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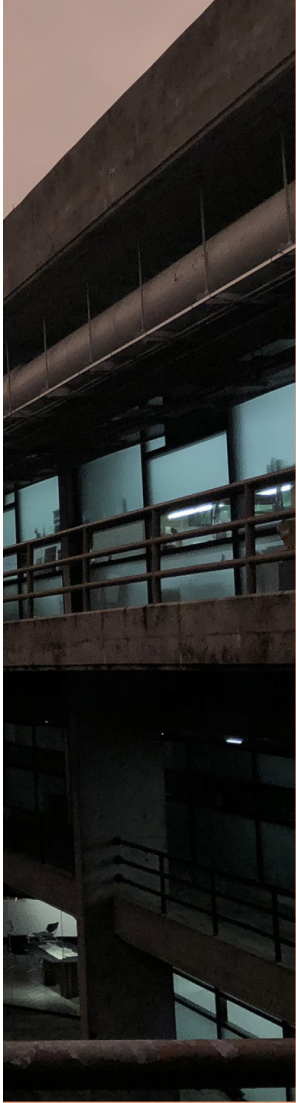
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Photo taken by Nicole Arrieta



From the Editors,

Architrave 26 and previous editions sought to interpret and question the driving terms of UF SoA's established curriculum. 27 strives to break a formal mold and overturn an established comfortability of sophistication.



The concept of this publication revolves around the theme of a youthful mind and how it relates to an evolving architect. The concept allows for a certain freedom of expression in a novel way, as we take one generative idea and build a story around it in a way that resembles childhood growth. As with the narratives of our academic projects, we aimed to bring a narrative that moves the reader through our experiences and thought process that embodies this book.



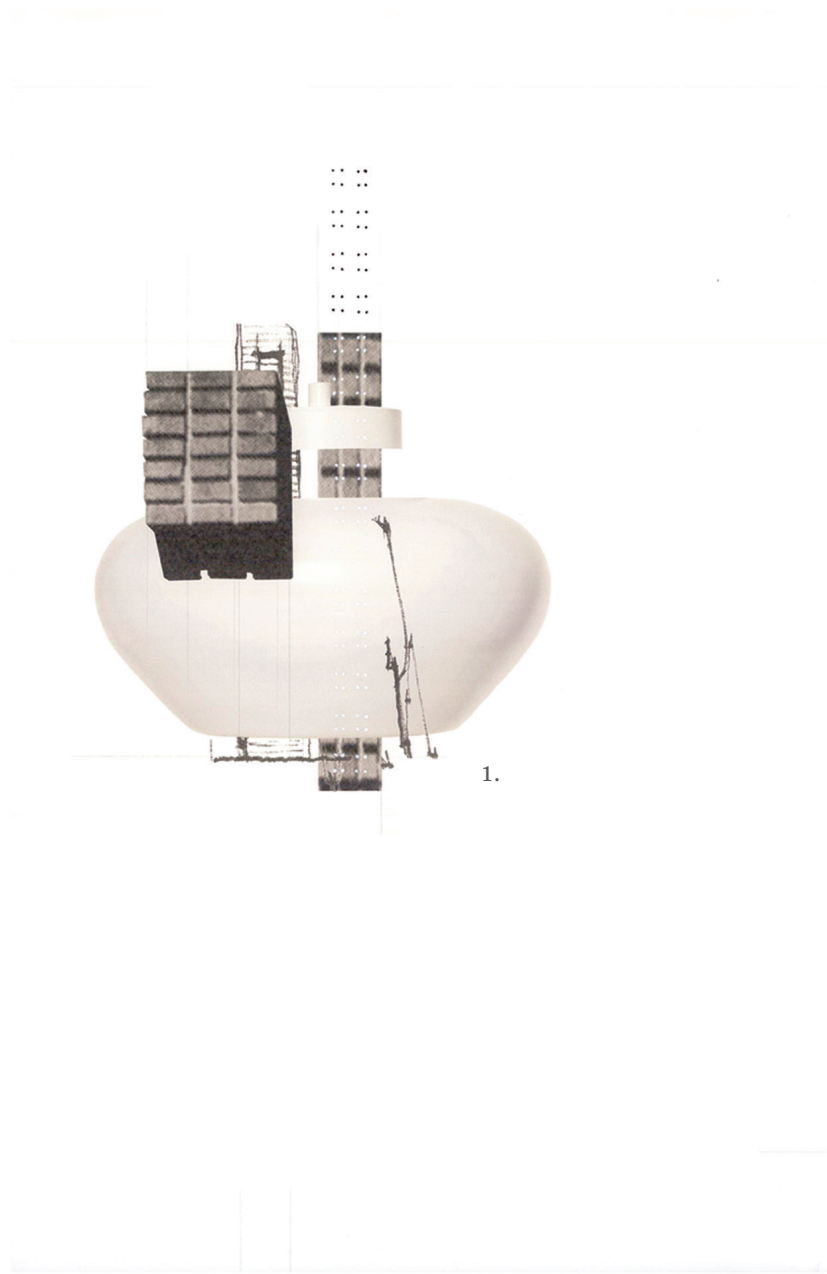
This publication could not have been possible without the cornerstone that is the UF School of Architecture, our facility advisors, and the Dean's Office of Design, Construction, and Planning. We want to express a great appreciation particularly to our alumni sponsors, whom without, this book could not have materialized.



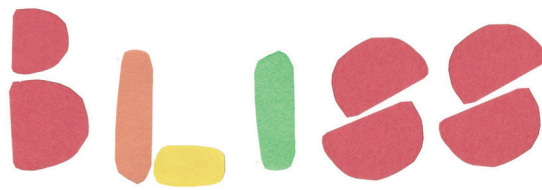
And of course, the projects and perceptions within these pages put forth by our students are the reason that we can continue the legacy that is Architrave.



27



1.

The word "Bliss" is rendered in a playful, rounded font. The letter 'B' is red. The 'l' is orange. The 'i' is yellow. The 's' is green. The final 's' is red and split horizontally. To the right of the word is a vertical red bar.

/blis/

NOUN

A place of absolute unformed
beginning.

“What is very important is to distinguish two types of writing: one that I would call writing about architecture and one that I would call writing of architecture. Writing about architecture is the most common...the texts are generally descriptive... but in themselves they are not architecture...since 1968, a number of texts were written that are architecture... They are architectures in themselves. In other words, they propose forms of architectural strategies, literally in the form of a substitute”

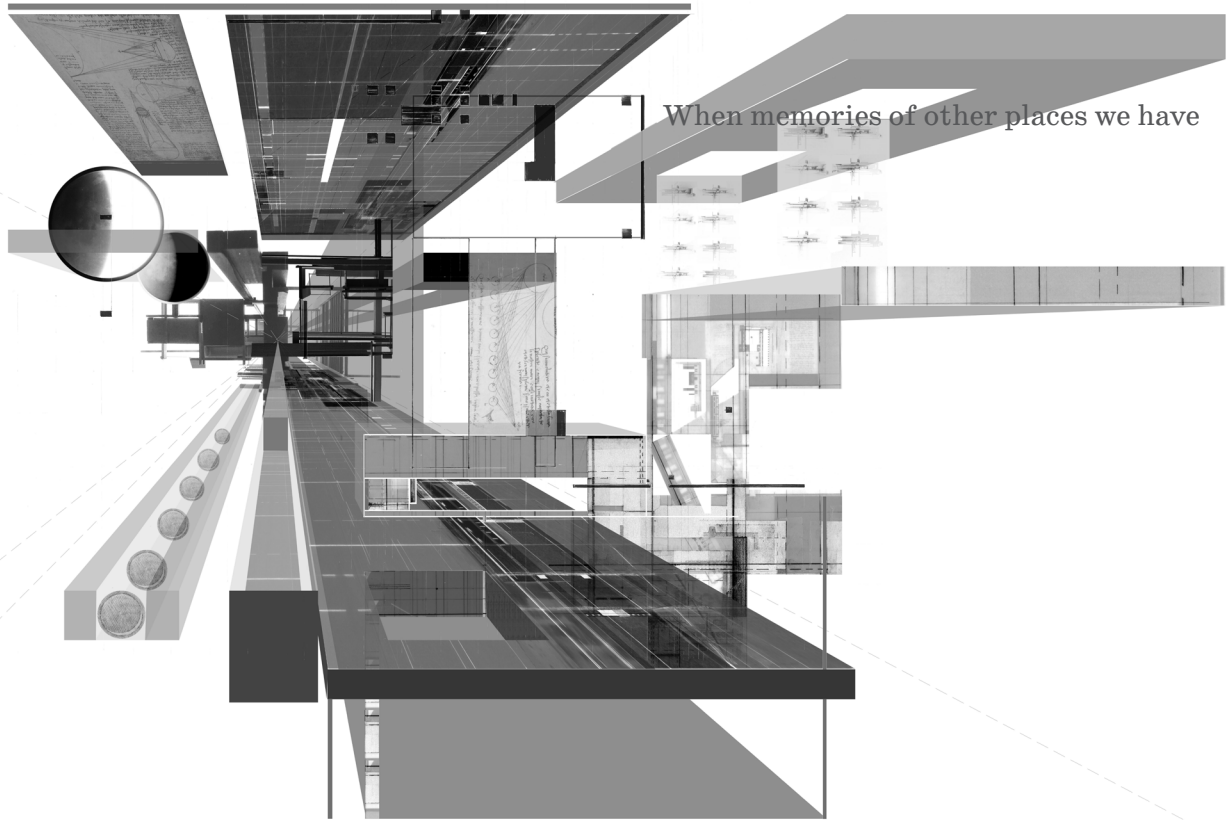
- Bernard Tchumi

2.



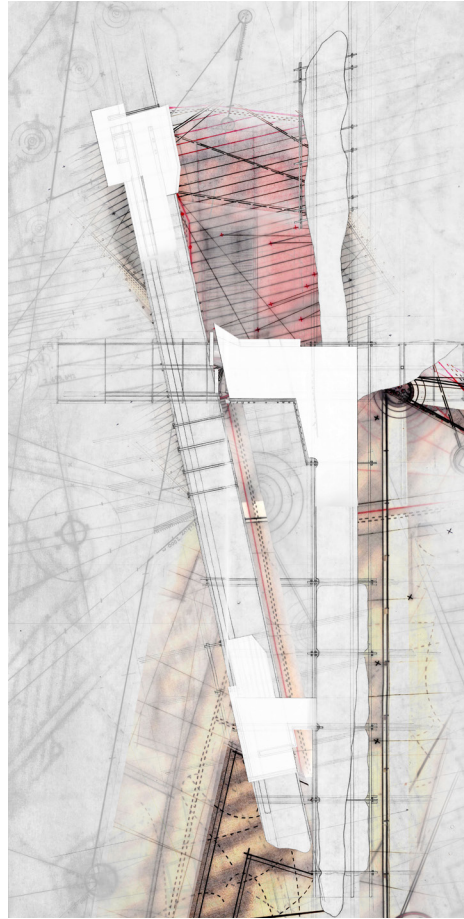
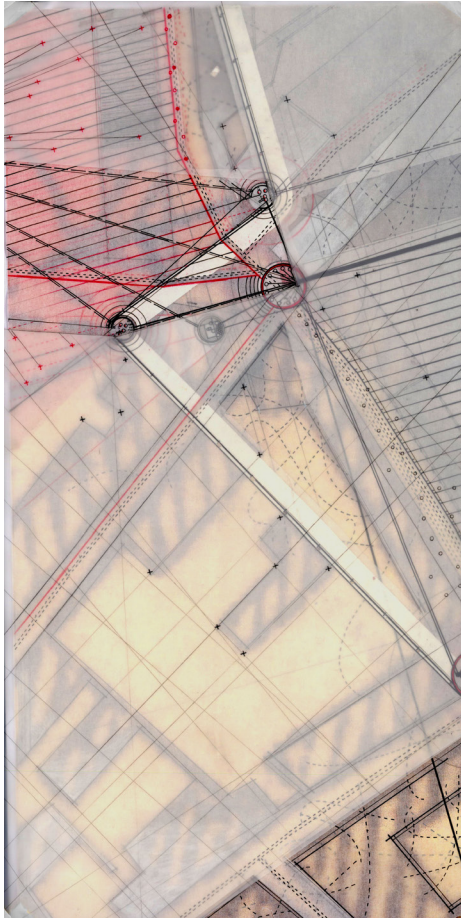
When memories of other places we have

3.



BLISS

2. Jordan Moumne & Jirayut Puribhat - D7, Kristel Bataku
3. Yake Wang - D1, Will Zajac



4.

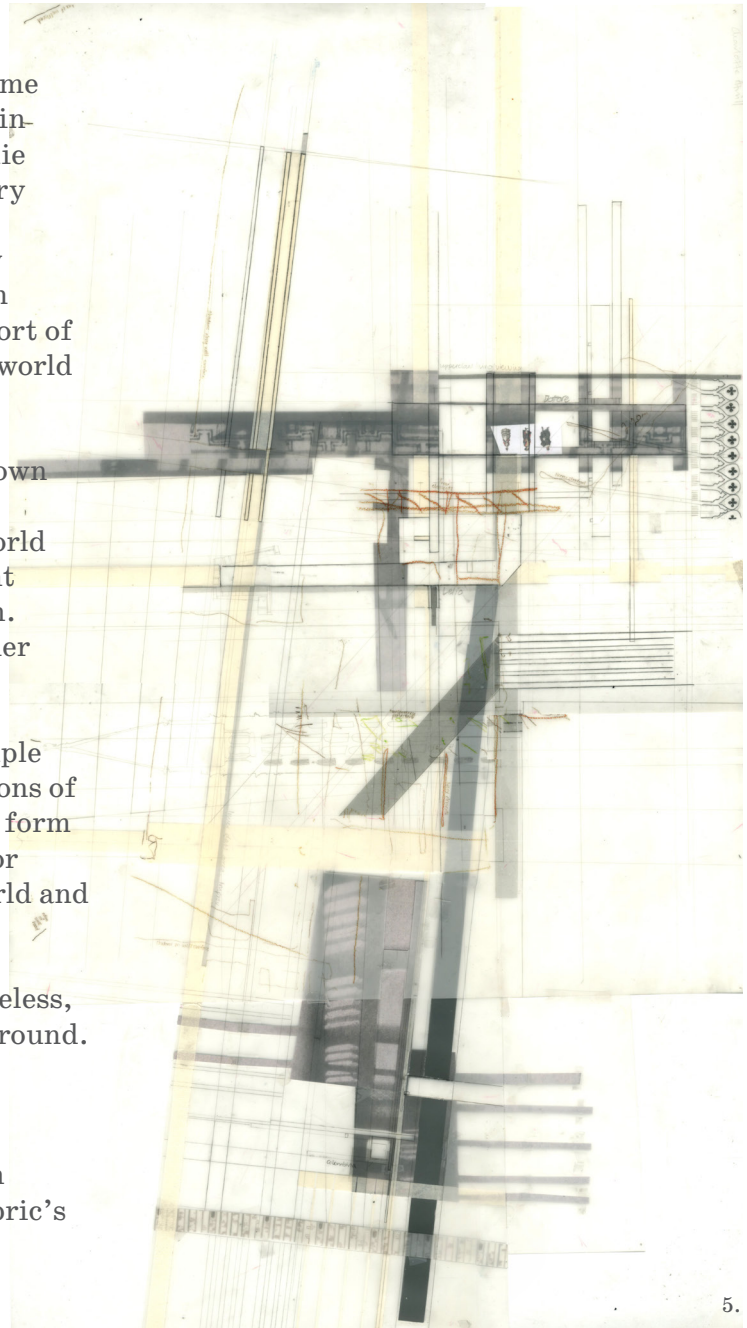
been in come back to us, we travel to the land of motionless childhood, motionless the way all immemorial things are. We live fixations, fixations of happiness. We comfort ourselves by reliving memories of protection. ¹



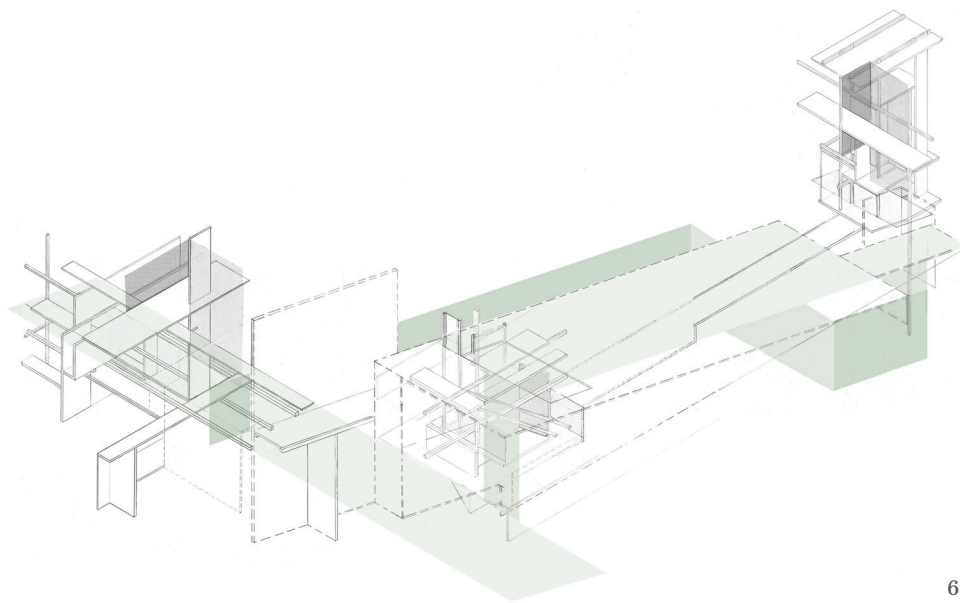
Nostalgia, as if beckoning me from one of those crevices in my mind where memories lie and deceive me, makes every feeling and experience feel more amplified, its novelty soaking into my memory in hopes of extracting some sort of understanding of how the world around me worked.

Every week revealed its own adventures to discover my personal wonders of the world until the next week brought better ones to replace them. I remember when my teacher brought the parachute out for the whole class to play with together. It was a simple parachute, just a few sections of colors stitched together to form one fabric, but even a minor event is an event of my world and thus a world event. ²

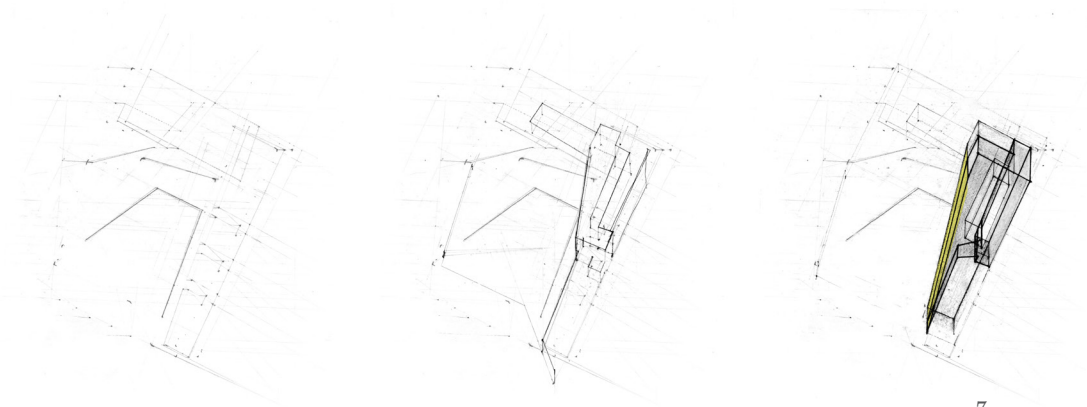
The parachute seemed lifeless, in a crumpled pile on the ground. All of us stared at it with anticipation until we were told to grab on to it, all of our hands rushing to claim partial territory on the fabric's perimeter.



5.



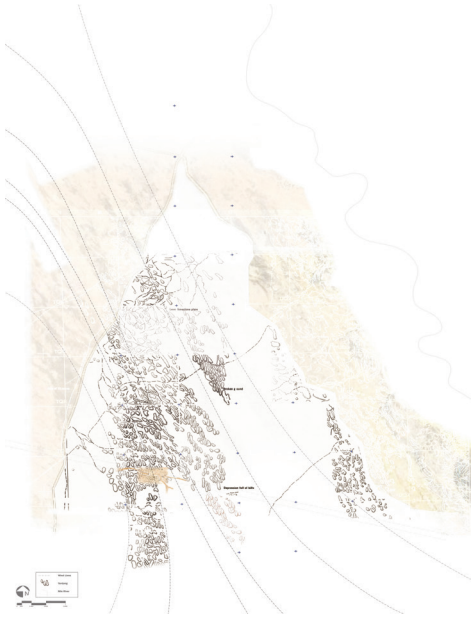
6.



7.

6. Anabella Marrone - D1, Peter Sprowls
7. Chris Prinsen - D8, Alfonso Perez

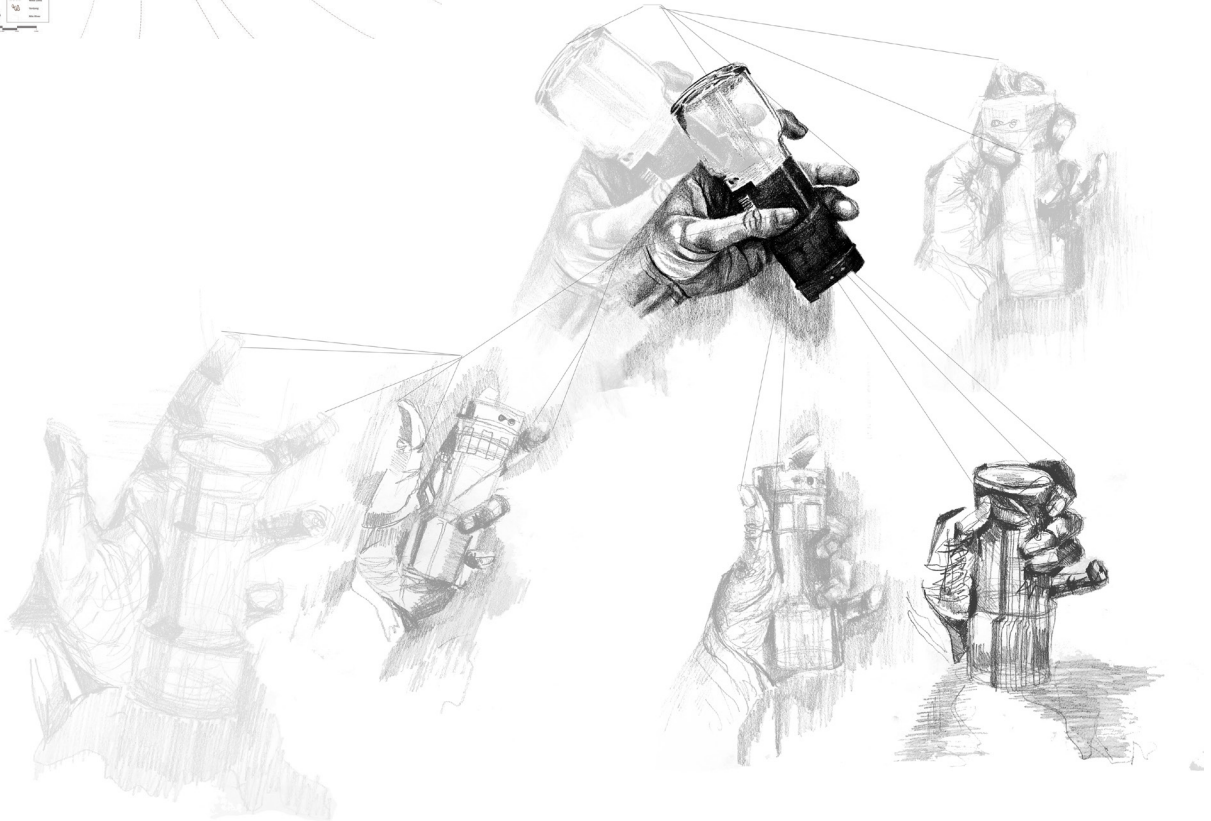




8.

This is a learned game, correct and magnificent, of forms assembled in the light. Forms that flow and ebb.

An objective architecture and magnification of the mechanics that rule our perception of events.



9.

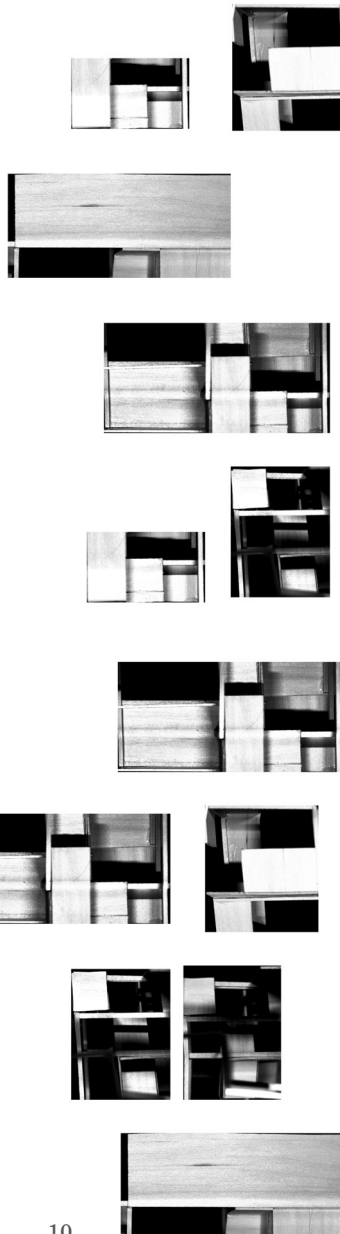
BLISS

8. Max Hemmy - *D4*, Nancy Clark

9. Sophia Simmons - *D2*, Nina Hofer

I held on to the thin material tightly as I thrust it up and down rapidly, only catching glimpses of the underneath space as the parachute undulated wildly with the inharmonious tugs of a dozen kids.

The air rushed through it, giving us moments of gentle relief, as I found myself hypnotized by the patterns of the waves until suddenly I found myself under an object. A reality in my world whose value my imagination has augmented.

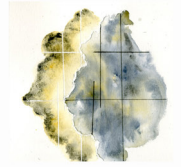
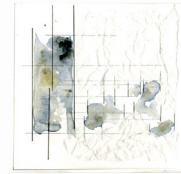
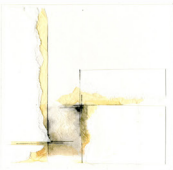
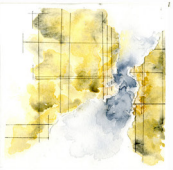
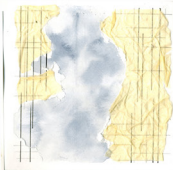
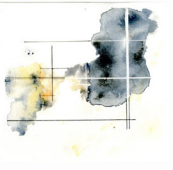
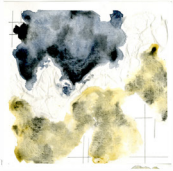


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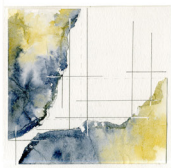
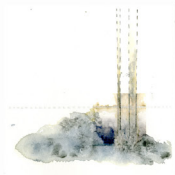
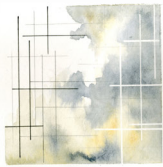
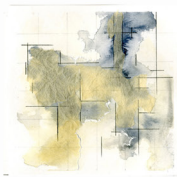
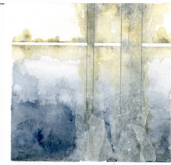
12. Control/ Influence

Implied/ Explicit Enclosures

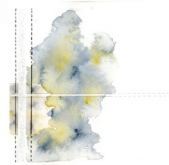
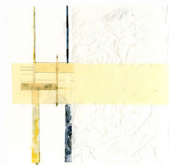
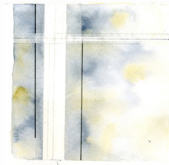
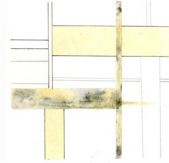
Decay/ Advancement



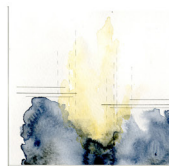
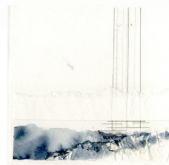
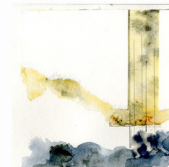
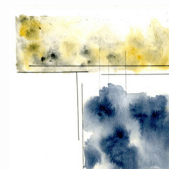
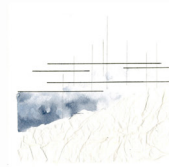
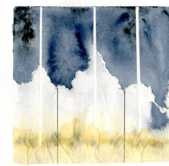
BLISS



Taming/
Overgrowth



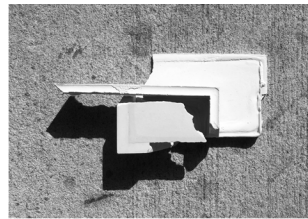
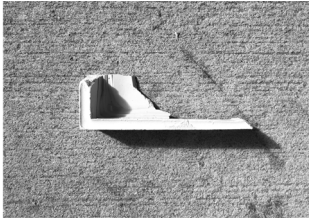
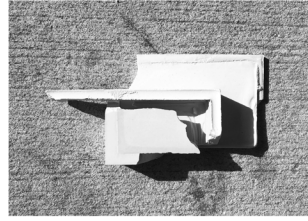
Confined vs
Congregational



Hidden Weaving



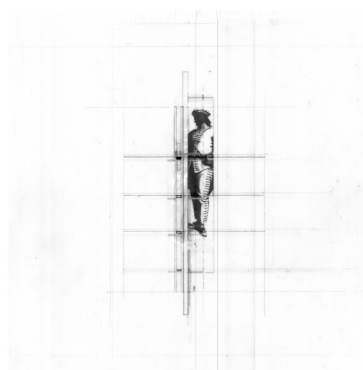
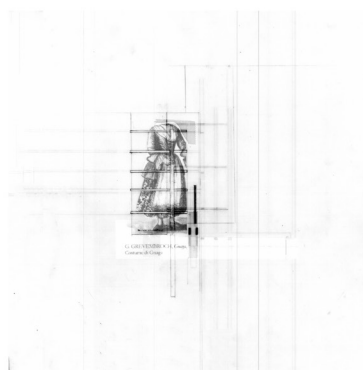
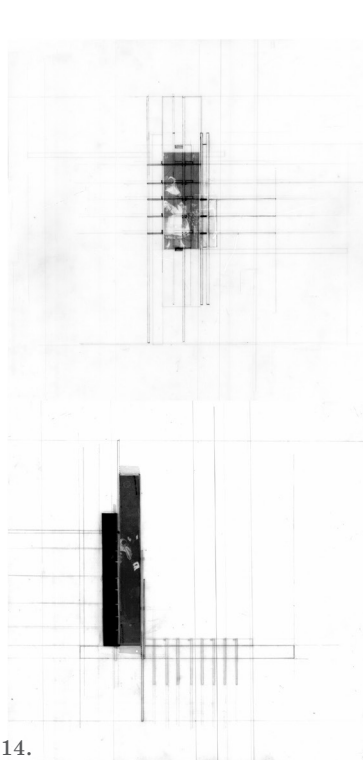
13.



The cool air filled the space, becoming increasingly warmer as we sat under the soft warm glow of the sun shining through the thin dome.

We are born of light. The seasons are felt through light. We only know the world as it is evoked by light.³ In the afternoon light, I waded through the bodies around me, but I don't really feel them.

The flurry of voices and bumping of shoulders against each other fades away into a swaying energy around me, the sounds of collective motion rising and crashing in the open plaza while I gaze intently on the colonnade looming before me.



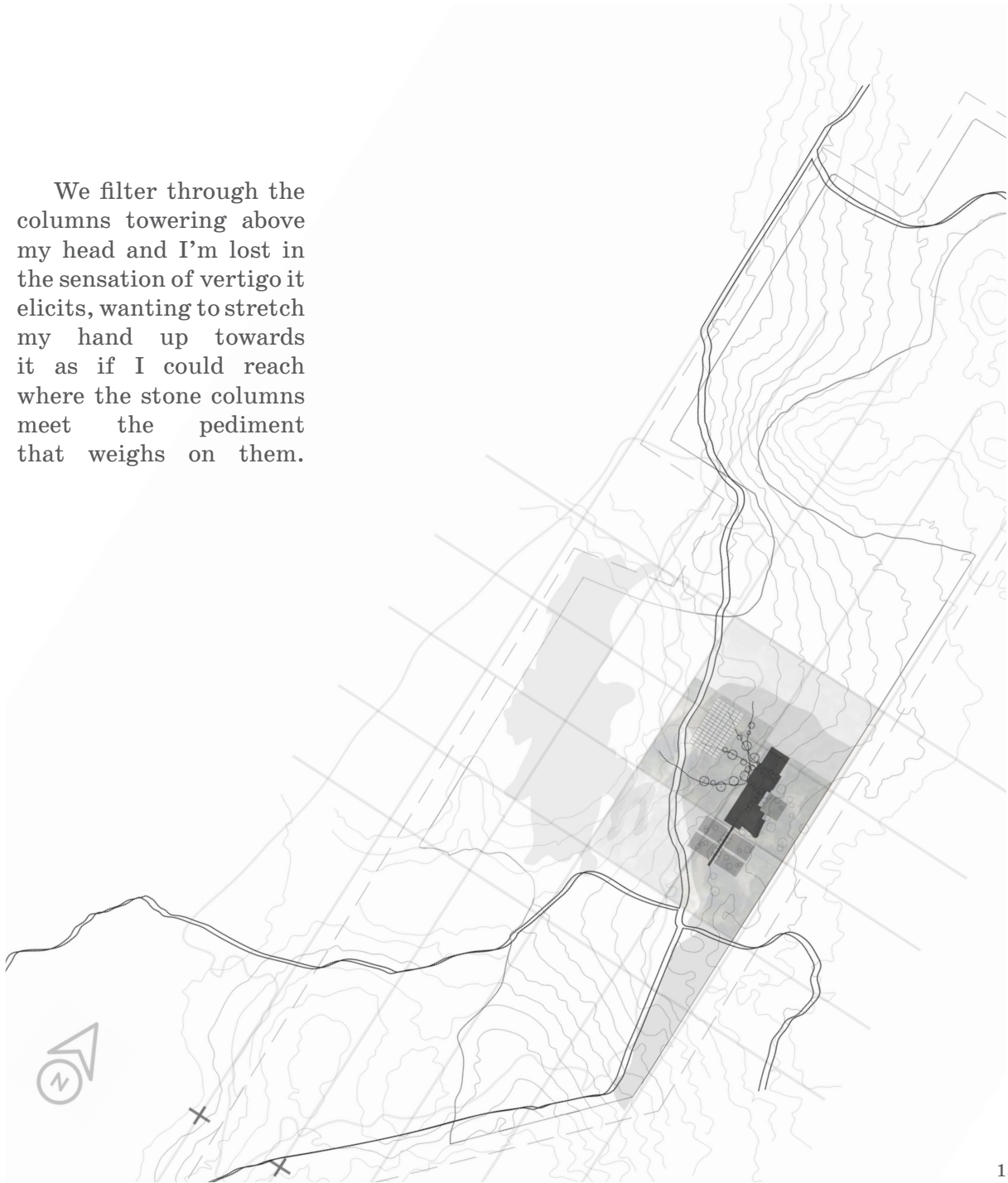
14.

BLISS

13. Sophie Nguyentran - D4, Michael Montoya

14. Laura Tracy - D3, Will Zajac

We filter through the columns towering above my head and I'm lost in the sensation of vertigo it elicits, wanting to stretch my hand up towards it as if I could reach where the stone columns meet the pediment that weighs on them.



15.





16.

Heaviness.

It is heaviness that the materials elicit .

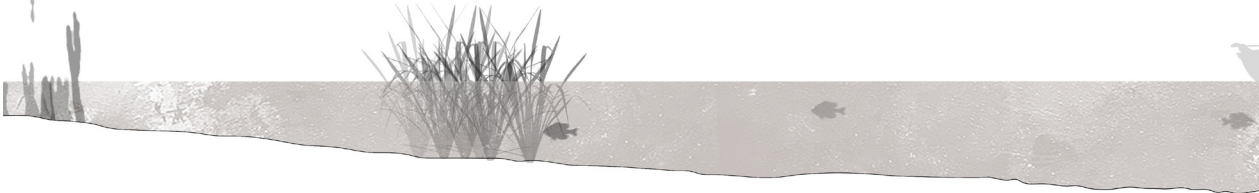
Makes me aware of the sheer mass of the structure about to envelop me whole, but the moment I step past the arched threshold I'm pulled into a trance.

BLISS

16. Danielle Dottin - D5, John Maze



The framework looms over me while the shadows beckon me into its depth. Poetical annunciation bleeds throughout the veined landscape as the mind strolls in search of humanity.⁴





17.



18.

“Aware of our mortality even as we push it away, failed by our very complication.”

I’m wandering aimlessly through the uninterrupted expanse of space.

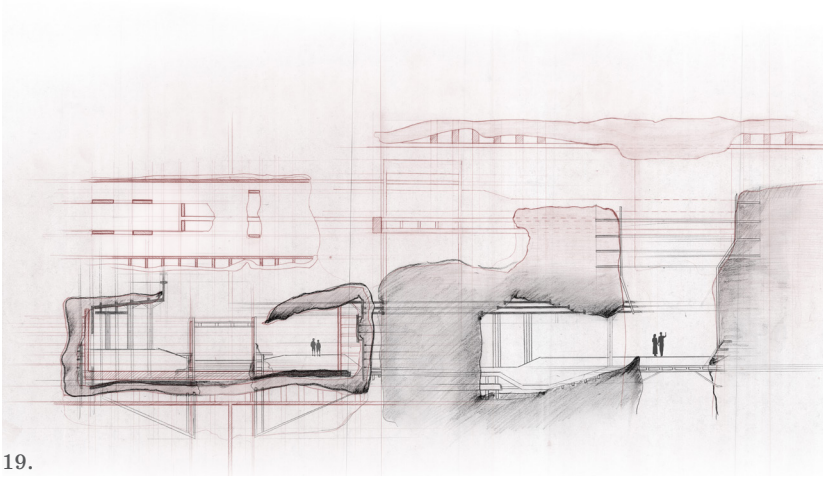
Until I’m suddenly consumed by a spotlight. Searching for the source, I notice the circular aperture at the center of the dome for the first time. When did that get there? The lines of the panels twist and swirl around the eye of the dome, the linear logic warping into a hypnotic pattern.

