

casa delle masche

Fritz Hauser	Photography and Music
Boa Baumann	Architecture
Meret Arnold	Text

Edition Valnod

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biographies
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Fritz Hauser
On living

Lively tranquillity

It radiated a sense of calm and concentration that can only develop over time. The south-eastern courtyard in particular was characterised by a peaceful serenity that touched my heart.

Of course, my imagination often ran wild; I could already see the finished renovation in front of me, I had practically experienced it in advance, while my acquaintances and friends probably secretly smiled at my descriptions in view of the real surroundings. But I found many moods in this old house that I didn't know, which showed me new perspectives on space and time. And I began to see the light as it revolved around the house, from early morning to evening, in a leisurely manner.

That was what it was all about in the beginning. At that time, I had already spent many years conducting my musical explorations in dark rooms, mostly underground, having isolated myself as much as possible from time and the outside world in order to give space to my inner worlds. Now I wanted to expose myself to the passage of time, to experience day and night, to see and feel how my instruments behaved in the morning freshness and afternoon heat.

The dialogue with the architect, who did not try to dampen my amateurish enthusiasm with technical arguments, but was quite willing to pursue and explore every idea, no matter how bizarre, was the basis for the success of this venture. Boa Baumann is an architect who fundamentally dislikes common patterns, who values a sense of space, a view, and materiality more than imposing appearances. And who knows how to give living the space it deserves.

Now I have been sitting, walking and lying in this house for years, kept on my toes by the ever-changing, ever-fascinating play of light, as if by good spirits. I see all kinds of signs, clues, hidden messages, northern and southern lights, omens and much more.

And the lights resonate with me! They inspire me to create all kinds of sounds, different ways of striking the keys, dynamic processes and percussive effects. And when the lights have disappeared and night falls, there is this wonderful silence in which all these phenomena linger like in a large echo chamber.

Meret Arnold
Visiting
Inside the house

And then the road ends. I stop and look around. A field spreads out before me, the clods of earth undulating as if this expanse were a piece of moving sea.

The house I am looking for is not yet in sight. It must be on the slope of this hill, my satnav insists, while I am already feeling a little dizzy in this undulating landscape.

Just a moment ago, it allowed me to gaze into the distance, but now it has already carried me back down to the vineyards, which trace its contours in countless lines.

With my gaze fixed on the ground, I scramble up the edge of the field. It's just one way of approaching this house. Coming over the hilltops, you circle it in a wide arc, as if you were swinging through the air to land and then sinking down towards it.

More than thirty years ago, Fritz Hauser moved into the country house twenty kilometres south of Asti. It is called casa delle masche, which means 'house of spirits' in the Piedmontese dialect. So Hauser was the new owner, but from the beginning he was not the sole occupant. But I suspect that the sound artist was happy to agree to this living arrangement. Hasn't he been making music with the spirits for a long time? Doesn't he seek them out when he sends his sounds and noises into the room and into our ears?

A new path begins and gives me more stable ground under my feet. And there I catch a glimpse of the house.

It stands at the upper end of a meadow. Its façade is completely covered with red vines.

Individual windows wrapped in them shine silver. A large mirrored surface on the ground floor reflects the surroundings back to me as a fragmentary image. A piece of almond tree, a smear of cloud, a splash of sky.

I

I reach a small square lined with hazel bushes. Bundles of narrow trunks grow out of the gravel. The leaves cast their shadows like an afterimage of summer onto the already fallen foliage. The house is no longer visible here, but a metal footbridge leads to a path.

After a few metres, it turns off and disappears into the bushes. In its rust-brown camouflage, hovering slightly above the ground, it arouses curiosity. Follow me and you may discover something, and then you will be rewarded. If there were still a hazelnut on the bush, it would hit the metal at that moment with a short, concise sound.

Ha! I have already fallen under the spell of the storytellers. Because there are two of them in this place. Architect Boa Baumann, who renovated the house with Fritz Hauser, is one of them. As lord of the manor, he moved into Castel Burio in the 1980s, not far away, which had already been Castel Burio, which had been standing empty for two decades. The residential community renovated the castle themselves and organised exhibitions, concerts and theatre productions. This is how Fritz Hauser came to Piedmont and a collaboration began. The closed circle of percussion opened up into new, narrative stage spaces.

Hubertus Adam (ed.), *Architektur Musik*. Boa Baumann Fritz Hauser, Sulgen: Niggli Verlag, 2011, p. 36.

