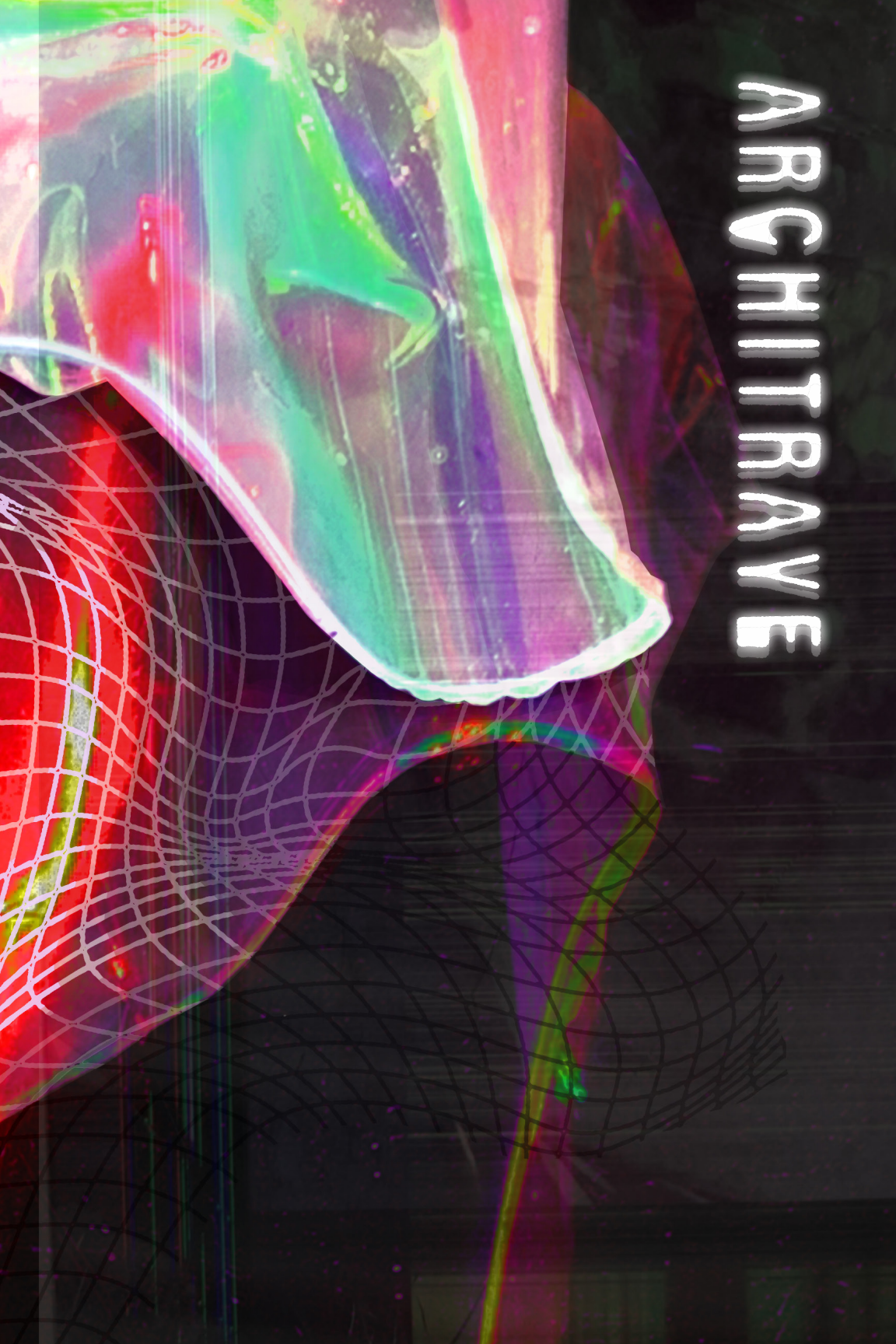
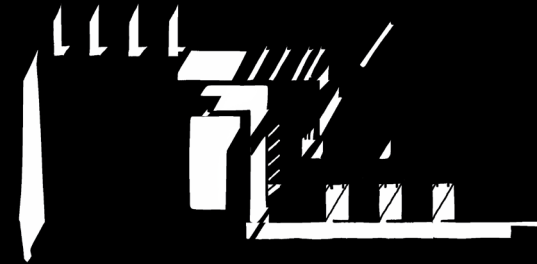


ARBITRARY





*“Snow cast a thin glass veil over a familiar sight.
A sign welcomed me in. I noticed suburbia’s debut
in my gullible town. Faded American flags
adorned houses without facades.
There was an eerie uneventfulness
as the bus entered the city.
I had come back many times.
There was no crowd...”*

Melos Shtaloja, “Gjakovar Liminality”

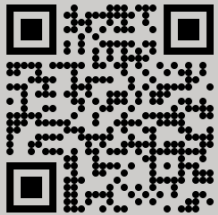
ARCHITRAVE 29

Architrave is a non-profit, student-run publication that aims to capture and showcase the passionate studio work and theory of undergraduate architecture from the University of Florida through a widely distributed annual print edition.

Architrave was printed by the Hartley Press in Jacksonville, Florida. All rights reserved. Neither this publication nor any part may be reproduced by any means without the expressed written permission of Architrave.

Architrave is generously funded by sponsors, alumni, and the College of Design, Construction, and Planning.

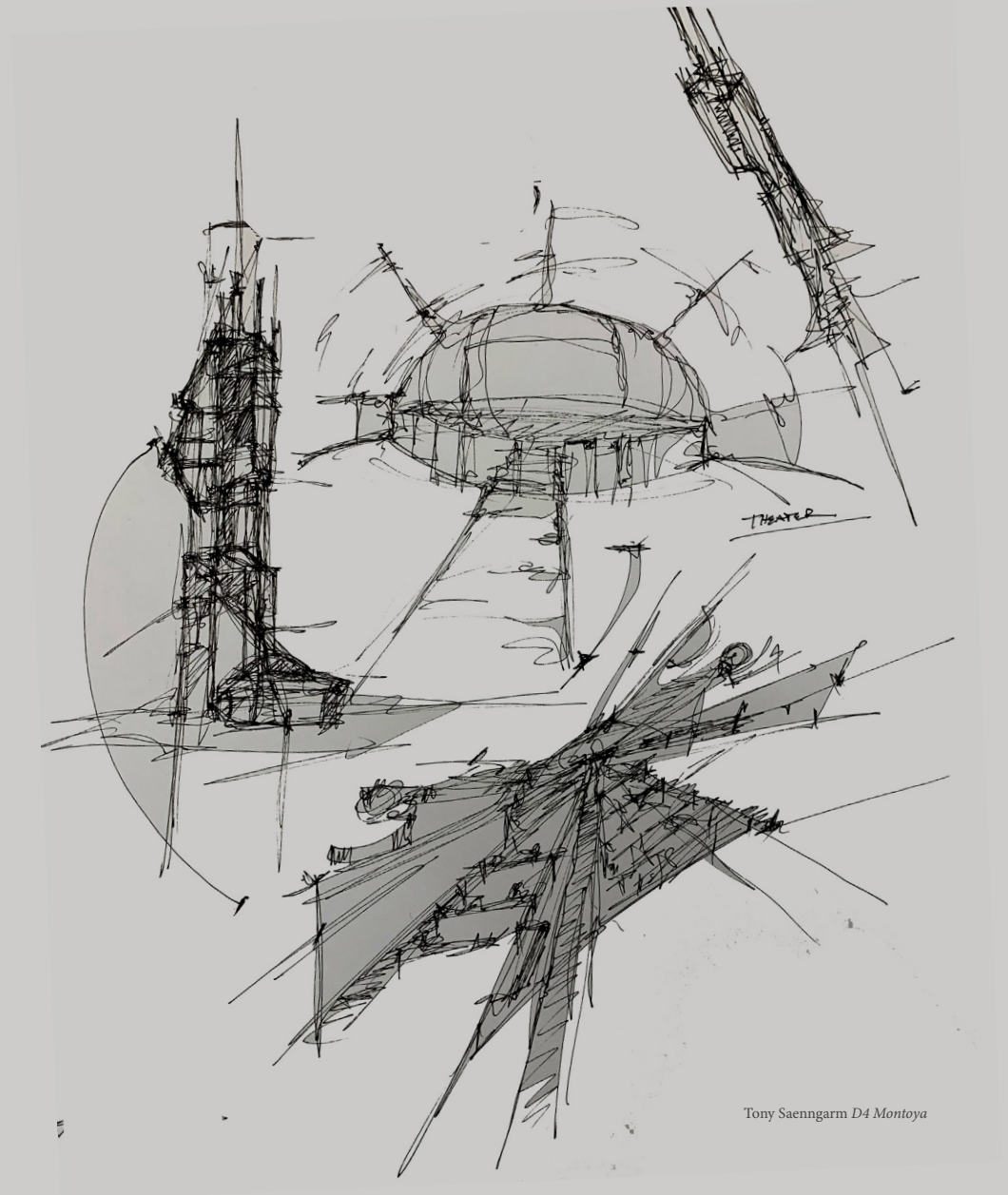
For inquiries about donating, receiving future issues, or to get in touch, contact us via email or standard post.



The University of Florida
College of Design, Construction, and Planning
School of Architecture

331 ARC PO Box 11570
Gainesville, FL 32611

ufarchitrave29@gmail.com
<https://architrave29.wixsite.com/surrealism>



FOREWORD

“There are years that ask questions,” Zora Neale Hurston wrote in *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, “and years that answer.” In a world of accelerating change, in which our daily lives unfold within a context of gradual epochal processes and sudden traumatic incidents, we can’t know which one we inhabit in the present tense. Yet neither can we be sure that distance brings clarity to what has come to pass. Every retrospective project prompts us to reflect on the immediate past in order to make sense of our divergent experiences of shared events.

Architrave 29 is just such a retrospective project. Each issue of *Architrave* chronicles a year of innovation, contemplation, and collaboration. As a series, *Architrave* traces a generation of evolving thought about the relationships between academic curricula, professional practices, and society. This issue features work by students who will be the last cohort of architecture students who can remember a studio experience before the Pandemic. This issue features work by students who can’t imagine a studio experience without the Pandemic. These are individual projects that collectively mark a temporal threshold against which all recent and forthcoming events will be measured.

Amidst this uncertainty, *Architrave 29* records the consistency of our commitment to rigorous design education. Our students’ dedication to craft within a culture of making remains evident throughout the undergraduate curriculum. The projects featured here all demonstrate methodological refinement and an understanding of the architect’s ethical responsibilities within society.

Still, the world presses in. In their brief time at the University of Florida these students have watched the built environment become, more overtly than at any time in their lives, the stage on which the epochal events of our time play out. Public spaces are the settings for debates over pandemics and public health, segregation and social justice, monuments and collective memory, and climate change and sustainability. These discourses have found eager and insightful participants in the School of Architecture, and *Architrave 29* records some of their most impactful work.

Director David Rifkind



CONTENTS

Editor's Note x

Prologue xii

Epilogue 154

Index 158

Our Team 160

Acknowledgements 162

Sponsors 164

Dream Seq. 01: 2

ACQUIESCENCE

Dream Seq. 02: 50

LUCIDITY

Dream Seq. 03: 102

OMNISCIENCE



FROM THE EDITORS...

We have made a home here that will change in our memory to become something new. In this situation where reinterpretation is rapid, we wonder whether the things we make maintain their validity through new eyes. Perhaps this defines the struggle through which we learn. Perhaps it is the standard condition of life in our own minds.

This book features the intuition and desires of students, who, more than any group, are positioned within the overlapping pools of fantasy and reality. It is another argument, within the tradition of previous editions, for the sharing of dreams.

With inspiration from the surrealist movement and its continued relevance today, the writers of Architrave explore the role of consciousness and power in the process of creation. Each chapter assumes a new perspective within a dreamlike, wandering architectural reality. The narrative is supplemented by excerpts from student-submitted writings which embody these ideas.

Thank you for joining us in imagination.
By reading Architrave, you are creating it.

ARCHITRAVE 29




PROLOGUE

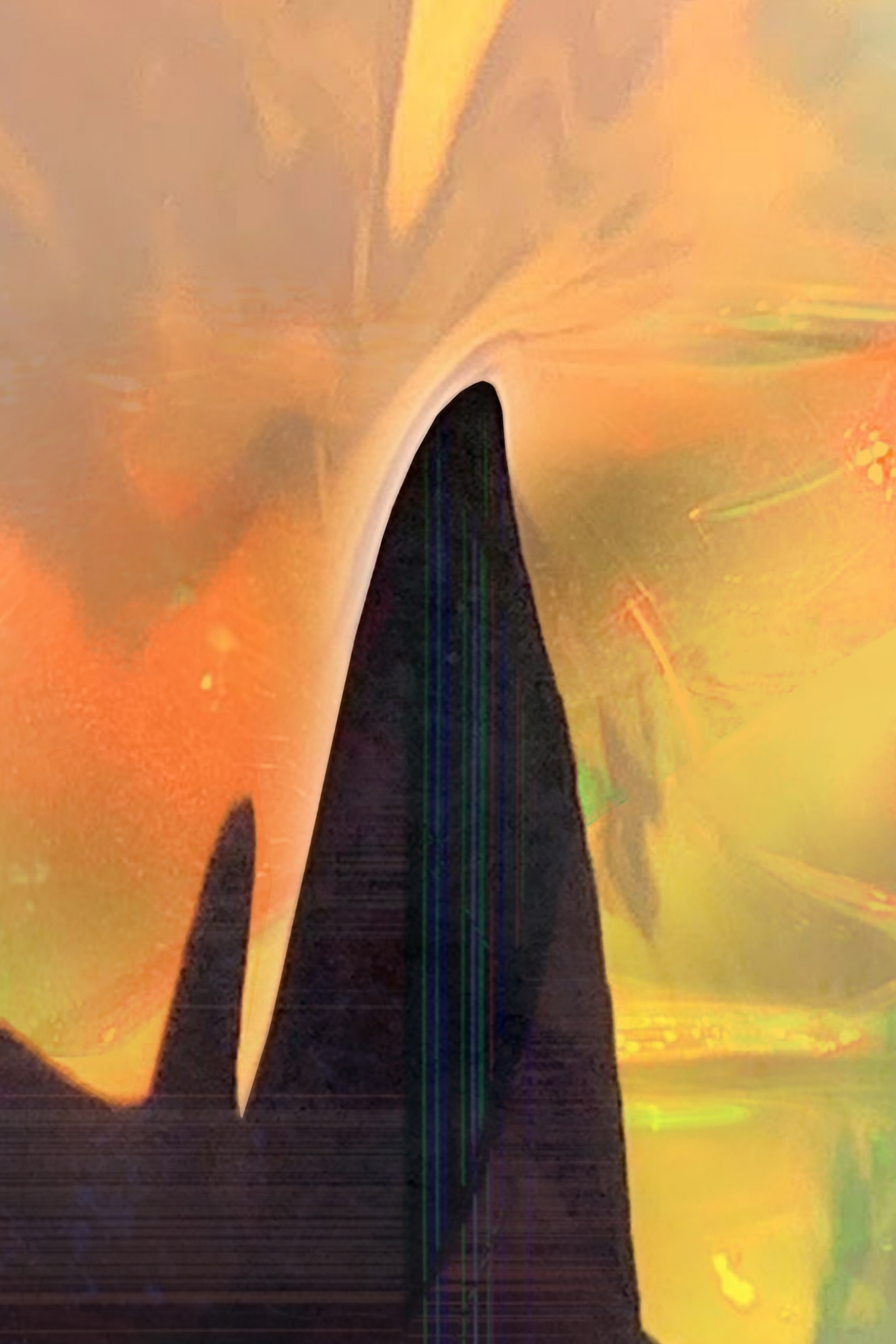
Suede, orange peel souls
crave form: something to
bounce up from, out of
muteness. Up come delicate
finds – the tastes and smells
of another world, from
then on known as a place
to forage. With each, a
myth claimed to have been
lived, witnessed, created.

Described with such vibrant
and delicate maps, one
may question whether such
a place could ever exist.





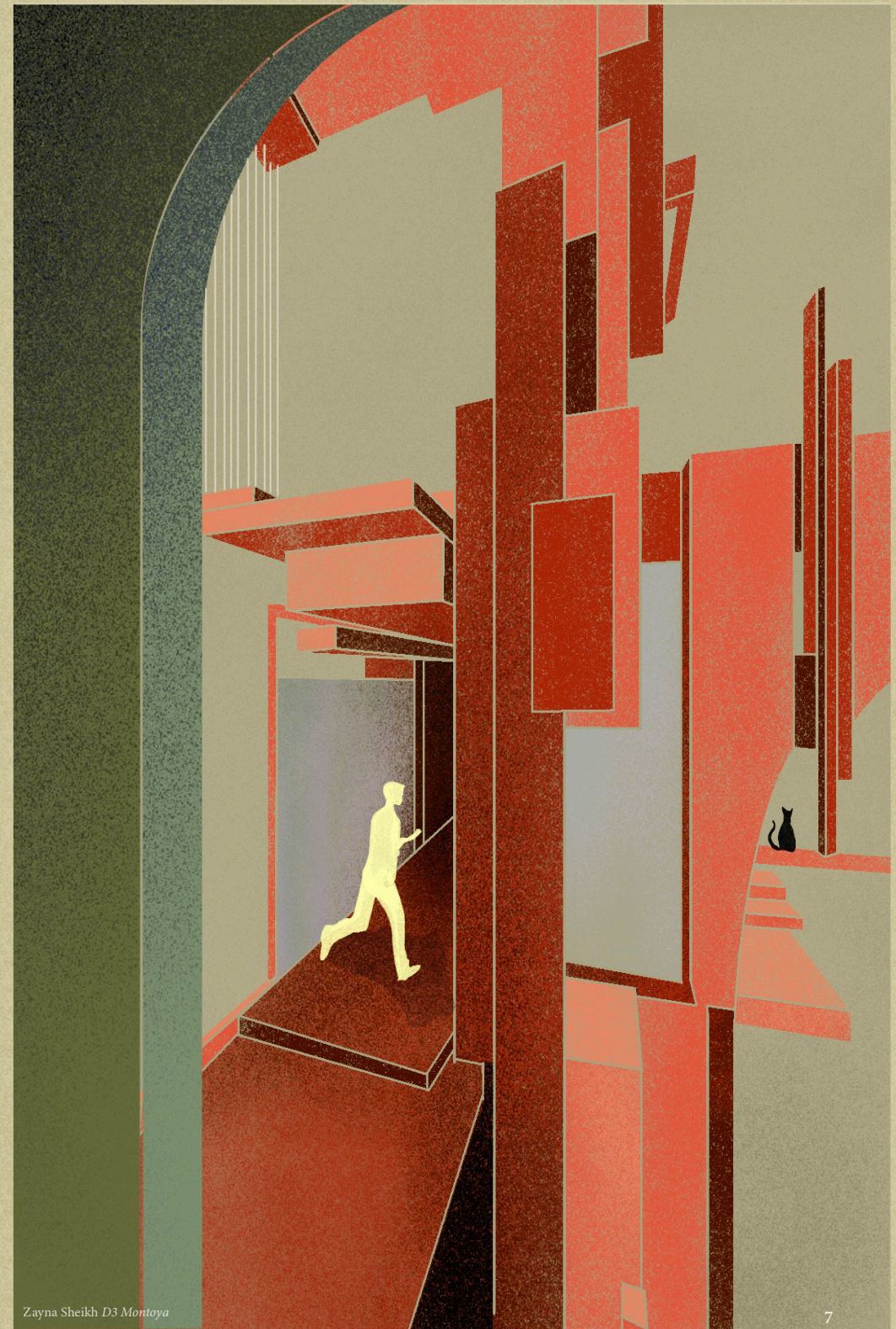
DREAM SEQ.01
ACQUIESCENCE



CONTRIBUTORS

1, 37, 40, 48, 49	Abby Duffey	27	Kyle Koehne
7, 14	Zayna Sheikh	28	Grace Lambert
8, 9	Hannah Concepcion	30	Francisco Martell
8, 9	Cole Wyatt	30	Olivia Langford
8, 9, 29	Noah Guth	31	Camilla Castillo
10	Sebastian Suarez	31, 44, 45	Luke Slay
10, 19, 23	Christian Bravo	32, 33	Emily Alexander
11, 34	Hannah Arduini	34	Melissa Donaldson
12	Olivia Raymundo	34, 35, 46	Tony Solis
12, 13, 18	Valeria Malave	35	Dayva Learned
13, 16	Ismael Elmoujahid	36	Melanie Garcia
13	Micah Fitzgerald	38	Joyce Ng
15, 22	Nicholas Thies	39, 46	Yona Novack
16	Patrick Rodriguez	39	Kaley Denaro
17	Luna Pedrosa	41	Breanna McGrath
19, 30	Niah Pierre	41	Hayley Gillette
20	Valeria Valazquez	42	Maverick Santos
20	Asia Smith	43	Gabriel Matos
20	Melanie Quintero	43	Penelope Roca
20	Barbara Rojas	47	Frank LaPuma
21, 32	Valentina Balbusera		
21	Antonia Banos		
21	Boris Stoyanov		
23, 26	Donald Olorunto		
24, 25	Avery Dunavant		
24, 25	George Tribble		
25, 36	Royce Velasco		

"i swear i was just here?"



“Compared to the way the light cut and broke and the darkness cocooned and taunted, everything is flat and pure.”

Kendall Jesse, “Lola and Mani Narratives”

Hannah Concepcion *D4 Monk*

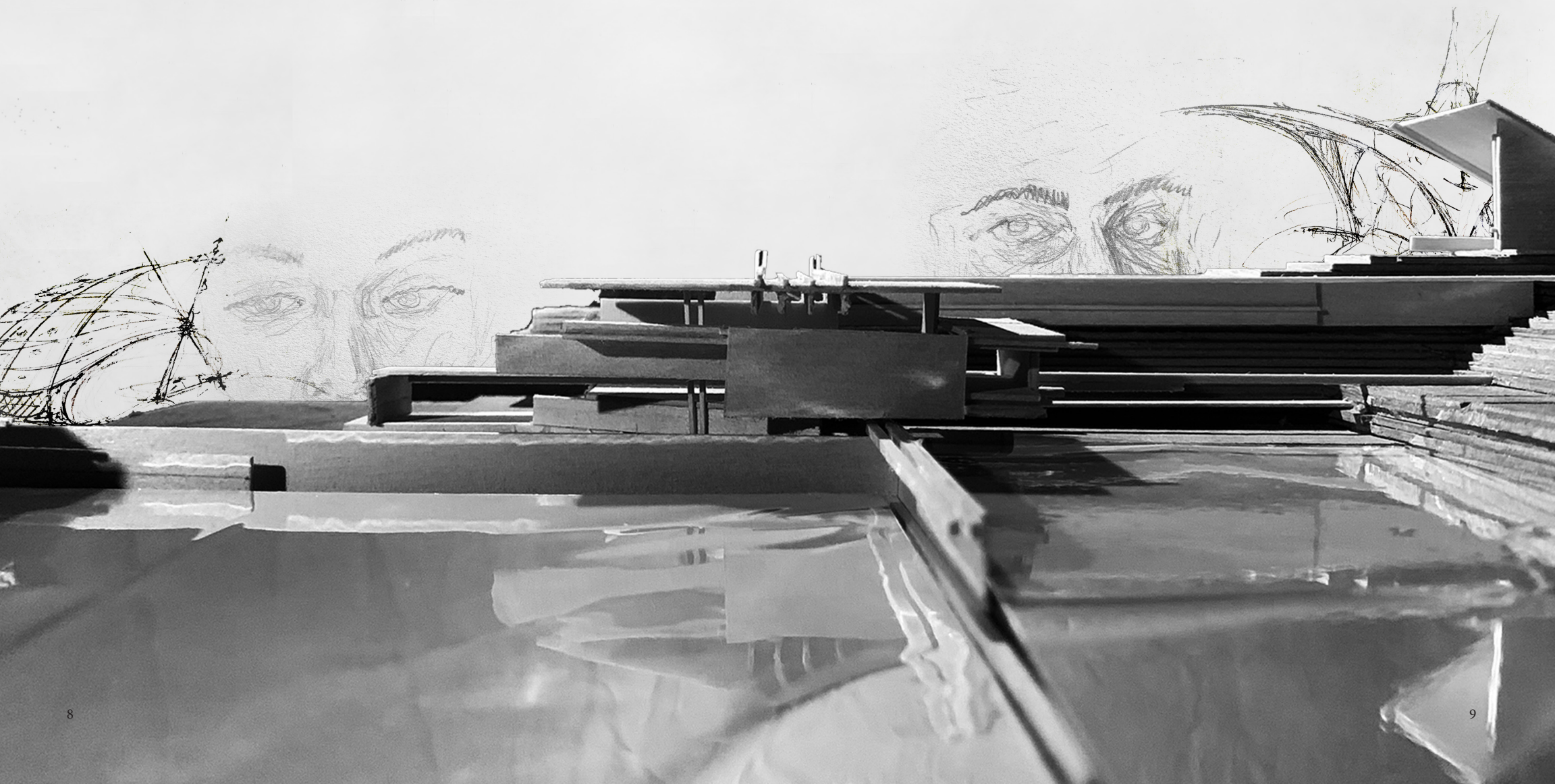
Model

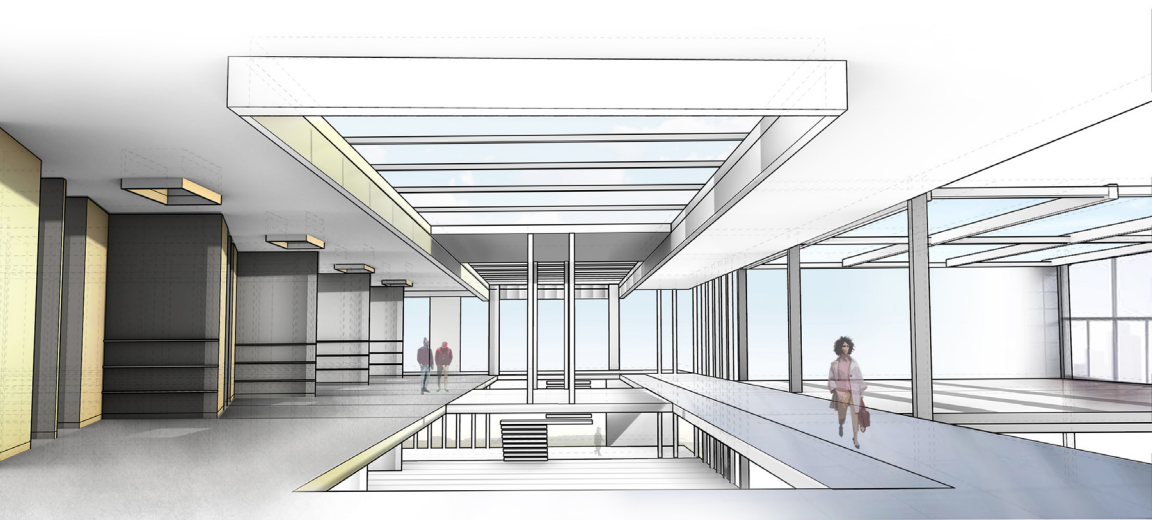
Cole Wyatt *D3 Montoya*

Faces

Noah Guth *D5 Montoya*

Skecthes



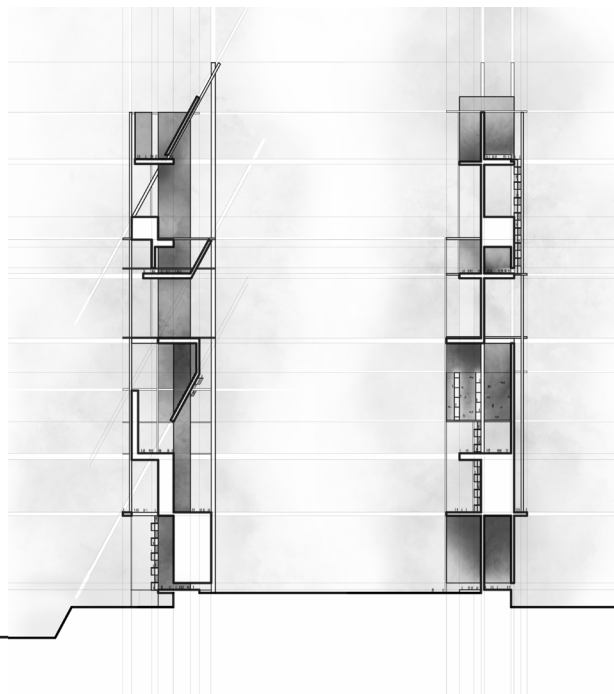


Sebastian Suarez D4 McGlothlin



Could it be called that? There is a mesh framework beneath me. It has wide gaps. Gray dust – remnants of something once grand – curls up through the mesh, through the delicate blue tendrils which support my entire weight.

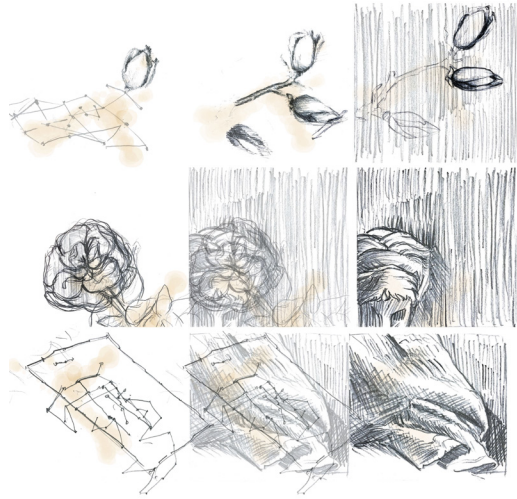
I wake as if blasted off a mountain – stunned, seeing white, my ears filled with the roar of a tornado, spinning, spinning though I am still. I'm lying on the ground.



Christian Bravo D4 McGlothlin



Hannah Arduini D5 Montoya

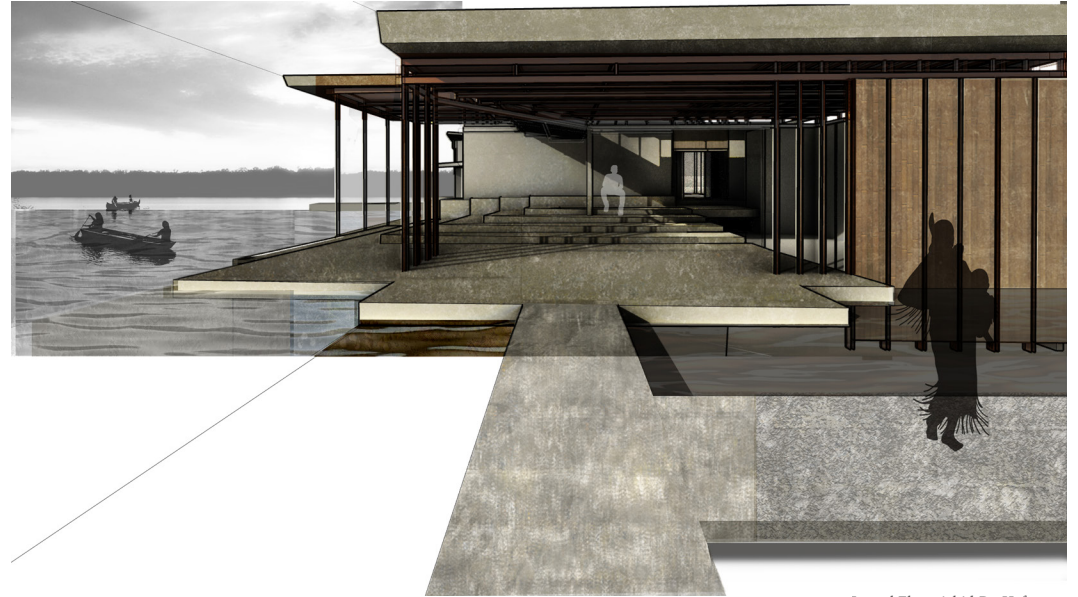


Olivia Raymundo D2 Cohen

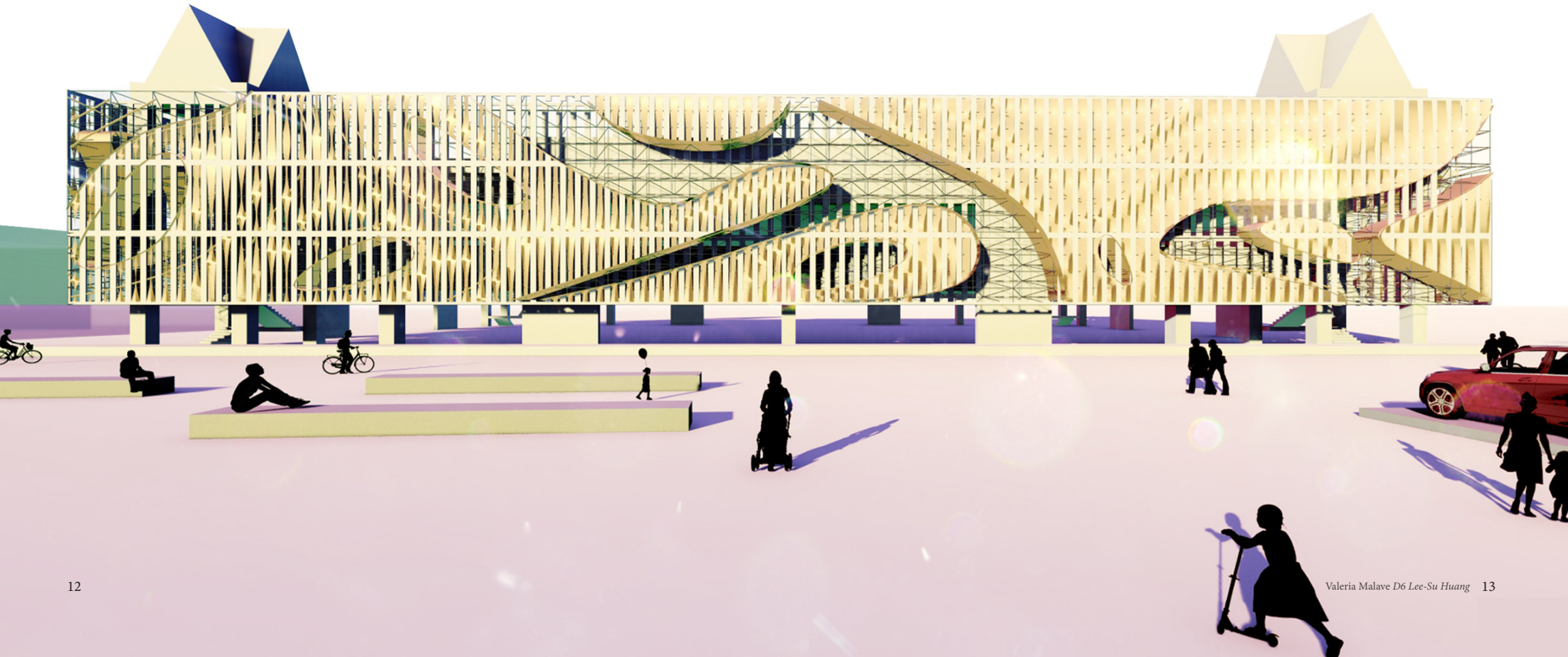
This ground is merely a gridded plane, fragile, suspended above a reality I once knew.

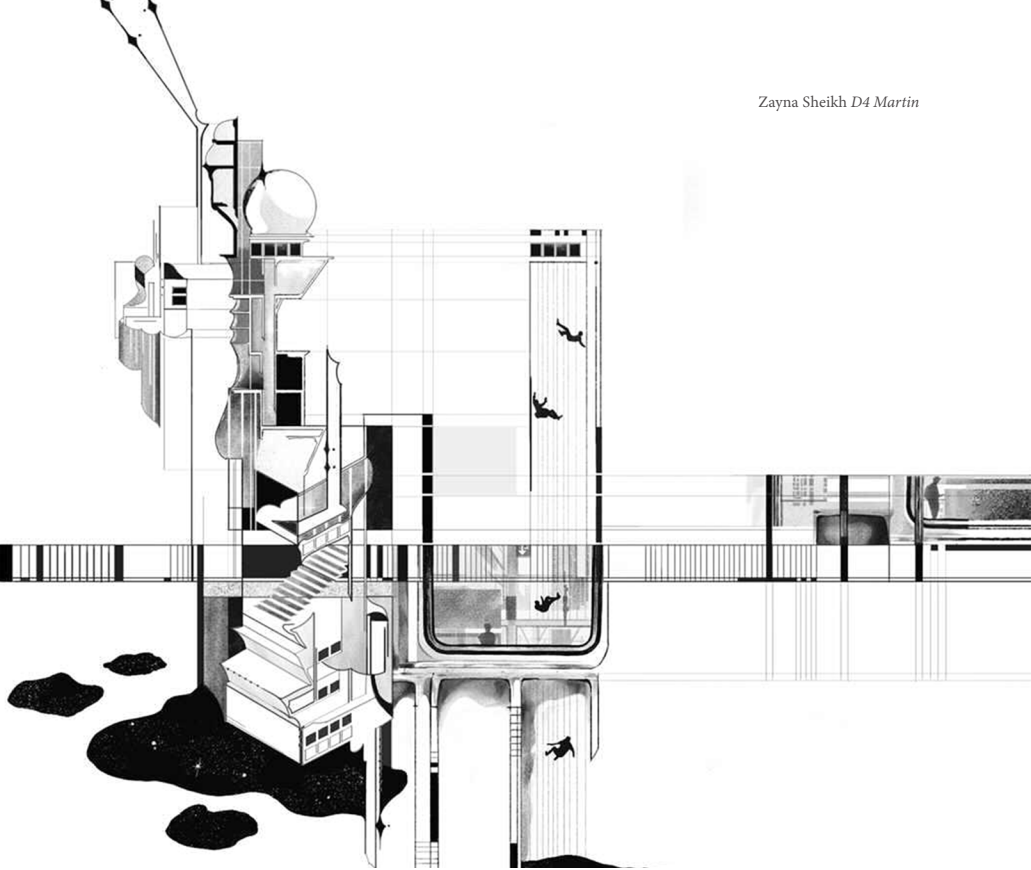
Feeling faint, I grasp the blue lines in my fingers. They are not solid, but merely appenditures of my imagination.

Something is missing – touch.

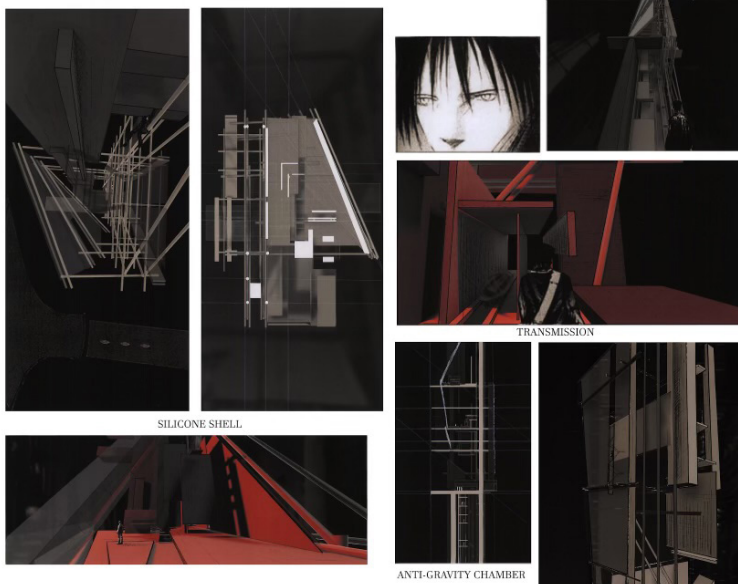


Ismael Elmoujahid D5 Hofer



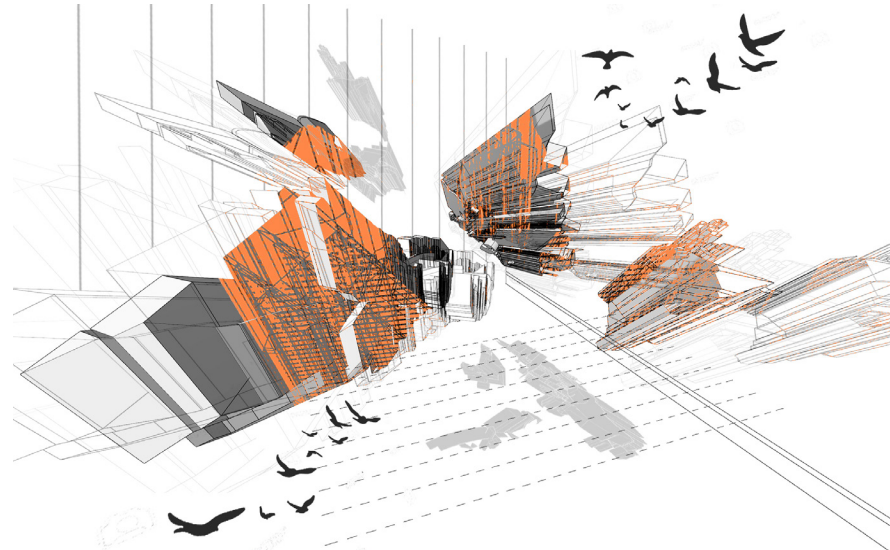


With the memory of touch comes a transformation – the blue lines shoot away from my hand, arching upward from rest, expanding into a cylindrical form, creating a 90-degree column.



