

TRAVEL AS A NARRATIVE

©MARTA LULIĆ

FROM LITERARY
EXPERIENCE TO
ARCHITECTURAL
SPACE

Where to next?

THE BOOK OF
DESTINATION

05

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MSc Architecture, Urbanism and Building Sciences
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PREFACE

This research plan is part of the one-year research and design trajectory of Explore Lab, a graduation studio within the MSc Architecture, Urbanism and Building Sciences program at Delft University of Technology.

Explore Lab is a studio that encourages students to design their own curriculum by pursuing personal fascinations within the field of architecture. This approach leads to projects involving extensive research, culminating in both a research paper and a linked design proposal.

This part represents the culmination of the research, manifested through design. It focuses on creating spaces and atmospheres that translate literary experiences, emotions, and journeys into tangible form.

ABSTRACT

Inspired by the notion that people frame their lives and experiences through stories (Sartre 1938), this thesis explores the role of narrative in architectural design, proposing that architecture is not merely a physical space but an intricate interplay of tangible and intangible elements shaping human experiences within the built environment (Pérez-Gómez 2016).

Moreover, the research explores how literature can inform architectural design, emphasizing the importance of atmosphere and embodied experiences (Pallasmaa 2005; Zumthor 2006). It addresses key questions about translating narratives into functional design and extends the concept of narrative-driven architecture beyond temporary installations to permanent contexts.

Through theoretical research, case studies, literature analysis, and personal narrative surveys, the study identified the location of the project as well as the design principles and strategies that integrate narrative, atmosphere, and embodied experience into architecture. The culmination lies in an architectural design with a focus on creating spaces and atmospheres that translate fictional literary experiences, emotions, and journeys into tangible form. Ultimately, the fictional narrative aspires to create spaces that are both emotionally resonant and functionally purposeful.

This results in a design of *Habitoria* - a living habitat that is a unique meeting point of personal stories and communal experiences.

Keywords: narrative, storytelling, translation, metaphors, atmosphere, experience, emotions, travel

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01

INTRODUCTION

THESIS TOPIC SITE AND CONTEXT

THESIS TOPIC

“...a man is always a teller of tales, he lives surrounded by his stories and the stories of others, he sees everything that happens to him through them...”

- Jean-Paul Sartre, *Nausea*, 1938

Architecture is more than just the physical space; it's a complex interplay of both tangible and intangible elements... where buildings and humans engage in a continuous dialogue... where spaces act as stages which users navigate, crafting their own stories while the environment influences their experiences and emotions (Pallasmaa 2005).

Inspired by the notion that people frame their lives through stories (Sartre 1938), my approach uses narrative as the foundation for an architectural design. This perspective emphasizes creating environments that are both emotionally resonant and practical.

Since travel itself is a narrative journey (Mikkonen 2007), where each destination, encounter, and experience adds a chapter to our personal story, travelogues and memoirs provide an ideal foundation for design exploration. Travelogues and memoirs, unlike guidebooks, capture sensory and emotional reflections, offering insights into the essence of movement, place, and emotion. These literary forms provide a foundation for translating journeys into spatial experiences.

The gathered knowledge led to and translated into a concept - a meeting point of stories - a building which reimagines travel and accommodation through a new, hybrid model, merging living and hospitality into a shared, immersive experience. As such, the building blends public and private realms, encouraging slow living, cultural immersion, and sensory delight.

The culmination of this lies in the design itself, which evolves through research, reflection, and the application of narrative.

In the way that non-fictional literary experiences have guided us to the site and key principles, fictional storytelling guides the design process.

This transition - from past experiences (the journey of a traveller) to present interpretations (a written story) to future possibilities (architectural design) - captures the essence of travel, moving from the abstract to the concrete, and turning the intangible into a physical form (Lefebvre 1991).

Through imagined stories and personas inspired by real people and places, the design unfolds. These characters, shaped by literary research, ethnographic observation, and the emotional textures of Tuscan life, guide every design decision.

As such, *Casa Haboria* becomes a living environment, where the design is shaped by the quiet poetry of everyday life, creating spaces that resonate with both locals and travellers.

THE TUSCAN WAY OF LIVING

Living in Tuscany, particularly in a town like Montepulciano, is not just about enjoying its famous wine and food - though both are exceptional. It's about immersing oneself in a culture that values beauty and pleasure as much as sustenance. For a few months, to live in such a place is to embrace a lifestyle where the most mundane moments are elevated into small rituals of joy. Whether it's savoring a lovely meal, learning a language purely for the pleasure of its sound, or napping in a sun-dappled garden, there is an undeniable magic in the simplicity of life here.

What makes the experience even more profound is the way in which the everyday is intertwined with human connection. Living in someone's home, even temporarily, opens up a window into their life - into their choices, their habits, and, often, the quiet grace with which they navigate their daily routines. The fridge and pantry, those often-overlooked corners, can tell you volumes about a person's life and priorities. It's this sense of shared humanity that becomes so compelling, as it's not just the food that matters but the way it's shared - around a table, surrounded by friends and family, where the atmosphere is filled with laughter, warmth, and spontaneous joy.

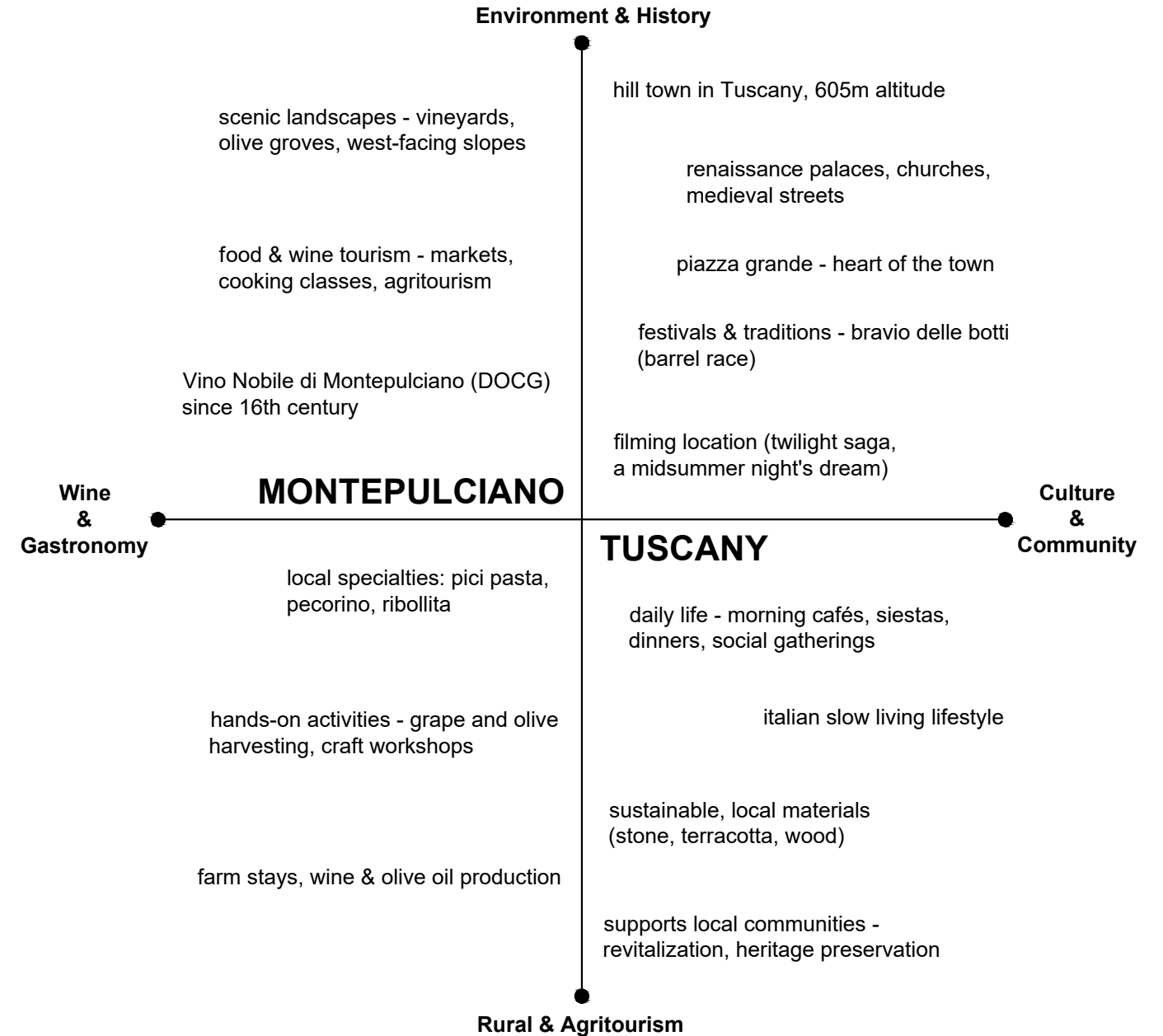
Tuscany, with its vineyards, valleys, and hill towns, offers an unparalleled sense of place. When you sit at a window looking out over the landscape, there's a powerful connection to both the natural world and a time-honored way of life. The house you live in might be simple, but it is a sanctuary for dreaming - where open windows invite butterflies and bees, and where the daily rhythms of cooking and cleaning bring you closer to the earth.

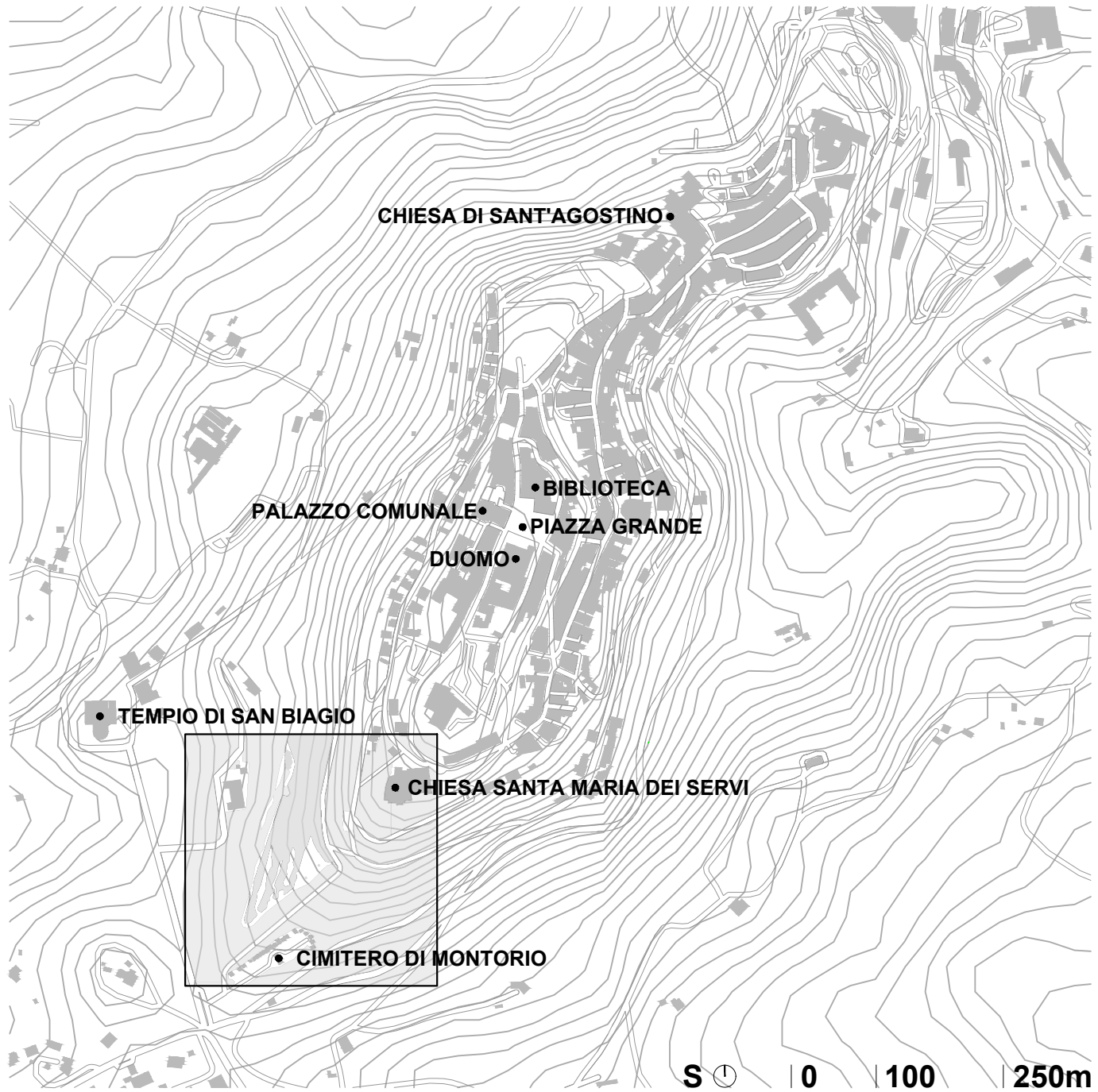
The house is not just a shelter; it is a conduit to a slower, more intentional way of life, one where you have time to savor each moment, whether it's a sip of wine or the act of polishing a pane of glass.

Tuscany's charm lies not just in its art, food, or views, but in the people who live there - those who have perfected the art of living fully. The way food is prepared and shared speaks volumes about their approach to life. There's no need for pretense; the pleasure of eating together is in the abundance, the generosity, and the ease with which the table is set. It's a celebration of life's small pleasures, and there's always room for one more guest, one more story, one more glass of wine.

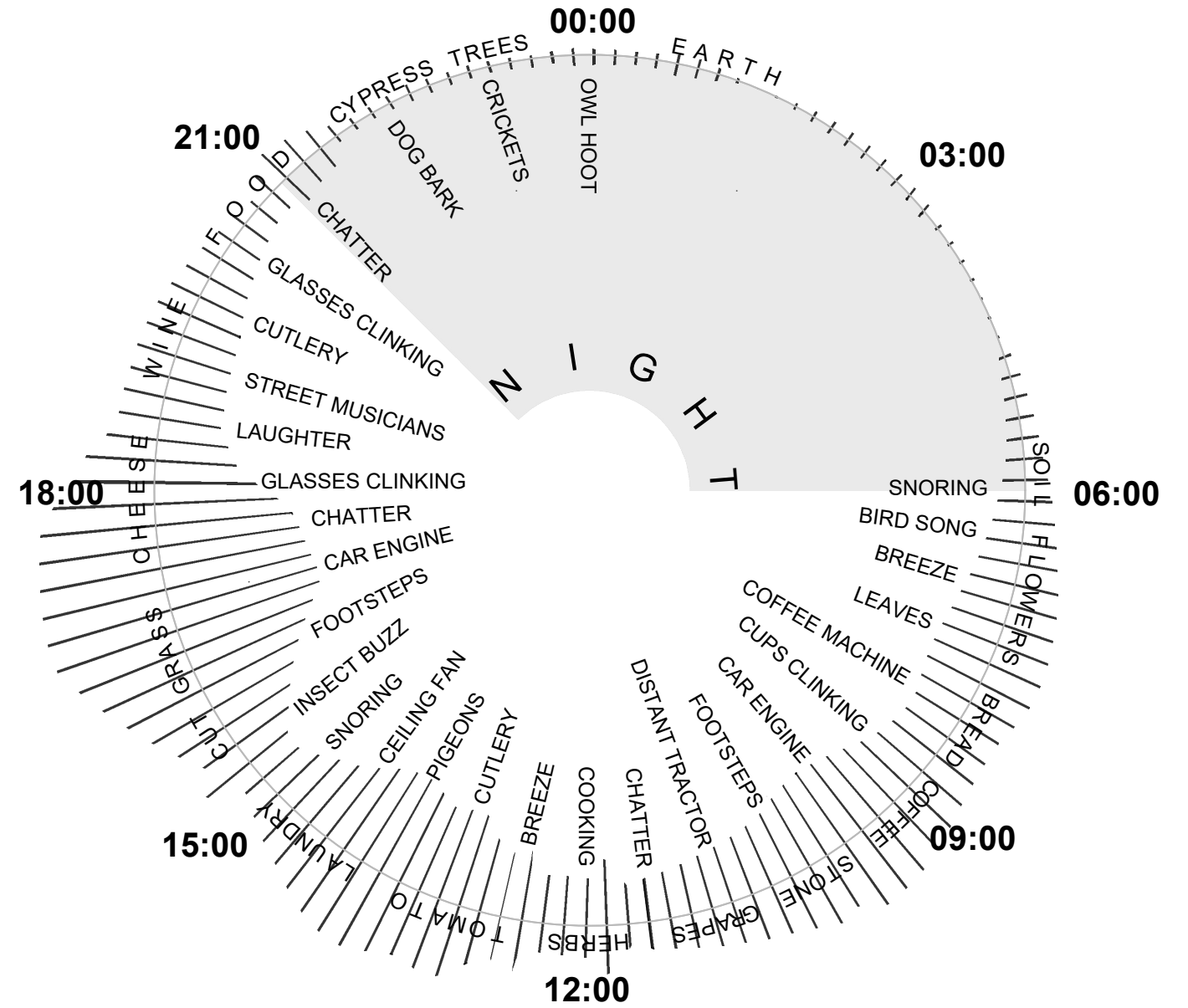
The strong sense of community in these towns is palpable. The piazza, with its centuries-old charm, draws people together, creating a space for connection and celebration.

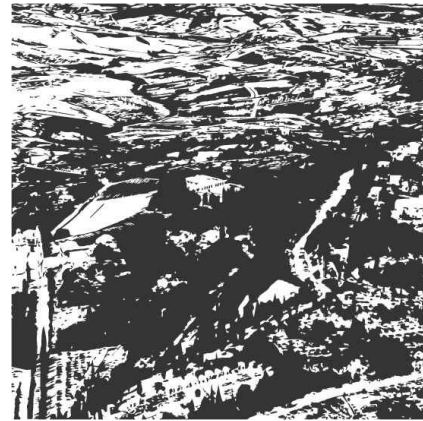
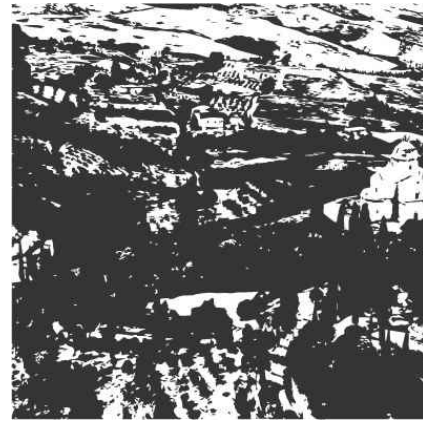
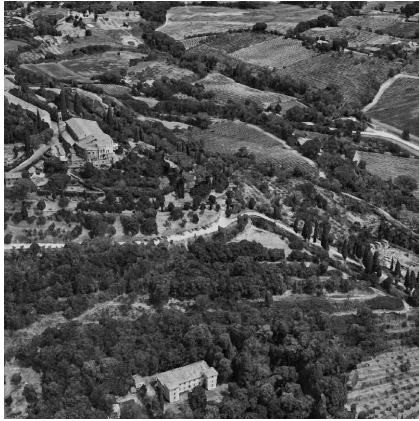
Life here is not rushed but savored, a vivid reminder of what truly matters: not just the landscape, but the people who breathe life into it. It's not just a place to visit - it's a place to belong. When you pull up a chair to a Tuscan table, you are not just a guest; you are home.





AT THE SITE





02

NARRATIVES OF CHARACTERS

THE STORIES OF USERS DAILY LIFE AND RITUALS

CREATION OF CHARACTERS

This chapter is rooted in a dual literary approach: while the research draws from non-fictional literary experiences, the design emerges from fictional storytelling. It is through this interplay that the characters of *Casa Habitoria* were born - imagined personas inspired by real people, places, and the unique cultural landscape of Montepulciano.

