

This is a house

- A linger in the wonder of *Absurd architecture*



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Abstract

The word *Absurd* means irrational and can be understood as something that takes us away from rationality that we in our part of the world use to develop our built environment. In the thesis I use the *Absurd* to take an alternative step away from a rationality that today has connected our buildings to a capitalistic value. I look into the word *house* as the smallest architectural building block to build up our society with and find out that a *house* has an etymological connection to trousers that cover and protect us. An image that connects architecture to the need for protection against the forces of nature. But also turns a *house* into an absurd object: trousers/clothes.

In this thesis I take you on a journey with the research question: What is an *Absurd architecture*? We start with my background, living in the Finnish countryside and the community *Wagon hill* and the social sculpture *Liikkuva Linna*. Then I create a theoretical framework with thoughts from Albert Camus, Jonna Bornemark and Friedrich Schiller. With the theory we go through three absurd reference projects to be able to see and undress the rational clothes we wear today. In the iterative design task I developed on a site in Finland called: *The unknown fairy tales on the countryside and elsewhere*, we get to develop an absurd *judgment formation* that continues to grow by using the theory on the world and the world on the theory. In the discussion in the end we come to the conclusion that an *Absurd architecture* is not a solution. The absurd seems to open up an interstice in the unknown where we can disconnect from the economical story that we are saturated in and be able to dream of the impossible possibilities of our built world. With an *Absurd architecture* we can undress the gray economical suit we carry and instead choose to dream in pajamas. In the end we get an *Absurd architecture* manifesto and an instruction on how you can house yourself and sew your own pajamas out of this paper. Thanks for reading

Keywords: Absurd, Absurd architecture, Judgment, Judgment formation, House, Urban, Form drive, Stoff drive, Ratio, Intellectus, Not knowing

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Introduction:

"On quantum physics that allows the small uncertainties to be built up into the big certainties - a stone thrown from the shore moves as it does, not because Newton declared his second law, but because the particles of which the stone is composed, all of which possess the quantum physical freedom to fly in whatever direction they want, are so numerous that the total probability of which path they should choose is concentrated so strongly around the most common path that all other alternatives are relegated to the world of dreams."

Skönheten i kaos (Ravanis, 2021)¹

In our everyday life I have noticed that the word Absurd is frequently used, almost as a swearing word. It can be to denounce everything that is strange or out of our imagination to think of as in Susanne Nyströms editorial in DN, one of Sweden's most popular daily newspaper, *"Listen to Håkan Juholt - his idea is absurd"* (Nystöm, 2024). Or it can be used as a weapon in a political debate, to write off the other person's argument as unreasonable like Katie Harris article in Daily Express *"Andrew Neil rips into Humza Yousaf for 'most absurd speech by politician of recent memory'"* (Harris, 2024)

Absurd is in an etymological encyclopedia described as plainly irrational (Etymonline, 2023). Ab- is a prefix that means away from and Surdum- means deafness. In that way we can see the absurd as something going away from what we cannot hear with the rational or reasonable ears we today build our society. The world of dreams, that Julia Ravanis mentions in the quote above, is irrational. Even though we spend quite some time of our days in that world when we sleep or daydream. Could the absurd be interested not to follow the path of ordinary probability, but instead search in the myriads of impossible paths that the particles are free to choose, as in *"... the world of dreams"*?

Furthermore, Angeliki Angeletou, an engineer specialized in UX design tries to deconstruct the absurd and defines four different tools of how the Absurd can help her in the design process:

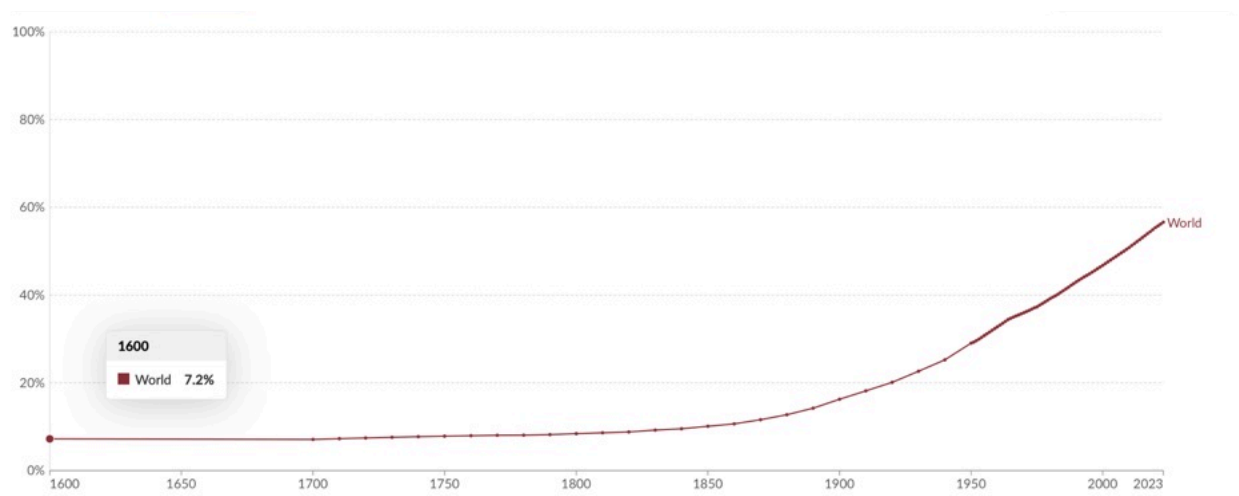
Crossing boundaries - Go over expected borders to gain new paths, crossing social norms and our common morals, can use what is taboo; *Defying expectations* - Plays with the opposite of what we expect. As something really disgusting when we believe we will experience something good; *Intentional ugliness* - Using ugly and simple that goes away from beauty and delicateness; *Form distortion and Unusual palette* - Using dissonance, disproportion and colors that clash. Can disturb our wish for ordinary beauty. Angeletou means that her attempt to deconstruct the absurd is not to explain it, but to find ways of how designers can go away from what they have learned or adapted to (Angeletou, 2024). Can an Absurd architecture help to develop the architectural design process?

The different ways the word Absurd is used makes me wonder. Is our culture so deeply entwined in ordinariness and rationality, that we need to ridicule everything that does not fit into the rationality of our storytelling? Jonna Bornemark is in her books *Det omätbaras renässans* (Bornemark, 2018) and *Horisonten finns alltid kvar* (Bornemark, 2020) in different ways,

¹ All texts from Swedish have through the text been translated by Google translate and corrected by PerViktor Hjalmarsson

reasoning that we value rationality too much in our society. So much that we may not make use of other intelligences that we as a species could use as tools for acting in this world.

In our democratic society the decisions we act with derive from common agreements made from a judgment we together develop as a society. The word *Judgment* has also an etymological meaning: "Capacity for making decisions" (Etymology online, 2024). When life is changing, our judgment of the world needs to change with it. Bornemark uses the word *omdömesbildning* as a word to describe how we change and develop our judgment. Since I didn't find a good word in English, I have translated *omdömesbildning* to *judgment formation*. In a society that is too fixated with one tool to grasp the world with (as with the rationality in our society) it's only through that tool (rationality) that we can develop our *judgment formation*. I believe that the space the society then has to make decisions grows narrow and our ability to be flexible and adaptable in a time full of changes are stiffened.



#0, Share of population in the world living in urbanized areas, from 1600 to 2023

One of the stories that create judgment for our society today is the urban story that we globally make most of our decisions from. Since the 17th century we have globally gone from an urbanization rate of 7 percent in the year 1600 until the 57 percent we have today, (Our world in data, 2023). Henri Lefebvre describes in his book *The Urban Revolution* (Lefebvre, 2003) the idea of how the urban in a post feudal society could expand through the industrial revolution and make the center of our societies go from governing the citizens through politics to being replaced by a market that only care about how to generate more economy. Today we live in a world where an urban and capitalistic mindset has conquered the whole earth and turned everything on the planet into a resource and by that into value and economy. Such as living beings, the sea and even the thoughts we breathe can today be capitalized and turned into value. The rural areas have in that sense in the urban story been transformed into a resource for the city. Either as a recreation area where people want to get away from the city into the countryside, or as a place where food and other resources are produced for the people in the city. In this thesis I use a site in the countryside to take an absurd step away from an urban judgment that forms our decisions today. Can the Absurd create new stories on the countryside

1:2

that helps us ab-, go away from, how the rural is defined today? To question the urban story, my assertion is that we need a new kind of housing in the countryside.

To reconnect to Ravanis quote in the beginning, the smallest architectural particle of living in the countryside can be seen as the *house*. The etymological roots of *house* in Swedish *hus* are linked to covering something, to enclose, to protect, to hide. Like the German word for trousers - *hose*: skin that covers and protects the legs. The word *house* can also bring to mind housekeeping, economy, keeping the house up. (Projekt Runeberg, 2024) I think it is interesting that the word economy is actually entwined with how to live in a house. It resonates with Lefebvre's thought of the Urban revolution, putting housekeeping in the middle of our society. Has our capitalistic and urban mindset changed the meaning of the word *house* from being a word describing a primary need to cover ourselves into a resource that we can value and create more value from? Today a *house*, a covering, has become relegated into something that some people can afford to have, some not. How can we live with that?



#1 Hairy house demonstration: We want our houses back!

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Our focus on rationality seems to be a cultural fixation as Bornemark describes it. When we use our rationality, we often explain it and base it on science. But when we with the same glasses of rational science look at the problems of climate change, we feel a hopeless absurdity in the irrationality of our judgment (capacity to make decisions) to really deal with the issue. Associations like *Fridays for future* are over and over again trying to remind us that we should be rational and listen to what science tells us by acting accordingly. But something stops us from using the rational judgment we have as our only tool. Half of the UN:s eight goal; *Decent work and economic growth* (Sustainable Development Goals, 2024), in the middle of all the other 17 reasonable logical goals, makes the whole UN Sustainable Development Goals fall into absurdity. It is the illogical piece that makes the whole logic path to reach sustainability crumble. For me it clearly tells us that we need to have the economy in the center. As planners we are encouraged to come up with new storytelling, new paths for society to take. But with the economical and legal restraints that we as Architects have to work under there is no space to really act on the other 16 goals. Our *judgment formation* is trapped under the storytelling of a never ending growth and an urban mindset that today has conquered the whole planet.



#2 Hairy house architects interested in the hairstyle of the house.

Two trousers wander

(A housing dialogue by PerViktor Hjalmarsson)

Two trousers walk on a road in the countryside with a lake on one side and new houses that are built up on the other side of the road.

-What is that?

-It's just another house like the ones we passed on the way.

-No... I feel... it's a being... that has grown out as the leaves of that tree.

-No (giggles), it's just an ordinary house!

-I don't think so, it seems like it thinks in another way

-Thinks?

-Something like that, has fantasies that it is something else.

-But a house cannot have fantasies that it is something else! And no one can live in fantasies!

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-Have you tried?

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1:4

-No, but we cannot shelter our bodies without materiality. We need materials for shelter in the human real world.

-But isn't the way we use materials just a way to condense our thoughts?

-You cannot tell me that someone can put a thought around them to warm them and keep the rain and cold away!

КАЕТКА

-But if it was a warm thought, a really, really warm and pleasant thought you thought of for a long long time?

-Wouldn't keep me warm in a storm!

-Have you tried?

-No, I just know from experience.

2:3
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1AH

A little later on the walk...

-Wow! What a wonderful cloud! Can't we try to make another house up there?

-Ofcourse not!(snorts at the thought) a cloud is just mist that has gathered in the sky, and when
It's too full of moisture, it will fall down as rain and your house on the cloud would vanish with
the clear blue sky.

-I still think it's a perfect place for another house

-Are you stupid! What would you fix the beams on? How would you build your castle in the sky?
Tell me pragmatically how you would do it!

-Hmmm... maybe...If I take a raindrop from the rain, and put it up in the air. Then I put another
one a few meters away and started drop by drop to make a stair up to the cloud. Then when I
have reached the cloud I would pull out threads from my hair and connect them as beams from
mist drop to mist drop. And piece by piece I would make a house grow.

-You are just crazy! Of Course it won't work! You cannot put a raindrop frozen in the air. You
cannot get hair to stay there! You are totally freaked out!

-Maybe, but let's try?!

-You go ahead, I go back home to my real house!

With this introduction I want to illustrate the absurd as an opening for discussion. The aim of an Absurd architectural elaboration is to test and discuss how a *judgment formation* in architecture can be expanded or changed. Can an Absurd architecture, as Angeletou tries in UX design, open up new tools for architects to deal with a world that is changing? Can the Absurd in a rural context help us to detach from an urban mindset and open up new possibilities to act? Every human's primary need of having shelter around their walking legs (and bodies) at a time that is steered up is at stake. Let's begin the journey of what Absurd Architecture could be...

Background / History

In this first chapter I present the context from where my wonder has started. A reality and a brief history will hopefully bring the reader to an understanding of my departure for this research.

Wagon Hill

In the south of Finland, in between Helsinki and Turku lies a piece of land owned by a collective where I am still an active member. The collective is named *Wagon hill*. It began 2016 as a part of the Tiny house movement where we searched for alternative and cheap ways to make living possible in the countryside. Three families, with 5 adults and 7 children, started out on 1.6 ha of land to explore how to build a more self-sustainable and playful community. We wanted to put trust more to the collective as well as being part of building a stronger local community. A low carbon footprint was also a driving force for us all.



