

# THE EMERGENCE OF THE BEAUTY OF THE 'CHILDSCAPE': REDISCOVERING THE PATH TO THE HIDDEN DIMENSION OF ARCHI- TECTURE FOR CHIL- DREN

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## Abstract

A Phenomenological writing on the re-discovering the path to the hidden dimension of architecture for children is an attempt to describe the emergence of the beauty of the 'childscape'. We, as adults, often see our child busily talks to the world. Many stories are created along many paths of his life. What we see depends on how often we give ourselves a chance to look and see... to listen and hear. The voices which come from the distant horizon of our child's world are the same voices with which we once spoke. When there is a fusion of the horizons between ourselves and our child, we will see in front of our eyes that the morning has broken at the horizon of the 'childscape' as it did on the first morning of time. The sun has broken the sky, opening the morning glory in celebration of the pleasantness of the earth becoming the golden land of the child in the 'childscape'.

... Seconds, minutes, hours, days, months ... slowly go by ... years pass and time keeps going. New lives come before the eyes of the world. They weave together their intentionallities into making the fabric of their existence. Their faith and wisdom becomes the ground of their world. The enigma of their lives adds to the texture of the lived world whether creatively or destructively. I wonder if in all these men and women there has been planted the seed of love or hate in their childhood or instead the seed of hate.

A man will regard his life meaningful if he can enter the world as a child declare his place and become a part of the world and record his own history. He will remember his life-stories as fulfilled, special and important. He will remember the heroic time with which he can meaningfully identify himself. When he has a chance to write his own history and describe the world in his own voice he will find himself in the place of *san sanook* (much enjoyment). The child eavesdrops on the voice of the earth, and its mysteries fall into his soul. The earth winks and its eyes beckon the child to enter. In answering the call, the child whole-heartedly jumps into the world.

*Quality, light, odor, depth,  
which are there before us,  
are there only because  
they awaken the echo in our  
body and because the  
body welcomes them.*  
(Merleau-Ponty 1964, 164)

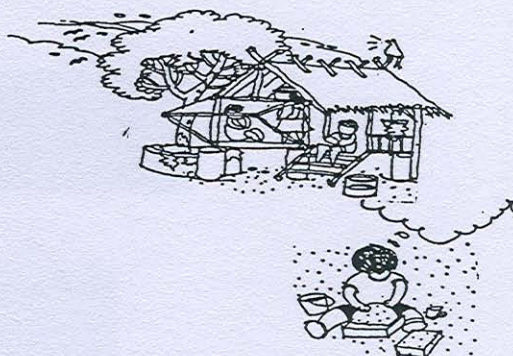
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## In the Past, We Had *San Sanook* Lives

Spreading in front of me, I *see* the ocean. My mind awakes in front of the golden sky. The pleasant breeze from the sky blows into my heart. At that moment, the beauty of the world is unconcealed from its secrecy. The world comes shining under the warm light of the morning sky.

If we had a chance to step back into our childhood time and retraced our steps that once fell into the sand of play of yesterday, we would see ourselves ex-

ploring our lives freely. Life seemed boundless and the stories performed seemed never ended. With our pioneering spirit, we busily jumped into opening the world. We had spent our lives with *san sanook* (much enjoyment) in the welcoming world. There we would always find something new. We collected many stories in 'the cabinet of love' of our past.

The stories that we found as a child were embedded deeply in our life-stories. It is as if we had planted them in our hearts and so in our souls. No scale in the world could weigh the value of the stories except that of a man's heart. There are many small worlds inhabited 'unimportant small people,' however, they are hiding from our sight. In their own worlds the unimportant small people are busy interacting and interlocking their realities. In their worlds, many puzzles drop their hints and wink their eyes to call the small people. Here, they '*sook*' (snuggle) and dream in their hidden corners; but they are '*son*' (rambunctious) as they jump around in the openness of their landscape. Thai people have a word to describe a child as '*sook son*,' meaning naughty. In fact, the child is '*son*' (rambunctious) in his '*san sanook*'





