

그늘은
그림자로

a dwelling for two shadows
an artist's studio in maryland

by Myunghyun Lee 明玄 이명현

MEANINGLESS ARCHITECTURE™



STORY

2

OBJECT

3

BUILDING

Batch no.2

0/20

Abstract

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went

And cannot come again.

MEANINGLESS ARCHITECTURE™



- A. E Housman

event 1.

비가 내리고 음악이 흐르면

난 당신을 생각해요

at the train station



052420011:44PM

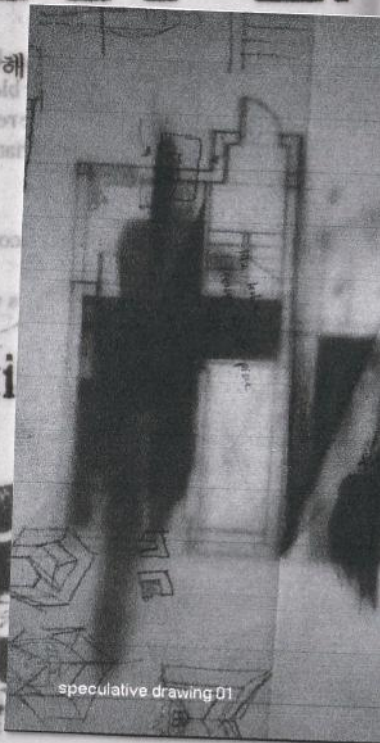
Under a cloudy, dark grey sky I look out the window on the train at overgrown ivy, graffiti, and strange arches on the concrete walls that look like doors to a neighborhood. I stare at them pass by, they each have a different plant right at the foot of them. I find myself imagining dwellings behind these doors and the quiet, hidden people living there. Wouldn't it be nice to go home to one of those doors by the train tracks?

I savor the few moments left above ground. I dread it as the train descends into the tunnel like I'm being pushed underwater. It's suffocating. Sighing doesn't do anything to relieve this burden

event 1:

비가 내리고 음악이 흐르면
난 당신을 생각해

at the train station



speculative drawing 01



grey sky I look out the window on the
heavy, graffiti, and strange arches on the
look like doors to a neighborhood. I stare at
each have a different plant right at the foot
half imagining dwellings behind these doors
people living there. Wouldn't it be nice to
those doors by the train tracks?

ments left above ground. I dread it as
into the tunnel like I'm being pushed
suffocating. Sighing doesn't do anything to

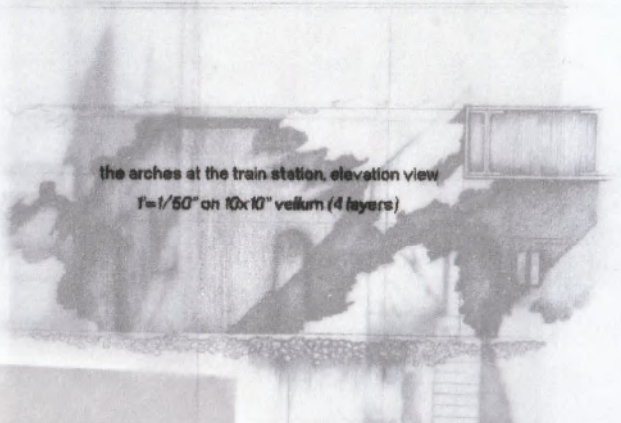


event 1:
(Cont'd) 6:46PM

I'm out of the office. Work completely drained me today but at least I'm free. My life must be so boring that I kept finding myself imagining about those arches and the people who live behind them. If I was one of them, I would hang my hat and coat, greet in my arms someone I love, eat dinner, observe intimacies of my simple home; dishes in the sink, discarded shoes, empty wastebasket, night filled window
When I approach them head on, I find they have no middle. What is this dissatisfaction? I don't know what, but I can tell I'm missing something important

05252001 3:37PM

I drew in my sketchbook for the first time in a long time. I just kept thinking about those arches. I thought of how I would get lost in them on my morning commute. I thought about jumping down onto the tracks, stepping into one, and walking down a deep dark corridor until you find that inside that arch was a little home. The home that I always felt was loosely promised to me, the home that I must have felt falsely entitled to. When I feel the most placeless, I feel like I can go into this small home at the train station. Today I'm so tired.



the arches at the train station, elevation view

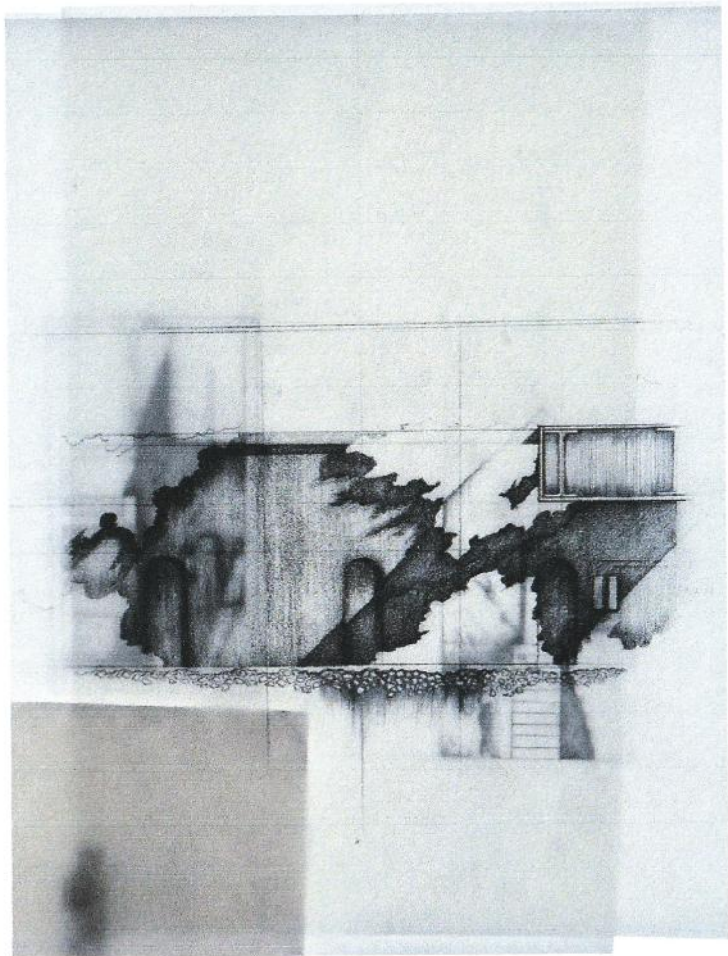
$1=1/50"$ on 10x10" vellum (4 layers)

event 1:
(Cont'd) 6:46PM

I'm out of the office. Work completely drained me today but at least I'm free. My life must be so boring that I kept finding myself imagining about those arches and the people who live behind them. If I was one of them, I would hang my hat and coat, greet in my arms someone I love, eat dinner, observe intimacies of my simple home; dishes in the sink, discarded shoes, empty wastebasket, night filled window
When I approach them head on, I find they have no middle. What is this dissatisfaction? I don't know what, but I can tell I'm missing something important

05252001 3:37PM

I drew in my sketchbook for the first time in a long time. I just kept thinking about those arches. I thought of how I would get lost in them on my morning commute. I thought about jumping down onto the tracks, stepping into one, and walking down a deep dark corridor until you find that inside that arch was a little home. The home that I always felt was loosely promised to me, the home that I must have felt falsely entitled to. When I feel the most placeless, I feel like I can go into this small home at the train station. Today I'm so tired.



052720016:32AM

I didn't go to work today but don't misunderstand this. It wasn't done in courage. I just couldn't. I had no energy, I had nothing keeping me moving. When the train arrived at the platform I just stood there. When it left, I came down onto the tracks like I was getting out of bed. I stood at the train tracks until I found myself leaning on one of those arches and found that there was nothing to the surface.

