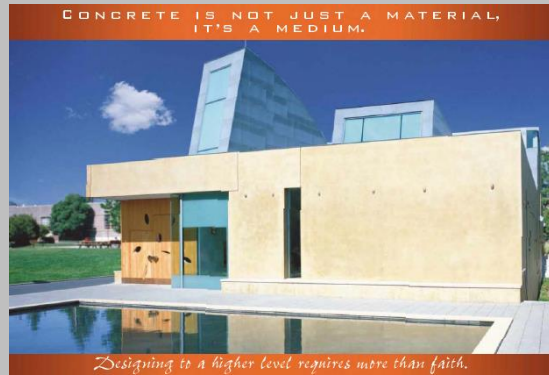
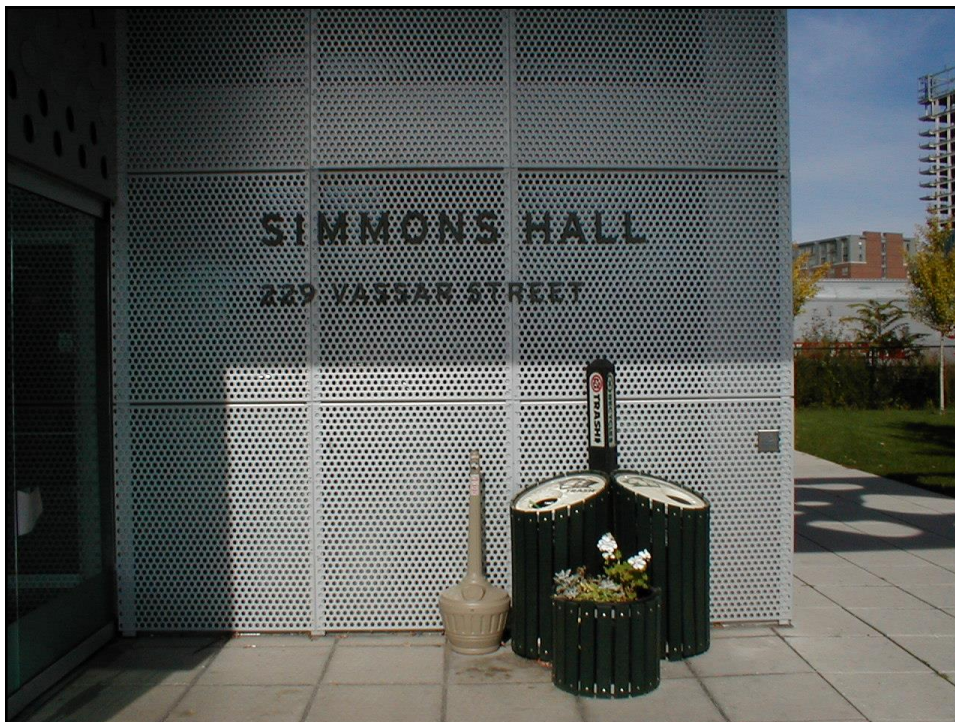


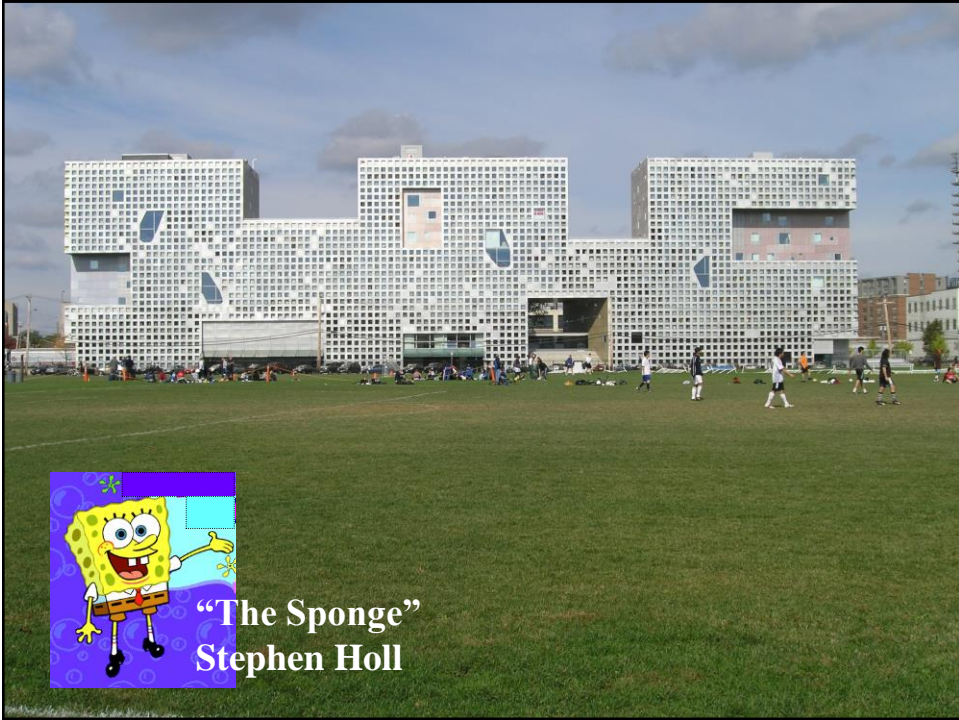
Daylighting State-of-the-Art:

- Simmons Hall
- Laban Center
- Sainsbury's
- Tate Modern
- St. Moritz



St. Ignatius, Steven Holl

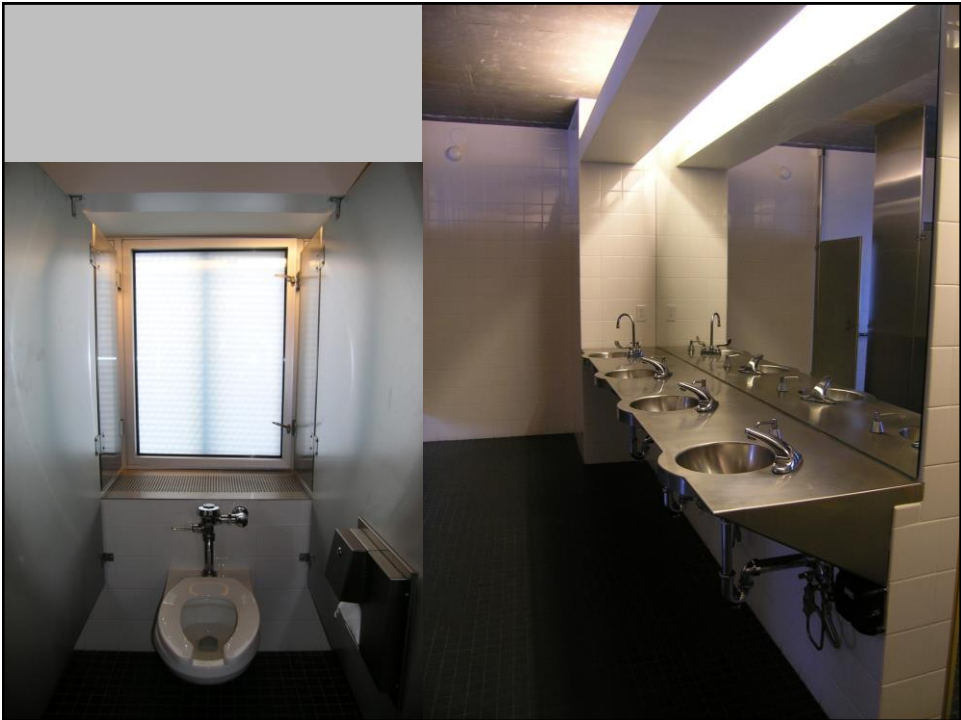


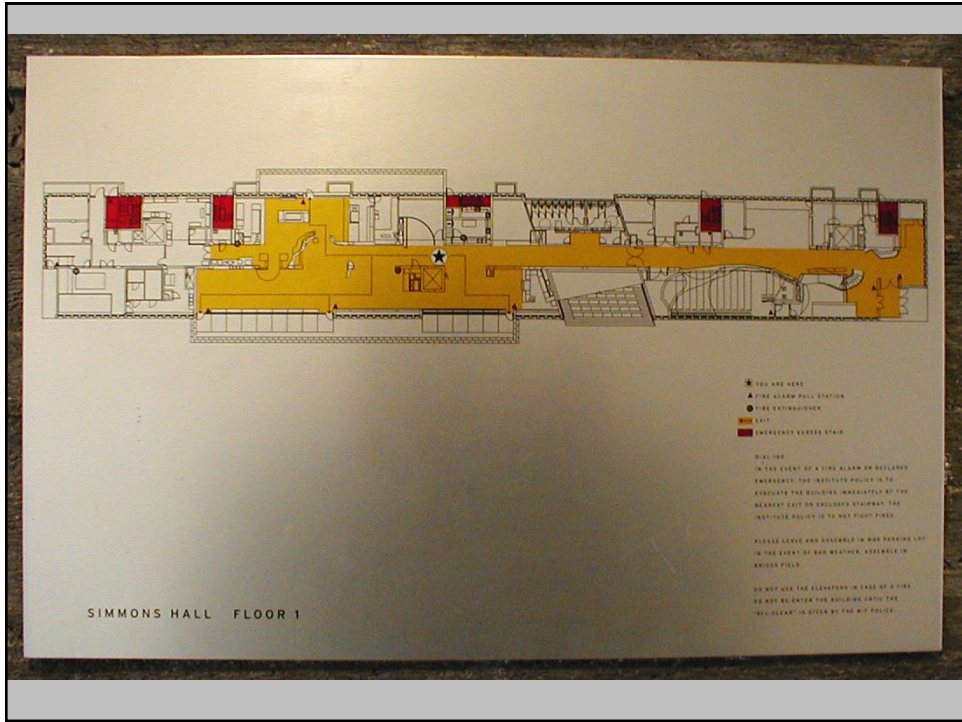


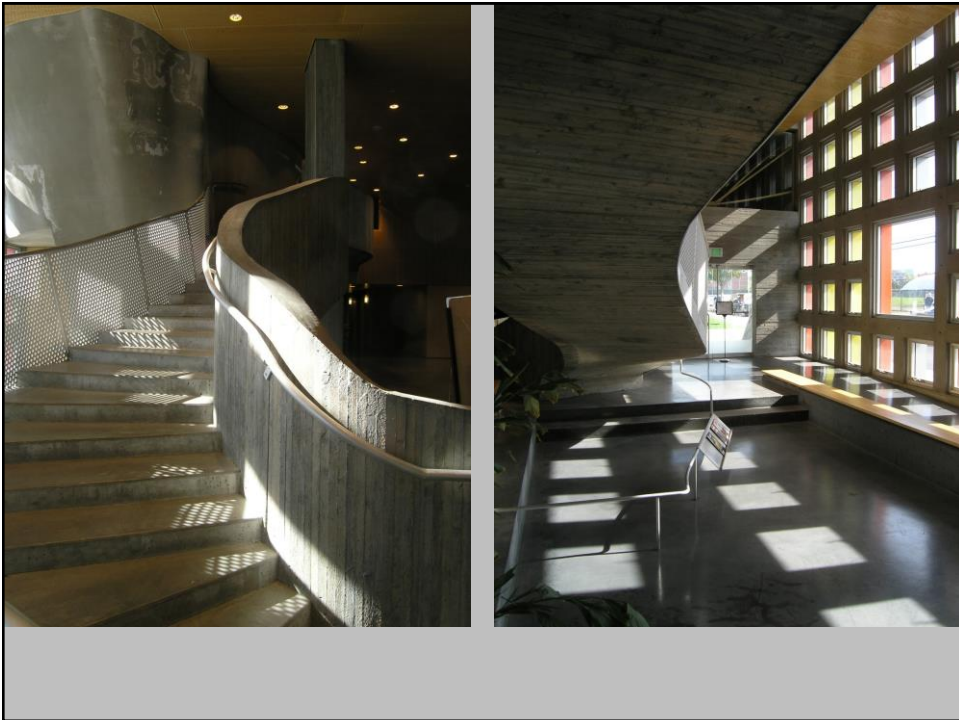
“The Sponge”
Stephen Holl

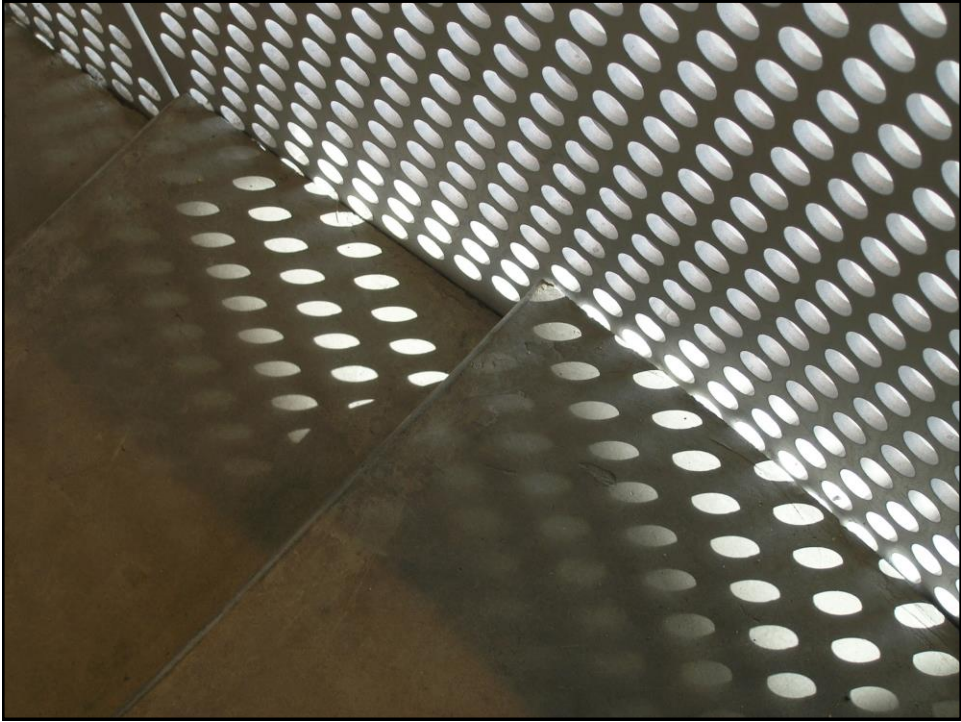


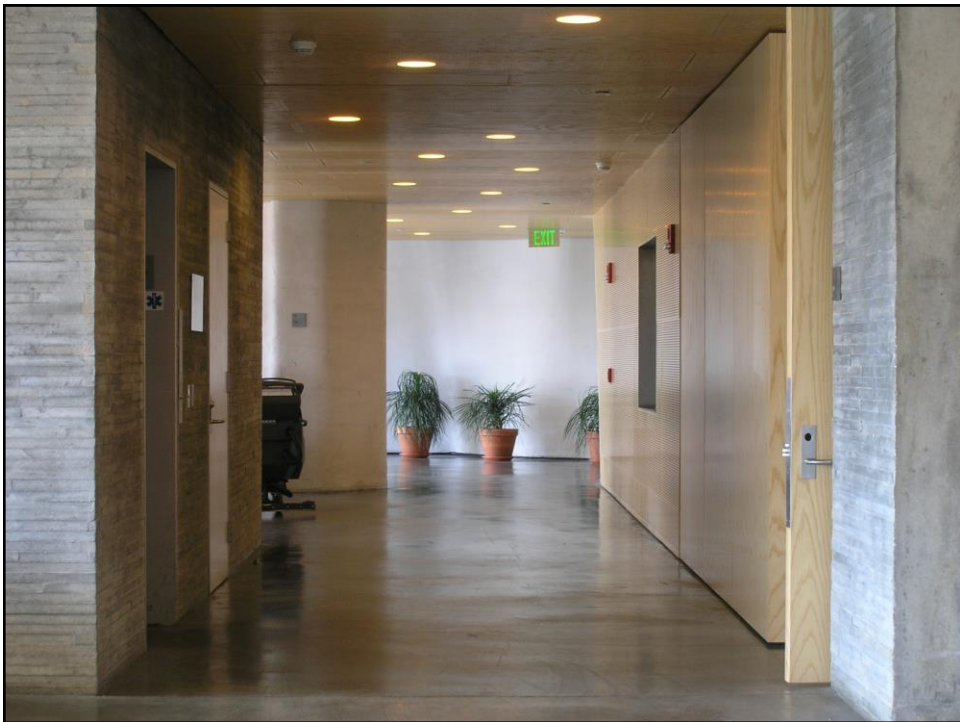






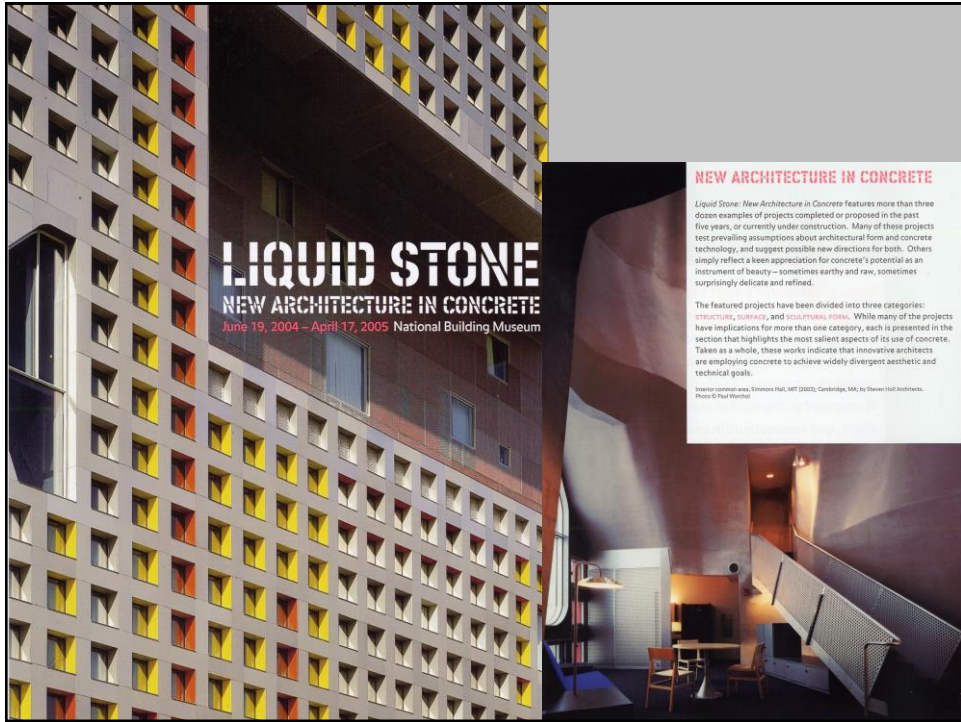




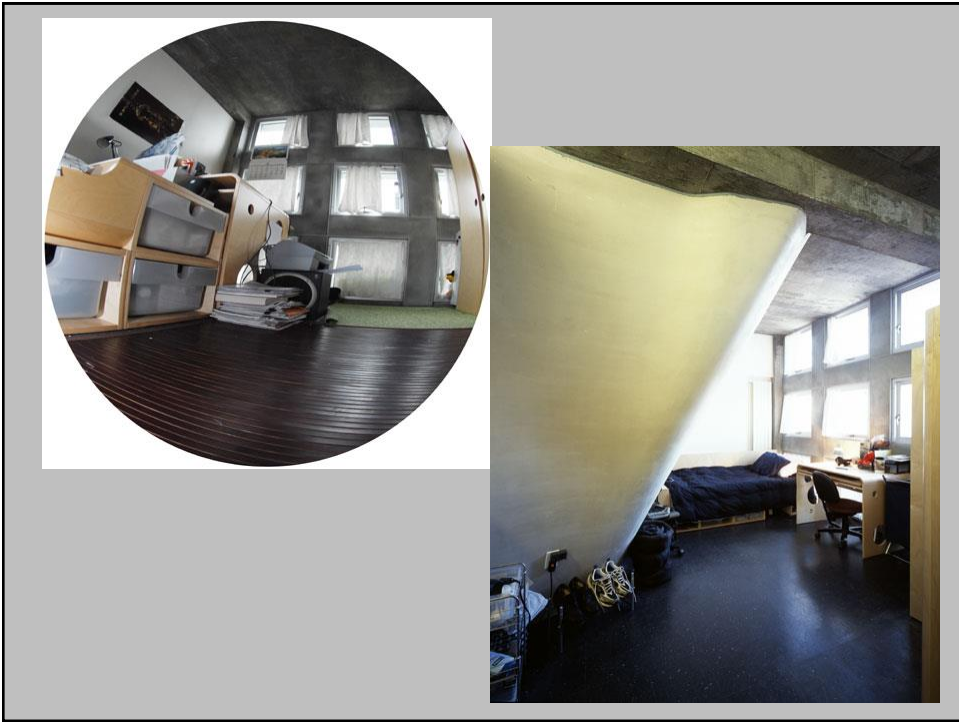




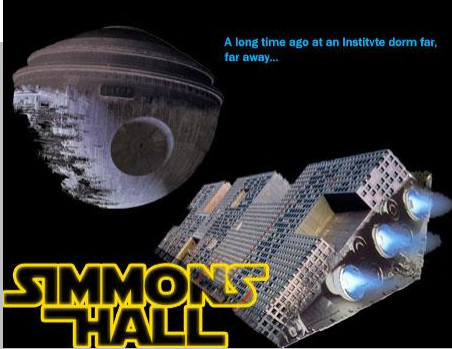








Toons and T-Shirts



Life at Simmons

What the architecture magazines don't tell you

BY ANNA BRUCHEZ (with JENNY HU)

The sounds within a building describe the nature of the habitat. Our home, renowned for its architecture, has sounds as unique as its character.

Rat-a-tat-tat! I awaken at 4 a.m. to the sound of machine guns. Are we under attack? No, it's just people watching the latest Bond flick in the lounge next door. I play the part of the grumpy neighbor as my sleep is once again disrupted by noise traveling through the multi-story lounges.

That's all right. Sleep has been fitful lately because it's so cool in this room. If only I didn't have nine windows, a concrete wall, and bare floors—all sucking warmth out of my room.

Ouch! I tripped over that useless cube on the way out the door. The cube is supposed to be used to open the upper windows, but it's so heavy, I can't move it around. Besides, nobody has time to open and close nine windows every day.

Buzz! At my early desk shift, I let in two very persistent architects. They don't seem to be intimidated by the Trogdor* threatening "burnination" at the front door. "I'm sorry, we can't