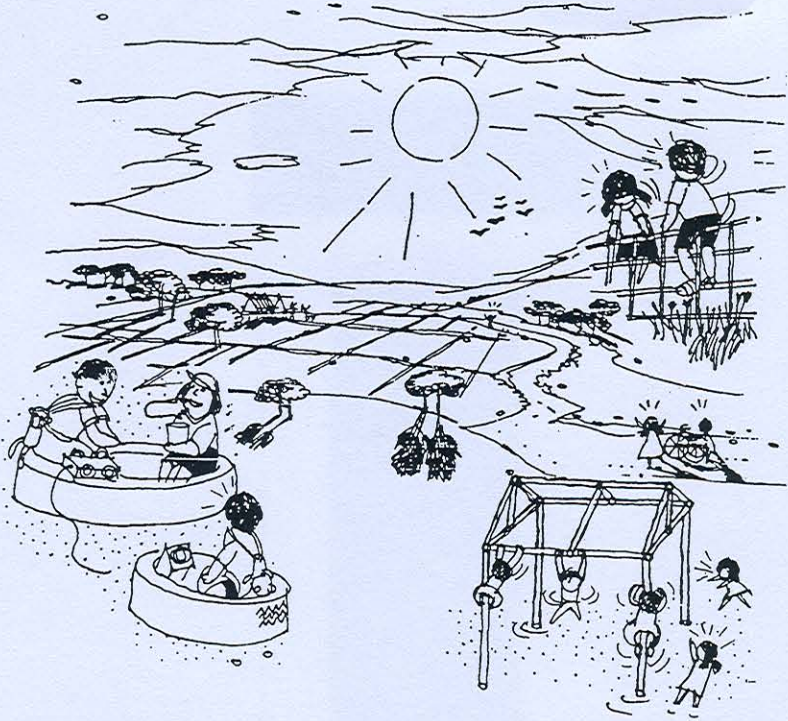
life in order to find meaning in a variety of actions so that he can explore far beyond his threshold. Thereby, the child has expanded the horizon of his 'childscape' farther and further into the depth of the world – into the hidden dimension of the world far beyond the grown-up's reach.

When the child works on history – making of his life in his playing, he is like a scientist performing his experiment. He enjoys taking risks by confronting many perils. He expands his expertise by experiencing the world in many ways. Yesterday, our life was full of '*san sanook*' stories. Today, have we ever given our child any chances to have his '*san sanook*' life?

Beyond activities of sitting, standing, sleeping and running, our child love to

jump, to whirl, to curl, to pull, to push, to open ... or to shout ... as far, as high and as loud as possible if he has a chance to do so. He will exercise his 'lesson' (not 'lessen') to see whether he can do it. He loves and always enjoys trying to learn the lessons of life as his heart prescribes. Pretending games keep coming endlessly. The child loves to take many trips to explore far into his imaginative dreamland. He busily searches for objects, tools, vehicles to be the elements of his fantastic voyage to a far away land. Our task is to rediscover our dreams and our imagination so that we can keep pace with our child in dreaming and imagining the world. The essential value of human dreams and imagination is the transformational character of them into the miracle of the human intelligence.





*Imagination augments the values of reality. ... When the image is new, the world is new... . Consciousness rejuvenates everything, giving a quality of beginning to most everyday actions.*  
(Bachelard 1963, 3. 47 and 67)