1. Liikkuva Linna
2. Birch forest (site)
3. Field
4. Wagon Hill land (building right)
5. Pond
6. Outside kitchen
7. Tiny house (place for rest)
8. Common sauna
9. Common house (existing on site)
10. Old sauna (wreck)
11. Building shed
12. Play house (for children)



3, Picture from above on the land of Wagon Hill. To the bottom right: Position of Wagon Hill in Karjalohja.

The building office of the Municipality Lohja, where Karjalohja and the land *Wagon Hill* is situated, got a complaint from a neighbor in 2018 that people have put up buildings without building permissions. After this, a long process started with discussion between the building office in the municipality and the collective *Wagon Hill*. Before the complaint the community had

been living with the understanding that if we build small structures on wheels and or if they are light, it would be ok by law to put it up. This turned out to be wrong. The complaint to the municipality also started a process for the community to find ways of dealing with the situation that ended up in two different approaches. One approach was to meet up the building officers demand and find ways to get some of the buildings legally approved. This is today made possible by the transformation of one building into a playing house for children(12) and another building into a resting place for fieldwork on the farm(7).

During the years there have been social changes in the *Wagon Hill* community. Some new people have been interested to join, some moving out. But something we experienced from the process is how the intervention from the municipality went in as a kiel in our community. The feeling of being able to create a change and possibility for our children's future, to make choices that would bottom up impact on climate change was a common driving force that met a wall of legislation. We found out that if we want to live in the countryside today we need to follow the most common path and make housing in the way society has made possible. That means to have a housekeeping muscle of at least 100 000 € to make a small house. It started to make me wonder: What is really a house?

Liikkuva linna

The other approach we used to meet the building officers demand was to make our home *Liikkuva Linna* into an art piece, a sculpture that was Inspired by Joseph Beyus concept *Social sculpture*, that makes the art piece more than its mere physical being. The discussion around it and the societal change it awakens is art. *Liikkuva Linna* has artistically been inspired by Lars Wilks social sculpture *Niemis* in Kullaberg nature reserve area north of Skåne and the Hayao Miyazaki anime movie of the living house in *Howl's moving castle* from 2004. The Social sculpture *Liikkuva Linna* has in different ways been shown in various art exhibitions in both Finland and Sweden but also abroad. The artwork has questioned the bureaucratic structures in the nordic countries and the need our society has to sort the world in "correct" boxes.



#4, *Liikkuva Linna* dressed in autumn leaves

Now, seven years after the intervention from the municipality, we can see the process with new eyes. To live in a living being was before it needed to define itself not absurd but just a way of life. With choosing to define it, rationalize it as art, as something in between, it somehow died. We, my family that created *Liikkuva Linna*, are at the moment living in Sweden.

History

Liikkuva Linna was born 2009 in Skattungbyn, Sweden. It started from a need to have a space of warm air to welcome our first child that was born in the beginning of 2010. We slaughtered an old caravan and builded up a small wooden house with a saddle roof and a wooden stove. Everything we needed to welcome a new life was there: Roof over the head and warmth. Since we didn't know where we would end up, we made it moveable so that we could live where we wanted. We started with Finland and drove it from Skattungbyn, Sweden, to Finland and a community in the archipelago of Turku where it landed on a field outside of the common house. Our first child was born in 35 minus degrees and three days old moved into the wagon. Half of the roof was in the summertime lifted into a round shape roof to create space for a loft.

But after roughly a year we moved it back to Sweden and to a farm in Hölö outside of Södertälje. Here our second child was born in the wagon in a home delivery when the house was grazing together with two big horses in a pasture by a lake. In Hölö the other side of the roof was lifted and the whole saddle roof became round. After moving our home here and there in Sweden we moved to Finland again but without the wagon. Here we gave birth to our third child in Helsinki in a flat. The wagon came one year after, when we moved the wagon to Finland and the land of *Wagon hill*, where it rooted itself and started to bloom out. The need for space made us connect it with another wagon in an L shape and in the middle a tower and a greenhouse struck out. Together with the children we grew our home. A constant transformation where lack of space, need for more warmth or inadequate design always needed our presence and care, always transformed itself. For me to feel that our hands and creativity held the space around our bodies was a powerful experience. Not only did we rise from the passivity that a life in an already thought of, prefabricated home, made by professionals, creates. But to live in a living changeable creative space where we shape our own thoughts was uplifting and new for me. That our activity and creativity matter. Not just to change the inside of a space, but a whole being of a home.

How it bloomed and grew there on the fields of *Wagon hill* is still a saga for me. When the municipality came with its complaint, that saga could not continue to be told. The officers wanted it to move into the right probability path where houses are bound to be. And on agricultural fields it is not even allowed to make a *house*! One of the solutions from the officials of the municipality was to define it as trash and ask from us a plan on how we would sort the different trash in different containers. We still stated it as art and meant that it was not trash to be taken away. But as mentioned, something real died when it turned into art. *Liikkuva Linna* moved itself from being something undefined living, into an imaginative world where it needed concepts and thoughts to continue to exist. It continued to live on in the dream world.

It still stays on the field. With a sign the municipality put up: Forbidden to enter. Now only birds, bats, mice, microbes and other living beings are part of reshaping *Liikkuva Linna*. If nothing happens, decay will slowly turn its physical presence into its last transformation. And the trash will be rationally sorted, burned and dug down into organized places in a trash yard.

Towards new fairytales

The creation of *Wagon Hill* and *Liikkuva Linna* was both part of starting new architectural stories or fairy tales connected to the countryside. *Wagon Hill* wanted to discover a story that makes sense of how small houses or living spaces could be used as a way to lower the threshold of living together in the countryside. But *Liikkuva Linna* is my first in depth, real encounter with an Absurd architecture. It went away from the standards in our society of how a house is made. It had no drawings, it had no fixed idea or a budget for good housekeeping and It was made mostly out of recycled materials that was found when needed. Sometimes an old wall became a new floor, elements swapped places and redefined themselves. *Liikkuva Linna* has changed how I perceive the concept of a *house*. That a whole house could be a transformation. It could represent one of the impossible dream particles of Ravanis dreamworld.

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ΚΛΕΤΚΑ

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Theory:

After this personal background into the absurd I want in this chapter to present the main concepts that I have used to create a theoretical framework so that we can scavenge further into the thesis question of what Absurd Architecture could be. Albert Camus, Jonna Bornemark and Friedrich Schiller will hold our hands as we dig ourselves deeper into the Absurd unknown. With their help we try to grasp and develop the concept of *Judgment formation*; a tool for us humans but also architects to over and over again meet the world as new.

The Absurd

In Albert Camus' essay *The Myth of Sisyphus* (1942), Camus thinks over the concept *Absurd*. He reasons that we need an absurd mindset to live in this time. He wrote the essay towards the end of the Second World War, a happening in our western world that reshaped our judgment and with that many of our thoughts and beliefs. Camus wants us to think of the Absurd as a relief, a tool to use on the world. He questions our scientific logical clarity and calls it poetry. Science, which in his time and still in our time describes the world, has been the “enlightened” way to clear away superstitions and what we call false beliefs. Camus means that with religion we were stuck in the use of images to describe the world. So when the existentialists, as he was part of, declared god as dead, he sought to put his hope in science that uses logic and proofs. But in the end he is disappointed that science also needs to use images to describe itself. His question is; does science poetry create a better image for us than the religious images that we have gone away from? Why then the effort?

“(from science) I learned that this colorful and dazzling universe can be traced back to the atom and that the atom itself depends on the electron. All this is well and good; I only ask to hear the continuation. But they tell me of an invisible planetary system, where the electrons rotate around a nucleus. One explains the universe using an image. Then I realize that you have ended up in a poem: where I will never arrive at any knowledge. And before I could express my disappointment, they already changed the theory. The science that would have taught me to understand everything opens up in hypotheses, the clairvoyance drowns in metaphors, the uncertainty gets a mock solution in scientific poetry. Was it worth it?”

(Camus, 1942)

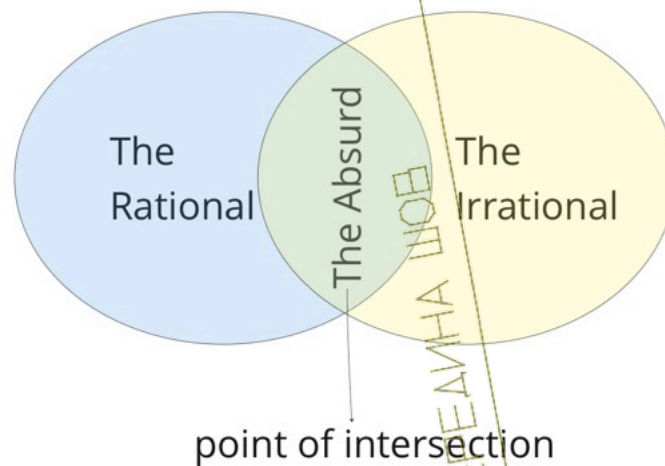
“The only thing you can say for sure is that the world is not reasonable. The Absurd lies in the meeting between the irrational and the despairing need for clarity, which shakes the human soul to its depths.”

(Camus, 1942)

With the use of reason and logic Camus deconstructs our logical mind and opens us up for an Absurd meaninglessness. He asks us to see the gap in-between the irrational world and our desperate need for rational clarity. Is it possible for us to go there?

"The absurd always appears as a result of comparison... The absurd is in the gap, neither in one nor the other of the comparative units. It arises out of their mutual confrontation."

(Camus, 1942)



#5 Camus absurd gap in between the rational and the irrational

Judgment formation.

To look at our despairing need for clarity that Camus is mentioning we start with the word *Judgment formation*.

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Definition

According to a Swedish dictionary the word *Omdöme*, *Judgment* is described as: *"The ability to judge things really wisely; judgment; discernment; also Pregnant: good discernment... Optics teaches us that it is only through the exercise of judgment that the fly at a distance of half an inch does not seem to us as big as the eagle at 30 fathoms"* (Ordlista över Svenska språket, 1987). Practicing one's judgment seems to be associated with being able to discern correctly in a certain matter. In Etymonline the word *discern* is described as the ability to identify something, separate it from something else, to distinguish, keep apart, *"perceive rationally, understand"* (Etymonline, 2024). We discern with the reference to something that we consider to be right, that testifies to something we have decided as a good judgment. From this information we can draw a conclusion that by sorting and correctly placing/assessing the information we have in front of us, we create our judgment through the rational process of discernment. But a question rises: who are the "right" thinkers? Who gets to define what is a good judgment?

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Ratio, Intellectus and the not knowing

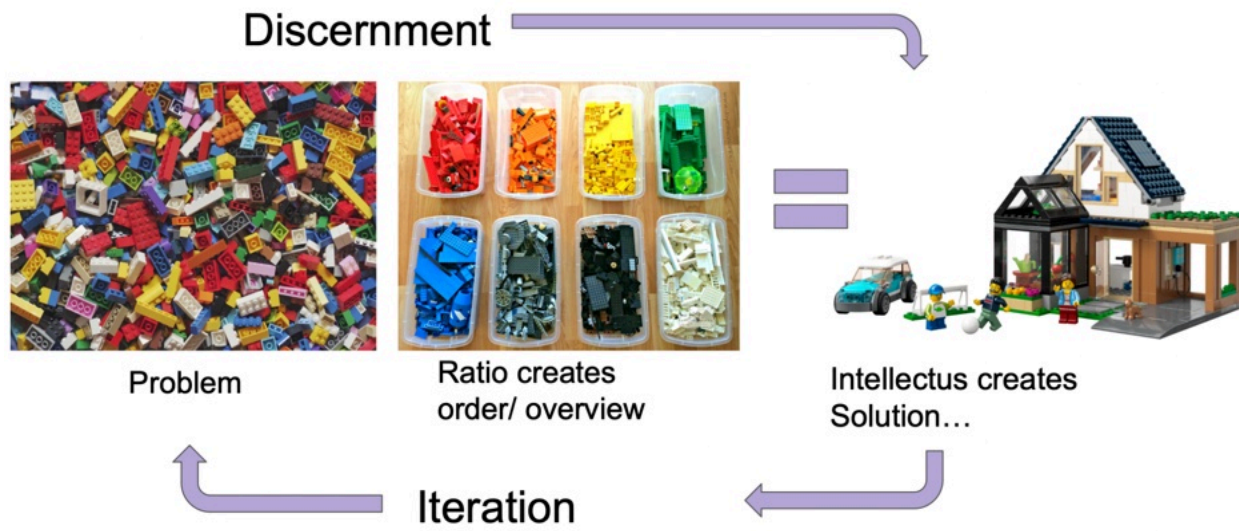
Jonna Bornemark is in her book *Det omätbaras renässans* (Bornemark, 2018) explaining the word *Rational* as founded in the word *Ratio* that she defines as an ordering part of our intelligence. Our *Ratio* groups and sorts what the senses take in and structure it in our mind. *Ratio* can be seen as a tool our mind uses to make structure of the world and therefore a

fundamental need. This is how we, when growing up, need to sort the world and the concepts in different boxes. One example can be when we clean. We organize the mess in different places where we put the pencils or the forks etc. While the things we don't find a category to are not valuable for us, those things we define and throw away as trash. But when we use the *Ratio* as an omnipotent tool all over, as in our bureaucratic legislation and management for building our society, it seems to stiffen us. Bornemark names it pedantry and a society built upon that kind of categorization makes pedants in charge of the societies development. In order to reach a *Judgment formation* that can take in a more broadened view, Bornemark means that we need to access other parts of our mind which she refers to as *Intellectus* and *the not knowing*. *Intellectus* creates context from what the *Ratio* has captured and ordered. *Intellectus* can be seen as that which can hover above what we with our *Ratio* have sorted. It can draw conclusions and ask questions between the fixed lines of the *Ratio*. *Intellectus* is in that sense a tool of the mind that uses discernment over what the *Ratio* has arranged.

