



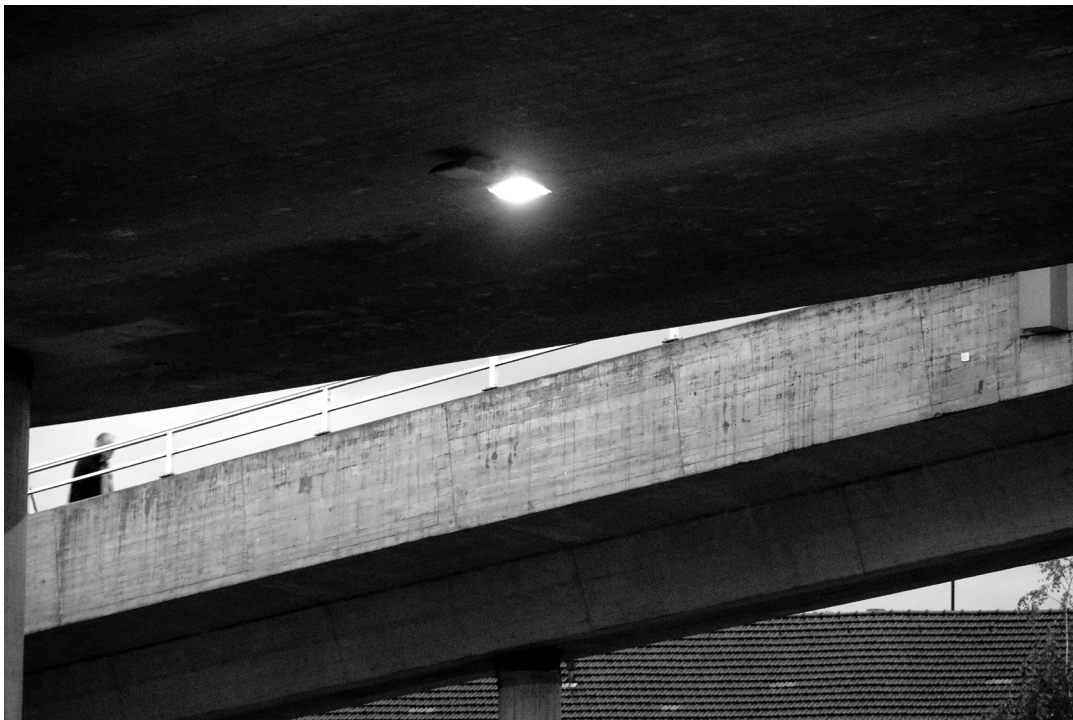
As a point of departure, we walk through the area and try to get in touch with people. The only restriction is to not ask standard questions. We aim to interact with the issues concerning whoever in the neighbourhood of Escher-Wyss-Platz. We arbitrarily collect information through conversations and photography, subjectively selecting what is compelling and re-collecting the found material through research. With the walks and discussions as a primary source, we are trying to construct a socio-demographic map supported by pictures, maps and investigations.



**Tim S.**  
**Tuesday, 19.26-19.37**

I have seen him already at a distance of 500 m. I was observing the ramp, where the people from the Hardbrücke descended, hurrying towards the bridge deck to protect themselves from the rail. It was raining heavily, and the autumn-wind made me feel cold. His contour was standing there, next to the trash-bin, always heading towards rushing people and coming back with hanging shoulders. I was on my way home, not thinking about anything in particular. But when I ran into him, he stopped me as well, asking clumsily “do you have any cash for the emergency shelter?” He stood there in his wet pullover. My mind was already saying no, but I stopped. He said that he didn’t even have a raincoat. It was already too late to continue walking and pretending to not have heard his question or being in a hurry to catch the bus. I opened my backpack to dig in it and find my purse. I asked him how much the night costs in the shelter and if it is the one of Pfarrer Sieber. He answered, no it is not the one of Pfarrer Sieber, that one is for free but only opens during the cold winter nights. “I’ll sleep at Rosengartenstrasse, it’s 5.- a night.” I gave him my only 5.- I had in my purse, thinking about his begging routine.

While digging in my backpack, he must have seen my sketchbook, and asked me if I draw. I said that I sometimes do. Then he started talking. “Two weeks ago I participated to an exhibition at Kaserne. I love to draw and sketch.” He grabbed into his pocket, pulled out his old smartphone, and started showing me paintings. There were colourful sketches of animals with focused eyes and black and white portraits of people with insane expressions, sometimes sad. I was impressed by his brushwork and shyly asked about the exhibition at the Kaserne. He explained to me that it is organised by K&A, the contact point for drug users and socially marginalised people.









**Rebecca J.**

**Tuesday, 19:26-19:29**

Suddenly, rain was falling from the sky. To prevent from getting too wet, I looked for a shelter. The Hardbrücke as a big concrete roof of the Escher-Wyss seems the best solution nearby. I had to pay attention to all the trams, busses, cars, bicycles, oh, and even of dogs! I stop in the very middle of this so called square. A woman next to me was staring at the hundreds of billboards of the electoral campaign, and I wonder whether she will go voting. So I ask if she is interested in politics. “Actually”, she said, “I am waiting for my swimming class to start”, while smoking her cigarette. “And I have never seen so many billboards here, in the middle of this chaotic place. I don’t even know all the candidates. I mean, I am only here once a week to take a swim at the KV Zürich. Did you know that there is a swimming pool inside? Very interesting, between this complete chaos or lively place or how you want to call it. Fortunately, I don’t live here, I live in the Kreis 4. There were a lot of changes. This area here starts to get too chic for my taste, also the Langstrasse has become too commercial, and I’ve recently spotted nice little restaurants and shops in Altstetten. This will be the next gentrified area. You can’t find small shops here, only Coop or Migros. At least the big ones fit here better than they do at the Langstrasse. What a pity. Still I like to come here.” As soon as she stopped speaking, the clock ticked towards 19.30 pm and I assume that the doors of the swimming pool had just opened.

