



OPEN OPROEP OO 3204 A

De volledige studieopdracht voor de bouw van een bibliotheek te Sint-Martens-Latem

TEAM

ARCHITECTUUR

Haerynck Vanmeirhaeghe architecten

OMGEVINGSAANLEG

Seghers Landschapsarchitecten

STABILITEIT

Lambda-max

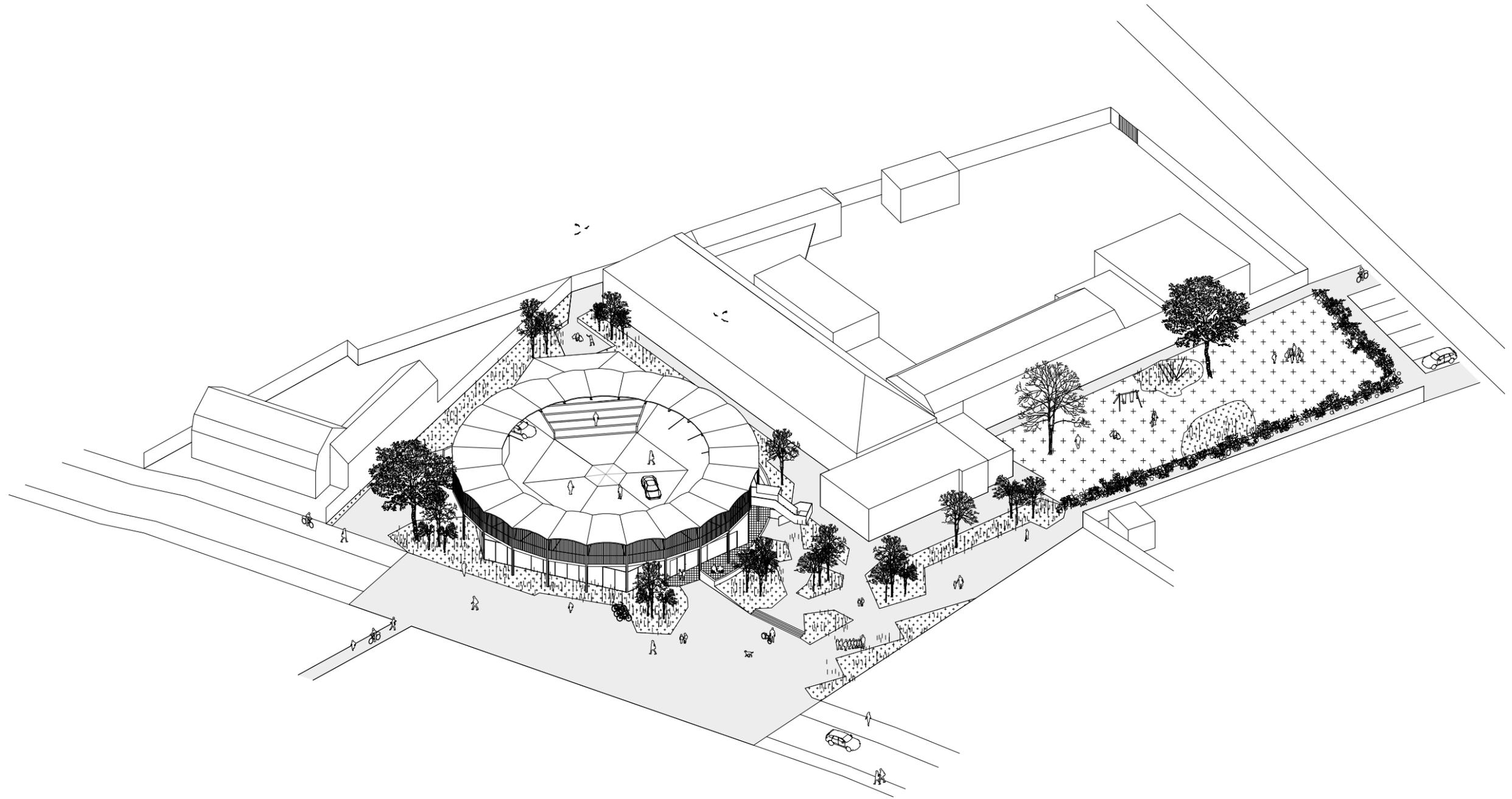
TECHNIEKEN

Tech3

KUNSTINTEGRATIE

Dora Garcia Lopez

