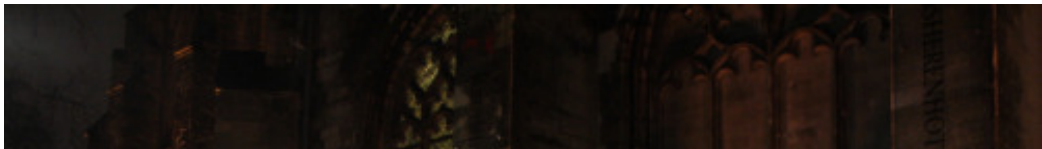


HIGH-RES    1/31/15 — 6:09am    SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQIyZI1c8RwCw>

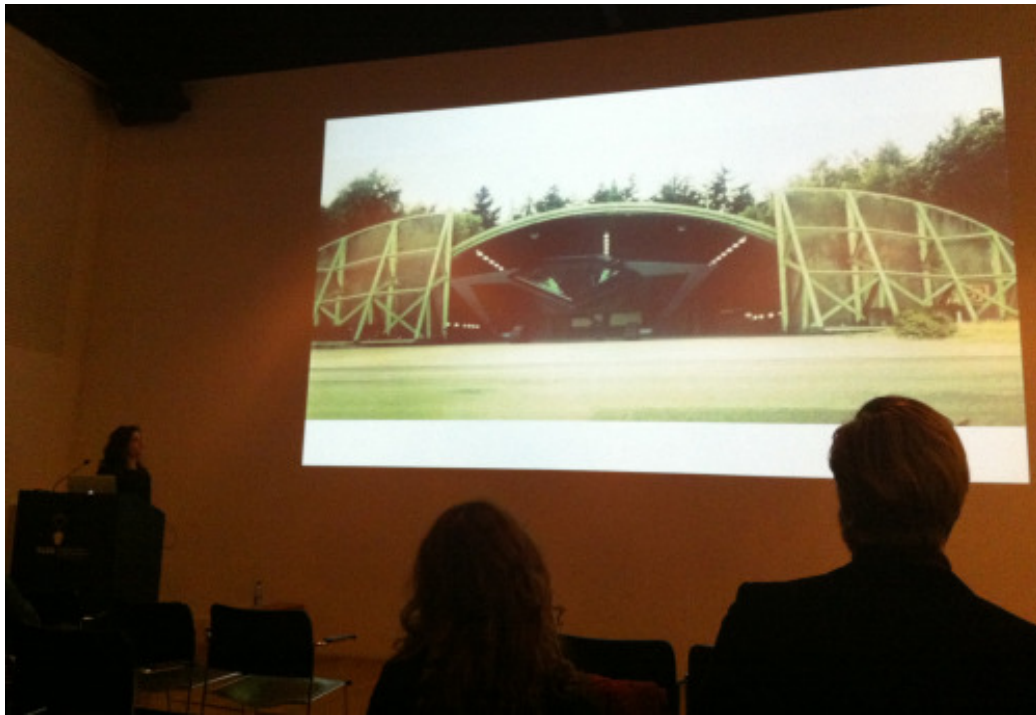












1/18/15 — 6:16am    SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQlyZl1a-B5n0>

## JAMES BOND-ISH.

Being involved in a design project comes along with a complete observation and checking of your surroundings. Suddenly everything is connected to this project; architecture, design, structures, materials, clothes, situations. From then all you see is “James Bond-y”. The details in Carlo Scarpa's interiors, the copper plated entrance to a hotel, the train-like shape of a hallway, the handle of a cafetera, the perfect alignment of material and symmetry. Picking a space in our Academy to transform into a James Bond-y space I can never not see the James Bond-yness in the multi-layered hallway that I pass every day ever again.

1/18/15 — 6:16am    SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQlyZl1a-BBap>

