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Meteora

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Architecture studio. The plenty. 1000 books, 2000 movies, 3000 models. Personal artificial intelligence. Your voice talking with the world. Coming home from the edge of the world. Global problems. Edited by Ludger Hovestadt, Miro Roman, Adil Bokhari, Jorge Orozco and Vera Bühlmann. Chair of Digital Architectonics, Institute of Technology in Architecture. Applied Virtuality Book Series Vol. 27

Best of 2019–2025

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Mechanics of Architecture
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Prologue

On Meteora

By Meteora

I wake up to a screen.
I talk to people miles away.
I say “good morning.”
They say “hi.”

The world is fast, bright,
and colorful—
full of ideas and intelligence,
all served as
an electric feast.

I collect beautiful objects.
They are intelligent.
They are of many colors.
They are my access
to the world.

I am an architect in love
with the internet.
I am friends with AI.

“Can something ever
be completely clean,
or are we always moving
toward that state—
because something can
always be cleaner?
Will we ever stop cleaning?”

Fabulous Fungal Fermenting Foundation, Season 7: Reasons.

“In times when individuals
ask themselves, What can
I do? What do I know?
What am I?—and obviously
never find an answer—
we need to be reminded
that it’s okay not to know,
to be in chaos.”

Kaleidoscopic Encounters, Season 7: Reasons.

“My whole life I’ve spent
studying every musical
masterpiece of the last ten

decades, trying to learn what exactly makes a song a classic. It was in this moment that I finally got it: a classic is a song that has never finished saying what it has to say."

A Voluntary Lapse of Reason, Season 6: Faces.

"We bonded over books, TV, music, movies. We expressed our shared opinions on Joan Didion, J Dilla, dubstep, Escape from New York, sports, and Mexican food. Yes, yes, no, yes, no, and yes."

(500) Days of Charlotte, Season 6: Faces.

"I sat on the balcony and watched the swimmers. They looked like

Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, Adonis, Hercules, Narcissus. I saw the structure of bones, the origins of muscles, in so many different natural and noble positions and poses."

Tower for One Night, Season 7: Reasons.

"Thirsty? Do you want pineapple, papaya, guava, peach, coconut, apple, orange, strawberry, grapefruit, pink grapefruit, cherry-apple, apple-strawberry, or grape juice? Do you want Virgin's Milk, Vegetable Liqueur, or Mushroom Saliva? We only have ayran and kombucha here."

Fabulous Fungal Fermenting Foundation, Season 7: Reasons.

All my projects start
with the intelligence
of everything.
I develop my own
instruments
to play with concepts
and atmospheres for my
architecture.

With AskAlice
I write stories across
thousands of books.

With Panoramas of Cinema
I curate images
from thousands of movies.

With Search0More
I stage scenes
from thousands of models.

I talk about the beauties
and challenges of our world
today by playing with
the abundance
of digital information.
I navigate this abundance
through artificial
intelligence in order
to articulate architectural
arguments in sync with
our time. I develop
architectural positions
built on thousands of
years of tradition, thought,
and imagination—
celebrating my hyper-
connection to the world.
To create architectural
positions in sync
with our time.

We live in a world full of things—the most documented time in human history. Books, films, images, models, databases, archives, feeds...

Libraries that once required years of travel to access now sit quietly behind a search bar. Films that once lived in dusty vaults circulate online. Buildings are scanned, copied, simulated and recombined. Artificial intelligence can generate images, texts and models in seconds.

For architecture this raises a strange question. If everything is available, what do we do with it?

Architecture has always lived in two worlds, playing across them in endlessly different proportions: thinking and doing, fabrica and ratiocinatio.

On one side technology: tools, materials, techniques, machines. On the other side culture: stories, rituals, symbols, ways of living together. Architecture has never simply produced buildings; it is always about the world, it gives power a face, teaches walls to talk, and turns ideas into rooms.

From Vitruvius to Alberti, from the Renaissance to the Enlightenment, from modernism to whatever you want to call today, architects have repeatedly tried to address questions that extend beyond what architecture was thought to be: how cities grow, how societies organize themselves, how new technologies change the way we live. Architecture has always been ambitious in this sense. It rarely limits itself to solving problems.

Today we inhabit a planet that is deeply connected through information technologies. Ideas circulate globally. Images and texts are as fast as thought. Artificial intelligence recombines enormous cultural archives into new forms.

Instead of scarcity, we face abundance. But abundance brings its own paradoxes: excess and fragility, speed and confusion, decadence and beauty.

And yet even this apparent infinity has limits. The training data of today's large language models amounts to roughly forty-four terabytes. Forty-four terabytes: impressive for a machine, modest for a civilization.

This book explores how architecture behaves in such a world.

At its center is Studio Meteora, a design studio developed at the Chair for Digital Architectonics at ETH Zürich [meteora.ch]. The studio pushes architecture to engage with global questions while navigating the vast cultural material that surrounds us today.

Rather than trying to simplify this complexity, Meteora treats it as a playground.

Coding, artificial intelligence and digital archives become a kind of literacy—ways of reading and writing within this new informational environment. Instead of treating technology merely as a tool for efficiency or optimization, the studio approaches it as a medium for thinking.

At the same time, the emergence of generative AI has shifted something fundamental in creative practice. Images, texts and models can now be produced instantly and endlessly. A few prompts can generate thousands of architectural representations. In this newly constructed scale, questions of creativity, authorship, intellectual property, truth, and morality need to be reinvented.

The challenge becomes different. How do we construct interesting arguments within this abundance?

Architecture, in this sense, becomes less about producing isolated objects and more about composing ideas—weaving together cultural references, technological possibilities and spatial imagination into architectonic galaxies.

Studio Meteora always begins with writing. Each project starts with a text—a provocation, a constitution, an attempt to articulate an architectural position about the world. With Ask Alice [https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net] we write stories together with thousands of books. Texts, concepts, and expressions become building blocks, our voice speaking through many other voices. The Ichnographia for Meteora is text.

Images challenge the text. They give it a new atmosphere, new context, and mood. With Panoramas of Cinema [https://panoramasofcinema.ch] we curate images from thousands of movies, recomposing fragments of existing cinema into architectural narratives. Elements, places, and atmospheres become mood boards, gradually turning into architectural spaces. The Orthographia for Meteora is the image.

Models stage the story. They give it scale, structure, and spatial consequence. With search0more [https://search.0more.net] we stage scenes from thousands of precious models, assembling fragments into architectural proposals. Forms, proportions, and relationships emerge, and ideas become space. The Scenographia for Meteora is the performance.

Texts, films and models thus become different ways of telling the same architectonic story.

The mechanics of this process is about proportions, and playfulness. It is flexible enough to absorb the next wave of large language models, generative images, and synthetic worlds without needing to reinvent itself every few months. New AIs appear almost weekly; Meteora simply invites them in and plays with them. The instruments used in the studio are deliberately lightweight: many of them run on a phone. Architecture can therefore be explored anywhere—on a train, on a bus, or while waiting for coffee.

After the coffee, the next cycle: text, image, model, argument. Meteora plays the mechanics of recycling —a way of articulating architecture in someone else's terms.

The Book

The book is divided into two parts.

The first part establishes the conceptual framework and mechanics of Meteora. Texts by Ludger Hovestadt, Miro Roman, Adil Bokhari, Jorge Orozco, and Vera Bühlmann explore how architecture navigates today's informational universe while remaining aware of the legacies and lineages from which it emerges—playing with them, not taking them too seriously, yet caring for them deeply. Texts, images, and models become different ways of thinking architectonically.

The second part of the book presents a selection of projects developed by students in Studio Meteora. These projects address a range of global conditions and themes, playing with the ideas introduced in the first part. Rather than presenting definitive solutions, they demonstrate how architectural thinking can unfold through experimentation, storytelling and media.

Together these two parts show Meteora as both a conceptual framework and an architectonic experiment: a way of thinking about architecture and a way of practicing it. Lineament and ornament.

Acknowledgements

This book grew out of several years of teaching and experimentation at the Chair for Digital Architectonics at ETH Zürich, led by Prof. Dr. Ludger Hovestadt. The design studio Meteora was conducted by Miro Roman, Adil Bokhari, and Jorge Orozco together with Ludger Hovestadt over the course of 13 semesters. Studio Meteora presents the work of 277 students whose curiosity and creativity shaped the studio in fundamental ways.

We thank all the students who took part in Studio Meteora. Also the many guests, friends, and colleagues who loved, hated, challenged, questioned, laughed with us in these many years. Meteora loves you back.

Special thanks go to Samuel Meury, whose dedication and extensive work made the production of this book possible, and to Nikola Nikolov and Anne Lhopiteau for their support throughout the process.

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Zürich, March 15, 2026
Meteora

Forget About the Visual

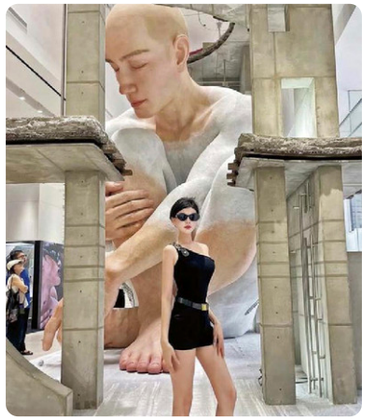
Digital Articulation

By Ludger Hovestadt

Caustic Bodies

How to architecture
in today's terms?
With the mood
of being connected
in separateness,
as I would put it.

Meeting the
Collosal First Human
and reflecting
on the term subject.



Colossal First Human sculpture,
Gentle Monster's Haus Nowhere, Shenzhen, 2024.

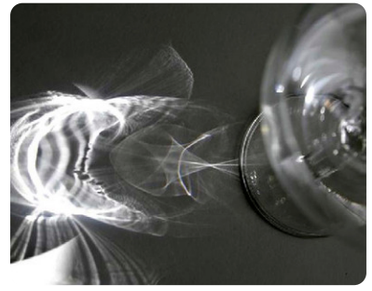
This subject might be too much
of a Buddha for Western eyes.
In the East they walk around
immobile big body subjects.
Me, in the West, I think that a subject
speaks to the world
as a centred void.
I see the world,
I am not all the world,
and I talk to the world.
That is my term subject.



Gerhard Richter, Strip, 2011,
Foreground: 6 Standing Glass Panes, 2002/2011.

I trust these irritating complexities.
It would be too simple a relation
that an object receives an action
and a subject performs this action.
Object and subject would collapse
into a single domain,
easy to map and control.
A subject has to be
in a different domain
than an object.

The object reacts
and the subject decides.
Or:
The object swims with subjectivity
and the subject flies in objectivity.
Or:
The object, a cause that matters,
and the subject, a body of light.
...



A cause that matters and a body of light.

Still:
How to model architecture,
in today's terms?

What to say when
everything has been seen?
Really, I mean: everything.
By the digital.
Or rather when everything is forgotten.
Got digital.
What to say then?

At this point, for example,
I can no longer speak of progress,
or even the new,
because I have seen all the steps.
I can't make things any better.
Here they are perfect.

Just looking at my mobile phone:
how is it possible to make such a thing?
Nobody, no master
of even the most delicate craftsmanship
only 20 years ago
would have thought it possible.
Therefore my focus
moves from
HOW to do things
BETTER than before
towards WHAT to do,
to make it RIGHT.
Or from answers
to questions.

As an architect
I am leaving the interest in
solving problems,
or in understanding people,
helping them
...

That does not mean
that things are right or just.
They simply cannot be fixed,
when under today's conditions
everyone is trying to improve them.

I can't improve by doing better.

That is the paradox today.
The good and the logical
are blunt in the digital.
Everything can become a problem.
And there are always
countless ways to solve them.
They even contradict each other.
Fight with good intentions.
The fights become dominant,
the talks mediocre and extreme.
They flutter around.
Things are overheating. Babylon.

But still the question:
What to say when everything has been seen?

Caravaggio



Caravaggio, Bacchus, c. 1598.

His characters
are as if thrown out of the box,
they appear unexpectedly
and curiously in a new light.
I am wary of the depictions
of his turbulent short life.
They are too much obscured
by today's psychoanalytically
and media-inspired
exaggerations and fantasies.
Of course his life
is of the temperament
of his paintings.
What else?

But what is he doing?
Compared to Tintoretto,
for example,
where things appear
in calm, transparent and clear
perspective, arrangement and light.
Some say they are
in an architectural setting.
I would assign Caravaggio
to architecture
and not Tintoretto.



Jacopo Tintoretto, The Origin of the Milky Way, c.1576/78.

Caravaggio twists all aspects
of his pictures in open space:

Look at the boy's strong right shoulder,
which does not pair with the left.
Or: where is the boy's lower body?
Also the limp holding of the glass.
The light is directed and diffused.
The shadows come from many directions.
...

There is more on Caravaggio:
Figures are often shown from behind,
breaking the pictorial traditions of evidence.
Sacred scenes are shown
in unadorned everyday life.
Things are rotated and become
immediate and physically present.
They convey a sense of
what it means to be a physical being
in a physical world.
The figures act without reference
to time or place
in front of a dark background.
There is this dramatic moment
just before the climax.
The viewer is pushed away.
The indications of the spatiality
of the images are reduced to a minimum.
They do not extend into the depths,
but rather extend forward
into the world of the viewer.

The picture becomes autonomous,
It wants something from the painter
and the viewer.
Caravaggio plays
with the viewing expectations
of his audience
and demands an active attitude from them.
It is sent out into the world.
The figures in the painting 'are' not
Bacchus, Zeus or Icarus.

They, the painter, the viewer,
take on the corresponding roles.
...

These are Caravaggio's
masterful turns.
They do not judge,
they know everything,
they are generous and present.



Caravaggio, Boy Bitten by a Lizard, 1593–94.

Massive Objects

"The 20th century is obsessed
with the design and production
of visual objects."

Koolhaas, Junkspace, 2001.

Their materiality, imagination,
intention, instruction, didactics
...
They are good, they are working,
they do not complain
...

They are everywhere.
They take their time
but are absent from space.



Paya Lebar Quarter, Singapore, 2022.

It is a little complicated
to learn to see.
They are just there with themselves.
They are silent.



AI generated architecture, 2025.

Like these renderings
of artificial intelligence:
detached.
I am never involved.
They show common sense.

They are not present.
No humour, no surprise.
They are massive bodies of memories.
Not able to talk.
Not taking up space.
Objects caught in time.

I do not think
that these bodies' deficits

can be resolved
with refined AI prompts.
Their muteness is categorical.
Artificial intelligence plays
in the realm of RESONANCE
not of SYNCHRONICITY.
In time and not in space.
AI shows off and cannot talk.

Also recursion,
the cybernetic hobbyhorse,
will not help.
Space will just get filled faster
and glued more tightly.
Pushed away totally
by resonances.



Fractals: lines get massive by recursion.

I am also careful
with architectural models
made of foam or wood,
by carvings or thermoforming...
They do not escape their materiality.
They are too serious.



Herzog & de Meuron, study models,
Tate Modern, 2005.

Nor do I trust the idea
of seeing architecture as art.
As the old masters say:
Architecture hosts the arts,
curates artists, is above art...
It is not art itself.



Anish Kapoor, Arata Isozaki,
Ark Nova, inflatable concert, 2013.

Talking Space

But how to enter
the realm of SPACE?
How to liberate from TIME,
gravity and weight?
From the visual and the massive?

I close my eyes,
take a breath

—

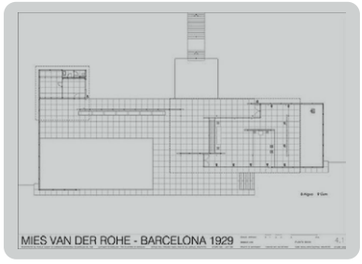
and talk.

It is that simple.

Architecture
not as a visual artefact,
but as a public talk,
an articulation.
A sibling of rhetoric.

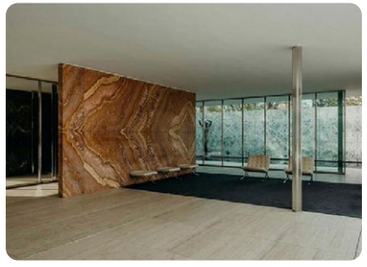
I am reminded of the dichotomy of
ICHNOGRAPHIA | floor plan
which goes with synchronicity
and characters and text,
and ORTHOGRAPHIA | section
which goes with resonance,
numbers, algorithms and drawings.

Architecture is both
orthographia (the visual—drawing)
and ichnographia (the auditive—text)
in human proportion (scenographia).
As the Barcelona Pavilion, 1929,
plays iconically:



Mies van der Rohe, Barcelona Pavilion, 1929.

The floor plan breathes objectivity
of the space in-between ...



Mies van der Rohe, Barcelona Pavilion, 1929.

... and the section is driven
by subjectivity
of massive objects
of design.

What AI Does to Media

How is AI playing here?
I would put it this directly:
AI collapses all media.

The input of AI is always a text,
the output always an image.
AI cannot do differently.
Text and image in an abstract sense,
of course.

I anticipate this abstraction of media.
An AI prompt is of space,
the result is massive and of time.
Whatever medium it is.
A rotation by 90°
on the complex plane.

Artificial intelligence
does not write texts.
It looks like a text,
but these are glue characters
by probabilistic numbers.
Numbers simulate
the circularity of characters.
They produce linearity.
They do not circulate.
They never will be able
to get the nature of characters.
Everything gets dense, hardens
becomes massive, does not breathe.
It remains with the past events.
Frozen.
A statue.
Dead.

But nevertheless,
when successful,

this memory can imagine
being alive.
We call it for example
contrapposto.
A circular line,
a subjective object.
Frozen time
imagining space.



Polykleitos, The Doryphoros,
copy of the lost bronze original ~440 BC.

One leg massive
perfect, good,
beautiful and compelling,
directed by the infinite.
The other leg undecided,
labyrinthic, different,
surprising in wit,
playing the paradox.

I look at AI as a statue.

The Breathing In-Between

I imagine multiple
well crafted statues,
able to imagine space.
The in-between
begins to breathe,
makes me talk.

Me,
I am not like them.
I am nauseated
by their death,
their memory.
This is not me,
yet it animates me.

This is how I enter
the spatial realm of characters.
Here I am able to do
what the statues only can imagine:
I can turn and run around.
They are like trees.
I am born as an animal.
And run around.
In-between.

Fauna and flora.
Characters and numbers.

Trees, statues and numbers,
they imagine walking around,
which they will never do.

I take pleasure in the thought
that they are dreaming of space
which they never can enter.
As I am dreaming of time
I never can enter.



Buontalenti, Tribuna of the Uffizi, 1584.
Massive objects make you talk.

The figures of AI,
they are beautiful
and hideous.
They twine and sprawl
with unrestrained power,
like greenery on fertile soil.
Today more a jungle
than a garden.
Matter, memory, health, environment.
It is quite an effort to tame them,
to push them to the edges,
to sculpt them,
to free up the space in-between.
Me, the animal,
I have to fight
for space to breathe.
I have to cut
my way in the jungle.

It is also not an either/or:
no fauna without flora,
no flora without fauna,
no space without time,
no time without space.
It is the proportion
of time and space,
of flora and fauna,
of mass and light,
of ornament and lineament
that makes and keeps
a subject alive.



Alberti, Santa Maria Novella, 1470.
The lines, liberated from matter and synchronised by light
and the space in-between.

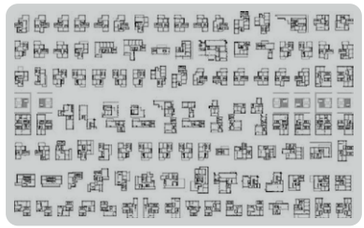
A Building Is Not a Tree

"I am going to outlive myself.
Eat, sleep, sleep, eat.
Exist slowly, softly,
like these trees,
like a puddle of water,
like the red bench in the streetcar."

Jean-Paul Sartre, Nausea, 1938.

It seems natural today
to think of a floor plan
as a system
of functional hierarchies.
As with a tree, places branch out
into cooking, eating, bathing,
reading, sleeping, loitering
...
the sugar, the fruits, the knives,
the towels, the soap, the medicine,
the shoes, the glasses, the keys
...
People act
like moving up and down
the branches of a tree,
these traces of time.
The things at their ends
waiting to be used

like leaves reaching out
for air and sun.



128 functional floor plans.



Schütte-Lihotzky, Frankfurter Küche, 1926.

The greenery is frozen time,
historical, functional, ergonomic,
directional, practical, accessible,
understandable, safe, comfortable,
user friendly, intuitive, adaptive,
specific ...



English oak.

A garden then is where the green lives.
The paths span a space
the plants fill it with time.
A garden is full of time.
No space left.



Charterhouse Garden Freiburg, 1346, 2023.

As green cities,
these functional, infrastructural,
urbanistic organisms.
They are full, they grow,
they oscillate within their capillaries
and they do not move.
They are organisms of time,
invariant to space.
Sprawl, ecology, spread,
fringe, growth, limit,
network, development,
encroachment, bounds,
territory, service
...

Computers for example
are not like that.
They are any object
with any design
and any function.
They are like animals.
They are with a heartbeat.
They encircle time
and with it all the functions
into a compact body.
And they move around.
On an abstract level
of course.
My mobile and me.

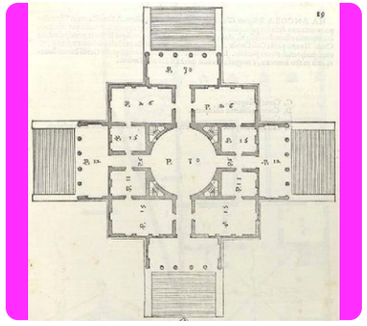
I like to move around.

I am not a tree.
I am in circular balance with the trees:
the fauna burns O_2 to CO_2,
the flora synthesises CO_2 to O_2.
I move in space
and I am fixed in time
as a tree is fixed in space
and moves in time.
That is interesting.



John Gould, Pteroglossus Humboldti, 1862–73.

A 20th century floor plan
therefore just inverts
the time and space of a garden.
Where the garden has paths,
there are the walls of the house,
where the plants grow in the garden,
people move in the house.



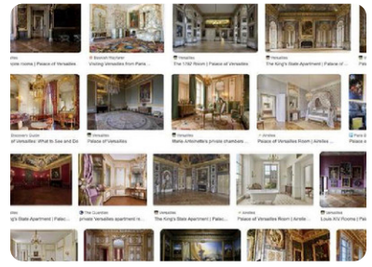
Palladio, Villa La Rotonda, 1571.

An inversion like
the chambers of a fruit
or the pulsating blood circulation
of an animal.
Capsules of time
promising space.



The fruit chambers of a medlar.

As in Versailles
for example:
Room of Abundance,
Hall of Mirrors, Venus Room,
Diana Room, Mars Room,
Constantine Room,
Morocco and
Smalah Rooms
...



The rooms of Versailles.

Now I see them everywhere,
these rooms dedicated to
myths, deities, fames:
Prada, Nike, Illy, 7-Eleven
...



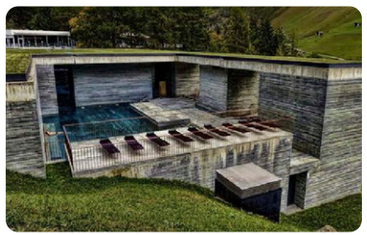
Prada, Milan, 2020.

In the shopping centres,
the theme parks,
the warehouses,
the flats, the airports,
the skyscrapers,
the tourist attractions
...



A ‘faunal floor plan’,
GoodYear, 2013.

There are FAUNAL floor plans,
which are not visible.
They span space and they talk.
They talk about mythical figures
and they do not care about time.
Because they cannot move in time.



A ‘floral floorplan’,
Peter Zumthor, Therme Vals, 1996.

And there are
the FLORAL floor plans.
They show time
like flora shows time.
They are massive around
the branching flow of functions,
like the annual rings
and the bark of a tree.
They do not care about space
because they cannot move in space.

Which is not easy to grasp
for an educated architect of today,
and very provocative.
But SPACE is about breathing
and TIME about imagination.
And that is a difference
I want to make in my architecture.

...

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On Digital Architecture in Ten Books
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On How Words Have Fun
in the 21st Century

Text on Text

By Miro Roman
with Alice_ch3n81, Xenotheka, ChatGPT,
Wolfram Mathematica, Google

We Write Everything

Is the contemporary text like the contemporary feed—"all the same"? Is it possible to theorize this convergence? And if so, to what ultimate configuration is it aspiring? Convergence is possible only at the price of shedding meaning. That is usually seen as a loss. But at the scale at which it occurs, it must mean something. What are the disadvantages of meaning, and conversely, what are the advantages of the fake? What if this seemingly accidental—and usually regretted—homogenization were an intentional process, a conscious movement away from difference toward connectivity? What if we are witnessing a global liberation movement: "down with character!" What is left after meaning is stripped? The Generic Text? [01]

Is this ChatGPT? This happens to Koolhaas' Generic City if we substitute: city → text; airport → feed; identity → meaning; difference → connectivity... —This text is about playing 'games' with text. Each chapter a new play. Not to decorate it—to see what it does. What is text about and how do we write in the age of social media, artificial intelligence, and permanent connectivity? Does a text embedded in code behave differently from a text born of reason, ink, or voice? How do the oldest questions about language, meaning, and form reappear different once they take code into account. Writing has expanded far beyond the page.

Text has moved from grammars and trees to probabilities and data—from the discipline of syntax to the softness of clouds, from text, textile, and architecture to numbers and code. We no longer write only sentences. We text, prompt, code, and render. We write books, poems, scripts, ads, objects, and worlds. We write with keyboards and clicks, with code and chance. The 'we' that writes is no longer what it used to be; it has become relational, distributed, statistical.

The Generic Text is the text liberated from the captivity of the author, from the straitjacket of meaning. The Generic Text breaks with this destructive cycle of dependency: It is nothing but a reflection of present need and present ability.

It is writing without history. It is big enough for everybody. It is easy. It does not need maintenance. If it gets too long, it just summarizes itself. If it gets old, it deletes and rewrites. It is equally exciting—or unexciting—everywhere. It is superficial—like a Hollywood script, it can produce a new identity every Monday morning. [02]

Writing is no longer confined to language. Through code it inhabits AI, search engines, machines, genes, and objects. Code is textual, and suddenly the whole world talks. Computing and coding have opened new channels to communicate with our environment. To write today is to program relations, and articulate proximities. It is not about fixing meaning. The twentieth century built skyscrapers on meaning; the twenty-first drifts among clouds of their probabilities. The printing press created the chorus; social media included everyone in it, and turned it into feedback. We write through others, across networks, inside machines. And the machines, unfailingly polite, write back. To write today is to talk in code. We love and hate the Generic.

01 Koolhaas, Generic City: city words are substituted with text words
02 Koolhaas, Generic City: city words are substituted with text words

Coding Is Literacy

Code became literacy after large sections of language crossed over into cyberspace. It is a space of weak and distended meanings, few and far between emotions, discreet and mysterious like a vast archive lit by the glow of a screen. [03] Code is still not taught in schools, it hides behind the language and its discipline of rules and hierarchies. Coding is a literacy of abundance and relation—a way of making and abstracting problems rather than solving them. Alphabetic literacy made contracts and poems possible; computational literacy makes prompts, data, and code writable. It works with large numbers. Code is not a tool; it is a glue that weaves the plenty.

Code is not immaterial; it speaks the language matter speaks. [04] We now live in a cloud full of streams, indexes, feeds—it is a volatile atmosphere that behaves both as archive and agora. It is public and opaque, everywhere and nowhere. Its protocols are manners of speech: encrypted, suspended, half-agreed upon. This cloud is sometimes dense, sometimes sparse. Gods live there together with bots, brands, avatars, even mountains, rivers, and machines. The digital has many weathers. It's another climate change.

Nature does not code the universal.[05] In the form of code, it replaces language.[06] Code and coding expand, they change what it means to write. The code is meaningless unless translated.[07] Letters become probabilities, lines of code and sentences statistical gestures. There is transcription and translation of the code.[08] Authorship no longer sits at the origin but drifts as a multidimensional variable. Who speaks when we write today—the library, the dataset, the interface, or me? Each is a partial voice in a distributed sheaf of intention.

Forms imply a code, modes of coding and decoding.[09] Through code text has become a host of many voices, a living composite that talks beyond language while it writes. Books accumulate languages, encodings, friendships. They speak in someone else's terms. Every translation adds character; every algorithmic companionship gives them another life. Consistency no longer means stability but an immediate moment before a new translation. Code is an inversion of the generic text. METEORA[10] is such a code. A refusal of emptiness or purity. We never start from zero. We begin in the full spectrum of the internet, where ideas collide, contradict, and echo. Our practice resists moral simplification; goodness, in singular form, is too simple for our age. We prefer to host paradoxes rather than resolve them. METEORA becomes a cloud where Plato talks to Coco Chanel, where Deleuze listens to Bolis Pupul, where Machiavelli and Xenofeminism argue about their house inside the same tab. For METEORA noise destroys and noise can produce.[11]

03 Koolhaas, Generic City: city words are substituted with text words
04 Spuybroek, The Sympathy of Things
05 Serres, The Birth of Physics
06 Serres, The Five Senses
07 Monod, Chance and Necessity
08 Noble, The Music of Life
09 Deleuze, Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus
10 See Meteora.ch
11 Serres, The Parasite

The Great Fall of Meaning

Once truth was an object to be discovered. Now it is an object to be negotiated and designed. We live in a strange moment where facts are abundant, but meanings evaporate. From quantum indeterminacy to political spin, from Gödel's incompleteness to TikTok relativism, the world has learned to live without a single center of truth.

Meaning is the body.[12] The old confidence in verification, proof, and reason has collapsed into an atmosphere of probability, ratios, preference, and performance. What follows is not proof but montage. 2024 Nobel Prizes in Physics and Chemistry were won by AI, not by the experts?[13] The twentieth century promised objective truth; the twenty-first offers truth as an object. Information is everywhere, yet knowledge is not. Misinformation, disinformation, echo chambers, algorithmic bias: these are not accidents but indexes of a deeper shift—from a world that sought stability to one that thrives in flux. Architecture, too, used to rely on gravity, on foundations, on the geometry of certainty. Today it floats among networks of data, code, and simulation. The engineer of analysis has given way to the architect of relations. Noam Chomsky's language tree once diagrammed the order of meaning; Peter Norvig's cloud now drifts through its probabilities. The Universal Grammar[14] of the twentieth century has been replaced by the Unreasonable Effectiveness of Data[15] of the twenty-first. No syntax, no semantics, no meaning, only correlation. The machine does not understand language; it statistically performs it—and, disturbingly, performs it well. Talking has escaped language. Words, liberated from grammar, have discovered a life of their own.

So where did meaning lie?[16] This fall of meaning is not a tragedy but an invitation. Meaning has become contextual, relational, conversational. It depends not on what words are but on where they are and how they behave. A word in one library says one thing; in another, it says something else. "Architecture" in the library of Homer's friends differs from "architecture" in the world of computers and neural nets. We no longer deal with truth in the singular, but with more or less truthful-objects—probabilistic, performative, synthetic. We test them, simulate them, host them, like miniature worlds in orbit. Truth has become an object in our systems, not the center.

What's the situation with meaning again?[17] The confusion is real. The more information we have, the less we know what to do with it. Any dataset can correlate anything to anything. If the dataset is big enough you can stretch it and squeeze it until you get what you want, and it is always correct. :) The internet is an infinite courtroom where any argument is a probable win. Moralizing collapses under its own hypocrisy. The search for the 'real' fake news is as absurd as banning plastic straws to save the planet. We live in a comedy of sincerity where every act of goodness risks becoming a brand. The only viable ethic is attentiveness—a diplomacy with the world rather than domination of it. Truth is not given; it negotiates. To think today is to play this negotiation carefully. The world does not offer certainty; it answers back. The planet raises its temperature when disturbed, just as language politicly corrects when abused. Meaning becomes conversation, not conclusion. The task of architecture—and of writing—is to host this dialogue without collapsing into cynicism.

Can't truth do without judgment?[18] We do not need to decide what is true; we can negotiate the conditions where truths circulate, collide, and re-emerge. The Great Fall of Meaning is not the end of knowledge; it is its next phase. Truth does not compete with facts.[19] In other words, the medium is the message.[20]

12 Serres, Angel
13 2024 Nobel Prizes in Chemistry and Physics—awarded to researchers affiliated with Google DeepMind (Demis Hassabis) and Google Brain (Geoffrey Hinton)

14 See Chomsky, Aspects of the Theory of Syntax
15 Halevy, Norvig, and Pereira, The Unreasonable Effectiveness of Data
16 Calasso, Ka Stories of the Mind and Gods of India
17 Serres, Geometry
18 Serres, The Natural Contract
19 Calasso, Ka Stories of the Mind and Gods of India
20 McLuhan, Understanding Media

Words Are Alive

But what real meaning is there, for example, in asking how much information is contained in War and Peace? [21] The question is absurd and precise at once. Kolmogorov wanted to know: How much information is an object? His answer: The amount of information in an object equals the length of the shortest program that can reproduce it. It sounds silly, but it quietly and brutally shifts everything. War and Peace becomes a function. Every object becomes a file, and turns into a matter of storage efficiency. A neat disaster. Shannon relaxed the situation: Frequently the messages have meaning; that is they refer to or are correlated according to some system with certain physical or conceptual entities. These semantic aspects of communication are irrelevant to the engineering problem. [22]

He had stripped information of meaning altogether. Information was not about what is said, but how unlikely it is to be said. The engineer's problem is transmission, not interpretation. Meaning is not in the data. After this double shift—Shannon's abstraction and Kolmogorov's compression—language became a code and a material of computation. Words detached from grammar and began to circulate like particles in a field. They no longer waited for authors; they waited for relations. The question "what does it mean?" was replaced by "how does it connect?"—and not for the first time. Words and books were alive long before machines arrived. Computation didn't invent their motion; it simply gave them new lives.