**Walk 1: 18.09.2019 - 15:30 - 18:20**

**Walk 2: 19.09.2019 - 15:45 - 16:45**

**Walk 3: 19.09.2019 - 17:15 - 18:45**

**Walk 4: 20.09.2019 - 10:20 - 12:30**

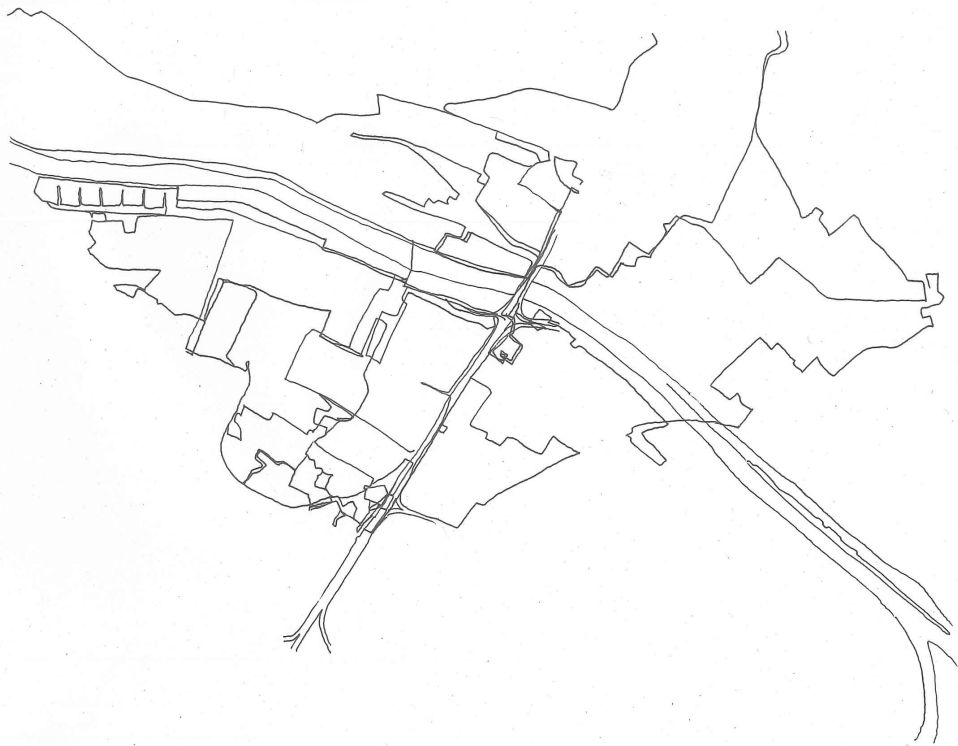
**Walk 5: 21.09.2019 - 13:20 - 14:30**

**Walk 6: 22.09.2019 - 15:30 - 17:35**

**Walk 7: 23.09.2019 - 11:50 - 13:30**

**Walk 8: 24.09.2019 - 19:00 - 20:30**

**Walk 9: 29.09.2019 - 08:45 - 09:30**







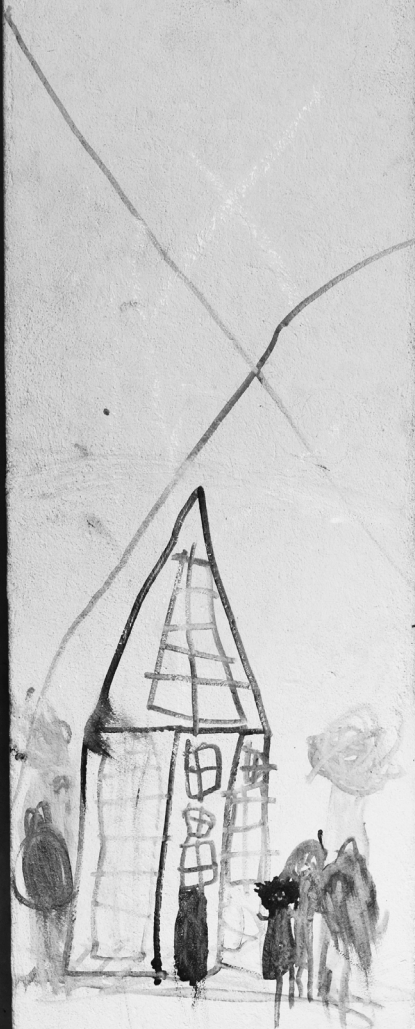
**Alina W.**

**Tim W.**

**Monday, 12:03 - 12:05**

My feet sink into the soft ground of the courtyard as I get closer to the woman on the bench. She sits alone and smiles at her son. I asks her if she would talk to me for a minute about the neighborhood. "Are you a journalist?" she asks. After explaining her what I am doing, I start with the first questions. I learn that she has lived in the house next to us for almost 2 years now. Her son Tim is two years old and has no brothers or sisters. "But he has so many friends from the neighborhood". Alina, that's how she presented herself to me, is very happy to have found an apartment in this district: "there is everything you need, the people are young and there are so many families! I really have nothing to complain about."

Her husband works in the city center, while she stays at home looking after their son. She tells me that she grew up in the countryside and that her parents still live there, but she does likes the city much more. Since there are such great facilities for families in the middle of the city, with much green and a lot of parks around, and the river very near, she doesn't miss the countryside and wishes, her parents would also come to the city. "But that will never happen" she says with a smile. That's another generation, you know, they like it that way." Alina visits them with her husband and Tim almost twice a month.



## **Unknown**

### **Saturday, 16.44-16.54**

I am sitting in a café, and next to me there are two gentlemen, deeply absorbed in a conversation. I drink my coffee, finding it hard for me not to follow the conversation.

“...what would you think? What would you feel if someone asked you that question? What would you do?”

“Of course its a really bad situation that she got fired, but she is still young and at the age of 80 she'll still be here, with the same problems.”

“Yes, but she always comes back to the same shit and at that point she should learn to stop thinking...”

“I think it's about asking her the right questions to strengthen her self-confidence. Listen to me, it was hard, but I have also pushed it through with my son...”

“You can't imagine how long she's been hanging around. I am simply disappointed. For 3 months she hasn't even made it out of bed all day.”

“Somehow everything's coming together now. When she found the job, it turned out she didn't really want to work.”

“... you have to learn that a certain suffering is part of life.”

“What are you doing now?”

“No idea...”



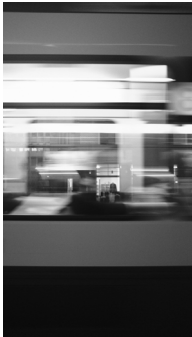
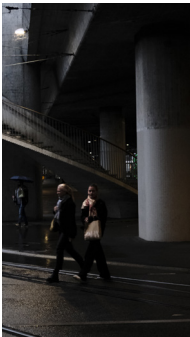














**Simon B.**

**Monday, 13:31-13:34**

Along the Giessereistrasse, I see a quite large man, dressed all in black, with a backpack and earphones in his ears. I decide to stop him. He appears to be lost in his thoughts, not too eager to answer my questions. He takes off only one earphone. After having learned what it is about, he seems more willing to listen to me. "I work at the Technopark, for Digitech and Galaxus." I'm amused by his answer, as I had imagined him as a gamer, a guy that loves computers. "I usually eat at the canteen of my company. Otherwise I always go gladly to Zum Gaul. I also go to concerts in this area, or to Exil. Bogen F is also a Bar I like".

We talk about what he thinks of the neighbourhood. "There's a lot just in one place, I appreciate that. I really don't like the new buildings. I hope there could be more public and free space. It's quite a pity that a lot of industrial buildings disappeared. I would stop demolishing." He looks at me, hoping it was the last question. I don't hold him any longer and let him go.

**Cristopher H.**  
**Monday, 11:45-11:48**

A head comes up from the ground. The perspective tricks me as I walk in that direction. A man wearing neon yellow gets out of the manhole next to the fountain and moves to the water. I start to watch what he is doing - he looks rather wet because of the rain. Or maybe the manhole in the ground is just very humid. At first I only look at his actions - although I know that I will try to talk to him. This getting in and out of the ground thrills me and makes me extremely curious. Every time he disappears into the hole, his head looks out towards the fountain and the streams' change in power.

I finally approach him - i find it somehow a pity to interrupt such a beautiful sequence - but I feel that I have to ask him what he is doing. I learn that the fountain gets congested because of the children. Well, not because of their maliciousness, but since the stream tube is so easy accessible by the fingers of little children, it sometimes happens that the stream has to be corrected. The fountain is cleaned weekly, and when the cleaning team notices a problem, Cristopher comes and takes a look at the system. "I would say it happens once a year that I have to come to this one. It's a bad one because it's so low positioned and so easily accessible. If you are planning to become a landscape architect, never design fountains that are so low and so close to children's playground!" I find it remarkable how Cristopher talks about the fountain as if it was a person that had just been a little rascal.

"Can you tell me when the stream looks good?", asks me the head out of the hole. "A little more, a little more, a little more, just a little... now it's good!", I answer. I feel like my part of the job is done here. I thank Cristopher and wish him less congested tubes.



# **The water of Escher- Wyss-Platz**





Cristopher H. is one of 276 employees of the water department of the city of Zurich. They are responsible for the whole system that includes four waterworks, one control centre, 21 reservoirs, 29 pumping stations, 1550 km of water pipes and around 9000 hydrants. Cristopher H. is one of 8 *Brunnenmeister* that take care of the 1224 fountains of the whole city. Zurich is one of the cities with the higher amount of public fountains in the world - the public water supply system dates back to the 15th century. Every *Kreis* (district) has a different amount of fountains: the Kreis 4 counts 87 fountains, the Kreis 5 24 and the Kreis 10 95. The *Brunnenmeister* Team gets to clean 800 fountains every week from “trash, doghair and vandalism” in every

*Sirius in its new location by Hallenstadion*



*Sirius' transportation*



*Sirius in the original location - Escher-Wyss*



weather condition.

The headquarters of the water department are located by the *Grunderwasserwerk Hardhof*.

When engaging with water and fountains in the area of Escher-Wyss Platz, one of the central figures that should not be missing is the Sirius Fountain, which stood in the middle of the square from 1972 to 2009.

The original concept of the fountain by Annemie Fontana was changed twice. First there should be closed “water curtains” by overfall edges of half-open pipes, which were embedded into the joints on the underside of the wings. In the bottom of the basin there were two lamps which illuminated the underside of the sculpture through the water. However, the water curtains could not be produced

satisfactorily and so, in consultation with the artist, an attempt was made to create a “water comb” by perforating the pipes at a distance of 20 to 30 mm with 4 mm holes. However, the construction remained very susceptible to failure, as the supply lines were often blocked. The cleaning processes were too complex and the water splashed often over the edge of the pool, which consequently led to a complete conversion in consultation with Annemie Fontana. In 1995, the pipes were dismantled and instead of the curtains, a small water fountain about thirty centimetres high was positioned on each side of the basin, which was additionally illuminated from above by lamps in the sculpture. The fountain was shut down at night.

In the course of the new *Tram Zürich West*, Escher-Wyss-Platz was rebuilt from 9 September 2008. Because of the new tram tracks, the fountain had to change position. The sculpture was dismantled on 18 March 2009 and stored in a water supply building.

On 18 October 2012, the city announced that the fountain would definitely be rebuilt in front of the Hallenstadion, where it still stands today. The fountain got a bigger water basin (with a diameter of about 10 meters) so that the water curtains originally planned by the artist could be realized. It is now also illuminated all night long.

The costs for the replacement amounted to CHF 533,000.