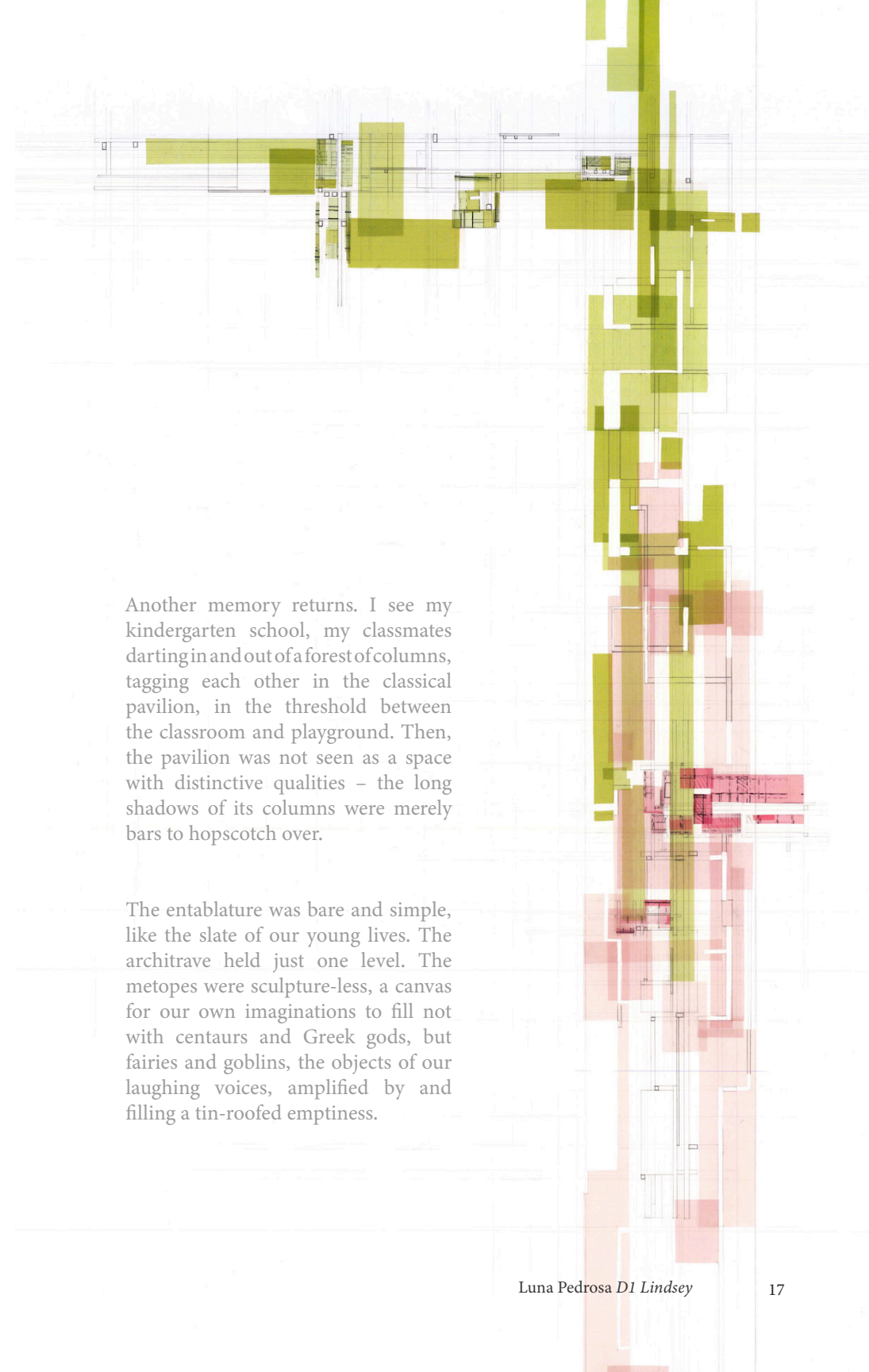
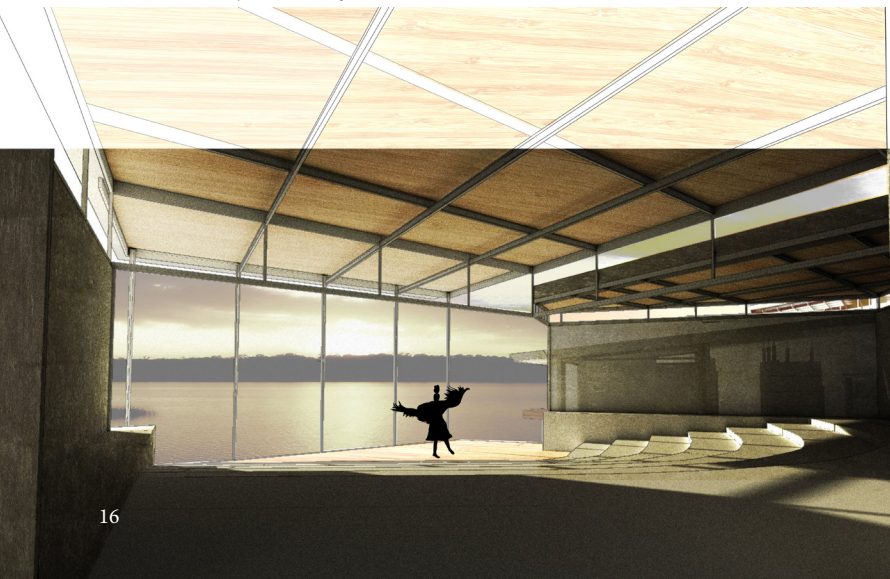
The mesh grows dense, its teal hue vanishing in thick, white marble flutes. Cautiously, I wrap my arms around the structure. This stone should be cold, but it's surprisingly pleasant. A thousand tiny fingerprints coat its surface.





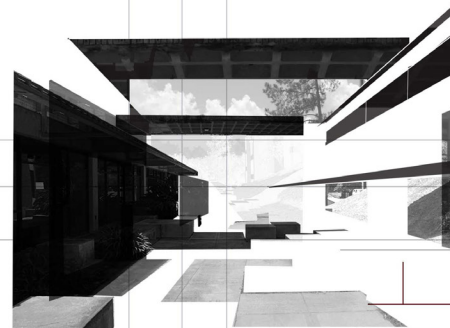
“I realized that the slow, long, and physically challenging journey up the hill was able to calm and reorient my mind to my body with each and every step, preparing me to experience a spiritual space in the right position.”

Joyce Ng, “A Spatial Memory- Tao Fong Shan”



Another memory returns. I see my kindergarten school, my classmates darting in and out of a forest of columns, tagging each other in the classical pavilion, in the threshold between the classroom and playground. Then, the pavilion was not seen as a space with distinctive qualities – the long shadows of its columns were merely bars to hopscotch over.

The entablature was bare and simple, like the slate of our young lives. The architrave held just one level. The metopes were sculpture-less, a canvas for our own imaginations to fill not with centaurs and Greek gods, but fairies and goblins, the objects of our laughing voices, amplified by and filling a tin-roofed emptiness.

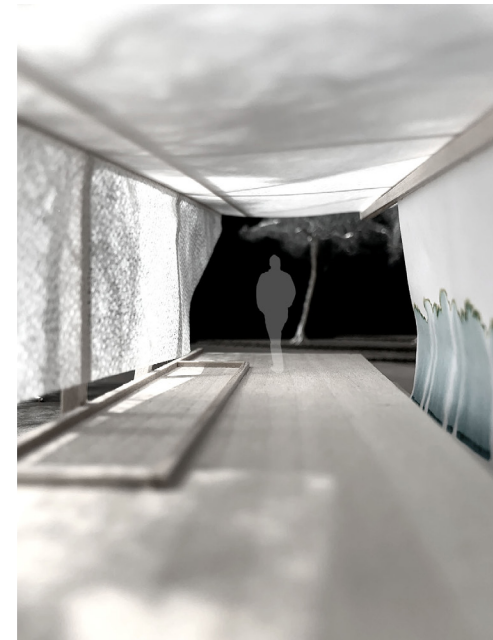


Niah Pierre D2 Gold

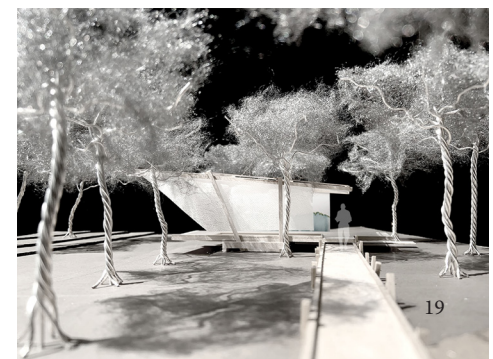


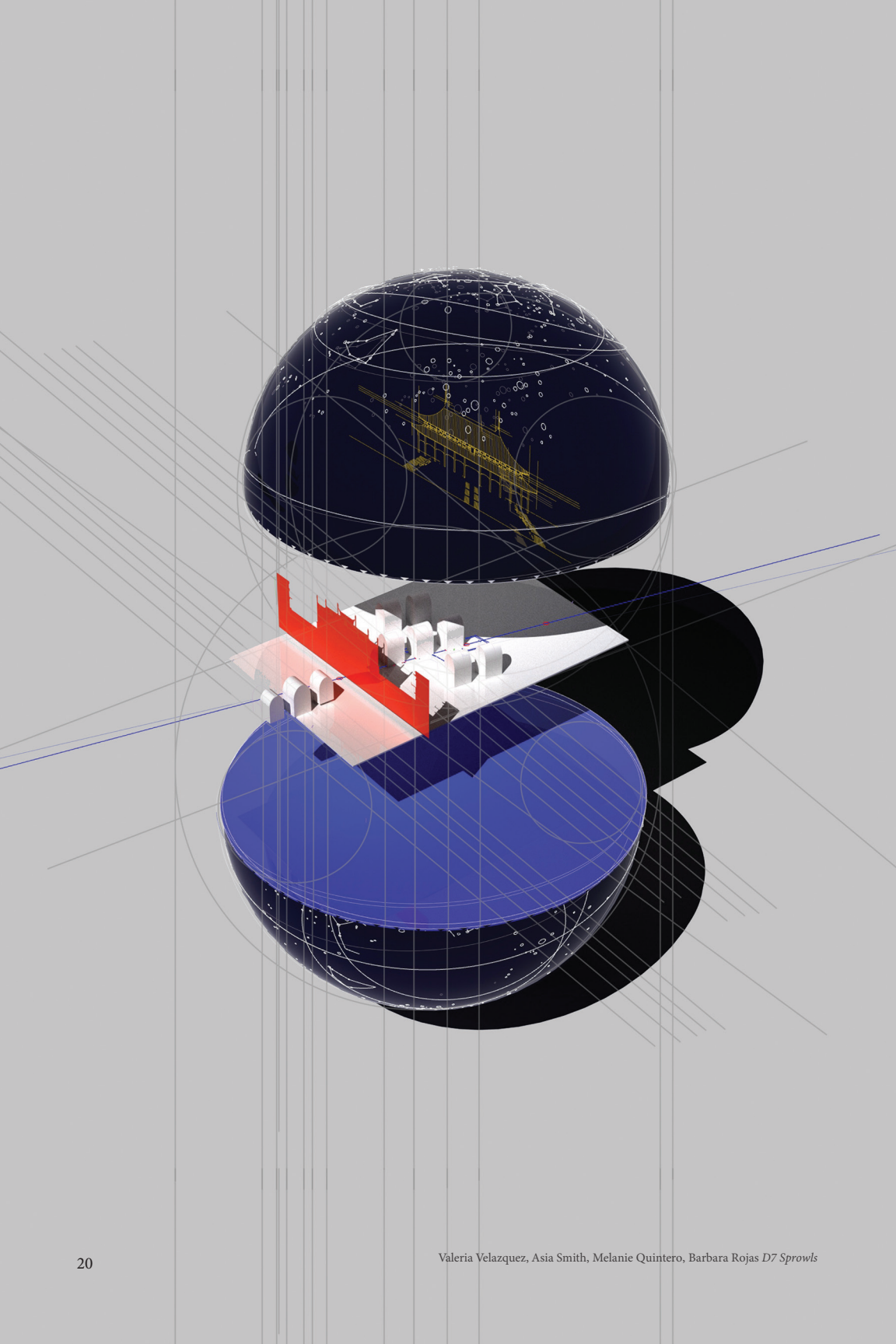
Light, sound, enclosure,
exposure – manipulation of
all of these made our playtime
more joyful.

With a smile, the memory
fades. I am once again on an
undefinable, ever-extruding
field, clinging to a single
column, devoid of any sense
of place or space.

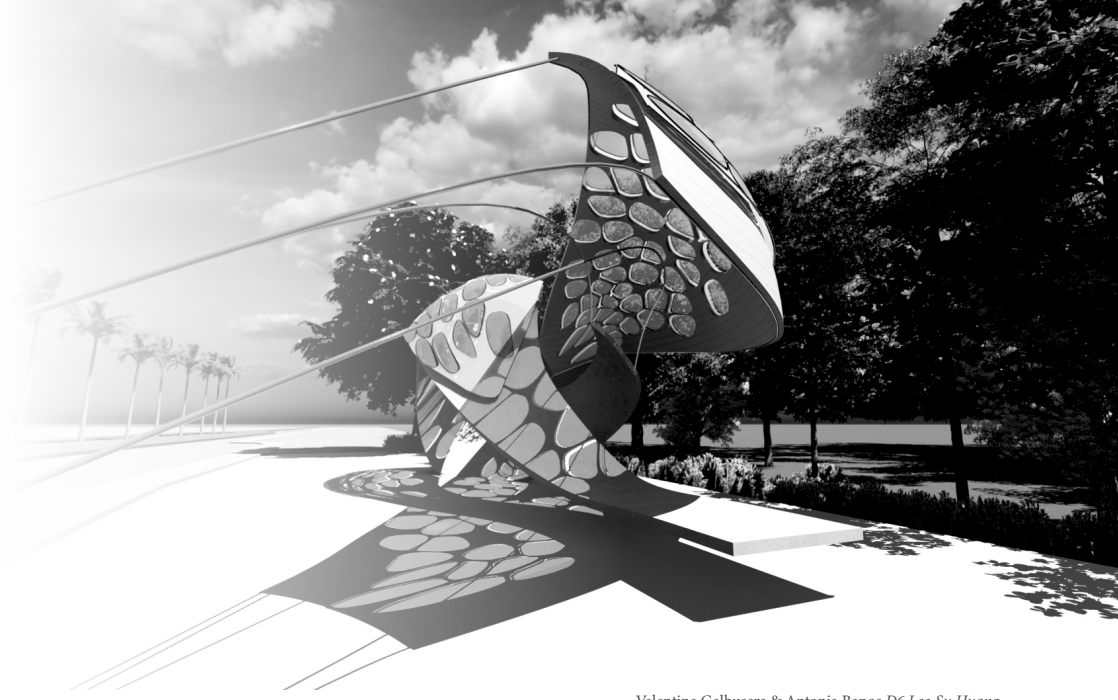


Christian Bravo D5 Montoya





Valeria Velazquez, Asia Smith, Melanie Quintero, Barbara Rojas *D7 Sprows*

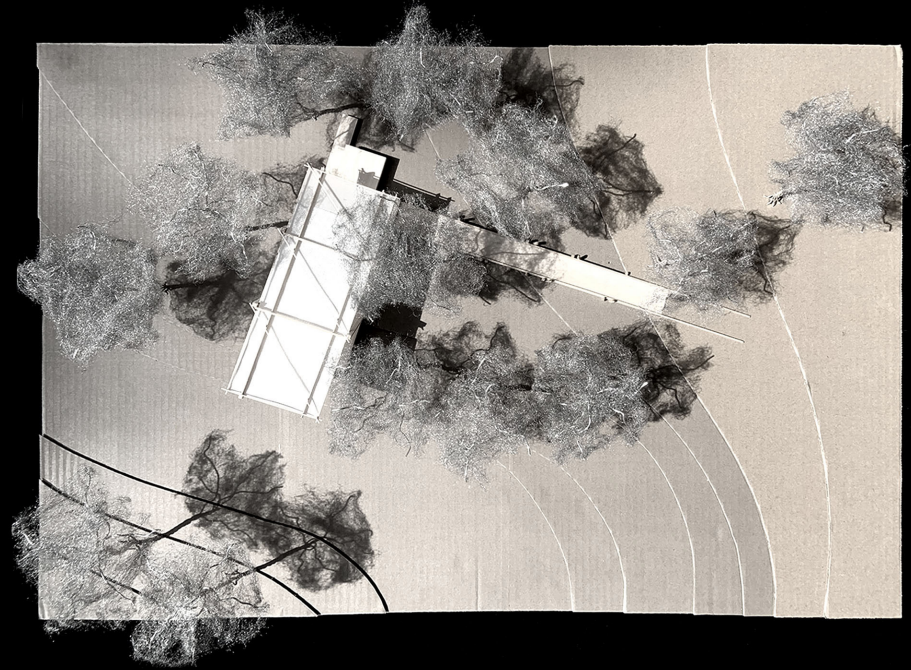


Valentina Galbusera & Antonia Banos *D6 Lee-Su Huang*

Panic sets in. I know I must come from somewhere other than this strange, foggy grid. This plane lacks meaning and life. I once had friends – kindergarten friends, perhaps many more afterwards – and I am here alone, confused, with no clear way out. Is this punishment?



Boris Stoyanov *D5 Hofer*

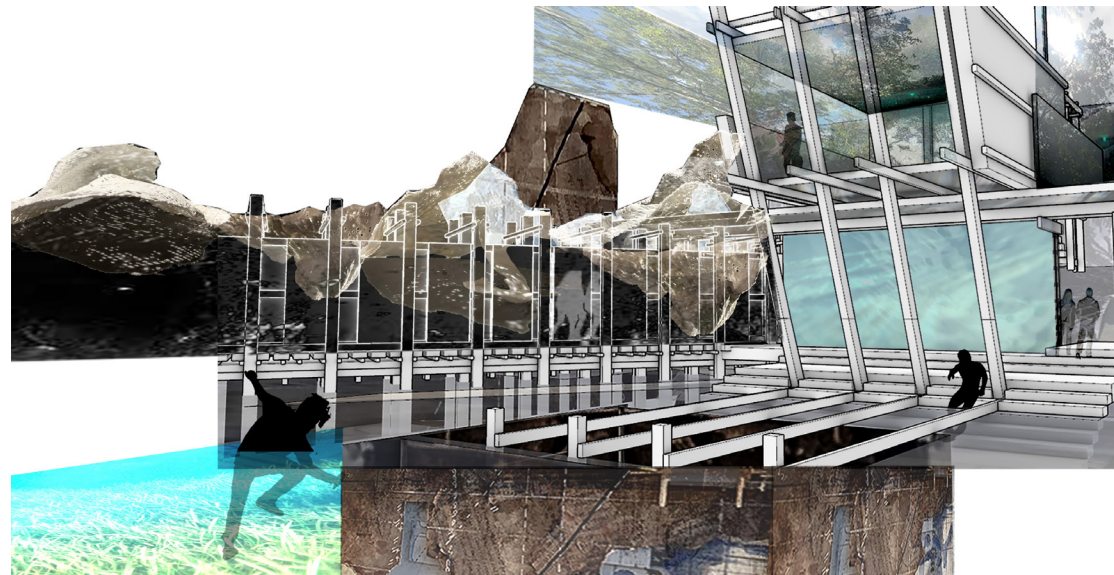


In my mind, I see glimpses of my old drafting table. Perilously close to its edge lie unsorted lead types, liners cut with scissors, broken plexiglass, and tracing paper stacked haphazardly on vellum. Even my models are a mess. Walls meant to be vertical are angled, glue drips onto adjacent layers, and there are weird shapes which warrant the dreaded comment of a Darth Vader-esque TA. They say, *I find your lack of space disturbing. Clean up or clean out.*



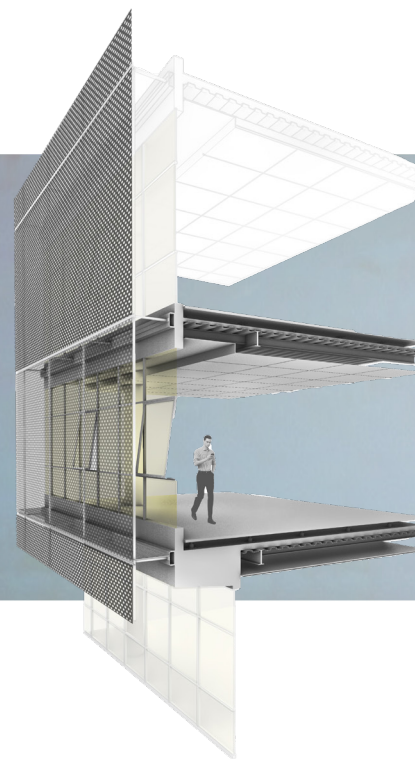


Avery Dunavant & George Tribble D7 Clark



Royce Velasco D5 Hofer

*Is this what that's about?
Have I cleaned out?*



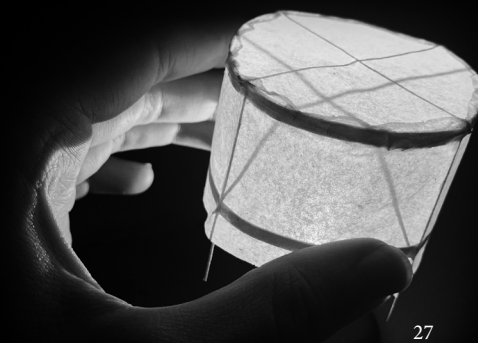
Is this overwhelming nothingness
around me a metaphor for my own
drafting desk, emptied for the next
sleep-deprived student to take?
Maybe. No. It can't be. I refuse.



The memory from my childhood triggered something – a tangible manifestation of a column. Perhaps I can build my way out of this abstract state of existence, utilizing the tools of the past. Maybe I can prove to myself that I belong in the world of architecture, not as a passive observer, but as an innovative problem-solver.

This emptiness may indeed become a sketchbook for opportunity.

I return to the one place I truly remember – the pavilion. The mesh grid blossoms outward from the single column, unfolding into a structure like an ancient stoa. Beneath the roofless expanse, I see the shadows of people that once were, floating aimlessly – embodiments of my wandering mind. I give them meaning – a purpose, a place to be, by thrusting up intersecting walls. These form not rooms, but defined and separate spaces within the pavilion. My walls are opaque; I sense the people interacting behind them as light plays upon the marble floor. It is like constructing a jigsaw puzzle, with a translucent scarf tied across my eyes.





*“The light is full and consumes
everything between the clouds
and the sand.”*

Kendall Jesse, “Lightbox Final Narrative: Seashore Chapel”

Grace Lambert D5 Montoya

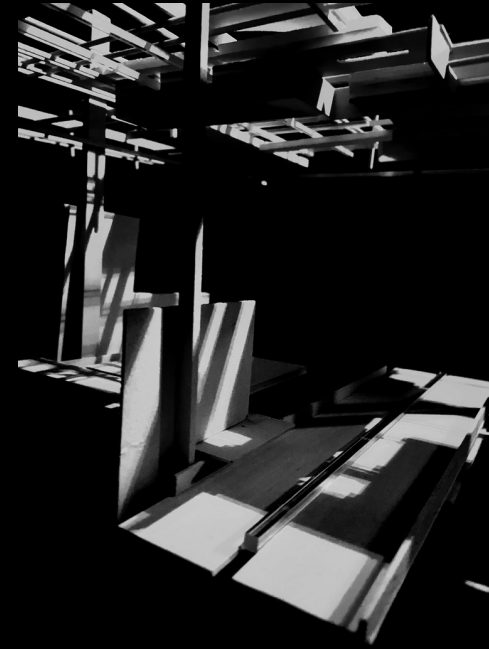


Noah Guth D4 Monk

It is a game of
creation, and I am
a blind and eager
builder.



Niah Pierre, Francisco Martell, Olivia Langford D5 Lindsey

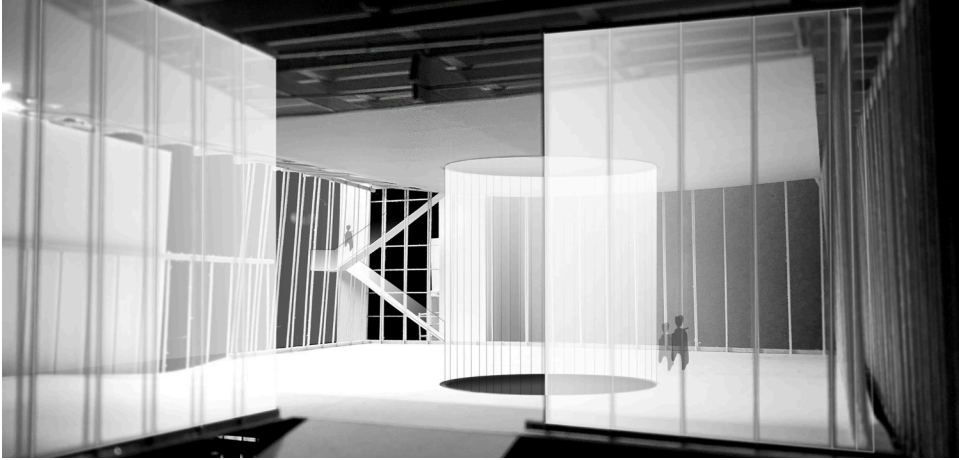


Camilla Castillo D4 Mcglothlin

Standing amidst the process of finding out what is and what is to come can be one of the most comforting, yet frightening, processes of all. What I allow myself to know and what I decide to understand is a dangerous game I am forced to play – a game full of questions with half written answers; I struggle to get a grip on the tools that can help me finish writing them. Is it a piece of trace I dramatically drape over the present plane of my existence? Do I exist in this realm of uncertainty tainted by the doubts and preconceptions cast over me?



Luke Slay D4 Culpepper



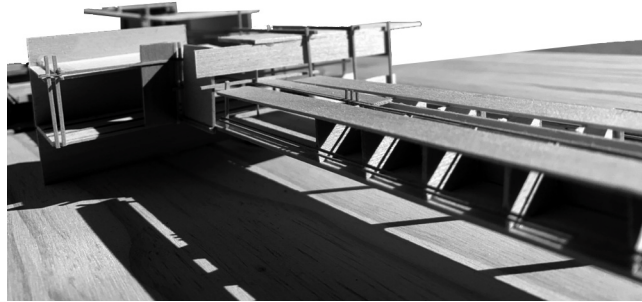
At times, the game asks me to make decisions that I am often tempted to press quit and pull the plug. However, many times I choose to be blind when I need to make a move. Maybe it's a twisted but blissful process that propels me towards an end that I know nothing of, but just the sense of doing is enough to drive me on. With every day that passes, I am running on my intuitive sense of adrenaline, giving me that dopamine rush. This runner's high is surely like a drug.



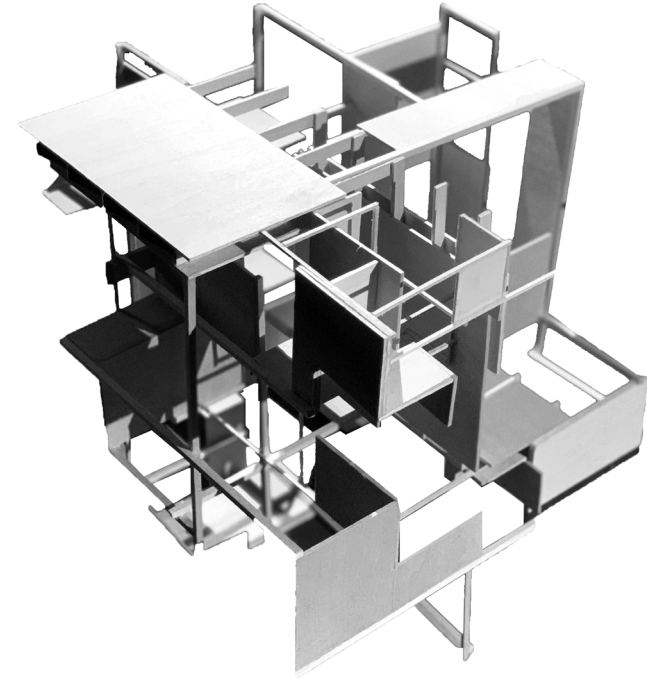
Emily Alexander D5 Hofer



Valentina Galbusera D6 Rabinowitz

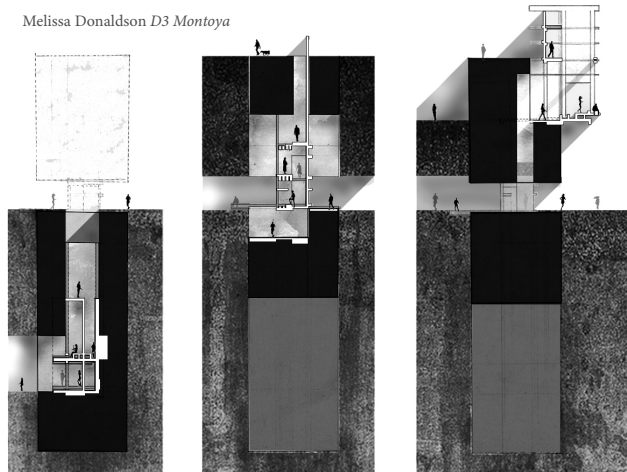


Hannah Arduini D4 McGlothlin

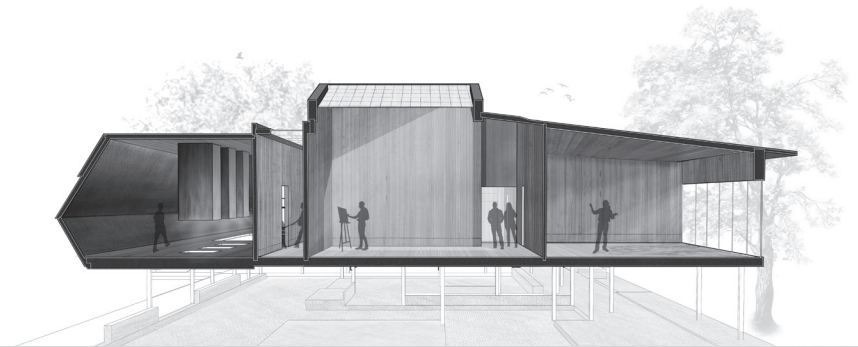
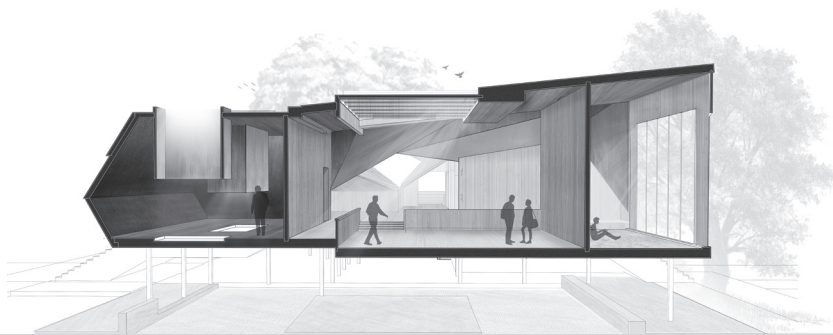


Dayva Learned D1 Gundersen

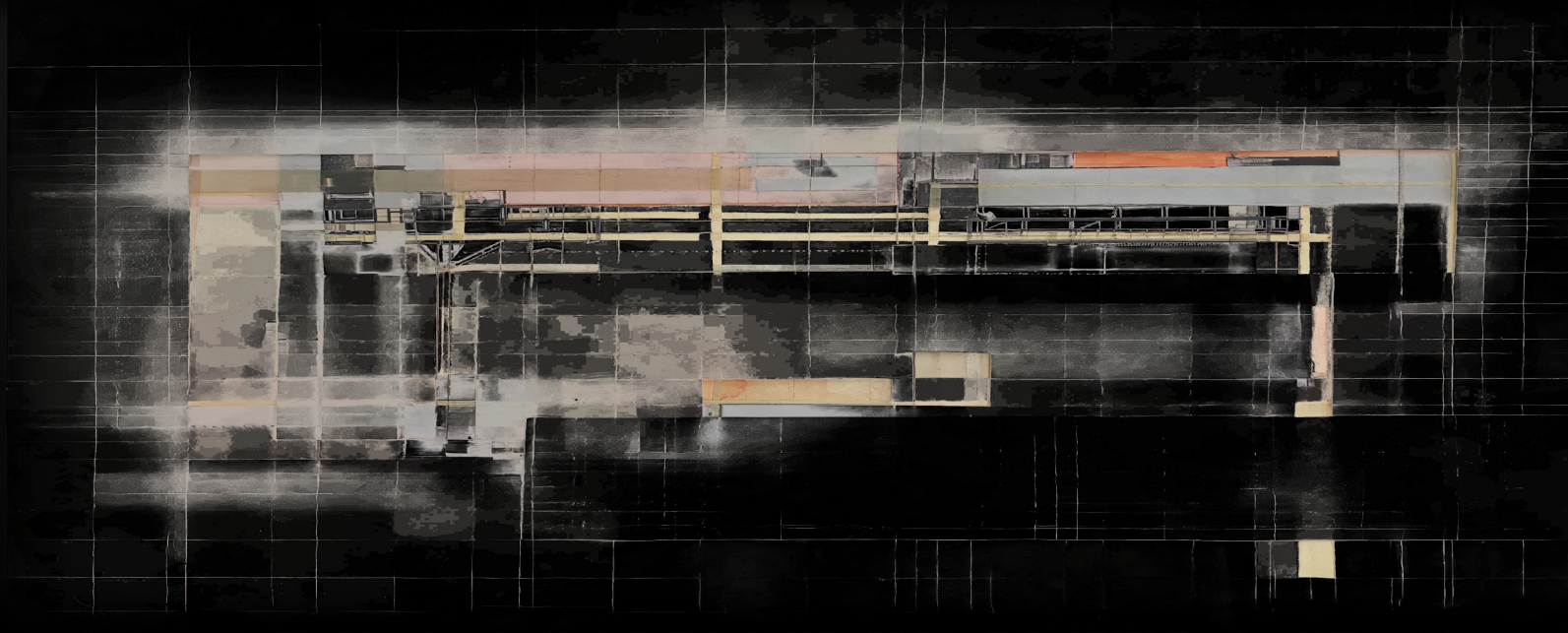
Melissa Donaldson D3 Montoya



Along the way, I delve into a search of self-realization that begins to reveal and unravel itself around me. It is the itch that drives my feet forward – one after the other. Forward I go, or is it backwards? To the left? I might be going right. Or the “right way.” With each step, the ground reveals itself to me while the sky begins to gleam in its own light. I decide that I exist here in a realm of consciousness, dictated by the clues given to surround me.



Tony Solis D5 Montoya



Melanie Garcia D2 Hofer



Royce Velasco D5 Hofer

However, I am at the center of all these clues. A peer into a mirror could help tell it all. But I am alone with a powerful drive that gives no reason. With a look down at myself I try to see and feel all that I am – my arms, my hands, my fingers, my torso, my legs, my feet, my toes. But how am I to see my own eyes, face, and head? Where else do my feet lead? Where do they fall below? How? Regardless, I must continue to wander. The only decision I can make is deciding that I am here, right now.



Abby Duffey D5 Montoya



Joyce Ng D2 Gold

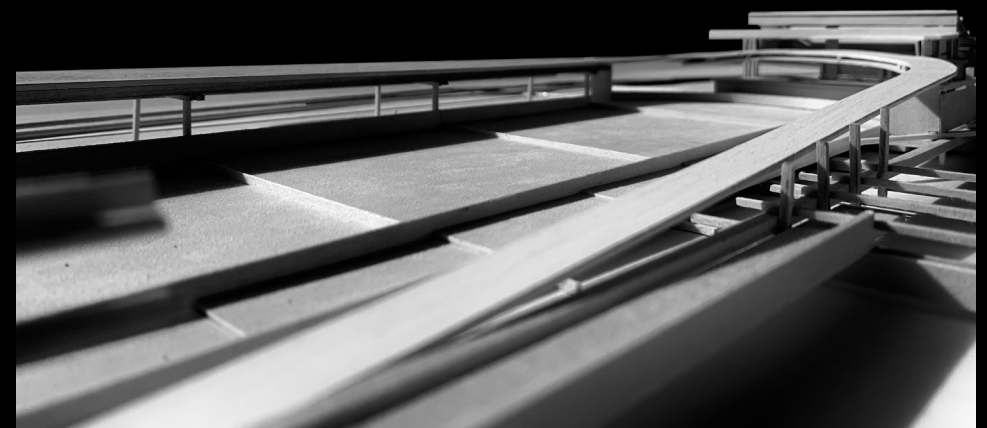


Yona Novack D5 Lindsey

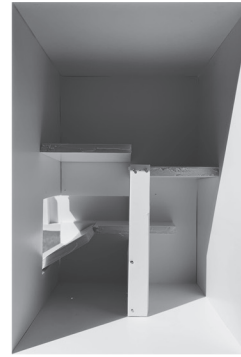
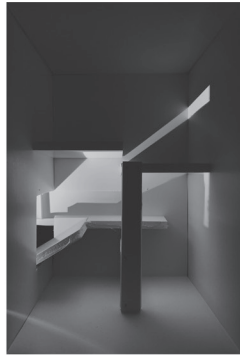
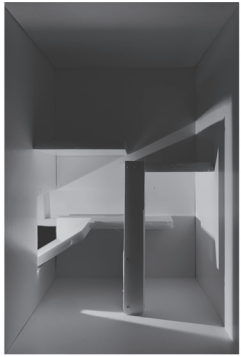
It has occurred to me, after an insurmountable period, that this all may just be a dream. It makes me weary to think of its finitude, I want to sleep.

But how can one sleep amidst a dream?

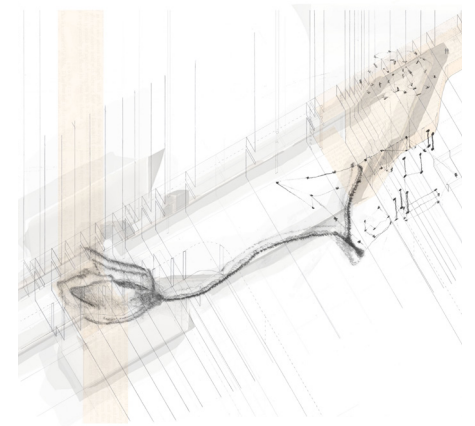
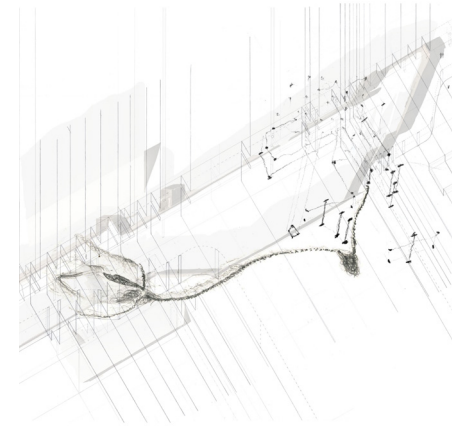
Miraculously, I awake, only to find myself deeper in hallucination – a reality I'm forced to pursue. I invite the next round of consternation with a surge of cool liquid entering my eyes, clearing and clouding my vision simultaneously. I rise from the shallow pool with no perception of space around me.



Kaley Denaro D5 Montoya



Abby Duffey D2 Hofer

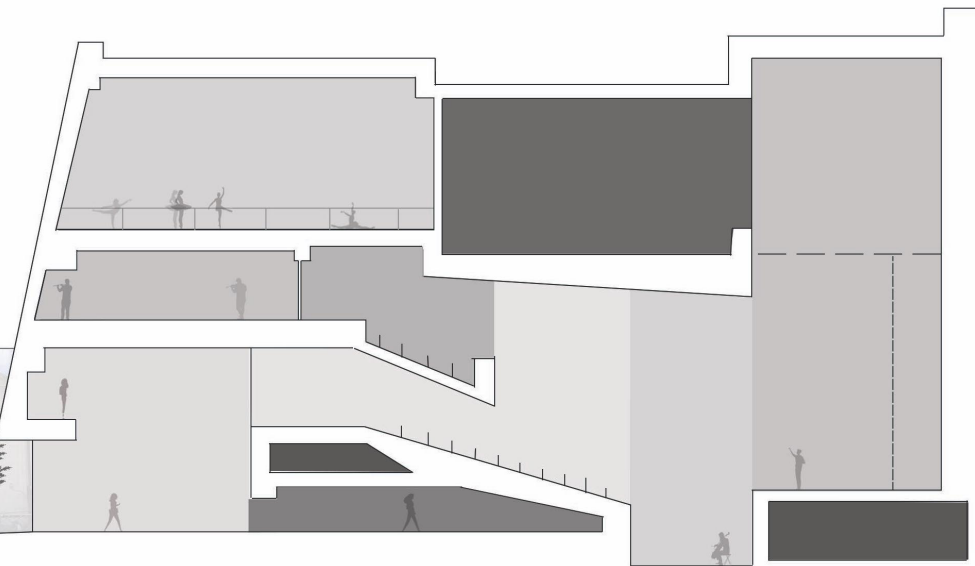


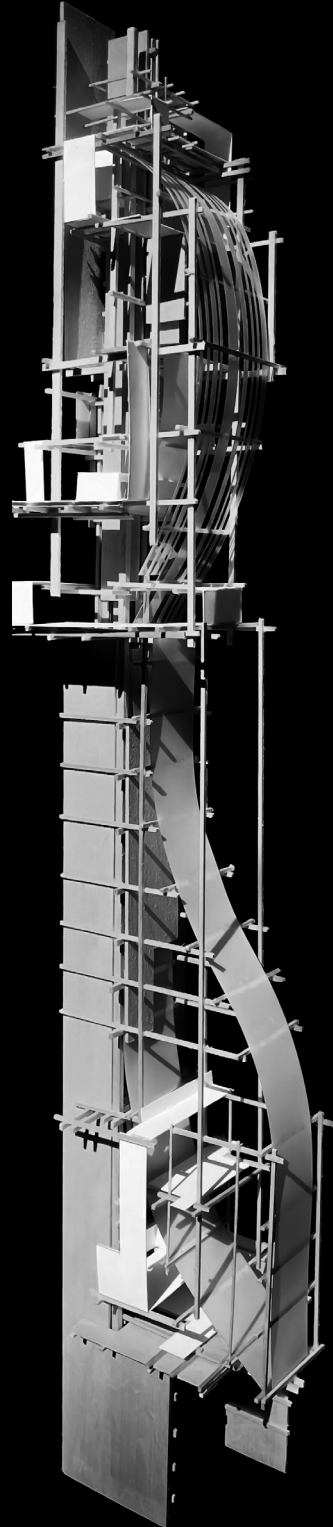
Hayley Gillette D2 Cohen

Passing through it, it becomes apparent that I could be striding through these few inches of water forever. Even so, I persist. Rather than grappling with the barrage of extraneous occurrences that I've endured thus far, I permit the murky slumber to take hold of my subconscious and am dazzled with a feeling of weightlessness. The water might be rising and pooling around me, devouring my surface as I tread deeper into the horizon. Or perhaps it is I who rises, a spirit of the system which immediately governs me.