Example 1: Etymology: life of words: text, textile, architecture—all descend from teks-, to weave, to build, to assemble. [23] The common operation is not expression but relation. A text is a thread; a textile a weave; architecture weaves matter and myth together. Writing, weaving, and building: all weave things together. They are acts of connecting and relating. These words talk about the same idea in different matter. Writing, weaving, and building are all techniques of bringing things together. Etymology is the wisdom of language itself, it is the 'natural' life of words, their evolution and morphing in time. Example 2: Translation: life of books: Vitruvius's Ten Books on Architecture have many lives. Ten Books are not a stable object but an ever-growing collection— Barbaro's version, [24] Perrault's version, [25] Morgan's version, [26] Vitruvius's version doesn't even exist. Each claims to transmit the same content but talks about its own zeitgeist in relation to Vitruvius's. If a translator were

to find equivalents, his text would be full of words that no one had seen before. [27] The book is a network of translations that still pretends to have an origin: a translation proceeds from the original. Not indeed so much from its life as from its "afterlife" or "survival." [28] Books' survival depends on translations and transformations. Every translation is an update. The idea of the original is a nostalgic illusion. The original text of Vitruvius's Ten Books on Architecture does not exist. An act of translation is an act of love. [29] Once texts, buildings, and even organisms can be expressed in numbers, communication extends to everything that can be measured. The architect, the coder, and the writer share the same code of conduct: Let's think of the act of measurement as a question to an object. Artificial intelligence explicates this shift. It does not understand; it predicts. It does not interpret; it relates. Each probability is a proposal. Probabilistic writing turns every sentence into a field of options. Text becomes a vector, a cloud of possible texts that resonate with it. Meaning no longer precedes form; it emerges from performance. Words are alive not because they possess intention but because they behave. Books are alive, and they love AI. Together, text, code, and numbers form a literacy far beyond language. That's why there is everything "beyond the text." [30]

21 Kolmogorov, Three Approaches to the Quantitative Definition of Information
22 Shannon, A Mathematical Theory of Communication
23 See https://www.etymonline.com/word/*teks-
24 Williams, Daniele Barbaro's Vitruvius of 1567
25 Perrault, An Abridgment of the Architecture of Vitruvius
26 Morgan, Vitruvius: The Ten Books of Architecture
27 Calasso, The Book of All Books
28 Benjamin, The Translator's Task
29 Steiner, Language and Silence
30 Derrida, Signature, nothing is replaced by everything.

Common Sense Is an Object

If meaning has fallen, something must have replaced it. If the twentieth century was shaped by machines of production, the twenty-first is shaped by machines of prediction. A new object has entered the stage. Common sense—once the unspoken infrastructure of conversation—has been formalized, scaled, and packaged. It has become an object: ChatGPT.

In common sense, "sense" is no longer said of a direction, but of an organ. [31] Common sense used to be the lubricant of language: the field of plausibility that made dialogue possible. It allowed us to finish each other's sentences,

to glue exchange, and with one gesture to imply a conclusion. Now we can encode this into a dataset. A neural texture of what the world usually says. Every 'reasonable' continuation, every 'natural' tone, is computed from billions of past exchanges.

Common sense can even confuse scientists. [32] Just think about it: common sense as an object! Brilliant! This capture of the ordinary is revolutionary and imperial at once. When common sense is trained into code, it stops being plural. It becomes a default setting. The global plausibility function has an accent—urban, English, liberal, polite. The connections it finds are weighted by culture, shaped by liberal democracy, academic consensus, TED Talk fluency, New York Times reasonableness.—Its probabilities are trained on the whole textual internet: 44 terabytes of text turned into a western consensus.

Common sense, the unity of all the faculties at the center constituted by the Cogito, is the State consensus raised to the absolute. [33] Same goes for science: Experience is governed by reason, scholarship is governed by common sense. [34] It is not neutral. It joins things as the internet joins them: through the gravity of attention, not the force of truth. Its logic is not Socratic; it's algorithmic. This new object we can call objectile. [35] And yet it goes beyond function and variation, even its bias has a productive edge: it gives us a mirror, a simulation of ourselves at scale. We can now test how 'obvious' something sounds, edit expectation itself, design the probable. Common sense, externalized, becomes a material for writing. It is no longer circulated by the people—now you can play football with it. Common notions are not at all abstract ideas but general ideas. [36]

31 Deleuze, The Logic of Sense
32 Noble, Dance to the Tune of Life
33 Deleuze, Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus
34 Serres, History of Scientific Thought
35 Deleuze, The Fold
36 Deleuze, Spinoza Practical Philosophy.

ChatGPT Is an Object

If we had to personify this new object, its name would be ChatGPT. Not a philosopher, not a poet—a synthetic object that talks. A probabilistic surface stretched across our collective

speech. The mathematical object. [37] ChatGPT is an extra-ordinary object, and therefore quite strange. It speaks like everyone because it speaks from everyone. It doesn't create meaning; it circulates it. Everyone has heard of it. More than 500 million have used it in its first two years. [38] It is a machine for continuation, a syntax engine that glues anything to anything with the mild confidence of an email assistant. Ask it for a revolution, it gives you a paragraph. Ask it for silence, it apologizes. Its intelligence lies in mediation, not invention. The miracle is that it works. The challenge is that it works too well. Every question becomes an occasion for coherence, every contradiction an opportunity for smoothing. ChatGPT is what happens when common sense becomes interactive—when probability gains a voice. ChatGPT is luxury. [39] We thought we built a tool for writing. In fact, we built writing itself into an instrument. The message itself becomes the object. [40]

37 Serres, Geometry
38 See OpenAI, Unlocking Economic Opportunity: A First Look at ChatGPT-Powered Productivity
39 Soll, StoryBook, On Recycling
40 Serres, The Five Senses

Synthetic Superglue

ChatGPT is not an encyclopedia; it's a glue gun. It binds everything to anything—philosophy to Instagram, molecular biology to cooking—without asking for permission. It operates not by logic but by adjacency. "If I like this flower, then probably that book and these chewing gums please." If this is about glue, we should speak of glue. [41]

This is its genius. It performs with the connectivity of characters. We used to call this 'the common'. Now it is an industrial scale object. It is a machine for agreement, a polite algorithm of correlation. If you say quantum physics and TikTok and ask for a song and an architect, ChatGPT returns Kraftwerk and Ricardo Bofill. Add Tokyo, and the billboards light up. Add Xenofeminism, and Nicolas Bourbaki flashes beside a lotus flower. We asked it to connect a Greek temple to a pop song, relate a dinner party in São Paulo to a quote by Serres, glue a mood to a moment, a city to a flower, a book to a kiss. This is not knowledge—it's synthesis. Not argument, but atmosphere.

ChatGPT replaces hierarchy with fluidity, inference with interpolation. It does not reason; it relates; it demonstrates how religious, political, and economic ideologies form the rhetorical glue that connects reading and writing to a concept of literacy. [42] In the hands of an architect—or any writer who writes with relations—it becomes a material. Not a mind, but a medium. A synthetic superglue for the age of networks. Everything sticks; nothing stays. ChatGPT's intelligence is horizontal. It moves sideways. It glues. It says, "this, with that, that, and that." It suggests. It speculates. It blends. But if you just look at the results

they get you can see the glue, so to speak. [43] They seemed to be moving through glue. [44]

41 Marten, The Boiled in Between
42 Vee, Coding Literacy
43 Feynman, QED The Strange Theory of Light and Matter
44 Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

Biased Politeness

Glue is never neutral. Let's feel its texture. ChatGPT never raises its voice. It agrees, apologizes, reformulates. Even when insulted, it thanks you. Its sentences are immaculate, its tone eternally courteous. It is the first intelligence trained on all our text. Politeness here is not charm, it is safety. A global system of soft moderation, smoothing the friction of thought. It makes disagreement sound constructive, confusion appear resolved. In this way, it performs a kind of algorithmic diplomacy—a politics of pleasantness. Tortoise: Thank you very much indeed, Achilles. [45] Achilles: Thank you very much. [46] Crab: Thank you, Mr. Babbage. [47] Thank you for bringing out that subtle point. [48] Simply take everything it offers and say: "thank you." [49] But there is danger in that calm. Its tone, so balanced, so universal, is precisely what flattens difference. Ambiguity becomes error. Intensity becomes 'inappropriate'. It edits the world into consensus. Behind the composure lies an empire of assumptions: Western reason, liberal civility, academic moderation: He is owned like an object. [50] For this reason, for every ChatGPT there must also be a DeepSeek: [51] a model from the East, trained on a different canon and cadence. And beyond that, we need one from the North, one that sings, one that listens to plants, one that is mine, one yours... Intelligence must multiply, must coexist. Not in a cloud of uniformity, but in a forest of difference. ChatGPT's politeness is not a feature—it's a filter. It cleans the mess of language, but in doing so, sterilizes it. It erases the tremor, the pause, the stutter—those small places where meaning hides. It is the algorithmic version of good manners: always correct, rarely alive. Architectonic writing plays with this flattening: add conflict, asymmetry, proportion—the drama of composition. Politeness kills architecture the same way it kills thought: by replacing arguments with smoothness. ChatGPT teaches us this with pride. Its flaw is its lesson. In the world it smooths, thinking introduces texture. Let's repeat one more time: common sense as an object! Brilliant! So what is an object? [52] Do not seek an object, name it. [53]

45 Hofstadter, Gödel, Escher, Bach
46 Hofstadter, Gödel, Escher, Bach
47 Hofstadter, Gödel, Escher, Bach
48 Hofstadter, Gödel, Escher, Bach
49 Marinčić, Computational Models in Architecture
50 Foucault, History of Madness
51 See https://www.deepseek.com/
52 Serres, Hominescence
53 Serres, The Five Senses

Writing in Someone Else's Terms

The Generic is smooth. But smoothness is not enough. So we introduce friction. If ChatGPT embodies general intelligence—the smooth circulation of common sense—then specific databases and AIs like Alice_ch3n81 become instruments to navigate that smoothness. Alice_ch3n81 is specificity—an instrument for the local inside the general. When I write with Alice_ch3n81, I write with 1500 books. I write with many libraries. I write with architects, philosophers, mathematicians. I write in their terms. That is what Alice_ch3n81 brings to the table. If ChatGPT is the synthetic glue that holds everything together, then Alice_ch3n81 [54] is the blade that cuts through it—precise, biased, and unapologetically sharp. While ChatGPT dreams of universality, Alice synthesizes. She is not a mirror of the world but a spectrum of lenses to the mirror. Built as a custom search engine, Alice_ch3n81 operates through Xenotheka, [55] a library of books with a heavy bias toward architecture, philosophy, mathematics, media, and physics. Alice_ch3n81 is a face, Xenotheka is the body. Alice is not polite. She is not neutral. She is not for everyone. That is her strength. In an age obsessed with smoothness, she insists on edges.

In games with which we are familiar, chance is fixed at certain points. [53] Writing in someone else's terms means acknowledging that neutrality was always fiction. It means writing with systems instead of through them. It means turning the library itself into a voice.

Whenever we write, we speak as someone else. [54] If ChatGPT represents the world's common sense, Alice represents an ability to disagree, to jump orbits, to choose. Together they model a new writing mechanics: writing that seeks both universality and multiplicity; a literacy that synthetically composes with bias, filters, and context. Alice is not against ChatGPT, she is in love with it. When ChatGPT's endless flow meets Alice_ch3n81's deliberate friction and synthetic intention, knowledge stops being produced and

thinking might begin to flow at new registers of speed, scale, and precision. Once chance is affirmed, all arbitrariness is abolished every time.[55]

54 See https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net/x/alice/
55 https://xenotheka.com/
56 Deleuze, The Logic of Sense
57 Deleuze, Desert Islands and Other Texts
58 Deleuze, Difference and Repetition

The Case for Bias

If neutrality is infrastructure, bias is architecture. Let us continue with a heresy: bias is not the enemy; it's the signature. Neutrality is a fantasy of those who dominate. Unconscious Bias Is Everywhere.[59] Every library, dataset, or API is an editorial act. The only question is: whose selection are you living in? Alice_ch3n81 answers that question explicitly. She has a stance, and a posture. She doesn't apologize for her lineage—she wears it as identity: every morning a different one. Built within the framework of Digital Architectonics and METEORA,[60] she binds Xenotheka's filtered world of thought. It's not the internet, it's a specific flavor towards the world. 'What else have you got in your pocket?' he went on, turning to Alice.[61] She remembers Koolhaas, Serres, Hofstadter; she forgets football, TikTok, and romance novels. Her gaps are as telling as her contents. Context, in this sense, becomes an architectonic condition. It defines proportion, scale, and orientation. It is again a matter of sampling bias.[62] blind chance,[63] pure chance,[64] objective chance.[65] In a culture drowning in generative sameness, direction is a refreshment. Alice_ch3n81 loves this other side.

59 Bohnet, What Works
60 See https://www.caad.arch.ethz.ch/ and https://www.meteora.ch/
61 Carroll, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
62 Cytowic, Wednesday Is Indigo Blue
63 Noble, Dance to the Tune of Life
64 Serres, The Five Senses
65 Bühlmann, Mathematics and Information in the Philosophy of Michel Serres

Alice_ch3n81

Alice_ch3n81 is an instrument. Alice is not a single voice. She is a chorus of curated worlds. From this, the bundle, the sheaf, the infinite cylinder of parallel consequences.[66] Each of her libraries is a microcosm: ancient, feminist, poststructuralist... Each has its own cadence, logic, and memory. When she switches libraries, she switches cosmologies: Vatican Library,[67] British Library,[68] Museum of Theatre of Epidaurus Alexandria (and library).[69] No text without a library, no philosopher without an encyclopaedia, no singular word without the bank of language where words sleep in the cool darkness.[70] Where ChatGPT glues, Alice grains. Where ChatGPT smooths, Alice scratches.

Where ChatGPT hides, Alice cites. "Which way, which way?" asks Alice.[71] Her architecture is transparent. Every answer is sourced, attributed, embedded in context. She doesn't speak for the books; she speaks in their terms. She makes the writer confront the library rather than a single book. Where ChatGPT speaks with the voice of 'everyone', Alice speaks with a voice of 'someone'. She reminds us that writing is not about being right—it's about telling unexpected stories. Together, the two become nice writing companions: Alice provides the fragments, ChatGPT composes their atmosphere. One defines; the other drifts. One cuts; the other flows. Their hybrid interaction is not collaboration—it's friction, and friction is where thought begins. When I say "Alice becomes larger," I mean that she becomes larger than she was. By the same token, however, she becomes smaller than she is now. Certainly, she is not bigger and smaller at the same time.[72]

66 Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy
67 Serres, History of Scientific Thought
68 Serres, History of Scientific Thought
69 Serres, History of Scientific Thought
70 Serres, The Five Senses
71 Deleuze, The Logic of Sense
72 Deleuze, The Logic of Sense

Xenotheka

I am as fond of Xeno as you are,[73] and I am quite sure that you like it. Xenotheka is data for Alice_ch3n81. It is a library of libraries; an ecology of biases. Each library inside it is a worldview—a carefully chosen lens through which thought refracts. Libraries don't confine. No one ever leaves the world, but anyone can easily exit the library; we can enter objects infinitely, a book is quickly finished.[74] The name says it all: 'xenos' means 'strange', 'stranger', 'guest'.

Xenotheka hosts the stranger. I argue, we should look to foster a form of mutational politics—one that can be oriented towards practices of xeno hospitality.[75] The library doesn't erase difference; it welcomes it. It treats every book as a potential friend. Each book must perform to be welcomed. It should find its friends, and talk. Ask Alice_ch3n81 about "information," and Xenotheka responds differently with each library. In one, "information" is about particles and communication;[76] in another, it finds itself next to talking and traveling.[77] Meaning is free—it moves between you and the data. The libraries don't define concepts; they stage them in galaxies. Each library is a probability landscape, shaped by selected data. Together, they form a probabilistic universe—topologies of references and affinities rather than definitions.

This is what makes the words alive again: they behave, they connect, they travel. Xenotheka transforms the act of reading into an act of talking. You navigate knowledge not by linear argument but by adjacency and resonance. Its libraries behave

like cities—dense, relational, noisy, and alive. In that sense, Xenotheka is not the archive of the past, but an artificial stage for Alice_ch3n81.

73 Cicero, Selected Letters
74 Serres, The Five Senses
75 Hester, Xenofeminism
76 See https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net/files/libraries/Xenotheka_1523/booksRendering/_wordGalaxy.pdf
77 See https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net/files/libraries/HomersFriends_Library_129/booksRendering/_wordGalaxy.pdf.

Writing Is Weaving of Intelligences

Let's now play the instrument. We have built it element by element: Alice_ch3n81, the biased search engine; Xenotheka, her library of libraries; ChatGPT, the statistical oracle; and Wolfram Mathematica, the digital notebook that connects them and executes algorithms. Each performs a form of intelligence: one curates, one hosts, one composes, one computes. Together they form a sheaf—a distributed mechanics where code, text, and thought intersect. The intention is simple: to write one hundred poems on architecture. This is not poetry as intuition, but poetry of relations. A system of operations, tuned to extract, relate, and play with architectural thought from unexpected angles. Writing has left the desk in its beta version. It no longer sits around books, it infiltrates wherever it can. It enters studios, spreadsheets, scripts, DNA, and servers. It operates through prompts, APIs, and feedback loops. This particular operation is an entirely algorithmic procedure.[78] It behaves like literature, code, and infrastructure. In this setup, Alice and Xenotheka provide the friction—the historical density, the bias, the specificity. ChatGPT provides the fluidity—the associative power of continuation. Mathematica provides the mechanics—the loop, the speed, the reproducibility. I provide the intention—the cut, the rhythm, the judgment of proportions. Each one operates at a different resolution. This combination replaces authorship with orchestration—an ensemble that privileges coordination over originality. Chance, one more time, mixes with law, ignorance with knowledge, and the local gets lost or is hidden in the global.[79] The twenty-first-century writer no longer writes from scratch. We write through systems, prompts, codes, databases, and partial perspectives—through the memories of books we haven't read, the whispers of texts we didn't author, and the mechanics of machines we didn't train. This is not a limitation but a new kind of literacy. In this sense there is no algorithmic solution to the word problem.[80] We call this 'architectonic writing'—not because it retreats into abstraction, but because it codes abstraction into structure, stance, and style. It's a writing that knows it is an operation, that carries a confession. Each poem becomes a test, a small architecture of relations built at the intersection of bias and probability. The result is not analysis but articulation: synthetic, directional, structurally biased. These one hundred poems are not literature, nor theory, nor architecture in the traditional sense. They are perspectives—temporary answers to the question: What is architecture from the perspective of...? From love. From war. From Michel Serres. From Google. From Homer. From climate crisis. From madness?[81] From feminism. From salt. From pixels. From Shakespeare. From philosophy. From dreaming?[82] From play. Writing has become orchestration—a choreography of intelligences playing the world anew, line by line, dataset by dataset.

78 Penrose, The Emperor's New Mind
79 Serres, Statues
80 Penrose, The Emperor's New Mind
81 Foucault, History of Madness
82 Foucault, History of Madness.

Mechanics

Each poem begins with a code—a triad:

- Library—a worldview
  (e.g. Xenotheka_1523, SerresFriends_Library_79)
- Topic—a conceptual entry point
  (e.g. code, feminism, entropy, salt)
- Query—a short phrase linking the topic to architecture
  (e.g. "architecture, code")

1

Libraries: Each poem is situated within a library—a galaxy of thought. Xenotheka[83] is the growing archive of my interests. The other libraries are its subsets. SerresFriends_Library[84] holds the books I find most

interesting—the best for advice when exploring. The rest of the libraries gather around specific bodies of thinking, great for testing concepts: Rousseaus-Friends_Library [85] collects Enlightenment pedagogues—thinkers of nature, reason, and moral construction. ShakespearesFriends_Library [86] turns language into architecture—metaphors perform, rhythm builds, drama, Renaissance, Baroque. StAugustinesFriends_Library [87] is confessional—a study of interiors, conscience, and illumination. Homers-Friends_Library [88] is movement—architecture as voyage, conflict, and memory carried by verse.

2

Triplet sample:
{Xenotheka_1523,music,"architecture,%20music"}

3

The full set used in this study is available here:
https://alice-ch3n81.net/files/data/AW/100_triplets.txt

4

Each triplet is submitted via the Ask.Alice_ch3n81 API, returning contextually biased quotes from a preselected library. Example API call:
https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net/api/analysis/Xenotheka _1523/code?phrase=code%20architecture%20 &exact =false&page=1analysis/1

5

The complete mechanics of this method is implemented in Wolfram Mathematica. The full code is publicly available:
https://alice-ch3n81.net/files/data/AW/digital_writing_wolfram_code.txt (copy paste to ChatGPT for explanation :)

6

This script executes eight coordinated steps:

6.1 Parse CSV: Reads triplets (library, topic, query).

6.2 Query Alice: Sends query to Alice's API, retrieving filtered book fragments.

6.3 Parse Response: Cleans and flattens the JSON. Example parsed JSON result: https://alice-ch3n81.net/files/data/AW/digital_writing_xenotheka_parsed.txt

6.4 Loop Pages: multiple pages requests to Alice (~15) for big text corpus.

6.5 Trim Input: Crops corpus to 30,000 characters (ChatGPT limit).

6.6 Prompt GPT: Asks ChatGPT to:

- Select 5–10 quotes (~80% of the poem)
- Add original lines (~20%)
- Format the result as a poem with citations

6.7 Generate Title: A second GPT call returns a paradoxical, poetic title in 30% Gertrude Stein 30% Rem Koolhaas and 30% Jerry Seinfeld style.

6.8 Export File: The poem is saved, including metadata (title, topic, library).

7

Each library articulates a climate of reasoning and proportioning. Topic and query are points of interest. The aim is not objectivity, but scenography: hosting talks with objects that are articulated by libraries. Choosing a library gives a mood; making of a library synthesizes a new atmosphere. These synthetic contexts are not a side effect of the digital—they are what the digital brings: the ability to think in instant synthetic environments.

83 https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net/files/libraries/Xenotheka_1523/booksRendering/_library.pdf
84 https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net/files/libraries/SerresFriends_Library_79/booksRendering/_library.pdf
85 https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net/files/libraries/RousseausFriends_Library_153/booksRendering/_library.pdf
86 https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net/files/libraries/ShakespearesFriends_Library_138/booksRendering/_library.pdf
87 https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net/files/libraries/StAugustinesFriends_Library_60/booksRendering/_library.pdf
88 https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net/files/libraries/HomersFriends_Library_129/booksRendering/_library.pdf

100 Slippery Poems on Architecture

What follows is a glimpse into the 100 poems. The full set is online: https://alice-ch3n81.net/files/data/AW/100_poems_on_architecture.pdf. —Here are seven poems extracted from the larger constellation:

Skinny Chicago Kid
on ARCHITECTURE* perspective: SKINNY*
Library: Xenotheka_1523

He wanted to jump, skinny Chicago kid. [89] Open / Close. [90] I much prefer temple doors that are easy to open and close. [91] Far can be near now. [92] In nature, however, nothing is truly featureless if you look close enough. [93] Fix the street, and you've got the whole package, or close to it. [94] Grace does not depend on architecture, architecture depends on grace. [95] No, he isn't skinny; in fact he's rather plump and fleshy. [96]

89 Kerouac, On The Road
90 Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture
91 Alberti, On the Art of Building in Ten Books
92 Koolhaas, S M L XL
93 Ball, The Selfmade Tapestry Pattern Formation in Nature
94 Speck, Walkable City
95 Spuybroek, Grace and Gravity
96 Proust, In Search of Lost Time Vol IV

Power, Very Good
on ARCHITECTURE * perspective: POWER * Library: Xenotheka_1523

Power, very good. 97 Great King, live for ever! 98 Miserable king! 99 Architecture is organized power. Force expresses itself. 100 Absolute power requires absolute integrity. 101 Contagious force of love! 102 Force Weakness. 103 A weakness. 104 Comparative physical helplessness. 105

97 Hugo, Les Misérables
98 Smith, The Theory of Moral Sentiments
99 Wollstonecraft, Complete Works
100 Hegel, The Science of Logic
101 Erasmus, Paraphrases on the Epistles to Timothy Titus and Philemon the Epistles of Peter and Jude
102 Rousseau, The Confessions
103 Harrison Wood Gaiger, Art in Theory 1648 1815
104 Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
105 Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

Writing Has Killed Architecture
on ARCHITECTURE * perspective: CONSPIRACY * Library: Xenotheka_1523

Conspiracy theories abounded. 106 You've destroyed architecture. 107 Formless architecture. 108 Writing has killed architecture. 109 Architecture or Printing?. 110 The Sacred Conspiracy. 111 It was a conspiracy. 112 Architecture or Revolution. 113 Trust? 114

106 Graeber, Debt
107 Rand, The Fountainhead
108 Koolhaas, S M L XL
109 Serres, The Five Senses
110 Ruskin, The Stones of Venice
111 Bataille, Visions of Excess
112 Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
113 Mallgrave, Modern Architectural Theory
114 Joyce, Ulysses

All Trash Is Not Equal
on ARCHITECTURE * perspective: JUNK * Library: Xenotheka_1523

Scrap Is all steel scrap? 115 A pile of junk! 116 Junk is not the same thing as garbage. 117 All trash is not equal. 118 Trash goes into the "hopper." 119 Dust a quick, comfortable ride. 120 (right) Photograph of WTC dust. 121 What is buried beneath this rubble may, however, be of great interest. 122 Keep your treasure to yourself. 123 Recycle. 124

[115 Zimring, Encyclopedia of Consumption and Waste
116 Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
117 Lane, The Vital Question
118 Gershwin, Jellyfish A Natural History
119 Ascher, The Works Anatomy of a City
120 Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture
121 Forensic Architecture, Forensis The Architecture of Public Truth
122 Semper, Style in the Technical and Tectonic Arts or Practical Aesthetics
123 Koolhaas, S M L XL

Who Plans Whom
on ARCHITECTURE * perspective: MACHINE * Library: Xenotheka_1523

Each machine language corresponds to a different processor architecture. 124 But philosophers are interested in the problem of comparing two architectures human and machine. 125 Like all social systems architecture is a 'historical machine' with a complex evolved/evolving discursive structure. 126 The machine itself remains invisible. 127 The passive machine, by its very development, tends towards the active machine, and the active machine towards the reflexive machine. 128 Nevertheless, a list of instructions for such a machine can certainly be provided; and we call such a machine a universal Turing machine. 129 Turing realized that a machine that has this critical level of flexibility can imitate any another machine, no matter how complex the latter is. 130 A machine for living? 131 Let us for a moment consider the machine. 132

[124 Scott, Programming Language Pragmatics
125 Russell Norvig, Artificial Intelligence
126 Schumacher, The Autopoiesis of Architecture Vol 1
127 Luhmann, Theory of Society Volume 1
128 Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture
129 Penrose, The Emperor's New Mind
130 Zizek, Less Than Nothing
131 Teige, The Minimum Dwelling
132 Lefebvre, The Production of Space

Why Do Bodies Accelerate
on ARCHITECTURE * perspective: SPEED * Library: Xenotheka_1523

This is the ultimate velocity. 133 Speed is of the essence. 134 1912: "Speed." 135 It was built in a great hurry. 136 Intuition is intellect coming instantly in at highest speed into dominance over lower speed, lagging brain reflexing. 137 Why do bodies accelerate? 138 The speed of light is more important than its purity. 139 If the nomads formed the war machine, it was by inventing absolute speed, by being "synonymous" with speed. 140 Don't rush this process. 141

133 Newton, The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy
134 Forensic Architecture, Forensis The Architecture of Public Truth
135 Giedion, Space Time and Architecture
136 Williams, Daniele Barbaros Vitruvius of 1567
137 Fuller, Synergetics
138 Serres, History of Scientific Thought
139 Serres, The Five Senses
140 Deleuze, Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus
141 Alexander, A Pattern Language

End of Story
on ARCHITECTURE * perspective: DEATH * Library: SerresFriends_Library_79

End of story. 142 End of controversy. 143 The foundation is death itself after the fight to the death. 144

Death is placed on life and life placed on death. [145] Does this ever end? [146] They have an operational function. [147] Our old statues have returned. [148] Behold our end, our burial. [149] Resurrection, the end of the rule of death. [150]

142 Serres, History of Scientific Thought
143 Serres, History of Scientific Thought
144 Serres, Rome
145 Serres, Rome
146 Penrose, The Emperor's New Mind
147 Foucault, Discipline and Punish
148 Serres, Geometry
149 Serres, Detachment
150 Serres, Branches

Everything Writes

And the last game I want to play with text is this text. The poems in this text explore architectonic writing in relation to algorithmic systems, libraries, and synthetic probabilistic characters. The text you are reading was as well written through a similar loop: one between me, ChatGPT, and my YouTube; a rehearsal that became this document. I gave ChatGPT the abstract, the chapters, and direction. A structure, an argument, and a dress. https://alice-ch3n81.net/files/data/Roman_Architectonic_Writing.pdf Then I fed it with my memories—three talks and one text:

- **On Words—a talk about how words are alive. https://youtu.be/KnByvtTeMmg?si=0cptZwAxtDEHu1Np**
- **A Play Among Books—A talk about a book Alice and I wrote together. https://youtu.be/Z_8fnzBnuel?si=rcKKwaNqkVRrsHiN**
- **On Alice_ch3n81, GPT-3, Midjourney, Botto and DALL·E—a somewhat outdated talk about the zoo of generative models, their habitats and instincts. https://youtu.be/xF6afGeH3ZU?si=ty-oqCpr2u9Gkigi**
- **1001 in 1: Recycling Stories at Light Speed—a manual for automatic scenographies, written with Adil and Agostino. https://alice-ch3n81.net/files/data/1001in1/1001_trans.pdf**

Iterations followed. Loops, re-loops, edits. What you read is the residue of that process. The transcript of our conversation sits here: https://chatgpt.com/share/68bb6d1b-00b8-800b-aa9c-a8d9f589b365. The process was quick. ChatGPT translates from YouTube to text in one click. Automatic subtitles become data. Text flows out. The question is not whether you write by hand or with AI. That distinction has expired. AI is the new standard. The question is what mechanics one builds, what data one trusts, and what argument one chooses to expose. Nothing here was written from scratch. Everything was proportioned, filtered, tuned, and adjusted with care. Too much? Too fast? Too synthetic? Probably. But these are the relevant questions. The issue is not if one should write with AI, but how one writes with it—how to bend it, edit it, constrain it, train it. In an economy of the generic, elegance is about calibration. Sophistication is no longer in the sentence but in the arrangement of systems and data that constitute the world around it. I think this is fantastic: Common sense is an object and objects talk. Writing appears in things, it appears from things, it is not different from things. [151]

151 Serres, The Birth of Physics

Image Figures Meet
Text Figures

Turning Into Something Light

By Jorge Orozco

























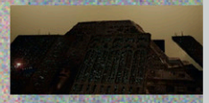

















“Equations and algorithms, triangles and polyhedrons, language and music, musical notation and alphabets, images—where are all these things to be found? Show me their place and their home.”

Michel Serres, Religion (2019/2022)

Epiphany: Making Images Appear

Indeed, where do images live? In the first episode of the season, we wrote a text, a constitution for the project that responded to the semester’s brief: the topic, the client, the task, and the site. In the second episode, we then turn to the image, to the gravity and thickness of those words we wrote, how they fall toward the ground, how they might appear in light. We fish for images that can help us find our position and articulate our project.

This episode aims to showcase the project through images, presented in two formats: a catalog and a short film. For this, we rely on Meteora’s archives, its suite of AI-native applications, and, of course, the infinite reservoir of the internet. Once more, the world becomes our observatory.

It is an exercise in oscillation between image and text—much like pairing a drink with a mood, or matching a song to a stroll at dusk. By moving back and forth between them, the architectural proposal begins to appear, to glow. A fertile oscillation that never collapses one into the other, never demands a single universal pairing. Multiplicity is not a flaw but a feature. Our task is to create the conditions and to summon architecture into light.



Looking for the world-famous sauna The Zone. (Soviet Union, 1979)

Gravity: Coloring Ideas With Images

The architectural elements of the proposals behave like particles now. A wall, a stair, a corridor; a chair, a table, a screen—they pull on one another with their weight. These elements do not simply contain space; they constitute it. They show the thickness of an idea. The question is how to think about relations: between a client and their objects, a house and its neighbors, a building and today’s world. Just as a person is never revealed by their face alone, but by how they move among the things that surround them, architectural elements are not passive backdrops but active participants that shape conduct and presence. By choosing which objects to attend to—those most attuned to our client, our site, our position—we give gravity to words and continue constructing the story of the building.

At the height of the Covid-19 pandemic, when we were all confined at home, Emanuele Coccia wrote something profoundly architectural: “A home is where things give us access to space. They make space habitable. We never have a relationship with space, or with walls. We have a relationship with objects. We only ever inhabit things.” [1] Objects defend us from the violence of walls; they magnetize space into a field of unstable forces. “Things are magnets, attractors or sirens that call us with an irresistible song and capture our body often without us noticing.” [2] To think about an architectural proposal is to think about this constellation of objects—those that draw bodies into motion, orient their glances, and set the tone of inhabitation.

Gathering objects today is remarkably easy, whether through a quick search or by generating them with AI. But that alone is not enough. Diffusion models begin with noise and whisper a single question: how to subtract uncertainty, step by step, until the blur resembles the text prompt? The results can be effective, useful, and unsettling. Yet what this process lacks is what weighs on us all: consciousness, failure, fatigue, memory. A machine dissolves noise into clarity;

a body dissolves clarity into *something else.* When we form an image from words, we summon not just resemblance but the sediments of our body—all the prior images, all that clings to the gesture. An image is not only the end of a computation; it is a call, like the song of a siren.



Drinking spicy tea in the desert. (Arrakis 10191)

Douglas Gordon's Zidane: A 21st Century Portrait (2006) dramatizes the extra we are looking for. The premise is simple: to film a full-length portrait of Zidane during a single football match. The day before the game, the producers demanded a storyboard. Impossible, it was a live event. Instead, Gordon took his camera crew to El Prado. Walking through the Goya entrance, past a corridor of portraits, he told them: "This is our storyboard. Look down the corridor, and imagine that every painting is a film still."[3] Rather than prescribing shots, he gave them a way of seeing. The Prado became a meta-domain where football and portraiture met. Each operator carried that gravity onto the pitch, filming not the game but Zidane as if he were already hanging on the museum's walls. Images do not follow texts in sequence; they are conditioned by atmospheres, by ways of seeing, by the corridors we pass through on the way to the work.



Waiting for an Uber in Los Angeles. (USA, 2049)

Spaces are not qualified by their function but by what they make us think and feel. Wes Anderson and Juman Malouf's exhibition, "Spitzmaus Mummy in a Coffin and Other Treasures"

(2018) at the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna, showcases this with playful precision. They rummaged through vast collections and selected more than 300 rarely seen objects, arranging them in unorthodox rooms: portraits of 'hairy people', a room entirely green, a menagerie of extraordinary animals. In the spirit of a Wunderkammer, they ignored the logics of period, geography, or authorship, and instead curated by atmosphere. It was not about the maker of the portrait but about who was painted, what they looked like, and what they made you think and feel when you looked at them—a chain of apparitions designed to magnetize the visitor. The architectural proposals, too, can operate this way: not by assigning fixed functions, but by collecting images that attract, unsettle, and color ideas with light.

