

THE MOON

“The Moon” is an architectural exploration of self; a gallery and exhibitional space designed by bridging body and soul with architecture, giving solid physical form to the formless.

A way of re-linking human phenomenological experience to space in order to reignite the connection that we as people have to architecture.

With architecture acting as a vessel for the internalised realm of my psyche, new forms of self reflection can be introduced, pushing the boundaries of what architecture’s capabilities are as a function and as an art form.

This could therefore promote more empathetic designs within the industry.

With “The Moon“ being expressed through the design of a Gallery, light is brought upon the importance of art and galleries on society, sprouting deeper thoughts and discussions about our layers of consciousness, our souls and the ways in which we self reflect, rather than a space to simply exhibit aesthetically appealing art.

HEURISTIC INQUIRY MODEL

MIND

To begin this process of concretising my intangible self, we need to start with highlighting was state of psyche I wish to design.
This starts with envisioning that aspect, and trying to understand what it's components are, what distinguishes it from any other part of my Psyche.

This is without thinking of any visual images, just the tacit understanding of what my psyche is.

POEM

The choice of poetry is relevant as it's a medium of creative writing that I have used commonly to process how I am feeling, to take the uncomfortable feeling of not being able to describe how I feel (Tacit knowledge) and creating a visual, poetic image with it.

Poetry is personal to me, and that makes it a paramount factor towards this process.

I take the tacit knowledge, understood through the previous stage and free-write a poem. Free-writing is important as if I start to thinking about what to write next, I am consciously writing, which therefore restricts the outcome from being 'tacit'

DESIGN

Through this bridge, we now have a poem, holding pure poetic images of what my intangibilities look like, to design my psyche through just thought alone isn't strong enough of a process to accurately depict it compared to if we follow the heuristic inquiry model.

With that poetic image, the design can now be made.

This process is repeated through the entire design stages.

UNCONSCIOUS

“???”

A lady riddled, once said,
to enter the infinite universe,
you must abandon self,
to obliterate self.

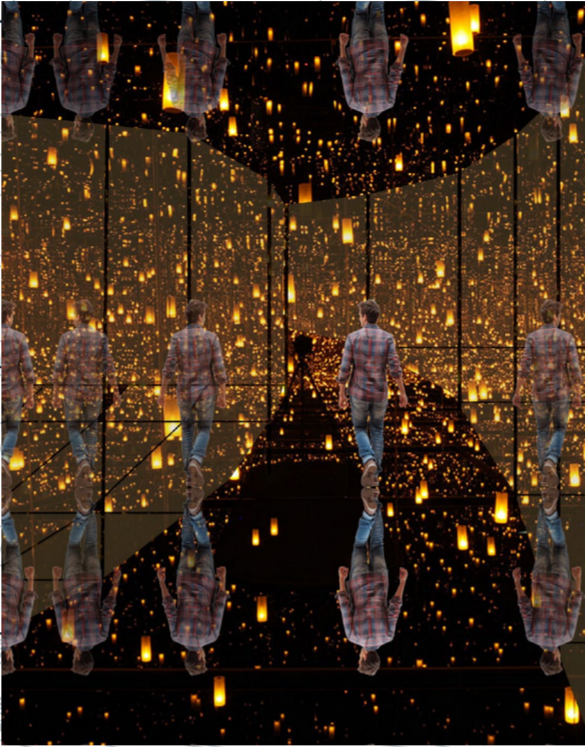
How can I perceive what is unperceivable?
How can I know what is limitless.
Infinity can only be so finite.

My soul knows, and protects me from falling
into the chasm.
To have it all is to have nothing.

Which one of my reflections are true, I'll never know.
But I'll still peer constantly into the infinite universe,
and watch myself obliterate...
... as she once said.

Is this now my fate?
To dissect myself into the dark, that shines gold,
to look forwards behind me.
To stare up at my feet.

To drown in geometric liquid nothing,
in everything.



SUBCONSCIOUS

“Haze (9 Lives)”

With a cigarette in my mouth,
The cat dies,
And I delve deeply, beneath the thorns.

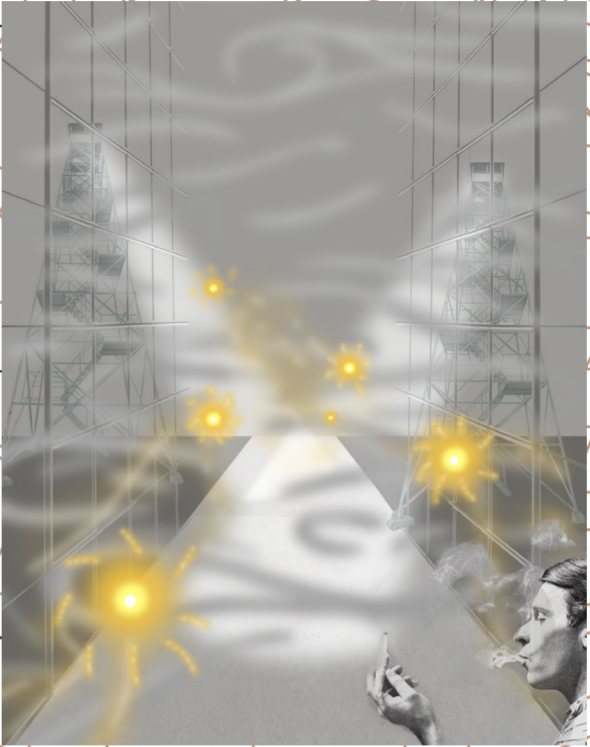
I can't see, the plume, the haze.
The sun is trying to bleed,
I want to go home,
I want this moment to last.

Through Heavy Space,
The Earth is trying to find me.

A wanted poster with an infinite
bounty.

I am looking for him too.

Maybe these lights know where he is?
They tell me he's golden,
and that he's just up ahead...



FEAR

“43”

A field of radiation,
of Spikes.
Not meant to attack,
but to protect,
from the mould that rots our souls.
Ourselves.
Self.

It's concrete, blunt,
but it seeps so far in,
A thorn unsqueezed,
Immovable.

So tread with caution,
Jester.

It may just leave you with a half life...



CONSCIOUSNESS

“The Infinite Meadow”

Atop my fire watch tower,
As such my monolith,
I look out into the Infinite Meadow,
And see myself in return.

It sways and creaks,
it could crash at any second.
But I remain firm and statutory,
And stare into myself.

