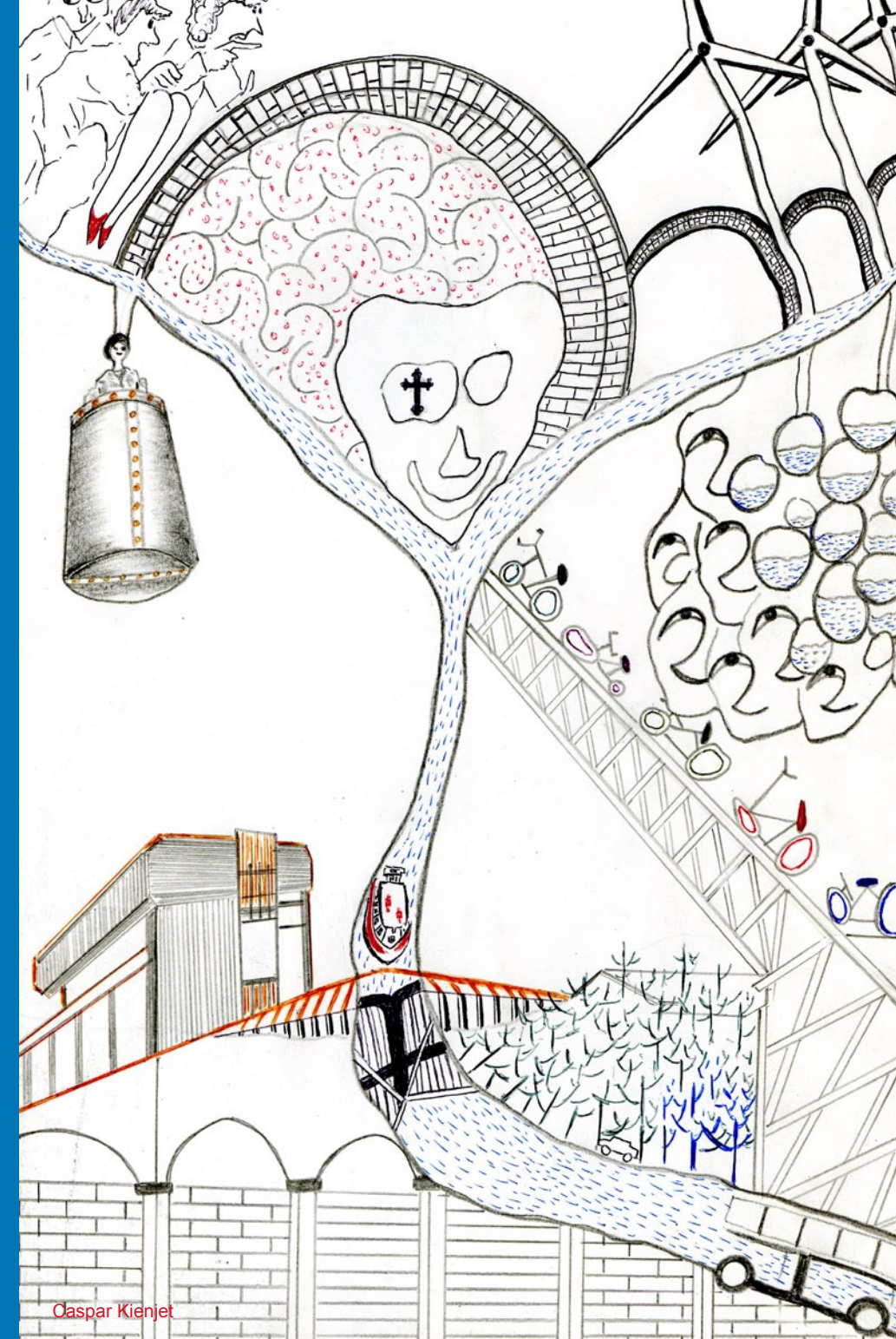


I was too late to see the boat
but I saw the counterweight
moving slowly down the slope



RIETVELD EXCURSIE 2009

INDUSTRIALISATIE IN BELGIE EN FRANKRIJK



A friend had just finished writing a book on the Boer War (Tweede Boeren Oorlog-1899-1902). He was convinced that the English had invented the trenches (“loopgraven”) in order to keep them protected from the well-aimed rifle fire of the Boers. But I had to contradict him. Thanks to last years’ field trips and workshops on early military architecture and the use of water at the Berlage Institute and Rietveld Academy, I knew better, of course. Trench warfare had a much longer history, going back to, among others, the Thirty Year’s War, the Eighty Years War and the various wars of Succession. Designing trenches was considered an “art”, belonging to that other “art”, the Art of Warfare. Most probably it was the great Vauban – Sebastien Le Prestre Marquis de Vauban (1633-1707)- who was credited with the invention of offensive zig-zag trenches used in siege warfare against, sometimes his own, unassailable- fortifications. Fortifications in those days were what road building would have been now. An always present ever on-going (especially at night!) activity of digging and building and –above all- repairing. We tend to forget that the Netherlands’ “Golden Age” was in fact an age of continuous fighting. Building fortifications was the foremost urbanistic activity of the Lowlands during the late sixteenth and early eighteenth centuries. One can safely say that every city in the Lowlands (Northern and Southern Netherlands) was at some point in its history, a fortified city. Fortified cities were self-sufficient, symmetrically organized, low-lying organisms, protected by water filled moats and earthen walls, and compacted by zig-zagging bastions, ravelins and curtain walls. All this was the result of the introduction of mobile artillery. Towns that came under fire flattened themselves as much as they could, and threw up as much earth as they could. The process evolved in such a way that fortified towns seemed to disappear from view. Anyone approaching the city of Naarden (“Naarden Vesting”), or Woudenberg, or Ysselstein or Willemstad, all well preserved “vestingsteden”, will have to admit that what he is allowed to see is hardly more than a slight elevation of the terrain and it is only after he had entered through the city’s gate, that the true contents are revealed.

The Dutch were feared and famous for their fortifications. Designing “vestingen” was considered a serious art, exceeding even the prestige of the pictorial and monumental arts. It was an art in which mathematics, geography, architecture, landscaping and siege-warfare were combined with rare finesse. As an art-form it had moved from Italy to the North and it was nowhere better at place than in the Lowlands. It arrived just in time to serve the Republicans in their struggle against the Habsburg feudalists. From Leonardo, Michelangelo and Vignola to Simon Stevin, Sébastien de Vauban and Menno van Coehoorn. At the end the art’s highest levels were achieved in Holland and France, the two leading military powers. Vauban for the king of France and Van Coehoorn for the States General of the Republic. Interesting aspect of a fortification is that it is all in a flat plane plan and that it has no façade. Its lay-out is a symmetrical play of zig-zag lines of ramparts, trenches and bastions which can only be perceived from above. Symmetry was considered the key to success and a successful “vestingbouwer” excelled in well balanced designs as well as in the hard labour of moving earth. The most excellent of “vestingbouwers” was Menno van Coehoorn (1641-1704). He fought at the siege of Maastricht in 1673, where he found himself opposite the great Vauban, who under the eye of his battle-happy king Louis XIV experimented with new techniques of offensive fortification, indeed: trench digging. Van Coehoorn and Vauban became colleagues and enemies, both extremely productive –Vauban designed some hundred fortified cities – and highly inventive- Van Coehoorn invented a small portable mortar with which projectiles could be fired in a steep arch over the town’s defence systems into its very centre. An eloquent parable of the all-creative architect who, in truly demiurgical style, animates the product of his creation with the power to destroy itself. To create means to destroy. To experience all the secrets and surprises of a large scale fortified city a visit to the French border city of Maubeuge is highly recommended. Vauban’s vast work of earth and brick is largely preserved and offers day long walks on its walls, adventurous shortcuts through its corridors and tunnels, and majestic views from its bastions. The works are so big that in one of its segments a zoological garden has been accommodated, that even from short range cannot be distinguished. Vauban, with no competition Europe’s greatest urbanist, was apart from being a prolific theorist and architect, a most accomplished earth-mover. So was Van Coehoorn, who, more than anyone, understood the nature of warfare in the Lowlands. The enemy’s greatest enemy was the Lowland’s soggy conditions. Serious cavalry engagements and manoeuvring with heavy armour were doomed to end up in mud. And exactly this was to the advantage of the Hollanders. Not strength but weakness was the strength. The weaker the system of defence, the harder it was to harm it. Instead of building strong walls to deflect incoming cannon-balls, they laid out low-lying earthworks in which projectiles soundlessly disappeared. Traditionally the Hollanders called in the help of water to increase the unwelcome conditions even more. Flooding one’s own territory was a popular technique of offensive defense. (See: my essay “Platitudes: The Two- Dimensional World of the Netherlands.”) In a perverse way, locks were so constructed that they had to let water in, instead of to keep it out. Two contradictory sides of the same coin.