At the end of the footbridge, a staircase leads down to a small level. Opposite, the house shows its south side. The sunlight falls deep into the courtyard and strokes the façade – once again. Over the years, it has bleached the bricks and created a masonry of fine red and yellow tones. Except

for the recess of the door, the narrow roof overhang and the frieze, the façade is flat. Recessed bricks form crosses arranged in repeating patterns. They reveal nothing of the inner workings of the house. As shadow symbols, they form lettering, an architectural notation written for the light that interprets them in countless variations inside. Ventilation becomes light transmission. There is an abrupt rustling sound. I turn towards the bushes and my gaze falls on a bright green emerald lizard, its head stretched out and its pulse racing, remaining motionless in the foliage.

Voices can be heard further ahead. The musician and the architect are sitting at a table at the other end of the level, talking. I climb down and balance my way towards them on a strip of wall. Square iron bars are embedded in the foundation, sketching out a past plan as graphic symbols: a pergola that would have placed an organic copy next to the stone house. Hundreds of white crocuses eventually grew, a composed surface that dissolved again over the years. Today, the metal footbridge continues through two almond trees bearing a few thickly wrapped nuts. A branch forms a long U shape. Is it the almond tree that heralds the arrival of spring? I sit down with them. 'We're going to build a light blue house,' they said back then, over thirty years ago.

'With a silver ceiling,' Boa added. The grass was still overgrown, the windows were closed with weathered wooden shutters, the roof was in a desolate state, and various tools were stored in the shed adjoining the living area.

Over the next twenty years, the house slowly transformed. The growing friendship between the musician and the architect caused windows to disappear, ceilings to vanish, supports to stand on tiptoe and colour to move in. New volumes, focal points and sightlines emerged. As the friendship between the musician and the architect grew, windows changed, ceilings disappeared, supports stood on tiptoes and colour moved in.

New volumes, focal points and sightlines emerged. From the outside, it was difficult to guess what was happening inside. The inner structure remained a secret, which even today is not revealed by the newly installed windows on the north façade.

Philip Ursprung, 'Ewige Wachheit' (Eternal Vigilance), in: Meret Arnold, Paula Sansano, 72 Metres above Bern, published by the Canton of Bern, Werk-Buch / Œuvre d'Artiste, Bern: Edition Affspace, 2021, pp. 66/67.

Gaston Bachelard, Poetics of Space, Munich: Carl Hanser Verlag, 2020, 17th ed., p. 33, original: La poétique de l'espace, Presses Universitaires de France, 1957.

Here, on the south side, the masonry covers all the openings and discreetly embeds the house into the landscape. It is a house that is still allowed to sleep, I think. Not like many new buildings whose windows seem to be getting bigger and bigger, losing their space for dreaming, their places

of retreat. And wasn't that what Fritz Hauser was looking for in this area? A house where his thoughts, memories and dreams come together? A house that gathers his spirits? We inhabit spaces, but spaces also inhabit us. With the casa delle masche, the musician found not only a secluded rehearsal room, but also a place where air currents could resonate and light reflections inspired the drums, cymbals, bells and rattles to new narratives.

Uno, due, tre, quattro, cinque, sei: What kind of house would you like to have, Fritz? The endless sound fields of the cymbals, the immensity of a large bass drum, the clarity and presence of a temple block? Laboratorio!

Fritz Hauser, Laboratorio. Solo Percussion, hat(now) ART: 1st edition, 2018.

The leaves of the birch tree flicker, the mulberry tree stretches its branches in all directions. Slowly, evening falls. And as darkness descends over the hills, the black musical notation in the masonry begins to glow orange from within. The camera obscura transforms into a lantern, a *laterna magica*. Even now, the house still preserves its interior. But its warm glow beckons and arouses curiosity about the images it may hold.

II

‘We wanted to make the way in as long as possible,’ Fritz and Boa tell me about their design. We are standing in the small cubicle at the entrance. Although not hidden, it is very far from the access road. It confronts those entering with three possible directions. The architect and the musician show me the way into the house. First, I am to turn left through the winter house, then up in loops to the gabled roof and only finally through the closed door to my right. ‘We always do it this way,’ they both say with such matter-of-factness, as if this were the only way to enter the house.

But what do they mean by ‘enter’? The word seems to mean much more here than simply stepping over the threshold. It describes a movement, a transition, even a ritual. Perhaps the *casa delle masche* will only reveal itself to me if I take this longest possible route. Perhaps this is the only way I can become part of the community of spirits. Perhaps this house only exists in time, like a piece of music. ‘How do I know when I’m inside...?’ I want to ask Fritz and Boa, but they have disappeared.

