

universum carousel journey
re-practice prac-teach – a method
making meandering meaning – the studio
final review – spring 2020

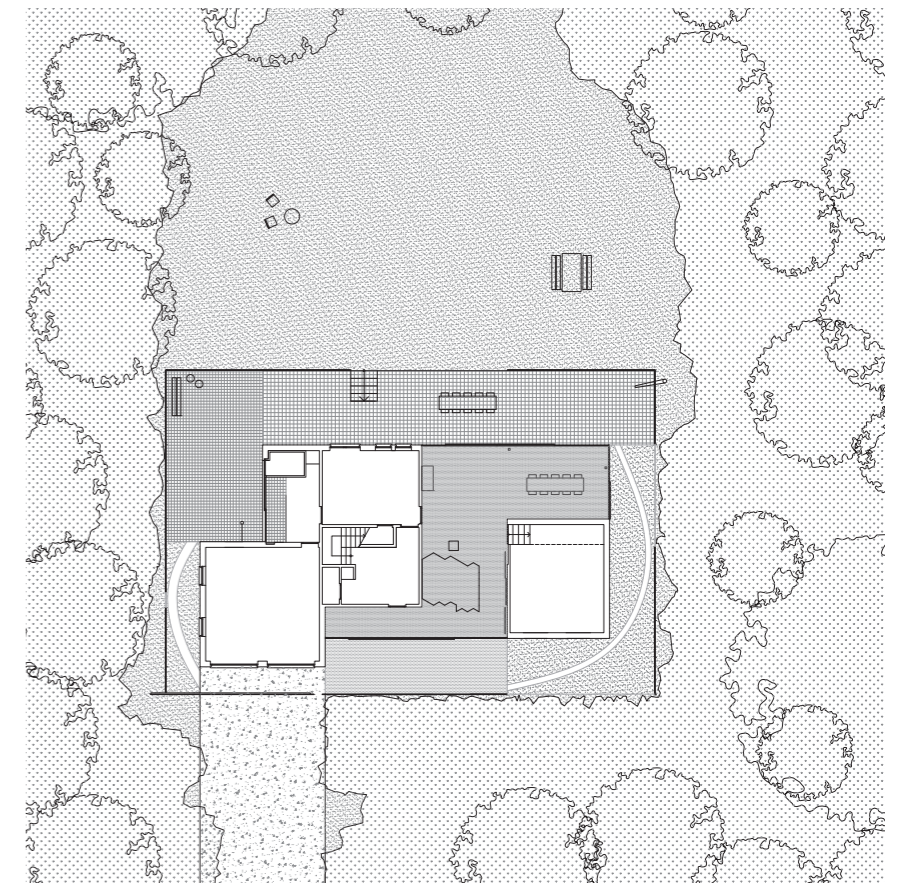
Ileana Crim

David Roth

Lukas Scheidegger

universum carousel journey – a studio
carousel journey universum – a practice
journey universum carousel – whatever
Studio Jan De Vylder
ETH Zürich D-ARCH IEA – FS 2020

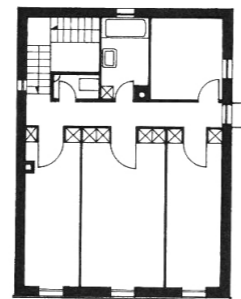
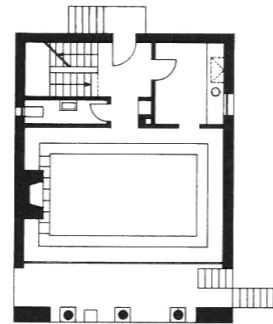
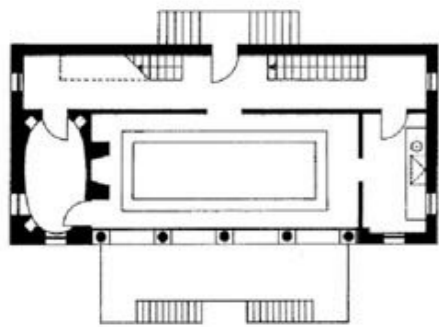
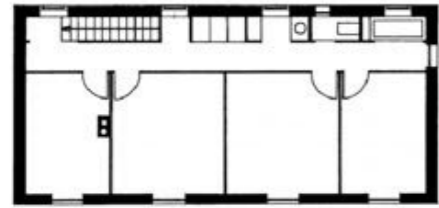






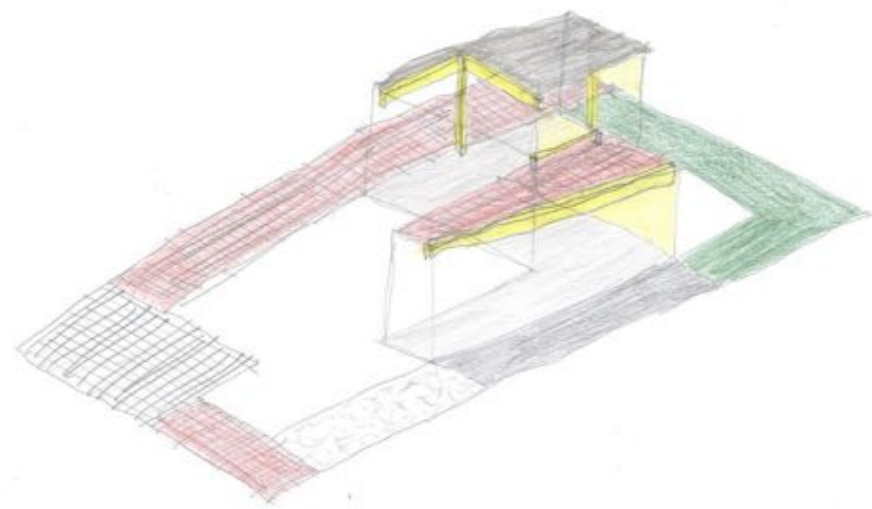
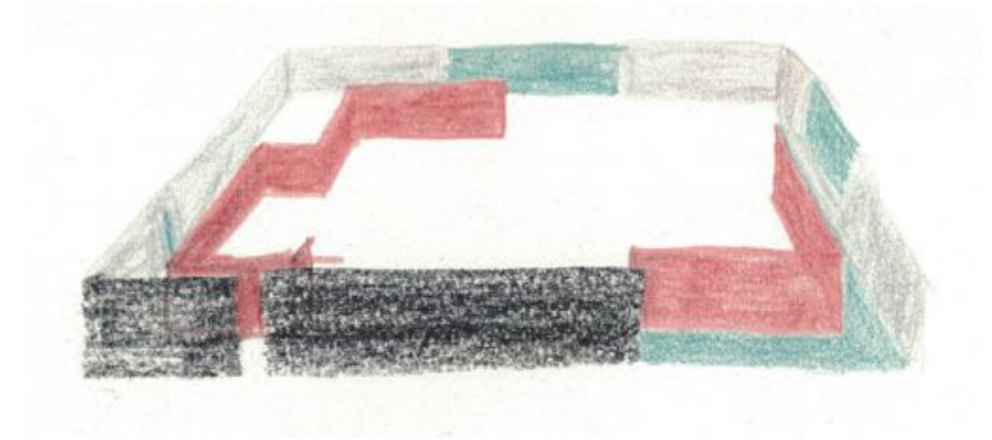


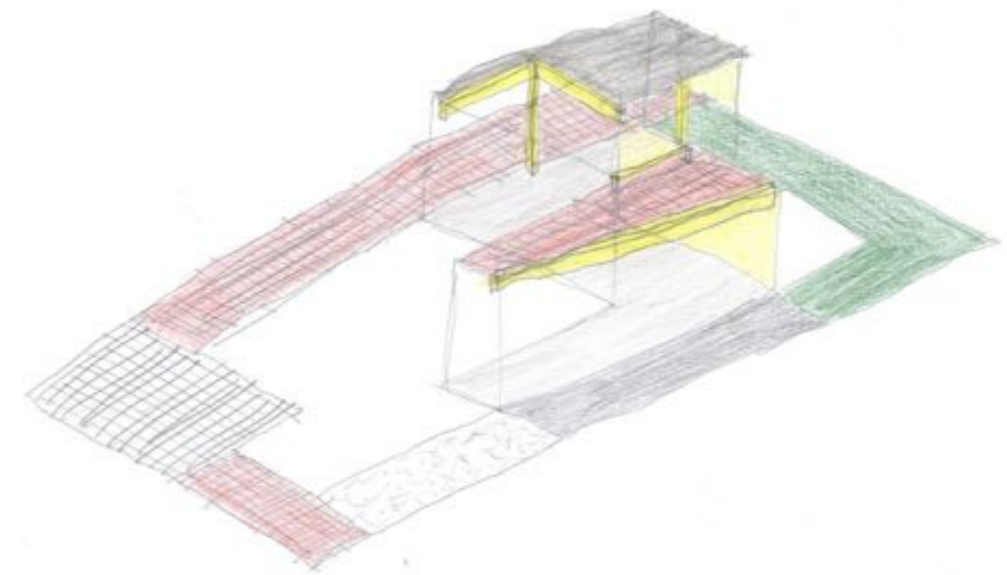
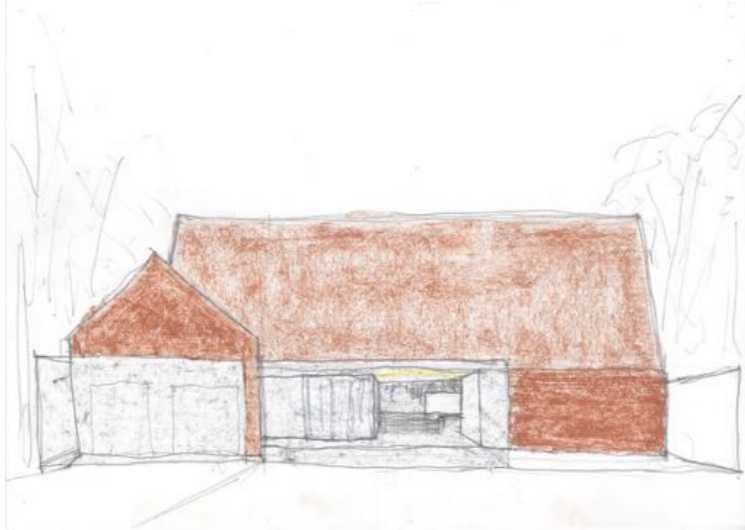
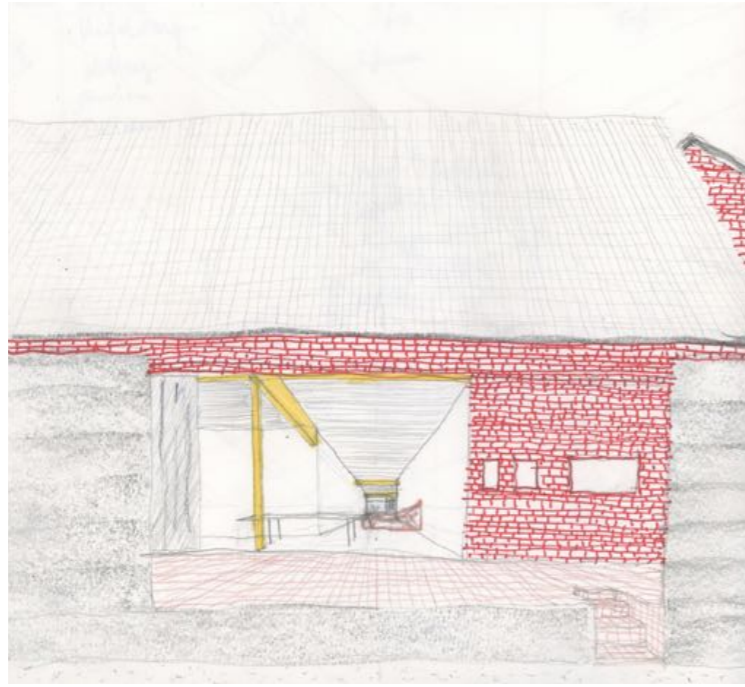


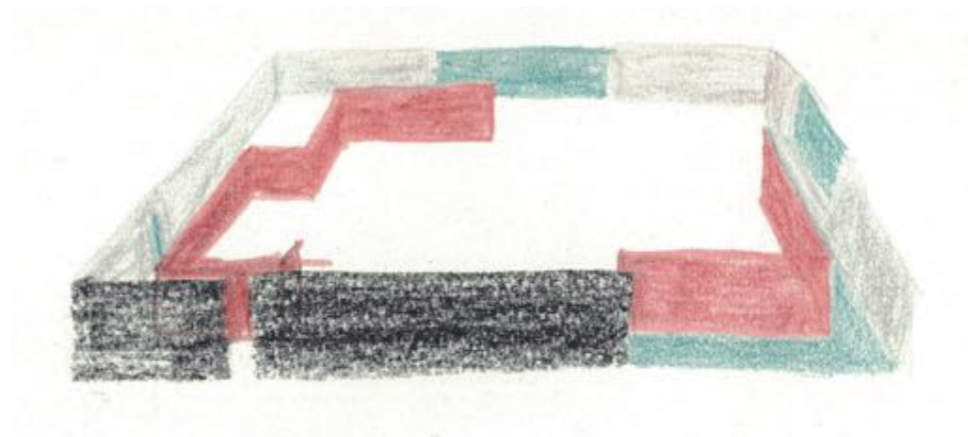
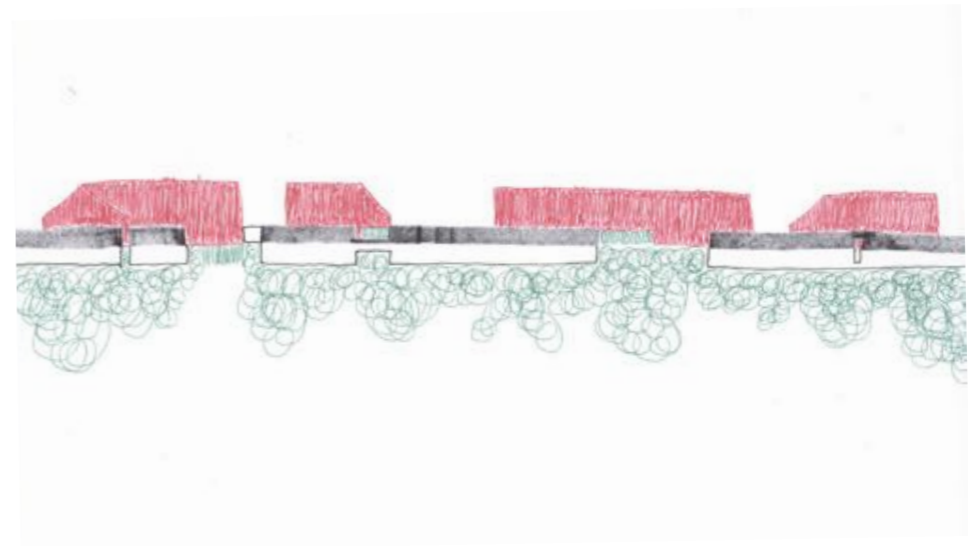
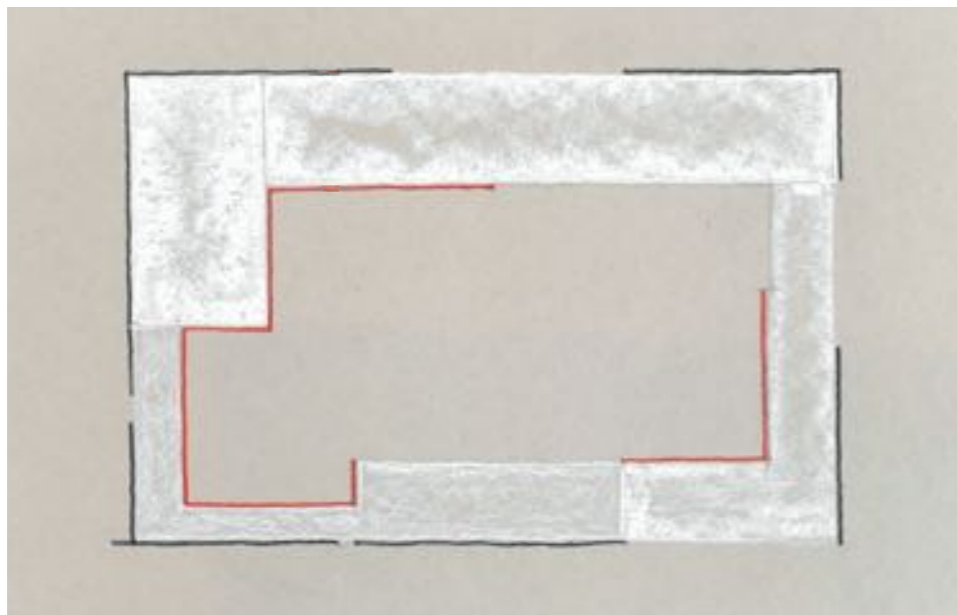


Movement 1

BE - Arteconomy - 51N4E







The Visitor

The hazy silhouette of a typical fermette looms within the thick fog and over a dark wall. Is this really it? I thought they had redone the house. I struggle to find the entrance and only start to discern a slit once I am a couple of meters away. Can I pass through?

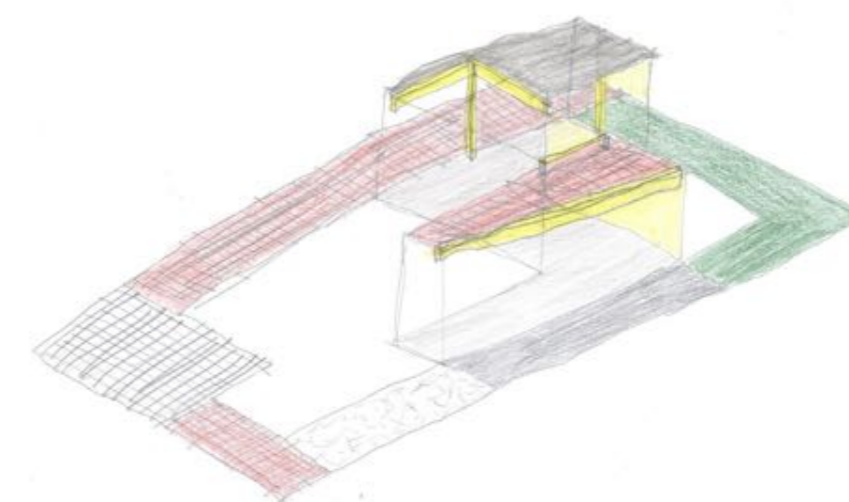
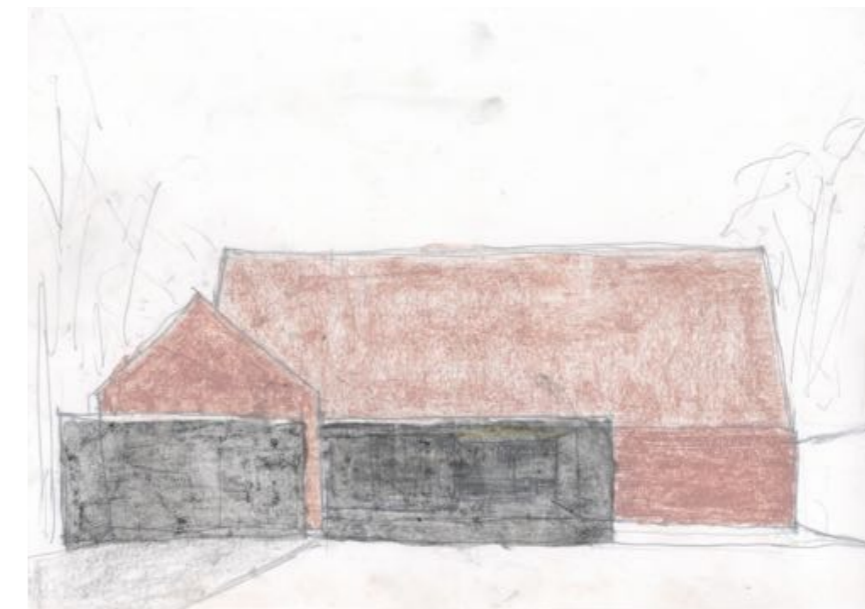
Behind the thin dark wall, I am confronted with solid brick and yet perceive the delicate and smooth white wall which now surrounds me. Julie awaits me and guides me through. A sinuous and unfinished space unfolds. Possibilities feel endless and a strange feeling of doubt emerges within me.

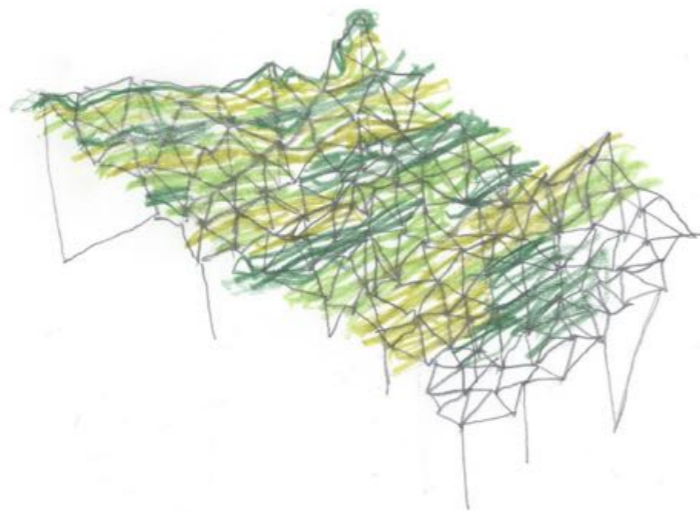
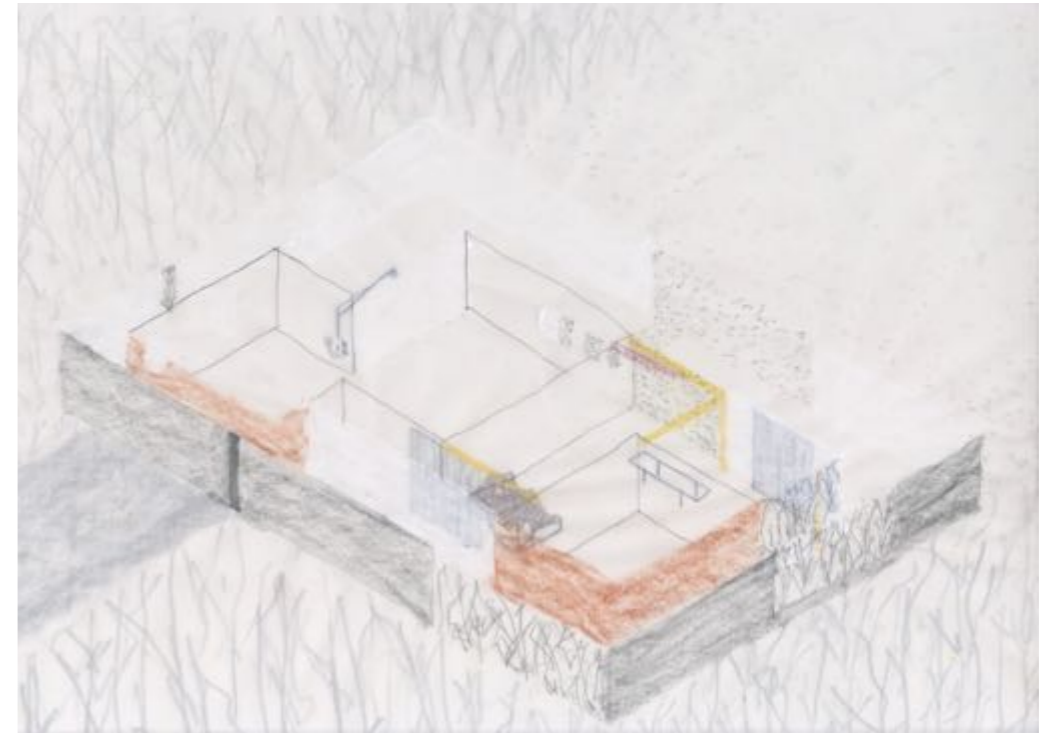
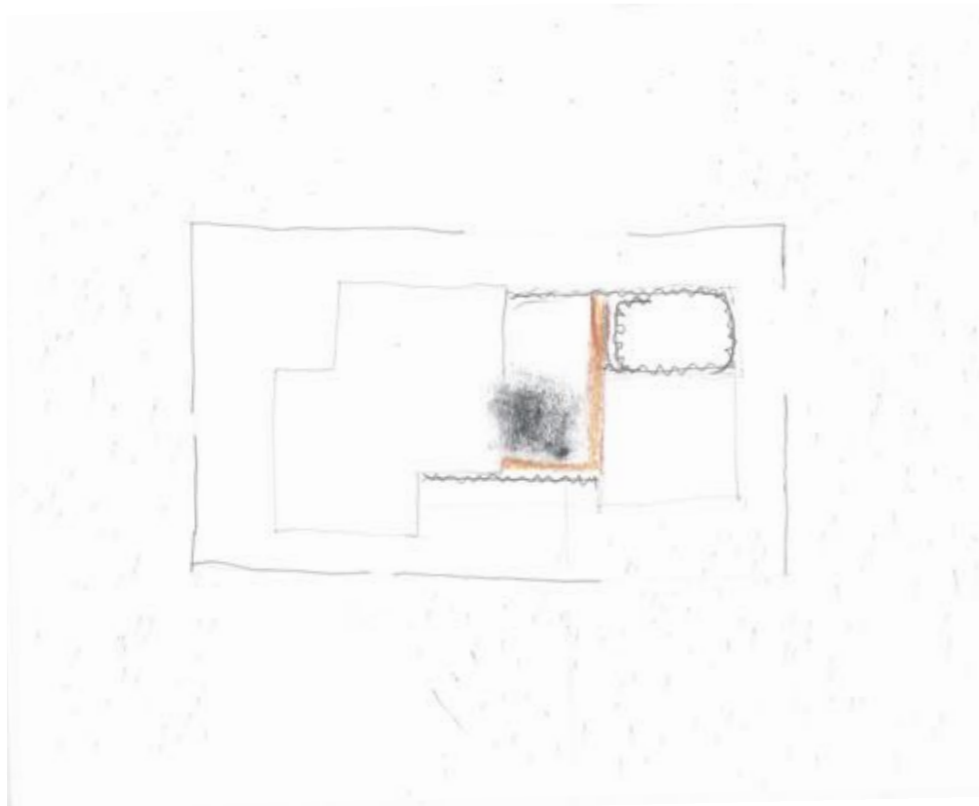
After entering I am immediately faced with what must constitute the heart of the house: a gigantic bed, offering infinite possibilities of positioning myself within its inviting topography. The struggle to define and determine my environment, the loss of direction comes with a sense of freedom and openness I have seldomly encountered in a home.

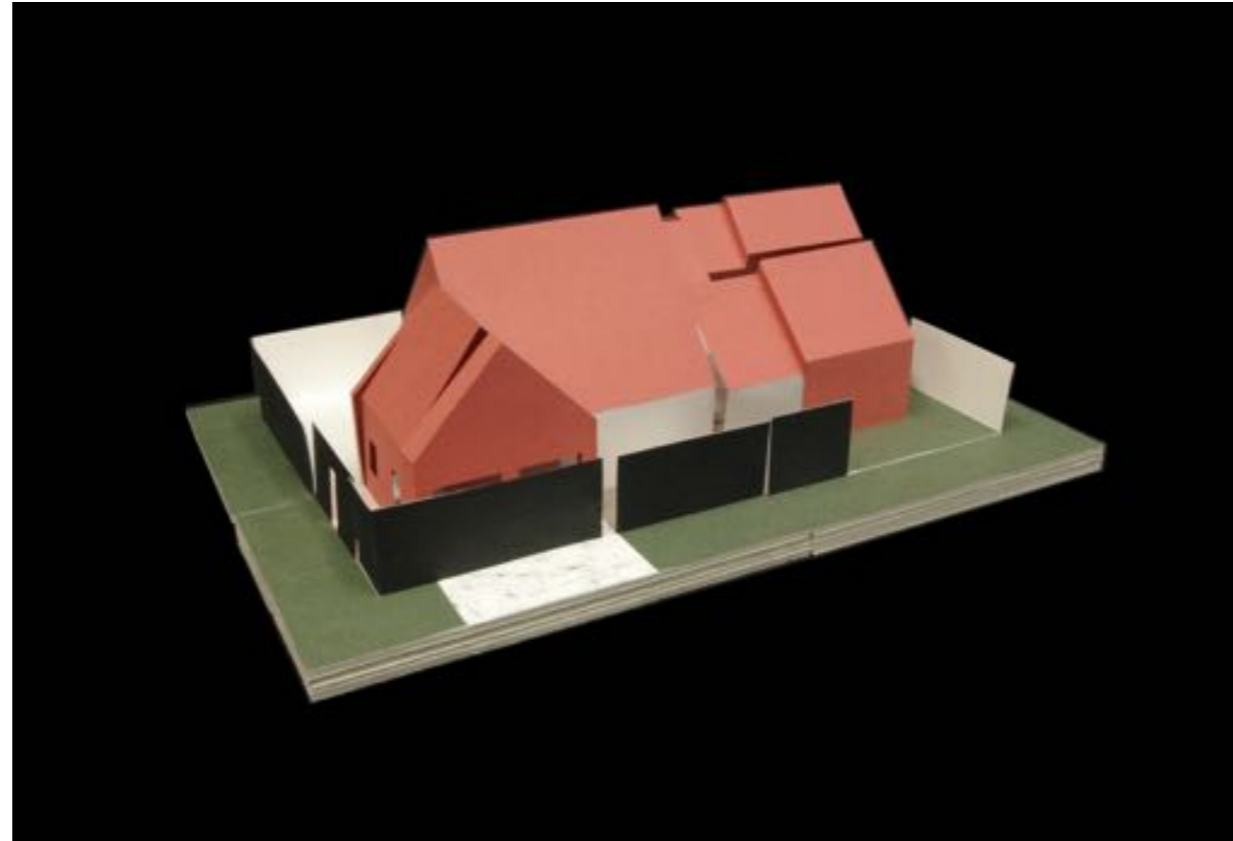
I am guided outdoors, facing the garden. An inhabitable threshold unfolds between the house and its buffer wall. Different ground textures and materials divide it up into areas. As Julie takes me around the house, the sound of a running shower compellingly

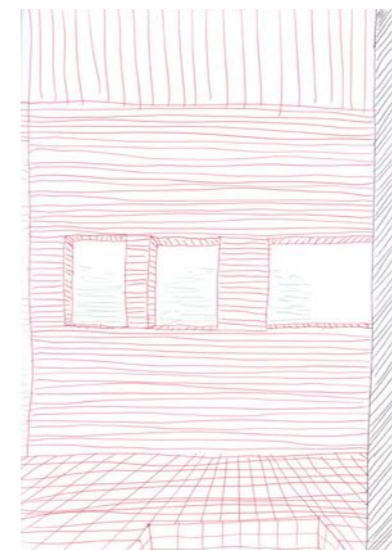
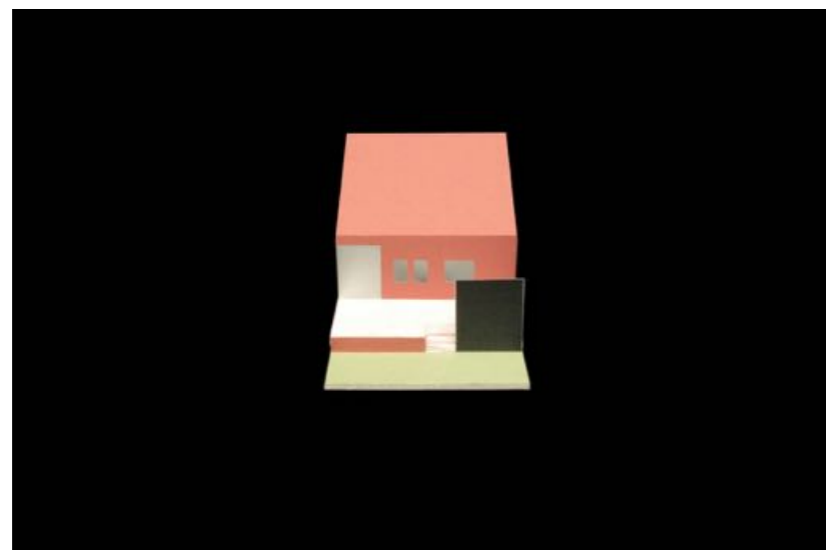
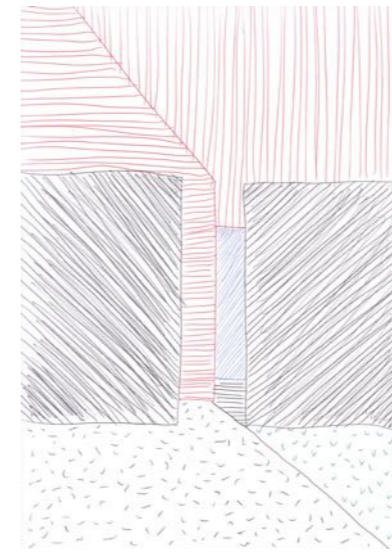
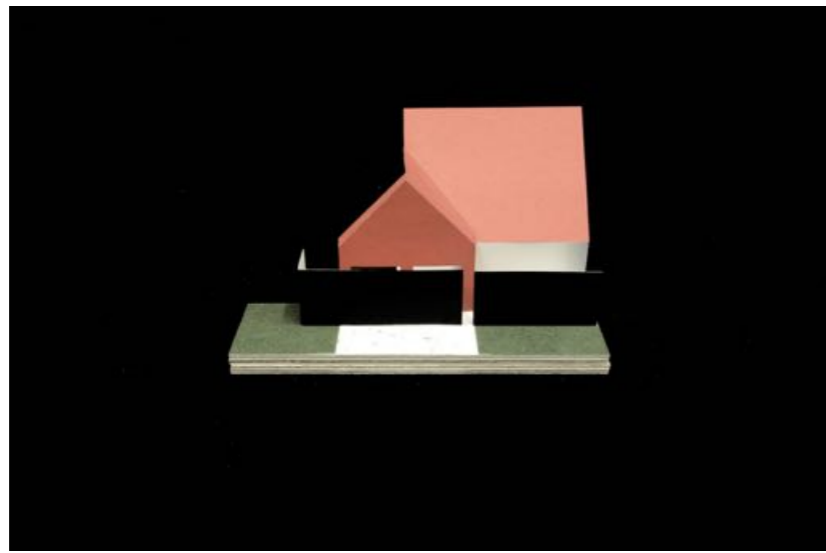
coming from outside becomes louder and raises my attention. The silhouette of her naked husband waves at me with uncertainty under the enigmatic outdoor shower.

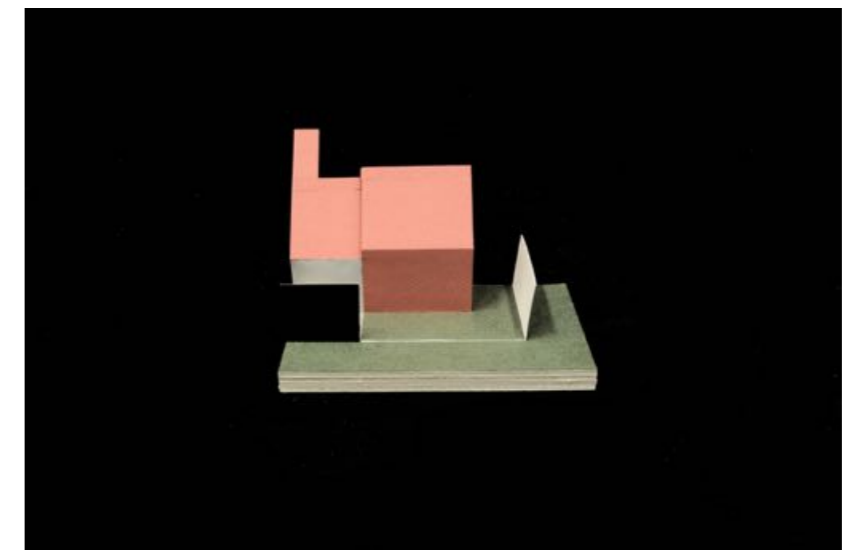
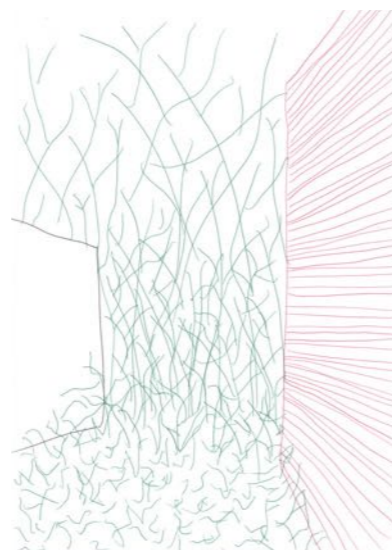
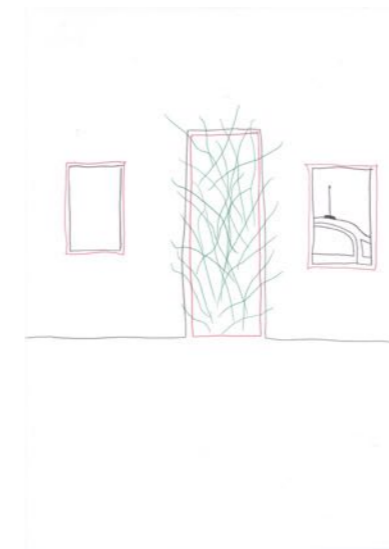
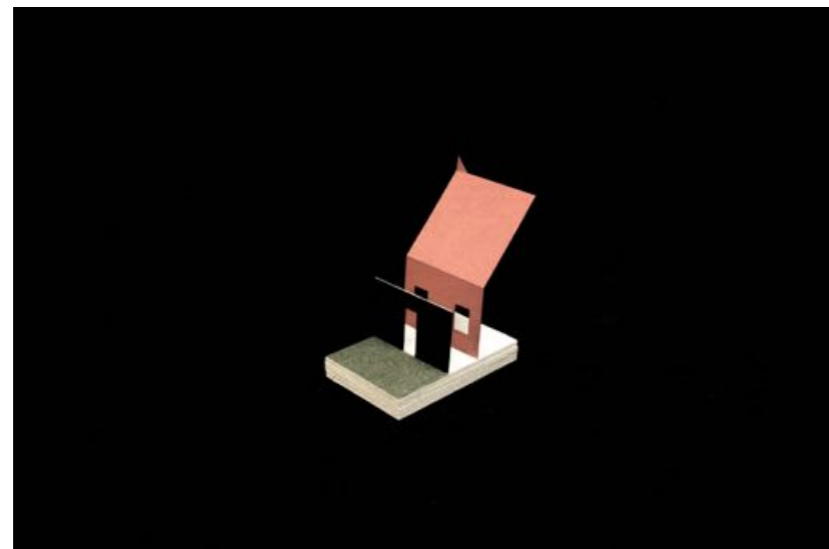
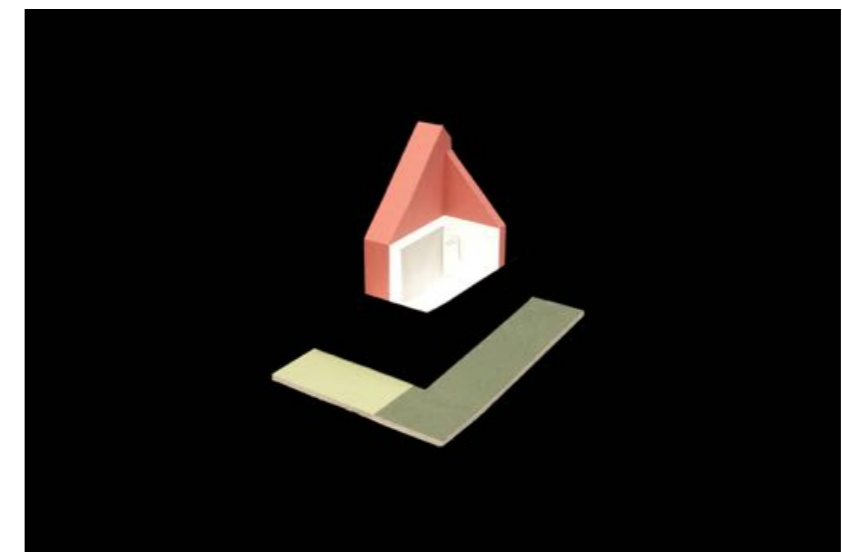
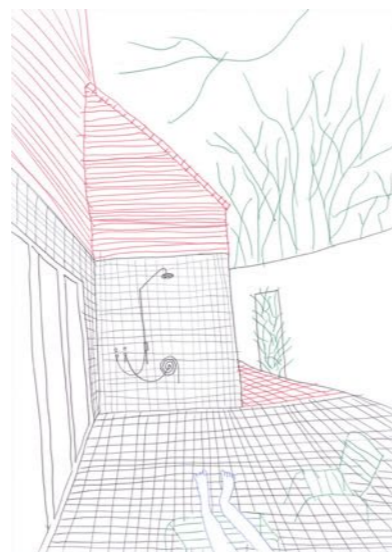
Trees and bushes filter through the wall and invade the threshold, seemingly infusing the indoors through their reflection on the frameless glass. Within the enclosure, a sense of intimacy and a little bit of shelter from the woods and the rare gazes arises. Bodyless trees inviting completion beyond the wall echo the unfinished feeling the house has on me.

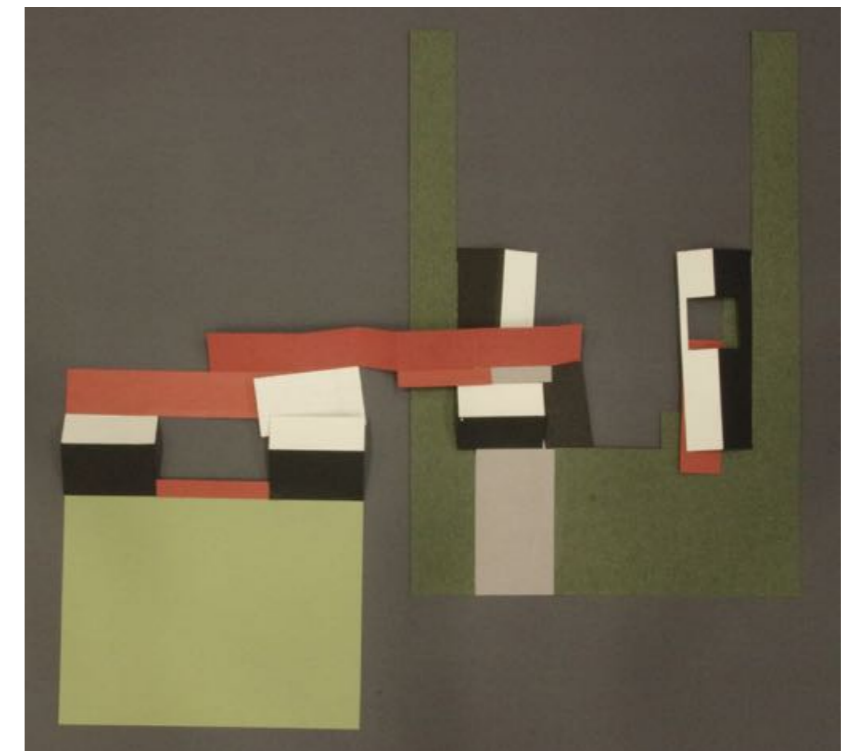
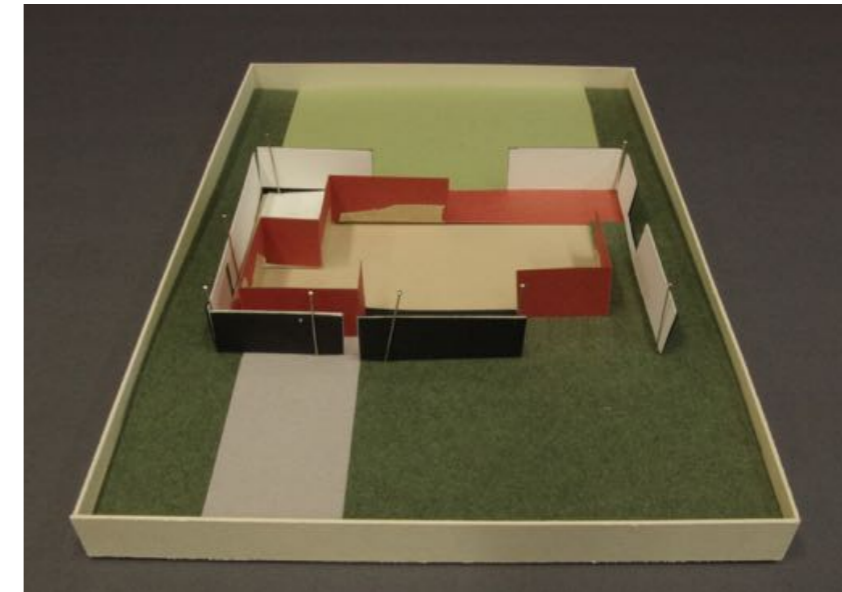
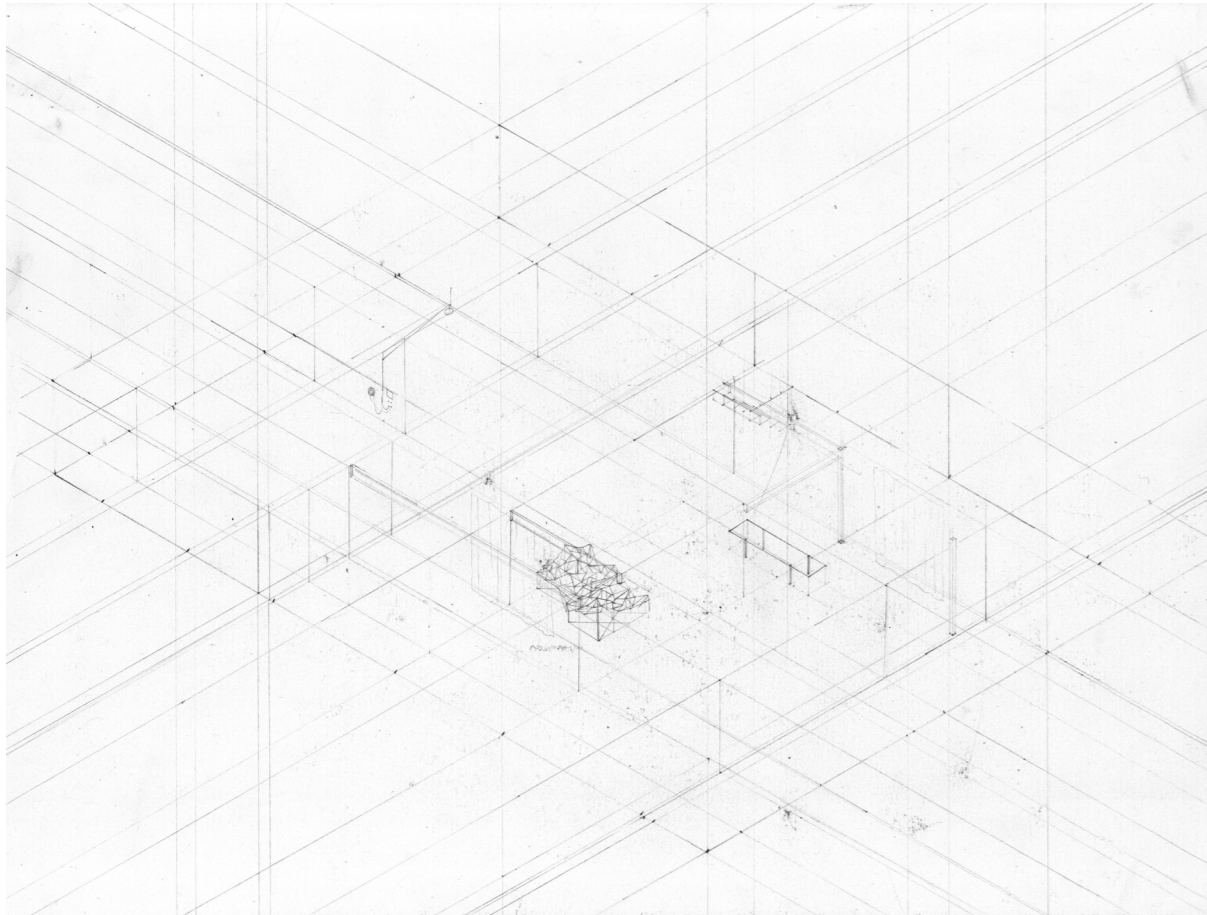


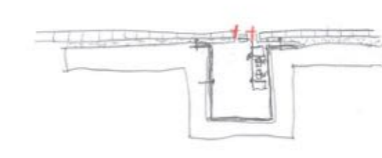
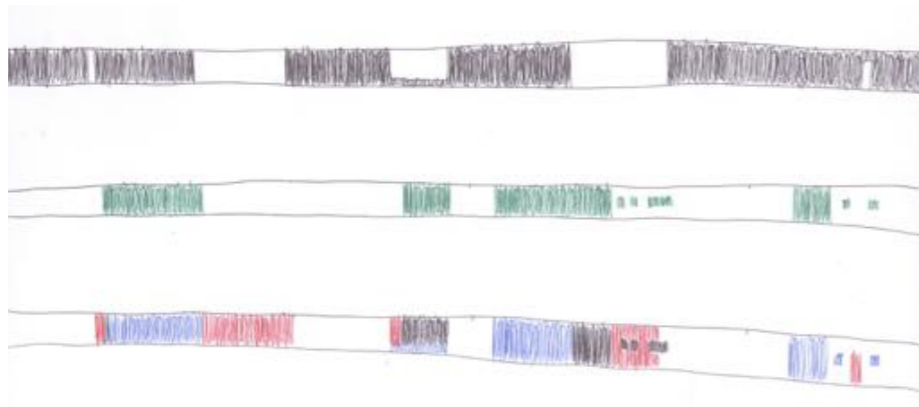
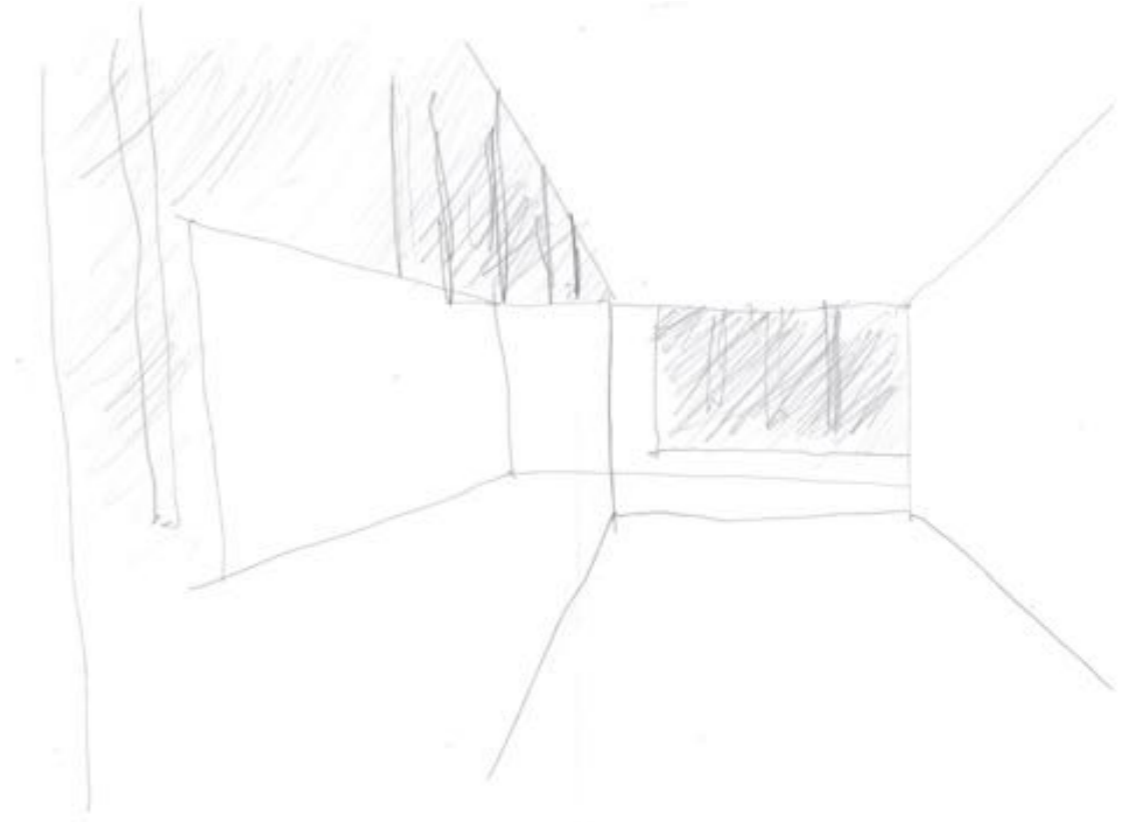












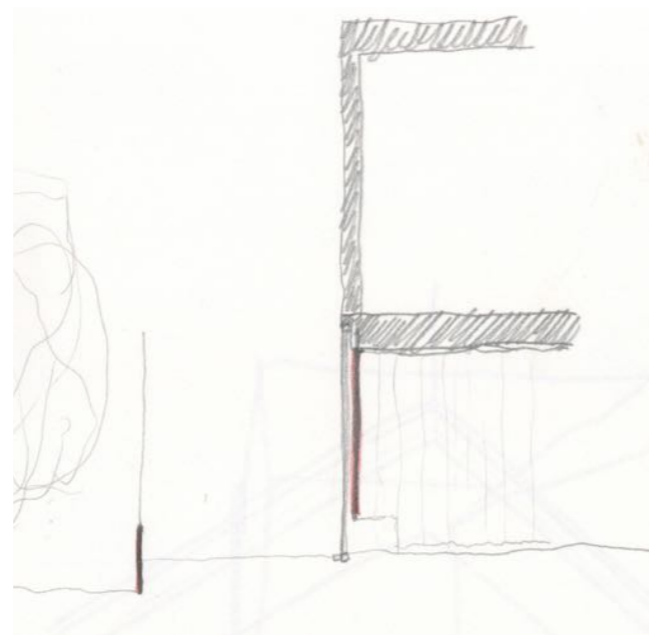
GLIMPSES

Someone is taking a shower outside and the sound of rushing water suddenly stops.

A pair of feet appear under the curtain and disturb me from my reading. It must be Michel.

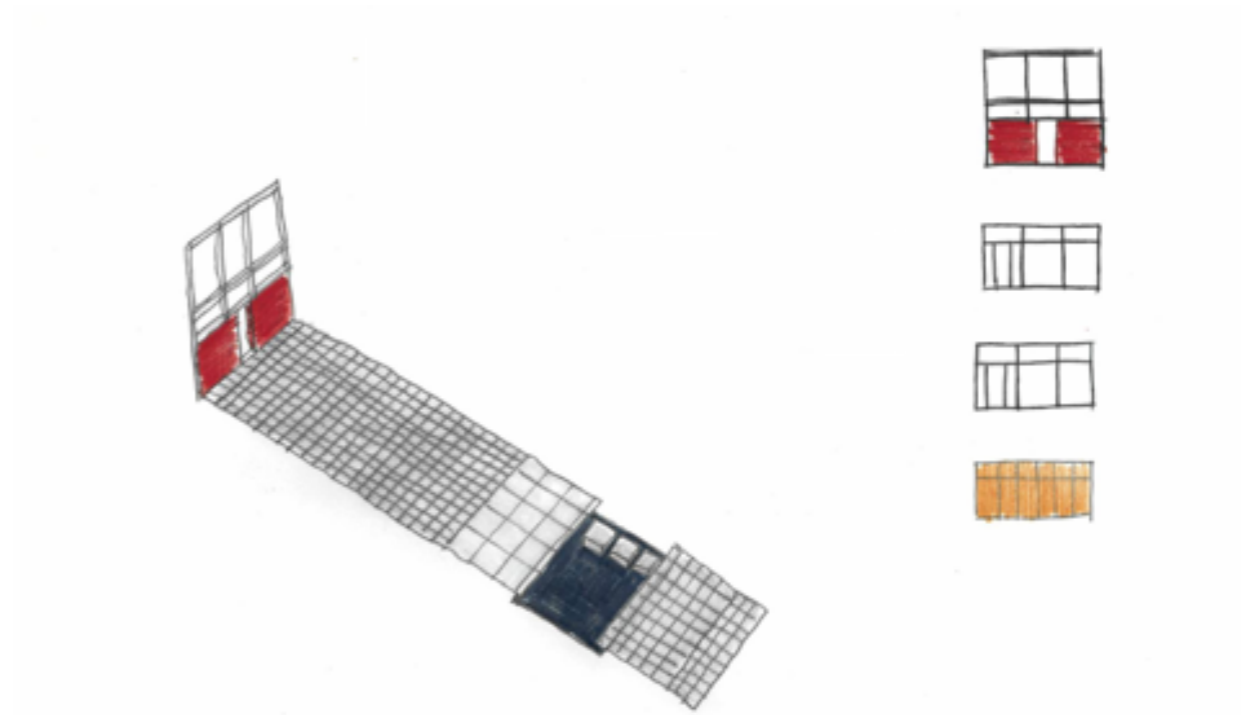
The next day as I come back from my walk, I approach the house from the side,

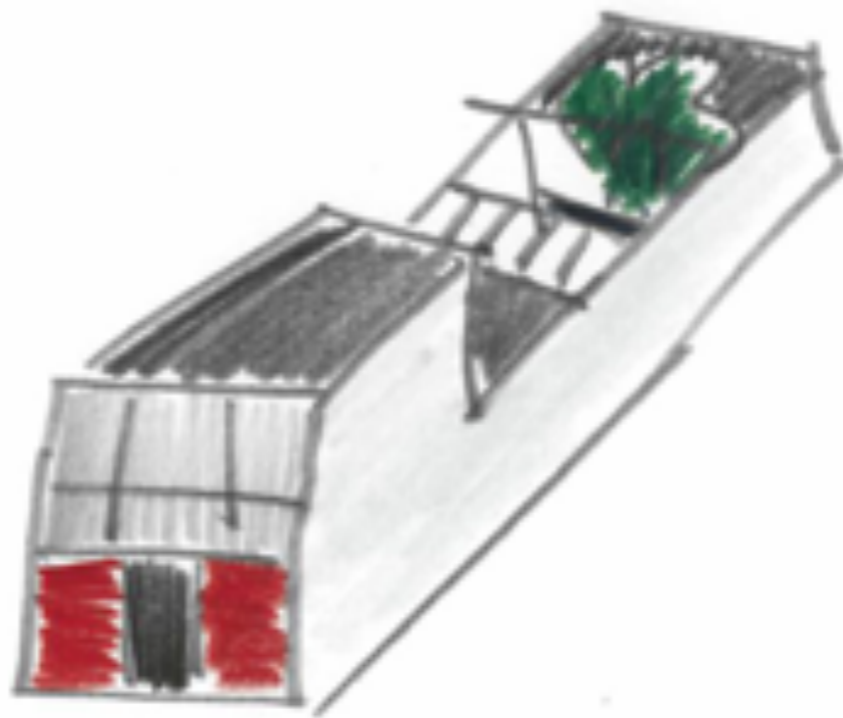
The curtain has remained closed since yesterday and completes the image of the wall. As I come closer, a yellow leg on a shiny concrete background starts to appear.

