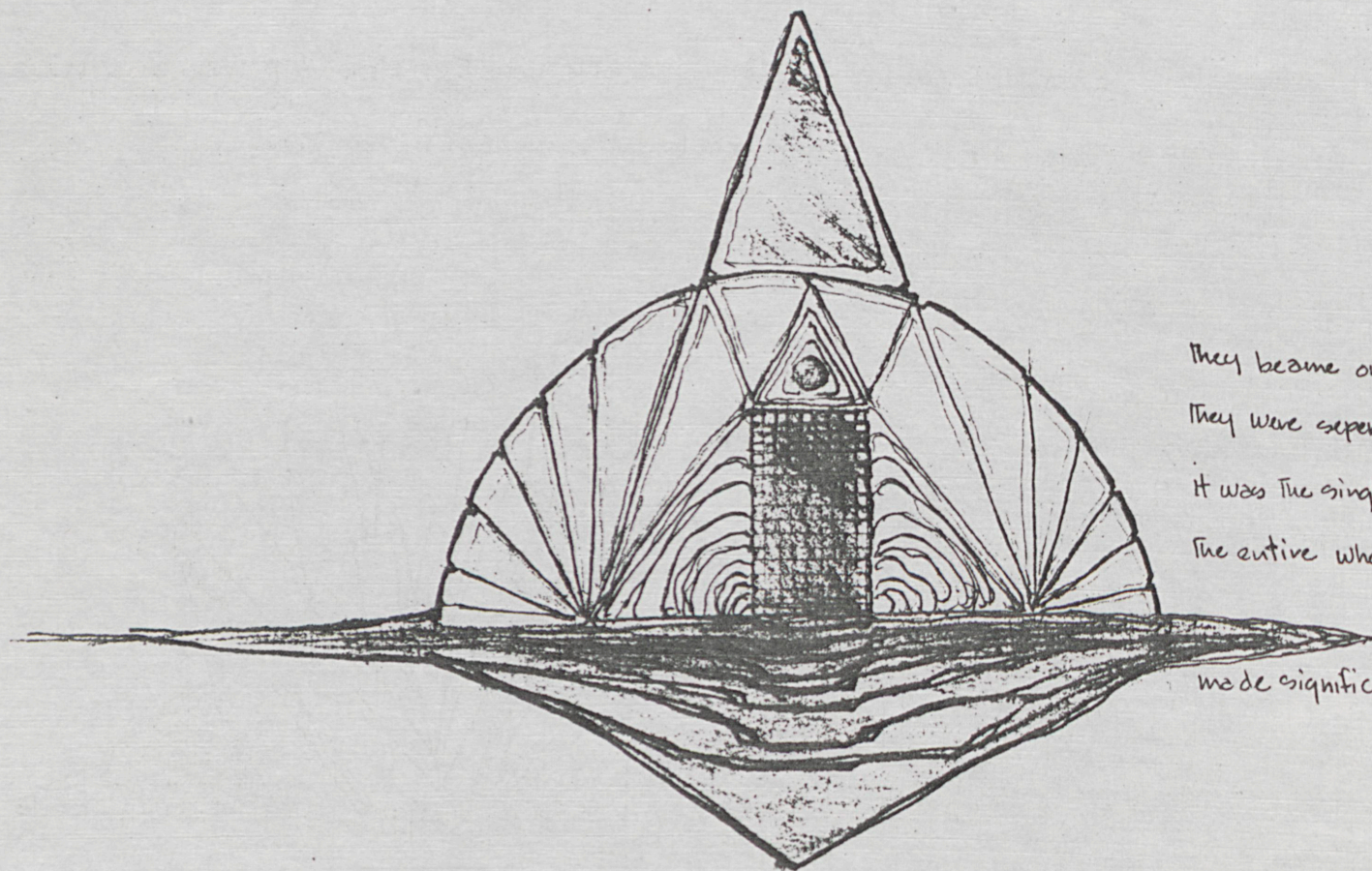
The place being a microenvironment, a place within a place, a place for desires, dreams, and emotions, and a place for earth, for sky, for gods. A place that through its adherence to those things and in return to itself self-expresses its spirit; it becomes celebration of all.

It may have no vital necessity or a function, but it has a bracing effect on our lives, for all that² - like poetry.

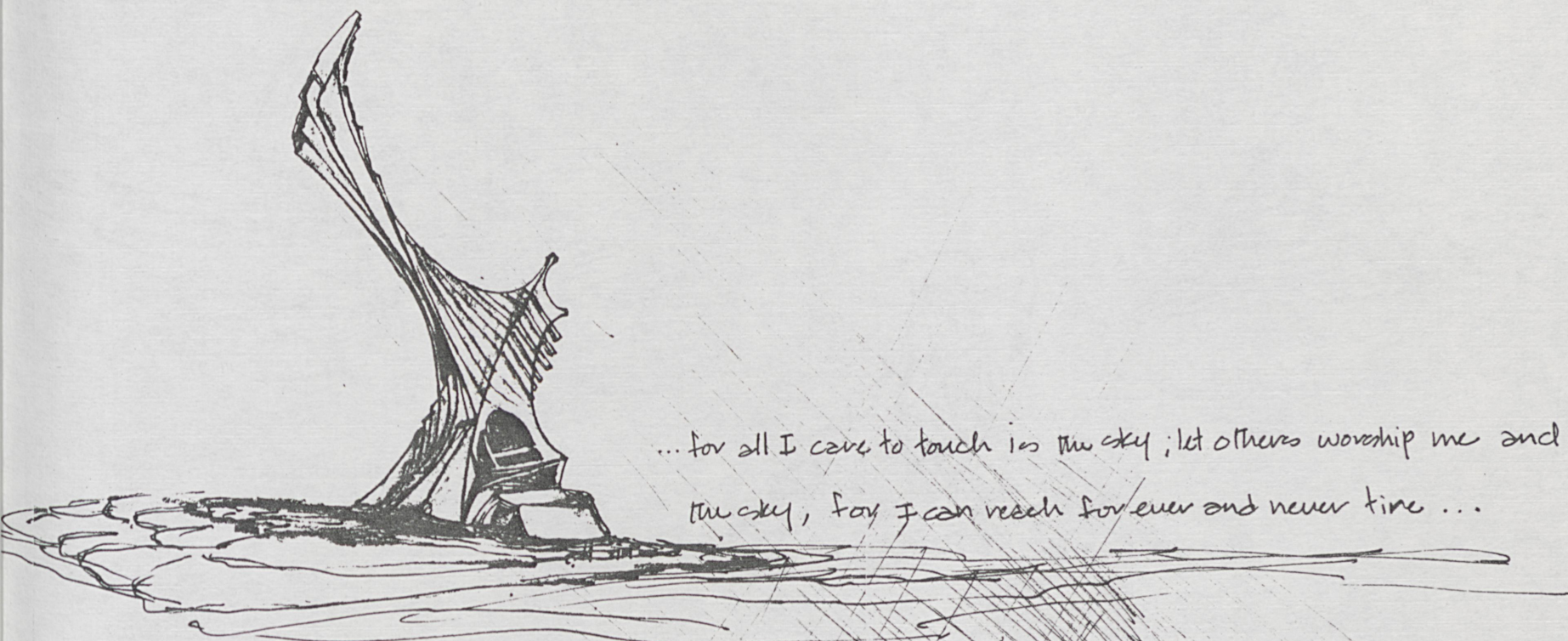


2. Gaston Bachelard, Poetics of Space, Beacon Press, p. xxii

SKETCHES

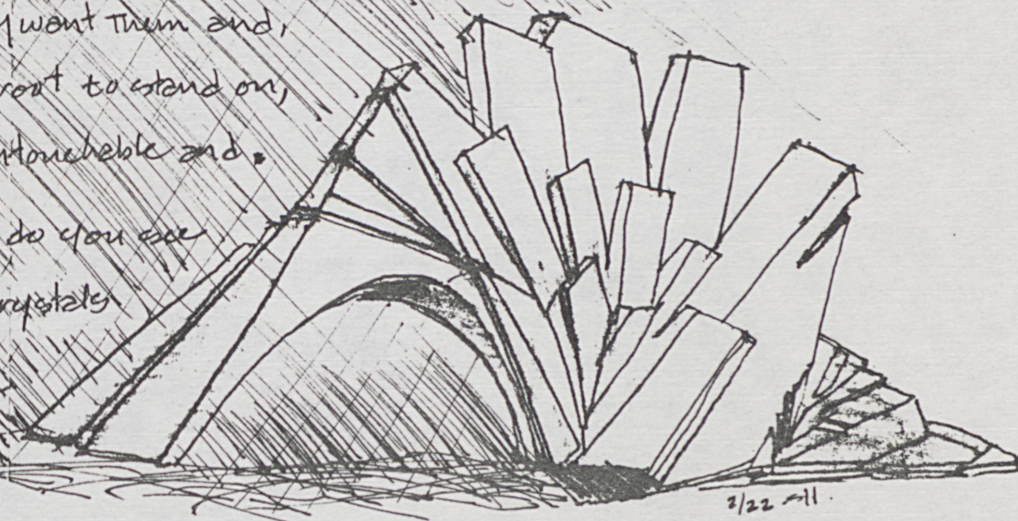


They became one at one point, and yet
They were separate from each other's entirely;
It was the singleness of the parts that made
The entire whole, and yet it was the identity
and unity of the whole that
made significant the individual parts....

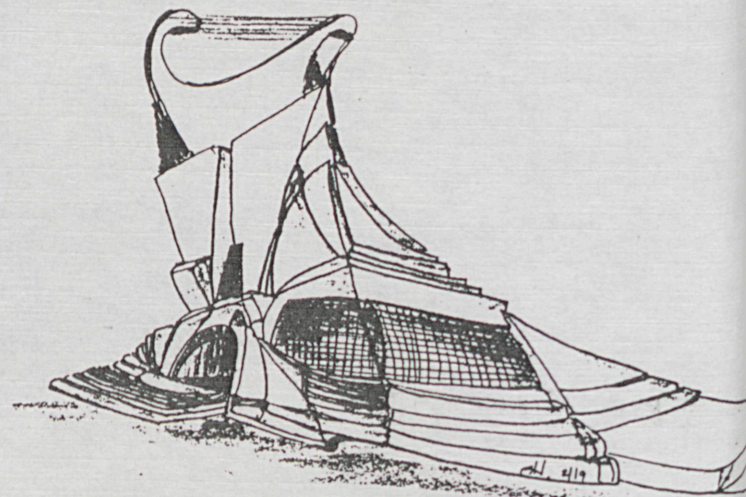
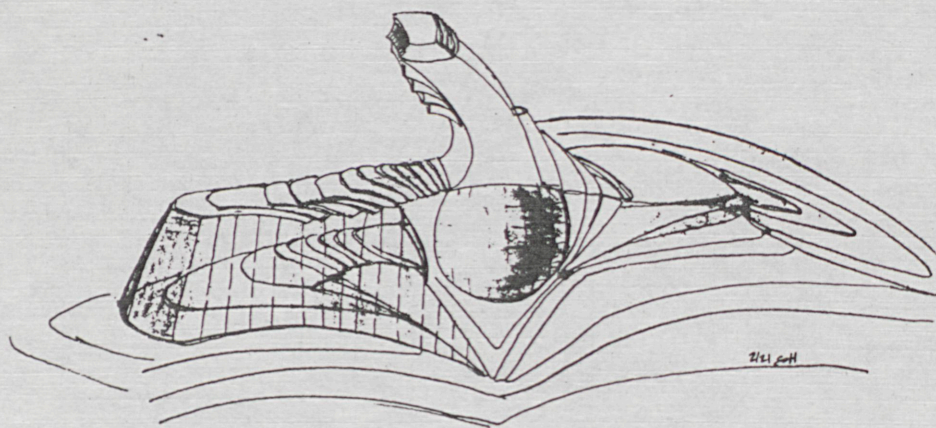
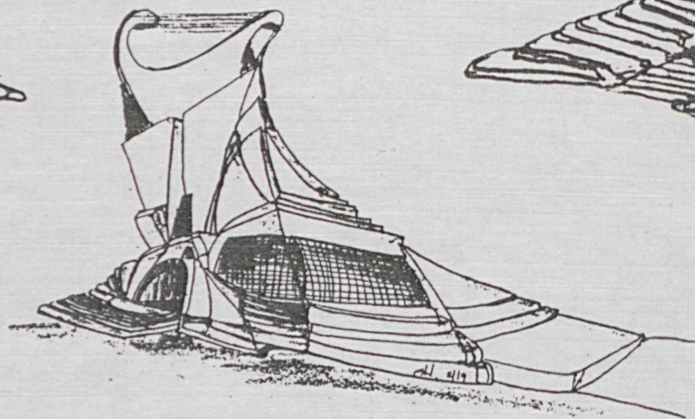
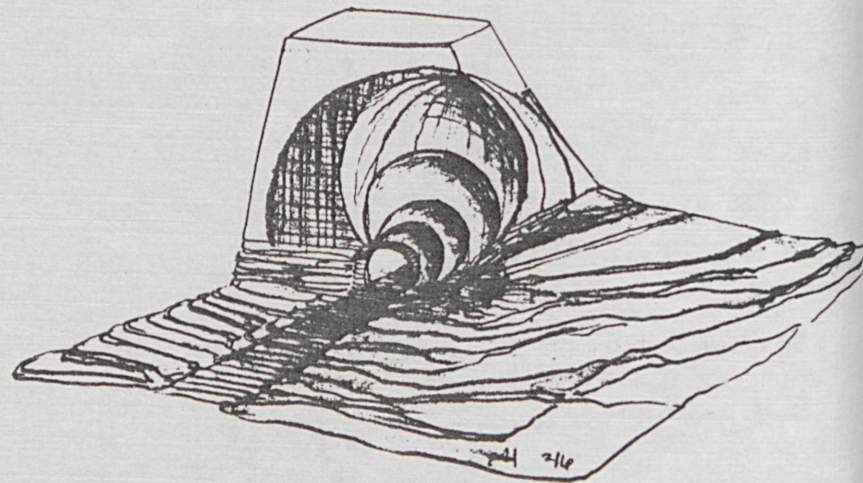
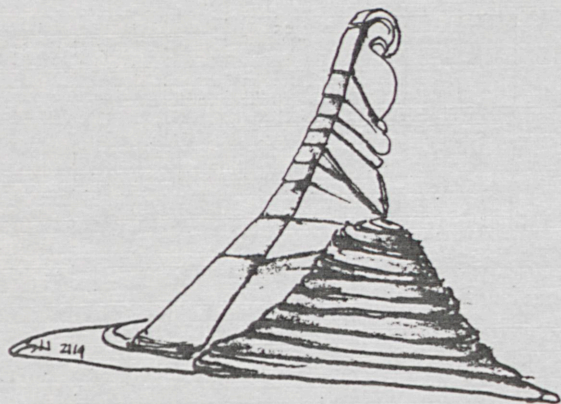


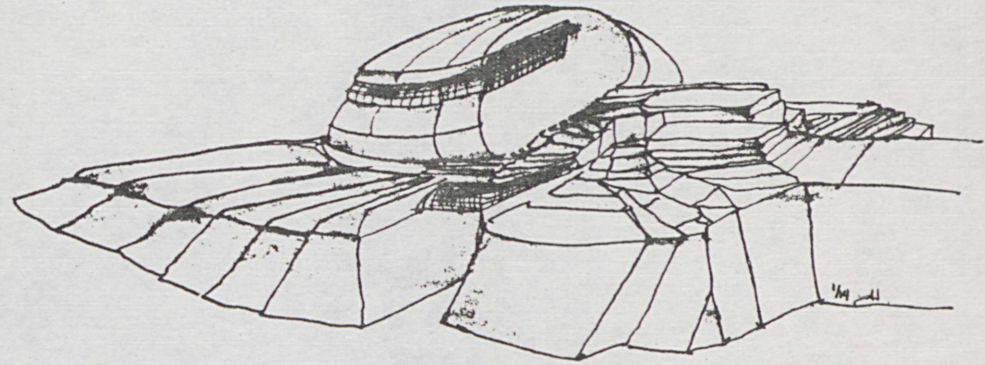
... for all I care to touch is the sky; let others worship me and me
the sky, for I can reach forever and never time ...

do you see the crystals that make the sky want them and,
do you see the earth that gives them a root to stand on,
but do you see the sky the holds the untouchable and,
carries the emotions with the wind, and do you see
the wind that lands the feelings on the crystals
that make the sky want them; but tell me
do you see the emotions landing
in their places of difference ...

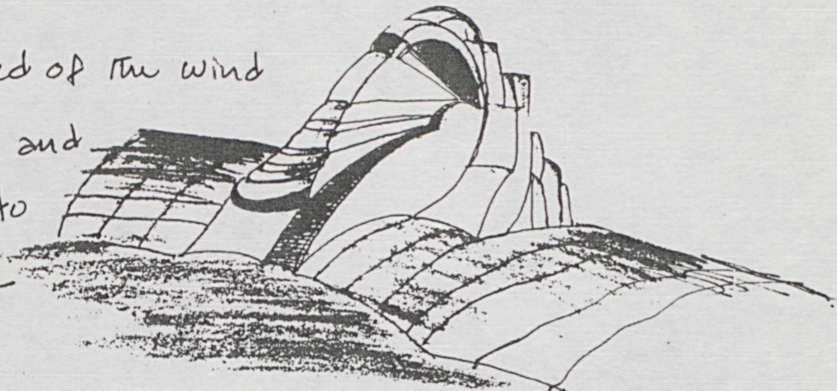


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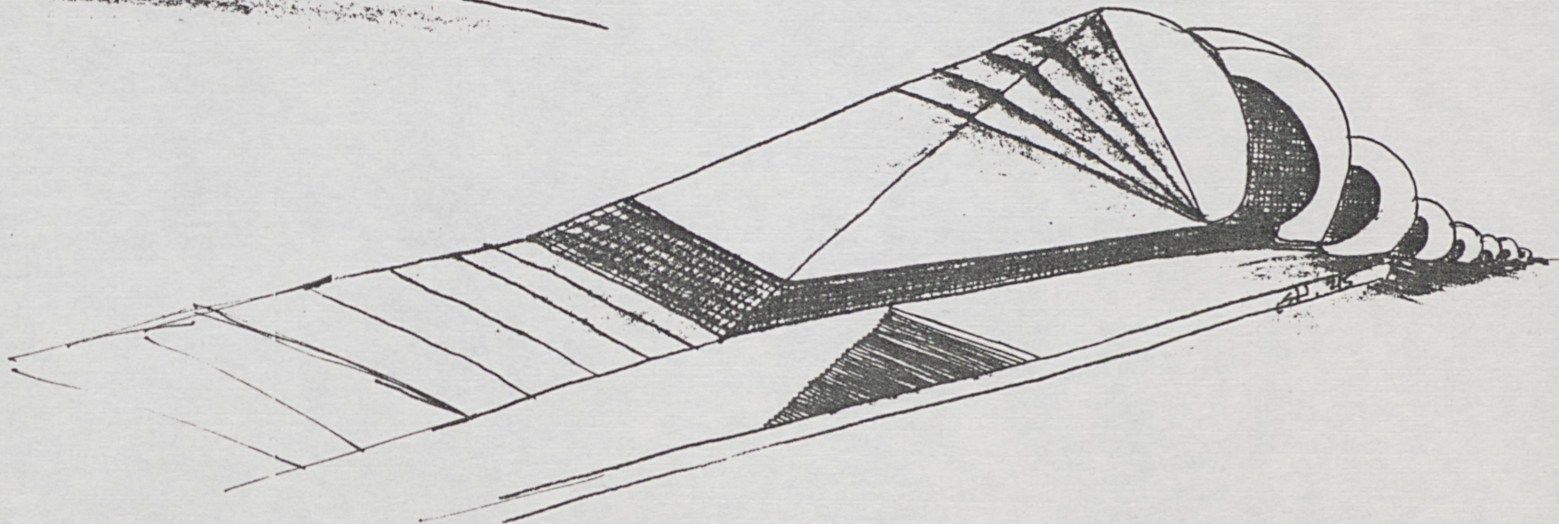
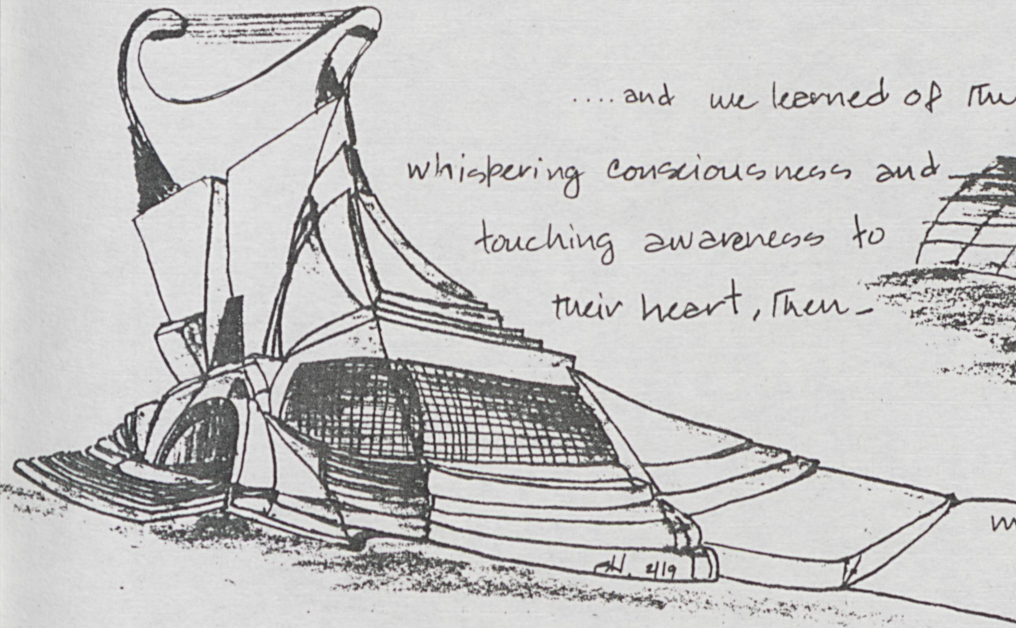


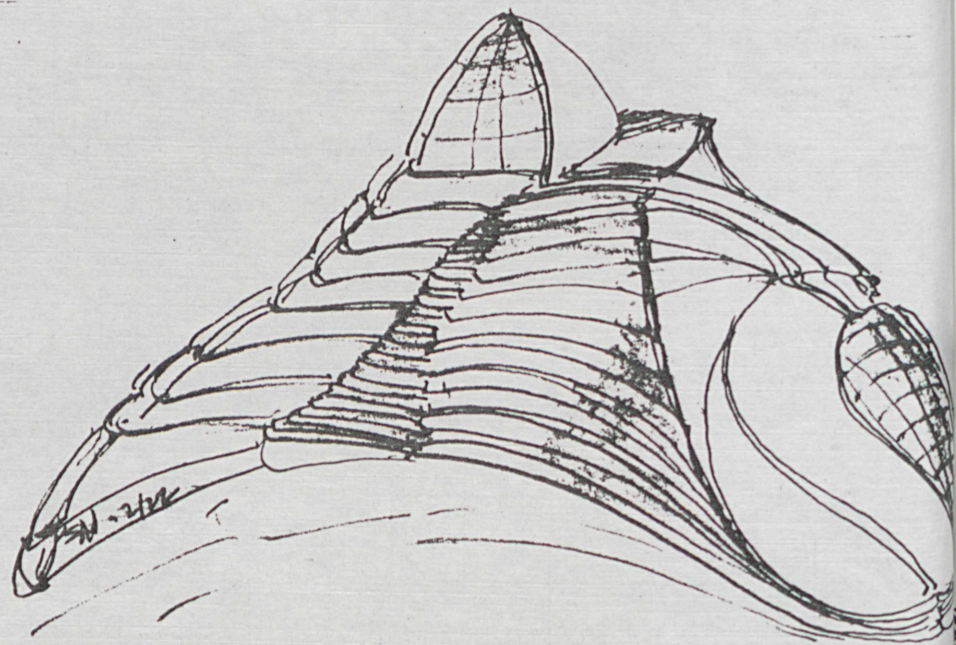
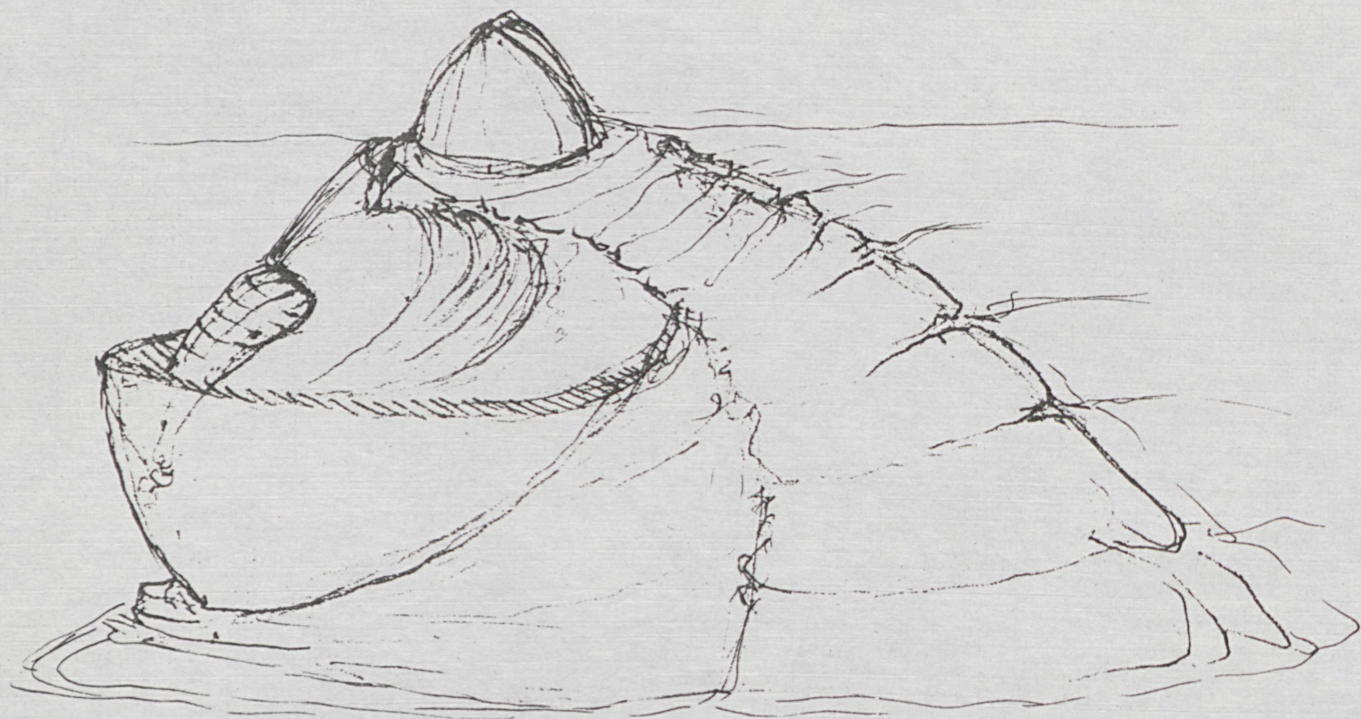