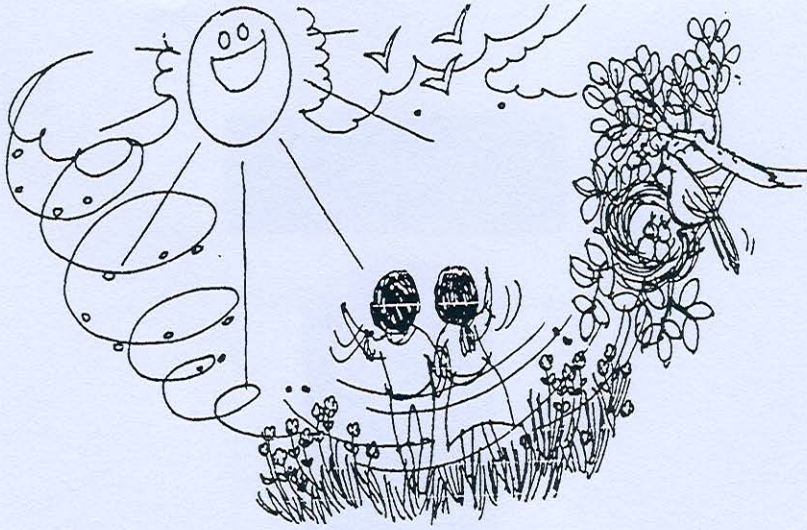
## **Human Values**

Bruno Zevi has mentioned the notion of human values and the loss of them in his book, *The Modern Language of Architecture*. Zevi states that "Adventure, pioneering spirit, and neighborliness (are missing, and) man has lost some essential values in his rise to civilization: the sense of the unity of space and time, the freedom of nomadic life, the joy of animals wandering through unlimited hori-

zons. We can and must recover these values," (Zevi 1981, 61 and 67). Architecture and its space have their meaning embedding in the heart of their inhabitants in terms of their 'supporting,' 'enhancing,' 'lifting,' or 'welcoming' human values or spirits. Thereby, space becomes an essential matter of its inhabitants. The whole existence of architecture must have its vital expression which can awaken the life of its inhabitants physically, psychologically and poetically to work at making useful and meaningful human life.

Human life, in fact, is full of happenings, stories or phenomena revealed to our understanding as time goes by. The values of any architectural space must be elevated in this way to enhance the beautiful growth of human body, mind and soul to be one with the world.





### **Upon Being Touched the World Has Become 'New'**

*Gaston Bachelard* has mentioned the importance of human touches intensively and closely upon the world, 'living with intensity,' as the essential matter to make the world new. He has pictured this idea in his theory of 'wax civilization' upon the light of 'housewifely care'.

*Housewifely care weaves the ties that unite a very ancient past to a new epoch. The housewife awakens furniture that was asleep. ... A house that shines from the care of it appears to have been rebuilt from the inside; it is as though it were new inside. In the intimate harmony of wall and furniture, it may be said that we become conscious of a house that is built by woman. (Bachelard 1969, 68)*

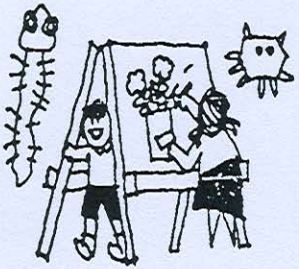
Upon her kind touch, she brings to life things around her. The vital aura of the awakened furniture comes shining miraculously. She sends her love to revive the life of the house; it is as if she is 'the mother' who gives lives to the things around her.

*When she puts a little fragrant wax on her table with the woolen cloth that lends warmth to everything it touches, she creates a new object; she increases the object's human destiny; she registers this object officially as a member of the human house hold. ... Objects that are cherished in this way really are born of the intimate life and they attain a higher degree of reality than indifferent objects, or those that are defined by geometric reality. ... They produce a new reality of being. ... This was creation*



*of an object, a real act of faith, taking place before my enchanted eye. ... What a great life it would be if, every morning, every object in the house could be made anew by our hands, could issue from our hands.*

(Bachelard 1969, 67-69)



Every time we have our hands touching gently and sweetly on the objects around us, it is as if our 'signatures' are engraved in the heart of things; and, these things awaken under the light of human touch. How much have we allowed our child touch upon the world closely and intensively? How often have we made a 'fence' surrounding our child for we simply forget all those miraculous touches upon the world?

### Completing the Incomplete Heart

In the past, many unimportant discarded things could be our 'friends.' In fact, almost everything around us used to be our friends. Mango trees, tamarind trees, coconut trees, banana trees were so special for their fruits were so delicious. The sweetness from '*dok khem*' (needle flowers) is still held in the tongue

of our memory. Red petals of a rose coloured our nails so beautiful while the transformation of banana leaves into so many things was so wonderful. Banana leaves were transformed to be our houses, our birds, our fish, our balls or our watches. We would enjoy using various kinds of leaves around us as we pretended to cook. We found our '*san sanook*' life here.

Our past lives were never empty, never boring and never grew old in this world of incomplete things. Human life is also incomplete, searching for fulfillment in the world. Man opens his incomplete heart to beat in time with the things around him. It is as if he is a 'key' to these things. By opening his heart, man welcomes the world. Since the world is too huge for man to know it completely, man sees it unfinished and inexhaustible. At the moment of being in touch with the world, man and the world become one. When man sees the openness of the world, he will 'read' his life into it. I wonder if we, as adults, have made the world open enough to welcome our child to read his life into it.