# **The city cleaning workers**

Together with the city cleaning department, which counts 1700 employees, Cristopher H. helps taking care of the public facilities, including public ground, parks, streets, bus and tram stops, etc. The 450 employees are divided into different *Kreis*-teams. They clean daily or weekly (depending on the zone) the whole 8.2 million m<sup>2</sup> public surface of the city (= 1000 football fields). Their prices are listed below.

- street cleaning, Per m<sup>2</sup>, per year  
3.65 chf
- street cleaning + winter, Per m<sup>2</sup>, per year  
3.90 chf



## Vehicles:

- micro sweeper dry cleaning, with chauffeur, per hour

116.40 chf

- small sweeper dry cleaning, with chauffeur, per hour

123.45 chf

- medium sweeper dry cleaning, with chauffeur, per hour

138.50 chf

- municipal vehicle wet cleaning, with chauffeur, per hour

129.50 chf

- delivery van with chauffeur, per hour

103.40 chf

Staff:

per person, per hour

92.65 chf

surcharges:

- travel flat rate, per vehicle

130.45 chf

- sunday and night surcharge (20 to 6  
o'clock), per hour

9.55 chf

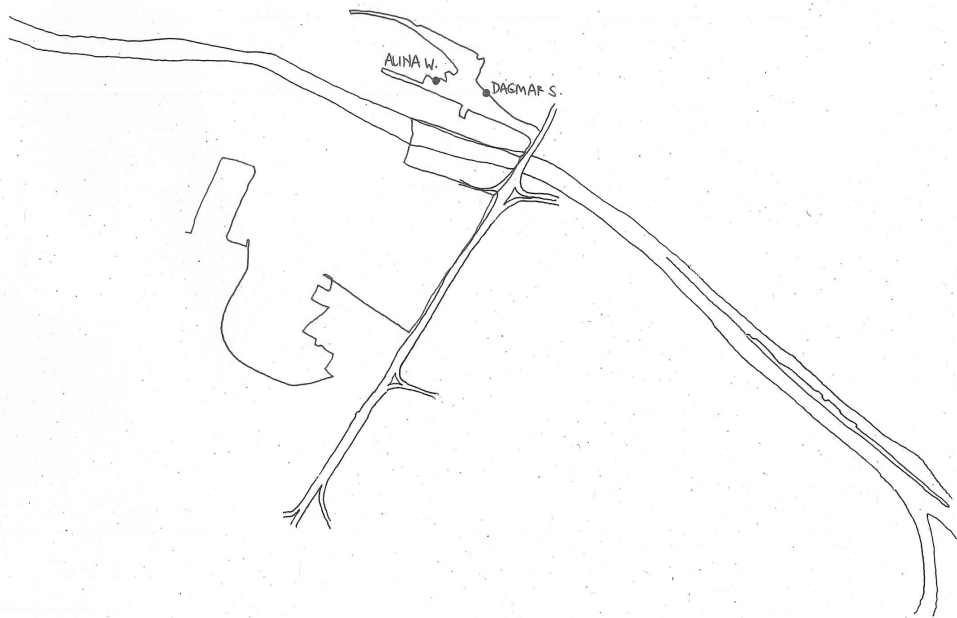
- water, wiping material

- supply of fresh water, disposal of  
waste water and wiping material

according to expenditure









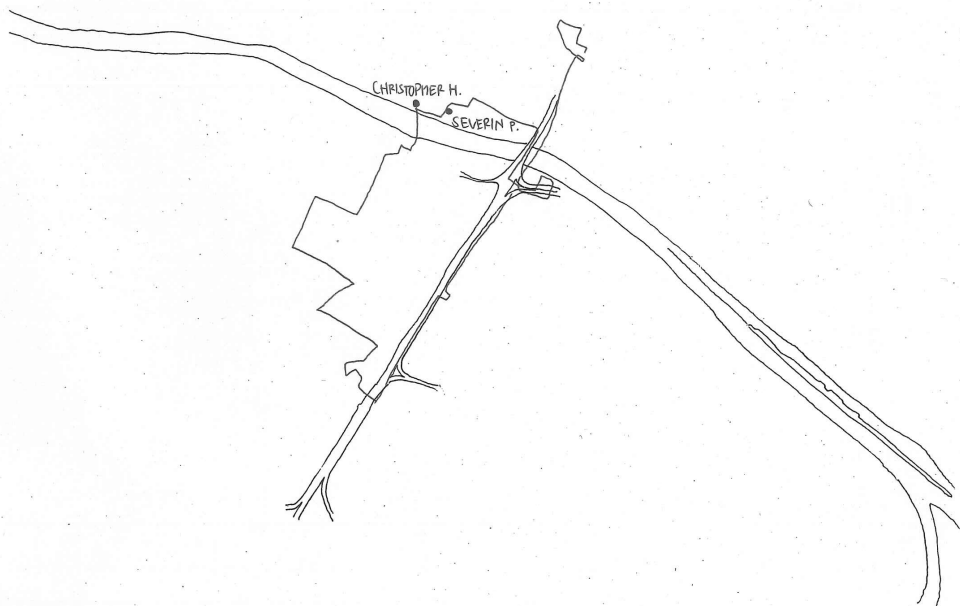


**Mauro L.**  
**Friday, 10:01-10:02**

Mauro was waiting for the bus to arrive. I felt to disturb him, because he was very into his music. I started talking to him nonetheless. At first, he didn't understand what I wanted from him. "Oh, I live here only since two weeks! I don't really know the place so much, but until now, I found everything I needed. I am a lucky guy, because my brother moved out of his apartment, and now I can live there. The one thing I can say is, that it is very central and not so far away from the ETH." The bus arrived and I let him go.









**Johanna P.**  
**Wednesday, 17:21-17:24**

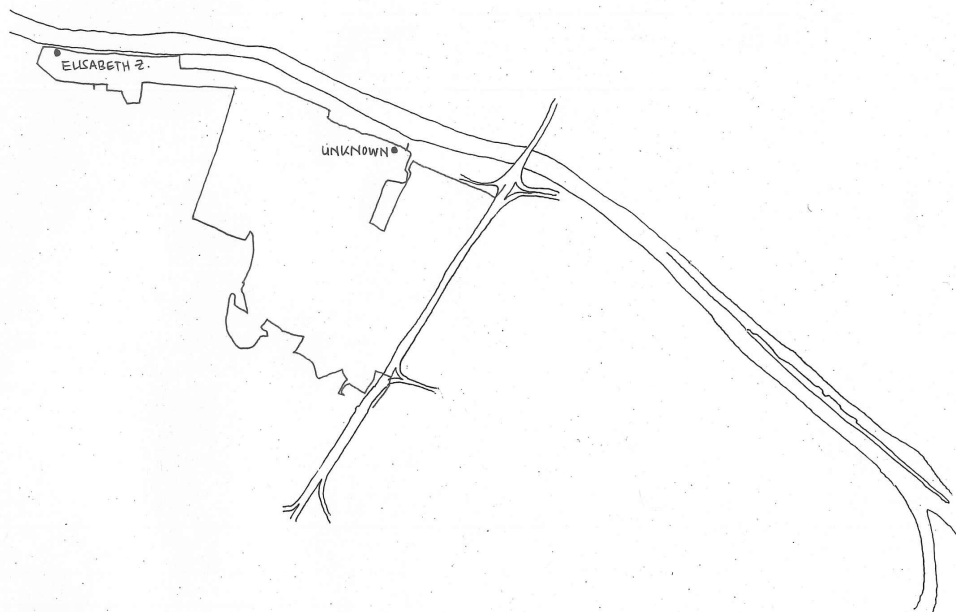
Next to the very noisy main road, I found a small stair. I wondered where the people were, as none was on the street. Curious and full of hope, I let the stair bring me into another world. It seemed as I had driven one hour out of the city, into the countryside. In between the two storey, stand-alone houses, a woman with her daughter came by and looked into a garden. "We moved here just recently". The girl was clinging to her mother. "We just hadn't enough space in our former apartment at Appollostrasse, next to Kreuzplatz. It was much more urban over there, and we have to get used to the quietness of our new home. Only after two weeks, I know all my neighbours, they even invited me to have breakfast at their place. It is so familiar and really perfect for our children. As the streets are cobbled, the cars pass by slowly, which gives me the security to let the children play outside without danger. If we want to buy things at the grocery store, we have to walk or drive a bit, there isn't really something else than housing here. No café, no restaurant, but we have gardens!" Dazzled by the sun, she made some gestures, to tell me that they have to continue, maybe to get tonight's food.