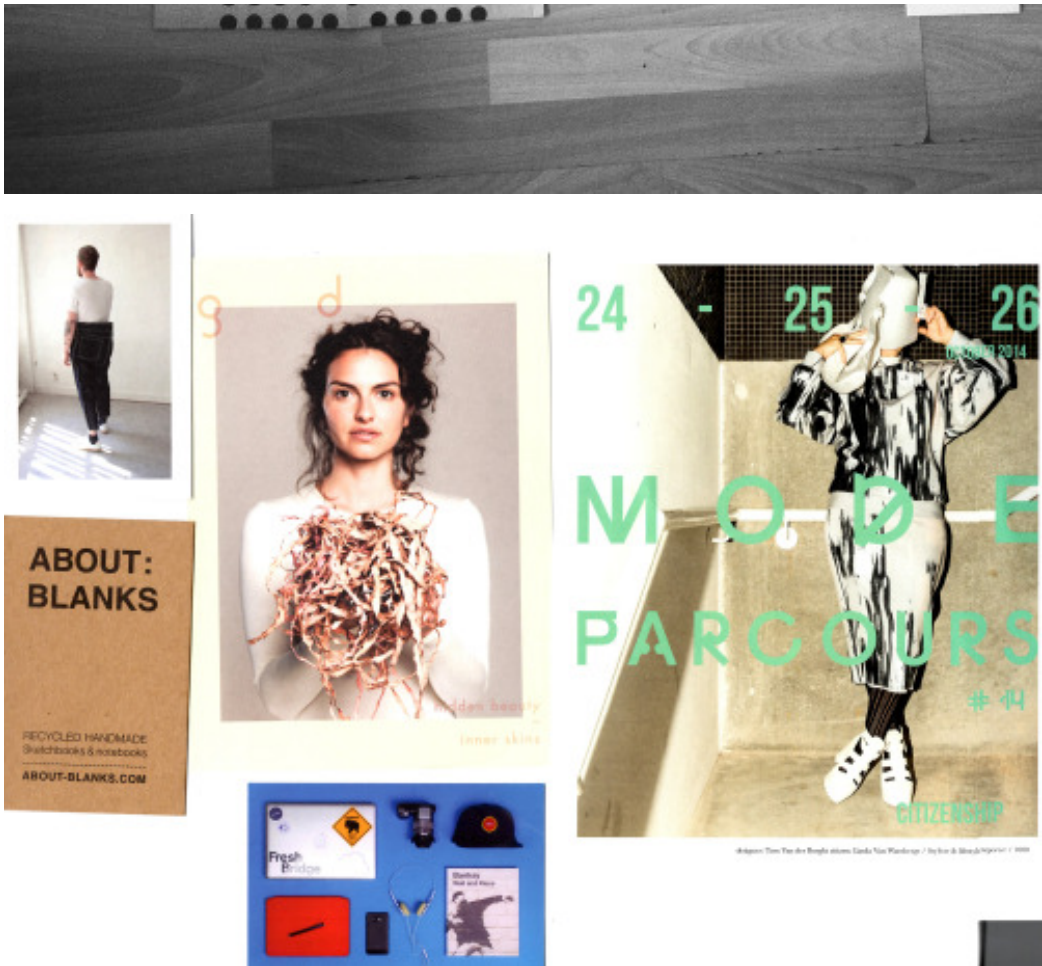
## THE PHENOMENON OF COLLECTING.

Honestly, most of the things that you take with you end up in a drawer. Or on a pile. In a box. In a shelf. Waiting to be taken out, hung up, framed or given to someone. By things I mean cards, leaflets, pamphlets, stickers, posters, business cards, receipts. I have a bucket load of those things. Sometimes I wonder how they managed to be still there after moving five times. Really. I now refuse to take any flyers people try to hand me in the street, knowing that they will just be sitting in my drawer, unread. Most of the times I collect things because I like the layout. Or the colour. Or the texture. I think the best example of my weird habit of collecting however are definitely bills and receipts. When I go traveling I feel that I in some sort of way need to keep track how much I spent. The problem is that I never manage to count my money before leaving. So I try keeping every receipt and bill I got during the trip. For a post holiday calculation. Coming home from Italy I had at least 20 receipts for my regular 1 Euro coffee at the bar. Plus 20 receipts of gelatos, tramezzini, cornetti, biscotti... Every time I get home I pile the collected receipts and keep them in a drawer so I can find them and calculate my expenses. I never do it. Ever.

1/17/15 — 3:02pm    SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQlyZl1axU1NB>







1/17/15 — 2:42pm SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQlyZlIaxNzBH>



HIGH-RES   1/17/15 — 2:19pm   SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQlyZl1axGxTo>

## BLISS.

On our trip to the Catholic south of Holland just before Christmas, we visited a monastery. It was special in many ways. It is a silent monastery, it was built in the 60ies and the monks sing in Latin.

Sitting in the chapel in a semi darkness with a heavy smell of myrrh we waited for the monks to enter and start the service. Even in the chapel it was cold and we kept our coats and scarves tightly wrapped around us. Entering from the side entrance the monks wore black and white robes and took their seats on the four wooden benches at the front end of the chapel, facing each other. In a chant led by one monk and repeated by the others the service began. In Latin. Even the prayers where expressed in some kind of chant. The singing of the monks was accompanied by a zitar. I was literally mesmerized. I felt like I was floating in a bubble swirling with mist, dazing odours and the most beautiful sounds of a men's choir. It was a moment of total relaxation. A moment of a complete blank mind. This is rare. Staring into a fire and follow the flames' dance, hearing the cracking of the wood. Drifting with the constant movement of the waves on the sea. A relieve and holiday from a bustling mind that is supposed to observe and register the world around in any instant. Looking to me left and right I find myself sitting between two sleeping girls. Apparently I am not the only person who feels in peace.