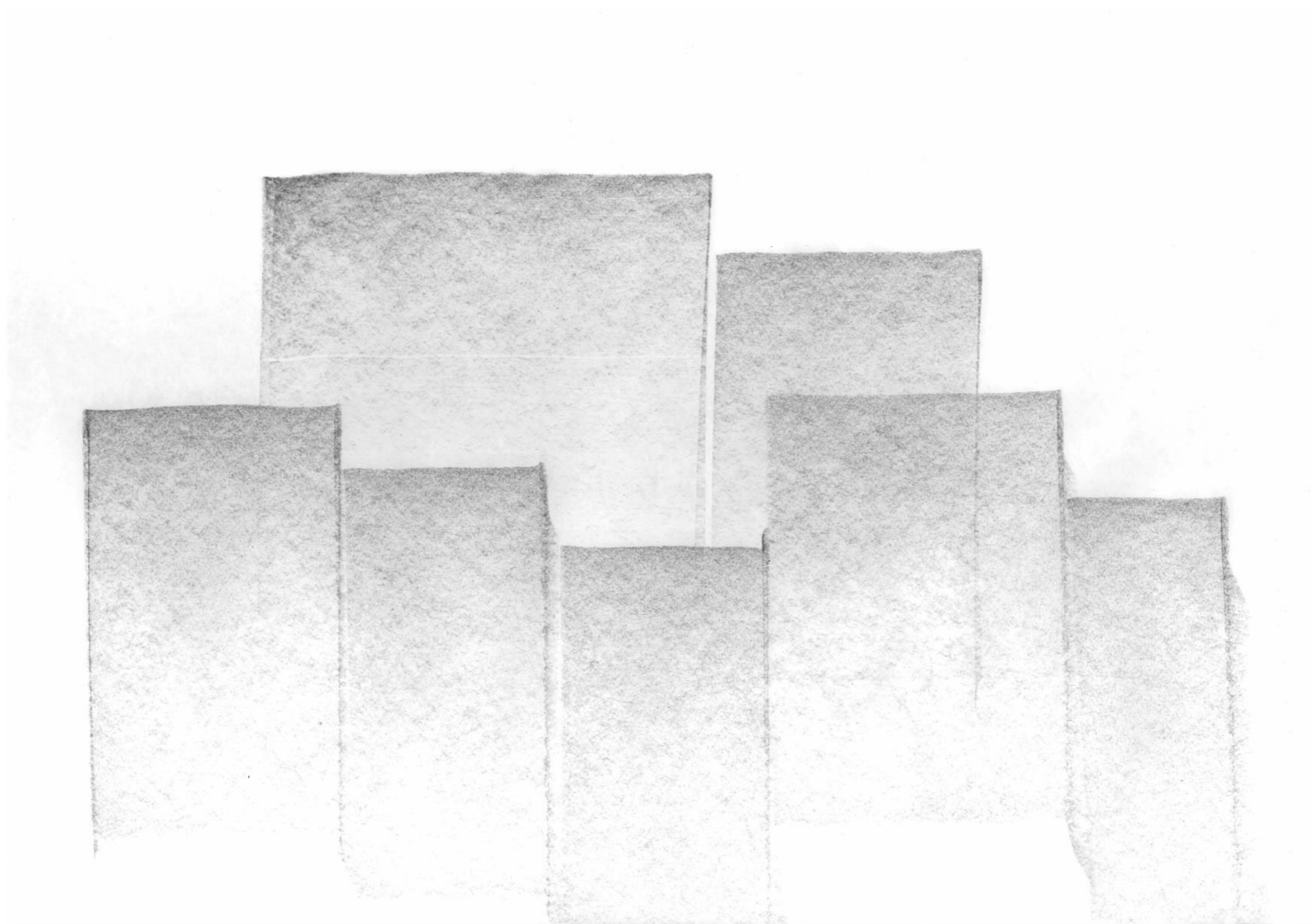


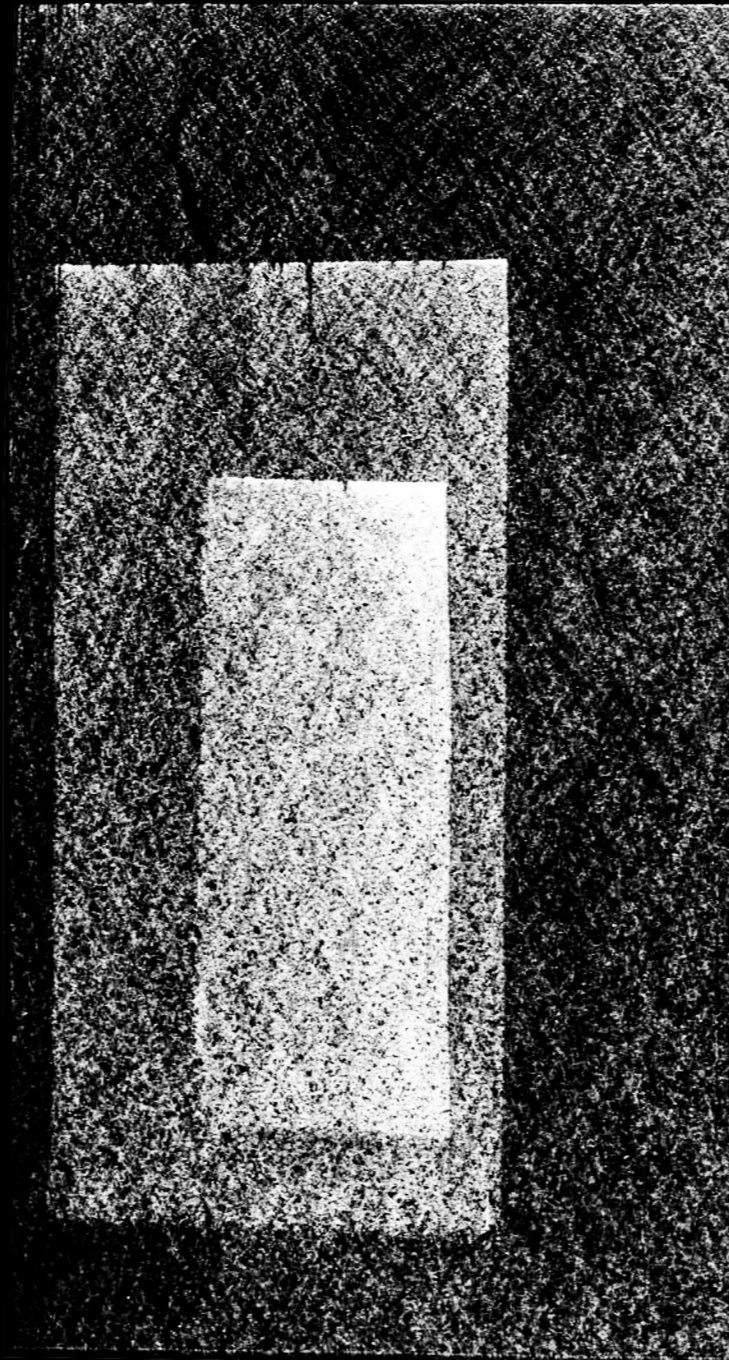
Movement 1

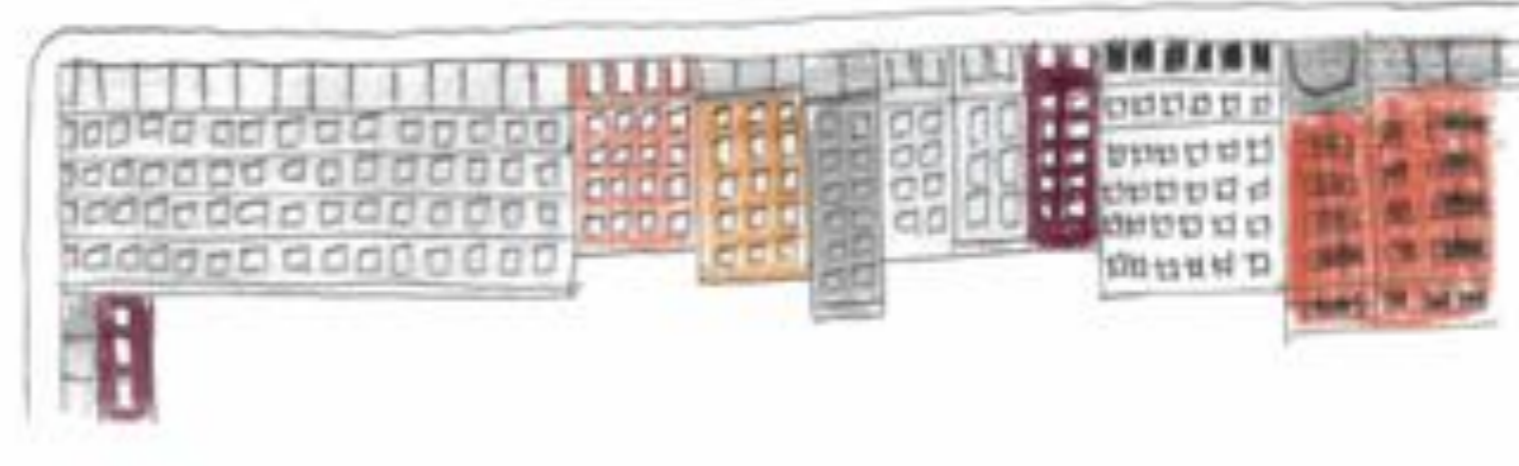
US - Rockefeller Guest House - Philip Johnson

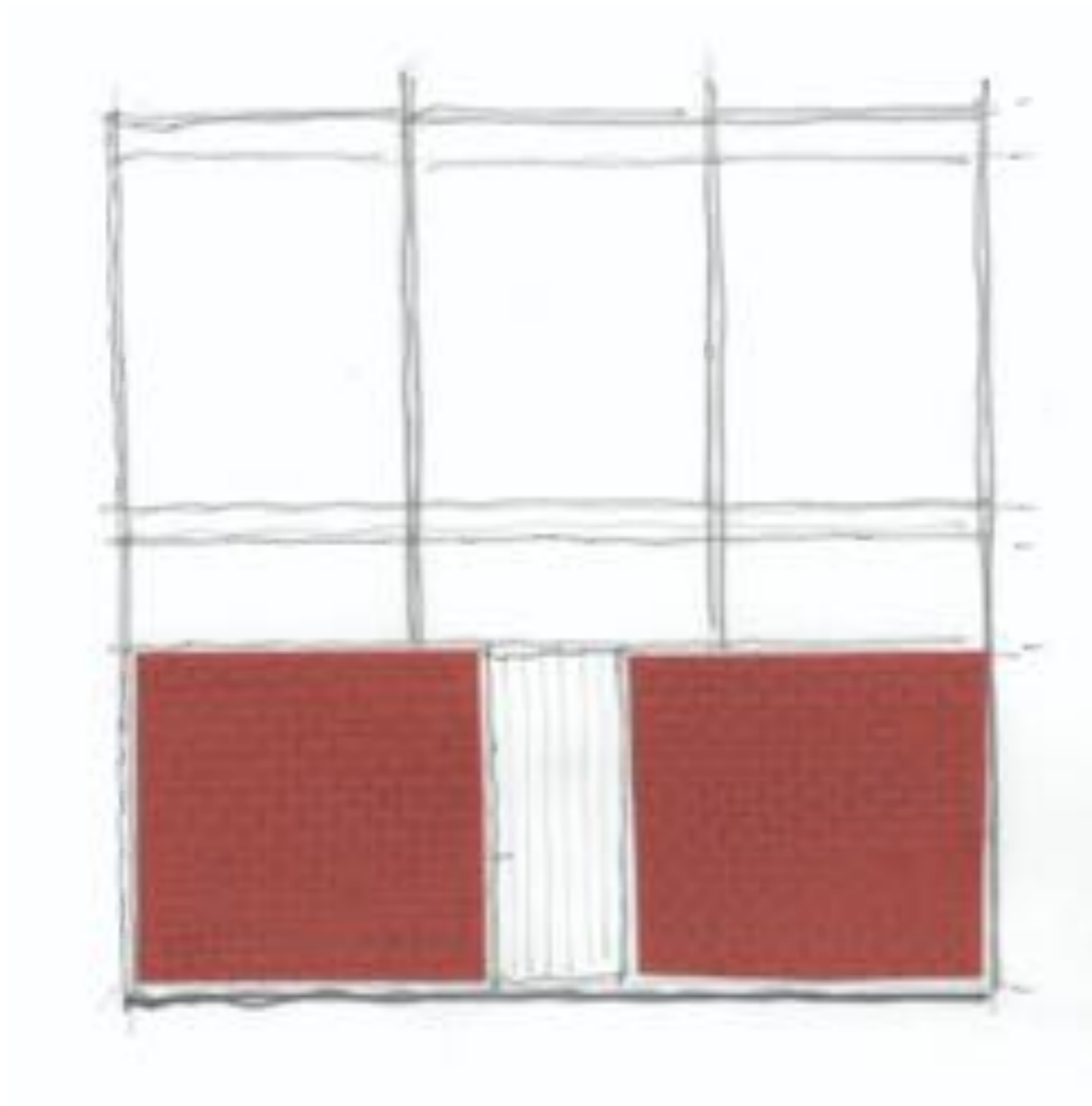


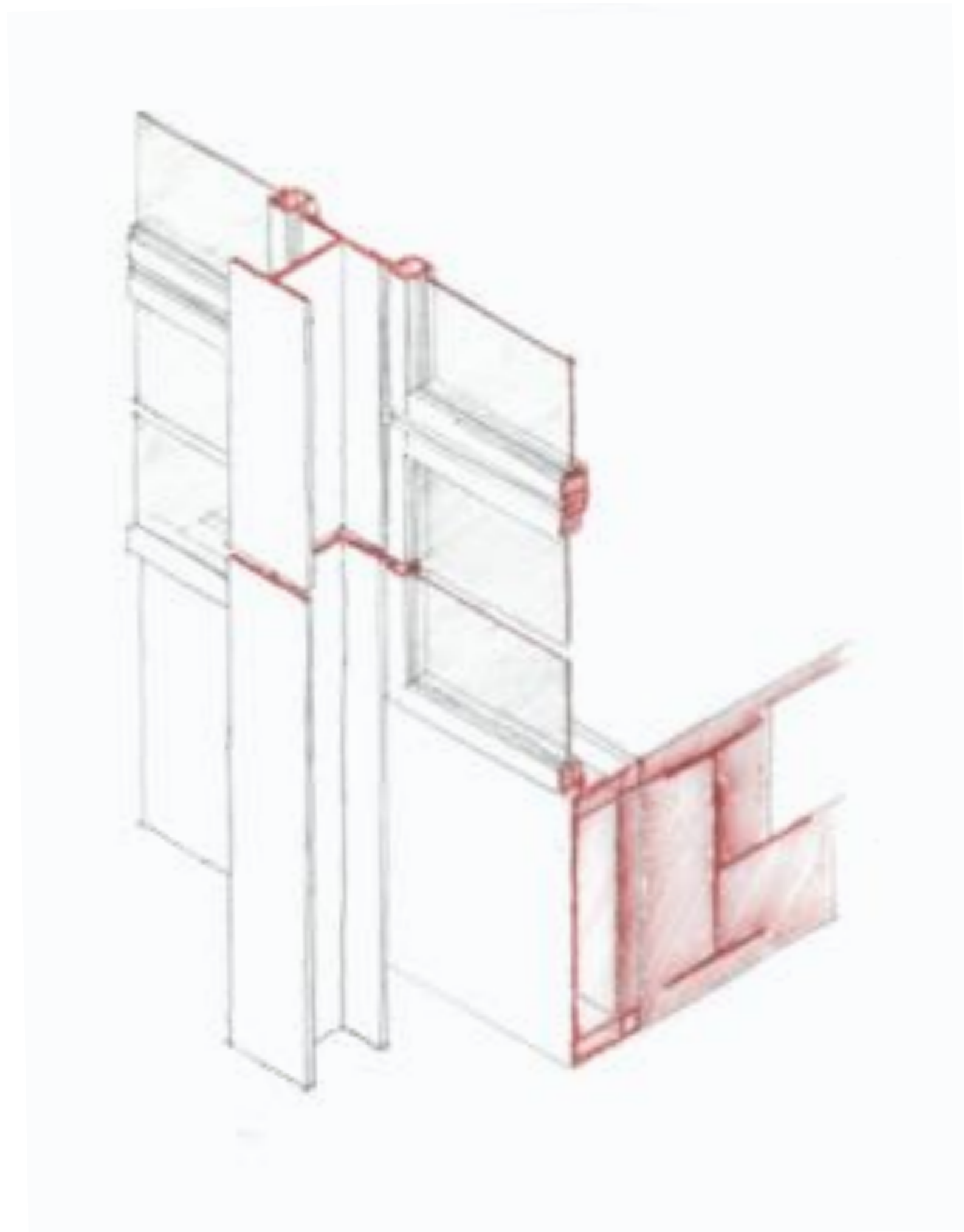




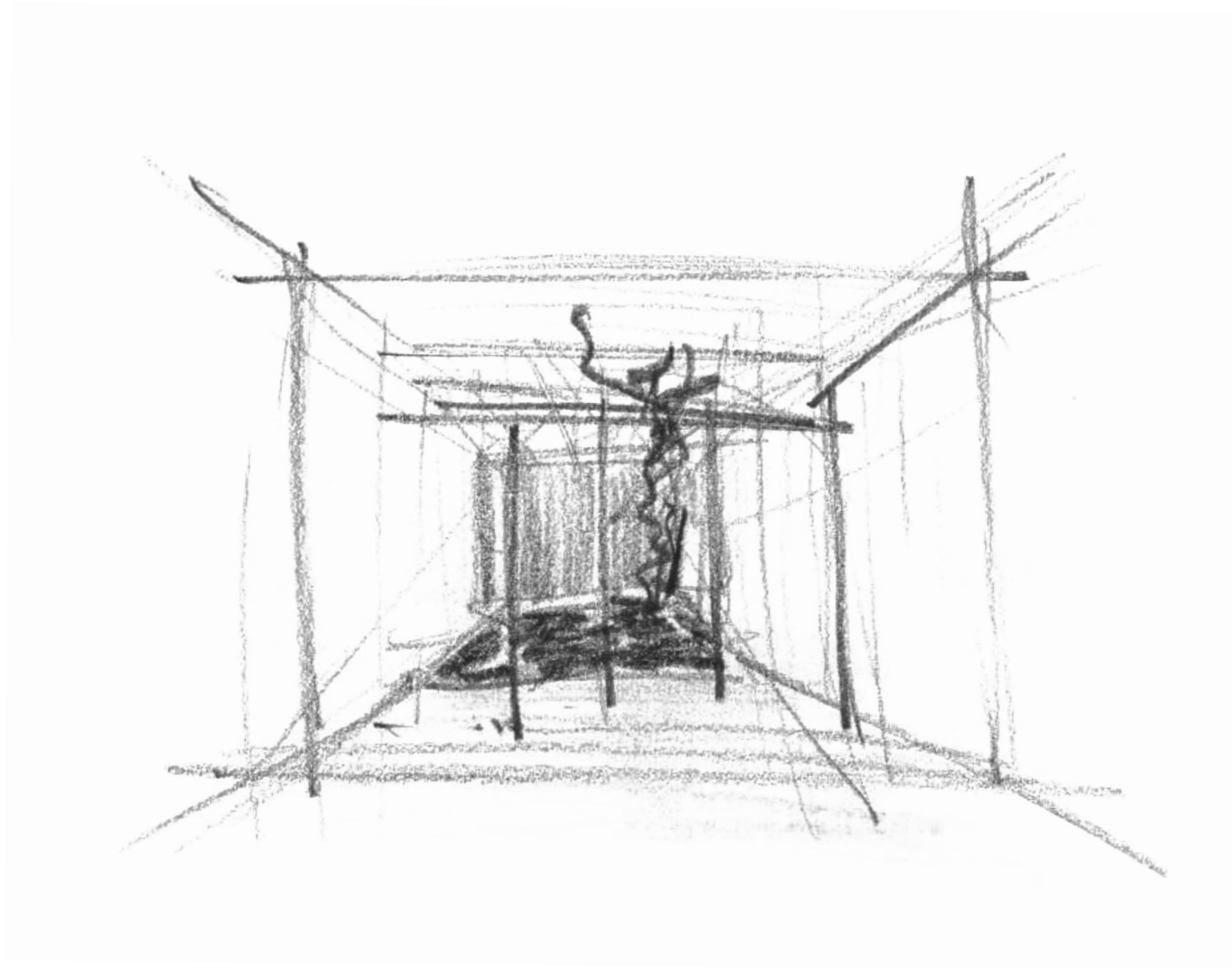






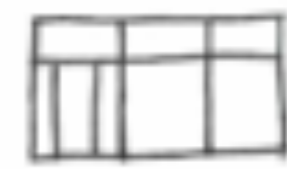
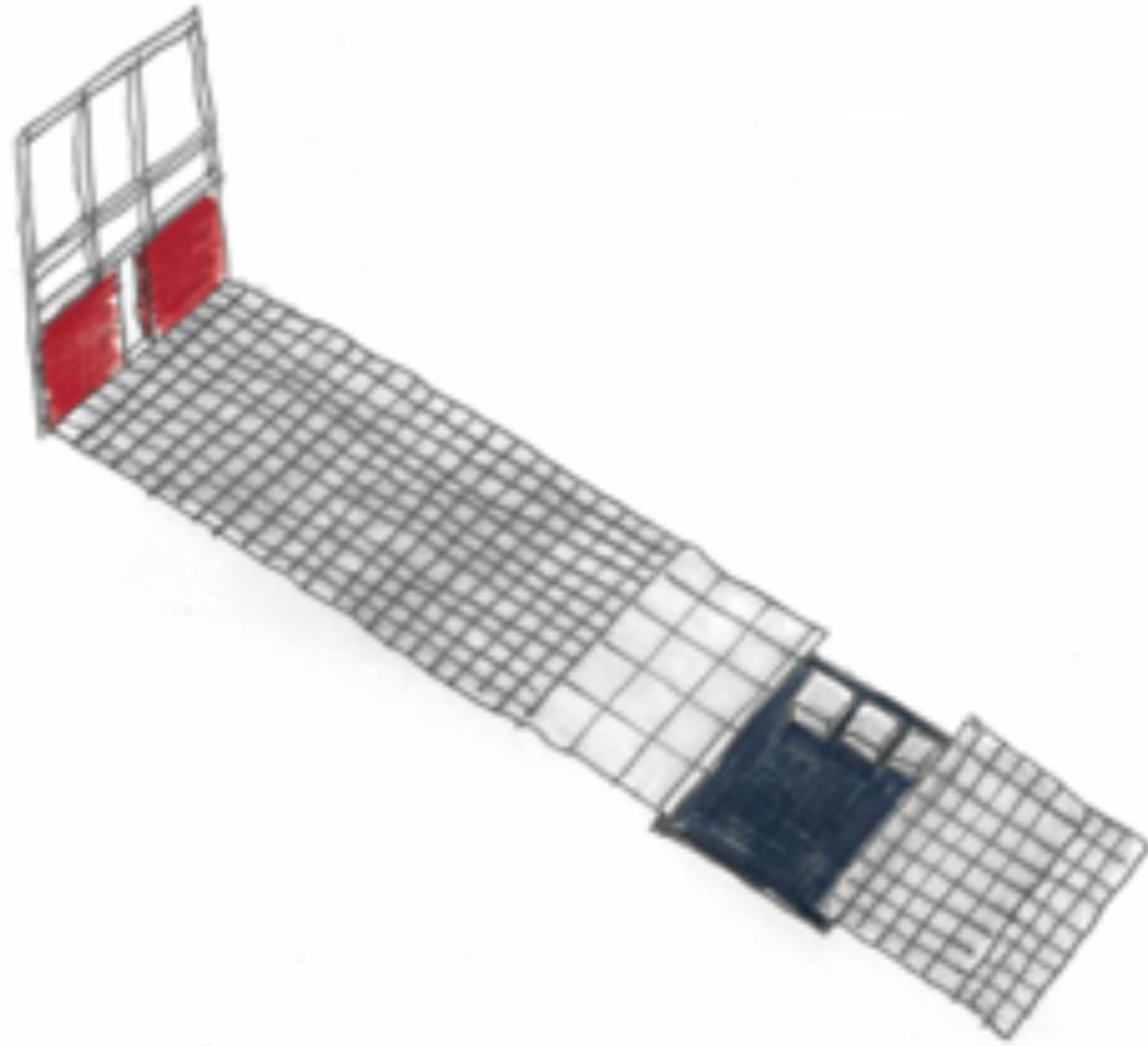












The Townhouse

Endless streets, layers of layers of traffic lights, crossing cars and passing people. The heat, speed chaos and density are overwhelming. The city of contrasts, of a thousand faces. New York opens up like a book, yet stays mostly in disguise. A delirious place. A city that never stops.

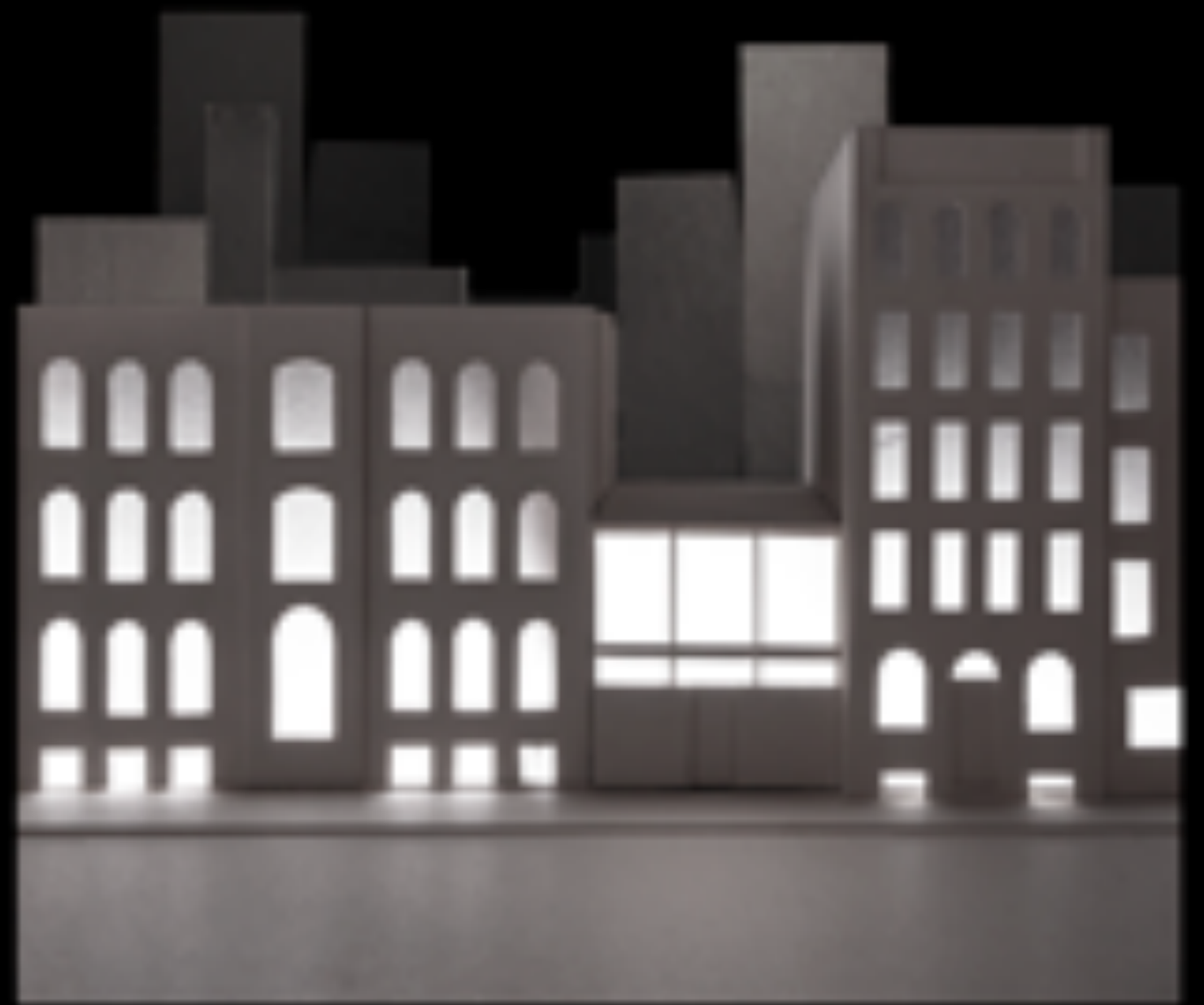
2nd Avenue, East 52nd Street: a discreet facade protects a secret realm from the loud and crowded streets. The little glass house doesn't reveal itself instantly. The high door closes heavily and a tranquil transition happens. The temperature cools down, the noise of Manhattan disappears.

When the sun is high and shines in the courtyard, she often sits next to the pond in the lounge and listens to the sound of the city. Cars honking, some sirens far away. She slips out of her shoes to warm her feet on the travertine floor heated up by the midday sun. A feeling of dizziness suddenly makes her lean back. She looks up in the sky and then back down onto the tree in the middle of the water and watches the leaves floating on the shallow water. The rippling fountain almost drowns the noise of the city and makes the leaves rock up and down on the waves. The Ivy growing up the wall tries to find its way to the top of the wall, sometimes following the gaps between the bricks, sometimes crossing them. The journey in the morning and the way from the airport through Manhattan's morning traffic feels far away now.

A nap would be the right thing now, but the bedroom seems so far away. One has to cross the water to get there, like crossing to a floating pavillion, a second house. She finally gets up and walks in big steps across the stone plates. Like when entering a boat she does one big last step and opens the glass door at the same time. Here the house feels different. The incident light is filtered through the grey curtains and mirrored in the smooth white floor tiles. A perfect calm place in the heat of Manhattan. Everything about this house seems so neat, so perfect. Like a secret oasis.

But it begins to annoy her eventhough she has been here already so many times. There is this urge of disturbing this modernist dream house with its aligned grids. Is this a town house or a gallery space? Is this house really livable? But before finding answers tiredness takes hold of her.





Movement 1

CH - Two Houses in Trübbach - Peter Märkli



The Postman

Gamsabeta 13 and 15.

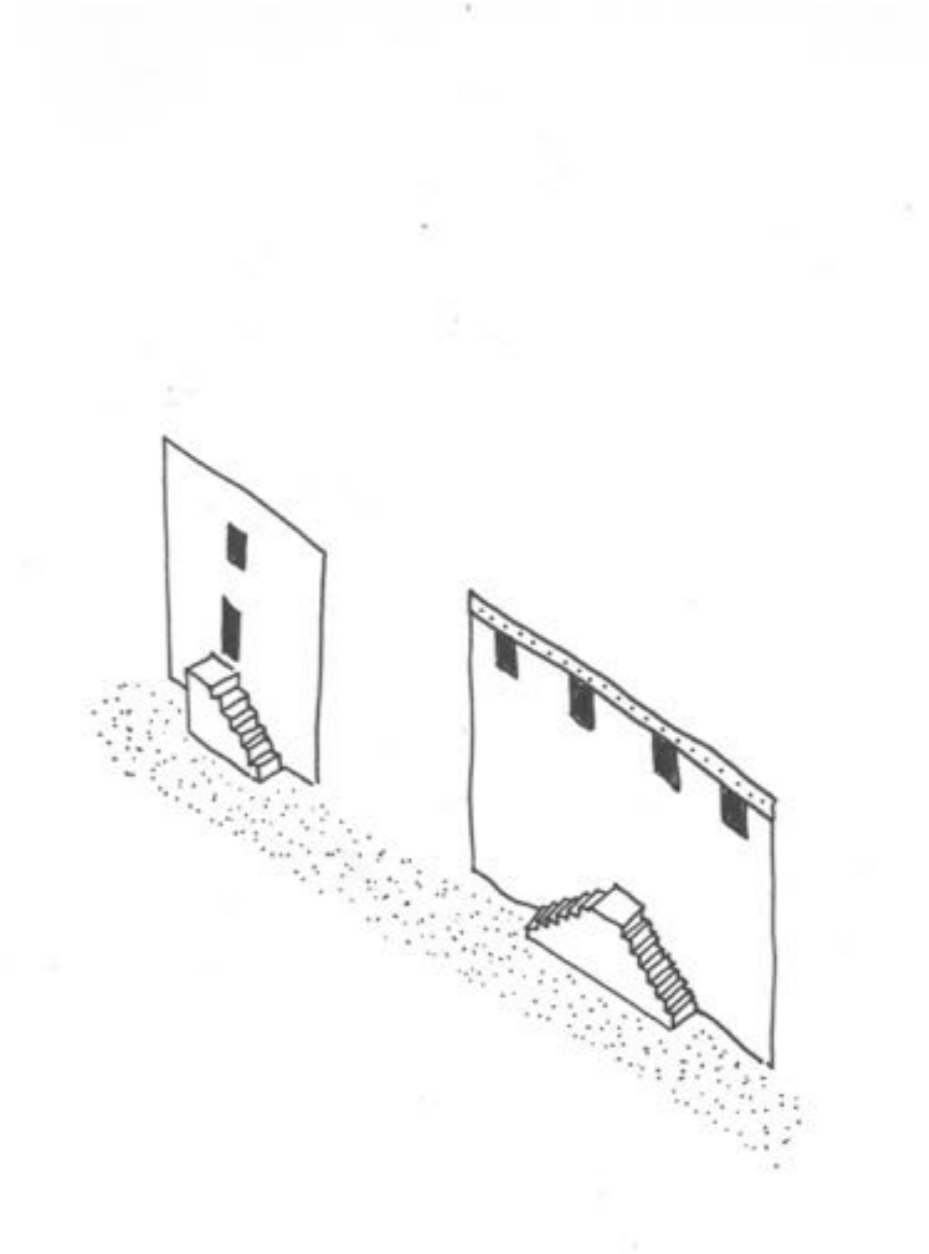
Two of an overseable number of houses in our village, which I daily pass.

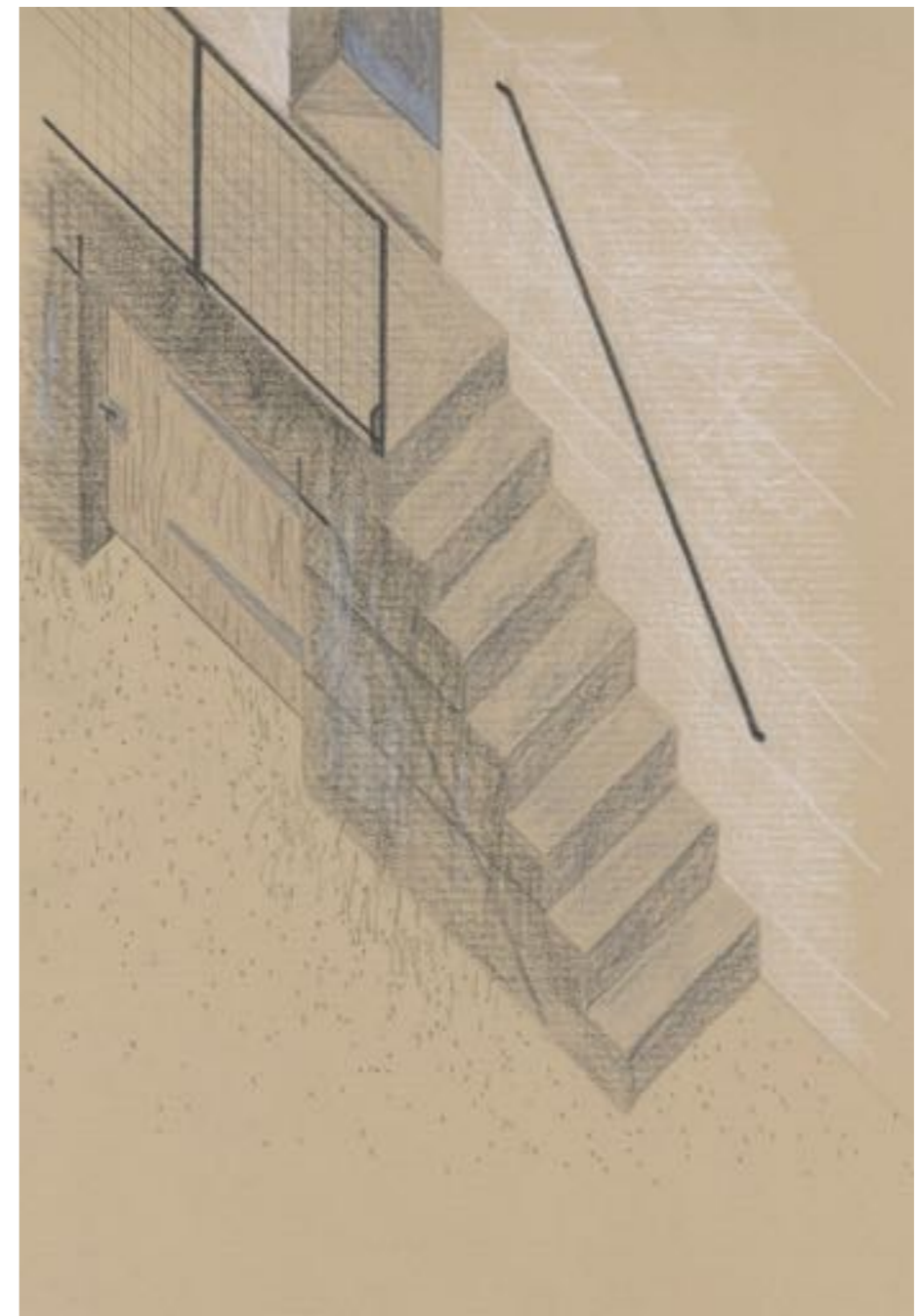
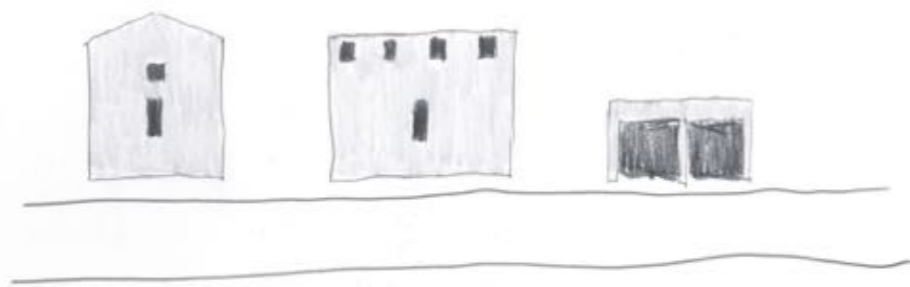
That small private gravel path catches my attention again, leading from the small garage to the two white, enclosed facades. Restrained and discreetly integrated into the townscape.

To me they seem intimidating, almost daunting. It must be an introverted place, a place to shy away from contact with other inhabitants of our village.

I know their names, ordinary ones.

That's it. No window would allow me a view on the life of those unknown people.





The Gardener

I would like to take a well-deserved break.

An ugly clipped hedge would not do justice to the villa's beautiful face.

I recognize myself in the amphora-shaped columns again. Carrying massive loads for the people's welfare.

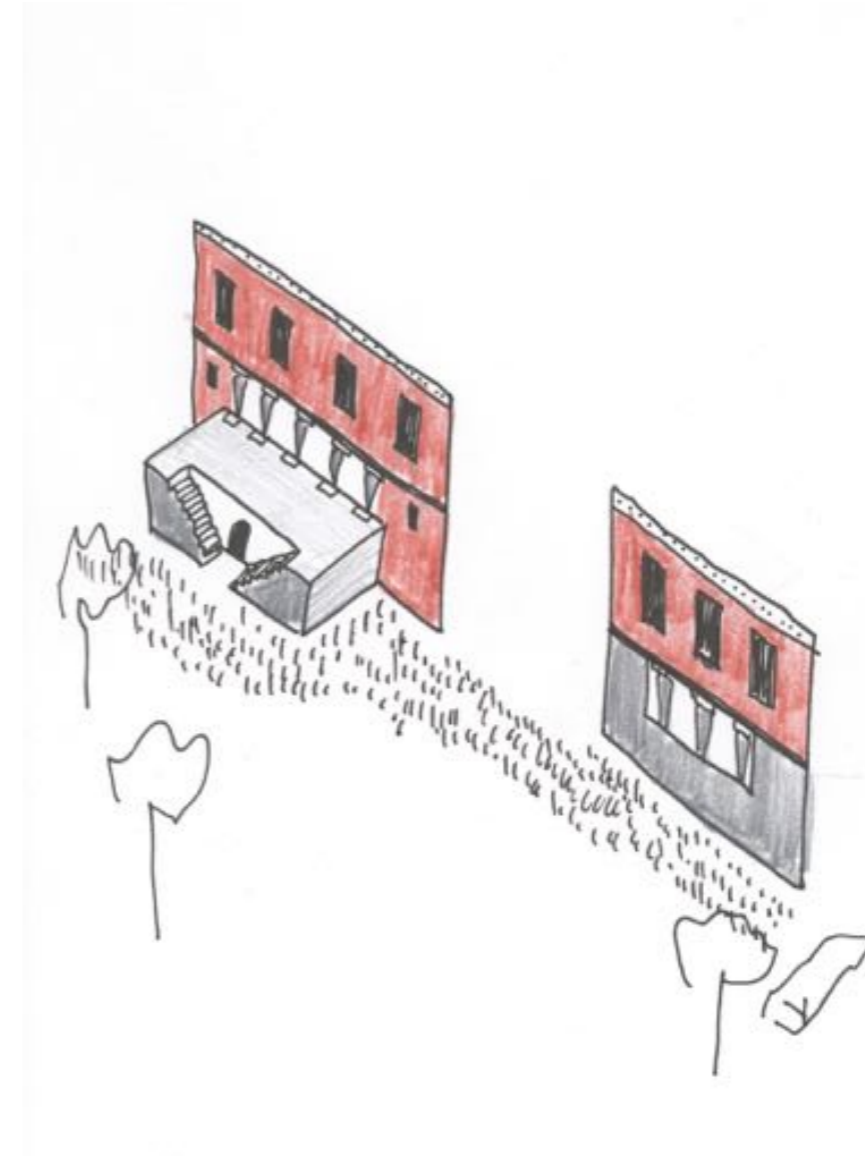
How long have I been looking up to the floors above the concrete base remembering yearningly the days of my journey across the alps admiring the beauty of venetian villas.

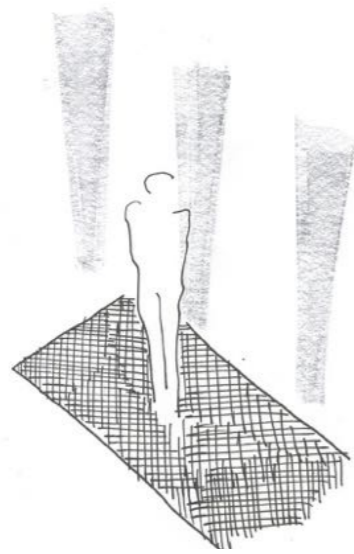
The inviting window front reflects the sky. If the light is turned off during the day, I can't tell if someone hides behind the closed windows.

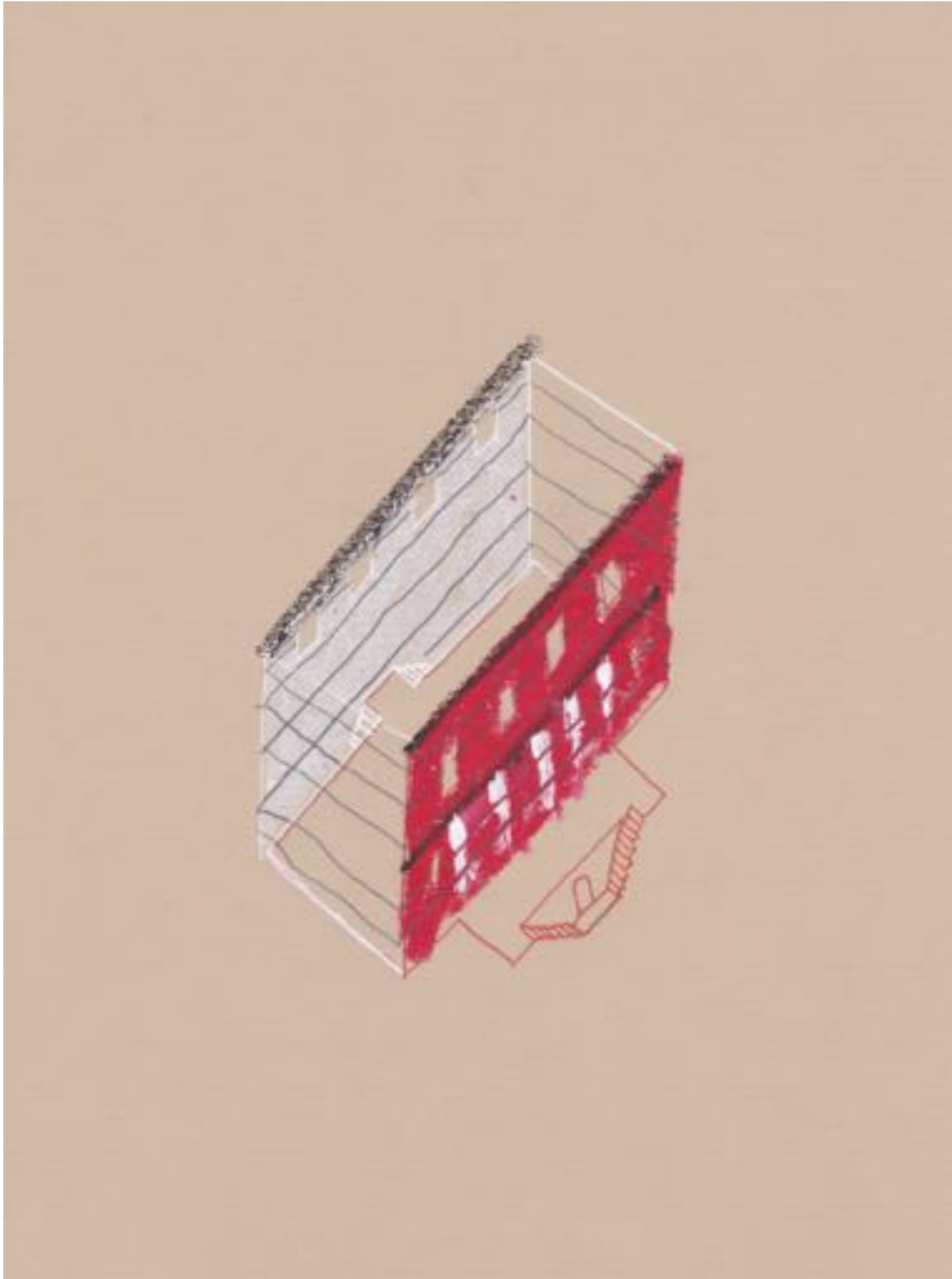
They could watch me work.

Clothes hung under the concrete base out of the wonderful view of the garden could indicate that they might be at home. Maybe their small daughter playing in the shadow of the columns on a carpet next to the naked chimney.

Moments of the inhabitant's complete life, which I grasp while watering the plants on their terrace.







Esther and her Daughter

A falling branch brakes the silence
and interupts my reading.
I turn my head to the window
framing our small paradise outside.

I lay my book aside,
get up from the wooden chair
and walk around the corner of the
rough chimney to join my daughter
sitting in the shadow of the columns
knocking with wooden sticks
on the cold white marble.



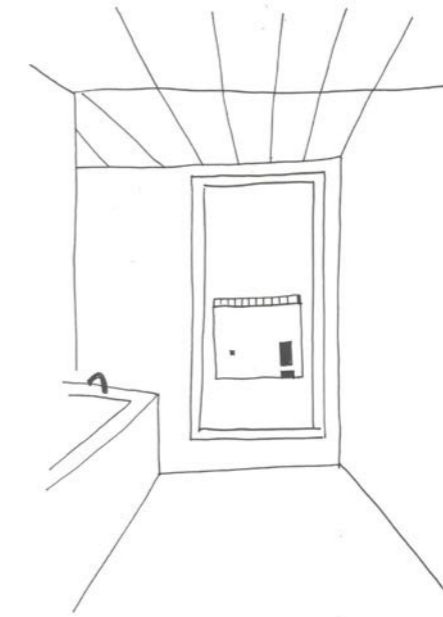


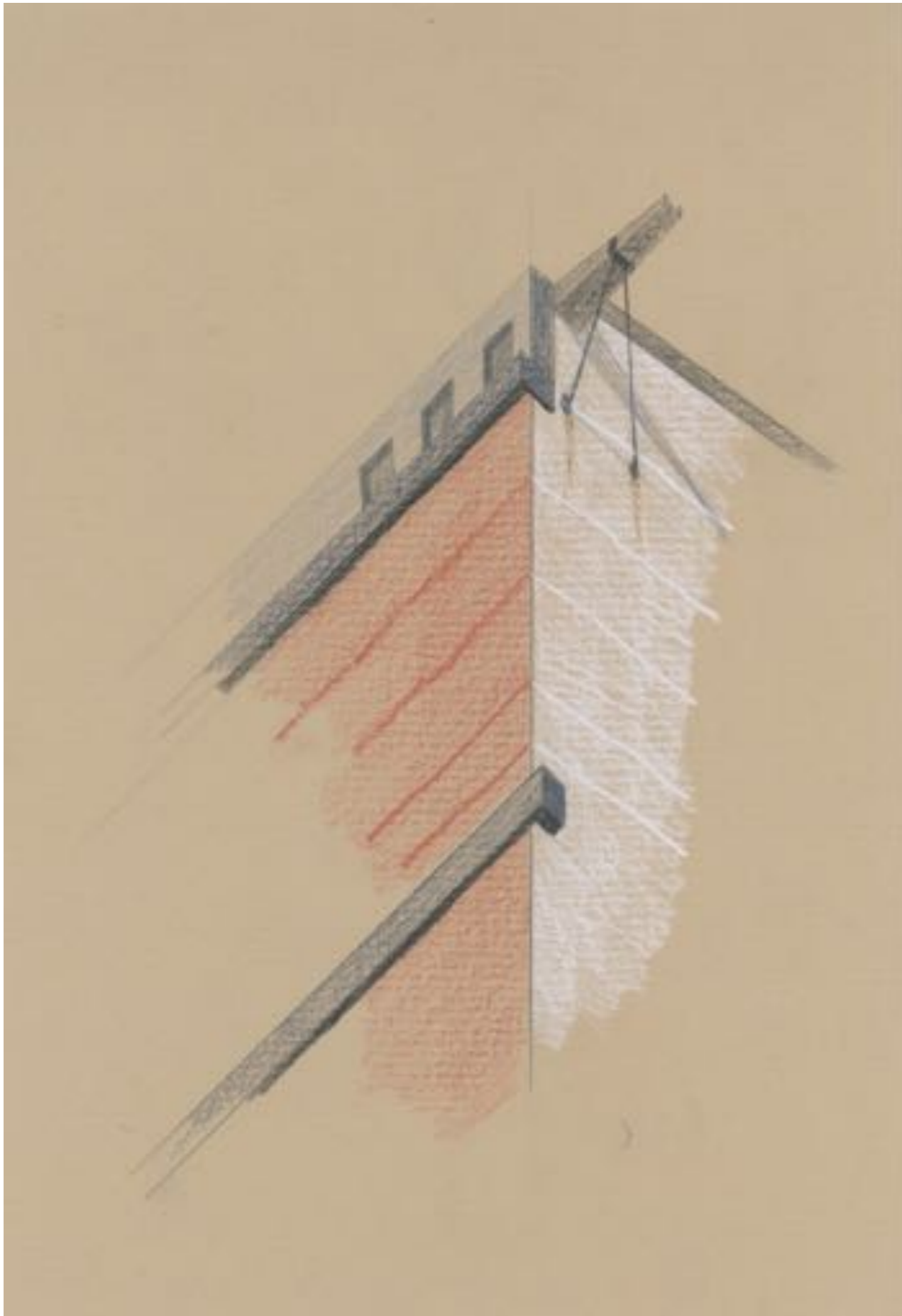
Gody takes a bath

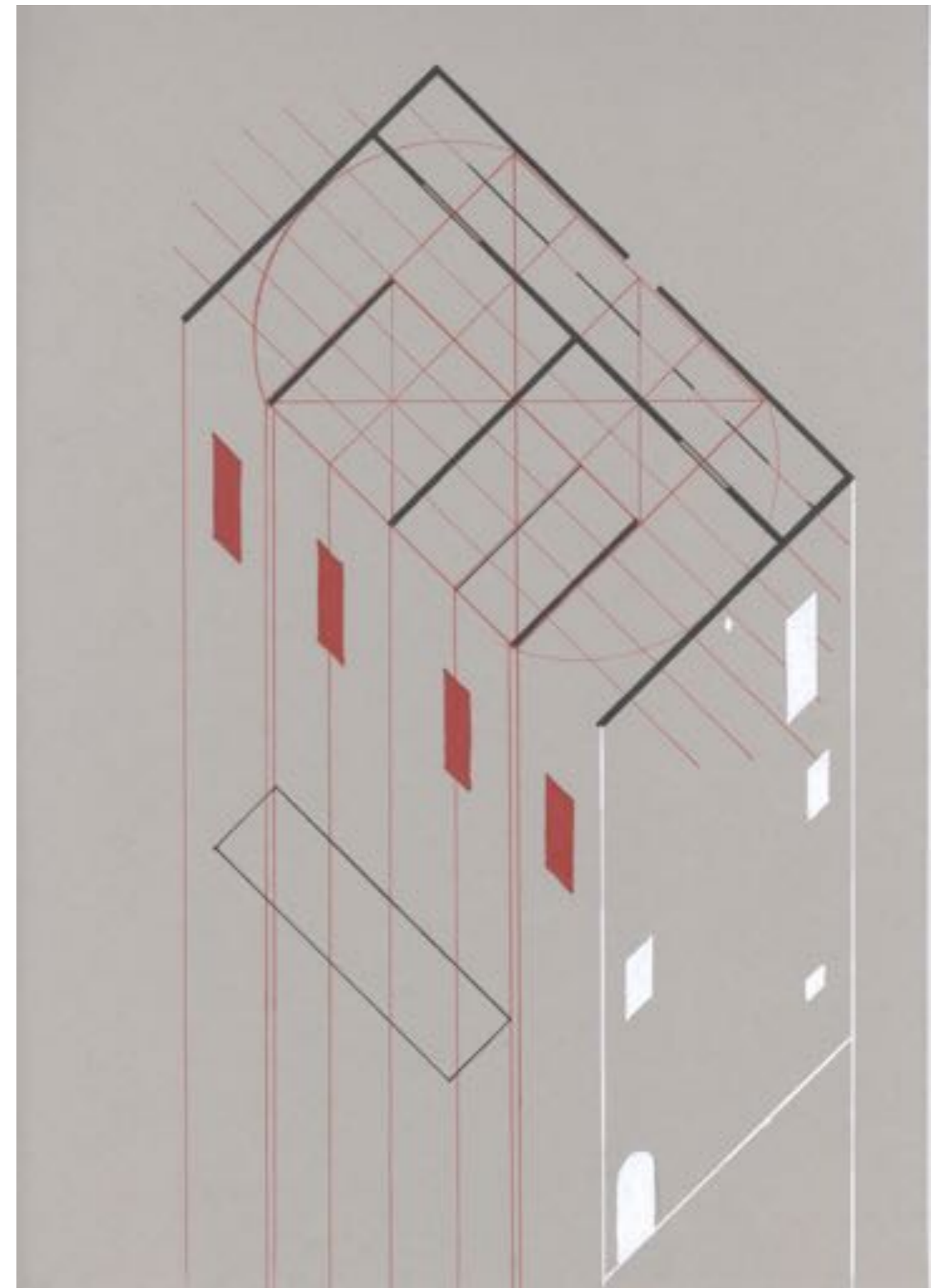
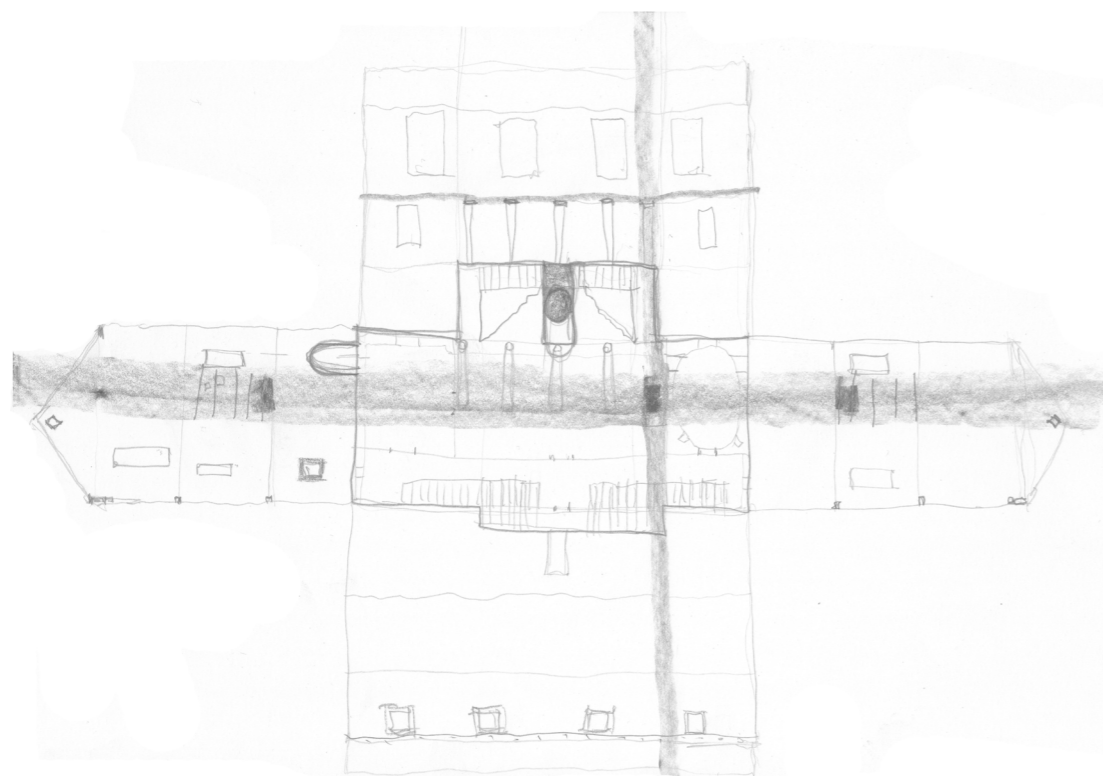
The sound of running water
through the open door
filling the bathtub.