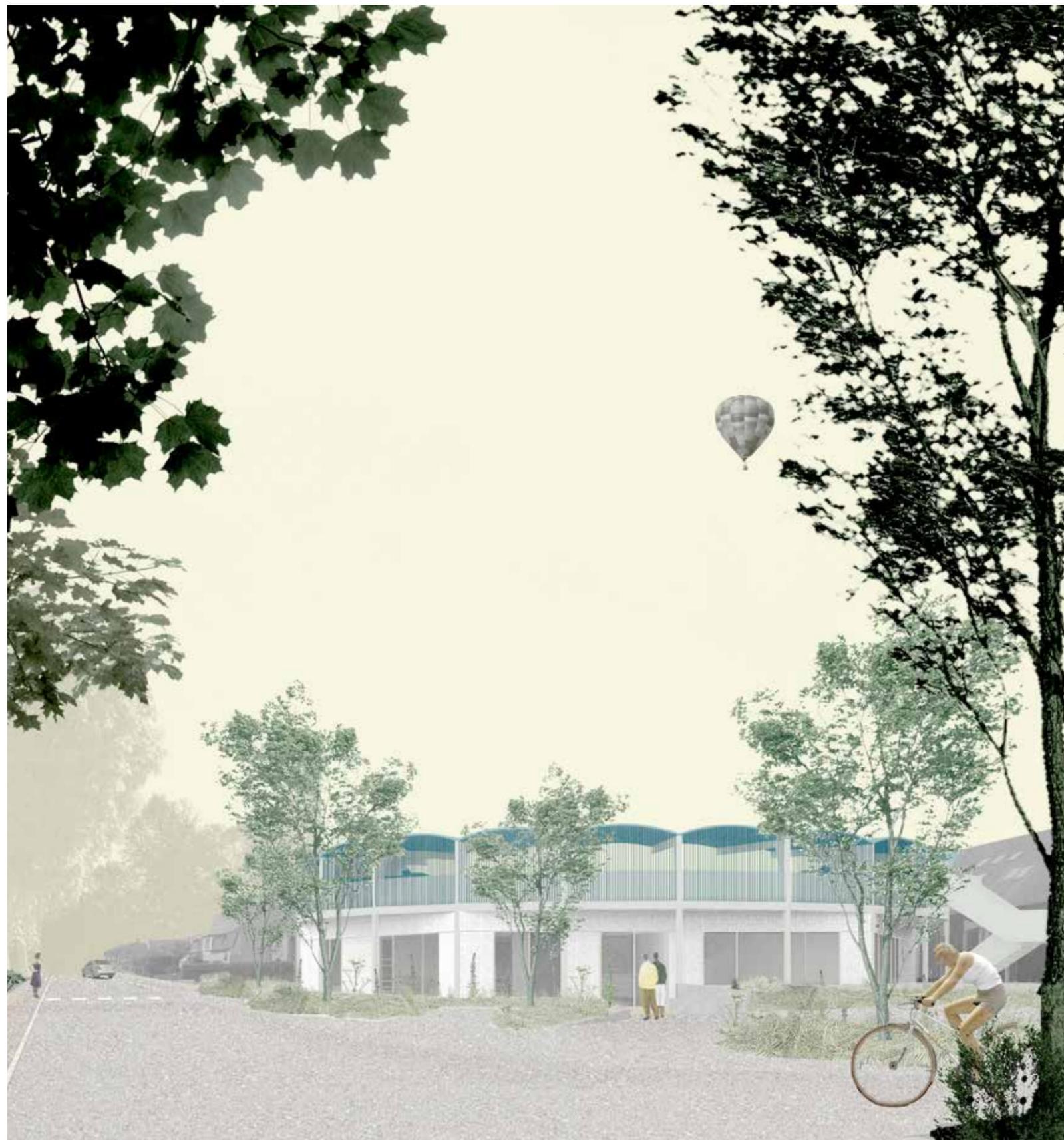
AMBITIES



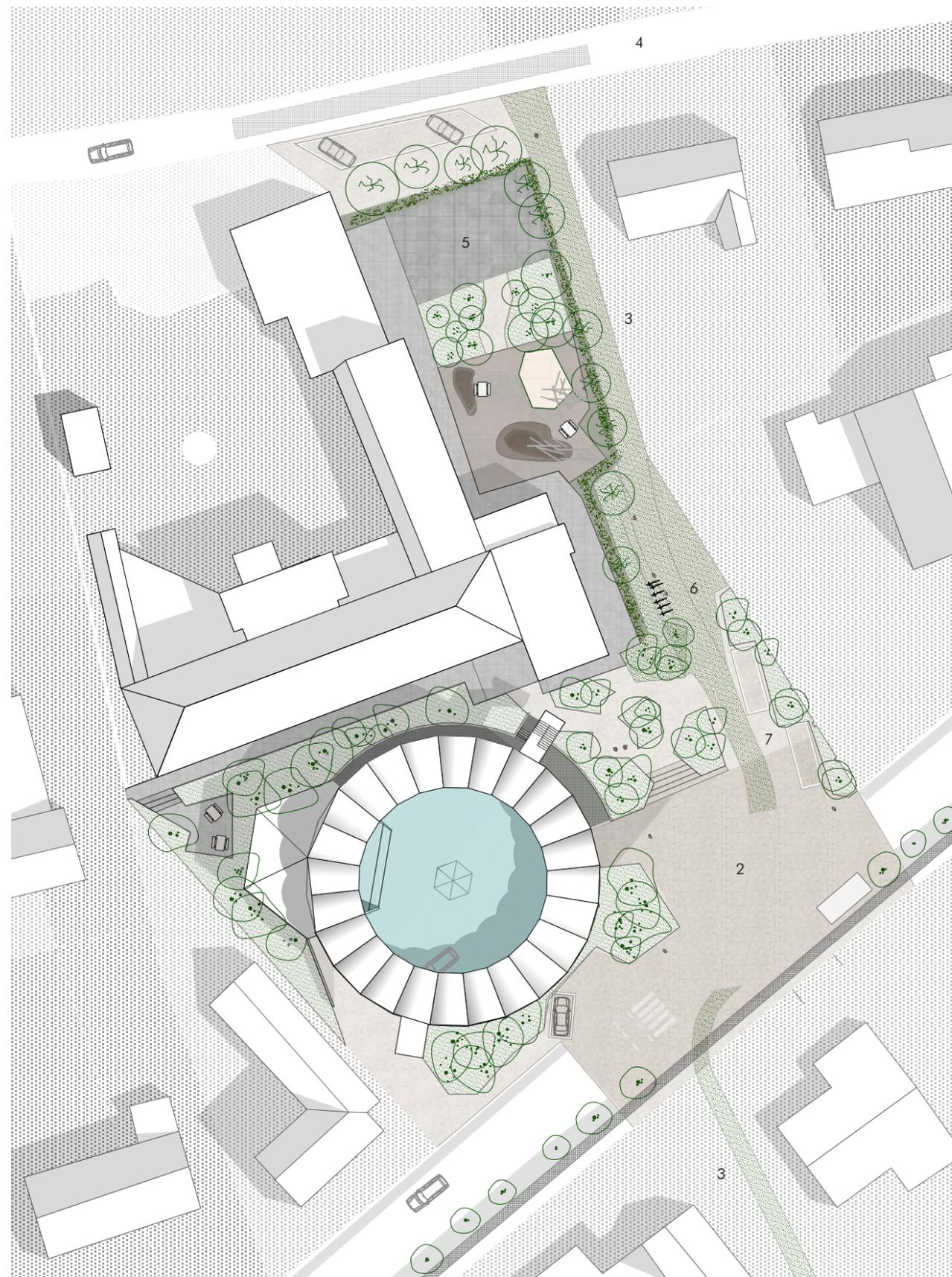
HET PAVILJOEN



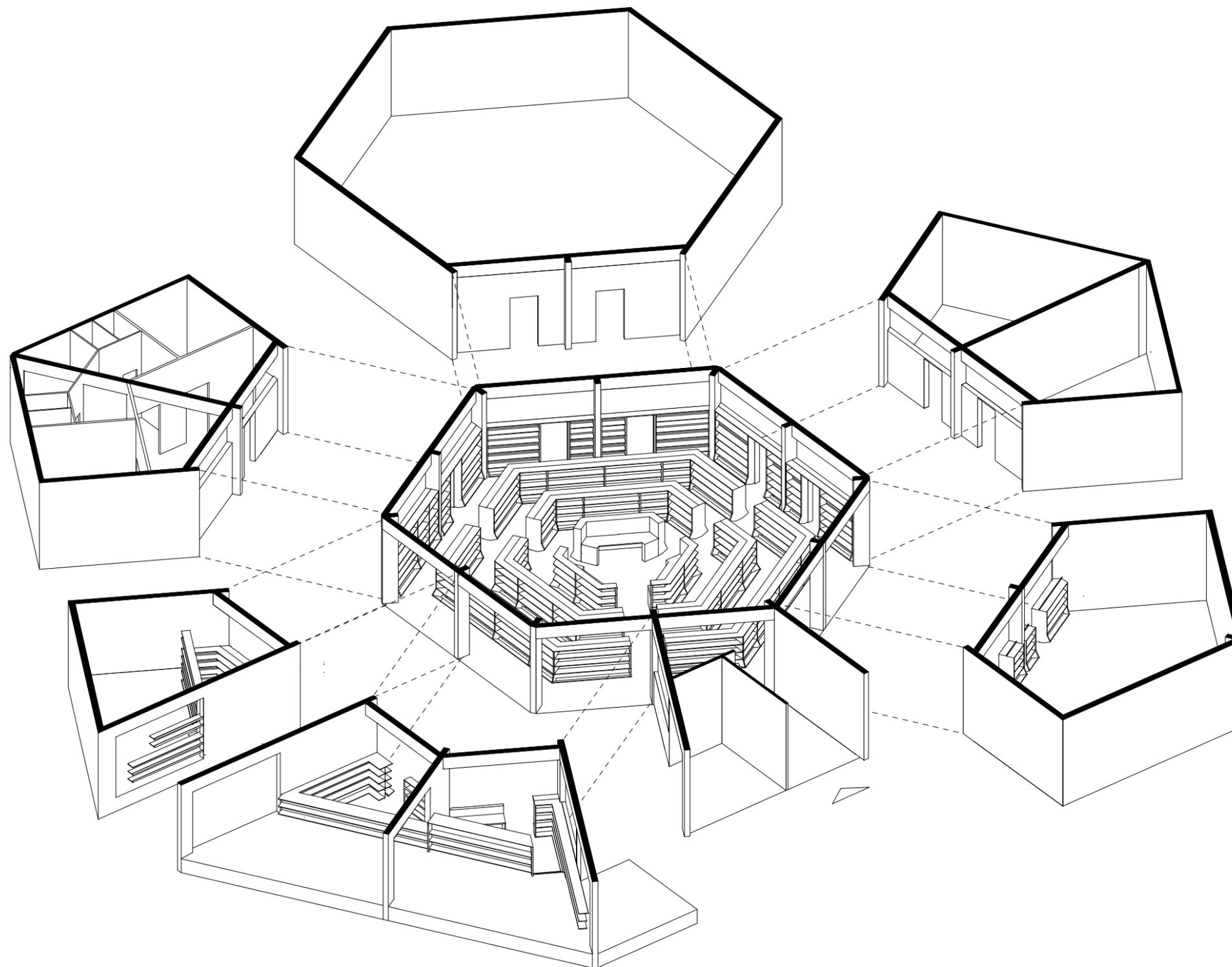
HET PLEIN

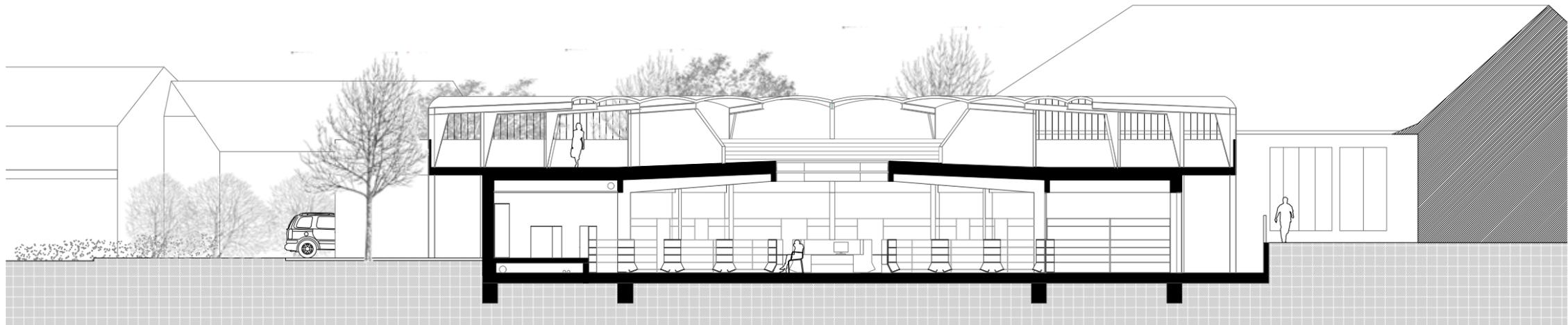


1. Latemstraat
2. Bibliotheekplein
3. Trage weg
4. Burgemeesterstraat
5. Speelplaats kleuters
6. Fietsenstalling
7. Busstalplaats