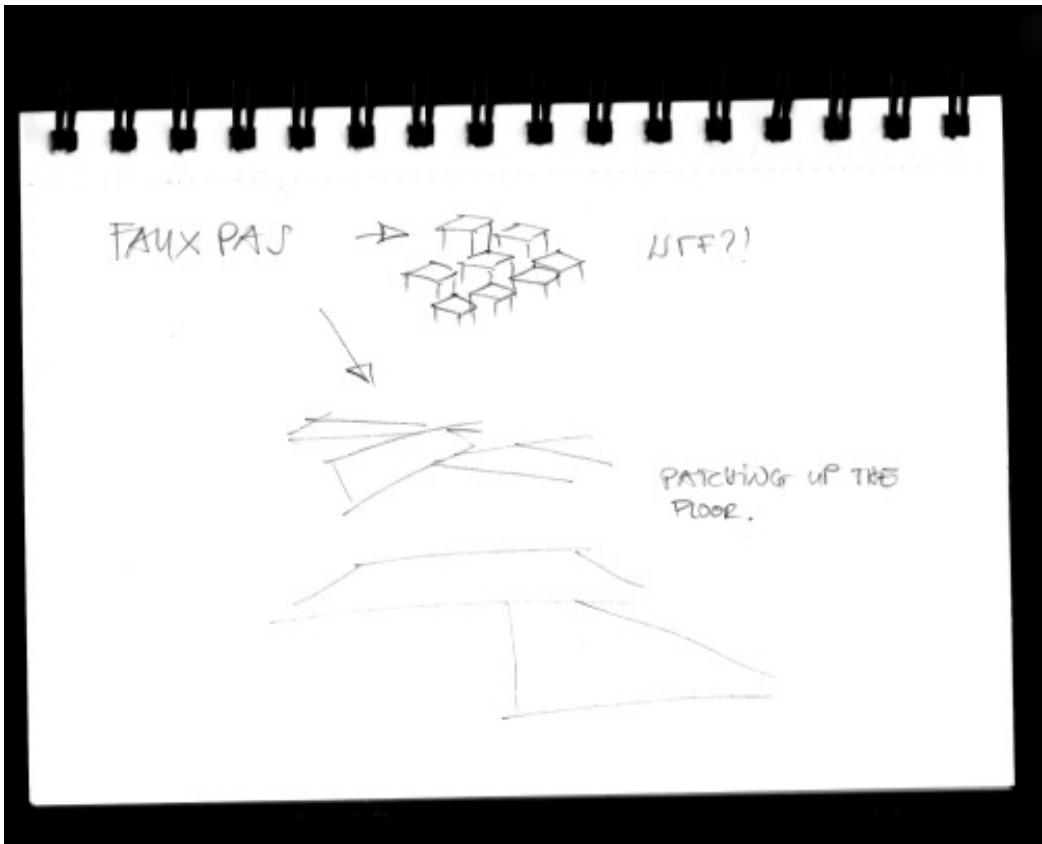
1/17/15 — 12:53pm   SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQlyZl1awshKp>



TRUST ME - I'M  
AN ARCHITECT.

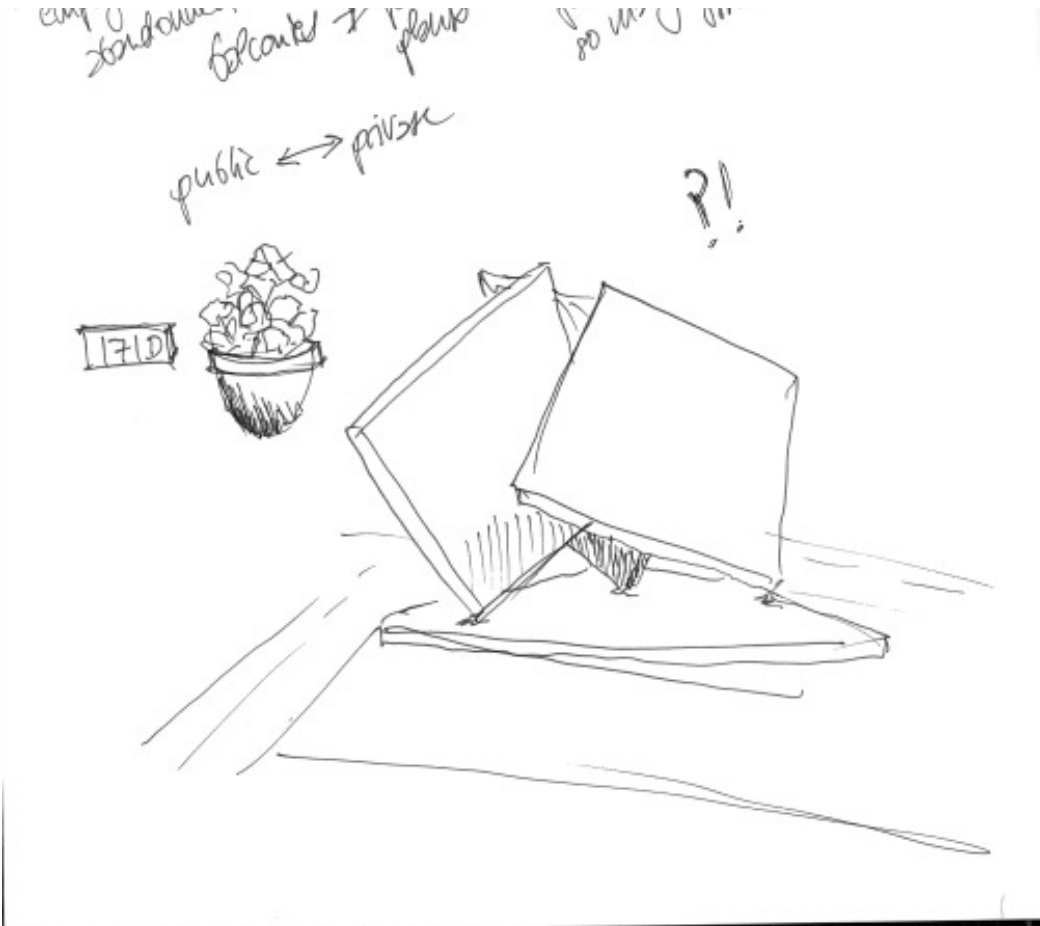
1/17/15 — 11:41am SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQlyZl1awX0Am>