The system of hydraulic morbidity -to drown oneself in order to win the battle- was strongly advocated by Van Coehoorn. He and his sixteenth century predecessors, believed that for at least the period of the relief, the waters would be manageable and friendly. Through this unique contract, the waters, for the period of the relief, would behave correctly. But after the work was done and after the dikes had been repaired, they would have to return to their lairs and would be allowed to resume their daily pounding of the dikes. Repair, maintenance and (re)construction were the responsibility of a unique body, the so called “Hoogheemraadschappen”. The “Hoogheemraden” and “Dijkgraven” formed. These “inspectors of dikes and waterworks” were responsible for the country’s security and they operated as independent legal bodies within the state of the Netherlands. Everything related to the nation’s hydraulics was within the Hoogheemraad’s jurisdiction, which roughly encompassed half of the Netherlands. Nothing could better illustrate the importance of Dutch water-defence systems than the position of this state within the state. Politically the Netherlands are run by parliament, but technically they are dependent of Rijkswaterstaat, the Heemraden’s legal heir. (An interesting exercise is to make a list of all the signs and name plates with “Rijkswaterstaat” on it. At the end everything seems to be their property.) The Delta Works, intended to prevent the recurrence of the disastrous flooding of Zeeland and Zuid Holland in February 1953, are Rijkswaterstaat’s proud responsibility and the enduring proof of this country’s obsessive talent for digging and throwing up barriers against the sea. A visit to the flat sandy beaches in summer will show this talent revealing itself already to its youngest citizens.

(See: My September 2009 key-note presentation “Enduring Flatness”.)

Yet whereas digging –and not to forget dredging or “baggeren”- was a Dutch preoccupation, the Southern Netherlands, which after 1830 became Belgium (België), leaned more toward French and English technology. In the North, water was dangerously omnipresent. In the South it was merely present. After fossil fuel – coal- became exploited as the major source of energy, the South exploded in a frenzy of digging deep into the earth. Mines went down everywhere: in forests, cornfields, even in parks and gardens of the grand estates. Before the advent of the railroad, overland transportation of bulk loads was done by barges plying hand dug canals. When by 1681 the Canal du Midi was dug to connect the Mediterranean with the Atlantic Ocean, the building of industrial canals had become more or less routine. In Great Britain, where industrial development had gone into overdrive, canals were constructed in great haste. To save time and costs they came out in the thriftiest of dimensions: narrow, shallow and straight. Still the problem was far from solved. Coal and ore are generally found in mountainous territory and water does not flow upwards. Therefore a panoply of smart water-level-correctors was built. They ranged from outright fantastic to fairly workable. The best solution was provided by the boat lift. The Anderton lift by former Thomas Telford (“Menai Bridge”) engineer Edwin Clark was so successful, that Clark was invited to design a somewhat similar system in the Belgian mining district of the Borinage between Mons and Charleroi, better known as the Canal du Centre. During the late 1880’s a series of highly sophisticated lifts were constructed, enabling barges to be carried up (and down) elevations of up to a total of fifty metres. These lifts are still demonstration of a highly intelligent and ultra-economical – we would now say ‘environmentally neutral’- design, in which no other foreign source of energy is required, than the hand of the operator allowing a minimal amount of water into one of two communicating vessels. By causing a state of unbalance, one vessel pushes up a piston, carrying a tub on its back in which in all quiet comfort, a barge is floating. The other vessel in the meantime had gone down to pick up the next custor. All in perfect silence and no money wasted. The Canal du Centre connects the Canal de Charleroi à Bruxelles with the river Scheldt (Schelde) and so with the North sea. The canal is still in working order, albeit in a somewhat down-scaled fashion. Other industrial canals in the area, the Canal de Charleroi à Bruxelles and the Franco –Belgian connection of the Canal de la Sambre et de l’Oise lead the highly romantic existence of the sleeping beauty.

The best way to explore this hydraulic paradise is, of course, by bike. Or, as the Lowlanders say “Fiets”. Fiets is hollands for bi-cycle. See José Ortega y Gasset Lo que el viajero percibe en las bicicletas de Holanda in Obras completas (1946-1947), Tome 5, Artículos (1935-1937)

The origin of the word “fiets” is unclear. It comes close to an onomatopoeia, imitating the sound of something that approaches silently, whistles as it comes by and dissolves in the distance. “Fiets” sounds like “swish”. Tourists hate the fiets. It hits before they know where it came from. Therefore a fiets is equipped with a bell. But that does not help either. Ringing the ‘fiets-bell’ reminds the tourist of the ice-cream vendor sounding his bell to announce his irresistible ware. Instead of taking shelter, the average –mostly American- visitor first turns around in happy anticipation and then, bang, is floored. Cycling to Hollanders is merely transportation. A Hollander takes the bike were others walk or take the car. It certainly does not amuse them nor relaxes or excites them. Wearing a helmet is no option simply because one does not wear protective clothing when walking either. In the light of our research, the bike is an ideal leveller. It not only breaks down the barriers between the classes, it also sets the standard of horizontality. A Dutch bike reads and measures the various degrees of flatness. A Dutch bike is made of heavy steel and has no gear change. Brakes are of the so-called kick back (“terugtrap”) type. It does not allow for speed. Speed is of no relevance. What is relevant is its stubbornness and its unwillingness to attack even the slightest elevation. Aron Betsky, connoisseur of Dutch culture, originally titled his book on the qualities of Dutch design “False Flat”. The term derives not from music, but from the world of Dutch (and Flemish) biking. A false flat is a slight slant in the surface that deceptively looks like it is perfectly level. The only way a false flat makes itself known is not through vision but by the pain it causes in the biker’s calves. Long before the eyes get a chance to notice a difference in the terrain, the legs already have sounded the alarm.

The idea to perform the Delta-Belgico-Franco safari on a “fiets” was a brilliant one. Yet it also made clear that the native “fiets” (“stadsfiets”) was not equipped to tackle non-paved or slightly inclined paths. The softly undulating landscape of Northern France might be a delight to the motorist, but it is hell to the “fiets”. At least to the biker on a “fiets”. At the end calves and inner-tubes had succumbed, but character had prevailed.

Nothing, it was proven, is as strong as the true fietser, even if his heart was longing for a lightweight “bike” with dozens of gear-changes and fat, comfortable, tires. Next time.



Along the canal

Élise Oussoren

Beauty and Horror

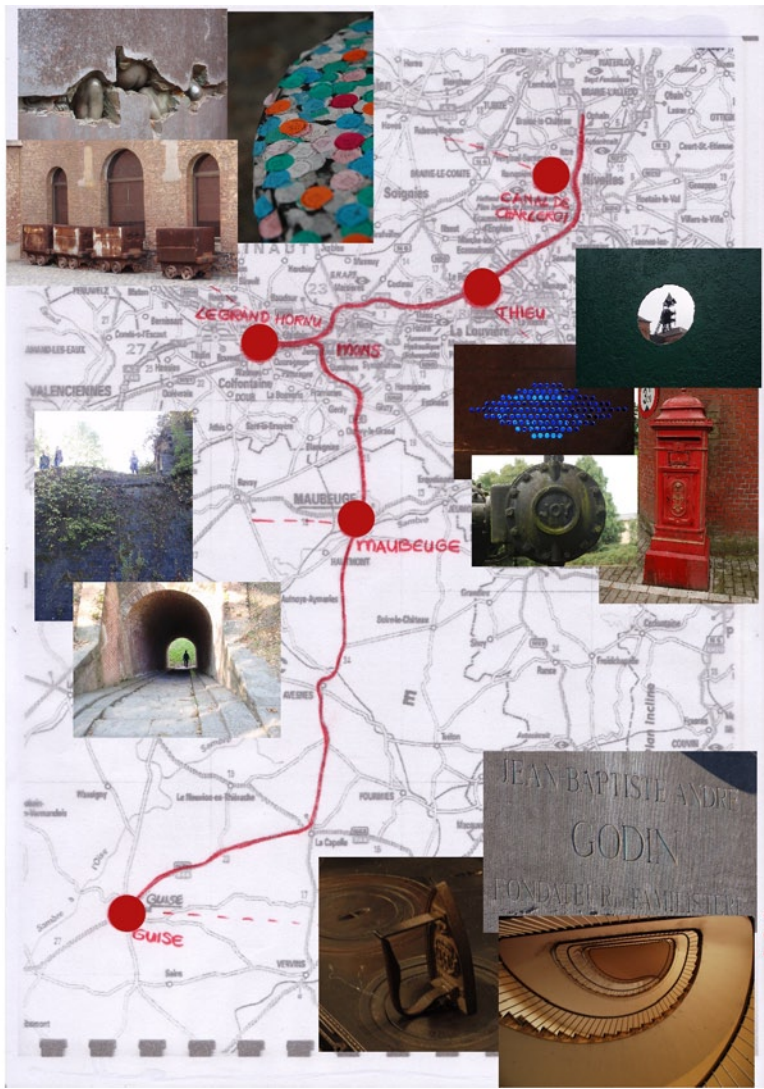
Why on earth go to the south of Belgium and the deserted North of France with all the students Architectural Design of the Gerrit Rietveld Academy? It is an extraordinary area to go to with students on bikes of very different quality. But also: Hornu, Mons, Borinage, La Louvière, Arquennes, Maubeuge, Tupigny, Guise - an excellent region to get a notion of problems concerning infrastructure, waterworks, housing, mining, fortifications and industry of the last few centuries.

