

Dichotomous coastline

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Dichotomous coastline

Or my journey through the Øygarden islands

This book relates my personal experience of the Øygarden landscape. In these few pages, I will try to give an overview of the feelings and emotions I encountered during these excursions.

Whether on foot or by bike, alone or accompanied, in the pouring rain or in the sunshine, each of these immersions has guided my work throughout this semester of my diploma. From an uncertain beginning to a more confident end.

The texts were written as soon as I got back, still on the spot. They have not been edited afterwards in order to preserve the purity and naivety of each of my adventures and discoveries.

The images are here to illustrate some of what I have written, but also to give a tone and context to each of these journeys. Videos and sound recordings were also made during these excursions.

This document is thus part of a collection of different media and sensitive elements gathered during the trips.

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At the mercy of the wind, buried in the clouds

Trip n. 1

From Kollsnes to Herdlevær via Skogsøytua

Date : 09/02/23

Forecast : Fine rain, gust of wind

Transportation : Foot

Km travelled : 13 km

Force of the wind : 32 m/s

Direction of the wind : Est

Temperature : 5 C°

Waves : Rough sea

Duration : 8 hours

The day before, I feel stressed to go to Øygarden, it is my first «official» study trip. I absolutely wanted to go there, I had been working every day for more than a month to learn more about this vast space. But I still don't have a clear idea of what I want to do there, what I'm looking for. I don't know exactly why I'm going there, but I want to go there for sure, I want to see, to experience. For this first journey I'm going to the area around Kollsnes, it's a place that intrigues me since the beginning of my researches, it's where 40% of all Norwegian gas export to Europe by pipes goes, it seems unbelievable. I am aware that this is a very securised place, but I hope to see some of the infrastructure through the fence. So I leave the next morning, the bus to get there from Bergen is to my surprisingly full, in the first one from Bergen to Ågotnes Terminal, I am mostly surrounded by active people, in office or construction clothes. The second bus is mostly used by children and high school students on their way to school. The deeper we go into the islands, the more the bus empties. We are only 2 when I get out at my stop, Ovågen.

I am dropped off at the side of this wide and busy road. There is not really space for pedestrians, I leave quickly in direction of the Kollsnes processing plant.

I pass a few houses and soon find myself on a hilly road, surrounded by not much. The clouds are low, the sky is immaculate of this light grey, the visibility is rather bad. I have to walk 2km on this road, it was designed to access the centre of Kolsness, there are no buildings on it, I will only see some cars. I see in the distance some buildings which take shape in the horizon, some kind of long hangars. Some poles, lampposts and what looks like antennas are visible on the horizon but nothing more exciting than that. I pass a flock of sheep in a meadow just before I turn left onto the main road into the centre. I am greeted by a large sign «Kollsnes prosessanlegg». The second one is, as I expected, much less welcoming, I don't understand Norwegian but the big forbidden sign in the middle is quite explicit. Anyway the road is quickly blocked by a big gate, and a barrier with a security guard who lets the cars pass drop by drop. To my right is a large, fairly full car park, and a building that looks like a reception facility. I don't dare to go there and decide to

turn around and continue on my way. I am a bit disappointed, the site is hidden by a hill and large buildings and the clouds do not allow to see far enough to distinguish any of these infrastructures. They will keep this mystical character of the site until the next time.

The second stage of my trip is a hike along the coast, facing the ocean, which allows access to a bird watching cabin, and also hopefully to a bird's eye view of the docks and infrastructure of Kollsnes. But given the weather and my initial disappointment my expectations are lower. After passing a stone bridge, and a few houses and farms, I leave the tarmac road for the muddy and watery paths of the walk, with only a signpost indicating the start of the walk, and the gate guarding the sheep.

As I go further along the path, the rain starts to fall and the wind gets stronger. I alternate between crossing small woods, rocky plateaus and very marshy areas. Despite all the planks installed along the winding path, I walk with my feet in the water, even my waterproof shoes will soon not make them work. I have to walk 2.5km to reach the cliffs, the path is not very complicated, but the weather does not make it easy, the

more I progress, the more I am slowed down by the gusts of wind and soaked by the rain. I don't even dare to take my camera out, with my glasses covered in water drops I can't see well what's around me. UT announces 1h30 of walk to reach the observatory, I will take 2h, I arrive exhausted and with the fear to find its door closed. To my delight the door opened when I pressed the handle. Exhausted and dizzy from all the wind I've been through, it takes me a while to really realize what's surrounding me.

The hut is perched on top of a cliff, at its feet waves crash violently into each other in a roar that makes the windows around me vibrate. The little hut offers a 180 view on the sea, it seems quite recent and rather resistant to gusts of wind, only one window seems to have lost its mobility but the whole is in good condition. There are even a few bird books to help you recognise the birds you can see. Only a few seagulls are circling in the sky.

All the noises are bewitching.

After having regained some strength, I venture outside to explore the surroundings.

The cliff is quite impressive, and very steep, the ground is slippery and the gusts do not make me feel confident. I feel

extremely vulnerable to the environment.

About ten metres below me, the ocean is breaking, the spectacle of the waves is hypnotising, with each movement they cover the rocky islands, and create this foam that floats in the air. I stay there contemplating for a while and let myself be penetrated by the vibrations of the ocean, I find this violence of an incredible beauty. The fight of the elements always plunges me into a deep emotion, an overwhelm. I am only a spectator from the top of my bleachers of a fight of majestic strength.

I finally get back on my way back, as always the way back is always faster than the way in. Even if I feel that the water is starting to penetrate all my layers of clothing, I feel invigorated, probably from that well known sea air.

Despite this renewed energy, I decide not to venture in search of the ruins of a pre-reformation fishing village (1537), «Førreformatørisk tid» (Pre-Reformation era), as the area considered as swampy does not seem ideal for today.