Scampering over the slick black stone,
quick peek to our neighbour's house,
witnessing the postman who just
dropped a letter at number 15.

A step into the bathtub,
pulling the red curtain partially
in order to still be able to watch Ursu-
la trimming the hedge between our
gardens.

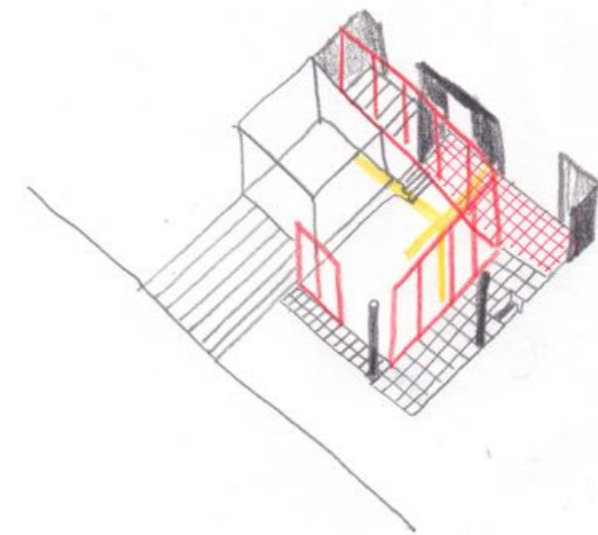






Movement 2

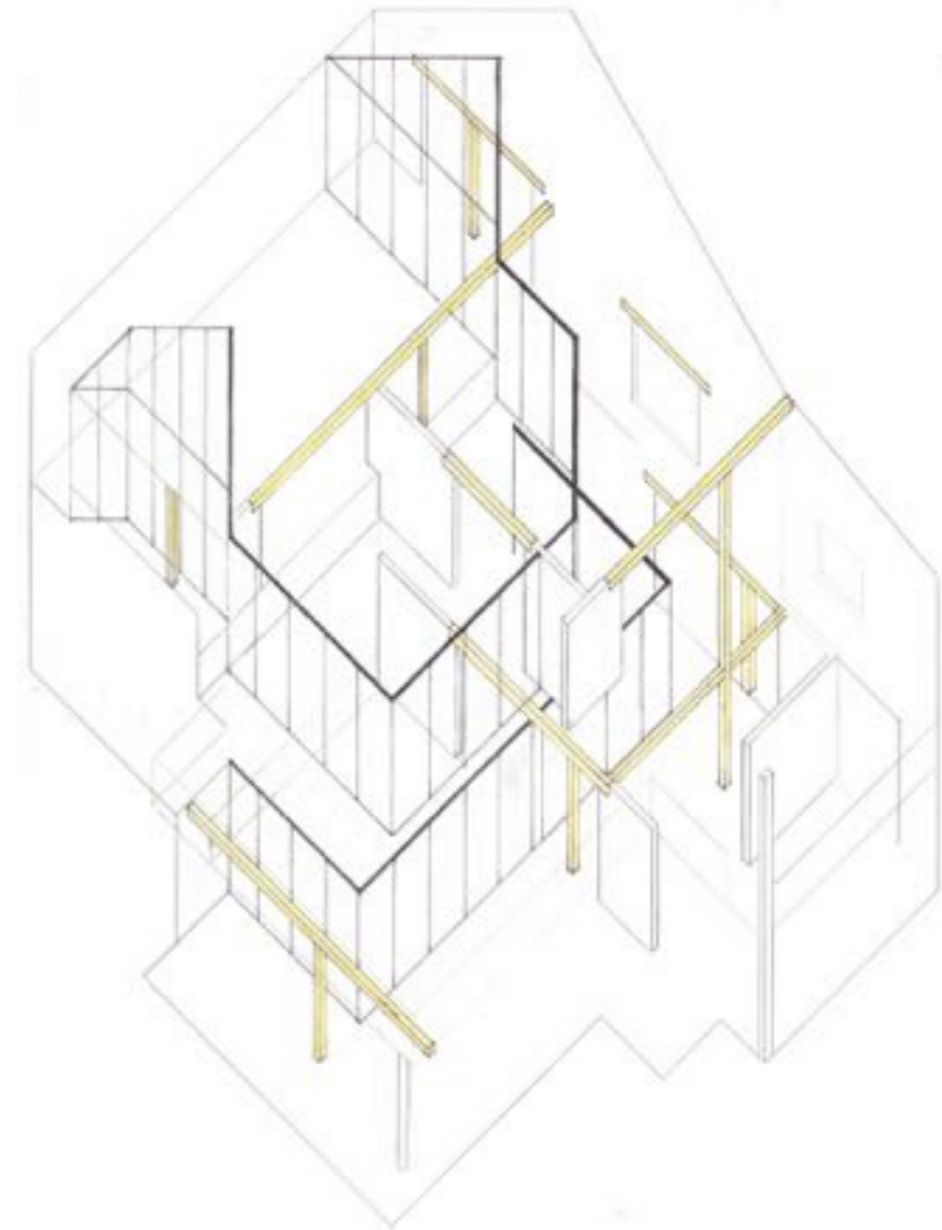
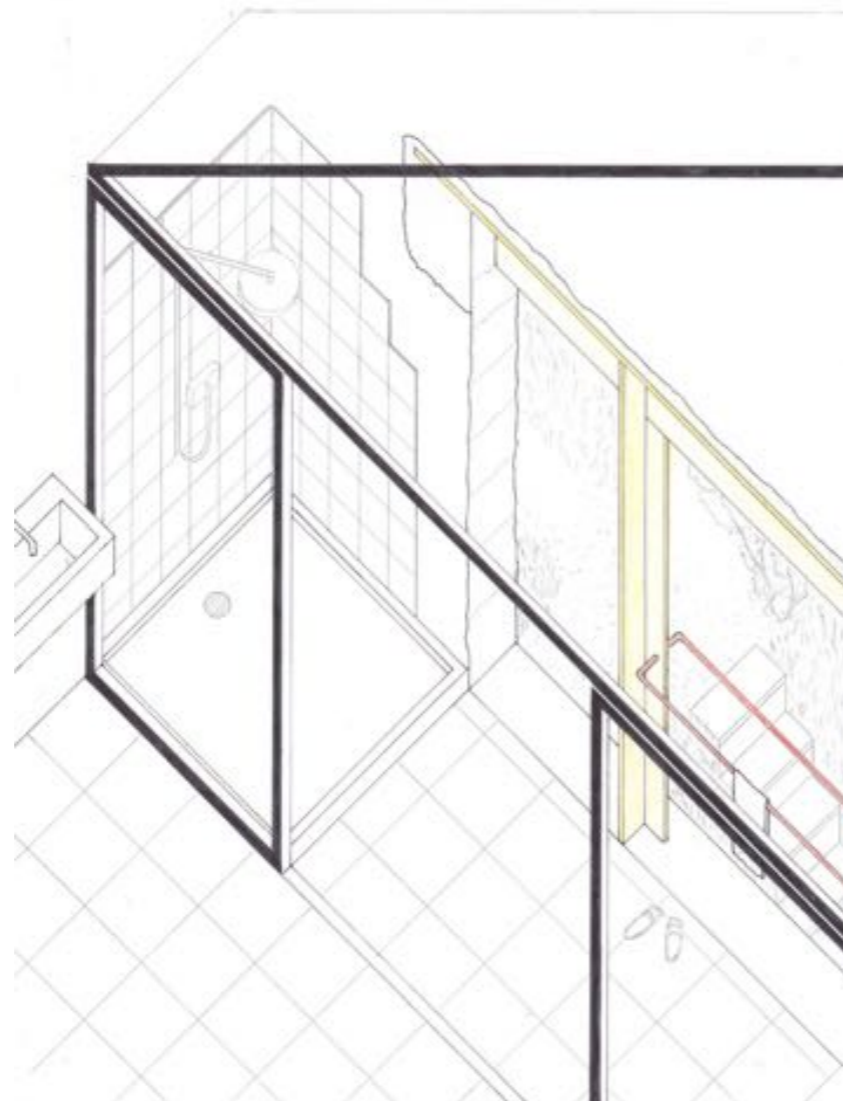
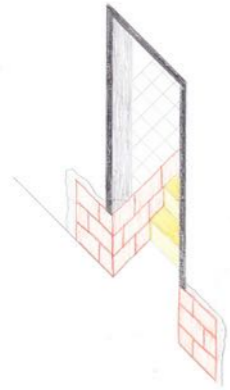
Switzerland



Movement 2

BE in CH





An alteration for family Armbruster

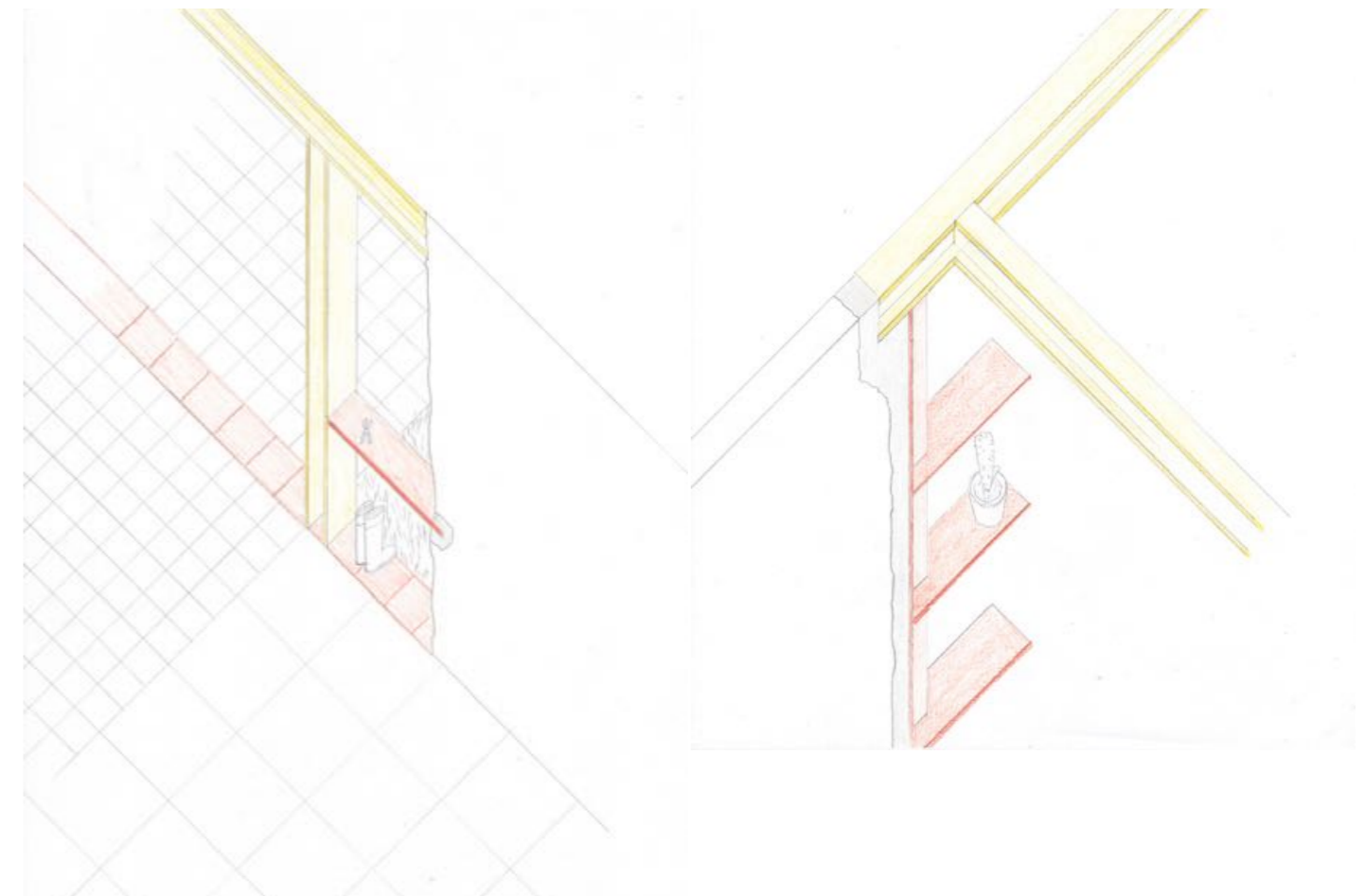
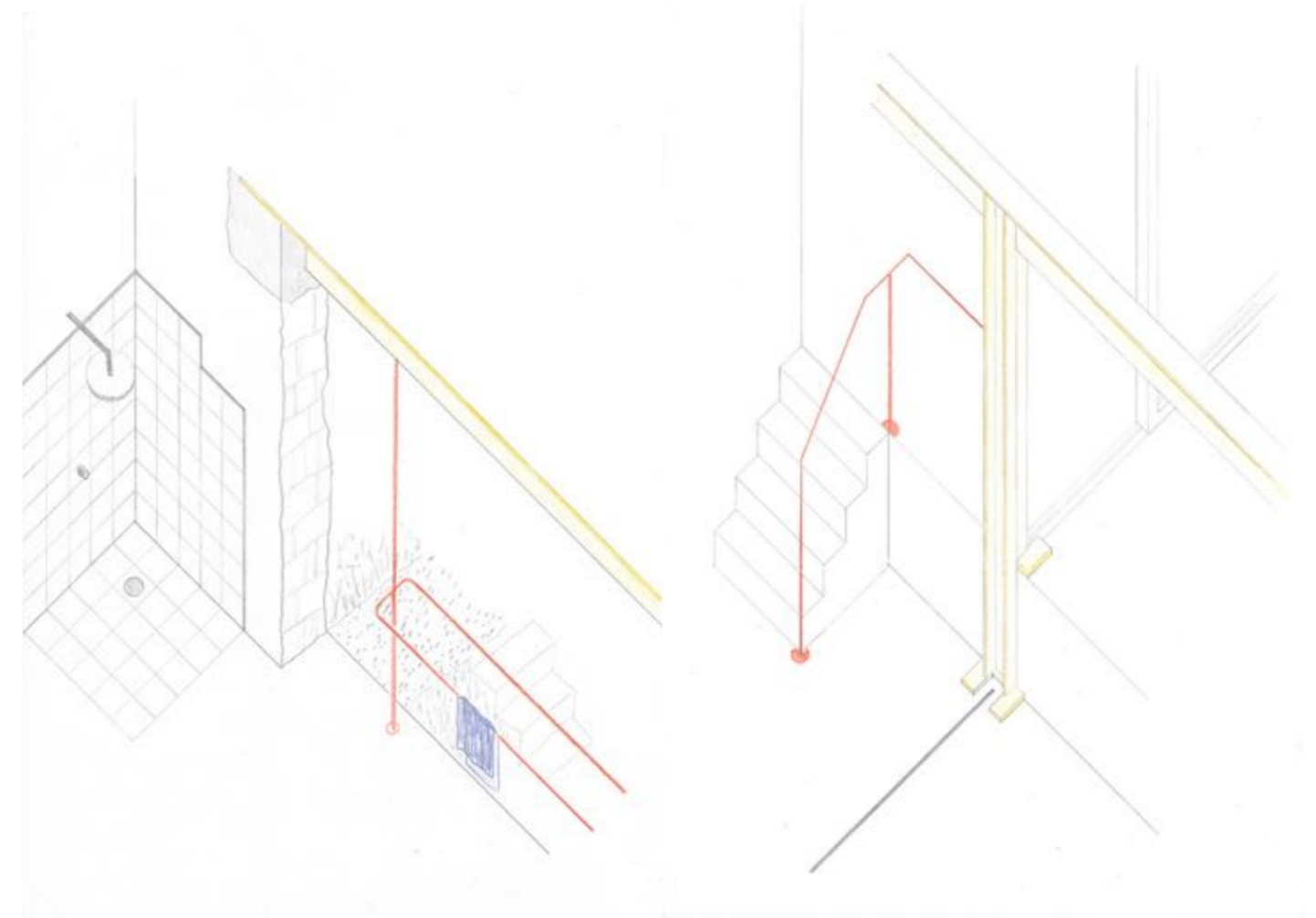
We've been living in this house for over 26 years now. I remember numerous moments with our kids growing up in this quiet home.

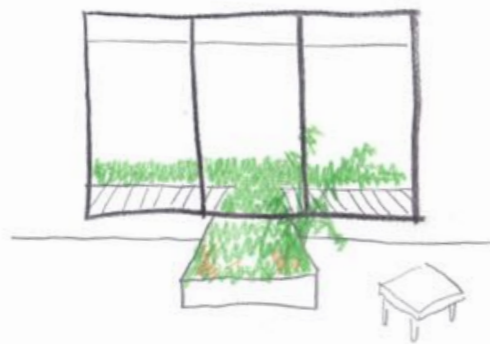
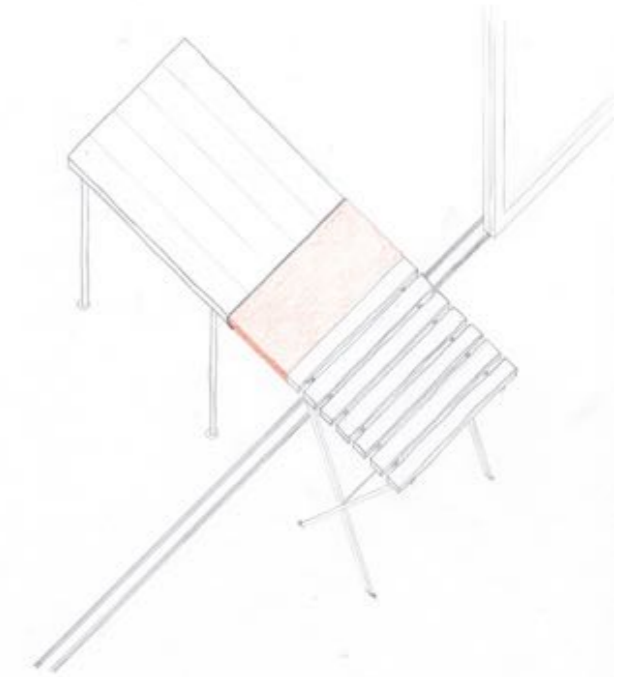
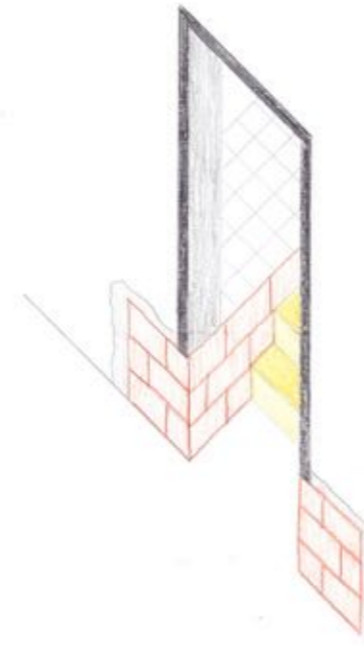
Now that we retired and the kids moved out, I know the house offers way to much space for the two of us. But it's even harder to imagine leaving our home that we know the best.

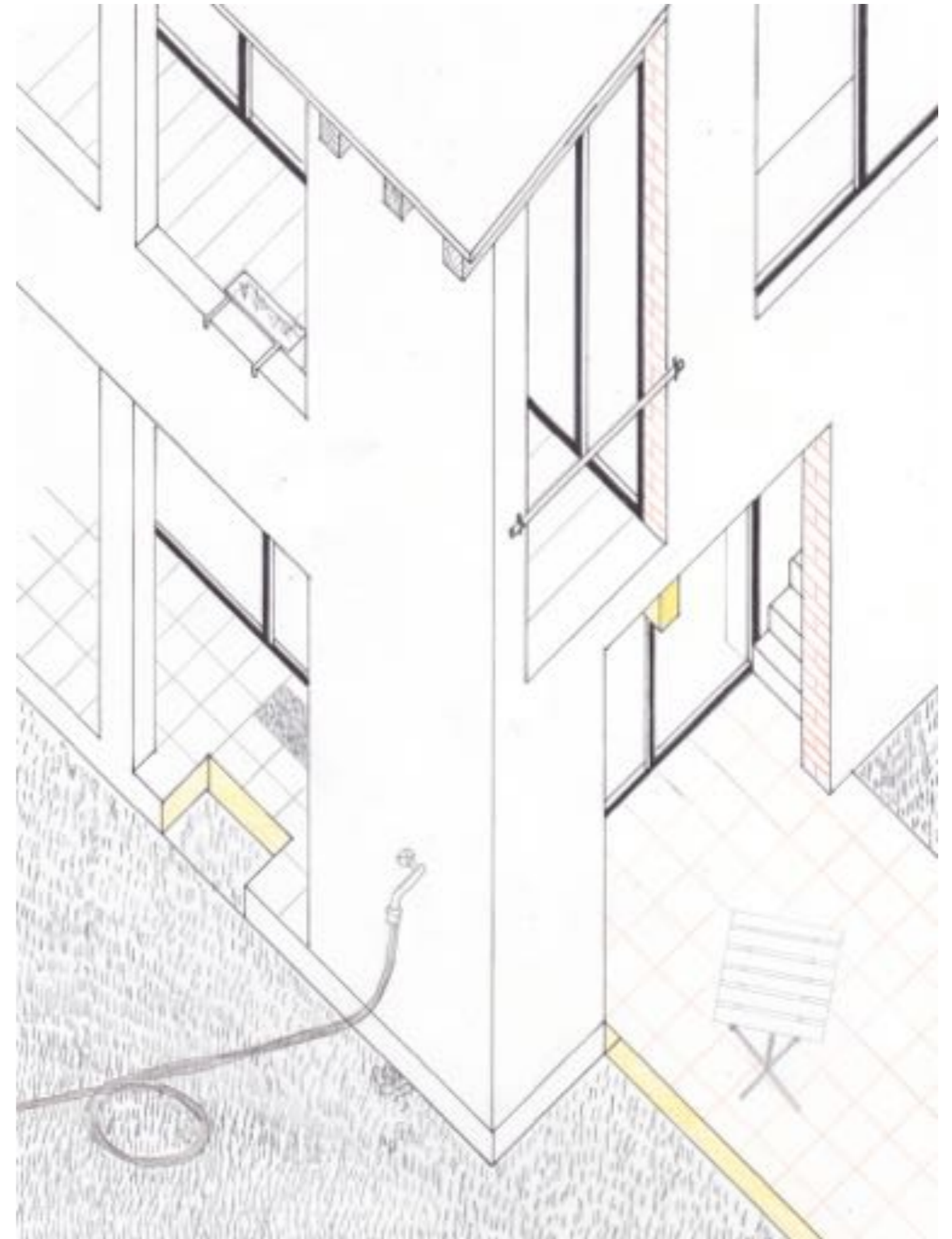
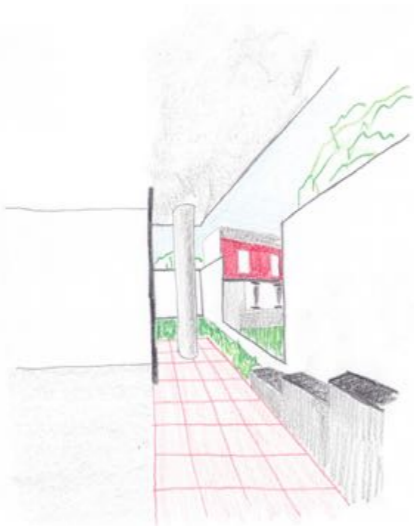
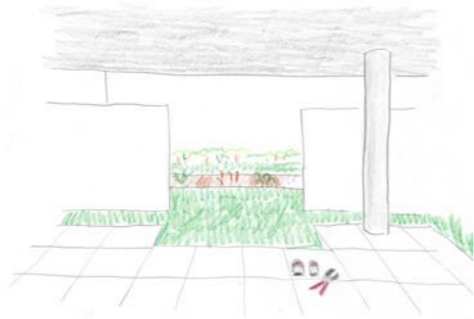
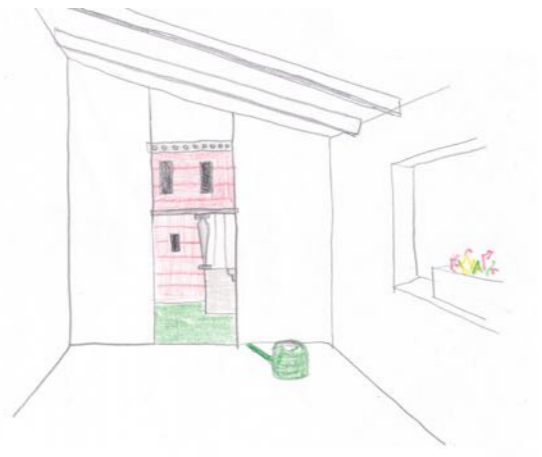
Finally we have time to take care of our small paradise outside, which suffered during the time when we were still working hard.

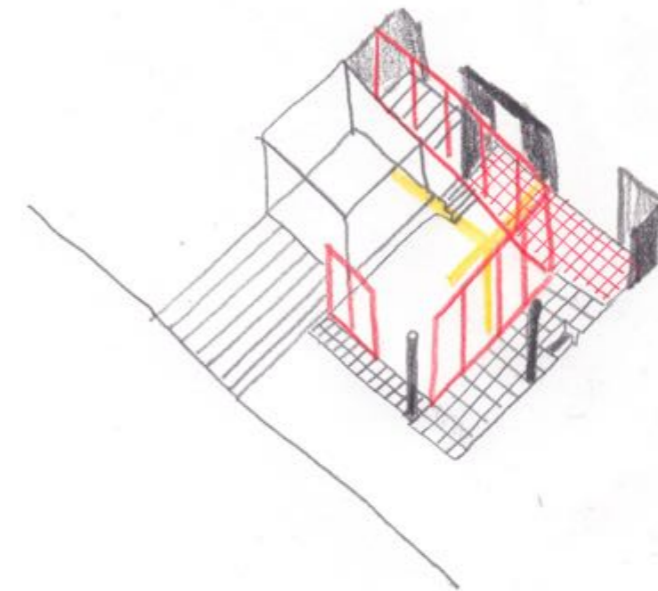
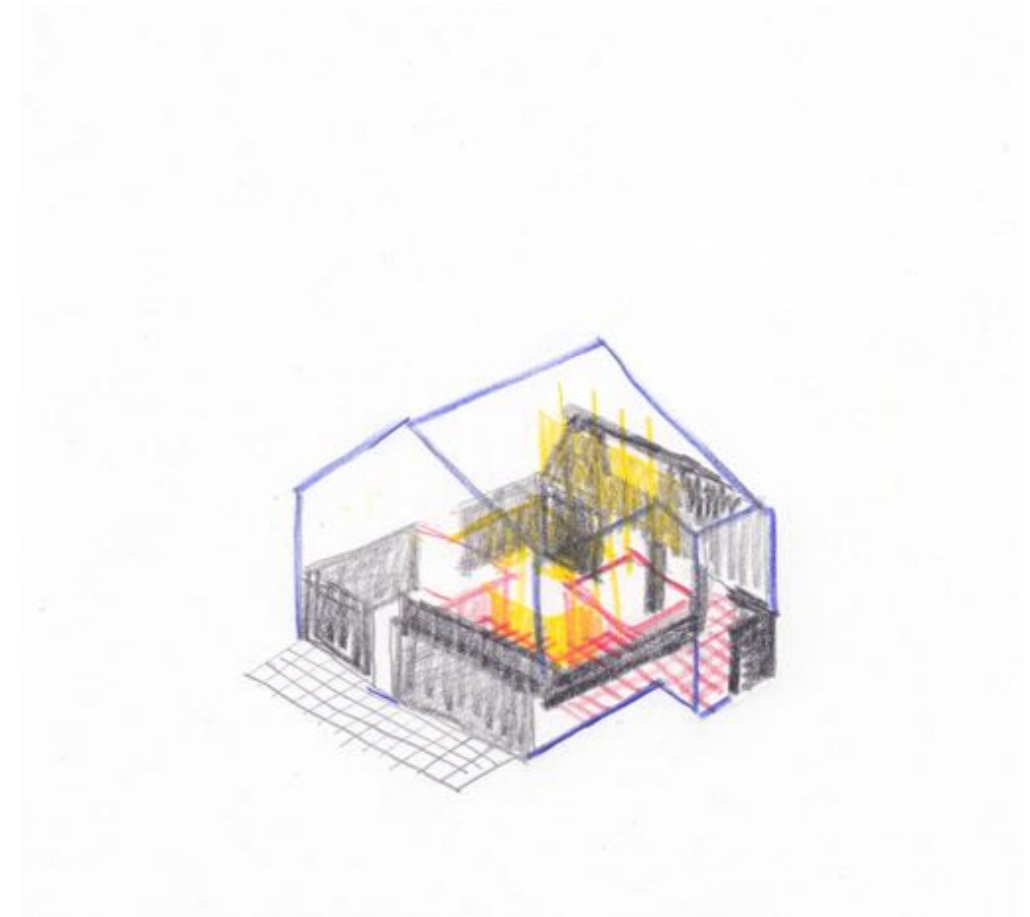
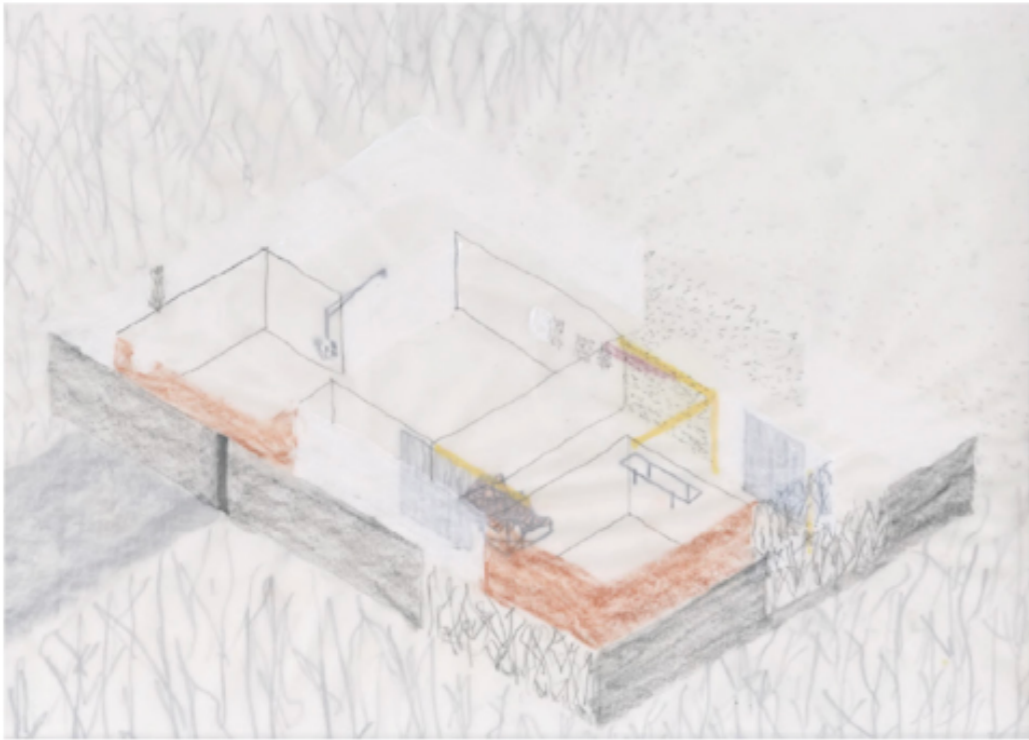
Why should we cut ourselves off from everyone else? I'm afraid of getting old alone in our walls. It's a quiet place anyway. And we do have a fantastic relationship to all our neighbours, even to the postman. We'd love to invite them and take part in life around us.

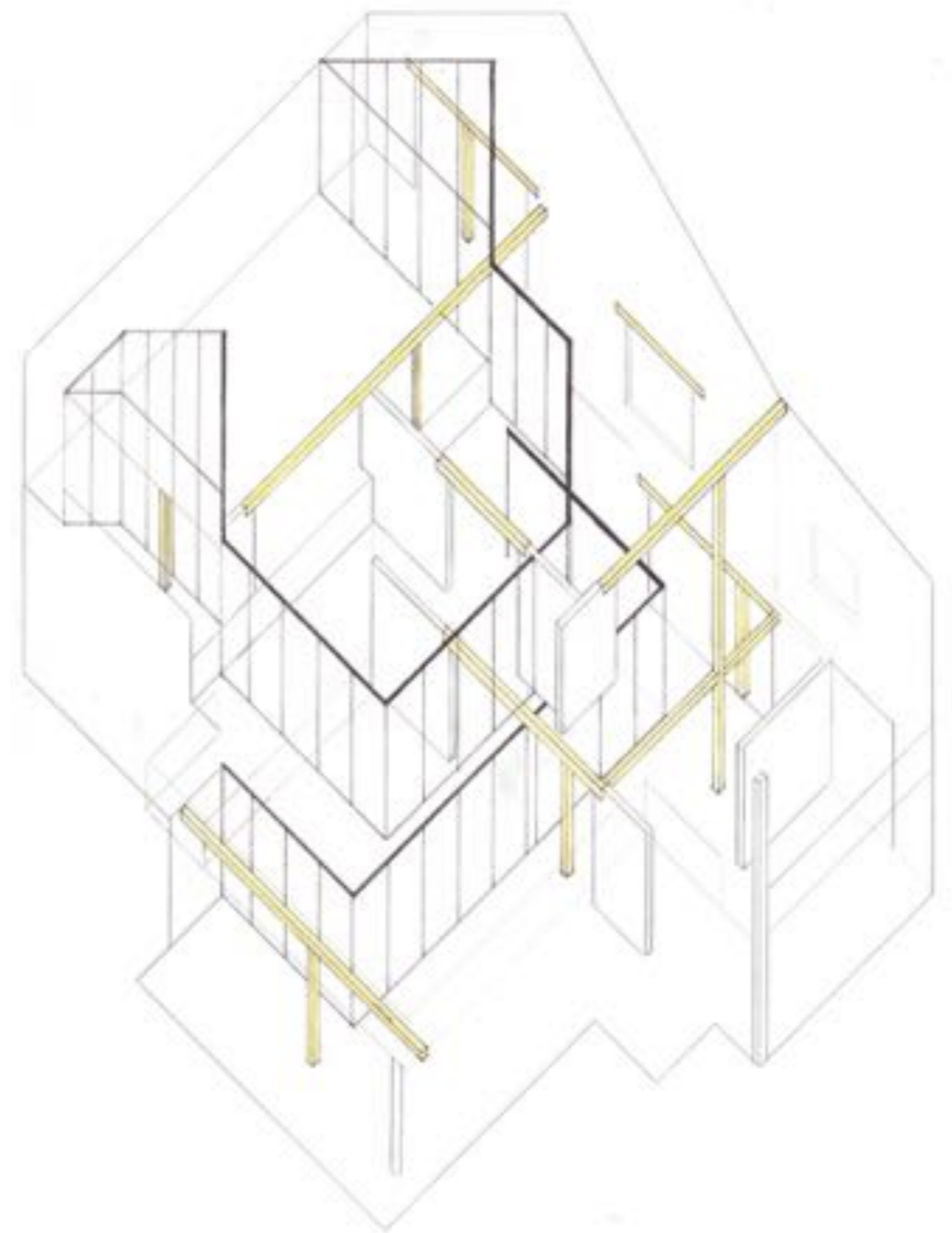
It's time to define the scenario for the rest of our life. Time to establish a new relationship between us and our environment, with all the respect to the home we have been maintaining the past years.

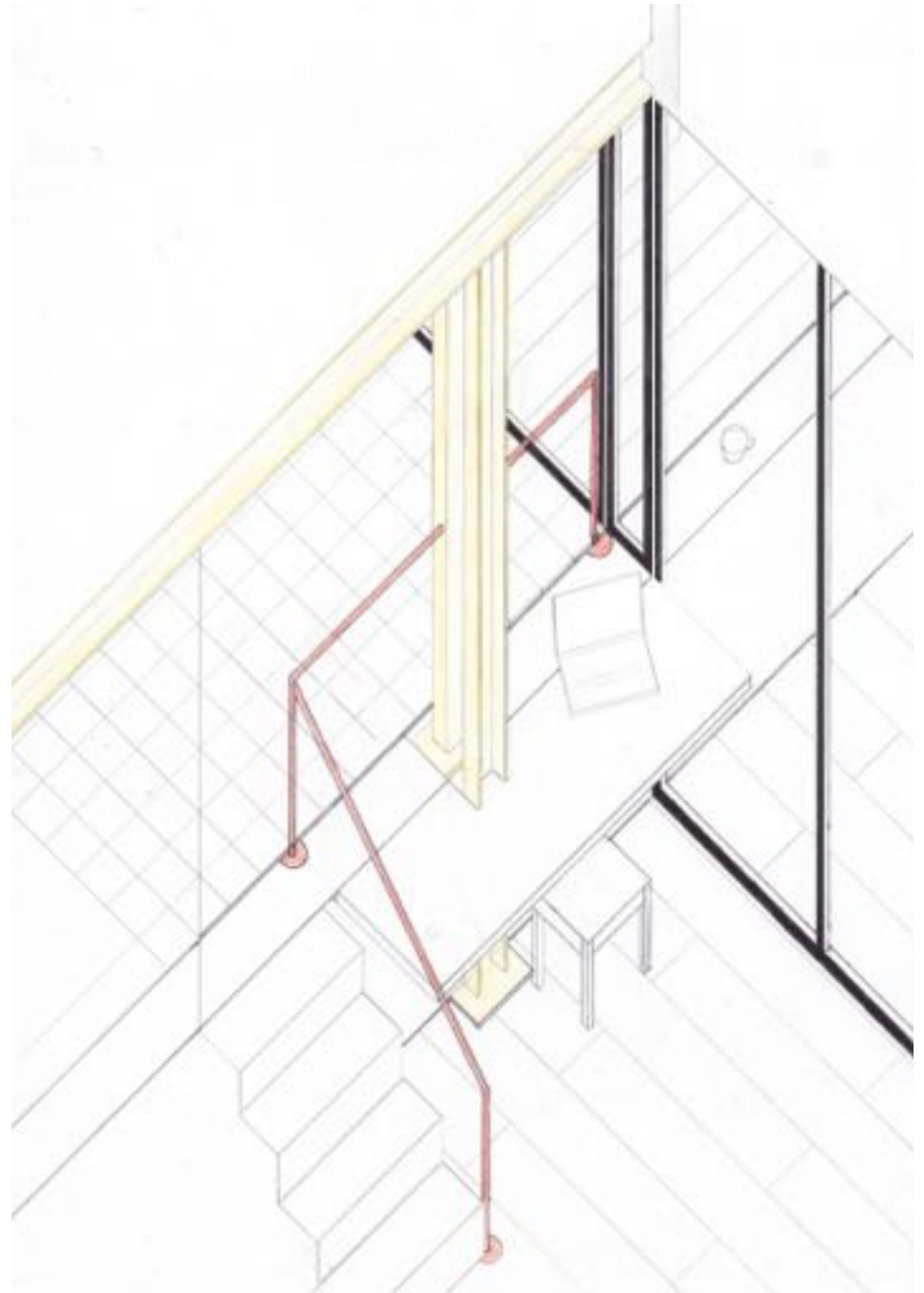


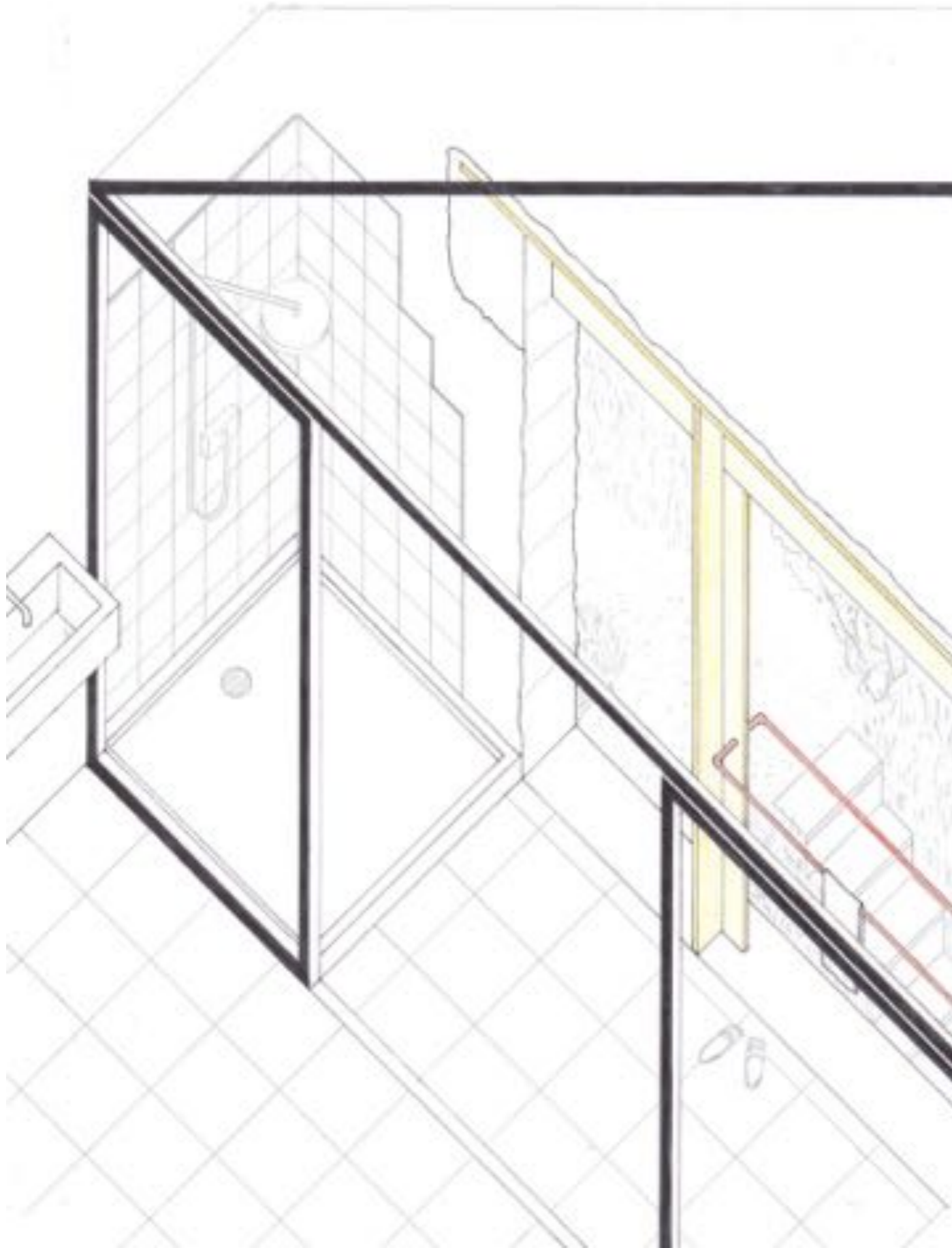


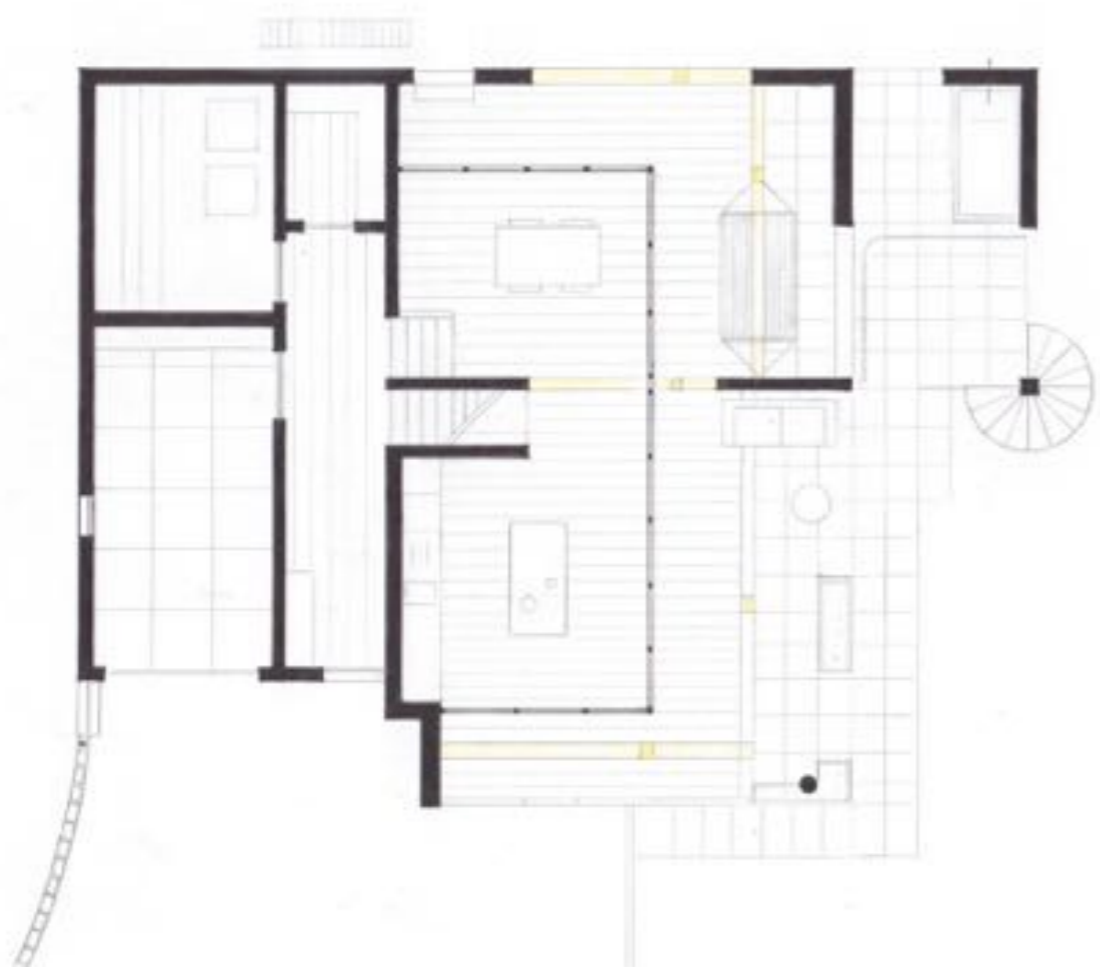


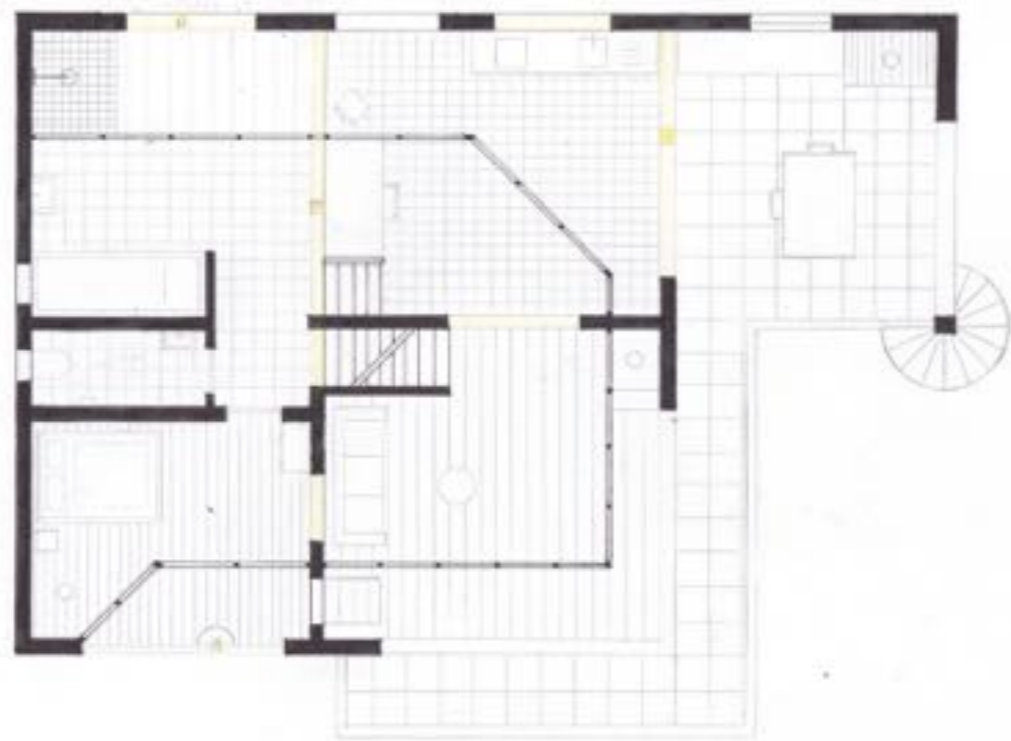


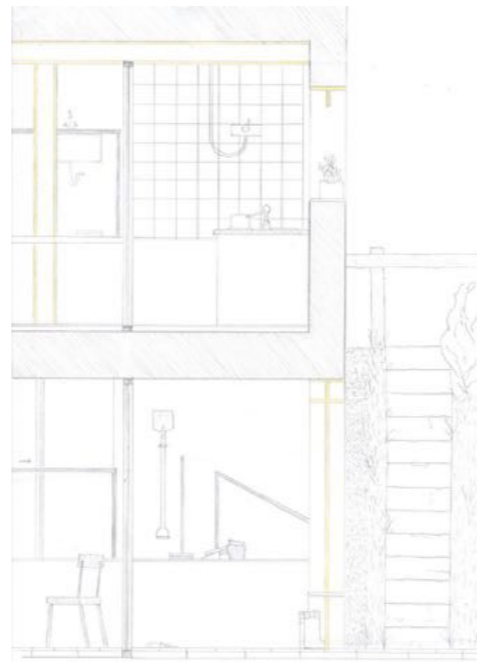
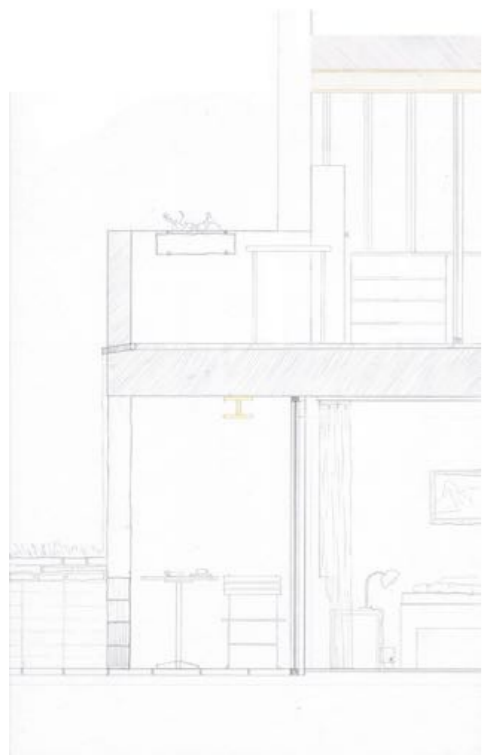






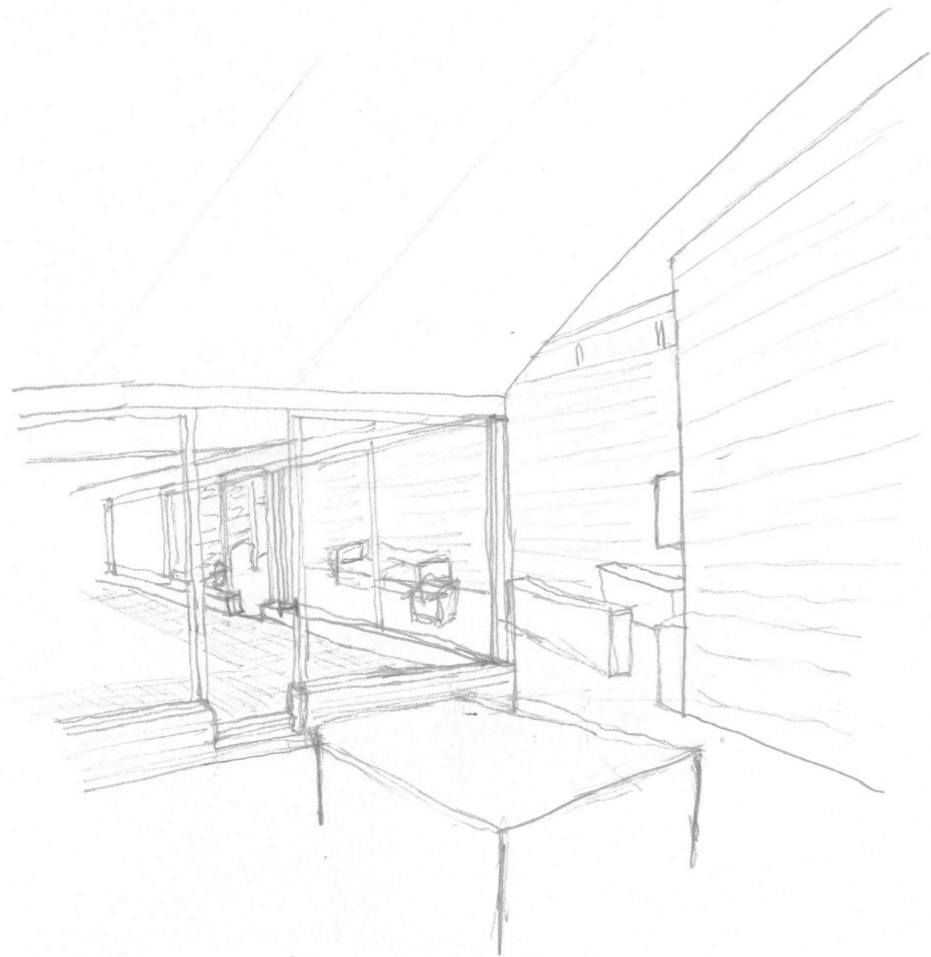
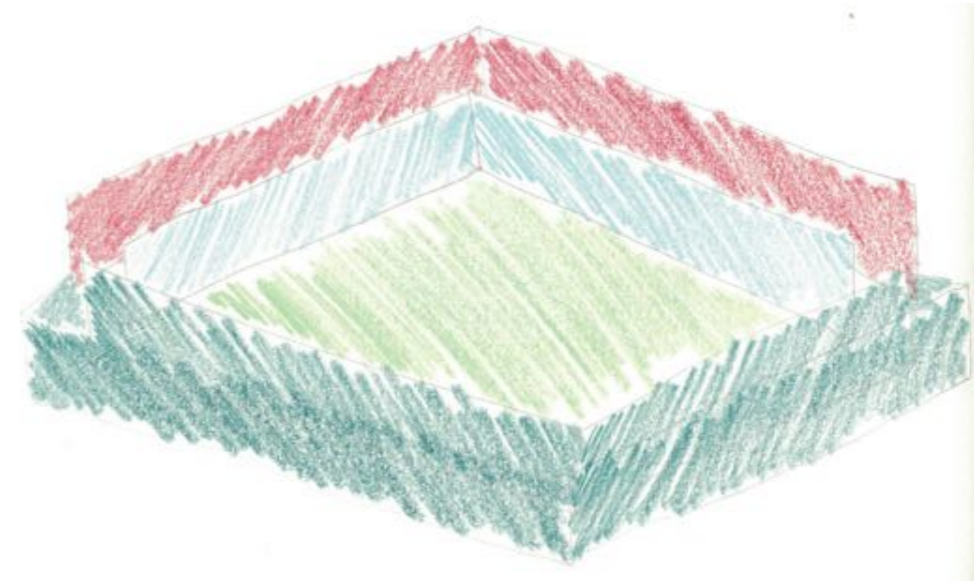