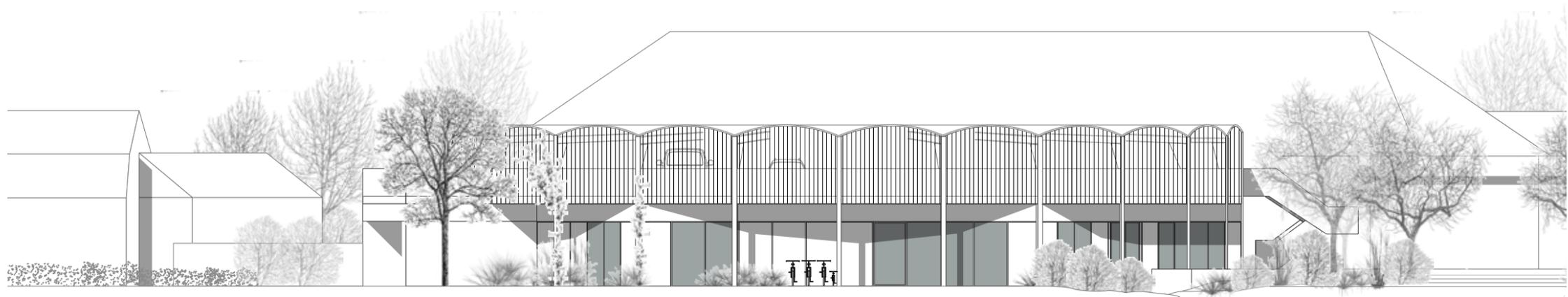


HART en KROON

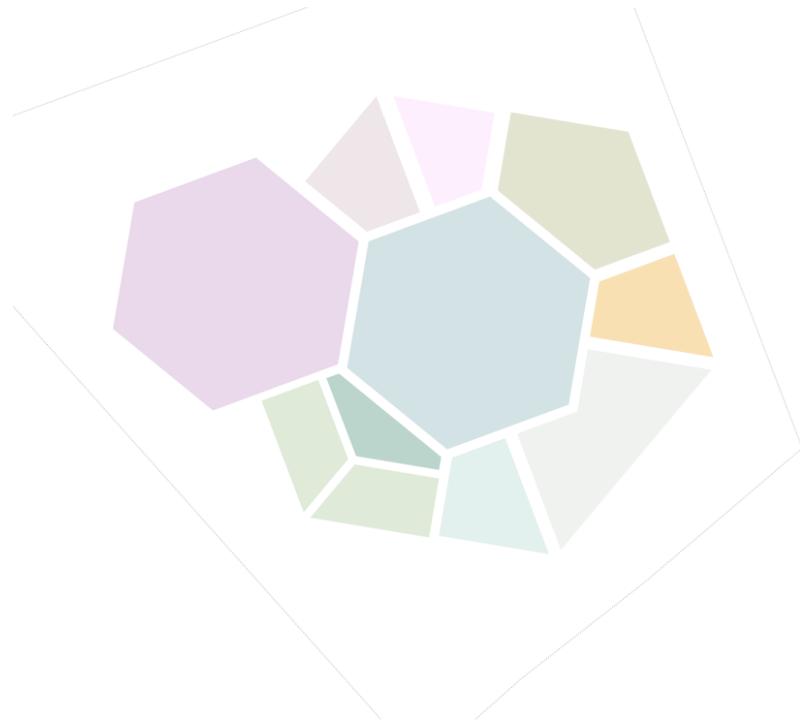




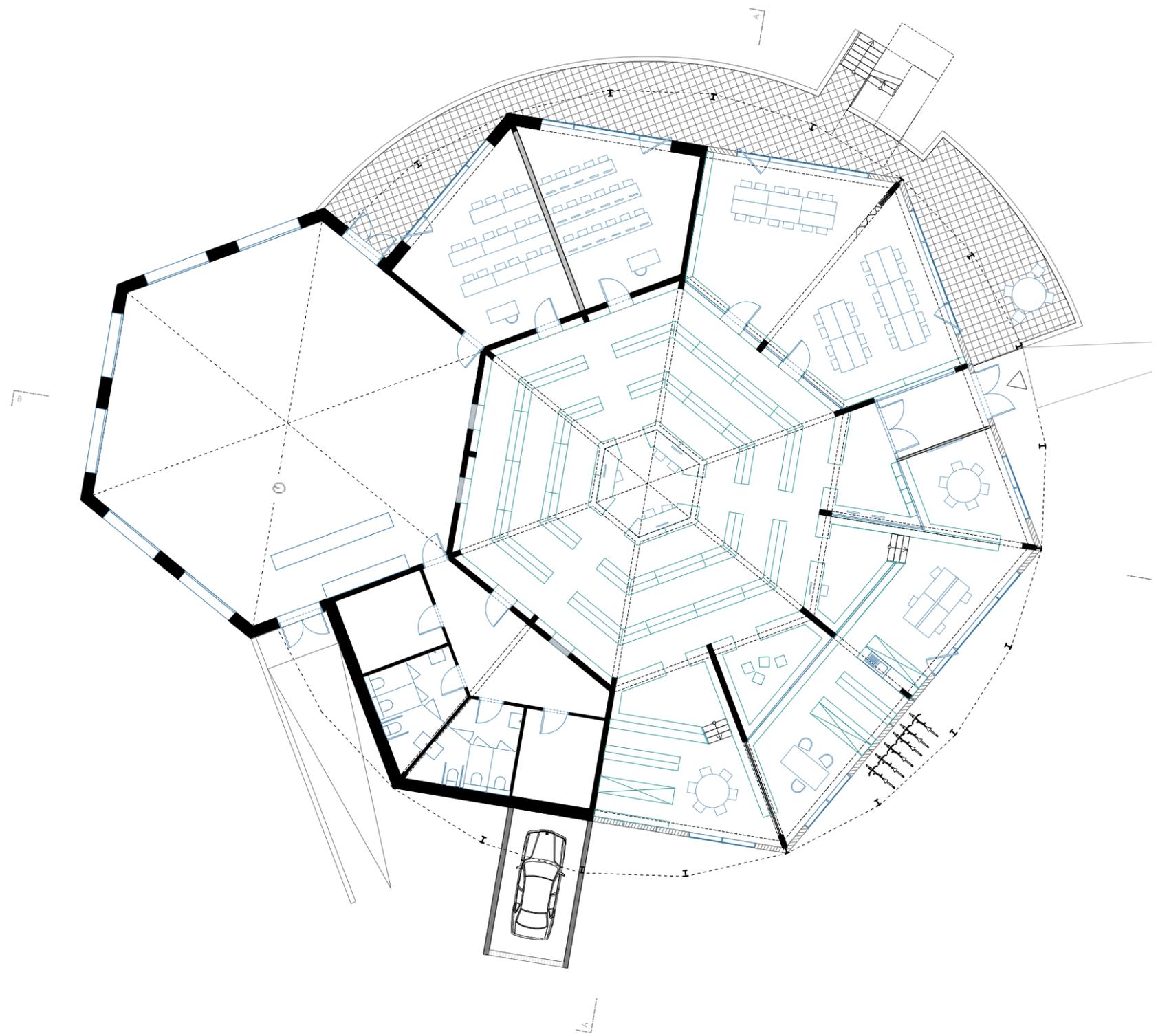
sede met verzonken bibliotheekruimte



gevel Latemstraat



	COLLECTIERUIMTE	(190m ²)
	GROTE ZAAL	(190m ²)
	KLAS	(40 m ²)
	COMPUTER	(40 m ²)
	LEESZAAL	(80 m ²)
	INKOM	
	KANTOREN / MAGAZIJN	(80 m ²)
	ARCHIEF / DOC	(40 m ²)
	SAS	
	BERGING / TECH / SANITAIR	