When I reach back the road, the wind is less powerful, the rain has turned into mist, I am soaked. I walk in the direction of the small hamlet of Herdlevær, it shelters some

boat-houses dating from the 19th century and are registered in the cultural heritage. Here I meet the first and only people of my journey. A farmer working in a kind of small educational farm, which houses two ponies and some sheeps. And a woman walking with a pushchair.

I go down to the water's edge to have a closer look at the small fishermen's huts, some boats are at the quay. Most of the cabins look brand new, the fresh paint doesn't let me distinguish which ones have been built for longer than the others.

I slowly make my way back to my bus stop in Rong, I take the «historic» road back to the ocean coast to the fjord coast. There are more houses and farms on this one. I will even see one of these stone buildings, dating from the iron age. It seems sadly slowly falling into ruin.

It is then around 3 pm when I am on my way, then starts to pass a procession of cars, going in both directions. As I drive on I realise that I am arriving at a school complex, with a nursery school on one side of the road and the Dale Oen Academy («A One Year Program for Adolescents in Resilience and Self-Confidence Building») on the other. I end up back on the main road, where the bus stop that will take me back to the urbanity of Bergen is waiting for me.



















Buffeted by the wind

Trip n. 2

From Ågotnes to Rong

Date : 28/02/23 - 01/03/2023

Forecast : Clear sky, strong wind

Transportation : Bike

Km travelled : 35 km

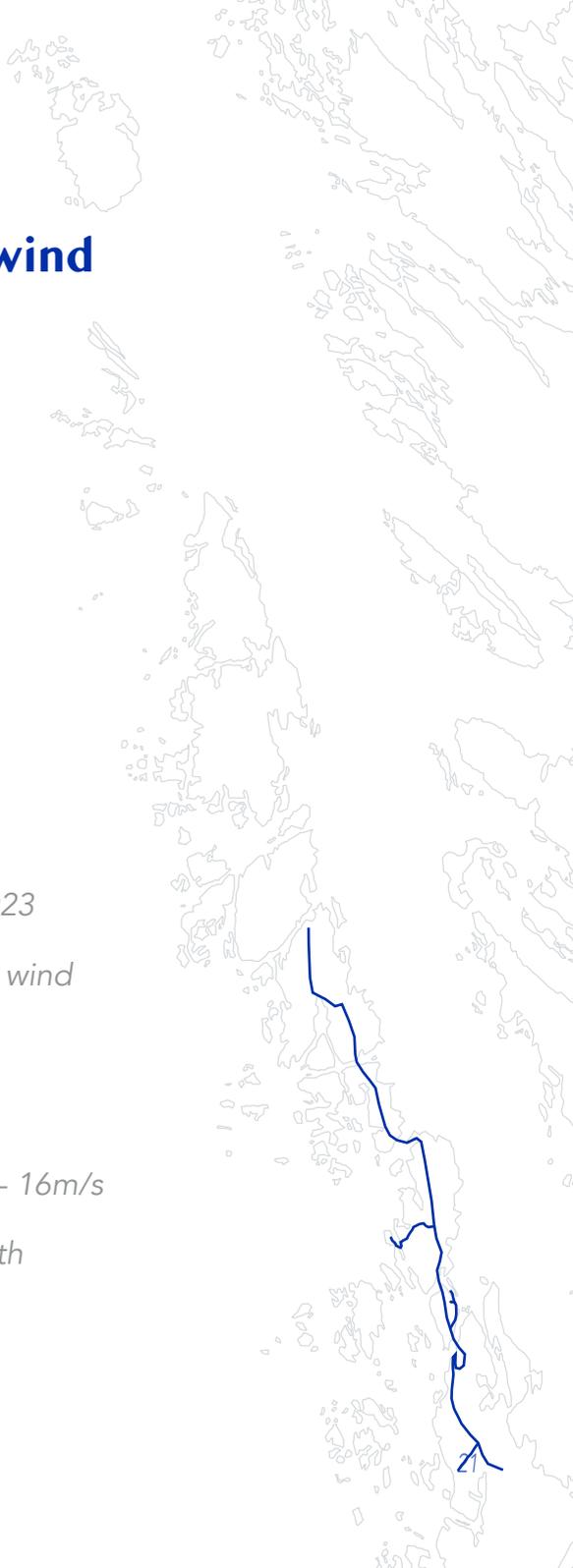
Force of the wind : 11 m/s - 16m/s

Direction of the wind : South

Temperature : 5,5 C°

Waves : Calm sea

Duration : 25 hours



This second trip is more adventurous, and the plan is a little clearer in my head. I still don't know what I'm looking for, but I want to bring as much material as possible.

This time the plan is bigger than on the first trip, I'm taking my tent with me so I can camp directly on site and not waste time on the bus. And most importantly, I'm taking my bike to cover a much longer distance than my legs can manage. The idea is to leave from the Ågotnes terminal, where the bus drops me off, and cycle up to Rong for the first day, and if I make it up to the summit north to Hellesøyna. And, of course, taking the main road 561 through the old municipality as little as possible and using the old roads instead.

As on my first trip, I took the 460 bus from Bergen early in the morning, with some workers. When I arrived, the sun was shining, but the roads were still icy and all the vegetation was covered in a thin layer of ice. As planned, I take the 561 parallel, through the commercial and industrial area of Ågotnes, and soon arrive in a residential area. All the houses are along the road, all the same, those white Norwegian wooden houses. Then I turn left to head for my first seaside port. Along the way, I come across a gigantic «contemporary» residential

area, full of black villas, built in groups of 4 or 5, all looking the same, just sitting next to each other. Driving through this area, I discover how big this new district is. Some of them are still under construction. All the houses are competing for space on this hill, facing the west coast, and the luckiest ones have a beautiful view of the sea and a few islets that protect us from it. But the wind is quite strong here. I'll mostly be seeing construction workers around here. I can see that this region is still growing, with some roads going nowhere and ready for new houses on their sides. As I get closer to the water, I find more typical Norwegian houses, quite large, but no longer in this contemporary/cubic style.