We slept in Mons, a picturesque town fifty kilometres south of Brussels. A lovely place at first sight with a comfortable youth hostel, lots of flower baskets and bars to spend the evening. But also: a town with roots in the Roman empire, with a rich and sometimes violent military history from the seventh century until today, with the military headquarters of NATO nearby. Mons, called Bergen in Dutch, is a city with many faces. We stayed in Maubeuge, a French city that seemed quite boring on Google Earth but surprised us with magnificent fortifications.

HIDDEN DETAILS
By Mireille Hofwijk

LeGrand Hornu. Outside, a trip back in time, listening to the audio guide. Inside, inspirational modern expositions.

Maubeuge, an old fortification, now the perfect playground camping site with plenty tunnels and hills.



Belgium-France aug '09

Bois du Luc, a coal mine perfectly maintained throughout the years. A site full of mystery and character..

Guise, a look into what life was like in the idealistic homes of Godin. Light, fresh air and clean water, things which are common nowadays, but very exceptional back in the 19th cent.

Mireille Hofwijk

We visited three different sites where enlightened 18th and 19th century industrialists tried to make life for their workers a little less miserable by providing decent housing, heating, entertainment and sport facilities: Bois du Luc, Grand Hornu and de Familistère de Guise. We biked along the Canal du Centre with its historical boat lifts and drawbridges. We saw recent versions of boatlifts in the new canal, including the Escenseur de Strépy Thieu and the Plan Incliné: bewildering projects of a scale and radicalism of their solution for bringing boats to a higher level.

Amazed and intrigued we watched the huge ships be lifted. We could compare these engineering tour de forces to the size and radicalism of the Dutch Delta Works that we saw on the way to Belgium. We saw the region documented by Joris Ivens in his powerful film Misère au Borinage (1934). We were told about Alexis Soyer, King William I, Henri de Gorge a and Jean-Baptiste.

Well where to start. It was very early in the morning when we took off. First loading the bikes is the truck. Which was very funny to look at.

When everything was loaded we went to Neeltje jans. I was very surprised by this landscape, by its scale and its power. I felt very tiny. On the other hand it is a kind of exotic place. There isn't a place like this for as far as I know in the Netherlands or Europe or maybe in the world.

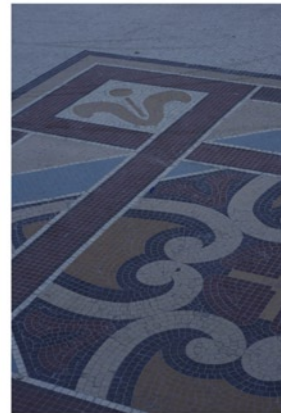
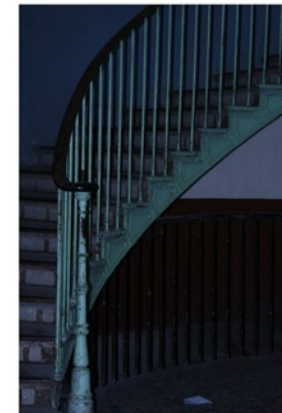
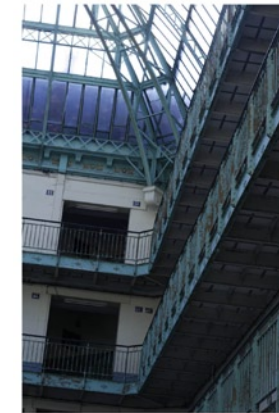
When I was young I read the childsboek of Jan Terlouw Oosterschelde windkracht 10. It was about a young couple who lived in Zeeland during the period of this storm of 1953. It tells the story during the storm and after the storm. About the political decisions and the story of the people who were against the Deltaworks. I didn't really understand the problem against the Deltaworks. The reason was very clear. It was built to protect the land and the inhabitants of that part of Holland. After seeing this Deltaworks I understand why some people didn't want this dams. It transformed Zeeland in a controlled landscape. And the influence for the economics were also very huge. I think that this discussion is still going on, and now with the climate change is this still a very hot subject. Should we rise the dikes or start living in a floating home, maybe both.

After Neeltje Jans we went to Belgium and France. The last day of the excursion was for me the most interesting one. We biked to Guise in France. After surviving freshly paved road, grass and hills we reached Guise. and visited La familistere de Guise.

An Industrial site where was taken care of its employees. Wonderful and very social if you know that it was in the early 19th century. My interest was not really in this story but more in the familistere building. Three appartement complexes with a inner court and a nice garden. This building functions beautifully. It is a very social building. Every movement in this building is connected with this inner court. This makes this inner court the most important place in the building. When you lived in this building it was almost impossible to not know your neighbours. If you compare this to a appartement complex nowadays, it is almost scary if you now who lives on the same floor. I just want to point out that architecture can influence social behavior of the users of a building.

It was a very nice trip. I've seen a lot of beautiful and amazing things.
Too much to write about it all.

Jody Vergeer.



DAVID BENZ - GREEN

For the ones who want to read a book about the Deltaworks:

Oosterschelde windkracht 10. Jan Terlouw. In Dutch.
http://books.google.nl/books?id=Zk4a-eiKjc4C&dq=jan+terlouw+oosterschelde+windkracht+10&printsec=frontcover&source=bn&hl=nl&ei=l4DASmHOcLD_gbyuRf&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=4#v=onepage&q=&f=false

Godin. Luca played local music; Ina told about the local cyclist-hero Eddy Merckx; Ivo presented the 17th century engineer Sébastien Le Prestre Seignur de Vauban on the fortifications of Maubeuge. We biked the area of Marc Dutroux, but also of Vincent van Gogh. A country where beauty and horror exist next to each other.

Students made very personal reports for this book. This collection of drawings, photos, collages and texts - not censored in any way - gives an insight in all the personal realities and interpretations of this trip.

Why on earth go to the south of Belgium and the deserted North of France? Look at the following pages and you might get an idea.

Ps: Thank you Thomas A.P. van Leeuwen for helping us look better.

Dorine van Hoogstraten

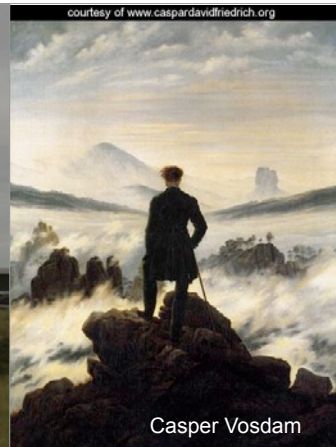


Vincent van Gogh, Coalmine in the Borinage, 1879 (Van Gogh Museum Amsterdam)

Day 1 Wednesday September 23rd - Gather in front of the Rietveld Academy at 9 o'clock.

“The great wall” of Zeeland.

The Barrier in Zeeland is one of the best works that illustrates the Netherlands and its struggle/ perseverance to stay under the sea level without being flooded. The barriers brutal power demonstrate what the Netherlands are up against. On one side you see the Netherlands, a flat land filled with farms. And on the other you see the immense fastness of the sea, and the only thing that separates the two are a few meters and tons of concrete and steel. It was almost like looking at the painting “Wanderer above the sea of fog” by Caspar David Friedrich.



The utopian factory's. Three factory's with a common goal. Even though they differ from each other they all had a certain ideal. Build a community in which everyone is equal. A community which is self-sufficient thus stable, in which everybody knows their role. I think its a great concept which would even work today in modern society, but especially in third world countries. Imagine such a community revolving around a Nike-factory for example in India. You would be able to help a lot of people in such countries if you would apply that concept!

-Bus to Mons, check into youth hostel (rooms of four).

Mons - The only thing I can say about Mons, is that it has a very nice town centre where you can buy great beer called Kwak, and that they served food that gave me a feeling of bliss!

Day 2 Thursday September 24th



The master of all elevators, and its predecessors. Our starting point for our bicycle adventure was a sluice on the Canal du Centre, which showed us the usual way of taking a ship from one level of a canal to another. One that is commonly used in the Netherlands. But when we biked further down the Canal du Centre you could see a structure on the other side of the canal that wasn't that common like the sluice. It was an boat-lift built in 1917 and it had two basins in which small boats could be lifted or dropped. It seemed very logical in a way but yet I found it very hard to imagine that people actually used these. It was kind of surrealistic even though it made perfect sense. When we cycled further down the canal and through some alleyways of a small village, a huge building became visible behind the houses from the alleyway. When we approached this colossal, this turned out to be the modern variant of the industrial elevator we saw earlier.

The Strépy-Thieu boat lift. It could lift or lower a canal freighter ship from the upper canal to the lower canal with a 73 meter difference of height. Without spilling a drop of water the boat lift lifted a basin in under 7 minutes. The third boat lift we visited was the same model as the first one we saw. But this one had something I can only describe as ancient or magical. This one was more hidden next to the trees and it seemed like it was actually a part of its surroundings instead of something that had just been placed there.