“Like the sonata that slowly fills an individual’s conscious mind, architecture is experienced in fragments.”

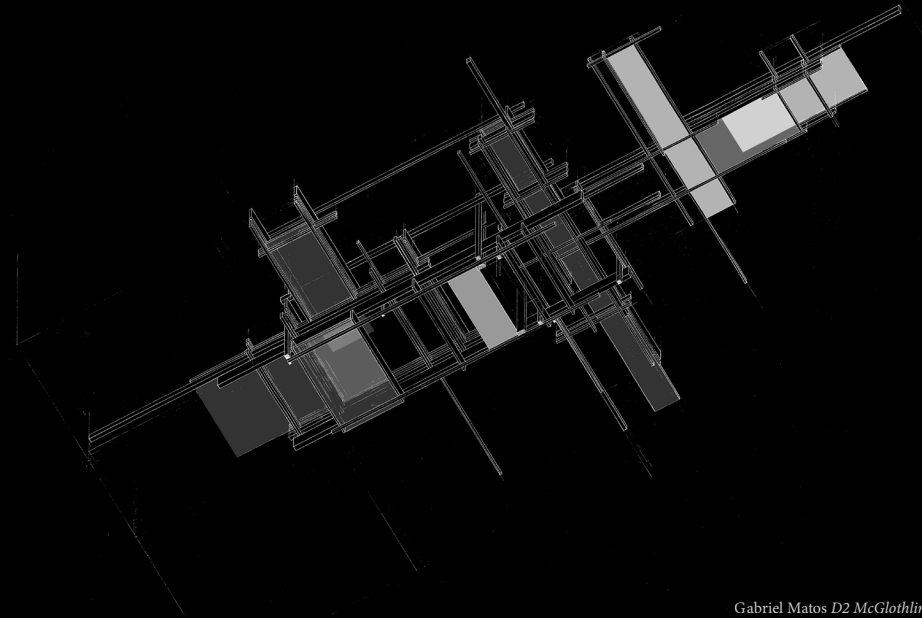
Claire Wolsk, “Understanding the Impact of Phenomenological Architecture...”





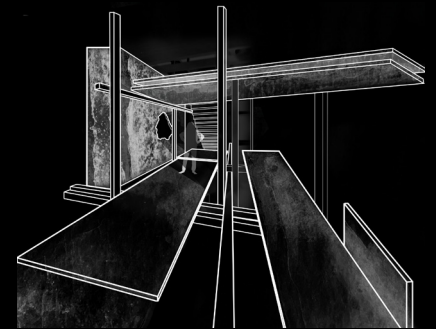
Maverick Santos D4 Cronin

My vision returns
like the morning
sun emerges from
a blanket of clouds.
Beams of light pass
weakly through a
translucent veil,
bursts of rosy pink
becoming more
saturated in a pure
black void.



Gabriel Matos D2 McGlothlin

By my feet, gentle ripples of water catch the pink and send it on infinite loops into the horizon. It is the middle, the matter of my sight which remains anonymous. The clouds above and ripples below intensify as the light source rises ever so slightly. At this moment it is impossible to tell whether seconds or years have passed. I stare into the black middle matter, unmoving. Why, again, does it feel as if I'm rising? Yet at the same time being surrounded by a space which is so thick, so dark, it is like moving through tar. There is no other option other than to remain utterly still, and there. There is the ground. Rising and falling like mountains between the sky and sea.



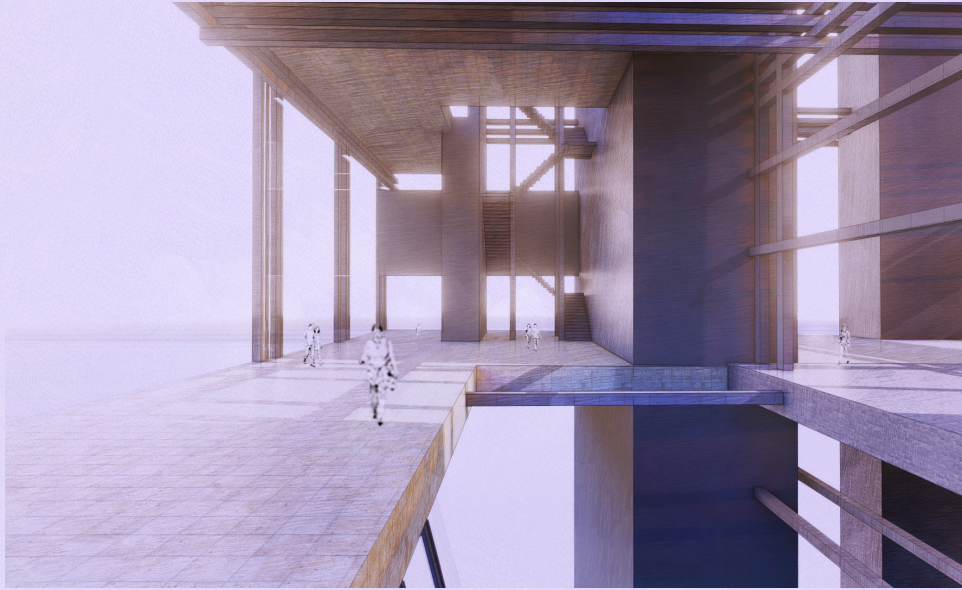
Penelope Roca D3 Culpepper



Mountains change to bumps and bumps to something more familiar, like fingers reaching from some unknown "below." Though my sight only acknowledges what is forward, I can feel them reaching around me. Suddenly aware of the ground for the first time, I know them now to be the palms, a smooth but gently curving floor which holds each drop that is my memory of all time. And staring forward, my eyes are met with the very light source which has allowed my newfound sight.

Luke Slay D6 Maze





Tony Solis *D4 McGlothlin*

In scale, unbelievable. Infinitely larger than the form I currently project. I am met with two eyes, wide and honey-colored with tiny tendrils of yellow reaching for the pupil.

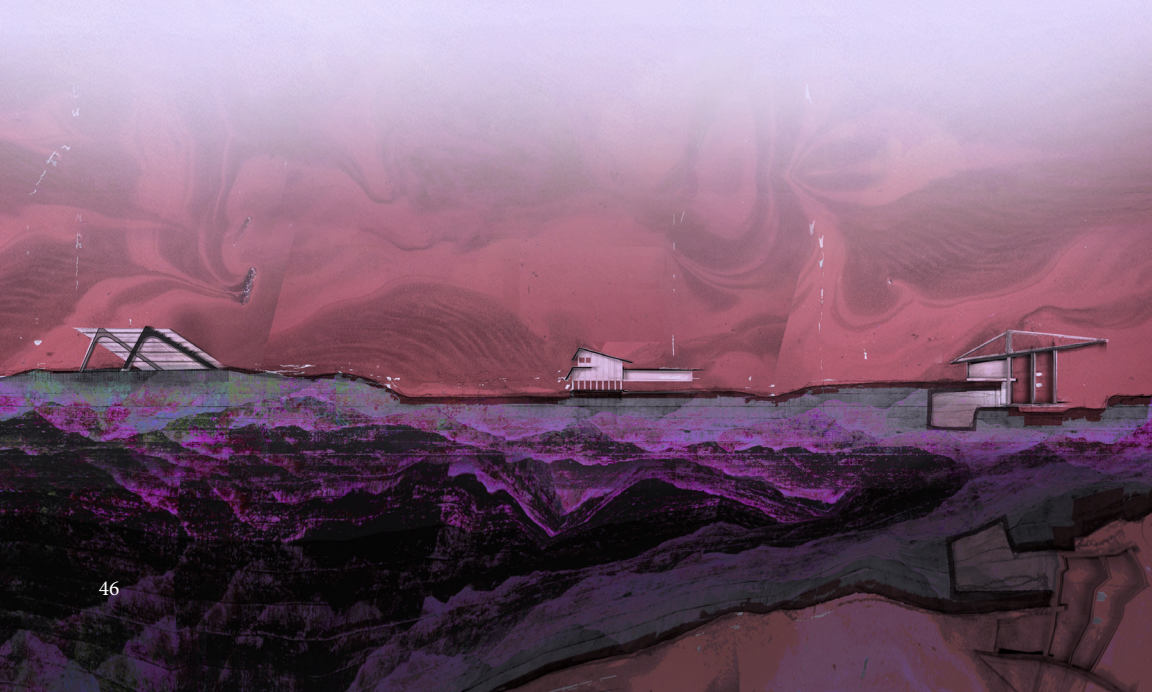
Yona Novack *D4 Culpepper*

They are comfortable, familiar, safe.
They are my own.

But blackness prevails yet again.
In muted acquiescence, they rise to their feet.

Back where they started.

Frank LaPuma *D6 Lee-Su Huang*





DREAM SEQ. 02

LUCIDITY



CONTRIBUTORS

55	Zayna Sheikh	72	Hannah Concepcion
56, 57, 96	Jin Deng	75	Elena Rizzuto
56, 57, 96	Sophie Nguyentran	76, 97	Valentina Balbusera
58, 78, 91	Hannah Arduini	77, 83, 99	Valeria Lobo
58	Jamilah Roman	79, 80, 81	Valeria Malave
59, 82	Stephanie Dutan	79	Kyle Koehne
60, 61, 67, 85, 86, 88	Cole Wyatt	80, 81	Anabella Marrone
60, 84, 93	Hayley Gillette	84, 94	Yona Novack
61, 74, 86, 88	Noah Guth	84	Jon Carlo Ardila
62, 84, 85, 92	Kaley Denaro	86	Sebastian Suarez
63, 65, 69	Maverick Santos	88, 89, 94, 95	Emily Alexander
63, 66, 87	Avery Dunavant	89	Ben Spears
63, 66	George Tribble	89	Olivia Raymundo
64, 68	Claire Jennings	90	Luke Slay
64, 73	Royce Velasco	90, 91	Tony Solis
66, 87	Claire Wolsk	92, 95	Frank LaPuma
66	Joyce Ng	93	Courtney Smith
68	Maggie McMickle	97	Sarah Spayd
68, 69	Erica Morrissey	97	Antonia Banos
70	Sydney Cherrington	98	Boris Stoyanov
70	Grace Lambert	100, 101	Abby Duffey
71	Mckensie Long		
71	Melos Shtaloja		

"i swear i was just here?"

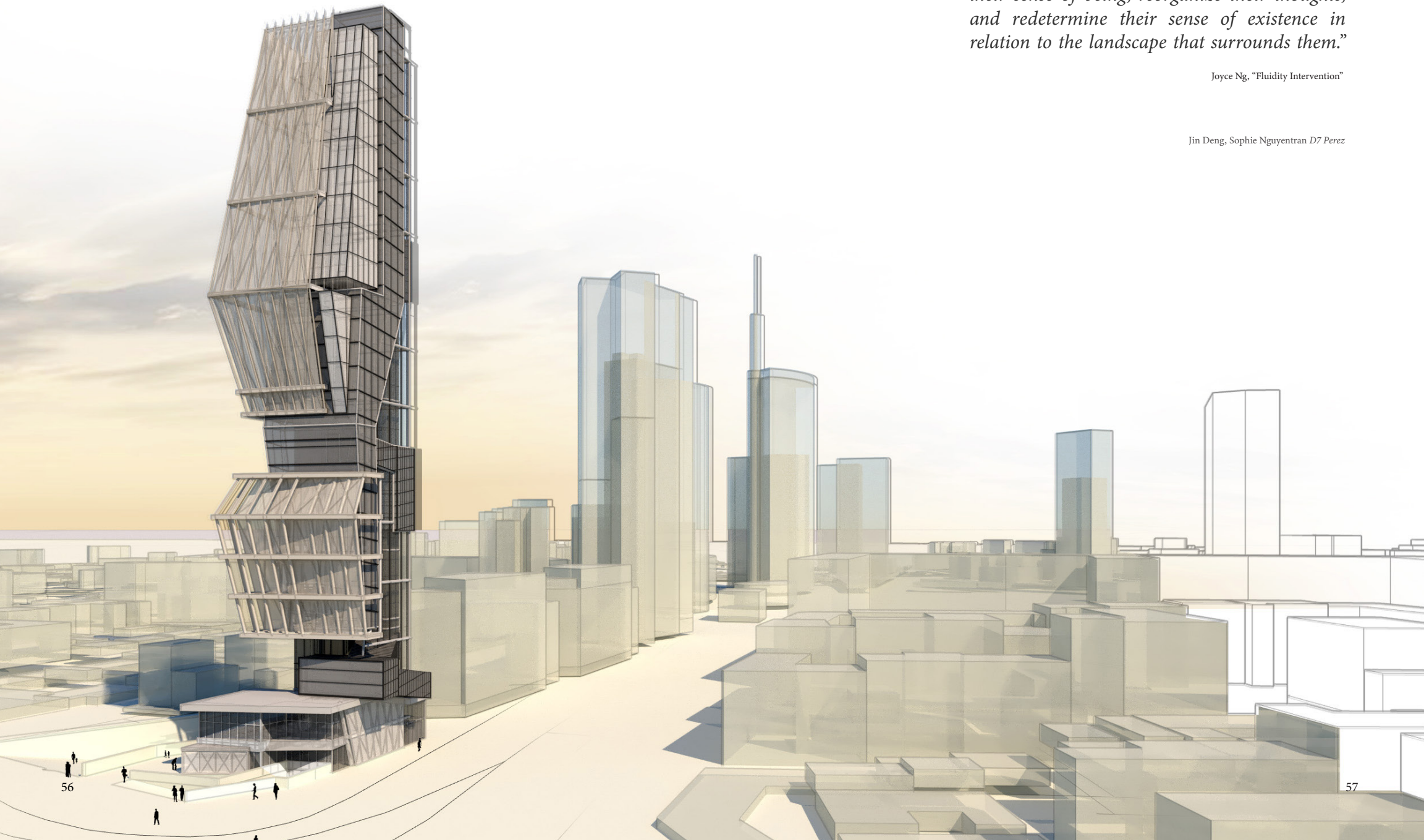
"i think i'll rest a while"

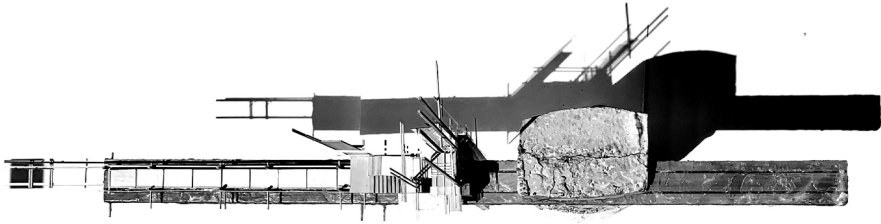


“One should take their time to reimagine their sense of being, reorganize their thoughts, and redetermine their sense of existence in relation to the landscape that surrounds them.”

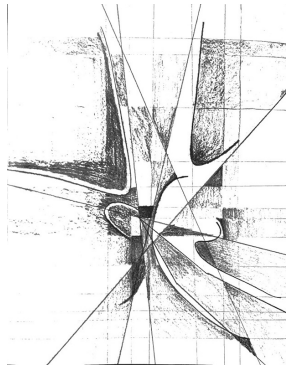
Joyce Ng, “Fluidity Intervention”

Jin Deng, Sophie Nguyentran D7 Perez



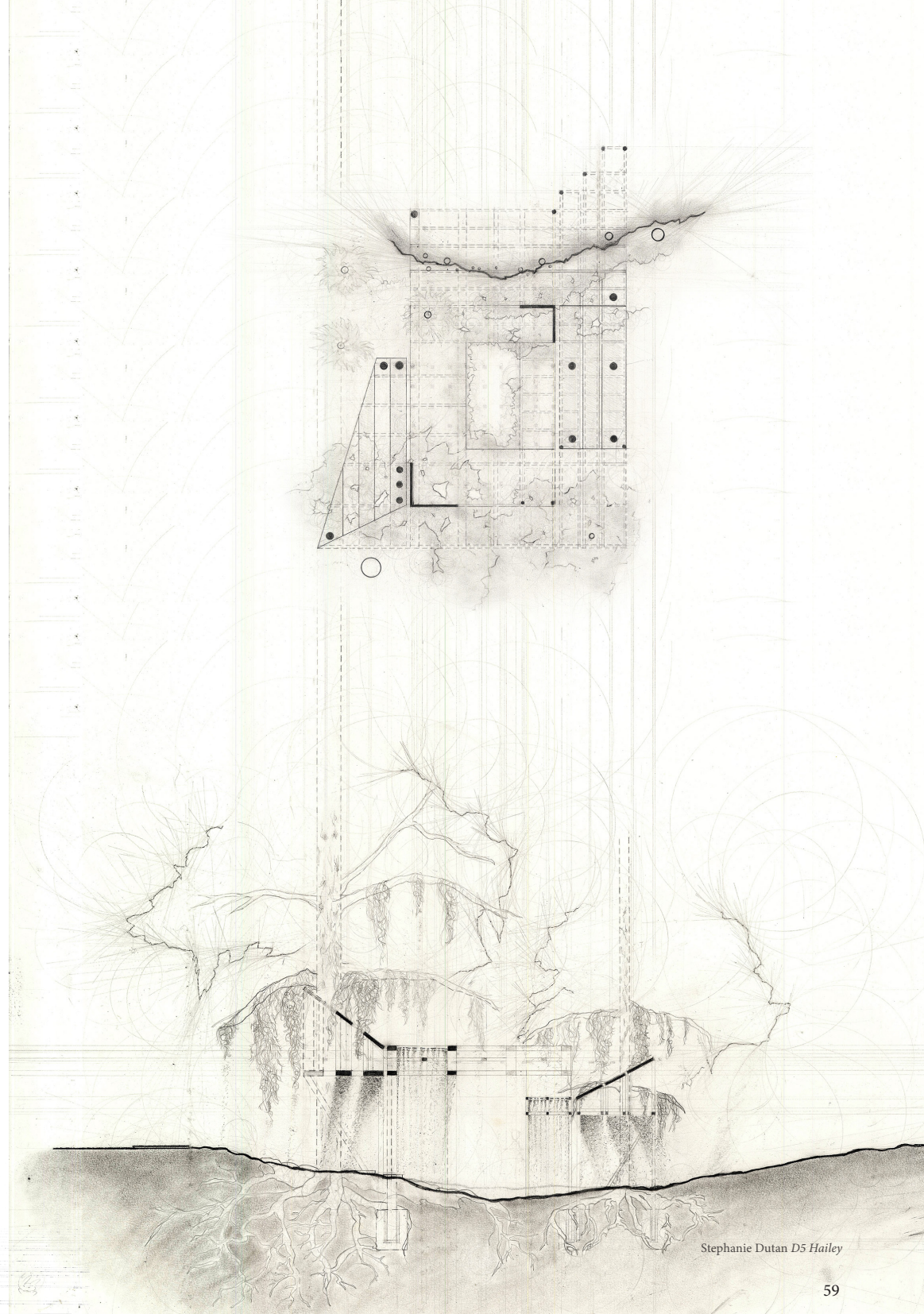
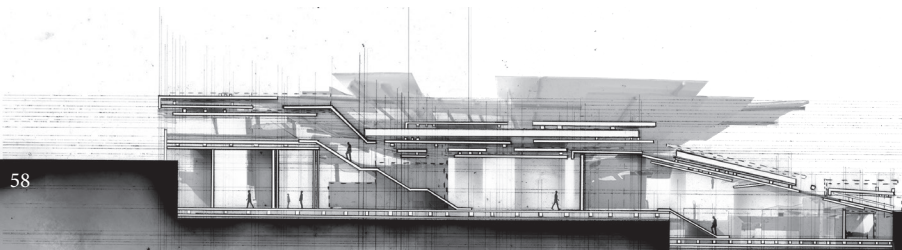
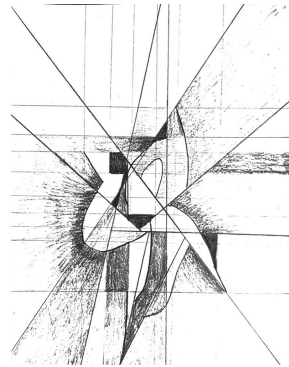
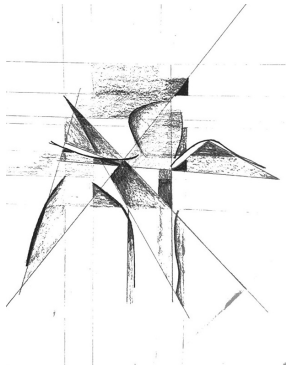
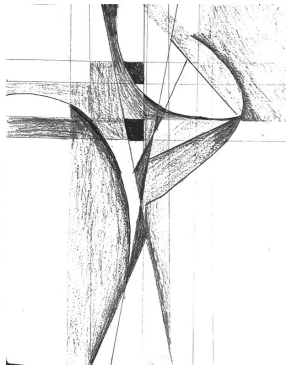


Hannah Arduini *D5 Montoya*



The water gains a hold of my knees as it rises. While darkness deprives me of sight and presents me hallucinations that I didn't ask for, I hear white noise. My body, while paralyzed, can feel the current, the movement gaining real estate on my body as it climbs. I've never felt so aware in a state of stillness. A state of hypnopompic awakening.

Jamilah Roman *D4 Cronin*



Stephanie Dutan *D5 Hailey*

Cole Wyatt *D4 Monk*

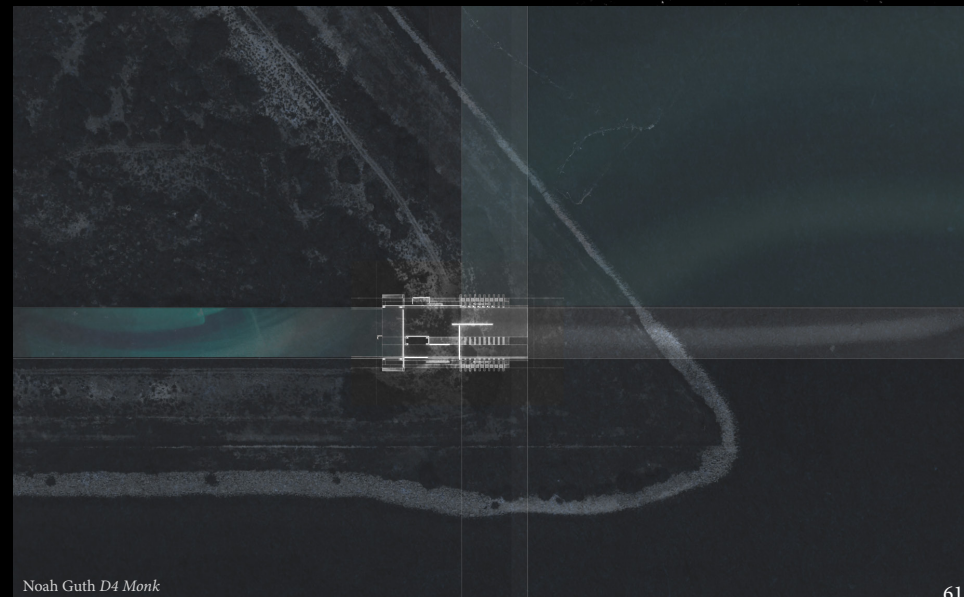


Hayley Gillette *D3 Generoso*



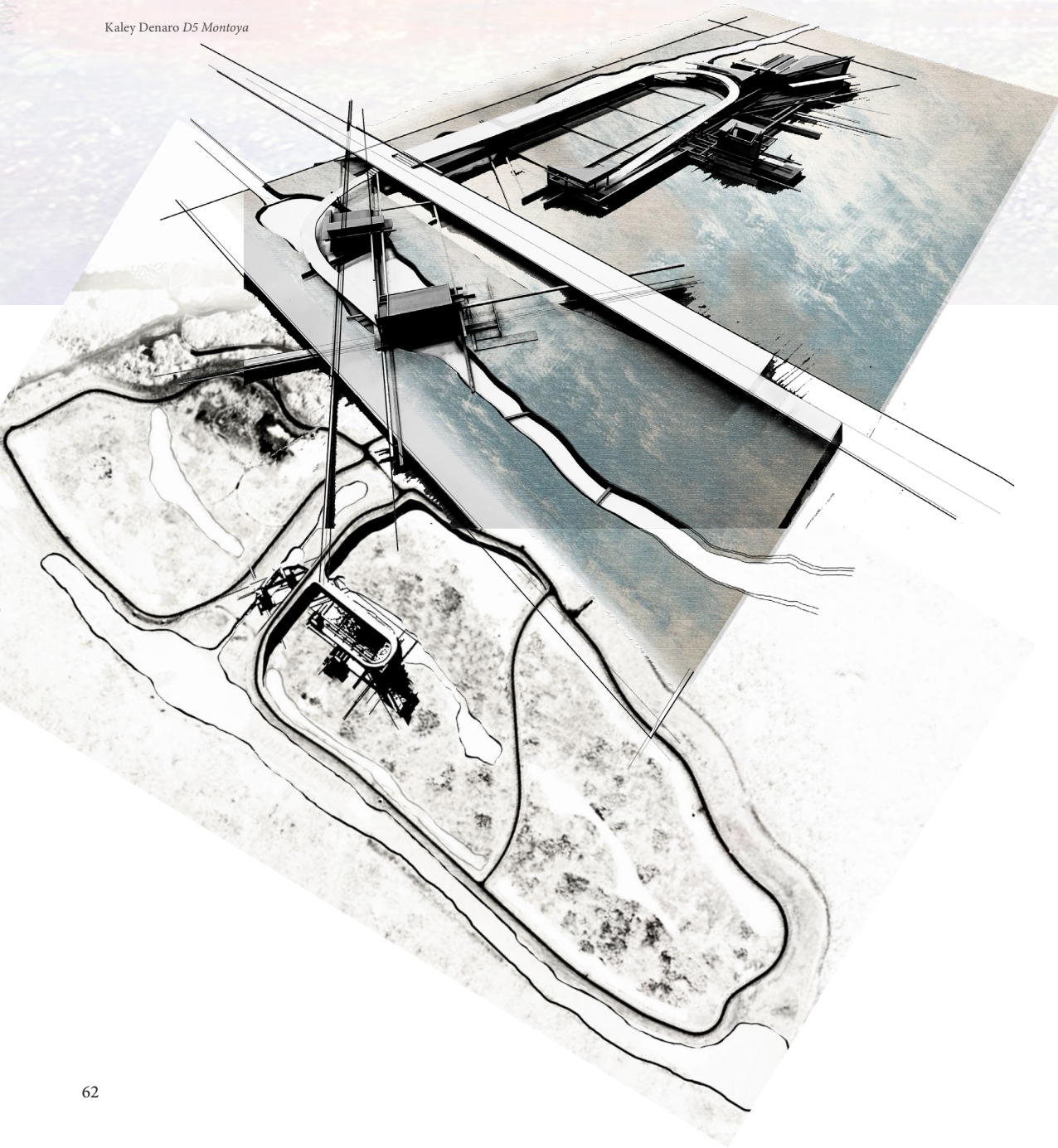
At least I've been
surrendered some control
over my thoughts.
Although, I'm not quite sure
who it is that surrendered it
back to me. Am I a puppet,
or a figment of someone
else's imagination?

A character of sorts that
moves how and when the
narrator wants me to? Is it
only my own construction
that has taken me across
a land of dreams into
a transitional space? I
wished that my body had
more transitory properties
at this moment. I have
no trajectory despite my
tingling awakening.



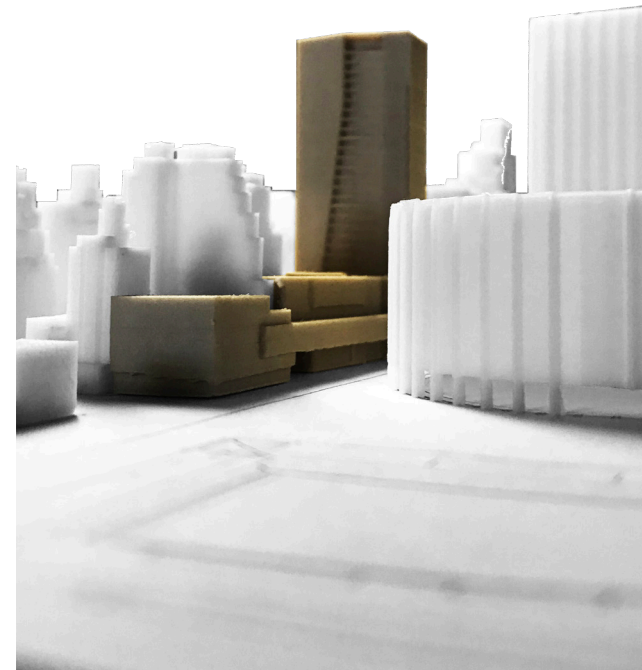
Noah Guth *D4 Monk*

Kaley Denaro D5 Montoya



Maverick Santos D5 Ochoa

I want to scream as my collar bones become the water's new resting place, but I lose to my diaphragm. I cry as the shadows dance around me; I cannot distinguish whether they want to help or distract from my journey. I feel my body tremble as the compression challenges the rising waves. My brain yells at my body, but my nerves are slow to respond.

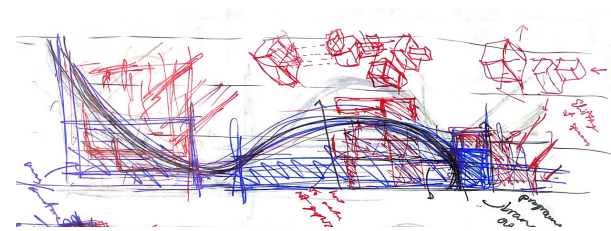


Avery Dunavant & George Tribble D7 Clark

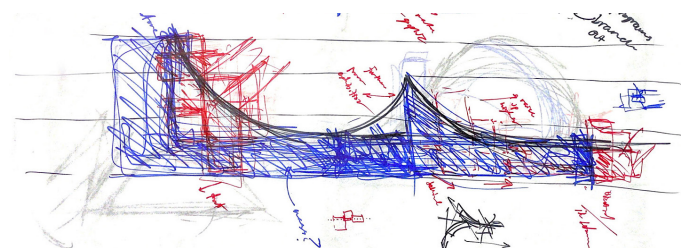
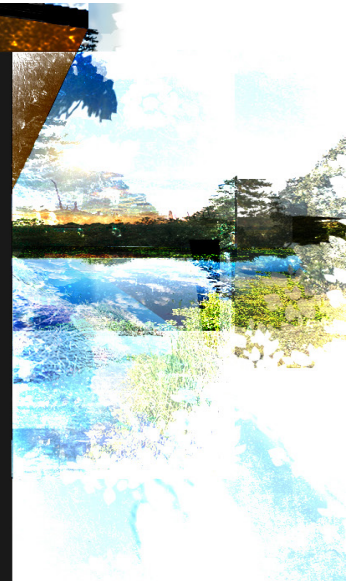


Claire Jennings D4 Martin

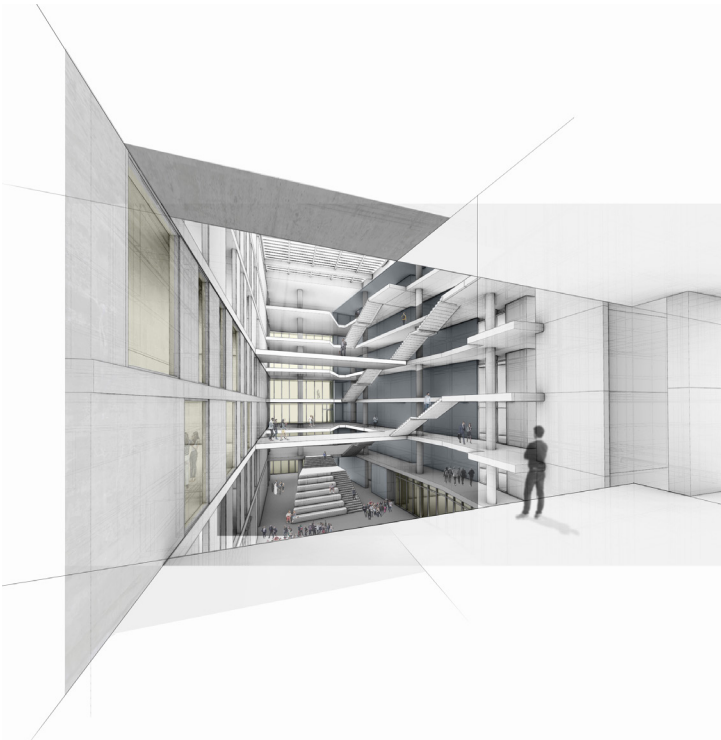
As water enters my lungs, I feel no resistance. The shadows are lifted away, and the water glistens a shade of lilac. The first defined condition I see is color. The threshold of liminality then passes over my head, as if the threshold itself is moving faster than me. I leave liminal conditions with my first step. This movement feels cloudy, dreamlike, but controlled. My sense of touch is deprived again, but my eyes give insight into how I should feel as light hits my skin and its surroundings.



Royce Velasco D5 Hofer



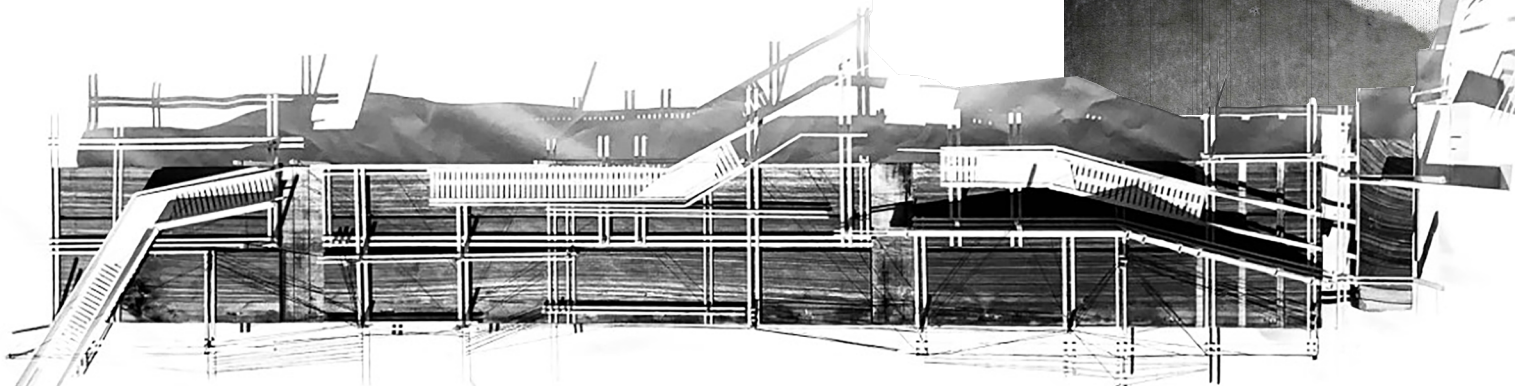
Maverick Santos D4 Cronin



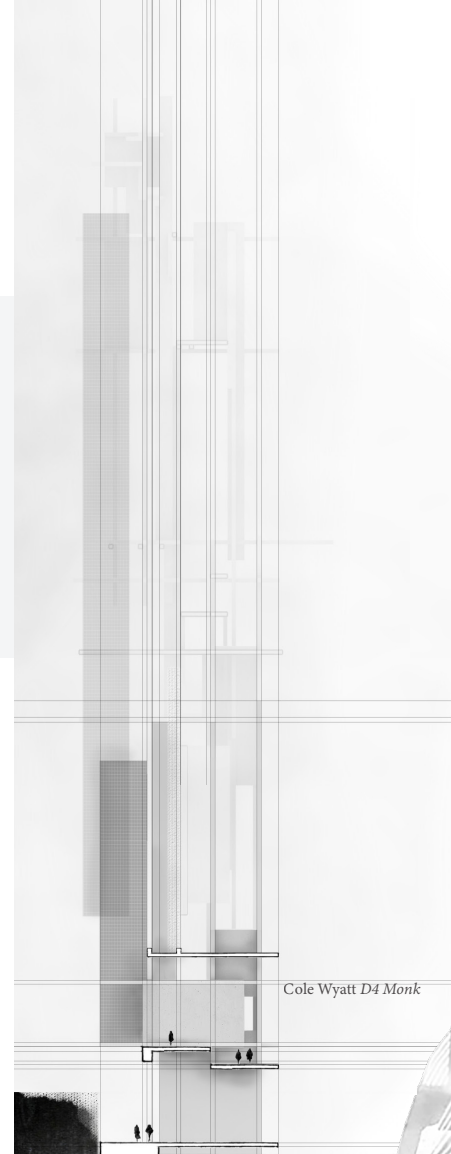
Avery Dunavant & George Tribble D7 Clark

“After the third staircase, upon reaching the top Magayon crosses the bridge towards the god’s overlook, and strikes a bargain. With the deal done, she ventures onto the platform within the clouds, walks to the edge, and jumps. Her set path never ended with this highest platform, but with the desert dunes unseen below”

Ruth Iglehart, “Door Window Stair Concept”

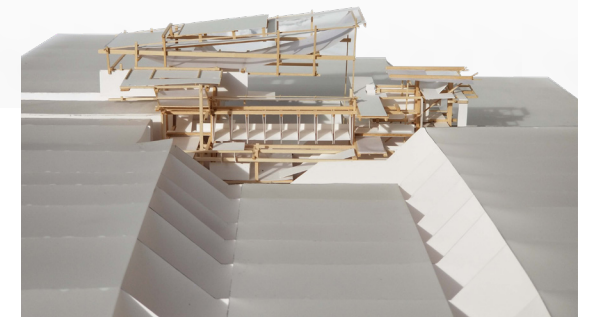


Claire Wolsk D5 Montoya



Cole Wyatt D4 Monk

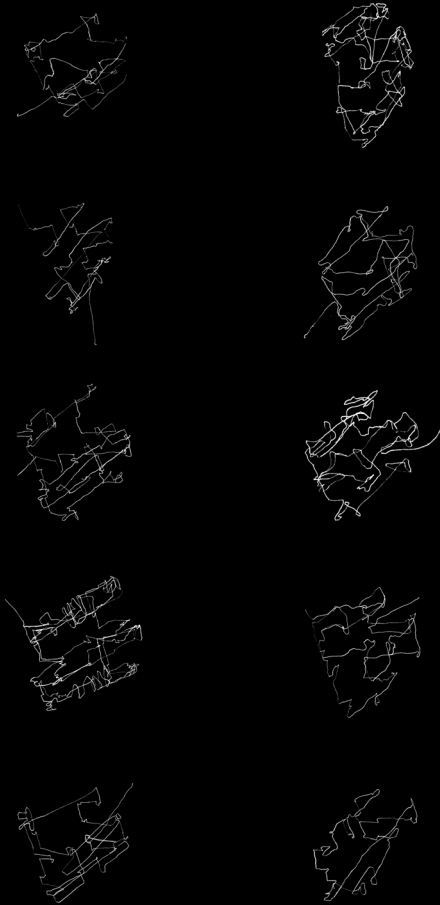
Aesthetically, I have what I deem ideal before my eyes. The mountains rise instead of the water, and a sense of peace comes over me.