The road ends at a roundabout, next to a boat house and a harbour. A few people are there, all walking their dogs. A man is fishing on the quay and a little further on some floating docks, I seem to see a fisherman on a tiny fishing boat. I decided to get off my bike and explore this area, which seems full of surprises. I'm curious to see the quays that cling to a small cliff, and to take the tiny path cut into the rock. I have to pass between all these boathouses, most of which look well-maintained. I even find a few houses hidden in the trees at the top of the cliff. The harbour is protected

by a few islands, and I only see one house on one of them, but the others look wild and I can even see the sea between them. After a while, I decided to get back on my bike and head back to the main road to continue my journey.

I keep following the road, mostly seeing a few people walking their dogs, and I've only come across a few cars, but it's pretty quiet. I pass a field next to a farm building that has been stripped bare and filled with cut trees.

It's a very different landscape, alternating between greenery, trees and rocks.

The road leads me to a small port. It appears to be in operation, given all the brand new equipment on display. A platform is also moored, but it looks as if it's been there for decades, so thick is the layer of rust. It's also littered with perfectly tangled ropes. It's a really strange place - it feels like a ghostly port, abandoned and yet perfectly new equipment is stored here.

The quays, built at different times, are also in very different states. Some are made of old concrete, with their metal frames eaten away by salt water, while others are floating and in good condition, with small pleasure boats moored alongside.

An industrial building, probably used for a fish farm, runs alongside a second area of the harbour. This part is extremely sheltered and borders a large cliff as it slopes inland. At the top of the cliff is a car bridge, the Solsviksundet bridge. Despite the distance, the incessant noise of cars echoes all the way here. It gives a very urban backdrop to this small enclosed port.

I'm surprised by a passing Skyss bus that I didn't expect to come all the way down to this dead end. The bus turned around without stopping and set off again straight away.

After a few minutes in the sun and sheltered from the wind in this little cove, I set off again.

Arriving at the end of the first island and just before the bridge leading to the next island, I stopped at a rest area/viewpoint, equipped with a car park and a few picnic tables. The view of the sea from here is breathtaking: on the right, the island of Turøyna and dozens of small islets, and then the infinite horizon of the sea. Opposite this view is a cliff into which a recess has been dug for a high-voltage power line, which runs into the cliff before beginning its course in the ground. The reinforced concrete structure has a certain elegance. I'll come across several similar ones along the way.

I officially leave the island of Sotra to go to the small island of Misje. The crossing is not without risk on my bike, as the wind rushes between the two pieces of land and shakes me at the top of the deck. Cars whiz past, so I don't dwell on the scenery and hurry to get out of this not very reassuring passage.

The island is not very big, barely 2km long and 1km wide. It is bisected by Route 560. The western part of the island, to the left of the road, has been left untouched, unlike the right, which is dotted with houses, while the coastline is punctuated by quays and small harbours. I decide to turn right and head down the road towards the hamlet. I pass a small lake with a small recreational beach. Once again, the water is below me. The road and water are separated by houses and steeply sloping land. I finally find a path that allows me access to the water.

I'm looking for a particular spot. During my hours of research and lost time on google maps, I was able to see an island completely covered and redesigned by a building. It fits into every curve of the island, like a negative of its topography. I'm well aware that it's only accessible by boat, so I'm hoping that from the shore facing it I'll be able to get a fairly clear

view. Unfortunately, there is no vantage point from which I can get a clear view and define the layout of the island.

I decided to stop at a small quay with its typical boat-house. A boat, a little larger than usual, is moored there, a sort of fishing boat. It's freshly painted and looks brand new.

This side of the island is very pleasant; I'm totally sheltered from the wind and facing the sun. I took advantage of this idyllic spot to take a break and eat my sandwich. The place is lulled by the sound of lapping water caressing the hulls of the boats and the metal chains. The swaying and clashing materials offer a melodious song and dance. I don't linger, though, because I always have the feeling that I'm in a private space. When I sit on a small quay, I always expect an embittered old fisherman to appear and order me to leave. When lunch was over, I pack everything up, put on my rucksack and set off pedalling again.

Despite the number of houses, the road isn't very wide and requires a certain amount of concentration to avoid coming face to face with a car coming from the opposite direction.

A short while later, I decide to stop at what looks like a square. The place is marked by a large red brick chimney that rises several metres. Below it, buildings that must surely

have been part of the same industry have been converted into houses. They are, however, quite dilapidated. I can't find a clear explanation for the former activity of this small factory. It was only when I got home that I discovered it was a former sardine factory. Opposite, in the water, is a rather strange installation. It seems that a wall has been built to close off and protect the quay I'm standing on. It runs from one islet to the other and completely blocks the water until it splits it in two. Given its size, three sheds and a quay have even been built on top of it. One of them is half in ruins. Each façade seems to be holding together miraculously. The boats that surround them are also in a very poor state of repair. After a few minutes of staring, bewildered by this apocalyptic place, I put my bike back on and resumed my journey.

I continued along the road, but headed straight for a cul de sac that ended in a quay. I climbed back up to the town centre and decided to turn right, which should, according to Google, take me back to the main road. I pass several large houses and at the top of the hill, I arrive once again in a cul de sac. This time, I'm facing a farm in a fairly poor state of repair, but I can tell from the smell that it's still in activity.