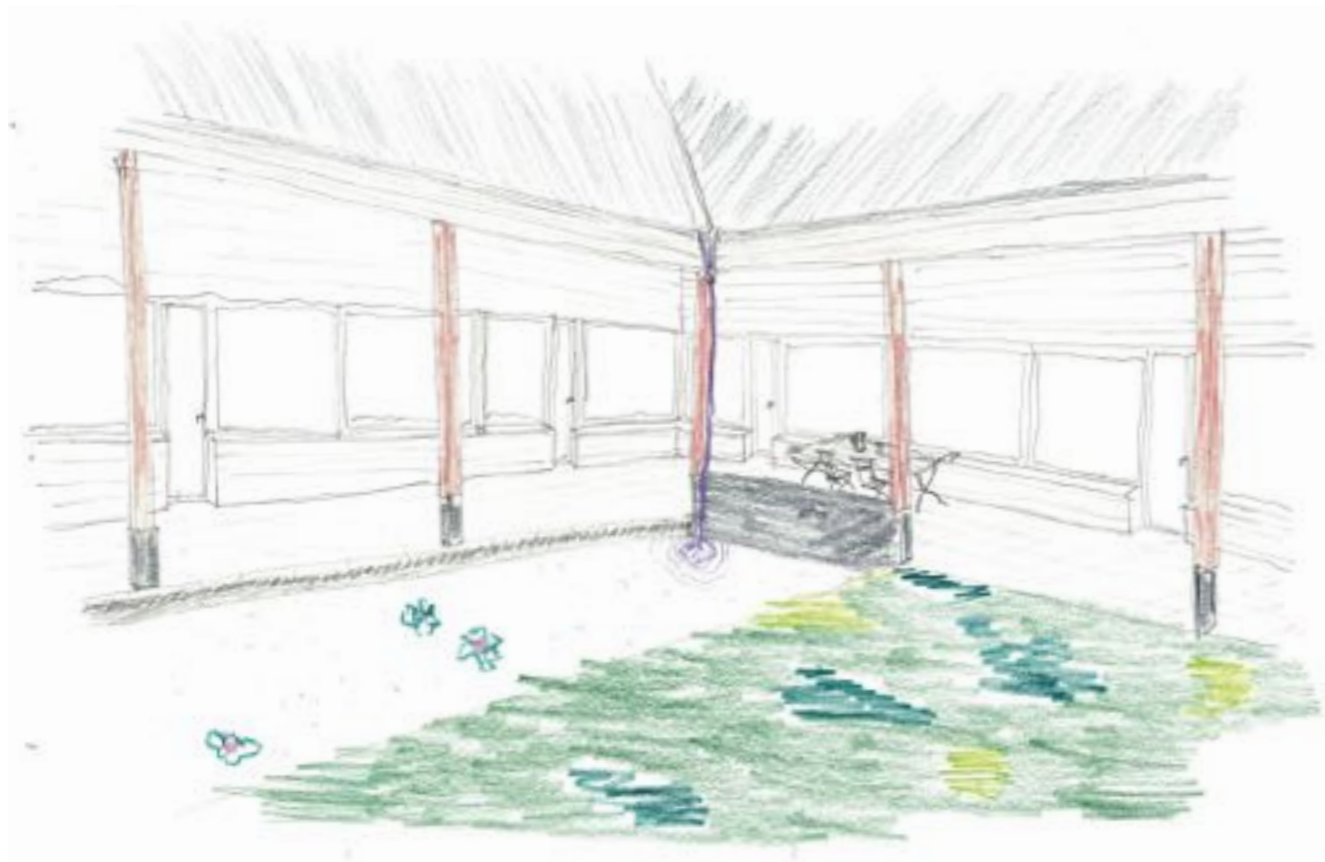


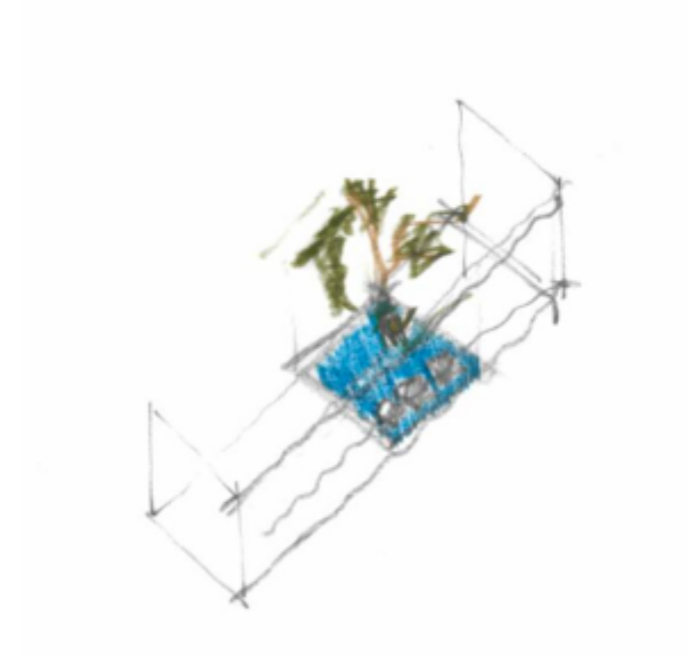
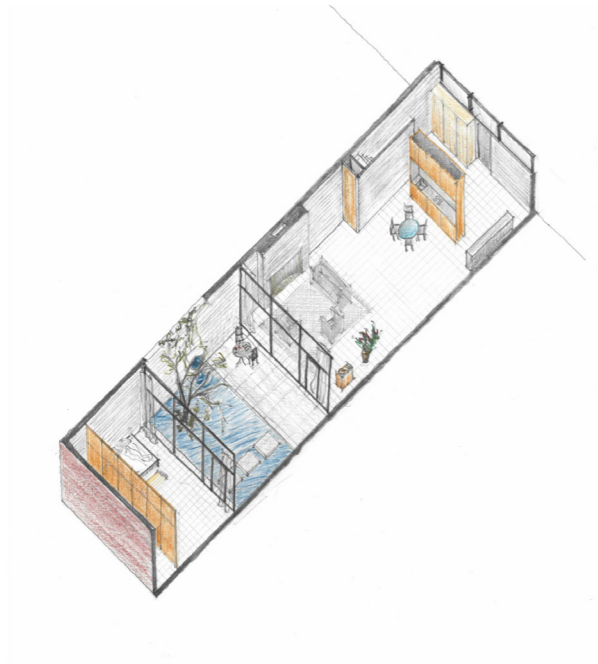


Movement 2

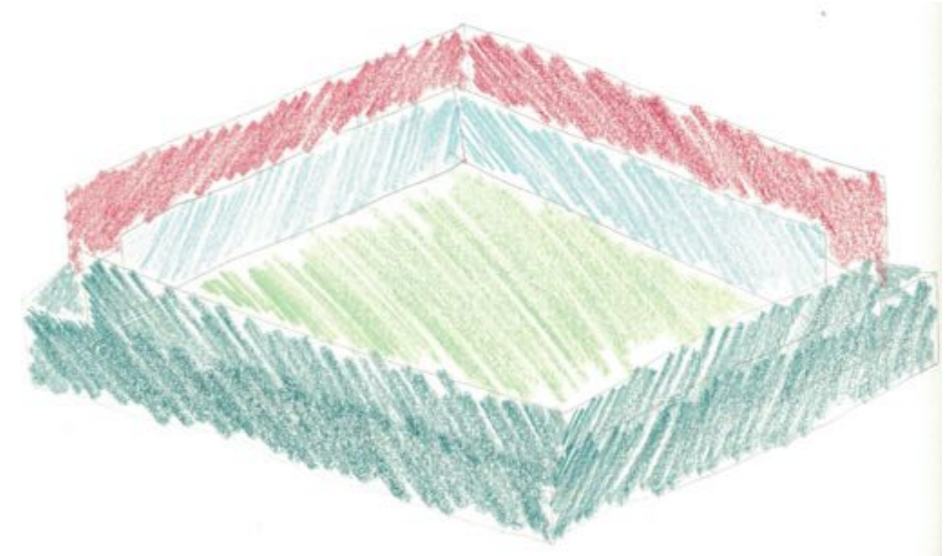
US in CH

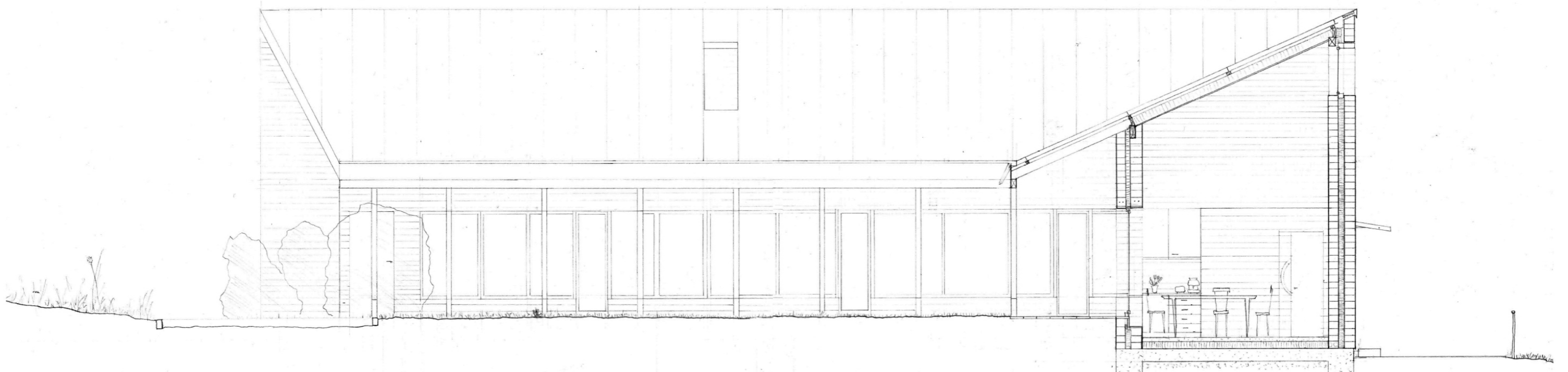
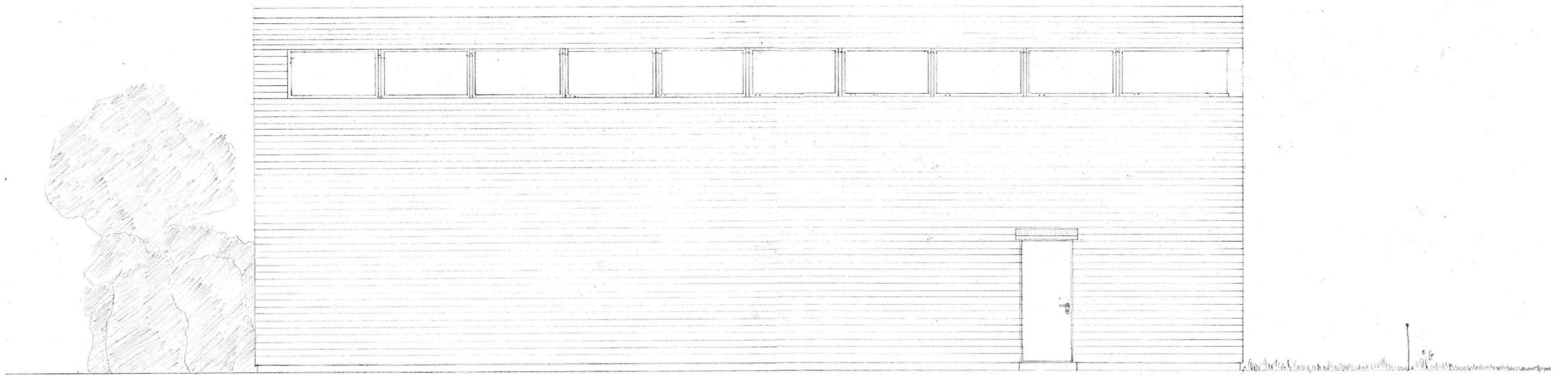


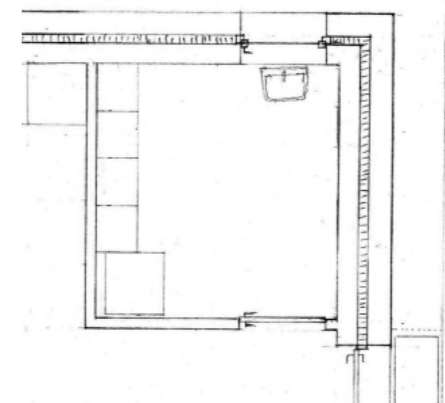
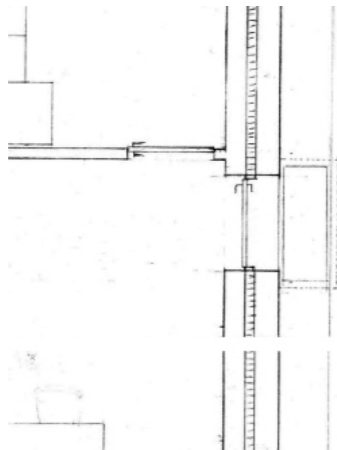
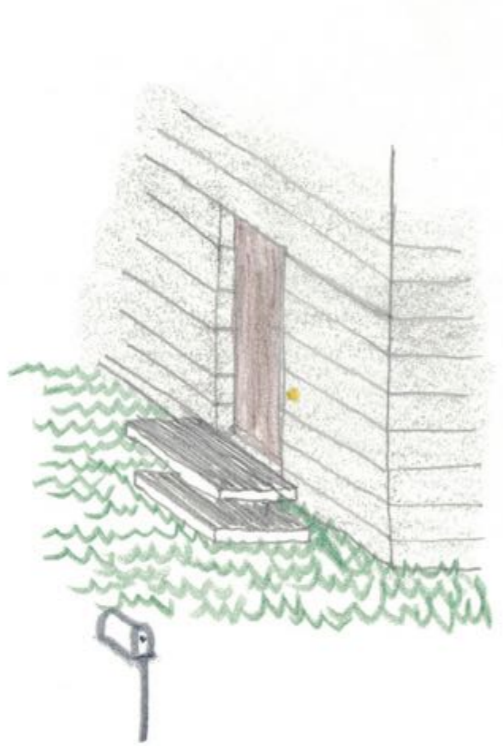


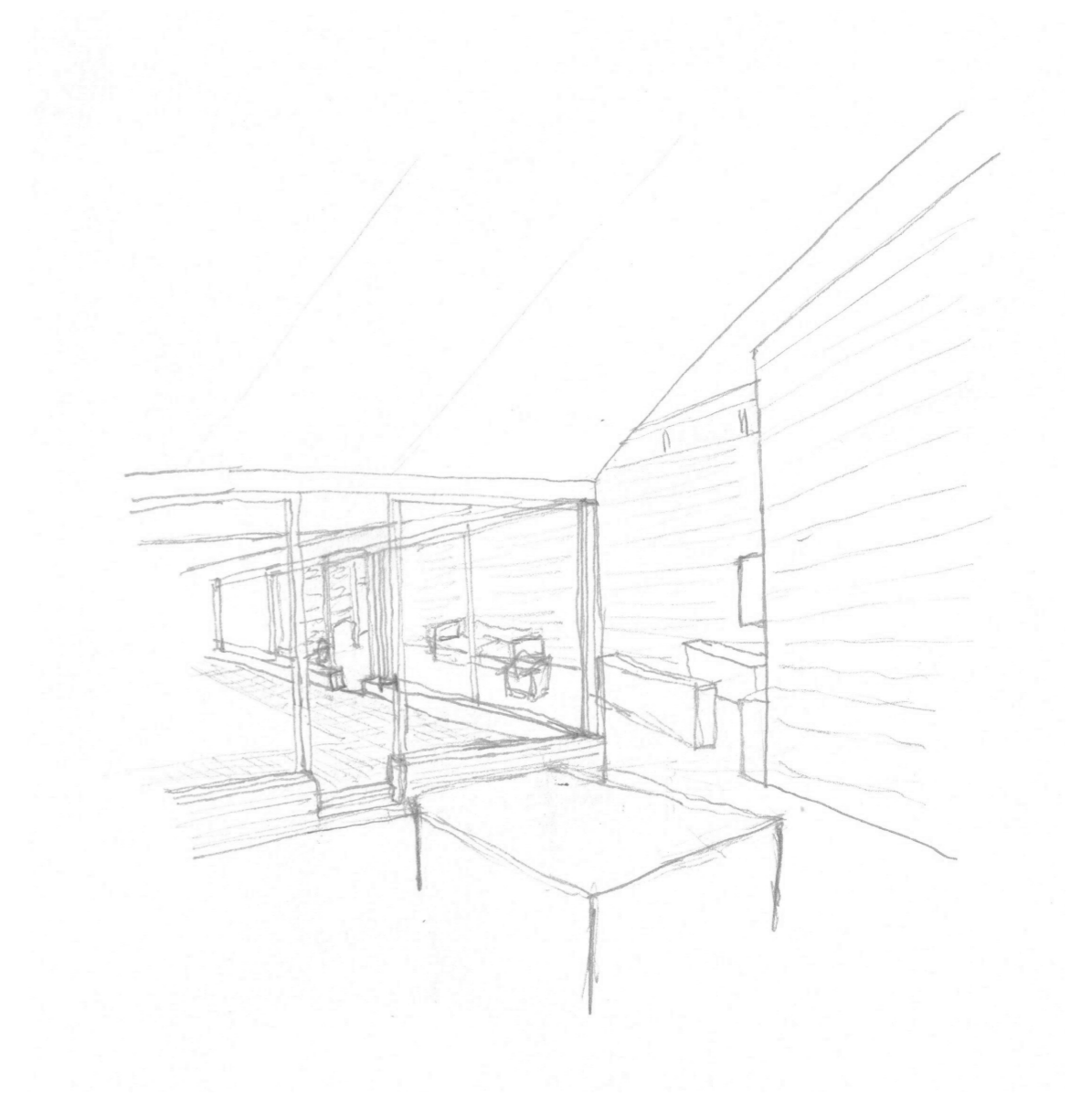
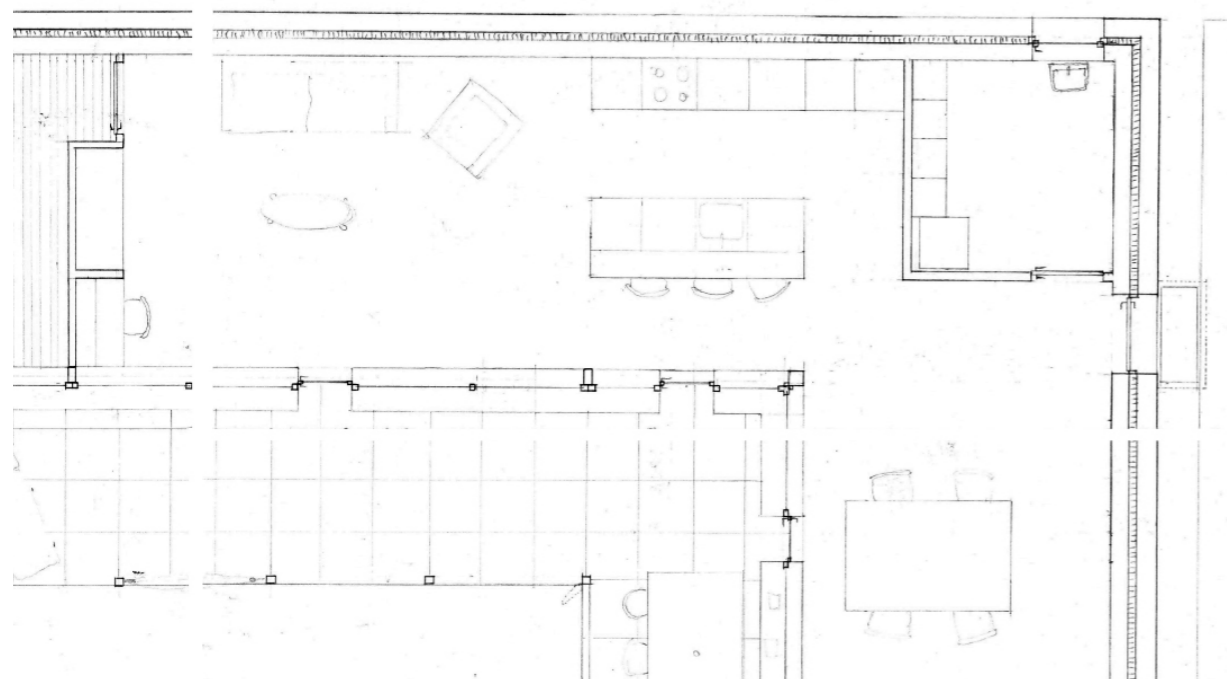








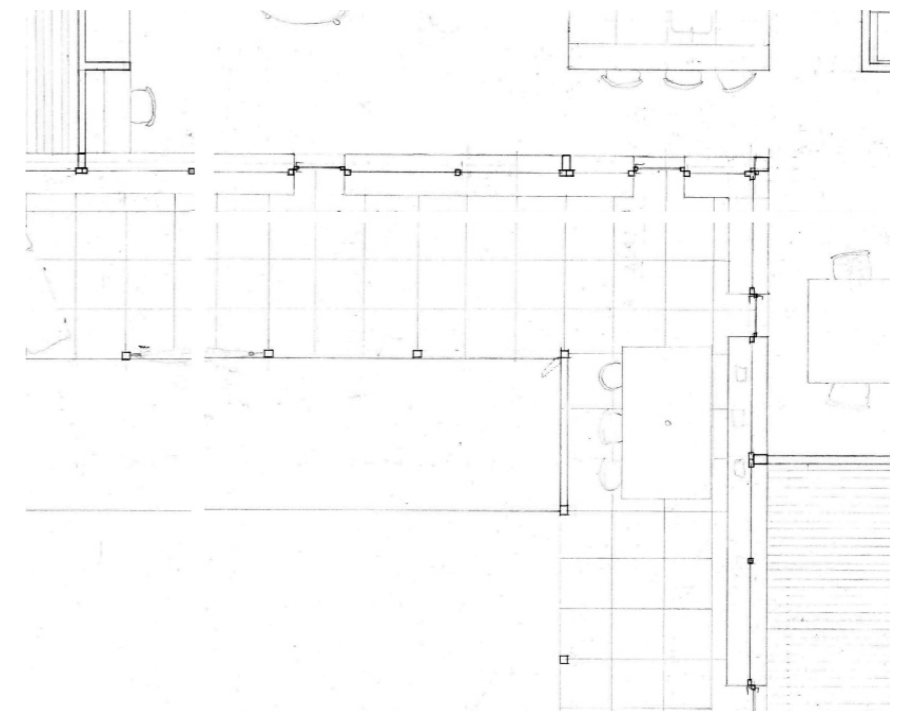
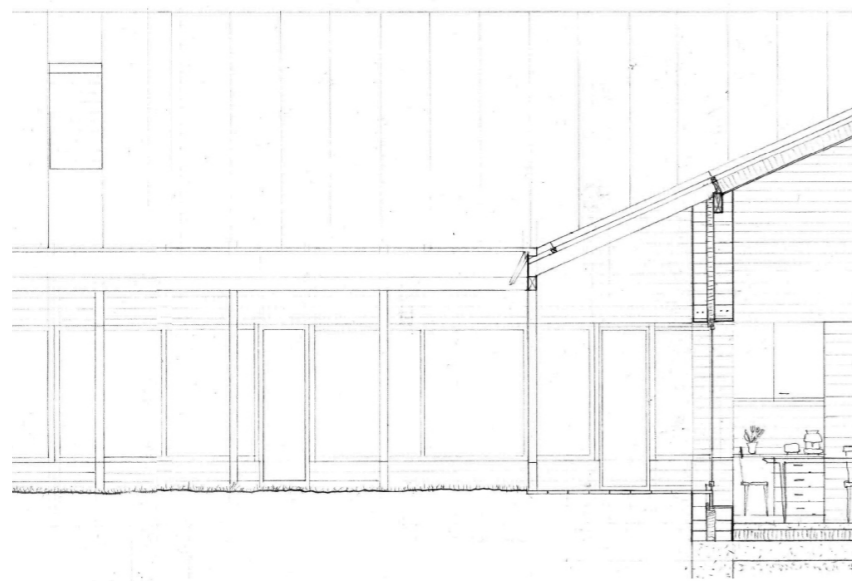




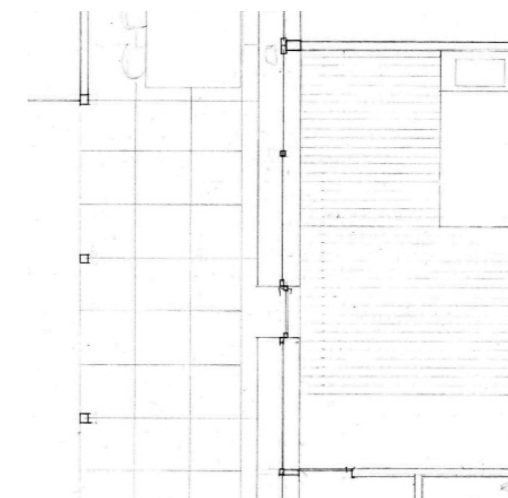
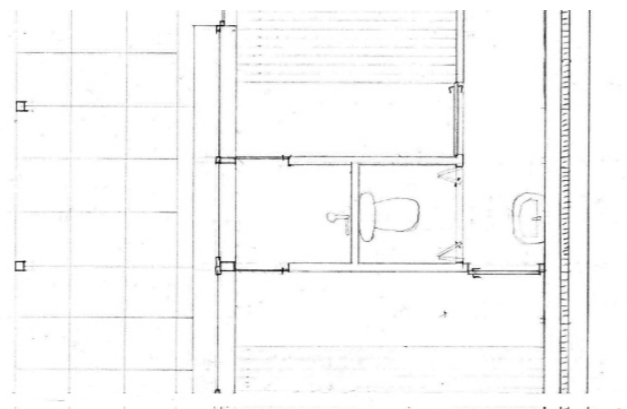
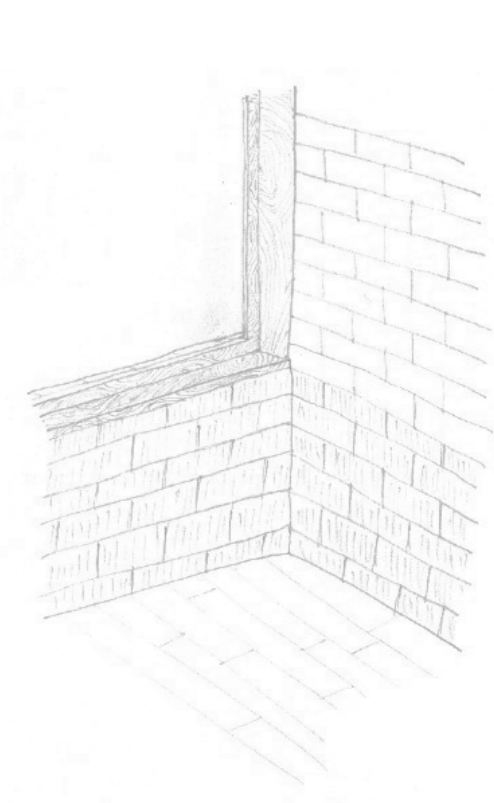
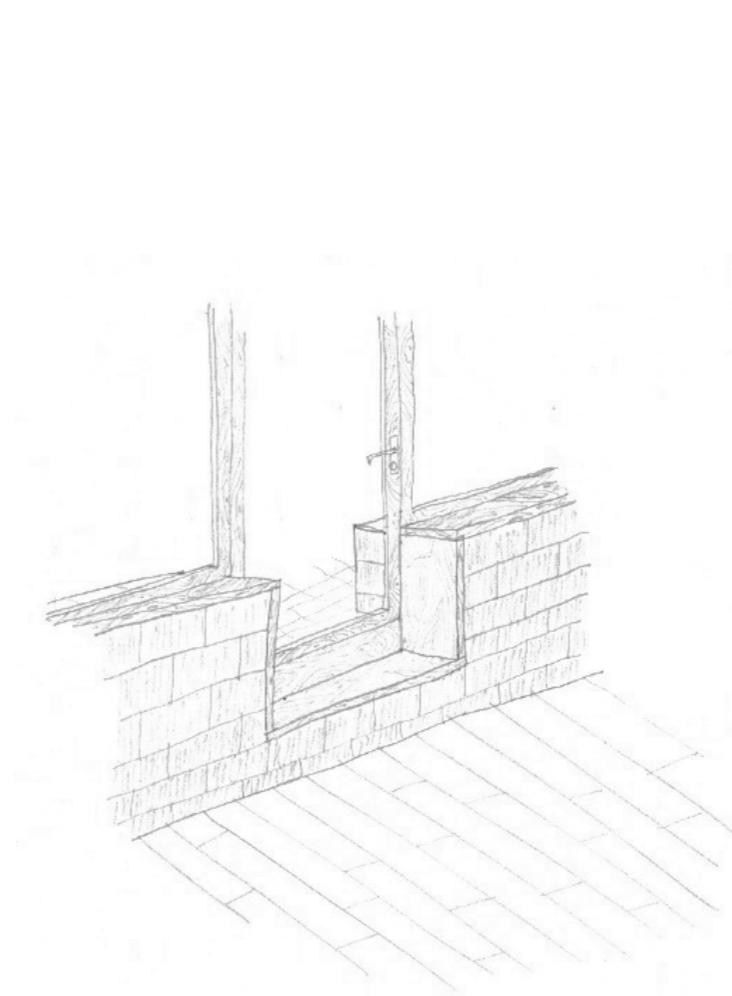
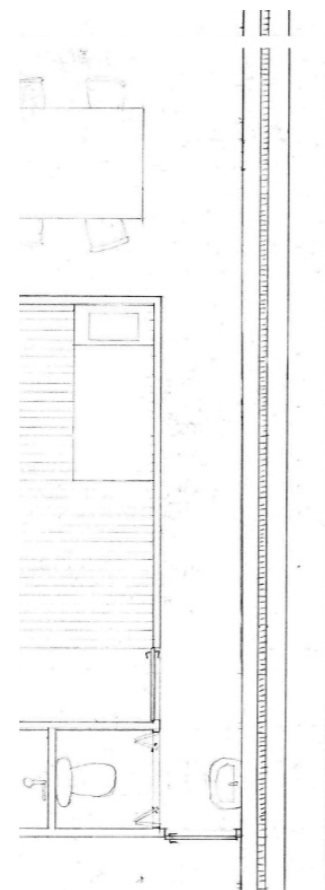
In between

Our house is best enjoyed during storms or heavy rain. The strumming of the rain on the roof, The water rushing from the gutter into the pond, the view on the hills and mountains. From our little nook, the show is grandiose.







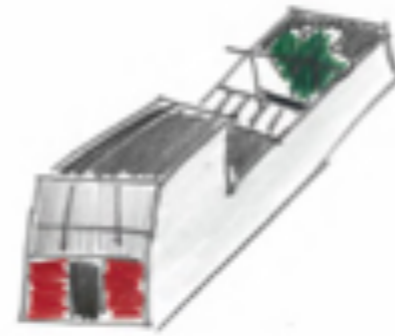
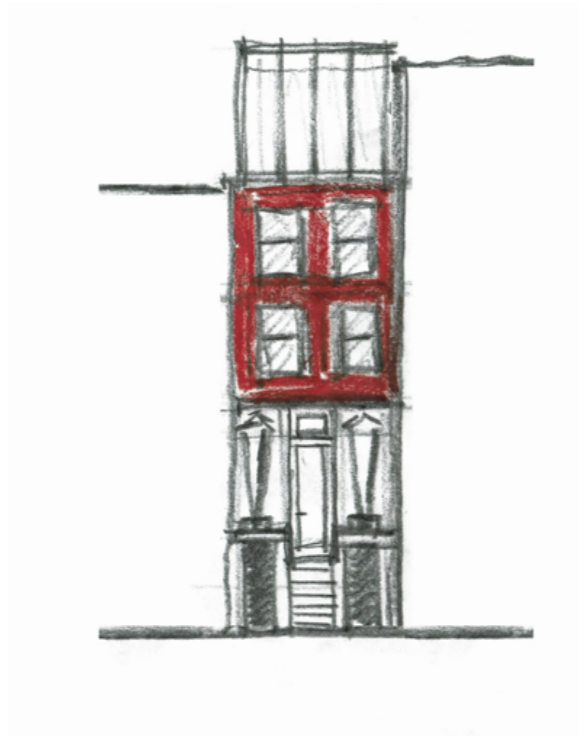


Dialogue BE & US in CH



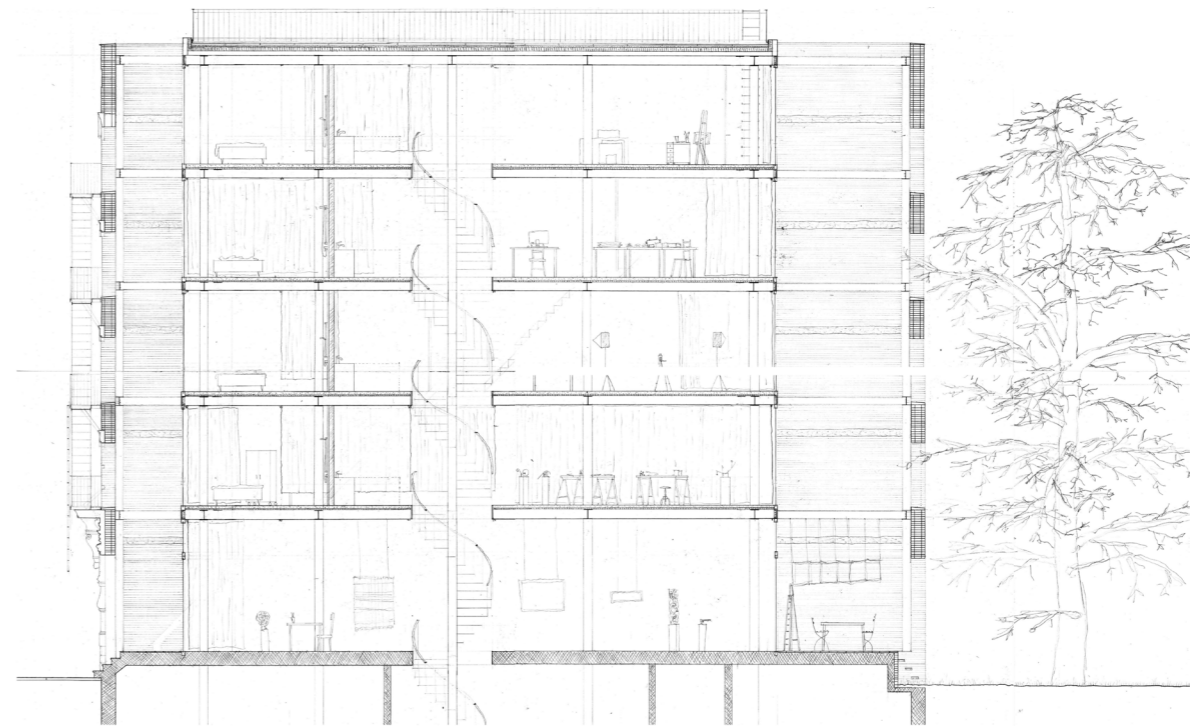
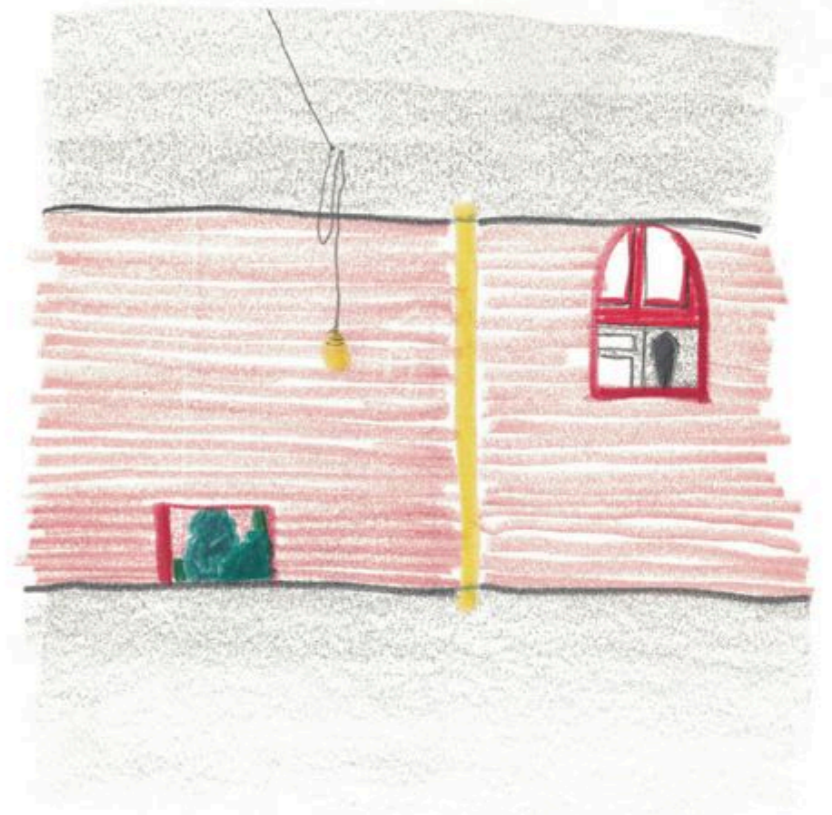
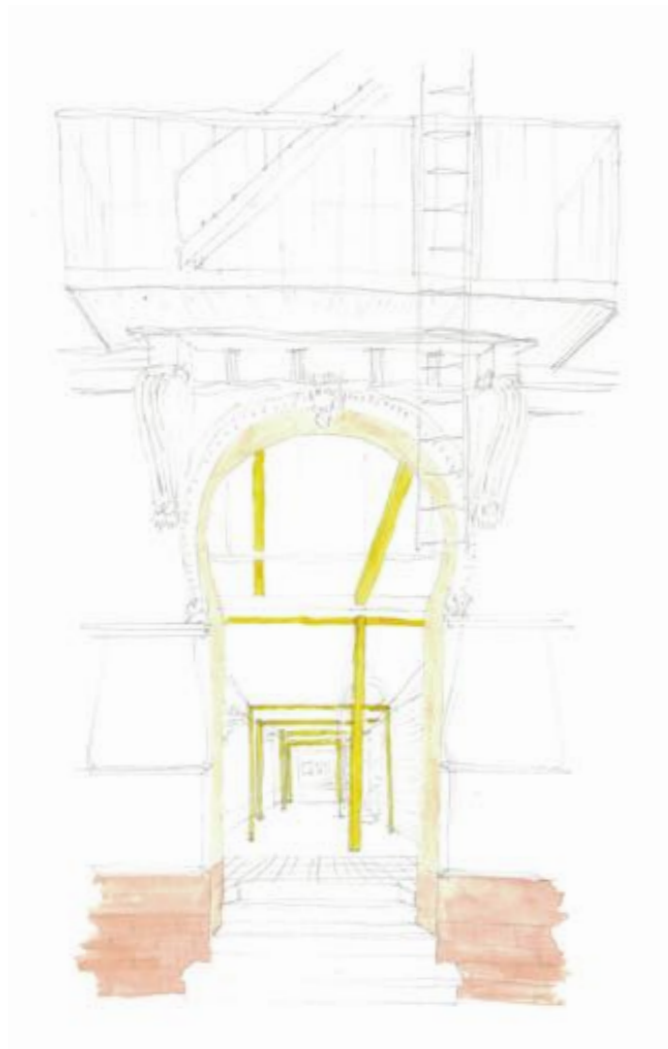
Movement 2

America

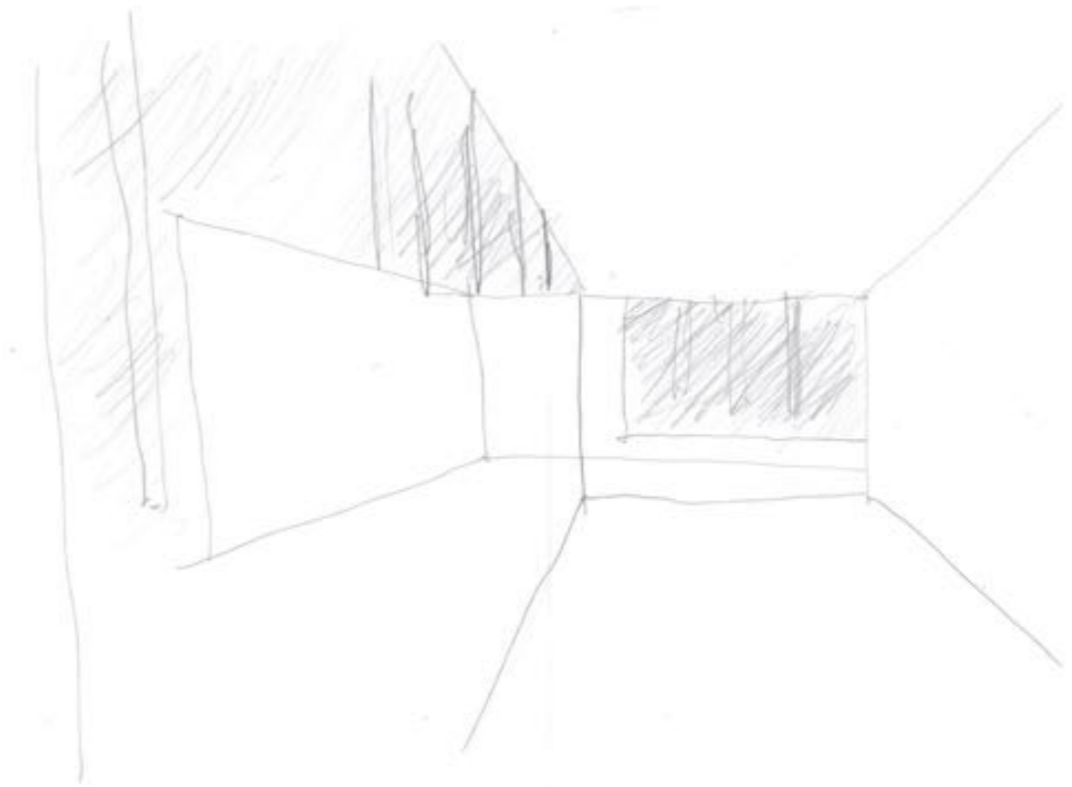
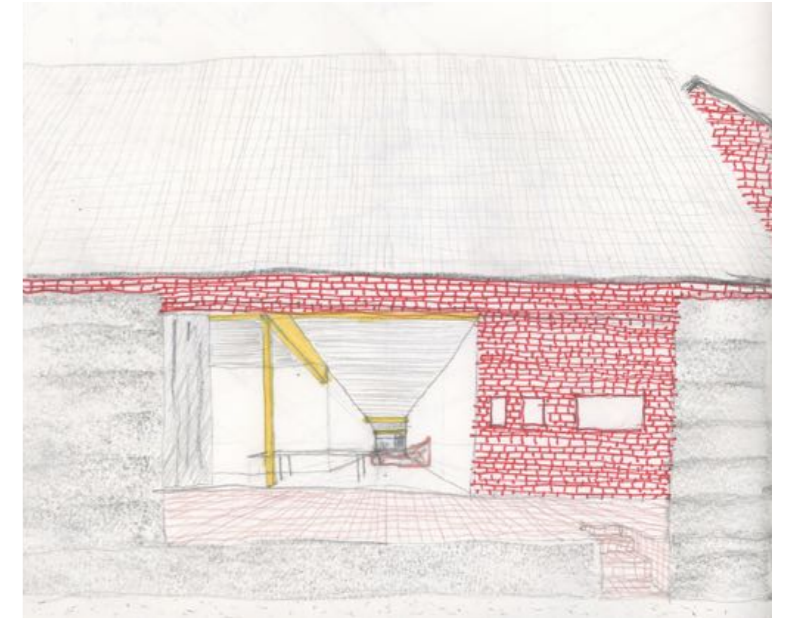
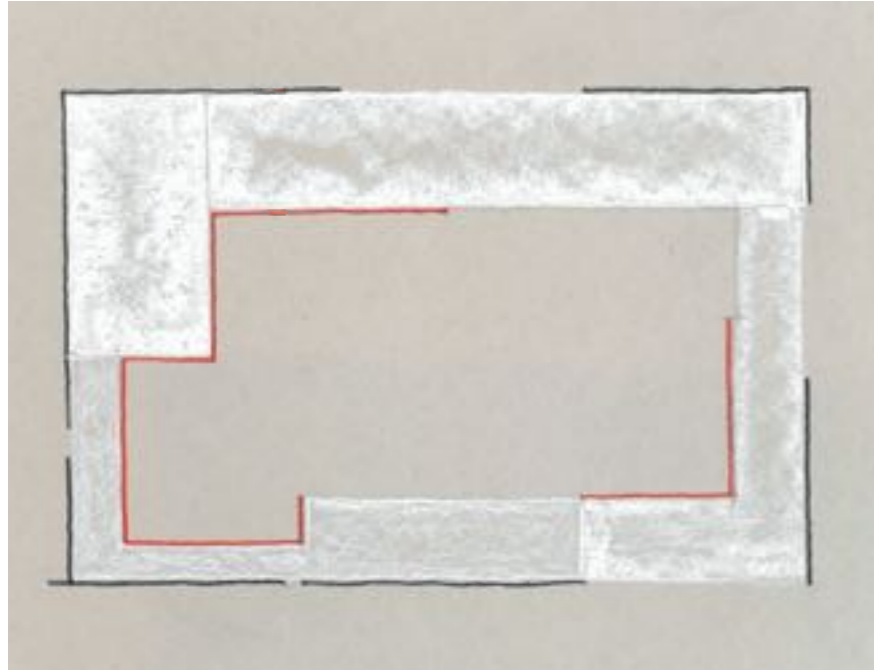


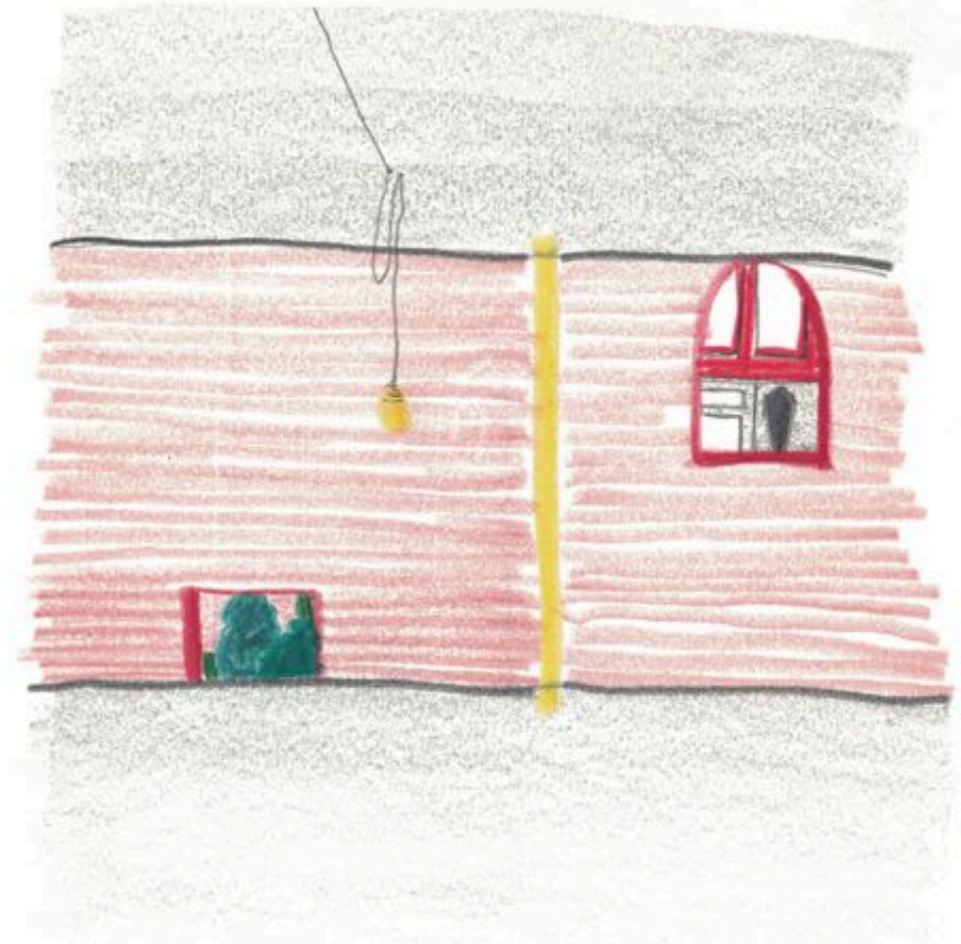
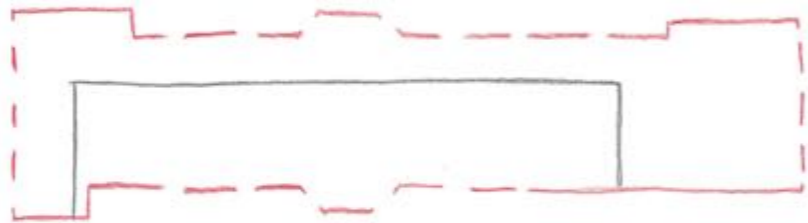
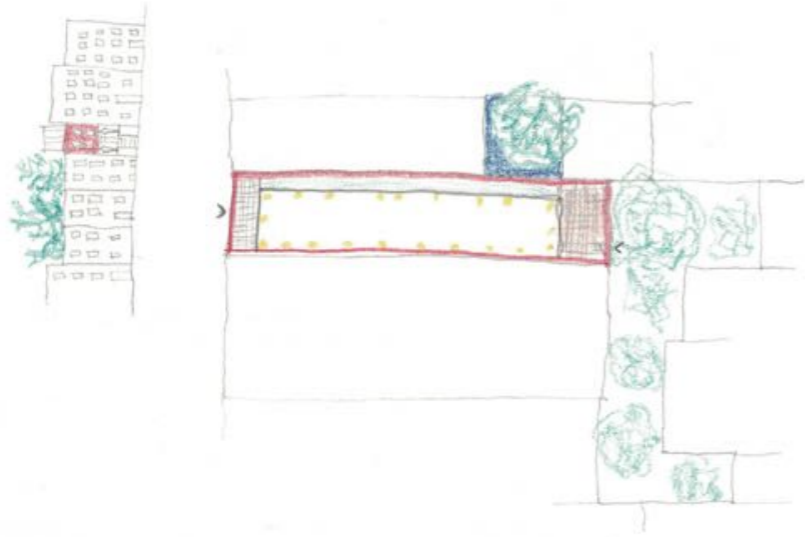
Movement 2

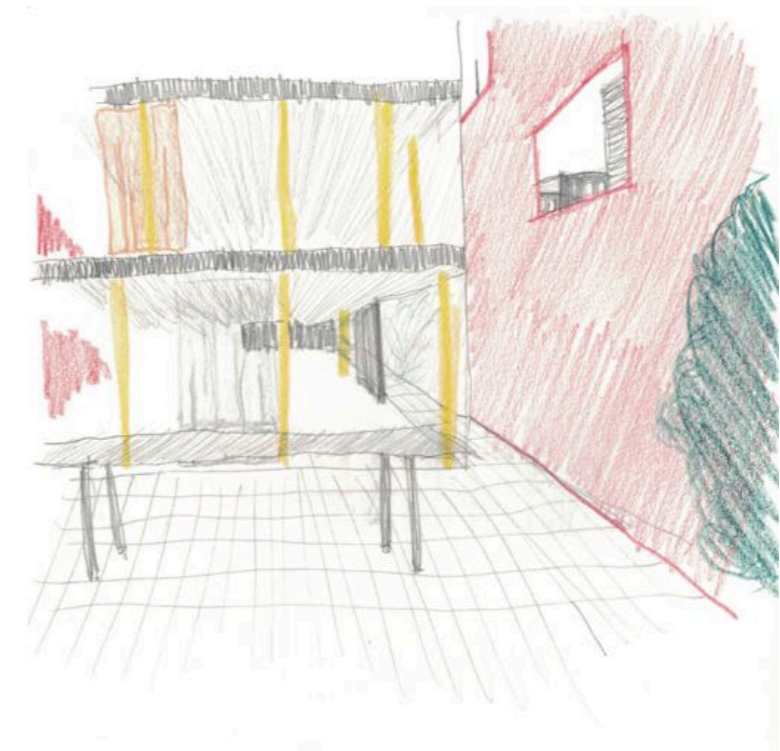
BE in US

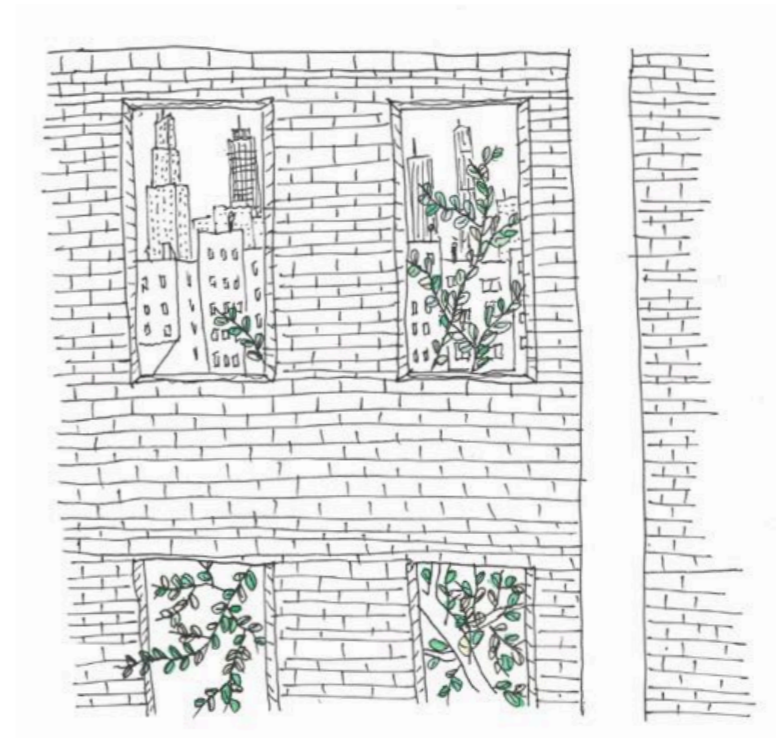
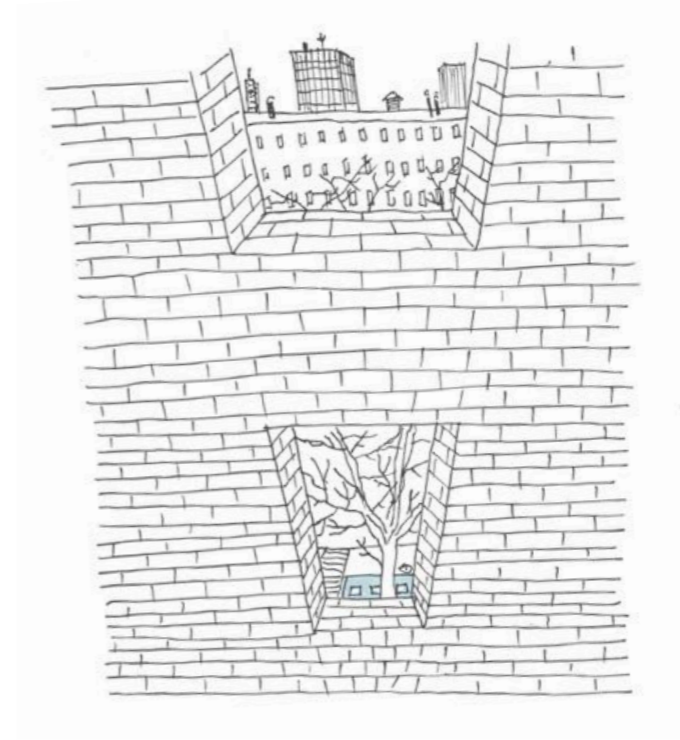













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About 

Our visual arts residency program provides space, access to resources and housing to four young non-local artists who work under the same roof to experiment, collaborate and share ideas.

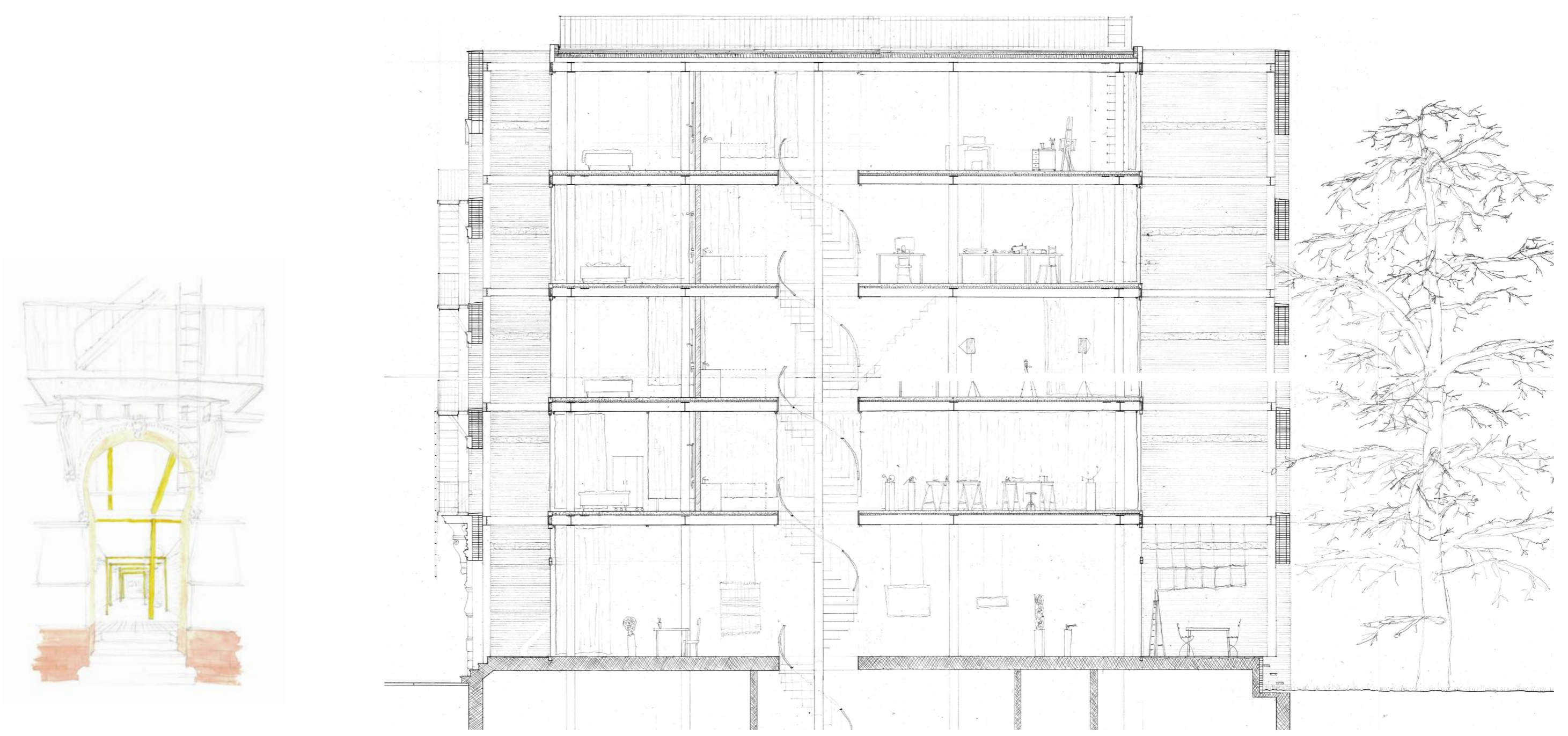
The artists, each exploring a different medium: photography, textile, sculpture, and painting, are invited for four months to work on a common theme. They are in close contact with local artists and tutors once a week throughout their stay.