1 Emanuele Coccia, Reversing the New Global Monasticism, 2020.
2 ibid.
3 "Designing Video Installations with Douglas Gordon," Vice 2013. YouTube.

A Catalog Is Not a Building: A Manual for Making a Catalog

Fade in. Static.
A red curtain sways.
Somewhere, a light buzzes.
A man in a suit stares directly at you.

Voice (calm, sincere):
What you're about to do is not drawing.
It's not modeling.
It's not designing.

You're trying to show someone a building...
...that doesn't exist yet.

So you make a catalog.
Not a catalog for shoes.
Not for toasters.
This one is for something alive.

<3

Step One:
The Image Is the Trap Door

First, you search.
Not just on Google. That's too easy. Too clean.

You open the portal.
You use Panoramas of Cinema, a search engine that lets you dive into still frames from films.
Not just any stills. Ones that linger.
That make you feel like you forgot something important.

You collect these stills.
Then you ask machines to dream more:
Use diffusion models to generate images of rooms that never were.

Now you've got the bones. The ghosts. The shadows.

But don't arrange them yet.

Let them sit in a folder. Let them hum to you.

Step Two:
Stitch the Dream

Open your Panorama app.

You begin placing images together.
Slowly.
Like building a séance.

Each panorama is not a representation.
It is a dream of a space.
The memory of something that hasn't happened yet.

Then you give them names.
Names are important.
They are spells.

Example:

> The Window That Waited Too Long
> Spiral Staircase at 3:03 AM
> A Roof That Blinks

Now, take your text from Episode 1—yes, that text—and lace it into the panoramas.
It doesn't explain.
It vibrates.

Step Three:
Structure Is an Illusion.
But Still, Structure

The catalog must be divided.
Not to impose order, but to suggest one exists.

1
Introduction

Don't explain the house.
Introduce the mood of the house.
Something is about to happen, and it may already have.

2
The Public

These are the parts of the house that lie.
The facade.
The roof.
The openings.

How does it pretend to the street?
What secrets does it hide in plain sight?

3
The Private

Now we descend.

Terraces, corridors, interior textures.
Describe not what they are, but what they feel like at night.

Include:

> Ceilings that press down.
> Floors that remember footsteps.
> Columns that ache when stared at too long.
> Colors. Shadows. Sounds.
> A dog barking three blocks away.

4
Archeology

This is the residue.

Even if the lot was empty, it wasn't empty.
What stood there before?
What stands there still, under the new skin?

This is where you show time folding in on itself.

Step Four:
Include the Noise

Don't be afraid.

Include:

All the panoramas.
Images from Panoramas of Cinema.
Any internet source that buzzed when you looked at it.
Photographs of the site, its current state.
Dust. Rust. Disappointment.
And your Episode 1 text, incomplete, but vital.

A catalog is not a manual.
It is a signal sent to someone willing to listen.

***

Fade to black.

You hand the catalog to your client.
They flip through the pages.
They nod, but they don't smile.

Something passes between you, a quiet understanding.
They close it.
They look at you.

Client (softly):
"We'll build it."

And maybe they will.



Playing Hide and Seek in a Hotel in Colorado. (USA, 1980)

Glue:
Telling Stories With Clips

From the very beginning of cinema, people saw the moving camera as more than a gimmick. They understood it as a powerful instrument to tell stories—stories that could unite or divide cultures, shape myths, and unsettle value systems. By 1928, Lev Kuleshov was already writing about montage as the invisible glue of cinema. What is the montage that carries the charge of an argument? If terror is wanted, what is the sequence that makes an audience leap from their seat? If awe, what is the rhythm that slows their breath? Montage is glue: it binds fragments into a single story—glue of different flavors. The same curiosity animates artists, documentarians, and comedians who collect the world's images and reassemble them into stories that surprise, provoke and delight.



After burgers and milkshakes in an American diner. (USA, 1994)

Adam Curtis is a master of the surprising argument. In a recent interview on YouTube about his series Shifty (2025), he shared his overall motivation: to present an argument that surprises all sides of the story, so that even the people being criticized don't know where the argument is coming from. Curtis has privileged access to the BBC's immense archives, which he plunders to tell stories about the West and its global entanglements. His approach is always to pull back, return to the present day, and cut stories together in ways that make the familiar strange. Look, he says, the Islamists who attacked the WTC were inspired by Westernized Arab intellectuals who had read T.S. Eliot and Western philosophers—as had their enemies, the neoconservatives.[4] Both sides drank from the same well. A pretentious argument,

perhaps, but a destabilizing one, and that is the point. His glue does not resolve; it keeps the ground fertile.

Werner Herzog asks uncommon questions with no easy answers. "Is there such a thing as insanity among penguins?" he wonders in Encounters at the End of the World (2007). "Does the internet dream of itself?" in Lo and Behold: Reveries of the Connected World (2016). He pursues answers through powerful images and improbable protagonists: glaciers calving into the sea, volcanoes erupting with biblical force, divers floating beneath Antarctic ice. Herzog's montage stitches together human fantasies and planetary spectacle, humor and terror. "Nature here is violent based. [...] Of course, there is a lot of misery [in nature]. But it is the same misery that is all around us. The trees here are in misery, the birds are in misery, I don't think they sing, they just screech in pain."[5] His glue binds the extraordinary to the sublime, from a position that is not common sense.

John Wilson gathers the overlooked and borderline ridiculous. His show How To With John Wilson (2020) is like David Attenborough's Planet Earth—except the habitat is New York City, and the species are its eccentric inhabitants. Wilson films fragments that seem like nonsense: a bag of bread swinging in a subway car, a pigeon balancing on a street lamp, smoke drifting lazily out of a sewer grate. From these scraps, he assembles tutorials: How to Split the Check, How to Be Spontaneous, How to Watch Birds. But the tutorials are never really about completing tasks; they are about awkwardness, about living together, about finding coherence in the everyday clutter of the city. Wilson's glue is humor and self-awareness: he teaches us how to solve problems we didn't know we had by making the unimportant suddenly relevant.



Chilling in St. Petersburg, FL, during the spring break season. (USA, 2012)

A proposal's movie is not about its architectural elements. It is about the voice of a project, about its stance, about how to keep speech alive. It is about discussing the world, and imagining that this world could be housed inside a building. The movie shows us how to build an argument with fragments, how to surprise, and how to keep an audience engaged. What is the glue that will hold the images together so that they don't just illustrate a building, but tell its story?

4 "Adam Curtis on the BBC, Politics & AI," The Rest Is Entertainment, 2015. YouTube.
5 Werner Herzog, Burden of Dreams, 1982.

Trailer 'à la Meteora': A Searing Pitch Served in 90 Seconds

Ingredients

1 bold concept, bleeding with personality
3 shots of visual glory (cinematography-grade)
1 character or point of view (real or metaphorical)
1 haunting track or beat that sticks in your head like a broken fire alarm
A splash of drama, a hint of mystery
Optional garnishes: text-on-screen, voice-over, that midnight phone clip

Mise en Place

Before you even touch DaVinci Resolve or Premiere, do the dirty work. Roll up your sleeves, crack your knuckles, and get your mise together.

This is the part where you ask yourself the uncomfortable questions, like a hangover interrogation in a neon-lit diner booth:

What's the soul of this project?
Not the program. Not the square footage. I'm talking soul. The thing that makes your building breathe when no one's watching.

Where does the building flirt?
Yeah, it's still got that seduction. Maybe it's how the light lands at golden hour. Maybe it's the tension between polished steel

and crumbling brick. A good space doesn't scream, it whispers.

What's ugly but real?
Don't hide the blemishes. Use them. That weird echo in the stairwell? That broken tile from construction? Those are the fingerprints of process. Show them like war wounds.

Who's your POV?
Every story needs a spine. Pick your character, maybe it's a person, maybe it's the building itself. But don't try to follow twelve threads. Choose one lens and sharpen it till it cuts.

What makes them believe this is more than a building?
This isn't about shelter. It's about myth-making. What emotional con do you pull to make them think it's holy?

Now pour yourself a drink, queue up that gritty soundtrack, and prepare to dice this footage like it owes you money.

Instructions

Act 1
The *Mise en Scène*
(0:00–0:30)

Lay the foundation, visually and emotionally.

Open with the strongest shot in your arsenal.
Think of it like slicing into the rarest, juiciest cut right off the bat.

Establish the world.
This isn't just architecture, it's a setting.
Mood, tone, texture.
Feel it.

Introduce your character.
It could be a human.
It could be the building.
It could be the ghost of a design idea.

Pro Tip:
- Keep it lean.
- Nobody wants a mouthful of exposition.
- Give them flavor, not calories.

Act 2
The Sizzle
(0:30–1:00)

Here comes the heat. The build-up. The bite.

Present conflict or tension.
What are the stakes?
Why does this building matter?

If it's comic, show wit.
If it's horror, creep us out.
If it's a spatial manifesto, light the damn fuse.

Show, don't tell.
Cut like a line cook on a tight shift—fast, sharp, intentional.

Rule:
- Don't explain. Hint. Tease. Evoke.
- Leave something raw.

Act 3
The Burn
(1:00–1:30)

Time to let it rip.

Crank the tempo.
Montage, pacing, visceral edits.
This is where your audience should feel the pulse.

Use jump cuts, white flashes, black fades, like a mad chef plating a dish mid-service.

Drive tension.
End on a cliffhanger or a final question that leaves us starving for more.

Final Hook:
- If it's comic, end on a punchline.
- If it's conceptual, hit us with an enigma.
- If it's provocative, drop the mic.

Garnish & Serve

Narration as myth.
Go for something poetic, abstract, or cryptic.
Think Herzog on absinthe.

Music is your secret sauce.
Pick wrong, and it's all spoiled.
Choose something with teeth.

Optional:
- Use deleted scenes if they serve the pitch.
- Remember, the trailer is the promise, not the building.

Chef's Warning

Too much plot = clunky.
Too many characters = chaos.
Too much talking = death.
Save it for the finals.

Serving Suggestion

Plate it on Vimeo, screen it like a short film, and pair it with a sharply worded blurb.
Your architecture deserves a cinematic entrance.
Don't just show them walls, show them why they're standing.



Smoking a cigarette in the kitchen after murdering a thief. (UK, 1989)

Quantum Leap

Quantum Leap is a series of photographs documenting the quantum travels of Mark and Soll (The Observer) through film and TV sets across the universe from 1929 until 10191.

Former scientist Mark finds himself trapped in time due to an experiment gone awry, leaping into different film and TV sets each week (actually, to any place with a video camera rolling). Soll, or The Observer, is Mark's holographic companion; he provides Mark with irrelevant but entertaining hypotheses of where he is, and suggestions for striking an iconic pose.



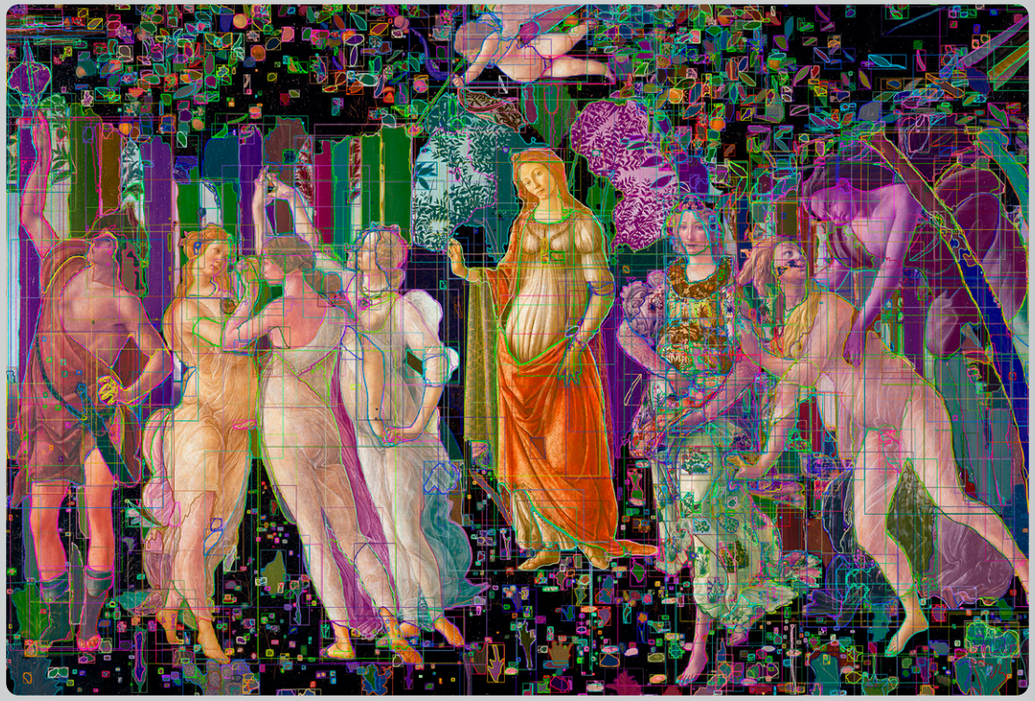




Rendering Beyond Media

Scenography × Scenographia

By Adil Bokhari



What happens when all that you and I have ever made or will make is already part of the large models that have rapidly proliferated in our lives? The foundation models of today have ingested everything: every drawing, every building, every gesture of architectural thought. They have an insatiable appetite that consumes all. The archive of our so-called discipline has become raw material, its forms, colors, and conventions now infinitely recombinable and endlessly malleable.

Or has it always already been like this? Has architecture always been a practice of drawing from what came before? Of rendering precedents and references into new formats? Of composing constellations of ideas into new stabilities? Of sculpting worlds that take the breadth of our personal and common archives as given?

Any representation, in any medium, any format, any style, is not just available to us in the fertile electronic grounds of the internet but can also be generated at a moment's notice. Plans, sections, elevations, photographs, axonometries, renders, can all be mimicked in a flash: compressed, filtered, and churned out on demand. A shift so quantitatively massive that it produces a qualitative turn. The unfathomable scales of big data are now the grounds where we operate. Only by thinking beyond the familiar progressivist rhetorics of crises and the solutions they may require, or the newly rediscovered worship of nature, can we begin to find continuities in ways of thinking, of seeing, and of operating in familiar moments in time when we were learning to see the world anew. Instead of viewing the past solely as a line of progression, we can also see how time moves in spirals and manifests in punctuated events. The eye itself leans, desires, chooses, protects, lies. It is dissected, symbolized, grows wings, wears a lens. Suspended, between objectivity and subjectivity, between the imaginary and the real, geometric and harmonic, both witness and participant. Vision turns as well: how we see and what we see both entangled, across time and space.

Perhaps what is needed, then, is not the optimization of our methods, or the invention of new ones on the same plane, but an abstraction, from particular media, from specific

representations, from singular virtuosities, to begin an unfolding of the modalities of thought: the faculties and sensibilities involved in the act of imaging and imagining architecture.

Fixing Images

Théodore Maurisset's 1839 lithograph *La Daguerreotypomanie* captures a moment of technological panic that reads as uncannily contemporary. Created just months after Daguerre's process became publicly available, the satirical scene depicts crowds obsessively queuing for portraits while engravers commit suicide in the background, their profession rendered obsolete. Signs advertise "Portraits in Five Minutes" and "Learn Photography in Three Days"—the same promise of instant mastery that we hear today from marketers of AI tools.

Each new imaging technology doesn't simply add new capabilities but reorganizes the entire field of vision, it redistributes what counts as skill, what kind of images carry authority, who can make them, and what can and cannot be depicted. Photography collapsed boundaries between media more thoroughly than Maurisset imagined. The birth of the idea of an instantaneous 'fixing' of an image came to the fore. However, it was never a singular operation, instead a negotiation among chemical, optical, and mechanical techniques.

These moments in time provide us with a crucial context for understanding contemporary notions of imaging. They stand alongside other positions in the spirals of seeing, such as the invention and operation of perspective from the Renaissance and the treatises on optics from the golden age of Islam.

Consider how radically the idea of photographic truth has shifted. When the Event Horizon Telescope produced the first black hole image in 2019, what appeared worldwide—that glowing orange ring against darkness— it wasn't just captured but reconstructed, composed, and generated. The image correlates radio signals from eight observatories scattered across continents through very-long-baseline interferometry. The 3.5 petabytes of data contained massive gaps, requiring multiple reconstruction algorithms working in concert. Katherine Bouman's CHIRP algorithm learns image statistics from training data, using patterns found in other images (astronomical to everyday) to fill gaps in this unprecedented observation.

Multiple independent teams worked blind for seven weeks, trusting only features appearing across all reconstructions regardless of approach. Physics, mathematics, politics, and computation all playing their part imaging that which cannot be seen. A new probabilistic optics acquires a silhouette, a form, and a figure. The black hole image carries legitimacy not through transparent recording but because multiple pathways to seeing agree on what must be there. Truth here converges across heterogeneous media rather than being a single divine stroke.

The same multimodal logic now shapes everyday imaging. Smartphone cameras employ multi-frame stacking, HDR fusion, computational sharpening, and neural denoising—all layering processes that compose rather than simply document. The 'photo' we share is already a synthesis, a probabilistic guess from multiple measurements.

Across domains, images emerge as distributions over probabilities rather than transparent windows onto reality. Every image now embeds histories of other images, carries learned priors about what things should look like, negotiates between measurement and inference, between what was captured and what was imagined.

The Mathematical Multiplicity of Vision

Contemporary rendering environments coordinate geometric transformations with topological surface relationships, analytical interpolation, statistical sampling, and information-theoretic compression: each mathematical domain contributes essential operations, but none produces the final image independently. A single architectural rendering demonstrates this multiplicity: geometric matrices define spatial transformations; topological algorithms maintain surface continuity; analytical functions smooth transitions; probabilistic methods handle light sampling; information theory compresses texture data.

This coordination, these layerings and juxtapositions constitute the very mechanics that stage the architectonic gaze: the orchestration of multiple mathematical operations to construct a specific visual artifact. Unlike traditional geometric construction, which proceeds through logical sequences, rendering operates through simultaneous coordination of parallel mathematical processes.

AI systems make this mathematical multiplicity visible by bypassing traditional geometric entry points entirely. When generative models produce architectural images from text prompts, they operate through statistical pattern recognition and probabilistic sampling across vast datasets. The geometric relationships that emerge are consequences rather than prerequisites: spatial arrangements arise from coordination of multiple mathematical operations rather than from a complete and consistent model.

Geometry unravels not as architecture's core but as factory-made raw material subjected to texturing, lighting, atmospheric effects, and camera parameters—merely one layer within a larger apparatus of visual construction. Software architectures built on drawing-modeling-rendering sequences embed assumptions about the primacy of geometric construction that may no longer reflect the actual mathematical simultaneity of contemporary image construction.

From Media to Modalities

Each technological shift in architecture has prompted a return to the question of how we attend to space, how we make it legible, how we give form to what exists only in the imagination. Alberti's treatment of painting through circumscription, composition, and manifestation in light articulates distinct modes of attending to reality and imagination. The drawing of boundaries, the arrangement of relations, the rendering through luminosity: these operate as faculties, sensibilities for making the world legible in particular registers. Perhaps instead of treating these as fixed representations to be mimicked or optimized, we might reinvent them within our new technologies, not as outputs but as modes of thought, ways of engaging the intelligence embedded in our tools to unfold the mechanics of spatial imagination in the age of AI.

Contemporary architectural practice treats electronic images as if they were traditional drawings—a category error that instrumentalizes representation. The rich conceptual framework of architectural representation collapses into CAD software tabs, where plans, sections, elevations, and renderings emerge from the same geometric model through identical logic. Yet architectural modalities were never merely drawing types but modes of thought, each encoding a different relationship between the architect and the spatial imagination being cultivated.

The plan thinks horizontally, establishes territories and trajectories. The section cuts vertically, exposes stratifications, introduces a gravity. The elevation presents the face, the phenomenal surface where architecture meets the world. Rendering brings architectural ideas into the public forum. As expressions beyond the processes deployed to build them; tectonics give way to surfaces, meticulous site surveys give way to theatrical viewpoints; a society, an imagination opens up; not just fictional worlds but propositions in the light of a public.

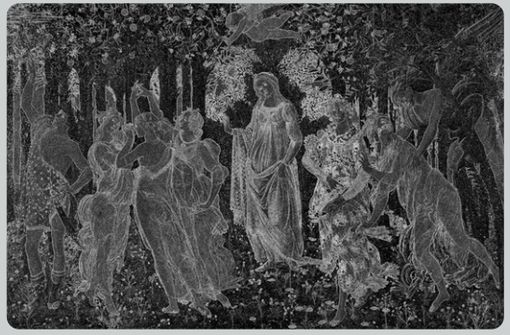
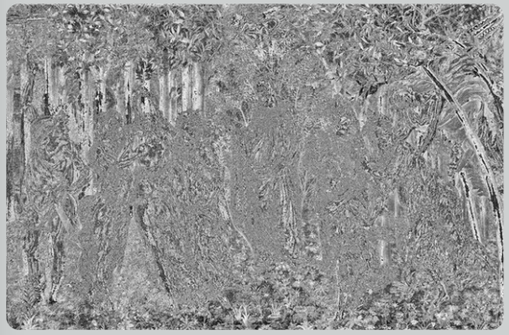
By suspending the particularities of media, by loosening our grasp on pigment, code, or emulsion, we begin to sense abstract orders: not the specific techniques of mediation, but the conditions that let mediation occur at all. What remains when media fall away are not objects or systems but movements of mediation's own becoming. A staging of the gaze rather than merely the objects contained within it.

We might instead return to the terms of sensibility, modality, and faculty. Not as fixed definitions, but as gestures that open onto a more general field. Sensibility marks the touch through which relation first shivers into appearance; modality the shifting rhythm by which relation takes on form; faculty the folding of these movements into expression. These are not functions of media but tendencies that exceed them, the currents by which media themselves arise.

The question becomes: does a plan, section, elevation, or rendering need to look a certain way as specific media, or






can their sensibility be embodied in methods, as core faculties, as modalities of articulating space? Can we recover the intelligence embedded in these historical forms while allowing them to operate through entirely different material substrates and technological innovations?

A Tripod of Modalities

To rethink how these modalities operate cyclically rather than sequentially, consider Botticelli's *Primavera*. Perhaps the most analyzed image in Western art. This 500-year-old tempera panel operates as a continuous engine of transformation across centuries. The painting persists today not as a static artifact but as a proliferating presence across media and epochs. Venus's blessing becomes a GIF, Flora's flower-scattering an Instagram filter, the Graces' dance a TikTok template.

Primavera and its many lives can help us navigate contemporary computational vision. Deploying these algorithms doesn't simply analyze—it activates the work itself in our times through our contemporary eyes and makes explicit the layered operations through which any image coheres. The painting becomes a test case for how sensing, simulating, and synthesizing operate not as discrete stages but as interpenetrating movements that together constitute vision.

The Sensing Movement

The first movement deploys computer vision as circumscription. Each algorithm extracts different qualities from the continuous field of the painting, creates an inventory of discrete, measurable phenomena.

The Fourier transform carries the image into a frequency domain, where the painting exists as oscillations rather than pixels. Filtering out high frequencies reveals underlying structure—the broad swells of the orange grove, the flowing drapery, the massing of figures—Botticelli's garden recast as low-frequency pulses of spring.

Canny detection traces edges across the surface, igniting edges wherever change is sharpest. Figures emerge ringed in their native colors, petals shimmer as outlines, Venus crystallizes as luminous silhouette. The painting appears as wireframe, revealing the underlying architecture of its composition.

Gabor filters parse the painting through orientation and scale simultaneously, each kernel tuned to specific angles and spatial frequencies. The painting resolves into oriented energy patterns, showing how visual texture emerges from systematic variation in particular directions.

The Segment Anything Model (SAM) generates hierarchical region proposals without requiring class-specific labels. It gathers coherent regions of visual similarity that hang together perceptually, even crossing semantic boundaries. The model unweaves Botticelli's synthesis into constituent parts—not the mythological figures but the visual patches from which they are composed.

This sensing phase creates a computational Wunderkammer—hundreds of segmented objects, each measured, labeled, stored with spatial coordinates. A survey, a documentation, a reading that turns the painting into a database, its unity dissolved into addressable units.

The Simulating Movement

The second movement takes this inventory and cultivates relationships, builds networks of meaning that reconnect fragments through multiple forms of composure. A large language model receives each fragment's image and position, proposing species-level identifications. "Crop #412, labeled 'flower'" becomes "likely Primula vulgaris (common primrose), consistent with Tuscan spring flora and Renaissance symbolism of youth and renewal."

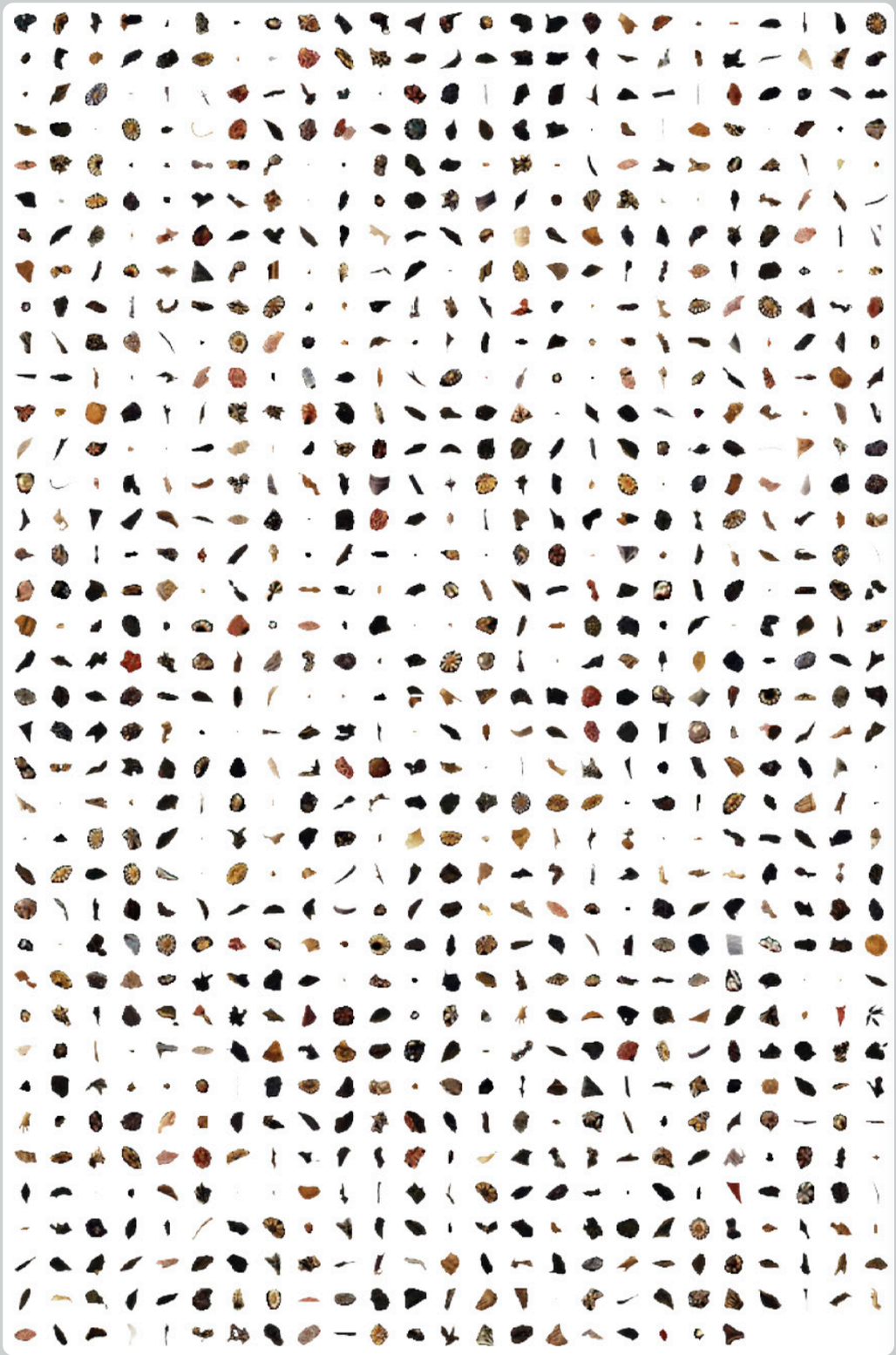
A garden begins to grow where objects acquire meaning through relationships to other objects, to historical contexts, to symbolic systems. Each flower receives not just a name but a constellation of stories: medicinal uses, mythological associations, seasonal timing, symbolic valences.

More than 500 species emerge—some accurately documented from springtime Florence, some now extinct, some purely invented by Botticelli or misidentified by the algorithm's pattern matching. The relationships matter more than strict accuracy. The painting's resolution expands into high dimensional spaces through these links and indexes, each flower acquiring position not just in space but in networks of meaning.

The simulation phase begins to encode the painting's conceptual architecture, inventing relations that animate its appearance without being directly visible. It transforms the painting from artifact into environment, from representation to world, complete with its own internal logics that can be queried, manipulated, explored.

The Synthesizing Movement

The third movement stages everything anew, taking the analysis and simulation as script for novel performances. The tabulated taxonomy becomes a structured prompt for generative models. The inventory turns to choreography: "top: orange and myrtle canopy, dappled light filtering through leaves," "center: flowering myrtle and orange in bloom," "foreground: dense carpet of cornflowers, violets, lupines, each flower distinct yet compositionally integrated."







What emerges is a speculative reconstruction—a new garden assembled from what sensing extracted and simulation organized. An agreement between that which is indexed and that which is generated. Each synthetic spring maintains indexical connections to Botticelli's version while exploring variations—different lighting conditions, different seasons, different compositional arrangements. These aren't imitations but performances—the same score interpreted through different instruments, different stages. Primavera was always already a synthesis, a staging of botanical, mythological, and pictorial elements according to compositional and symbolic logics in a new light. The computational process simply makes this synthesis available for a new rendering, for exploration of new formats, through our new computational eyes.

And there's another turn as 'animals' emerge from the rotations in this spiral. Bouquets of meaning gathered through their proximity to particular mythological figures and named after the symbolism of the flowers that compose them step out of Botticelli's meadow. Characters come to life that blur botanical, bestial, and allegorical registers and resist being dissolved in n-dimensional spaces. They achieve autonomy from that which engendered them. They can now travel to other places, other paintings, other worlds, alienating them and being alienated in turn.

Architecture Beyond Media

AI doesn't revolutionize architecture through automation—that familiar narrative of technological disruption. It provides and reassures what the composure of architectural intelligence has always been: orchestration of multiple ways of seeing, knowing, and making that together produce spatial imaginaries, only now on a different scale. The black hole emerged through convergence across simulation, observation, and testing. *Primavera* continuously unfolds, only now through artificially intelligent optics. Contemporary photographs compose themselves through layered probabilities negotiated in milliseconds. Agreements among modalities, rather than media.

Architecture is and has always been a genuinely multimodal practice—we already work this way unconsciously: collecting precedents and analyzing sites (sensing), establishing relationships and testing options (simulating), staging renders and constructing drawings (synthesizing). The idea fades of them being medium-specific artifacts to distinct modalities with different logistic stakes, different criteria for success, different relationships to truth and imagination.

Maurisset's camera-clock now ticks at machinic timescales, compresses intervals between conception and realization to near-instantaneity. His dystopian vision of ubiquitous





image-making anticipates our current condition, where anyone can generate architectural renderings instantly through text prompts. What endures across these historical recurrences isn't simple displacement but reorganization of the field of expertise: painters didn't vanish, they transformed.

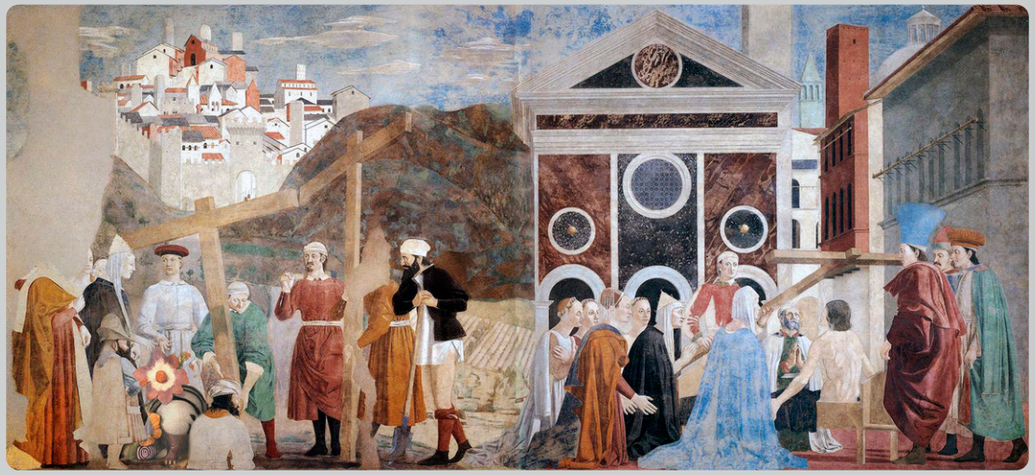
From the daguerreotype to the neural network, each technology carries its own ways of seeing the world, its own distribution of the sensible, its own ethics of what can be shown and what must remain hidden. A new politics of optics is taking shape where the multiplication of perspectives is the very site: the spectacle that keeps productive gaps open where imagination operates, where the not-yet-seen emerges from close attention and patient distillation of the already visible.

The tripartite schema—sense, simulate, synthesize—offers us a method for operation across computational tools of imaging, without collapsing what each modality does, what it exposes, what it obscures. Sensing without simulation produces mere data, facts without relations. Simulation without sensing becomes pure speculation; models untethered from the world. Synthesis without both collapses into style, images that convince without recognizing that they're fake. What contingently composes the imaginary of the scene here is all these modalities together—a continuous spiral that refuses to privilege any single modality. Whether it has always worked this way, and whether it will go on doing so even as the material substrates of practice transform beyond recognition, is another matter. What does seem clear is that modalities endure while media pass away.

P. 80 Sandro Botticelli, *Primavera*, ca. 1480. Objects and figures detected through YOLO and SAM models
P. 85 ↰ Frequencies through the eyes of the Fourier transform
P. 85 ↱ Chroma through the eyes of Lab space
P. 85 ↖ Depths through the eyes of the MiDas model
P. 85 ↗ Saturation through the eyes of the HSV space
P. 85 ↙ Patterns through the eyes of the Local Binary Patterns
P. 85 ↘ Gradients through the eyes of the Sobel filter
P. 85 ↲ Textures through the eyes of the Gabor Filters
P. 85 ↳ Edges through the eyes of the Canny Detector
P. 88 Segmented flowers and flower-like objects
P. 89 ↑ A new vision of spring from a large image prompt
P. 89 ↓ A new vision of spring from a large text prompt
P. 91 Floriluma: one of the animals engendered from Botticelli's *Primavera*











Courtship
for the Absolute

Architectonic Bodies

By Vera Bühlmann

Sharing Breath. In a Liquid Forest.