**Alumina D.**  
**Severin P.**  
**Aris**  
**Monday, 11:25-11:30**

As I am standing in the humid grass of the park and staring at the Uetliberg through the glass Swisscom building, the corner of my eye captures a dog running in my direction. He is pretty hairy and wet, and his mood seems to be the best ever. His owner apologizes to me while approaching me and binding the dog. I decide to take advantage of the situation to ask him some questions. The girl next to him, who looks as if she could be his sister and his girlfriend at the same time, asks me to switch to English since her German "is not that good". I learn that Severin lives in the neighborhood, alone. He is now spending his holidays at home, before leaving for one week in the mountains. Alumina is traveling - she is from Argentina, lives partly in London and partly in Patagonia and is here to visit Severin. I don't feel like asking what their relationship is - as if it wasn't clear somehow or not public. Maybe he is married and taking advantage of his wife being at work to spend some time with his lover. Maybe they are friends from university, I learn that Alumina studied in Zurich for a while. Maybe they are in the middle of an argument - I notice that they never talk to each other directly, only through me. She tells me that she likes the air of Zurich: it reminds her of the freshness of her hometown, with the closeness of the mountains and the sound of the flowing river. Severin tells me that he lives just behind the tree line, he points his finger to the first row of old buildings that line up along the park. He has a small garden and loves waking up at the sound of the chickens. "This district is just awesome - I can wake up seeing the Uetliberg and the Prime Tower from my window and at the same time I hear the sound of screaming chickens and goats." He walks Aris out twice a day, but the dog is not spending the whole time at his place. I don't feel like asking why or where the dog normally is.









**Nadia L.**  
**Saturday, 15.08-15.29**

She used to live in the cooperative at Lettenstrasse. Until a year ago, the apartments were rented to students. It was a really nice period and she enjoyed it very much, she told me. The courtyard was used by the young people to learn, play or have barbecues.

Some time ago the students had to move out bit by bit because the buildings were being renovated and rented at much higher prices.

Now she's moved near Albisriederplatz, which she also really likes. But she remembers the Wipkingen area very well. It is a family-friendly neighbourhood, very quiet and relaxing. "The people who live there have an alternative look, but we all know they're well off, because we have seen the rental rates. Next to the normal Coop and Migros, there are lots of expensive speciality shops, which can only survive if there is also a corresponding demand and the rural is celebrated." Every Tuesday morning, the farmer is coming with his organic fruits and vegetables, she tells me.

She does not really like the Roeschibachplatz. It is a grey and cold place, where she did not like to hang out. "One feels exposed and the Christmas lights are horrible."

But in total she had a nice memory about her street. Once she helped an old woman to carry her grocery bags. The woman was very grateful and invited her to her home to give her fresh vegetables.

She also remembers the sounds coming from the open windows opposite her apartment. There was a Spanish folklore band rehearsing there.

And the most important thing was the river, it is like a magnet for the people. She and her roommates used to get up early during summer to have a quick morning swim.

"The area around Toni Areal and the ZHdK itself is terribly uninspiring. The converted building may fulfill its function. All the art departments are connected and share the facilities. But the idea of trans-disciplinary exchange has so far failed miserably." She adds that the location of the art school was cleverly chosen by the urban planners. In the forest of newly built high-rise buildings with its lobbies reminding of hotels and their clean gardens, it's the art students who bring life to the new neighbourhood.

Her favourite place is the Hardturmbrache, which is used by the young and old. And it's places like this - places of retreat - that are missing in Zurich. And even this last piece of wasteland will soon have to give way to the planned football stadium. The whole development of Zurich West has hit like an explosion and the people have not yet adapted to the new environment.



**Landholt H.**  
**Monday, 13:38-13:45**

I proceed along the Giessereistrasse and arrive at the Turbinenplatz. I see an old man sitting on one of the banks. I approach him and smile. He smiles back, and seems eager to answer my questions. We start by what has brought him here. "I have a meeting at the Post. I've just come with the bus" I understand he's waiting, but I find it indiscreet to ask him what kind of meeting he has. "I come two to three times a week here, depending on the weather. I like to enjoy an afternoon here. My daughter used to go to school here, I have grown an affection to this place." His answer leaves me melancholic. I start to think about his daughter, if he sees her often, if to him going there is a way to have her close even if she's distant. "I really like the trees, these birches. I like to observe how they move with the wind." I wonder what he does when he gets thirsty, or hungry. "I've just bought some bread at the Puls 5. I usually go at my daughter's. She lives in Wipkingen. In this area I otherwise spontaneously go to grab something to eat or drink." He seems to answer with less and less interest. I leave him and enter the Puls 5. Everything he told me made me think of a retired person, but he really didn't look old at all, even if he had silver hair.











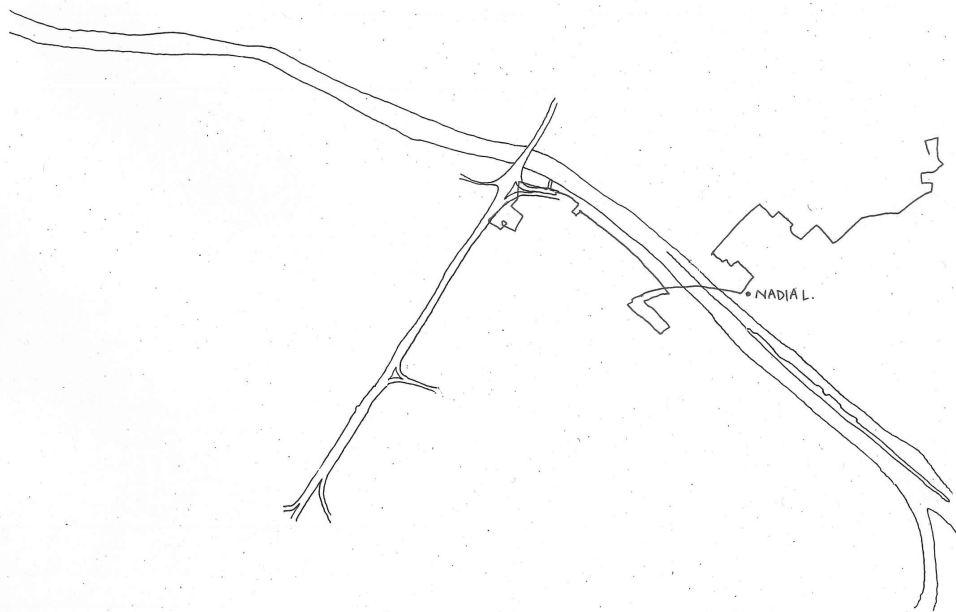
**Ruth K.**

**Friday, 10:21 - 10:24**

When I entered this beautiful, quiet neighbourhood, with a lot of trees, I also met a very friendly lady, probably in her seventies. She was very friendly to me and I imagined her to be a very sweet grandmother. “I love the place. Me and my husband live here in Wipkingen since a long time, he even grew up here. So he knows everything as a local.” She laughed. “We can enjoy here a lot of nature and quietness, we are also very central. The Limmat is the perfect place to go for a walk, next to all the people that go for a run. Also the Waid would be a nice place, so green, with nice views onto the city, but I prefer the Limmat. It is a bit closer and to the Waid I almost would have to hike. I don’t like the architecture so much! Only the violet Trotte is the one I think is beautiful, but my husband and me could argue forever about this topic. We live in a nice house, that belonged to my husband’s father and really, we have everything we need. All the shops are close and I often spend my time in the Gemeinschaftszentrum Wipkingen, where I go to a painting course together with a group of friends. On a nice day, we pass the Nordbrücke and enjoy the sun on the Röschibachplatz.” I like to listen to her, and could imagine myself having a café with her at her favourite spot. Maybe I’ll meet her again.

*pars est curo*







## *„Tauschen am Fluss“*

Hours instead of francs - in the exchange network "Tauschen am Fluss" the value of an offer is measured by the invested time. This gives you a creative local marketplace that promotes conscious consumption, recycling, the share economy and local goods cycles.

"Tauschen am Fluss" is an association created by the Wipkingen Community Centre and working with several partner organisations. Products and services are exchanged based on a time currency: for example, one hour of PC support can be exchanged for one hour of baking cakes. Costs for ingredients or spare parts are charged to the members at cost price. The active members publish their offers and requests on the online platform and can contact each other directly in order to do business. The exchange does not have to take place between two people; it is a give and take within the whole network. Work done is credited to the personal hours account. What you have consumed is deducted.

The exchange network thus contributes to recycling and the conscious use of resources: old clothes and objects are mended, cars and equipment are shared and locally produced food is offered. Added to this is the personal and financial added value for the members.

## *Instructions „Tauschen am Fluss“:*

### *What is exchanged?*

Services, knowledge, skills, self-produced goods, second-hand goods

### *Time is exchanged*

Time is considered as payment for the exchange. For example, an hour of window cleaning is worth as much as an hour of Spanish lessons.

### *Exchange between all members*

We exchange between all members of the network. Each person has an account on the Internet

### *Who can join?*

Younger and older, head and hand workers, earners and non-earners... Everyone who has time and wants to actively swap.

### *How do I become a member?*

If you agree with the exchange rules and association statutes, you can register here.