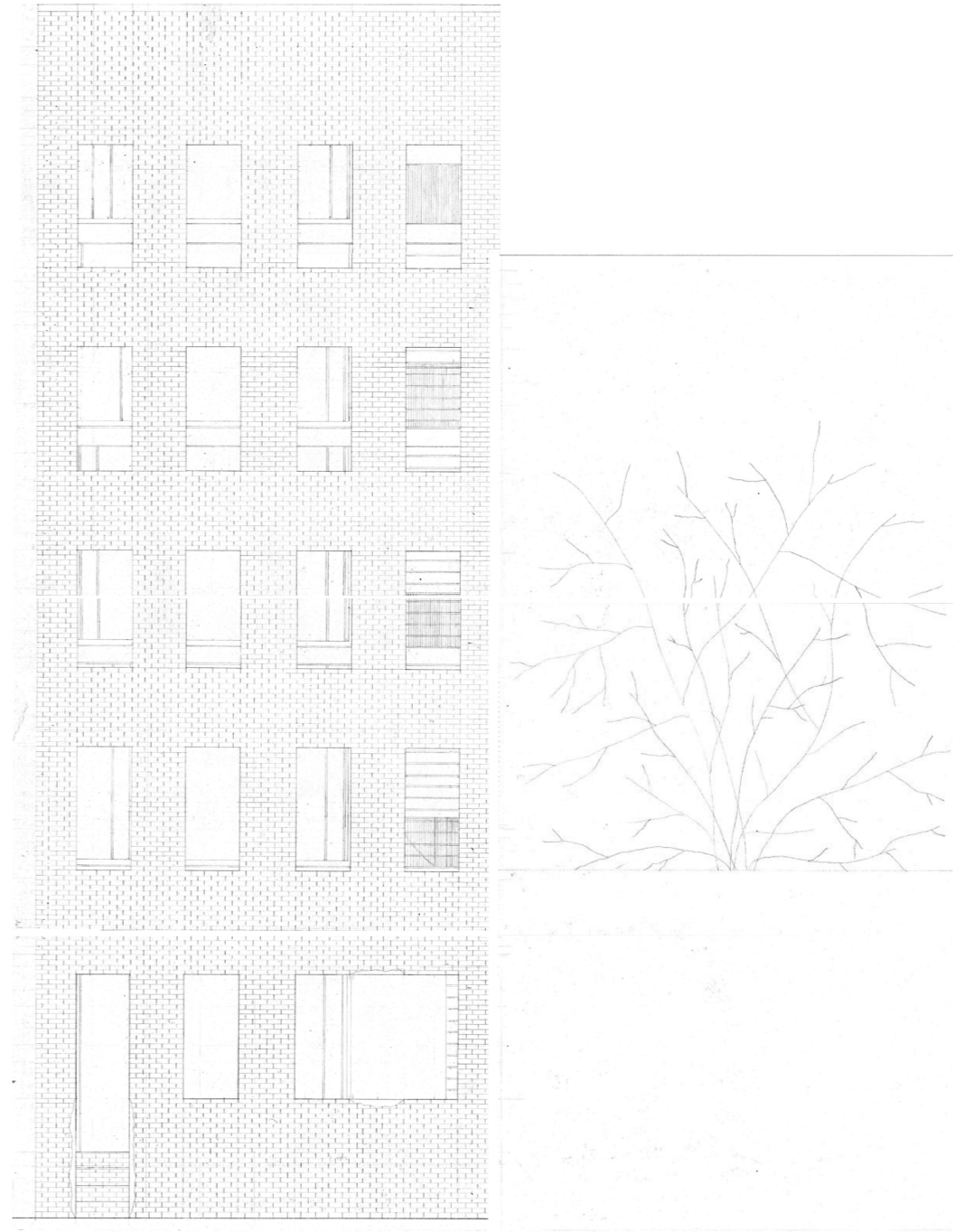
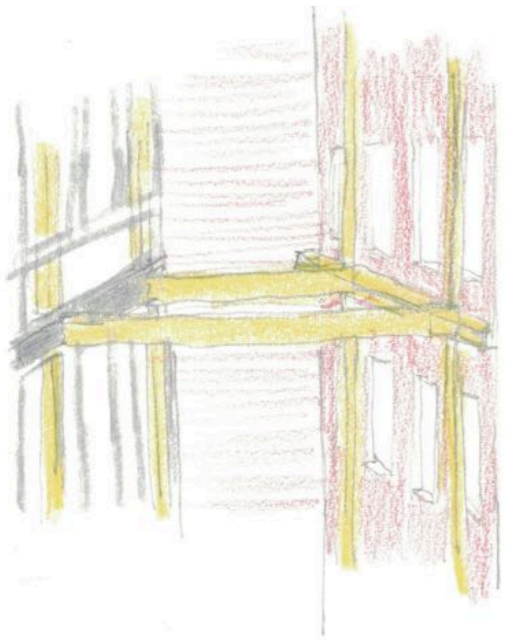
The four upper floors of the building are equipped to house the artists. The courtyard and balconies may also be used for installations and as an extension of the studio and exhibition space.

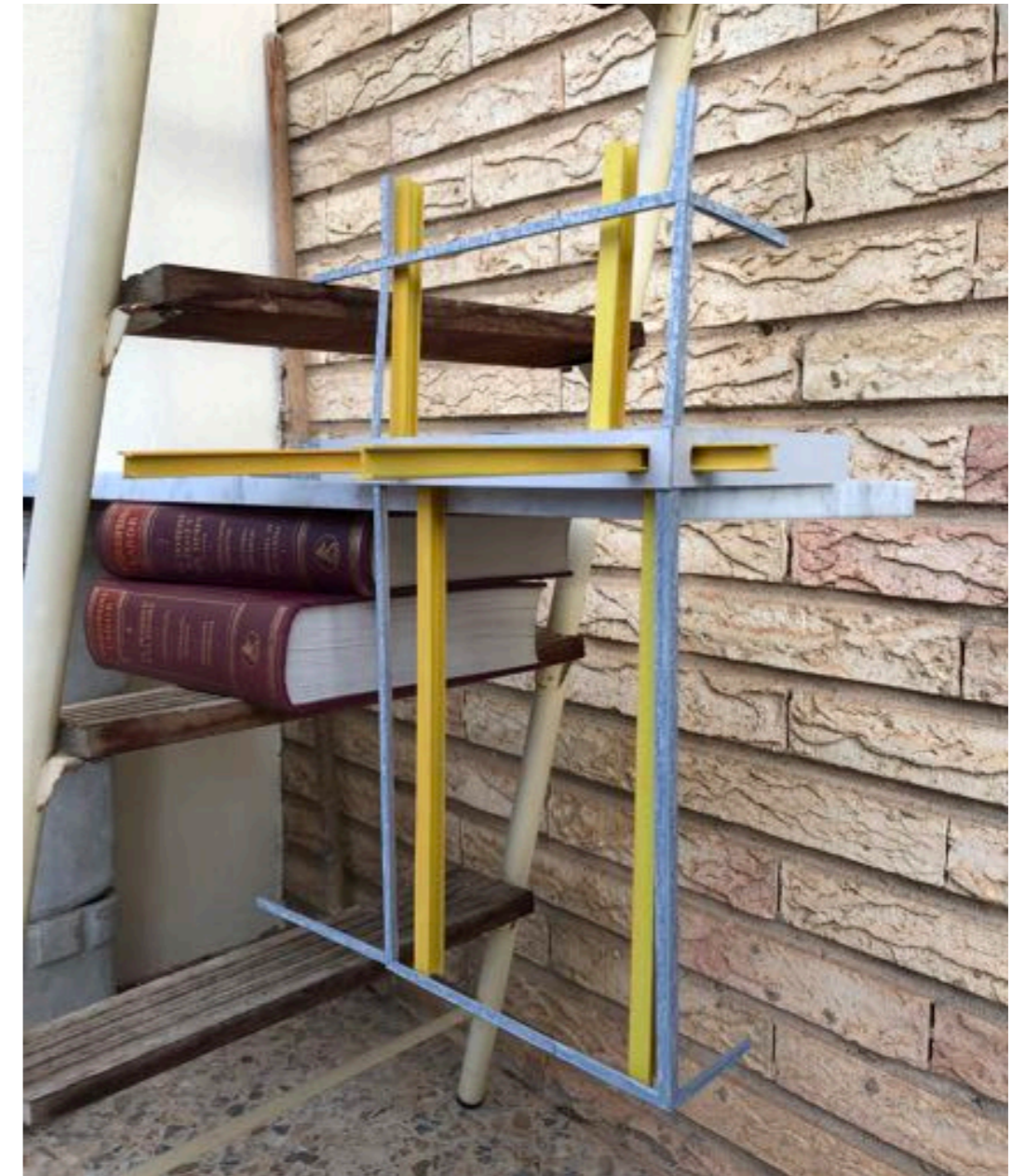
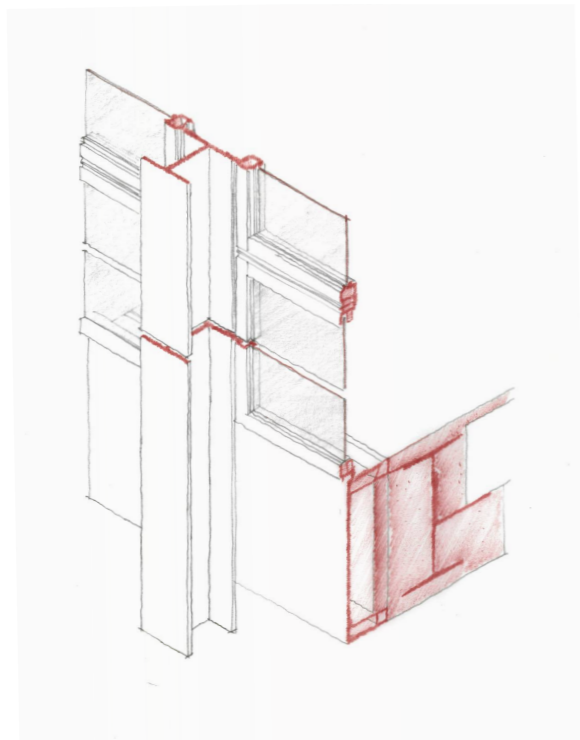
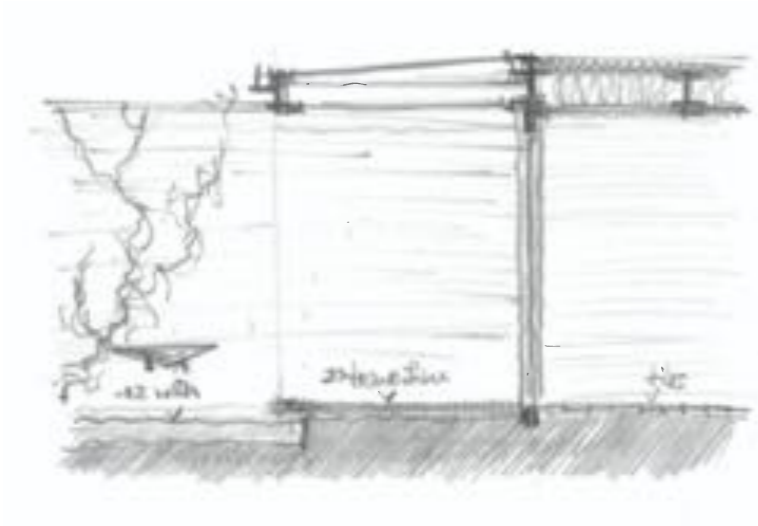
Open doors happen once a month and the the residency culminates in an exhibition that takes place throughout the building, within the studios as well as in the courtyard. The 4 following months, selected works from each artist live in the gallery space on the ground floor.

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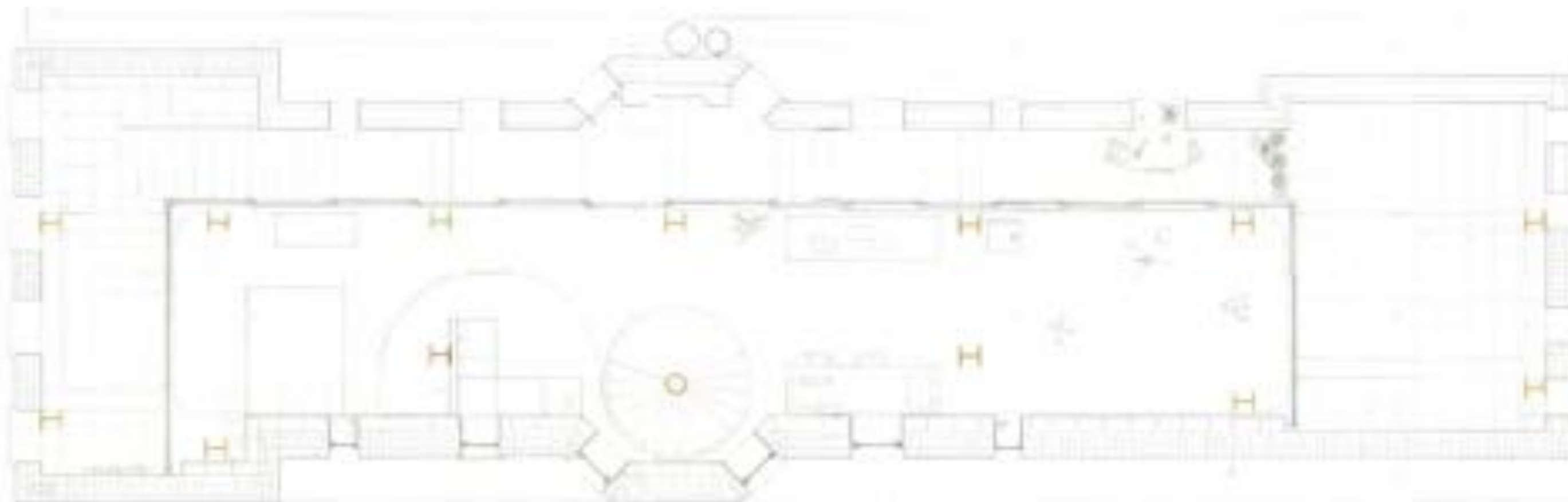
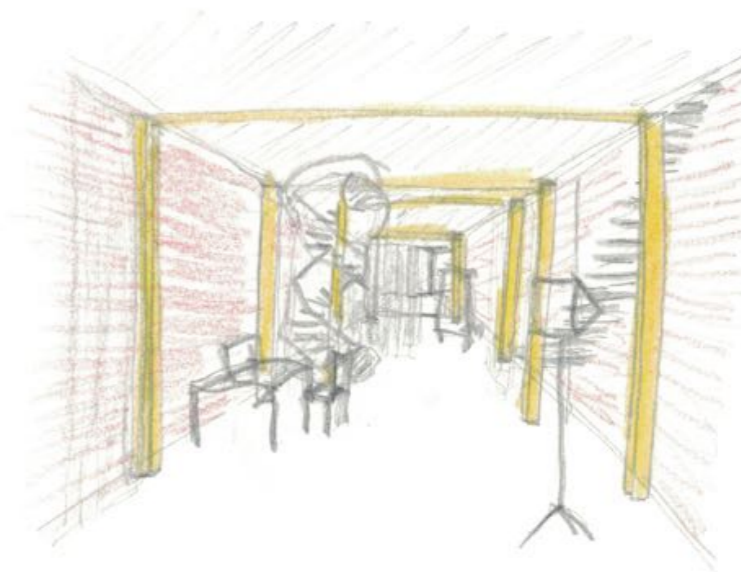
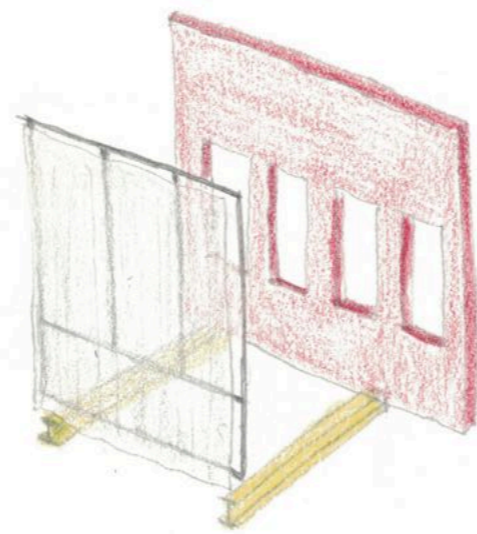
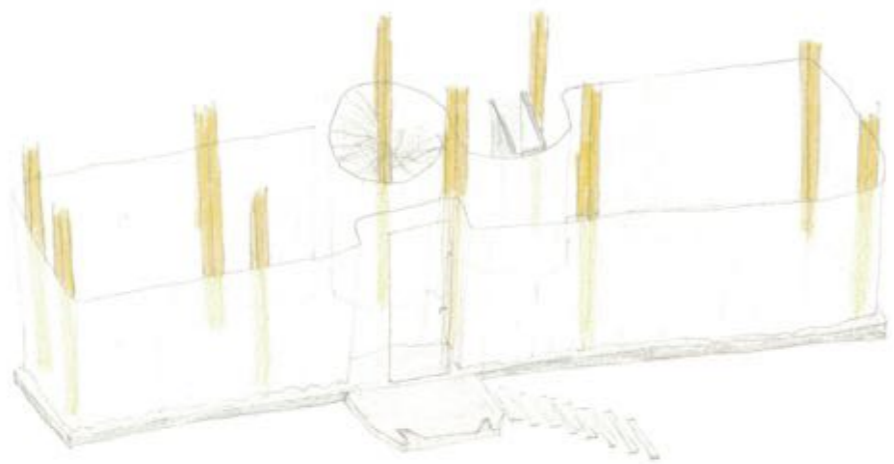












Morning concert

The humid air from the shower starts to enhance the smell of the coffee. I come out right as the bubbling ends, ready to pour it out.

My neighbours from upstairs and downstairs have been awake for a while. I can hear hammering and the sewing machine.

Sometimes, when we all work intensely and on top of that I hear my camera shutter, it all starts to sound like a an intimate concert.



Movement 2

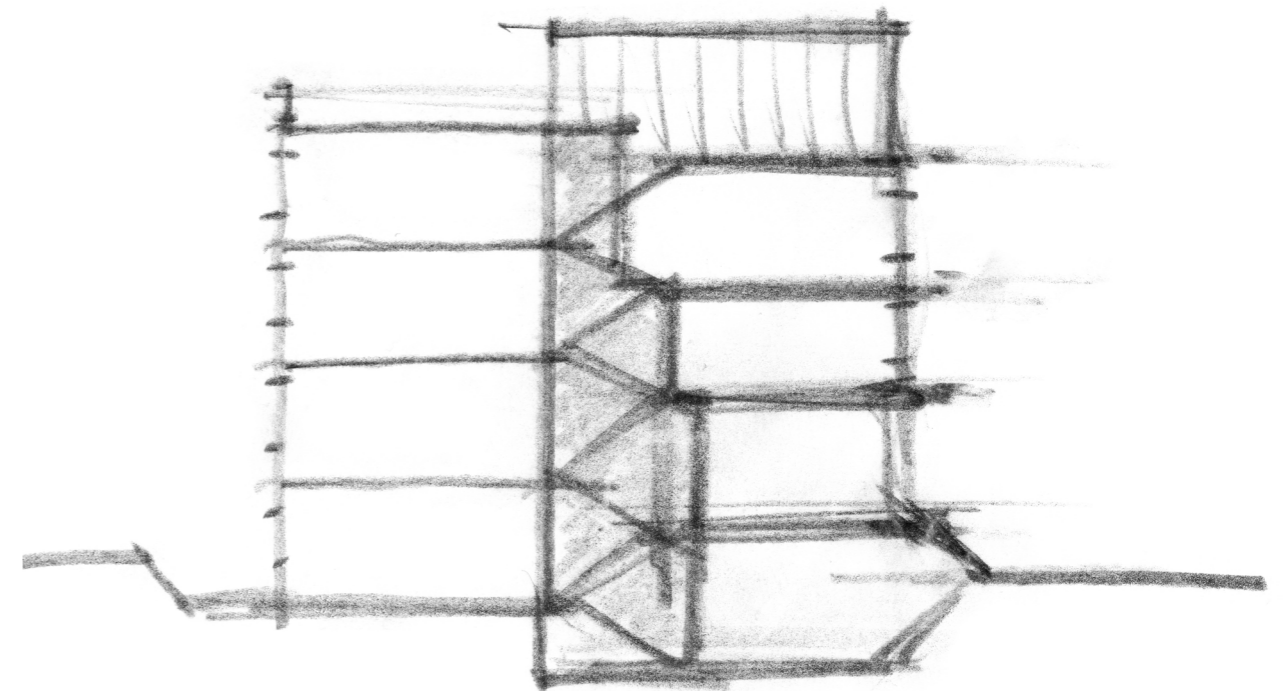
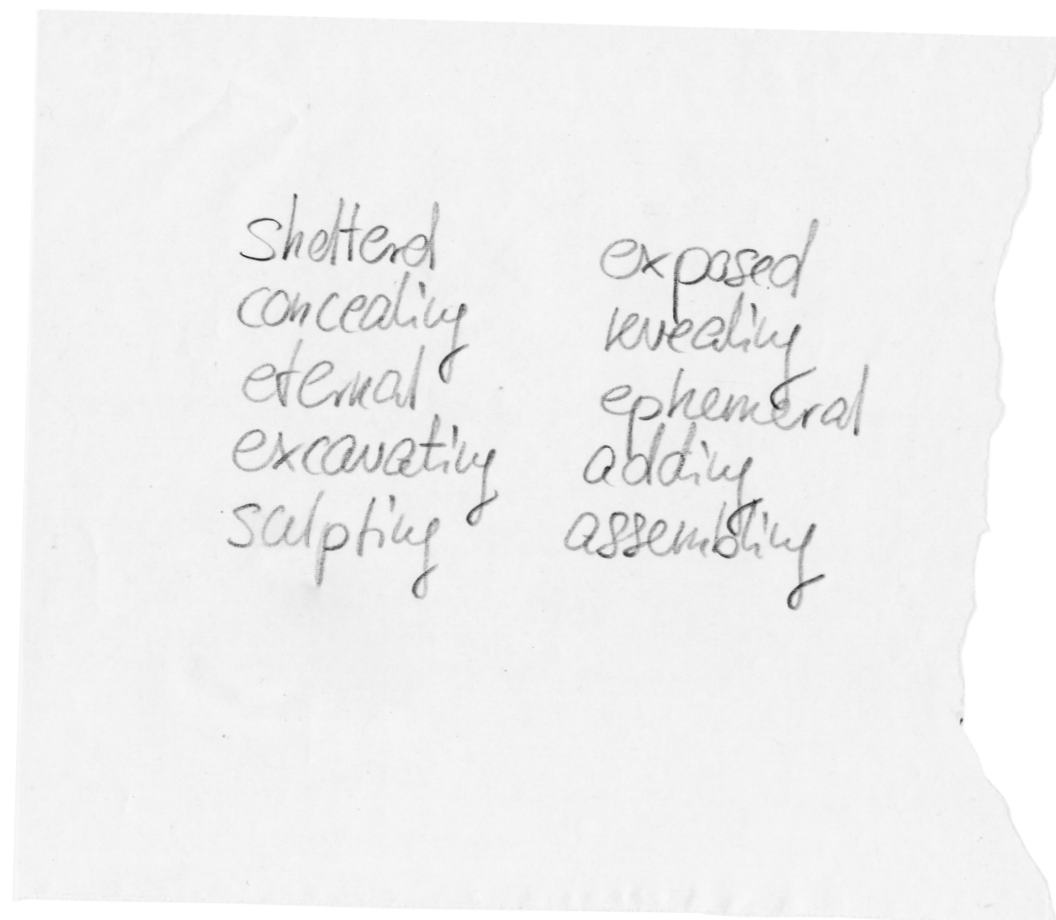
CH in US



A House for a Sculptor and a Book Collector

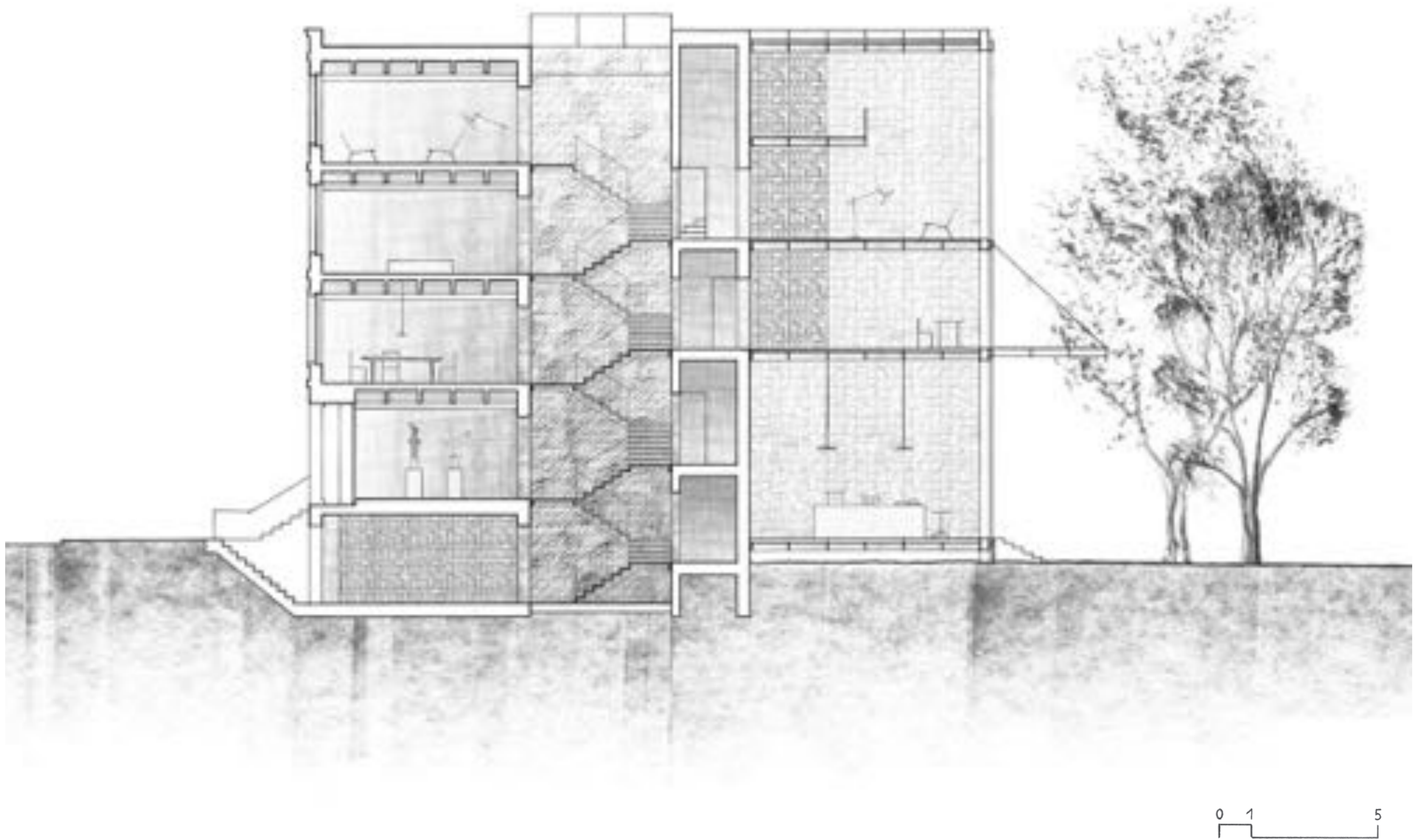
When Jacob and his husband Cliff told me what their house was supposed to be, I very quickly realized that they were constantly oscillating between two extremes.

At a certain point I asked them to write everything down and this note along with a sketch came about.

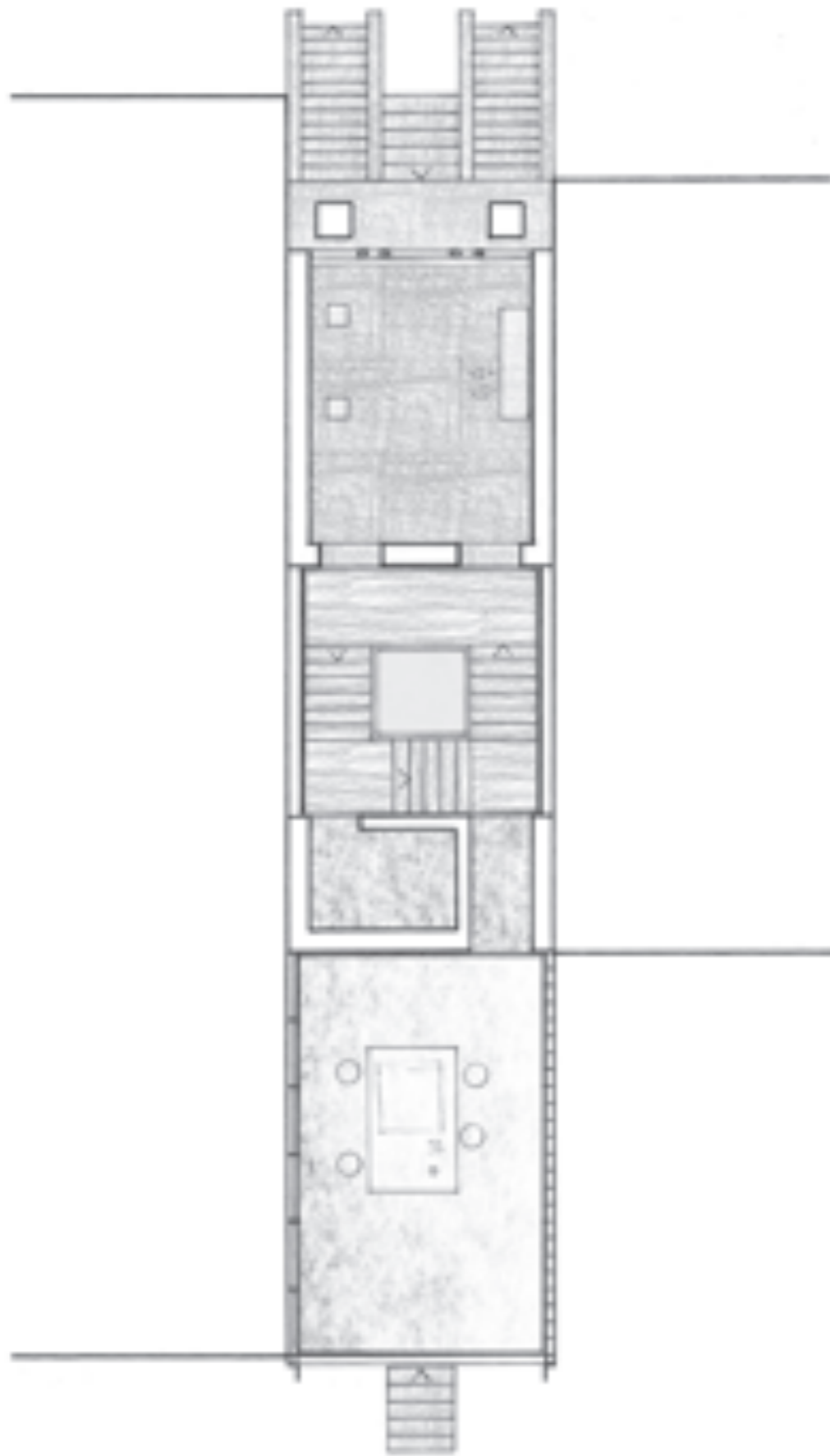




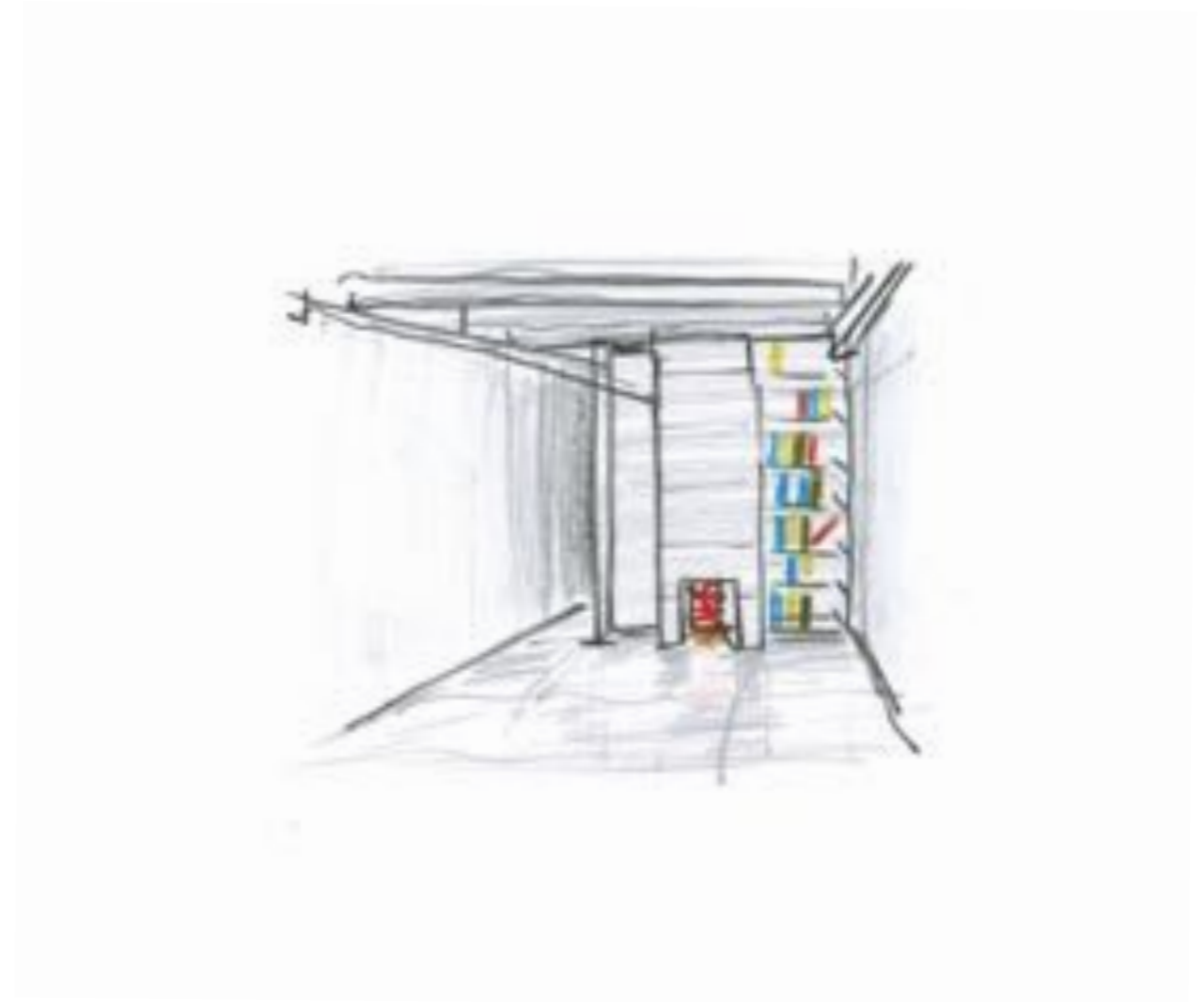








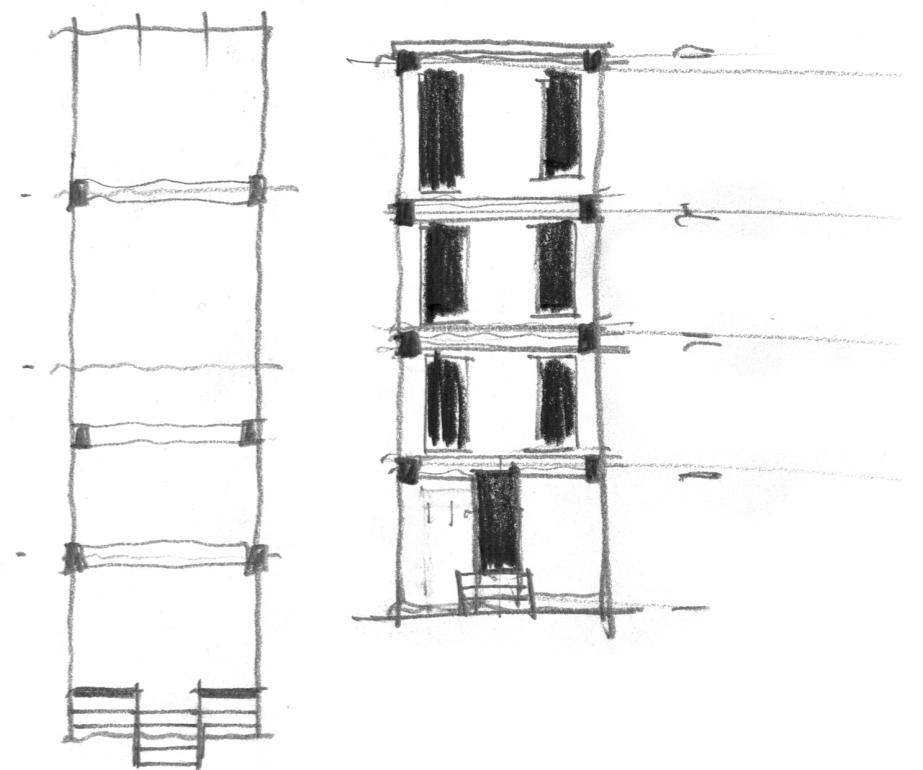














A few weeks ago we got new neighbours, right across the street. The house was somehow hollowed out and now artists live in it. Sometimes I see them stagger to the front door early in the morning and search for the key for minutes until they notice that the door is left always open anyway.

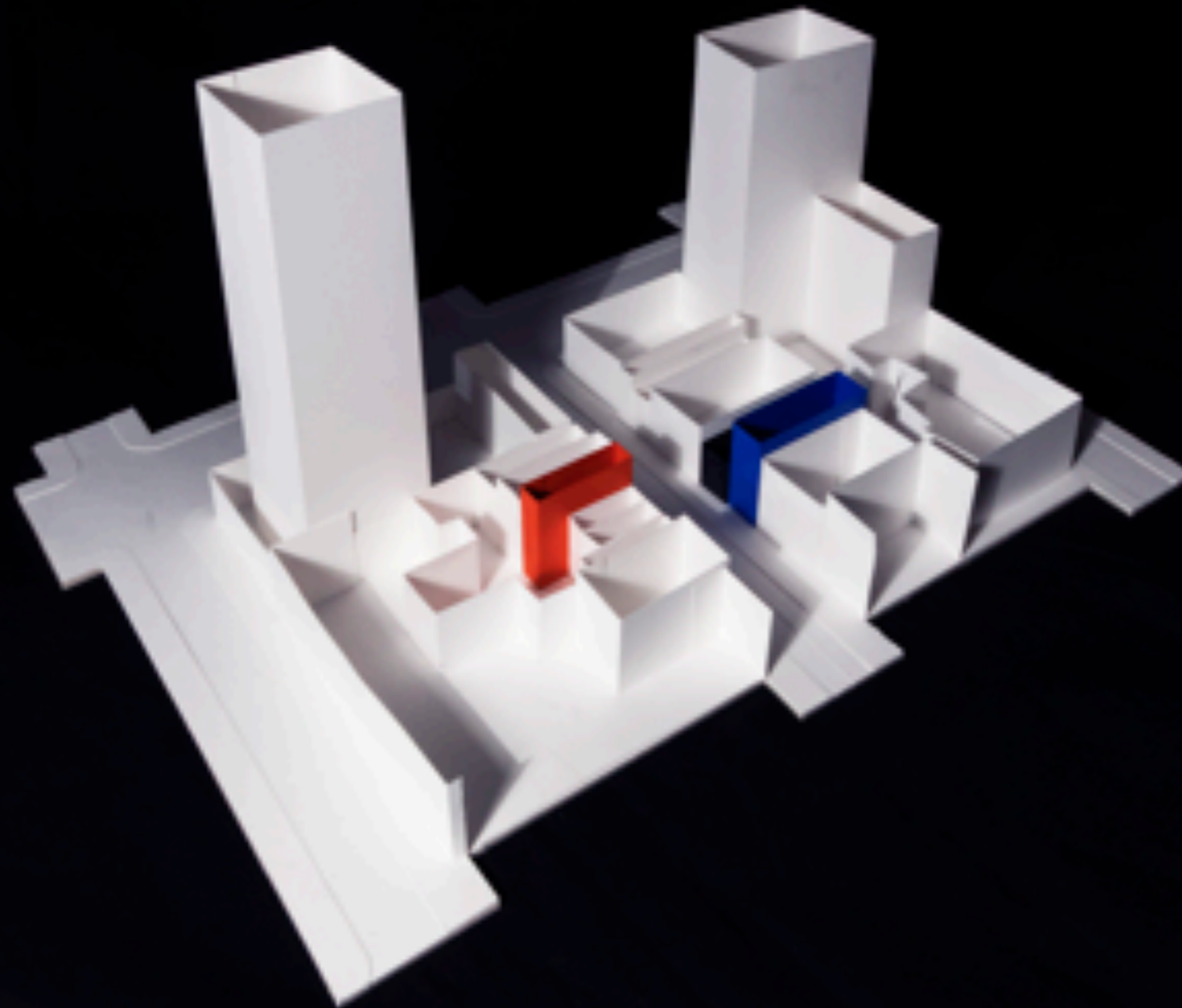
But the Rockefeller house surprises me the most. Sometimes I see lights and think someone lives there and then it is quiet again for weeks. Maybe I better not spend so much time here and go back to my books. I feel a little like in Alfred Hitchcock's movie Rear Window.

Except I'm still missing the binoculars.



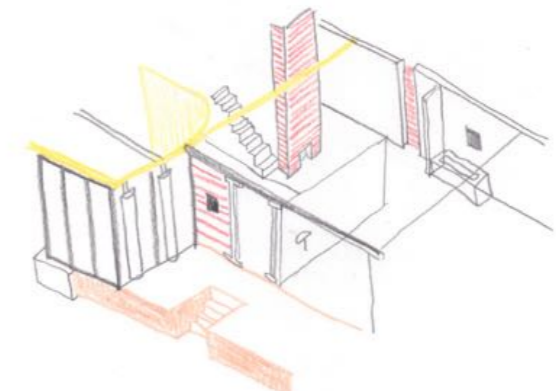
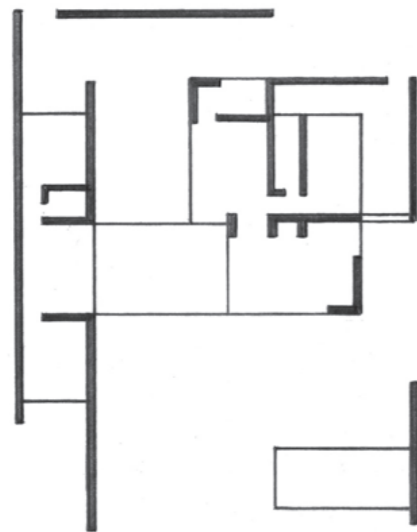
Dialogue

BE & CH in US



Movement 2

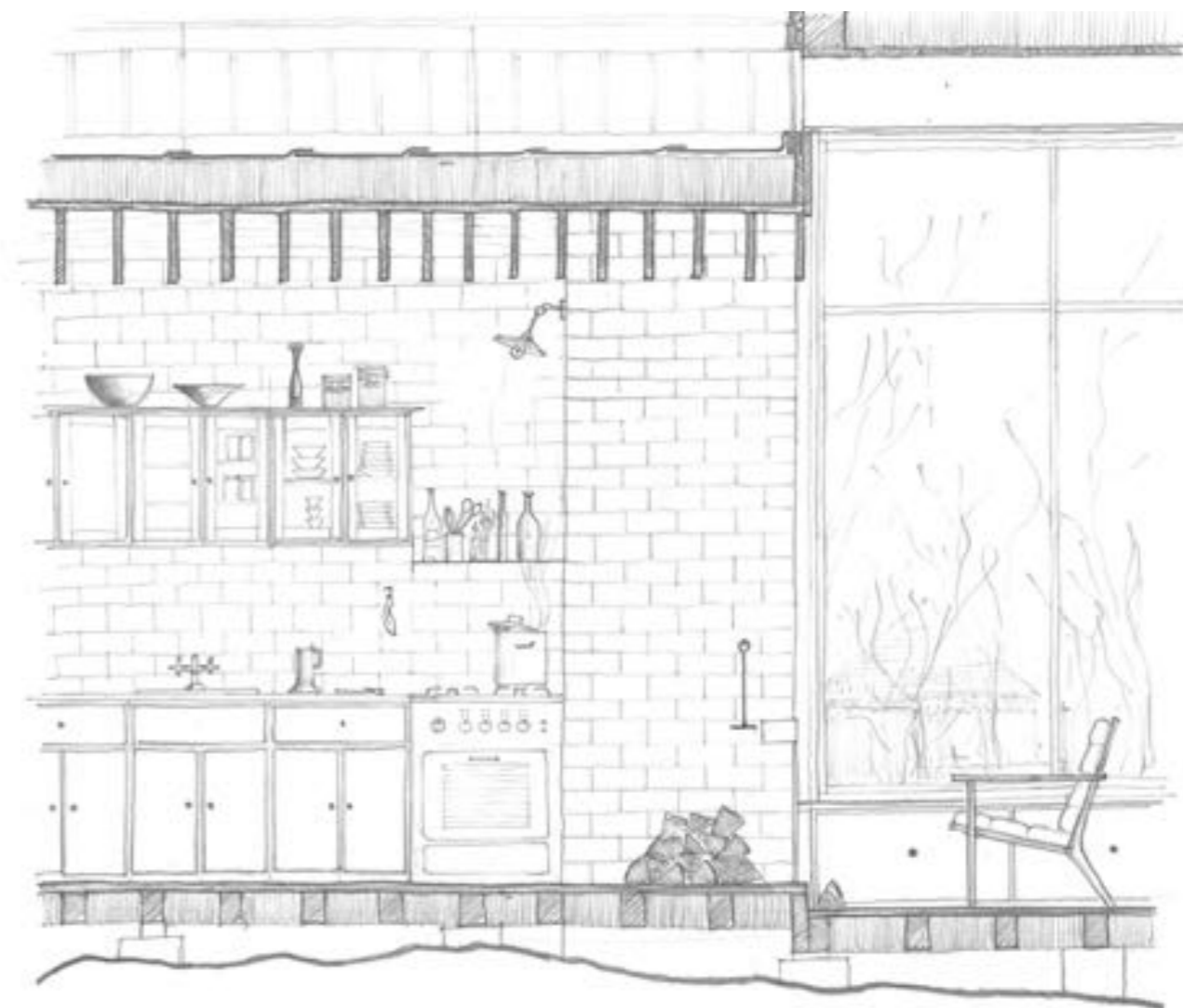
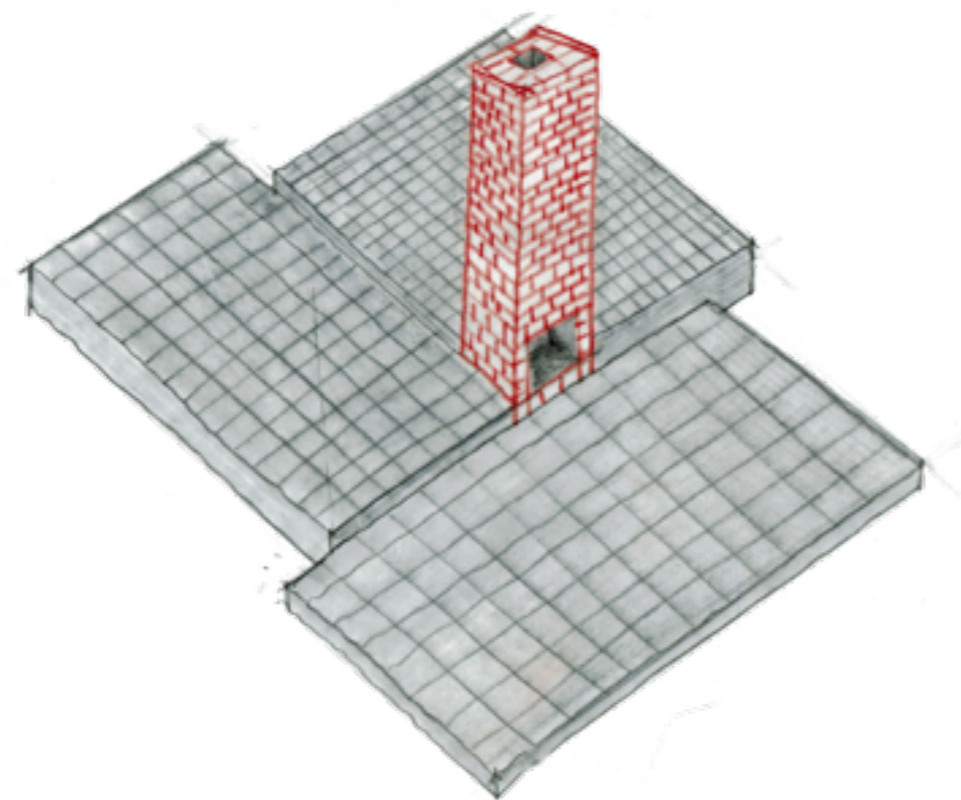
Belgium

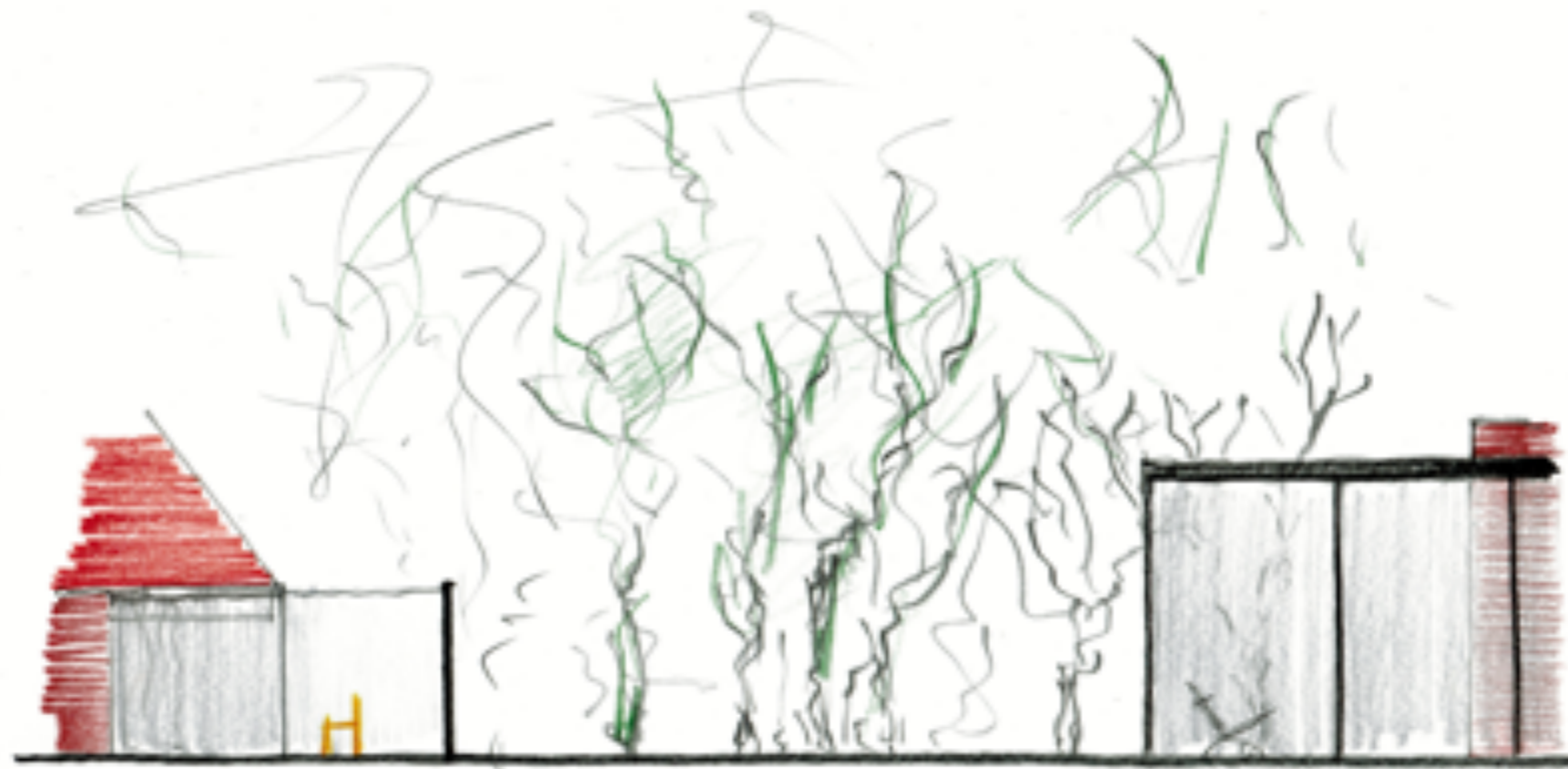


Movement 2

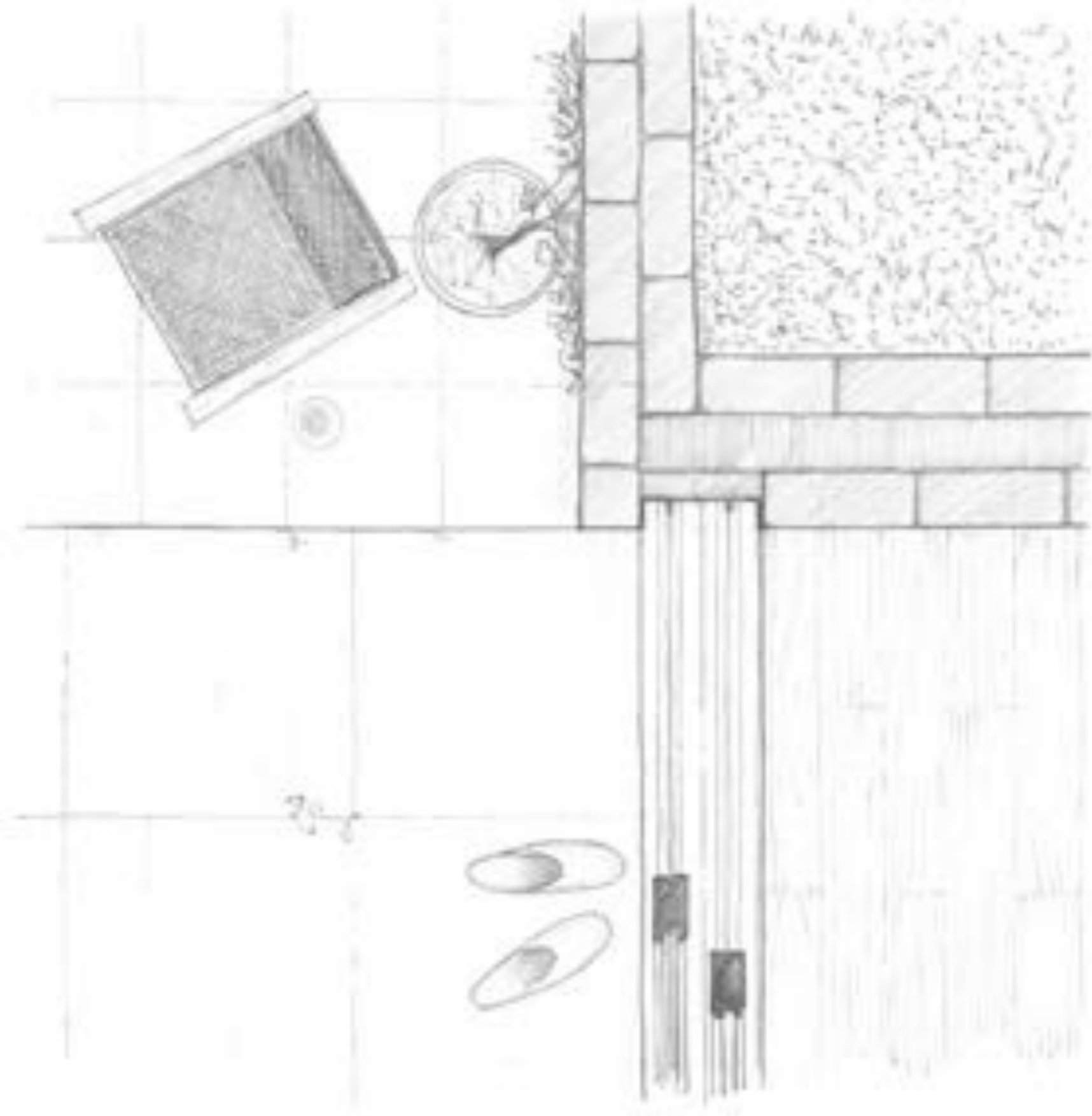
US in BE



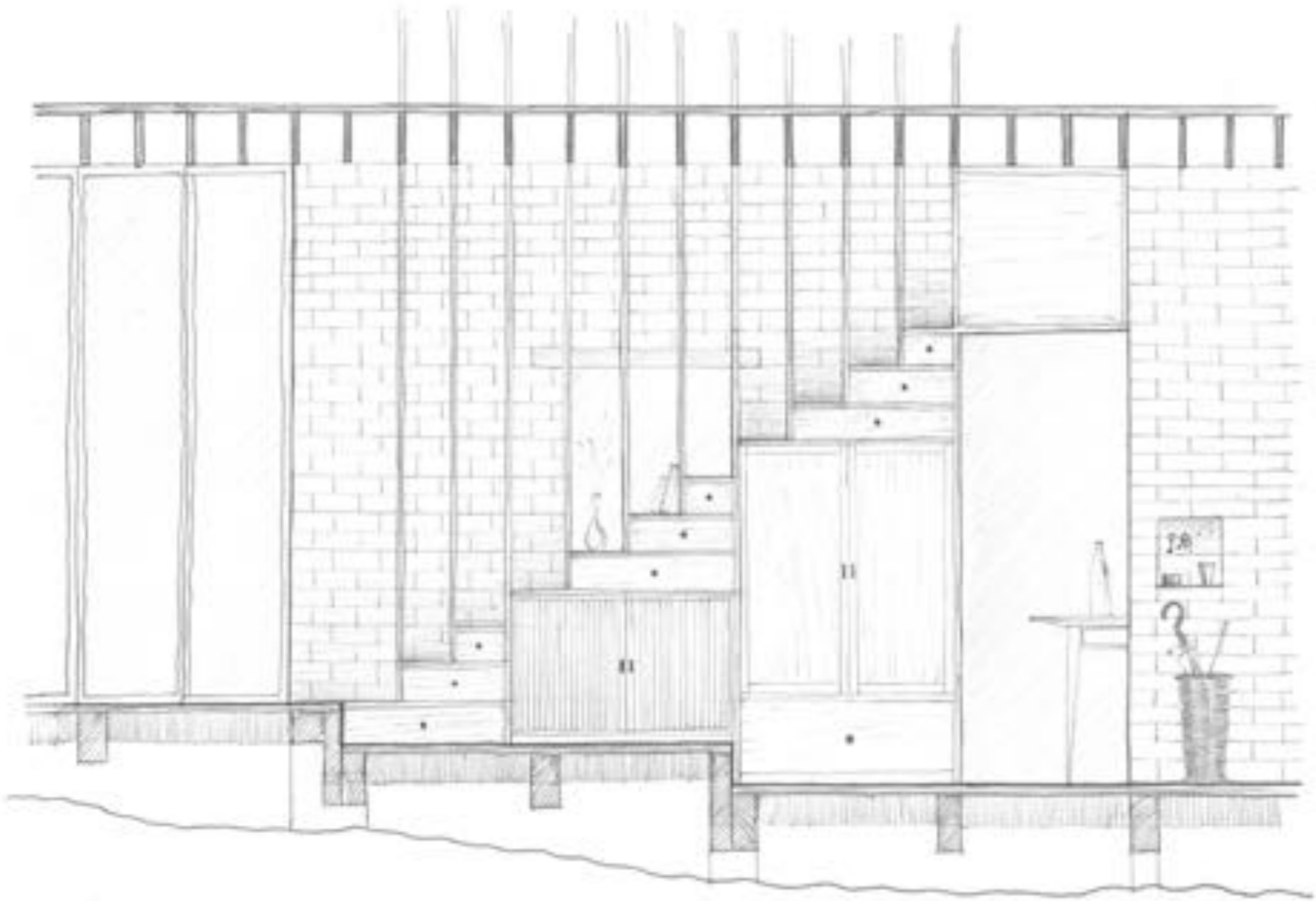


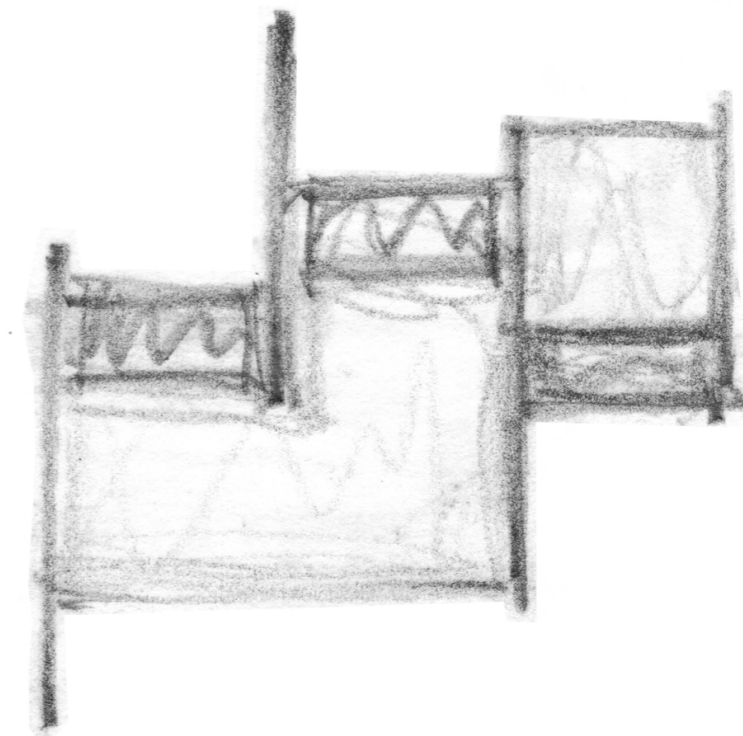
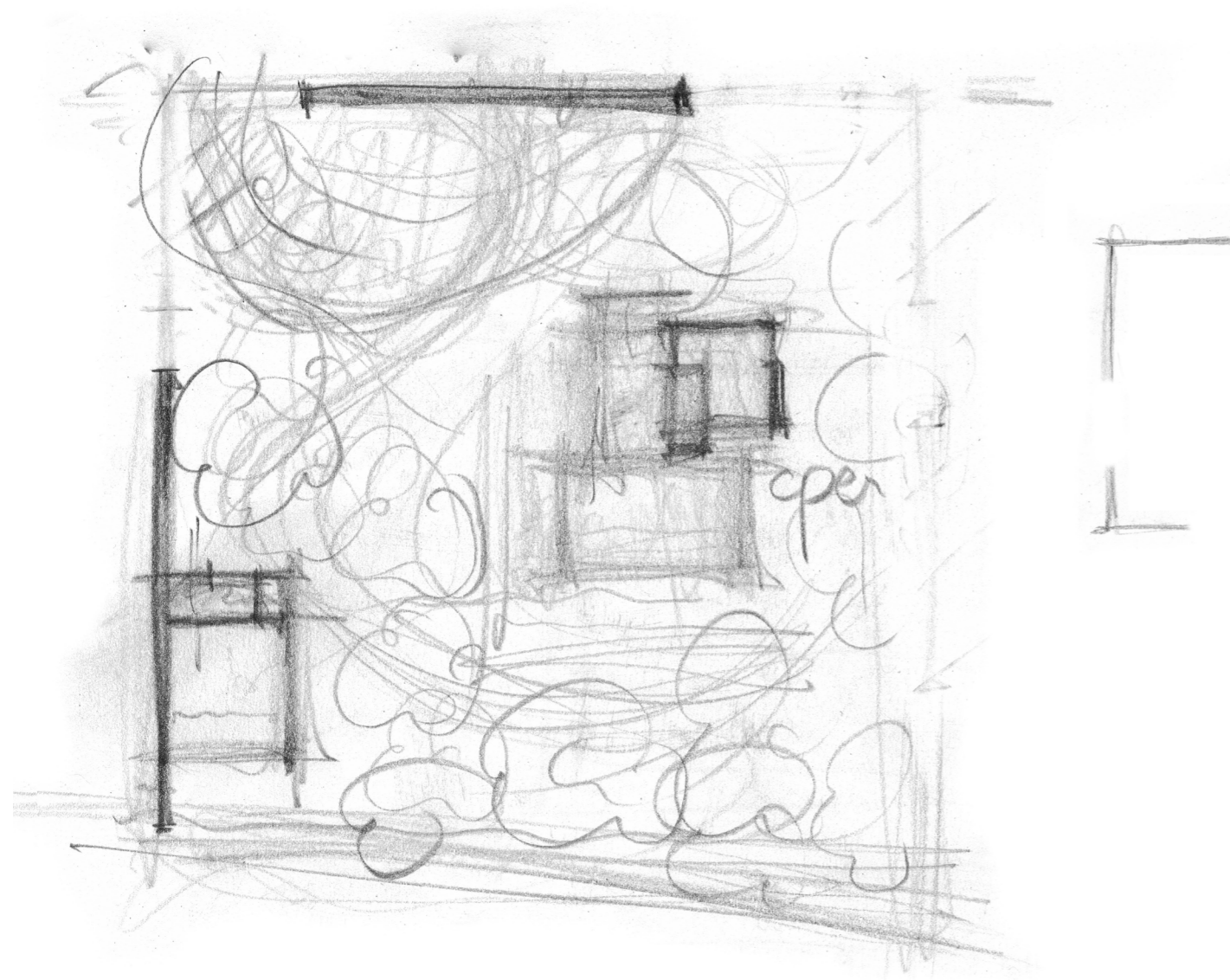