These characters embody both locals and travellers. They are fictional, yet grounded in insight - shaped by literary research, ethnographic observation, and the emotional textures of Tuscan life. Each one is filled with memories, routines, longings, and stories.

The following pages introduce who they are - their backgrounds, daily lives, and rituals. But we also go deeper, through intimate glimpses into their inner worlds, revealed through diary entries, letters, postcards, and personal reflections. These narrative fragments open a window into how people emotionally connect with a place, how architecture becomes more than function - it becomes home, memory, belonging.

These characters are not abstract users; they are storytellers. Through them, *Casa Habitoria* becomes a living, breathing environment where design is shaped by the quiet poetry of everyday life.



THE STORY OF CHIARA

Chiara is 34 years old, Montepulciano born and raised. She has a warm, open smile that instantly puts people at ease - the kind of person you trust to tell you where to find the best pecorino or which vineyard is worth the walk. Her life is simple yet deeply rooted in the rhythms of the Tuscan countryside.

Chiara works at *Casa Habitoria* - a beautiful, old stone building at the edge of Montepulciano's historic centre. *Casa Habitoria* is special: half of it is a cozy guesthouse with only a few rooms, the other half is housing for locals - older residents who grew up in the town, a loving couple who runs an art gallery nearby, and even Chiara's childhood friends, Matteo and Paola, who returned after years in Florence.

She lives five minutes away from her work, in a small apartment in an old traditional building. Every morning, Chiara walks to work through narrow streets, greeting the same faces: the old man with his newspaper at the bench, the baker setting out fresh *schiacciata*, the ladies talking in front of *Chiesa Santa Maria dei Servi*.



Chiara arrives at *Casa Habitoria* around 7:30 AM, before the guests wake up. She starts by brewing a huge moka pot of coffee, filling the air with its rich aroma, and preparing a simple breakfast - bread, butter, homemade jams, seasonal fruit. She sets it out in the sunlit communal kitchen island, greeting early risers with a cheerful "*Buongiorno!*"

After breakfast, Chiara checks emails and the reservation book, answers inquiries, and chats with the residents -- news spreads fast in a small town, and she always knows who got engaged, who is organizing a dinner party, or whose vines are doing especially well this year.

Mid-morning, she might take a small break. Sometimes she steps out for an espresso at the nearby piazza, or helps with groceries. The dual nature of the building means her job is never just "hospitality"; it's also community. She's the glue holding the two worlds together.

In the afternoons, she organizes small tours for the guests: a visit to a family-run winery, a cooking class, a stroll through the olive groves. She loves sharing the authentic side of Montepulciano - the parts you wouldn't find in a tourist guide.

After her shift ends, around 7 PM, Chiara often meets friends for *aperitivo* and a glass of wine on the terrace enjoying the low sun.

THE RECEPTIONIST

Dear Diary

5 April 2025

Montepulciano, 22:47

Today was one of those days that felt like a warm breath - soft and familiar.

I opened Casa Habitoria early, just as the sky was turning from pearl grey to that pale, sleepy blue. I love being the first one awake. Everything is still - the walls still cool from the night, the smell of last evening's rain still lingering on the stone terrace.

Signora Maria from apartment 2 woke up soon. She waved and told me she's baking a crostata tomorrow - "only if you promise to come for a slice," she said. Of course, I promised. You don't say no to Maria.

The guests were slow this morning - two couples from Germany, and a young woman from Milan who's here working remotely (how strange it still sounds to me, working remotely...). I set out breakfast on the terrace and we all ended up sitting together, chatting about what to visit.

Later, Matteo dropped by, needing help printing flyers for his exhibition next week. We sat out in the courtyard afterward, sipping coffee and laughing about the time we tried to run away to Siena when we were kids. We made it only as far as Pienza before getting too hungry and coming home.

Sometimes I wonder - should I be doing more? Going somewhere else? Starting a "reatareet" like people say? But then days like today happen: simple, bright, full of little things that make my heart full.

Maybe this is it. Maybe being here, being part of this life, is doing enough.

Now the town is quiet, just the sound of wind in the trees and some distant clatter from the trattoria closing up. I have the window open.

Buonanotte, caro diario,

Chiara

THE STORY OF CHIARA

Dear Diary

11 April 2025

Montepulciano, 21:21

The rain today made everything smell like wet terracotta. It drizzled most of the morning, not heavy, but just enough to keep the streets glistening.

I spent most of the day in the front room - our little reception. It's more like a sitting room that forgot to be formal. There's an old armchair by the window that everyone gravitates toward. I think it's the way the light hits it in the afternoon. Matteo jokes that it's the unofficial throne of Casa Tabitoria. I love that the residents always wander through and chit-chat. It keeps the place from feeling like a hotel.

I sat there today with my laptop, handling bookings and writing thank-you notes to two guests who left yesterday. They left me Austrian chocolates as a goodbye gift - I'm saving them for tomorrow!

And then there's my little back nook - just in the corner of the reception, through a door most people don't even notice. It used to be a storage closet, but now it's where I leave my bag, fix my hair and sometimes add lipstick if I'm feeling a bit faded. There's also a small bench with a drawer underneath where I hide soft slippers. When it's quiet and my feet ache, I slip them on. It feels like my little secret.

The lobby always smells like whatever candle I've lit - today it was fig and cypress - mixed with coffee from the kitchen downstairs and the faint scent of the stone floor.

*This afternoon, one of the Danish guests came in and just sat quietly in the corner by the bookshelves for an hour, reading *Intermezzo* by Sally Rooney. When I asked if he needed anything, he said, "No, I just like being here". That sentence meant more than he probably knows.*

It's strange how the space has shaped itself over time. It's not the biggest, but it's full of the lives that pass through. I imagine it like a woven fabric: soft voices, tired feet, creaking chairs, coffee spoons clinking, happy hellos.

Anyway. Tomorrow I'll bring the flowers for the front table. And the fig candle again. It suits April.

Buona notte,

Chiara

THE RECEPTIONIST

Dear Diary

17 April 2025

Montepulciano, 20:57

The terrace was golden this morning - truly golden. I stepped out barefoot with my coffee, just to feel the cool stone under my feet. It's my favourite way to ease into the day - quietly, with the town still stretching itself awake.

I love that you can see straight through the lobby to the terrace - through the tall glass doors that open wide when the weather is good. From my usual seat at the desk, I can watch the light move across the stone floors, touches the armchair and dances across the bookshelf.

The kitchen is just down two steps from the lobby. When I make coffee, I can hear if someone's checking in or lingering in the front room. I like that fluidity. It feels like a home where people pass through rooms naturally, drawn by smell, light, or the sound of a voice.

The espresso machine is moody, but I've learned its quirks. I made myself a strong cup this morning and took it to the terrace. That sequence - down to the kitchen, up with coffee, across the lobby, through to the terrace - it's like a quiet choreography I do every morning.

By 9, the upper terrace had filled with soft voices and spoons clinking on ceramic. Two guests took their breakfast out there and stayed for over an hour. One of them kept sketching - the wall, the sky, a coffee cup.

Later, when I walked back through with folded laundry, I caught a glimpse of it all in the reflection on the glass: kitchen below, lobby behind, terrace ahead. It felt like standing inside a living postcard.

There's something about the way these spaces wrap around each other. Maybe that's why I like this place so much. Nothing is sealed off. Nothing insists on being separate.

I left the terrace doors open all afternoon. Let the house breathe.

Buonanotte, diario mio,

Chiara

THE STORY OF FABIO AND ANNA

Fabio and Anna are the heart and soul of this little corner of Montepulciano. Childhood neighbours turned sweethearts, they grew up running through vineyards and sitting on stone walls overlooking golden hills. Now in their early 50s, they are still deeply in love - the kind that's playful, full of teasing, hand gestures, and knowing glances across a crowded room.

Fabio runs a small art gallery nearby. His laugh is loud and contagious, and he greets everyone with a booming "Buongiorno!" and a clap on the back. Anna is warm, with soft hands always dusted in flour or soil. She keeps the house glowing with life. She loves the garden - a colourful chaos of tomatoes, basil, and flowers. Cooking is her art; there's always something simmering on the stove, and she could feed an army at a moment's notice. Her hugs smell like fresh bread and sunshine.

They are classic Italians - family is everything. Sundays are sacred for long lunches, where their guests are treated like cousins. They speak with their hands, their faces alive with expression.

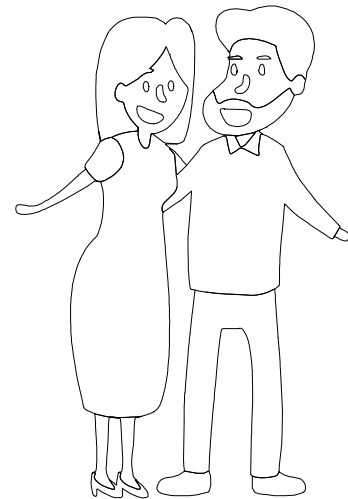
They are one of the first living in this dual housing - half is a cozy pensione (guesthouse), offering rustic, simple rooms overlooking the rolling hills, and the other half is home to a few locals -- friends and old family connections -- and it feels more like an extended family than a formal arrangement.

Fabio wakes up early and has an espresso standing up at the kitchen island. He heads off to work while Anna starts her day in the garden, watering plants, clipping herbs, picking up fresh flowers. Around 9 AM, she sets out a little breakfast spread for the guests: fresh bread, fruit from the garden, homemade jams, and coffee.

By noon, Fabio is back for lunch. They often eat on the terrace, arguing gently about politics or gossiping about the neighbours. Sometimes, guests join them for lunch as well, laughing through a mixed Italian-English conversation.

Fabio returns to work or sometimes hosts a little art tour for the guests, explaining everything with wide hand gestures and proud smiles. Anna tidies up, bakes cakes, plans dinner, and sometimes sneaks an hour of rest in the shade.

Evenings are lively. Guests are here for *aperitivo* - local wine, olives, bruschetta. After dinner, they all sit under the stars, talk, sing and have a good time.



THE LOVING PARENTS

Ciao Amoretti,

Just a little note from casa nostra to remind you that we are thinking of you - sempre!

The vineyards are waking up again - your papa says they look especially good this year (even though he says that every year). Lucia the cat had kittens - five tiny little troublemakers - and Mama is already trying to find homes for them before we end up with a zoo!

This morning, the whole house smelled like fresh bread from Nonna Maria's kitchen. We sat outside for coffee and Papa insisted on telling every tourist who passed by that his children are studying in Florence, the finest city in the world. (He said it at least three times, very loud).

Don't forget to eat well and sleep enough! You're making us so proud every single day.

We can't wait to see you next month - we are already planning the Sunday lunch. (Hint: pappa al pomodoro and your favourite crostata!)

Ti vogliamo bene fino al cielo e ritorno.

Un abbraccio grande,

Mamma & Papà



ALESSIA & LEONARDO

RESIDENZA UNIVERSITARIA "SAN GALLO"

VIA S. GALLO 58

50129 FIRENZE

ITALIA

THE STORY OF FABIO AND ANNA

Ciao Amoretti,

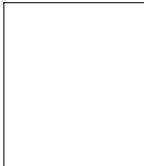
You should've seen the kitchen today - it was a storm of flour and joy! We hosted another pasta workshop, and this time we made tagliatelle with sage butter. Guests were laughing, kneading, arguing over the right dough texture like true Italians! Even your papa joined in (he mostly just ate the leftovers).

The terrace filled up quickly afterward - all the doors to the kitchen open, everyone squeezed around the table, passing plates. We told them stories about you - your first attempts at making pasta (remember when someone accidentally used powdered sugar instead of flour? Still one of Papa's favorite stories).

And after all the chaos, do you know what we did? We took a long, slow bath, the only proper way to end a day like this. You remember how I always say, "Yawash stress off in the shower, but you soak joy in the bath."

I kept thinking of you - the kitchen always feels a bit emptier without your footsteps running through it.

Baci mille,
Mamma & Papà



ALESSIA & LEONARDO
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ITALIA

THE LOVING PARENTS

Ciao Amoretti,

This morning, we went straight from bed to coffee on the terrace - the sun was gentle, the garden smelled of rosemary and wet earth, and Papa swears he saw a swallow building its nest above the loggia. Spring is waking everything up again.

Speaking of Papa - he's turned the storage room into an art studio. He says cooking is my art form, and hand-painting tiles and terracotta pottery is his. He's been sketching the quests mid-lunch - you know, hands flying, mouths full, everyone laughing. A little wobbly, but full of life.

The terrace has become our second living room. The doors stay open all day, so the house breathes - the kitchen spills into the terrace, the terrace melts into the garden, and everywhere there's life: clinking cups, trees rustling, laughter from the courtyard.

Oh - and your bed? Still waiting patiently for you. Papa sat there the other day to read, and he said it still feels like your spot. He didn't even wrinkle the cushion.

Come back soon, even if just for a nap and a plate of pasta.
Ti abbracciamo forte,
Mamma & Papà

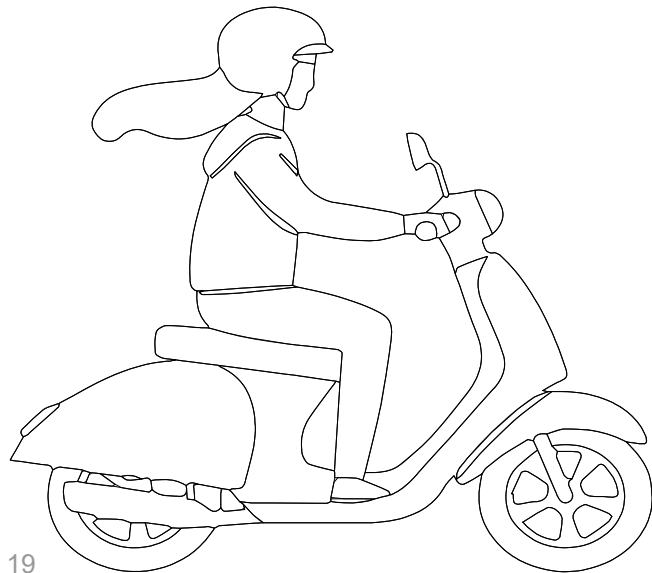


ALESSIA & LEONARDO
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THE STORY OF GIULIA

Giulia is 49 years old, born and raised in Montepulciano. She is one of those true Tuscans - proud, lively, stubborn in the best way, and full of little sayings about life, love, and the changing seasons. She works as a secretary at a local notary office, right off *Piazza Grande*. It's a job she's had for over 15 years, and she's a master of it: knowing everyone's business without ever betraying a secret.

Giulia is endlessly curious, friendly to strangers, fiercely loyal to her friends. She is the kind of woman everyone in town knows. She has stories about every stone, every family, every vineyard. She's seen Montepulciano change over the decades but remains deeply rooted. For her, life is about small pleasures: a good walk, a strong coffee, a beautiful Mass, a heartfelt conversation.



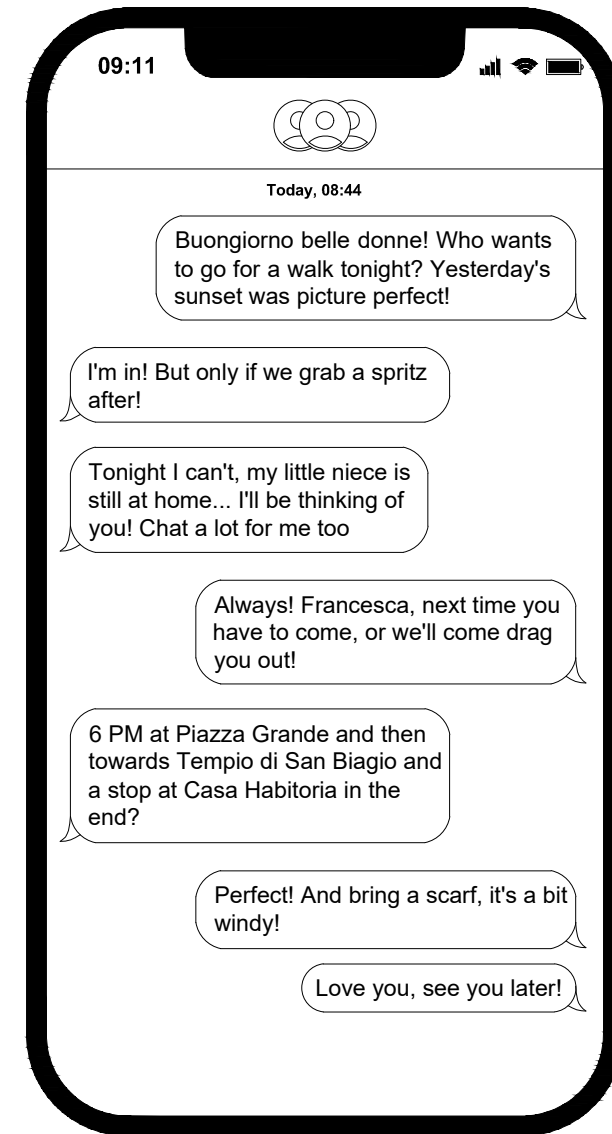
Giulia wakes up early to the sound of the bells from the Cathedral. She makes herself a strong espresso and a slice of toasted bread with homemade jam. Before work, she opens her windows to let the town smells in: fresh pastries and bread, the earthy scent of the old stone streets, newly washed laundry...

From 08:30 until 1 PM, she's at the office - typing, filing, answering calls. Lunch is sacred. She goes home for it: a simple plate of pasta, a salad from the market, sometimes sharing a meal with her neighbour or her sister who lives nearby. Then she's back to the office until 5 PM.

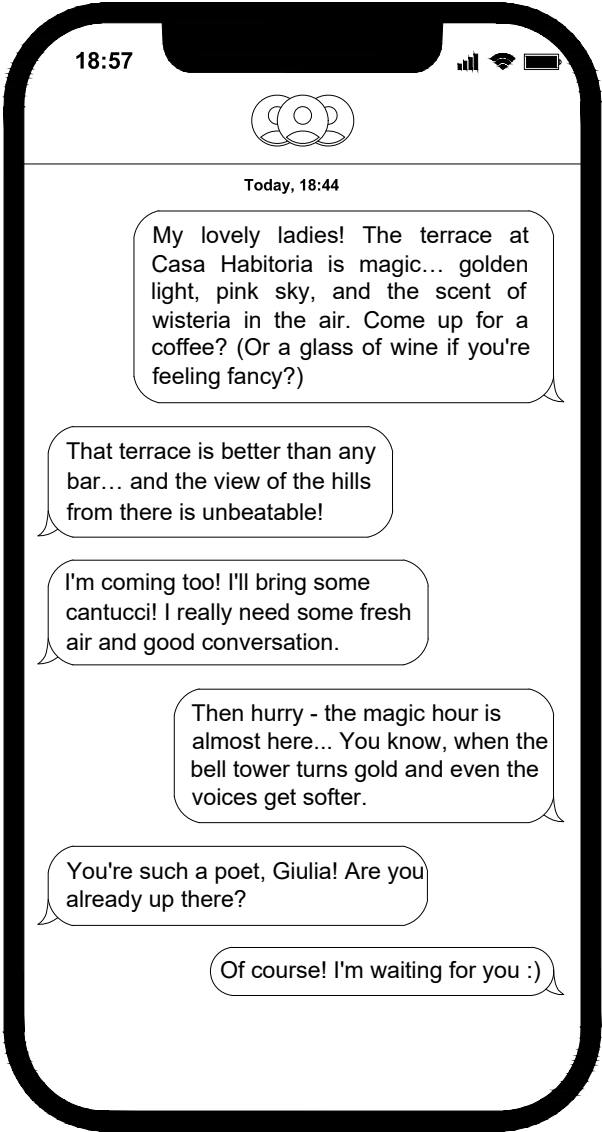
In the evening, she puts on comfortable shoes and goes for her daily walk. Every evening, the same: up and down the hilly streets, past *Piazza Grande*, along *Via di Gracciano nel Corso* and *Via di S. Biagio*, greeting friends, commenting on the weather, asking about families, maybe stopping for an aperitivo or to admire the sunset over *Val d'Orcia*.