by themselves  
quite quiet  
→ flowers  
at Holbrook with  
my Grand on the  
Archie → abandoned



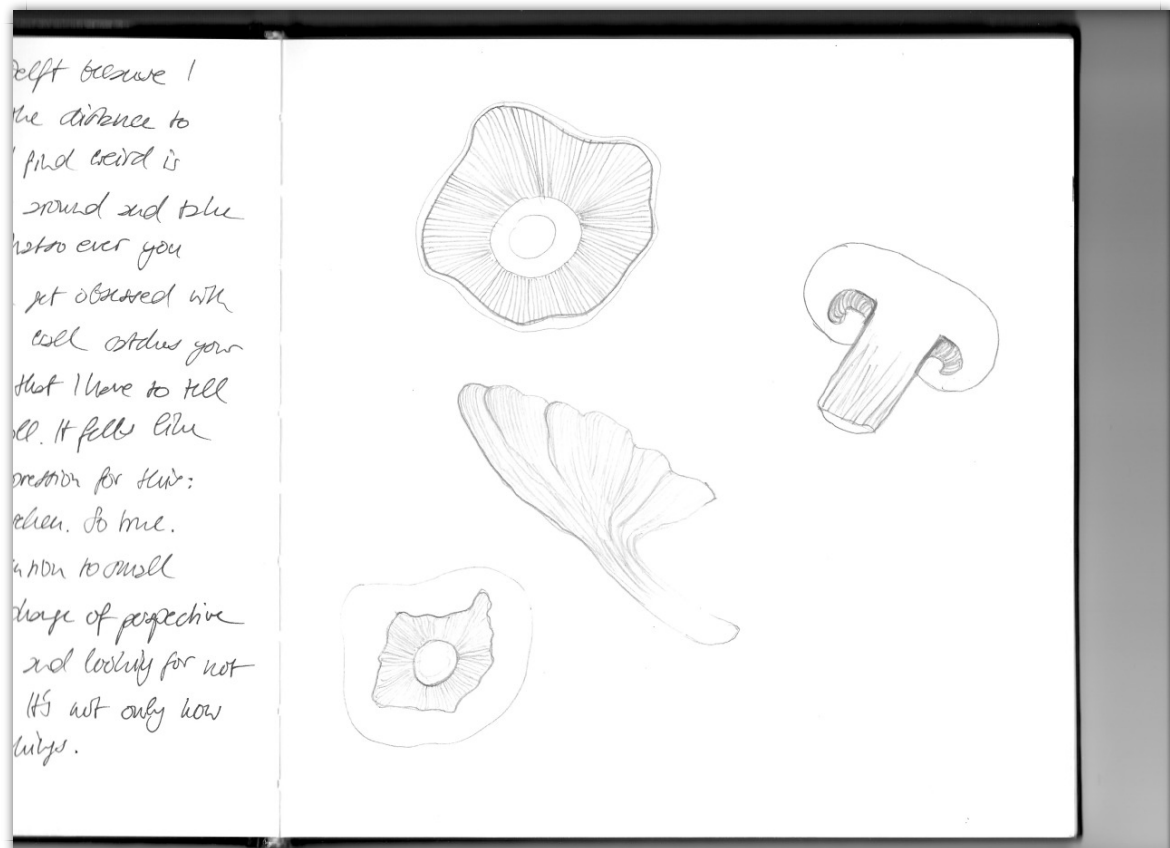






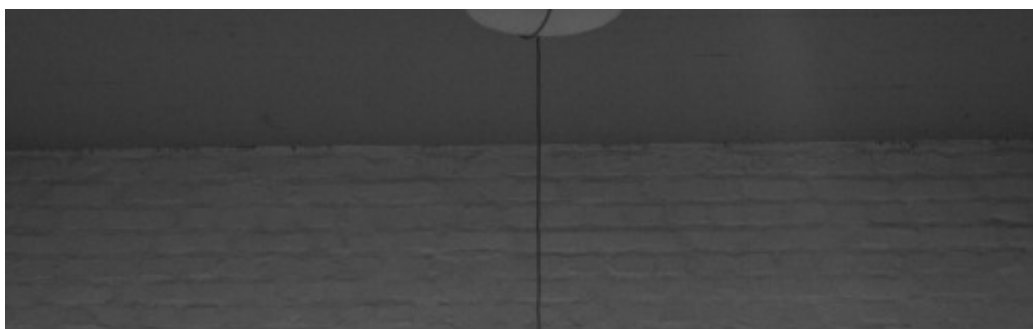