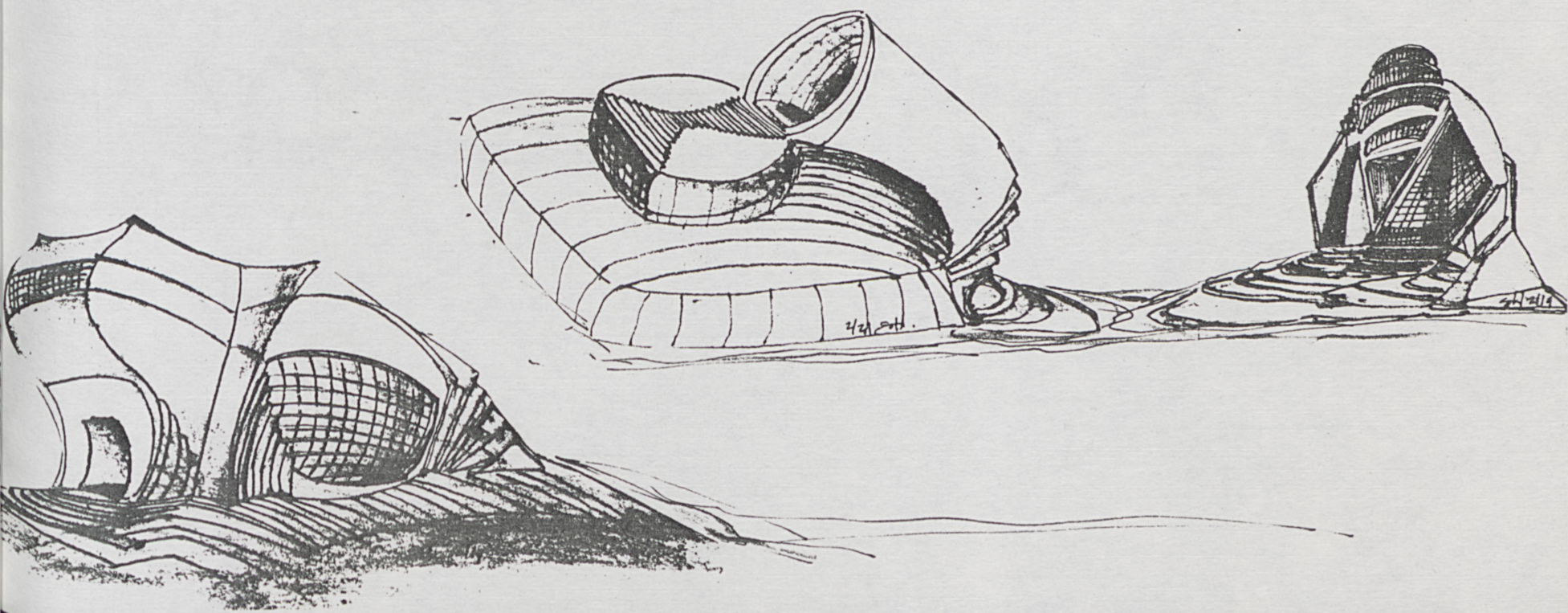
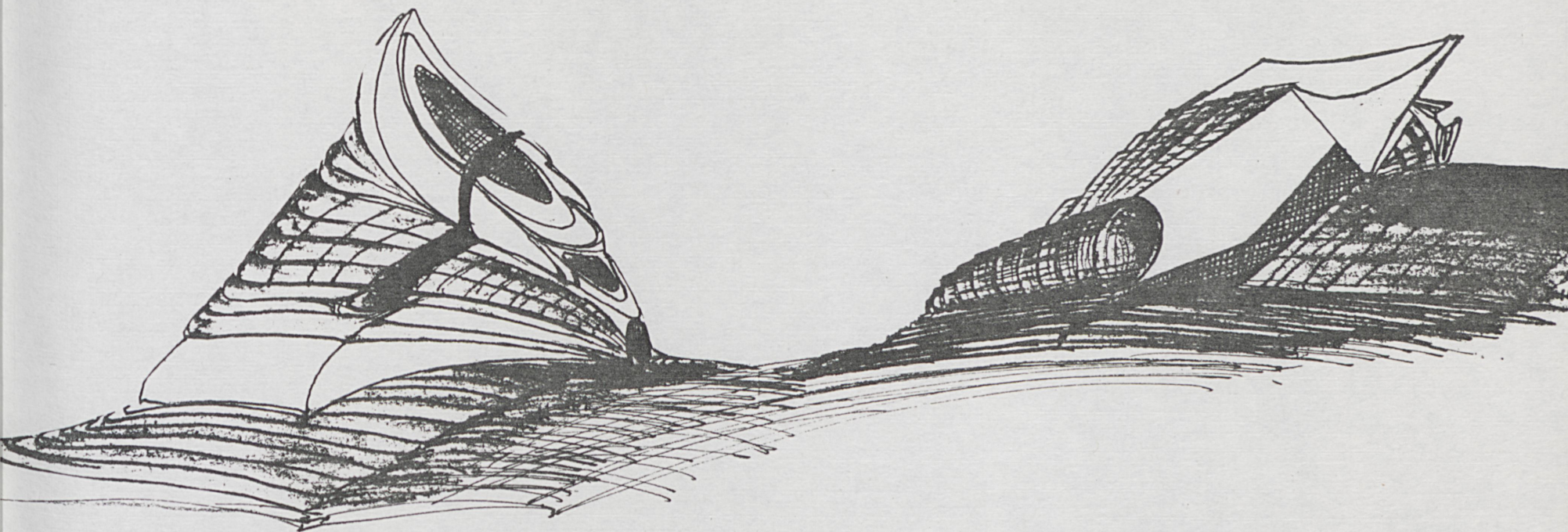
....and we learned of the wind
whispering consciousness and
touching awareness to
their heart, then -

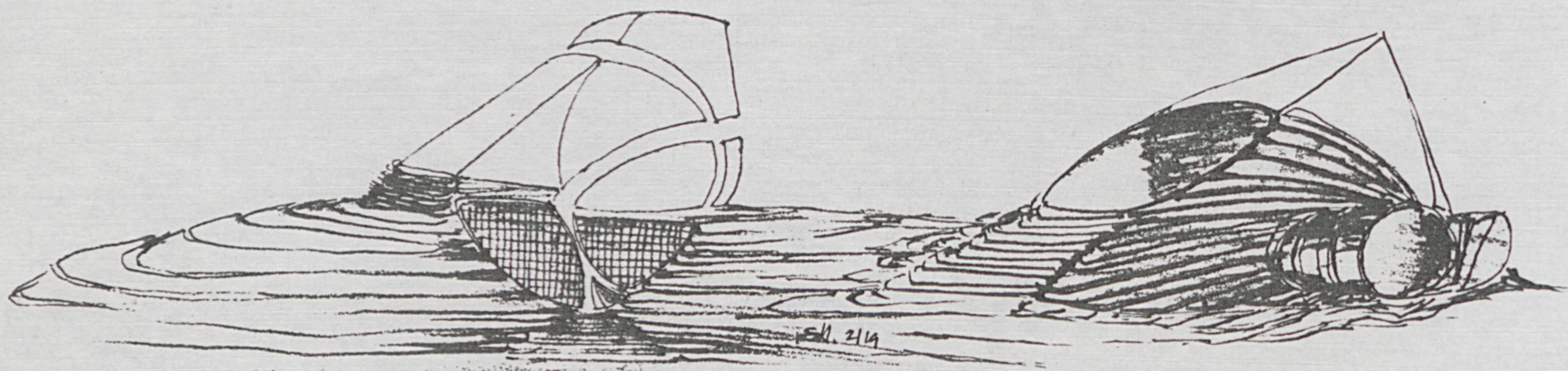


...They started to respond, and we became
mere melodies of a whispering song...

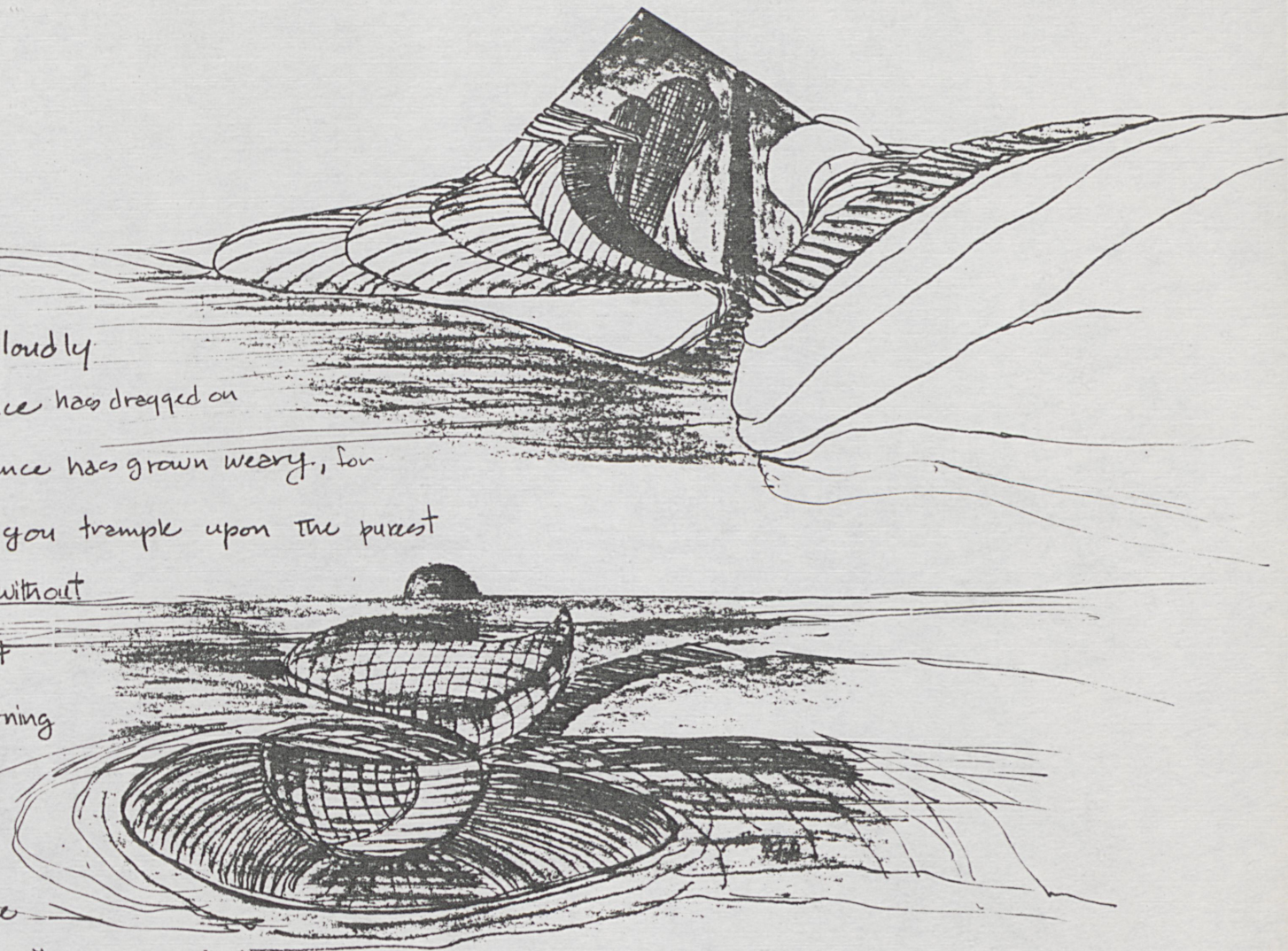




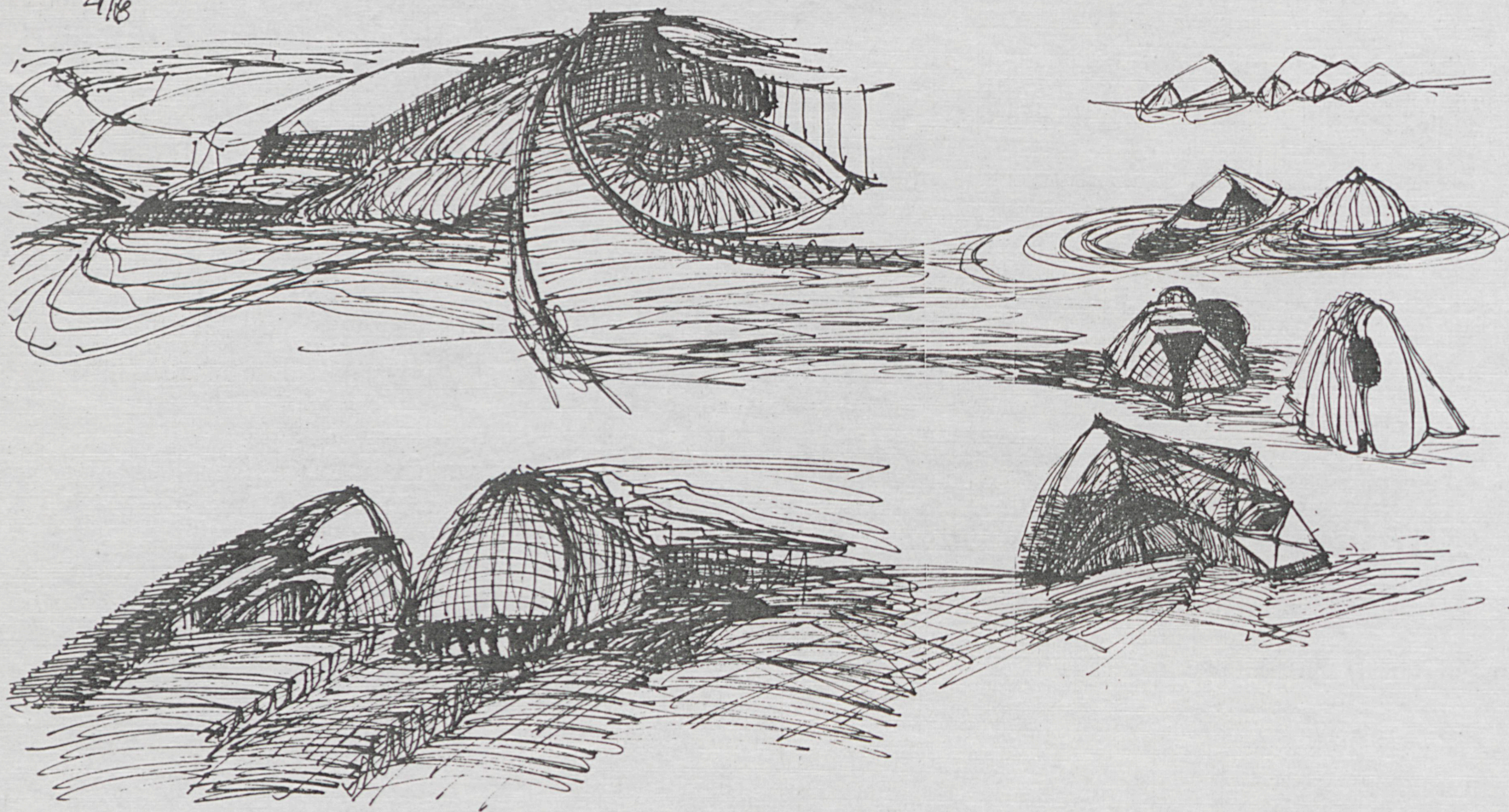


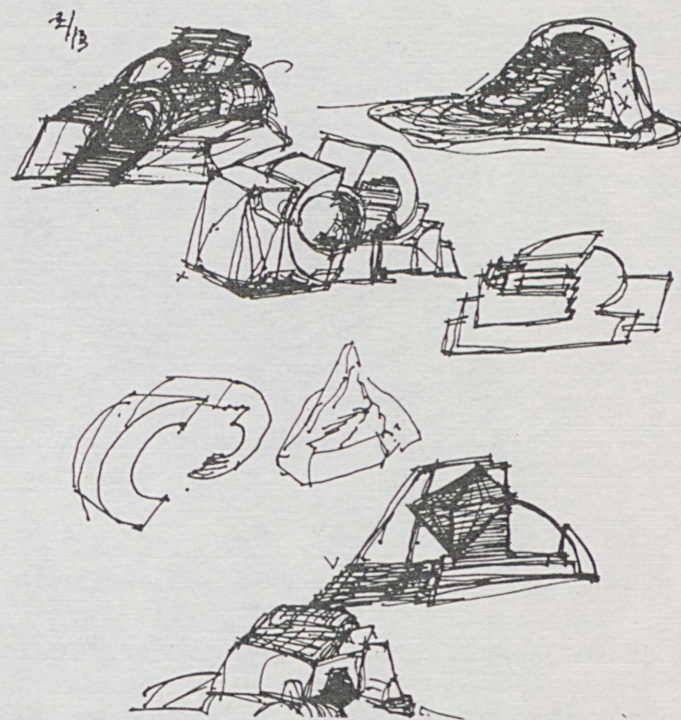
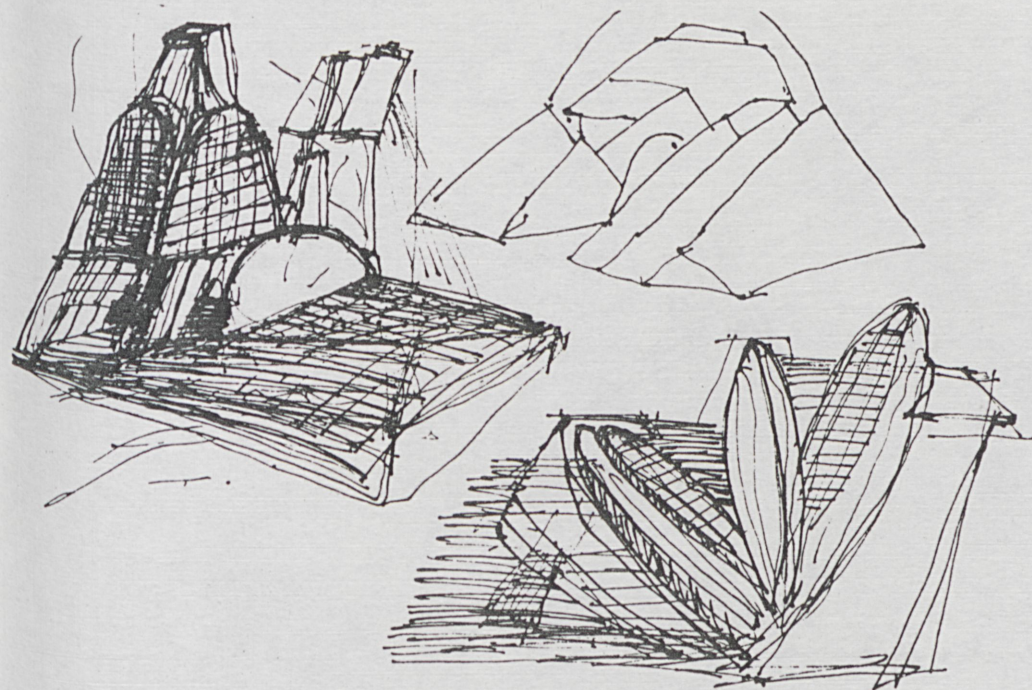


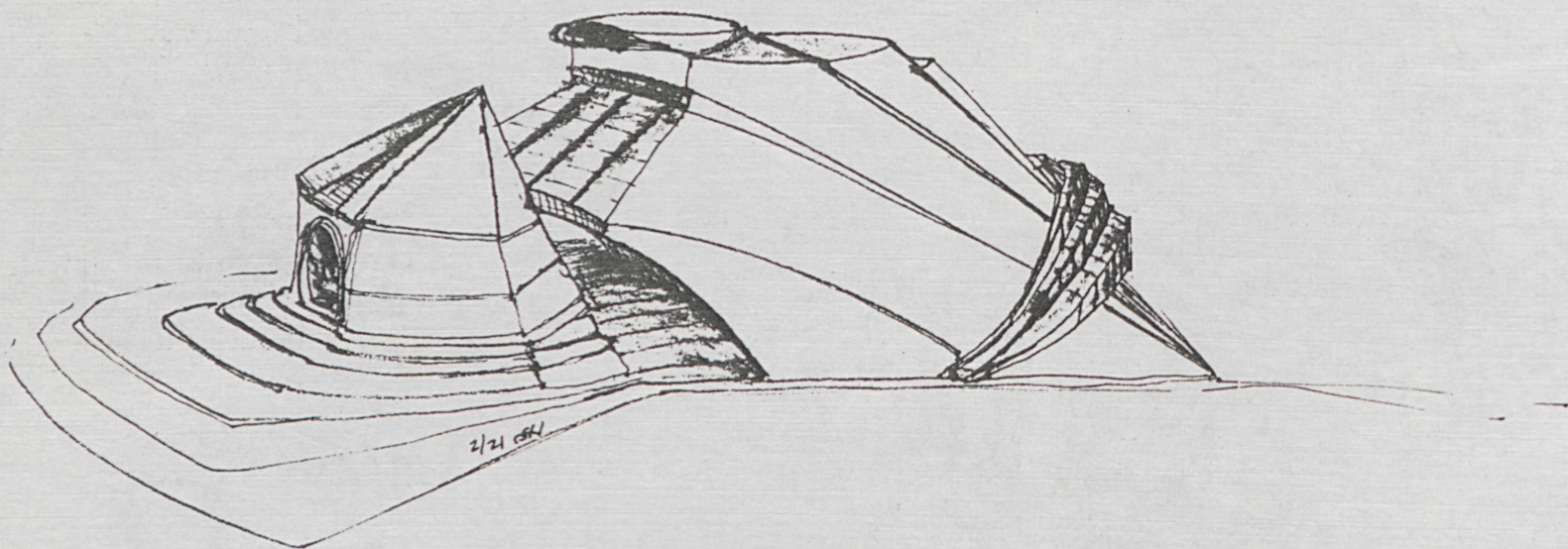
...and the light whispered loudly
to the wind: "your arrogance has dragged on
for too long and my patience has grown weary, for
if for another time I see you trample upon the purest
of desires, and carry off without
an answer, I would melt
your defiance with the burning
sorrow of my reefs, only then
you become a shaming
breeze to touch lightly the
leaves of spring time desire....



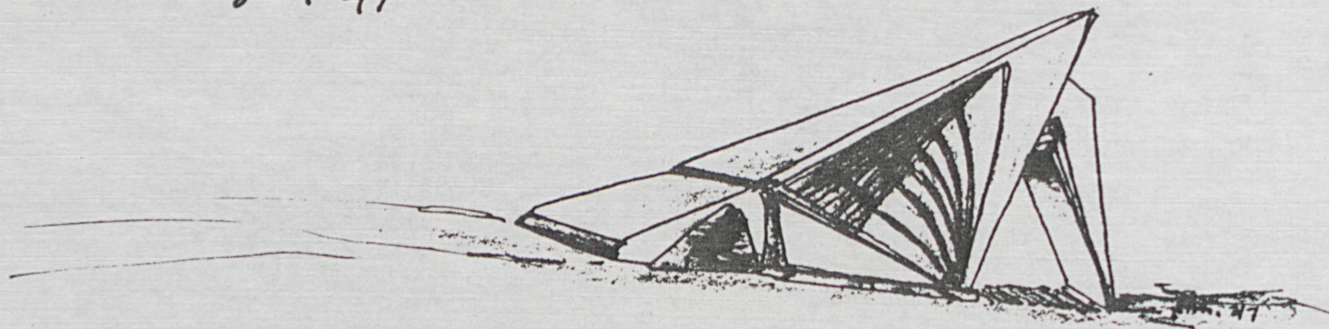
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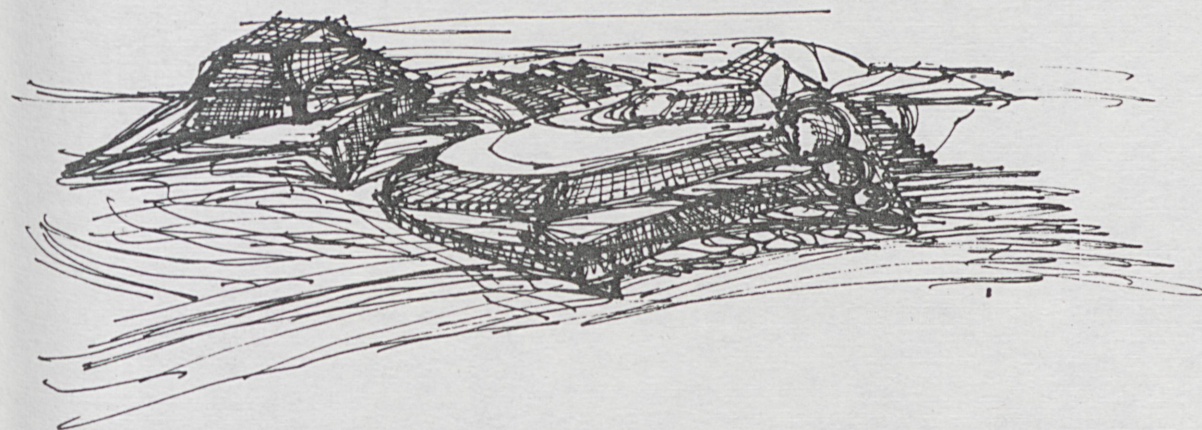




you know, it seems sometimes simple humbleness
can stop a roaring rage, so quickly, and create a
dynamic balance which can only be seen as
tension - result of a greater challenge of opposites ...

