



IMAGE: P5 PRESENTATION
FACULTY OF ARCHITECTURE, ROOM F, 30TH JUNE 2025

LIVING ARCHIVES
EFFECTIVE INEFFICIENCIES THAT TURN SPACE
INTO STORY

PROLOGUE

The Listener, The Memorizer, The Observer

ACT 1: THE PEOPLE

Turning space into story

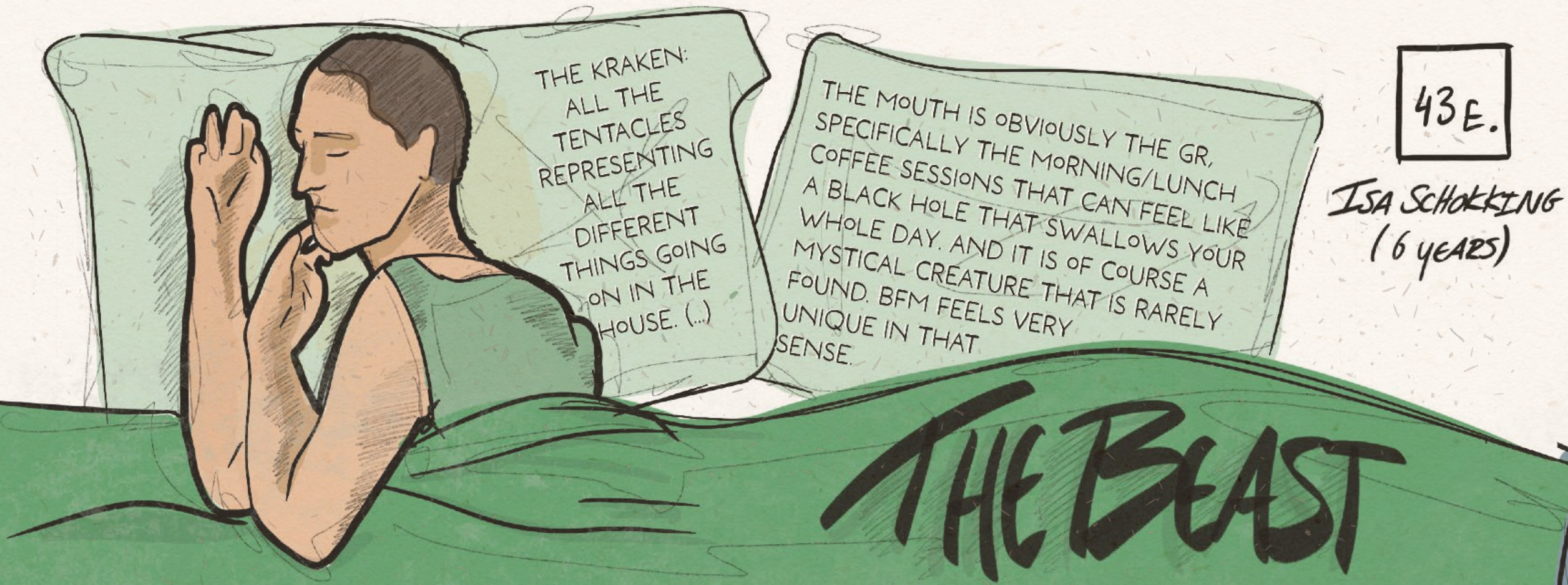


"FOR THE FIRST LONG TIME IT FELT SUPER CHAOTIC AND LIKE A MAZE. I SO CLEARLY REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST GOT HERE AND WAS SHOWN AROUND AND HOW I HAD NO SENSE OF PLACE. NOW IT VERY MUCH FEELS LIKE A HOME, THAT FEELING OF 'OTHERNESS' HAS COMPLETELY LEFT. (...) LIKE THAT PERSON YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT TO LIKE OR BECOME FRIENDS WITH BECAUSE THEY AT FIRST SIGHT SEEM A BIT OFF AND MAYBE EVEN CRAZY BUT THEN YOU END UP LOVING THEM EXACTLY FOR THEIR IDIOSYNCRASIES."

THE MAZE

WHEN ASKE first arrived, the maze was a world of its own. LABYRINTH OF SPACES. It was complicated and

Over time, Aske expanded his world. The box



WHEN ISA first stepped inside, the Beast barely noticed him. It seemed like a being too extraordinary to care for a single person. It wasn't that Isa didn't belong; it was simply that the Beast didn't know him yet and needed to be sure of who this strange newcomer was before it

By the fourth year, it no longer kept Isa at a distance; instead, it slowly started copying him. Each tentacle seemed to reflect his moods, and its skin absorbed pieces of him. Furniture he brought in, colors he painted on its walls, and the music he played all became part of it.

95

ALESSIO DE SECCHIO (28)
(1,5 YEARS)

"THE ENIROPIST"

"FOR SOME REASON, IT WORKS, BUT NO ONE REALLY KNOWS HOW. (...) IT FOLLOWS THE SECOND LAW OF THERMODYNAMICS: EVERYTHING TENDS TOWARD CHAOS (OR ENTROPY), BUT THAT CHAOS IS WHAT KEEPS THINGS MOVING FORWARD. THE HOUSE DOESN'T FOLLOW STRICT RULES OR A FIXED SYSTEM. THINGS EVOLVE NATURALLY, ADAPTING TO CHANGES OVER TIME."



ALESSIO SAT hunched over his desk, his wild curly hair hanging over his head. He was surrounded by piles of papers and the hum of his old computer. It had been weeks since he had last made any significant progress in his work. As a professor of thermodynamics, he was used to complex equations and theories. But now, the numbers on the page blurred together, REFUSING TO MAKE ANY SENSE.

On the other side Alessio passed the wall with the broken rain pipe. Rainwater was gushing out like a waterfall creating a puddle too broad to jump across.

The only way for him to move forward, was to step into it. So he waded himself through the water in his slippers. For a moment, he felt daunted. A heavy fire burned in his chest. "Are

FIGHTING AGAINST CHAOS?"



"I LIKE THAT THESE SPACES HAVE THEIR OWN PERSONALITIES. (...) THE HOUSE IS KIND OF AN UNPREDICTABLE SHAPESHIFTER."

PARTLY BECAUSE OF THE EVERCHANGING PEOPLE THAT LIVE IN IT

95.

& GABRIEL SANTAMARIA
(3,5 YEARS)

THE HOUSE OF MIRRORS

GABRIEL LIVED not just one life, but three. In the House of mirrors, each one of his rooms was like a portal into an alternate universe. The house, built from REFLECTIONS OF HIMSELF, held these three parts of him, existing in parallel timelines. As he moved between rooms, he stepped into different versions of himself, like a time traveller crossing

Instead of feeling a sense of finality, he felt a surprising sense of

WHOLENESS. Because there, on the floor in front of him the glass had fractured into three. The charts

129a

ROMAIN HABTAREMYE

A SENSE OF FREEDOM TO
DO WHAT YOU WANT,
WHEN YOU WANT IT. YOU
CAN DO ANYTHING YOUR
PARENTS WOULDN'T LET
YOU DO WHEN YOU WERE
A CHILD. (...) AT BFM I
CAN BUILD RANDOM
THINGS IN THE GARDEN,
EAT PANCAKES AND
CANDY AT MIDNIGHT
AND SKATEBOARD IN
THE HOUSE WHENEVER I
WANT

THE PLAYGROUND

AS ROMAIN climbed out of bed, he noticed something strange, the steps of the ladder leading to his wooden platform seemed

VITA SANDHU
(8 KAREL TE MARVELDE)

"SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE BFM IS A SECRET PLACE THAT WE HAVE A SPECIAL KEY FOR (...) IT'S BASICALLY A MOVING MAGICAL CASTLE HELD TOGETHER BY A HEART. WITH A WARM FIRE AND ADAPTIVE PERSONALITY, CREATING DOORS TO NEW PLACES AND ADDING TO ITSELF TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEW INHABITANTS.(...) WITH INITIATIVE AND CARE, ANY PLACE CAN BE REBORN REPURPOSED AND RELOVED"

VITA SAT

cross-legged on the wide wooden windowsill in her tower, a book resting in her lap, with the soft creak of the castle she lived in shifting beneath her. Her flowers lined the windowsill interspersed with candles, a few framed photos, and, like always, her cat, who had claimed this spot since the day she got adopted. Vita felt like a cat up here too, perched high in her tower, calm and content.

