

Chapter 1 : Gaston Bachelard Quotes (Author of The Poetics of Space)

The Poetics of Space [Gaston Bachelard, Maria Jolas, John R. Stilgoe] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Thirty years since its first publication in English, French philosopher Gaston Bachelard's *The Poetics of Space* one of the most appealing and lyrical explorations of home.

Joan Ockman But any doctrine of the imaginary is necessarily a philosophy of excess. Inhabited space transcends geometrical space. To read only *The Poetics of Space* is therefore to miss his originality with respect to the philosophical tradition from which he emerged, as well as the historical specificity of his development. One must consider his work on the creative imagination together with his writings on science and rationality to appreciate the dialectic that informs his thought. Indeed, in a rereading of Bachelard today, it is the interrelationship between science and poetry, experiment and experience, that seems to have the most radical potential, while his well-known vision of the oneiric house, with its rather nostalgic and essentialist world view, comes across as historically dated. In his own time, Bachelard was a remarkable intellectual figure, reputedly a reader of six books a day, and author of twenty-three at the time of his death, not counting his scores of essays, prefaces, and posthumous fragments. At the Sorbonne, where he occupied the chair of history and philosophy of science from 1928 to 1932, he was a beloved pedagogue whose flowing beard, earthy accents, and elevated flights of thought made him something of a guru. Born into a family of modest shopkeepers and shoemakers in a provincial town in the idyllic countryside of Champagne about miles southeast of Paris, he initially intended to pursue a career in engineering. After three years in the trenches of the First World War, however, he changed his sights to philosophy, eventually moving to Paris, where he obtained a doctorate from the Sorbonne in 1928 with two dissertations, one on the acquisition of scientific knowledge by approximation and the other on the thermodynamics of solids. Over the next decade he produced eight more volumes dealing with the epistemology of knowledge in various sciences, becoming increasingly preoccupied with the dangers of a priori thinking and questions of objectivity and experimental evidence. All that philosophy can hope to accomplish is to make poetry and science complementary, to unite them as two well-defined opposites. Countering the codification of universal systems of thought and the formation of collective mentalities, as Foucault would put it, were events and thresholds that suspended the linear advancement of knowledge, forcing thought into discontinuous rhythms and transforming or displacing concepts along novel avenues of inquiry. Scientific inquiry therefore had to remain nonteleological and open to the possibility of such reorderings and reversals. As he puts it in *The Poetics of Space*—underscoring the irony in the title of his earlier book on fire—the problem with psychoanalysis just as with Marxist interpretations of history is that it seeks to explain the flower by the fertilizer. The trait proper to the image is suddenness and brevity: For Bachelard, surrealism is related to realism as surrationalism is to rationalism. Explicit in his ontology of the poetic image, as in surrealist literature and art, is a critique of the ocular privilege accorded by Enlightenment philosophy to geometry and visual evidence. Despite its perceptual sophistication, the eye cannot necessarily go beyond a description of surface: Being does not see itself. Perhaps it listens to itself. Indeed, Bachelard would undoubtedly argue that almost everything we know about architecture as a historical discipline stands in the way of everything we can know about the poetics of dwelling. His radical will to question all received ideas and experience, his concept of the dynamism of the creative imagination, and his post-Newtonian philosophy of science contradict a conception of dwelling rooted in the soil of the preindustrial French countryside. His antipathy to 20th-century urbanism and technology receives its strongest expression in *The Poetics of Space*: In Paris there are no houses, and the inhabitants of the big city live in superimposed boxes. They have no roots and, what is quite unthinkable for a dweller of houses, skyscrapers have no cellars. From the street to the roof, the rooms pile up one on top of the other, while the tent of a horizonless sky encloses the entire city. But the height of city buildings is a purely exterior one. Elevators do away with the heroism of stair climbing so that there is no longer any virtue in living up near the sky. Home has become mere horizontality. The different rooms that compose living quarters jammed into one floor all lack one of the fundamental principles for distinguishing and classifying the values of intimacy. But in addition to the