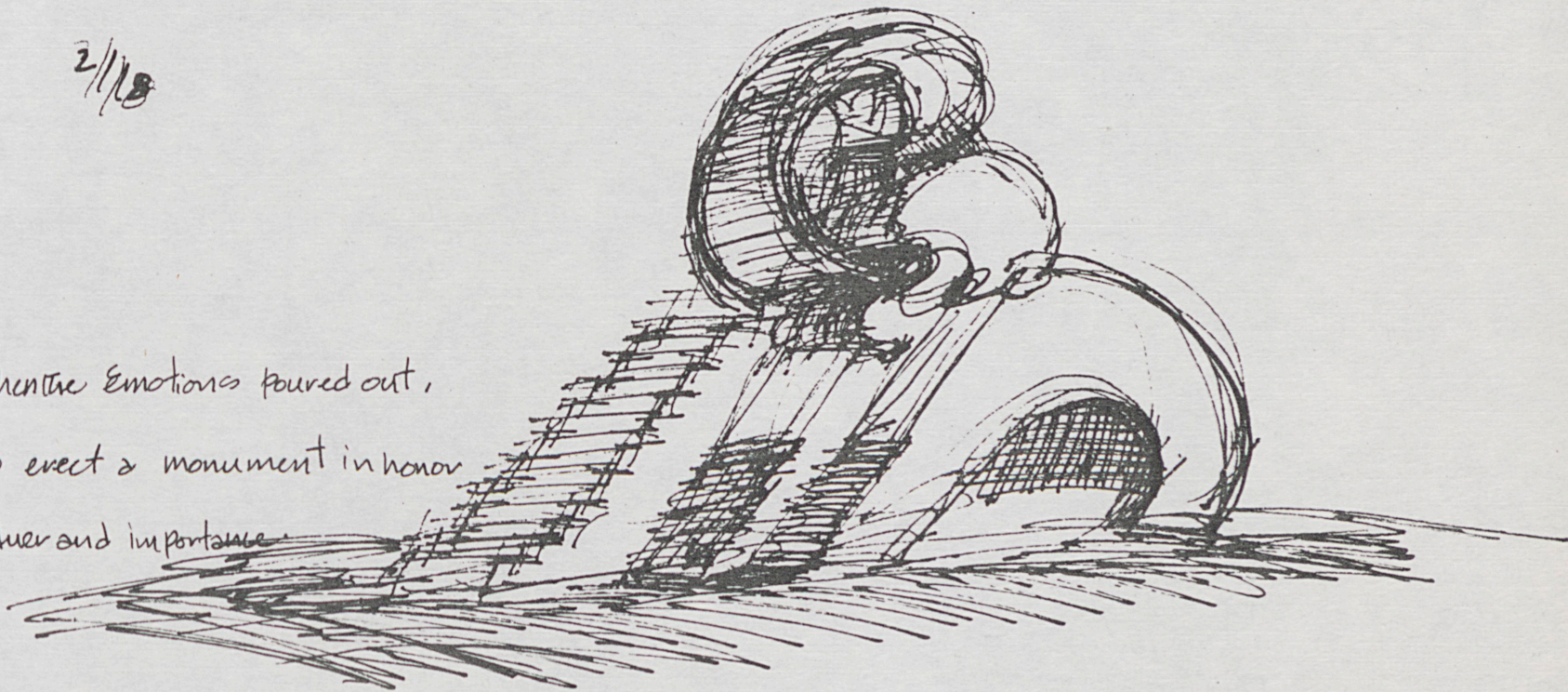


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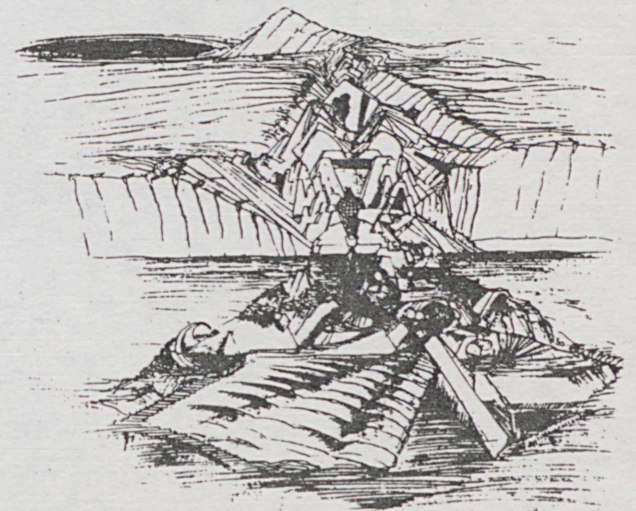
...and finally when the Emotions poured out,
They decided to erect a monument in honor
of their grandeur and importance.

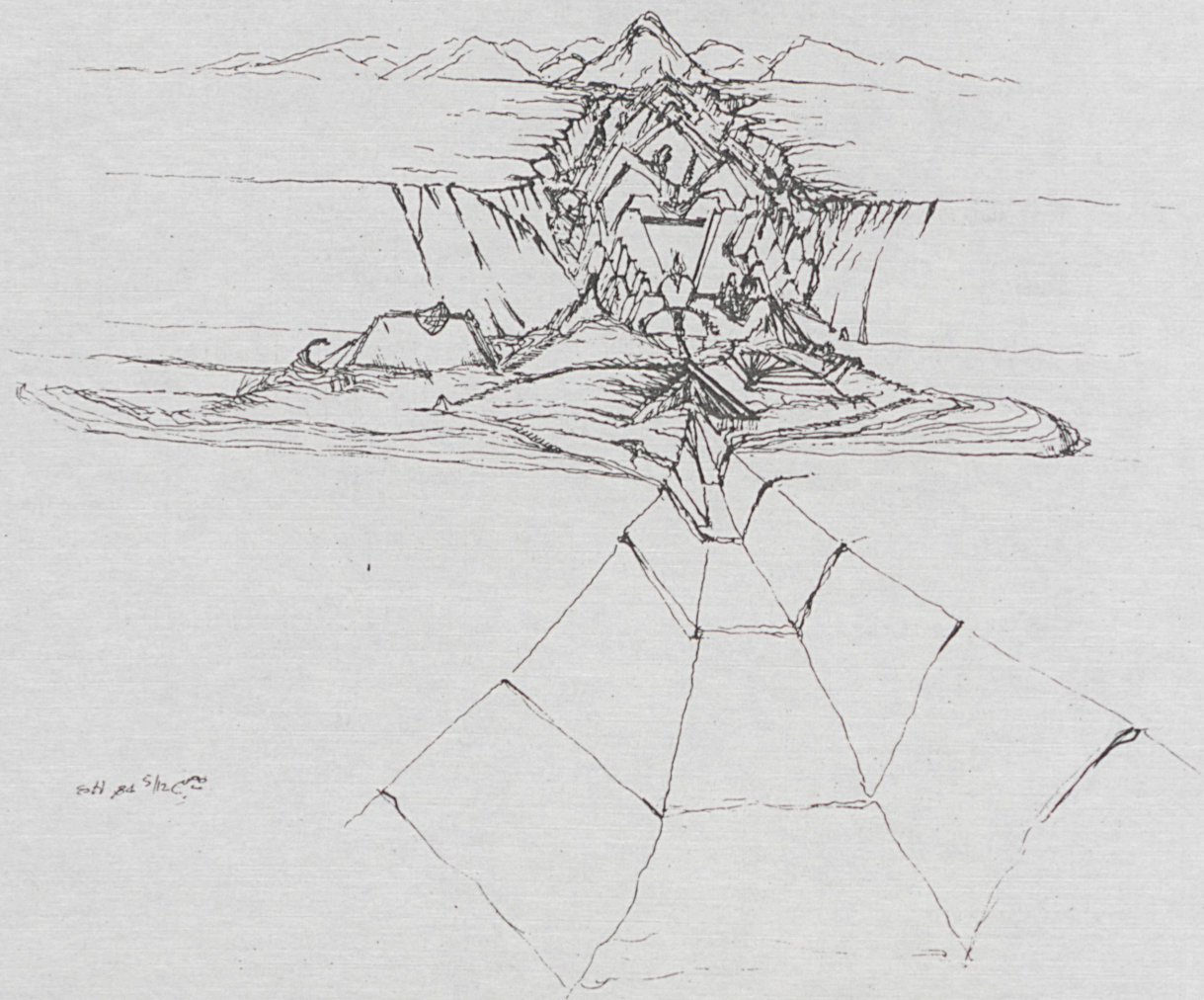


THE JOURNEY

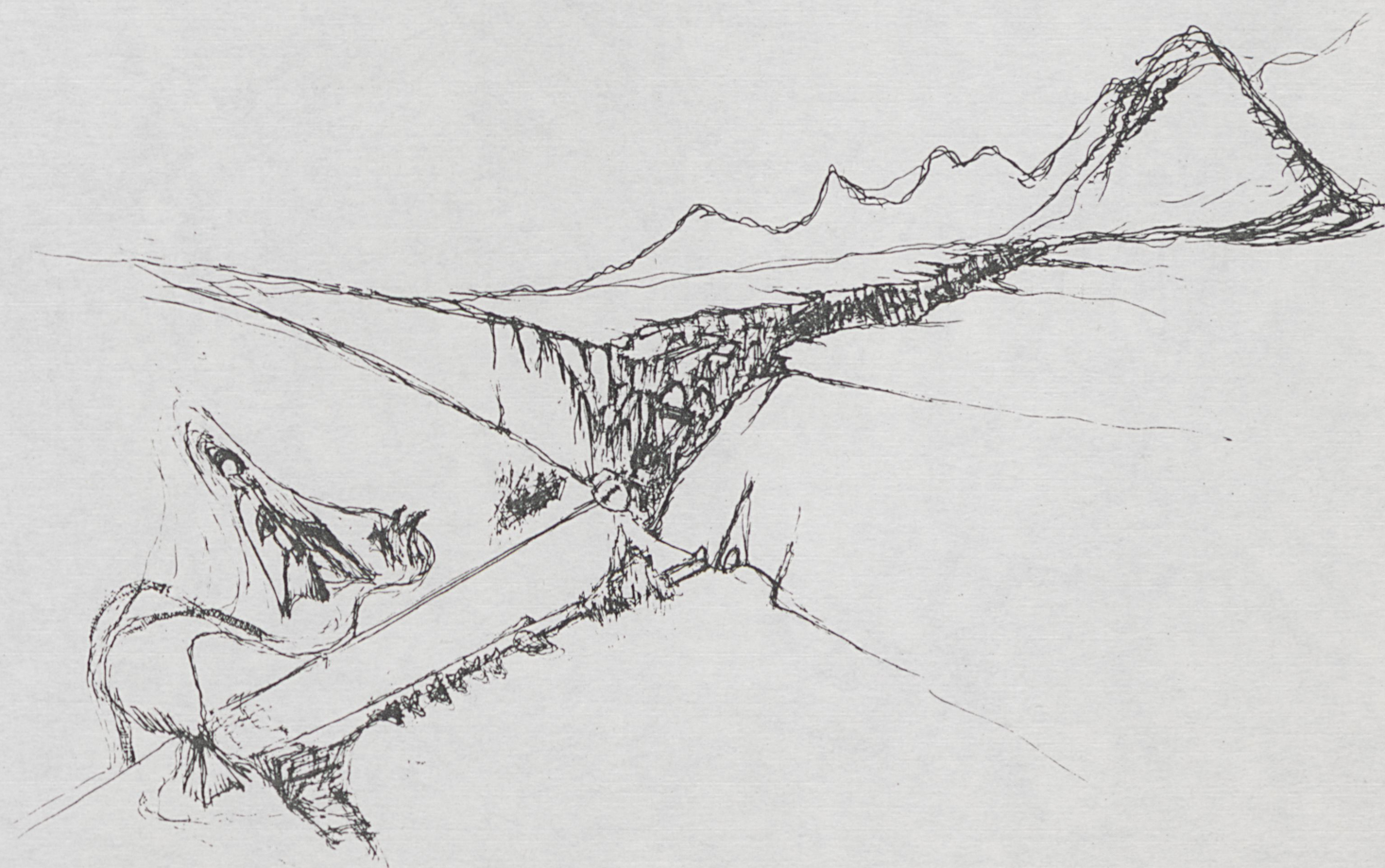
Here where form and space know no separation,
and are but one interchangeable and inseparable entity,
this landscape of ideas stays in its pure emotional
and ideal stage; however, to share my ideals
of this "landscape of emotions", I have tried to
capture, arrest, and present pictorially glimpses
of this poetry of space and form, by confining and
intensifying feelings and emotions.

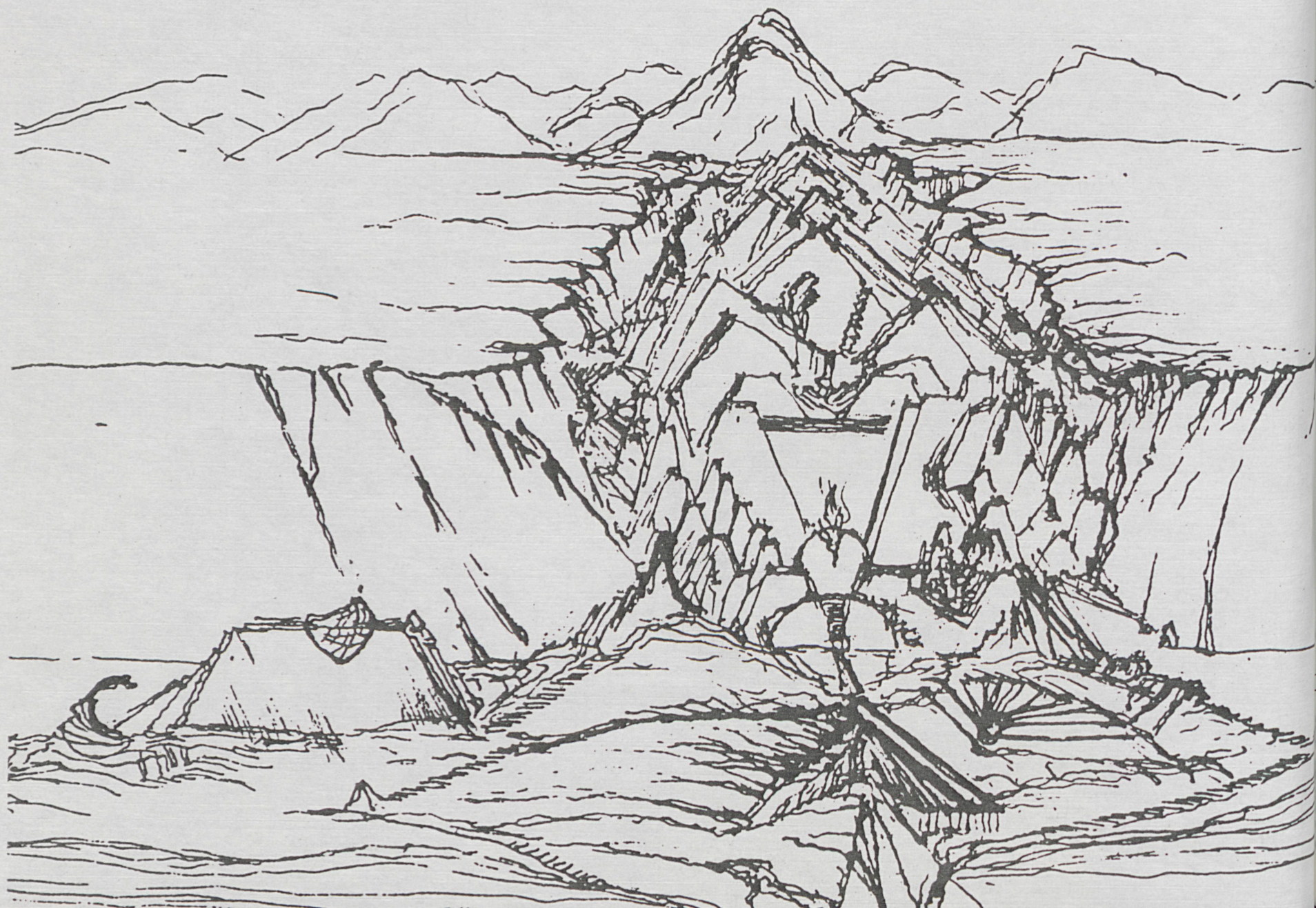
Hopefully, through that interaction of form and
space those feelings and emotions percolate to
the surface of vulnerability to eventually be
exposed, illuminated, shared, and exploited by
others.

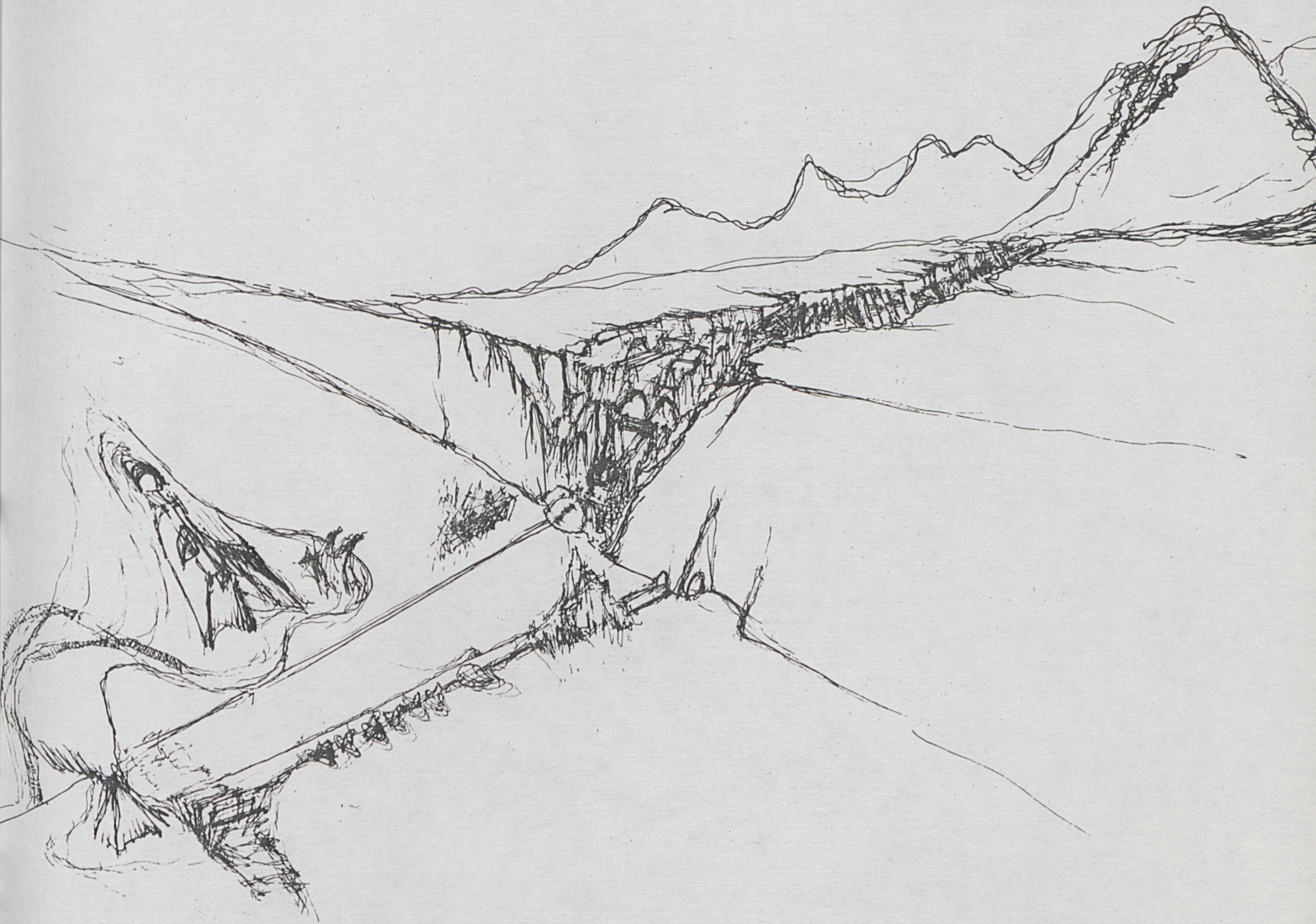


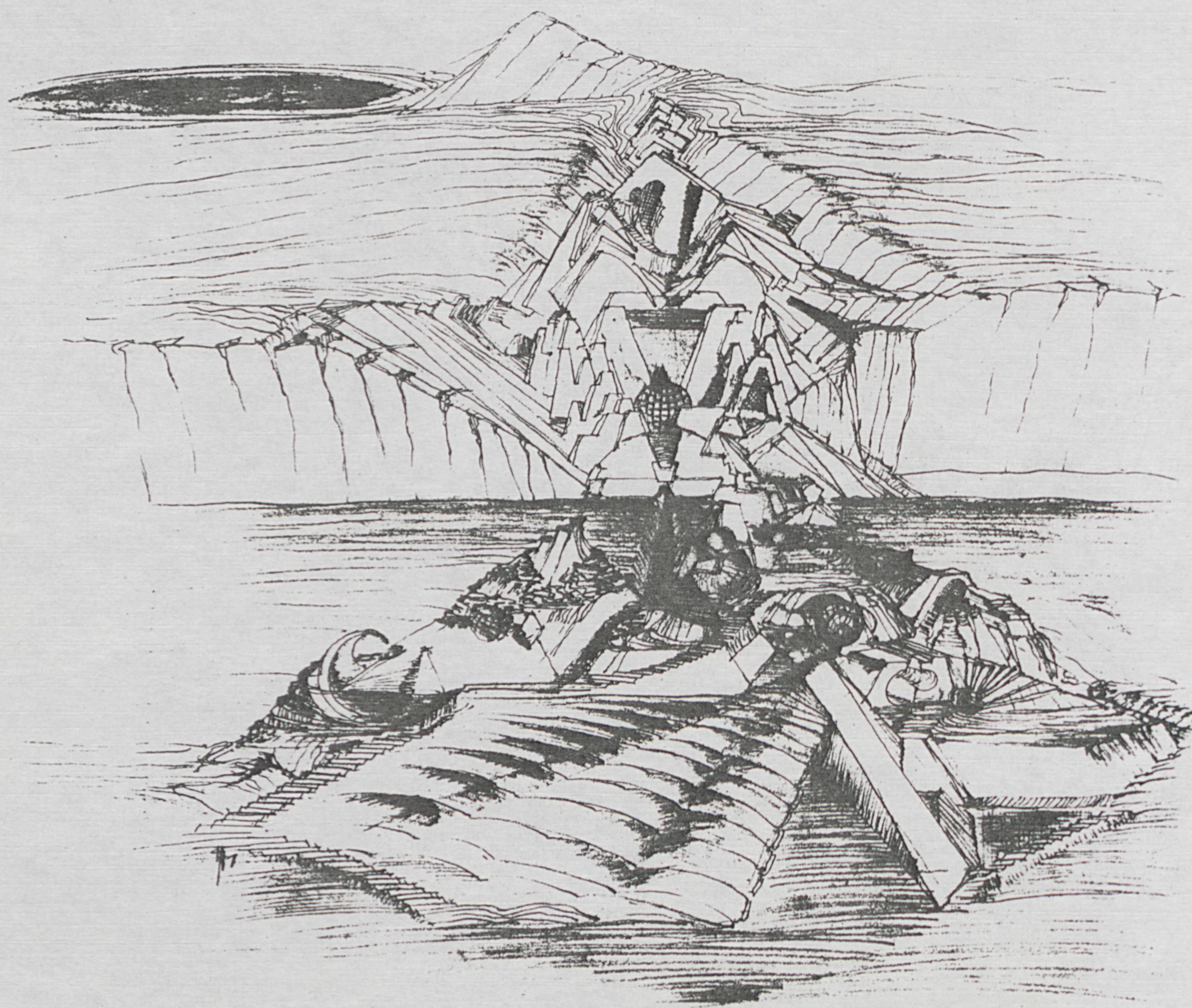


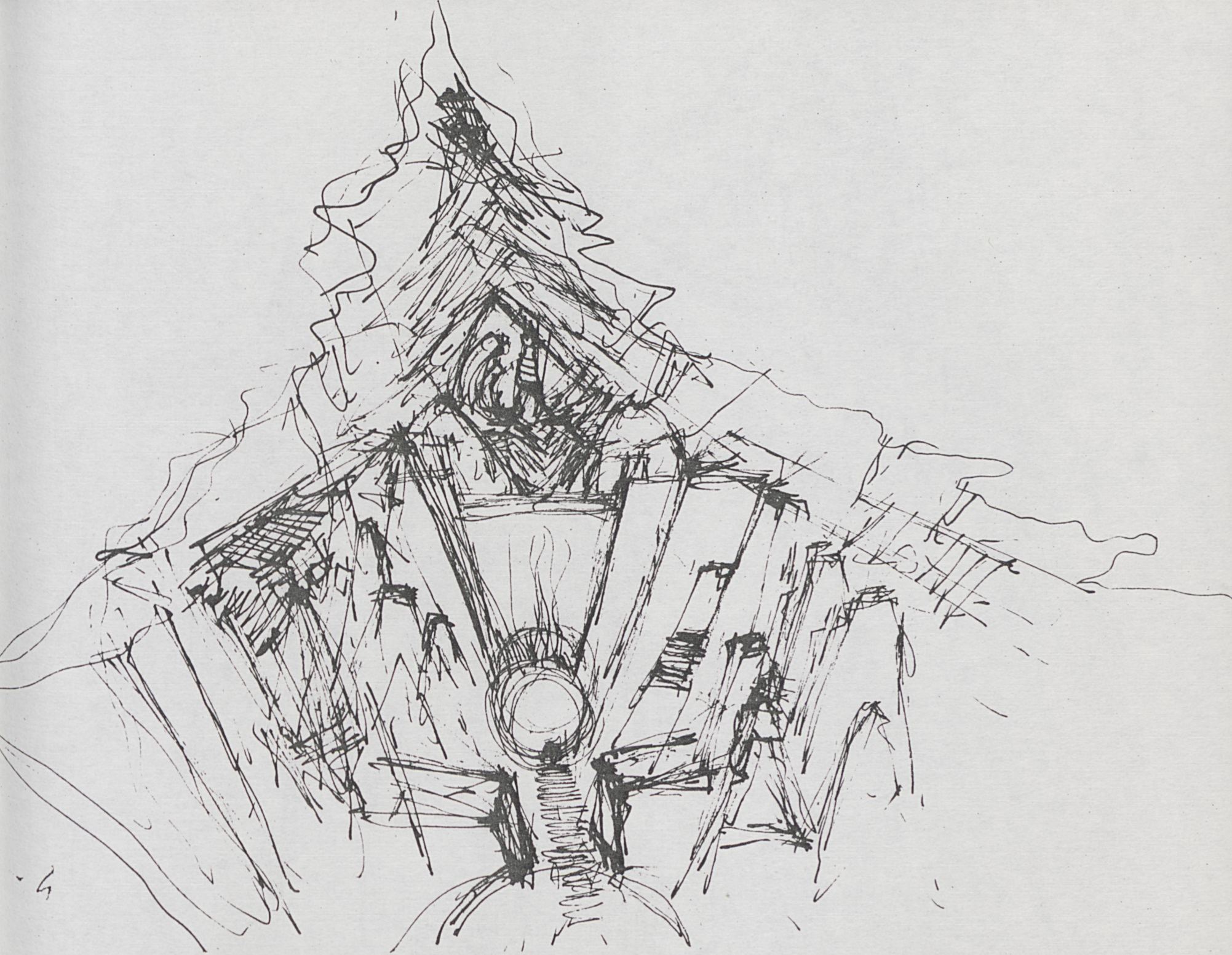
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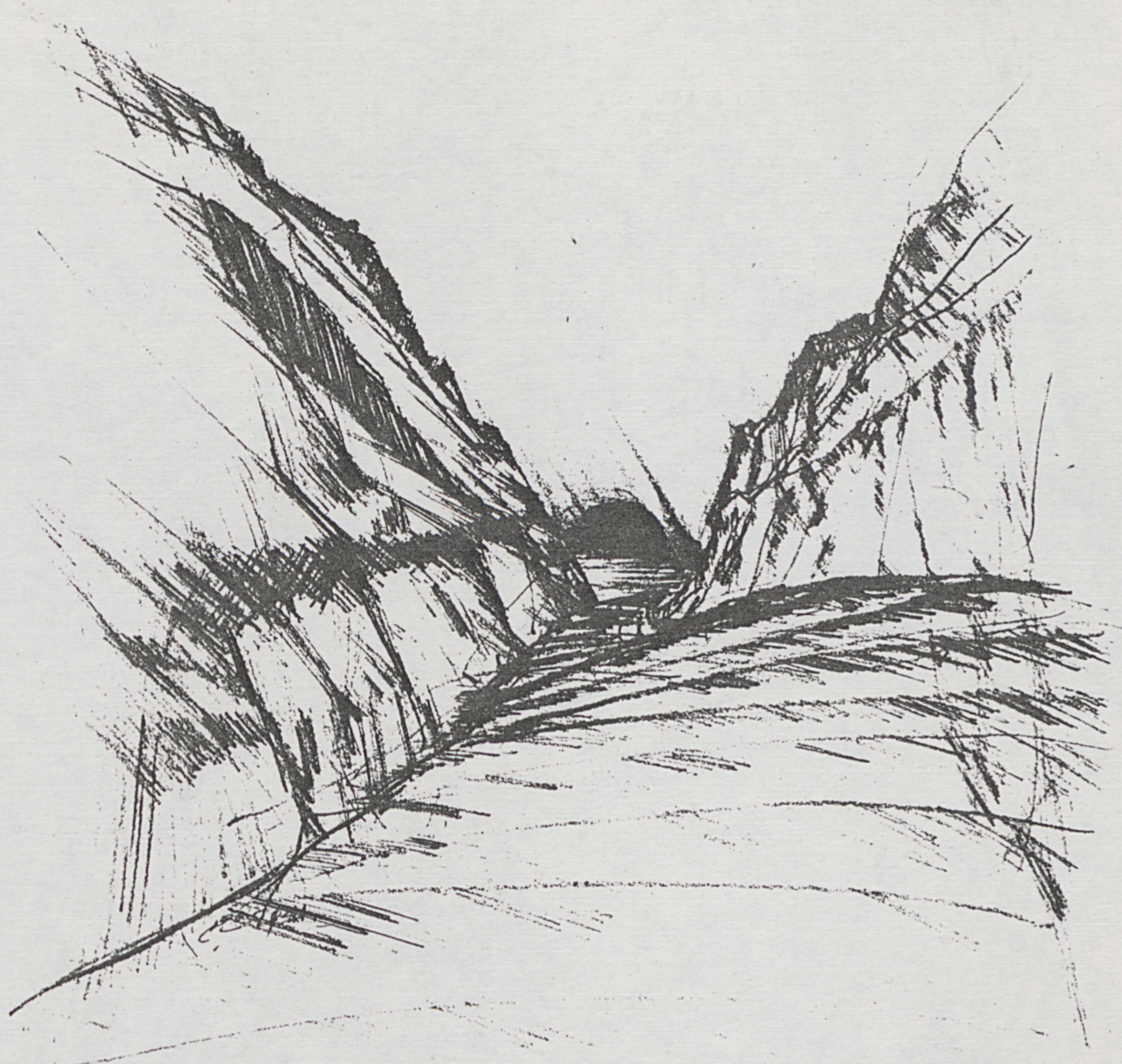