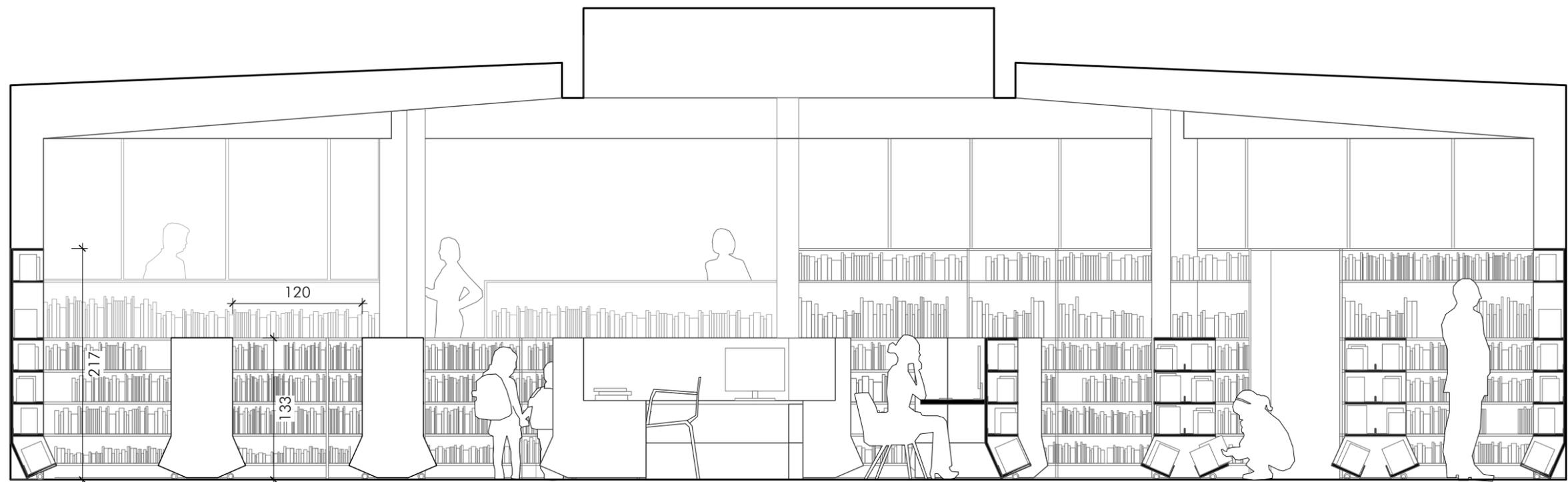




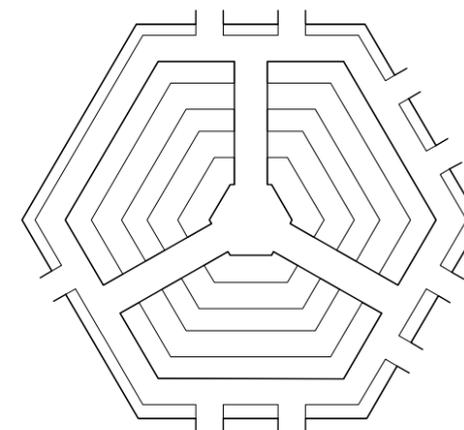
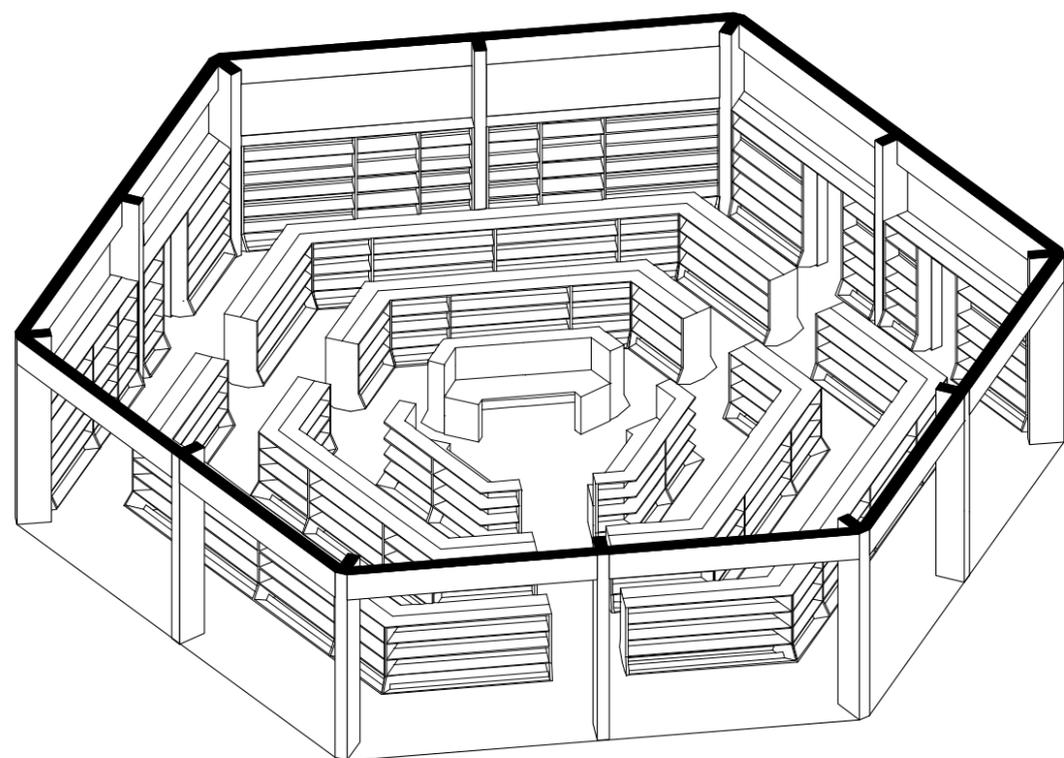
aardrijksunde