Surrounded by flowers and tall grass,
and a lake,
which I protrude from.

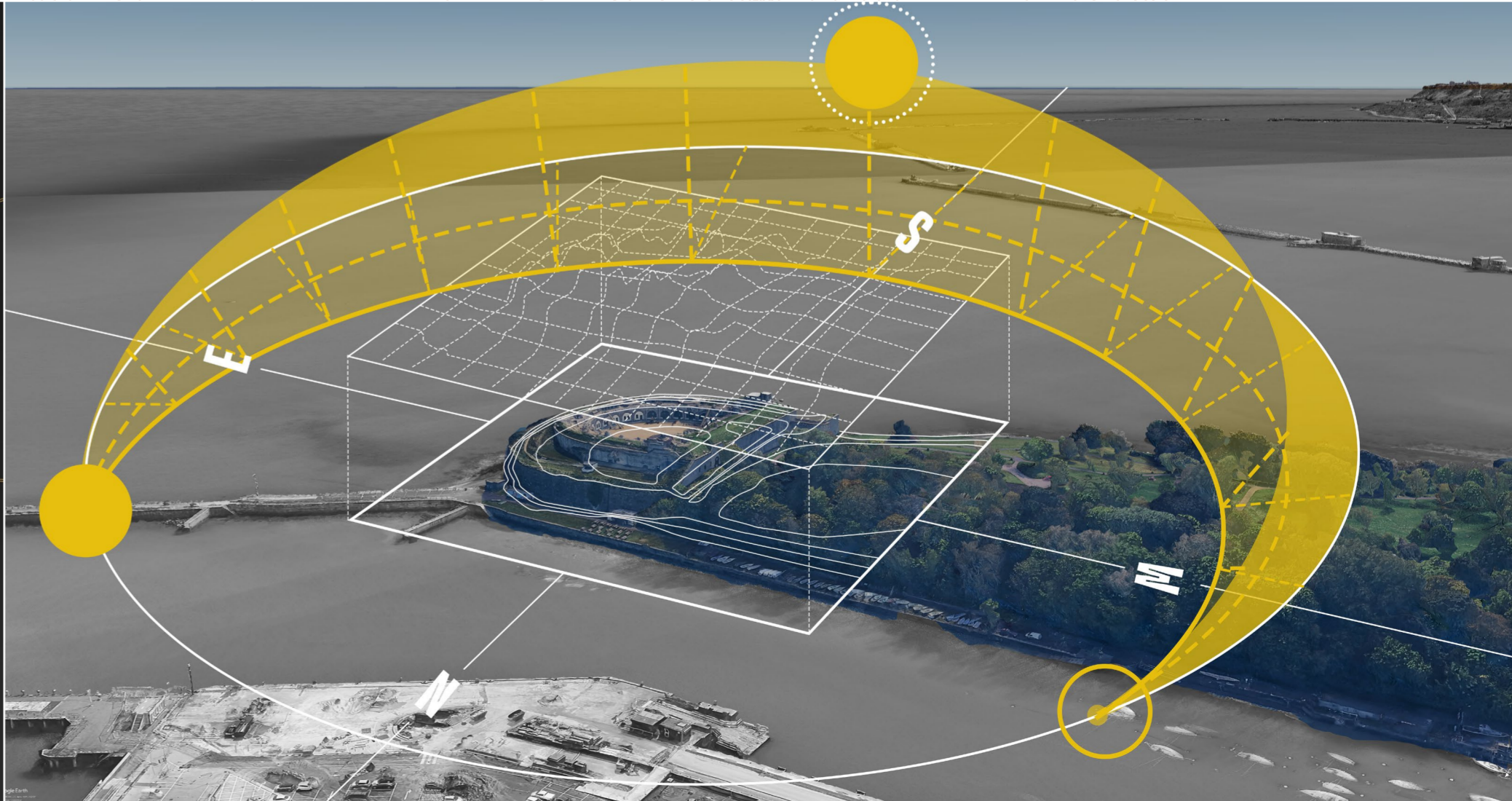
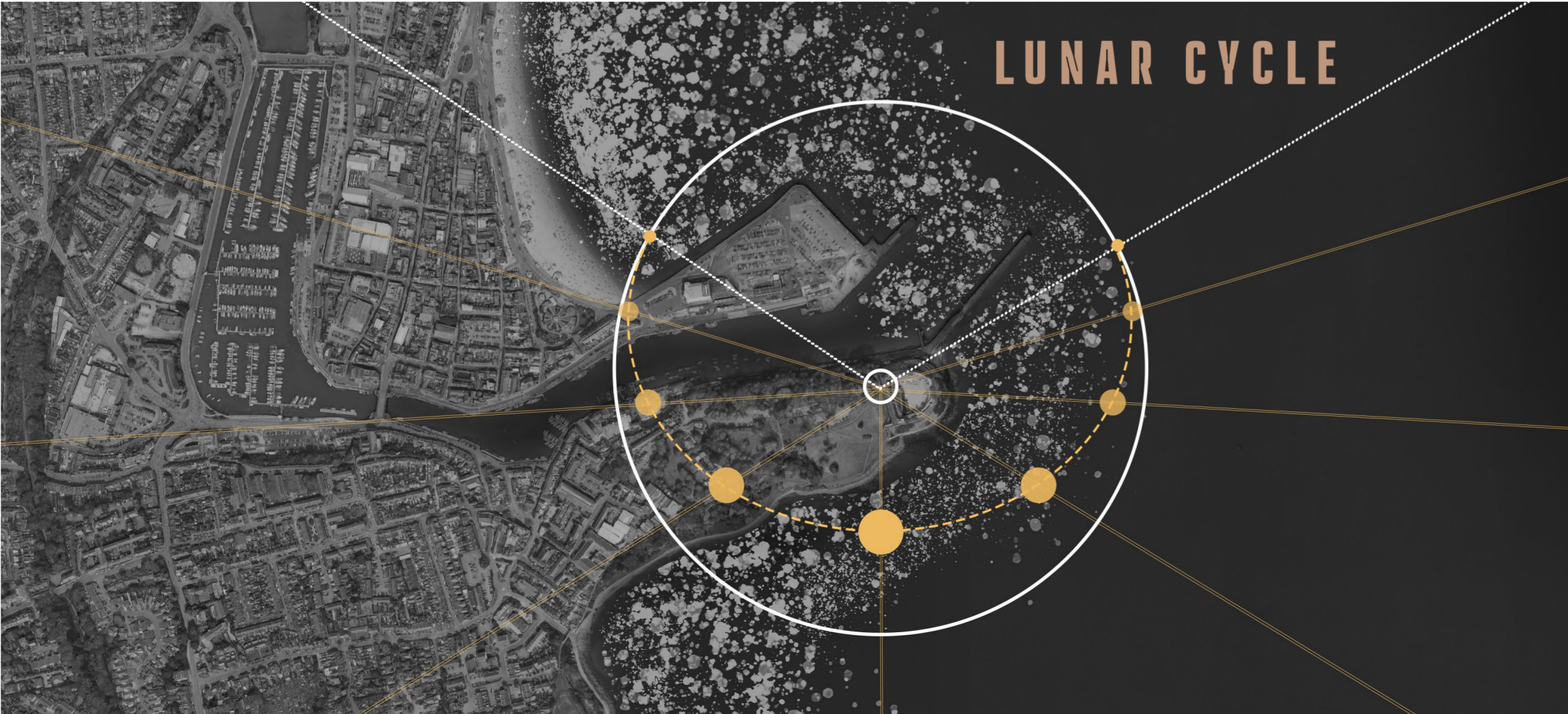
Looking down, into this lake's depths,
I always ponder, to the ripples,
Where does this go?
And how deep?