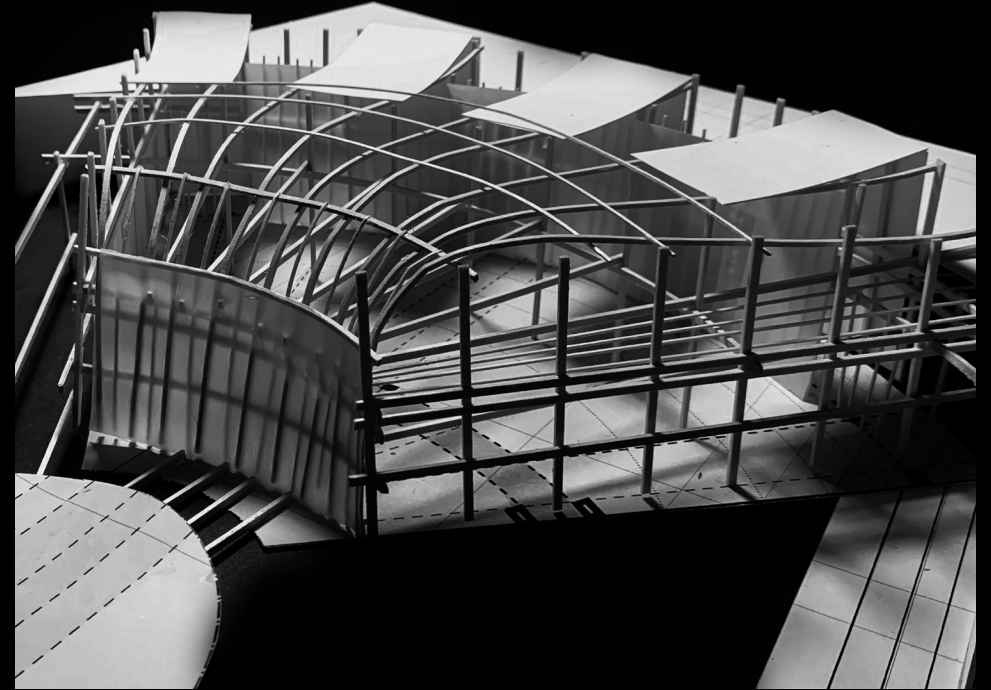
Joyce Ng D4 Cronin

One would assume the water reflects the clouds, but my intuition is telling me that the clouds reflect the pastel water in their molecules of moisture. I reach out to dissolve a cloud as I step through on a path that appears as I walk. I know I am still captured by this dreamscape, but the sky wants to convince me otherwise.

Claire Jennings D2 Hofer



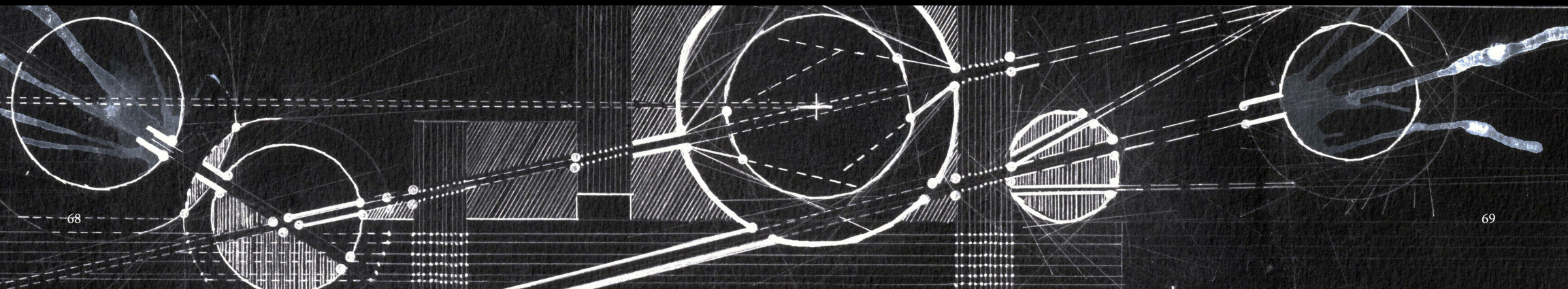
Maggie McMickle D8 Hailey



Maverick Santos D3 Belton

My visions appear real, but my soul rejects their image. The images are plasmated onto my consciousness. This feels like a projection of some false reality. What I see is not the truth.

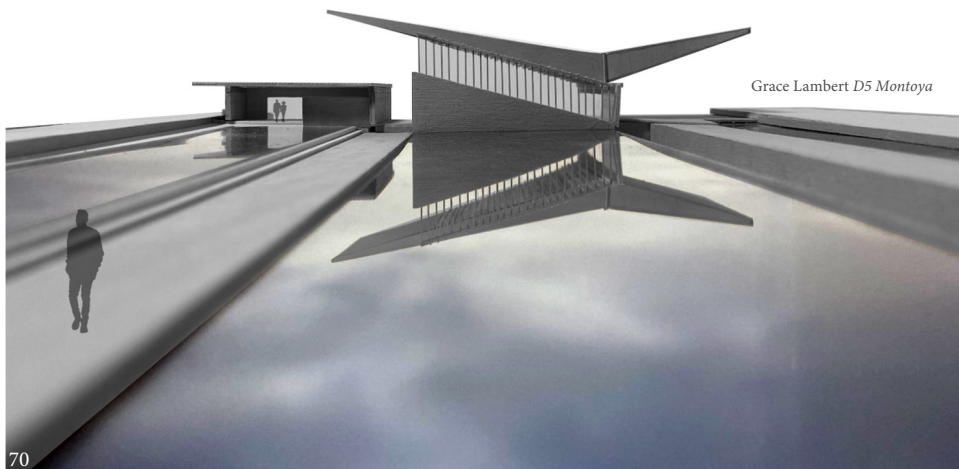
Erica Morrissey D4 Monk



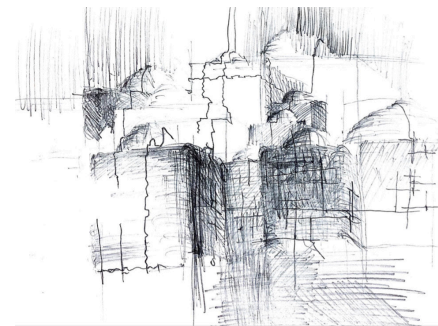
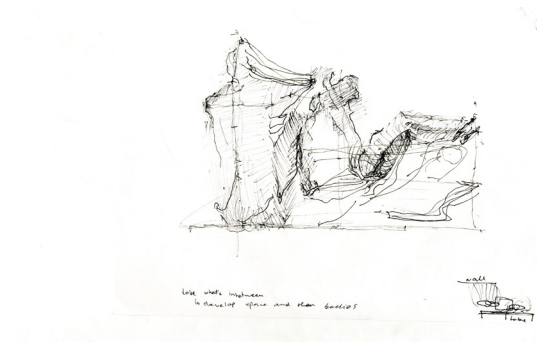


Sydney Cherrington D5 Lindsey

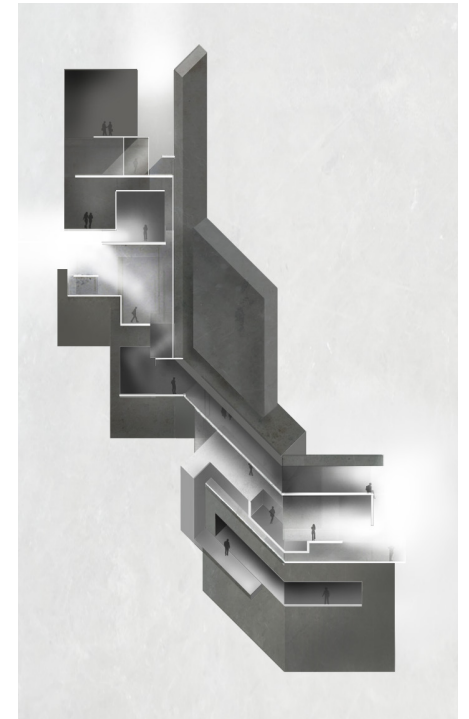
I exist in a shapeless stage. What I see is neither the jagged ground of an explosive fault or the inverted image of some monolithic clouds, but a plastic illusion imposed upon me. Yet, this blinding facade cannot suppress those fragmented memories that remain within.



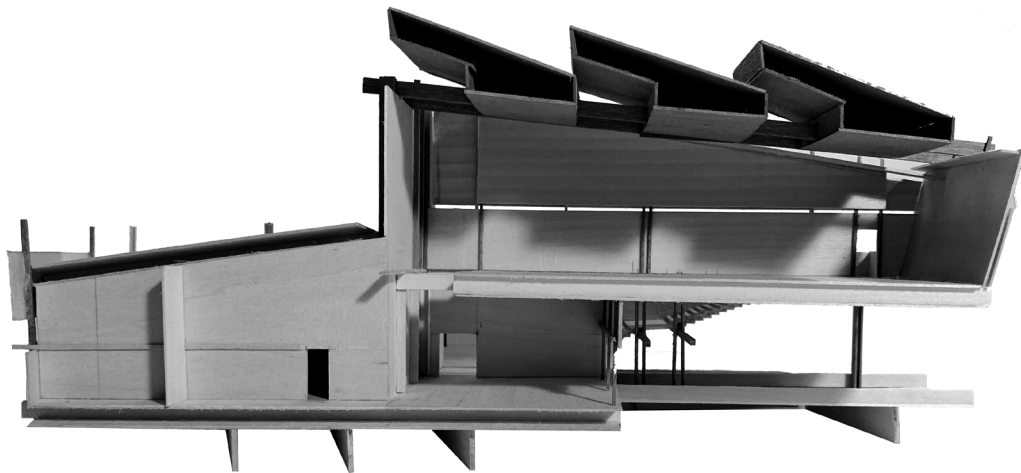
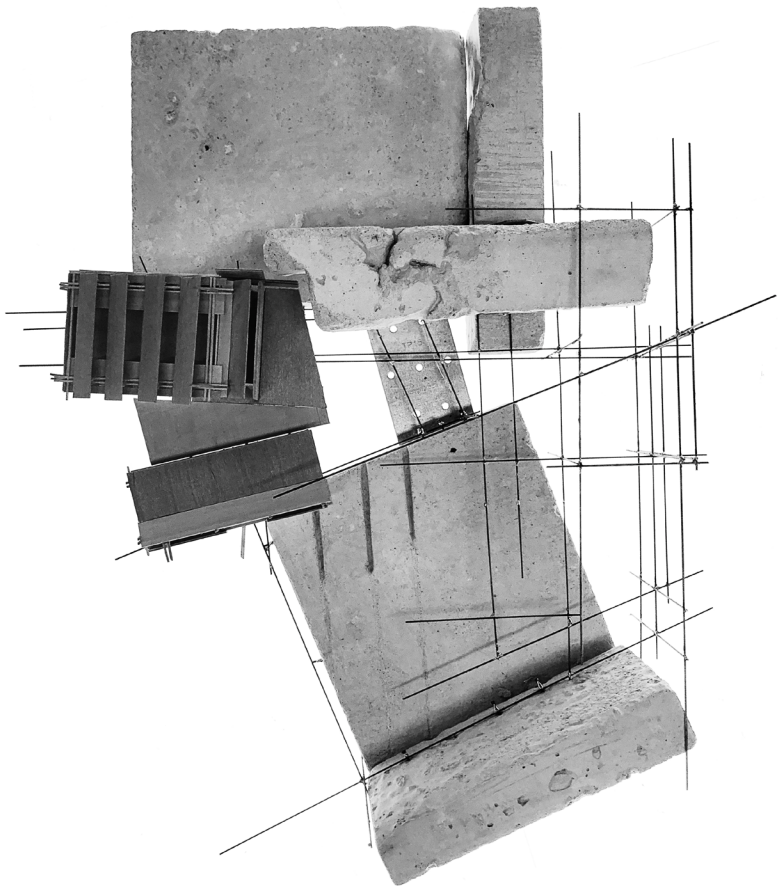
Grace Lambert D5 Montoya



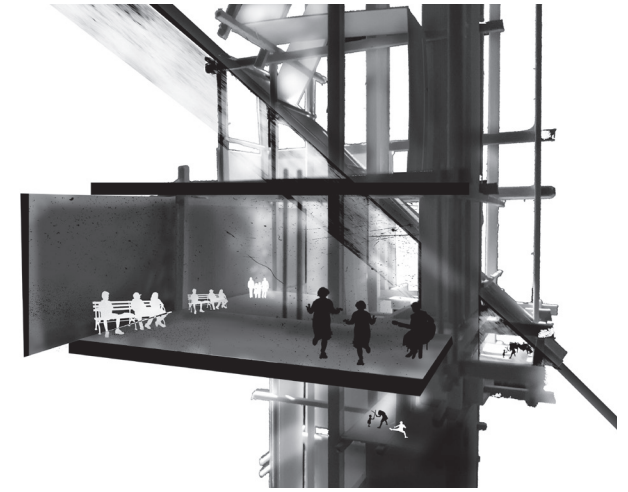
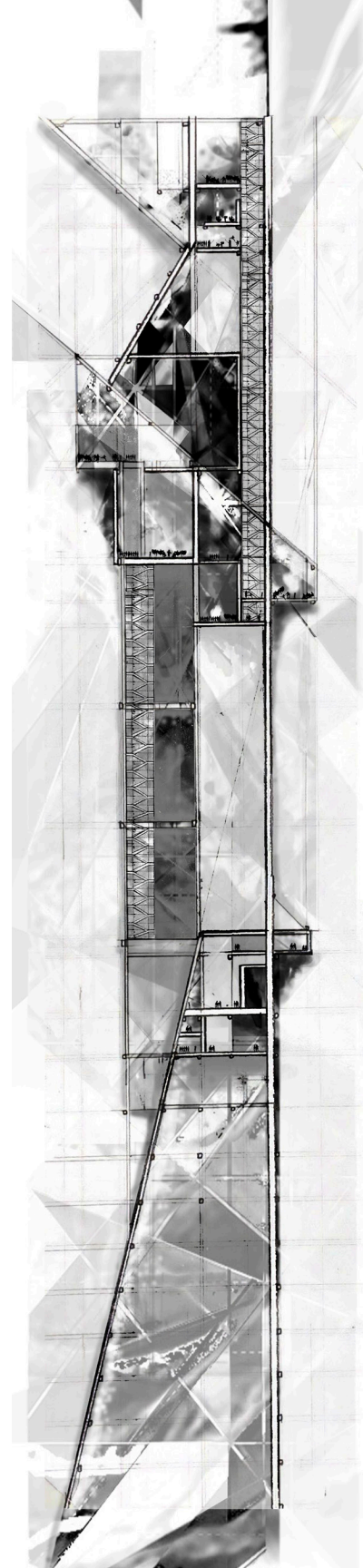
Melos Shtaloja



Mckensie Long D3 Montoya



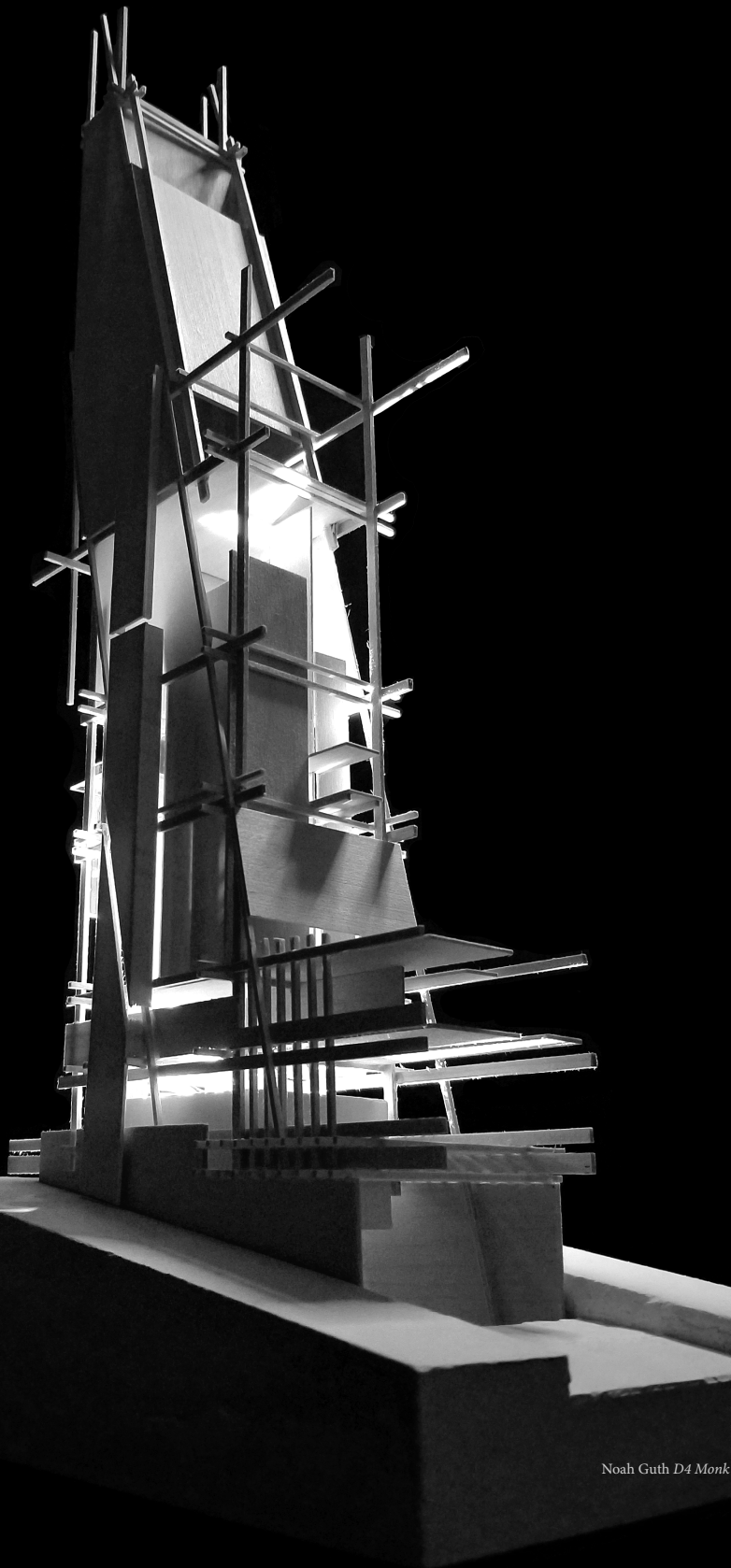
Hannah Concepcion *D5 Sharston*



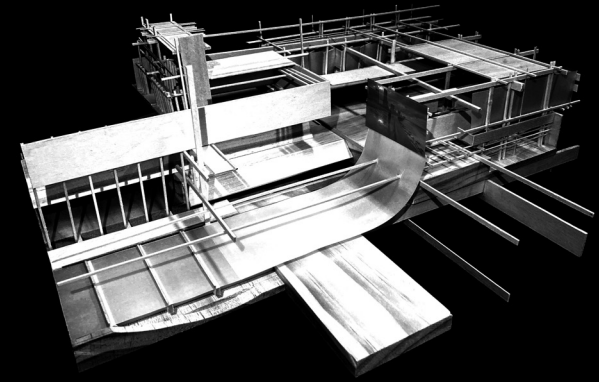
Royce Velasco *D4 Cronin*

That is all I remember. I was once real. I can discern the general form of the memories filling my mind, but the patterns within them are lost to the fog that blurs the distance between my memory and myself. I remember I was alive, real, tangible, almost concrete. And I want to go back.

Slowly, my feet feel the traction of some surface again. The water is no longer viscous. Rather, it now embraces me like the atmosphere does to the Earth. The water caresses my skin, and I become less aware of the separation between my body and this translucent liquid. Its comforting warmth soothes my soul. The space surrounding me presents itself with the clarity of a sunlit pasture, every wavering blade visible to the inspecting eye.



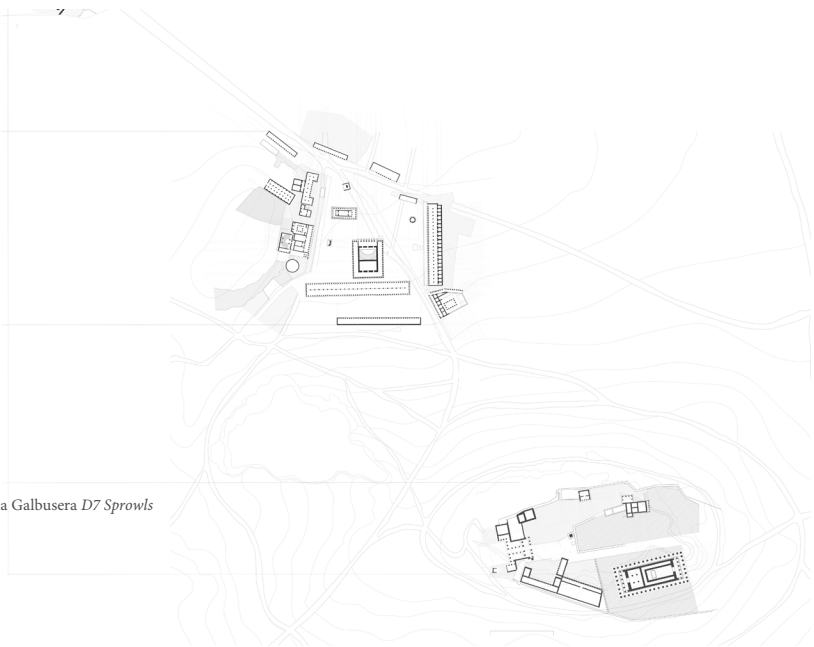
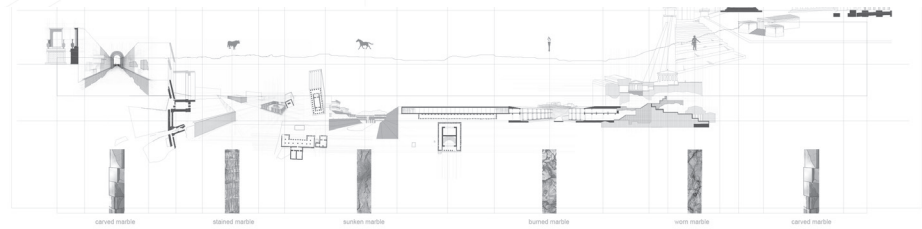
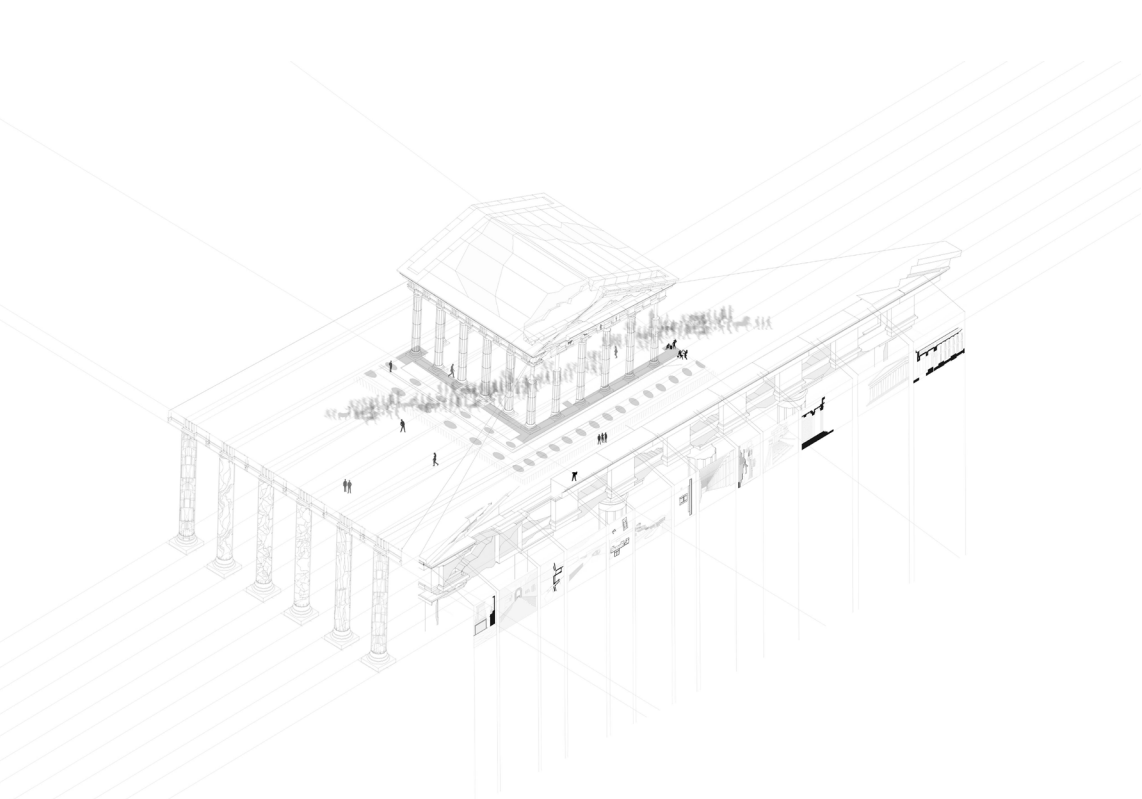
Noah Guth *D4 Monk*



A path presents itself, materializing from innumerable molecules that create a fog around my feet. A milky glistening road guides me towards those mysterious forms that have escaped my mind. So, I effortlessly walk towards those undefined shapes, hoping to find forgotten memories of who I was.

Elena Rizzuto *D3 Belton*

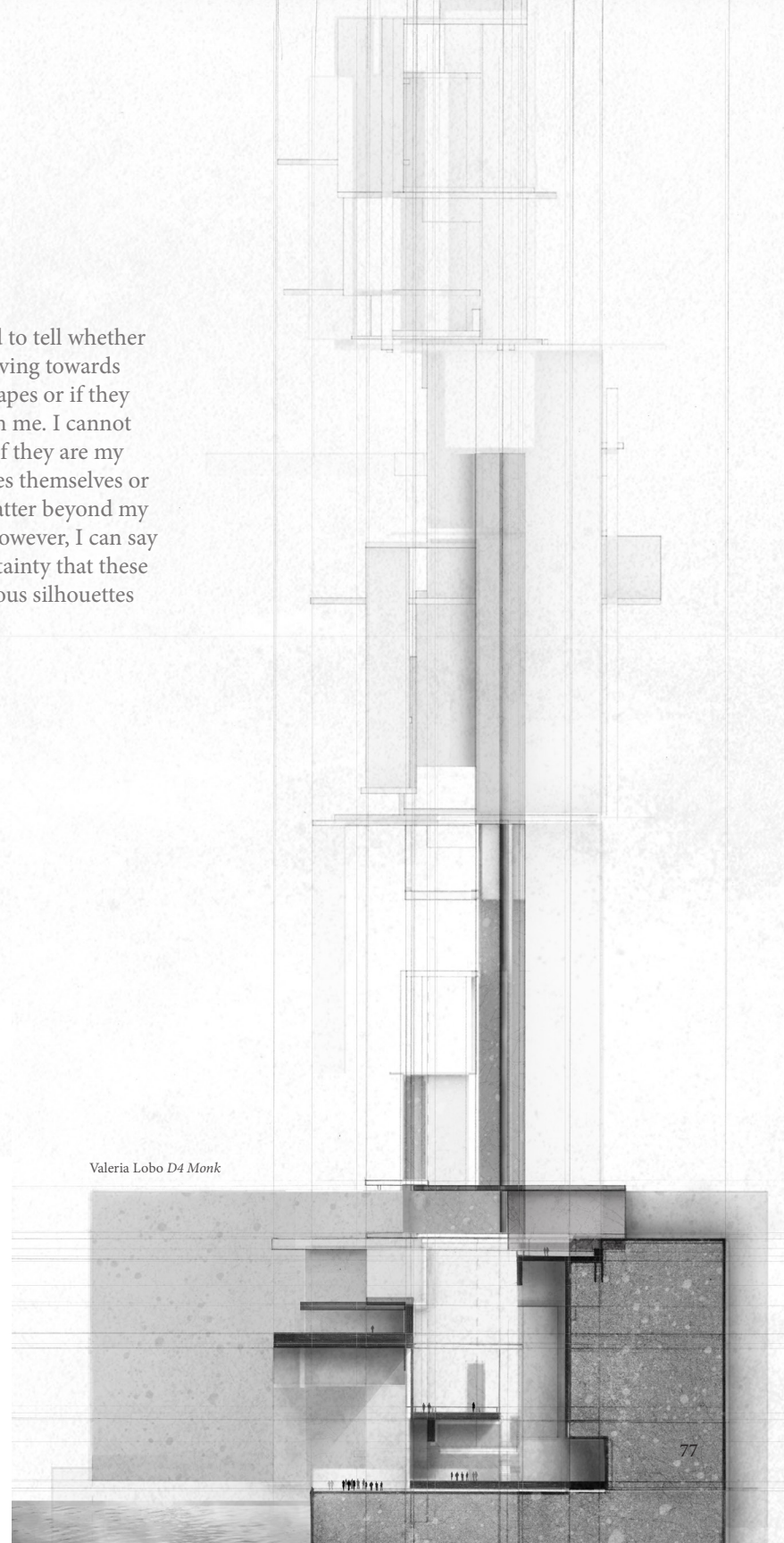


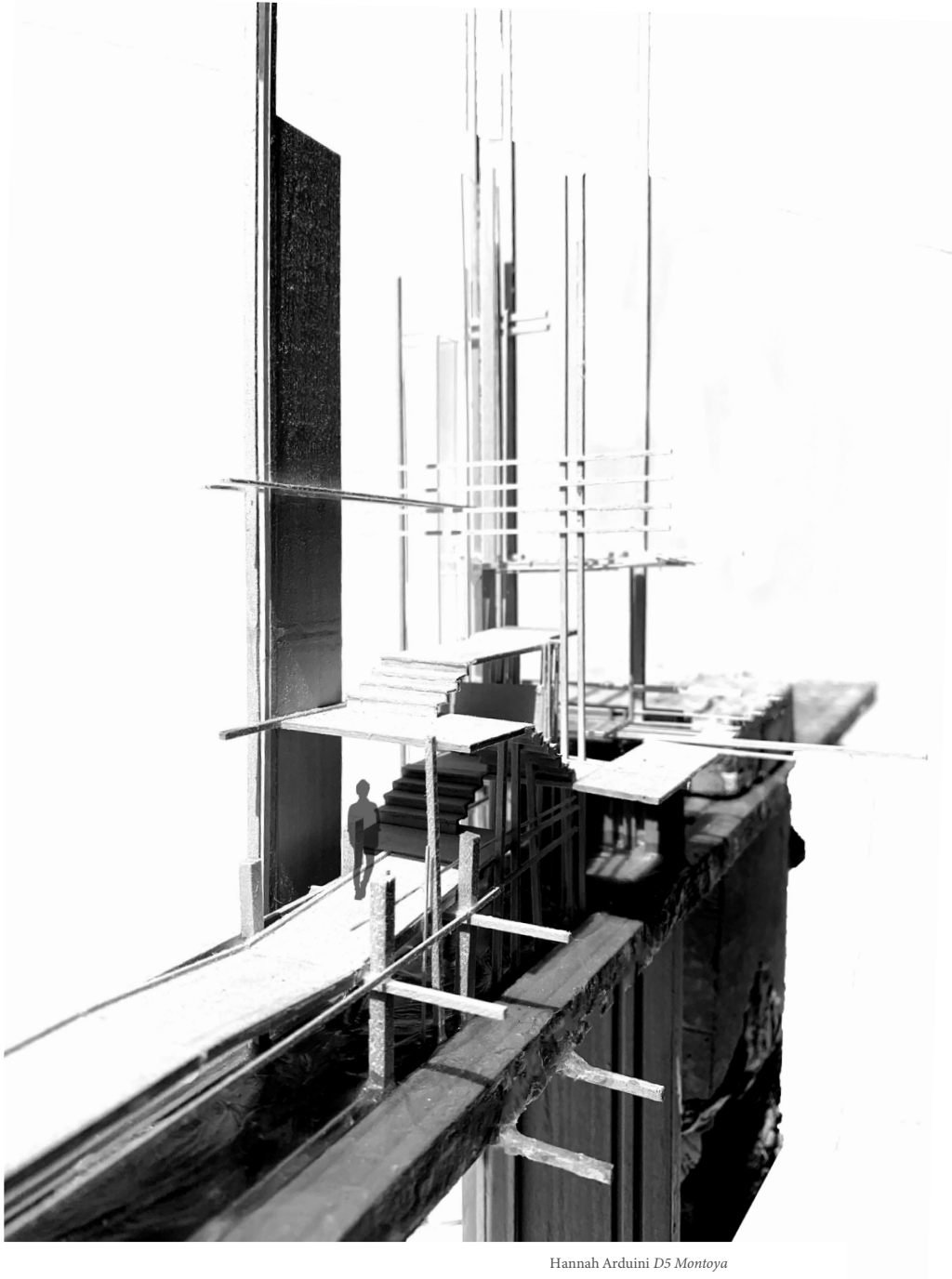


Valentina Galbusera *D7 Sprawls*

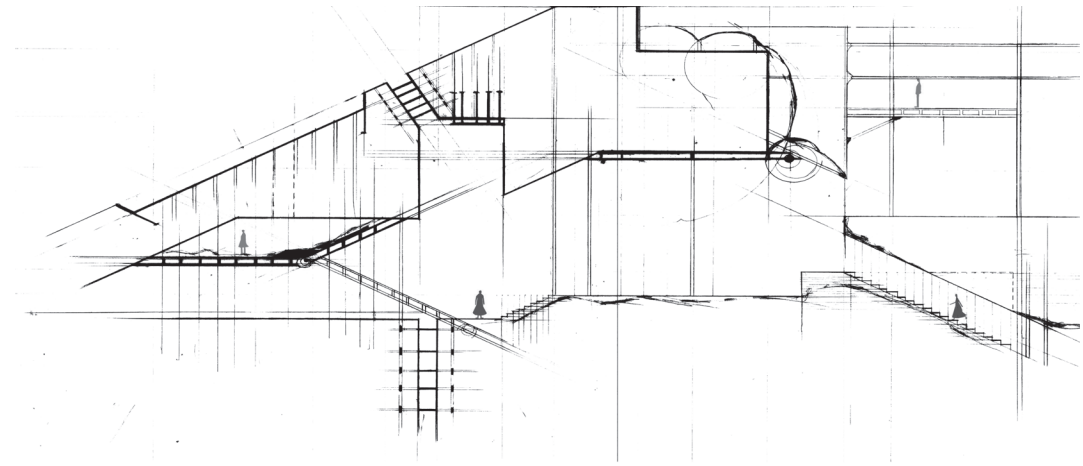
It is hard to tell whether I am moving towards those shapes or if they approach me. I cannot discern if they are my memories themselves or some matter beyond my grasp. However, I can say with certainty that these amorphous silhouettes are real.

Valeria Lobo *D4 Monk*



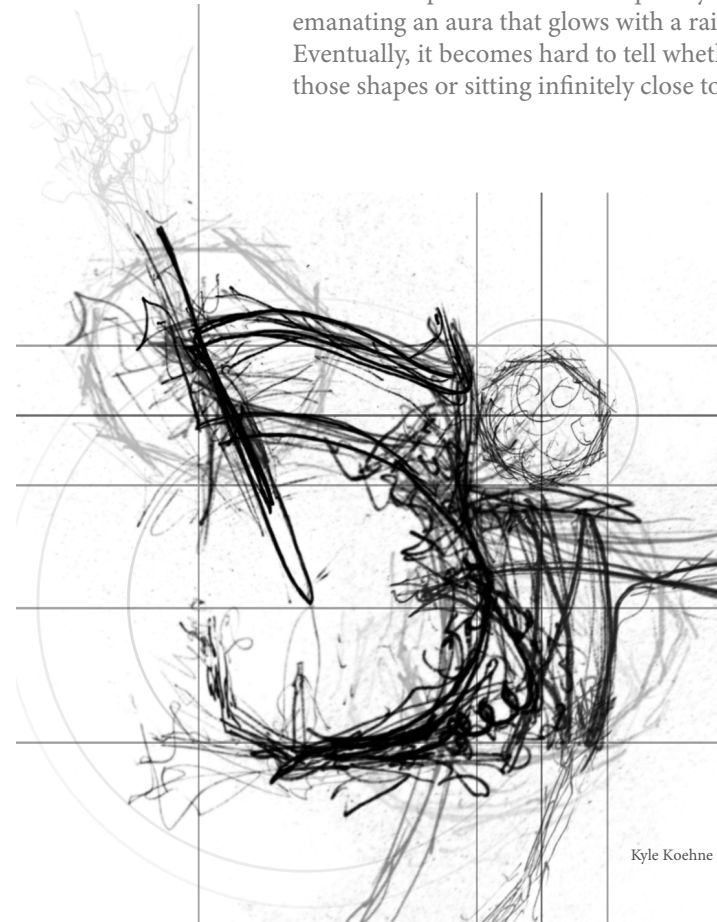


Hannah Arduini *D5 Montoya*

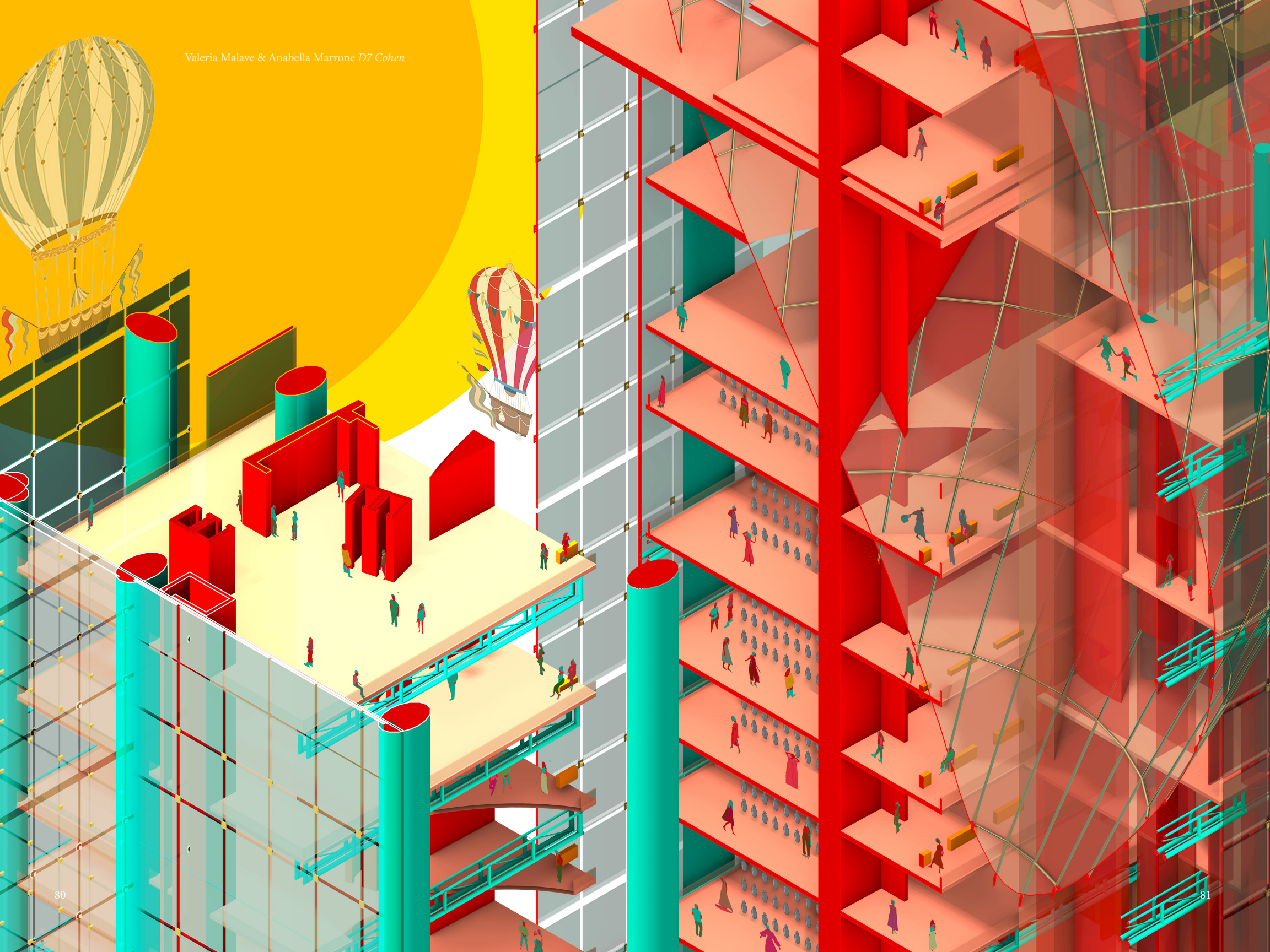


Valeria Malave *D3 Rabinowitz*

The shapes transform dramatically as I inch closer to them. Their plastic volumes frequently change molds, emanating an aura that glows with a rainbow's vitality. Eventually, it becomes hard to tell whether I am within those shapes or sitting infinitely close to them.