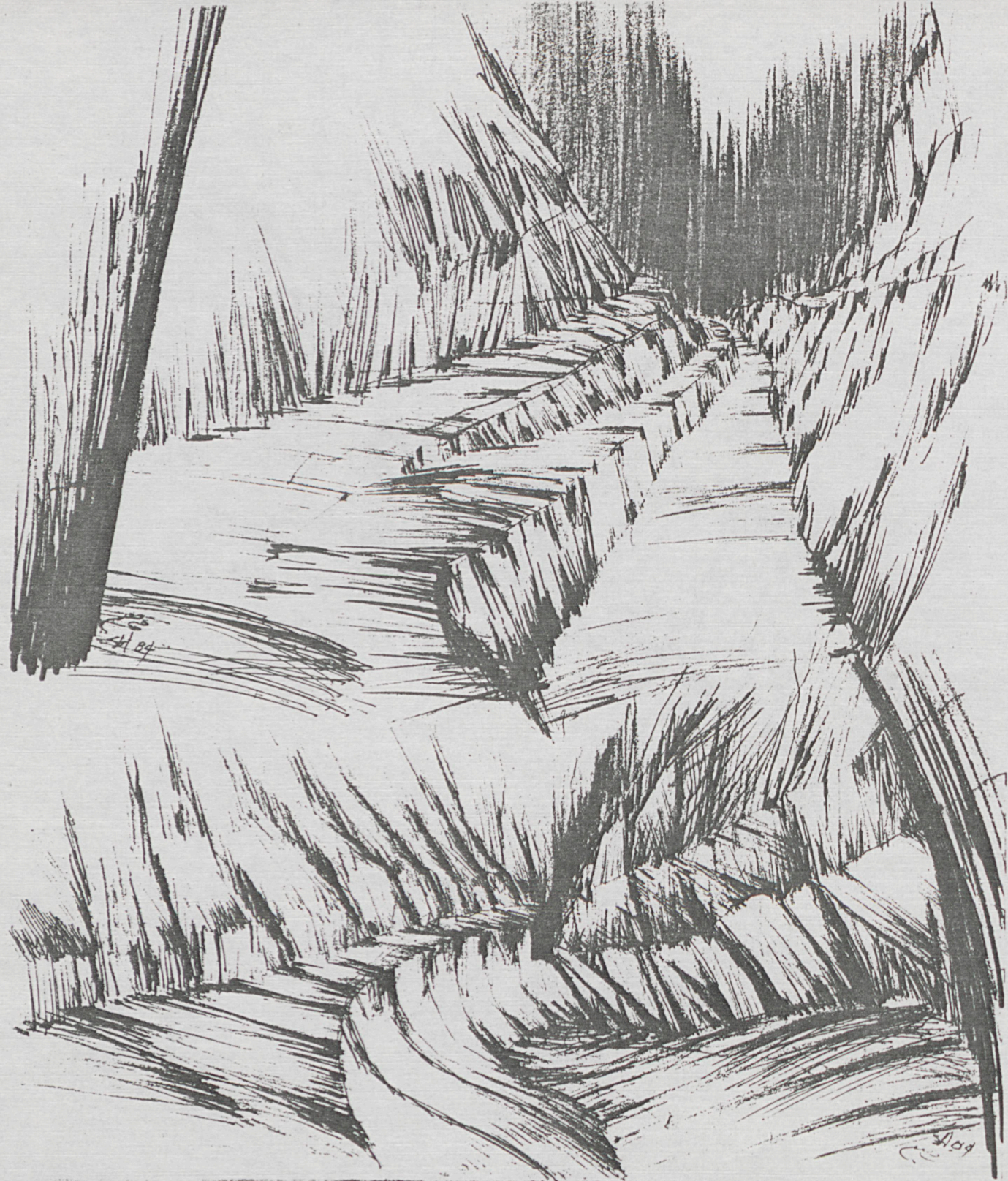


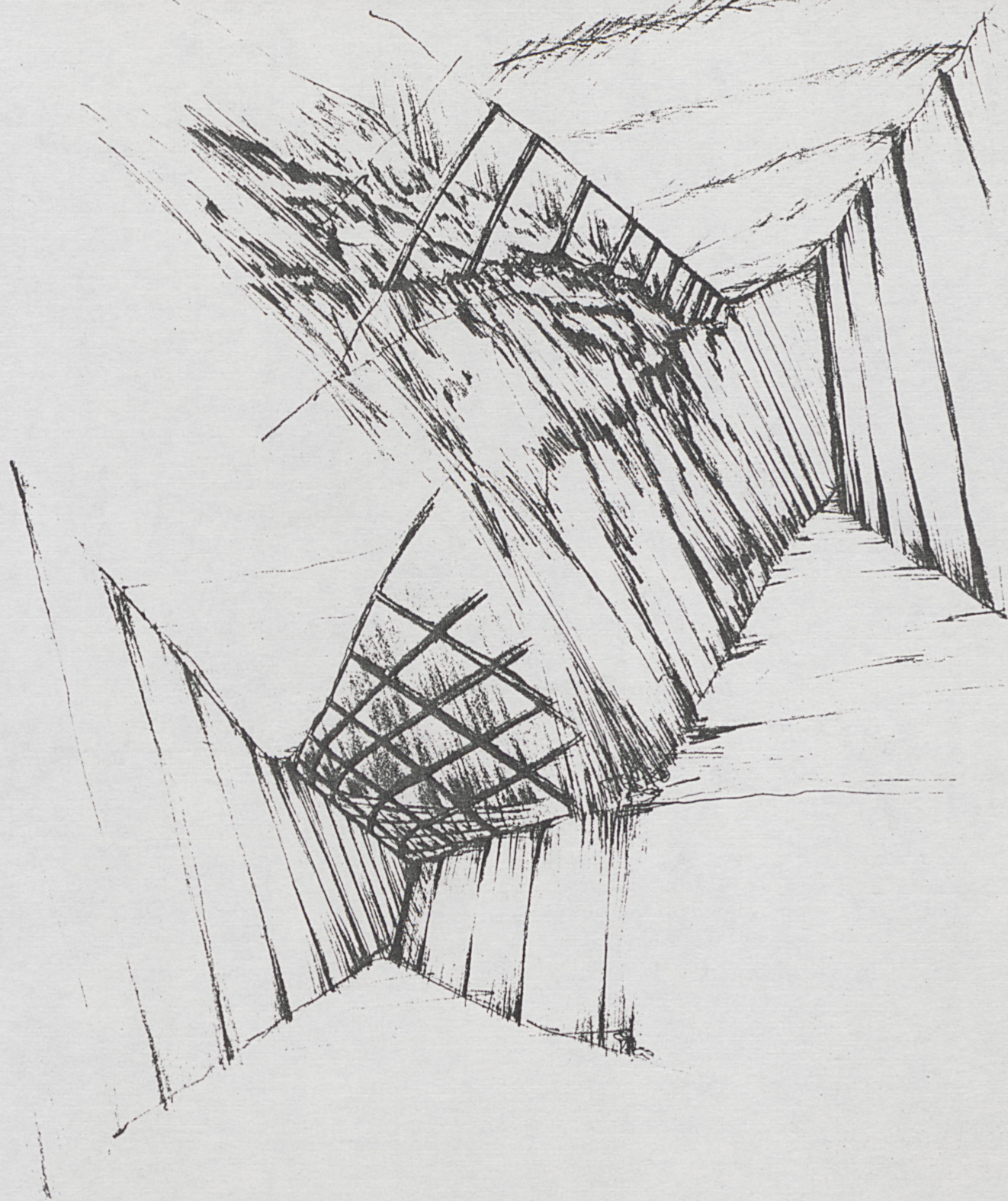


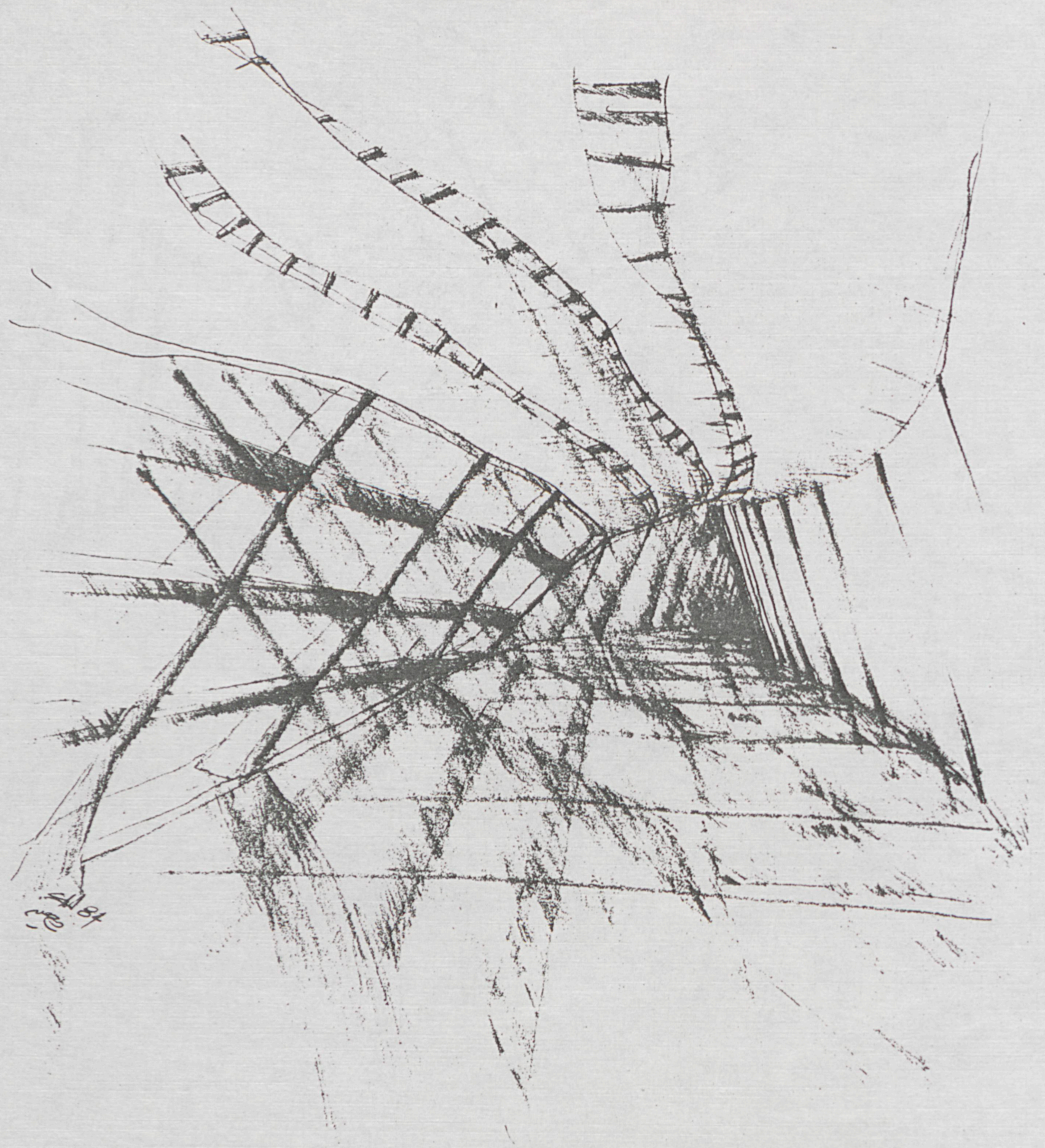
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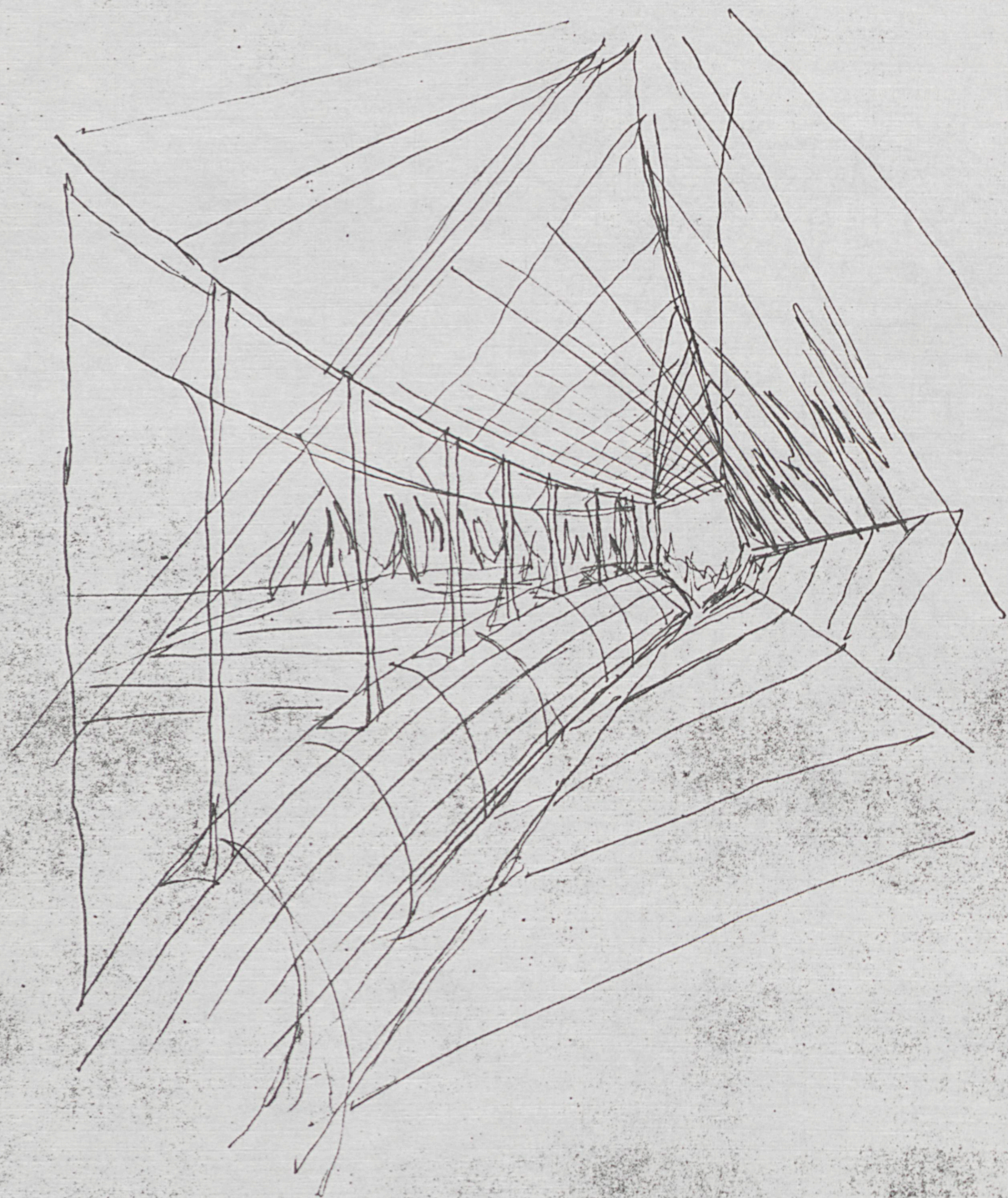