Sundays are special. She dresses nicely and heads down to *Tempio di San Biagio* for the 10:30 Mass. After Mass, she strolls among the cypresses, sometimes carrying a small bunch of flowers to leave at her parents' grave at the cemetery. On the way back, she always stops at *Casa Habitoria*. It's her favourite ritual - a small, cherished break. She'll sit at the kitchen island, talking animatedly about town gossip, the weather, recipes she's trying, or memories from the childhood. She always says she'll stay for "just one coffee" but ends up chatting for at least an hour, laughing and gesturing, sipping slowly.

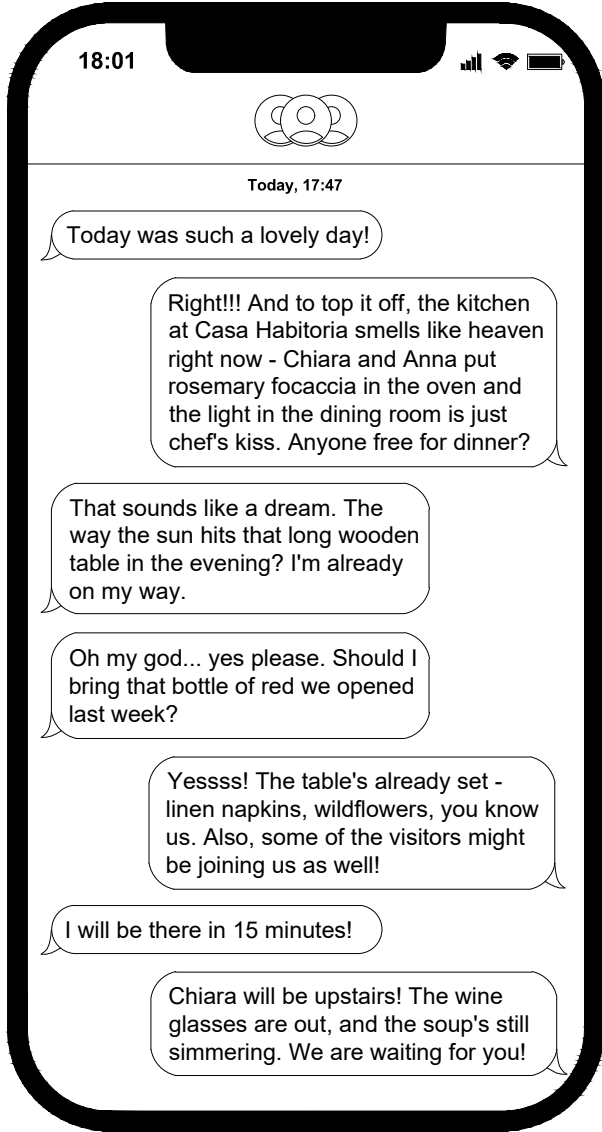
THE LOCAL



THE STORY OF GIULIA



THE LOCAL



THE STORY OF GIOVANNI

Giovanni (everyone calls him Nanni) is a wiry 75-year-old with a weathered face full of smile lines. His silver hair is always a little messy, his hands always moving - either explaining a story or shuffling a deck of cards.

He is born and raised in Montepulciano, on a vineyard just outside the town walls. He married his childhood sweetheart, Lucia, and they lived a full, vibrant life together, raising two children who now live abroad.

After Lucia's passing, the family home felt too big and too empty. That's when he decided to move into *Casa Habitoria* - the dual housing that mixes a guesthouse with local homes. It gave him just enough privacy and constant access to new people, which he craves.

Nanni is the heart of *Casa Habitoria* - the unofficial concierge, grandpa, and entertainer all rolled into one. His presence fills the building with warmth. Outgoing and endlessly welcoming, Nanni has a gift for storytelling, often embellishing the details just enough to bring his tales to life. He's deeply curious about people, always eager to learn their stories. He believes everyone has something worth sharing.

Though he's easygoing, Nanni can be a bit stubborn when it comes to traditions. Sunday lunch, for example, is non-negotiable, as is the proper way to make and drink espresso. These are the little rituals he holds close - the ones that, in his eyes, keep life rich and meaningful.

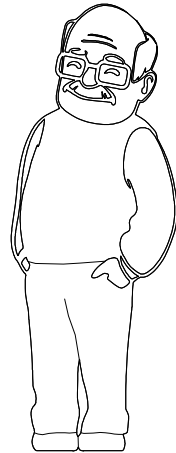
His days are spent in simple joys: playing cards with friends, tending to the small garden, and organizing relaxed aperitivos in the courtyard. He enjoys fixing little things around the building, ensuring everything is in its right place.

Nanni wakes to the soft sounds of the countryside - birds, church bells - and heads to the communal kitchen for coffee, chatting with early risers. After a quick breakfast, he strolls into town, greeting everyone along the way. By 10 AM, he's back at *Casa Habitoria*, offering guests tips on hidden trattorias, secret wine tastings, and scenic walks - sometimes even joining them if he likes them enough.

Lunchtime is sacred. He eats with residents or visitors in the shared dining room before taking a short nap. By 4 PM, the courtyard transforms into a lively card table, filled with laughter, jokes, and swearing in dialect.

Afterwards, Nanni tends the garden, watering tomatoes and basil while catching up on neighborly gossip. At 7 PM, he sets up a simple aperitivo - local wine, olives, prosciutto - and the courtyard buzzes with chatter as visitors and locals mingle. Nanni shines here, making introductions and telling stories.

If there's a town event, he gathers a group to go; otherwise, he winds down with a last card game or a quiet glass of grappa on a balcony. By 10:30 PM, he goes to bed with a full heart, wondering who tomorrow will bring.



THE LONELY RESIDENT

Montepulciano, April 8th 2025

My dearest Lucia,

It's a warm evening here. The sky turned that soft pink you always loved - like the colour of your scarf when we used to sit outside and watch the sun fall behind the hills. I sat in the courtyard tonight with a glass of wine, and for a moment, I almost turned to pour you one too.

New visitors arrived this morning - two young couples from France and an older lady from England who reminds me a little of you. She wears her hair pinned up and reads at breakfast, just like you used to. I almost told her about you, but I kept you for myself instead, tucked away in my heart.

This place is lively today. I played cards with James and Matteo who live upstairs. I lost, of course - badly - but I laughed so hard my stomach ached. You would have said I let them win. Maybe I did.

In the afternoon, I picked the first basil leaves from the garden. You would have scolded me, said they were too small still, but I couldn't resist. The smell of them on my fingers - it took me straight back to our kitchen, the one with the crooked window where the light always made you look like a painting.

Lucia, sometimes the ache of missing you is like a stone in my chest. But on days like today, it feels more like a thread - a fine, silver thread that ties me to you, still. I like to think you are here, just beyond the edge of the courtyard, sitting in the sun, smiling at my foolishness.

I miss you every moment, but I live for you too. I fill my days with stories, with laughter, with the little things we both loved. I hope, wherever you are, you can hear it all - the clinking of glasses, the shuffling of cards, the songs floating in the evening air.

Until tomorrow, my love.

Always yours,

Nanni



THE STORY OF GIOVANNI

Montepulciano, April 11th 2025

To my beloved Lucia,

Today the skies are gray, and the rain has been falling softly - the kind of rain you used to call buona per dormire. I can almost hear you saying it, wrapped in that big cardigan you always wore when it got chilly like this.

The courtyard is quiet now, only the sound of raindrops on the stone and a few birds hiding in the vines. No garden today - the basil will have to wait.

But the living room has come alive instead. I brought out the cards, of course, and we played for hours. Matteo accused me of cheating - as he always does when I win, which is often, as you well know. James was there too, giggling and trying to learn Scopa. I think you would've liked him - he has the same kind of mischief in his eyes you used to tell me I had when we met.

Later we just sat around, talking. Nothing too serious - a little gossip, a few memories, a lot of laughter. Someone put on an old record and for a second, I thought it was that song we danced to that night under the olive trees. You remember? It was too dark to see properly, and we tripped over everything.

Now, I've come to my room. The house has gone quiet again, only the distant hum of someone making tea. I'm in my bedroom, curled up with that novel you once tried to get me to read - I finally picked it up, just to feel closer to you. The rain is still steady outside my window, but it feels comforting.

I miss you deeply on days like these. The kind of day that begs for slippers, hot coffee, and someone to lean against while the world outside sighs. But I try to fill the hours with people, like you would. I still live as though you're just in the next room, humming while you fold the laundry, or laughing at something I said.

You are still here, in the way I shuffle the cards, in the way I make space on the sofa, in the way I read out loud to an empty room.

Always yours,

Nanní



THE LONELY RESIDENT

Montepulciano, April 16th 2025

My sweetest Lucia,

This afternoon I sat on my little balcony, though I always imagine you there too, watching the hills breathe in and out. The wisteria is blooming early this year, climbing up the railing like it's trying to peek inside. The scent reminded me of that spring in '72, when you wore it in your hair and made even the bees jealous.

From up here, I can see the courtyard, soaked in golden light. The tomato plants are finally showing signs of life again. I watered them early this morning, talking to them like you used to. You always said they needed affection just like people did. Maybe that's why they're doing so well this year - I've been missing you more than usual.

The terraces were full today. The young couple from Berlin made Vesperplatte for everyone, and we pulled the tables together like we always do when the weather is kind. There was wine, olives, someone brought figs, and as the sun dipped low, it all started to feel like one of those long, lazy Sundays we used to love. You would've loved today, Lu. The air was soft, music playing faintly from the radio, conversations flowing like warm honey. I sat there and listened, smiling, not saying much - just letting it all wash over me.

But later, when the chatter quieted and the plates were empty, I snuck back up here, to my little perch. I lit a candle and leaned on the railing, watching the lights in the valley blink on one by one. That quiet - it's when I feel you most. Not in the big laughter or even in the stories I tell, but in the pause after, when I look to my side and still expect your eyes to meet mine.

Lucia, I live among people, I laugh, I play cards, I share meals and wine. But it's always for you. I keep your spirit alive in the joy I spread, in the flowers I tend, in the seats I keep empty beside me - just in case you're still nearby.

Always yours,

Nanní

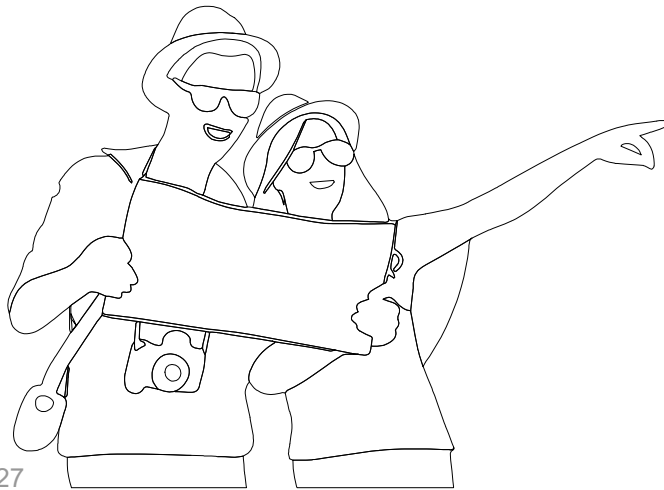


THE STORY OF FELIX AND KATJA

Katja and Felix, both in their mid-40s, are a couple from Berlin. In their everyday lives, they are typical urbanites: she is a creative director in an advertising agency, and he is an architect at a big firm. Both are stylish, witty, and a little jaded by the "hustle culture" they usually glorify but secretly resent. Their shared love for life's pleasures - fine wine, good design, beautiful food - binds them tightly.

Traveling to Tuscany was a deliberate escape from their overstimulated existence. Instead of a five-star hotel, they chose the dual housing: a rustic, beautifully aged stone building with thick walls, terracotta floors, and a vegetable garden tended by the locals. Sharing space with Italians rather than other tourists felt like a secret they were proud to have discovered.

Katja and Felix came to Montepulciano to taste a different kind of life - slow, tactile, communal. Away from their ultra-structured Berlin routine, they let themselves loosen, soak in pleasure without agenda, and rediscover a version of themselves that feels truer: curious, passionate, alive.



Mornings start slow. They wake naturally with the sunlight filtering through old linen curtains. They wander down to the shared kitchen where Nonna Maria has left a basket of fruit and fresh bread.

Late morning, they stroll through Montepulciano's streets, stopping to poke their heads into small artisan shops - Felix eyeing handmade ceramics, Katja trying on leather sandals. They get a little lost, they love it. They laugh at their broken Italian as they chat with shopkeepers.

By midday, they are back to *Casa Habitoria* for a lunch. Glasses of chilled wine, plates of pici pasta dripping with ragù. They linger for hours, eating slowly before taking a nap under the whir of a ceiling fan.

In the golden late afternoon, they join the locals harvesting tomatoes or picking herbs. They're clumsy but eager. The locals chuckle at their efforts but appreciate the enthusiasm.

As a reward, an aperitivo is waiting for them: spritzes, pecorino cheese, olives. They sit on the upper communal terrace, chatting with whoever passes by - a mix of German, Italian, English words weaving together. Later, Katja helps chop zucchini while Felix grills meats over an open fire. They eat together with the rest under a pergola tangled with vines, candles flickering, laughter bouncing into the night.

THE HEDONISTIC COUPLE

Ciao from Montepulciano!

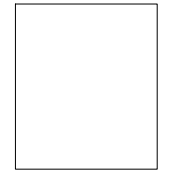
We have officially mastered the art of doing nothing! Mornings here start with strong coffee, and somehow turn into long afternoons filled with pasta, wine, and naps. We've even helped pick tomatoes with our neighbours - who laugh at our technique but feed us like family.

The sun, the food, the people... everything tastes and feels better here. Felix is seriously considering a career change to "full-time Tuscan farmer," and I might just open a tiny bookshop on a hilltop.

We miss you all (but not enough to come home just yet!)
A big kiss from both of us!

Katja & Felix

P.S. We're bringing back wine... if it survives the trip!



FAMILY MEYER

HABERSATHSTRASSE 4

10115 BERLIN

GERMANY

THE STORY OF FELIX AND KATJA

Dear ones,

This place — this life — is pure pleasure. Hedonism in its softest, most honest form. It's not just indulgence, it's presence. Every meal, every smell, every ray of sun feels like something to be savoured.

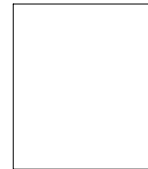
Every evening, we sit on the terrace with our bare feet on cool terracotta tiles, surrounded by lavender and rosemary bushes, watching the sky melt into pinks and oranges. Time slows down here — no screens, no stress, just the sound of laughter, cicadas, and clinking glasses.

We've forgotten our shoes. We've stopped checking the time. We've remembered how good it feels to feel.

Hope you're all doing well back home, but honestly... we're not rushing back.

Baci e abbracci,

Katja & Felix



FAMILY WEBER

WILSNACKER STRASSE 48

10559 BERLIN

GERMANY

THE HEDONISTIC COUPLE

Cari tutti,

We're deep into our Tuscan escape — where every day feels like a long, delicious exhale. This place isn't just beautiful, it's indulgent in the most soul-soothing way.

Hedonism here isn't about excess, it's about slowness. Ripened tomatoes still warm from the sun. The smell of woodsmoke at dusk. Sipping wine that Anna's cousin made while learning to make fresh picci from Nonna Maria — who rules the kitchen with flour-covered hands and the energy of a queen.

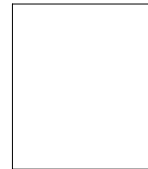
Dinners stretch into the night. No phones. Just laughter, shared plates, wine-stained lips, and candlelight flickering across old stone walls. The garden spills into the terrace — vines, herbs, fig trees — and the air smells like rosemary and grilled peaches.

We've never felt more alive, more human. We cook, we eat, we drink, we rest, we feel, we hear, we touch. And repeat.

Wish you could taste it. Truly.

Un abbraccio,

Klara & Felix



FAMILY SCHMIDT

DERNBURGSTRASSE 23

14057 BERLIN

GERMANY

THE STORY OF GROUP OF FRIENDS

They're not just travelers - they're returners. Returners to each other, and to the versions of themselves that only exist when they're together.

Years of shared adventures, detours, and late-night talks under foreign skies have shaped their bond. Though scattered across cities and time zones, they reunite once a year - one week, always somewhere new. No missed flights, no excuses. Just time to slow down and reconnect.

Now in their mid-20s, life is shifting. Careers are growing. Some are in love, some are still figuring it out. But this tradition remains.

Paul – the adventurous architect in Copenhagen. Practical, impulsive, and loyal. Spots an abandoned tower and says, "Let's climb it."

Amelia – the storytelling pharmacist in Amsterdam. Witty, observant, always journaling. Romanticizes everything. The funny one, keeper of memories.

Daniella – the calm product designer in Milan. Rational and thoughtful, always sketching. Loves to cook and bring everyone to the table.

Mia – the laid-back planner in Berlin. Marketing pro, always finding the best food, hidden gems, and spontaneous detours.

Drawn by Tuscan landscapes, cuisine, and slower pace, they chose Montepulciano - a hill town close to airports but far from noise. There, they've found a dual home - part guesthouse, part local housing with terracotta floors, an overgrown garden, and a communal kitchen smelling of tomatoes and basil. More than the view, they were drawn to its authenticity - waking to the sound of real life next door, not just other tourists.

Sunlight slips through the shutters as the church bells echo softly waking the friends up. Daniela stretches on the balcony, Paul brews coffee, and Amelia flips through their old notebook. They gather sleepily at the long table outside - laughing, teasing, catching up.

Mia scrolls her "hidden gems" list but eventually they decide to go with the flow.

They lazily bike through vineyards and olive groves as they stumble upon a winery welcomed by Frani who insists they stay for "just one glass" - it turns into three.

Lunch is shared with locals: homemade picci, Amelia helping with tiramisu, radio playing in the background. They all agree it's the best lunch yet.

Afternoons are slow: naps in the garden, reading, sketching. At sunset, they walk into town, sipping aperitivo as golden light washes the hills.

Back at the house, locals and travellers share dinner and fragments of language under a pink sky and later, under the stars, another bottle is opened.



THE ADVENTUROUS TOURISTS

Montepulciano, Tuscany - Day 3

Today, we got lost.

It started with Paul insisting we "just follow the little path" behind the vineyard - the one that looked more like a goat trail than anything else. Thirty minutes later, after climbing over two stone walls (sorry, local farmers), we stumbled onto the most perfect olive grove.

There was no one around. Just crooked trees, buzzing bees, and that golden late-afternoon light that looks like something out of a painting. We sat down right there in the dirt, passing around the last apricots we had in Amelia's backpack. Daniella said it was "a glitch in the world, a secret pocket just for us."

We made a pact to always get a little lost on purpose.

Later, back at the house, we helped Nonna Maria (the sweetest local grandma, owner of the guesthouse) make ravioli from scratch. She didn't speak a word of English, but it didn't matter. She taught us how to fold the dough properly, scolded Paul for being too messy, and pinched Amelia's cheek when she finally got it right.

We ended the night full, sunburnt, and slightly tipsy, promising each other that someday we'll come back - maybe when we're old and wrinkled - and find that olive grove again.

PS: Paul says he has no memory of choosing the wrong path. Blames "Tuscan air" for confusing him. We all call BS.

THE STORY OF GROUP OF FRIENDS

Montepulciano, Tuscany - Day 1

We arrived just before golden hour, rolling our suitcases over cobblestones, not expecting much beyond the usual Tuscan charm. But Casa Habitoria surprised us.

From the outside, it looked simple - warm stone walls and climbing vines - but inside, the space unfolded slowly. Cool terracotta floors, high ceilings, breezes carrying in the scent of basil. The house was bigger than it seemed - doorways opening into unexpected corners, as if the walls had been shaped by lives rather than plans.

