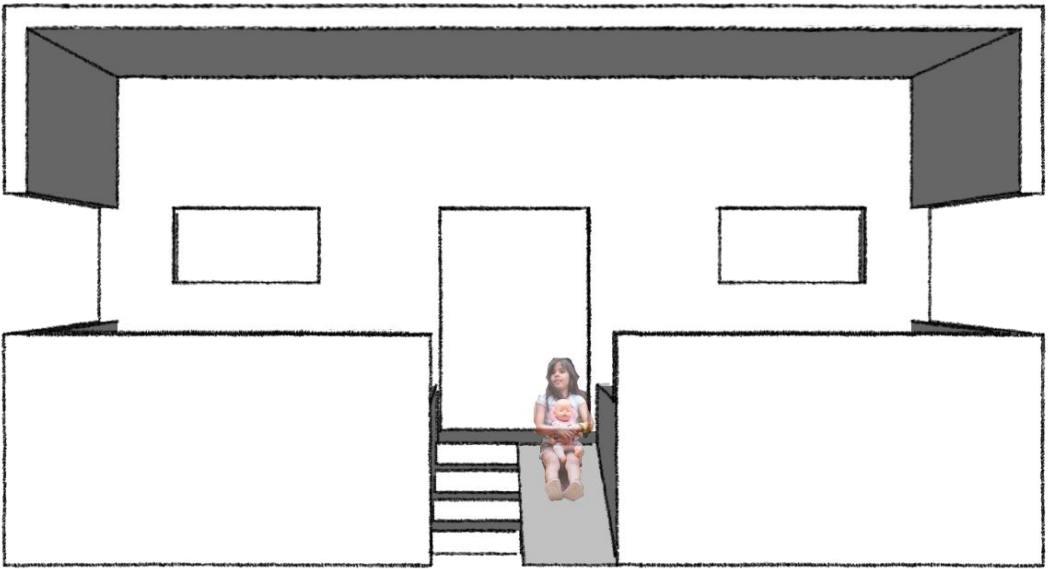


I remember..
I relive ..
I move on..



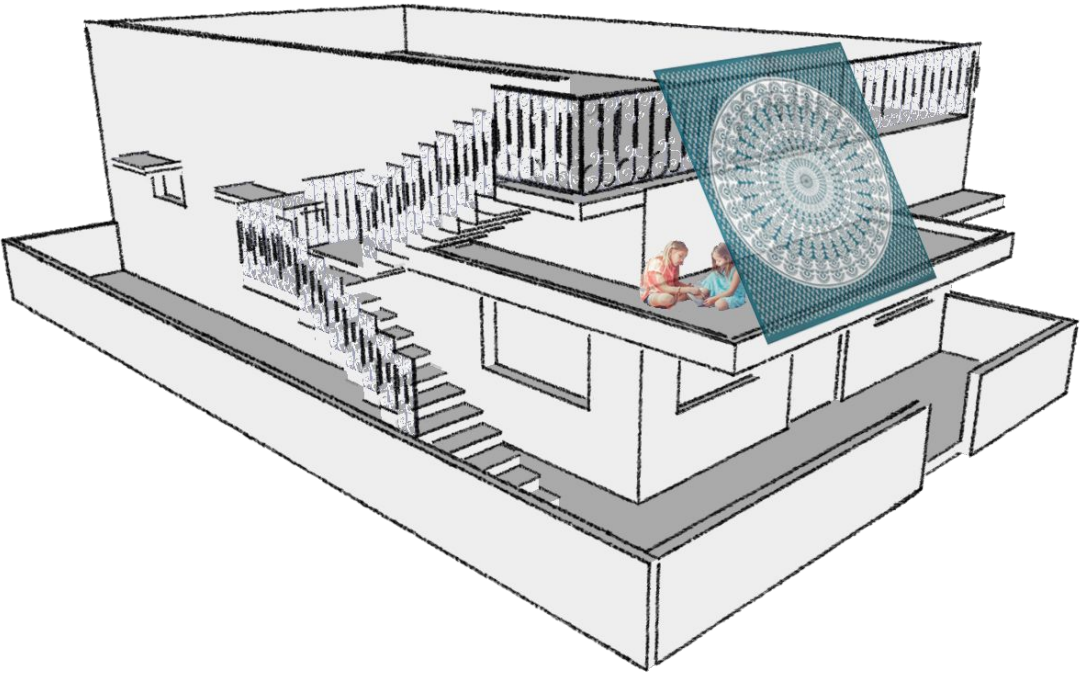
I remember the 4 years old me sliding in the front yard..

I relive the plinth which was hardly 2 feet height, but still couldn't reach the floor without sliding..

I realise the slide I played is now a ramp..

And I move on as I grew taller..

I remember..
I relive ..
I move on..



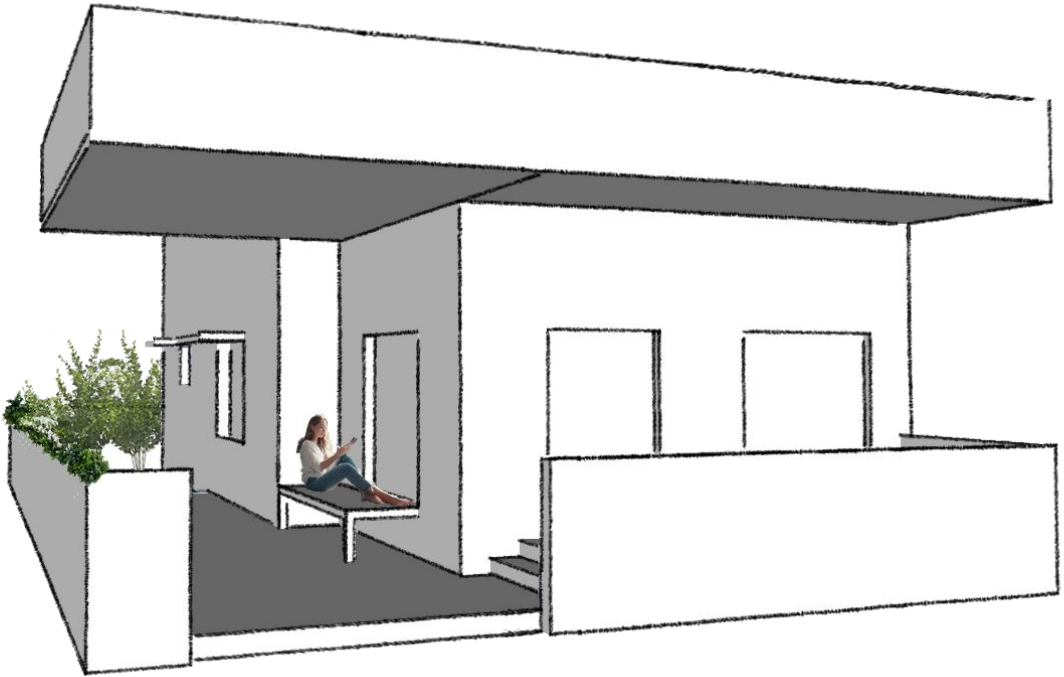
I remember the 7 years old me playing in the secret room above main door..

I relive the way my sister and I used to jump from the terrace to create a tent with the washed blanket..

I realise our secret room is the shading device for the door and window..

And I move on as I grew taller..

I remember..
I relive ..
I move on..



I remember the 16 years old me sitting in the front yard after lunch and sometimes dinner..

I relive the memories that I spent there with my friends gossiping and hardly studying

I realise the front yard is now used to park vehicles..

And I move on as I grew taller..

I remember..
I relive ..
I move on..



I remember the 22 years old me taking client calls
in the community dining..

I relive the play of leaves through the brick
jaali..

I realise the patterns of the brick allowed the
leaves to peep through..

And I move on as I grew taller..

I remember..
I relive ..
I move on..



I remember the 24 years old me cleaning dishes in front of a window..

I relive the days where I used to jump into cleaning hoping to skip the afternoon nap..

I realise the flyscreen almost vanished for my vision to see the trees at a distance..

And I move on as I grew taller..

One day

I remember..

I relive ..

I move on..

And one day

I remember how the heat of the sun entered through the huge glass doors, the fans and sometimes through the light aswell..

I relive the days the rains never stopped through the laws, how the floor was patterned with champs..

I realise that the houses are not always build with bricks but sometimes with tagboards..

And I move on as I grow taller..



My childhood unfolded within the warm embrace of Agradharam life. Sun-drenched mornings found us sprawled on the cool stone floor of the thinnai. Here, Amma's stories filled the air as sunlight streamed through high windows, casting playful patterns on the ground.

-Sreenidhi



In a rainy day I would love to sit in the thinnai and see the drop of rain over the glass roof and listen to the sound of rain chain from the gutter above.

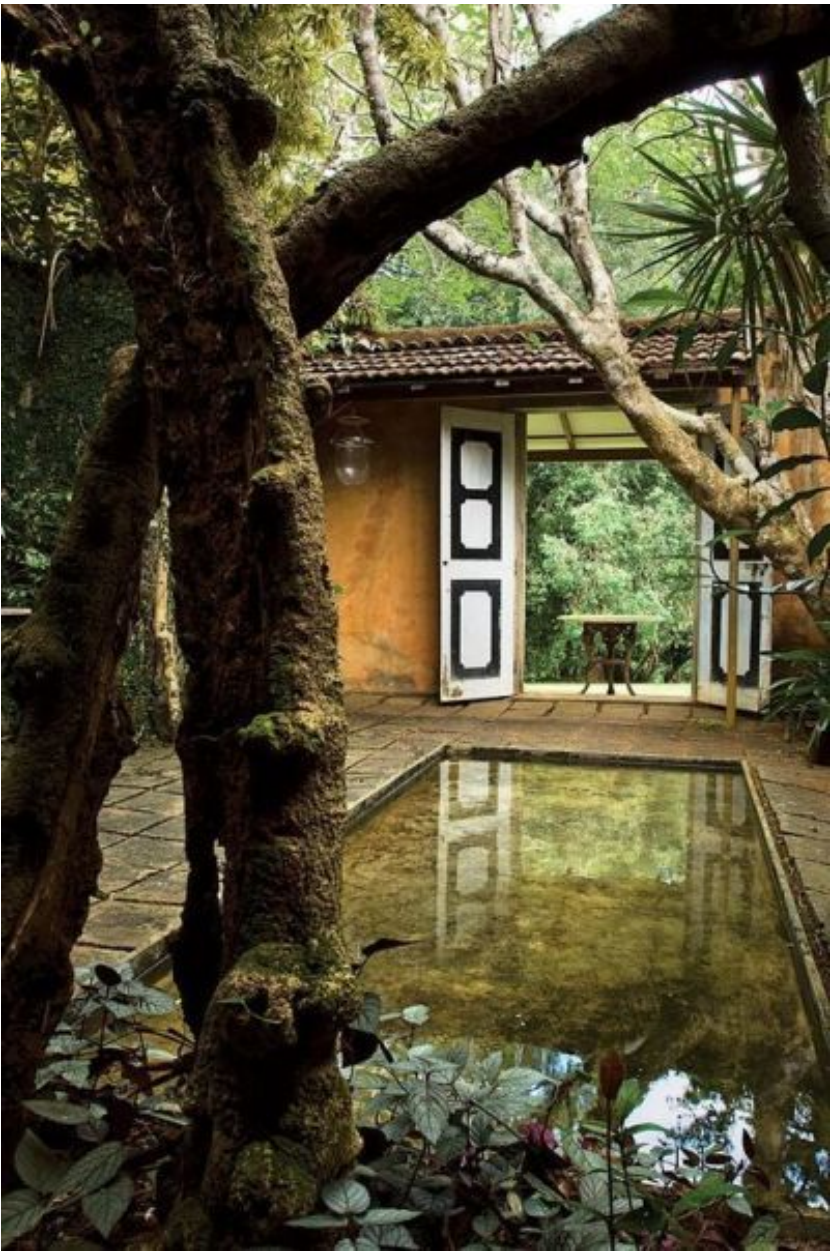
-Rahul



Through my clerestory window, the moonlight once
streamed,
Now I miss its glow, like a distant dream.
It used to cast its silver light,
But now the night feels empty, missing that sight.

I yearn for a glimpse, just one more chance,
To see that moon through my window glance.

-Sahana



I crave for is my 6 year old self to be talking to my imaginary friend under jamun Tree, playing with water.