In our 'childscape' of the past we needed no fences. But if we happened to have one, we loved to have it open friendly for our turtle, frog and toad friends to come in. We loved to have a jungle growing many weeds where we could play 'Hide and Seek' with our insect friends. We wanted to have a mysterious cave where we could find our wonderful dreams. We loved to have a large sand lot where we could run as fast as possible to push our lives to their full expression. We loved to have a muddy pond where we could sculpt our



bodies as dark as possible and feel the sensation when the mud dried on our skin. It was very special when we could find water in our play. Water with sand and water with earth became very important elements for us to sculpt our souls. We could open the world and find that it was a book without bounds.

### Our Loss of the 'Childscape'

Today, where are the 'san sanook' worlds we used to have? Many of us fall into the monotonous trap of daily work; we sit down and make as few moves as possible. 'Walking the world' has gradually become a past life of our feet. Most of the time we travel by car. We use an elevator which scales down the larger world. These devices save our time only for us to find that we have no time left. The wide world has become narrow. The tall world collapsed. Many of us live our lives one dimensionally even though we live in a skyscraper. Much of the time, we live in a virtual world called a 'cyber space'. We gradually lose the values of human touch, love and caring.

Today, we forget to let our bare feet walk the world. We turn off 'the switch' to close the world down. The glorious feeling of our touching upon the world is now gone and I wonder if it has become a past life of our body, our hands and our feet. Almost all the floors and walls we have given to our child are now made of concrete, hard and deathly cold, instead of being soft like a grassy lawn. The world we give to our child is now made of hard and finished elements. Today, many of us are illiterate to the 'language' of the world. We gradually

lose our abilities to 'read' the world or 'see' its wonder. *We are the deaf and the blind while our ears and eyes are opened.* We ignorantly make a 'fence' surrounding our child and imprison him in a one-dimensional world, ironically made 'specially' for him.

### *Mon Son Pha*

*Mon son pha, took-kradta  
yoo khang lung.  
Kri nung mai rawang, chan  
ja ti tood thur.*

A *mon* is hiding a cloth doll behind his back. Be careful, the one who is not aware, will be beaten on the bottom by the *mon*.

One of the old Thai plays that is still very popular among Thai children is 'mon son pha.' It is a group play that demands a place big enough – like a grassy lawn where every body can sit down and form a circle facing inwardly. Only a handkerchief or a piece of cloth is needed. The game starts when one is picked up to be a *mon*. The *mon* holding the handkerchief will walk behind the circle while the rest repeat the above saying. The *mon* has to try to drop the handkerchief behind the back of someone secretly enough so that the one who is the 'target' will not know. The rule is, after the dropping the handkerchief, the *mon* has to walk the other round while pretending that he still has the handkerchief. Approaching the target again, the *mon* is now ready to use the handkerchief to beat the bottom of his target to make the target as a next *mon*.

*Mon son pha* is a fictitious socially in-



clusive world in which all the players have to share in its creation. The roles may shift at any moment in the transformational nature of this play. It is fun to be a *mon* as well as not to. It is fun when the *mon* challenges the rest and the game moves forward with waiting, excitement and fun. Every player of this game has to be active participant. Even the one who sits has to be wide awoken, for at any moment, he has a full chance to take the *mon* role. Time spent here is clearly meant to be a part of the network of intentionalities held by every one. Time becomes an experience for everybody. This kind of time becomes very strongly memorable and the place created which is '*san sanook*' becomes the place we greatly love.

The lived world of *mon son pha* reflects what Clifford Geertz says in his book, *The Interpretation of Culture* (1973), "small facts speak for larger issues." I wish to see the world we give our child be like the world of *mon son pha*. It is a socially inclusive world that its members are allowed to act within. It can tremble friendly in the heart of its participants at the right moment to awaken them to do their work. It is where everybody is allowed to be present to capture the excitement and the fun flow of the time they all help create. To create a world like this is to create a work of art in Bachelard's sense when he says "Art is an increase of life a sort of completion and surprises that stimulates our consciousness and keeps it from being somnolent," (Bachelard 1969. xxix).

