



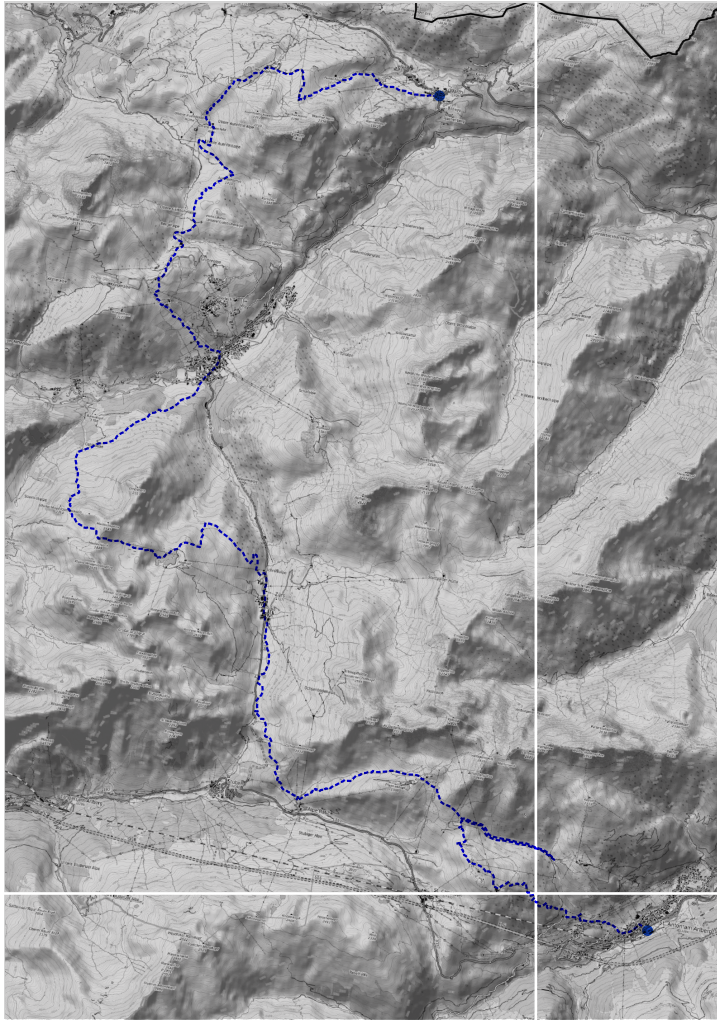
1854m

artwork | shelter curtain
machinery | buildings
dialogue | alphuette

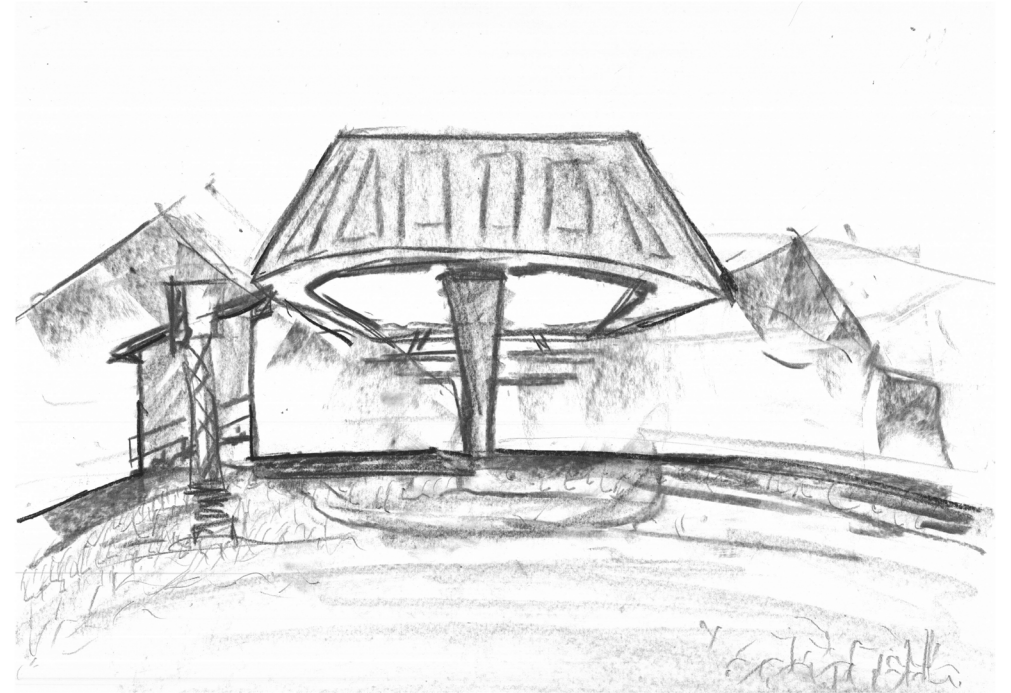
Bestelgen
verboten

Explore Lab Graduation | Valentin Zech | 4587979

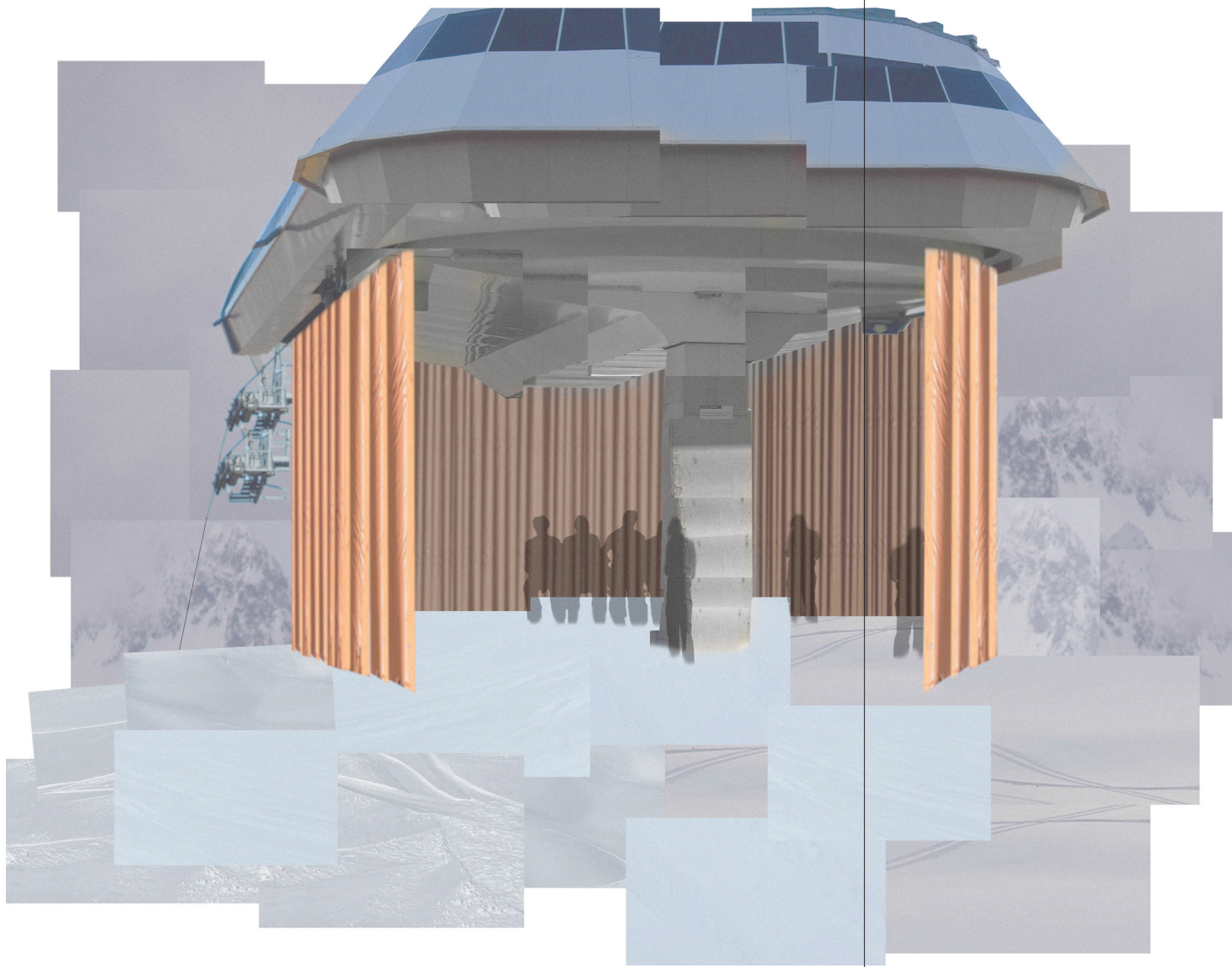
Booklet 4/8



name: shelter | location: osthangbahn tal
altitude: 1854m



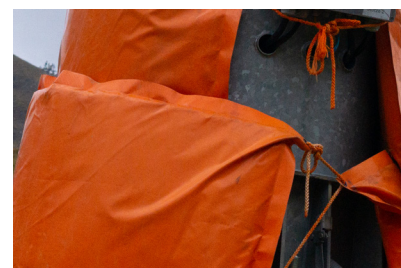
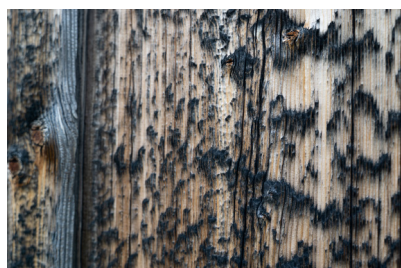
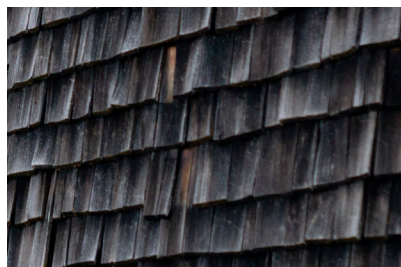
site, charcoal on paper



Shelter Curtain

Shelter curtain turns any lift station that is currently not in use - due to a lack of snow, maintenance, or bad weather conditions - into a shelter for athletes that are hiking or ski-touring through the area. It is a space that promotes a slower form of consuming the landscape with only basic infrastructure. The curtain is made of re-used pole padding commonly used in ski areas all over the world. This makes the curtain heavy enough to withstand even strong winds and provide a place to rest and eat.







1762m

Outside: Both the vernacular agricultural architecture and the ski station architecture are extremely functional, yet the result are two very different material and form languages.



1766m

Inside: Most of the pistes are also pastures; for centuries, the farmers have been bringing the cows to the mountains during the summer so the grass in the valley can be harvested as winter feed. This farmer stores his fencing equipment *in* the lift.