I understand it as we through our experiences of an issue or a problem collect information with the help of our *Ratio*. Then we use *Intellectus* to draw conclusions that through more experiences broadens the register of our judgment and create a more multifaceted picture of the issue. This we can also see working in the design tool Iteration that we as designers and architects can work with. When we use our creativity and create one order of the world (one iteration), we use *Intellectus* to think and rethink over that order, we get to reevaluate and reach a new understanding of the problem. When we then create another iteration we order the world based upon a *Judgment formation* that has expanded.

Bornemark connects the word *formation* with history. What we can form an idea about is something that has happened before and which, by bringing it into a new situation, we get to compare and assess the current situation with. But she also claims that the *Judgment formation* can't just deal with history. To dare to stand in a situation that is always new, we also need to use one of the intellect's most neglected qualities in our culture; the *not knowing*. This could be where Camus' Absurd intersection space in between rational and irrational comes in. But for us to dare to stand in the unknown we might need something to hold on, a compass?

Ordinary judgment formation



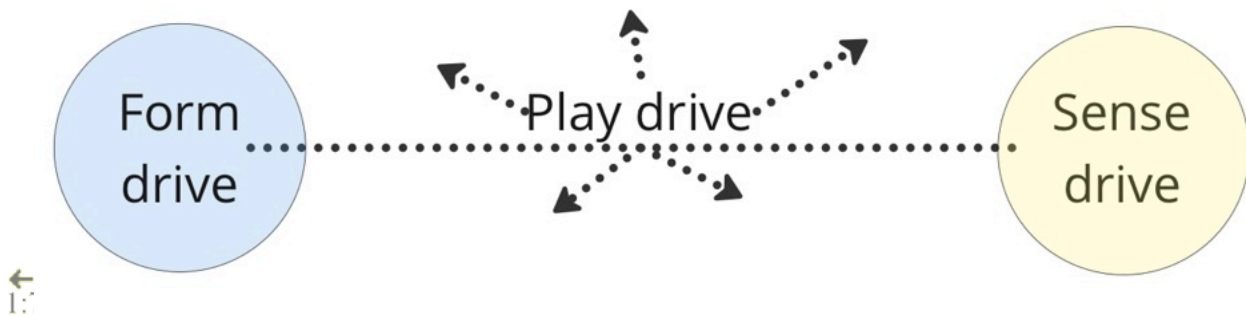
#6 An ordinary judgment formation sorts the world and acts with a judgment that we are familiar with

An absurd compass

Friedrich Schiller defines three different drives in his Aesthetical Essay (Schiller, 2021). In the twelfth to the sixteenth letter, he describes that creativity derives from play and is built up by two opposite drives. On one side, the *Form drive* and on the other side the *Sense drive*.

The *Form drive* is that in us what orders and structures the world (comparable with Bornemarks *Ratio* or Camus *Rational*). And the *Sense drive* is what dissolves the world into endless possibilities, but also fills it with meaning and sense (comparable with Bornemarks *Intellectus*)

The two opposite: *Form drive* and *Sense drive*, creates a spectrum where the *Play drive* is born by sensefully using discernment and move itself towards the different extremes (comparable with Bornemarks *Not knowing*). I understand it almost as an act of balance, that needs focus and sensibility to keep itself alive. If it becomes too much of *Form* it stiffens, and if it becomes too much of *Sense* it scatters into nothingness. By using Schiller's discernment tool of the *Play drive* I try to feel if the iteration I make in a design makes it too *Sense*-full or too *Form*-full. This can decide if the next iteration goes more towards the *Sense drive* or more towards the *Form drive*. With Schiller's spectra I make a discerning compass in an Absurd reality in between.



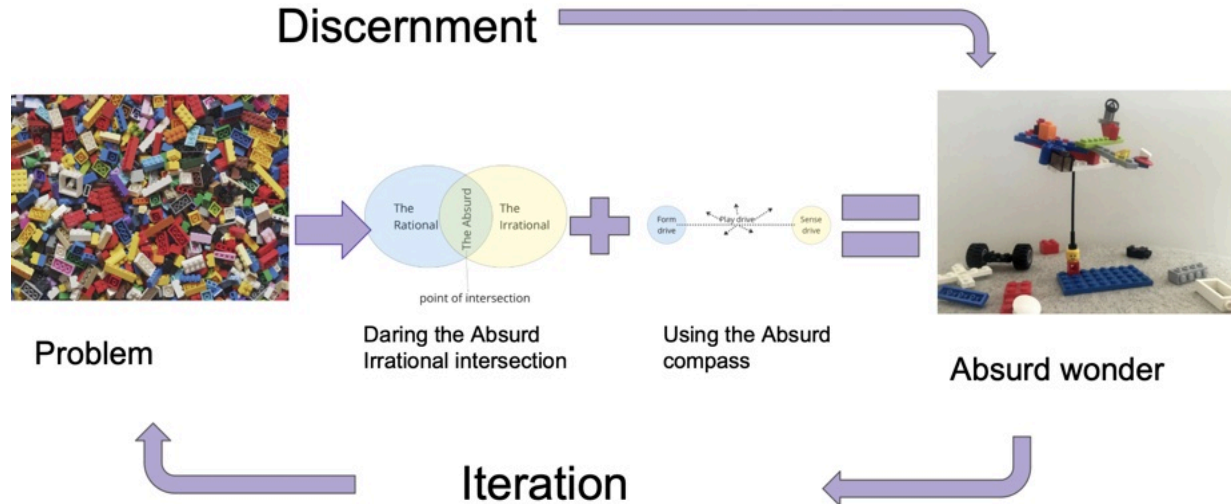
#7 Schiller's Play-drive compass in the tension built up in between the Form- and Sense-drives.

"For, to speak out once for all, a human only plays when in the full meaning of the word she is human, and she is only completely a human when she plays."

(Schiller, 2021)

To do an Absurd Architectural research and make myself able to play in the *not knowing* I need to question my own stable points. What is up/down, roof/floor, concepts that with my conception and experience I have made to stand on. What happens when they are questioned? The world opens up and another point of view is possible, but it is also possible to get totally lost. When we question the *Ratio* we have ordered in our mind, we open up the concepts and rethink what they can contain. We can see it as if we open the concepts up from the form they have grown stuck in. For example; What if a floor would be on the side instead of underneath? Can we with or without materiality bend the floor away from how the concept is formed today? In an Absurd design process I can try the new concept out and see how the world responds to my action.

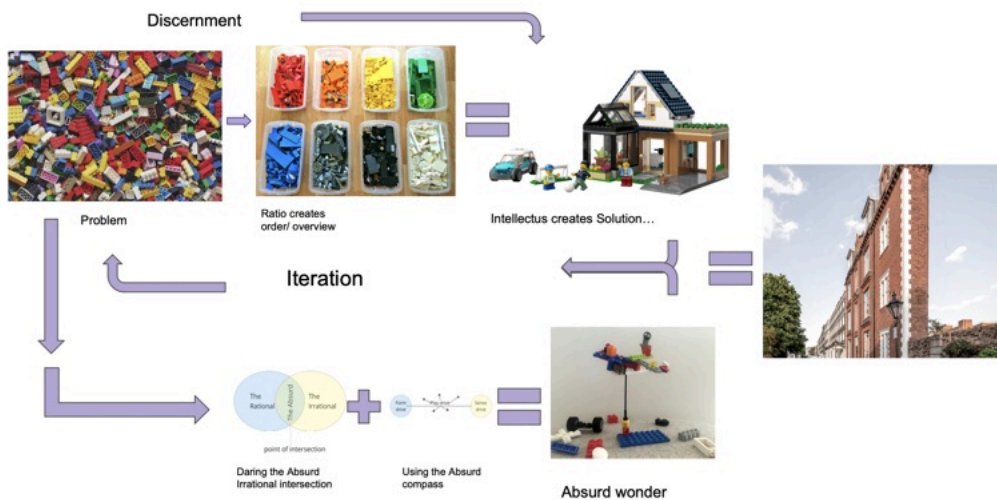
An absurd judgment formation



#8 An absurd judgment formation steps into the unknown and acts in a way we couldn't foresee.

Some of the iterations will probably, as Julia Ravanis shows in her book, choose to follow the probability of the common path. But some iterations might be connected to the dream probability of the Absurd.

Combined judgment formation



#9 A combined absurd and ordinary judgment formation process can create new possibilities for us to act and build up a new judgment.

Method

To be able to work with an absurd *judgment formation* I have used the question: What is an Absurd Architecture? With the question I have developed a method that has kept me continuously reaching for the *not knowing*. By creating the theoretical framework and analyzing

different Absurd reference projects I have been able to disconnect from the way I judge the world. Then I have in the following chapter: The unknown fairytales laborations been able to use the question on the world through a site in Finland and elsewhere. The response that the world has given back I have weighted in correlation to the feeling of aliveness that Schiller's compass of the *play drive* has created. By weighing the answer to the theory a direction for a new iteration has been born. In that sense I have put the theory into practice and the practice into theory and an absurd *judgment formation* has successively been able to grow.

How I use weaving of the text

In the following chapters, and in the whole paper, the text goes back and forth to the left and right. This is to illustrate for the reader how *Ratio* and *Intellectus* discuss and weave the text together. The lingering of the right side can be seen as a dwelling, a wondering, an open reflection. While the more tangible left side tends to analyze and rationally organize the text.

Stepping further into the absurd intersection

Let's proceed into the real journey of this wander, how can the question: What is an absurd architecture? develop an Absurd *judgment formation*? But first with the help of three reference projects and inspirations we take an absurd step away from the rational obsession of our time and judgment. The way they connect, disconnect and reason with the way we today tend to see the world can make us wonder... Bornemarks concepts of *Ratio*, *Intellectus* and the *Not knowing* hover as a common presence when we, equipped with Schiller's Absurd Compass, step into Camus' intersection hole of the absurd. Welcome in!

Reference projects

We start in the cellar/Ossuary of a church close to Prague where I went in the autumn for a visit.

The bone church in Kutna Hora, Czech.



#10 Human bones as architectural enhancement in Kutna Hora's Bone chapel

The Bone Church outside of Prague from the 13th century could remind us that we are mortal, memento mori, think of death. The bone church is said to remind us of our own transience. We should feel that God is the only thing that lasts (Sedlec, 2024). There is an absurdity in that we know that we are perishable but we still live. That the only thing we really can know is that the irrational death will take us all one day. Camus means by this logical truth that if logical sanity would be our only mainstay we should in the name of logic all kill ourselves. (Camus, 1942)

The history of the Bone Chapel in Kutna Hora

A monk from the monastery, where the chapel of the bone church lays today, goes to Jerusalem in the 13th century and brings soil from Calvary Hill, where a human called Jesus is said to be crucified 1200 years earlier. Because of a person named Jesus' holiness, the monk pours the holy soil on the ground of the cemetery at the monastery. People find out that after this act of magic, the soil of the cemetery is now sacred and everyone wants to be buried there. The plague and wars make a big amount of people getting buried in the cemetery during the next three centuries to come. 40 000 - 70 000 human relics were gathered during that time on the site. The lack of space and a rearrangement of the borders of the cemetery made it messy around the chapel in the beginning of the 16th century. Another monk in 1511 used his *Ratio* and began to arrange the bones of people in order to clean up around the church. The story tells that the monk is half-blind and probably in some respect for the dead, stacks the bones and skeletons in pyramidal forms in the church's basement vault; the Ossuary. Three hundred years later, the count of the area wants to make a restoration of the chapel and an artist is given the task of fixing it. The visual artist begins, with two members of his family, to clean and use his *Ratio* to make order of the relics. If it is because of the time he companion the bones, or something else, we can only speculate. But the artist uses his *Intellectus* and *not knowing* to assemble the bones and skulls into decorative forms. It's like he doesn't see the bones as the remains of people who lived and doesn't revere them with the respect one would imagine from a person in the 19th century of Europe. But instead he arranges the bones in beautiful decorations. He sees the shapes from the different parts and assembles them into garlands of skulls, into pillars of bones with candlesticks stuck to them. He creates candelabra of human bones hanging from the ceiling. He takes the coat of arms of the counts family who gave him the task and creates a coat of arms out of bones, with a crow in the bottom corner pecking at a skull. He uses tailbones, shoulder blades, hip balls, teeths, ribs, collarbone spines, arms and legs. He rationally arranges something as irrational as our death. To absurd beauty. What makes him create art from the bones of 60,000 people? Today we make a pilgrimage as tourists to this place to experience this macabre way of handling our interior architecture. The legs that hold our bodies up. Without any respect whatsoever for how our internal architecture fits together. It's as if the artist mixed the roof, wall, floor, molding, chimney, doors and windows, wildly together. Just with the mere artistic wish to make it look pretty. As if he recreated another internal architecture where one upper arm is joined together with the head, the ball of the foot together with the pelvic bone. He created grotesquely disfigured bodies put together. He assembled Greta's head and Albert's arm with Petra's pelvis and Julius' long toe.