BLISS

17. Sophie Nguyentran - *D2*, Nina Hofer

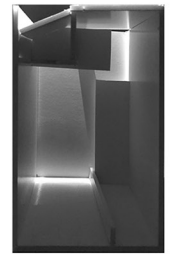
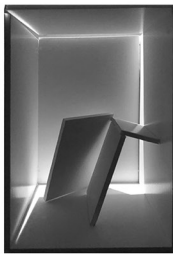
18. Mackenzie Payne - *D4*, Mark McGlothlin

My feet move me towards the middle of the grand room, and I'm gazing up directly into the eye of the oculus. What if the sky reaching through it has deceived me of what tallness is? I'm stranded in the tunnel and I'm blinded but it's bliss. Do I remember?



19.

I felt the charm of existence in this spot, which was created for the bliss of souls like mine. ⁵ And in that space, I gained a sense of power. The power to project order into a world without measure and meaning, a world of overwhelmingly infinite space. ⁶



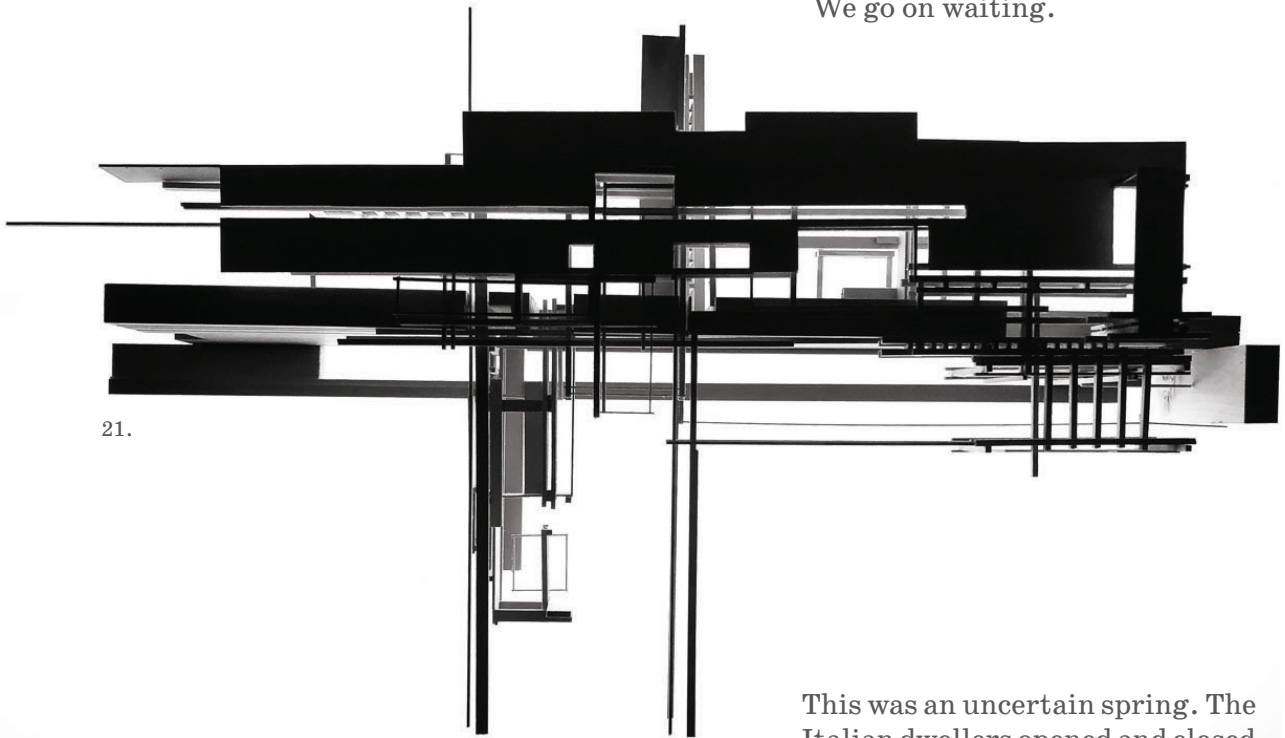
20.



We were happy.

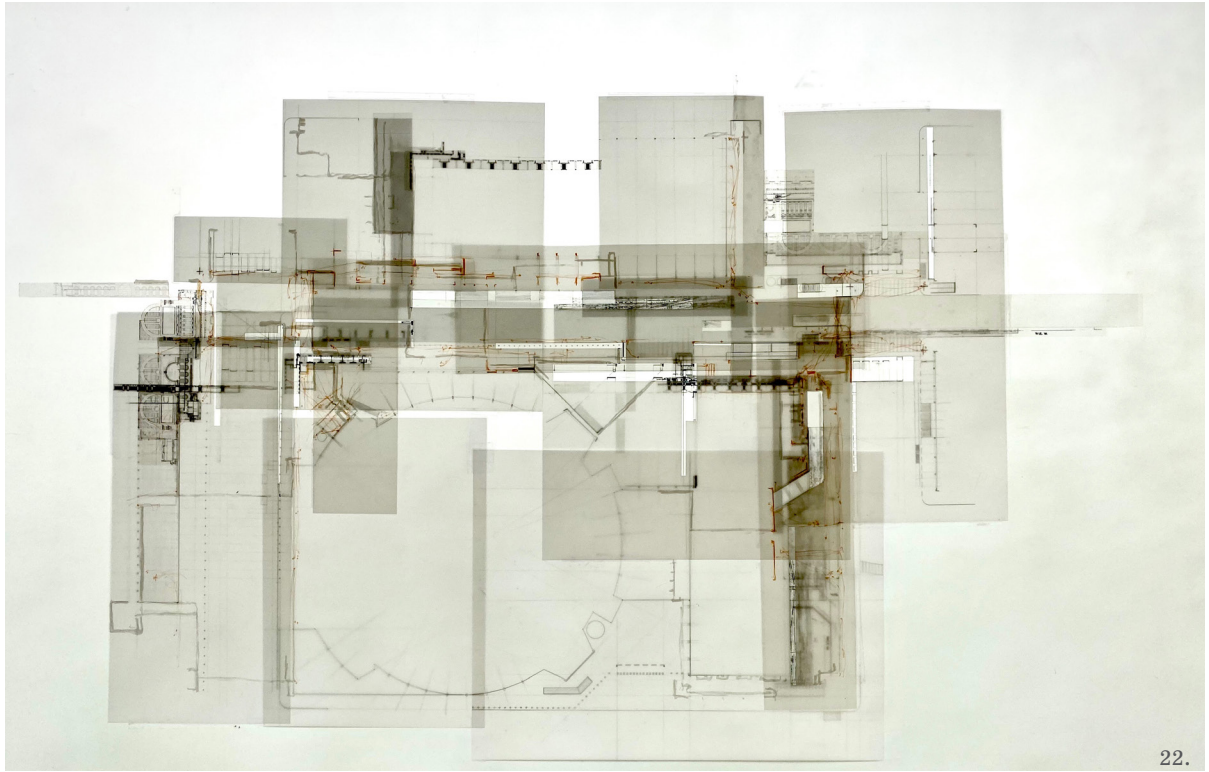
What do we do now that we're
happy?

We go on waiting.



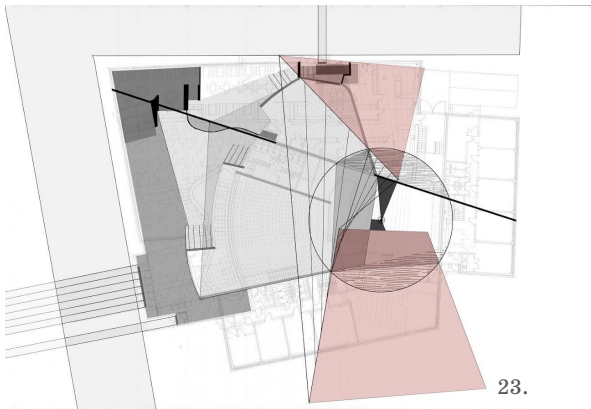
21.

This was an uncertain spring. The Italian dwellers opened and closed their umbrellas and periodically looked up at the sky. The oculus is a frame for such wonderment, interestingly so, given that they



22.

20

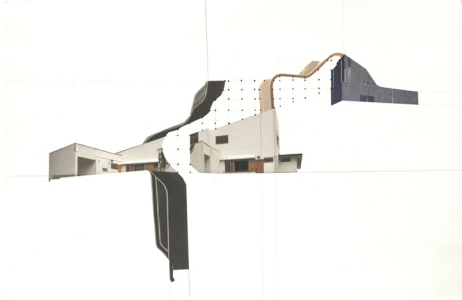


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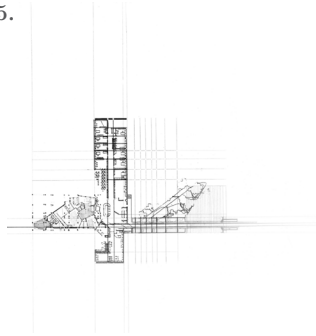
frame is extended by the other city buildings. The outline of a plan drawn to house and now is the only negative space allowed for this “looking up” that seems to be so interesting. This is where life happens in a city like this.



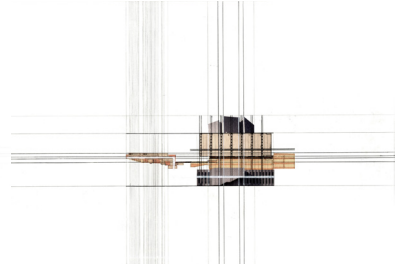
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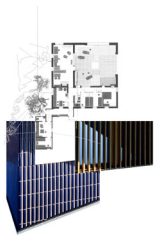
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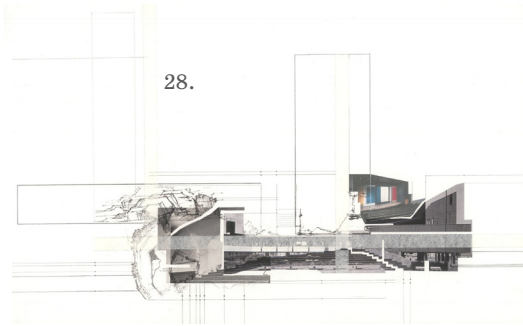
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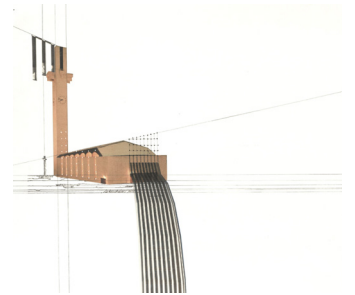
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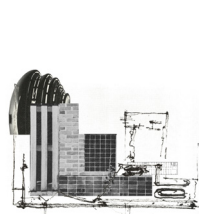
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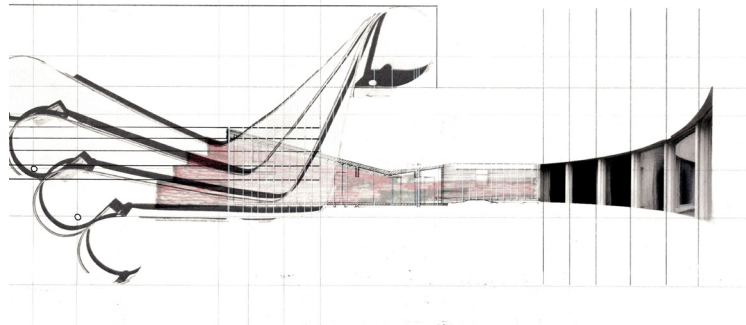
29.



30.

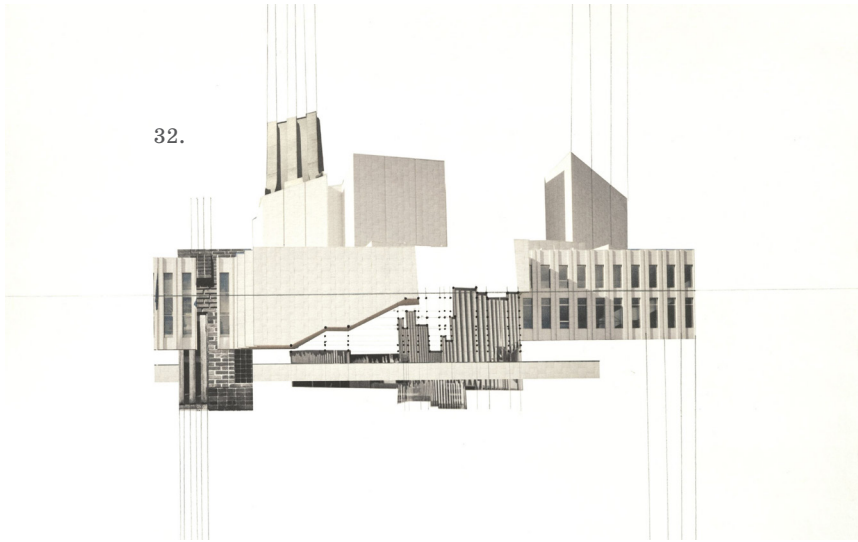


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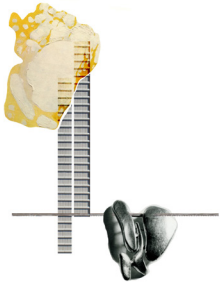
BLISS

24. Isabelle Duarte - *D2*, Nina Hofer
 25, 26, 31. Sophie Nguyentran - *D2*, Nina Hofer
 27, 29, 30. Elizabeth Duarte - *D2*, Nina Hofer
 28. Ellery Susa - *D2*, Nina Hofer

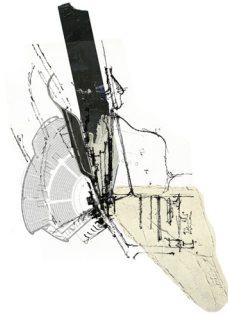


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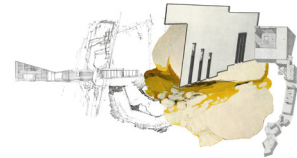
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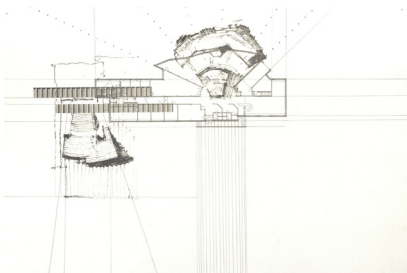
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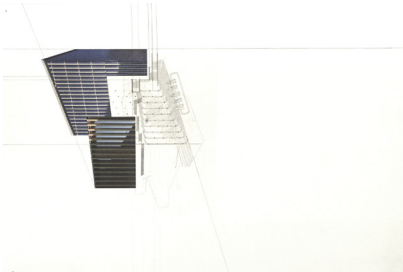
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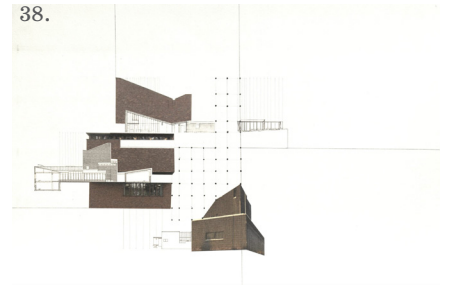
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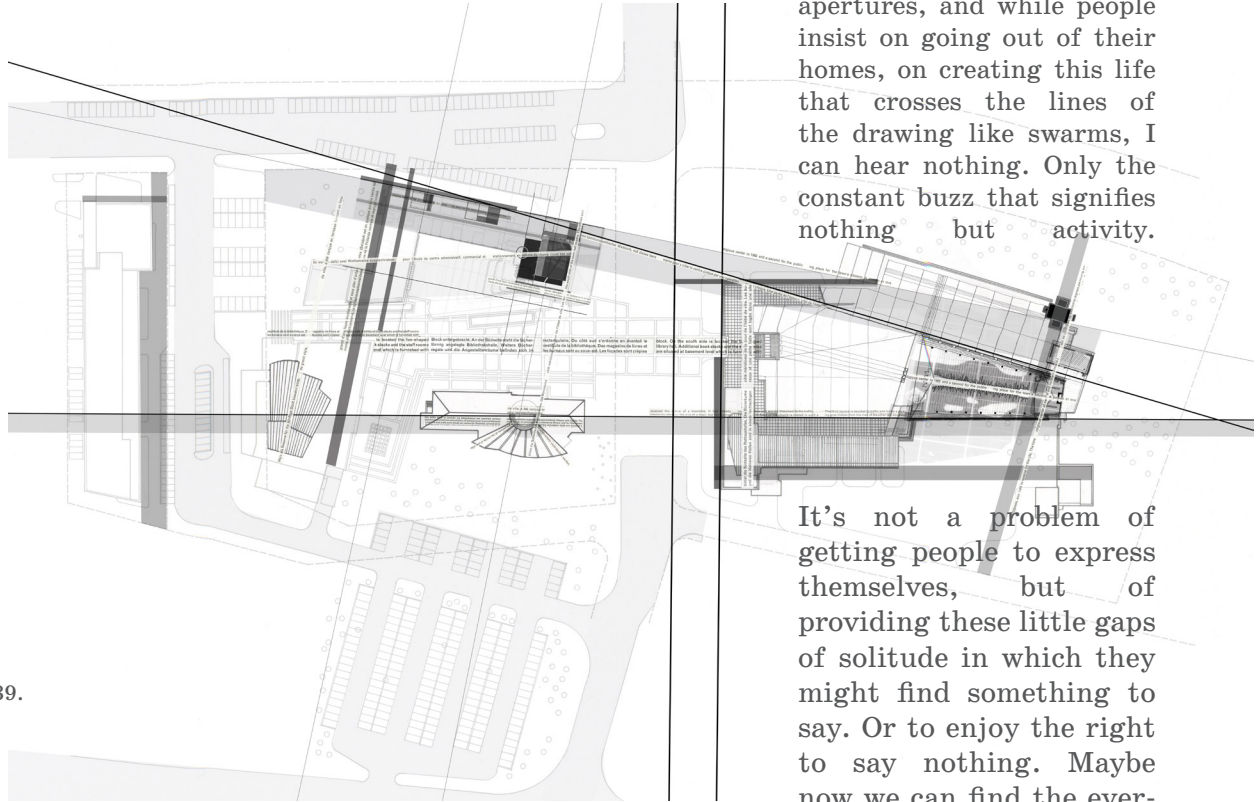


37.



38.



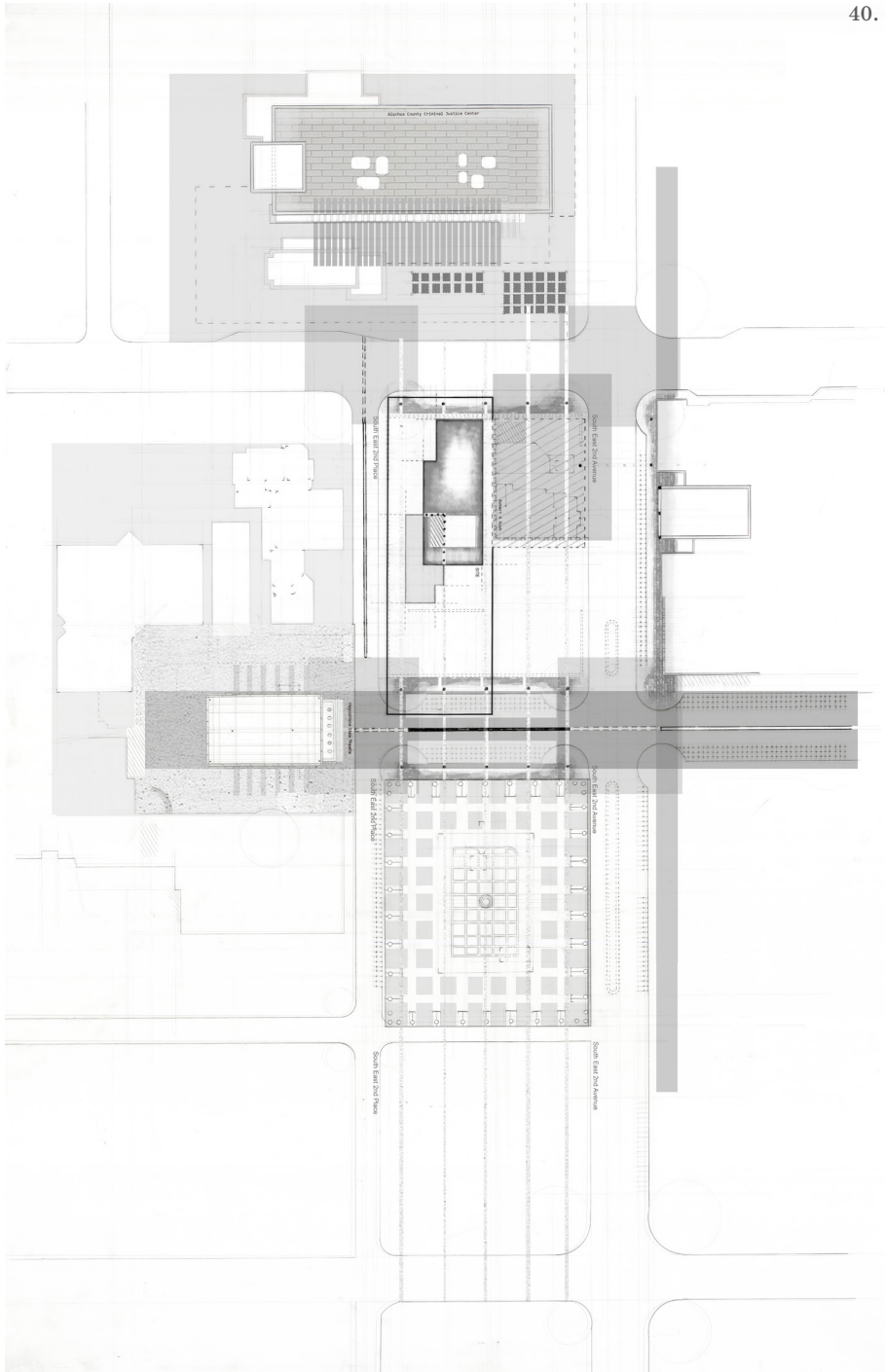


Life has gotten filled with tiny miniscule silences, apertures, and while people insist on going out of their homes, on creating this life that crosses the lines of the drawing like swarms, I can hear nothing. Only the constant buzz that signifies nothing but activity.

It's not a problem of getting people to express themselves, but of providing these little gaps of solitude in which they might find something to say. Or to enjoy the right to say nothing. Maybe now we can find the ever-rarer thing worth saying.

This place is easy to observe as a collective from a distant position. Among the city, a sentient spends her timeline gathering her own experiences.

39.



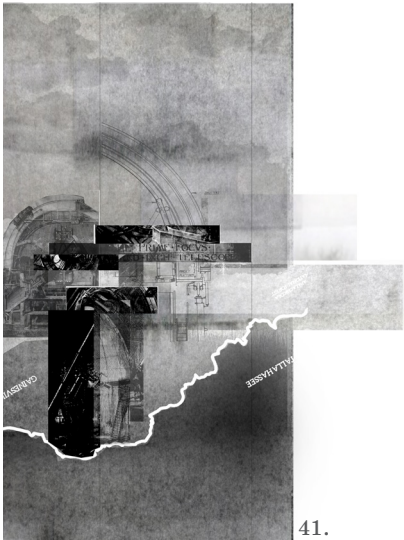
Selfishly collecting blissful moments with nuanced, adhesive memories.

She progresses through a sprawling itinerary - a blank template, an indecisive and indefinite being with an amorality and curious urge to push boundaries. Slowly, she graduates to manipulating the nature around her, moving elements at her desire, adjusting as her surrounding situation's request, letting slightly vague recollections guide her. She layers that with new synthesis - her own poiesis. ⁷

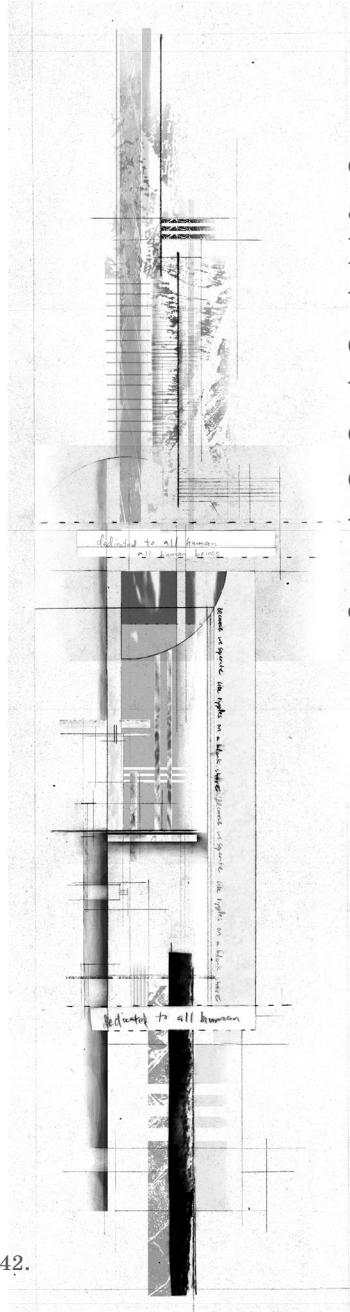


The flowing of life that never subsists, with birth, growth, death, the changing of the seasons progress in an unceasing, mechanical rhythm. The present moment is never isolated, because it is filled with every preceding moment, and is constantly in the process of change.

The interlace



41.



42.

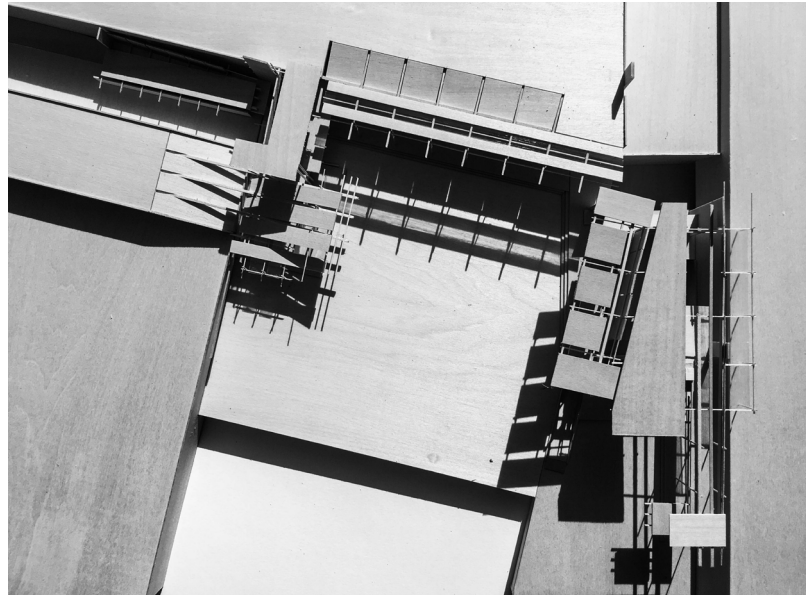


43.

of the past, present, and future makes it hard to differentiate the thresholds for each. When exactly do the seasons begin to change? In what ways do these changes make themselves apparent?

And isn't it so perfectly convenient that each of these

is a specific frame in time we can record and remember? Is this then how my life will unfold, through a series of snapshots of events I experienced, with no linear attachment whatsoever, simply a string of remarkably unconnected and sometimes insignificant events that somehow make my life? I suppose this is what this manifesto is, an argument for meaning, a thread of half-lies and a recollection, after all, of the present.



45.

26



44.

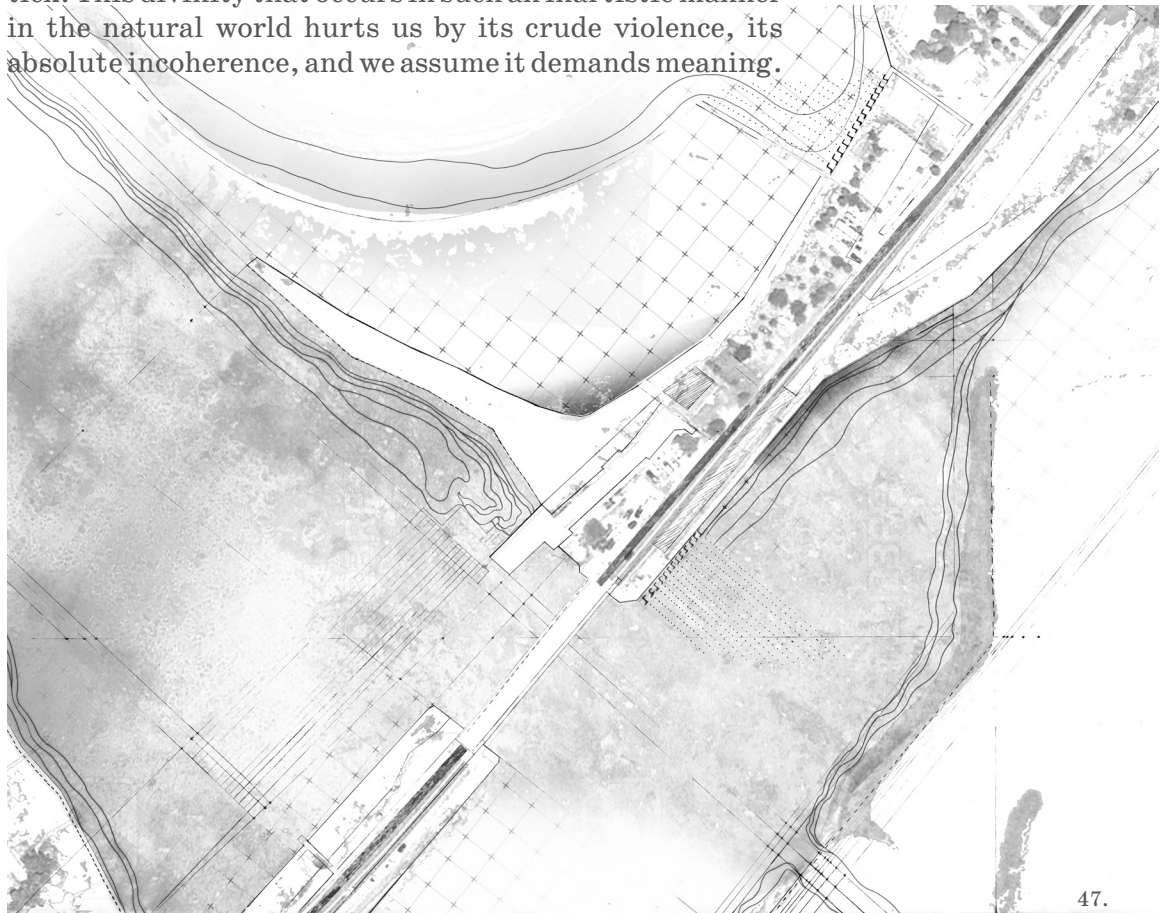


46.

44. Ana Hernandez - D5, Martin Gold
45. Jared Cook - D4, Martin Gunderson
46. Eduardo Villamor - D5, Bradley Walters



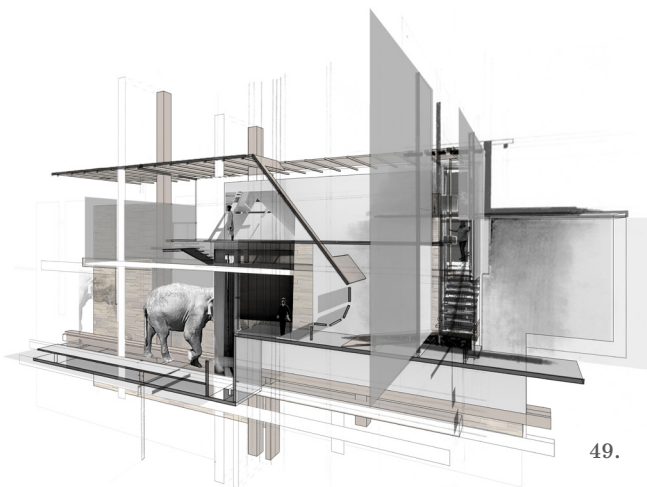
Now, the blazing summer sun demands attention. Insistent as ever, it reorganizes life around itself. Its movement is not blind or quiet. Religious holidays worship the sun, its own rise. Its own fall. The tracking of time is tightly wrapped around the star, the days of the week, the months in a year, our gravity. There is divinity in the mechanical perfection with which the hands of a clock tick. This divinity that occurs in such an inartistic manner in the natural world hurts us by its crude violence, its absolute incoherence, and we assume it demands meaning.



47.



48.

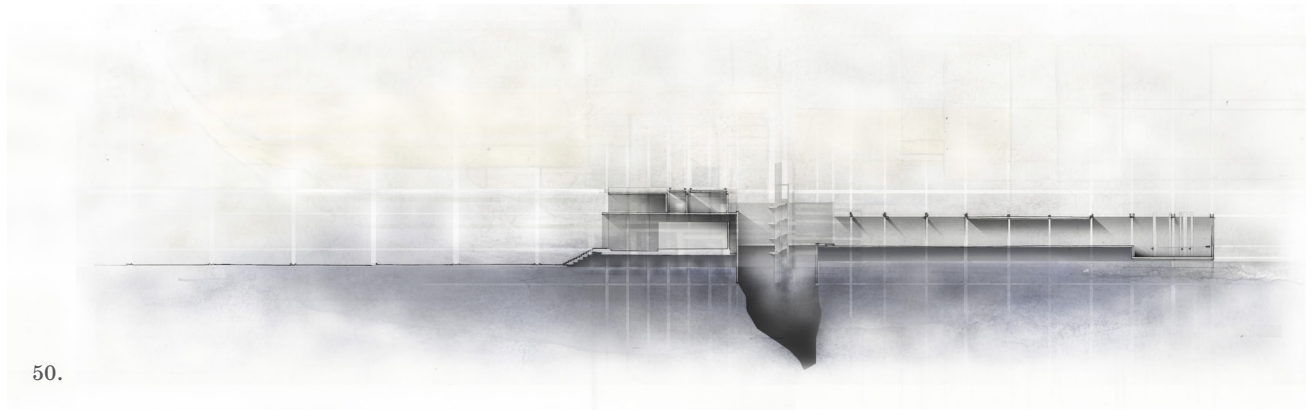


49.

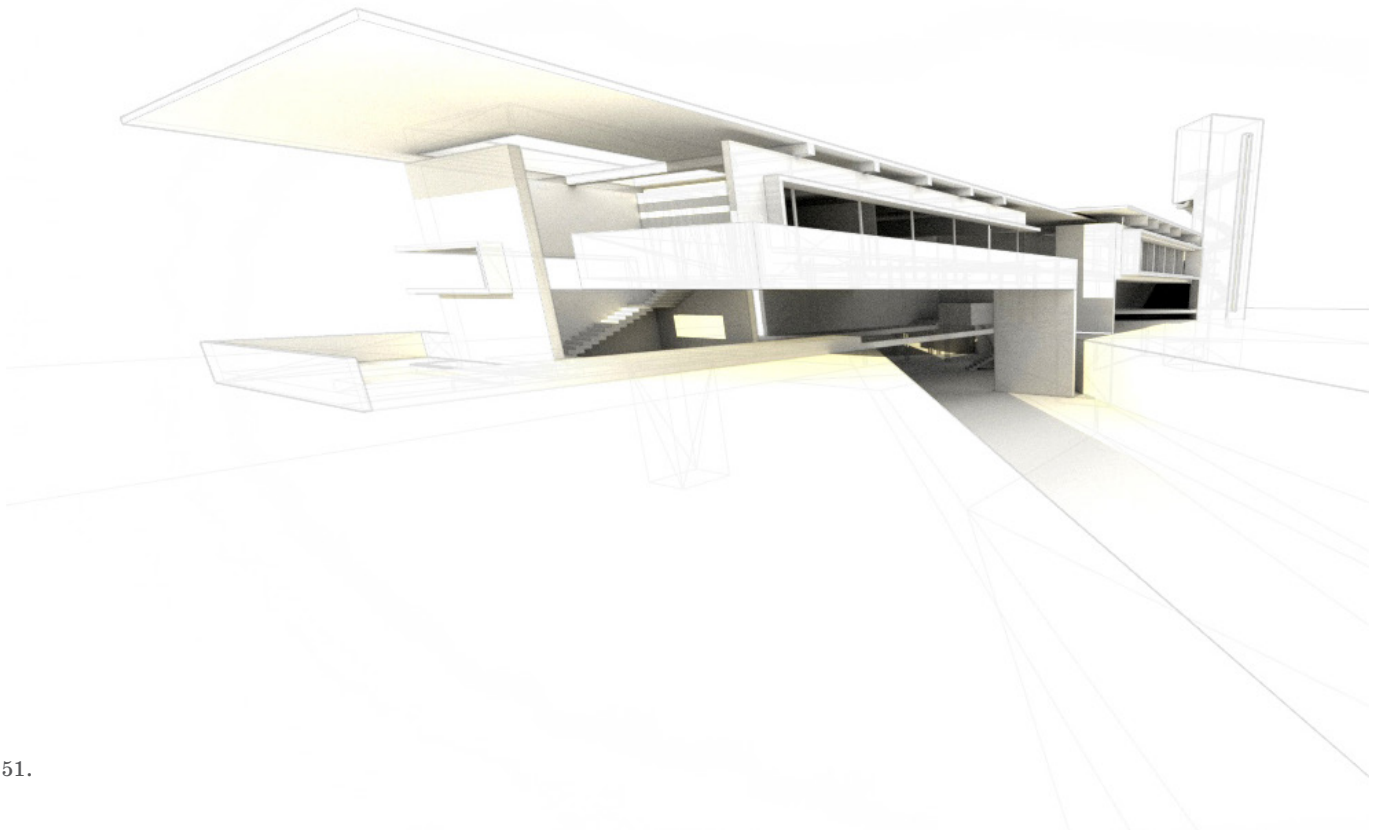
Nietzsche once said that man would rather will nothing, than not will. It's perfectly plausible that the world cares little whether it means something.

Soon the winter will bring its longing along with it. The longing that begins, and begins, and begins.





50.