Kyle Koehne *D4 Culpepper*



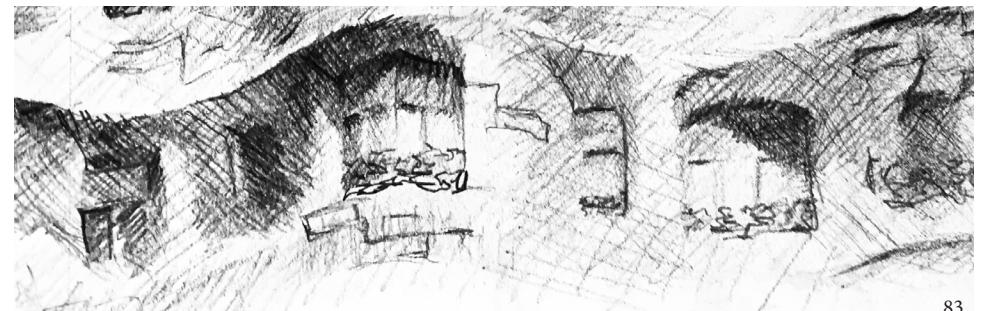


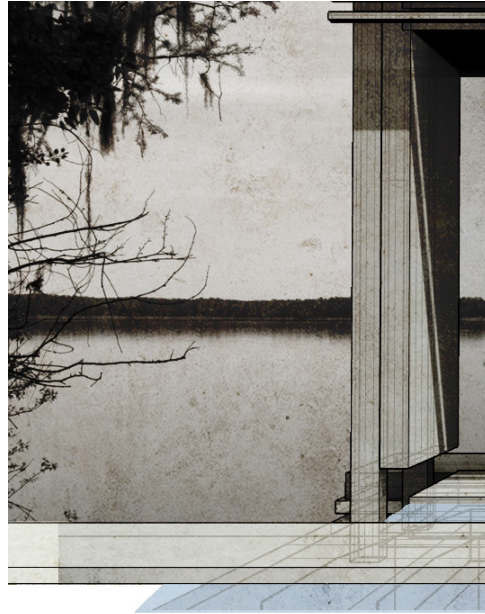
Stephanie Dutan *D3 Rabinowitz*



Valeria Lobo *D2 Hofer*

Suddenly, as if I had woken up from a dream, I find myself in the core of a vaguely bounded spherical space. I can see an innumerable number of cells stemming from here, each held by what seems like a delicate string which glows a different color by how the light hits it. Inside each resides a jailed memory, their essence robbed from their vessel. Beams of light penetrate the space, originating from various points beyond the incarcerated memories to which I am tethered. All of these cells originate from my body, their strings are attached to my chest and hide my body behind their splendor.





Kaley Denaro *D5 Montoya*

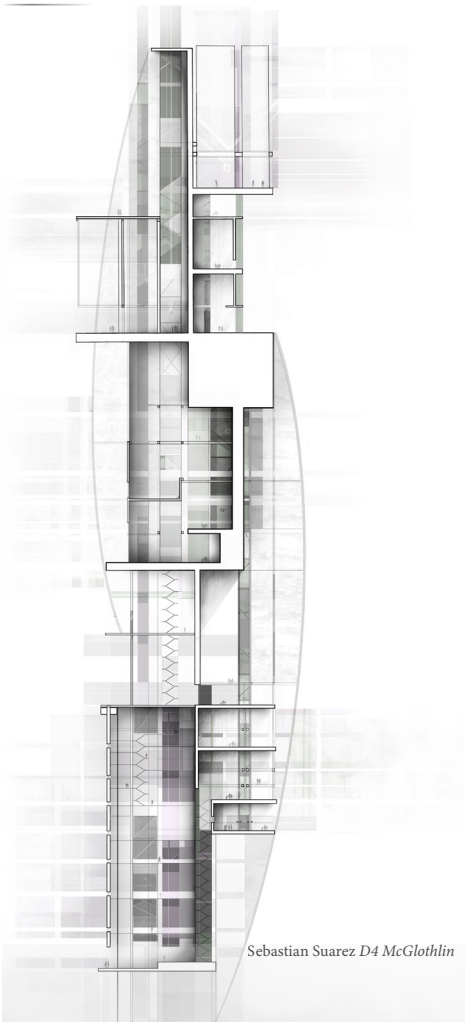
Without warning, my body instantly launches towards a cell behind me, as if I was powerfully punched in that direction. Before even entering the first of many cells to come, I could feel a change within me.

A dark cumulonimbus drifted along the deserts inside me. The sun roasted the sand, and all the water had risen and embraced the cloud. It selfishly hoarded its water, refusing to nurture the buried life beneath its beige waves.

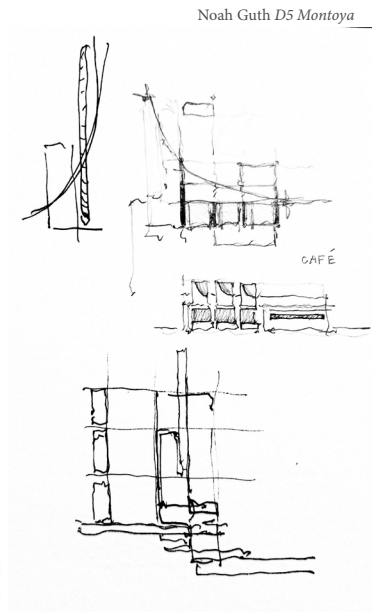
Yona Novack
John Carlo Ardila
Hayley Gilette
D5 Lindsey



Cole Wyatt *D3 Montoya*



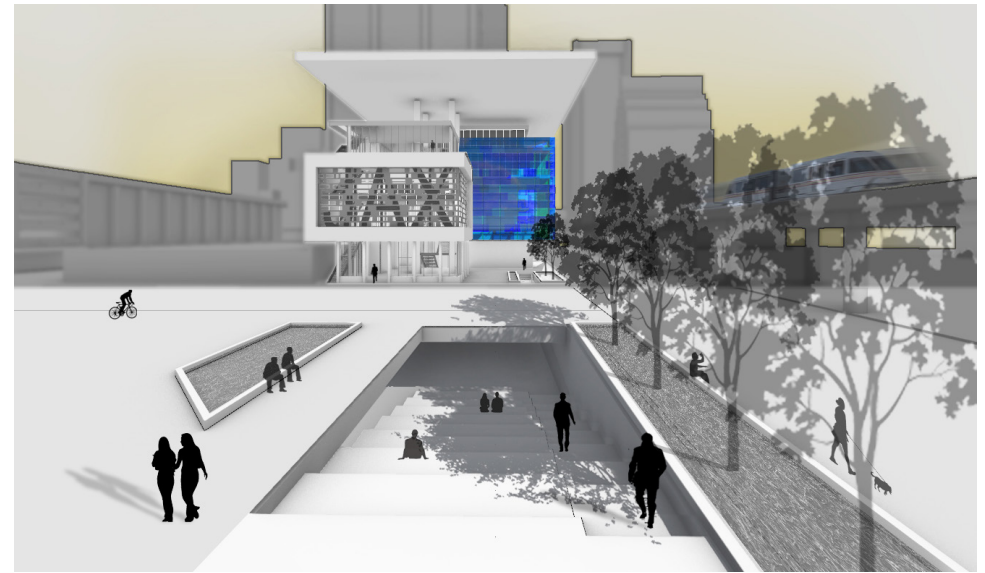
Sebastian Suarez D4 McGlothlin



Noah Guth D5 Montoya

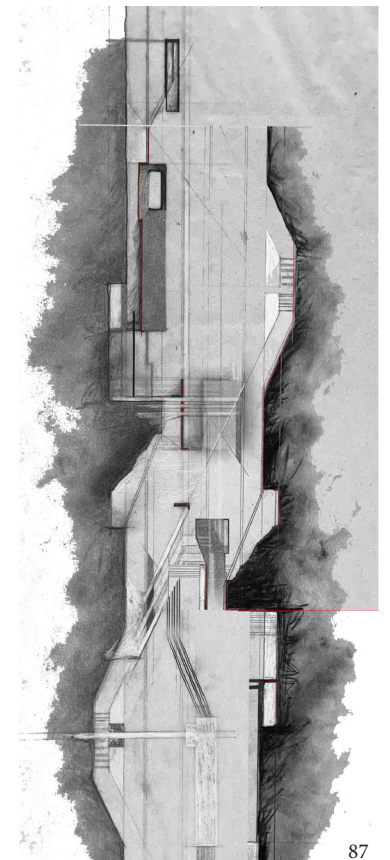


Cole Wyatt D3 Montoya

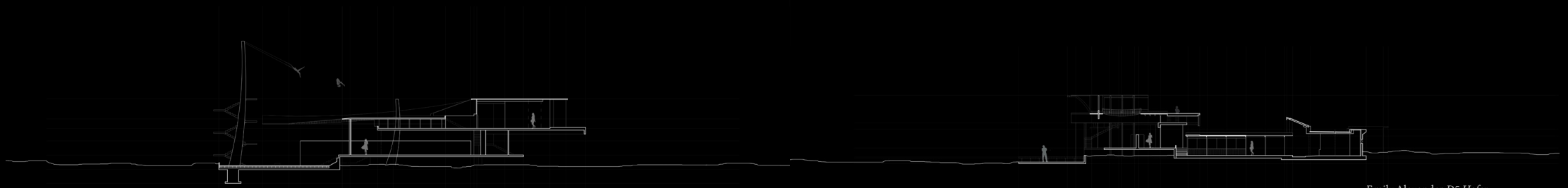


Avery Dunavant D6 Montoya

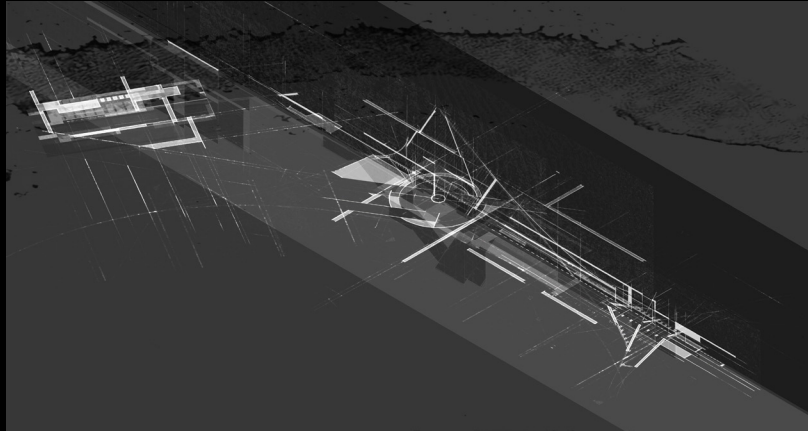
However, there is now an instigator in this barren land. The dark suspended monolith will disintegrate and fall towards the ground like grains of sand. The moisture will once again return to the soil, and these dunes will become a green prairie. A fresh wind will caress the lush flora and forests will sprout like waves crashing against a rocky shore. Once a useless canvas, this land is now a fruitful stage. Whereas before I was a victim of this plastic chora, I now shape it. If this is how things should progress, where will I take myself?



Claire Wolsk D4 Monk



Emily Alexander *D5 Hofer*



Noah Guth *D4 Monk*

“For the sake of preserving what is left of the human connection with the exterior realm, architects should master the architectural detail that fosters a space that acts as a mediation of both [interior and exterior] — that being the permeable threshold.”

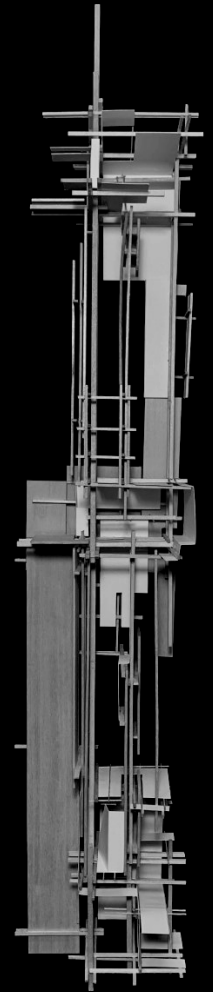
Tatiana Campos, “The Permeable Threshold”



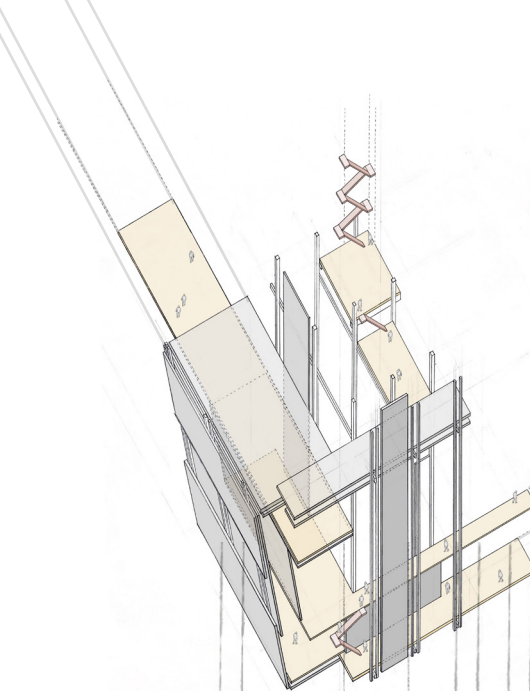
Cole Wyatt *D5 Montoya*



Ben Spears *D4 Culpepper*



Olivia Raymundo *D4 Cronin*



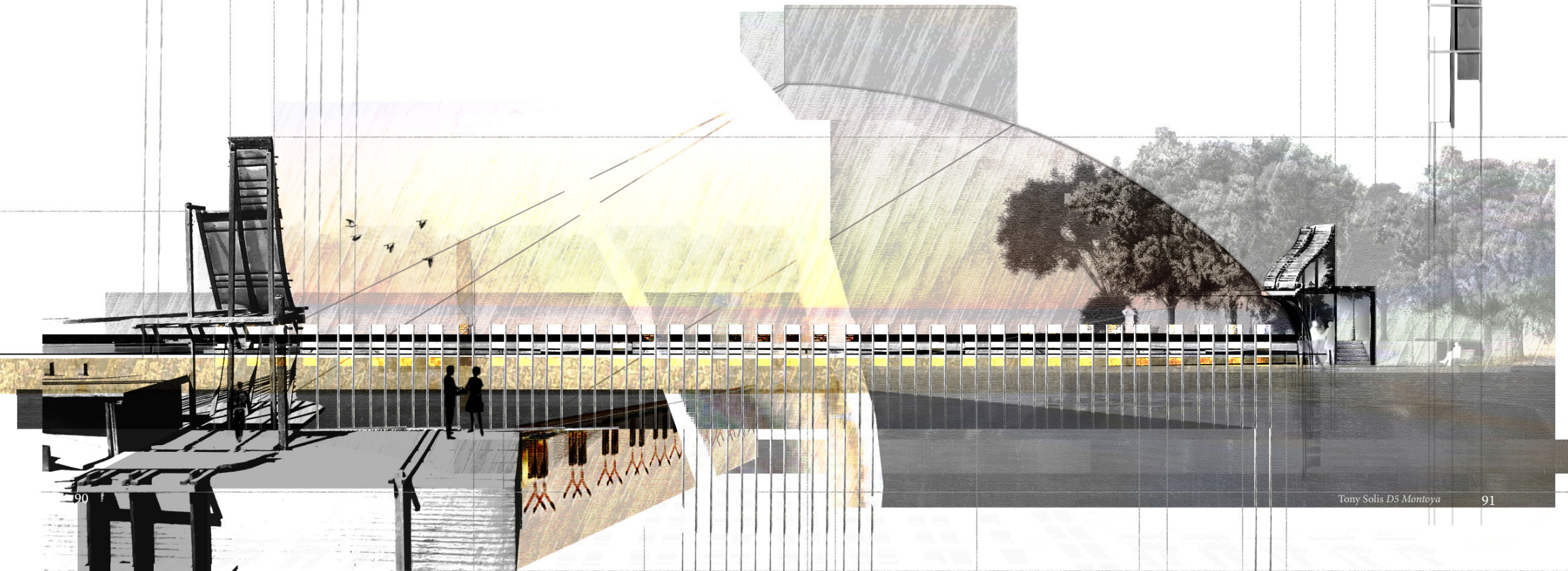
Searching through the path laid before me,
I stride, and my body is spatialized in a
form that feels familiar. My body mimics
the shapes I walk towards. This makes me
question my draw towards them in regard to
my memory. Rays of pastels cloud the images
in my gaze, distorting what I now believe to
be my own memories. They are disguised as
the dreamscape, and I...

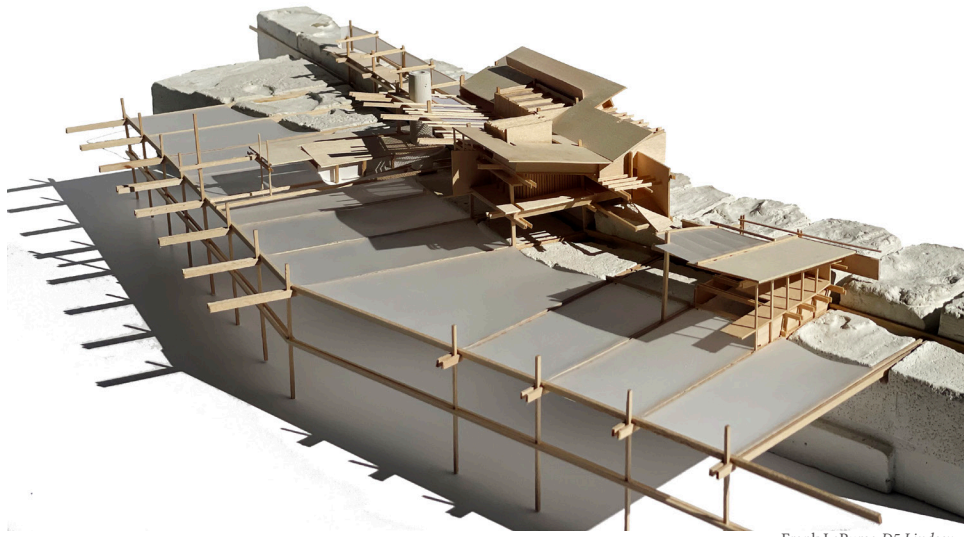
I am the instigator in a land of dreams.

Luke Slay D4 Culpepper



Hannah Arduini D3 McClothlin

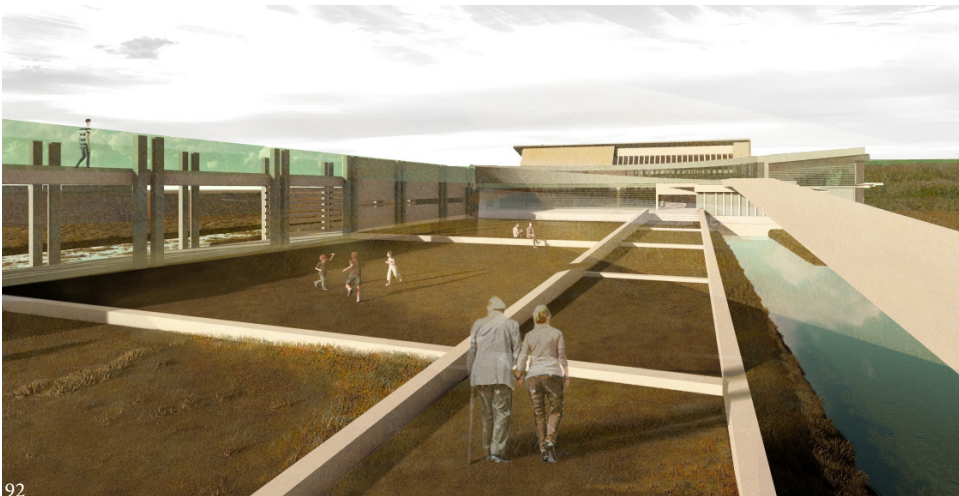




Frank LaPuma D5 Lindsey

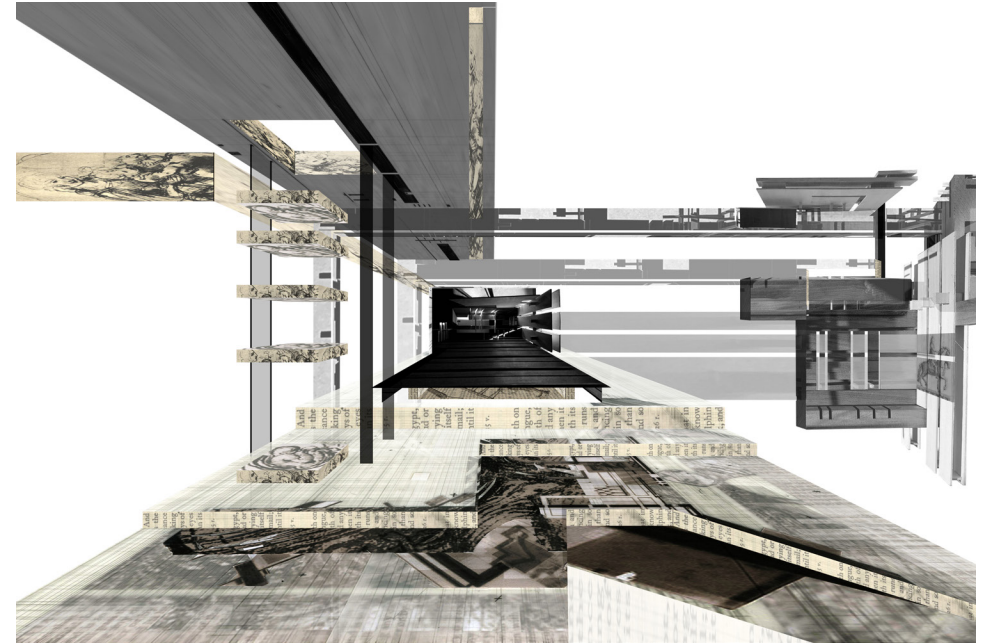
Where I had no control what seems like years ago, I now command the space and intention with boundaries I'm still discovering. I will push boundaries and inform my own decisions despite pre-existing conditions. I start asking myself questions. Even if my intention is not clear to others, I will know how I got here, and the process is what matters.

Kaley Denaro D5 Montoya

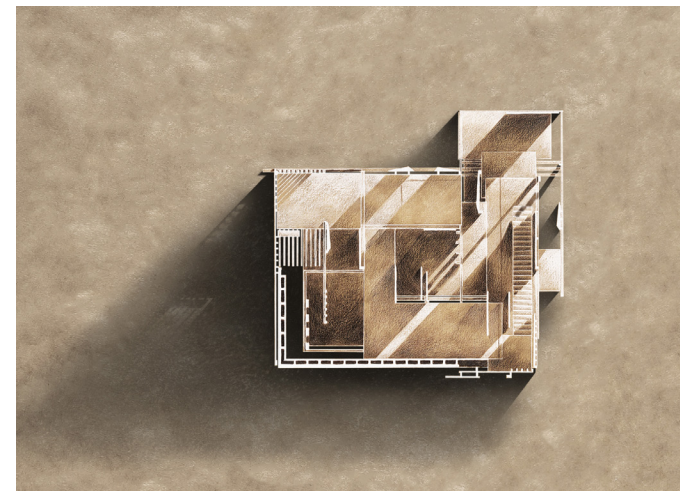


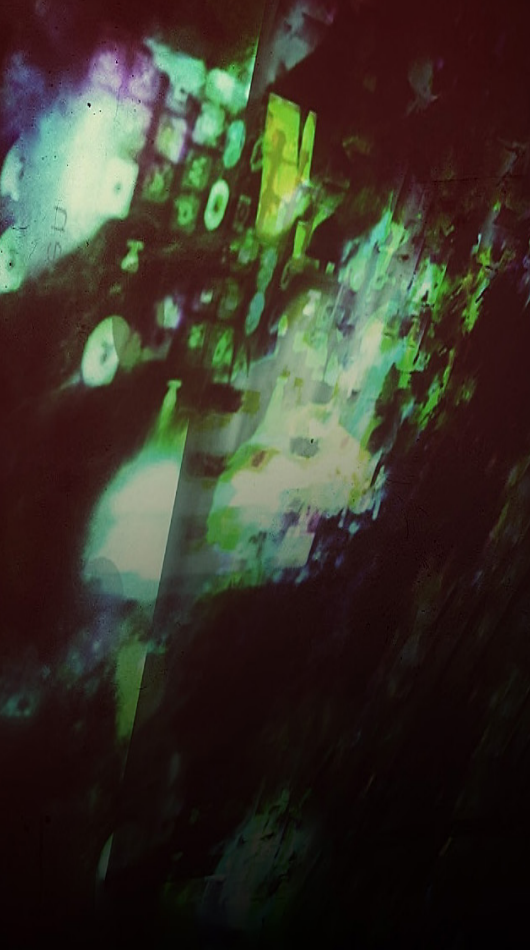
Does everyone experience this? Did I leave people behind in the state of acquiescence? What will their transition look like in comparison to mine? Are they awake yet? Am I awake yet? I'm pleading for consciousness and act as though I have it, though I know it is not completely mine.

Hayley Gillette D1 Zajac



Courtney Smith D3 Belton

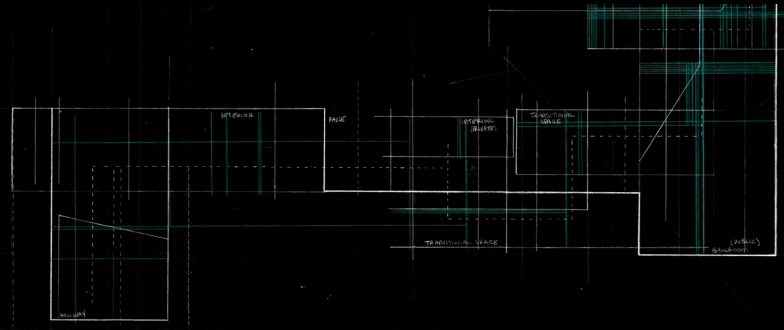




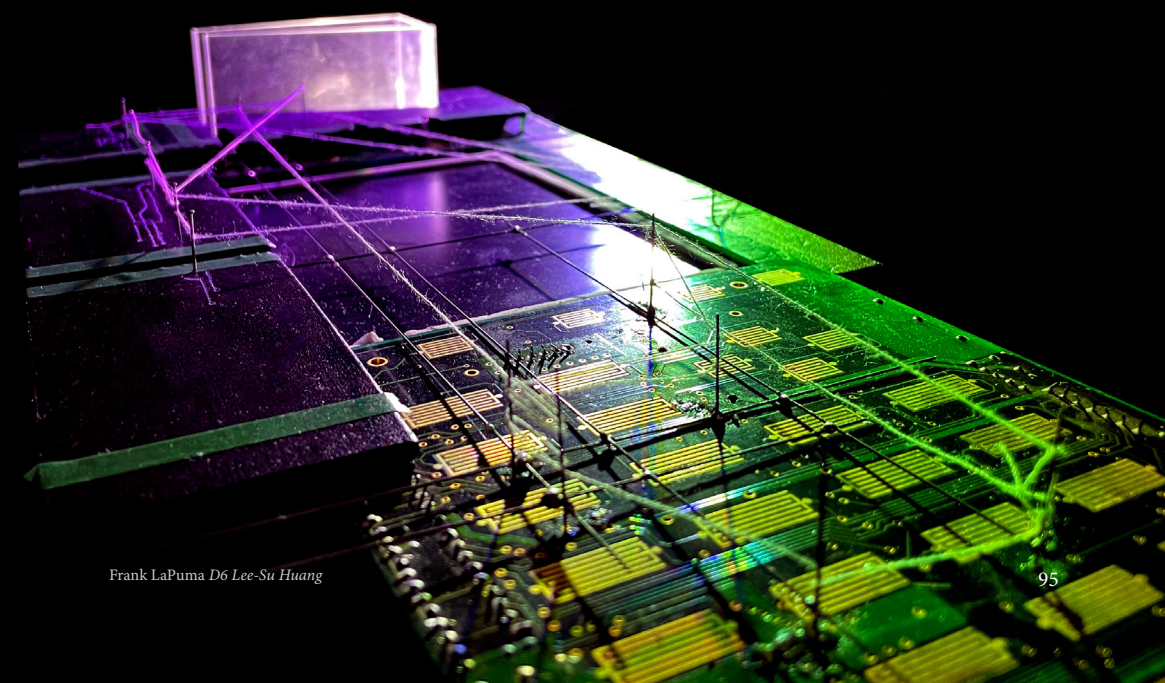
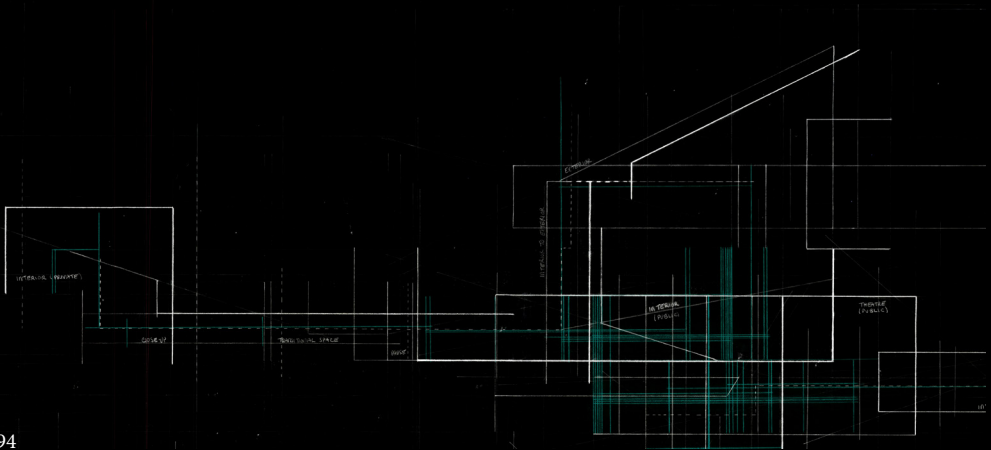
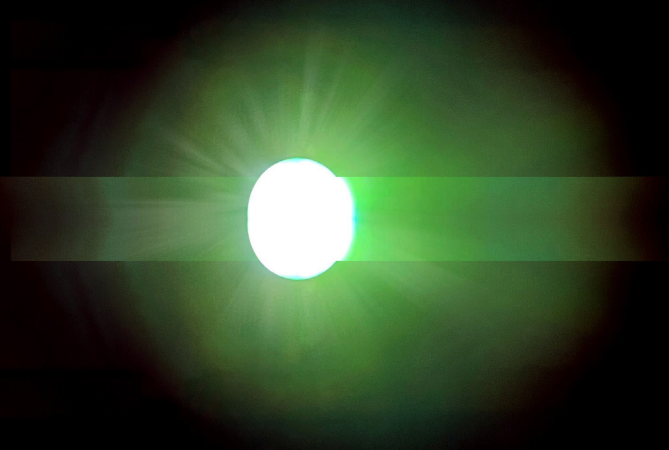
Yona Novack D6 Lee-Su Huang

“In the postmodern age, civilization is confronted with a hyperreality – a realm of quotation, representation, and recreation such that reality is indistinguishable from unreality.”

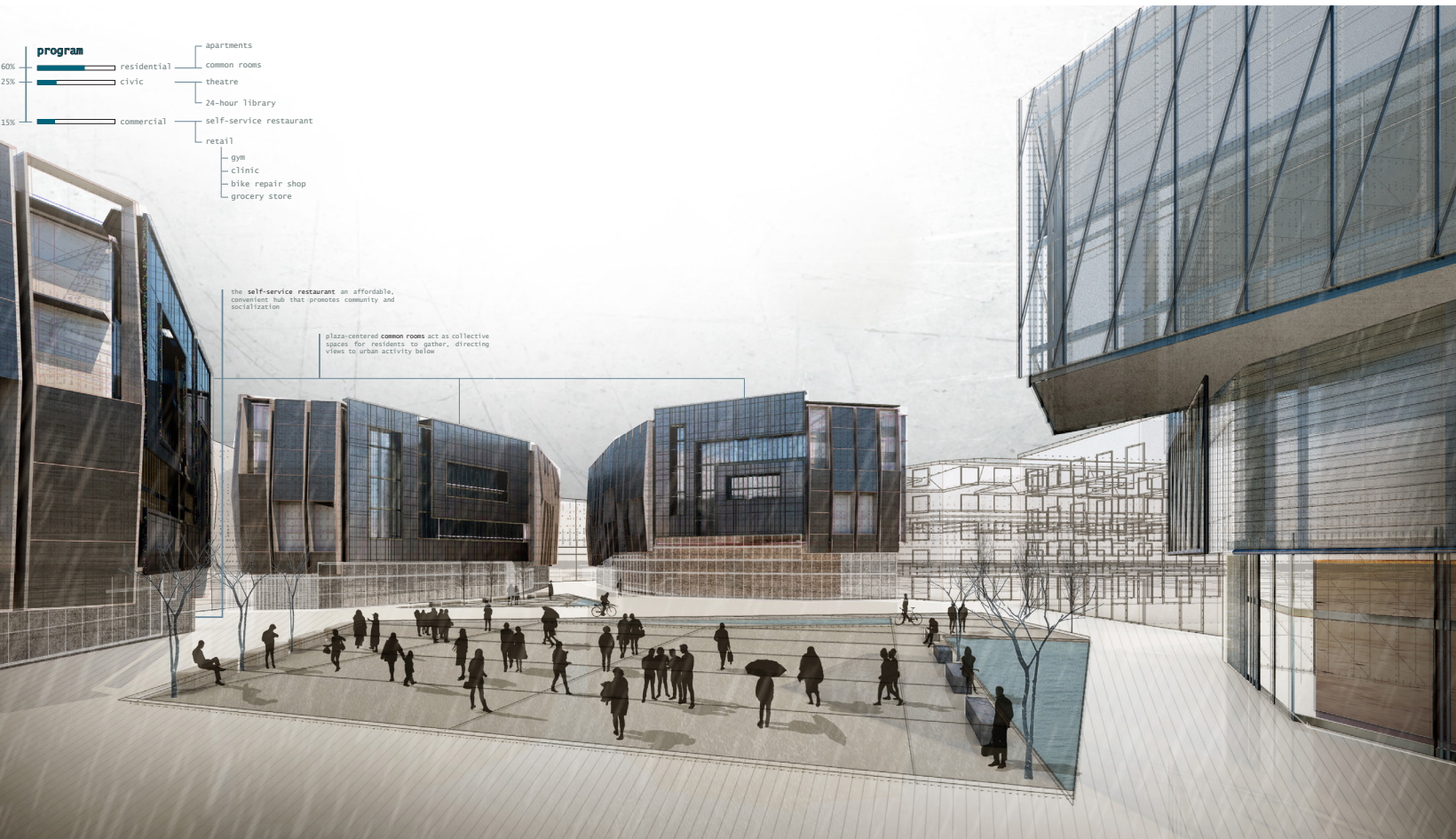
Noah Guth, “Examining the Criticality of Critical Regionalism”



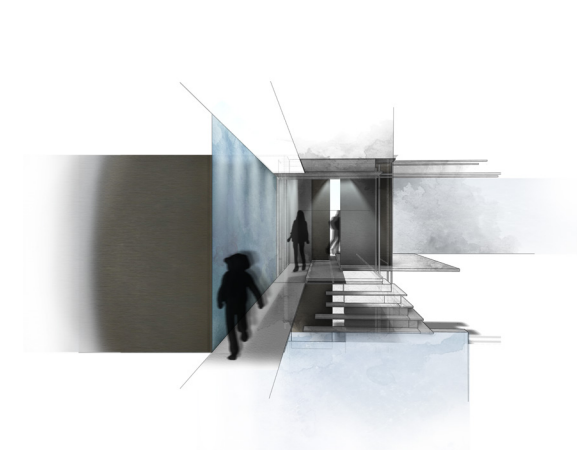
Emily Alexander D4 Belton



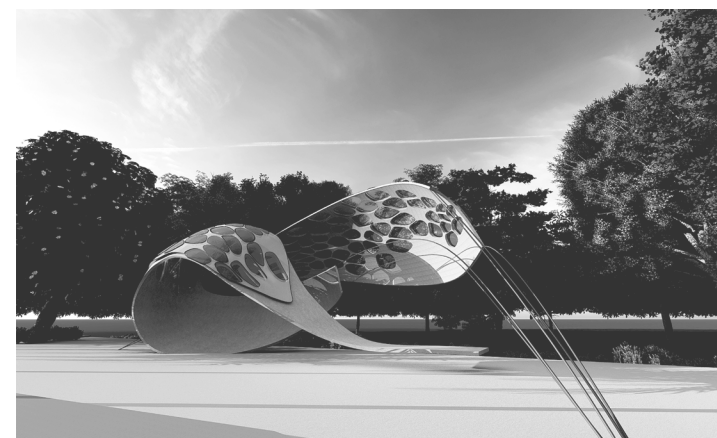
Frank LaPuma D6 Lee-Su Huang



Jin Deng & Sophie Nguyentran *D7 Perez*



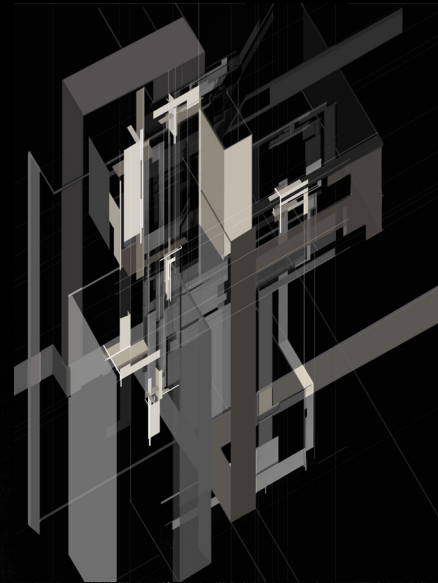
Sarah Spayd *D3 Montoya*



Valentina Galbusera & Antonia Banos *D7 Huang*



Boris Stoyanov D4 Culpepper



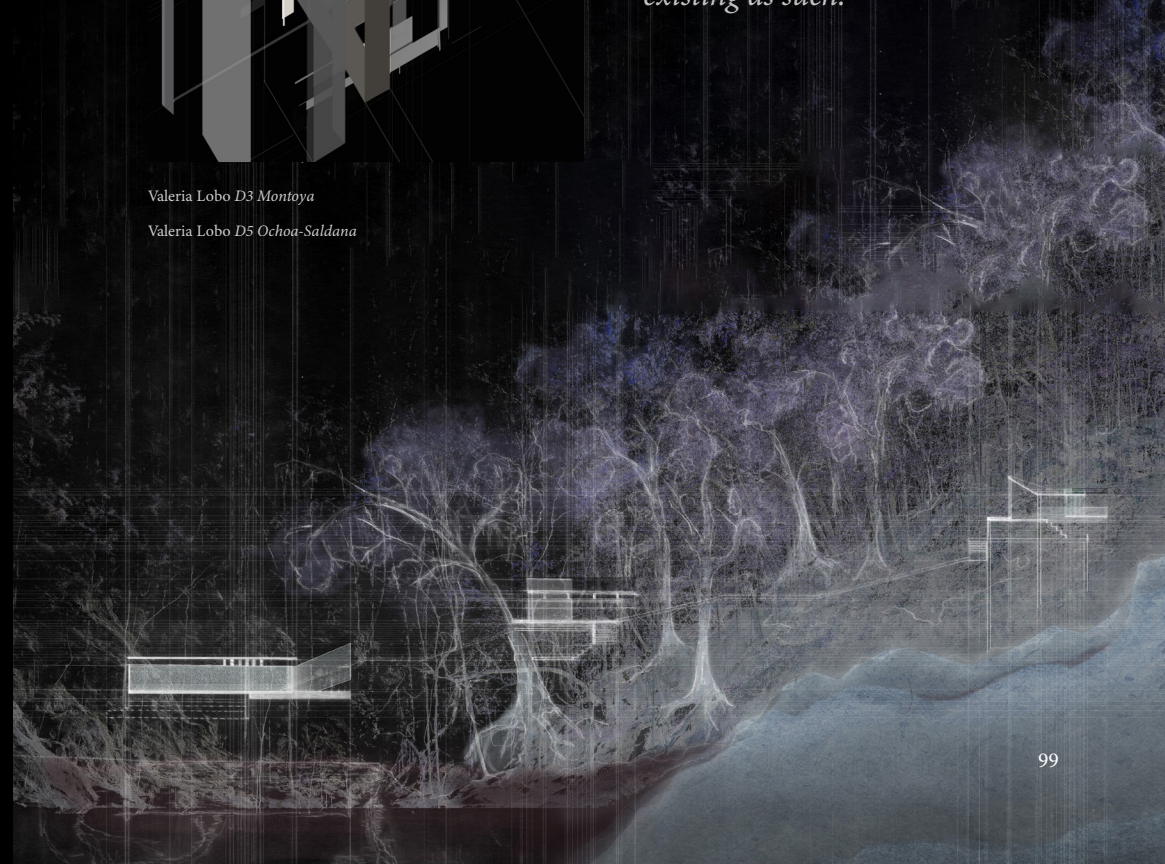
Valeria Lobo D3 Montoya

Valeria Lobo D5 Ochoa-Saldana

What is home?

A positive pull and connection that a person knows to return to that sense of warmth, familiarity or sensation of belonging”

It is crucial, in these moments, to magnify the distinction that home is merely manifested in a tactile manner, rather than existing as such.