### *What does a membership cost?*

40 Fr. / year

### *The exchange begins!*

With the Cyclos software you can easily publish your offers and requests in the market newspaper, book hours and manage your personal profile.



## *Park Platz*

The former parking lot next to the old train station Letten is a place in between. It lies between the Limmat and the Strasse, between the past and the future, it is constantly changing. Different people with different interests breathe new life into this space, this barren area with creativity and commitment, making the concrete blossom. It thus becomes a small oasis, a place where one can simply linger and feel comfortable. The area should offer the opportunity to create something apart from the commercial use of space in Zurich; it represents an open platform for projects and ideas that have no place elsewhere. The area will be enlivened jointly and in an open discourse. Whether long-term, regular or one-off projects play no role. Art and music projects, gardens, playgrounds, workshops or social commitment: there are no limits to the ideas. The Park Platz offers space for critical debate and discussion.

As a temporary use, the Park Platz is in the middle of the debate about the use of urban space. The question arises: Who owns the city? Who decides where what happens and who is allowed to stay where? How can it be done differently?

Temporary use politically stands somewhere between official administrative bodies - must therefore adhere to certain guidelines and is therefore only free to a limited extent - and more radical forms of alternative use of space, such as an occupied area. This delicate position of interim use is obvious, it is always the subject of discussion. As an interim use, the Park Platz must also position itself as such, with all the difficulties, advantages and disadvantages that this entails.

One of the drives of the Park Platz project is to function as an interface precisely through its position in between. The idea of alternative use of space, which is based on a great deal of initiative and experimentation and is thus capable of broadening horizons, can thus also be passed on to people who otherwise do not deal with such content or are more likely to be involved in more commercial areas. In this way, thought-provoking impulses can be given and forms of self-organization can be demonstrated that hopefully motivate more people to critically engage with the system.

The Park Platz therefore also sees itself as a place for people to meet and for ideas and ideas about togetherness to be shared.

### *Instructions for Tauschbox on Park Platz:*

The ancient Greeks already knew it: *pars est curo*, meaning „sharing is caring“.

And that's exactly how the exchange box works: You can put the things you no longer need in the exchange box; maybe someone else will still enjoy them. Maybe you will also discover something beautiful in the exchange box yourself, then you are welcome to take it.

- Please only put well preserved things in the exchange box
- Please only things that also fit IN the box
- Everyone may take, even without giving
- Everyone is welcome to help keep the exchange box clean.



**Olaf B.**  
**Monday, 13:45-13:51**

While entering the Puls 5 I see an aged man, looking very friendly, with a blue blazer, a checkered shirt and a briefcase in his hand. His hair is silvery, curly and he wears rectangular glasses. "I work at the Technopark in a Non-Profit-Organisation. I know this neighborhood since it was an industrial ruin." I start getting curious about his memories. "It used to be an area full of junkies. Now it is very trendy, but almost too quiet. I see the Hardbrücke as a boundary. Past it there's less and less life. From 5 P.M. it starts to become deserted. Everybody goes home." He seems to imply that nobody lives here. "There was once a smelting furnace here. It has disappeared now. The only thing left is a turbine." He talks about the development of the area. "This neighborhood changed positively, but I think that it could be done more on the square. Why not a craftsman fair? They only do cycle races or wine fairs. You can see that there are already shops closing" He seems worried about the future of the area. "It's pretty dead here at night. Before it was deserted because it was quite scary. To take the tram at night you had to pass through the ruins, where you could find many junkies along the way. Most of the times nothing would happen, but you felt unsafe." He appears to imply that now there shouldn't be any reason for it to be deserted at night. I wonder what he does here after work. "I really like to go to Schiffbau and listen to some jazz. It's my favorite place." What he says suddenly makes me realize how big the space is, and how quiet. Only a couple of sounds echo very slightly in the immense and almost empty hall. Olaf B. coughs and looks at me, as if he was saying that he's about to go. I greet him and observe him leaving the hall.



***Toni***



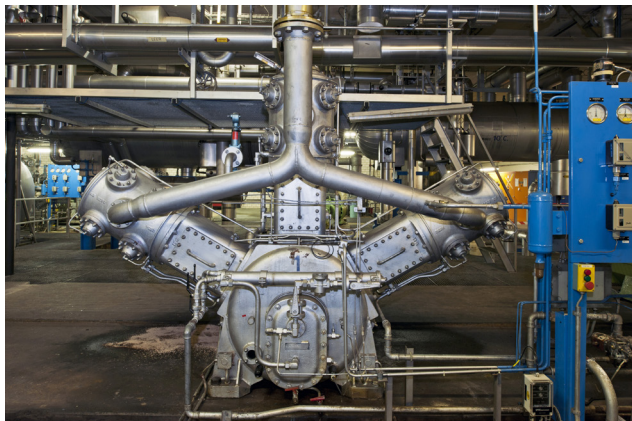
The origins of the Toni-Areal reach back to 1924, as the football club Young Fellows commissioned the Stadium Förrlibruck, for an audience of 20'000 people. Forty years later, due to the construction of the Hardturm flyover, the stadium, now belonging to the city, had to be demolished. The city sold the land between the flyover and the Duttweilerstrasse to the Milk Association (Milchverband) of Winterthur. The aim of the association was to create a facility where they could standardize dairy products. The building was designed by the architect André E. Bosshard and engineer Dialma Jakob, and the construction began in 1972. It consisted of four sectors: the ramp structure, the cold storage, the production wing, the twenty meter high boiler house and drying plant. It was divided in three main storeys, 7,8 m high each, with mezzanines between them, housing the administration, labs and galleries.





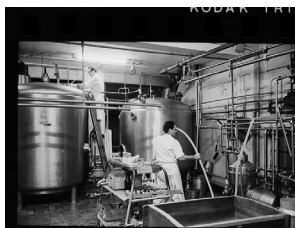


After a building time of five years, in 1977 they could process 900'000 liters of Milk per day (brought by 34 tank cars and stored in the main milk depot, with a storage capacity of 1,43 Million liters), to be transformed in powdered milk, pasteurized milk, uperized milk, yoghurt, butter, cream, cheese and ice cream. In the same year, the production process was described as "Milk from the machine" in a newspaper article, representing a practice from which the cow had disappeared. It was at that time the greatest milk processing plant of Europe (bringing together 846 cooperatives and 18'650 milk producers), with 350 employees: even Prince Charles came to visit it in 1979.





The building was organized according to three different grids: a 10 x 10 m column grid for the dairy wing, a 5 x 10 m grid for the main milk storage and 5 x 12.5 m for the drying plant. Its dimensions were 230 x 173 meters, with a surface of 83'000 square meters and a volume 472'000 cubic meters respectively. 75'000 cubic meters of concrete and 12'000 tons of steel were used. The façade was made with self-cleaning corrugated aluminum, symbolizing the hygiene of the production. It cost 173 million of francs, that would correspond to half a billion today.



8A X PAN FILM → 4



→ 27  
KODAK

→ 27A  
SAFETY FILM



→ 8A

→ 9

→ 10



→ 16

→ 17

As a reaction to the oil crisis, the firm introduced a reusable glass container and a recyclable lid for its yogurt, and built a glass cleaning facility. Its advertising poster of 1982, with its motto “Das im Glas”, would double the turnover of the company within a year. In the nineties, the consumption of dairy products diminished, and the company had to deal with international competition and milk overproduction. In 1999 it was decided to close the facility. The different sectors of the production were moved to Ostermundigen, Gossau, Sulgen and Landquart respectively. Parts of the production plant were disassembled and reassembled in eastern Europe and the facility was transformed into an office building. The economic downturn at the beginning of the year 2000 led to empty properties and new uses for the building were sought.