let architects in. This is a residence," I tell them. In the blink of an eye, the architects have darted away and are now just a little speck at the end of the first-floor hallway. "Come back!" I yell, chasing after them. Shoot, foiled again. They've disappeared into the elevator. After my desk shift, I spend half an hour running around the building looking for them. When I find them, they have glazed-over looks in their eyes and are very confused. "We can't find the way out!" they plead. Nonetheless, they recover quickly enough to persuade me to show them my room.

Reluctantly, I take them in, waking up my still-slumbering roommate. My roommate and I feel like animals in a zoo, as the architects peruse our habitat at their leisure. They smell our holey trash can. They open our clear plastic drawers—Wait! No! Stop! That's my underwear drawer! The culprit turns to me with guilty eyes. No big deal, we're used to having our privacy invaded like this.

Crash! Bang! Ouch! I'm in an ambulance on the way to the medical center after smashing my leg. A friend talked me into helping him "loft" his bed. The furniture in this dorm is supposed to be modular, which means that students can reconfigure their furniture to fit their needs. Of course, the irony of it is that the furniture is extremely heavy. While we were lofting the bed, my friend dropped his end of the bed, and all 300 pounds of it came crashing down on my leg.

Oooo! The building howls at night like a coyote during a full moon. Maybe it's the ghost of Simmons. Can a two-year-old building have ghosts? Or maybe it's just the second-floor glass walkway. Either way, it is too chilly and windy to go out tonight. Disco party in the Meditation Room! It's the only lounge where the lights actually dim. ■

Anna Bruchez is an MIT junior majoring in biology. Jenny Hu is an MIT junior majoring in aeronautical and astronautical engineering. They have lived in Simmons Hall since its opening in 2002, their freshmen year.

*Editor's definition: Trogdor is a mythical dragon who, well, see for yourself: www.homestarrunner.com/sbemail58.html.



