

Housing Memories



Adna Babahmetović, BSc

Housing Memories

MASTER'S THESIS

to achieve the university degree of

Diplom-Ingenieurin

Master's degree programme: Architecture

submitted to

Graz University of Technology

Supervisor

MArch Univ.-Prof. Dipl.-Ing. Dr.sc.ETH Lehnerer Alexander

Institut für Raumgestaltung

Graz, Juli 2021

Affidavit

I declare that I have authored this thesis independently, that I have not used other than the declared sources/resources, and that I have explicitly indicated all material which has been quoted either literally or by content from the sources used. The text document uploaded to TUGRAZ online is identical to the present master's thesis dissertation.

Date

Signature

Contents

| | |
|------------------|----|
| Introduction | 8 |
| The Other Places | 10 |
| The Other Houses | 12 |
| The Place | 24 |
| The House | 26 |

“Of course, thanks to the house, a great many of our memories are housed, and if the house is a bit elaborate, if it has a cellar and a garret, nooks and corridors, our memories have refuges that are all the more clearly delineated.”*

Thanks to three houses, one’s own memories are being housed. Here, they generate not only nooks and corridors but everything that’s typically required to design a building. It’s structure, atmosphere, function and sometimes even its protagonists. The memories from one’s own homes become a tool for assembling new homes. Architectural elements confront each other in the same way memories do. Present ones cannot exist without the past ones and contrariwise. They are fragmented yet extremely dependent on each other. Hence, the hygiene between the units is often very limited. One is always reminded of the neighbours presence.

The project starts in Bosnia and Herzegovina, in my childhood home. Detached family house with more than one generation to reside on a same plot. Curved staircase and a fallen cherry tree.

The second one, suburban row house in Denmark. Brick settlement from the 70s. Each house is the same. Front yard ,back-yard and always the same bush at the doorway.

Third one, in Graz. Shared student apartment in an old building with a neo-renaissance facade. Heating was not working properly, walls were catching mold, windows were never renovated.

* Bachelard, Gaston: The Poetics of Space

Still, the appearance of the house was very important to our late landlord and the yellow facade and the green shutters were to be repainted at least once a year. The Landlord was always there.

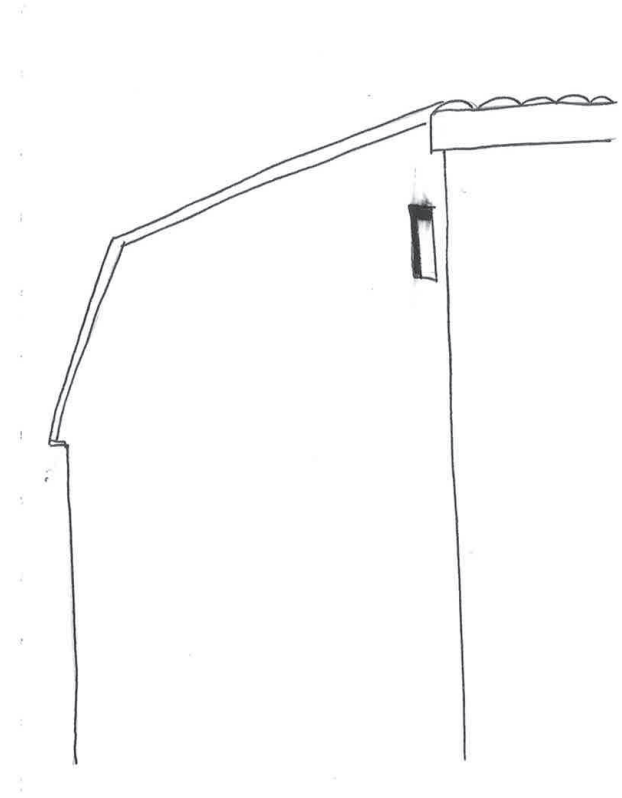
Different fragments of memories are taken from the three existing houses and interpolated into a new residential building in Graz. The chosen Plot is a memory as well, a memory of big secluded courtyard that we were never allowed to use. The house on the corner has been demolished recently and the project is set in its place to close the garden again.

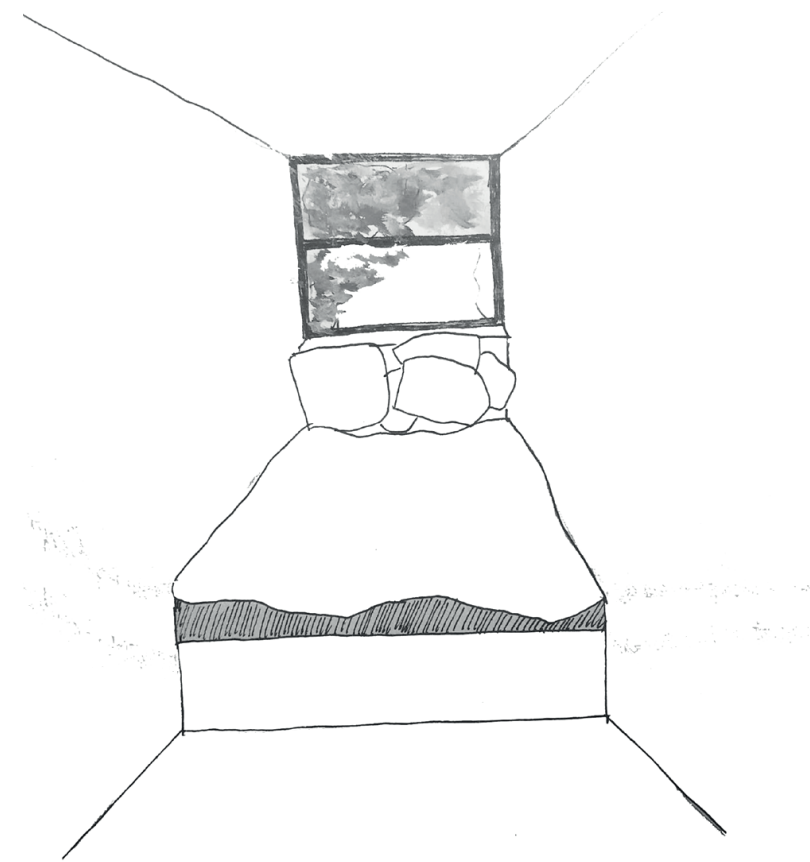
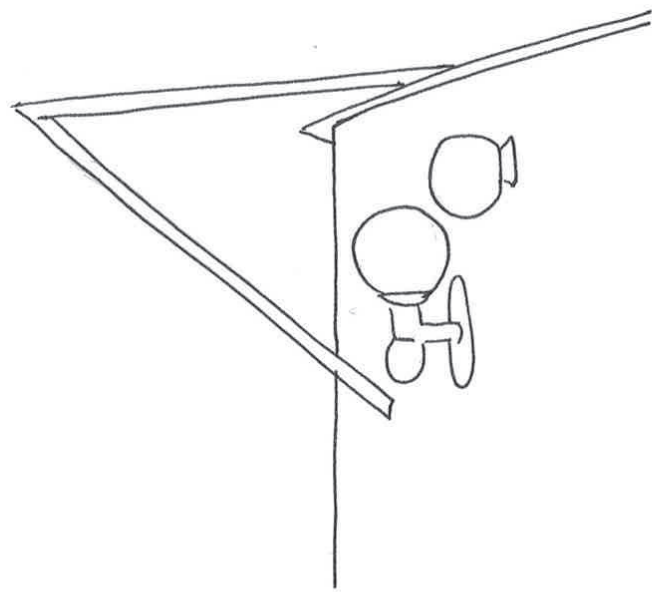
The building may be new, but its parts already existed elsewhere. May it be a tiny room with a big window, an imprisoned tree, or what they caused on the other side of the wall.