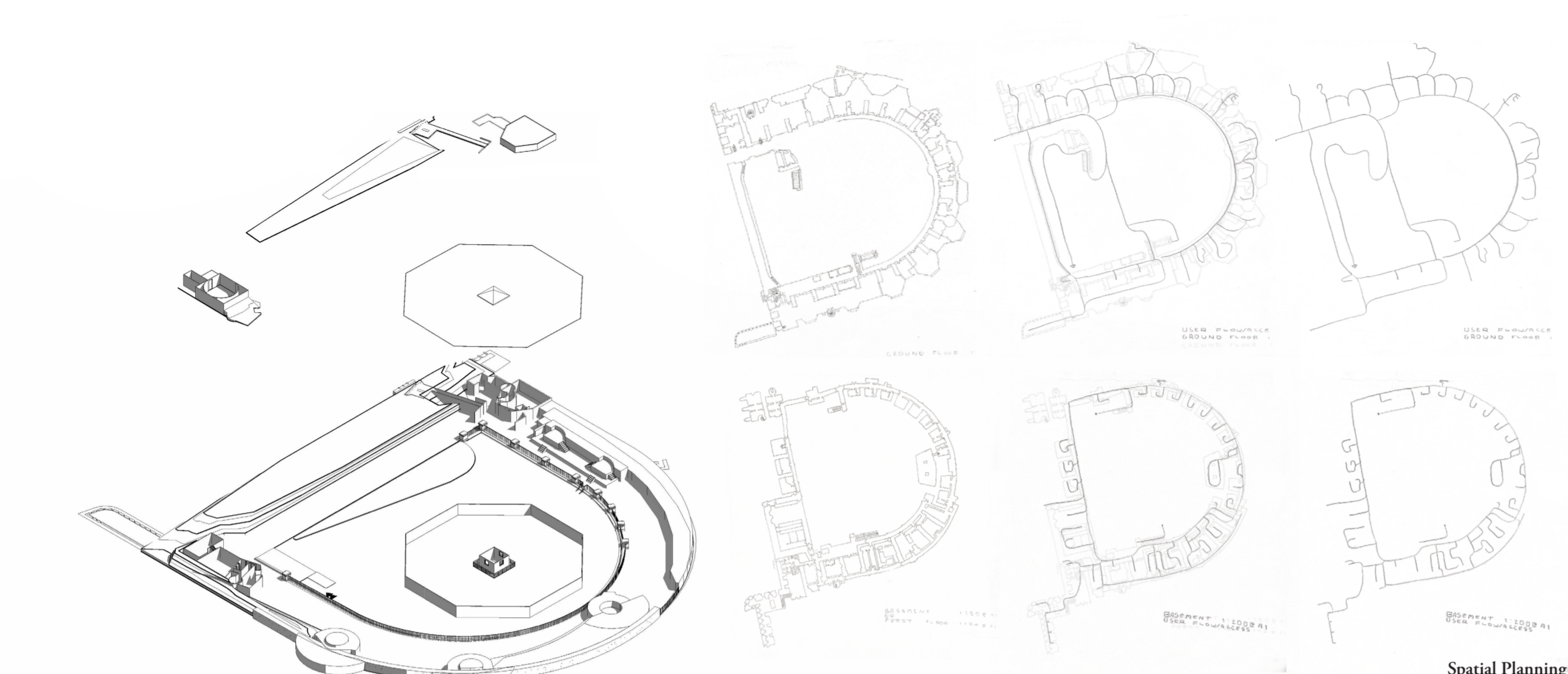
I am too scared to dive.
So for now,
I think I'll just paddle...