0528201712AM

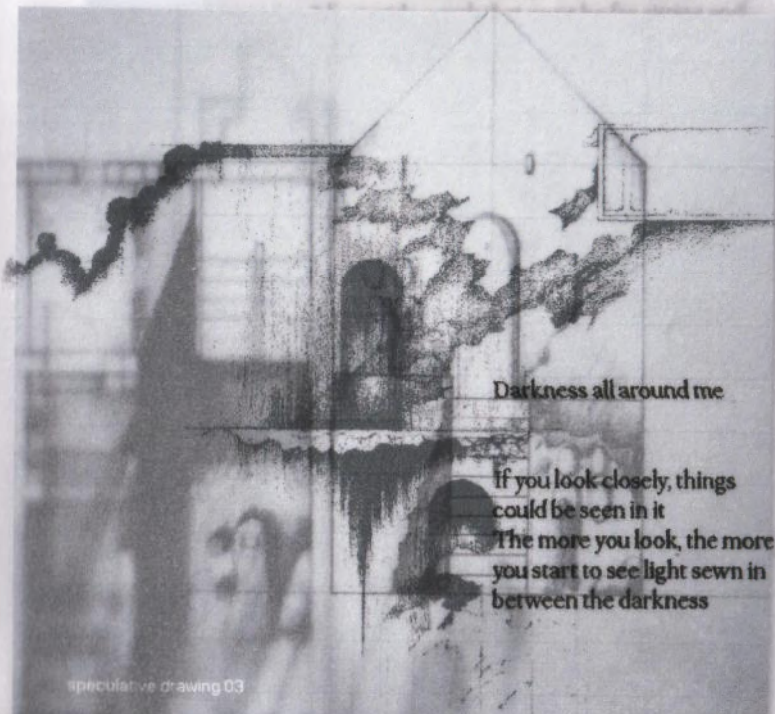
0528201712AM

Yesterday I came here for the first time with my camera and
blew at the glass moved along the wall.

There was a sense of the space. A wall made of wood
with large vertical boards under these tiles. Columns on the
sides acted as downspouts, guiding rain onto two bamboo
bushes in the courtyard. The wall was made of wood and used

a groove that looks like it eroded from someone using it often onto a stone

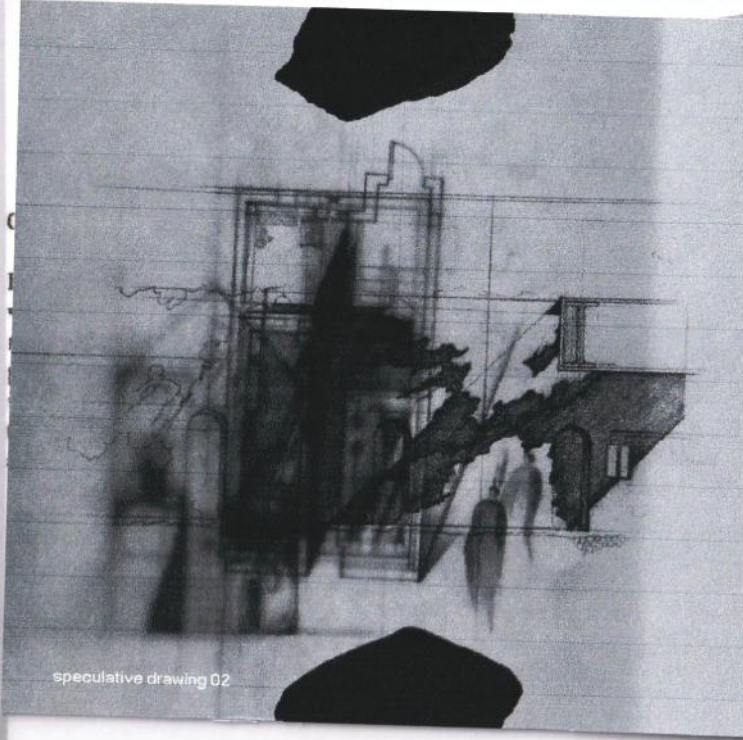
like it eroded from someone using it often onto a stone



Darkness all around me

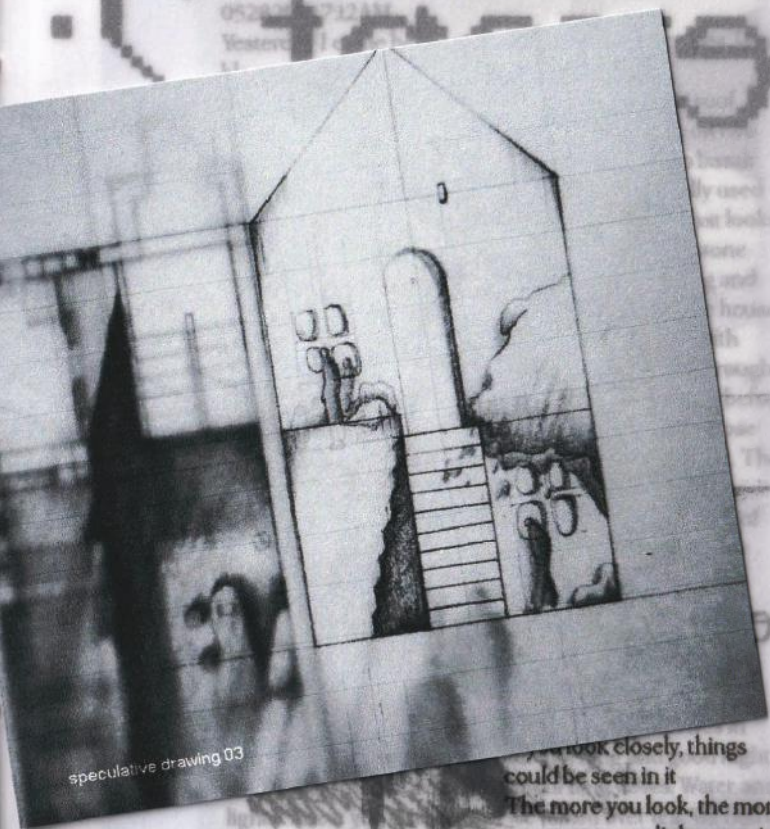
If you look closely, things
could be seen in it

The more you look, the more
you start to see light sewn in
between the darkness



A speculative architectural drawing on lined paper. The drawing depicts a complex, multi-level structure with various architectural elements. On the left, there is a tall, narrow structure with a stepped top. In the center, a large, dark, angular mass is prominent. To the right, a smaller structure with a gabled roof and a small window is visible. The drawing uses fine lines and shading to create a sense of depth and form. Two large, solid black irregular shapes are positioned at the top and bottom of the drawing, partially obscuring the paper.

speculative drawing 02



speculative drawing 03

...you look closely, things
could be seen in it
The more you look, the more
you start to see light sewn in
between the darkness

light
easily flowing. in
big window where
The sunlight felt nice and faded away and I laid in it like a
basking lizard

event 2:

당신이 떠나시던 그 밤에
이렇게 비가 왔어요

09/27/2008 6:32AM

I didn't go to work today

because I was

feeling like

giving up

on myself

and the world

around me

endless meadows

ON THE WAY

again, I feel

it

and I look at the way

I feel in my life

between the two

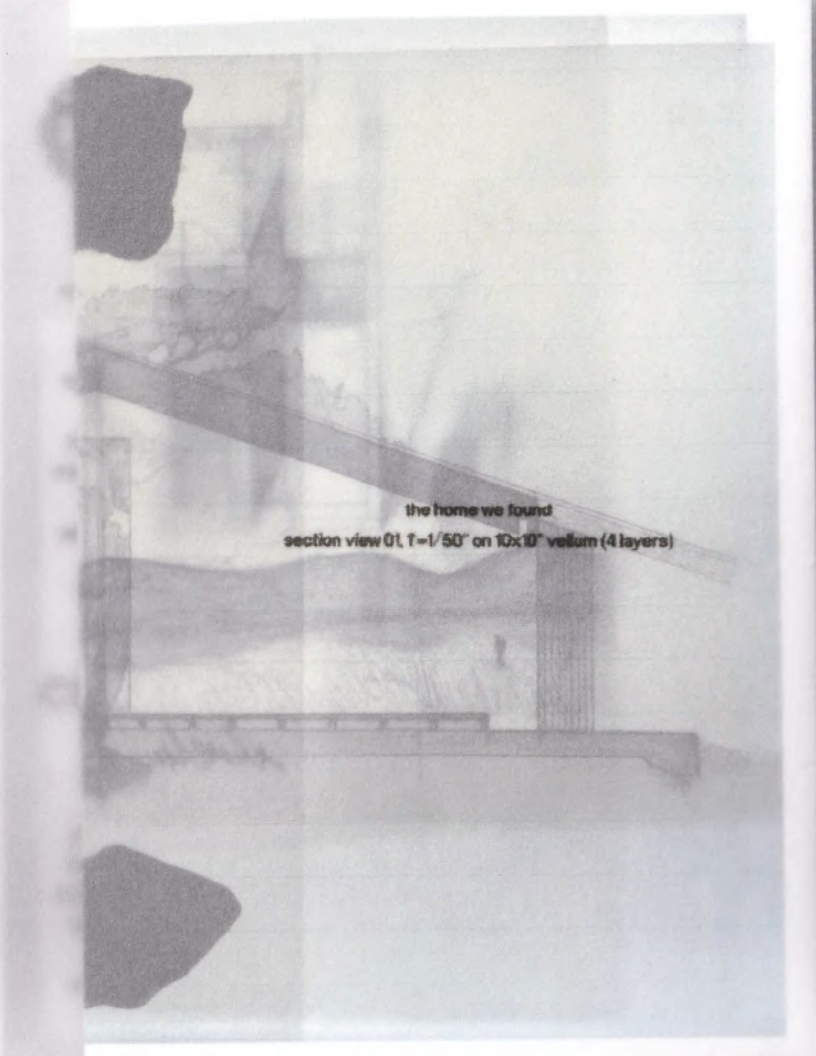
052820017:12AM

Yesterday I came here, to a meadow with tall grasses. Wind blew and the grass moved along with it.

There was a house on the meadow. A wide gable roof with large visible beams under slate tiles. Chains on two sides acted as downspouts, guiding rain onto two basalt boulders that they are linked to. Stones are actually used a lot in this house. I step on a rock with a groove that looks like it eroded from someone using it often onto a stone engawa, a 3 foot wide porch that must be for sitting and looking at the meadow. By it is a large window. The house is clad in pale cedar articulated in thin panels with visible bolts tying them to the structure. I walked through the engawa, noticing all these perfect, tactile details before finding the entrance in the back of the house. I suppose there is no facade or back as every side is so pleasant. The door has a nice door knob.

I pour myself a bowl of tea and ruminate in the steam of rainy puerh, looking out a large window, admiring how comfortably this chair fits my body. It's like everything here is a bespoke object made to be here and only here... for me. Soft shapes of dappled sunlight pour in from various windows, filling pockets of the space. I stare at their shadows, moving as the wind makes them quiver. everything here is a part of me, like you, who arrives in perfect intervals to tell me good morning and good night, reminding me of autumn and mourning doves. Water and light. I knew you already and we talked over tea. We had an easily flowing, fun conversation sitting on the floor at the big window where we saw the sun set.

The sunlight felt nice as it faded away and I laid in it like a basking lizard



the home we found
section view 01, $1=1/50''$ on 10x10" vellum (4 layers)

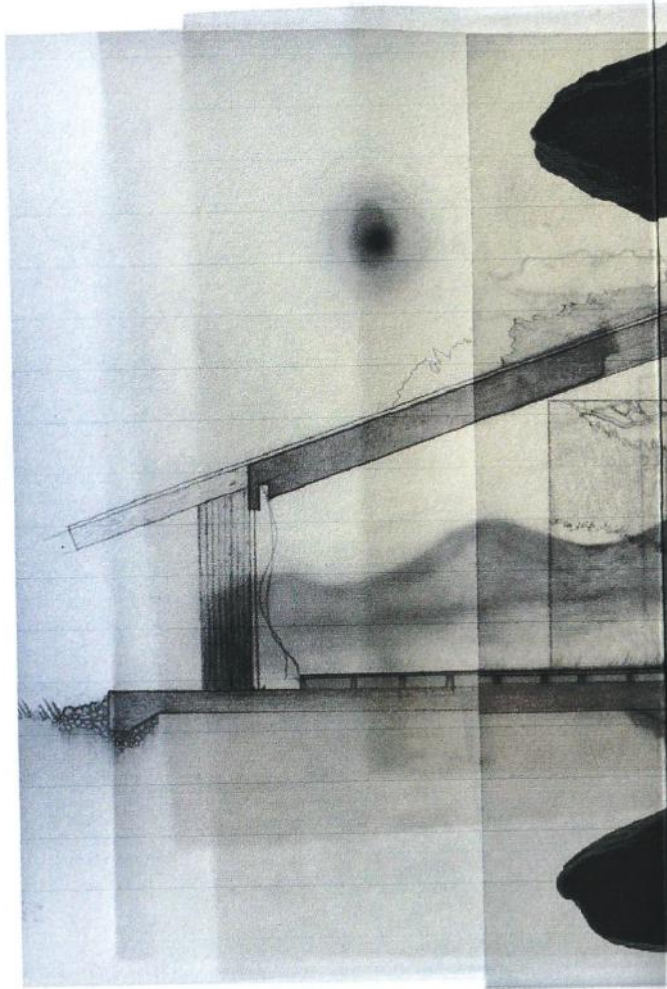
05/2/2003 12:08 PM

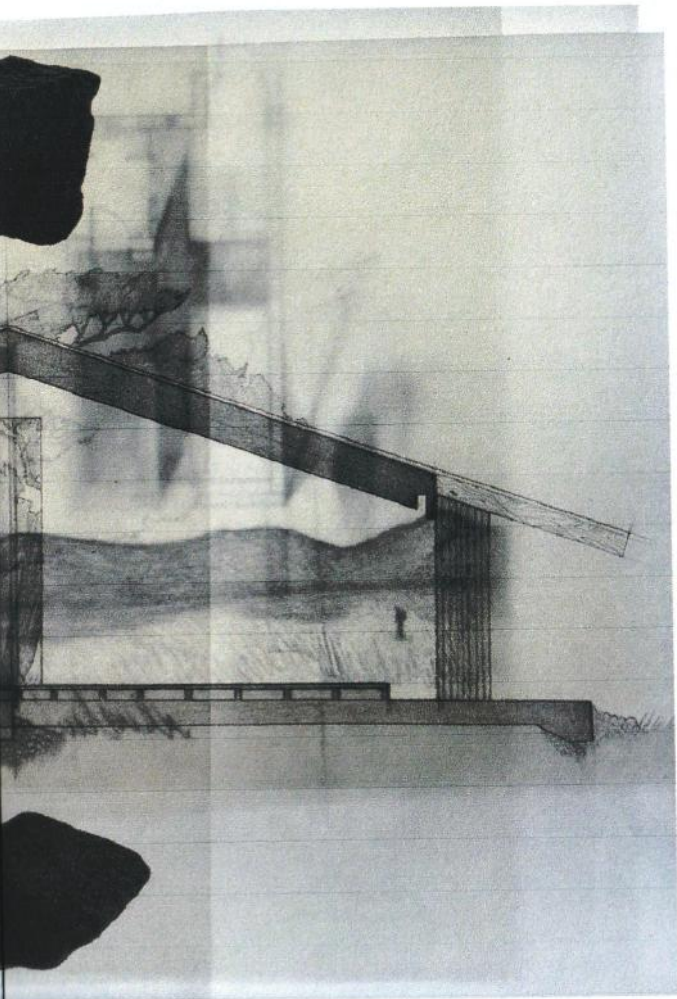
MA 02880055100

03/12/2003 6:32AM

The moon faint glows lost in meditation,
quilted moments folding into the deep, hazy grey of night like
softly falling rain listened to from the window.
I spend the mornings that follow gazing out into the garden
as soft light reaches me through gently stirring leaves. I think
about mornings like this, mornings when I was a kid. The sun
was just rising as we watched it through the window in the
kitchen. I make a pot of tea and enjoy it outside, fully resting
my weight on finely grained wood as I look out onto blue
skies and green leaves. Here I can listen with such intimacy
to the raindrops falling from the eaves and trees, seeping into
the earth, in between the moss about the stepping stones.
Sleeping into the day with the chirping of insects, songs of
birds, the scent of summer.







