

UNIVERSUM CARROUSEL JOURNEY

studio jan de vylder
architecten de vylder vinck

SEMINAR WEEK ISTANBUL BARS

prologue

a cool glass of white wine on a Sunday afternoon *

How you drink a glass of cool white wine with a friend on a long summer evening standing too small of a bar. And the waiter had a bad day. But me and you. It was enough.

At first sight, this question has little to do with architecture. It is not really a question about a structural issue. Nor is it a question about a conceptual idea. Nor a question of a certain theoretical or historical importance. It is maybe not really even a question as such.

But on the other hand; maybe; it is perhaps the only real question architecture should pose to itself. How architecture can contain life. Real life. The different moments of life. The scenography of life. Architecture as a setting for those moments of life. Or rather, to make a difference for those moments.

To capture those moments of life with students. It is a start. A chance for architecture.

a cool glass of white wine that night

Starting to walk with you in the late afternoon. Spending time doing nothing. Hanging around. No idea what to do. Or where to go. Even not what to say. But it doesn't matter. It was with you. And that was fair enough. Just being with you.

At the end, we found a bar still open late that night. Not our first bar. But for sure our last. As if the heat of the day was not yet enough we entered the bar. Deep in the bar. Standing at the head of the sink. Our sweaty arms resting on the cool but sticky sink. It did not matter. From that point the entrance door defined the canvas of the street outside. The green light of the street post giving an almost daylight picture despite the black night sky. And the moment you looked outside I looked to you.

Someone ordered another drink for us. And one more. Sam entered. It was the end of our night. He didn't stop talking. We did not even listen.

journey bar night

universum carousel journey

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

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

This studio is called universum carousel journey. This studio's atelier will be given title universum. The lectures will be held under the title carousel. And the travels will be named journey. But they will be interchanged as it comes. As the studio is named universum carousel journey.

journey bar night

A journey. Every other journey. To another place. Another city. A world. But each time each another night, another bar. Just to discover. To drink something. Maybe even alone. But more than to drink, to discover how that city lives. How that life is lived. To understand how a bar is a place where life meets itself, here or there. And how the world, but also maybe just that bar, makes life meet itself.

morning bar journey

The next day understanding life in a different way. Once more. Because once more another place. Another world. Having a good sleep tonight to go for another bar the next night. Today notes in my notebook. Sketches in my drawing book. Thinking about starting a bar myself. With you.

notebook journey sketch

Everyday notes in the notebook. And sketches in the drawing book. Because the bar and the restaurant not only for the meal and the drink. But to observe life. How life takes place. Not only what is drunk or eaten but how. And with who. The habit. The intimacy. The social. The silence. The sound. The light. And the dark. The hour. And the sleep.

Walk. Istanbul. Bars.

A bar could be a second house. A second house of many. A second house and often a long history. Or call it tradition. Not only as space as such. But maybe first as social space. A space of interaction. Of intervention. Of contact. If not maybe just the opposite. A space to be alone. Amongst others.

We observe. We observe and we imagine. We imagine what the reality could be. The reality behind what we observe. We observe the space as such. We observe the social space. We measure the bars and the chairs and the tables. We imagine the life of the actors around. The one in the corner that says nothing and never looks up. The one at the bar that doesn't stop talking and always looks for a friend.

We meet at breakfast. And line out the day. We prepared some walks through the city. And send each of you in duo out for the day. The next day we report. And share what we've learned.

Istanbul bars are different than our bars. Istanbul is often described as a city of paradox. Its bars, cafés and tea gardens are the places where this contradiction takes place. Together yet apart. Alone but always in company. Only in a personal way one experience this. To really get involved. Only acting according that play will open a world that different.

At the end of the journey our notebook will be filled. With notes and sketches. And measurements and stories. Experiences and life. That's a different Istanbul. That is Istanbul that lives. Not only as a built but as a lived city.

Stay. Travel. Life

*Price Range D for travel, stay, our guide,
some meals, drinks, entrances and a reader.
Bring some money to make life – eat drink visit -*

Leave Monday, 21.10.2010 and return on Sunday 27.10.2019

min, max 10 students

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.