The light streamed through the all-around windows casting shadows

THE CASTLE

She had always believed that it held some kind of magic, a heart locked up in basement she hadn't yet found keeping it alive. She wandered those hallways for over 6 years looking for something like a heavy golden key, with sharp teeth with thin engravings, but she had never found it.

Yet, the castle kept transforming as she lived through its **VARIOUS "ERAS."** There was the spring when everyone gathered in the garden, sharing pizza on scattered chairs. And then two summers later, the

[illegible]

1
1296
Abe Najar

FOR THE FIRST TIME THE IT FELT SUPER QUANTIC AND
 LIKE A MAZE, I NO CLEARLY REMEMBERED WHEN I FIRST
 GOT HERE AND NO WAY SHOWN AROUND AND FEELS I HAD
 NO SENSE OF PLACE, HOW IT VERY MUCH FEELS LIKE A
 MAZE, THAT FEELING OF OTHERS THEY WAS COMPLETELY
 LEFT, I LIKE THAT PERSON YOU WILL NOT EXPECT TO
 LIVE OR BECOME FRIENDS WITH BECAUSE THEY
 AT FIRST, SIGHT SEEM A BIT OFF
 AND MAYBE EVEN CRAZY BUT
 THEY END UP LEAVING
 THEY EXACTLY YOUR THEIR
 DESTINOMIES!

THE MAZE

±1992

Zo, vandaag is het de 16^e augustus, vooravond van de OWEWEER. De bestuurskamer is op en omgebouwd tot slaapzaal. Yammu dat er op de tussenliggende bladzijden niets staat vermeld over het Kirschfeest. Korte opmerking: Het was te gek! Gelukkig heeft Rob een video gemaakt. Monique.

±1975

STROOMUITVAL

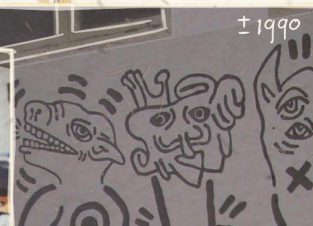
AVONDJE CLUBKAMER

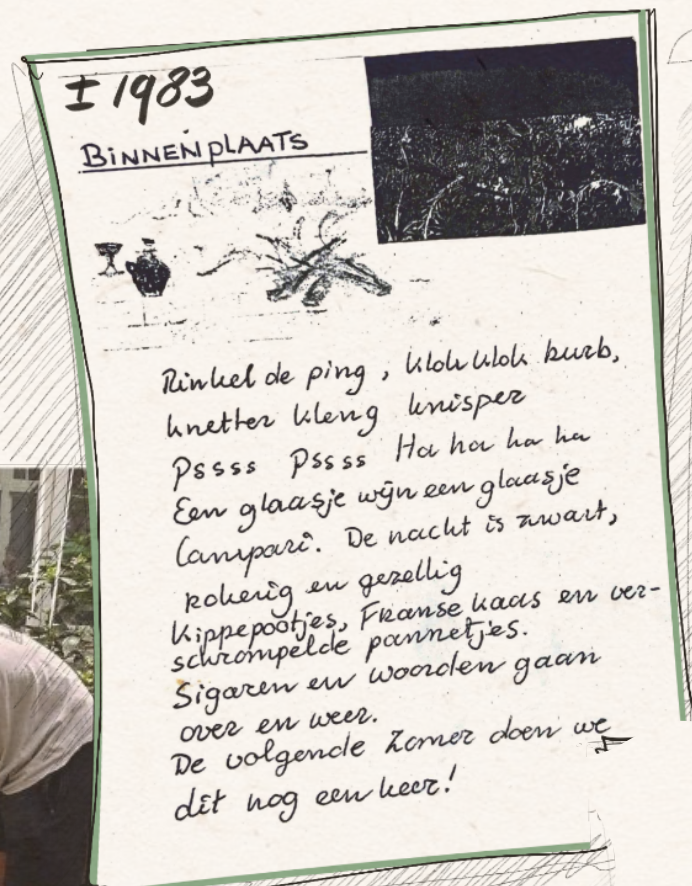
IN SEN BEGINNE WAS HET DAAR ERG DONKER.

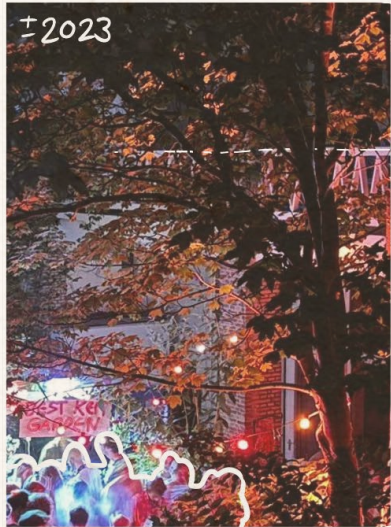
TOEN VIEL ECHTER DE GROTE DUISTERNIS OVER DEFT.

MAAK NU WAS ER DAAR LICHT.

IN DE CLUBKAMER VOND MEN HET GOED ZO







ZONNE TERRAS

±1978

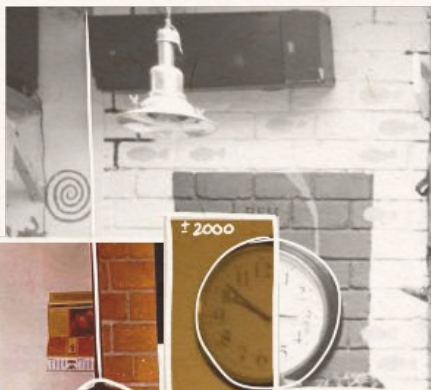
plateau,
bereiken via televisie-
hol → keukens (naam).

's Zomers als de zon hoog aan de hemel
staat,
De vogels dood van het dal vullen,
de bijen daas kondzoemers en
de meeste mensen met een glaasje
koel,

de schaduw opzoeken,
stapt Peggy blij en 's Zomers ge-
kleed, vol goede moed naar de warm-
ste plek van het complex: het terras.

Zij onthult dan haar stratcher,
spreidt haar handdoek, ontleedt
zich nog wat en gaat dan elegant
en al genietend inrompelend liggen.
Al en toe komt er dan romand bij-
zetten maar na vijf minuten driipt
een ieder af.

Peggy niet,
zij geniet.