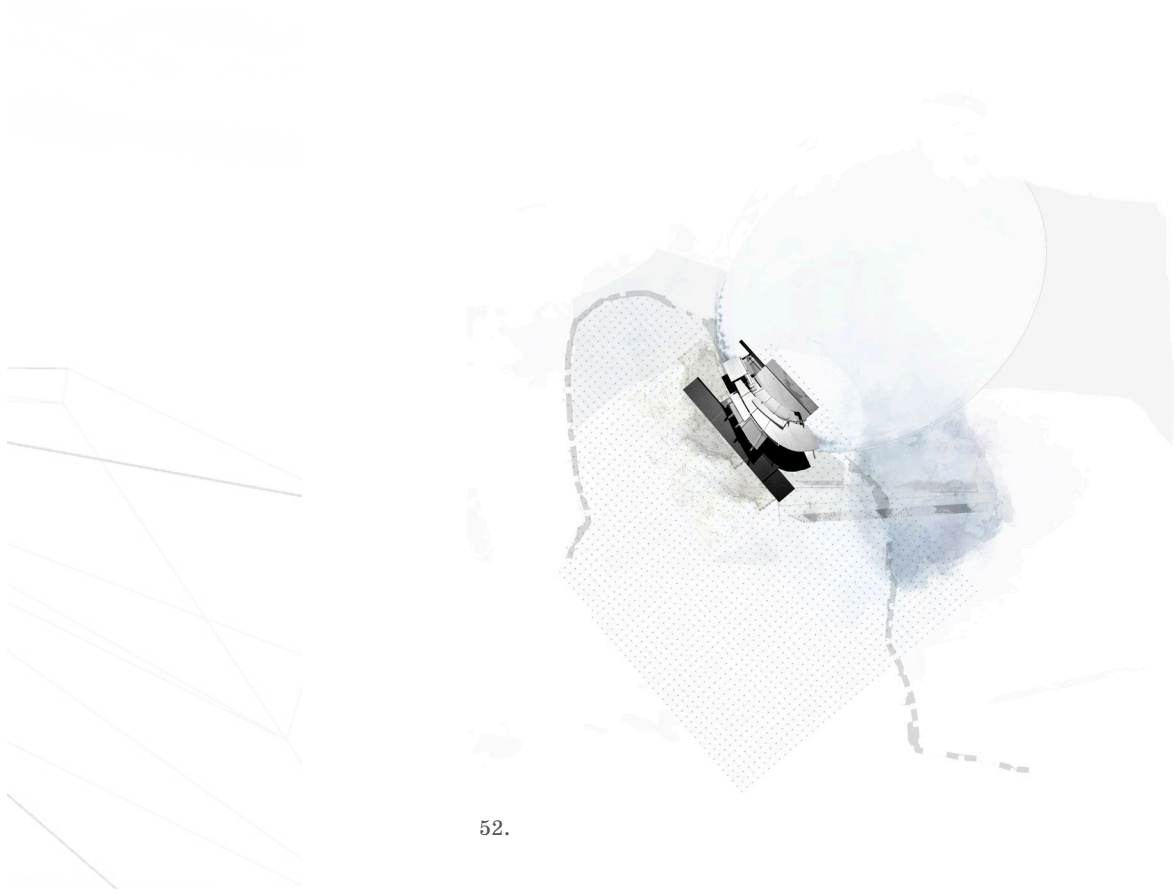


51.

BLISS

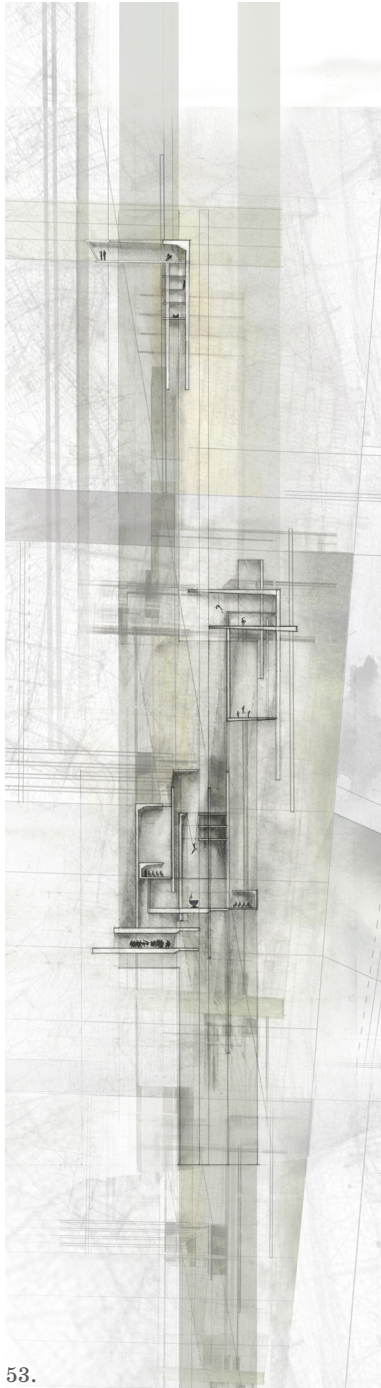
50. Sophie Wojtalewicz - *D4*, Mark McGlothlin
51. Brian Espinosa - *D4*, Mark McGlothlin

And now time has passed. Time pressed.



52.



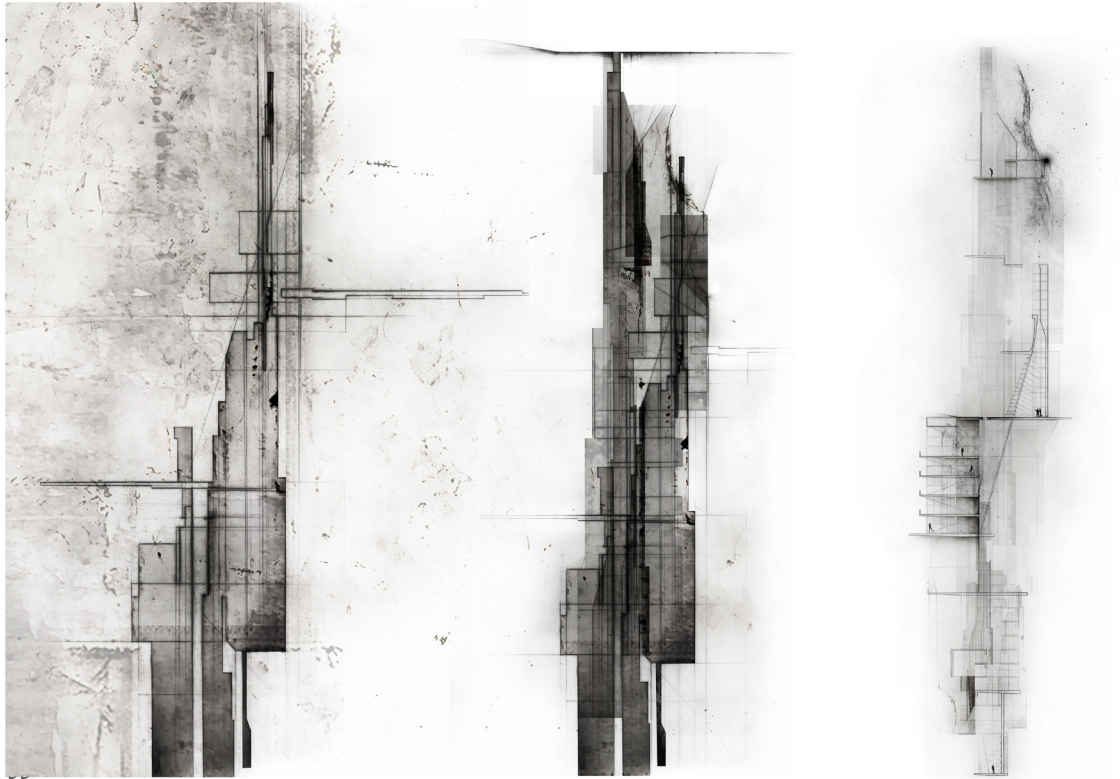


53.

“Light should not interpret architecture;
it must transform it!
Light should not enhance space and form;
it should empower it!
Light is the life-force of man-made structures.
It is through light that events become meaningful.
Light marks our presence as alive and self-aware.
Burned in memory, light is profoundly experienced.”
- Edward P. Bartholomew

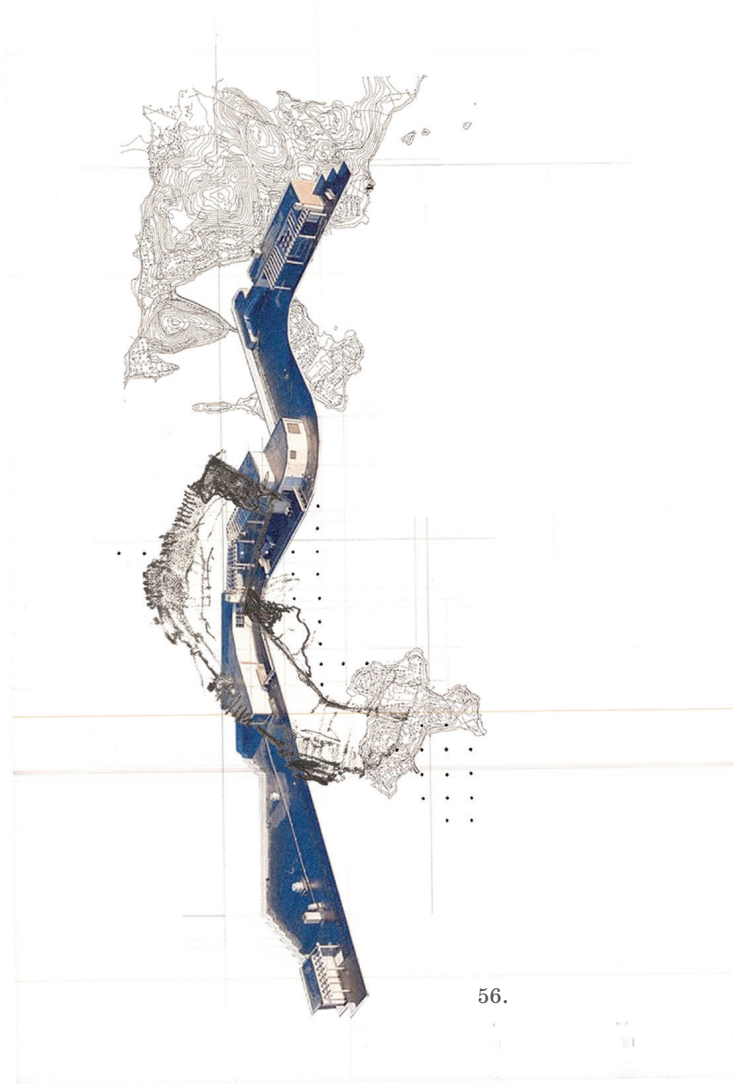


54.



55.





56.

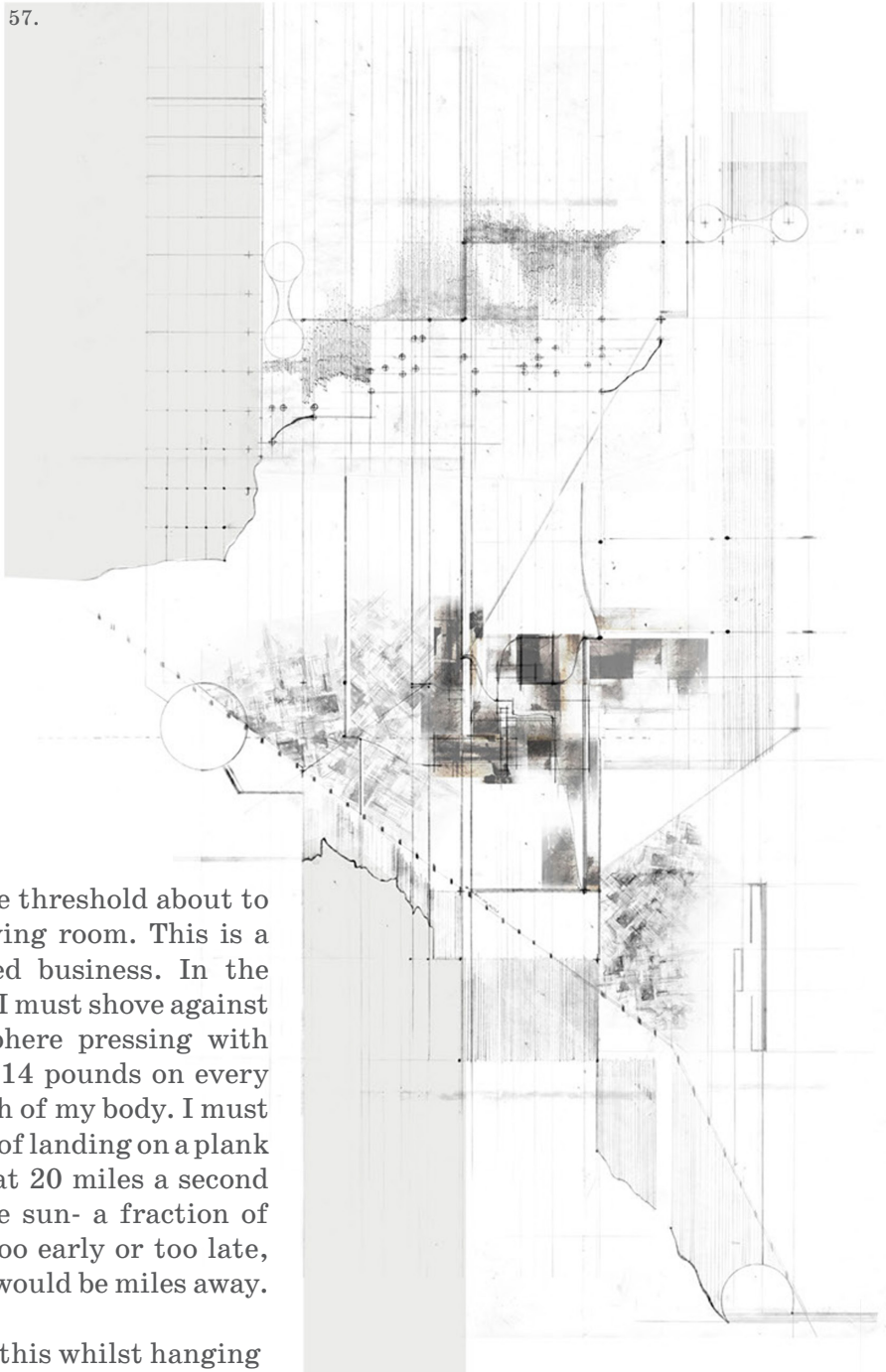
Perception

/pər'sepSH(ə)n/

NOUN

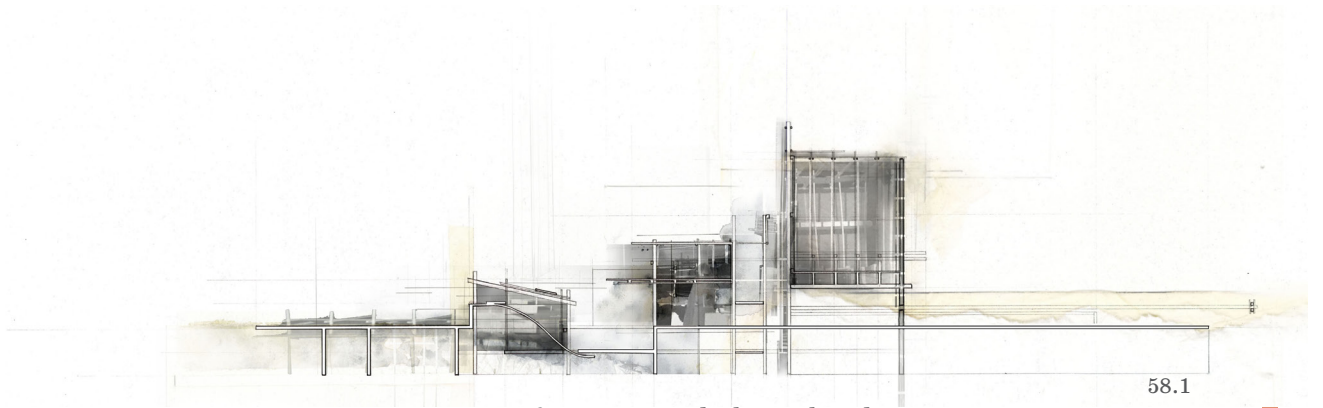
The mental process in which information received by the senses is translated into structured thoughts and experiences. The operation of perception is static, but the outcomes are dynamic; our senses and surroundings stay as fixed systems, but the information is perceived differently with time.

57.



I am on the threshold about to enter a living room. This is a complicated business. In the first place I must shove against an atmosphere pressing with a force of 14 pounds on every square inch of my body. I must make sure of landing on a plank traveling at 20 miles a second around the sun- a fraction of a second too early or too late, the plank would be miles away.

I must do this whilst hanging

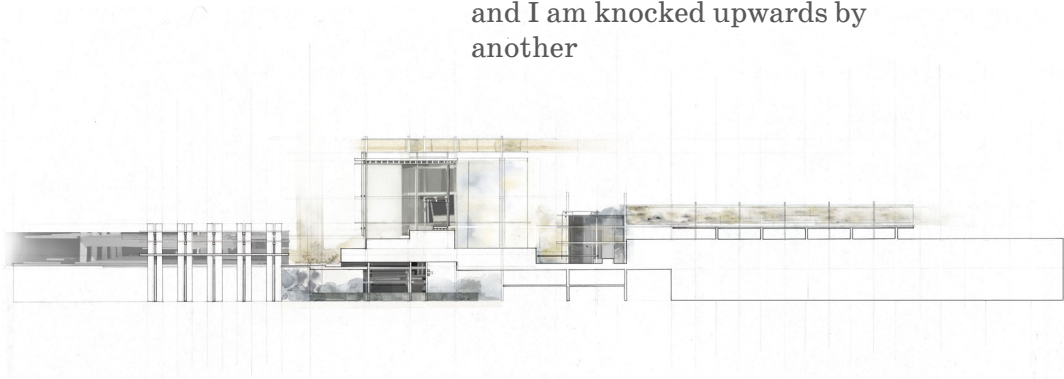


58.1

from a round planet head
outward into space, and
with a wind aether blowing
at no one knows how many
miles a second through
every interstice of my body,
the plank has no solidity of
substance.

To step on it is like stepping on
a swarm of flies,

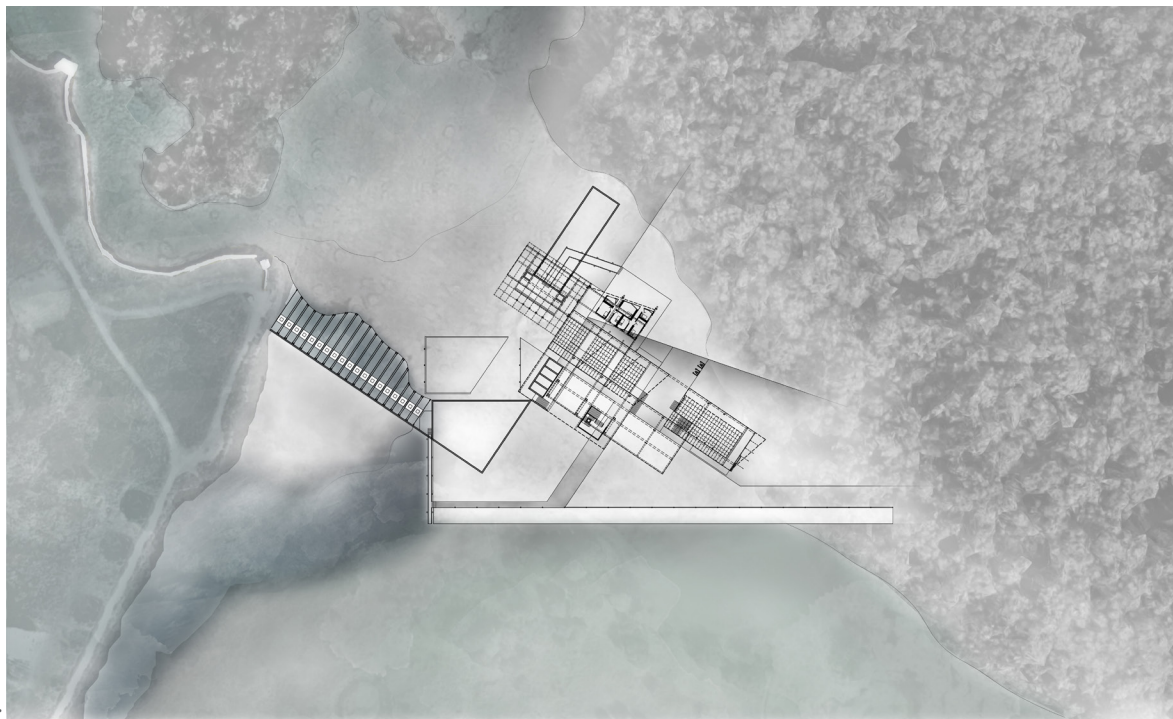
Shall I not slip through? No.
If I make the venture one of
the flies hits me and gives a
boost up again, I fall again
and I am knocked upwards by
another



58.2



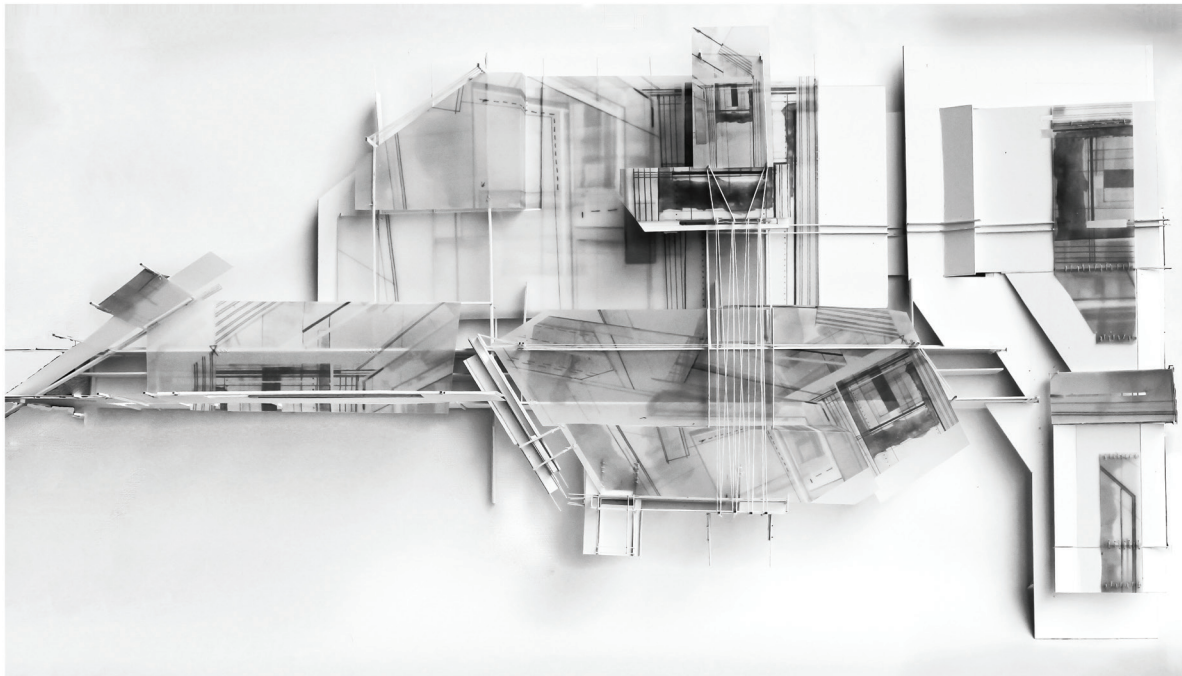
fly, and so on. I may hope that the net result will be that I remain about steady. But if unfortunately I should slip through the floor or be boosted up to the ceiling, the occurrence would not be a violation of the



laws of nature but a rare coincidence. These are some minor difficulties. I ought really to look at the problem four-dimensionally as concerning the intersection of my world-line

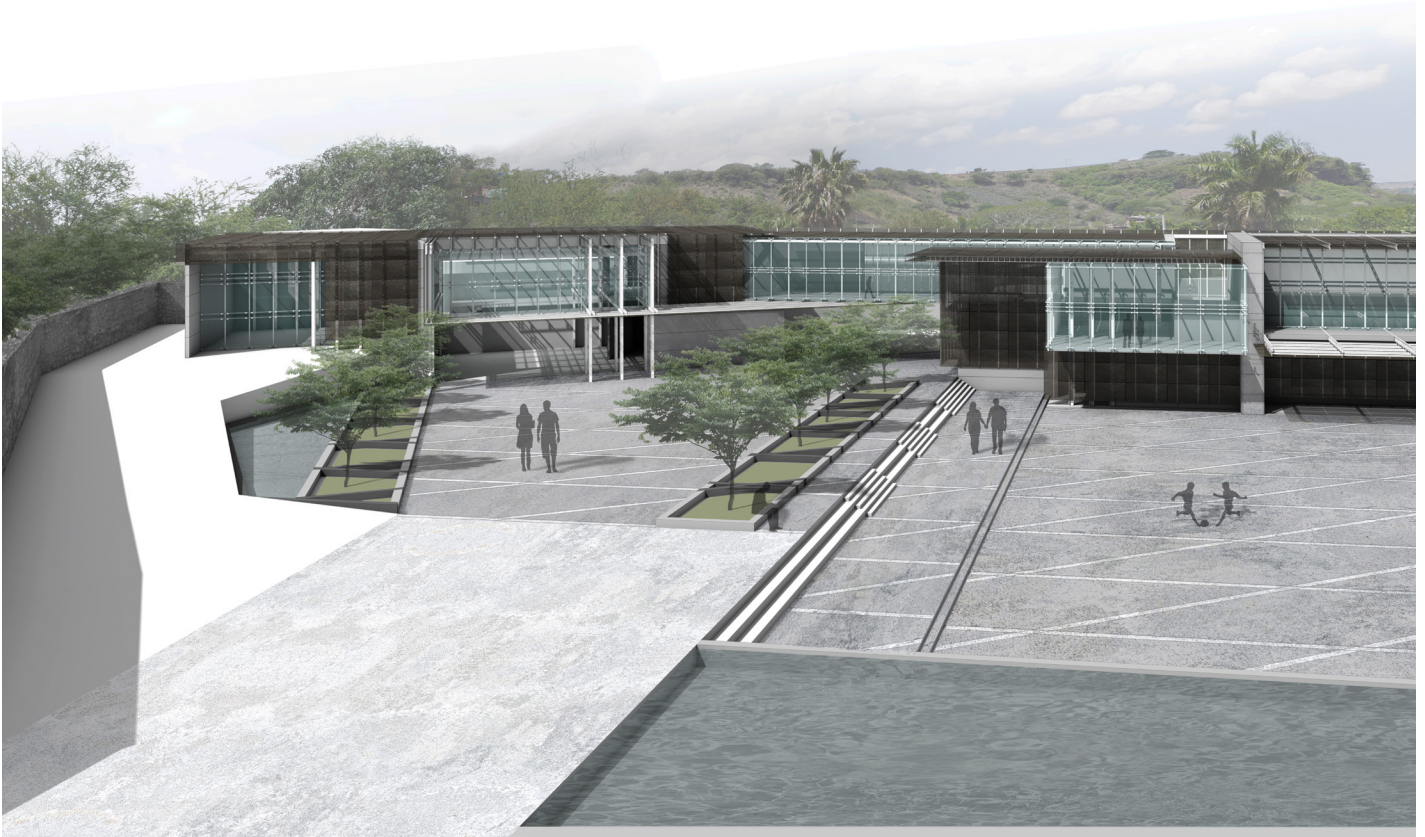
necessary to determine in which direction the entropy of the world is increasing in order to make sure my passage over the threshold is an entrance and not an exit.⁸

with that of the plan. Then again it is



61.





62.

PERCEPTION

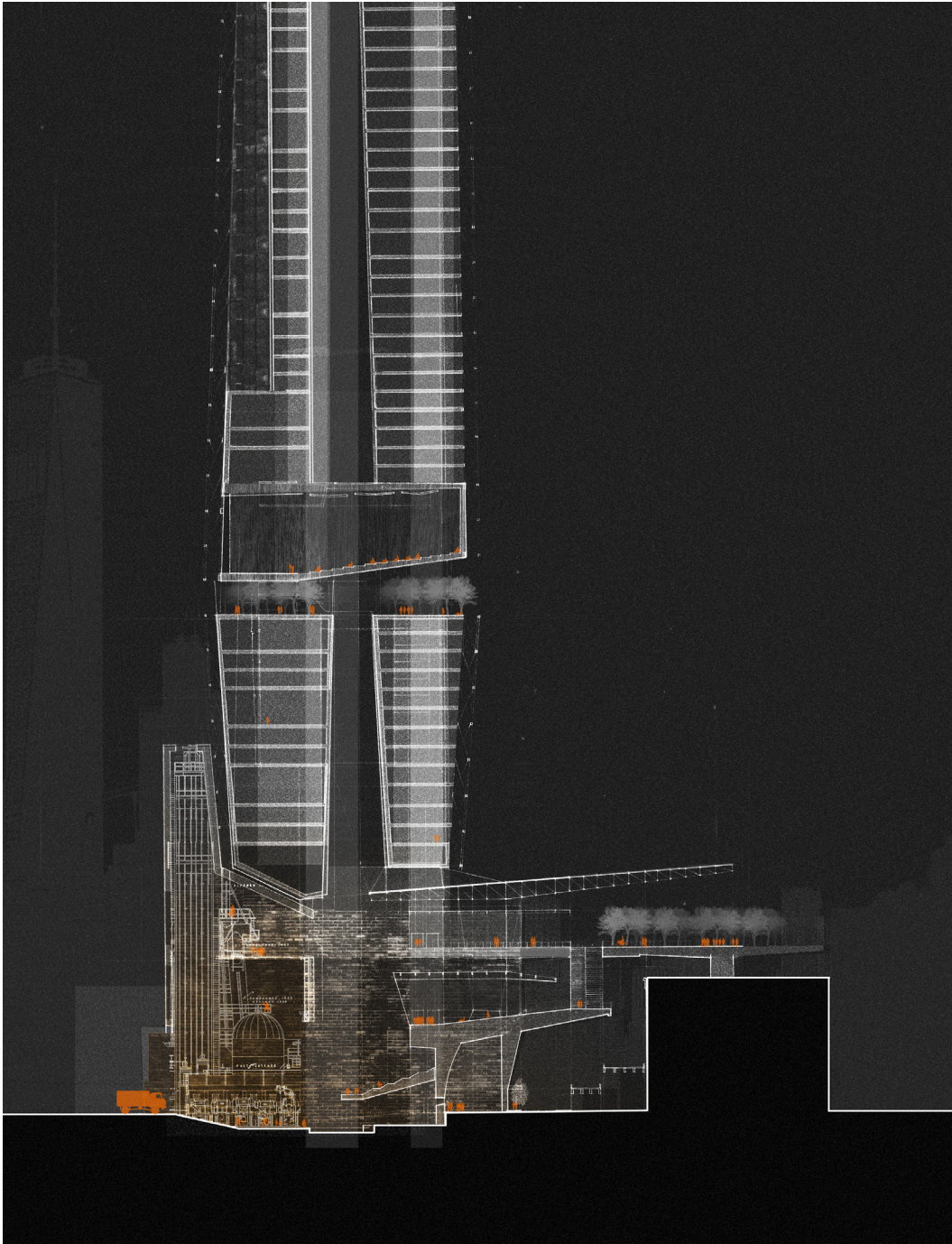
62. Dylan Scallen - *D8*, Alfonso Perez



You see, it is all so complicated. I'm never sure how time really works. The implication of its passage is so heavy, so important. does it lie? After all the humanist expectation of honesty is doomed. This moment my thoughts leap this way now this. And I know there is a place on earth where scale becomes deformed disfigured crippled and damaged. ¹

¹ Does my mind become deformed disfigured crippled and damaged?





63.

PERCEPTION

63. Mark Wilson - *D7*, Mark McGlothlin

If there is anything that is necessary for a living room, it's a window. Sure, size should be taken into account because of the functions that a living room holds or could hold, such as parties or family gatherings, but without a window there is nowhere to redirect our attention in times when attention needs to be redirected. Have you ever experienced an awkward silence? Been forced to watch a bad TV show because the other person in the room wanted to? I would hate to have to stare

at my feet or at the wall in a time like that. I think that's one of the reasons why I love my living room- the triple set of picture windows spaced so closely apart that the view is seamless. It's a beautiful view. Our living room faces the backyard, the threshold between us and a forest.

42



64.



65.



PERCEPTION

65. Julia Comeau & Steffi Leoni Bandril - D7, Kristel Bataku

67.1



A forest of eastern hemlock and maple trees. The windows start three and a half feet above the tile.

67.2



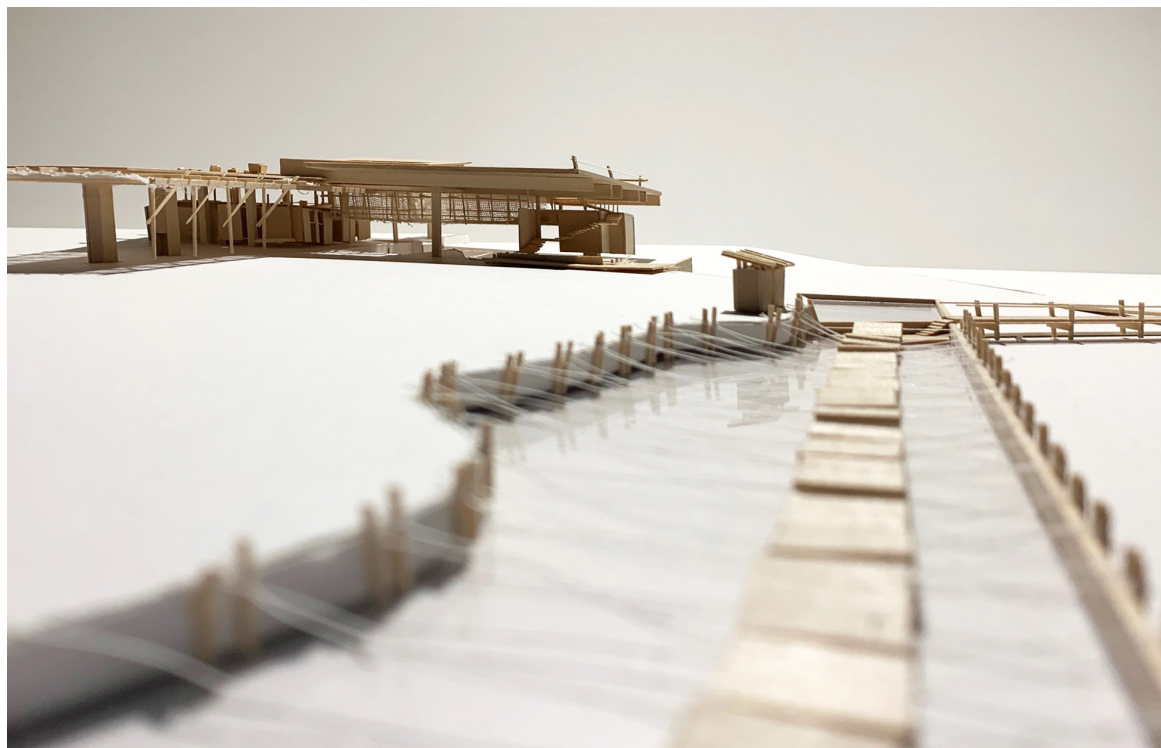
Allowing a good perspective even while sitting on the couch.

I change my stance:

if there is anything that is necessary for a living room, it's a window with a view.

My living room is big relative to the other spaces in the house, but it's not the biggest living room I've been in by far. I have conflicted emotions about it. Perhaps what makes it feel large is the open layout, yet what makes it feel small is the low ceiling. I used to think it was so tall. I can still see parts of the popcorn finish chipped away from when I'd throw

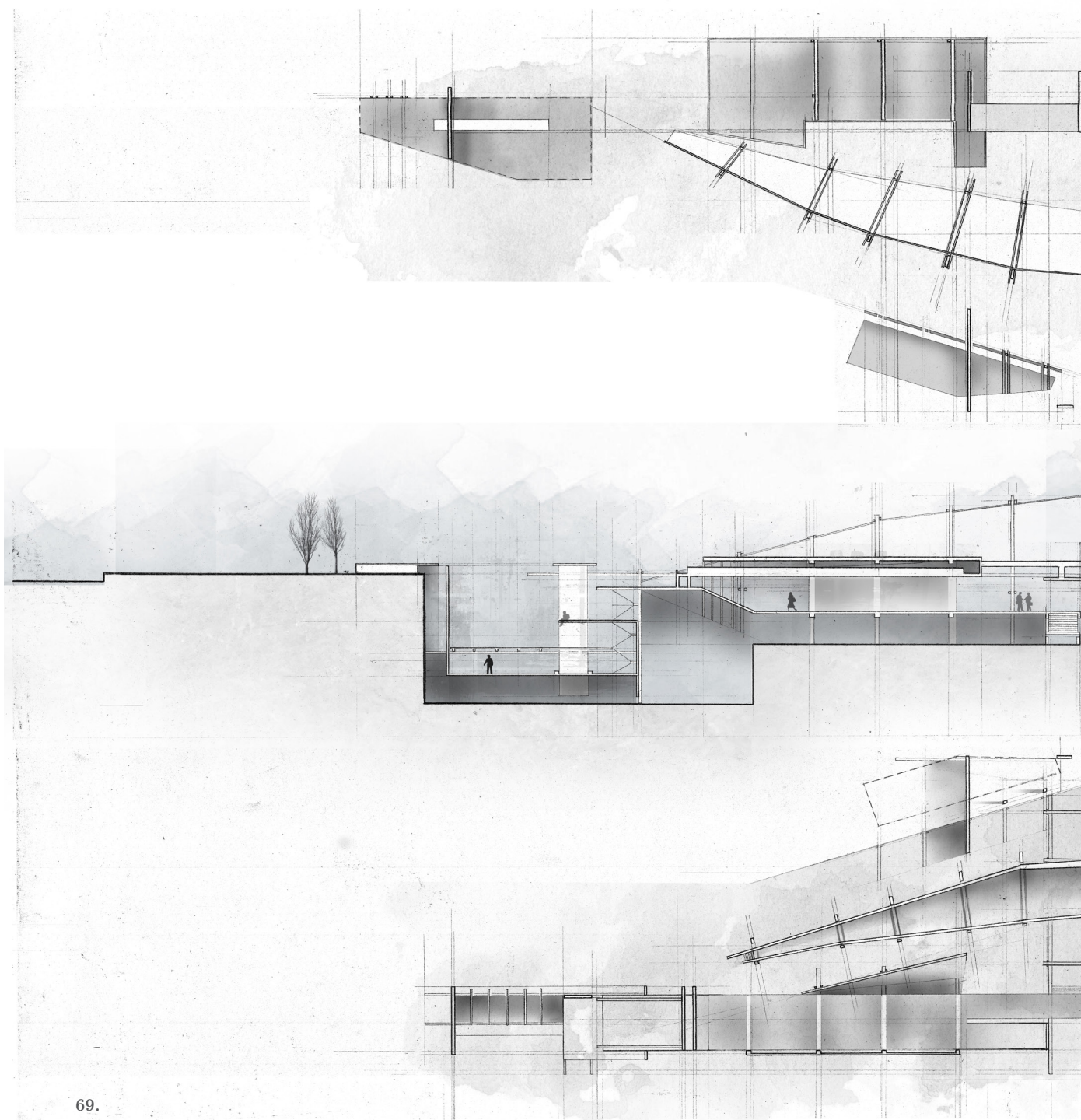
the ball upwards. The position of the couch hasn't moved an inch, and when I lay my head back I can see the kitchen upside down behind me. The spaces of cooking and preparation mixed with the spaces of dining and living- it's been this way since I was younger. I remember watching my dad cook from this same spot.