**Die umweltgerechte Verpackung  
ist zu jeder Jahreszeit ein Vorteil.**

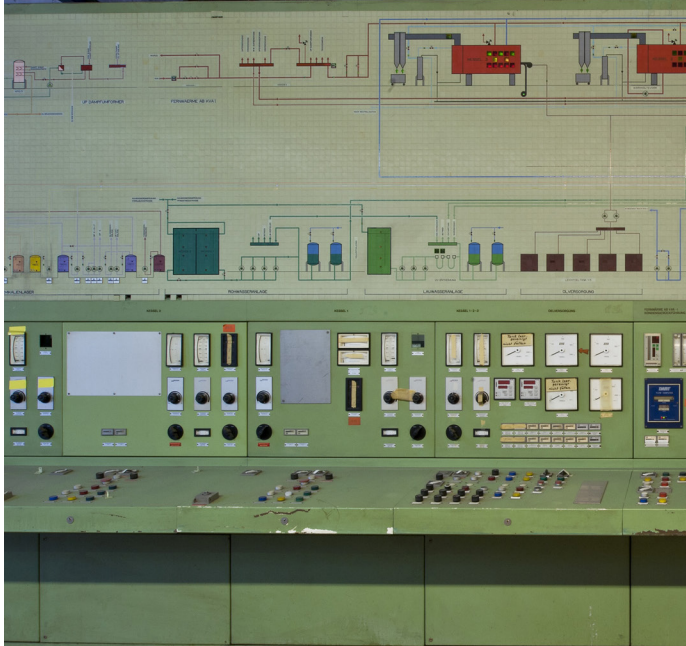


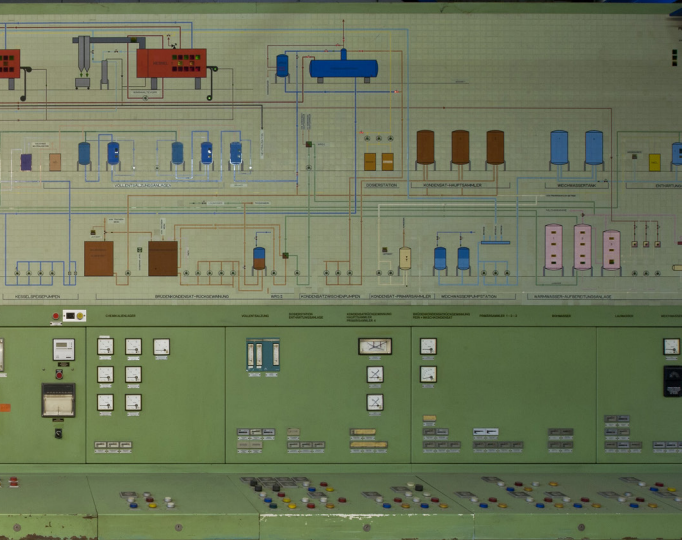
Für bessere  
Qualität  
ist keine  
Verpackung  
zu gut.



Das Toni  
Zirkulations-  
glas.





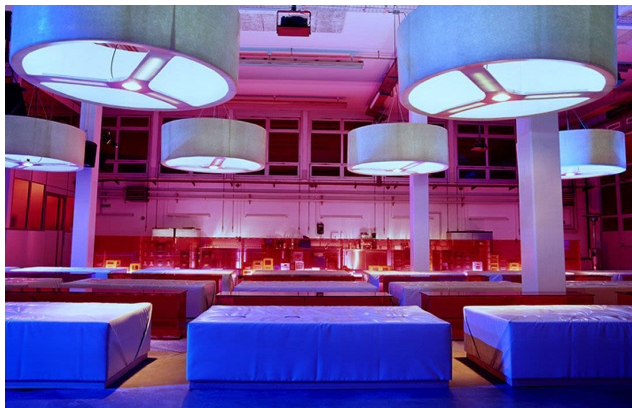


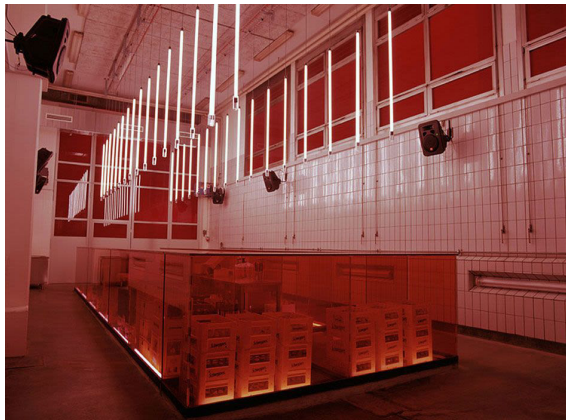
It would host three clubs: the Toni-molkerei (2002-2009), the Rohstofflager (2003-2010) and the Dachkantine (2003-2006), on the roof of the building, making it a hotspot of the clubbing scene of Zurich. It was also possible to skate, play volleyball, practice boxing and live in pent-houses. Fashion shows and exhibitions and events of every kind were organized. From a secluded production plant it became a public building. After the bankruptcy of the Swiss Dairy Food, ABB Real Estate and the Cantonal Bank of Zurich (ZKB) entrusted the architects Andreas Herzog and Ernst Hubeli the development of a masterplan. It was decided not to demolish the building, for economic and ecological reasons. It was chosen to convert the building into a high school, and the project of Herzog and Hubeli, would serve as the base for the architectural competition. They envisaged four inner courts to provide light, public facilities in the ground floor and apartments for students in the drying plant tower.

**Die Toni Molkerei ist neuerdings ein Club.**



**toni molkerei**  
meist (2) frisch (2) stark (2) gut















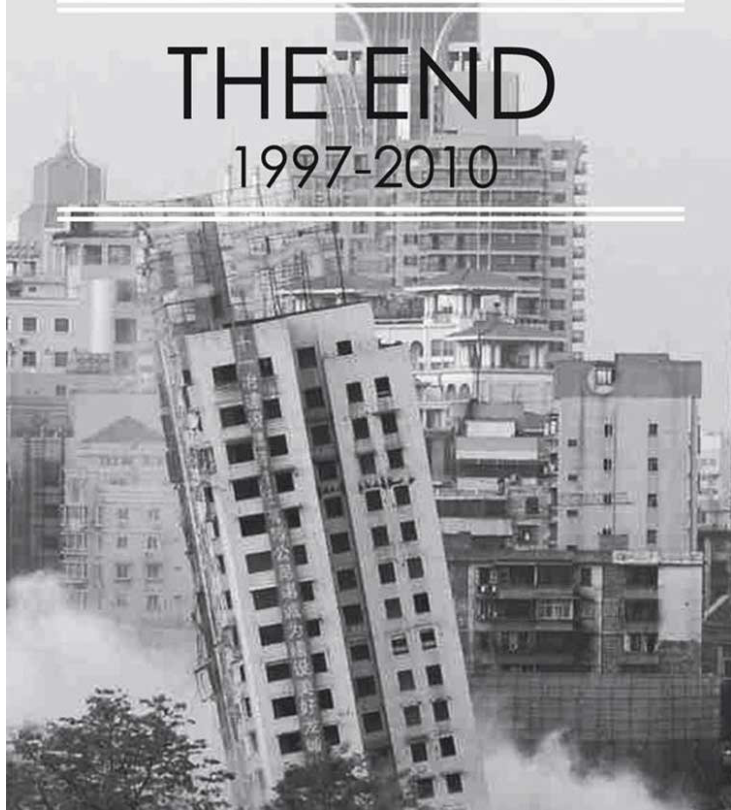
ROHSTOFFLAGER

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THE END

1997-2010

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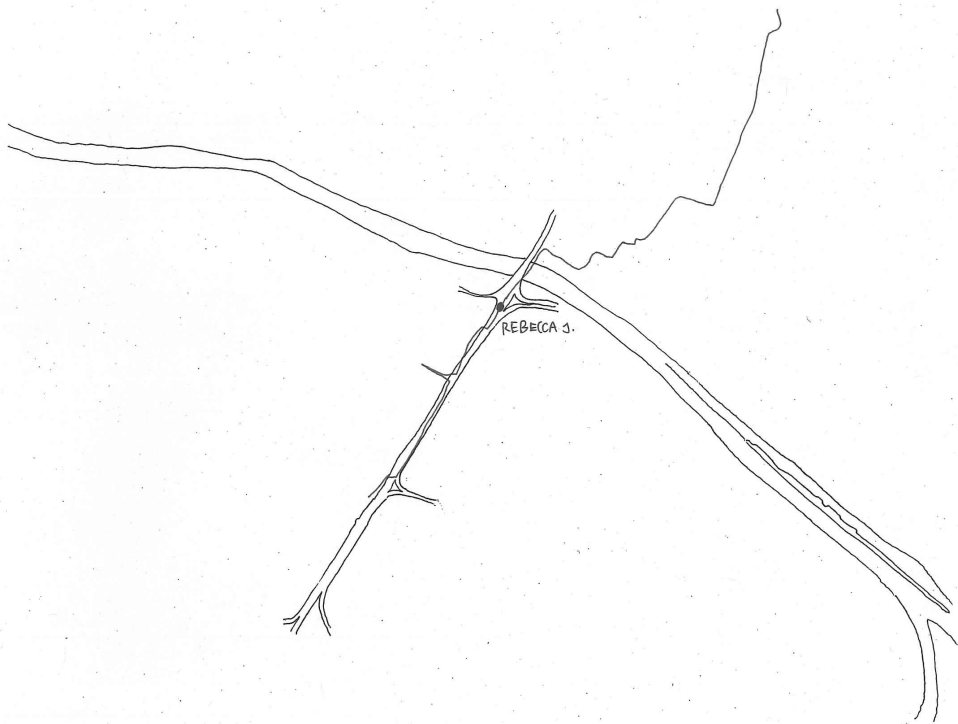














**Dagmar S.**

**?**

**Monday, 12:05 - 12:17**

A woman sits on the grey, low wall by the sidewalk. As I pass by, only looking around and enjoying the fresh air after the rain, she looks at me as if I was the first person she had seen in a very long time. At the moment I don't feel like engaging in a conversation with her - as if I knew she would be bothered or not ready to talk to me. I suddenly change my mind, still looking at her - as if her eyes lit up in that very moment - and ask if she has a couple of minutes to listen to me and perhaps give me some answers. I learn that she lives here in the houses complex next to us (it seems like she doesn't want to give me any personal or precise information about her and her life). She is waiting for her son to come from the Kindergarten. I imagine a fat boy with the typical neon yellow vest. She says that she is very happy with their place, always trying not to tell me anything too personal. The only thing she would complain about in the neighborhood is the very loud noise of the big street crossing. "And a bakery would also be nice. Now we have to walk up to the Nordbrücke to get some fresh bread!" A kid walks toward us and smiles to Dagmar. She just stands up and walks away, not letting me the time to saying goodbye, as if I had really stolen her some time.