-Vishal



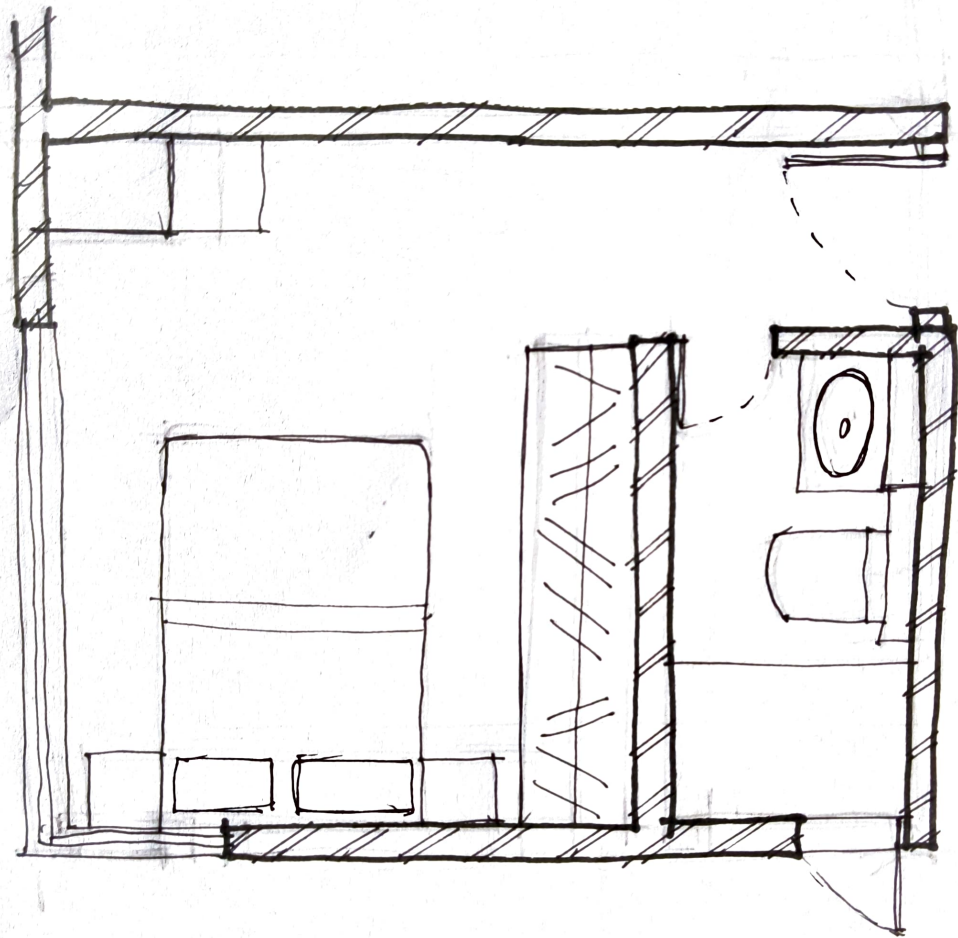
Morning sun kissing the flowers And the rays enter
my kitchen by 9am in the morning during monsoon

-Shruthi



I would go to the terrace with my mother to watch the sunset, almost everyday. We lived in a joint family and ours is a three storey house - so it was really a place of solace for us. Most days we would not talk about anything and just sit together watching the sun go down and sky changing its colours, and other days we would talk about our concerns and botherations - sometimes at a philosophical level. The habit of watching sunset is something I continued even after I moved cities for college which kept me sane - reminds me of my time spent with my mother on the terrace.





What is Home?

The memories

Devesh Bapat
PHD24087
Oikopolis VI

1. A moment in house at my native place.

At my native place, we have an Wada large, ground plus one storey house. There's an entrance we rarely used, always secured with a safety door and a wooden one that remains perpetually open. Instead, we favoured another entrance. This unused entrance, however, faced directly towards the compound entrance, just a few feet away, which was always open. I vividly remember my grandmother sitting by that door inside the house, engaged in some chore—peeling vegetables, reading, or chatting with people passing by the gate. I often sat with her, or even by myself, in that space. It became my little sanctuary, where I would draw, mold clay figures, or answer strangers (to me) regarding whereabouts of my uncles. So many memories are tied to that spot, but one stands out vividly. It must have been election season, and I might have asked my grandmother about which party is worthy of my vote or something. With a gentle pinch of my nose, she replied, "Hands can harm us, but a lotus can heal us." Even today, whenever political debates arise, I'm transported back to that conversation and that cherished space. Almost all of my fond to horrible memories I remember of that house are from around that space.

2. The 'to be spot'

When we bought our new house and began the process of furnishing it, I was filled with excitement about creating the perfect home. I had envisioned a special spot where I would spend countless hours, it was supposed to be 'my spot'. However, despite my best intentions, I found that I rarely used this spot.

Over time, as we settled into our new home, I began to notice a different space that captured my heart. It was in my bedroom, an area that, although unplanned, quickly became my favourite. Here, we (mostly my mother and I) began enjoying our morning and evening coffee, savouring the quiet moments of the day. I found myself gravitating to this corner more and more. This unexpected favourite spot in my bedroom became my go-to place for reading, working, or simply unwinding. It was this unassuming area that became a cherished part of my daily routine.

What is Home?

The memories

Devesh Bapat
PHD24087
Oikopolis VI

3. The Sunday

Before we moved into the house where we now live, and even before the five-year temporary house that came before it, we spent over 15 years in a small, one-room kitchen house. That's where I grew up, where I spent my childhood, and although it was small, it still holds a special place in my heart. What I often find myself reminiscing about, especially in conversations with my parents, are the Sundays we spent there. Just thinking about those Sundays fills me with a sense of joy that's hard to put into words. Back then, I was in my early school years, and like many kids, I had extracurricular activities. One of them was UCMAS, an abacus learning class that took place every Sunday morning from 8:00 to 10:00 am. But for me, the real Sunday started after 10:00, when my father would come to pick me up from class.

On our way home, we would often stop to buy snacks—like appam idli/vada—and we'd bring them back to enjoy together. Meanwhile, my mom would be busy in the kitchen, preparing a delicious, wholesome non-vegetarian meal for lunch, something that became a Sunday tradition. After enjoying our snacks, my mom would continue cooking, my father would settle in with his newspaper, and I would turn on the TV to watch my favourite shows like MAD or FAQ. After that, I'd sometimes reluctantly tackle my homework, or sometimes, I'd do it willingly. Other times, I'd spend hours making clay models or drawing—simple activities that brought me so much happiness. Then came lunchtime, which was always my favourite part of the day, followed by a relaxing afternoon nap. These were the best Sundays I have spent till date.

Strangely, I can't recall much about the evenings of those Sundays—perhaps because the thought of school the next day loomed over them—but the mornings are what I remember most vividly. That house wasn't on a busy roadside or in an open plot, but it was a well-settled home. It had a certain perfection that I still appreciate today.

Stories of House

MHD 4004

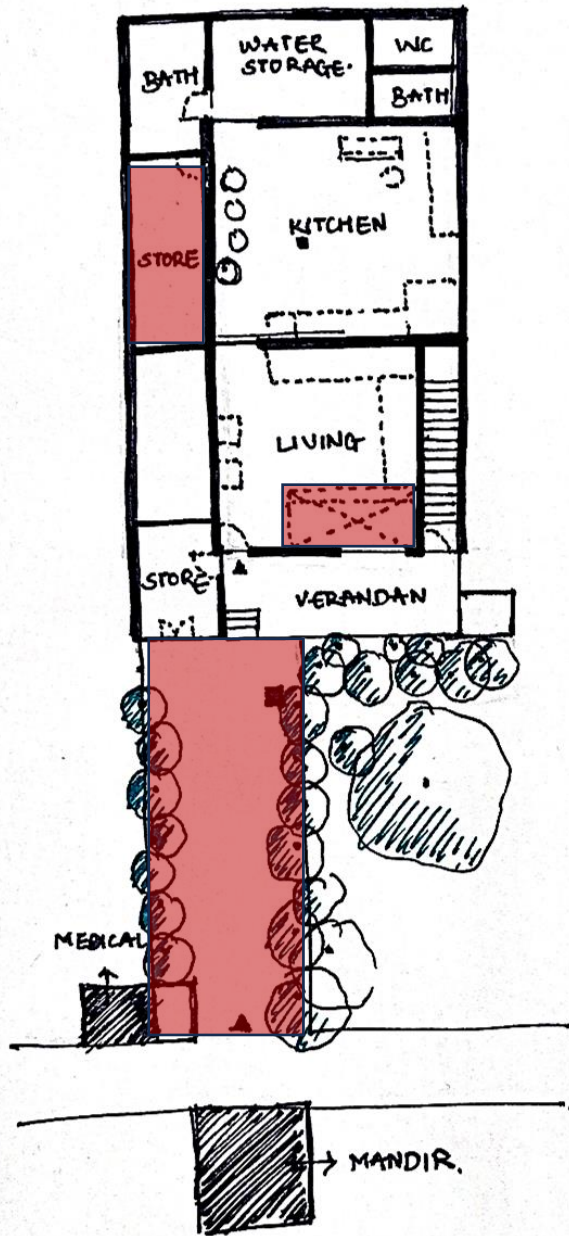
Okiopolis :
A New Beginning

Neeraja Bhalerao | PHD24229

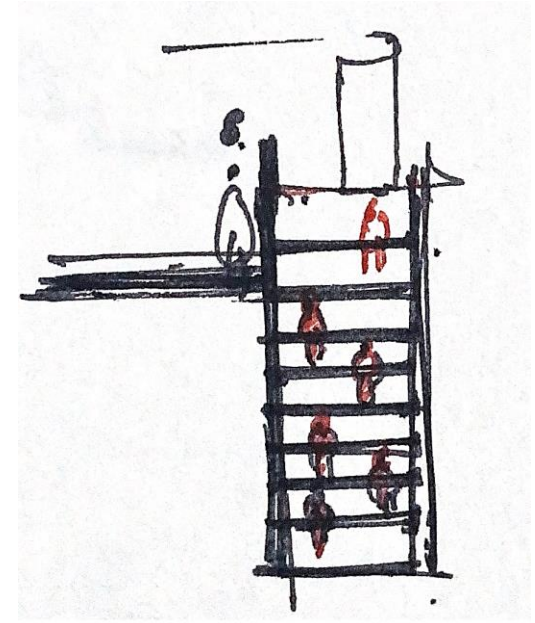
MHD4004
Master's in Housing Design
Faculty of Architecture
CEPT University

GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE

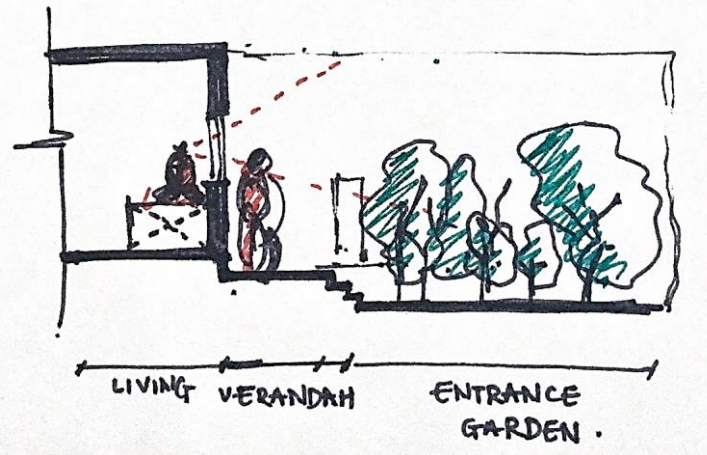
Maharashtra



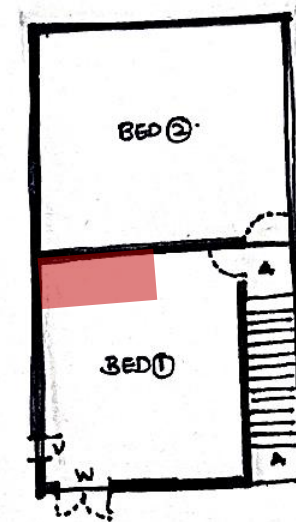
1. Long and narrow entrance garden



3. Tiny staircase with huge risers to play



2. Connection of window with the plot



4. First floor – table of mattress and snacks

Every vacation a cricket team of 12 would march to a tiny house

Where my grandparent's stay.