ESSIO

to A

ing A

IT

volg

at like

IT

den

hink

e sun

he

ing up

e

cy

into

a.

of

is like

up to

and

and

with

with

with

with

with

with

with

03122003 8:32 AM

A description of the sky yesterday:

A petrichor infused eclipse.

The sky was one with a black sun. It has a strange desaturated glow. Raw, like it just rained.

That day I saw the sun rise with the moon, slightly misaligned and they followed each other until the day ended, spreading small crescent shaped lights when the moon misses the alignment slightly.

The moon came back for the night. I've never seen anything quite like it before. It was pretty strange but so beautiful.





05292003 12:08 PM

Sometimes in between the moments spent in this house in a meadow, a train zooms past the front door. We brace ourselves for the impact, holding our breath as it speeds by so close, it feels like a howling storm outside with all the screeches and rumbling until it finally passes. Hearing it get so far away until its piercing scream turns into a far away sigh, I'm finally able to breathe. Saying nothing about it, I place my attention back to her and this world I'm in right now, but the growl of the train leaves an afterimage.



06092003 7:19 PM

Deep in a field, I can hear a guitar being played somewhere, gently, and with an unspecified melody. A mourning dove answers as light meets me on the ground through a tree. On this warm night, the sky is a deep blue, the wind smells like how summer did when i was a kid. I watch as shadow people emerge from the blueness in the distance, walking home and exchanging words. In front of me is a life I've always wanted to live. Everything that I craved on lonely nights like these with no one to enjoy the weather with.

event 3.

난 오늘도 이 비를 맞으며
하루를 그냥 보내요



this isn't real

06222003 3:10PM

It's raining today and I can't stand it. As the nights and days wash over me placidly, I slip in and out of daydreams. From the corners of my perfect routines appears an ugly realism. That is the artificial lighting of the street lamp by my apartment. Those are the bills that I left haphazardly with soda cans and takeout menus on the foyer. I thought I had found somewhere I belong, but I never escaped my murky, clandestine existence. I'm lost in a beautiful dream. These details pierce brutally through the scenes of my soft, blue world.

Here, her and I connect effortlessly. I reach out to touch her and I'm unsure where she ends and I begin. That is because here, nothing has an edge. There are endless meadows and pure bliss.

The shadow is integral to the formation of the self, it is the harmony of your conscious and unconscious mind. When you lose your shadow, you think nothing of it but discarded shadows gather here, in the inbetween, in the gaps between seams. Hanging on to your shadow is a form of survival and a lot of people don't survive. It happens before our eyes, we think nothing of it but they don't go away. This is a world for those discarded shadow people and it exists in certain pockets around you. They belong here, deeply, lovingly, blue. But it's as impermanent as time.

06222003 14:01:01

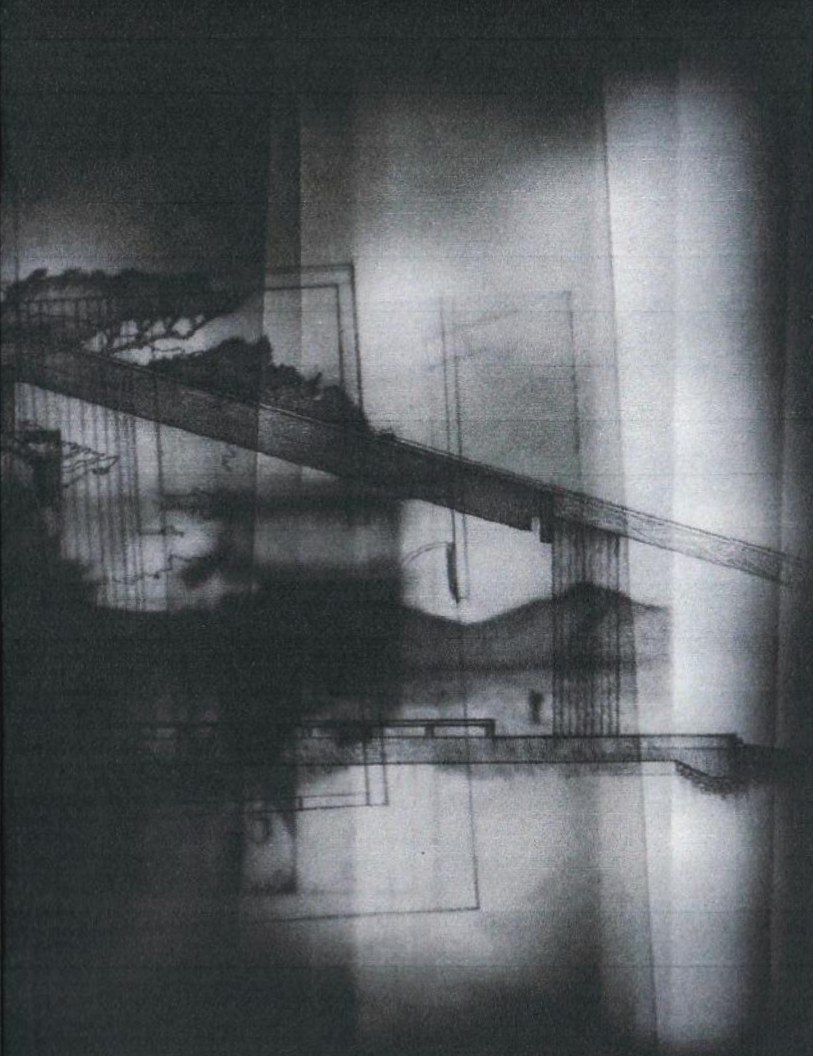
It's raining today and I can't stand it. As the nights and days
wash over me blackly I slip in and out of dreams. From the
corners of my perfect corners slip out angry feelings. That is
the artificial lighting of the street and by my apartment. Those
are the hills that I left happily with soda cans and tobacco
06222003 14:02:01

When the rain stopped, I set this house on fire and sit to watch
it burn for what felt like days. It just didn't make sense anymore.
Charred planks rain from the burning wooden ceiling. I
searched the flames for any symbols, a crumpled note, a
picture of her, but it was all meaningless. "Fuck this," I say this
over and over and nothing changes.

Why would I want to go back to that world with those people
and my painful dreams?

the home i lost
section view 02, T=1/50" on 10x10" vellum (6 layers)





06222003 4:16AM

She collects her things in a tiny suitcase. I stand by watching. I say, "I'll see you tomorrow." she doesn't reply. I reach out to touch her, but she begins to fade, softer and softer, from a deep noon-time blue to the gentle greys of dusk time shadows, until she is barely there. She weeps as she walks to the door, all of her falling apart.