I'm surrounded by meadows, but the main road isn't far away

- I can see and hear it - but the only way to reach it is to climb a fence and then continue across a field. There's still some uncertainty as to whether I'll be able to get to the road once I've crossed the whole field. I'm pretty bored of having to go back down the steep hill that's just broken my legs. But never mind, I turn back and finally head back to the main road by the same route as on the outward journey.

It's already past 2pm, and I haven't even got half way there yet, so I decide to go straight to the powerplant wave, without stopping too much this time. I leave the small island by taking the Svelgen Bru bridge. I pass the village of Vikavågen. There are a few Leroy buildings by the side of the road and I can see a few fish farm hoops floating in the distance. After a few good pedal strokes, and endless ups and downs, I reach the junction that takes me off the main road and onto Toftedalen to head for Bølgekraftverket. At the last moment, I remember that there should be an Iron Age stone building on this very spot. I finally spotted it in a field beside the road, in the midst of a flock of sheep. The building is half-buried in a mound and you can mainly see one side with a fairly modern glass door. It was the only stone building I came across that didn't appear to be

completely in ruins. Strangely enough, it still seems to be in use. After taking a few photos, I head back in the direction of Bølgekraftverket. I'm beginning to know my way around the houses. This is the part of Øygarden with which I'm starting to feel familiar, even though it's very unwelcoming and utterly untamable. It's a special place where the forces of nature triumph. Humans are totally dominated by the natural elements. It's disconcertingly violent and fascinatingly beautiful. I always come away stunned.

Surprisingly, despite the wind, the sea is fairly calm. There are no waves smashing the concrete. Only the wind whistling on the cement and bits of exposed metal. A couple with a small dog are walking on the ruins, and the dog looks quite uncomfortable. I watch them from a distance because on my last visit, waves several metres high came crashing down right where they're standing. I don't find it at all reassuring to see them there now. A few other people are walking around too, and I can tell that some of them are regulars and no longer seem fascinated by the place. Time to take a few videos and I'm totally mesmerised by the movements of the water as it rushes through the gap between the two cliffs.

I set off again, it's 3pm, I've only got a few hours left before

sunset and I'm starting to feel very tired. I realise that I'm exactly halfway between my departure point and my planned arrival point for this evening. I still have to cross the island of Rongøy and Blomøyna to set up my tent at its end, near Kollsnes. In short, I haven't yet arrived.

I passed Rong and its shopping centre. This place has always seemed strange to me. At this bus stop where many passengers get off, there is a large concrete area. There is absolutely nothing but the tracks of tyres that have come to drift on these 600m² of tarmac.

Not far from there, on the water's edge, a sort of square has been built. The brand new project isn't even on my map. There's an empty car park, a square, a very contemporary building and a beach volleyball court. All these buildings face the marina. I imagine it's a centre of activity, but I can't decide whether it's a youth centre or a tourist spot, probably a bit of both. I stop just before the bridge that takes me to Blomøyna. Between the constant headwind and the endless hills, I'm totally exhausted. I take a break in front of another brand new building. There's the Stadium de Rong and the Øygarden kulturhus, which when I read that word I thought was a small cultural centre with perhaps a cinema or a library,

but given the total lack of information, it must be more of a festival hall.

I'm quite amazed at the number of perfectly new schools, stadiums and colleges that I've come across. Sometimes they're extensions to existing buildings, but in most cases, they're entire complexes that have recently been built or are still under construction. I think these developments are one of the most visible signs of Øygarden's growing population. I don't see the new residential areas along the road, but the huge school and sports complexes are unmissable.

I've only got a few kilometres to go before I reach my goal for the day, the end of Blomøyna. I don't have a specific place to pitch my tent. I've tried looking on Maps and I've got a semblance of an idea in my head. I really hope it's accessible as I'm exhausted and the sun is slowly starting to go down. Attentive, I know that at the fire station, I must find a small path opposite it that will take me to the water's edge, in a sheltered spot. Unfortunately, when I reached the path, my fears were realised. There's a barrier to prevent access. The area, although very natural, is dotted with high-voltage pylons. Unfamiliar with the regulations for setting up a tent, I decided to abandon the idea. So I headed in

the opposite direction, past the fire station and into the only street off the main road. The area is being excavated and levelled. Excavators line the edge of the site. I'm exhausted and just want to find somewhere to put up my tent. It's an unusual practice and in fact totally forbidden in France. So I don't really feel confident enough to do it in Norway. And inevitably, I'm in the middle of nowhere, at nightfall, wedged between a main road and, as I'll only understand the next morning, a major industrial site. Finally, I took a path that led me down to the water and ended up in a small cove that seemed more or less sheltered.

Even so, I'm quite exposed to the gusts of wind. I managed to pitch my tent as best I could, blocking it with rocks. The temperature is dropping fast and my tiredness isn't helping. I light my stove to cook my dinner. Night falls quickly and its coolness accompanies it, so I quickly gobble up my meal and take shelter in the tent, warm in my sleeping bag.

I'm exhausted, but it's barely 7pm. I feel like I could fall asleep like a stone, but the stress of sleeping alone in this tent in the middle of an unknown place keeps me awake for a while.

In the distance, I can hear the wind crashing against the rock and running over the water. I can feel the wind slowly turning

and now facing me. The little cove that sheltered me from the wind coming from the sea is slowly being transformed into a corridor where the gusts of wind now coming from the north are rushing in at full force. The more time passed, the more my tent shook in all directions. Although I'm confident, thanks to the rocks at the corner of the canvas and my own weight, I'm not completely at peace. The gusts are getting stronger and stronger and the constant noise of the wind against the fabric engulfs me, making me feel surrounded and helpless. I barely managed to doze during the few minutes of respite between gusts. It's now 4am and the wind isn't letting up. I can already see myself leaving this hostile place and catching the first bus back to my bed at 5.30am. This makeshift shelter is proving to be frightening and absolutely exhausting for my morale. The sounds around me are indescribable, indefinable and suffocating.

