

Zeitschrift: Trans : Publikationsreihe des Fachvereins der Studierenden am
Departement Architektur der ETH Zürich

Herausgeber: Departement Architektur der ETH Zürich

Band: - (2022)

Heft: 40

Artikel: Pinu, sideshadows

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DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-1037198>

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Pinu, Sideshadows

Iris Hilton & Tamino Kuny

In the back of a garden. Sunflecks fall through a canopy of leaves. Around, mute stone walls delimit an area of hidden inhabitation. *No one would suspect anyone here.* Facing the garden, an exterior wall. Shards of sky outline possible entrances. Crossing the wall, a flight of stairs rises to the horizon. The steps break through the backplane of what used to be a closet and land at a window now broken open onto the sea. On the landing, fake wooden beams of plastic are stacked up. The beams have fallen off the ceiling and left yellow streaks of glue. In the most distant corner, a ladder disappears into the blackness of an empty stairwell. Noises travel up and down the hole. A creaking trailer with torn tires, a deflated boat, and a tree stub surround the house. Once the trailer is gone, the bow of the boat points into another direction and the dead tree decomposes into the soil. Close to the house, there is a fountain in the forest. A plastic can is at hand to collect the stone-cold water. From the fountain, a blank doorstep leads back into the house. Air flows straight ahead into the distance. The air reaches the garden, carrying along water droplets from the shower it has crossed. The droplets irrigate a vine that grows over the boundary wall. Still straight ahead, a stone slab extends deeper into the garden until it sinks into a clover bed. Another garden, covered with dry leaves, lies below. Above, birds perch on electric wires. A hanging street lamp illuminates the adjacent interiors with dim light. Then, the electric wires in the glaring sun. One power pole after another until the edge of the island. On the way down, once a year in summer, a foam party takes place where the main road narrows. Foam fills up a terrace under plane trees and spills over onto the tarmac while construction sites are at rest in the village. *Will we ever return here together?* Fruit trees on terraces held back by collapsing stone walls. One season without taking care is enough for the scrubland to take over. Cliffs cut through the scrub, and above the mountain the horizon reappears. The other side of the island is covered in shade.



Photograph taken from the Tower of Seneca, Corsica, January 2020. Image: authors