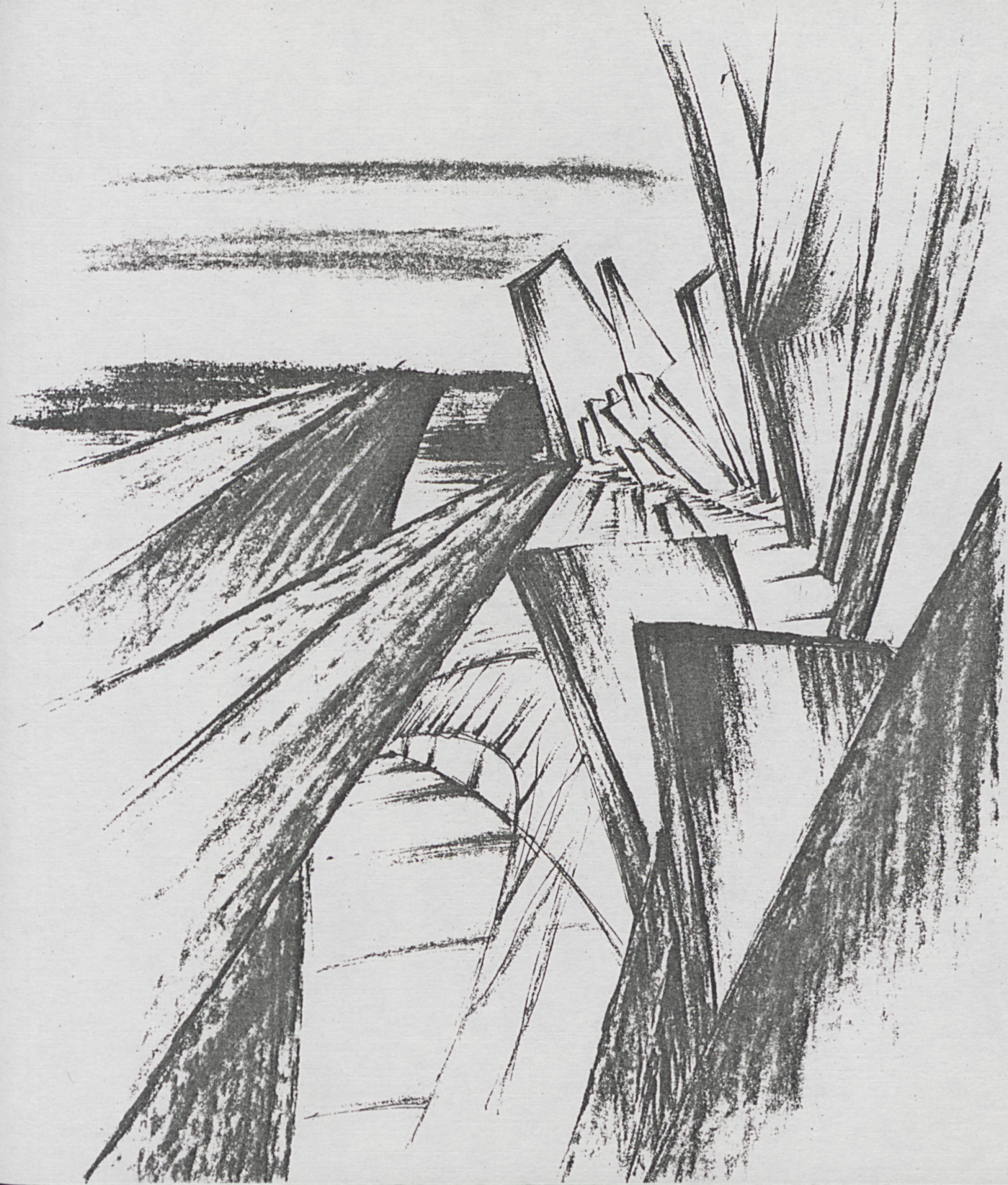


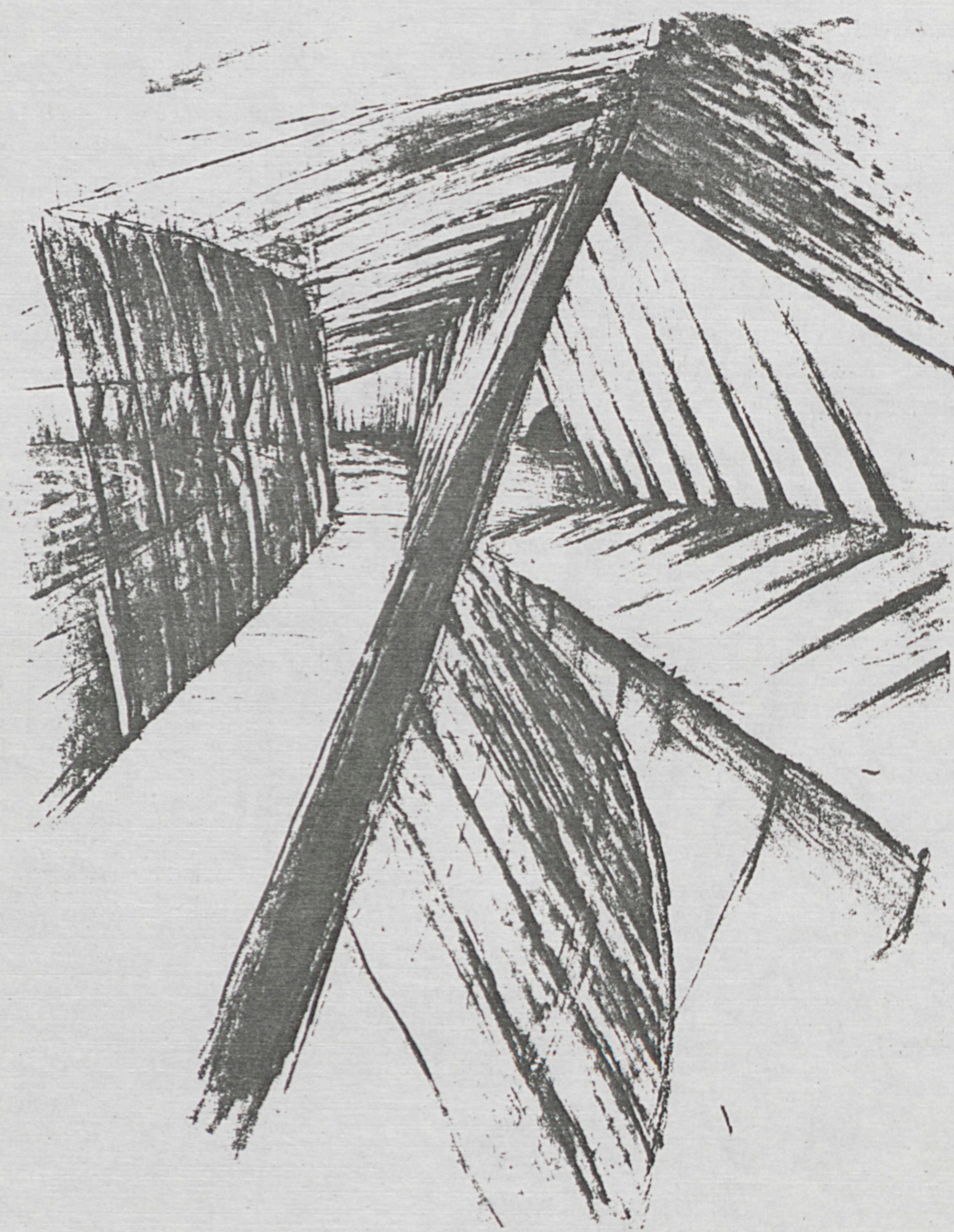








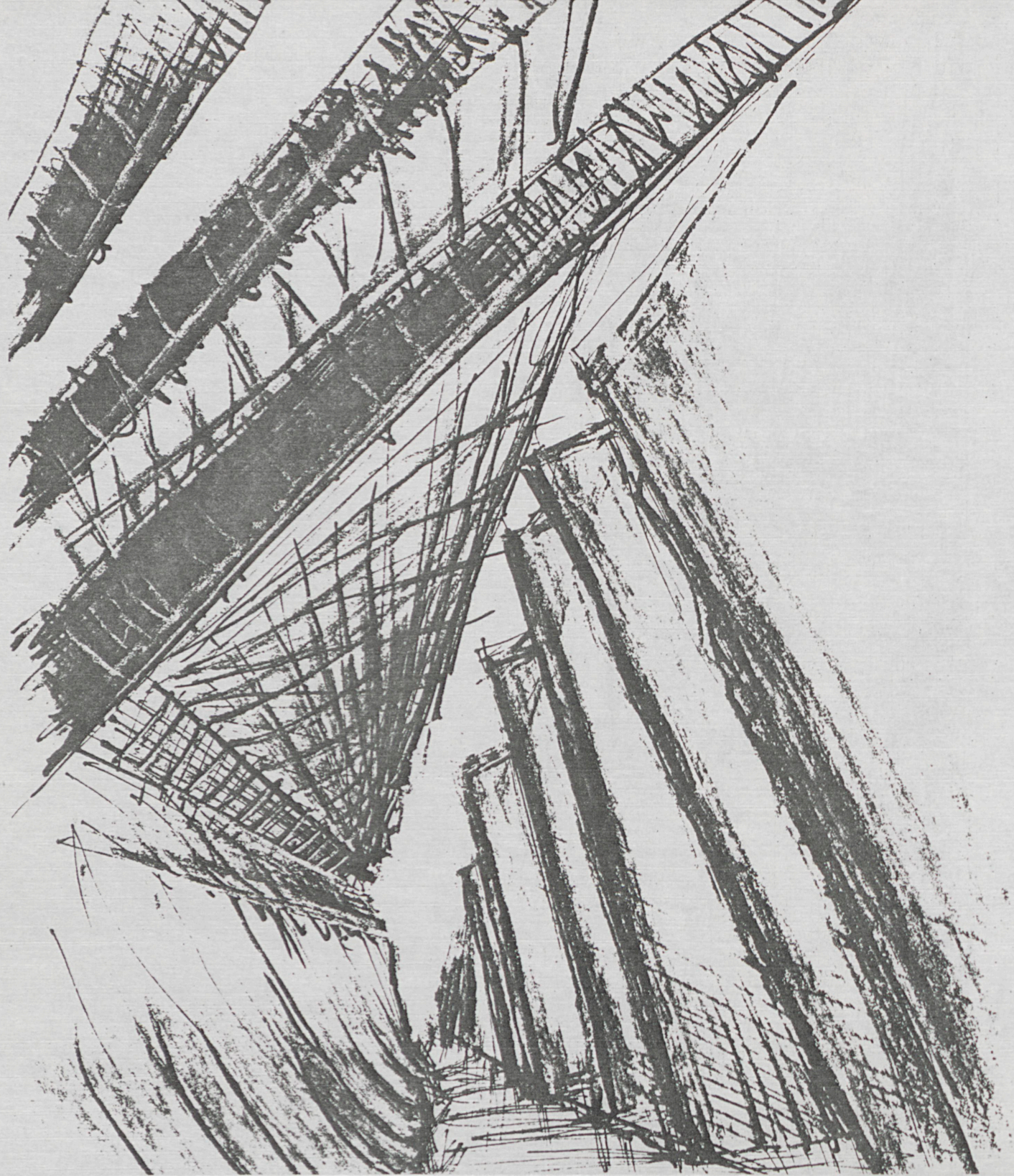


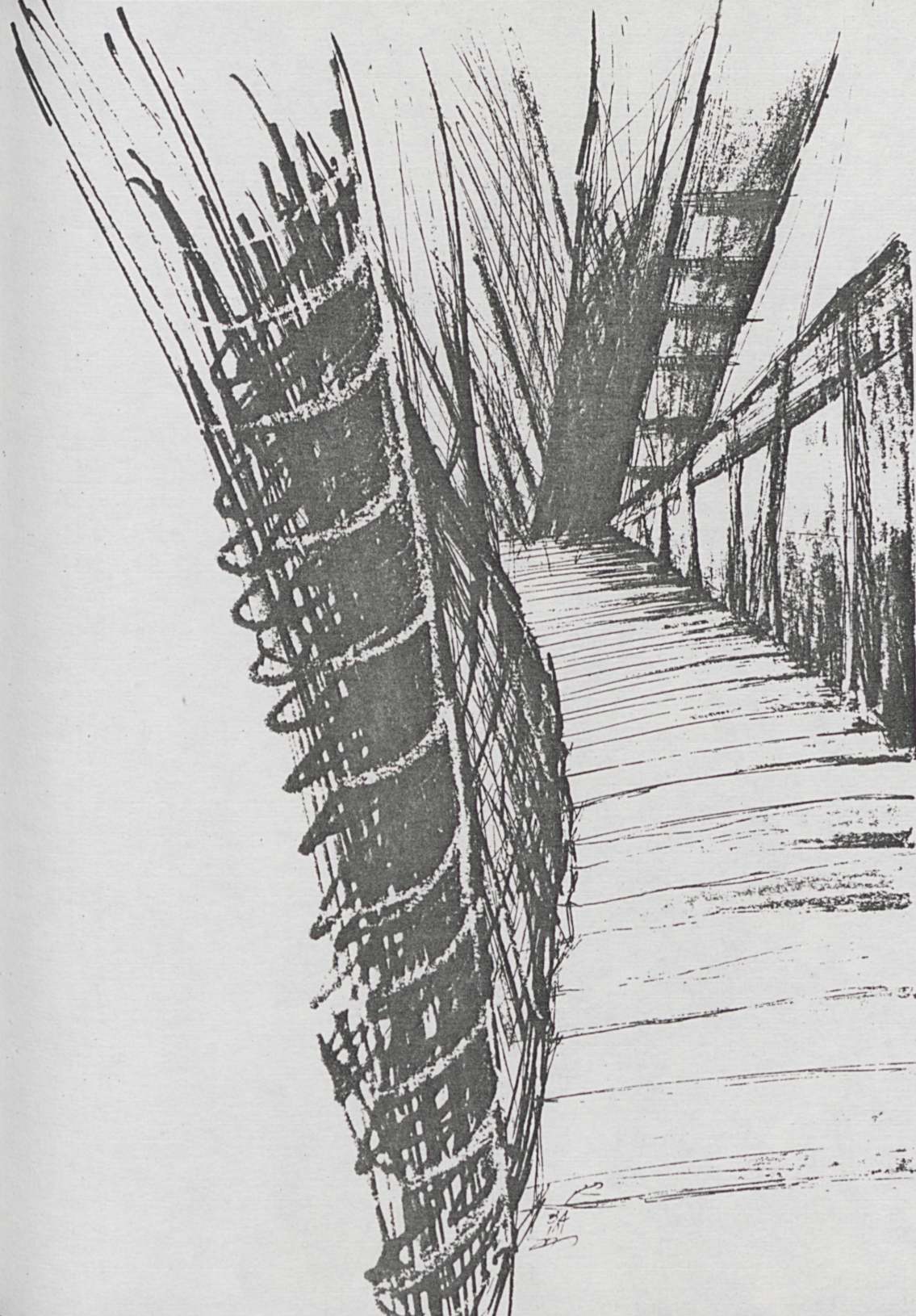


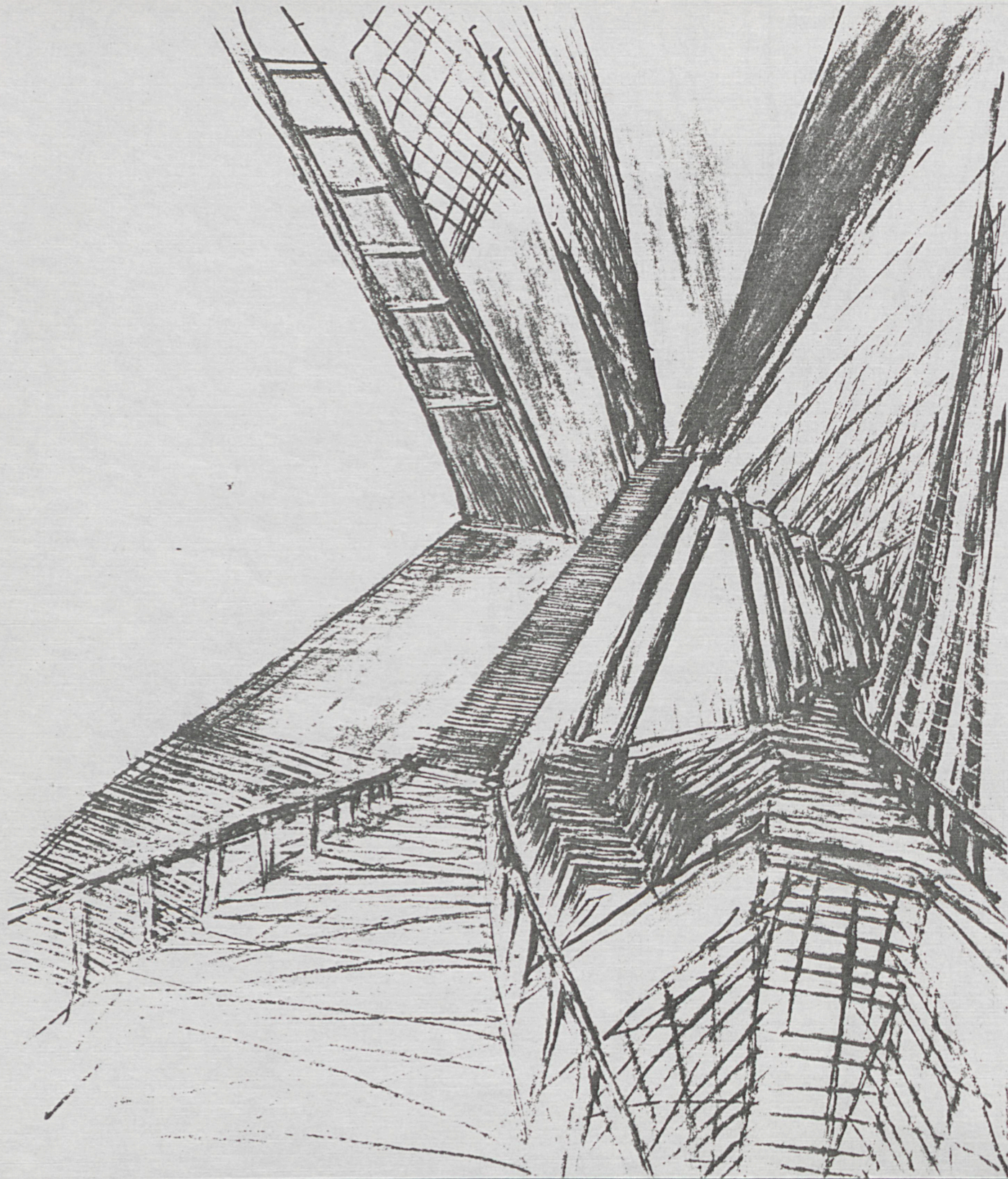


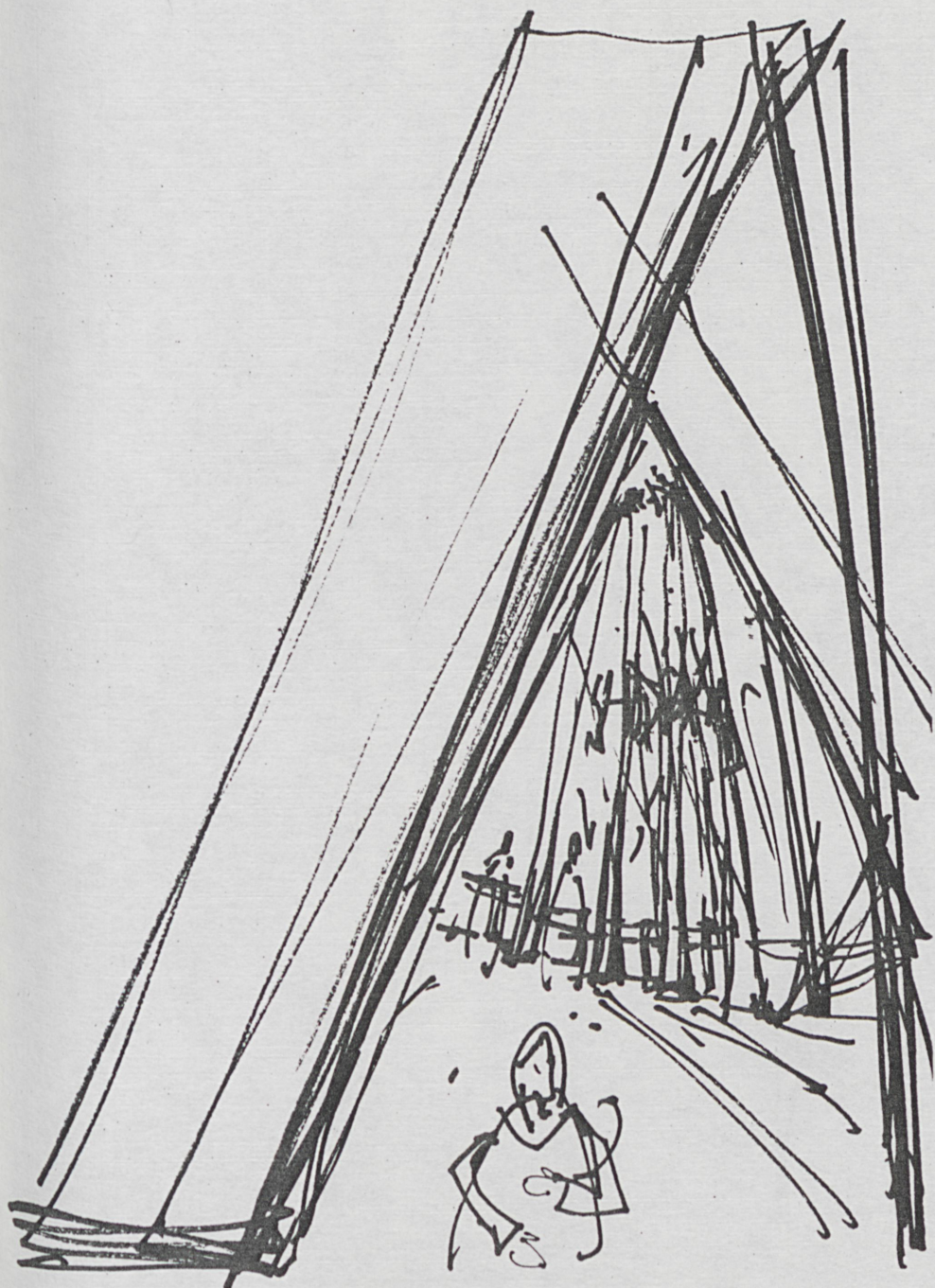


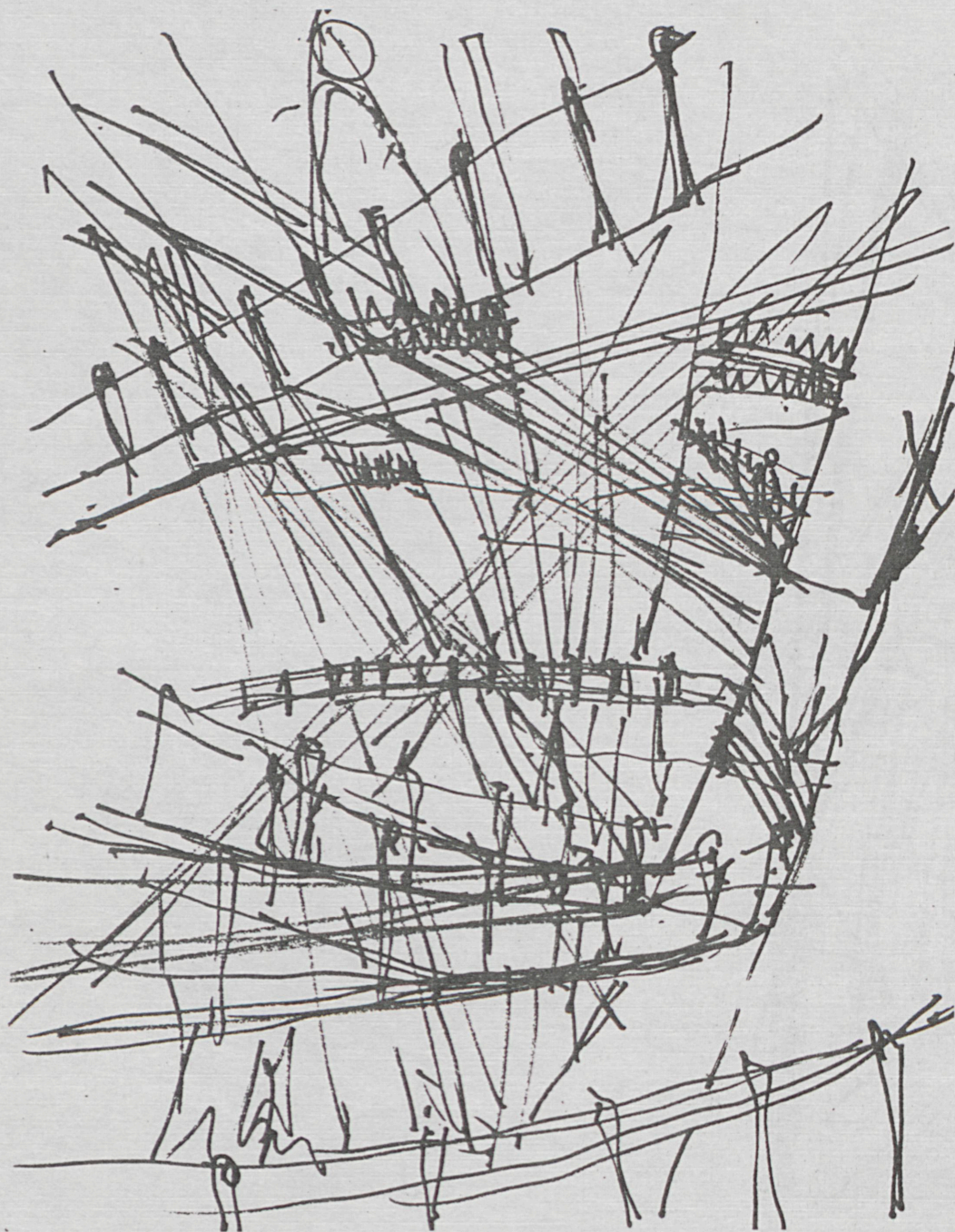




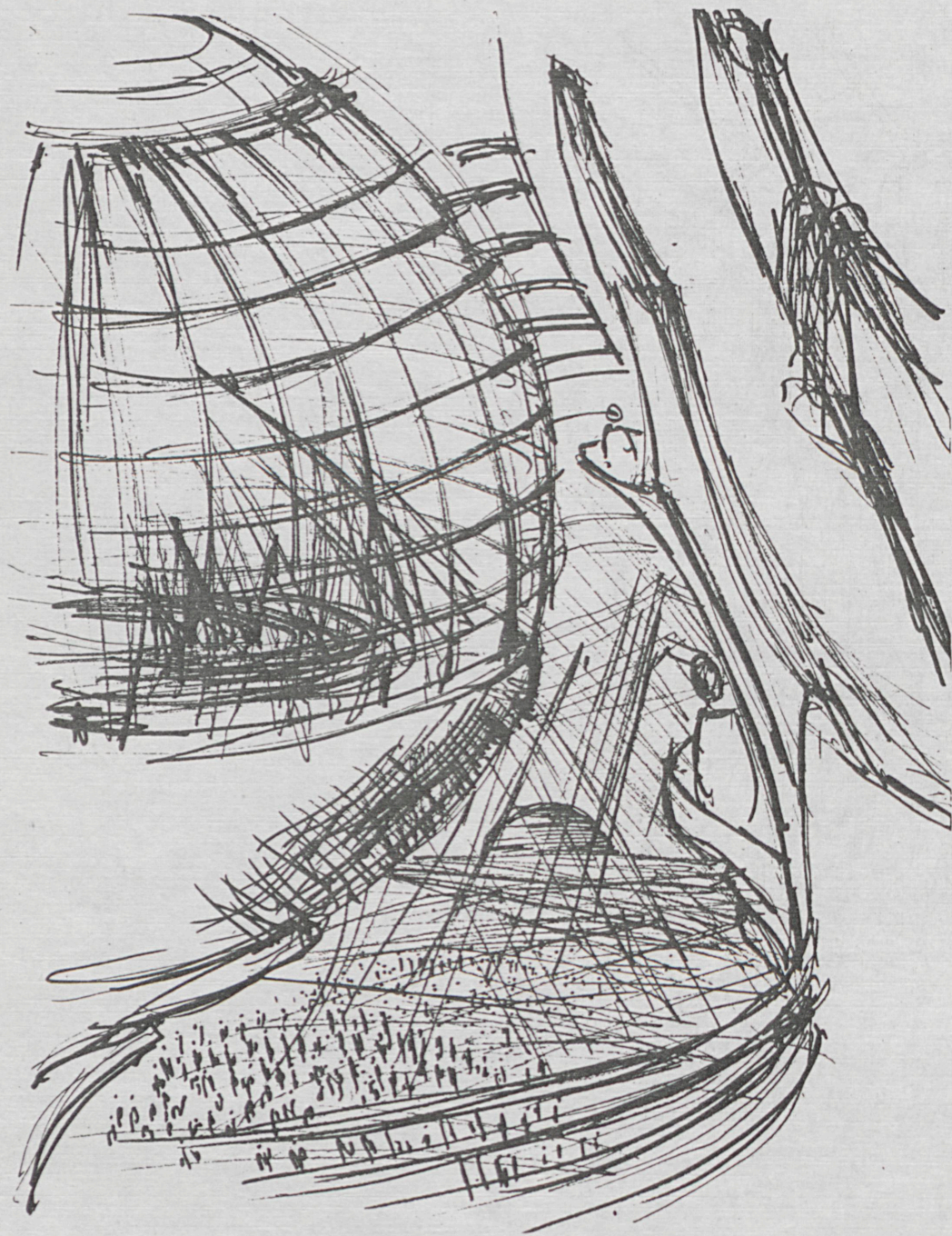