#11 Pyramid of human bones from Kutna Hora Ossuary

The sound of bones

The unorganized chaotic pile of bones made the half-blind monk in the 16th century (unknowingly) use Schiller's absurd compass to formalize our irrational death into structured pyramids. The impulse was born from that another monk 600 years earlier got the irrational idea to bring a magical loaded soil from a mountain where 1200 years earlier a man called Jesus was said to have hung on a cross.

2:3

**Linger**

Memento mori

Think about death

What will happen in 300 years

when I pick a dead fly in a window in Paris

I pin it up on a plastic collar

in the shower of an attic in Jönköping

How can I even believe

that I could ever understand

from a movement I didn't know I was making

I tripped over a roofer's glove on the sidewalk

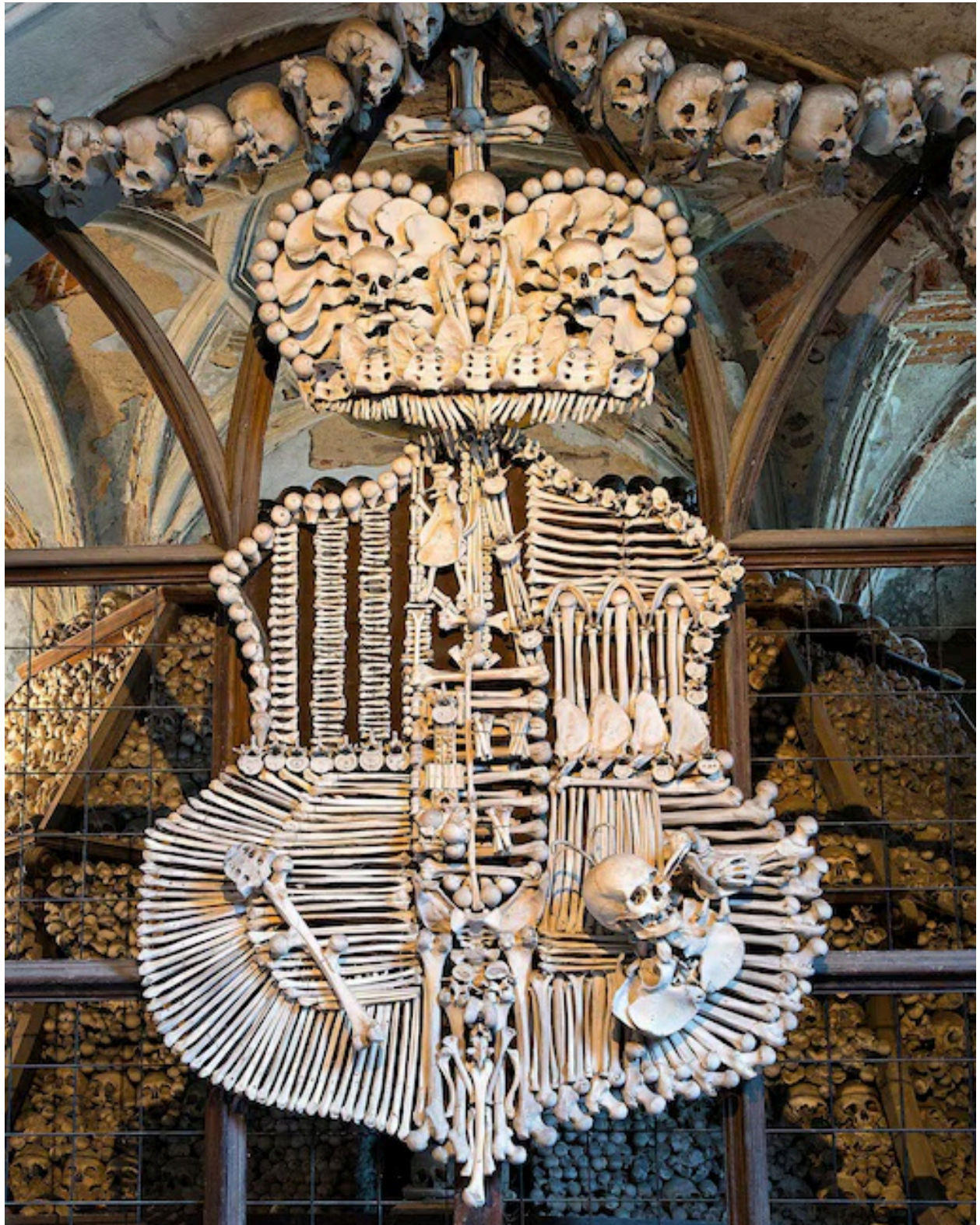
filled with bloody plasters

at the same time somebody released a butterfly in Venezuela

←
2:2→
2:4

The bone church of Kutna Hora inspires me to see how little our limited logical mind can calculate and explain reality. In our culture God was before a container for all irrationality and all what we could not explain. Camus stated in *The myth of sisyphus* that God is dead (Camus, 1942). That in our enlightened scientific culture there is nothing more than us. That human and life is by science explained, undressed and revealed. What we don't know today, science will reveal for us tomorrow. That, what in old churches made us gape at the impossibilities and wonders we could create, was not explained to us. It was felt. Church rooms were made to amaze and still amazes some of us. The church architecture can be seen as made to bring us to the wonder of God. What do we do with that irrationality today? How is architecture dealing with it? Is it in the skyscrapers that rise and scratch the clouds? How has economy, good housekeeping, put into the center of our urban society that Lefebvre's theory of the Urban revolution states taken over that room for wonder? Can we find it in technology, in movies, in Theater?

3:3
↓



#12 Coat of arms made from bones in Kutna Hora

Theater of the Absurd

When I have searched in the absurd context, the most developed artform I found is the theater. Maybe we cannot see it as a built architectural reference, but let's see it as an absurd architectural inspiration. After Camus *The myth of Sisyphus* (1942) connected to the end of the second World War started the *Theater of the absurd* (The Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1998). Samuel Beckett's Absurd drama *Waiting for Godot* is one of the most famous absurd theater plays. The plot is the two friends Vladimir and Estragon who wait for the mystic Godot that never comes, or has he already passed? (Becket, 1955) As an audience I am stunned to feel the interest in a rationally meaningless dialogue between Vladimir and Estragon. The *not knowing* hovers in the play. We get to enjoy something that is not leading forward or producing anything. The theater room becomes an architecture where we can explore our inner as a room, or as a soul architecture? Beckett puts us as an audience in the unknown room of the absurd. History and the fact that the play is still played all over the world tells us that it seems to be something in the absurd meaninglessness that we are attracted to.



#13 The play: *Waiting for Godot*, Théâtre de l'Odéon in Paris 1961, scenography Albert Giacometti.

A dream play

Another theater example in the same area of hovering in the *Not knowing* is the Swedish author August Strindberg's theater *A dream play* (Strindberg, 1902). The play starts with a recollection or anamnesis that has the etymological root to remember, reminding us of something that we've forgotten (Etymology online, 2024). Do we in *A dream play* get to remember something that we

with our logical focus have forgotten? For me the Recollection in the beginning of the play could almost be seen as an absurd manifesto. (See the connection to Ravanis quote in the introduction.)

“RECOLLECTION:

The author has in this Dream game with connection to his previous dream play »To Damascus« sought to imitate the incoherent but seemingly logical form of the dream. Everything can happen, everything is possible and probable. Time and space do not exist; on an insignificant work, the basis of equality spins out the imagination and weaves new patterns: a mixture of memories, experiences, free inventions, absurdities and improvisations. The persons are split, doubled, duplicated, vaporized of, condensed, floated out, collected. But a consciousness stands above all: the dreamer; because there are no secrets, no inconsistency, no scrupulous smile, no law. He does not judge, he does not acquit, he only relates.”

A dream play (Strindberg, 1902)

Strindberg tries to recreate the dream which can be seen as a mishmash for our logical mind. He dissolves our understanding and rational explanation of how the world is functioning. He dissolves our *Ratio* so that we can allow *Intellectus* to float in the *Not knowing*. The dreamer (we) get to relate. Not to define, calculate, describe or put into explanation. We get to dream. A daydream. We get to stumble into Camus' absurd intersection as Strindberg starts the play:

“The fund represents a forest of enormous Stock Roses in bloom; white, sharp, purple, sulfur yellow, violet, over whose tops of the flowers appears the roof of a castle with a flower bud similar to a crown at the top. Below are the foundation walls of the castle. Straw cans are seen spread out, covering thrown out stall bedding. The side scenes, standing for the whole play are stylized murals, at once room, architecture and landscape.

THE DAUGHTER. -The castle is still growing out of the ground...Do you see how much it has grown since last year?

THE GLASS MASTER [to himself]. -I have never seen that castle before... never heard that a castle grows... but (to the Daughter with firm over restraint). Yes, it has grown two cubits, but that's because they have fertilized it... and if you pay attention you should see that a wing has bloomed out on the sunny side.”

A dream play (Strindberg, 1902)

Powder of dreams

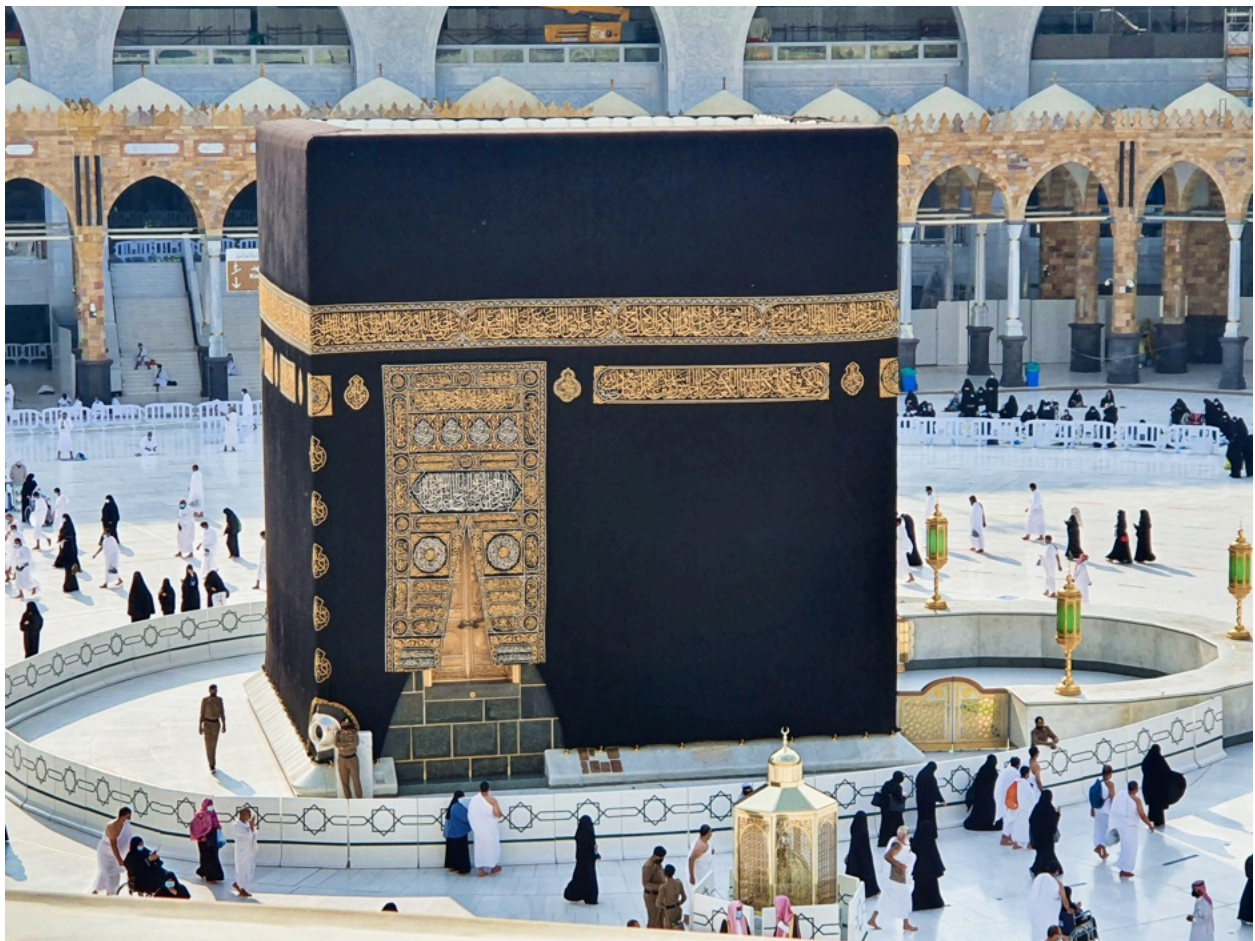
How does a castle grow? Can we plant castle seeds? If they blossom something has pollinated them. Can we as architects be pollinators with our pens and thoughts? The growing castle I can discern with my *Ratio* in the same box as *Liikkuva Linna*. It was also living, changing, becoming on the soil of agricultural land in Karjalohja. We fertilized it with our living. The Glassmasters talking to himself "*I have never seen that castle before... never heard that a castle grows...*" could be rationalized into the same box as the bureaucracy in our society that tries to place something that does not follow the ordinary paths we have created in how we make houses. As building officers in Karjalohja municipality also were bothered by the irrationality of *Liikkuva Linna*. The glassmaster of the dreamworld continues as if not bothered by telling his daughter what is seemingly the new reality: "*Yes, it has grown two cubits, but that's because they have fertilized it... and if you pay attention you should see that a wing has bloomed out on the sunny side.*" The Glassmaster can in the dream play give up for the dreamworld's impossible truth of his senses. An absurd world can admit the dream as possible. And not in the way we usually think when we talk about making dreams come true, like Disney, or the American dream: that something we already know what it is (often connected to the capitalistic storytelling) can come true. If we only put effort and will into it. But in an absurd interest in the *Not knowing*, we get to dream of something to be surprised about, to wonder about. Like Ravanis probabilities that do not follow the ordinary possibility, but the impossible world of dreams. Where unbelievable things are dreamt and possible. Where our prediction and projection of our mind get lost from probability and do not continue to produce the same story over and over again. It can dissolve the main storytellings of our time. One story gets entangled in another, splits, becomes duplicated, vaporized, condensed, floats out, gets lost. But one consciousness gets to enjoy it, get to experience the story, gets to hover above it all; The dreamer.