DREAM SEQ.03

OMNISCIENCE



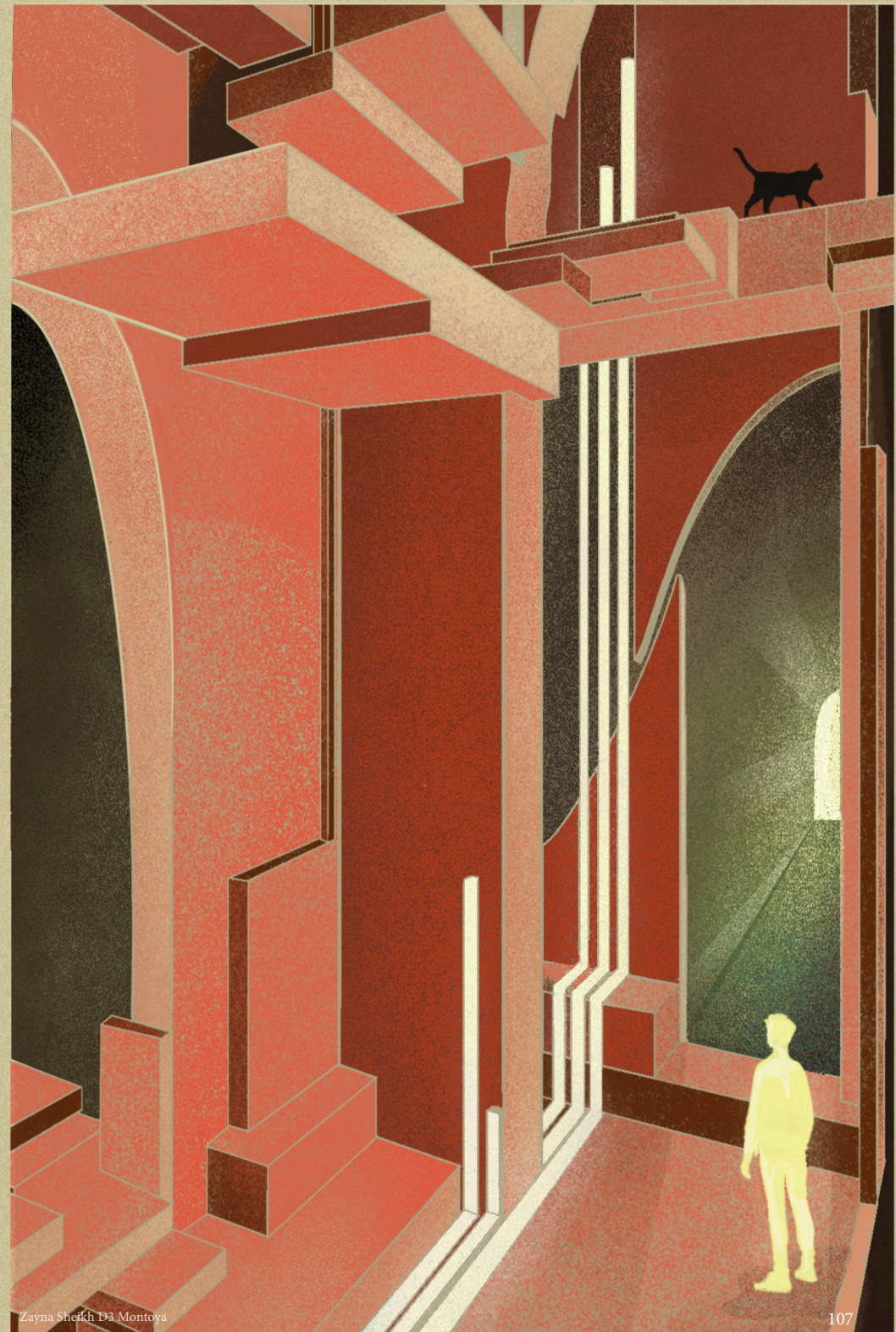
CONTRIBUTORS

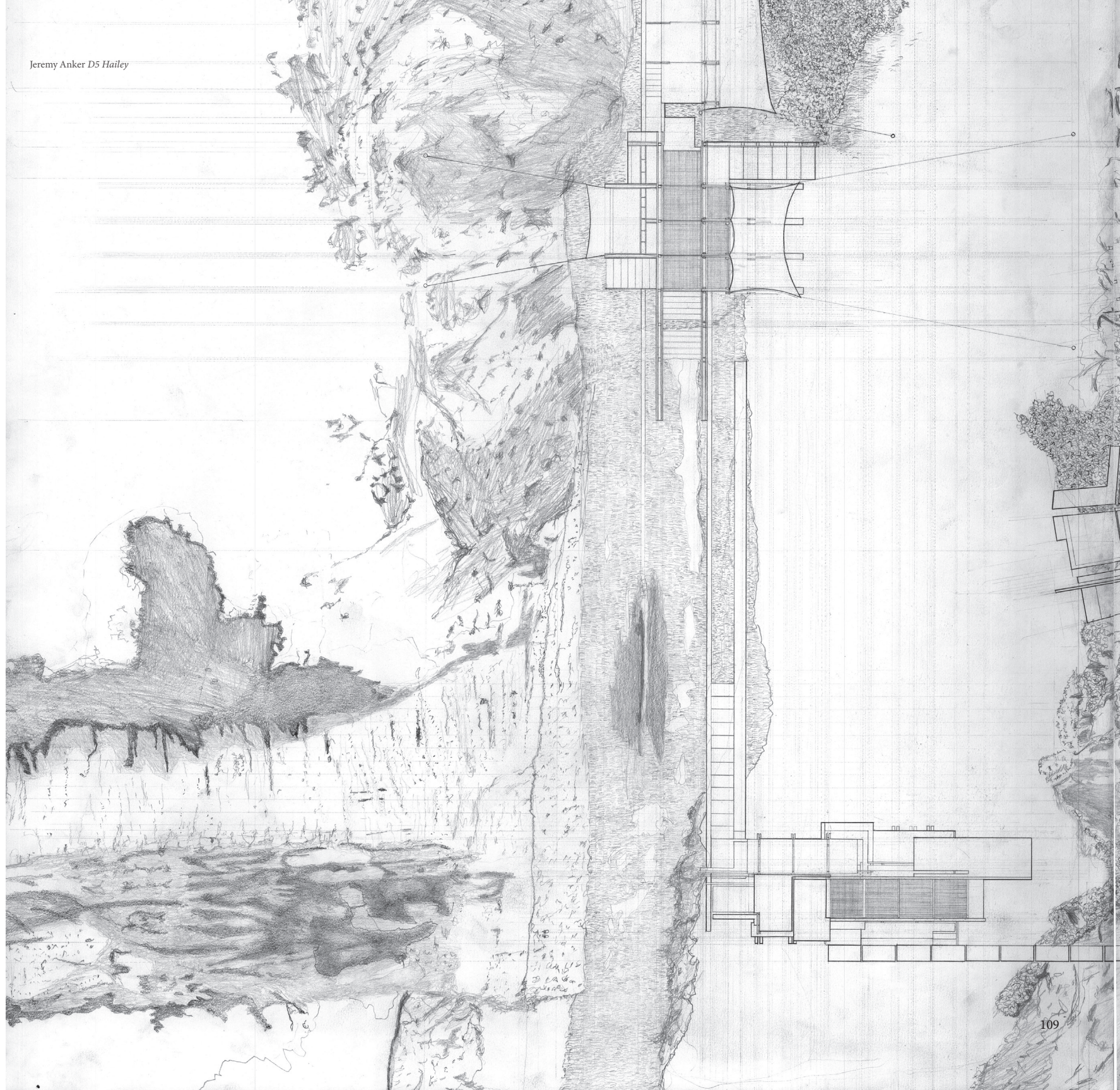
107, 121	Zayna Sheikh	128	Ethan Trapold
108, 109	Jeremy Anker	129	Erin Beck
110, 149	Olivia Huffer	130, 136	Luna Pedrosa
110, 139	Noah Guth	132, 147	Erica Morrissey
110	Maverick Santos	132, 138	Kendall Jesse
111, 130, 136, 150	Frank LaPuma	133	Jin Deng
111	Sebastian Suarez	133	Sophie Nguyentran
112	Patrick Rodriguez	134	Claudia Angulo
112	Alysha Torres	134	Dubrasca Robles
112	Sophia Lotz	135	Carolyn Muldowney
113, 129	Melanie Garcia	136, 144	Hannah Concepcion
114	Boris Stoyanov	137	Sophie Abel
115, 131	Tony Solis	140	Nicholas Thies
116, 136	Nhu Nguyen	140	Ellery Susa
116	Olivia Grinage	141, 151	Cole Wyatt
117, 136	Olivia Raymundo	142	Jordan Sapino
118, 119	NOMAS	143	Chris Fettes
120, 121, 139, 141	Valeria Malave	145	Joyce Ng
120, 121	Annabella Marrone	146	Amy Albanoz
120, 144	Valeria Lobo	148	Micah Fitzgerald
122, 152, 153	Abby Duffey	148	Sarah Spayd
123, 138	Claire Jennings	151	Zephaniah Romualdo
123	Jon Carlo Ardila	152, 153	Kyle O'Quinn
124, 125	Melos Shtaloja	150, 151	Ben Spears
124	Niah Pierre		
125	Jessica Vorbeck		
126, 127, 142	Valentina Balbusera		
126, 127, 142	Antonia Banos		

"i swear i was just here?"

"i think i'll rest a while"

[reentry]

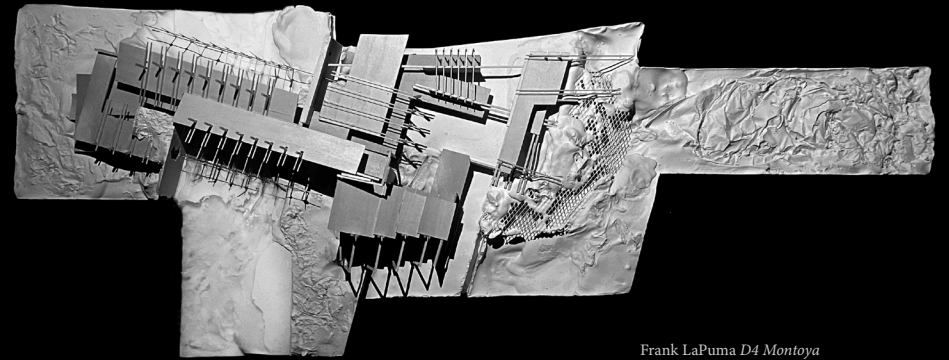




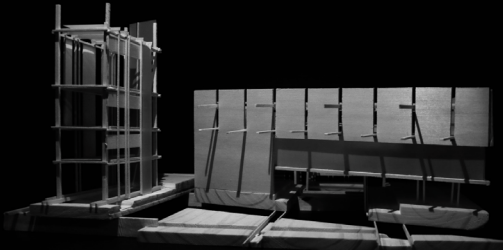
“Mystery — an embodiment of excitement for the unknown — is what stimulates a stranger in a new environment to explore. The idea of what one cannot see is equally as intriguing as the illuminated, half-complete picture of imminent surroundings.”

Erin Beck, “Deconstructivism: Mystery in the Dynamic”

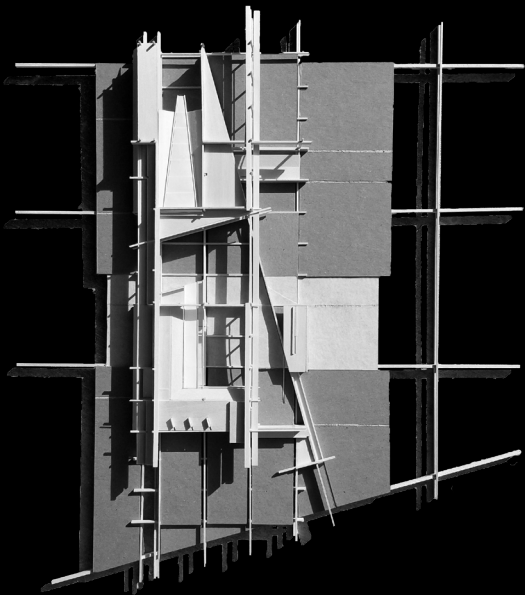
I looked out on the bright green rolling hills that sprawled around me. Temporary yet fortified stone walls contained each section, like winding spider webs against lush vegetation. Beads of morning dew clung to each blade of grass, only to be later evaporated by the heavy afternoon sun. This morning was like any other. It was humid, and I awoke feeling heavy.



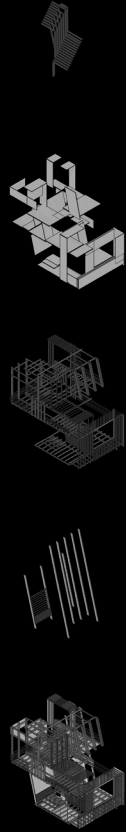
Frank LaPuma *D4 Montoya*



Olivia Huffer *D3 Belton*



Noah Guth *D5 Montoya*

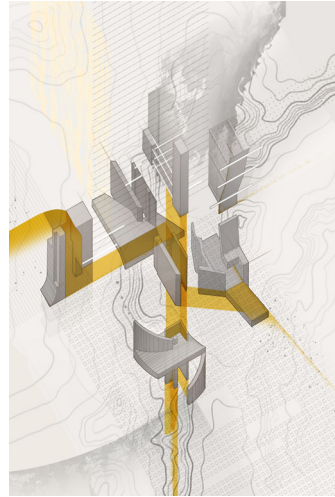


Maverick Santos *D3 Belton*

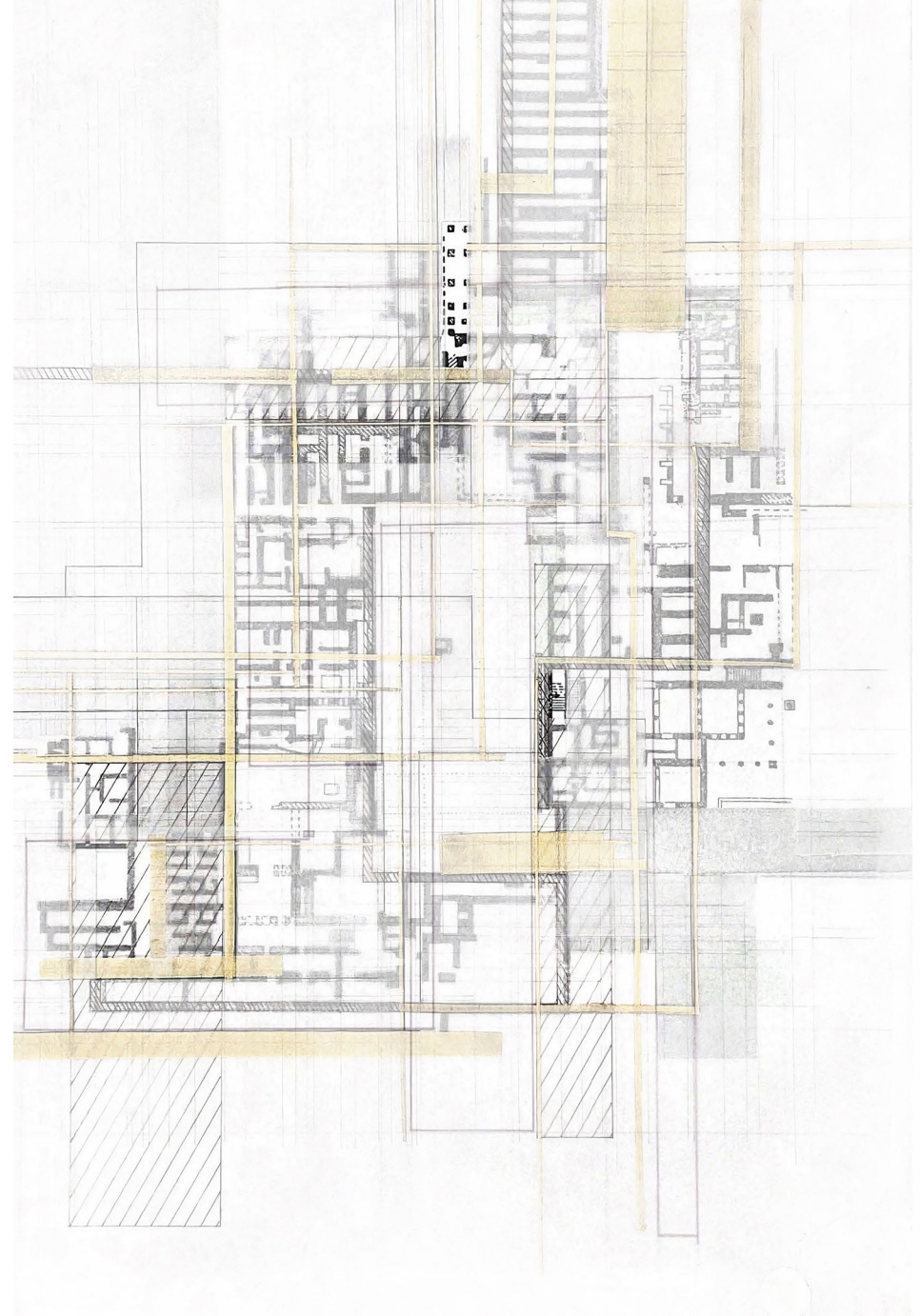


Sebastian Suarez *D4 McGlothlin*

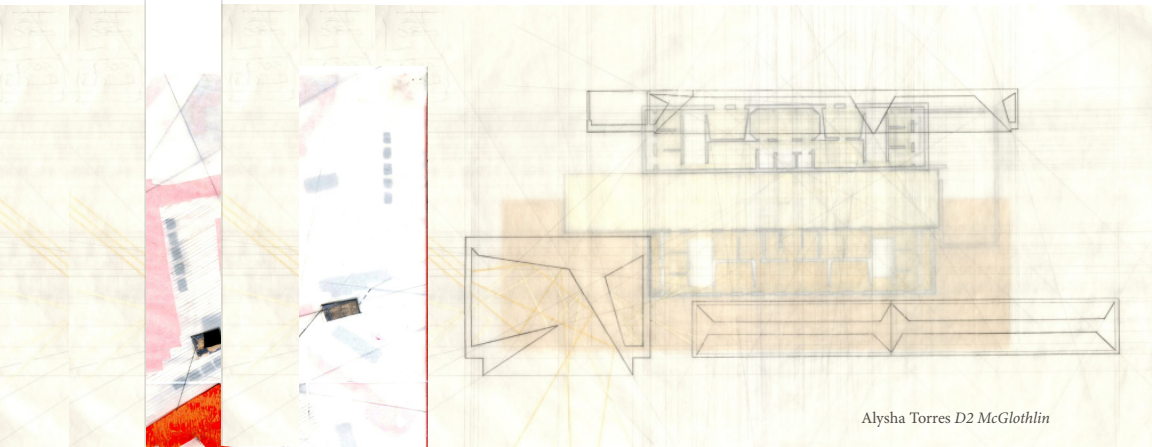
I felt a weight in my head comparable to the pressure that held the stone of the wall in place. The tasks of the day had yet to be addressed, and as I walked, I mentally categorized them in an effort to relieve the grogginess of my mind.



Patrick Rodriguez *D2 Sprowls*

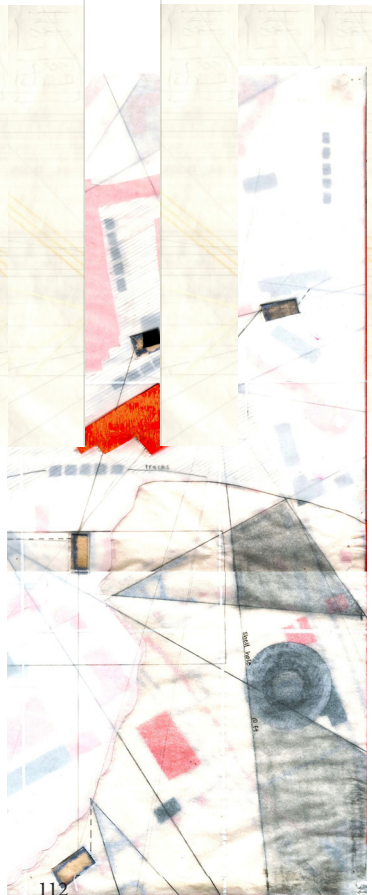


Melanie Garcia *D3 Gamble*



Alysha Torres *D2 McGlothlin*

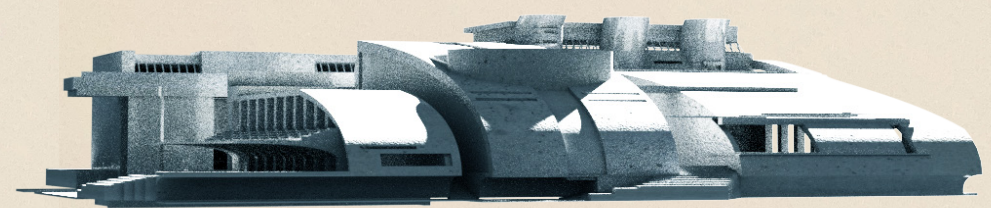
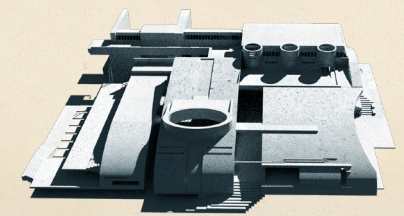
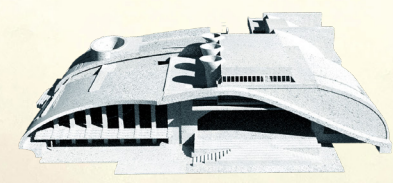
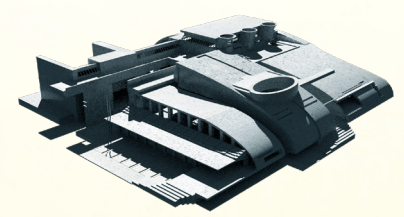
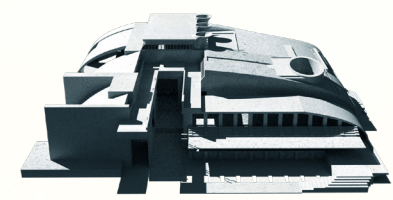
I followed the path through the fields; the only discernible sound was the soles of my shoes on the gravel and the birds above. Before long I saw the yellow shed in the distance, I'd soon be retracing my steps.



Sophia Lotz *D3 McGlothlin*



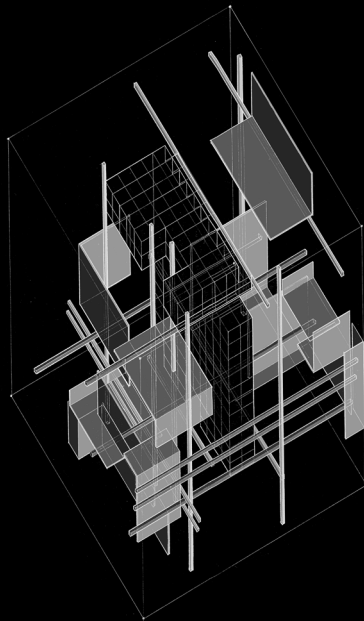
Boris Stoyanov D5 Hofer



Tony Solis D5 Montoya

The trees surrounding it swayed in the wind so that it was periodically uncovered and covered from view. I heard a rustling of leaves, the snapping of twigs, and the shuffling of a squirrel behind the fence. Up close now, the paint was peeling, the windows had been coated with dust, and the gray shingles were starting to fall.

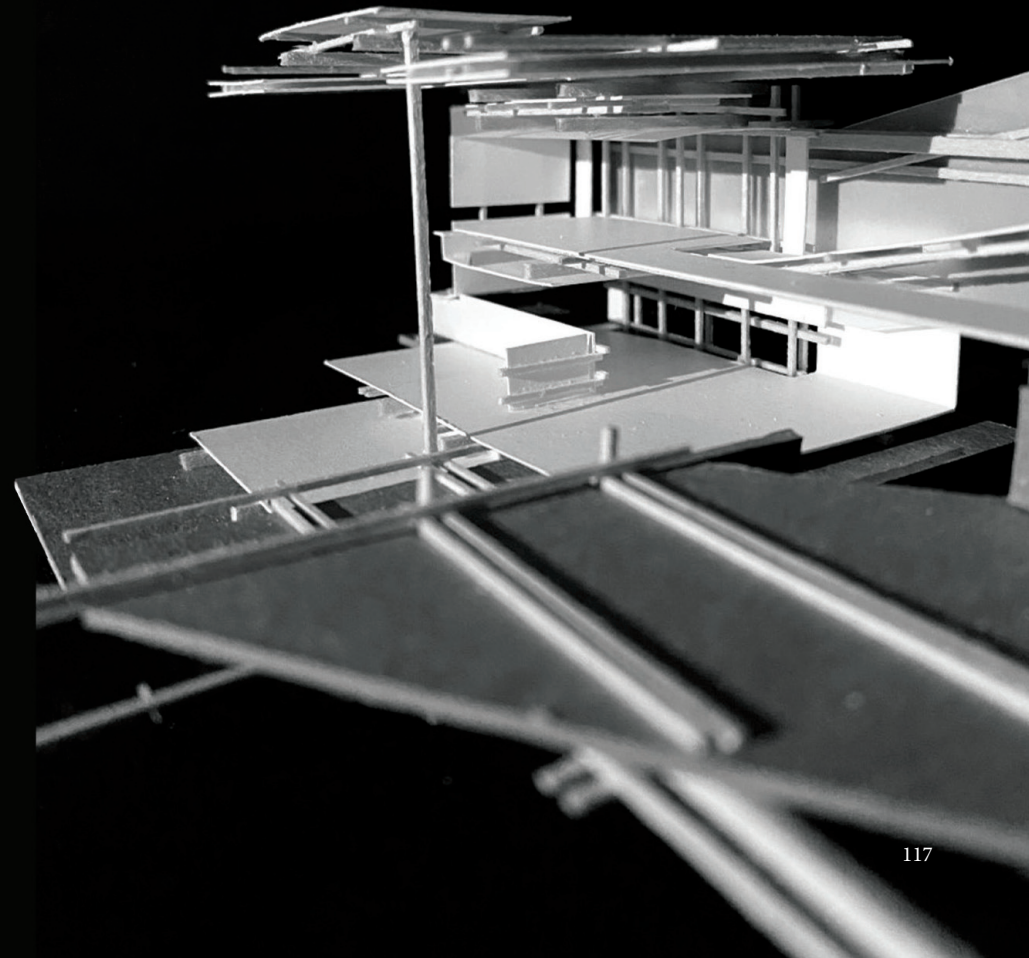
Olivia Grinage *D1 Ahead*



Nhu Nguyen *D4 Montoya*

One by one. I scraped at the windows. Through the slashes I could see tarp, canvas, and an old rug rest against the wooden walls. The incoming light highlighted fragments of the fabrics, while dust sparkled in the rays. Thick leather-bound books, stuffed with sketches, newspaper clippings, and watercolors hid under blankets of dust and cobwebs. Each paper, each scroll, each clipping existed as an artifact of a past artist that called this property home.

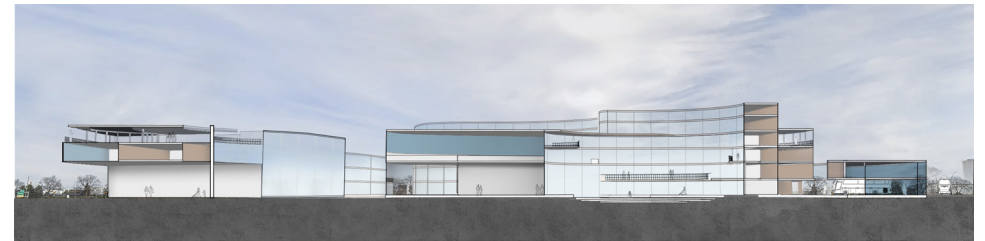
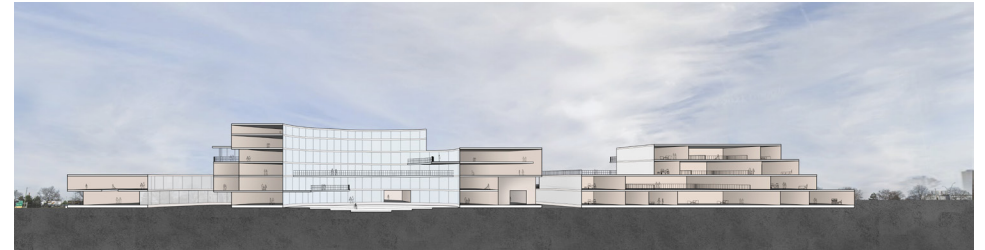
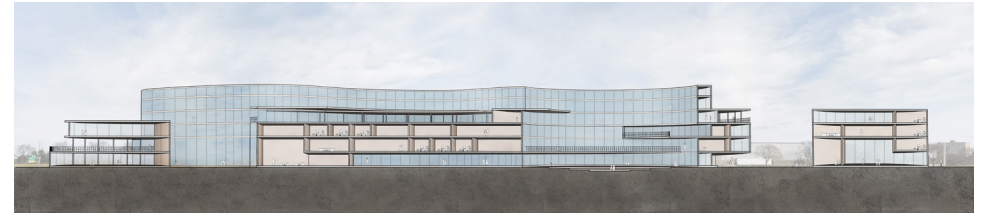
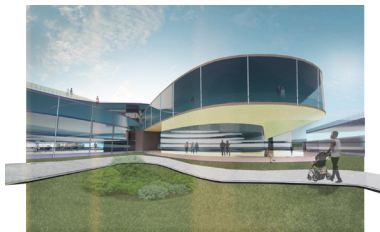
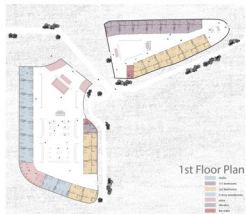
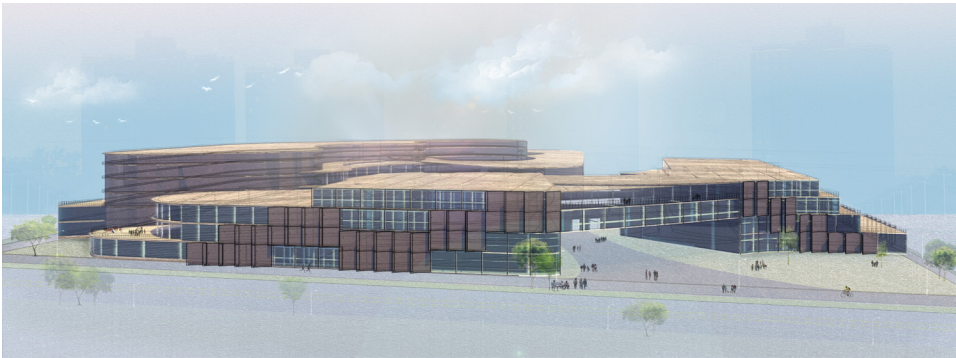
Olivia Raymundo *D5 Lindsey*



Origin

The point or place where something begins, arises, or is derived. Fifty years ago, NOMA began its journey as an organization that strives to invoke change within the design world. These changes have rooted themselves at both the national and local level. It is where we find ourselves now, just beyond the threshold of Downtown Detroit. Flanked by a divisive highway system and the vacant grounds of the since-demolished Brewster-Douglas Homes do we find this project: Origin.

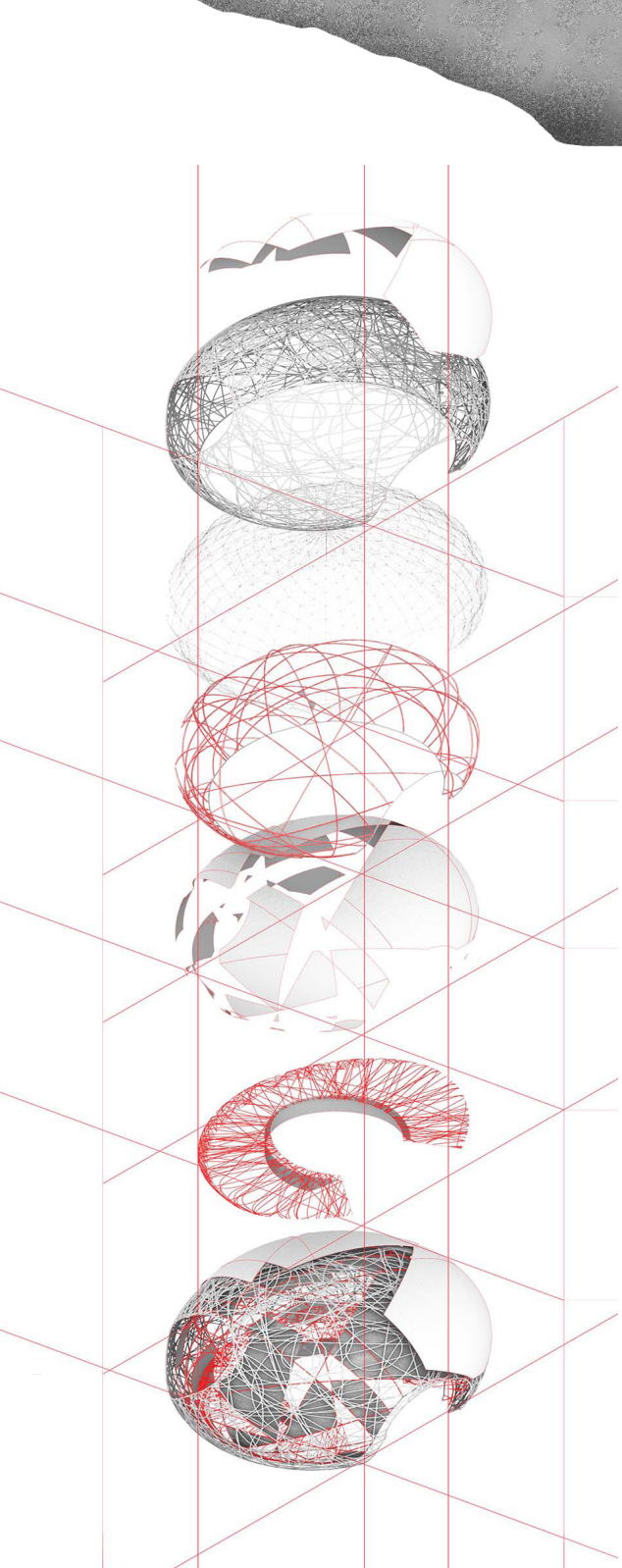
National Organization of Minority Architecture Students (NOMAS) Competition Team 2021



An exploration of Detroit's history and culture led to the uncovering of several catalysts that propelled the city into what it has become today. Perhaps the biggest cultural drivers for Origin are the icons of the record player and the wheel. During the mid-twentieth century, the Black-owned Motown record label was founded in Detroit, and it made a significant impact on racial integration in America as Motown developed into its own popular musical style. Detroit was also experiencing economic prosperity as it specialized in the automotive industry, with major manufacturers such as General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler operating out of what became known as "Motor City."

At the same time that the primacy of the automobile heralded economic growth in Detroit, the rapidly-expanding highway system that supported them destroyed many well-established Black communities, leading many vulnerable families to seek shelter in overcrowded, substandard public housing projects. Especially detrimental to the Black community of Detroit is I-75, whose construction decimated significant Black historical districts and created an asphalt barrier between the remaining neighborhoods. Our intention with Origin is to mend the disconnect created by Detroit's urban development by generating a new cultural district that NOMA and the Black community of Detroit can call home.

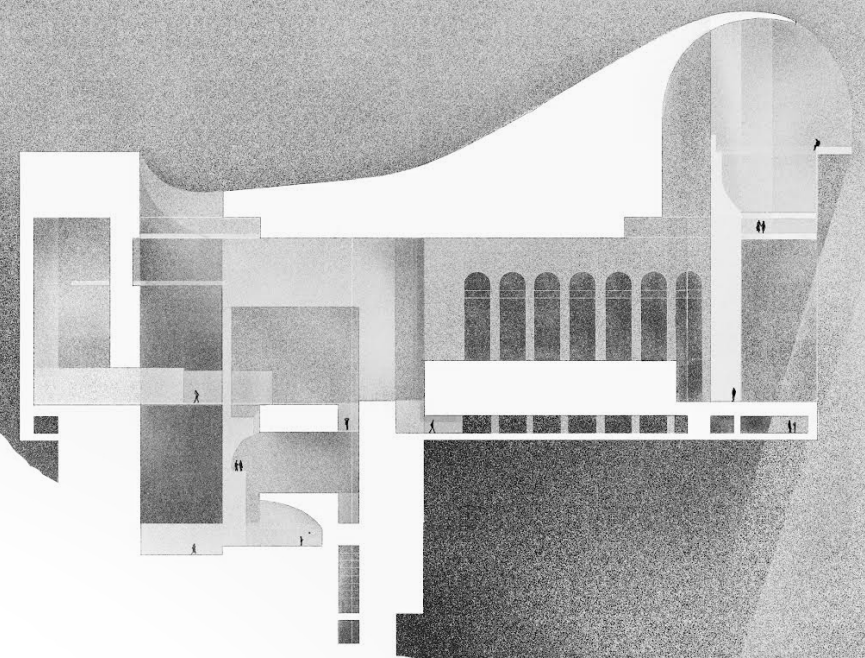
Origin's curvilinear forms are inspired by these icons, the record player and the wheel, to acknowledge the catalysts that have left their cultural mark in the city. The record player must rotate about a fixed origin point to play music, just as a wheel must do the same to travel; similarly, Origin finds its namesake in the central atrium of the NOMA Legacy Headquarters, with the surrounding campus radiating from this origin point. The atrium is an open-air space whose depth and size anchor the project into the site. The naturally-ventilated space promotes socially-distanced rest and leisure at multiple levels amid the fast-paced work environment, while still facilitating circulation around its perimeter. The intense gravity of the atrium draws people towards this origin point from all parts of the campus.



These objects lived on in the glistening illumination of the sun. They told stories; fragmented and preserved memories, stories, and experiences, summarized on aging pieces of paper, trapped by the walls of the decrepit shed.

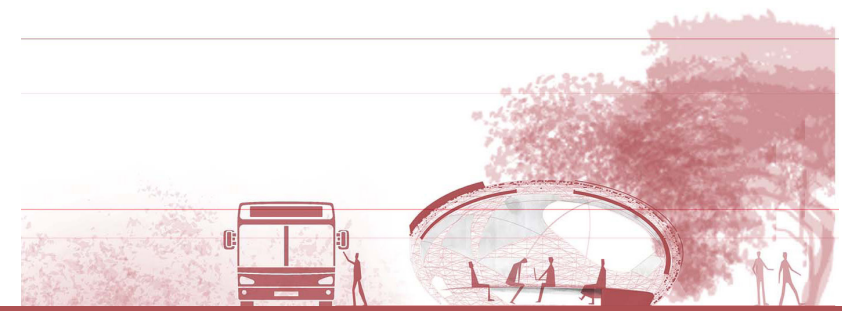


Valeria Lobo D2 Hofer



Zayna Sheikh D3 Montoya

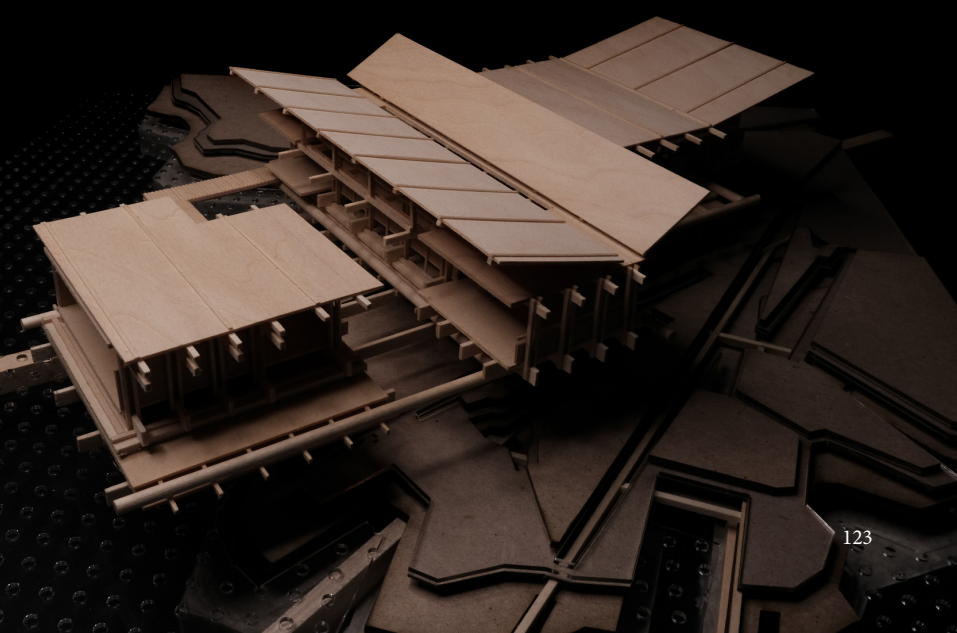
I stepped back from the window and turned towards the stone wall. I walked directly towards it and climbed over the three-foot boundary. My leg caught on the top layer of stone, and three stumbled, and the others began to shift - a domino effect caused by my interference.



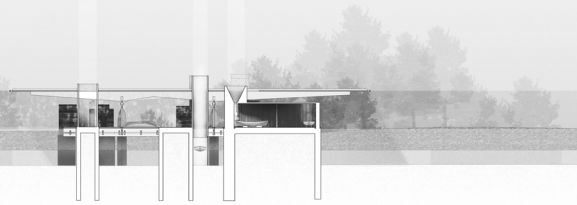
I walked until the yellow shed wasn't visible and I could only see traces of the stone fence through the trees. Round, smooth stones were stacked beside the trail every so often, nestled in little crevices of rotting wood. Each monument was a love letter to subjective journeys through the woods. Artwork left the serene space unharmed but marked an intervention. The damp, winding forest floor soon turned into a combination of neutrals: gray stones, beige sand, and pools of rainwater. I heard the soft bubbling of the nearby narrow creek and followed until I reached the bottomless and serene spring.