intimate nature of verticality, a house in a big city lacks cosmicity. For here, where houses are no longer set in natural surroundings, the relationship between house and space becomes an artificial one. Everything about it is mechanical and, on every side, intimate living flees. From this perspective, the work of Foucault beginsâ€”consciouslyâ€”where Bachelard leaves off. Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, trans. Beacon Press, , Praeger, , 15â€” Gaston Bachelard, *The Psychoanalysis of Fire*, trans. Beacon Press, , 1, 6. *The Poetics of Space* is properly part of this series, the house belonging to the earthly element of the cosmos. *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, trans. University of Minnesota Press, , â€” *The Psychoanalysis of Fire*, 2. Sheridan Smith New York: Pantheon, , 4. University of Minnesota Press, , , n. *The Poetics of Space*, xxvi, xxviiiâ€”xxix. Maurice Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, trans. *The Poetics of Space*, University of California Press, , , n. *The Poetics of Space*, 4. *A Documentary Anthology* New York: Rizzoli, , *The Poetics of Space*, 26â€” Albert Hofstadter New York: Henri Lefebvre, *The Production of Space*, trans. Basil Blackwell, , â€” Anthony Vidler, *The Architectural Uncanny: Essays on the Modern Unhomely* Cambridge: MIT Press, , 63â€” Thames and Hudson, , â€” As this article was going to press, I came across Edward S.

Chapter 2 : Gaston Bachelard - Wikipedia

The Poetics of Space (French: La Poétique de l'Espace) is a book by Gaston Bachelard. Bachelard applies the method of phenomenology to architecture basing his analysis not on purported origins (as was the trend in enlightenment thinking about architecture) but on lived experience in architectural places and their contexts in nature. He focuses especially on the personal, emotional response to buildings both in life and in literary works, both in prose and in poetry.

He is considered one of the leading philosophers of Europe and the author of many other books. The author is known as a modest, unusual man, who matures from a young man working in public administration to become the chairman in philosophy at the Sorbonne, where he is loved and admired by students. Bachelard spends a majority of his career as a scientist and university instructor following specific scientific methods of observation, experimentation, analysis and reasoning. At the twilight of his career, he decides to take a new approach by reflecting on literature and poetry and using imagination to explore a reality that is not subject to reasoning. During this change, he recognizes his acquired knowledge in science is inadequate to understand the poetic imagination. Science studies objective phenomena, i. Bachelard decides to study the subjectivity of the soul expressed in poetic imagery. Poetic imagery stimulates a response in the reader that seems to come from a forgotten image. The author claims that other scientists psychoanalysts and psychologists interpret images from their own analytical, biased points of view. In contrast, Bachelard observes that imagination is a major power of human nature. The fact that poetic imagery is not subject to rules of logic does not lessen its reality. The author uses the house, which is full of sensations and subjective imagination native to anyone who lives in one, to demonstrate the reality of poetic imagery. The term "topophilia" is used to describe his comments on happy spaces. Bachelard comments on felicitous or happy space that is eulogized and enjoyed. Hostile space is not considered. Bachelard begins with images of intimacy in the houses of man, and then follows with things in those houses, hidden things, and houses of other animals, nests and shells. He finishes his study of poetic imagery with comments on size and notions of interior and exterior, open and closed spaces, roundness and book subjects. The book includes ten chapters plus an introduction but no glossary or index. Chapters range in size from nine to thirty-six pages. Chapter titles name the subject matter. Each chapter has subsection headings in Roman numerals that discuss aspects of the chapter topic. The work is translated into English from its native French. Quoted verses appear in original language followed by an English translation. Two edition forewords provide biographical and other information about the author. Content is complex and its written expression uses and requires extensive and sophisticated vocabulary skills. Many words specific to an academic discipline, i. This is a challenging and provocative research study in poetic imagery. This section contains words approx.

Chapter 3 : The Poetics of Space - Wikipedia

*Yet if Bachelard's phenomenological orientation was already evident before the Second World War, the philosophy of scienceâ€”the subject of his initial formationâ€”remained a central preoccupation throughout his career. To read only *The Poetics of Space* is therefore to miss his originality with.*