We walk into the night sea, your hand a stale air in mine. The wind howls over our hair and clothes and flows over the surface of the sea. Then my hand is truly empty. My tears fall in the ocean noiselessly. The air is cold and sharp on the small amount of skin exposed within my jacket sleeves. Everything is dyed a deep illimitable blue and I fall into it, giving myself up to the deep.

event 4

아름다운 음악 같은
우리의 사랑의 이야기들은



night sea, indigo

06242003 4:18AM

This blue world I stepped into has no edge, everything bleeds like ink. I walk on a barely there ground, careful not to put all of my weight on each step. The wind has stopped here. There in the indigo, I am able to feel the weight of my existence. I can tangibly see my freedom as a thick blue fog, I can see the man that I am. I can't lie still with the shame thrashing within me like a parasite. I didn't want to hurt anyone.

I don't know what to do with all of these fragmented, painful memories

I hurt you because a long time ago something happened to me. I didn't realize but through harsh words and brute force my shadow was taken from me, somewhere far away. Living without my shadow dropped me into this despair, a faded, detached world. I had to experience that to come back to you here in the world where shadows go. "The greatest hazard of all, losing the self, can occur very quietly in the world, as if it were nothing at all. No other loss can occur so quietly: any other loss: an arm, a leg, five dollars, a wife, etc. is sure to be noticed." However, such things do not create much of a stir in the world, for a self is the last thing the world cares about and the most dangerous thing of all for a person to show signs of having."

For a hollow person like me, with no shadow, no place to go, nowhere I belonged, nothing to do, those lines reflected my experiences back to me. Here in the indigo, I couldn't run from it. I realize I met you once... a long time ago. So, when I met you again, you felt so familiar and when we talked over a gentle candle on a small table, I felt like I knew you from somewhere.

(Cont'd)

I'm sorry I haven't been able to go to you for so long. I can't stay here. I want to exist. Even if I fail a million times I want to try. Being in this place where I can't even do that, it makes me feel the absence of it.

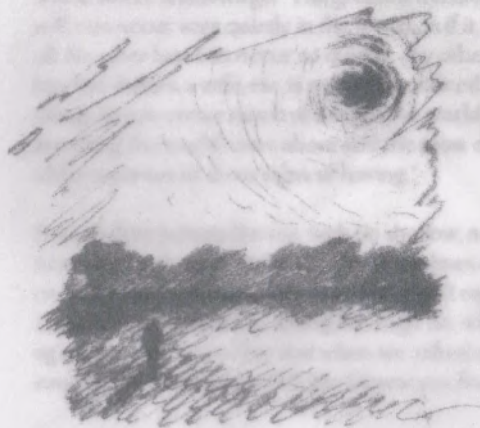
I remember what I had done to that home I made with her. I ran back to that place, letting my feet hit the ground with the full weight of my body and only then was I able to spill out onto the meadow where our house was and the artifact remains.

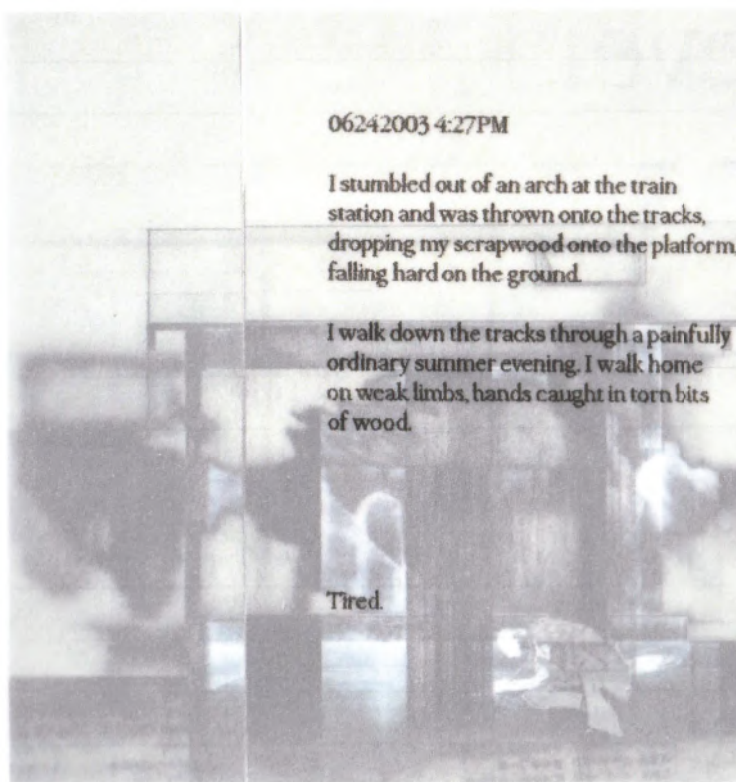


06242003 6:44AM

In the morning, the house is completely burnt. The pale cedar turns to black charred alligator skin. Habitually, I take scraps of wood, along with anything else I can carry and run into the meadow. Blurry memories crawl up my spine. I run through the undergrowth of trees, I enter an ill-defined threshold made of leaves and a compacted groove in the dirt. I plunge into the heart of the forest.

I wander through the barely there trails. I jump over big puddles, holding onto the trees for support. I crunch leaves. I fall in and out of pockets of the forest. At the center of it the trees erase themselves from my peripheral. I look around me until the trees are all gone and suddenly, the darkness opens up around me.





06242003 4:27PM

I stumbled out of an arch at the train station and was thrown onto the tracks, dropping my scrapwood onto the platform, falling hard on the ground.

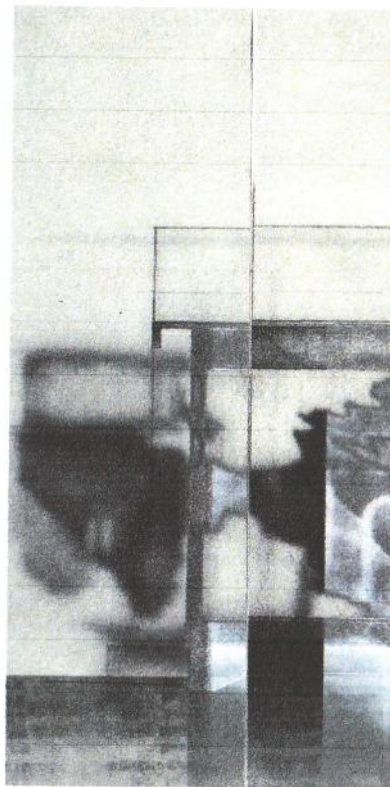
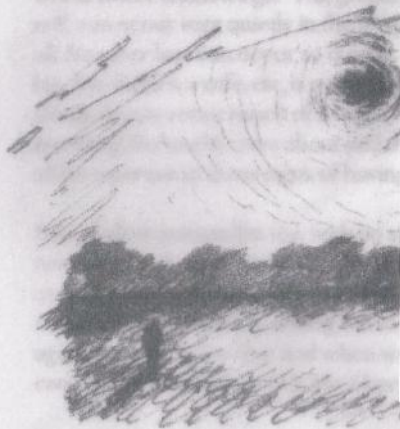
I walk down the tracks through a painfully ordinary summer evening. I walk home on weak limbs, hands caught in torn bits of wood.

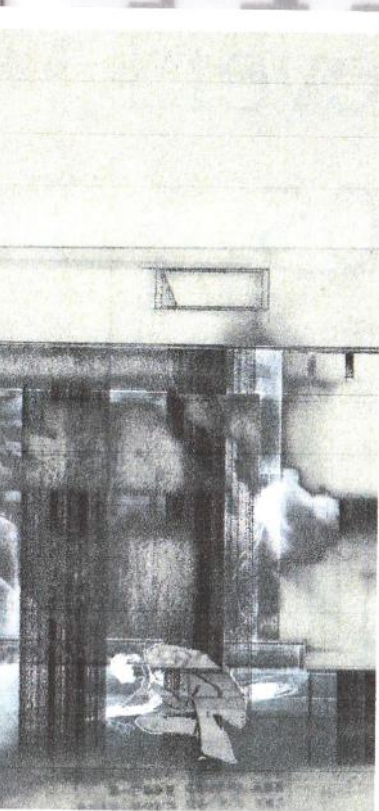
Tired.