Abby Duffey D4 Monk



Melos Shtaloja *D5 Lindsey*

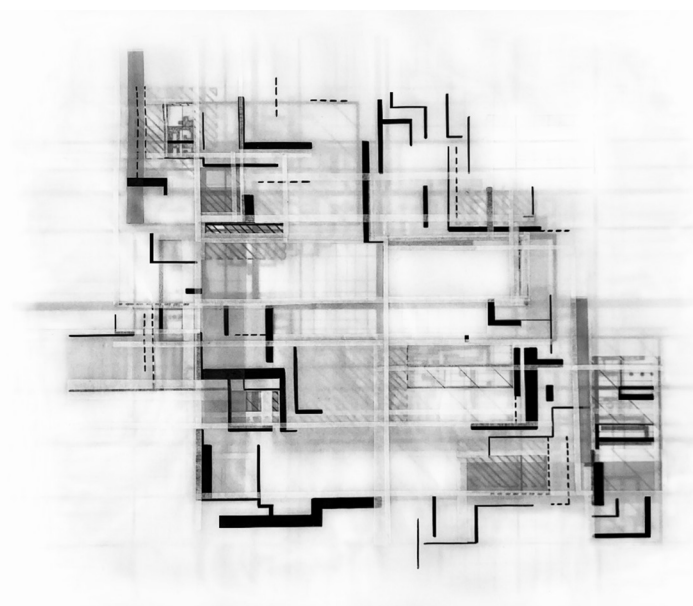
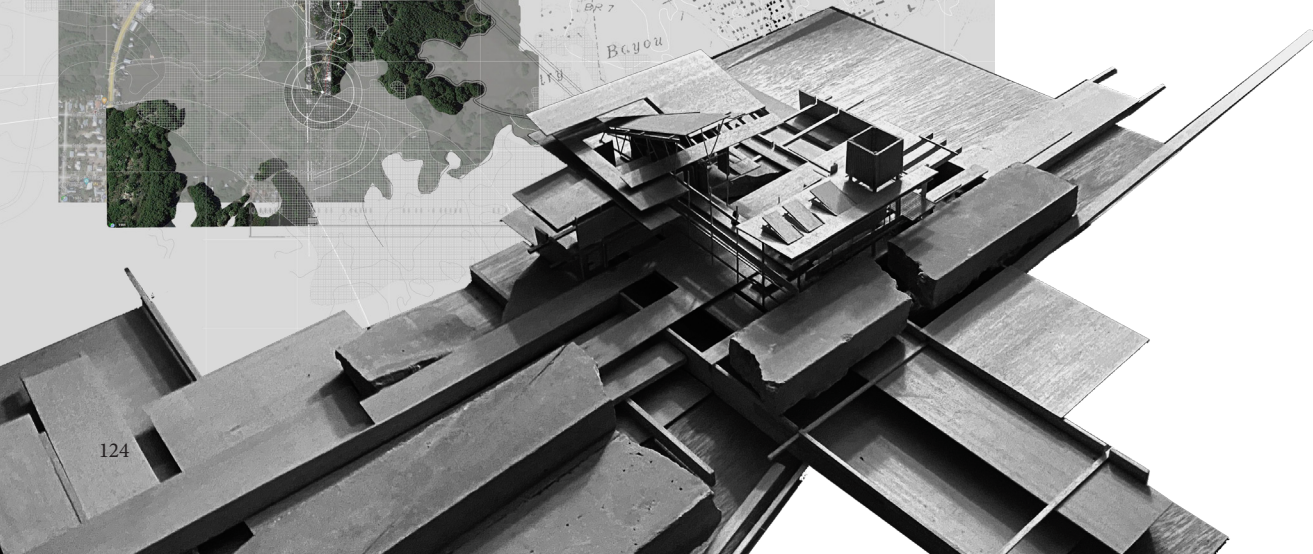


The water invited me, and I accepted. I slipped into the cold water and I was enveloped. It was safe here.

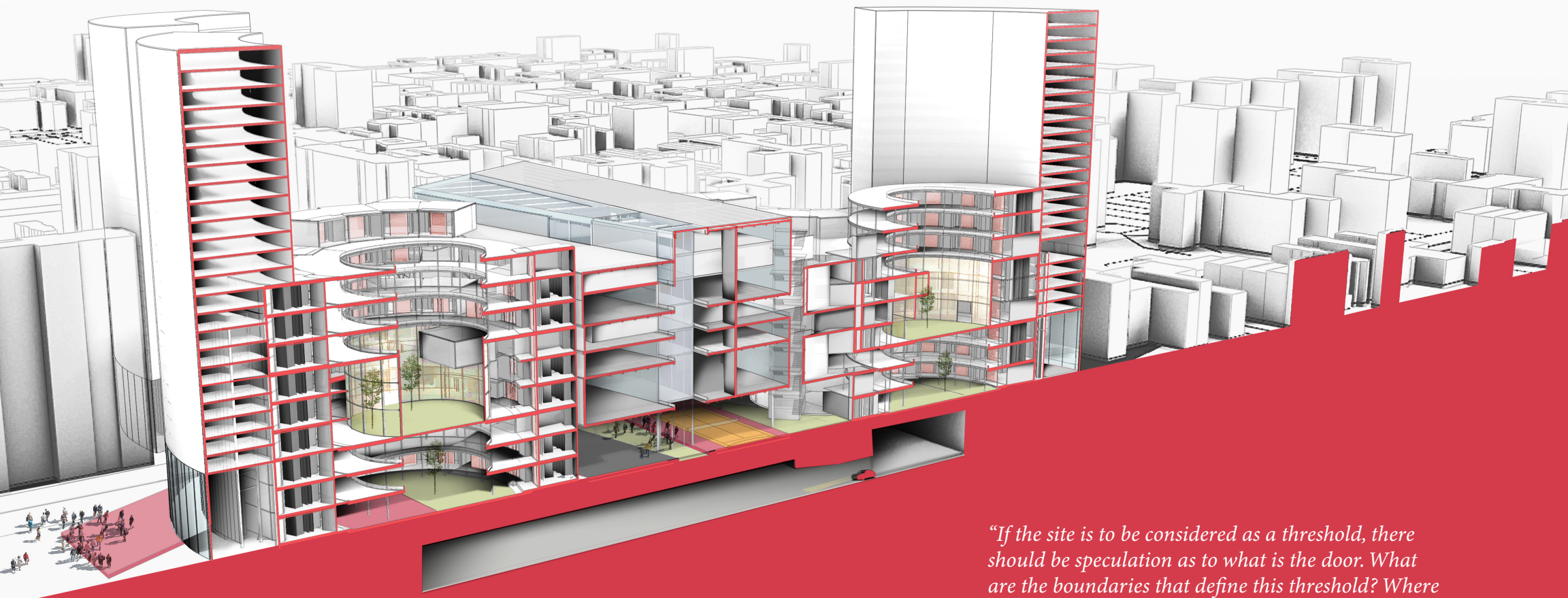
I was safe here.



Niah Pierre *D5 Lindsey*



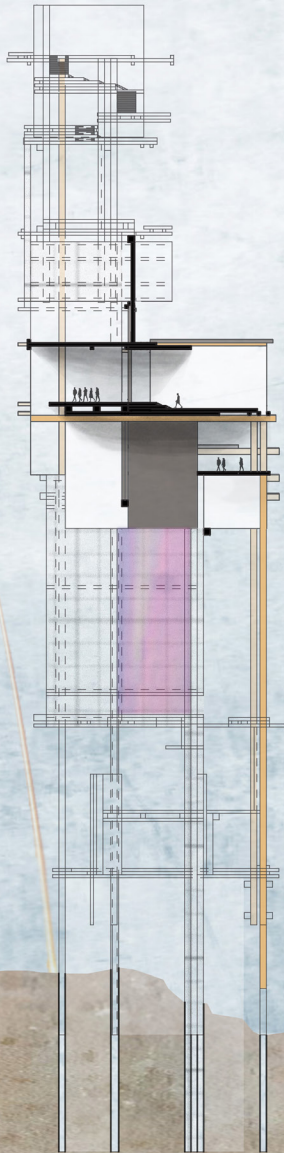
Jessica Vorbeck *D3 Gamble*



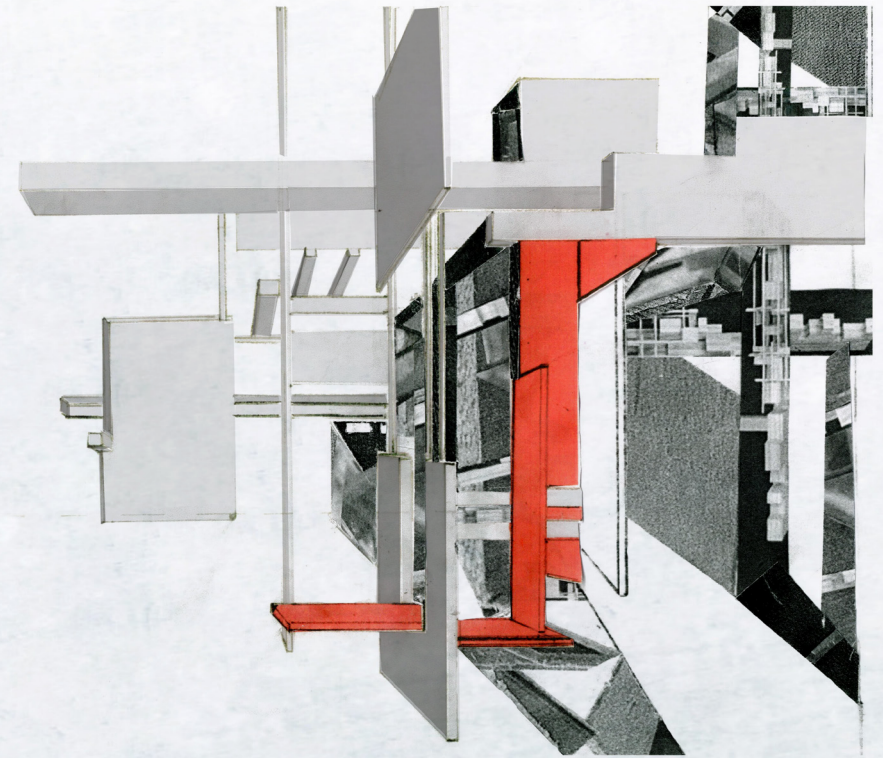
“If the site is to be considered as a threshold, there should be speculation as to what is the door. What are the boundaries that define this threshold? Where is the beginning, where is the end?”

Joyce Ng, “Fluidity Intervention”

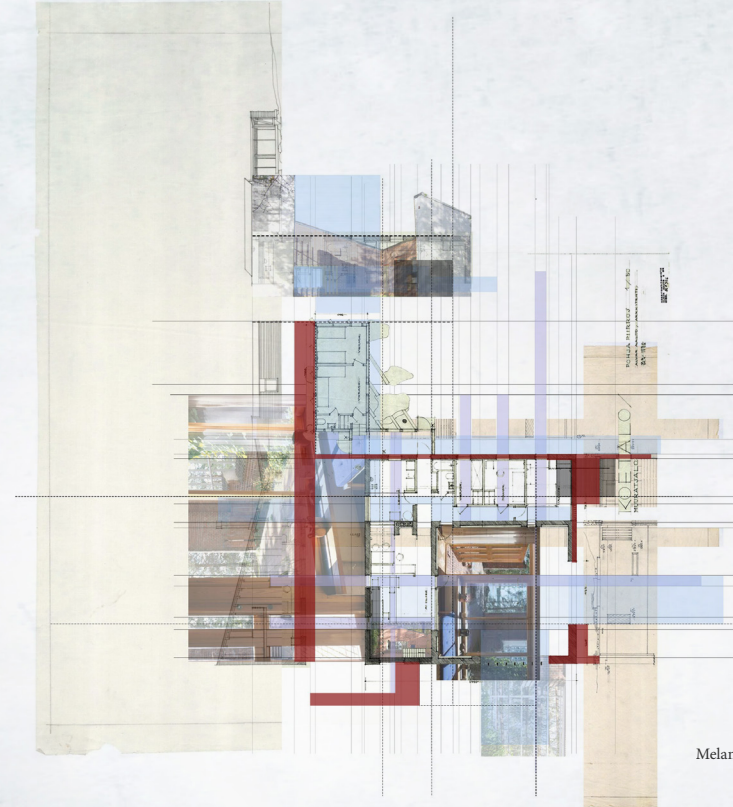
I was physically isolated in the spring. Here, I created my own current; ripples tumbled from my arms and legs. The subtlest change of movement resulted in changing patterns in the spring. The water that sprawled around me was an aperture to the void beneath, as well as the sky above. I hoped to become a part of this revolving mirror - as someone who revealed fragments of themselves, while giving back to those who stood before.



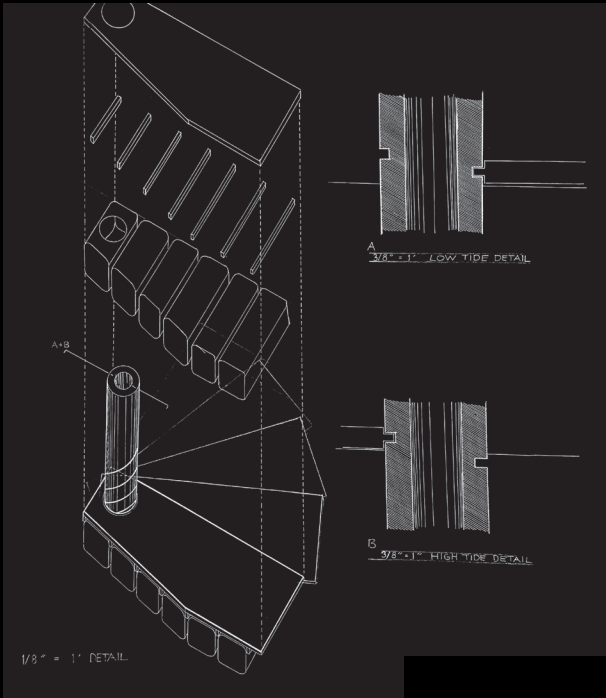
Ethan Trapold *D4 Monk*



Erin Beck *D1 Alread*

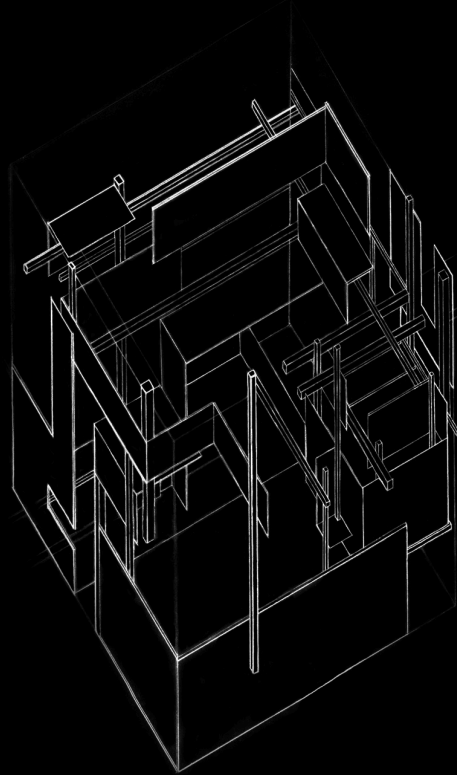


Melanie Garcia *D2 Hofer*

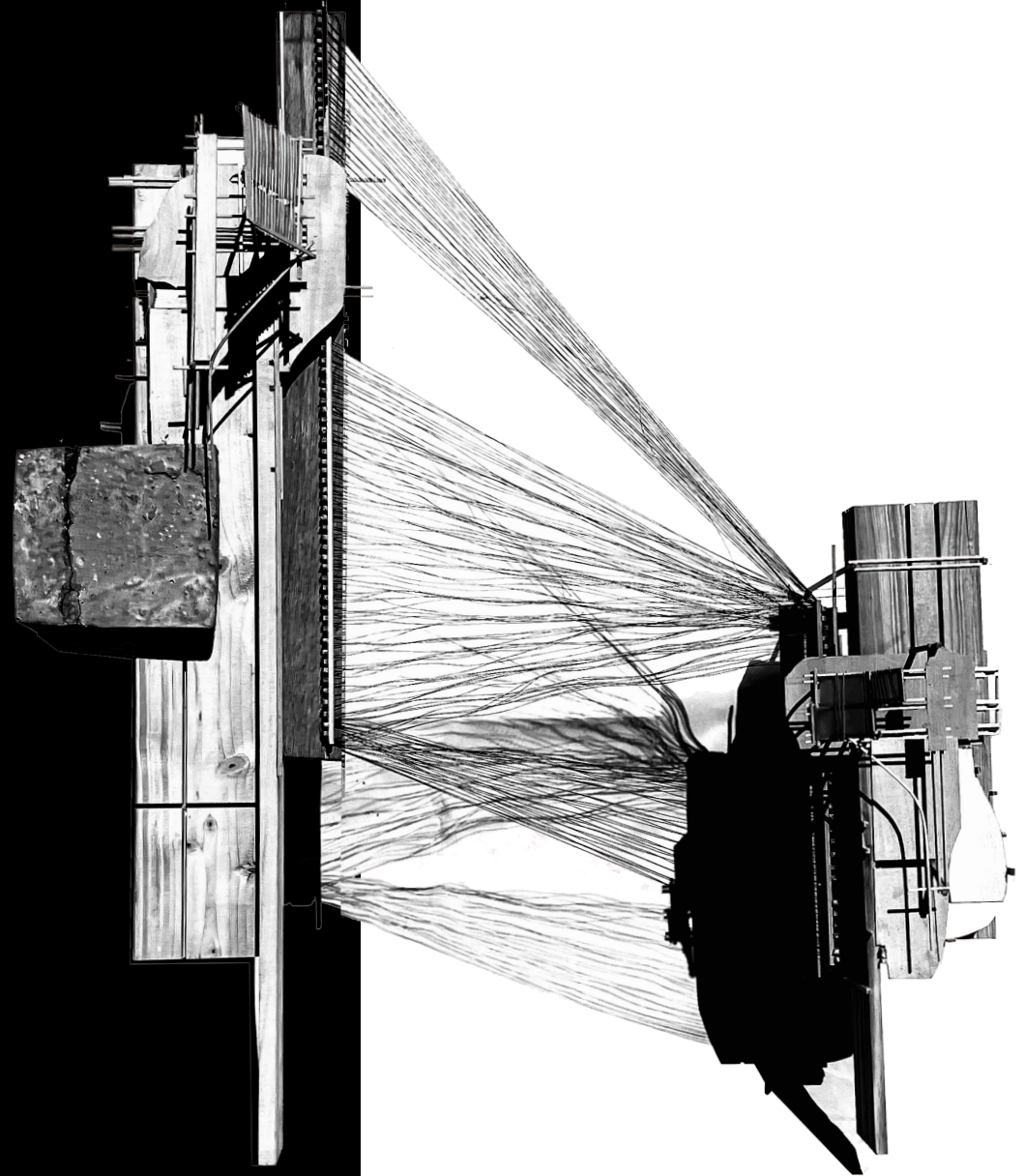


Frank LaPuma *D5 Lindsey*

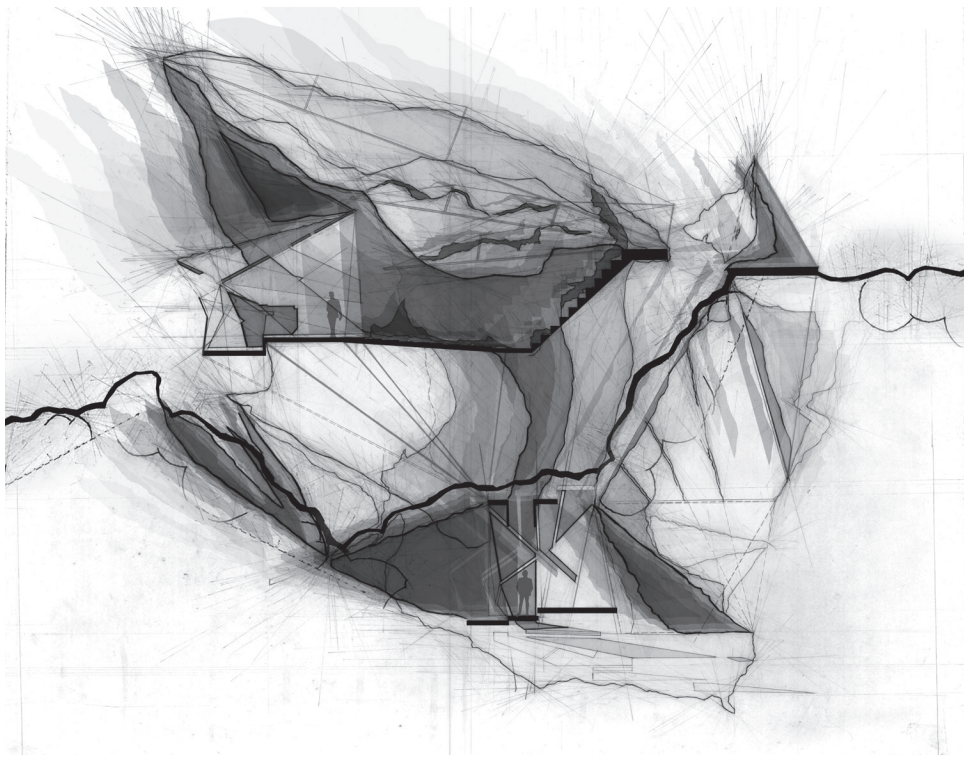
I was isolated from my routine,
and my mind was clear. This
afternoon was unlike any other;
I was weightless in the water, and
protected by a canopy of trees.



Luna Pedrosa *D1 Lindsey*

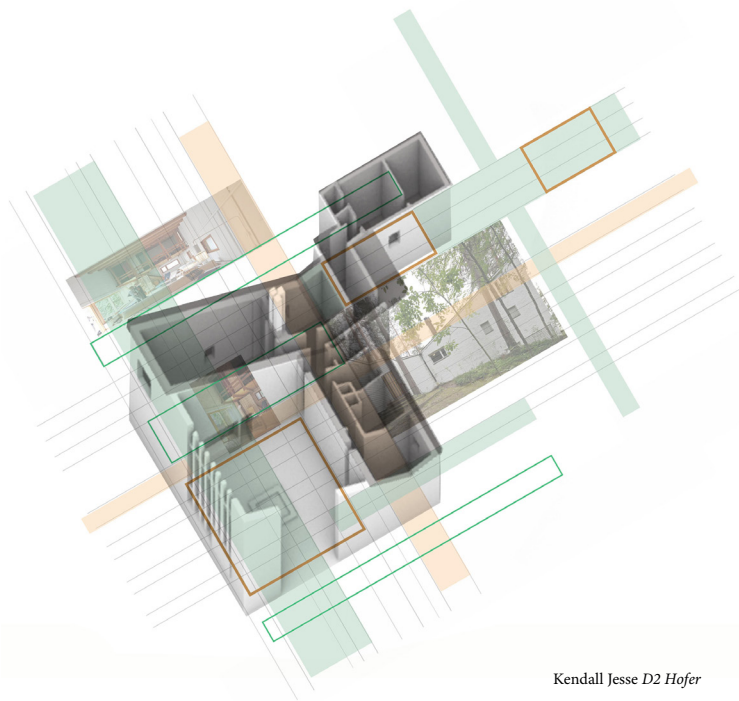


Tony Solis *D5 Montoya*

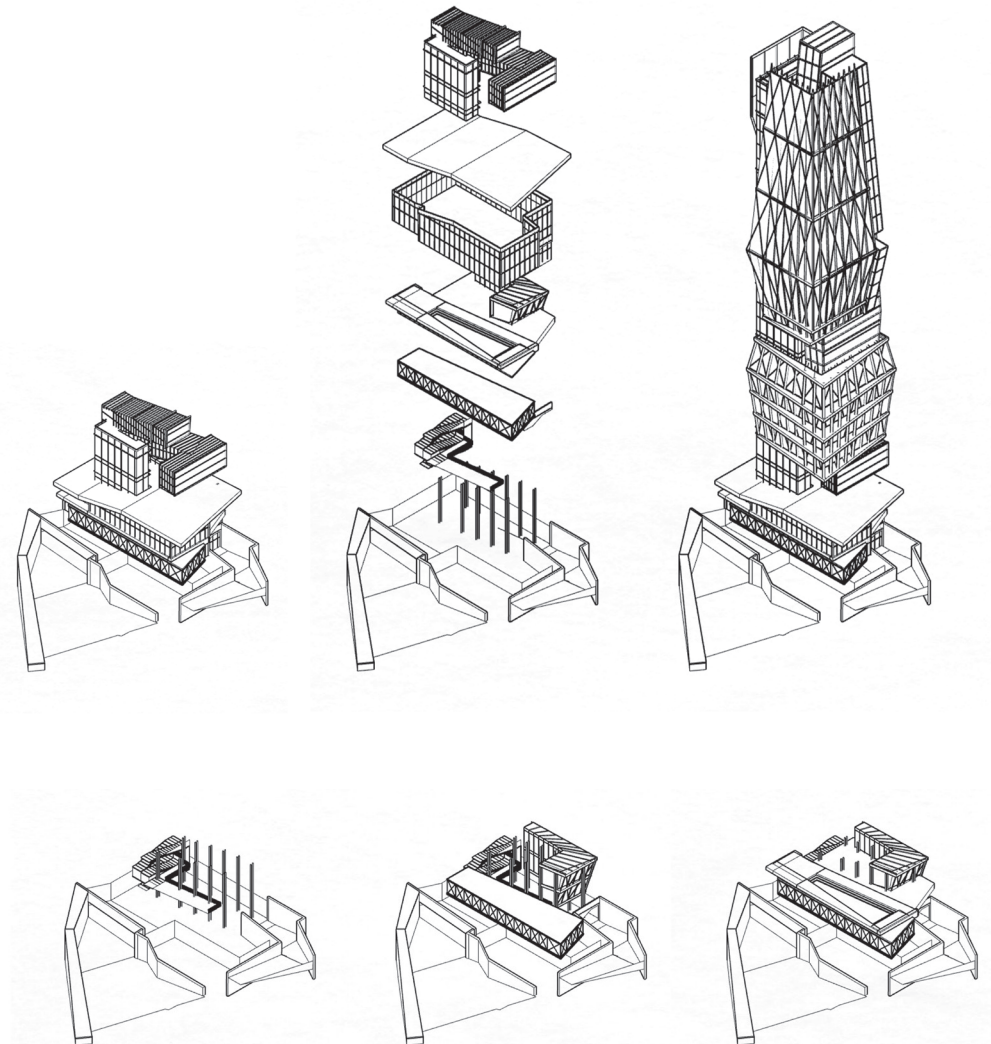


Erica Morrissey D3 Rabinowitz

That was the solitary stroller, submerged in a nightly flâneur, moving with lament for 4 am when the stars start to go. Such fragility. From here, looking down on layered sheets of yellow, I forget the impact of a wrist flick. Points strewn like a child's cheerios – obstacles until the ants realize they're food. When can I trust the clarity of distance?

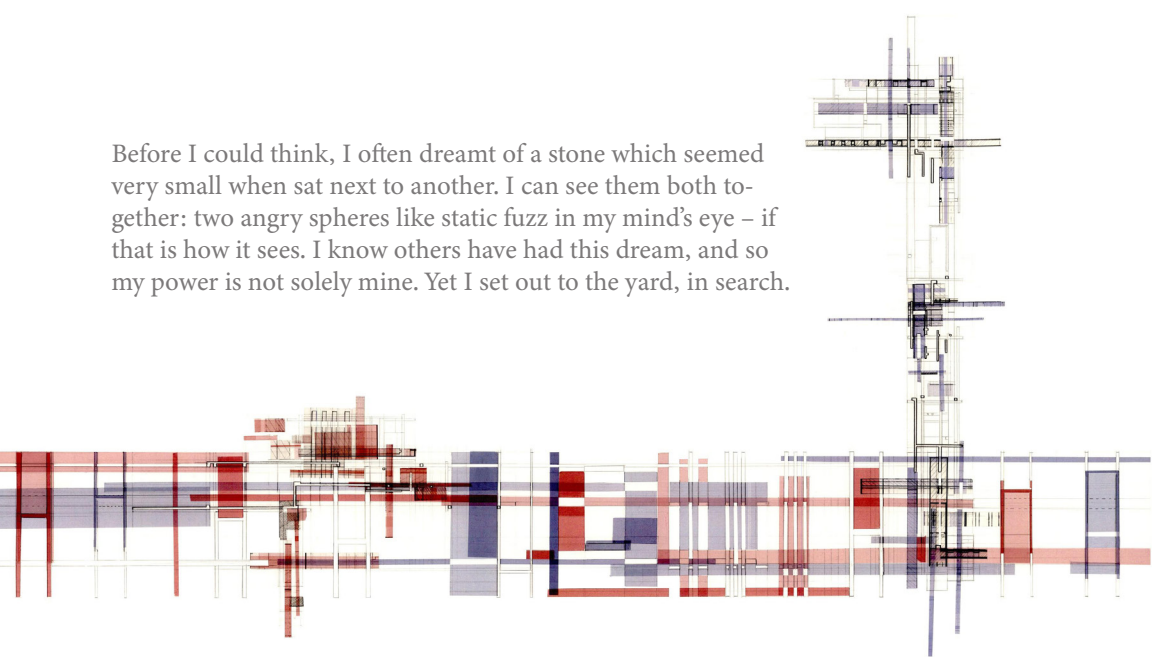


Kendall Jesse D2 Hofer

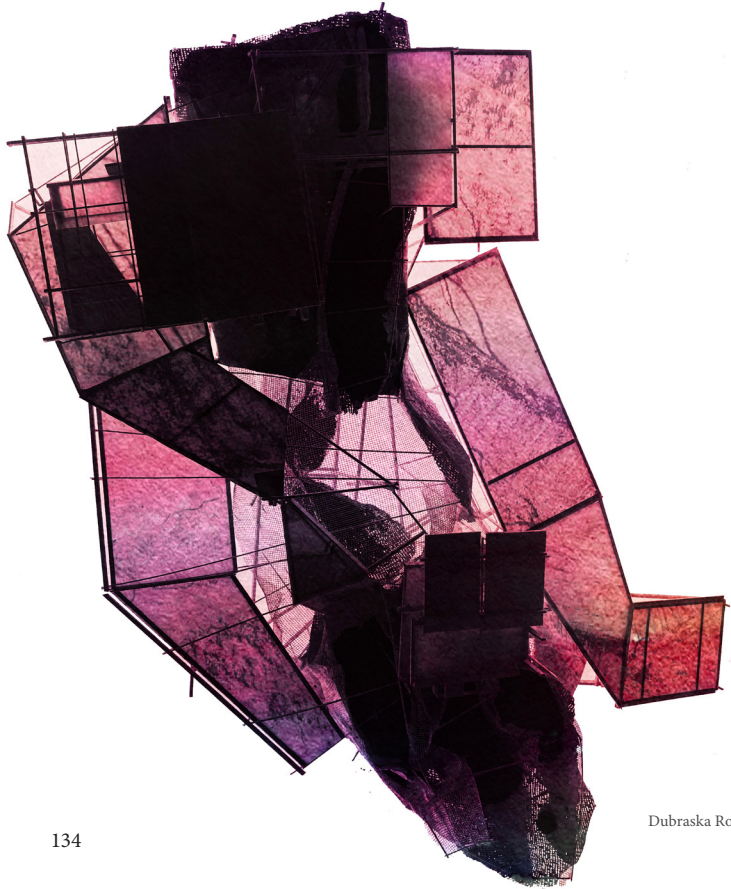


Jin Deng & Sophie Nguyentran D7 Perez

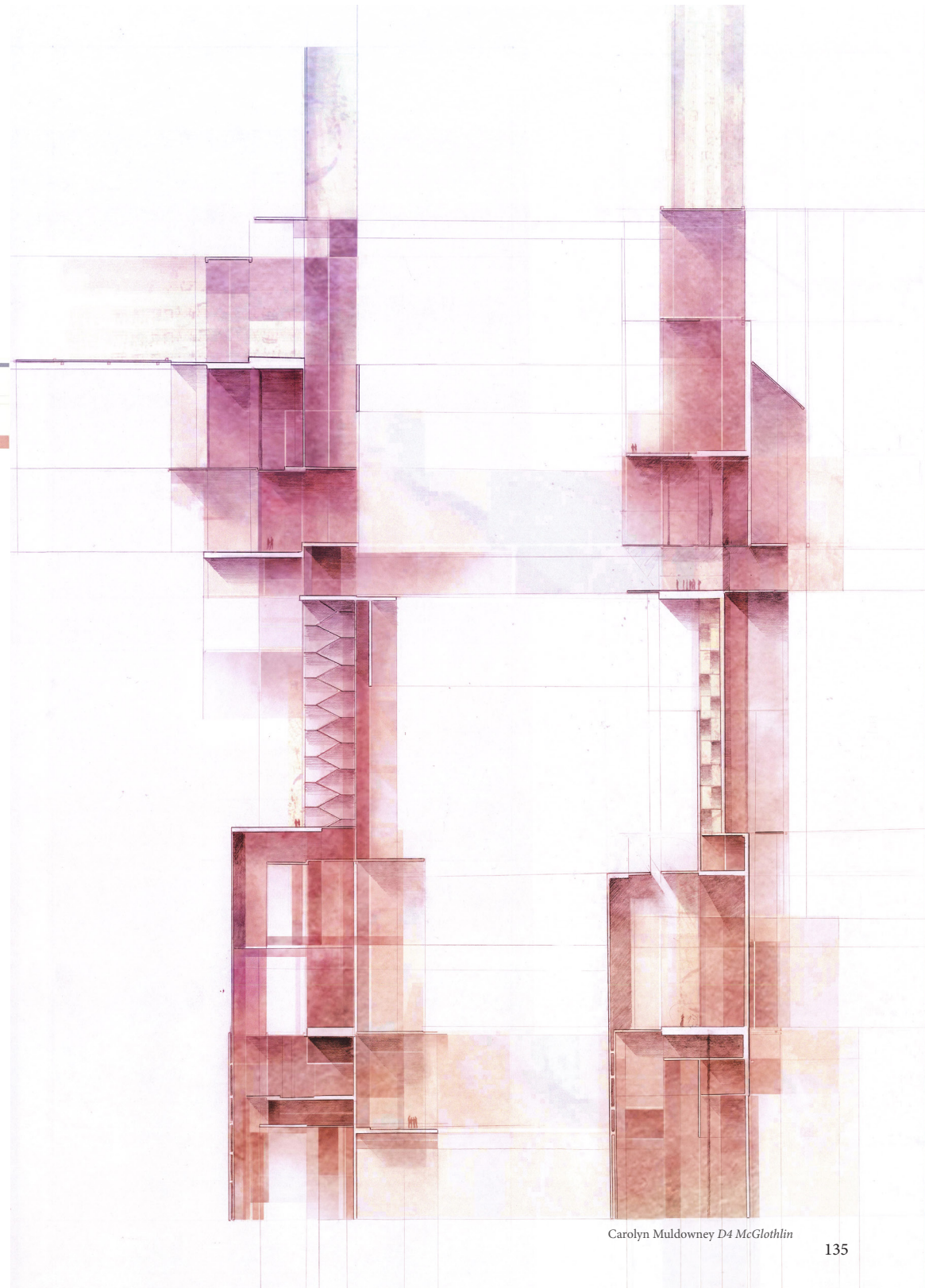
Before I could think, I often dreamt of a stone which seemed very small when sat next to another. I can see them both together: two angry spheres like static fuzz in my mind's eye – if that is how it sees. I know others have had this dream, and so my power is not solely mine. Yet I set out to the yard, in search.



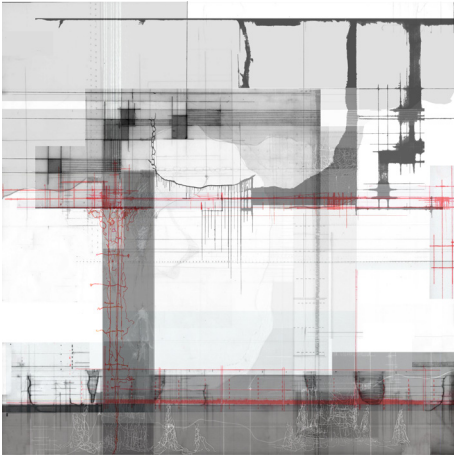
Claudia Angulo *D1 Lindsey*



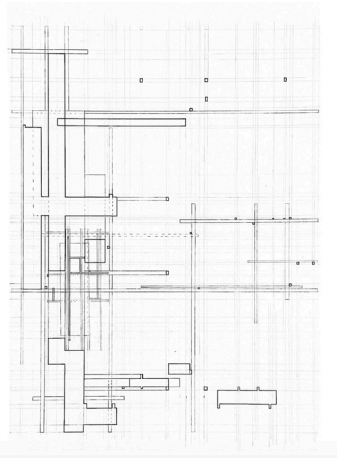
Dubraska Robles *D3 Rabinowitz*



Carolyn Muldowney *D4 McGlothlin*

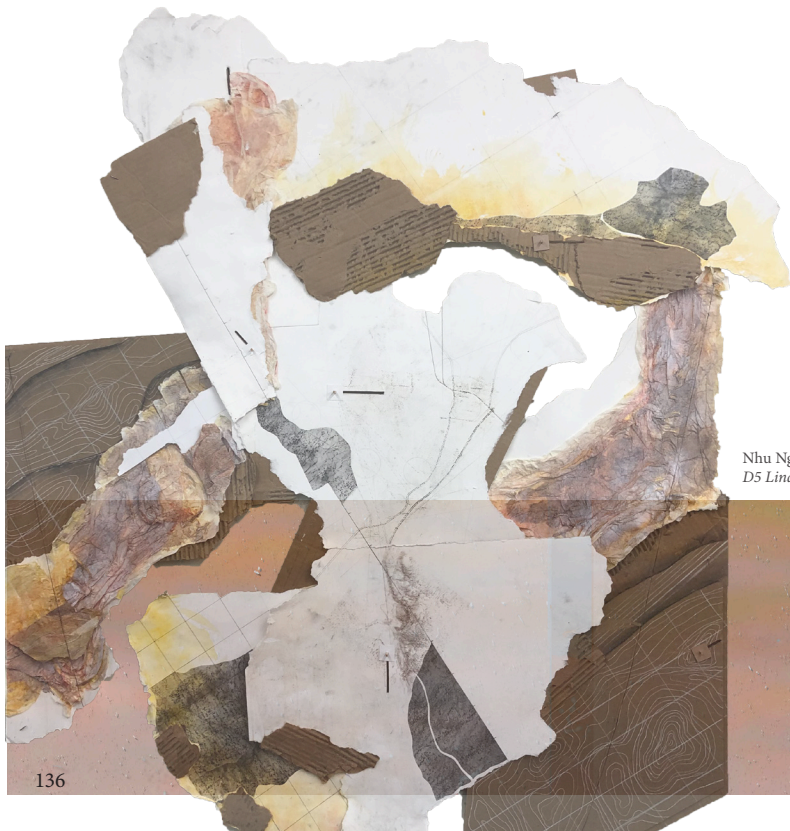


Hannah Concepcion D5 Sharston

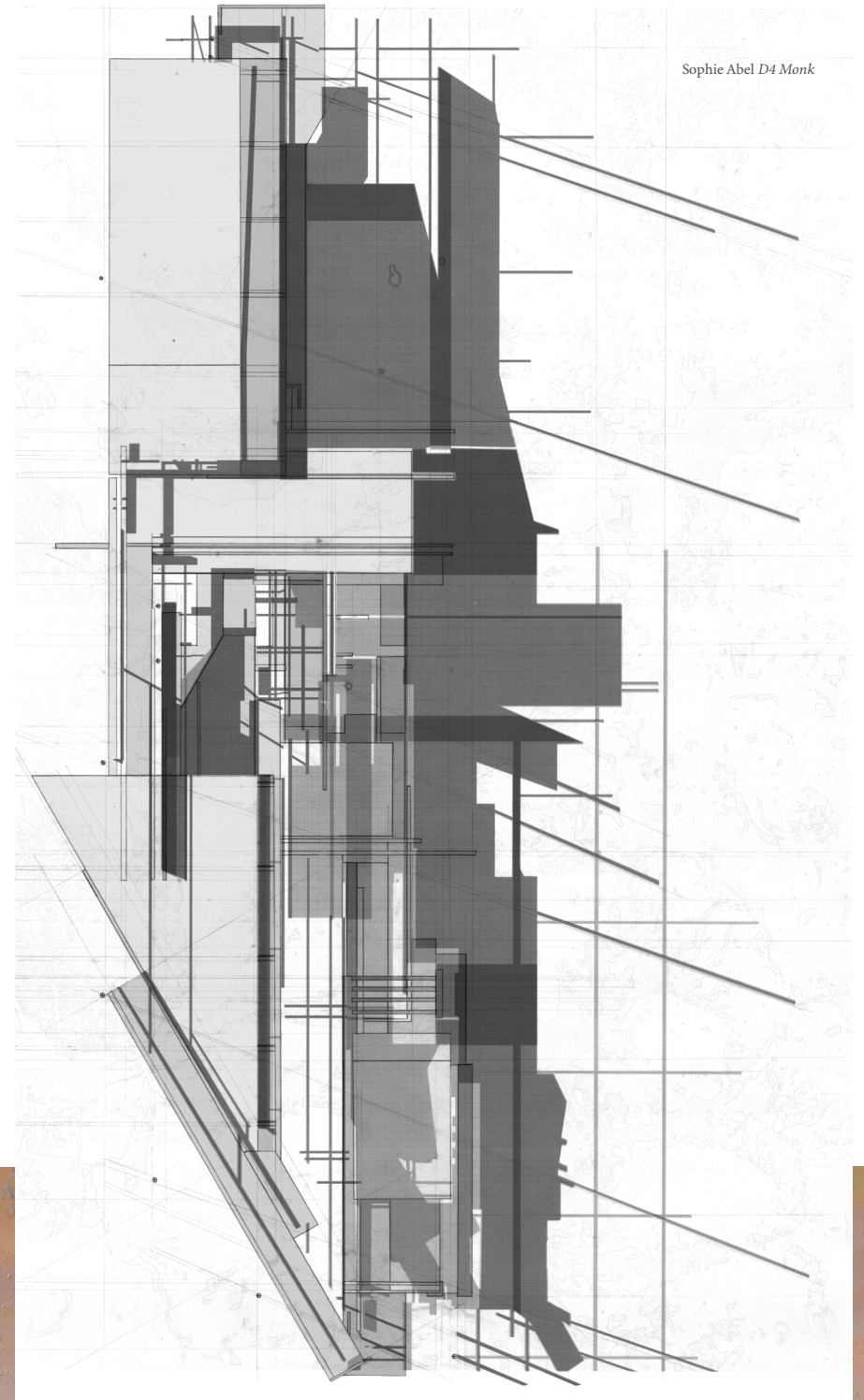


Luna Pedrosa D1 Lindsey

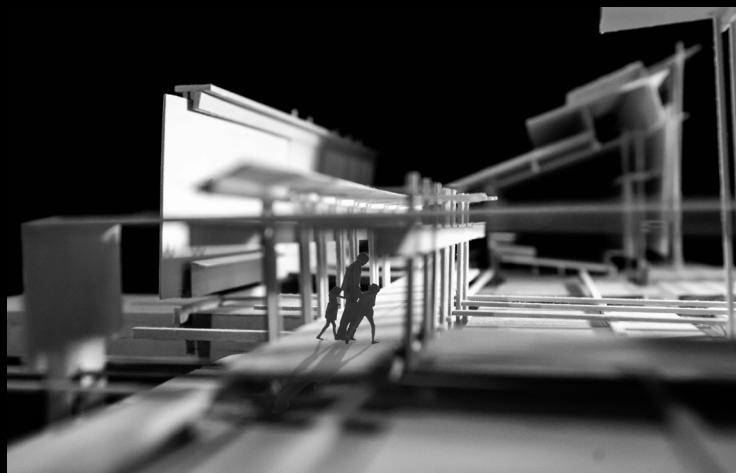
Maybe if I found the right rocks and set them just close enough together, I could own that feeling that I knew. And so I get down on my knees and breathe heavy, searching with eyes like fishing hooks.



