

Unravelling Horizons

By Megan Wilson

A practicum submitted to
the Faculty of Graduate Studies of the
University of Manitoba in partial fulfillment
of the requirements of the degree of

Master of Landscape Architecture

Department of Landscape Architecture
Faculty of Architecture
University of Manitoba
Winnipeg



unravelling horizons.
megan wilson

With thanks to Karen, Richard, and Sarah
for the always thoughtful comments,
questions, and encouragement that made
working through this document possible.

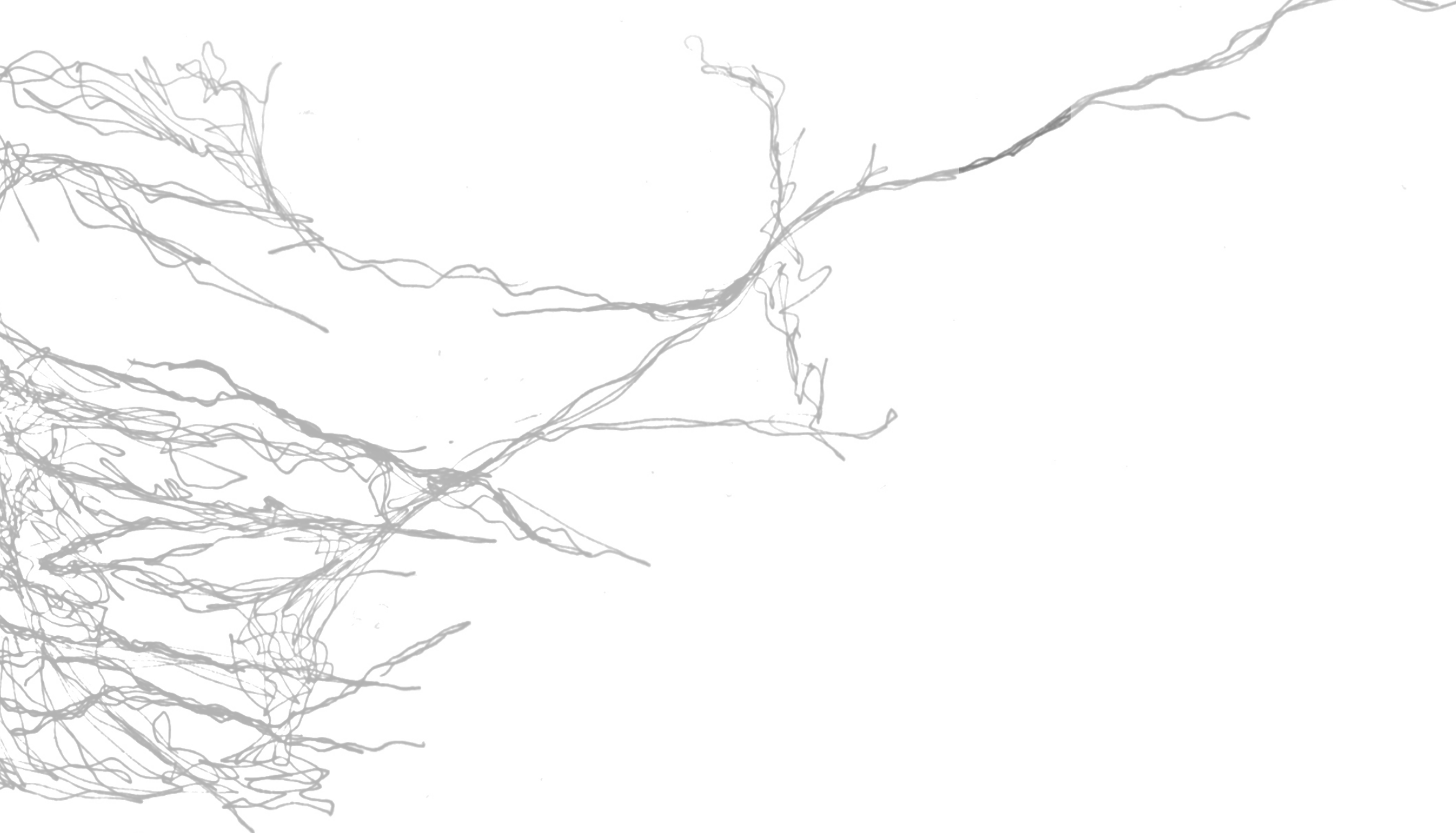


Table of Contents:

4. Introduction

8. Background

 9. Horizon and phenomenology

 15. Recording a phenomenon

 21. Curiosity

32. Following Horizon

40. The Unknown

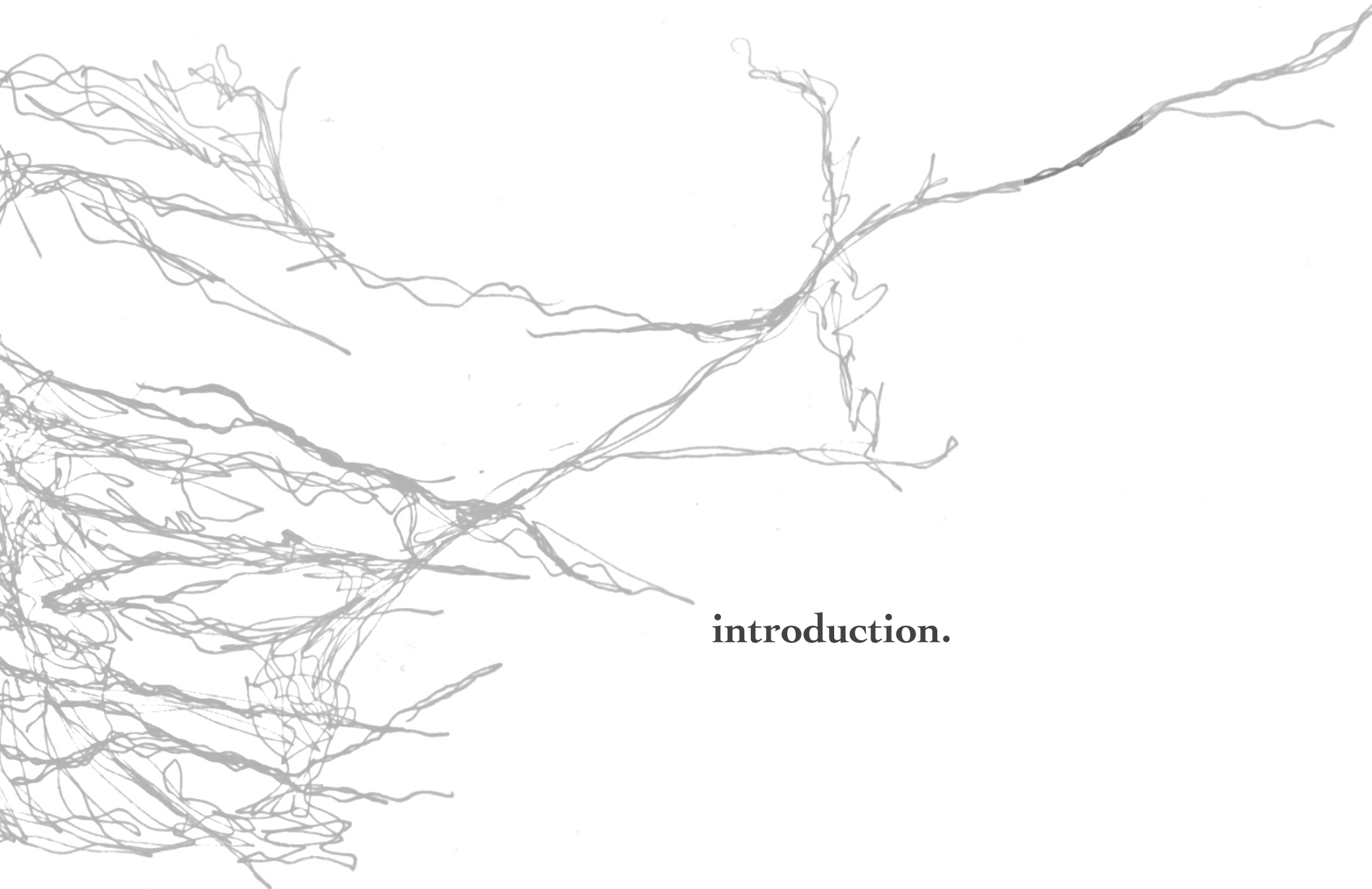
52. The Middle Ground

66. Situating Ourselves

76. Addendum

80. Works Cited

82. Bibliography



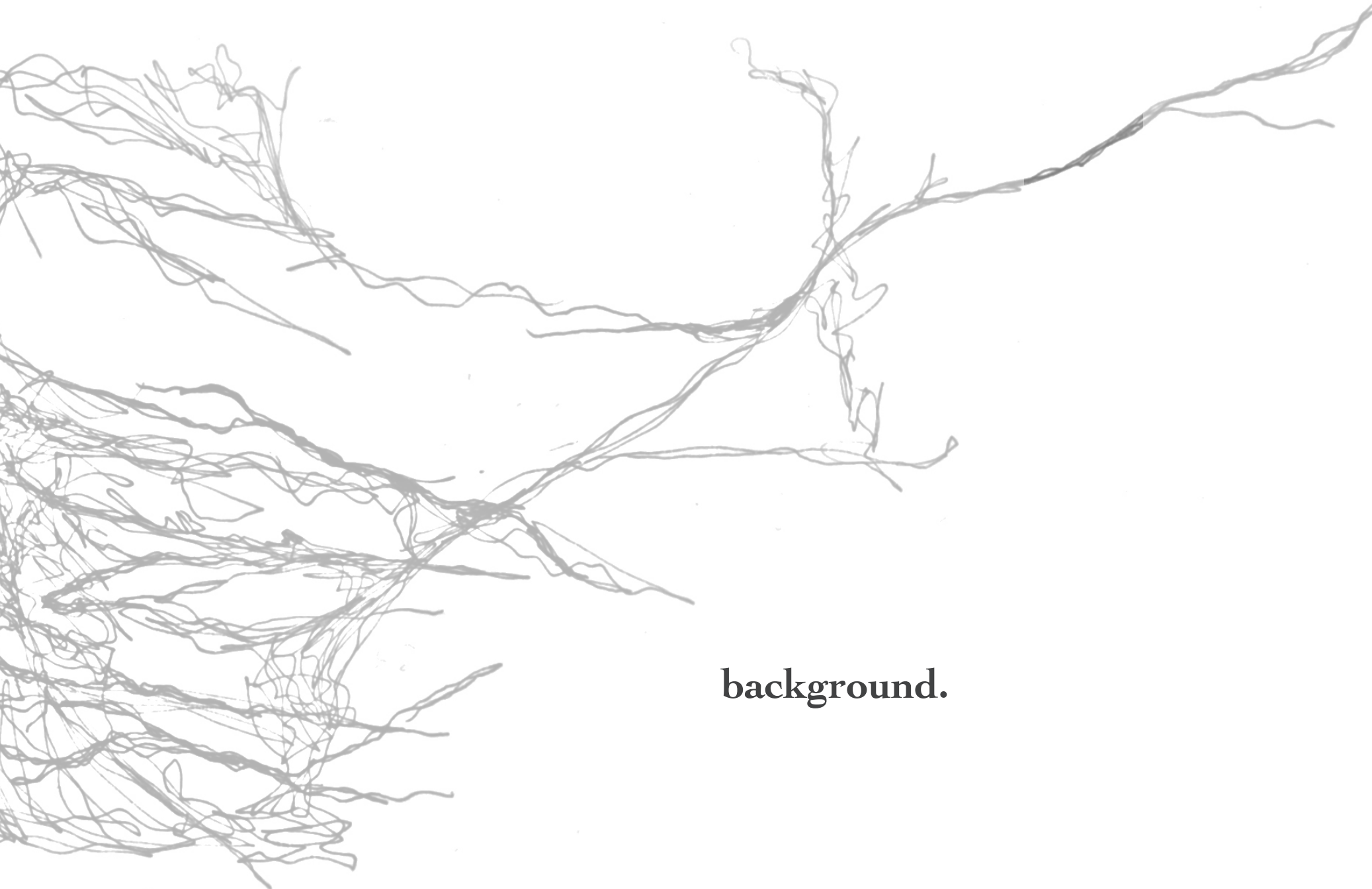
introduction.

The horizon is many things. It is our description of the unknown, the future, and the instigator of our imagination. The horizon is nowhere. It cannot be mapped, measured, or dissected, but it can be defined. The horizon is often simplified as a line, but it is more than that, and upon closer examination gives way to a transient object within space. At any given time the horizon contains thousands of objects, both living and not. Recognizing its limits and potential requires an understanding of both its spatial and temporal aspects, as well as of our own abilities to interpret and experience a space.

This work is a phenomenological study of the world we inhabit that has, over time, has grown into a multi-layered representation of my own experiences, and interactions within that. It uses the horizon as an anchor and orienting point for a discussion around place, distance, and environment.

Representation is a measurement. It is a translation of the sensorial experience, through the mental experience, and presented physically. The document itself moves in and out of multiple representations, both literary and visual, layering ideas and mirroring the phenomenon of the horizon itself. The physical document creates it's own horizons; limits of ink, format and thought, but allows for interpretation, and for personal selection through its reading. Mixing the bias of both the reader and the writer.

This study was built through physical interactions. Through drawing, painting, and walking landscape, cataloguing snapshots of moments, and the journey of building the representation. This document is written in many voices, cataloging visits and explorations into the layered spaces in and around our cities. It shifts, sometimes rapidly from place to place, pulling in ideas, thoughts, and reflections, and building a multifaceted description of the horizon as we inhabit it daily.



background.