Long and narrow garden filled with fruits and flowers

Enough to play cricket and other games.¹

My grandfather watched while we arrive

From that tiny window overlooking the open space.²

Tiny staircase with huge steps made us difficult to climb

Yet loved to play self made games like bus-bus.³

I'd avoid the dark, old storage place

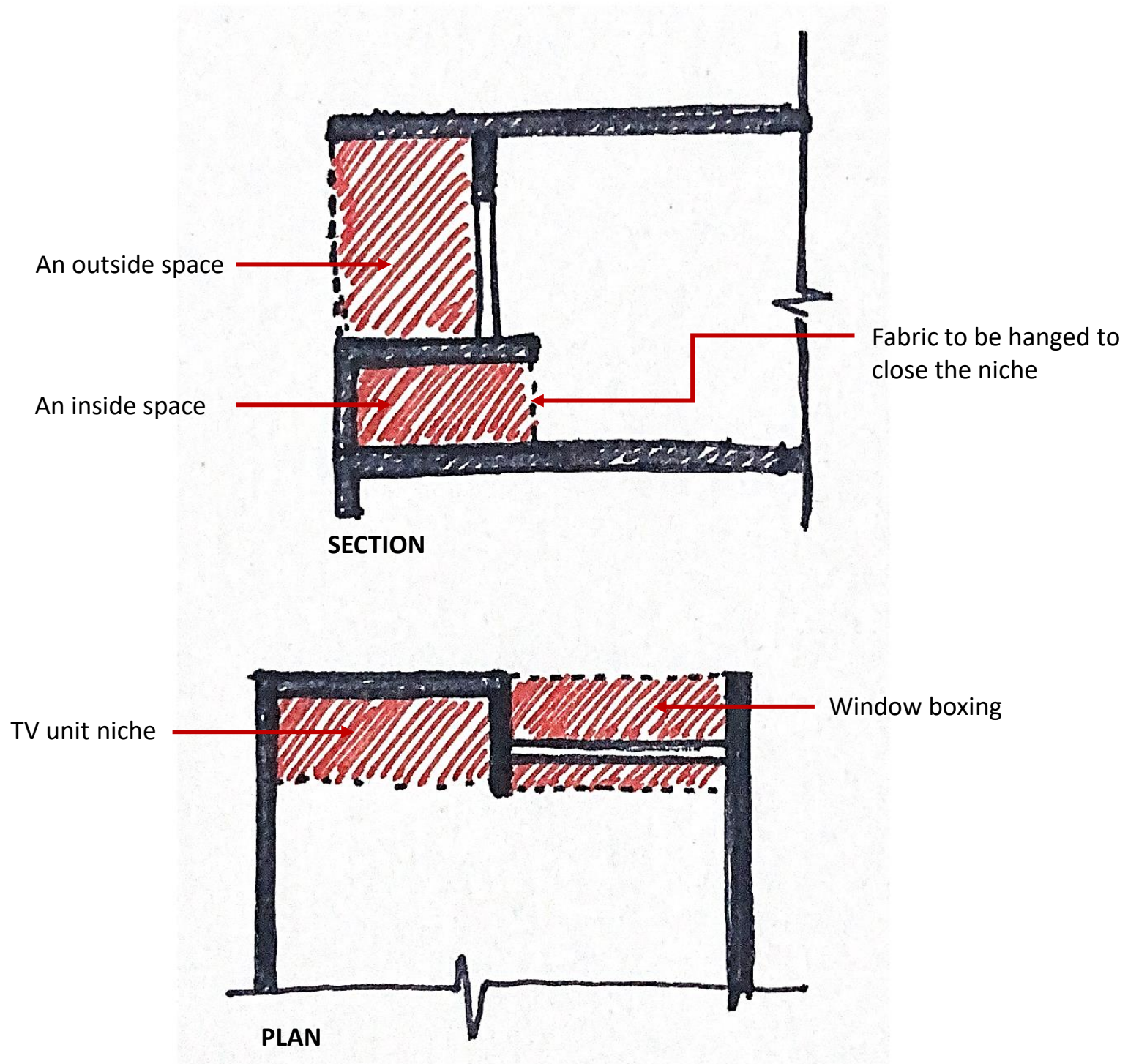
But loved the space under the table where snacks used to stay.⁴

Now, the house seems smaller as we age,

Yet the memories linger in every space.

OUR FIRST HOUSE IN NASHIK

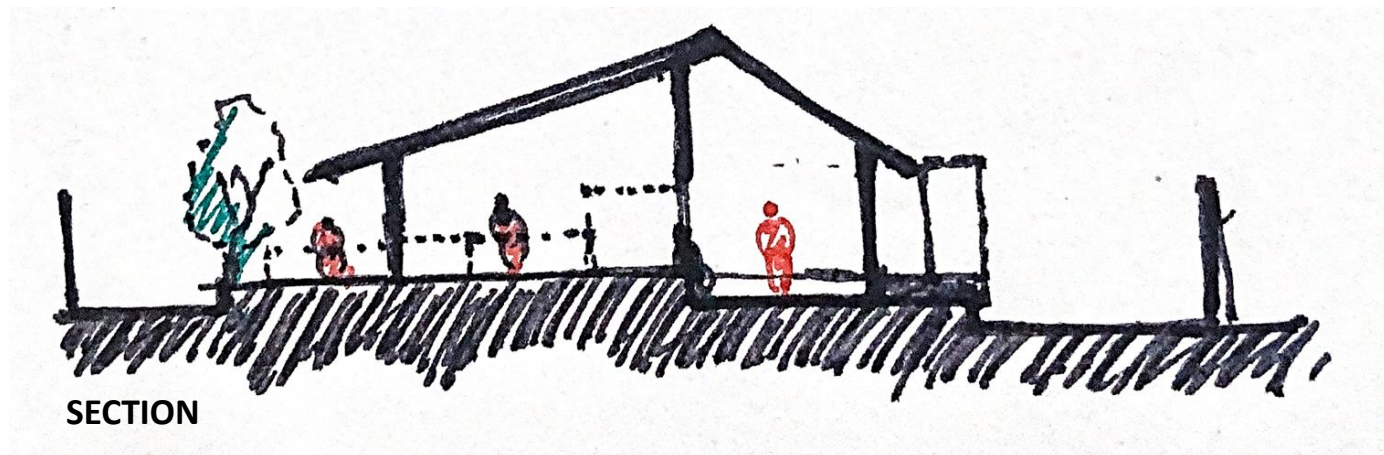
Maharashtra



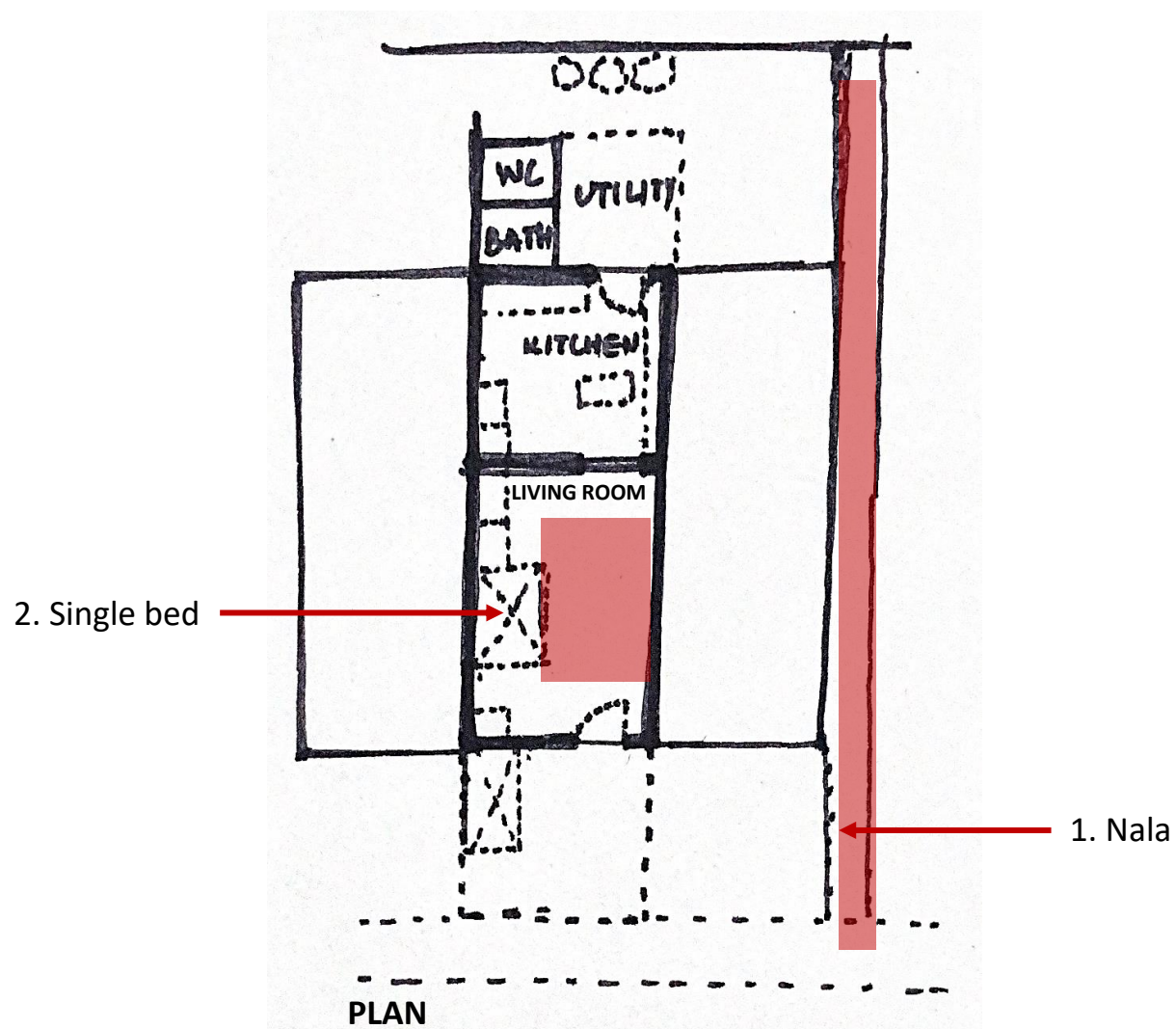
We shifted from village to city when I was 8
Our first apartment had a window of contrast
The gap in between grill & window frame was a place to be out
While a space below the niche was a place to hide
A cozy spot to eat, laugh and play
A home within a home, where memories found its place.

A SLOPING ADOBE

Maharashtra



SECTION



2. Single bed

1. Nala

PLAN

Every Diwali, we go to our village home,
Which is Mangalore sloping roof single storey - load bearing house.

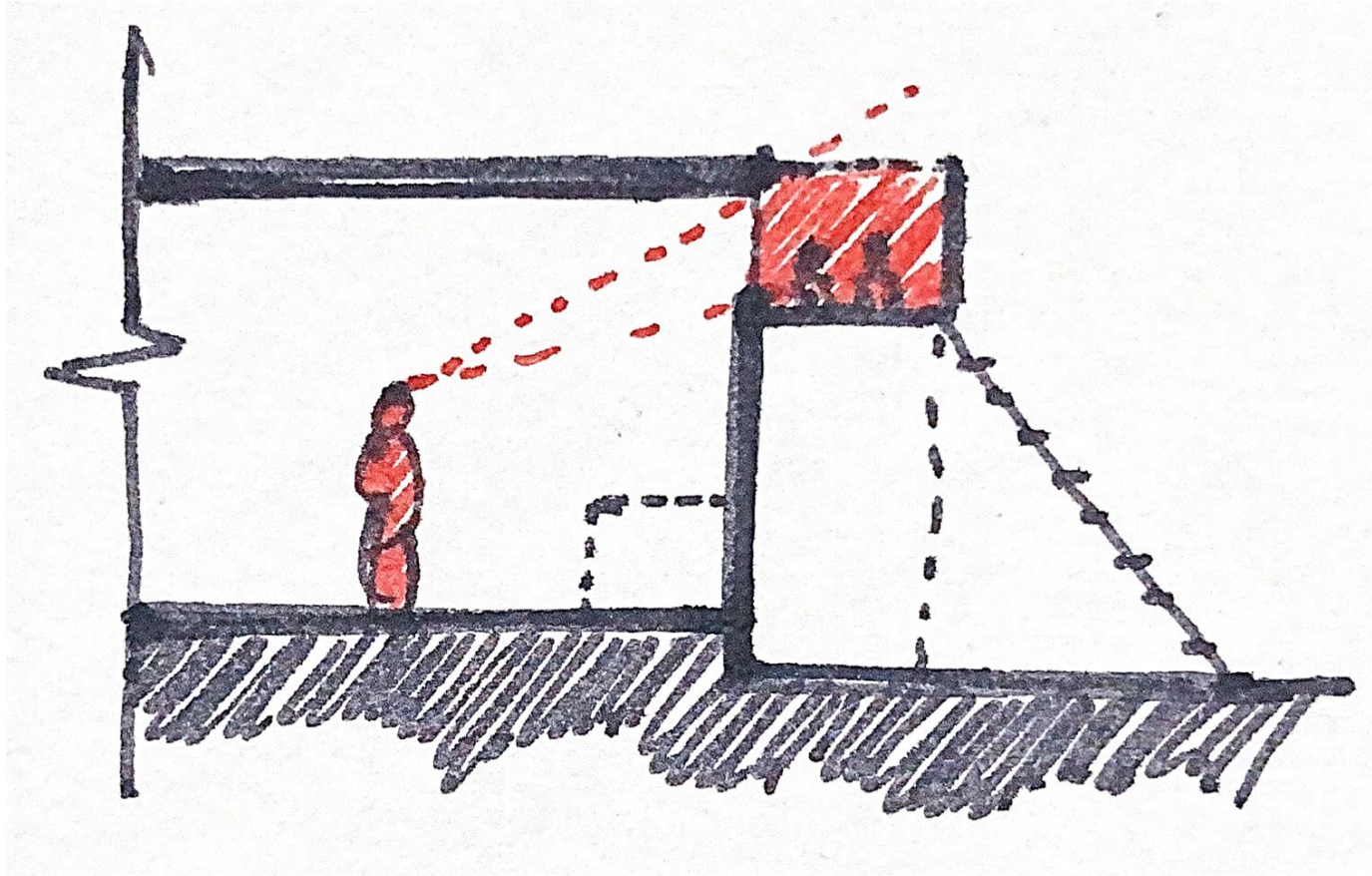
In the excitement of burning cracker,
Laughter erupted as my brother falls in the nala.