One of the best books on feng shui, environmental psychology, interior design and architecture and one of the best books that changed and transformed my life. A classic book â€” not suitable for speed reading. Something closed must retain our memories, while leaving them their original value as images. Memories of the outside world will never have the same tonality as those of home and, by recalling these memories, we add to our store of dreams; we are never real historians, but always near poets, and our emotion is perhaps nothing but an expression of a poetry that was lost. If we remain at the heart of the image under consideration, we have the impression that, by staying in the motionlessness of its shell, the creature is preparing temporal explosions, not to say whirlwinds, of being. I slump down into the thick foliageâ€”In the forest, I am my entire self. Everything is possible in my heart just as it is in the hiding places in ravines. Thickly wooded distance separates me from moral codes and cities. Late in life, with indomitable courage, we continue to say that we are going to do what we have not yet done: This dream house may be merely a dream of ownership, the embodiment of everything that is considered convenient, comfortable, healthy, sound, desirable, by other people. It must therefore satisfy both pride and reason, two irreconcilable terms. And if we want to go beyond history, or even, while remaining in history, detach from our own history the always too contingent history of the persons who have encumbered it, we realize that the calendars of our lives can only be established in its imagery. He knows instinctively that this space identified with his solitude is creative; that even when it is forever expunged from the present, when, henceforth, it is alien to all the promises of the future, even when we no longer have a garret, when the attic room is lost and gone, there remains the fact that we once loved a garret, once lived in an attic. We return to them in our night dreams. These retreats have the value of a shell. And when we reach the very end of the labyrinths of sleep, when we attain to the regions of deep slumber, we may perhaps experience a type of repose that is pre-human; pre-human, in this case, approaching the immemorial. But in the daydream itself, the recollection of moments of confined, simple, shut-in space are experiences of heartwarming space, of a space that does not seek to become extended, but would like above all still to be possessed. In the past, the attic may have seemed too small, it may have seemed cold in winter and hot in summer. Now, however, in memory recaptured through daydreams, it is hard to say through what syncretism the attic is at once small and large, warm and cool, always comforting. A literary critic is a reader who is necessarily severe. By turning inside out like a glove an overworked complex that has become debased to the point of being part of the vocabulary of statesmen, we might say that the literary critic and the professor of rhetoric, who know-all and judge-all, readily go in for a simplex of superiority. For a house that was final, one that stood in symmetrical relation to the house we were born in, would lead to thoughtsâ€”serious, sad thoughtsâ€”and not to dreams. It is better to live in a state of impermanence than in one of finality. I must show that the house is one of the greatest powers of integration for the thoughts, memories and dreams of mankind. The binding principle in this integration is the daydream. Past, present and future give the house different dynamisms, which often interfere, at times opposing, at others, stimulating one another. In the life of a man, the house thrusts aside contingencies, its councils of continuity are unceasing. Without it, man would be a dispersed being. It maintains him through the storms of the heavens and through those of life. It is body and soul. And always, in our daydreams, the house is a large cradle. A concrete metaphysics cannot neglect this fact, this simple fact, all the more, since this fact is a value, an important value, to which we return in our daydreaming. Being is already a value. Life begins well, it begins enclosed, protected, all warm in the bosom of the house. But what a marvelously insidious, subtle image of life a coiling vital principle would be! And how many dreams the leftward oriented shell, or one that did not conform to the rotation of its species, would inspire! My heart burst into singing with the song of grace of the universe. All these constellations are yours, they exist in you; outside your love they have no reality! How terrible the world seems to those who do not

know themselves! Psychologists generally, and Françoise Minkowska in particular, together with those whom she has succeeded interesting in the subject, have studied the drawing of houses made by children, and even used them for testing. Indeed, the house-test has the advantage of welcoming spontaneity, for many children draw a house spontaneously while dreaming over their paper and pencil. To quote Anne Balif: If he is happy, he will succeed in drawing a snug, protected house which is well built on deeply-rooted foundations. In certain drawings, quite obviously, to quote Mme. Intimacy needs the heart of a nest. He ended by confining himself to one room until he could breathe the parched air that was necessary to him. In this connection, I recall that Françoise Minkowska organized an unusually moving exhibition of drawings by Polish and Jewish children who had suffered the cruelties of the German occupation during the last war. One child, who had been hidden in a closet every time there was an alert, continued to draw narrow, cold, closed houses long after those evil times were over. These are what Mme. Thus the path that leads to the house is often a climbing one. At times, even, it is inviting. In any case, it always possesses certain kinesthetic features. Minkowska, a distinguished psychologist, to recognize the way the house functions. Naturally, too, the door-knob could hardly be drawn in scale with the house, its function taking precedence over any question of size. For it expresses the function of opening, and only a logical mind could object that it is used to close as well as to open the door. In the domain of values, on the other hand, a key closes more often than it opens, whereas the door-knob opens more often than it closes. And the gesture of closing is always sharper, firmer, and briefer than that of opening. It is by weighing such fine points as these that, like Françoise Minkowska, one becomes a psychologist of houses.