The Other Places



The Other Houses

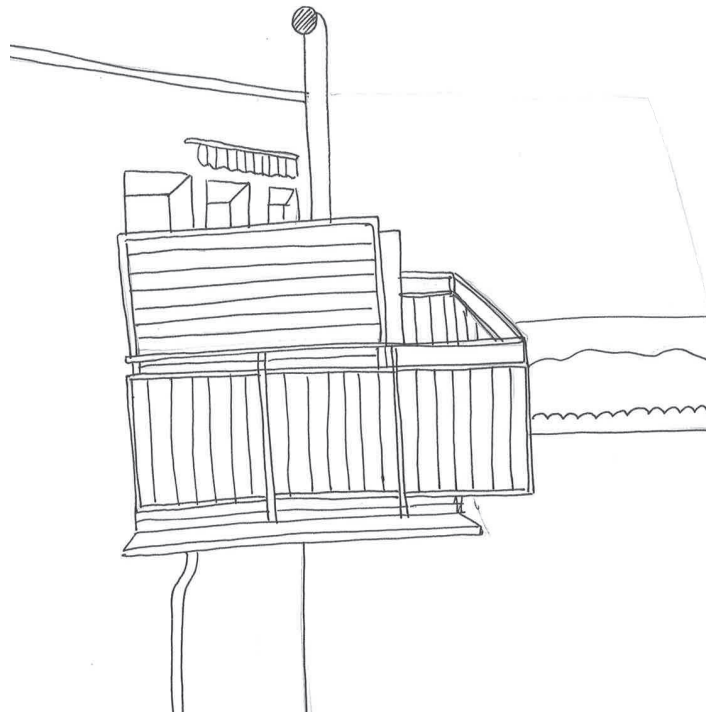




A View with a Room

There was a very big window in a very small room. With each passing day the window would borrow some space to the room.

With each day that the window framed, the 6 square meters would turn into 10, 20 and sometimes they would surpass the size of the house itself.



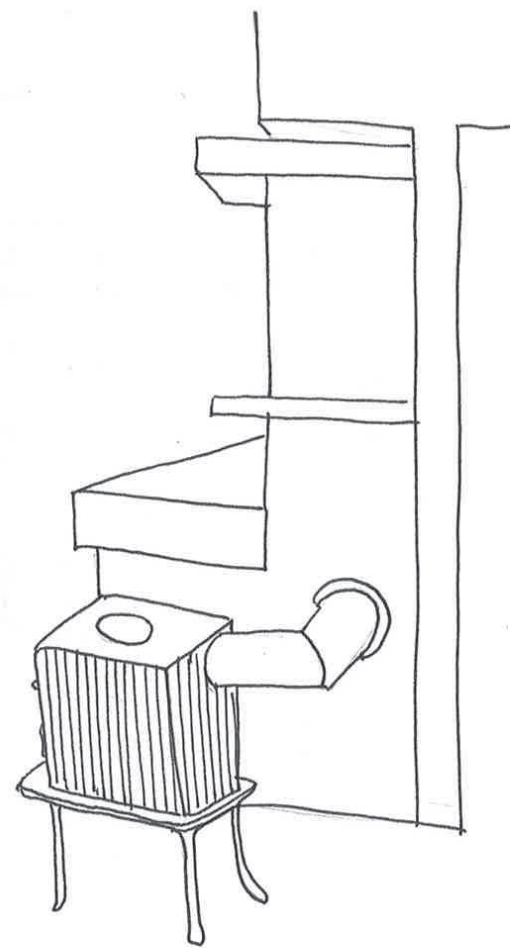
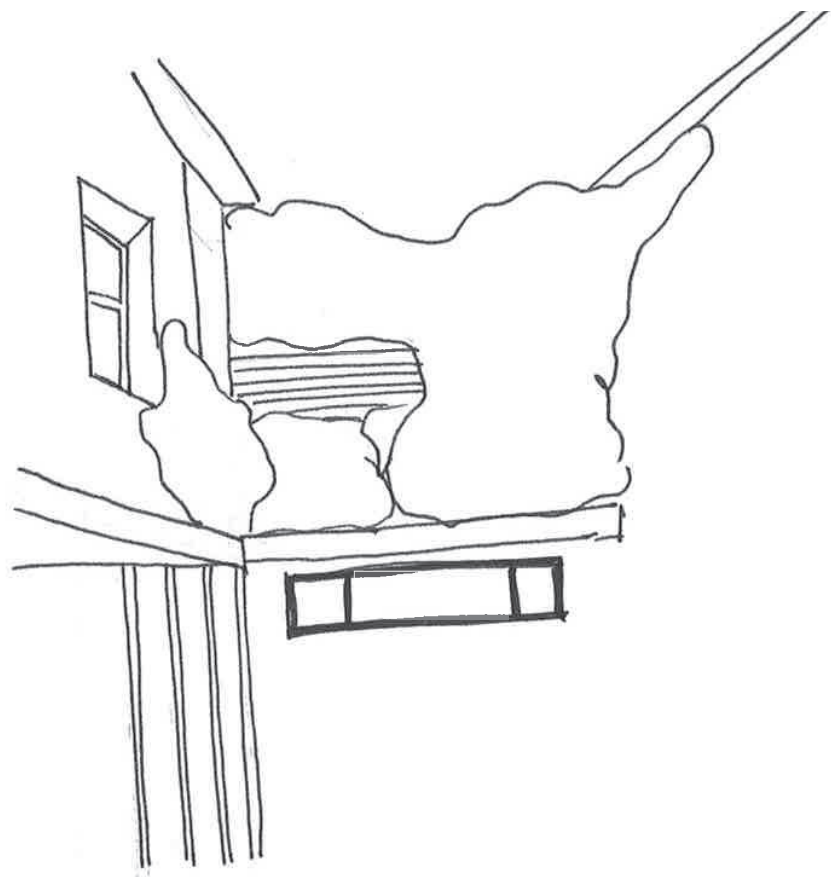
Neighbour's Observatory

