

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

Clausen, Nathalie

Günthardt, Silvan

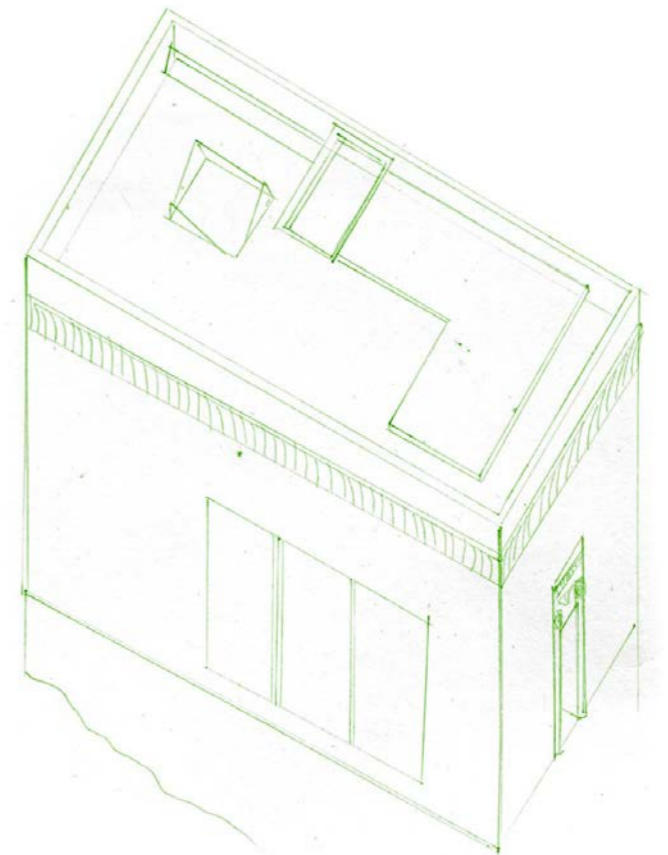
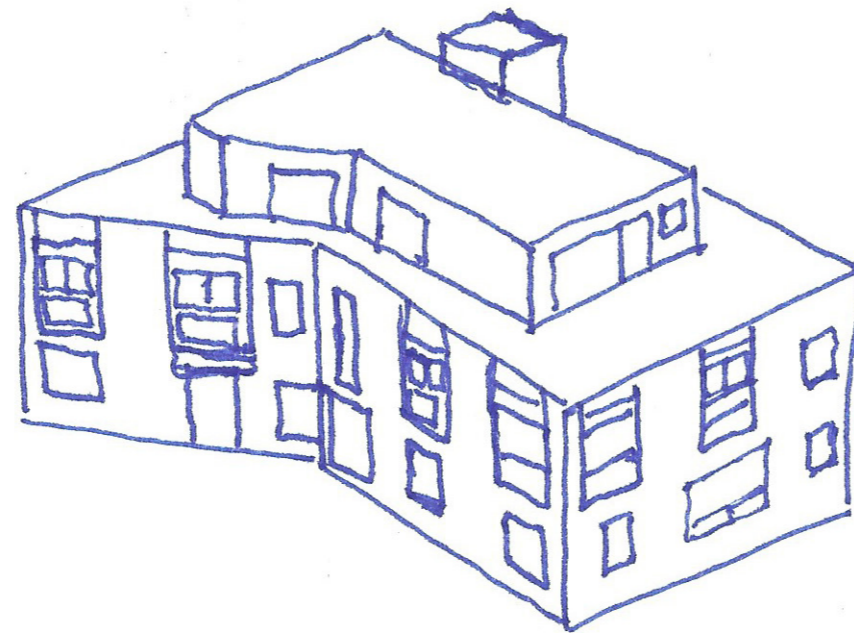
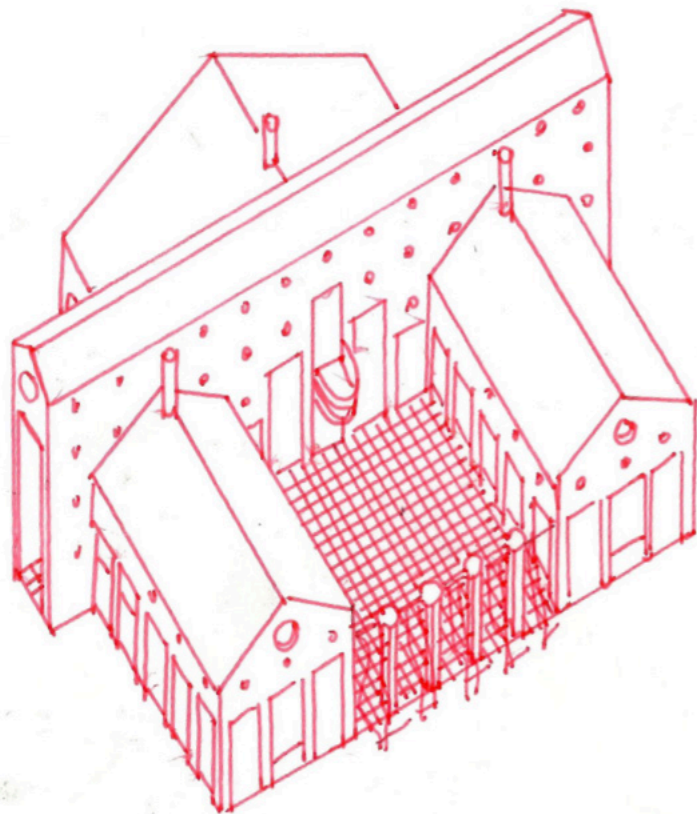
López Ayala, Arturo

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





Movement 1

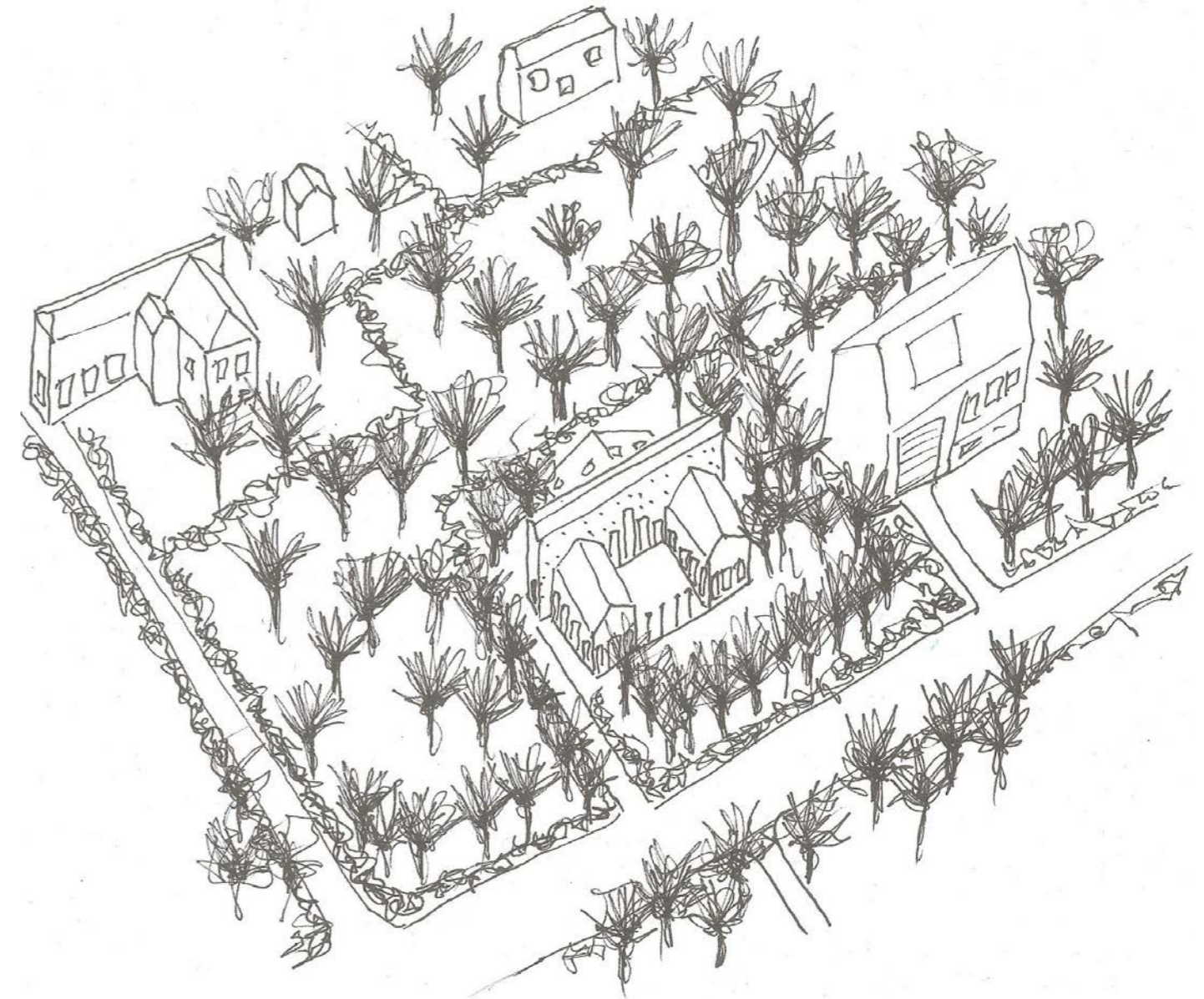


Belgium (BE)

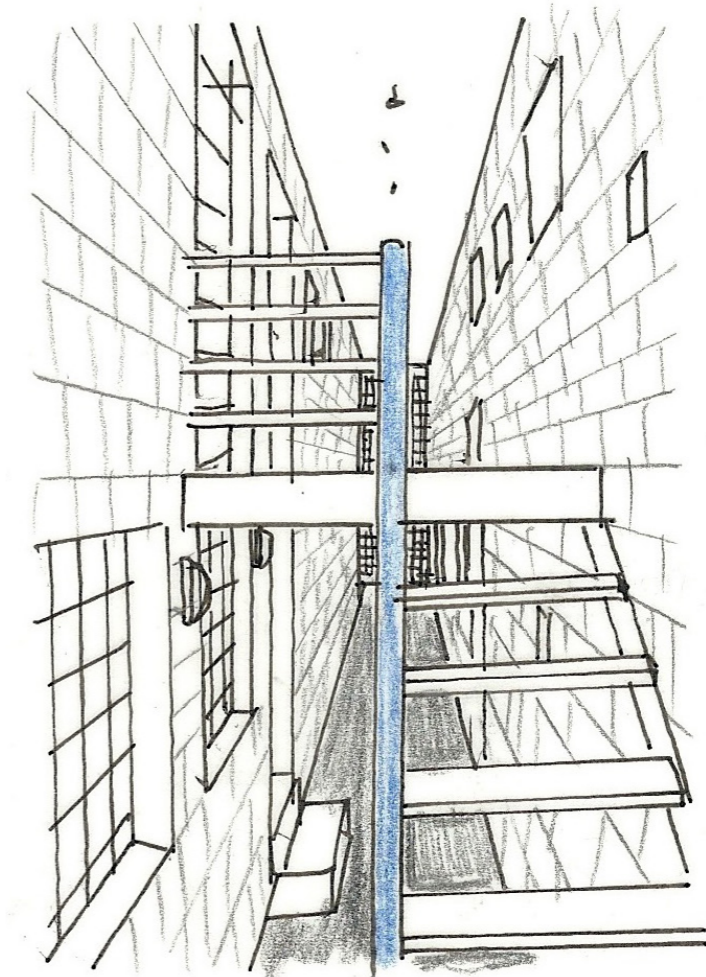
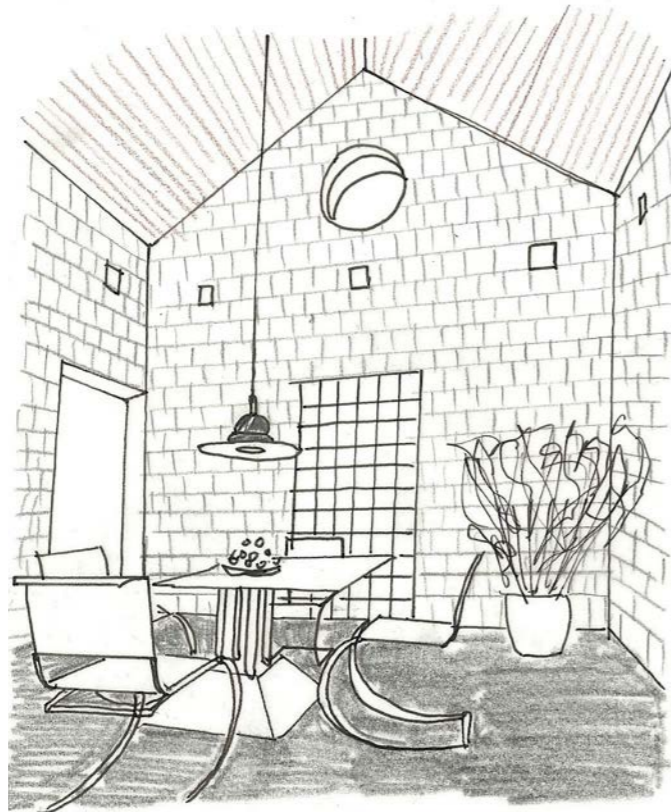
After a long bicycle ride through the fields she finally returns to her familiar beloved track. Here in the woods she feels so comfortable, always accompanied by this beautiful smell of firs. She's passing lots of residences, all of them individual as their inhabitants, covered by trees. The firs embrace them, as if they are protecting them from the rare frequented road and from the views of a curious passer-by. Only a characteristic letterbox where the postman is just putting in the new mail and a small path are clearly presenting themselves at the edge of the road, leading the way towards the hidden treasure. She waves and continues her way.

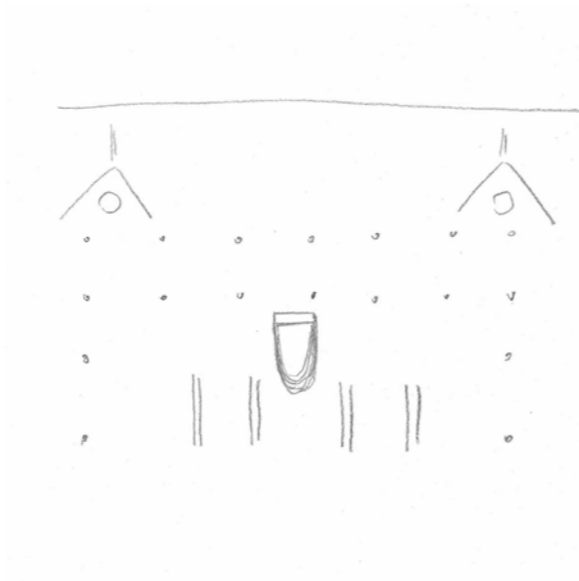
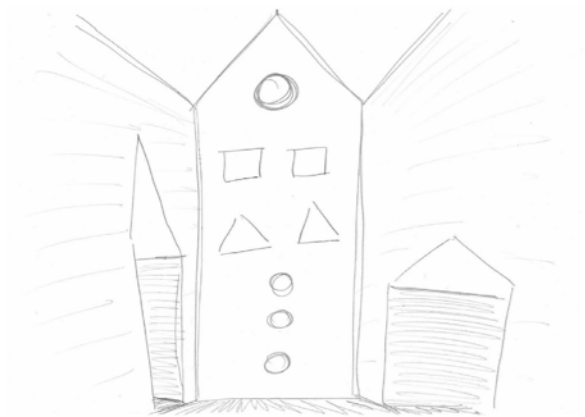
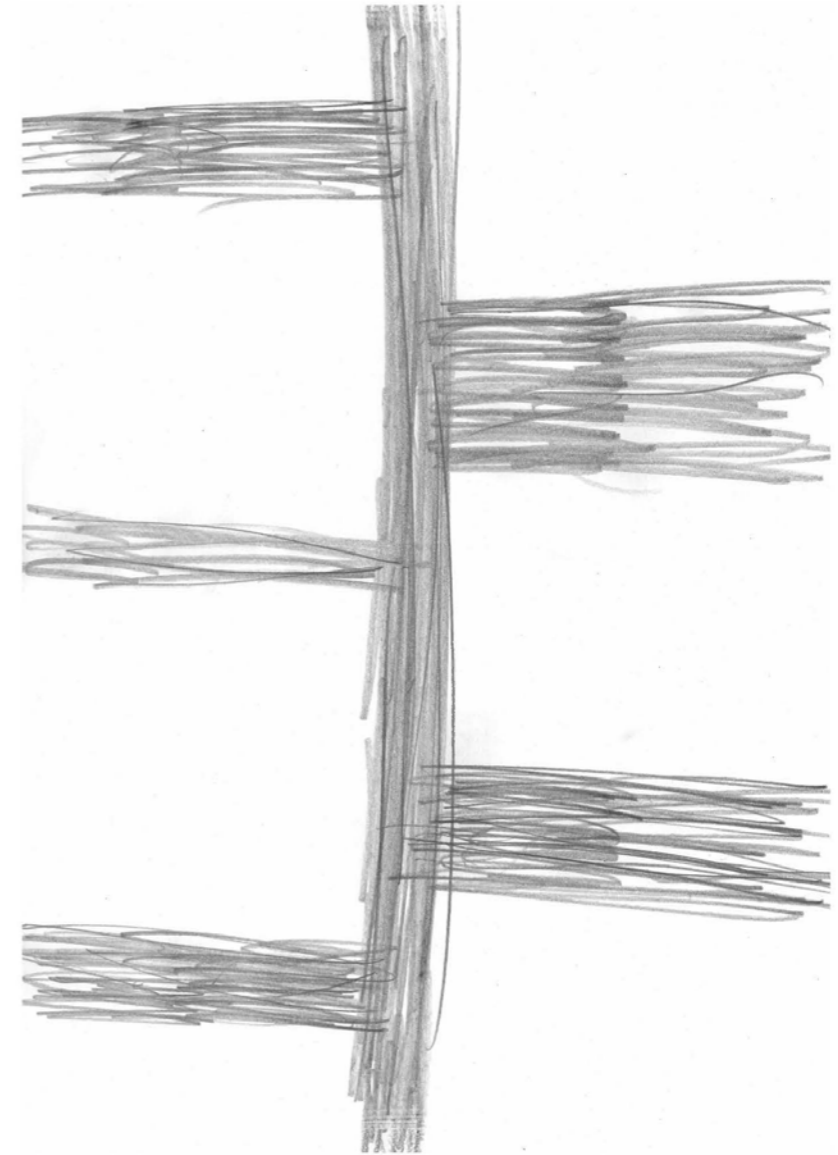
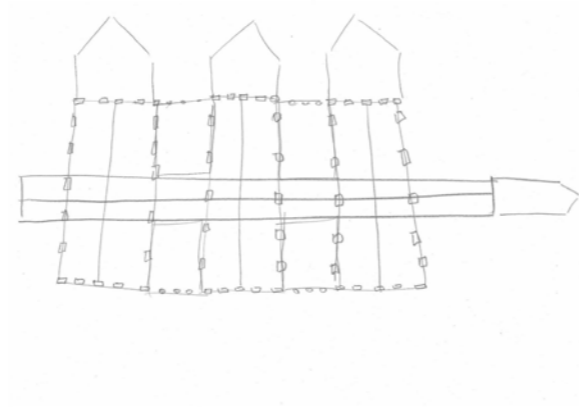
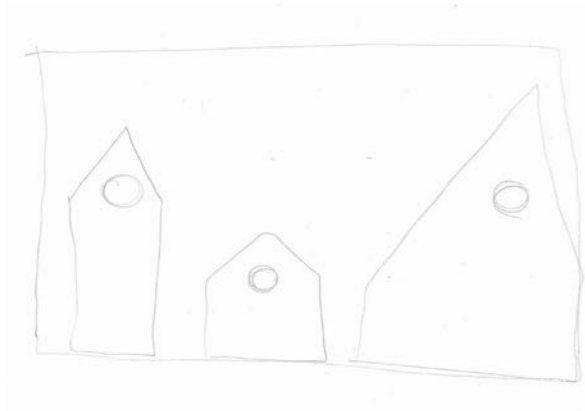
Her bicycle is shaking because it has to go over the paving stone of the neighbourhood road now. Someone is approaching her, ah it's her neighbour, Hi! She rings her bicycle bell, smiles at him and continues cycling down the road accompanied by a gently headwind. In her neighbourhood it's a common thing to greet the people and quickly talk to each other. But she doesn't like it if a conversation takes too long. Everybody likes to have their own piece of land and enough distance to the neighbour, so there's enough space and privacy.

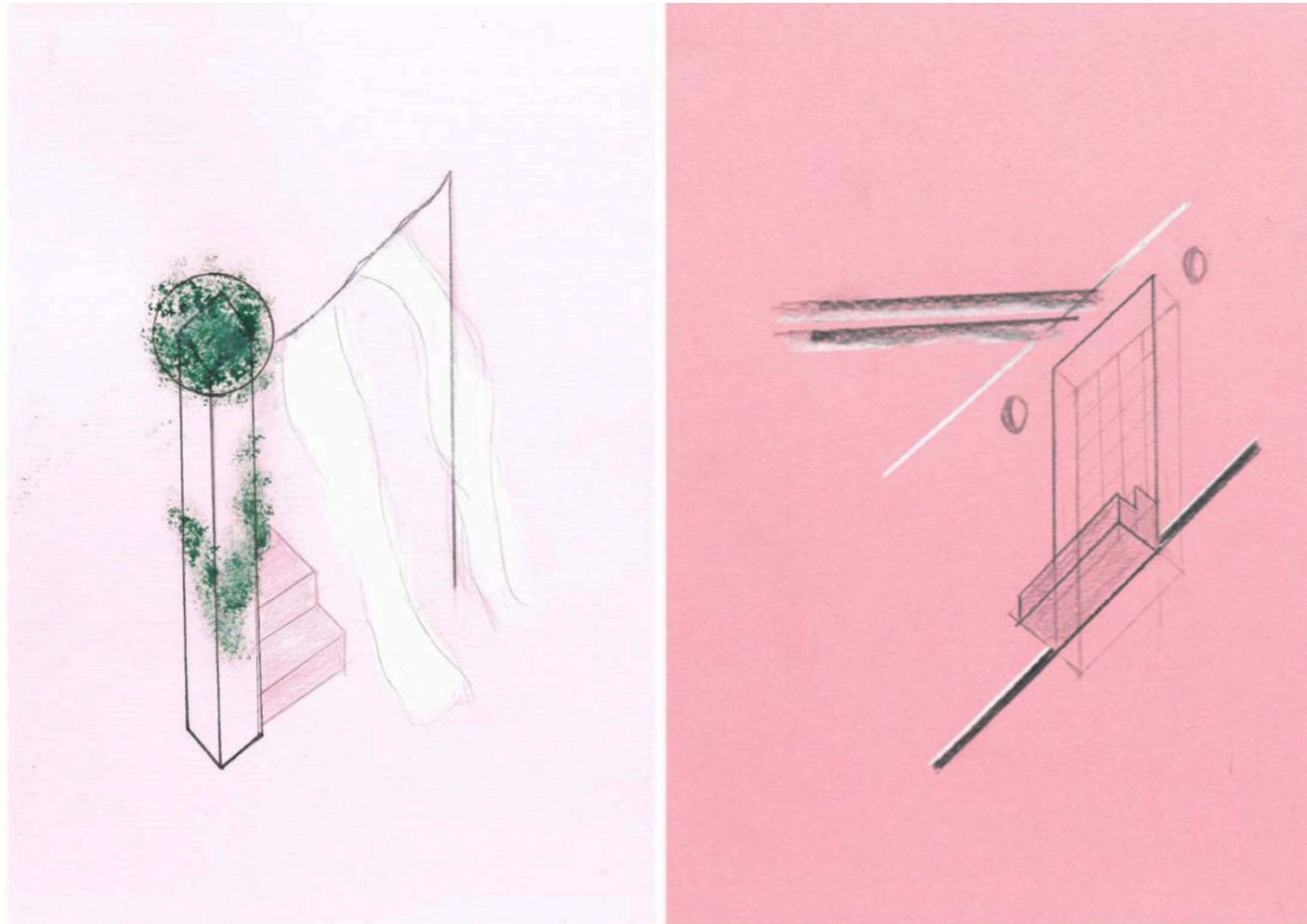
Slowly she reduces her speed and gets down of her bicycle. Accompanying the birdsong with a slightly humming, she opens the creaking garage door and happily disappears in her dream of red bricks.

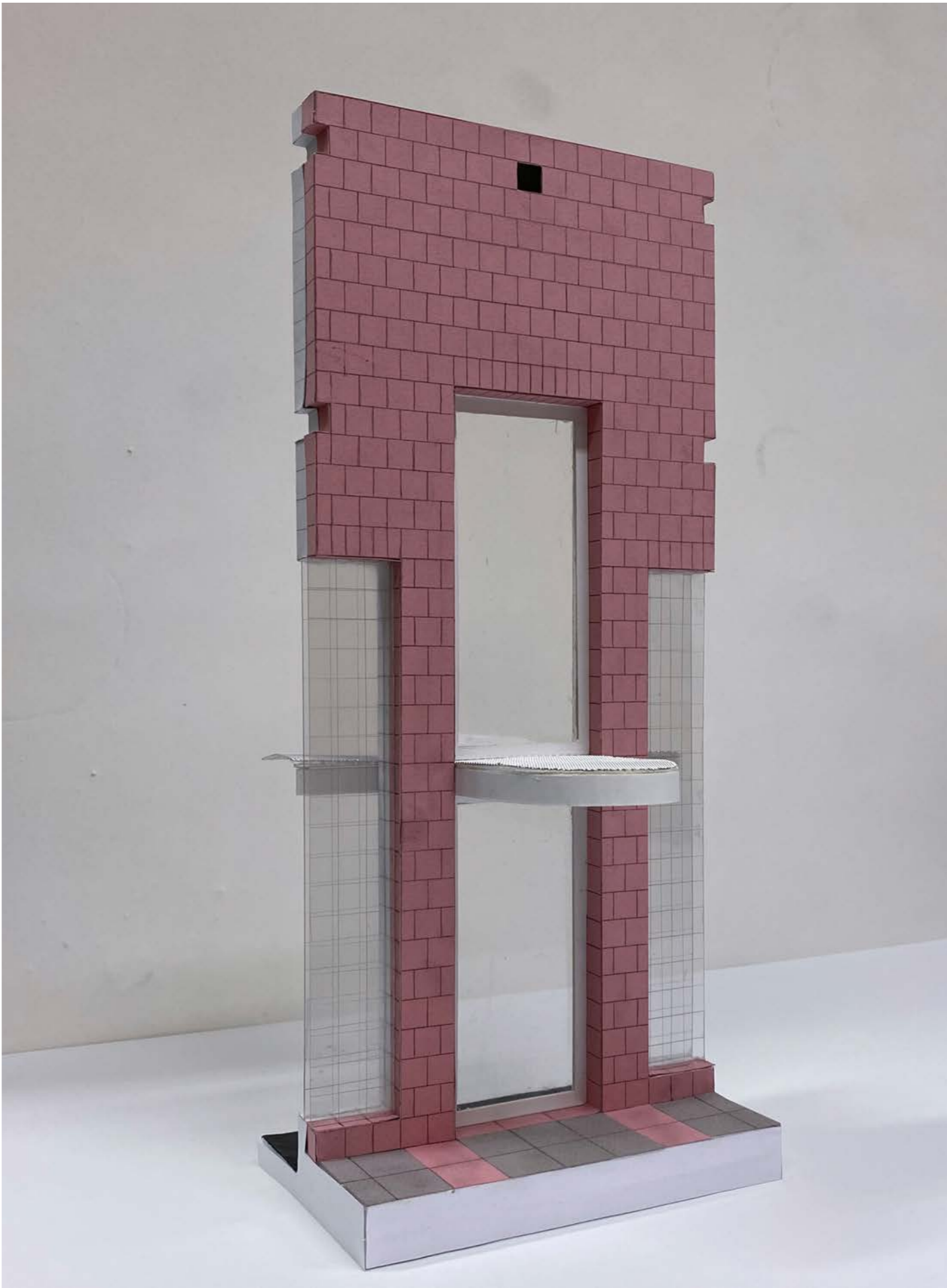


House de Wachter
Jo Crepain, 1983
20th century









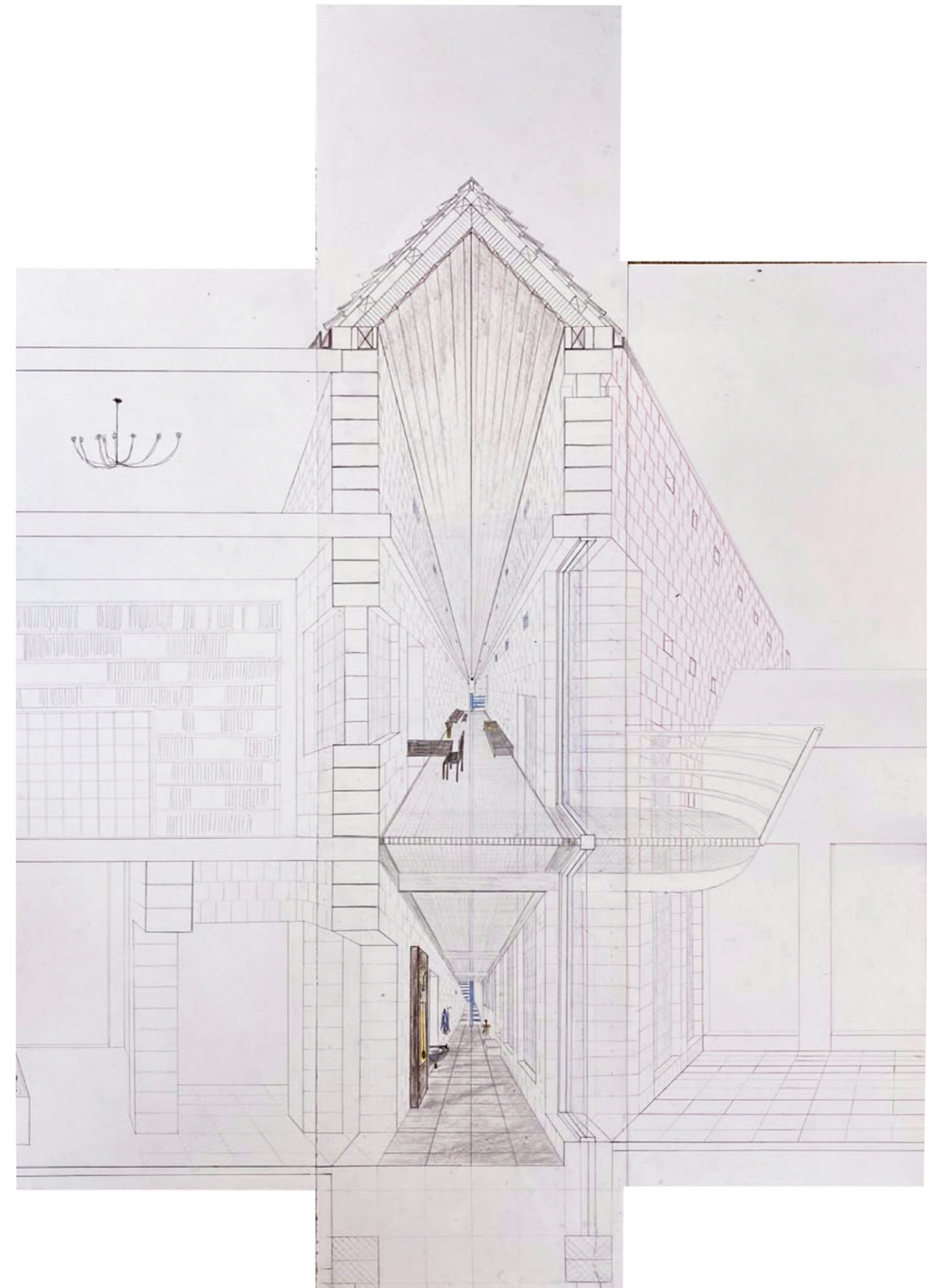
Wine

I arrive home, go up the stairs and access my balcony, where I see two identical temples in front of me and perceive through the convection current a third temple in my back. I am standing in the fourth one. Leaning on the cold metallic balustrade, I contemplate in a melancholic gesture the interiors of my temples through the blurry thick glass bricks that fracture the light coming in from the patio. The reflected sun in contrast with the metallic temperature of the balustrade makes me think when this house was inhabited by my beloved ones: the encounters, the glasses of wine in the patio, the life. I want to forget, but how could I, every time I change the space I face those memories. These thoughts are as grey as the metallic floor and cold as its sound.

I descend to go to the kitchen to grab a cold glass of wine. Entering the kitchen space, so white inside, yet so dark in those now abandoned spaces. I pick the wine, go through the connecting temple to arrive to the living room. I sit in my sofa looking through the patio, facing the opposite temple. After drinking my wine, I have to go to the toilet. Again those memories come to my as I cross the connecting temple, this cruel house that makes me always come back to

the space I try to escape, that one once filled with laughter and joy.

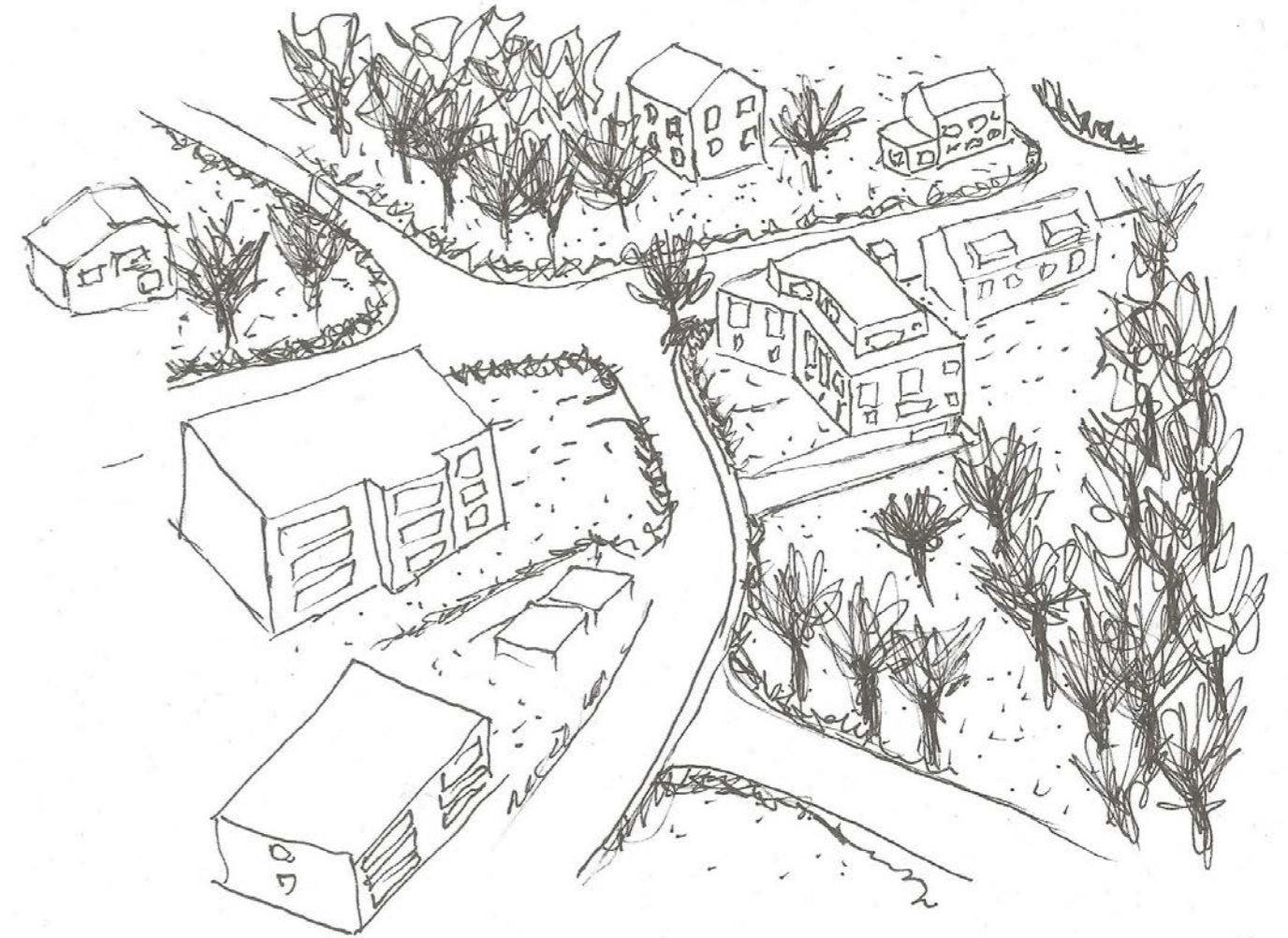
Trapped to this space I am condemned to spend my time in, up the stairs and through a step to the sleeping room, only to know that tomorrow I will be back again confronting my shadows.



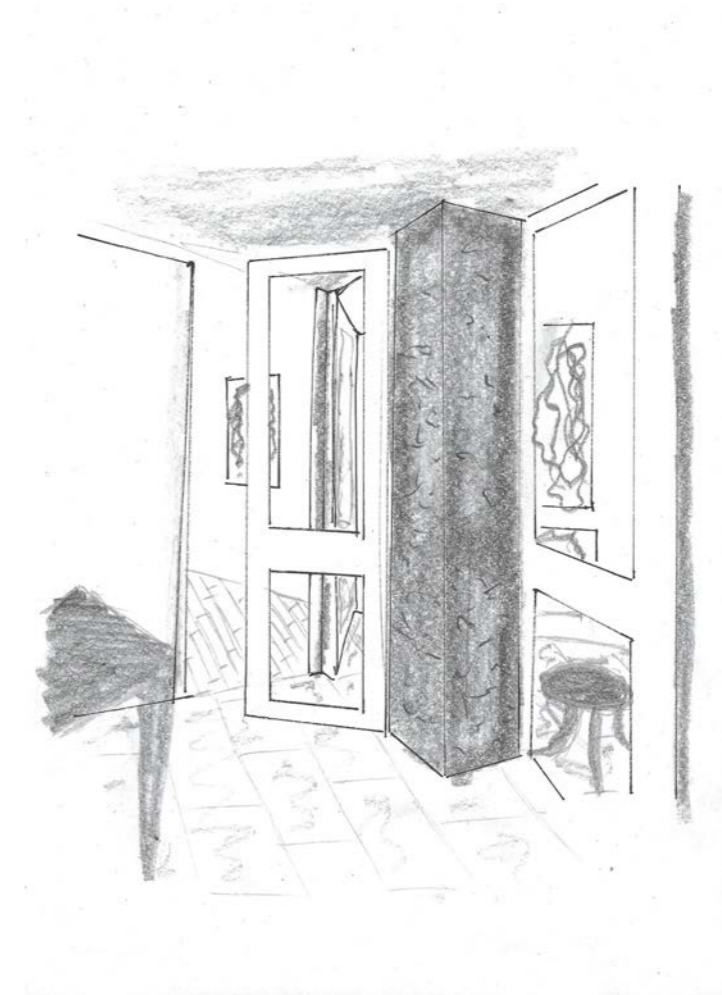
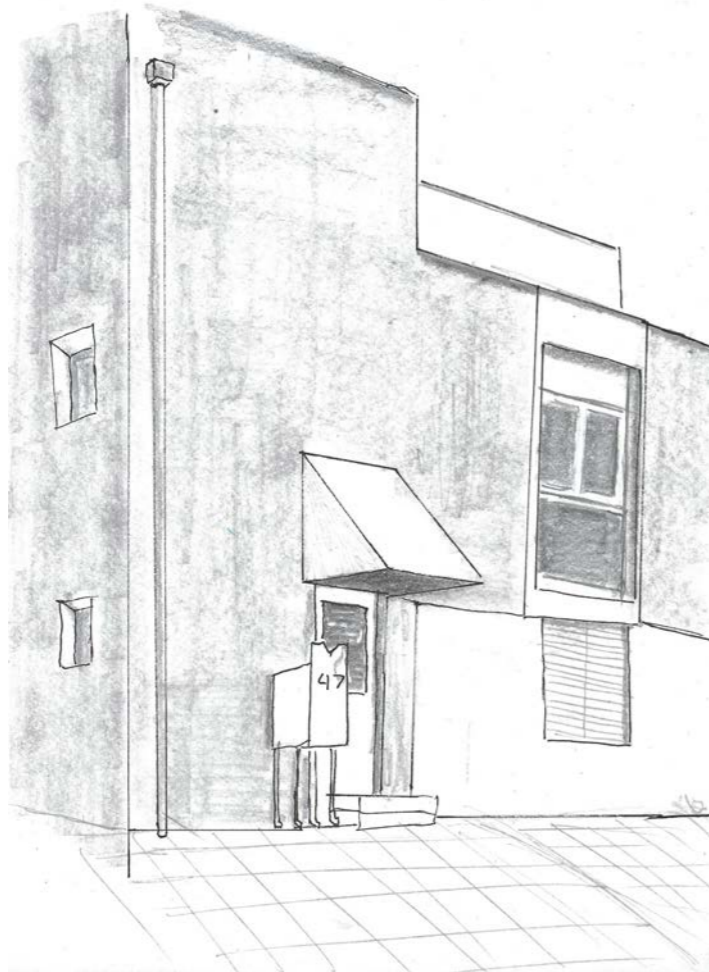
Switzerland (CH)

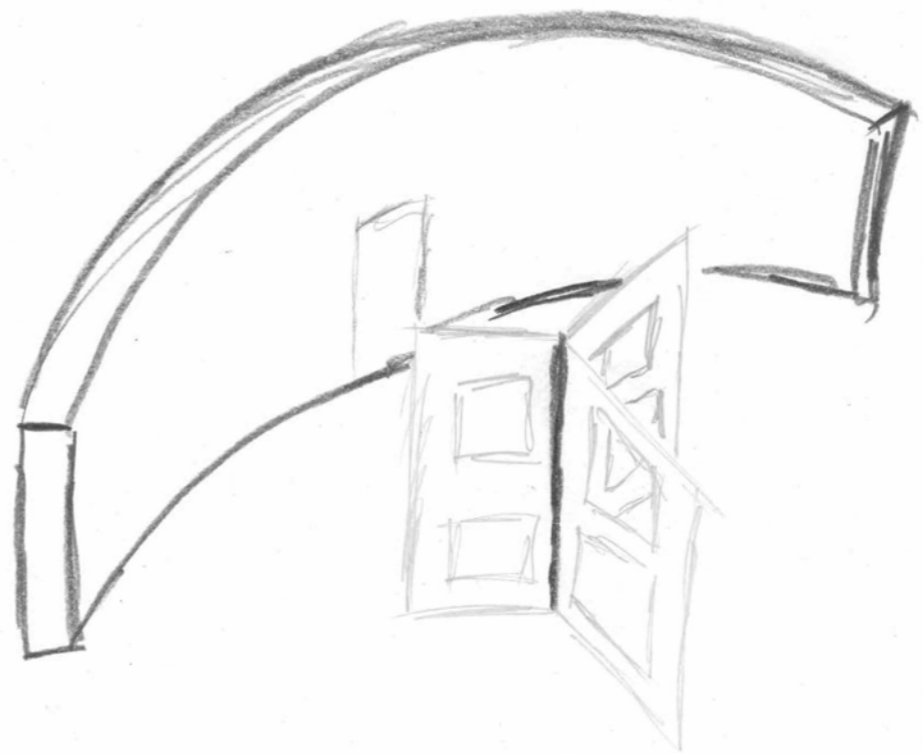
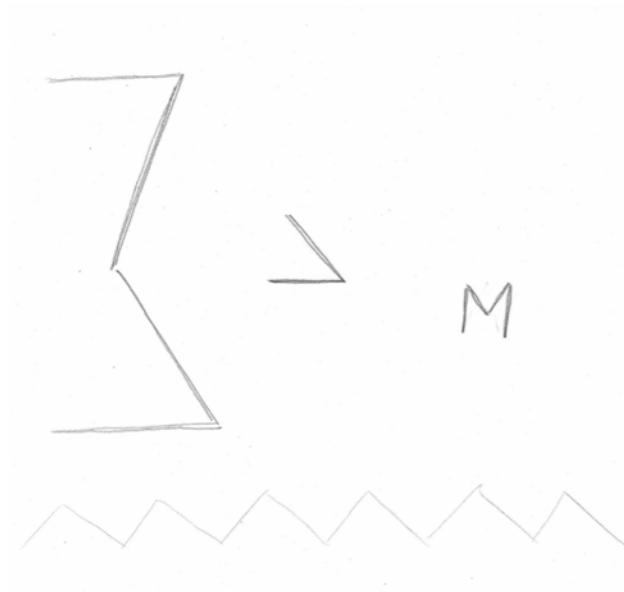
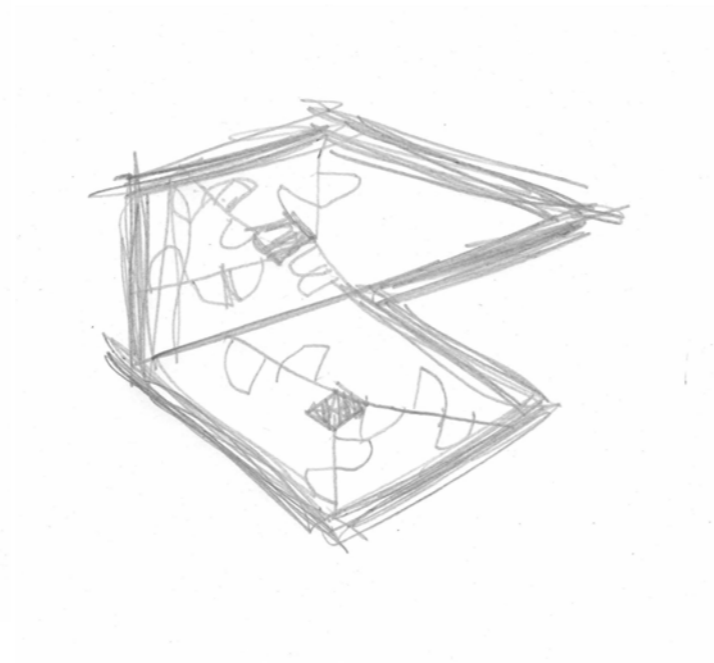
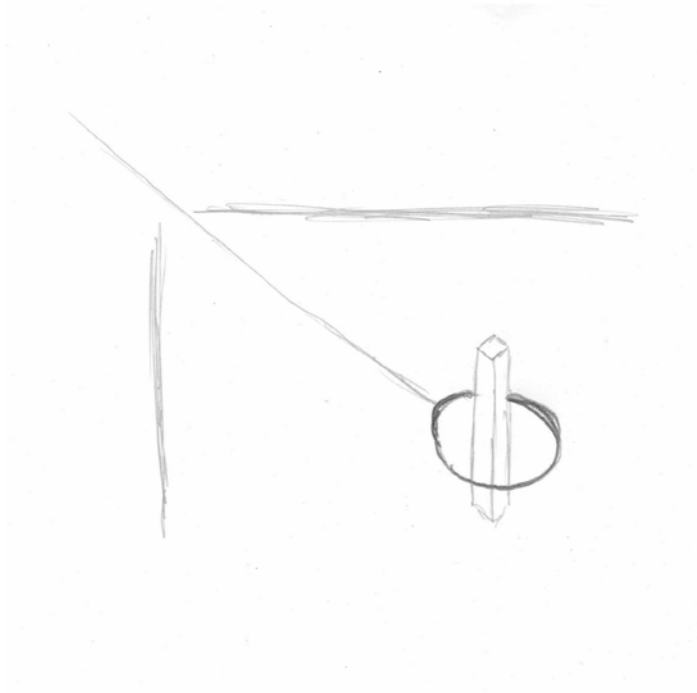
As I return to my apartment, I can see several families in their own gardens enjoying the warm summer afternoon. Mr. T, my neighbour, asks me over the fence how my training was and if I would come by later for some beer and food. Thankfully I accept the invitation and a short time later I arrive in their quite garden after I have taken a refreshing shower at home, right across the street.

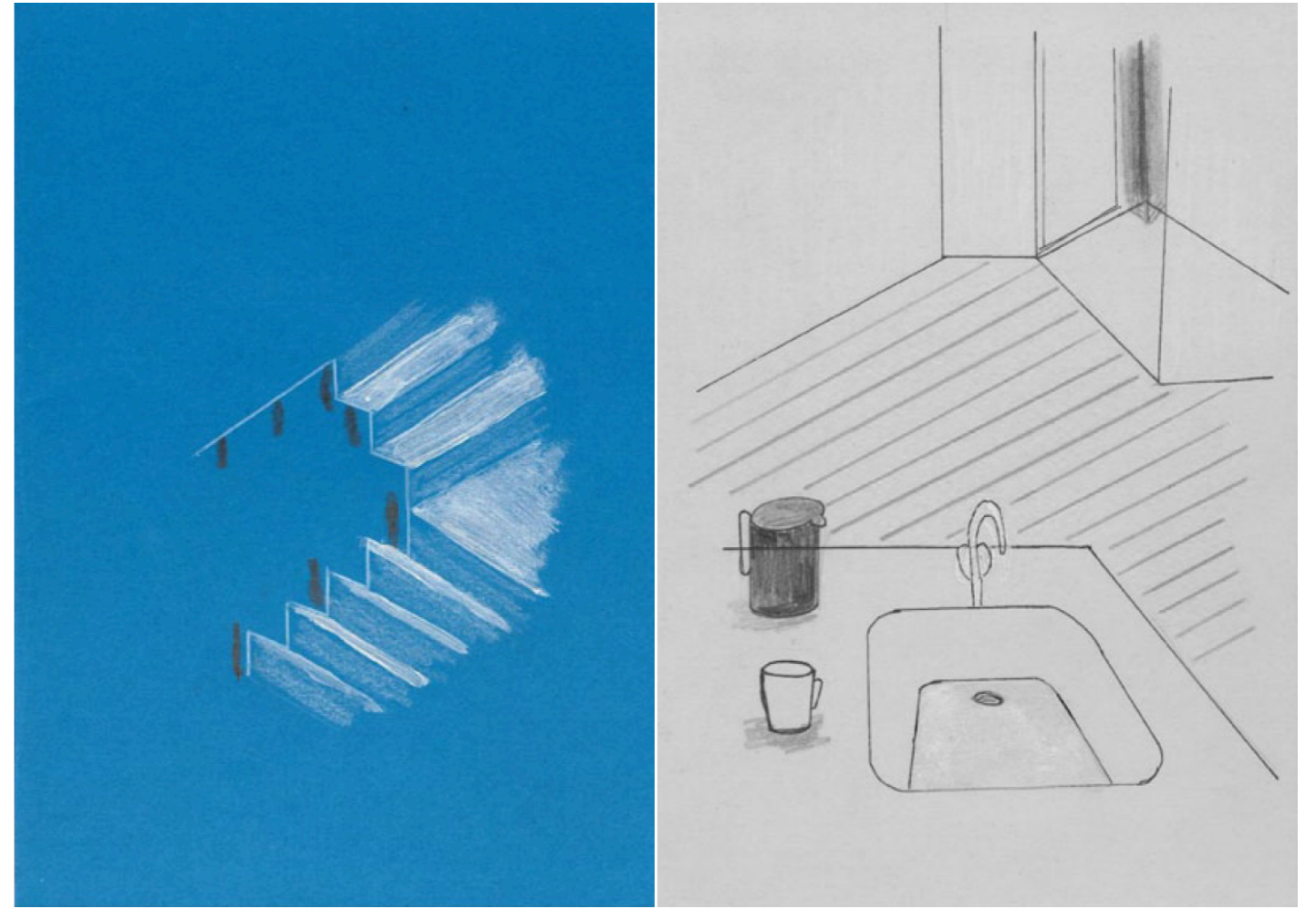
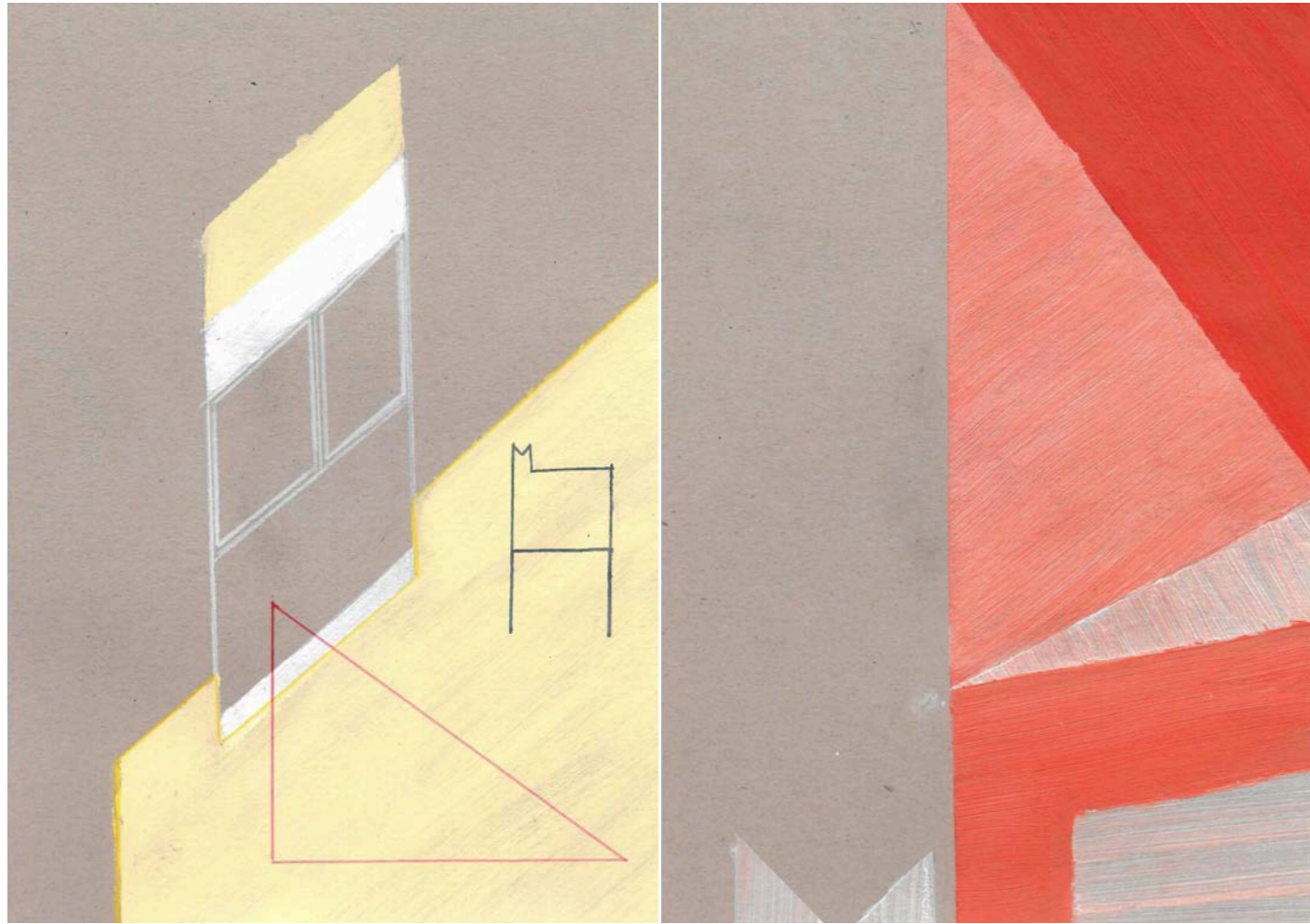
Following a cosy barbecue evening at my neighbours' we ride by bike into town to enjoy the night in bars.



Apartment Binningen
Lütjens Padmanabhan, 2014
21th century









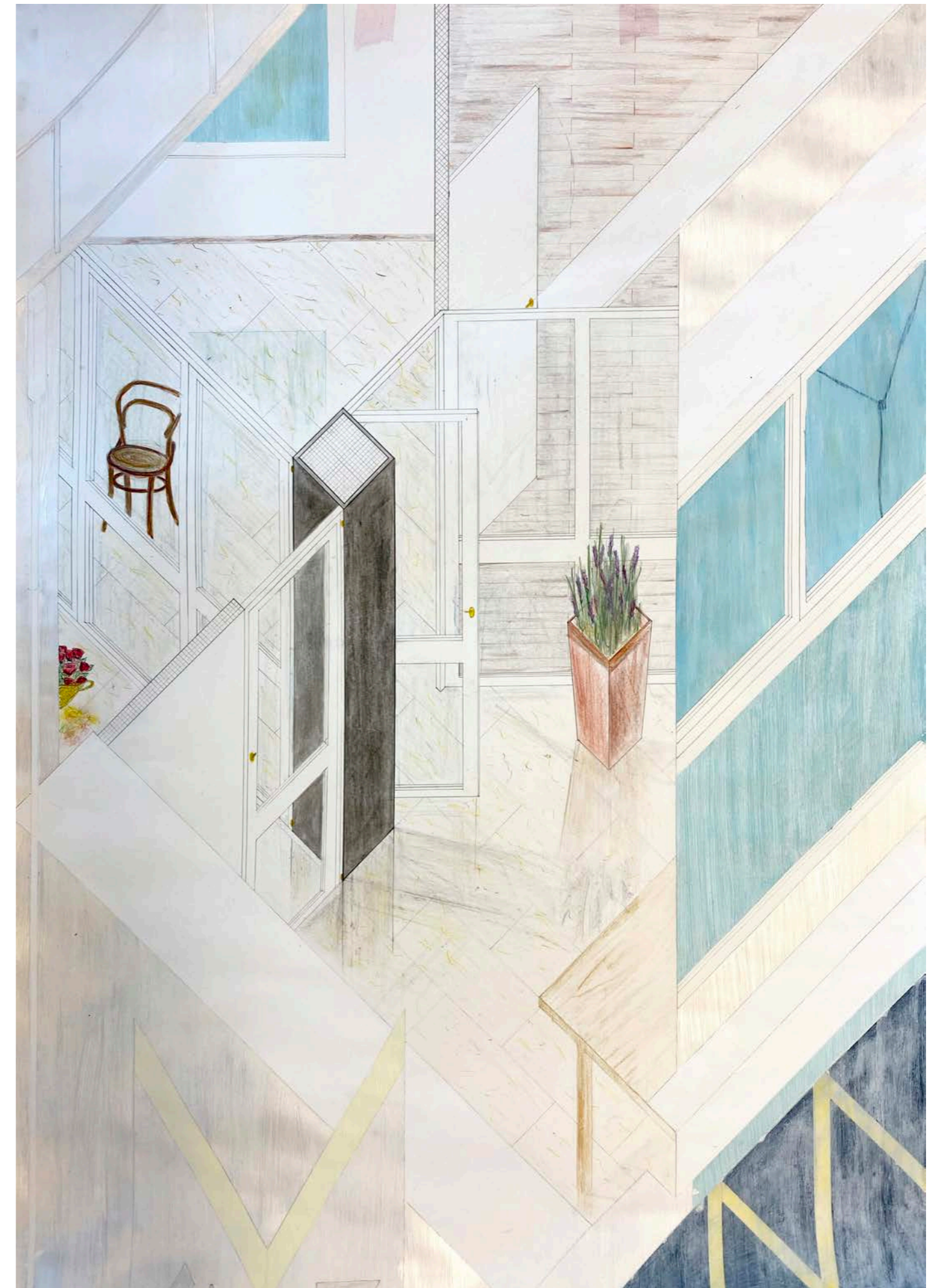
Tea

I get out of the bus and start walking. There is a heavy rain and it's dripping down my nose. My shoes squeak with every step on the hard asphalt of the zig-zagging road. I arrive in front of this big single-family house - very reserved at first- and start wondering who must be living there. Suddenly, one person enters the house - the owner I guess - but before I can recognise the figure he or she gets in, followed by another, and later another one. Now is my time, I want to solve this mystery. I distract the cat which lies in wait at the entrance and manage to get in.

I find myself in front of a big staircase; I hold myself on the wooden rail in order not to fall down, as my soaked shoes slide on the hard surface of the steps. I'm astonished, I could have never imagined more than one household living behind these two massive walls. I get my shoes off to grip to the stone floor and enter one of the apartments. In front of me a big wide open space introduces itself, but something is disturbing my peace. I can't tell what it is but a cold shiver is running down my back and it has nothing to do with my wet jacket. I take it off and put it on the warm floor so that it can dry, doing this under close observation. I go to the kitchen to make myself a warm cup of tea, so

I get a boiler, heat the water, and look for the terrace where I can get the leafs for my infusion.

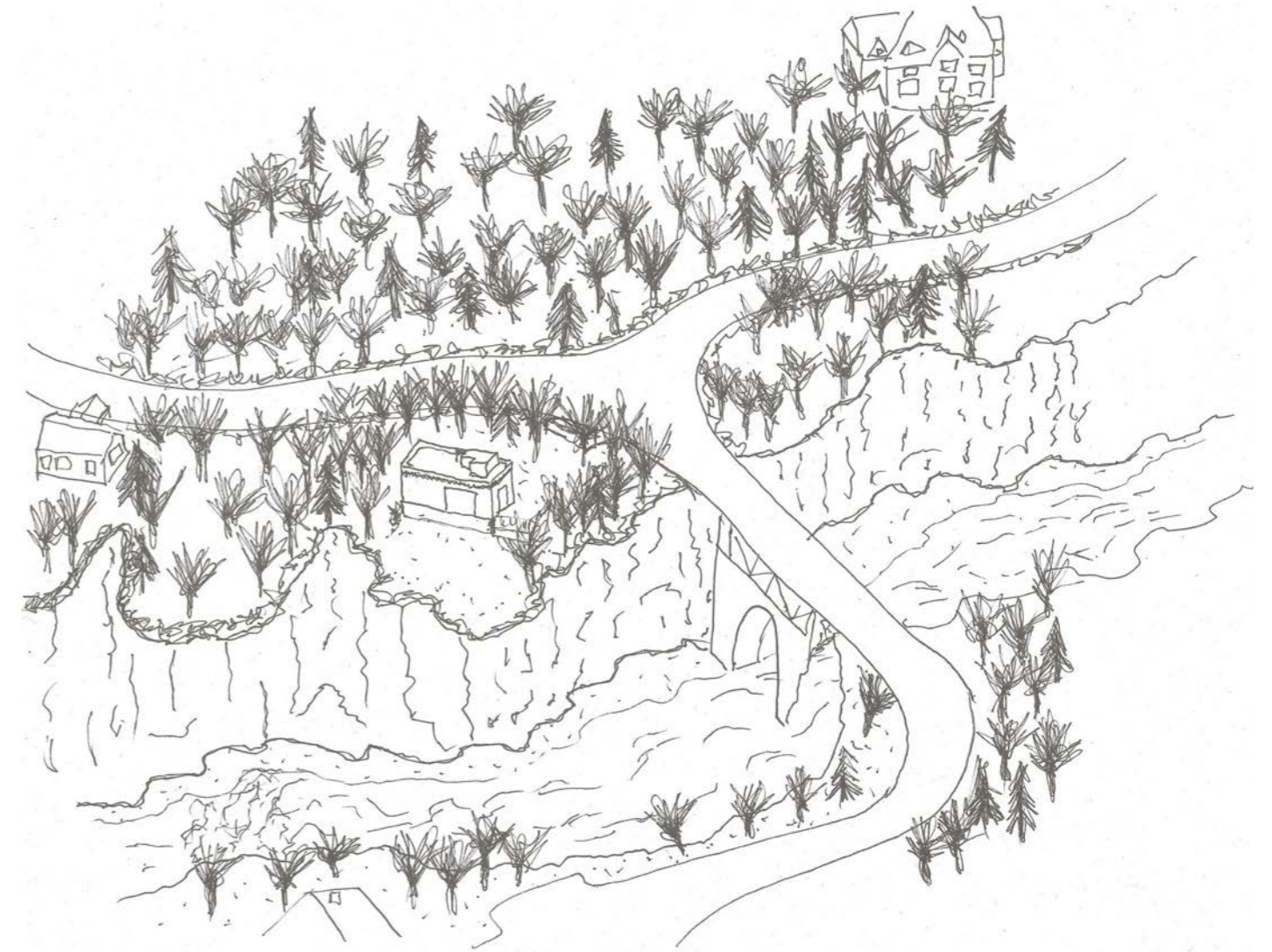
I look around, and all I see are glass walls that kaleidoscopically unfold themselves around me and this figure following me everywhere I go. I pass by one glass door thinking I would get out, but there is no out, only a bed. Am I still inside or already outside? I pass another door, and I'm able to find some herbal mint in a small flower pot. Am I being watched? I lean down, grab a bit and make my way back to the kitchen, guarded by this black thing. The boiler is steaming, the sound of hot water reverberates in all glass surfaces. The water starts to condensate on the glasses and everything starts to blur. The reflections on the glasses dance around me and I don't know where I am anymore. I only see this black figure in the middle and some golden hinges. Are they made out of gold? - I wonder as I sit down on the couch, facing a white wall, as the tea condensates my glasses and blurs my vision.