I finally fell asleep at around 5am. I woke up at 8am and after a hot tea and a mellombar-based breakfast, I set off my camp. I hesitate for a long time whether to continue my journey or take the return bus. In the end, fatigue and the wind that was still blowing this morning got the better of me. Despite a great sense of failure, I decided to abandon my

journey and head back to Bergen. The bus doesn't arrive for another 40 minutes, so I take the opportunity to explore the surrounding area. Ever since I got up, I've heard the sounds of building sites and traffic. After passing the first site, which was being excavated by huge diggers, I took a road down to the water of the fjord. I arrived at the second Kollsnes site. This is a well-known site and I know that Equinor has opened this new infrastructure to compress CO2 and send it to the 'reserves', which are the geological layers of the ocean formed by former oil reserves. The circle is complete, the absurd is at its height, storing CO2 emitted by the oil industry in its former oil cavities.

My little expedition is quickly stopped by impenetrable security gates and doors. All I can see are huge, wide silos and a huge, burning flame high in the sky.

I went up the road to catch my bus, and the stop on the main road allowed me to see the very impressive number of vehicles heading towards the industrial site that I had been observing a few minutes earlier.

My bus eventually arrived, and that was the end of this little adventure. I'm going home a little bitter, but also very satisfied with what I've seen and experienced. I'll only have

seen half of my programme, but I'm still really looking forward to going back to bed.

The next day, however, I had to return to Ågotnes to meet an employee of the CCB company. My early return to Bergen will give me a bit more time to prepare for this visit, which isn't a bad thing after all.



















A glimpse into the secret life of the offshore industry

Trip n. 3
CCB Ågotnes

Date : 02/03/2023

Forecast : Clear sky

Transportation : Bike, fire engine

Km travelled : 5 km

Force of the wind : 6 m/s

Direction of the wind : South

Temperature : 4 C°

Waves : -

Duration : 6 hours

Just back in Bergen, I have to get ready to meet a certain Daniel who works at CCB Ågotnes. I looked up some information on their website, but as is often the case, I couldn't find anything conclusive. The main thing I realised was that CCB is not only based in Ågotnes but also has several other sites in the region. I don't understand everything I read, but it's pretty clear that CCB deals with a lot of issues relating to offshore activities.

The Ågotnes site is quite special, very dystopian, you can't miss it because it's where several offshore platforms are moored on the quays, on the edge of a huge industrial zone, and all surrounded by residential areas.

In the morning I set off again by bus with my bike. The site is very large, and my local contact with whom I'd spoken on the phone warned me that it would take me a while to get there. From the entrance to the site to the building, I even risked getting lost.

So I got on the bus quite early on Thursday 24 February, and of course I met the same kind of people as usual.

When I arrived at the Ågotnes industrial site, I was soon stopped at a security checkpoint. A woman took my ID, asked me to justify why I'd come, which she checked by

calling Daniel, and showed me the way to get to him. As I cycled through, a fairly heavy flow of cars passed me. The building where his office is located is relatively far forward in the heart of the industrial estate. I pass dozens of sheds, buildings, silos and storage areas for all kinds of materials used in offshore work. Apart from the drilling pipes, I don't recognise any of them. It's quite strange because everything around me is enormous, disproportionately large. I feel tiny on my bike, as if I didn't have the right scale myself. Even the buoys that looked normal from a distance turned out to be five times bigger than the ones you're used to seeing.

Eventually I arrived at the building indicated, K8.

Daniel is the security manager for the Ågotnes site.

As soon as we met, he invited me to follow him. We walked through a huge staff canteen and into a meeting room. We stayed there for over 3 hours. He presented me with a slideshow containing all the main information about CCB. I won't go into the details of his presentation here, but I can say that the exchange was very instructive. Although his speech was very well polished and nothing was left to coincidence, we were still able to discuss the past, present and future activities of Ågotnes, Øygarden and Bergen in

general. This discussion enabled me to gather a great deal of information and, above all, to keep in mind throughout the semester that, as he himself said, these 'dirty industries' are the work of hundreds of people in Øygarden itself. And that all these people are passionate about what they do.

After lunch in the employees' canteen, he takes me on a tour of the site in a huge fire truck. He tells me several times that he's sorry I've come at this time of year, because the site is running very slowly due to the school holidays. As a result, there's only one platform and one boat used for fish farming. My meeting with Daniel came to an end and I left him when it was almost 3pm.

Although I didn't really know what to expect from this meeting, I could never have imagined that Daniel would give me almost the whole day and so much information.















One area, three different worlds

Trip n. 4
Ongeltveit

Date : 16/03/23

Forecast : Cloudy, gust of wind

Transportation : Foot

Km travelled : 6 km

Force of the wind : 14 m/s - 18 m/s

Direction of the wind : North-West

Temperature : 2,6 C°

Waves : Flat

Duration : 2 hours 40

It's been almost 2 weeks since my last trip to Ågotnes. This time I'm going with a very specific idea in mind. I want to go and see this new residential area that intrigued me so much the first time I passed through it. I also want to go and see the port at the end, which a fortiori gives direct access to the sea. I'm going there today because it's just snowed and I want to experience the place in the snow. It's quite special and gives a whole new interpretation of the landscape. As usual in the morning, I take the same bus and, of course, I meet the same types of people and the same students. I get off at Ågotnes Terminal. I walk along the main road and very quickly turn left into this small hilly area lined with new residential areas. The snow is quite thin but it still gives a sparkling white to the landscape around me. I arrive in the first district, which is very residential, with only detached houses and a school at the entrance. This area looks a bit older and the houses are more in the traditional Norwegian style, probably from the '80s/ '90s. One house is being renovated. I hardly bump into anyone. I cross all this residential area to reach a cul de sac and I manage to find a small footpath that links this older residential area to the completely new one that I've come specifically to observe. I walk down this very steep little path,