QUESTIONMARK.

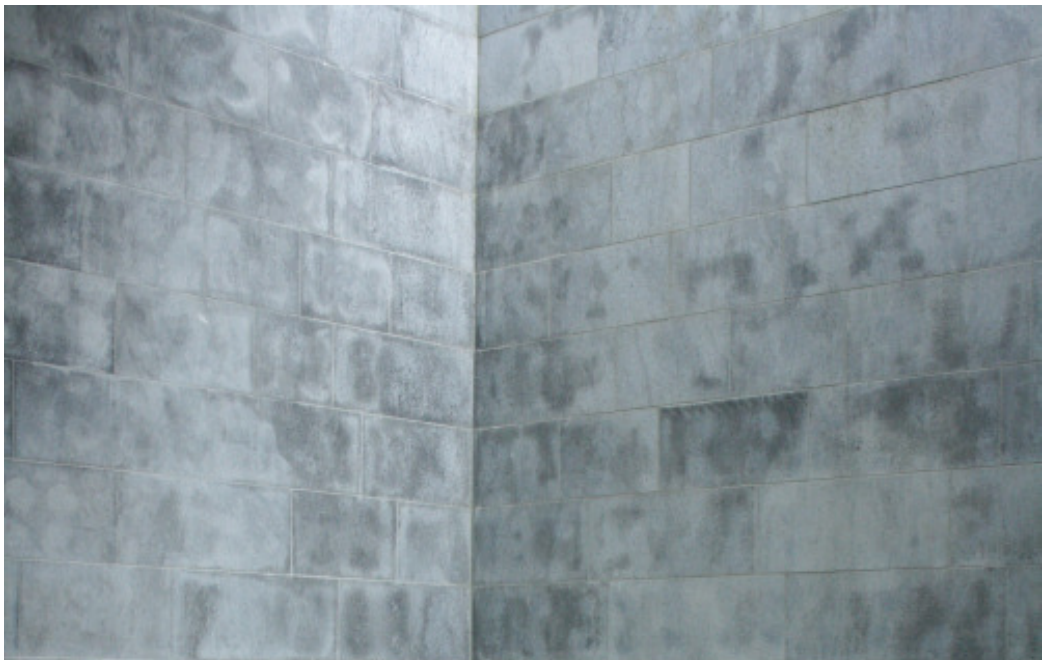
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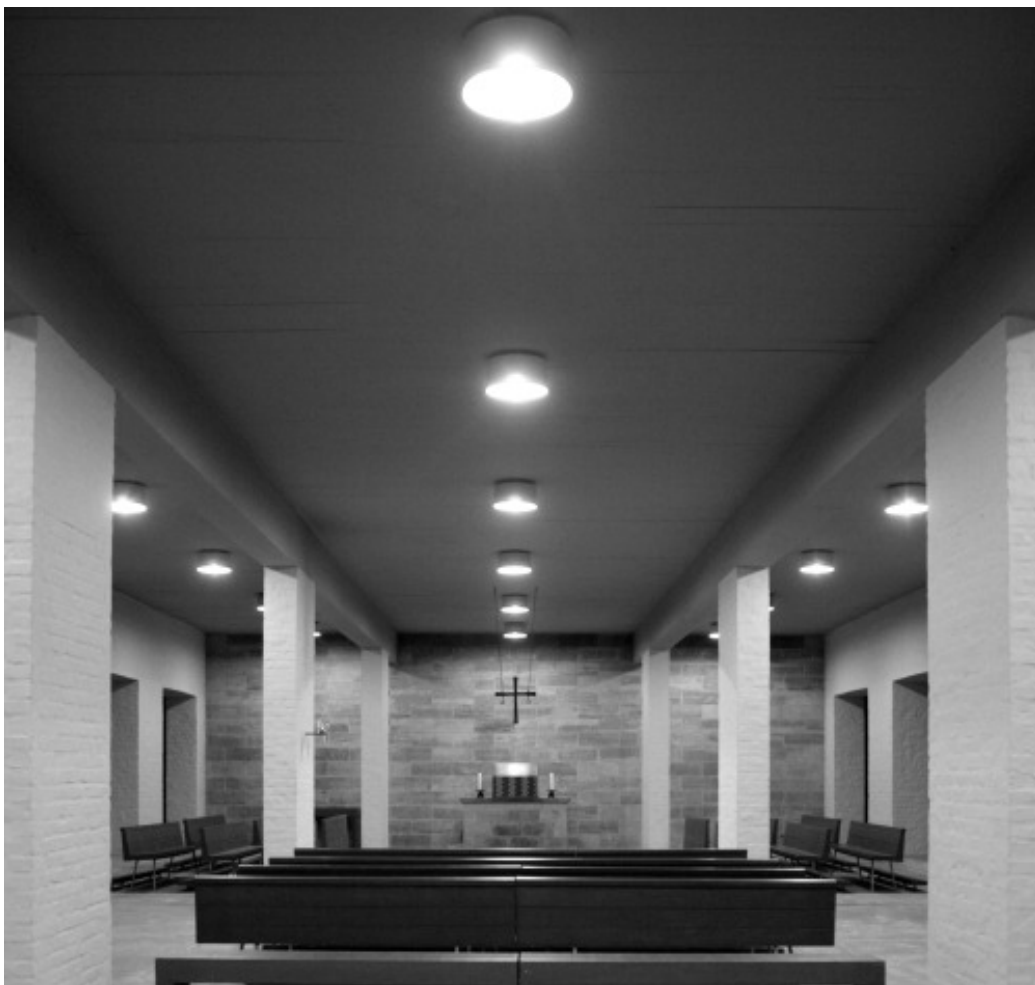
STRUCTURES.