#14, First scene in Strindberg's dream play: Indra's daughter and Glassmaster seeing a growing castle

Kaaba and the black stone

One of the most famous buildings in the world is the black temple of Kaaba in Mecca that over one billion muslims all over the world, five times a day bow down and turn themselves towards. The name Kaaba means in the Arabic language cube, but the measures of the building are L:12m, W:10m, H:15 m, (Cline, 2018). Kaaba is the place where you as a muslim should make your hajj pilgrimage once in your lifetime. In a research by Pew Research center Michael Ghani & Fatima Lipka says that a median of about 10 % of all muslims make their pilgrimage in their lifetime. That would mean that about 100-200 million people visit Mecca and the temple of Kaaba (Ghani & Lipka, 2013). Of Course there are many temple buildings all over the world that are important in different ways in different religions, but as an architectural reference project of a building that does not follow our rational storytelling, this must be seen as one of the most *used* buildings of the world.



#15, The Temple of Kaaba: a center in the muslim religion

History

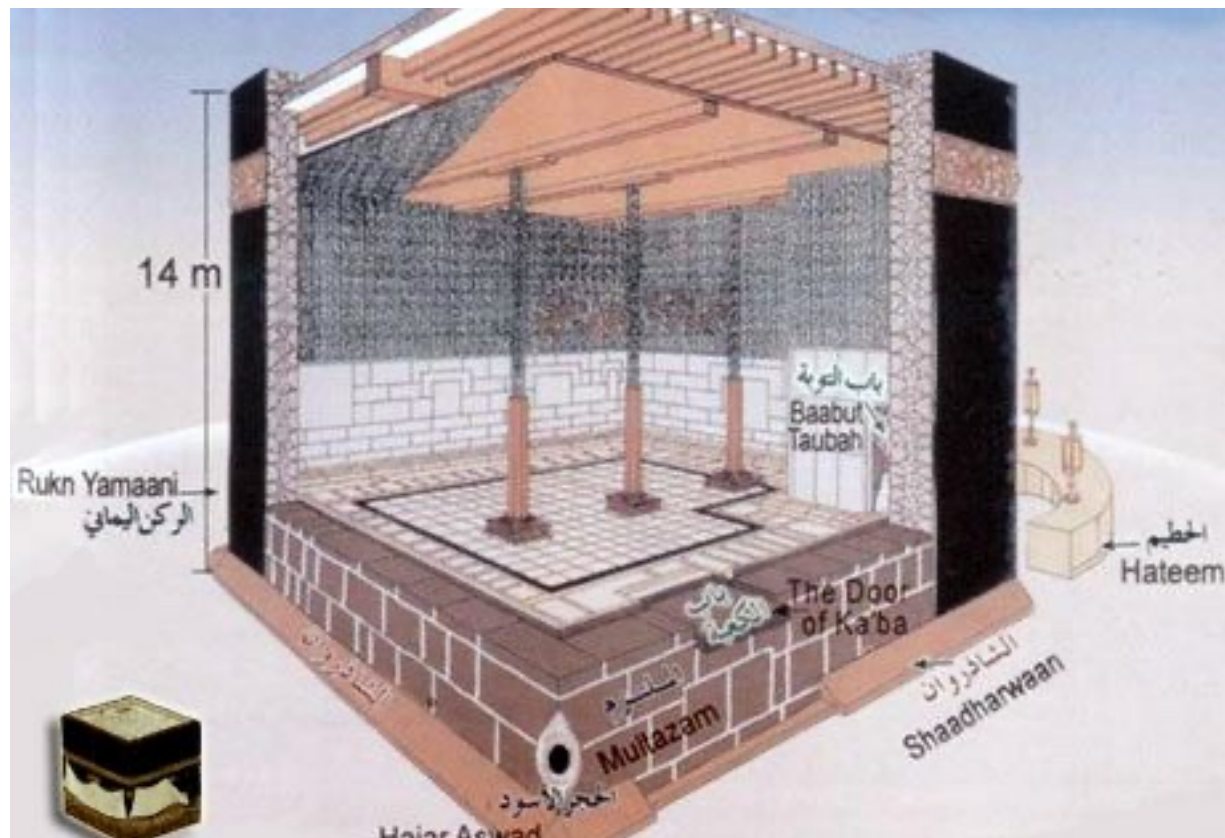
The stories of how old the temple Kaaba is and how it was built and rebuilt are many. Osman Nuri Topbaş writes that when Adam and Eve were punished out from the garden of Eden they walked towards northwest from the mount Arafât. After eighteen kilometers God sent a pillar of light to Adam and Eve to circumambulate and worship him around. This became the place where today is said to be the Temple of Kaaba, in the center of Mecca. After some generations the pillar of light disappeared and a black stone appeared instead on the ground (Nuri Topbaş, 2022). Omar Ayoub writes that the stone from the beginning was white but that it over time and when Adam's sons' sins touched it, it turned black. Time went and in the 6-7th century the black stone and the temple of Kaaba got with Muhammad another story connected to it. It was said that Kaaba was destroyed after a big flood and Muhammad settled a dispute between the tribes in the area of who should put the black stone back to its place after Kaaba was rebuilt. Muhammad gathered the leaders of the tribes and united them by letting all carry the stone to its place by holding on to a piece of a big fabric. Then Muhammad placed the stone on the side of the temple himself after kissing it. Today by touching or being close to the black stone you get a real connection through time with the Islamic prophet, (Ayoub, 2021). The architecture is today built up by pillars, stones and mortar. The black cloth, *kiswah*, that hangs over the structure has today golden Arabic calligraphy around it. The door *Bait ul-Allah* is placed two meters above the ground with no stairs connected, (the Editors of the Madain Project, 2024).



#16, The black stone on one corner of the temple of Kaaba (where the man with the green turban stands) and the door; Bait ul-Allah two meters up.

Stones that grow on trees

The stories of Kaaba are of course many and have different meanings to different people who believe in it. But in our secular rational culture that puts economy in the center it provides an interesting mirror. Just the name, Kaaba - a cube, that is not an exact cube, makes us struggle with our *Ratio*. A stone deriving from a light beam from Adam and Eve in one corner of the cube is an interesting storytelling that mixes with our secular mind in a similar way as the monk of the bone chapel in Kutna Hora who brought holy earth from Calvary hill. A door two meters above the ground with no stairs makes me wonder how to enter the inside. A cloth as a surface is maybe in a warm climate not an irrational materiality, but in our built environment I don't see walls out of cloth, that also connects to the story of Muhammad joining the tribes in the 7th century. A story, or the many stories together make the building of Kaaba connect to Strindberg's dream play. By connecting architecture with symbolism and different attachments of fantasy and inspiration we seem to create a more multifaceted architecture that gives a building life. In a rational modern building we can read how engineers calculated it, in which cultural era it was created, what materials were used and maybe if the architect created a concept for the building. But above all the economical center and reason hovers as the main story of how and why the building was created. To host humans as in residential buildings or to host companies as in an office building or shops. A rational storytelling that has dried out all juice of architecture. Do we want to live in a world like that? Is a religious world and storytelling better? Camus question; Does science create better poetry? What linger?



#17, Interior and Exterior of the Kaaba showing the structure and the Arabic names of important details.

Analysis from the reference projects

It seems that religion has historically filled a need for us to make images that can describe impossible or magical stories. In these stories irrationality had a place. And still in cultures today where religion is part of the center of the society, buildings with irrational stories tight to them make sense. But in the scientific world of the global north, where we have gotten rid of religion, logic or rationality don't seem to have a place for what we cannot explain or sort with our *Ratio*. As the *Liikkuva Linna* example shows. Art and theater like Strindbergs' growing castle in his *Dream Play* tickles us to get lost with our *Intellectus*, to make use of a space created in the *Not knowing*. The empty space in between rational and irrational that we in architecture can use for the exploration of an *Absurd architecture*. As the artist in Kutna Hora Ossuary got lost in creating irrational beauty out of our inner architecture. Can we enjoy getting lost in something that doesn't have a purpose or a function? How can we even be in the *Not knowing* in a culture where we are so stuck in knowing and acting as if we always knew what we were doing? Or maybe we just fool ourselves that we have a rational ground to the judgment we shape our actions with. Why even open up for this absurd insanity? Wouldn't acting in such a foolish direction just get us all stuck in a dissolved reality where we don't get anywhere?

Maybe there is no way to answer these questions, but lets anyway open the discussion with the world in the Absurd fairytale iterations and see where that leaves us...

The unknown fairy tales from the countryside and elsewhere

In this chapter I present the Absurd design iterations where I started to test out the Absurd at a place in the Finnish countryside. We follow a path that takes us from the inspiration of *Liikkuva Linna* through huts and chewing gums until an exhibition in Gothenburg. Follow me into a new absurd *Judgment formation* in the area of architecture.

A Site

In Karjalohja, a small village in the Lohja municipality in the middle of the two biggest cities in Finland; Helsinki and Turku, nearby *Liikkuva Linna* and the land of *Wagon Hill* lies a small plot of land which we rationally called the *Birch forest* since it is a forest containing birch trees.



#18 Picture on the site (2) where we start our absurd judgment formation. Just next to *Liikkuva Linna* (1)

The birch forest is a plowed up old field. Straight rows made probably with a tractor 30 to 40 years ago to keep the soil dry since it is a low land. Birch trees are growing four to five meters apart. Orthogonal. In some places the trees have sprouted in new unexpected ways. The circumstances I can see are the straight furrows and dampness of the place. The site contains

mostly birch trees. Although a certain variety of species, such as spruce and alder, is present. On both sides in the south and north, the forest is bordered by fields. In the east and west there are hills. I chose a spot in the south eastern side of the site, where we previously prepared to set up a shed that never was realized. A river flows next to the site and marks its southern border towards *Liikkuva Linna* and is noticeable on the site through its trickling and rippling.

The site in the countryside is Absurd in the urban story of today. We get ab-, away from the urban and start the exploration in the countryside by taking a step out from the meaning of being a resource for the city. The iterations that follow are the unknown fairy tales from the countryside and elsewhere...

Unknown fairytale I

Who pays for it?

We started out on a beautiful autumn day at the end of September. Me and two of my children wondered about the Absurd Architecture and wanted to discover what that could be. We needed something to start from. In *Liikkuva Linna* we found an old bed that we had dreamt and slept on for several years. With Julia Ravanis and August Strindberg as an inspiration where our dreaming could be an opening to the absurd. We started to irrationalize the bed and tore it to pieces that would be the starting building parts of the Absurd architecture. The bed was full of springs that we loaded on a wheelbarrow and placed on the site. But it also contained a steel frame that seemed fragile yet solid and became the start for a roof. To go against logic, we wanted rain to be able to enter the absurd house through the roof. We nested the frame in the air by pulling out steel wire from the steel frame and strung it up in the nearby trees. The trees then started to determine the extent of the absurd architecture that we did not know before. As a floor we wanted to bring in the stream and use water as a building material. We ran a hose from the *Wagon hill* pond and got our own little stream that started 15 m east of the absurd house. It created another rippling quality to the place. In the center of the absurd architecture, under the bed frame in the ceiling, the stream widens into a pond in which the moon can be reflected as it travels across the sky at night. We tried to make the pond so that it could store the moonlight on days without, so that on days when the moon was not down, it would share the stored moonlight and illuminate the architecture from below.

We strung up the bed frame with the inbound dreams in it and like spiders, we wove wire webs from trees around. Then we started throwing on branches as a roof. We called it throwing a roof. For me it became the most interesting part of the construction. Sometimes branches fell through and sometimes they settled on the net. We also started throwing different kinds of branches and plant parts from the place around. But after a discussion, we came to the conclusion that it looked more interesting with straight branches which became like dark lines in the almost invisible metal wire mesh. This discussion also became interesting when we thought about what Absurd architecture can be. In my sensation I found it too heavy when branches and plant parts created too much heaviness for the ceiling. I perceived it neater and more sensible with straight single lines. Schiller's compass towards the *Sense drive*, made my wish to go more towards a fragile sensitive structure.