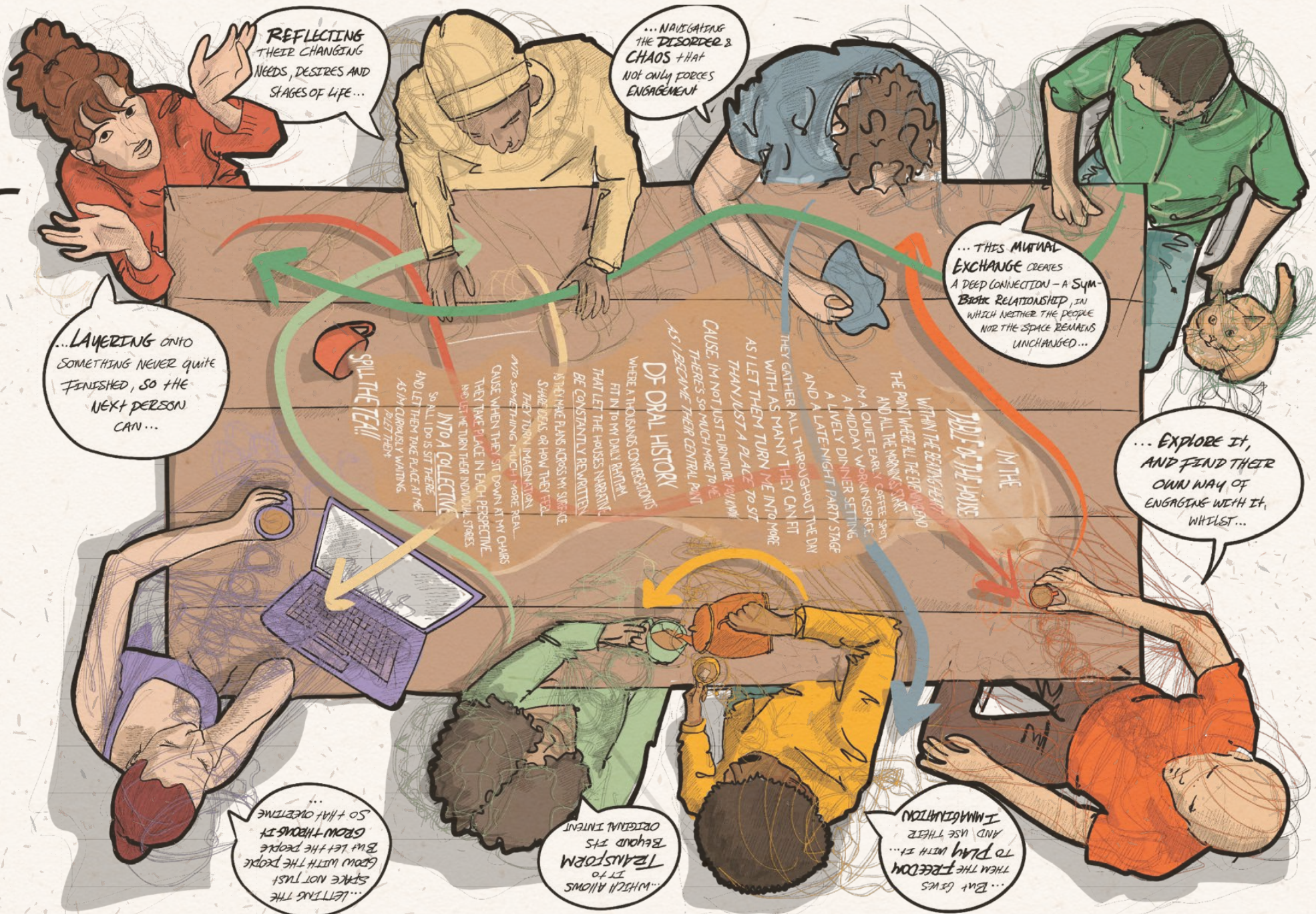


17-11-92 01.10 1992

Sinterklaas is het land binnen
 vanavond hebben we met z'n allen
 onze schoen gezet en gezongen voor
 de heilige man. Na de verplichte
 nummers zijn we nu met z'n
 14-nen het huis repertoiren weer
 aan het doorkruisen. De sfeer is
 weer goed. Wat hebben we toch
 eigenlijk een gezellige verdieping.
 Lees en Annemarie zijn er ook.
 Ze passen zich snel aan. Libo is
 nu aan het zingen. Hoe lang zal het
 duren voordat hij hier komt wonen
 - Wat jammer dat we hier niet
 meer zijn bij ons gezinnetje

Michiel & Annemarie

2024



... LAYERING ONTO SOMETHING NEVER QUITE FINISHED, SO THE NEXT PERSON CAN ...

REFLECTING THEIR CHANGING NEEDS, DESIRES AND STAGES OF LIFE...

... NAVIGATING THE DISORDER & CHAOS THAT NOT ONLY FORCES ENGAGEMENT

... THIS MUTUAL EXCHANGE CREATES A DEEP CONNECTION - A SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP, IN WHICH NEITHER THE PEOPLE NOR THE SPACE REMAINS UNCHANGED...

... EXPLORE IT, AND FIND THEIR OWN WAY OF ENGAGING WITH IT, WHILST...

... BUT GIVES THEM THE FREEDOM TO PLAY WITH IT... AND USE THEIR IMAGINATION

... WHICH ALLOWS IT TO TRANSFORM BEYOND ITS ORIGINAL INTENT

... LETTING THE SPACE NOT JUST GROW WITH THE PEOPLE BUT LET THE PEOPLE GROW THROUGH IT SO THAT OVERTIME

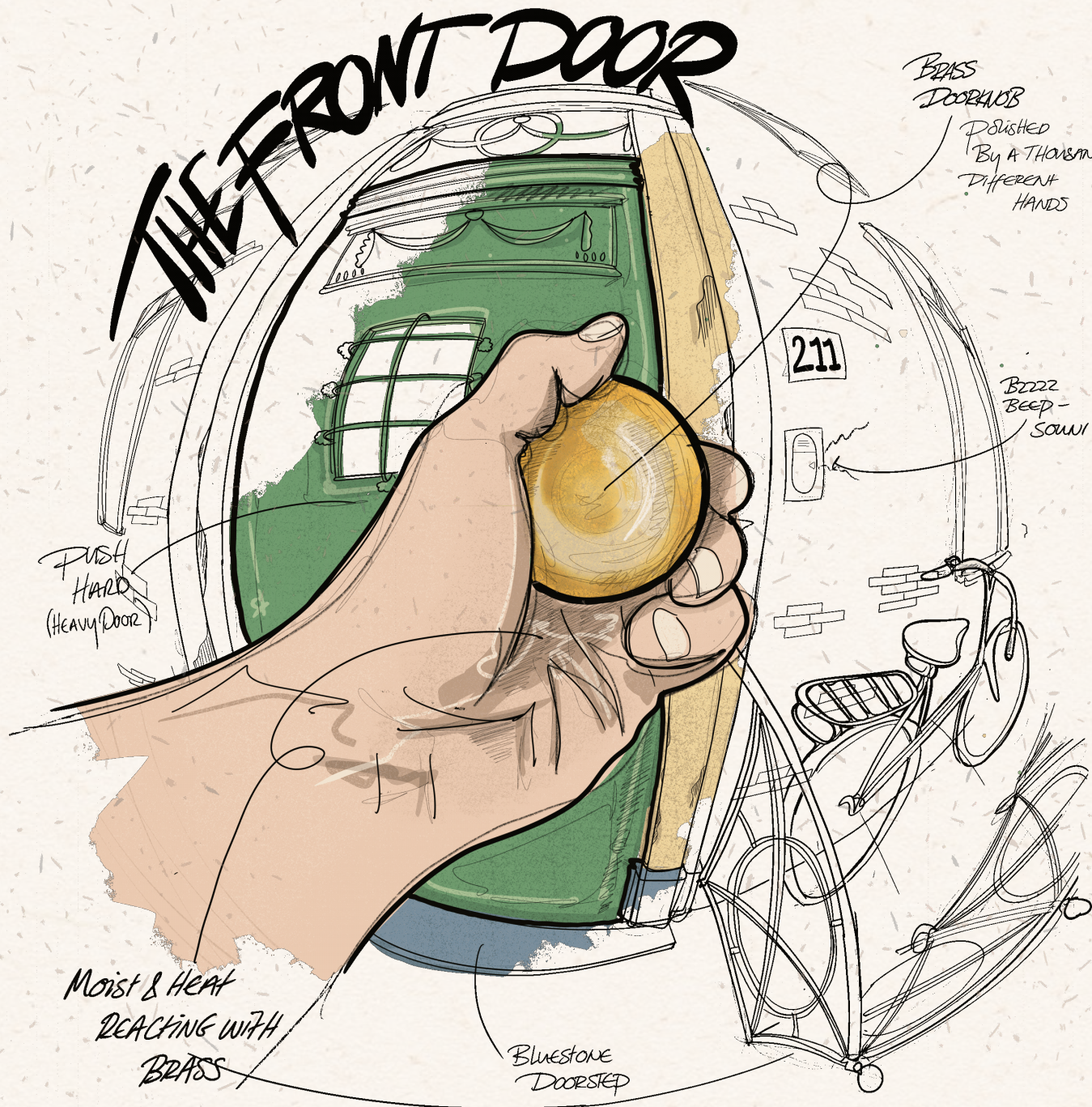
IN THE
HALL OF THE HOUSE
WITHIN THE BEGINNING
THE POINT WHERE ALL THE EYES OF LONDON
AND ALL THE WORKING START
I'M A QUIET EARLY CEREAL SWAP
A MIDDAY W/IRING SPACE
A LATE NIGHT PARTY STAGE
AND A LATE NIGHT PARTY STAGE
THEY GATHER ALL THROUGHOUT THE DAY
WITH AS MANY THEY CAN FIT
AS I LET THEM TURN ME INTO MORE
THAN JUST A PLACE TO SIT
CAUSE I'M NOT JUST FURNITURE
THERE'S SO MUCH MORE TO ME
AS I BECAME THEIR CENTRAL POINT
DE ORAL HISTORY
WHERE A THOUSANDS CONNECTIONS
FIT IN TO MY DAILY RHYTHM
THAT LET THE HOUSES VIBRANT
BE CONSTANTLY REWRITTEN
AS THEY MAKE PLANS ACROSS MY SURFACE
SAME IDEAS OR HOW THEY FEEL
THEY TURN IMAGINATION
AND SOMETHING MUCH MORE REAL
CAUSE WHEN THEY SIT DOWN AT MY CHAIRS
THEY TAKE PLACE IN EACH PERSPECTIVE
AND LET ME TURN THEIR INDIVIDUAL STORIES
INTO A COLLECTIVE
SO ALL I DO IS SIT THERE
AND LET THEM TAKE PLACE AT ME
AS MY CURIOUSLY WANTING
TO LET THEM
SPILL THE TEA!!