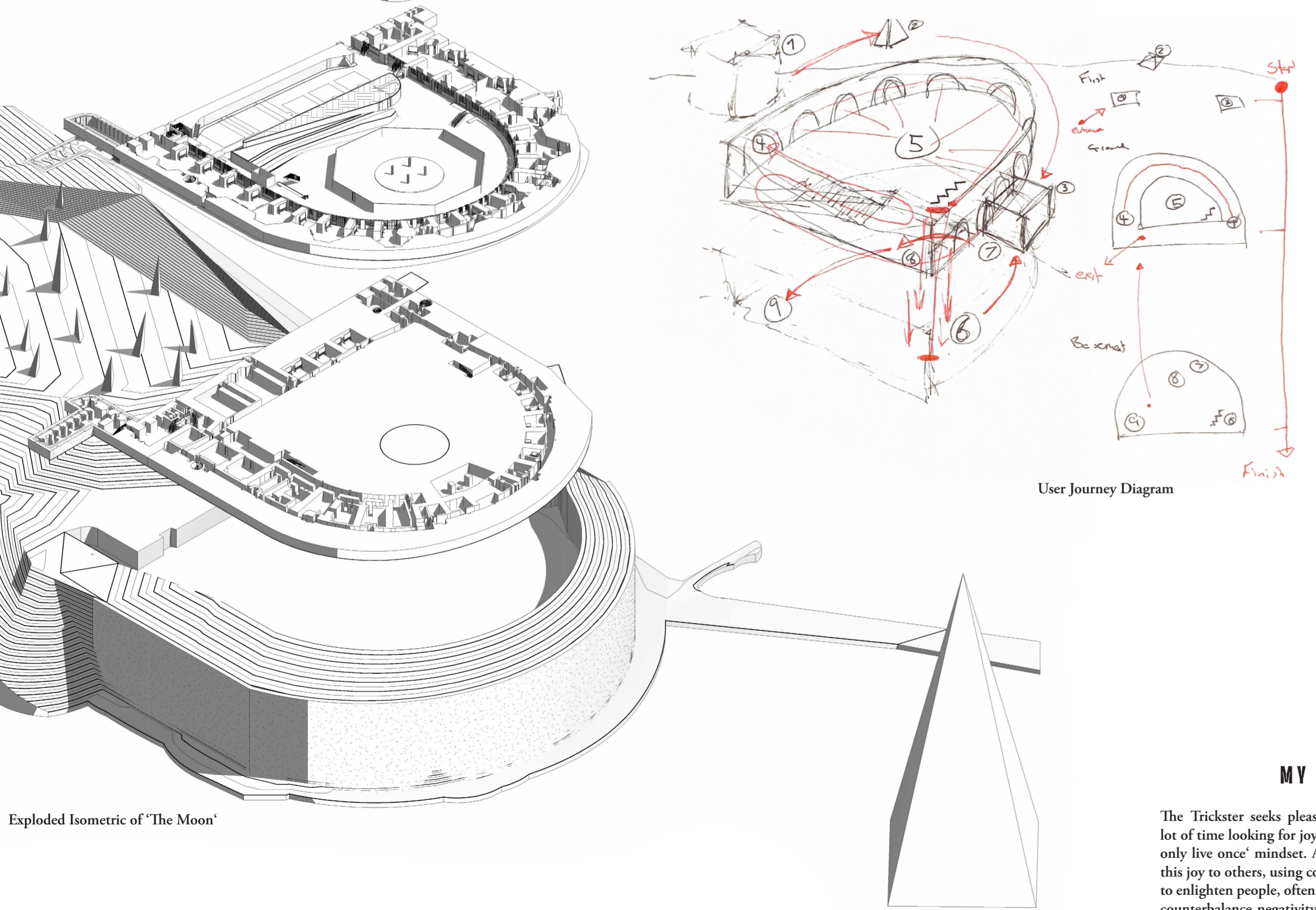
Render of my Unconscious

LUNAR CYCLE





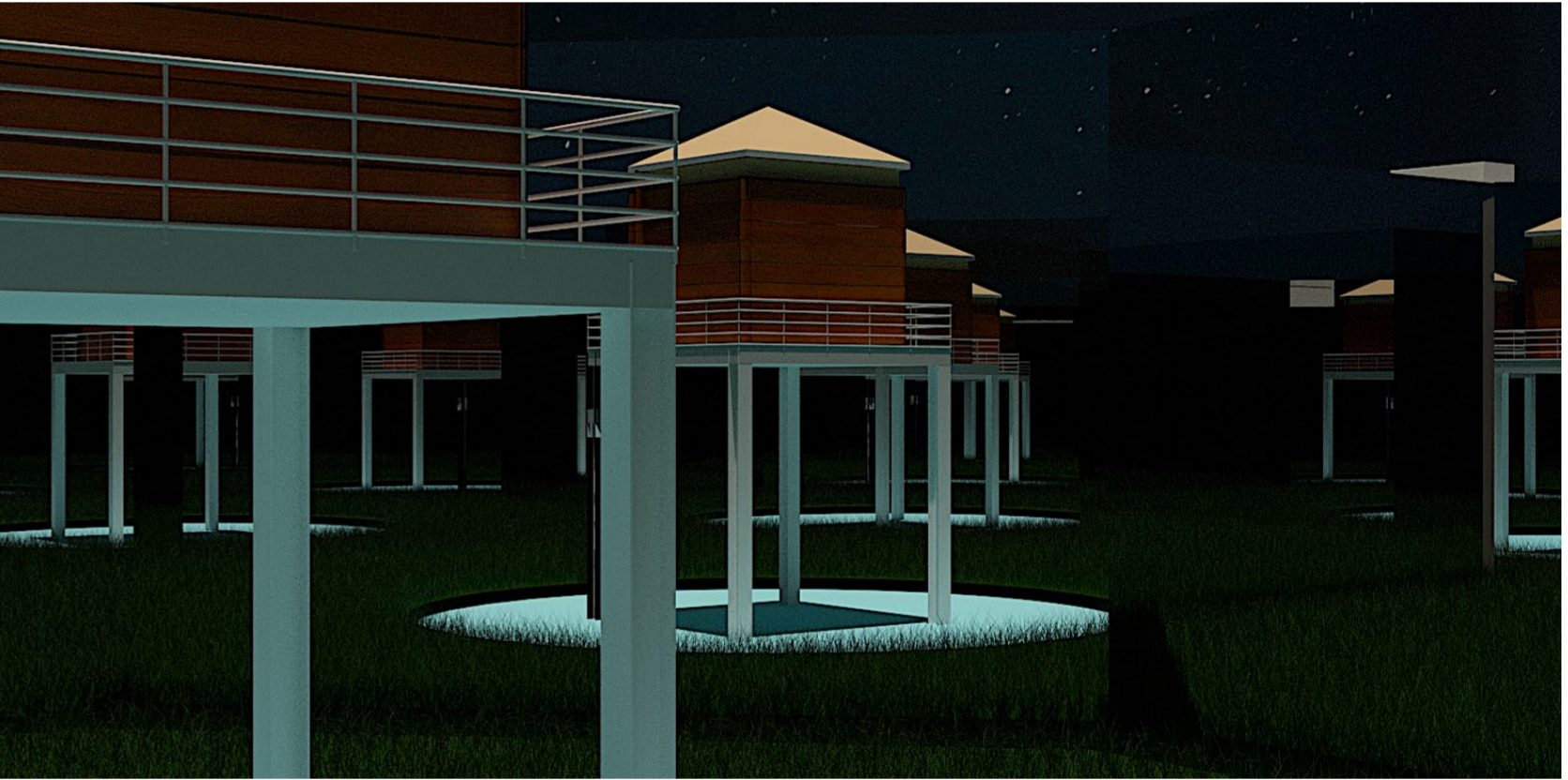
Spatial Planning



User Journey Diagram

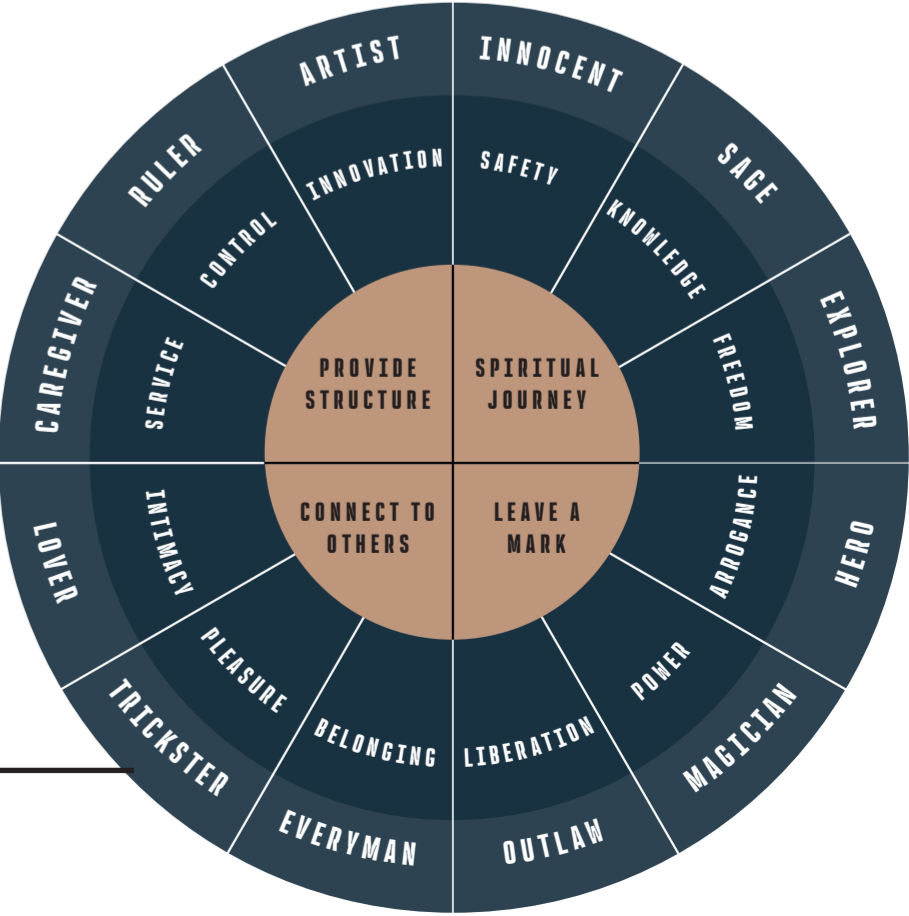


Modelmaking for my consciousness



Render of my Consciousness

JUNGIAN ARCHETYPE WHEEL



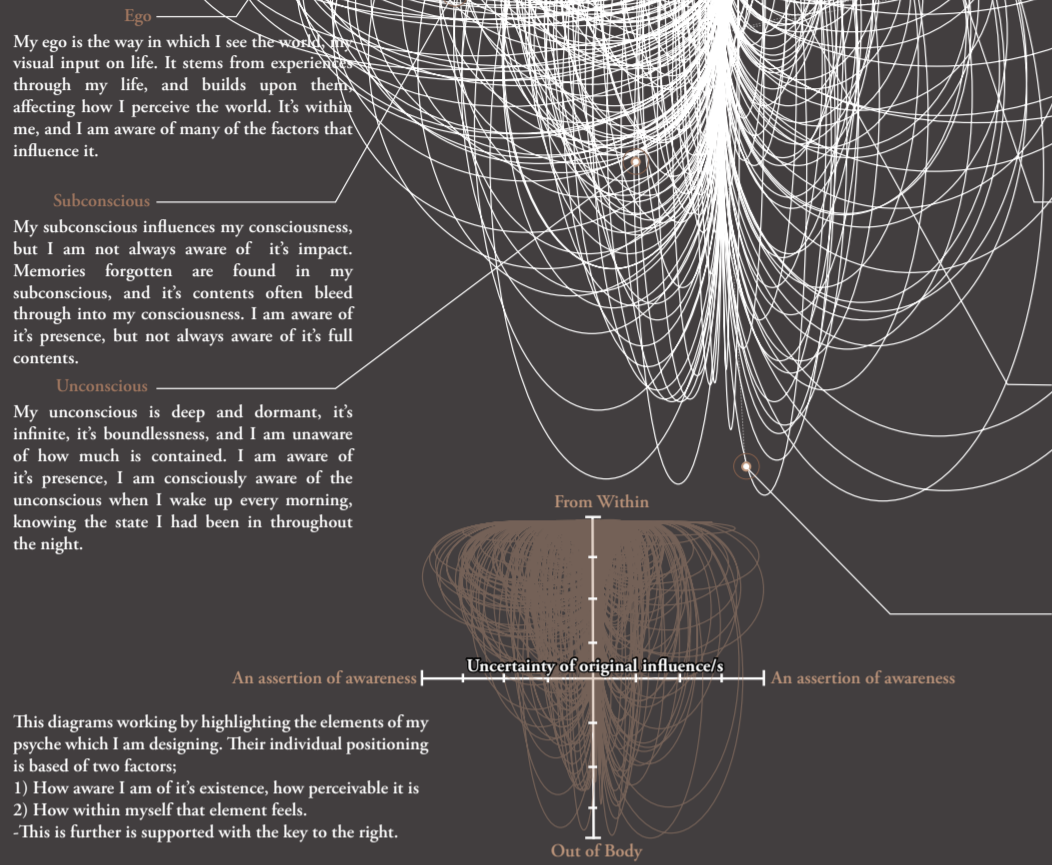
MY JUNGIAN ARCHETYPE

The Trickster seeks pleasure. They spend a lot of time looking for joy and take on a 'you only live once' mindset. A goal is to spread this joy to others, using comedy and humour to enlighten people, often using it as a tool to counterbalance negativity. They seek hidden wisdom through unoriginal methods.

The Trickster can suffer with frivolity. Disruption is often sought for the sake of the thrill. They often use humour to mask their own struggles, hiding pain from others.

DIVING DEEPER INTO MY PSYCHE...

