

The Poetics of Light

What brings poetry to architecture? Wherein lies the difference between the mere built and the magical? As the connection to the surrounding universe is unarguably linked to the sensation of space, is the grandeur of every great work of art hiding in the fact that they seem different to us every time we experience them? Is this because they are?

To me, this thesis has been an exploration of a fascination with light and its impact on the built that I have previously merely sensed. An instinctive notion of a powerful presence of place, linked to the treatment of the natural elements in general, and light in particular. Much of the work has consequently evolved around a wish to concretise such sensations, and communicate that which is highly subjective. It has been a reminder that all things poetic, all things inventive - *significant*, if you will - in the perspective of human existence, are dependent of the sensation of responsive minds and spaces. The sensation of being part of a larger picture, and connected to it - however lightly - by our bodily experiences. The poetic, in the situationalist's interpretation and in the words of Raoul Vaneigem *'is the organiser of creative spontaneity to the extent that it reinforces spontaneity's hold on reality. Poetry is an act which engenders new realities: it is the fulfilment of radical theory, the revolutionary act par excellence.'*

The way light brings poetry to architecture is equal parts hard work and pure magic. This ancient knowledge has been forgotten, however, slowly rationalised after the invention of artificial light and capitalism. Today we find ourselves with architecture built for monetary growth, neglecting the characteristics of the human condition.

The poetic possibilities of light could - perhaps *should* - be the artistic dimension we have been ignoring that we have forgotten, and the slow revolution we've been waiting for.

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