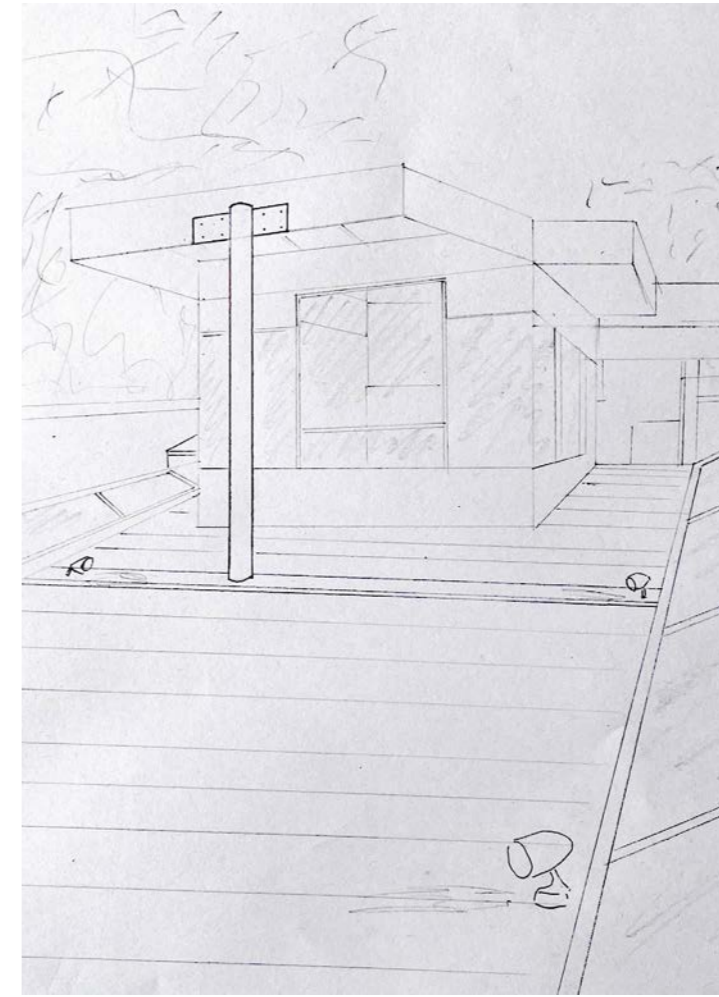
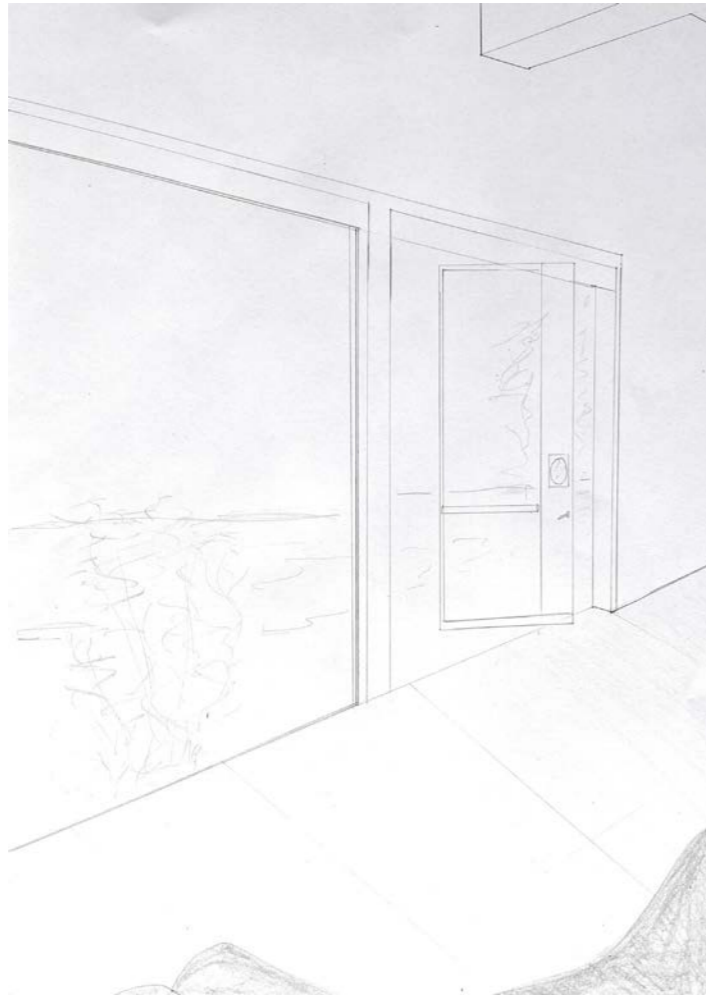
America (US)

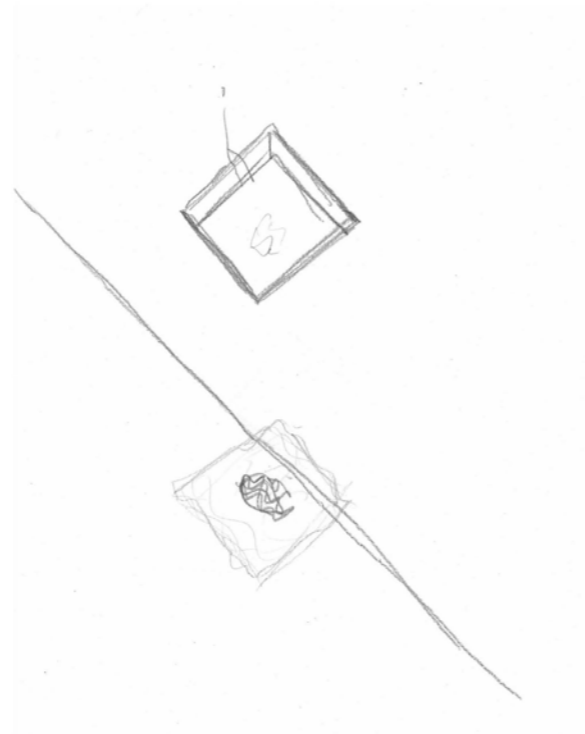
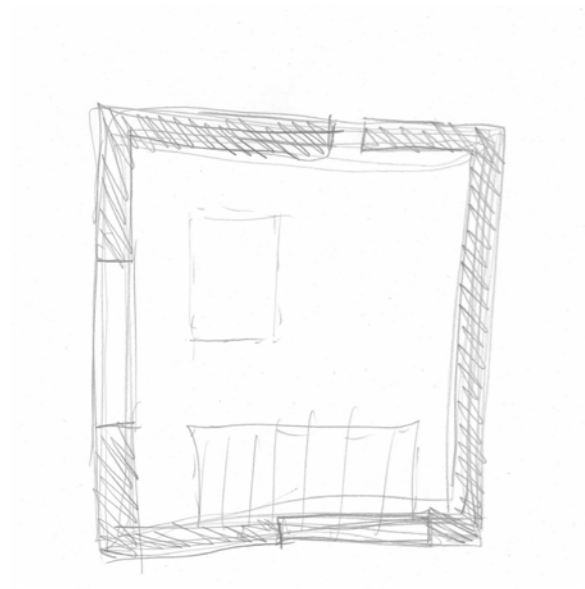
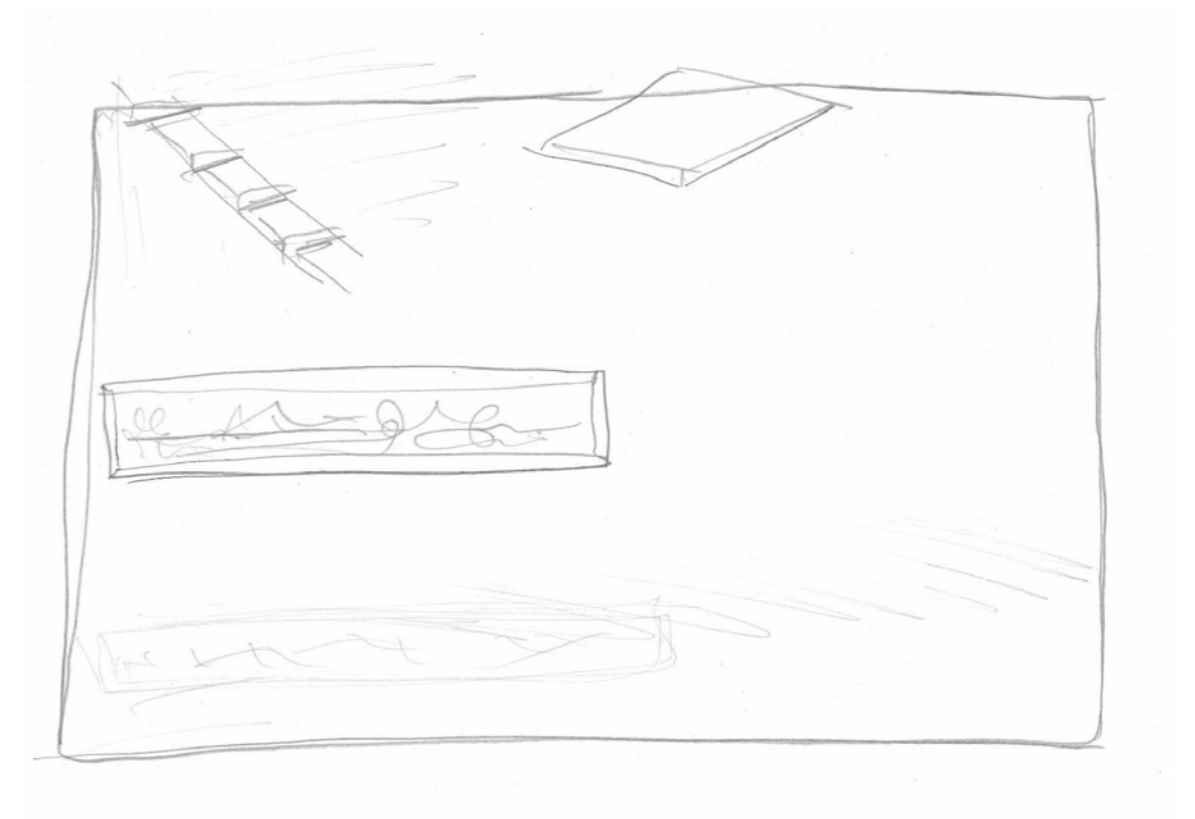
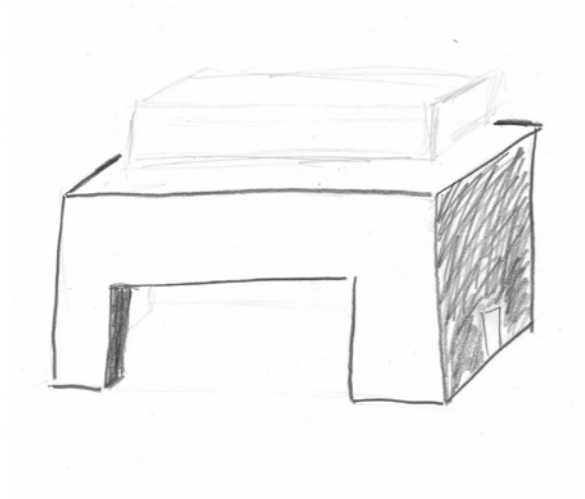
On a warm summer evening, from the top of the cliff, T and K observe the moonlight reflected on the river, filtered by the glass of the car where they are in. They get out and slowly walk down the grey paved road that links a row of houses together. No one is to be seen, and nothing to be heard.

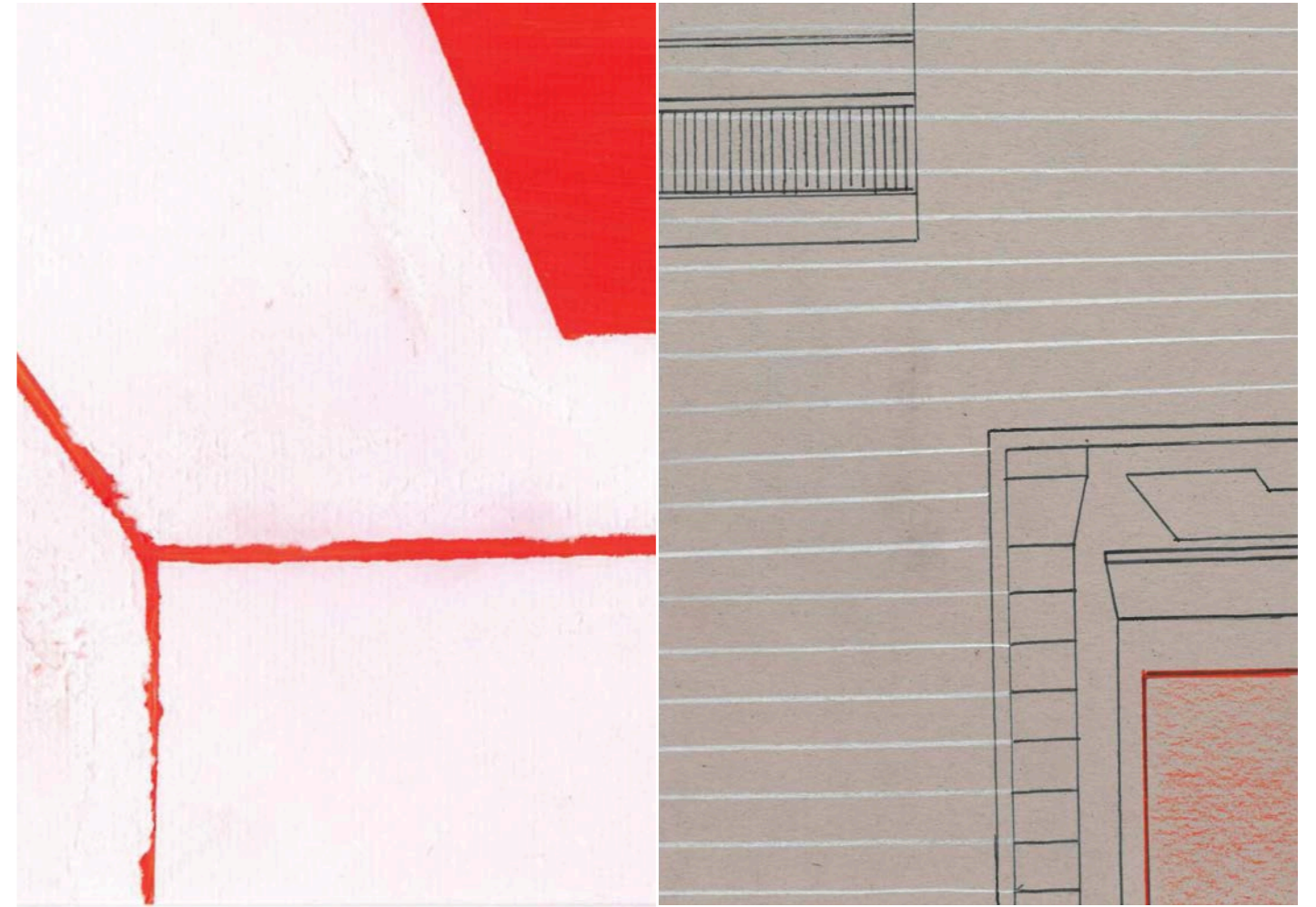
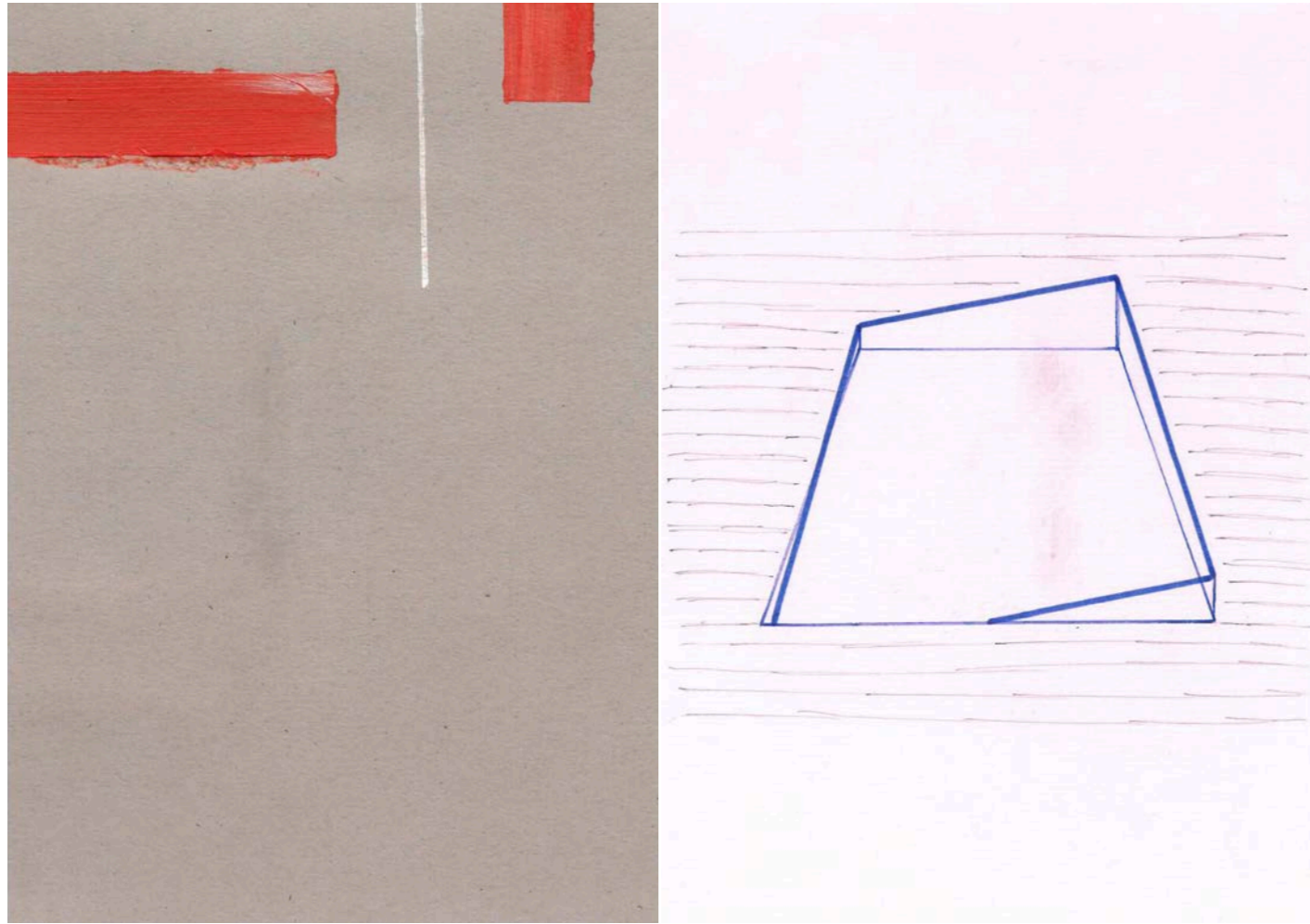
Only a few spots of light lighten up the road among the reflections emitted by the neighbour houses. They arrive to K's house, and under the porch, they lean back on the small wall. Looking back at the curvy road where she lives in, he gives her a kiss, and then leaves. Those memories of summer evenings, and the places where they happen.

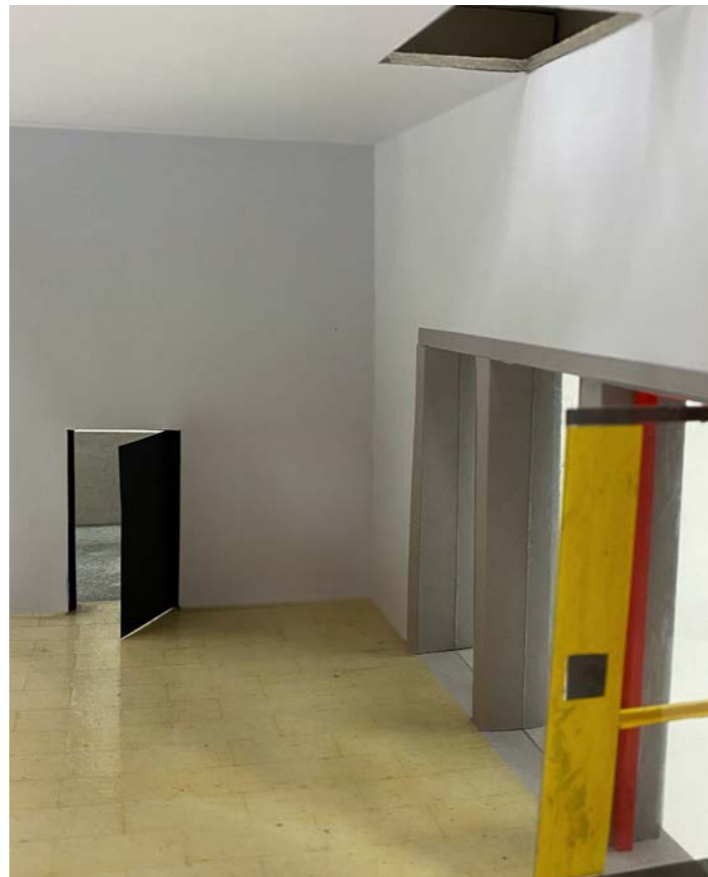
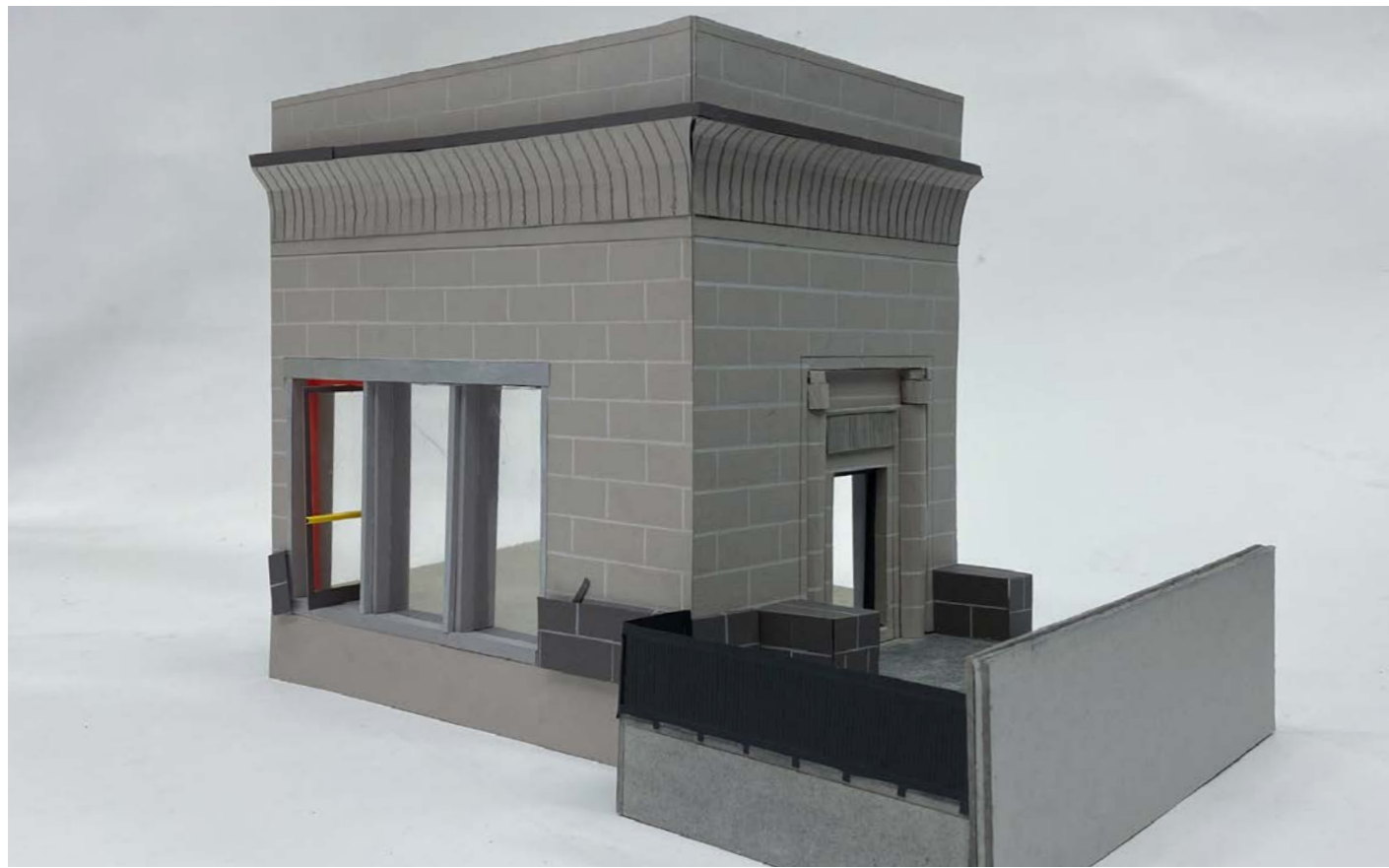


“Sphinx Head Tomb” House
Guillermo Jullian de la Fuente, 1992
without defined quality









Bourbon

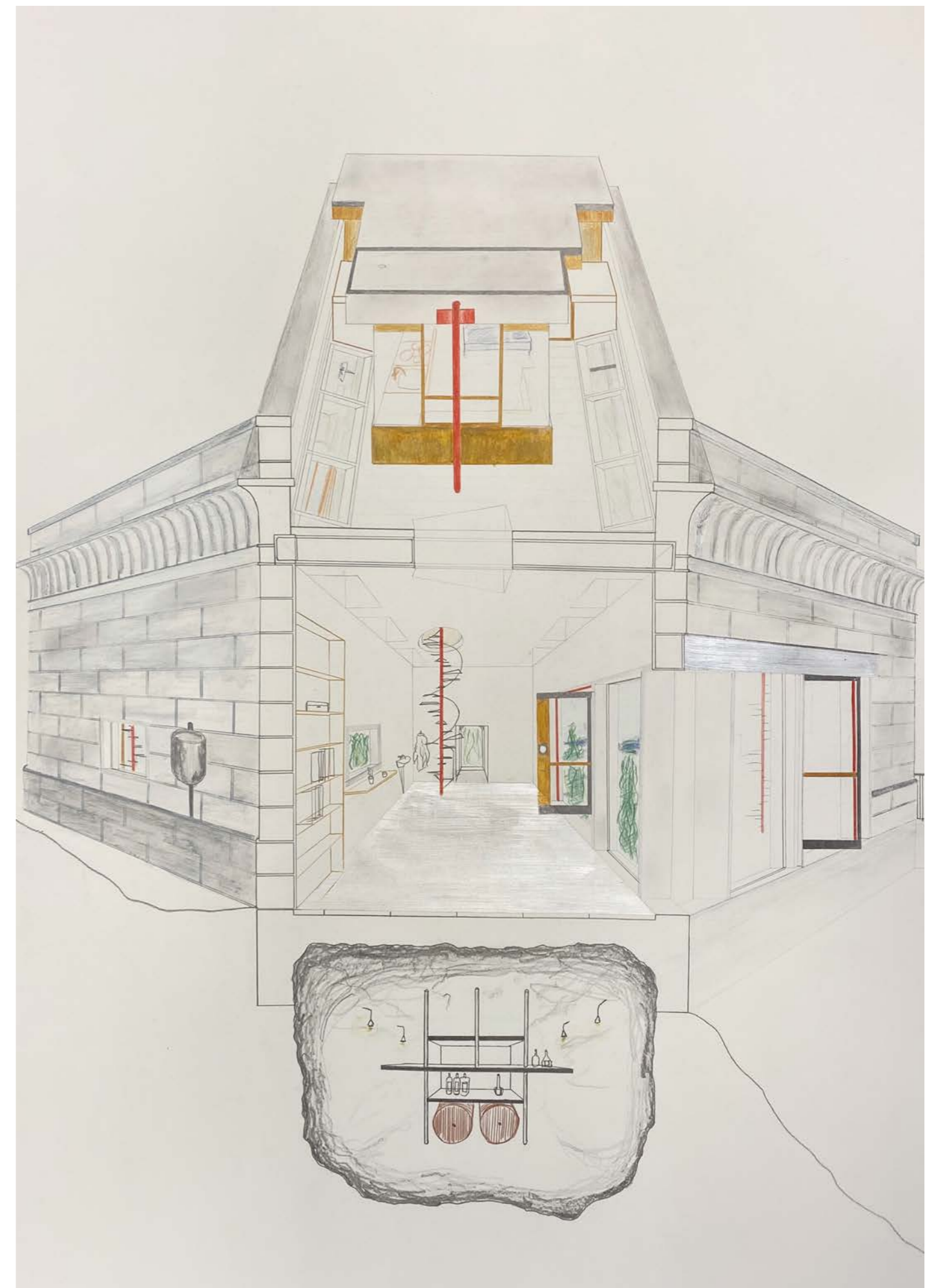
Trembling, he pours cold water on his face while reflecting what just happened a moment ago. He was running for his life in the middle of the city, trying to shake off two policemen. Only after a courageous jump into the closing door of the tram did they finally give up.

Here in his newly modified hideout nobody would look for him, here he felt safe and secure. This day was different from what he actually had planned it to be. And yet somehow he managed to survive it. Nevertheless he is still shaking, so he needs to get something to calm the nerves. Slowly he goes down a really narrow spiral staircase, finding himself in an ancient cellar cave. The air is much colder and barely any light manages its way down here. Even the steel railing is almost too cold to touch. Although he's not claustrophobic, he doesn't feel really comfortable. From an aged cupboard in the corner he grabs a dusty bottle of bourbon and pours himself a glass.

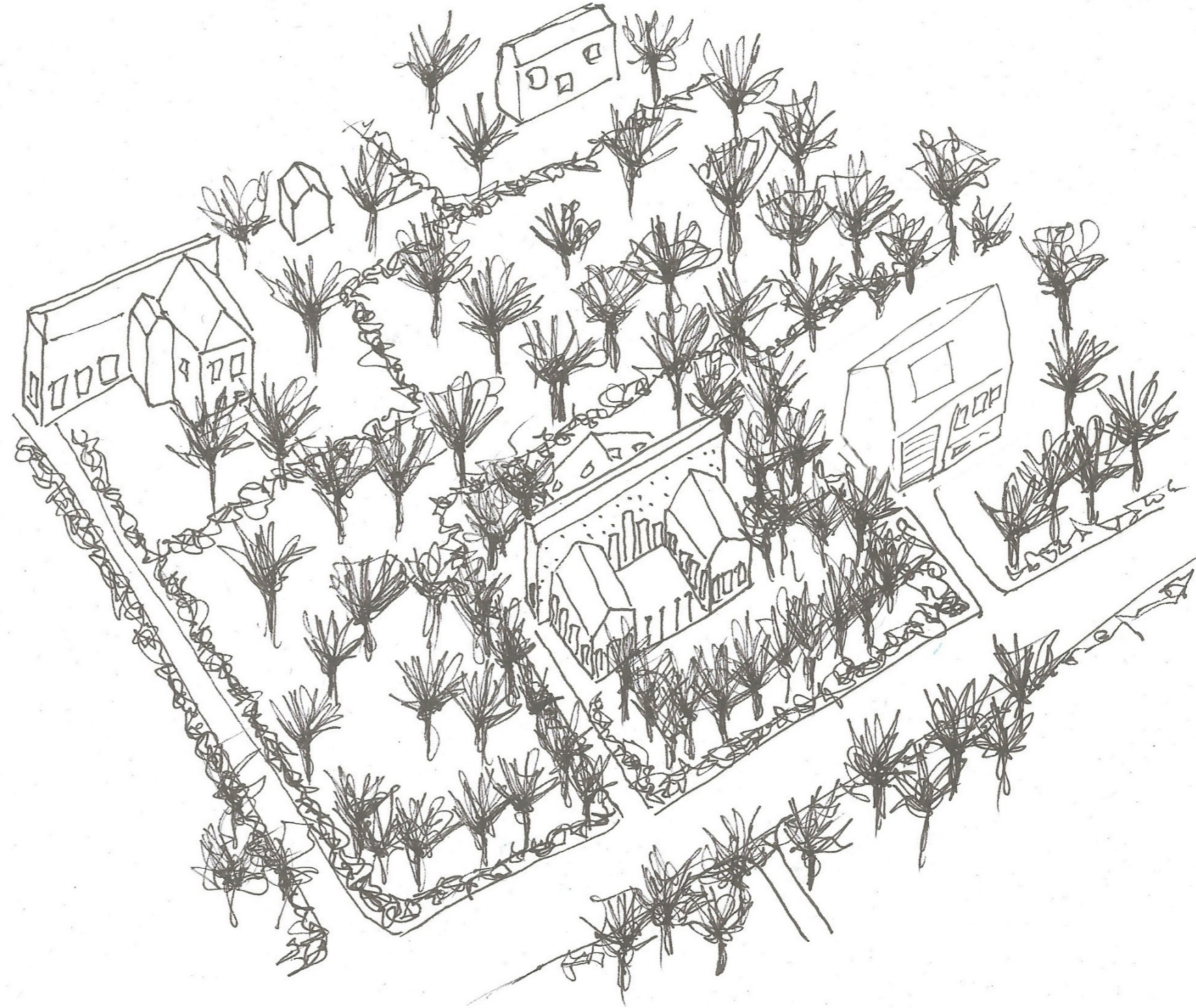
He needs all his left energy to go up again. The big hall, what he calls this transformed space, offers him a good view over the river and the street across the small valley. In here he only displays the latest achievements. Proudly he's looking at

his beloved treasures, feeling like the owner of a real museum. The polished floor reflects the artworks, which he usually keeps only for a short time for himself. With time he calms down, maybe it is the alcohol.

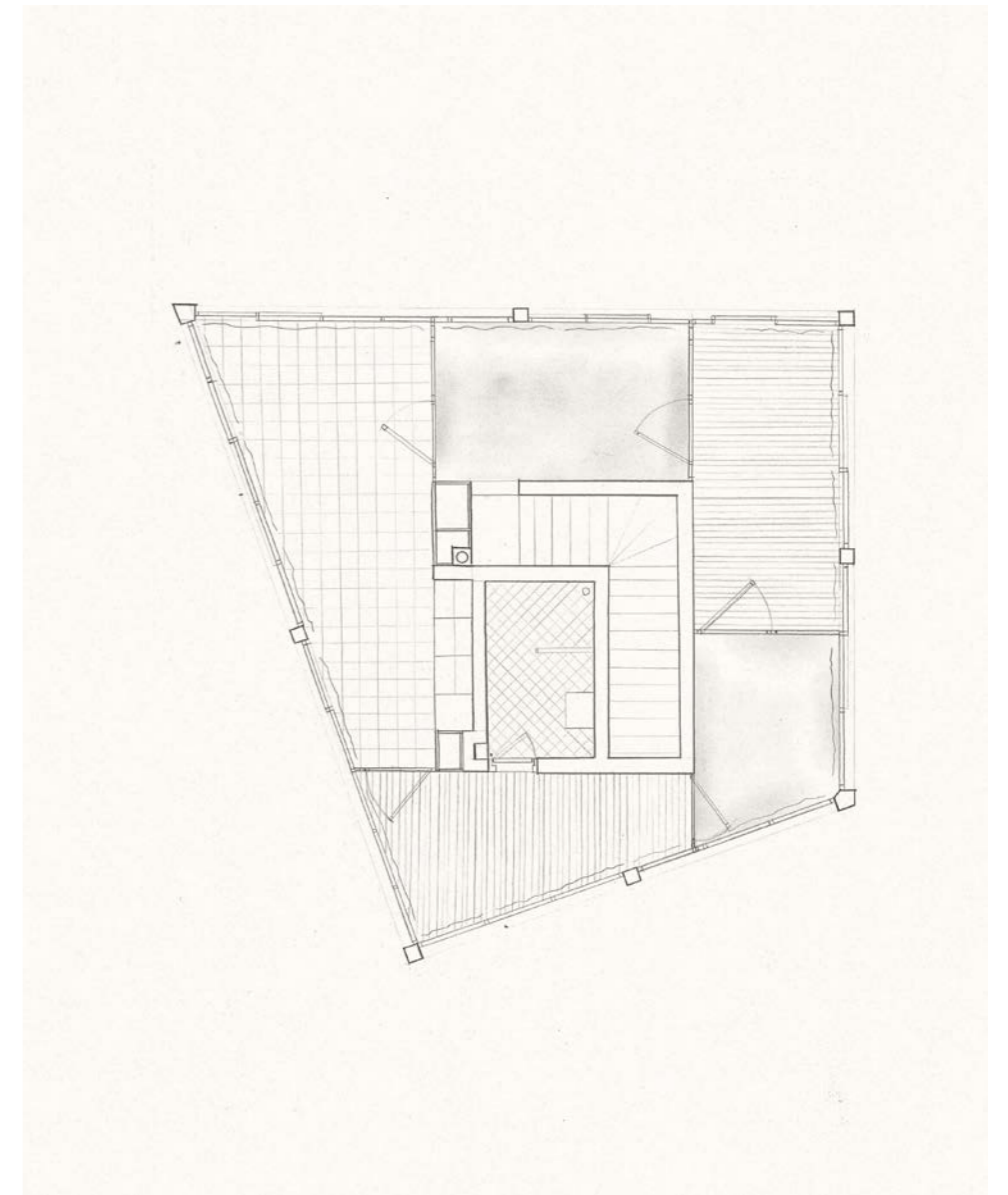
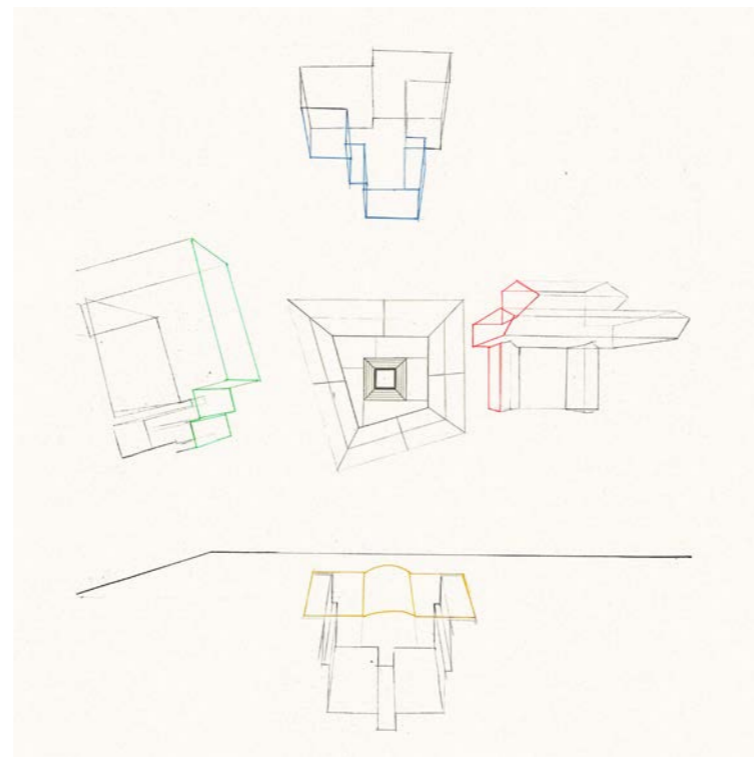
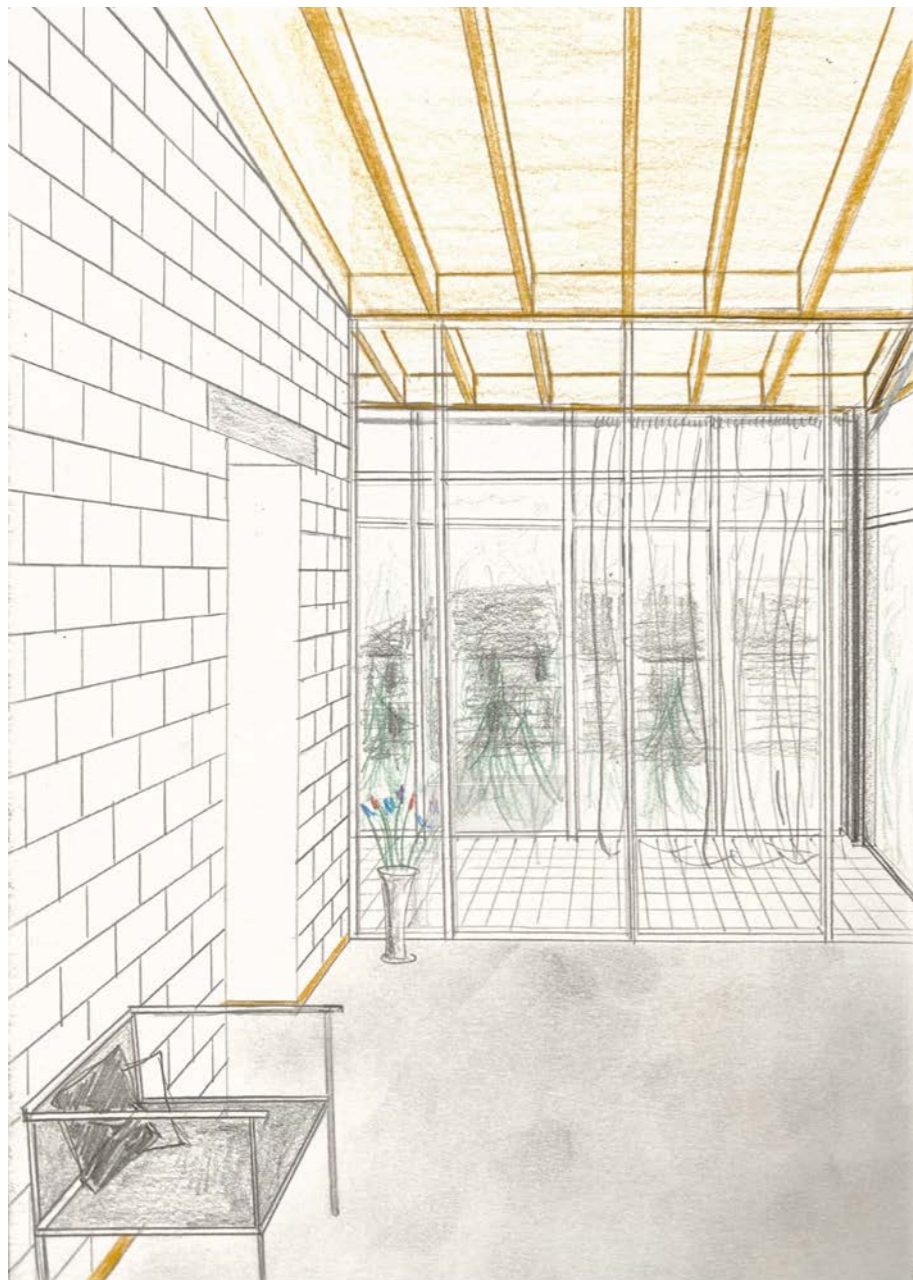
The added spiral staircase leads also up to the roof terrace, where he had a small cabin built. On the upper floor, where he spends a lot of his time, he puts down the now empty glass and opens the windows to get some fresh air. Happy but tired, he lies down in bed and stares at the wooden ceiling. Quietly he hears the river in the depths and the trees rustle gently in the wind.

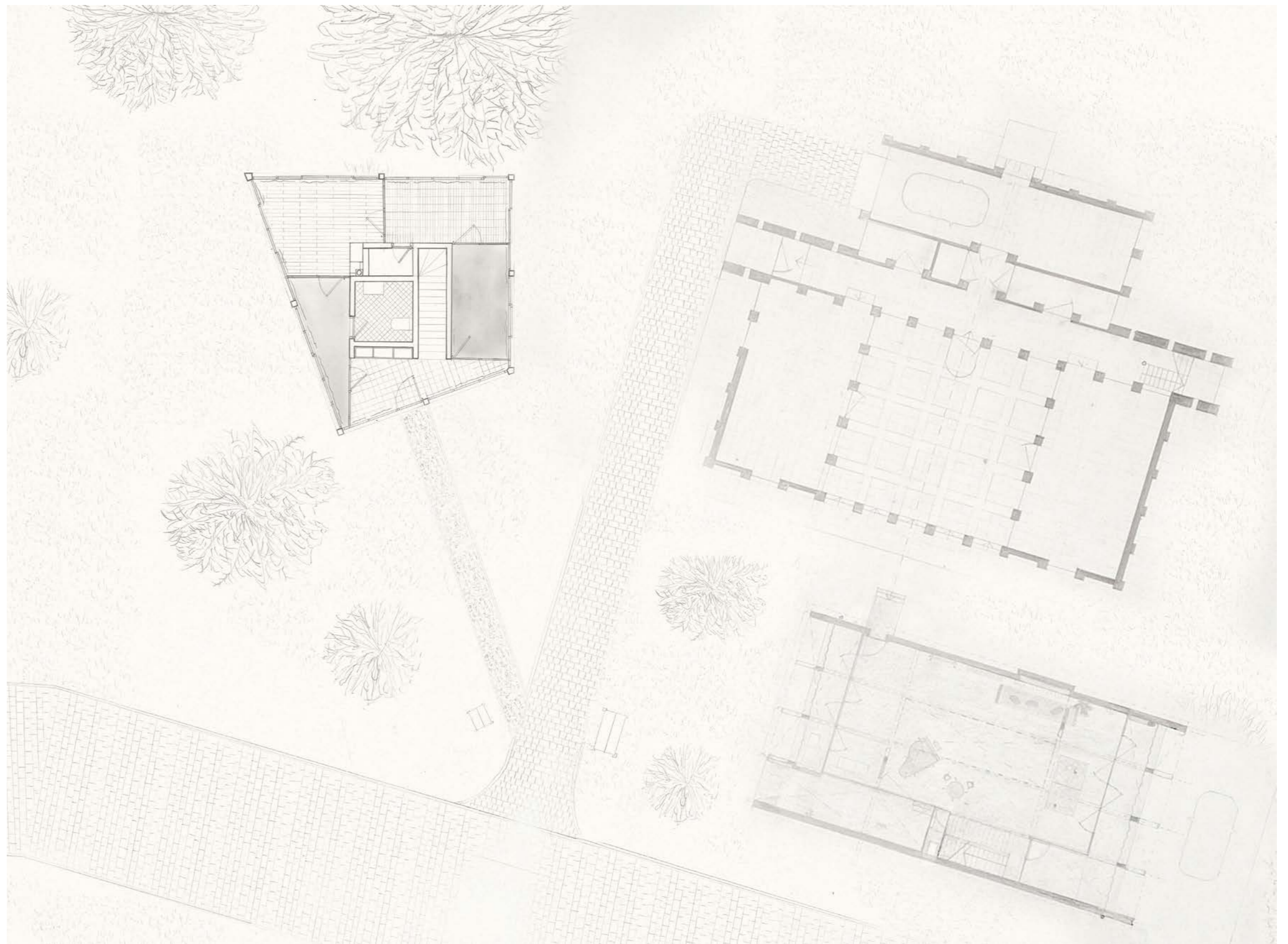


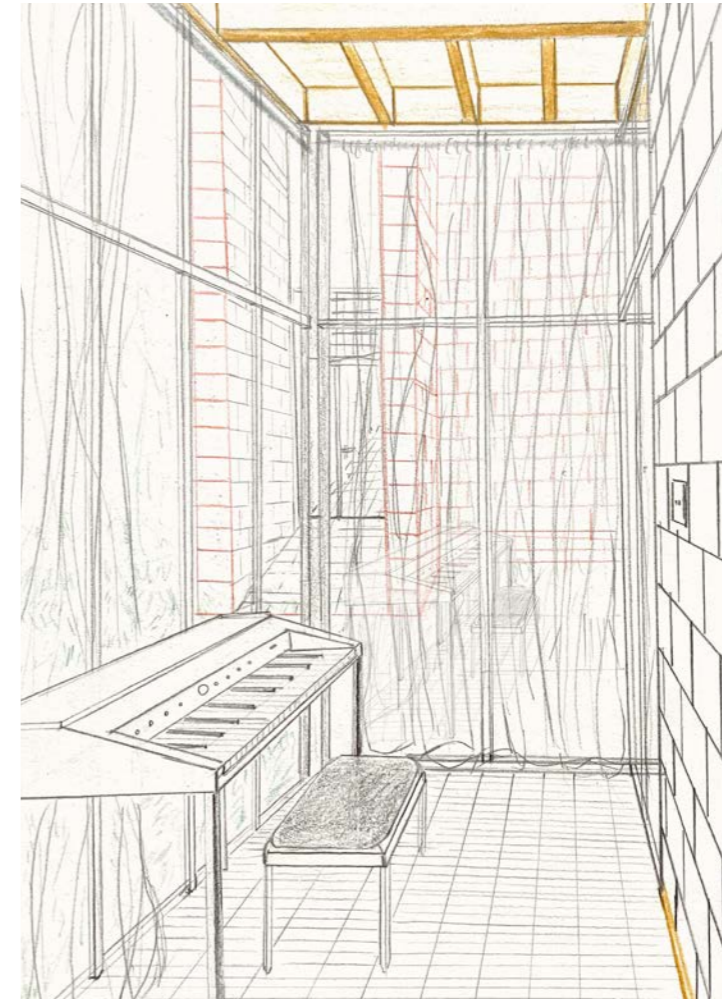
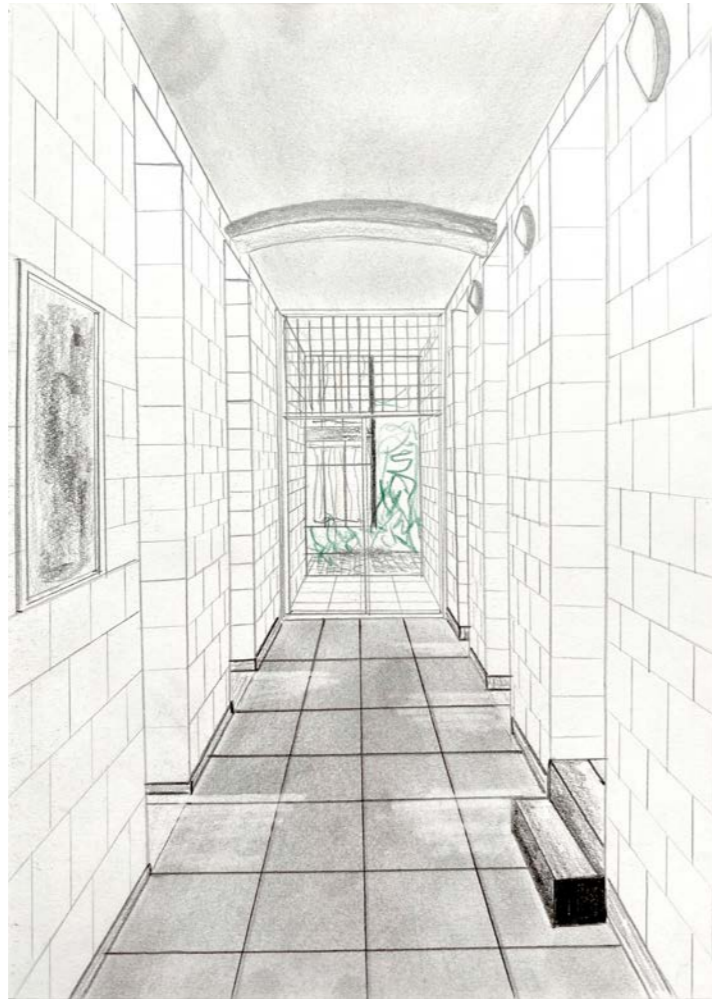
Movement 2



House for an inquisitive lady







Sphere of perception

walking eavesdropping arriving

Proudly she contemplates her beloved home. She turns the key in the lock hole. A quick shoulder glance then she enters. If you didn't know better, you'd think she was up to something illegal.

stomping hanging up orienting

She walks towards her favorite place in the house. Opening one of the many glass doors she catches a glimpse of her wool yarn and the knitting needles which are still on the cozy armchair where she left them.

sitting knitting observing

From here she has the perfect overview on the path which leads to her neighbour Paul. She has the control over everything that happens here, and in the rest of the neighbourhood. But that's her little secret. Thanks to these great semi-transparent curtains she can see everything and everyone but nobody sees her.

shuffling thinking smiling

She walks towards her piano. This is something she started doing since she was retired. She had to find new things to occupy herself. In the glass she sees half her reflection and half the entrance to her neighbour. Ah this is interesting, apparently he has a new mistress.

playing shivering daydreaming

She feels a bit cold because the sun hasn't risen yet. Still thinking about the affairs of her neighbour she goes to the fireplace.

glinting warming enjoying

This corner in her house is really special because the angle is not orthogonal. Like the bow of a ship that is about to set sail, it stings into the sea of trees. She always loved nature, especially the forest. When her husband was still alive they used to do long forest walks each morning.

continuing peering waving

She walks further where her sewing machine smiles at her. It's her best friend already for a long time whom she can always count on. While sewing she has a direct view on the neighbourhood road.

climbing blurring breathing

Walking upstairs the brick passes by, like the landscape blurs when driving on a motorway. Her hand slides along the wall and goes over the brick. It's not as easy as it was for her to walk up the stairs. Arriving at the upper floor she is breathing heavily and goes to the chair that patiently waits for her.

calming heart-beating waiting

The staircase is the one of the few places in the house where two walls directly surround you. Not that she doesn't like it but she prefers the unlimited overview. She knows that she is very curious but it's also what keeps her young and fit.

walking opening stirring

Suddenly her stomach growls, time to eat something. She's still cooking a hot meal each day. While stirring the soup she looks at her other neighbour who's eating lunch at the moment with her family. She notes that one child is missing at the table, he is old enough now to go to high school in Antwerp she guesses. She remembers back when her son was that age.

sighing watching thinking

Continuing her way to the next room she groans. The ironing board stands there arrogantly like it's trying to tell her annoyed, now get on with your work. She really dislikes to do it. But in this room she has the best overview over the whole neighbourhood. She sees one taking out his racing bike. He needs it he's put on a lot of weight lately, she thinks to herself and smiles.

pushing glimpsing touching

After the next glass door her unfinished painting is still on the easel. She likes to do it, it's really meditative to draw something for her. And in the background there is always something exciting to see.

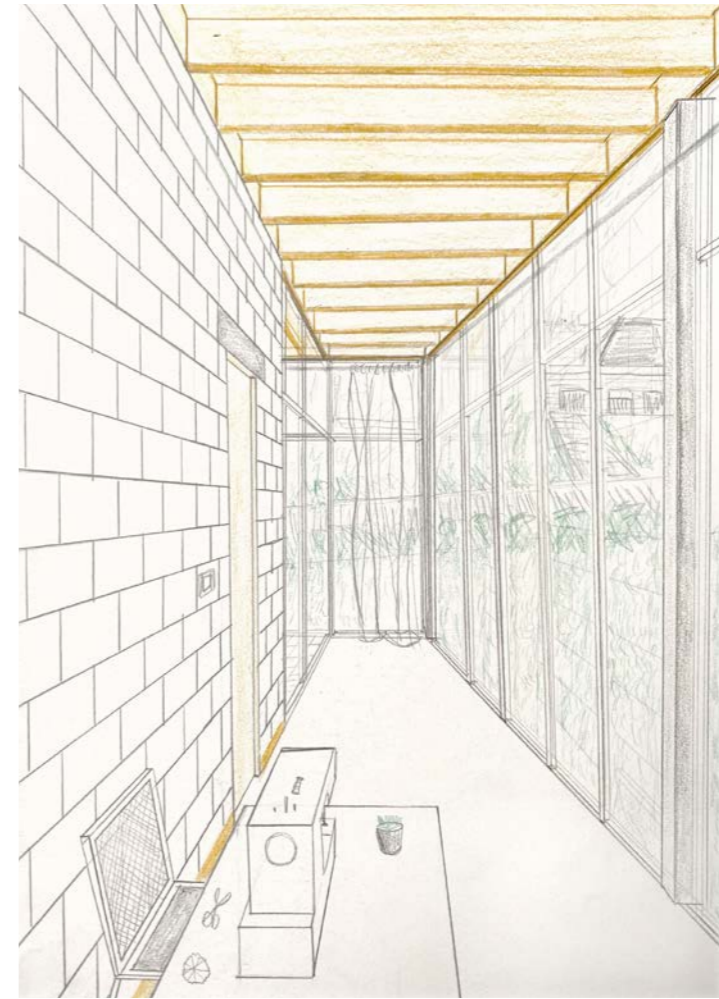
yawning rubbing stretching

She realises that she's really tired suddenly. Passing the other glass door she feels warm and comfortable seeing her made-up bed, so she goes below the blanket. While slowly fading away she can see something moving, is it her neighbour? But for now her curiosity has to wait.

lying falling dreaming

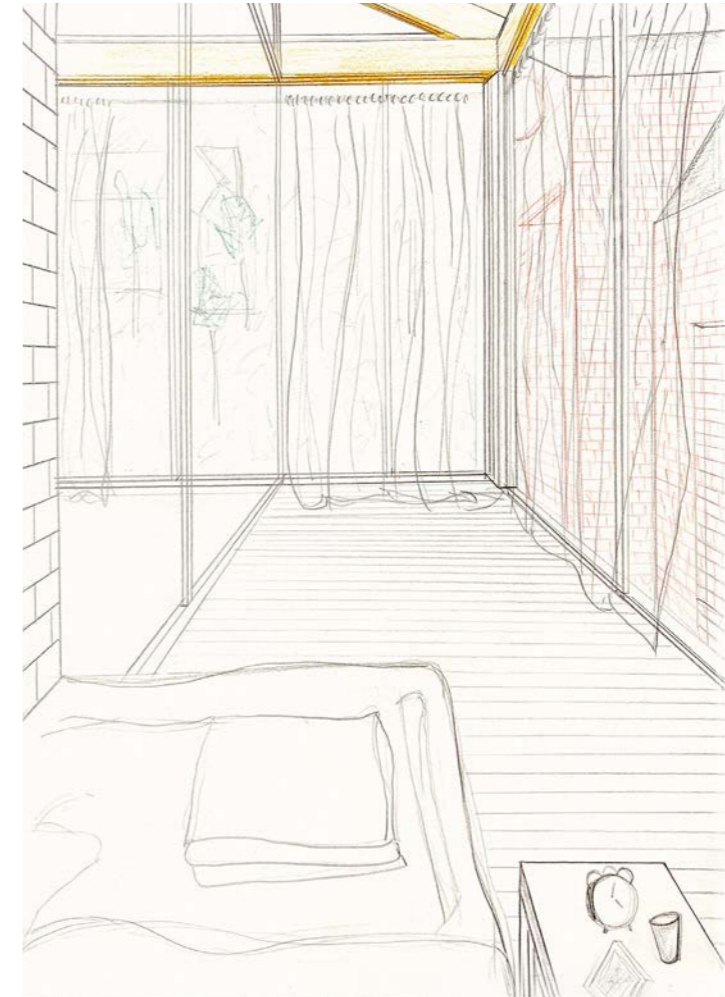
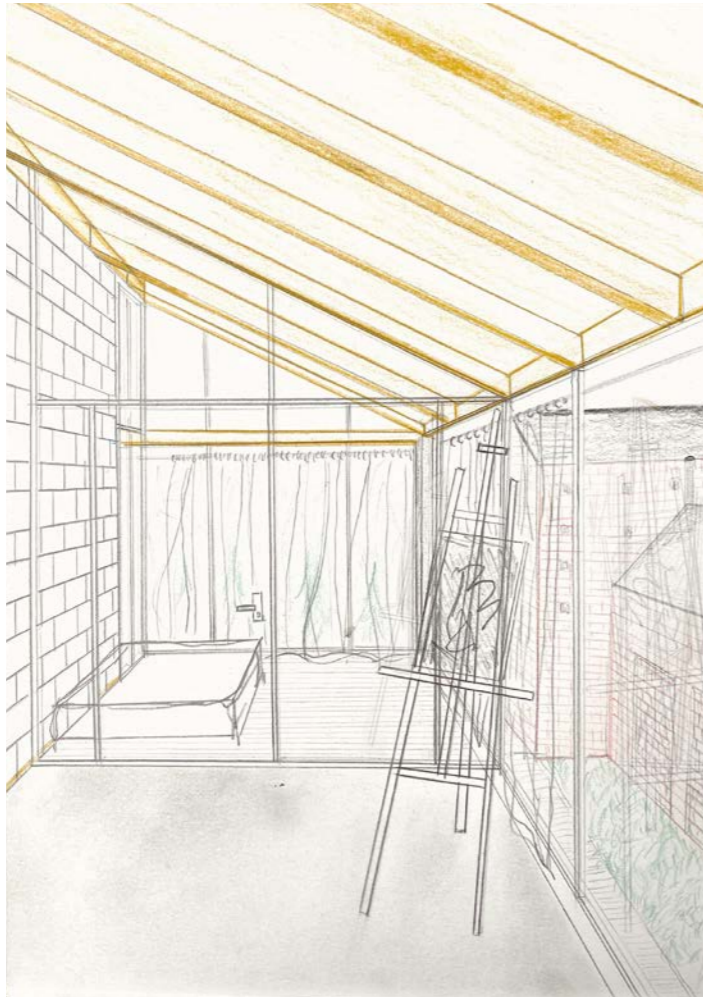


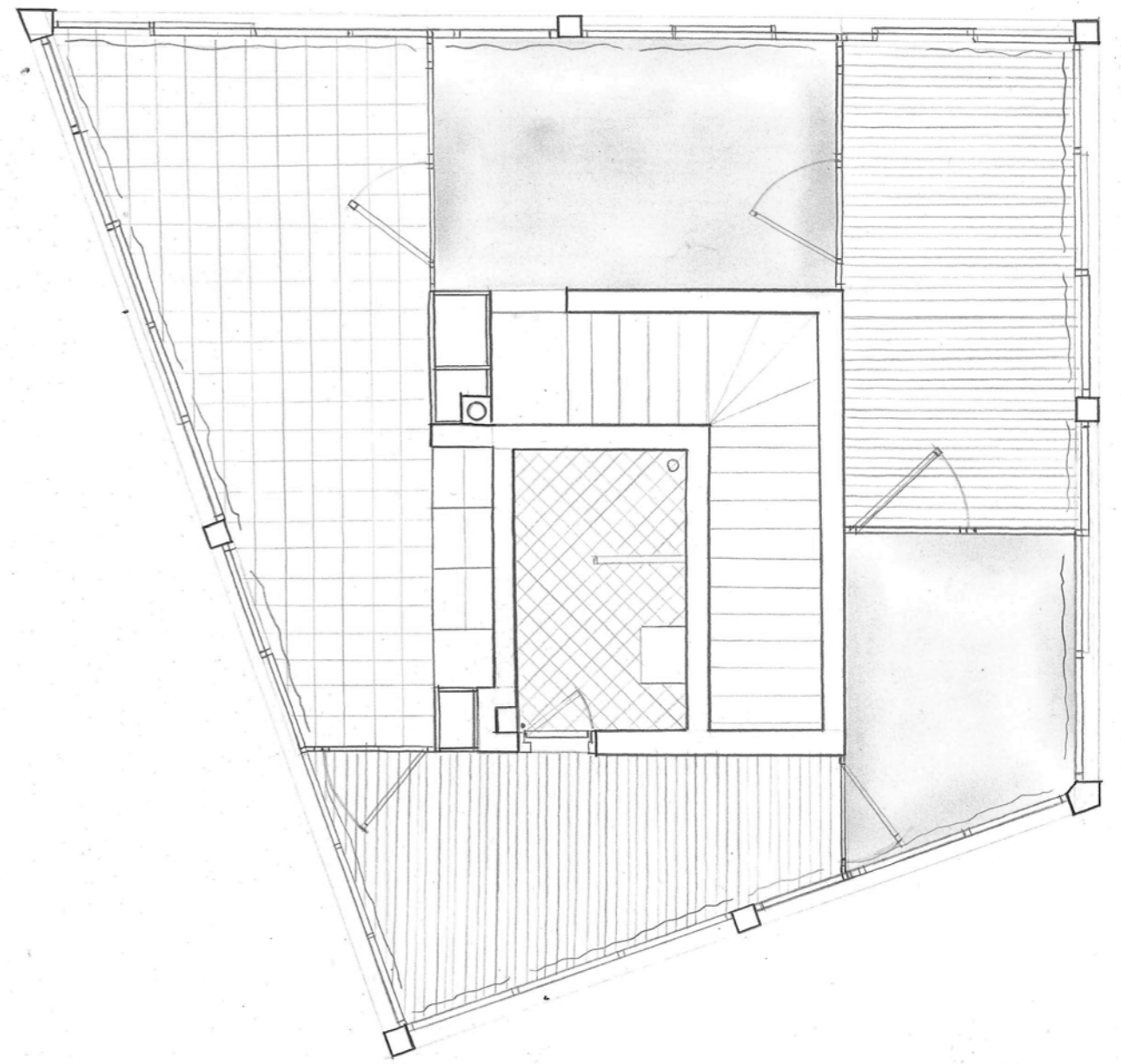
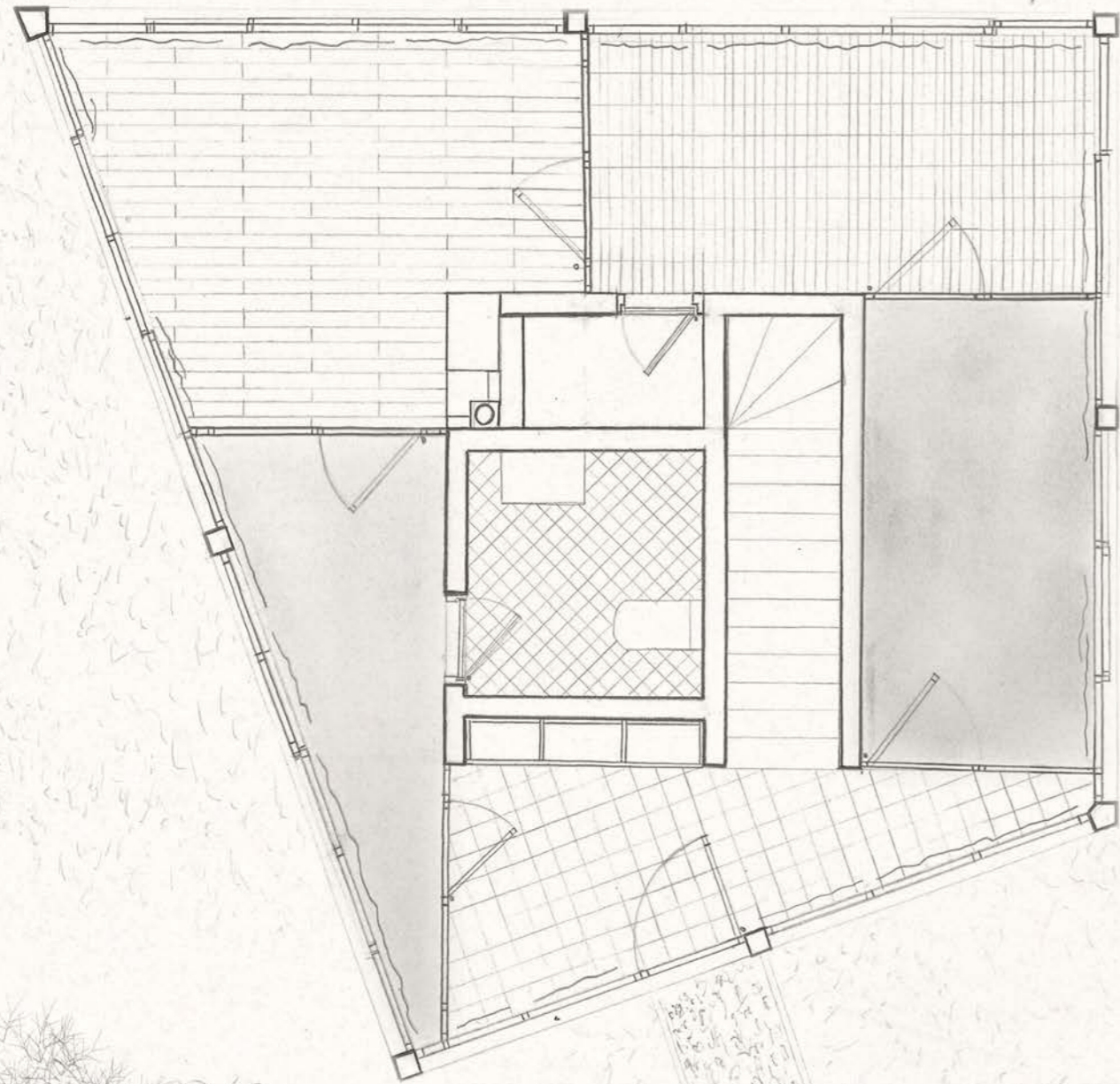


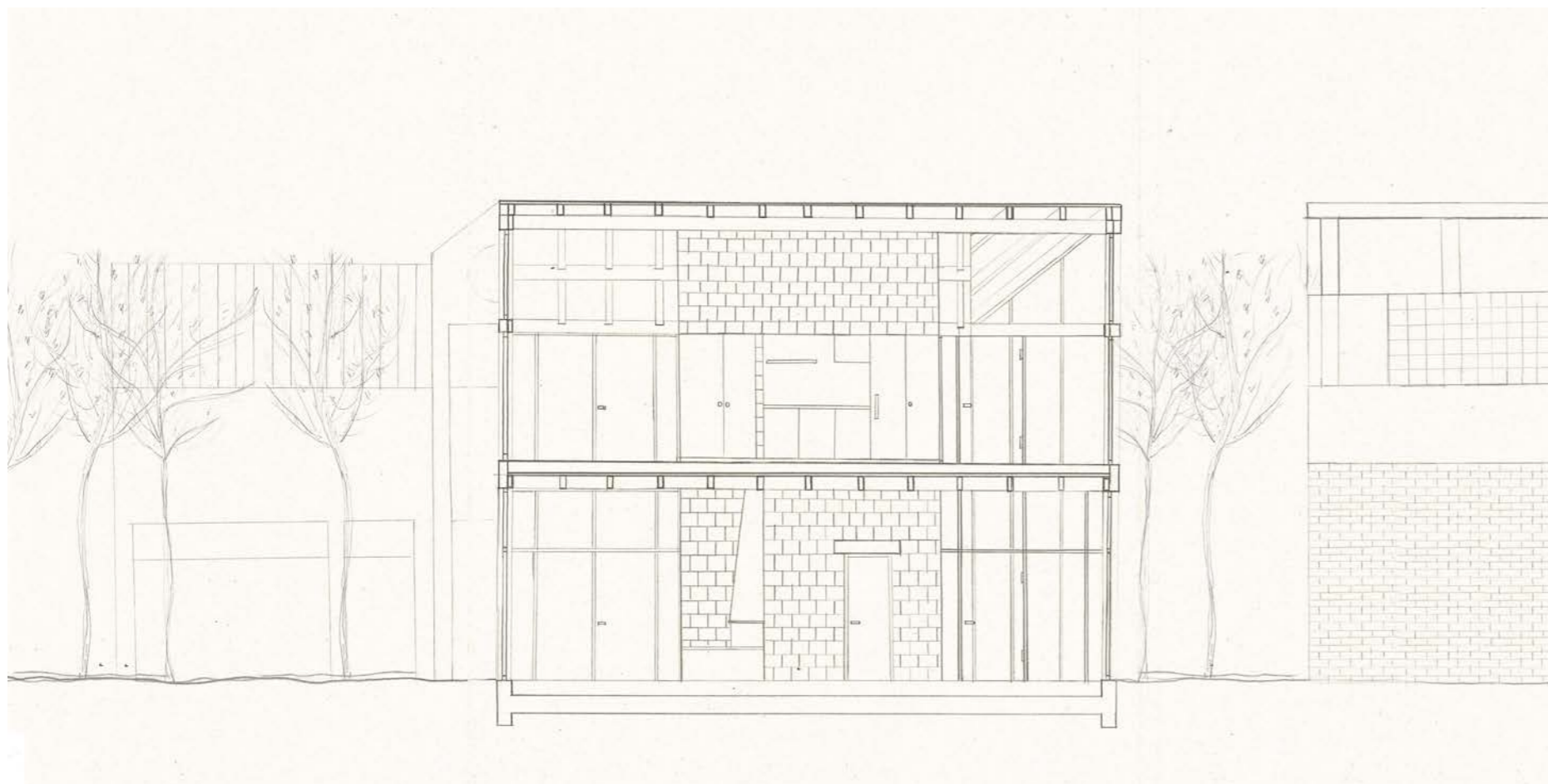


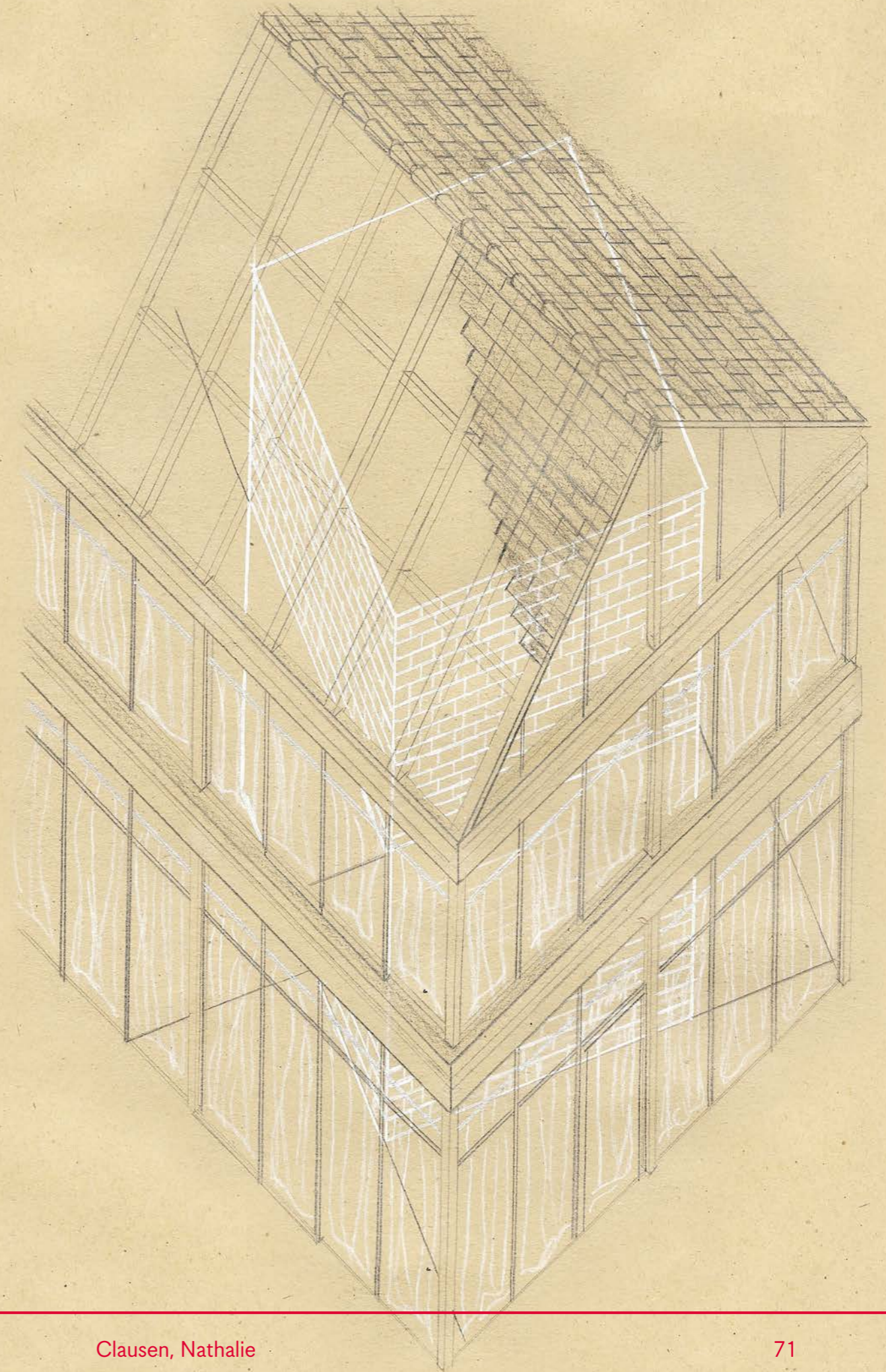
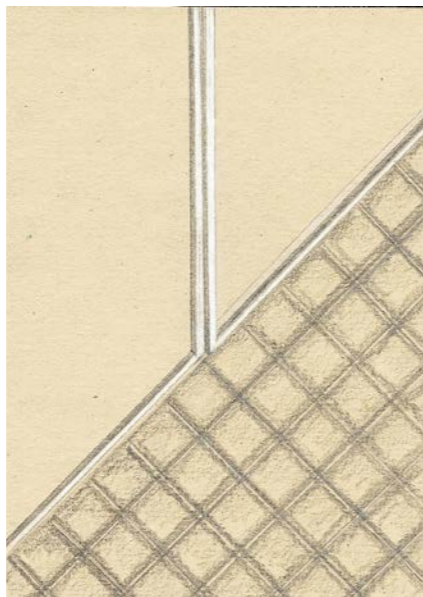