(INTERLUDE)

ACT 2: THE BUILDING
Effective inefficiencies

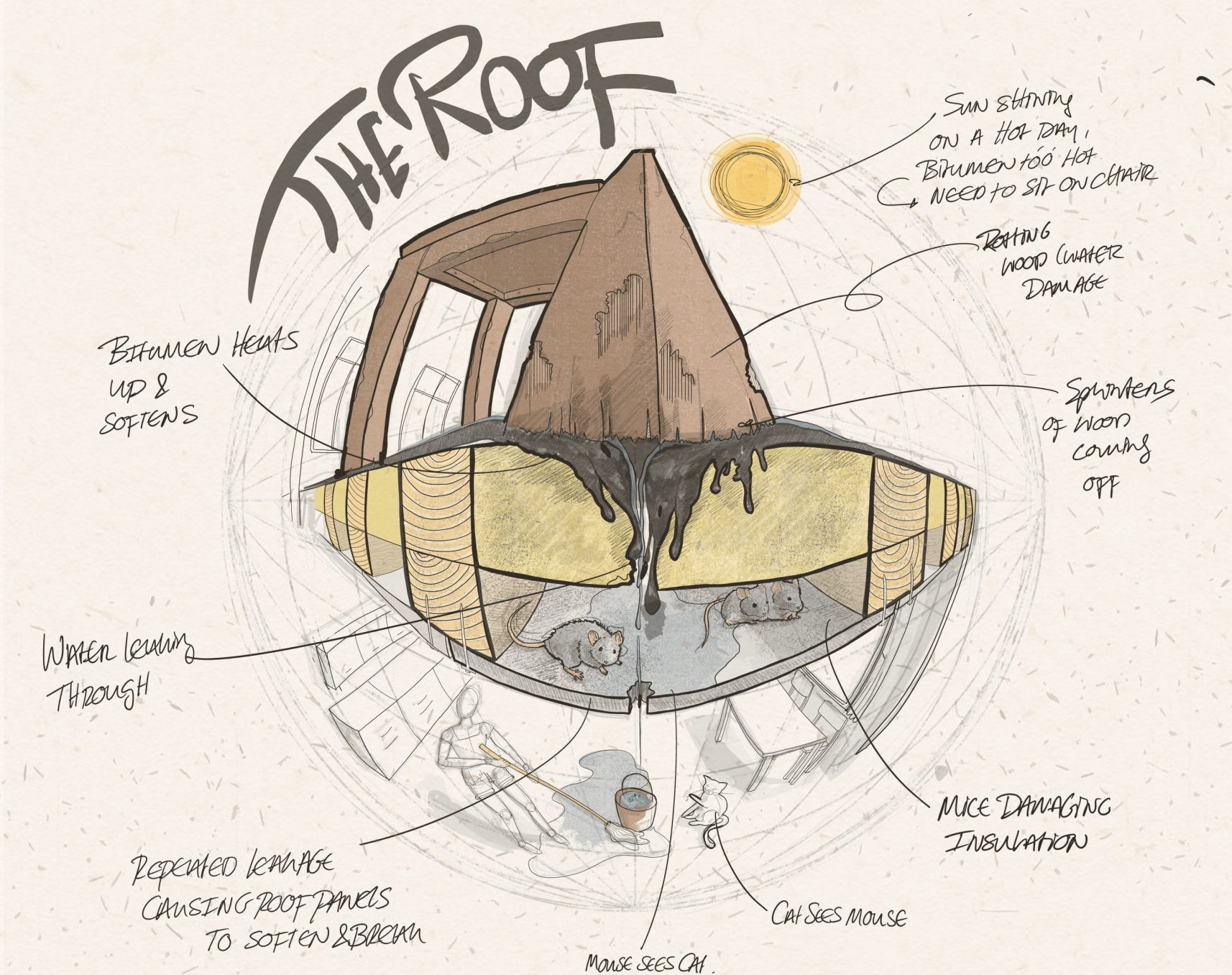
ACT 2: THE BUILDING

Scene 1. Turning material into character



ANIMATION

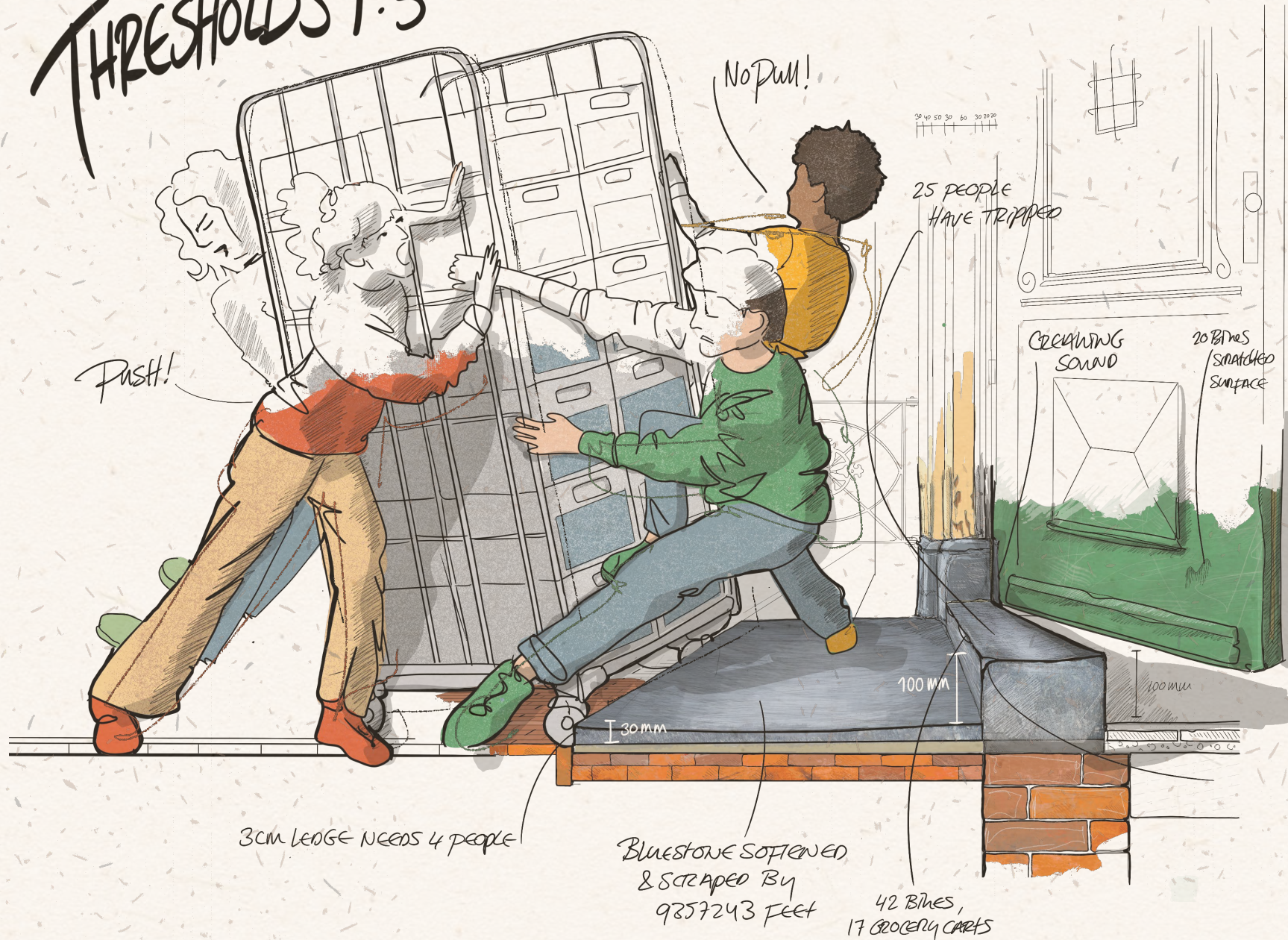


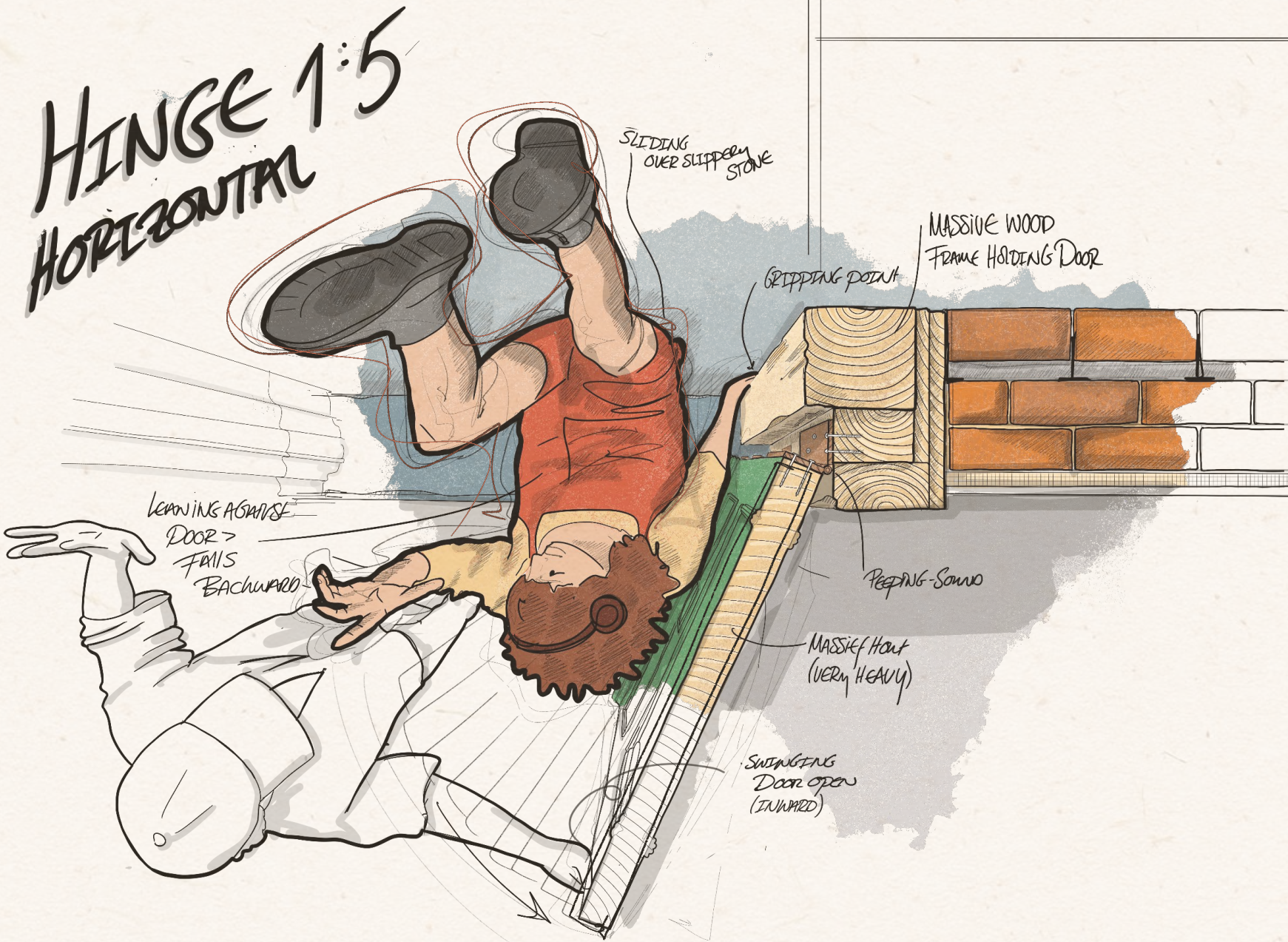