The bedrooms are all unique: Daniella's and Amelia's has a desk with a perfect reading chair and a view tangled in vines, and Paul and Mia have a tiny balcony and bookshelves with a forgotten stack of books.

The living room is where we all landed first. It has soft sofas that look like they've hosted long conversations and accidental naps. Shelves lined with old novels, mismatched ceramics, a fireplace that seems ready for us even in summer.

We didn't expect the house to feel so lived in - like someone had paused their life just long enough to let us step into it.

It's really a home and not a rental and we love it. We already feel like we'll miss it when we leave.

THE ADVENTUROUS TOURISTS

Montepulciano, Tuscany - Day 6

The terrace is where mornings begin, and nights never really end.

It's shaded just enough, with views that spill out over the rolling hills - the kind of view that makes you forget to check your phone. We've made it our gathering spot: coffee in the morning, slow dinners at sunset, wine under the stars. The table wobbles a little, but we love it more for that. It's already covered in olive pits, pages from Amelia's notebook, and Mia's endless food maps.

The garden wraps around the house like a secret. Overgrown in the best way - rosemary everywhere, tomatoes on the vine, basil so fragrant you smell it before you see it.

Daniella's been picking herbs like a local, already talking about cooking something from scratch with Nonna Maria. We found two old wooden chairs half-buried in ivy and dragged them out - they creak, but they're perfect. Giovanni said we can repair them together.

Some mornings Paul disappears out there with a book, only to fall asleep with his hat over his face.

It's not just pretty - it's grounding. Quiet. Alive. Like the house, the garden feels like it was waiting for us to arrive.

PS. Daniella has already googled "how to buy a farmhouse in Tuscany"

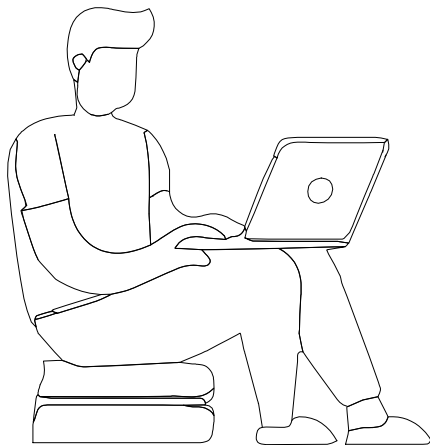
THE STORY OF JAMES

James is the kind of person who carries the rhythm of New York wherever he goes - quick-witted, intelligent, and endlessly curious. But after nearly a decade of the Manhattan grind, he decided to trade skyscrapers for nature, buzzing coworking spaces and cafés in sleepy towns.

He isn't just traveling - he's living everywhere he goes. To James, each new place is a chapter, and he's determined to fill it with real experiences: friendships with locals, late-night chats over wine, secret swimming spots, hiking paths not found on Google...

After more than 2 months in Italy, by now James speaks passable Italian (with a bit of an American accent), enough to order a cappuccino and slip into casual conversations at the market.

His lifestyle is light - a 40-liter backpack, a laptop for working, a worn-out notebook filled with doodles, ideas and new experiences. His work hours are flexible, as long as he meets his clients' time zones and now he became a master at carving out time for both Zoom calls and vineyard strolls.



The Tuscan sun filters through small room's old wooden shutters and wake James up. He does a quick 10-minute meditation followed by some light stretching on the stone terrace outside. The cool morning air is thick with the scent of rosemary and earth.

He heads to the communal kitchen where he chats with Paola, one of the locals who makes the best espresso in the whole house. They exchange laughs and a bit of broken Italian-English banter. Breakfast is simple: fresh bread, cheese, figs.

Around 9 AM, James settles down to work. He's found a perfect sunny corner overlooking the rolling hills. Noise-cancelling headphones on, he spends a few focused hours troubleshooting a cybersecurity issue for a client in London and answering emails.

During lunch break, he walks down to the garden and picks up fresh tomatoes and basil. Today he will be making a simple pasta dish, sharing it with others in the house alongside conversations that flow easily.

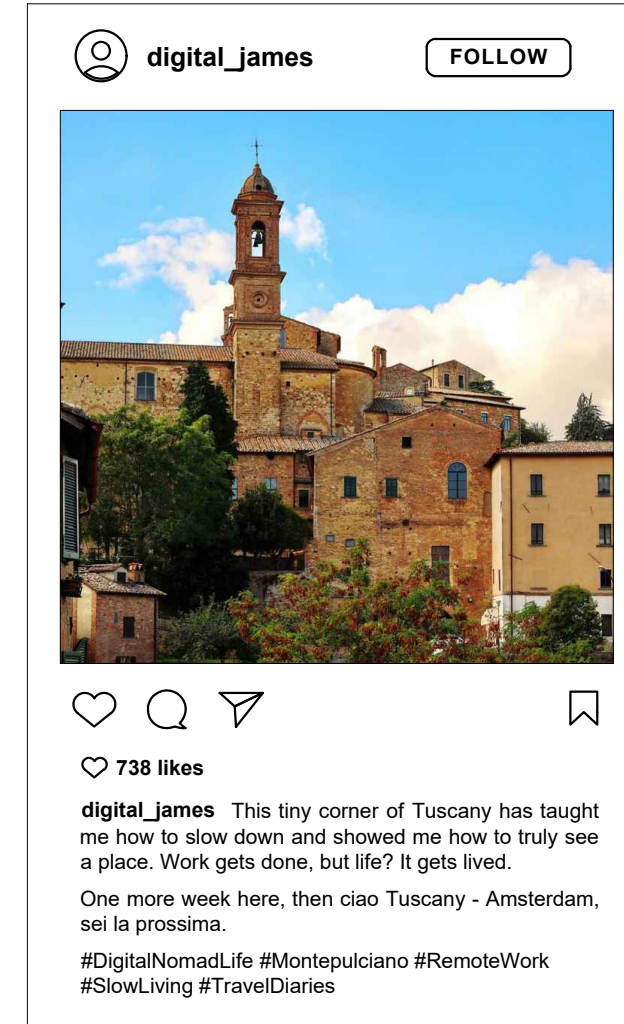
While Italians go for their siesta, he is back to work for a couple more hours, lighter tasks now - maybe a few meetings or future planning.

At 5 PM, he decides the work day is over and it's now time to explore. Maybe a hike through the vineyards today, or a Vespa ride to a neighbouring town.

Dinner is a social affair. Tonight there's a gathering in the shared kitchen: locals, guests, even a visiting winemaker. There's music, laughter, discussions about philosophy, technology, dreams.

As the night winds down, James writes a few lines about the day in his notebook and reads a chapter of a novel he picked up at a little bookstore in town.

THE DIGITAL NOMAD



THE STORY OF JAMES

 **digital_james** FOLLOW



 **1522 likes**

digital_james Work doesn't feel like work when the "office" is a sunlit living room filled with soft chatter, espresso clinks, and the smell of baked bread drifting in from the kitchen.

La dolce vita isn't a cliché here. It's just... life.

#DigitalNomadLife #Montepulciano #RemoteWork #WorkFromAnywhere #LaDolceVita

THE DIGITAL NOMAD

 **digital_james** FOLLOW



 **1118 likes**

digital_james Waking up to golden hills, sipping coffee on the terrace, losing time in the garden - living the Tuscan way: slow, sun-kissed, and soul-deep.

The view from my bedroom feels like a painting - and somehow, it's real.

#RoomWithAView #Montepulciano #TuscanyLiving #SlowLiving

THE STORY OF EVELYN

Evelyn has always been a romantic at heart. For as long as she can remember, she dreamed of cobbled streets, sun-drenched piazzas, and long Italian dinners where the conversation and wine flow endlessly. She imagined herself living in a stone house draped in ivy, marrying an Italian and learning to roll pasta from a nonna.

But life, as it tends to, took her in other directions: a career she loved, a quiet home in England, a handful of serious relationships that didn't quite lead to wedding bells. Still, the dream never faded - it simply waited.

Now, for her 54th birthday, Evelyn has gifted herself something extraordinary: a three-week stay in Italy. Precisely in *Casa Habitoria* in Montepulciano which is half-guesthouse, half-home. That blend of intimacy and authenticity is exactly what she was craving. She didn't want luxury; she wanted life. Real Italian life.

Thoughtful, gentle, and quietly witty, Evelyn has a soft but strong spirit. She notices small things - the way laundry flutters from a balcony, how old men gesture animatedly over a chessboard. She's the kind of person who leaves handwritten thank-you notes and carries a novel wherever she goes.

Lately, Evelyn has become fascinated with pottery - especially terracotta. There's something grounding about the clay, its earthy texture and ancient resonance in Tuscany.

Evelyn knows three weeks won't last forever, but she hopes they'll plant something enduring. Maybe it's not too late to live the life she always dreamed of - maybe it's just beginning.

Evelyn wakes early as the cool Tuscan breeze drifts through half-open shutters. She brews strong coffee and steps outside with her book. Mornings have always been her favourite - quiet, full of promise.

After a light breakfast of pastries and fruit, she joins a casual Italian class in the nearby piazza. She laughs at her mistakes, thrilled when she forms a full sentence.

Late mornings are for wandering - no maps, just following the scent of baking bread or the sound of church bells. She stops at a tiny bookstore and buys a novel in Italian she can barely read. Soon after, she comes back to *Casa Habitoria* for a lunch and a shady bench to read or doze.

In the afternoon, she heads to the pottery studio with Fabio and Paola. She loves asking questions - about recipes, materials, childhood stories, quirky words, and what life here was like decades ago.

After the lively dinner where locals and guests both cook and eat together, she heads to her bedroom. Before bed, she writes in her journal, capturing the day in loving detail. Tonight, she might end with: "Today felt like a dream I finally caught up to".



THE SOLO TRAVELLER

Montepulciano 2025 / April 6th

Today I woke up early, before the rest of the house had stirred. The streets smelled of warm stone and they were still sleeping, except for an old man sweeping his doorstep and a few pigeons cooing under the eaves.

At the market, I bought a handful of figs and a tiny pot of honey from a woman with a kind face who insisted I try her cheese. We spoke in a delightful mixture of broken English and softer Italian, and I felt, for a moment, as though I belonged here.

Later, Anna taught me how to make picci pasta. My fingers fumbled at first, but we laughed until tears welled up in our eyes. I promised to practice before I leave. She said I had the heart of a Tuscan, and I tucked that compliment away like a treasure.

This evening, the sky turned a shade of pink I don't think I've ever seen before - not even in my daydreams of Italy. I sat on the terrace with a glass of wine, watching the light fade over the hills.

Somewhere in the distance, someone was playing a violin. I closed my eyes and let the music wrap around me.

If love had a shape, I think it would look something like today - golden, slow, full of small, perfect moments.

I am more myself here than I have been in years.

Buona notte, my beautiful Montepulciano

E.

THE STORY OF EVELYN

Montepulciano 2025 / April 13th

This afternoon, my hands were once again covered in terracotta clay - warm, grounding, and full of sun. Paola showed me how to shape tiles properly, reminding me to slow down. Fabio painted olive branches on his, and I tried to imitate him. Mine were a little crooked, but he said they had character.

I love these afternoons in the studio. Working with clay makes me feel fully present. The conversations - about village festivals, old romances, the best porcini spots - are as rich as the work itself.

Life here moves gently, but never feels empty. I wake with the light, sip strong coffee, exchange cheerful *buongioranos*.

I'm speaking more Italian now - clumsy but heartfelt. People smile, correct me softly, or just go along.

My days have a rhythm: slow walks, fresh market lunches, quiet reading, then pottery. Evenings bring wine, laughter, and shared dinners in the courtyard.

There's nothing grand, yet every moment feels full. Tuscany has a way of wrapping you up in beauty and letting you exhale.

Maybe it's the clay. Maybe it's the people. Maybe it's finally giving myself this time. But something about it all feels just right.

Buona notte, Italy!

E.

THE SOLO TRAVELLER

Montepulciano 2025 / April 22nd

This afternoon I found myself on the terrace again, book in hand and a glass of white wine beside me. The garden below was alive with the buzz of bees and the rustling of olive leaves, but I couldn't help thinking about the novel I'm reading - *The Enchanted April* by Elizabeth von Arnim.

There's something about this book that mirrors my own experience here. The characters in the story are escaping to a villa in Italy, just as I've found my own slice of this sun-drenched place. It's a story of women reclaiming parts of themselves they thought were lost - a quiet kind of transformation. Every page reminds me of the peace I feel here: the stillness, the slowing down, the space to just be.

As I read, I couldn't help but smile at the synchronicity. I thought of the garden below - the lavender, tomatoes, and basil - and how it feels like the land is nurturing me, just as it does in the novel. The landscape here, with its rosemary and terracotta, is like a living part of the story.

Mornings are quiet, with coffee and a cool breeze, then a wander through the market or a sit in the piazza.

Evenings are spent sharing meals and stories under the pergola. It's as if I've stepped into a dream I've always had and I don't want ever to end.

Buona notte, Tuscany!

E.

03

TRANSLATING NARRATIVES

CONCEPT DIAGRAMS

CONCEPT

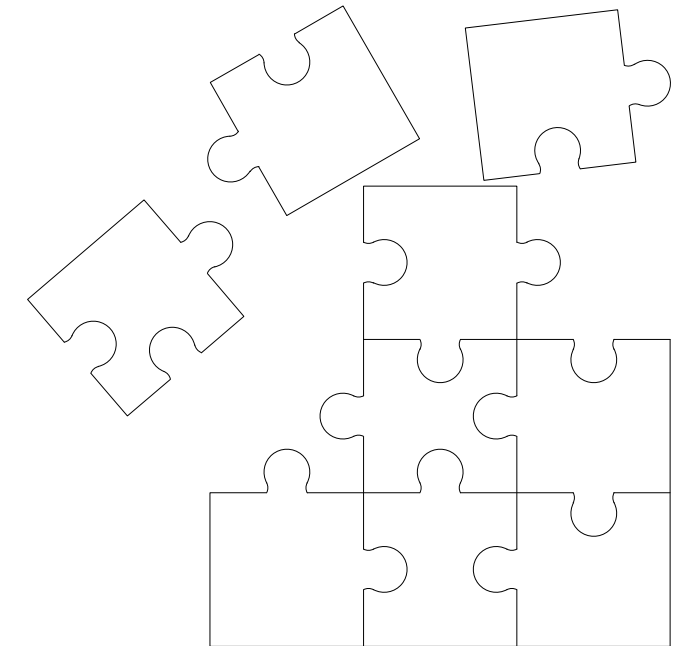
The analysis of the stories of characters provides a unique lens through which we can understand the program, positioning, and use of space. Through these narratives, we explore not only how they live but also how they experience the space - what they see, smell, hear, and feel. Their movements, rituals, and interactions with their environment unveil the building and how the space is inhabited and experienced on a sensory level.

The stories serve as a guide, shaping the spatial design, yet still leaving room for creative manoeuvring. Each character's daily rituals and ways of living offer key insights into the spatial dynamics of the environment, illustrating the overlapping of their individual habits and how these intersect with the larger space.

Starting from the inside, the design process unfolds through the fragments of these stories, each piece adding depth to the overall picture. These fragments - though seemingly isolated - are connected by life, with each possessing its own unique spatial character. Rather than isolated entities, they come together like puzzle pieces, building a cohesive whole that reflects the complex, layered experiences of the characters.

This approach reinforces the idea that architecture can be inhabited in tactile, sensory ways, allowing the characters to engage with their environment beyond its physical form. The design becomes not just a backdrop, but an integral part of their lived experience, responding to the nuances of daily life and the sensory interactions that define it.

This approach reinforces the idea that architecture can be inhabited in tactile, sensory ways, allowing the characters to engage with their environment beyond its physical form. The design becomes not just a backdrop, but an integral part of their lived experience, responding to the nuances of daily life and the sensory interactions that define it.



UNDERSTANDING THE USER

CHIARA

home arrival coffee & breakfast emails coffee break groceries emails chat home

FABIO & ANNA

waking up coffee work / gardening lunch work / nap & cleaning aperitivo cooking dinner chat sleep

GIULIA

work walk aperitivo / dinner walk

GIOVANNI

waking up coffee breakfast town chat lunch nap cards gardening dinner chat/cards sleep

FELIX & KATJA

waking up breakfast stroll lunch nap gardening aperitivo grilling & cooking dinner chat sleep

FRIENDS

waking up stretching coffee exploring lunch nap / reading stroll aperitivo dinner chat sleep

JAMES

waking up stretching breakfast work gardening cooking lunch work exploring dinner chat sleep

EVELYN

waking up coffee reading breakfast lesson stroll lunch nap / reading pottery dinner chat sleep

PROGRAM

entrance kitchen office kitchen terrace office lobby / living room / terrace

bedroom kitchen garden terrace bedroom storage terrace kitchen outside dining bedroom

terrace / dining / outside dining

bedroom kitchen lobby dining bedroom terrace / living garden outside dining bedroom

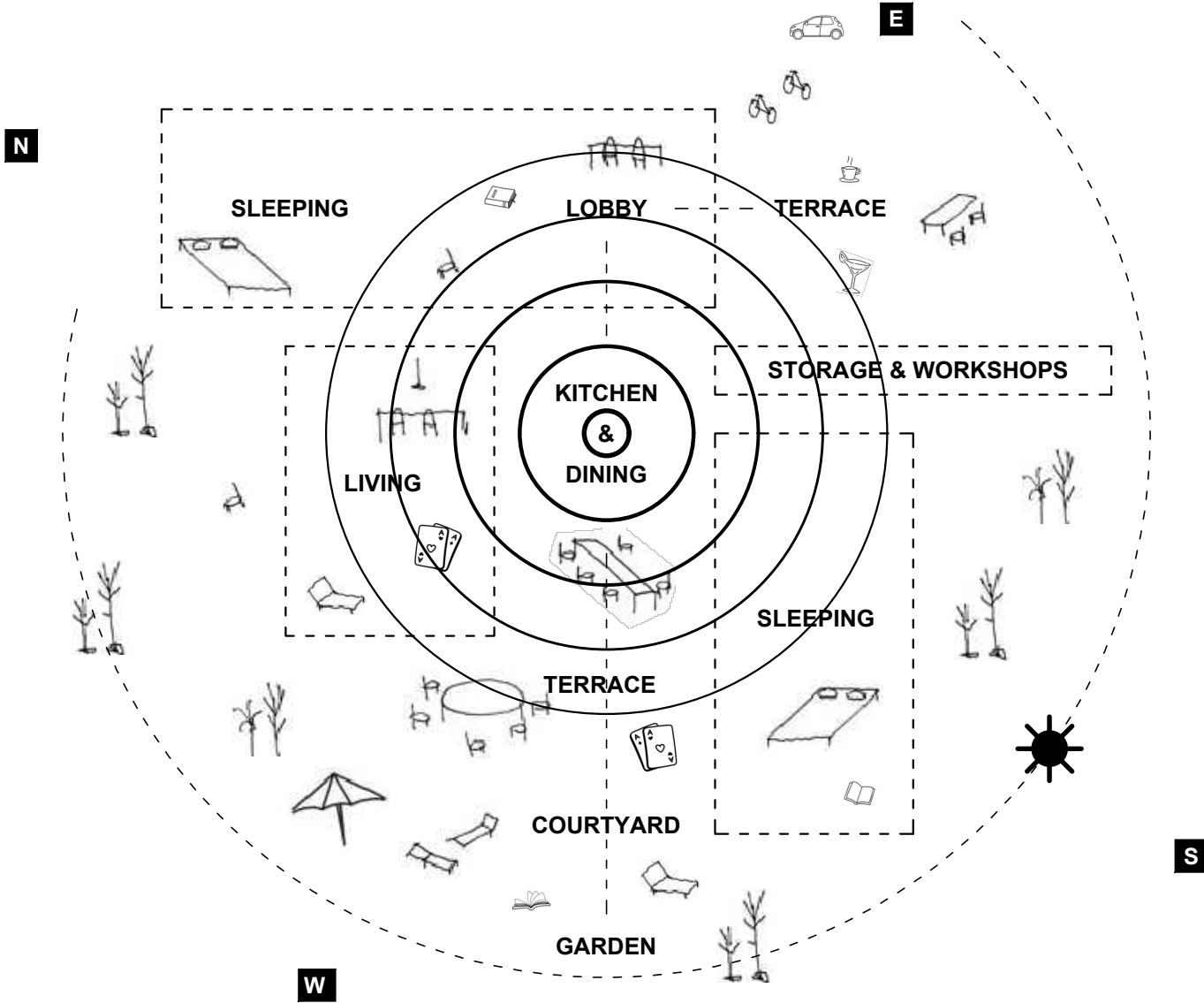
bedroom dining lobby dining bedroom garden terrace kitchen outside dining bedroom

bedroom balcony kitchen lobby dining bedroom / garden lobby outside dining bedroom

