



*Stuck inside, with my fantasy. Stuck inside, in my fantasy. Living in a new reality with the reality at hand. But what exactly lies there outside that door, outside of that window. What is that room next door. That room downstairs, next to the staircase, the one i walk by every day. Dreaming of inhabiting that space, walking out the door into the new space, climbing out the window to discover that room there.*

*I want to inhabit those rooms, inhabit the neighboring rooms. Inviting them to my place, living with them, living as them. The fridge there, the table even further, the bed here. The book i read yesterday just outside. But still, they belong together, now, in my fantasy.*

*Studying architecture means living in different realities at the same time. Different realities, real ones, meaning physical worlds, understandable for most, but also realities existing in ones imagination, projected realities, realities to be, or that never will be. But what if a situation like this, when our physical reality is reduced to a bare minimum, meaning your own four walls, allows us, at least in our imagination, to weave those two worlds together, the world of analyzing buildings and suggesting your own architectural intervention and the world of your own four walls, reading books, working, sleeping.*

*I suggest a new reality, based on my imagination, of my subjective working with buildings and rooms, creating a reality which isn't real, but which well might be. Text lets me describe them, makes me compare them, shows how i would inhabit them, how i would inhabit the new reality, and most of all, text unifies them, and allows for elements which don't belong together, to come together.*