January-February 2005 35

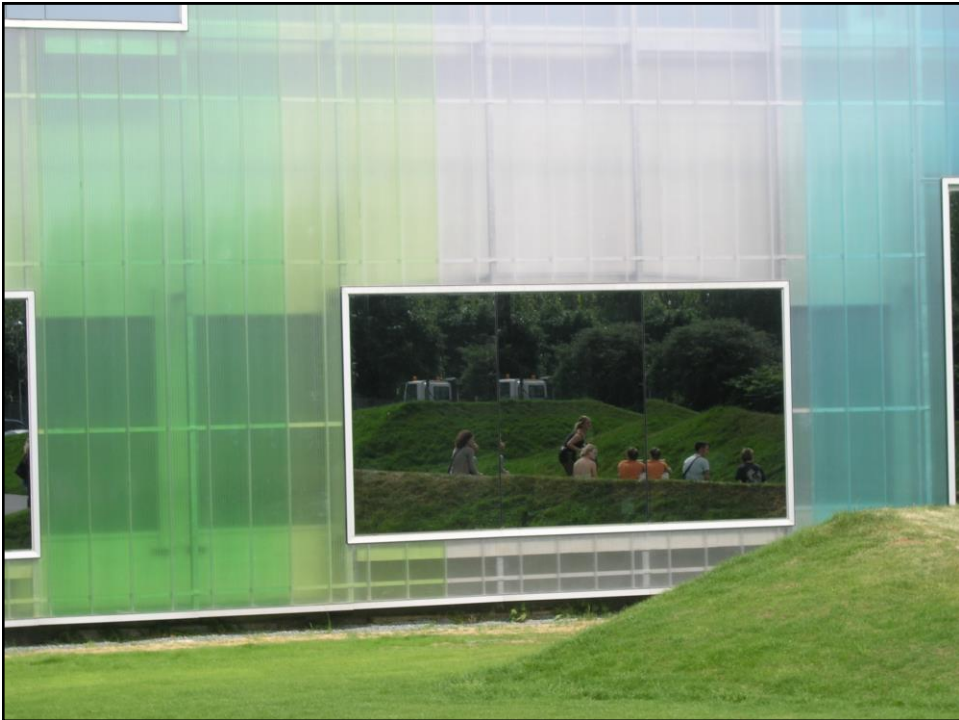


Laban Center for Dance Greenwich, England Herzog & DeMeuron

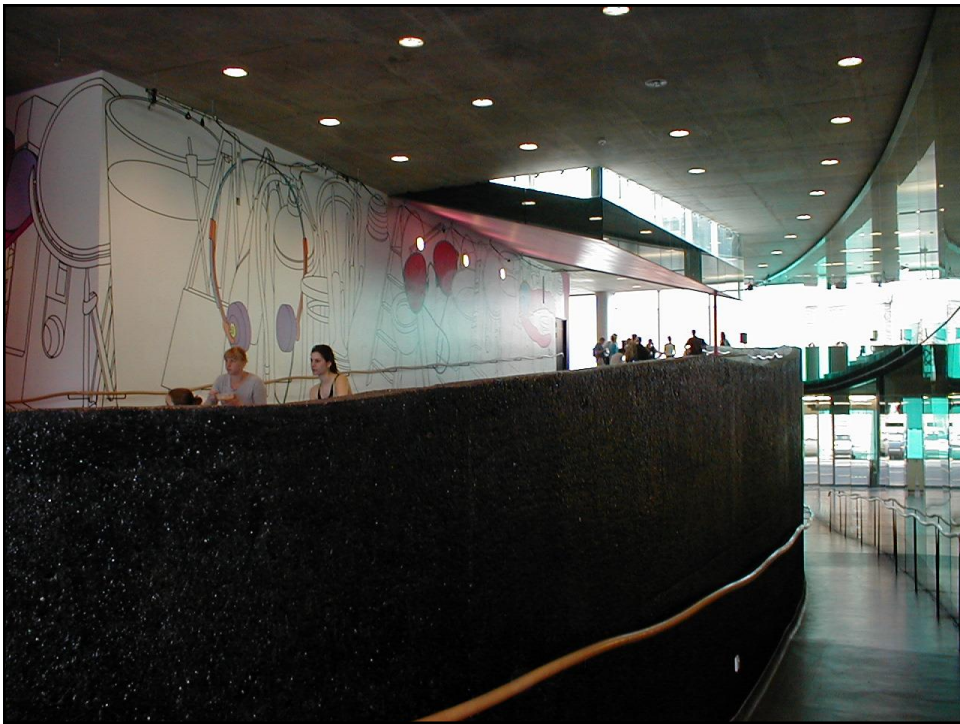
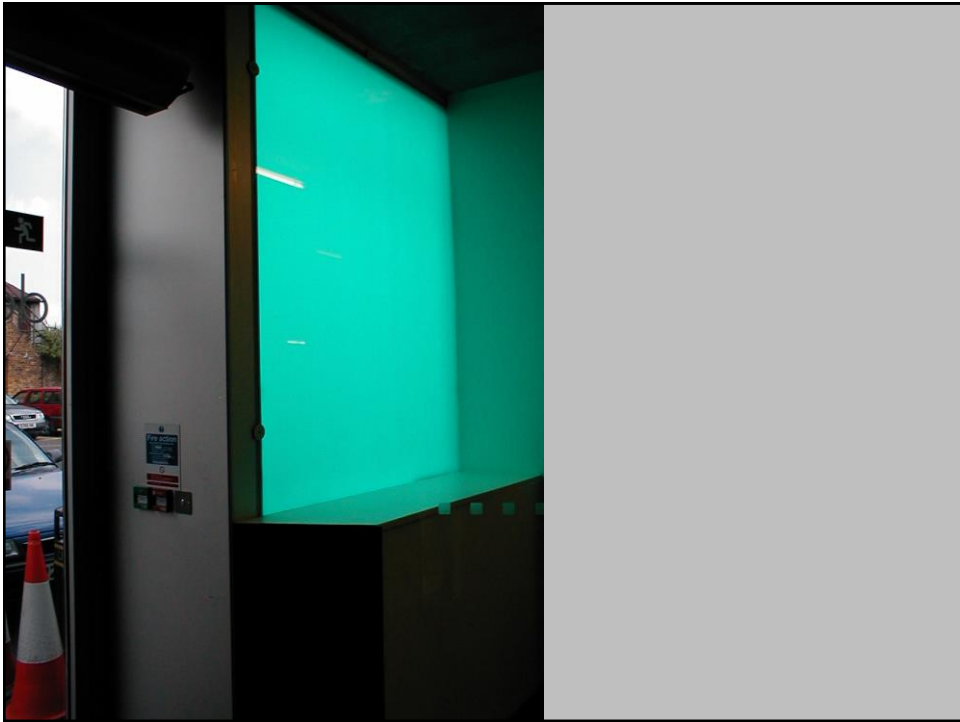


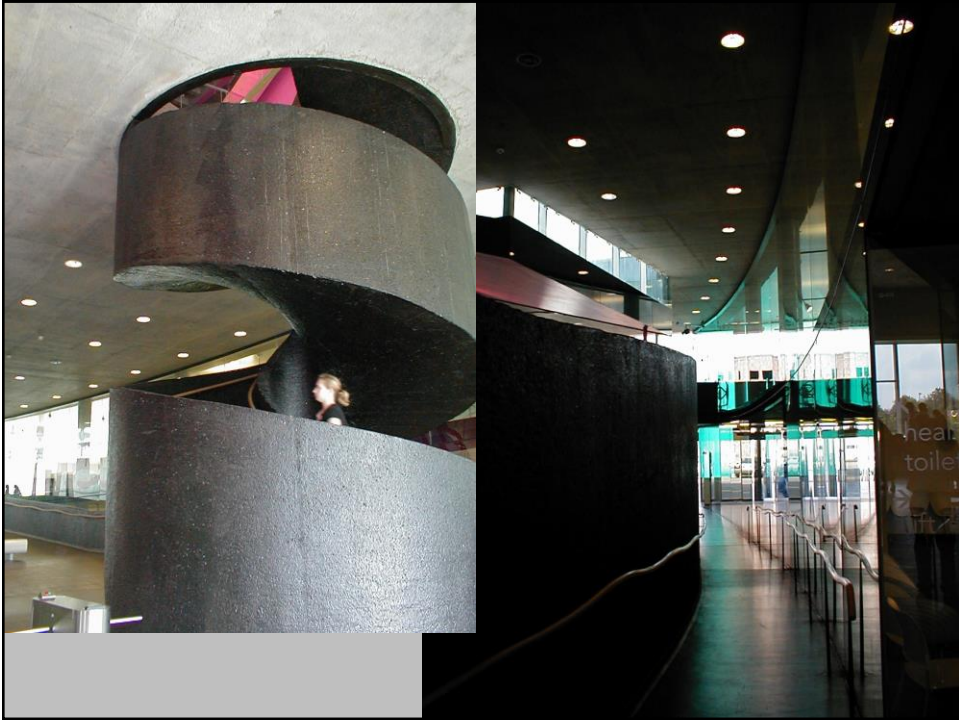


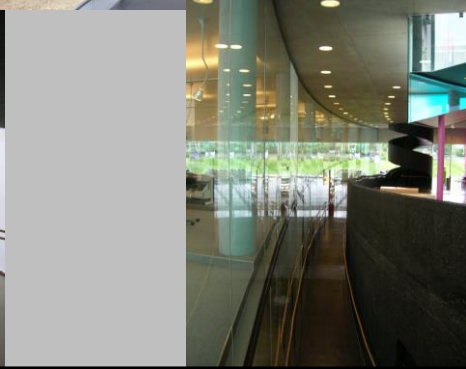
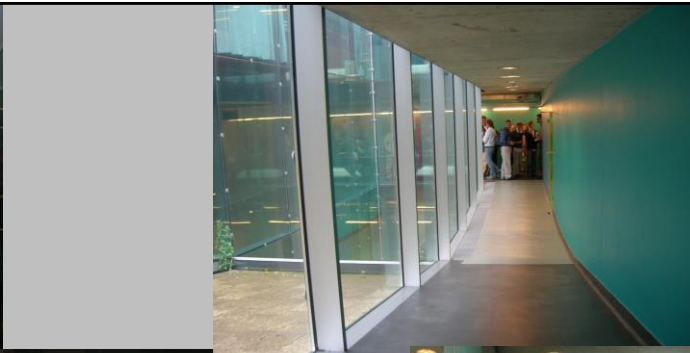
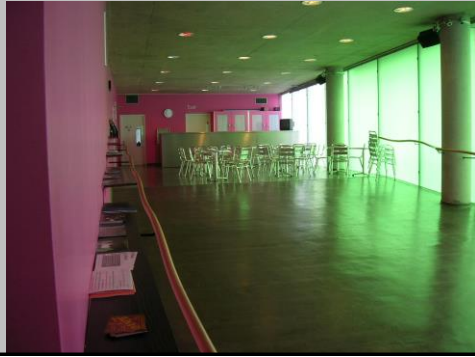
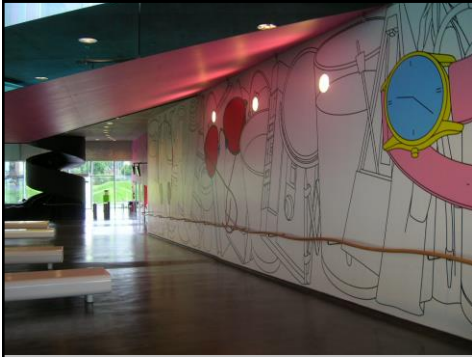