In the living room, single bed stretched not so wide,
Yet six cousins would pile on top of each other with all those sweets dishes bedsides.

***Our family of fifteen, in that room so alive,
Diwali under the sloping roof, with laughter and smiles.***

EVENING DELIGHT

Maharashtra



When school would end, me and my friend,
Would rushed to home to sit on terrace.
The projected area of living room that created a small terrace above,
was accessed by a cat ladder.

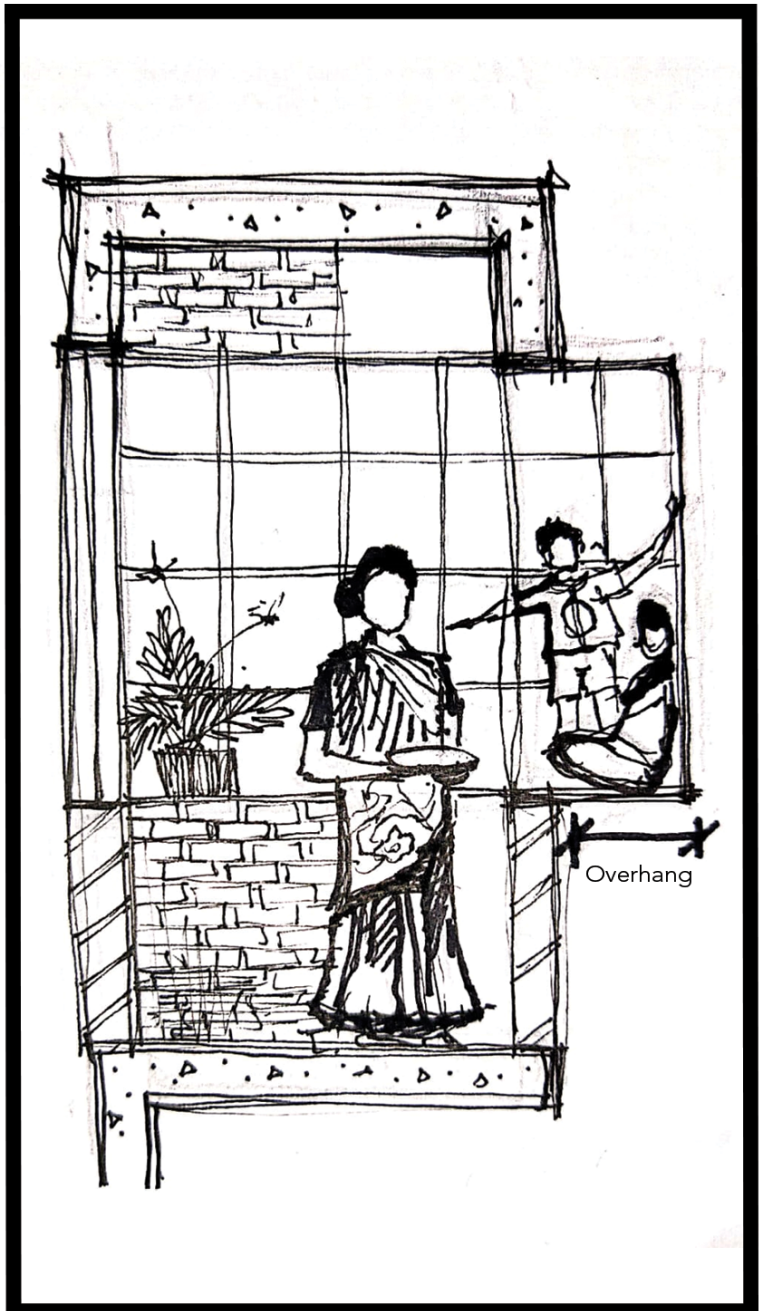
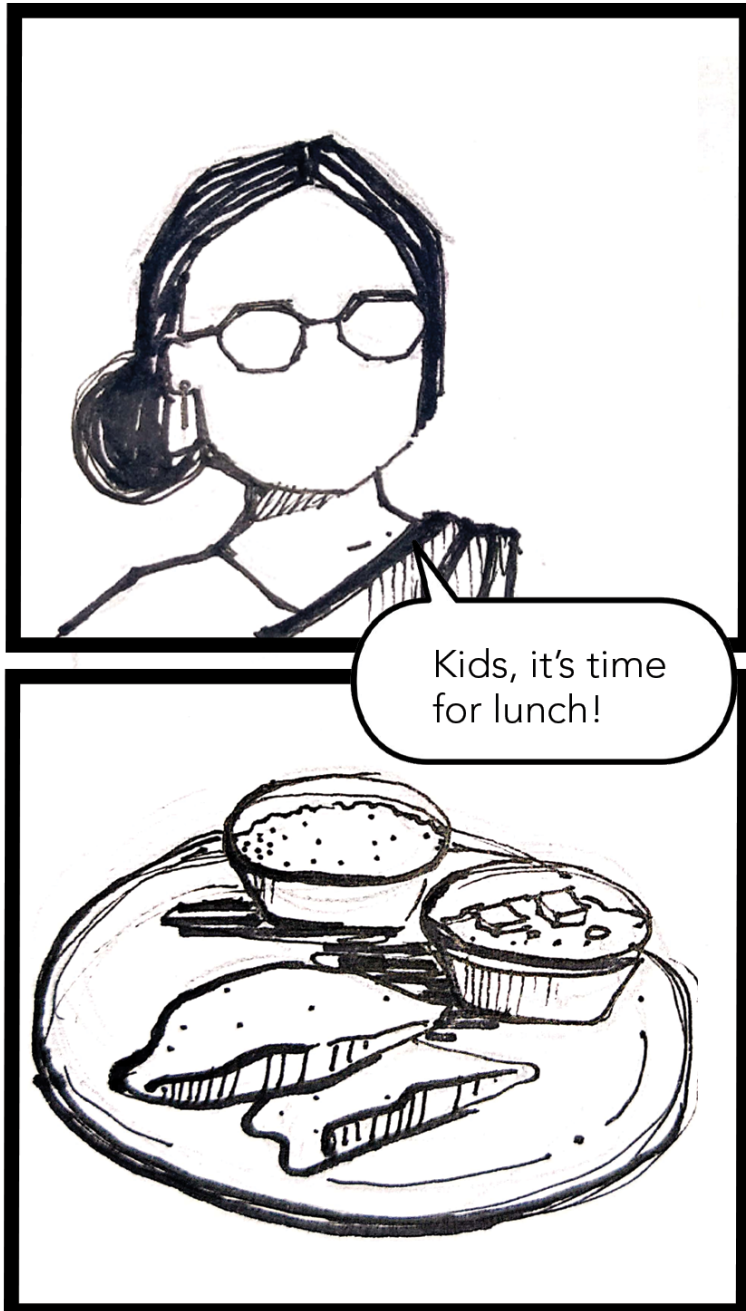
Our parents would see our secret spot covered with fabric
Through the ventilator connected to the living room
My father would pass on snacks from the ventilator
To our little space.

***In our little heaven, with joy we'd play,
Creating memories that never would fade.***

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Story by: Yukta Bhojane

Eating food everyday sitting on the balcony extension, despite having a dining table till the age of 11.



What provisions do compact homes give?

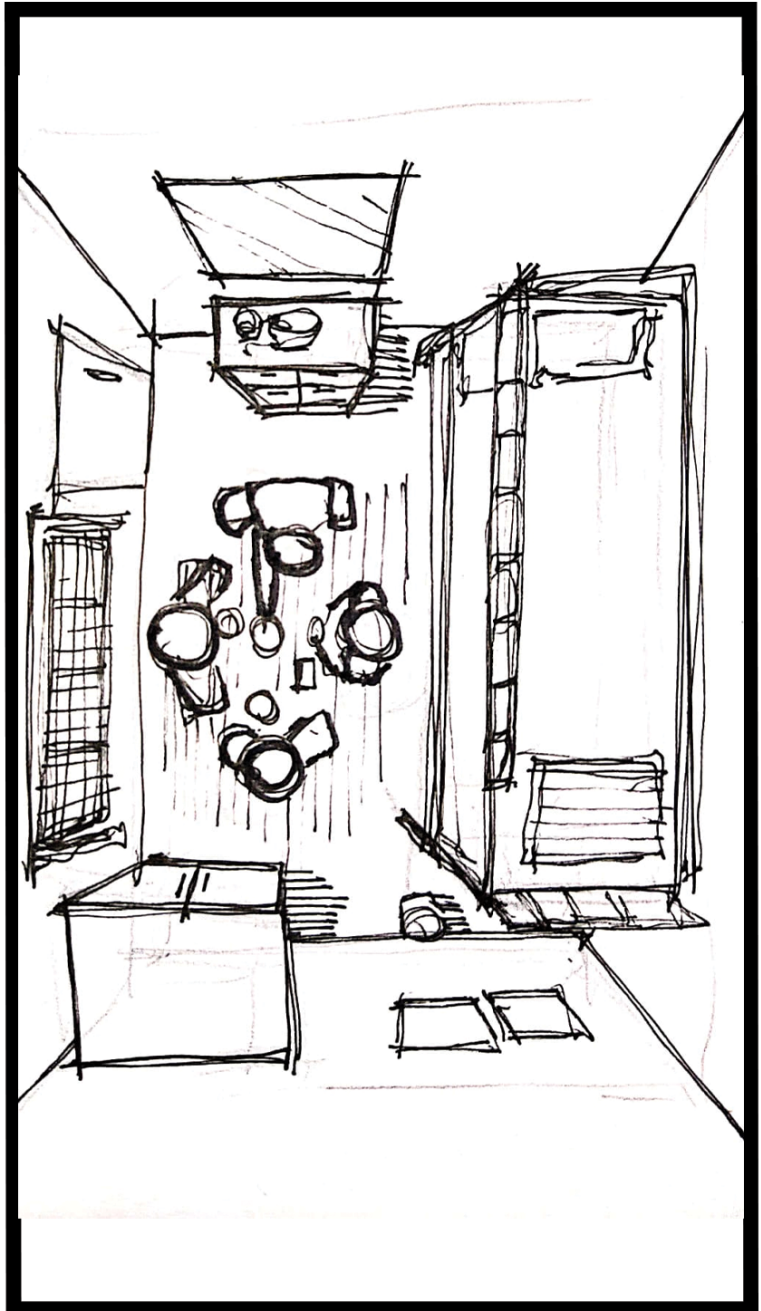
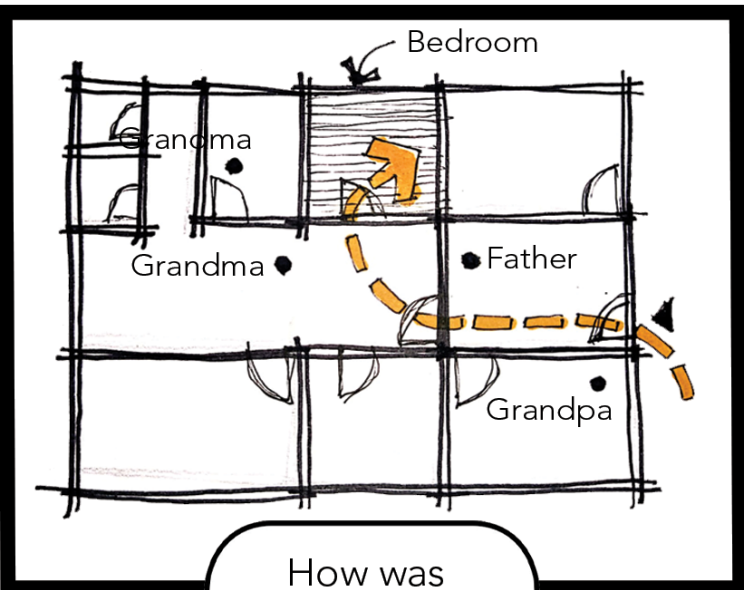
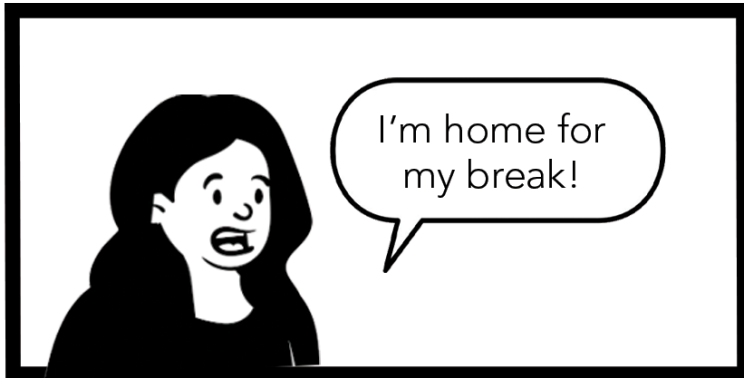
How do humans cope with lack of designated space for certain daily activities?