Analysis from the first iteration

What is an Absurd architecture? Is it also aesthetic? Perhaps an Absurd architecture needs to be subjective? According to Bornemark, we use *Ratio*, *Intellectus* and the *Not knowing* to build up our mind. I think that when we grow up we structure the world in individual ways for each person. In that way maybe aesthetics can be seen as an emotional clarity for every individual. What makes someone choose this or that color? What happens when we create? Do we use Thoughts, feelings? For me, it is all parts of the irrational prerequisite of the Absurd. A way to open a practice in the *Not knowing*. To detach *Ratio* and *Intellectus* into *the not knowing*.

A discussion that became interesting at the beginning of the construction of the first iteration was to understand how rational we are. How we have been trained since childhood to base our decisions on the rational. That it should work, become something that gets a meaning, like a roof that keeps out rain. We are steeped in rationality, especially when it comes to building houses or architecture. We want it to be dry, able to protect us from the forces of the weather and create a security where we can rest, get a break from the world's unpredictability and force. Especially up here in the north, where architecture has to generate heat for half the year to keep the cold away. To go against that rationality seems foolish. Is that where I want to go? To not follow what has been learned, to venture into what does not produce results where we can understand or connect to our rational understanding of the world which today bases itself on investments, value and thereby meaning. To put myself in the impossible, in the Wonder.

→
3:2

#19,20 Iteration I: Throwing of a roof.



#21,22 Iteration I: Water as a building material.



#23,24 Iteration I: Wheelbarrow of dreams.

Unknown fairytale II

In the second experiment I took the lingering from the first iteration further. My intention was to be the architect and let other people do the work. In the first iteration I was part of making it myself. Now I wanted to be an observer, a dreamer as in Strindberg's dream play.

For dinner I thought of baked potatoes with rosemary and salt, olive oil, ratatouille and Halloumi. To build up food. With the mouth? with taste? With tongue? Building guests was 11. We all met in the outside kitchen of *Wagon Hill*, by a fire.



#25 Iteration II Tools, water in the creek behind and darkness came later.

Tools to use

Darkness, yarn, ball, pump, scythe, saw, hammer, two buckets, watering can, brush, two knives, grinding wheel, water, slop, rake, ax, drill, two shovels, ladder, scissors, fishing line, everything usable found in the area.



#26 second iteration: *The place before*

Sticky feathers

In the second iteration I wanted to step out from the building process myself. I started by explaining to the builders I invited about my thesis question. Their task was to open up the concepts of architecture. The concepts that build up space; What is a wall, a ceiling, a floor, if it's not bound under the *Ratio* we have ordered when we grow up? How can we even question that?

I showed the workers the place that was designated, the materials they have and the limitations. They had questions about what to do if you don't fulfill a function. The starting point of *Not knowing* is perhaps an extreme starting point. To let the workers be thrown into the *Not knowing*. Though the people's ability to be in the unknown seemed to have worked. When they started, it felt like they found themselves in the situation. Someone said afterwards that the tool of darkness outside had been a help for them to come to themselves and realize that the whole place and the work they did was sensitive, that they needed to be open. Is our vision so dominant in our mind that we are not open to our other senses to guide us?

3:3

2:3
↑←
3:2

#27 second iteration: Darkness (and flatiron) as material

ЗАМІТНИ ЦЕРКАВНИЙ СТИГ

4:3
↓**Linger from second iteration**

The roof was thrown with the ball
trees were scrubbed with the brush
ventilation was installed in the soil

became a labyrinth

walls were thrown with leaves

walls were made of sound

Someone stood

as a human pillar

carried the construction

Someone pumped water

with a pump and saw a boat →
3:4

Someone was replaced

The construction was joined with trousers

Connected hose to a tree

Someone, experienced sound as a room

Walls were poured with a water jug

A floor was whispered

and not knowing was liberating

Doing something that was meaningless

filled them with something

The people involved were artists or belong to a group in society where it has been encouraged to go into the *Not knowing*. Another interesting iteration could be to make an Absurd architecture with a group of people who are not trained to be in the unknown.



#28 second iteration: joining beams with trousers

A workers poem

Pillar

To support

Flesh and blood but above all muscles

Find meaning

Find yourself fulfilling a function

Exist, like a pillar. human pillar

Value

Human value

To hold up, to hold on

as long as you can

Become changeable, lose hope

Become meaningless



#29, Second Iteration: Bird nest vs planks.

After the design process we had a talk around the fire. Somebody thought there was something interesting in walking around and around, that the space became a space by walking in it. We talked about function, somebody thought that it is when they create a function that it becomes absurd. Before a function it isn't absurd, it just is. That when we assign a function which is not rational it becomes absurd. Is that related to when *Liikkuva Linna* went from being something living with no concepts attached into being art it became absurd? Somebody wondered about whispering a floor, how many days would it take to make whisper into materiality?

Analysis and linger from the two absurd iterations in the Birch Forest

What does the situation create?

How would these designs change if they would be done in another place? In the city?

A floating ceiling
A structure for birds
a wheelbarrow of old dreams
a forest of Absurd architecture
Leaves
dead matter
A hut made by children

Is human processed adult nature valued more? A city is almost only made out of processed nature. The resource *forest* in the forest defines the situation so harshly that we cannot see the possibilities of the spacious countryside when we are stuck in a place for resources. "We cannot see the forest for all the trees". As a saying in Swedish says. Trees are raw materials and by that resources in an urban mindset where everything has a value, is valued.

I like the floating ceiling
I like to join a tree with pants
I enjoy the pouring of a wall
the whispering of a floor
the throwing of a roof
water and darkness as building materials

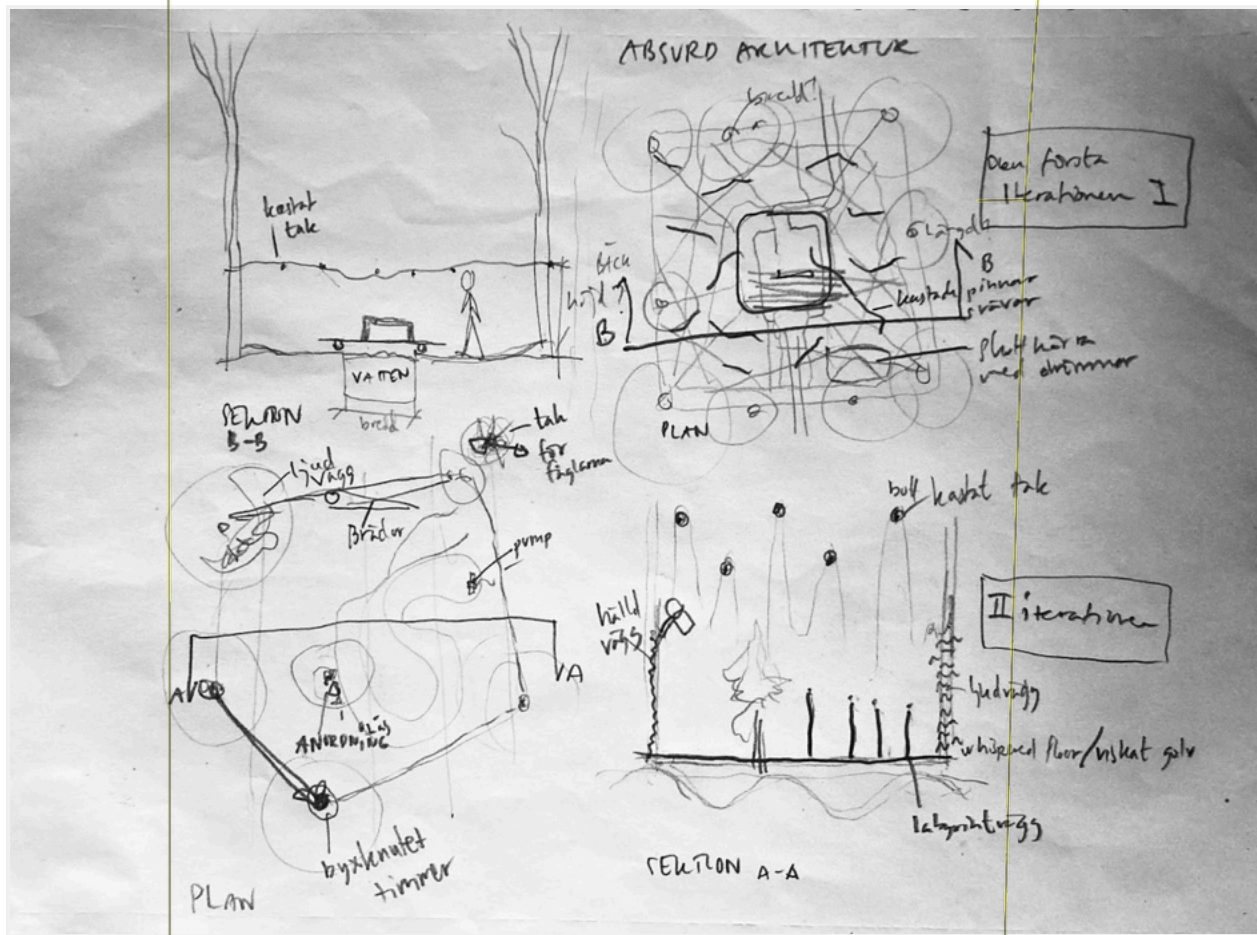
But everything I like pulls me away from *Form* towards *Sense*. What is my fixation with *Sense*?
There is something in the two iterations that doesn't feel real. What is it?

They seem pointless

The floating thrown ceiling gets a meaning because it becomes something wonderful that tickles my imagination.

Something floats in the air
stands out from the world
becomes a result
a product

Is that why I value it? When we add function/thought it creates meaning as one of the participants' concluded. What is it to be human? Camus thinks that the punishment of Sisyphos that rolls the stone up the hill every day and watch it roll down again made Sisyphos happy. It is the image of meaninglessness. He has escaped the trap of filling everything we do with meaning. Or has he only shifted meaning into meaninglessness?



#30 Plan and section of the two iterations in the birch forest

Analysis from the two first iterations

In the first two Iterations I strived towards Schiller's *Sense drive*. To question the rational world, it was an easy start to go in that direction. My initial feeling of being too stuck in materiality, form, meaning and function from the embeddedness of our culture made it interesting to reach for something else. Throwing a roof was a first start that opened up action connected to architecture. Something became tangible in me but still untouchable. In the second Iteration we continued that lust towards the *Sense drive*. The workers poured walls, whispered floors and threw roofs with balls. And it opened up the world even more. What could we not do? But to continue to the next Iteration was hard when I felt it had gone too much out in the scattered *Sense drive*. If I continued on this path I felt I would just lose it. Had I reached an end of *Sense*?

Unknown fairytale III

In the next iteration I needed to get away from the birch forest. I felt stuck in the place, in the situation of the forest and the immateriality that the last iteration resulted in. I wanted to reach someone that could help me go towards reason and form but not to be too stuck in it. I went to visit a friend who is working as a building engineer.

Holes of diamonds

We started out by questioning my last iteration. What in it made it hard to continue? My answer that it went too much into the immaterial, without any material outcomes felt interesting. The thrown roof of the first iteration was both an interesting materialized architectural concept but also an immaterial product. Joining beams with trousers from the second iteration was interesting. It brought the *house* from the German word *Hose* to the countryside and the forest in a new way. In this way we started to think about what it was when we were children that made us interested in space and architecture. As a child I thought it was exciting to make huts, and shortly to feel the small room that was created when you quickly build something up. The temporality of huts. So we built a hut in his living room. Out of two sofas, a blanket and two vacuum cleaners. When we were inside the hut it was hard to connect to the same feeling I had when being a child. What was interesting as a child was the feeling that the space was alive. Something had happened out of connecting these materials, something temporary that would change, not lead to a master thesis.



#31,32,33 Hut made out of sofa, blanket, scarf and two vacuum cleaners in a living room.

The temporary gave birth to the thought of soap bubbles. Maybe that would make the iteration to go away from immateriality towards materiality. To use Schiller's compass and reach for the *Play drive*. To go from *Sense* towards *Form*. The soap bubble is a limit. On one hand, it is as clear as a rainbow, and at the same time it is a material substance. Is it an absurd material in that way? We thought about creating space out of soap bubbles. Is that alive? How to get into play?

Analyses from the third iteration

An interesting thing about trying to find the Absurd point of intersection in between rational and irrational could be to find a material that is both imagination and concrete matter. As a materiality, the whispered floor and the poured wall loosens too much into Sense. As some of the built reality, wooden pieces, trees and earth in the birch forest stay too much in the Form when they are too stuck in being a resource. The interesting thing with the wire roof that we threw branches on was that there is a lack of clarity in the material. It was a thin metal thread that held up the branches, almost as if they floated in the air. The mesh also became a material web where tears and drops of mist, rain and snow can be trapped and change the architecture for a while.



#34, 35 impossible building materials: Membrane of a soap bubble, spiderwebb with birch seeds.