The life-world is considered the horizon (here interchangeable with the background) of all experience, therefore standing for what is given. The life-world is always there. It is a horizon both in which we live, and which lives with us.¹

Horizon and Phenomenology

The horizon is an experience, an object, and a tool. Its omnipresent role in our lives has drawn the attention of many, and has been the subject of multiple phenomenological studies. There is a general understanding of the horizon as the backdrop to daily life. Our current phenomenological explorations are based off of a handful of slightly different and intertwining opinions. Many philosophers have discussed our ability to perceive and interact with the world in relation to our consciousness and personal experience. This experience has been linked to a variety of definitions of the horizon.

Predominantly, these major writings began with Edward Husserl, who in the Early 20th century began to write on the horizon(s) of experience.² In his work, he wrote on how individual objects over time, become tied to their own horizons, which also then acted as limit of the object. He described two horizons, the first relating to the immediate visible understanding of an object or idea. This Internal Horizon line divides what is presented to us with what is assumed or anticipated in relation to it.³ The visible side of an object implies that there is a non-visible side, and the visible surroundings imply what may be beyond the edges. This is the second, external horizon.⁴ The same is true of experience. Each object uses both knowledge and potential knowledge to create an understanding. Any interactions between the individual and the object would then be linked to that objective (and stationary) horizon. For Husserl, the horizon was a tool for understanding the object itself. From this came the idea that the horizon is a central object



horizons are linear,
but only to the viewer.
there are many horizons
belonging to many
objects, beings, and times
connecting to each other
through space. they catch
and connect, and create
ties as we shift focus
through the landscape.

ink on paper

We have all gotten lost. Physically, in stories, in life. I have been told that there is an art to getting lost, but I disagree. I believe that the art comes with accepting and understanding the benefits of being outside of your norm.

When I was four I got lost twice. My memory is of the second time. Of the petrifying knowledge that I had no landmarks, that the darkness was creeping in, and that I couldn't see far enough to know which way to go.

Getting lost when you are young is easy, and it is scary. As a child you rely so much on others to guide you, and teach you, and to stop you from wandering off in a foreign campsite.

“A particular characteristic of Dasein is its situatedness in time and space. Situatedness is revealed as an inescapable condition that makes it possible for the truth of being to be disclosed.”⁵

creating situations in which physical mapping of the body or object in space can occur. This also implies that we are fully encompassed by the horizon.

Martin Heidegger continued the conversation on the horizon. For Heidegger, the horizon is a vantage point, separate from sense perception.⁶ Both Husserl and Heidegger treat the horizon as a finite line, while often (and in this document) we treat the horizon as a boundary that can be surpassed. Counter to Husserl's focus on relationships, Heidegger did not believe we should focus on object and subject, but rather on the idea of being-in-the-world.

Heidegger stressed that the horizon is an object that we as humans can never physically understand.⁷ In Heidegger's writings, humans reside implicitly within the horizon. Therefore for him ultimately the horizon develops into an epistemological study. Within this, the horizon line provides opportunity for objects to garner meaning. The process of describing objects in relation to this singular background forms the beginnings of relationships among and around the life-world. Heidegger refers to this understanding of existence as Dasein, the idea of being-there in the world.⁸

Maurice Merleau-Ponty, in the *Phenomenology of Perception*, again expanded on the phenomenological understanding of horizon.⁹ Merleau-Ponty builds on the work of Husserl, but with many nods to the writing of Heidegger. While Merleau-Ponty discusses the horizon as the background to an object, he posits that these objects each have an inner horizon in consciousness as well as an outer horizon in the visual environment and that through their relationship to our bodies as objects themselves, we can perceive both their position and their bonds with each other.¹⁰

Merleau-Ponty also believed that phenomenology was and is

about the shifting of focus, which then leads to the fluidity and temporality of landscape.¹¹

It is from this understanding of phenomenology that this study has evolved, using the horizon as it's frame, and the curiosity of experience and temporality as its catalyst.

The horizon is not infinite, it exists within limits, and as such its indefinite distance forms pockets of in-between space. This does not mean that the horizon is contained, but rather that it finds itself in the midst of fluctuating bounds. It is in between these spaces, objects, edges, and ideas that we discover place.

Place is confined (although often undefined) by the geographical and visual ends of space. The distance is not an infinite, meaningless void, but rather a shapeless whole. This allows us to consider the horizon itself as an object.

The perception of our world does not start as an intellectual experience, but rather as a sensuous one. Our experience of the world is shaped by phenomena outside of our scope of possible understanding. By first understanding the ways in which our bodies and our landscapes communicate, we can begin to see our physical place in the world as a tool for understanding the experiences we have in space. The largest and most present phenomenon we regularly experience within a landscape is the horizon.

The horizon defines our world, our understanding of place, and causes us to question the things that we know. We interpret the horizon as a suggestion of the end, a bounding space. We rely on borders and boundaries to understand how space is shaped.

If a boundary is the suggestion of a limit to space, then an edge is a definitive end. Edges are sharp, final. Perimeters

Place is a specific form of space, requiring personal input and meaning to be defined. Because of this, place can only be understood and experienced from the inside, where it can be known by the physical self.¹³

Place is integral to the very structure and possibility of experience.

Borders, edges, and boundaries provide limits to space, and create horizontal networks and links between living and non-living things within the world.¹⁴ These limits exist both in the physical world, and as non-corporeal ideas. We must navigate the relationships between a physical boundary, and the implied boundaries of knowledge, ability, fear or politics.

how do our interpretations
of the horizon change
when we isolate specific
pieces? does the land
create more accents than
water or sky?



and borders that bring spaces to “an abrupt and decisive termination.”¹² An edge or border requires a linear representation, meaning that the visual horizon (the line that we see) is an edge, while the physical horizon with its allowance for interchange between things and places is a boundary. This duality does not ask us to then treat the horizon as two separate ideas, but rather to be aware that our experiences with the horizon are classified differently. Just as our personal experiences fall under the categories of physical and mental interactions. The visual horizon line is always located in the distance, and does not need to directly cross any other edges to become a part of place. Not only is it objectively multifaceted, it can intersect both physical and mental places. Without the horizon as a boundary, we would lose all connection to place, and our location within it.

Place itself encompasses so many things that it becomes too vast to be recorded. Place is laced with the horizons of individual meanings and memories as well. We dream about place, but even here our personal understandings, associations, and histories shape our representations.

The parameters of the horizon are more stable. Its size and distance are consistent, holding the objects of the earth together using only the objects of the sky. The physicality of the horizon, however, is always changing. The things within the horizon move in a transient state, shifting with their own individual time lines. The horizon as an object is a place of mystery and can never be fully experienced from within. The horizon as a whole loses integrity as the things within it are unraveled, singled out, and brought into focus.

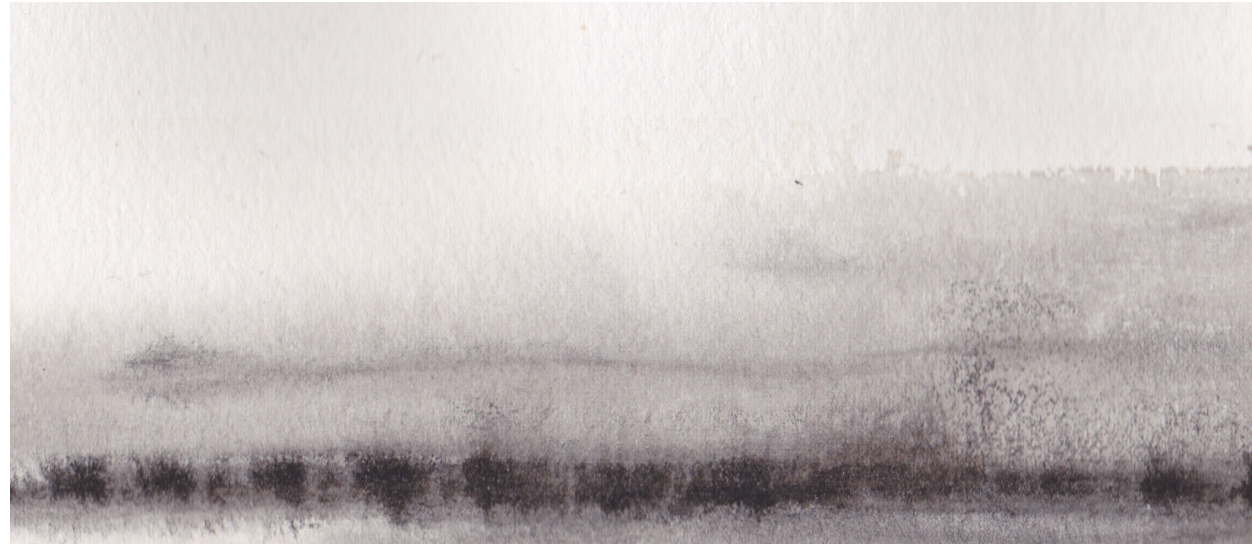
Recording

The landscape is both a story and a storyteller. As we move through space each step engages us, and speaks to us the story of landscape. Walking through landscape allows us to examine the space through our whole being. The act of walking is to the urban system what the act of speech is to language. Through walking we are acting out the physical elements of the land through our movement, just as speech acts out language, and as such we are participating in the story of landscape and place.¹⁵ Our eyes make connection between here and there, but it is through physically tracing this line that we gather meaning, understand form, and find ourselves within the middle ground. Every distance our bodies cross produces a new place. Wandering unfettered through space allows us the freedom to build fuller, malleable experiences, and creates an attachment to place.

By recording through drawing, writing, and painting we can hope to grasp some semblance of these experiences. The individual idea, object or phenomena being recorded dictates the method and materiality of the representation.

Though the opportunities for recording the physical horizon are vast, the act itself limits us. We can record physical distance, the location of objects, paths traveled. These are just relics of an event. Experience is a relationship between ourselves and objects and space. Recording this often leaves out the act itself of passing-by.

The subtle nuances of the horizon are easily diminished by pens, and yet those representations say something too. They illustrate the struggle that comes with portraying



the horizon line still exists even when the atmosphere fills the distance. is it possible to capture the fluidity and imperfection of this in a representation?

ink on paper

Children do not need to go far before they realize they are lost. Even if I was a little embarrassed by what felt like an entire campsite of people finding me all at once, the slow illuminating of the dusty road as their headlights came over the hill. Although I was never far away, the speed of the sun moved below the horizon, coupled with the elongating distance of night made me very aware of the speed of time passing.

“In the middle of the drawing, with the pencil touching the paper, time and self are suspended.”¹⁶

The representation must also pause, and take into consideration the marks made on the page previously. Each line shapes the next, morphing frame into sections, and relying on the building of layers to create the representation.

The line is a manifestation of the suggested end of an object or space. It is a distinct delineation between two things. Severing dualities.

physically, through bodily action, an object that has not been physically touched.

We quickly discover that the visual horizon can be experienced physically through representation, while the physical horizon is best experienced through vision and as a distant boundary.

When we represent anything, we are choosing a moment in time. For whatever reason the creator captured moment, and this exact frame. This is bias. No matter how removed we try to be from our art, or how many sequential images we produce, these images can only show the individual experience of a brief moment in time. The message of these images is reliant on the viewers interpretation. All representation is a conversation passed down a line like a group of children playing telephone.

The drawing, recording, or making is the process.

The tools chosen for representation are as important as the representation itself. Some mediums present a clash, and create tension, while some naturally form to shape.

Working with ink and watercolour becomes an experience in itself, both providing a visually fluid final product, and an experiential creation.

Mobile materials take on a life of their own, in allowing them to do this we create imperfect representations. These are not so much tools for teaching, but for understanding. This process became integral to my whole experience on site with the horizon. These images were and are a study of how one thing can be made by so many different ingredients.

The line is a representation of the individual's hand and voice. Each line is drawn with intentionality, and with a fluidity

shaped by individual experience.

The line is a measurement of experience. It is a translation of the sensual experience, through the mental experience, and presented physically. It can never be more than an interpretation, and is inherently imbued with individual meaning and history. The representations in this document show the translations of a personal experience using both a written and drawn line. These are projections of my personal bias, framed views of an experience, subject to the limits and strengths of their own materiality.

The horizon is an object of fluidity, and as such, lends itself to representation through a more fluid medium. By working with paint, ink, and photography, I was able to experiment with mapping the shifting of space, as well as with displaying the mobile and layered physicality of the horizon. The images as you see them are the final moment of these experiments, frozen in both form and time.

how does distance
change as i pass through
object and place?





there is something more
than just the line. the
softness of the two masses
meeting implies both
intention and invitation.

watercolour on paper

Whether we want them to or not other peoples perspectives shape so much of our spatial understanding. Similarly our personal feelings affect so much our interpretation of other peoples' actions. Something very simple can illicit a response of anger from someone who is in a hurry, or tired, or focused on themselves.