Can we built flexible spaces by not defining its use

BREAK FROM THE ORDINARY

Story by: Aditi Srinath

Coming home for with three friends for 20 minutes during the lunch break.



How do smaller homes facilitate interaction?

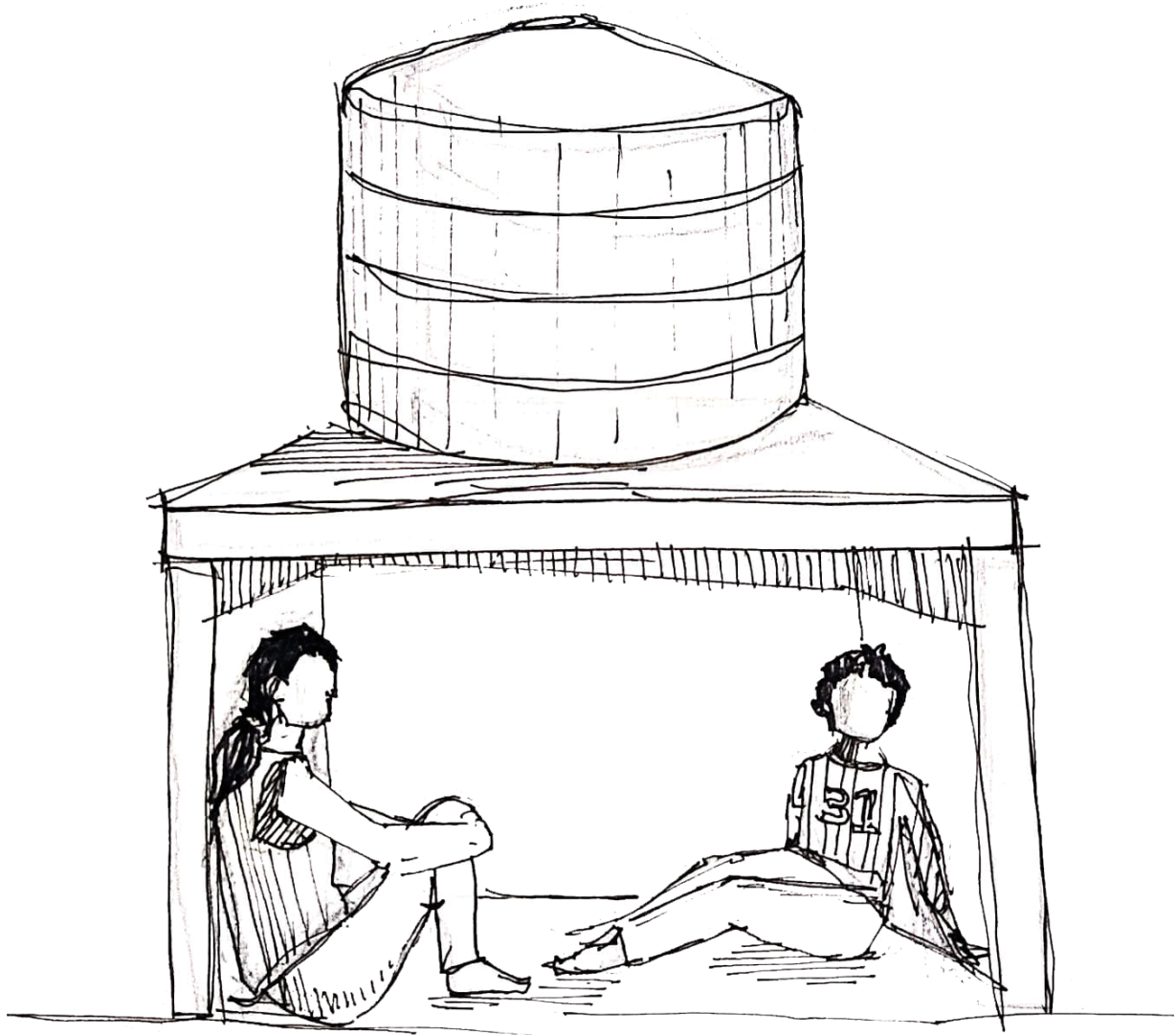
When are common spaces used? Can we incentivise residents to interact with other through design interventions?

A SECRET RENDEZVOUS

Story by: Navya James

Using the space underneath the water tank as a secret meeting spot with friends.

SHHH....



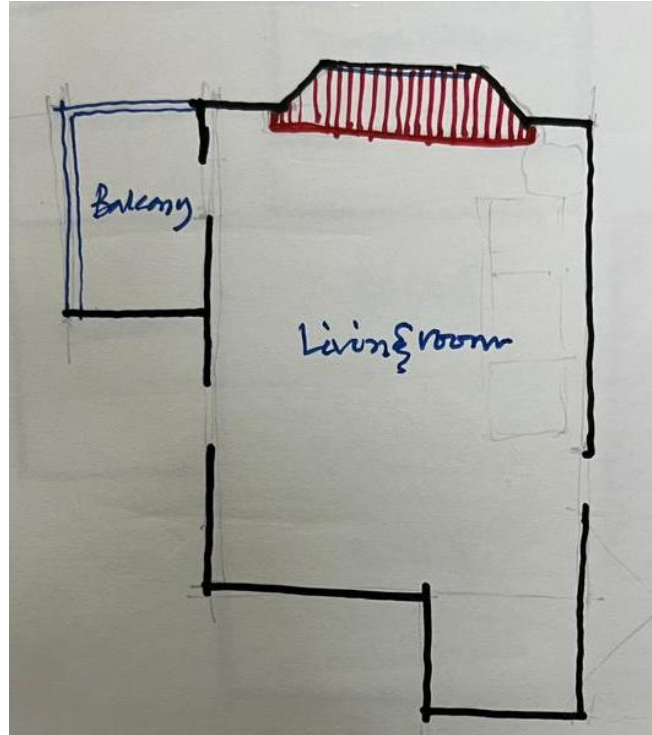
Why do humans gravitate towards closed and tight spaces?
At what ages do we prefer smaller spaces? How can they be designed for a standardized housing unit?

What is Home? Stories / Memories

Sarthak Mohanty PHD23339

Episode 1:

More than a Window, Anjaneya, Pune



In the heart of the apartment, lied a bay window, a cherished nook which juts out from the living room like a cozy alcove.

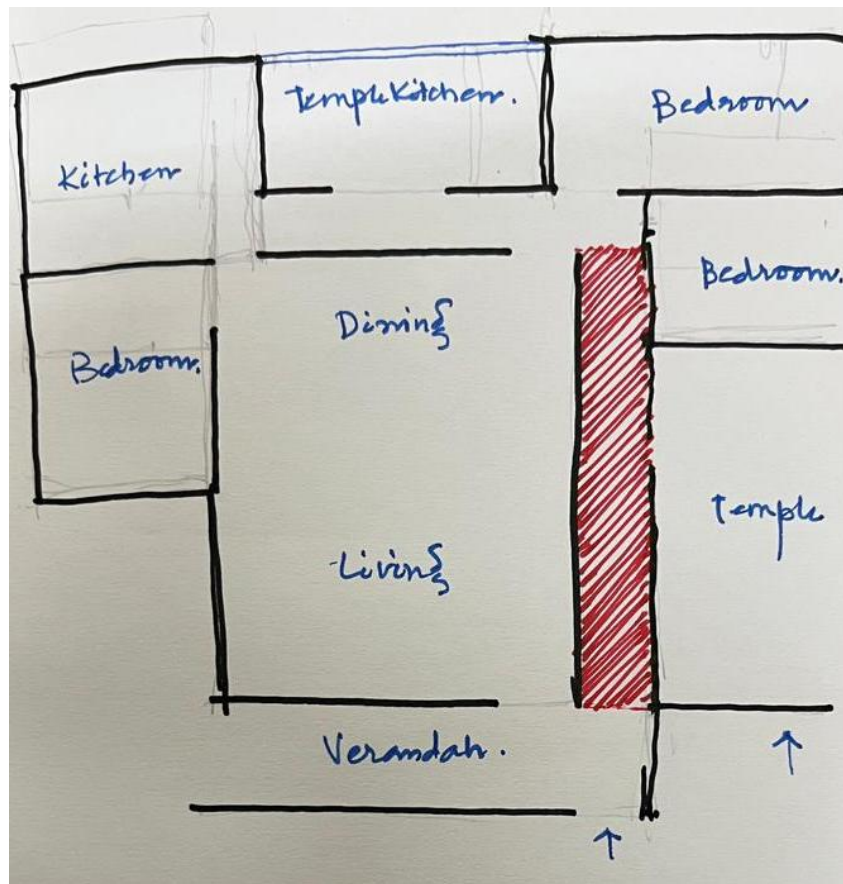
During the moments of the day, this spot becomes a place where you might find yourself sprawled out with a good book, a cup of tea, a place to have food.

During the days of house parties, as evening descends, the living room transforms into a vibrant zone, the bay window reveals its magic. The bay window, now a gathering point, turns into a stage of shared experiences. The Bay window being the most favourite spot often was a point of fight between people of who would site over that space.

Whether it's for a quiet retreat with a favorite book or the lively hub of a party, the bay window stood as a retreat.

Episode 2:

The Corridor, Shyam Vihar, Nagpur



At my grandparent's house is a corridor that is as much a vessel of cherished memories as it is a passageway between the kitchen and the temple. Narrow and lined with mosaic floor this corridor held a unique magic, transforming from a sacred path to a playground.

Mornings in the corridors were ritualistic as it was used for temple activities: carrying things from the kitchen to the temple. The corridor served as a sacred threshold space between the temple and the home.

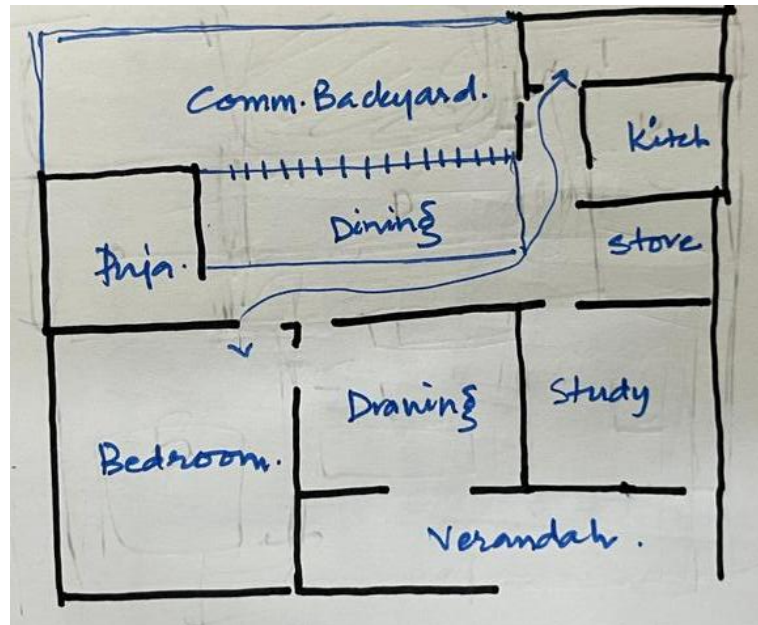
Yet, as the sun climbed higher and the temple's early tranquility faded, and the adults go back to take rest, the narrow corridor would undergo a transformation as the children: I and my cousins claim the space as our own. The echoes of devotion would be replaced by the laughter and spirited shouts of my cousins and me.

The corridor, with its length and unobstructed stretch, became our cricket pitch, our badminton court, and the setting for countless games. We would just enter into the Temple from the back door, touch the idols and rush back, where we were not allowed to enter during regular times.