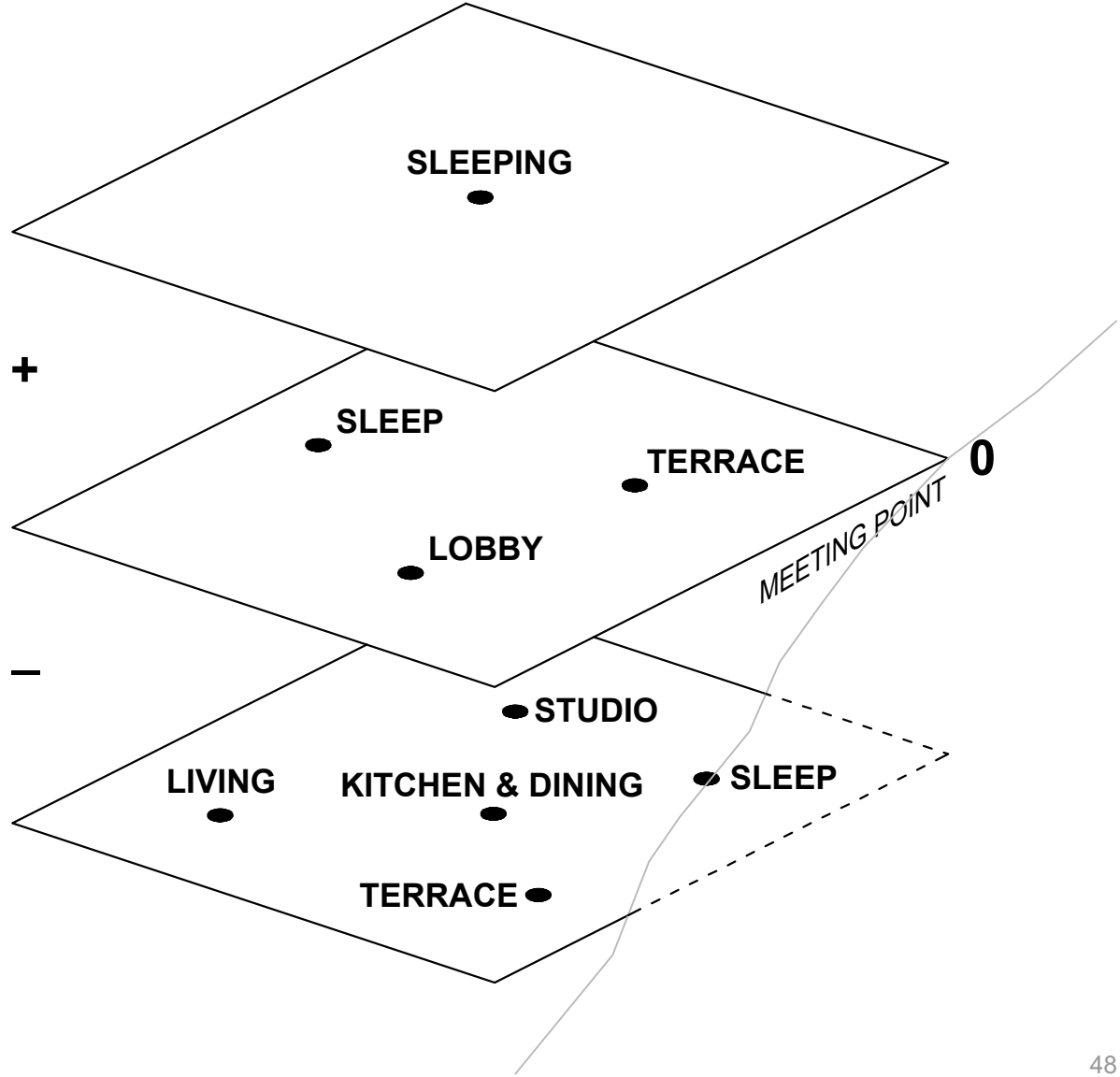
bedroom balcony kitchen living room garden kitchen lobby outside dining bedroom

bedroom kitchen terrace dining lobby kitchen bedroom / garden art studio outside dining bedroom