06242003 6:44AM

In the morning, the house is completely b
turns to black charred alligator skin. Habi
of wood, along with anything else I can c
meadow. Blurry memories crawl up my s
the undergrowth of trees, I enter an ill-de
of leaves and a compacted groove in the c
heart of the forest.

I wander through the barely there trails. I
puddles, holding onto the trees for suppo
fall in and out of pockets of the forest. At
trees erase themselves from my peripher
until the trees are all gone and suddenly, t
around me.





242003 4:27PM

It and I think about it on the train. The
tumbled out of an arch at the train
tion and was thrown onto the tracks,
opping my scrapwood onto the platform,
ling hard on the ground.

alk down the tracks through a painfully
linary summer evening. I walk home
weak limbs, hands caught in torn bits
wood.

There is no end. They
not being... am station, walking
s. I learned from shadows all sorts of
that make my life on the other side less
there was not life. In their world they
They can be
part one
ed.

event 5:

그렇게 아픈 비가 왔어요



part one : holding her hand

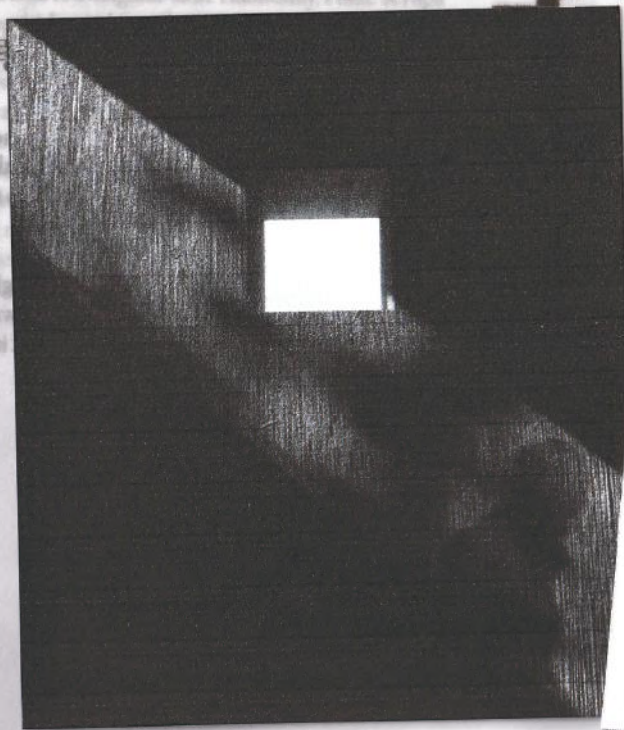
05232004 7:51PM

Everyday I get off work and I think about it on the train. The archways glimmer past. I run home and draw and write until I plop down on my bed exhausted. Everyday I live dwelling on this experience. I live in a hypnagogic mist.

I found that memories can be embedded into things. I made this chair with what I saw in the shadow world, it's like the chair I found in that house. I put my memories into this tangible thing I use everyday now. I designed it with the charred wood, light beams, darkness of night, everything that I saw in there that wells up in my mind endlessly. It's my way of mapping it out. What happened to me?

Now my practice of embedding memories into things, I have taken on the task of making myself a studio. Everyday it isn't done feels like I have some kind of disease. I still don't really know what happened to me but I've found that this practice makes the memories less heavy

event 5:





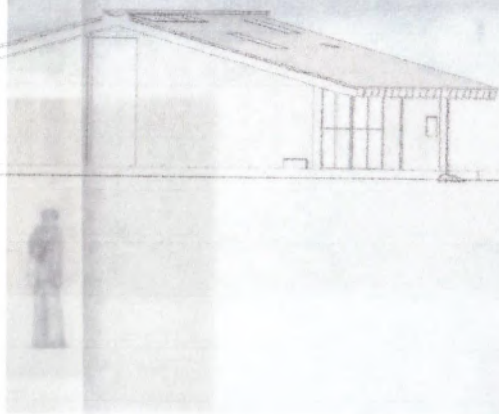
(Cont'd)

the train. The
and write until
live dwelling on
things. I made
rld, it's like the
es into this
d it with the
ht, everything that
lessly. It's my way

into things, I have
o. Everyday it isn't
I still don't really
d that this practice

(Cont'd)

But when I think about the shadow people and why they chose to build their world at the train station I think it's because life is a pilgrimage in which there is no end. They appreciate their lives just being at the train station, walking around the streetlights. I learned from shadows all sorts of ways of being, things that make my life on the other side less painful, more real. In there was not life. In their world, they are comfortable, right where they need to be. They can live freely being shadow people. In our world, however, this is an act of survival.





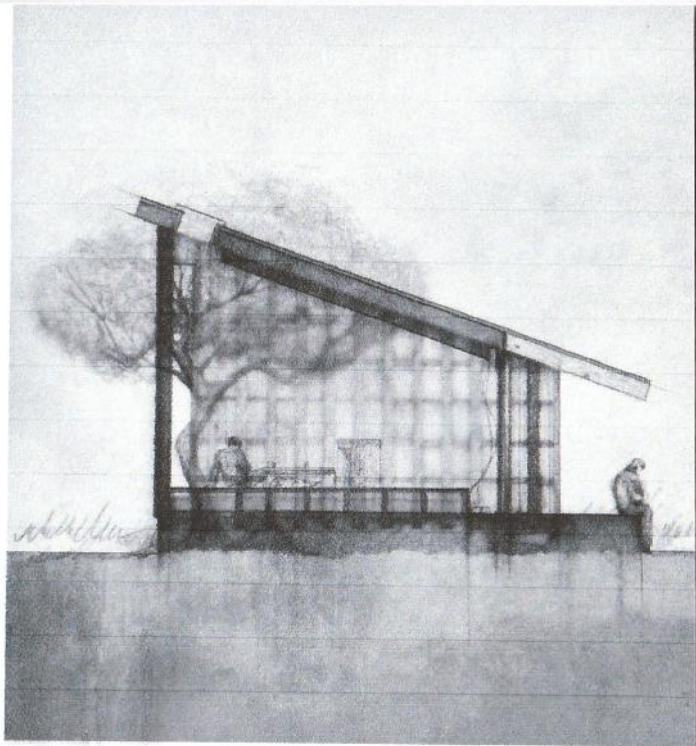
part two :



bye

(Co
But
cha
bec
app
arou
ways
painl
are o
freely
act of





廣州府志載五橋，始於李聖俞王公，非四
年十二月一日之造也。其制寸廣，闊學
堂以行。其長三十六百尺，一廣丈有餘
其長之一面而兩也。唐書載一千四百

10032005 7:58PM

This is what I made with the pieces I took with me from the shadow world. This is my shangri la. Thank you for listening to my story. Though it's still under construction, it's a place that I go to everyday. I like the unfinished state it's in. This place is a memorial for that place that only exists in my mind now. A cenotaph for those shadow people. I clad the exterior in a yakisugi rain screen to remind me of that place. The burnt cedar I held onto found itself repurposed into bits of a door or siding.

Under the morning sun, a tree beside the studio shapes a blade of dappled light through a tall, narrow window. The shadows move to the wind as the trees do, making a structure that is still, feel alive and dynamic. I designed the studio to trace my routine. On days where I don't have to go into the office I get to enjoy it in its entirety. In the early morning, the east-facing glass doors let in a lot of sunlight so that entering the studio feels like a welcoming moment. The light that comes in through the tall, narrow window by the corner washes the tallest wall with light, giving me a lot of natural, diffused lighting to work with. After lunch I get less productive so as I start winding down I find that same light as a thin sliver slowly revolving towards the door until it is completely gone and I need to go eat dinner. I spend entire days in this studio and live this perfect routine like I did way back then.

Enclosed are photos, drawings, and all of the artist studio I designed and constructed.