Curiosity

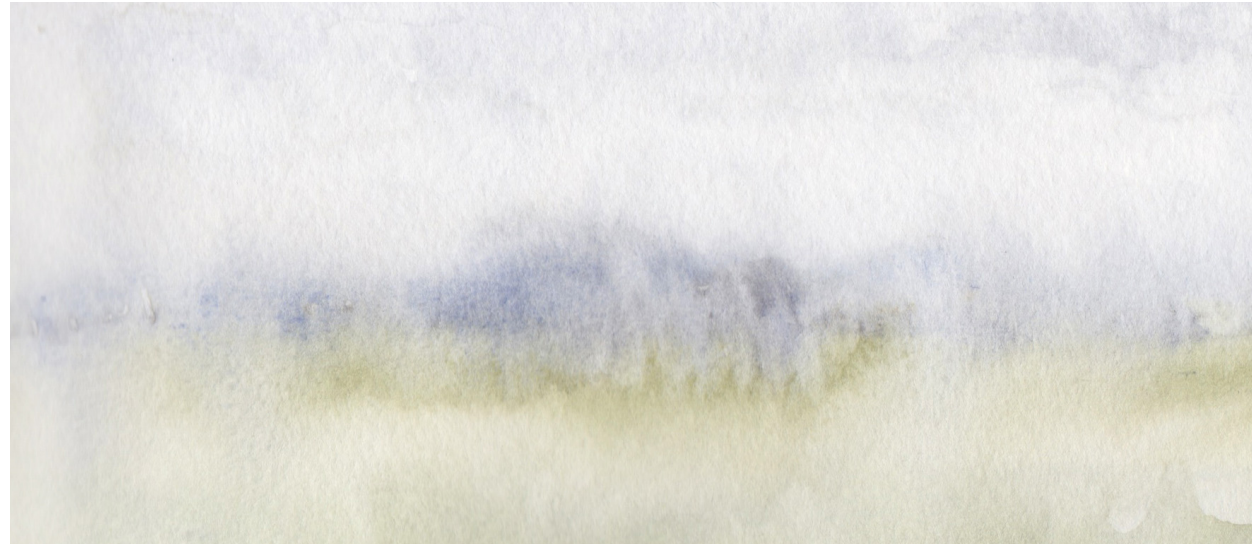
Not knowing is a powerful thing. It drives us to ask questions, find answers, and step outside of our comfort zones, but it also frees us. In a world where we are expected to have the answers, allowing ourselves the freedom to find information outside of the parameters of the question and answer format opens us up to a wider understanding of the life-world as a whole.

Wonder stems from this curiosity, from a hunger to know why, to understand more. To ask questions of the world is an act of active enthusiasm. Curiosity without passion lies flat, loses its pull. Curiosity relies on uncertainty as either a goal or within a process. Uncertainty is a catalyst; It drives us, it encourages us to try something a different way. Sometimes doubt stops us completely, daunting in its fullness.

Becoming curious creates openings into new spaces, hidden behind those we reside in each day. The world, through its own momentum creates enough instability to cause resolve to falter, and questions to arise.

“The differentiation of my senses, as well as their spontaneous convergence in the world at large, ensures that I am being destined for relationship: it is primarily through my engagement with what is not me that I effect the integration of my senses, and thereby experience my own unity and coherence.¹⁷”

Humans are naturally curious; we are drawn to understand our roles within our environments. It is this curiosity that pulls us toward the distant horizon, where the end of things appears as a place of excitement. The distinct change between the density of object and sky can be sharp, creating a dynamic edge. Visually, humans are drawn to areas of high optic intensity, such as the places where light and dark meet.¹⁸ A defined object against an undefined one, or a textural disparity will pull our attention, as will light caught on a surface. These edges have an amplified visual signal, and will always be the



what happens when we pull focus in closer to the meeting place between earth and sky?

watercolour on paper

During a recent flight, as we landed I overheard someone comment on the sunset up ahead. Even though it was ridiculous, I knew why she said it. At first glance it looked as though the sun's rays were rising above the city, fighting to stay in a sky the sun itself had already fallen from. From the air we could see it extending towards us in a way that didn't seem possible. Yet here it was, creeping its way up over the mountains, exaggerated as it reflected off the snow. Diffusing the golden pink light that only winter cities know into the darkness. After hours of almost black below and around us, heading in towards the rising sun of civilization felt otherworldly: Magical and disturbing all at once. For a brief period of time the suburbs were beautiful.

Yi-Fu Tuan states that there are three interactions we participate in continuously: sensation, perception, and conception. These three interactions fall linearly along a scale line from emotional to thoughtful interaction with the world, and it is through understanding these interactions that we can increase our consciousness.²⁰

most alluring part of a viewport.¹⁹

The edges of a physical place act as a frame for those things found in-between, but as humans we are governed by more than just a physical understanding. We give meaning to place, allowing memories to shape both our initial and processed interactions with the world. These interpretations of horizontal limits seem contradictory, however they mirror our dueling (yet cohabiting) conscious and preconscious experiences of our surroundings, requirements for settling into the life-world. Living objects do not have edges the same way non-living objects do. Their physical limits are more than a boundary. However, movement through their bounds is not free, nor is it stopped completely. While we can represent a tree by placing lines on paper, this forgets the constant intake and expulsion of information, fluid, and air cycling through its surface. Nothing around a living thing is still, just as nothing on the horizon is still. The fluid exchange through borders implies life, allowing the horizon to be seen as a "living" thing.

The horizon marks the space between the earth and the sky. Physically we are bound to the earth, but we spend most of our time within the atmosphere that lingers above it. By creating built objects amongst the living landscape, we anchor distinct points within the networks of the horizon. These objects become the way finding points for mapping the movements we perceive within this system.

As objects layer over each other we can no longer determine their edges. As light shifts between dusk and dawn, our informational intake changes. Our eyes become capable of discerning more, and we are able to see the pieces that make up the whole.²¹ However, we must become conscious to this phenomena or it will pass us by. Standing still, watching the light play over the distant objects, the horizon seems to shift without the need for the viewer to move. Only by entering

into the middle does it become a three-dimensional concept, with our bodies at the centre. Contact between ourselves and our environment is inevitable.

In order to understand experience we must consider the body as the centre of the phenomenon.

First and foremost, we understand space through our bodies and our bodies are aware of many things that we do not (yet) know. It is the link that forms between object and subject which allows us to understand, and embody the experiences we are exposed to. Objects shift in relation to the viewers' position. We began to see the horizontal links mentioned in the texts of both Husserl and Merleau-Ponty; our sensorial experiences create their own horizontal network. Our bodies are the centre of this consciousness, allowing our interactions with the world to first be experienced, sensed, and finally studied. Our physical presence in the world provides us with the mechanism we use to converse with our surroundings: our body. The body is an active and open form, continually improvising its relation to things and to the world. We take in information from the living world structure around us and weave it into our being, treating our bodies as maps. We often find ourselves blind to the body-nature dialogue we used to understand the world as children. The landscape around us is filled with the information that (often subconsciously) impacts our understanding of the world just as much as the learned information we are taught. Our basic understanding of space comes from our ability to move and experience our surroundings.²²

The landscape is more than the land. To understand it, we must accept that its whole is made up of human and non-human objects performing interrelated tasks. Each object exists in its own time frame. A subject with intentionality (eg a human) exists within a space for a much shorter amount of

mapping requires fixed points, but when objects move perspectives and relationships between the viewer and viewed shift.





objects layer with distance and become one thing despite their relative depth. can these layers be simultaneously understood as separate and as a whole?

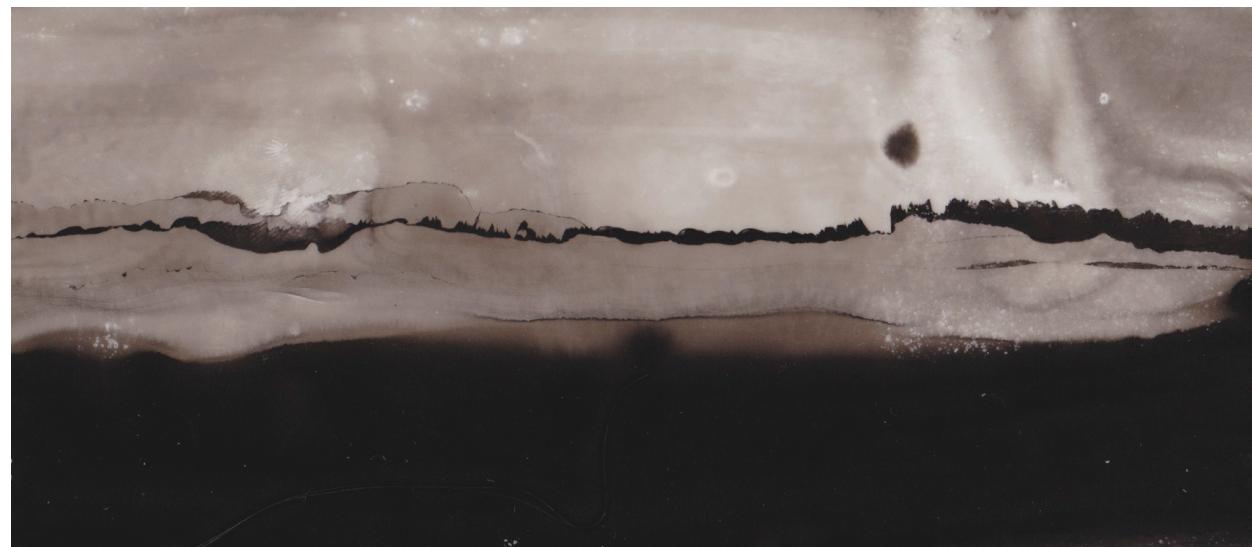
watercolour on paper

As teens we would get lost on purpose. Taking long walks through unexplored neighborhoods, leaving inuksuk's as way finding points, or turning at every 3rd street. Inevitably ending up back at home, or next to the ocean, limited by our surroundings. On braver days, taking public transit to the end of an unknown route, and finding our way back home. These journeys were accompanied by photography, and drawings, and poetry, which would then find their way onto blogs, and lockers. A collective mapping of the huge variety of spaces we lived in.

Our experiences are organized around the body, we measure the world through our entire bodily existences. We understand scale, distance, and perspective in relation to our bodies and are imbedded in our spatial existence via our sensory systems.²³

time than another object under nature's control. Movement in space is not one definable thing, it is the process of many interactions occurring at once, and overlapping into time frames unique to their current relationship. The movement of the man is slow in comparison to that of a car, and fast compared to the shifting of the earth beneath his feet.

Our senses take information from our environment and convert it through our bodies into something we can respond to or react with. It is easy to shut out a conscious dialogue with landscape due in part to the fact that it, much like the human body, is made of layers of information. The key to conversing with these layers is perceiving their impact on our bodies. We take in information from the living world structure around us and weave it into our being, treating our bodies as maps. We are not divided into body and mind, we discover through our physical body and our sensual body.²⁴



everything moves so rapidly. as night progresses textures are consumed entirely, and new edges are highlighted without distraction.

ink on mylar

This was not always a nice exploration of shifting landscapes of course. Getting lost can still mean getting lost. Often we would find ourselves a sweaty, tired, walking-because-we-have-to kind of lost. A kind of lost where if you walk past the same house enough times, someone inside will take pity on you and offer you a ride.

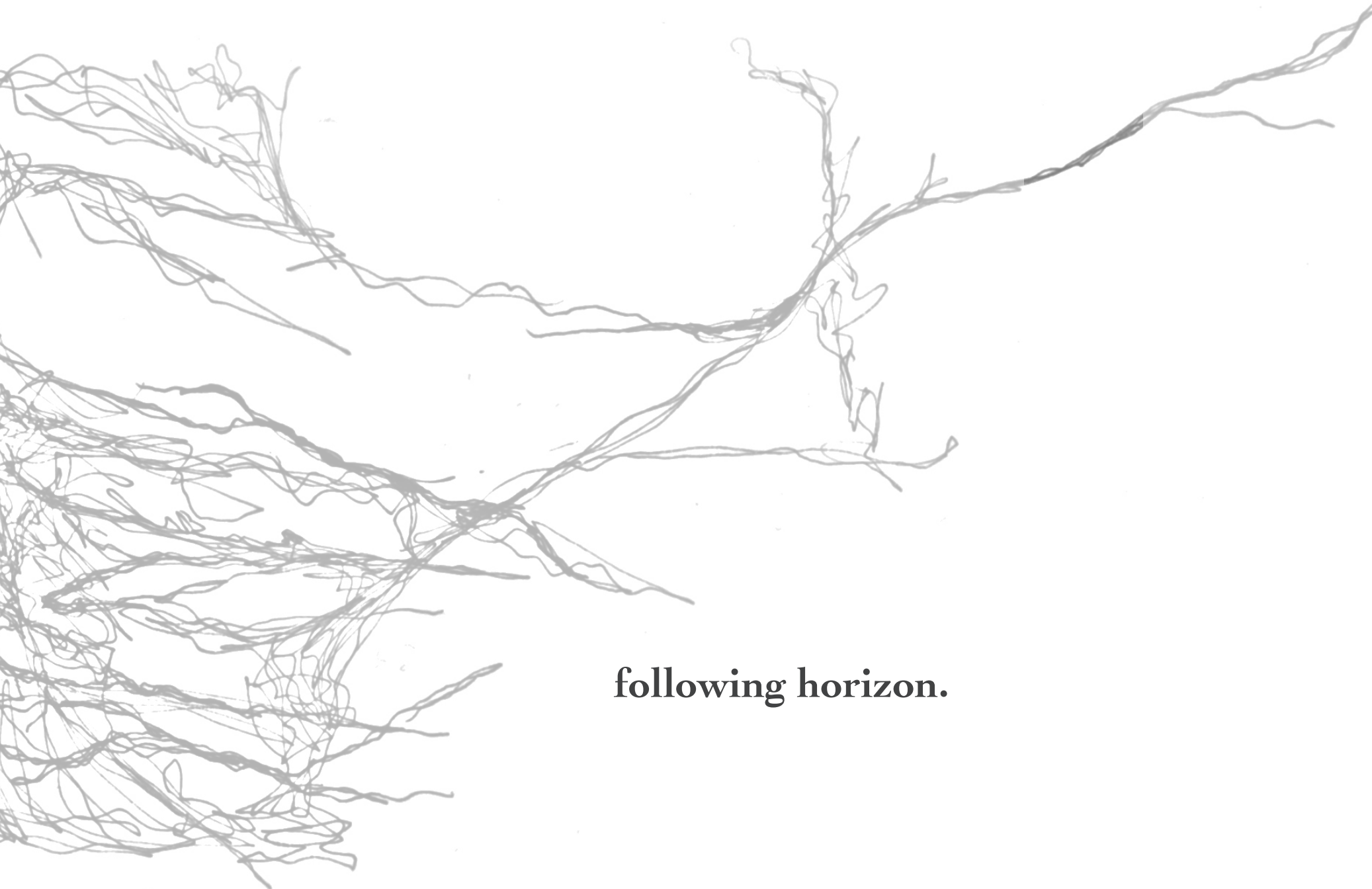
This type of lost blurs your senses, but heightens the air around you. The immediate intensity of the space in-between.