In front of me, a blue-walled stone staircase leads upwards and a low-lying window draws my gaze further into the sky. I remain down here in the shady blue: the vines winding their way into the bright square window are algae from here, the orange handrail a lava flow, the grey stone floor the seabed. But my bare feet are cold, that’s a fact. I go through the door on the left and escape the aquatic story.

The winter house is earthy and warm. Over time, it has taken on a red colour. Its structural design is original. A kitchen, a bedroom, a bathroom. The winter house covers all basic needs: eating, washing, sleeping. But something is missing. And I feel the vast blue of the summer house. This is no longer waterlogged, but airy. A dream that needs the grounding, the food and the sleep of the winter house so that it doesn’t fly away.

The lemon on the bright green kitchen table trumpets an alarm. I pick it up. Lemonade, I think, an idea still awake in the receding summer. But when I open the cupboard in front of me at head height, I see neither crockery nor supplies: instead, there are logs and a fire flickers before my eyes in the fireplace. Perplexed, I close the door and carefully put the lemon back in its place. Unnoticed, the reflections of light have slipped into the house through the crosses and draw pictures on the wall. They only seem to move when I look away. They tiptoe quietly across the wall, without me ever managing to catch them in the act. Through the window, I look back at the seating area where Boa, Fritz and I were sitting earlier. It has exactly the same area and shape as the kitchen, Boa told me. A rectangle on the outside, a rectangle on the inside, with the wall as the mirror axis. A first string begins to vibrate: inside, outside, inside. I turn to the door that leads to the bedroom. Again, symmetry. Two identical, narrow and tall radiators flank the passageway. Another string vibrates. I bounce back and forth between the two goalkeepers a few times and dare to do a spin in the air. When I land, my right eye looks at a narrow wall shelf above the kitchen counter and my left eye at an identical shelf above the bed on the back of the wall. Slightly out of breath, I let myself fall onto the black bedspread. The window just below the ceiling shows me the sky again. What will you show me one floor above, *casa delle masche*, where the windows are set just above the floor? The windows also play a leading role in this story. The

symmetries, contrasts and directions continue to vibrate in my head for a while. Diagonally below me, a large, round lamp shines. A moon rising above the shimmering black velvet, disappearing over the hills. I drift off to sleep.

III

Up on the gravel square, a car door slams, then another. As always when Fritz Hauser returns with his partner after a long absence. 'It's a ritual so that the spirits hear us coming,' he said, 'so they can quickly tidy up.' 'What kind of mess might the spirits have made?' I wonder. Have they rummaged through the blankets, nibbled on the supplies, crumbled the sofa? No, probably much worse: they've probably misplaced the book the musician was reading during his last stay, scribbled over his notes, hidden the gong, scattered the mallets all over the place! – The sound is still echoing through the house when Fritz pushes open the door and calls out: 'Al lavoro, le masche!'

Drumbeats resound. A blown kiss sends sparks of light flying. I follow them through the kitchen, which dissolves into luminous planes of colour, a rendezvous of colour field painters. I take the cold steps up to the sky, but the higher I climb, the more the garden comes into view:

A rabbit sits in front of the large window. On the left, I enter a winter house room: painted white, with a desk, bed, books, framed drawings and photographs. At the back is a door with an unusually high handle. Whether that's because of ... Boa taps me on the shoulder. This way. He leads me out of the room again and strides through a corridor into the summer house, barefoot, beaming. It is his catwalk. On the border between winter and summer, Fritz sits concentrating at a small desk that protrudes over the stairwell. "Our acoustic awareness of space is normally only activated in extreme situations: a tunnel, a church. But it is the small differences from room to room that make us feel alive," he writes.

Quoted from Andy Hamilton, 'Fritz Hauser: Drums & Space,' in: *Laboratorio. Solo Percussion, hat(now)ART: 1st edition, 2018.*

One step of stone, then smooth wood, then soft carpet for a moment. I am in transition. The left wall is so high that I cannot see over it. You are ten centimetres taller: what do you see?

I prick up my ears. The light fans out the dark ground into different tones. Shades of colour from black to a dark lilac brown. A delicate staircase of light that turns around the corner.