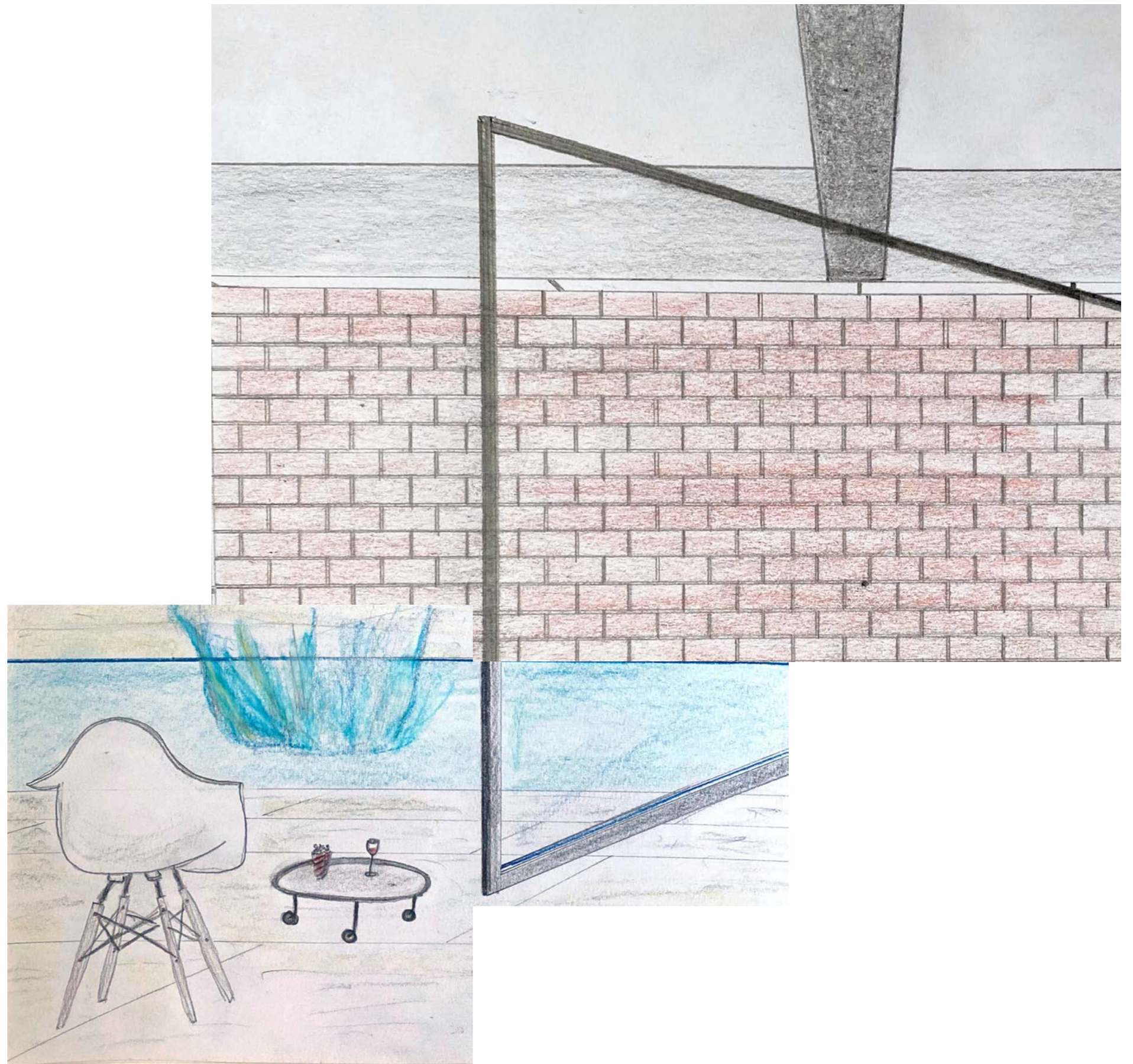


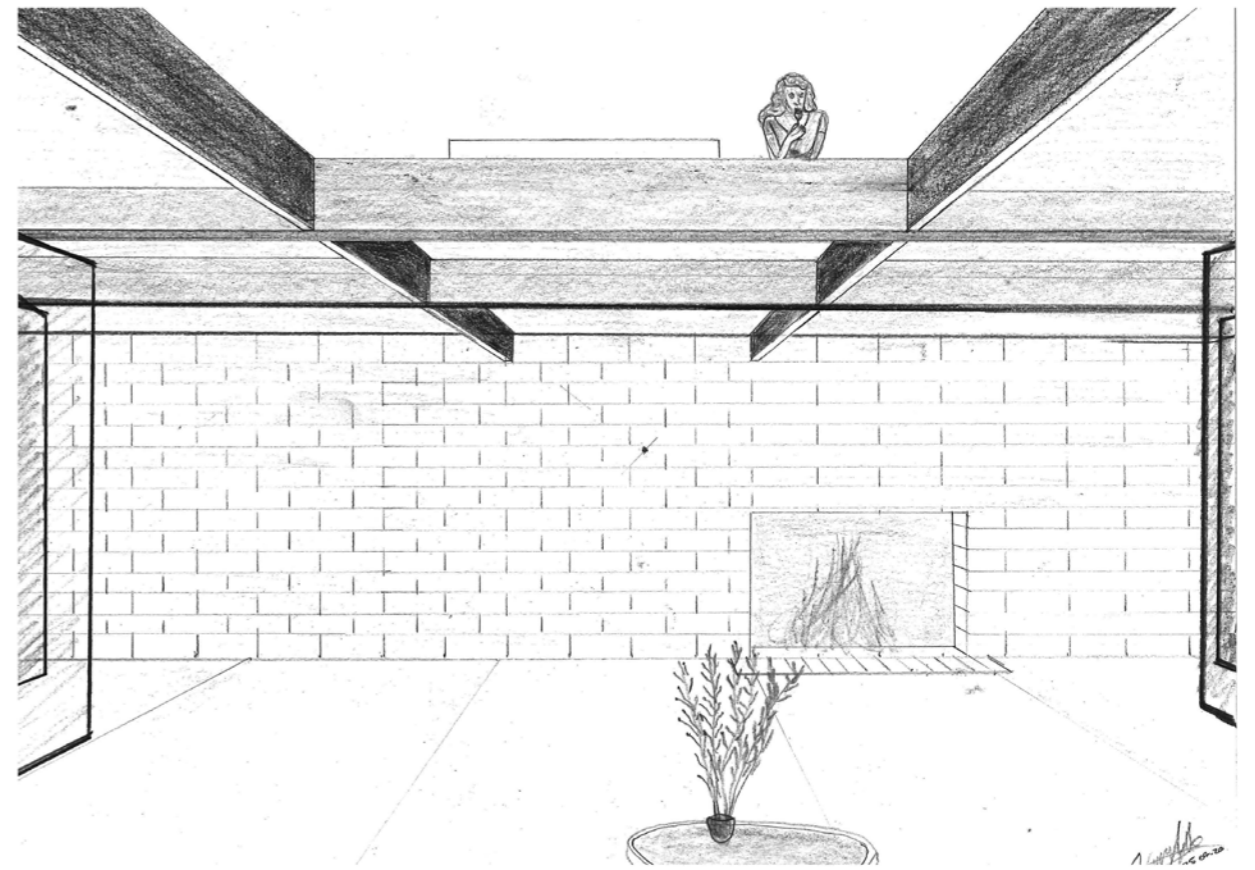
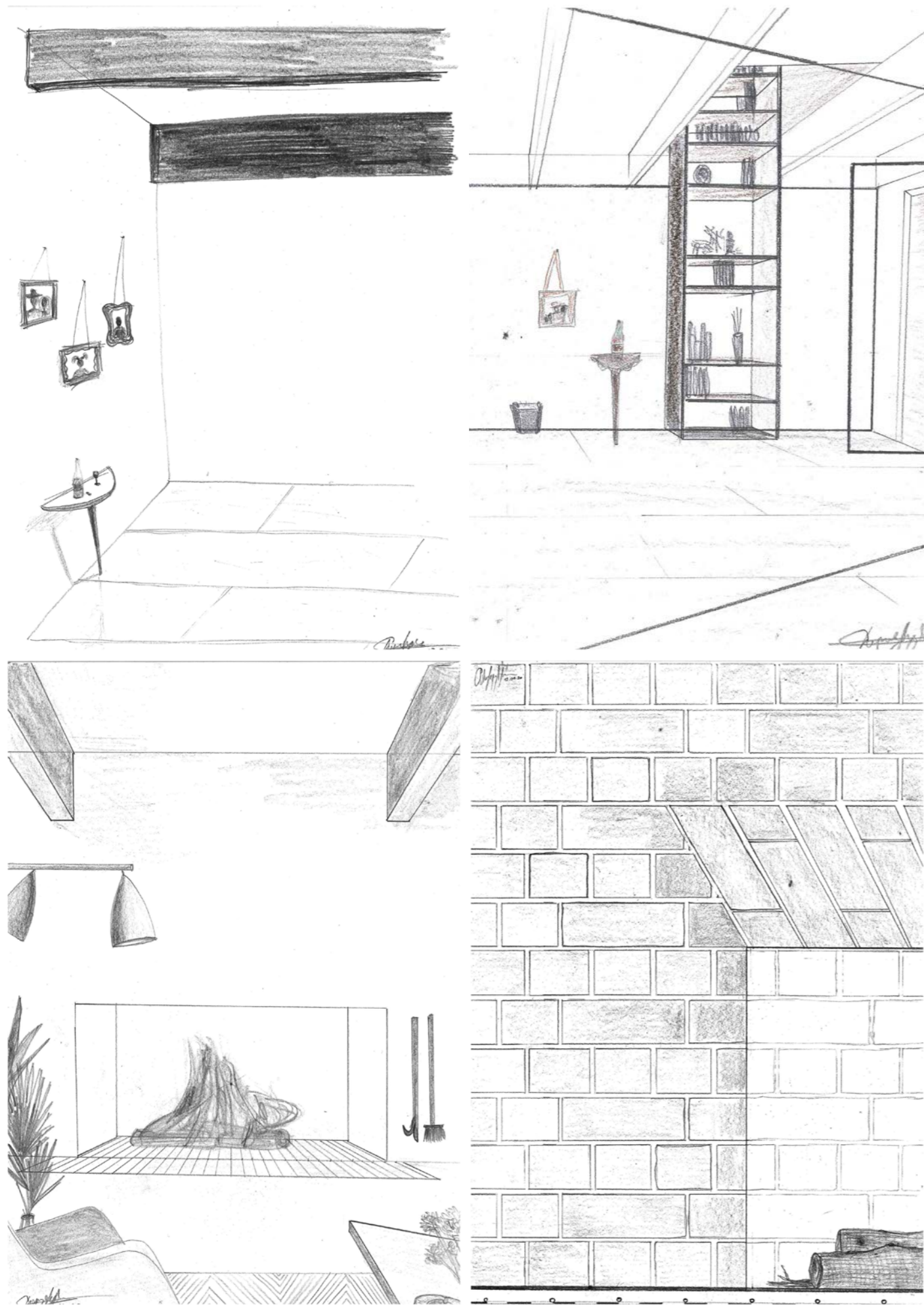


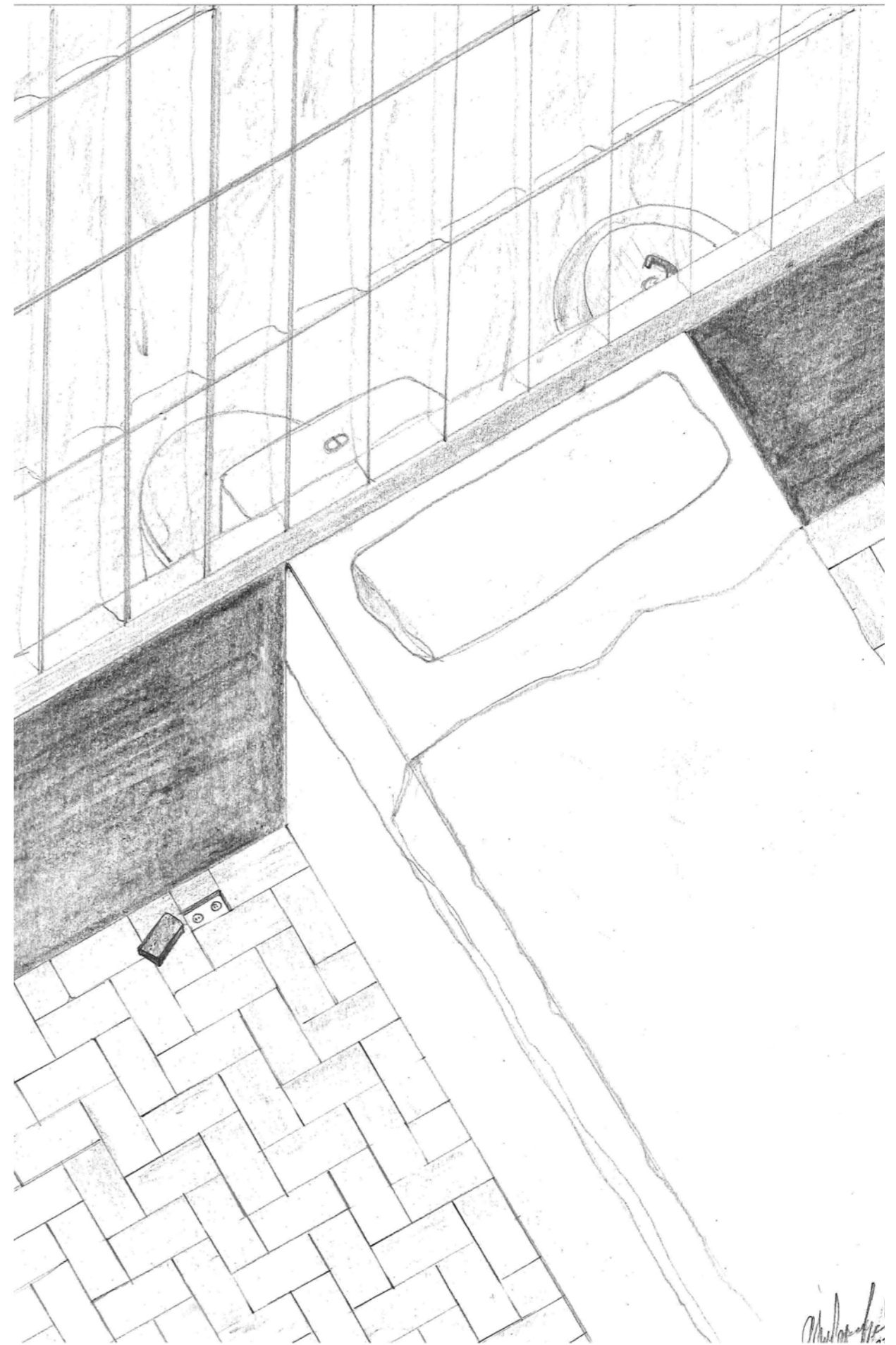
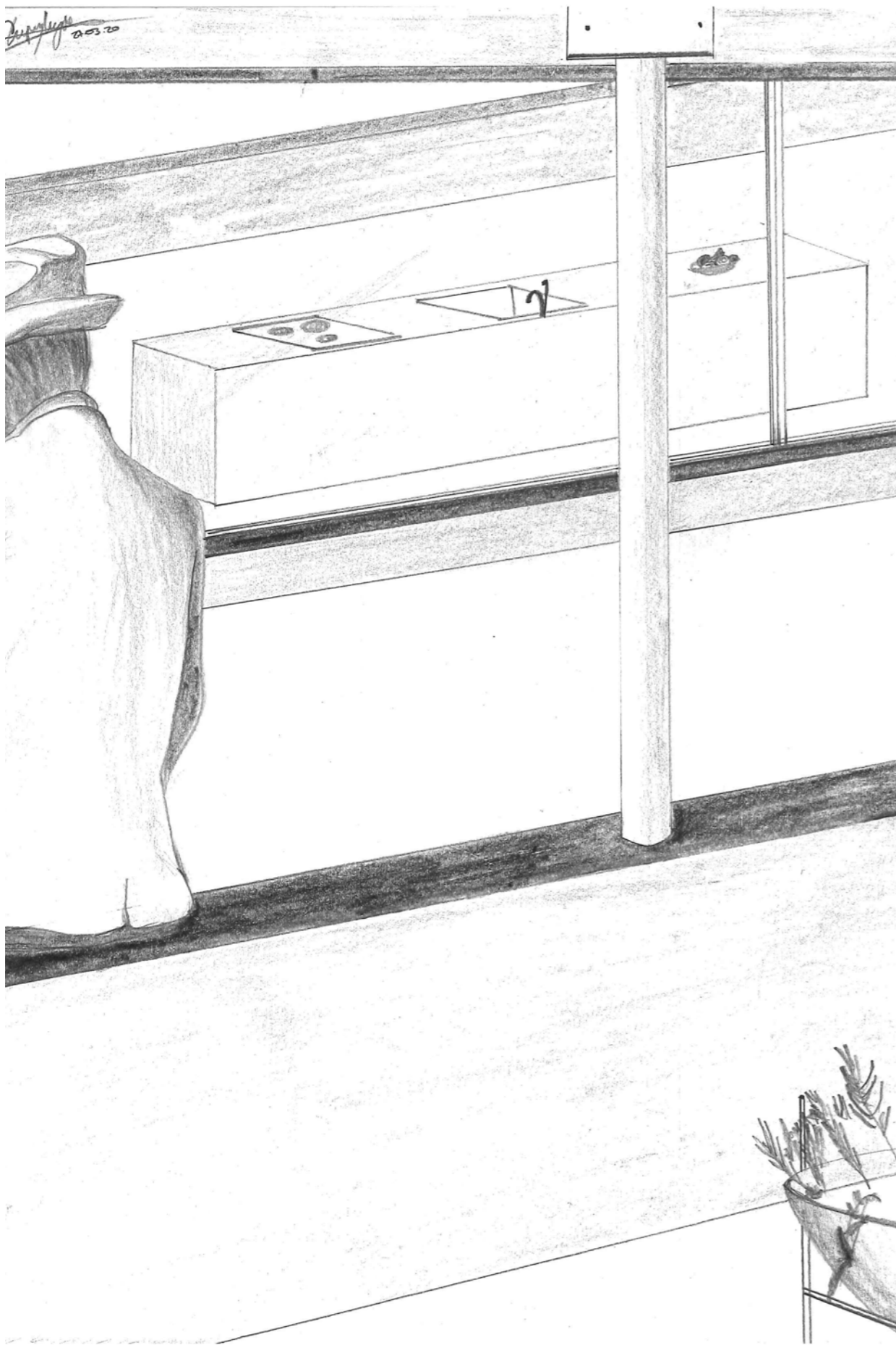








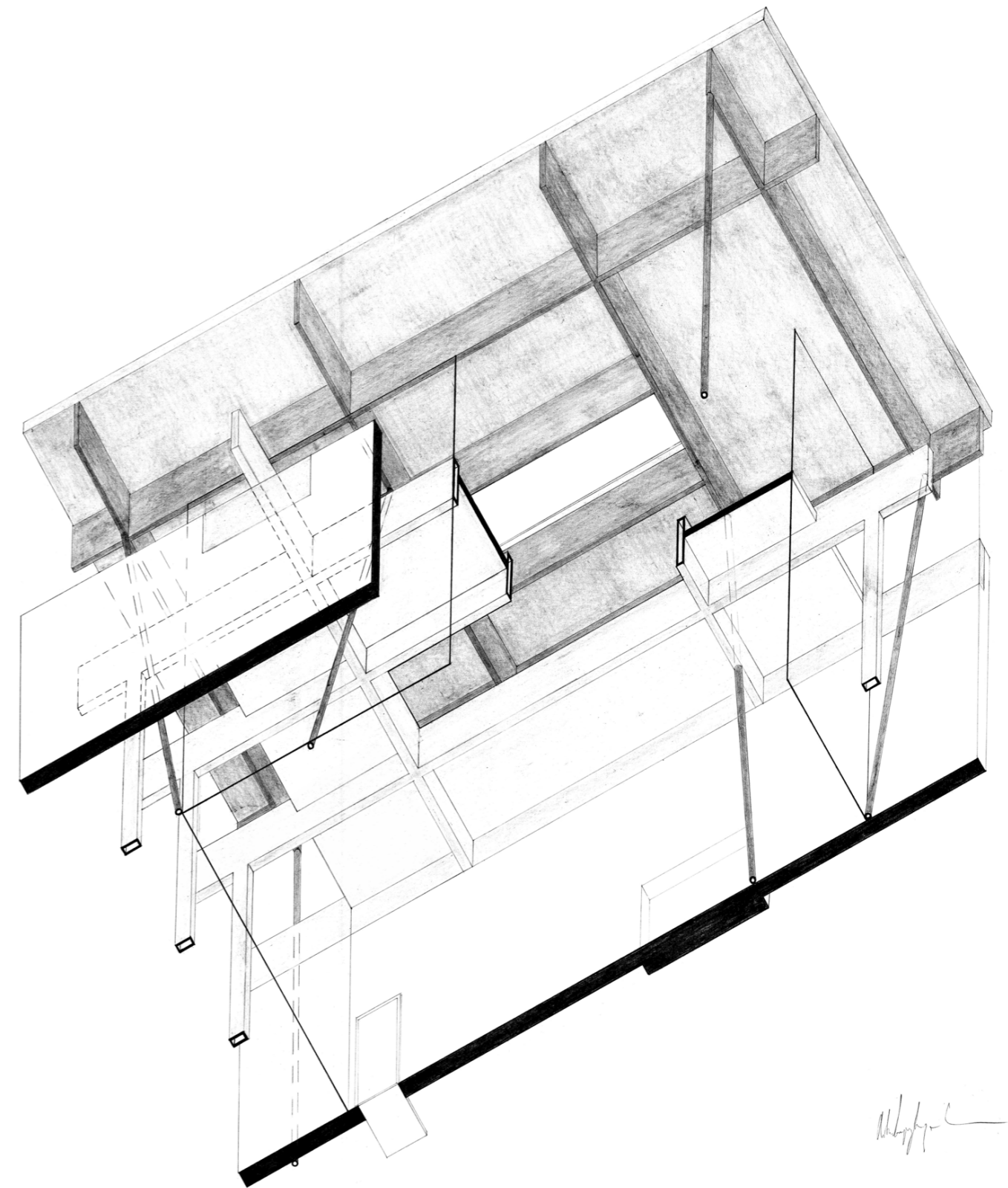


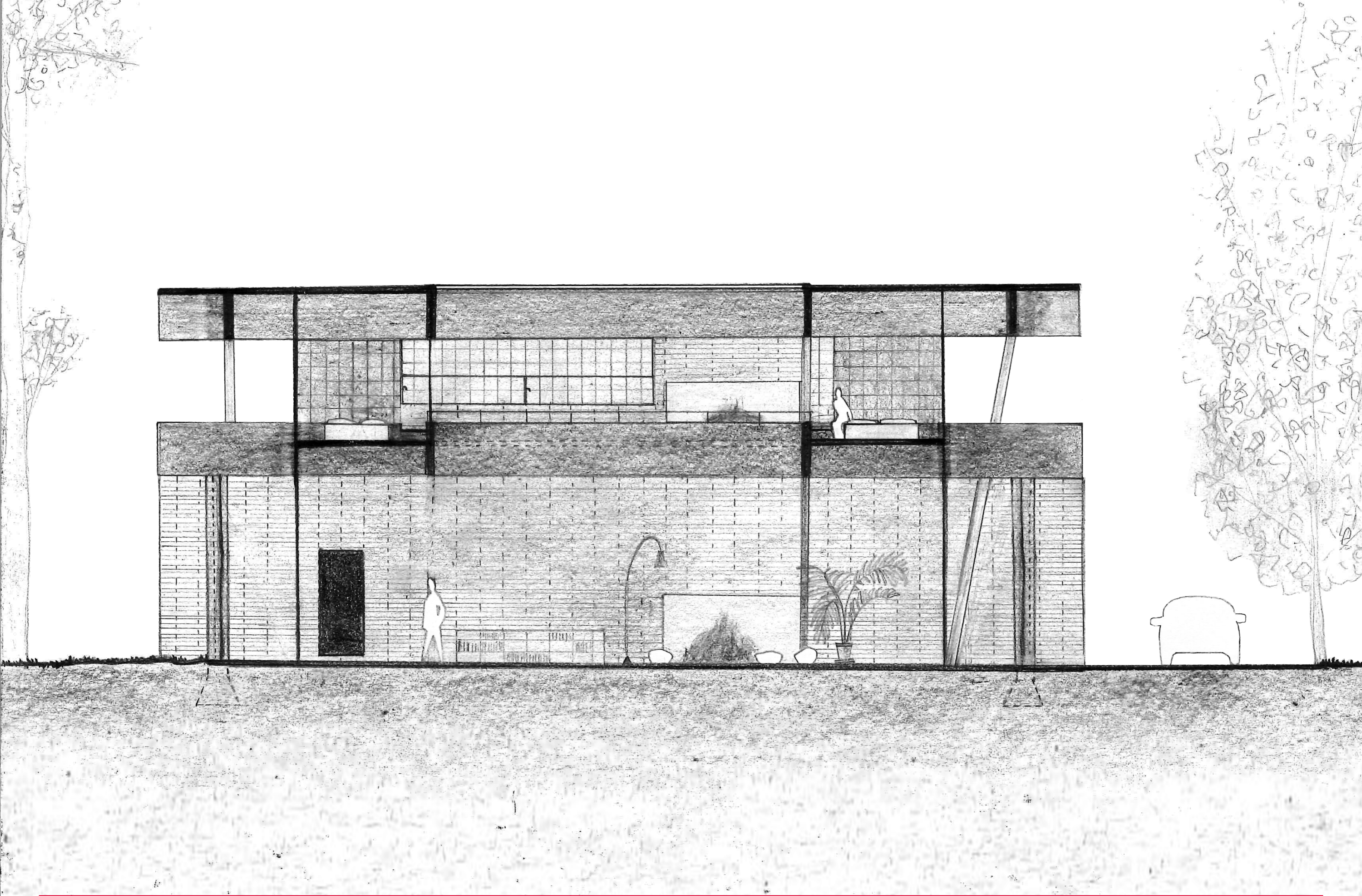


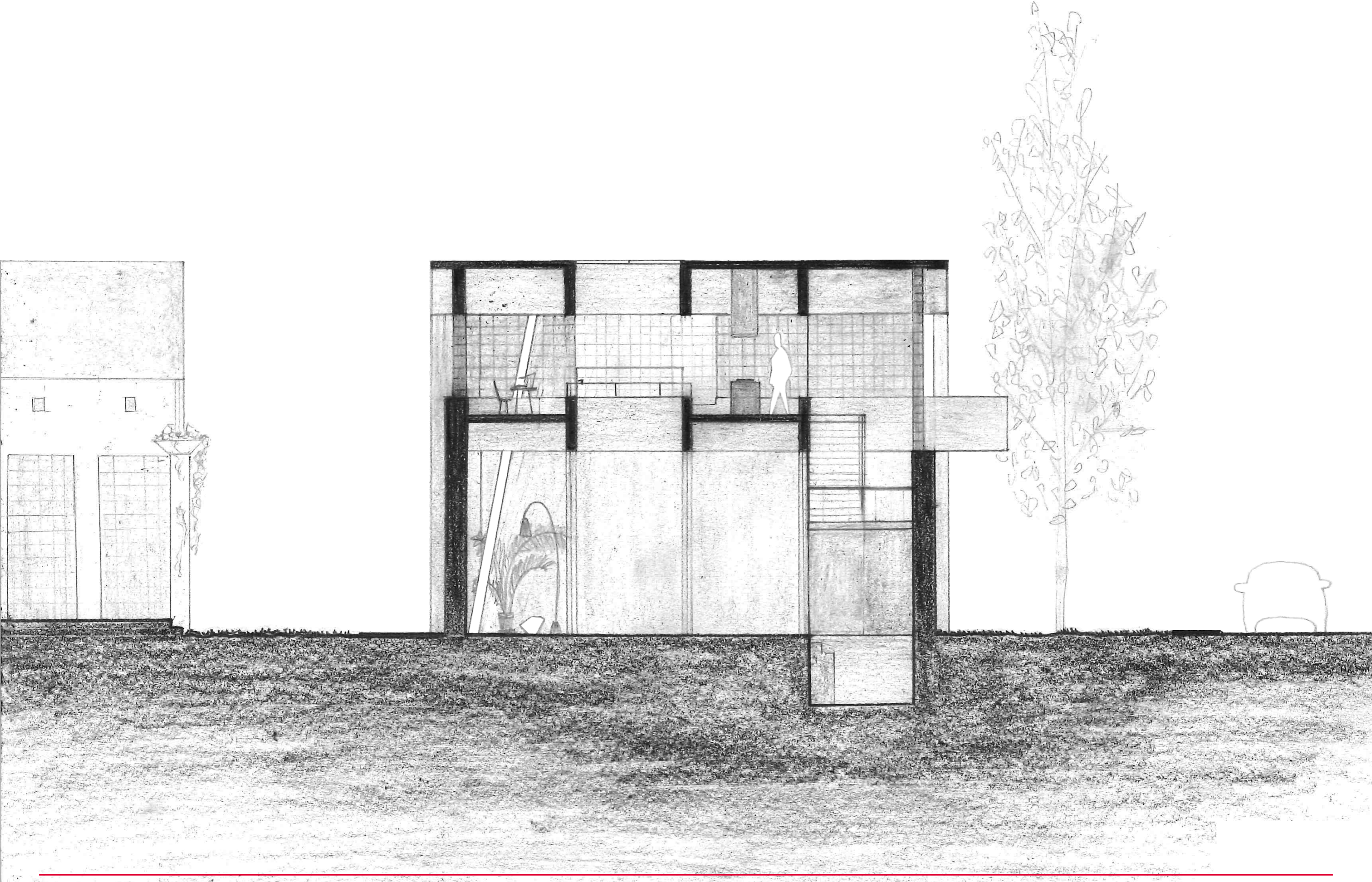
Travelling

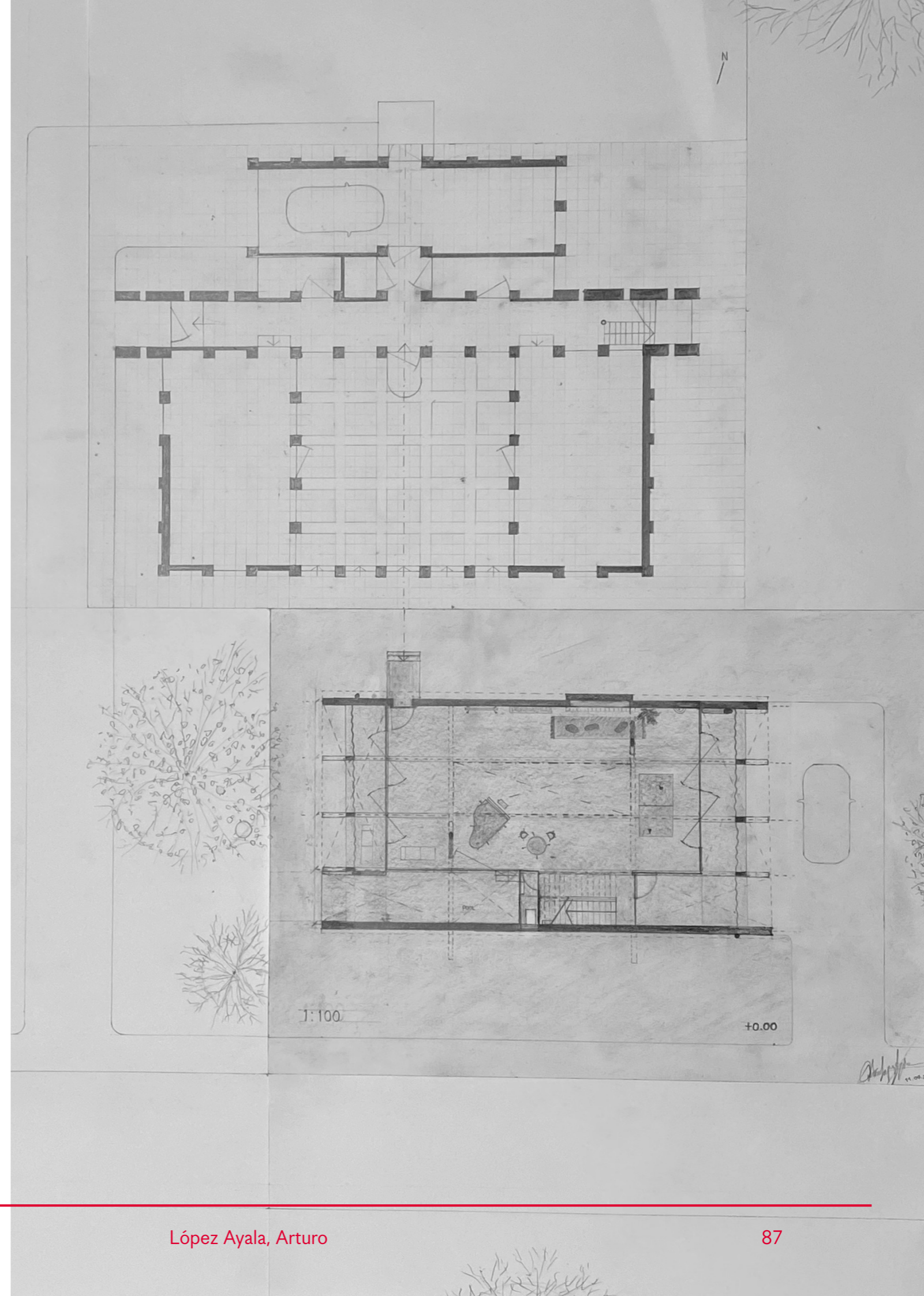
P has never left Belgium - and probably never will: “If Kant never left Königsberg, why should I leave my house?” she asks in a prevailing tone as her voice echoes throughout the space. Yet P is aware that she experiences America every day, at every time: as unified as it is diverse, as edged as it is undefined. Polished, detailed and continuous. One big space.

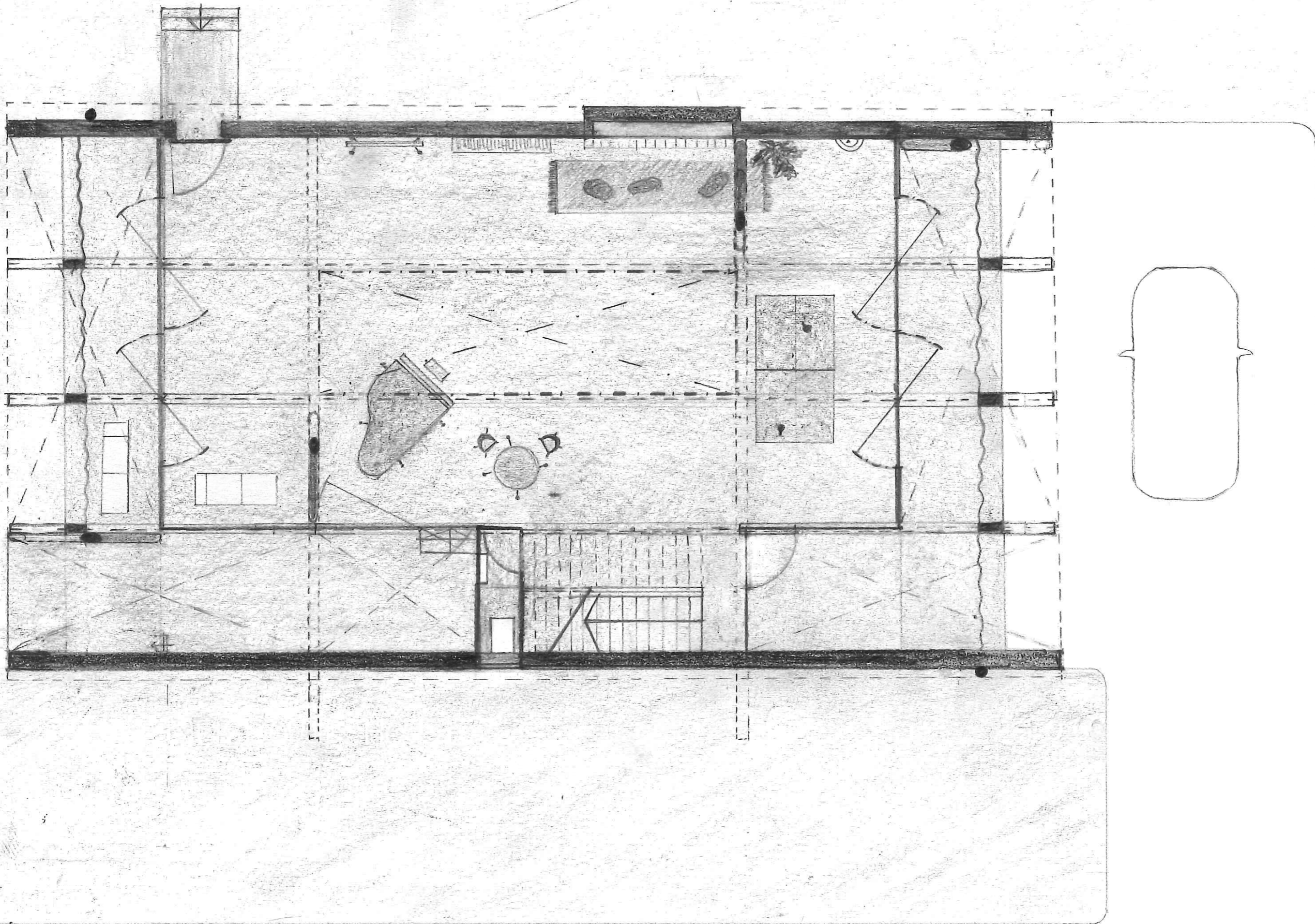
“7 to 7.30 I wake up, then I shower, dress, and eat; in the morning I train PingPong, take a swim, sunbath, read, walk and play the piano; after lunch I water the plants, clean, grill, nap, watch a movie, paint; when I fancy the positioning of the movable furniture, I rest by the fire, and wait for the space to darken to go to bed” - expounds P. She pauses, then drinks. She is comforted.

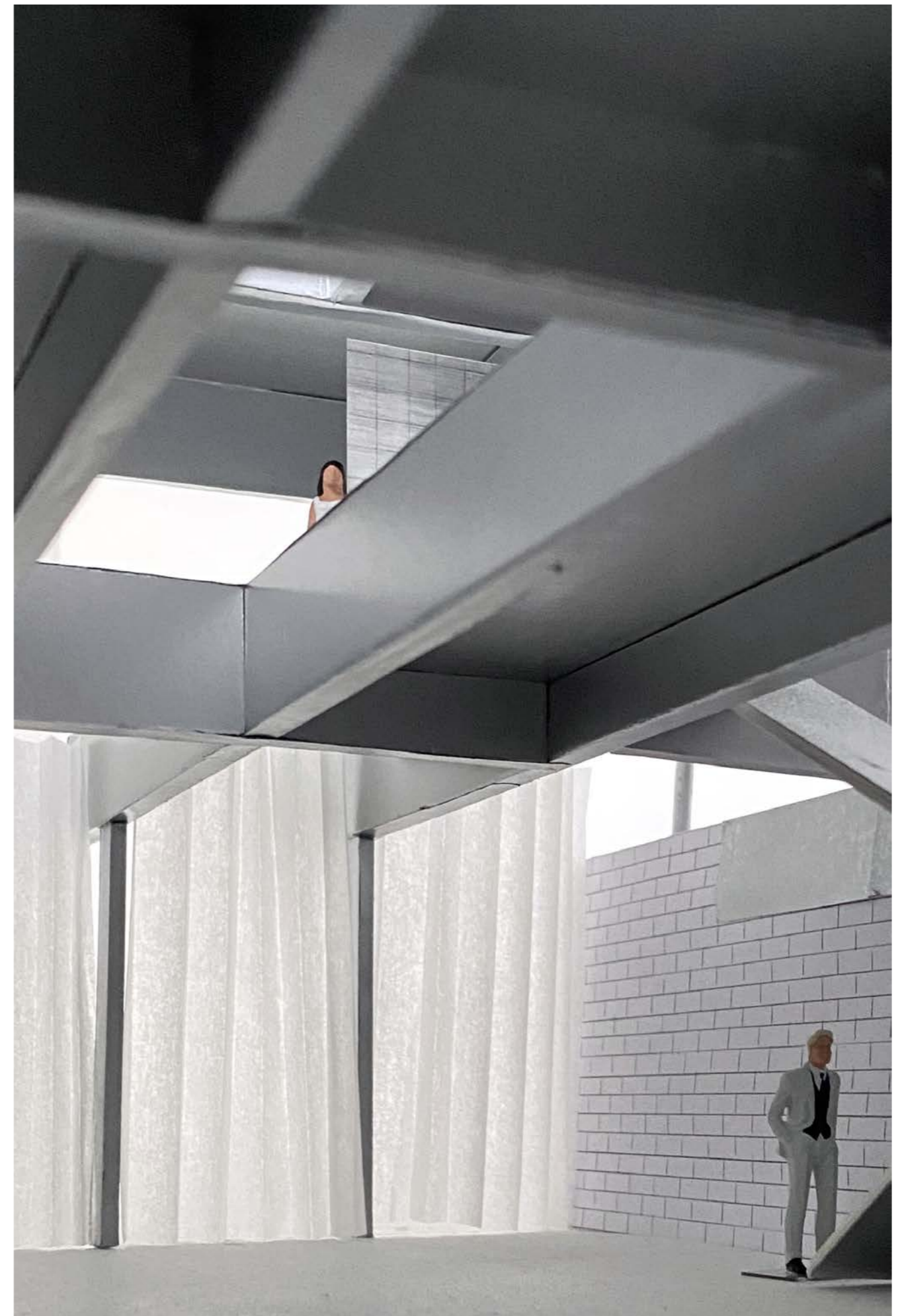




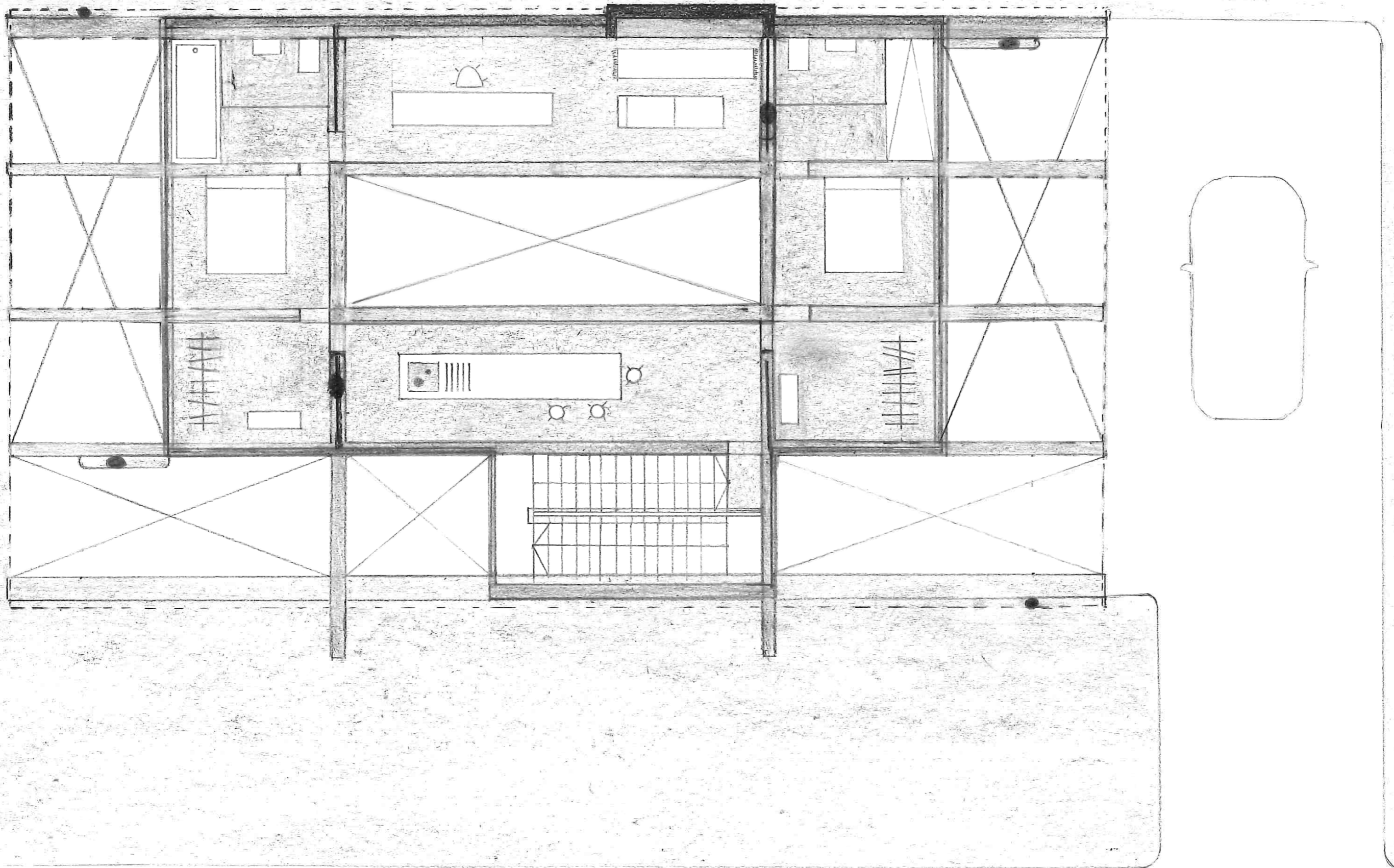


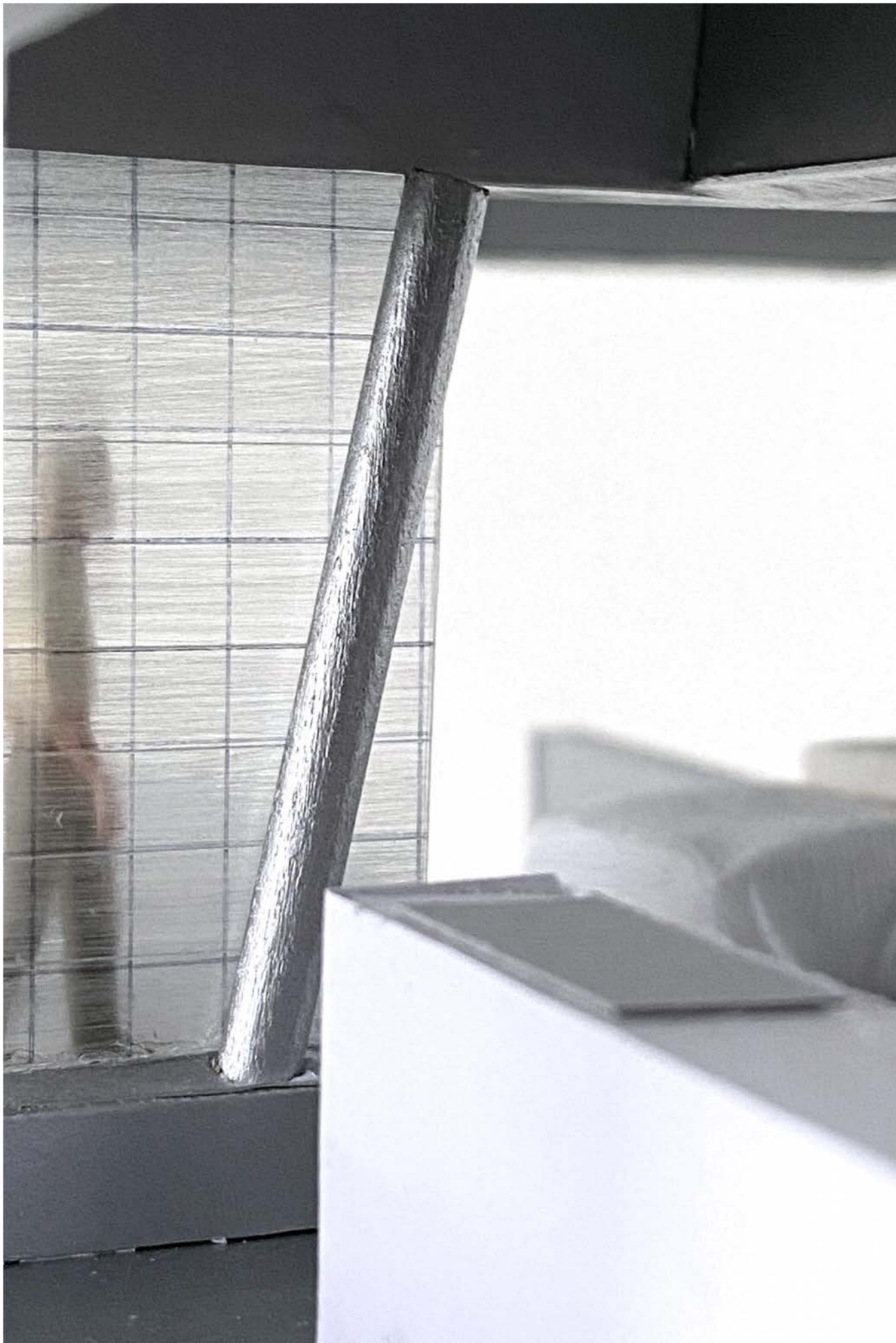




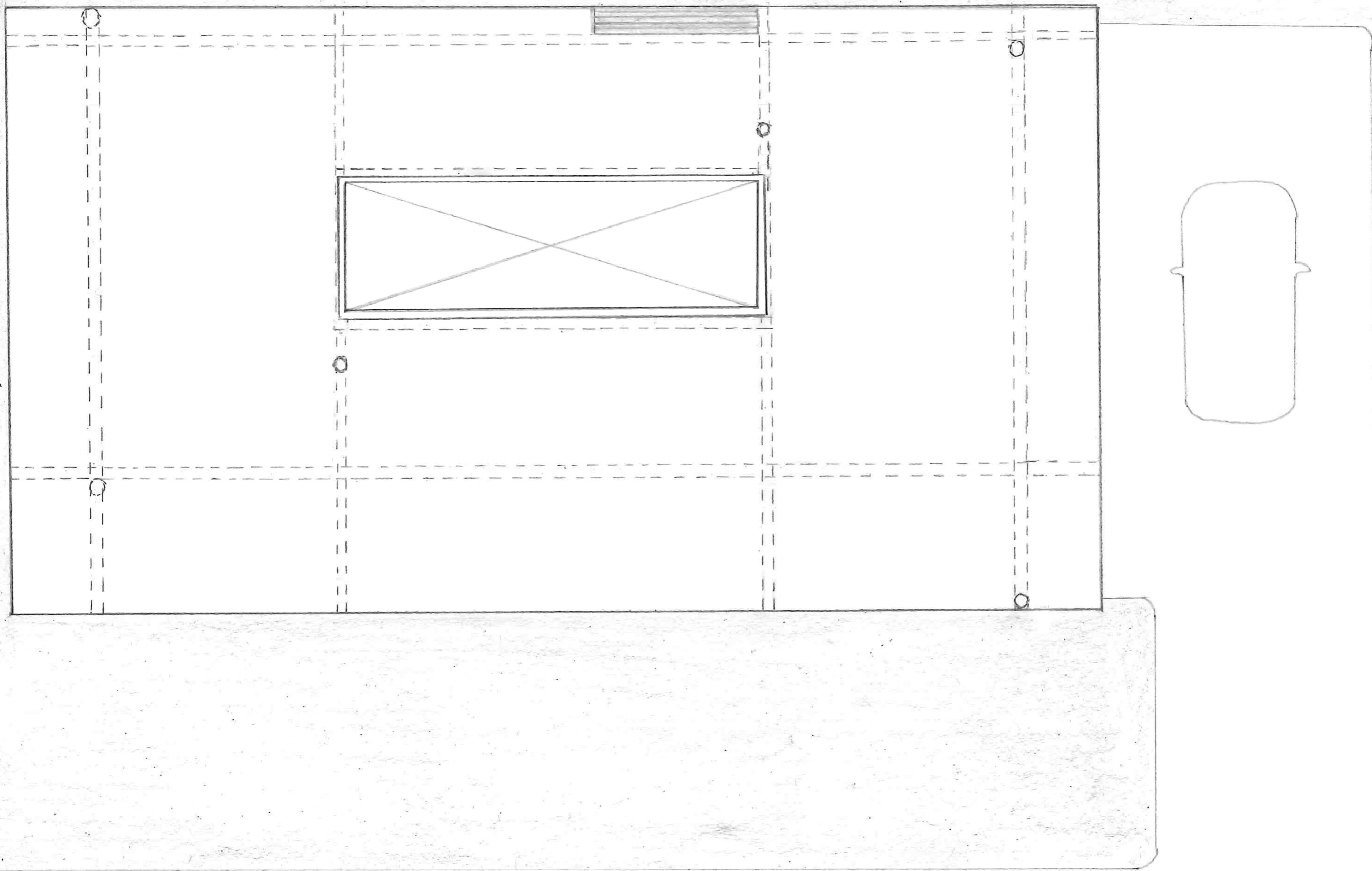






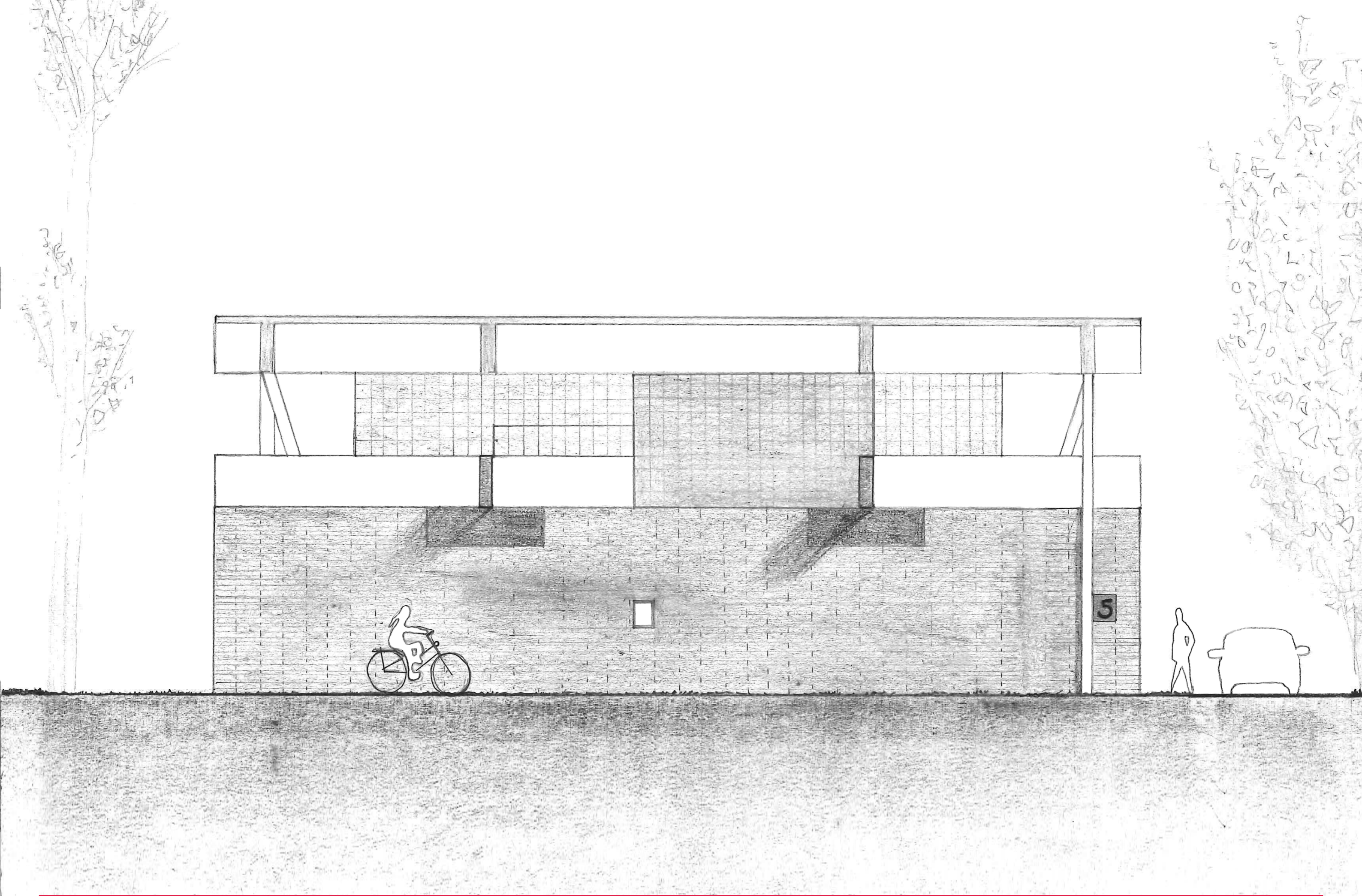


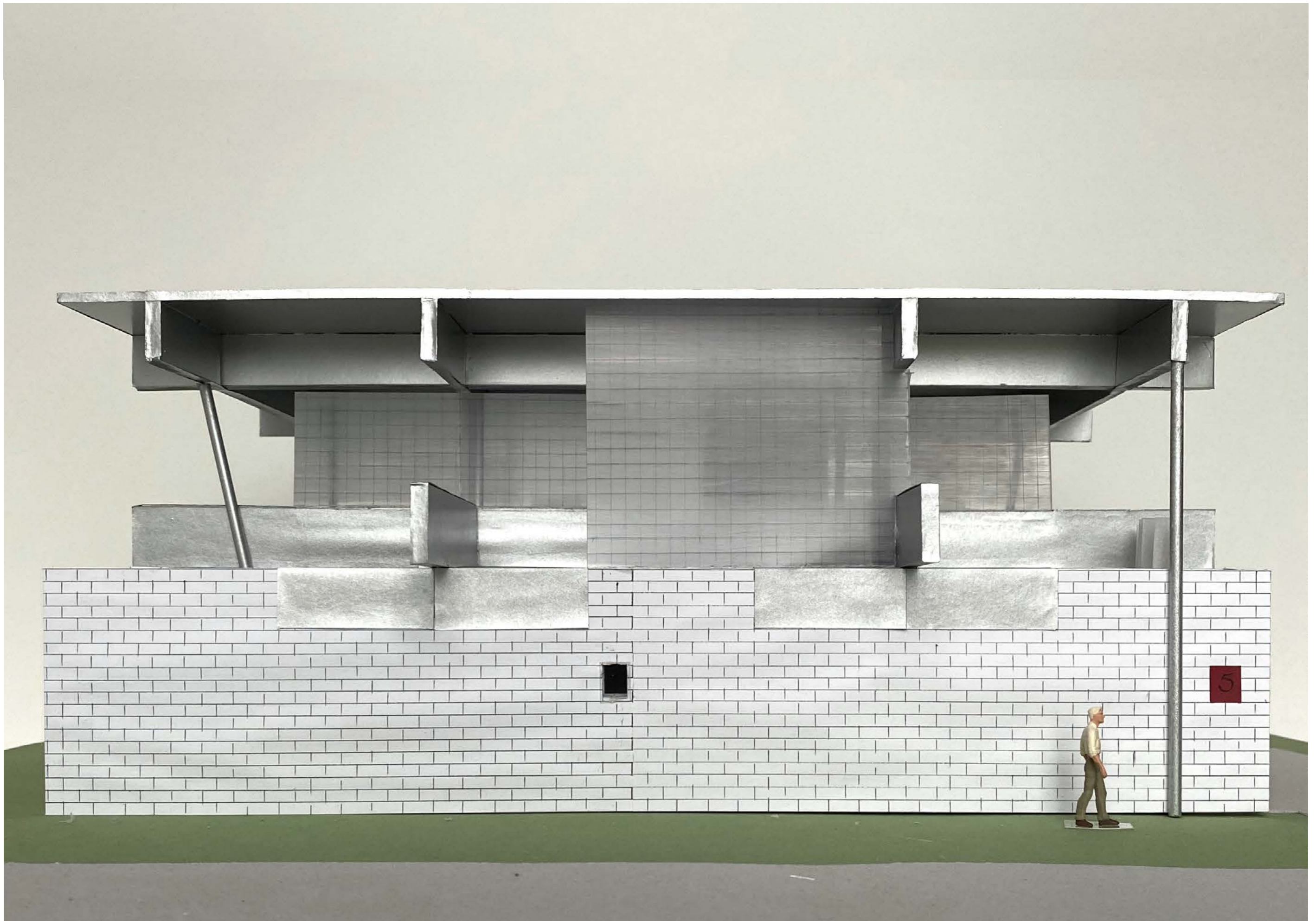


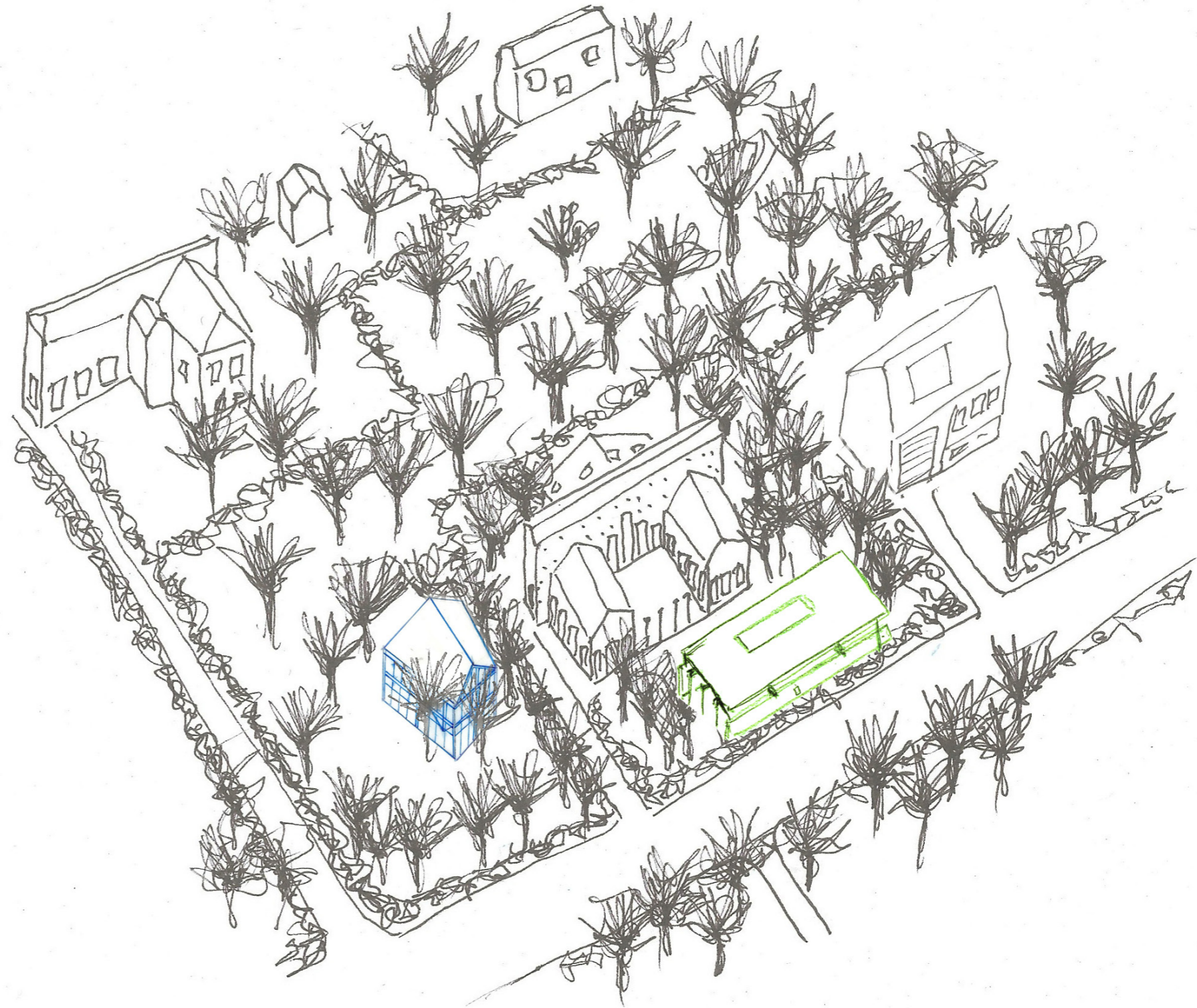


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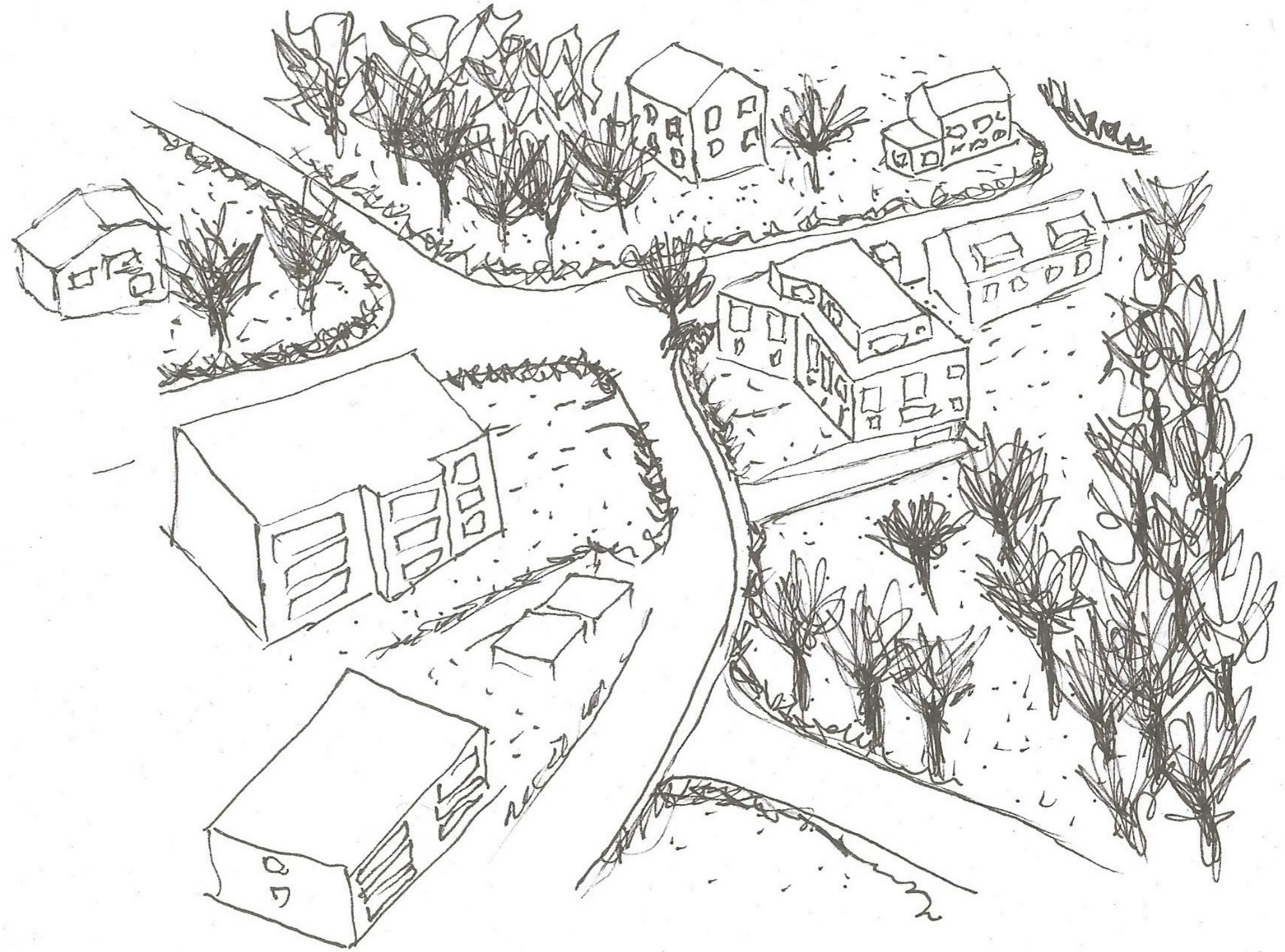
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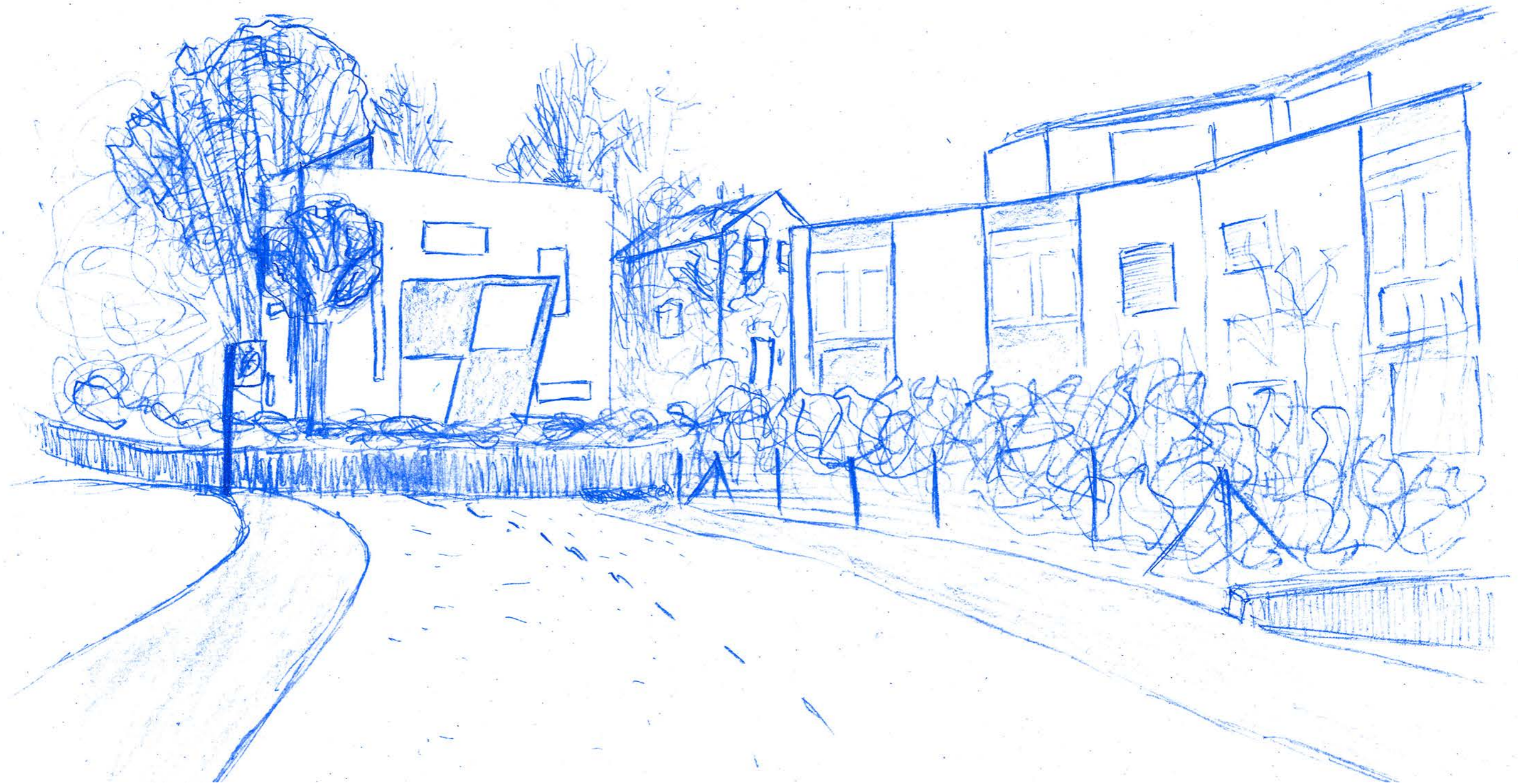