As the sun dipped, corridor playtime drew to a close, ready to return to its sacred duty.

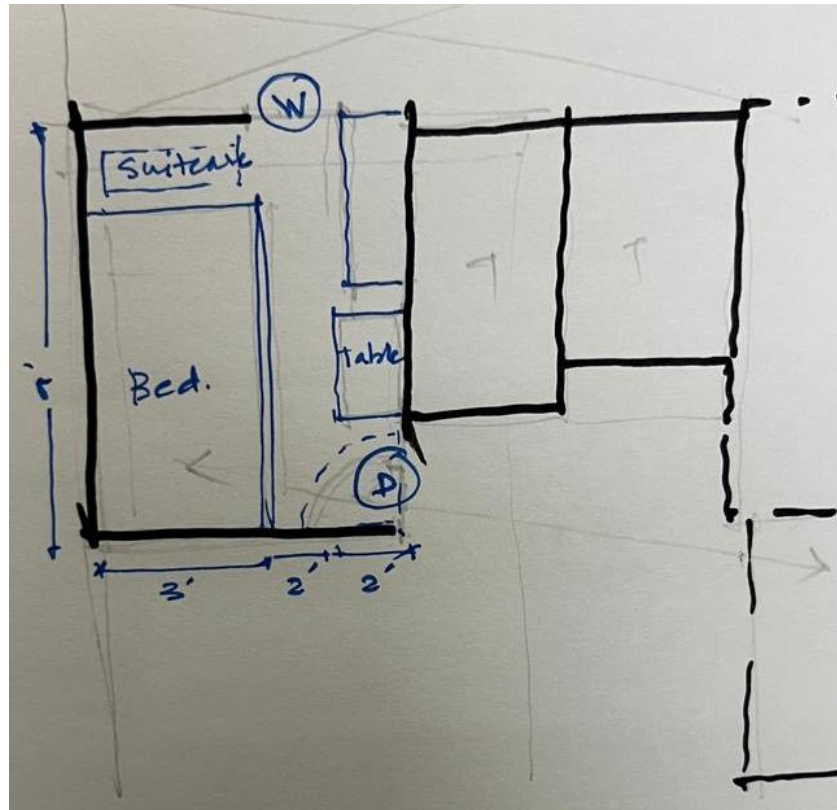
Episode 3 :

The Frightful way to Toilet, Sambalpur



At my childhood house, which I have very vague memories of, One thing which still stands strong in memories is the path from bedroom to the toilet. The toilet was a bit detached from the house and way to it was through an open courtyard and the kitchen on the way. The place seemed nice during the days but as the day descended, the path seemed quite scaring to me. I would not dare to the toilet alone and used to call my parents to assist me. The experience was such because there were no walls and the backyard was separated with just a grill.

Episode 4:
The Tiny Room, Hostel, Bhubaneswar



My hostel room was a 7 by 9 feet, a kitchen converted into a tiny single bedded space. With barely enough room to move, it was a constant shuffle of things between the bed and the table, which doubled as my workspace. The room's only furnishings were the narrow bed and a wall-hanging wardrobe. To make the best of it, I would drag the table to the bed, using it as a makeshift desk, finding it oddly convenient without a chair. On especially stuffy days, I leave the door ajar, hoping the slight breeze and view of the balcony would make the tiny room feel a bit more spacious.

JAY MUNI

PHD24147

STORIES, MEMORIES, HOME

OIKOPOLIS VI

MASTER'S IN HOUSING DESIGN



1. KITCHEN BECAME A SPACE FOR MY COUSIN TO HOST HER GAME IN OUR CHILDHOOD HOME

These memories dates back 6-8 years, where I lived with my joint family that includes parents, Grandparents, Uncle-Aunt, my younger brother, cousin sister and cousin brother. We lived in 2 combined 1bhk house. We three brothers often had to trade games with our "1 in 4 sister" so that she joins us in playing games we wanted. Her simple solution to every trade of our games was to play her pretentious game called "Teacher-Teacher". The 2.8m x 3.6m kitchen becomes her classroom and the Kadapa stone partition adjacent to the refrigerator becomes her black board where she wrote something which I had no interest in but acted to write something in book sitting in her classroom. My two younger brothers often followed me. That kitchen space also became a place of interaction while my mom, Aunt and grandmom cooked the food and we children would help them in small quantities.



2. DIFFERENT HOUSES, SAME HOME

A Shift from flat no. 1201 to 1101, in a flat exactly below a floor, gives same homely feeling. Although, technically, it is entirely a different house. I often forget that I have been living in the new house for just 9-10 months and not 5 years. It is fascinating how we get used to seeing spaces and thus they become home to us. An identical flat and arrangement of furniture results in believing that I still live at the same home and have never shifted.



3. MY MOM'S FAVOURITE SPOT

Facing outside, the window delivers a majestic view of city and Nature. Sitting on the edge of the bed, a cup of coffee in her hand and biscuits or some snacks kept on the window sill at 300mm gives a great start to the day in my mom's daily life. Same spot is used again in the evening doing the same activity.



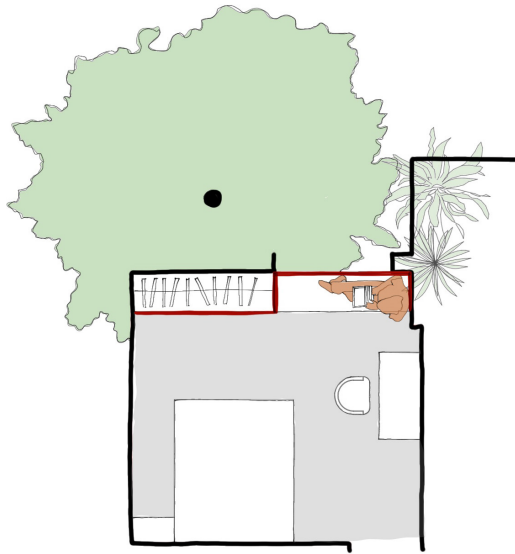
4. My FAVOURITE SPOT IN NOT SO APPEALING AREA.

Toilet seat in toilet of the master bedroom (mind you, not the common toilet) becomes the most favorite spot of mine. Although I have an amazing view from my window, for some reason, my brain, heart, and body collectively made a decision to choose this spot. Multiple memories, of course 'while doing the business' has been lived here like winning in a mobile game or watching interesting parts of a movie or series. From thinking of a design concept or bringing out some design solutions to having some deep life thoughts, all has happened here.



What is Home?
Stories / Memories

1.



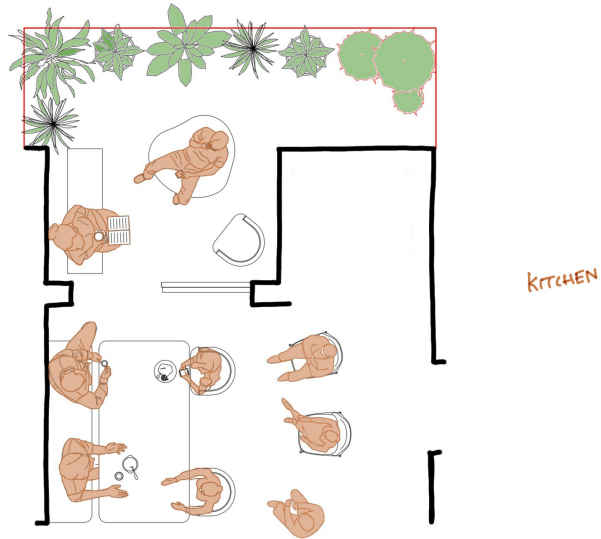
In my Room, A quiet space,
where a low seat meets mornings grace,
By the window facing east,
where light & Shadow find their peace

The wardrobe stands, creating a nook,
A cozy corner where I look,
At the neem tree & balcony pos,
A little world, free of thoughts

Here, I sketch, I read, I dream,
lost in a place where all feels Serence
with the weather touch & a favorite song,

In this corner, I belong.

2.

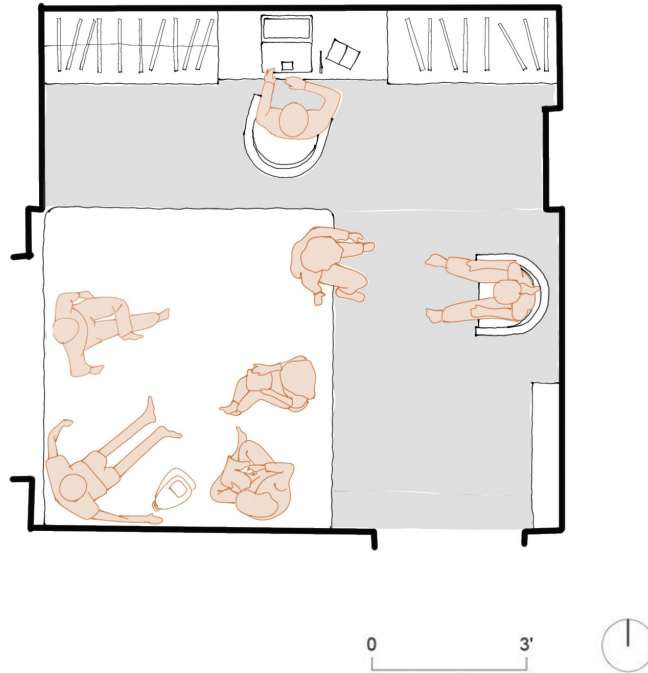


In the dining corner, where the sliding door meets the balcony,
A cushioned seating rest by the wall,
Dining chairs, when crowded, shift and roam.

When people gather, the door opens wide,
The space transforms with the breeze from outside,
The plants on the balcony add a touch of green,
As joy and laughter fill the scene.

The room becomes the heart, where all converge,
A magnetic pull where warmth and cheer emerge,
Mom serves food with love and care,
And we savor the serenity in the open air.

3.



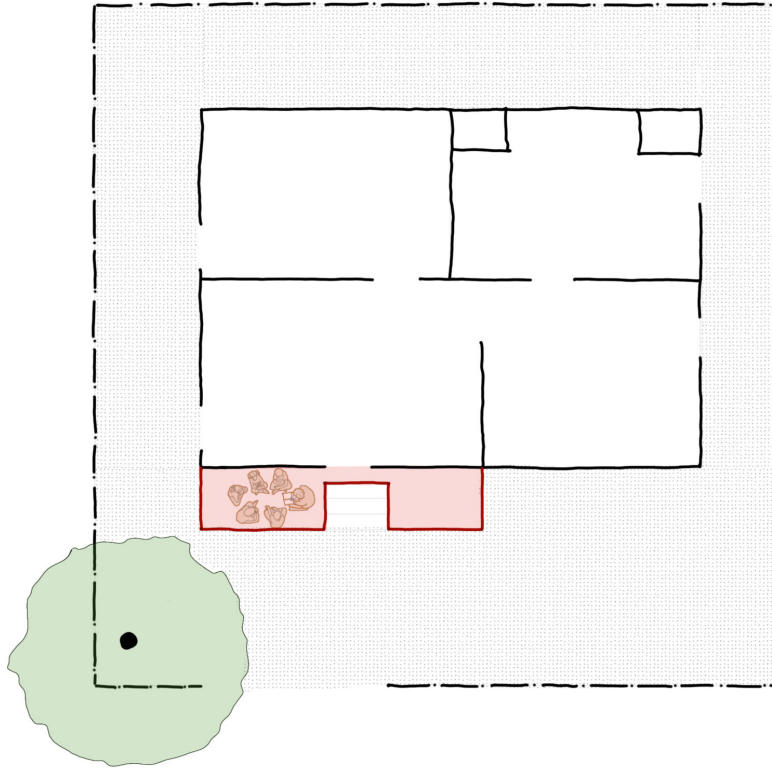
In the room, where the king-sized bed takes center stage,
A single piece of furniture, Yet filled with life's pages,
Not just for sleep, but memories it keeps,
A space where many moments quietly seep.

The bed turns into a dining spot,
When my friends and I, architecture students,
Worked through the hours, making dreams real,
This room is more than what it seems

It's a Grandparents napping room, a place to store,
A study, a refuge when times are tough,
A room for gossip, laughter & tears,
A place to stay apart from pandemic fears.

Different functions, different times,
This room holds lifes many rhymes,
More than a bedroom, it is a part of our days,
A witness to life in countless ways.

4.