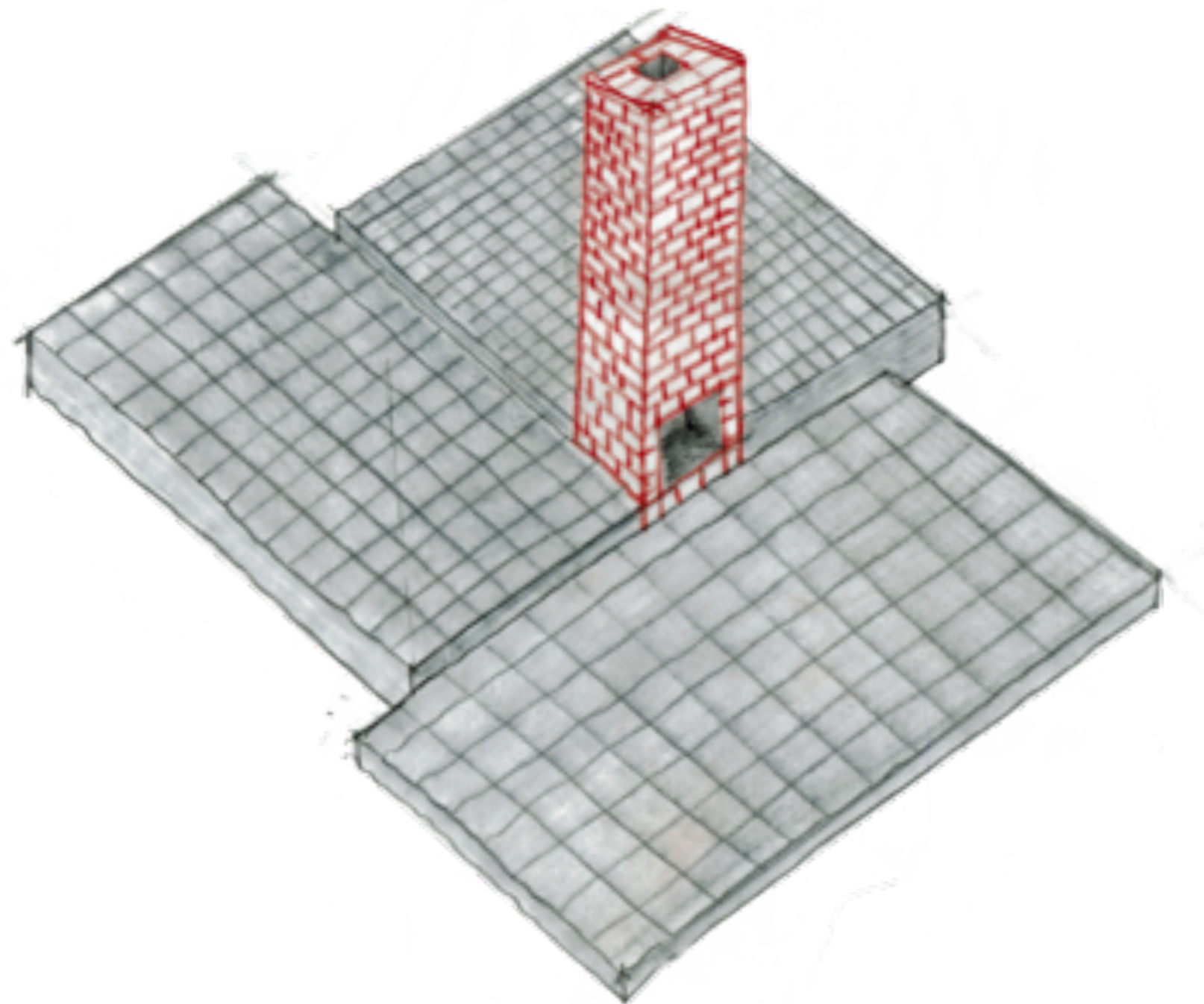


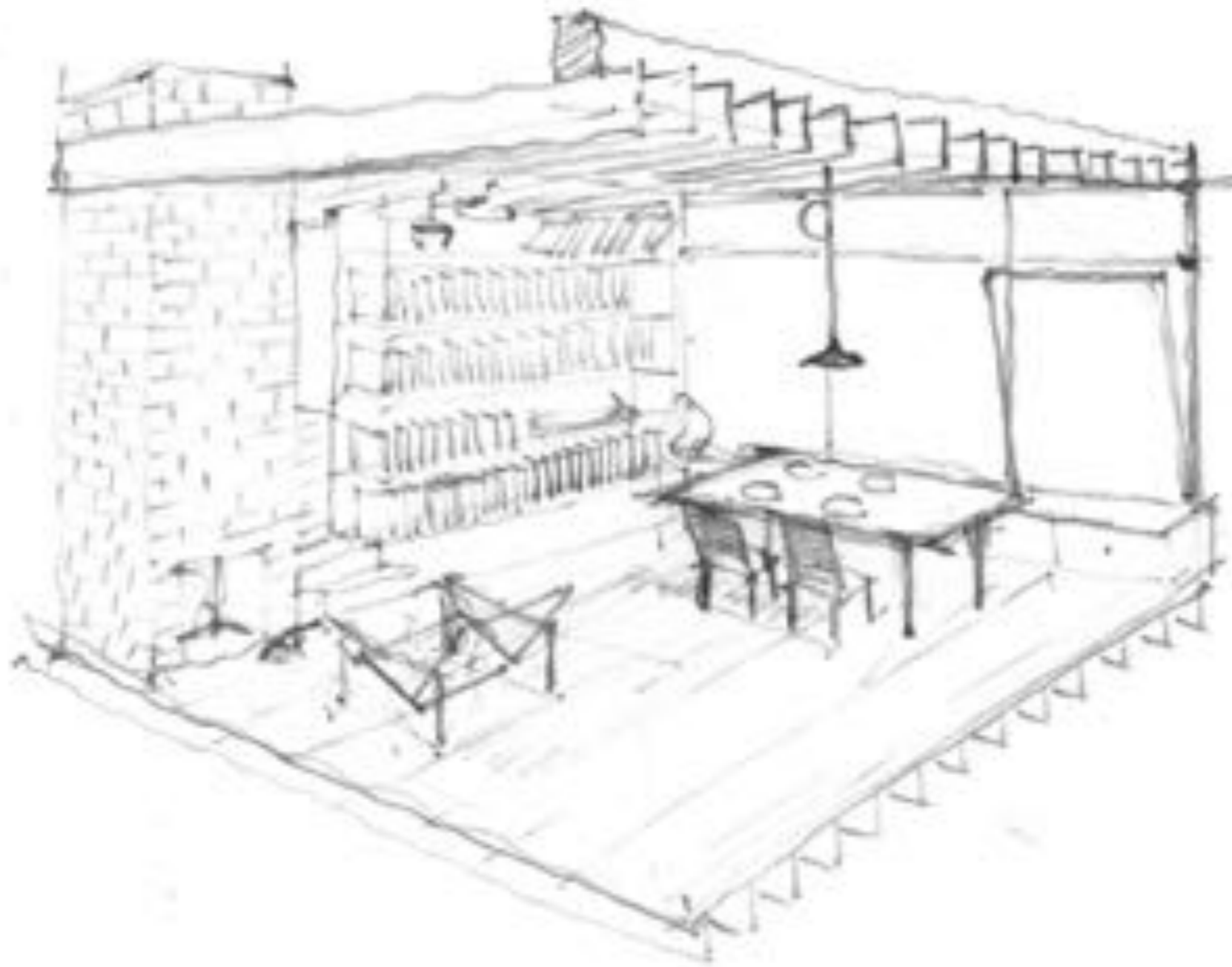






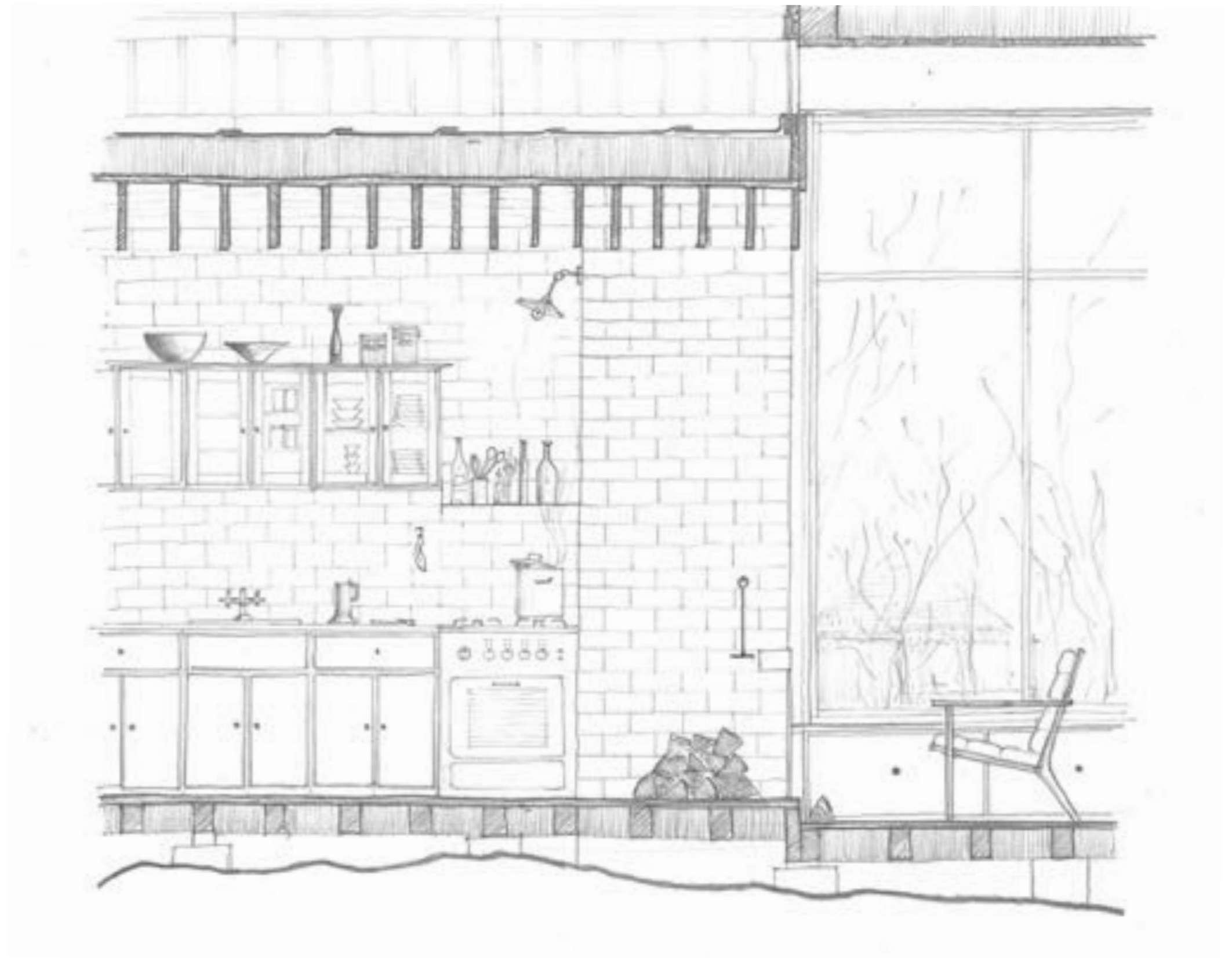






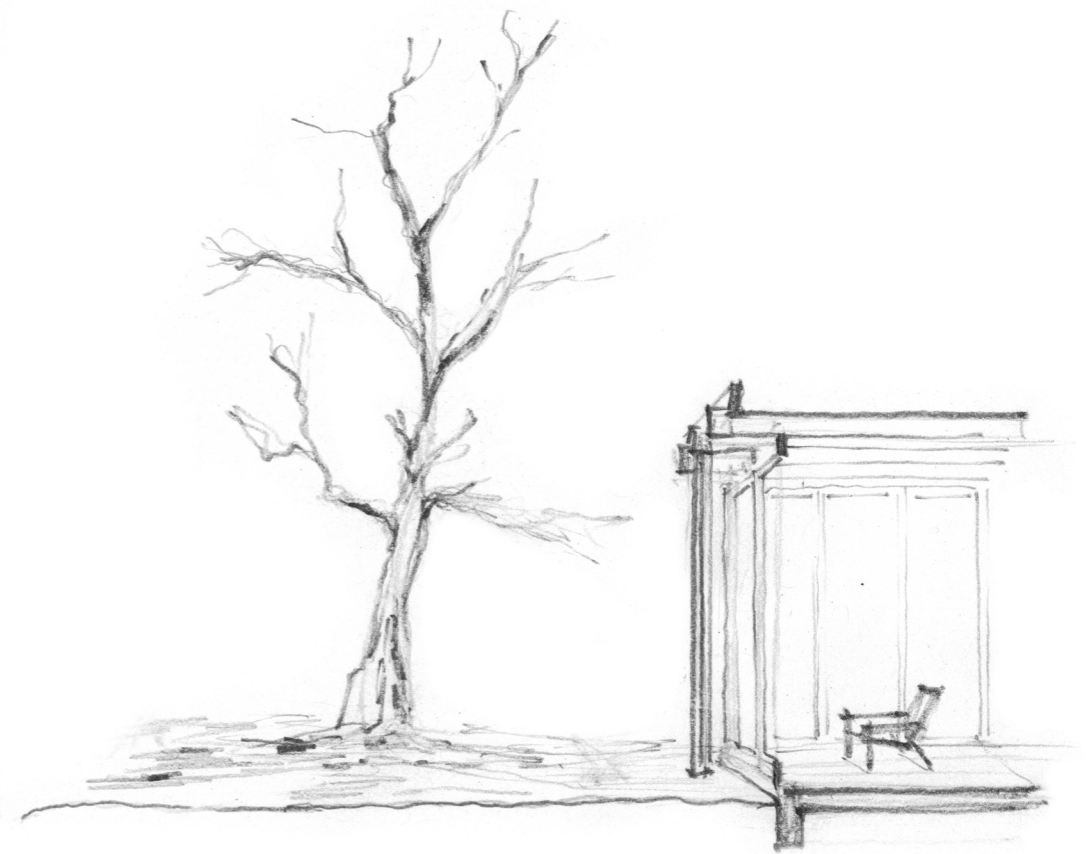
Life around the Chimney

I would perhaps say that in winter the center of our house is the fireplace and in summer the terrace between the house and the studio house. But it is not quite clear to me whether it is one house or two. We use it as one. Actually it could be also three, because I count the greenhouse, too. In warm summer nights we open the roof of the greenhouse and sleep under the stars. A bit like camping, but at home. And on such summer evenings we also make big dinners with many friends and our children. We open both houses and put a long table across the terrace. A good twenty people can sit there and we sometimes eat and laugh until early in the morning.





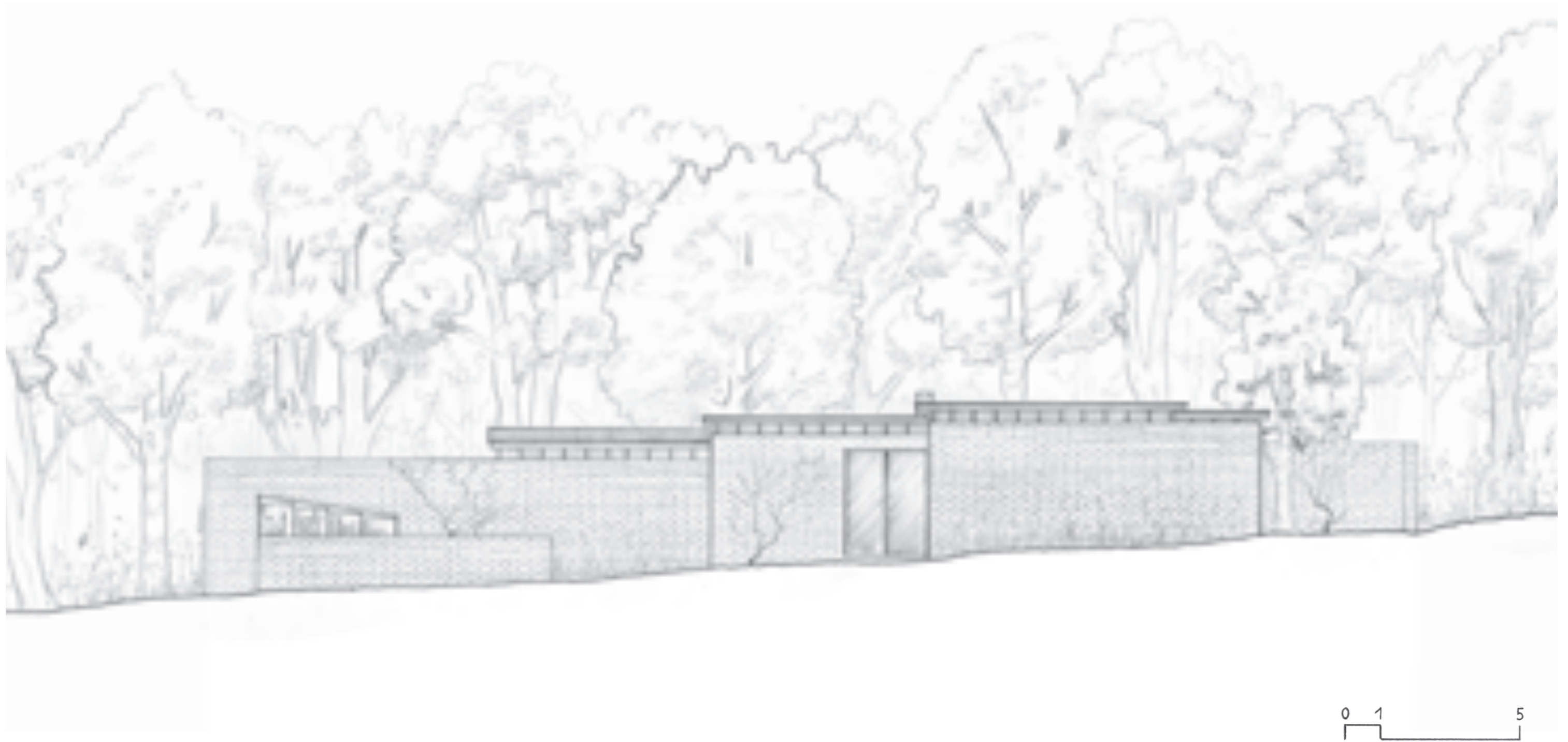


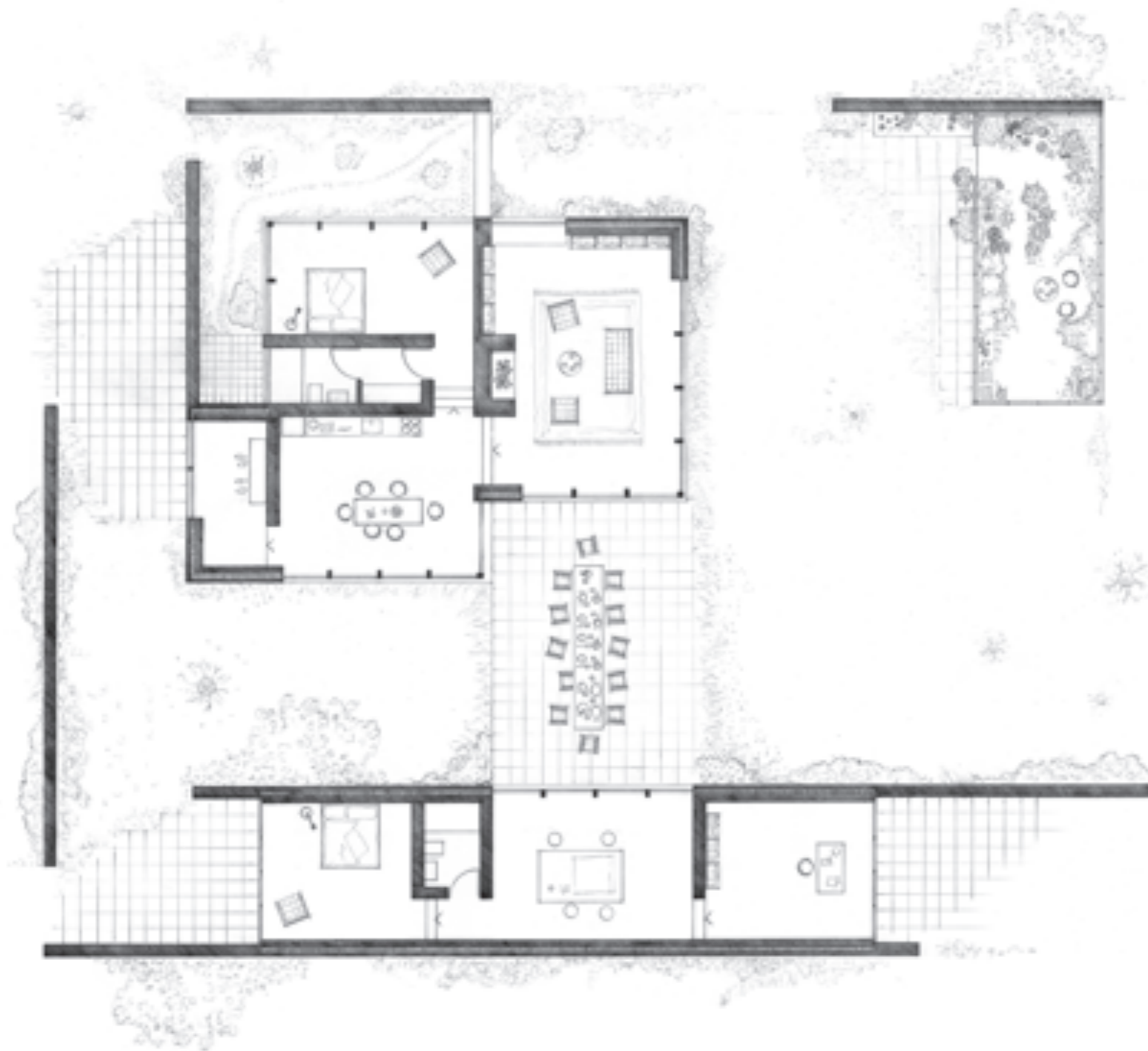












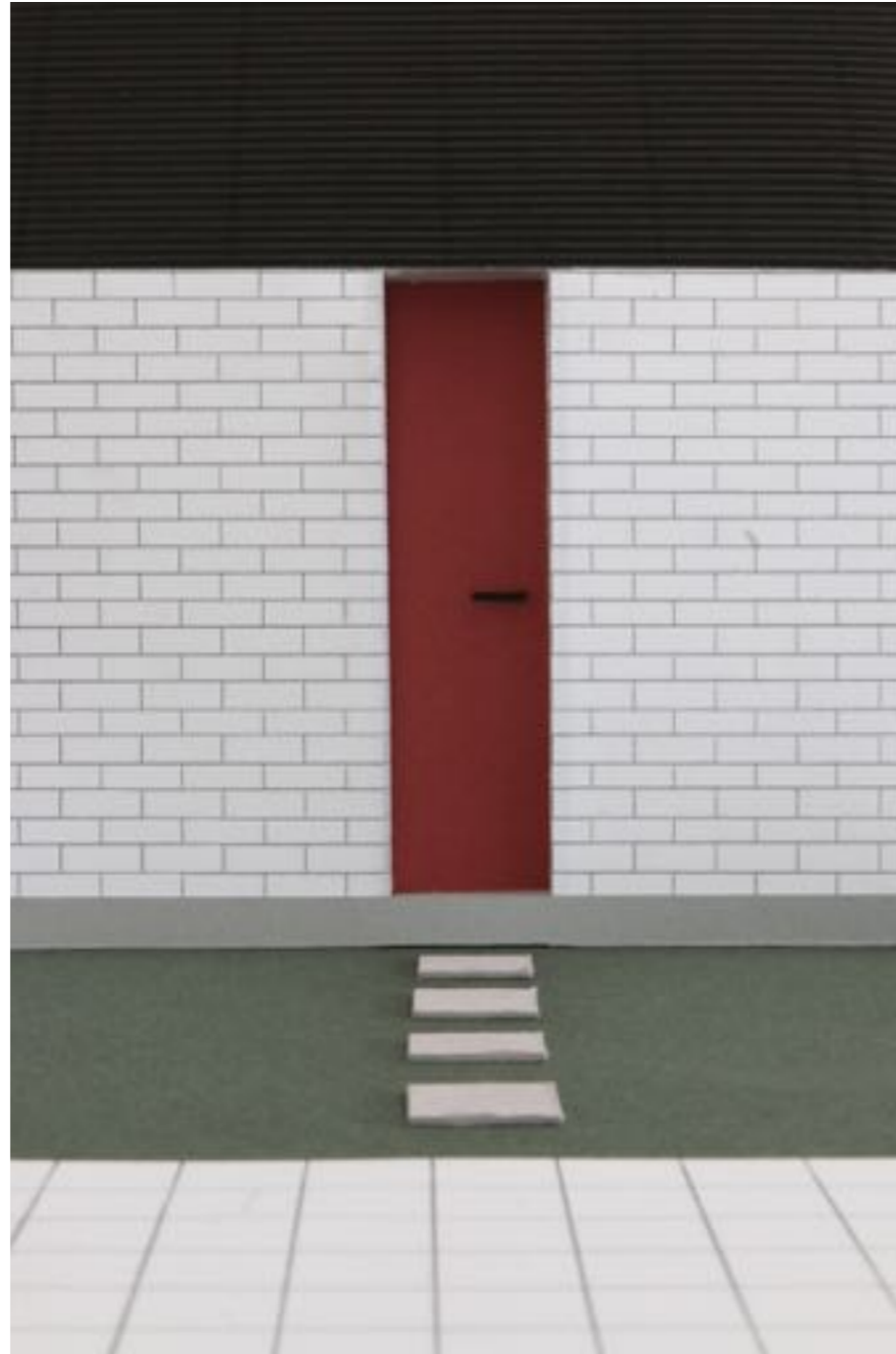


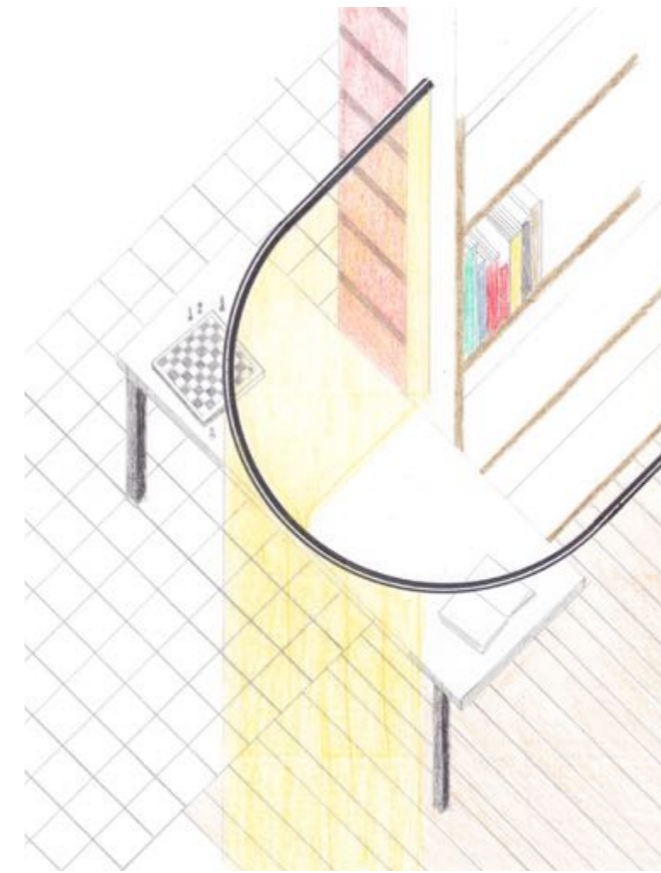
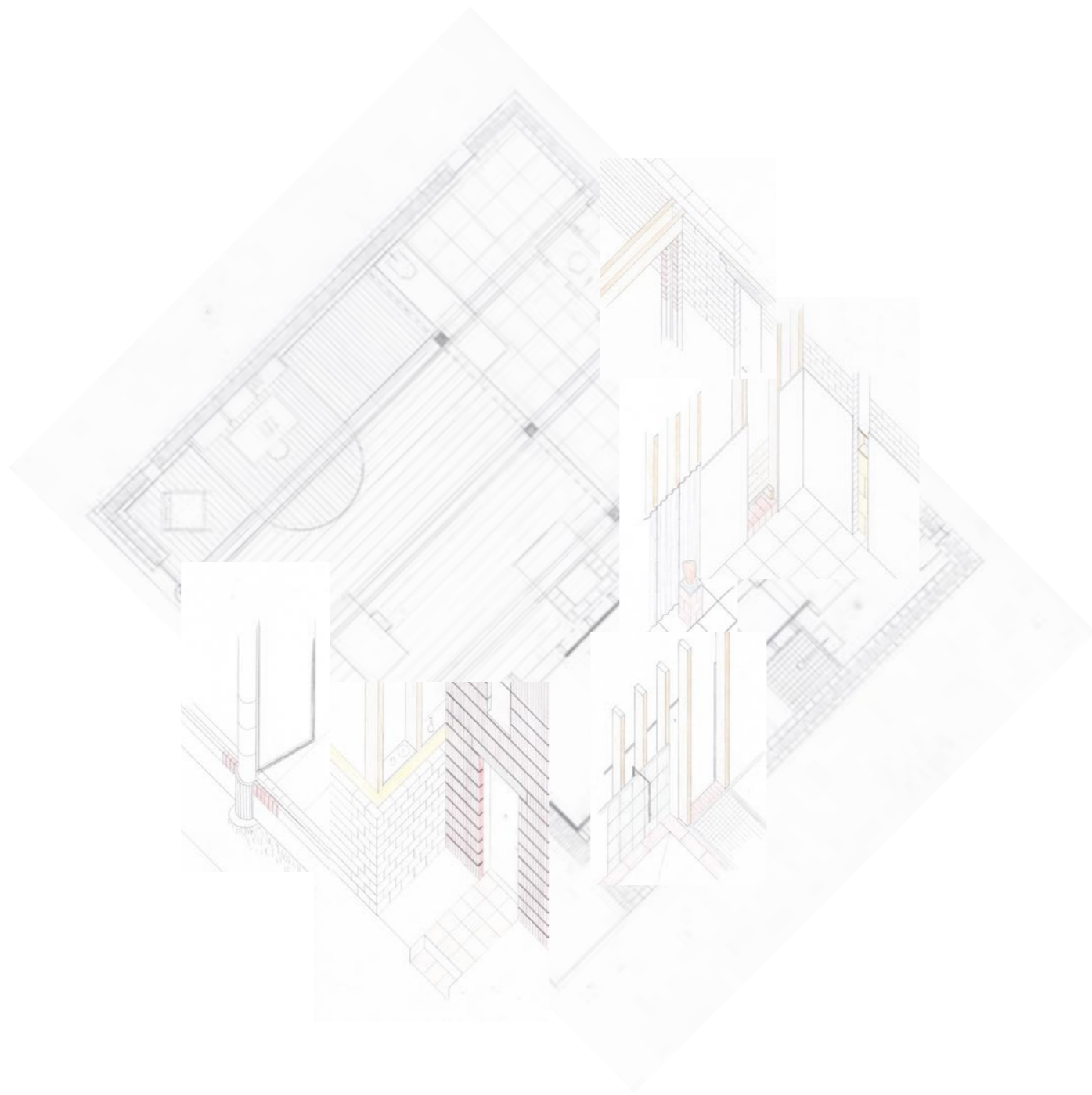




Movement 2

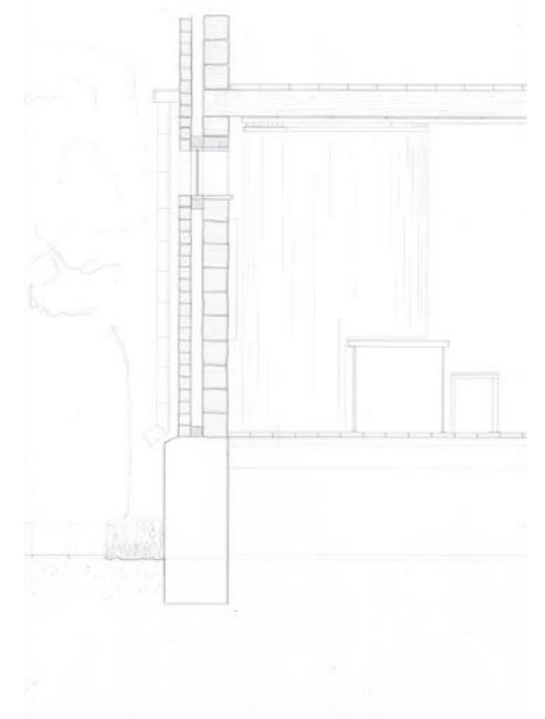
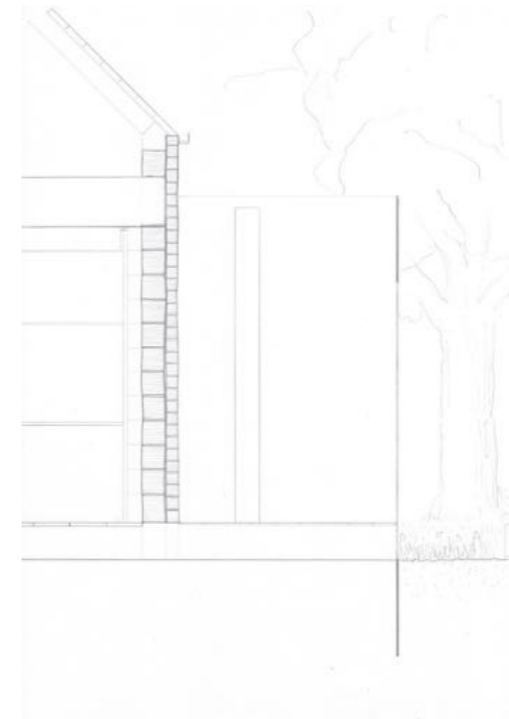
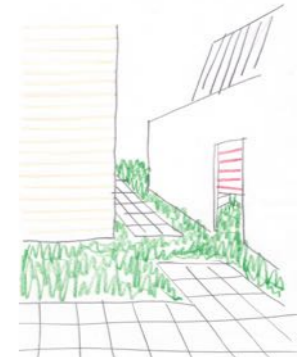
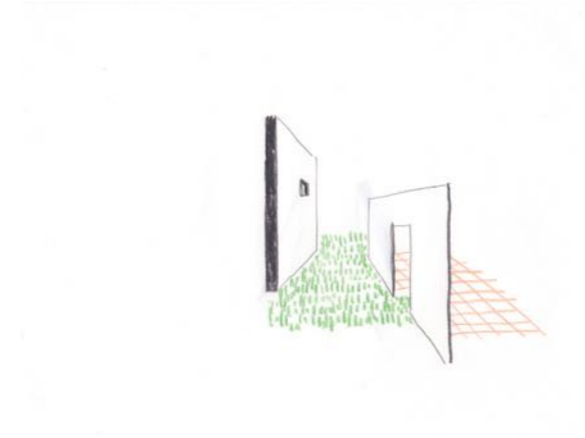
CH in BE

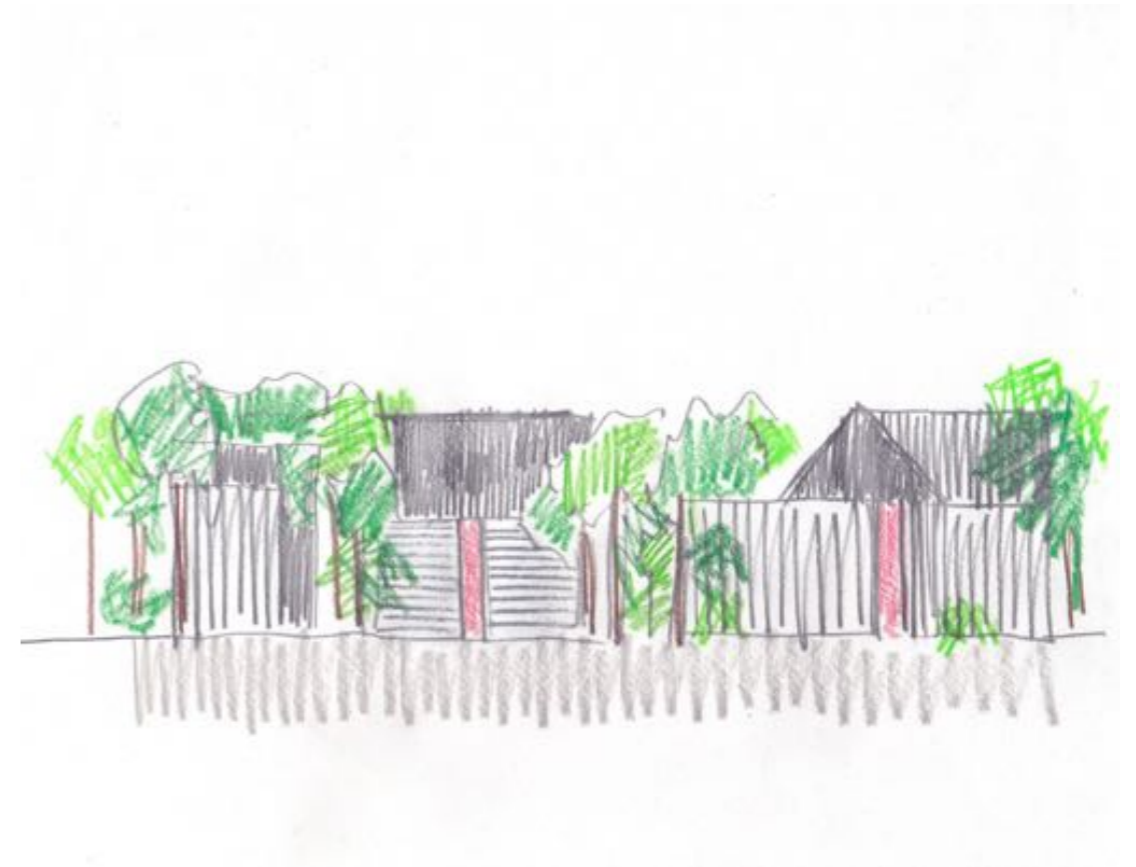


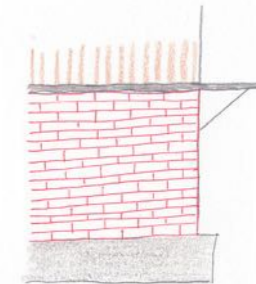
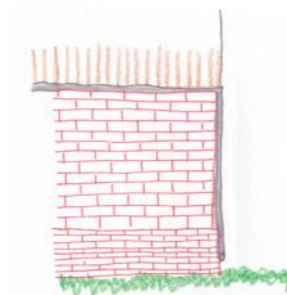
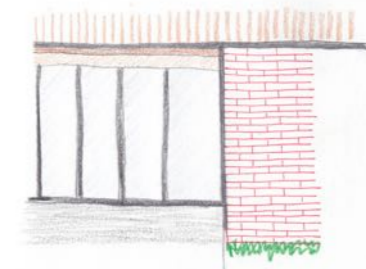
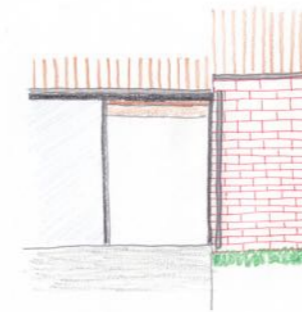
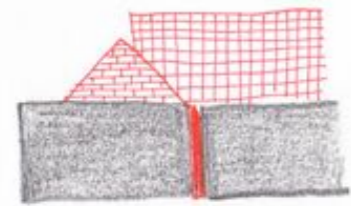
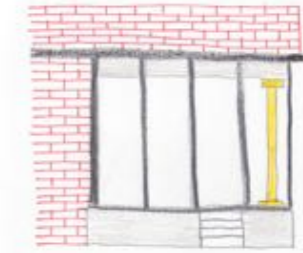
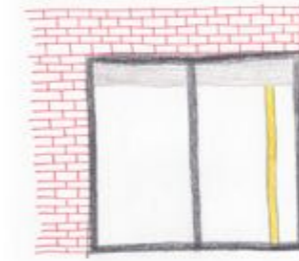
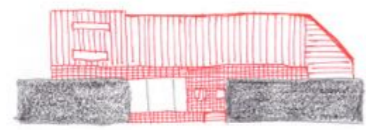


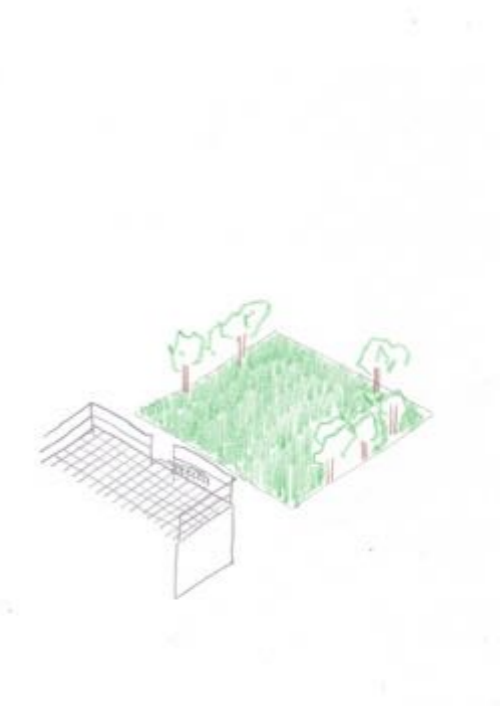
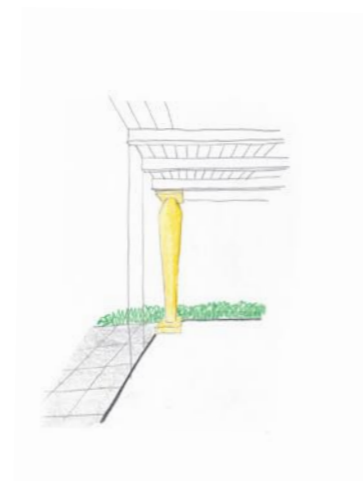
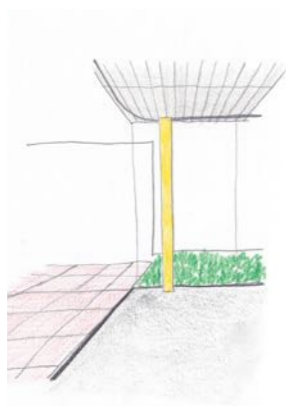
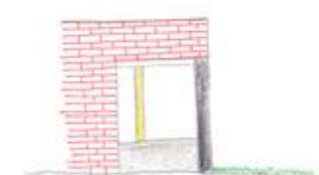
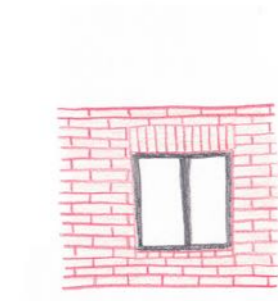
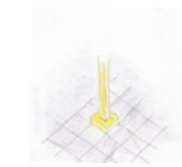
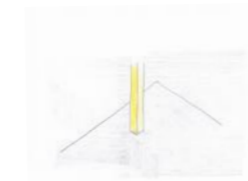
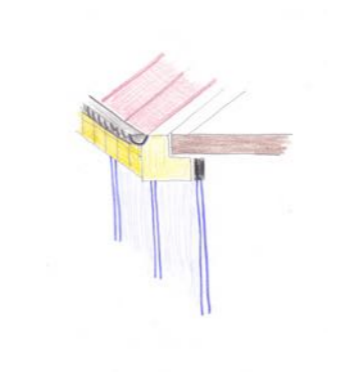
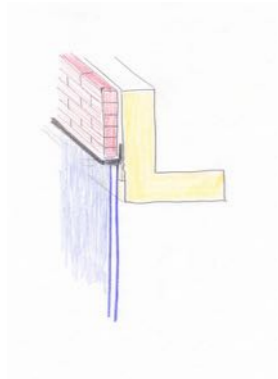
Movement 2

CH in BE





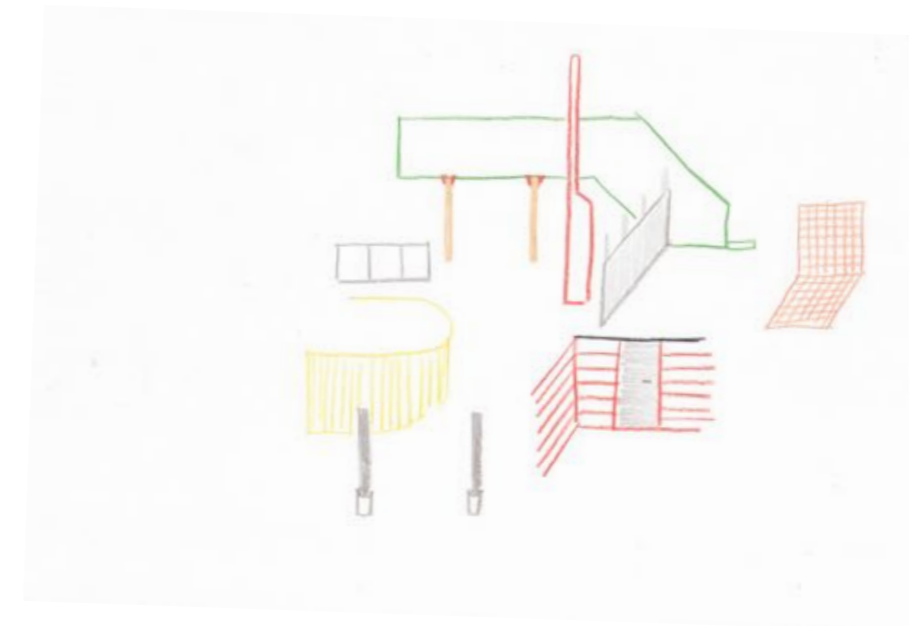
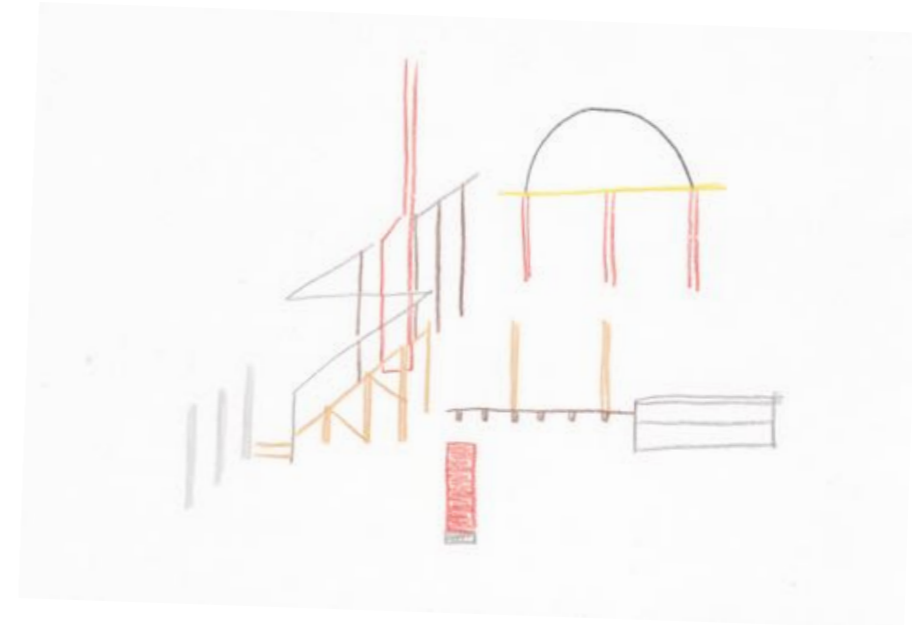




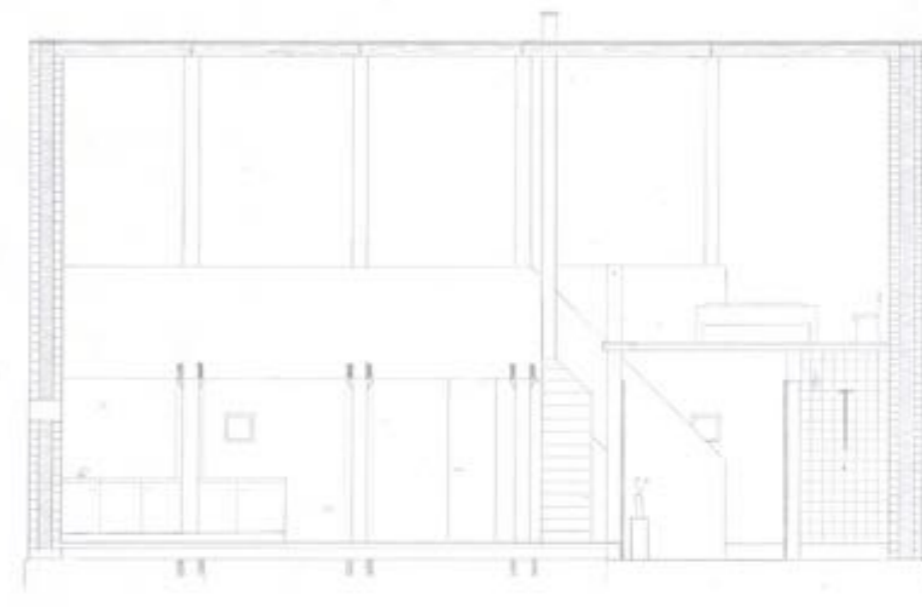
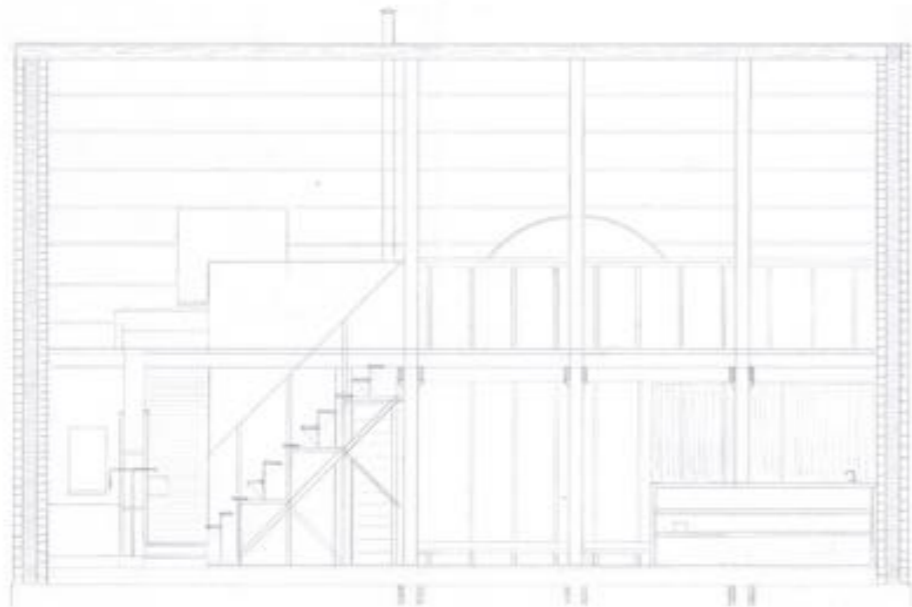
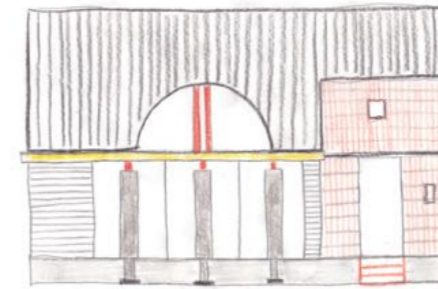
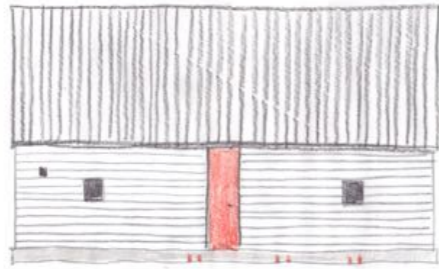
The front door and the other front door

One day I enter my house through the narrow unimposing door leading to my working space. My favorite corner of the house. Full of enthusiasm and initiative to maintain my home. Working tools still lying on the floor tiles since I left the house through that door. Between wooden beams the green fields on the other side of the house disclose step by step.