“To envision the act of seeing as the marriage between the viewer and viewed is to be woven into the fabric of a shifting field of light, of energy, beauty and all that one may lay eyes upon [...] What we bring to the exchange determines the quality of the experience.”²⁵”

“Horizon highlights the subjective, makeshift nature of perceived reality. It makes its viewer intensely conscious of his perception, his position, his own self.”²⁶”

Jun’ichiro Tanizaki argues, by removing most light from a space, you provide opportunities for stray light to accent desired points, thus emphasizing that moment.²⁷”

Our most accessible tool when it comes to understanding and engaging with our environment is our eyes. We use these to navigate space, understand distance, avoid dangers and assess situations. Yet our eyes are limited, they are subject to fatigue, lag in light changes, and only engage their full potential briefly at dawn and dusk.²⁸ Above all, their greatest flaw is that they only provide us with 150 degrees of information.²⁹ Because of this, they are constantly moving, always alive, dancing, combining their information into one three dimensional image. “Seeing, even in the most fundamental and transparent acts of taking in objects, is a kind of reading.”³⁰ So absorbed, we stop noticing the individual words. This excitement allows us to momentarily forget the other senses. It is only when fatigue sets in that they rest. Vision is the one interaction outside of pain that is impossible to ignore. We don’t need to be conscious of our seeing to take part in it, and yet we must be involved with the process at all times as it defaults to our main understanding of the world. Vision gives humans the impression of power by allowing us to voluntarily close off one of our senses. Conversely, we often overlook the fact that we can expand our vision to understand the emphasis that high contrasts create, and the information that dusk reveals. We cannot see without light, our eyes have a direct relationship with the sun. The light flowing over the landscape, reaching through the air towards us is the catalyst for our relationship with both the horizon and the distance. The ritual of sunrise, and the shift throughout the day provides us with quick glimpses of accents along our peripheries. Space without light is less complex, filling empty spaces with thick dark air whose closeness is impossible to predict. Near larger cities, there is an inescapable pseudo horizon through the false glow of street lights, like a shadow. This light gives us forms and hints at shapes, but lacks true contrast.



following horizon.

“The swifter we move [...] the more space opens out and becomes less a barrier to surmount than a lure to freedom.”³¹

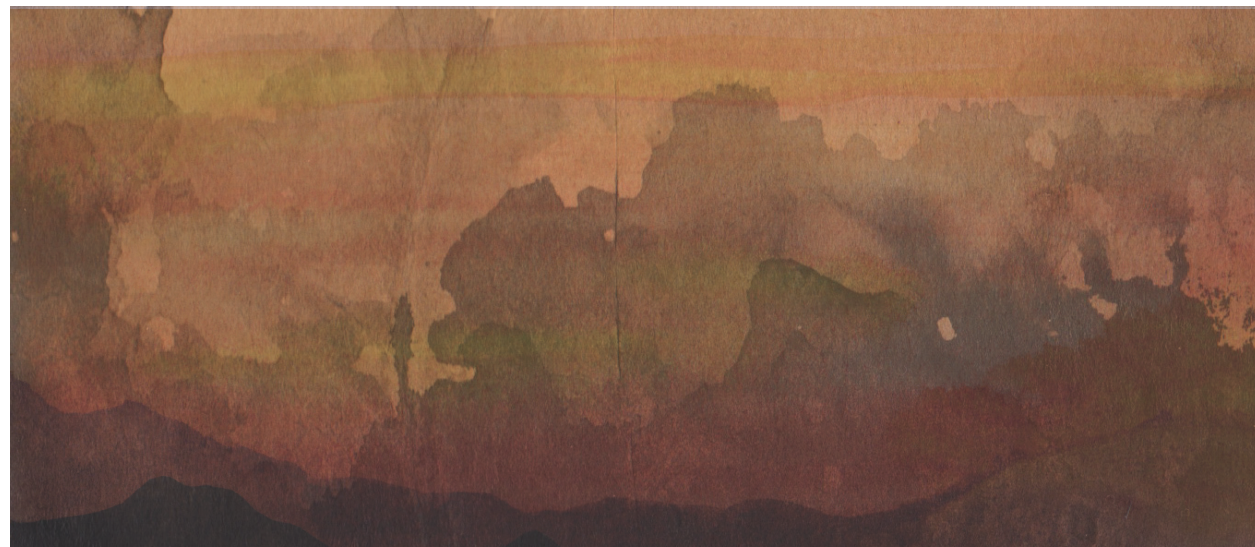
The horizon withholds the things that are beyond it, choosing to let objects slip through its grasp little by little. The horizon does not refuse us access to the things which make it up, but rather it requires us to chase it, giving us the hope that we could possibly pull enough of it away to fully immerse ourselves within it.

It is a meditative practice, walking towards something far in the distance. Barely registering the objects on either side or the surfaces underfoot. It's almost like floating, like you're hovering above the ground and something unseen is pulling your body forward. This bliss draws energy from a future, allowing it to transcend distance and tease us with its potential, and opportunity. The offerings of the horizon are lush and full. Full of things darker and more genuine than where we are. An omnipresent reminder that there is potential for a place other than this.

Give yourself tunnel vision. Focus on what is up ahead. The edges and frames fade out of sight as you push through each new threshold, never really getting closer.

The path of least resistance meets the hint of opportunity only occasionally here. The horizon disappears, showing itself at strategic moments. Somehow it never changes. How can something so active, so vibrant also feel stagnant? This is an accent. The change in surroundings so sudden you can sometimes feel it physically before you see it. Often it is so brief you feel it without seeing it. Sometimes it stops you in your tracks. It is so easy to get lost in the wholeness of the somewhere space of the horizon.

We feel the longing of distance, the destination, and also the vastness of the space between.³² Both of these places are unattainable, but that is what drives the desire to inhabit them, and that is what turns my attention to the immediate. I pick my way over the rocky ground, and choose a direction. Every hill becomes an opportunity for arrival, and an opportunity



without the visual understanding of distance we rely on instinct, and on the openings in nature. the immediate layers of space can be endless.

watercolour & ink on card

I often forget that the physical act of walking is, in itself, an activity. I will walk for miles, watching surroundings pass, before I notice the constraints of my body. Walking can be slow, sometimes inefficient, and often mindless, but it is a wonderful tool for understanding, and conversing with our surrounding spaces. Walking cultivates memory, story, place, an understanding of space, networks, scale, distance + self. There's a very different understanding of the world gained on a journey without a destination. By allowing yourself the time to wander, you create room for a conversation between yourself and the world. A conversation within which you open yourself up to multiple narratives and opportunities. These opportunities are always available, but we often forget to look. Wandering allows for unpredictability, for a chance to interact with space differently. The spontaneity gives us new experiences by stumbling across something new, or seeing somewhere often passed from a new perspective or mindset. By walking without destination we gain a very different understanding of the world.

to get lost. It is then that glimpses of the horizon become a way to re-negotiate direction, and assess time.

Amongst the trees is the only place that the horizon is not visible to me. This lush, breathing, suffocating space pulses in such a way that access to the sky becomes a commodity, one not given freely, but rather earned through choosing the right path. The hidden horizon alludes to progress, gives the impression that we could get there, if only we could round the next corner. This is what it would feel like to be a giant in that shifting space. If only we could get there. Take one sudden leap and catch the horizon by surprise, setting our feet between mountains, breathing in the blue and gold of the hazy middle space air.

“We treat desire as a problem to be solved,³⁵” and to some extent, it is. It is like a hungry animal, we need to satiate it. In the case of the horizon, we can use our desire to close space to encourage our curiosity.

Sometimes the path is given to you as a choice between two directions: forward or back. I walk out over what feels like miles of nothing and everything is still. I'm above this particular horizon, if someone were to look from a distance I would be suspended in the air. From a further distance my body would be absorbed into the mountains behind. As I walk I feel a shift in the light and air, ahead I find the perfect spot to stop. Standing on a two-foot wide platform hundreds of meters above the middle of a valley is an awe-inspiring place to be, but it is the light playing behind the mountains across from me that draws my attention. The distance is uncrossable by humans; we must take the long way around. It is because of this that here, cantilevered over an abyss, is both the most comfortable and the most tense spot I have found myself. I cannot go further, but I haven't arrived yet either. All I can do is take in the movement. The horizon is even with my eye line, an old landform but a new experience. I think of the last time I was here, when every tree was its own horizon. Layer after layer until they all vanished into the sunken sky. Today though is clear, and I can see for miles, to know what

The spaces in-between are mediating spaces, a distance to surpass before we can explore the far off object.



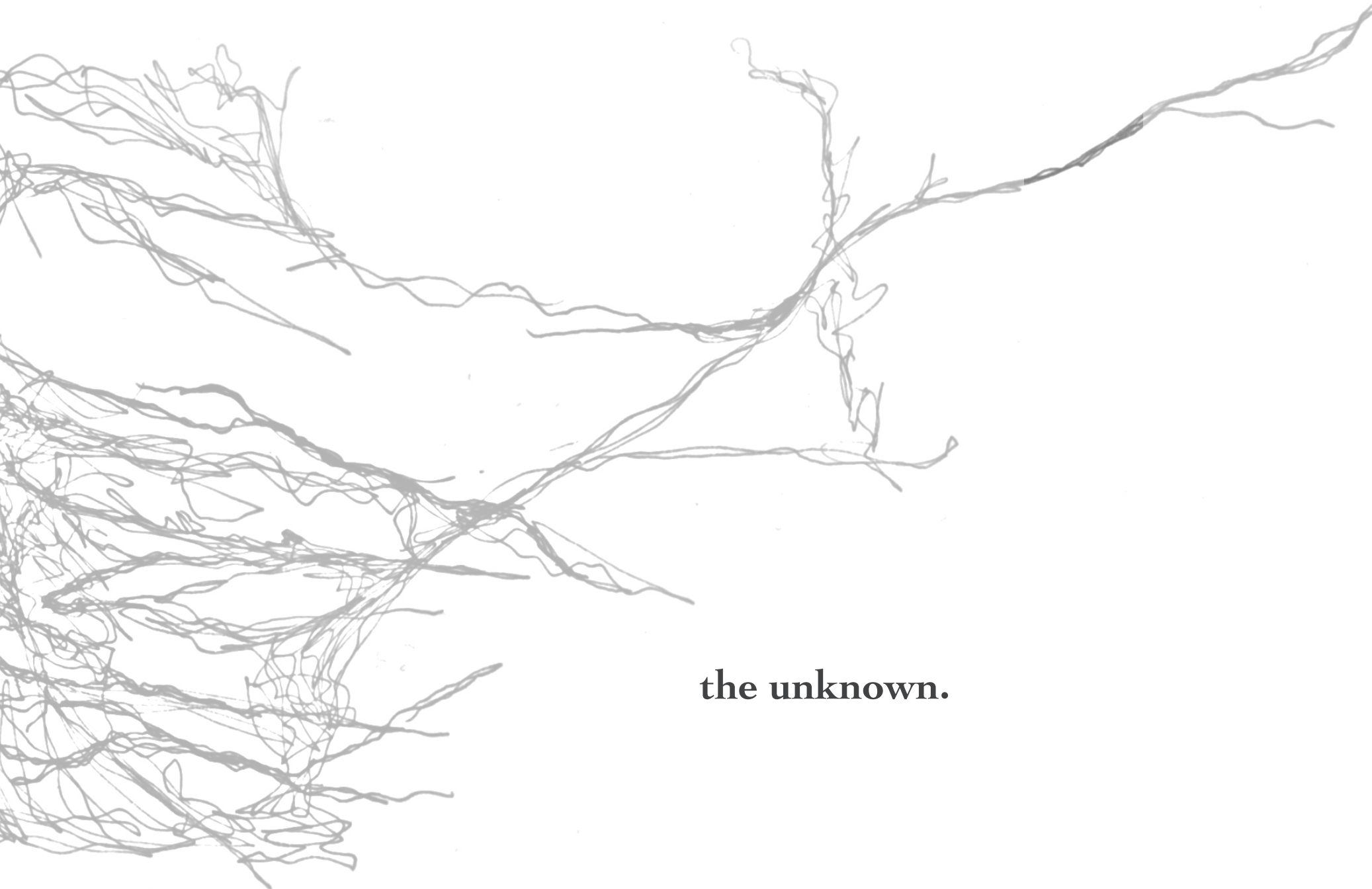
the meeting point of
distances as they layer is
highlighted as spaces line
up only briefly.

photo composite

Getting lost can be great when you know basic orienteering, or a general lay of the land. Knowing how to find north however is less helpful when you have allowed yourself to wander peacefully in the woods for an extra few hours, and now cannot figure out how far you are from home, or how you ended up crawling over a rockslide that should have been passed a few hours before.

is over the bend that is so important the sun shines on it after dusk.