(Cont'd)

Every day when I wake up I go there and draw, stirring from the surface of the page the feeling of being together, appearing to me between two well placed lines or a patch of grey scribble. In my mind, it is still a dwelling placed atop a meadow for two shadows living peacefully.

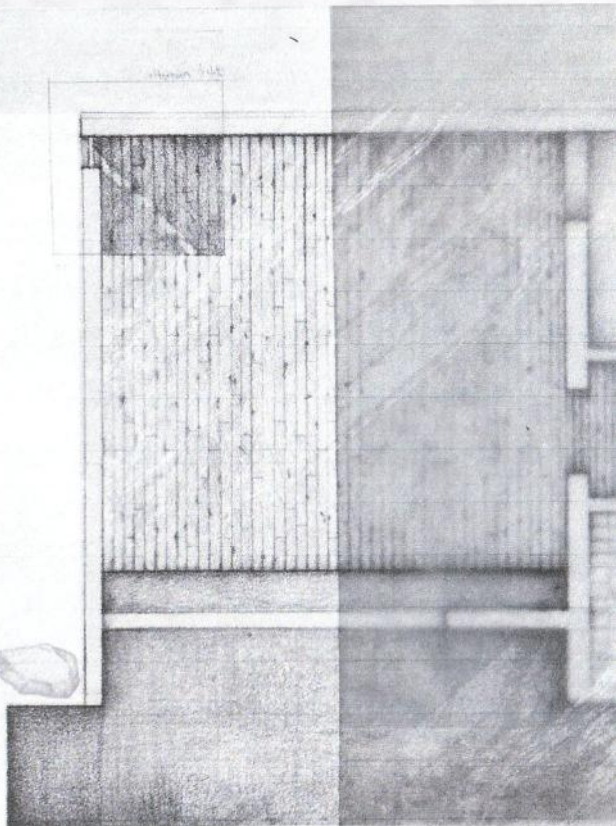
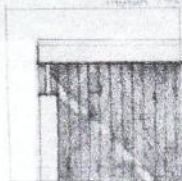
I stood there looking at the same dappled light that I saw there. Moving like it's alive.

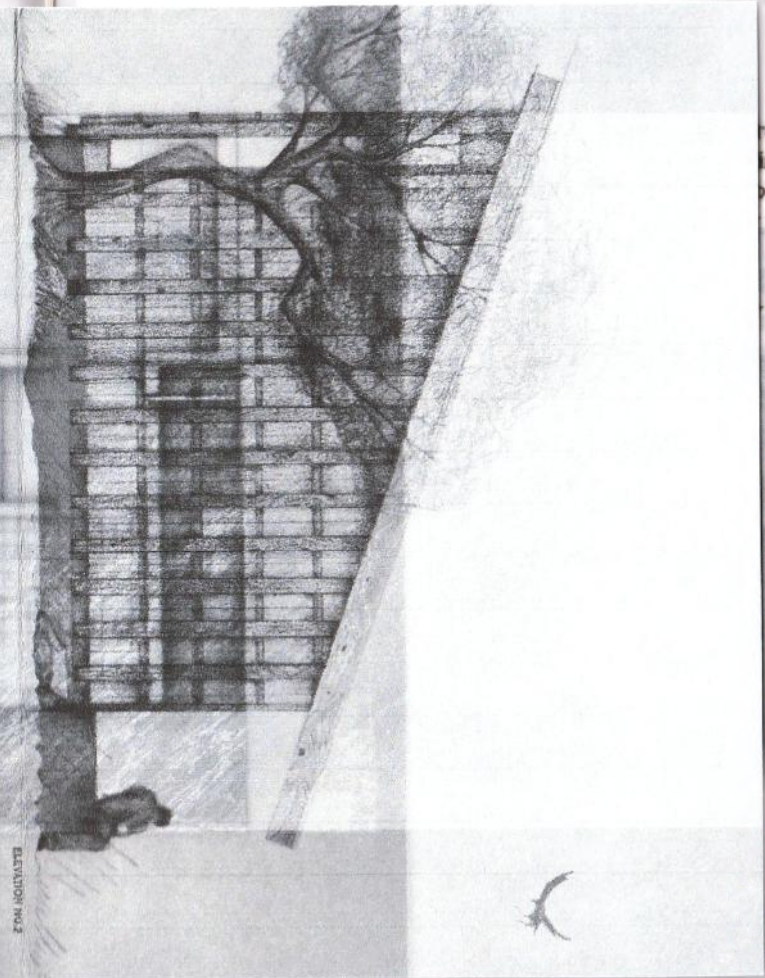


1
T
s
n
I
is
A
y
I
U
da
ro
al
da
er
lo
m
wi
m
ge
lig
co
in
En
des



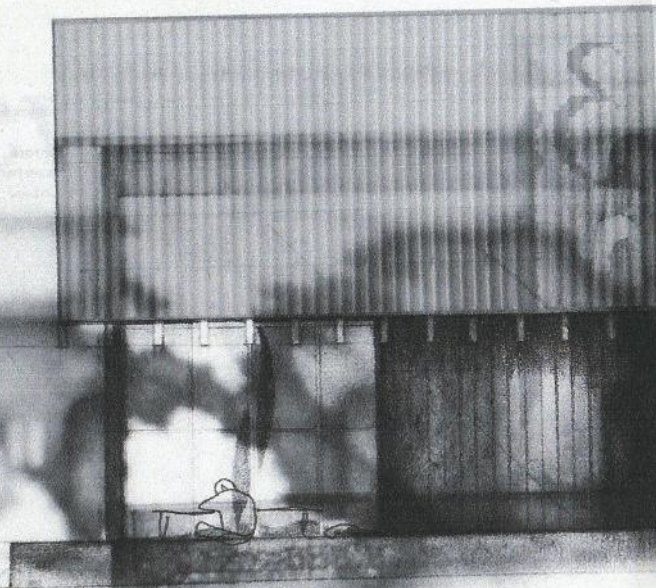
PLAN NO. 2

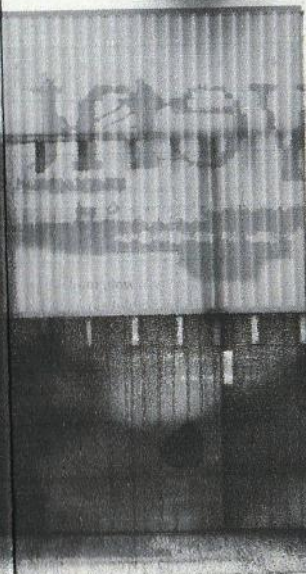




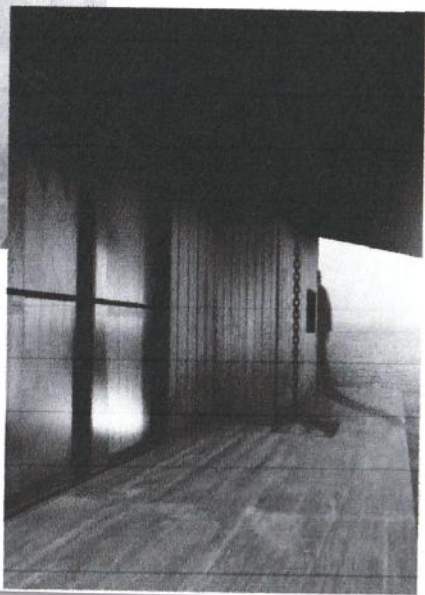
from the
ing to
oble.
two

there





21. 아두워지는 세 가지 원인
22. 실산성인 음이
23. 인격표준(아래 평대)
24. 상사물론 (6조)
25. 태인군과 진퇴의 도
26. 불교의 오대주의(五大宗義)
27. 새 생활 운동
28. 장차의 요강
29. 천하의 병세
30. 부처님의 팔상과 우리의 존



one more ending : afterimage

08022005 7:48AM

I got up early on this dewy, cloudy morning and spent an hour in the dwelling,
drawing and reading with my coffee. The sunlight was so pale as it started to
gently rain.