HIGH-RES 1/13/15 — 9:09am SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQIyZl1aaNAVk>











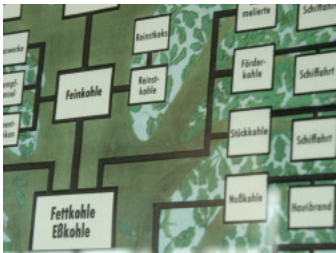
COMPOSITION.

1/13/15 — 5:20am    SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQIyZlIaZrKzC>

## SPELL IT.

I am attracted to type. When I go around my eyes get drawn by typography. Bold letters. Graphics. Visual lines. It's not only about the context, the words itself. Sometimes it is just the shape. The colour. The beauty of simplicity. Lines in motion. But then sometimes the randomness, the placement or the meaning surprise me in a most delightful way. Lekkerland - Lekker taal.

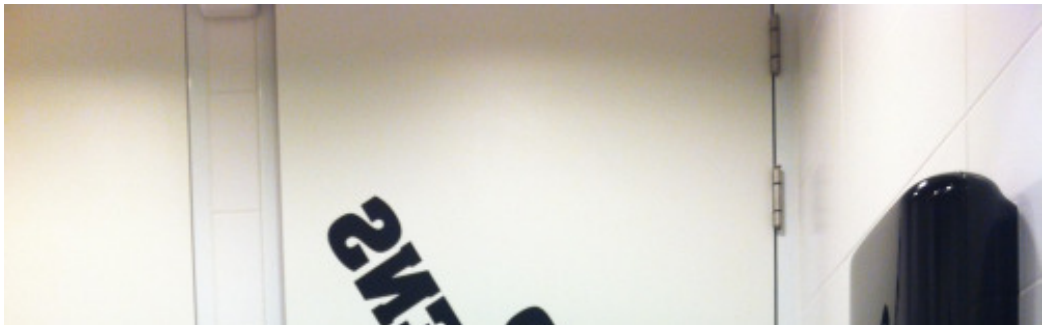
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1/12/15 — 5:41pm SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQlyZl1aX1Dfn>