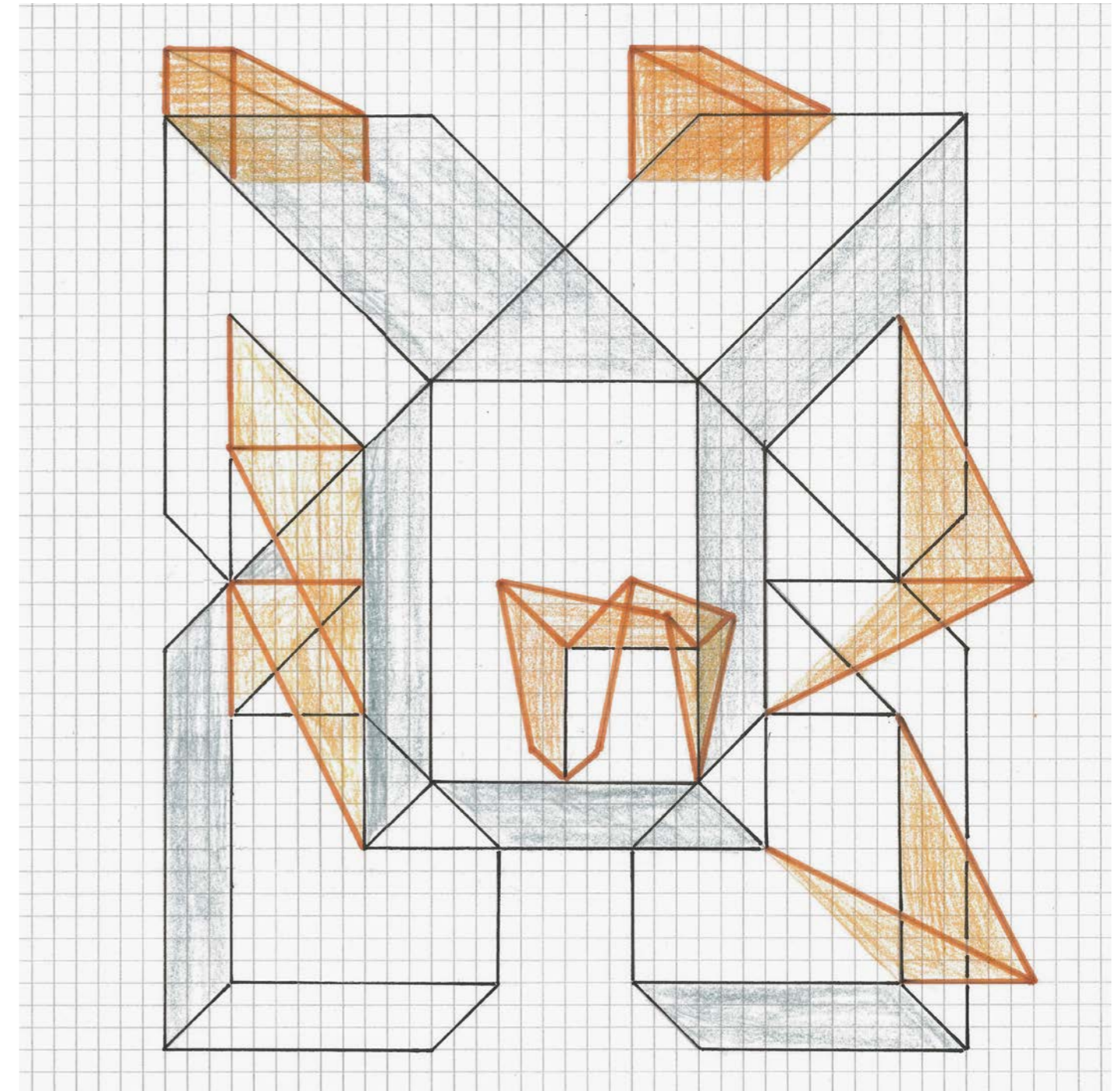


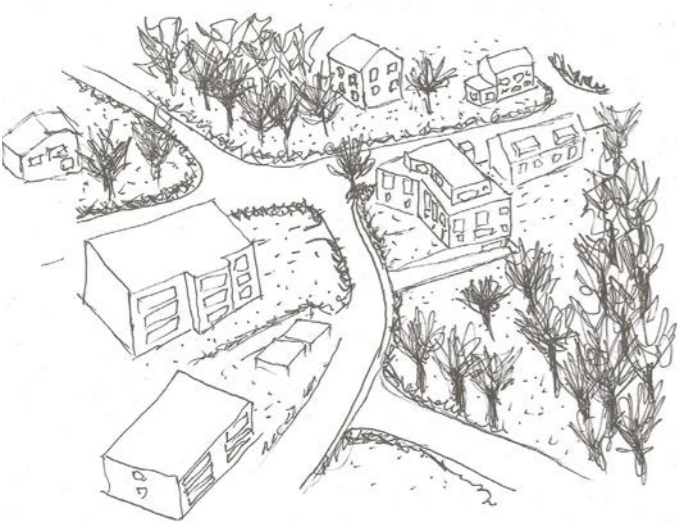
Movement 2

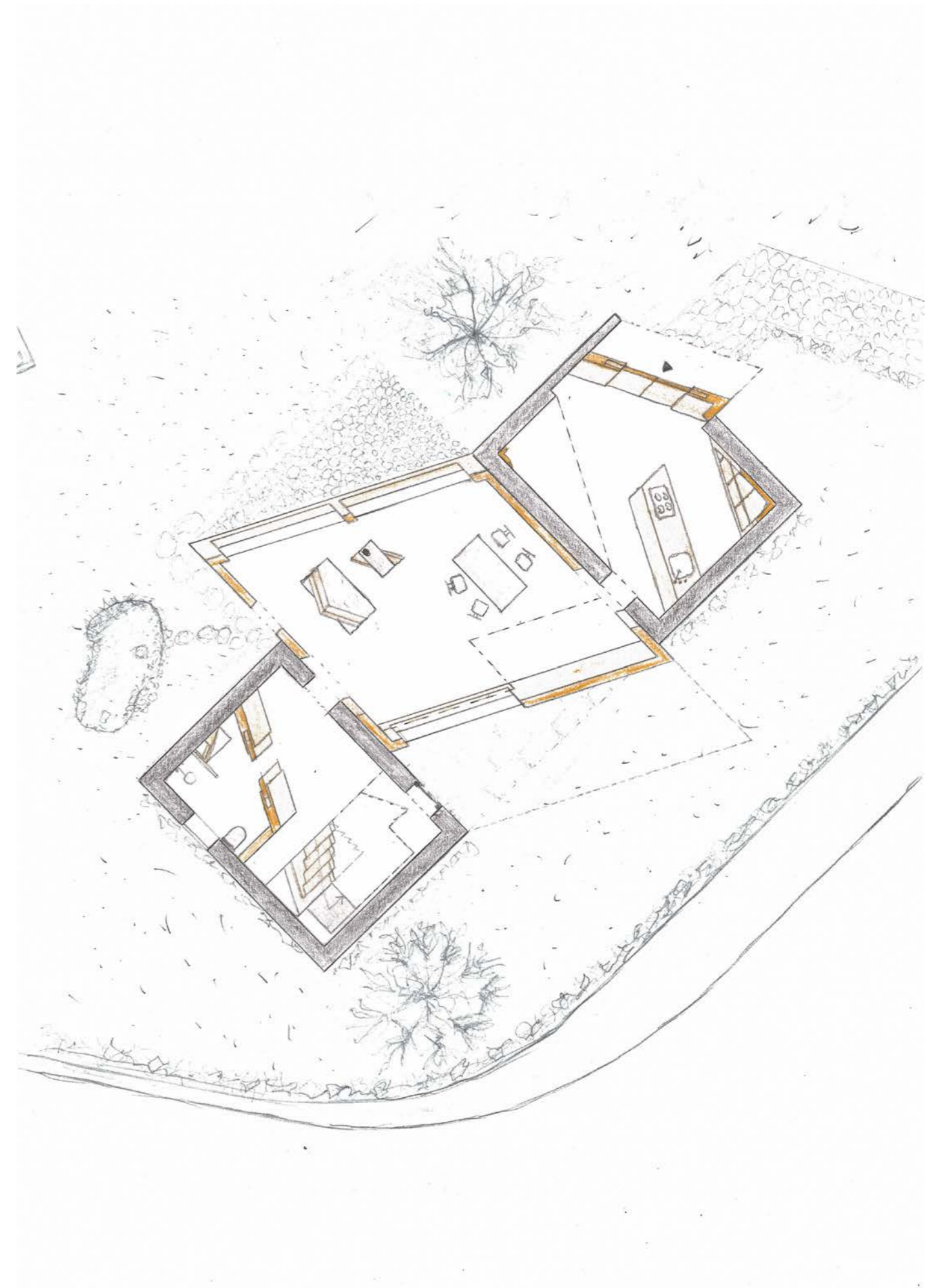
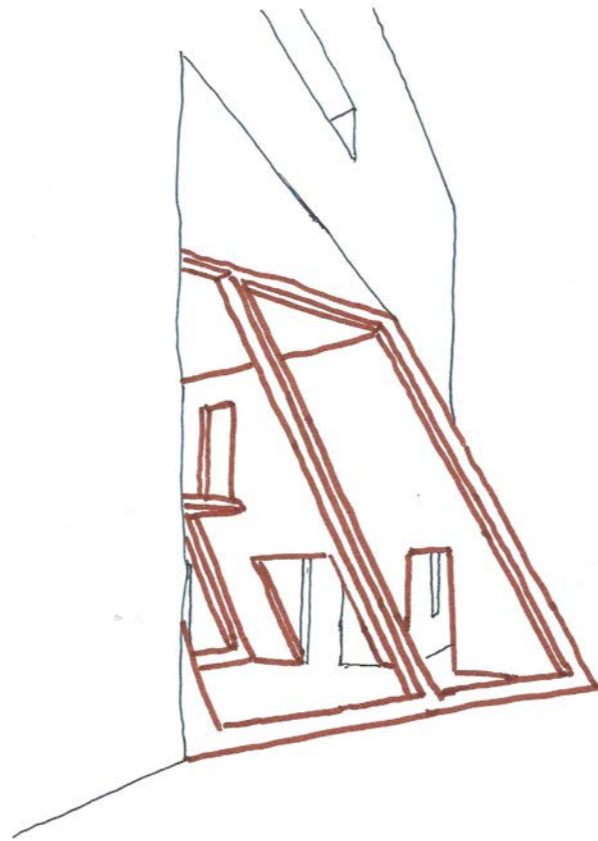
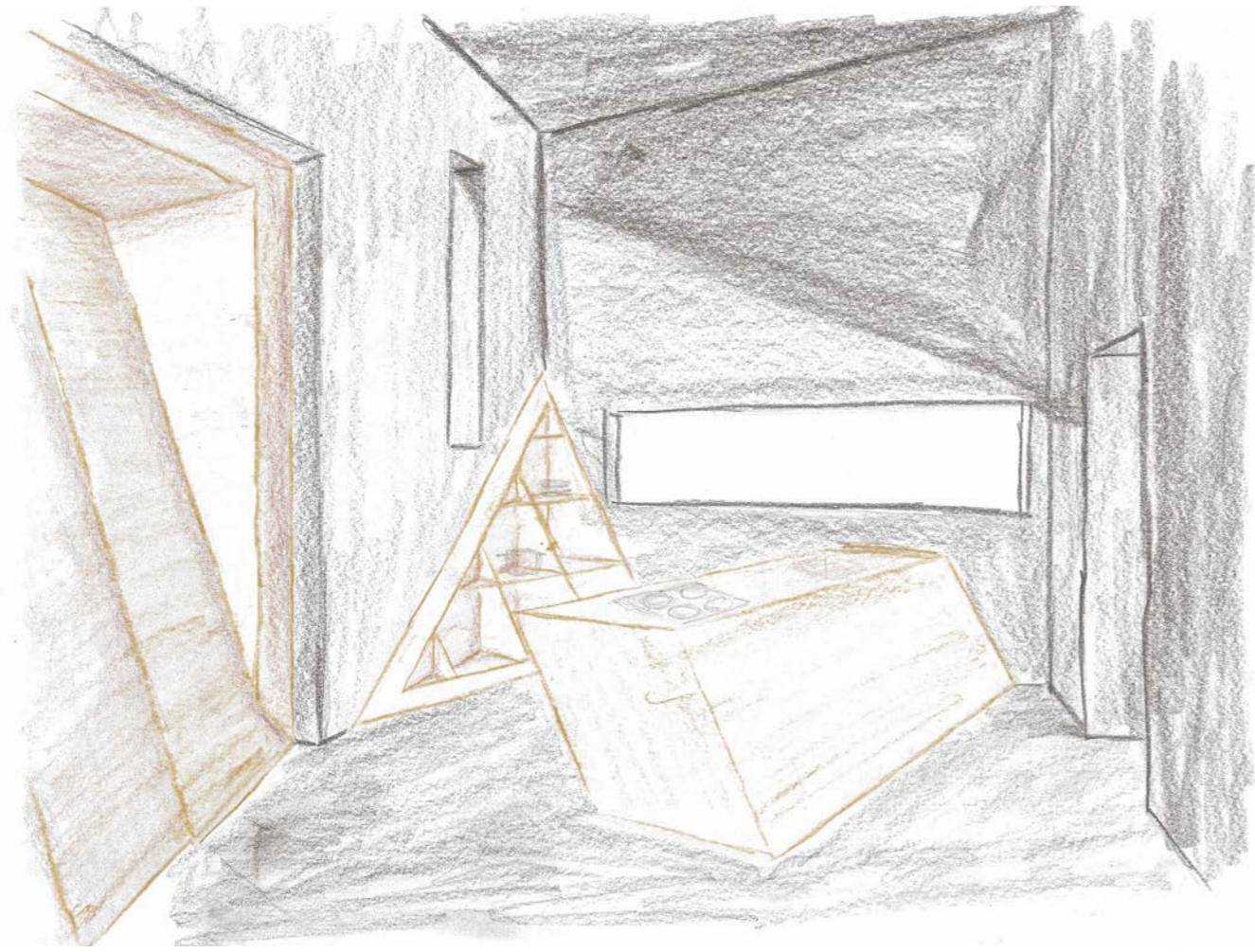


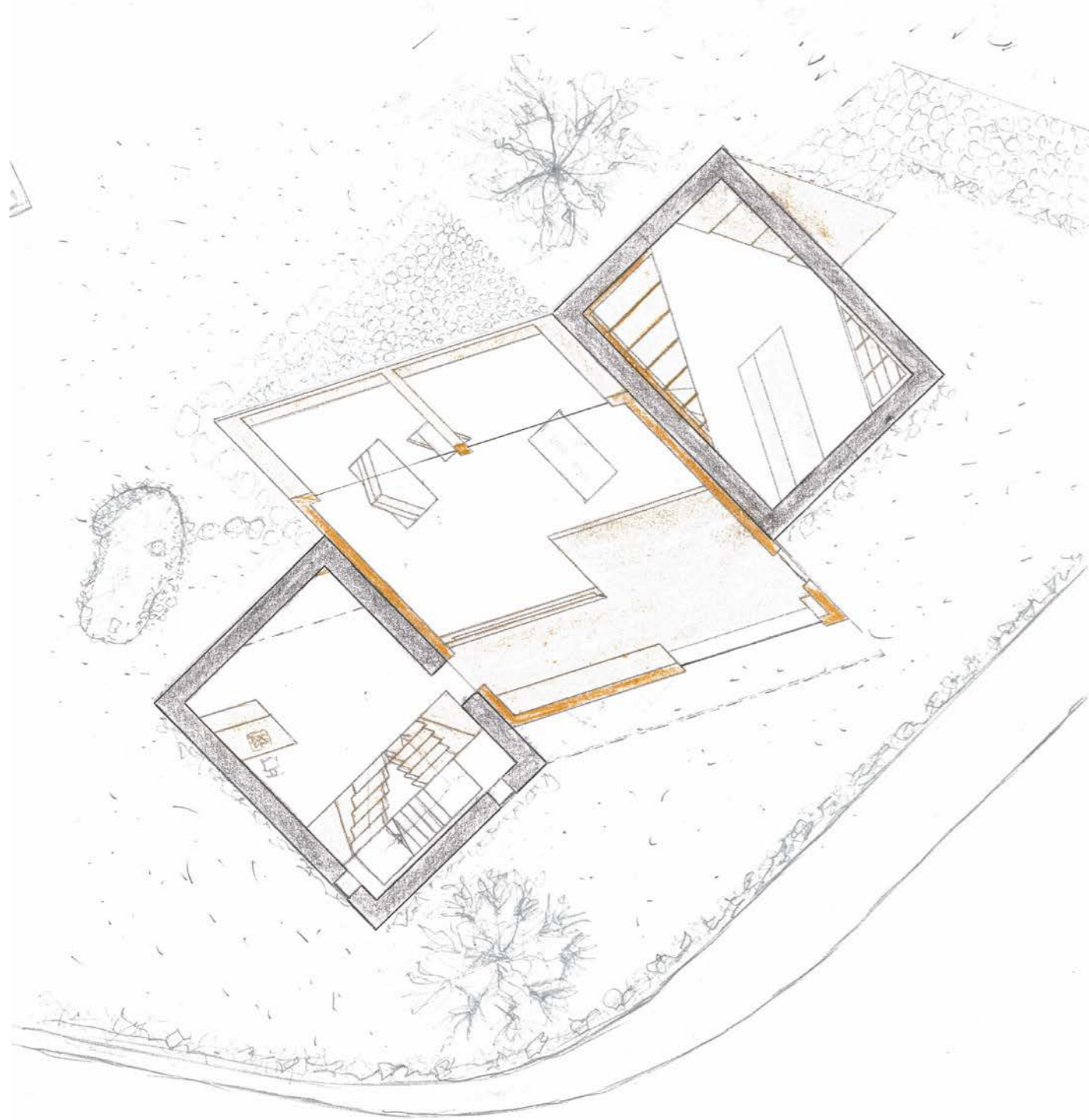


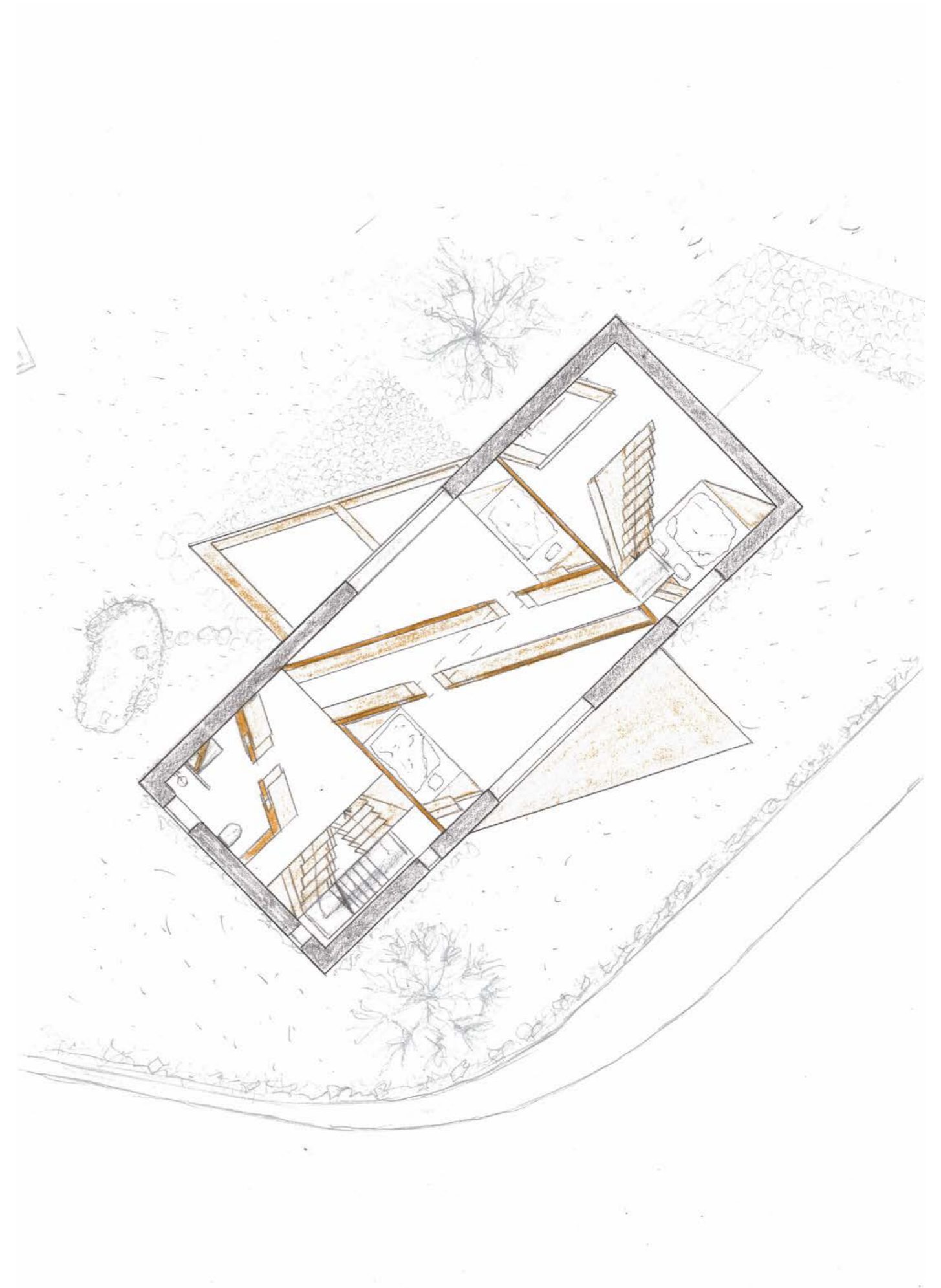
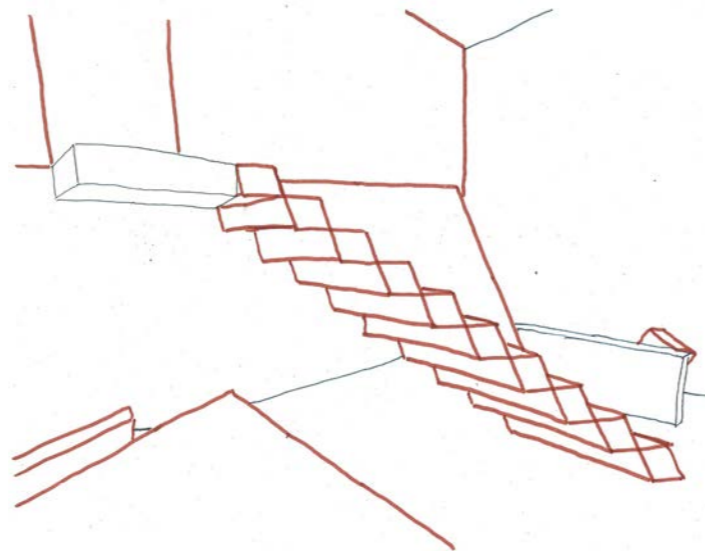
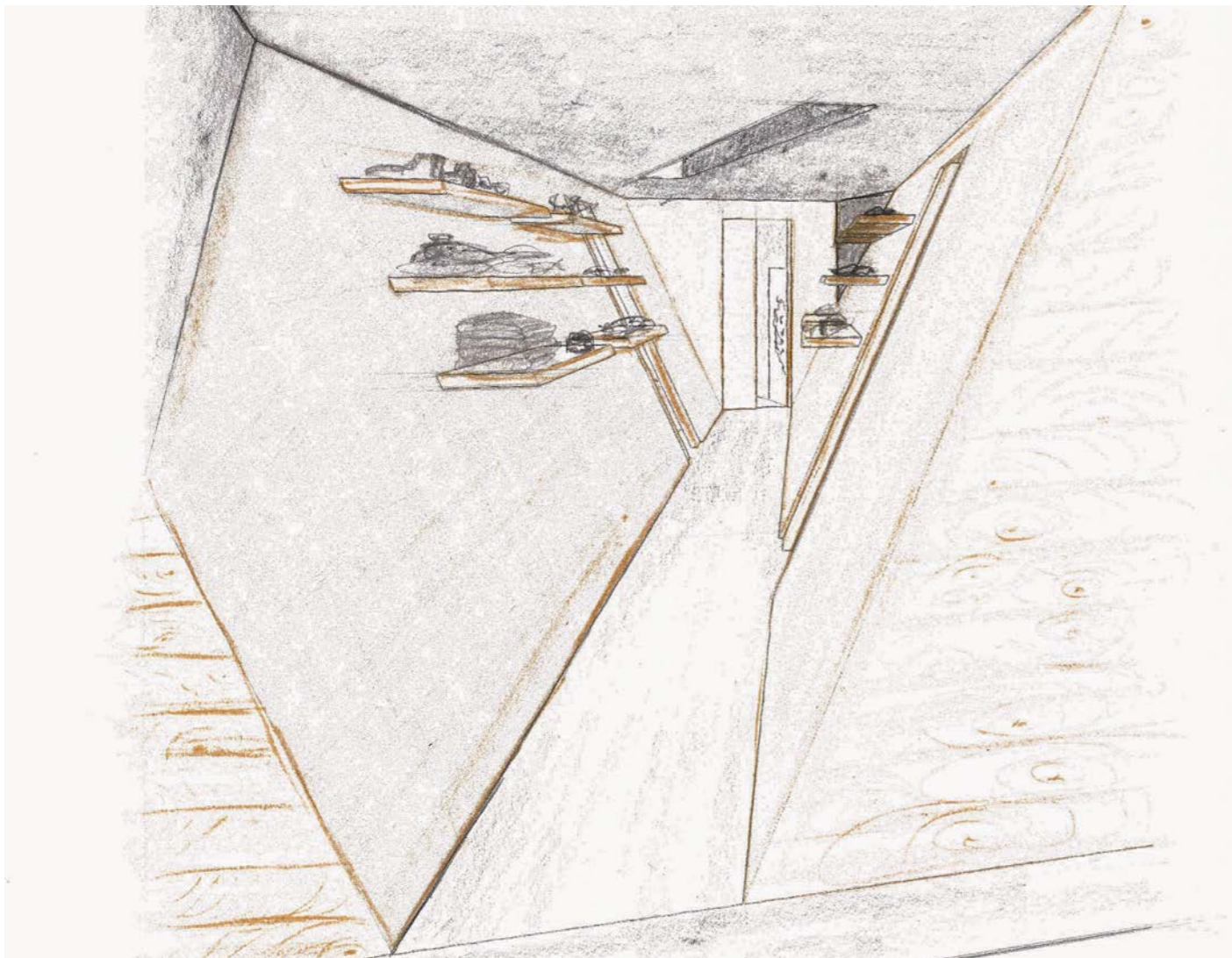
add - subtract
body - soul
construct - destroy
divide - unite
equal - different
full - empty
generous - small
here - there
in - out
juvenile - mature
kind - cruel
light - massiv
modern - acient
nothing - everything
open - closed
private - public
quiet - loud
remember - forget
safe - dangerous
tragedy - comedy
urban - rural
vertical - horizontal
warm - cold
xenophobia - love
yesterday - tomorrow
zero - infinite

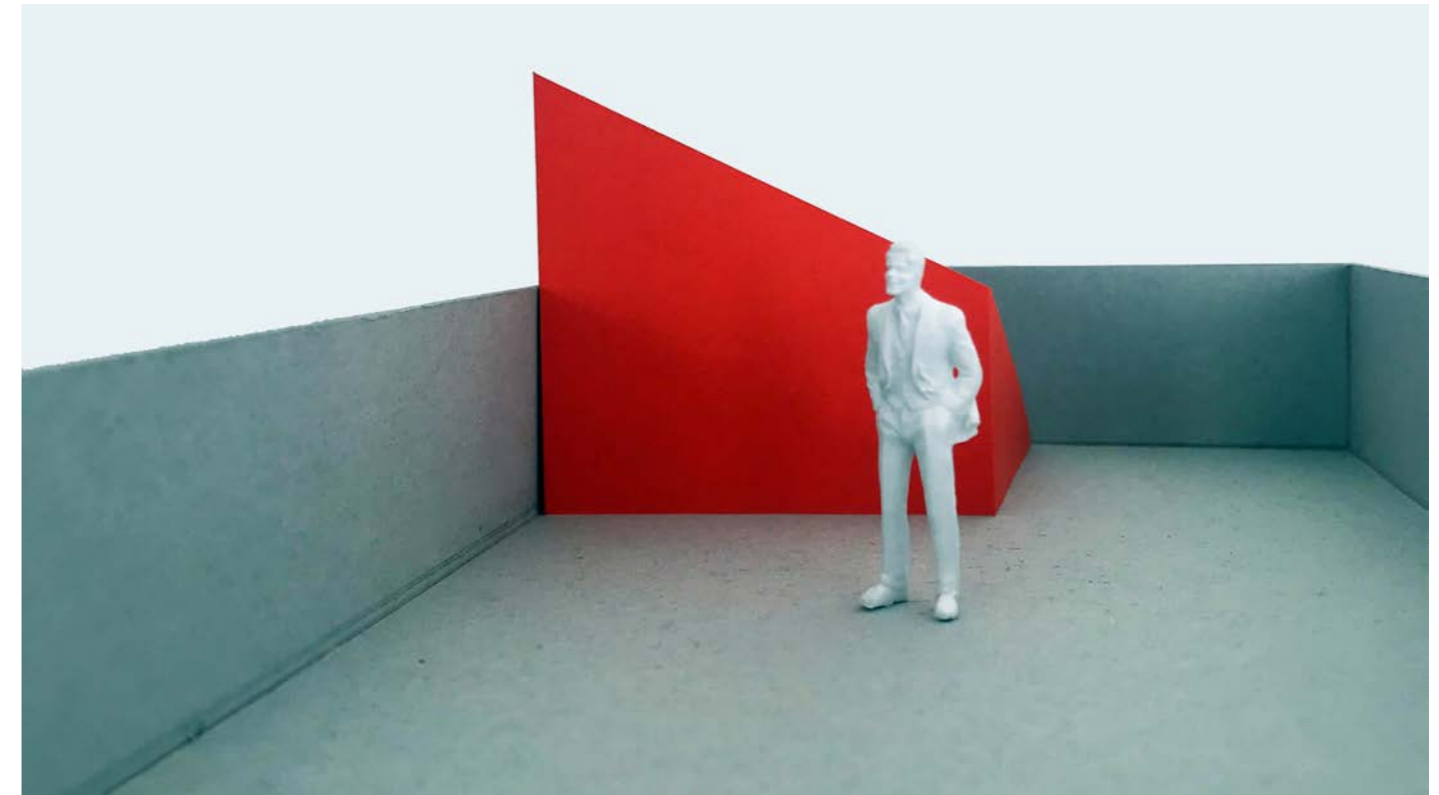
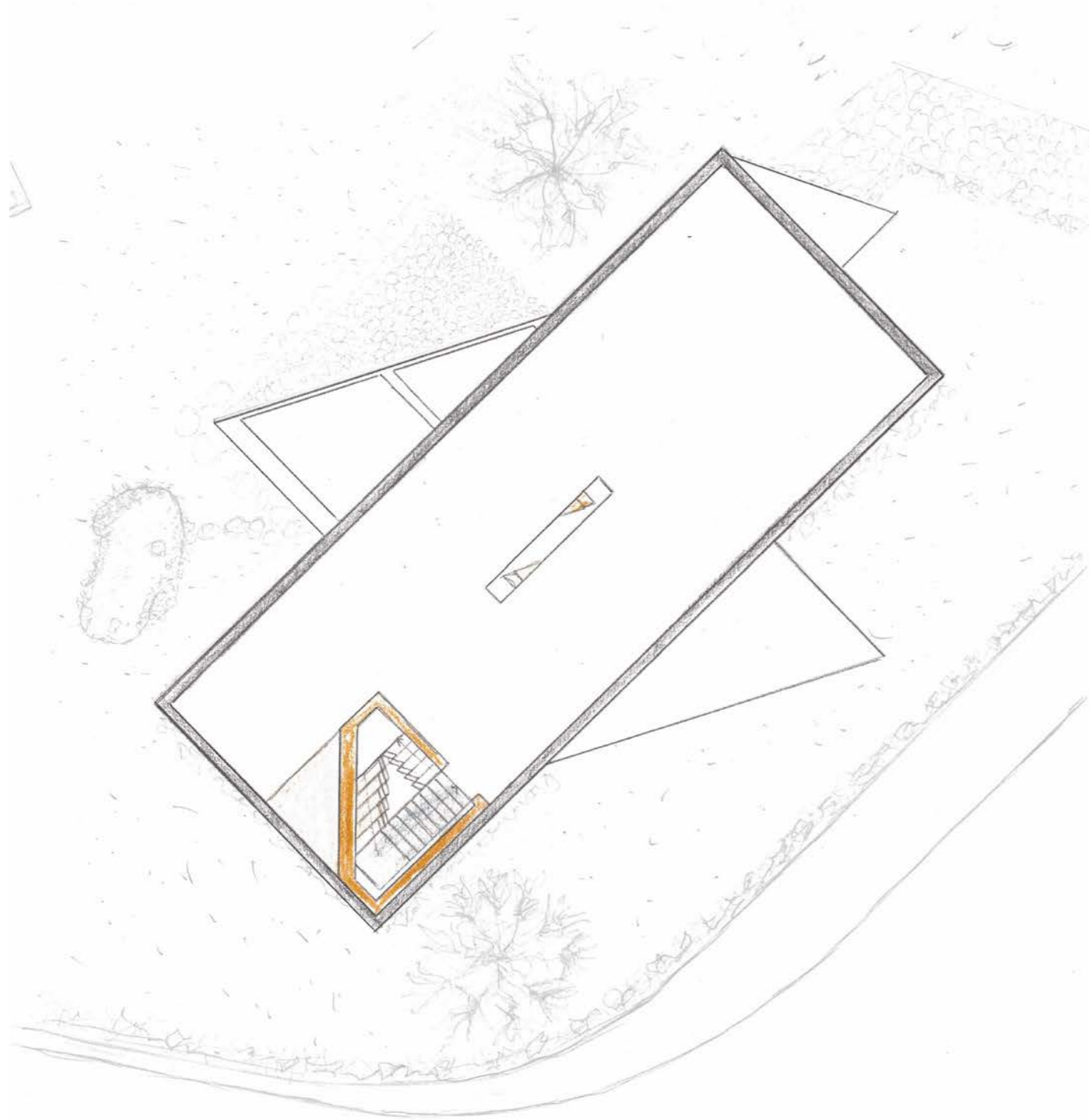


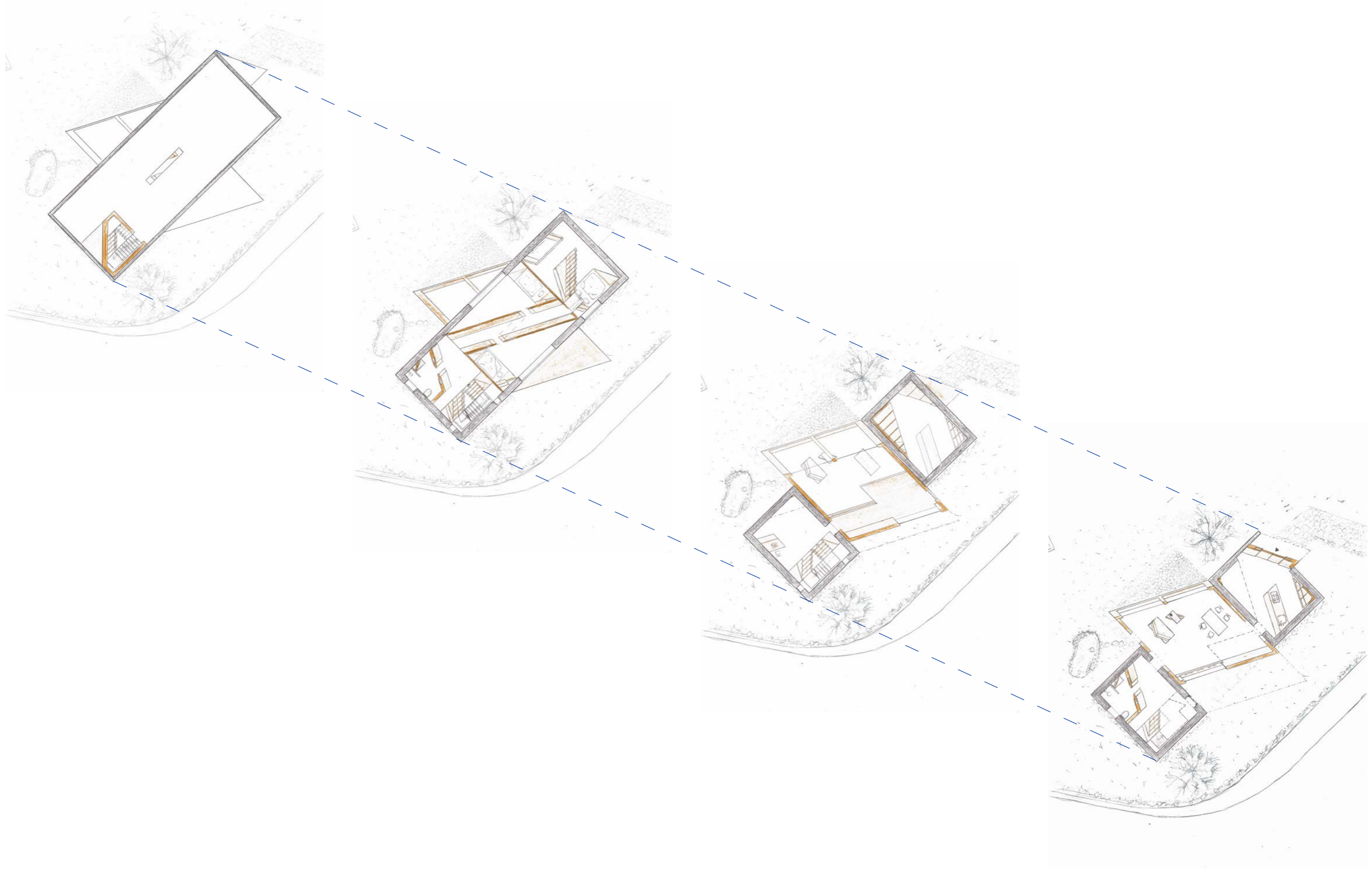


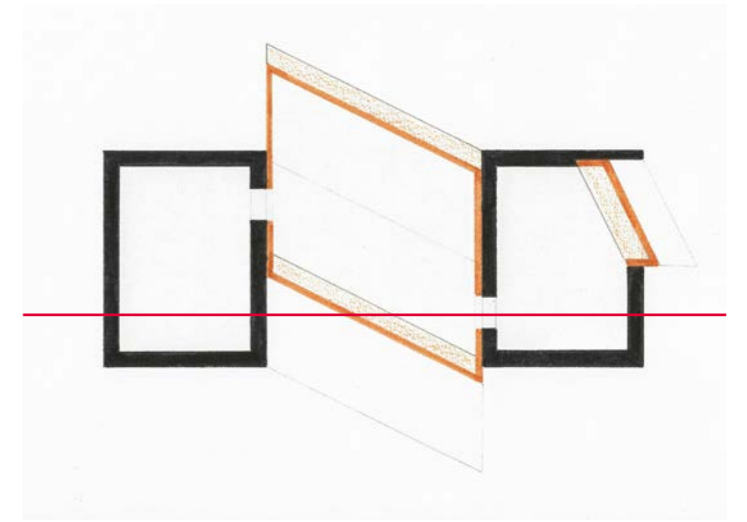
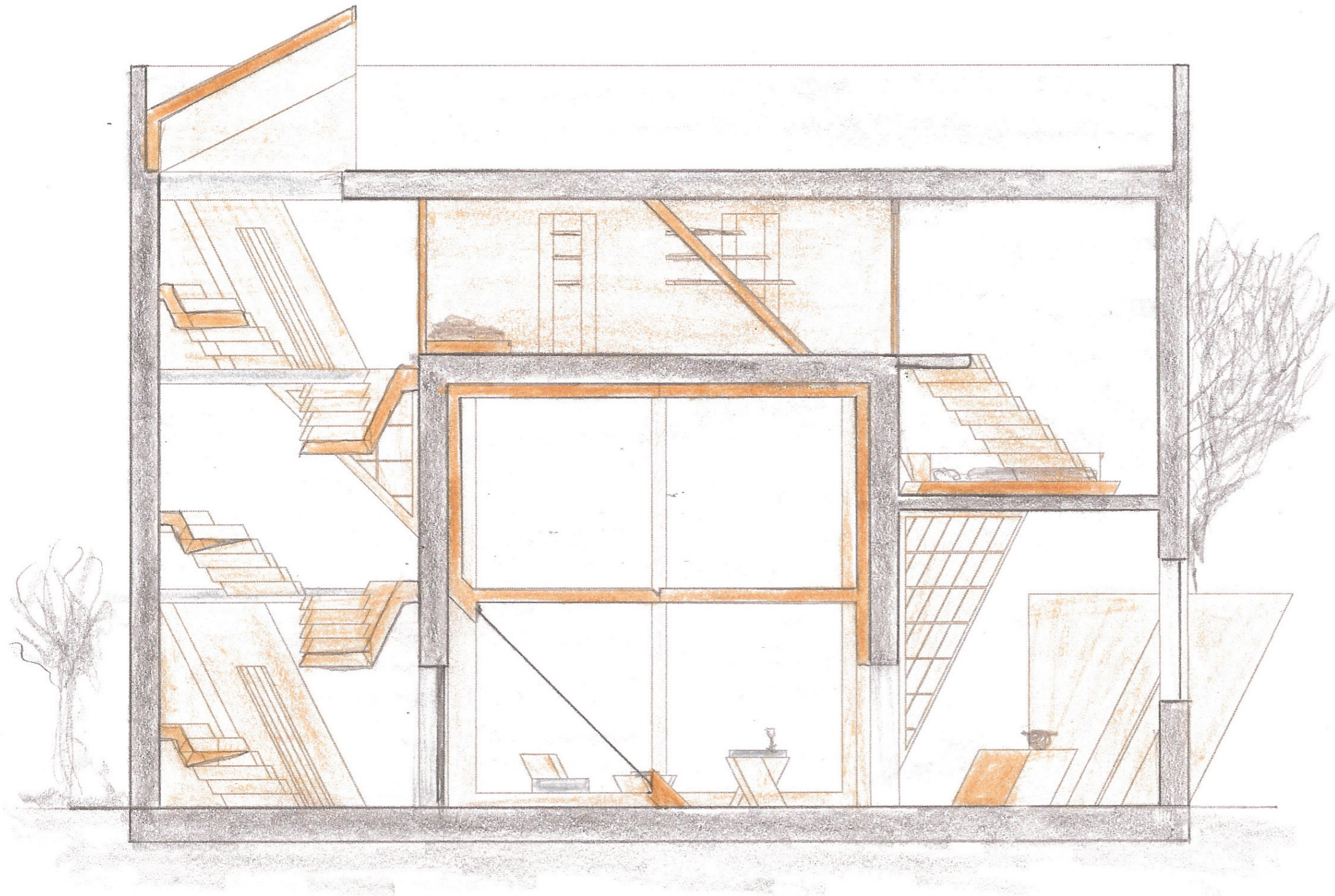


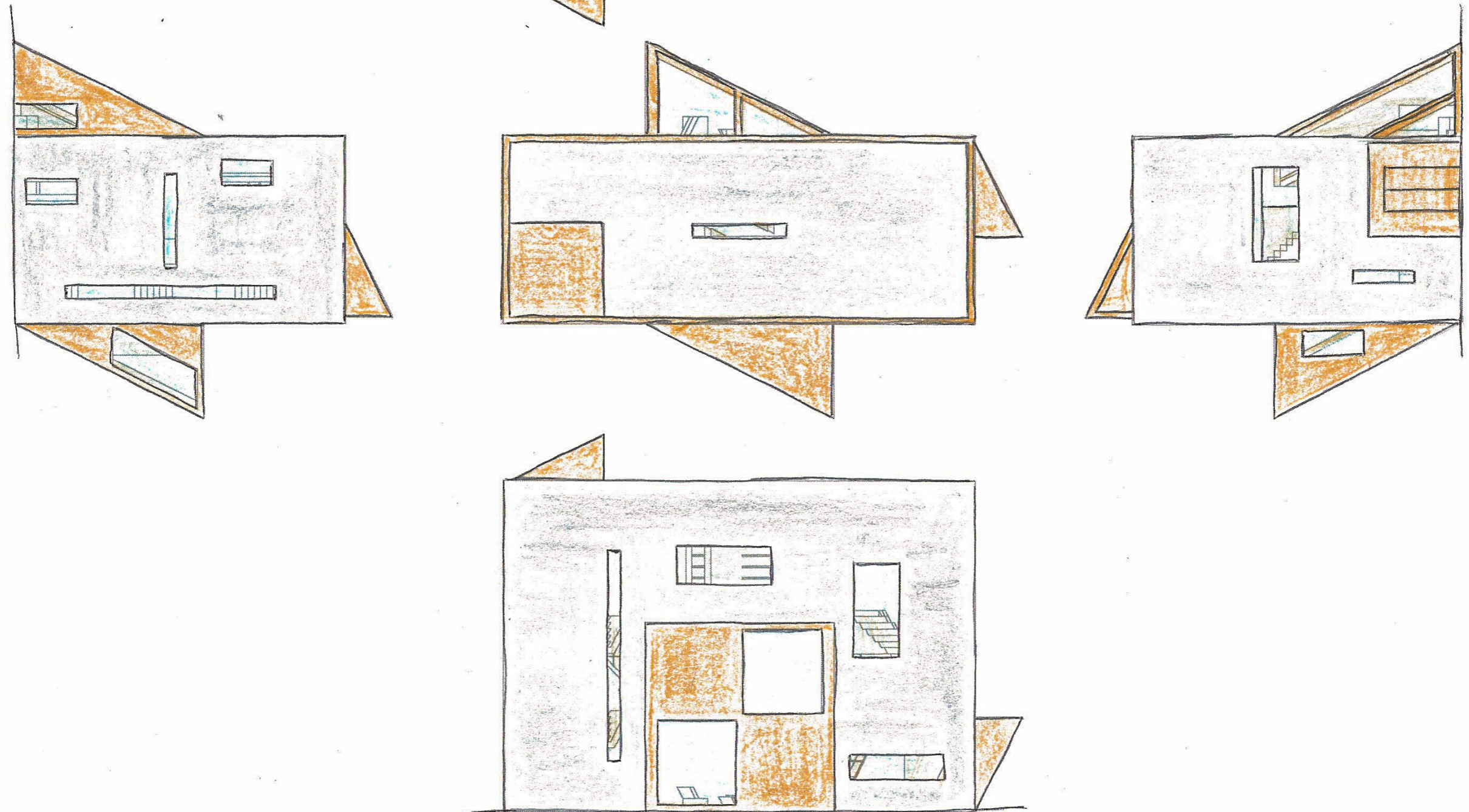


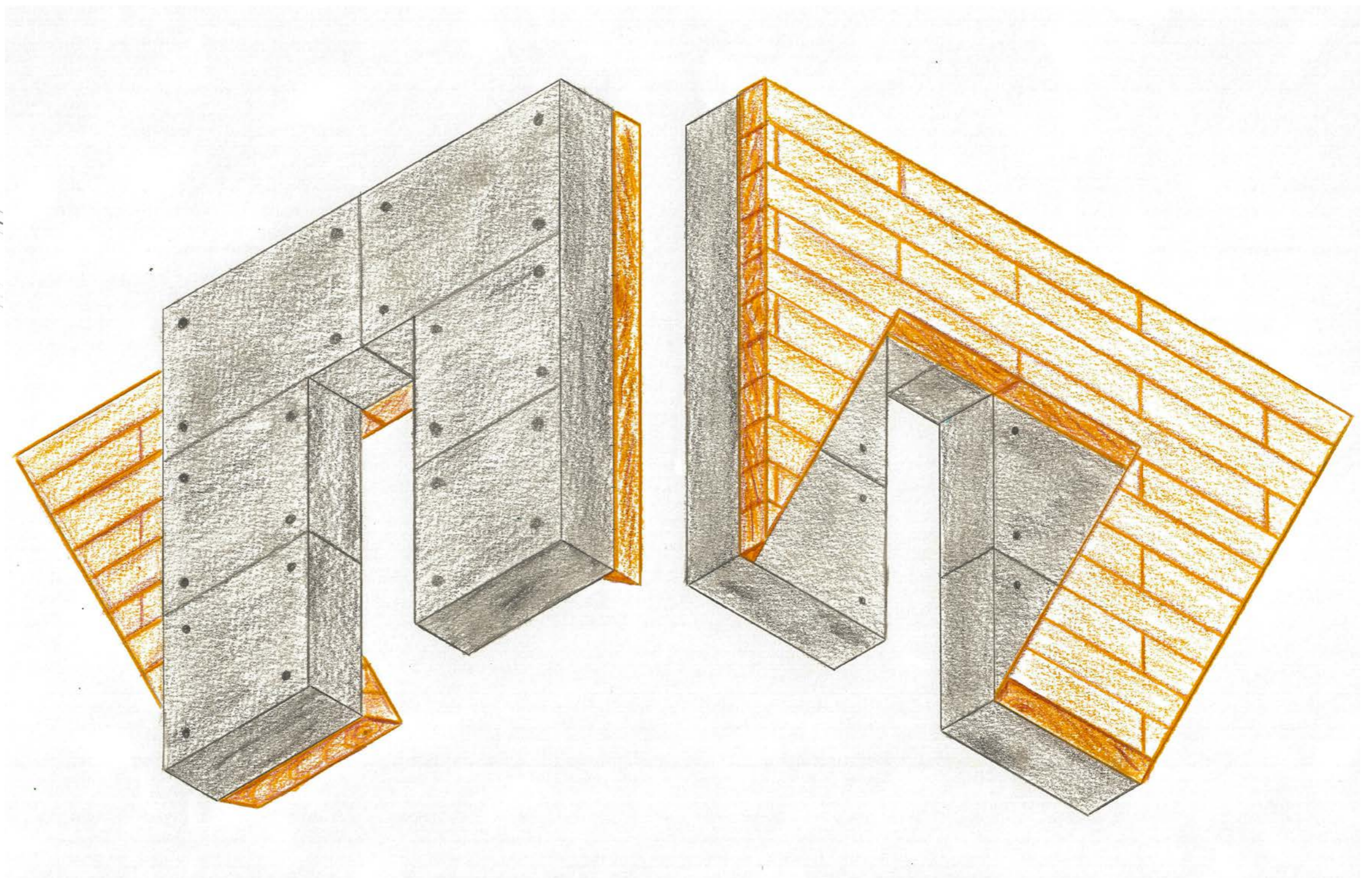
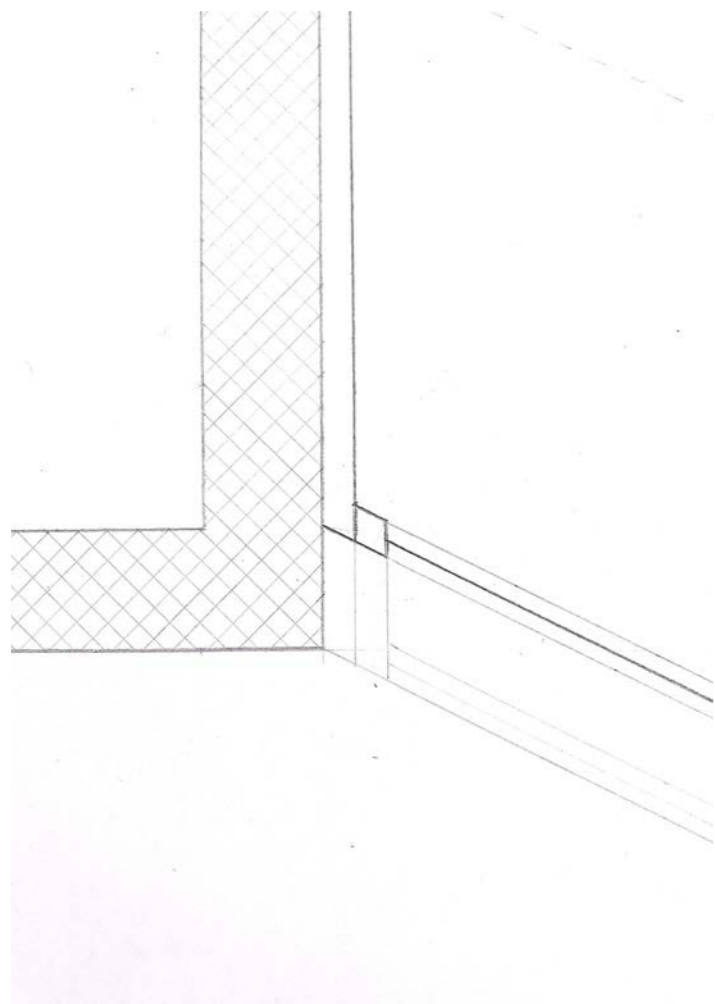




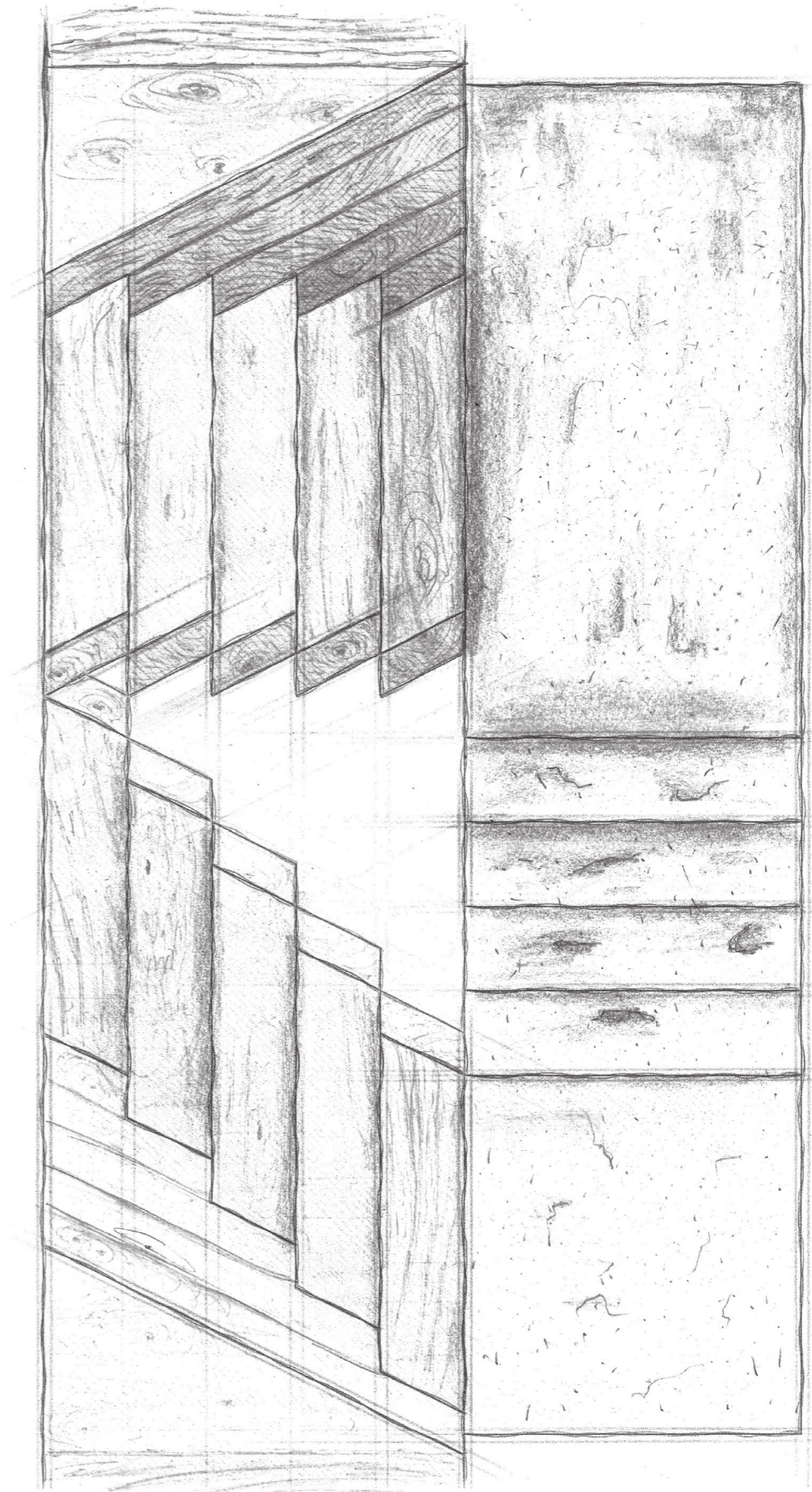
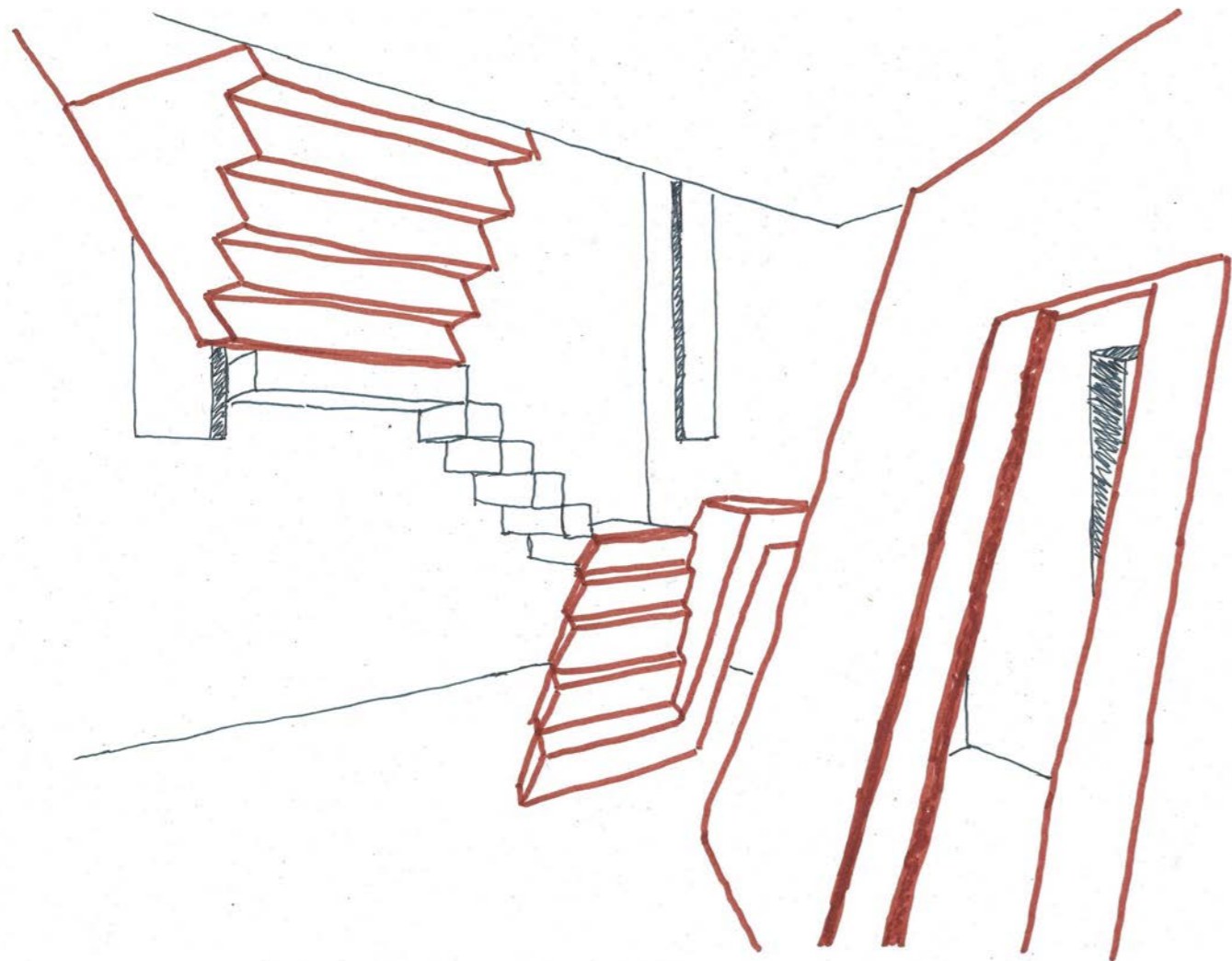


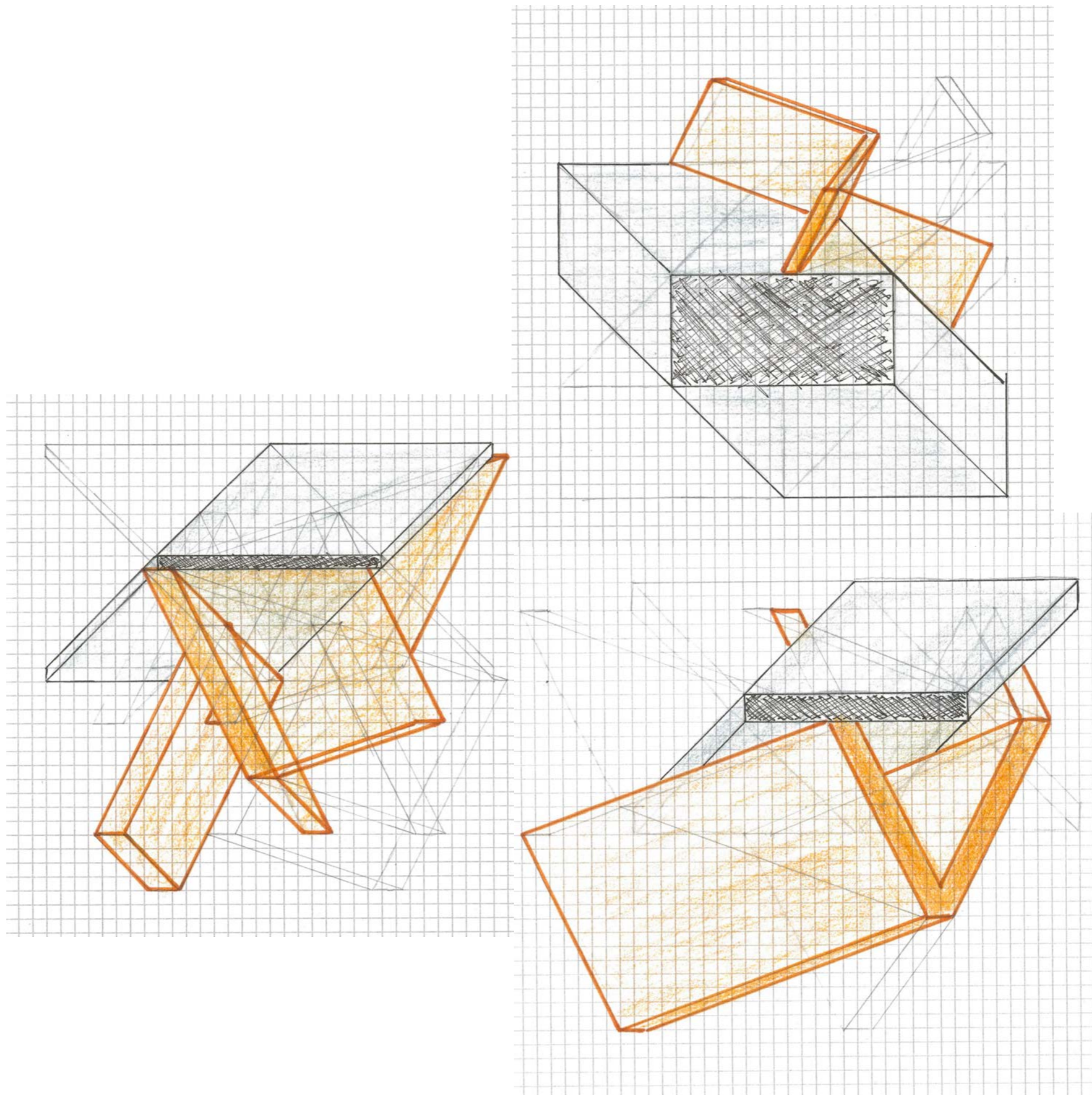


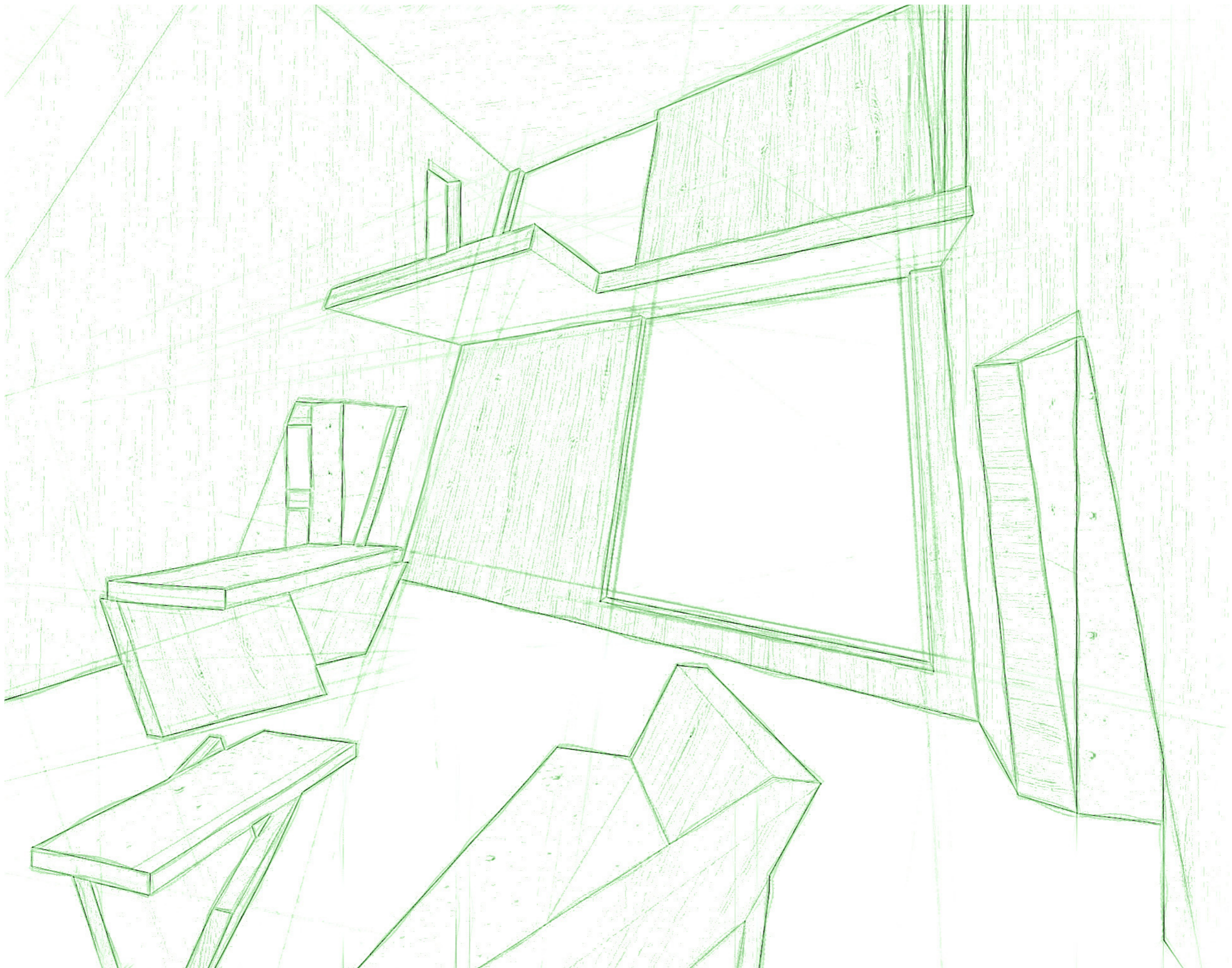




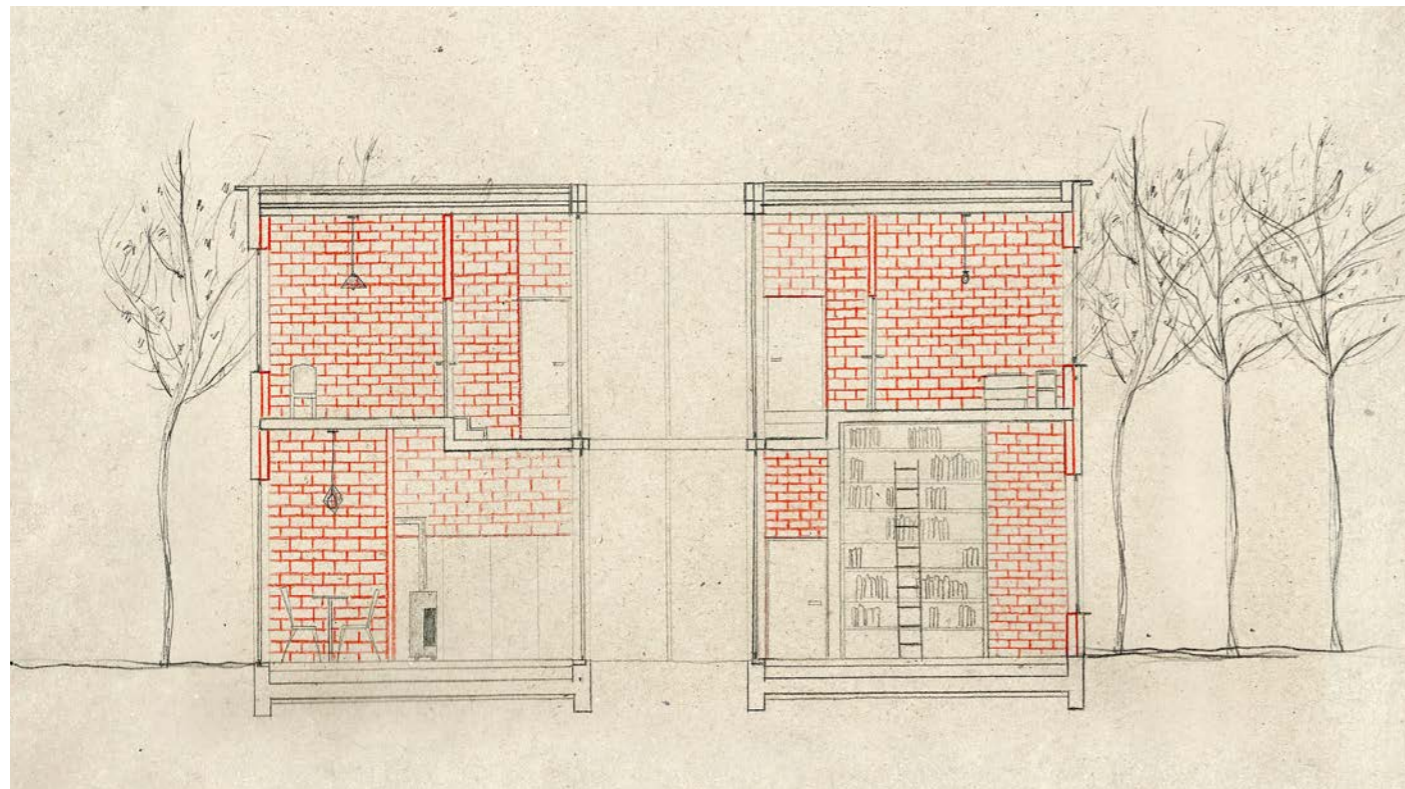
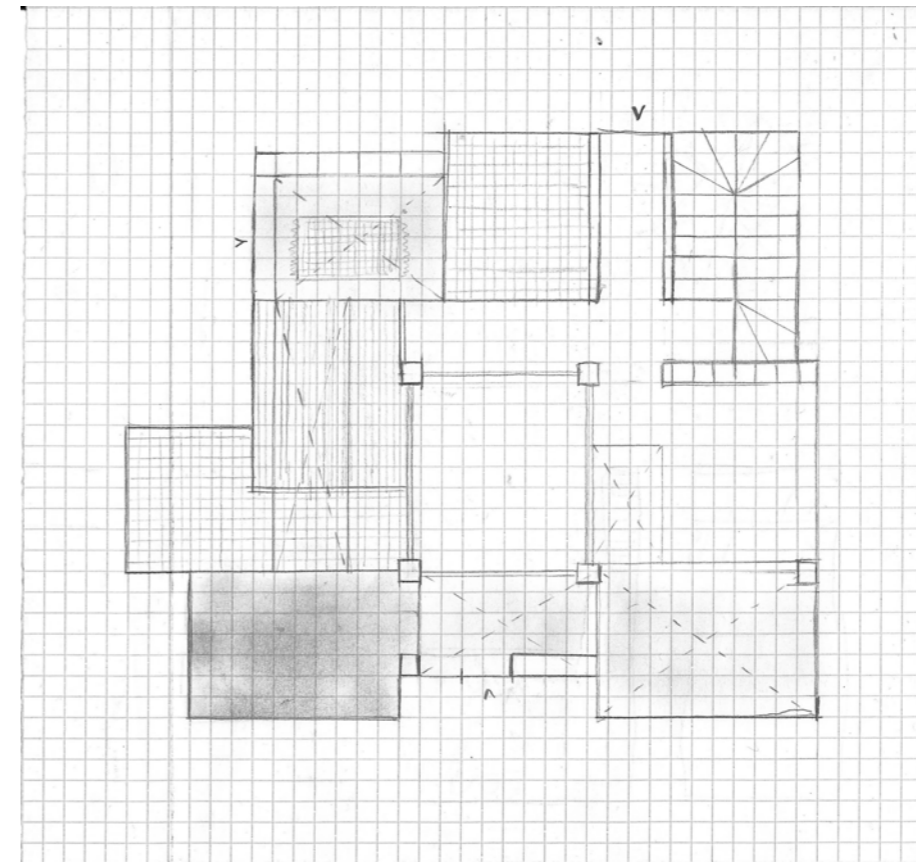