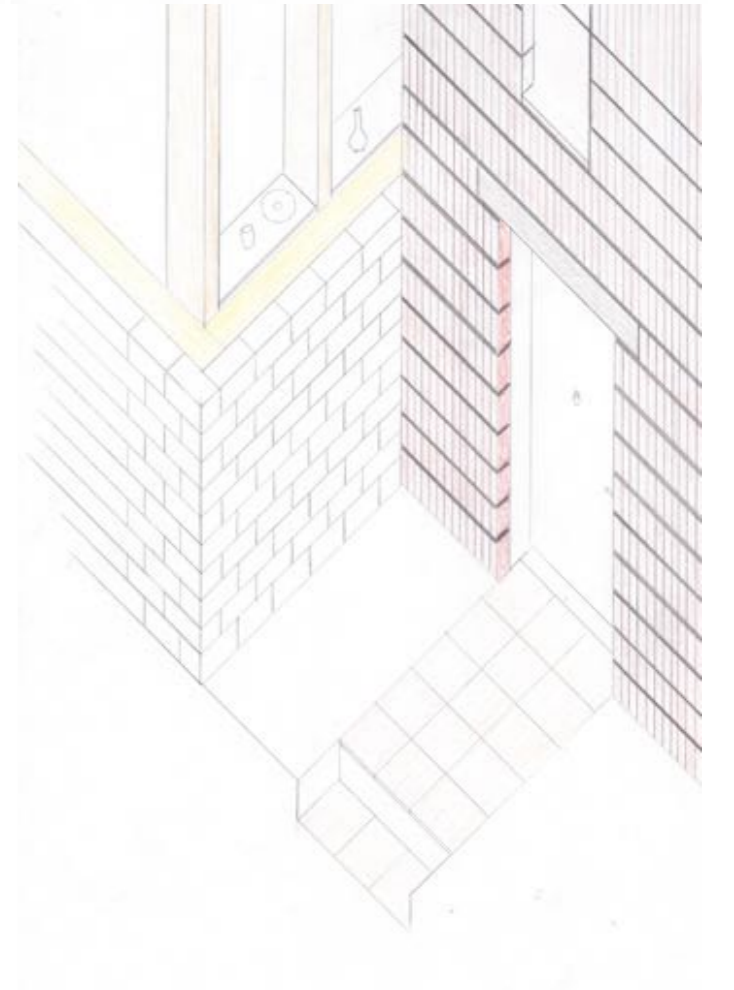
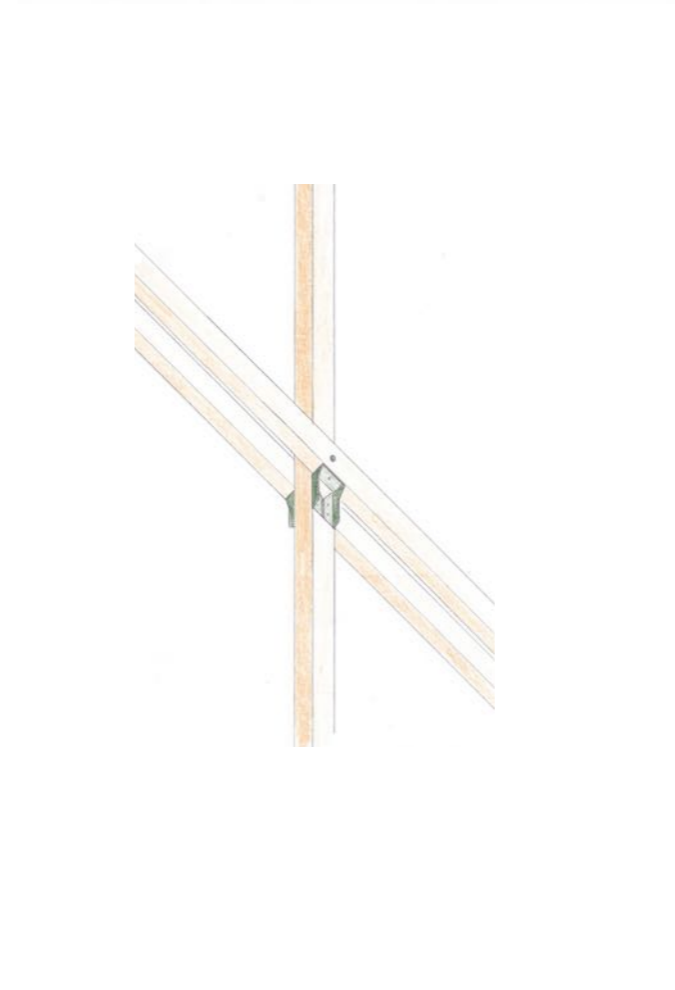
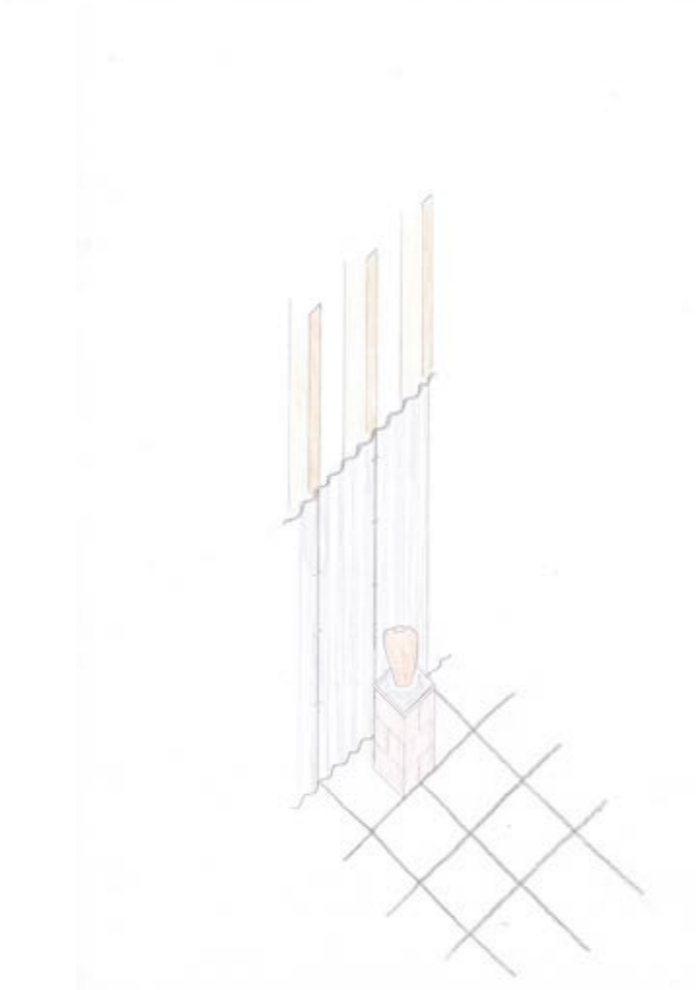
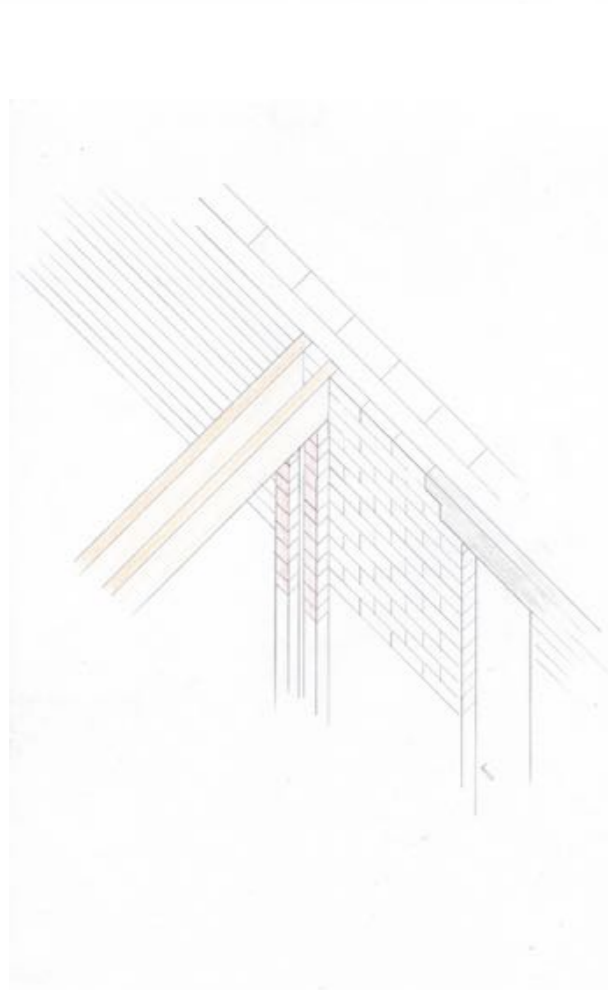
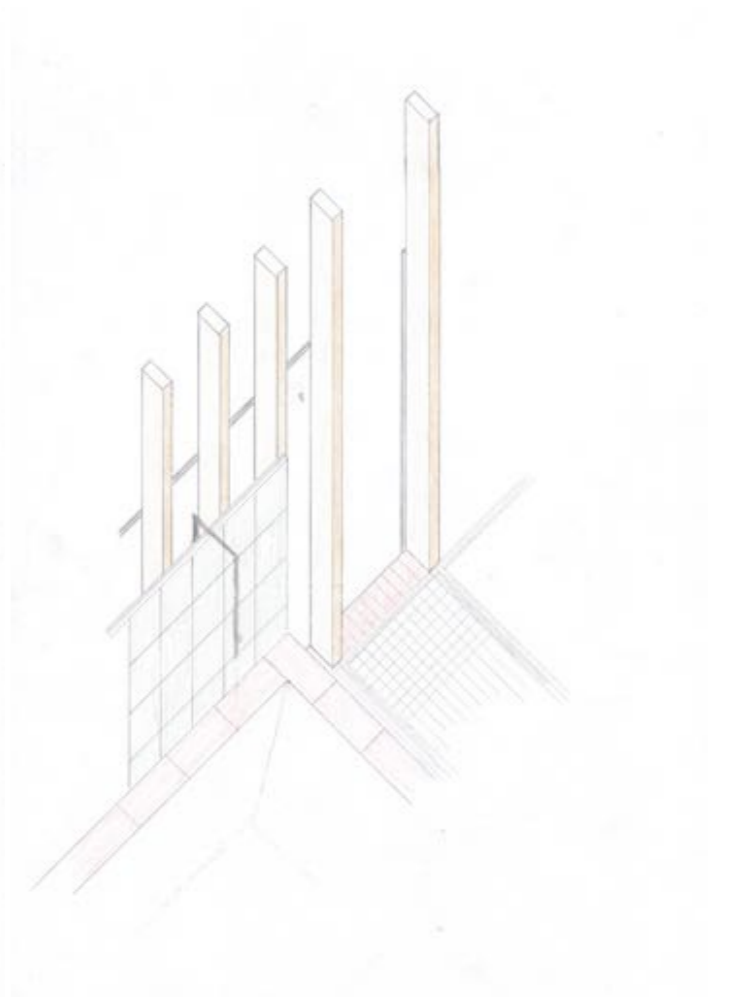
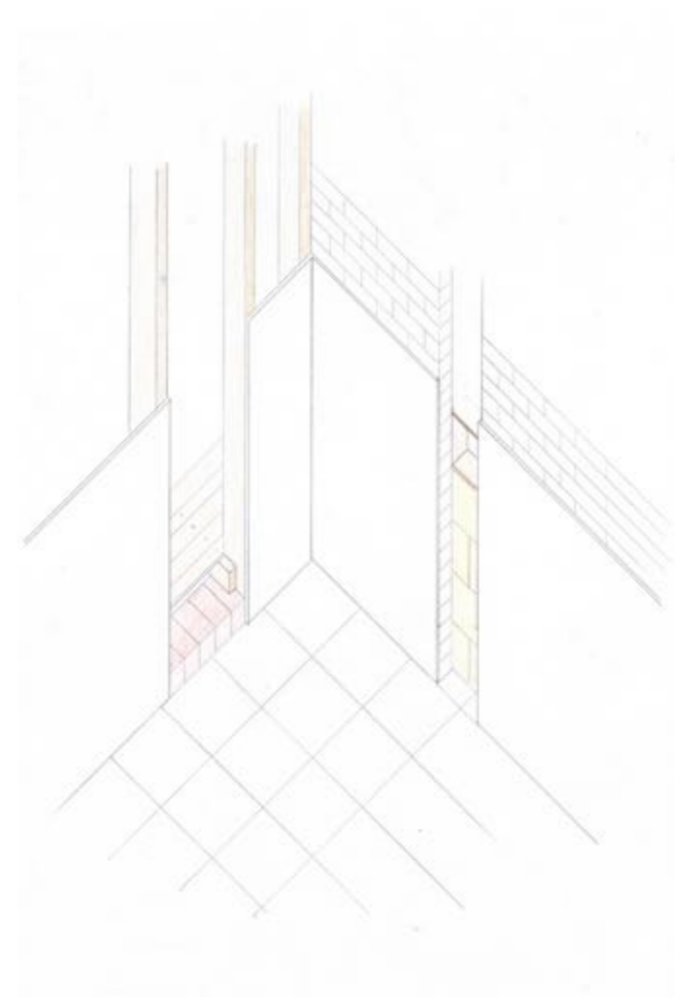
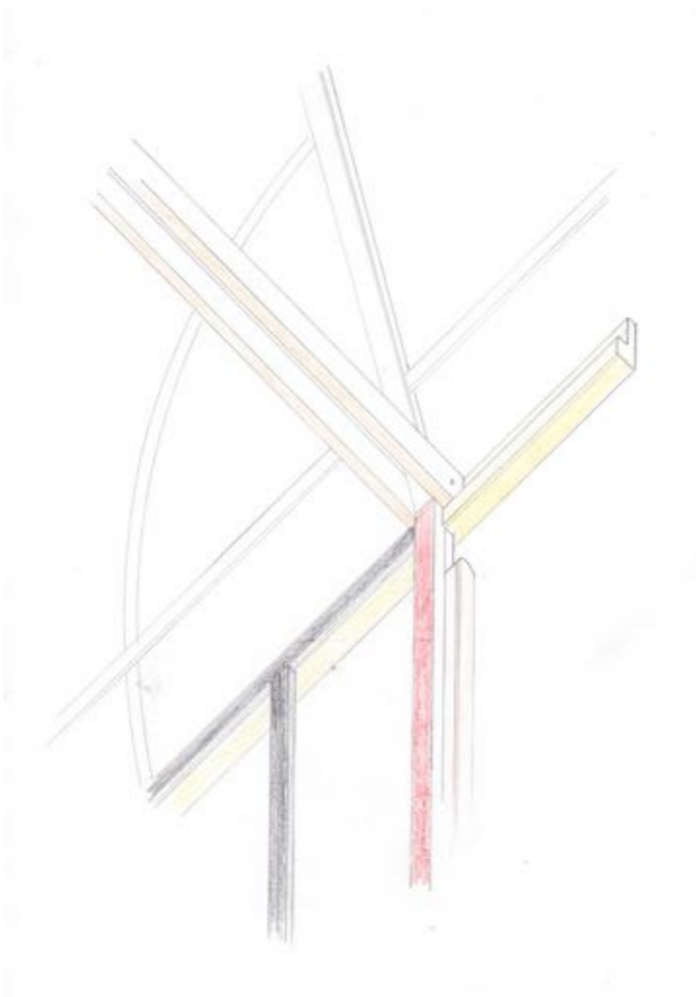
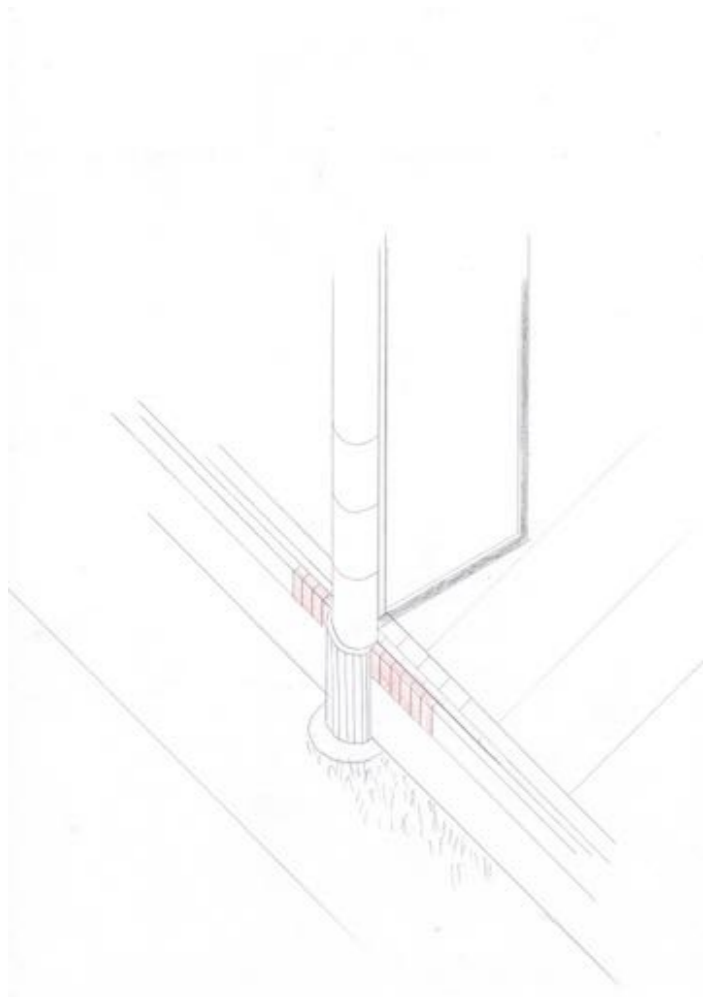
The next day I enjoy the walk around the entire house on the path between two walls. A thick coat to the left, a thin shell to the right, quick curious, almost jealous peeks allowed from one to the other. When I enter the other front door, I take off my shoes, wash my hands to not leave any dirt on the walls. Nice to be back home, nothing to care about right now. Take a book, pull the curtain, arrived in seclusion.

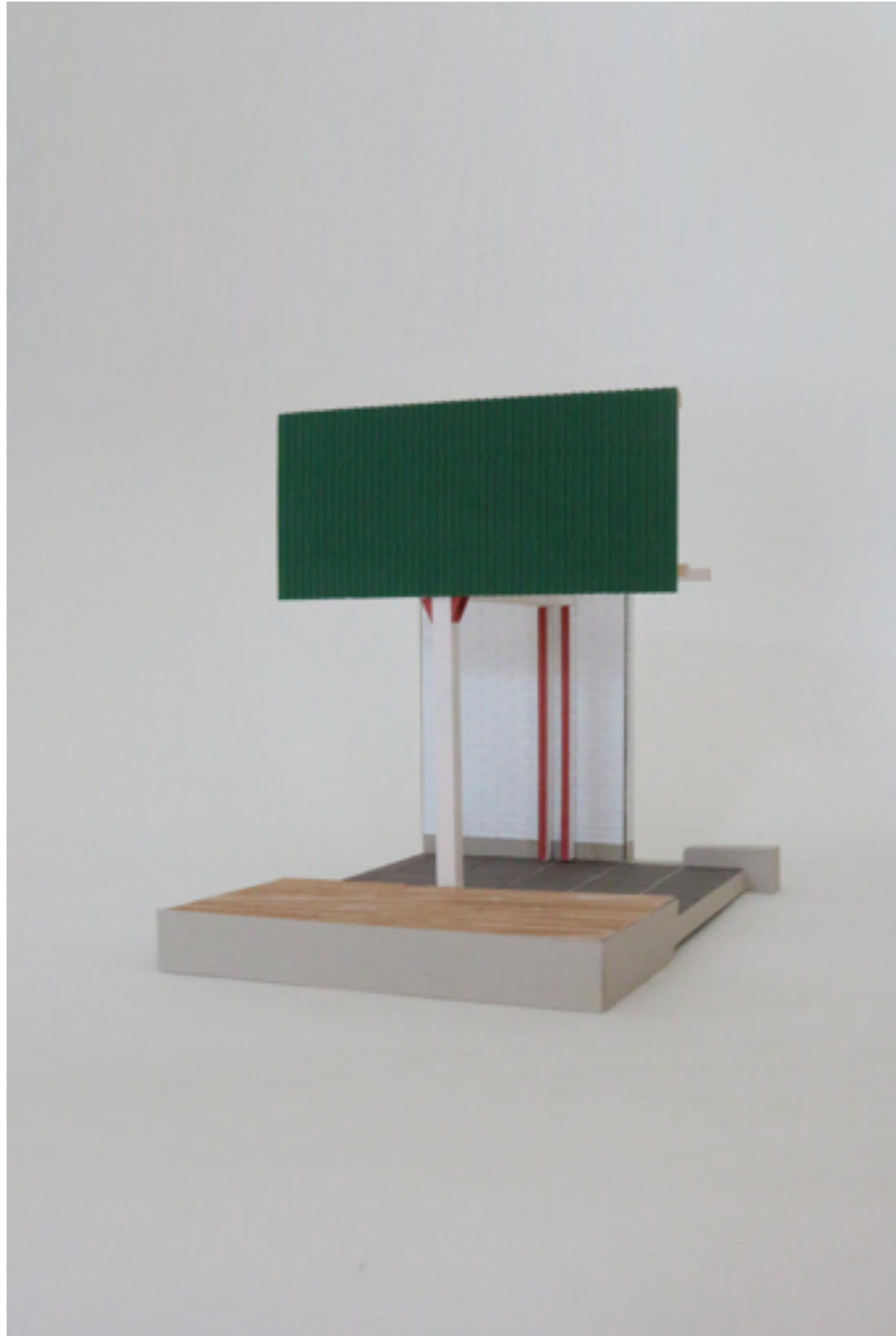


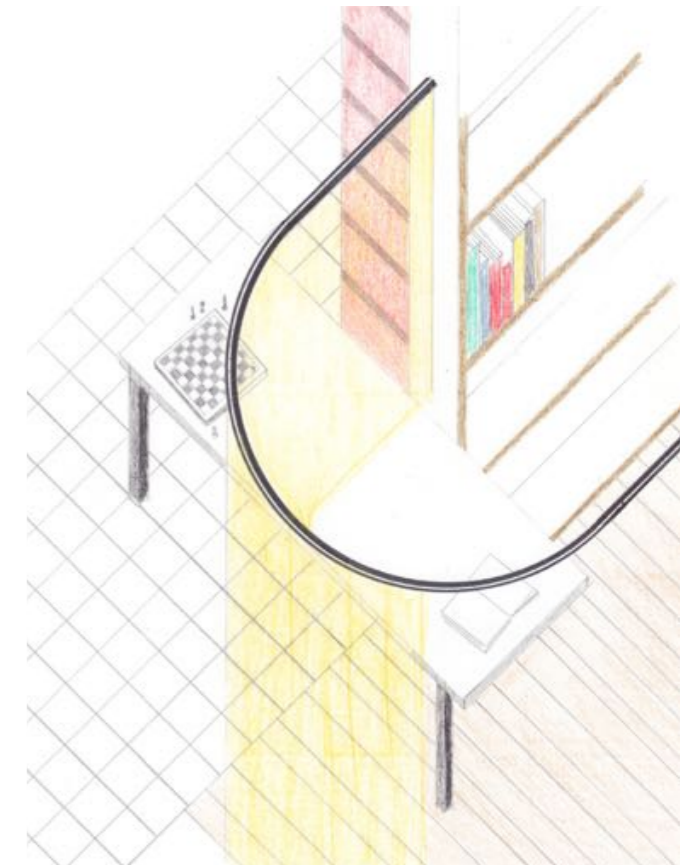
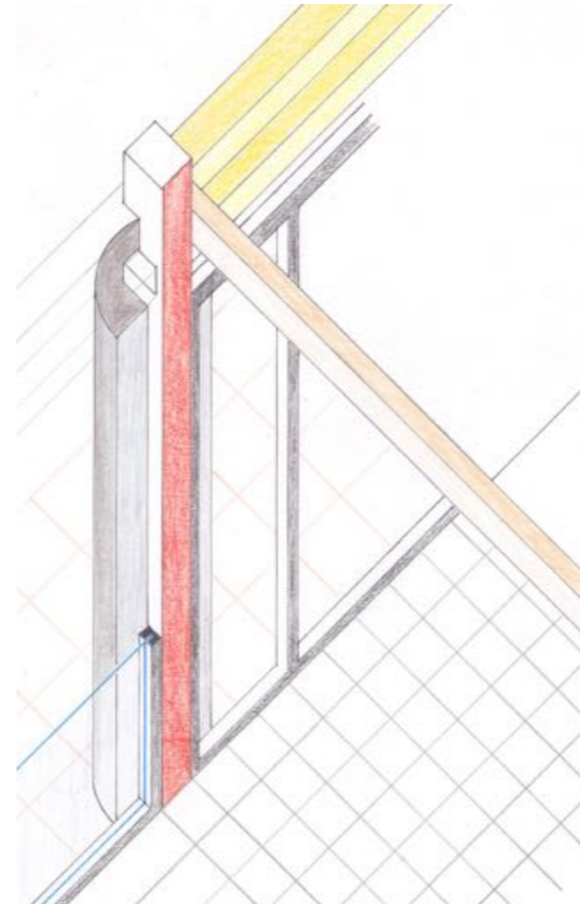
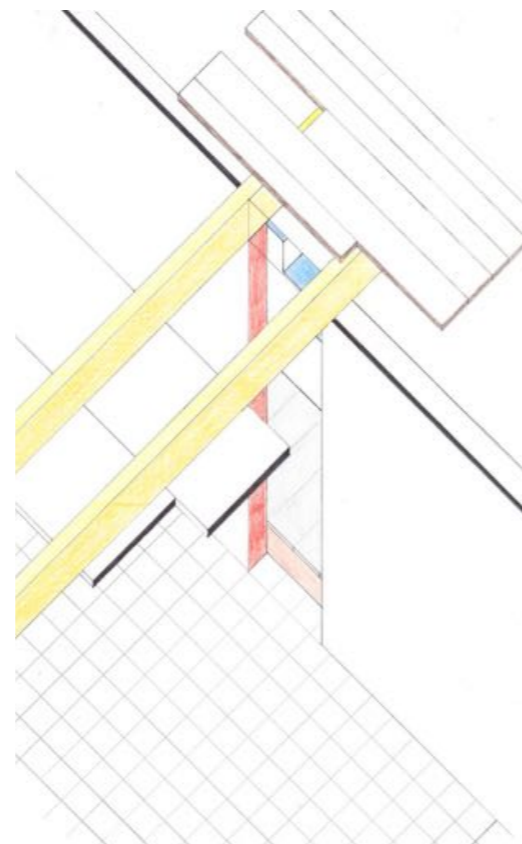
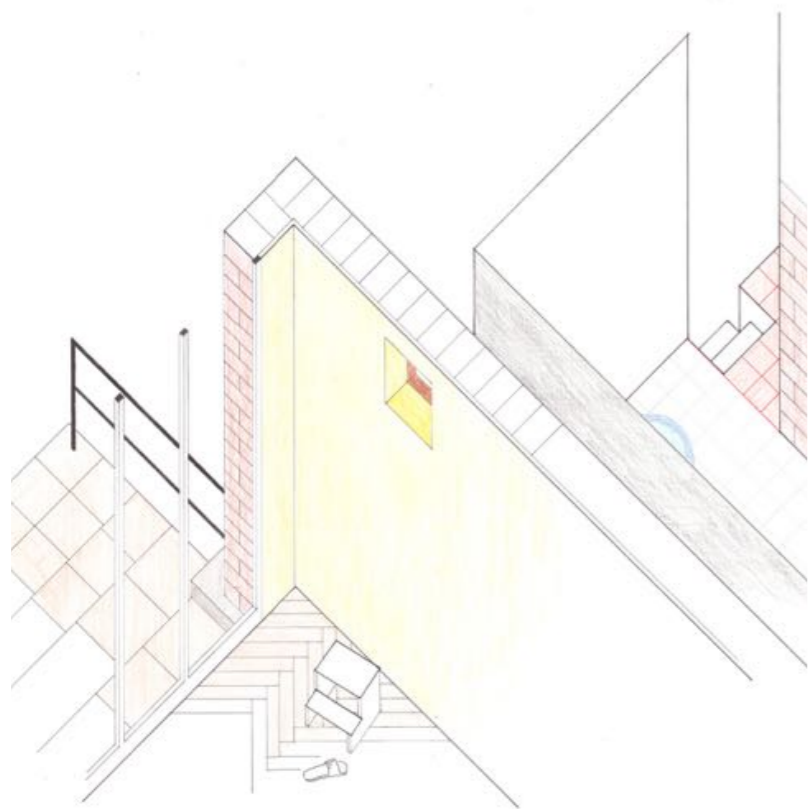


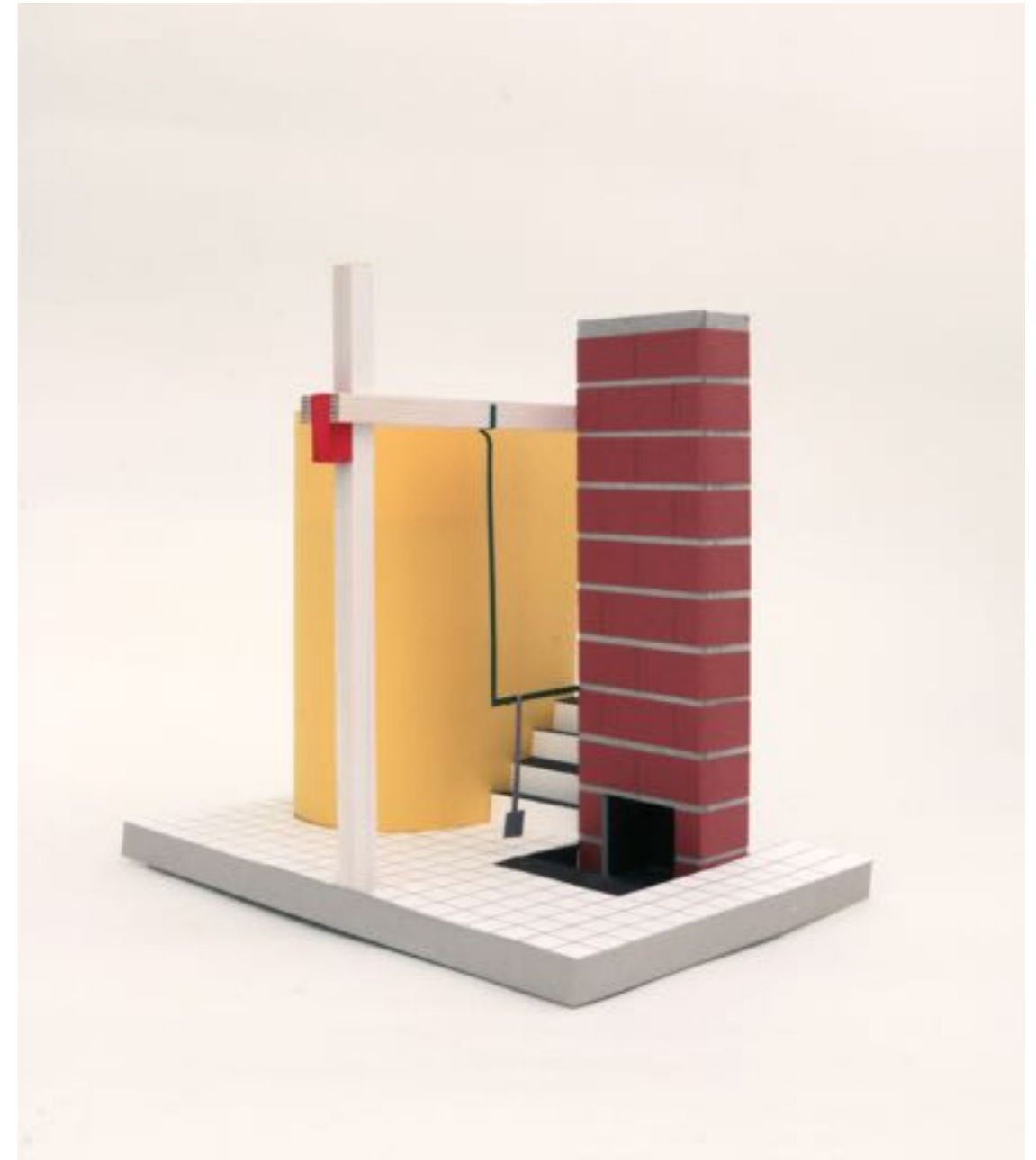


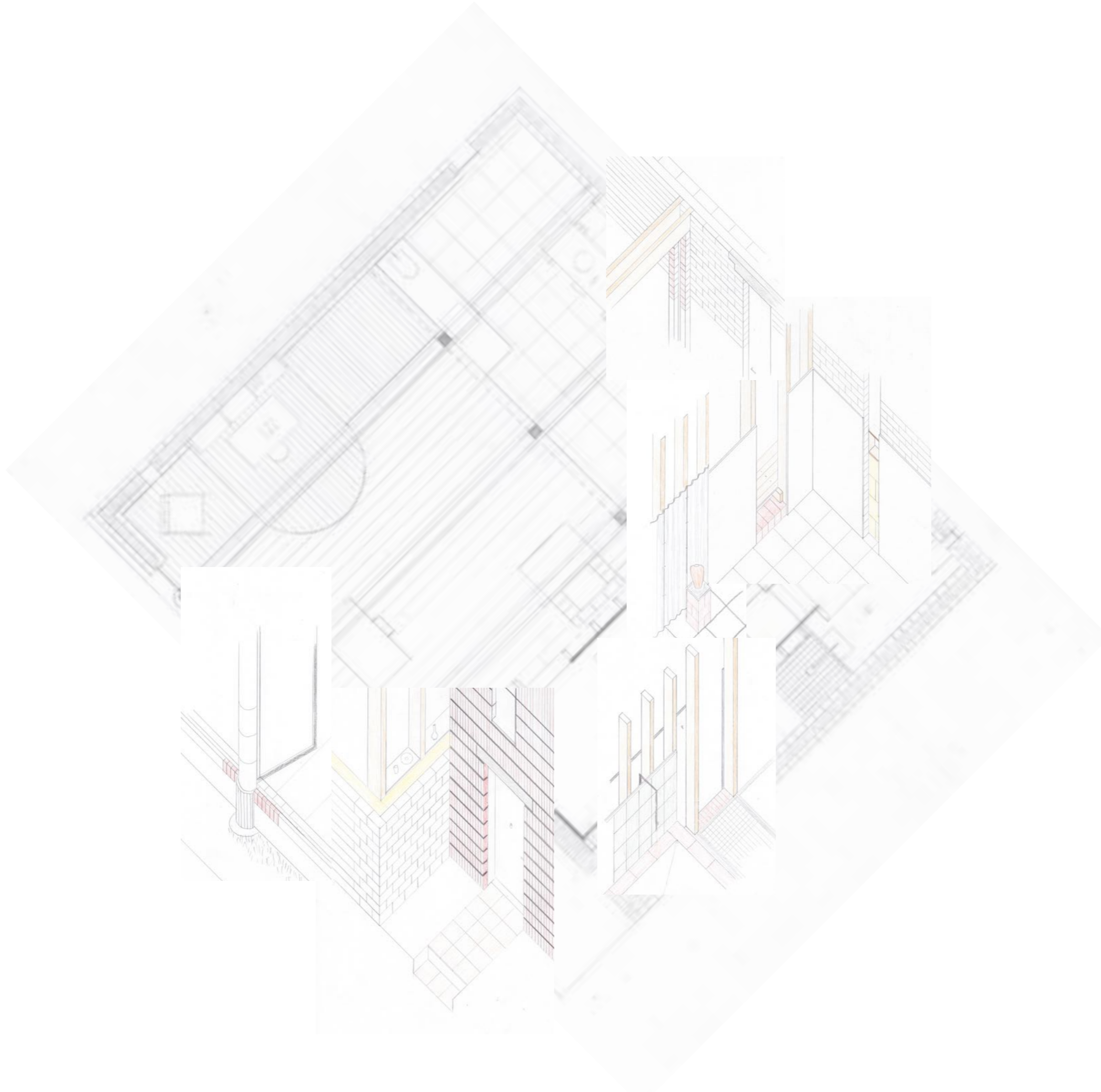


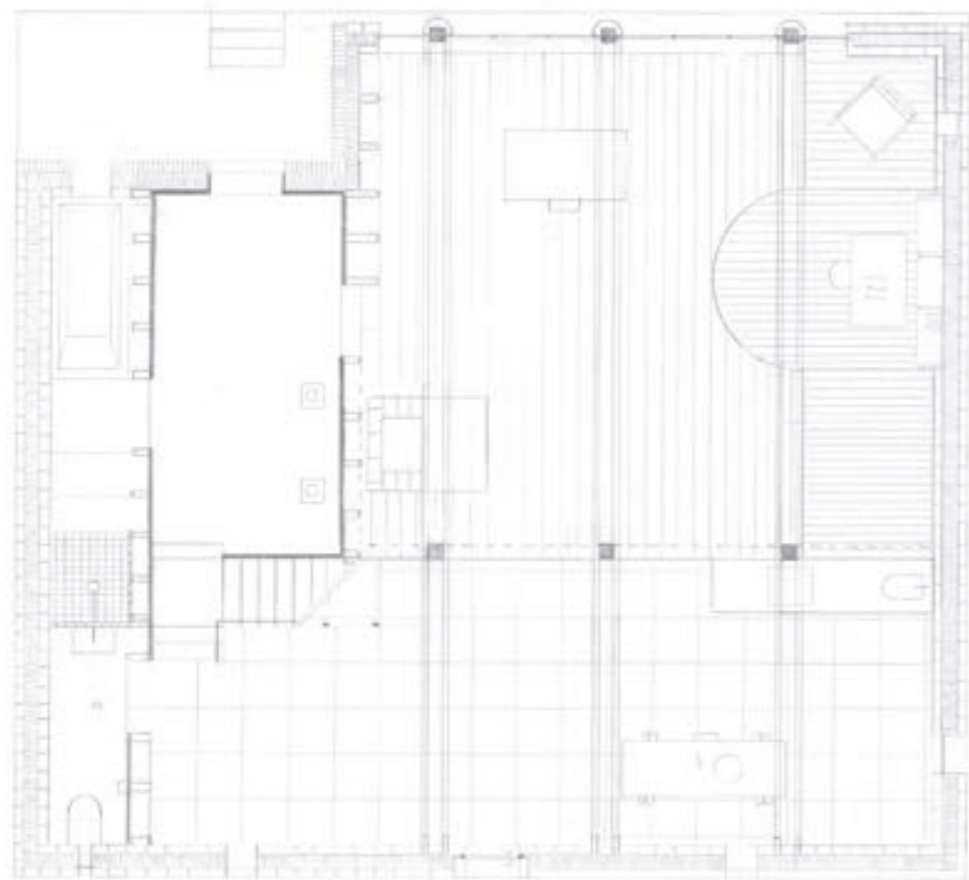


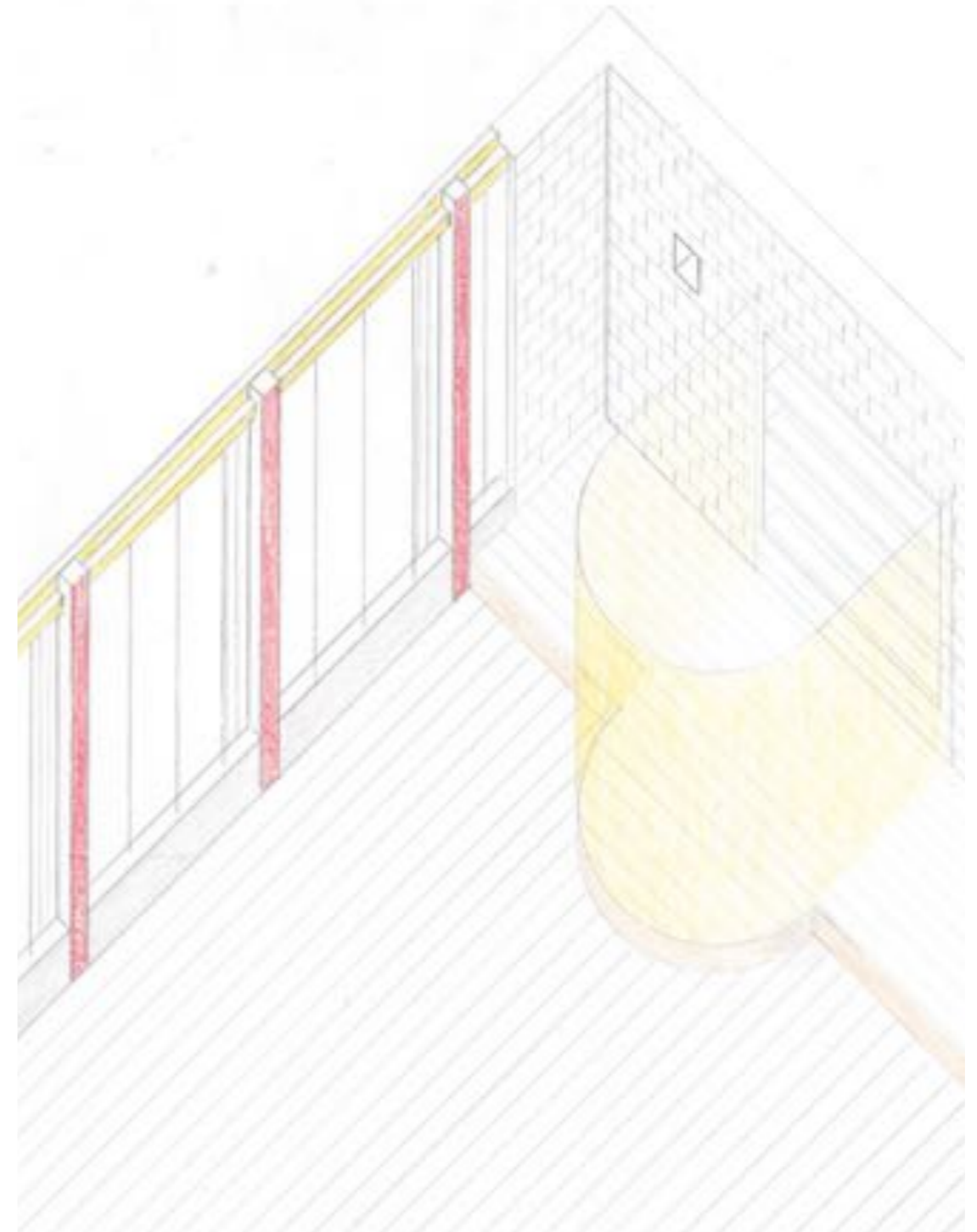
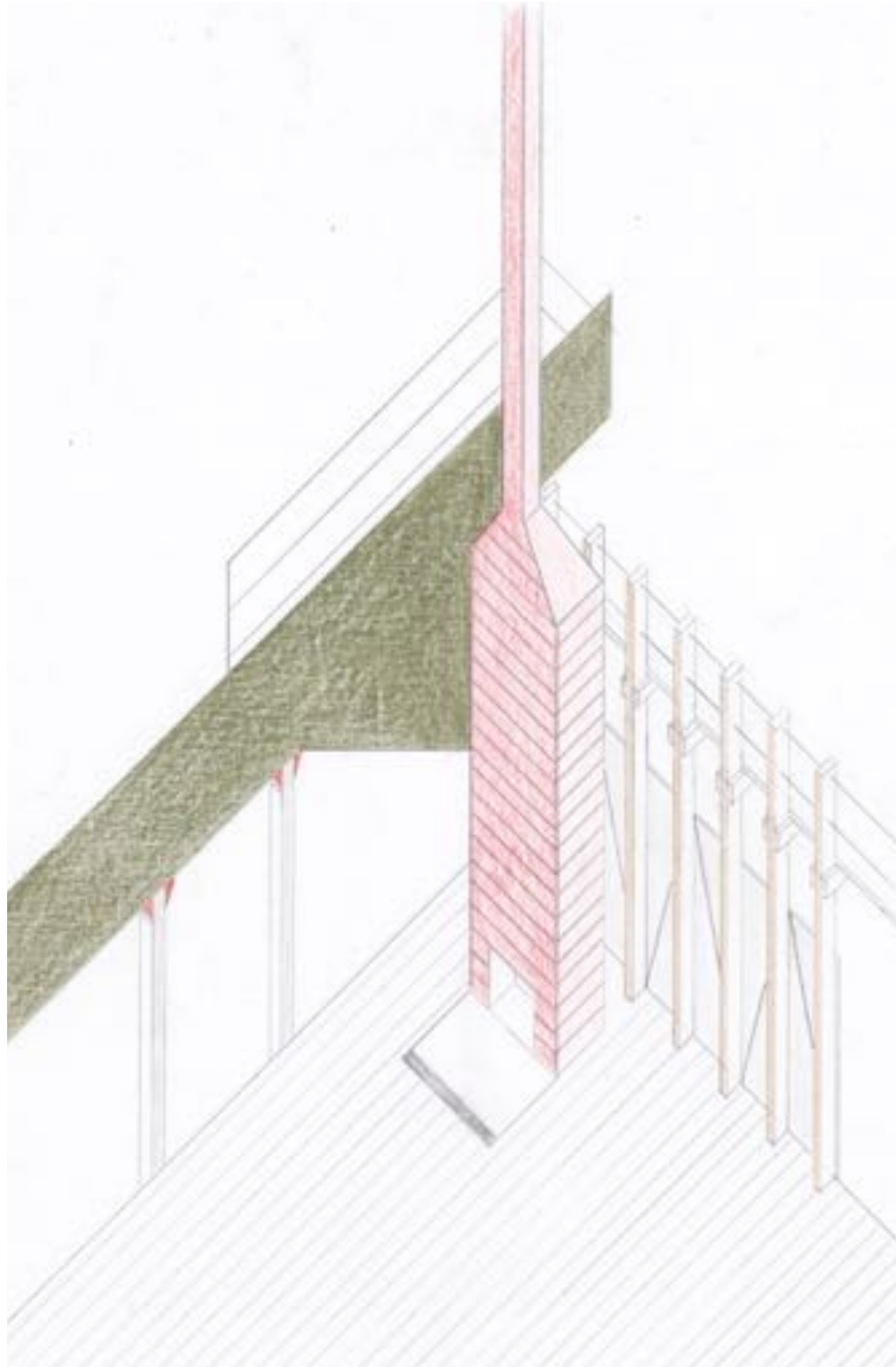


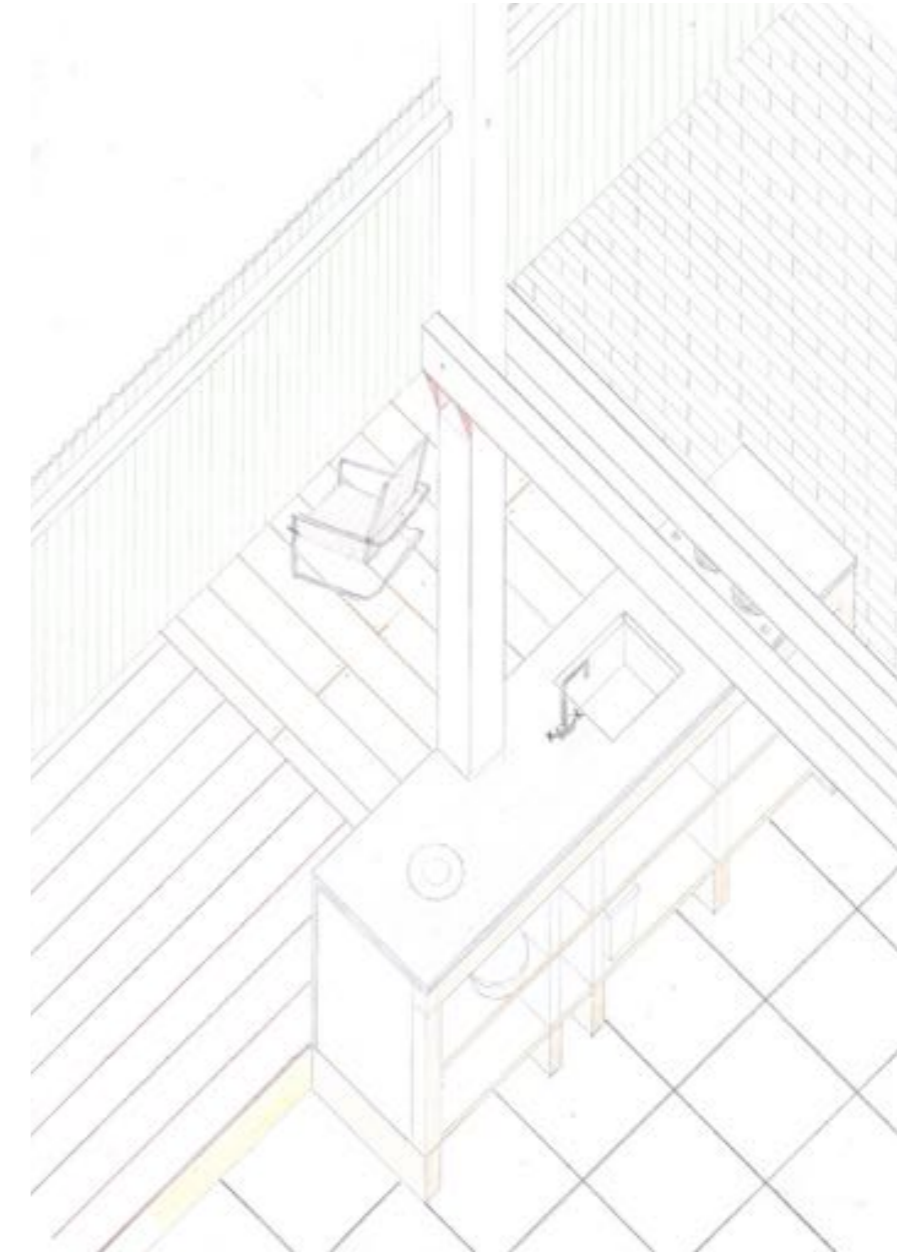
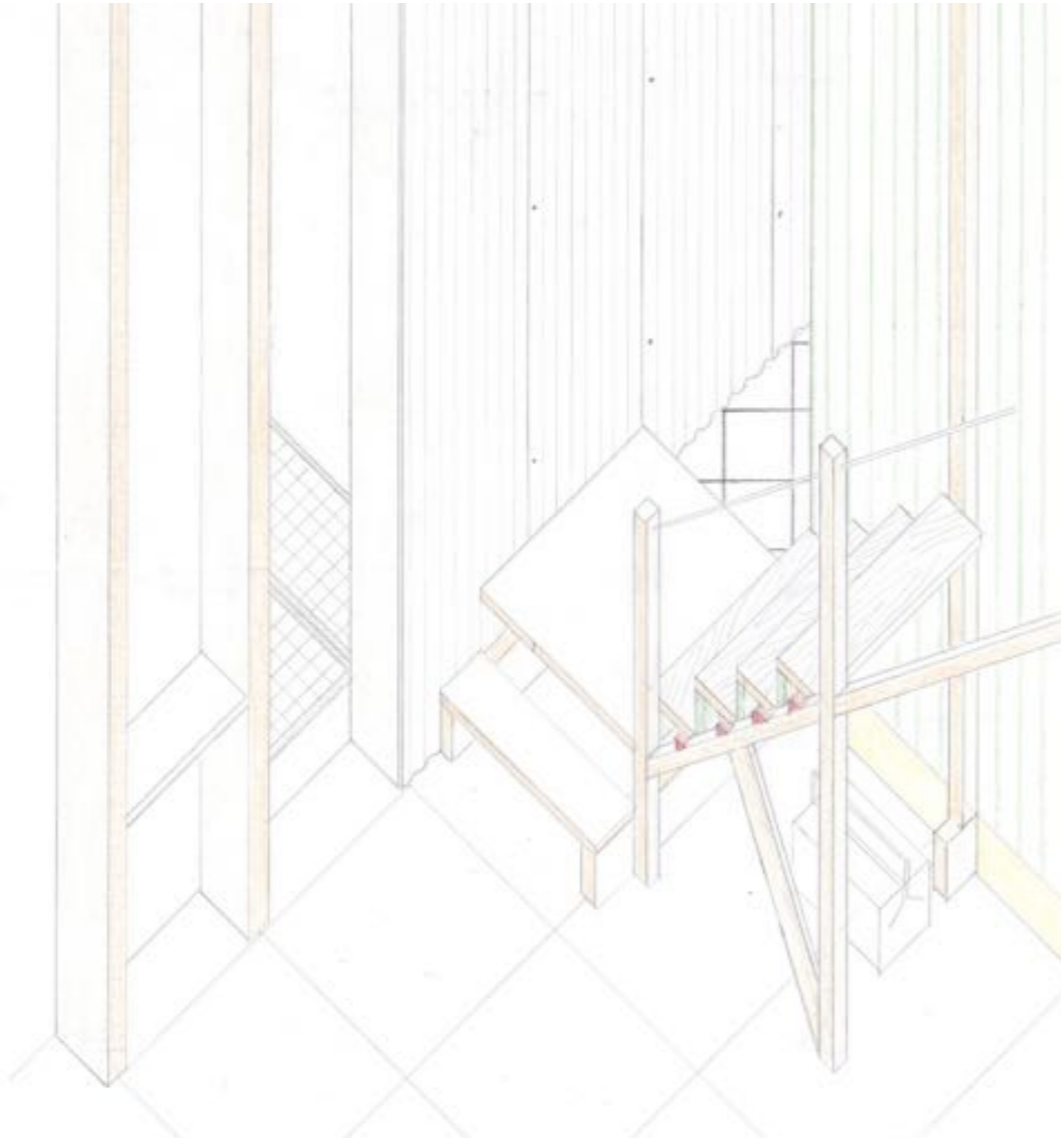