I leave, in an inner conflict with myself. Maybe I am asking too stupid questions? Maybe I shouldn't have bothered her at all? I leave the street doubting about my approach.

I forgot to ask the kid's name.





## **Elisabeth Z.**

### **Monday, 10.37-11.19**

I called Elisabeth Z. for the second time on her business number. Still no answer.

Again, with a strange feeling, I typed her private number. After 8 rings I heard a woman saying "hello", but no name. I explained who I am and asked if I was talking to Elisabeth Z. She said yes, but could not understand me clearly, and neither I could her.

After a rustle, the sound was way clearer. I asked her if she is the one who framed pictures, as I have seen her name in a shop window of an old building, and if she would repair a picture of mine, which I brought from a journey where the glass was unfortunately broken. She sighed and asked how big the picture was. "Not bigger than an A4", I replied. "Yes I can do that, but if I am in a hurry I will not do it, because cutting glass needs "force", and since I had an operation at my shoulder, last year, I'm not able to work properly". But suddenly she changed her mind and recommended me another framing shop. I asked her why and tried to convince her to fix my picture.

I noticed that I had to specify, why I wanted her specifically to fix my picture, that I honestly wanted to find out more about her as a person and the street her shop was attached to. I had to reveal my intention.

To my astonishment, the woman immediately understood, and replied that she would be the right person. She could fill books with her knowledge about the place, if she hadn't so much on her mind. Everything is getting in above her head. In January, there were people who broke into her shop. "They demolished everything, and due to my broken shoulder I did not even have the energy and strength to fix the mess in my shop."

I asked her if one of her relatives would help her to clean up the store or if she had somebody that could support her. She swallowed hard and, with a sad laugh, said no. I immediately realised that I had asked an extremely personal question.

But exactly when that thought flew through my mind, the woman continued talking, like a waterfall.

When she was 19, she went to Sweden and Norway. In Zurich she made an apprenticeship as a mechanical engineer drafter, but after coming back from Scandinavia, she could not find a job. That's when she slowly started framing pictures.

Every morning, she got up early to work for the Pro Senectute Foundation, providing assistance to old and disadvantaged people, including cooking and doing the daily shopping. That's what she did to have a regular income. During her free time she framed the pictures in her kitchen. After 5 years she had gradually built up a customer base and was able to rent the shop of the Dr. Stephan à Porta Foundation at Hardturmstrasse. She still lives in the same house, above the shop, on the third floor.

Now 32 years have passed, and some Scandinavian customers are still visiting her. Now she is the one, who needs to rely upon the meal service of Pro Senectute and on the care Service of Spitex.

She would love to know what the city plans are for the area she lives in. During the past years it changed a lot and there is a big uncertainty about the houses they live in; if they will remain or if at some point they will be demolished and replaced by new buildings.

The city talked about making a big tree alley at the Hardturmstrasse and removing all the old rails of the freight trains, but since 2006 nothing happened. As a result they would remove all the parking spaces of the local residents, which met with big resistance. The city payed off residents with a sum of up to 2000.- for the lawsuits objections.

She knows that there are plans for the future of the neighbourhood, but at the moment no one cares about the appearance of the street. There are beat road signs. And when she once reported it to a policeman, he did not take her seriously and just left.

Also when the police made a protocol about the burglary in her shop, they did not support her. The police is corrupt anyways, she adds.

“I don’t know why I am still working, actually, I am already retired. But I love my work, I love all the interesting people that come to my shop, with all the pictures and thrilling stories behind them.”



**Stadtküche**

The *Stadtküche* was founded in 1879 as a *Volksküche*. Its origin goes back to the feeding of the poor. As a result, this social institution, which until the end of the 1990s was assigned to the Social Department, developed into a catering business for the city of Zurich with a turnover of around 10 million CHF.

Today it supplies around 7000 people daily. The city of Zurich is its biggest customer: in addition to schools, day nurseries and crèches, hospitals and retirement homes are important customers.



With the outbreak of war at the beginning of September 1939, the new building of the municipal people's kitchen was opened at Escher-Wyss-Platz, the largest welfare institution of its kind in Switzerland.

It was a so-called central kitchen, which also contained a dining room with about 120 seats, but whose cooked products were mainly distributed to various restaurants scattered throughout the city; around 1940, about 1000 children were fed daily in 35 after-school care centres and day-care centres, and about 1200 adults in 14 restaurants with a wholesome lunch at cheap prices.

Jahr	Schüler- Spelsung Portionen:	Erwachsenen- Spelsung Portionen:	Total Portionen:
1932	422 558	743 730	1 166 288
1933	365 937	692 733	1 058 670
1934	336 360	692 365	1 028 725
1935	274 287	618 400	892 687
1936	261 772	631 238	893 010
1937	233 231	686 693	954 962
1938	254 429	677 172	931 601
1939	213 064	636 092	872 807
1940	239 045	720 057	959 102
1941	276 127	1 021 783	1 297 910
1942	253 470	1 182 826	1 436 296
1943	238 917	2 117 841	2 356 758

Jahr	Suppe Port. zu $\frac{1}{2}$ Liter:	Gemüse, Tee, Fleisch Portionen:	Total:
1939	328 379	307 713	636 092
1940	368 777	351 280	720 057
1941	595 830	425 953	1 021 783
1942	708 202	474 624	1 182 826
1943	1 543 064	574 777	2 117 841

The food prepared in the kitchen in the early morning was filled from 9.15 a.m. into the warm transport containers, so-called „thermophores“, which were brought into the storage room on the river side. From 10 a.m. they were transported away from the loading ramp by cars in all directions, so that the food was distributed to the people from 11.30 a.m. on. The empty thermophores were returned at 12.30 p.m., and around 13.45 p.m. the cleaning could begin.



On 13 June 2010, the inhabitants of Zurich approved the sale of the city kitchen to the catering company DSR (Shareholder of Eldora AG).

Menu and More AG, which is a company of the Eldora Group, had been using the premises of the old Stadtküche until today.

They shifted the focus from feeding the poor to feeding children:  
*Because children are the greatest, we are already responsible today for the generation of tomorrow, as they write in their vision.*

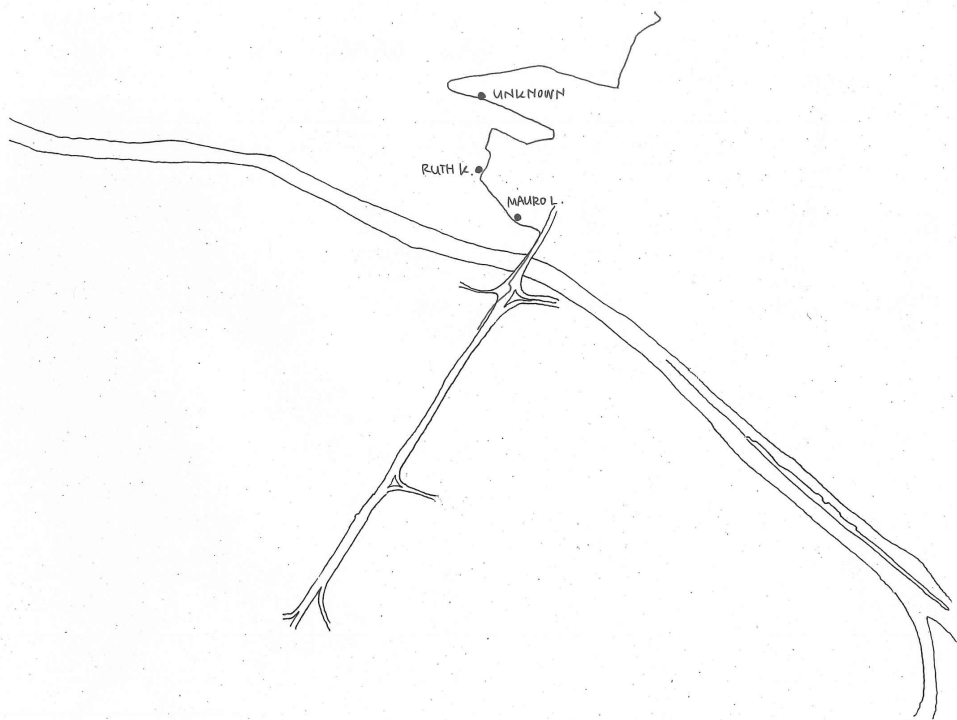














**Fabi L.**

**Monday, 11:01-11:03**

I walk through the big lit up buildings - not a single soul seems to dare to get out in the wet, cold, morning air. As I turn towards a side street I see a woman standing and looking at her phone. I decide to approach her by asking her if she has two minutes to answer a couple of questions about the district. She smiles and says that she is not that into Zurich but she will do her best. "I work hier in this building", pointing to the six storey office behind her. She tells me that she doesn't live in Zurich and gets here everyday by train, stops at Hardbrücke and walks here. Every two hours she gets out of the office for a cigarette and usually spends her pause looking at her phone "unless someone comes an talks to me" - again that beautiful smile. She never comes to Zurich out of her working days and she is not that into clubs or bars.