geschiedenis

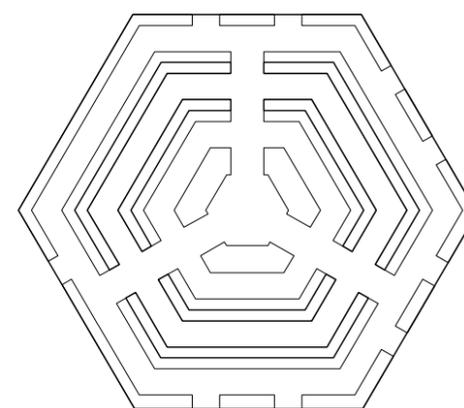
DE KAST



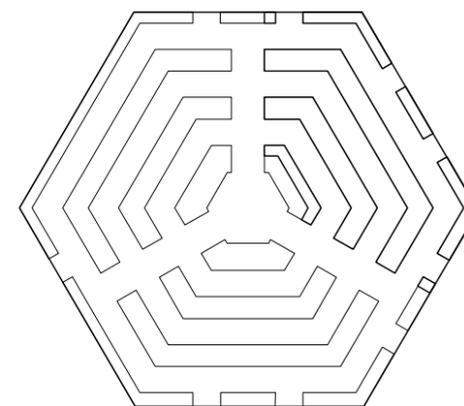
DE COLLECTIE



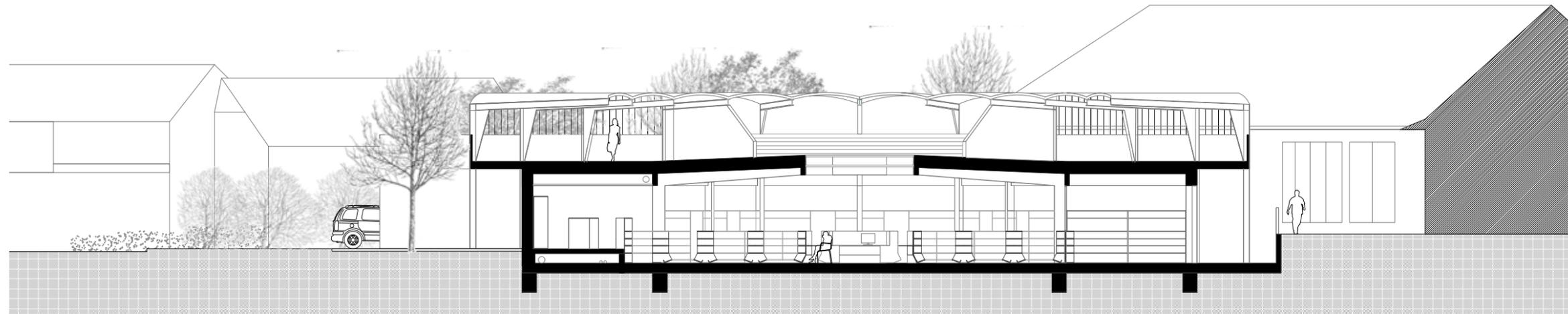
circulatie



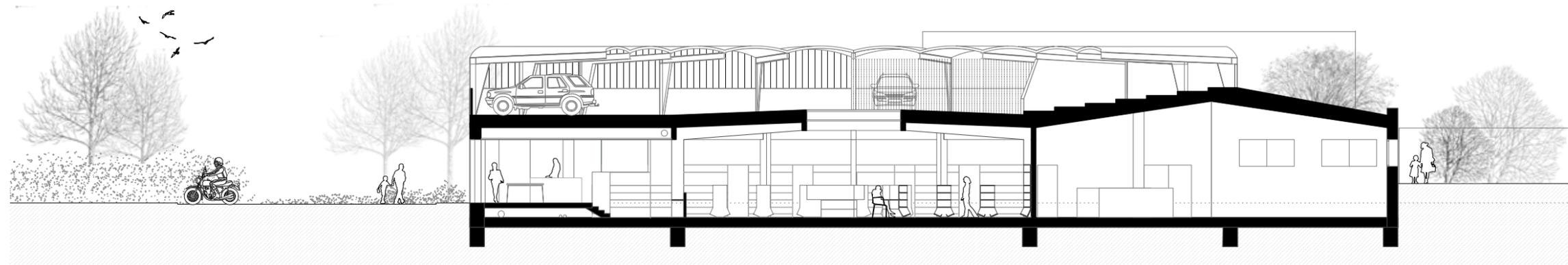
ring



sector



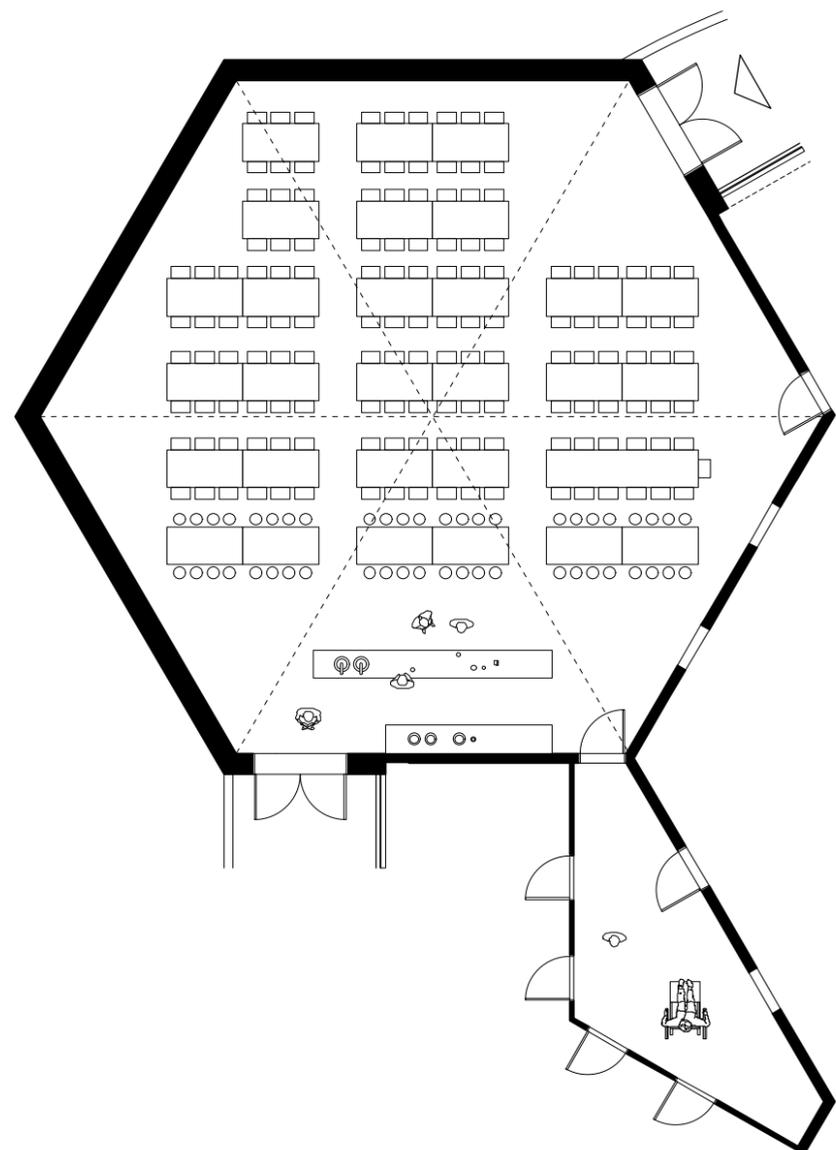
snede AA



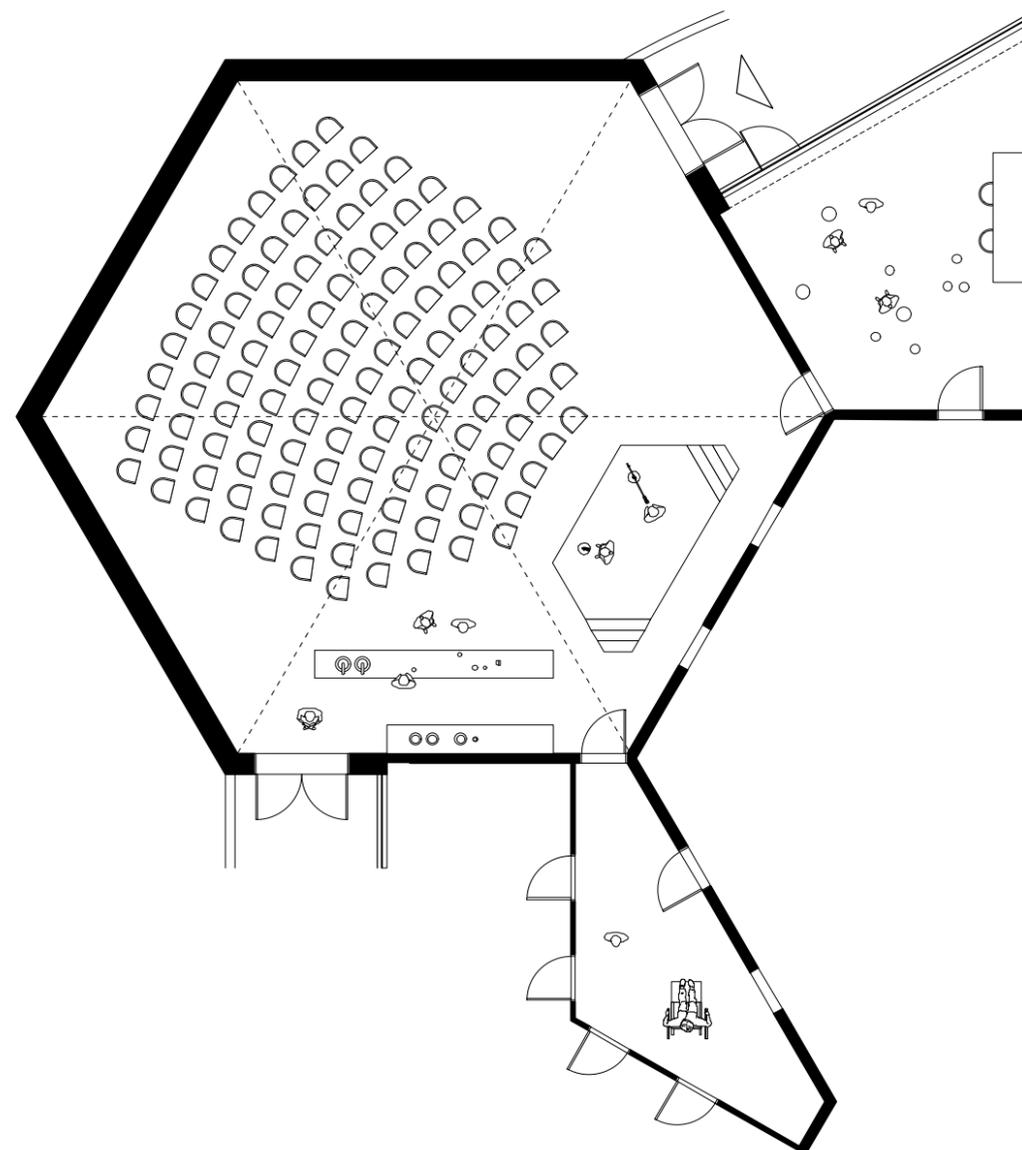
snede BB