House for five people

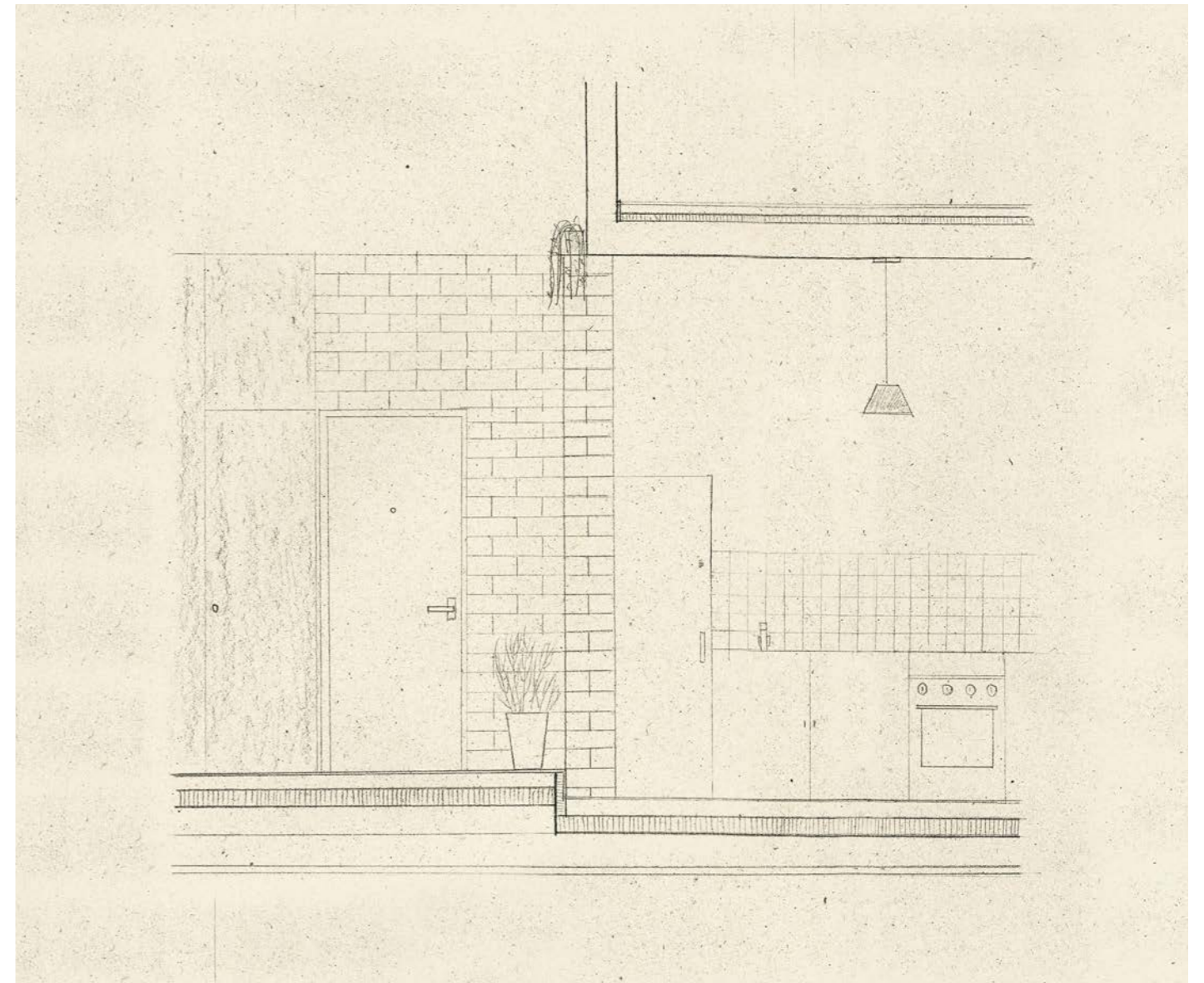
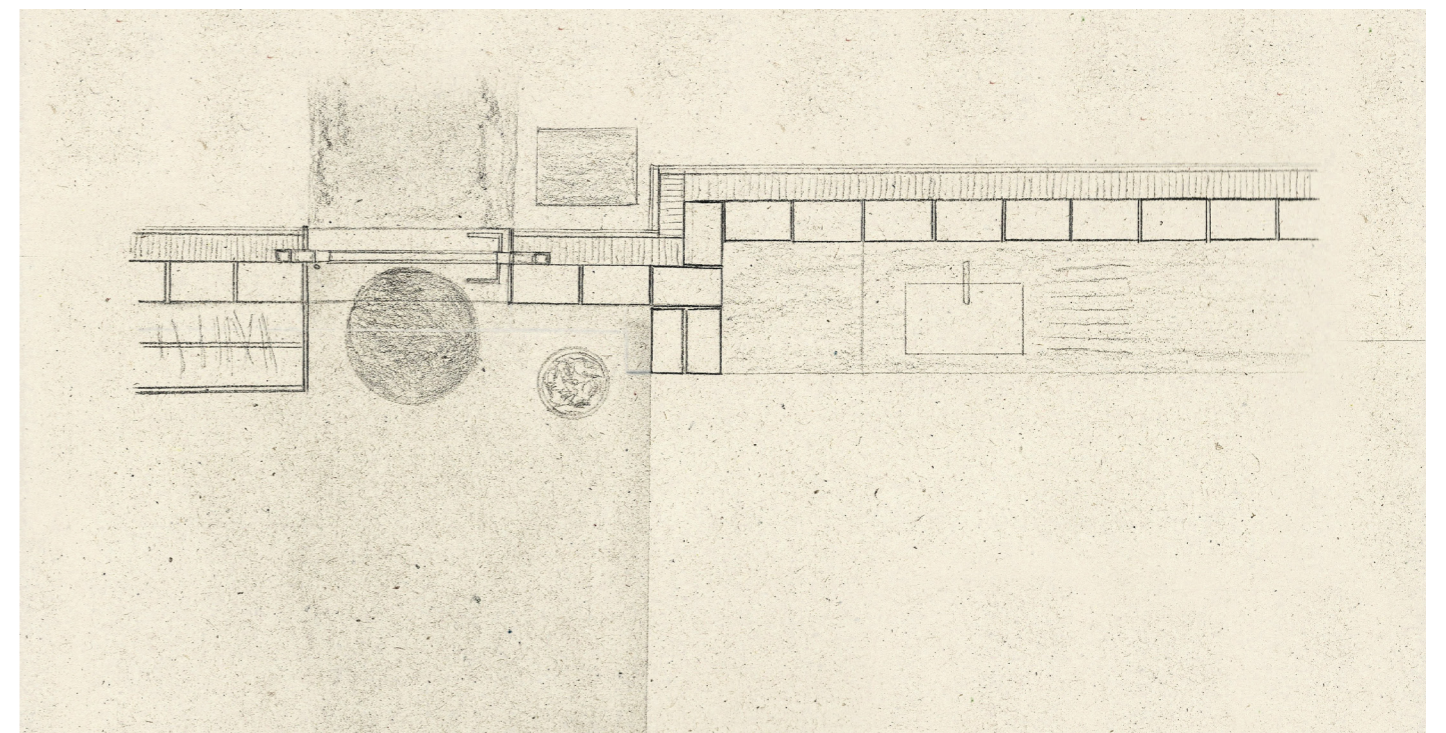
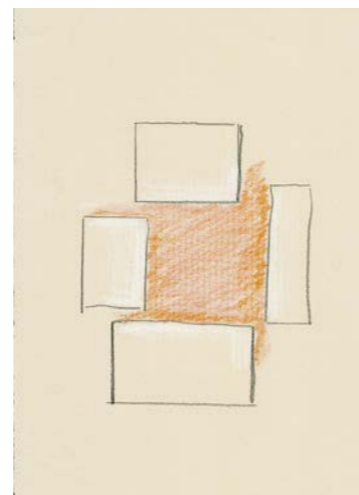
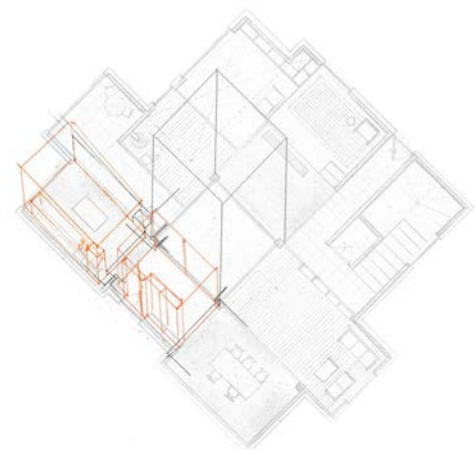


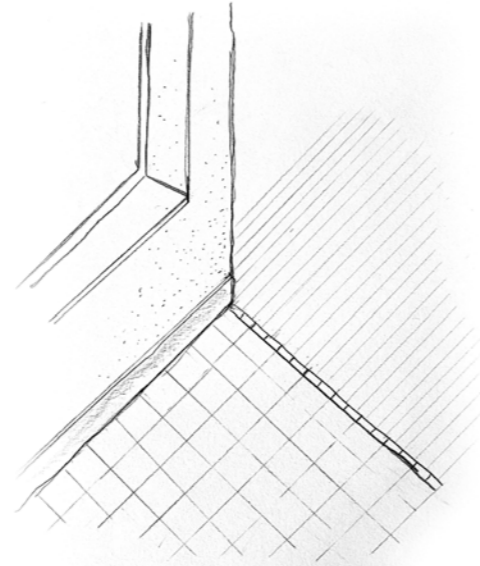
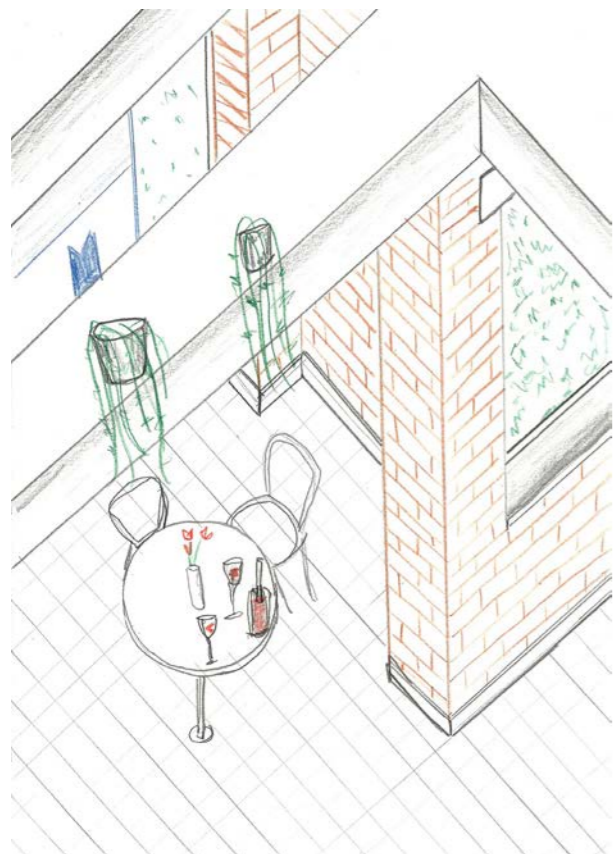
The minutiae of everyday life

Walking down the street I can still feel my calf muscles from yesterday's training. A gentle breeze blows my hair into my face. Some children are laughing from afar, who happily return home for lunch. Wondering if anyone is waiting for me I turn the key and enter. A sweet odour welcomes me. I remember the lovely moments back in my childhood when I came home after school and my mother cooked for me. Untidily I hang up my jacket in the closet and take a big step down into the kitchen. J is standing there and stirs the finished meal. He smiles at me and takes out two glasses from the cupboard. Slowly I turn on the tap and fill them with water. Giving her one of the glasses I ask how her morning was. I take the plates and go up two gentle steps, permanently looking down to the floor. In the corner of my eye I see the careful transition from the floor tiles to the wooden floor that adorns the cosy sitting area around the oven. We settle down in the niche with a small round table and two chairs. Through the patio I see T who has just finished his meal at the big table. I stroke my belly because I've eaten too much again. With my last strength I raise my hand and gently wave to J. The clock on the wall tells me that I still have some time before I have to go back to work, so I go to the lounge. I almost fall because I forgot the tiny

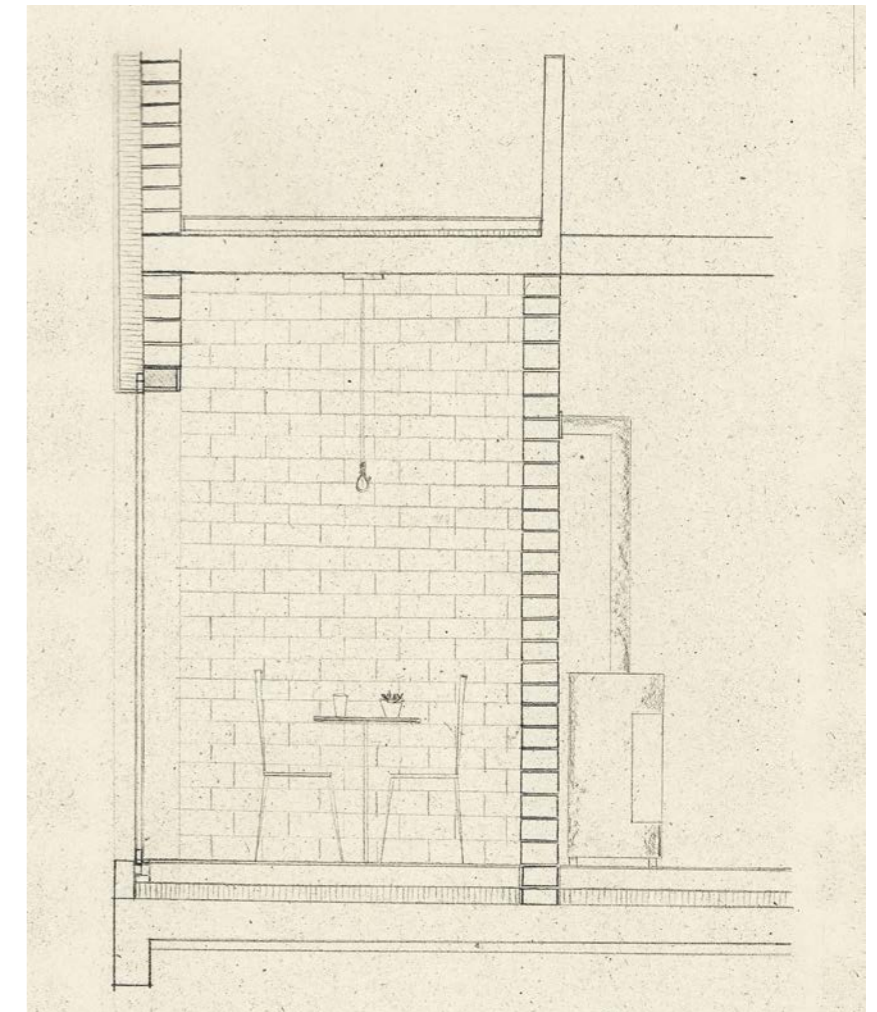
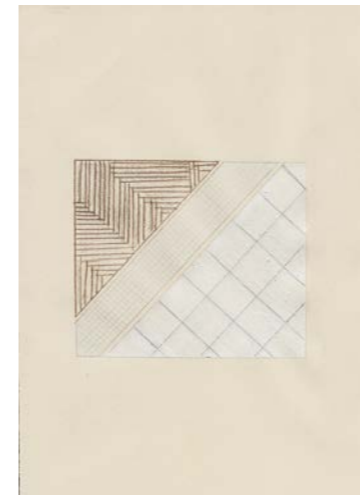
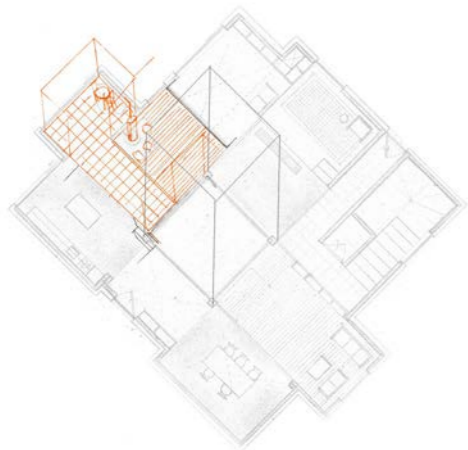
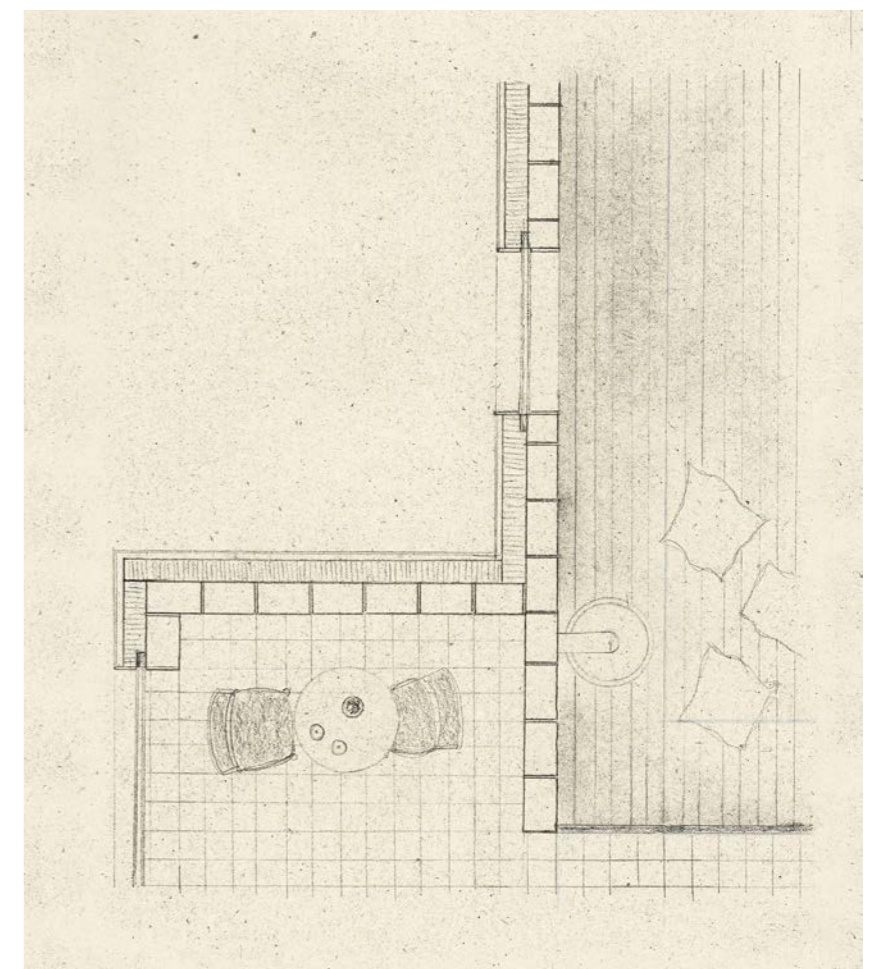
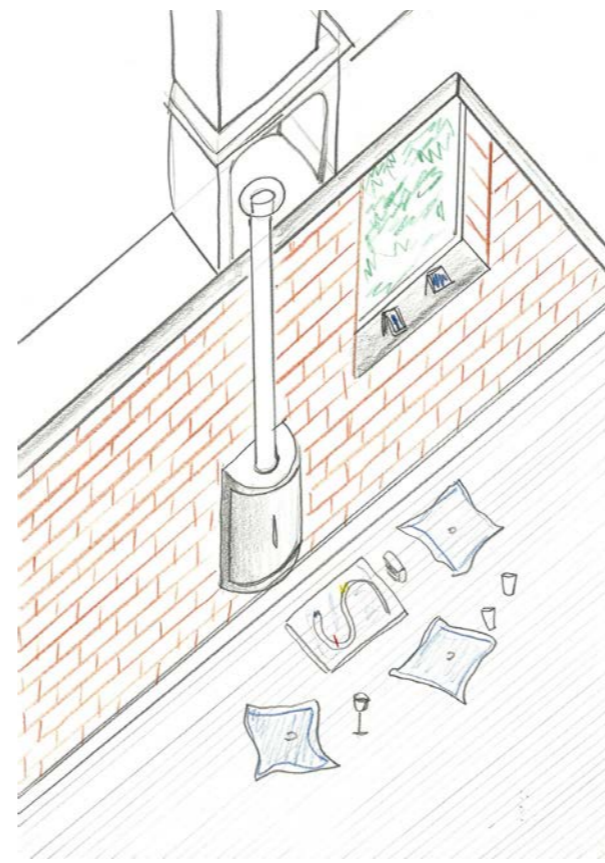
step again. It's just a little indication of a new room, nearly invisible. D's already sitting there lost in a book. I try to start a conversation but she annoyingly leaves the room. I just wanted to read my book, why does he bother me? It's my fault, I think to myself, because I should have gone right away into the reading corner. I pass the big book shelf and make my way along the patio. My finches make a shuffling sound on the floor tiles that decorate the whole hallway. I sit down comfortably in the armchair by the window. Out of nowhere N opens the sliding door next to me and takes the big step down. I quickly say hi to D but leave her by herself, she looks a bit annoyed again. I was at the racetrack next door and want to take a shower now. Therefore I run to the stairs and always take two steps at once. Arrived at the upper floor I only have to take two more steps to my room. Although I like my roommates I really appreciate having my privacy sometimes, I think while going into the shower.

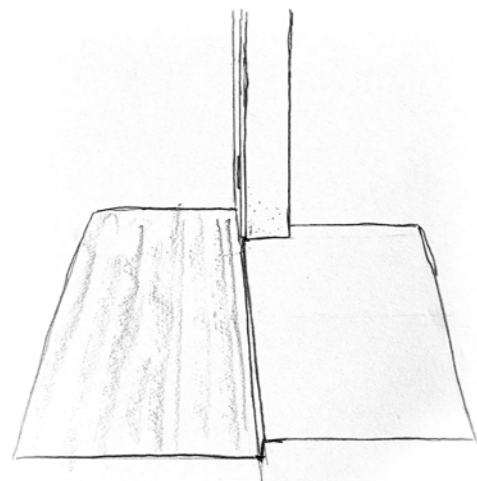




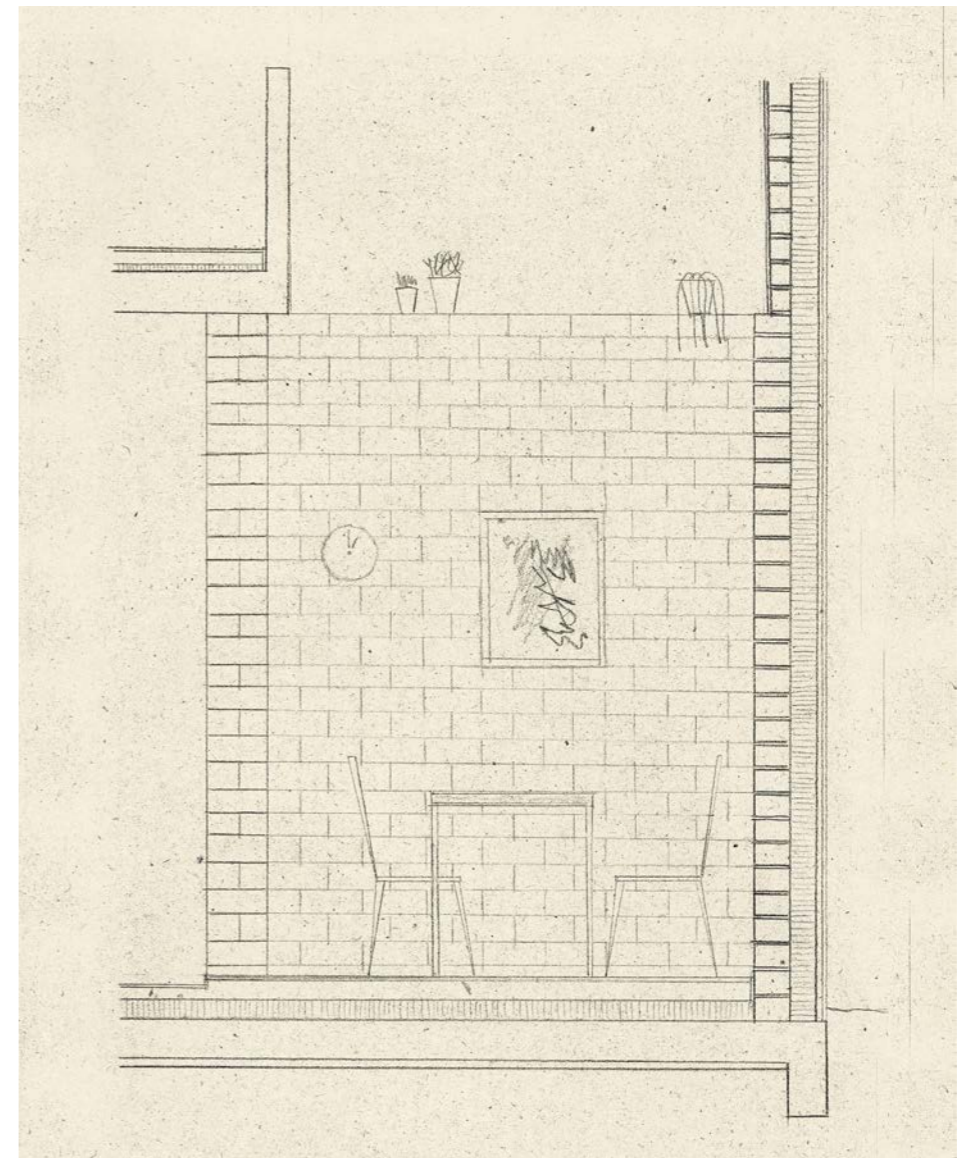
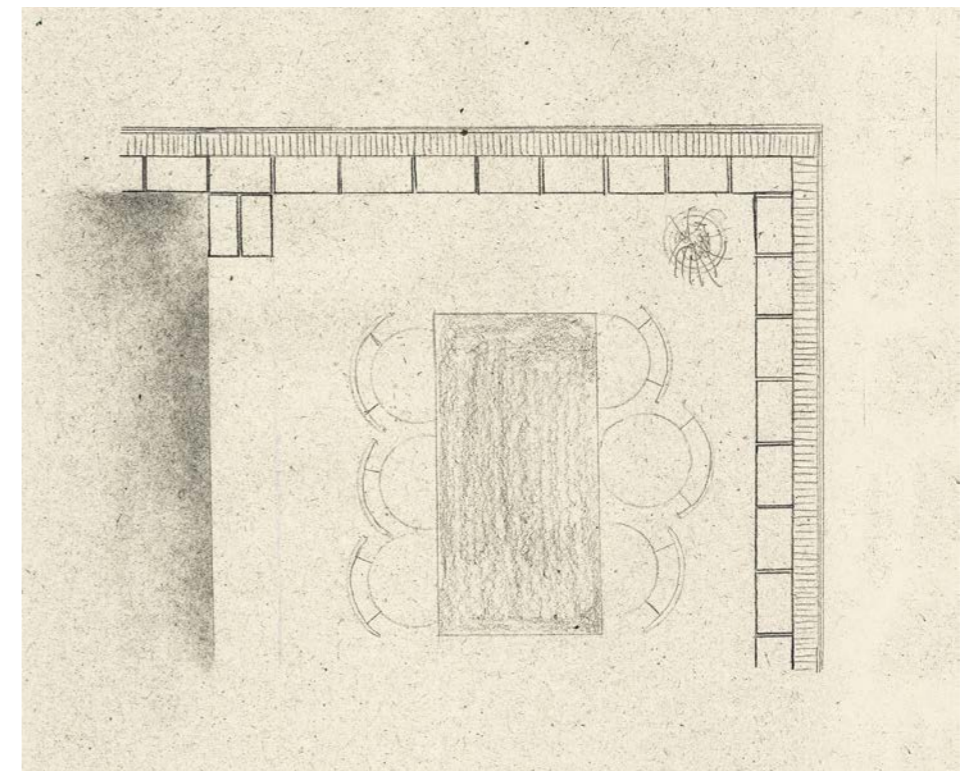
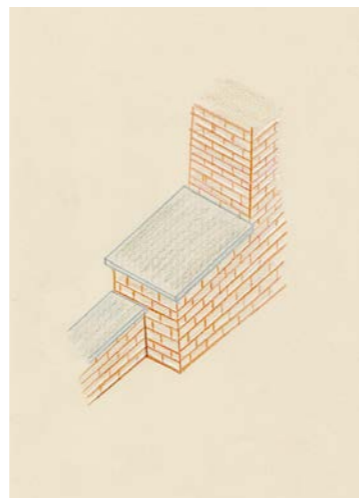
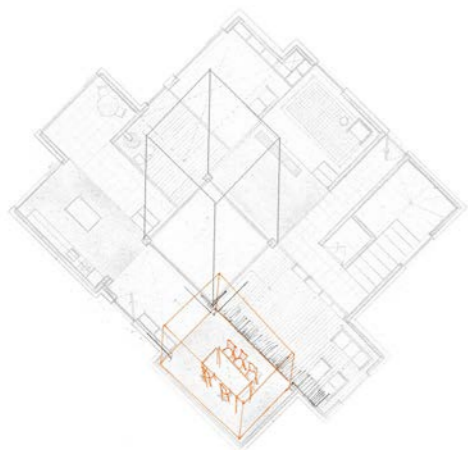


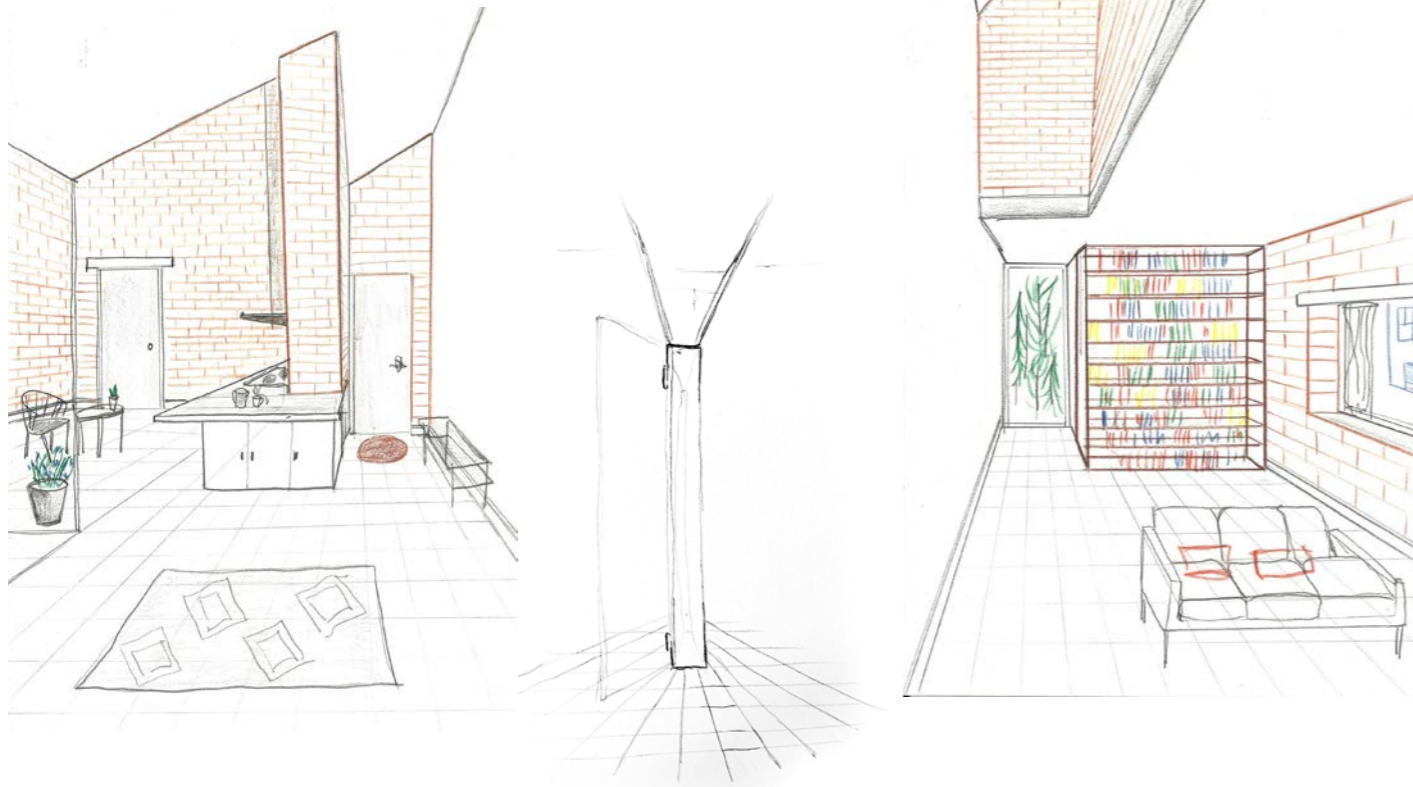
the precise one



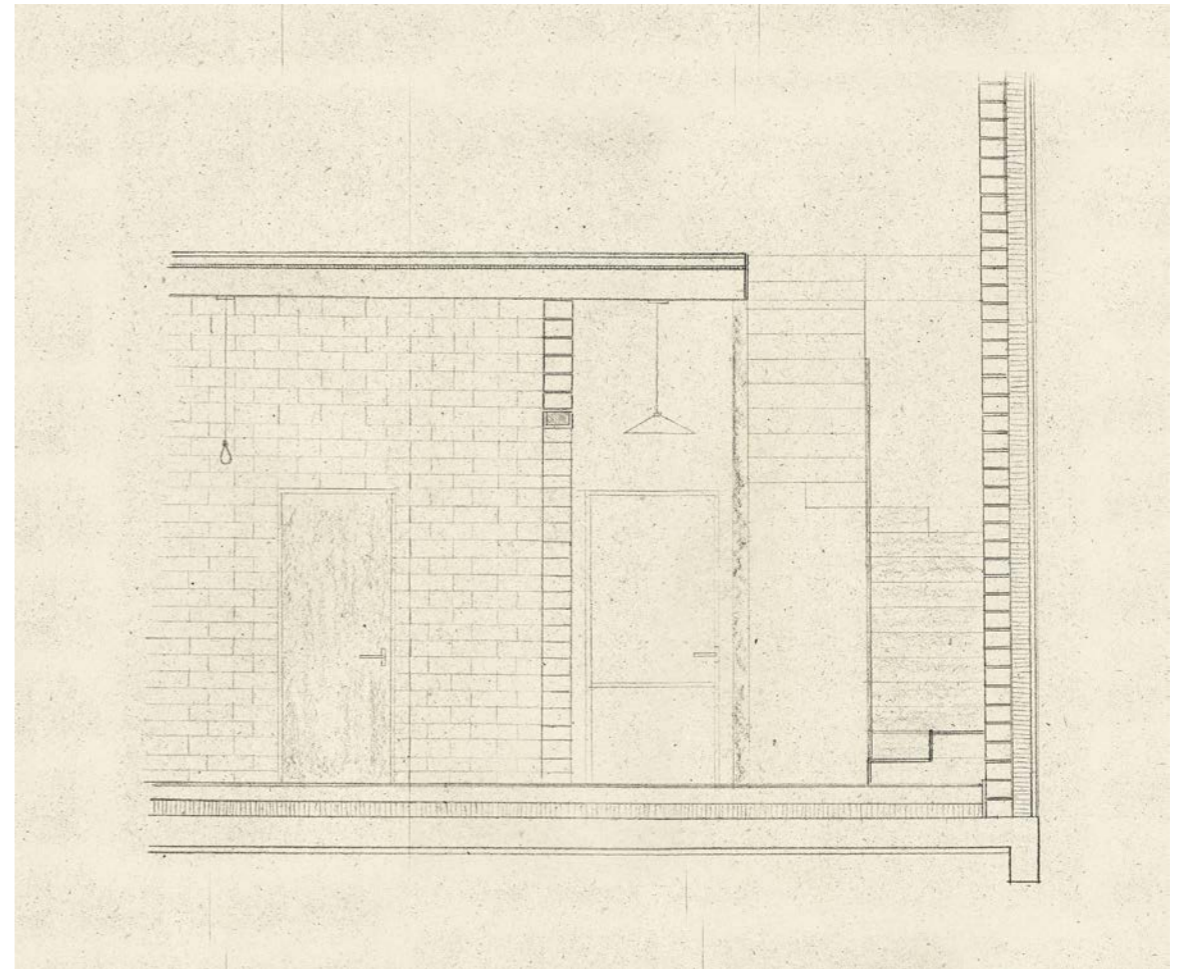
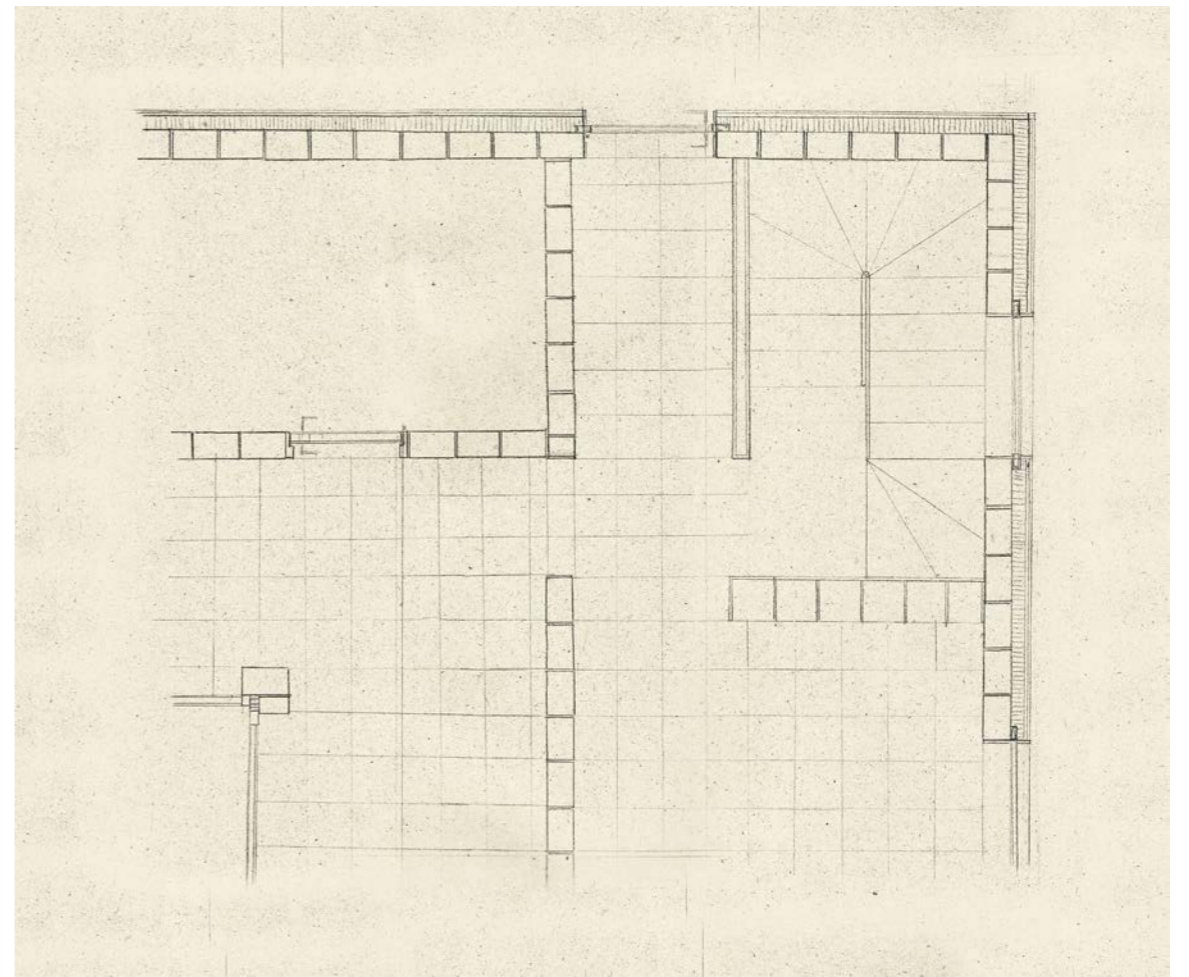
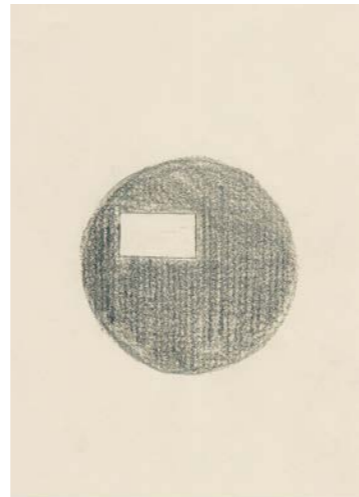
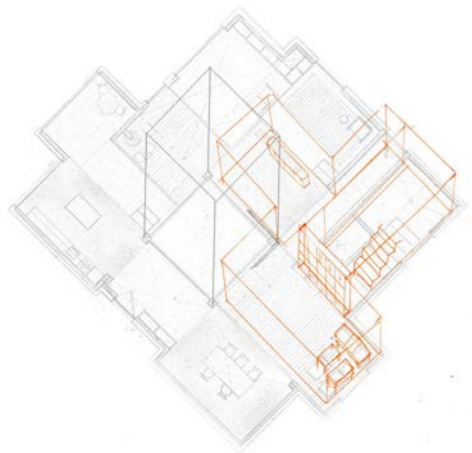


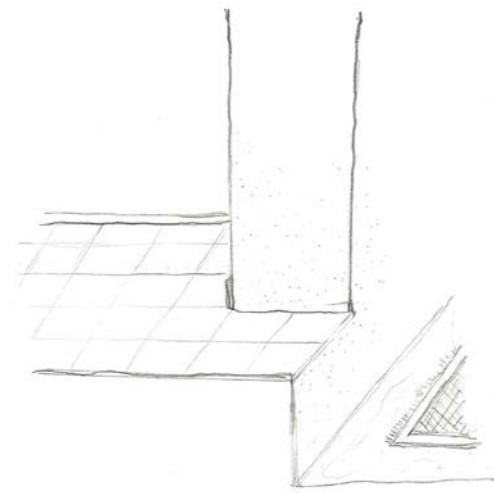
the subtle one



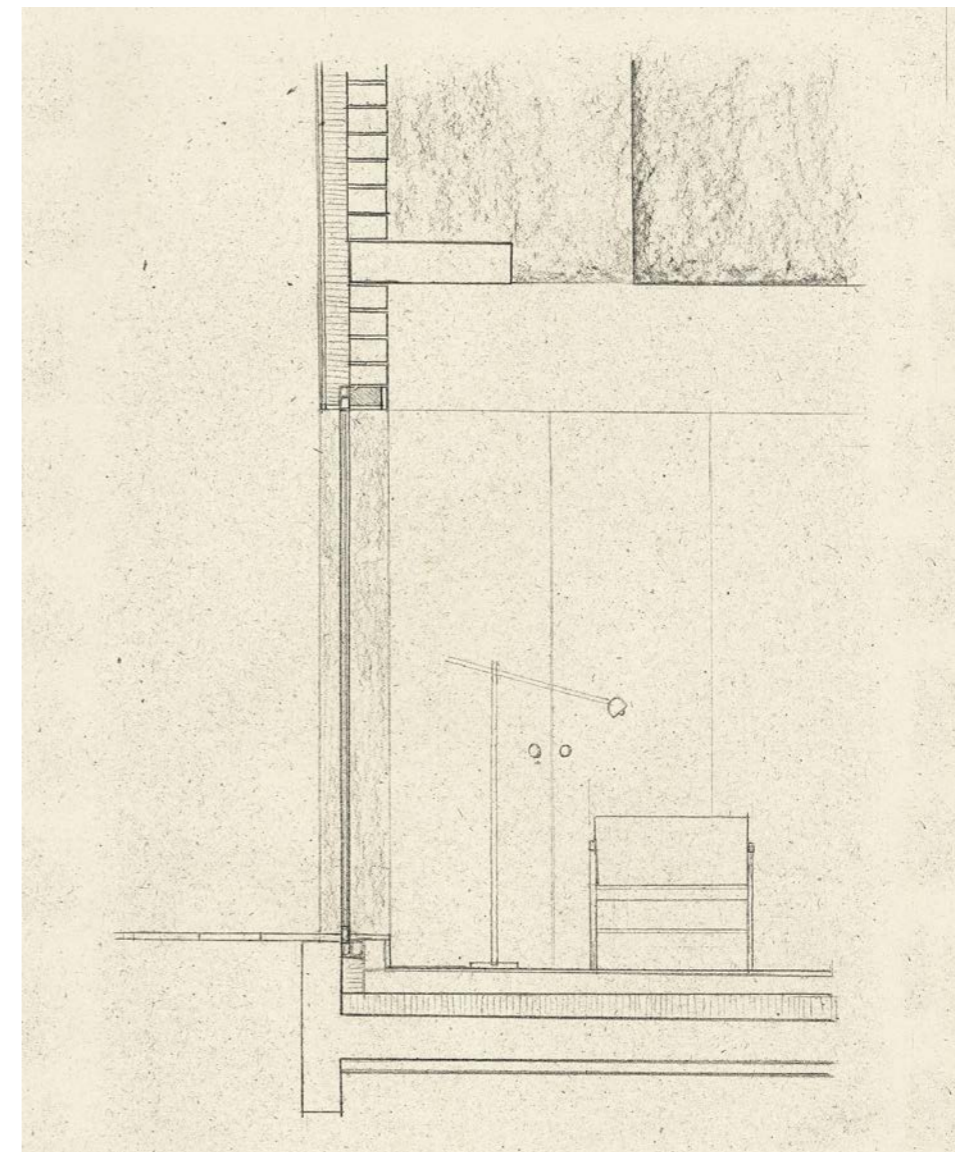
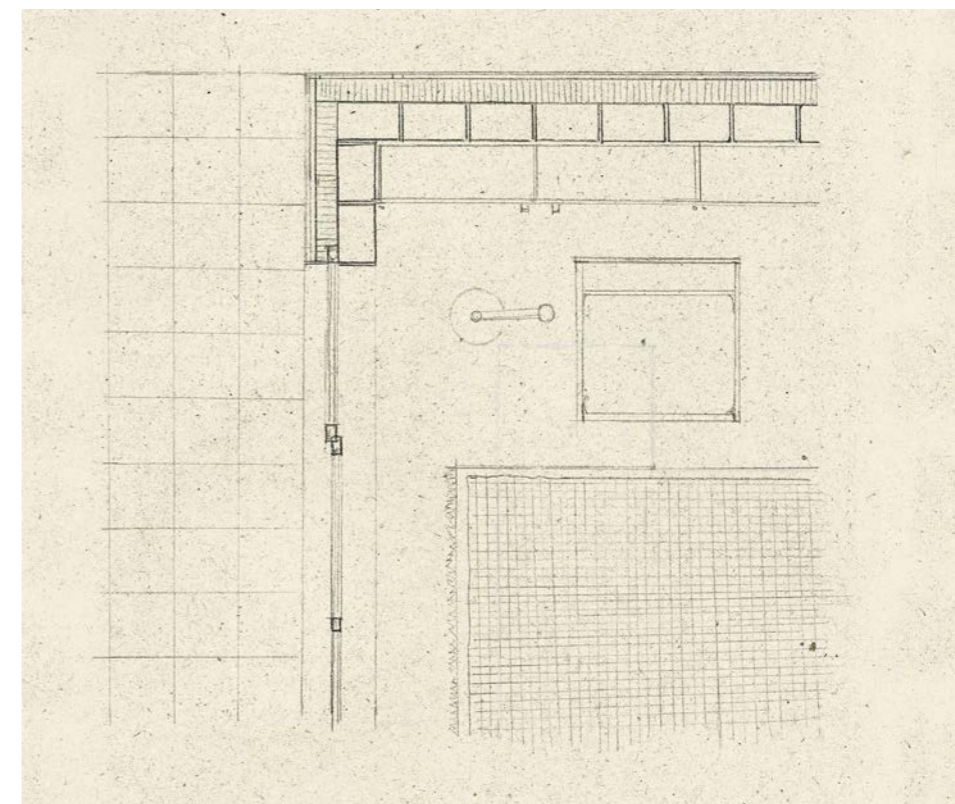
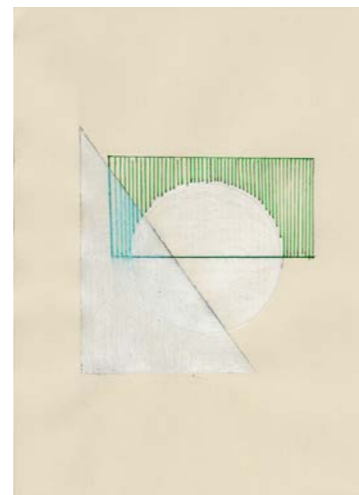
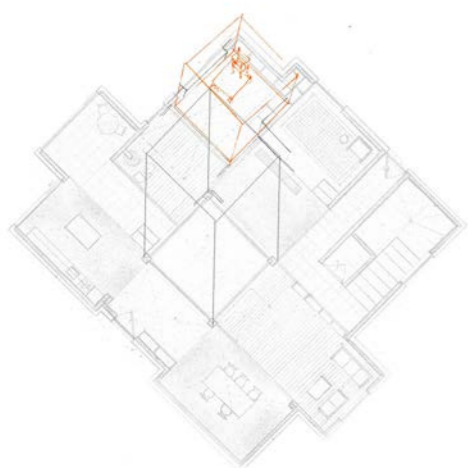
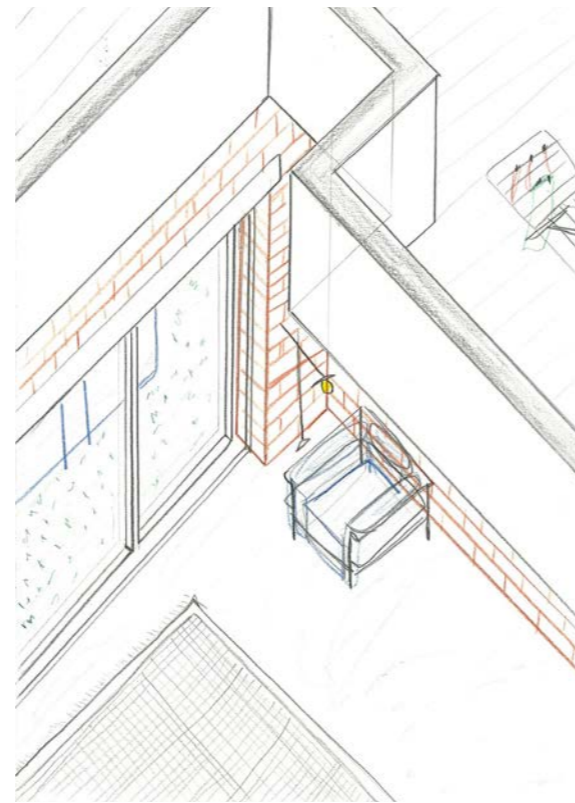


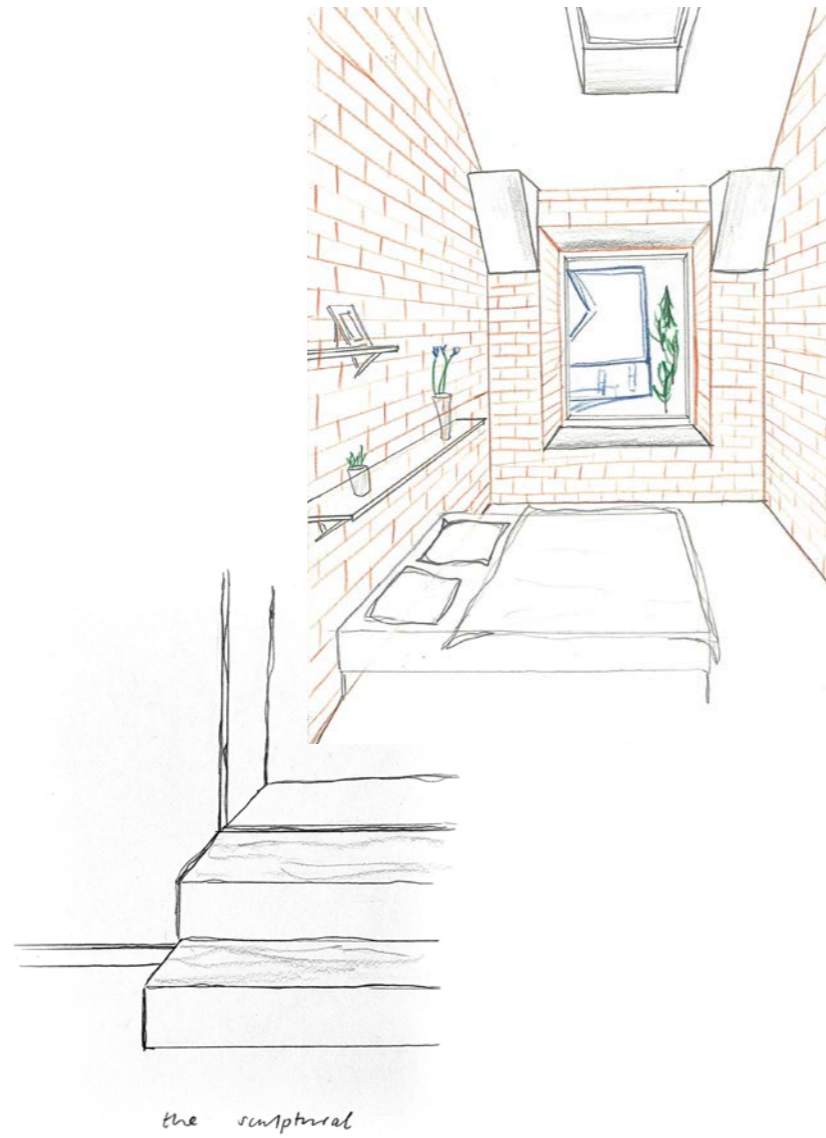
the invisible



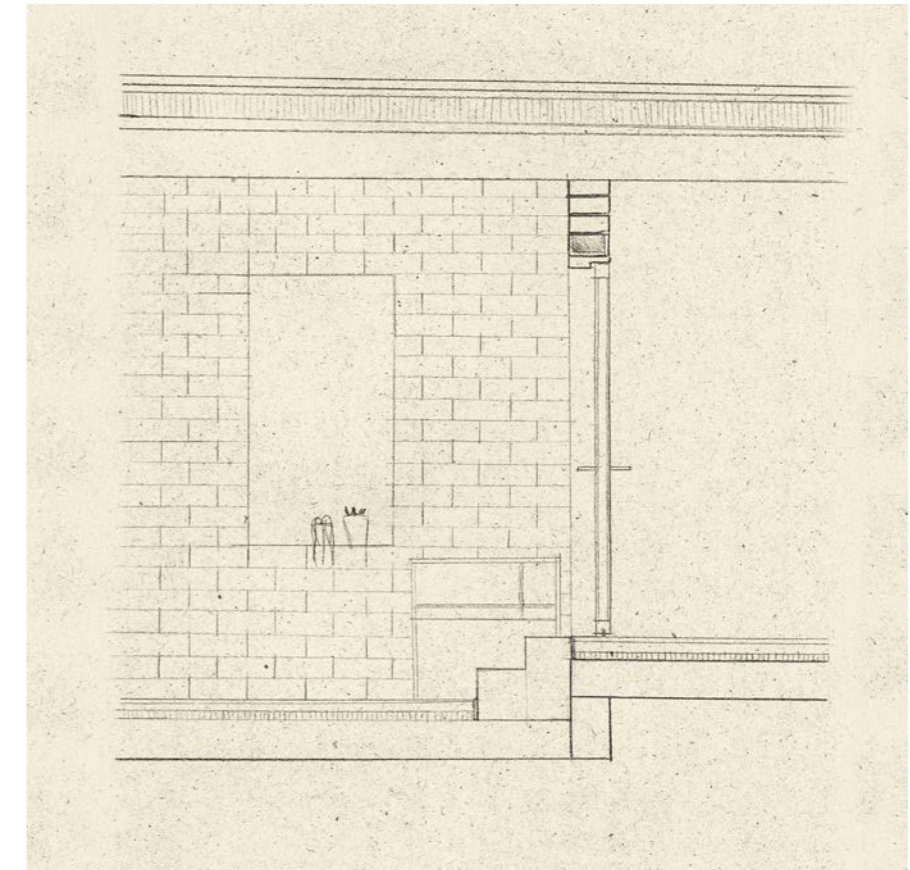
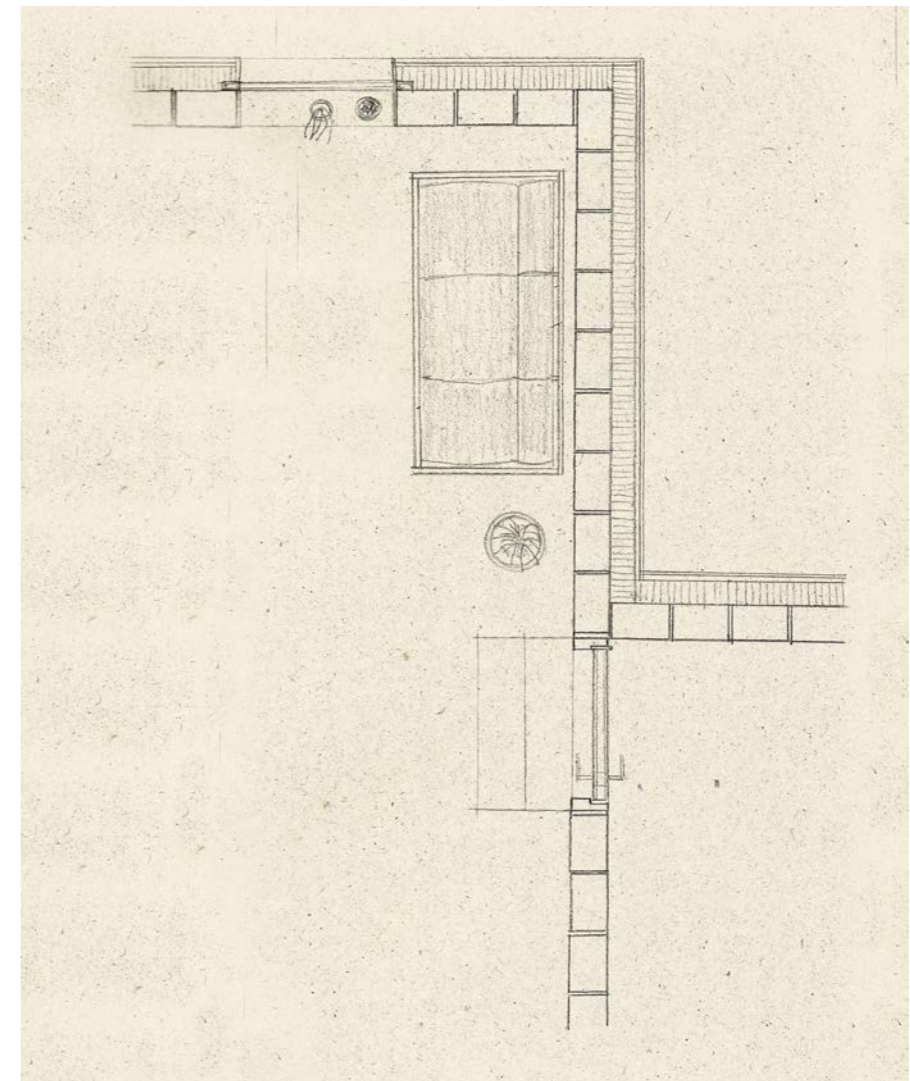