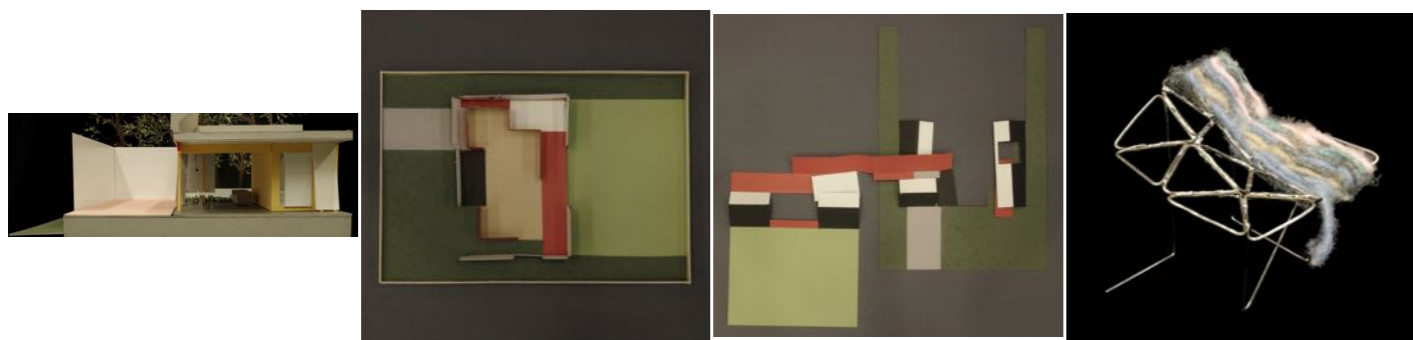


Dialogue CH & US in BE

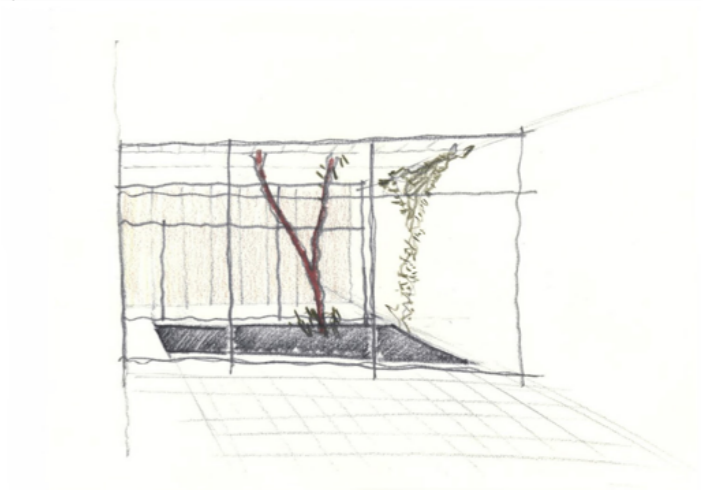
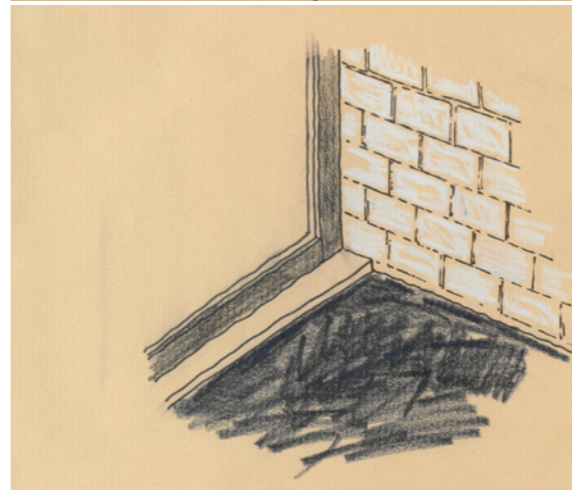
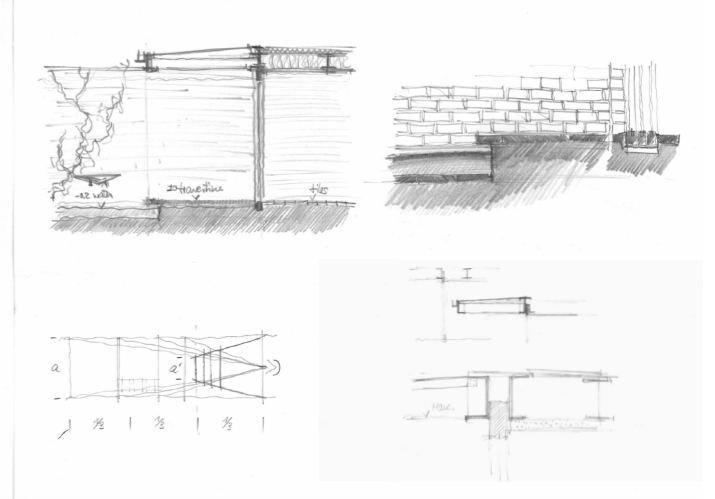
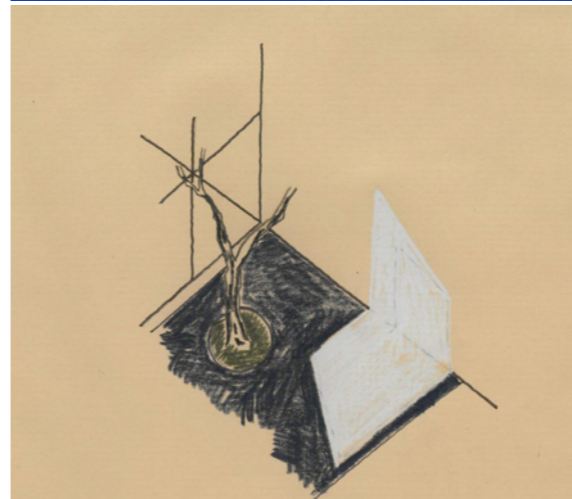
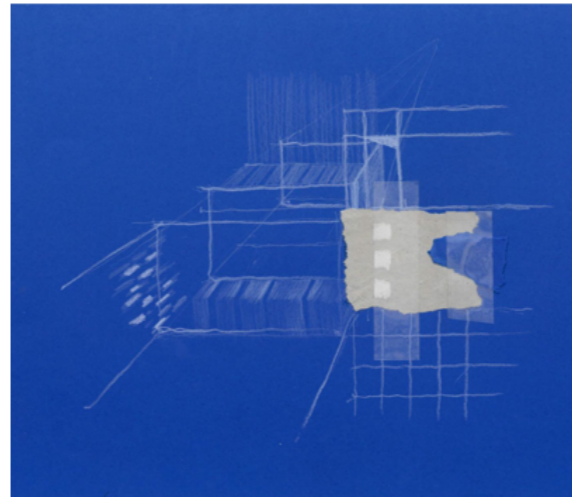
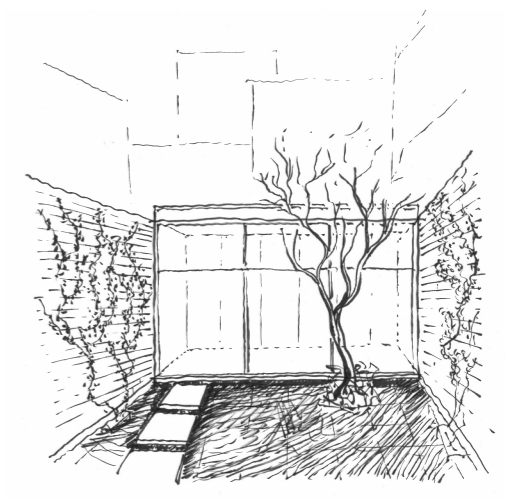
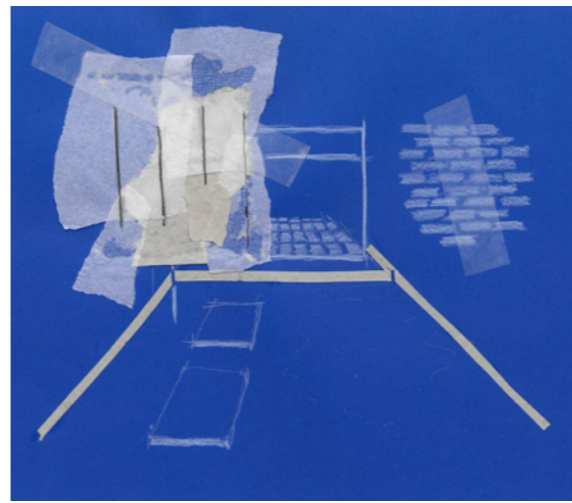
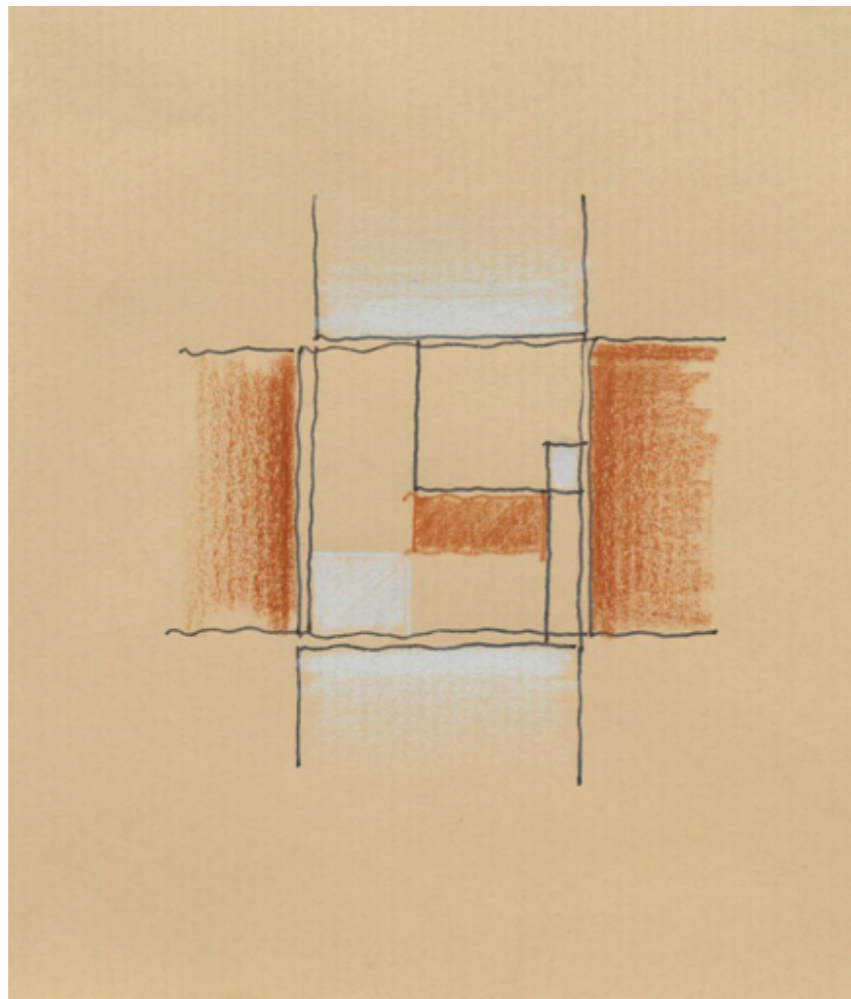


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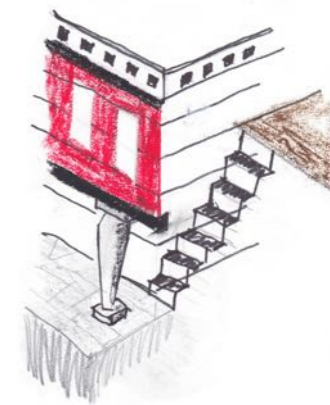
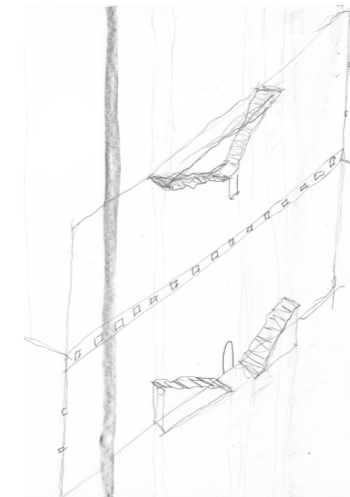
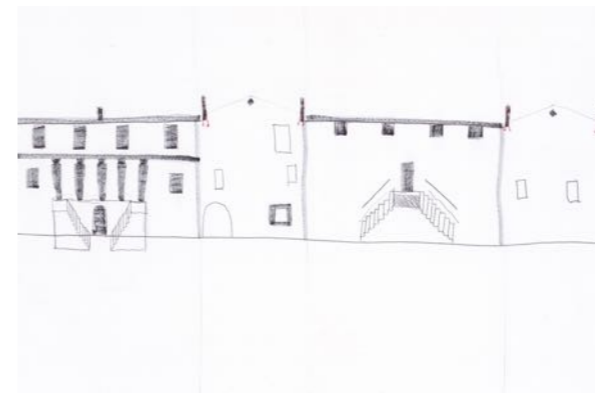
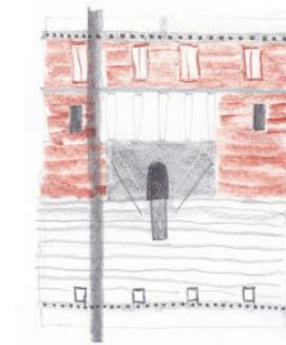
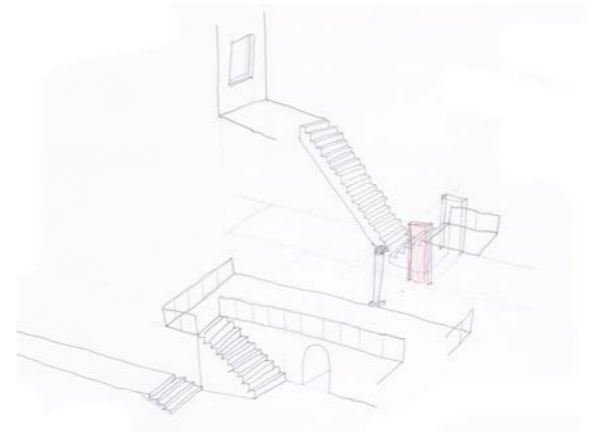
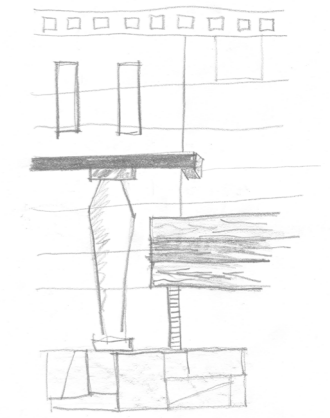
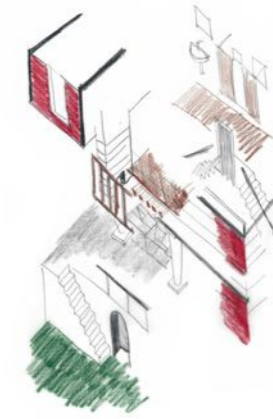
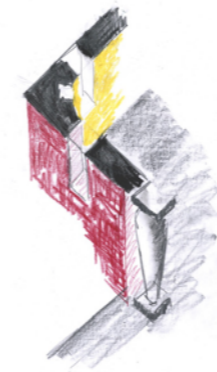
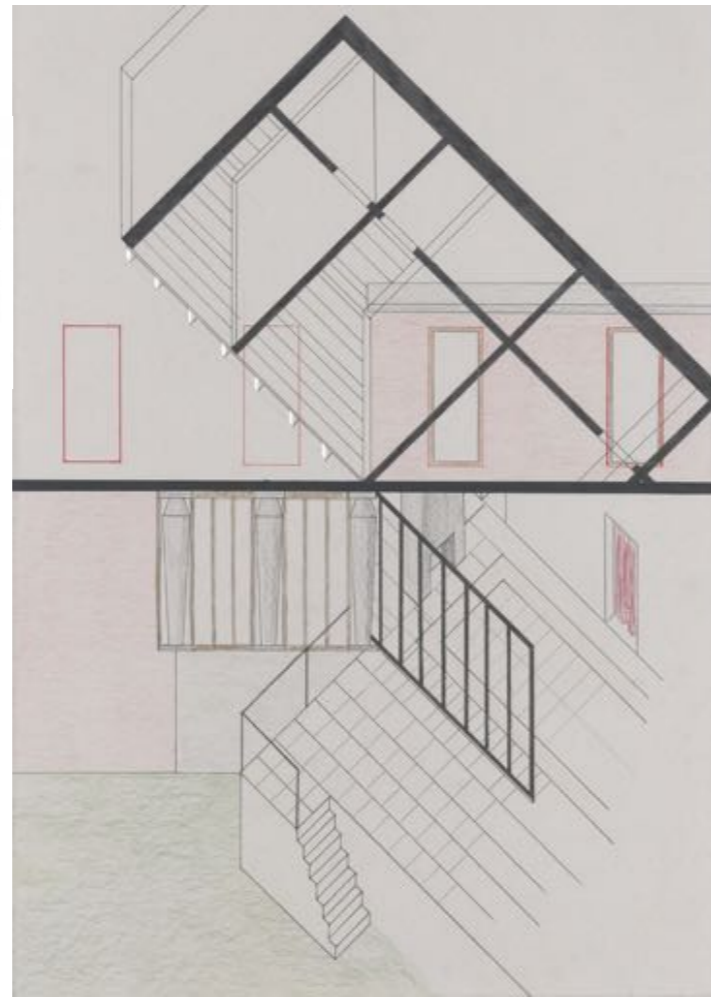


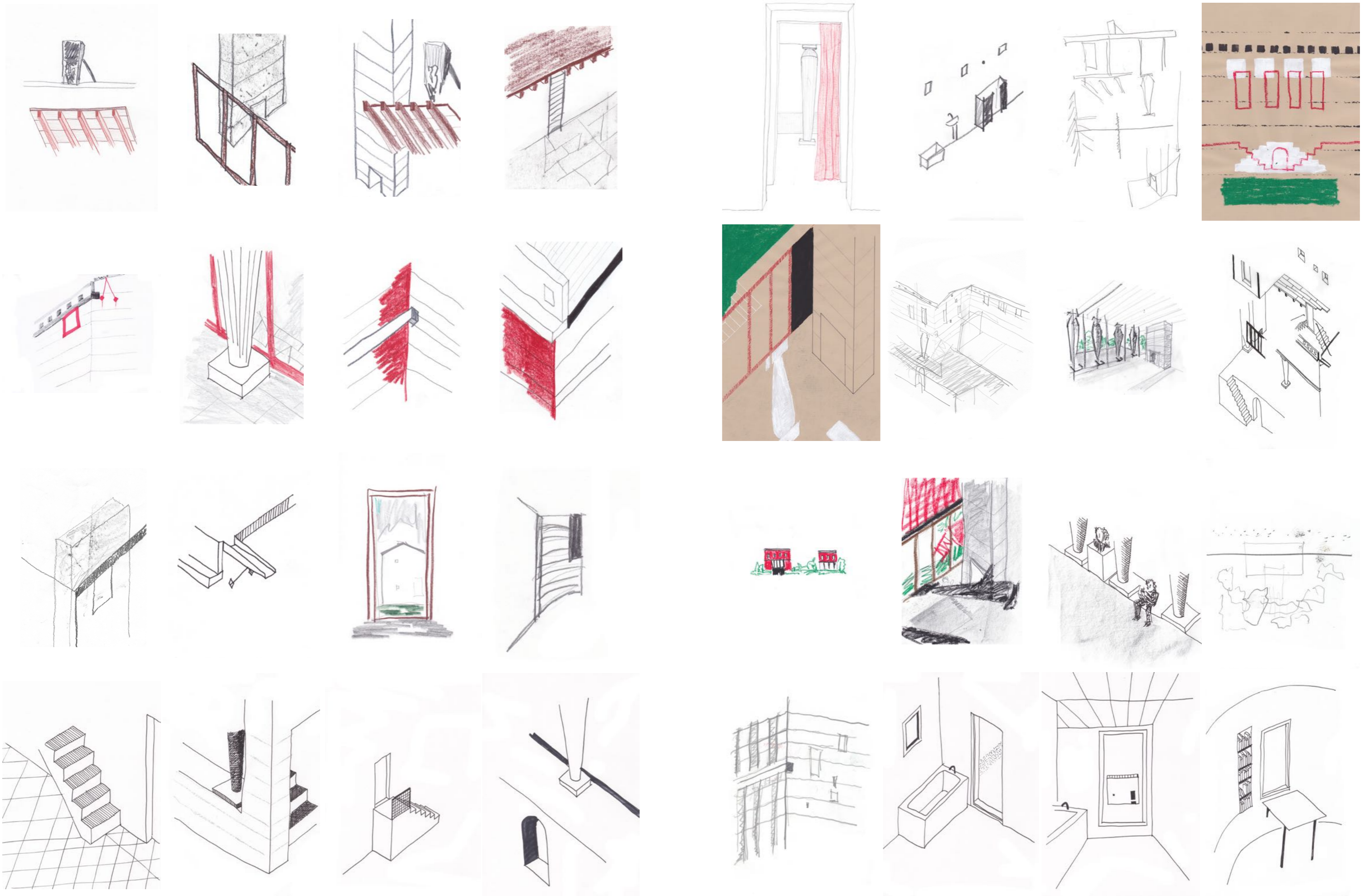


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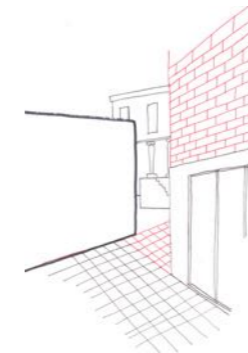
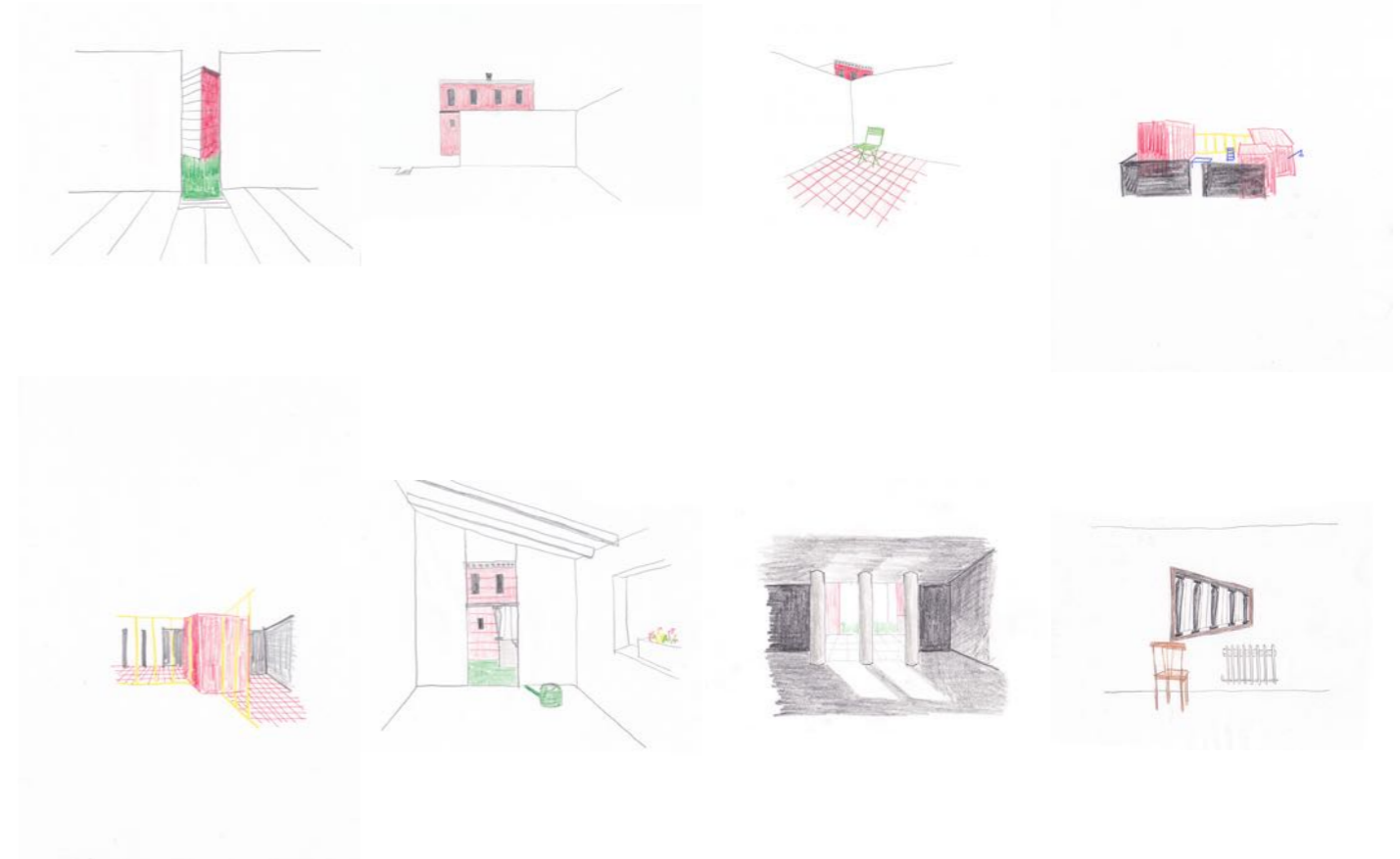
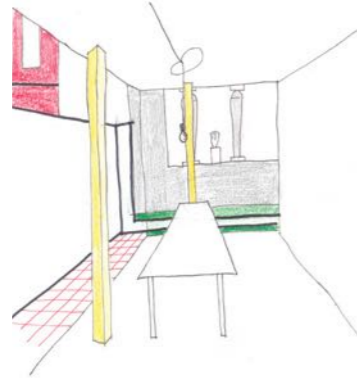


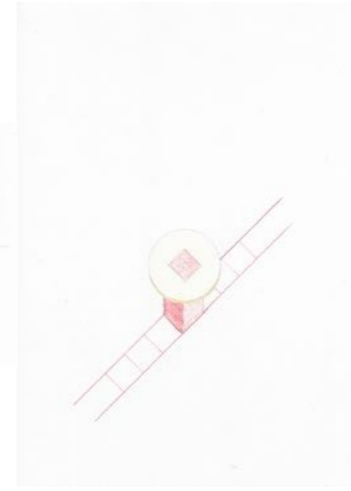
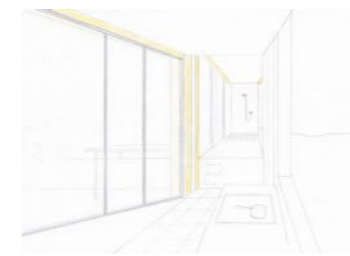
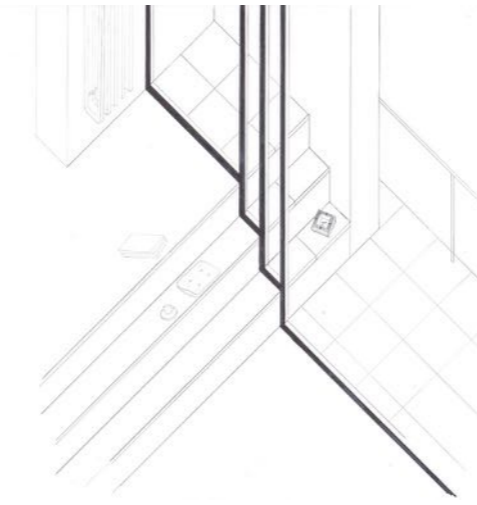
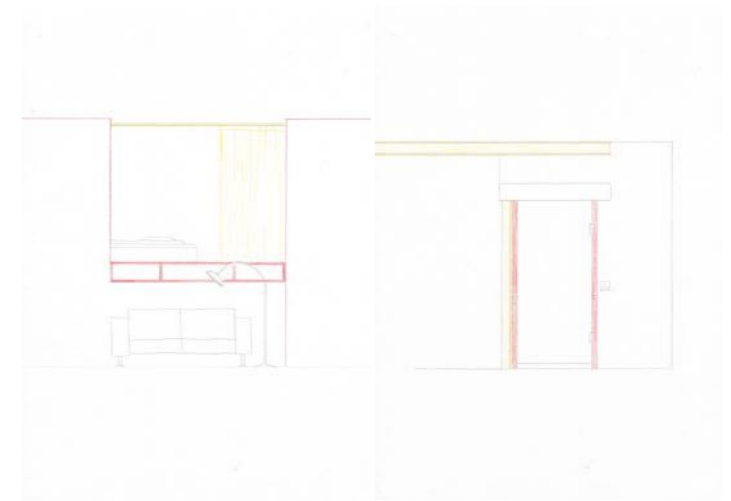
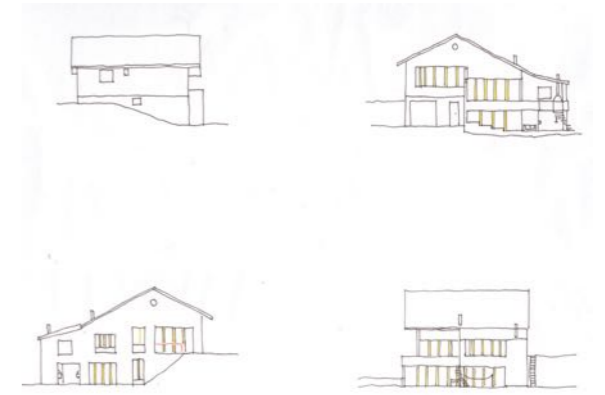
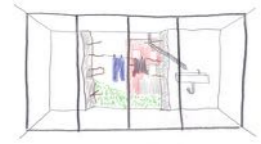
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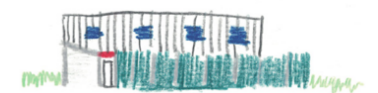
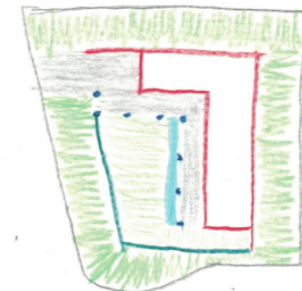
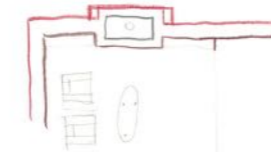
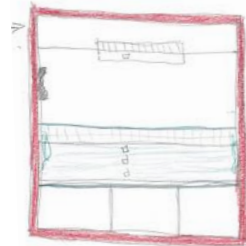
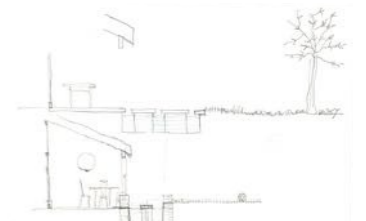
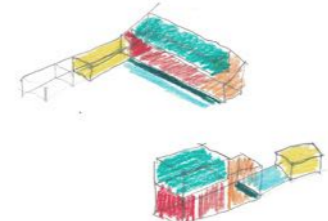
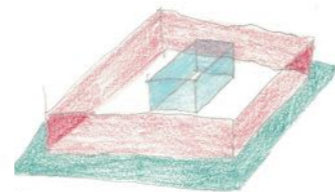
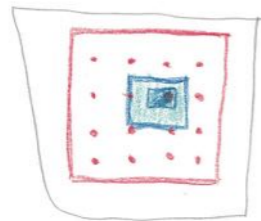
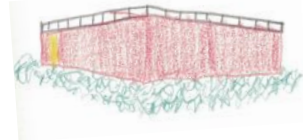
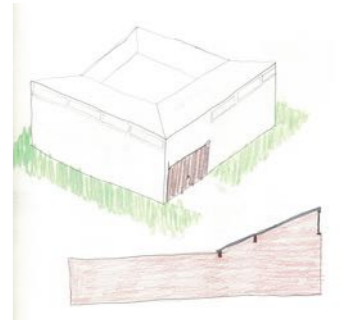
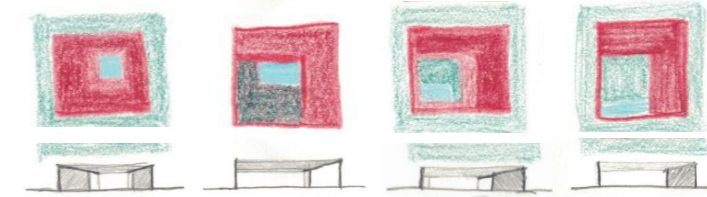
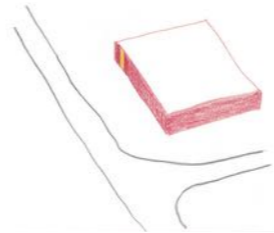
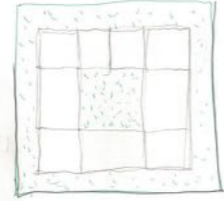
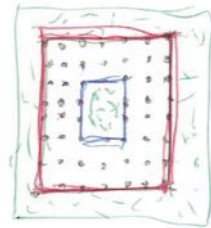
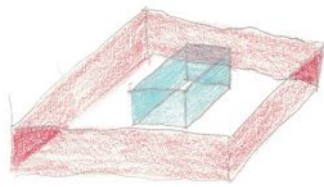
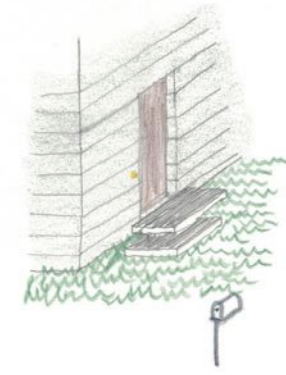
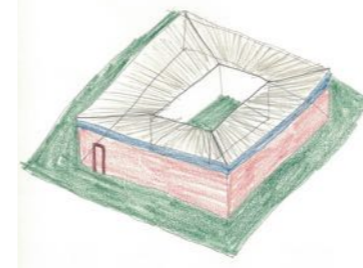
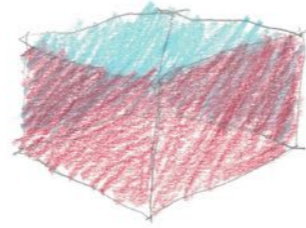
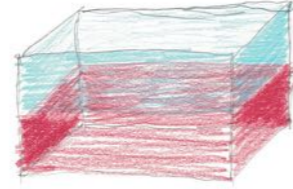
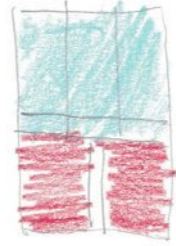


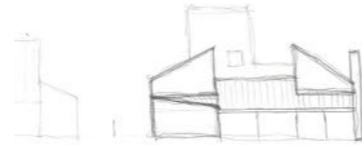
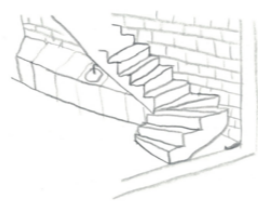
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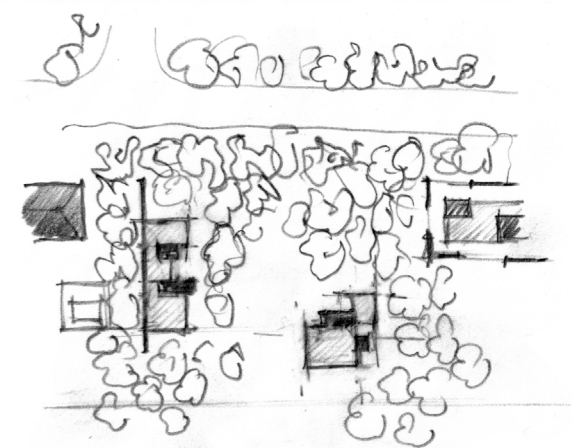
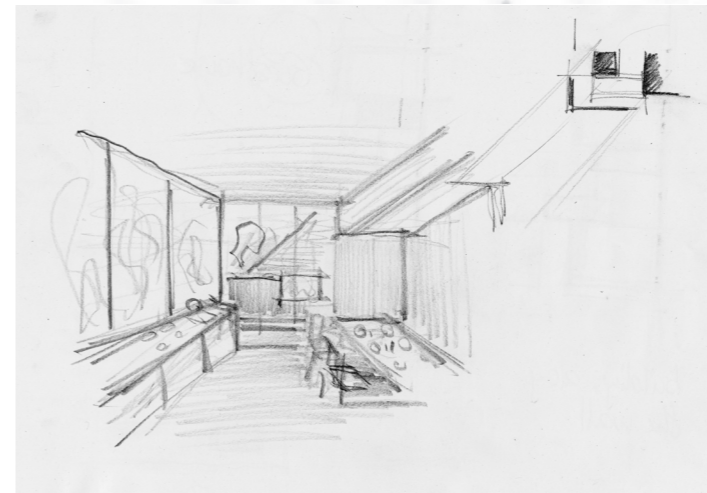
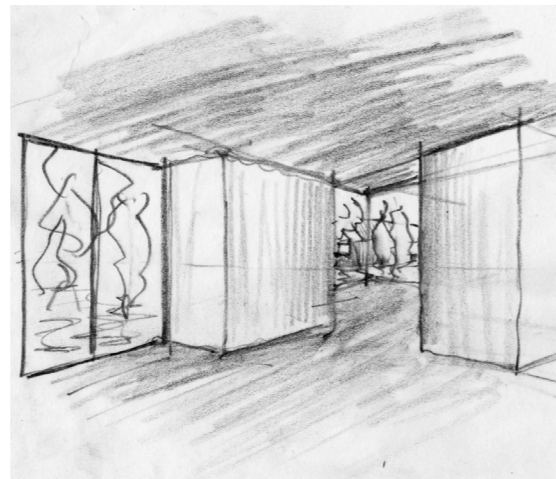
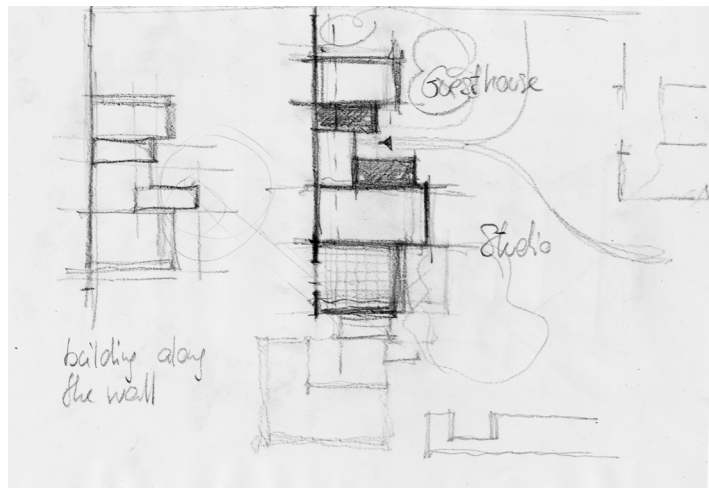
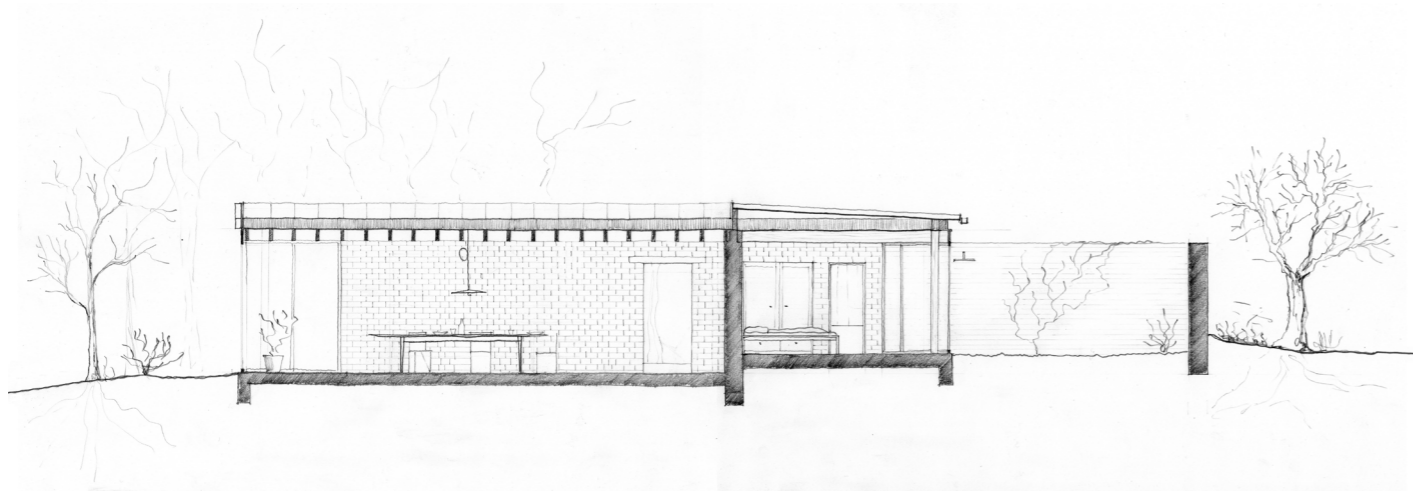
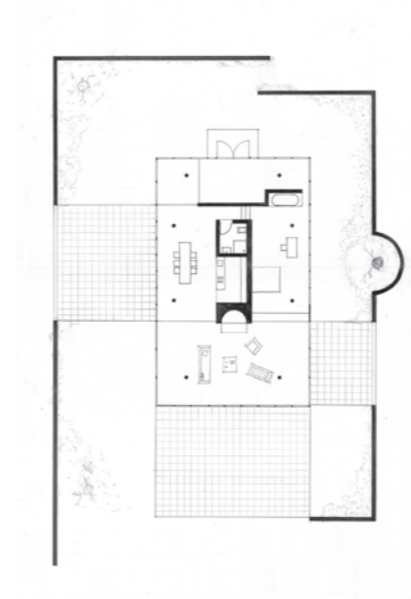
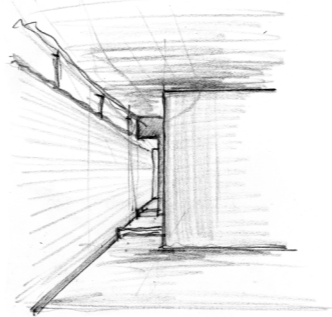
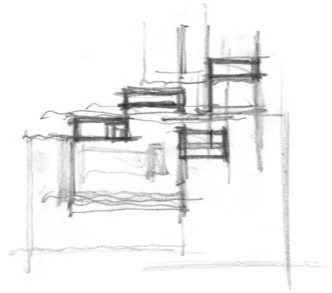
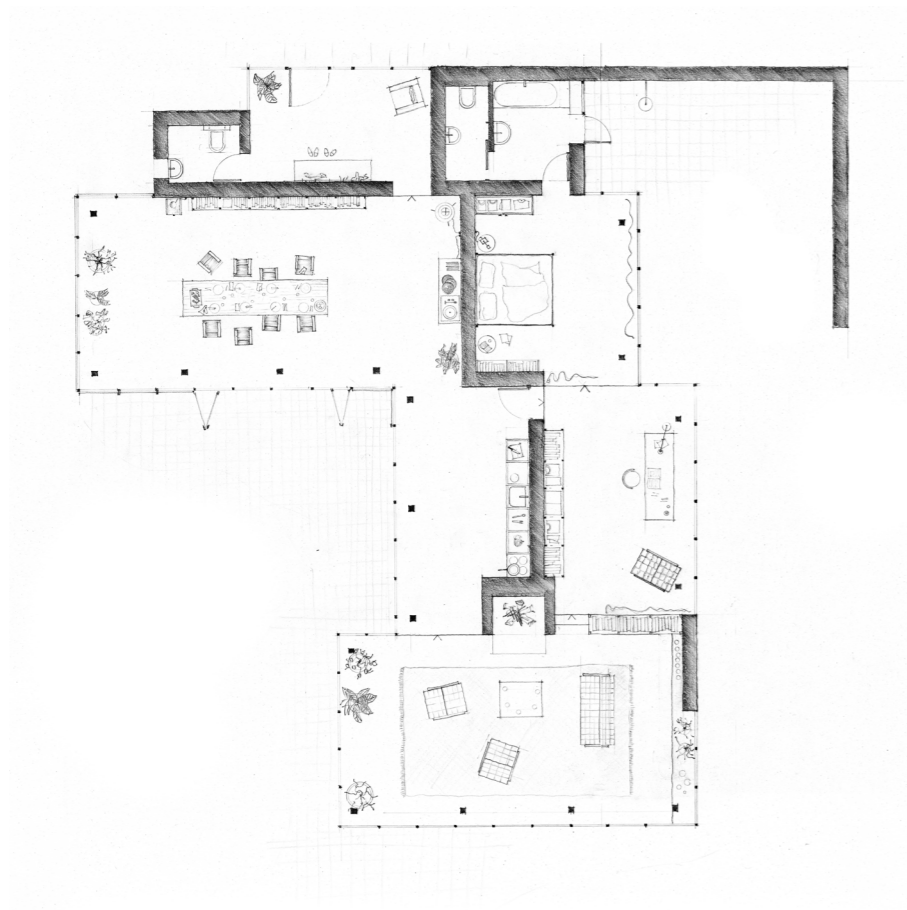


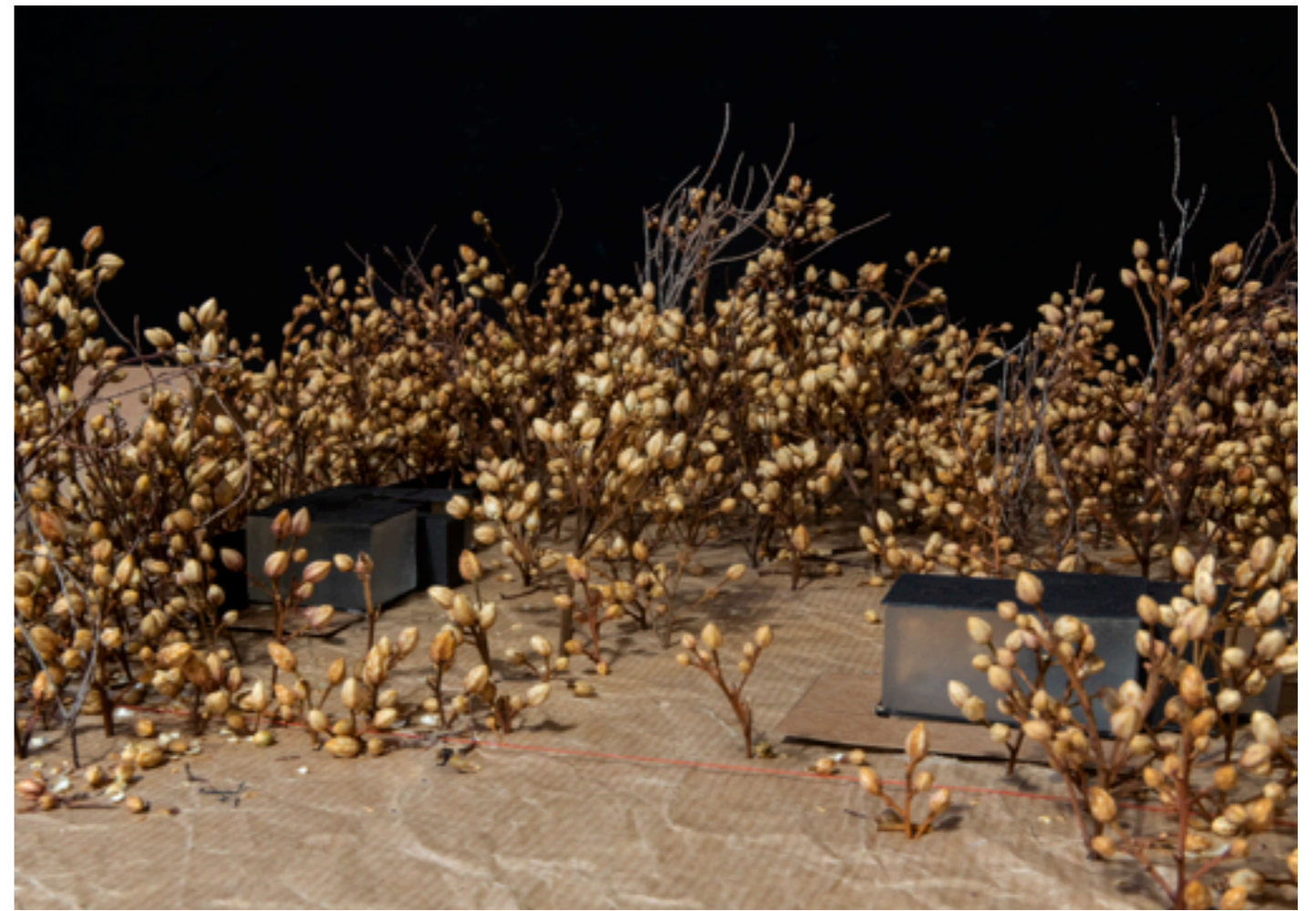


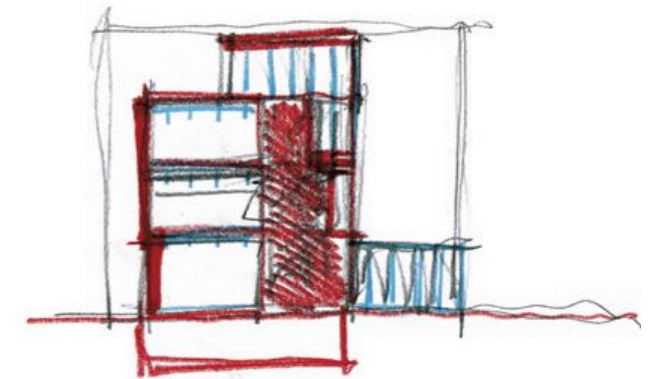
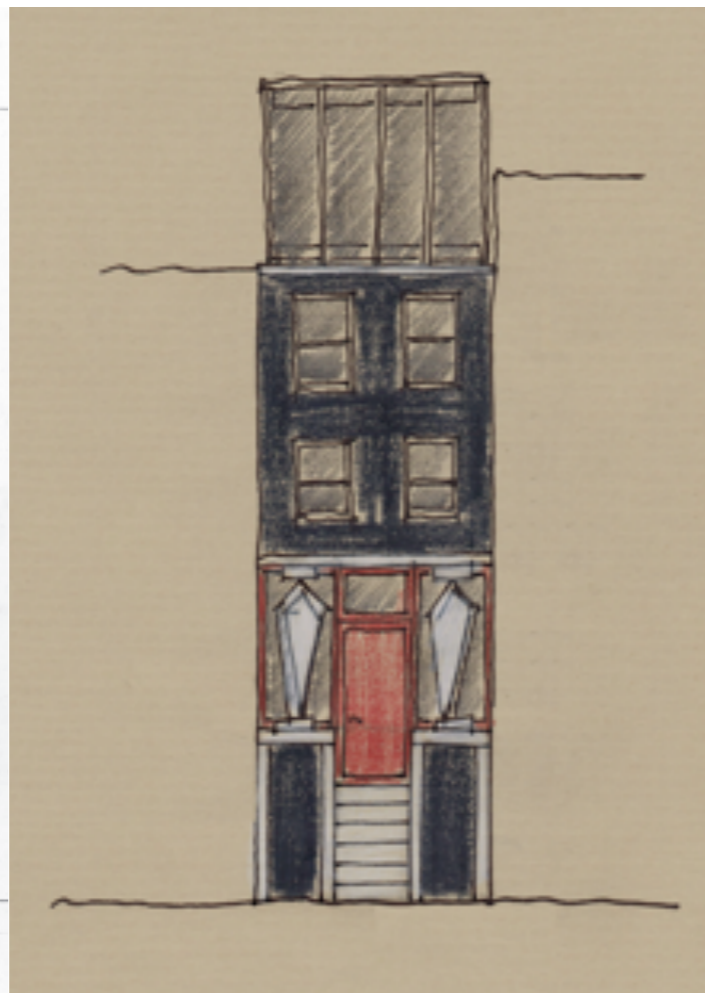
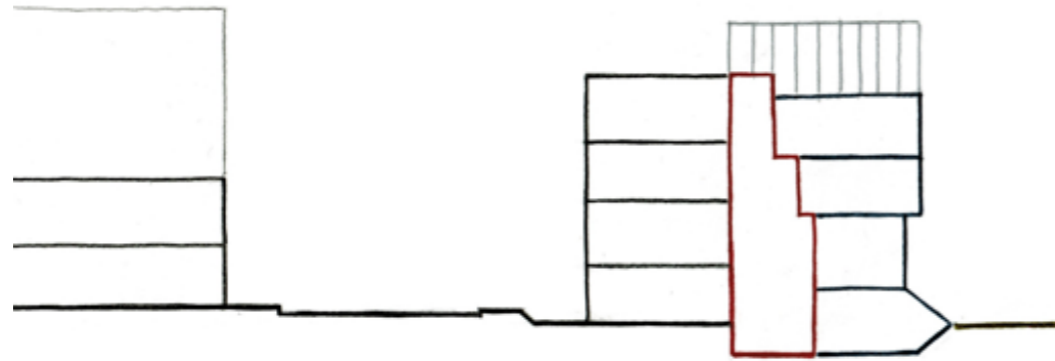
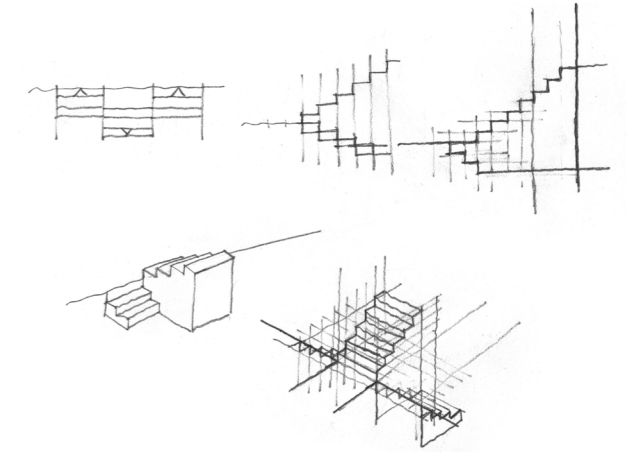
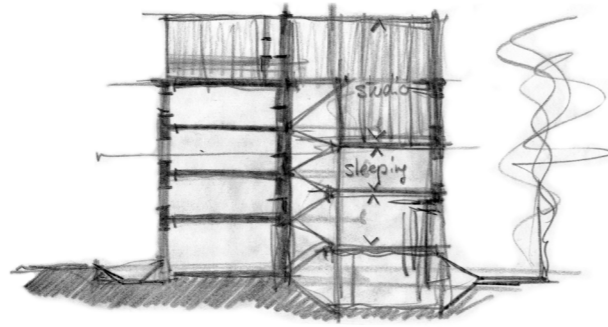
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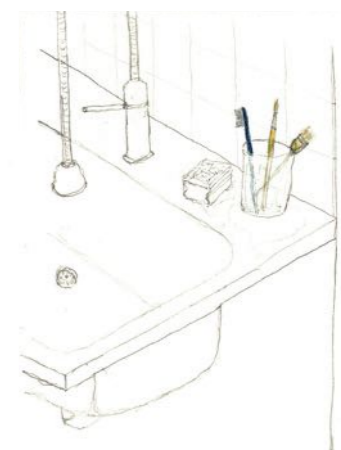
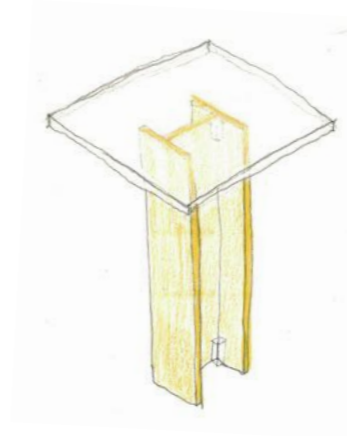
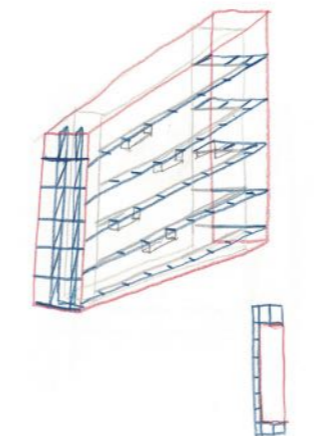
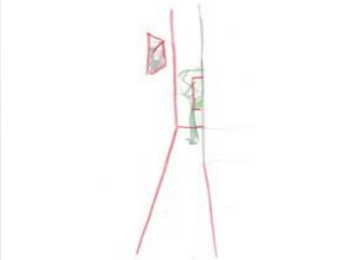
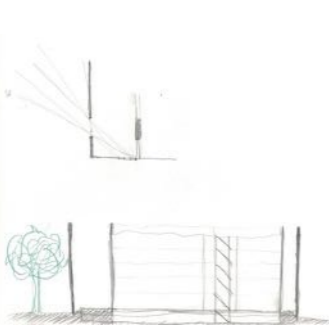
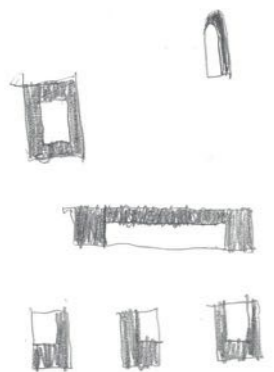
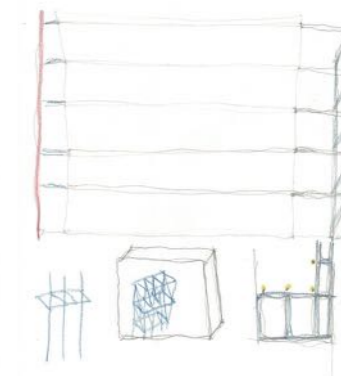
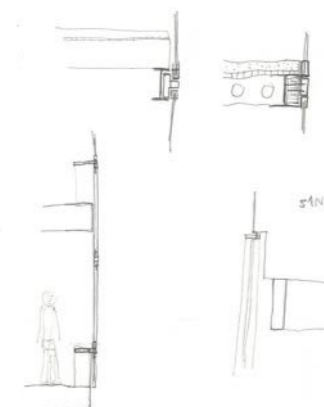
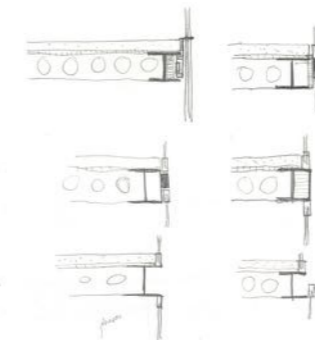
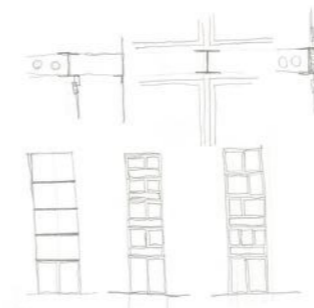
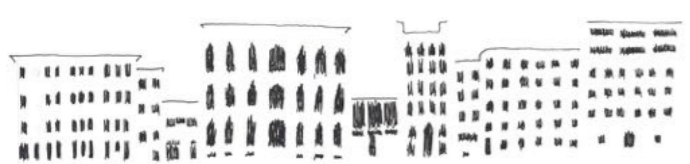
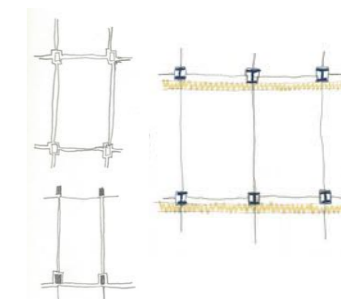
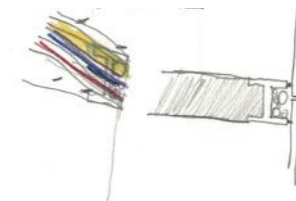
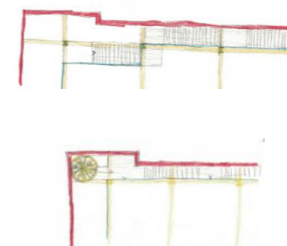
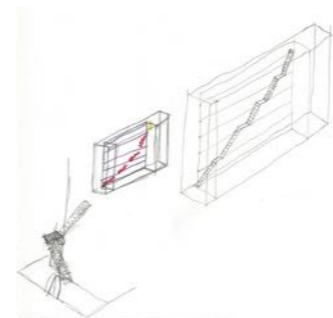
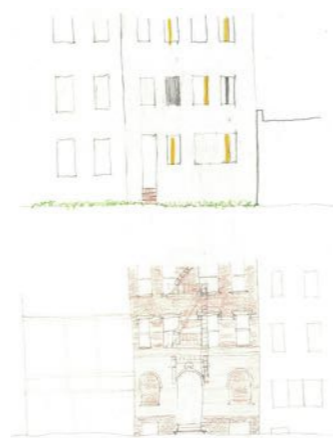
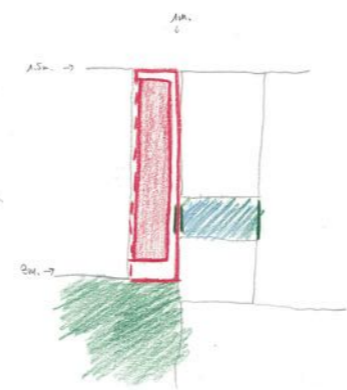
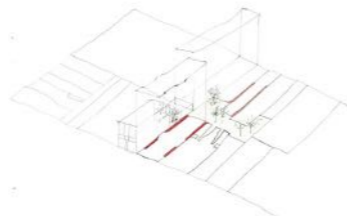
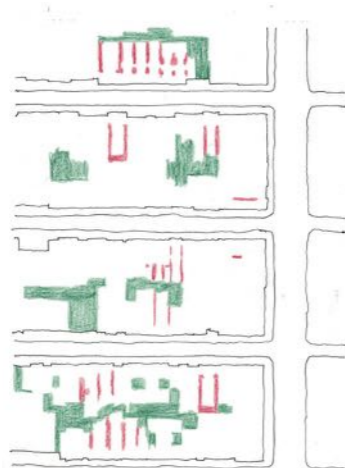


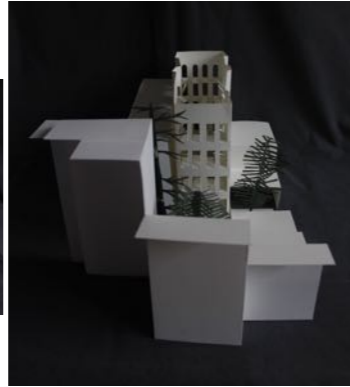
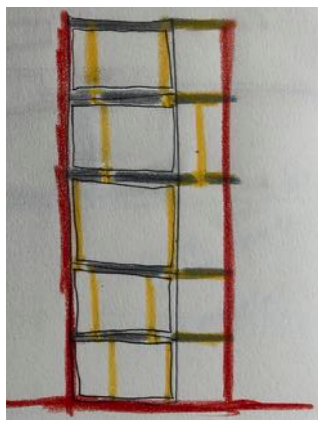






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