

IMPRESSIONS

Max Schubert FS 2024

### Impressions 01 - Walk 1

The weather was sunny for now but seemed to be unpredictable. We weren' the only ones boarding the Dolderbahn on this Saturday morning. Elderly couples, families, children and some people on their own were all sharing the cabin with us. The conductor got on and greeted everyone. His mood was really uplifting and oddly enough for the city, many of us responded and some even chatted with him for a bit.

To my surprise, most people got off at the station at the Waldhaus. I wondered where they were going. It couldn't have been the Waldhaus itself, right?

When we arrived at the Dolder station, us and the remaining passengers got off as well and besides us everyone seemed to have a clear idea of where they were going. After just a couple of seconds we were all by ourselves at the station and slowly started walking further up the hill into the forest. After maybe two minutes of walking we reached the ice-skating ring, left the trees behind us and stepped onto a parking lot.







I had come up here to go ice-skating once before, maybe ten years ago or more. But the memories I had did not quite match what I was experiencing now. Without any other people and without any Christmas decorations, the 'feeling of place' was reduced to infrastructural emptiness.

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As we strolled around the premises, we discovered a driving range just across the street. The weather was a bit gloomy now and certainly added to the surreal feeling of watching people hit ball after ball up and over a hill.



Es ist strengstens verboten den Ball länger als 200m zu schlagen!!

It is strictly forbidden to hit the ball longer than 200m!!

a Charles



I knew about the Wellenbad and that it was located somewhere around the ice-skating ring. It didn't take us long to find it; we just entered the next parking lot. There's something eerie about such leisure places in the off-season.







We stepped into the woods and started following one of the gravel roads without knowing where we were going. It was lined with cut-down trees and large rocks waiting to be brought some place else.

As we started to give in to the illusion of being far away from home, we reluctantly greeted all the runners crossing our path. Shortly after, the illusion vanished completely because we started making out a big intersection behind the trees. We started to wonder for how long you could walk without having to cross a street.



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We turned around and headed back into the forest. After quickly checking the map, we realised that we were right next to the border of the former Dolderpark and after crossing the Wolfsbach there was a path winding its way over several ravines before finally crossing the rails of the Dolderbahn. From there we could just about see the Dolder Grand showing us neither its front nor back.










### **Impressions 07**

On our way down the slopes we encountered a tennis court I didn't know existed. The only way to reach it was by following this really steep and narrow path so I assumed it must have been cut off when the extension of the Dolderbahn had been constructed. We found some benches next to it which could go all the way back to the original Dolderpark.

Standing next to the track, we could now see the Waldhaus in front of us with the city and the Uetliberg in the back. The contrast to the restricted view inside the thicket was impressive.













### **Impressions 08**

Although there are close to 100 apartments in the Waldhaus, it was really quiet and there wasn't anyone around. It appeared like a relict from another time.

A light drizzle accompanied us on the way back down to Römerhof.





### Impressions 09 - Walk 2

On my second walk I was concerning myself with the fragmention of the Adlisberg into all of its various islands: the secluded fortress of the Dolder Grand, the countless streets and parking lots cutting through the forest and several other stranded places scattered throughout the area.







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### **Impressions 10**

Just in front of the former earthquake observatory I encountered a researcher from ETH. She was conducting an experiment just in front of it. Three ankers connected to a large battery were guiding an electrical current into the ground to measure its composition. As she was using the old observatory as her base for the time I could peek inside. Surprisingly, all of the old equipment was still there and the thought of people meticulously monitoring the ground's activity around me felt like it came from a time long gone.

The contrast between the well-kept tennis courts next to the Dolder Grand and the abondoned tennis court closer to the Waldhaus evoked something similar. Although it might still be in use during the summer, right now there is no one taking care of it. All on its one and cut-off from the street by the Dolderbahn, the tennis court is waiting for someone to tend to it.

The impeccable condition of every house and every street in suburbia around the Waldhaus impresses me every time. Not unlike the Dolder Grand, they are all like small secluded fortresses, minidn their own business and expecting the same of you as well.

