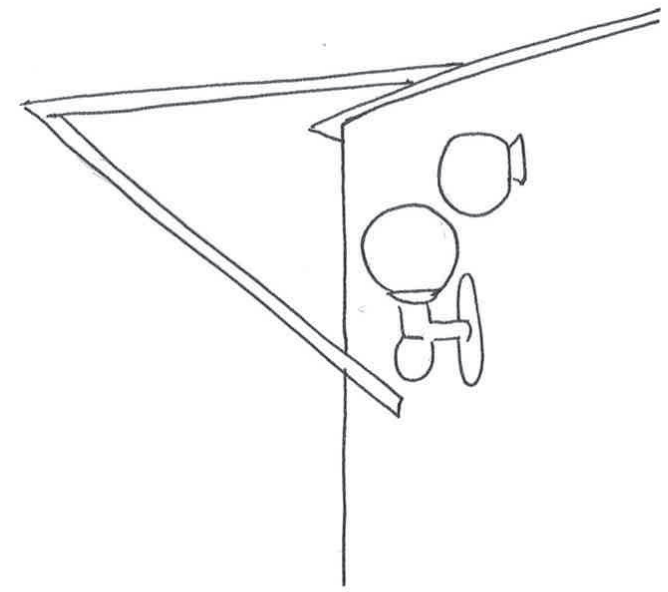
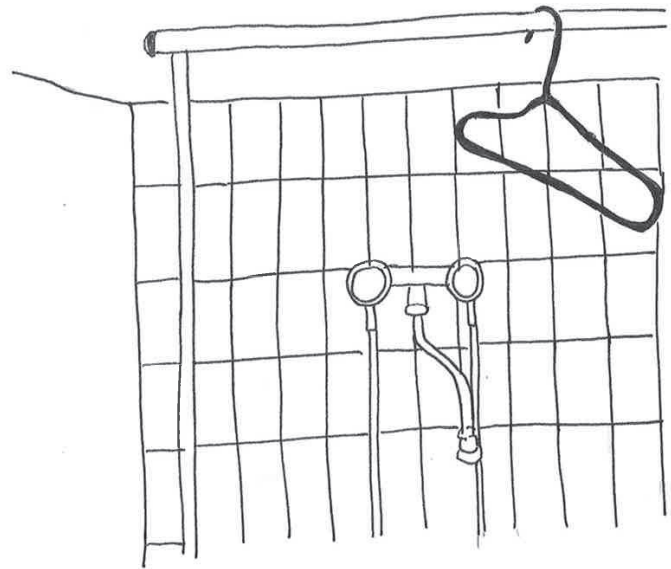
He often wore a wollen cap. The rest of his appearance remains unknown to this day.



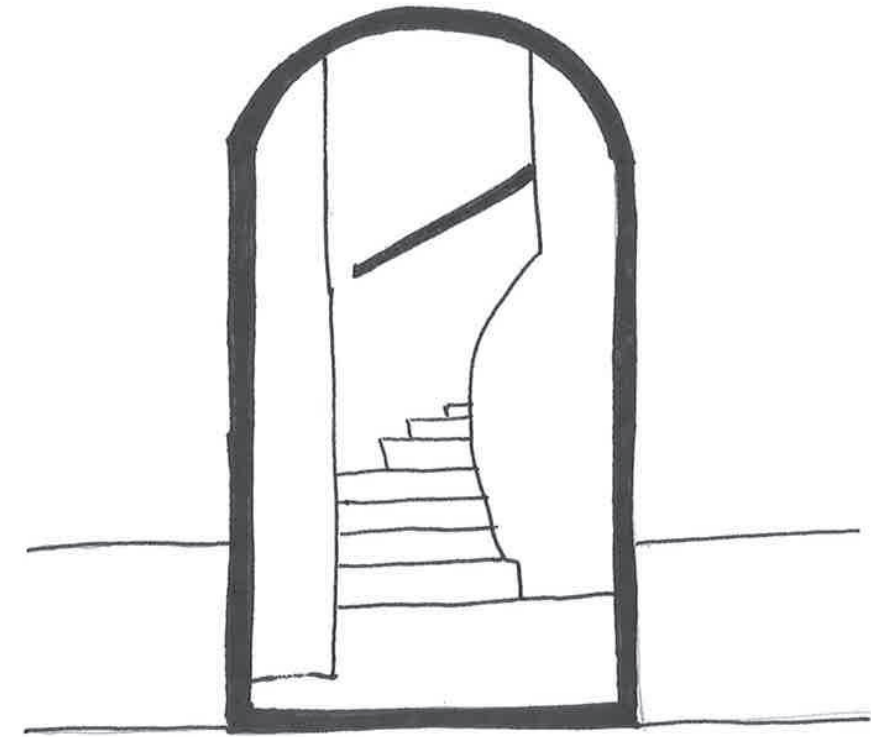
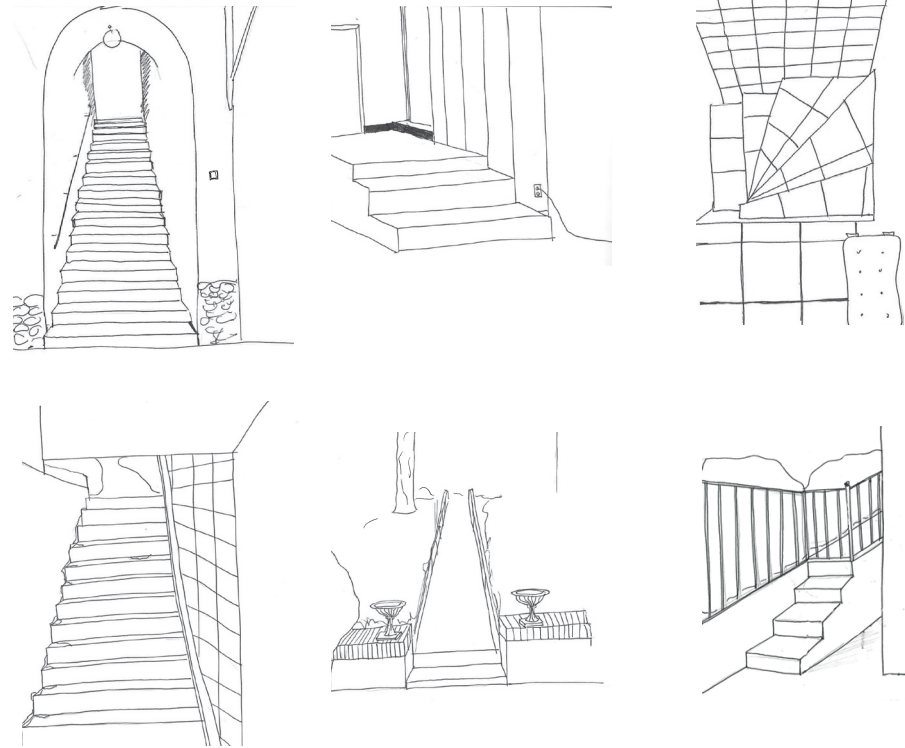
Grandma's Observatory

When I think of her I think of the stairs. They grew old together to the point where they trapped her in the house never to cross its treshold again.





“We don’t think enough about staircases. Nothing was more beautiful in old houses than the staircases. Nothing is uglier, colder, more hostile, meaner, in today’s apartment buildings. We should learn to live more on staircases. But how?”*



* Perec, Georges: Species of Spaces

The Place



The House - Landlord's daily route

My day starts here where no one can see me and I too can't see them.

Yet.

I sit, sleep, wash, cook and heat under, besides and on the stairs.

They bring me east, west, north and south.





The rent is always late,
but I patiently wait.



I don't have a shower, but the rent is low
and the landlord lets me use her chimney.



Is he sleeping, I wonder?



I can't sleep. I wonder if she knows.





Here, by the tree I may as well be in the suburbs again.
I forget where I am, but most importantly,
she forgets it too.



I'm bothered by the chimney but at least I know that...



...he is too.