Program

- Day 1**
- Gather at the Rietveld Academy. Bikes go in a separate bus.
 - Visit the Deltawerken
 - Visit Le Grand Hornu
 - Mons

- Day 2**
- Bike from Mons along the Canal du Centre, the historical ship elevators Strépy-Thieu
 - Visit Bois du Luc in La Louvière
 - Bike along La Samme, pass Arquennes, to Le Plan Incliné in the Canal de Charleroi a Bruxelles near Ronquières
 - Dinner in La Tour Glacée in Ronquières
 - Maubeuge

- Day 3**
- Walk the fortification of Maubeuge
 - Bus to the area of Landrecies
 - Bike from Landrecies to Guise
 - Visit the Familistère de Guise
 - Return to Amsterdam

- Visit Bois du Luc in La Louviere.
- Along La Samme, pass Arquennes.
- To Le Plan Incline in the Canal de Charleroi a Bruxelles near Ronquieres.
- Dinner in restaurant La Tour Glacee in Ronquieres.
- Bus to hotel Shakespeare in Maubeuge.

Day 3 Friday September 25th

Maubeuge is one big fort! Even though Maubeuge was a bit boring when it comes to nightlife, in the morning we had plenty to do and see. The fortification of Maubeuge by Sébastien Le Prestre de Vauban (1633-1707) built in 1682 till 1685. Even though it was partly in ruins, you could still get a pretty good idea what the fortification had been like. What really surprised me was the care that it was built with. Even though the fortification itself was a hole landscape on its own, you could see that attention had been paid to things like the masonry. Which is pretty amazing for a fort of that scale and with only a building time of three years!



- Bus to the area of Landrecies.
- We bike from Landrecies to Guise, through Foret de Mormant.
- Visit the Familistere de Guise.
- Return to Amsterdam in the evening.

Quinten Corbey

Familistere Godin

The building was the most impressive place in the excursion. It was an apartment house for laborer who work at the factory in the town, and people have lived in still. Now, the building have been changing as a museum with conservation of the function as housing in the left wing.

The inside of this building has large void in the center. The natural light comes into softly through the glass roof, and the wind goes up from basement to the upper floors. These factors make good space as common yard.



Akiro Negishi

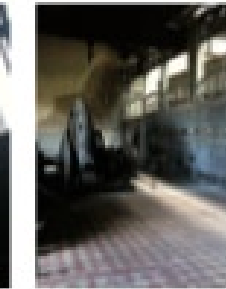


Another astounding engineering marvel in the Netherlands is the Deltaworks. This is proof that nature can be managed in harmonious way without totally dominating natural procedures. This is more an example of protection against natural elements rather than the salvaging of the element like the rest of the applications during the industrial excursion.

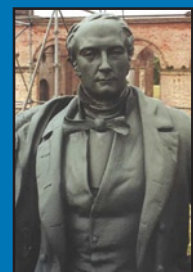
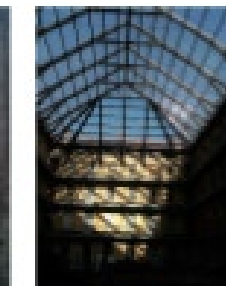
Water plays a very important role in the industries in Belgium, functioning as transportation systems. Long, straight, human made canals criss cross the landscape. Shipping elevators and sluices are indispensable and an unbelievable sight. The elevators in Houdeng and Steep- Thieu are good examples.

Since the 17th century mining was dominant in the industrial scene in Belgium. During the following centuries there were several initiators of social utopias and better social circumstances for workers. Bois-du-luc, Le Grande Hornu and Familistere Social of Godin are excellent examples of how there prevailed a change of attitude towards society.

The fortifications of Maubeuge is an example of how people went about protecting themselves and a whole city against attacks. I found this area had the most little industrial attributes but nevertheless, the mere size and scale of the fort itself implies some industrial system of building.



Text and Photos: Yiveta du Toit 29 October 2009



Henri de Gorge

12 feb. 1774 - 22 aug. 1832, death cause: Cholera industrialist and philanthropist He developed the model factory and worker's housing complex at Grand-Hornu, ([HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Boussu"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Boussu) Boussu, Belgium) between 1810 and 1830. It is a unique example of functional town-planning. He also introduced the first railway (horse-drawn) to Belgium.



Jean-Baptiste Godin

26 Jan., 1817 - 29 January 1888, Aisne, France Industrialist and social experimenter

He started as iron-worker at an early age. On a long journey he had seen the poor working conditions of the workers. In 1837, he started a small factory for the manufacture of castings for heating-stoves. After some experiments, he started to built a social company. Each workers could have an apartment; size according to the number of people in the family, large accordingly to the number of people in the family. Those flats were prepered with a special attention to 'space', 'light' and 'hygien'. Jean-Baptiste Godin also made schools and a theater. He organized conferences, built dedicated shops, a swimming pool, a nursery, those really in advance for this time. Jean-Baptiste Godin gave to his workers the management of the flats and the small 'city' named 'Familistere'. Women could vote. Later the whole became the property of the workers.

In **Le Grand Hornu** word het verleden en de toekomst met elkaar gecombineerd. Niet alleen vanwege de tijdelijke tentoonstellingen maar ook het gebouw is binnen en buiten gerenoveerd en iets te modern aangekleed aan de buitenkant. Dat betekent in dit geval weinig bekleding van de façade. Hierdoor is de identiteit van de gebouwde ring een beetje verloren gegaan. Aangekomen in **Mons** kreeg ik het idee dat de waterval op het plein het centrale hart van het stadje versterkte. Wat ook opviel was dat het Hostel waar we in verbleven in groot contrast stond met de omgeving. Het leuke aan dit gebouw vond ik dat je in de avond een andere route binnen langs het gebouw moest nemen om zodoende regelrecht naar je kamer te kunnen lopen zonder de receptie en restaurant te betreden. De scheepsliften waren iets nieuws voor mij en wist niet dat deze mechanische gebouwen bestonden. Het was bijzonder om het contragewicht te zien dalen net als dat te zien is in een open lift.

Het meest interessante van **Bois du Luc** vond ik de huisjes van de arbeiders, die een soort ministad vormden en die nog steeds wordt gebruikt als woning. Naast het bekijken van de historische gebouwen vond ik de fietsroutes langs het water leuk ter ontspanning. In de stad **Maubeuge** vond ik de combinatie van de nieuwe en de oude stad geweldig en hoe dat onderdeel wordt van het gehele landschap binnen de stad. De manier waarop de gids in **Familistere de Guise** ons na liet denken over de gebouwen, welke eerst werd gebouwd, vond ik goed want hij liet ons daardoor ook meedenken en hield ons bij de les. Wat ik ook interessant vond is de indeling van de arbeiderswoningen in vergelijking met die van **Bois du Luc**, waar alles meer gespreid is gebouwd en wat ook afspeelde in een andere tijd. Ook de kleine details van de woningen in **Familistere de Guise** waren interessant zoals het dak, de trap en de aparte deur met een middenas. De buitenkant van het gebouw waar er vroeger in werd gewassen bevatte aparte ramen als openingen in de muur tussen de bakstenen. Er werd ook gespeeld met de voegen van de bakstenen die wit zijn geverfd. Het leuke van deze excursie vond ik naast de fietstochtjes vooral het feit dat de gebouwen je terug in de tijd namen en je alles om je heen kan ervaren hoe het er vroeger aan toe is gegaan in plaats van alleen herinneringen te zien aan de muur zoals in een echt museum het geval is.

Robert Embricqs



Sébastien Le Prestre, Seigneur de Vauban
15 May 1633, Saint-Léger-de-Fouchères -
30 March 1707, Paris
HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pulmonary_embolism" Pulmonary embolism

French military engineer, architect, and urban designer.

He has been credited with the design of over 120 fortresses, and protected France's borders with a series of powerful strongholds (amongst Lille, Maubeuge and Neuf-Brisach). Responsible for planning several new towns, including Sarrelouis (1681–3), Longwy (from 1679), and Neuf-Brisach (1689–99). Using regular geometrical layouts, he also designed several monumental gateways.