DE GROTE ZAAL

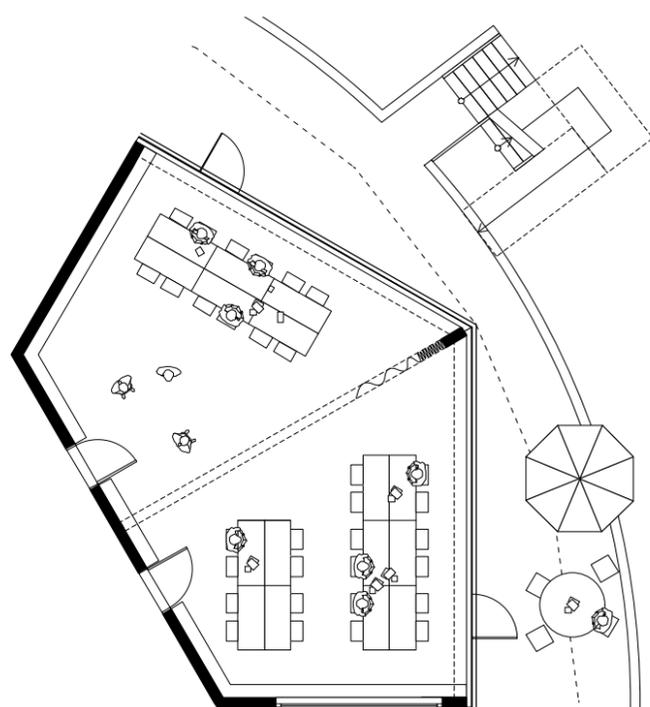


de grote zaal als refter

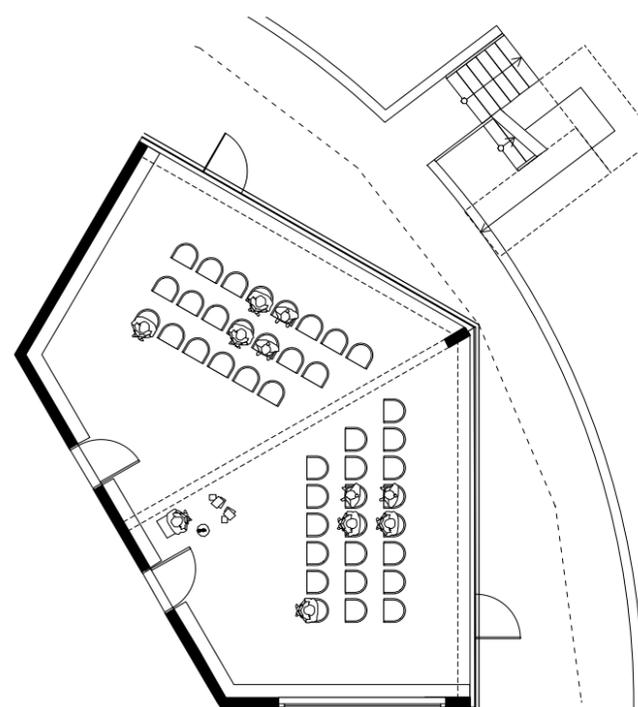


de grote zaal bij een voorstelling

DE LEESZAAL



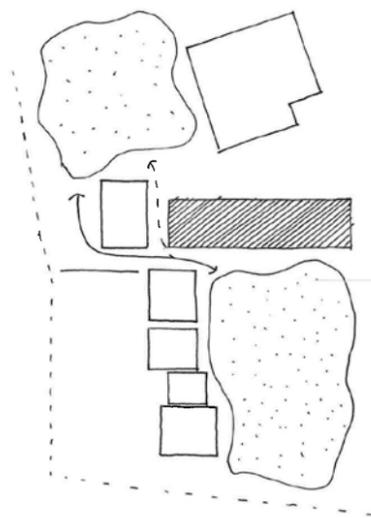
de leeszaal met leesterras



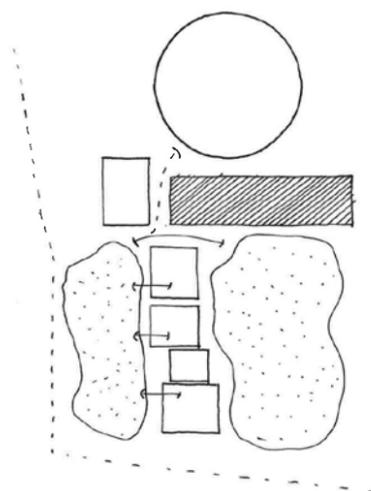
de leeszaal bij een film- of boekenvoorstelling