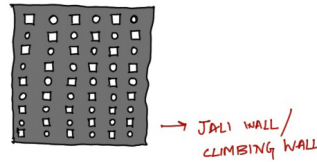
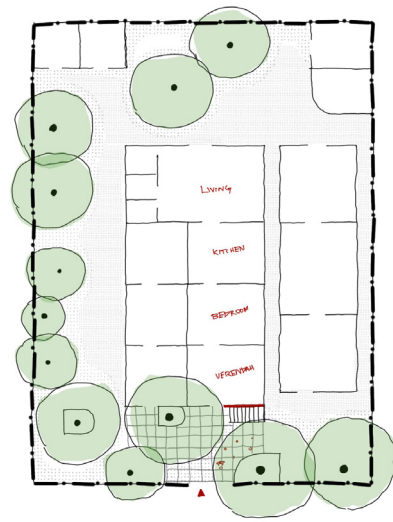


As a child in the second grade,
When I stepped onto the plinth of our home,
That space, the “arugu,” would come alive,
Shifting with our moods and time.

It’s where we did our homework neat,
And fed the street dog at our door,
A stage for songs and dances bright,
Imagining an audience just out of sight.

We played Monopoly, carroms, chess,
Made school projects with care and finesse,
Drew greeting cards for friends and teachers dear,
On that plinth, memories grew near.

5.

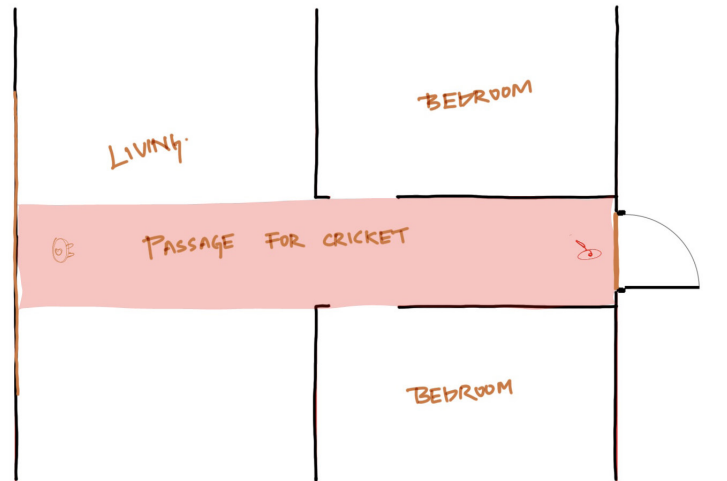


A house I've known since I was born,
Where spaces have changed as I've grown,
Each part holds memories from my life's stages,
Filled with moments and adventures from different ages.

As an enthusiastic kid, I'd gather small coconuts from the
front yard,
Make boats when the roads were covered in water,
Eagerly waiting for gooseberries to fall so we could eat them,
Drawing on Bethamcherla stones and playing with glee.

Climbing the jali wall of the front room,
And climbing the railing of the staircase in the front yard
leading to the terrace,
Each space holds a piece of my childhood,
In a house that has grown with me through the years.

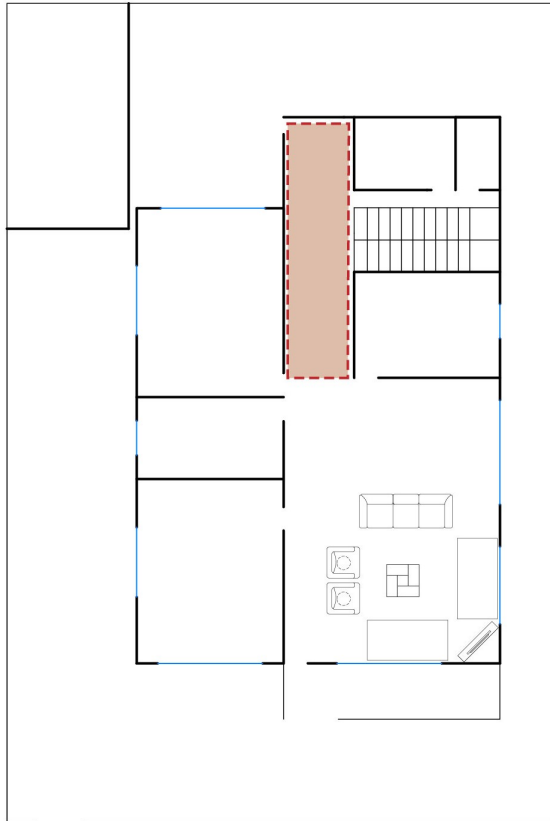
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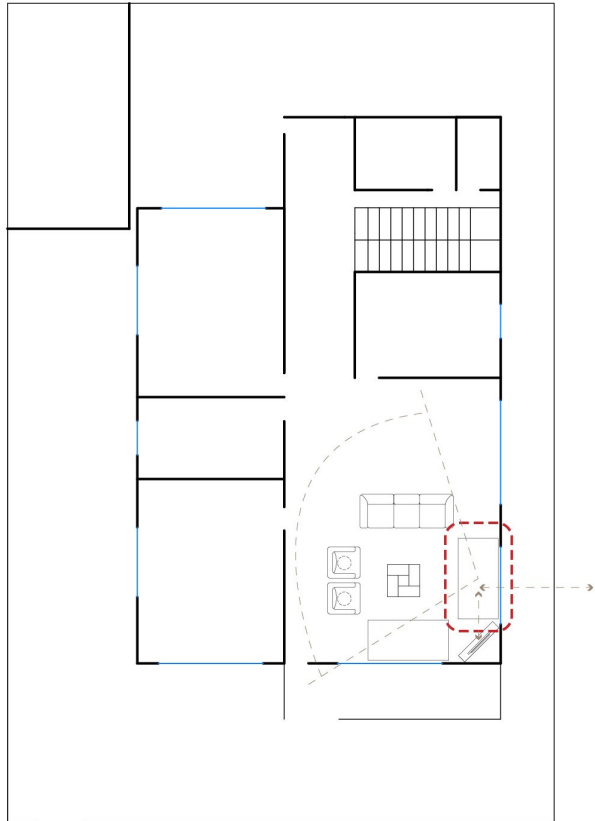
As a kid who loved to play,
My dad & I found joy each day,
In the passage from the hall, Narrow & Long,
where two bedrooms & utility meet.

Each weekend, that space became our ground,
where laughter & cricket are always found,
The utility door was our stump to defend,
And the hall's wall marked where the boundary would end.

“ When asked about his memories of the house where he spent part of his childhood, Finnish architect **Juhani Pallasmaa** says that more than sight, his memories are based on the smell of the house. According to him, each house has its own smell, which we do not always perceive when we are in it, but immediately recognize upon returning.”

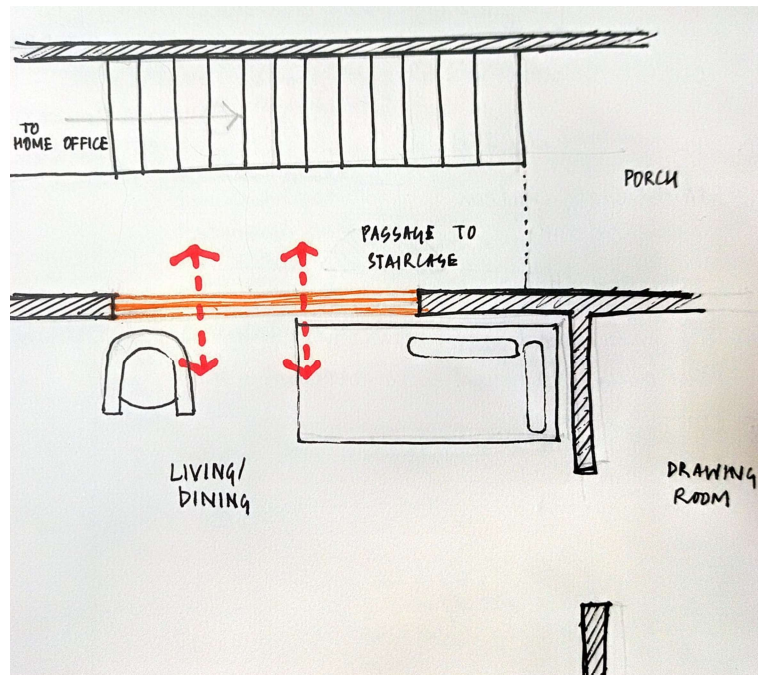


The **circulation passage** leading from the hall to the toilets / backyard functions not just as a transitional area but as a playground for me. After school, I would often transform the walls into a blackboard, sketching out stuff with different coloured chinks so that it would be visible on the light beige painted walls. In the evenings, when my friends and cousins would come over to play, we would list down games to play on the wall and make a selection. The length of the corridor also enabled us to use it as a cricket pitch or as a basketball court, with no barriers and worries as to where the ball might hit.



The diwan bed next to the window being everyone's preferred corner in the living room.

It was perfectly positioned to be a cozy and popular spot in the living room. Its placement near the window allows natural light to flow in, offering a pleasant view outside while also providing a great angle to watch TV. The combination of comfort, view, and entertainment makes it a preferred corner for everyone in the room, even though there are two other windows available.

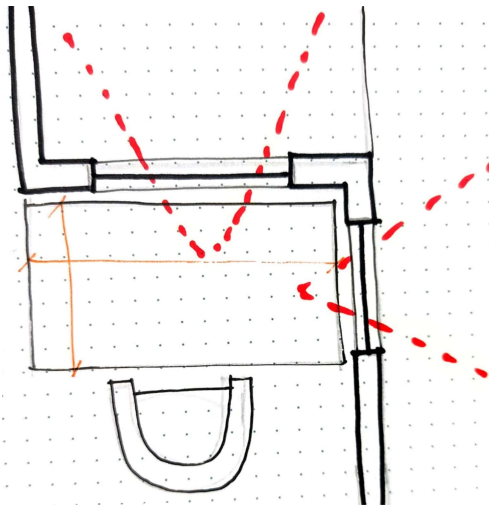


In this 2-storeyed house, a part of the first floor serves as a home office for my father. There is also a garage in the yard where he keeps all his tools and spare parts for site work. Having an office setup at home means that people from his work keep coming and going in, to the office or the garage.

The **1800 x 1800 square window** serves as a crucial connection between the interior / exterior of the house and the office / home .

All the surveillance and interaction between the office staff and my mother happens here, be it handing over documents, keys or tea. The diwan bed next to the window becomes a retiring point for her in the afternoons, where she can rest and watch the TV while keeping an eye on any movement.

My nephew also enjoys playing peek-a-boo here, while our pet cat uses the space between the rails as his door to move in and out of the house.



Study desk niche and windows.

The corner is perfectly sized (by chance) for the study desk. The combination of the desk's snug placement and the surrounding windows creates an ideal study environment.

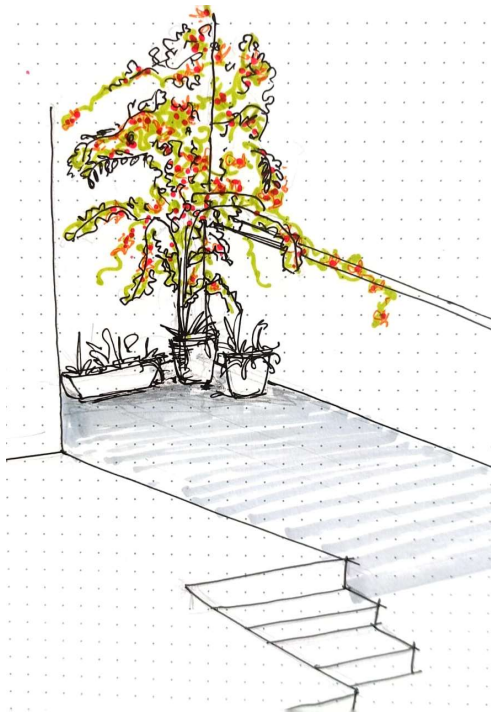
The window overlooking the entrance porch is particularly functional, allowing the person at the desk to keep an eye on visitors, adding a layer of convenience and awareness. Meanwhile, the other window, with its view of the road lined with coconut trees, offers a serene and refreshing backdrop, making the study experience more enjoyable.



The **multi-functional balcony.**

Each evening, my friend and I made it a point to unwind here, finding calm in the simple act of holding our cat at the handrail. The balcony offers a peaceful view point from which we can enjoy the lively scene of children playing in the society garden below, a daily ritual that adds warmth and a sense of community to our evenings.

Interestingly, this space also serves a dual purpose as a functional utility area, efficiently accommodating the washing machine and clothesline.



The **rangoon creeper** with its vivid blooms and the smell of the fragrant flowers is deeply embedded as earliest core memories of a home for me.

As a child, the front yard where the creeper flourished was my playground, a place where I spent evenings playing with my friends and sister.

Even now, whenever I catch a whiff of those fragrant flowers, I'm instantly taken back to that home. The smell floods my memories of the old verandah where we would gather after play, the comfort of home, and the simplicity of childhood. It's a scent that not only reminds me of a physical space but also evokes the emotions and experiences that made that home so special.