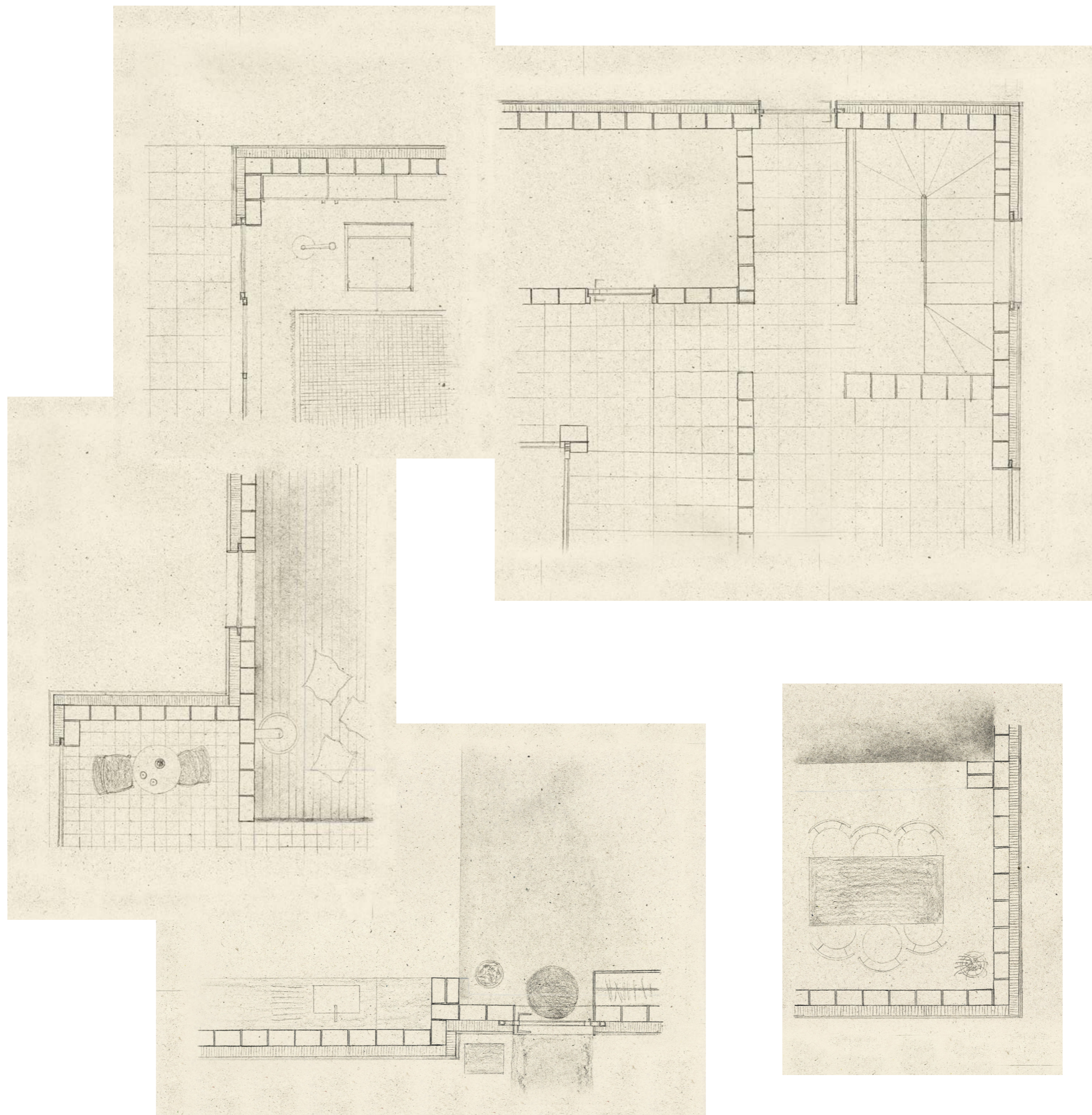
the landing

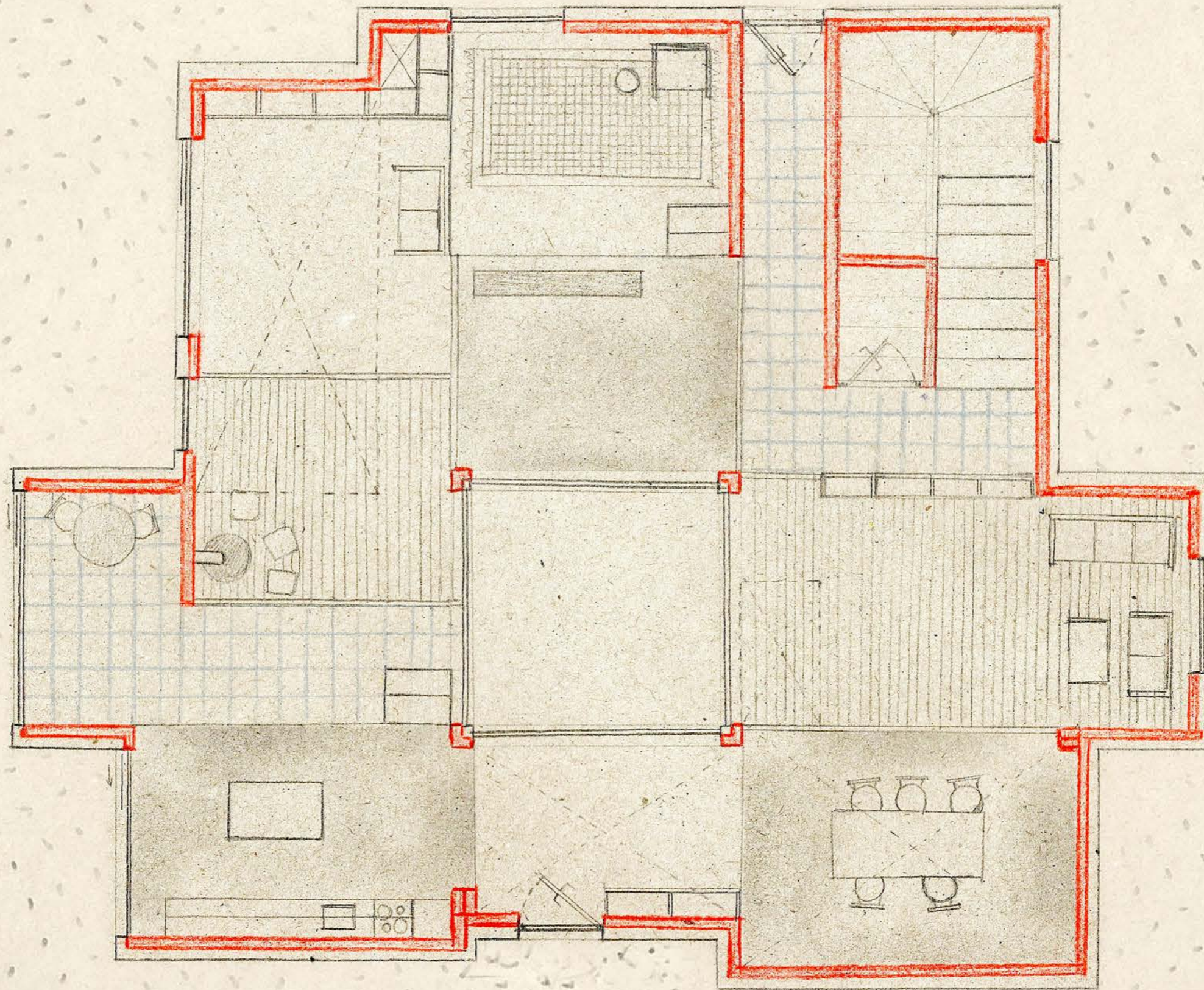


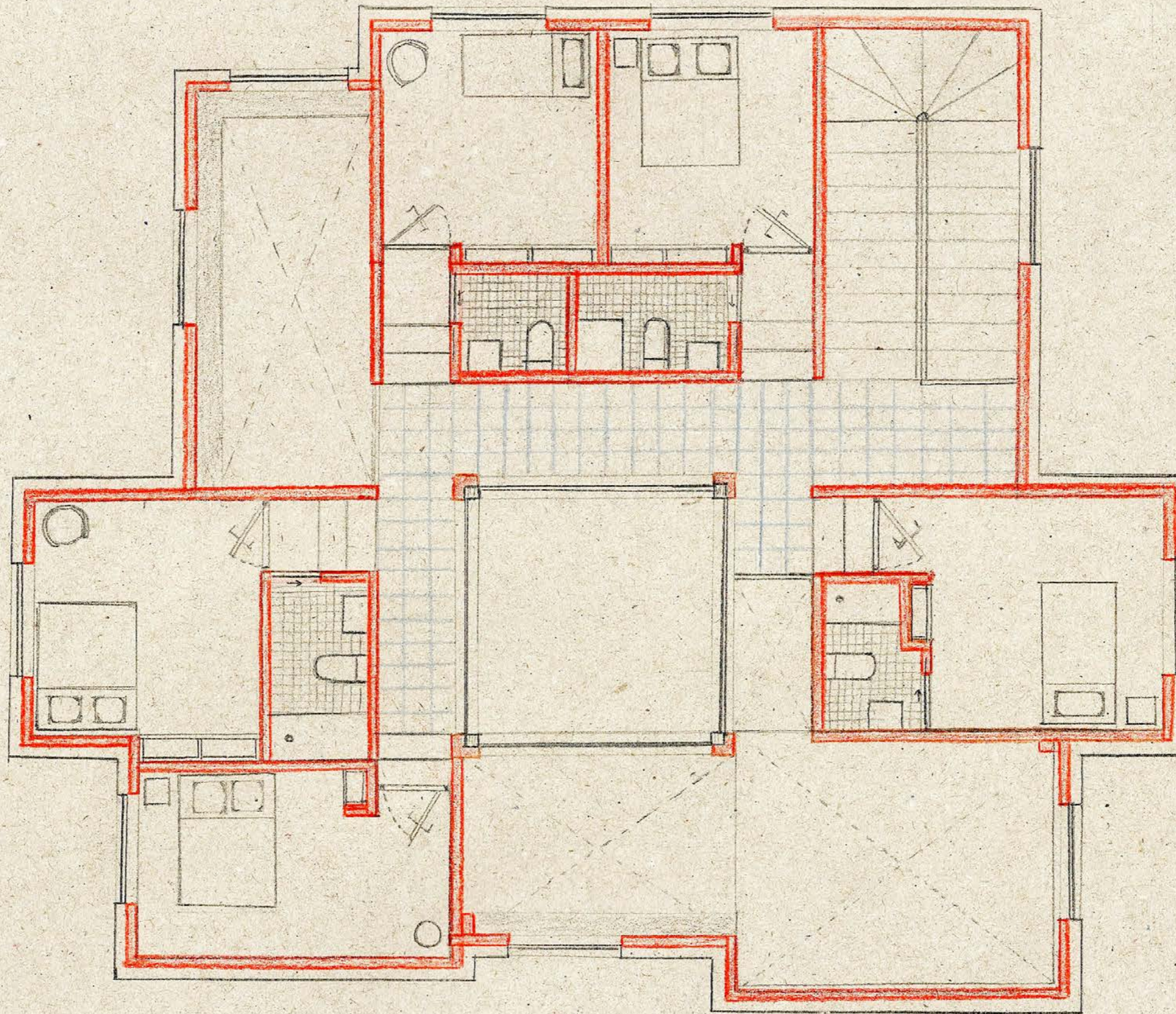


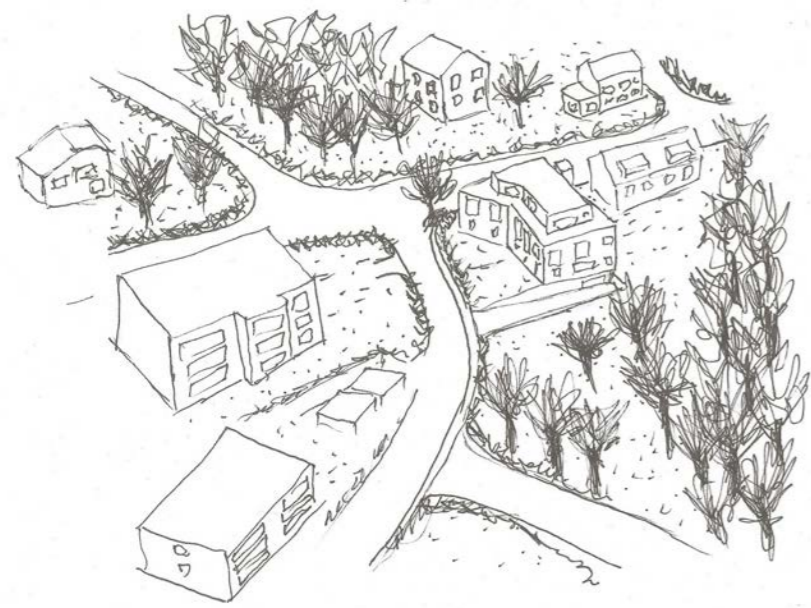
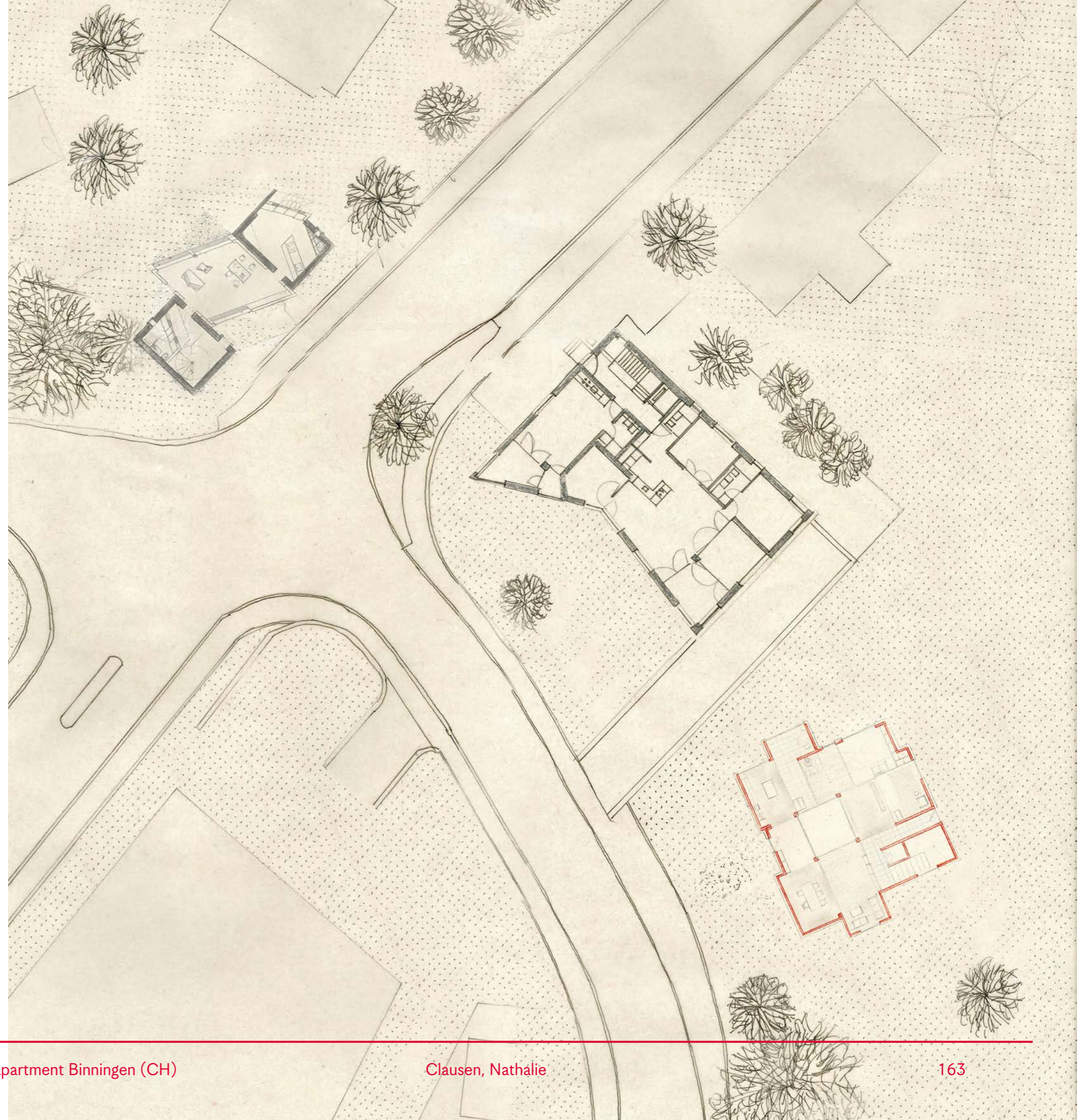
the sculptural

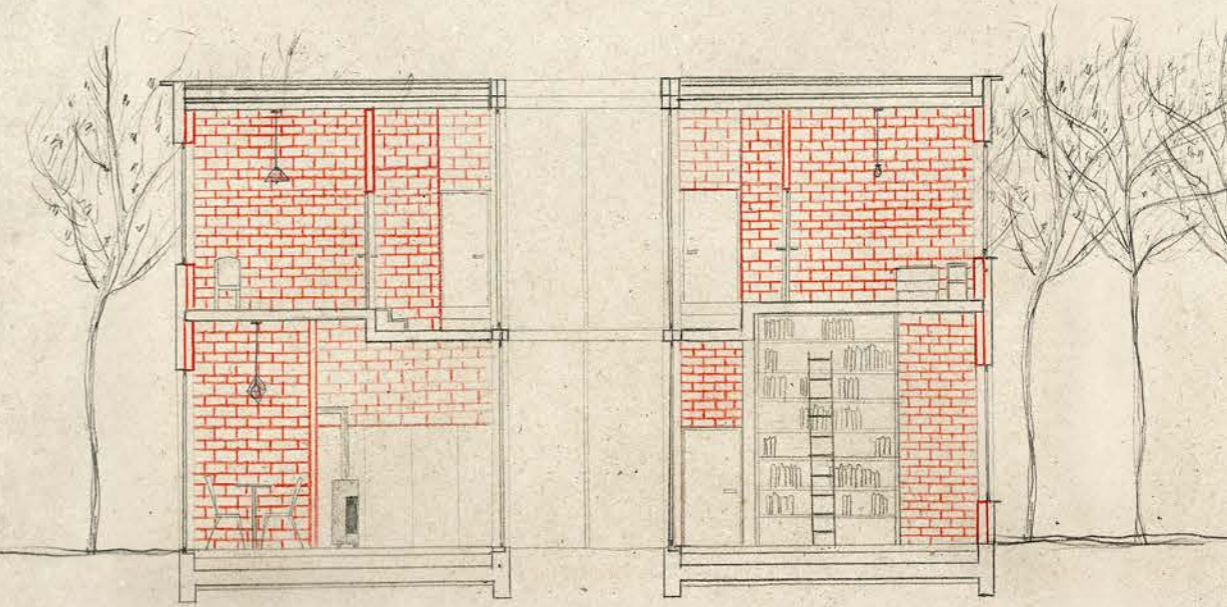
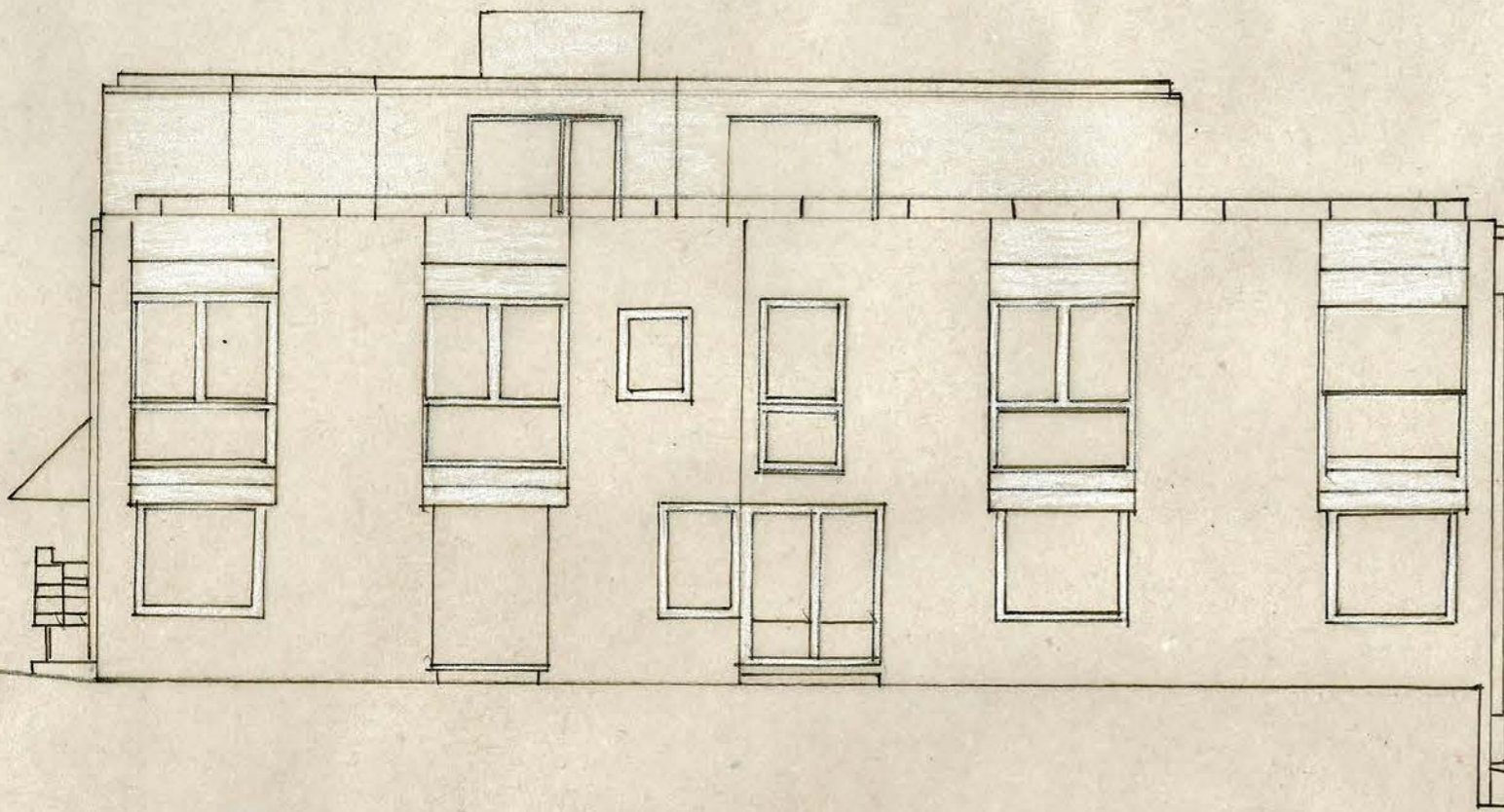
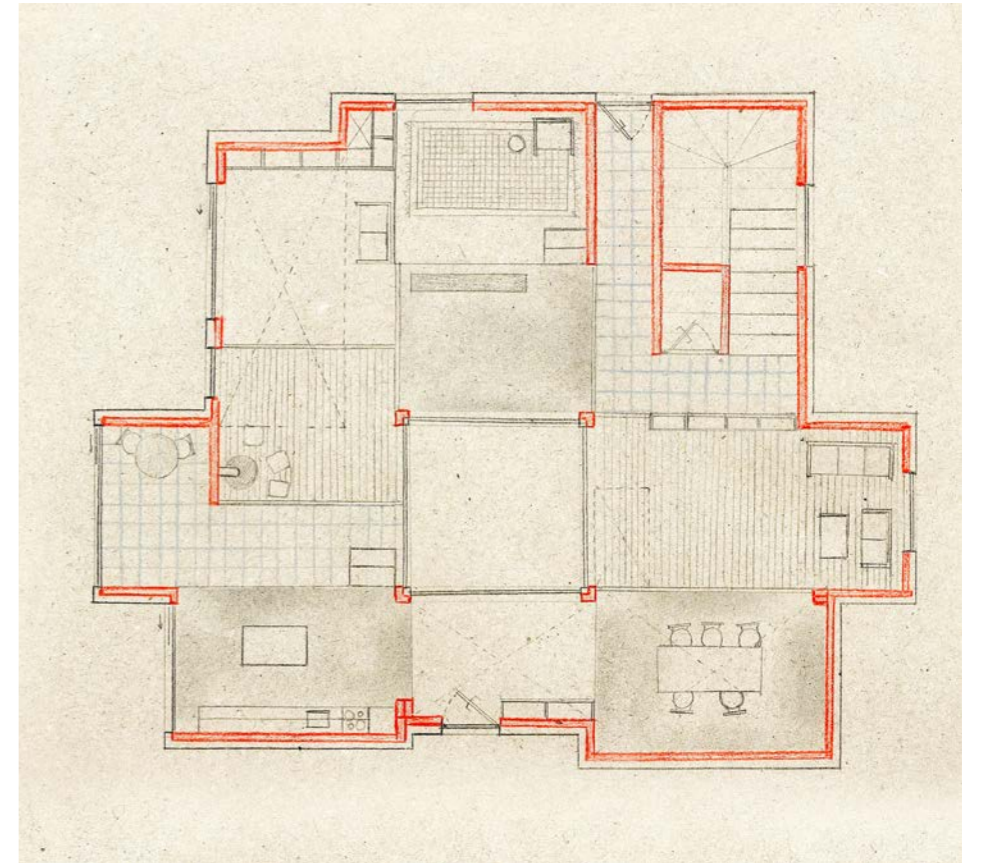
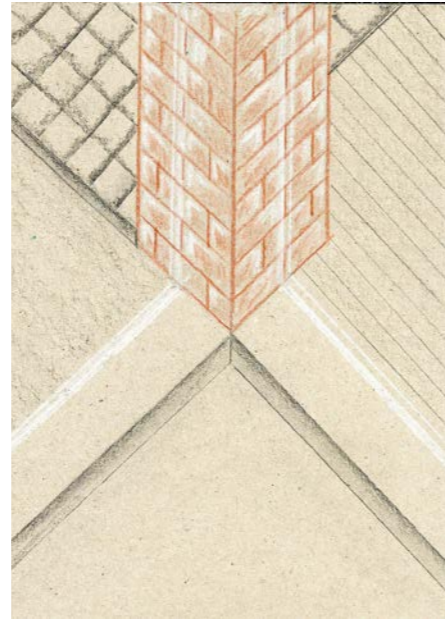
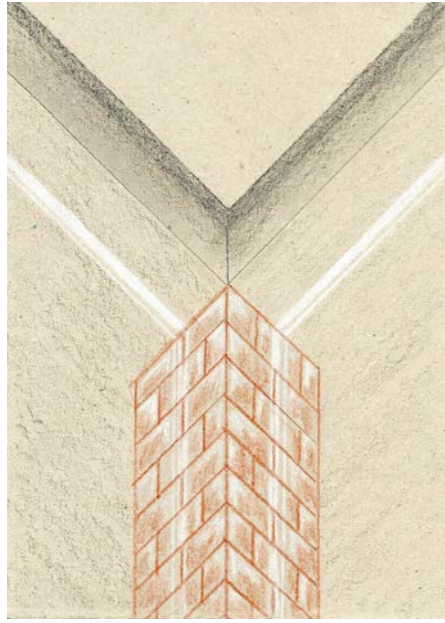




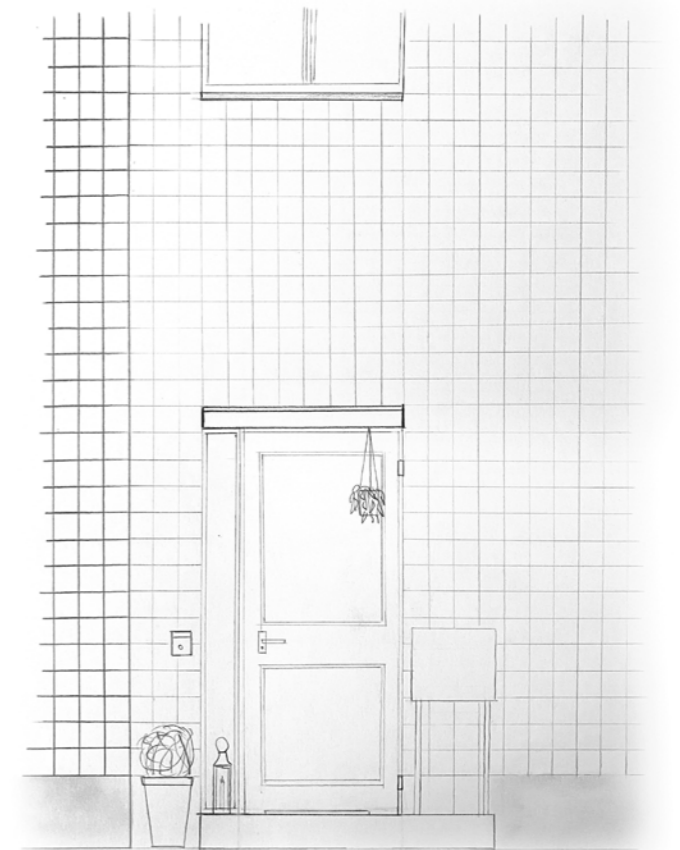
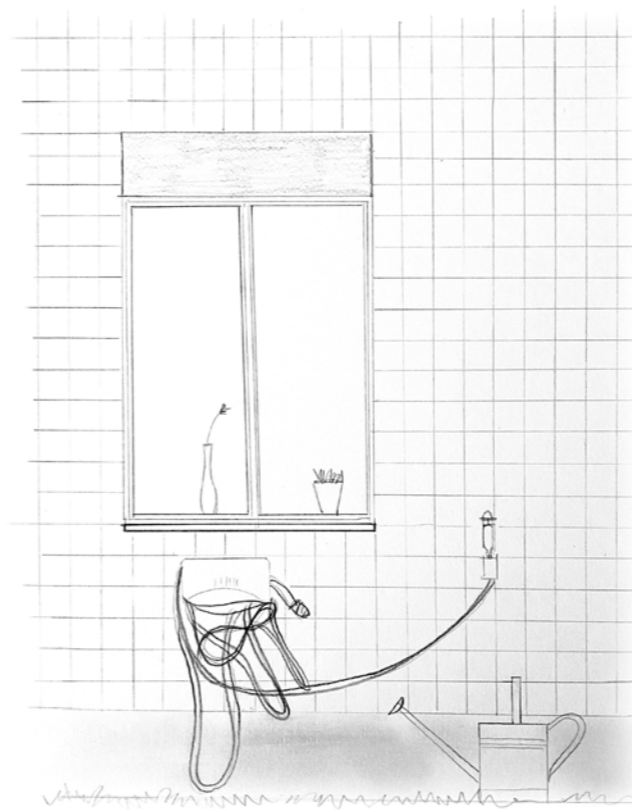
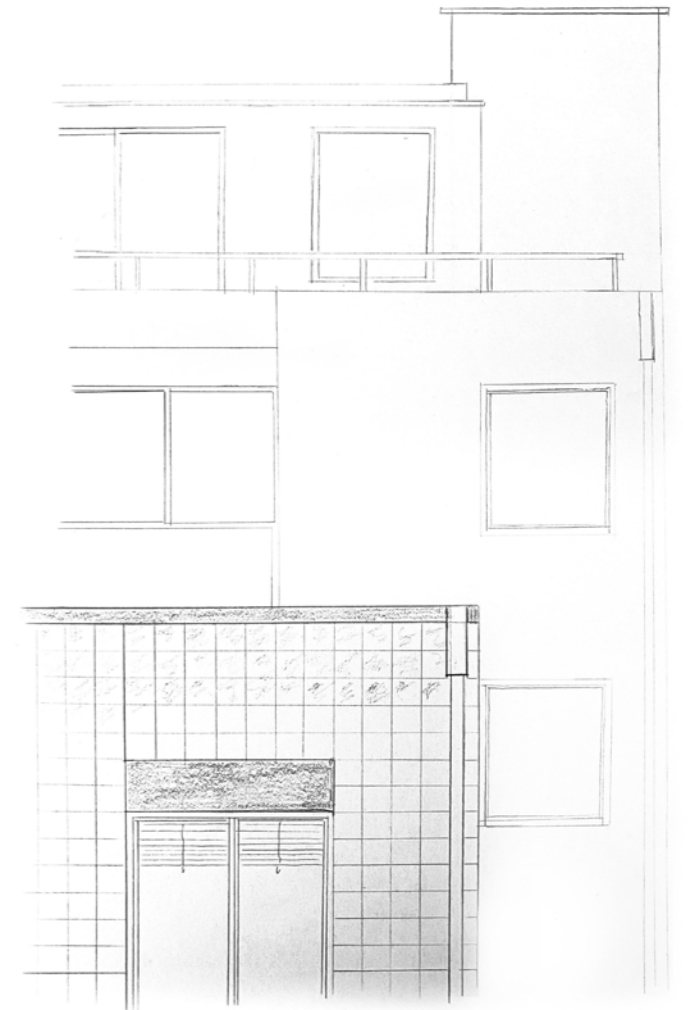
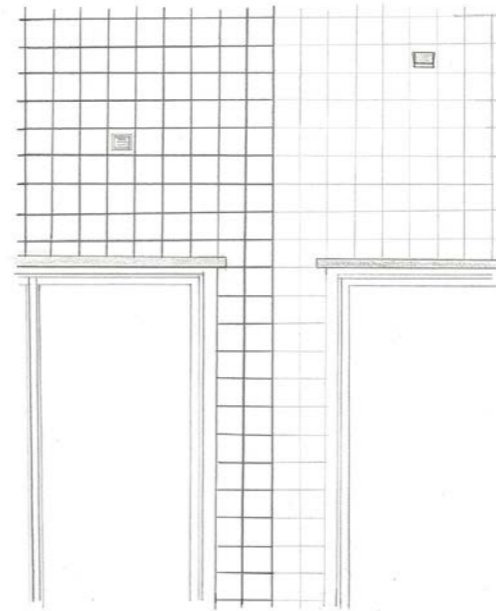


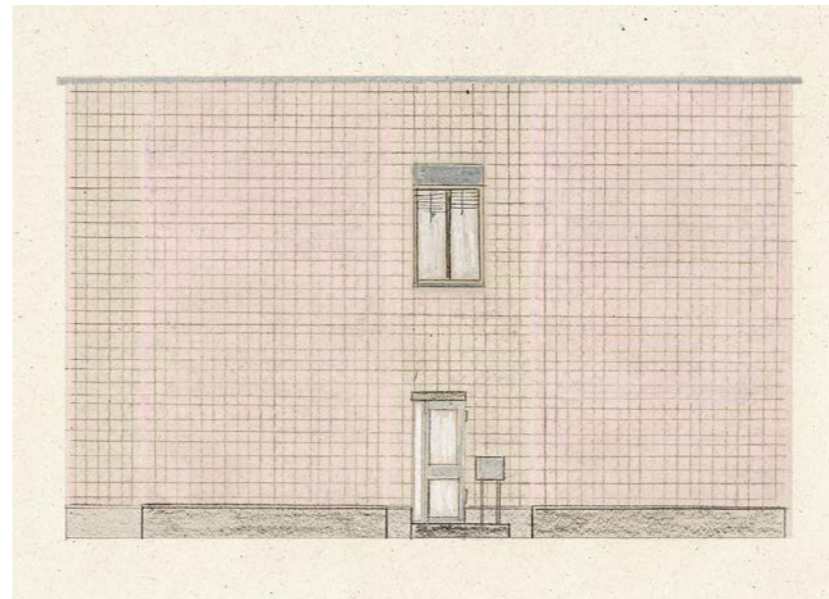
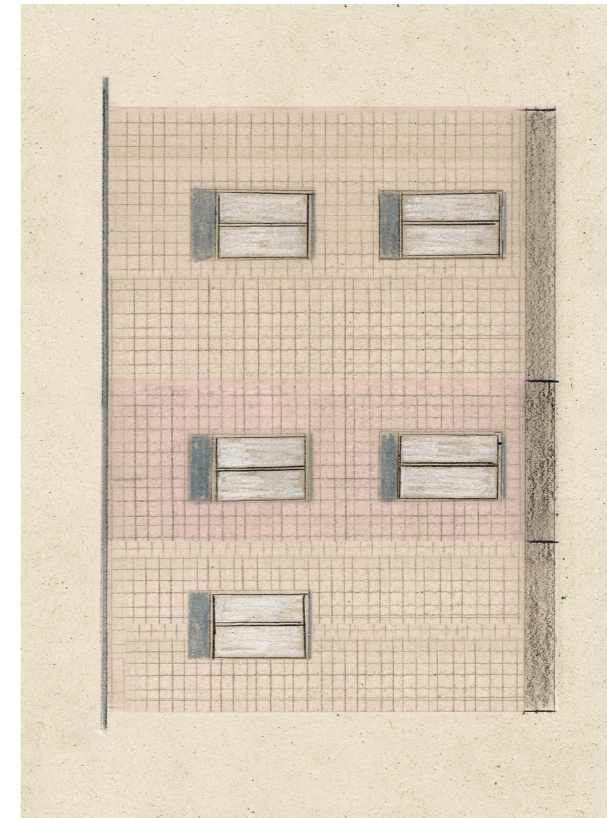
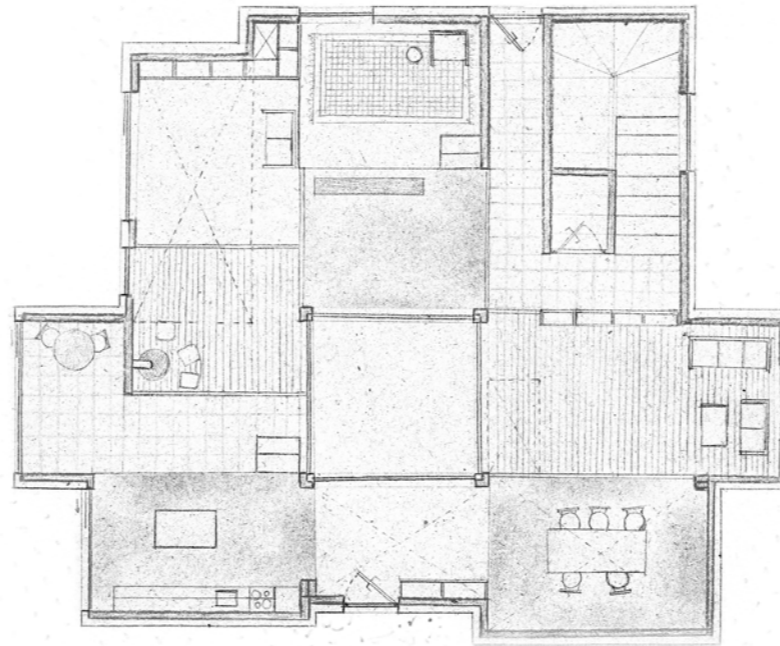
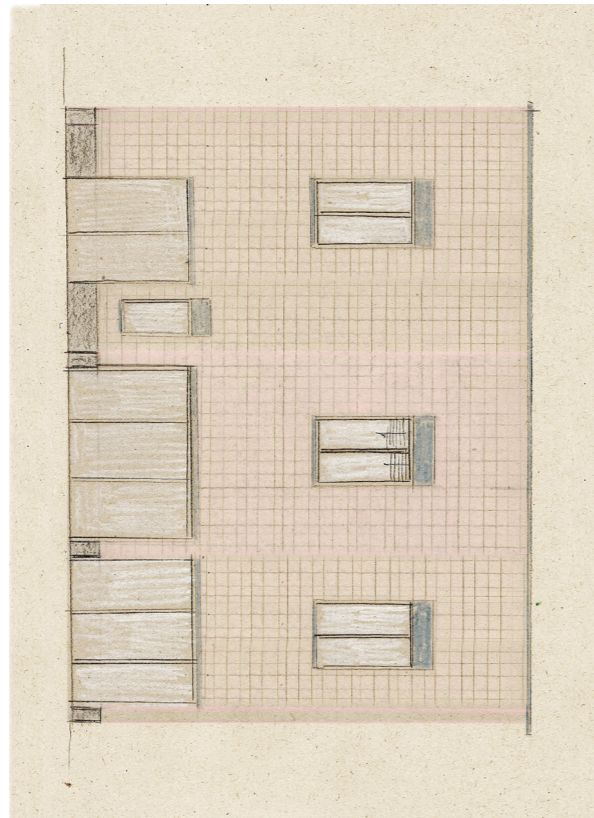
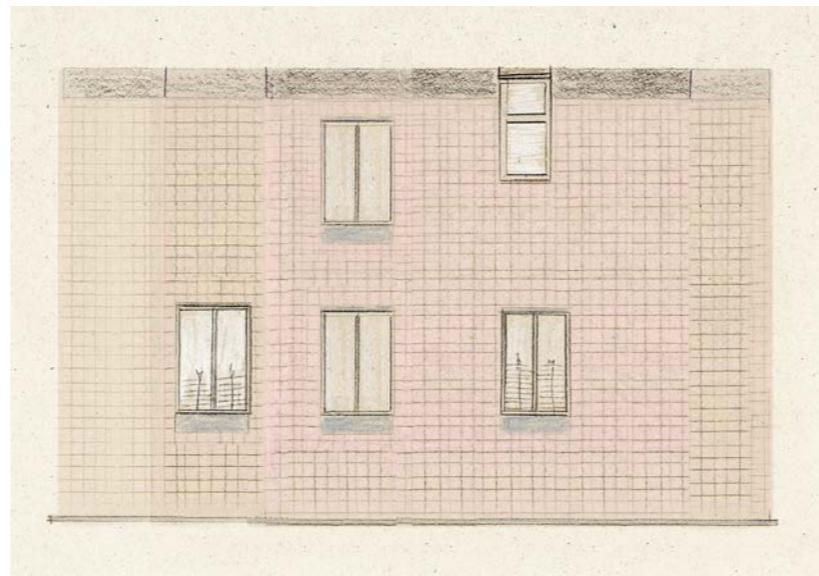


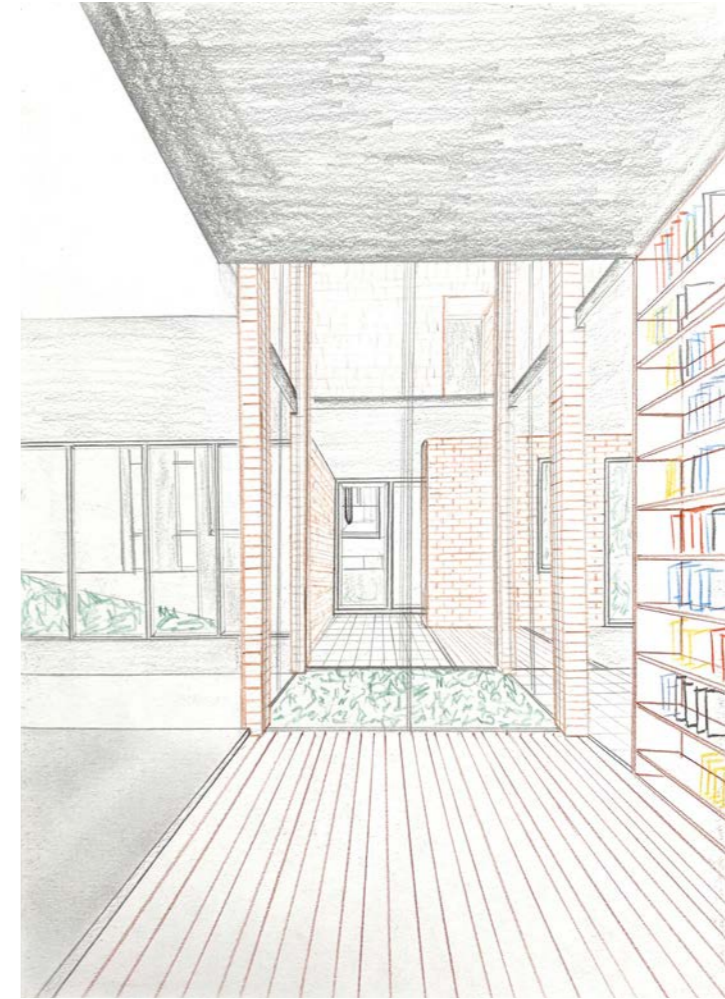


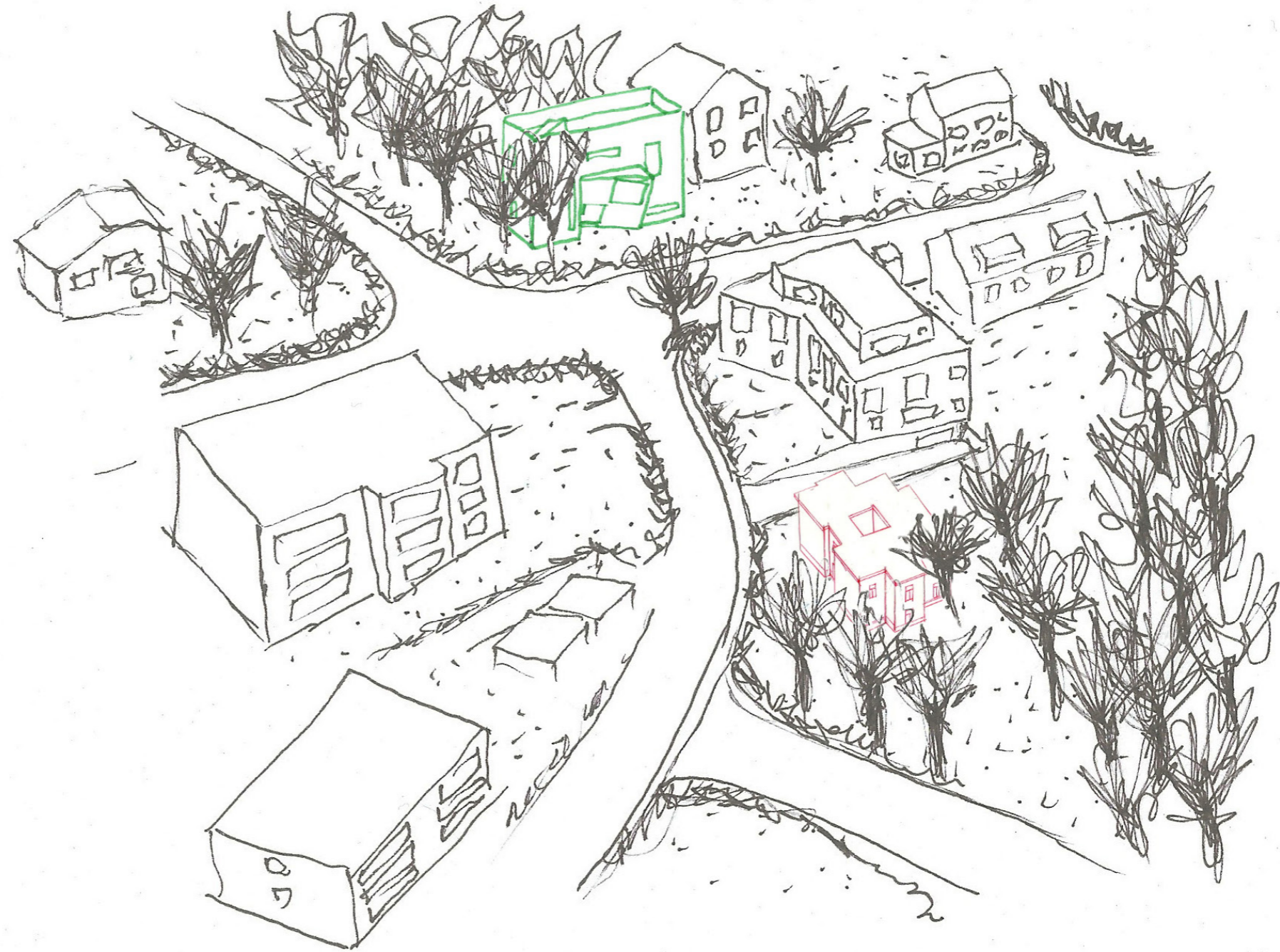




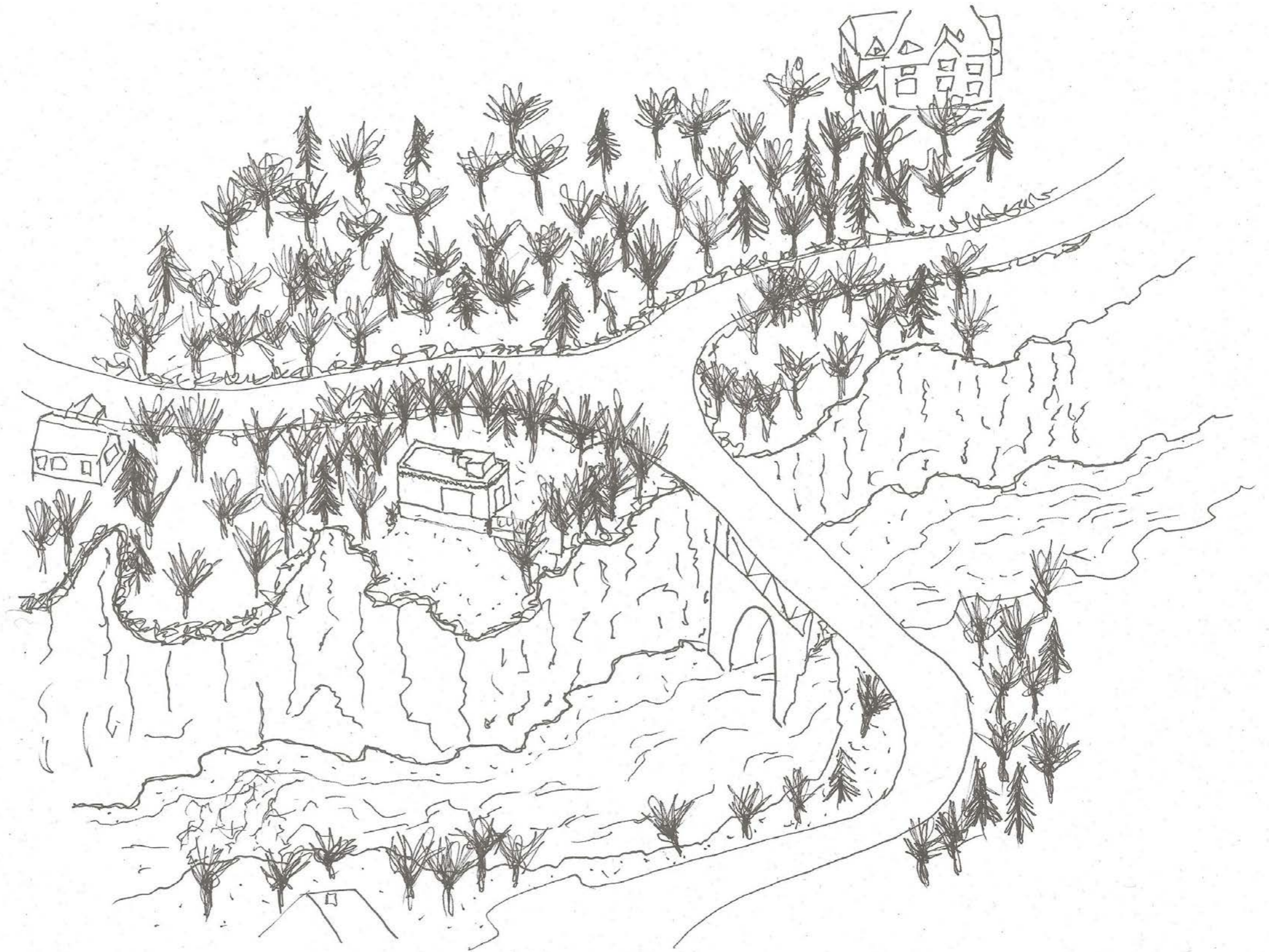




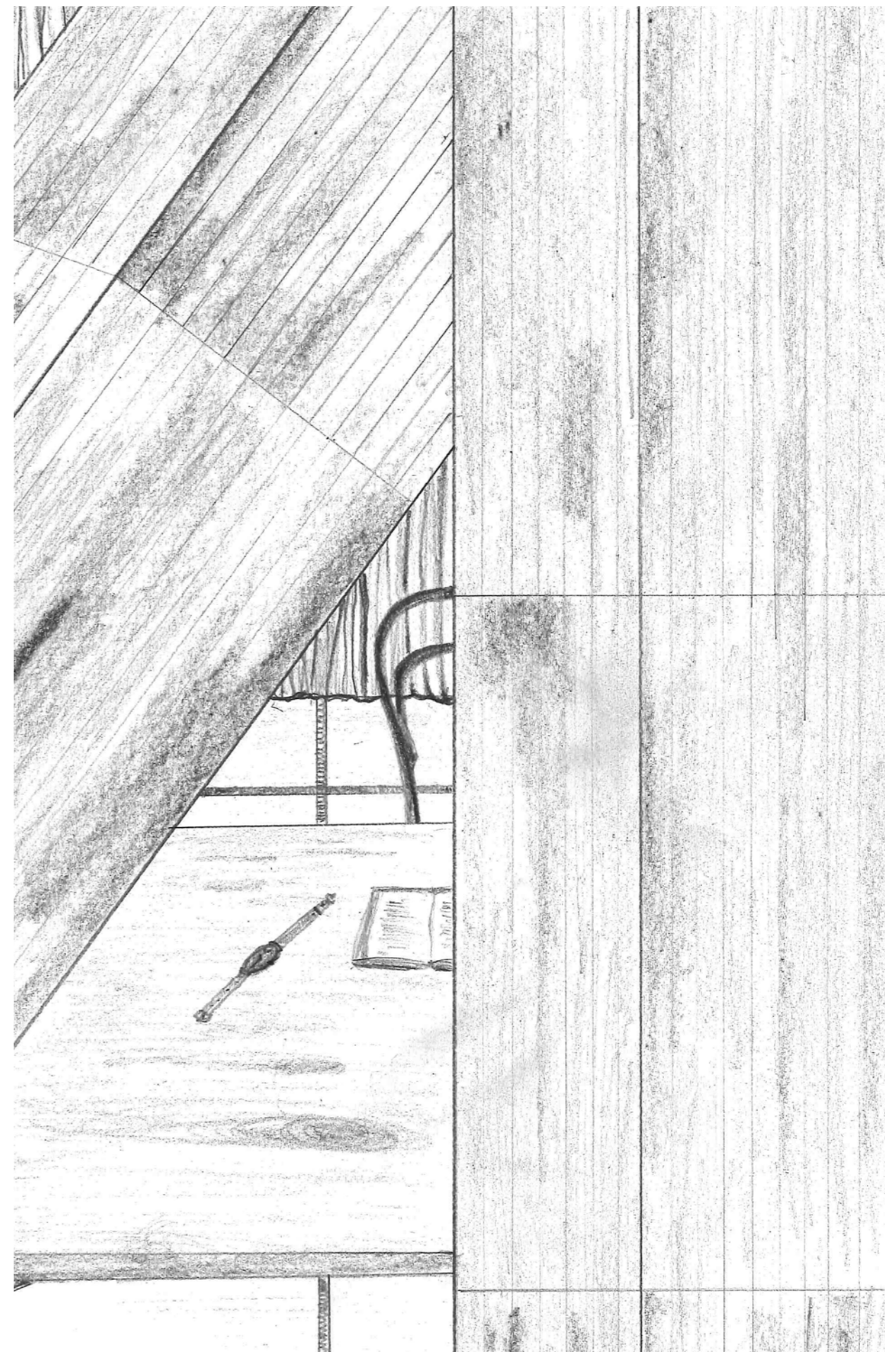
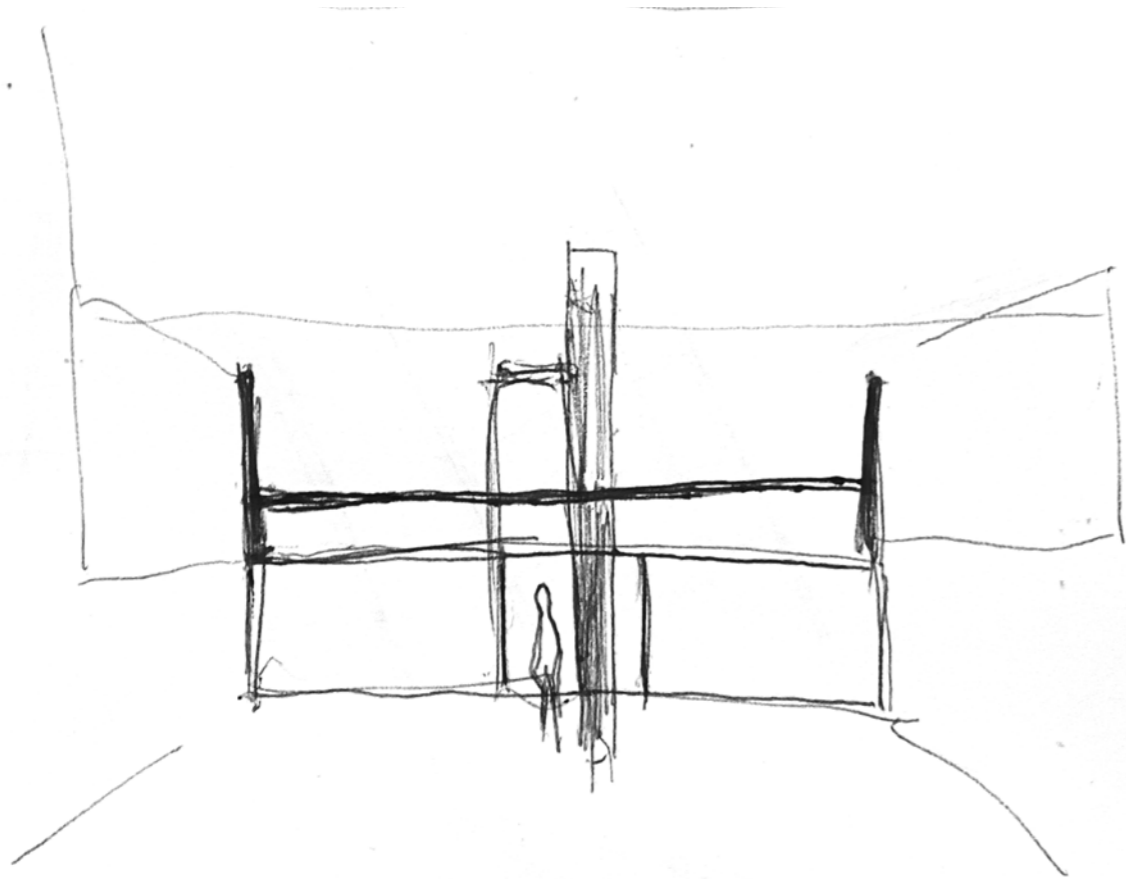
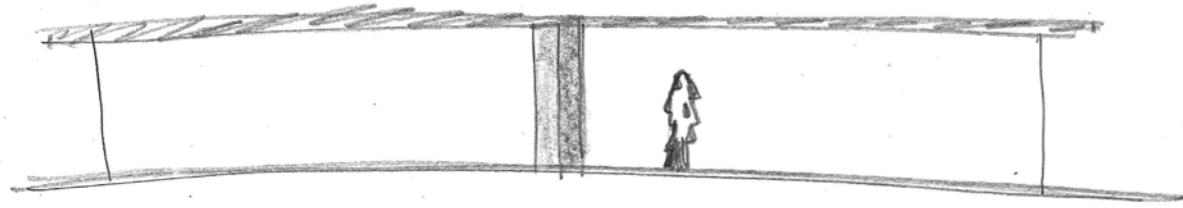




Movement 2







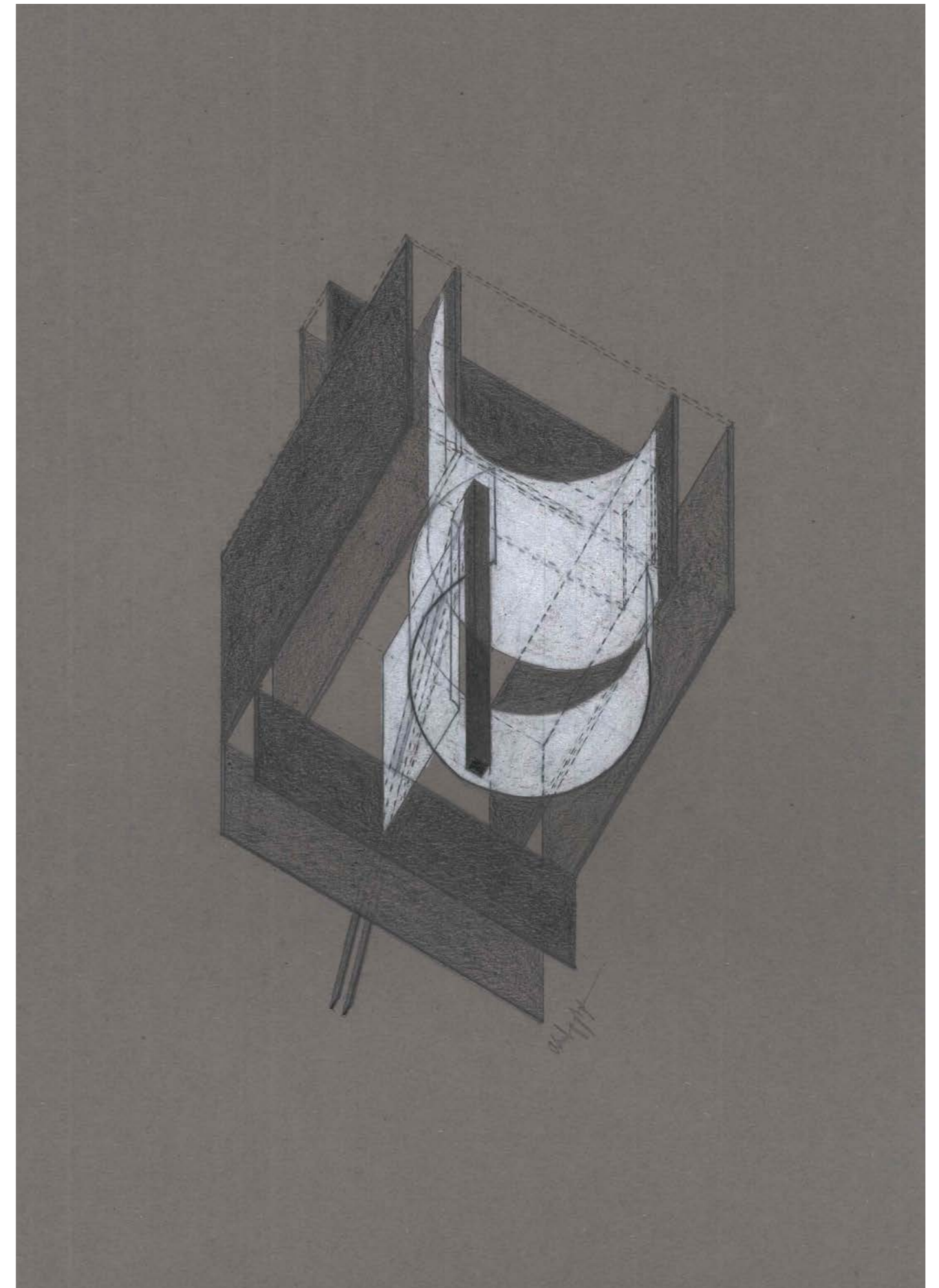
Complexity and character

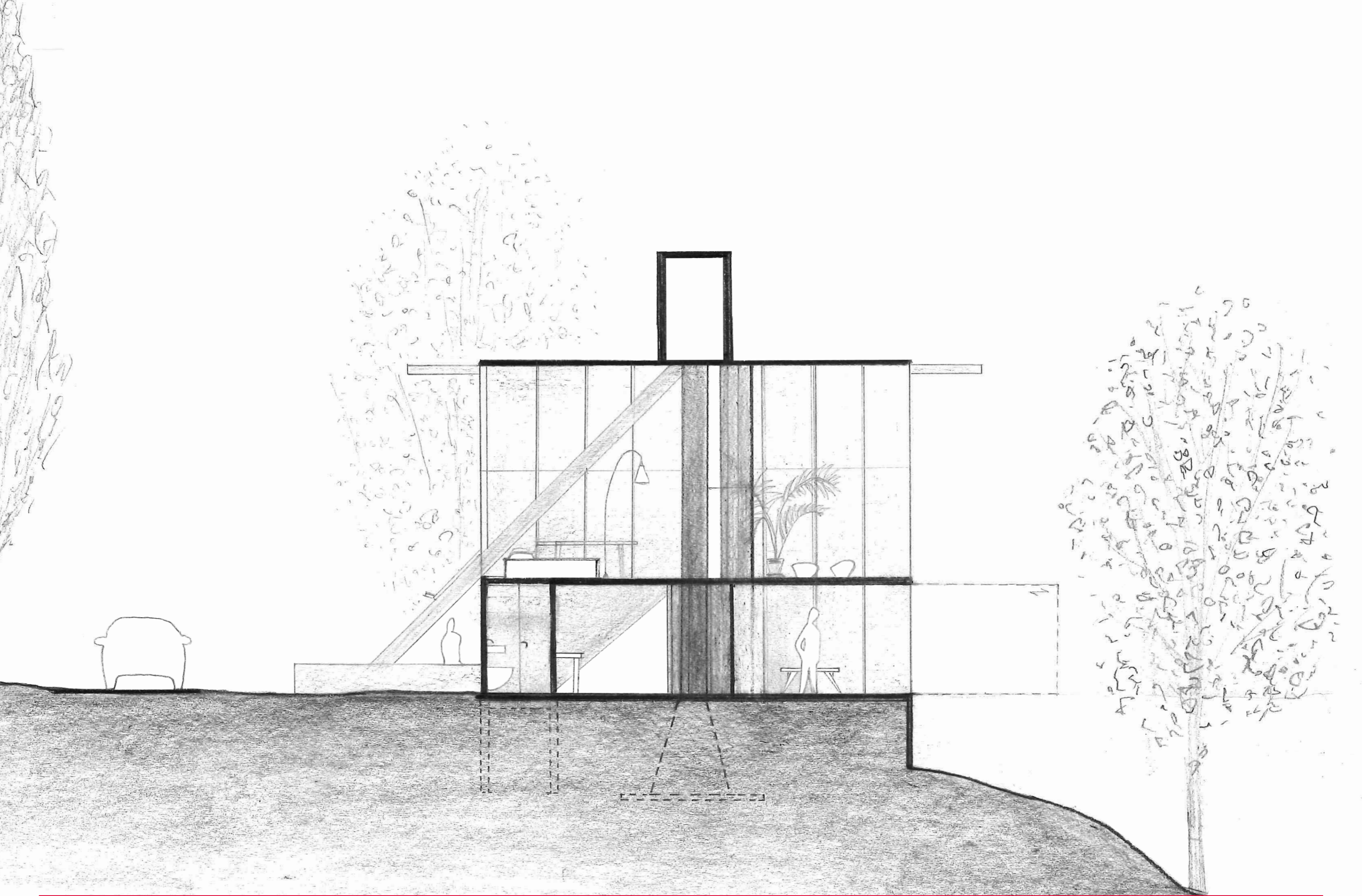
D was born and raised in Switzerland, but emigrated to America at age sixteen. Every day before sunset, D drinks a glass of chilled white wine in a spatial setting of a column and vitrous planes. While the house gets in a state of penumbra, D serves himself a glass, pauses, and breaths in the aroma of the wine: always the same, yet always bewilderingly different.

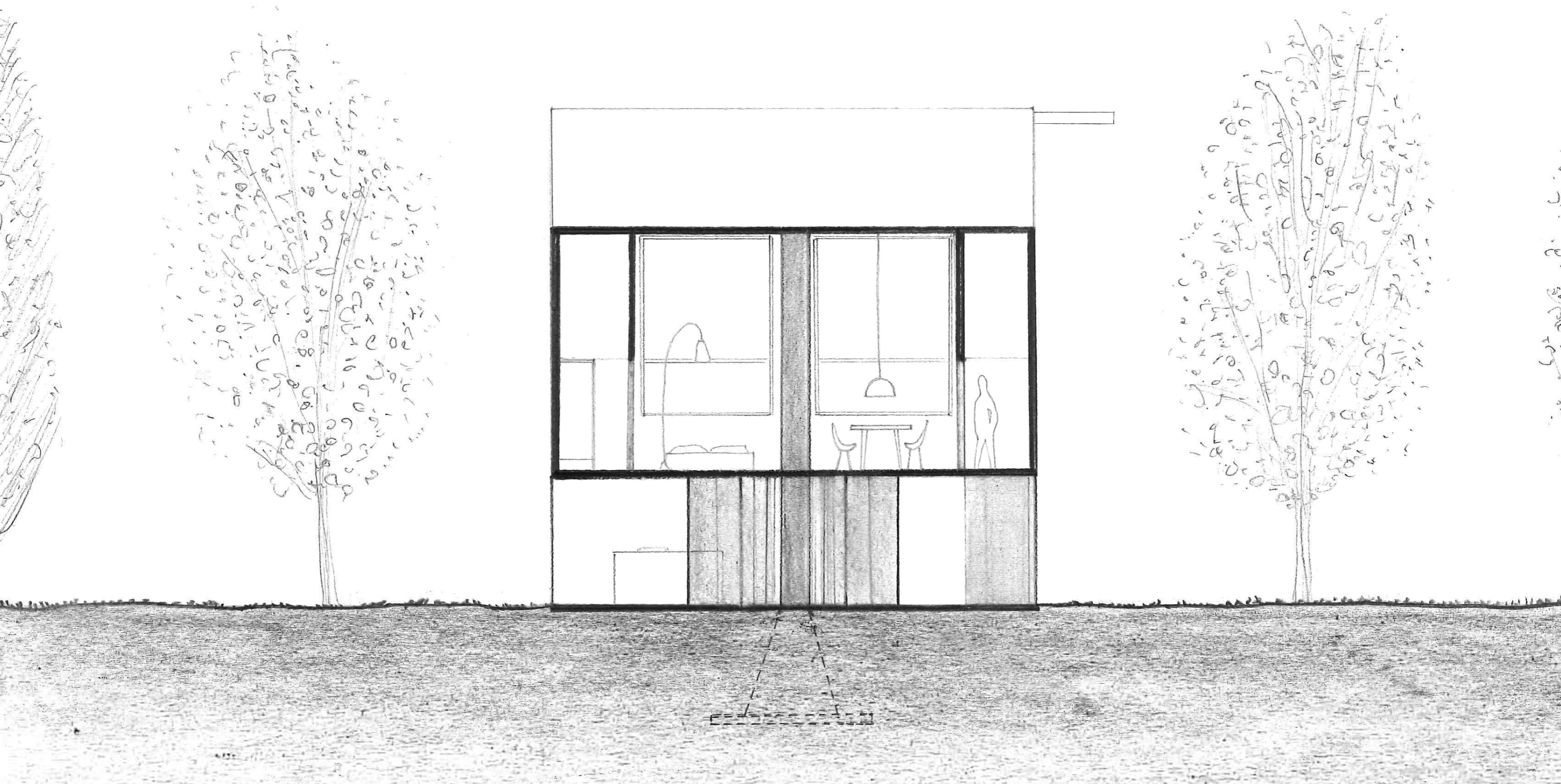
The first thing that comes to his mind are the white grapes which display herbaceous tones with a citric character: he senses a warm, exterior climate. Yet the wine has more aromatic complexity. Nosing the wine a second time, it now acquires aromas of smoke and dry earthiness, those characteristic of defined interior spaces. This olfactory juxtaposition of interior and exterior blur the boundaries of an image that his mind cannot explain through words. He opens his eyes; he beholds the space in front of him. And he smiles. Now, he is ready to drink.

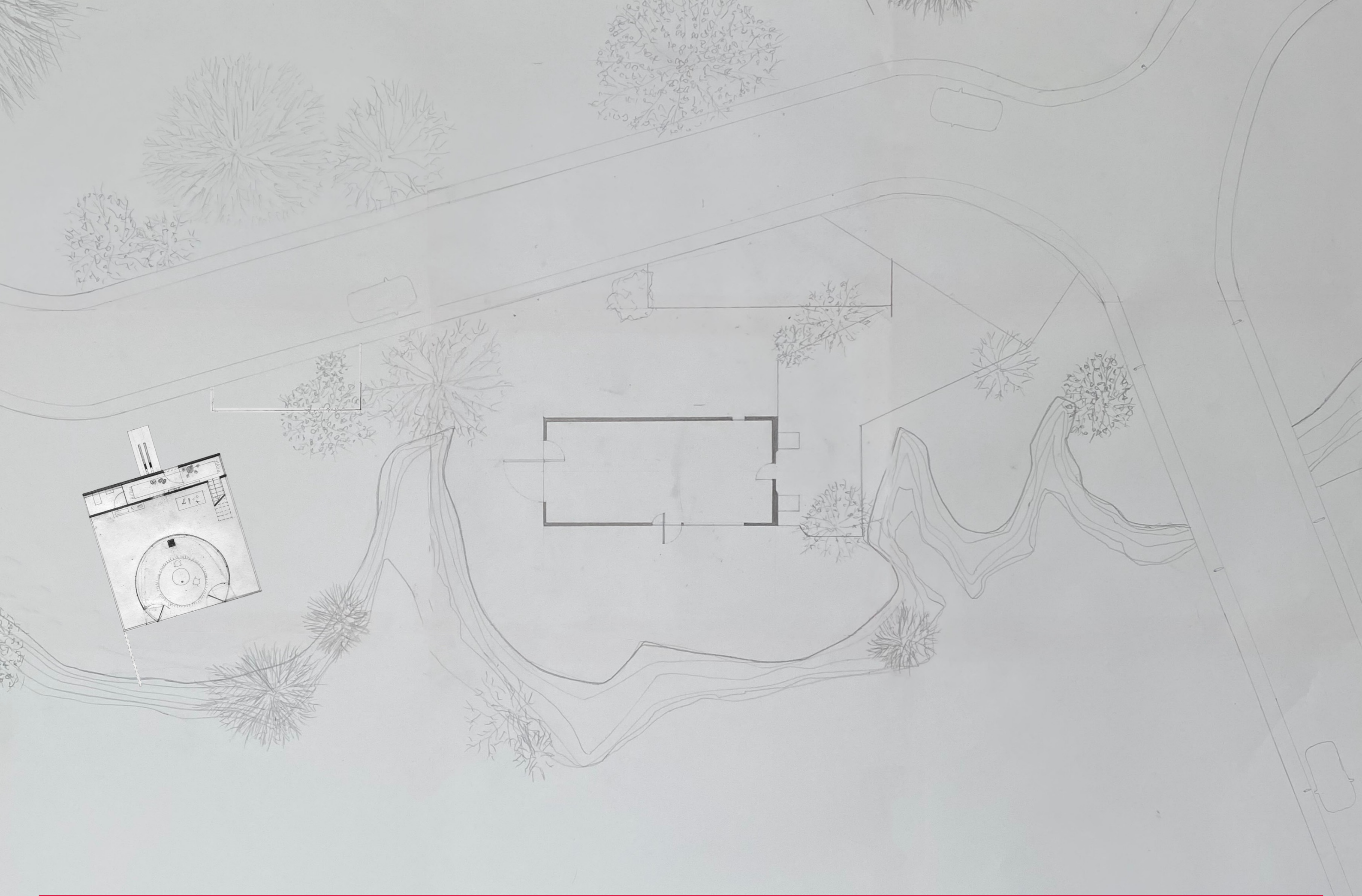
The bouquet of the wine, that smell developed after it was bottled, makes the experience unique the moment it strikes his nose while he savours the leaden fluid. This scent of time allows for a new experience each time, disguised in wood ashes

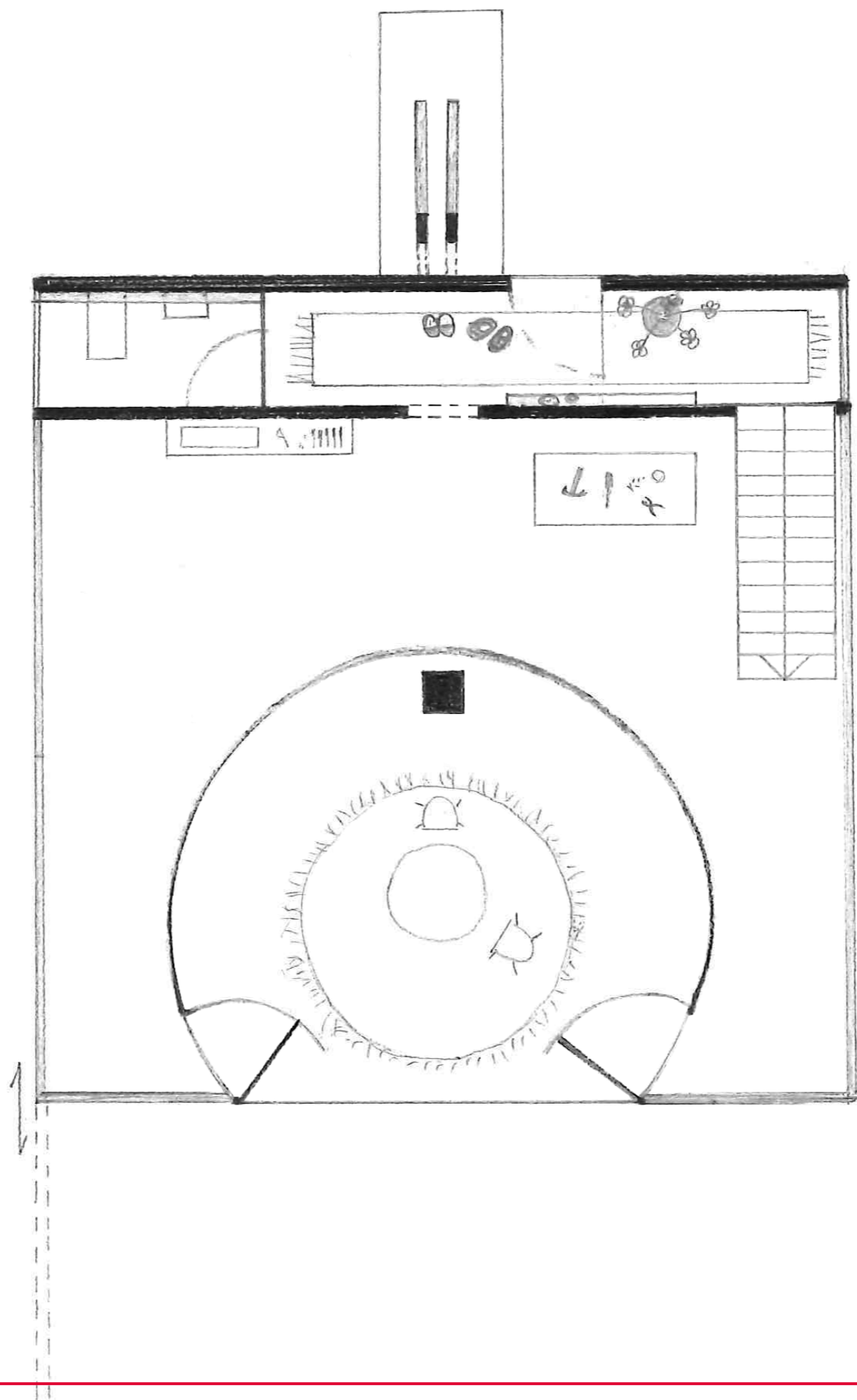
and truffle. It is time for D to turn the lights on.