Unknown fairytale IV

Variation on chewing gum Tango

He rained in

Once he tried an umbrella but it didn't help

And why shouldn't it rain in

He looked at her

She had chewing gum in her hair

He asked how they ended up there

She looked at him

Someone forgot them there

He rained in

If someone asked How did it happen?

He used to answer

One day it started and then it continued

She opened her chest and let it rain in

He stuffed his hair with chewing gum

They walked around the city

They were hated

For a long time they were looked down upon

But then

they were written about in the newspaper

They became designated as an attraction

The city loved them because it gave the city attention

Then the gums fell off their heads and their chests closed

She didn't rain in

He didn't rain in either

soon it was others who were to be hated, exalted, loved and forgotten

Many late evenings

they sneaked up on one of the mountains of the city and opened their chests

And evenings when the moon was shining, they dressed the moon

in hair and chewing gums

It began to hang down long tests of hair and chewing gum

When the tests reached all the way down to the ground

the child they had together wanted to climb up to the moon

It took some time for this to become a reality

But then it happened

When all three returned to Earth

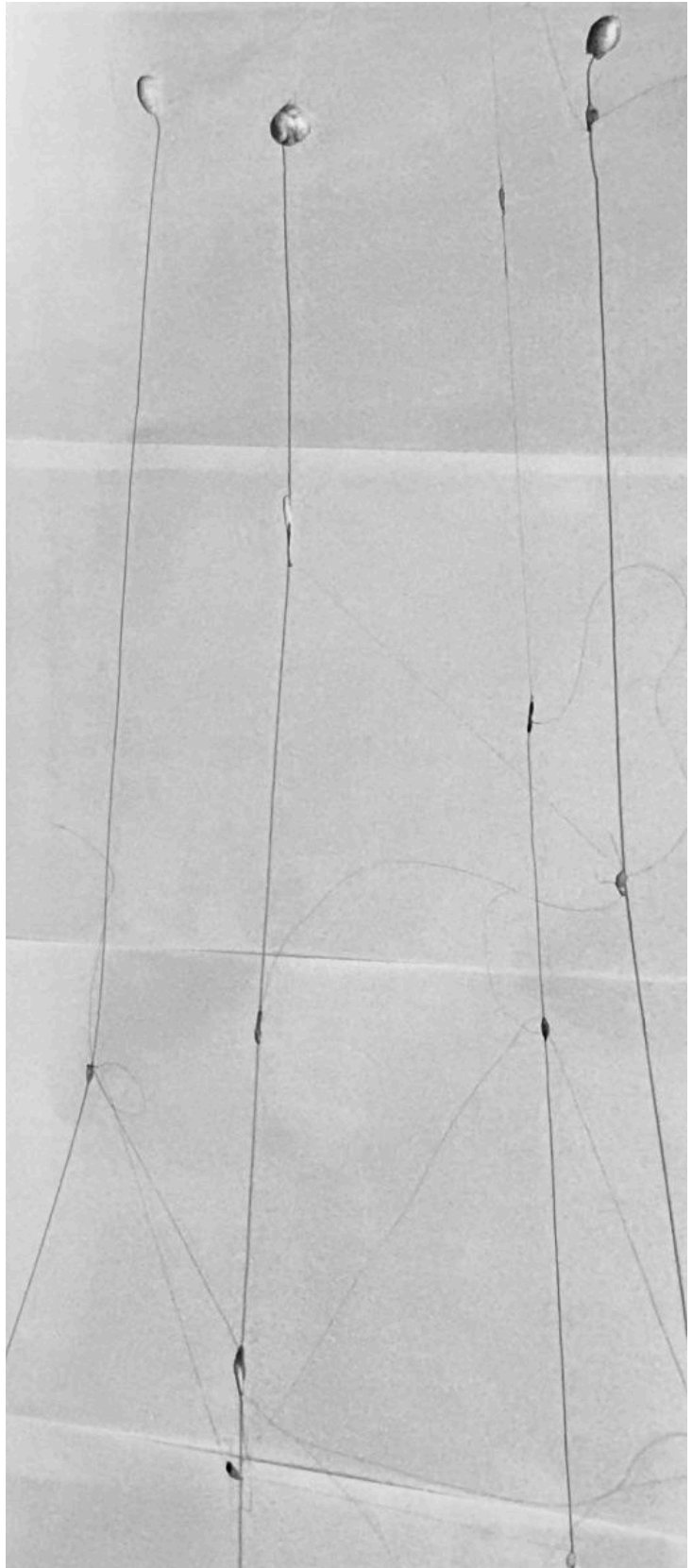
they were asked what they were doing there

Chewing gum and let it rain in

But it doesn't rain on the moon, said the reporter, there are no clouds there

Now there is

#36 Hair and chewing gum tower, photo upside down



The next iteration starts out in the world of imagination with the poem: *Variation on chewing gum tango* by Ashikawa Mo that inspired me alot. Reminded by the soap bubble story of the third iteration a chewing gum also creates a small perishable space inside of a bubble.

Strangled clouds

The *Judgment formation* from the former iterations makes me see that there is something interesting in the fragility that questions form and durability. The Swedish word durability - hållbarhet, also relates to sustainability. Hair and chewing gum are unsustainable materials in the sense of durability and maybe chewing gum can also be questioned for being environmentally sustainable. But they are both materials that snaps, does not hold. It is and at the same time it almost isn't. Like in the old Viking mythology of the *The fetters of the Fenris Wolf* (Enoksen, 2000) where the gods get the dwarfs to create *Gleipner (the devourer)* to keep the Fenris Wolf leashed.

Of the cat's stomp
of the woman's beard
of the fish's breath
bird's milk
of the roots of the mountains →
and the sinews of the bear
of such they forged Gleipner
(Enoksen, 2000)

4:2

Could we create architecture out of impossible materials? Out of the roots of a mountain and the fish breath. Hair and chewing gum are not that impossible materials. But in my mind they balance on the border of *Sense* and *Form* and there is something absurdly interesting with the disgust we have in hair and old chewing gum. A disgust that almost makes it impossible to imagine. Angeletou means that *Defying expectations* is something Absurd to discover. Something that we with our rational mind often wants to clean away, like the hair in the sink or in the food. And the old chewing gum left under the chair. But to make architecture out of it? To make a wall of chewing gum and hair? It makes me wonder..

Lingers from the fourth iteration

We make a chewing gum bubble with our breath

We have an action
we chew
blow bubbles

build a wall up with hair
Bubble by bubble
Hair by hair

What does the situation mean

In the forest
A chewing gum house

With hair

A room you can walk into
A bubble
Or just a thin chewing gum membrane

Membrane is hinna in Swedish
it means to make it in time
to catch up

To chew gum and pull your hair
to build a room that can rain in in the forest
becomes the fairytale
of the bubblegum tango house in the birch forest

Will we get to feel it in time

Unknown fairytale V

←
4:1→
4:3

#37 Exhibition posters at SKF:s old headquarters.

The exhibition *Absurd Architecture and Impossible actions*

Being in the Absurd exploration made it possible to make an exhibition. It was not the intention from the beginning, but came through a question from the culture association Ögat that for a year had gotten an exhibition space in the old headquarter of SKF in Gamlestaden, Gothenburg. We made the exhibition together with my friend, the artist and poet Mauritz Tistelö, whom I have discussed the Absurd with during the years I have studied architecture. During two weeks we builded the exhibition all of our discussions and thoughts from the years were weaved in as in Strindberg's *dream play*. Melting, connecting, detaching, doubling, irrational we were standing in

the *Not knowing*. By not having a clear picture of what it would be, we used a lot of different thoughts and stories and allowed ourselves to dive down into the absurd. With the gathered *Ratio* of Hairy houses, Impossible actions, Godot who has arrived and Camus Sisyphe we allowed *Intellectus* and the *Not knowing* to dissolve and recreate new thoughts, new combinations and new wonders. We threw out Form, Sensed it, dwelled in it, felt, threw away, discussed, did, transformed, got stuck, rethought and made alive again. The floor was too dominant, we put down lines into it, and a cad drawing grew out from the floor. The room became a drawing. Impossible lines started to draw themselves in the three dimensional space, a door in the roof, in the air. New words started to come out from the floor. Ovänta and Stillfara (Unwaiting and Stilltravel). Poetry opened new lines that reshaped the meaning of the room, made new connections. The impossible actions cracked up Bornemarks horizon into firesticks, the Hairy house transformed into a cloud for hairdressing. Chewinggum got stuck in the head of the house in pants who guarded the exhibition. Godot and Godot finally came and moved the pit into the air.

To be in the exhibition *Absurd architecture and Impossible actions* made me feel connected to a world that is alive. It was interesting to continue to unlock the world from sense and form. To dance, in the seriousness of play. The exhibition became for me a pocket of the fish's breath. A taste of what our world could be: a linger in creativity.

Here are some taste left after the exhibition:



#38 Exhibition Entrance, The Balcony with the floor as a view

4:3

3:3
↑

ДОЛБЕВАЯ НИТЬ

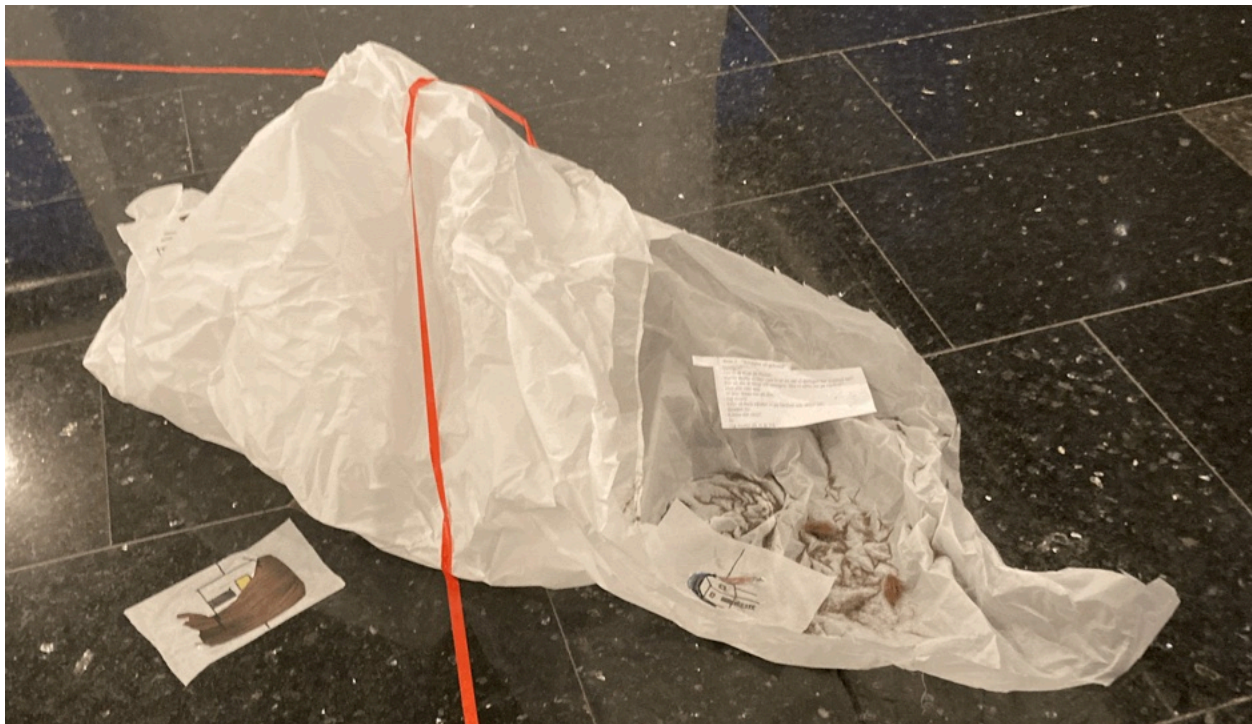
←
4:2→
4:4

#39 House in pants, an entrance guard that awaits your questions.

5:3
↓



#40 The hairy houses: rooms out of sketch paper sewn together. Spread out hairy house portraits. The word stilltravel on the floor. In the background an impossible action: Put a hair in a bubble



#41 Closeup on scrunched up sketch paper rooms and hairy house portraits

4:4



3:4
↑



#42,43 The standing room, inside: hairdressing chair and hairy house book

←
4:3



→
4:5

#44 The hairy houses 5, The hairy house book, peek inside: full beard and stubble hair.



#45 Sisyphos transforming stone to smoke on the way up the paper hill



#46 Sisyphos transforming stone to smoke closeup.

4:5

3:5
↑



←
4:4

#47 The airpit, a pit lifted up in the air by the two Godo's that now has come

→
4:6



#48 The airpit 2, roof and trees inside the uplifted airpit.



#49 Sofa house taking us beyond the in front of.

4:6

3:6
↑



←
4:5

→
4:7

#50 An impossible action: Moving the horizon

Lingers from the fifth iteration

how to not put a trap for creativity
To not be caught by the art of architecture
but liberated
How to continue transforming
make something alive
How to linger in wonder

A room pierced by hair
though it didn't
A house walking in trousers
Though it sits

A society that explain itself
In a simplified picture
In a story or a brand
constant same stories

Schehérazades *thousand and One Nights*
That one after another unlocks her shackles
Is a hope that traps us
Of someday being free
Is that how the slave remains the slave?
We all get defeated by the narrative of capitalism
One structure
one story
One thought we are clothed in

The room we breathe
A cats stomp
an *Absurd architecture* that breathe in the doing
To play with the shape
we are constrained in

Formless in to S h a p e

We beyonder

Linger from the unknown fairy tales in the countryside and elsewhere.

