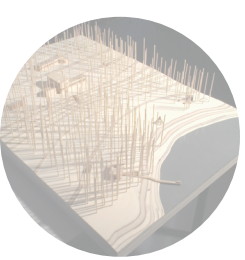


OMAKUVA WELCOME HOME



This project delves into the possibilities of using poetry, both its reading and its creation, as a form of architectural research. Cities and landscapes have long inspired poets and writers and served as a source for their creation. So, is it possible to reverse this process? Can one, through the lens of a poem, create an architecture that taps into the emotional power of said poem?

The value of poetry is twofold – first, it has the ability to express and juxtapose impressions, emotions and images in a way unmatched by any other art form; second, it makes these juxtapositions readily accessible through its medium: words. Because we have been trained from early on to use words to express our thoughts, impressions and emotions, poetry's art form is accessible to us.

I chose Pablo Neruda's poetry for analysis and interpretation because of his use of the sea, stones and forests – all evocative of the Finnish landscape – as central images. I also chose to write poetry in order to more directly and readily express the ultimate goals of the design.

Before beginning this phase of research, however, I first familiarized myself with the Finnish landscape – both cultural and designed. The map on the right denotes the two most important places for connection and transportation in the city – Kamppi and Rautatientori – as well as the final site for the Finland Summer Architecture Institute student lodging. The left-most call-out is a zoomed-in map of the site.

My familiarization with the Finnish landscape extended beyond the city limits, however. The images on the left represent snapshots of the first impressions of Finland that then invited me to delve deeper into the landscape through poetry. These images include model-building in Kiljaya, trip-taking to Suomenlinna and sauna-going.

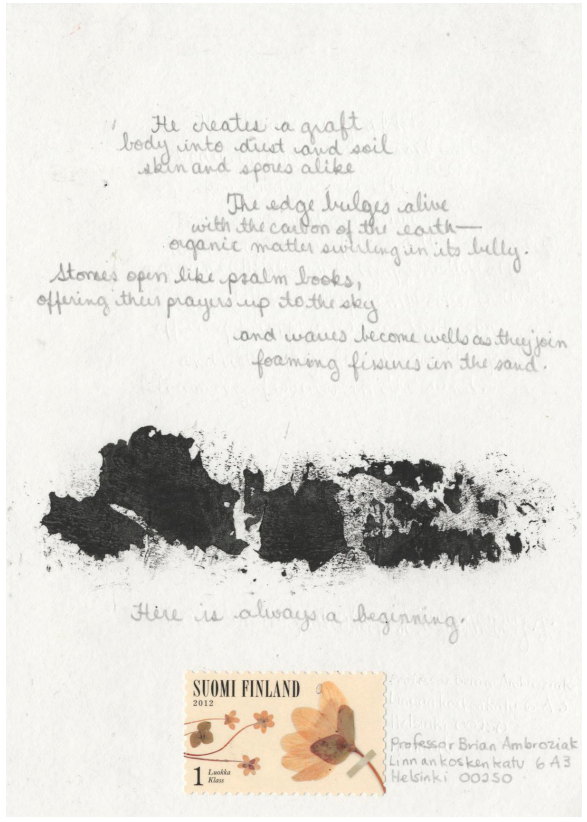
Through the combination of first-hand experience and second-hand analysis through poetry, a design with the goals of accommodating both emotional and pragmatic needs emerged.



The creation of three postcards, each containing a poem, served as the medium through which to express the goals of each portion of the program.

Because the design of lodging for the students of the Finland Summer Architecture Institute required particular attention to the experience of being a student in the program, each postcard and corresponding poem sought to express one aspect of said experience.