The darkness follows it like a train across the thin, soft carpet. With the light, luminous figures march in rank and file. Farfalle, flown in through the openings in the masonry. Time templates that tell of the great mobile of the universe. A flock of hourglasses gliding across the wall, wrapping themselves around the edges, grasping them, stretching and shortening as they go. A silent trickle at the speed of the earth. Then they are gone. With one step, the room expands in all directions. There it is, the blue hall. From the balustrade, I look in from the edge. The summer house appears large and mobile, in constant exchange with the outside world. This regulates its temperature, sending the sun's rays through its openings. The surfaces of the walls, balustrades and floors fit together as if they could just as easily be pulled apart again.

I walk across the gallery to the mezzanine on the other side. There is a high stage area with a black back wall and silver ceiling. White fabrics hang from wire lines. They form soft walls that can be moved here and there, changing the acoustics and scenography.

A staircase leads headfirst up to the roof and into another small winter chamber. It is grey and asleep. But it is not cold. This is the first place to warm up. Detached from the rest, its forgottenness protects the house. 'The casa delle masche has rooms for all moods, and this is the room with the comfort factor,' says Fritz. This is where he often thinks about music.

Fritz plays the drum. His hands always do the same thing, yet the sound changes. The transitions elude me, just as I cannot grasp the movement of light. I only feel that it is changing. What moves is neither where it is, nor where it is not, once said the Greek philosopher. For him, that was the definition of music, replied the writer. When we are still and wait, the spirits emerge.

IV

Am I singing, or is it singing? The sound comes from my belly, but it is also around me. Rough, rolling noises that circle, bumpy and yet lively. And then, as if from far away, sounds emerge that stretch out, tune me in and carry me away in the movement. Can you hear me? I am singing! It sings with me.

Fritz Hauser, *Spettro*, Neu Records, 2021.

The philosopher Zeno of Elea and the

writer John Berger, in: John Berger, *Where We Meet*, Munich/Vienna: Carl Hanser Verlag, 2006, p. 74, original: *Here is where we meet*, London: Bloomsbury Publishing (paperback), 2006.

Fritz Hauser, *Sounding Stones*, Therme Vals, 2000.

How long have I been travelling in the casa delle masche? Two days, or more? And now, where have I ended up? In a black cell, narrow and dark like a crevice in the rock, bare.

This bathroom is the only windowless room in the house, but here it is not the shadow that is praised, but the drama of black that is celebrated. The sound has split, now circling deep and high at the same time. When did this division happen? When listening to Hauser's music, the linearity of time is lost in space.

The ears stretch out as if they were gills; the eyes sink inwards and look up from below the back of the head into a memory: petals sway on the surface. The light blurs in the pool, but its reflections dance up the slate-grey walls and lose themselves in the darkness. Only the echo of the sloshing water describes the space, its height, its volume. I dive down. Dry, wooden sounds knock on my head and bring me back. It grows quiet, the memory fades. I see it glide away, in a matter of seconds, the tail of a snake escaping into the crack.

I am dripping wet, small pools have formed on the shiny black stone slabs. There is a dull splashing sound as I step from one foot to the other. The sounds are reflected off the walls and fall away from me. I am alone in this dark crevice. Only the lamps cast light. A bright spot falls on the toilet bowl, as if that were the exit. 'Those storytellers!' I think, and press the flush. The bubbling water swells, fills with light and disappears into the pipe.

V

Night has fallen. Only a little light falls into the hall through the large window. Its blue sinks into grey coverings. Lying on my back, I look into the semi-darkness. Wooden blocks pushed together to form a bed, floating blocks that sometimes connect to form a sofa or drift away as a book shelf.

It's quite possible to drift off into dreams here. I've seen these blocks before. Back then, they stood in a museum room, were white and looked like shapes that had detached themselves from the architectural structure and docked themselves elsewhere. The structure became a bed for light gradients and image flows, a vessel for traces of sound and noise.

In the gathering gloom, the objects around me transform into silhouettes: a loom, a wine bottle, a bookshelf, a couch. A lamp fishes in the room. I know that above me, a gong rests on the stage, along with a few drums and cymbals, and a colourful carpet lies heavy on the floor. The lemon in the kitchen slumbers in its outline without colour, without texture, without taste. And yet it is

still present. Another philosopher says that objects exert a gravitational pull that condenses and deepens the fleeting appearances around their presence. They attract us, capture our attention and create silence.

Sweet Spot, exhibition at Kunsthaus Baselland, Muttentz/Basel, 14 January–27 March 2022.