Whoever created *mon son pha* understood a child very well. *Mon son pha*

has been a gift of life from yesterday. I wonder if the world today can be called the gift of life. What kind of program and space have been prepared to challenge the child to move his foot-steps busily in his lived time and lived world? Here, the child, who freely participates in his socially inclusive world like the world of *mon son pha*, will find his heart in harmony with that of his friends as well as with that of the world around him.

### Opening the 'Childscape'

As we come into the world, we live our life as if we were taking a voyage in time. We have disclosed many secrets, mysteries and puzzles of the world. We have busily searched for windows and doors to many wonderful worlds where we can find our lives full of nice surprises. If all of the time we open windows or doors and we always find the same things, what will become of us? Will our minds be frozen and die? The world we have made is almost complete. We see it all at once, and it comes to the end of its life-story even when its time has just begun. It does not have any surprises, mysteries or puzzles left for us to gaze upon. All that is left is the danger of the indifferences – spreading their deceptive glamour as a face of sameness. Where has all the beautiful, wonderful and unique world gone? The whole world gradually begins to write the same story in the name of globalization.

In the pond, the lotus blossom blooms to greet the sky. The reflection of the sun, the rainbow, the moon and the stars in the pond's surface is the reflection of



the beauty of heaven bestowed upon the earth and into the heart of man. If only he has eyes to see its glory. I contemplate that the place for a child, the 'childscape', is like a large pond where he can find the essential values of his life. Here the child can find many lives, many things and many stories. Some shows their faces in the open while others hide in their mysteries waiting to be revealed. For some mysteries the child needs little time to get to know, while for others he has to try tediously. In the mystery the child can fill his body with intensity and mentally swim in the pond of his dream. My dream is for any 'childscape' to have a mysterious pond, not too deep, not too shallow, but just deep enough for the child to be able to answer the friendly challenges of it and never become bored.

### **The First Morning Has Broken at the Horizon of the 'Childscape'**

*The sun has broken the sky,  
opening the morning glory  
in celebration of the pleasant  
ness of the earth becoming  
the golden land of life.*

The old pendulum clock on the wall beat four times. ... The birds sent their early morning greeting to the air of my house. The house was coloured by a very pleasant air. I got out off my mosquito net. My 'mother' was already up and busy in the kitchen preparing fresh food for the monks. Penetrating the air was the crowing of the fowl. The sky broke at its morning horizon. Standing on the *chan*, the verandah of my house, I could see smoke rising from the many houses





near by. ... These were the signals of 'the morning era' they told that world was awakening.

While sweet morning breezes went passing by, the smoke of many kitchens in the *muubaan* (village) penetrated the morning air. The world slowly shown under the light of the morning glory. I could see the lines on the palm of my hand become clearer as the time of the monks' alms gathering arrived. The sky broke and presented the 'new sun' at the far horizon. There, at the end of the path, the monks appeared in their saphron robes, shining brightly under the sacred light of the morning sky. The monks moved very slowly and kept their eyes calmly on the path only three steps ahead. Every step they took was lit by light of human kindness. When we gave food to them, it was as though we gave our greediness away. Through the act of giving our world became the humane.

Much time has past since I first wrote these words. Today, I rarely find the opportunity to start a new day in that way. This is why the new day does not seem so 'new' as it once did. Today the day breaks when I start my car and prepare myself as though I will enter a serious war on the streets of Bangkok. In this city, the sun rarely breaks the horizon of its gray sky. The sky is overwhelmed by the ugliness of polluted air and its grayness is the background of almost any view of the city. Our city drowns in the polluted air. The sun, if it is still there, rarely opens its glory upon the earth. We almost have lost 'the golden land of life.' I wonder whether there is anybody who will help the city and return 'the golden era' back to the

land for our children. If we are not the ones who is going to accomplish this task?