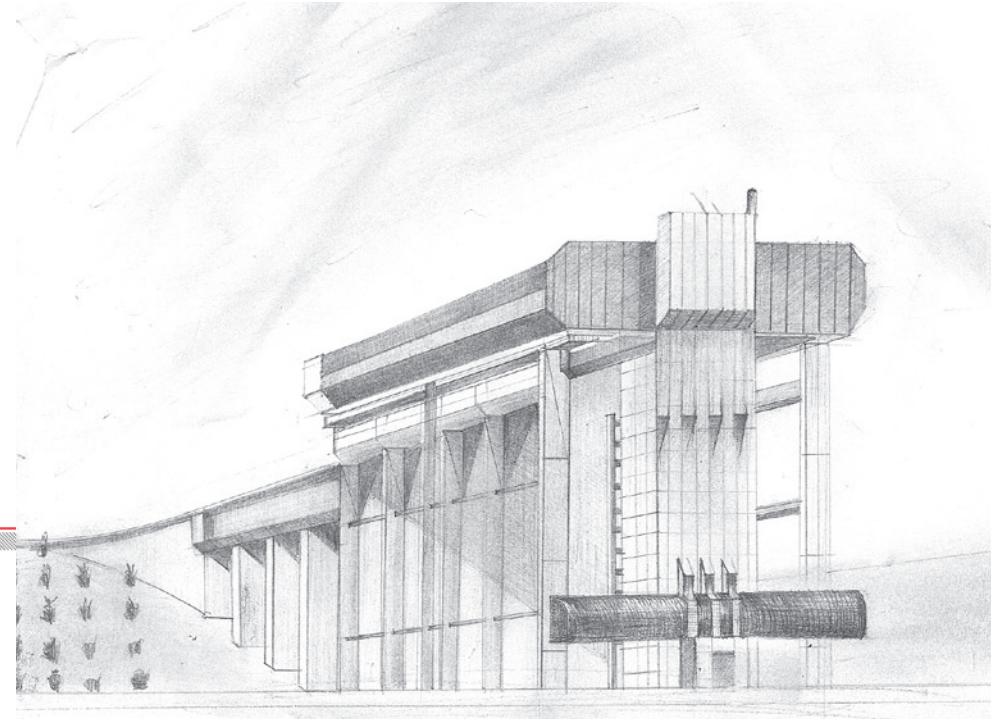
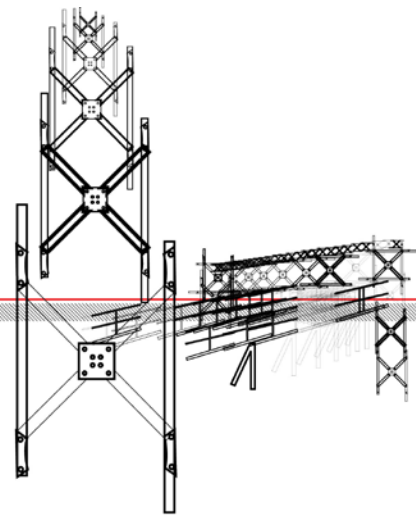
William I Frederick
24 August 1772, the Hague
12 December 1843, Berlin
King

William earned a reputation as the 'merchant king', promoting trade and industry and taking advantage of many of the innovations which had been introduced under the French Occupation of 1795-1813. But William I was an authoritarian ruler. In 1830 the Belgians rebelled against his policies and proclaimed their own state



Eddy Merckx,
local hero and cyclist
(Ina presented him in the bus)

June 1945,
Meensel-Kiezezem
Cyclist



- The excursion of '09 to Belgium, was nice
I like ship lift's.-
"Mark Bakema"

Haruka Uemhura

Trimo Kromotaroeno

Caspar Kienjet

Eddy Merckx Is a belgian former professional cyclist, an exceptional world athlete who enjoys a god like status in Belgium. Until the end of his career he won more races than any other cyclist and established innumerable records or best performances.

The French sport magazine L'équipe called him "the most accomplished rider cycling has ever known and the most successfully cyclist of all time" In 2000, the Belgian magazine [HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Knack_%28magazine%29"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Knack_%28magazine%29) \o "Knack (magazine)" Knack declared him Belgian of the Century and four years later, the magazine [HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Humo"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Humo) \o "Humo" Humo called him the Greatest Belgian. The Belgians are still crazy about him because of his charisma and his symbolic reputation of their country.



Alexis Bénédict Soyer

4th February 1810 - 5th August 1858
The Greatest chef of 19th Century
(see text Thomas A.P. in reader)

4 February 1810, [HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Meaux"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Meaux) Meaux-en-Brie on the [HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marne"](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marne) Marne.

Working as a second chef for prince Polignac, the outbreak of the 1830 July revolution forced him to flee to London where he worked for numerous nobleman. In 1837 he became chef of a famous London club where he established many innovations in kitchen equipment. In 1847 he developed a soupkitchen and was asked by the government to go to Ireland with his invention to put it to use during the great famine. He also wrote a number of books on cooking. Among those; 'a shilling cookery for the people' published in 1854, aimed at ordinary people it contained recipes that could be prepared without expensive ingredients or expansive kitchens.

THE GRAND HORNU

The first day of our trip with the architectural design department of the Gerrit Rietveld Academy to Belgium and France, we past the Grand Hornu in Hornu, Borinage, Belgium. We had already been in the bus for a couple of hours so it was nice to finally stretch our legs and walk around in this former colliery. Professor Thomas A.P. van Leeuwen gave us a small introduction about the premises and after that we had almost an hour and a half to spend by ourselves. The site was quiet big and therefore I choose to use an audio tour to guide me around in the right way.

What I learned was that the Grand Hornu is a former colliery, typical of the industrial development of the 19th century. It is a real urban project, an example of functional town planning unique on the European continent at the start of the great era of industrialisation. One of the advantages of the Grand Hornu was that it was situated on a convenient place, right in the middle of a junction of roads. The site of Grand-Hornu was built around two magnificent courtyards: one is huge and ellipsoidal, and the other smaller and square-shaped. There are shops, stables, building workshops, iron and copper foundries, coke furnaces and engineers' offices, still called the "Big offices". The remarkable neo-classical architecture of the Grand Hornu is the work of Bruno Renard of Tournai. The Saline Royale of Arc-et-Senans, designed by Claude-Nicolas Ledoux, inspired him. Renard's plan was to build the perfect industrial city.

The coal industry in the Borinage was mostly focused on the use in the households and the export to France and Flanders. Coal was transported over the roads until 1807 when Napoleon constructed a canal. In 1820 the Borinage provided three quarters of the need for coal in France.

The first owner of the Grand Hornu was Charles Godonnesche. On his death in 1810, his widow tried to sell the concern, and Henri De Gorge, a captain of industry of French origin, bought the mining complex for 212.000 francs when he was only 36 years old. At that time the Grand Hornu produced 10.000 tons of coal every year. De Gorge soon starts to dig new pits, seeking bigger seams, but not without difficulty. Losses pile up and he is forced to borrow. When digging the fifth pit, Sainte-Eugénie, he comes across some particularly promising strata. It was the beginning of his success. De Gorge gave a name to each of the pits he dug. He gave the first one his own first name: "Saint-Henri". Then came "The best", "Sainte-Eugénie", named after his wife, "Sainte-Sophie", "Sainte-Louise", "Sainte- Séraphine", "Sainte-Désirée" and so on.

To keep the workers he so greatly needed, De Gorge decides in 1816 to offer them a well-being quite unknown elsewhere. He builds them a housing estate of unimaginable comfort for the period. From that moment on he buys every piece of land that is close to the coal pits. In 1822 he starts building the ideal industrial colony. In 1840 the complex is finished and includes the industrial mining complex itself, as well as workshop offices and a workers' estate of some 450 houses, and the residence of the Directors, still called "Chateau De Gorge".



Vincent van Gogh

30 March 1853, Groot-Zundert,
HYPERLINK "<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zundert>"

29 July 1890, Auvers-sur-Oise
HYPERLINK "<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Auvers-sur-Oise>"
HYPERLINK "<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/France>" France

Painter

Van Gogh lived from 1879 to 1880 in Cuesmes (Mons). Visitors still can visit his house "La Maison du Marais". While living here he decided to become an artist His original work "Les Becheurs" is exhibited there, also his letters. On 20 August 1880 he wrote to his brother Theo van Gogh from Cuesmes:

Dear Theo,

...If I am not mistaken, you must still have "Les Travaux des Champs" by Millet. Would you be so kind as to lend them to me for a short time, and send them by mail?...

I must tell you that I am busy sketching large drawings after Millet, and that I have already finished "The Four Hours of the Day" as well as "The Sower." Well, perhaps if you saw them, you would not be altogether dissatisfied. Now if you send me "Les Travaux des Champs," you might perhaps add some other prints by, or after, Millet, Breton, Feyen-Perrin, etc. Do not buy them for this purpose, but lend me what you have. ...

I write to you while I am busy drawing, and I am in a hurry to go back to it, so good night, and send me the prints as soon as possible, and believe me,

Ever yours, Vincent

The workers' houses could not be bought, but could only be rented per week and sometimes they inhabited 6-8 people. For the workers this was a very inconvenient situation. Once they were fired they would also lose their house and be out on the street the same day. The houses were divided in small and somewhat bigger houses situated in the middle and at the end of the streets. The small houses were for the workers of course and the bigger ones for the commissioners. Chateau De Gorge, which was built evidently for Henri De Gorge himself, was never used by him because of his early death in 1832. The Grand-Hornu concern is highly prosperous at this time. It is producing nearly 120.000 tons a year and the colliery employs not far from 1500 people.