Byung-Chul Han, 'Ein Exkurs zur Jukebox' (An Excursus on the Jukebox), in: *Undinge. Umbrüche in der Lebenswelt* (Undinge. Upheavals in the Living World), Berlin: Ullstein Verlag, 2021, pp. 101–114.

I hear the door open and close again. Fritz Hauser sits down at a table, perhaps in the kitchen, perhaps at his desk in the white room, perhaps above the stairs. 'The other day, I opened the door to my house in Italy once again,' he writes. "It had been two months since my last visit, and no one had been in the house. The water and electricity had been turned off, and the temperature inside was now as cold as outside, but without the wind. Silence. The first step was like walking on thin ice. The fragile silver threads of the spun silence stretched, broke and left room for small noises and footsteps, the rustling of clothes, which immediately sought their place, their reflection, their echo in the large room."

Fritz Hauser, 2012

It's midnight. Nothing happens. The clock jumps back to zero. Shall we stretch time a little? The bar is open until 26 o'clock! – No, the seconds tick away at their usual pace, 00:03, 00:04, 00:05. The spirits wait spellbound. Fritz sits on the stage, the Chinese gong on the small table in front of him, chopsticks in his hand. I listen too. And I think of the day when my radio suddenly fell silent. The line to the correspondent had broken down. No embarrassed clearing of the throat came from the loudspeaker, nothing. And suddenly the silence turned into stillness. A scraping sound begins, steady and even. It scratches lightly and arouses a quiet resistance in me. As so often when I listen to recordings by Fritz, I want to know what I am hearing. What is causing the rough sound, where does this delicate sound come from? The grinding, knocking, rustling and squeaking? But I realised that even though I know or see it, much remains a mystery.

Fritz Hauser, *hatching for gong solo, shiinn*, 2012.

The movements continue, hatching inexorably. It is a composition in which the spirits have had a hand. The sounds detach themselves from the hand that causes them. Depth opens up. Sounds can be heard from different distances, a siren, cowbells and again the singing. Is it Fritz, is it the spirits, or is it me? The hatching continues. In a drawing, the paper would already be very dark. Here, however, it is getting lighter. At some point the wind howls and a whirlwind spins vertically upwards.

VI

The crash wakes me up instantly: the wine glass! The espresso cup!

And the spoon is still stuck in the open sugar bowl! I quickly clear everything away, wash the dishes, and wipe the green-lacquered tabletop with a damp cloth. For a moment, I see the lizard's eyes again in the glare. I wipe it away and the film disappears. It's summer. I slept through the winter and woke up late in the spring. Outside in the background, the basso continuo of diesel engines rattles. I open the window. Behind the insect screen, I hear it buzzing. I stick my head out the door. The oleander glows pink. White sheets are drying on a clothes horse. Between the doormat and the threshold lies the skin of a snake.

Boa Baumann
Space

spazio vissuto – spazio vitale

When looking for a house for a drummer, location and proximity to neighbours are important factors. In the case of the casa delle masche, many things were right from the very beginning. The house, probably dating from the late 19th century, was a traditional Piedmontese farmhouse. Originally possibly just a small dwelling, a stable and a barn were later added, and finally the three-part house along the road was extended to include an open shelter.

The house is built entirely of solid, fired bricks and has no basement.

It had a ventilated roof, typical of the region, covered with traditional tiles, coppi e tegole. As the house is located in a protected area, the legislation is clear: the external form must not be altered. It was therefore clear that we were talking about a conversion and not a new build.

After some clarification and study, and many discussions about wishes and possibilities, we decided to preserve the three-part form and open up the interior of the house.

We wanted to preserve the still well-preserved living area in its original three-storey structure. The small rooms with their relatively low ceilings are easy to heat and are ideal for winter living, while the open part of the house becomes a large conservatory and summer house. The central section now has an internal height of 5.5 metres, and in the former barn, the view extends 8 metres from the ground floor to the gable.

We removed the roof of the shed attached to the street side and set back the outer walls to expose the original volume of the house. The outer wall was left in place, slightly raised and extended to provide good privacy from the street.

The former north-facing driveway to the house was removed to create a more direct link between the house and the landscape. The car park is now located above and out of sight of the building. Considerations regarding the shading of the house led to an almost continuous open façade on the south-east side – a traditional element of local architecture. The position of the sun allows the light to be regulated. In summer, only a little direct light enters the house, while in winter the rays pass through the entire building. The window areas have been enlarged so that ultimately even more light enters than through traditional windows. The façade also offers ideal burglary protection when the windows are open. The windows on the opposite north-west side have been slightly reduced in size and rearranged.