### **A Paradise on Earth**

... I felt the sweet fragrance of flowers, welcoming my nose when I approached the flower garden. All the beautiful flowers came to my awareness; at the same time, the air was overwhelmed by the sweet fragrance of the flowers. The atmosphere was coloured phenomenally, shining brightly into my heart and penetrating deeply into my soul. It was like the heavenly garden transforming its reality onto the earth. Imagine, the entire world coloured with flower gardens. The landscape would be very rich with a variety of flowers opening their sweet colours and, the whole landscape would be so colourful. When the flowers blossom they would also blossom in my heart. The beauty in the mirror showing the colour of every flower and the sweet fragrance of them decorate the heavenly garden on earth. ...

Today, flower gardens have disappeared from many places in our lives. The fragrance in the air is now imported and almost every odor is industrialized. Wherever we are in the world we can have the 'same' smell. The flowery smells are 'eternal' for they are made of plastic solutions but will never have a chance to blossom in anybody's heart.

### **The Arboretum of Life: Sharing the World With Our Animal Friends**

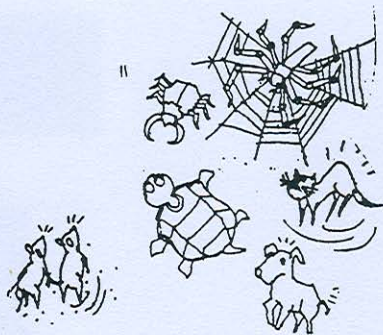
... I saw a couple of small birds, dressed in their dark tuxedos, busily building a



nest on a twig of a *mook* tree near the 'wood path' of my garden. The mother bird had laid two little eggs. I secretly observed them and one day, the two little birds were born beautifully into the world. It had rained heavily many times as the mother and father took turns holding the little birds under their wings. They carried their little beloved ones through many of these storms in life. After the rain, the two little birds moved their wings happily.

When I walked into the garden near the bird's nest, the father and mother birds would come and try to frighten me by swooping down, almost touching my back so many times. I looked at them and said loudly, "You come and live here in my place, why do you swoop down on me, little birds?" But while saying so, I was awakened by my own awareness. I then asked myself, "Is this place really 'really' mine?" Isn't it I who declare my ownership upon the land which belonged to many animals for so many generations before. When we, human beings, settle in the land, we 'bulldoze' the world, and made it ours alone.

I contemplated this memory and have come to my own understanding of the meaning of 'ownership'. I have come to realize that I am not the only one who owns the land. This land, in fact, should be shared and I decide to return it back to the world – to my animal friends. Since then, the land becomes 'the arboretum of life'. A lotus pond is here for



my fish friends. A 'Jurassic park' is for my small dinosaur friends; an Amazon-like jungle is for many others. And, I am here to take care of all of them.

I wonder if we can make a place for our child like the arboretum of life so that the child can share his life with those of his animal friends. The pictures of happiness and kindness will come shining on earth in this kind of place. I see the place here so special for the child as a 'kind garden.' Yesterday, we realized the essential value of the 'kindness' born in the young heart. We have to understand this fact before we forget and devalue it by depriving the 'childscape' of the arboretum of life. Taking care of animal friends is one of the first practices through which man can maintain his kindness in the process of becoming humane. The essential value of kindness in the heart of man is the foundation for the peaceful world we all need. Man has to maintain the kindness of his young heart, the genuine one, to make his world the kind humane one.





### **The World Beckons for Care**

In the arboretum of life, the complexity of the mutual sharing the world of various kinds of lives has attained its value. The face of everyone here blossoms his 'vital aura' to the eye of the world. Many flowers take their turns of blossoming. Many fruit trees take their turn giving fruit. Hereby, the world is awakened to 'talk' to us all year long. Here we can have a calendar of the earth ... of the cosmos ... moving its cycle endlessly in the faces of lives full of colour, fragrance and texture.

I am so happy when I find myself in my 'arboretum' since I have returned it to the world. I have found my lived world. Now the whole world has become my real home where every morning has broken like 'the first morning of time' and my life has always found something 'new'. The whole world beckons me to go in and to care for it.