Continuing to cut a path through the cover objectives change, fatigue sets in. Worrying as we have at least the same amount of ground to cover still. Every opening is the next goal now. "Just past that hill, the next log, those rail ties." It is about the immediate horizon, the tangible goal, where what is on the other side is already known, stable yet somehow not quite certain. Step by step we make our way, detouring toward the sound of water, stopping out of necessity rather than pleasure. Arriving at the place the horizon is no longer the acceptable goal, and that dissipating horizon becomes the most important landmark, our orientating tool.



the unknown.

The space immediately surrounding movement is in constant flux. The body draws from the “soils, plants, and elements that surround it; it continually contributes itself, in turn, to the air, to the composting earth, to the nourishment of insects and oak trees and squirrels, ceaselessly spreading out of itself as well as breathing the world into itself, so that it is very difficult to discern, at any moment, precisely where this living body begins and where it ends.³⁴” This integration with the life-world is exacerbated by the missing sight line to the horizon. The living being becomes a part of the landscape.

If you stand still and watch for long enough, that boat ahead will stop moving. The wake will blend into the flickers on the waters’ surface, and the ever-shrinking movements of air through clothes will blur into the distance. Slowly the boat itself diminishes, dissolving into sky. Gradually, but fast enough that there is a worry that by looking away you would miss it. It reaches the distance and dips downward, lost behind the horizon or swallowed by the sea.

The horizon stands for the things we do not know. It promises other things, the possibility of change and of discovery. It is the threshold to another space out of sight and out of reach. It manifests the border between absolute knowledge and that which is beyond present knowledge. Because of this, the horizon has become a metaphor for the unknown. For the information we have yet to learn, the places we have yet to see, and the afterlife. The threshold marks the beginning point of space, experience, understanding, and opportunity. The horizon as a threshold promises more.

We also, however associate the horizon with a temporary passing, and imbue it with our understanding of time and movement. Knowing that the sun, for instance, will return from behind the horizon each day, and that a car driving into the distance has not fallen off of the edge of the world. Objects in motion are consumed by our individual horizons, but retain their physicality even when out of sight.

The horizon is an object of distance, standing for the expanse between the things we know, and those we don’t. The

representation of the separation between people and places, then and now, the writer and the reader. It is measured through space, but also through memory and time. Distance itself is a metaphor. It is the thing that is standing for longing. The physical representation.

The most powerful expression of place is emptiness. Vast places, voids, uninterrupted expanses lean on the distant horizon to give them shape. These spaces draw us across them toward the visual horizon. Each object in sight more electric without competition. These spaces feel both full and still, and scream of things outside our reach.

It is rare to find actual stillness; in fact it is almost impossible. We associate stillness with calm and quiet. In reality stillness is stagnant, suffocating, like death embodied.

I have forever watched and embraced the light and trembling textures of the space above me. I have searched for patterns in the clouds, and tried to outrun their shadows.

I have even, without sight, felt the air move, and known that all the layers of space above them were moving too. I knew this because everything moves, everything changes. This is what happens in the living world. So here, when the stillness of the air around me was suffocating, I assumed the built landscape was acting as a shelter from the circulating breeze.

Nothing is still, not really. Spaces of calm, and tranquility can stimulate our senses more than those full of movement. Stillness is full of energy, and without the distractions usually offered by our environment, allows the focus to be drawn to ourselves and our immediate experiences. Stillness and space are found in the air. The largest presence in our lives, and

tiny isolations of
space, and the extreme
possibilities within
them.





the less we can see, the thicker the space feels. the sky builds texture, and plays tricks with the eye.

watercolour on paper

Relocating yourself is a process of getting lost. Placing yourself in a foreign environment with only the memory of a map to guide you. Out of necessity you begin to build relationships between yourself and your landmarks. From here you build outward until you can say something is beyond the rest, until you have built your place, and drawn horizons. And then you go further.

My first impression was that the sky, although still brilliant, was dead. No movement, no life, not even a shifting in colour. The stillness made me sick. I was trapped and disoriented, becoming dizzy and uncomfortable in space. When I've spoken of this before, I've omitted that. I've mentioned the eeriness, the fact that it made me uneasy, that everything felt like a painting. I left out the urge to hide, and the paranoia.

the most absent as well. We are in constant contact with air. It makes up, enters, and flows through every aspect of our life, but has no surface, no edges, no quantity. Air is the physical manifestation of space, and it cannot be represented.

The sky thickens, layers of air build and stifle sound. The presence of the world around becomes laced with energy, prickling in the stillness. Alone here, in situ, time slows, movements extend, bending the sky.

Awareness drifts through flattened sound and undefined objects, at once lost and situated in the betweenness of distance. Time and space lost to the heaviness.



at first glance everything
is covered, but there is
always something.

watercolour on paper

My relocation to the centre of the country however stopped there. The prairies feel constrained, sealed-in. Like nothing could exist beyond the flatness. There is no hint of further, and this breeds complacency.

The road in front is buried in snow. Only a few feet ahead, and shoulders here and there show dark against the grasping limbs of the world. The sky, confused, has free reign to play.

It seems like it would be so easy to drive straight off the road, like the surfaces wouldn't change, and the journey would embrace its new serendipitous destination. This is the first time I notice how important this one stretch of paving is for navigation. How reliant we are on our own physical lines for movement and understanding of space. With every buffet of wind, it's the brief glimpses of the yellow centre line that keep us on our path.

The uniformity of the distance throws ground into the sky, leaving only a sliver of light to illuminate the spaces in between. This glow orients us though the strengthening wind threatens to remove it soon as well. As snow fills the spaces around us, and its movement becomes less uniform, we find ourselves in a field of textured space. A thickening yet intangible space bounded by shifting gradients and the uneasy colours of a hidden sunset.

Shifting into the in-between grayness of dusk, the distance plays tricks in the light. Forms appear and disappear, rolling past like ghosts. Occasional stands of trees appear, some in the distance crawling forward for what feels like forever, others more sudden, whipping past before they can really be made out. These are the markers of time, abstract ties to the ground as we move across it.



forms appear out of what was nothing. the spaces we know are masked and the distance comes alive.

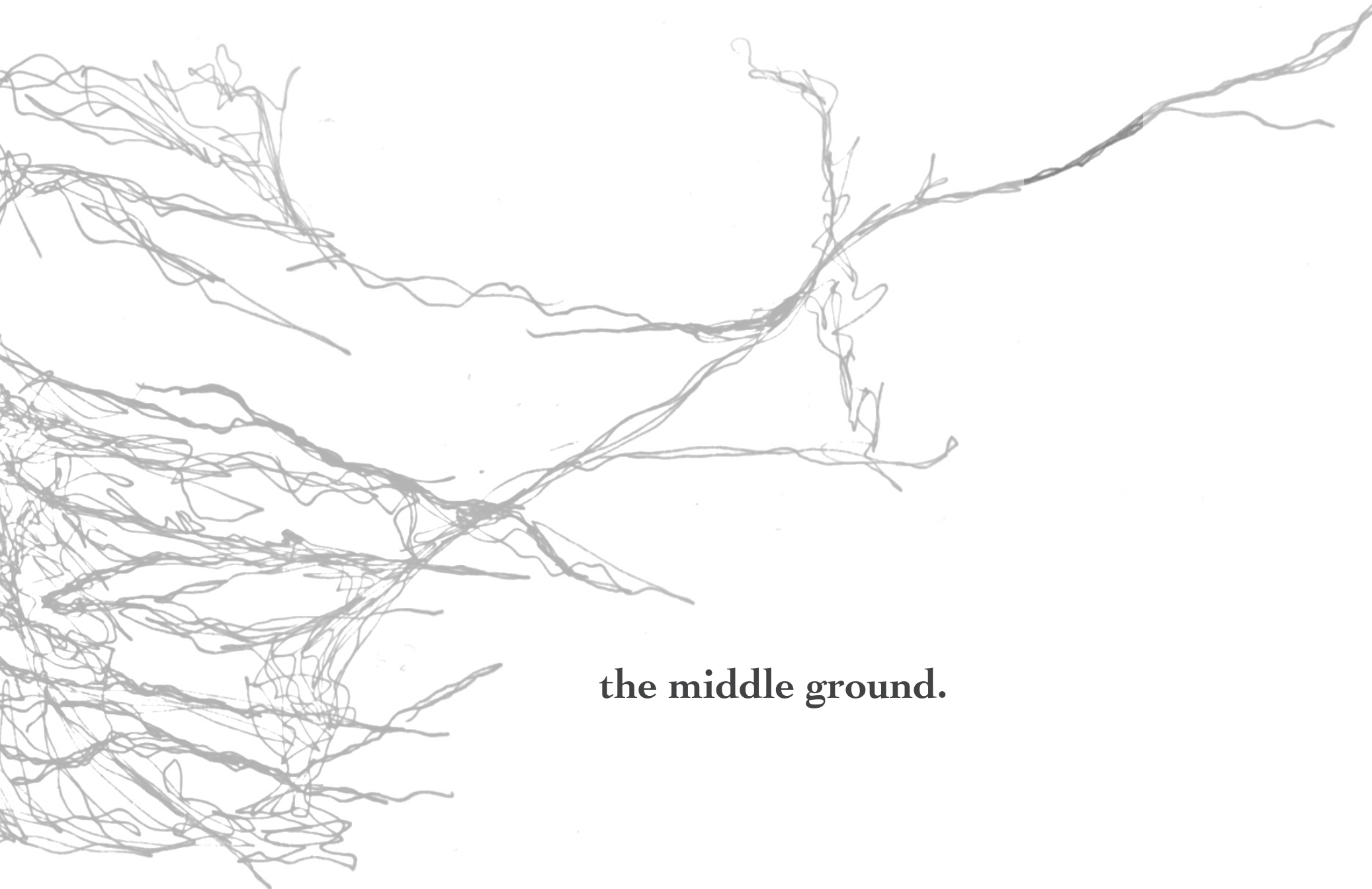
ink on mylar.

Darkness is the place of imagination. Our minds allow us to feel both the emptiness of vision, and the fullness, and numerous possibilities of the spaces next to us.

The darkness is special. In cities blackness is found in corners and amongst shadows, backed by the glowing mist of distant lights. Even in the dark, the horizon glows. The homogenizing of the land suddenly beautiful as the entire distance glows powerful enough to block out the universe, diffuse enough to look like magic. Essence of civilization purified and filtered through the night.

Every late-night driver reminds us of where the space between land and sky stands. The further we move from cities, the further the glow expands to the sky, acting as a surrogate sun just below the earth, lining the edge of the world with light, until finally it is swallowed by the depth of spaces.

When you look at it logically, I've got it backwards. The prairie landscape is vast, open, and endless; full of possibility. The coastal landscape is one of objects and edges. Land ends at the ocean, sight lines end at the mountains. Boundaries stretch out in every direction encompassing everything. Even the sky closes in, covering the landscape, often dropping down to obscure the distance. Why then does this place feel open while the prairie is confining?



the middle ground.

Humans are threaded with the constant restlessness that comes with continuously moving in and out of things and places.

The first year I lived in the prairies, I walked everywhere with my eyes trained to the sky. The skies of Manitoba are alive in ways you rarely see in coastal cities. The clarity of the blue spoke to me of an infinite number of possibilities; an energy tied to the earth by the city beneath it. In fact, it became impossible for me not to stare at the sharpness of its edges, and intensity of its colour. Even as winter fell, it held onto its brightness, and intensity. As the cold grew, and snuck its fingers into every opening, the sky seemed to explode with light. The last remaining dregs of moisture in the air solidifying into an almost invisible dust that would catch the dying sunlight, and turn it into a blinding invitation, until it finally fell behind the earth. Taking with it whatever magic made me momentarily believe in a fairy tale world somewhere behind tyndall stone.

The first time I went back to the coast from the prairies, I learned how much of that world I experienced through closed eyes. The experience is in the air, it is physical.

Everything that exists in the world becomes, at some point, a part of the horizon. The distance doesn't play favourites. As a force of nature pressing forward, consuming whatever is in its path. Objects distort as they melt into the ambient mass, joining something greater than themselves.

The fullness of the horizon is more than just the amalgamation of objects: It is packed with energy surrounding them, the atmospheres trapped in-between and the light captured along and within the thinnest bits of objects. Objects create

relationships, which act as borders; these borders become walls, hands holding on to the space in between. This space is full of immeasurable, yet physical things: air, water, vibrations, light, and movement. These places in-between pile on top of each other as well, and send structure towards the sky causing light to bend and filter before it reaches our eyes, acting as screens, obscuring more and more edges as they layer into the distance. Tricking our eyes into reading that distant place as one physical object: horizon.