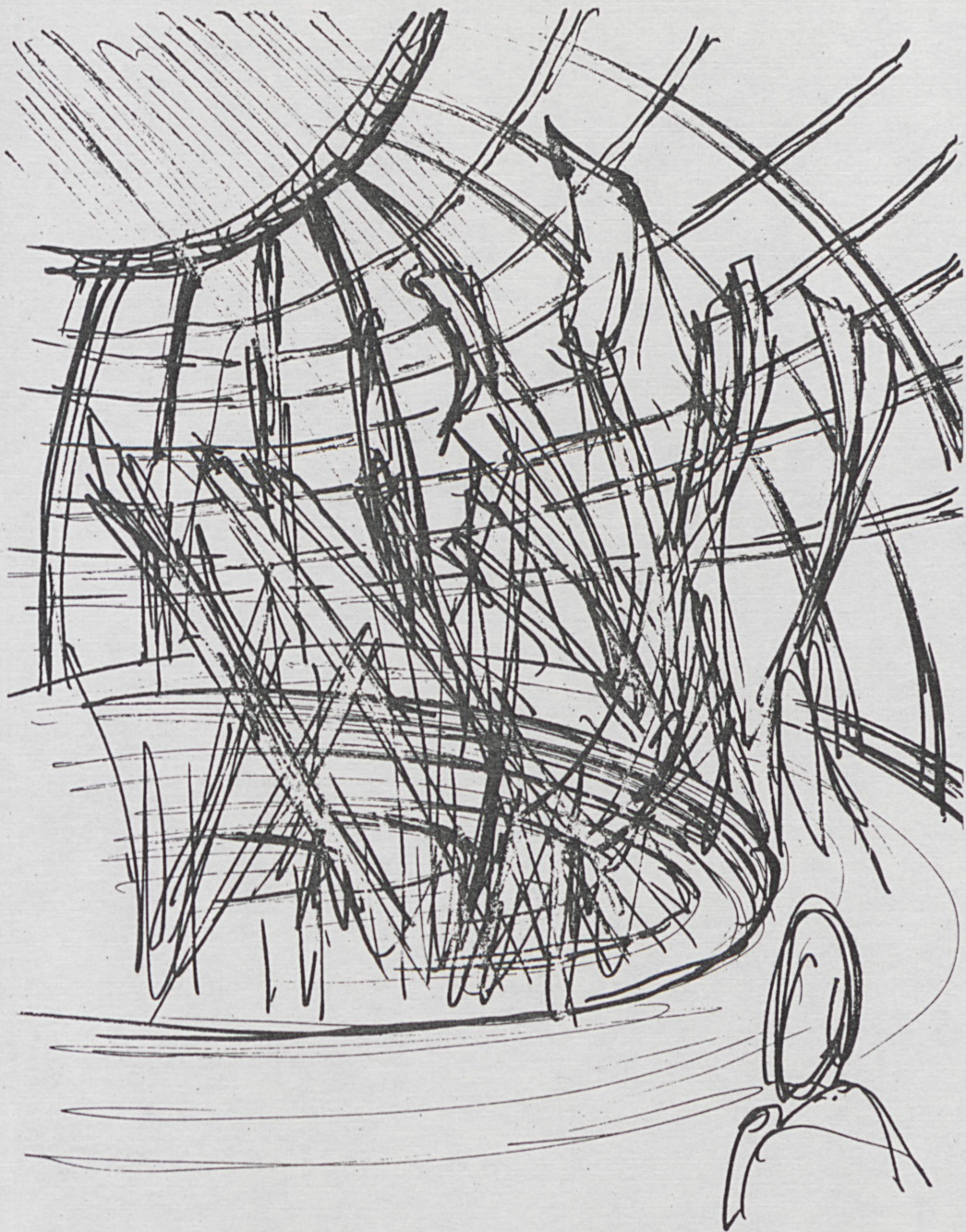




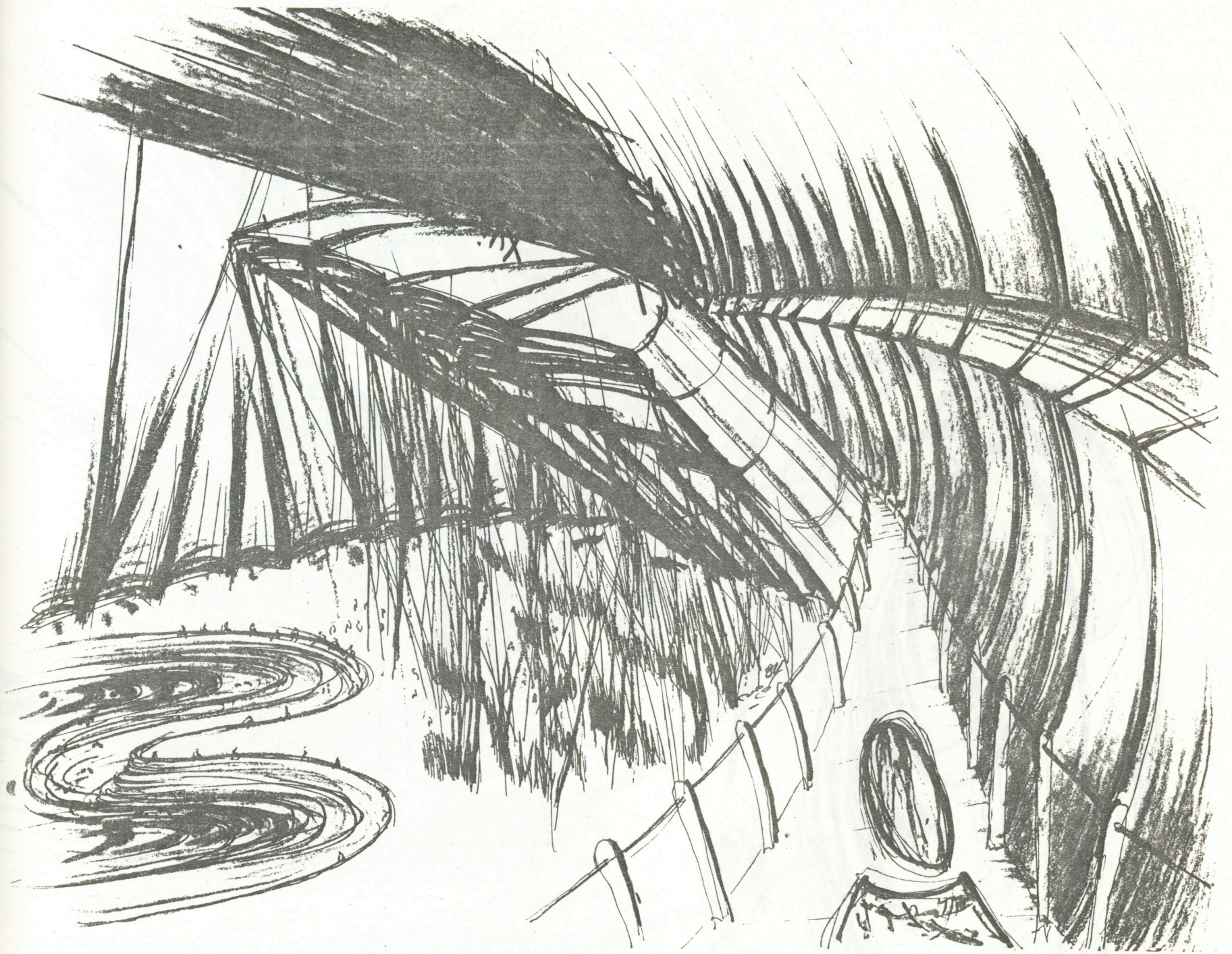


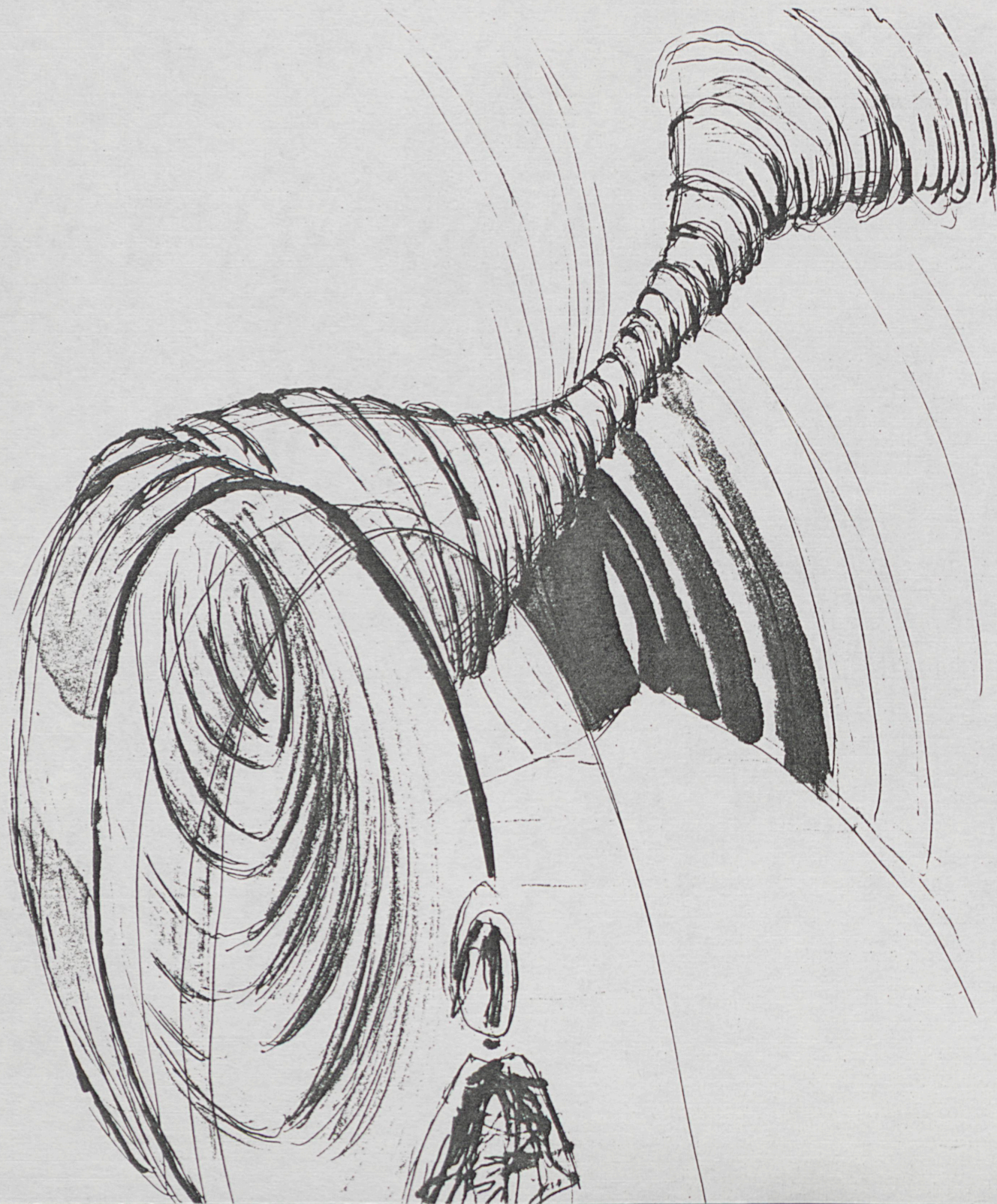


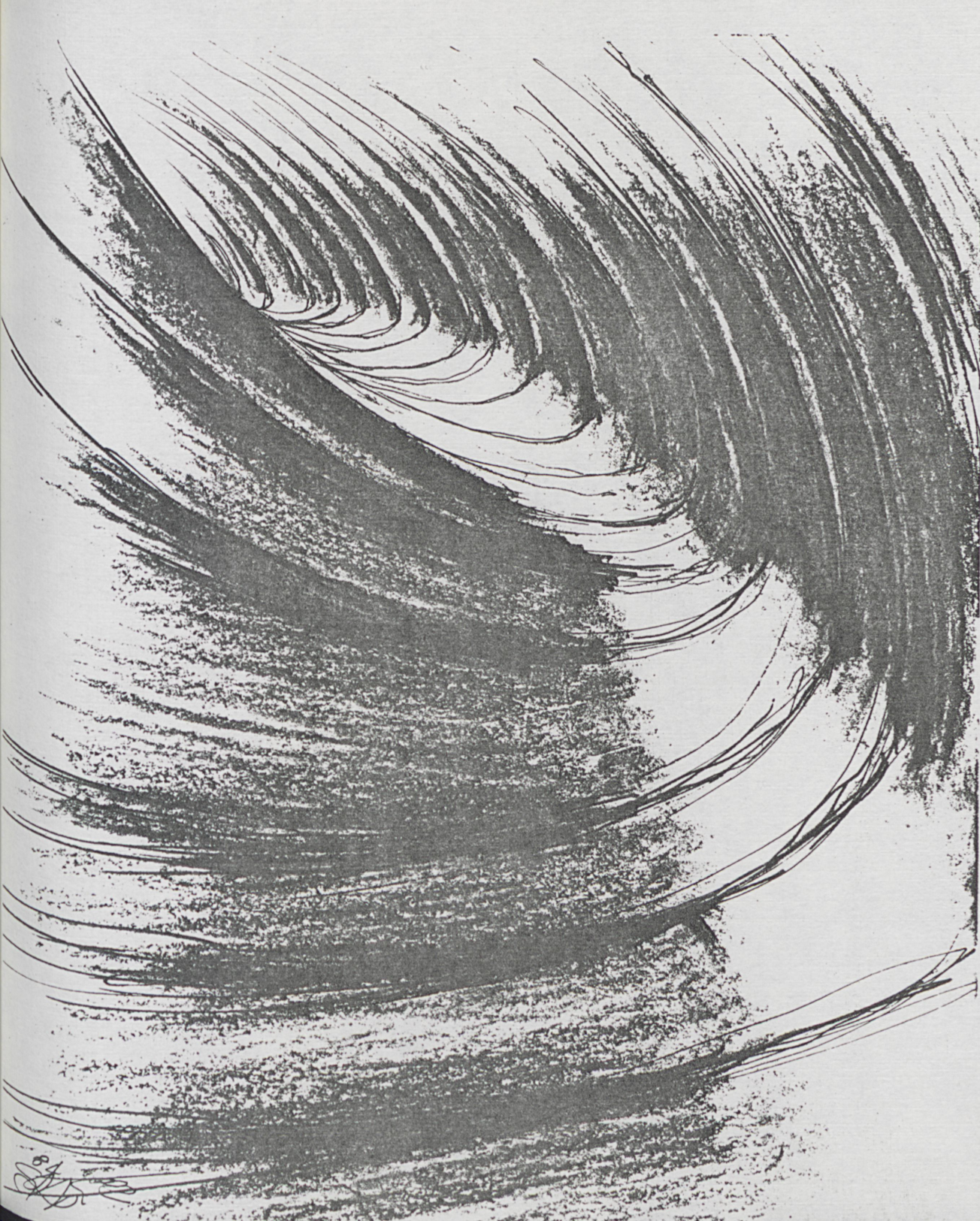




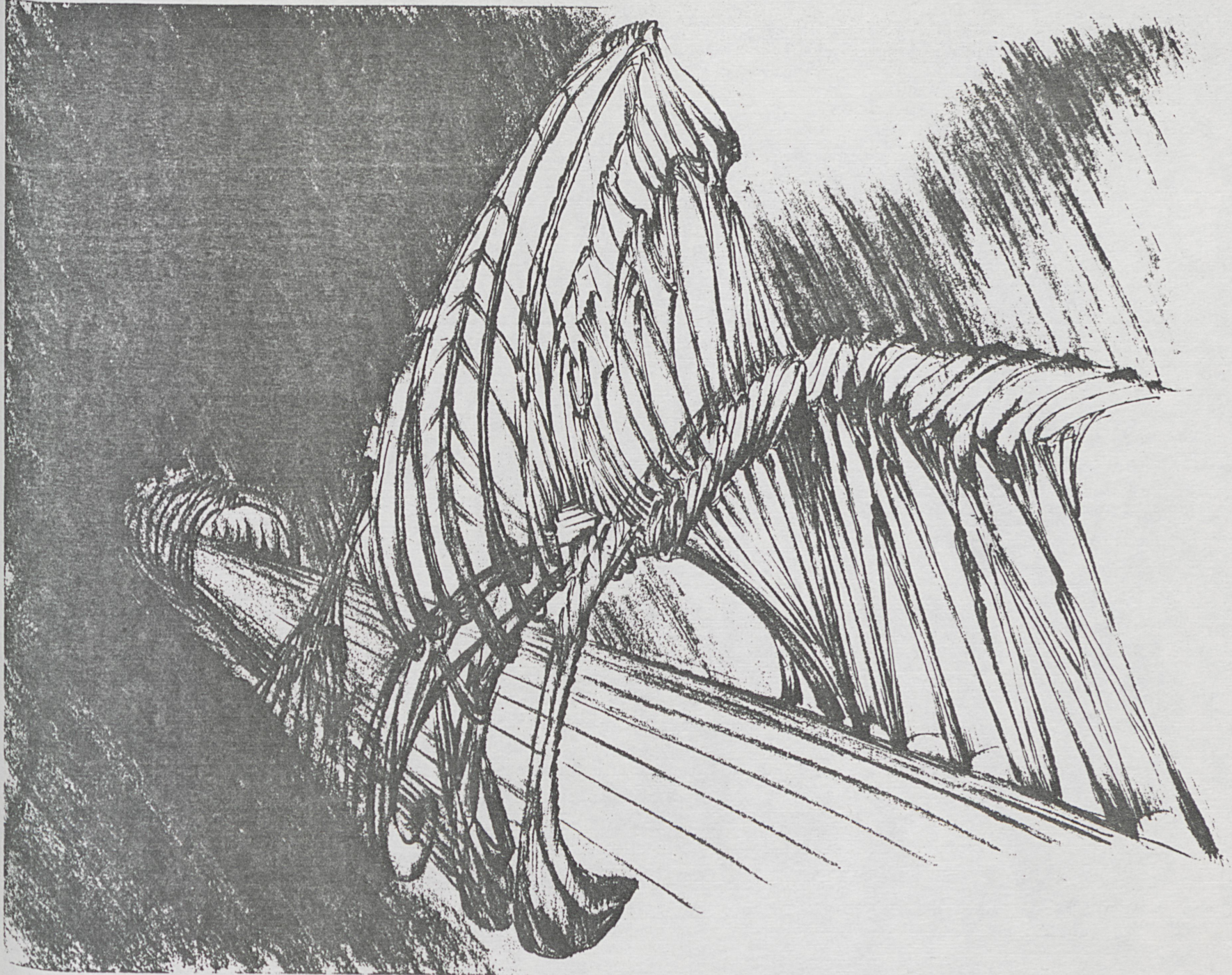


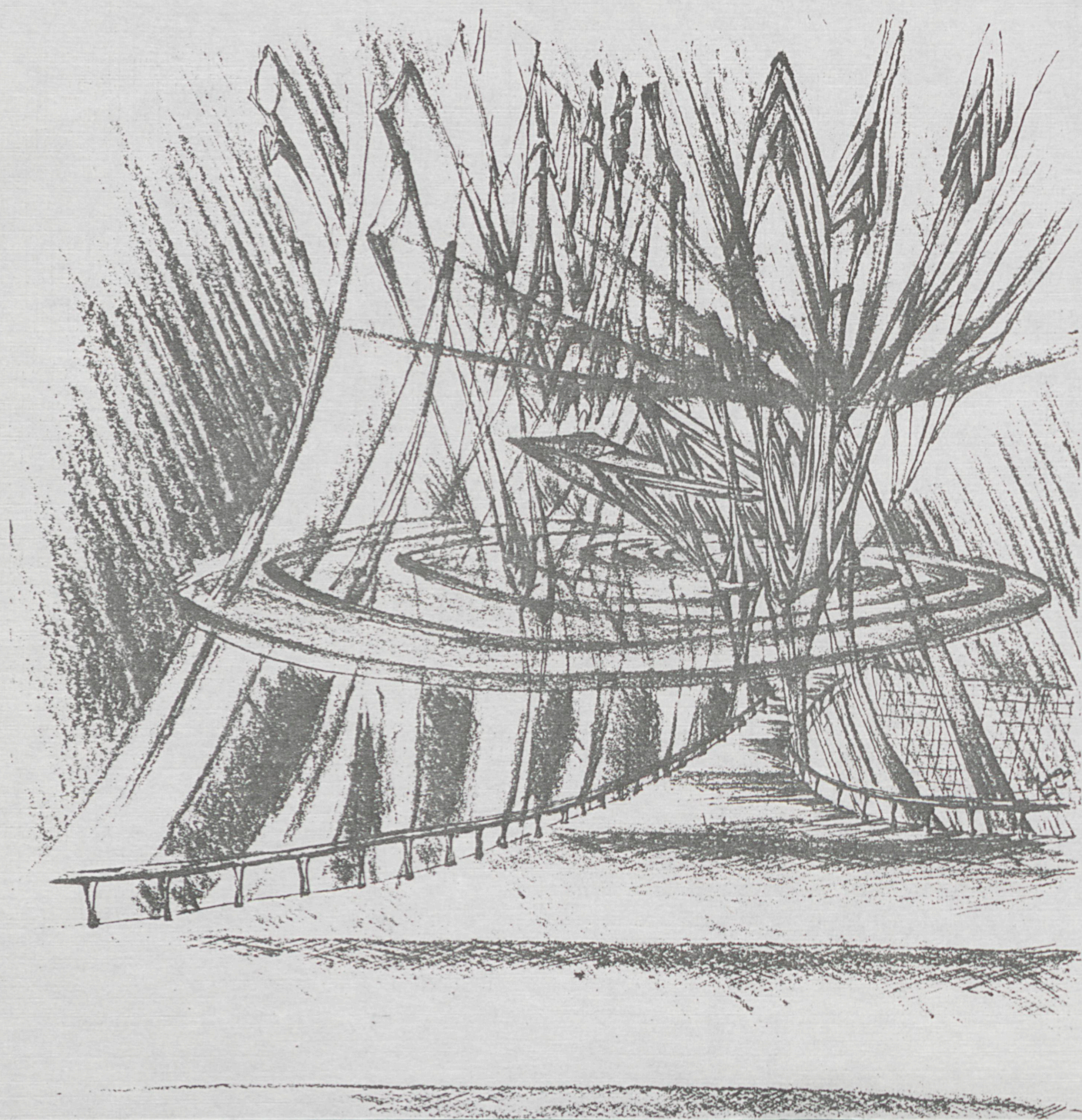


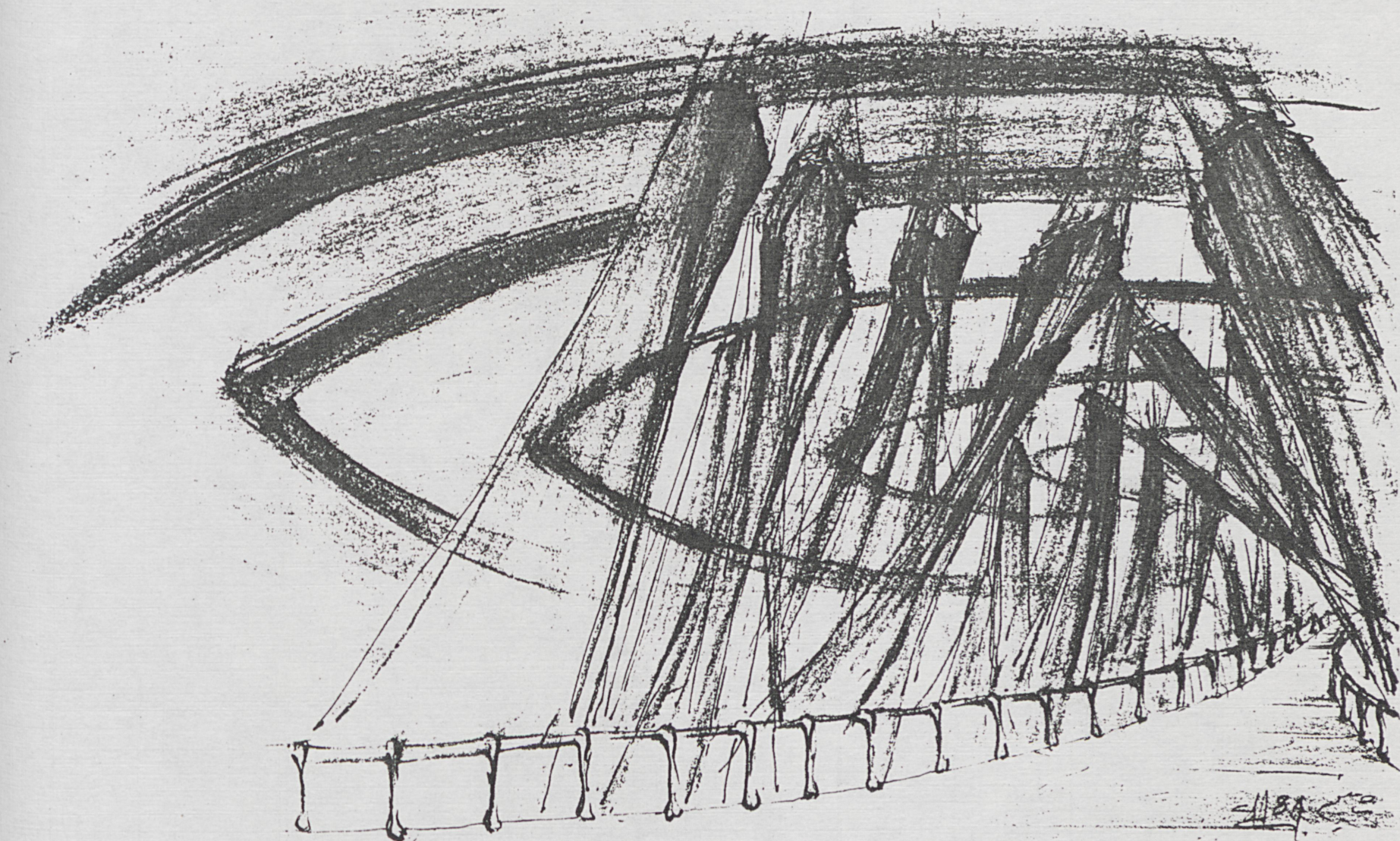




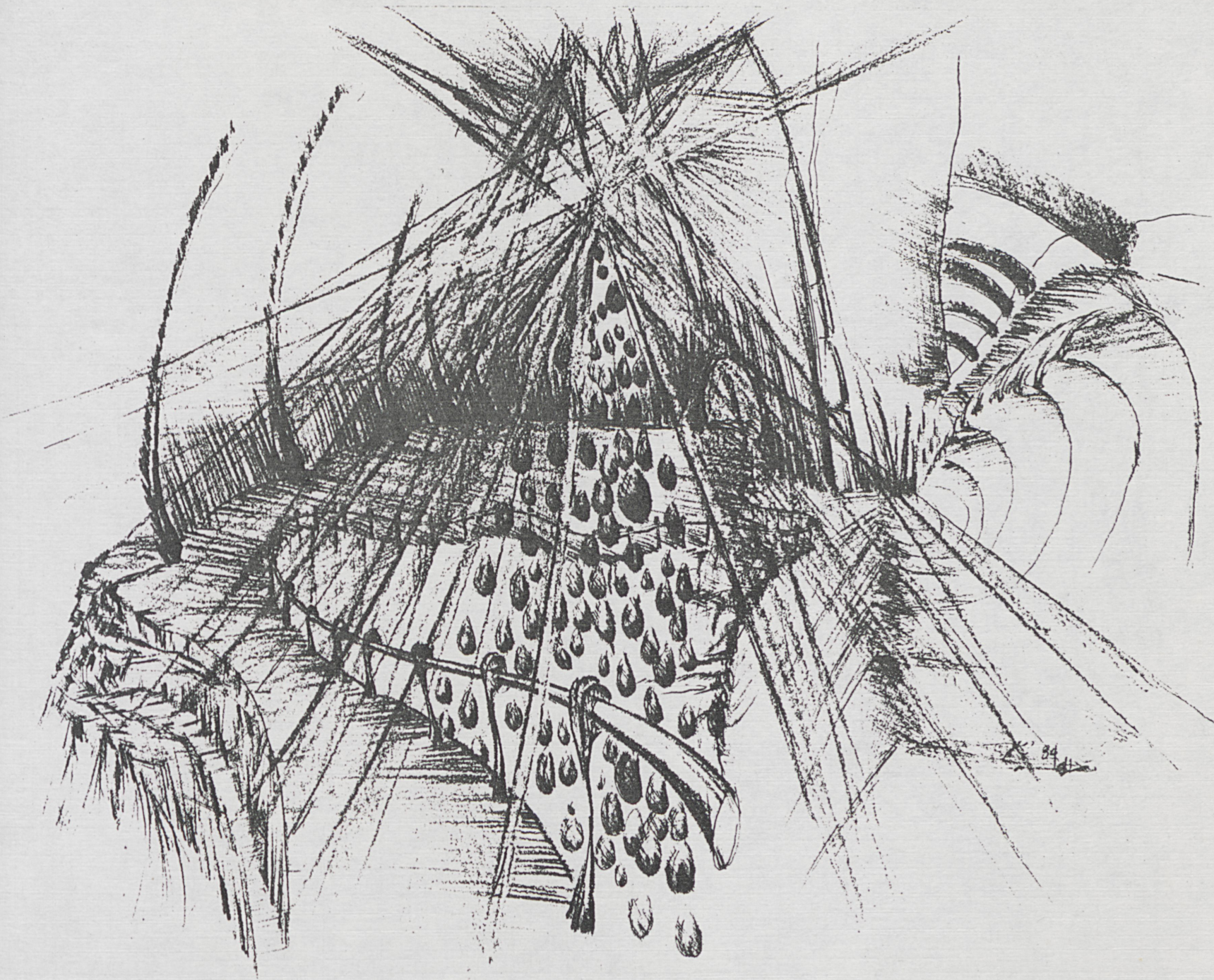