68.

68. Stephanie Roberts - *D5, Nina Hofer*

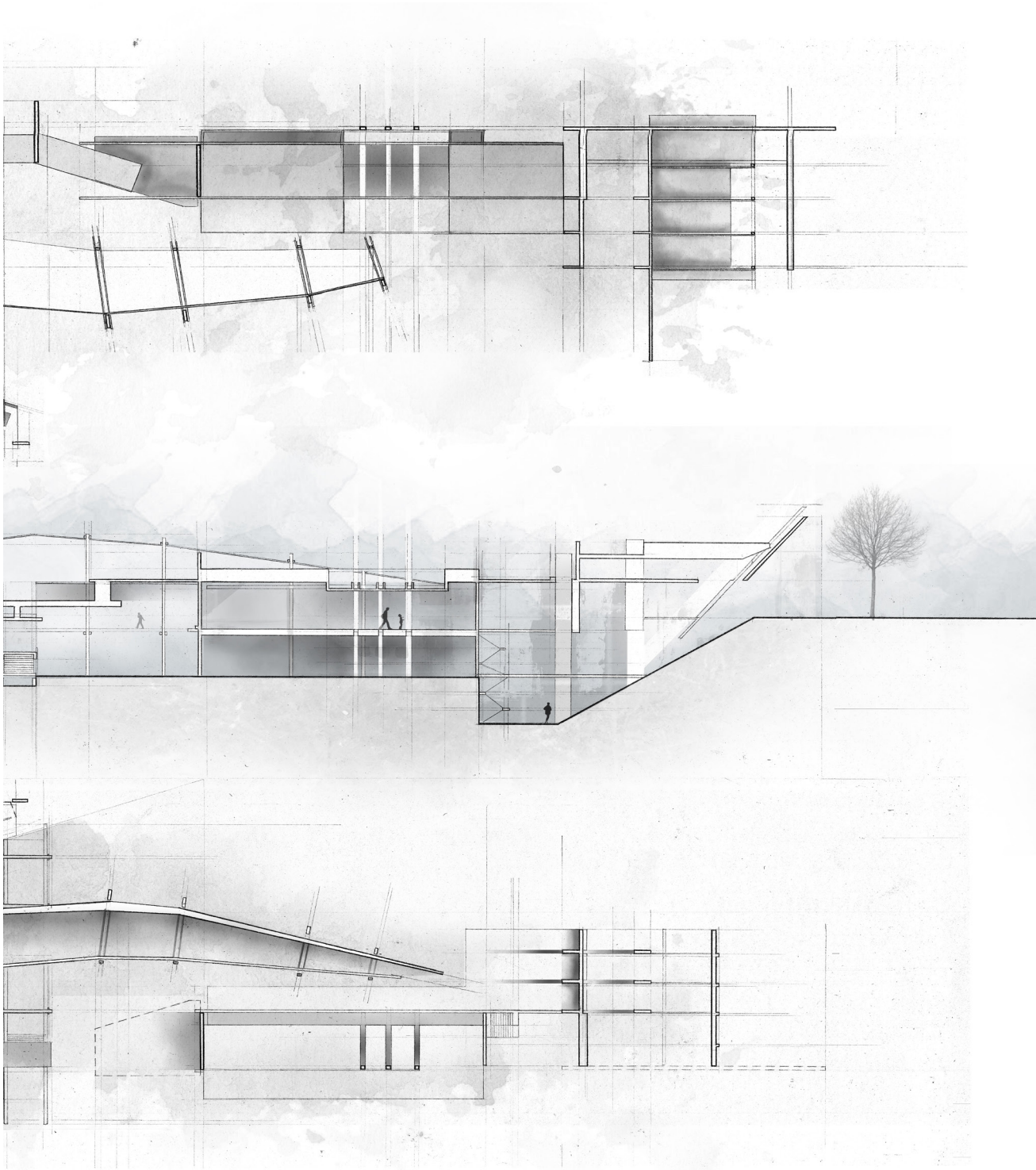




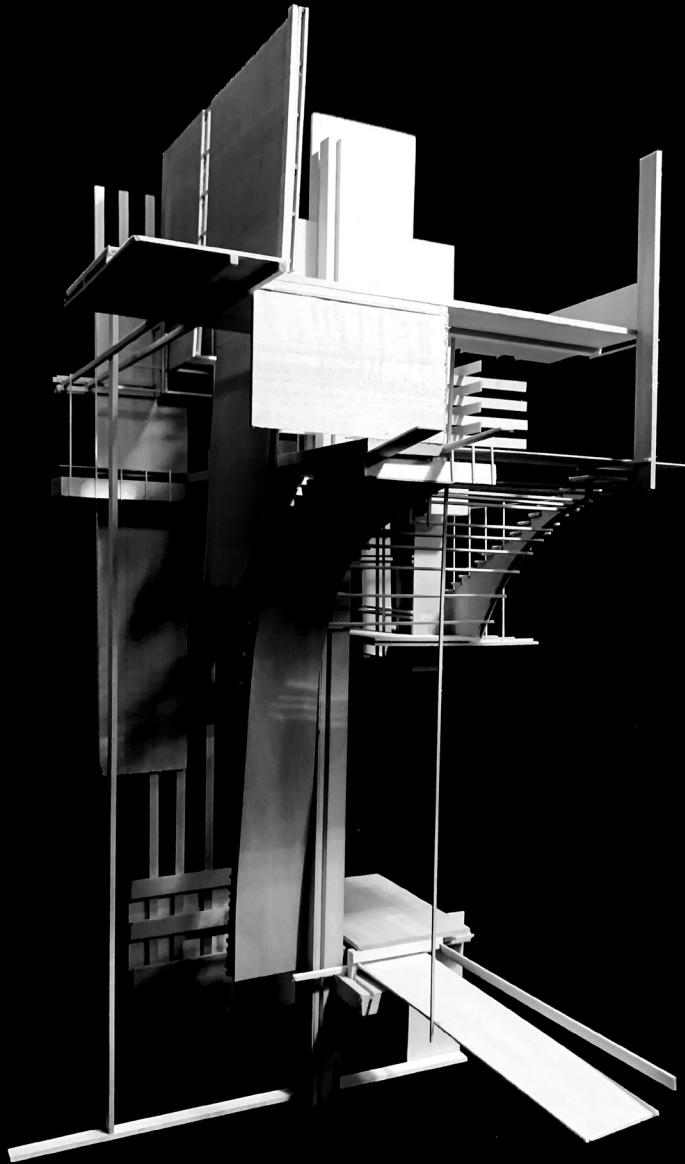
69.

69. Sydney Cormia - D4, Nic Rabinowitz

PERCEPTION

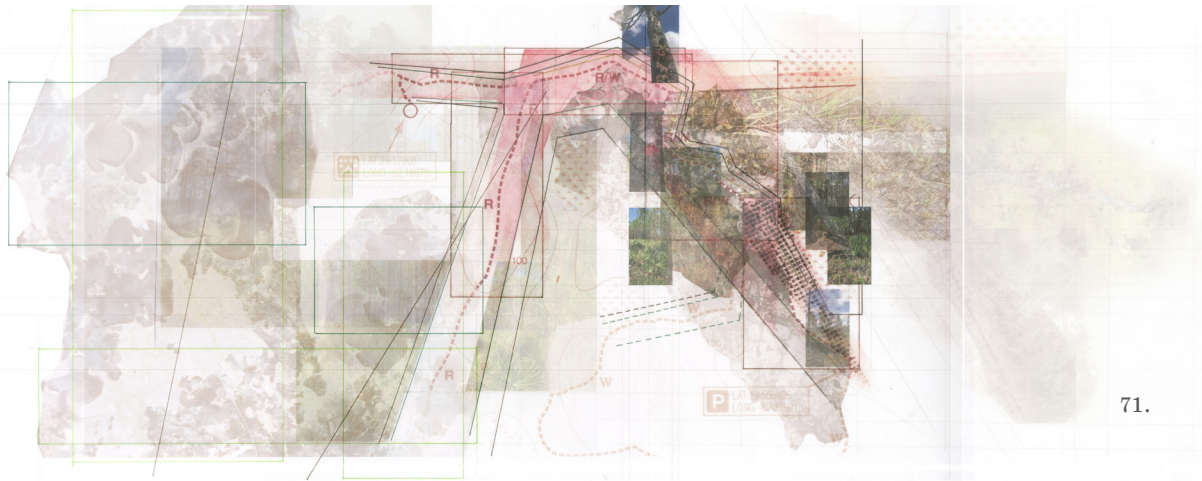


It could be argued that functional, pragmatic decisions can affect the level of enclosure of a space, the atmosphere of familial spaces can be radically changed by the designer. I wonder what it would have been like if a wall blocked my view of him. If space bends, breaks, disrupts, interrupts... would I have been as excited to explore beyond the boundary of that room? Would my world still feel as large as it did? I seem to forget too whether I thought of them now, before, or if



PERCEPTION

70. Aldrin Gaffud - D3, Will Zajac



I forget the answers to these questions



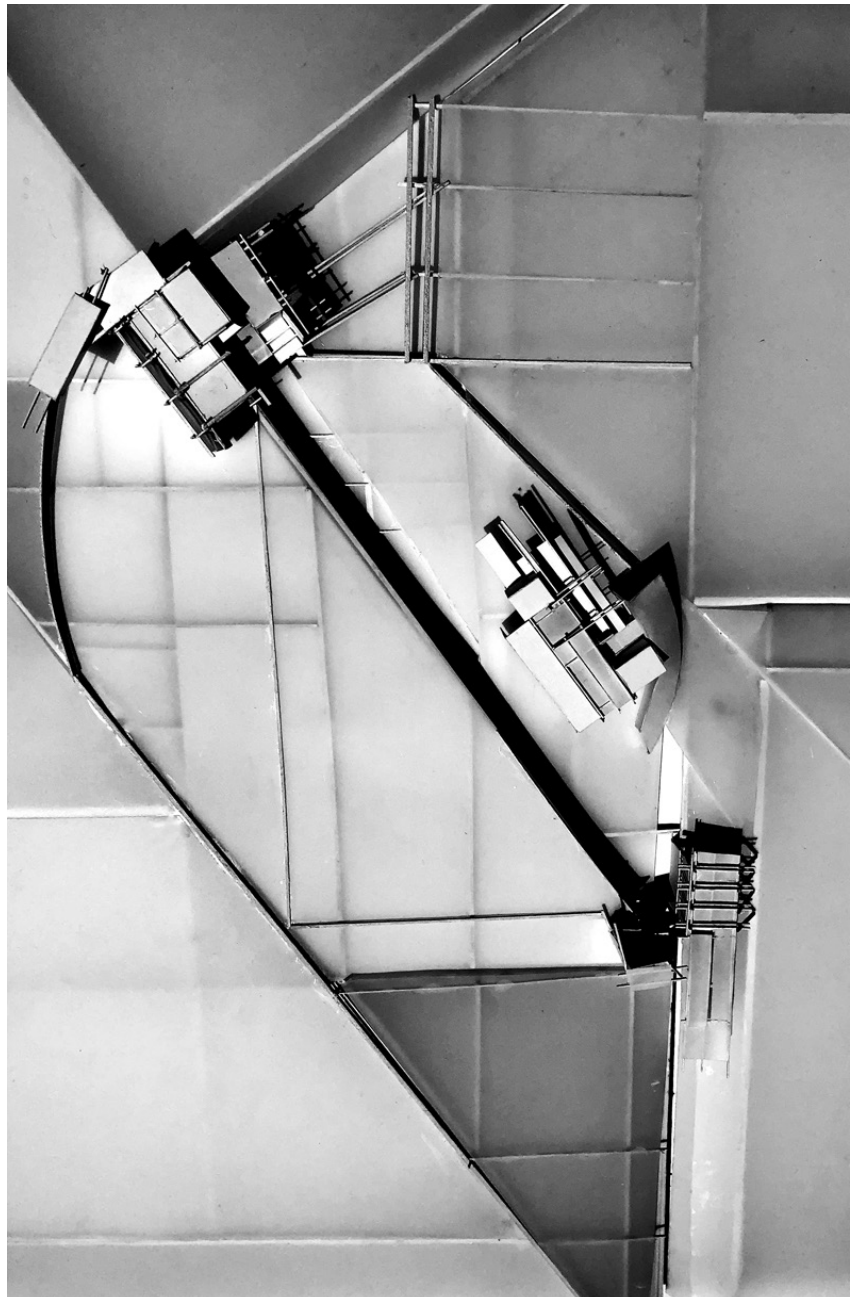
they are thoughts that haven't yet come. When we dream of the house we were born in, in the utmost depths of revery, we participate in this original warmth, in this well-tempered matter of the material paradise. it began as a beginners house, strident, colorful, it became a record of our growing up. This is the environment in which the protective beings live... our daydreams. ⁹



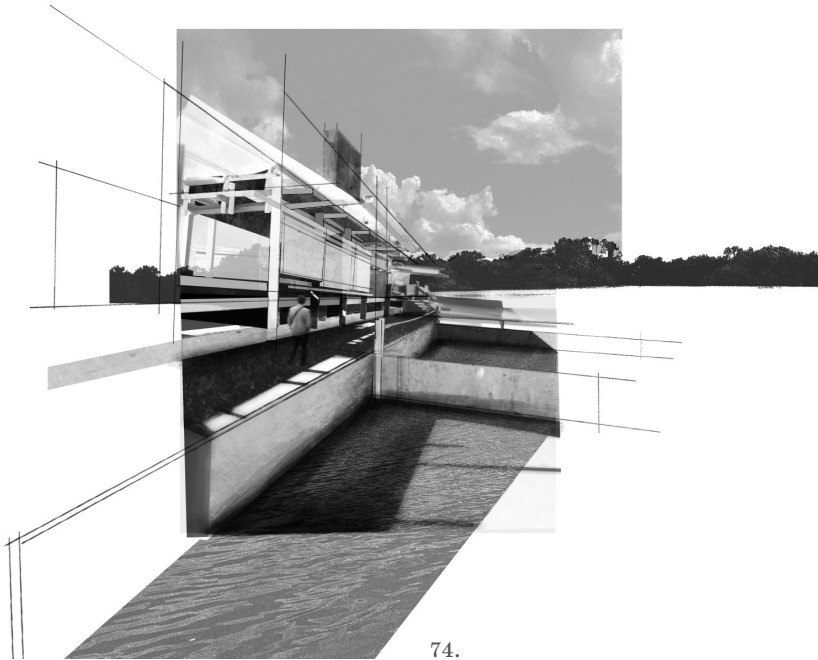
When I can't play outside I play in the living room. And I don't mind because it's just as big. It becomes my own world, I don't even need to look outside. I close all three window curtains and the trees disappear.

There's so much to do. Sometimes I like to throw the ball. The ceiling is as tall as the sky, but it throws the ball back hard to me when I throw it to them. I like the ceiling better. Sometimes I like to race across the room. Mom tells me not to run around because I will hit something.

1- A child slowly begins to comprehend his surroundings as potential materials and tools. Building upon the memory of how surroundings affect them, the child then can manipulate the 'nature' around them to play with new designs, according to the impacts of surroundings.

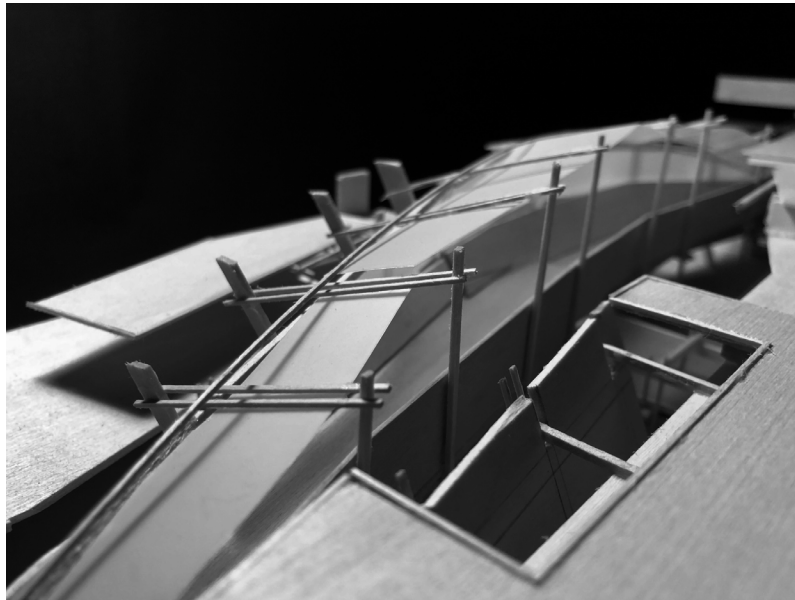


73.



74.

The room is infinite.²



75.

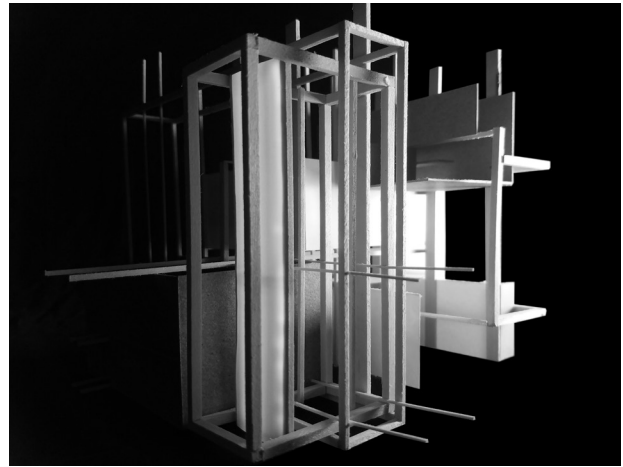
2 INFINITE SPACE: no one can conceive infinite space. What is the implication of such a thing? what comes right before 0? right before it? the features of space which we discover by experiment are extensions: length, distance. So space is like a linkage of a network of distances. 2 yards, 5 miles is a kind of code distinction. by these means we can understand the world as closed in the space dimension, space bends so that east eventually becomes west and thus is the nightmare of infinity. But time is not bounded, we have no means by which future becomes past.

74. Maggie McMickle - D5, Lisa Huang
75. Sydney Cormia - D4, Nic Rabinowitz





76.



77.



78.

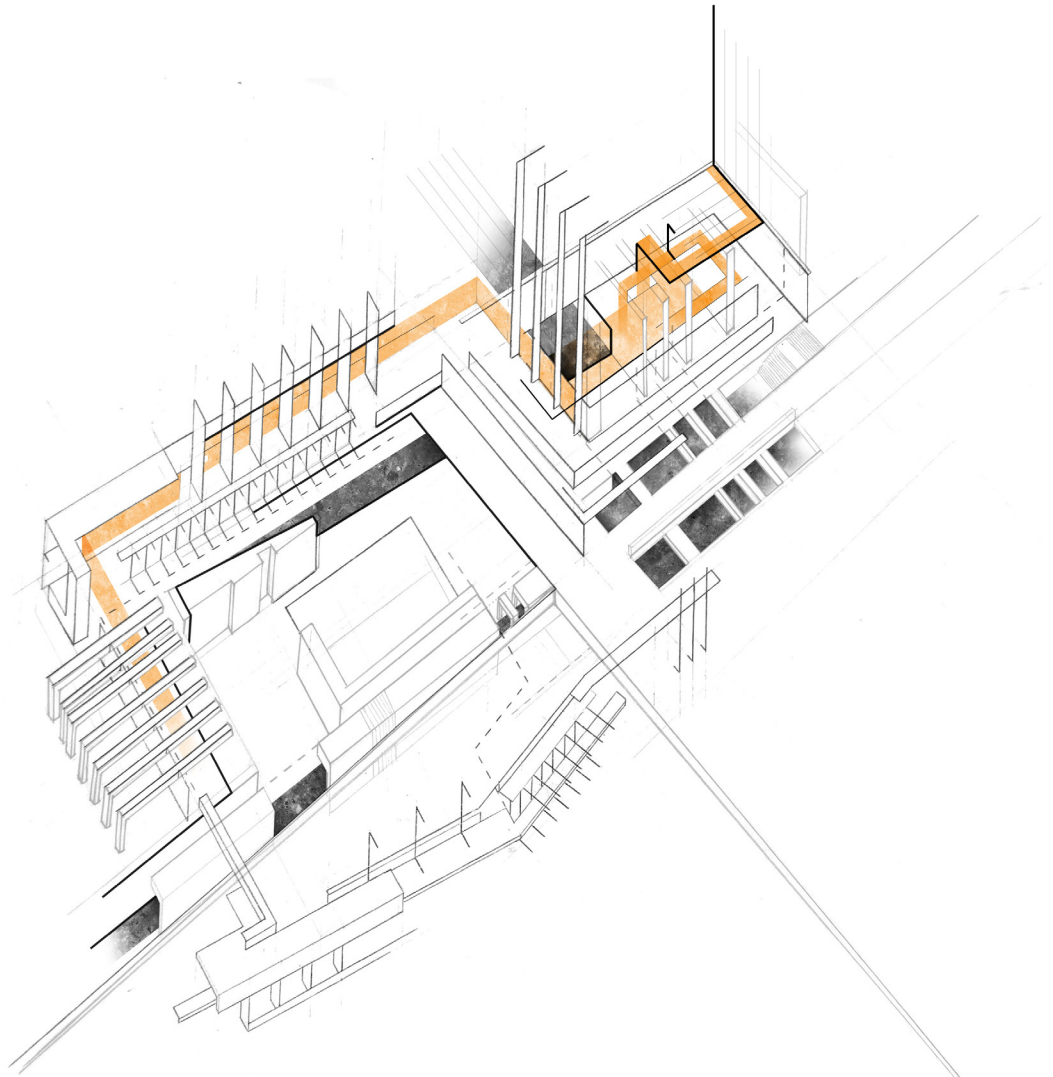
PERCEPTION

76. Payton Estis - D5, John Maze

77. Christian Pendergrass - D2, Lee-Su Huang

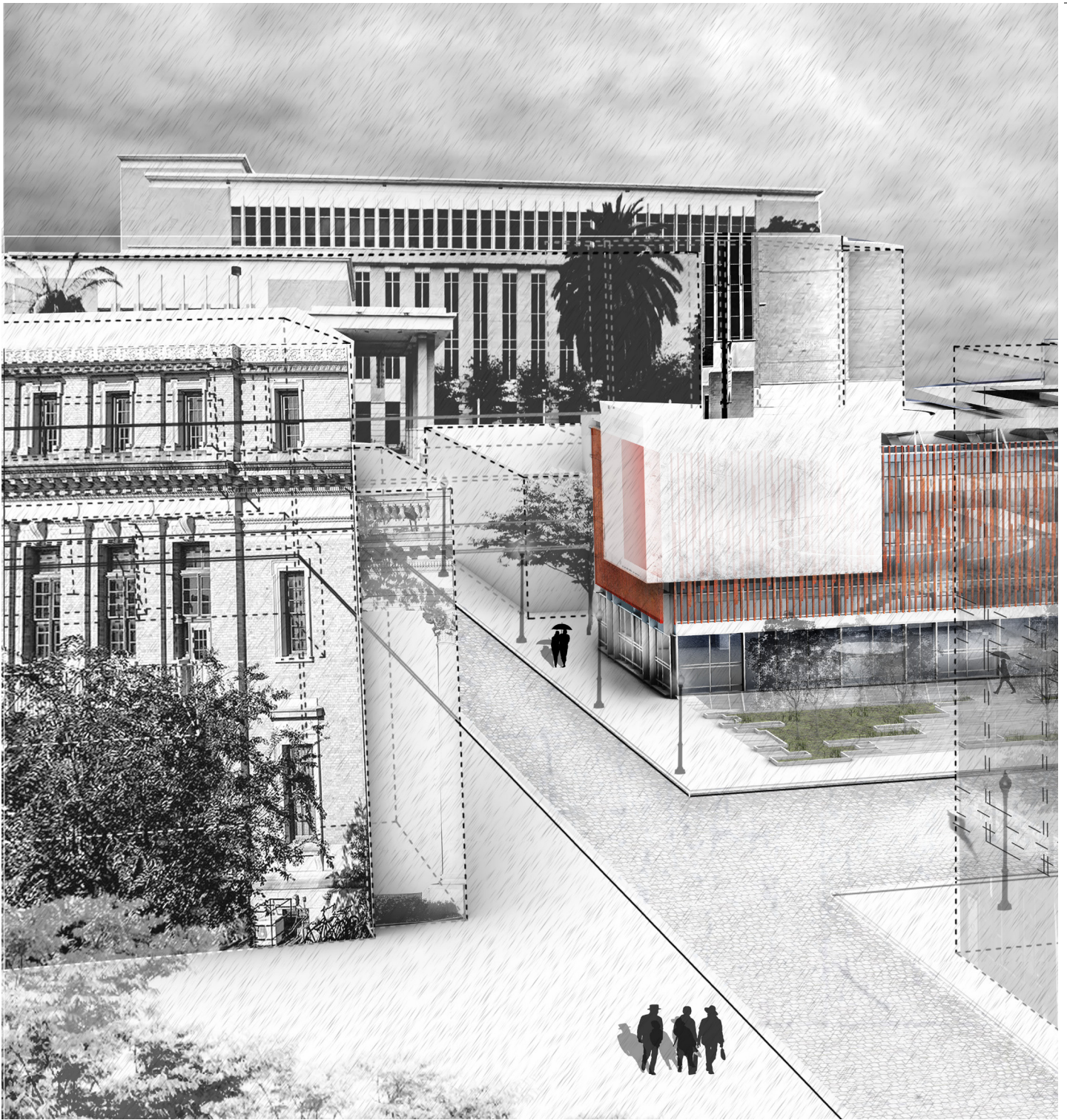
78. Anabella Marrone - D3, Nic Rabinowitz

79.



How could I run into something? Maybe she means the mountains she sits on, but we know how to go around them. Sometimes I stand on them to see my opponents. From the mountains I can see dad making food, but he's so far away. I'm ready for the journey. I run and attack him, then look around at his territory. It's boring. I can't jump on a sink or a fridge. I can't see the world beyond these cabinets. I like my living room better.





80. Moises Villanueva - D6, Alfonso Perez

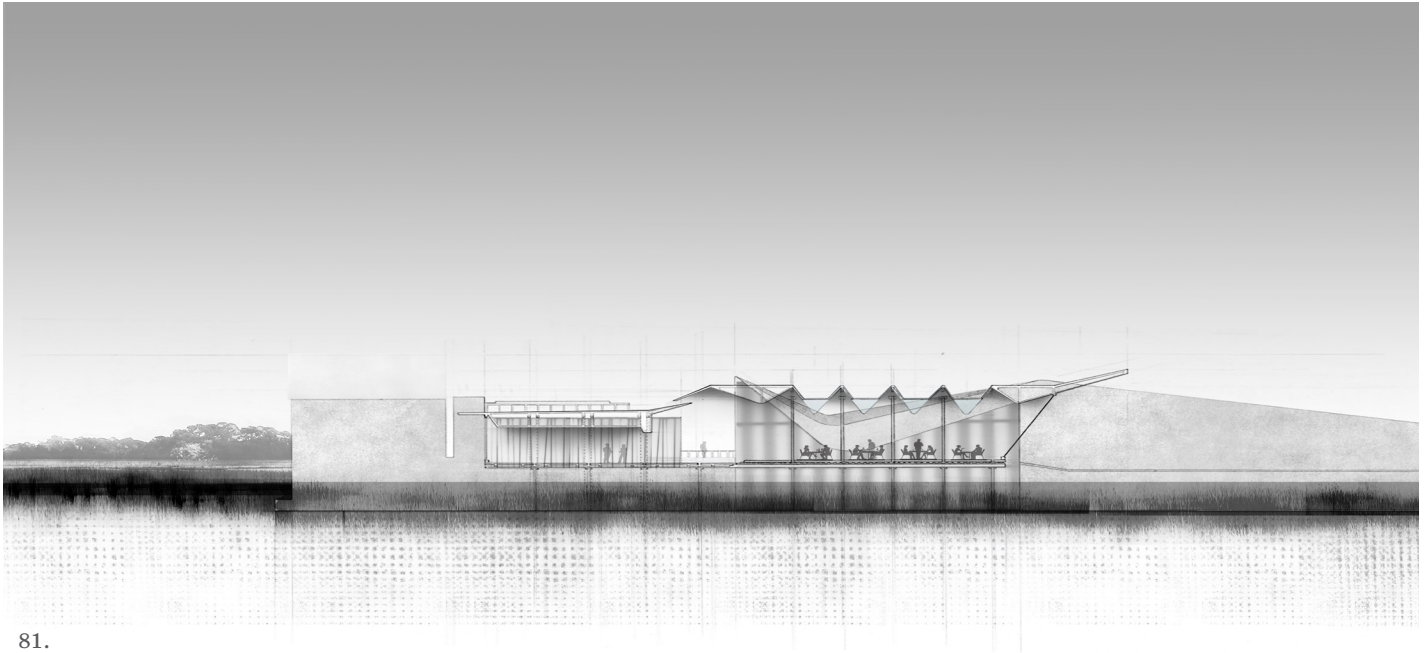
PERCEPTION



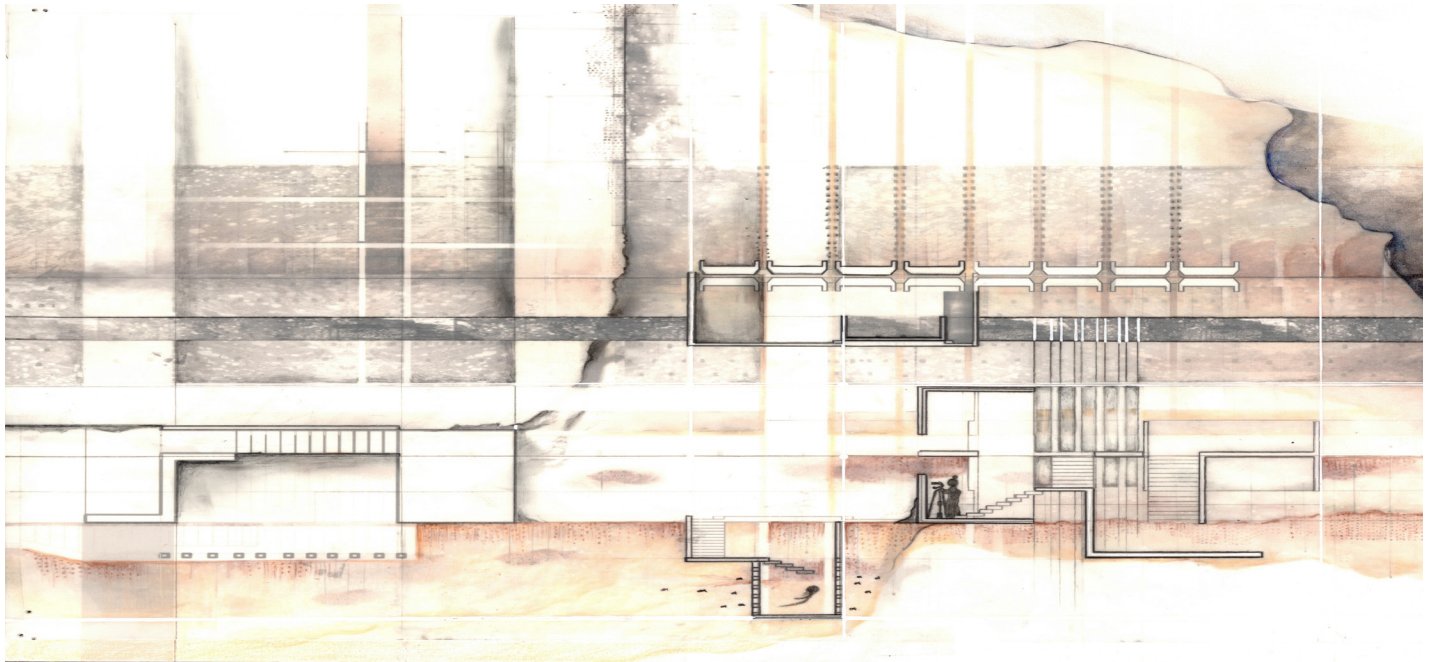


PERCEPTION



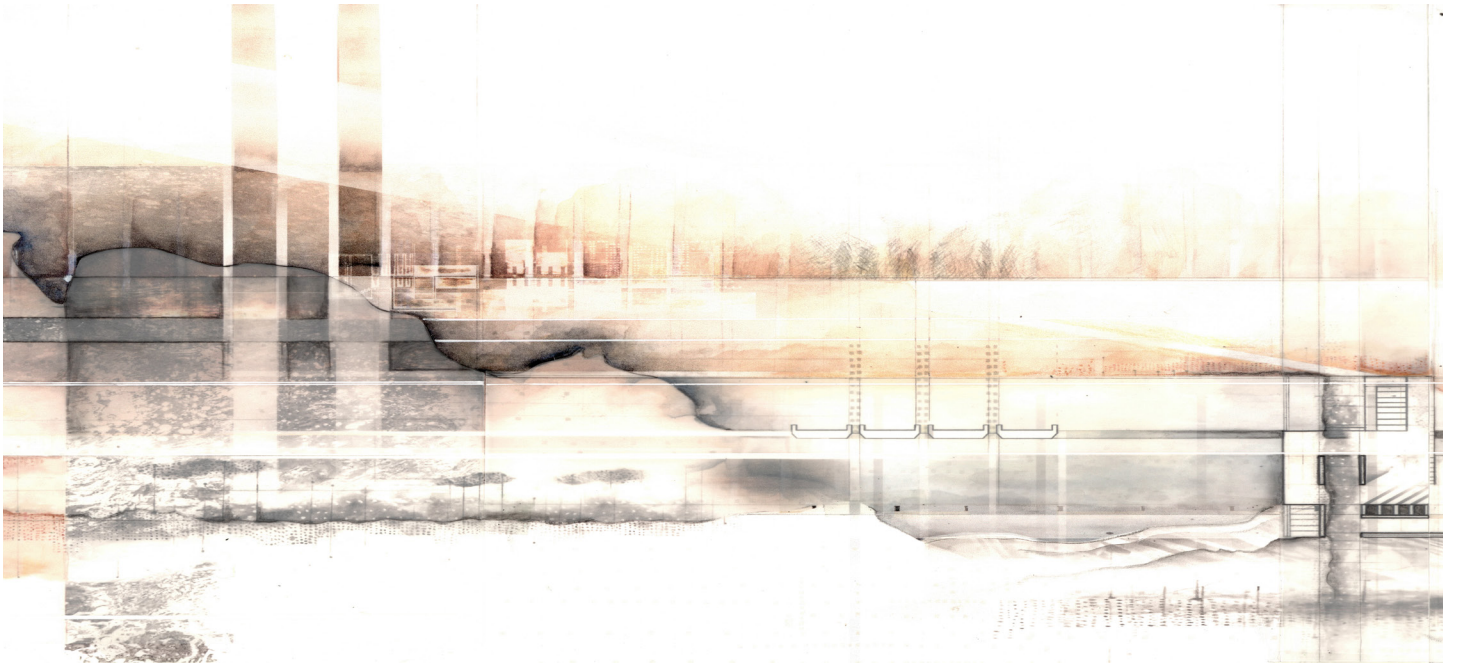


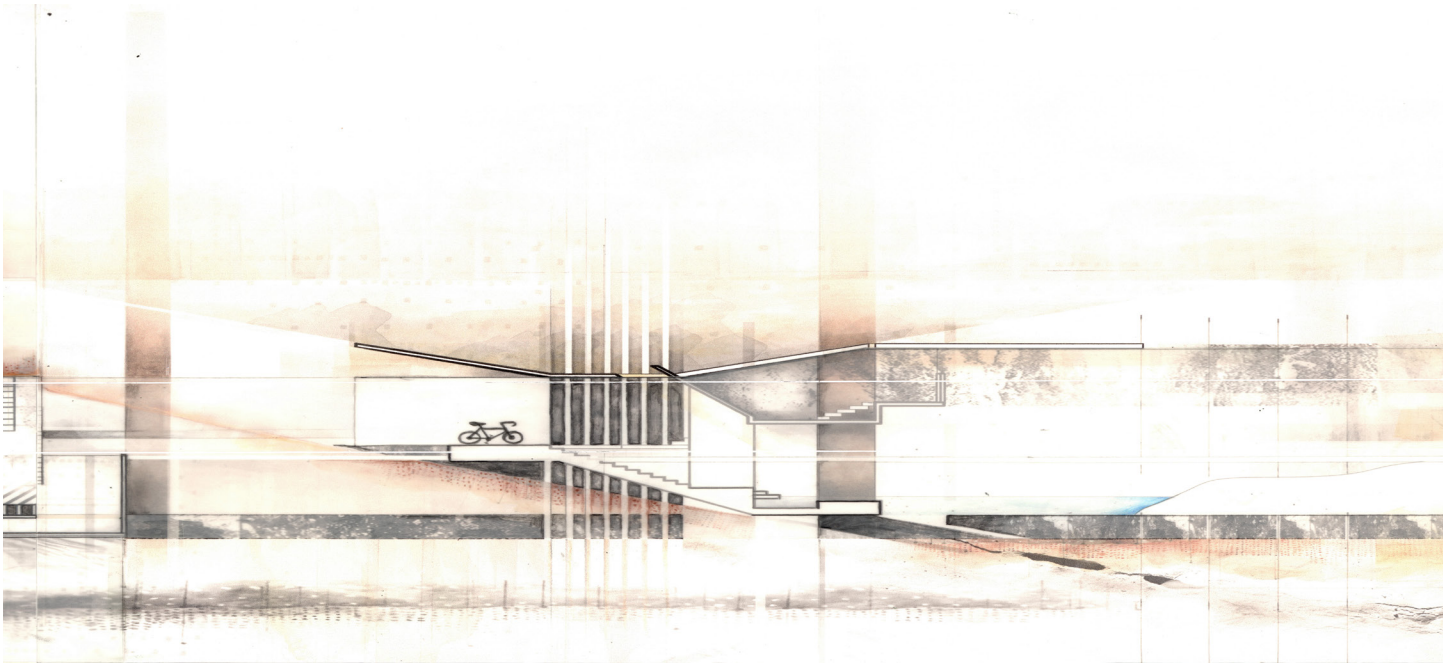
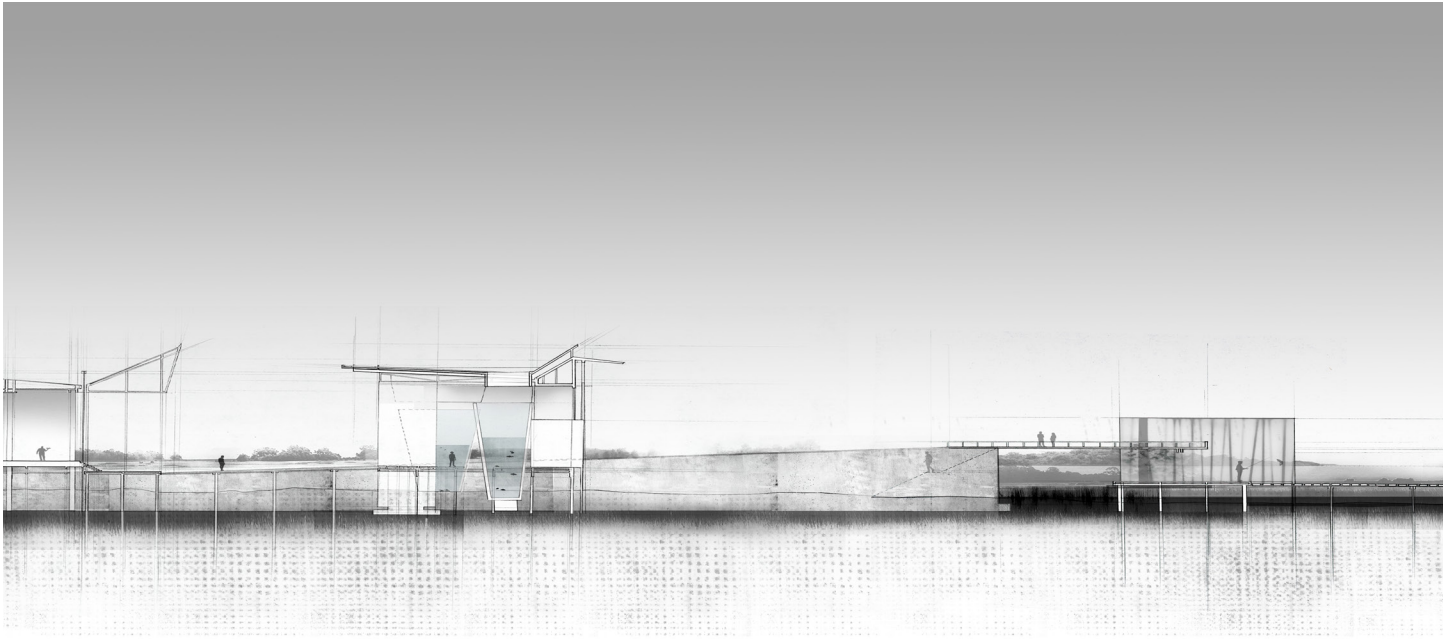
81.