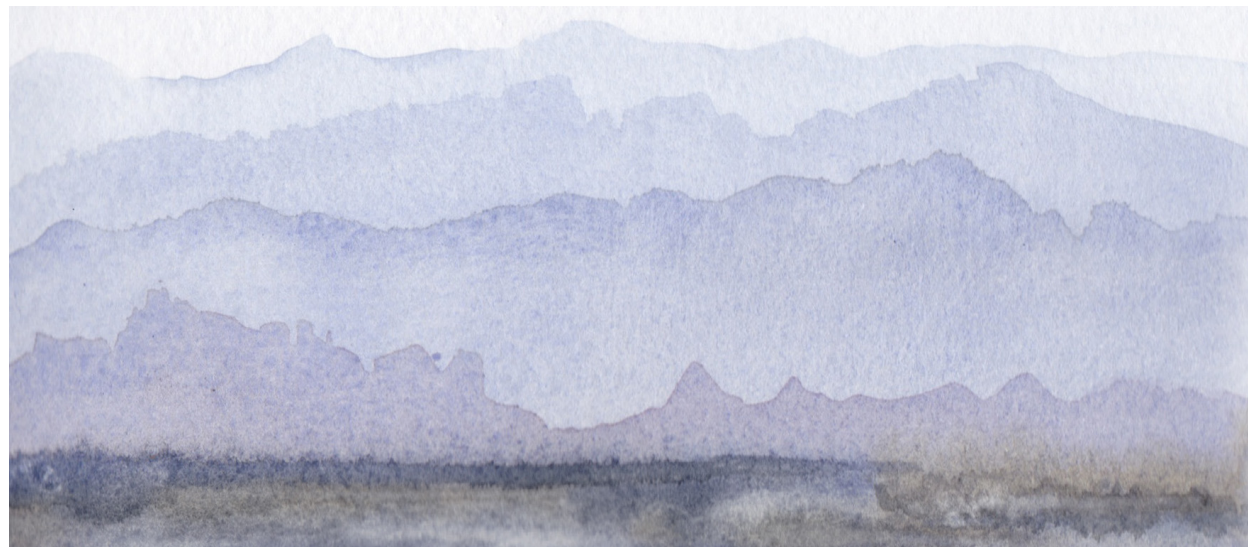
We can follow threads toward the distance. Picking up perspective lines like bread crumbs, hoping the end goes somewhere definite. These strands pick up others along their length, interlinking to solidify the impact of the distance. Filaments that could be both the source of distance, and fragments separated from a larger tributary.

The horizon exists as a marker between here and there, the mediator between land and sky. We live our entire lives in this middle-ground space. The impact of the horizon is directly related to surrounding space. The top and bottom limits of this horizon stretch their tendrils out towards us; including our bodies in the bounding of space between sky and land. This space shifts and changes as we encounter new geographies. Narrowed by latitude and weather, the sky sinking down to embrace the trees. Although our visual depth may change, the networks created within the middle ground remain, building interlacing distances and shaping the space around us. These links not only allow us to situate ourselves in space, but they create new mobile borders throughout the places we live as well.

The middle ground is the place we understand most readily, and yet, there is so much that cannot be described. There is a huge variety of spaces in here, each with an entirely different feel, and a desire to be understood differently.

on their own spaces
change, move, and come
alive.





the air sits into the land
putting distance into
explicit order.

watercolour on paper

when you are used to a landscape of textures, layers, and atmosphere, it is hard to see the life in stillness. Forests and mountains call to you “There is so much more to see,” they whisper, “there is a whole world over here.” And no matter how far away they actually are, I consider going. Just walking until I can’t anymore. Watching their shapes split into more and more layers. The feeling of reveal, when it happens, is ingrained in me.

The world is an unpredictable place yet we, as humans, have adopted a lifestyle dependent on predictability. Following the horizon becomes an exercise in understanding the volatility of our environment, and agreeing to take part in the conversation of walking.

There are so many things that can’t be experienced without standing next to them, and even more things that can’t be understood without watching their evolution through time, movement, and isolation.

Nothing seems quite as vast in the mountains. Everything is attainable. The sky closes in, laying clouds down close enough to touch. The elevation shrinks the middle ground briefly into something manageable, an almost architectural scale. Nothing has ever compelled me more than the need to jump and brush my fingers against the clouds. Mostly I am captured by the stillness. Nothing rushes by here, like time itself is caught between the mountain peaks. Linger just long enough to touch every crevice, and whisper through leaves, leaving behind it a confusion of seasons, where even weather pauses for a moment.

There is a moment, briefly where I feel I too could be suspended in this space. Integrated with air, resting between earth and sky. And I am, and have always been between the two. Able to integrate into one and then the other, but always finding a way back to my space in between. These edges above and below are a guide. Shaping our world, and orienting our bodies. These things frame the entire relationship between body and space. Their physicality limiting us, and their fluidity embracing us. As objects within the horizon ourselves, we are integral to their relationship, but it is our awareness that gives them their validity.



the space between is the most dynamic. it is too easy to bypass in favour of what is above or below the line.

watercolour on paper

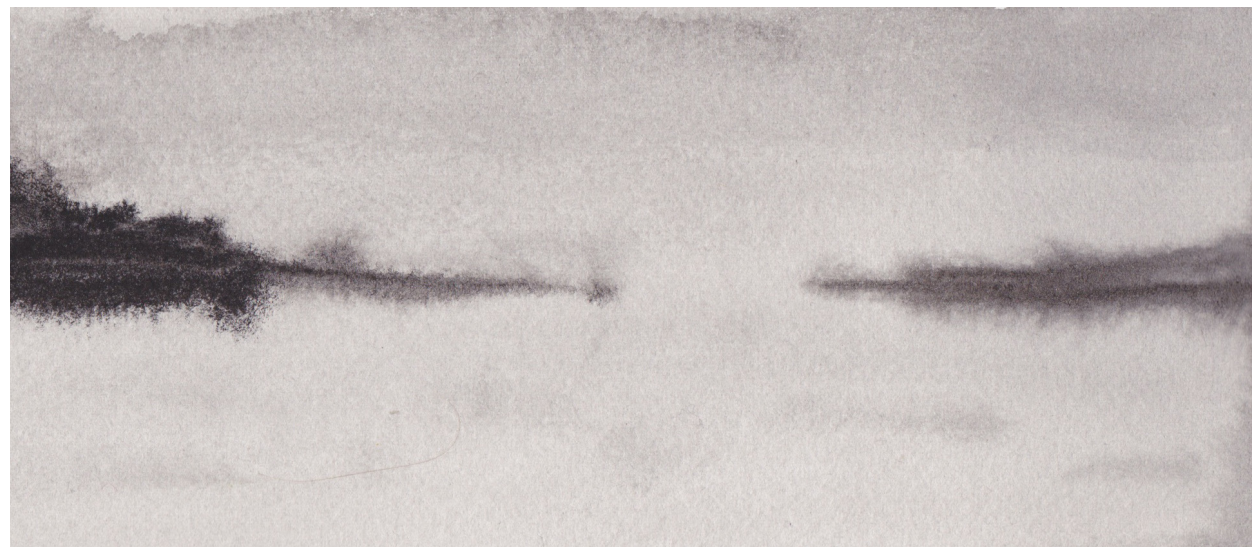
The magic of coming over the crest of a hill to get a glimpse of a distant landscape you know as well as your own face, one that knocks the breath out of your lungs every time. That feeling is possible over every mountain, and around every bend, suddenly between buildings and trees. I ache for more, and am both satiated and restless knowing it is there.

Time stopped. Nothing felt real any more, and I was suspended in it. Even the colours had stopped bleeding. Each thing was vibrant and bold, as though painted in oils. As we moved faster, objects beside us blurred into a humid mess, but the sky above lit up, a world immediately tied to my own individual place. Eventually we gathered speed, and this storybook world slipped behind. Descending into the next valley, the softness of the clouds, and slight hints of mosses slipped out of view.

We explain the sky through distance. The way that “over there” can be blues, and pinks, and golds, and “above” is home to birds and clouds, and the ever-growing intensity of light. We describe it as “other” or “object” though it has no measurable end. We imagine a dome because land meets sky, everywhere outside the immediate. Sky continues past what we can see, past trees and hills and fits around, and within us. Moving air into our lungs, light into our eyes, and moisture against our skin. We are within sky, and part of it. It is as inescapable as the earth. Sky is not other. It is presence and omnipresence. Enclosed spaces are not separate to our experience of the horizon. Places shaped by tree boughs, fences, and buildings, these places are sheltered from the sky, but are not without it.

The middle ground changes constantly, not just in its fluidity of movement, but also in its openness. While movement allows us to understand the shifting of objects and perspective, stillness allows us to understand the cognizance of the landscape itself. The weather obscures and reveals objects, much as light and shadow do. This meteorological hide-and-seek is not a fluctuation between a true landscape and a hidden one. Changing environments, like the horizon itself, show us multiple truths about place.

Life binds objects together. It is the connecting factor in the creation of the horizon object, and of the middle-ground space. Living objects inhabit the parts of the world where sky and land mix, but also have individual dialogues with both the earth and the air. An animal is provided for by the earth, it



reflections give the illusion of surface, of depth, and of a folding point. the air meets the water, but is hidden by the land.

ink on paper

There is no longing in the prairies. This is a landscape of sky. The brilliance above is full and intricate. It changes and dances and draws attention upward. This is the action, and it is beautiful. The distance to the horizon does not need to be closed, there is no race to get to it. The progression toward it is slower, less deliberate. It feels as though there is a physical end. We can see it.

To be wild is to move on instinct. Following the things that are calling you. We, as a society, paint wildness with a brush of difference. To be wild is to be uncivilized, unkempt, unstructured. These qualities have no place in suburbia, so we assign them no value. Wild is something to be feared. A wild animal is unpredictable, and should be given space. A wild landscape has no landmarks, and needs no mapping. We apply boundaries to wild things to tame them. Can we do the opposite? Can we reclaim the wildness within the lines? We all have wildness within us. We allow ourselves to access this when we begin the ritual of setting out. When we allow ourselves to move semi-consciously through our environments, we are allowing ourselves to interact with the suburban wilderness.

moves through air on the surface, flesh to earth using the ground as surface and refuge. Plants root themselves downward into the soil, ready for nutrients and water, anchor points in the cool underground. As humans we have learned to reproduce these traits. We build, dig and plant using the ground and the things under it to our advantage. We use the terrestrial surface to anchor and grow, allowing gravity to hold us upright upon it.

Animals take to the sky, using the trees' wanting branches as their route, or taking flight on their own derision. Even earth-bound animals inhabit the sky, taking in what the world above the surface offers. The same light, air and water are used by vegetation to create the immediate atmospheres we exist in. These environments give life to the mind, and in turn the body. The air is where we dream, without the atmospheres above ground, we would be unfeeling, unadventurous beings.

Without light to spark our imagination we would have no drive, and no experiential connection to the earth. Our physical body parallels the earth. It is edged by a permeable skin, yet ultimately restricted by its physical extents. Our dreaming selves feed off of the sky. The light and air providing us with oneness and freedom. It is in the connection between our bodily interactions with the earth and our mental interactions which weave us into the mesh of the middle.

Standing at the front of a boat heading towards nothing will always fill me with awe. High enough to feel like flying. There is a lot of power in facing your insignificance. Everything in this landscape is shifting blue, each surface reflecting off of the other. Air rushing over water, and water leaping up to the sky. These are two of the most powerful forces in



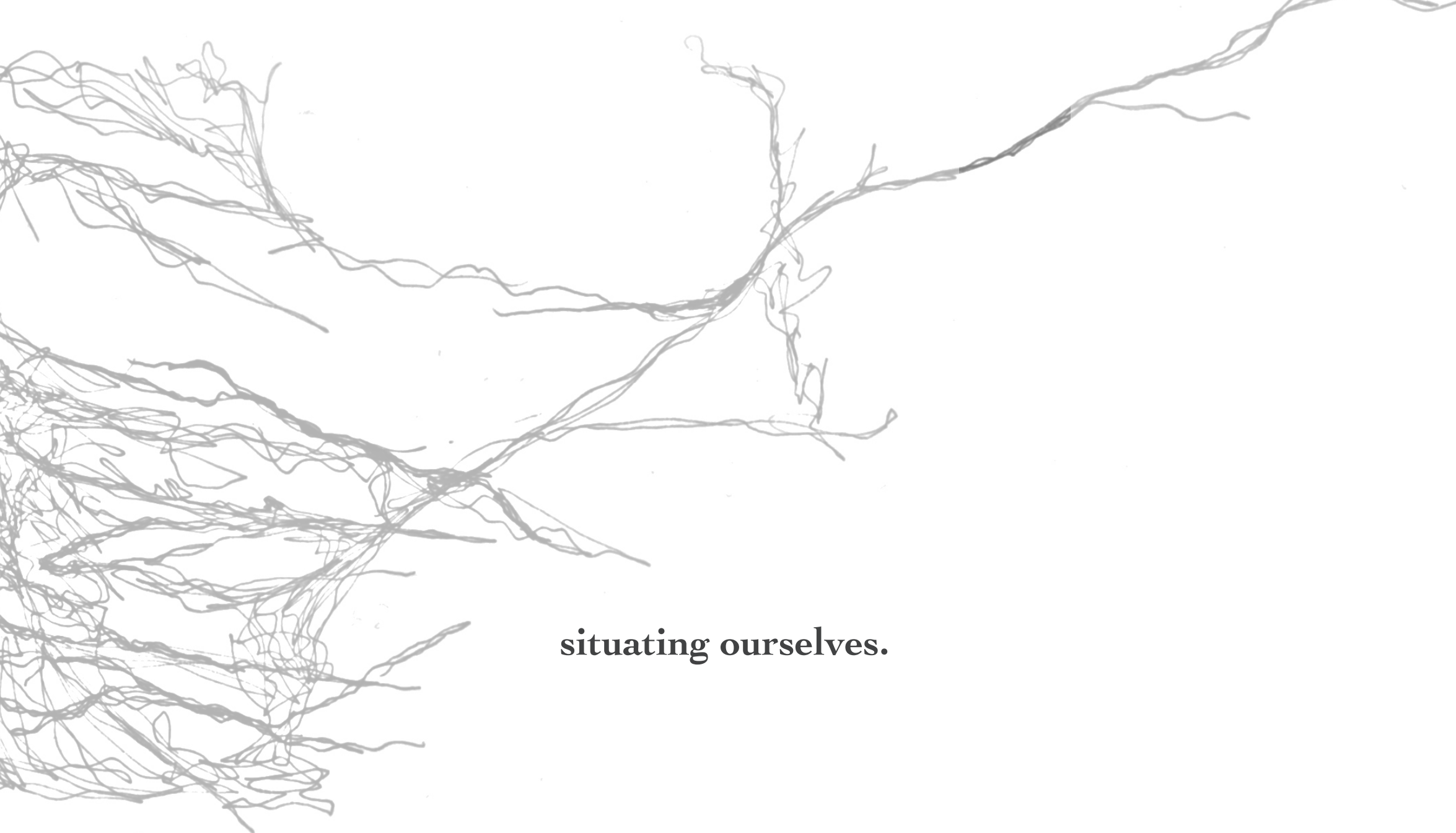
above and below both
push into and pull out of
the middle-ground. this
exchange is cyclic and
continuous.

watercolour on paper

our world: water and wind. Both deadly and calm. Slowly the air numbs my body, and I lose the precision of interaction. As I close my eyes, the play of light off of the water keeps me in tune with the distance. Slowly rocks rise up out of the thin white line at the end of perception, as they surround us, I walk away from the wind. Now, sheltered from the elements, things feel weighted, the excitement is muted, but the desire remains.