DE SCHOOL



bestaande situatie



nieuwe situatie



DE GEVEL

pergola, houten latwerk of geprofileerde plaat

spijlenwerk in gepoederlakt staal

borstwering in gepoederlakt staal

staalstructuur luifel

gevelbetegeling in een heldere kleur

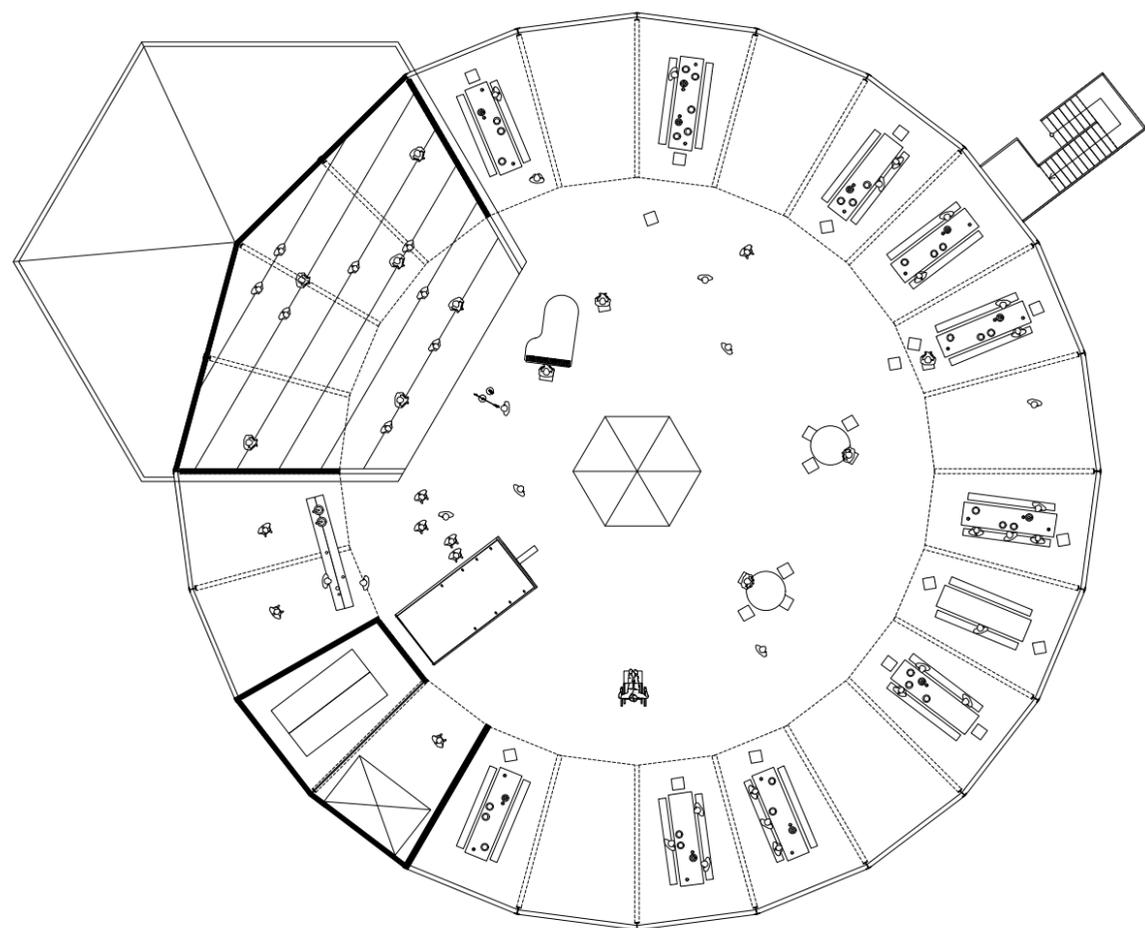
FSC gekeurd houten buitenschrijnwerk

kruidlaag aansluitend op gevelplint

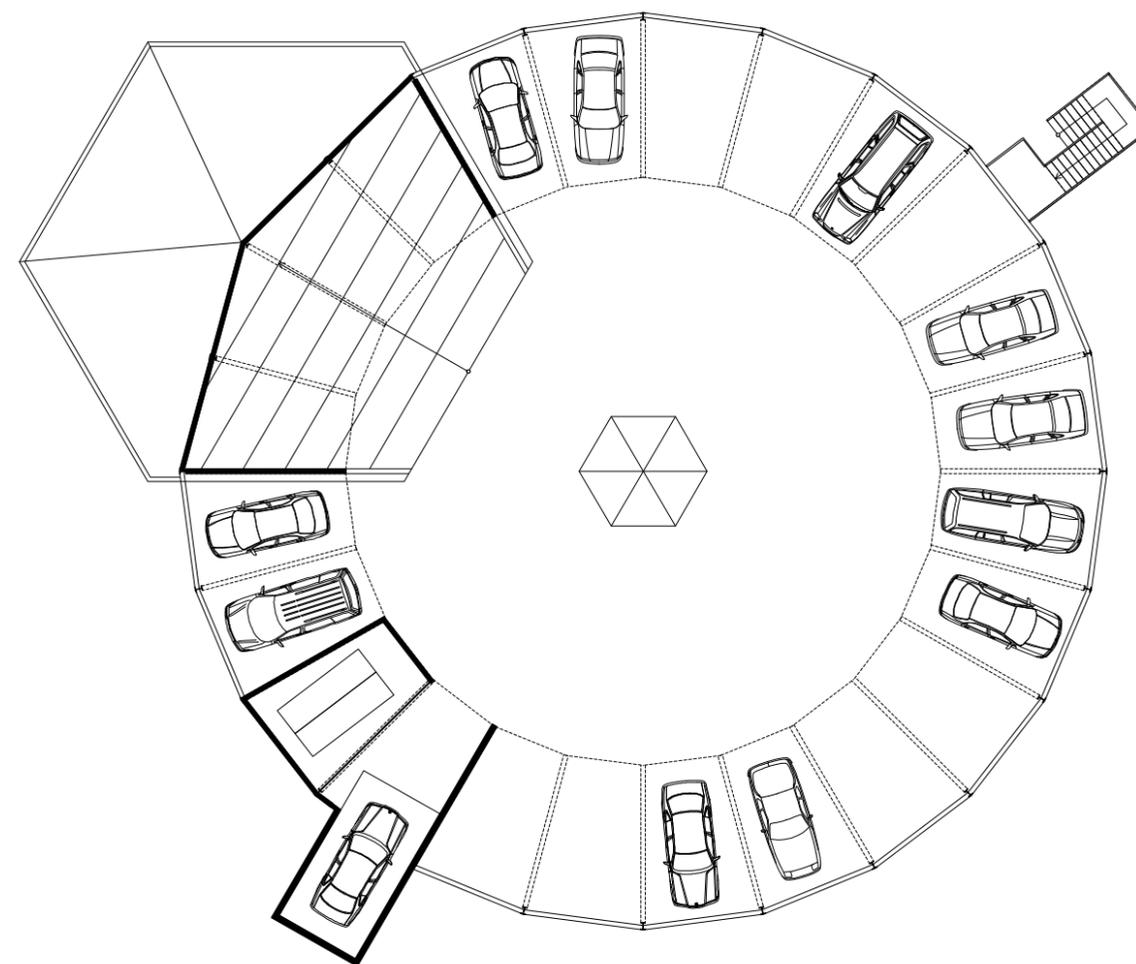


HET DAK





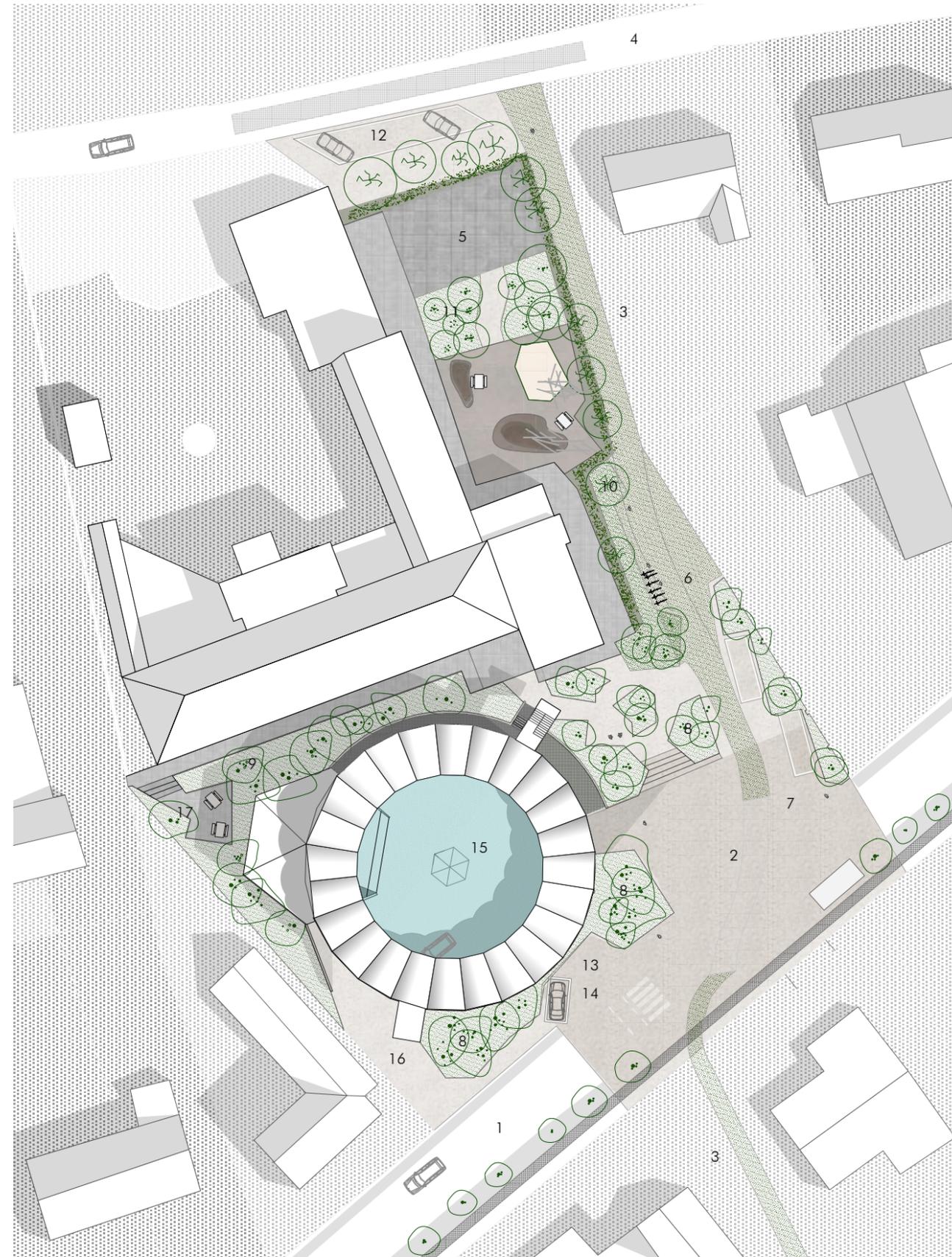
het dakplein: schoolfeest of speelpleinwerking