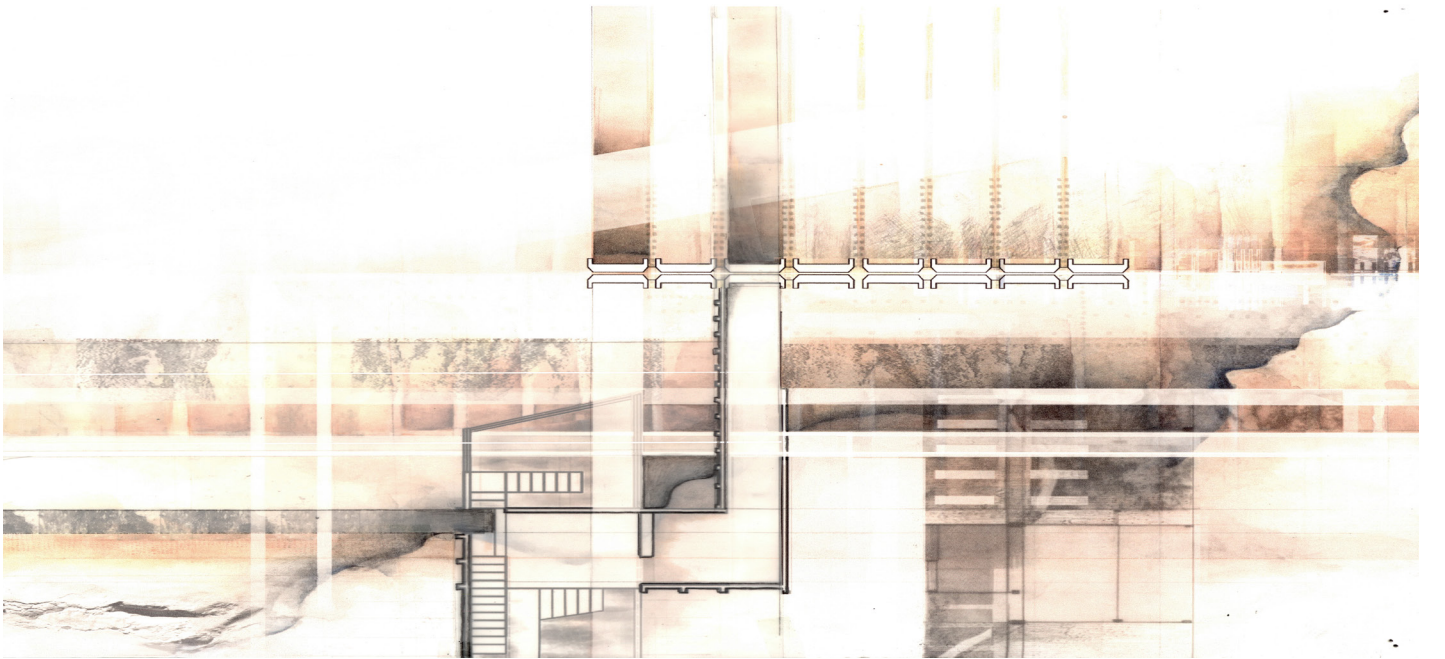
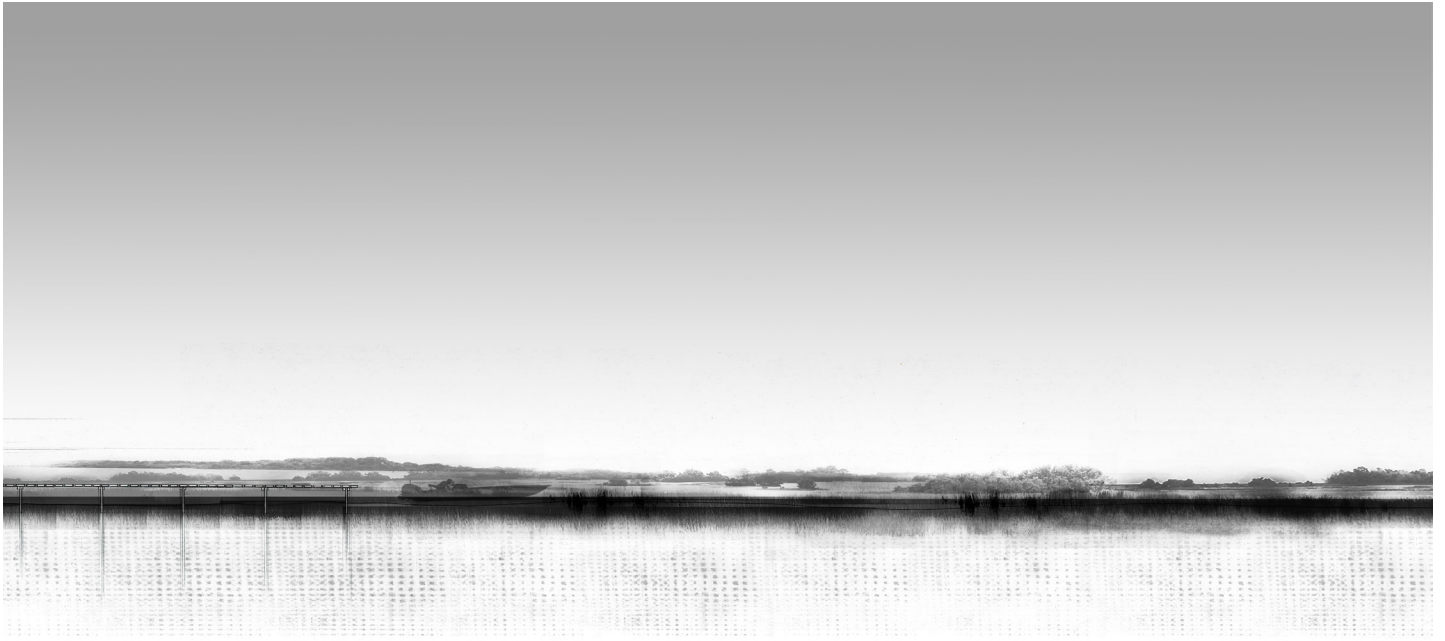


82.

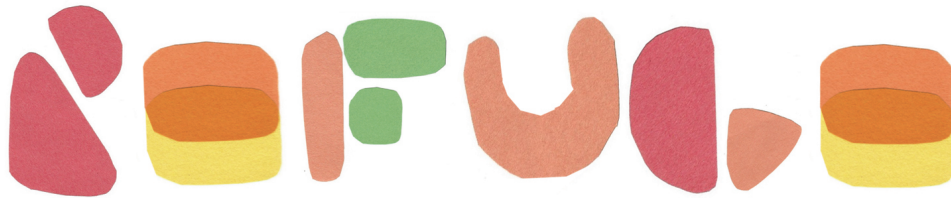
81. Neha Manikal - *D5*, Lisa Huang
82. Celine Haddad - *D5*, Nina Hofer









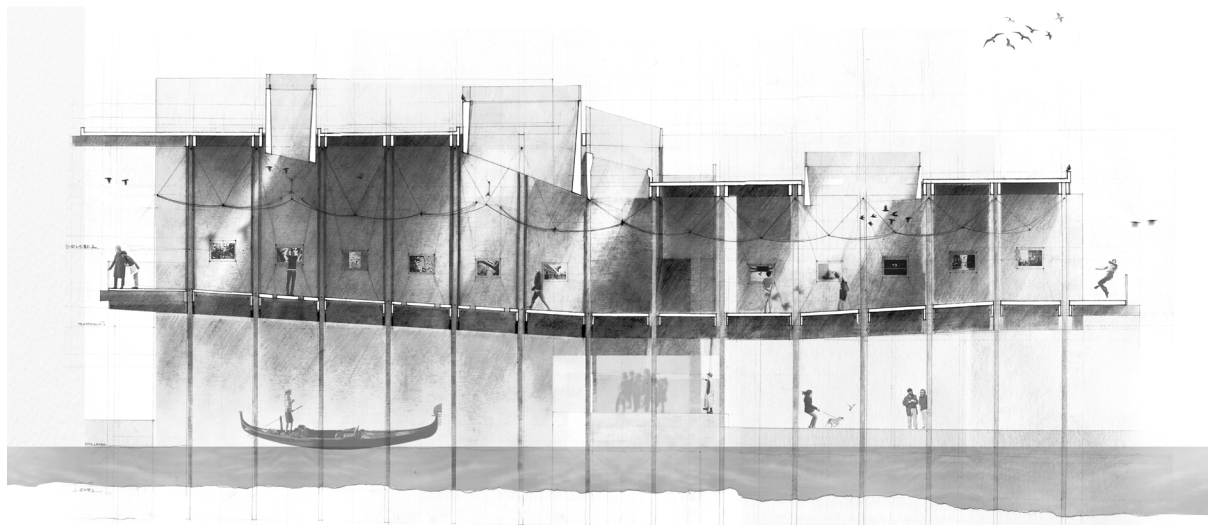


/ref'yooj/

NOUN

“That reassuring but profoundly unsatisfactory state known as “being in one’s right mind”. The protection that is blind to the deception of sanctuary, and therefore a place where one feels safe to dwell.



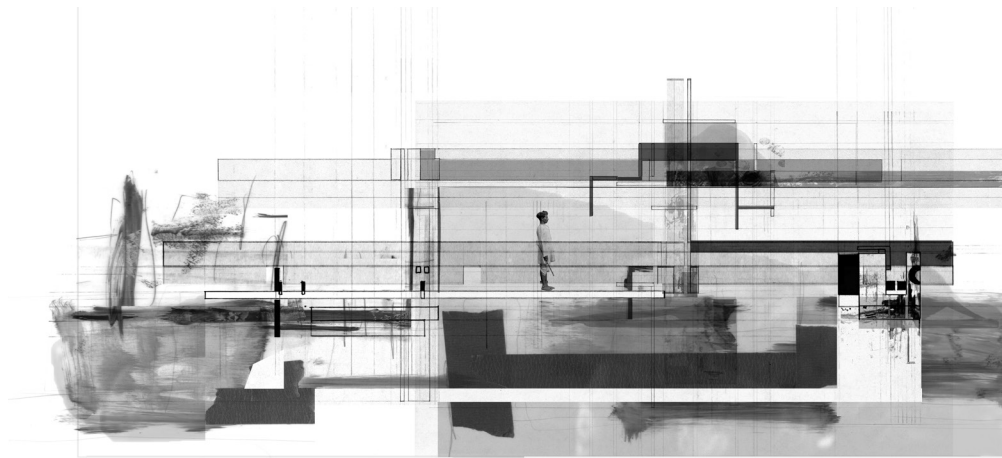


84.

I was five when I made my hiding place. A place where I felt nothing less than peacefulness and raw excitement. A place where it is impossible not to smile and laugh. Where I was never worried or scared, sad or nervous. There were no rules, no responsibilities, no one telling me what to do and a nightly routine of whirling and dancing

REFUGE

84. Mark Wilson - D8, Lisa Huang & Will Zajac



85.

until I passed out. This citadel had no walls, doors or ceilings. The only thing separating this magical place from the mundane world were the long duvets that wrapped around the space finishing at a point at the very top. This place was tucked away in my bedroom

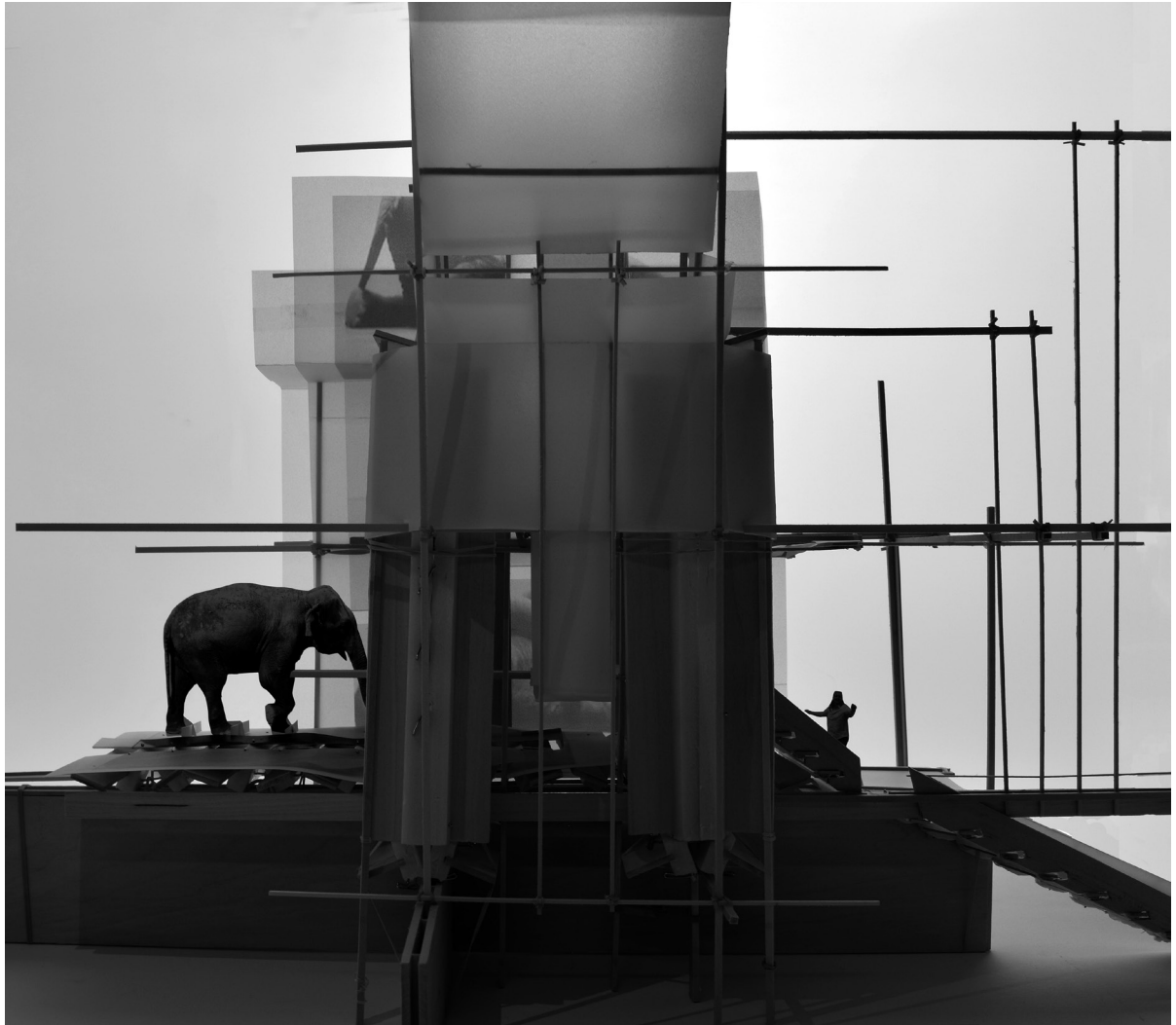
at the edge of my bed, causing the duvets to faintly brush the ground. I remember so vividly my two favorite things about my now fallen haven. The sweeping motion of my once static walls, their ability to expand, transform and define again the experience



86.

85. Aldrin Gaffud - D3, Will Zajac
86. Elizabeth Gooch - D5, Bradley Walters





87.

REFUGE

87. Charlotte Atwill - D3, Will Zajac

of this memory. There was something so calm about it, and I couldn't help but lay back and rest during those moments. And the precision of the punctual rays of light,



88.

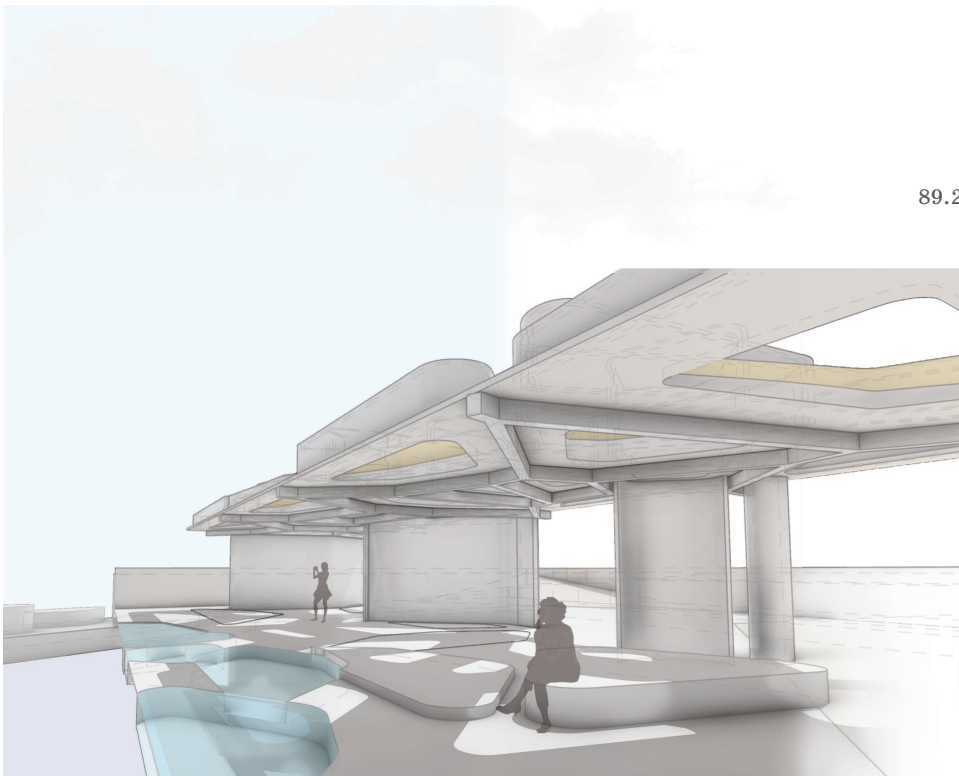
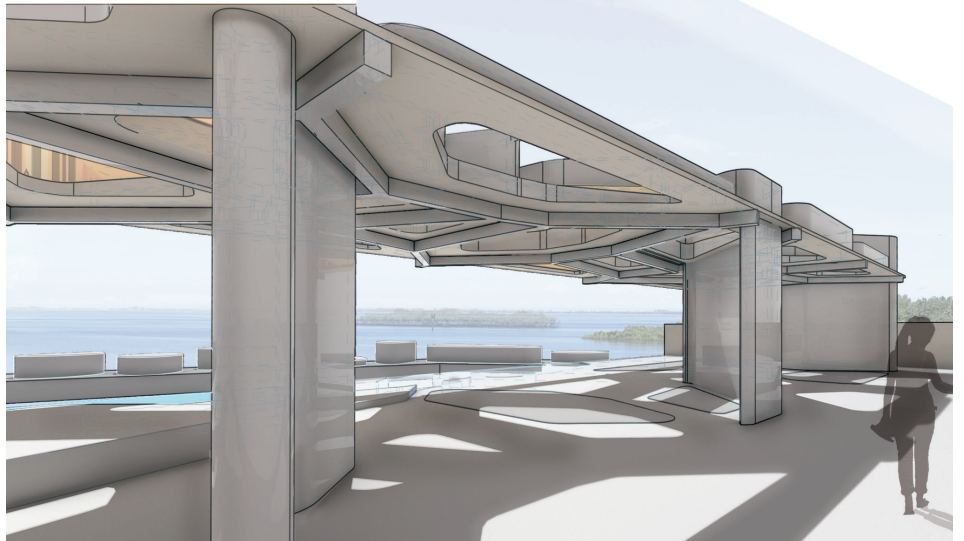
bleeding through a fabric that was unable or perhaps unwilling, as no material things are, to prevent the critical motion of light through its body.



Now that I am older, I understand that that specific, ever so loved place, has always been temporary. Why is it that we are compelled to live in shrines to ourselves and our lived experiences? Must we display the way we have used our mortality to others?

Must we mourn not

89.1



89.2

only our losses but also ourselves, as we were. as we are no longer. As we will one day not be at all?

REFUGE

89. Max Hemmy - D5, Michael Kuenstle

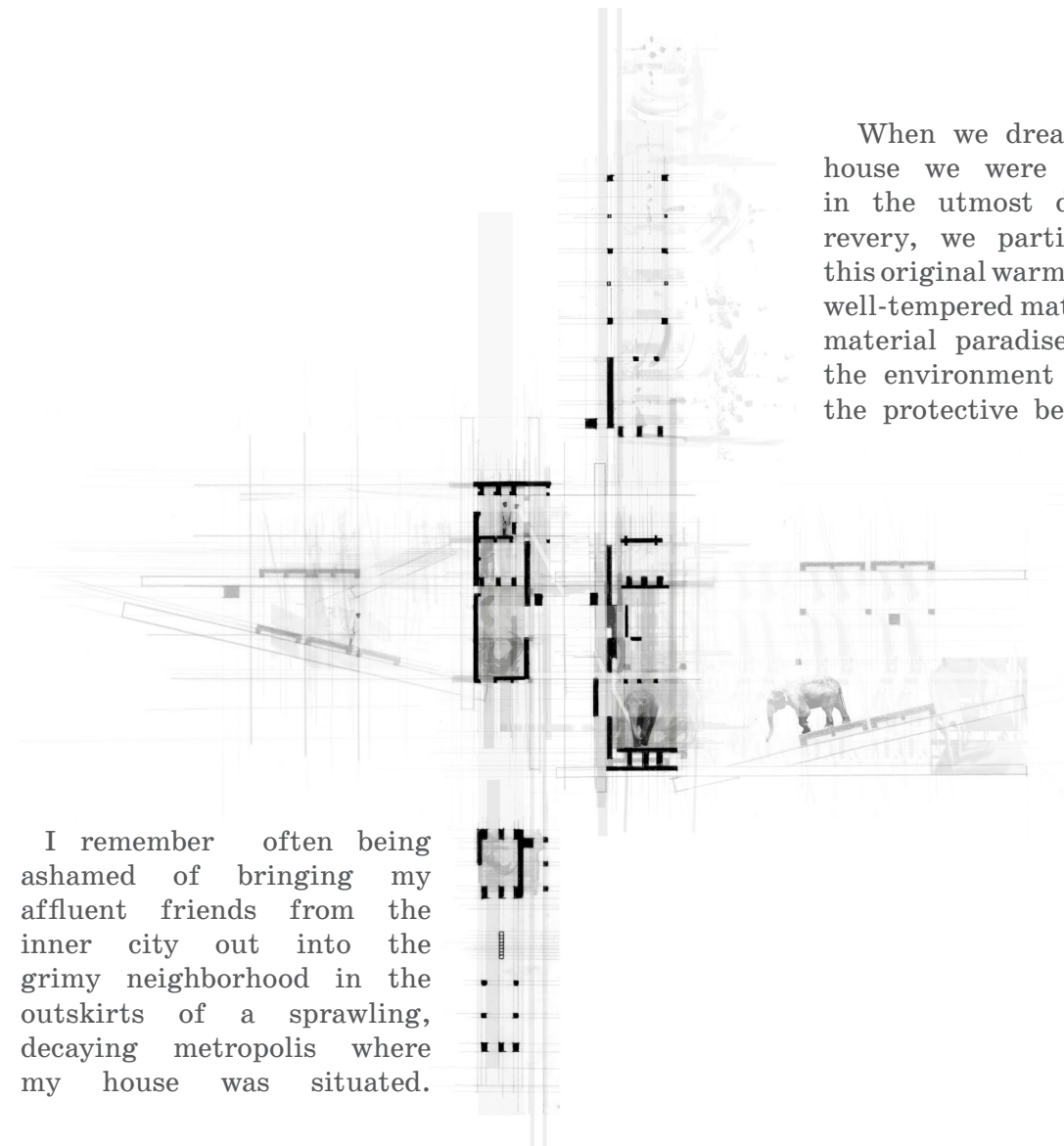
Now I had to look beyond the walls of my bedroom and the doors of my home and experience another place of privacy. A space that has an atmosphere that brings calmness to the mind, whatever that may mean. A place of comfort. A place of childish happiness. Somewhere to house all the memories I keep losing, a place of refuge.

A space that has in the utmost depths of revery, we participate in this original warmth, in this well-tempered matter of the material paradise. This is the environment in which the protective beings live.



90.



A complex architectural drawing of a house, featuring a central vertical section and various floor plans. The drawing is rendered in a light, sketchy style with some solid black lines. A cow is depicted in a lower-level enclosure, and a pig is shown in a separate enclosure to the right. The overall composition is layered and detailed, showing structural elements like walls, windows, and furniture.

When we dream of the house we were born in, in the utmost depths of revery, we participate in this original warmth, in this well-tempered matter of the material paradise. This is the environment in which the protective beings live.

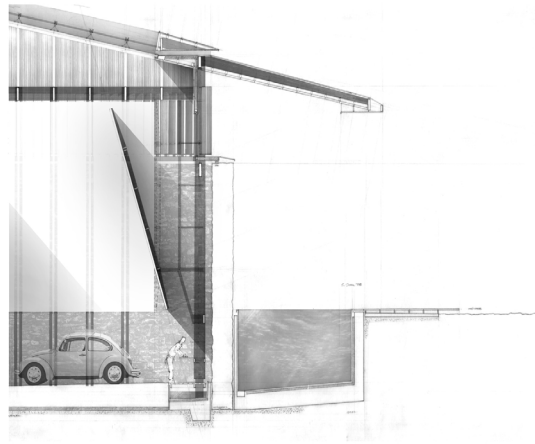
I remember often being ashamed of bringing my affluent friends from the inner city out into the grimy neighborhood in the outskirts of a sprawling, decaying metropolis where my house was situated.

91.

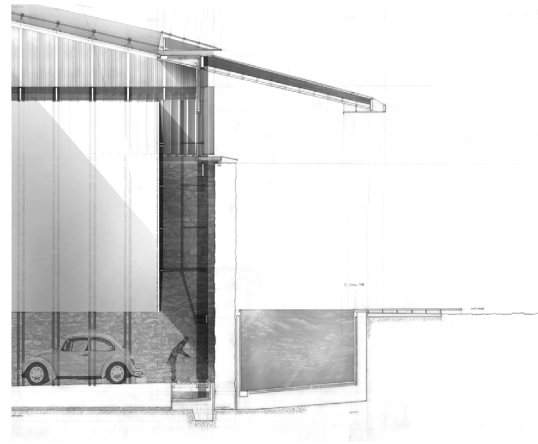
What was there to be proud of?

REFUGE

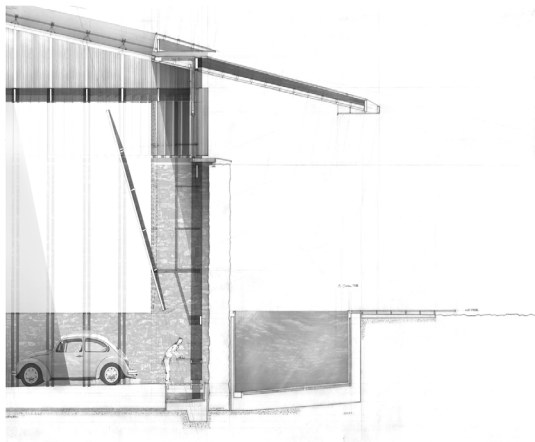
91. Ryan Karczewski - D3, Will Zajac



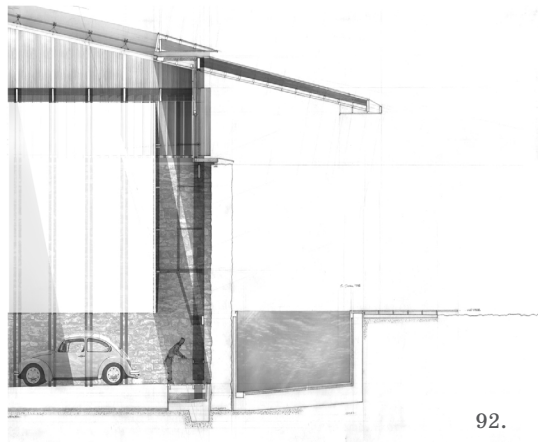
The cracked, dilapidated walls enclosed an aging interior – grey ceilings peeling strips of old paint off - like a snake shedding her scales.



The concrete floor was uneven. One didn't need to look too closely to notice the several stains and imprints that had been left behind on it.



open



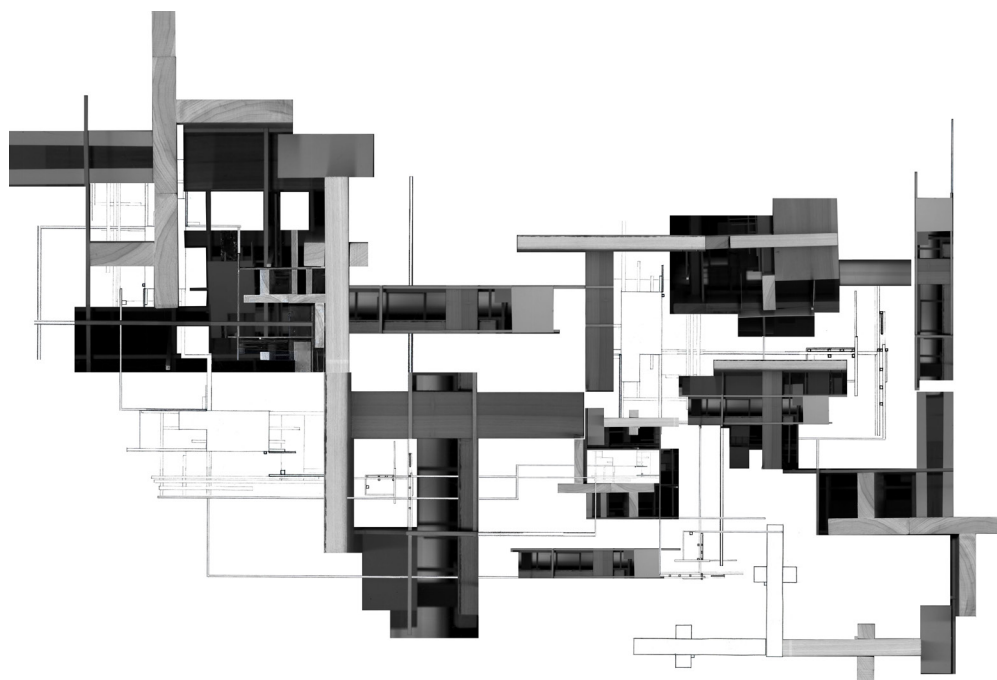
closed

92.



It served as a memory of the past. Families and tenants that had inhabited this semi-basement, and with them the hundreds of tables and wardrobes and chairs and shelves that had called the ragged yet reliable concrete, their home. I despised growing up in that house. Suffering the numbing cold of the winter, and

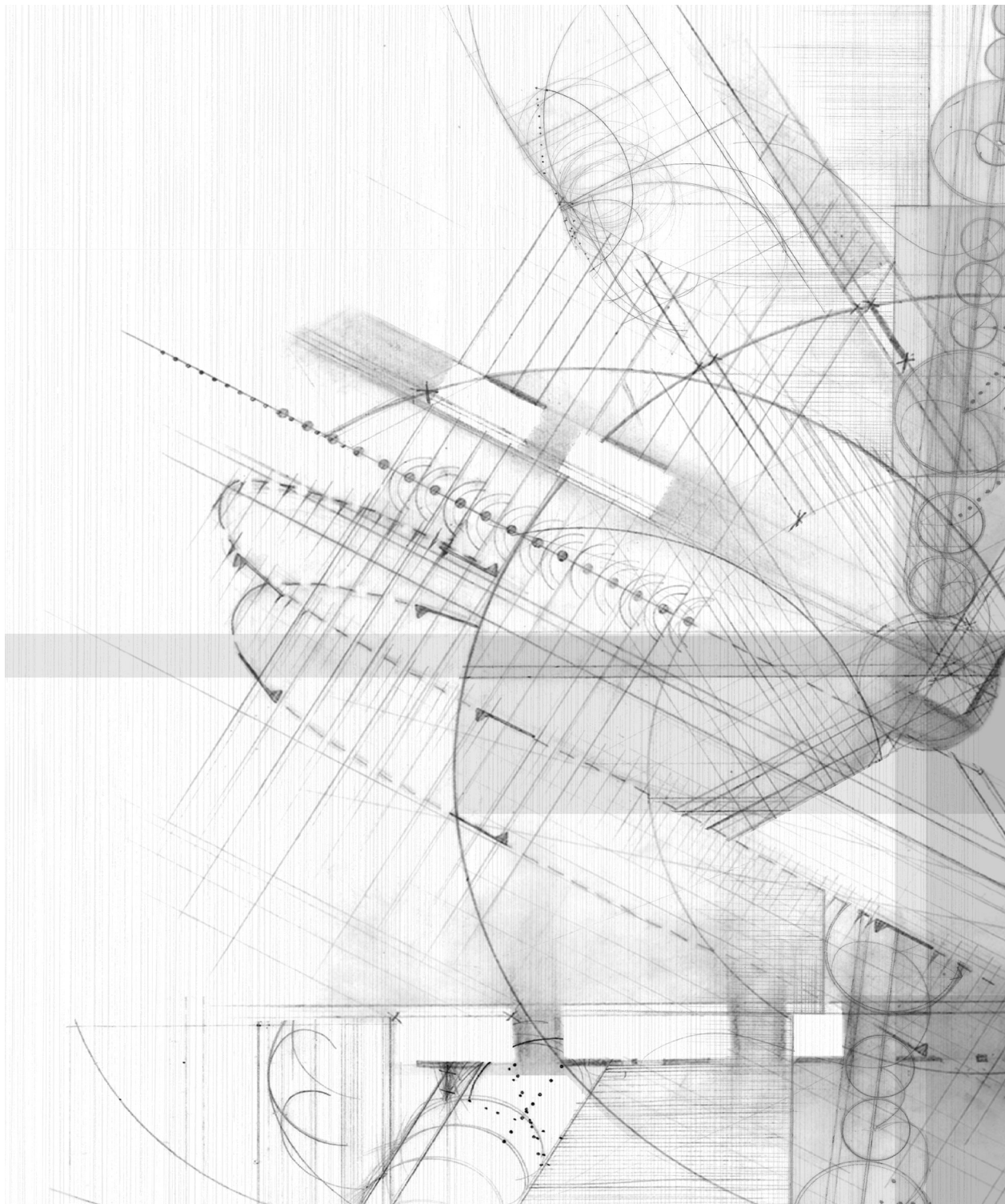
the formidable heat of the summer. The seasonal stench and stains on the facades would come and go, reminding us that the house and her materials were as vulnerable to the inconstant world outside as we were. how many of these buildings deserve eternal life anyway?