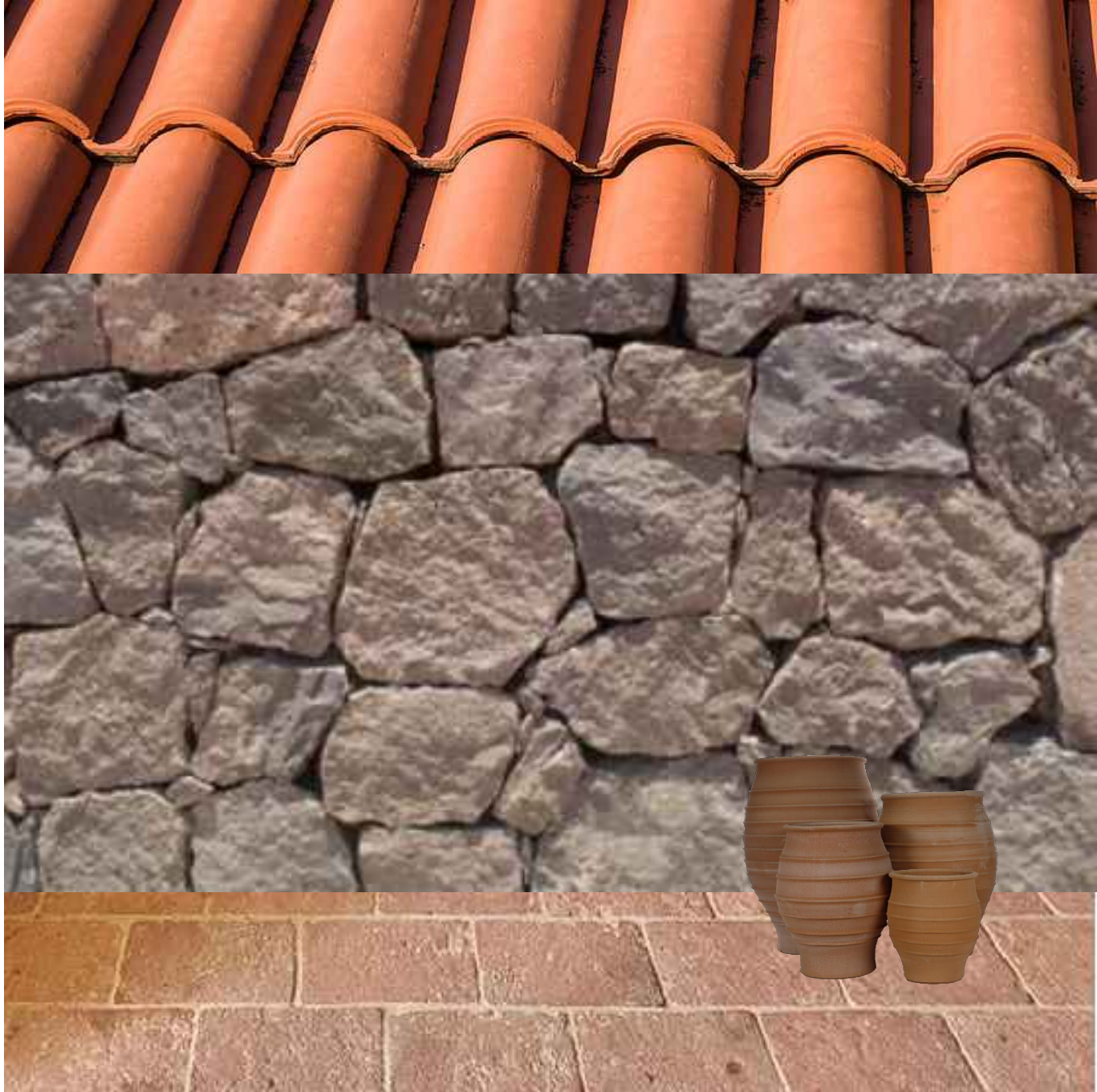
ZONING



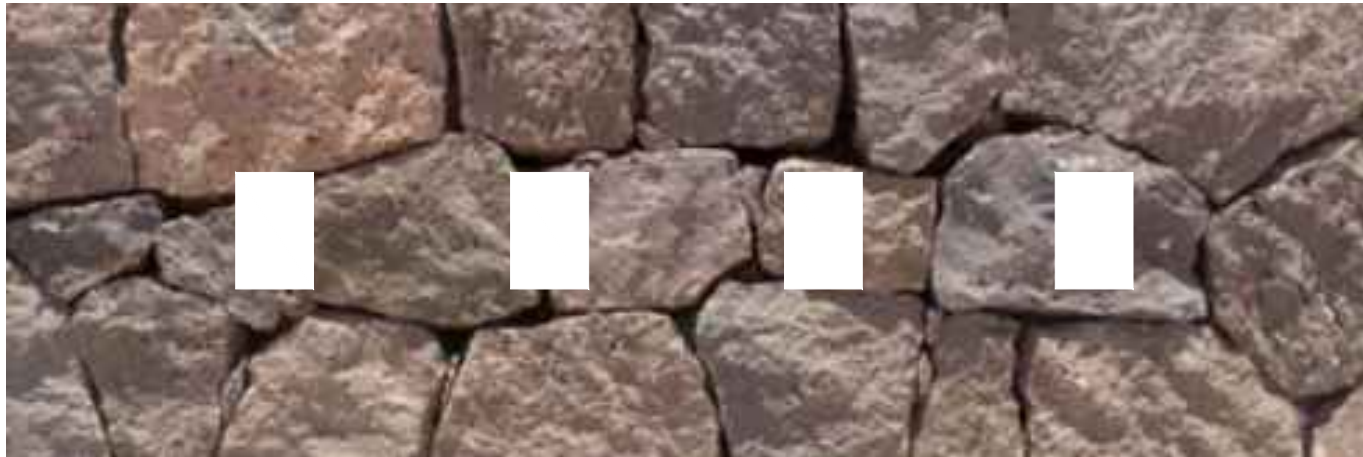
POSITIONING



SEE - SMELL - HEAR - FEEL

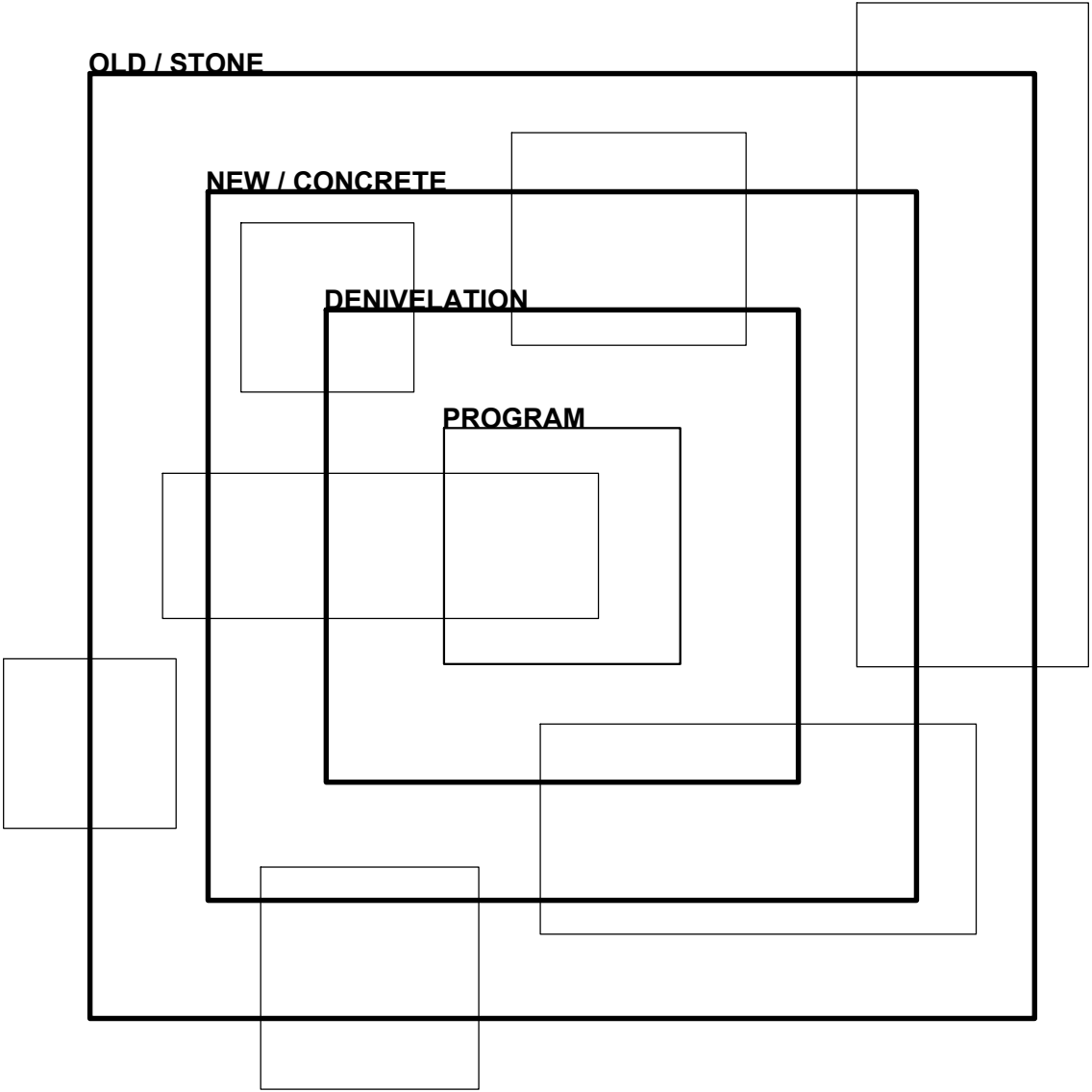






KNOWN + UNKNOWN
PUBLIC + PRIVATE
OPEN + CLOSED
SERVING + SERVED

REDEFINING THE TRADITIONAL

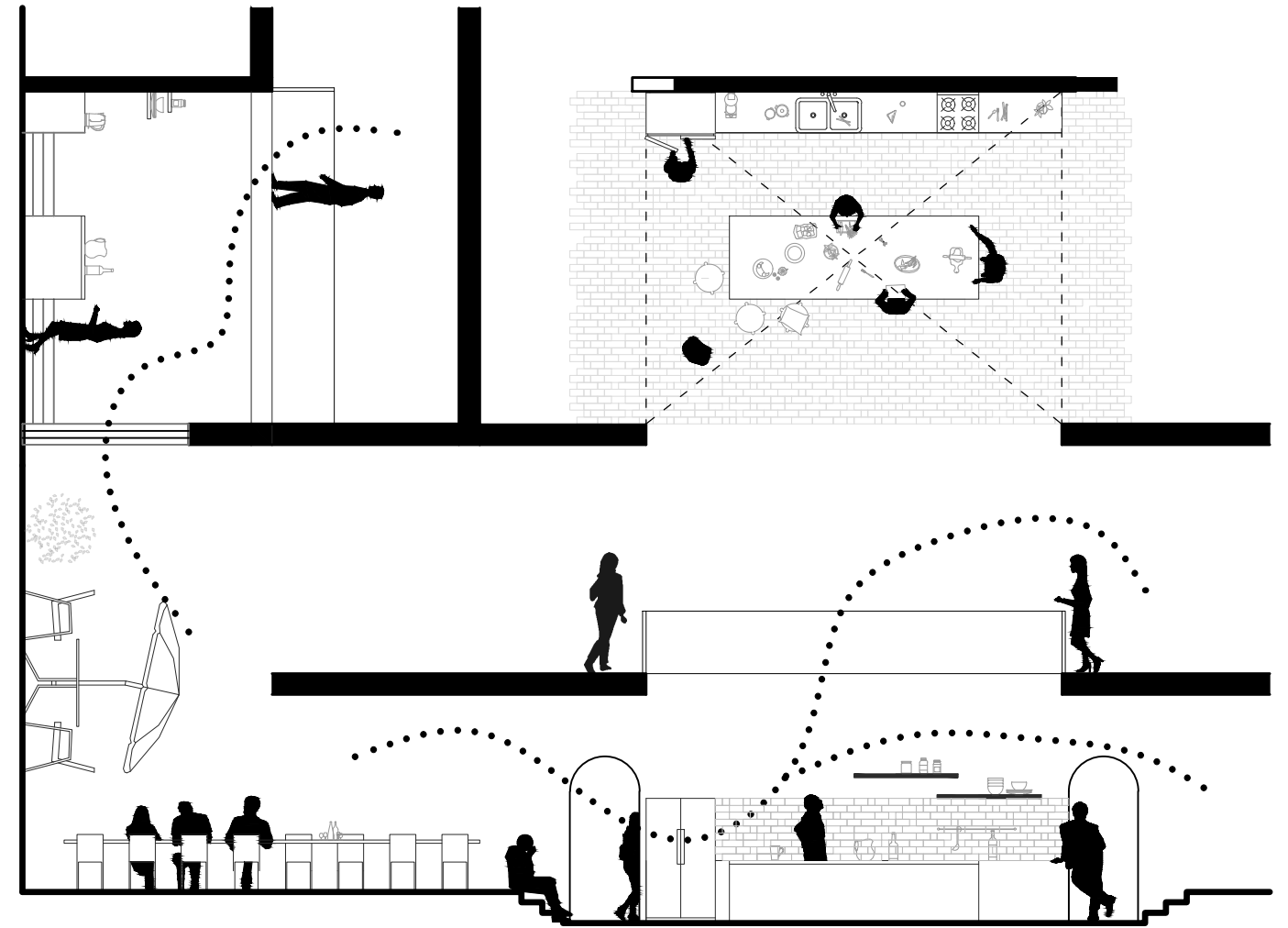


04 TANGIBLE NARRATIVES

DRAWINGS
MATERIALS

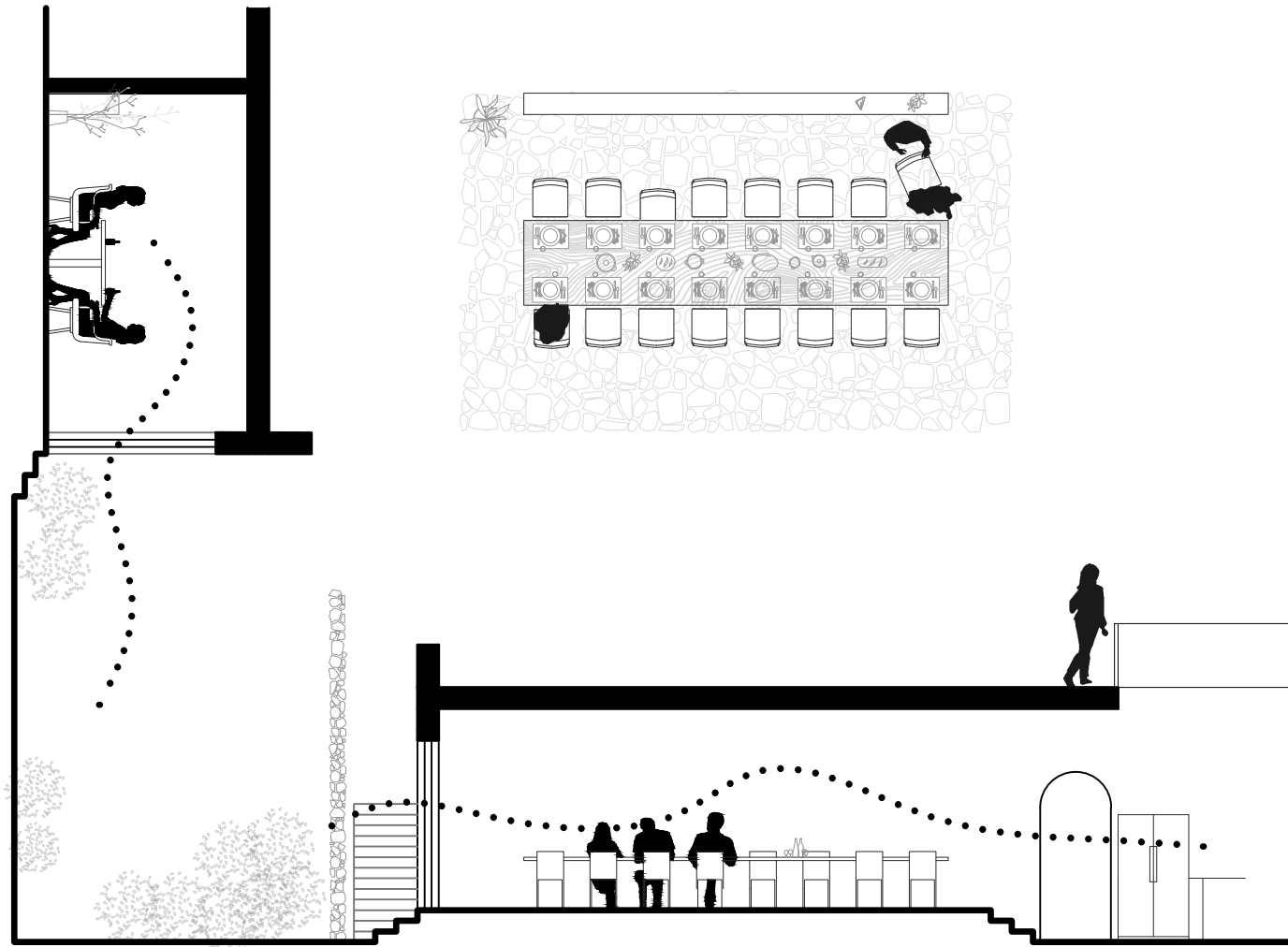


FRAGMENTS

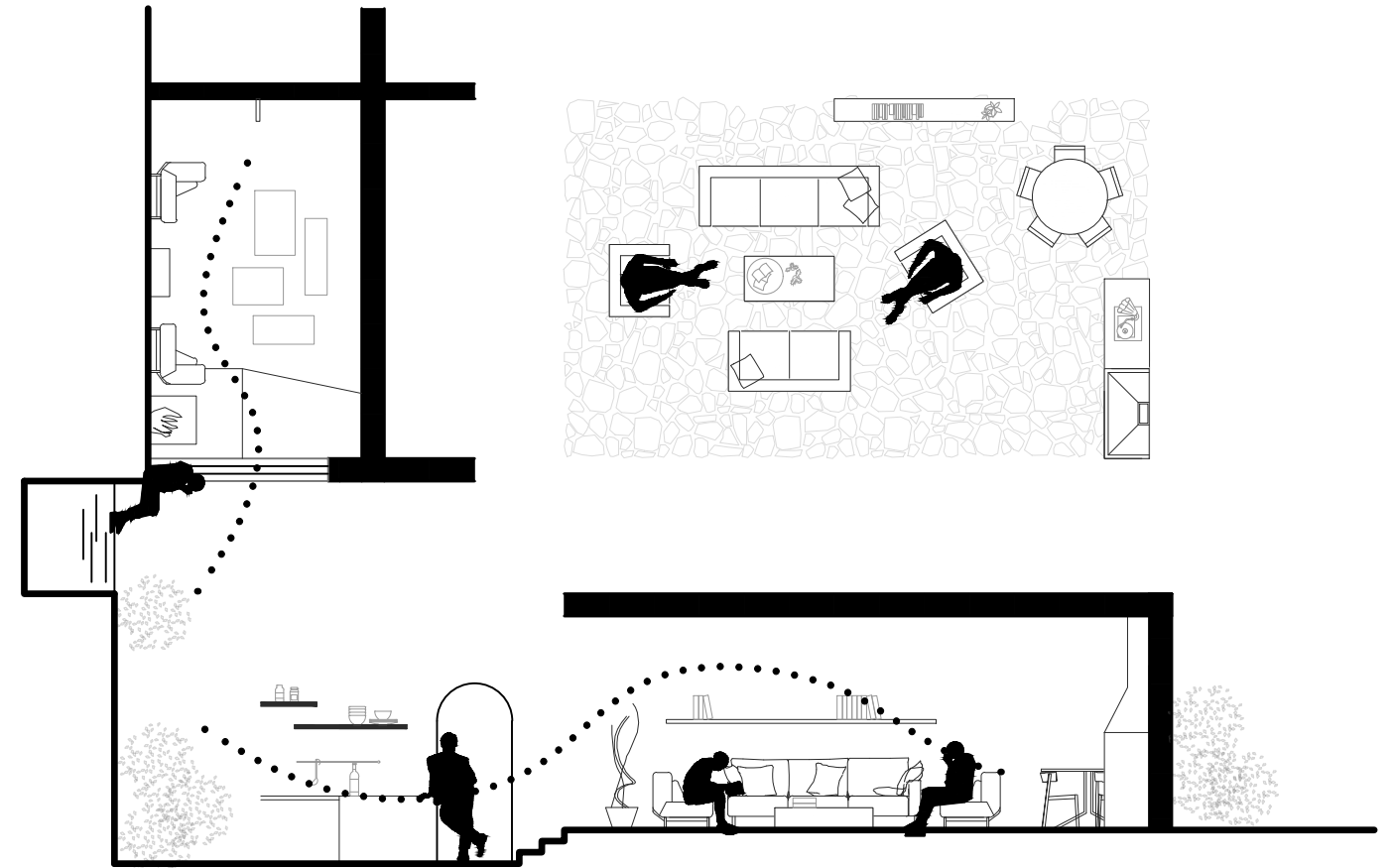


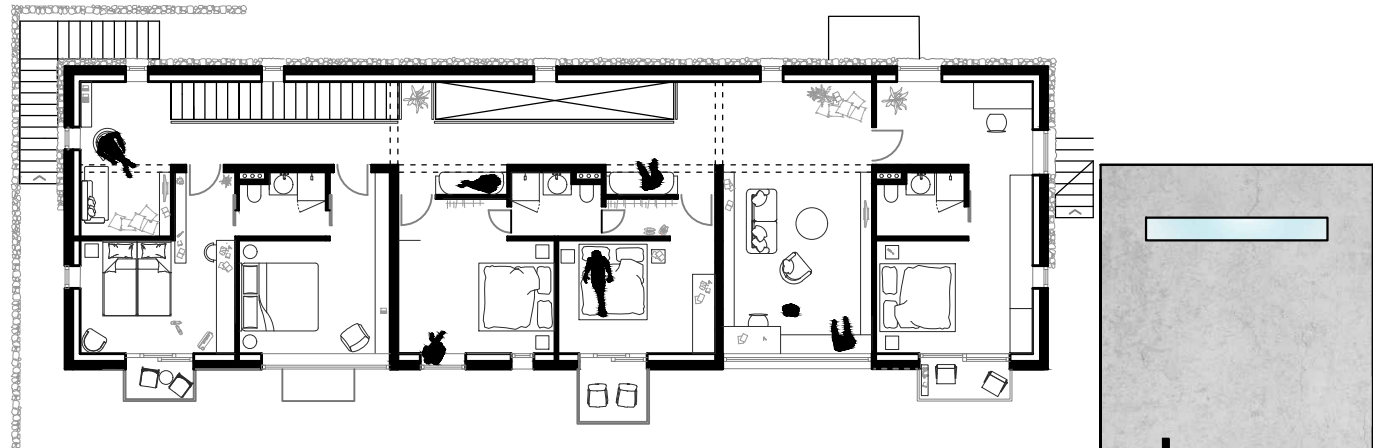
| 0 | 0.6 | 2 | 3 | 4m

FRAGMENTS