past some new houses and into another cul de sac where the tarmac is very new. There's also a sort of advertising hoarding announcing a future extension of the residential area towards this zone, which appears to be very swampy. The sign is old and I can barely read it. It's no longer hanging, but resting on the ground with a few bits of construction debris. I don't know whether the project has been abandoned or put on hold, but apart from this new tarmac road and the rubbish, there's not much there. So I have to make a U-turn to get closer to all these new houses. The first ones I see are really big. They're all in a very contemporary style, very cubic, with large bay windows. I still can't see anyone. It's quite astonishing that these two residential areas are so far apart. And from where I'm standing now, I can't see the older neighbourhood at all. Many houses are series. Almost every street has its own architecture in a series. They are literally copy-and-paste houses placed side by side. I see a few community facilities with children's play areas, but they are few and far between, often consisting of a barbecue and a picnic table next to it. I walk through the whole neighbourhood. Some of the houses are still under construction. You get the feeling that this area is still expanding. It's purely residential, with no shops or even

schools. The biggest houses are on top of a hill. So they have a magnificent view of the sea and the few islands in the Fjord. I leave this area to return to the road that takes me down to the port. I took this same road on my first cycling trip. With the temperature freezing, you can see stalactites of frost in the landscape, which helps you understand where the water comes from and where it's moving. I reach the cul de sac, which opens onto the harbour. There are fewer boats than last time, and the sea water is not frozen. As I explore, I discover that the harbour is bigger than my first impression had led me to believe. It stretches out to the right. All along the coast, I discover a number of boathouses. Some look newer than others.

Finally, the air is fairly dry and there is little light. There's less wind than usual, if I can say so. All in all, I only came across 2 people walking their dogs. And the only cars I saw were driven by construction site workers.

I slowly made my way back to Bergen. I mainly took photos and videos.