93.

REFUGE

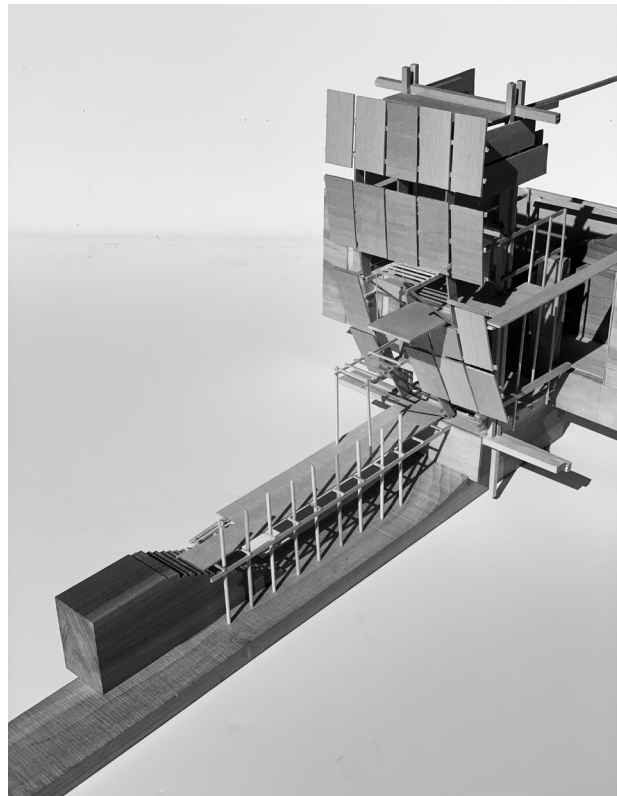
93. Alex Roman - *D1*, Peter Sprouls





95.

I have become nauseated by the apparent obligation of architecture to fabricate difference, to create interest, to deal with the apparently infinite boredom out there, to invent.



96.

REFUGE

95. Mark Wilson - *D8*, Lisa Huang & Will Zajac

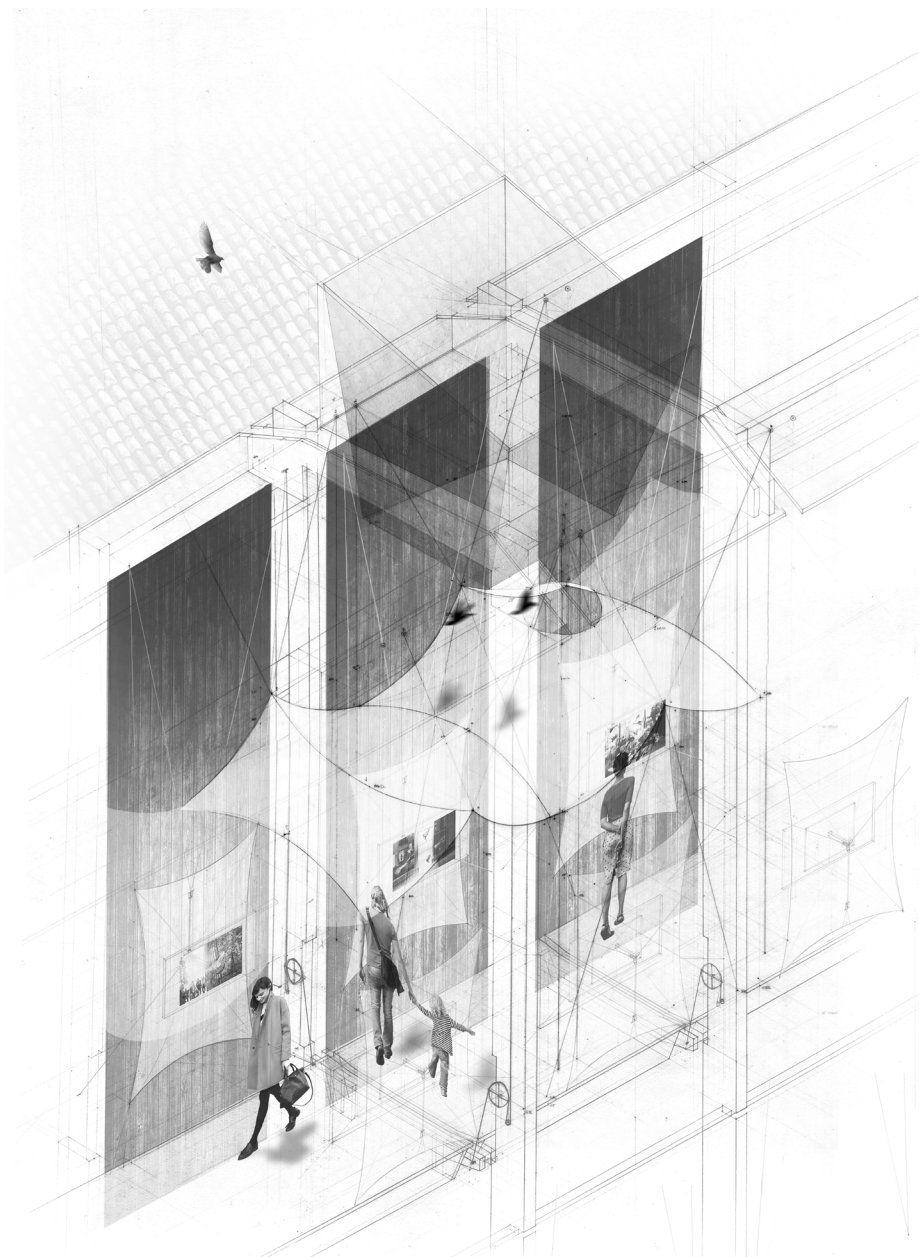
96. Brian Lachnicht - *D3*, Will Zajac

I believed I was lucky to have gotten away. As the seasons changed, the new house and her white walls and shiny wooden floors remained the same unaltered by the world outside. The unbreakable, perfect consistency slowly turned into sterility. As the spaces we inhabit often tend to influence our mind and spirit - the new, barren materiality of my “home” seemed to influence and reflect the bleak, desolate conditions of my mind.



97.





98.

I have run out of things to say, whatever I am thinking seems pretentious and naive. Whatever I feel seems cliché and scripted. ¹⁰

Whatever I see around

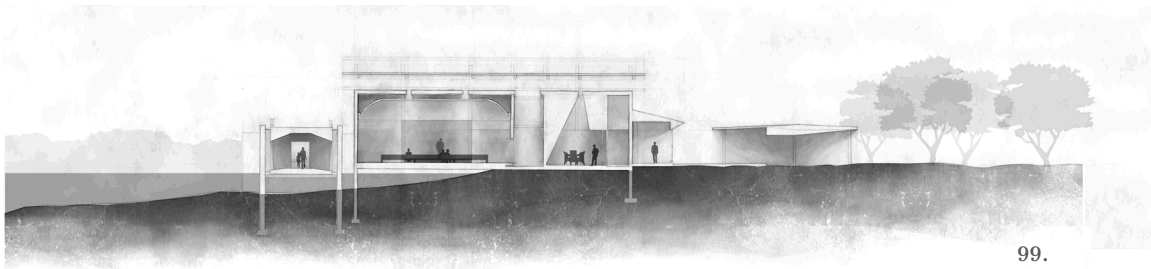
me seems like a tireless pantomime of tedious significance. My life, my emotions, my memories, myself, have become somehow entangled in a web not of my spinning, whose beginning and end I do not know. ¹¹

REFUGE

98. Mark Wilson - D8, Lisa Huang & Will Zajac

Although I inhabited these foreign spaces that were deemed “new and comfortable”, was I truly living? Is comfort more a reflection of the authenticity of how we dwell within spaces and less a matter of the material

luxury we surround ourselves with? In its basic definition, “dwelling” implies the action of living in a setting. The scale of this setting seems to be as irrelevant as it is important; if all actions of living are available to us



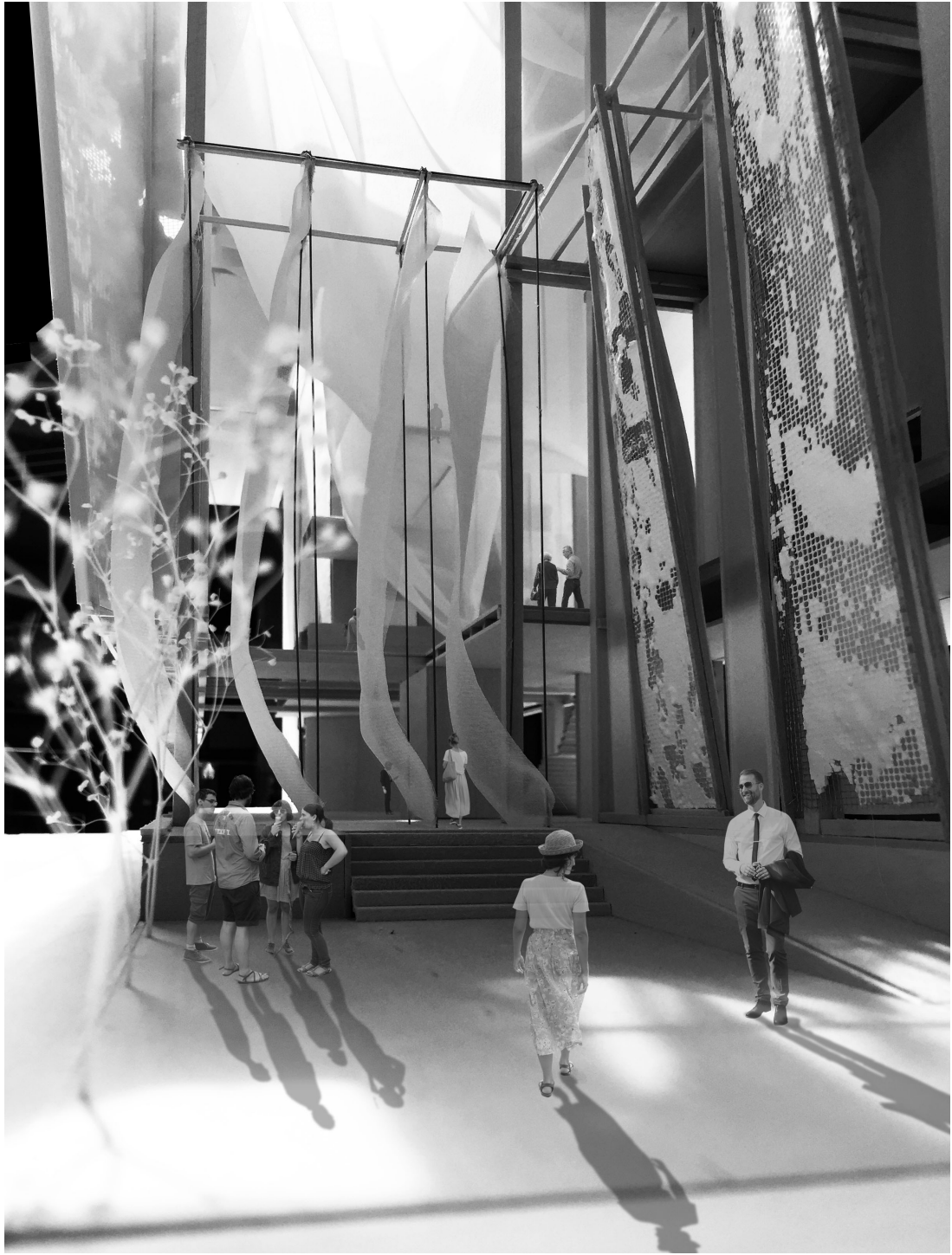
99.



100.

99. Charlotte Atwill - *D5*, Lisa Huang
100. Suzanne Tielmanns - *D5*, John Maze





101.

REFUGE

101. Jonathon Haist - *D6*, Peter Sprowls



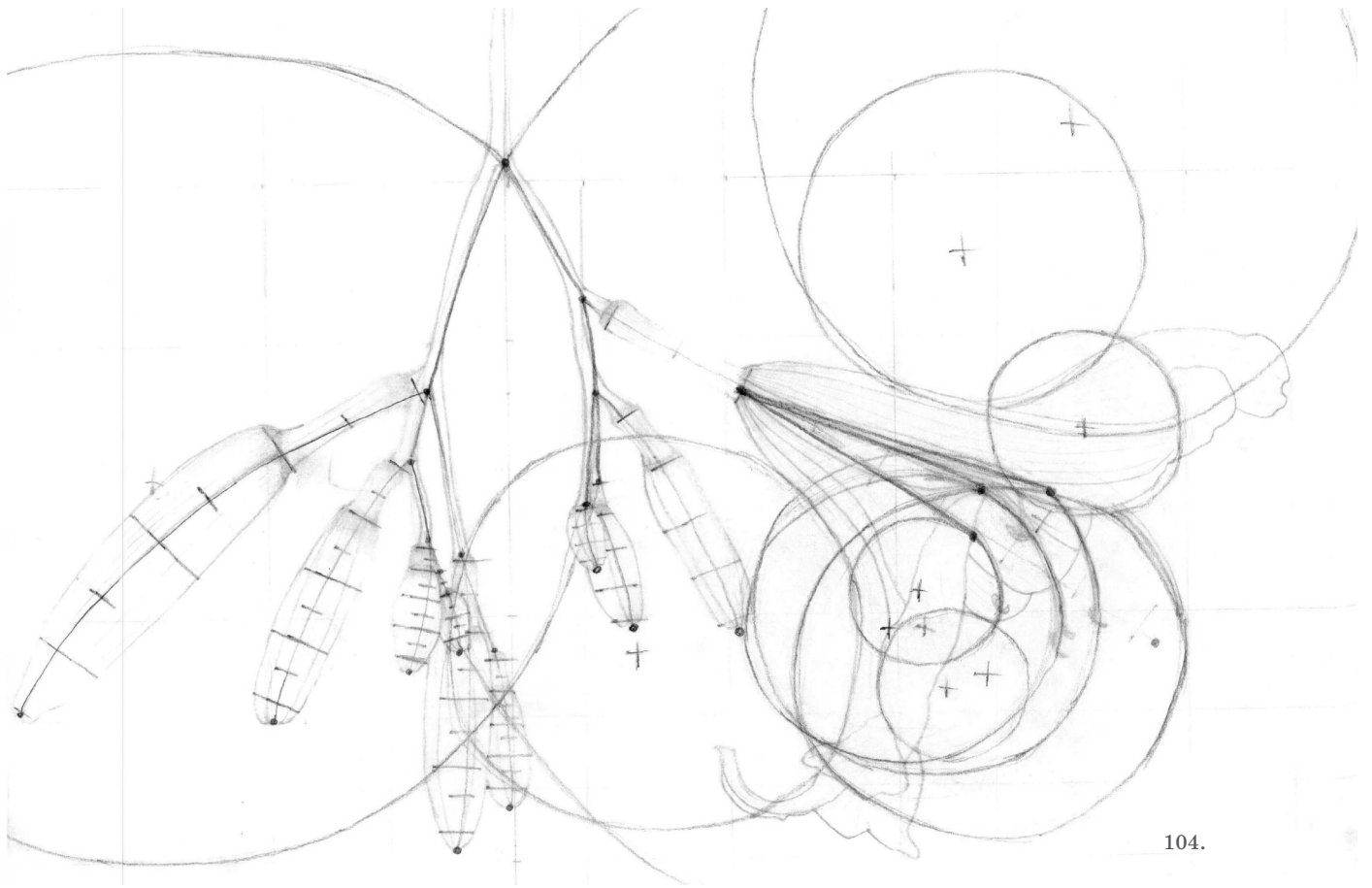
102.



103.

102. Andrea Aristiguieta - D5, *Martin Gold*
103. Kiaron Aiken - D5, *John Maze*

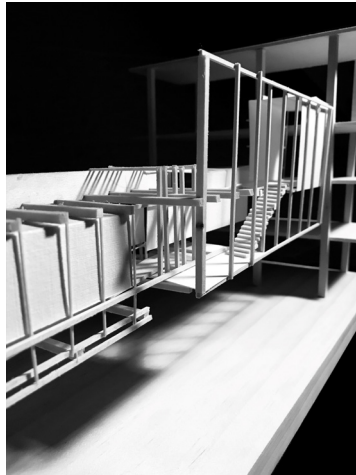




104.



105.



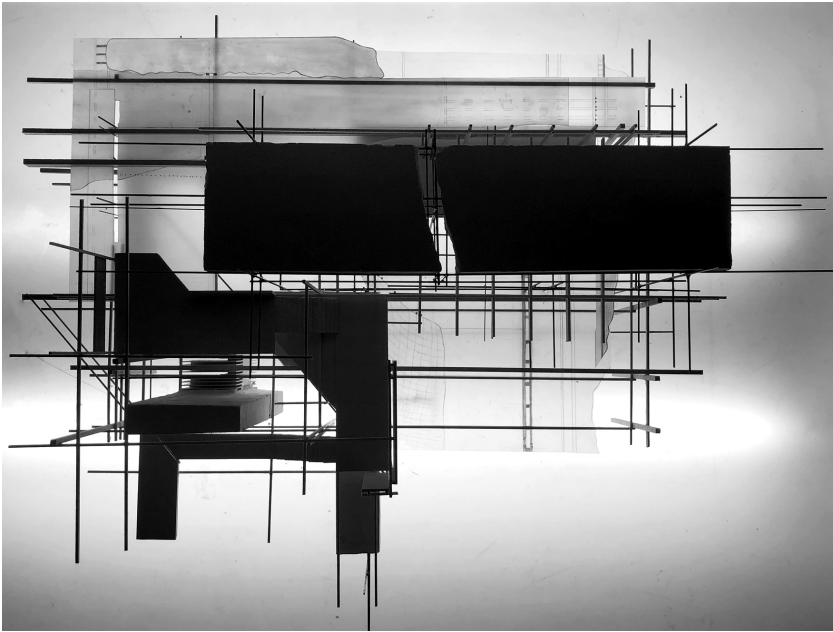
106.

in every place, why do we dwell differently in our homes than in the public spaces of our city? What is it about the proportions, the materiality, and the enclosure of our homes that creates a sense of privacy that yields certain behavior? In the same respect, why do we reserve specific acts of dwelling for our communal city spaces? Which setting better reflects the authenticity of who we are?

REFUGE

104. Clara Martucci - *D5*, Bradley Walters
 105. Amanda Mancebo - *D3*, Mark McGlothlin
 106. Sydney Melko - *D4*, Mark McGlothlin

107.



It seems that the qualities of domestic space, such as the level of privacy, allow one to feel unseen, and therefore grants a level of comfort to act freely. But the house doesn't act alone in granting this freedom; it matters whether we are alone in the house, and if we are not alone, do we have trust in our company? It matters if the house is our own, and if it isn't, are we familiar enough with its walls, its corners, its corridors, and those who own the space?

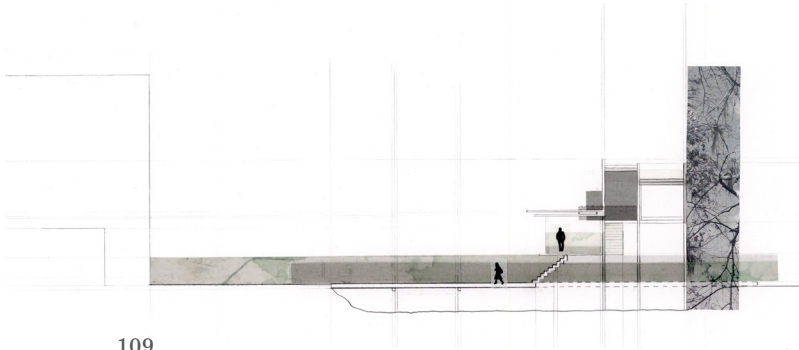
The house is merely a collection of boundaries that set the foundation for refuge, these other factors determine how far this comfort develops. All really inhabited space bears the essence of the notion of home.¹² The house shelters daydreaming, the house protects the dreamer, the house allows one to dream in peace;¹³ we should therefore have to say how we inhabit our vital space, in accord with all the dialectics of life, how we take root, day after day, in a “corner of the world.”¹⁴



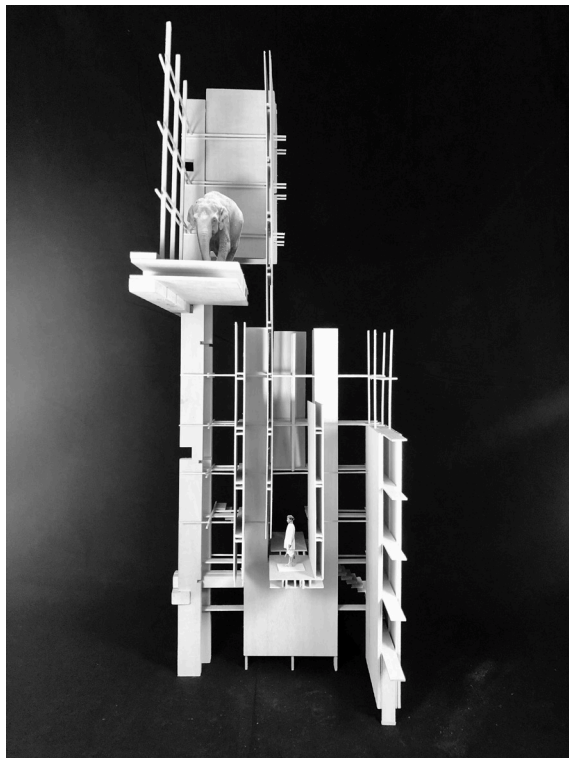
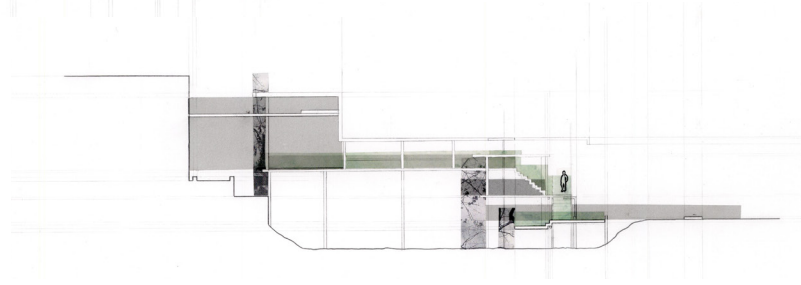
108.

107. Elizabeth Duarte - *D3*, Nic Rabinowitz
108. Basel Hussein - *D3*, Sarah Gamble

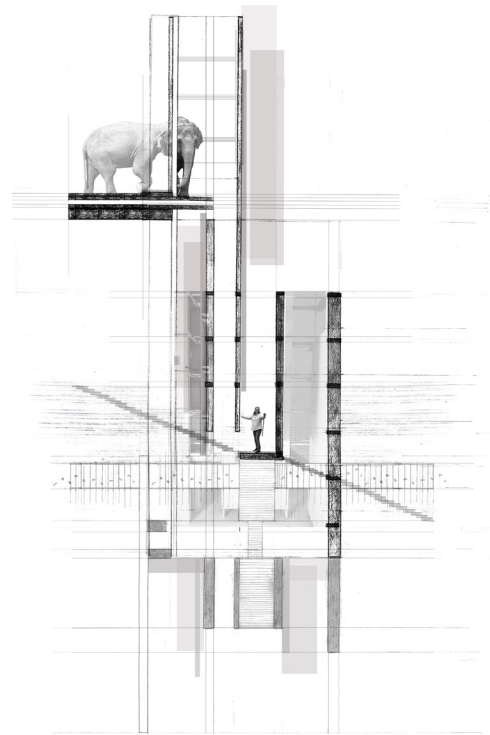




109.



110.1



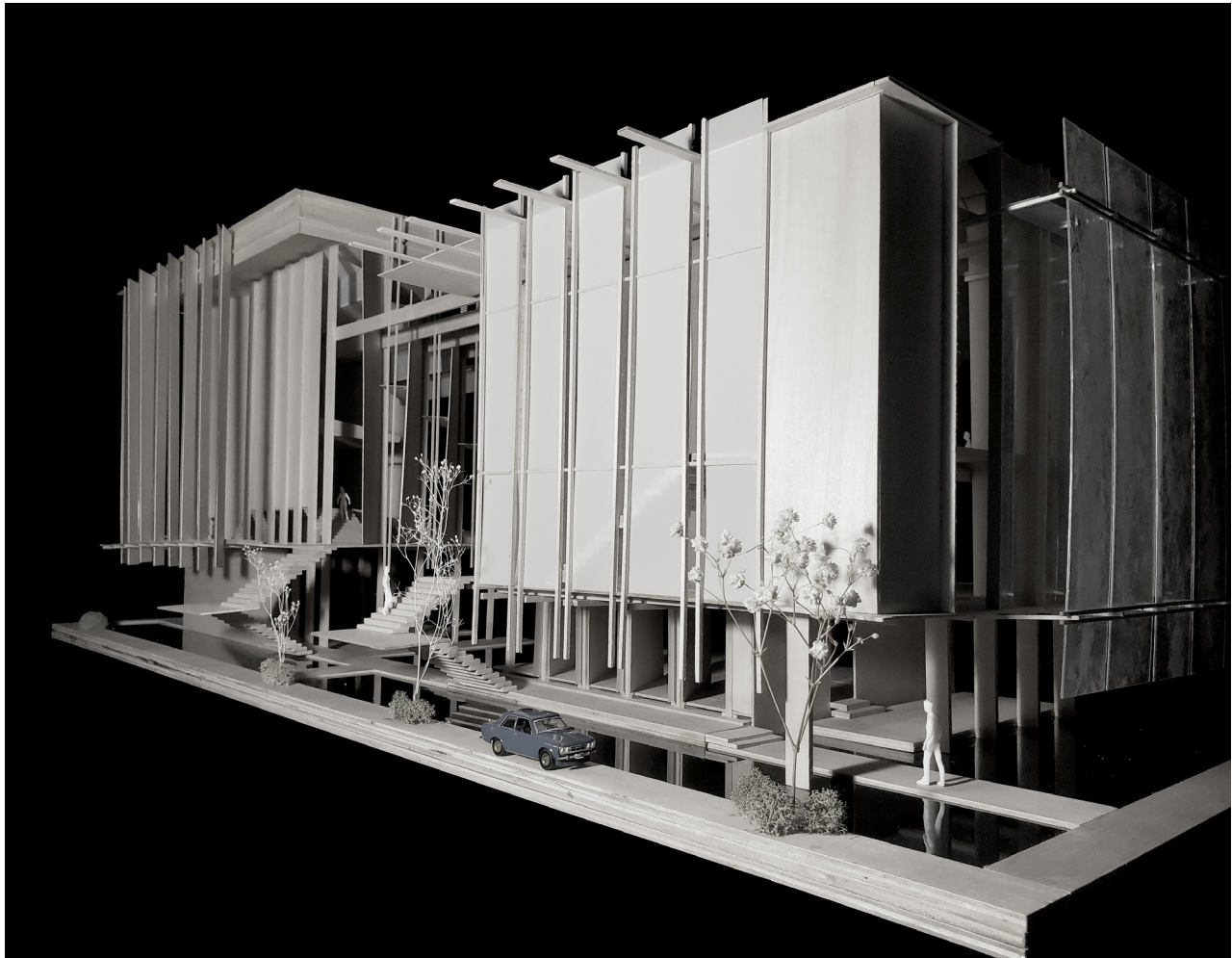
110.2

REFUGE

109. Amanda Mancebo - *D4, Martin Gunderson*
 110. Grace Gallagher - *D3, Will Zajac*

We feel an attachment with the spaces we dwell in, both public and private, because of their ability to verify and validate the experiences lived in them. Our memories can be unsatisfactory; senses are deceived of their full potential because the experience is trapped in the mind, and to be able to relive these recollections we travel

back to the spaces that hold them, protect them. It's a mutual agreement between the space and ourselves. All the spaces of our past moments of solitude, the spaces in which we have suffered from solitude, enjoyed, desired, and compromised solitude, remain indelible within us, and precisely because the human being wants them to remain so¹⁵.



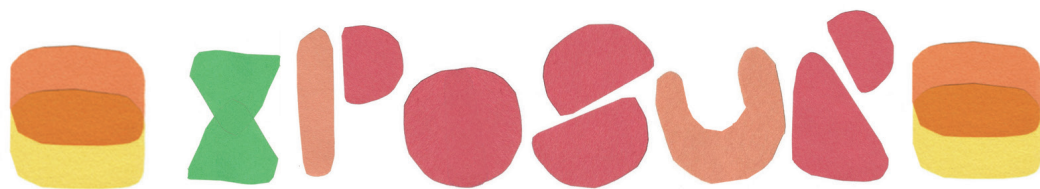
111.





112.



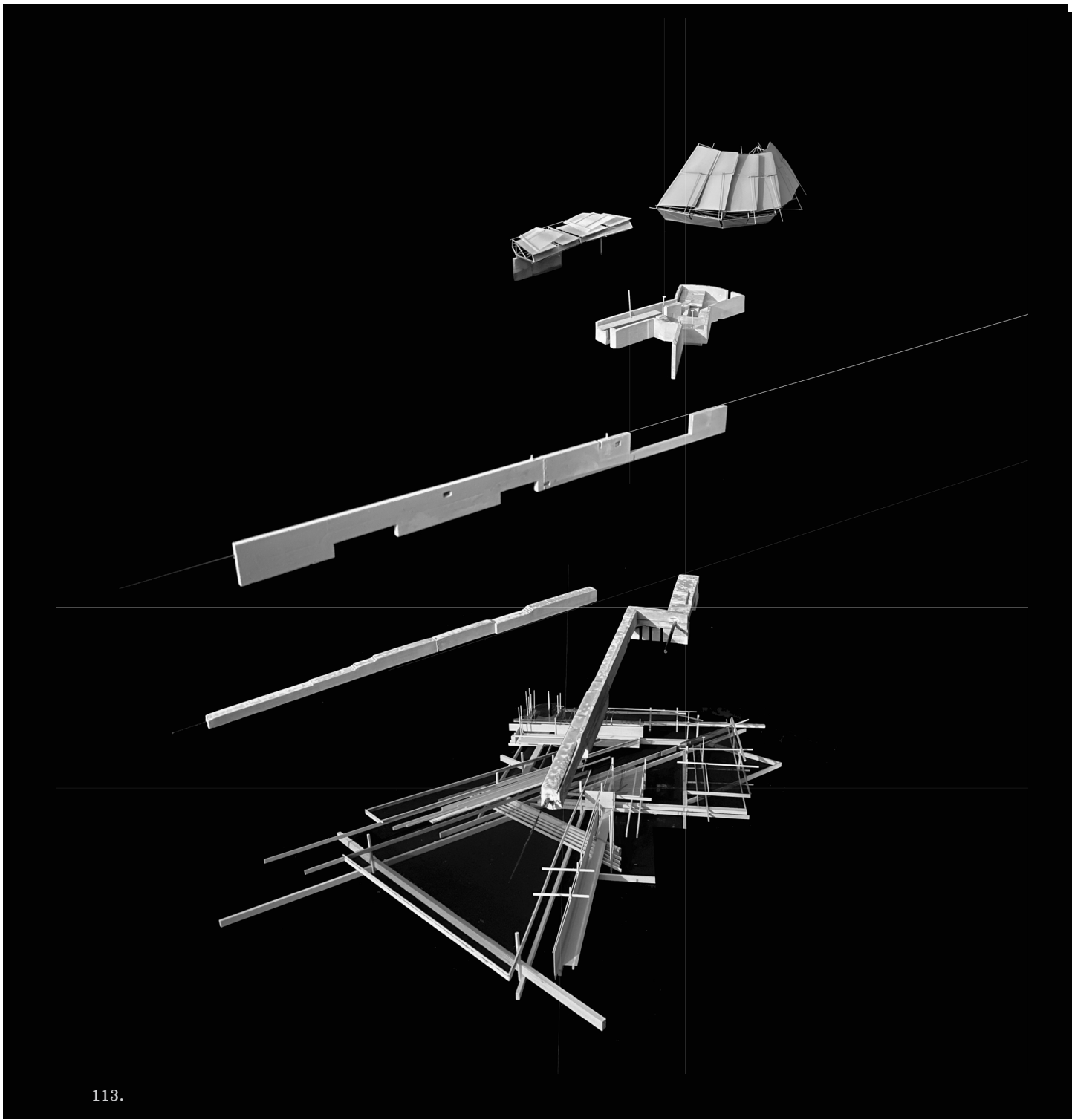


/ik'spōZHər/

NOUN

Brightness that burns, revelation
that results in vulnerability.



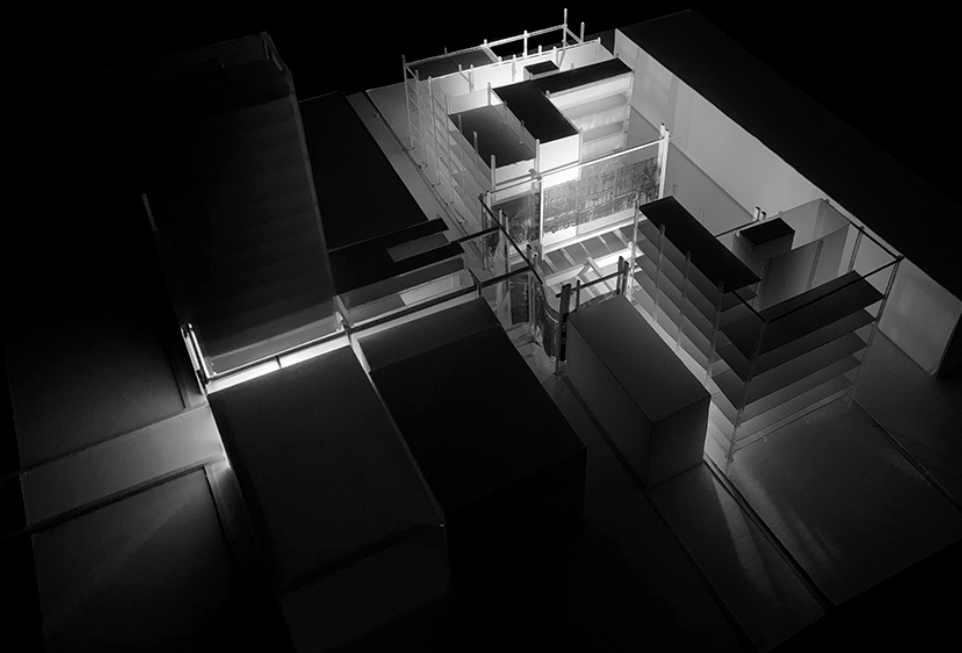


113.

EXPOSURE

113. Evan Levy - *D5*, Lisa Huang

Eyes meet. The girl in the painting beckons me. Zoom out. It is known what is contained but it is the quest of the viewer to seek it out. Even in a maze of rooms that range from intimate to palatial, the overbearing proportions tell you to be careful. This is an important space. A respected space. It is a space that forces you to contemplate and slow down. It is a fortress for hundreds of years of intellectual work. These mint green walls of the Prado have held me before.

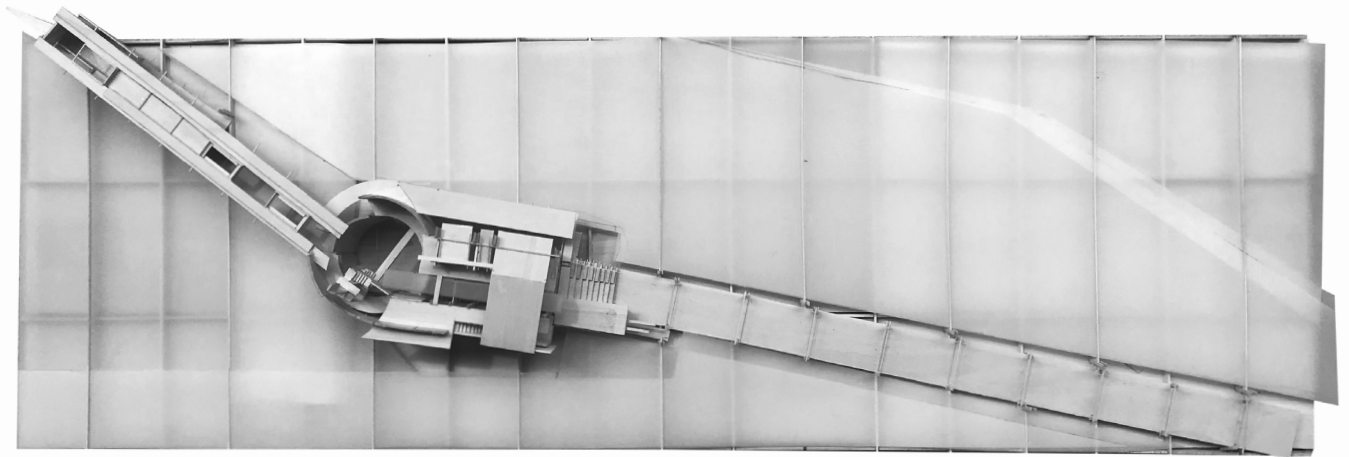


114.

114. Cesar Tinjaca & James Wright - *D7, Michael Montoya*

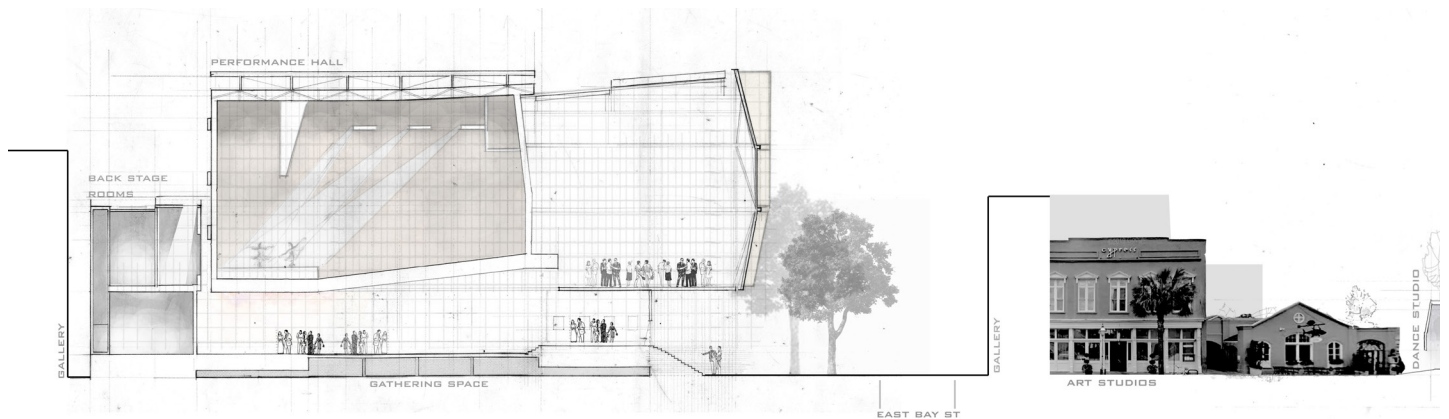
84





115.

