

This is the story of a moment of sparkling light; an Ignition. That tiny segment of time scattered through the everlasting flow of life. The story of a mind, lighting the fire; its ashes to be born again. Recoil! A fire is born.

And you really will have to make it through that violent, metaphysical, symbolic storm. No matter how metaphysical or symbolic it might be, make no mistake about it: it will cut through flesh like a thousand razor blades. People will bleed there, and you will bleed too. Hot, red blood. You'll catch that blood in your hands, your own blood and the blood of others.

And once the storm is over you won't remember how you made it through, how you managed to survive. You won't even be sure, in fact, whether the storm is really over. But one thing is certain. When you come out of the storm you won't be the same person who walked in. That's what this storm's all about." - Haruki Murakami, Kafka on the Shore

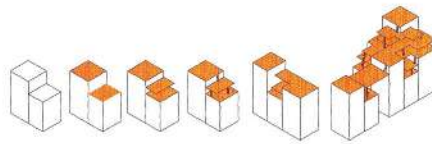
There are moments in the daily life of each one of us, where one's mind ignites those ashes of thoughts and ideas, dreams and desires. Those moments of delicacy and vulnerability, where a shelter is needed to protect and embrace. To express and thus, communicate. The inherent need for communication, the foundation of our unity.

"People have separated from each other with walls of concrete that blocked the roads to connection and love. And Nature has been defeated in the name of development." As to be seen from the sky, our cities simulate a broken porcelain, broken into thousands of pieces. Each piece is a home, a unit of life, the embodiment of a unique story and solitude. - Yasunari Kawabata

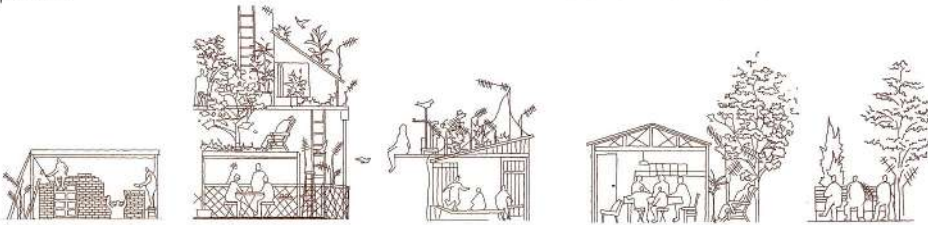
"But even so, every now and then I would feel a violent stab of loneliness. The very water I drink, the very air I breathe, would feel like long, sharp needles. The pages of a book in my hands would take on the threatening metallic gleam of razor blades. I could hear the roots of loneliness creeping through me when the world was hushed at four o'clock in the morning." - Haruki Murakami, The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle

"Every once in a while she'll get worked up and cry like that. But that's ok. She's letting her feelings out. The scary thing is not being able to do that. Then your feelings build up and harden and die inside. That's when you're in big trouble." Haruki Murakami, Norwegian Wood

These are the moments that are vital for us, humans, to share and to connect. As the nature of any human activity, a translation into the physical world has to be made: a formation, a frame, an architecture; dedicated to those of us who feel the urge of benefiting from a group of companions.



Connection of the roofs, all the public spaces connect to each other



Different typologies of the public spaces

Kintsugi is the Japanese art of repairing broken pottery with lacquer dusted or mixed with powdered gold, silver, or platinum, a method similar to the maki-e technique. As a philosophy, it treats breakage and repair as part of the history of an object, rather than something to disguise. These broken pieces are the rooftops of our homes. By mending these broken pieces, the public spaces become to existence. Regardless of how and by whom they're built, they're spaces whose purpose is to bring closer the hearts and minds, to empower us through hard times and crisis, to celebrate the fire of life.

"From the moment of my birth, I lived with pain at the center of my life. My only purpose in life was to find a way to coexist with intense pain." - Haruki Murakami, The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle



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