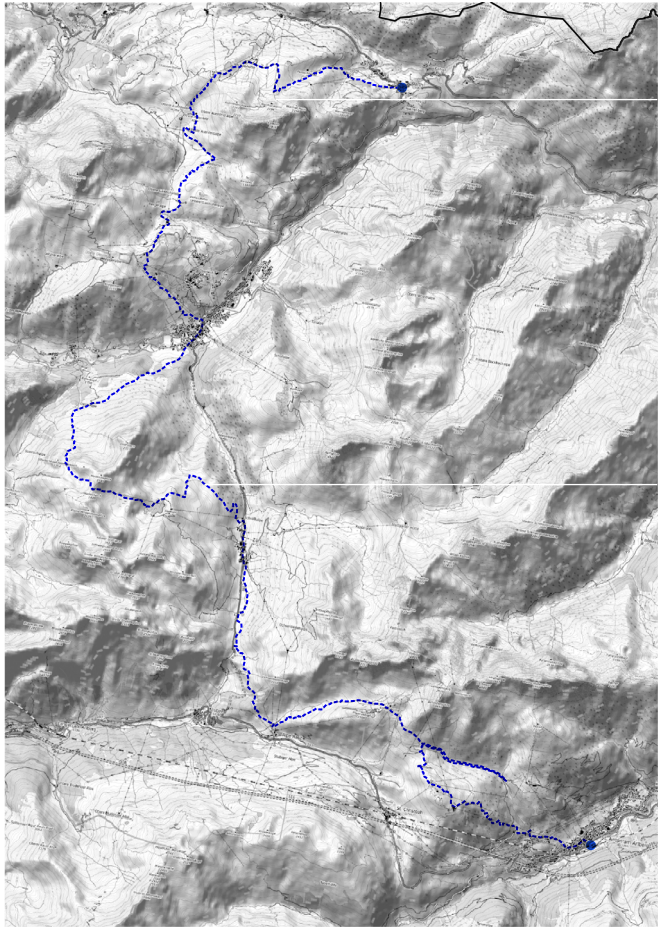
1939m

A shelter for humans, but also for mosses and lichen.



1939m

The vernacular architecture is built with materials that were available, transportable, and easy to work with. This is the hut where the shephard lives when he is taking care of the cows in summer.



^{1,2} wartherhorn express tal, 1762m

^{3,4} alpe madloch, 1939m

Dialogue: Alfred, Alphütte



(Instructions to recognize a someone)¹

Step 1: Choose a someone
(a human, a thing, a river, a tree, a non-human animal)

Step 2: Recognize that someone has a value.

Step 3: Try to imagine that someone has a *within*.

Step 4: Recognize that someone has a voice even if that voice is not always audible or comprehensible in our language.

Step 5: Assume that several voices and interests can come together in a search for conflicts and compromises (e.g. in the form of a human translator or guardian).

Alfred Alphütte
Madloch, 1939m
6763, Zürs
Austria

SolarPower Co.
Sunlightstreet 18
2000345, Shanghai
China

Dear SolarPower Co.,

I am writing to you today, because I think you might be able to solve the problem I am having and make my life exciting and fulfilling again.

You have to know that I have a very different life depending on the seasons. I might not be as shiny as many of the buildings around me: tall steel supports, large panes of glass reflecting the mountain skyline, and high-tech concrete foundations inserted into the rocky landscape. Nonetheless – and I don't like to brag – I am very important to many. I am modest and fundamentally functional; I live and change with the waves of tasks that I am given. If you were able to see me, you could tell that my work and my life have shaped me over the decades: I am built on the edge of a large plain, I look across the valley on one side and up the steep hillsides of the Omeshorn on the other. I couldn't imagine a better place. But I am very exposed. The wind cuts along me and erodes deep grooves into my wooden skin. The sun burns, often for days and days, turning me dark grey and even black in some places.

In the warm months, a bearded man comes to live in me, and he brings a large group of young cows with him. They come from the valley, where the farmers mow the meadows to store the grass for food in the winter. Meanwhile the bearded man takes them up to the mountains so

they can eat the juicy mountain grass. When he sees that some parts of me are on the verge of breaking, he takes care of me. One of my sides that is especially exposed to the weather has a window covered in metal to protect it during the hottest days, another two windows were painted green many years ago.

But even when the cows leave, I am a generous host. My burnt and eroded skin is a breeding ground for mosses, lichens, and birds. That's something the glossy new buildings can't claim to have going.. Mice and many different insects seek refuge in my warm interior. I can always feel a small tickle or touch somewhere.

A few years ago, the current bearded man installed a small solar panel on my sunniest side. For me, this was the nicest change in my life – probably ever. It powers a little lamp inside that I turn on when it gets dark and I watch all the life inside my rooms. I could finally see where the tickles and touches came from.

Unfortunately, the panel must have stopped working – the light won't turn on anymore. It'll still be long until the warm times and nobody will come by to fix it. Would you be so kind to send someone with a new panel? Otherwise, it'll be a long and lonely winter for me.

Kind regards,
Alfred