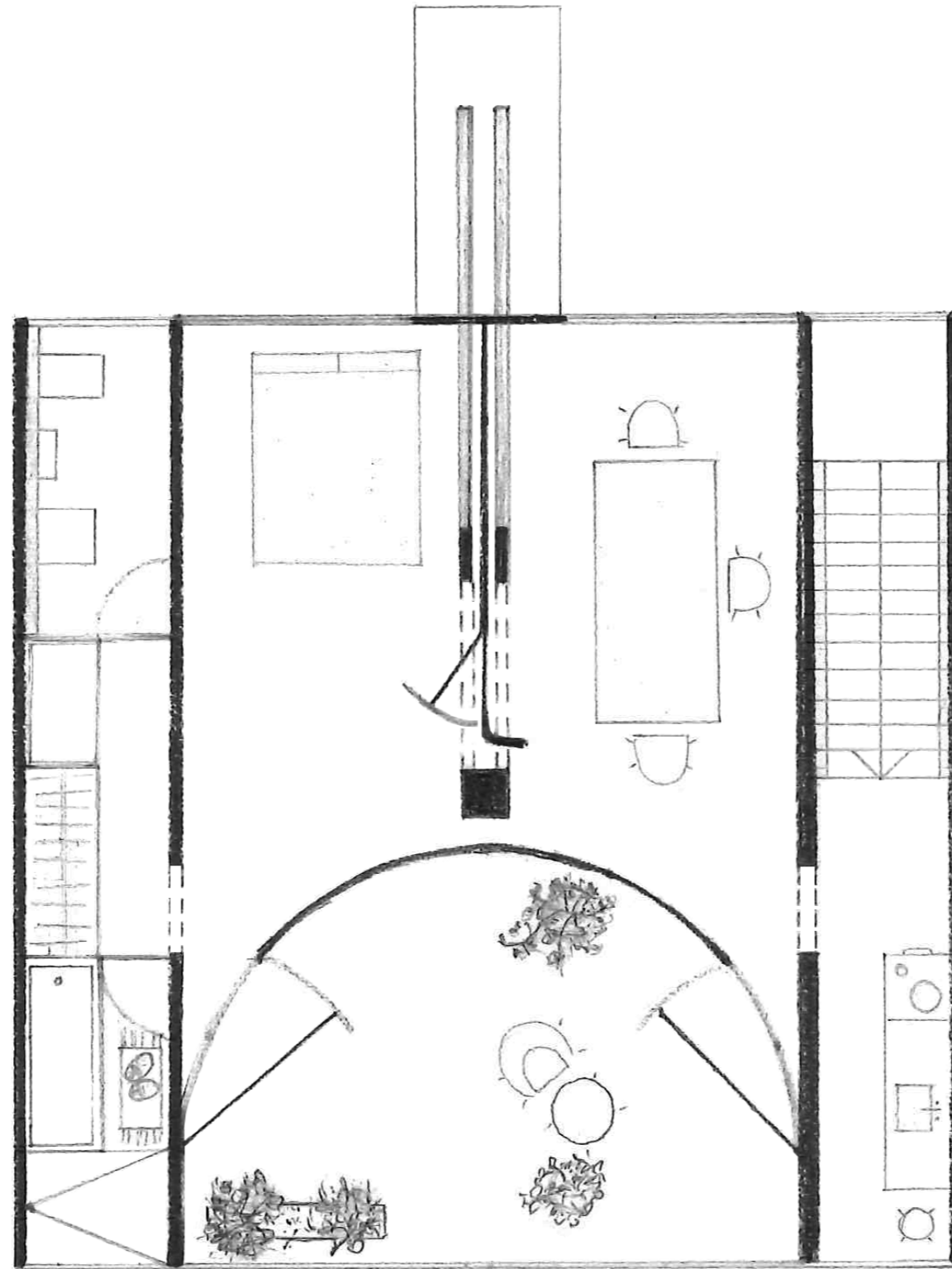


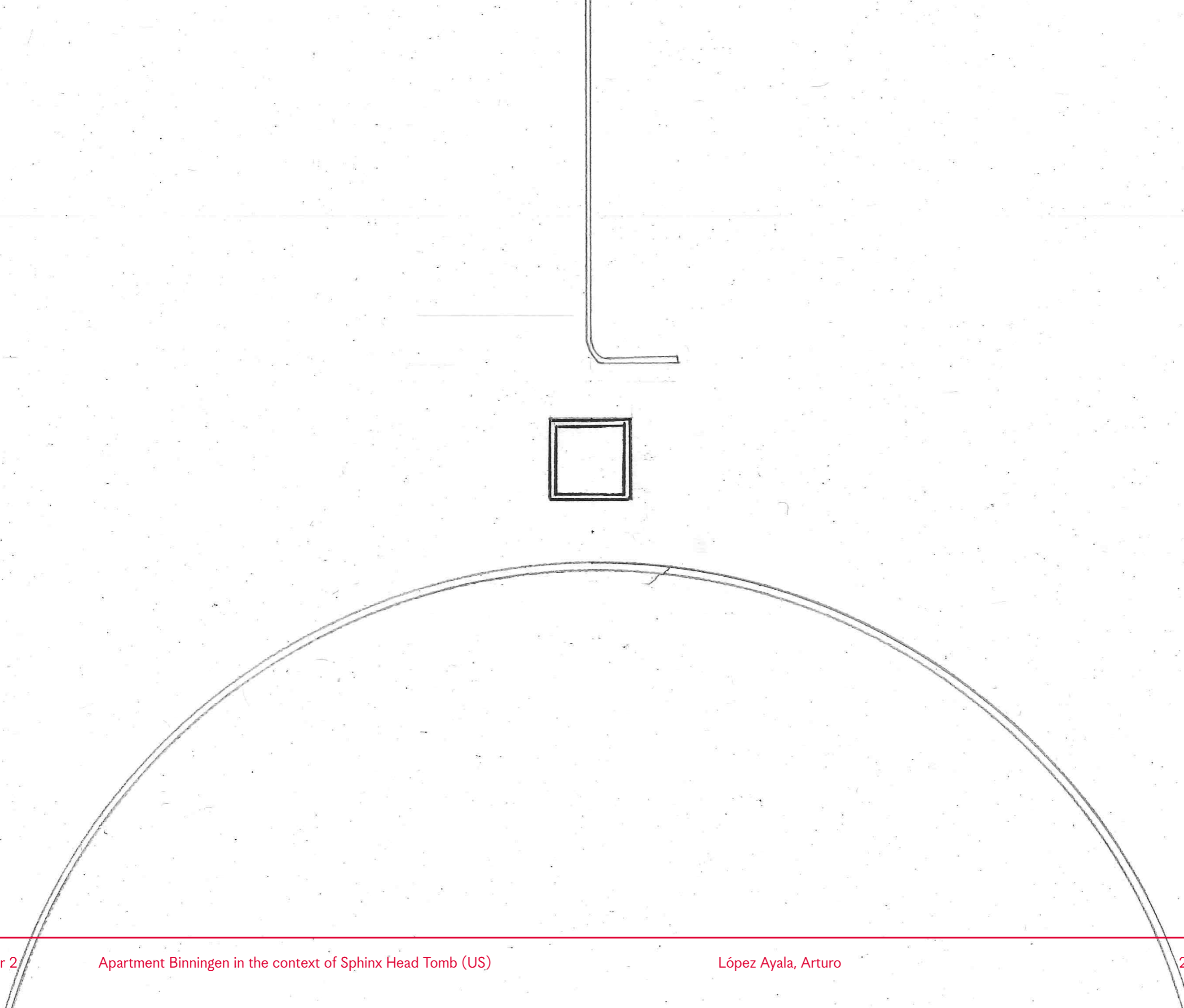


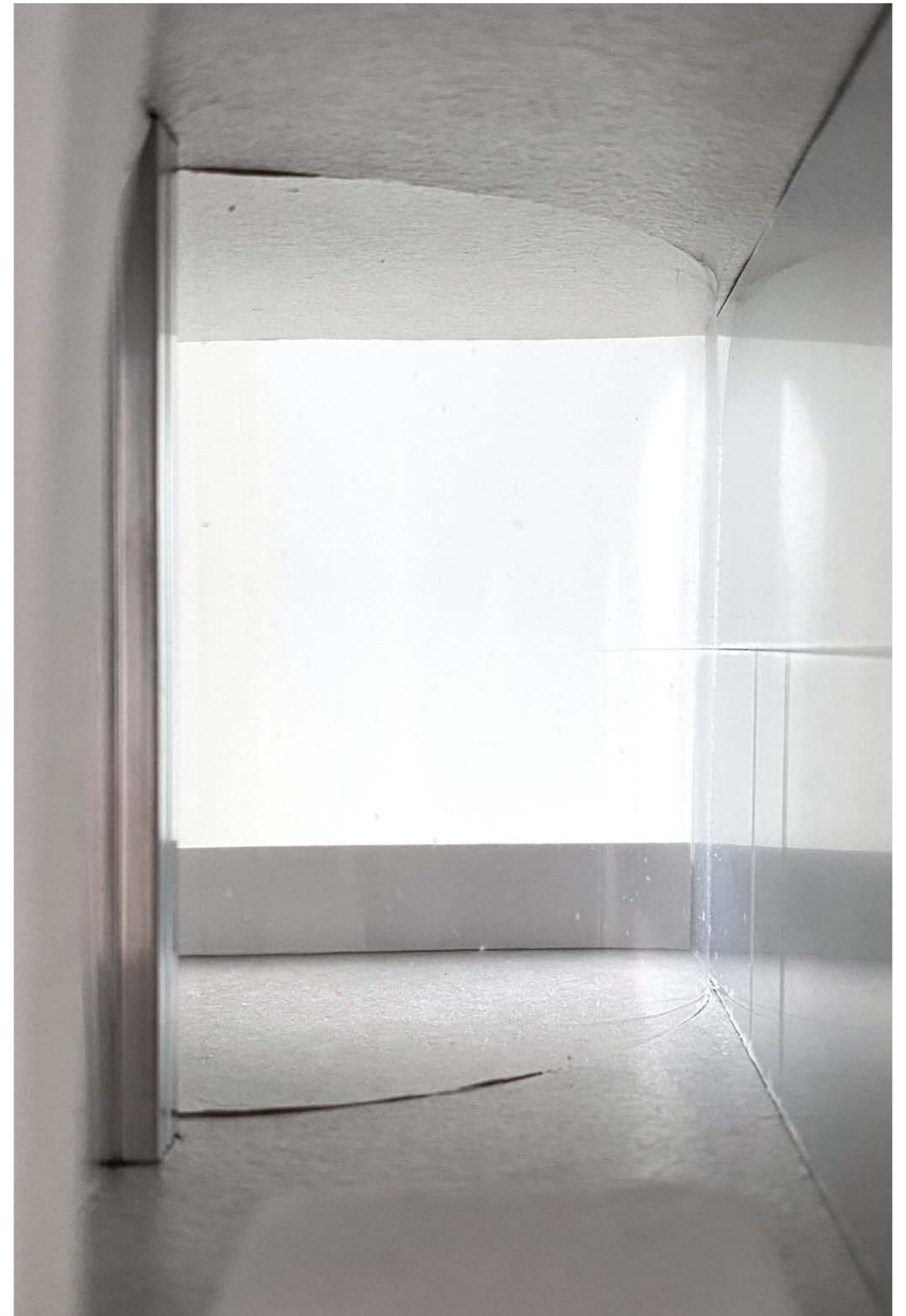




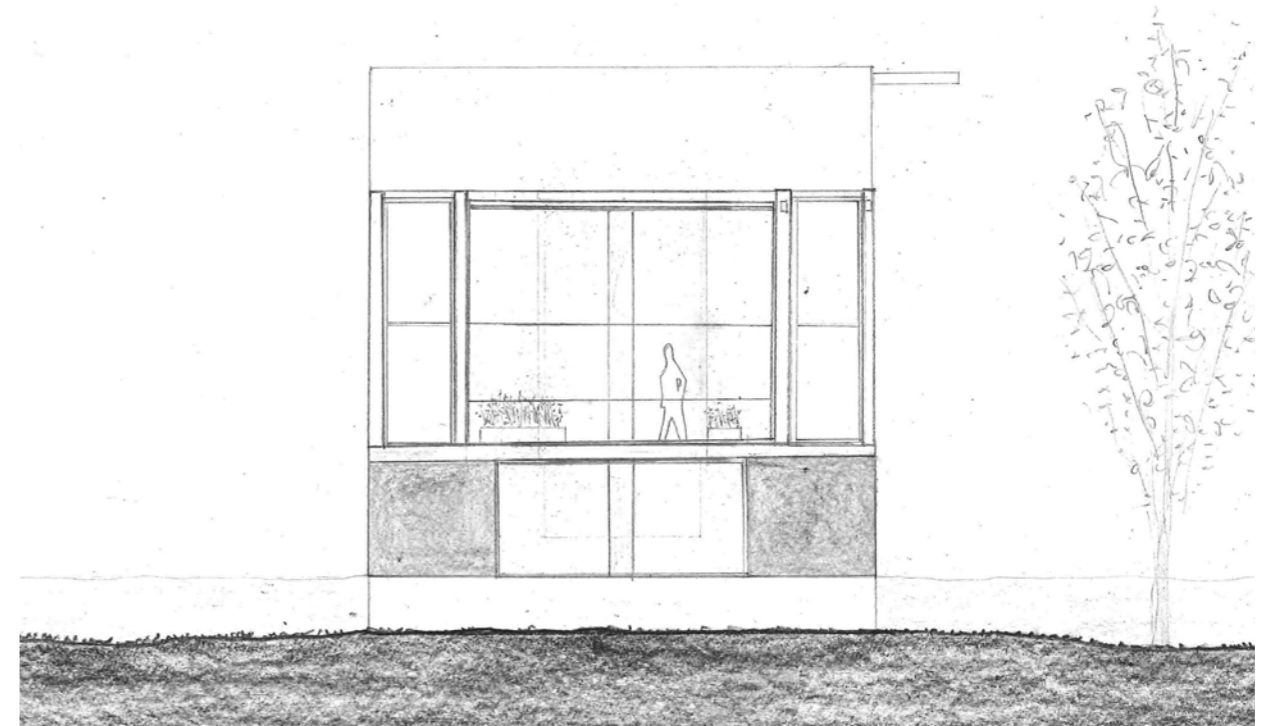
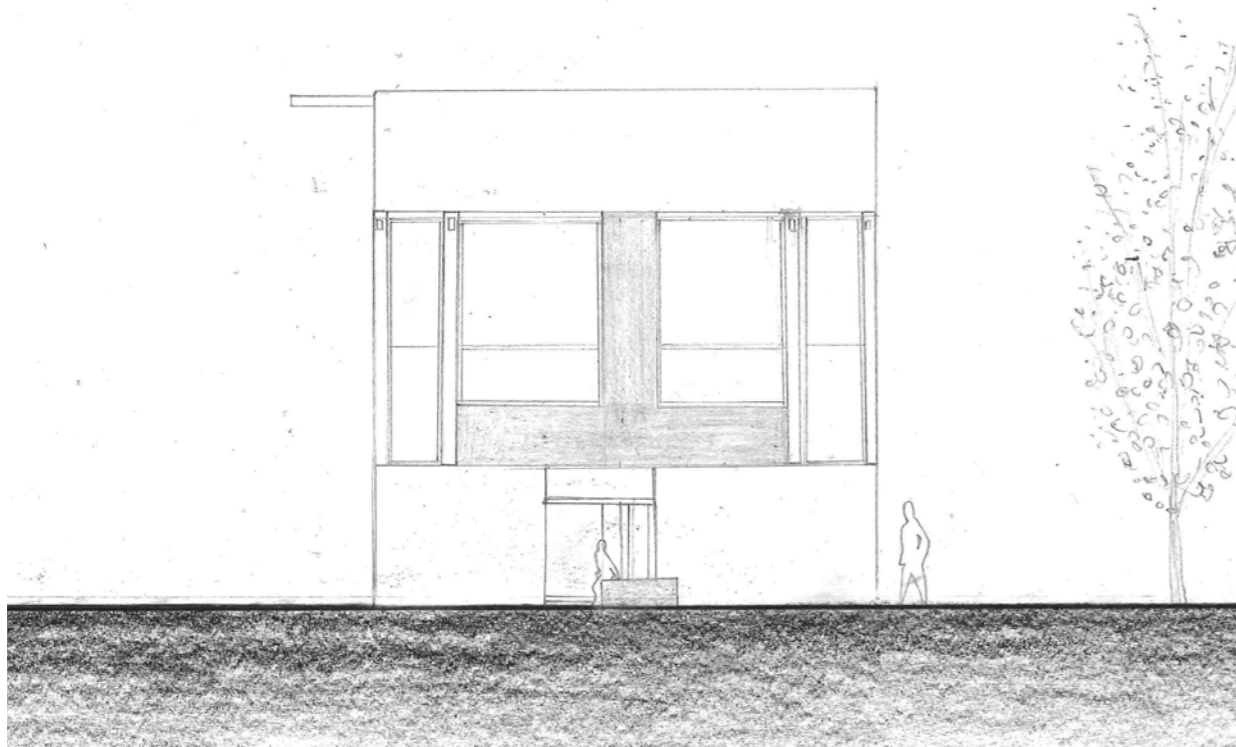
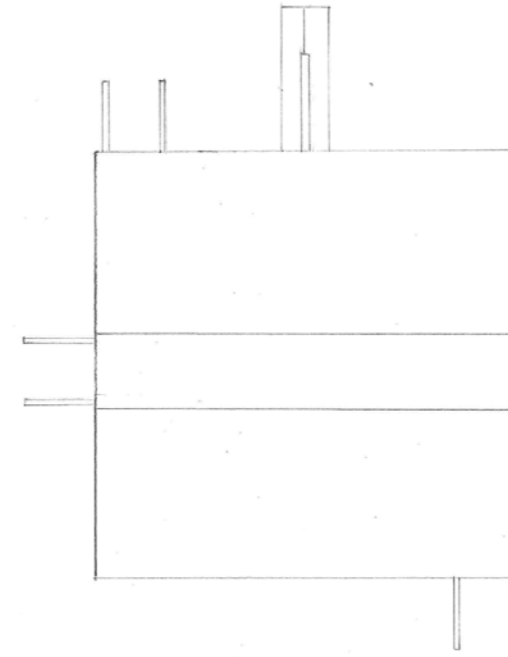
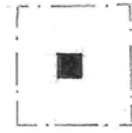
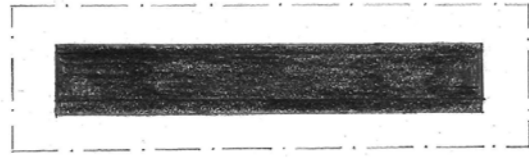




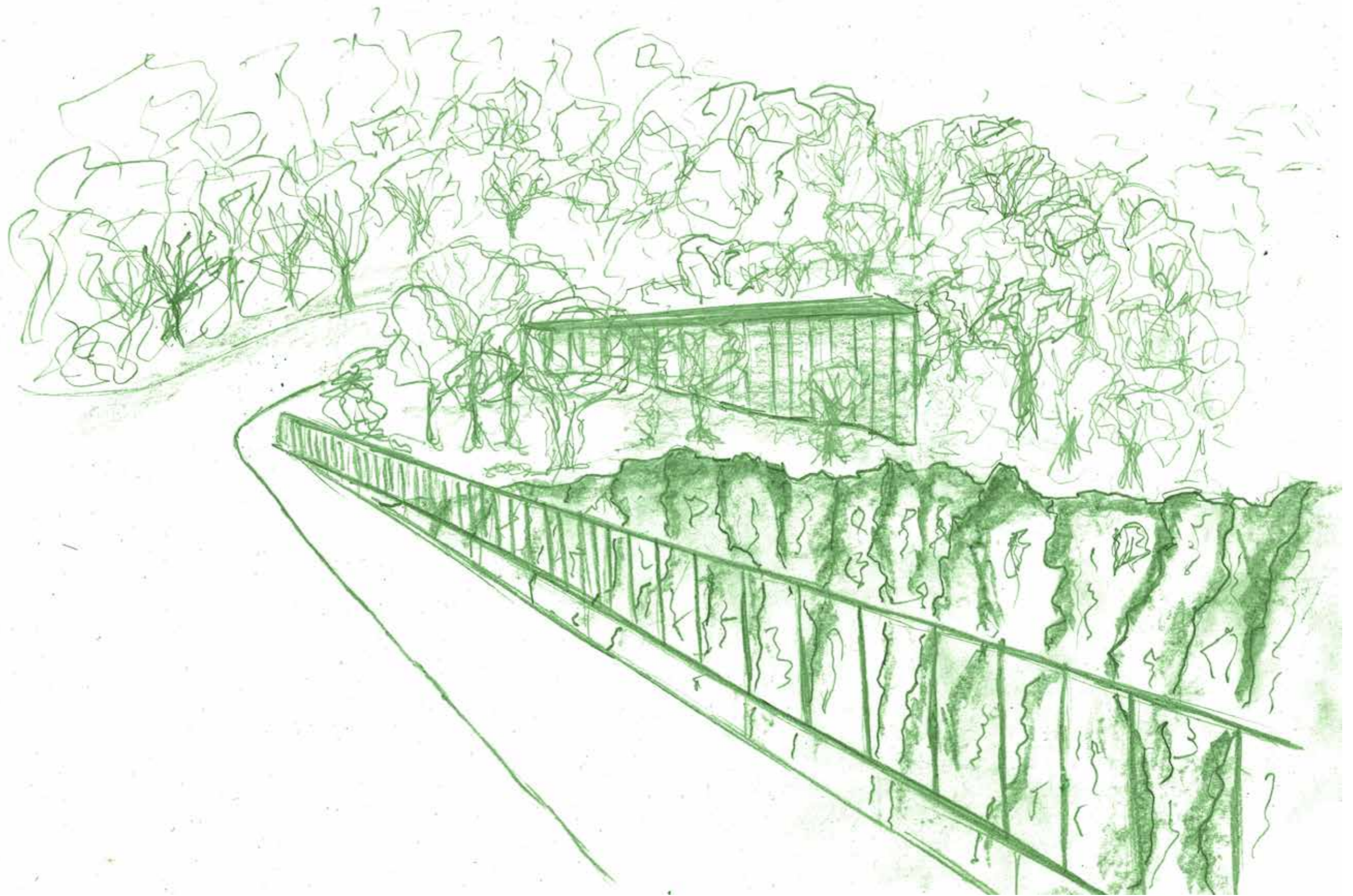


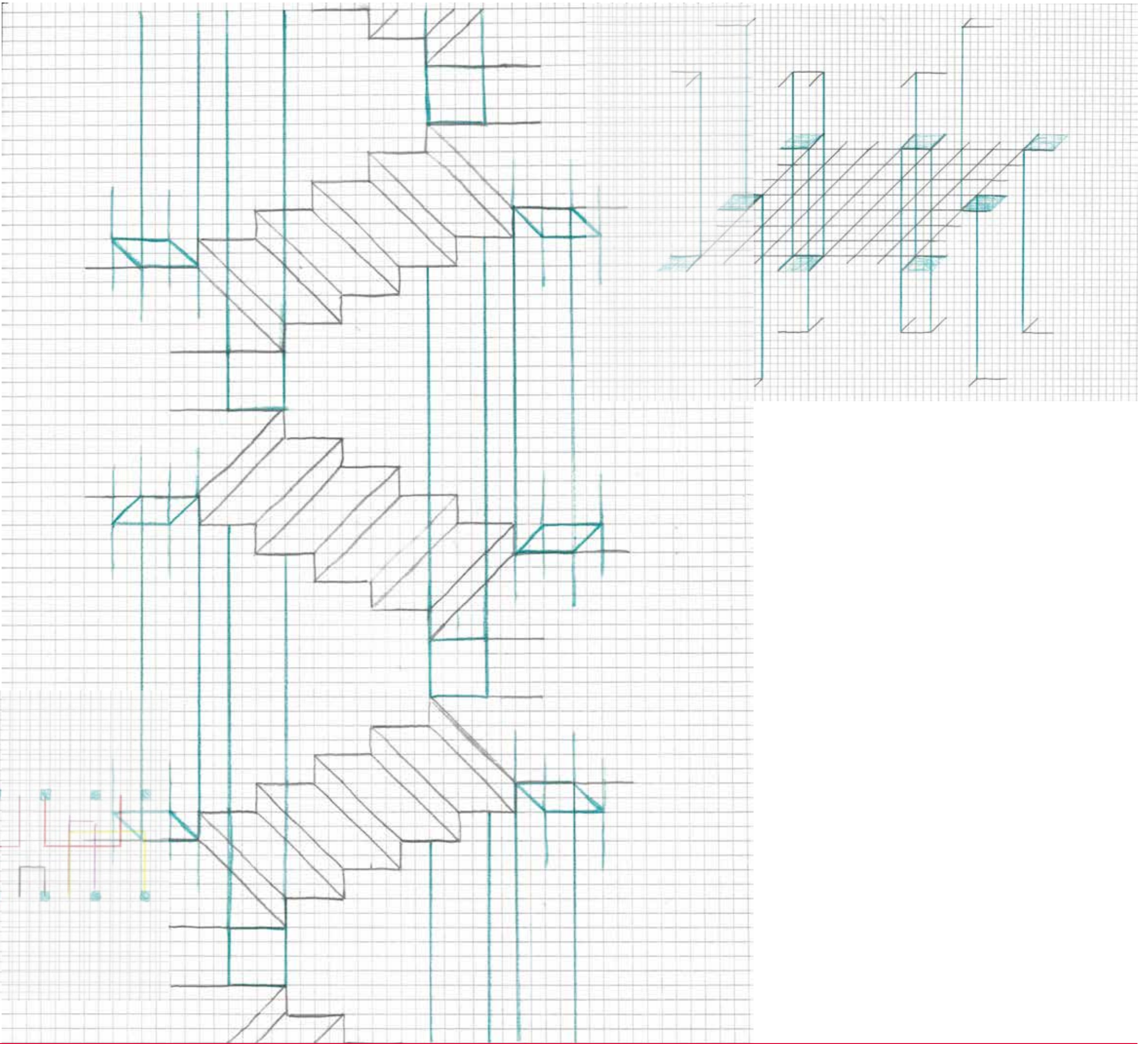
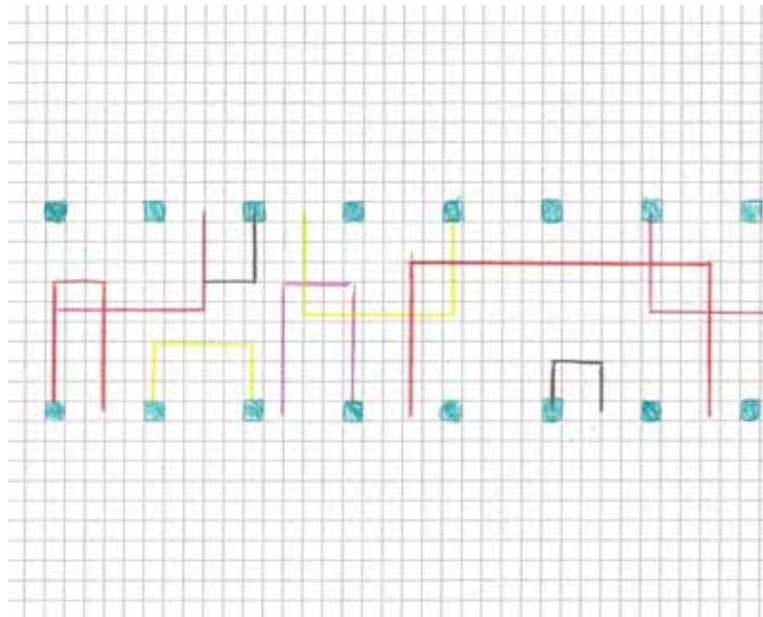


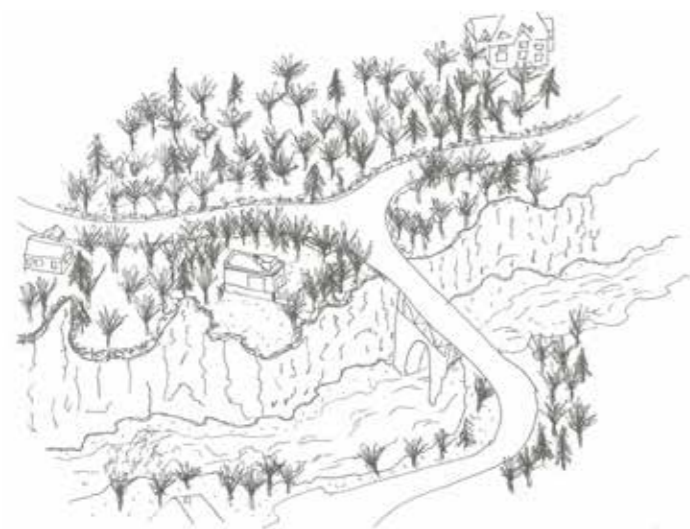
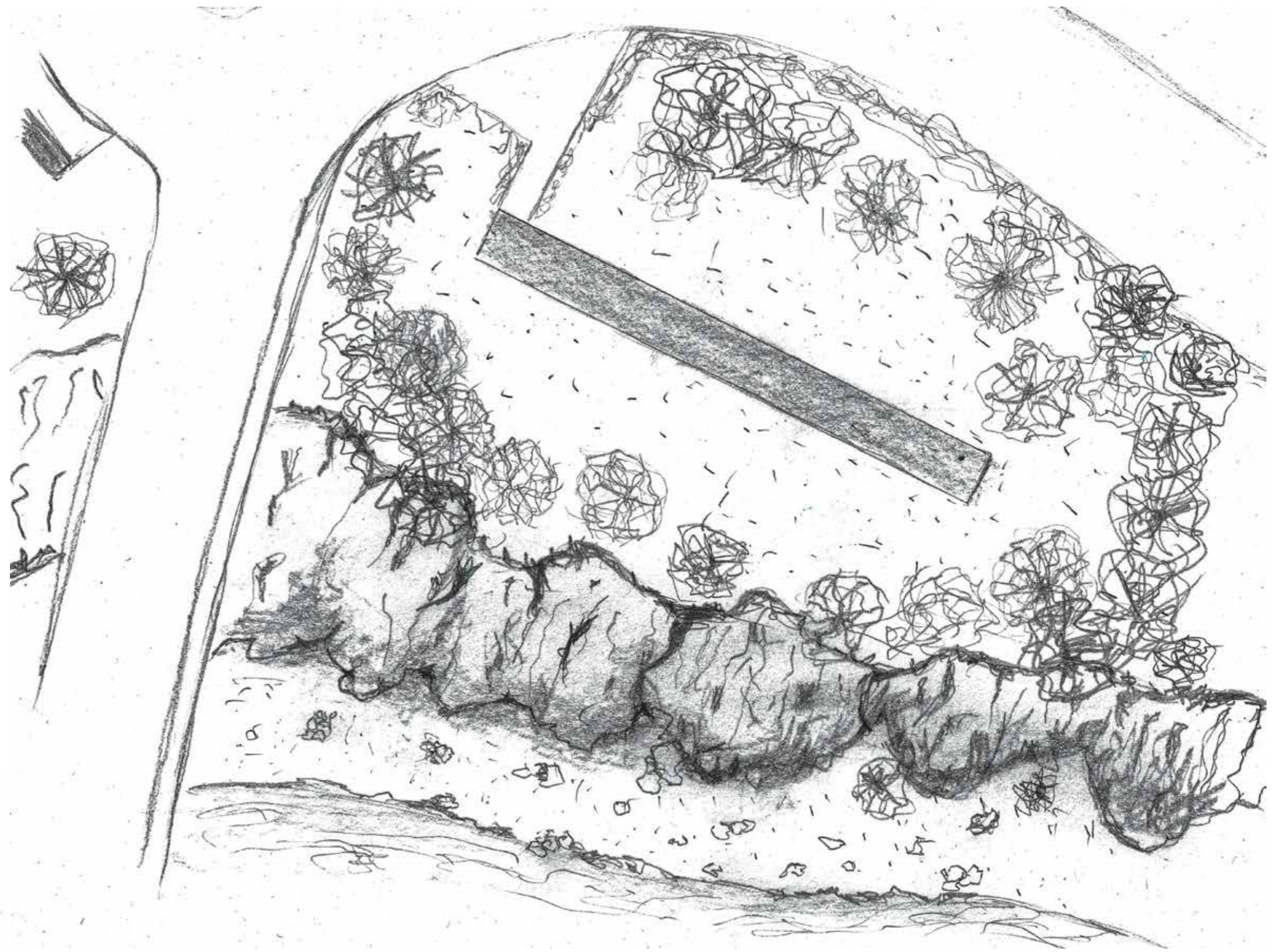


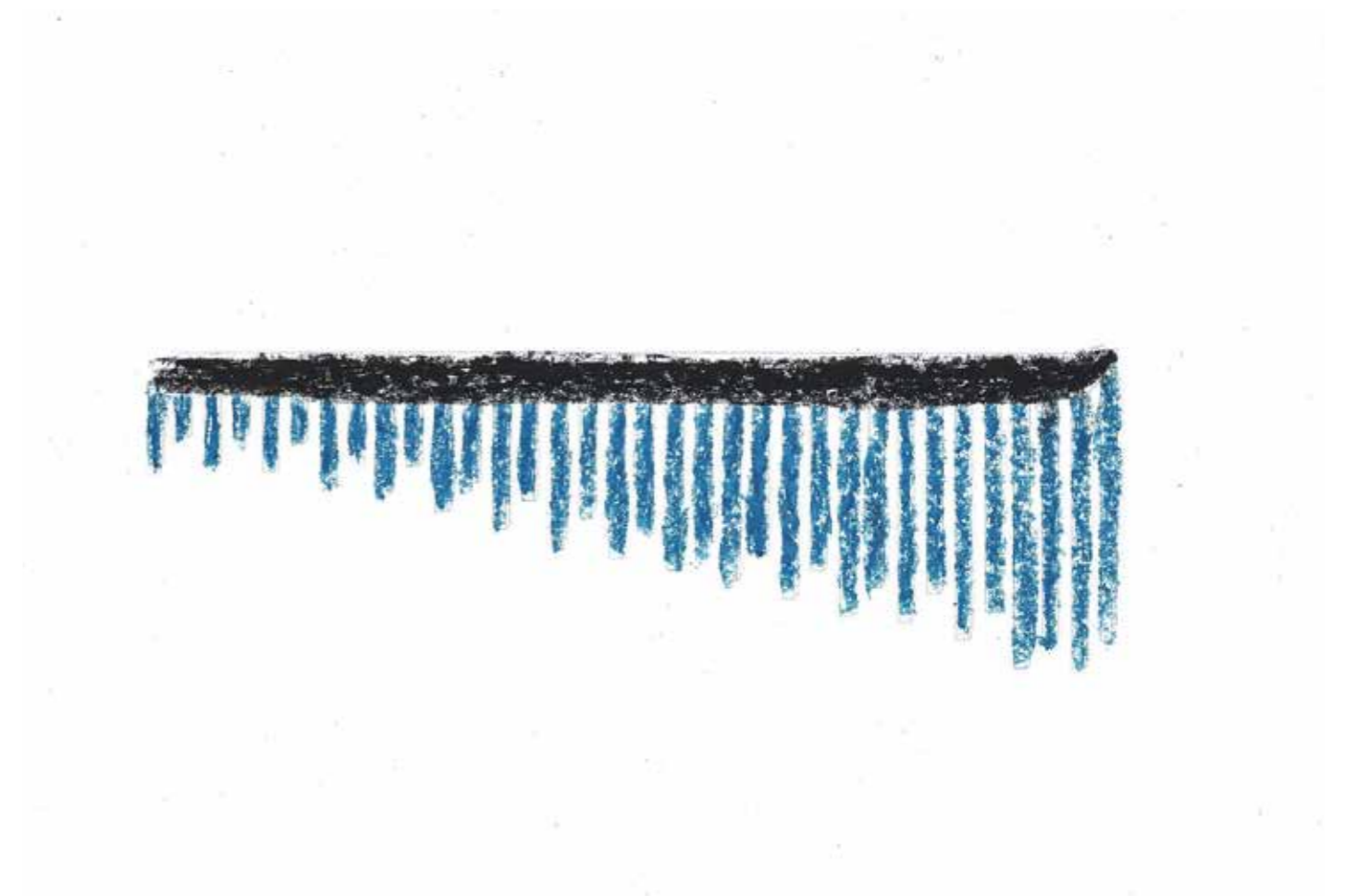
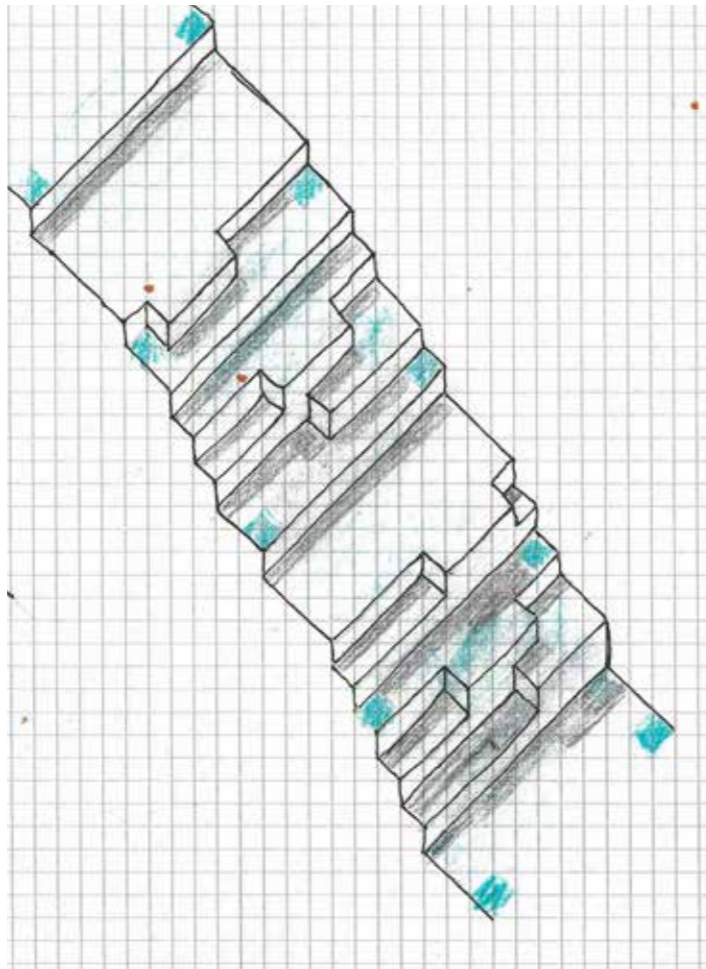


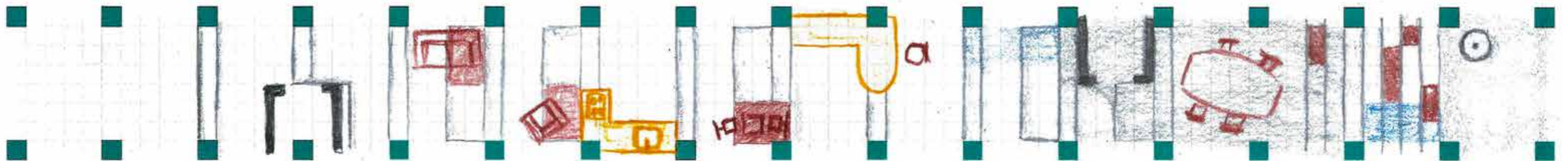
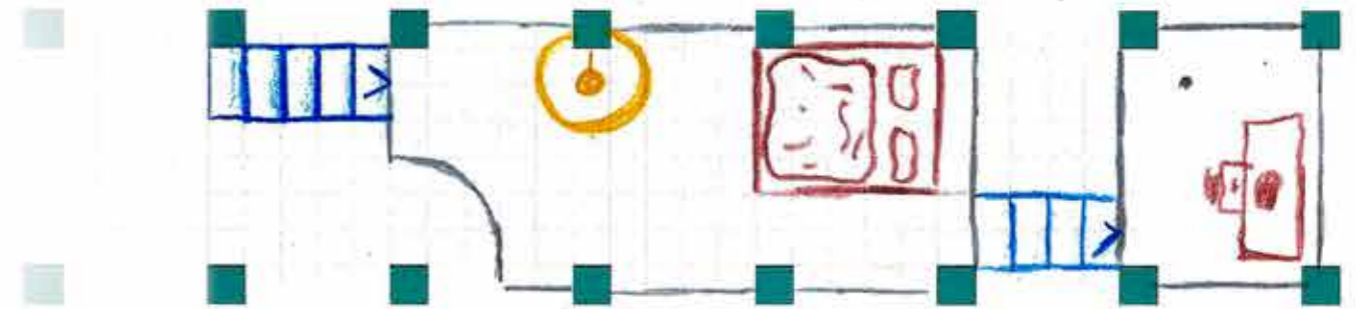
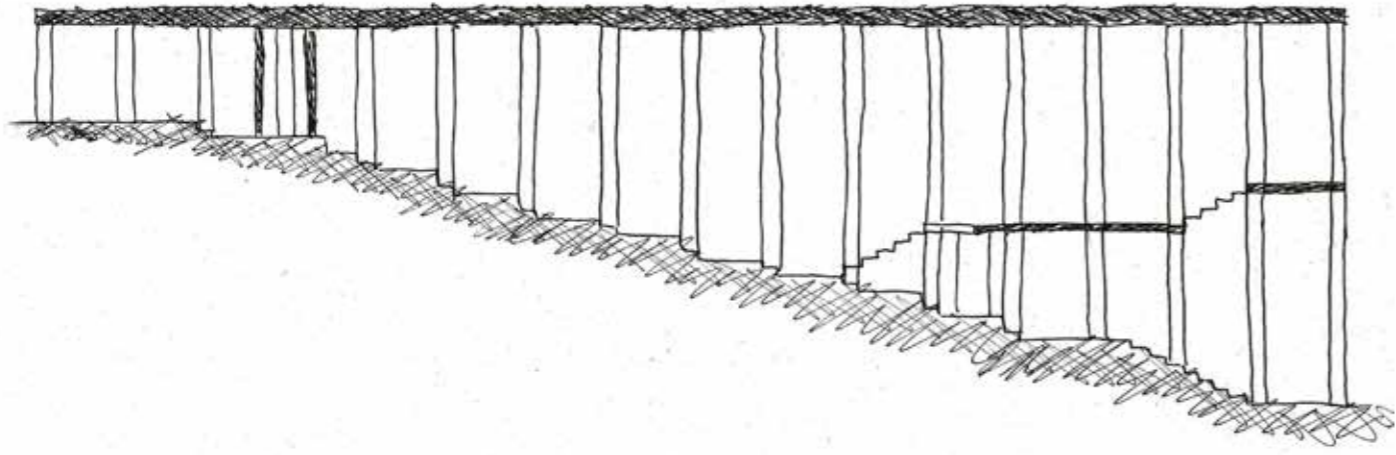


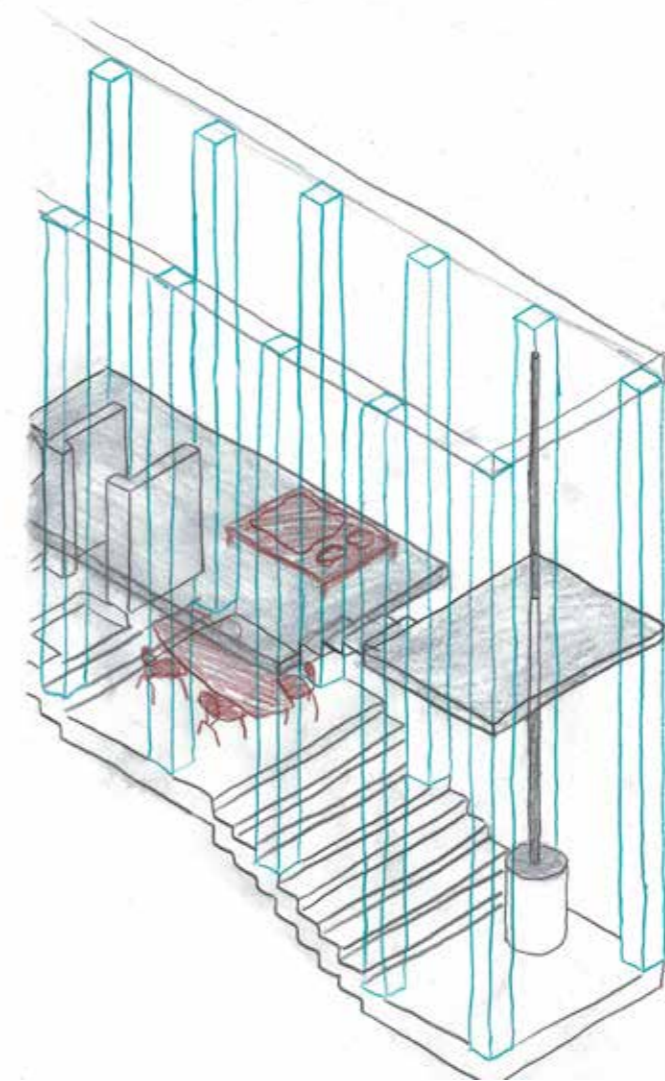
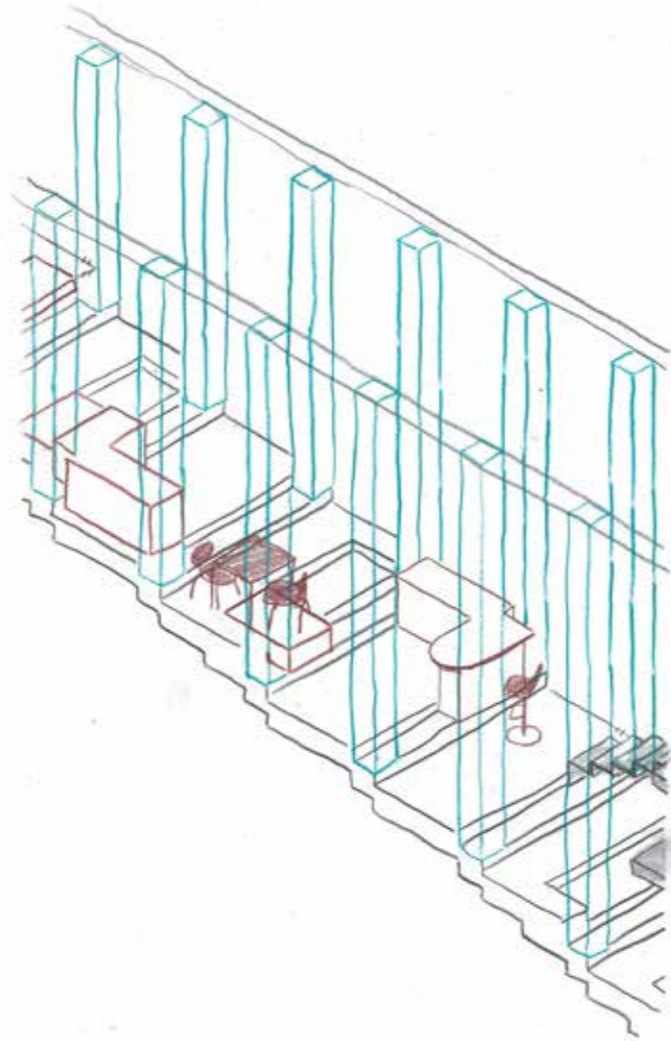
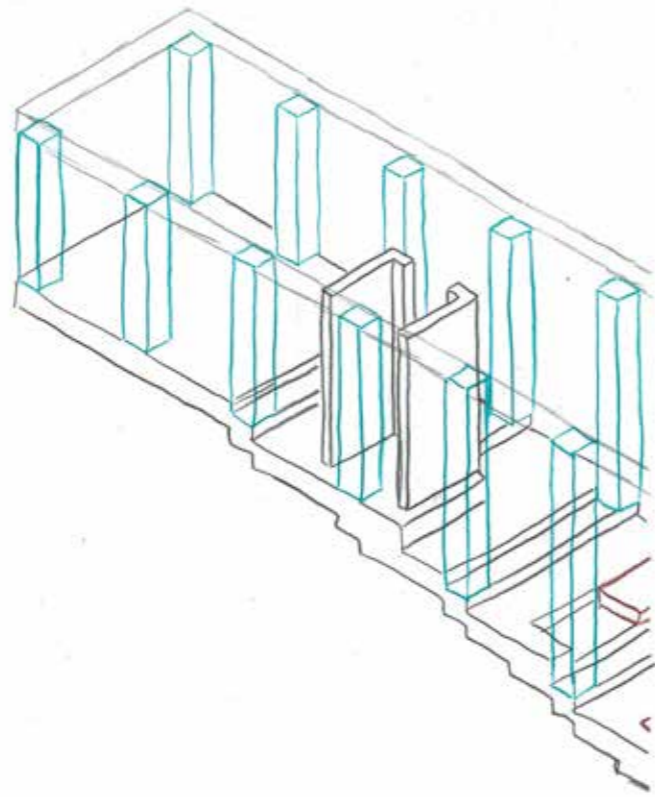


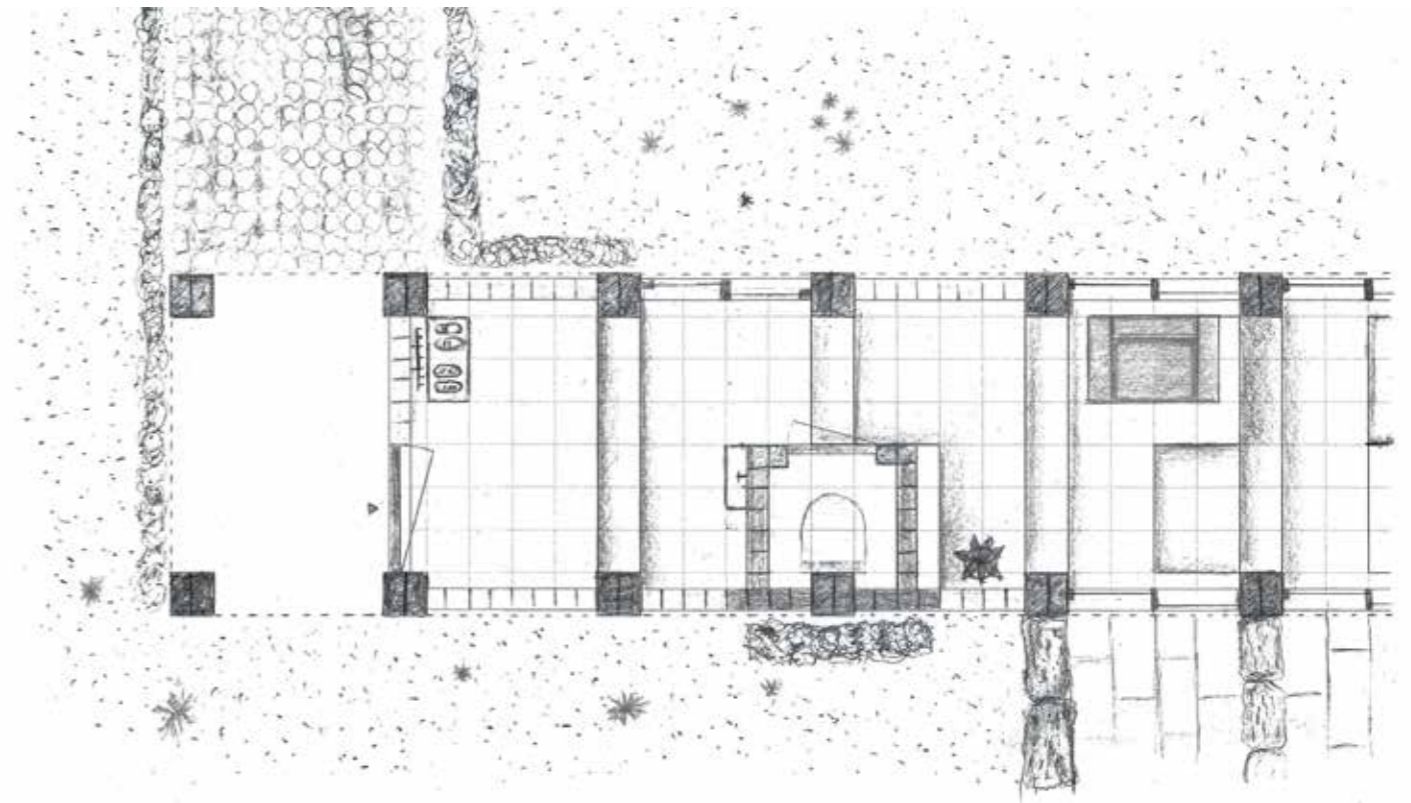
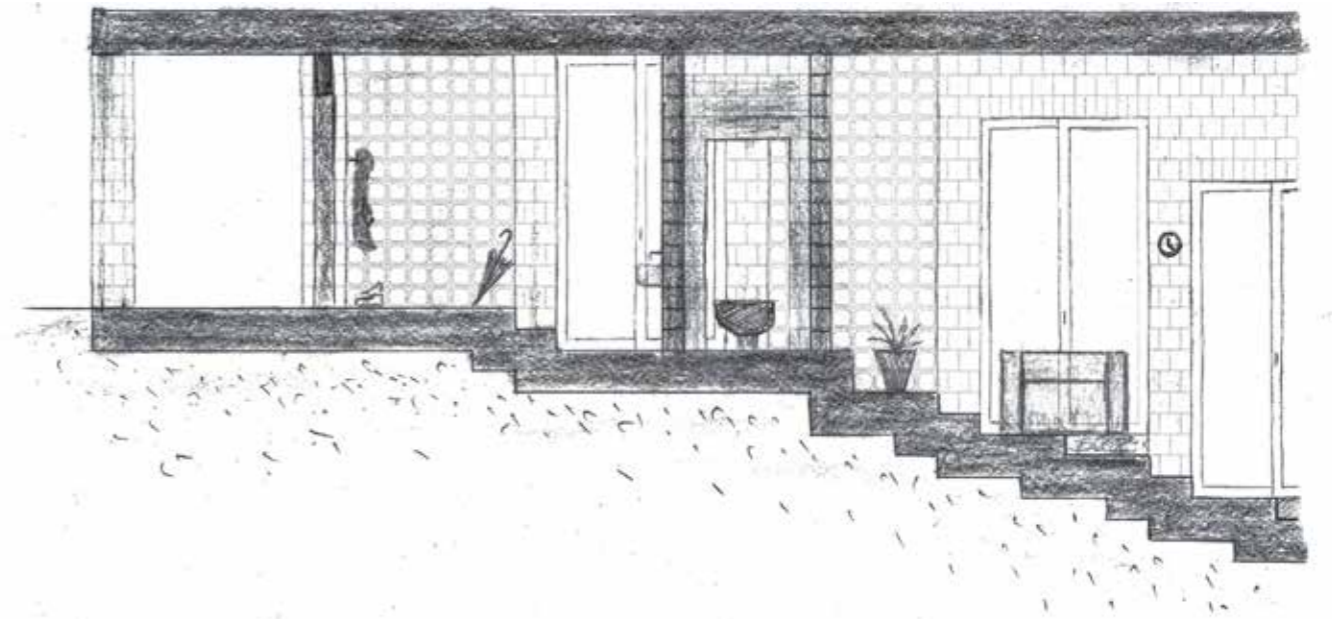
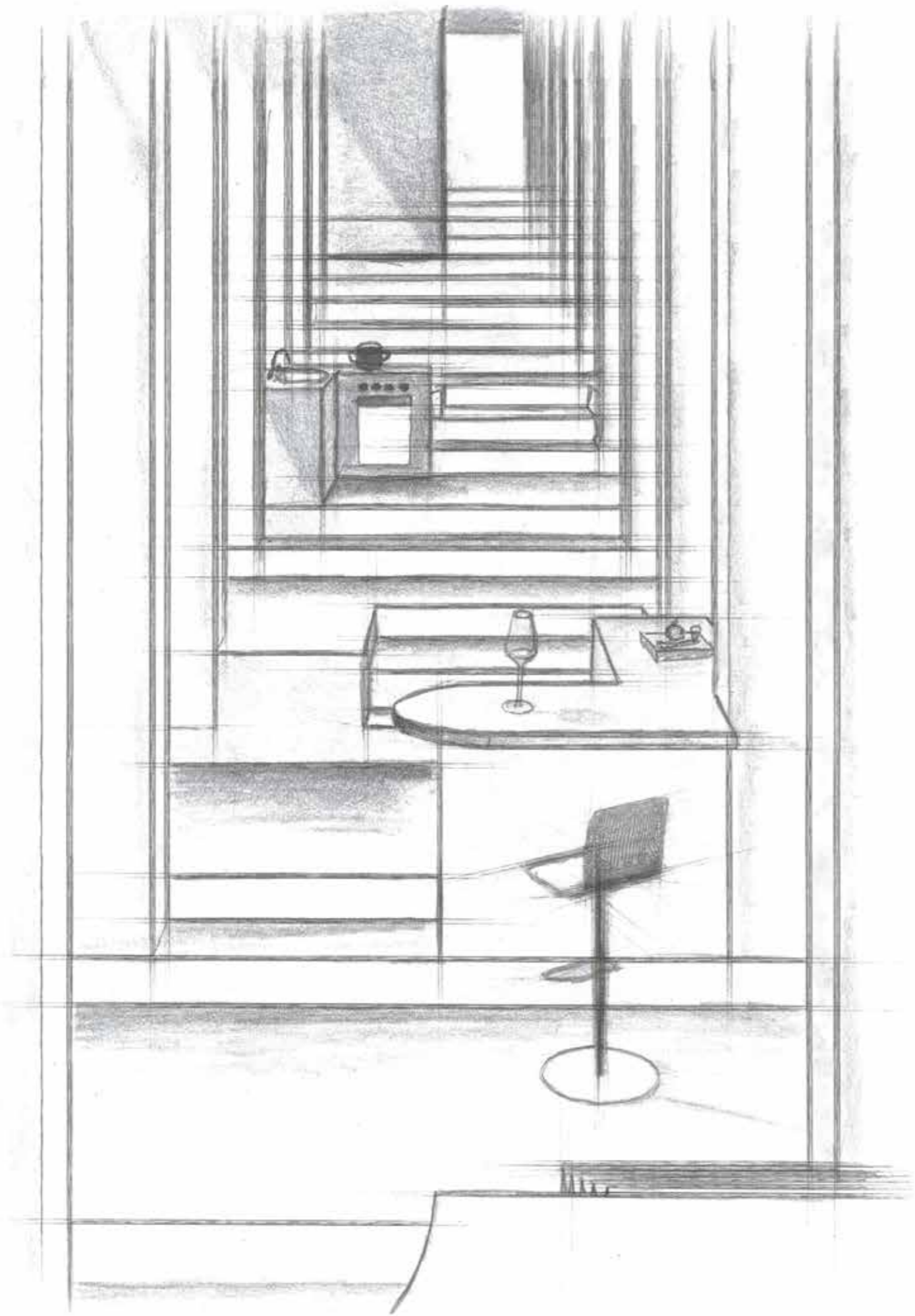


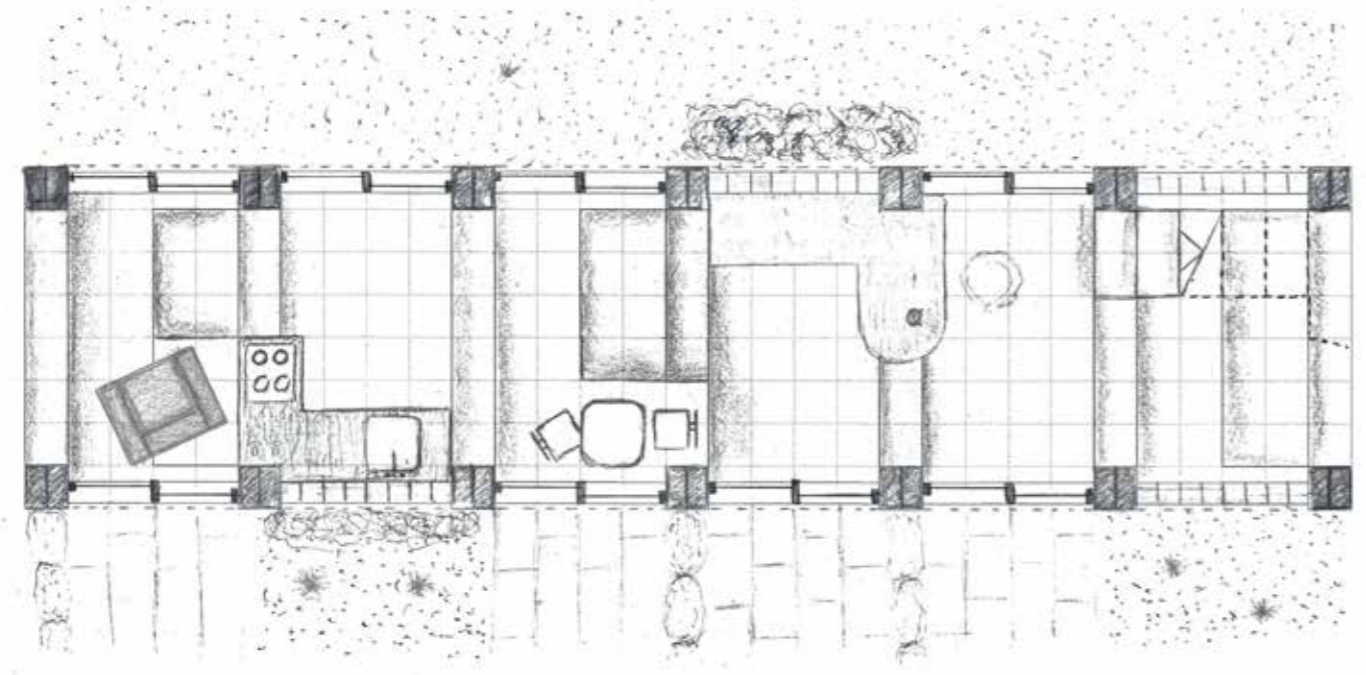
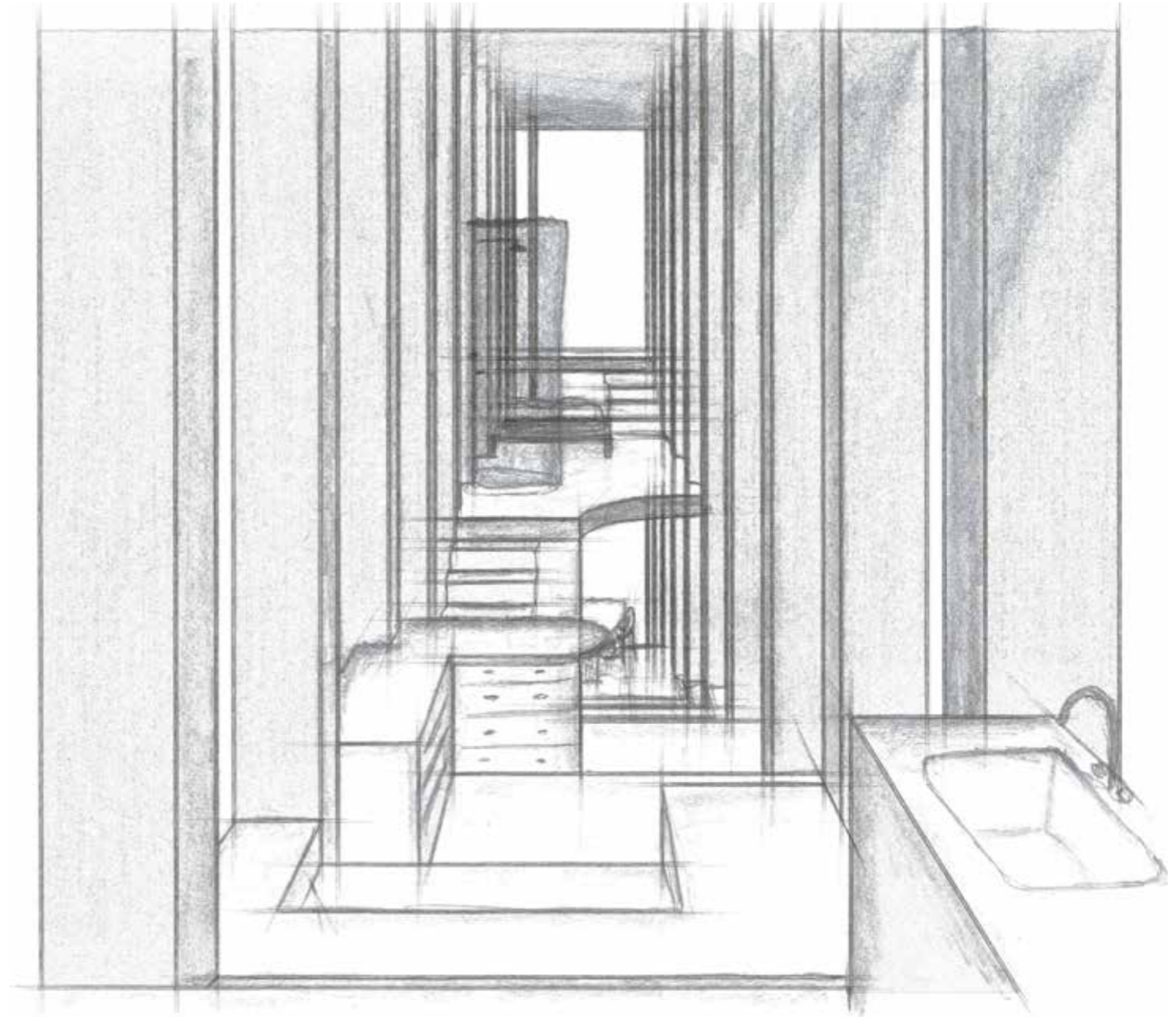
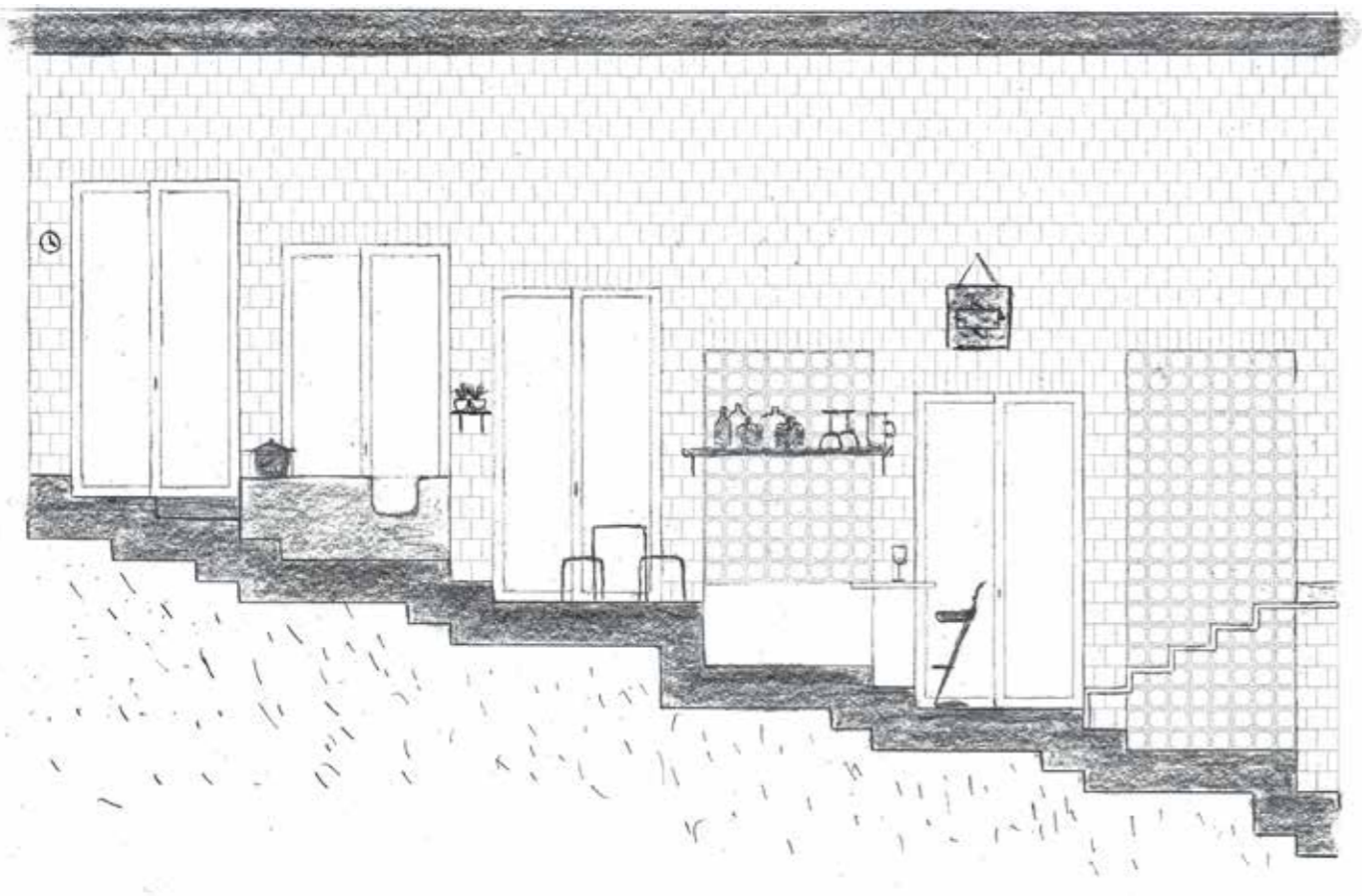