LAYERS OF CONSCIOUSNESS GRAPH

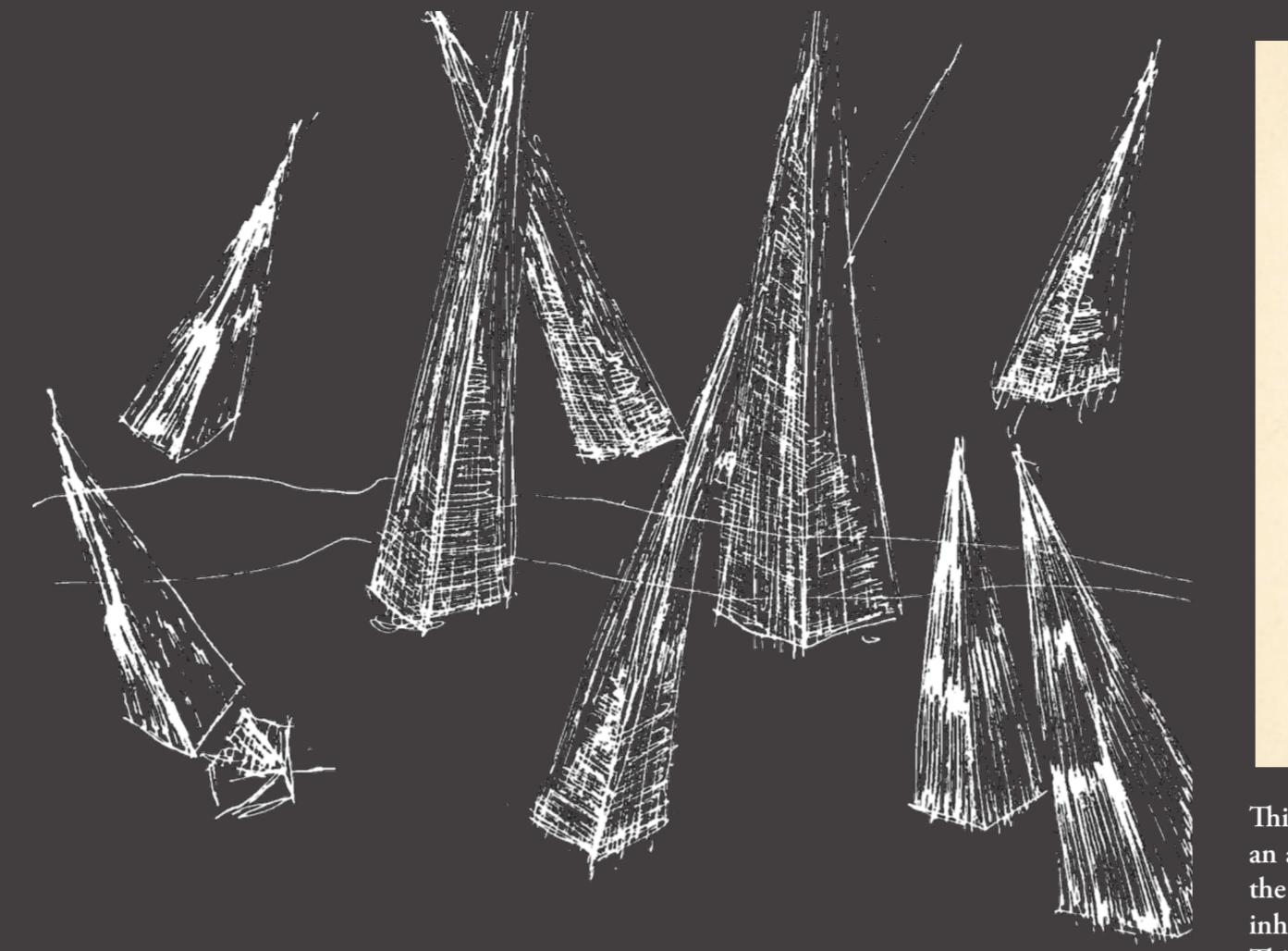


Consciousness
My consciousness is my waking thoughts, what I think about as I am typing this. My cognitive skills are perceived and experienced through my eyes and are processed in real time. It feels within me, and is understood through my physical body, my core senses.

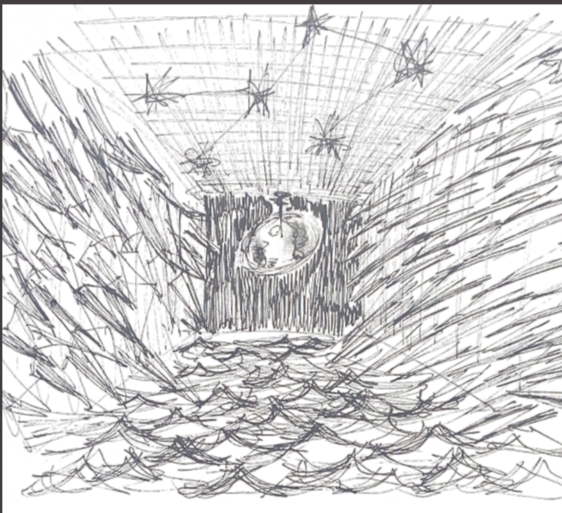
Fear
My sense of fear originates from something more primal. Like my consciousness, I experience this in real time, but the stems can be unknown. Fear can sprout from waking memories, such as fear from a bad experience, but can also be something more collective like my fear of death. Something that is feared, but not yet experienced.

Soul
I perceive my soul from deep within. It's one of the elements that feels out of mind. It's incredibly hard for me to experience without unstable mental intervention, such as the manic-like episode that I had experienced. Something that is not consciously induced. I ironically associate my soul with the Moon, a celestial body, not simply outside of my body, but in outer space entirely.

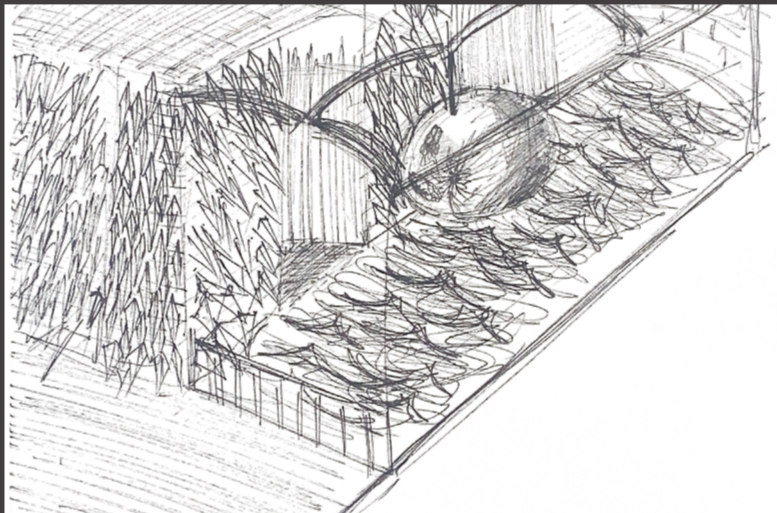
Collective Unconscious
My Collective Unconscious is the shared ancestral behavioural traits inherited through generation, all the way back to our animal like ancestors. This bleeds through into my life via subtle, instinctive like behaviours, as well as effecting my archetype, "The Trickster". An example of the collective unconscious is the fight or flight instinct.