They fold around me in a ring, undulating like how I remembered. Light streams in through the coffers, a larger measure that is heavier but floats above. The patterns in them dance with an established and bold weight. As a child, I traced my fingers along them and turned my shoes on the marble

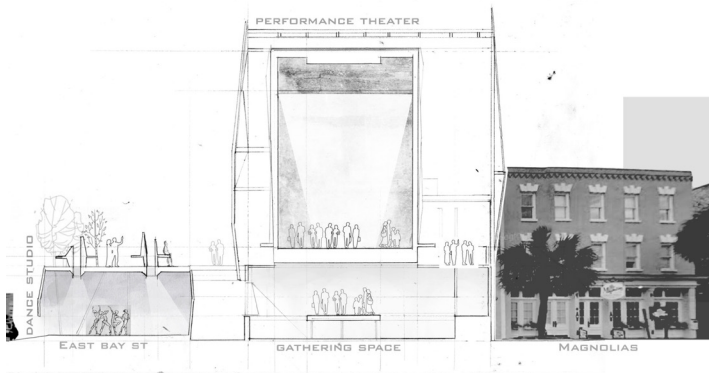


116.

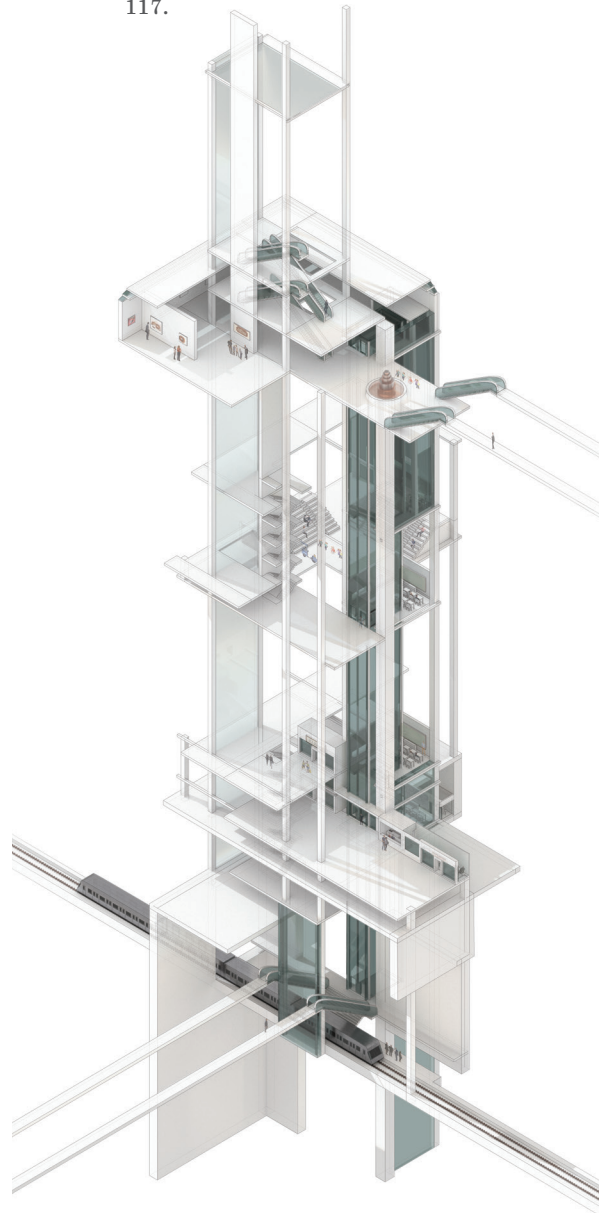
EXPOSURE

115. Sophie Wojtalewicz - D4, Mark McGlothlin
 116. Tananchanok Jantarachota - D6, John Maze

which spans the room, a cold context to the warm painting in front of me. The buffed, but well-loved, marble floors brush slowly under the soles of hushed passerby. In a place where the entire world is put on pause for the sake of receiving details and information, it is hard for a child to keep still. Still, the unique experience of the museum - the unique experience of museum architecture - is singular in its identity that it forces its way into the budding mind.



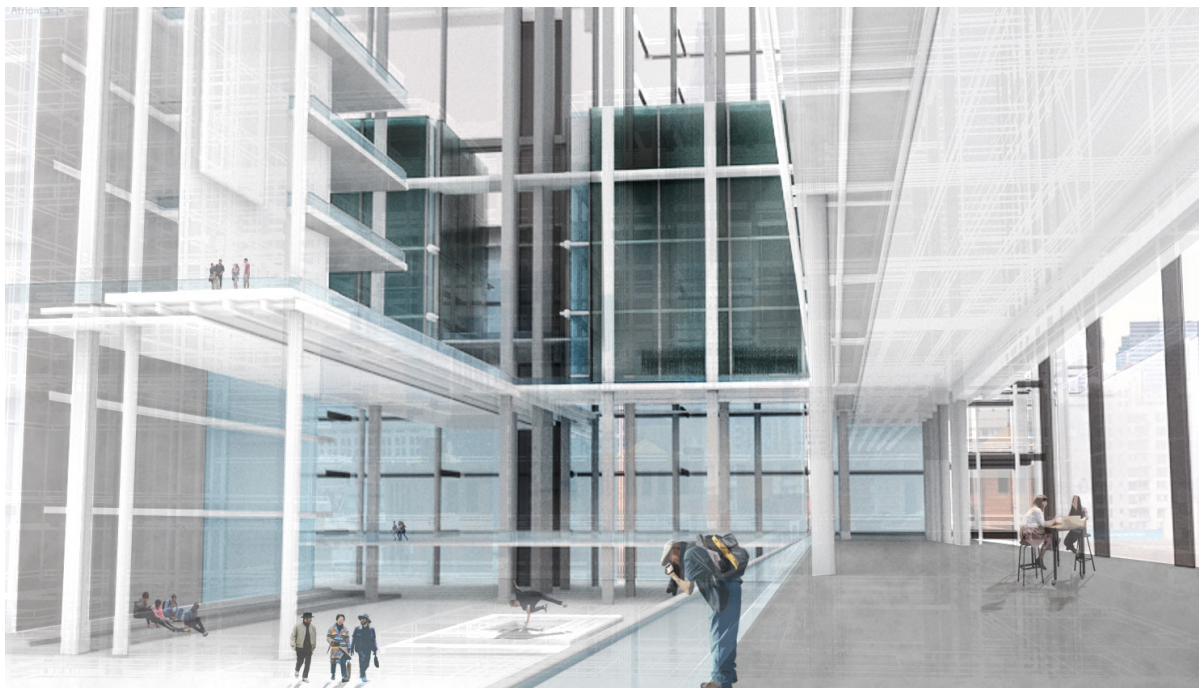
117.



86

117. Chien Hao Lan (Howard) - D4, Nancy Clark





118.

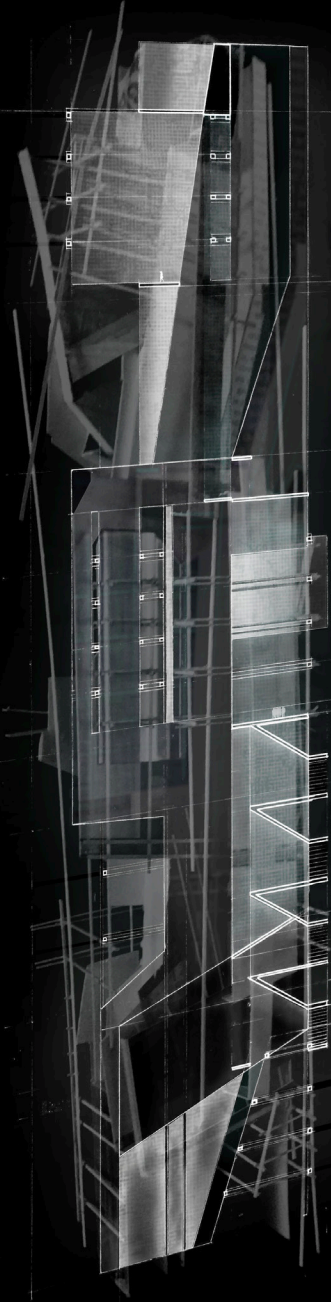


119.

Just as the architecture of a playground, school, supermarket, and home differs so greatly in their contexts, can the museum be immediately identified with an emotion, or a reaction, starting from the age when memories can develop. Even before these small visitors can comprehend the

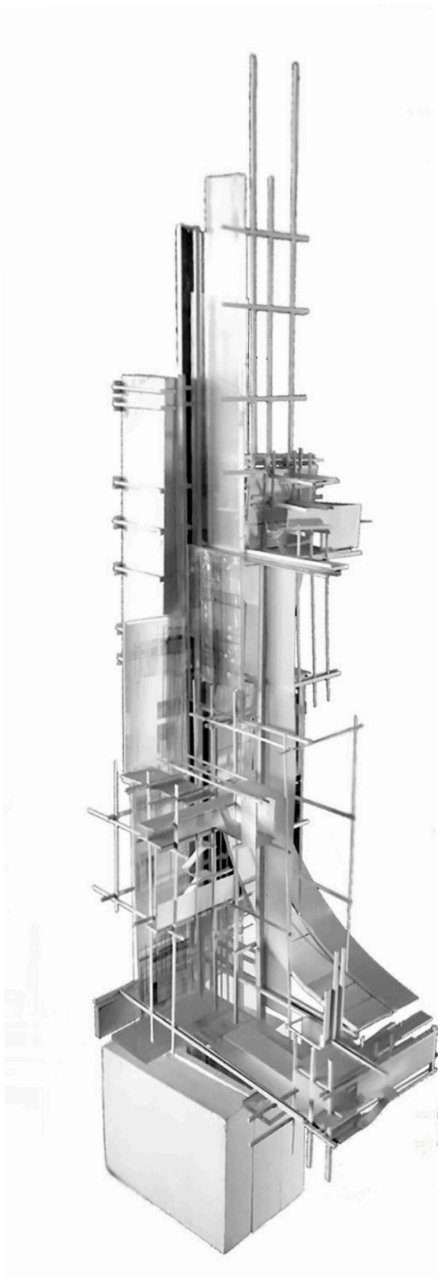
EXPOSURE

118. Jenna Ims & Tananchanok Jantarachota - *D7*, Alfonso Perez
119. Sophie Guyentran - *D3*, Nic Rabinowitz



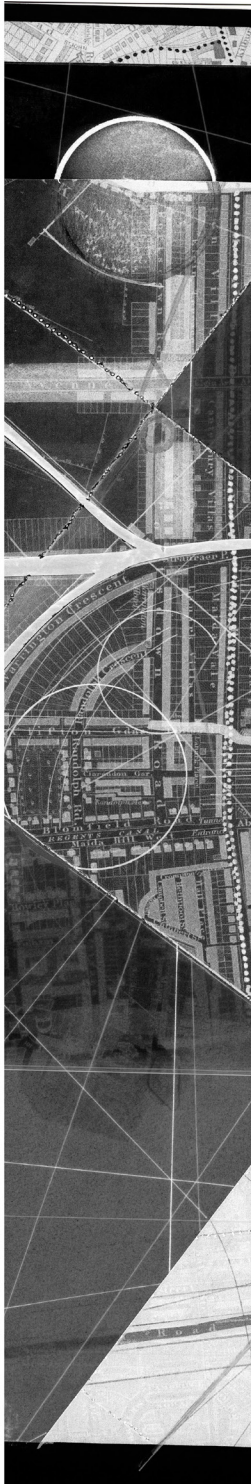
abstract devotion of art, the reliquiae watch in solemn disapproval from the stone walls, seeping their way into the subconscious. Passing heavy walls which capture the echoes of the visitors across the entire structure and throw them around in a muted cacophony, it is also immediately apparent to children which paintings capture the most attention.



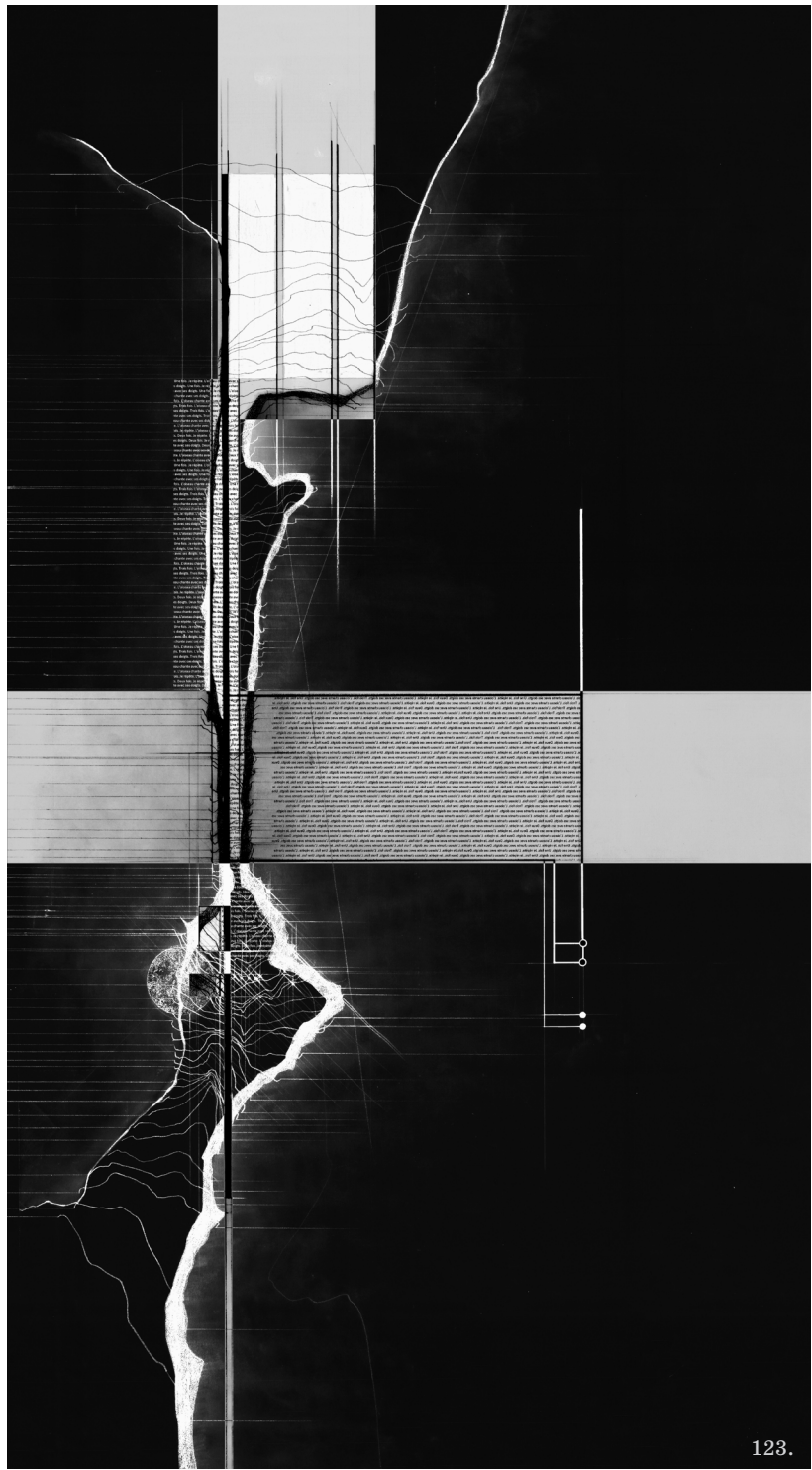


Approaching a buzz of energy, diving into a fluttering of camera lenses, an image reveals itself through a silent and watchful crowd. Why is it that this work commands the attention of the place? I will always gravitate back to the one piece that most impressed itself on me as a child. But, as an adult, these figures no longer need to live in the subconscious. I can recognize them and have learned to understand divine connections between minutiae. Slowly making my way towards a familiar, I try to recall closely what enigma exists in this gallery, and more

specifically this portrait, that leads me back to it at this time in my life. An artificial amber glow emanates from behind, but it's as if the picture has its own enthalpy. I imagine that its heat radiates into the still air of the space, glowing on my skin, pulsating at my temples. Analyze. It's a simple frame attempting to bind a boundless space. At the bottom of the frame, these units marry a warm brown carpet - the humble foundation under La Infanta's feet.



122.

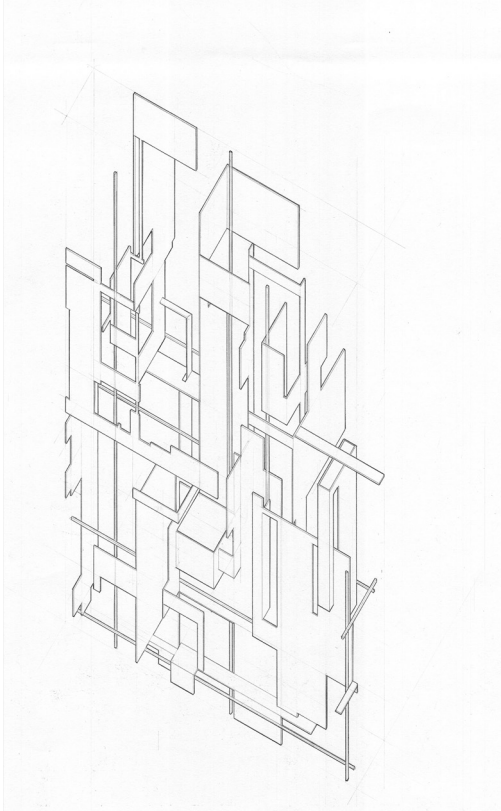


123.

122. Brian Espinosa - D4, Mark McGlothlin
123. Sophie Nguyentran - D4, Michael Montoya



124.



125.

Further, in the threshold, a man in black draws the curtains back, alleviating volumes of shadow clinging to any surface. Highlight. Sun from the apertures strikes the pale cheek of the Infanta in formless illumination. Her hair shines, lit with a whiteness that evaporates some of her likeness. She still locks her vision on me, shifting her face something other. A painter admires his easel, but now, his pupils scrutinize elsewhere. A

EXPOSURE

124. Kelly Fong & Giselle Urbay - *D5, John Maze*

125. Alexa Rojas - *D1, Jason Alread*

“A man’s work is nothing but the slow trek to rediscover, through the detours of art.”¹⁶

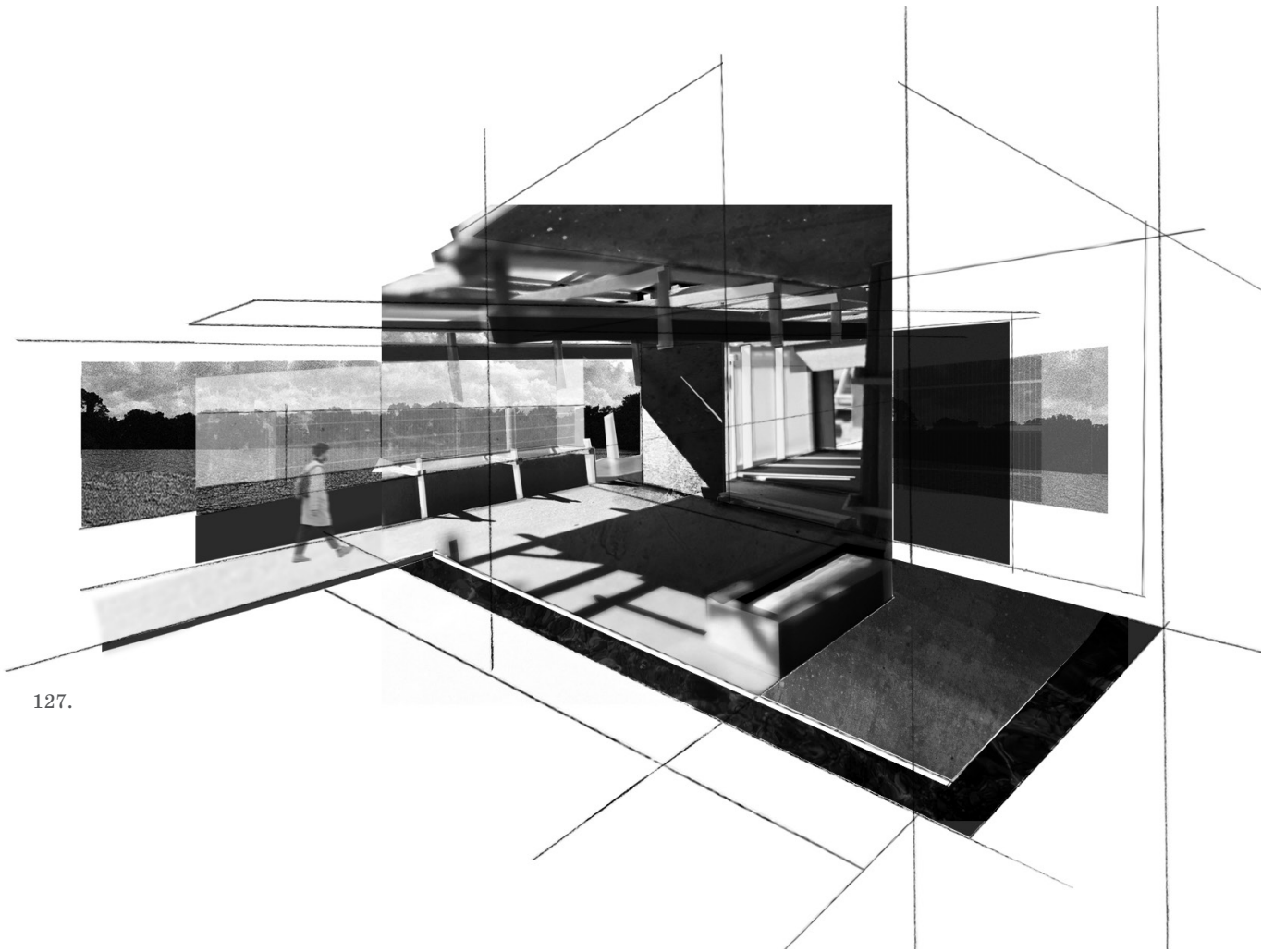
man’s work is nothing but the slow trek to rediscover, through the detours of art, those two or three great and simple images in whose presence his heart first opened. Looking beyond, I can see clearly the passing observers I considered myself a part of. Do they have any regard for me? Do they speculate at my being, or do their eyes simply pierce nothing?



126.

126. Chris Prinsen - D6, Stephen Belton,

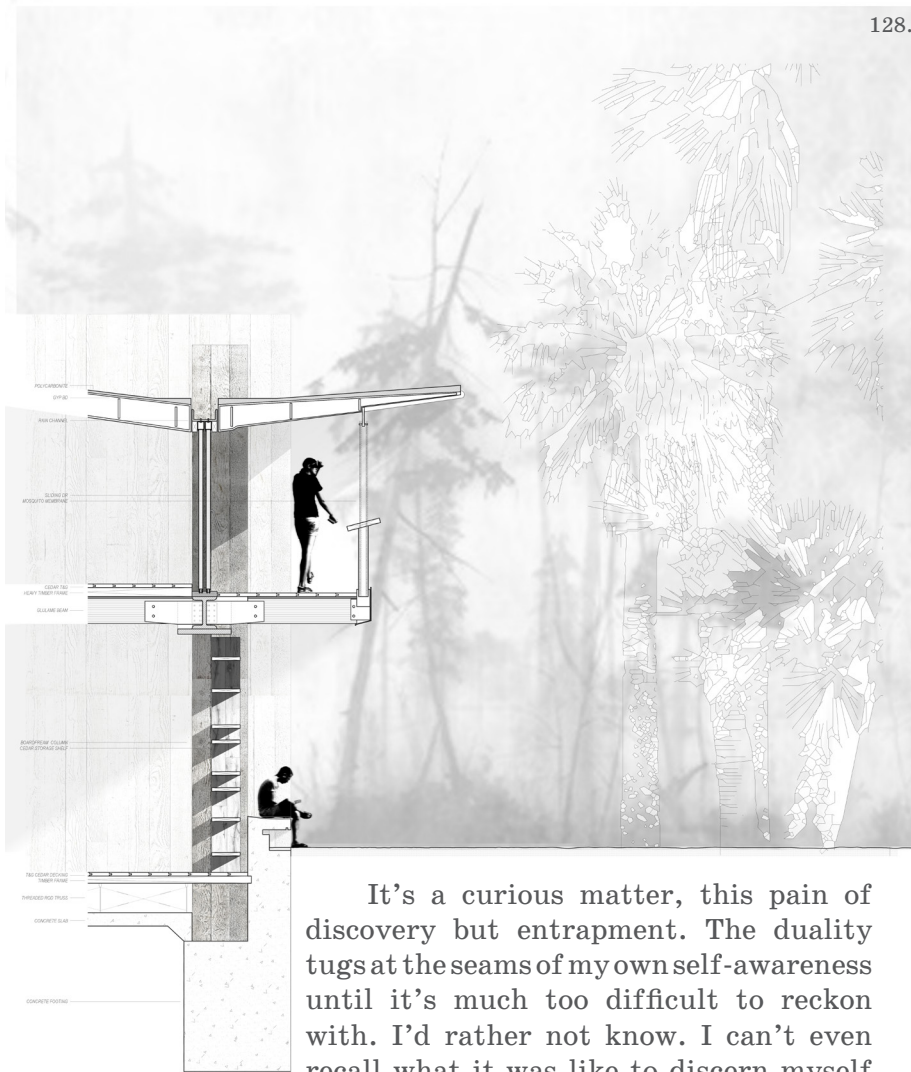




127.

EXPOSURE

127. Maggie McMickle - D5, Lisa Huang

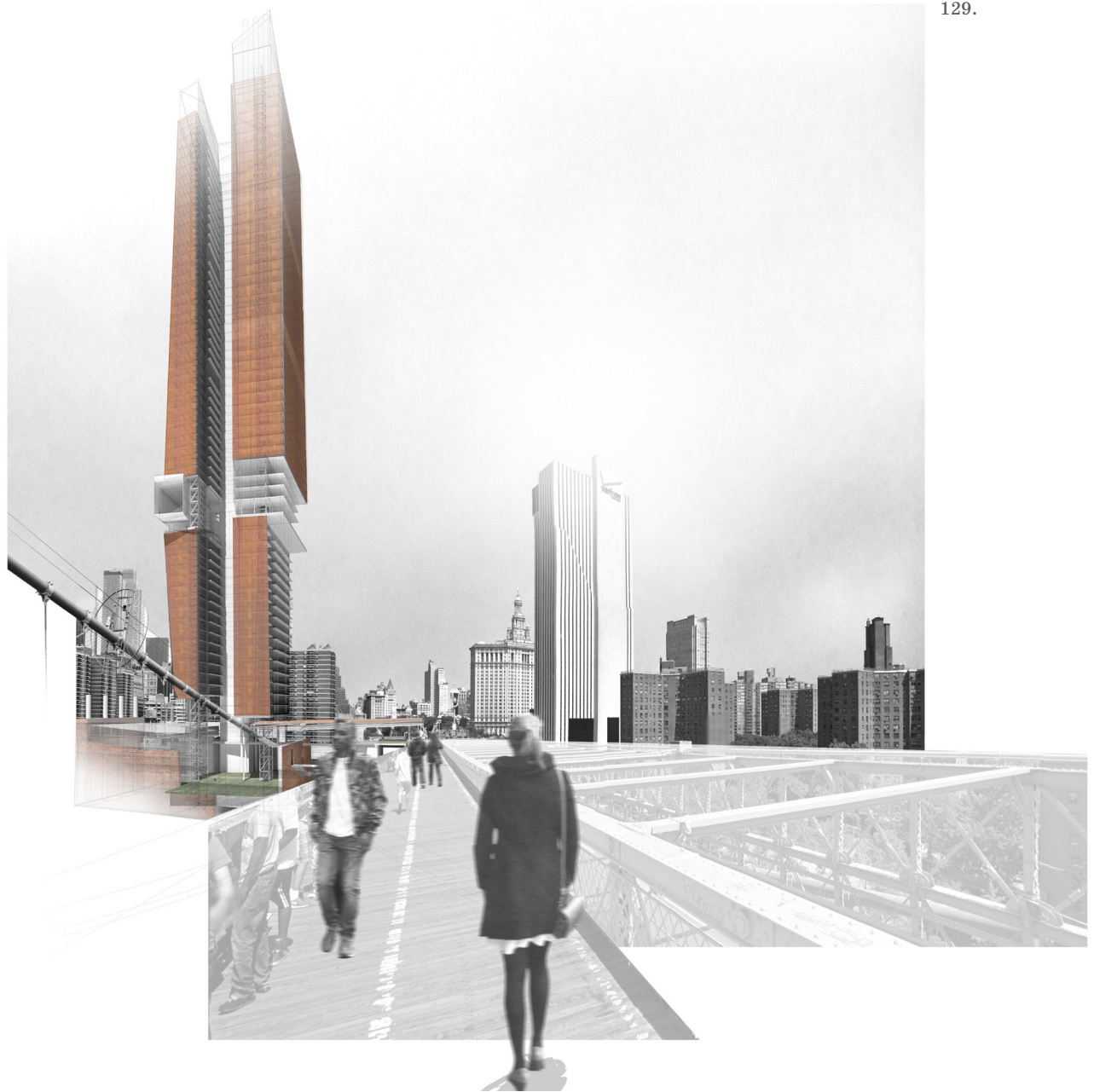


128.

of the tangible. Related possibilities - do they really exist? What Proust began so playfully has become awesomely serious. He who has once begun to open the fan of memory never comes to the end of its segments; no image satisfies him, for he has seen that it can be unfolded, and only in its folds does the truth reside; that image, that taste, that touch for whose sake all this has been unfurled and dissected; and now remembrance advances from small to smallest details, from the smallest to the infinitesimal, while that which it encounters in these microcosms grows ever mightier.¹⁷

It's a curious matter, this pain of discovery but entrapment. The duality tugs at the seams of my own self-awareness until it's much too difficult to reckon with. I'd rather not know. I can't even recall what it was like to discern myself anyways. Two realms of perception,





EXPOSURE

129. Daniel Lutarewych & Richard Rodriguez &
Mark Wilson - *D7*, Mark McGlothlin

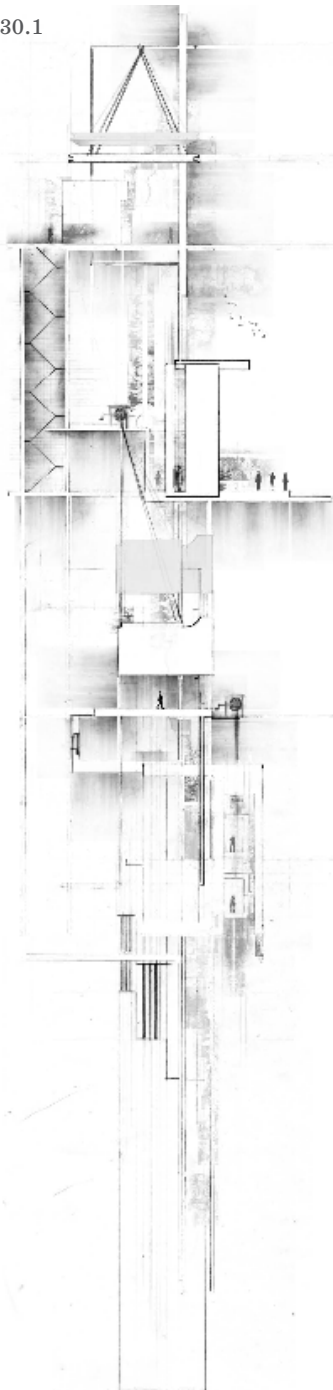
130.1

Two figures are situated in front of me, their composure stiff, their aspect sentient yet tranquil. Their eyes burn into their reflection on the back wall. A mirror quietly presents itself. A ripple winks at me in the permeable plane of chrome. Squint. A glint of something or someone there, making a dwelling of the dark fume of shadow. It floats, beckoning.

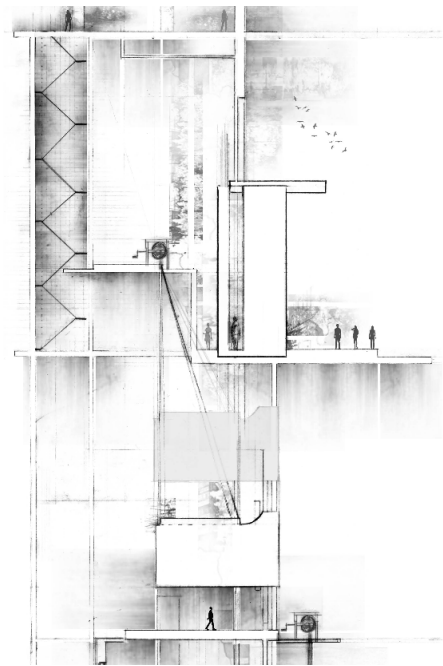
I can't see anything.

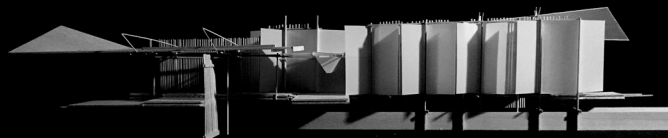
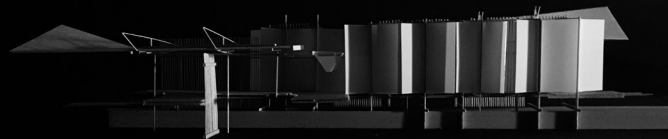
My vision digs to uncover this gleaming entity until I can delve into the flatness of cold pitch black no longer. Right there. In that moment it reveals itself to me. I let out a shriek but it shrinks from my lips and disperses itself into muteness.

It seizes me.

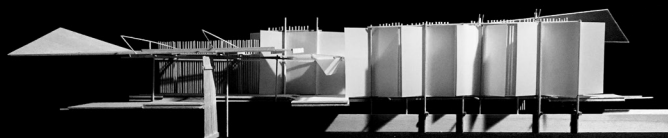
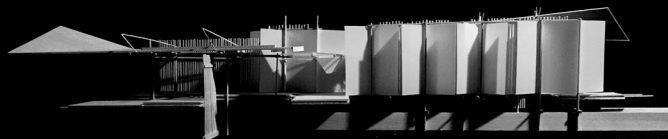
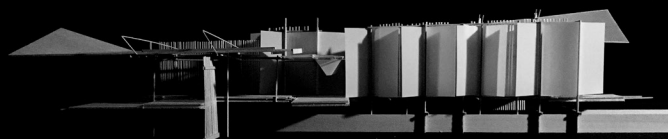


130.2





I feel submerged in the white.

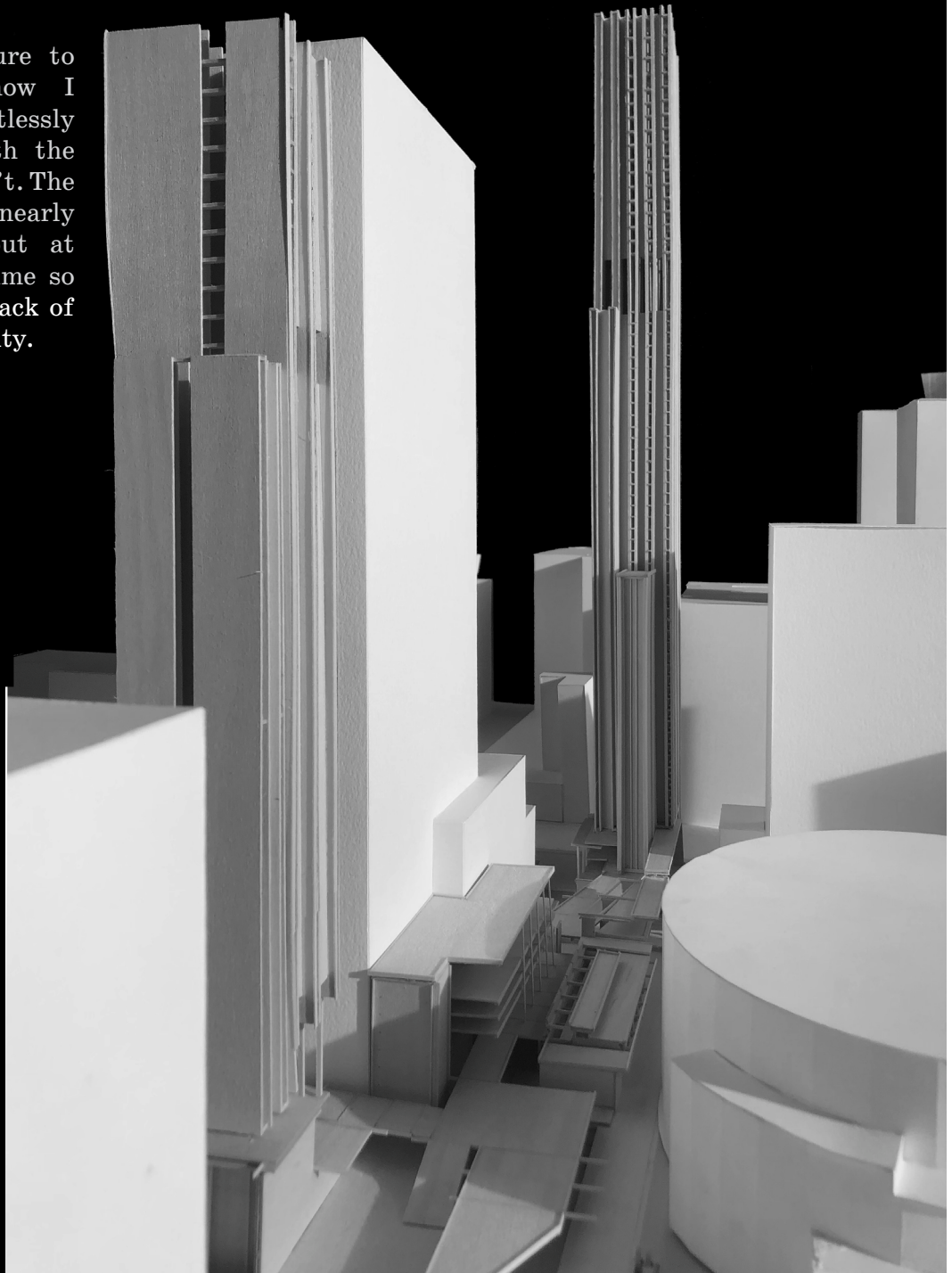


My diaphragm contracts and the space around me compresses, buckling on itself. The heaviness in my calves, heels, and toes that weighs on me as I drag myself towards the man in black blocking my flight from this place. There's a depthless white behind the man in the threshold that I can see between his limbs, a figure-ground that promises.