ACT 2: THE BUILDING

Scene 2: turning detail into dialogue

THRESHOLDS 1:5

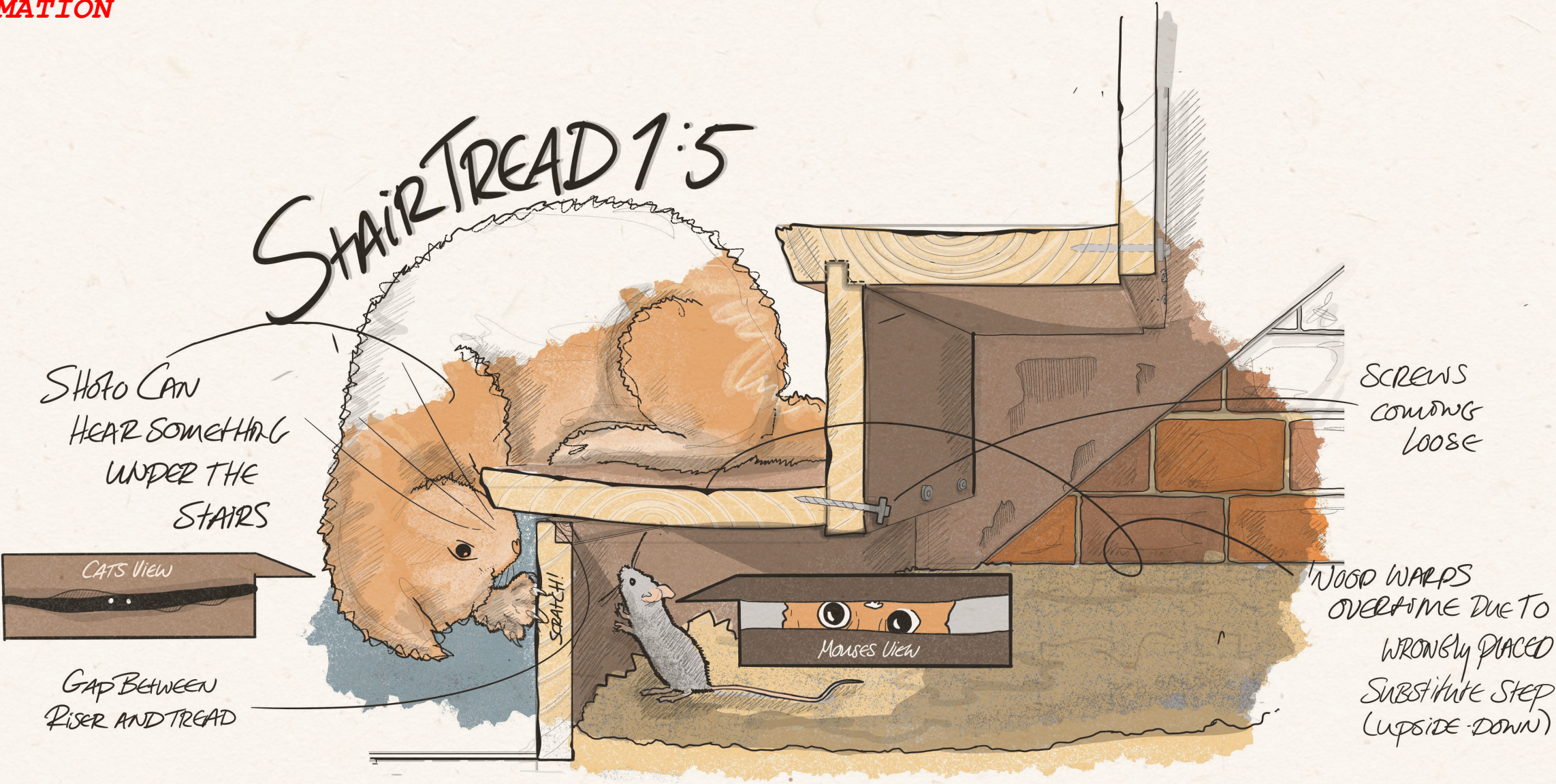




ANIMATION



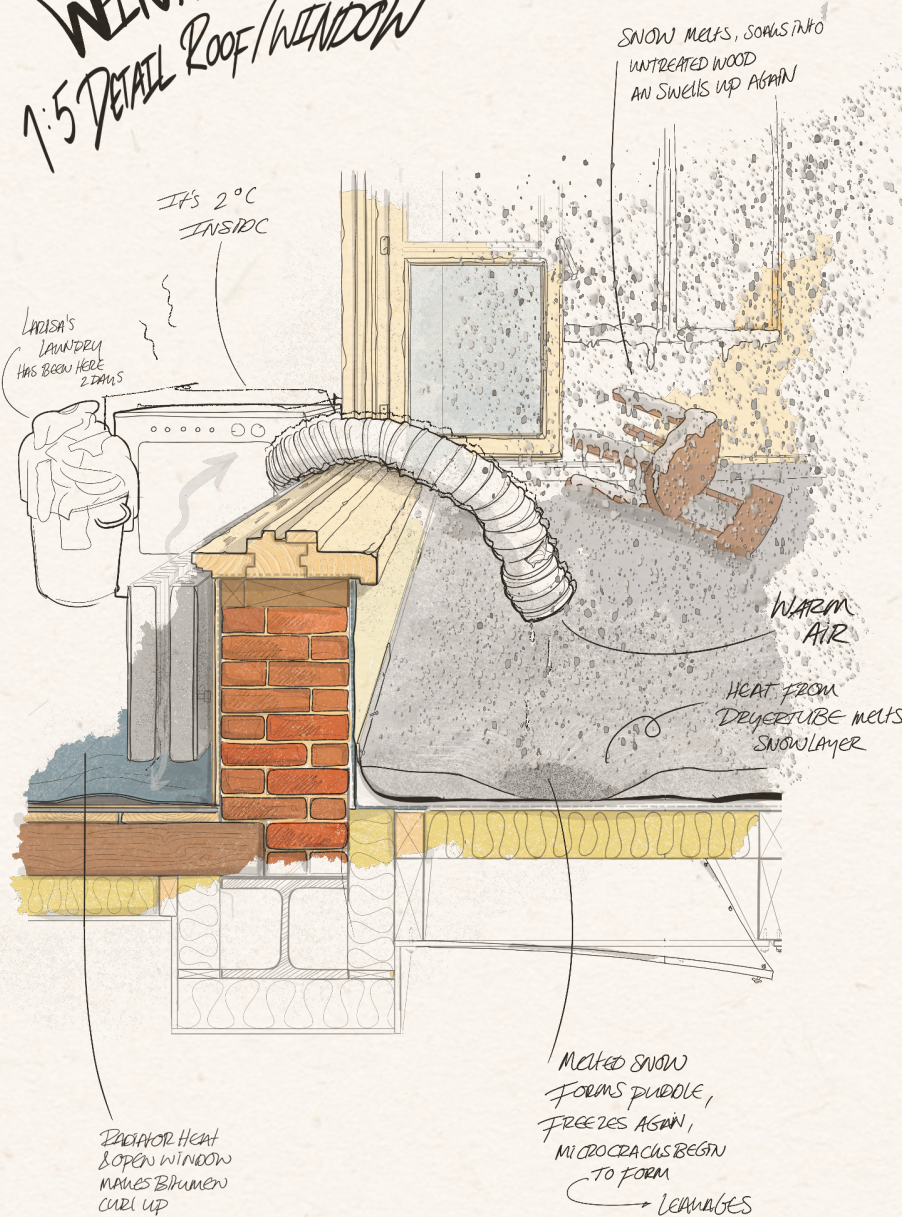
STAIR TREAD 1:5





ANIMATION

WINTER
1:5 DETAIL ROOF/WINDOW