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An impromptu saturday

Trip n. 5

Bølgekraftverket

Date : 15/04/23

Forecast : Sunny

Transportation : Foot, car, swimming

Km travelled : 4 km

Force of the wind : 5 m/s

Direction of the wind : West

Temperature : 14 C°

Waves : Flat

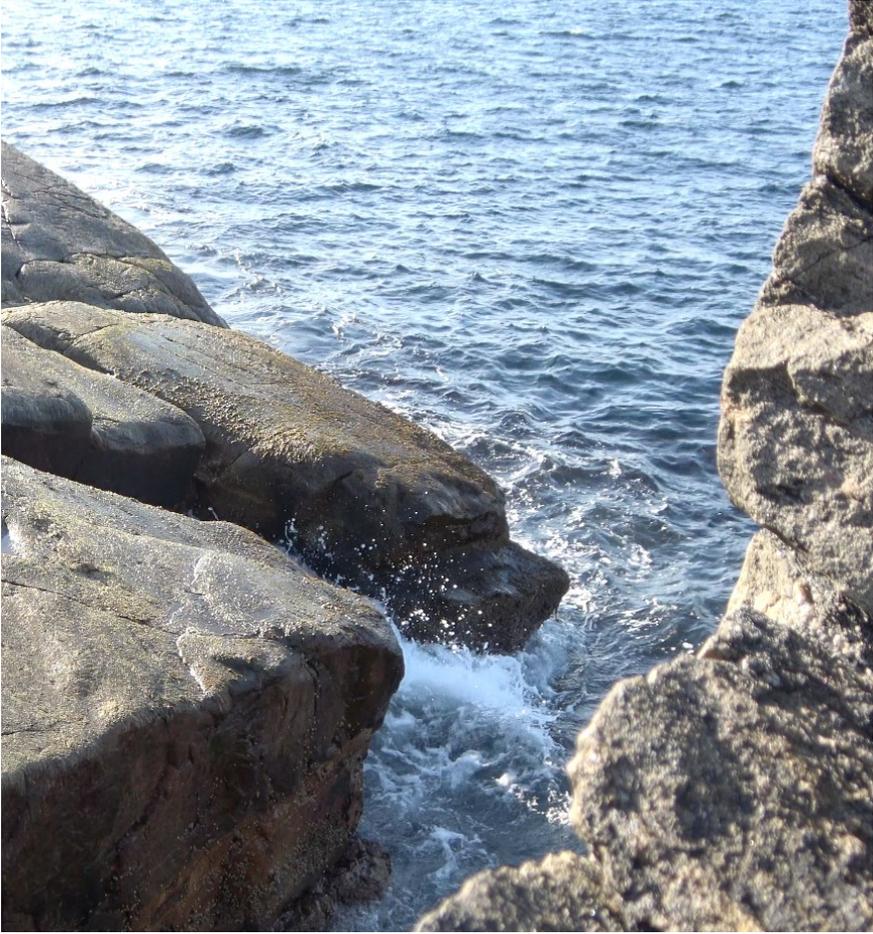
Duration : 3 hours

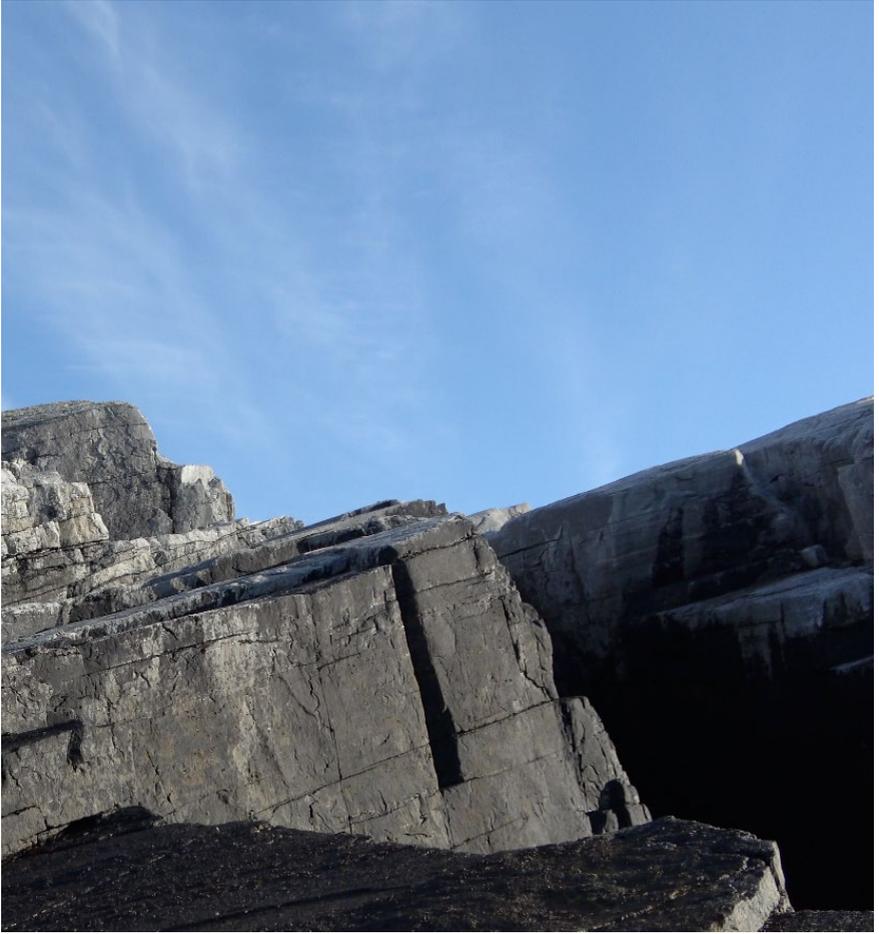
Almost a month has gone by. I was planning to go to my site in Øygarden at Kollsnes soon, but when I woke up on Saturday 17th, Kasper, a student whose project site is in Øygarden, suggested I join him to go to Bølgekraftverket. He had tried to go the day before, but the bridge that gave him access to his study site had been removed. So he wanted to go there despite everything, but then by swimming. We'd have to swim a few metres, but with all our equipment packed in watertight bags. After some hesitation as to whether I really wanted to throw myself into some very cold sea water, I finally decided to follow him and use this unplanned trip to make some sound recordings. I'd already been to Wave Power Plant on my bike trip. And I even took some friends there a few months ago. So it's a place I know well and for a while it was one of the options for my project site. It's a space that I find absolutely magnificent. I thought it would be a good opportunity to go back and it might be the last time I go there, as it's a real adventure to get there now that swimming is the only way to get there. So I accepted.

We set off by car, the first and only time I've been to Øygarden by car. I'm with Kasper and his friend James. We parked quite far from the site itself, just off the main road 560,

and set off on foot along the usual route to Bølgekraftverket. By the time we arrived, we'd prepared for the trip, but we weren't sure how we were going to get there. The three of us have more or less waterproof bags and large plastic bags to overpack our things. We put on our swimming suits and entered the water. Each of us pushes a bundle of precious electronics into the water. It's a bit of a double-or-nothing affair. But in the end, all went well, the crossing went smoothly. When we reached the shore, we put on our clothes and went our separate ways. We spent 2/3 hours, each on our own, collecting the material that each of us had come for. For me, it was an opportunity to make the sound recordings I'd never had time to make. And luck was on my side, because for once there was not much wind, which allowed me to make both aquatic and land-based sound recordings. During these 2 hours, I move from one point to another with the hydrophone and microphones. I'm almost nostalgic to be in this place and I'm enjoying every moment of it because I know I probably won't have the chance to come back, even though it's a place I really love. I feel very emotional in this place where the sea is so violent and the elements are left to their own forces, with no human constraints or interference.

The natural elements are unleashed to their full power and the full force of nature literally crashes against the cliffs, and the ruins are left as proof of the human failure to master nature. I really enjoy this moment and make all the recordings I need to. When it's time to set off again, we obviously have to get back into our swimming gear and do everything we can to make sure our bags are watertight again. We swam again, knowing a little more about what to expect, but we remained vigilant. So that was my unexpected but successful little adventure on Saturday 17 April. This adventure was just as beneficial for the work as for the simple pleasure of enjoying this unique place.







Kollsnes, an unwelcoming gas processing plant

Trip n. 6
Kollsnes

Date : 17/04/23

Forecast : Sunny

Transportation : Bike, foot

Km travelled : 11 km

Force of the wind : 7 m/s

Direction of the wind : West

Temperature : 14 C°

Waves : Flat

Duration : 6 hours

I'm 2 days after my unexpected Saturday. This new trip had been planned for a long time, but in the meantime and since my trip a month ago, my study site has become clearer. I zoomed into Øygarden and focused on the Kollsnes gas processing plant. I want to go back there because I've managed to gather a lot of information and I think it's important to get close to it again. I can't get inside the industrial site, but I'm planning to get as close as possible. And maybe talk to some of the people who work there. And I also want to retrace the route of my first official hike on this site. What's more, the weather is good, unlike on my first trip, and that gives me hope that I'll be able to see through the fences and the security limits. I might then be able to see some of the activity on the site. As usual, I take my morning bus, and as I'm going all the way to Kollsnes I have to catch a second bus. I take my bike again because I figure that to do the Kollsnes site and the two-hour hike, I'll have to move fairly quickly from one point to the next. This second bus was always full of schoolchildren when it started, but it emptied quite quickly and we were down to 2 passengers when we arrived in Kollsnes. We both got off at the same stop. He's carrying a big bag. My hunch was right as he was taking the

