

The village of Rüti is quiet - a repetition of hedges and pitched roofs. Rüti is neither sacred, nor profane. It is residual. Yet within this dormancy, where customs have thinned and shapes dissolve in asphalt, the land continues to follow a quiet cycle. — grow, rot, return.

There is no monastery here, but there may have been something like it — not cloisters in stone, but rhythms of necessity and traces of dependency. Here, cyclical productivity and shared labor, are lost fragments the project reactivates, but not without critique. — plant, dry, press, ferment.

In the Middle Ages, Rüti was under the governance of the monastery of Säckinggen. Today, only a faint trace remains: an old, forgotten outpost, barely recognizable, hidden within a residential building. This outpost of the monastery is just another fragment - a void - which today has become the un-center of Glarus’ lower valley. — No church, no chapel, no altar. — No squares, no benches, no public space.

Borrowing from the architecture of a monastery, the project rejects its exclusions and enclosures. Instead it draws on the figures the monastery excluded — Liliths, Eves, and witches — and builds from their logic: structural disobedience, embodied knowledge, spatial care. Lilith - Adam’s first wife - chose exile over submission, becoming an operational force breaking, rearranging and disrupting hierarchies.

The apples are growing, the need for harvest generates collective labor and along the circular path they are brought back to the village. The once linear street with forgotten corners, fragmenting houses into isolation, is now rearranged to squares and gardens spanning between the buildings. — pressing, extending, growing These squares, gardens, and entrances create a new monumental order - not rooted in power but in collectivity and soil.

I am interested in what is neither ruin nor renewal. In quotidian forms, in the monumentality of the basement, in the memory of

productivity.

Three architectural interventions emerge from existing basements. Digging like an archeologist, not because something is there, but because there maybe will have been. These existing foundations become the base of a new Genossenschaft — not nostalgic, but operative. Reconfiguring domesticity toward collectivity. A structure of shared work, daily rhythms, and public accessibility. Once a place of tax collection, now it gives back. — dry, cook, exchange, dance.

The Dried Granary...

... references storage spaces — structures elevated on small stone columns to protect harvests from moisture and animals. Here, that logic is inverted: the space is submerged, enclosed. A sealed room evoking mummification rather than storage. Tapestries attatched directly to the walls, appear like dried plants or pressed herbs. A bench outside mirrors the granary supports. Small, slit-like windows filter daylight into the space. This is both a healing environment and a place of sedimentation — where memory, material, and botanical time are conserved. Architecture is used to quietly mark and maintain.

The Kitchen Narthex...

... reclaims the marginal zone of the church, traditionally reserved for those excluded from the sacred interior. Here, it becomes a shared kitchen space: for gathering, fire and nourishment. The domestic is made public. Three bodies of heat — oven, fireplace, and grill — stand in the room, structuring the cycles of cooking. The apse and the stained wood paneling draping from the walls remember the representative character of the “Stube” while overlaying it with the heavily used kitchen. The entrance descends from the domestic building above into the public basement, shifting the hierarchy of access. The new facade hangs like a cloth, built of rough-cut tree trunks. Performative and structural at the same time it obscures the building’s former residential identity. It references the structure of a garden shed, a “Laube” and the Hänggiturm of Glarus. This is not a hidden utility space, but a revalued site of shared labor — where cooking is a form

of gathering, not gendered work.

The Dancing Cloister...

... reinterprets the cloister. Situated in the former schoolhouse, the monastic garden is opened — a broken square, forming a loop that never fully closes. Allowing for permeability and accessibility it becomes a place of exchange and performance. Inside, the project houses a Dorfladen (in its nature already performative) and is extended with a performance space. The program is deliberately hybrid: economic exchange and cultural ritual occupy the same structure. Curtains made of tree trunks mark the entrance, while recessed window niches provide places to sit, observe, and rest — as a turning point they make the cloister dance. A double-height space surrounded by a gallery falls into the depth of the underground. And around it — Flowers.

All three buildings are unified by recurring architectural elements. Each includes green stone window frames that mark thresholds and catch sunlight in specific ways, activating the presence of plants and echoing cycles of growth. Each space brings scent, texture, and temperature to its program: drying (tapestry, airflow), cooking (heat, wood grain, insulation), dancing (acoustics, light, circulation). The palette draws from existing architecture — sheds, entrances, benches, Täfelung — but these are distorted, enlarged, or hybridized to shift their meaning from private to public, from individual to shared.

This project tries to create sediments, where layers of history, use, memory, and projection are arranged within the basement — both literally and metaphorically. Through small but deliberate architectural interventions, the project insists on searching for fragments.

As an architecture from below — starting in the basement, extending into the garden, it grows into something common, cultivated by everyone. based on... ... the

Lost Fragments of Lilith’s Monastery