

# **Etude One: Stranger things**

Zahra Ahmadi

<https://github.com/A-Zahra/Cart-360/tree/master/Etudes>

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## **Object One: Light Bulb**

After reading the etude one brief, the first meaningful object that came to my mind was the light bulb I got from my cousin as a gift when I was in Iran. She had emptied the bulb inside components and filled it with pink Damask rose flower buds. Although the flower buds have almost lost their color, they still smell so good and remind me of her. When I look at the flower buds, I like to think that each of these flowers are one of the common memories we built together. Throughout my whole childhood, she was almost the only same edge cousin that my twin sister and I had to spend our time with, to play with and to enjoy her company. We used to go to my grandma's home and do all the playful deeds that our parents did not allow us in our own homes.

Moreover, looking at the light bulb reminds me how important it has always been to me to protect and keep all those memorable moments somewhere safe in my mind and heart. A protection that I made through having constant and intimate relation with her. Also, thinking of the bulb fragility, makes me realize how fragile the relationship protection I have made can be. Moving to a new country and probably living the rest of my life there, can readily threaten the solidity of this relationship and thereby, hurt my precious memories of her. All the different activities and events that I could experience with her are narrowed to the limited activities that can be done in the online and digital world. Every few months, we may get a chance to meet each other online and have a short discussion about the most recent activities we have had.

Moreover, when I look at this light bulb from another perspective, I see there is a hidden meaning in the heart of this creation. She could simply choose a jar to put all those flowers

in, rather than placing them inside a lamp. she might want to indirectly ask me to keep her memory always bright and bold in my mind, although she might not have had the same interpretation of the flowers in the light bulb as I have. More than 4 years have passed since I received this gift from her, and I have still been able to keep it sound. I could not only keep her gift properly over the years I have not seen her, I have also been able to keep her memories in my mind alive through having online contact with her. This is something that makes me feel I have been able to successfully meet her request.



This lamp has an aluminum head and its bulb is glass. All the flower buds are Damask rose buds. When I hold the bottom of its spherical shape between my hands, I like to imagine that I have embraced her.

## **Object two: My watch**

One of the things that has always been important to me and has never been out of the list of the most useful objects in my life has been my watch. Ever since I can remember, my watch has come to my aid most of the time. For instance, when I had exams that mattered to me, I used to do my best to not forget to take my watch to the exam session. It helped me to manage my time properly so that I would not come up with lack of time and lose the chance to answer all of the exam questions.

However, there was also moments in my life that Looking at my watch hands which were getting closer and closer to a certain time would multiply my anxiety. Sitting in a room and waiting to be called as the next person who is going to be interviewed for a job position can be an example of those moments that I wanted to throw my watch away and stop counting the seconds.

Since my childhood, I have had several digital and non-digital watches that each of them got lost, broken, or disappeared in some way. Basically, I was not very good at keeping my wristwatch for long years, although I totally remember that it was not intentional. There was a time that I was playing volleyball with my friends at high school and suddenly the ball hit exactly on my watch lock, the watch hit the ground and broke. Or there was another time that I forgot to bring my watch out of my pants pocket and thereby, it was washed in our washing machine. It was a digital watch and after that accident, it did not work anymore.

All of these sad happenings happened for my watches till my parents bought my last watch as my birthday gift. I remember we went to the watch store together. I was looking

at the watches behind the showcase window that this watch caught my attention. I noticed how beautiful its shiny, bright silver screen is, how delicate all the watch components are, from its hour mark to its hands. Moreover, I loved the flexibility, softness, and firmness of the watch strap even though it was made of small pieces.

On the one hand this watch is so invaluable and dear to me since it is a gift from my parents. It is something that I want to keep it sound as long as possible and once it gets old enough will go to my memory box. On the other hand, the watch appearance gives me the feeling that I have passed my childhood era and now I am a grown-up girl.



Romanson Swiss made watch. It has stainless steel band. Display screen is glass. It has three hands. the band structure is like a chain. The watch face is not numbered which I think helps the watch looks more delicate and elegant. I like the fact that how using silver color for the watch components has helped to the uniformity and integrity of the watch appearance. Also, using chain structure for the watch band has added to its softness and delicacy.