Chapter 4 : The Poetics of Space by Gaston Bachelard

Bachelard starts The Poetics of Space with a reference to the poetic image: "The image, in its simplicity, has no need of scholarship. It is the property of a naive consciousness; in its expression, it is youthful language.

That copy has been on the bookshelf above my desk ever since, kept for a lull and quieter times. An allusive little book, its author was a highly-respected philosopher who late in his career had turned from science to poetry. Nothing about his intellectual journey had been orthodox, particularly as measured against the rigid norms of French academic life and advancement. He was from a provincial background in Champagne, a post-office employee, who rose largely through intellectual tenacity to hold a chair in philosophy at the Sorbonne. The Poetics of Space, his final book, soon appeared on academic reading lists, and in schools of architecture and art, squeezed in alongside the works of better-known cultural theorists and practitioners. Surprisingly enough, it is still there. It remains, according to my limited international straw poll across the generations, a book still more often cited than read. Gaston Bachelard in his study in He sits snugly, seemingly shoe-horned into the only available space, between teetering heaps of books piled floor to ceiling, folios to slim pamphlets, the philosopher incarnate, down to his effulgent Socratic beard and unruly white hair. Life, he tells his awed interviewer lightly, is about thinking and then getting on with living. He admits to listening to the radio news every day. As Foucault said of Bachelard a few years later, his characteristic approach was to avoid all defined hierarchies, any universal judgments: Poetry of every description was his raw material. In subtle ways, left to the interpretation of the reader, Bachelard now signalled an equally clean break with the weary sterility of post-war modernism in architecture by giving weight to the unforgettable in the context of the ordinary. In the book, he guides us through an actual or imagined home your choice , its comforts and mysteries, assembled and brought into focus, in a place and at a time undefined except by the limits of our own daydreams, longings and memories – those inner landscapes from which, he said, new worlds can be made. The philosopher evokes an idealised past, places the miniature against the immense, and guides us back into childhood. Once there, at home, he reminds us how we tend to look down the cellar stairs, apprehensively, while gazing upwards, towards the attic, always eager. Uncertainty is set against promise, dark against light. Thematically, Bachelard divided the schematic house into a vertical entity and a concentrated one, too: His use of architectural phenomenology lets the mind loose to make its way, always ready for what might emerge in the process. Elevators do away with the heroism of stair climbing so that there is no longer any virtue in living up near the sky. Home has become mere horizontality. The different rooms that compose living quarters jammed into one floor all lack one of the fundamental principles for distinguishing and classifying the values of intimacy. In this astonishing and singular outburst, spine-chilling to read after the Grenfell Tower fire in London this June, Bachelard seems to be invoking an extreme vision in which individuals must fend for themselves, society having turned a blind eye to them in their dystopia. There is no other passage in the book that is as graphic, or particular. The journey into intimacy is neatly evoked by drawers, cupboards, wardrobes and above all locks An elderly man with his heart still in rural France, and a marked provincial accent to prove it, what did the increasingly unfamiliar modern city, its economics and politics, have to offer him? Such was his seeming innocence, most readers do not even pose the question. Indoors, in The Poetics of Space, the journey into intimacy is neatly evoked by drawers, cupboards, wardrobes and above all locks, although he warns, somewhat testily, against their use as gratuitous metaphors and he is strongly averse to the idea of habit. A single lock made her unimaginably luckier than another servant with, at most, a hiding place behind a wainscot or under a floorboard. That box or drawer, with its key, pointed to a tiny, invaluable measure of privacy, and the securing of personal space, especially in crowded, shared rooms. The wellbeing of the warm animal or human protected in its nest or cocoon or cottage from the bad weather raging outside is a primitive sense of refuge that we can all share, adult or child. It was, in short, everything that modernism was not – for better and for worse. Late in life, Auden wrote a set of 15 verses titled Thanksgiving for a Habitat Moore had strong ideas about the relationship of architecture to history and, beyond the private house, about the design of public space that served to enliven society. As the American