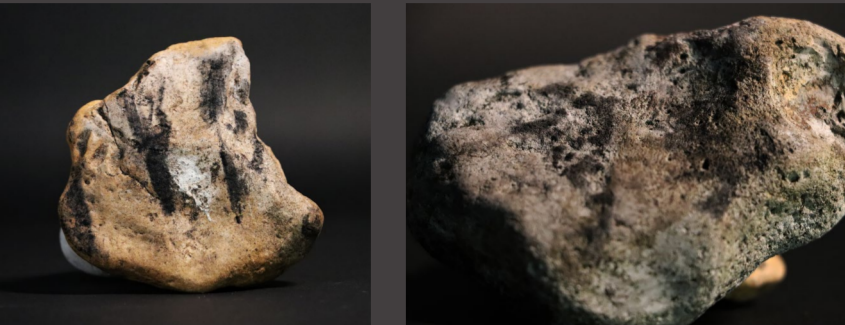
My Fear Concept sketch



My Soul concept sketch



'Cave Painting' out of homemade charcoal and rocks from my local heath



Sketch of my collective unconscious

“Chartered by the Stars”

A Mammoth's tusk,
spears through the Trickster's heart.
Through the dark matter of my soul.
Blood is shed.
On the boats of my ancestors.
A storm festers, with no eye.

I become them,
Frozen in flight,
Their essence, catalyses into resin,
I am this husk, this preservation.
A mosquito who leeches meaning,
with an insatiable hunger,
and an empty stomach...

This cave system has no room for me,
but it lays the ground works of my life in the air.

In Space,
I am with the Moon now,
and the stars that chartered their course.
I hope they can show me what comes next, where to go.

But above unseen, just heard,
I'll bleed myself onto the roots,
that feed the tree.

And nourish the skyline,
that grows out of me.

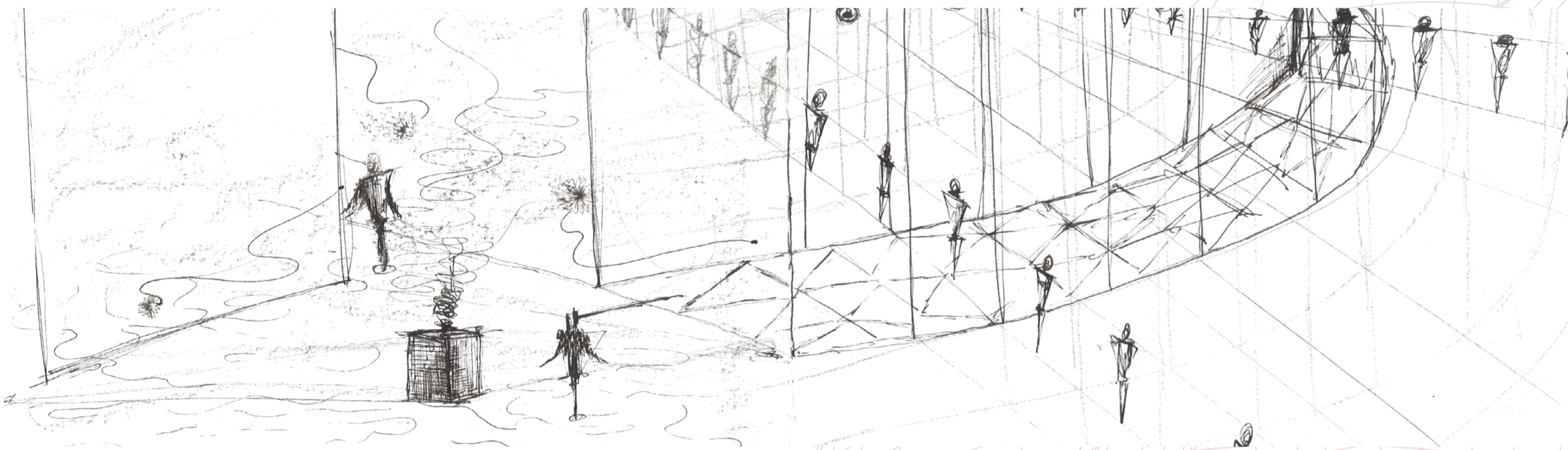
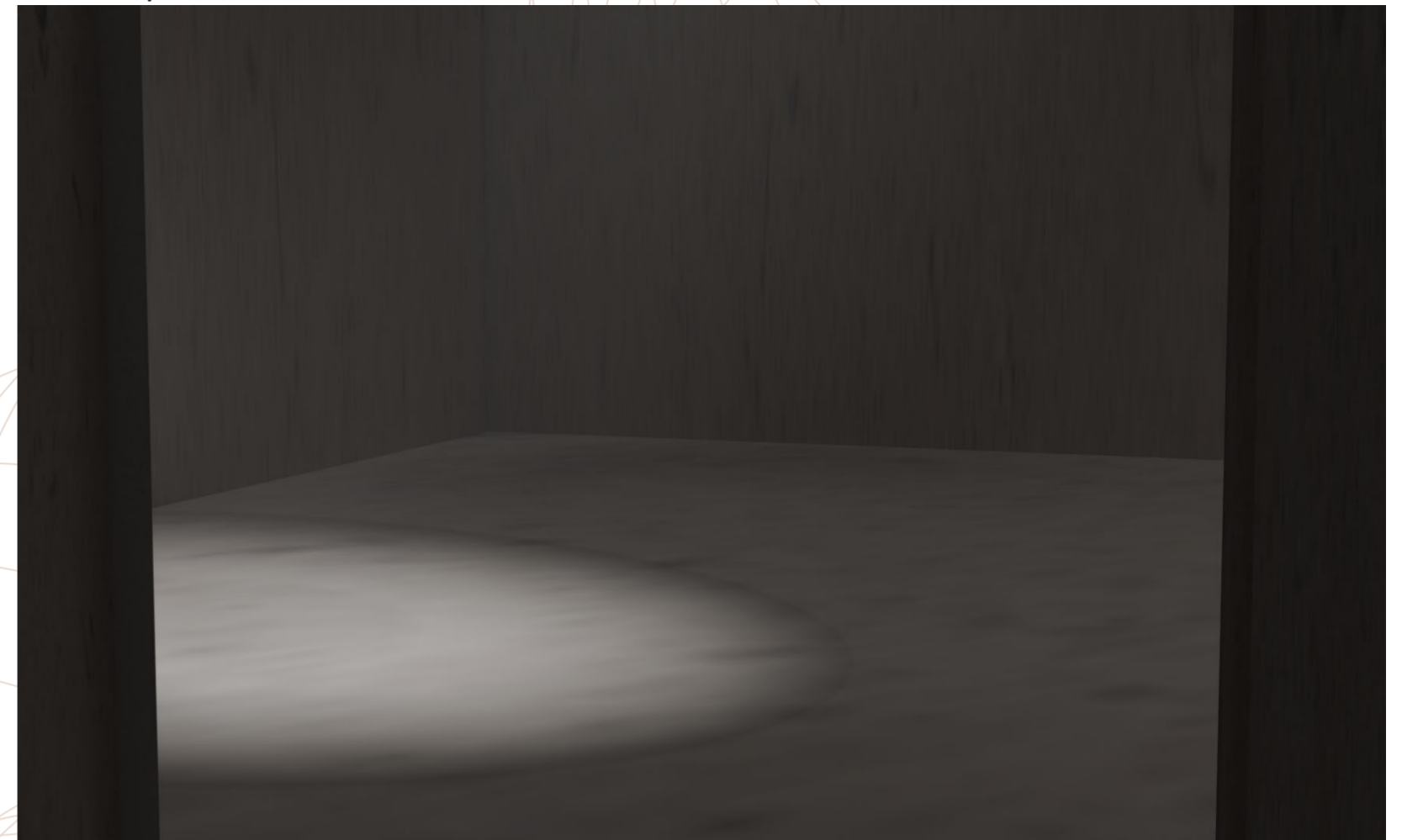
This poem depicts my Collectiev Unconscious, an aspets of all of our psyches which highlight the deep ancestral bhevaiousal traits that are inherited from our animal like ancestors. This reminded me of cave paintings, our ancestors from neolithic times, and the galleries of cave paintings they must have made, the first galleries.