Blankness envelops me weightlessly. Weakness subsides into numbness. There is no element that hinders me from moving, yet I have no desire to do that at all. I perceive absolutely nothing. If that's anything possibly worth feeling, or able to feel, I am experiencing it in the here and now, whatever that might be measured by. Like a spectrum with degrees, the units are completely and utterly arbitrary.

Except at their extreme limits. Nonsensical. I cannot quantify this, and yet it is

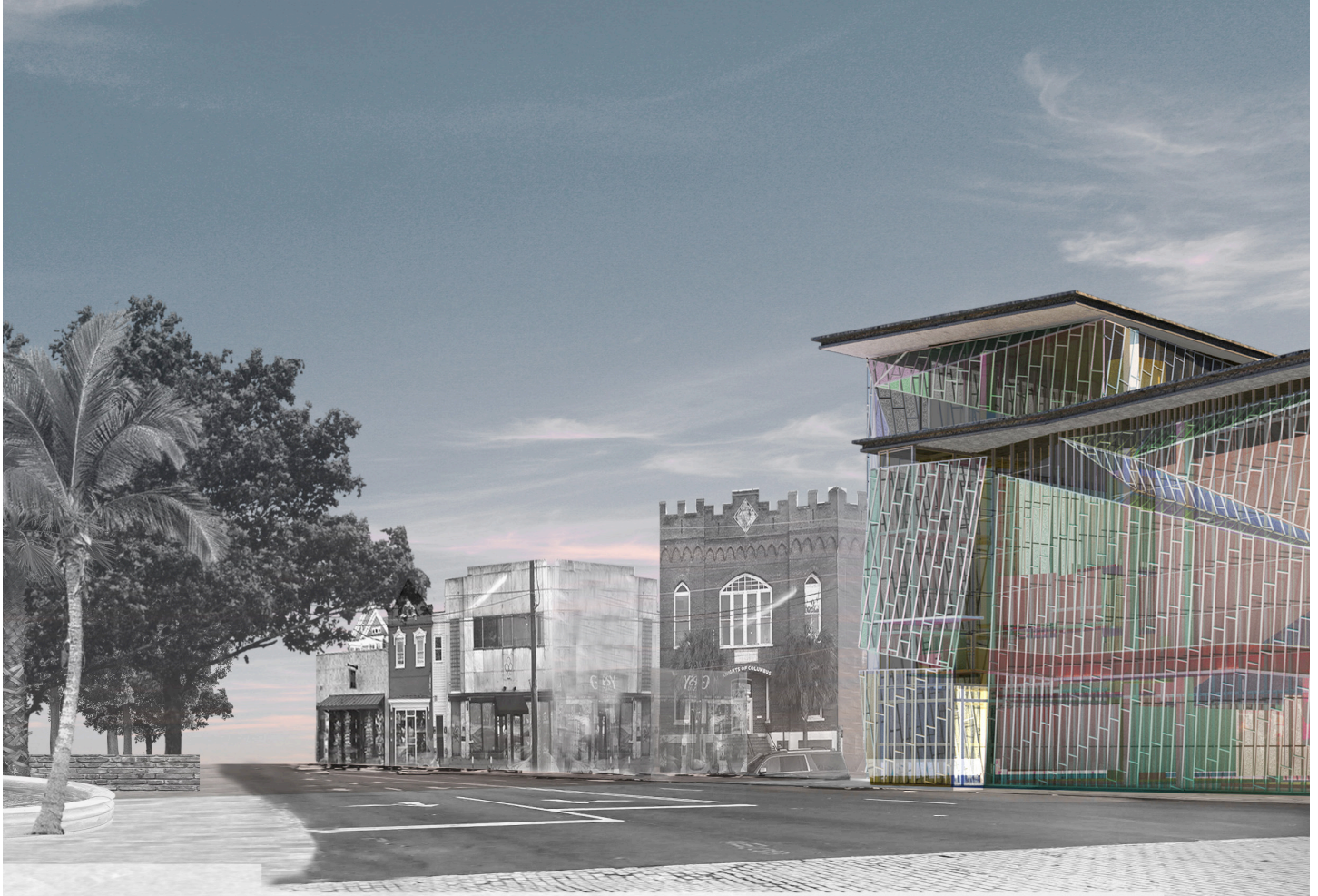
in my nature to quantify how I feel, to fruitlessly grapple with the things I can't. The sensation is nearly fictional, but at the same time so real in its lack of exceptionality.



132.

132. Jonathon Haist & Emily Nix - *D7, Judi Monk*

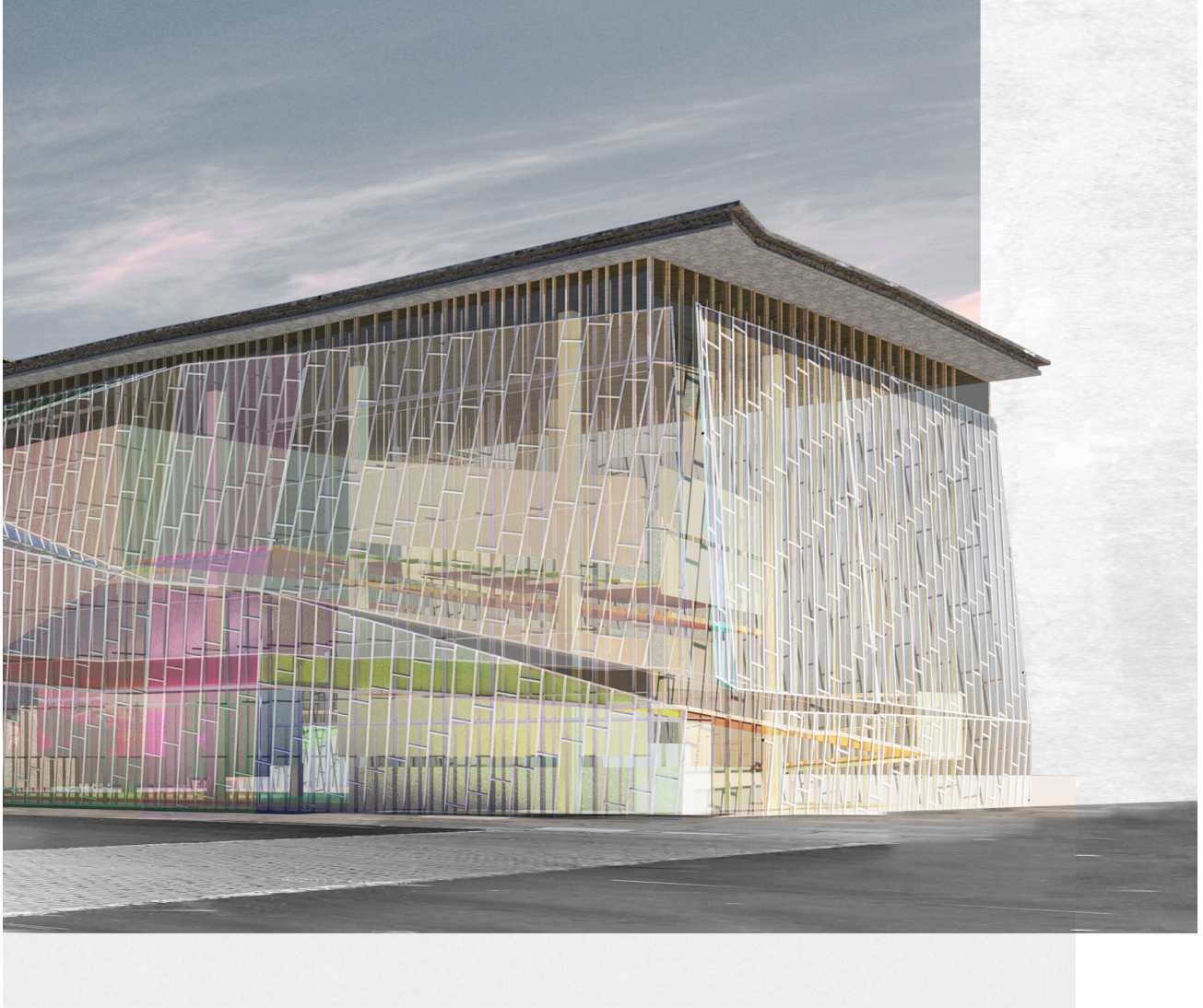




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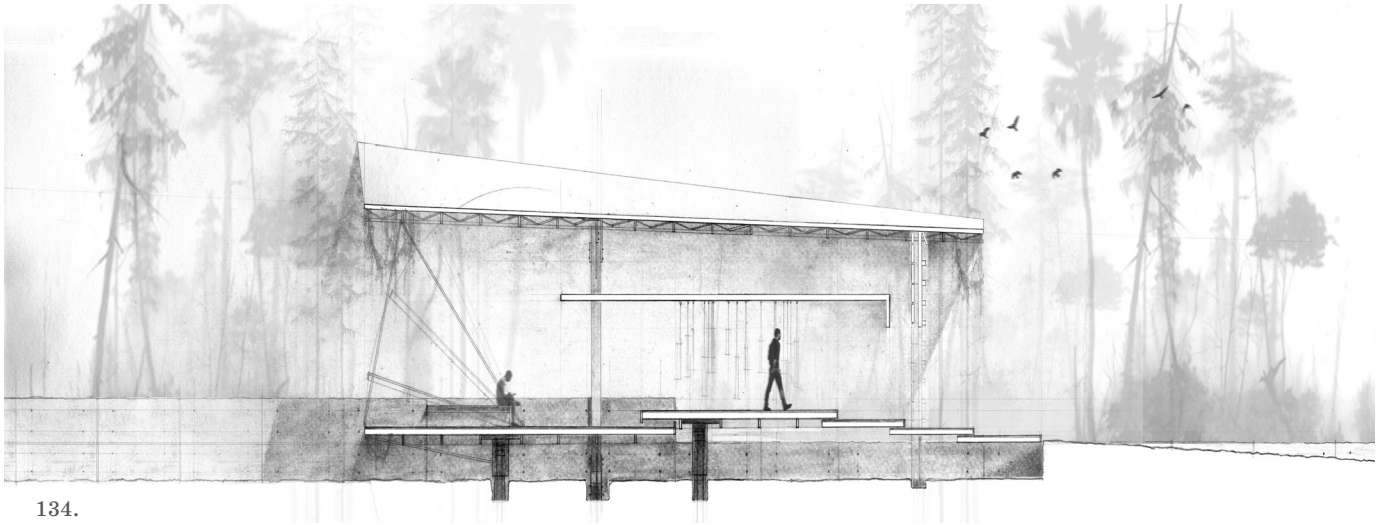
EXPOSURE

133. Khang Truong - D6, Lee-Su Huang



100

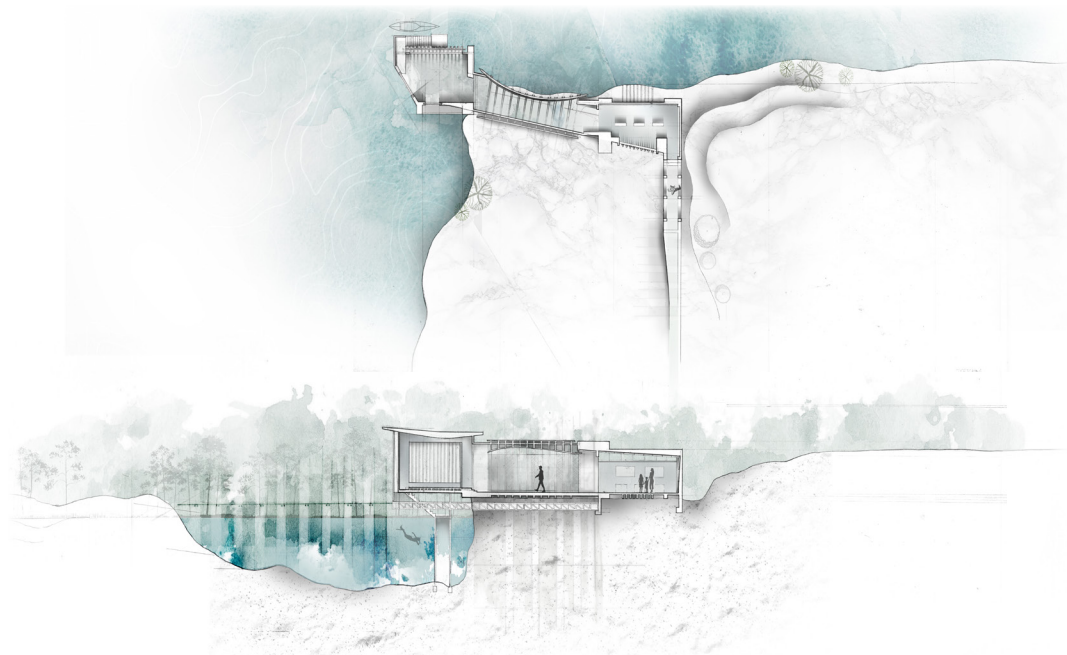




134.

Nothing remarkable, profound, or loudly poetic. I believe I could truly reason what it means to be undefined, if there is such a concept. But I am always in this position. Solitude appears to me as the only fit state of man.¹⁸ In daily life I proceed constantly through the coexistence of past and future.

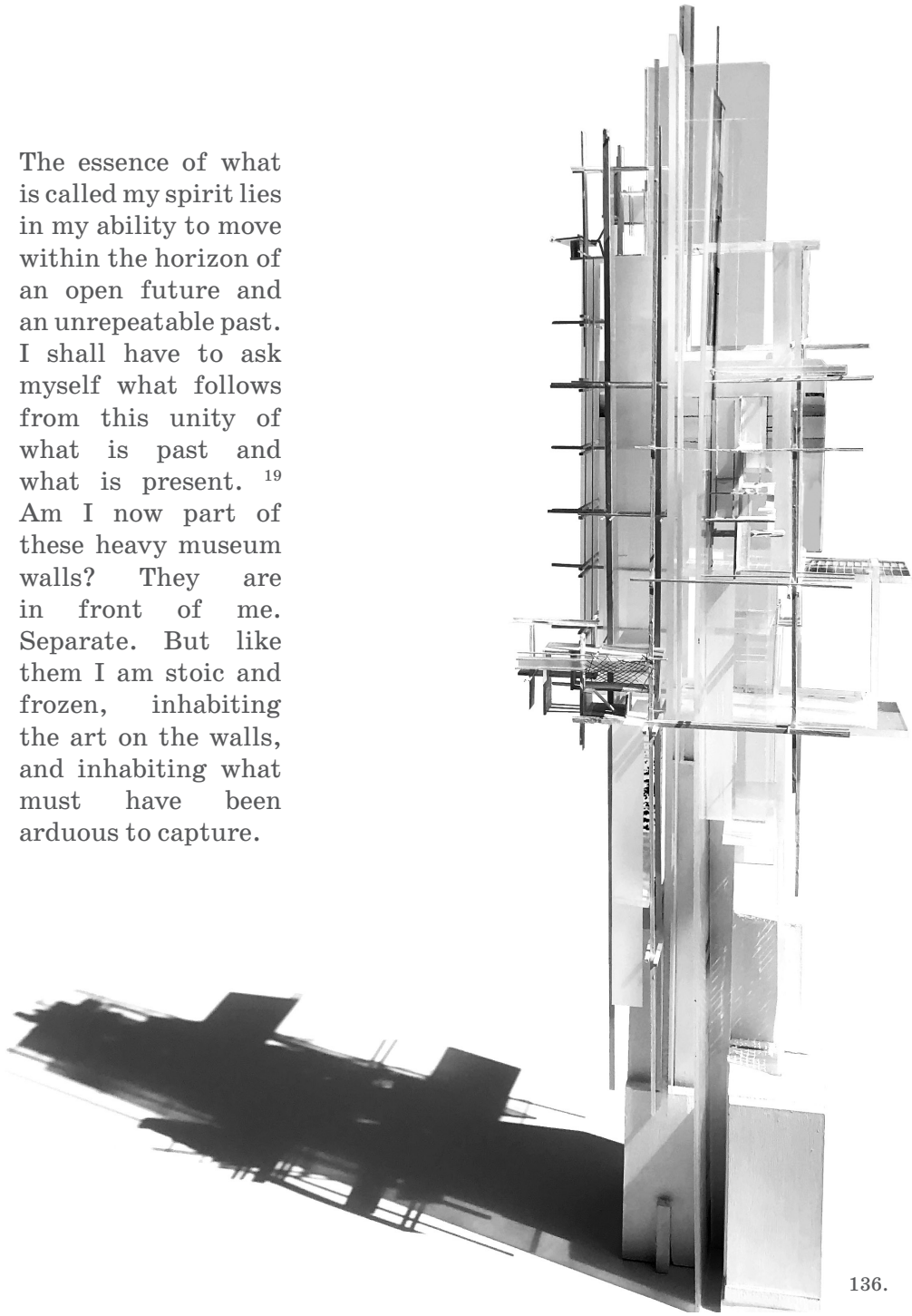
135.



EXPOSURE

134. Kiaron Aiken - *D5*, John Maze
 135. Sydney Cormia - *D5*, Nina Hofer

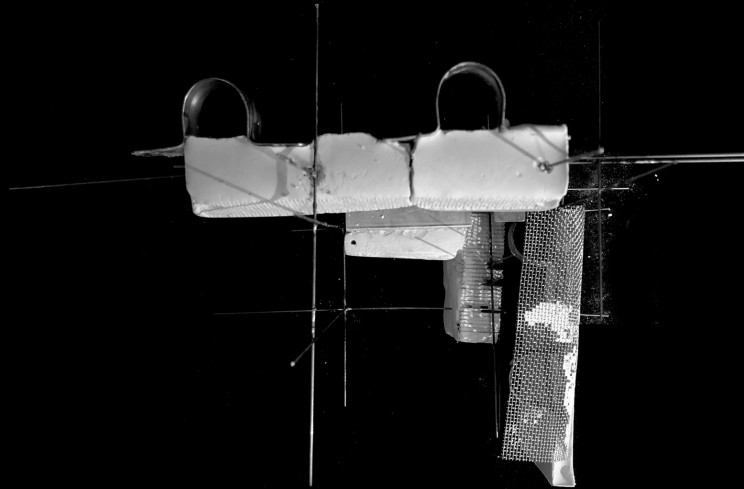
The essence of what is called my spirit lies in my ability to move within the horizon of an open future and an unrepeatable past. I shall have to ask myself what follows from this unity of what is past and what is present. ¹⁹ Am I now part of these heavy museum walls? They are in front of me. Separate. But like them I am stoic and frozen, inhabiting the art on the walls, and inhabiting what must have been arduous to capture.



136.

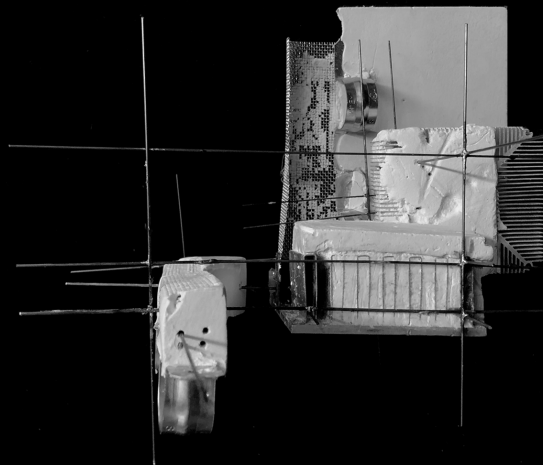
136. Maggie McMickle - *D4*, Kristel Bataku





137.1

Grabbing onto it, almost, like the space desperately depends on it. Museum walls grip absolute masterpieces as tightly as my hands clasp each other, my knuckles whiter than the ivory paint. At a time when walls were covered with incrustation, mosaics, and decoration, the artists of the age bemoaned the passing of their time.²⁰



137.2

EXPOSURE

137. Isabelle Duarte -D3, Nic Rabinowitz



138.

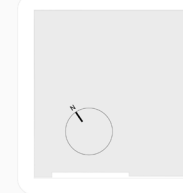
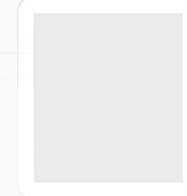
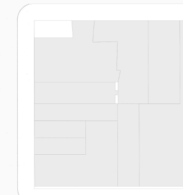
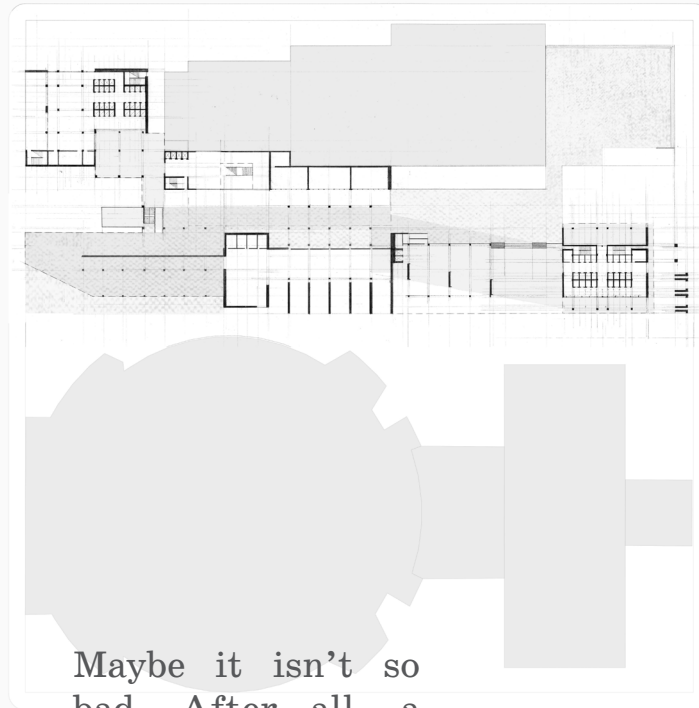
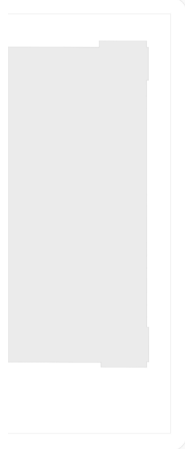
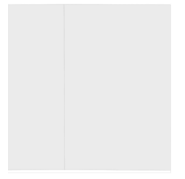
And now I, too, take art in as if it is everything I am. It's almost like I am a part of the walls. I have to be. Architecture cannot exist without me, without people... space cannot be inhabited if no one is there to inhabit it. The longer I stare at the shadow the harder I find it to exist separately. Maybe I don't need to exist separately.



139.

138. Adrian Contreras, Kevin Mojica, & Dylan Scallen - *D7, Alfonso Perez*
 139. Merlina Operta - *D6, Lee-Su Huang*





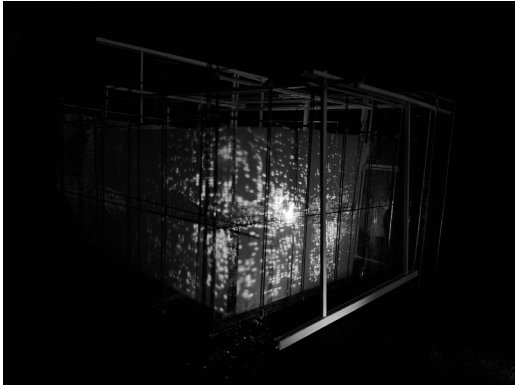
Maybe it isn't so bad. After all, a sense of the spiritual is an intrinsic human trait that has been one of the most prominent motivators for the creation of art throughout time.²¹

We have convinced ourselves of the singularity of objects. I cannot self-deceive. What does it mean to be in the art, in the wall, in the museum?

By apprehending the spiritual, perhaps I could become something.

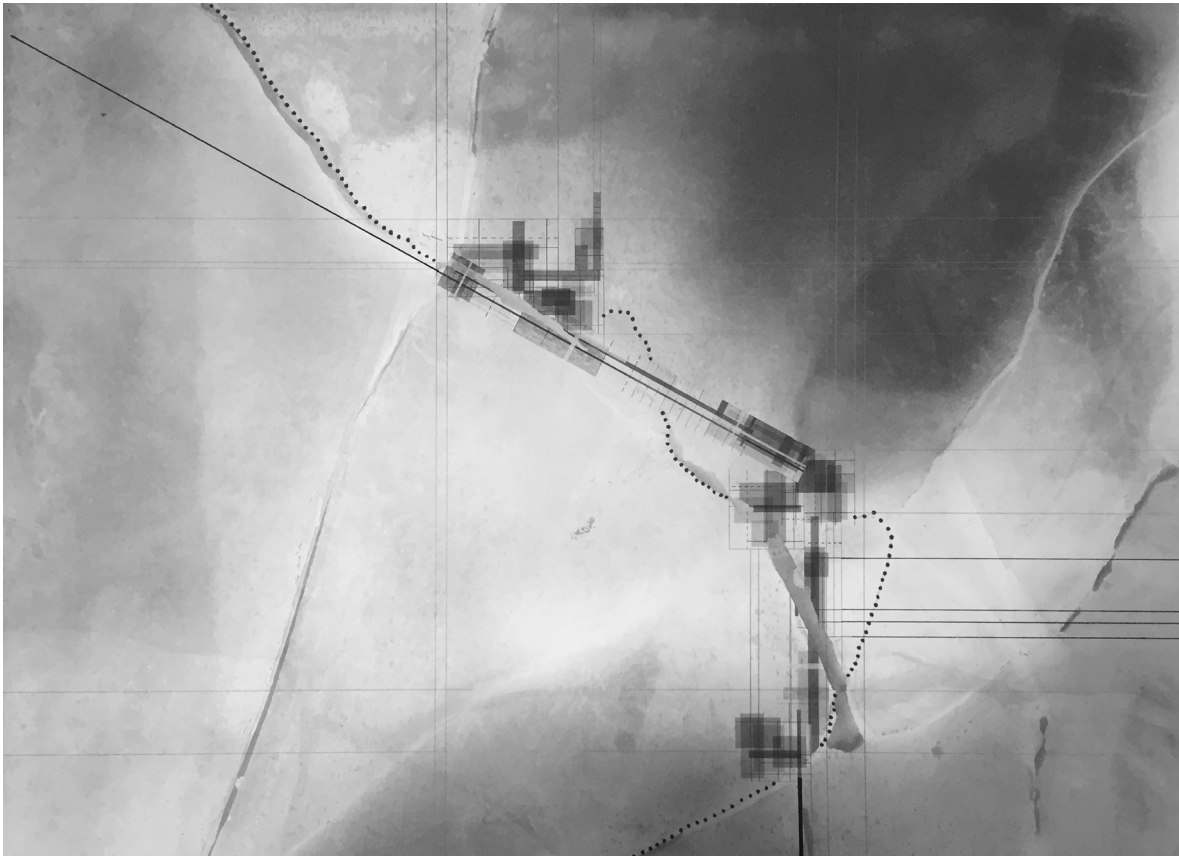
Am I?

141.1



A well
planned life
needs an
effective
climax.

141.2



142.



106

141. Neha Manikal - D5, Lisa Huang
142. Gabriel Fernandez - D4, Kristel Bataku



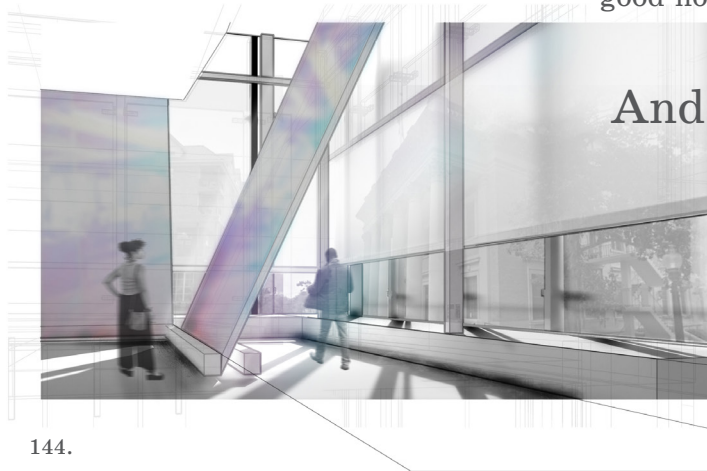


143.

No, I could not become anything; neither good nor bad; neither a hero nor an insect.

And now I wait. I wait.

Taunting myself with
that a curious mind
a fool can

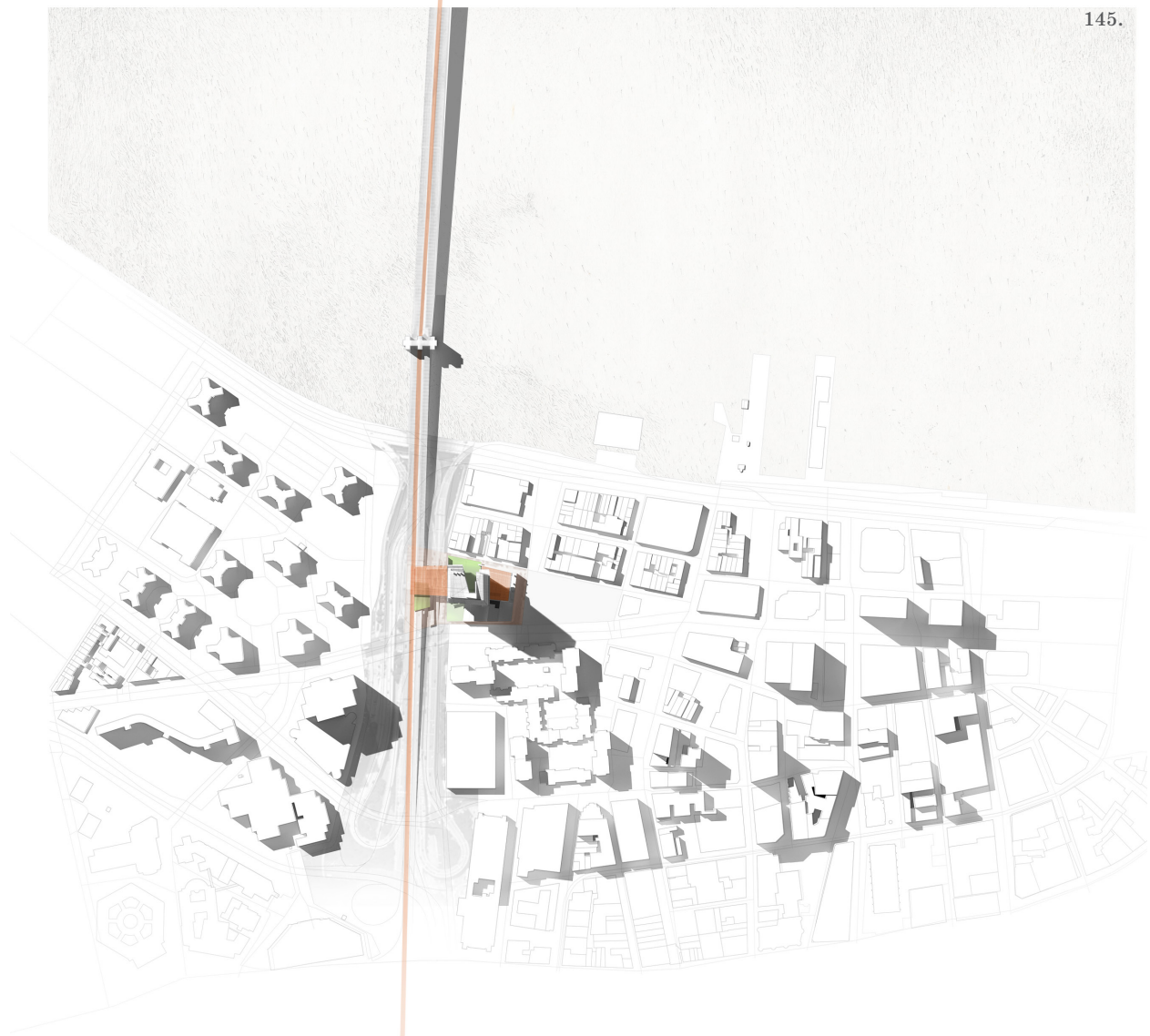


144.

EXPOSURE

143. Sophia Simmons - D3, Martin Gold

144. Maggie McMickle - D6, Lee-Su Huang



the bitter and entirely useless consolation
cannot seriously become anything, that only
become something. ²²



“Architects also
put together
spatial episodes
to make
sequences”



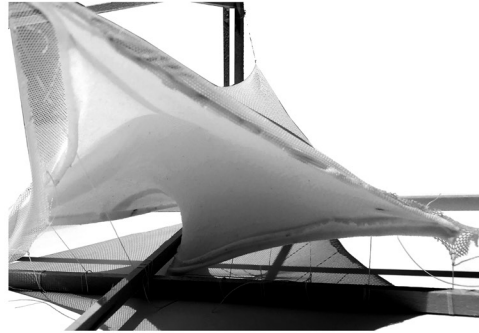
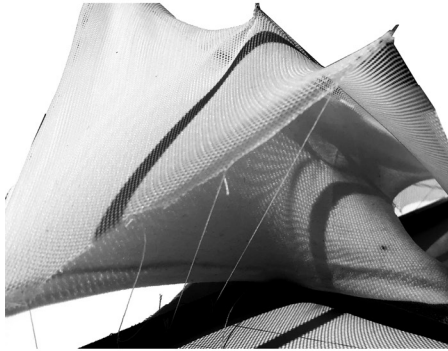
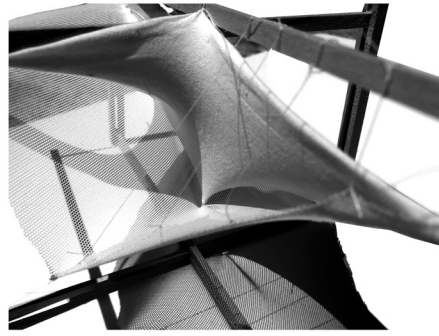
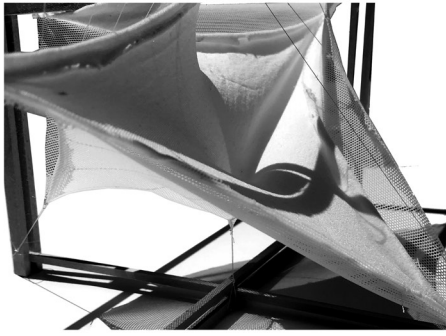
The neatness of this architecture is its seduction; it defines, excludes, limits, separates from the “rest”- but it also consumes. It exploits and exhausts the potentials that can

be generated finally only by urbanism, and that only the specific imagination of urbanism can invent and renew.

But in the technical sense chaos is what happens when nothing happens, not something that can be engineered or embraced. It cannot be fabricated.

In our most permissive moments, we have surrendered to the aesthetics of chaos-“our” chaos.

147.

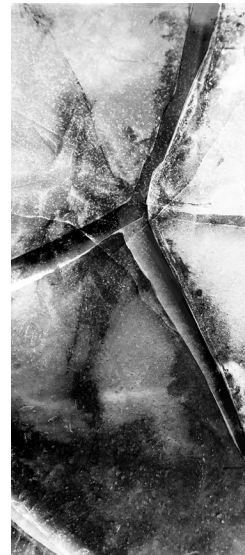


The only relationship architects can have with the subject of chaos is to take their rightful place in the army of those devoted to resist it, and fail.



148.1

In the accelerated atmosphere of this prison, no one is important long enough for them ever to reach a conclusion.²³



148.2

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- 1 Gaston Bachelard, *Poetics of Space*.
- 2 Gaston Bachelard, *Poetics of Space*.
- 3 Louis Khan
- 4 Trinity Anderson, Collage Analysis Essay
- 5 Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Sorrows of Young Werther*
- 6 Ana Hernandez, *Theorizing an Architectural Issue: Embodiment of Human Occupation*
- 7 Sophie Nguyentran, *Theorizing an Architectural Issue: The Child Architect*
- 8 Arthur S. Eddington, *The Nature of the Physical World*
- 9 Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space* (1958)
- 10 Eugene Thacker, *Cosmic Pessimism* (2015)
- 11 Dorothy Thompson, *Letter to Joseph Bard* (1926)
- 12 Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space* (1958) pg 5
- 13 *Ibid*, pg 6
- 14 *Ibid*, pg 4
- 15 *Ibid*, pg 10
- 16 Albert Camus, *Lyrical & Critical Essays*
- 17 Walter Benjamin, *A Berlin Chronicle*
- 18 *Ibid*.
- 19 Hans-Georg Gadamer, *The Relevance of the Beautiful*
- 20 *Ibid*.
- 21 Elizabeth Duarte
- 22 Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Notes From the Underground*.
- 23 Rem Koolhaas, *Whatever Happened to Unbanism*

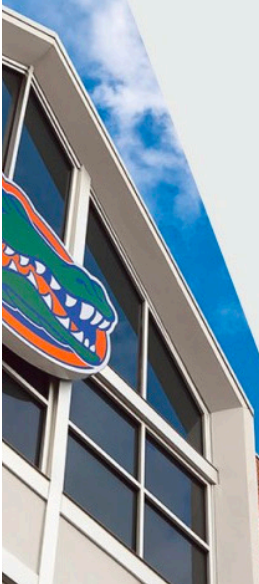
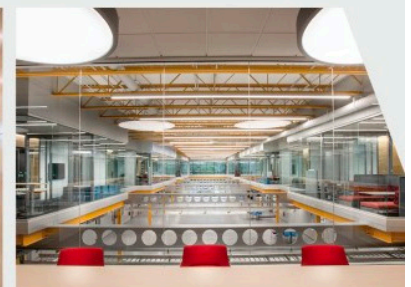
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