Structure



Memory



within



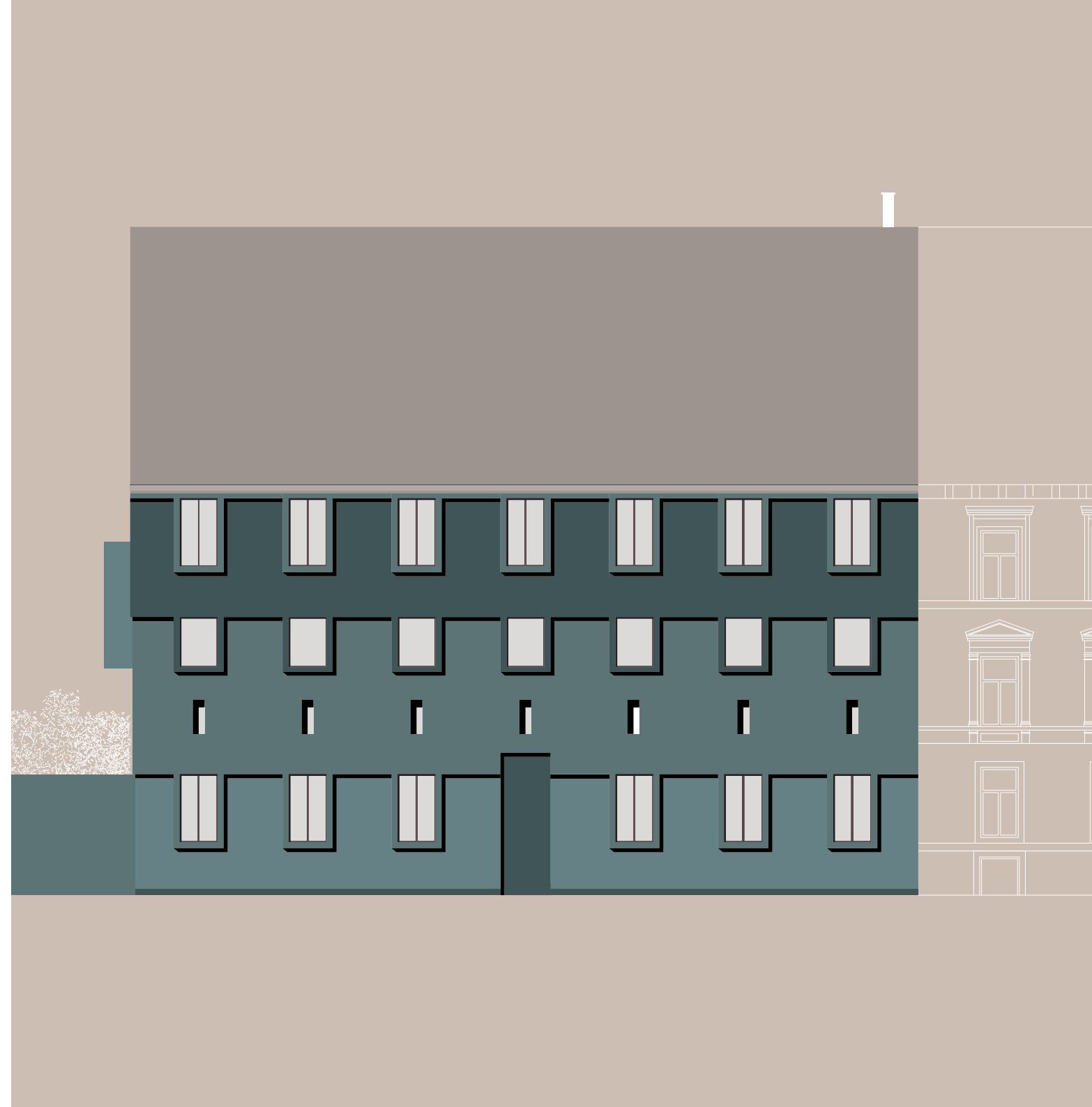
memory



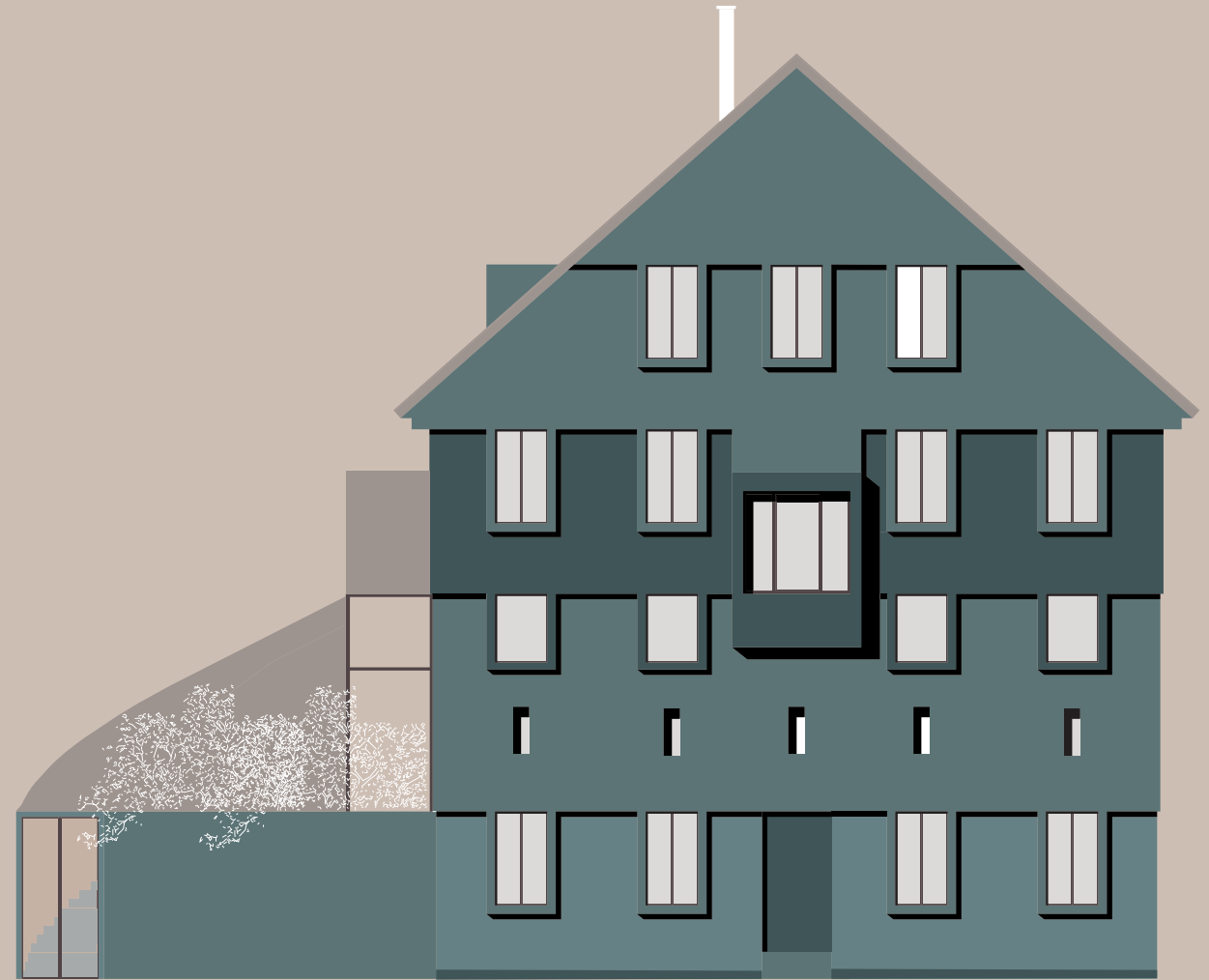
within memory.