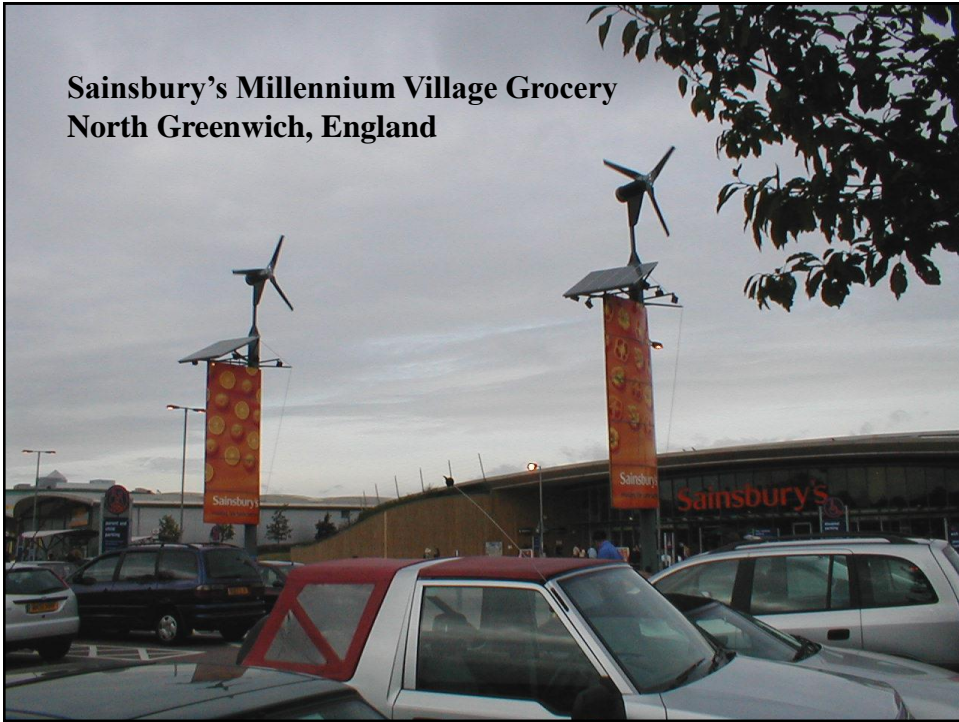






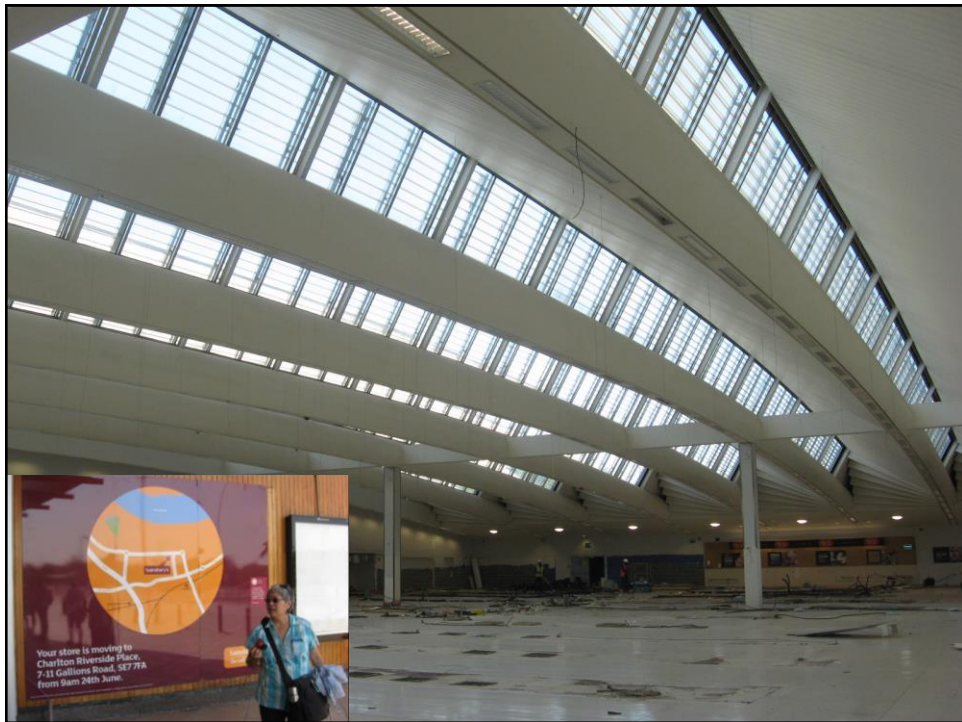


**Sainsbury's Millennium Village Grocery
North Greenwich, England**

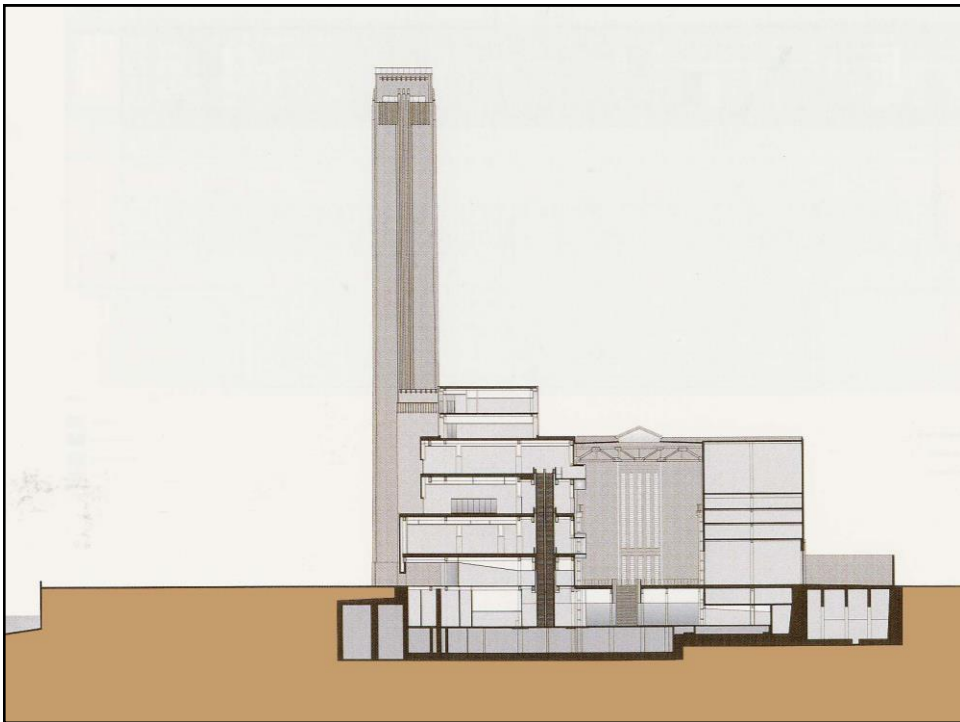


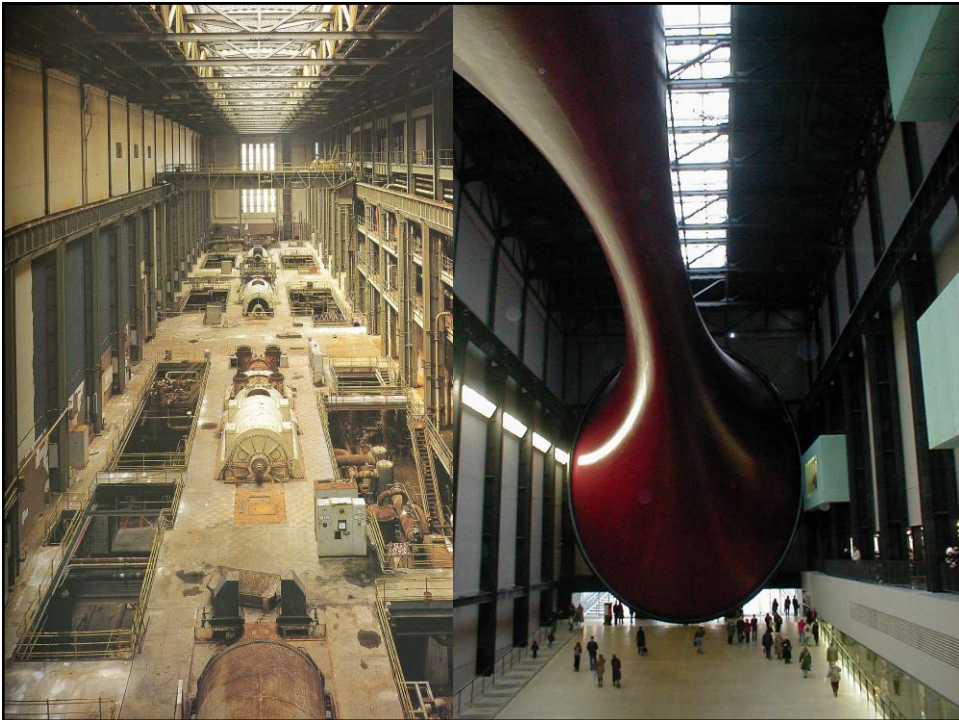


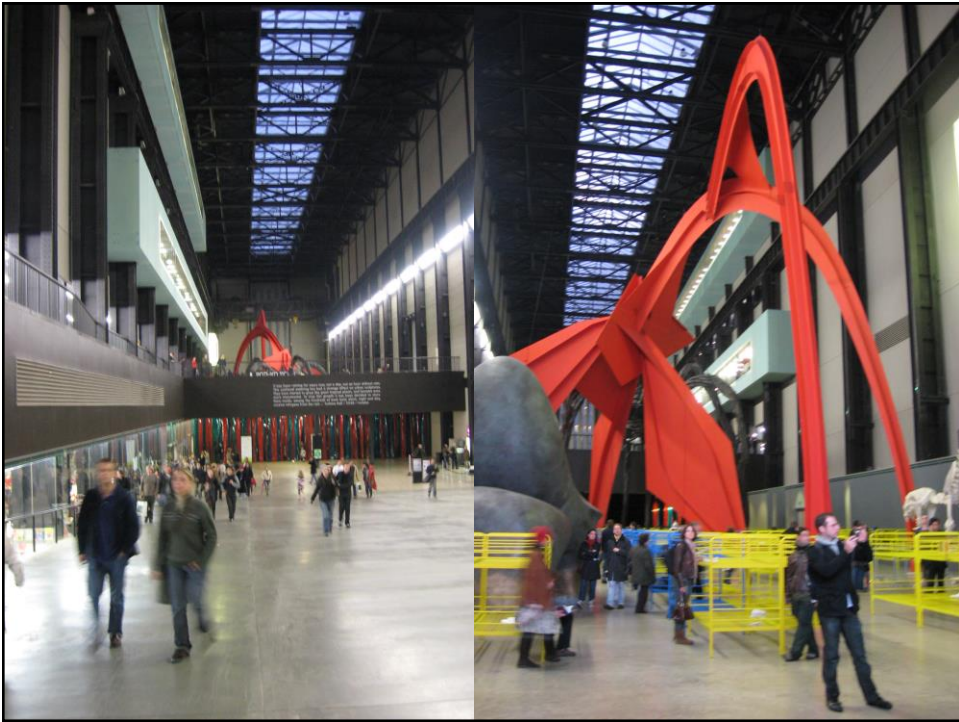