I run out of questions, but before I leave, I feel I want to see that shining smile again. I ask her where she would take her Grandma here. "Well, I wouldn't know what to do with her in this district... Maybe to the lake." The cigarette is off, her smile is on. I ask her what she is called and wish her a nice day.



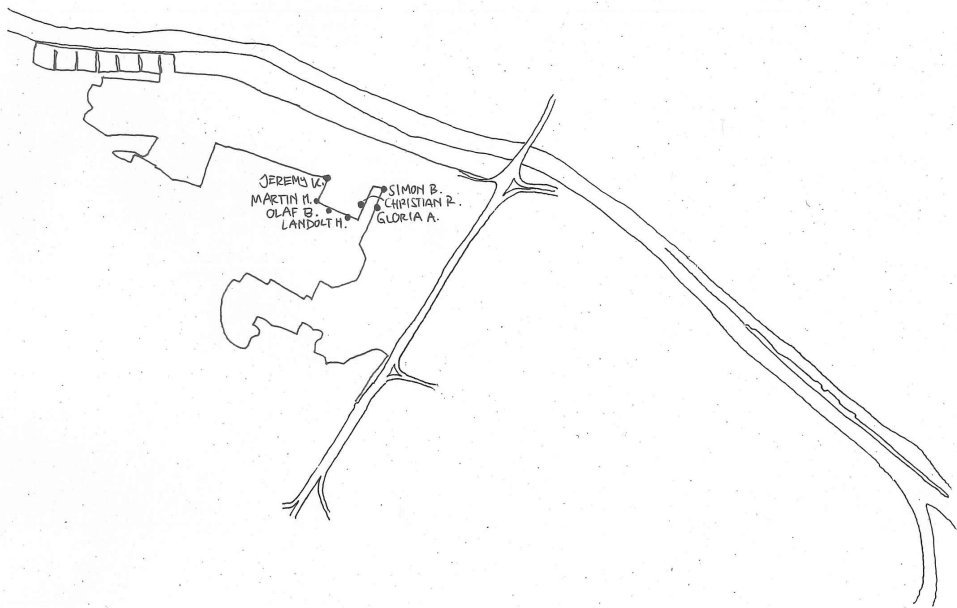


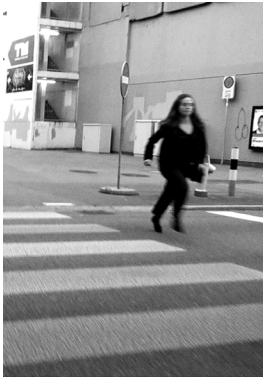
**Martin M.**  
**Monday, 13:51-13:56**

I'm in the former foundry of Escher-Wyss, now called Puls 5. I think how strange its hall is, whose emptiness seems to be accentuated by the lounge music coming from the loudspeakers, as if they felt the need to fill the space somehow. Groups of chairs around the cast iron framework of the former casting house, all empty, strengthen this feeling of mine. I suddenly meet a man in his forties, with what looks like a quite big sports bag. He confirms my suspicion. "I'm going to the gym. I come here twice to three times a week." He spontaneously speaks of his job. "I work here at the school". Does he mean the real estate school in this building? Somehow the way he said "here" hints in that direction, as well as his appearance. I can imagine him quite well as a real estate agent. He interrupts my thoughts. "I also go to the hairdresser here". I wonder if does all these things in the same building out of laziness or if he actually likes the place. Or is it just for practical reasons? "This building is really cool. The industrial hall enveloped by a new building makes it a nice place. It's something you wouldn't expect." I ask him what he does when he's not here. "I really like to go to the Limmat. It really is my favorite place. I cannot do everything I would like here. For the shopping you have to go somewhere else and there doesn't seem to be much hosing in this area. You hardly meet people that don't work here. It is not a very lively area, even if there are many bars and restaurants. At lunchtime I sometimes go to the Brisket." From this I assume he really likes American Food, BBQ and of course, to eat meat. "At night I like to go to the IQ Bar. The neighborhood is surely better than twenty years ago. There are for sure many more places to hang out. I've been working here since five years and I must say that despite everything, I quite like it here. It is a place that constantly changes." I let him go to the gym and say goodbye.









## **Unknown**

**Friday, 27.9.19, 10:25-10:25**

Next to a very cosy square in the middle of the neighbourhood, I observed a woman putting on the street the stuff she probably didn't want anymore. A sign said: GRATIS, zum Mitnehmen. The reason to talk to her wasn't her stuff. „No, no! I don't have time, I have an appointment!“ I guessed she just wasn't in the mood of talking to a stranger and continued ordering the plates, the walkman, and the books.







**Christian R.**  
**Monday, 13:34-13:38**

Close to the car park of Schiffbau, I meet a bald man, with gray hair, rectangular glasses and a bag on his shoulder. "I don't live here. I've been living in Sweden for fifteen years now." He speaks swiss german perfectly well. I understand he's from Zurich but migrated for some reason. "My wife comes from Sweden. I've just come to visit my family". I wonder why he's alone. Where is his wife now? I ask him about how the area has changed in the past fifteen years. "It is now much more open and brighter, but there's also a lot of concrete. The combination between old and new buildings is quite interesting. There are a lot of places where one can meet people. And there appear to be a lot of creatives in this area. I spotted a lot of photographers today. But there doesn't seem to be a lot of housing here, I see almost only shops." His bag makes me curious: it looks like a sports bag. "I usually don't do sports here, whenever I'm here in Zürich I go to Höggerberg or outside of the City, in Sihlwald."

He confesses he's very hungry and that he hasn't eaten anything yet. "I'm going to grab something in Escher-Wyss. Before I've seen a couple of restaurants when walking by." He walks away, while leaving me wondering what he has been doing until I met him.

**Gloria A.**  
**Monday, 13:24-13:31**

The weather is very gloomy, and I feel the weight of the dark clouds upon me. It seems as if it's going to rain at a moment's notice. I close my jacket: it's cold. I see a woman next to Schiffbau with a light blue jacket that catches my attention. I seize the opportunity to ask her some questions. She's going to work and doesn't seem to have much time. As I say that it will not take long, she accepts to answer. German doesn't seem her mother tongue, but she however seems to be confident with it. I don't dare to ask her where she comes from. "I come daily to Escher-Wyss, as I work at Schiffbau. I take the public transports to arrive at work." As I ask her with which line exactly she frowns, as if it is an intrusive a question. "I always take the Tram 8". We talk about where she usually eats her lunch. "I take my lunch at Coop". Her answer appears to suggest that this is for her the only option. She seems quite enthusiastic of the neighbourhood. "I like its mix of cultural venues, offices and educational institutions". I'm a bit perplexed as she says there's no nightlife. "I don't frequent the area at night". She confesses that she wakes up early and goes to bed early. She appears to suggest that the night-life there is only for teenagers. "It's quite annoying that there aren't many coffee shops that are open early: most of them open only at 9, when I'm already working".

I leaf through my notes, as I don't know what to ask next. I decide to ask her where she likes to have a drink. "I often go to the Schiffbaubar, which is very nice, or to Les Halles. I go grocery shopping at the Viadukt every now and then." From this I assume she earns quite well, from the way she's dressed and her grocery habits. It doesn't come to my mind to ask her what her job is, perhaps because I imagine her as a business woman, as she has a briefcase in her hand. I somehow envisage her as married. I wonder what her husband looks like, what his job is. We speak about where she does sports. "My fitness club is in Bellvue. I do pilates. But I also go to Enge every now and then. My previous office was there and I like to go back there every now and then. I'm actually quite new here, I've been working here since April."