The creation of each postcard and writing of each poem then directly influenced a specific portion of the design (noted in plan)



postcard I: "the maker"



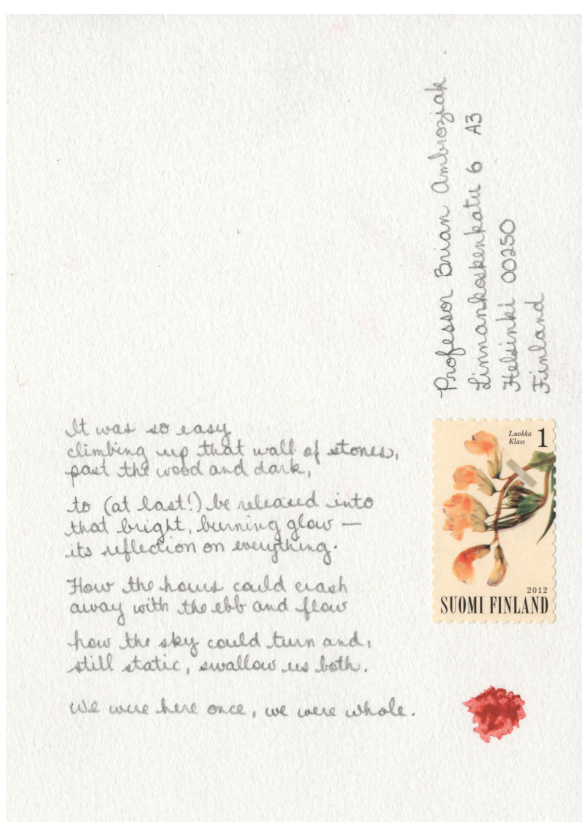
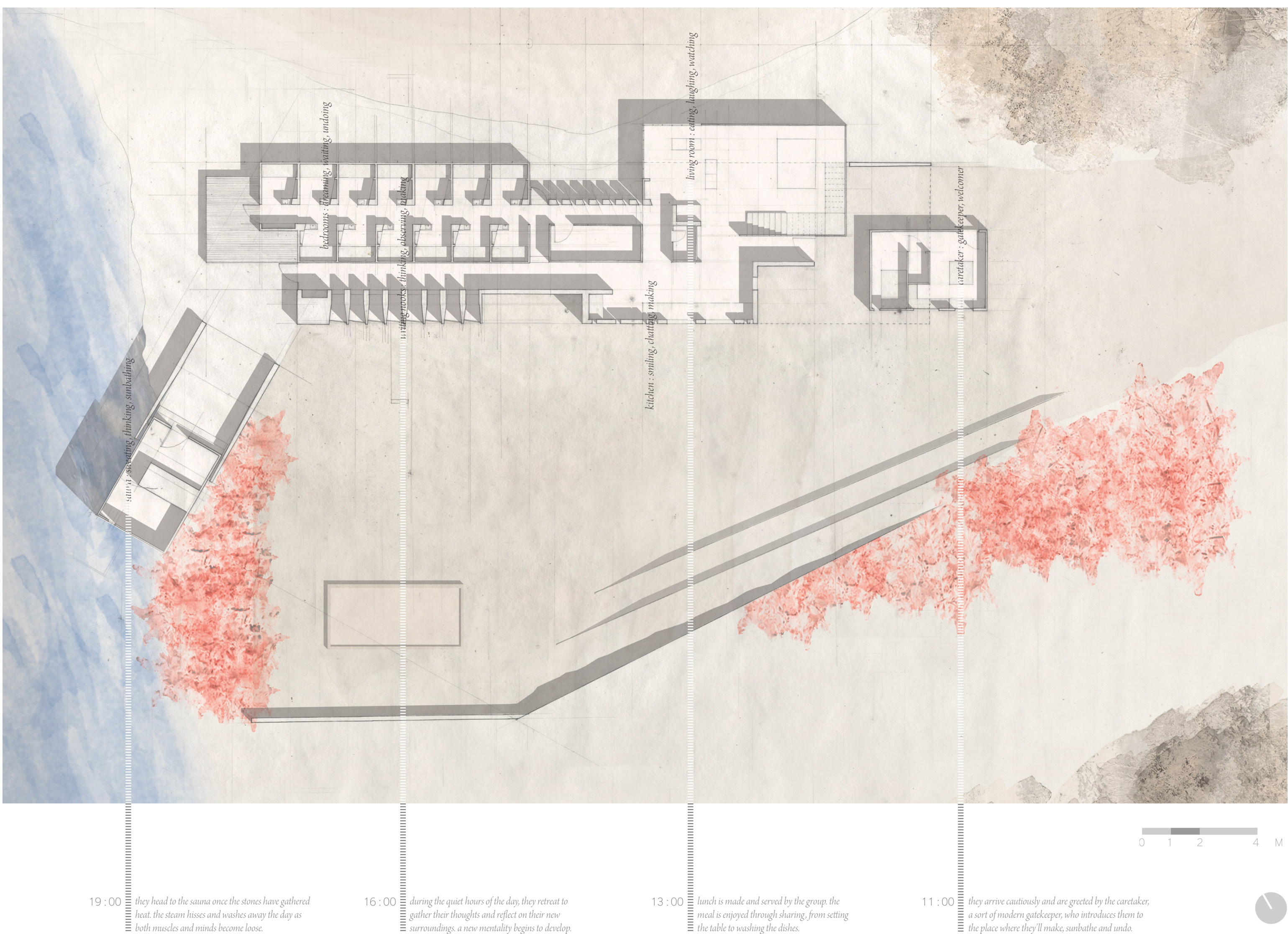
perspective: writing nooks