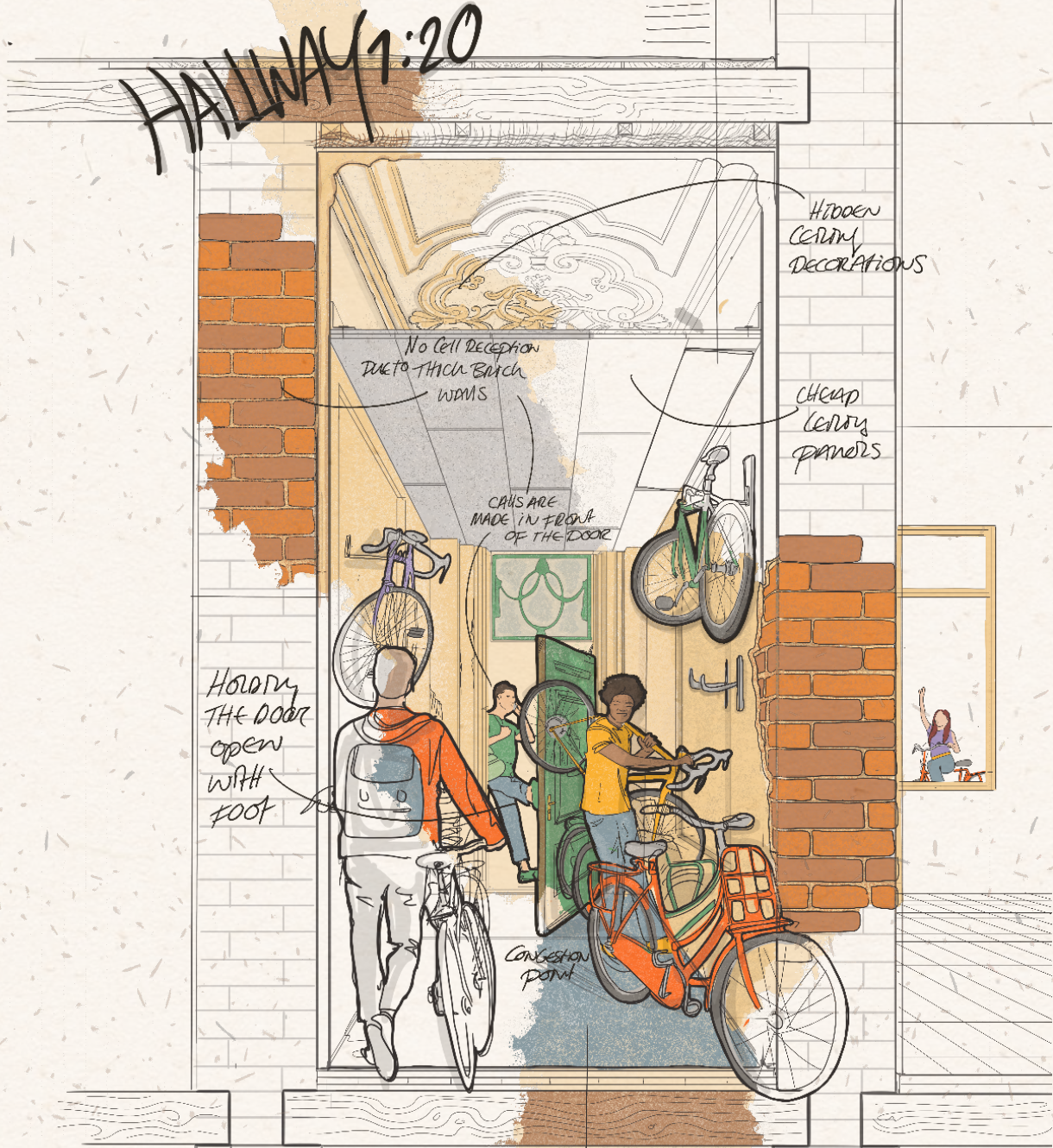
ACT 2: THE BUILDING

Scene 3: Turning structure into setting

ANIMATION



ANIMATION



ANIMATION

CRAWLSPACE (1:20)

(HIDDEN SPACES)

HIDDEN BASEMENT
UNDER
DOORMAT

MISSING DOOR
FROM UPSTAIRS?