### **Object three: Diary**

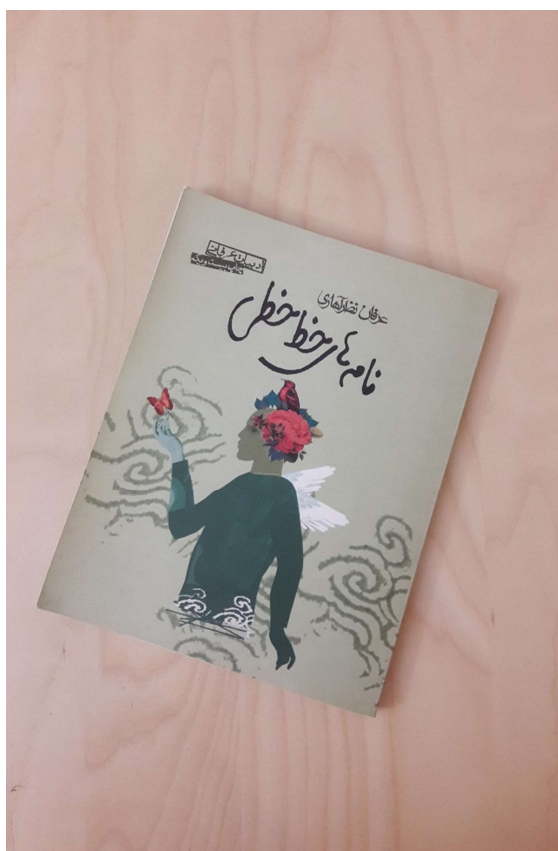
The first time that I wrote a memory in my diary I was around thirteen or fourteen years old. I remember that I did not used to write everyday happenings like other people. I only wrote about those memories that mattered to me, things that have happened for the first time, dreams that unexpectedly have come true or sad happenings that had broken my heart. I used to write the day, the date, the country and where I was sitting to write a memory. At those days, I had a hidden and vague feeling that one day I might live in some other country!

Moreover, I had another diary that I used to give to my loved ones to write for me in it. I remember that asking our primary school teachers to write for us was one of the most favorite activities among girls when I was around eight to eleven years old. I think one of the main reasons that I liked to ask my teachers to write for me was that it was the only way I could keep my connection with them even after my school time. The other reason was, I always liked to know what my teachers think about me, how they feel about me, do they like me enough to encourage them to write beautiful wishes for me?

Something interesting about diaries is that unlike their simple appearance, they have some unique properties. When I look at the handwriting of the people who wrote in my diary book, I realize that their personality has got reflected in their handwriting. I had teachers that they had discipline and were most of the time serious and this is completely visible in their handwriting. Or I had a literature teacher that had a beautiful voice, kind heart and was always nice to her students, her personality was visible in her handwriting as well.

My friends were the second group that I used to ask them to write for me. The lovely thing about their writings is that their emotions towards me are totally visible in the colors they have used to write, in the sentences they have chosen to reminisce all the common memories we built together, and all the nice wishes they wrote as their ending paragraph. Some of them used to put flower petals between the pages or stick their favorite stickers to the top or bottom of their page.

However, there is a third group that my diary is missing. As much as I remember, I never asked my family members or my grandparents to write for me. Maybe because I have always been shied to ask them or having the sense that they are going to be with me forever never let me think that my diary lacks their writings.



This is my personal dairy. Its base color is light green with an angel surrounded with clouds on its cover. Since this diary has been produced by an author, on all of the right pages there is either a script or a poem written by the author. Whenever I open the diary and go through the pages I get lost between my sad and happy memories of the past. \

## **Interactive Artifact**

The object I got inspired by to create an interactive art piece based on is my diary. If we consider the diary as a creature, what is written inside it – regardless of the fact that whether the person herself/himself has written them or some other people have written for her/ him— would be the creature's soul and the notebook would be its body. The soul of this creature is what I want to maintain and place it at the core of my ideation to create an interactive artifact.

When I was thinking about what the main characteristics are of a diary, I came up with two. A diary keeps memories of people that we asked them to write for us, and thereby when we miss them, reading their writing is what brings a smile into our face. Thus, it is a collection of all good common memories we have from our loved ones. The other aspect of a diary is that it is like a history book. As we get older, many of our childhood and adulthood memories are forgotten and a diary is that precious piece which keeps all those unique and invaluable memories at its heart. I also noticed that alongside all of its lovely features, the diary is missing something: it provokes emotional thoughts and imaginations in your mind, but does it bring any physical quality of those loved ones to you? Something



that when you sense it, you would be able to see a certain person through it. This is exactly where I decided to come up with some new ideas for the body of this creature.

My interactive object is a glass ball or globe that has a recorder at its heart and a screen at its bottom. In addition, there is a lamp and a heating system made of sensors that are inside the glass ball. To collect memories of loved ones or your own memories you have to keep the globe between your hands and go through the following steps:

1. Turn the ball on
2. Choose who you are from the menu (The owner/ A loved one)

If you are the owner:

Select owner option. Enter password. Go to the name list. Select a certain person. Press play button.

If you are a loved one:

Select you are a loved one. Select to record your voice. After recording confirm whether this is your favorite recording, or you want to record again. If it is the right one, go to the next step by pressing the ok button. Then, select your favorite color from the list. Finally, select your favorite temperature. Once you pass the three steps, choose to save your memory.