The proposal for a new home for the University of Tennessee Finland Summer Architecture Institute attempts to engage the active fabric of Helsinki by providing an anchor point for students – a place where they can retreat from their surroundings to become fully immersed in their studies, their ideas and each other.

Located in Hietaniemi, Helsinki, on Lappalahti Bay, the lodging pavilion embraces the water to the West and the center of the city to the East. Its purpose is simple: providing a place for living for the students of the Institute. Its ultimate goal is much grander: to give these students a place to call home in a country far from their hometowns.

The pavilion, which contains a living room, a kitchen, a hallway lined with writing nooks and thirteen rooms – ten bunks for twenty students and three singles for faculty – is supported by a care taker's cottage and a sauna overlooking the bay.

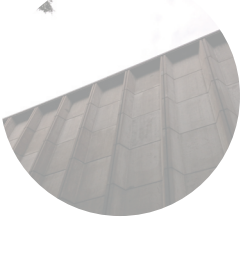
A single incision into the stone on the South side of the pavilion creates an intimate courtyard in which students and faculty can gather to enjoy the Finnish summer.



postcard II: "the sunbathers"



perspective: courtyard



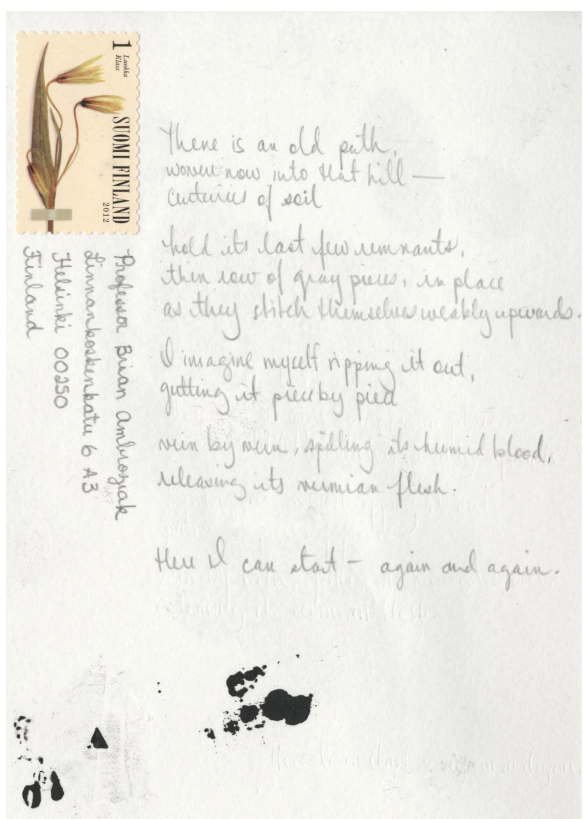
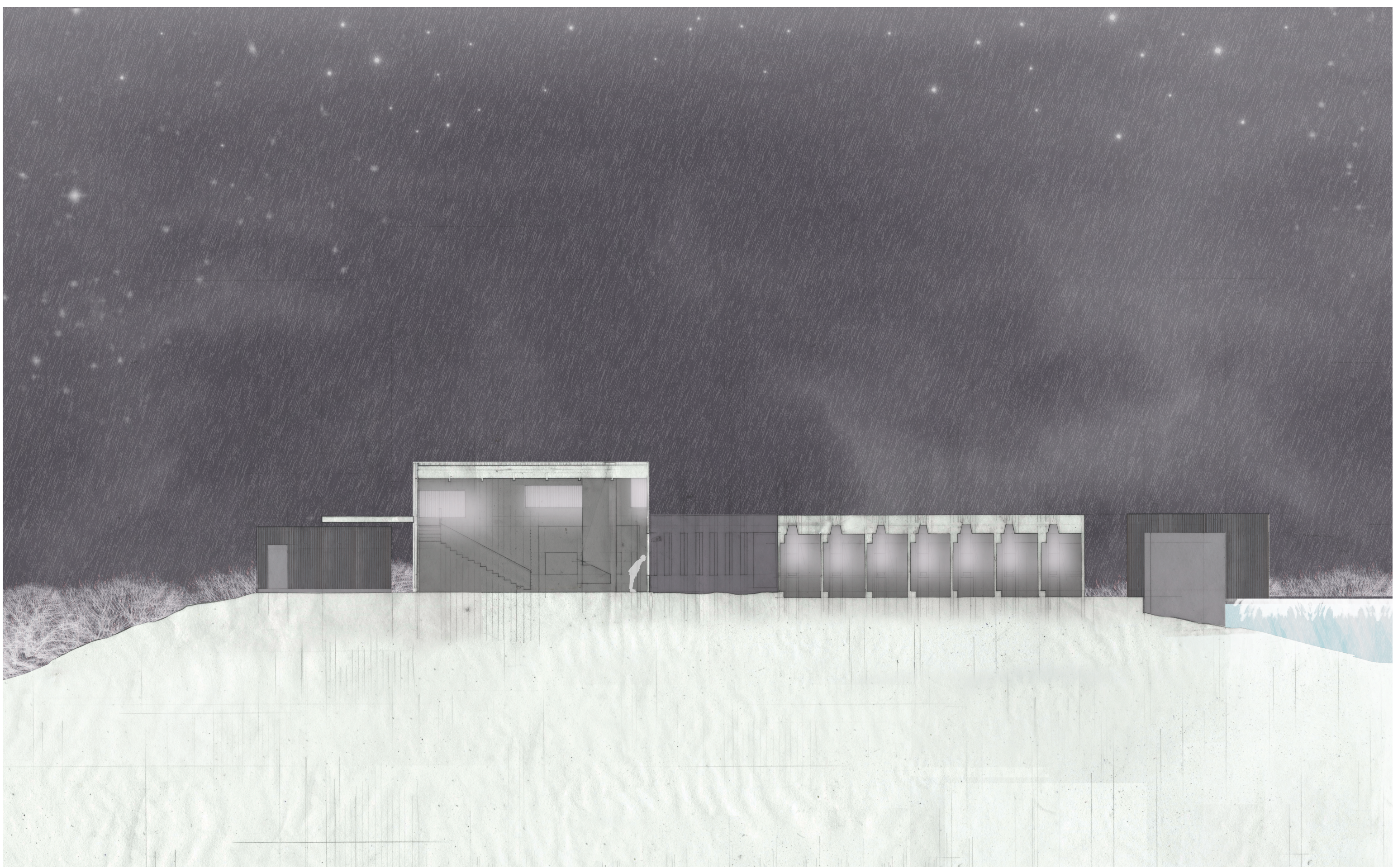
Sonnet VI

Lost in the forest, I cut off a dark branch
and to my lips, thirsty, lifted as whisper:
maybe it was the voice of the rain crying,
a cracked bell, or a torn heart.

Something from far off it seemed
gravely hidden, covered by the earth,
a shout deafened by immense autumn,
by the moist half-open fog of the leaves.

But there, waking from the forest dream,
the hazy spring sang under my tongue
and its drifting fragrance climbed through my conscience
as if suddenly they searched for me, the roots,
I abandoned, the land lost with my childhood –
and I stopped, wounded by the wandering scent.

Pablo Neruda



postcard III: "the under"



perspective: pathway