### **The Emergence of Jewel of the Earth:**

**The Transformation of a Common World Into Being a Heaven on Earth**

Sparkling here on the blades of grass and glittering like the diamonds of necklaces are millions of the dew drops on the web of a spider, spun in a corner of the garden. They are like the jewels of the earth appearing from their hiding place somewhere in the air. They are born from earth and sky in the middle of the night and come to the eye of the world in the early morning time. They have reached the fullness of their form as they glimmer brightly when the glory of the morning sun touches them. The millions of dew drops sparkle brilliantly as if they were millions of bright stars twinkling in the sky and now have come to the earth of man. The place here on earth, now, has transformed into being a new place. It is as if the heaven is now falling down on earth, and on the heart of man stunned by the shining of their beauty. The heavenly of the jewel of the earth, in fact, hides its origin in the secret corner of the world and waits for its opportunity and the right time and composition to be born. We have to prepare our place correctly to be the ground for this phenomenon.

### **The Gardening of Life**

Seen from far away, the ground lies si-



lently as though sleeping calmly. By going into the land, the earth has reborn around my body. The soil looks so fresh. Some 'dirt' is held under my feet. As the dirt goes deeper under my feet, it is like there is an invisible hand pulling and silently begging me not to leave. ... "Please don't go." The call of the earth trembles my heart. The voice of its form, colour, fragrance, taste and touch along with the voices of my animal friends reappear from their secret place. Those voices suddenly burst from the silence to transform the world into the new one. The sonority of the quietness goes deeper and deeper to 'the ears of my soul' as I go deeper and deeper in my gardening attentively devoted to bringing the richness back to the earth.

Here, many life stories have been born ... have been waiting here to be born. Many lives have planted their seeds of pleasantness and have waited for the moment to open their little leaves to the eye of the world. Our task is to prepare the fertility of the land but the task of growing is for each life alone. In the garden of life, there is never boredom. We can 'read' the ceaseless stories of life out of here. And, when we must go far away, we feel 'homesick.'

### **Chan Reuan Bringing Sky Onto Earth:**

#### **A Book Without Bounds**

*I watch the night sky calling  
my dream to awake.*

*I see the moon brighten the  
sky gloriously.*

*I hear the voice of the sky and  
earth.*

*And now, I find my dream.*

At night, *chan reuan*, the verandah of my house transforms itself, becoming a bridge which lets the sky come onto my private porch. The longer I stay here, the friendlier the sky becomes. The sky comes with many stories told from generation to generation in many corners of the world. They are stories from far away lands reached only through dreams and fantasies. Here, we can exercise the power of our mind to broaden its horizon, wandering farther into the unlimited horizon of human 'wonder' to accentuate the power of its potential.

Today, many of us forget to include the *chan* in our homes. The disappearance of the *chan* is concurrent with the disappearance of many of the stories in the sky. These stories seem to have fled to a distant horizon. Many stories of human kindness, friendship and neighborliness also disappear. I wonder if we have lost our ears to hear the poetry of the sky and the earth. The heart of man rarely has a chance to be trembled and the soul has also gone solemnly to sleep.

In the past, the Thai house, *reuan thai*, was always built with a *chan* so the house was commonly referred to as '*reuan chan*'. "If anybody comes to visit our *reuan chan*, we have to welcome him," is an old Thai saying. The saying reflects 'the kindness' of the Thai heart, and this kindness shines upon the making of the *reuan thai* by including the *chan*. *Chan*, the verandah, in fact, is the place for our human values to be born. It is the place to be alone and enjoy wondering freely in our dreams of the earth, the sky and the unlimited horizons of space and time. It is the place for us to be with others working on our



kindness and brotherliness in making our world humane.

In the past, night jasmines always emitted their fragrance which flowed through the air of my nights. Where are the jasmines tonight? Who pulled them up? I wish my night could be filled with their sweet fragrance again and awaken me to listen to the voices of the earth and the sky. When the moonlight showers the night horizon with its glorious bliss, the night horizon will be transformed into a dream world full of the poetry of the earth and the sky. And all this has happened here on the *chan* of *reuan*. Giving *chan* to *reuan*, we will see the world becoming new and fresh. Standing here on the *chan*, gazing up we speak to the sky; looking down we talk to the earth. Staring into the mirror of the pond we see the reflection of the heavens. The moon and the stars come shining both from the sky and from the surface of earth. The reverberation between the reality and the virtual reality of the moon and the stars echoes stereo-like to the ears of our soul. Little lightning bugs fly over the water and shine their light onto the mirror of the pond. Two become four, three become six ... multiplying in our imagination, and *now we rediscover the path back to the hidden dimension of the world and the sky, crossing the bridge to the poetic dimension of the world and the cosmos.*

Standing on the *chan*, we can scoop up all the twinkling stars to bloom in our heart. Here, the heart of mankind will be softened and its soul will be lifted. *Chan* is the place for us to plant the seed of our dream. It is where we are able to see into the depth of the world and the sky, hereby, we find our own soul.