Henri De Gorge leaves no children when he dies. His widow, Eugénie Legrand, takes over the management of the business, which she later passes on to her nephews. They form a trading company, which comes to an end in 1954 with the closure of the colliery, due to measures taken by the ECSC (European Coal and Steel Community). The complex was saved from ruin by the architect Henri Guchez, and the Grand Hornu became the property of the Province of Hainaut in 1989 on the initiative of Claude Durieux. Today, the Grand Hornu has become one of Belgium's main attractions in the field of contemporary arts.

Initially I thought that it was a very progressive idea to build an industrial city like the Grand Hornu. When I walked around and listened to the audio tour, I realised that that, of course, was not true. Although De Gorge had built a city for all his workers to be pleased, he didn't give them the freedom a city normally offers. He was, so to speak, the dictator in his own city.

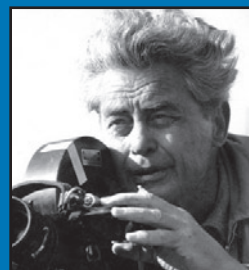
Anna-Anna Soeters 07-10-2009



Stefan Barut



Trimo Kromotaroeno



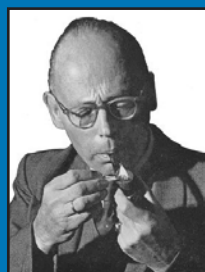
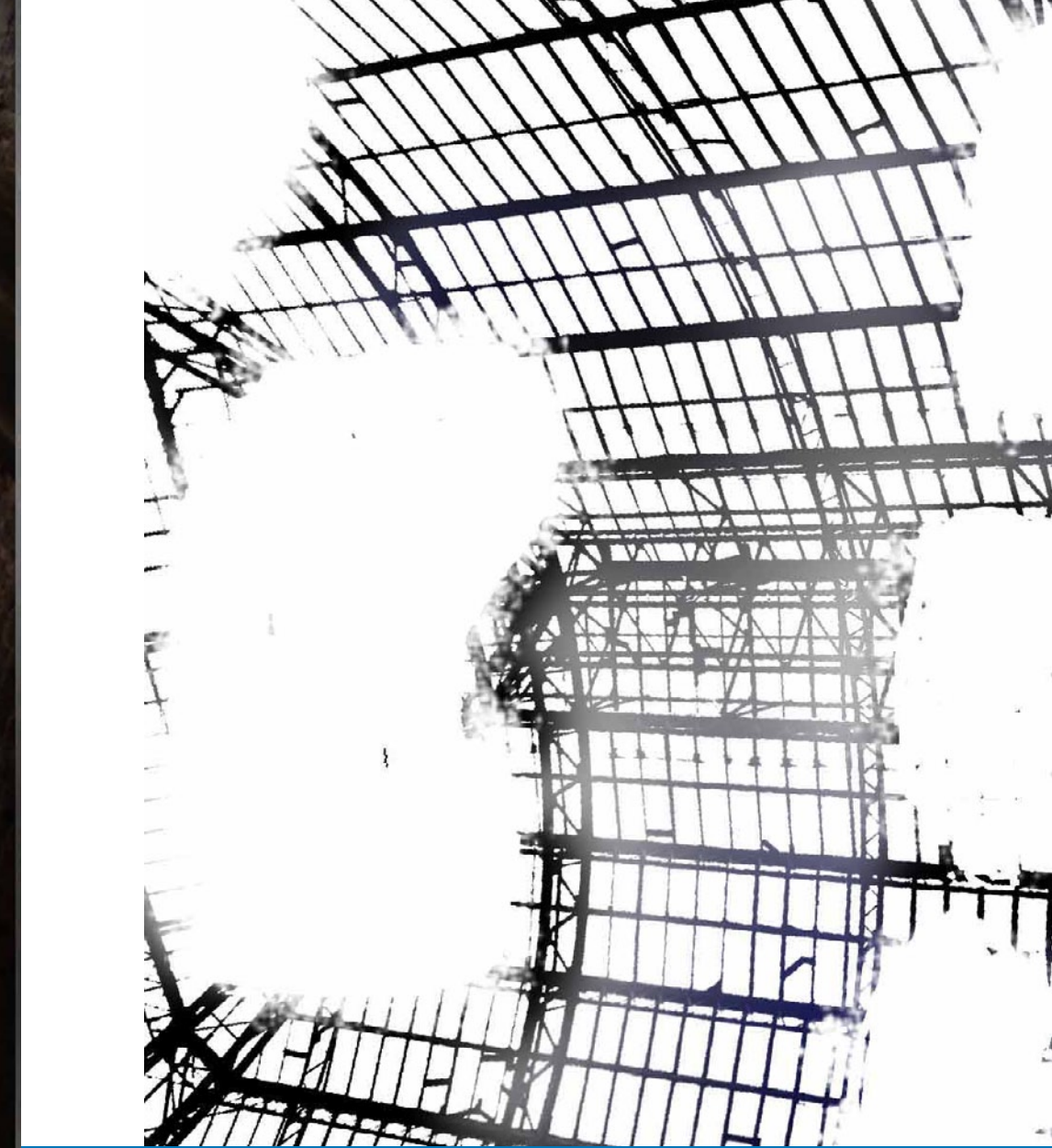
Joris Ivens

HYPERLINK "http://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/18._November" 18. November HYPERLINK "<http://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/1898>" 1898, HYPERLINK "<http://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nijmegen>" Nijmegen
 HYPERLINK "http://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/28._Juni" 28. Juni HYPERLINK "<http://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/1989>" 1989, HYPERLINK "<http://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paris>" Paris

Joris Ivens made the documentary film "Misère au Borinage" in 1934. (34 minutes / silent / black&white / 35mm) in the Borinage.

He was asked by Henri Storck, who was one of the leading figures of the Belgium film avant-garde, to help him to make a film about the social consequences of the miners strike in the Borinage in 1932.

In 1933 arriving at this mine region Storck and Ivens forgot about aesthetics. As Henri Storck tells: "We stopped thinking about cinema and how to frame shots and instead became dominated by the irrepressible need to produce images as stark, bare, and sincere as possible to fit the cruel facts reality had thrown at us." In a sober style the film confronts the spectator with the misery of the miners; unemployed or exploited by the mine companies they were, with their families, expelled from their homes if they couldn't afford the rent.



A.G. Maris

Director of Rijkswaterstaat

After the parlement accepts in 1953 the first designs of the Delta-law, the Deltacommission was founded, directed by the director-general of the Department of Waterways and Public Works, Mr Maris.

The name "Delta Plan" was invented by Mr. Maris, renowned for his inventiveness in coining new words for new concepts. Shortly after the 1953 disaster, he wrote on the research and warning of the Stormvloedcommissie: "A cleverly calculated superstorm that overshadows anything heretofore observed is a frail basis for making major decisions. We knew that there was a chance, a small, but evil chance in an indefinable future, but we didn't believe in it, not to the extent that we were prepared to drop other national recovery plans for it in advance, like investments in social services, education, national defense, increased productivity in industry and agriculture, reconstruction and public works."



Bin Xu

A dark destiny

Not really awake from our last night we started cycling at our 2nd day, the weather didn't already agree with us, but finally we started positive whistling to get motivated for the day and we passed the canal du centre and the huge impressive mass of historic ship elevators Strépy-Tieu.

For me the most formative thing we had on our trip was the Bois du Luc in La Louvière. I was cringed how people were able to work under such horrible conditions down in the coal mines. I couldn't imagine how they could breathe as I read about the carbon dioxide concentration in the air. As from 3% in the atmosphere, it makes breathing difficult; at 30 % it becomes fatal. They described that coal dust in suspension in the air presents almost the risk of igniting in contact with the frame of a lamp, following mine blasting or a burst of fire-damp, if its concentration exceeds 30 grams per cubic metre of air.

The only safety they had down in the mines seemed to be the light perfected by an Englishman named DAVY, who was composed shields enclosing the gauze, the gallery protecting the glass and the reservoir for the fuel. A simple thing to protect your life when I think about our current security system (especially these huge defibrillators at Amsterdam's metro stations...). The gauze was made of iron fabric with a very close mesh which prevented the passage of the flame. Only this normal flame told the workers when they had to get up to the top. If the light dims and the flame lengthens, it means the content of fire-damp is more than 4% and its therefore dangerous.

I could really imagine how people felt in the headgear. Must be a place where there is a continuous form of measure turmoil. Men are waiting or arriving. The overman shares out the work, indicate the workshifts. A supervisor checks the lamps one last time. Noise reigns everywhere, the clanking impact of wagons, the muffled throbbing of the hoist machine, knocks on the cage. Men pile into cage on several levels. They are waiting in the dark, crouched face to face, jammed up against each other. There is a passage between 2 worlds, a final moment of fear or respite before the descent and a blast of air and light on the ascent.

But what happened?! As I went downstairs to another level there were 2 people still working near the wagons, separating the coal. Students are working for the coal mine like kids already did during the 19th century?! I decided to pick them up to protect them from their dark destiny. Otherwise they would have never seen the sun again.

Back on the ground level we cycled as it was a matter of life and death along La Samme. Some of us must have broken the world our record of Eddy Merckx because their stomachs told funny stories about being empty and we were already looking forward to have dinner.