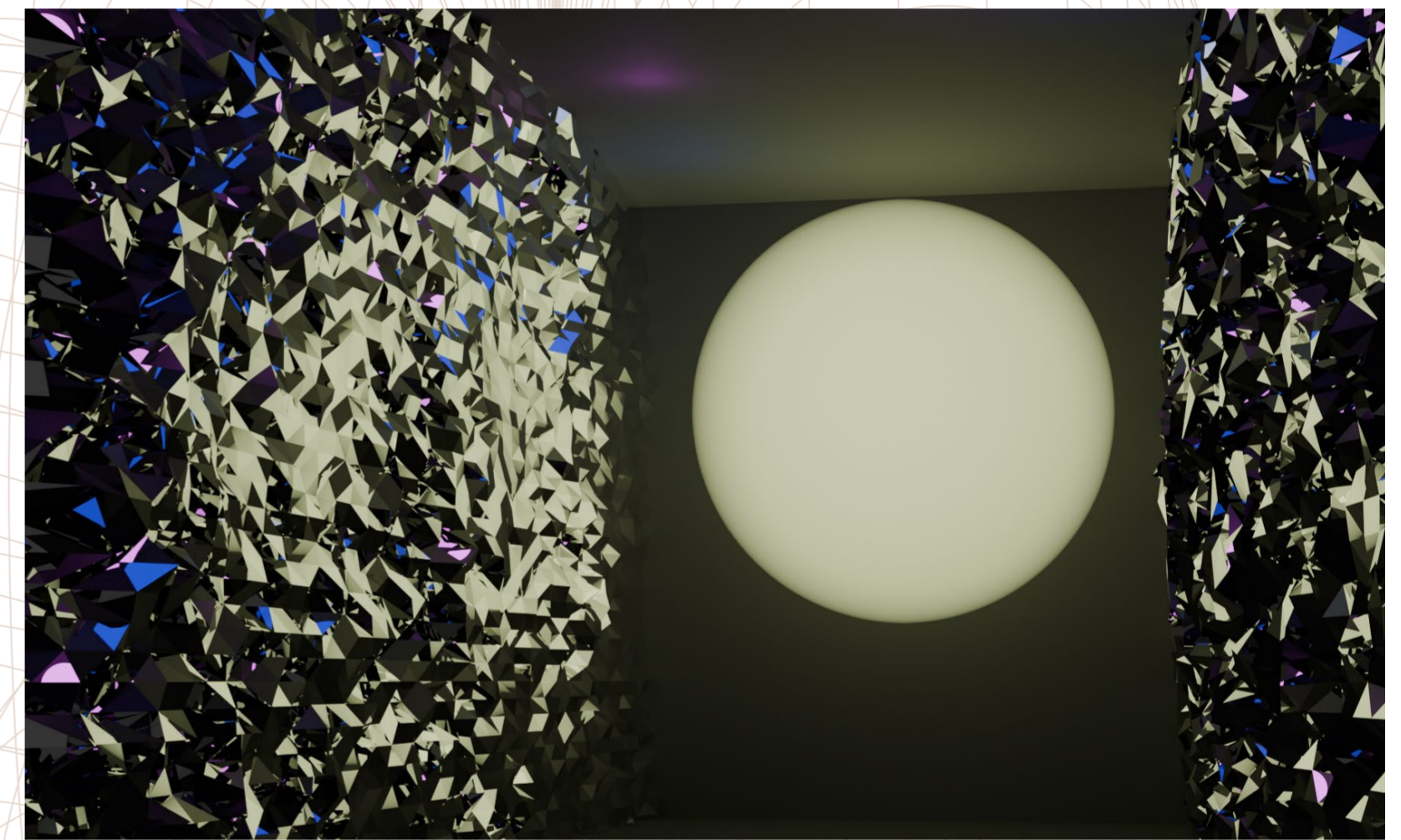


Model of proposed smoke within subconscious space

Render of my subconscious



Subconscious to Unconscious



Render of my Soul



Render of my Fear