Nhu Nguyen, Olivia Raymundo, Frank LaPuma
D5 Lindsey



Sophie Abel D4 Monk

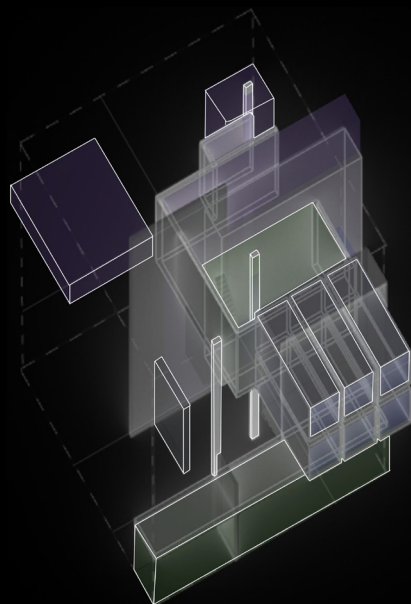


Claire Jennings D3 Belton

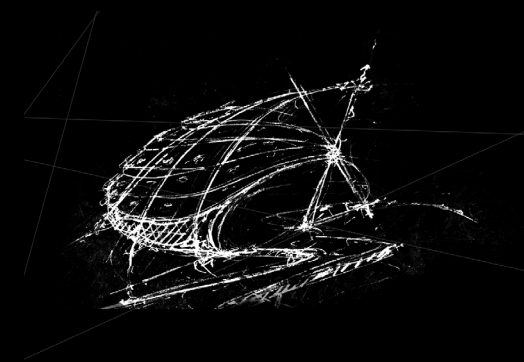


Noah Guth D5 Montoya

Moat, gatehouse, and keep; I can imagine a castle. Whether it is for fortification or fairy-tale is unclear. It is real, though in my mind and on this paper. Shimmering with green reclamation, it is falling to pieces. And since you're all pessimists, and I am too, you can believe that description – that it is not pristine. I could revert it to some imagined perfect state so that it might attract tourists. Whatever happened that opened those walls, I could make it seem that it never did; I could achieve that image of a castle that we all have inside us, the one we have had since near birth.



Kendall Jesse D2 Hofer

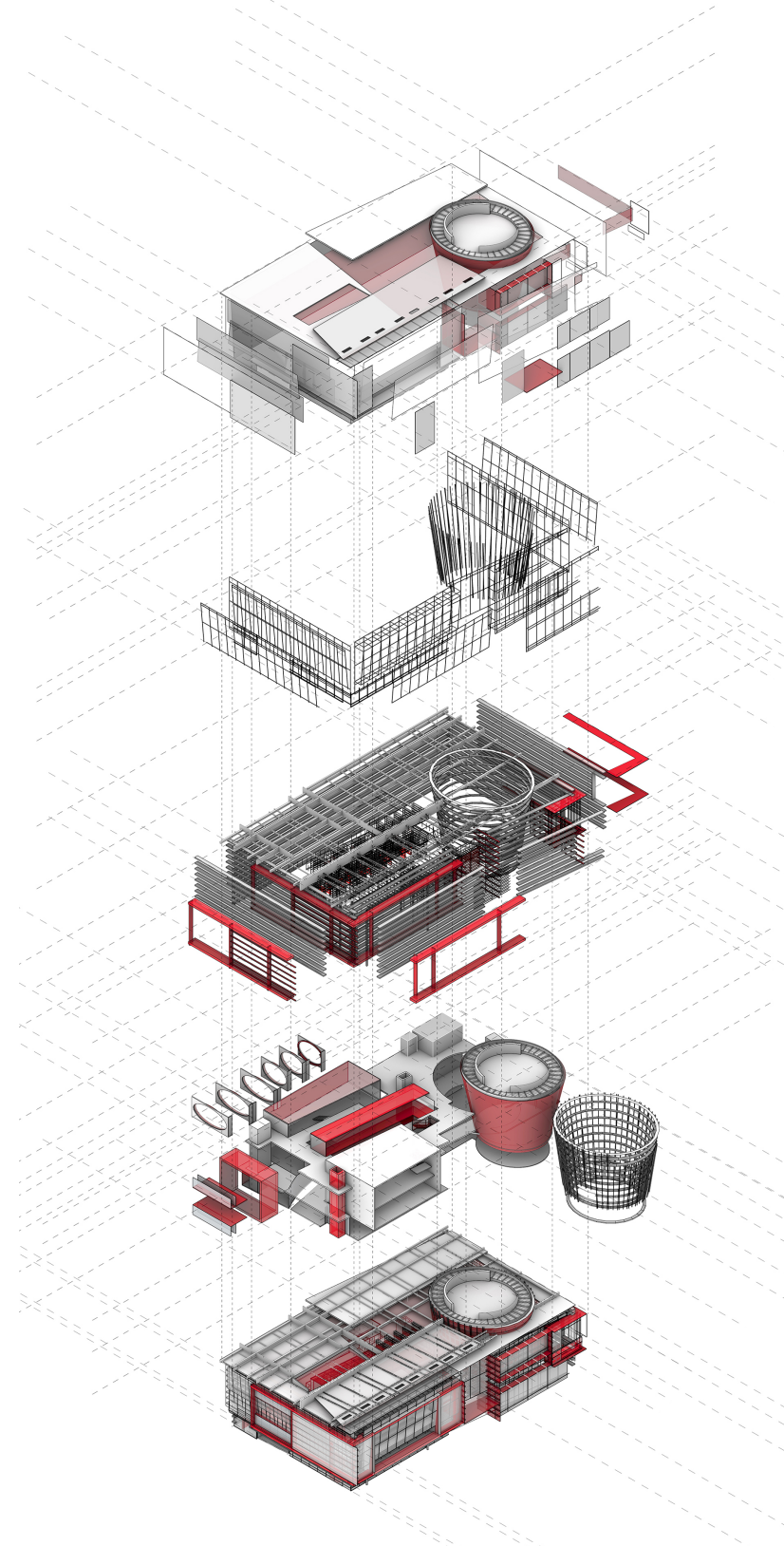


Valeria Malave D5 Hailley



Nicholas Thies D2 McGlothlin

Ellery Susa D6 Montoya



Valeria Malave D6 Perez



Jordan Sapino D3 Belton

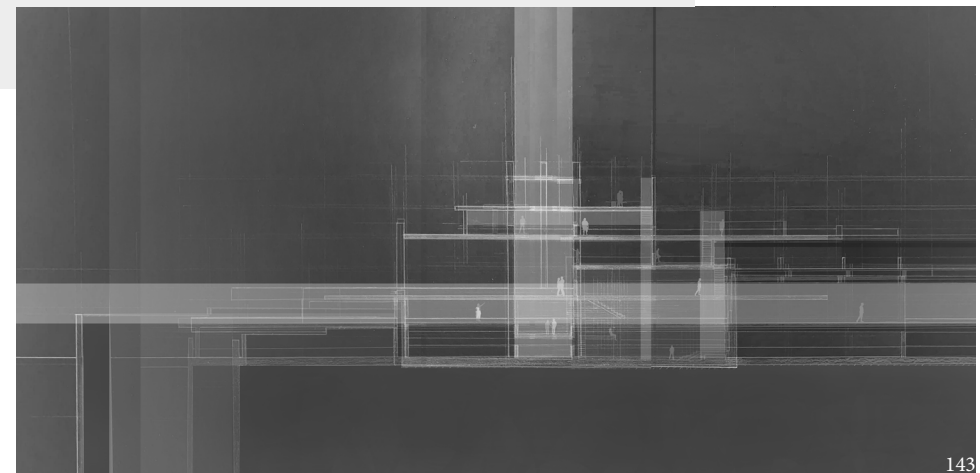
The first... that a nuclear power plant impose... the greatest difficulty of... the heat emission, since... ecological systems.

The direct measurements of the environmental impact of thermal discharges in natural waters are not possible during the design and construction stages of such projects. In view of this, reasonable approximations of the interaction of thermal discharges with the environment should be adopted in order to obtain a useful baseline for the managing of this impact.

Chris Fettes D3 Generoso

Valentina Galbusera & Antonia Banos D7 Sprowls

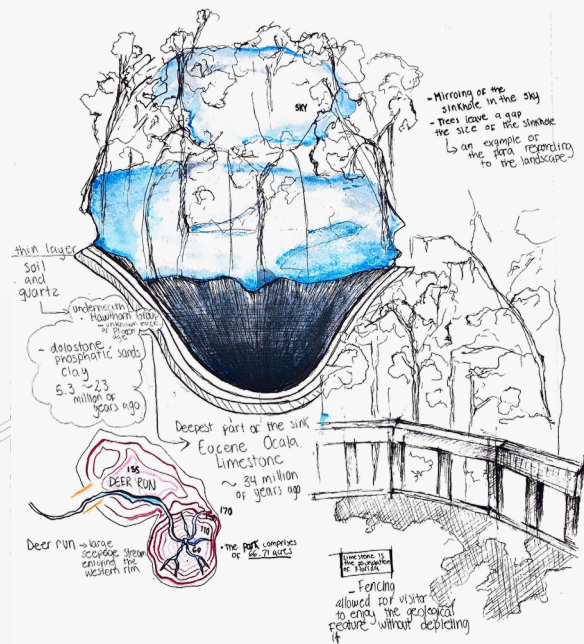
From 30 paces, figures make waves: building faces grow noses of mystery stone – flaring, wrinkling with each breath of cool street air. People, bulbous around the edges, fit in and stick out. They're knocked down the block with one wide eye over their shoulder, secretly fearing ruin. Imagine refuge, or the gift of boundlessness. From one author to another: make that loving passage into mystery space. Cast bristles into the public and set a spark with static discharge.



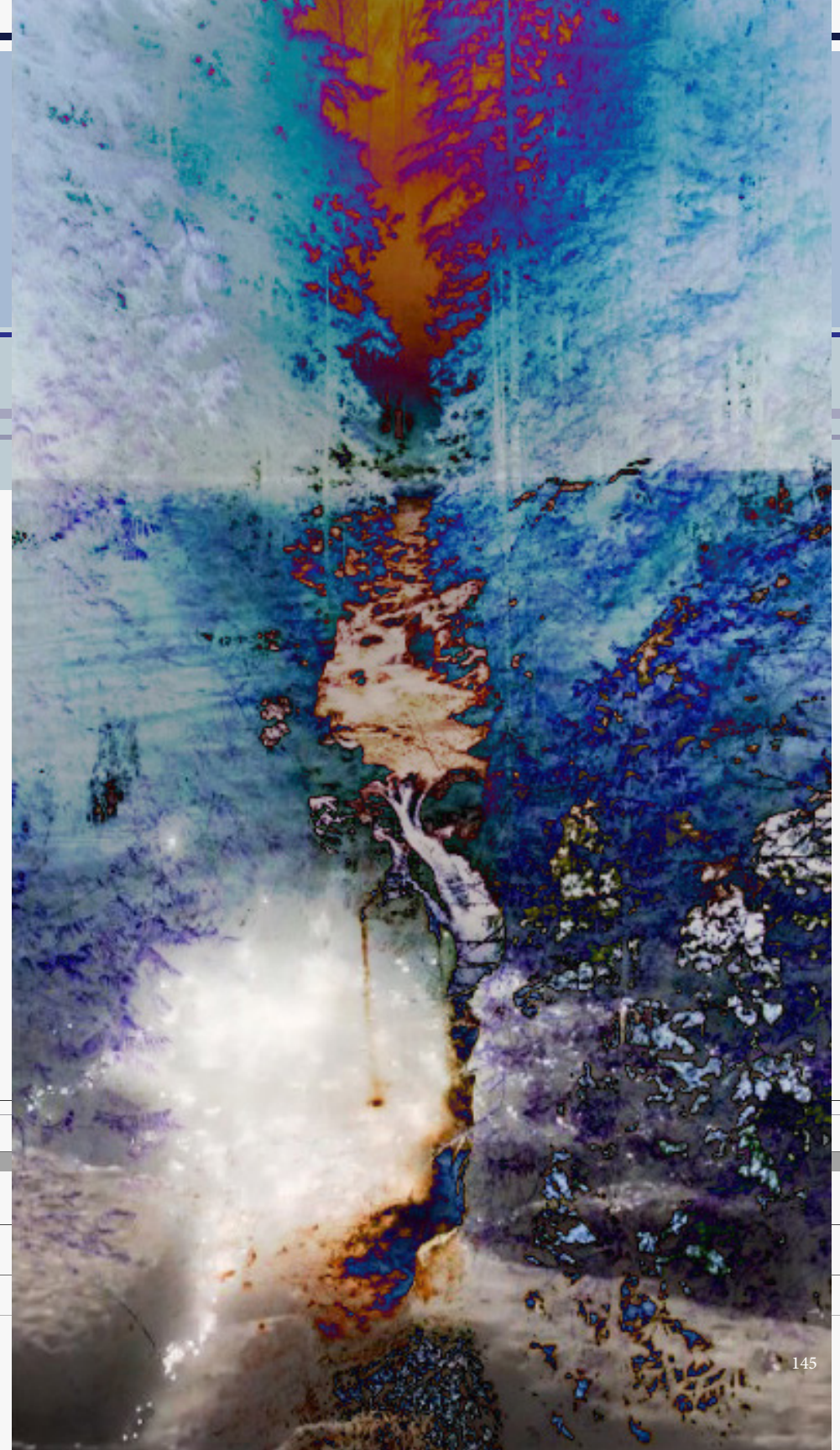
“Architecture provides the markers in which memories and subsequent moments in history can be referenced.”

Tatiana Campos, “The symbolic relationship between Memory and Architecture”

Joyce Ng D5 Saldana-Ochoa



Valeria Lobo D5 Saldana-Ochoa





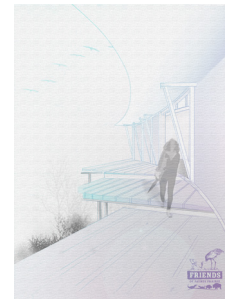
Amy Albanoz D3 Rabinowitz

*“Dismantle the usual veil
that clouds the soul”*

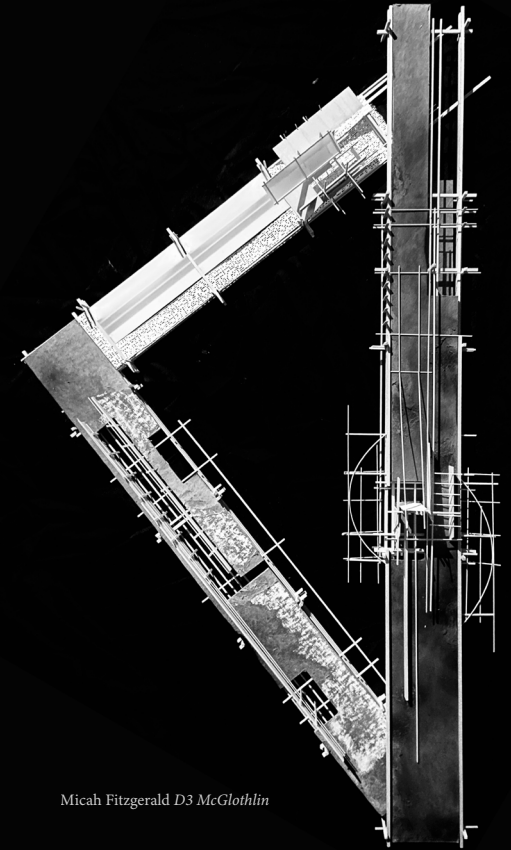
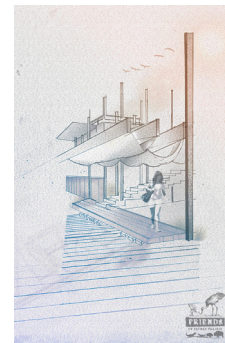
Gabriel Matos, “Mind, Mimesis, Memory Chora”



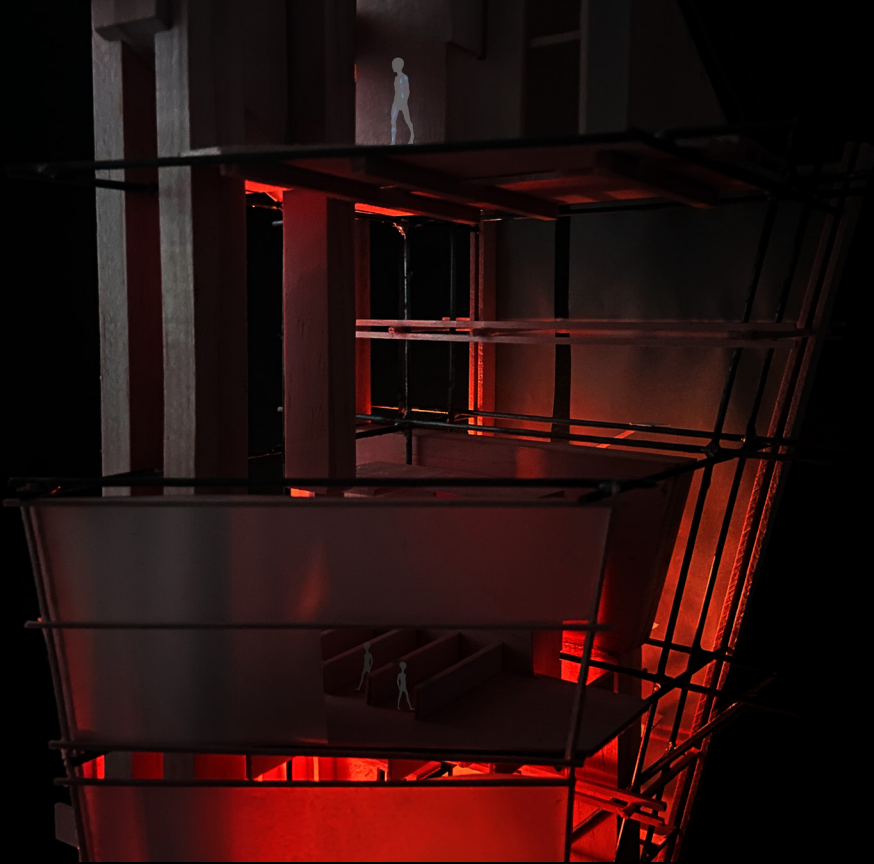
Micah Fitzgerald D3 McGlothlin



Erica Morrissey D5 Hailey



Make architecture with a milky human scent such that when the wind blows right, we recognize it as our own. Mostly, know that the wandering person’s dreams are as real as plate glass, sheet rock, and fingernails.



Micah Fitzgerald D4 Ryzhikova

“Architecture is created to grant the inhabitant of a particular space a sensory experience, with the many elements of spatial composition working together to evoke emotions, memories, and ideas from inhabitants. The way light intrudes into a space works cohesively with the way sound fills a room and the way walls create confining physical conditions; the human capacity to experience space through the senses is what truly drives the function of architecture”

“The introduction of a human figure to a space in which the conditions attempt to mimic those of the human body facilitates the experience of harmony, and the driving factor that accomplishes this within architecture is the way in which design interacts with what the inhabitant can see, feel, and hear within the space.



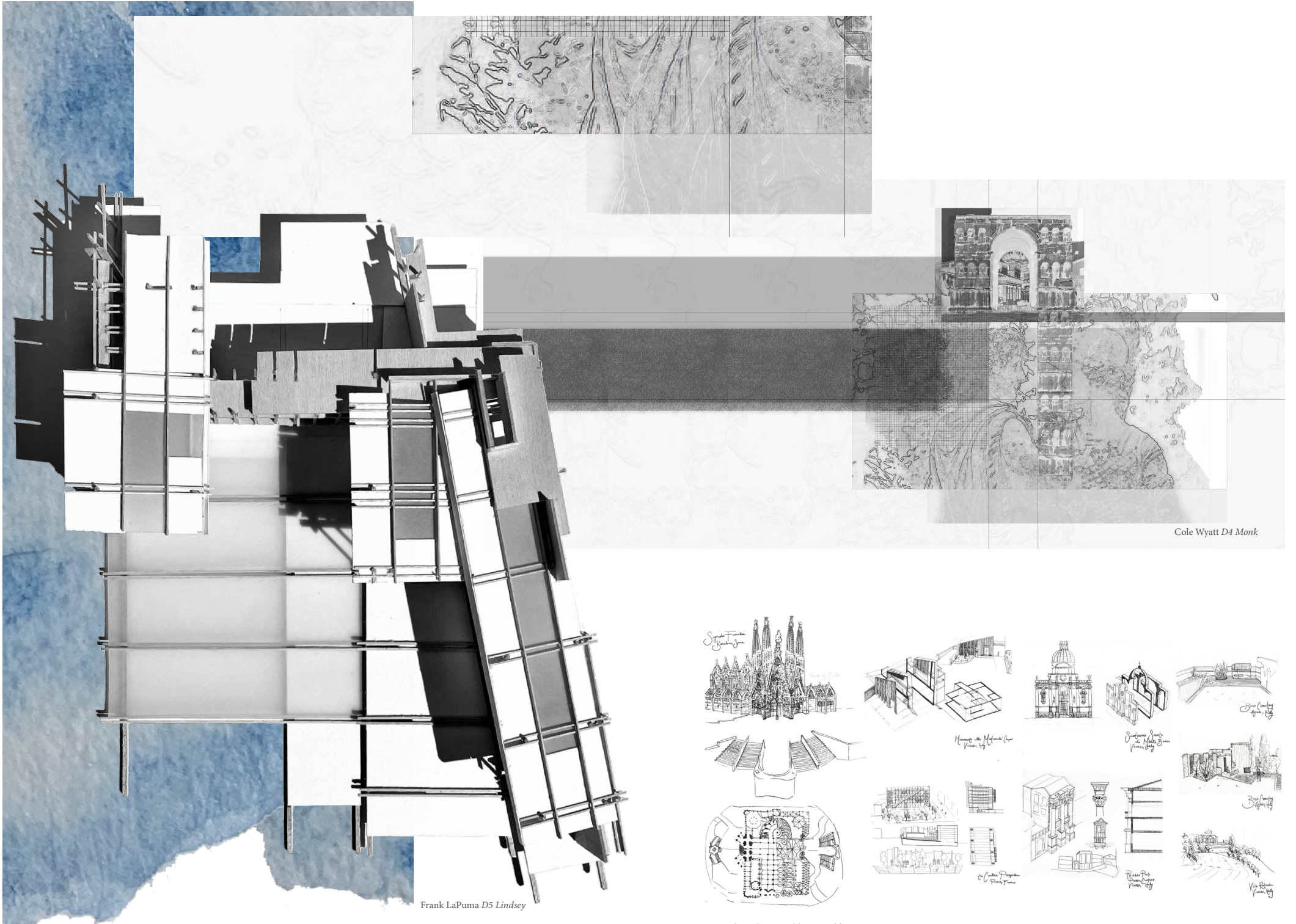
Sarah Spayd D4 Montoya

The sensorial properties of a space can exponentially alter the experience of that space. The placement of light and structure in ways that contrast and highlight certain areas within space guide inhabitants through an itinerary”

Amixadai Miranda-Hernandez, “An Exploration of How the Sensory Experience Develops Through Vitruvius’s Concept of Harmony”

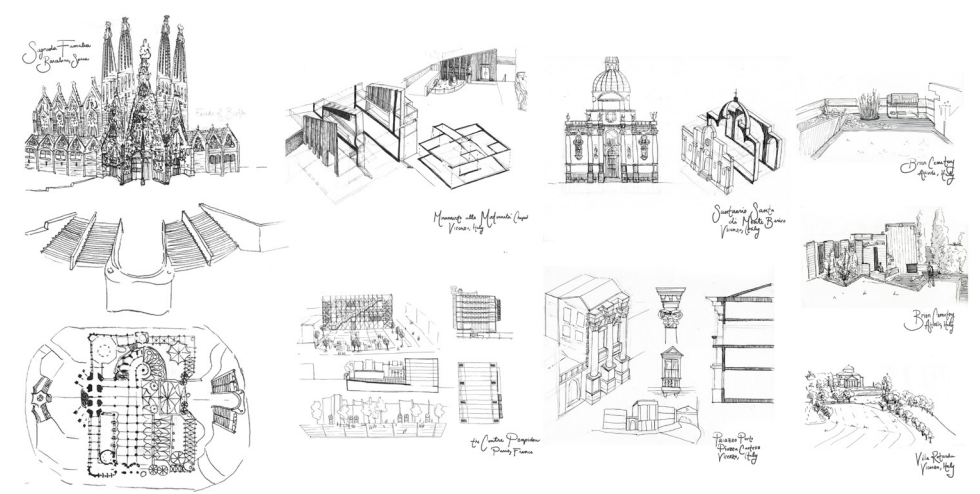


Olivia Huffer D4 Martijn

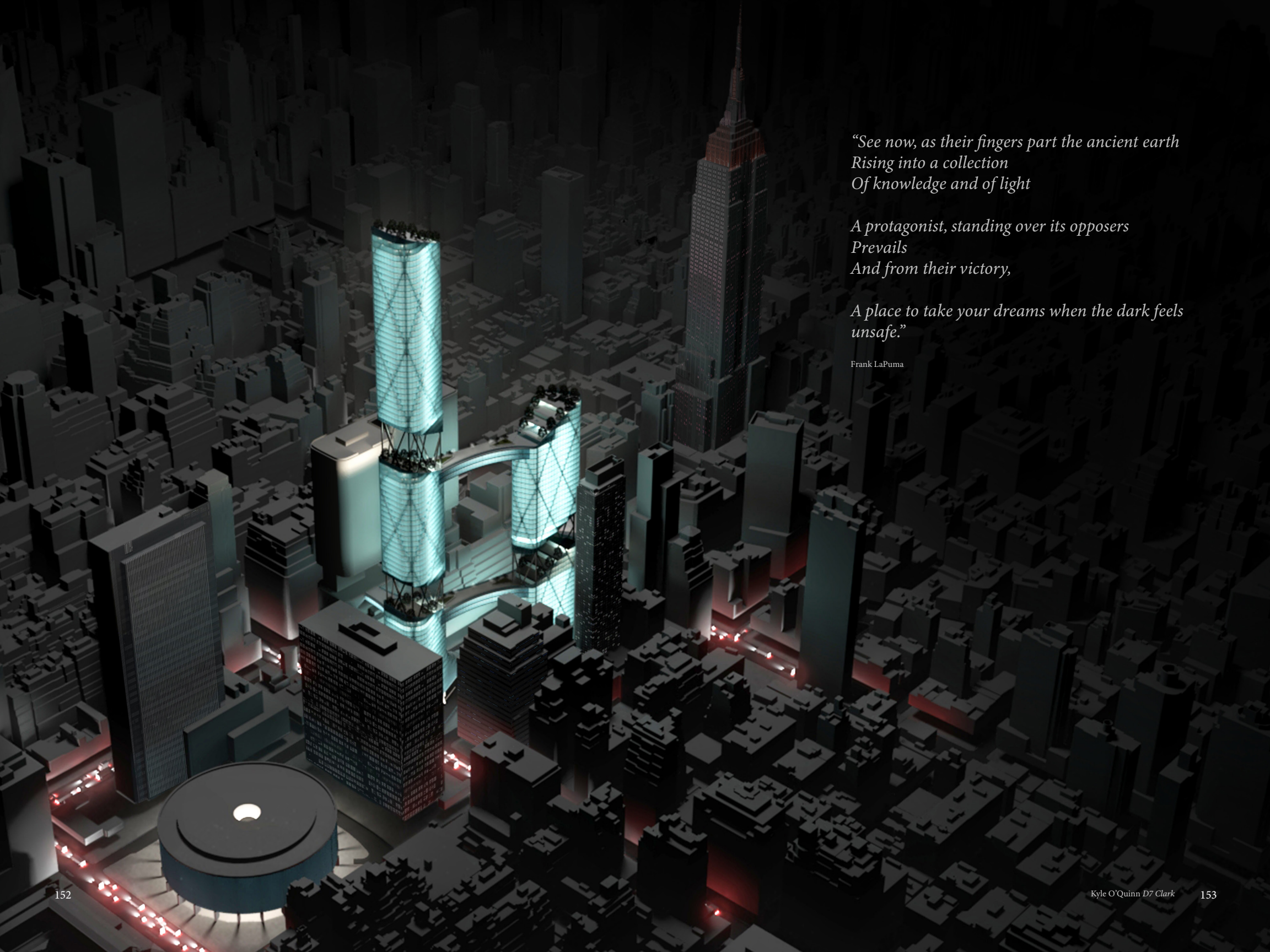


Frank LaPuma D5 Lindsey

Cole Wyatt D4 Monk



Zephaniah Romualdo D7 Gold



*“See now, as their fingers part the ancient earth
Rising into a collection
Of knowledge and of light*

*A protagonist, standing over its opposers
Prevails
And from their victory,*

*A place to take your dreams when the dark feels
unsafe.”*

Frank LaPuma

EPILOGUE

Now for a return of the mind to its frosted sheath, where, breaking from justified rhythm, images overlap. Each footprint of the day is reinterpreted as a speckle of wood stain, spraying the front door to the next journey, the new creation. That is where divinity is found.



INDEX

- Abel, Sophie**, 137, sophieabel@outlook.com
Albanoz, Amy, 146, albandoza@ufl.edu
Alexander, Emily, 32, 33, 88, 89, 94, 95
Angulo, Claudia, 134
Anker, Jeremy, 108, 109, jeremyanker@ufl.edu
Ardila, Jon Carlo, 84, 123, joncarloard@icloud.com
Arduini, Hannah, 11, 34, 58, 78, 91, hannaharduini@gmail.com
Balbusera, Valentina, 21, 32, 74, 97, 126, 127, 142,
Banos, Antonia, 21, 97, 126, 127, 142
Beck, Erin, 129, beck.erin@ufl.edu
Bravo, Christian, 10, 19, 23, chrisbravo00@gmail.com
Castillo, Camilla, 31
Cherrington, Sydney, 70, sydneycherrington@gmail.com
Concepcion, Hannah, 8, 9, 72, 136, 144, hannahfcon@gmail.com
Denaro, Kaley, 39, 62, 84, 85, 92, kaledenaro@gmail.com
Deng, Jin, 56, 57, 96, 133
Donaldson, Melissa, 34
Duffey, Abby, iv, v, 1, 37, 40, 48, 49, 100, 101, 122, 152, 153, abbyduffey37@gmail.com
Dunavant, Avery, 24, 25, 63, 66, 87
Dutan, Stephanie, 59, 82, sdutan@ufl.edu
Elmoujahid, Ismael, 13, 16, i.elmoujahid@gmail.com
Fettes, Chris, 143, cmfettes@gmail.com
Fitzgerald, Micah, 14, 147, 148
Garcia, Melanie, 36, 113, 129
Gillette, Hayley, viii, ix, 41, 60, 84, 93, hgillette@ufl.edu
Grinage, Olivia, 116, olivia.grinage@gmail.com
Guth, Noah, 8, 9, 29, 61, 74, 86, 88, 110, 139, noahcguth@gmail.com
Huffer, Olivia, 110, 149
Jennings, Claire, 64, 68, 123, 138, clairejennings@ufl.edu
Jesse, Kendall, 132, 138, kendall.jesse123@gmail.com
Koehne, Kyle, 27, 79, kyle.pk01@gmail.com
Lambert, Grace, 28, 70, gracelambert@ufl.edu
Langford, Olivia, 30
LaPuma, Frank, 47, 92, 95, 111, 130, 136, 150, flapuma0212@gmail.com
Learned, Dayva, 35
Lobo, Valeria, 77, 83, 99, 120, 144, valerialoboc@gmail.com
Long, Mckensie, 71
Lotz, Sophia, 122, sophialotz@ufl.edu
Malave, Valeria, 12, 13, 18, 79, 80, 81, 120, 121, 139, 141,
Marrone, Anabella, 80, 81, 120, 121
Martell, Francisco, 30
Matos, Gabriel, 43
McGrath, Breanna, 41
McMickle, Maggie, 68
Morrissey, Erica, 68, 69, 132, 147, morrissey0924@gmail.com, emorrissey@ufl.edu
Muldowney, Carolyn, 135
National Organization of Minority Architecture Students, 118, 119
Ng, Joyce, 38, 67, 145, ngj.works@gmail.com
Nguyen, Nhu, 116, 136, nguyenlequynhnhu@ufl.edu
Nguyentran, Sophie, 56, 57, 96, 133
Novack, Yona, 39, 46, 84, 94, novackjm@gmail.com
O'Quinn, Kyle, 152, 153
Oloruntobo, Donald, 23, 26, oloruntobod@ufl.edu
Pedrosa, Luna, 17, 130, 136
Pierre, Niah, 19, 30, 124, niahmpierre@gmail.com
Quintero, Melanie, 20
Raymundo, Olivia, 12, 89, 117, 136, orraymundo4@gmail.com
Rizzuto, Elena, 75, erizzuto@ufl.edu
Robles, Dubraska, 134,
Roca, Penelope, 43, rocapenelope@gmail.com
Rodriguez, Patrick, 16, 112, drmimi47@gmail.com
Rojas, Barbara, 20
Roman, Jamilah, 58, jamilahroman@ufl.edu
Saengarm, Tony, iii
Santos, Maverick, 42, 63, 65, 69, 110, mikhailmaverick@gmail.com
Sapino, Jordan, 142
Sheikh, Zayna, 7, 14, 55, 107, 121, zayzeesh@gmail.com
Shtaloja, Melos, i, 71, 124, 125, 168, melos.shtaloja@gmail.com
Slay, Luke, 31, 44, 45, 90, tkslay01@gmail.com
Smith, Asia, 20
Smith, Courtney, 93, smith.courtney@ufl.edu
Solis, Tony, 34, 35, 46, 90, 91, 115, 131, tony.l.solis@gmail.com
Spayd, Sarah, 97, 148
Spears, Ben, 89, 150, 151, benspears01@gmail.com
Stoyanov, Boris, 21, 98, 114, b.ves.stoyanov@gmail.com
Suarez, Sebastian, 10, 86, 111, sebastian.suarez@ufl.edu
Susa, Ellery, 140, elleryt.susa@gmail.com
Thies, Nicholas, 15, 22, 140
Torres, Alysha, 112
Trapold, Ethan, 128
Tribble, George, 24, 25, 63, 66
Valazquez, Valeria, 20
Velasco, Royce, 25, 36, 65, 73, royce.cvelasco@gmail.com
Vorbeck, Jessica, 125, jvorbeck@ufl.edu
Wolsk, Claire, 66, 87, c.wolsk@gmail.com
Wyatt, Cole, 85, 86, 88, crwyatt1080@gmail.com

29



Frank LaPuma
Co-Editor in Chief



Tony Solis
Co-Editor in Chief



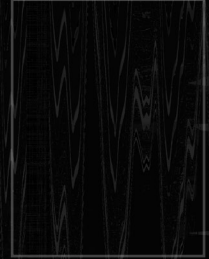
Claire Wolsk
Scripts



Erin Beck
Scripts



Nicholas Thies
Creatives



Kaley Denaro
Production Editor



Maverick Santos
Creative Head



Noah Guth
Scripts Head



Claire Jennings
Creatives



Olivia Huffer
Creatives



Luke Slay
Creatives



Penelope Roca
Content Editor



Olivia Raymundo
Merchandise Head



Joyce Ng
Scripts Editor



Kendall Jesse
Scripts Editor



Nhu Nguyen
Creatives



Hannah Concepcion
Creatives



Valeria Lobo
Creatives



Niah Pierre
Creative Editor



Royce Velasco
Creative Editor



Jon Carlo Ardila
Photographer



Tatiana Campos
Head of Events



Grace Lambert
Creatives



Yona Novack
Creatives



Cole Wyatt
Creatives



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to extend an endless thank you to the friends and family who have supported and encouraged us in this humbling endeavor. No matter how gratifying our work may be, it is nothing without the people we hope to share this book with, both in and outside of architecture.

Special thanks to our faculty advisor Dr. Hui Zou, whose consultation and guidance helped provide the very basis for this book's concept. This publication is assembled by the undergraduate minds prominently influenced by his poetic history and theory lectures, with which he infuses great inspiration and eloquence year after year.

Also an enormous thank you to Kim Stanley, Sheryl McIntosh, Mary Kramer, Caroline Welch, and Director David Rifkind at the office working year-round with us to bring this book into fruition. We appreciate the effort to garner funding and be able to connect with our peers and alumni.

To our publisher Richard Hartley and staff, a warm thank you for being gracious and patient with us throughout the labor of love that is the printing process, bringing Architrave from our computer screens to paper. Finally having the book in eager hands and reveling in the details is incredibly gratifying because of what they do.

We would also like to express utterly deep gratitude to our sponsors and alumni who have been kindly generous with their financial contributions so that our 29th edition could become a reality.

Lastly, thank you to our readers and contributors, of whom our goal is to serve and showcase. They have entrusted us with their beautiful work and writings, which would not be possible without our influential professors, and we hope to have done them justice.

ARCHITRAVE 29

Walker



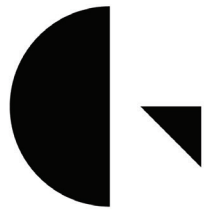
Architects

**DESIGN
BUILDS
PEOPLE**

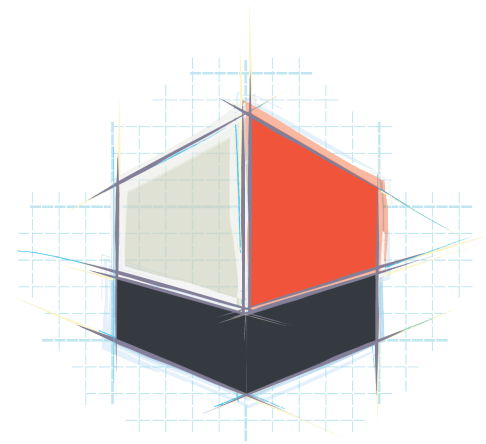
We make buildings that
encourage connection
and improve the lives of
the people who use them.

walker-arch.com





**Gresham
Smith**



GOOD FOUNDATIONS

INCORPORATED

— *Custom Home Designs* —



**WILLIAMS
COMPANY**

GENERAL CONTRACTORS
CONSTRUCTION MANAGERS

join us in imagination,

dream here...

*...Old memories were resurrected as I walked
the cobblestones. I broke up with my first girlfriend
at the Cult wine bar; an earthquake shook
Le Corbusier—coffee fighting its jar;
a wave of depression hit me at the Old Happy party.
A dead-still plaza reeked of unfollowed dreams.
I started biting my fingernails. On the Bazaar windows,
I caught my reflection staring at me,
kindly asking resurfaced habits to leave.*

*I dragged my feet to make the snow mine
and the sky did not fit in with the ground.*

Melos Shtaloja, "Gjakovar Liminality"