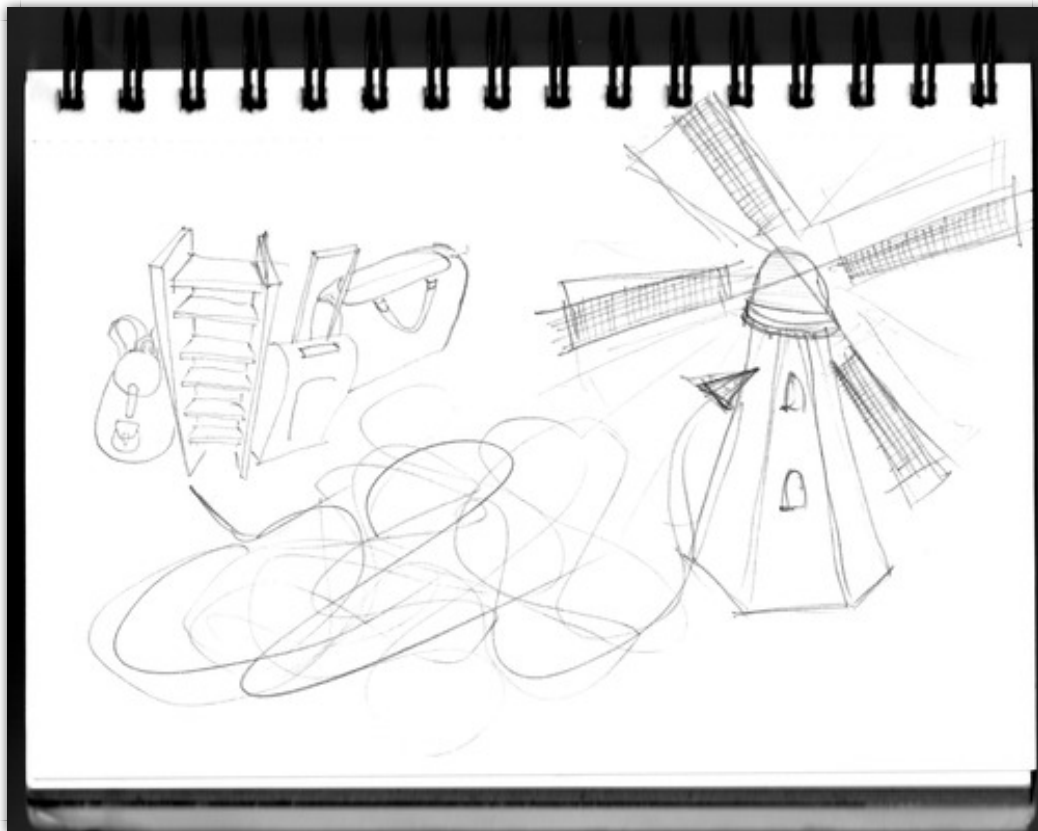
## LOST IN TRANSLATION.

Travelling not necessarily means going from one place to another. Sometimes the destination is far less important than the trip itself. Sometimes. For me, getting to Berlin is definitely a transition, a state that I want to be as short and quick as possible. 700km is actually quite a distance.

When you ask people about their opinion on the reliability and punctuality of the train service you would probably receive a negative answer. I read somewhere that this is a phenomenon of the brain. Apparently it is way easier to recall things that have gone wrong. For sure, you don't tell people stories of your totally smooth and on time rides.

Ironically, most delays happen when you least want them to happen. On a Sunday. In December.

Fully packed with a wooden ladder, a suitcase, a rucksack and a quite large sportsbag. And did I mention that it was December? It was freezing. Crossing the German-Dutch border, I was scheduled to change trains in Hengelo. Crossing the border also meant change of personnel and most of all change of language. Checking the train schedule in the seat pocket, I realised that this train was heading to Amsterdam via Apeldoorn, where I was meant to change trains again. In a little note however, it pointed out that on this particular day the train wouldn't stop in Apeldoorn. Puzzled, I asked the passing conductor if the train was stopping in Apeldoorn today and only received a short no as reply. Collecting my luggage from the racks I got off at Hengelo just to see on the display that my connecting train wasn't gonna come. The speaker lady also announced that de trein naar Apeldoorn via Almelo valt uit. No reason given. So I stood there in the middle of the night with absolutely no one of the NS staff around and no further announcements by the speaker lady and absolutely no clue how I could get home. As I looked around I saw a girl standing next to me who displayed the same confused expression as I did. Apparently she had to take the same train that for some mysterious reason had been cancelled. The display on the screen then changed and informed us that the incoming train would take us to Apeldoorn. As the train left the station however, another speaker lady announced that de trein vertrekt niet verder dan Deventer. Thanks for telling. Double checking our Dutch skills with the man next to us we received confirmation that this train was only taking us to Deventer. Yet again we found ourselves standing on yet another train station in still the same confusing situation. No staff of the NS, no announcements of the lady. No info on the screens. So we consulted another girl sitting close by who instantly checked the NS connections on her smartphone, telling us that the trains have been rescheduled due to works on the tracks. Aha. The quickest way to get to Den Haag (in my case) and Amersfoort (in her case) was to take the train to Zwolle and change there. Of course the train to Zwolle was delayed and the connecting trains were on a different platform. Taking our legs in the hands we sprinted up the stairs on the station down to the next platform to see the taillights of our train. The display told us that in a minute there was another train for us leaving from the station we yet again ran to the next platform just to miss that one as well. Hilarious. So we fell onto the next bench and processed our streak of luck. Saying good bye to my fellow partner in crime half an hour later I climbed onto the train that would take me to Den Haag Centraal. With a two hour delay I finally arrived at the central station at 1.22 where I sprinted outside just in time to catch the last tram of the night. Jipppie!