As I decided to leave for the office, I found myself staring at the dappled light
coming in through my tall, narrow window, passing through the rustling leaves
of the tree beside my studio

Around and in between that faint glow
was a shadow moving to the wind.

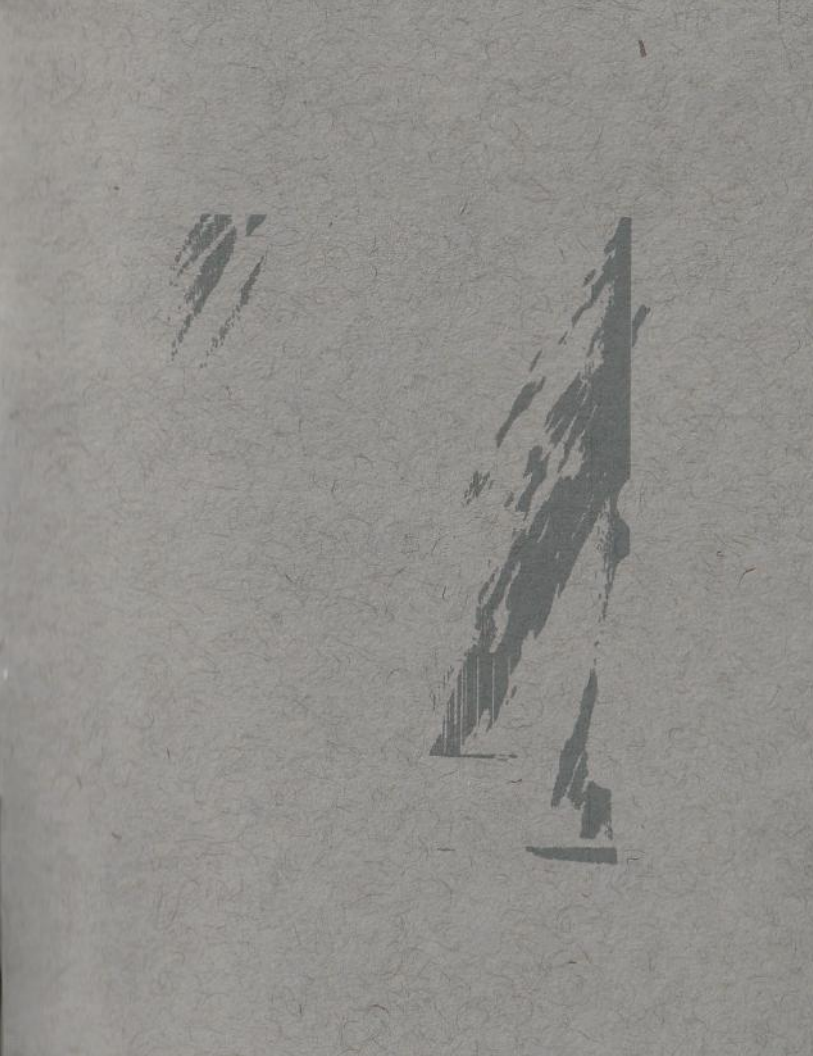
landing on the chair beside my window, quivering
and in that moment, I was home again, having tea and talking with
the person I loved
sitting next to her in the house we once shared, holding her hand.

It was raining like this on the night you left.

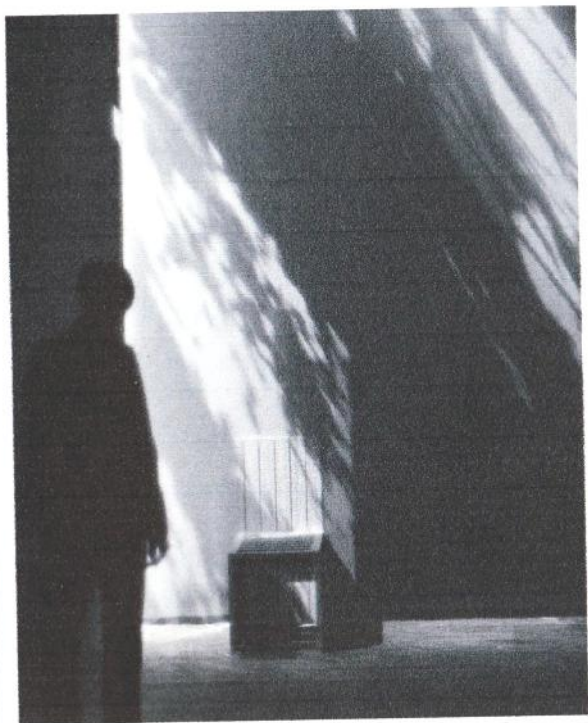
one more ending : architectural



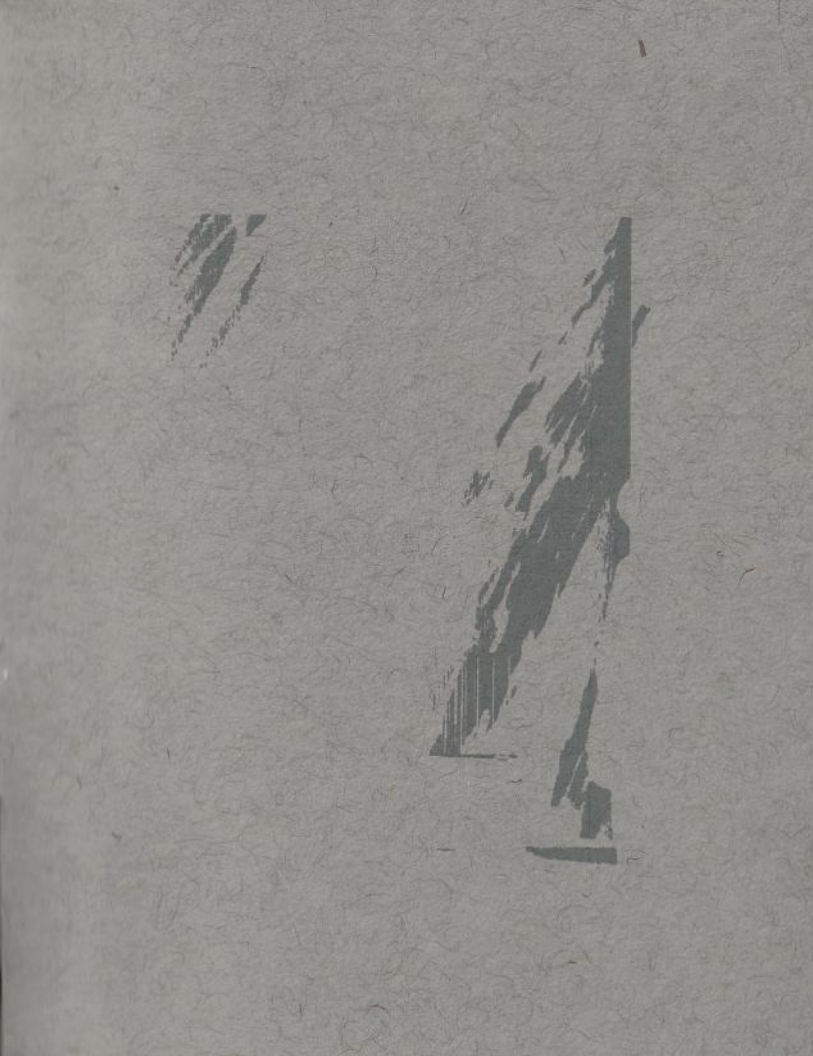
플



our more ending : architectural



끝





MEANINGLESS ARCHITECTURE™



a
d
w
e
l
l
i
n
g
f
o
r
r
w
o

s
h
a
d
o
ws



<https://meaninglessarchitecture.com/>