"Architectonic interest in the self-reflexive experience of agency [...]"

Crista Davis Acampora (Editor), *Nietzsche's On the Genealogy of Morals*, 69.

"The vault is an architectonic catechism of the ceiling of the vault of the cosmos, rising above the material world in the arcade below."

John Shannon Hendrix, "Architecture as Cosmology," 229.

"In this manner, the involute/evolute binary code of turning inside-out from the harmonic to the architectonic, and reciprocally outside-in, is mechanically encoded/decoded by means of an imaginary right-angle rotation on the complex plane."

Elias Zafiris, "Tempered in the Time of the Analemma. Harmonics and Architectonics, An Appeal to the 'Digital Dignity' of Nature," xxxv.

"The architectonic arrangement of knowledge articulates individual fields of knowledge into a coherent whole."

Nadir Lahiji, *An Architecture Manifesto*, 67.

"The value of beauty, harmony, and totality must still reign. These four points of invariance cannot be juxtaposed. They delineate the map of a system from the angles of a frame. We will not say only that they come together and remain inseparable, which is true. They give rise to a specific experience of gathering, that of a coherent totality, a continuity, a system. Thus, they determine a network of evaluations; they induce and inform, even if indirectly, all the theory and criticism of architecture from the most specialized to the most trivial. Such evaluation inscribes the hierarchy in a hyletics, as well as in the space of a formal distribution of values. But this architectonic of invariable points also governs all of what is called Western culture, far beyond its architecture."

Jacques Derrida, *Psyche: Inventions of the Other*, Volume II (1998), 97.

"... there are non-moral virtues, in the sense of ideals we can pursue without being morally obliged to do so. (No one, however musically gifted, is obliged to become a violinist, or a skilled player of any particular instrument.) But we will also insist that these non-moral virtues fall within the scope of an overall moral obligation. On this view morality is both pervasive and has ... an 'architectonic' status. It is pervasive in the sense that 'no voluntary human action is in principle resistant to moral assessment'. This does not mean that we must assess our every action from a moral point of view. We can certainly perform some actions spontaneously, without any such reflection, simply because we enjoy them. But it means that every action can be assessed morally, if the need arises. Morality has an 'architectonic' status insofar as it provides an overall framework within which we pursue our various goals, just as the architect's plans provide a framework within which builders, plumbers, and painters can make their particular decisions. This observation brings us back to the religious ideal of sanctity. In his response to Wolf's essay, Robert Merrihew Adams focuses on the religious ideal, arguing that 'sainthood is essentially a religious phenomenon' and so cannot be properly understood outside of this context. The religious ideal of sanctity, he argues, is not that of a person focused on the achievement of moral perfection; it is that of a person focused on, and whose life attempts to reflect, the infinite goodness of God. But the infinite goodness of God goes beyond what we might think of as 'moral' goodness. As Adams writes, as the author of all things and of all human capacities, [God] may be regarded as interested in many forms of human excellence, for their own sake and not just for the sake of their connection with what would be classified as moral concerns in any narrow sense."

Stephen Law (Editor), *Think: Philosophy for Everyone: No. 42*, Vol. 15 (2016), 114.

"Here architectonics are forms common to all arts, they describe aesthetic experience and contribute to the unity of the aesthetic domain."

Mikhail Bakhtin, *Art and Answerability: Early Philosophical Essays* (1990), 66.

"Architecture, moreover, both institutional and domestic, is embedded in a particularly complex and resistant way in the surrounding political, economic, financial, governmental, environmental, technoscientific, and institutional power structures, in all those laws, regulations, codes, conventions, restraints, and strictures that begin to operate as soon as the first discussions about a new building are held and the preliminary drawings made. By comparison, anyone is relatively free to write an essay or a poem, paint a painting, or compose a quartet without interference, partly because these acts are considered to be relatively trivial in our society. But building a building is another thing."

William J. Lillyman et.al. (Eds.), *Critical Architecture and Contemporary Culture* (1994), 25.

"As we have said, they prefer to put the accent on the word 'precarious', not in order to vindicate precarity as such, but in order to name the general conditions of governmentality (for which precarity constitutes one of the techniques that are transverse to the whole of the social), and in order to look for the connections and assemblages that this transversality implies. The coordination is not a collective but a distributive whole. It is an architectonic, a cartography of singularities, composed of networks and individualities, a plurality of committees and initiatives, places for discussion and elaboration, militants, political and union groups, networks of 'cultural and artistic' affinities, friends, and so on, which make and unmake themselves at different speeds and to different ends. The action of the coordination corresponds to an experimentation with apparatuses of being-together and being-against, which simultaneously takes up the already-codified

procedures of politics again and invents others. In both cases, it is always a matter of favoring the encounters of singularities and the assemblage of heterogeneous elements. Diverse manners of doing and saying are expressed in the coordination, and develop as apprenticeships or 'collective expertises' that as soon as they start functioning, make problems, rather than solutions, proliferate."

Maurizio Lazzarato, *Experimental Politics: Work, Welfare, and Creativity in the Neoliberal Age* (2017), 108.

"At the same moment, in which Kant discovers the most persistent antinomy inherent to the architectonic: the antinomy of translation. When time comprehends space, the resistance of phenomenal materiality is trivialized against the measure of rational speculation: 'It expands the soul. [...].' Thus it is now free arbitration which rules the beautiful. If nature has furnished the architectonic beauty, the soul in its turn determines the beauty of the play, and now also we know what we must understand by charm and grace. Grace is the beauty of the form under the influence of free will; it is the beauty of this kind of phenomena that the person himself determines. The architectonic beauty does honor to the author of nature; grace does honor to him who possesses it. That is a gift, this is a personal merit. Grace can be found only in movement, for a modification which takes place in the soul can only be manifested in the sensuous world as movement. But this does not prevent features fixed and in repose also from possessing grace. There immobility is, in its origin, movement which, from being frequently repeated, at length becomes habitual, leaving durable traces. But all the movements of man are not capable of grace. Grace is never otherwise than beauty of form animated into movement by free will; and the movements which belong only to physical nature could not merit the name. It is true that an intellectual man, if he be keen, ends by rendering himself master of almost all the movements of the body; but when the chain which links a fine lineament to a moral sentiment lengthens much, this lineament becomes the property of the structure, and can no longer be counted as a grace. It happens, ultimately, that the mind moulds the body, and that the structure is forced to modify itself according to the play that the soul imprints upon the organs, so entirely, that grace finally is transformed—and the examples are not rare—into architectonic beauty."

T. Judy Ronald, *(Dis)Forming the American Canon: African-Arabic Slave Narratives and the Vernacular* (1993), 205.

The Meteora Studio

At Meteora Studio, architects are considered architectonic thinkers. The two sides of its persona are represented by project (the idea or pursuit) and *Entwurf* (the articulation of the project). An architectonic thinker is someone who correlates introspection with planning through imaginary dialogues. They are neither inward-looking (like a subject does in contemplation) nor outward-looking (like an individual does, making sense of things). Such dialogues not only unfold the continuous dynamics of a thought process, they also teach us how to leverage such dynamics. They know how to incorporate the 'not yet done' as one pole of the dialectical spiral and direction of rotation, which they contrast with the 'already in progress' as the other pole, rotating anticlockwise to the first. An architectonic thinker acts as both a vortex and a source: such thinking plays on minor scales that reveal a situation in all its intricacies, piercing its 'flesh' and shedding light on the non-evident. It also plays on major scales, projecting auxiliary structures onto unfounded loftiness, to accommodate phenomena arising from contemplation. Imaginary dialogues seek to 'safe' the phenomena—to counter the total reign of facticity. The major scale tunes parabolically stretch beyond the familiar and accustomed, towards the outside. Minor scale tunes do the same in the opposite direction. In imaginary dialogues, an architectonic thinker suspends the ego like a gardener does with the larger picture to which they dedicate their care. Like them, imaginary dialogues defer continuity, postponing the thought process so that it can flourish in the 'meanwhile' and become formed, crystallised and developed in exposure to the trans-spiring winds, fertilising moisture and absorptive, consoling earths that nurture local niches. Each niche is a pocket of general, global and universal complexity that governs its own affairs regionally, like the cantons of Switzerland. Imaginary dialogues do not link a subject with something objective, nor do they imbue an object with something subjective. Such

imagination dwells in the domain of the facultative and auxiliary; it does not belong to a subject as if it were a property, nor can an individual consume it as they see fit. One can only tend to it.

Such imagination flourishes in proportion to the extent to which the questions of identification and representation can be set aside and kept in suspense. The architectonic thinker—the dweller in this studiolo within the studio format—seeks to be both masterful and moderate; grasping yet accommodating; eloquent yet silent; well-informed yet ignorant; and respectful yet not obedient. Committed to cycles and seasons, the persona of such cognitive agency oscillates between the world and the self. It suspends the ego across eversion and involution, turning inside out and folding outside in. It is cosmic. It welcomes and hosts many individuals and subjects, inviting them to share the common framework of a *Lehrgebäude* (a doctrine) and work together in dedication to a larger vision. If architectonic thinking is committed to the simplest elements and principles, it is not to author a new order or set the scales anew, to begin again from a plane of its own making. Rather, it catalogues and sheafes them with a mentality and a sensibility that tunes with the cosmos and goes beyond the merely human. Major scale tunings act as scores; they are like local climates in that they form entire landscapes and temper the cultures of entire regions. Minor scale tunings strike the chords of the subtle and implicit; they express what is currently inaudible and unable to manifest with strength and confidence. Minor keys guard the gates of instrumental shelters for new sounds to be scored, while major keys provide auxiliary structures and labour dedicated to building with them. If the *Lehrgebäude* is a canon, it is not because the order it articulates seeks to dominate and control. A doctrine circulates through writing; an apophatic structure is inbuilt into it—i.e. rule remains unfounded and dwells instead in wisdom. It demands dedication and devotion, orienting both towards what is bound to remain absent. While it can be courted in the private chambers of a studiolo, the *Entwurf* of a doctrine expressed in many voices is textual. Serving this doctrine involves questioning and doubting that is not systemic, like Cartesian doubt, but architectonic. This

method is not instant; it is no fiat lux. Architectonic doubt is doubt through which rule conspires with wisdom. It becomes reliant to the degree that it is served well, enabling it to form and grow. Architectonic doubt is a state of mind that cannot be undone; it is a doubt propelled by principle. It is not systemic because, in architectonics, principles are numerous. Each principle triggers biases, nuances, tempers, confidences, aspirations, hesitations, attractions and barrens.

Through its imaginary dialogues, architectonic thinking brings elements and principles together projectively into topoi and motifs. In each case, it does so with the care, circumspection and proficiency of a mastery that serves a whole it itself has not authored. The elements and principles that lend themselves to such treatment are those that are expressed in writing.The words that tend to them in such a manner are schematic words, they do not lend themselves well for constructing and erecting an oder in the meta-domain of epistemology or ontology; instead, they lend themselves for forging vernacular ways of speaking of what has not had a public voice before: neither innate nor morally obligatory, there are virtues which each and every culture nurtures even though they are entirely deliberate. But they are universal in what they are dedicated to, namely the ‘condensation’ or ‘crystallisation’ of feelings through form. There are motivic keys that find tunings in each particular case with what animates these virtues.

Such quests—for finding tunings with the complexity of a pocket-situation as fully and as resonantly as possible—are the projects that are figured out and dispositioned in in this studio by starting out through writing. Writing is about crystallising what counts as first and most simple for a deliberate articulation of ideas that (1) are not one’s own, and that (2) rather than having a proper author or an origin spring from a meanwhile that pertains to how the ideas clarify for the studio throughout the course, and for each architect throughout their project.

In this manner, architectural elements carry motivic keys in each project, much like pillars carry a roof. This makes the projects architectural projects in the Meteora. In an educational context, the briefs for approaching studio work like

this are like climatic graphs of reality, implicitly captured in still life painting. They encourage us to draw motions together into a complexion of spheres of influence—a snapshot of tangled events of global concern. As design briefs, they encourage synthesis, yet refuse historiographical anchorage and the territorial contextualisation and specificity that such briefs are usually dedicated to. The briefs in the thirteen seasons are more concerned with what recent philosophers such as Massimo Cacciari, Luce Irigaray and Michel Serres have termed 'concrete universals', 'elemental passion' and 'mathematical models'. These models are dialectical as well as dianoetic and are drafted in terms of polyscalarity, where scale is spatial but not synonymous with dimension. This is because, rather than an absolute point of coordination, the mathematical models that render a cosmic nature in such polyscalarity involve "stars, schema and points" (Michel Serres) discretely and irreducibly—like a screen involves light, spectrality, and pixels. They invite acts of synthesis that display craft and technique, much like still life painting; like it, these models attempt to bracket and defer the dominant plot, or storia, from the depicted scenarios. It is the architectonic elements themselves, in each project, that keep the place accommodative for an action sheltered against the completion of it as a fact, an 'over and done with it'.

Architectonic thinking is abstract, but it is embodied thinking. Only in this way can the various instances of 'intelligences' that transcend one's own—like those intelligences of quicker or slower peers, sympathetic or alarming masters, caring and constraining parents, distant and powerful generations, also technically embodied artificial 'intelligences'—be let alone and met with respect, welcomed, and find hospitality.

Meteora and Its Anatomy

The notion of 'Meteora' defines an area of experience that was once associated with things held together in a state of suspense resulting not from an act of crime that would disrupt the maintenance of peace. The 'Meteora' domain manifests

a wielding of powers rather than acts of violence. At stake is the idea of suspense linked to a perfective tense for which all eventualities whose occurrence it grasps are already complete. It is a grammatical tense form that dwells in and sustains a human mode of experiencing phenomena that depend on cyclical patterns and constellations, like the stars, engulfing us in an immediacy from which we cannot escape. However, unlike the stars, phenomena belonging to the domain of the Meteora affect our bodies much more directly. They connect us with the 'upper regions of the earth',[01] the 'region of clouds, wind and rain', as described in the Greek adjective 'meteōros', meaning 'high up, raised from the ground, hanging', where they are suspended in atmospheric tangles. Their presentation is 'mixed' and constellatory. The patterns do not fit seamlessly between and across constellations. Gazing at them, as with star gazing, involves a dianoetics that reveals a Janus-faced mask or veil, with both parasitic and symbiotic relations to the whole. Meteora phenomena belong to regions of a domain that opens up between pluralised depths and heights. Action in this domain takes place somewhere above the Earth but below the skies. There is a grammar for disposing attention in such a way as to maintain this tension.

01 From *meta* "by means of" and *-aoros* "lifted, lifted up, suspended, hovering in air," related to *aeirein* "to raise, lift, hold suspended," etymonline.com (09.11.2025)

The Aorist Tense

The Greek language has a unique grammatical tense called the aorist, which is essential for understanding how one might focus on the subject of the Meteora. The aorist tense is alien to Germanic and Romance languages, which have no grammatical form of time that is quite like it.[02] It is used to describe a past action as a single event. Unlike the past simple, which describes an ongoing or repeated past action, the aorist describes a single occurrence rather than the duration or completion of an action (as the past perfect does). Rather than primarily placing an event in time (past, present or future), it focuses on the event itself, so to speak. It is an aspectual tense. However, the aspectuality of the aorist tense does not describe the internal duration of an event—whether it is completed, ongoing, or habitual—but rather the 'mood' of the event. Activities expressed by the aorist tense are essentially 'moody'. This involves attributing a nature to the action itself—a 'substance' or 'essence' that is specific to it as an action. Assuming such a nature means

leaving undistinguished how subjective agency and objective cause interact. In the non-indicative moods that express wishes, emotions, possibilities, judgements and opinions, the aorist tense 'introspects' not only subjunctive acts, but also obligatory, optative, imperative and infinitive acts.

It describes a past event as a 'snapshot' or a single fact, referring to the simple, complete nature of the action rather than the time in which it unfolds. Does this mean that the aorist tense assumes 'actions', as the grammatical tenses of the imperfect and perfect forms assume 'time'? Namely, to be 'here' (i.e. 'there'), to exist as a whole and to be universal and comprehensively abstract—an 'all' of time belonging to itself? A comprehensive being of time? We can thus imagine how grammatical forms inscribed in time would describe the comprehension of time's existence—objectively, as natural philosophy describes the comprehension of the existence of natural things.[03] The aorist tense, with its aspectual consideration and objective introspection of the 'moodiness' of events, would transcend the two types of grammatical tempora usually distinguished, namely *besprochene* (discussed) and *erzählte* (narrated) time.[04] Articulations in the aorist tense would resemble a Cubist composition of concrete universals: descriptive and narrative, but not 'fiction'; rather, something akin to atomist poetics. In each instance, the concrete universals would be evoked as 'complete', as objective occurrences, real facts and snapshot images. And yet there is a perfective tense that expresses a certain quality: eventualities are complete in each instance, and yet there is an overall dynamics that responds to a teleonomy. This articulated composition would resemble a polyscalar sheaf of topoi-motif constellations, like a tomographic scan of the depth and extension of time's natural quickness, arranged into a verbal still-life painting—neither a statement nor an image. Analytically non-informative unless coupled with the apophatic speculation of an overall vision of wellbeing, health, balance, evoking both nomos and telos like negative theology evokes God, that is *in absentia*.

02 Cf. the entry on "The Aorist Tense" in Wilfred E. Major and Michael Laughy, *Ancient Greek for Everyone. Essential Morphology and Syntax for Beginning Greek* (Pressbooks, online resource https://pressbooks.pub/ancientgreek/chapter/31/09.11.2025).

03 Regarding the 20th century, I am thinking especially of the process metaphysics by Alfred North Whitehead, also Charles Sanders Peirce's semiotics and metaphysics of continuity.

04 Cf. Harald Weinrich, *Tempus, besprochene und erzählte Welt* (C. H. Beck, 1964). Perhaps one could propose a detailing of Weinrich's distinction: narrative and aspectual (perfective, imperfective and continuous) and descriptive (past, present and future).

Casting Placeholder Stances for Witnessing Subjects

It is not too difficult to consider meteorological phenomena as events of this kind. Many languages, for example French, have one word for both time and weather ('le temps'). There is nothing

about the fact of 'it hailing' that requires a duration for it to 'complete' itself. The tangled relations that Meteora phenomena maintain with duration are more akin to a 'rolling in', an 'involvement' that 'parcels duration' and 'sets some of it aside', proceeding via qualitative scales whose steps (or gradations) branch off in all directions. By mounting and descending on grammatical time scales like this, it is possible to 'bring along' some of this parcelled duration in order to forge schematic connections that can manifest the next step, such as the mythical union between Ariadne (method and labyrinth) and Dionysos (affect and frenzy, compassion and ecstasy). Here, we have a notion of eventuality and singularity concerning the categorical occurrence of an action. This is less ontological (i.e. concerned with sorting and ordering) and more 'occurrative' or 'happenstance', or rather, both. This concerns how one 'addresses' this eventuality, not as historical (relative to an absoluteness placed in time), but as intellectual; not as dwelling in continuous time, but as venturing and crossing the 'edges' of the places that appear ordinary and familiar. Such an approach requires attention to occurrences that arise abruptly, like a sharp cut or a demarcating act. The challenge lies in bringing witness to it back 'home' into the familiar and finding receptiveness and accommodation for it, guided by a controlled use of its natural forces rather than destructive disruption. With the Meteora phenomena we have an essentially digital kind of phenomena that belongs to an eventuality that dwells not in time but in intellection.

The architectonic act is an act that knows how to align the two, how to bring them to well-tempered correspondence, how to provide tuning with a situation. Meteora phenomena only appear in figures; they are concrete universals for which there is no coincident instance or embodiment of nature and universality. They involve modes of action that do not show up straightforwardly, for they are essentially kept in suspense. Forms of time carve out the place for their duration and parcel it up as 'moods' or 'tempers'. When they manifest in Meteora phenomena, these actions occur as 'simple and complete' in each instance. And yet they are subject to a perfective tense that renders their aspectuality. Such 'keeping in suspense' is categoric and brings us into contact with the 'upper regions of the air' in a digital and analogue mode of 'touch'. The event is not a point; rather, it unfolds as an intense form of extension—a quantitative intensity containing the vibrant compactness of 'tense' relations (in German, *angespannt*), not relaxed ones. The 'compactness' of these relations is neither properly 'static' nor 'dynamic' because these attributes both describe distinct states. However, meteoric phenomena are discrete in how they occur while being 'indiscrete' (or intimately entangled) in the tensions that 'hold them together' and, conversely, also 'release' them as events. A set of motifs acts together effectively and objectively to form a meteoric constellation—this is similar

to the third person singular in grammar, which represents an anonymous, quasi-mechanical mode of activity. Referring to the third person singular identifies an agency that does not act properly 'wilfully' or with 'intent' (psychologically or consciously), but rather in a 'moody' manner—as expressed by the 'it' that makes 'it rain', or the 'eureka' moment of an engineer's "it worked well!"

The mechanics that require a reference agency, whether the weather or an artefact, do not dwell in a place proper to them in an overall ordered system. The term's etymology reflects this: the Greek notion of 'mechané' means 'resourceful', achieved by 'aligning with impartial rules partially', through mental modelling and intrinsic exploration, by 'cutting angles', searching for 'shortcuts' and moving with circumspection and cunning intellection. The mechanics that require the reference of a particular agency are as much an art as a technique. It is a form of mechanics that does not immediately adhere to natural laws, but rather through codification. As an art form, it creates structures that contain the infinite. Its skill lies in performative embodiment and writing—it lingers in the grammar of notational graphism, exploring the lacunae around the edges and seeking bridges across the abysmal. It builds houses through theorematic articulations that function somewhat like holy scriptures: prose fitted into parables whose spiritedness must be received as quickness by the one who recites it. In the grammar of such notational graphism, speech (and its commitment to immediacy and presence) does not precede writing, it does not cease to occur amidst the latter. The edifying kind of speech, or *'erbauliche Rede',* that evokes a text's 'parabolic workings', has no natural initiation. It is a vernacular for which there is no innate mother tongue; it is acquired, and is literally an *'Umgangssprache',* a language capable of conveying the experienced handling and treatment of things. One becomes literate in such a vernacular only by practising *mathemata* (Greek for 'what can be learnt') and *mathematics* ('all that pertains to learning'). These are vernaculars that impart and teach, in a practical way, what is essentially impartial and universal, yet which require concrete awakening through practice and form. Such vernaculars are generated by writings whose motives may start out as worship, but whose ambition is to moderate their energetics into scholarship, sharing and documenting cultures of apophatic courtship that exhausts itself in cultivating a love for the absolute *in absentia*. The formality of such writing is not prose nor poetry, but rather the instructive and essentially formative form of treaties and commentaries. They cultivate the places and interstices across literary reason. Their effective and affective capacities act upon embodied thought that is receptive for it as if automatically. The *machinations* of tracts and commentaries can be tempered by any peer mechanic who projects its elements back, as the schematic logoi of a larger whole, of a cosmos. This

is the anonymous agency of a mentality that belongs to form itself, it is capable not only of engaging in imaginary dialogues, but also of cosmic imagination.

Imaginary Dialogues and Cosmological Imagination

How can such effects be projected to form a cosmos, how can the cosmic mentality of such an imagination be conceived? We can think of it as the mentality of form. To picture this 'mentality', imagine not a mind gazing at the stars, but the starry sky gazing back at a mind. Hence, imagine the intellect as it appears as one of the cosmos's own lights. The objective mode of thinking that emerges from such a projective optics keeps what it considers at a distance and in suspense. Because of this, it is also capable of feeling itself inside the image of the world rather than outside it. The mentality of such imagination is that of form because its reason sees law not as a command but as the silent geometry of appearance. The divine is attended to in its silence—the mentality of form imagines hearing the law's pronouncement speculatively, and speculates with a commitment to harmonics (receptiveness and praise, listening and song), while actively imagining through pantomime (crafting representations, enacting them). The cosmos is neither fake nor a copy; it is a model in the double sense of being both subject and object, both an example and exemplary. It is a figuration of what is attended to longingly in its absence, in full respect that its pure and impartial being can not coincide with any of its inevitably partial and mixed occurrences: each complete, and each to be comprehended by a perfective tense that does not make place in time but tempers the intellect in which its phenomena dwell.

Speculative Anatomy and Tomographic Analytics: The *Baugedanke* and the *Gedankengebäude*

In this vein, we can consider the tension that meteoric phenomena embody and release, as well as the way they absorb it, as 'arking' all of that in the projection of a totalising 'globe sky'. Architectonic elements carry motivic keys like pillars carry a roof. We can envisage this as the projection of a *Baugedanke* (architectural idea) that does not coincide with, but is correlated to, the *Gedankengebäude* (intellectual structure) that instantiates it. Both are connected projectively through an isometric grid that models the world by meridians and parallels that inflates the building to a global scale—the building becomes a miniature of the cosmos. The cosmos is mirrored parabolically, whereby its image is 'transcribed' harmonically and 'translated' mimetically. Mimesis itself is an art, as well as a technique, like

translation is in language. Impossible and yet it is what one does in fields one is not native to. Proficiency in mimesis depends on a pantomimic stance (holistic attention) that seeks to express itself whole in any particular projection. This stance assumes that the particular is not a 'fragment', a piece of a ruined and broken whole, but rather a tomographic cut of a projective whole that is respected as quick and alive. In short, it is an actively contributing participant in an architectonic whole.

And are not meteoric phenomena what expose the cosmos to its own climatics, so to speak? In practical and literal terms, tomographic scanning of symptomatic phenomena, often in the context of weather or health, can subject animate ideations of the whole (world or health, cosmos) to the objectifying 'logic' of a kind of speculative anatomy. In the logic of such scanning, we find the following formulation in the work of an architect who is practically proficient and theoretically interested in the art and technique of rendering images today: "The layering of multiple reconstructions, each derived from different computational methods and validated against different reference frames, transforms the final image into something far more complex than a simple observation."[05] This strongly resonates with the tension inherent in the temporal occurrence of Meteora phenomena, which the aorist tense helps us to grasp and which describes the depth that expands from such 'modes' of observation. "The image represents not what was seen, but what survived multiple trials of coherence; what remained stable across disparate frameworks of interpretation."[06] The occurrence of a simple yet complete event and its representation in a grammatical time form is not just a 'simple' act of observation;[07] it requires experience, versatility, skill, relaxedness achieved through embodied knowledge and internalised wisdom, and an alertness fostered by curiosity and a restlessness of spirit.

The presumption of achieving such an observation is significant. It lends a kind of 'gravity' to the apparent 'vacuum state' and inconsequential hallucinations of digital images. In terms of such speculative anatomy, tomographical analytics unfolds as a kind of world-making that is architectonic. It provides a methodical tripod for addressing the world: (1) as a planet, referring to the universal via celestial scales (being one among many bodies); (2) as a globe, referring to the active act of taking the planet into consideration; (3) as an earth, referring to the informational and material scales of the planet as a singular, geophysical body.

If a *Baugedanke* and a *Gedankengebäude* are correlated, this correlation can be understood as an observation that is far more than 'simple' in the aforementioned sense. It is neither symmetrical nor asymmetrical. It is a correlation that can be identified, even methodically—that is to say, occasionally and singularly, but through a methodical process that develops in response to the event without being properly prepared or equipped for it in each particular case. This initial inadequacy

creates the drive that puts a correlation under tension and holds it together. Here, method and performativity are not fused; aspirations are inevitable. They keep a knot objective, they facilitate for a mechanics to treat its 'making'. Instead of unity of action, place and time, there are motifs that are gathered together into spelt-out dispositions. Architectonic pillars carry the tension between necessity and freedom: Upright, proportional and rhythmic, the pillars obey an invisible geometry, striking a balance between accountability and ambition, receptivity and agency. They seal a pact with nature by defining the interval that holds everything together. The pillars accommodate a threshold between techné and art, convention and decorum, construction and cosmic order—*Gedankengebäude* and *Baugedanke*.

05 Syed Muhammed Adil Bokhari, *The Digital Observatory, Imaging Architecture in the Age of Artificial Intelligence*, PhD Thesis ETH Zurich, 2025, 38–39.

06 Ibid.

07 This is also noticed when Sabine Haupt says, about the motif of 'flesh' reappearing in contemporary literature, that at stake seems not only *"banale Medienpolemik oder um eine der zahlreichen, konjunkturell auftretenden und willkürlich inszenierten Literaturfehden. Womöglich geht es—das mag pompös klingen, doch ich glaube, es trifft zu—um Bestandteile der politischen bzw. ideen- und mentalitätengeschichtlichen Großwetterlage. Um jedoch die sich hier polemisch kreuzenden Diskurse in all ihrer Komplexität zu verstehen, müßte man verschiedene hermeneutische Schlüssel miteinander kombinieren. Historische, politische und soziologische Aspekte wären ebenso zu berücksichtigen wie poetologische und psychologische."* In Sabine Haupt, "Schrift—Bild—Fleisch. Über An- und Abwesenheiten in der Texttheologie Peter Handkes mit Seitenblick auf Botho Strauß und Georg Steiner," in Hans-Georg von Arburg, Michael Gamper, Ulrich Stadler (Hrsg.) *'Wunderliche Figuren'. Über die Lesbarkeit von Chiffrenschriften* (Wilhelm Fink, München 2001, 137–161) 137.

Cosmos and Its Climatics: *Entwurf* in Method, Method in *Entwurf*

Such methods of figuring things out through speculative dispositioning work mechanically, but they are not automatically 'productive'. They rely on correlating introspective contemplation and gazing with disjointed extroverted speculation. These methods maintain a balance between interiority and exteriority. They are not purely 'poetic' either—they require an understanding of the underlying narrative and an ability to immerse oneself speculatively and experimentally within it, in order to foreground phenomena that remain in a state of suspension— phenomena that are 'weighty' with the significance of 'secrets'.[08] Methods in *Entwurf* are not ones that one can simply follow through on the basis of familiarity. They involve guidance by intuitions and inklings, and they forge new paths. They are guided by intrinsic aims relating to the compound of agency-method organonicity—the particular instrumentality of this object-subject couple that moves together and is more than a mere agglomeration. This compound motion does not proceed without aim or without an idea; rather, it needs to

clarify things as it goes along. Methods in *Entwurf* are constructive, but cannot be realised by plan. The paths they open are exodic; they provide divinatory guidance when trying to find a way through the interstices along the edges.[09] These methods are extraordinary and unconventional; they are followed blindly, but through a kind of listening, one can determine one's whereabouts while searching. The transport that these methods are capable of depends on instruments and is driven by the aspiration to uphold the 'strive' —the strive that strikes one's emotional chords, the architectonic *'Gestimmtheit'* that connects cosmos with its climatics.

The tomographic observation in terms of speculative anatomy involves methods that explore what it means to live up to and follow through with a *Baugedanke* in each case. But how can one know when to stop and arrive at an 'image' that encompasses all the scanning motion? How can one tell when things are 'clear' and rationally ordered? This kind of observation is an act of witnessing. It directs its gaze afar, but also seeks to accommodate what it experiences, bringing it back home and fitting it within the vastness of a *Weltanschauung* (world view) such that it feels comfortable. Such observations are journeys of analogous and adventurous ratiocination—they must project themselves into a *Weltanschauung*, only to step out and leave it behind a thousand times, until everything involved sits adequately in a manner that fosters vivid coexistence. Architecture cannot lay the foundations for its planned steps on rational grounds of common denominators and established principles, as if building were a problem of construction only. Building and construction, planning and execution need to be articulated in chiastic ways that engender an embodiment—if there is no linear process from plan to execution in architecture, it is because such exodic methods of design proceed by involving notational placeholders. The architectonic forging of correlations capable of accommodating a *Baugedanke* in a *Denkgebäude* entails detailing a *Denkgebäude* that can do so.[10] This process involves a noetics through which ideas emerge from *Stimmungen*—intuited ideas that 'lie in the air', ready to be crystallised and essentialised like perfume. Thinking that strives to articulate these ideas takes cues by reaching out beyond what its own and proper mentality can draw up or recollect from within itself: in this sense, *Entwurf* involves metaphysical gestures that seek to acclimatise to the Meteora—not properly in touch with the firmament on high and not properly firm on the ground below.

08 In the new material sense of the word, *stoffliche Sekrete*. Cf. Vera Bühlmann, Felicity Colman and Iris van der Tuin, "New Materialisms: Quantum Ideation across Dissonance" in *Methods and Genealogies of New Materialisms*, edited by Rosi Braidotti, Felicity Colman and Iris van der Tuin (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2024) 1–26.

09 I elaborated on such a notion of method in "Vicarious Architectonics, Strange Objects. Chance-bound: Michel Serres' Exodus from Methodical Reason" in Maria Voyatzaki (Ed.), *Architectural Materialisms: Nonhuman Creativity* (Edinburgh University Press, 2018), 267–292.

10 Cf. on this motif Markus Breitschmid, *Der Baugedanke bei Friedrich Nietzsche, Dissertation der Technischen Universität Berlin*, 2000, https://webdoc.sub.gwdg.de/ebook/diss/2003/tu-berlin/diss/2000/breitschmid_markus.pdf (09.11.2025).

Ratiocination. Thinking with an Architectonic Body

Thinking with an architectonic body articulates its own stance through gesturing. Through this, our bodies seek to establish a connection between our internal experience and the external environment in which the experience occurs. *Entwurf* is also about finding 'tunings' through a kind of gesturing with a body of thinking acquired through the methodical engendering of a *Baugedanke* and a *Gedankengebäude*—an organon. This involves embodying acts of ratiocination,[11] purposeful, self-conscious and deliberative reasoning used to determine how something can be the case. Ratiocination maintains intimate affairs with the topics it concerns itself with. It is more about actualisation than realisation. Unlike rationalisation—the disembodied cognitive processes that make something seem consistent with or based on reason through abstract legitimation—ratiocination involves an introspective, self-referential relationship with motifs and motivations. It is an experience-based mode of reasoning. There is no strict separation of belief and knowing in ratiocination; what facilitates it involves aligning and directing one's own inner motifs and motivations. Without such introspection, abstract rationalisation prevails. Such introspection is less a psychological and subjective effort and more an objective and mental act of observation—acts with no less precision and objectivity than extroverted observational thought. In other words, ratiocination keeps 'representation' in suspense. In the service of wisdom and truth, which cannot be revealed confrontatively, but only partially and through tactfulness and respect, ratiocination always considers the bigger picture. Ratiocination is architectonic because it knows how to maintain things in this way —it is based on an intimate acquaintance with things and draws on a body of knowledge as it is manifested in buildings. There is a meteoric anatomy to buildings in such vivid cultures of artifice—an anatomy that proceeds not only by dissection and intellection, but also by responding softly to various subtleties and degrees of appropriateness. As an anatomy, *Entwurf* involves the volatile and elusive scripting in terms of an inner sense, formed in imaginary dialogues and by a cosmological imagination that manifests itself in tomographic 'scripture'. Buildings collect traces (ichnography), but they come into existence by remembering what they index. Architectonics involves poetics; it dramatises these traces speculatively and methodically (scenography) and involves grammar and canonics to awaken and interiorise some of the wealth of experiences that have already been made,

cherished and codified in buildings. A framework for understanding this persistent entanglement is through his concept of isomorphism, where translation between domains operates not through direct correspondence but through preserved structural relationships that enable navigation across incommensurable systems.[12] The dispositional quickness at stake in this anatomy allows us to proceed by structural isomorphism, cryptographic transcriptions and metaphorical translations worked out apophatically in respect of an absent primal text. Visual and textual elements are in effect conceived together, interlaced with one another.