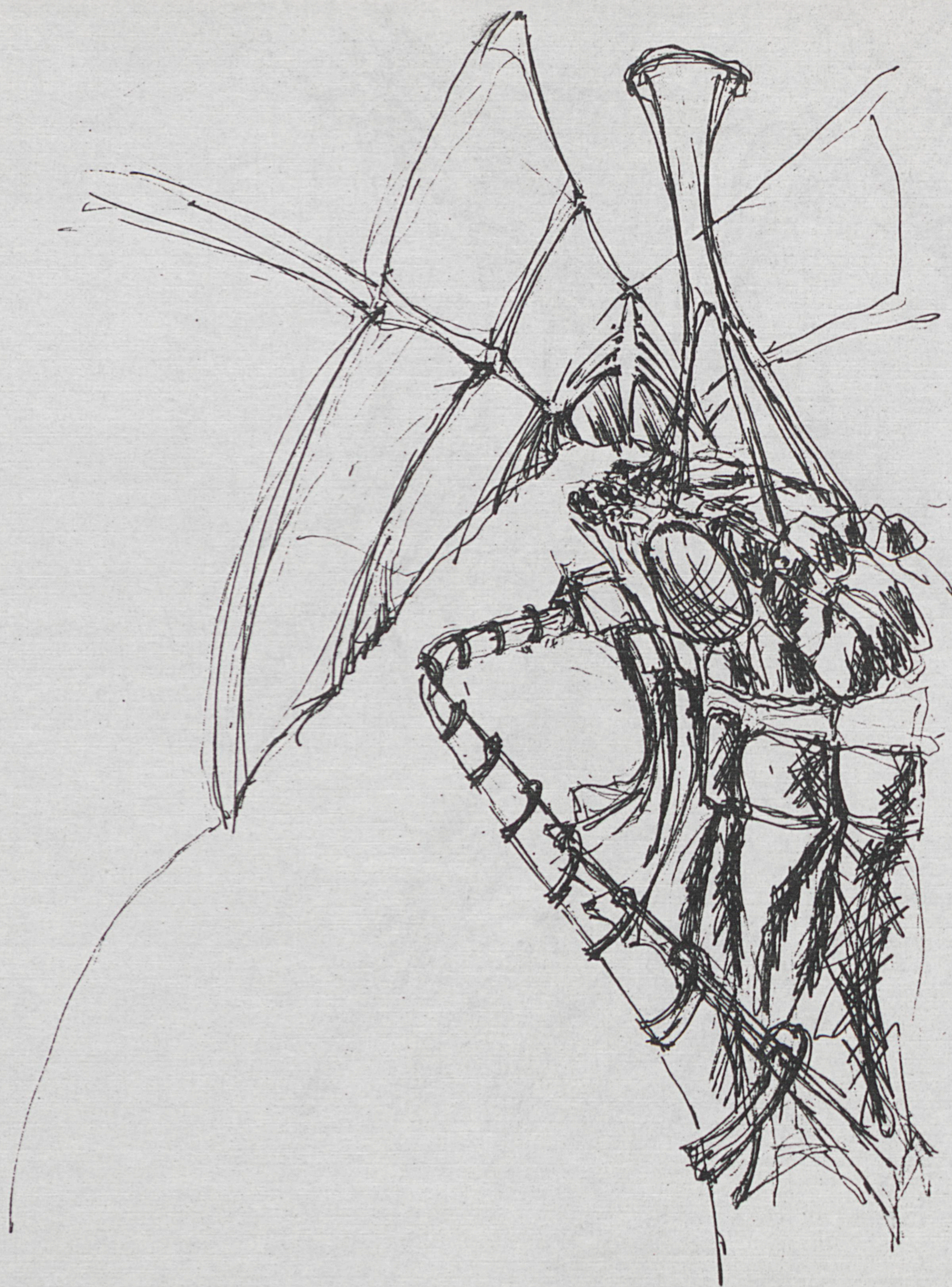






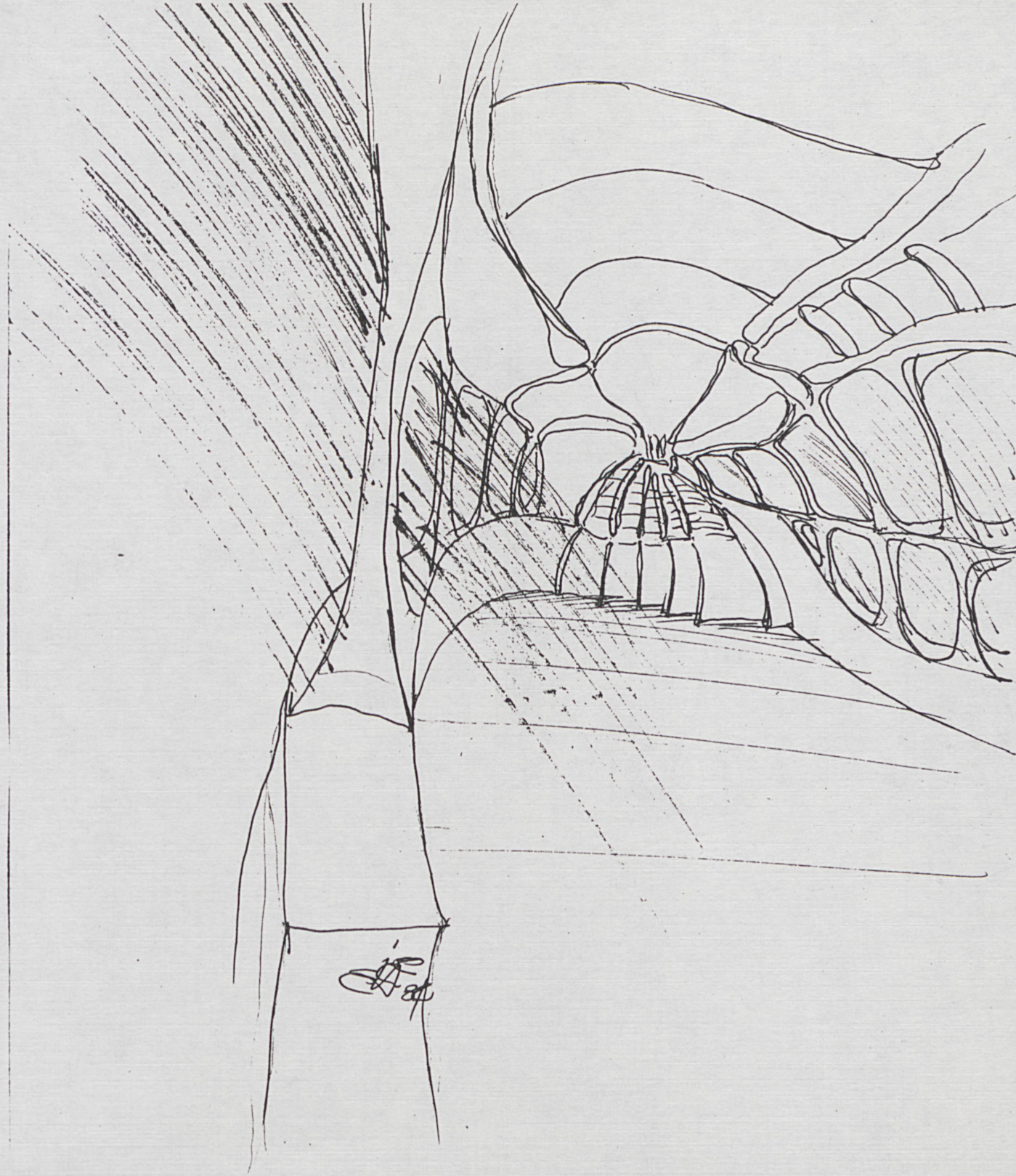




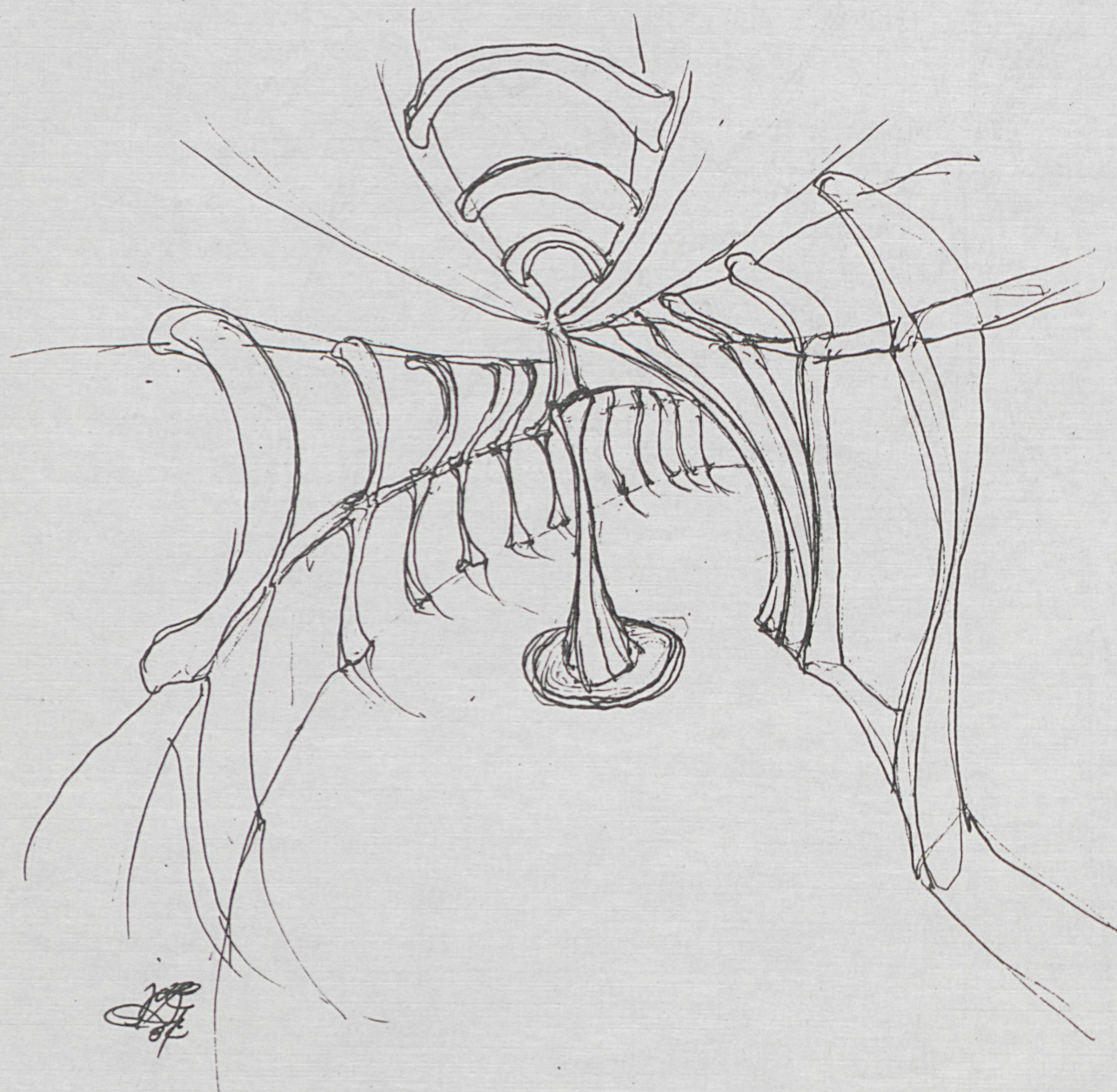




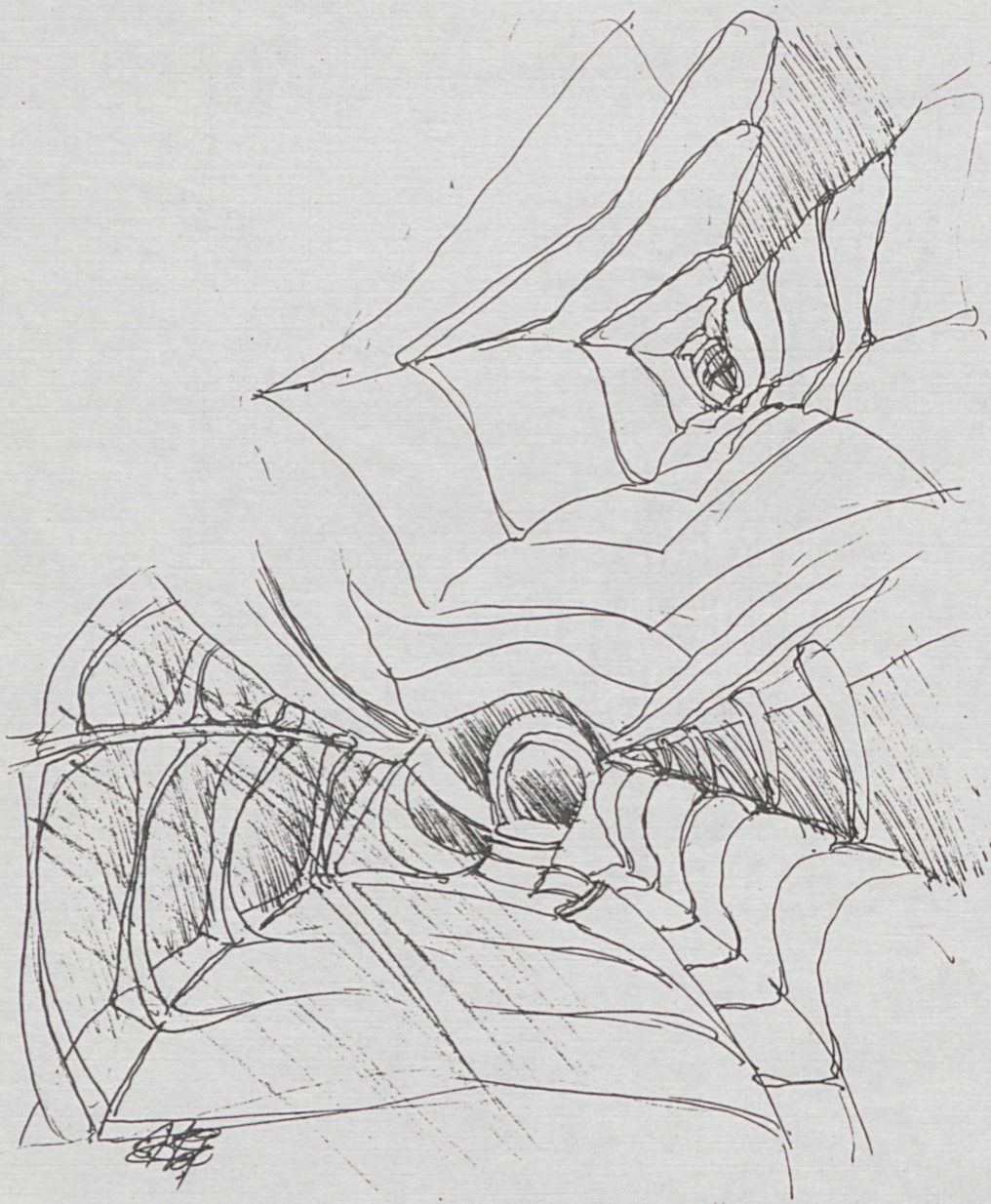


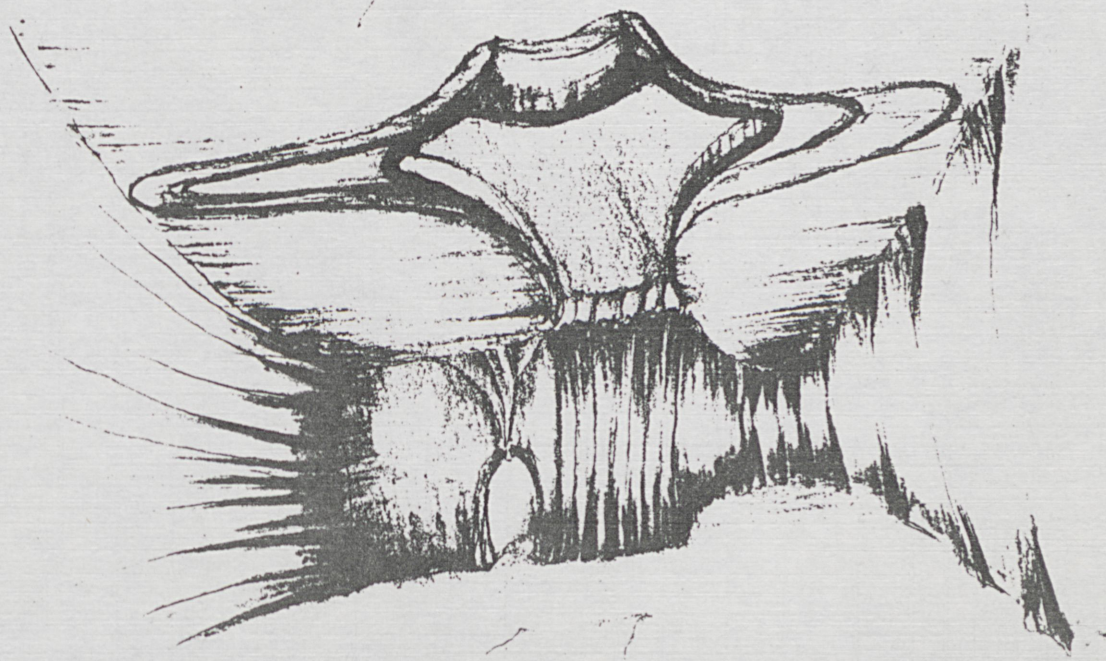
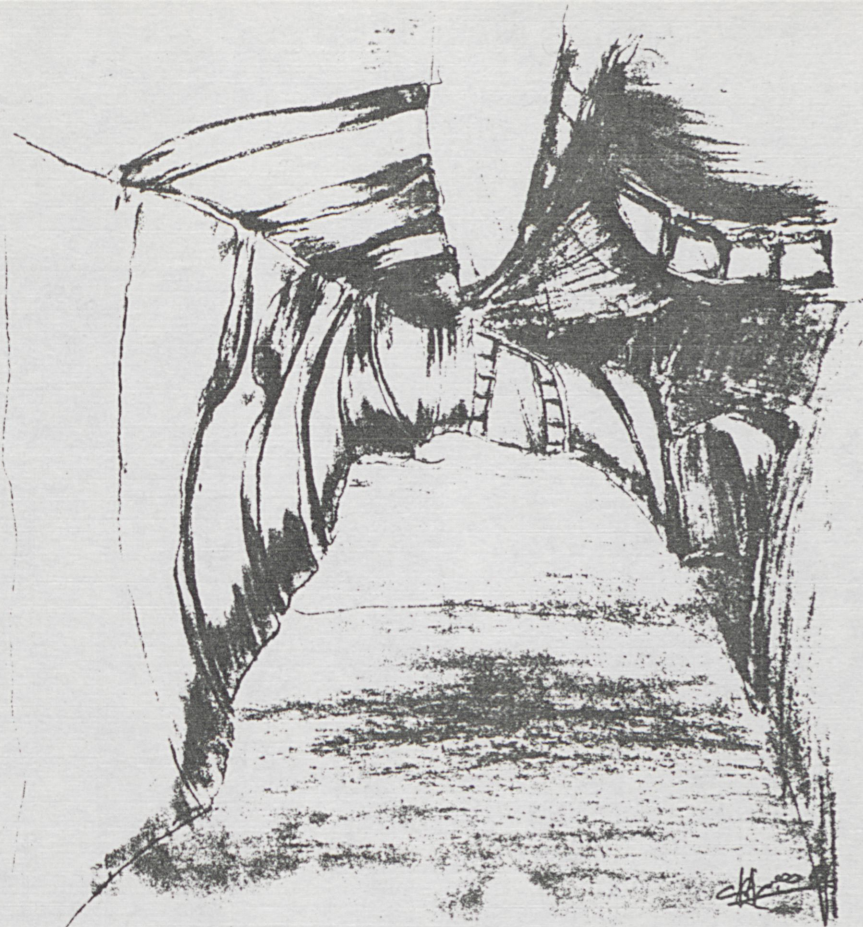


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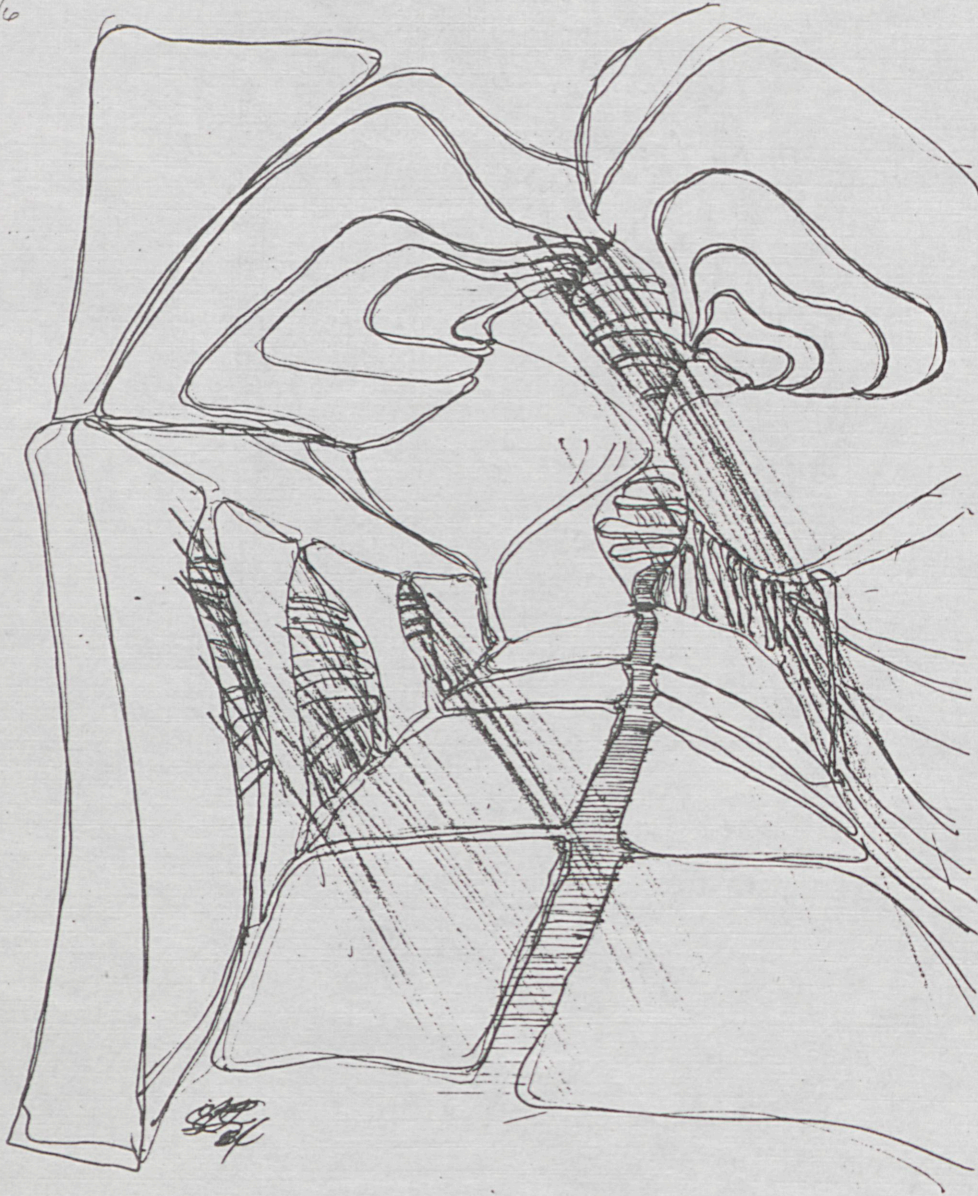