On the ground floor, the openings have been moved slightly upwards towards the ceiling, while on the upper floor they have been moved downwards towards the floor. This creates new and unusual lines of sight to the sky and the surrounding vineyards. From the outside, this visually unifies the structure and slightly challenges the traditional proportions of a two-storey house. This uniform impression is further enhanced by the wild vines growing over the building. All window details are made of galvanised steel.

A new concrete floor was poured on the ground floor. The staircase with its solid granite slabs could be preserved in its original form.

From the top step onwards, the interior design becomes softer and warmer. The black-painted wooden floor builds up to the railing of the walkway, forms a table above the main staircase and becomes the staircase to the attic. The newly designed crosspassage on the upper floor with a parapet height of 1.70 metres on both sides is intended as a playful introduction. When walking down the corridor, you only see the acoustically open space when you turn onto the gallery. A storage room for instruments was created under the roof, and a small attic was added at the front of the house. It can be centrally heated in winter and serves as an additional guest room or

study. The visible wooden sub-roof was painted with a silvery glaze, giving it a dematerialised effect. The structure of the sub-roof with attached roof battens has a positive effect on the acoustics.

Blue visually dissolves the space and lends the entire building a sense of calm and spaciousness. In the kitchen and bedroom, a reddish-brown colour provides a counterpoint. The entire interior becomes a stage for constantly changing light effects.

Fritz Hauser and Thomas Gassmann
Sound

Cosmos

The casa delle masche has many voices. They whisper, they sing, they are silent. Some voices can only be heard at night.

Added to this are the sounds from outside: the birds, the working winegrowers, the wind, the crickets, the aeroplanes, the rain and the church bells. Together with the impulses inside, they form the spectrum of a sound cosmos that creates an inspiring atmosphere.

The house sits as if on a stage, surrounded by an amphitheatre of vineyards. The view has been looking out over the changing vines for over 30 years: in summer they are a billowing sea of green, in autumn a dance of colours, and in winter they reveal rhythmic structures, bare contours and the visible pulse of the landscape.

The sound tracks with video of the casa delle masche transport the listener to the centre of the action. Those who immerse themselves with headphones experience the house and its surroundings in a direct way.

The recordings were made in spring 2025: Thomas Gassmann was responsible for the sound recording and mixing, while Fritz Hauser created the percussive sounds and videos.

Biographies

Fritz Hauser, born in Basel, Switzerland, in 1953, develops solo programmes for drums and percussion, which he performs worldwide. Compositions for percussion ensembles and soloists, chamber orchestras

, choirs, sound installations. Interdisciplinary works in the fields of theatre, dance, film, radio plays and architecture.

In the field of percussion, he plays and works with percussion soloists and ensembles around the world. Numerous CDs as a soloist and with various ensembles. Fritz Hauser is the 2012 Culture Prize winner of the City of Basel and the 1996 Culture Prize winner for Music Basel-Landschaft. In the summer of 2018, Hauser was composer-in-residence at the Lucerne Festival 2018. In 2022, Hauser received the Swiss Music Prize.

Thomas Gassmann, born in Wil/SG in 1974, has been working as a set sound engineer and perchman for over 25 years.

He also enjoys passing on his knowledge in various contexts, for example in his main role as a lecturer in sound design at the Lucerne University of Applied Sciences and Arts, Design Film and Art, Animation programme, which he has held for over 15 years.

Boa Baumann, born in Brunegg/CH in 1953, deals with contemporary architecture on various scales. His projects are innovative programmes, open to interpretation, precise in their architectural articulation, characterised by a subtle approach to the environment, the materials used and an intensive examination of the intended use. Buildings should contribute to the identity formation of new and changing places and make both social concerns and spatial intentions understandable through a strong language. He is fascinated by the borderline between architecture and various art forms such as video, painting, theatre and music.

Meret Arnold, born in 1980 in Männedorf, Switzerland, writes about art, architecture and photography. In her texts, she weaves her own experiences with research, sometimes in poetic, fictional border crossings.

As an art historian, she has held various positions at Swiss museums and art collections.

Exhibitions as a freelance curator. Assistant at the Institute of Landscape Architecture at ETH Zurich. Lecturer for the practice-oriented course on art appreciation and description at the University of Zurich. Since 2023, editor at 'Kunstbulletin'.

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