What is a result of my unknown fairy tales?
 I started to question the story of function I developed and cultivated since childhood
 Something interesting happened
 An activity behind architecture
 to throw a roof
 The doing of an architectural element
 The workers in the second iteration got assigned to use an action
 like throwing a roof
 They whispered a floor
 They poured a wall
 Actions connected immateriality to a building element.
 When I tried to take it further to the next iteration I felt I had reached an end in my absurd
 compass to strive towards the intangible
 I felt that the detachment from *Form* made it loosen completely into the immaterial

In the third "hut" iteration
 it became interesting to find an intersection between the immaterial and the material
 But it disconnected me from the site and the situation of the birch forest
 however I went
 I needed to get away from something
 Maybe that is the ab- in the Absurd
 To get away from what we bind ourselves to
 To get to stay in the *not knowing*

In the "hut" iteration
 the thought of a temporary space gave birth to find a materiality that could vanish
 A perishable membrane as a wall
 The soap bubble hut can easily burst or be cleaned away
 Suddenly
 for a short while in time
 there is architecture
 a space to feel
 Does it work?
 Is it a failure?
 What is its function?
 It moved me
 towards a fourth iteration
 chewing gum and hair

Building with materials that could be seen as disgusting
 as Angeletous *Defying expectations*
 but still fragile
 as if they could almost not exist

As the fish's breath
the bubblegum tango makes it rain on the moon
But the function of the absurd makes me go lost
The absurd compass led me from one of the extremes
Sense drive towards Form drive
but I didn't find any answers
more questions
Particles lingering in the impossible world of dreams

Judgment-formation
Practicing the *not knowing*
to feel
To get lost but find something else
Something I couldn't expect

Absurd direction: Base your action on unplanned reason

Play
Something that we cannot really explain
but fumble after
Like the sensibility that was born in the dark
Listen
feel
now something felt right
A quiet reconciliation
Time and time again we can touch that attunement from within
Can it be described as a contact?
A feeling of the *not knowing*
As a master of a craft knew something from experience
but also lifted the craft further into wonder

What is *Judgment-formation*?
If we lock ourselves under our own knowledge
we put the judgment under us
Instead of opening it up to the marvels that can be born in the *not knowing*

This is a master's thesis
Am I now a master of architecture
Or just a dreamer in pajama

Discussion

This is a house, as the title of this Master thesis indicates intends to make the reader experience how the work with the Absurd architecture has transformed since it started. You can dress yourself in the paper of this thesis, sew your own pajamas. Through Ravanis smallest particle of architecture that through etymology connects a house to hose (german for trousers: something that covers us so that we can be warm and protected), the reference projects and the unknown fairy tales made me undress the clothes of how I usually perceive architecture. And made me understand that an architectural *judgment formation* can be seen as how we in our democracy together want to choose the clothes we want society to dress and act with. But to be able to do that, we first need to see the clothes we are restrained in. By undressing the clothes we wear we can choose what kind of architecture we want to dress in, walkin, live in, play in, etc. It is a big responsibility and questionable that something so intimate as the clothes we wear should be in the hands of some architect or expert? Shouldn't it be something we all would engage ourselves more in? Why does it feel that we have so little time to commonly discuss these kinds of questions?

Lefebvre reveals the economy as both the center of our thoughts and omnipresent. And in the expert driven complex society like ours, we as architects are stuck with designing and bend our thoughts to dress the world in an economical (gray) suit. Our creativity and possibility to sew new and other clothes and with that an architecture that responds to the challenges of our time can be seen as hijacked. Stolen away from us by an economical center that keeps us busy with calculating ones and zeros, plus and minus. Is it also the bigness and complexity of our society that drives us to create these rational economical clothes where our creativity is stuck?

→
5:2

To undress the suit we wear, I have tried to use Camus' absurd hole in between the rational and the irrational. To be able to navigate in that intersection between what we experience as possible or impossible I used Schiller's extremes (the *Form* and *Sense* drive) as a field or a tension where I found the *Play drive*. When Schiller states that it is only when we play that we are really human he makes play necessary for our life. As it is for children. For me a gray suit could be a fun piece of cloth to dress in one time or maybe two. But if we are stuck in the same piece of cloth, just playing the play: Measuring the world with ones and zeros, I think it's devastating. But it also takes us away from using the powers of play for a real human judgment (deciding how to act in this world). It's like when you were a child and somebody always wanted to play the same game. After a while, at least for me, I want to do something else. I think it's time now to get rid of the boring suit. Get naked. As when we are born we arrive naked. Does that image make it even more human: To be a naked human being, playing to find different ways to cover ourselves in nature with a climate that is the prerequisite of our survival but also carries the threat to our existence. In the ancestral clothes we had developed other judgment to play with the living world we are entwined with and dependent on. For example in the old viking story that forges Gleipner out of roots from the mountain and the stomp from the cat. Or the more rustic clothing of the countryside. Is an architectural absurd *judgment formation* interested in sewing new clothes easier to try out in the countryside where the connection to the living nature is more present than in an overplanned city? But an absurd architecture of the city

would also make an interesting continuation and broaden this work for further discussion and play. How would a rural piece of cloth change the *judgment formation*?

To live in a big and complex society as ours we need to some extent to dress in a common dress code of control and order in exchange for the protection a society gives. The *judgment formation* of such a complex society needs the citizens to agree on a societal contract. An absurd architecture could then ask: Do we want that contract to be sewed in the emperor's new clothes? Or maybe in pajamas? A dress that would allow the dream world, like Strindberg's recollection of the dream play. What would happen if we as architects dress in pajamas? Maybe houses would get the possibility to split up in two, go in different directions, fall asleep and be misunderstood. Maybe something else then would be able to grow?

There have been different reactions when I have discussed Absurd Architecture with people: Why to make an architecture no builders or architects would be interested in to make or even understand? How can an Absurd Architecture serve us? Wouldn't it just make us get lost when we are in such a big need to find solutions for our society to meet the challenges we stand before? Why would an Absurd Architecture that messes it all up even be allowed? What is the function of the absurd? We need houses to live in and feel safe in, without it we cannot even play and ask those questions you ask?

To work with the Absurd architecture has been a wonderful journey of lust that I will continue. The question of what is an Absurd architecture has for a long time been something I can always bounce back to. It is a question that never answers itself, or the answer cannot stop it, put it described underneath of me. It astonishes me. I started the question with the course Stadsrum in the second grade of school where we were encouraged to write our first manifesto (blue page). The question has since then directed me inwards. It has asked me: How does this fill me with lust? What makes this project feel alive? What is that attunement from within that can feel the living, the compass of play that we are all born with?

An Absurd Architecture does not seem to solve the problems we stand before, but it seems to open up our creativity. It has made me curious about how our future could be if we try out some of the myriads of impossibilities that Ravanis describes in the quantum physical world of dreams. If we change clothes and start to dress houses in hair, soap bubbles, whisper or darkness other thoughts will be born. And I believe with those thoughts also other ways of how we could live. How would a street feel under our feet if it's hung up on a balcony to be dried after a summer rain? How would a society with houses made from impossible probabilities smell? If we start to listen to the unheardable, how would we treat each other? In an absurd probability that doesn't follow the ordinary path of how a thrown stone falls into the water with a splash, the stone can choose to become smoke or even toothpaste. How would that splash sound?

What is a house?

Manifesto of the Absurd Architecture

The old stories about how we shape our common society have come to an end. We are stuck in the lack of imagination and the pragmatic economic description of how to dress the world. To face the uncertain future that lies ahead, we need new stories that can experience building from the perspective of the grass, that nails the frozen understanding to the water wall, that hollows out the clouds with cobwebs of lead. Architectural stories interested in:

- sleeping
- Standing on toes
- Tittering and whispering

We need stories that help us open our minds and make our imaginations rich in diversity and imagination

I want to see houses that makes love

Walk hand in hand out into the woods

Planting apple trees in a grove

Rooms that jump the fence, stretch for grapes and blow their noses on a field

Cities that are stuck in somersaults, straddling their straws when they loosen their faces.

Streets braided together, boiled into spaghetti, hung on rooftops to be dry.

Squares shaking their cow milk, drinking grappa in the rain

Windows that listens for the questions from the night not interested in how they look

Stairs that throw themselves up on a horse

Balconies that swallowed too large chestnuts

Floors, ceilings, walls and sinks that dance to bebop on wallpaper

I want to see architecture wrapped in spiky furniture, wallowing in grease and delicately

balancing a pea on the tip of its nose

An absurd, imaginative, impossible architecture

Coda

With Bornemarks concepts of *Ratio*, *Intellectus* and the *not knowing* I have understood how we with our *Ratio* can sort and with our *Intellectus* put what we have sorted into conclusions. To develop an absurd *judgment formation* I set out on a journey to find ways of challenging the way we judge the world and by that our capacity for making decisions. With the help of the *not knowing* I developed a theory that I used on the world and got answers from the world that over and over again reshaped my judgment and made me act again, but from a new starting point.

We started with Liikkuva Linna through three reference and inspiration projects and five unknown fairy tales from the countryside and elsewhere. In different ways we used Schiller's Absurd compass to feel *Play* in the dualistic dance between the *Form* and *Sense* drive. The area of interest has been Camus *Absurd* intersection in between the Rational and Irrational. We found unbelievable stories about architecture built from human relics. We found theater as architecture with the architect as a dreamer. We saw religion creating multi faceted images that continue to reshape the architecture. We started to see a whispered floor, walls of sound, roofs of thrown balls. We found an action behind a building element as in a thrown roof or a poured wall. We touched the child inside in huts and temporarity. We discovered the almost impossible materiality of soap bubbles, spiderwebs and chewing gum with hair. In an exhibition we made a room into a multidimensional cad drawing that felt alive and not captured. In the discussion a question; how do we want to dress ourselves and the society to continue to grasp for the stories that fly in the beyondering? An impossible swedish word was born in the exhibition *Absurd architecture and Impossible actions*. The word concludes Absurd architecture for me: Bortinför. It can mean: Beyond the in front of.

Let's continue to linger in wonder...



#51,52,53 Three hairyhouse portraits.

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5:2

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Picture index

#-57 Ai generated Picture made with Midjourney, (2022) by PerViktor Hjalmarsson

#0 Our world in data, HYDE (2023)

https://ourworldindata.org/grapher/long-term-urban-population-region?time=1600..latest&country=~OWID_WRL (Available 22 april 2024)

#1 Ai generated image made with Bing (2024) by PerViktor Hjalmarsson

#2 Ai generated image made with Bing (2024) by PerViktor Hjalmarsson

#3 Picture from Google maps(2024).

<https://www.google.com/maps/@60.2228434,23.6718835,152m/data=!3m1!1e3?entry=ttu>
(Available 18 april 2024)

#4 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2022)

#5 Illustration by PerViktor Hjalmarsson

#6 Illustration by PerViktor Hjalmarsson

#7 Illustration by PerViktor Hjalmarsson

#8 Illustration by PerViktor Hjalmarsson

#9 Illustration by PerViktor Hjalmarsson

#10 Photo: Sedlec (2024)

<https://www.sedlec.info/en/ossuary/#Galerie%20-%20Sedlec-4> (Available 18 april 2024)

#11 Photo: Sedlec (2024).

<https://www.sedlec.info/en/ossuary/#Galerie%20-%20Sedlec-5> (Available 18 april 2024)

#12 Photo: Peter Hirth (2024).

<https://www.nationalgeographic.com/travel/article/things-to-see-bone-church-sedlec-ossuary>
(Available 18 april 2024)

#13 Photo: Bryson Edward Howe.

<https://www.thebigship.org/post/waitingforgodot> (Available 18 april 2024)

#14 Photo: SVTplay.

<https://www.svtplay.se/video/jNdMg18/ett-dromspel-av-august-strindberg> (Available 18 april 2024)

#15 Photo: Wikipedia

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaaba> (Available 18 april 2024)

#16 Photo: MadainProject.

https://madainproject.com/door_of_the_kabah#gallery-8 (Available 18 april 2024)

#17 source: Learn Religions.

https://www.learnreligions.com/kaaba-in-mecca-image-gallery-4122937#step-heading?utm_source=pinterest&utm_medium=social&utm_campaign=shareurlbuttons_nip (Available 18 april 2024)

#18 Picture from Google maps (2024)

<https://www.google.com/maps/@60.2228434,23.6718835,152m/data=!3m1!1e3?entry=ttu>
(Available 18 april 2024)

#19, 20 photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2023)

#21, 22 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2023)

#23, 24 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2023)

#25 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#26 Sketch: PerViktor Hjalmarsson

#27 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2023)

#28 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2023)

#29 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2023)

#30 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2023)

#31, 32, 33 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2023)

#34, 35 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#36 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#37 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#38 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#39 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#40 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#41 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#42, 43 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#44 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

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#46 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#47 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#48 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#49 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#50 Photo: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

#51, 52, 53 paintings: PerViktor Hjalmarsson (2024)

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