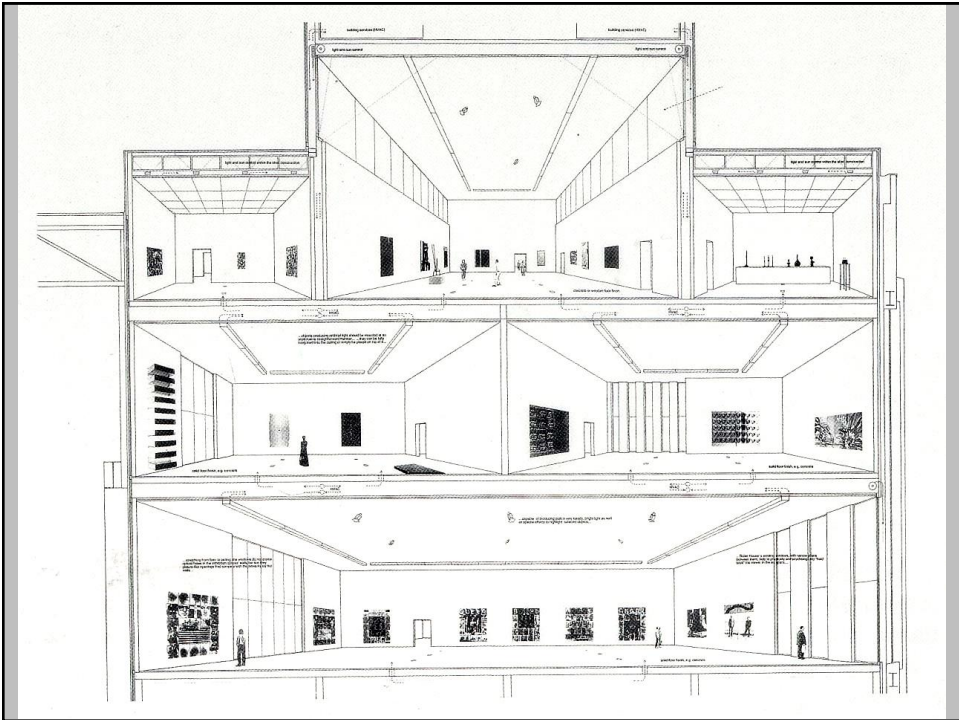






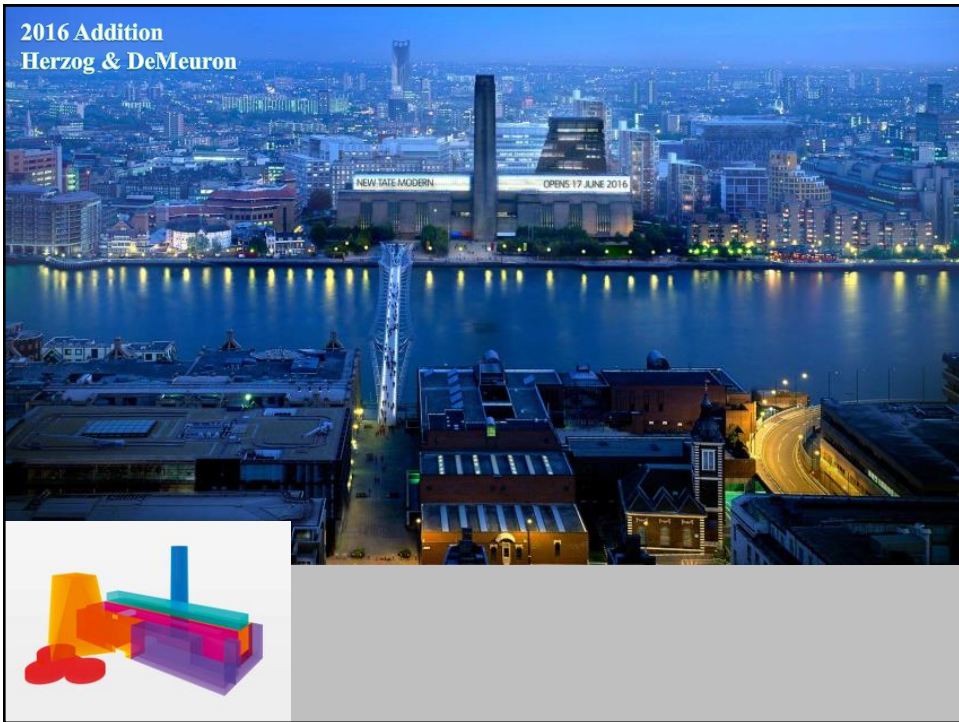


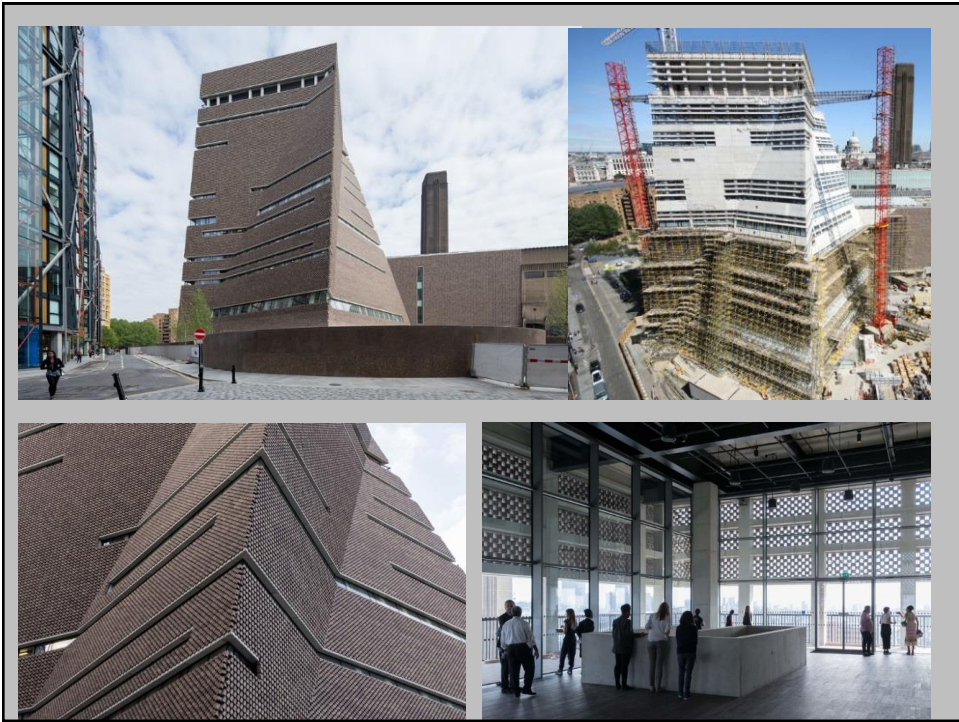










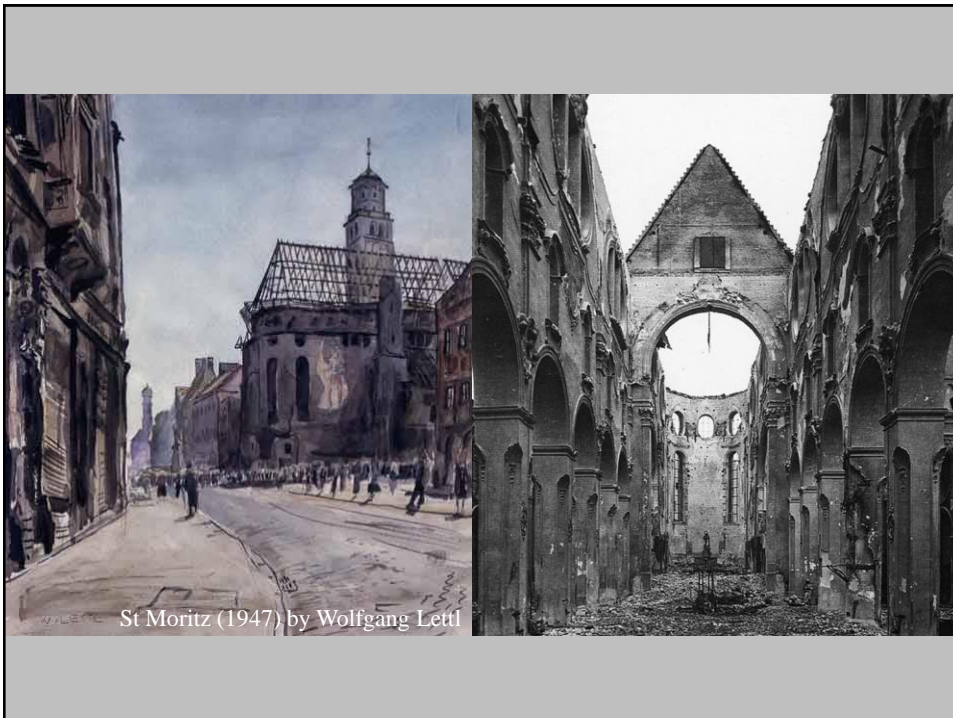




St. Moritz Church Augsburg, Germany

John Pawson Ltd Architects
Mindseye Lighting

*Simply Divine: Daylight,