This new form of diary brings several new advantages with itself. First, you hear a memory of a loved one with her/his own voice. You can hear and feel all the emotional stages they

have gone through while they were recording their voice for you. Second, looking at the light with the favorite color of the person you have chosen to hear their voice, will give color to the world of your imagination. Third, if you keep the glass ball between your two hands, press the play button and the ball starts generating the temperature that has been set by the owner of that voice, it makes you feel the person is present there and you actually have their hands in yours. This is exactly the physical experience that the previous version of the diary is missing. Moreover, by using an external memory card you can collect tens of memories of the people that you would love throughout your whole life. Finally, by having a password on your recordings you can make sure no one can access your memories, unless they have the required permission.

## **Features**

A blurred glass ball or a globe

Temperature Sensors

Sound Recorder

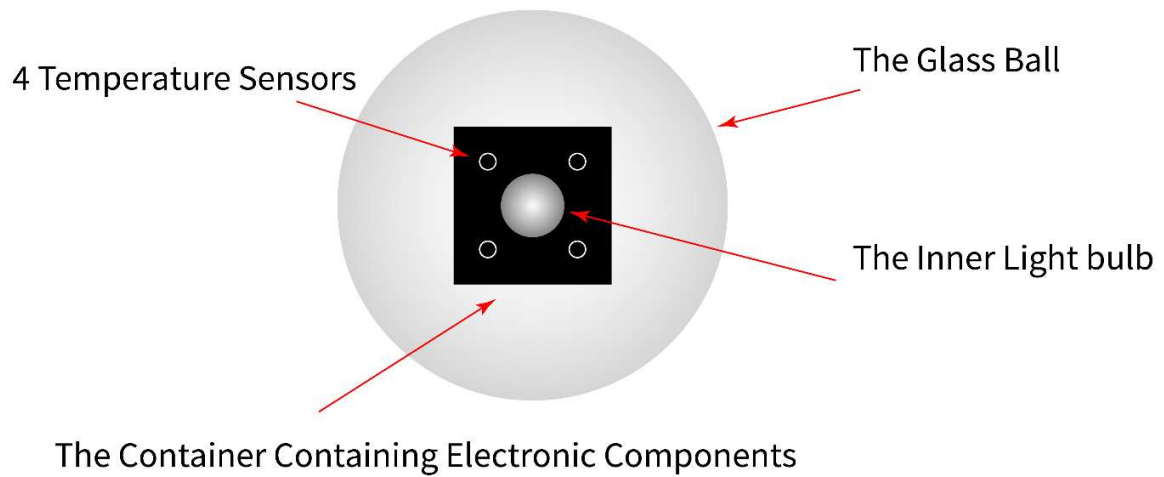
Turn on, turn off, next and previous, okay buttons

A lamp, a battery, and an external memory card

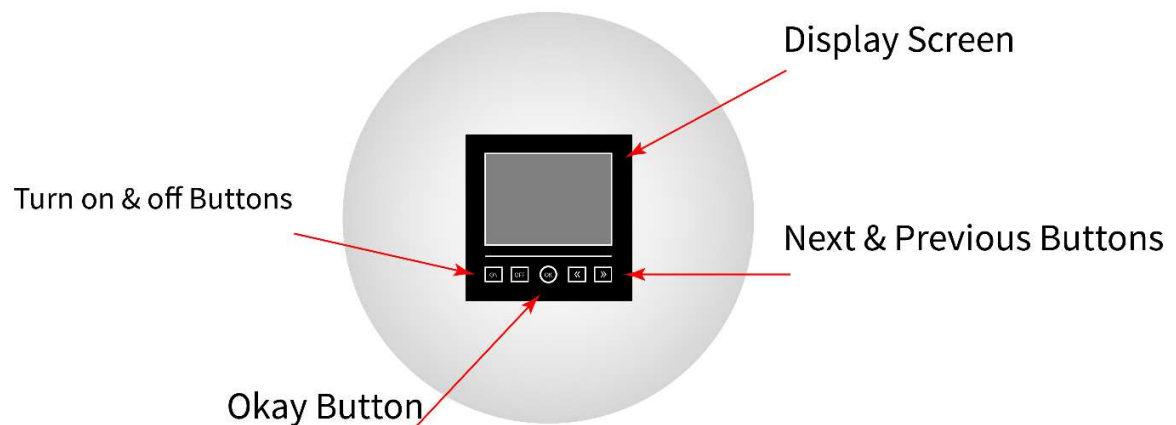
A small screen at the bottom of the ball to go through the menu options