The sky is space. It is air, and weather, and light. The earth and sky are bound to one another, opposites wound together through the middle, reaching fingers into each other's worlds. Their relationship is totally symbiotic; one cannot exist without the other.

The desire comes from wanting to be above, and from knowing our distance from the sky. Everything is far here, cities, mountains, space between objects. The distance between is instead filled with energy and sensation. Through this the middle ground remains infused with life.



situating ourselves.

Living is an exercise in fluidity. Wakefulness turns into experiencing, experiencing to understanding, understanding to seeing.

As I walk, I am aware that I am grounded. The earth shifts beneath me, softly resisting the weight, meeting my body full on. This is my exchange with landscape, how I enter space. My feet are my key to the physical world. I read the earth like braille.

Letting my muscles relax, I sit into the forms and textures of the earth. Shifting weight allows for my body to extend into the earth; finding self in situ. Filling the spaces in between things, the cracks in the earth, and the pockets between trees. This grounding is necessary as we find ourselves between and amongst so many different cycles, views and timelines of the world.

Running along uneven surfaces, even briefly, teaches you through conversation. Each step could be a disaster. It is so easy to misjudge, to slip or stumble, but each chained step, every success, creates a feeling of invincibility, entirely in tune with the environment. I can read the support the earth will give me, can see the steps ahead as my toes push off of rocks and roots, racing almost vertical. Aware of each muscle. The unity of movement peaks the moment before the fall. Falling requires the same understanding of the earth, but shakes the cockiness into a disconnect. A new sort of awareness, the projected mapping of obstacles is now layered with tangible



the horizon line organizes
the chaos. the distance
gives us space to breathe.

watercolour on paper

And now again I am lost. But I am lost along a path to a destination, and I am lost with both the means to engage with and learn from the environment, and the tools to find my way to my current, and ever-changing horizon of goals. Getting lost is exciting, much like in my teens, and scary like in my childhood, and exceptionally frustrating as an adult. It is rewarding too. The world has many things to offer which must be seen first hand.

risk. Danger embedded in the understanding of the earth. This is how we learn. The fall teaches our bodies positioning, and our minds infallibility. This is how we continue to learn of our environment, long past childhood. The spaces around us must be experienced to be understood. Environment is trial and error.

The air around us moves continuously, touches us, moves through us, and is gone. The environment shifts under the pressure and encouragement of time. Tearing down form and materials, creating accents, pulling life through its borders.

The world moves in cycles. Cycles of time, life, and breath. Each entity existing at its own pace. These cycles intertwine and overlap coexisting at times dependent on an other until now external force.

Moving through our landscapes we catch glimpses of this, a shoot pushing through a fallen tree, a fly struggling in a web, a set of tracks crossing another. As time passes, cycles become more obvious, spaces change as trees surrender their leaves, and then again as snow covers their limbs. These slow undulations mimic the shifting and grasping tides, the ground, and the shifting harshness of the air.

The built environment is shifting too. Concrete ages, and is repaired, old buildings replaced with new, entire landscapes left to the mercy of nature. A mobile skyline drunkenly performing the wave. We mourn losses as much as we celebrate change, and rebirth. These cycles span entire lifetimes, longer even, and our layers intersect. Points on a much longer line.

The horizon has its own cycles, the overlapping threads of time and distance, Land and sky. The continuous looping conversations that fill up life.

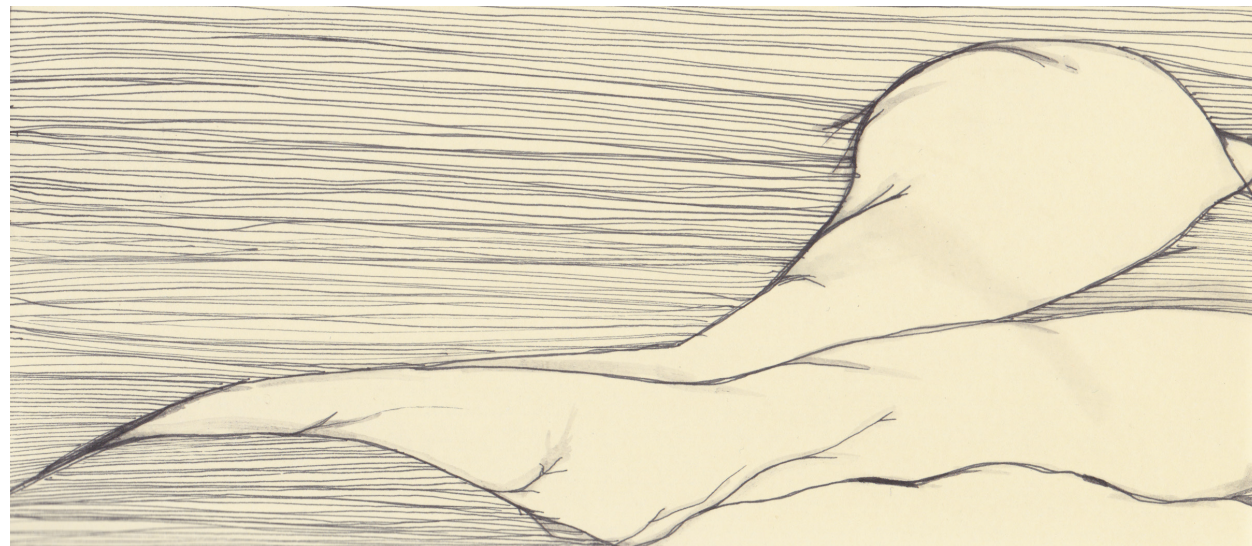
Layers upon layers of information roll over each other. Ends that turn out to be boundless, hybrid spaces; an ever-moving symbiosis. The horizon holds many stories. Secrets, memories, and lives tumble out of it as we try desperately to keep up. But in this endless chase there is discovery and understanding.

We shape ourselves against the horizon, our proprioceptive senses allow us to understand vastness and place, but we rely on object to measure distance. The non-sentient aspects of the horizon act as furnishings for our environments, allowing us to make sense of the places we move through.

I begin to see the importance of never really reaching the end. There is a comfort in knowing that however fast I run or hard I pull, the creature will always be out there, building places, sliding in and out of the world. The horizon will never allow itself to be stagnant. It will not be the same way twice. There is too much life in the middle world, too many interactions for the horizon, even as an object, to really become permanent or stationary in space.

the horizon is always
a living, moving
structure. it is un-
mappable, untameable,
and constantly
changing.





horizons are many things
at once, and relate to
everything around us.
threads of movement,
cycles, and places
pull together to create
something larger, and
unifying.

ink on card.

Wandering allows for the evolving, unraveling relationships between ourselves and the distances around us to grow. We become more open to understanding things as they are, not as they are expected to be. The giant ring of the horizon is a part of my body and the wholeness of my existence. Much like the earth and the sky, there is no escaping its connection with self. We perceive within it, and because of this, it is an inherent part of all perception. The everyday relationships we have with the world are complex, and constantly shifting. Each step we take changes our understanding. Each wave in the grass passes into our individual selves.

The horizon is a lifeline, and our awareness becomes the safety line harnessing us to it. Every step we take, it is there, even when out of sight. It remains guiding us. Allowing us to realign ourselves when lost or disoriented.

Even when there is nothing, we still feel the horizon. We can sense it in our bodies, and through the air.

Sometimes the horizon comes to us, rushing forward as if it were running from dusk. Sometimes it opens itself to us, laying out oceans, over cities, over mountains, hiding worlds from view. Sometimes we must choose it. We are codependent, that we as humans exist is an interaction with landscape, time, and distance.

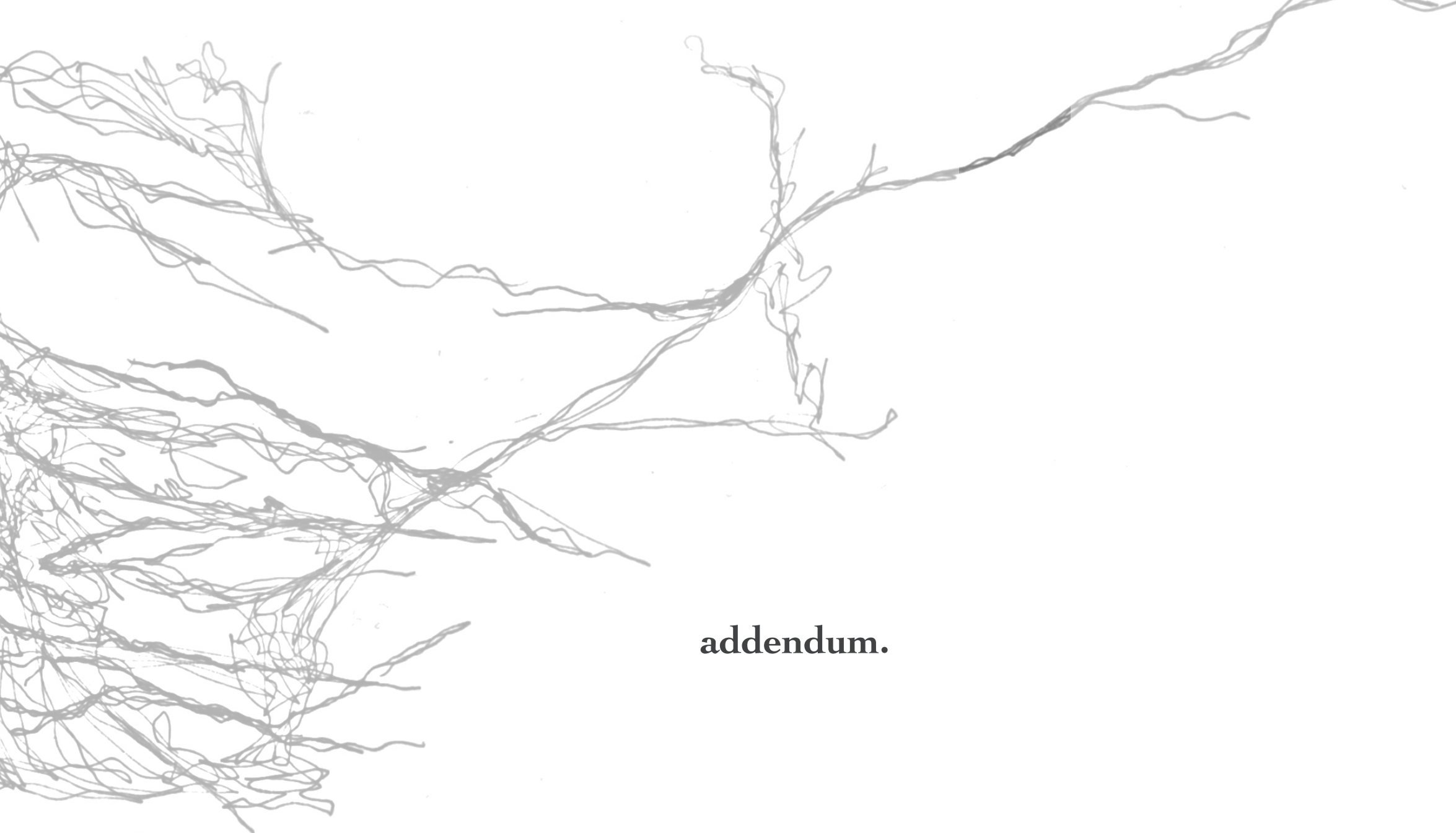
Our experience of the horizon is subjective. I cannot show someone my exact experience, nor can I understand the perspective someone else will have of the same exact time



there are many objects in the horizon, but also many horizons overlapping for many objects.

watercolour on paper

and space. Yet, the experience of place, and of horizon is entirely communal. The experience becomes a part of our skin, and of our future experiences with the environment and with each other. We also become a part of each others direct experiences of the horizon. Someone out of sight is a piece of the horizon as I am viewing it, and my experience of them is a part of their experience. We view the world through a lens, but that lens is only a frame for a much larger world experience.



addendum.

The impetus for designing landscape is to create places for people within their environments. While I've been hoping to use this study to create a definitive reasoning for the phenomenological method in landscape architecture, I am realizing that that is a secondary motive. This study is undivided, it is focused on my personal experiences with the landscape, place, and the horizon. This document is a reflection of my experience at a specific time, and of the experience of documenting that time. It has grown to mirror the phenomenon I am studying. It shifts, sometimes rapidly, from place to place, pulling in ideas, thoughts, and reflections. At times it is clean, simple, and at others it is wild. It is open for interpretation, and can be framed and read differently each time. It is filled with many voices, and shaped by both the past and the present.