critic Alexandra Lange has written, Moore had a particular penchant for leftover domestic spaces: Gradually the ripples spread. Roberts configures her own journey through life as one through the city, moving from space to space, in and out of imagination. The enduring position of *The Poetics of Space* as a key text sees Bachelard as omnipresent. The approach can also point to an unfurling of levels of meaning and reality within an existing structure. The poetic approach offered rich possibilities for extracting wider meaning, phenomenology, and the permitted exercise of the imagination. For example, the medieval church of St Mary-at-Lambeth in south London, once almost derelict, now offers a series of discrete spaces in its current life as the Garden Museum, on which Dow Jones worked in two successive phases. But it is in the wider field of urban design that *The Poetics of Space* seems to me to have the greatest resonance, through the work of the American academic urbanist Kevin Lynch and others. Cullen and his colleague Ian Nairn extended the visual analysis that Townscape suggested to a number of US cities in a contribution to *Exploding Metropolis* where, alongside the urbanist Jane Jacobs, they succinctly analysed, in word and image, the distinct and identifiable spatial qualities of cities from Austin to San Francisco, New York to Pittsburgh. The distant, captured, horizon set against the closely observed and protective or protected has always had currency in landscape design, in past or present, occident or orient. That particular combination of spatial sense and psychic location, Corner argues, distinguishes landscape design definitively from architecture and painting. The historic patterning of great cities, ever more complex and many-layered versions of themselves, offers ideal templates. The High Line in New York, in which Corner played an important role from instigation to execution, is now almost completed as it approaches Hudson Yards at Penn Station. Essentially an elevated linear park, cutting north-south through the strata of the existing city – just as its predecessor in Paris does from the Bastille to Austerlitz – it reveals, reminds and confirms the part that the explorer might play in the city, while the memories linger and shreds of mystery remain. One particularly receptive reader of *The Poetics of Space* is the British sculptor Rachel Whiteread, her work always transfixed by the polarities of absence and presence. The detail of the domestic setting evoked in *Untitled Paperbacks* is a masterly exploration of negative space but, above all, it culminates in her piece *House*, now long gone: In that extraordinary installation, so literal, Whiteread had translated something of Bachelard onto the actual streets of east London, and from there, through its brief, but widely recorded and archived existence, passed *House* into memory. Gillian Darley is a writer and broadcaster specialising in architecture and landscape. *Words in Place* She lives in London.

Chapter 5 : The Poetics of Space by Gaston Bachelard | www.nxgvision.com

The Poetics of Space by Gaston Bachelard A beloved multidisciplinary treatise comes to Penguin Classics Since its initial publication in , The Poetics of Space has been a muse to philosophers, architects, writers, psychologists, critics, and readers alike.