## Story Board

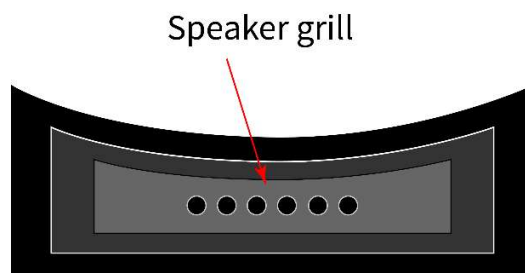
### Glass Ball Top View - Inside the Ball



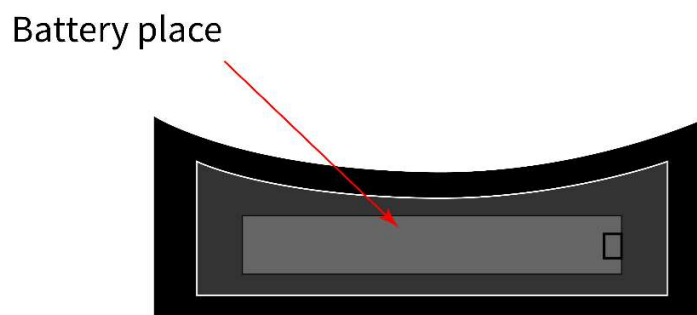
### Glass Ball Bottom View - Outside the Ball



## Speakers on The Left and Right Sides



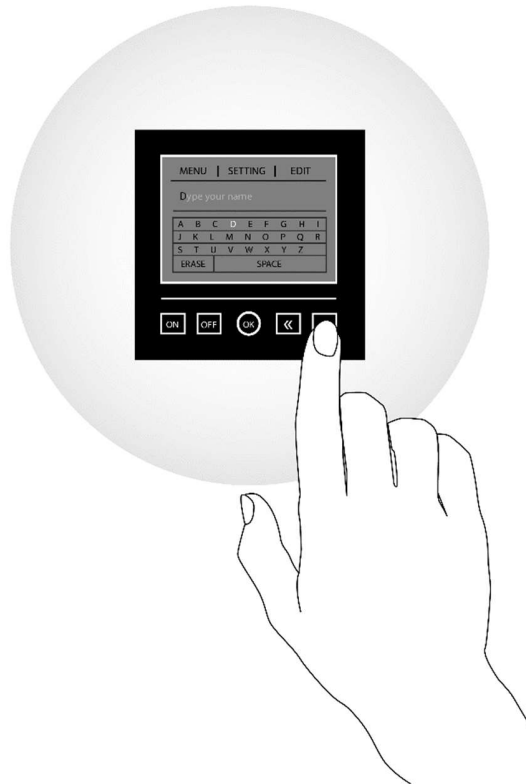
## Battery Side



Four watch battery with the required size would be placed inside the box to provide required electricity

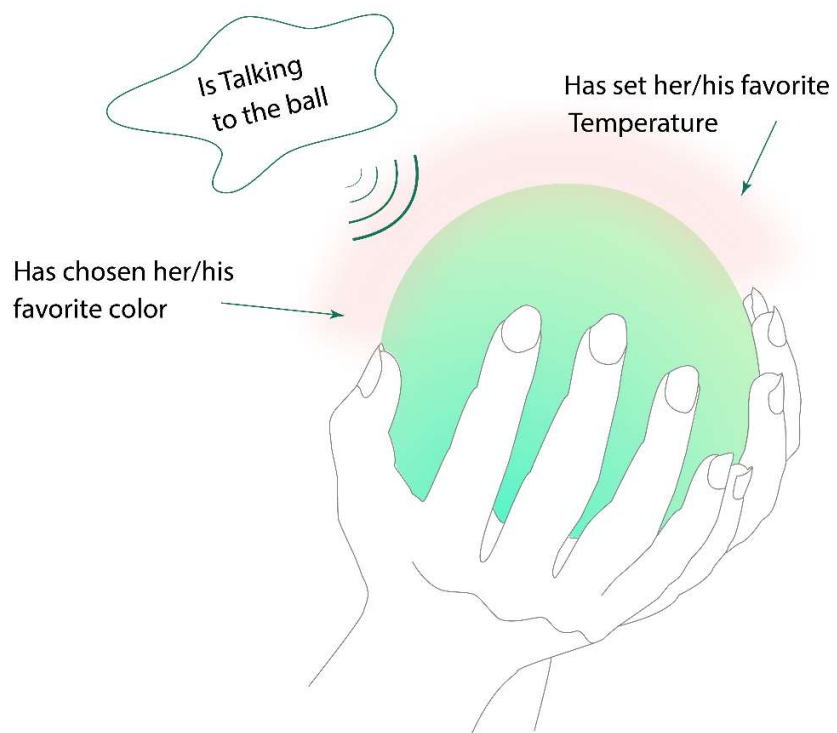
## Step 1

Loved one is going through the steps to record her/his voice



## Step 2

Is recording her/his voice



## Step 1

Choosing Zahra's memory to be played



## Step 2

Is listening to the memory