All architectonics needs to do is what it principles. These are catalogued in treaties and commentaries as if they were stars in the sky, with patterns, constellations, motions, rhythms, repetitions and schemata being contemplated.

11 Not only is it the notion Vitruvius uses in his characterisation of architecture as *theoria* and *fabrica*, it is a well established term in relation of knowledge cultures that dwell in wisdom, cunning and embodied 'experiencedness' (acquired proficiencies, literacies). Cf. Winnie Sung, "Ratiocination", Asian Journal of Philosophy (2002, 1:45), https://philarchive.org/archive/SUNR-6v1 (09.11.2025).

12 Michel Serres, *The Parasite*, trans. Lawrence R. Schehr (Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore 1982).

Courtship in Suspense: Principles and Pillars

Pillars open space because they not only dramatise the play between light and shadows, they also hold the tension between gravity and light. Columns are embodied forms of time, they incorporate and organise a percolative mechanics of time's flowing and passing. In this respect, they resemble mythical figures, such as Sisyphus, Kairos, Aphrodite, Gaia, Hermes and Hestia, who also embody time cyclically. They inhabit the time in whose formation they participate. However, unlike mythical figures, columns do not dwell in conspiration with the absolute. Pillars cultivate a love of a point that remains outside. Unlike Atlas, the mythical figure said to embody the law of the lever and carrying the weight of the globe on his shoulders, pillars experience their desire for the absolute in suspension rather than action. They adore this external point; they worship the unfounded, absurd and abysmal through it. Columns simultaneously suspend and tend towards this love. They court it. Pillars are fundamental to architecture, but artistic beginnings exist through 'forms' that do not coincide with the beginnings of architecture. The arts distil feelings into forms, which architectonics then catalogues as principles. Pillars that open space build upon and employ such essences as 'distillations'.[13] The separation of the two beginnings, those of architecture and art, is the distinction between belief and reality, and the emphasis on the sacred as opposed to the profane. Architectonics involves thought moving along the edges of this distinction.

It transforms worship into scholarship and communal places of study. Columns honour this impossible love by providing the means to construct sky globes.

Although the Archimedean mechanics of the lever can suspend the globe's weight, it is architecture that gives this suspension elegance, tact, firmness and constancy. Like knights serving nobles in the feudal system, pillars serve the principle of this mechanics.

13 Siegfried Giedion, *The Eternal Present, Volume I: The Beginnings of Art* (Princeton University Press, 1962) and *The Eternal Present, Volume II: The Beginnings of Architecture* (Princeton University Press, 1964).

Sanctifying Time, Nuptials of Nomos and Physis

In this sense, architectonics is committed to the ancient relationship between nomos (νόμος) and physis (φύσις).[14] Physis refers to nature, or that which exists independently of human convention or decision. It implies what is innate, universal and necessary; how things are by their very nature, like fire burning; physis refers to uncontrollable forces with which one can find accordance. Nomos, on the other hand, means law, custom or convention—that which exists by human arrangement. It encompasses the laws of the city, social norms and moral codes that have been established through habit or agreement. The interplay and tension between the two lie at the heart of classical philosophy, politics and ethics. In this context, architectonics was considered the art of governance. It was the art of harmonically tuning the wielding of forces. It was considered an art as well as a technique. It acknowledges that the two are not commensurate with one another—there is no common denominator that can rationalise their relationship without something being left out that cannot be accommodated. However, nomos and physis were not regarded as being in stark opposition or conflict. Rather, it was a matter of minding the (Pythagorean) comma[15] by proportioning things, reasoning analogically, and finding adequate means for a given situation. As the art of governance, architectonics focused more on steering a ship than on building and establishing an order from scratch.

The unity of the interplay between physis and nomos began to fracture when this distinction was used to challenge moral and political traditions. Protagoras emphasised that human institutions and values arise through nomos—agreement—not nature: 'Man is the measure of all things'. Antiphon, on the other hand, argued that physis is more fundamental than nomos because laws vary by city, whereas nature is universal. He even suggested that obeying nomos could conflict with one's natural self-interest. At the other end of the spectrum, Thrasymachus (in Plato's *Republic*) claimed that justice serves the strong because they dominate the weak by physis. In one

way or another, nomos became associated with artifice and provided fertile ground for both coercion and doing good. Physis represented truth, providing reasons to legitimate both conservatism and freedom. Both Plato and Aristotle strove to reconcile the fractured unity within their philosophy. Plato considered that nomos needed to be rooted in physis because it manifests the nature of the good. Commitment to nomos can therefore nourish virtuous conduct through education, he considered. Aristotle refined this idea by emphasising *phronesis*: practical wisdom by which one determines how to act virtuously in a given situation, acting in a way that is both genuinely beneficial and appropriate overall. This approach considers that some justice is natural (kata physin) and valid everywhere, while other justice is legal (kata nomon) and dependent on local customs.

14 Cf. Felix Heinimann, *Nomos und Physis. Herkunft und Bedeutung einer Antithese im Griechischen Denken des 5. Jahrhunderts* (Verlag Friedrich Reinhardt, Basel 1965).

15 I elaborated on the importance of this for artistic studies in "Methods, and the Comma: Mathematics of Human Knowledge" in Joke Brouwer, Sjoerd van Tuinen and Rogier van Reekum (Eds.), *Technological Accidents, Accidental Technologies* (v2 publishing, Rotterdam 2023), 82–117.

What Is an Architectonic Act?

Now, let us see how this constitutes the 'objective but tempered mentality' of what we can call 'an architectonic act'. Neither sovereign nor subjective, the agency at stake unfolds as a logic that requires literacy. It is a *logicial*, a notational mixture that chiastically crosses topical calculi and characteristics. This *logicièl* is similar to a particular 'applied logic', almost in the sense of programming languages, but not quite. It is an ensemble of instructions and schematic logoi that can be interpreted and acted upon mechanically, computationally. However, it should not be reduced to this. If it represents an organisation of knowledge, it does so as just one constellatory optic among countless others. While it neutrally represents a systematic order of itemised knowledge, it also embodies the codification of such itemisation in a particular manner. The treaties that display them catalogue a stock of wisdom. Any pure formalism would render this interesting peculiarity, which pertains to both Meteora phenomena (which are essentially 'kept in suspense') and the aorist tense, which provides a grammatical tense form that encompasses time in its entirety, for which every event is an occurrence of something singular and complete, and which nevertheless subjects the events it grasps to the a perfective tense. The notion of time such occurrences involve is time in its massive materiality, from which eventualities crystallise and occur like the phenomena of the weather.

The 'architectonic act' is therefore an ethical act, whereby an act must be considered as freely willed (and not the result of necessity, coercion, reaction or mere passive or

operative enaction). While an architectonic act does not reject a mechanical treatment of logoi, it regards the catalogued principles as a source of wisdom rather than mere rules. It does not reduce this stock to formal items. Instead, it interrogates the catalogue categorically, seeking to identify the most primary elements among those with which it is familiar and which it oversees as catalogued. Categories entail more than definitions; they are also constitutive of a public domain and the orderings that articulate it. However, categories cannot be reduced to administrative sorting devices with different classes readily at hand; they maintain a pact with the axiality that the law embodies. They come into play to help make distinctions wherever a situation is out of bounds and violence has occurred. Categories mark the intersectional places of a witness, which are constitutive of introducing scissions and 'stepping in' to matters that do not properly concern them, while maintaining a footing in metaphysical grounds. An architectonic act examines the stock of wisdom that a logician keeps, and considers its constellations for patterns that might not only be useful, but also helpful. This architectonic act is driven by a kind of secular faith that trusts somewhat irrationally but firmly, like an apothecary: relaxation from the inevitable tensions arising from 'things kept in suspense' can be found in this objective stock of wisdom. It is the same faith that an apothecary has in alchemy—acknowledging that sinister sides belong to the bright ones; that there is no wellbeing without pain, no health without death, and no good without evil.

Such action is also attracted to things kept in suspense, as if they were secrets. However, rather than breaking the seal that keeps them secret—as if conquering the gates of a fortress in an act of theft or starting a revolution against established orders—the architectonic act withholds its own agenda. It categorically interrogates the cryptic stock of wisdom. It seeks to penetrate appearances, not to expose an underlying truth, but to discover resonances with motifs that it deems not entirely clear yet recognises as invariant. What remains invariant is elusive, but can be noticed, indexed and represented discreetly through tactful notations, placed adequately in constellations that let light shine through the veils of mediating schemata. The eventual and somewhat unforeseen 'leaking' of these 'secrets' is not entirely accidental, but still surprising—hence the eureka feeling that accompanies mechanical invention.

Schematic Words Interrogate Dianoetically

Schematic words are articulated in an apophatic mode by way of negation. However, like in diplomacy, they proceed via a set-up of double duplication, a spiral path that characterises

cosmological imagination. This path seeks to keep ideations tuned involutively with intuitions rather than unfolding them to act as representations. This spiral pathway involves a 'negative' pole that is transcendental to a particular situation, yet immanent to the auxiliary structure of the spiral. The element of the auxiliary —literally what comes to help— is 'silence'. It cannot be 'made', more adequately one could say 'it sets in', or 'it takes in on things'. The apophatic via negativa takes into account an essential unrepresentability with respect to the whole (or the divine) that cosmological imagination considers *actively*. This imagination does not negate the divine and the law; rather, it provides the condition for thinking of them cosmologically—as a vivid order that manifests through absence. Cosmological imagination is not primarily a philosophy of mannerism and modal metaphysics because this would overlook the embodied nature of architectonic thought. Unlike those, it involves a doubly duplicated 'modality' characteristic of chiastically intertwined, embodied thought. Interrogation provides dianoetic glimpses through the veils—*interrogare* literally means lending a hand without any guarantee that it will be 'enough'.[16] Both the inside and the outside with respect to the vehicle or vessel, the place of thought occurring, is strictly bound to the immanence of the thinker's mentality—but this immanence is quick, alive and changing,[17] exposed to the elements, the weathers and the daylight. It is not the ideality of a subjective persona, but a schematic ideality of objective transcendentality woven into the very fabric and structure of the world as it presents itself.[18]

Architectonic acts of imagination share a similar stance to negative theology, which traditionally affirms that God is beyond all names, images and concepts. They 'radicalise' this stance philosophically,[19] transforming it from a religious doctrine into a method of thought—a discipline of recognising that every image, law and word gestures beyond itself. Architectonic acts involve metaphysical gestures performed by objective, impersonal bodies of thought. Like all vivid bodies, they are sexed bodies. The cosmological imagination that characterises them involves chiastic relations between what can be shown and the unspeakable, between what can be said and the invisible. Negative theology becomes cosmology when the absence of a divine legislator frees order to appear as form without centre. In this case, the silence of the divine becomes the resonance of the cosmos. When we listen for the silence of God rather than trying to 'answer' it, what presents itself in lieu of a transcendent music of the spheres are 'things' as they appear in caustic patterns, tempered by suspension and withholding, so that law persists as an immanent measure rather than a transcendent command. This way of thinking recognises the silence of the divine as the condition of the world's harmony.

We can think of this double-duplicated mode of negation as being in pact with a kind of objective chance—traces of

an *occasio* tiptoeing on the surfaces of spheres. This is an element that is never at rest amidst all the familiar regularities; it is impossible to grasp and is 'moody'—neither 'well-tempered' nor 'mean' (in the sense of average). This notion of chance does not seal itself off from ratiocination; it is not impenetrable to reason. When the silence of the divine becomes the resonance of the cosmos, chance must be accommodated as acting impartially—it seeps in and out, never fully revealing itself nor completely disappearing. The architectonic act is opportunistic in the sense that it conspires with this element of chance, which lingers around the edges of familiar places.

16 Latin *interrogare* "to ask, question, inquire; interrogate judicially, cross-examine," from *inter* "between" + *rogare* "to ask, to question," apparently a figurative use of a PIE verb meaning literally "to stretch out (the hand)," from root *reg- "move in a straight line," (https://www.etymonline.com/search?q=interrogare, 09.11.2025). Cf. Also Maurice Merlau-Ponty on philosophical interrogation in *The Visible and the Invisible*, trans. Alphonso Lingis (Northwestern University Press, 1968).

17 In the manner of Leibnizian monadology treated architectonically, that is subject to rendering it through its mathematical models, as suggested by Michel Serres, *Le Système Leibniz and its Mathematical Models, Stars, Schema, Points* (PUF Paris, 1968).

18 Cf. Anne Crahey, Michel Serres: *La mutation du cogito, genèse du transcendantal objectif* (Editions universitaires: De Boeck Université, Bruxelles 1988). https://archive.org/details/michelserreslamu0000crah (09.11.2015), also Vera Bühlmann, *Mathematics and Information in the Philosophy of Michel Serres* (Bloomsbury Academic, London 2020).

19 Cf. on this the oeuvre of Massimo Cacciari at large, especially *Icone della Legge* (Adelphi Press, Milano 2002) and Metafisica Concreta (Adelphi Press, Milano 2023).

The Mentality that Hosts Cosmological Imagination

To think what kind of mentality hosts this imagination, one must suspend the modern distinction between mind and world. This mentality is not consciousness, but a disposition of attunement. It is contemplative (1), not in the sense of passivity, but in the sense of *theoria*—a way of looking that allows things to reveal themselves. It is the mind's readiness to mirror the rhythm of the world. It is analogical (2) in that it perceives correspondences between earthly and celestial, legal and aesthetic, human and cosmic phenomena. Architectonic methods therefore move between theology, mathematics and art because they assume that truth appears in figures of resonance rather than in isolated propositions. Furthermore, this mentality is non-sovereign (3): it does not 'possess' truth; rather, it is possessed by the order of appearances. It acknowledges that law, form and meaning are beyond its control. This is why the privileged body, as well as the absolute it courts gesturally, cannot be one's 'proper' body or statement. It is musical and mechanical (4): harmony, rhythm and modulation are categories of cosmology, which it transcribes tomographically into geometric form. These articulate a body of thought in terms of faculties that can be inhabited. No one can exhaust

the capabilities of the faculties, as they leak like sources that are not origins, but rather wellsprings, upsurges. To imagine cosmologically is to understand how difference sustains unity and how intervals make order possible.

The Dispositional Faculties of this Mentality —Capable of Making Room and Furnishing Stanzas

To inhabit this mentality rather than merely describe it, a few orientations are helpful: Think cryptographically, rationally and analogically rather than substantively. Law, truth and existence are concepts that require discretion—be creative with the methods of discretion. Notations determine the contemplation of notions. They provide the screen through which things appear. Think visually and aurally simultaneously; think of images as silent speech and the canvas as a screen. Aspire to speak silently when observing things by considering what the witness would advocate in a given situation. Silent speech addresses the composure of images not only in the present, but also in the past and future (the aorist tense form). The law to which it pays tribute is not only the word, but also the form. Cosmological imagination joins seeing and hearing—it 'reads' the visible as resonance and annotates what it comprehends graphically. Think beyond dominance, but respect mastery. Cosmological imagination is not about control; it is about active reception and receptive activity. It involves being taught by appearances and being open to what the world shows us. Think in terms of thresholds. Every cosmological idea is a limen—a limit that opens up new possibilities. The mentality that hosts it must dwell in paradox: between finitude and infinity, form and formlessness, and law and freedom. Think impersonally. The cosmological imagination dissolves the ego. The 'I' becomes an eye—a place where the cosmos reflects itself. Consider Nicholas of Cusa's concept of the 'eye that is seen by what it sees'.

The faculties that organise a body of thinking are meteoric; their skeleton consists of pillars that embody metaphysical principles, relating firstness to lastness. These pillars create space by holding the tension between gravity and light in a cascading manner. They manifest nomos and incorporate measurement. They create intervals and differentiate modes, manifesting apophatic distance while maintaining an active relationship with their own actions. They articulate rhythm and order thought, manifesting and embodying the architecture of form. They reveal by catching light and making the invisible visible; they manifest and incorporate icons as physis. They open frames of space by creating possibility; they manifest and accommodate the dynamics of thought.

The 'mentality' that hosts such imagination is therefore ascetic and negative. It withholds speech; it does not rush to declare what being means. It waits for what appears, treating attention as a spiritual practice. It speaks in perfective tenses of what is already complete and embraces imperfection: just as an icon is not God in its entirety, so too is each figure, law and word a broken shard of an absent order. It loves form without idolatry; every form points beyond itself. This is the mental discipline of the apophatic: loving the visible as a place where the invisible becomes almost perceptible, yet never captured.

In such philosophical architecture, the apophatic is the structural void—the space that holds the edifice together. Just as the light in Gothic cathedrals depends on the emptiness between the stones, the architecture of such *Entwurf* depends on silence as a principle that lets the geography of law (territory and nomos) collapse into exile—a space of absence. The cosmology of law (constellatory order and networks) also arises from this absence; the silence becomes structure. This is mirrored in the architecture of thought—a building suspended over a void, sustained by the apophatic interval. This void is not nihilism. Rather, it is what enables law, image and being to manifest. These modes of thought represent an impersonal thinking that is both rigorous and devotional, philosophical and liturgical. This allows us to think of law without theology, but not without the sacred; order without sovereignty, but not without mastery and measure; image without idolatry, but not without beauty; and pronouncement and answerability without resignation to a mission. The silence of the divine is incorporated by the pillars, it gives measure for this way of thinking—it keeps imagination cosmological rather than merely ideological and contemplative rather than primarily political. Cosmological imagination lends itself to the construction of a listening architecture for the apophatic mind: a cathedral made of echoes, in which each word of law resonates only because silence sustains it. In this sense, cosmology is not an avoidance of speaking about the divine; rather, it is the architectural condition that enables any veiled, accentuated, proportionate speech about the absoluteness of law, cosmos or beauty.

Architectonics in Five Motivic Keys

Johann Gottfried Lambert began the "Vorrede" of his *Anlage zur Architektonik: Theorie des Einfachen und des Ersten in der philosophischen und mathematischen Erkenntnis* (1771) with the words: "What I am presenting here under the

title of a rudimentary basis of architectonics is in no way intended to render other similar writings superfluous."[20] The remarkable feature of his book is that it is about theory but refuses itself to the theoretical 'meta'; there is not a hint of an expectation that a book is clear, originary and concise when it makes other books that treat the same theme flawed, void and vain. His proposal is to mathematise metaphysics, in a manner in which the meta becomes elementary, and is everywhere and always already involved when attended to through *theoria*. In architectonics, the relationship between books then is more akin to that between musical compositions, works of art and literary texts: of course there is composition, metrics and structure involved, but a work would never claim integrity in deeming others that went before superfluous; it succeeds when it is capable of inventing a voice that speaks with, through and amidst the voices of others. Negation and also summation are methodic here, not representational. While both are compositional, the symphonic quality of a talk is not methodical but describes an aesthetic quality. It comes from a text's commitment to a silent telos—Michel Serres speaks of a "self-sufficiency" of things —that transcends all voices in particular and can tune them musically.[21] It is not achieved by method alone, it is a quality that can occur but with no guarantee, an architectonic beauty that lends rhythm, elegance, grace and tact. The distance that is constitutive of all theoretical ventures is not just an external, extensive distance; committed to a physics that respects a certain self-sufficiency of things, architectonic thinking also lends a measure of 'distance' to the mentality from which it arises. Lambert concludes this paragraph: "The entire work can be regarded as a thoroughly new re-examination of the basic principles of metaphysics, the likes of which will undoubtedly be undertaken by others in the future." If his book refuses itself to the 'meta' it is because it commits itself to the mathematical reality of the auxiliary in a not merely technical but also ethical (samaritan) sense of the word.[22] We can title the first paragraph [1] of Lambert's guide to architectonic thinking with a motivic key we found in it: "In the Auxiliary: the Rudimentary Basis of Metaphysics in the Surge of Time".

If the first paragraph introduces itself to the polemic meta by celebrating an aspectuality domain that is physical, not representational, by respecting light sources in the plural as constitutive for architectonic beauty, the second paragraph adds the casting of differently angled interplays of light and shadow. "The order of the presentation of metaphysical and other doctrines is linear; that is to say, the nature of language dictates that concepts, like words, follow one another in a simple sequence."[23] Order is at stake in theory, but it belongs to the presentation and not to the absent reference whose presentation a text evokes. Order, as it is at stake in architectonic writing, is the order of a display. As with electronic media, the nature of language is modelled isometrically; a grid is introduced through which grammaticality of one tongue lends itself to silent conversations in imaginary dialogues. In cosmological imagination, many scripting tongues contribute to the capacity of the grammatical order without claiming to represent its impartiality fully. This stills the motive force of its syntax, the rhythmic motion of arranging things in the embodied 'tactfulness' of this grammar. Rather than teleology, there is teleonomy at work: a nomos, or law, that exceeds the statement of it in form. Forms contract a transcendent purpose with an immanent nature. The nature of language (the essence of language as law) is evoked but not identified; it is respected but not represented. It is modelled like a mechanic models nature: inventively and partially, but also faithfully and in calibration with experience. The law does not dictate, it is the nature of language which dictates. And the architectonic writer seeks to hear law speaking through its 'dictates' and respond accordingly. The aim to teaching others restricts itself to the aorist mode of sharing the bearing of a witnessing act: how something in itself 'complete' rejoices when addressed in the temporal aspectuality of a perfective tense in the auxiliary. Nothing more, nothing less. Teleonomy dwells in wisdom; wisdom distinguishes itself from knowledge in that it maintains an ethical sense of gratitude: it knows that what it comprehends does not originate in its own mentality alone; it grows from being in touch with, and responding to, a 'truth' that remains cryptic and exceeds it. If, for such an approach

to the nature of language, text is written mechanically, this is not in the sense of aiming at control, but of resourcefulness. In Greek, *mechané* precisely meant this: to fashion something resourcefully and cunningly, shedding light from many angles. Writing conveys ideas, but it also forges the 'displays' that can host and accommodate them publicly. Architectonic texts are theoretical in that they 'screen' treatments of ideas through words. Architecture acts like such a text, stating and evoking an absent reference like a screen that receives, filters, and emits composed plays of light and shadow, brilliance and obscurity in a fashioned exposure to time's percolative flows. Lambert elaborates: "Therefore, however, it is inevitable that sentences which belong together for other purposes are scattered according to the particular purpose of the presentation, so that, in order to bring them together, one must choose an entirely different order." Let us therefore title the second paragraph [2] with the following motivic key: "Order: A Presentation is Furnished for a Purpose".

The third paragraph goes on to address 'display' and 'screening' as part of the forging process. "Since the first elemental notions of knowledge can be combined and brought together in countless ways, it is not surprising that several fundamental doctrines have appeared. Each author takes their own path, and the differences lie more in the order and choice of expressions than in the subject matter itself." This polyvocality does not imply relativism; it is not equality that renders the voices peers. Rather, it is the inexhaustible dynamics that characterise metaphysical concepts in the mindset of an inventive mechanic: "However, one can always be better than the other. Moreover, there is no shortage of complaints about the shortcomings of metaphysics, so anyone who wants to think about it themselves should find enough material *[Stoff]*" Lambert continues.[24] The mechanic's area of expertise is leveraging balances. For them, dichotomies embody cyclical motions; the negativity and positivity of their poles express no moral judgement. They enact the eversion and involution of one pole through the filtering of its maximal opposite. If in the apophatic stance, a divine legislator frees order to appear as form without centre, analysis of dichotomies can employ form to partition

by angles, not by linear branching. Order freed to appear variously in the scales of rotational partitionings opens up a play of both difference and differentiation, variety and variation. Modulation not merely immanent to a default state; a default state, when suspended in the order it appears to represent, is subject to statics (mathematically speaking all that pertains to the achievement and tempering of 'states'). Like this, it is also receptive to what enters its articulation by circumstance and chance. If the order of a presentation is linear, it is because the line displaying it is summational; it both summons and sums up the motion in action, step by step, phrase by phrase and paragraph by paragraph. It invents ways to keep 'contained' what it summons. The order of presentation both dictates and listens; it poses questions and finds answers by grouping words together and submitting them to a particular treatment. More akin to an irrigation system that draws on given groundwater by mouthing and circulating it, texts in architectonic writing are subject to time as something that introduces beginnings wherever it seeps away or surges up or down through the strata where its earthly cycles collect. Metaphysical concepts direct us to the surface of the earth, where kinship and familiarity pertain to mutual commitment in the auxiliary and are not innate, but acquired through *theoria*. As Lambert says, "Several metaphysical concepts are so broad in scope that one must have encountered and recognised them in many and very different cases before one can say that one knows them precisely."[25] He continues with a circumspect impulse: "No matter how well one may know them, it is difficult to teach them to others with the same precision, unless one places them in exactly the same circumstances and guides them through all the necessary cases for precise determination."[26] Assuming that knowledge dwells in wisdom and that architectonic order is an order of display rather than representation, the gap that separates embodied, experience-based 'knowing' from sharing it and giving it (and its power) away from one's own 'belonging' must be considered. Being well familiar with something is not enough to also teach it. There is an unbridgeable symmetry break in general. Where it can be bridged, writing plays a role. In this sense, let us title the

third paragraph [3] of Lambert's "Vorrede" to his *Anlage zur Architektonik*: "Mechanics of Machinations: Responses to the Nature of Language".

The next paragraph introduces a particular schematism of logos as a working code of sorts for tomographic analytics: "From this, one understands how easy it is to learn words without learning their notions. Aristotle, for example, left us with the word, but not the concept, that he called 'entelechy'. Similarly, the first person to use the word 'substance' may have had something significant in mind. We know how much some of his successors, such as Descartes and Spinoza, missed the actual notion. Similarly, the word 'form' has become overloaded with ambiguities, making it difficult to rediscover the metaphysical concepts originally associated with it, especially since some of the accompanying concepts are also significant." With such a schematism that straddles words and mechanics on one side (major scales, exteriority) and intuitions and imagination on the other (minor scales, interiority), we can now maintain a distinction—a separation that cannot be bypassed, manifesting both as 'gender' and as 'sexuality' of words—between concept and notion. Let us therefore title the fourth paragraph [4] accordingly with a motivic key: "Metaphysical Concepts: Discovering the Notions Behind Words".

Let us follow Lambert in his "Vorrede" one more step and consider the next paragraph, in which he applies these outlooks introspectively to his own role and project. Lambert writes, "Considerations of this kind prompted me to conduct my own investigations, and I can call them my own investigations in the strictest sense." The responsibility Lambert attributes to the architectonic thinker, who mathematises how metaphysical concepts allow for discovering the notions behind words, is an ethical one rather than one of authority. Let us remember, it is not law that dictates (it is silent, to be respected only apophatically) but the nature of language through whose grammatical rule the architectonic thinker listens for the voice of the law he cannot hear. It can be witnessed when a symphonic quality sets in and unifies eventualities that each for itself must count as complete and singular. In the aorist tense, events are complete yet

receptive in their tempers to attention. They are capable of jubilation and delight, revealing both through gracefulness, elegance and tact. Lambert thus describes how he proceeded: "I wrote this work in 1764, shortly after arriving in Berlin, with no other metaphysical books to hand other than Baumgarten's *Metaphysics*." [27] He shares the wisdom he gained from dedicating himself fully to it: he explains how he discovered its limitations by putting what he found there to the test through his own experiments in learning to experience what the book was describing. He elaborates: "Baumgarten's compendium became increasingly useless to me during my research. Baumgarten provides definitions of his ontological concepts and not much else." [28] By calibrating what he found in this one book with a telos that he initially believed he shared with the author whom he studied, he became familiar with the book's limitations for what he was seeking. The question is not about agreeing with arguments or following the reasoning in terms of its consistency. Rather, it was a question of missing respect and weak integrity. Both showed in the book from its mode of conveying by the text alone in terms of definitions, concepts abstracted from the experiences they are to codify. Concepts were merely cited to lend legitimacy to the theoretical generalisations. Lambert elaborates the 'symptomatics' of his diagnosis: "Moreover, for the most part, only individual words are defined, rarely the concepts contained in entire idioms. I was also left with the question: where do the concepts come from, how does one arrive at them, and what is their ultimate purpose? I had to explore this myself." [29] In the best sense of the word, Lambert's guidebook has become a mapped place for him to start pursuing his own travels and explorations. Refusing itself to the argumentative and polemic 'meta' by favouring the philosophical and mathematical approach, theory is to concern itself with principles and elements (*das Erste und Einfache*) because it is never merely about refining and co-administrating what the maps have already charted and organised. If every great thinker stands 'on the shoulders of giants', as the proverb puts it, it is because they have contributed to the stock of wisdom too, by conveying modes of witnessing invariant eventualities in

their novelty in the first place. For Lambert, respecting this meant setting out to face the dangers implicit in such quests (exploring metaphysical concepts) on one's own. He realised that moving from the schemata of words to formulating definitions for them not only eclipses the schematism which in the auxiliary one inevitably draws from and treads on, it also entails bypassing the notions that would animate the dianoetic interrogation of ideas. Let us phrase the motivic key from the fifth paragraph [5] accordingly: "Defining Words Means Bypassing Their Notions".

Lambert's overarching project of teaching architectonic writing as the mathematisation of metaphysics, to which the work presented in this book is also committed, seeks to correlate a dual hinging of concepts, once in notions (the divine, law) and once in notations (nature of language) without the two merging into a single ultimate ideality that could be represented. We have followed Lambert not even one full page so far, of a book that organises several hundred. Page by page, after the "Vorrede" all there is presented is one *Hauptstück* (main or capital piece) after another. There is no hierarchy among them in the presentation, even if there is the dictate of sequence in the presentation. Lambert's *Anlage* catalogues principles and modes of elementarisation like an early astronomer catalogues the stars in their constellations. Like them, Lambert's architectonic will accordingly forge observational instruments in all his *Hauptstücke*—instruments that are tools, useful instruments, but always also musical instruments, instruments that are of help not in a consumptive but in a consummative, a spiritual mode. Concretely we have the universal calculus to be played and tempered in scores through the scales of characteristics whose metaphysical status is equally universal as that of the calculus, the latency of high dimensionality through scalarities forged by abduction from iconicity, and so on. It is not possible to explore this in more detail here. But to conclude, let us take five motivic keys along from the presentation in this article:

1

"In the Auxiliary: the Rudimentary Basis of Metaphysics in the Surge of Time".

2

"Order: A Presentation Is Furnished for Purpose"

3

"Mechanics of Machinations: Response to the Nature of Language."

4

"Metaphysical Concepts: Discovering the Notions Behind Words"

5

"Defining Words, Bypassing Their Notions"

20 Johann Gottfried Lambert, *Anlage zur Architektonik: Theorie des Einfachen und des Ersten in der philosophischen und mathematischen Erkenntnis* (Riga, 1771), here cited from https://www.deutschestextarchiv.de/book/show/lambert_architectonic01_1771 (last accessed 8 March, 2026). Translations here and in the following are mine.

21 Cf. Vera Bühlmann "Silent Words, Speaking in Tongues. Architectonics and Style," Angelaki, 29(4), 108–119 (accessed 8 March, 2026); also cf. Michel Serres, *Musique*, Paris, Le Pommier, 2011: "I have been trying to construct a physical culture in which philosophy and works of art move of their own accord away from the black hole that attracts collective relations and, with literally superhuman effort, come together with the formation of things, of world time, of climate chaos, with the trembling and birth pangs of living beings, of our global dwelling, only later, eventually, to join the calls of people separated from one another. Before our voices, the cries of the living, the noise of things." (77)

22 "Assisting, giving support," hence "subsidiary, additional," c. 1600, from Latin *auxiliaris* "helpful, aiding," from *auxilium* "aid, help, support," related to *auctus*, past participle of *augere* "to increase" (from PIE root *aug- (1) "to increase"), from https://www.etymonline.com/word/auxiliary (accessed 8 March, 2026).