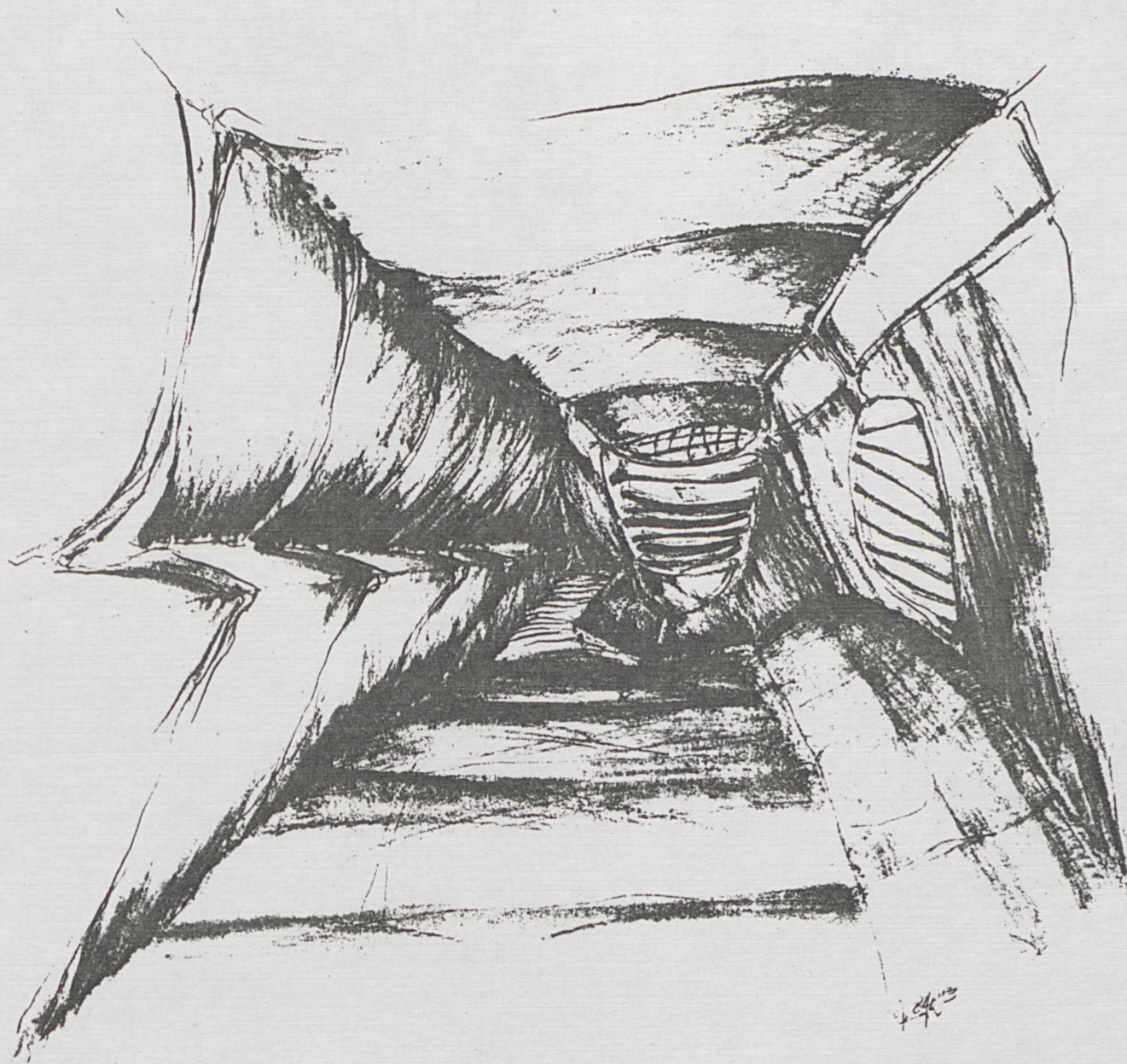




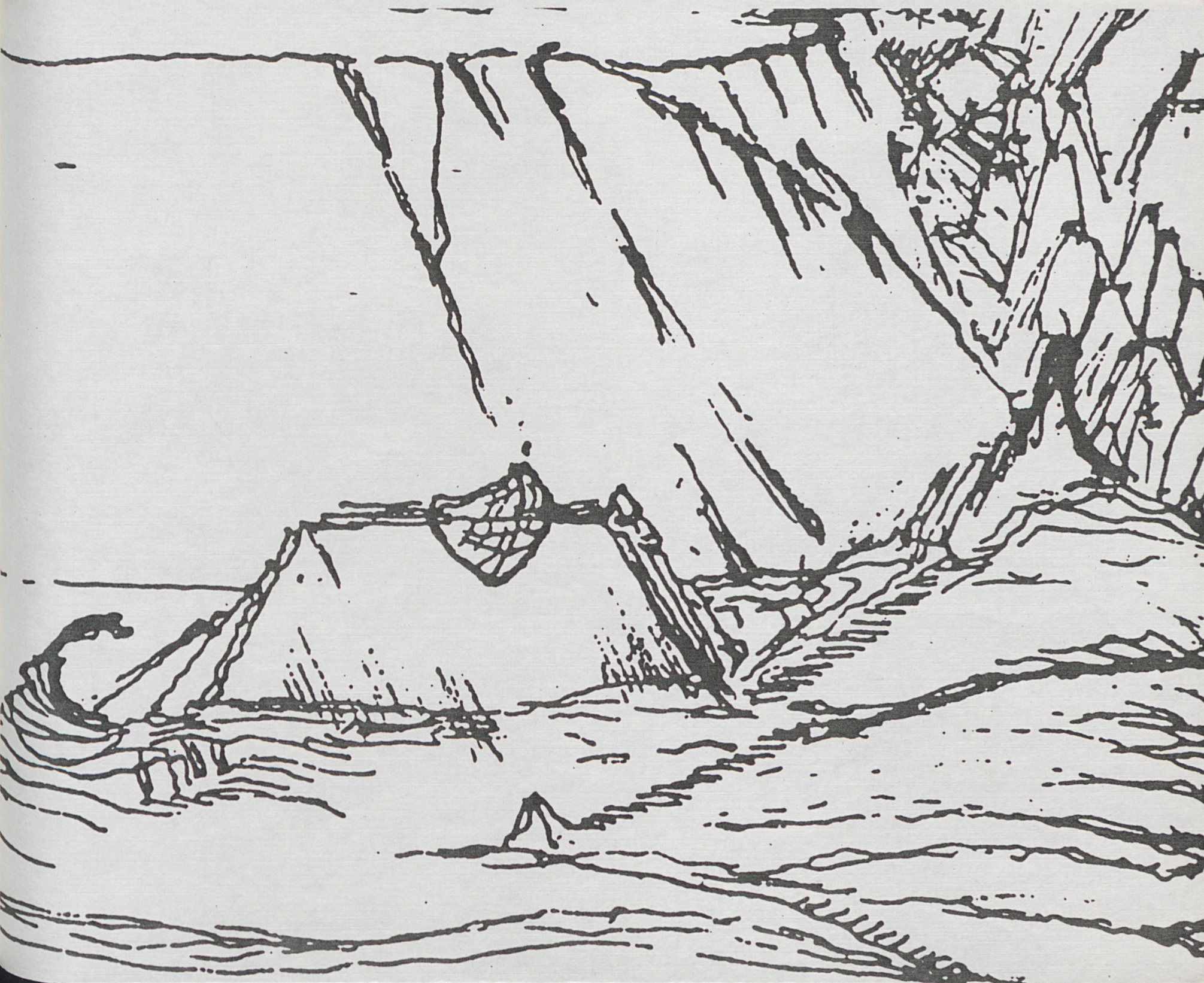


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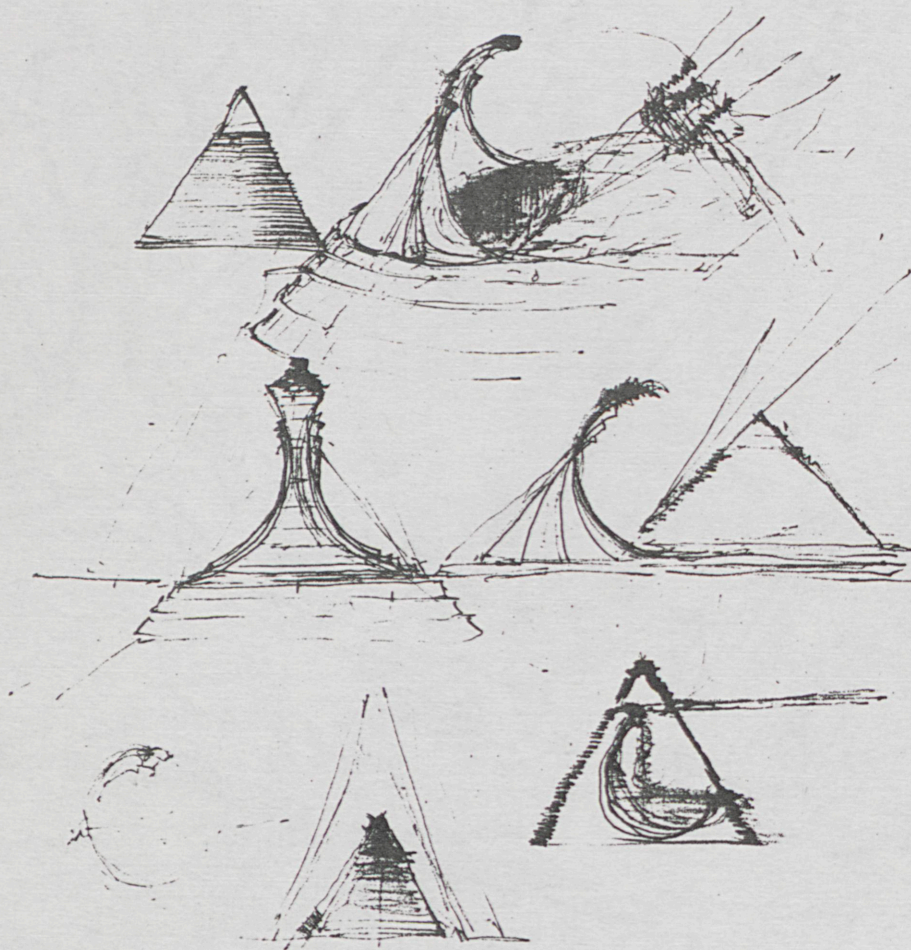




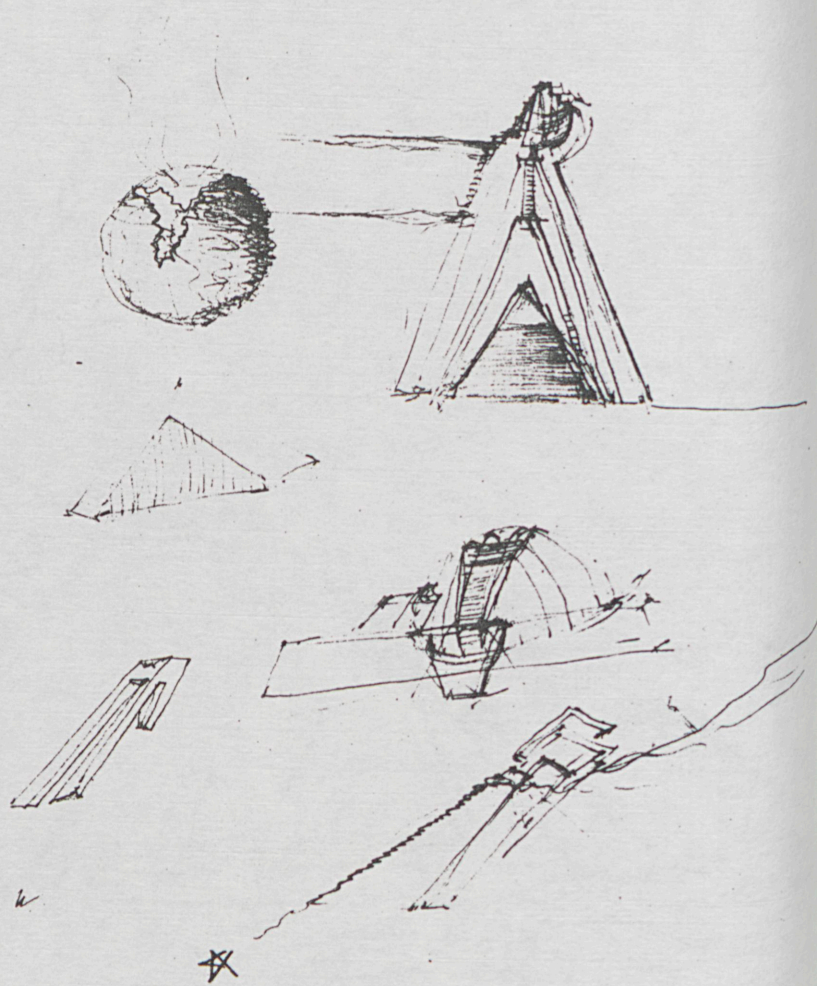


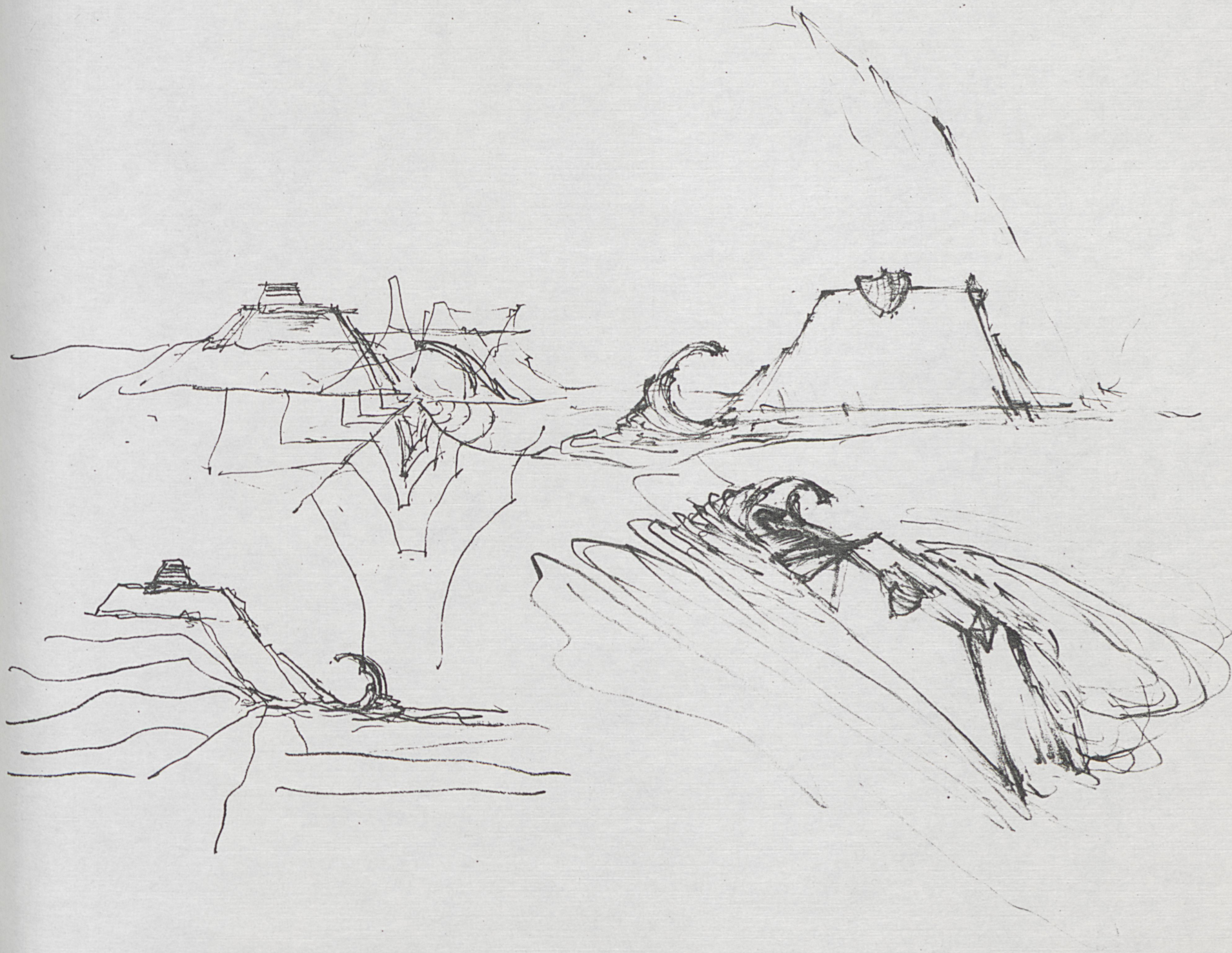


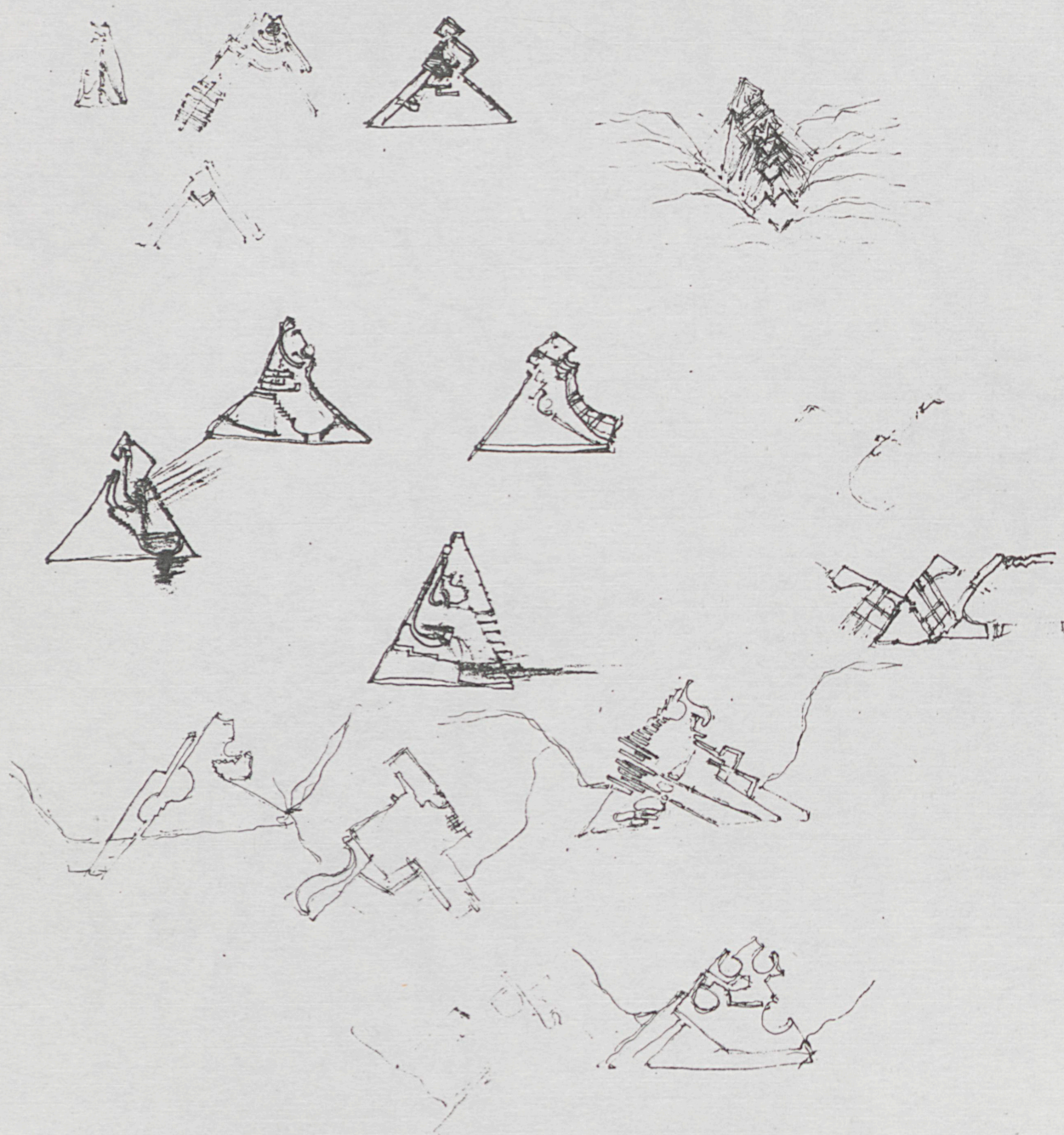
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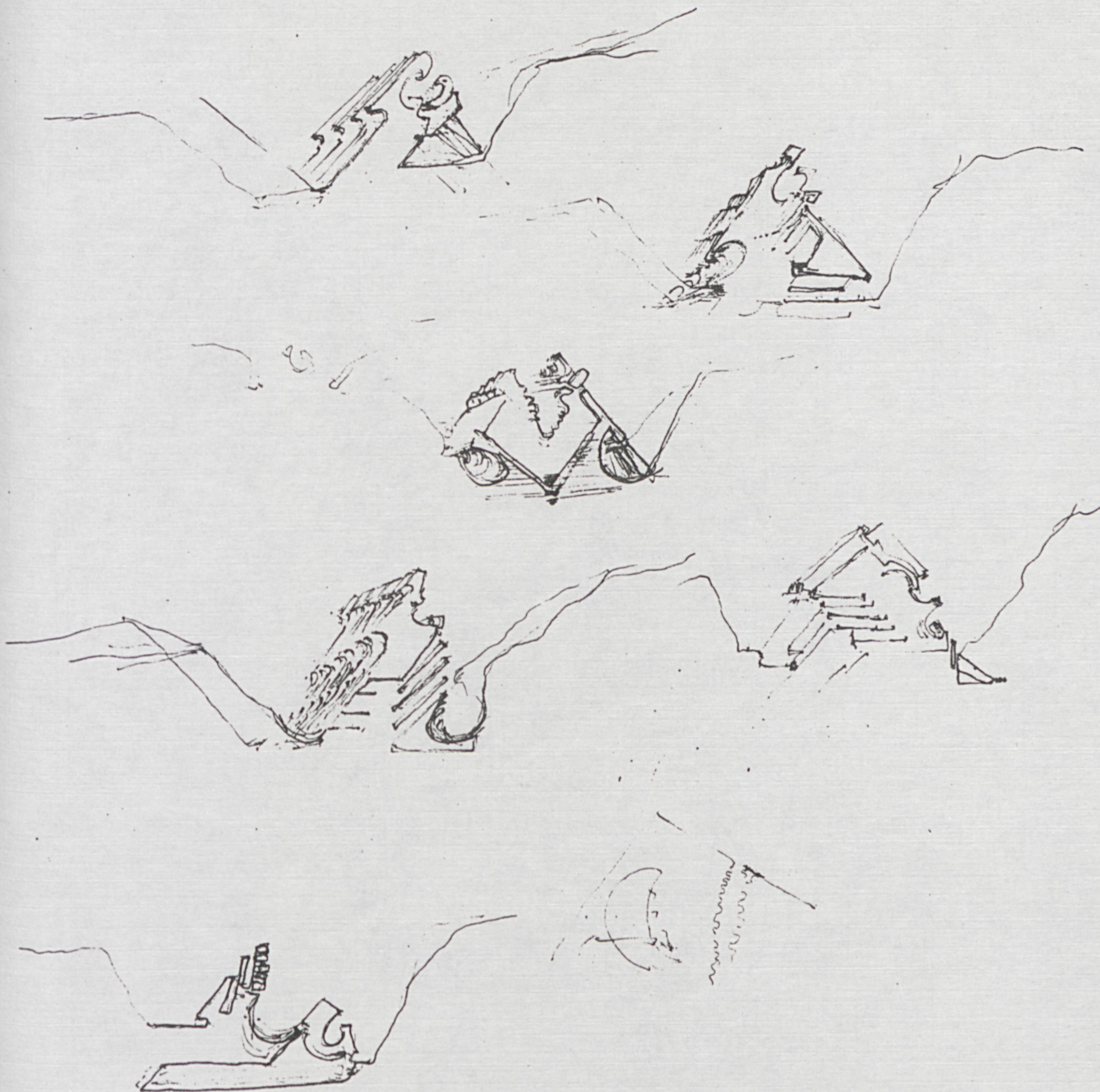


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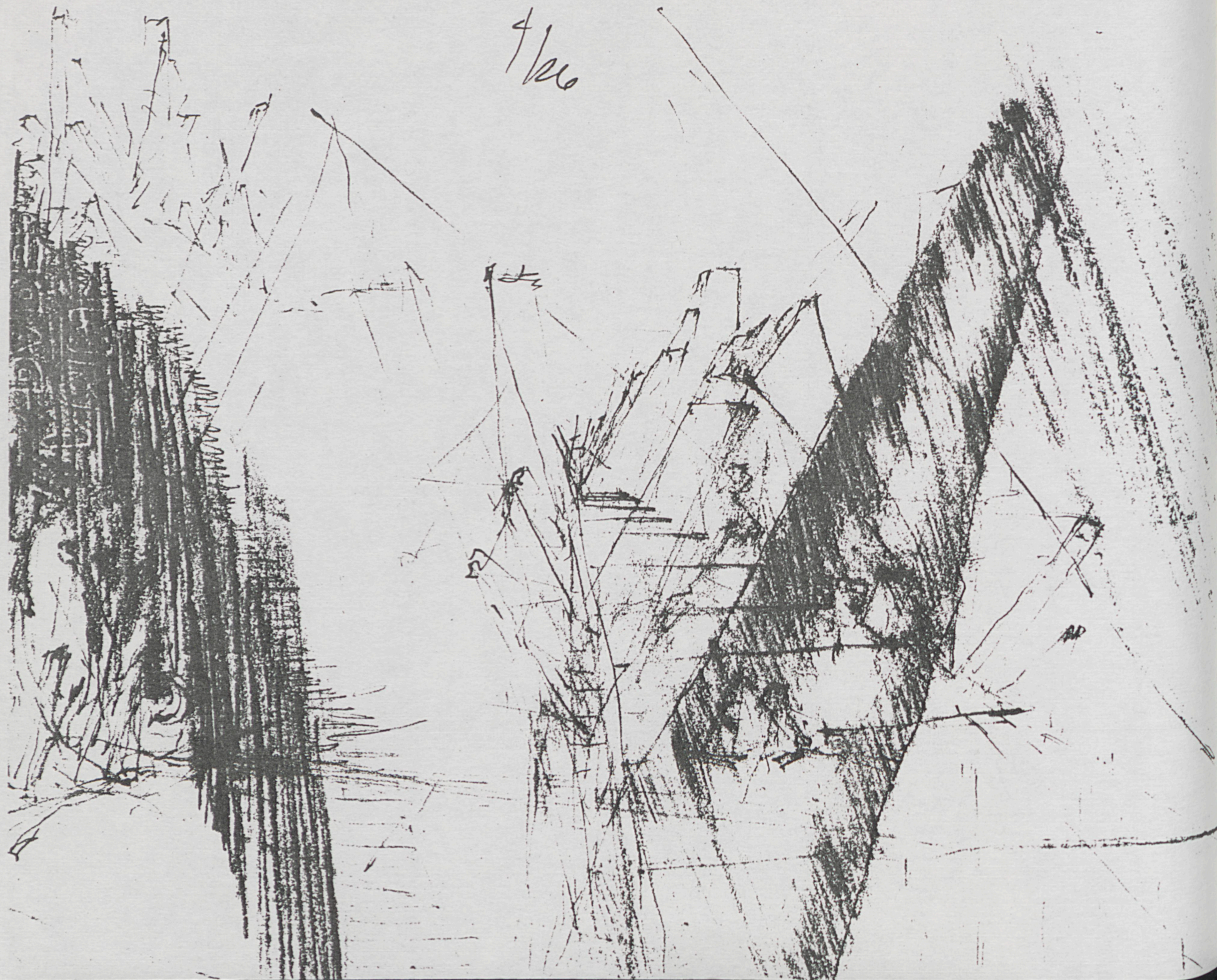




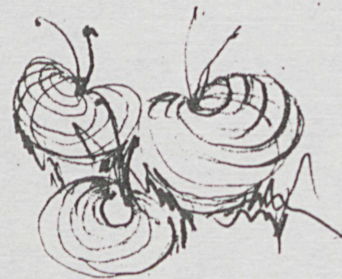


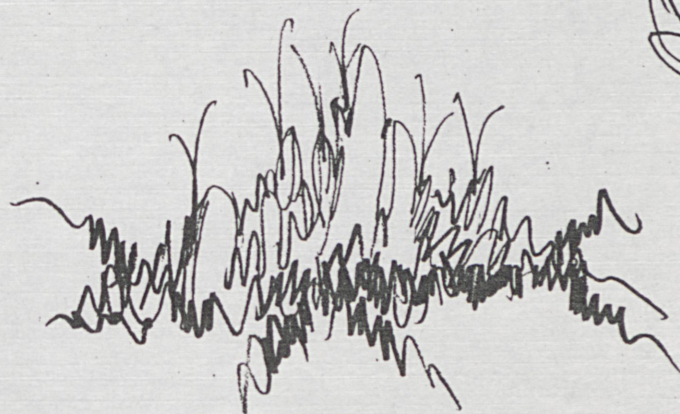


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... AND FLOWERS







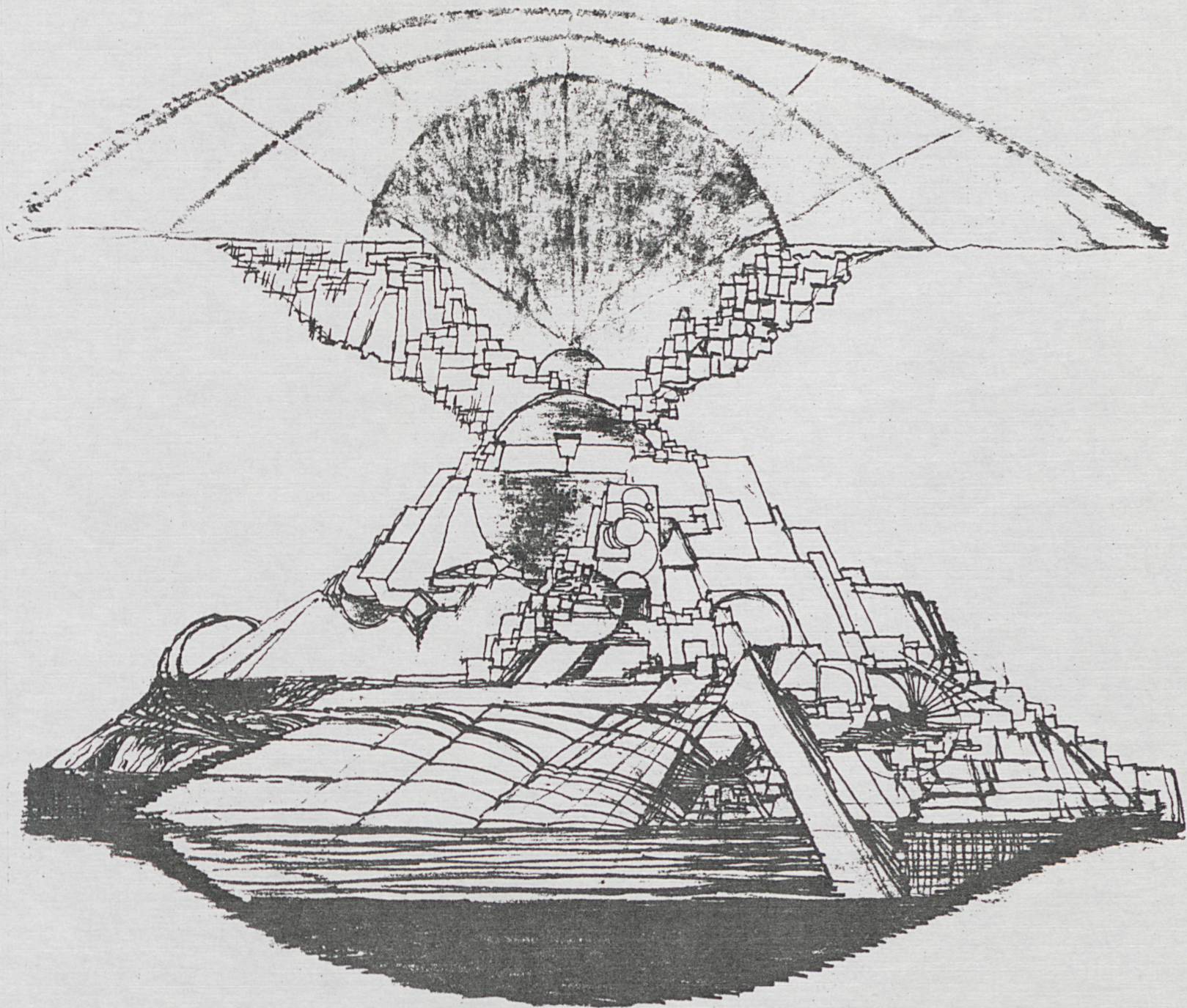
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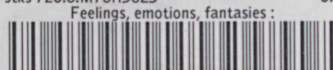
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