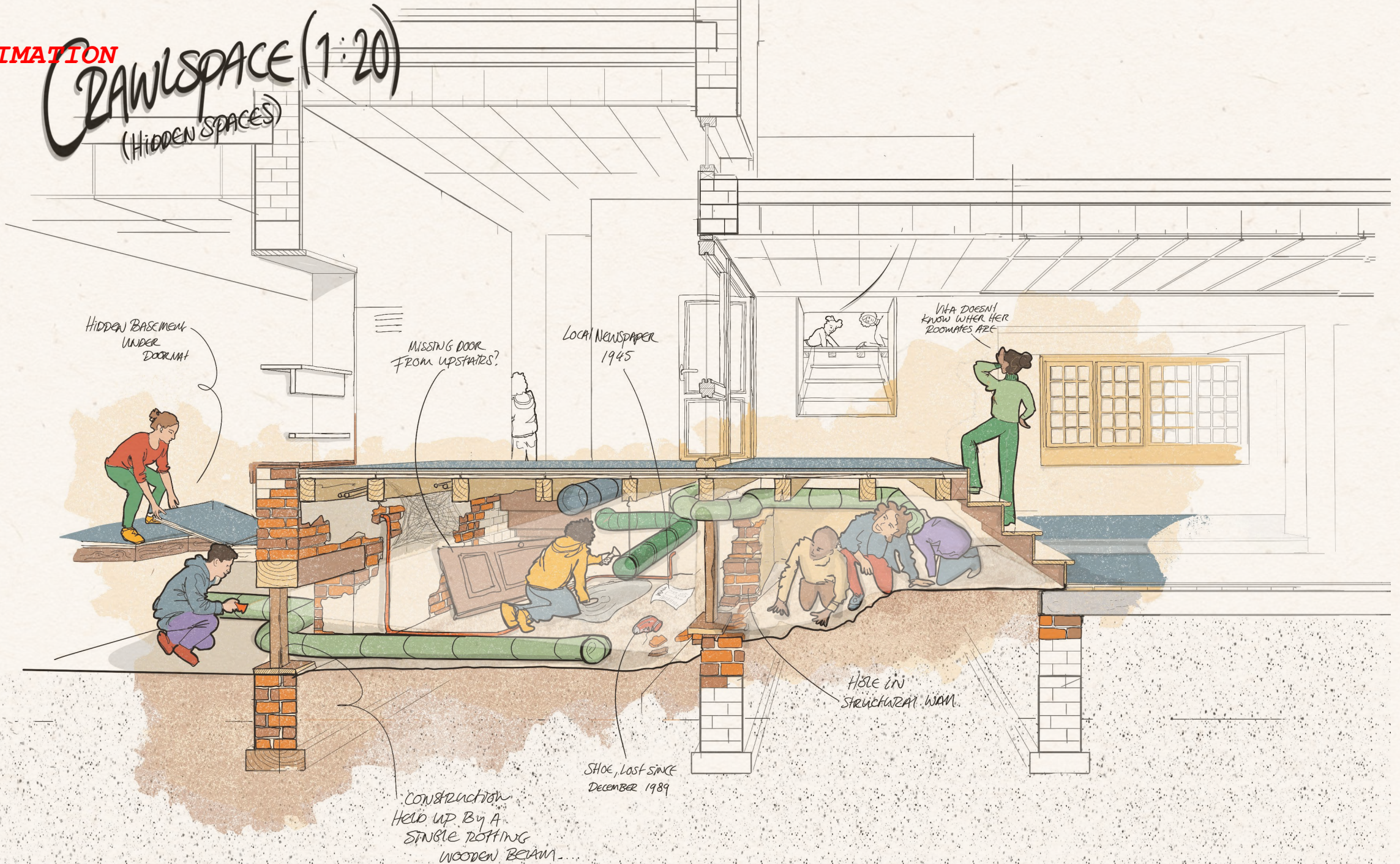
LOCAL NEWSPAPER
1945

VITA DOESN'T
KNOW WHERE HER
ROOMMATES ARE

HOLE IN
STRUCTURAL WALL

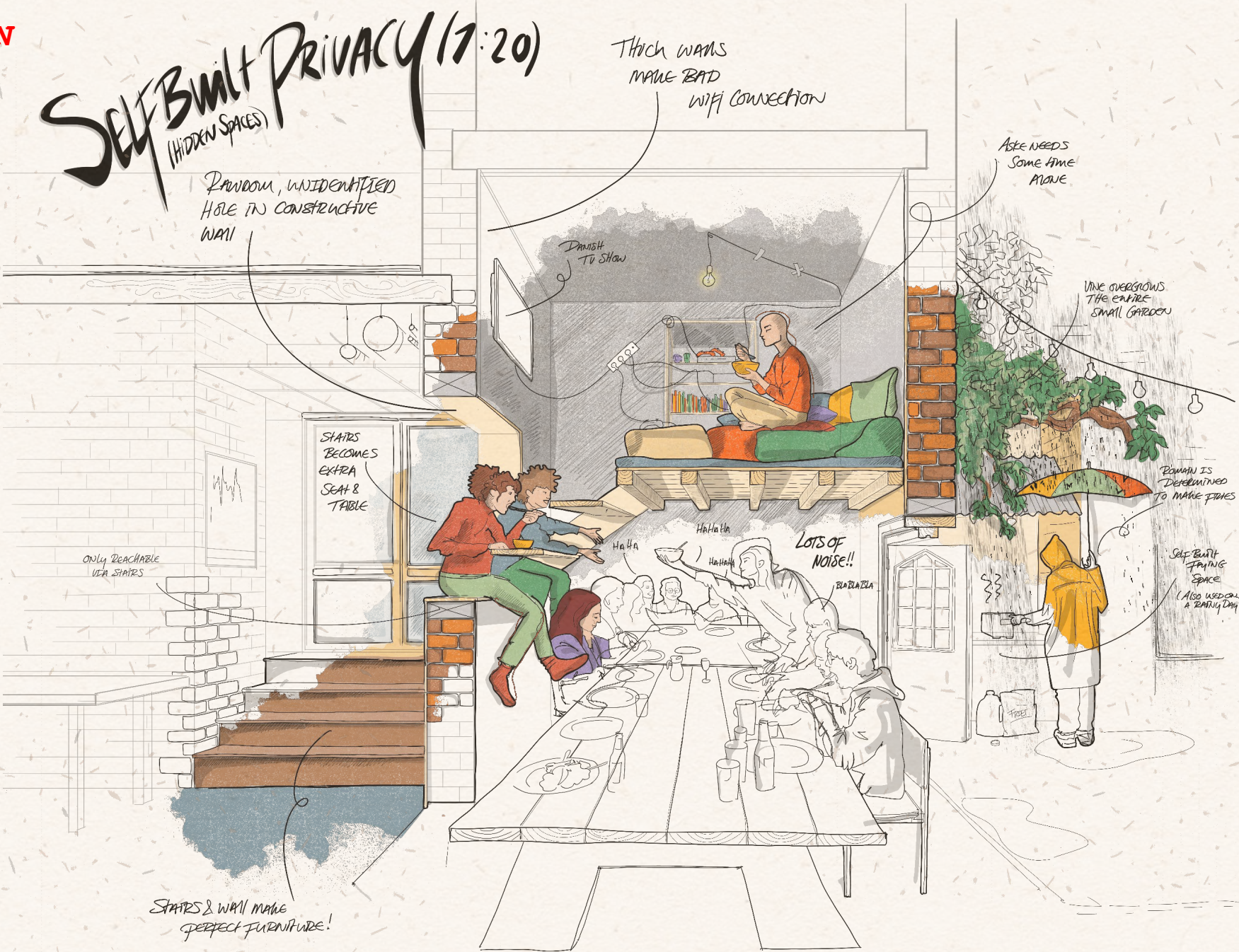
SHOE, LAST SINCE
DECEMBER 1989

CONSTRUCTION
HELD UP BY A
SINGLE ROTTING
WOODEN BEAM...