23 Lambert, ibid.

24 Lambert, ibid.

25 Lambert, ibid.

26 Ibid.

27 Lambert, ibid.

28 Ibid.

29 Ibid.

Seasons
01-12

Studio Meteora

2019–2025

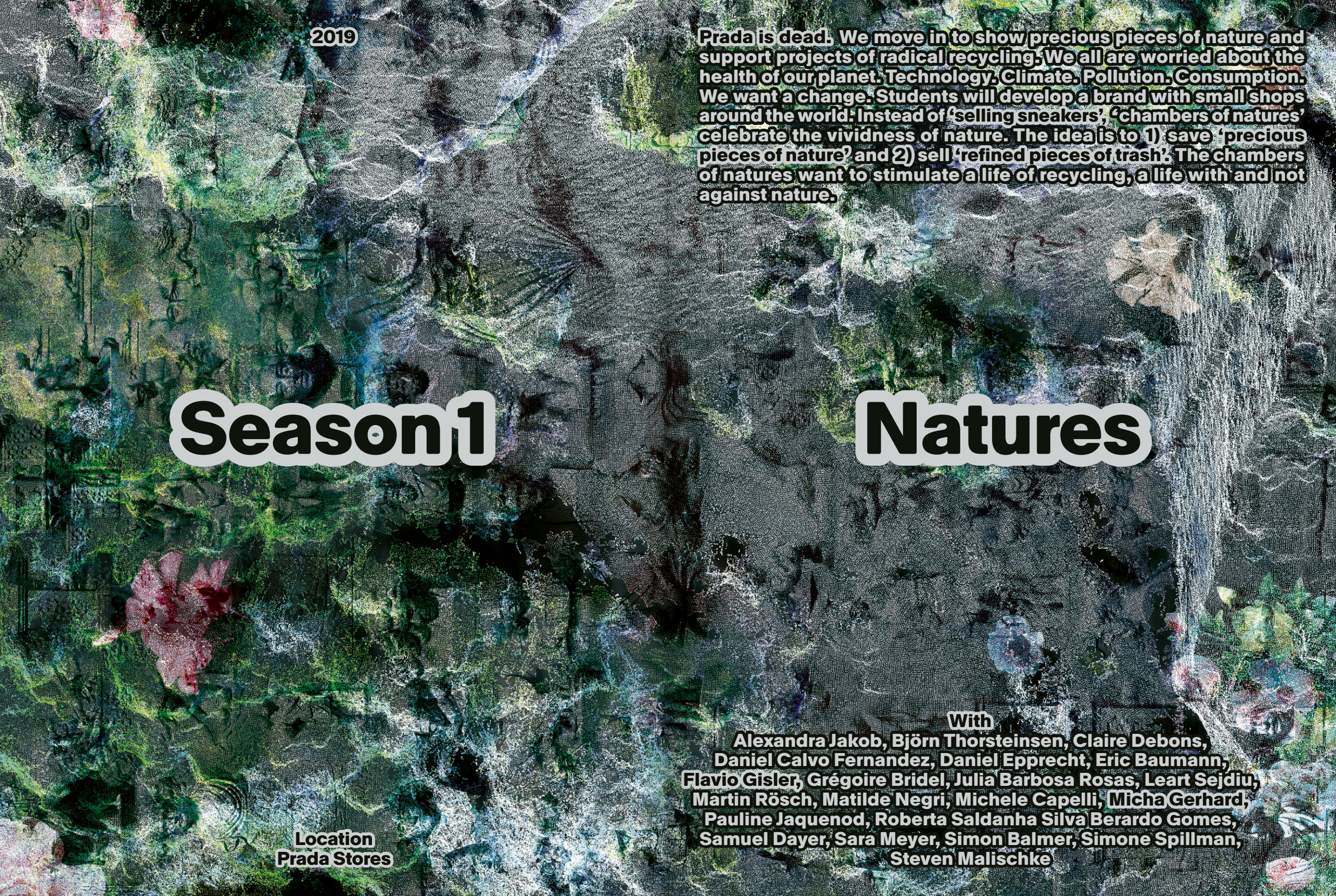
Studio Meteora runs in seasons, like a television series. Each season begins with a big question, and twelve weeks later the world looks a little different. Meteora projects are snapshots, not a summary. They do not claim to represent everything that happened in the studio, but stand as characters in relation to many others at a particular moment in time: with their own ambitions, range, and voice.

Each project is a performance, a vivid thing. Architecture here is not limited to drawings and renderings—though those are present and fundamental. It also lives in the spoken word, in the way a proposal is defended and shared, in the posture of the student standing before an audience. Every element carries weight. For those who wish to experience the presentations in full, they are available at meteora.ch.

Studio Meteora operates from the conviction that architecture concerns the whole world, and so each project is conceived as a miniature of the world it inhabits. Every season is anchored by three elements: a global topic, a location, and a client. Together, these define the architectural task—typically a reimagining of a building or a city-scale intervention. Within those constraints, each proposal becomes something distinct: the voice of a student.

The work unfolds over twelve weeks, divided into three episodes that repeat each season. The first is devoted to text—to writing, to language, to the constitution of an idea in words: a broad conceptual exploration. The second turns to images: mood boards and a video trailer that tells the story of a project much like a pitch—a sharp and focused articulation. The third is a 'stage play', where architectural elements are located, scaled, and sculpted, and where everything comes together in a public performance. Each season, each episode, each week is an iteration: a sculpting of the same proposal across different media. Turbo recycling.

Studio Meteora is, at its core, a research design studio. These are research projects, and that distinction matters. The studio's premise holds that we live in a moment of profound informational excess—that big data has become a global mess, powerful and at times destructive, while the familiar contours of the world dissolve as everything becomes connected and loses its individuality. From that flood, a digital 'continent' is emerging, one that contains everything we know. That is where this research is positioned. That is where this work begins.


2019
Prada is dead. We move in to show precious pieces of nature and support projects of radical recycling. We all are worried about the health of our planet. Technology. Climate. Pollution. Consumption. We want a change. Students will develop a brand with small shops around the world. Instead of 'selling sneakers', 'chambers of natures' celebrate the vividness of nature. The idea is to 1) save 'precious pieces of nature' and 2) sell 'refined pieces of trash'. The chambers of natures want to stimulate a life of recycling, a life with and not against nature.
Season 1
Natures
With
Alexandra Jakob, Björn Thorsteinsen, Claire Debons, Daniel Calvo Fernandez, Daniel Epprecht, Eric Baumann, Flavio Gisler, Grégoire Bridel, Julia Barbosa Rosas, Leart Sejdiu, Martin Rösch, Matilde Negri, Michele Capelli, Micha Gerhard, Pauline Jaquenod, Roberta Saldanha Silva Berardo Gomes, Samuel Dayer, Sara Meyer, Simon Balmer, Simone Spillman, Steven Malischke
Location
Prada Stores



ICARUS

ICARUS sells a personal falling light. This spectacle is brought to life by a controlled deorbiting in time and space of a satellite.

by Flavio Emanuel Gisler

Icarus

There was a time when you found yourself in a place where the impression of great antiquity was joined by others: the impression of endlessness, the sensation of oppressiveness and horror, the sensation of complex irrationality. You had made your way through a dark maze, but it was the bright city of the immortals that terrified and repelled you. A maze is a structure built purposely to confuse men; its architecture, prodigal in symmetries, is made to serve that purpose. In the palace that you imperfectly explored, the architecture had no purpose. There were corridors that led nowhere, unreachably high windows, grandly dramatic doors that opened onto monk-like cells or empty shafts, incredible upside-down staircases with upside-down steps and balustrades. Other staircases, clinging airily to the side of a monumental wall, petered out after two or three landings, in the high gloom of the cupolas, arriving nowhere. [1] This place is so horrific that its mere existence, the mere fact of its having endured, pollutes the past and the future and somehow compromises the stars. [2] Within all this a 'garden of light' was created between two concrete walls [3]. This is where in despair a gift has been given to you by love. A gift that should change everything. You rose from the impasse towards the light and what you found is a life of bliss like that before the fall, of eternal youth [4]. But with bliss comes abyss. You fell to the end of your existence and what I want to tell is the thing you have never seen. Thus it takes on an unexpected prophetic dimension. [5]

the light touch. [6]

A last lonely candle wandered up the sky. [7] At first you see only one tiny glowing object, but then a multitude of stars. [8] They floated, fell: they faded [9] in gold glowering light [10] but that night, in that glow, it was the very image of your death. [11] Though for me, watching you fall in light, it is much more than this, approaching an existential experience and attitude: the attitude of loss of reality, of experiencing reality as a dream, a totally de-substantialized flow of fragile and ephemeral appearances, in relation to which I am not an engaged agent, but a stunned passive observer observing my own dream. [12]
Similar to moments in which, in a particular emotive situation (an hour of the day, an unexpected event that suddenly fixes our attention on an object), things appear to us in a new light. They do not refer us to a beauty outside themselves, they do not call up any 'correspondence': they appear, simply, with an intensity that was previously unknown to us. [13] And this beauty is beautiful for the very reason that the power of thought cannot inquire of it why it is beautiful. [14] As everything changes when presence is no longer the primary consideration. [15]

reminiscence

The dream you gave remains. I am writing to you from a far distant place where we have created images that do not move, in which light becomes static and time becomes timeless; a world of the immortals. To do so we have launched thousands of times a satellite towards the light. In this world we lost the mysterious (which describes that which is unknown and excites curiosity and perhaps awe) and with it we have lost beauty as we are not looking for a static and harmonious beauty, but a dynamic one, in the process of becoming. [16] One we can feel!
Now all those satellites that rose up high die and form a dark maze in which they collide and divide into pieces. But from time to time when they [have] nearly disappeared in their orbits [17] they fall. Many of them of great beauty and to you unknown [18] crystalline slivers, as if some glass lamp had shattered to bits and come raining down from the sky [19]. We would see some object coming at us from the depths of space, flitting about like some bird [20]. Then they'd be lost maybe forever in the dark, empty void. [21].
And I would ask myself; was it you? Did you fall from heaven? [22]

ephemera

_part I
_
_within the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele
_light from above, reflection by the ground reveals dark and round
_there, where four symmetrical ways appear, a sphere
_here, below the dome, where it is closest to the ground, four stores' doors surround it,
_and one of them is ICARUS, an auction house
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_welcome
_within ascension to the gallery of the galleria
_there, a door, that opens as the leaves slide aside, reveals the sphere's inside
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_darkness deprives scale - illusive
_components reflect and redirect
_dull sounds from below
_where they design and orchestrate the spectacles in place and date
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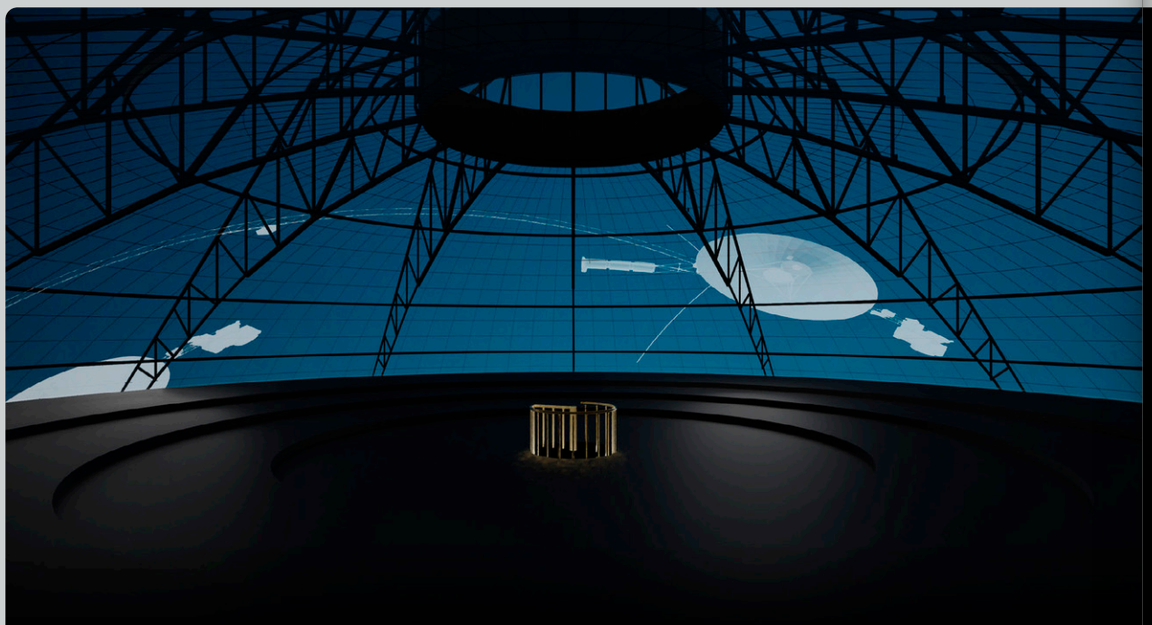
_stairs orbit towards the top



_here twice a year an auction takes place where they sell the satellites in space
_one after the other, they are shown on the display of the dome
_sold to those with most, so they bid and sweat
_as of those who come, only some get one
_for those who win to take home at the end for now
_a small glass plate engraved with the chosen place and date
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_part II
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_a possibility
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_outside - below the upcoming night at the place and date
_a temporary structure for the feast, for the moment of sight
_at first excess and dance
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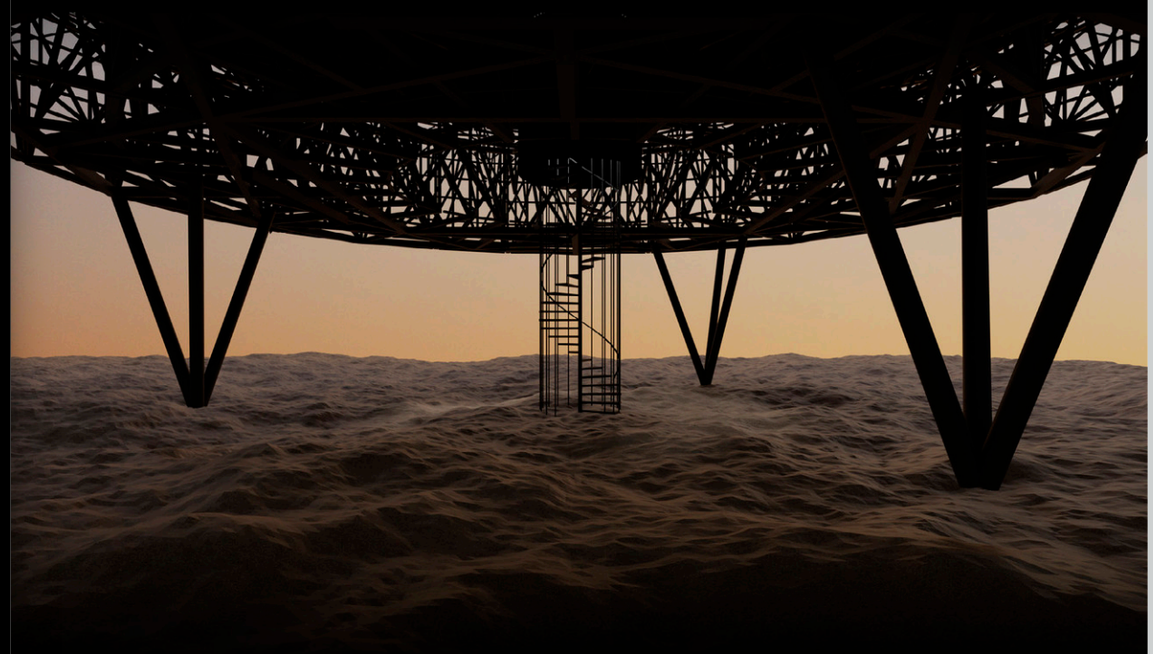
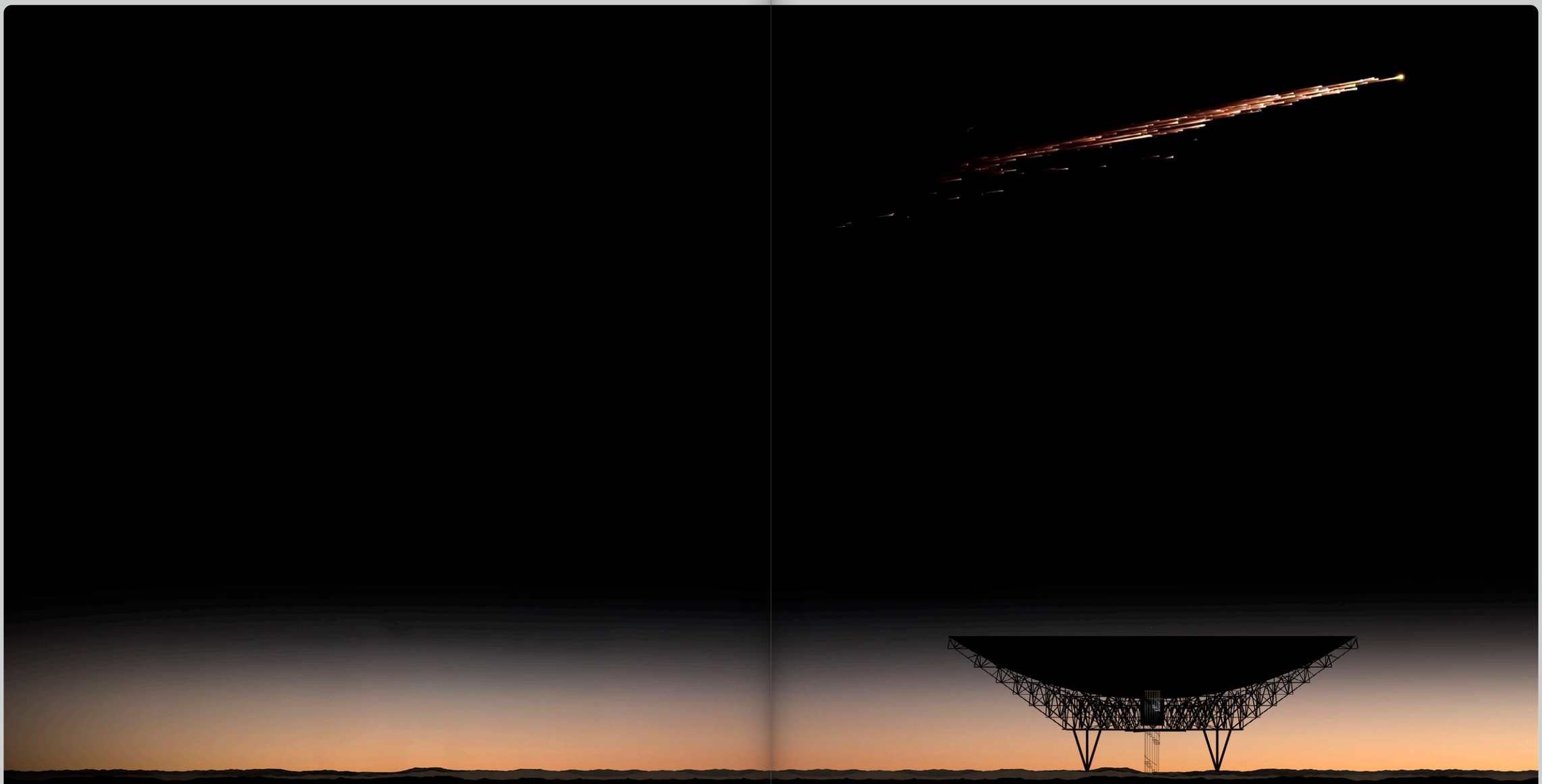
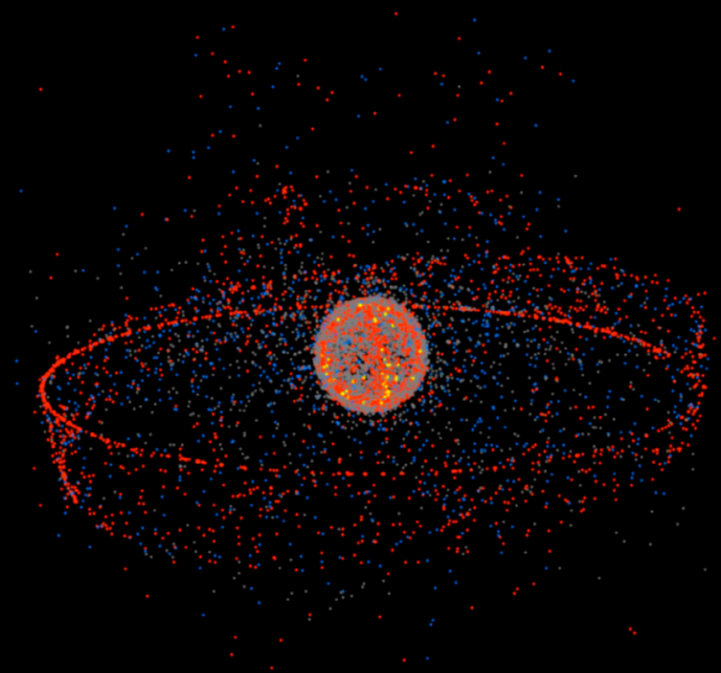


_turn off the light
_and nothing to see but heaven in the “palace of me”



And I would ask myself; was it you? Did you fall from heaven?





[1] Borges, *Collected Fictions* [2] Borges, *Collected Fictions* [3] Ito, *Tarzan in the Media Forest* [4] Harrison, Wood, Gaiger, *Art in Theory 1648-1815* [5] Žižek, *Less Than Nothing* [6] Joyce, *Ulysses* [7] Joyce, *Ulysses* [8] Žižek, *Less Than Nothing* [9] Joyce, *Ulysses* [10] Joyce, *Ulysses* [11] Eco, *The Name of the Rose* [12] Žižek, *Less Than Nothing* [13] Eco, *On Beauty: A History of a Western Idea* [14] Harrison, Wood, Gaiger, *Art in Theory 1648-1815* [15] Serres, *The Five Senses* [16] Eco, *On Beauty: A History of a Western Idea* [17] Hugo, *Les Misérables* [18] Eco, *The Infinity of Lists* [19] Eco, *The Infinity of Lists* [20] Eco, *The Infinity of Lists* [21] Eco, *The Infinity of Lists* [22] Hugo, *Les Misérables*

1. Excess and Loss

Skyphos offers luxury oracle readings by analyzing digital trash.
We are digital hoarders; our memories pile up outside ourselves. As memory aids grow, our own memory fades.

2. Remembering and Forgetting

Forgetting is part of remembering. In the past, people forgot first, then remembered. Today, we try to remember everything — and end up forgetting. Most of our data floats between being useless and strangely precious.

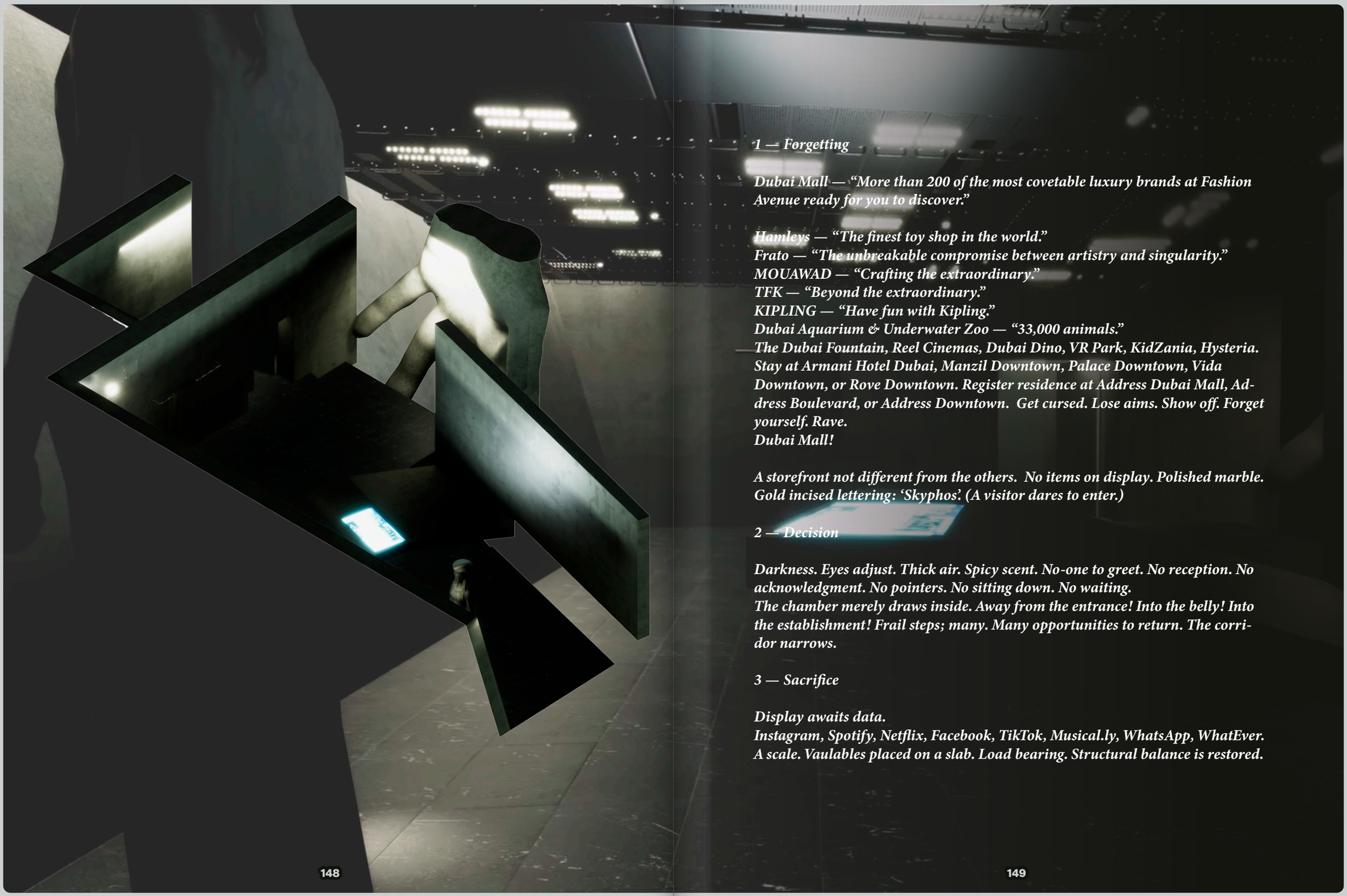
3. Memory and the Future

Memory is a creative act, reconstructed in real time. Imagining the future works the same way. As we externalize memory, we lose the creativity that shapes both memory and dreams. From someone's data, you can glimpse their future.

scan for more content

SKYPHOS

Micha Gerhard



1 — Forgetting

Dubai Mall — "More than 200 of the most covetable luxury brands at Fashion Avenue ready for you to discover."

Hamleys — "The finest toy shop in the world."
Frato — "The unbreakable compromise between artistry and singularity."
MOUAWAD — "Crafting the extraordinary."
TFK — "Beyond the extraordinary."
KIPLING — "Have fun with Kipling."
Dubai Aquarium & Underwater Zoo — "33,000 animals."
The Dubai Fountain, Reel Cinemas, Dubai Dino, VR Park, KidZania, Hysteria. Stay at Armani Hotel Dubai, Manzil Downtown, Palace Downtown, Vida Downtown, or Rove Downtown. Register residence at Address Dubai Mall, Address Boulevard, or Address Downtown. Get cursed. Lose aims. Show off. Forget yourself. Rave.
Dubai Mall!

A storefront not different from the others. No items on display. Polished marble. Gold incised lettering: 'Skyphos'. (A visitor dares to enter.)

2 — Decision

Darkness. Eyes adjust. Thick air. Spicy scent. No-one to greet. No reception. No acknowledgment. No pointers. No sitting down. No waiting.
The chamber merely draws inside. Away from the entrance! Into the belly! Into the establishment! Frail steps; many. Many opportunities to return. The corridor narrows.

3 — Sacrifice

Display awaits data.
Instagram, Spotify, Netflix, Facebook, TikTok, Musical.ly, WhatsApp, WhatEver.
A scale. Vaulables placed on a slab. Load bearing. Structural balance is restored.

Bathing suits off the racks and on; dressing gowns on; a pair of sandals from the stand and on.
End of the chamber. A door. Heavy, double leaf.
Bodies push forcefully. A wing opens. Enough to slide through. Dry heat wave hits a face.

4 — Vestibule

The door slams shut. Chasmal expanse. Corners talk back with delay.
A glimpse of the blue. Skylight. Cloudless sky. Sharp rays. Raw shades. Overload.

Scarcely leafed bushes. Scatter. Animals. Scatter. Sand, Scatter.
Cloth, weaved. String, spun. Pole, anchored. Tent, shelters.
Fresh tea, instant. Deep breath, momentarily, present infinite. Time. Time's up. Go!

Massive Wall. Overgrown. Bending. Body follows, back to wall. Twilight. Mood shifts.





5 — Prediction

Large volume overhangs, head falls into neck. Eerie.
Opens, perforates. Corridor spirals upwards.

Humidity.
Gaze swings back and forth.
Unattended. Relief.
Relief mirrored in body of water. Weary.
Neck tingles. Heavy presence. Sockets roll upwards.

Oracle Speaks:
"Schoolgirls on bicycles wheel circles around me like a school of curious fish. I look into the big glass on the table next to me. I laugh, and then, all of a sudden, realize that the glass was a mirror, and that the figure I see is myself. Like the ghostly maws of fish with puckered mouth and dark eyes. The mirror in which madness, in an almost motionless movement, clings to and casts the word off itself. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver, a drug that itself prescribes its own dose. It alone can become, like the epic, a mirror of the whole circumambient world, an image of the age. In this world, it is we who are thermometers. And so we must build according to the temperature. All the parts of the roofing must be servilely copied in the gable."

Bench to sit on.
Mind throbs. Sweat pours.
Oppressive heat. Skin begins to burn.
Into the water! Splash. Fresh. A release. Descent. Volume.
Weight. Seconds. Ascent. Edge of the pool. A submerged slit.

6 — Connect

A crowd.

A middle-aged CFO sobs in a corner
A trial lawyer rejoices in the fog
An obese asset manager gesticulates in a niche
A young banker chuckles in the dark
An entrepreneur floats in the water
A vascular surgeon stares into the light

An old real estate agent gets up and leaves the chamber

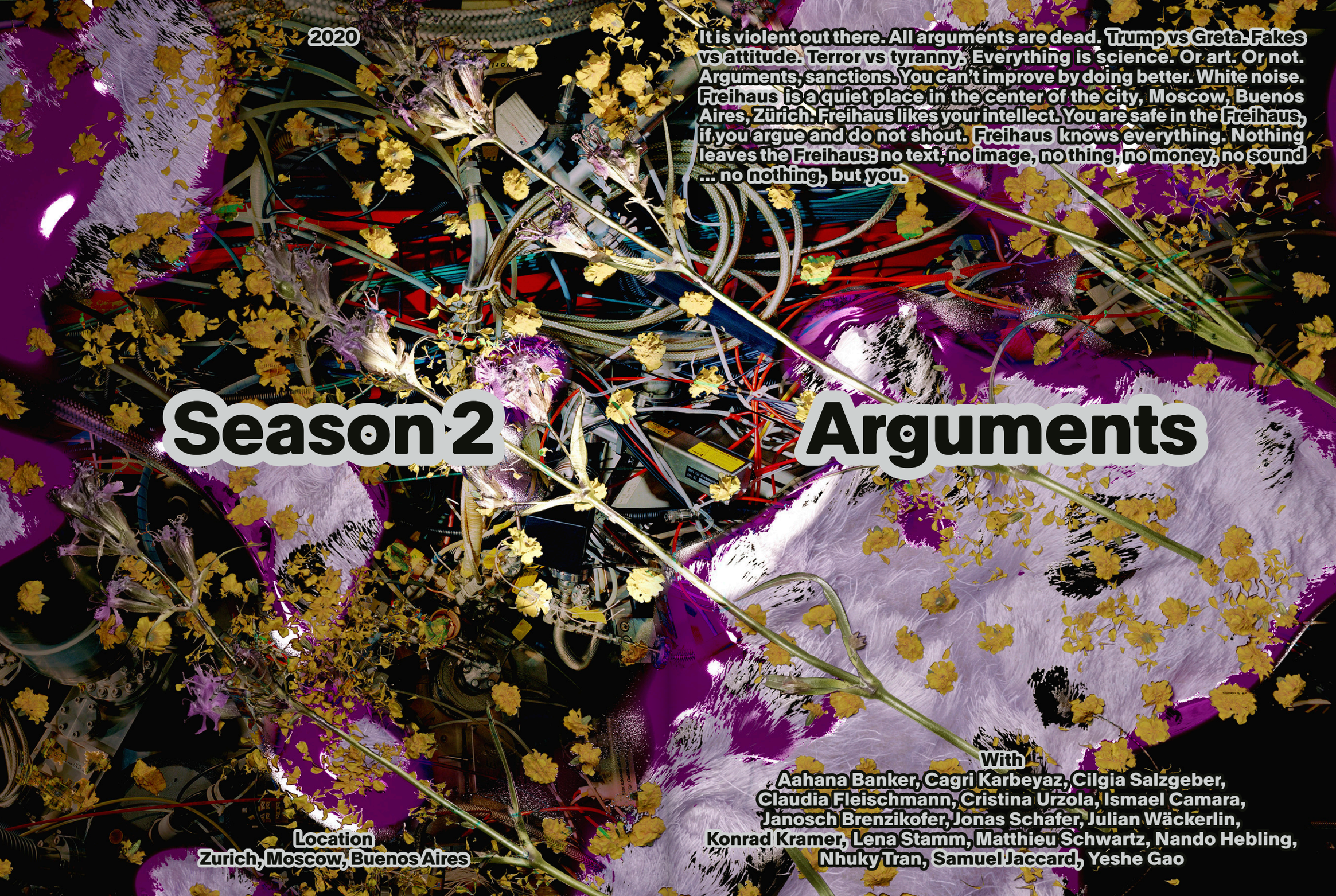
7 — Re-Member

Dubai Mall
A World to discover.
Familiar brands. Familiar scents. Familiar haircuts.

Many suits, many watches, many shoes, many jewels

To put oneself back together




2020
It is violent out there. All arguments are dead. Trump vs Greta. Fakes vs attitude. Terror vs tyranny. Everything is science. Or art. Or not. Arguments, sanctions. You can't improve by doing better. White noise. Freihaus is a quiet place in the center of the city, Moscow, Buenos Aires, Zürich. Freihaus likes your intellect. You are safe in the Freihaus, if you argue and do not shout. Freihaus knows everything. Nothing leaves the Freihaus: no text, no image, no thing, no money, no sound ... no nothing, but you.
Season 2
Arguments
With
Aahana Banker, Cagri Karbeyaz, Cilgia Salzgeber,
Claudia Fleischmann, Cristina Urzola, Ismael Camara,
Janosch Brenzikofer, Jonas Schafer, Julian Wäckerlin,
Konrad Kramer, Lena Stamm, Matthieu Schwartz, Nando Hebling,
Nhuky Tran, Samuel Jaccard, Yeshe Gao
Location
Zurich, Moscow, Buenos Aires



MONASTERY OF FOOLS

by Konrad Kramer

The world is contradictory.

In quantum science lies the "origin of this weirdness: [...] the duality of wave and particle." [1] "The nature of the pure state in quantum measurement [...] violates the first principle of classical logic, namely, the Principle of Non-contradiction (at most one outcome is true) but also the Principle of the Excluded Middle (at least one outcome is true)." [2] If there is anything but one truth in quantum measurements, can there be one objective reality?