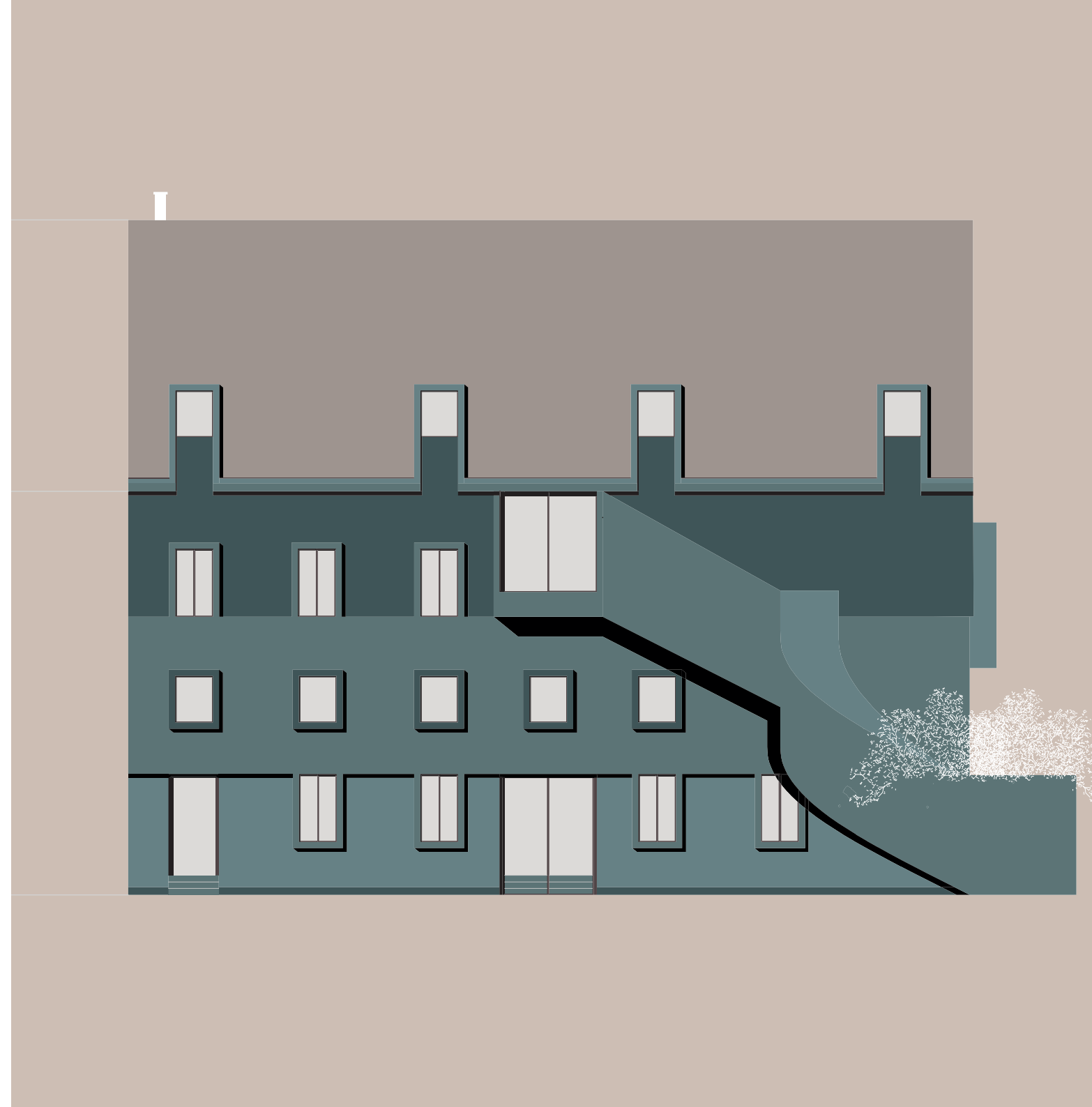
Street



Corner



The Back

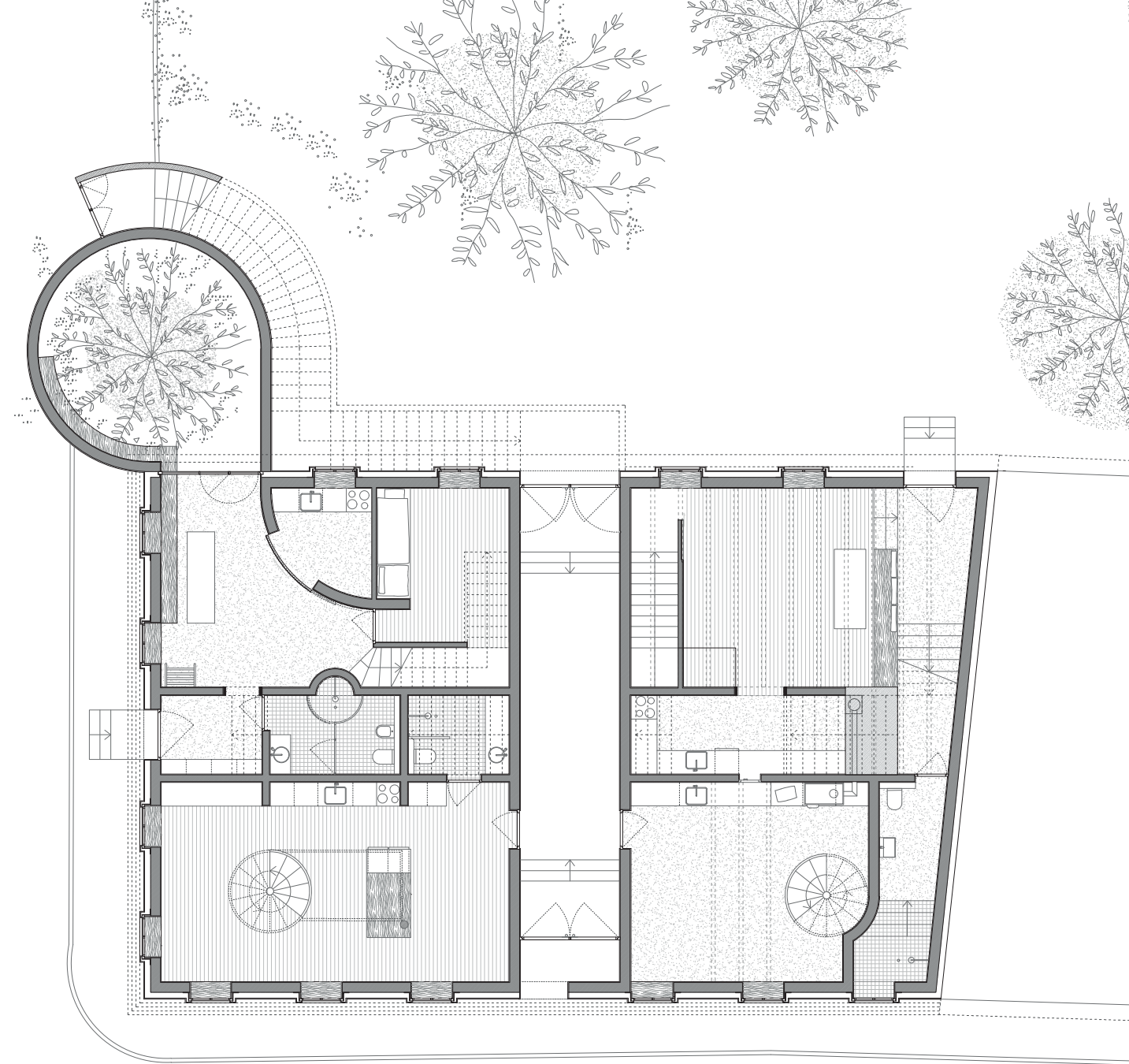




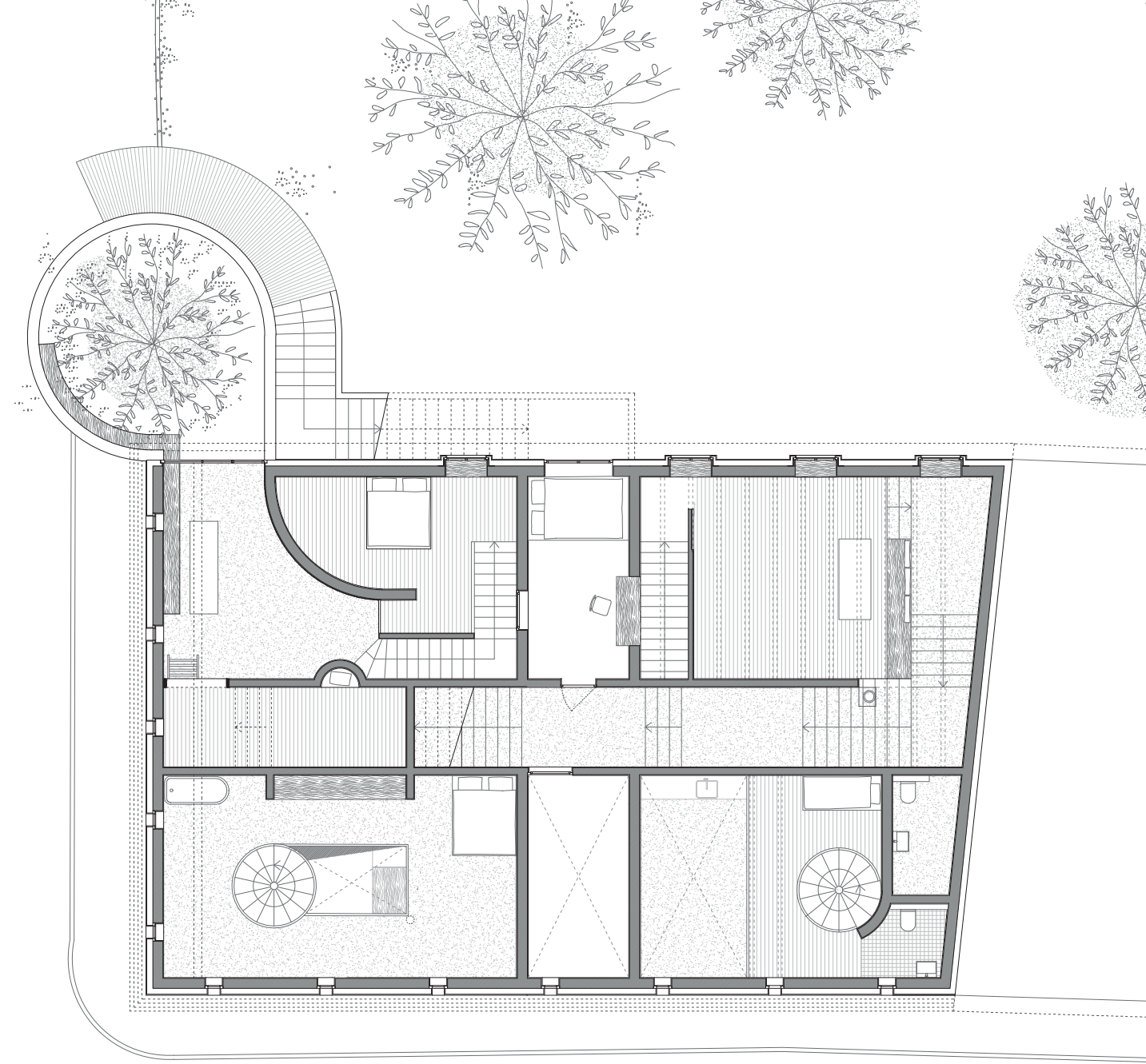
Corner



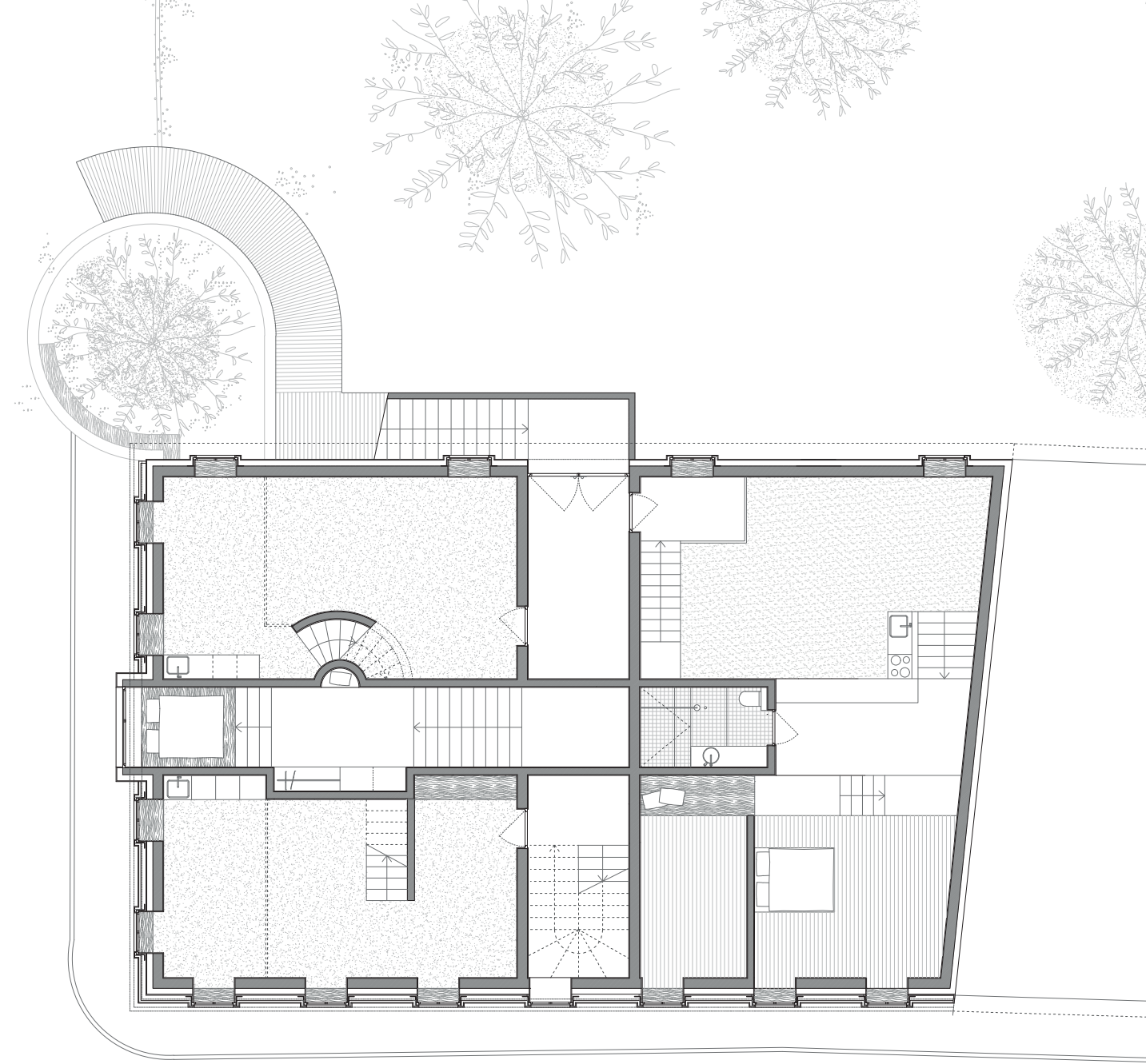
Ground Floor