Luckily we passed a car selling ice cream. I've never seen such a huge crowd in front of one car, seemed like hungry predators waiting for their meal.

The day passed with a nice dinner and a wonderful imposing symphony of a huge mass of ship elevator in Ronquières that induced a nice opera feeling due to Thomas.

Ina Zoennchen





A window of the mine of Bois-du-Luc, Belgium
To me this reflects the life of the mineworkers
as they lived in the dark with hardly any daylight
Vanessa van Tiggelhoven

The battle of maubeuge,

As we ran into the third day of the trip we found ourselves in the battlefield of Maubeuge. The sun was out and we felt a bit sour of the party the day before in our local barrack; “the Shakespeare”. As the group slowly felt apart into two groups, I find myself with a handful of brave soldiers ducking for the bullets from the enemy. I remember the sun trying to enter threw the leaves making the battle side a more romantic place then it might seem. As we knew that thousands of people have “gone” before us we shoot to our enemies with bravery. Chris, a brave soldier, had the courage to go as first as we needed to cross the field. He asked if I would give him backup and without even asking questions I followed him across the field. As grenades fly over us and the ring in our ears has come to a point that there is no sound at all, we jump from a ridge that was higher than expected. Chris goes down as I jump of the ridge. As we stumble to the side of the field Haruka is hit and cannot move any further. We will come as a group and we will leave nobody behind! A took the courage to go and “collect” my wounded classmate. On the way back I see that Chris is coming to help me as well as we duck for bullets. After we helped Haruka to the side the battlefield suddenly fades away and went heavily breathing back to our bus. There were the bikes, bus driver and Thomas are waiting without even noticed a single bullet or grenades. We eat an apple and continue our trip, safe secure and all well. We leave Maubeuge with a lessen in bavoury and well-designed architecture of Vauban.

Ivo Clason

Godin's stoves



In the 19th century, an idealist named Godin had found out a way to lead the citizens of Guize out of their impoverished state. The plan was to open a factory in the town, manufacturing stoves and heaters.

In those days, stoves and heaters were signs of wealth: having them meant having status. On top of plenty job opportunities, Godin would provide housing for his employees. Godin chose to concentrate on 'family', and invited the employees' families to come live in the building he so appropriately named the 'familistere'. The rent was to be a meager twelve percent off their pay check.

The apartments were fully furnished - except for a stove and a heater. In stead of having his employees buy them, Godin insisted that they produce them their selves.



Chris Bakker



Trip in Guise gave me a chance to know the 19th century French industrialist and social experimenter Jean-Baptiste Andre Godin (1817-1888) who start the Familistere in 1859 as a group living model for workers, in this space, everybody's life is absolutely equal, same type of rooms, same size with same system, everything is standardized, the whole community was located near a factory, it was for people who were working there, it included workers, engineers and logistic staffs. Godin himself was also living in this large community until he died.

Familistere included every facility that is necessary for daily life, the whole area been split into few parts as they played different functions in the community, in general, there are education area with school and kinder garden, entertainment part with theater, archery, bandstand and recreation gardens. In this community, food been partly self supported by people who were a member of here, as a result, vegetable garden, pigsty, baker and butcher's shop were located. The industrial zone seems were separate from the residential area by a small river.

The collectivized life is not only showed in the living area, a building next to the residential building was working as a swimming pool and laundry space, the function of the pool was not for swimming but showering.

The main residential building attracted me, it was in three big parts, and the inner structures were all the same. Two families are visible on right and left side after the door was opened, each family space was simplified into two big rooms, a washing room and a storage space. Toilet was shared, rooms been located in a symmetry rule around a middle space, which was covered by a huge glass ceiling. Due to the size of this middle space, the characters of both private and public sharing were showed in the design, it kept the necessary distance for the personal living condition in a group life. On the ground of this middle space, there were more than 20 opening been made not only for the drainage but also ventilation.

With 30 years developing, the Familistere became a small but complete society, with this utopian thinking and thoughtful design, it was successful for quite while, the Familistere worker's living condition were even better than some of the middle class that time, however, in 1960s, the system finally cannot be in function any more.

In my point of view, it was an extreme solution for an extreme age, at the beginning of the industrial time, capital was privately owned, the treatment of the labor was very bad, as a result, the Familistere was in a role as a harbor of refuge, people been treat without the limitations of different classes was a dream, but here it came true, and I guess Godin probably never could think that the history of naked capital society was short because the capitalists realize the problem fast by the protesting and evolutions in end of 19th century and the beginning of 20th century, when later the conflict between the capitalists and worker was much less or even disappear, Familistere was never necessary anymore.

Wang Li



Arna Mackic



NEDERLAND

Ik droomde van de zomer
de zon, het strand, de zee
de vogels en de bomen
de polders en het vee.

Het vee stond stil te grazen
dichtbij de waterkant,
hun ogen vol verbazen
om zoveel gras en land.

Verspreid de boerderijen
een dak, een stal, een heg,
en lange, lange rijen
bomen langs de weg.

Daar boven is het, dacht ik,
daar boven op de dijk
en even later zag ik
drie beelden tegelijk.

De meeuw uit zee gevlogen,
de visser op het strand,
de koe zijn kop gebogen,
ja, dat was Nederland.

Goede en kwade dromen
wisselen onverwacht;
een storm jaagt door de bomen
een klok luidt in de nacht.

Ik kan niet langer slapen;
ik luister en ik kijk.
Waar zijn de zachte schapen,
Waar is het land, de dijk?

Waarom zijn ze verdwenen
de boer van 's Gravendeel
de visser van Kortgene
en nog zo veel, zo veel?

Boven verdronken straten
staan kind'ren op een huis:
een hartverscheurend blaten
van Veere tot Maassluis.

Ik sla mijn atlas open,
ik wijs de plaatsen aan.
Daar, waar die dijken lopen,
daar heb ik eens gestaan.

Waar ik toen stond zijn gaten,
de zee gaat er te keer;
dit land, denk ik, dit water
is Nederland niet meer.

Maar dan zie ik het teken:
de zandzak en de schop,
het brood, de jas, de deken
Weer doemen beelden op.

Een arbeider uit Twente,
een veeboer uit Roermond,
soldaten en studenten,
vechtend voor onze grond.

Een mond, hard en verbeteren,
een uitgestoken hand,
een niet te breken keten,
ook dat is Nederland.

Mies Bouhuijs

In: De Groene Amsterdammer, 7 februari 1953





How to get almost 50 bikes in one bus...?
 Alright: we'll go on an excursion to Belgium and France. Ok, we'll take our bikes so we can cycle along the canals and have a much nicer view than from a touringcar. Maybe I can hand in some blankets or ropes and hope it will save my bike from its death while being crushed on its bus tour...
 Old memories arose in my head: Images from ugly, grumpy men who are cleaning the centre of Amsterdam from wrongly parked bikes. Yes you could be lucky and find your lovely vehicle back at the AFAC in the Western Ports. And maybe you'll be double lucky and find it in a form that's still worthy of the name 'bike'. But I had none of these windfalls back at those days.
 So, there I went on Wednesday morning the 23th of September with a stomach ache, a bag full of soft material and a tiny little hope for a happy ending...



p.s. The trip was great, the view from the bike even much greater. We had wonderful guys in the department which succeeded 3 times to get my bike in and out the bus, without even leaving a scratch on the paint. Besides that there was nice food and great company. I think I'll stay in the architecturedepartment for a bit longer.
 Mirthe van Laarhoven.

Sardines in a can

In a tourist bus no one has got enough space to sit comfortable, the distance between the seats is too small, especially for tall people. So after changing the position every 5 min, your knees start hurting and you don't know where to put your arms. That's annoying, isn't it? It's always the same.

But actually there are 5 different classes of tourist buses. The first one has got a seatdistance of 68 cm, that's the smallest one, the Tourist-Class, for very small students and school excursions i suppose. The second one has got a seatdistance of 72 cm, the Standard-Class for long trips, but still small, just 4 cm more. The third one has got a distance of 77 cm between the seats, the Comfort-Class, I'm wondering if you can really feel the difference. The First-Class bus has got a distance of 83 cm between the seats, very luxurious, isn't it?
 But there is also a Luxury-Class, with a seatdistance of 90 cm in between and sometimes there is also a small kitchen in these busses.

But maybe a nice pillow and a blanket is the answer to this problem.