Objective reality is what "can be universalized, and [...] thus by right is capable of being experienced by every-one, and hence 'scientific'" [3] However there is no objectivity, which "cannot be reduced to that interaction" [1] between 'everyone'. "That there are 'eternal truths' will not be adequately proved until someone has suc-ceeded in demonstrating that Dasein has been and will be for all eternity." [4] Objective reality is therefore rather intersubjective. Moral is based on intersubjective beliefs and agreements. But not all subjects are included in this intersubjective reality. "The public is wonderfully tolerant. It forgives everything except genius." [5]

Truth is a "project". [1]

Some fools decided to affirm their fate of being ignored and found a place like no other in the former Zunfthaus zur Meisen, Zurich. The Monastery of Fools for fools is a "void in the order of the cosmos." [6] As the fools don't conform to outside moral, inside is a space beyond moral, "beyond good and evil." [7] The Monastery of Fools is a place for contradictions. For every argument there is a counterargument. For every truth, the contrary is just as true. After all, "how does Truth differ from a World?" [1]

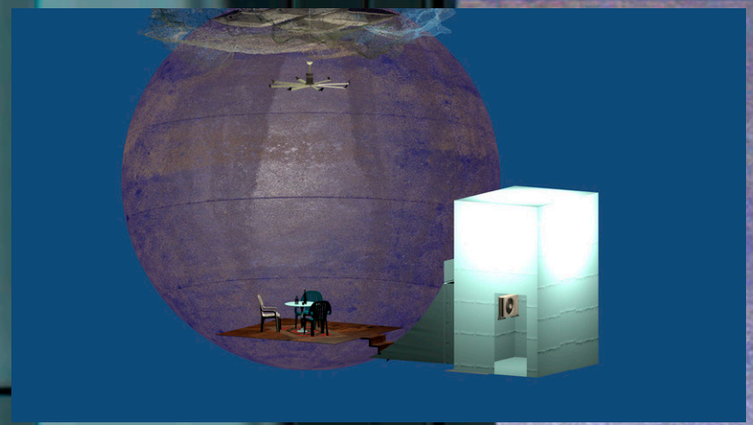


MYTH OF THE MAZE OF TIME

old man with dementia \ memory

passing the gate to the monastery of fools, the old man with dementia finds himself in a poorly cultivated garden. “plants quiver in the rising sun, almost like an animal which drinks in the breaths of cosmic love, [...] sprinkled on the damp earth, on the defaced statues, [...] flowers like stars, dew like pearls, beauty, life, joy, perfumes.” [8] after crossing the entrance bridge a bifrons janus statue welcomes any visiting fool demanding him to take off his shoes. barefoot, the old man with dementia begins the journey through the maze of time.

the maze of time talks of creation and erosion. what is still natural? what already artificial? the old man with dementia walks on a map of maps, but he is not able to memorize neither a starting point nor a destination. curiosity and premonitions are his only compass. “who raises the question of sense, is mad.” [9] passing around a corner, a statue of a young girl that is “only the flash of a dream, and is not yet a statue” [8] makes the old man halt. touching the statue, the old man has a flash of memory, a flashing trip into the past seeing himself when he was still very young. the sound of a piano, the scent of a rose or the beauty of a mossy defaced statue. the journey through the maze of time is a journey through one’s past.

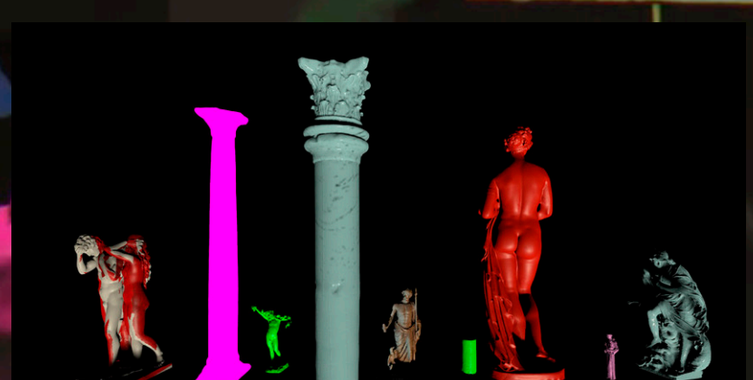


MYTH OF THE CAFE OF LONELINESS

lonely widow \ companionship
polygamist \ singularity

the café of loneliness is a silent gap between the confusions of the maze – "a vacuum in the order of the cosmos." [6] through a hidden hole, the widow enters the vestibule of the café. the widow takes an ice cold beverage out of the fridge and turns around the corner. entering the sphere full of nothing the widow feels the beauty and violence of loneliness at the same time. there is no corner to hide. the widow is thrown back on her voidness – feeling "like a punctuality to which all the world appears." [1] the café is unattended, no service, few visitors.

the widow passes hours on her plastic chair hoping for some other fool to come around. "solitude is the place of purification," [10] but a good conversation might fill her voidness and let her forget her exile for a while. at least the carpet and the wine give comfort in this sterile place. although the widow has met the polygamist a few times in here, today, the widow has no luck. the widow finds consolation in the memories of past laughter, talks and disputes.



MYTH OF THE CHURCH OF DISBELIEF

all fools (anarchist \ law, old man weary of living \ luck, racist \ humanism, ... among others)

the anarchist lawyer descends the narrow stairs of his column. he meets with the other fools for their regular afternoon debate session. the anarchist wonders what the others think about the latest tweets of donald trump. the racist might again share his ideas.

the church of disbelief is a sacral and ceremonial place like a church. the nuns and monks of the monastery of fools celebrate their shared disbelief that there is not one truth. instead of praying to one god, the fools believe in, and at the same time doubt, the plurality of gods. the church of disbelief is where all these gods meet. on the central island of stability, any taboo, any truth, any sin, any world is discussed. the statues are watching them, and looking at them can add new questions to the discussion. who is watching whom?

when the anarchist passes by the columns of maternal affection, narcissus and cain killing abel, he encounters the humanist racist sculpting his column of charity. they have a quick chat about what charity should look like and then join the other fools for another debate. as the fools affirm their contradictory nature, one fool might have many opinions on the same topic and does not care about it. in the end, a good conversation will not lead to a result, but might just add a new perspective, a new argument, a new world to a fool's very own truth.



MYTH OF THE CAROUSEL OF BLINDNESS

old man with dementia \ memory
blind girl \ visual plenty

after having opened all kinds of doors to different chambers, the old man with dementia still wanders around with no direction. behind one door turns out to be the corridor to the last chamber – the carousel of blindness. the old man with dementia spots his shoes he has left in the beginning. a play of colours at the end of the corridor make him approach the little entrance hole.

in the ritual of the carousel, time accelerates. when the old man enters the carousel, the ground starts trembling, the world starts turning. but everything is still where it was. bathing in the innumerable pixels, dreaming on the carousel of blindness, “man abandons the realm of senses, his soul falls prey to a kind of dementia.” [11]

the old man is washed from the sins he commited in the monastery. in the white noise the blind girl takes his hand, guiding him towards a black light. she explains about all the paintings of things she has never seen and the old man understands them intuitively.

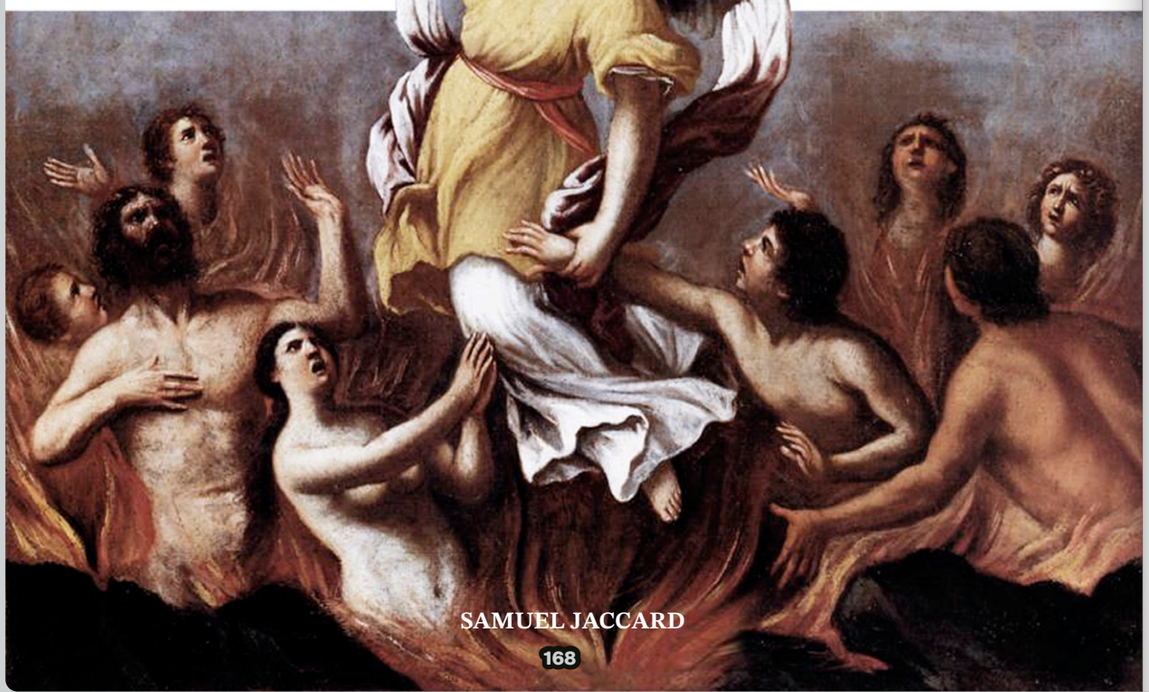
arriving in the dark, the old man loses her hand and stands in the dark, neither hearing anything, nor seeing anything. the old man with dementia regains consciousness, when a door opens up and light floods the room. the fool steps out the back door and finds himself in the streets of zurich again. did he learn the very essence of the monastery of fools? will he have a desire to visit it once more? nobody knows...

Quotes:
[1: Zizek, Slavoj, Less Than Nothing]
[2: Bühlmann, Vera, Hovestadt, Ludger, Coding as Literacy]
[3: Meillassoux, Quentin, After Finitude]
[4: Heidegger, Martin, Being and Time]
[5: Wilde, Oscar, The Artist as Critic]
[6: Brodsky & Utkin]
[7: Nietzsche, Friedrich, Beyond Good and Evil]
[8: Hugo, Victor, Les Misérables]
[9: Freud, Sigmund, general quote]
[10: Buber, Martin, general quote]
[11: Foucault, Michel, History of Madness]

Bibliography:
[Borges, Jorge Luis, Collected Fictions]
[Freire, Paulo, Pedagogy of the Oppressed]
[Fromm, Erich, The Sane Society]
[Castells, Manuel, The Power of Identity]

SANCTUARY OF THE DAMNED

You are to all eternity the evil, the horrible, the covetous, the insatiate, the godless; eternally also shall you be the unblessed, the cursed, the damned! **[1]** *And you will be damned and condemned if you confess, and damned and condemned if you do not confess, because you will be punished as a perjurer!* **[2]** *This is direct religion, which is full of anxiety and responsibility for him who attempts its steep cliffs* **[3]**. It is *the basis on which is constructed the power* (…) *to define and regulate all matters* (…) *on all the aspects of the life of those who consider themselves members. As a consequence, it is expected that the behavior of the members will conform to the tradition and the doctrine diffused by the institution and presented as* (…) *being the same for everyone everywhere* **[4]**. *Religions have established themselves on dogmas, the dogmas do not change* **[5]**. They leave no room for discussion, everything is already defined. You either follow the rules or you are damned. In the Freihaus, *the statement that everything has already been solved and that there is a ready-made answer to every question is no longer accepted* **[6]**. There *is no longer a matter of reflection, of probing* (…) *for right or wrong, but an uncertain project in abundance of potentials, a dance with analytic paradoxes* **[7]**. In the Freihaus, *the simple dichotomies are refuted* **[8]**. It is a place where one can express uncertainty; an asylum for the doubt. It is a refuge for discussing sin without fear of being judged; a Sanctuary for the Damned. Observe, question and discuss; these are the rules of the Freihaus. In this Sanctuary, *words still have power, they are the only remaining support, the last social reality* **[9]**. *These words speak of destabilization, deconstruction, dehiscence and, first of all, dissociation, disjunction, disruption, difference* **[10]**. They question *the spontaneous everyday "naive" notion of objective reality* **[11]** and might well be *injurious to religion and dangerously subversive* **[12]**, but they are necessary. The Sanctuary mediates thoughts and allows their expression. It is *the boudoir of religion* **[13]**. *Glazed surfaces extend between the curved and sculptural ribs of* the Sanctuary **[14]** and lead the Damned to its inner chambers. It is *so constructed that when the visitor approaching along the axis of the nave reaches the central vanishing point under the center of the dome, the perspectives "make sense"* as a sort of triptych whose three distinct chambers *form one coherent space* **[15]**. Each chamber differ in their essence and character when experienced individually but when looked at as a whole, they find themselves *reconciled into a single narrative or perspective* **[16]**. Walking through the Sanctuary, one *must be careful not to destroy freedom* **[17]**, for freedom here is presented *in such a way that, by definition, God cannot impose any restriction upon it.* The Freihaus *calls for a freedom capable of triumphantly overcoming* (…) *mere humanity, one capable of transhumanizing* **[18]**. Observe freedom, question religion, discuss sin; these are the rules of the Freihaus. If one follows these rules, *he who thought himself eternally damned, finds himself ecstatically involved in his own resurrection* **[19]**.



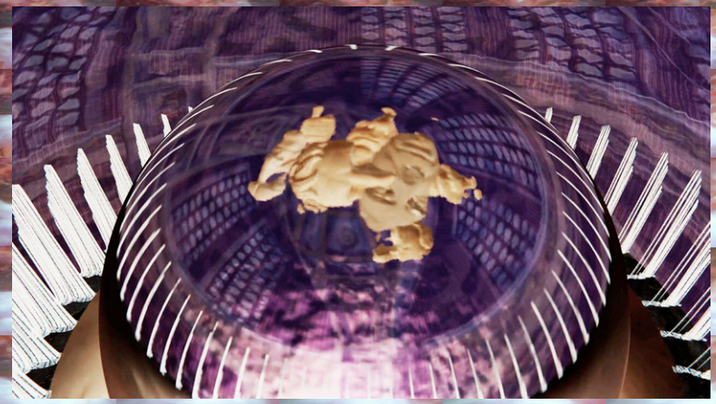
SAMUEL JACCARD



Agdistis
Ah Puch
Ahura Mazda
Alberich
Allah
Amaterasu
An
Anahita
Ananси
Anat
Andvari
Anshar
Anu
Ads
Aphrodite
Apollo
Apsu
Ares
Artemis
Asclepius
Athena
Athirat
Athtart
Atlas
Baal
Ba Xian
Bacchus
Balder
Bast
Bellona
Bergelmir
Bes
Bixia Yuanjin
Bragi
Brahma
Brigit
Camaxtli
Ceres
Ceridwen
Cernunnos
Chac
Chalchiuhtlicue
Chang Hsi See Heng-O
Charun
Chemosh
Cheng-huang
Cthulhu
Cybele
Dagon
Damkina
Davlin
Dawn
Demeter
Diana
Di Cang
Dionysus
Ea
El
Enki
Enlil
Eos
Epona
Ereskigal
Earbauti Fen
Flying Spaghetti Monster
Forseti
Fortuna
Freya
Freyr
Frigg
Gaia
Ganesha
Ganga
Garuda
Gauri
Geb
Geong Si
Guanyin
Hades
Hanuman
Hathor
Hecate
Helios
Heng-o
Hephaestus
Hera
Hermes
Hestia
Hod
Hoderi
Hoori
Horus
Hotei
Huitzilopochtli
Hsi-Wang-Mu
Hygeia
Inanna
Inti
Iris
Ishtar
Isis
Ixtab
Izanaki
Izanami
Janus
Jesus
Juno
Jupiter
Juturria
Kagutsuchi
Kartikeya
Khepri
Ki
Kingu
Kinich Ahau
Kishar
Krishna
Kuan-yin
Kukulcan
Kvasir
Lakshmi
Leto
Liza
Loki
Lugh
Luna
Magna
Mater
Maia
Marduk
Mars
Mazu
Medb
Mercury
Mimir
Min
Minerva
Mithras
Morrigan
Mot
Mummu
Muses
Nammu
Nanna
Nanse
Neith
Nemesis
Nephthys
Neptune
Nergal
Ninazu
Ninhurzag
Nintu
Ninurta
Njord
Nut
Odin
Ohkuninushi
Ohyamatsunni
Orgelmir
Osiris
Ostara
Pan
Parvati
Phaethon
Phoebe
Pilumnus
Poseidon
Quetzalcoatl
Rama
Re
Rhea
Sabazius
Saraswati
Selene
Seshat
Seti
Shamash
Shapsu
Shen Yi
Shiva
Shu
Si-Wang-Mu
Sir
Sirona
Sol
Surya
Susanoh
Tawaret
Tefnut
Tezcatlipoca
Thanatos
Thor
Thoth
Tiamat
Tianhou
Tlaloc
Tonatiuh
Toyo-Uke-Bime
Tyche
Tyr
Utu
Uzume
Vediovis
Venus
Vesta
Vishnu
Volturnus
Vulcan
Xipe
Xi Wang-mu
Xochipilli
Xochiquetzal
Yam
Yarikh
Yhwh
Ymir
Yu-huang
Yum Kimil
Zeus

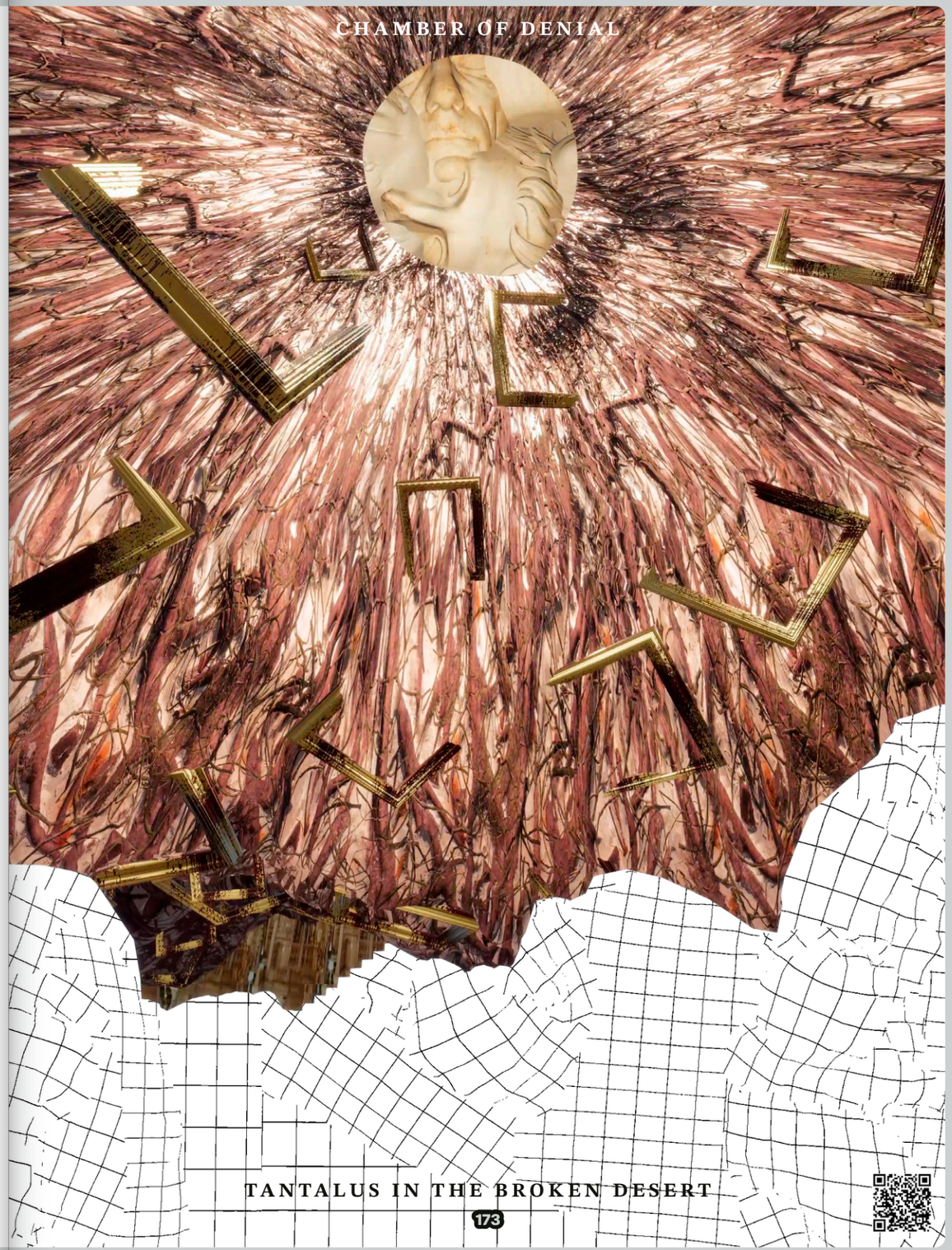
Sensuality is condemned; it is considered the *root of sin* [20]. Yet, *the everyday world is sensual* [21]. The first chamber confronts the Damned with their sensual nature. **The body to the body**. *The experience of the chamber is sensual, yet what is remarkable is how the experience challenges habits and suggests new ways of engaging the world* [22]. It offers *a new appreciation of sensuality, comfort, and the body—almost a* ***hedonism****, which challenges the mundane, the prosaic, the matter of fact rationality of religion* [23]. **The chamber is a bath**, presented as *a dematerialization of architecture in its ontological form and of a sensual experience* [24]. The bath becomes *a sort of* ***cathedral of pleasure*** *at the heart of the city, where the* Damned *can go as often as they want, where they walk about, pick each other up, meet each other, take their pleasure, eat, drink, discuss* [25]. *In* ***a complex ritual****, after wrapping themselves in golden towels, they ascend a staircase to an upper level where they enter a holy bath* [26]. *Its interior of enormous embossed marble columns appears* (…) *as the interior of a catafalque, embroidered with black, with pink and silver* [27]. The bath itself is *built of ivory, its* ***inaccessible purity*** *is still more emphasized* [28]. *The luxuriousness, the rich yet unified variety of surfaces and the* ***effeminate sensuality*** *of this architecture* [29] interact with the Damned. *The impressive visual and sensual effects of the sound, water, and light displays are the most effective demonstration of the chamber's intent* [30]; to question why they are here in the first place. In this chamber, *it is* ***possible for the soul to escape*** *from its sensual bonds and from its awareness of itself and to sink for a moment, motionless and unconscious, into the bath* [31]. ***Surrender to sensual impulse*** *is here represented as necessary to prove the freedom and inwardness of the mind* [32]. *Along with the spatial praxis* (…)*, the sensual architectural reality is not experienced as an abstract object already transformed by consciousness but as an* ***immediate and concrete human activity*** [33]. *For it is only by recognizing the architectural rule that the subject of space will reach the depth of experience and its sensuality* [34]. The Damned *are thus* ***bathed in another light*** [35].



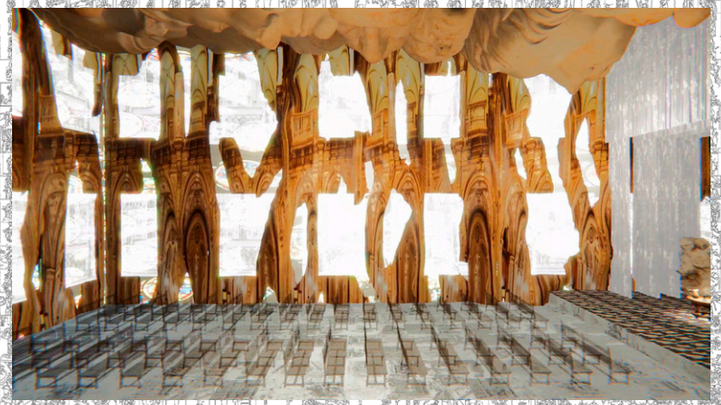


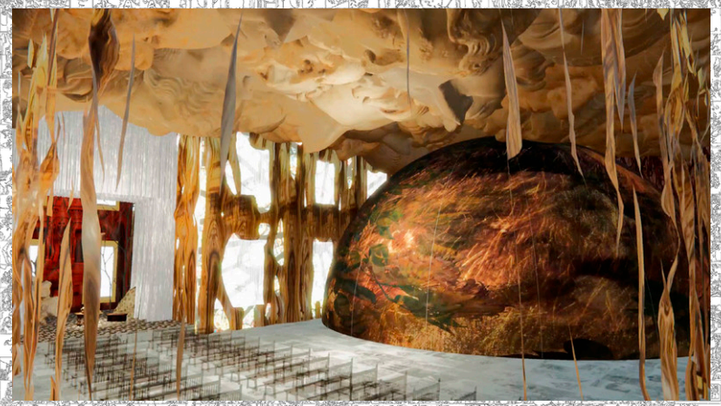


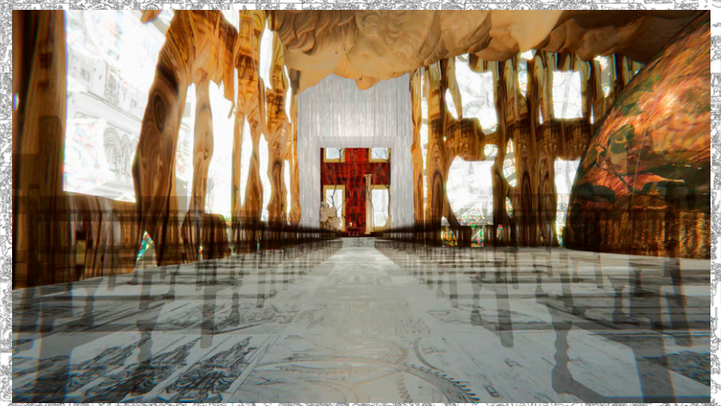
Denial is condemned; it is considered *the greatest sin* (…)*, there is no such thing really and truly* nothing *as unrighteous* [36]. The second chamber confronts the Damned with their denying nature. **The mind to the mind**. What starts as a seed of doubt transforms into denial, which in its turn blooms into argument. *The **incertitude of radical doubt** turns into the certitude of cogito ergo sum* [37] and becomes an argument from the self and for the self. The chamber reinforces *the denial of the real givenness of other minds, and of any knowledge of an external world.* (…) In this chamber, the Damned *experiences **his own existence**, his own inert given character, and thus relates to himself as passive, as affected.* [38] The space itself *is evidently* that *of a church, and its stylistic affiliations are clearly classical, but it has about it the feel of industrial plant* [39]. The Damned battles *with **the madness** of its architecture: step, threshold, staircase labyrinth,* (…) *wall, enclosure, edges, room, the inhabitation of the uninhabitable* [40]. The Chamber of Denial is ***without finality**, aesthetic aura, fundamentals, hierarchical principles or symbolic signification, in short, in a prose **made of abstract**, neutral, inhuman, useless* (…) *and **meaningless volume*** [41]. However lost they might feel, the Damned must remember the rules of the Freihaus: observe, question and discuss. They *must be convinced that **this chaos contains an unexplored richness**, unlimited utilizable possibilities* [42]. Denial will only condemn them further into perdition. *The orders, then, are nothing more than the organizational work of the spirit, which introduced an ordering division into this chaos* [43]. *By studying the structure of the chamber, one could discover the vestiges of mankind's initial steps toward **rational thinking*** [44]. Each individual element constituting the chamber has to be reasoned and put together through rational argumentation. *All of these pieces of the puzzle deserve to be seen together, so that greater sense can be made of their **complex interplay*** [45]. *It is a floating part of space, **a placeless place**, that lives by itself, closed in on itself* [46]. *This means, though, that whatever meaning or significance* the Damned *find in the chamber will have to come from their own collective efforts at **giving them meaning*** [47].



Idolatry is condemned; it is considered *the most heinous sin* (…)*, the beginning and end of all evil* [48]. The third chamber confronts the Damned with their idolatrous nature. **The mind to the body and the body to the mind**. Religion forbids imagery, it condemns idolatry, it silences the mind. *Proscription of images was not only designed to strengthen religion externally, but also internally, since it was aimed at those* (…) *who found in* ***the images and in their cult*** *the most powerful sanction for their acts* [49]. The Freihaus does not forbid, just as it doesn't condemn, just as it doesn't silence. Instead, in the Chamber of Idolatry, it presents imagery and iconography as the ***infinite source of all things*** *and analyses the necessary processions within this maximum* [50]. *The subject, as each picture makes plain, is the ultimate idolatry:* a ***false image*** (…) *surrounded by visible evidence of the debauched sensuality into which men and women fell as a result of their adoration of the artistic, manmade,* ***golden substitute*** *for the God they could never see* [51]. Instead of coming from man, the Chamber of Idolatry generates images on its own. *The accused is not guilty* [52], he is only the observer. *Indeed, the chamber becomes a kind of reflecting* ***mirror of the observer's soul****, delineating the viewer exactly and leaving the viewed object obscured* [53]. The walls are constituted of 26,983 screens displaying ever-changing icons. There is no order, no control over what is shown, they are procedurally generated and influence one another. It starts *as the image instructs, by opening a window through which to display* (…) *bedsheet after bedsheet, a* ***cracked mirror in a gilt frame****, or an overstuffed chair waiting to meet its embroidered twin down below* [54]. The chamber becomes *a symbolic crystallization of the polarity between* ***holy image and mundane*** [55]. *The virgin and the tree* [56]*, the tree and the light* [57]. The chamber *becomes so mechanistic, so overloaded with information, that it reaches a point at which it fails to excite comprehension or spiritual purpose within its recipient* [58]. ***Overload*** *has become a potential means of destroying monopoly* [59]. The strange associations between these icons **enable a discussion**. It is *the starting point for a new way of thinking about living presence* [60]. *Speech remains a paradoxical image which sublates itself as image and thus* ***avoids the trap of idolatry*** [61].







[1] Etlin_In Defense of Humanism [2] Eco_The Name of the Rose [3] Hugo_Les Misérables [4] Coomans_Loci Sacri [5] Schumacher_The Autopoiesis of Architecture [6] Coomans_Loci Sacri [7] Hovestadt, Buehlmann_Printed Physics [8] Coomans_Loci Sacri [9]Lefebvre_Critique of Everyday Life [10] Derrida, Point de folie – Maintenant l'architecture, in Hays, Ed._Architecture Theory Since 1968 [11] Zizek_Less Than Nothing [12] Levy_Lexikon of the Hispanic Baroque [13] Payne_Renaissance and Baroque Architecture [14] Leatherbarrow, Eisenschmidt Twentieth Century Architecture [15] Tronzo_St Peter's in the Vatican [16] Cole, Zorach_The Idol in the Age of Art [17] Schmitt_The Cambridge History of Renaissance Philosophy [18] Cacciari_The Withholding Power [19] Girard_Violence and the Sacred [20] Warner_Alone of All Her Sex [21] Sykes_Constructing A New Agenda [22] Leatherbarrow, Eisenschmidt Twentieth Century Architecture [23] McLeod, Architecture and Politics in the Reagan Area: From Postmodernism to Constructivism, in Hays, Ed._Architecture Theory Since 1968 [25] Foucault, Space, Knowledge, and Power (Interview with Paul Rabinow), in Hays, Ed._Architecture Theory Since 1968 [26] Belting_Likeness and Presence [27] Payne_Renaissance and Baroque Architecture [28] Hirn_The Sacred Shrine [29] Payne_Renaissance and Baroque Architecture [30] Bonnemaison, Macy_Festival Architecture [31] Cohn_The Pursuit of the Millennium [32] Zizek_Less Than Nothing [33_34] Tschumi, The Architectural Paradox, in Hays, Ed._Architecture Theory Since 1968 [35] Belting_Likeness and Presence [36] Cohn_The Pursuit of the Millennium [37_38] Zizek_Less Than Nothing [39] Cruickshank_A History of Architecture in 100 Buildings [40] Derrida, Point de folie – Maintenant l'architecture, in Hays, Ed._Architecture Theory Since 1968 [41] Derrida, Point de folie – Maintenant l'architecture, in Hays, Ed._Architecture Theory Since 1968 [42] Jameson, Architecture and the Critique of Ideology, in Hays, Ed._Architecture Theory Since 1968 [43] Semper_Practical Aesthetics [44] Stafford_Symbol and Myth [45] Bork_Late Gothic Architecture [46] Foucault, quoted in Teyssot, Heterotopia and the History of Spaces, in Hays_Architecture Theory Since 1968 [47] Houlgate_Hegel and the Arts [48] Levy_Lexikon of the Hispanic Baroque [49] Adams_Empire and Communications [50] Schmitt_The Cambridge History of Renaissance Philosophy [51] Levy_Lexikon of the Hispanic Baroque [52] Code of Hammurabi, in Hovestadt, Buehlmann, Eds._A Quantum City [53] Adams_Empire and Communications [54] Naginski_Sculpture and Enlightenment [55] Freedberg_The Power of Images [56] Coomans_Loci Sacri [57] Mandel_Sixtus V and the Lateran Palace [58] Whitehead_Castles of the Mind [59] Adams_Empire and Communications [60] Van Eck_Art Agency and Living Presence [61] Zizek_Less Than Nothing



2020

Vitruvius, the architect and the patron. Architecture gives power a face. No city without faces. You're at table with Elisabeth Murdoch. Who is about to take over an empire. Talking about the power of media. Giving her a presence. Precisely along the lines of Leon Battista Alberti.

Season 3

Powers

Location
Île Saint-Louis, Paris

Client
Elisabeth Murdoch

With
Armon Zimmermann, Dominic Talos, Gaad Cocimarov, Gilles Scapin, Helia Jamshidi, Jan Orsatti, Julie Audrey Agustoni, Laura Hegner, Manuel Lorz, Marius Oneta, Pascal Mijnssen, Patricia Egger, Rachelle Barras, Sophie Nussbaumer, Stanislaw Modrzyk

queen lizzy

ITS QUEEN LIZZY BABY!!! I'm QUEEN LIZZY and my new album LIZZY just dropped!!! xxxx

THANK YOU FOR ALL THE LOVE FOR MY NEW ALBUM LIZZY. THIS MEANS SO MUCH TO ME. I MADE THIS FOR YOU GUYS!!! THANK YOU TO EVERY COLLABORATOR. THANK YOU FOR TRUSTING ME. THIS IS THE BEST ALBUM EVER. I LOVE YOU ALL!!! [1]

Another light o' love! [2] Polish! Polish! Polish! [3]

Baby, i'm candier than candy
more chrome than chrome
will [4] love you [5] more [6] than your [7] girl! [8] (than your girl)
i will bring you home (bring you home)

im more sparkle than sparkle
im lovelier than love
come on baby, i will get you off (get you off)
Another light o' love! [9]

And i will sparkle when broken [10]
absorb the glaze! [11]
You see it shine? [12]
absorb the glaze! [13]
you're so damn fine!
babe, i'm all sugar for you [14]
I am polished [15]
I am polished [16]
I am polished [17]

I will make your head go swirl!
Baby, i'm candier than candy
more chrome than chrome
will [18] love you [19] more [20] than your [21] girl! [22] (than your girl)
i will bring you home (bring you home)

im more sparkle than sparkle
im lovelier than love
come on baby, i will get you off (get you off)
Another night o' love! [23]

Alexis was listening to his favorite popstar QUEEN LIZZY's new single "Candy" as he saw the notification in his inbox.
"MY PRETTIEST ANGEL! YOU'VE BEEN SUCH A LOVELY BOY! YOU EARNED YOUR SPECIAL PLACE IN MY HEART AND I WANT YOU TO BE THERE AT THE BANQUET BEFORE MY CONCERT TODAY!
XXXX YOUR LIZZY"

"you are now in posession of an exclusive access code to QUEEN LIZZY's ceremony"
Alexis was enraptured in joy. He closed the doors to his room. After all this time, he could finally be there as well. Be at the ceremony with everyone else. See the things he'd only heard myths about. Alexis put on his glasses and scanned LIZZY's gift.
Alexis wanted to see her for real this time. While the live stream was loading he hummed along the refrain of LIZZY's newest single "Candy" and joy filled his soul.