It has been lived in, not in its positivity, but with all the partiality of the imagination. As other reviewers have noted, it is almost difficult to speak about where reading Bachelard leaves you once you have raised your eyes from the page and attempted again to view the world through the lens of your own perceptions after they have been filtered through his prism: It is not through shocks to the intellect or fireworks of mind-bending paradox that Bachelard affects you, but through encouraging you to look again and again, quietly, at the simplest interactions with the simplest of objects and places of your life, your past, and to see them afresh, to see how they have entered into your being and expanded their quiddity to impress themselves on all aspects of your psyche. Bachelard focuses on the intimate places of memories, habitations, our childhoods, and investigates how the images we retain from our most essential dwellings have played upon our daydreams and contributed to our sense of happiness and well-being. The Poetics of Space is essentially a study of happiness. In this way, it is akin to Proust, as it descends into dream-space, memory-space, and imaginative space-time to locate the unities that bring about a totality to our lives; in fact this was the ideal book to follow a reading of *In Search of Lost Time*, as both books find their center in the belief in the supremacy of the creative imagination, in the power of the image to retain and affirm all of existence, and the ceaseless pursuit of happiness in the raw material of our lived experiences. These initiators and signifiers are universally ordinary. Houses, doors, walls, windows, roofs, cellars, chests, drawers, locks, and in our more primitive, pre-memorial past, nests, shells, trees, forests We exist in a corner of the world, within a house within a neighborhood, a construct of dimension and verticality and depth, of portals and walls, passages of ingress and egress, of windows that let in or deny light and air and space, walls that contract and expand with the impetus of our daydreams. We find ourselves inside or outside of our dwellings, we inhabit gardens or streets or rooms daily, and the almost imperceptible way in which we place our receptive selves, leave pieces of ourselves in these places, how they communicate and reverberate in response to our mental and physical presence and us reverberating and responding within them, these are the places in which the mythology of our lives is developed, here is where Bachelard hunts down the essence of our poetic existence. When are we more expansive than when we are traversing our reveries safely in the nest of our room or stilling ourselves from the motion of our lives on a favorite patch of earth? Indeed, immensity is the movement of the motionless man. If something exists in the realm of the imagination, it exists with no further need of validation. There is a reality beyond the positive, material world, that contains just as much vitality and energy as physical objects, just as much prescience of an actuality as an idea turned into a material thing. Words create solidity, images evoke a concreteness, there is a realness to every written thing, no matter how abstract, and the mind reaches toward comprehension of each potent image; it is in these realms that the work of art reigns, expressing our humanity in dynamic, personalized terms. The Poetics of Space is mainly concerned with the dialectic between these regions of the imagination and the places in which they are nurtured and developed. And language bears within itself the dialectics of open and closed. Through meaning it encloses, while through poetic expression, it opens up. Language is the beginning of all things human, the starting point where truths emerge from silence, therefore anything expressed contains a kernel of truth, and a kernel of humanity. It is in response to silence that words, and therefore humanity, takes form. Silence is far more abundant than language, but even small amounts of language contain more than silence. It should beware of the privileges of evidence that are the property of geometrical intuition. Sight says too many things at one time. Being does not see itself. Perhaps it listens to itself. It does not stand out, it is not bordered by nothingness: Sometimes, it is in being outside itself that being tests consistencies. Sometimes, too, it is closed in, as it were, on the outside. We hardly know where to situate this silence, whether in the vast world or in the immense past. But we do know that it comes from beyond a wind that dies down or a rain that grows gentle. For it is obvious that the image alone can keep pace with

nature. But we must lose our earthly Paradise in order to actually live in it, to experience it in the reality of its images, in the absolute sublimation that transcends all passion. Then, when we could say how we imagine, we cease to imagine. We should therefore dematurize ourselves. The human consciousness is if anything mutable, it changes willingly and unwillingly, it persistently interacts with the images it has hoarded over the years, it converses with its present surroundings and is in communication with the places it has inhabited in other times. We never leave the places we have dwelled. Memory and the unconscious assure that we deposit fragments of ourselves behind that intermittently send reports out from the oblivion of time; there is always something lingering of our past worlds that speaks to and helps us to construct our current one.

Chapter 6 : Harvard Design Magazine: The Poetics of Space by Gaston Bachelard

The classic book on how we experience intimate spaces. "A magical book A prism through which all worlds from literary creation to housework to aesthetics to carpentry take on enhanced"and enchanted-significances.

Chapter 7 : The Poetics of Space Summary & Study Guide

quotes from Gaston Bachelard: 'I should say: the house shelters day-dreaming, the house protects the dreamer, the house allows one to dream in peace.', 'To feel most beautifully alive means to be reading something beautiful, ready always to apprehend in the flow of language the sudden flash of poetry.', and 'Rilke wrote: 'These trees are magnificent, but even more magnificent is the.

Chapter 8 : The Poetics of Space by Gaston Bachelard - Feng Shui London UK - The Capital Feng Shui

About The Poetics of Space. A beloved multidisciplinary treatise comes to Penguin Classics Since its initial publication in , The Poetics of Space has been a muse to philosophers, architects, writers, psychologists, critics, and readers alike. The rare work of irresistibly inviting philosophy, Bachelard's seminal work brims with quiet revelations and stirring, mysterious imagery.

Chapter 9 : Cultural Reader: Gaston Bachelard - "The Poetics of Space" summary and review

The house, quite obviously, is a priveleged entity for a phenomenological study of the intimate values of inside space, provided, of course, that we take it in both its unity and its complexity.