Mirthe van laarhoven

Anna Scheermann

THE SOUND OF VOLUME

THE PLACES WE VISITED WERE OFTEN QUIET, ALMOST DESERTED YOU COULD SAY. EVEN THE BUSRIDE WAS QUIT LOW ON NOISE FOR SUCH A CLASSIC SCHOOLTRIP. ONLY WHEN THERE WAS SOMETHING TO MAKE SOUND, SUCH AS VIOLENTLY AND DELIBERATELY BRAKING GLASS YOU DID FOCUS YOUR EARS. OF COURSE WE ALL LISTENED TO THE SPEECHES OF THOMAS. IN BETWEEN THOSE, HE MARCHED ON AS A GENERAL TO THE NEXT SIGHT FOLLOWED BY HIS TROOPS, ALL TALKING ABOUT THE SILENCE IN THE AREA. IT'S SO DESERTED, NOTHING TO DO HERE! WHEN WE HAD OUR RAW STEAKS ON AN EXTREMELY HOT STONE THAT NIGHT IN THE BUSTLING CITY OF MONS THE HISSING SOUND OF THE MEAT TOOK OVER. WE WERE ALL SPEECHLESS. UNFORTUNATELY AFTER A WHILE WE WERE DISTURBED BY MANY NOISY STUDENTS SO WE HIDED IN OUR ROOM OF THE HOSTEL AND ENJOYED THE FRESH SALAMI, SALT LICORICE AND SOME SPECIAL BELGIAN BEERS. KWAK BEER STOUT OUT AND WAS SADLY FINISHED TO SOON. THERE HAD TO BE MORE SO WE LOOKED INTO OTHER ABANDOND PLACES OFTEN ONLY FILLED WITH LOUD MUSIC. IN THE END WE ONLY FOUND DUVEL BEER. AFTER THAT IT WAS ENOUGH FOR THE DAY, TIME FOR SOME REST. IS SEEMS TO BE THAT THE ONES WHO CAN'T BE AWAKEND BY A GENTLE ALARM MUST HAVE BRUTAL ONES. IT'S CLEAR WHY THEY HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING. BUT A NICE BREAKFEST WITH INGENEIOUS TOASTER CLEARED SOME OF THE HEAVY FEELING IN MY HEAD. AND HENRI'S PHONE PREDICTED SUN AT ELEVEN A.M.!

UNLOADING THE BIKES WENT ALREADY NATURALLY AND SO WE MOVED ON TO STREPY THIEU. STILL GREY WEATHER THE AMAZEMENT FOR THE BIG SHIP LIFTING BUILDING WASN'T LESS. A MASTERPIECE OF FINETUNING.

THE OLDER ONES WE DIDN'T SEE BEING USED, WE HAD TIME TO LUNCH. THAT DAY WE ALSO VISITED THE BEUATIFUL BOIS DU LUC WITH THOSE UGLY WHITE HUMAN SIZED DOLLS, ALTHOUGH IT WAS THE GENERALS OPINION ONLY... WE ENDED IN RONQUIERES WITH ITS MAGNIFICENT UPHILL LIFT FOR SHIPS. JUST IN TIME TO EXPERIENCE THE DEPARTMENT OF ONE BUT I ARRIVED WHEN IT WAS ALREADY HALFWAY UP. WHAT I HADN'T MISSED WAS THE COUNTERWEIGHT! AND IT WAS COMMING SLOWLY, AT THIS MOMENT THERE WERE NO SOUNDS FROM SUCH AN ENORMOUS MOVEMENT OF THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF KILO'S. BUT WHEN THE COUNTERWEIGHT CAME CLOSER AND WE FOCUSED WE COULD FINALLY HEAR IT. AT DINNER THOMAS TALKED A LOT, ALTHOUGH HE WAS AT MY TABLE I COULDN'T HEAR HIM THAT WELL BECAUSE OF SO MANY PEOPLE CHATTING. I DID HEAR HIM SAYING THAT A GOOD ARCHITECT SHOULDN'T DESIGN FOR HIMSELF ALSO HE NEVER FELT THE URGE TO DESIGN HIMSELF. AFTER ARRIVING LATE IN MAUBEUGE NOT MUCH WAS THERE TO DO SO OTHER OPTIONS WERE EXPLORED. IT DIDN'T CAME AS FAR AS A FOAM PARTY BUT AT LEAST WE CREATED A NON FILLED DANCEFLOOR WITH MINIMALISTIC LIGHTSHOW. BREAKFEST, NEXT MORNING, WAS ALSO MINIMAL BUT SUFFISANTE. FOLLOWED BY A HIKE THRU THE FORTIFICATION OF MAUBEUGE WHERE PEOPLE PHOTOGRAPHED DEAD BUM'S. THE WEATHER WAS JOLLY GOOD AND THE LAST PART WE HAD TO BIKE WAS ONE OF A KIND. NOT EVERYONE ENJOYED IT FULLLY, BUT THOMAS WAS CONVINCED AND WE FOLLOWED. LAST STOP WAS AT THE FAMILISTERE DE GUISE, WHICH CONTAINS A VERY INTERESTING HISTORY. AT THE MOMENT PLANS ARE BEING PERFORMED FOR A MORE LIVELY FUTURE WHICH SEEMS TO BE ONE OF THE THEMES OF ALL PLACES WE VISITED THIS TRIP. THOUGH WITH HAVING THOSE ENORMOUS AND INGENEIOUS STRUCTURES, WHICH CHARACTERIZE THE AREA, MORE EMPTYNESS WAS CREATED. WHAT REMAINS IS THE SOUND OF VOLUME.

GIJS WORST



I love both

I mean industrial heritage with modernity. It is my favorite topic as someone who wants to participate in construction and design of buildings or other physical structures for human shelter or use.

Despite the fact that they both contradict each other, industrial heritage should not be abandoned, forgotten or destroyed.

It is needed in terms of social, natural, tangible or intangible and cultural history.

From here we can learn how and from where factories, railways, plantation or mines came into existence.

Not only that, we can understand the language of identity through these.

It also promotes social-economic development through tourism.

On the other hand if I look at modernity, I understand industrialization and technology. In other words the interpretation of the past. We need these to encourage the social development, human rights, reconstruction, rapid and complex social cultural changes.

Therefore in order to design the future, I need to depend on the combination of industrial heritage and modernity. It helps me as an artist, designer and architect.

Jeanne díarc umubano



Panorama

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A PANORAMA PHOTO OR TAKEN A PANORAMA PHOTO?

AS WE ALL KNOW, PANORAMA IS COMM ONLY USED TO DESCRIBE THE SPECIFIC TYPE OF PHOTO, WHICH IS "WIDE-ANGLED". MOST OF TIME THE PANORAMA PHOTO IS TAKEN AT THE BREATH-TAKING LANDSCAPE. IT IS EASY TO TAKE A PANORAMA PHOTO. GRAB YOUR CAMERA AND GO SOMEWHERE HIGH. TAKE A PHOTO OF YOUR SURROUNDING IN A WIDE ANGLE. FROM THE HIGH PLACE, IT IS HARD TO FOCUS ON EVERY DETAIL. BUT IT'S BEST WAY TO GET A OVERALL VIEW OF THAT PLACE.

PERSONALY I LOVE PANORAMA PHOTO BECAUSE THESE PHOTOS GIVES ME A OVERVIEW OF EVERYTHING. THIS OVERVIEW TRIGGERS MY CURIOSITY AND HELPS ME DETERMINING WHICH WAY TO GO.

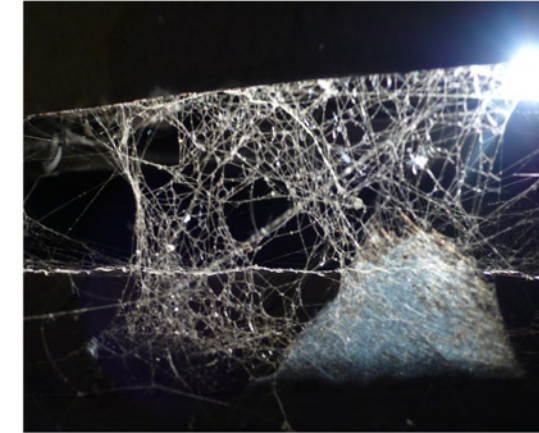
THIS IS THE EXACT PROCESS THAT I DO WITH MY PROJECT. WITH MY PROJECTS, FIRST I DO RESEARCH ABOUT GENERAL

FACT ABOUT THE THEME, AND FROM THIS PANORAMIC KNOWLEDGE, THAN I COULD BE ABLE TO CHOOSE THE DIRECTION OF PROJECT.

FROM THIS POINT OF VIEW, PANORAMA IS OVERLOOKING TO SOME SCENARY OR PROJECT. I'M AT THE HIGHEST PLACE TO SEE THE OVERALL VIEW.

BEFORE THE BEGINING OF HISTORY CLASS, I WAS LOOKING FOR THE OVERVIEW OF HISTORY, AND THIS EXCURSION WAS LIKE PANORAMA PHOTO, THE OVERALL VIEW OF ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY IN LATE 18TH CENTURY.

BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE PRIOR KNOWLEDGE OF HISTORY IN DUTCH, BELGIUM, FRANCE. SO ALMOST EVERYTHIG I SAW ON EXCURSION WAS NEW. ALTHOUGH THERE ARE SOME PARTS THAT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, BUT THE EXCURSION GAVE ME MUCH CLEAR PANORAMIC VIEW OF OVER THESE REGIONS.



Jolanda van Goor



Jiin Shin



What do you think?

wind turbines in the Deltawork / Seeland. Netherlands, September 2009

Julia Amelie