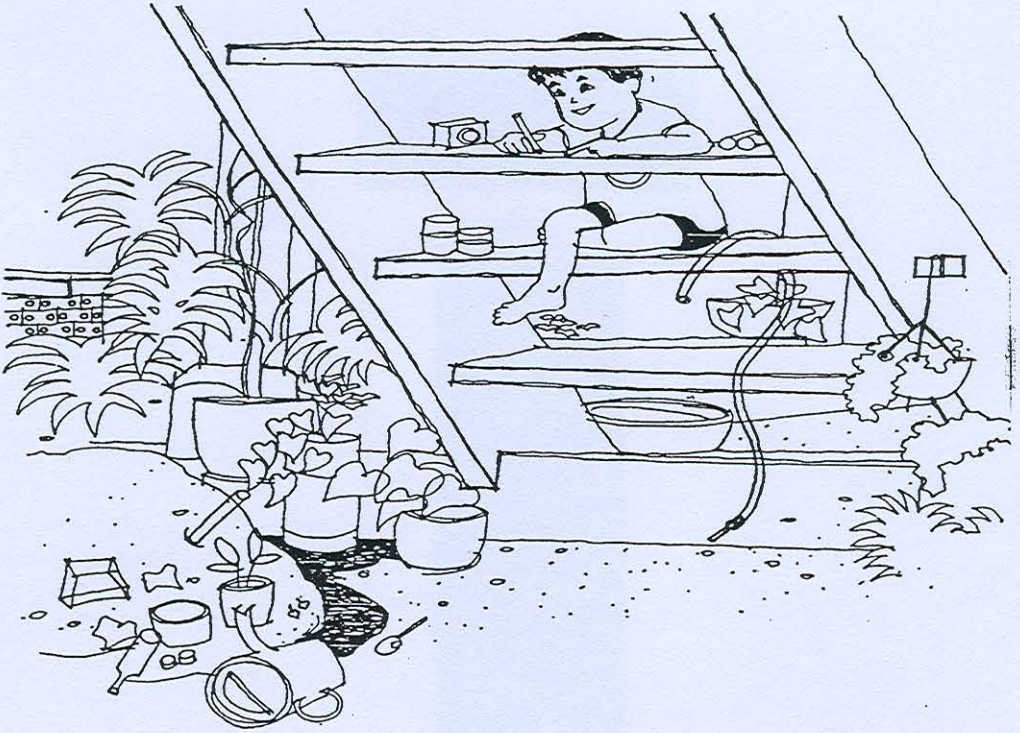
### **Don't Let Our Overprotectiveness Put an End to the 'Childscape'**

When we think of making a zoo, we should understand the life of all the animals we are going to have. We have to know what kind of environment they enjoy. In fact, it should be a place like the land of their mothers. We have to know how they play and what they love. Some of them love a jungle, some love a large pond, others a large blue sky, so we give them trees or water or sky. In the past, we put the animals in cages, but today, improved zoos let them roam free in the 'animalscape'. The age of being caged or imprisoned has almost gone from the world of our animal friends.

I wonder if our children live in the zoos of the past which we ignorantly call 'a safe world'. We put our children in boxes like cages with very high windows looking up to the glaring unfriendly sky. Is our child the prisoner of any bad crime who has to be caged in a dead cell? Do I speak far from the truth? The belief may be 'yes' if the answer is not that of the child.

I am asking for us all to not let our overprotectiveness put an end to the 'childscape' ... not to push 'the escape key' to the screen of the world. Please give the child some flowers. If we still love to have a flower garden, an arbo-retum of life, a beautiful pond and the pleasant sky, please do not forget to give the child the same. But if you do not *who still knows how to love do the task and help make the 'childscape' at least as good as the places we have for our animal friends.* want all of this, *please let someone else.*





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