SELF BUILT PRIVACY (17:20)

(HIDDEN SPACES)



APRIL Microclimate

TREE PROVIDING
SHADE & PRIVACY

Music playing
from Larissa's
room

Broken out of
EXISTING ROOF

SOUND OF
VACUUM
CLEANER

SHAD
- MANE

WINDOW OPENS
OUTWARD

BREAKING
out THROU
WINDOW

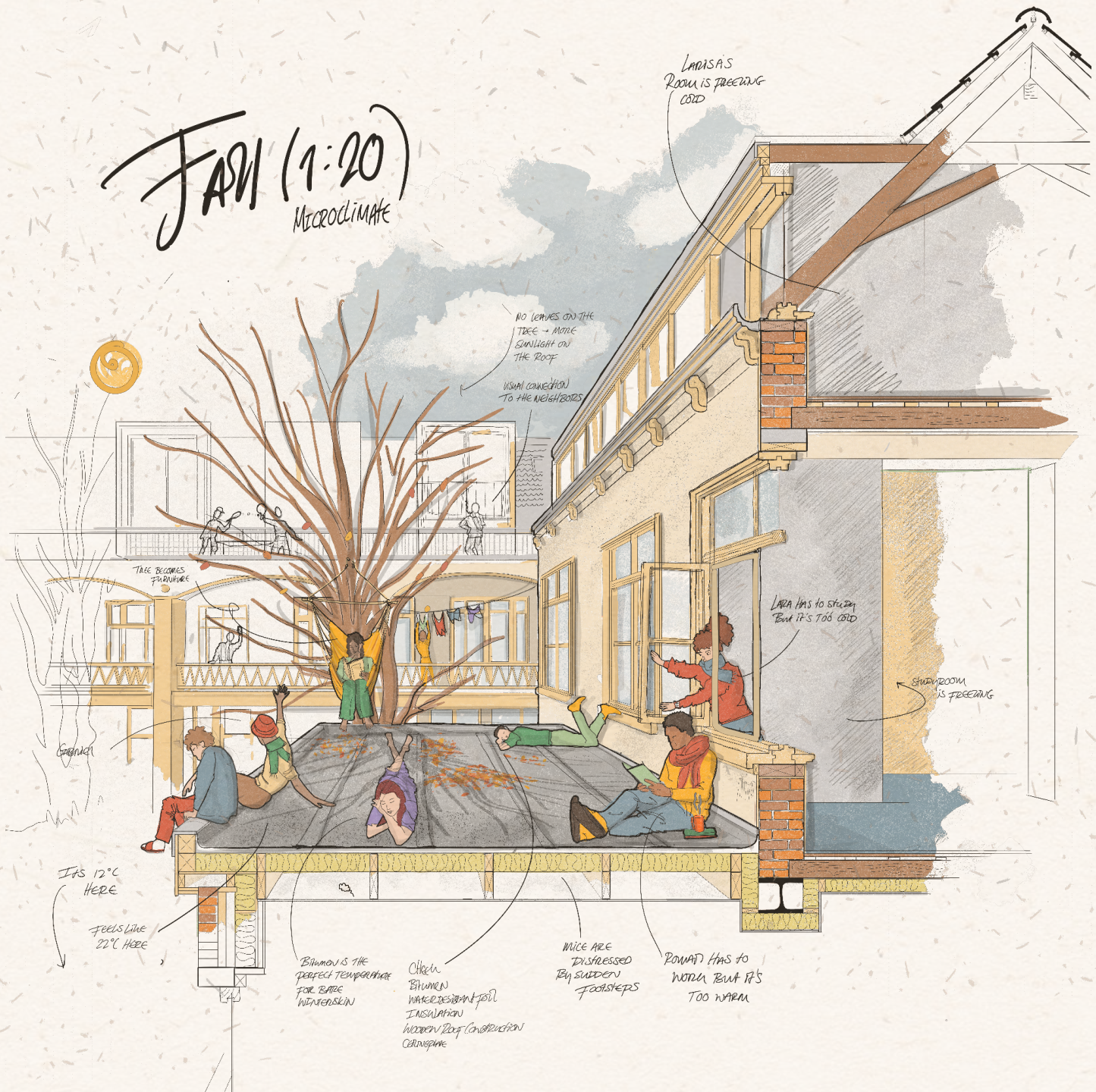
Bitumen Gets TOO HOT FOR BARE FEET

ALTERNATIVE
PLOW-ROUTE

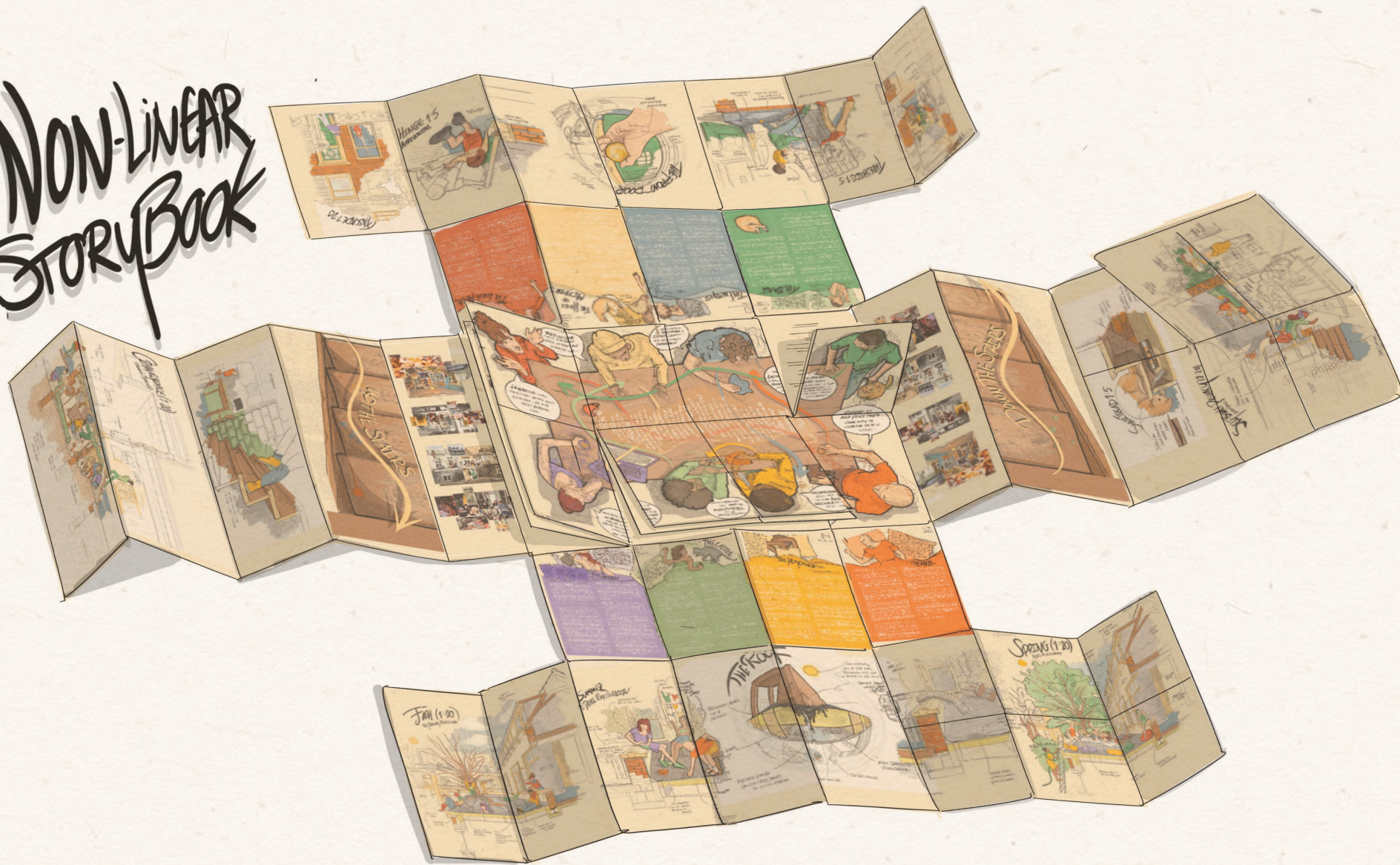
BREAKING-OUT
OF EXISTING STRUCTURE

ANIMATION

FALL (1:20)
MICROCLIMATE



NON-LINEAR STORYBOOK



ACT 3: FINALE?