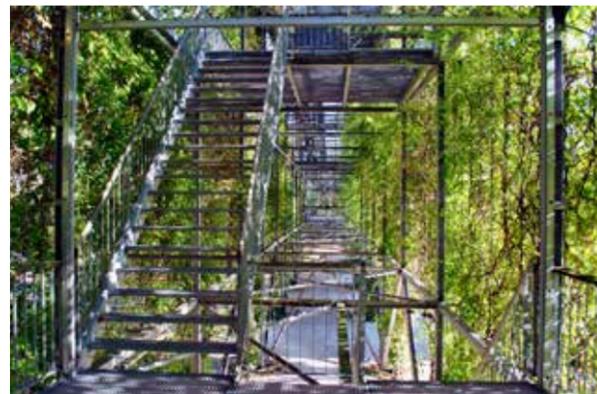
het parkeerdak: 17 wagens en een grote platformlift

BUITENAANLEG

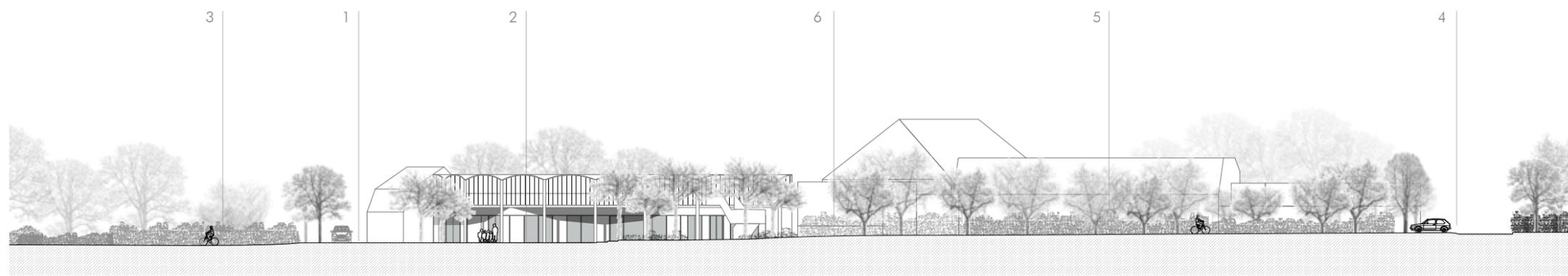
1. Latemstraat
2. Bibliotheekplein
3. trage weg
4. Burgemeesterstraat
5. speelplaats kleuters
6. fietsenstalling
7. busstalplaats
8. Carpinus betulus (haagbeuk)
9. Amelanchier lamarckii (krentenboom)
10. Quercus robur (zomereik)
11. Corylus avellana (hazelaar)
12. Parking Burgemeesterstraat
13. Mindervalidenplaats Latemstraat
14. Kiss & Ride
15. Dakplein
16. Platformlift
17. Buitenklas



plan buitenaanleg



1. Latenstraat
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KUNSTINTEGRATIE - Dora García Lopez (°1965, Valladolid)

These books were alive; they spoke to me

THE TETLEY LEEDS / 3 februari - 23 april 2017

These books were alive; they spoke to me! is an exhibition of printed matter and performance works by Barcelona based artist Dora García. Her first institutional solo show in the UK, this exhibition will also coincide with the 20th annual Leeds International Contemporary Artists' Book Fair taking place at The Tetley in March 2017.

García's show will provide a retrospective look at her career-long production of book editions, book sculptures, and other printed matter, and the ongoing connection within her practice to the broader tropes of popular literature, theatre and film. For *These books were alive; they spoke to me!*, García will stage a new iteration of several ongoing performance works stemming from texts written by the artist, by others following the protocols given by the artist, or utilising and responding to iconic literary texts such as James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*.

'These books were alive; they spoke to me,' is a quote from François Truffaut's 1966 dystopic cult film *Fahrenheit 451* (based on Ray Bradbury's novel of the same name). This literary reference opens up a framework for the exhibition and expanded programme, which features books about performance, and performances about books.



Nokdu GB11

NOKDU Bookstore for the living and the dead

2016, 10 x 10m

There are places that function as a knot, a knot where an infinite number of events, history flows, narrative lines, life stories, ideas, desires, sorrows, positions, memories, longings, collide; collide as in a knot. They all crystallise in a relatively small, unimportant place. Borges called this The Aleph.

NOKDU bookstore, re-constructed and re-baptised for the GB 2016 as NOKDU bookstore for the living and the dead, was such a place. A modest bookstore where the Gwangju Uprising 5.18 was incubated and hatched, where Yoon Sang-won attended a 1976 speech given by poet Kim Nam-ju discussing the Paris Commune, where women got organised and self-managed to respond to violence and misinformation, where news were distributed, where corpses were shrouded and mourned, and where books were sold, discussed, and read.

Every bookstore is a sort of Aleph, a condensed archive of men and women's lives. It is from this position where we set the NOKDU bookstores for the living and the dead in 2016, at the Gwangju Biennale, in collaboration with The Book Society.



The Joycean Society

52 minutes, inzending FID Marseille

Dora Garcia's Belgian documentary, world-premiering in competition at Marseille, pays a fly-on-the-bookcase visit to a Zurich reading-group.

In theory a "highbrow crowdpleaser" should be a contradiction in terms, but Dora Garcia's delightful featurette *The Joycean Society* comes mighty close to squaring that circle. In less than an hour, the film immerses us in the playfully erudite company of what must be one of the world's more rarefied reading-groups, a gathering of James Joyce enthusiasts who each week meet in Zurich to go through his experimental magnum opus *Finnegans Wake* page by page, line by line, word by word. The result is an accessible, original, amusing and thought-provoking enterprise, of a length ideal for small-screen slots and of a quality eminently deserving big-screen film-festival exposure.

Garcia has been a quietly prominent art-world presence for over a decade, and represented her native Spain at the 2010 Venice Biennale. Her work has often involved certain film-related elements and several of these have been shown in festivals such as Rotterdam, but *The Joycean Society* is the first time she's ventured beyond short durations. And while part of a typically adventurous multi-media project that involves an exhibition and a book, the film

stands perfectly well on its own and can be enjoyed by those only dimly aware of Joyce, Ireland's titan of 20th century literature, best known for 1922's enduringly influential *Ulysses*. And while that novel is notoriously tough going even for hardened book-worms, it's airport-reading alongside his 1939 follow-up -- and swansong -- *Finnegans Wake*, a weighty compendium of arcane wordplay ("musquodoboits"), esoteric cultural-geographical-anthropological references and avant-garde flights of fancy ("Selina Susquehanna Stakelum").

The Zurich group shown in *The Joycean Society* has been reading *Finnegans Wake* since 1986, taking just over a decade to get through the volume before going back to page one again. They're therefore still quite near the start of what one member wryly terms the "third lap", each hour-long session combing a page or so at a time. Garcia focuses intently on this genial but rigorous example of hermeneutics, a term originally applied to the minute scrutiny of biblical and philosophical texts. The description is eminently applicable here -- as evidenced by the microscopic marginalia glimpsed in the dog-eared volumes that litter the group's table and which reveal a Zodiac-like zeal to penetrate hidden mysteries.

The Joyceans, many of them of advanced years and most of them men, seem to treat "the Wake" as a kind of nightmarishly elaborate multi-dimensional crossword puzzle, with countless cross-references and cross-pollinations adding up to an infinite web of possible "meanings." Speaking English with a variety of cultured accents, these puckish amateur scholars make for highly entertaining company as they engage in a bickering that's more chummy than rancorous -- and as one of them notes, if nothing else it makes for a cheap, harmless and pleasantly educational form of social activity.

Garcia, whose approach is intimate, discreet and self-effacing, occasionally cuts away for learned comment by an unidentified Joyce-expert, and punctuates the barrage of verbiage -- some of it recorded so low as to be semi-inaudible -- with sequences showing the writer's snow-covered grave elsewhere in the Swiss city. His poker face, as rendered in bronze by Milton Hebdal, gazes quizzically on as the fruits of his labors drive his readers to an exquisite, particularly pleasurable form of distraction: "what a terrible book this is!" one exclaims, stranded in yet another cosy dead-end of speculative analysis.