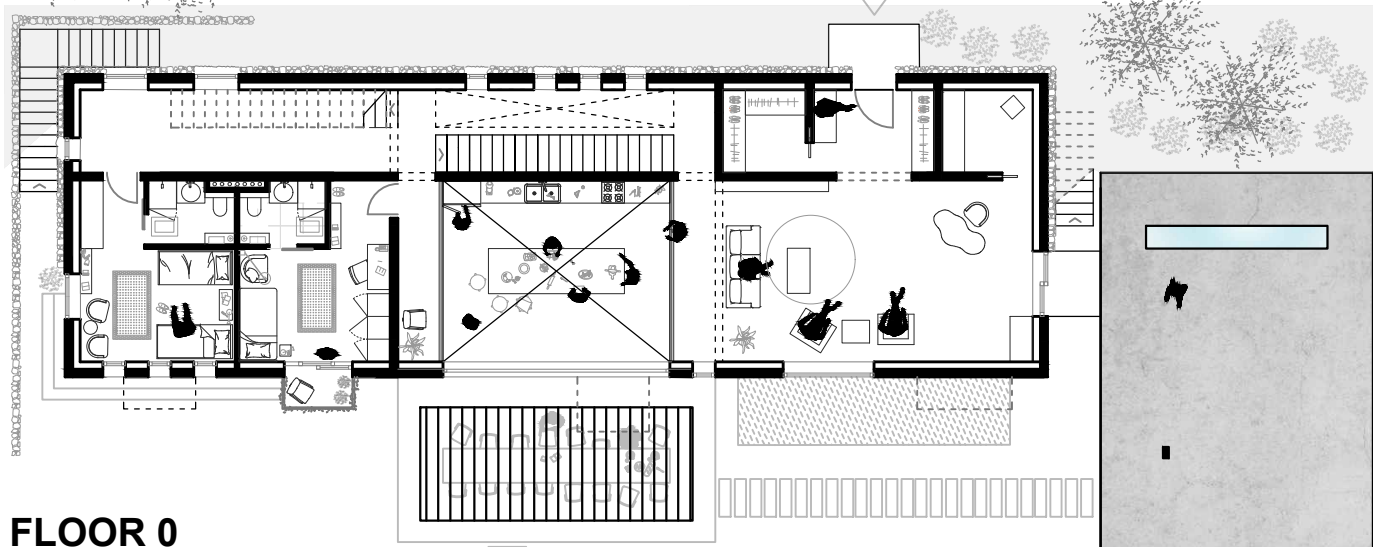
FRAGMENTS



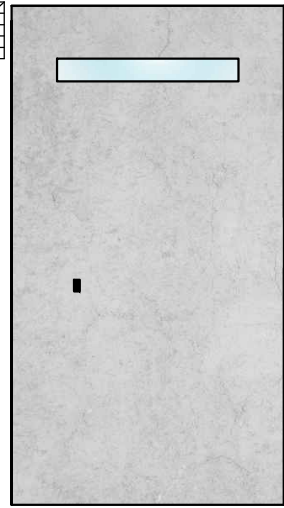


FLOOR +1

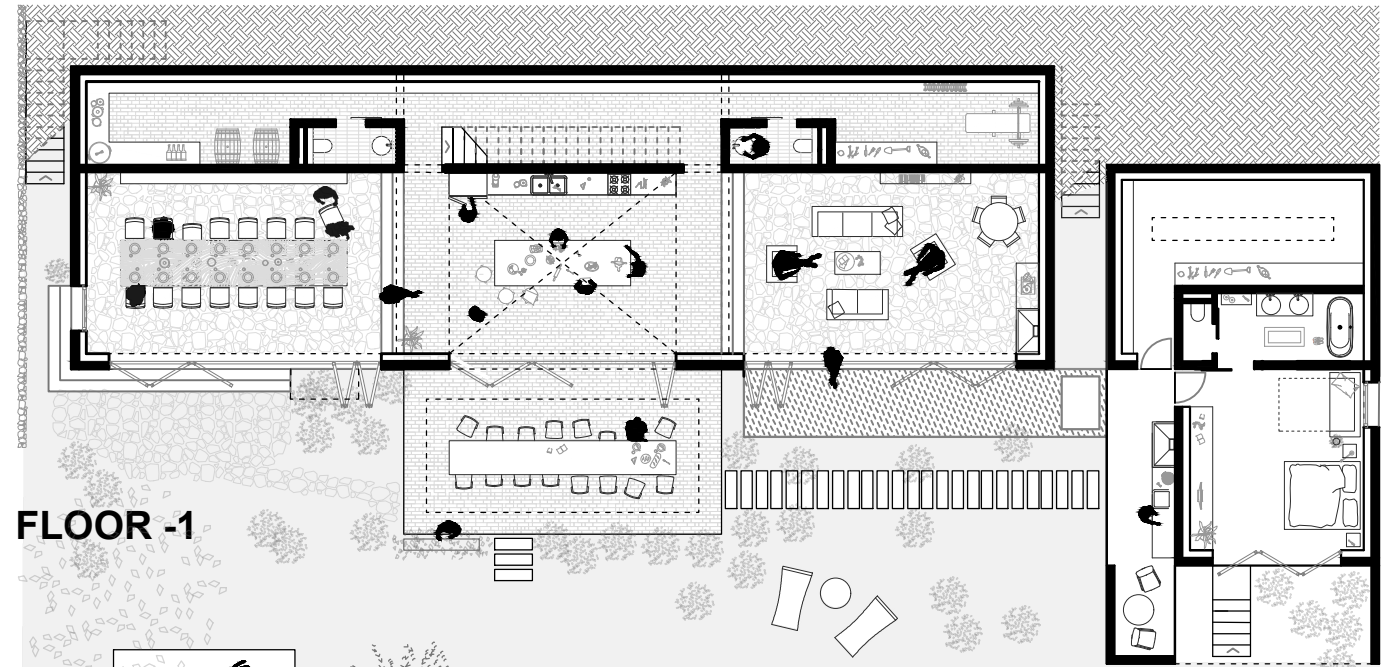
ENTRANCE



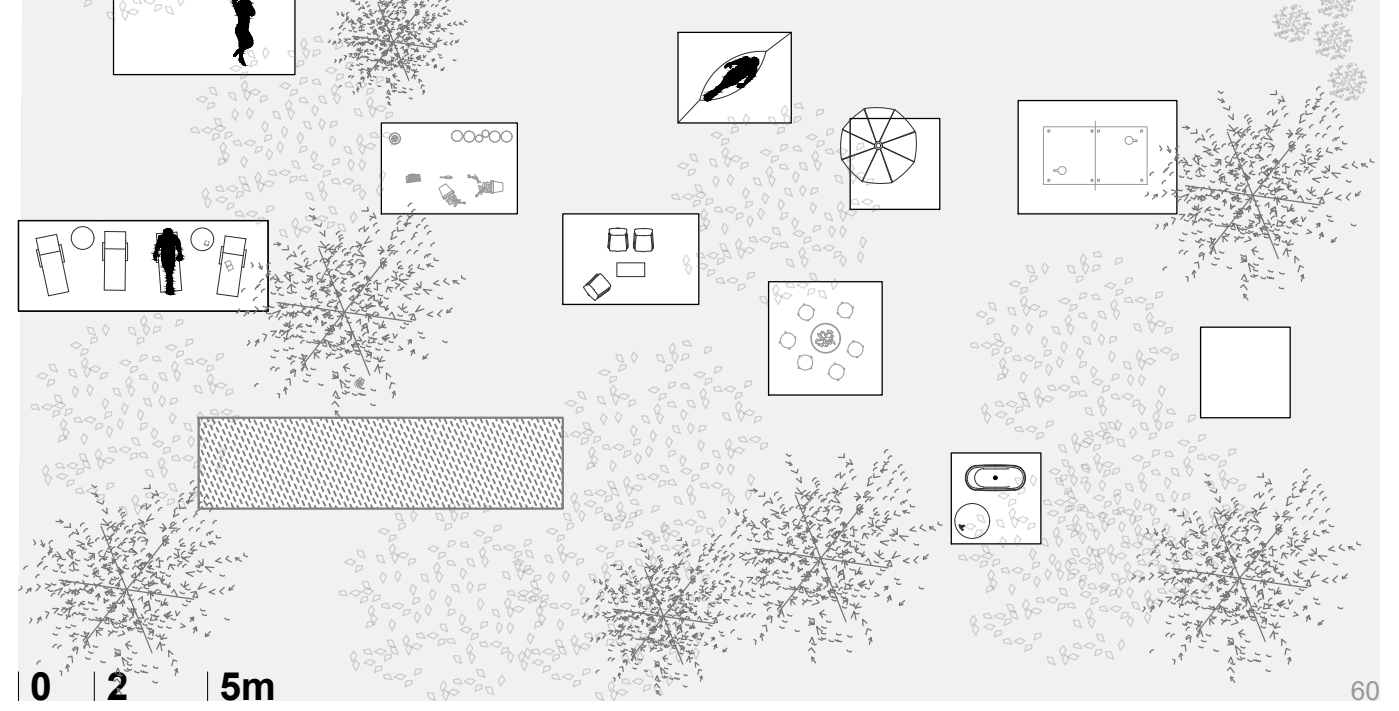
FLOOR 0



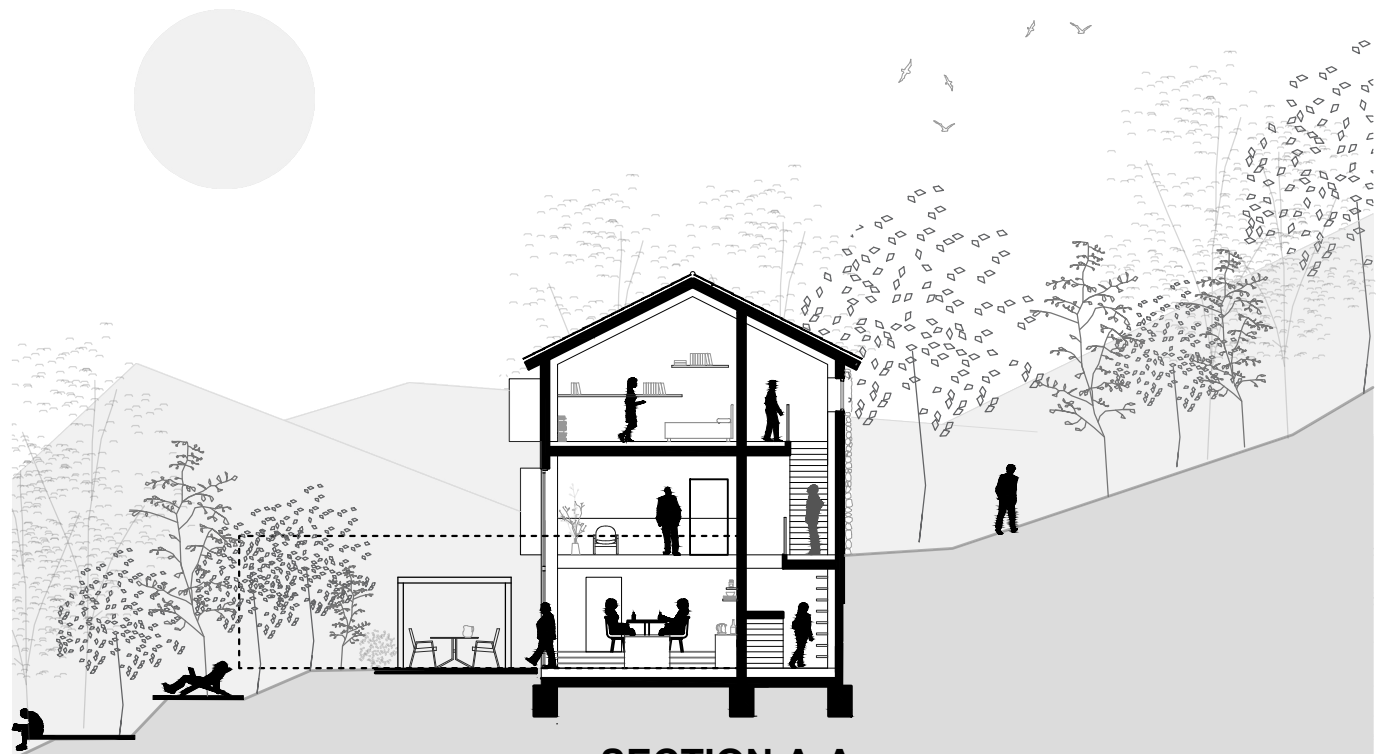
0 | 2 | 5m



FLOOR -1



0 | 2 | 5m



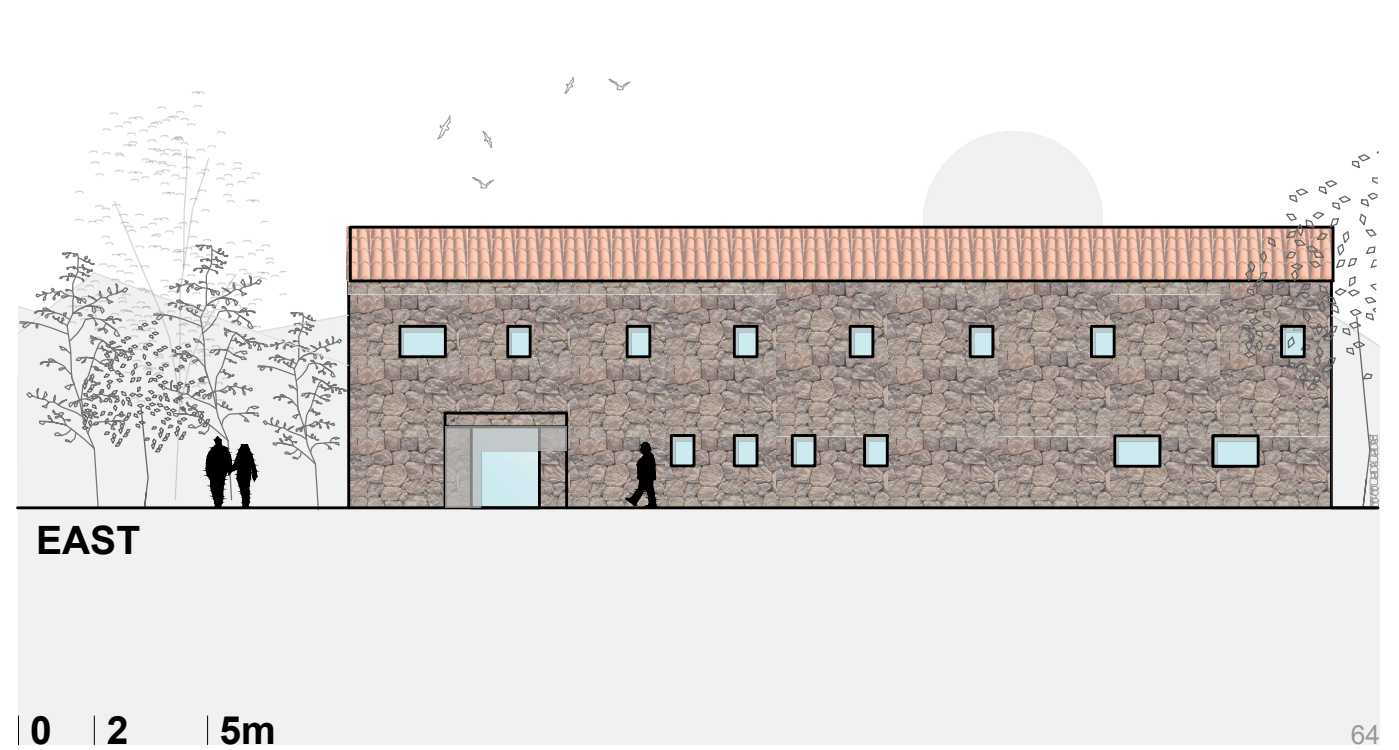
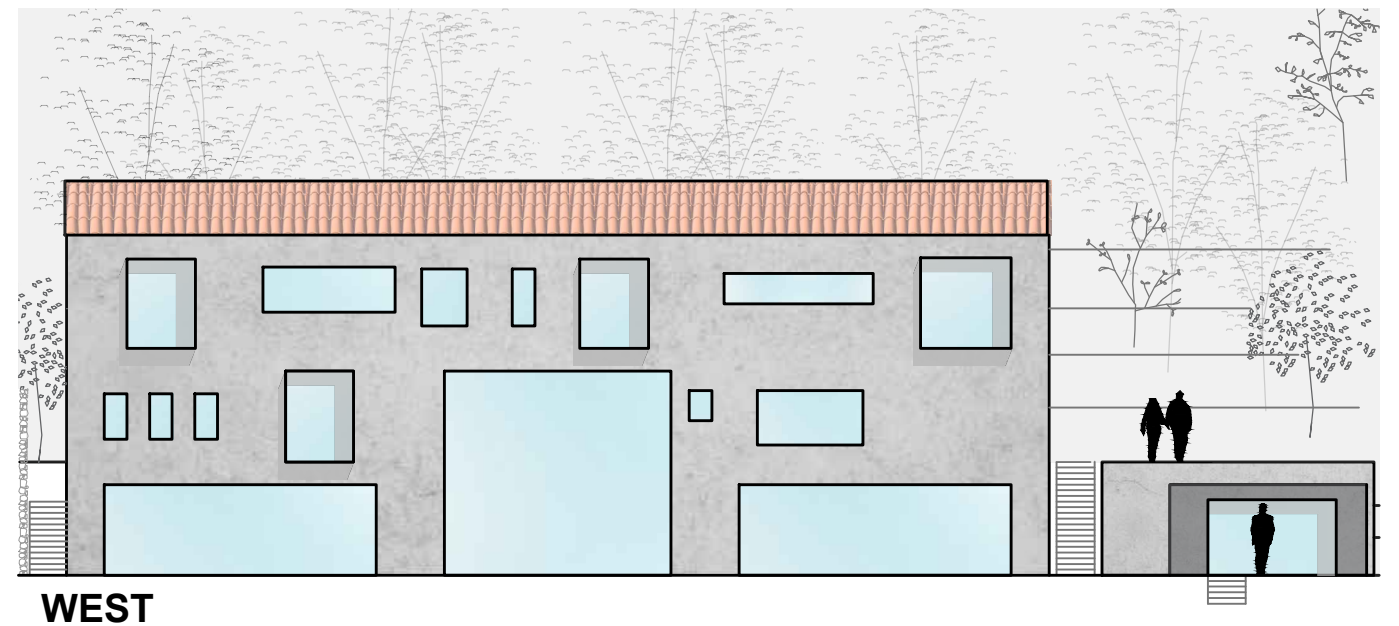
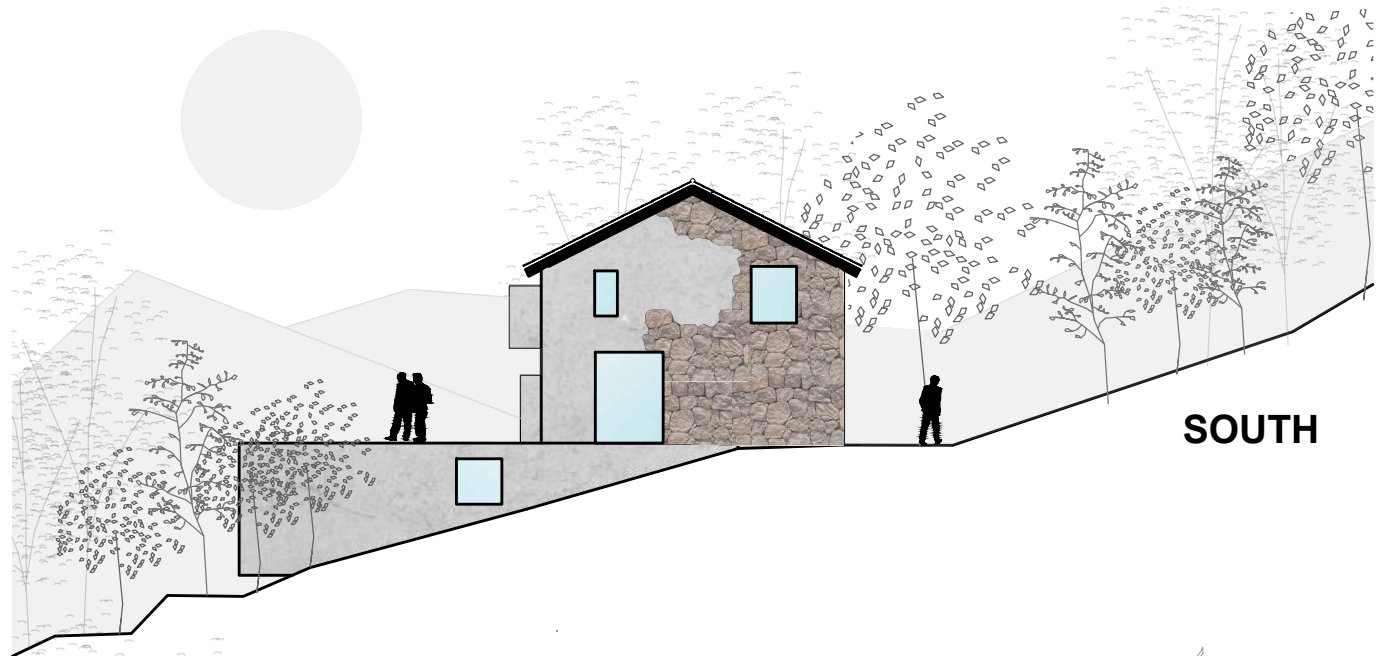
SECTION A-A

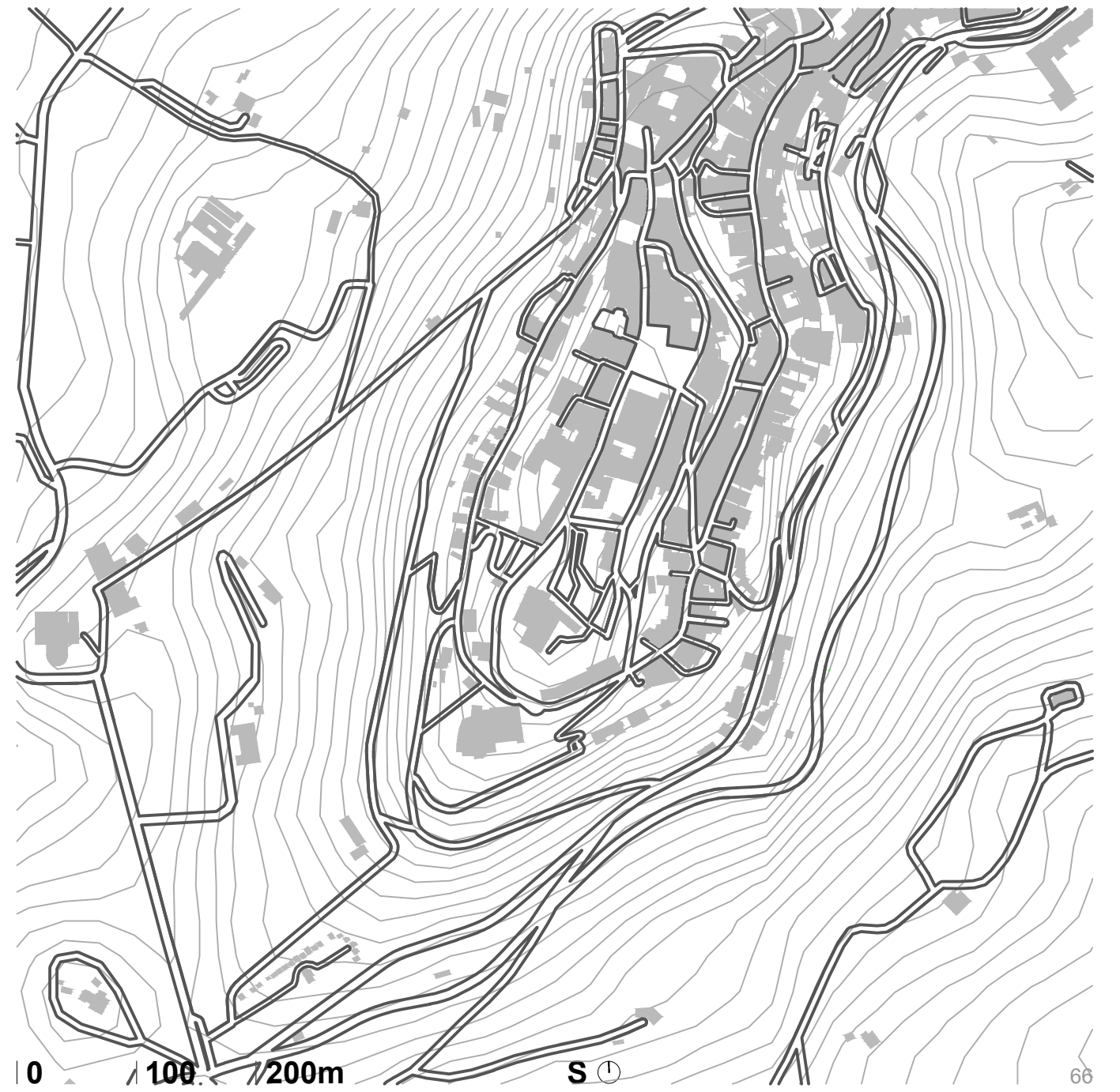
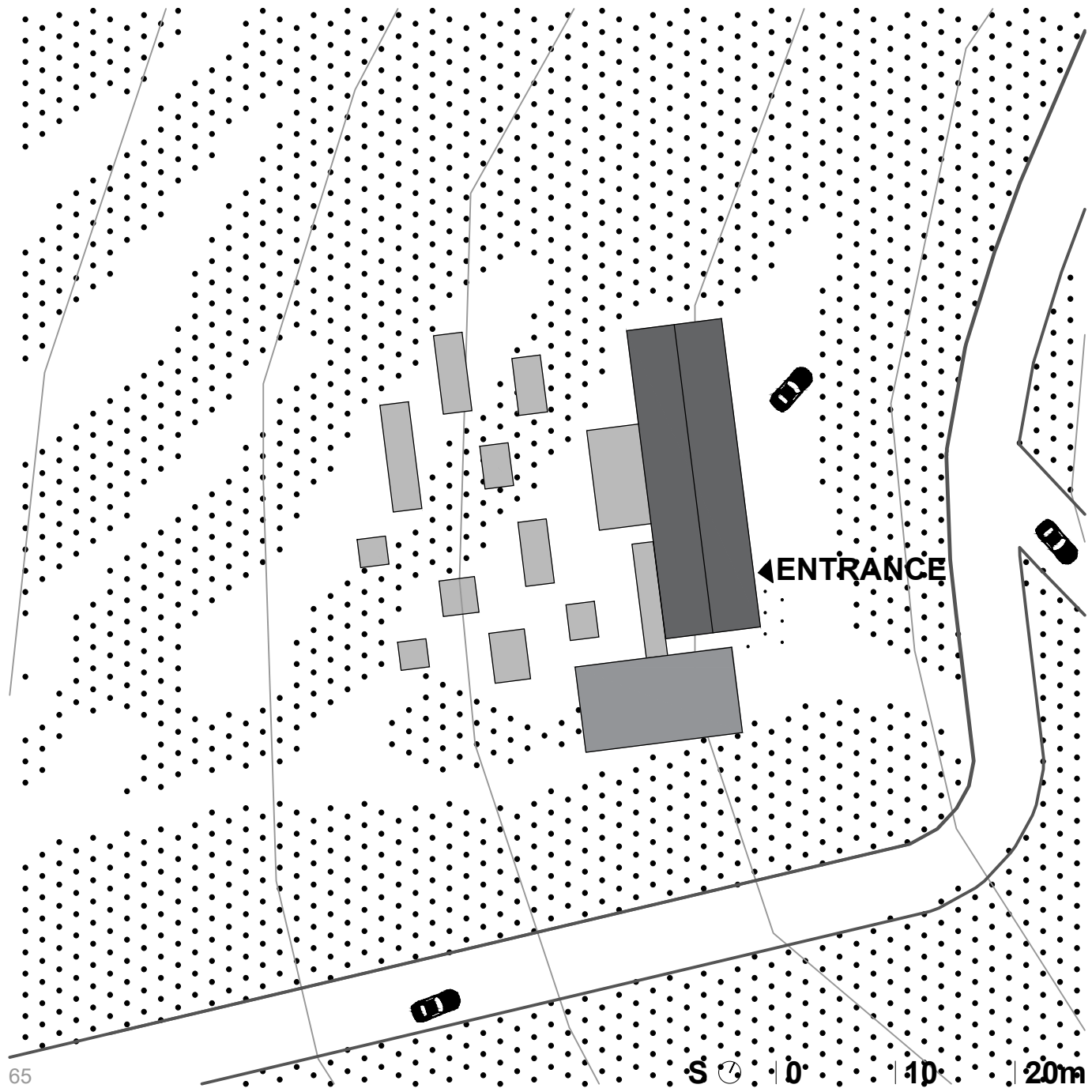
0 | 2 | 5m