There are conclusions of course, but there are new questions too, a drive to continue on. For me, this study allows for a stronger foundation within my practice, and daily life, but at its core is an invitation to anyone to open themselves to the depth of the spaces around them.

The horizon, however we define it, is always surrounding us. It is intrinsic to our landscape, and to the middle-ground where we spend most of our time. To exclude it from our studies of space is to deprive ourselves of a larger potential, and to lose ourselves completely in the flatness of monotony.

The representation of horizon onto paper is more challenging than anticipated. As much as I want it to be growing into



something fuller, it continues to be either a reflection, or something that feels untrue. The representation has become so much more about the process of its creation. The fluidity of the medium, and the combination of images and text are becoming a conglomerate. The document itself is the map of my personal horizon through the past few months. The horizons of objects, knowledge, goals, limits, and resolve are layered and intertwined through these pages. This is the reflection, open to interpretation.

notes.

1. Buttimer, Anne. "Grasping the Dynamism of Lifeworld." *Association of American Geographers* 66, no. 2 (1976): 279-281.
2. Smith, David Woodruff. *Husserl and Intentionality*. Dordrecht: D. Reidel Publishing Company, [1982] 1984. 257.
3. Overgaard, Soren. *World, Husserl and Heidegger on Being in the World*. Dordrecht: Kluwer Academic Publishers, 2004. 114
4. Ibid.
5. Heidegger, Martin. *Being and Time*. Translated by Joan Stambaugh. Albany: SUNY, 1996. 32.
6. Inwood, Michael. *Heidegger: A Very Short Introduction*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, [1997] 2000.
7. Heidegger, *Being and Time*. 1996. 318.
8. Ibid.
9. Merleau-Ponty, Maurice. *Phenomenology of Perception*. Translated by Colin Smith. England: Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd, [1945] 1962.

10. Ibid.
11. Dillon, Martin C. *Merleau-Ponty's Ontology* 2nd Ed. Evanston: Northwestern University Press, [1988] 1997. 73.
12. Casey, Edward S. "Borders and Boundaries." In *Merleau-Ponty and Environmental Philosophy: Dwelling on the Landscapes of Thought*, by Sue L. Cataldi and William S. Hamrick, 67-92. Albany, New York: SUNY, 2007. 68.
13. Cresswell, T. "Place." Elsevier Inc. 2009. <http://booksite.elsevier.com/brochures/hugy/SampleContent/Place.pdf> (accessed 10 18, 2014). 4-5
14. Casey, Edward S. *Borders and Boundaries*: 2007.
15. Tilley, Christopher. *A Phenomenology of Landscape: Places, Paths, and monuments*. Oxford: Berg, 1994. 28.
16. Clark, Thomas A. "On Looking At Mountains." Edited by Lesley Punton. *mountains without end (Roombooks)*, 2013. 11.
17. Abram, David. *The Spell of the Sensuous: perception and language in a more-than-human* . New York: Vintage Books, 1997. 125.
18. Sewall, L. *Sight and Sensibility: The Ecopsychology of Perception*. New York: Putnam. 1999. 133-4.
19. Tuan, Yi-Fu. *Humanist Geography*. Staunton, Virginia: George F. Thompson Publishing, 2012. 103.
20. Tuan, Yi-Fu. *Space and Place: The perspective of Experience*. Minneapolis , Minnesota: University of Minnesota, 1977. 34.
21. Pallasmaa, Juhani. *The Eyes of the Skin*. John Wiley & Sons Ltd. 2005. 46.
22. Tuan, Yi-Fu. *Humanist Geography*. 2012. 99.
23. Pallasmaa, Juhani. *Eyes of the Skin*. 2005. 46.
24. Ibid.
25. Sewall, L. *Sight and Sensibility: The Ecopsychology of Perception*. New York: Putnam. 1999. 59.
26. Maleuvre, Dider. *The Horizon: A History of Our Infinite Longing*. LA: University of California Press, 2011. 2
27. Tanizaki, J. In *Praise of Shadows*. Sedgwick: Leete's Island Books. 1967. 22.
28. Pallasmaa, Juhani. *Eyes of the Skin*. 2005. 46.
29. Lynch, David K., and William Charles Livingston. *Color and Light in Nature*. Cambridge University Press, 2001. 223.
30. Harris, Dianne, and D. Fairchild Ruggles. *Sites Unseen: Landscape and Vision*. University of Pittsburgh Press, 2007. 33-34.
31. Tuan, Yi-Fu. *Humanist Geography*. 2012. 99.
32. Solnit, Rebecca. *A Field Guide to Getting Lost*. New York: Viking, 2005. 30.
33. Ibid.
34. Abram, David. *The Spell of the Sensuous*. 1997. 46-7.

bibliography.

Abram, David. *The Spell of the Sensuous: perception and language in a more-than-human*. New York: Vintage Books, 1997.

Aldred, O. "Time for Fluent Landscapes." In *Conversations With Landscapes*, by K. Bennediktson and K.A. Lund, 59-76. Farnham, Surrey: Ashgate Publishing, 2010.

Bateson, Mary Catherine. *Peripheral Visions*. New York, New York: HarperCollins, 1994.

Benediktsson, K., & Lund, K. A. *Conversations With Landscape*. Farnham: Ashgate Publishing., 2010.

Berleant, Arnold. *Aesthetics and Environment*. Aldershot: Ashgate, 2005.

—. "The Aesthetics of art and nature." In *Landscape, natural beauty and the arts*, by Salim Kemal and Ivan Gaskell, 228-243. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993.

Bloomer, K. C., & Moore, C. W. *Body, Memory, and Architecture*. Yale University, 1977.

Brown, Christopher. "Straight Lines." In *Drawing/Thinking: Confronting an Electronic Age*, by Mark Treib, 142-147. New York: Routledge, 2008.

Buttimer, Anne. "Grasping the Dynamism of Lifeworld." *Association of American Geographers* 66, no. 2 (1976): 277-292.

Casey, Edward S. "Borders and Boundaries." In *Merleau-Ponty and Environmental Philosophy: Dwelling on the Landscapes of Thought*, by Sue L. Cataldi and William S. Hamrick, 67-92. Albany, New York: SUNY, 2007.

—. "How to Get from Space to Place in a Fairly Short Stretch of Time: Phenomenological Prolegomena." In *Senses of Place*, by S. Feld and K. Basso, 13-52. School of American Research Press, 1997.

—. "Edges and the In-Between." *PhaenEx*, 2008: 1-13.

Certeau, Michel de. *The Practice of Everyday Life*. Translated by Steven Rendall. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1988.

Clark, Thomas A. "On Looking At Mountains." Edited by Lesley Punton. *mountains without end (Roombooks)*, 2013: 8-13.

Cosson, Alex F. de, Rita L. Irwin, Sylvia Kind, and Stephanie Springgay. "Walking in Wonder: Encountering the Visual through Living Inquiry." In *The Art of Visual Inquiry*, by G. Knowles, T. Luciani, A. Cole and L. Neilsen, 135-152. Halifax, NS: Backalong Books, 2007.

Cresswell, T. "Place." Elsevier Inc. 2009. <http://booksite.elsevier.com/brochures/hugy/SampleContent/Place.pdf> (accessed 10 18, 2014).

Crowell, Steven. *Normativity and Phenomenology in Husserl and Heidegger*. Cambridge University Press, 2013.

Davis, Bret W. *Martin Heidegger: Key Concepts*. Acumen Publishing, 2010.

Davis, Duane H. "Umwelt and Nature in Merleau-Ponty's Ontology." In *Merleau-Ponty and Environmental Philosophy*, by S. Cataldi and W. Hamrick, 117-132. Albany, New York: SUNY, 2007.

Dewey, John. *Art As Experience*. New York: Penguin Publishing Group, [1934] 2005.

Dillon, Martin C. *Merleau-Ponty's Ontology* 2nd Ed. Evanston: Northwestern University Press, [1988] 1997.

Dussert, Jean-Baptist. "The metaphor of the Horizon." *Proyecto Hermeneutica*. <http://www.proyectohermeneutica.org/pdf/ponencias/dussert%20jean-baptiste.pdf> (accessed 02 11, 2015).

Edensor, T. "Aurora Landscapes: Affective Atmospheres of Light and Dark. ." In *Conversations With Landscapes*, by & K. A. Lund K. Benediktsson, 227-240. Farnham, Surrey: Ashgate Publishing, 2010.

Gendlin, Eugene T. "The primacy of the body, not the primacy of perception." *Man and World* 25 (03 1992): 341-353.

Halprin, Lawrence. *The Sensuous Environment*. In *The Art of Environment*. Unpublished, 1992.

Hammermeister, Kai. *The German Aesthetic Tradition*. Cambridge University Press, 2002.

Harris, Dianne, and D. Fairchild Ruggles. *Sites Unseen: Landscape and Vision*. University of Pittsburgh Press, 2007.

Heidegger, Martin. *Being and Time*. Translated by Joan Stambaugh. Albany: SUNY, 1996.

—. *Discourse on Thinking*. Translated by John M. Anderson & E. Hans Freund. New York: Harper & Row, 1966.

Herrington, Susan. *On Landscapes: Thinking In Action*. New York: Routledge, 2009.

Ingold, Tim. "Epilogue." In *Conversations With Landscapes*, by & K. A. Lund K. Benediktsson, 227-240. Farnham, Surrey: Ashgate Publishing, 2010.

Inwood, Michael. *Heidegger: A Very Short Introduction*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, [1997] 2000.

Johannesdottir, G. "Landscape and Aesthetic Values: Not Only in the Eye of the Beholder." In *Conversations with Landscape*, by & K. A. Lund In K. Benediktsson, 109-123. Farnham, Surrey: Ashgate Publishing, 2010.

Kandinsky, Wassily. *Point and Line to Plane*. New York: Dover Publications, 1979.

Kemal, Sam, and Ivan Gaskell. *Landscape, natural beauty and the arts*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993.

Kirkman, Robert. "A Little Knowledge of Dangerous Things." In *Merleau-Ponty and Environmental Philosophy*, by S. Cataldi and W. Hamrick, 19-36. Albany, New York: SUNY, 2007.

Lang, Berel. *Art & Inquiry*. Detroit, Michigan: Wayne State University Press, 1975.

Lippard, Lucy R. *The Lure of the Local*. New York: New York Press, 1997.

Ljunge, Magnus. "Beyond 'the Phenomenological Walk' Perspectives on the Experience of Images." *Norwegian Archaeological Review*. 09 13, 2013. http://www.academia.edu/4506884/Beyond_the_Phenomenological_Walk_Perspectives_on_the_Experience_of_Images (accessed 06 20, 2014).

Lynch, David K., and William Charles Livingston. *Color and Light in Nature*. Cambridge University Press, 2001.

Madson, John. *Where The Sky Began: Land of the Tallgrass Prairie*. Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1995.

Maleuvre, Dider. *The Horizon: A History of Our Infinite Longing*. LA: University of California Press, 2011.

Malpas, J. E. *Place and Experience*. Cambridge: University Press, 1999.

Merleau-Ponty, M. *Phenomenology of Perception*. Translated by Colin Smith. England: Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd, [1945] 1962.

Morris, Katherine J. *Starting With Merleau-Ponty*. Continuum Books, 2012.

Nash, Rachael, and W.F. Garrett-Petts. "Gestural Immediacy and Walking as Research: The Case for Embodied Visual Inquiry." In *The Art of Visual Inquiry*, by T Luciani, A Cole, L Neilsen and G Knowles, 123-134. Halifax, NS: Backalong Books, 2007.

Olson, Andrea. *BodyStories: A Guide to Experiential Anatomy*. Barrytown, New York: Station Hill Press, 1991.

Overgaard, Soren. *World, Husserl and Heidegger on Being in the World*. Dordrecht: Kluwer Academic Publishers, 2004.

Pallasmaa, Juhani. *The Eyes of the Skin*. John Wiley & Sons Ltd., [1996] 2005.

Rajchman, John. *The Deleuze Connections*. Cambridge, Mass: MIT Press, 2000.

Relph, Edward. "A Pragmatic Sense of Place." *Environmental and Architectural Phenomenology* 20, no. 3 (2009): 24-31.

Riley, Robert B. "The Visible, the Visual, and the Vicarious." In *Understanding Ordinary Landscapes*, by Paul Groth and Todd W. Bressi, 200-210. Yale University, 1997.

Serres, Michel. *The Five Senses*. Translated by P. C. Margaret Sankey. London: Continuum International Publishing Group. , 2008.

Sewall, Laura. *Sight and Sensibility: The Ecopsychology of Perception*. New York: Putnam, 1999.

Smith, David Woodruff. *Husserl and Intentionality*. Dordrecht: D. Reidel Publishing Company, [1982] 1984.

Solnit, Rebecca. *A Field Guide to Getting Lost*. New York: Viking, 2005.

Sparrow, Tom. "Bodies in Transit: The Plastic Subject of Alphonso Lingis." *Janus Head*, 2007: 99-121.

Tanizaki, Jun'ichiro. *In Praise of Shadows*. Sedgwick: Leete's Island Books, 1967.

Tilley, Christopher. *A Phenomenology of Landscape: Places, Paths, and monuments*. Oxford: Berg, 1994.

Treib, Mark. *Drawing/Thinking: Confronting an Electronic Age*. New York: Routledge. 2008.

Tuan, Yi-Fu. "Desert and ice: ambivalent aesthetics." In *Landscape, natural beauty and the arts*, by Salim Kemal and Ivan Gaskell, 139-157. Cambridge: Cambridge University press, 1993.

—. *Humanist Geography*. Staunton, Virginia: George F. Thompson Publishing, 1012.

—. *Space and Place: The perspective of Experience*. Minneapolis, Minnesota: University of Minnesota, 1977.