1/12/15 — 5:22pm    SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQIyZl1aWwprf>

Walk through  
the world with  
your eyes open,  
or try shutting  
them to not be  
misjudged.

1/12/15 — 4:19pm SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQlyZl1aWbqGR>

## FAMILIAR.

Discovering new places and experiencing a new scenery makes traveling exciting. However, somehow, you always end up seeing your friend John Doe in the crowd, spot the \_\_\_ and compare the new city to one that you've visited already.

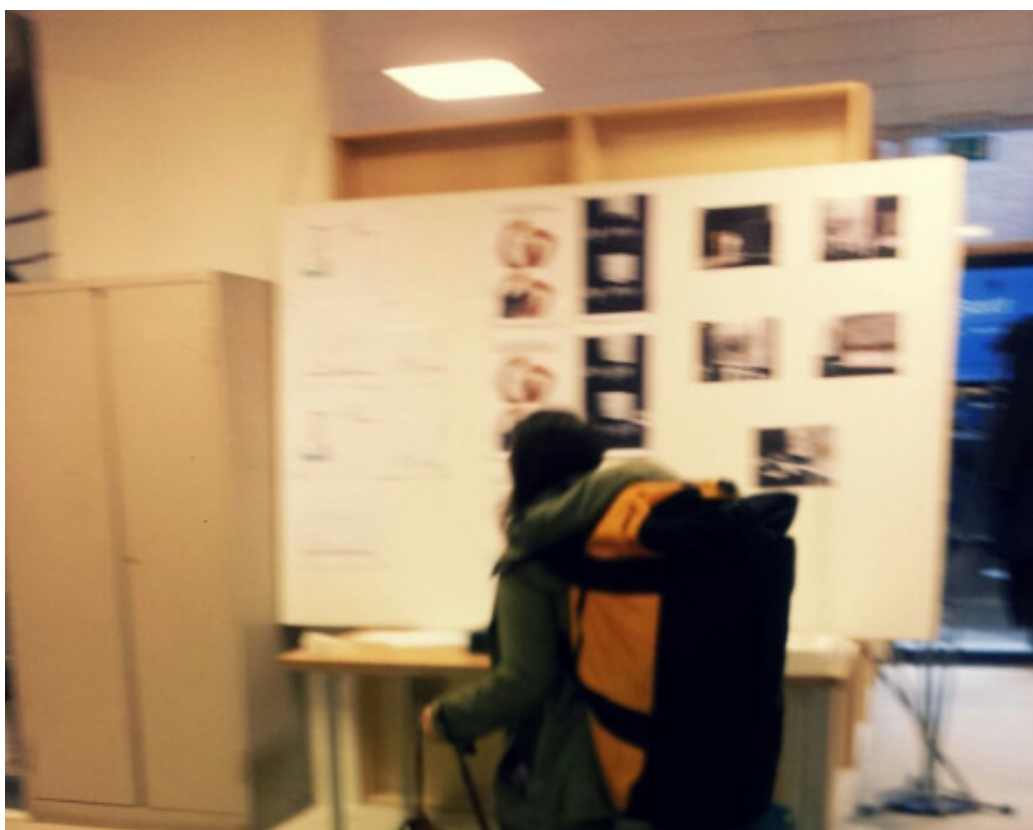
The eye is trained to see the familiarity. It's like they want you to see things that you know. Walk through the world with your eyes open, or try shutting them to not be misjudged.

When I first visited Rotterdam in our introduction month, seeing the old brick buildings in contrast to the modern architecture, the canals and bridges, the greyscale of the urban inner heart, I was instinctly reminded of Melbourne. As I was realising this I kept on finding more things to support this familiarity. As I went to Rotterdam a second time I realised that those two cities aren't that similar after all. Our Christmas travel to the catholic south however, again fooled me into being reminded of previously inhabited cities. Walking across the Hoge bridge glancing over the Maas river and the little dots of light illuminating the Sint Servaas bridge, the shining Basilica van Onze - I instantly was overlooking the Theodor-Heuss bridge over the Rhine river and the Dom of Mainz.

1/12/15 — 4:18pm    SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQlyZl1aWbP0m>













LIGHTWEIGHT.

1/12/15 — 3:54pm SHORT URL: <http://tumblr.co/ZQIyZl1aWTpFJ>