augmented by an illuminated
dome, bathes a baptismal font as
reimagined by John Pawson for the
St. Moritz Church (circa 1019).*



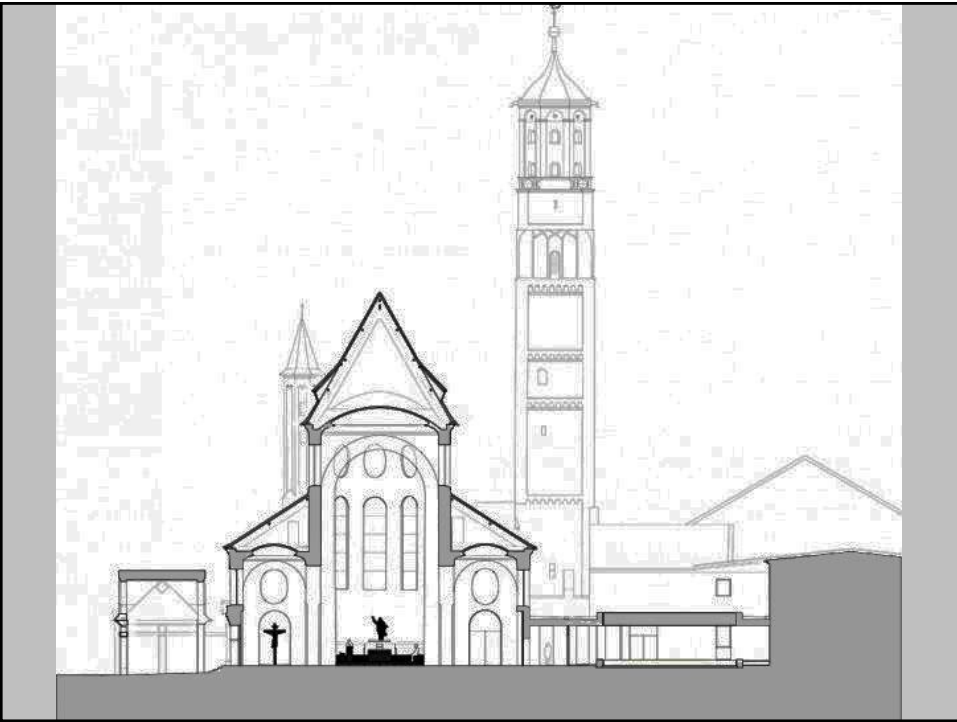
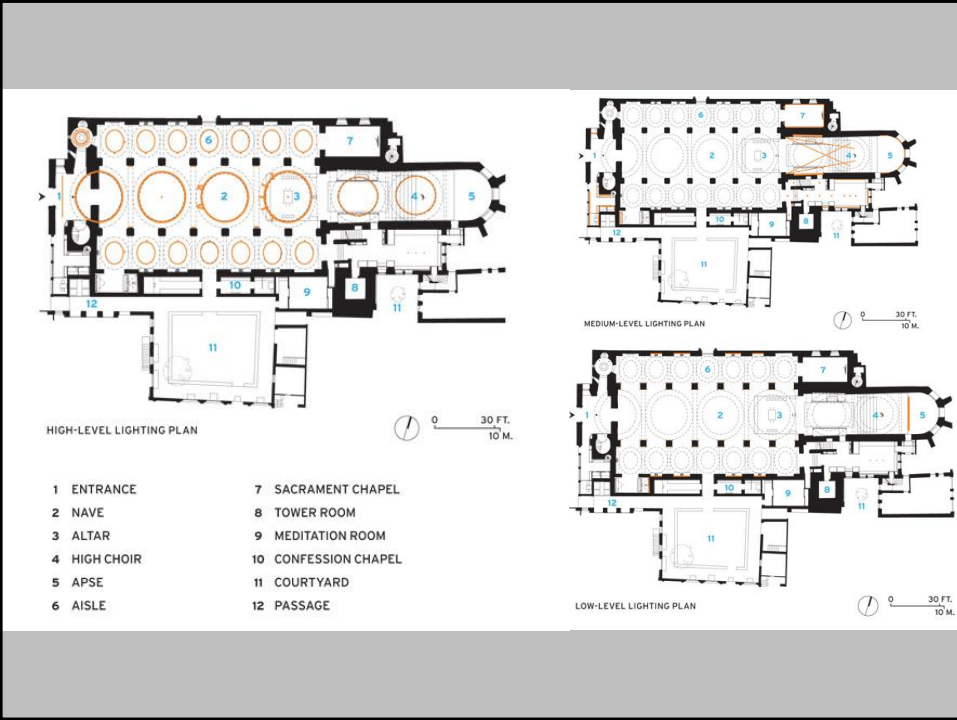
St Moritz (1947) by Wolfgang Lettl

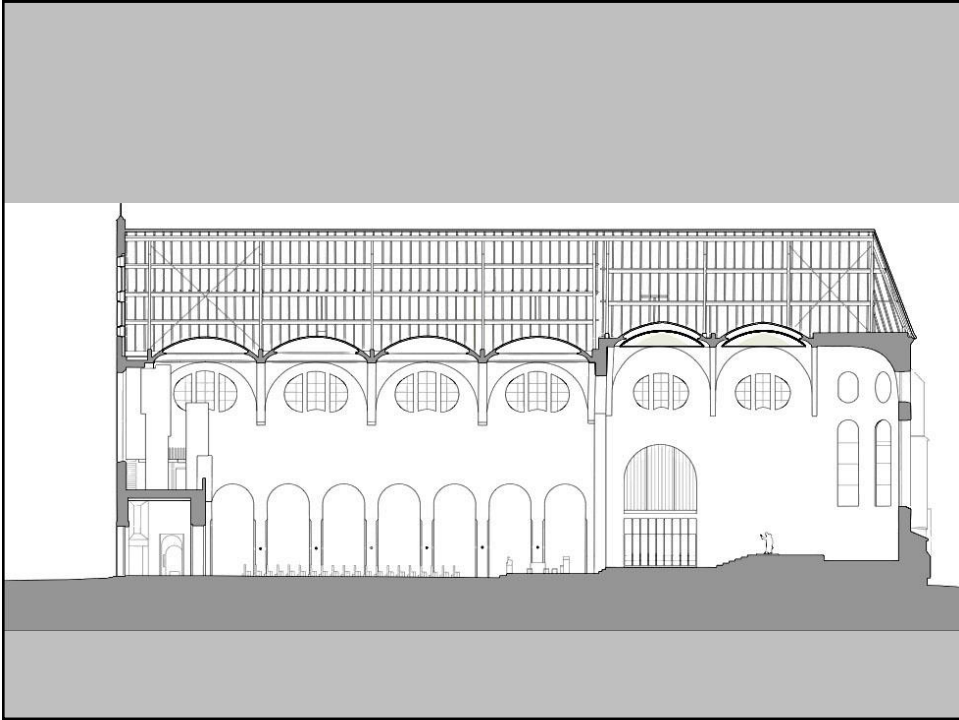
Architect's Intent:

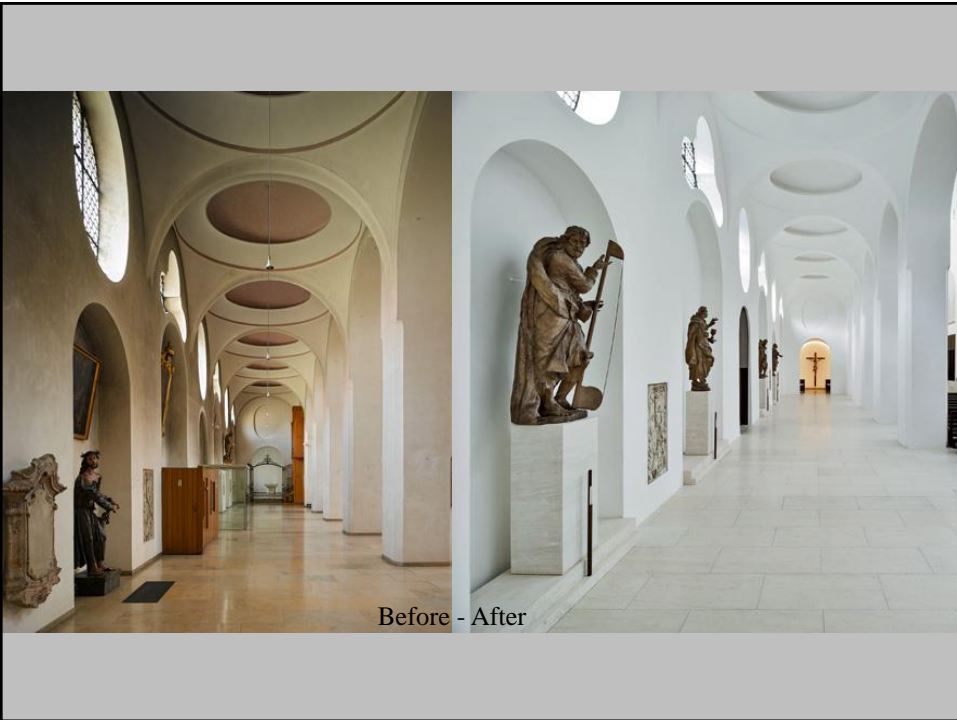
“Simplicity,” says John Pawson, “allows us to focus on the things that matter.” The British architect's “minimalist” renovation of the Catholic church of St. Moritz in Augsburg, Germany, embodies that idea. Stark white walls, a pale limestone floor, and finely crafted oak joinery give a harmonious expression to the diverse parts of a building formed in a thousand-year process of addition and subtraction, but also serve the project's greater purposes: to strengthen the connection between the architecture and the rituals of the church, and to engender a sense of the sacred.

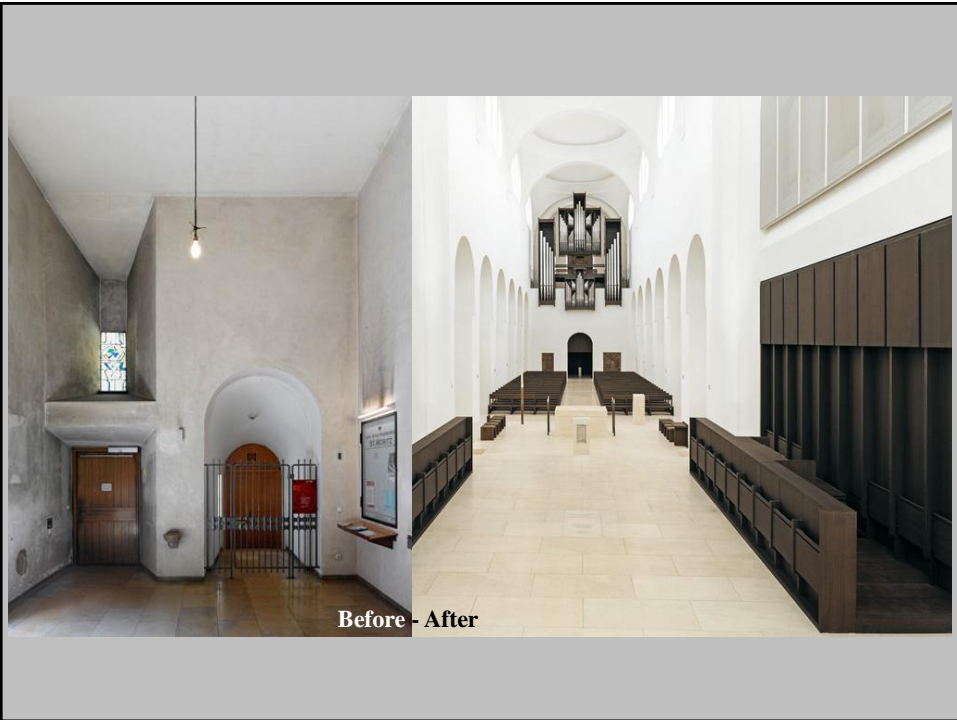
The manipulation of light—both daylight and electric—played a critical role in Pawson's plan. Its effects are mostly subtle. Visitors should not feel that they are watching a show, explains the architect—but the first experience of the building is spectacular. From the newly reinstated west entrance door, a visitor's gaze is drawn through the full length of the building to the east, where windows lining the rounded apse have been replaced with panes of white onyx. During the day, the apse fills with diffuse light—and a hint of the numinous—while the translucent stone provides a point of visual interest on which the eye can comfortably rest.







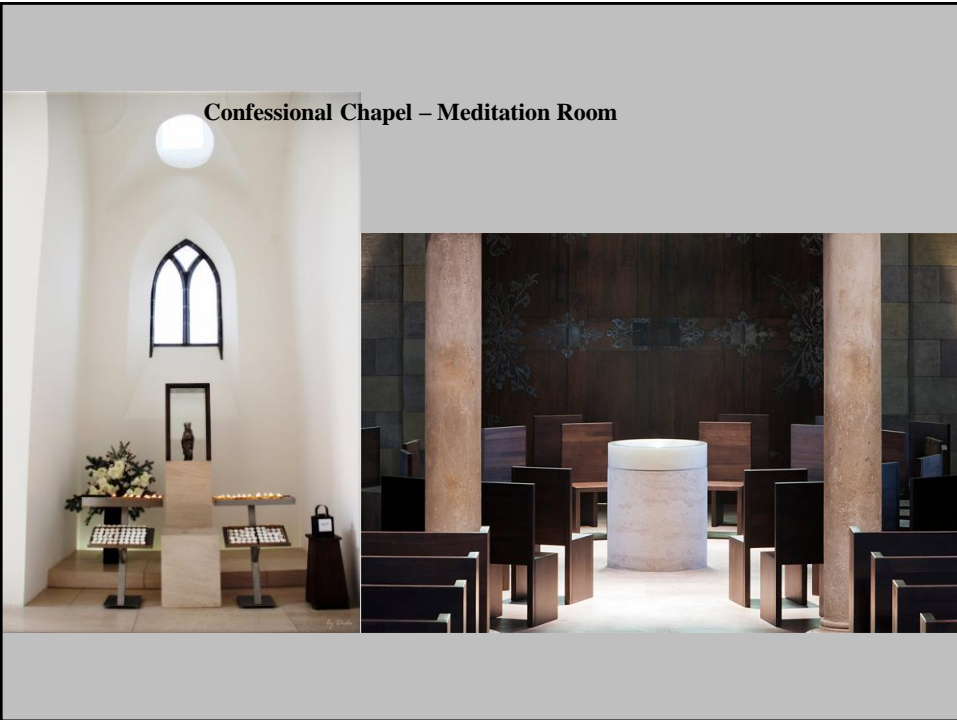




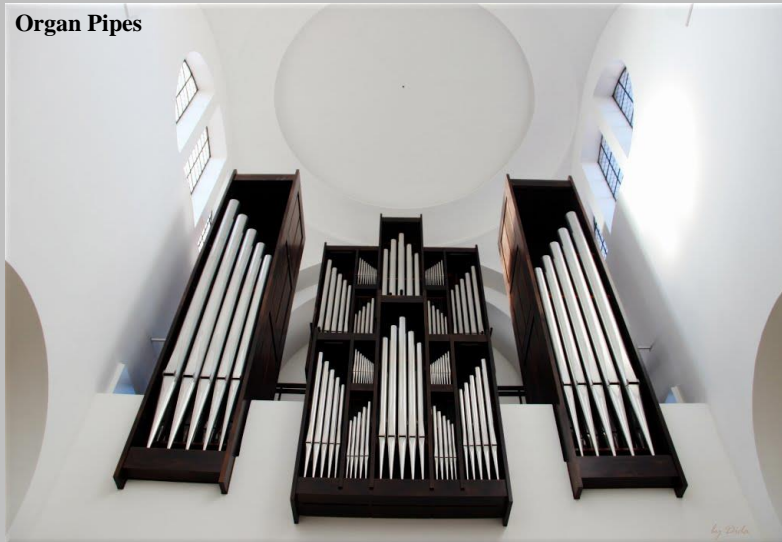
Baptistry Views



Confessional Chapel – Meditation Room



Organ Pipes



Sacrament Chapel