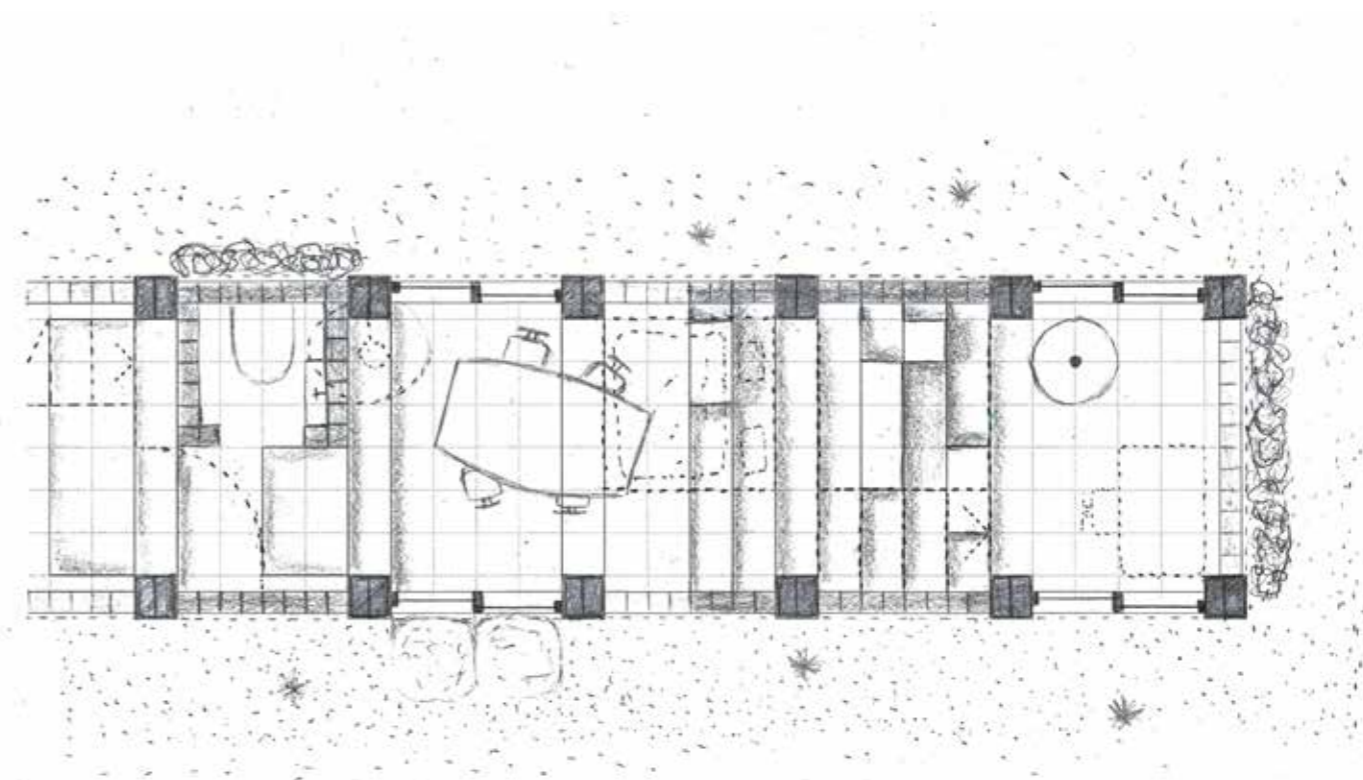
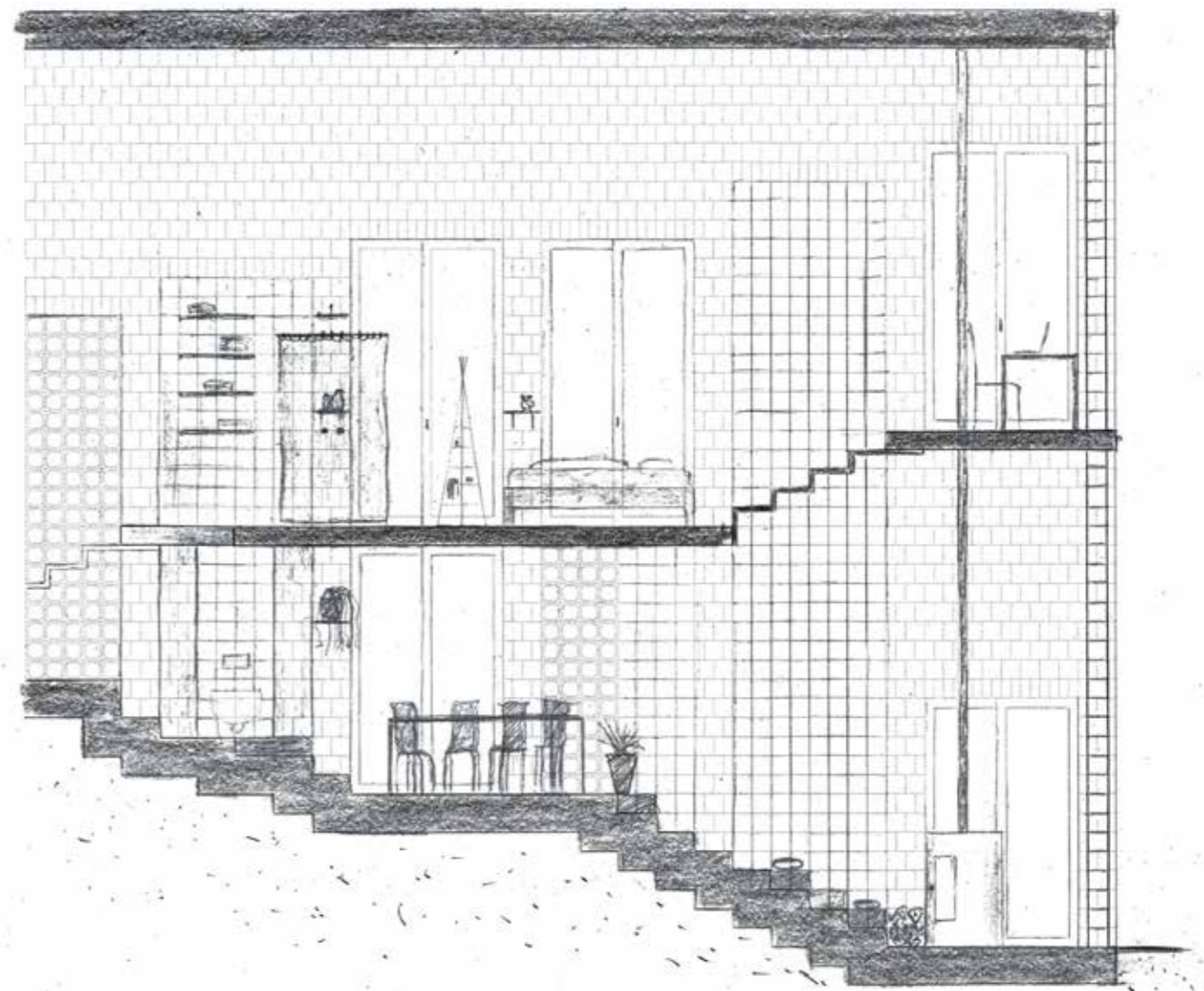
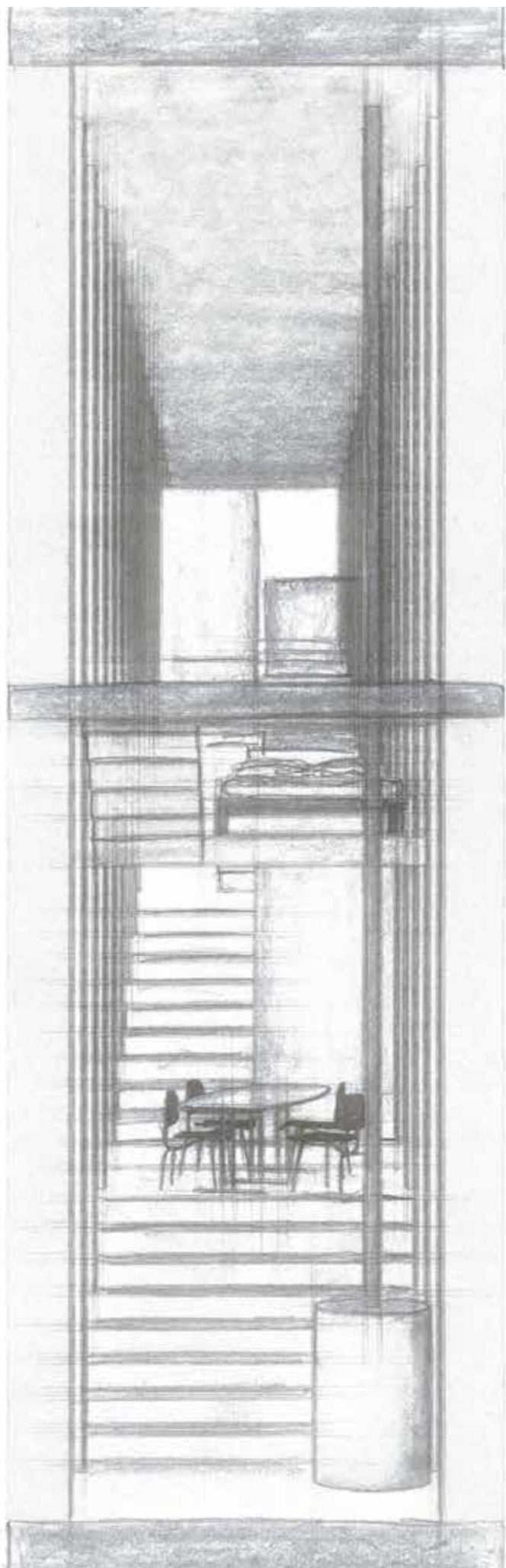


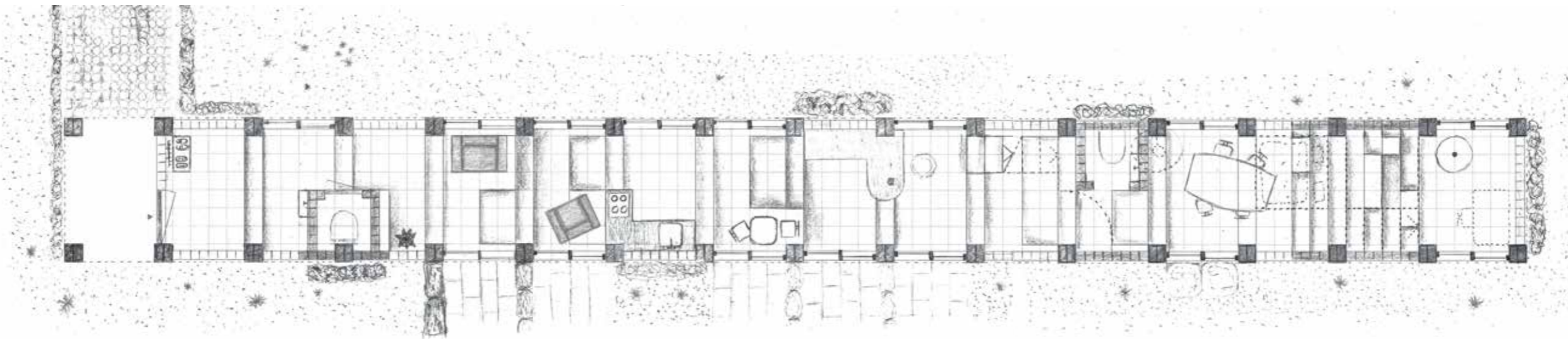
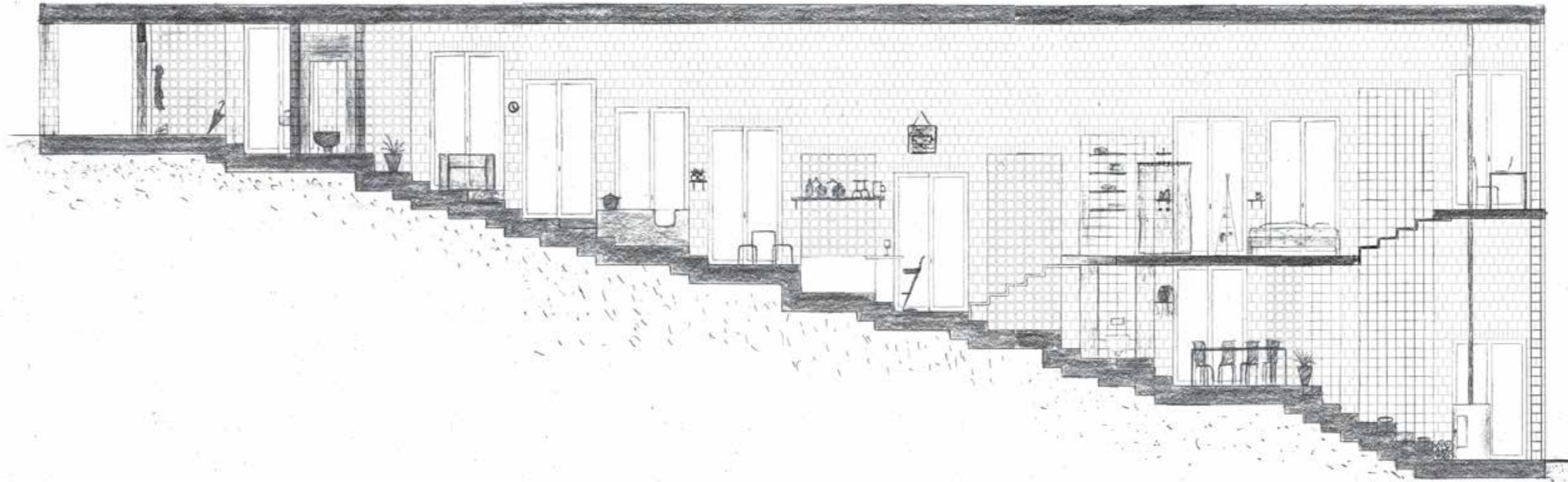


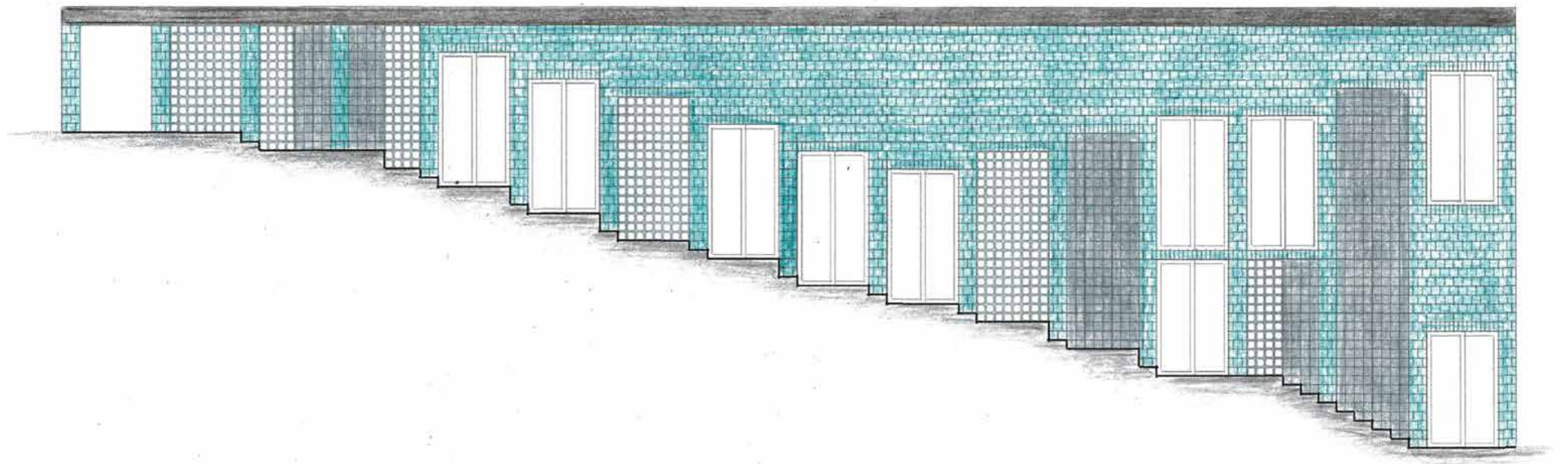


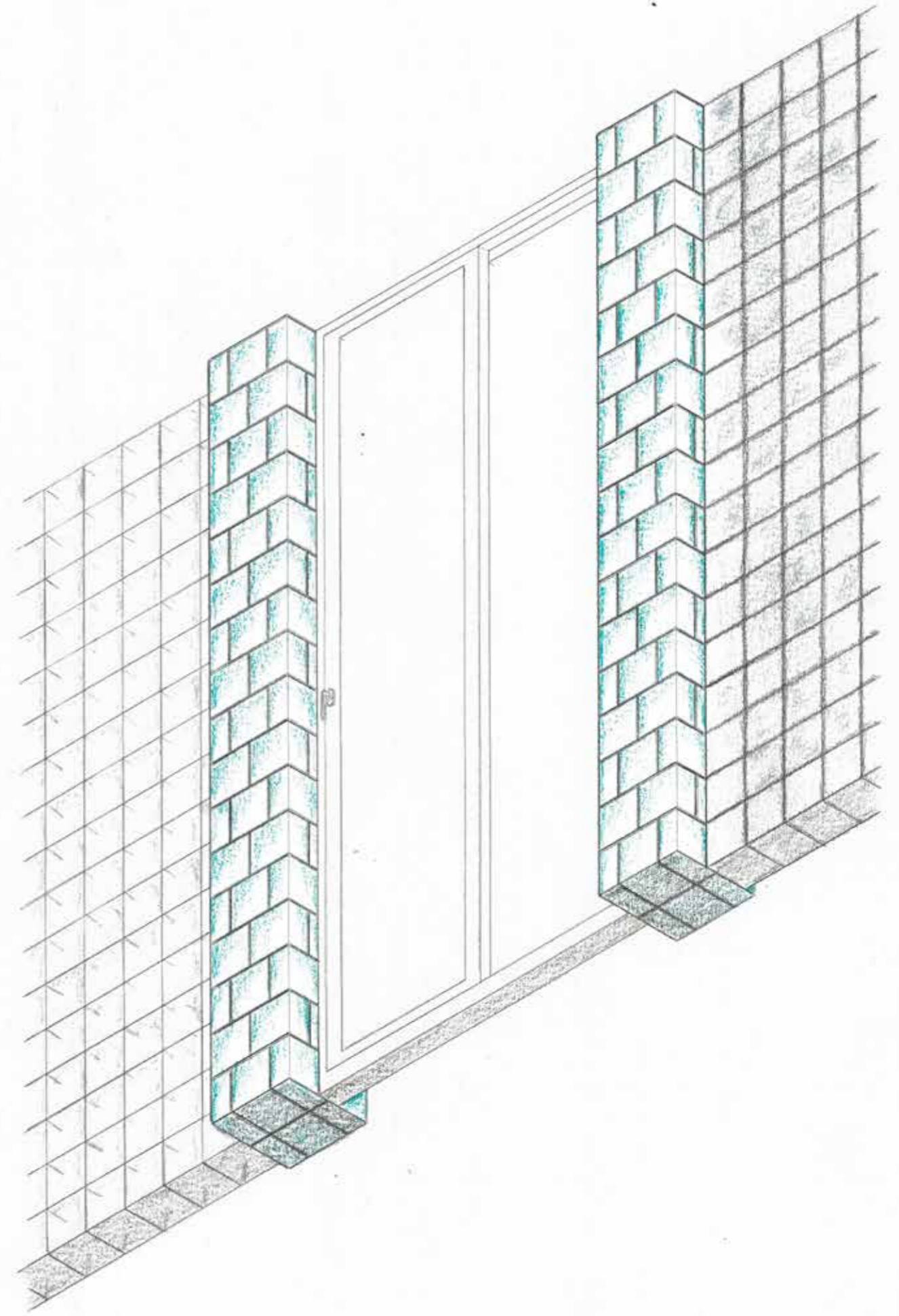
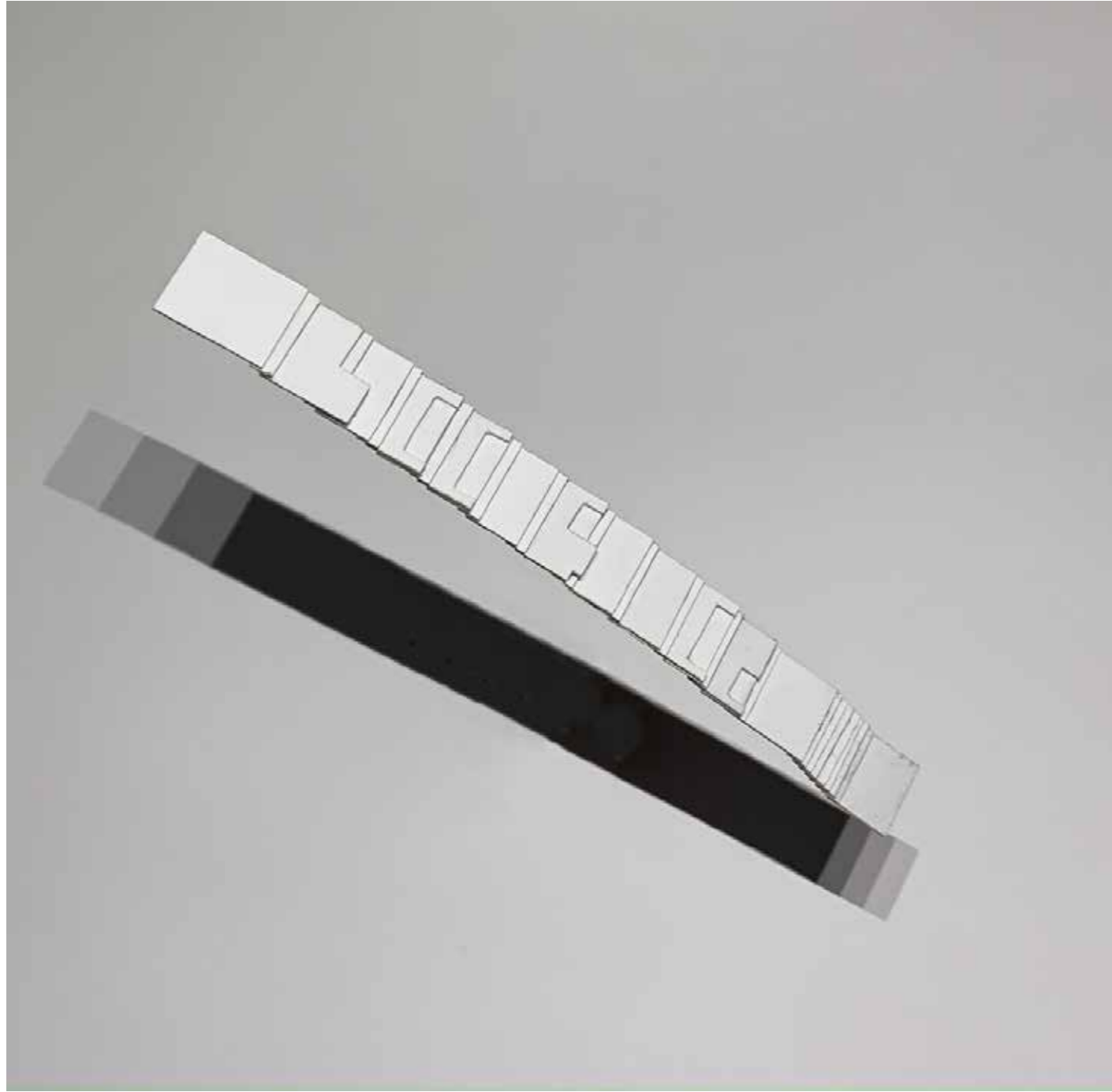






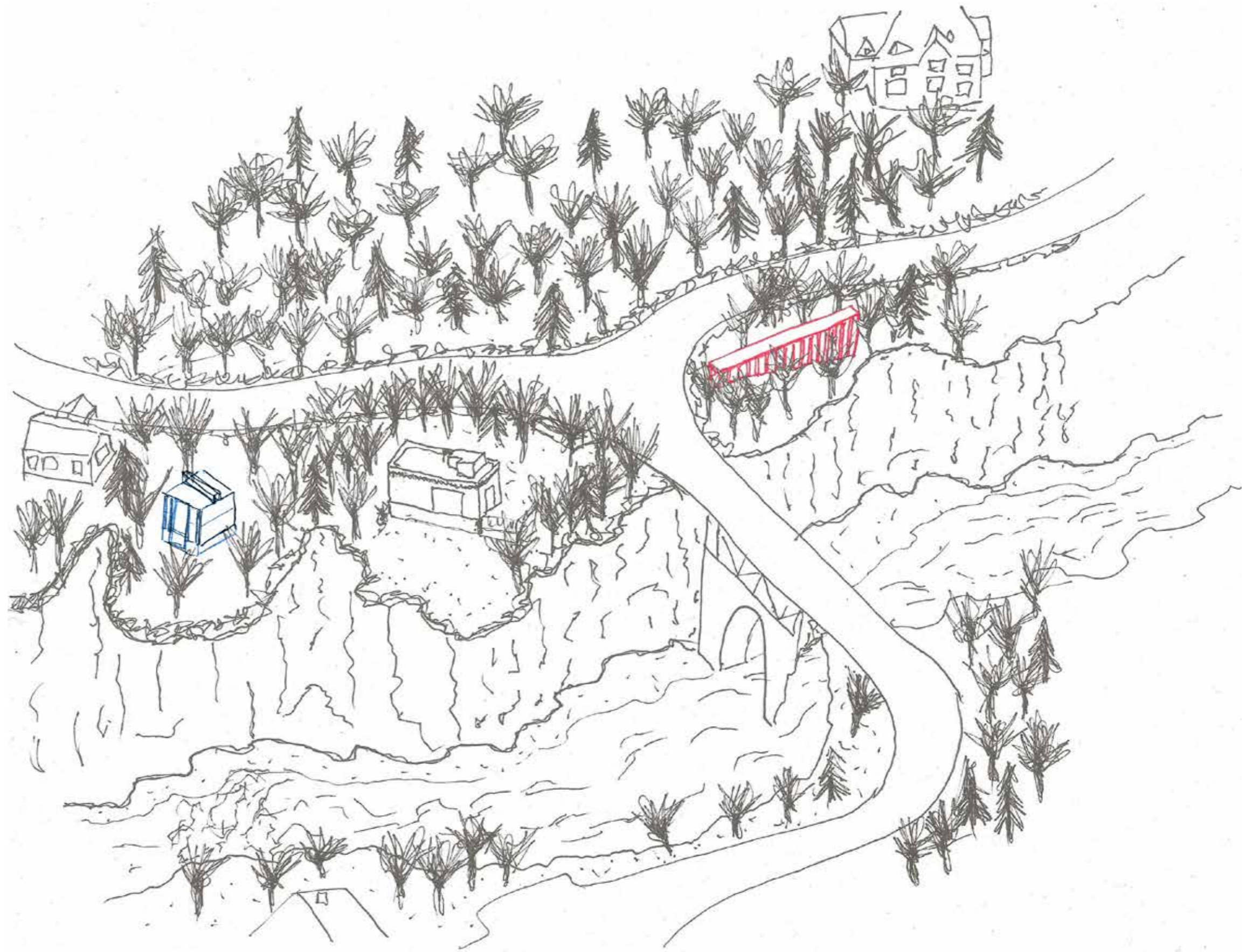




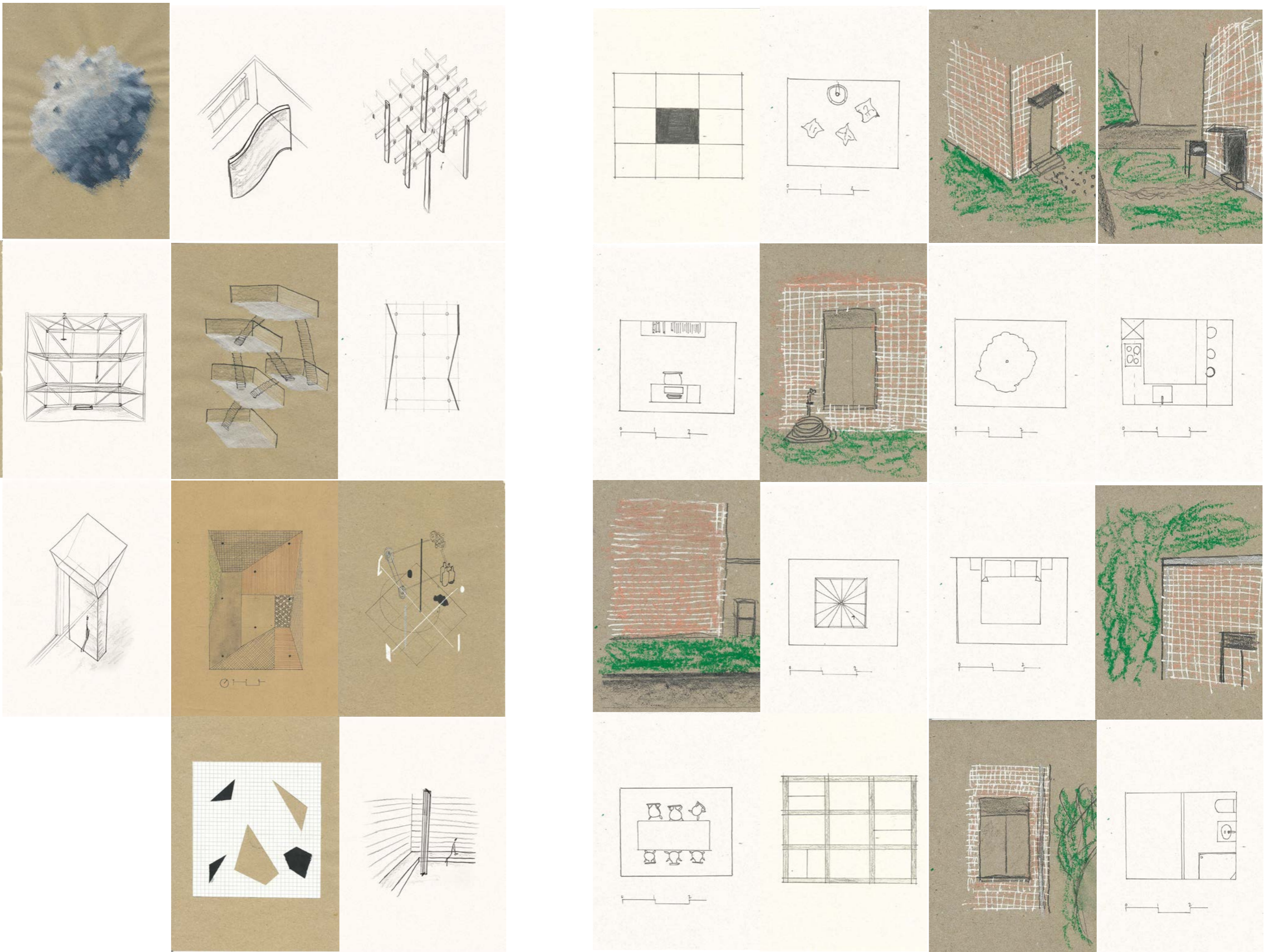


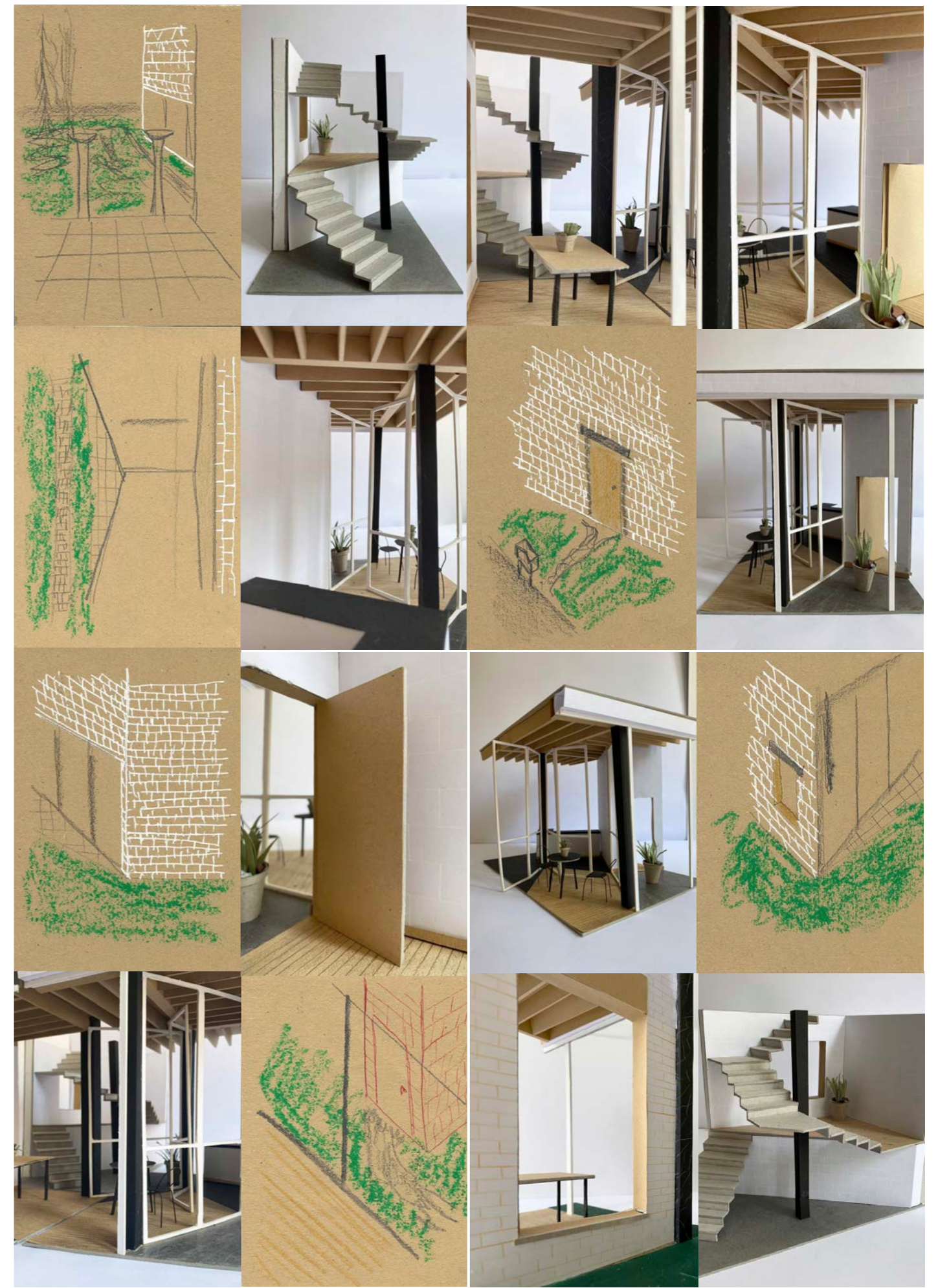
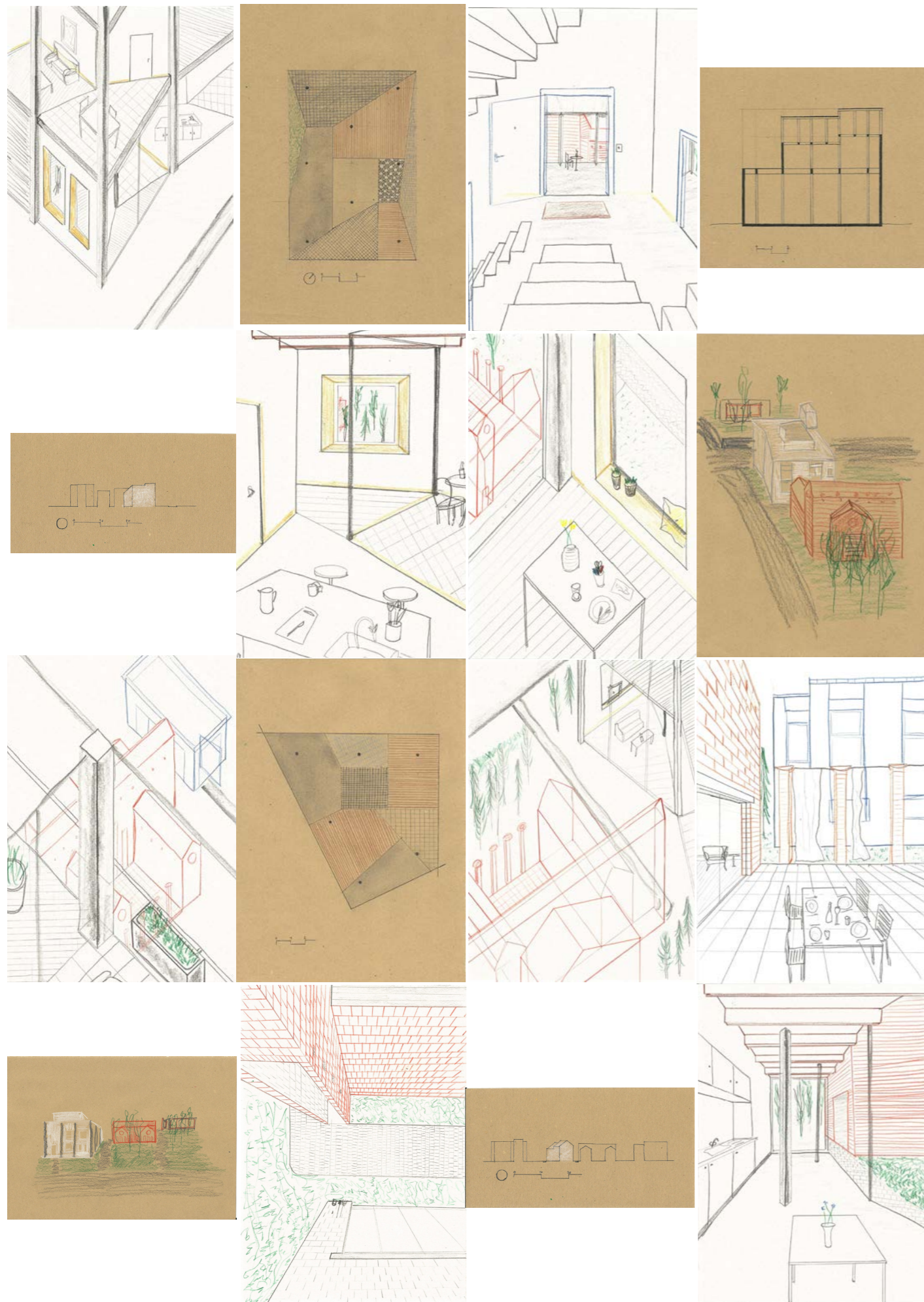


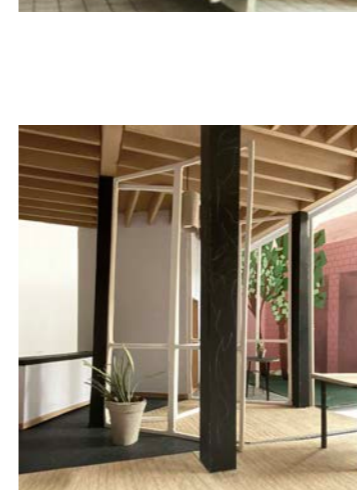
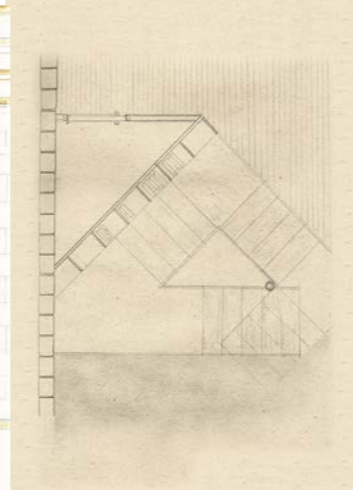
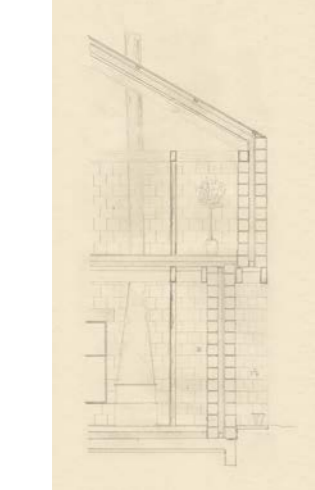
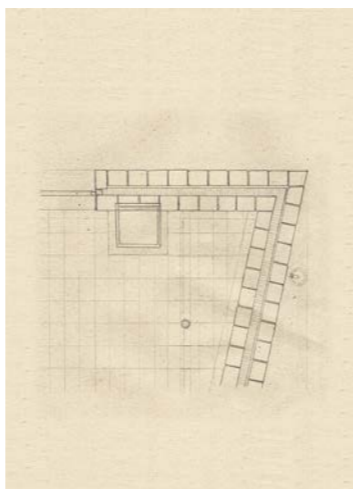
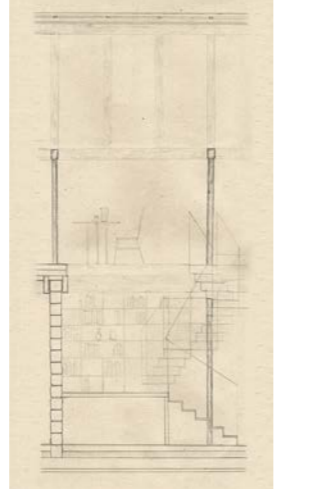
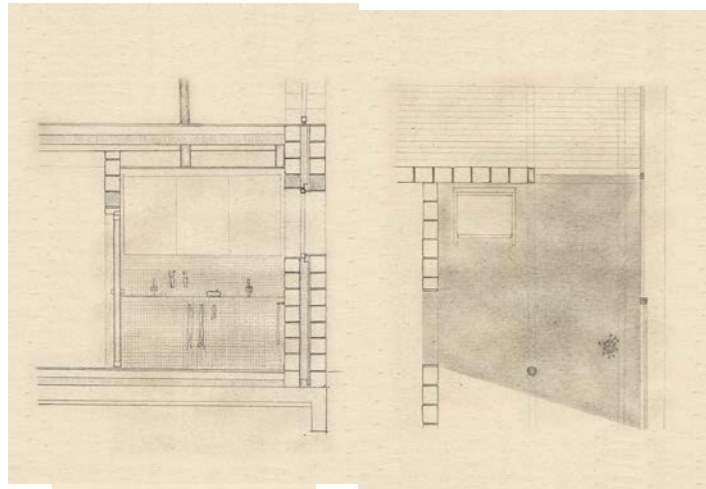
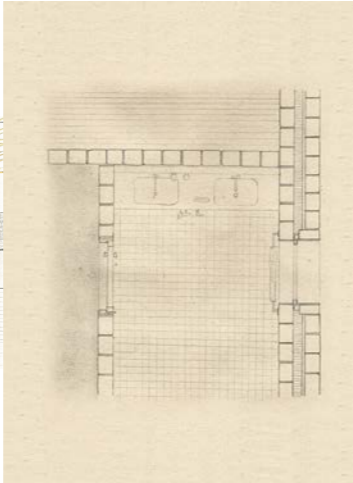
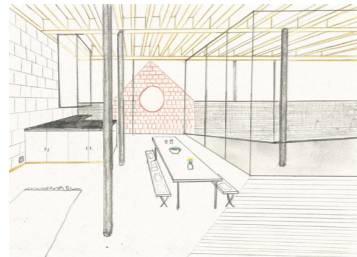
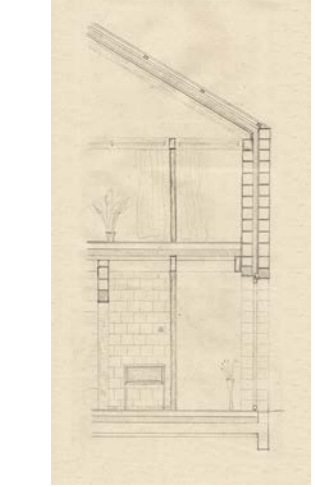
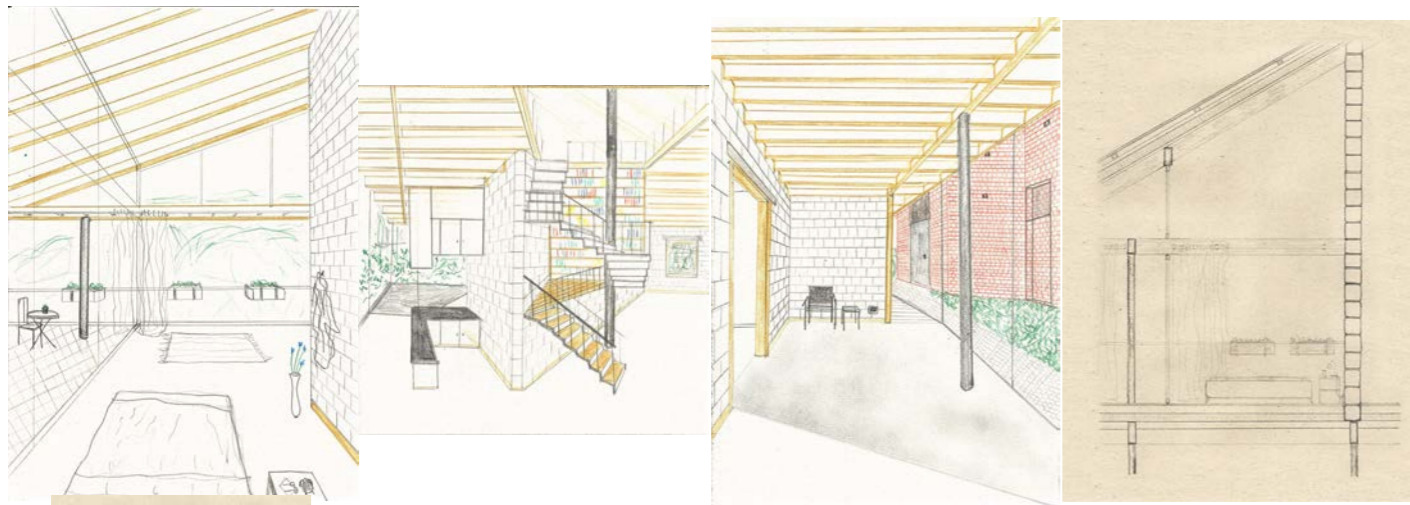


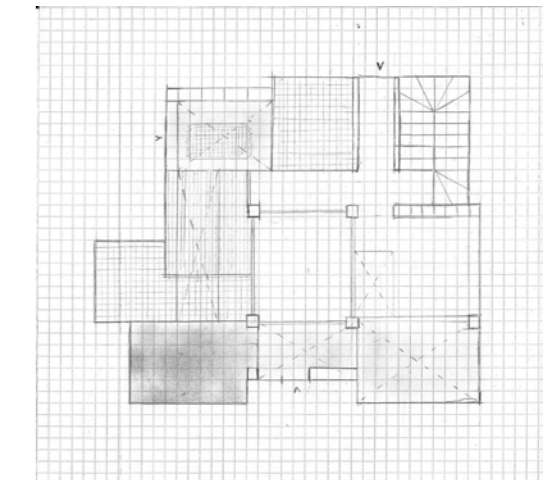
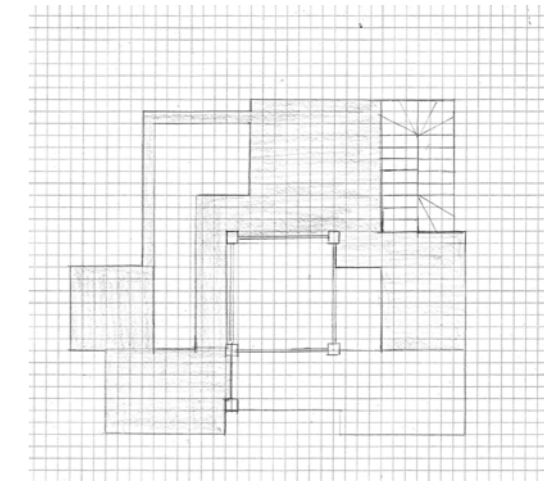
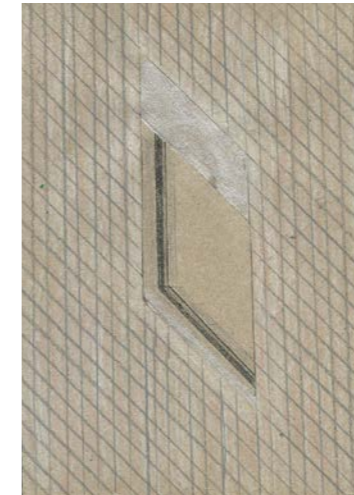
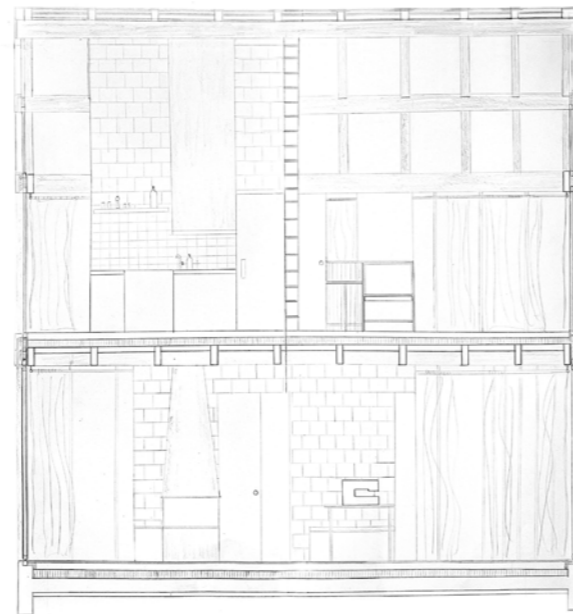
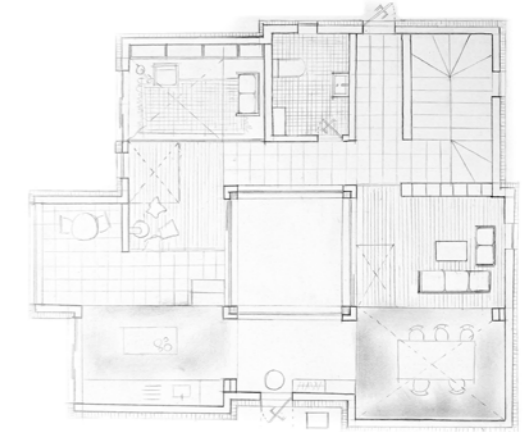
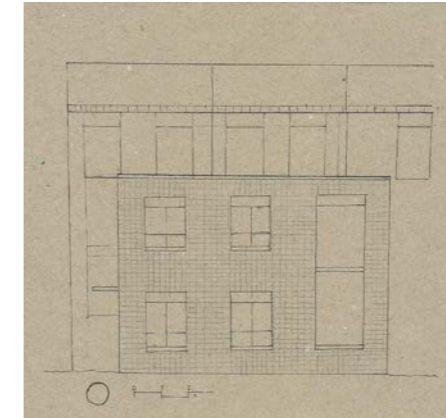
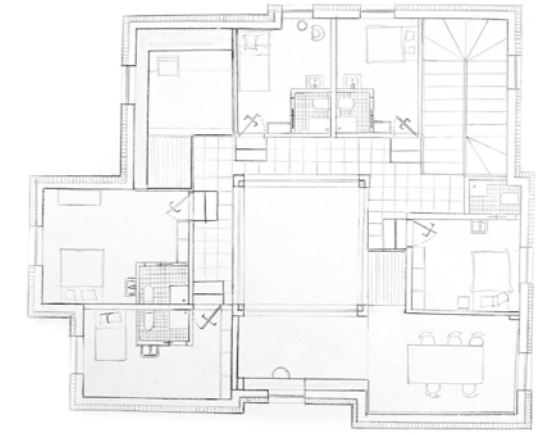
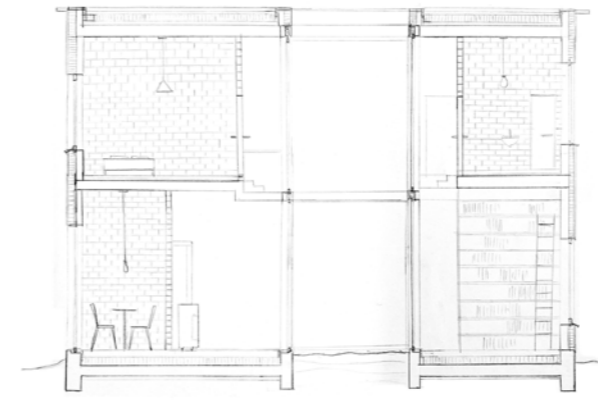
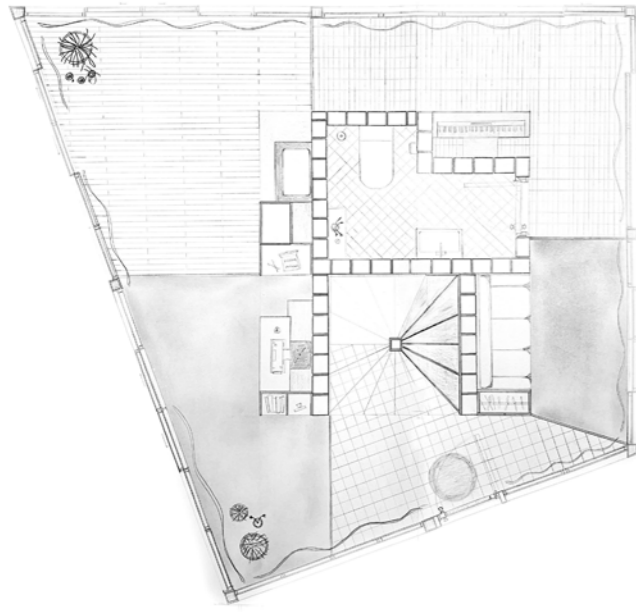


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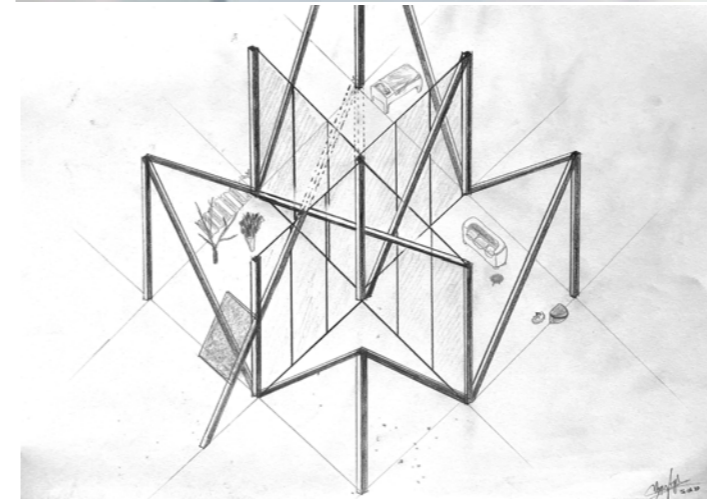
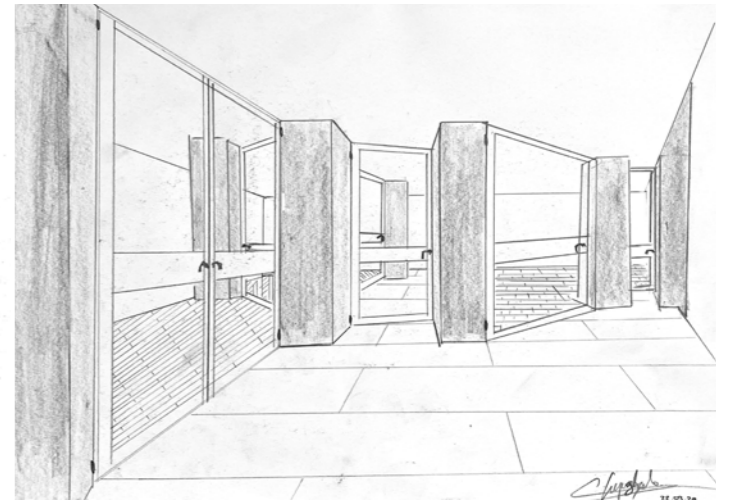
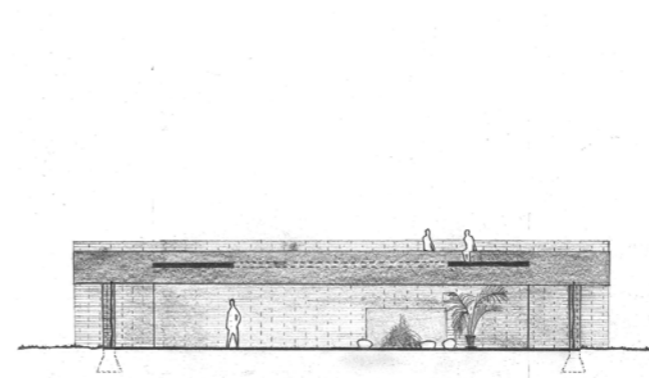


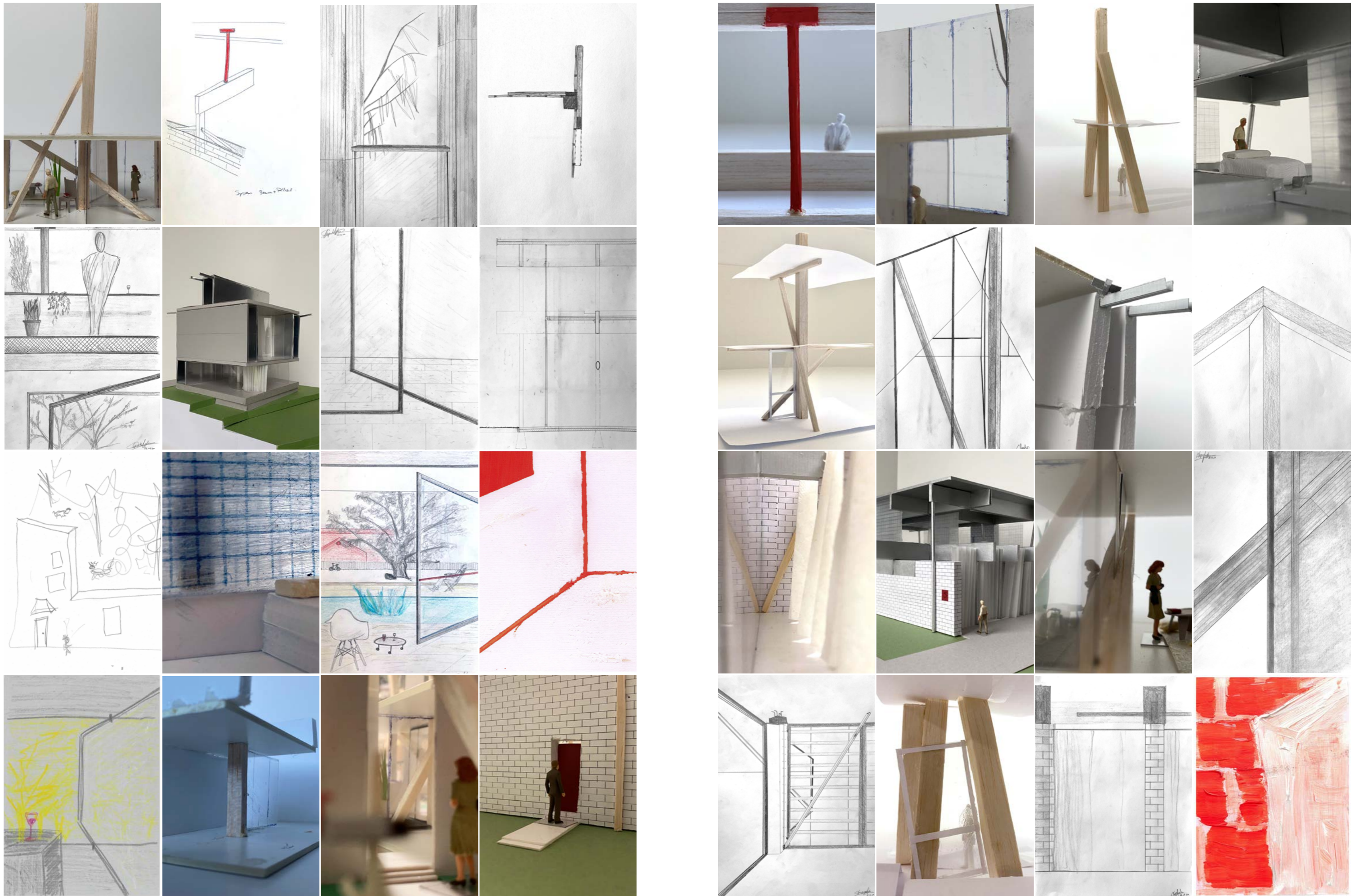


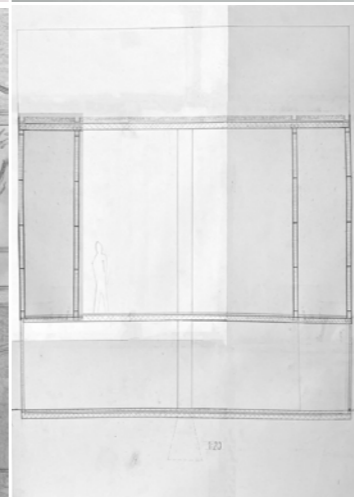
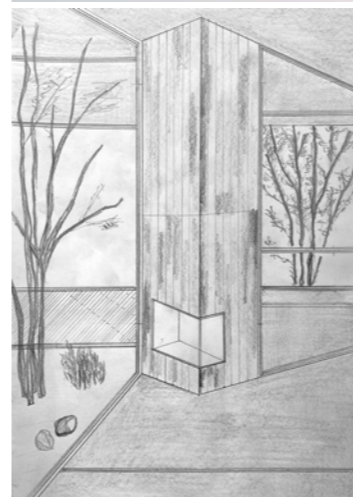
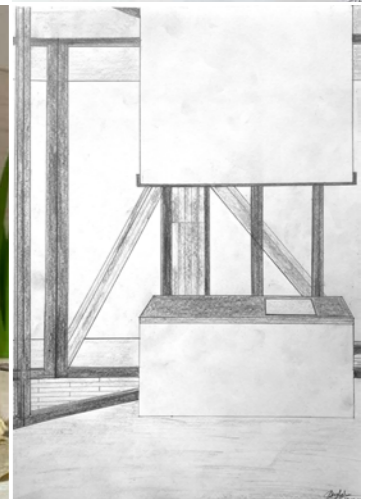
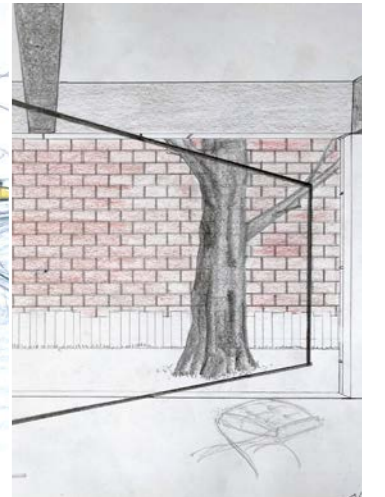
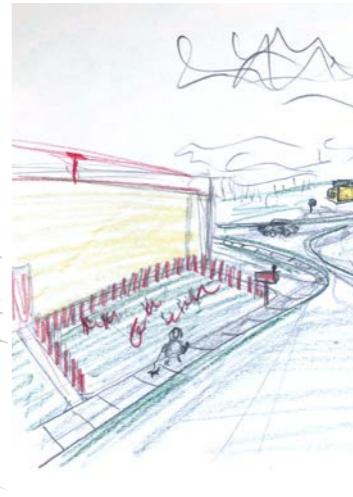
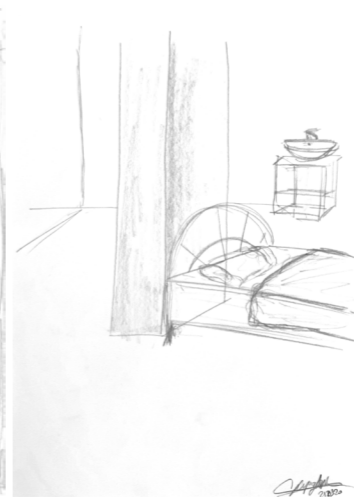
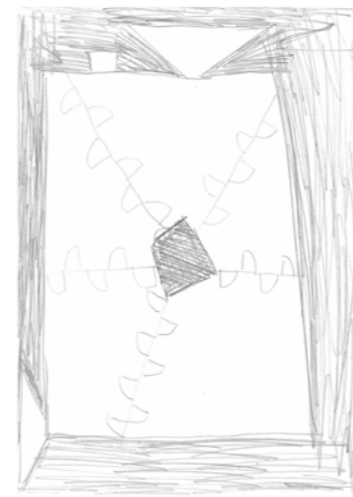
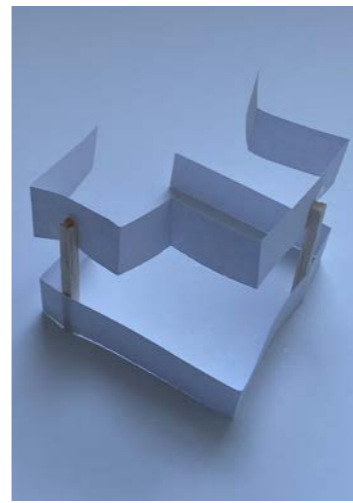
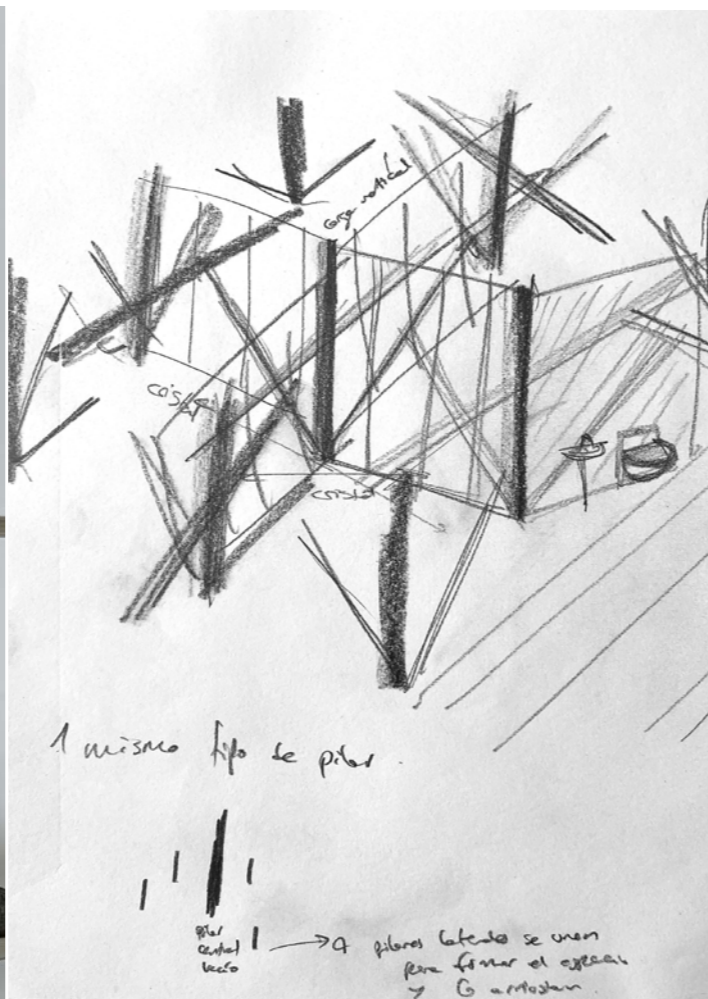


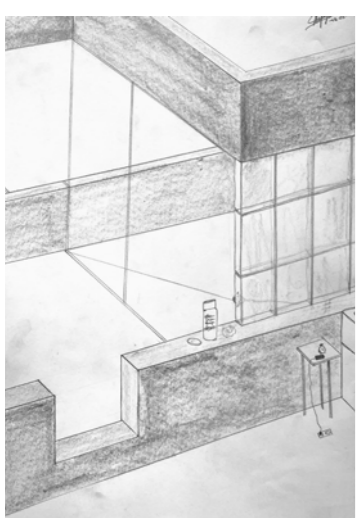


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