

*prologue*

**slamming**

The shutter opens, again and again. Every time in the evening, when the wind blows over the fields and smashes against the house, the shutter opens and closes. The shutter of the window at the other side of the house. The house. A little palace. A villa at least. Around a courtyard. The wind can't reach it.

But outside, the wind runs around the house. And slams with that one shutter. For so long. Each end of the summer. Because then, that wind comes around.

It's almost a stroll. From the front of the house to that room in the back. The long corridor. That runs alternately inside and outside. In the back of the house everything is abandoned. It had to be different at once. Everything is still there as it was. But everything is abandoned. Closed. That's the scent of the house. And the shutter slams again. Open and closed. Then again with a slow interval, then again with nervous haste.

But wait a little longer before closing. The room lights up, then dark again. Just as the blinking of your eyes. The eyes of the house. In the end closed. Your eyes. Shut.

**hunting**

The dust is chasing through the street. All of a sudden the wind rose. Darkness was immediate. Running was the idea. Inside, just in time. Inside in the hall. The gate slams. The wind tries. In vain. The gate is made of cast iron. Doesn't stretch. The glass does tremble. For a while. Then silence again. Wait for the next hit of the wind. The stairwell seems endless. At the same time without any life. But without life, still sound. Without a reason. No window that is loose. No door that opens. No human that moves. And yet without silence.

As beautiful the stairwell. As beautiful the apartment. That strange, these sounds. But one sound never strange. Your yell. Your voice. Your cheerfulness. That sound. Always. Even as you're not longer there. Still hunting.

**laying down**

Here I lie down. In the house of our dreams. Together. A dream. The kids outside. Voices in the back of the garden. The afternoon and the peace. The house abandoned. Only a dream. A dream. That's you. The house will no longer exist.

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*universum carrousel journey  
observe imagine universum  
corner cascade complexity  
bravoure build beauty*

**universum carrousel journey**

Some sets of words. Words of a studio. Words of this studio. Words of your studio.

Words of a universum. Words in a carrousel. Words on a journey. The universum architecture can be. The carrousel architecture will be. The journey architecture need to undertake. Universum as a personal world. Carrousel as an ongoing world. Journey as a discovery of the world.

This studio is called universum carrousel journey. This studio's atelier will be given the title universum. The lectures will be held under the title carrousel. And the travels will be named journey. But they will be interchanged at times. As the studio is named universum carrousel journey.

**observe imagine universum**

Another set of words. Or words in another flow. Observation is different from analysing. Imagination different from conceptualising. Invention different from vision. Universum different from exercise. Each time subjective perception and initiative makes the difference.

The studio's atelier will be given a rhythm of three movements. Observation of a world is the first. Leading to the imagination and invention is the following. Hereby discovering a possible universum, finally.

**corner cascade complexity**

Those three movements also have certain specific aims. Starting from the study of a corner – how can a space be defined by a corner -; passing by the idea of a cascade – how succeeding spaces can become sequences -; arriving at context and discovering complexity – simple complexity -.

**bravoure build beauty**

But not only that. Even more this. Not only space. But how space is build. From the movement called corner; via the movement called cascade till the final called complexity. How it is made. How it is built. How the bravoure of building might lead to the simple joy of beauty.

*villa apartment house  
chair window tree  
draw make write*

**villa apartment house**

Starting from observing a simple piece of furniture and a nice tree outside arriving at inventing a villa, an apartment and a house. The window that is in between the chair and the tree is key. And is part of the idea of the study of the corner – movement one - . It will be the guide in the invention of the cascade - movement two -. And it will be the outcome of the moment with the context – movement three -.

**villa as history apartment as everyday house as dream**

A traditional villa and a classical apartment building and a house as the ideal. From movement one – the observation – on; the interior in movement two – the imagination -; finally finding complexity in a context – movement three –

**one thousand one thousand one thousand**

Each time one thousand square meters. A villa of one thousand square meters. An apartment building of one thousand square meters. Like eleven apartments. From small to large. And a house of one seventh of one thousand square meters.

**practising a practice**

Things that seemingly have nothing to do with each other all of sudden have something to do with each other. A practice. This atelier.

This atelier. Three students work together. From start till end. From movement one till movement three. Your team. No team without individuals. Without personalities. Villa and apartment as shared work. The house as individual work

**you can draw you can make you can write**

Analogue techniques – handmade drawing; collage; painting; sketching; modeling.... – Digital as long it is analogue. Believe it. You can. But also. Writing a chapter or a paragraph of a chapter of a novel framing that moment of life.

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*epilogue*

**architecture is not a matter of architecture \***

*autonomy*

Perhaps it is a matter of autonomy. Autonomy of the architect. Yes, scale. Yes, context. Yes, references. Yes, materials. Yes, colours. Yes, as much as it is always the case. But to find a distance all of a sudden. And to celebrate the autonomy. Which makes a difference.

*universe*

Perhaps it is a matter of the universe. The rearrangement of what can be rearranged as a new world. A different world. Or at least as a different perspective on that world. A world known by no one but desired by everyone.

*bravoure*

Perhaps it is a matter of bravoure. A matter of always and everywhere making things possible again. As possibilities no one expected. As to make possible that which was not and could not be expected.

*life*

Perhaps it is a matter of life. A matter of how life can be understood and how life can be imagined. How it can and should be differently imagined. But how it really makes life. How it is allowed to make life. As a part of making life. And doing so.

*wendung*

Perhaps it is a matter of wendung. A matter of going somewhere and bringing things found along the way. The wendung as the direction where to go.

*pleasure*

Perhaps it is a matter of pleasure. The pleasure of seriousness. The seriousness of pleasure. With pleasure things go better. And become better. Giving more pleasure afterwards.

*making*

Perhaps it is a matter of making. The making of things. How to make them. How to make them just so differently. Differently, yes, but definitely as making.

\* A+U 561 16:06 – *architecten de vylder vinck taillieu* – architecture is not a mat-