Stories from my undergrad hostel -

Shared lobby space between 4 rooms and the common

balcony threshold was more than just a passageway—it was a centre of connection and community. The design of the corridor, with its balanced width and sense of intimacy, fostered a neighborly atmosphere. It wasn't just a space to pass through; it was a place where spontaneous conversations, greetings, and interactions happened.

The common balcony, slightly raised from the floor level, added an interesting dynamic to this shared space. While the raised balcony had some practical drawbacks, it also gave the balcony a distinct presence. It became a focal point for gathering, offering a spot where we would step out, share a moment, and take in the view together.

What is Home? - Stories/Memories

The Secret Spot Under the Stairs:

When I was a kid, there was a small, dark space under the stairs in our home that no one really noticed. It was split into two sections by a wooden plank. I decided to make one side my own little hideout. I filled it with pillows, hung up a curtain for privacy, and later added a fan and some LED lights to make it cozy.

This tiny space became my favorite place. I would hide there to play with my toys, daydream, or even when I was feeling sick. Despite having a nice bed with good light and an AC in my room, I loved spending time in that small, secret spot. It was my special corner where I felt free and happy.

The Hideaway Between the Sofas:

As a child, whenever I felt angry or upset, I would hide in a small space created by two sofas placed at a right angle to each other. I would crawl into the square space between them and cover it with a piece of cardboard to hide myself.

This spot became my personal escape. It was where I could be alone, calm down, and feel safe. It wasn't just a space between two sofas; it was my little hideaway where I could be by myself whenever I needed it.

The Parkour Playground

Growing up, I was a huge fan of the Assassin's Creed games, especially the parkour moves. Inspired by the game, I created my own parkour course around my home. Our bungalow was on the first floor, with a garage and storage room below, which gave me the perfect setup. I used the outdoor staircase, window grids, walls, and railings to climb up and down, avoiding the stairs like a normal person. Instead, I'd jump from one spot to another, pretending I was in the game. I spent hours practicing my moves whenever I was alone, turning the outside of my house into an adventure playground.

Those were some of the best moments, feeling like a real-life character, making the most of every corner and edge of our home.

The balcony tent on the 16th floor :

During my B.Arch. days, I lived in a flat on the 16th floor with a balcony that had a stunning view—an endless stretch of green fields, a peaceful golf course, and a gentle river winding through the landscape. It quickly became my favorite spot in the whole flat.

To make it feel even cozier, I would drape a blanket over the railing, creating a little tent-like space on the balcony. Inside my makeshift tent, I would sit and watch movies, work on my assignments, or just enjoy the view. The fresh air and the open sky made every moment feel special, whether I was studying or relaxing.

That balcony wasn't just a place to step outside; it became my personal escape, where I could find peace and inspiration amidst the busyness of student life.

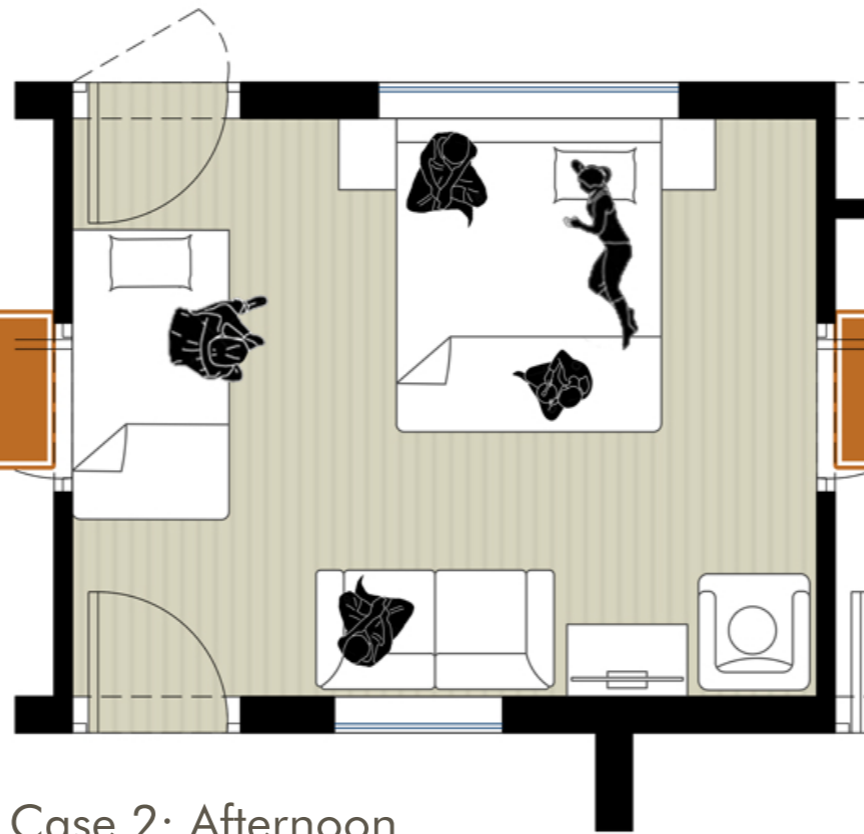
HOME

Tales of Joint Family

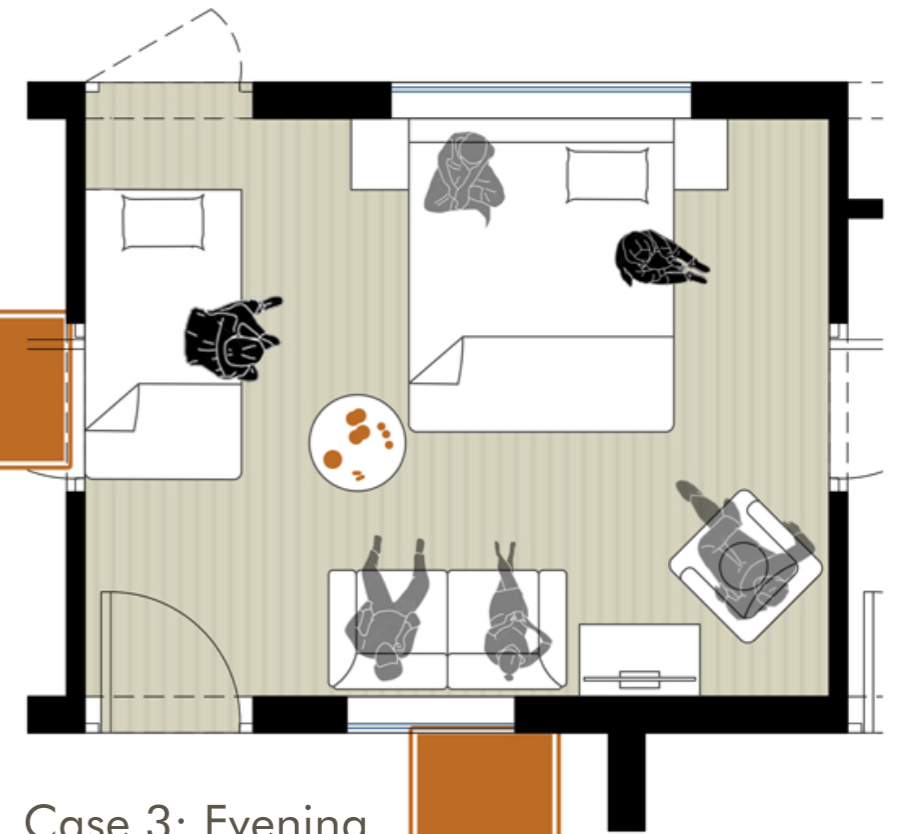




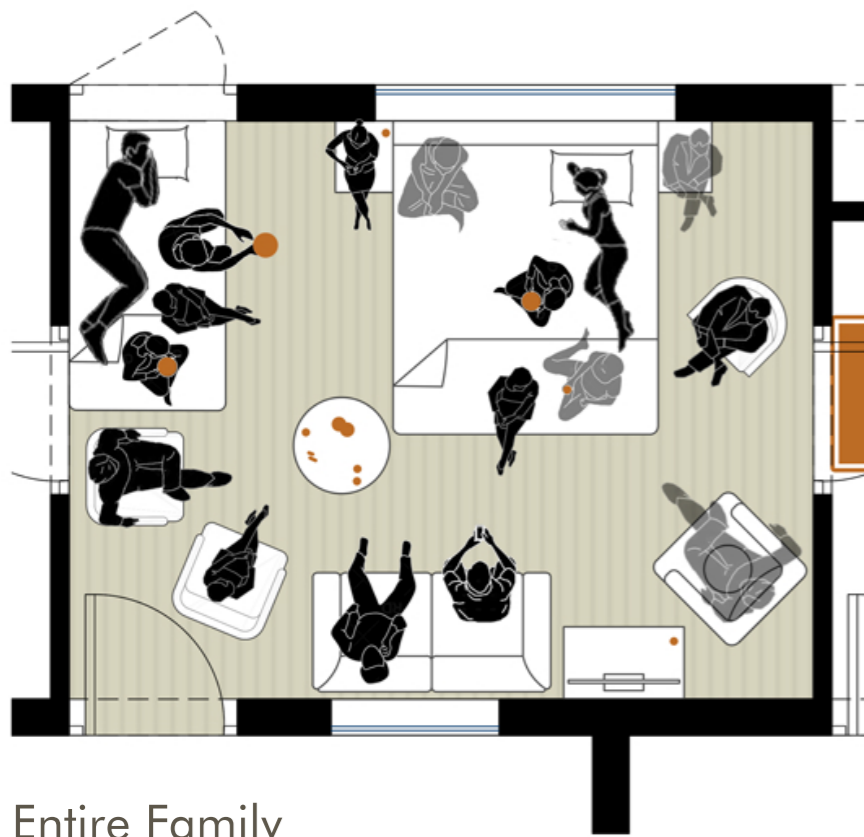
Case 1: Morning
G. Parents & Men



Case 2: Afternoon
G. Parents & Women



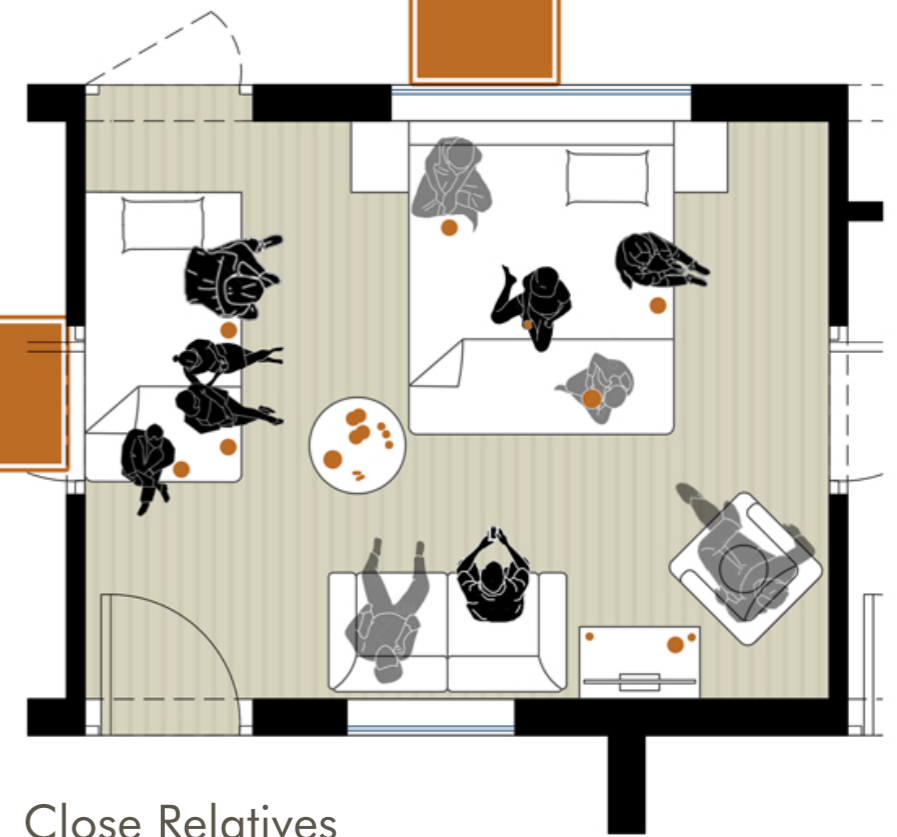
Case 3: Evening
Close Relatives
(g.parents & relatives)



Entire Family



Close Relatives
(joined by women)



Close Relatives
(joined by kids)



PIGEONS PARADISE

August | 7.00 A.M.

On the parapet of open terrace, extended in front of second floor of the house, a flock of pigeons come and cherish their meal of the day after hearing certain noise from the kitchen area and so after, it all empty until next morning.