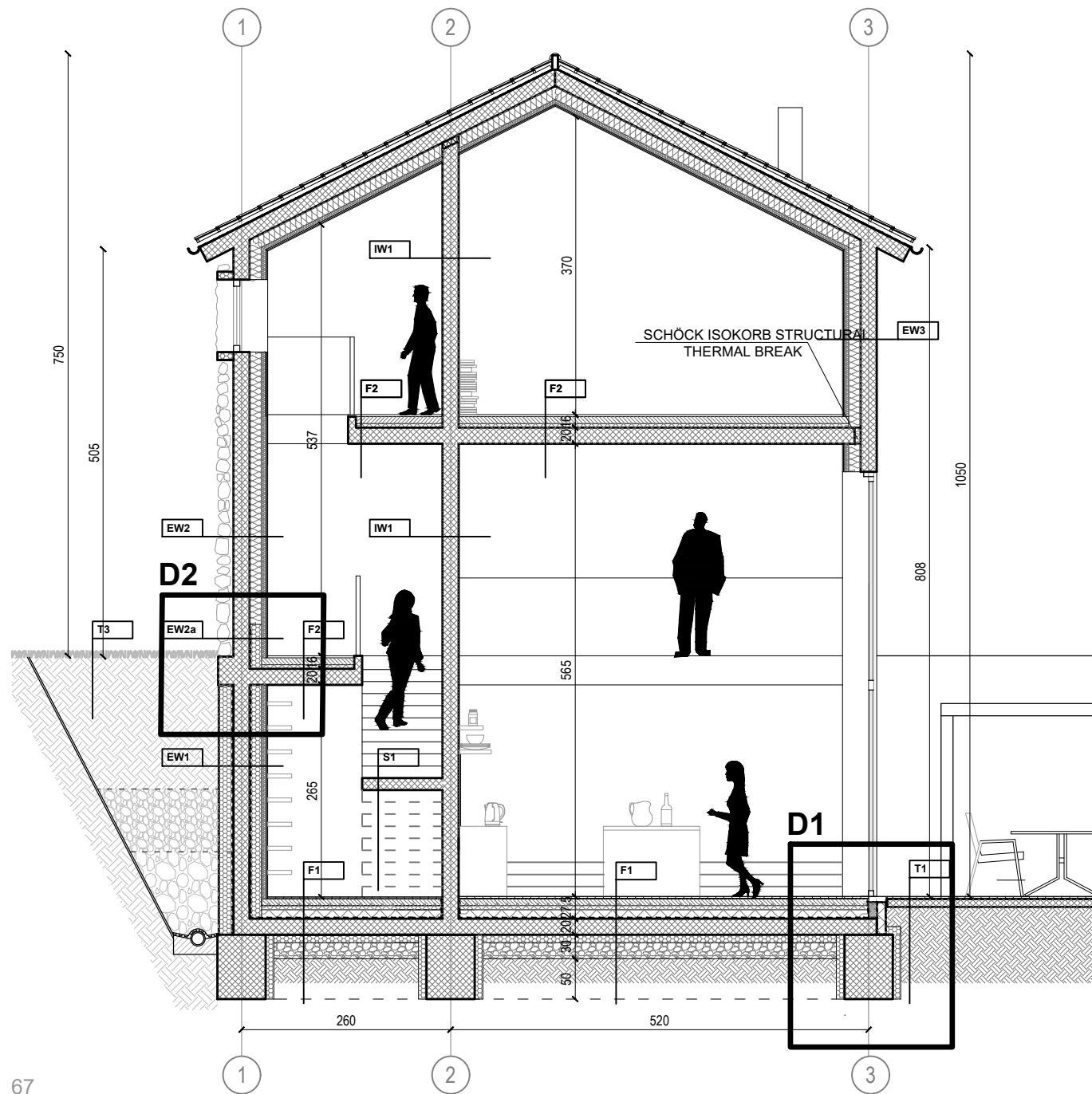
SECTION B-B

0 | 2 | 5m





SECTION



R1 - ROOF - TERRACOTTA TILES

- PLASTER	0.5 CM
- DOUBLE GYPSUM BOARDS	2.5 CM
- T.I. - MW BETWEEN SUBSTRUCTURE	5.0 CM
- VAPOR BARRIER - PEHD FOIL	-
- T.I. - MW	15.0 CM
- REINFORCED CONCRETE SLAB	20.0 CM
- WATERPROOF MEMBRANE	-
- CAVITY WITH COUNTER-BATTENS	6.0 CM
- BATTENS TO FIX TILES	3.0 CM
- TERRACOTTA TILES	2.0 CM

EW3 - OUTER WALL

- PLASTER	0.5 CM
- DOUBLE GYPSUM BOARDS	2.5 CM
- T.I. - MW BETWEEN SUBSTRUCTURE	5.0 CM
- VAPOR BARRIER - PEHD FOIL	-
- T.I. - MW	15.0 CM
- REINFORCED CONCRETE WALL WITH WATERPROOFING ADDITIVES	20.0 CM

EW1 - OUTER WALL

- PLASTER	0.5 CM
- DOUBLE GYPSUM BOARDS	2.5 CM
- T.I. - MW BETWEEN SUBSTRUCTURE	5.0 CM
- VAPOR BARRIER - PEHD FOIL	-
- T.I. - XPS	15.0 CM
- DAMP-PROOF MEMBRANE	15.0 CM
- REINFORCED CONCRETE WALL WITH WATERPROOFING ADDITIVE	20.0 CM
- T.I. - XPS	15.0 CM
- H.I. - POLYMERBITUMEN STRIPS	1.0 CM
- DRAINAGE BOARD	1.0 CM
- SOIL	-

EW2 - OUTER WALL

- PLASTER	0.5 CM
- DOUBLE GYPSUM BOARDS	2.5 CM
- T.I. - MW BETWEEN SUBSTRUCTURE	5.0 CM
- VAPOR BARRIER - PEHD FOIL	-
- T.I. - MW	15.0 CM
- REINFORCED CONCRETE WALL WITH WATERPROOFING ADDITIVE	20.0 CM
- WATERPROOFING LAYER	0.2 CM
- VENTILATED CAVITY WITH ANCHORS	5.0 CM
- STONE CLADDING	15.0 CM

F1 - FLOOR ON THE GROUND WITH HEATING

- TERRACOTTA FLOOR TILES	2.0 CM
- ADHESIVE MORTAR (TILE GLUE)	1.0 CM
- SCREED WITH HEATING PIPES	8.5 CM
- T.I. - EPS LAMINATED WITH PEHD FOIL	15.0 CM
- H.I. - BITUMINOUS WATERPROOFING	1.0 CM
- REINFORCED CONCRETE SLAB	25.0 CM
- T.I. - XPS	10.0 CM
- COMPACTED GRAVEL	20.0 CM
- COMPACTED SOIL	-

F2 - TERRACE FLOOR

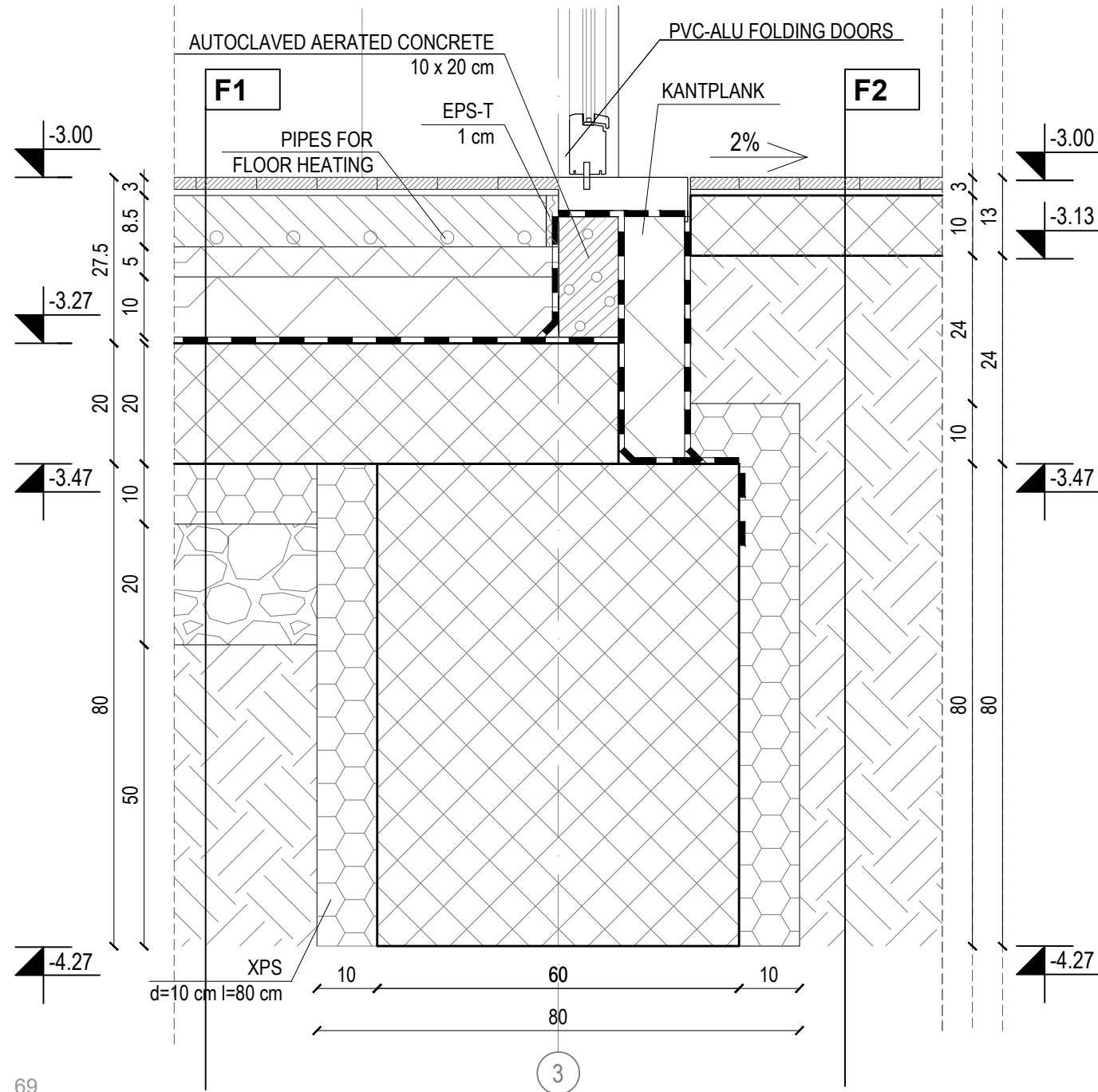
- TERRACOTA TILES	2.0 CM
- ADHESIVE MORTAR	1.0 CM
- SLOPED SCREED	10.0 CM
- COMPACTED SOIL	-

F3 - INTERFLOOR CONSTRUCTION

- WOOD FLOORING	2.5 CM
- CEMENT SCREED WITH HEATING PIPES	8.5 CM
- PE FOIL	0.02 CM
- T.I. / S.I. - EPS	5.0 CM
- REINFORCED CONCRETE SLAB	25.0 CM
- PLASTER	0.5 CM

0 | 1 | 2 | 3m

DETAIL 1



F1 - FLOOR ON THE GROUND WITH HEATING

- TERRACOTTA FLOOR TILES
- ADHESIVE MORTAR (TILE GLUE)
- CEMENT SCREED WITH HEATING PIPES
- T.I. - EPS LAMINATED WITH PEHD FOIL
- H.I. - BITUMINOUS WATERPROOFING
- REINFORCED CONCRETE SLAB
- T.I. - XPS
- COMPACTED GRAVEL
- COMPACTED SOIL

82.5 cm

- 2.0 CM
- 1.0 CM
- 8.5 CM
- 15.0 CM
- 1.0 CM
- 25.0 CM
- 10.0 CM
- 20.0 CM
-

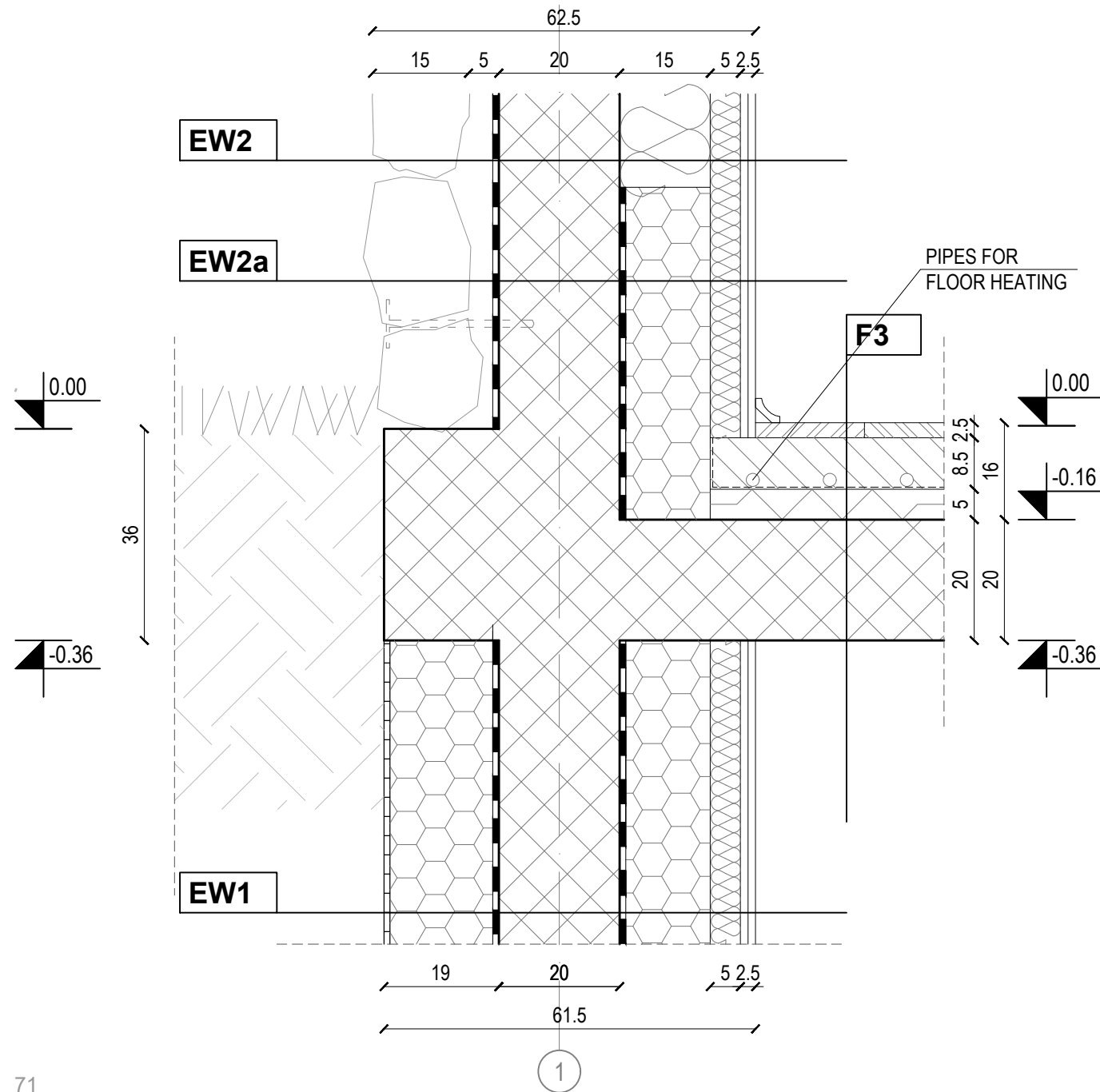
F2 - TERRACE FLOOR

- TERRACOTA TILES
- ADHESIVE MORTAR
- SLOPED SCREED / MORTAR BED (~1.5-2%)
- COMPACTED SOIL

35.0 cm

- 2.0 CM
- 1.0 CM
- 10.0 CM
-

DETAIL 2



EW1 - EXTERIOR WALL

- PLASTER 0.5 CM
- DOUBLE GYPSUM BOARDS 2.5 CM
- T.I. - MW BETWEEN SUBSTRUCTURE 5.0 CM
- VAPOR BARRIER - PEHD FOIL -
- T.I. - XPS 15.0 CM
- DAMP-PROOF MEMBRANE 15.0 CM
- REINFORCED CONCRETE WALL WITH WATERPROOFING ADDITIVE 20.0 CM
- T.I. - XPS 17.0 CM
- H.I. - POLYMERBITUMEN STRIPS 1.0 CM
- DRAINAGE BOARD 1.0 CM
- SOIL -

EW2 - EXTERIOR WALL

- PLASTER 0.5 CM
- DOUBLE GYPSUM BOARDS 2.5 CM
- T.I. - MW BETWEEN SUBSTRUCTURE 5.0 CM
- VAPOR BARRIER - PEHD FOIL -
- T.I. - MW 15.0 CM
- REINFORCED CONCRETE WALL WITH WATERPROOFING ADDITIVE 20.0 CM
- WATERPROOFING LAYER 0.2 CM
- VENTILATED CAVITY WITH ANCHORS 5.0 CM
- STONE CLADDING 15.0 CM

W2A - EXTERNAL WALL NEXT TO BASE

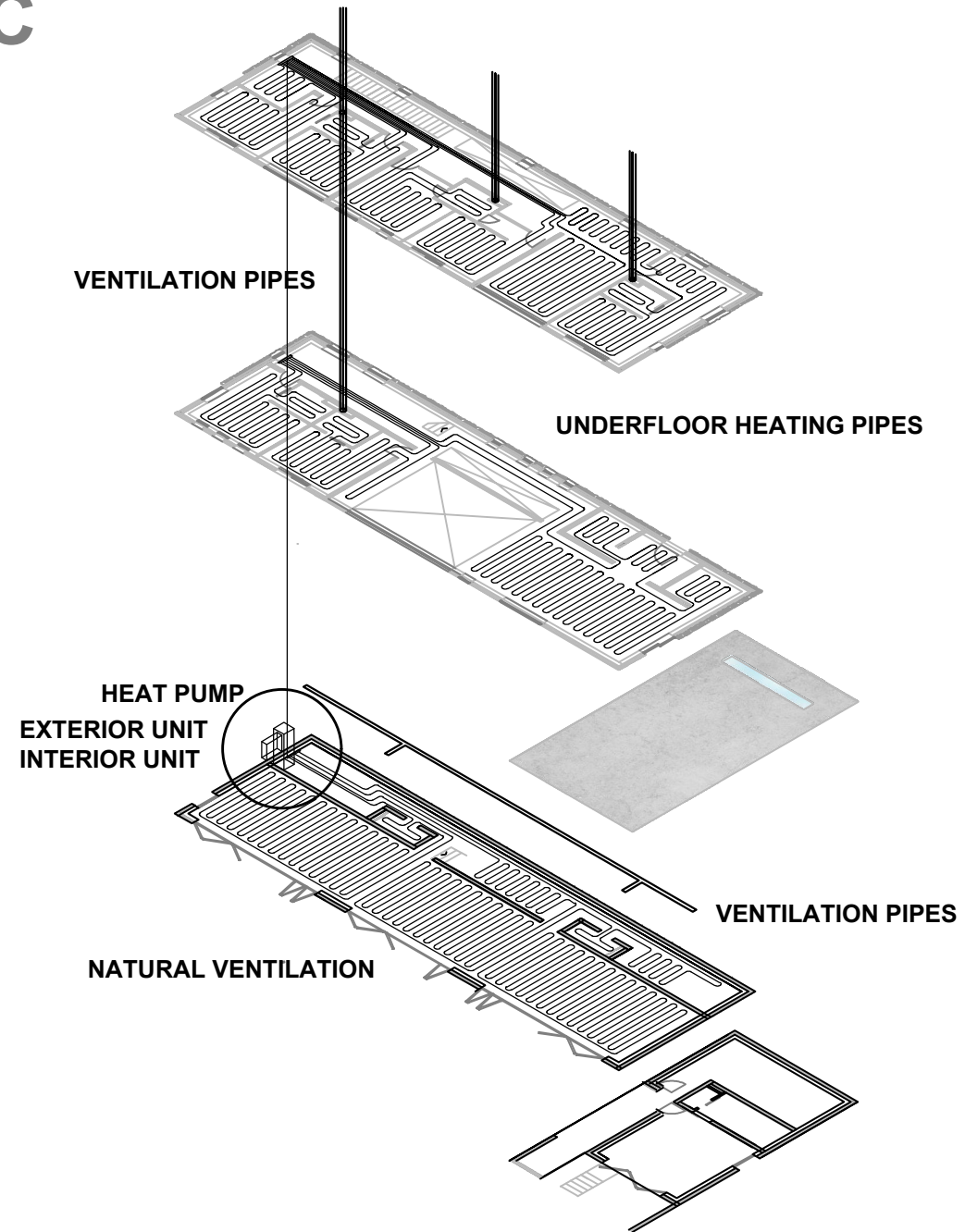
- PLASTER 0.5 CM
- DOUBLE GYPSUM BOARDS 2.5 CM
- T.I. - MW BETWEEN SUBSTRUCTURE 5.0 CM
- VAPOR BARRIER - PEHD FOIL -
- T.I. - XPS 14.0 CM
- H.I. - POLYMERBITUMEN STRIPS 1.0 CM
- REINFORCED CONCRETE WALL WITH WATERPROOFING ADDITIVES 20.0 CM
- WATERPROOFING LAYER 0.2 CM
- VENTILATED CAVITY WITH ANCHORS 5.0 CM
- STONE CLADDING 15.0 CM

F3 - INTERFLOOR CONSTRUCTION

- WOOD FLOORING 2.5 CM
- SCREED WITH HEATING PIPES 8.5 CM
- PE FOIL 0.02 CM
- T.I. / S.I. - EPS 5.0 CM
- REINFORCED CONCRETE SLAB 25.0 CM
- PLASTER 0.5 CM

0 | 10 | 25 | 50cm

HVAC



05