same route as me towards Kollsnes. I got on my bike with the aim of finding the ruins and stone buildings that are so common in this area. So far I've only seen these remains on maps, but not in situ. I'm keen to come back this time with some photos. I discovered the first one fairly quickly on my way here. It's called vermpollen and is a reconstruction of a water mill. It's made of wood, the water doesn't flow through it anymore, but you can still see how it is supposed to flow. I discovered other buildings made of stone and using local techniques. These are still highly technical and traditional buildings. We could talk about engineering. After a few photos, I set off again. I find the young man from the bus who is near the entrance to the Kollsnes gas site, but unfortunately he's on the phone, so I can't talk to him. What's more, I realise that on the phone he's not speaking in Norwegian but rather in a Slavic language. On the horizon I can see the first buildings of the Kollsnes industrial site, in the foreground, I can also see wild geese flying around a large flock of grazing sheep. They are on the left of the site in a hilly meadow, while on the right I can make out some marshland. Arriving at Kollsnes, like last time, I enter the car park. I put my bike down and head for a building that looks like a

reception area. People come in and out regularly. The door is surprisingly open, so I take advantage of the opportunity. I enter the building. There's a reception desk and other doors, this time firmly closed. On the right I see a huge canteen full of people. Unfortunately, there are no receptionists, and I find myself unable to ask anyone for access. There's simply a flyer on the desk reminding visitors of the safety standards to be observed throughout the site. I decide to go back to the large security gate outside the building. Here I speak to a lady from Securitas who seems very surprised to see me. I simply asked her if she could give me the contact details of someone I could get in touch with to obtain access authorisation not just get some info. Unfortunately, I'm finding it extremely difficult to make myself understood. My presence is so incomprehensible to her. The explanations I give her as an architecture student don't convince her. She ends up telling me that she has no contacts to give me and that she can't do anything for me. I was somewhat expecting this response, but I was disappointed to leave empty-handed with not even an email from a department with which I could discuss my intentions. As it was lunchtime, I decided to come back a little later in the hope that a hostess would be present

at the reception desk. I set off again. It's already 1 o'clock in the afternoon. I walk along the surrounding paths until I come to a road that runs down to the water's edge with a tiny quay. There I stopped for lunch. Luckily, this spot gives me a pretty incredible view of a fish farm very close to the coast. It's so close that I can clearly see the people working on the boats, around the nets. It's really amazing and rare to see them so well and so close to the shore. I'm trying to make some sound recordings in the water. The sounds I hear don't seem to be coming from the fish farm or the salmon, but there is clearly some underwater activity. I set off again and came across stone houses dating back to the Iron Age, which I took the opportunity to photograph. Dating from the same period, the walls mark the boundaries of the landscape. I also see small farms with sheep. These are always small livestock farms. I make my way to the hike from my first trip to the village of Herdlevær. I plan to take it and go as far as the bird-watching cabin at Skogsøytua.

I set off on this hiking trail again, this time in glorious weather. In fact, it hadn't rained for several days, making the path all the more practicable. It was a very pleasant walk, and I met a few hikers of all ages, despite the fact that it was a weekday.

Thanks to the arrival of spring and the fact that this area is ideal for bird migration, I can hear and see a large number of birds. At the end of the walk, I was pleasantly surprised to have an absolutely incredible view of the Kollsnes industrial site. The sky was perfectly clear and I could see my study site for the first time and never again. I'm still some distance away, but if I position myself at the top of a hill, I have an almost complete view of the site. Several small islands separate me from it, but the view is perfect. I realise that some features are huge and stand out more than others, whereas this wasn't visible on the maps and photos I'd studied. As a result, some points stand out much more than others. I finally appreciate the immensity of the area. Right in front of me, a pick-up truck crosses the site, but it's only a tiny dot compared to the structures that surround it. I can also see a veritable alignment of industrial infrastructures in the middle of this natural and picturesque landscape made up of small islands; while in the background, snow-capped mountains complete the picture. I'm glad I got this view. I've achieved my objective for the day. I'm satisfied to have come this far. However, I don't want to linger, as I still want to try and make contact inside the site. So I went in the opposite direction. I put my bike back on and

rode up to the entrance to the Kollsnes site. But I'm hugely disappointed, because even though it's barely 3pm, the car park is completely cleared out. And I see a bus full of workers leaving the site. And this time all the doors were closed, so I couldn't even reach the reception desk. So I cycled around the car park. I try to discreetly take a few photos through the fence without getting off my bike. Then I leave slowly.

I drive about a hundred metres away, and several vehicles pass me, staff whose day's work is over. However, I realise that a vehicle is following me. It's a security guard car. The car ostensibly pushes me to the side of the road and stops me. An agent stops me and tells me that the security staff have found me suspicious through their camera system. They'd seen me taking photos, even though it's strictly forbidden. He tells me that I didn't have authorisation to go into their car park and asks to see my photos so that he can delete them. The conversation got quite tense and I was forced to show him. I mainly have shots of surrounding buildings or signs to help me with my research. Clearly nothing resembling industrial espionage. So, on seeing the photos, the agent is totally taken aback and doesn't see anything wrong with them. This opened up a second discussion that was much

more cordial. He almost apologised for having stopped me and for not being able to give me any information about the site.

But as he had seen my photos, he told me about the water mill and that it belonged to Kollsnes and that Kollsnes had subsidised its reconstruction. We part on good terms, and I head back to the bus stop for Bergen.













Dichotomous coastline - Or my journey through the Øygarden islands

Design : Luna Scéau

Font : Myanmar MN, Avenir

Mounting : Aleksandra Ivashkevich

Bergen School of Architecture, Norway