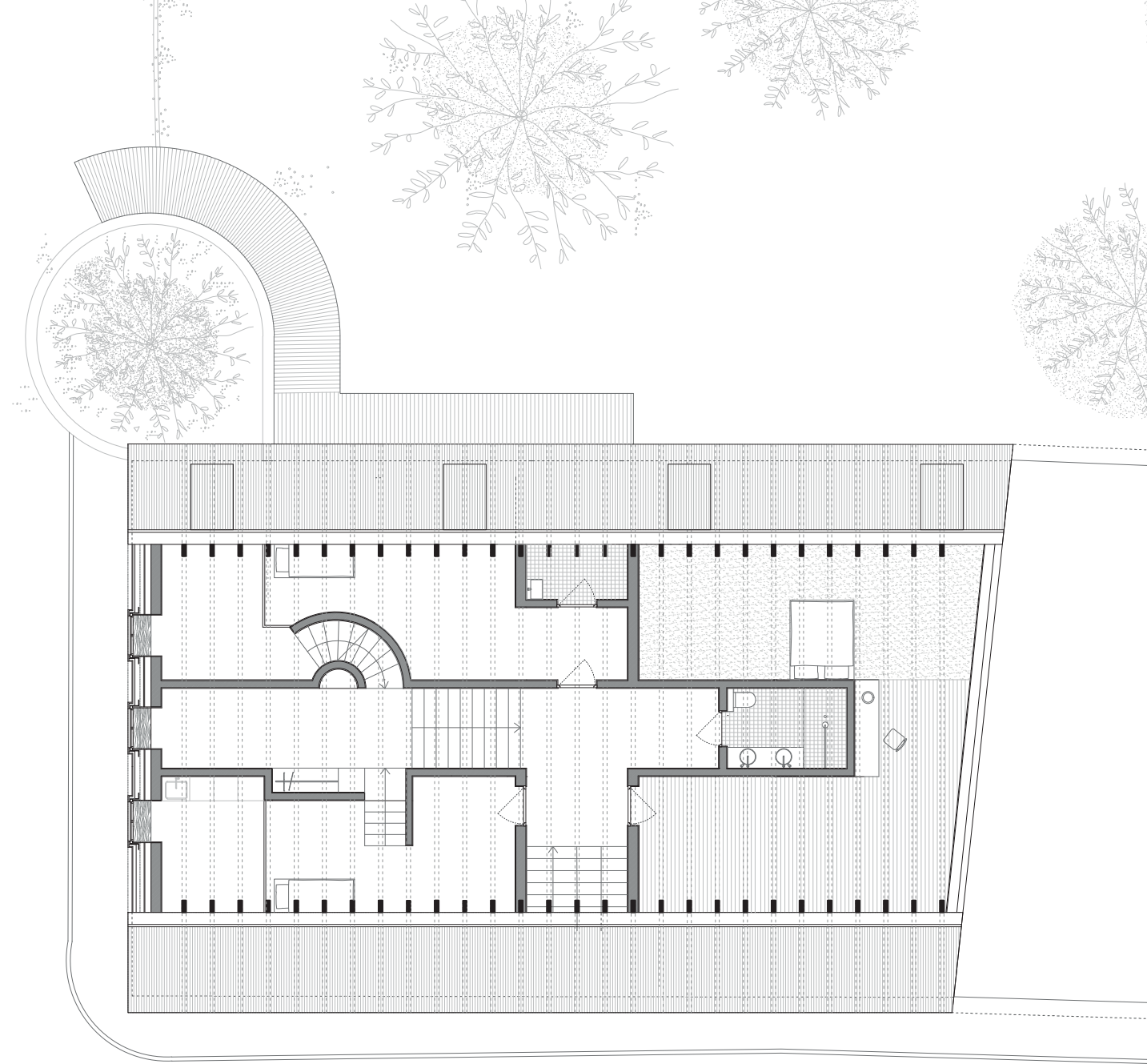
Next Floor



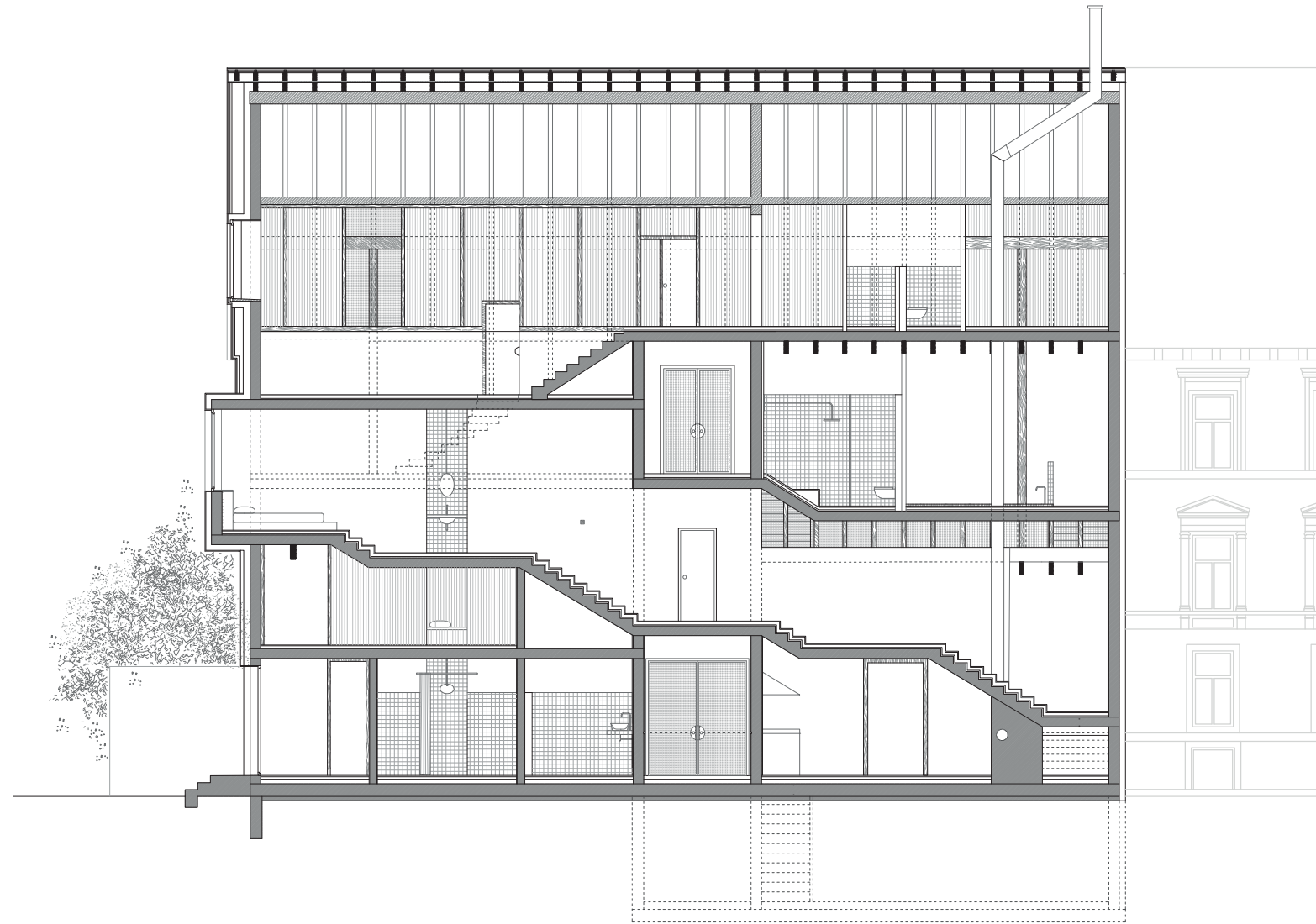
Next-to-Last Floor

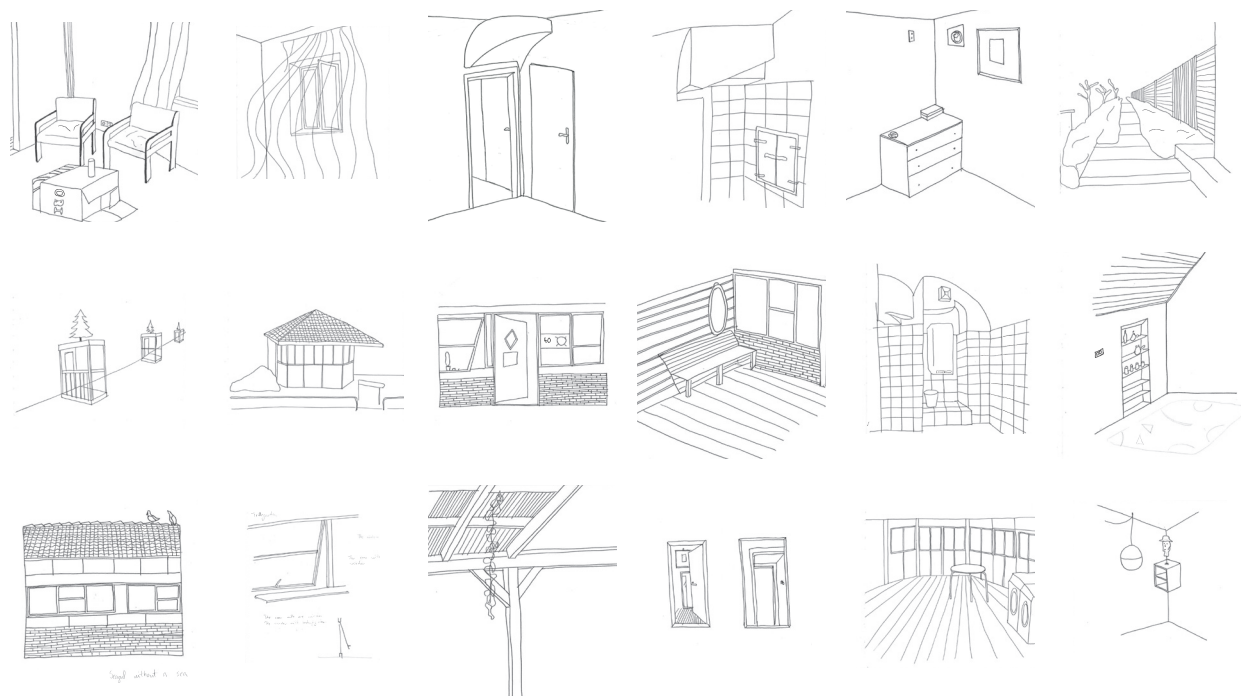
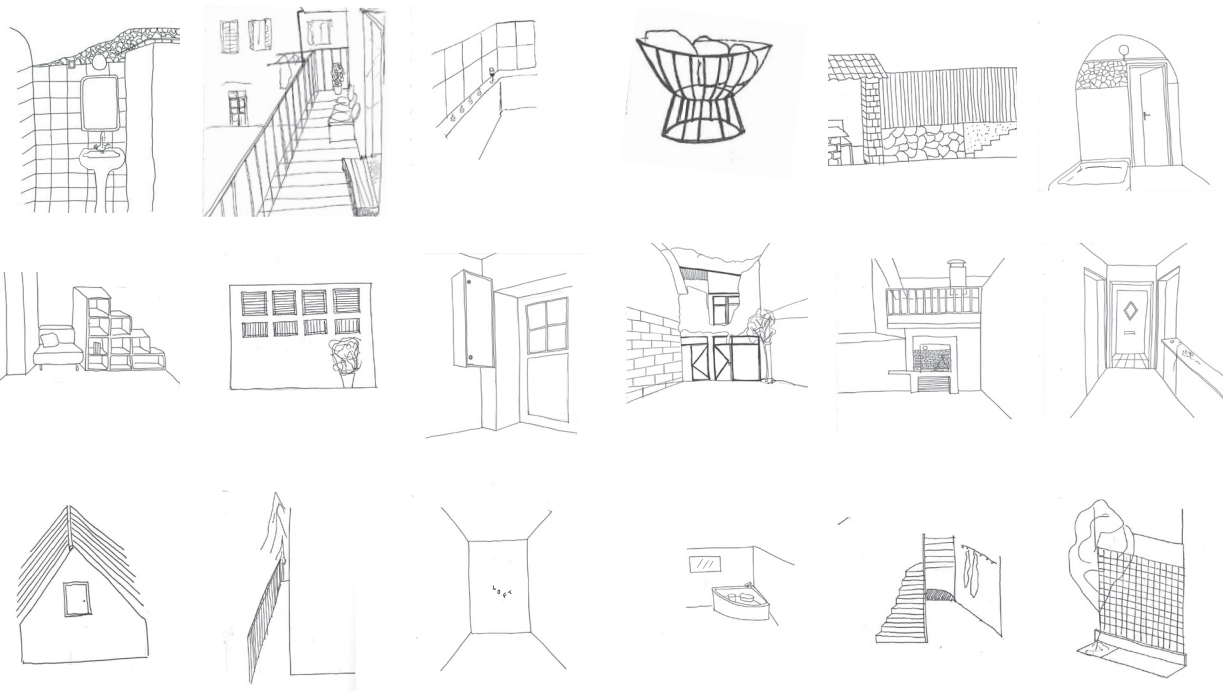


Last Floor



Section





I would like to thank my parents for building the most beautiful memories of my first home.

Thank you Ajna for your constant support and the best memories with styro cutter. Thank you Ado for learning how to use it.

And of course, thank you Alex for letting me do this project and giving the best advice, but also constantly challenging me on the way.

Thank you my three thesis friends for sharing very similar memories for the last few months.

Thank you AZ3 for all the lovely times and everyone that helped in any way.