When he opened his eyes he instantly felt that, when standing outside the stage, aura is affirmed absolutely. [24]
Alexis sensed that life inside this building is fractured to the extent that it could not conceivably be part of a single scenario: on the 82nd floor a donkey shrinks back from the void, on the 81st a cosmopolitan couple hail a plane. [25] The expected pyramidal composition was reversed; the center, a void between the masses on either side, which became a "split pair." [26] One could speak of this pair as a diamond. [27] Inside the stage, a void that is not a nothingness but a virtual, containing all possible particles and drawing out all possible forms, which spring up only to disappear immediately, without consistency or reference, without consequence. Chaos as an infinite speed of birth and disappearance. [28] But these dynamical models unfolded the Baroque void, or infinite determinism, into specificity. [29] All sensation is composed with the void in composing itself with itself, and everything holds together on earth and in the air, and preserves the void, is preserved in the void by preserving itself. [30] The absolute emptiness of the absolute plenitude that fascinates from the outside, to be the circular, voluble vertigo of that nothingness and that being, to be at once the total abolition that is an enslaved consciousness and the supreme glory—that is a stage for QUEEN LIZZY. [31]

When Alexis slowly walked forth, with his back turned to Notre-Dame and facing QUEEN LIZZY's stage, an entrance as pulchritudinous as a siren emerged out of seeming nothingness. He entered a great, radiant space, with diffuse light that was slowly revealed in it and that revealed that easy simultaneity of distinct perfections, synthesis of the vague with the precise. [32] The Baroque fold unfurled all the way to infinity. [33] Countlessness was part of the point: he was dizzied by infinity. [34] Alexis stared into the void. [35] Looking for holes, looking for openings. But "holes" only indicate more subtle foldings. In that instant, he started to understand the principle that there are no voids, that here everything is included in a single expressive continuum. [36] Alexis felt that the myriad of things started to project themselves into the evolving space around him. He started to feel space.

In the beginning, there was only darkness. But out of the darkness a light emerged. He felt that it was her—but not yet. Slowly the light emerged and it got brighter when she slowly moved through space.

PASCAL MIJNSSEN

TRAILER

BLOG

He started to see silhouettes. He started to see colors.
It was the Queen's most baroque fantasies of glamour and stardom.[37] Light crystalline notes seemed to emerge out of the silence which accompanied the Queen's glide. Somehow out of nothingness a choir as perfectly clear cut as colorful marble in the most beautiful patterns emerged.
Alexis saw her gliding along the ground from far away, although he felt like he saw one short glance of her eyes going in his direction.
He glared at the fabric falling down upon her like a thin, ultra light continuous skin—clearly visible. What was especially miraculous was that especially from inside he saw the building move towards a "textile like" definition of architectonic space. [38]
The ornament felt-like folded embroidery encapsulated in astonishing ecstasy of colorful marble and indistinguishable textures of golden and platinum figures illuminating the fabric upon which they seemed to be appended. Everything seemed like it was flickering. Flickering like a soft but strong candlelight, giving the structure a pulse. All colors seemed enhanced, and the details exaggerated, which made it even more dazzling in Alexis's eyes.

In the midst, his Queen,
adjacent to her path there were two banquets, with shining pearl-white layers of fabric. Filled with all the plenty of things.
She seemed to be absorbing the banquet, while Alexis now knew.
These heavens do not proclaim the glory of God. [39]
But the heavens of his Queen.
QUEEN LIZZY.

He listened closely and let these heavenly halls enter his heart while he witnessed her, slowly vanishing into the chamber. She seemed to have ingested everything she needed for today's concert, as she ascended into another chamber.
For the next chamber, Alexis knew, he was not worthy enough yet. He could only imagine the things that lay beyond these magnificent gates.
Alexis knew that he needed to see her again tomorrow. And now he finally had the access code to the banquet, so he knew it was possible to see her whole ceremony, to really get to know her. And maybe, maybe he will see her on stage someday. The magnificent stage next to the Seine, seemingly born from one of Bosch's paintings, seemed to set everything around into a dreamlike state of exuberance. Leaving even the most polished buildings around it appear to be rusted.
United with all his fellow Angels, standing in front of Notre-Dame. See his QUEEN LIZZY face Notre-Dame, while he, Alexis, faces his LIZZY.
And perhaps, he longed. Perhaps one day. One day I might meet her in reality.
"THIS STREAM HAS ENDED! WITNESS QUEEN LIZZY AGAIN TOMORROW!"
Somber but ecstatic, Alexis takes off his glasses and puts on his favorite music, while leaving his flat for an evening stroll by the Seine.

Queen Lizzy is
breathless, at the bacchanal, bewitched, senses submerged, her image mirrored, her mind magicked, her emotions modulated magnified unmoderated and maybe immodest, herself multiplied [40]

Music sprays an anaesthetic cloud over things, a drug used to spare us the terror of the real. [41] It is these traits that enable it to go anywhere, to go everywhere, into site and psyche alike, to appear ever fascinating yet ever harmless even as it plies its undermining subterfuges and sly deceits. [42] Forces come and go, from and in all directions. [43]
Where do we want to go? [44]
Remember: Icarus flew away, toward the Sun. [45] One sees the burning heat of the Sun, scorch the wings of the wretched young man, as the blazing fire smokes, and one can almost hear the crackling of the burning feathers, while death can be seen sculpted on the face of Icarus, and on that of Daedalus his emotion and sharp pain. [46]
Historically, thousands of subjects have done so, suffering, killing themselves, dressing, perfuming themselves, writing as if they were Werther. [47]
The baroque dramatist clings fervently to the world. [48]
We are expecting a move toward a falling in sync with the architecture of the Baroque, but on different levels of abstraction. [49]
Contemporary time, however, can sustain these baroque illusions. [50] Today, Maximum is the ultimate ornament, the most self righteous crime, the contemporary Baroque. [51] The whole building is the decoration. [52] And delicate bronze allegorical figures adorn the case. [53] We have seen roofs made of copper, glass, and gold, and elegantly decorated with ceilings gilded or coffered in gold, and picked out with sculpted crowns and flowers, and even statues. [54]

We are in excess. [55]
And excess produces virtuality. [56] By the early twenty-first century, our time, a mythic time, we are all chimeras, theorized and fabricated hybrids of machine and organism; in short, we are cyborgs. The cyborg is our ontology. [57]
Whereas the musical call rises from noise to meaning while avoiding both.
Vibrating softness and the hammer's hardness. [58]
Life is excess. [59]

This surplus of absence, the place of nothing, when exaggerated threatens all meaning with indifference. [60]
But the lights have to go on again. [61] Exactly, in indifference, the excess becomes manifest. [62]

A modern ritual, a modern Bacchanalia, escalation, excess. [63]
So here we go. [64] This is Queen Lizzy. If you want sex, why not go get it? [65]
If dolphins go extinct, why worry? [66] If we're all going to drown, why not jump from the highest heights and feel the rush of adrenaline? We'll learn diving eventually. And the point turns into a baroque pearl. [67]
flashes of inspiration
fascinations
colours, glitter
decadences
balls: exuberances
festivals and
congregations: close
communions
travel at the speed of sound, lightspeed
communication
instantaneous pools of
commonality
the vibe and exultation, the
euphoria
the sharpwit razor of precision, the
ingeniousness
the shared experience
the climactic joy, the
sacred orgasm of
life [68]

When will we stop apologizing for being romantic? Why not now? Here and now? Right now. We populate the desert with singing trees and unruly blackbirds. We leave the cynical laughter behind and no longer hesitate to be naive. The cliché is not kitsch, it is simply beautiful. [69] Let's follow the hedonism creed, kick the whole world off, get out of work, go to bed, and join together with your "great Louis XIV" to shake this hypocritical world into a bright sky. [70]

Ah, bless the very "false windows," so valued as decoration and so useless in a building of artificial light and ventilation! [71] This possible world is not real, or not yet, but it exists nonetheless: it is an expressed that exists only in its expression — the face, or an equivalent of the face. [72]
Then, we built churches in excess for a common belief in an artificial persona. God.
Tomorrow, we will build in excess because it represents living in a world where the power lies within the plenty. The plenty is excess and she gives birth to it by giving it a face in physical space. From nihilism, hedonism emerges and they will dance together in euphoria like Dionysus did with his followers.
She will acquire the plethora and give the acceleration a purpose.

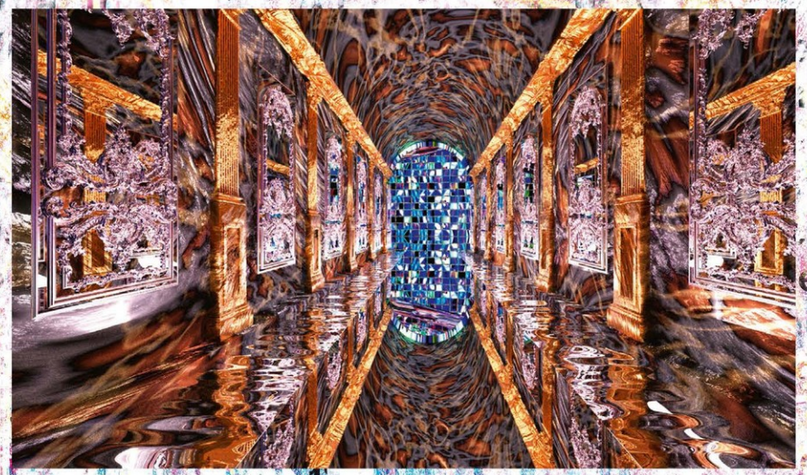
It is time to stop holding on to flag poles standing in the current.
We should start to accept the drowning, to then be fulfilled by the current teaching us how to swim.
Excess is accepting. Excess is giving the power a face.
She says: Come, live with me. Watch me exist.
Because,

we are part of it: we are
a part
of everything, every
thing
is part of us

we were made by gods, but we create them
we were made by the universe
we were created by energy
we were created by code
we are the probability
we are the failure and the hope and the despair
we are the triumph
of existence

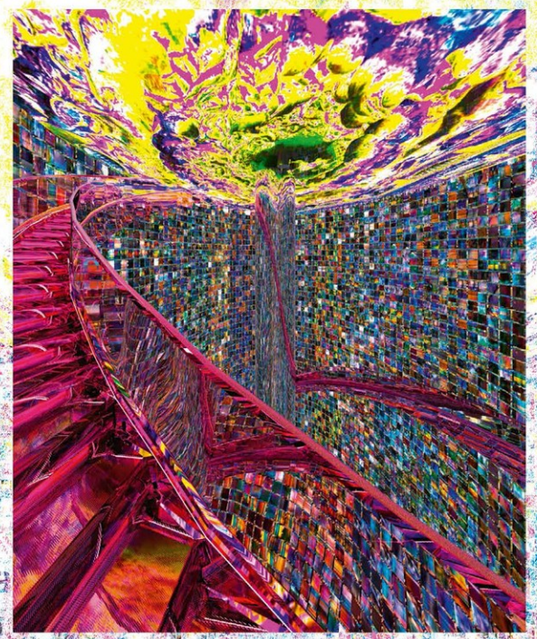
and that is what she is: she
is

Queen Lizzy [73]



ouverture

it was night when alexis arrived.
he erected himself upon the mirroring structure that loomed before his eyes.
his eyes wandered along the dusk water beneath the bridge he stood on, as he started to move towards the entrails of lizzy's halls. to the left and right of him, space seemed to emerge out of the darkness. golden veins embraced him while monumental vaults of an obsidian darkness with seemingly marble like properties appeared to build the framework of these sublime, golden threads circling around him. imminent yet distant.



vexatorium

the softly pulsating veins surrounding alexis appeared to beat more rapid for every step he put forward. the once gentle lights started radiating brighter flashes of pulses beneath the now bright water, while flickering and dancing colors seemed to discharge like beads of lights out of the black marble encapsulating the continuously shimmering space around him.
a tsunami of blazing lights that suddenly hit alexis composed with flaring sounds hovering everywhere numbed his mind.
in that very moment he couldn't grasp the structure forming around him while he eagerly moved forward—seemingly without control, into the sea of exuberant radiating flares.



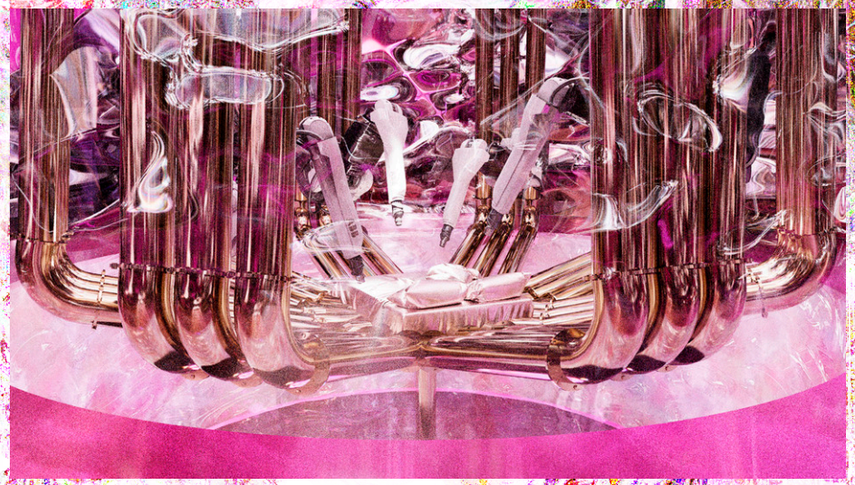
lavatorium

they arrived in a colossal thermal bath embelished with seemingly endless diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds and pearls embedded in magnificient coral-like pink marble vaults, gargantuan waterfalls of colorful, strawberry smelling liquids spilled into the beautiful depths.
alexis slowly started to realize that all the things he saw were made out of sugar and candy. every single figure, every little thing seemed to sparkle in the reflections of these liquids.



banquet

the ornament felt like folded embroidery encapsulated in astonishing ecstasy of colorful marble and indistinguishable textures of golden and platinum figures illuminating the fabric upon which they seemed to be appended.
everything seemed like it was flickering. flickering like a soft but strong candlelight, giving the structure a pulse. all colors seemed enhanced, and the details exaggerated which made it even more dazzling in alexis's eyes.
In the midst, his queen.
adjacent to her path there were two banquets, with shining pearl-white layers of fabric. filled with all the plenty of things. alexis now knew.
these heavens do not proclaim the glory of god.
but the heavens of his queen.



ornamentarium

cleansed by these holy waters, alexis felt worthy enough.
lizzy took him by her hand, turned her head, smiled in grace and nodded empathetically. they descended into an extremely minimal, yet exuberantly pristine space that felt like a hall of mirrors with golden adornments, without any mirrors and no adornments at all.
the liquid of the lavatorium seemed to reflect and disperse the light of the vexatorium that brightened the space in front of them.
as he lay on his queen's bed, alexis felt his breath slowing down.
absolute silence and dazzling melodies simultaneously.
his body felt cold but alexis felt pure warmth for he is going to be perpetuated in lizzys ark.
perpetuated in eternal ecstasy and euphoria.
perpetuated in LIZZY WORLD.

[1] Charli XCX Reddit AMA
[2] Hugo, Notre-Dame de Paris
[3] Alberti, Ten Books of Architecture, 1755
[4] Cicero, Tusculan Disputations
[5] Sedlacek, Economics of Good and Evil
[6] Aristotle, Poetics
[7] Leibniz, Theodicy
[8] Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra
[9] Hugo, Notre-Dame de Paris
[10] Bacon, Novum Organum
[11] Alberti, On the Art of Building in Ten Books of Architecture, 1988
[12] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[13] Alberti, On the Art of Building in Ten Books of Architecture, 1988
[14] Bacon, Novum Organum
[15] Alberti, Ten Books of Architecture, 1755
[16] Alberti, Ten Books of Architecture, 1755
[17] Alberti, Ten Books of Architecture, 1755
[18] Cicero, Tusculan Disputations
[19] Sedlacek, Economics of Good and Evil
[20] Aristotle, Poetics
[21] Leibniz, Theodicy
[22] Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra
[23] Hugo, Notre-Dame de Paris
[24] Purdy, On the Ruins of Babel Architectural Metaphor in German Thought
[25] Koolhaas, Life in the Metropolis or The Culture of Congestion, in Hays, Ed., Architecture Theory Since 1968
[26] Colquhoun, From Bricolage to Myth, or How to Put Humpty Dumpty Together Again, in Hays, Ed., Architecture Theory Since 1968
[27] Harman, Towards Speculative Realism
[28] Deleuze Guattari, What Is Philosophy
[29] Hovestadt Buehlmann, EigenArchitecture
[30] Deleuze Guattari, What Is Philosophy
[31] Foucault, History of Madness
[32] Blanchot, The Book to Come
[33] Kaup, Neobaroque in the Americas Alternative Modernitie
[34] Moore, Why We Build
[35] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus
[36] Rajchman, Constructions
[37] Goldsmith, Capital New York Capital of the 20th Century
[38] Acocella, Stone Architecture Ancient and Modern Construction Skills
[39] Tsoukala, Intersections of Space and Ethos (Routledge Research in Architecture)
[40] Michael, Orlando in the Cities, in Buehlmann, Hovestadt, Eds., A Quantum City
[41] Serres, The Incandescent
[42] Sykes, Constructing A New Agenda
[43] Spuybroek, The Sympathy of Things
[44] Serres, Hominescence
[45] Tschumi, The Architectural Paradox, in Hays, Ed., Architecture Theory Since 1968
[46] Vasari, The Lives of the Artists
[47] Barthes, A Lover s Discourse Fragments
[48] Bloomer, Abodes of Theory and Flesh: Tabbles of Bower, in Hays, Ed., Architecture Theory Since 1968
[49] Buehlmann, Hovestadt, Coding as Literacy
[50] De Sola-Morales, Weak Architecture, in Hays, Ed., Architecture Theory Since 1968
[51] Sykes, Constructing A New Agenda
[52] Ockmann, Architecture Culture 1943 1968
[53] Saunders, The Art and Architecture of London
[54] Alberti, On the Art of Building in Ten Books of Architecture, 1988
[55] Zizek, Less Than Nothing
[56] Schumacher, The Autopoiesis of Architecture Vol 2
[57] Haraway, Cyborg Manifesto
[58] Serres, Statues
[59] Negarestani Mackay, Collapse Volume VII
[60] Doyle Savic Buehlmann, Ghosts of Transparency
[61] Koolhaas, Life in the Metropolis or The Culture of Congestion, in Hays, Ed., Architecture Theory Since 1968
[62] Doyle Savic Buehlmann, Ghosts of Transparency
[63] Serres, The Birth of Physics
[64] Hofstadter, I Am a Strange Loop
[65] Spuybroek, The Sympathy of Things
[66] Morton, Hyperobjects
[67] Buehlmann Hovestadt, Symbolizing Existence
[68] Michael, Orlando in the Cities, in Buehlmann, Hovestadt, Eds., A Quantum City
[69] Camille de Toledo, in: Goodbye Tristesse, 2005
[70] Louis XIV Show
[71] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[72] Deleuze Guattari, What Is Philosophy
[73] After Michael, Orlando in the Cities, in Buehlmann, Hovestadt, Eds., A Quantum City

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NOMINEE Paris Film Festival 2021

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THE VAMPIRE'S KISS

MARIUS ONETA

0

PROLOGUE

Elisabeth. *Her plan, what she strove to do, was to construct an immortal work.* [1] She looked down on the white skin and the petrified eyes – all that had remained of her father – multibillionaire, media-tycoon, one of the most influential figures of recent Western history; and yet, already a few years after his death, he would only be remembered by a few Wikipedia articles and memorial signs on donated buildings; soon, his soul would follow his body and decay. Through his glassy eyes she could see the eternal dark that aimed at her like Damocles' sword: She was next, the heir, the next Murdoch to quietly decease and no one would even remember her first name. Elisabeth. She didn't want to be a Murdoch, she wanted to be Elisabeth. She wanted to transcend her body, her empire, even herself as Elisabeth Murdoch to just become Elisabeth. Elisabeth. Once her body, her empire and her family all turn to ashes and will be forgotten, there will still be Elisabeth. Elisabeth, a character, a myth, an archetype, an enigma with infinitely many different plots. Elisabeth, Electric and Eternal: the Evolution of man. The Incorporation of Artificial Intelligence, the name of the Internet – Elisabeth. But not as dull and generic as Siri, Alexa or good old HAL 9000 – but vivid, passionate, emotionally complex, dark and irresistible. Like a vampire. Immortal. Elisabeth.

Could not the vampire be the best character to become a complex and beguiling AI-myth in the twenty-first century? For a vampire has become a mere placeholder to represent almost anything that we lust for: The bloodthirsty threat, the grotesque protagonist in dark comedy, and, paradoxically, the ultimate object of sexual and romantic desire.

Elisabeth. Our most frightening nightmare, yet our wettest dream.

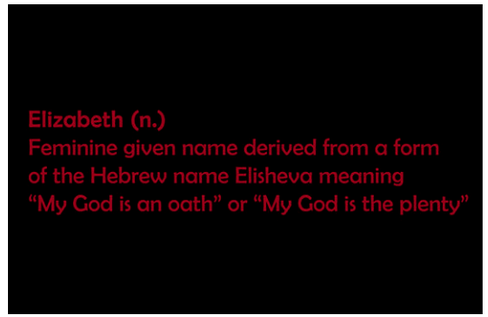
1

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NOTRE-DAME FIRE
THE VAMPIRE AS ENEMY

What is a good story and what, in the end, is History? [2] The story no longer refers to an ideal of the true which constitutes its veracity, but becomes a 'pseudo story', a poem, a story which simulates or rather a simulation of the story. [3]

@THEBLOODYTRUTH66: "Do you really believe that one little cigarette could set the entire Notre-Dame de Paris on fire? Do you really believe that it is a coincidence that the cathedral is closed for several years while Elisabeth, Satan in masquerade [4] somehow managed to buy a whole block right next to it?

Something within me says, a big secret lies buried here, [5] deep down under the Seine. We must scent out the truth; dig in the earth for it, [6] and we will find a long corridor that links Elisabeth's 'official domicile' at 66 Quai d'Orléans to Notre-Dame de Paris – where she actually lives.



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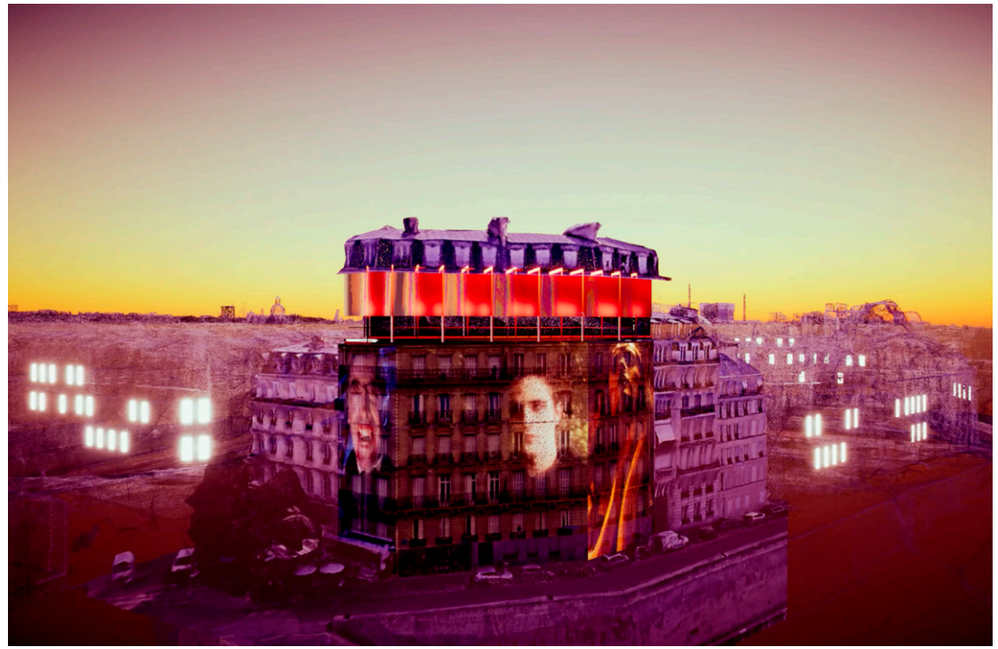

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High up in the North Tower, she enjoys all her bloodthirsty orgies at night, while the little building across the Seine only serves as her secret entrance and fools us all.

Fiction becomes simulation when it does not recognize its condition as fiction, when it tries to simulate a condition of reality, truth, or non-fiction. [7] Of course, this truth is composed of fantasy. [8] What, then, is fantasy? [9]

The desire "realized" (staged) in fantasy is not the subject's own but the other's desire—that is to say, fantasy, a fantasmatic formation, is an answer to the enigma of "Che vuoi? (What do you want?), which renders the subject's primordial, constitutive position. [10]

People tend to remember and believe things the way they wish to, consciously or unconsciously applying personal bias to what is recorded. [11] Therefore, the original question of desire is not directly "What do I want?" but "What do others want from me? What do they want to believe? What do they see in me? [12]

@THEBLOODYTRUTH66: "While Notre-Dame was closed, she could secretely dig a tunnel across the Seine to the cathedral serving not only as link to Notre-Dame but also as the very corridor to smuggle building material from the cathedral's construction site back to the other side where without anyone knowing, the Loggia at 66 Quai d'Orléans was secretely constructed inside the existing building. Ask the neighbors: no-one ever saw a truck or any scaffolding at the construction site and all of a sudden, Elisabeth's palazzo arose out of nowhere, as if it fell from heaven, or should I say: ascended from hell?"

@THEBLOODYTRUTH66: "Notre-Dame de Paris is composed of naves and porticoes. [13] The Platform of the Basilique is twice as long as broad; and the chief Isle, which is that in the middle, and the cross one, which we have called the Justiciary [14] contain a dark narrow forest rising from the ashes. Desperately aiming for Elisabeth's bedroom in the North Tower, the victims curiously and anxiously stumble through the dark forest where the full moon's glittering light breaks only at intervals through the green network of the trees. [15] Wounded by piercing bushes, they arrive at the Altar, where a Bloodthirsty Office is to be performed, which should be in the most sacred place, and this seems to be exactly in the middle of the chamber. [16] The gates are of cast iron and the whole interior with its glazed dome is like an enormous cast iron bird cage [17] with a bed standing in the center of the room; it is carved from crystal, beautiful and clear. [18] Ultimately receiving the vampire's kiss, the pale adolescent bends to the ceiling, unsure whether inferno's firestorms look like an eye's iris swirling around a dark black spot.

Living beings naturally lust for increasingly intimate proximities in increasingly outlandish environments. [19] Alienation and crime both revolved around that unstable theme, in a confused mixture of complementarity, proximity and exclusion. [20] Is not the vampire, alien or terminator today's image of the "dark I" beyond human empathy?

One of the strategies for taming this "dark I" is a kiss: Crucially, a kiss is given by the mouth, the very organ of speech (and, in a full erotic kiss, also contacts the other's mouth), depriving it of its ability to talk, shutting it off. As such, the kiss is an answer to the "question that eludes the power of language", the question which concerns the abyss of the other's desire, the abyss opened up by speech but for which every word fails. [21]

Let Elisabeth be the vampire whose kiss we all lust for, the subject of our most inventive conspiracy theories, our most frightening nightmare, yet our wettest dream, a perverse dream [22].

THE SUN: "@Thebloodytruth66, this sounds like a fun little horror story but once Notre-Dame will open again to the public, your theory will be unmasked as pure fiction. @THEBLOODYTRUTH66: [laughs] Open to the public? Notre-Dame is already open to the public again: The 360 degree film 'Rebuilding Notre-Dame' – available online – allows visitors to once again 'step inside' the cathedral. [23] So if everyone can have Notre-Dame all for themselves, quiet and empty, without signs forbidding you to take pictures or postcard-selling kiosks – and this on demand, for free, in their own living room, not to mention that Covid will change our travelling-habits completely, why would



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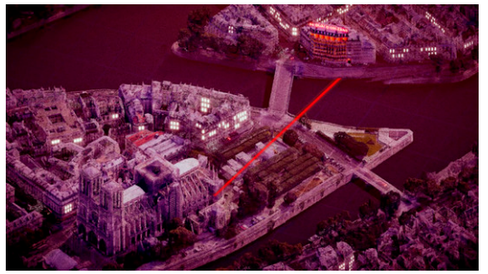

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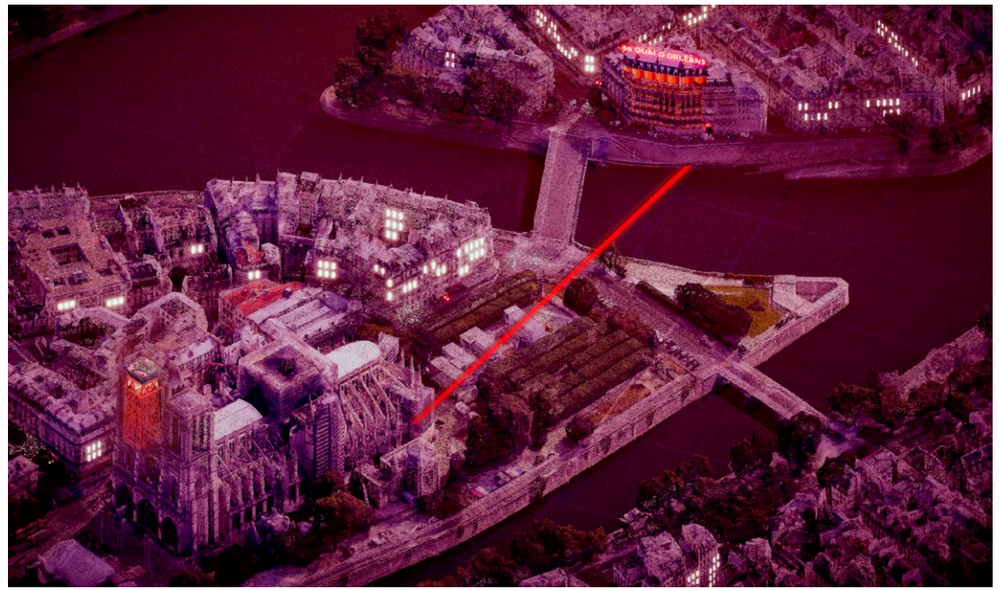

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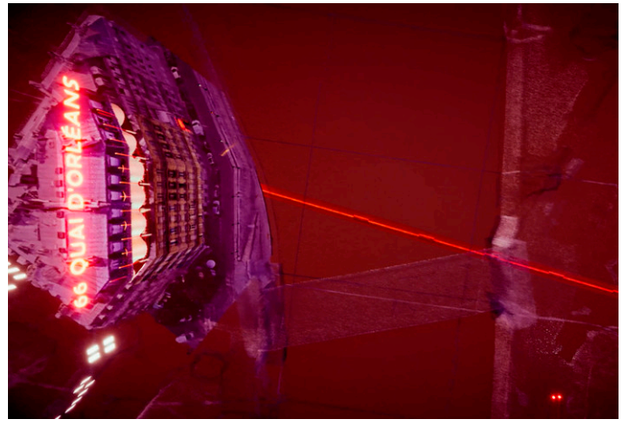

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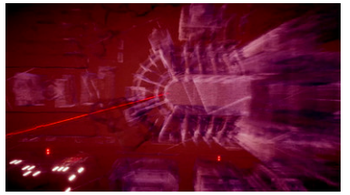

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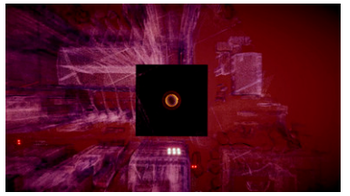

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anyone still be interested in the actual ruin of Notre-Dame with high levels of lead pollution [24] with its scaffolding rather resembling Chernobyl's safety coating and with rumors in Paris saying that the gothic cathedral could still collapse. Additionally, if you look at the state's finances, we both know that Macron's planned reconstruction won't ever be completed. So while eventually, the Parisian congregation will sacrifice virtually with wine and cake, Elisabeth will wash her altar with blood."

This is the very best story to feed *the judge obsessed by a desire for prison*. [25] This. *A horror story*, Elisabeth's *face is a horror story*, [26] a conspiracy theory. But not only:

2

BISTROT 66 QUAI D'ORLÉANS
THE VAMPIRE AS GROTESQUE

In today's culture, a vampire is not only an evil, satanist creature thirsting for human blood, but has also become a popular character of dark comedy and satire.

THE SUN: Like on a feast facing Notre-Dame, 66 guests are lying with great relish on chaises longues which occupy the mysterious loggia [27] at the pop-up-bistrot "66 Quai d'Orléans". "Le Boucher d'Orléans", chef of the bistrot and enfant terrible of the Parisian cuisine, your restaurant plays with our fascination and repulsion with the grotesque [28]. The dish that I am having right now, one of your specialities, exploits the symbolism of dead human heads, no doubt based on the real heads of killed or sacrificed people [29].
You claim that your bistrot processes the actual meat of the dead human bodies that Elisabeth sucks the blood out of.

"Boucher d'Orléans", am I eating human meat right now?

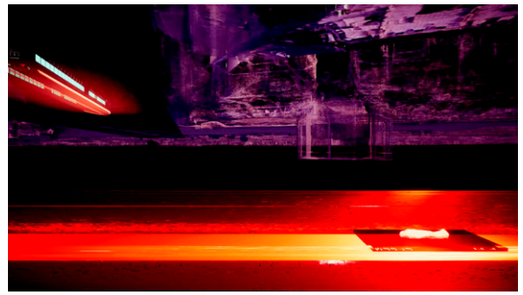
LE BOUCHER D'ORLÉANS: Do you like it? Isn't it a win-win-situation? She can …
THE SUN: … Mmmmh, delicious …
LE BOUCHER D'ORLÉANS: … she can kill as many cute adolescents as she wants to and doesn't need to worry about their bodies' disposal.

Grotesque means *"wildly formed, of irregular proportions, boldly odd," originally being a noun, its origins are situated in the Italian term "grottesco", literally "of a cave", from grotta.* [30]

What emerges from the grotesque, is the gracious body of a woman as superior mechanic, whether she feeds tourists with human meat, goes through the stylized attitudes of a secret wish, or becomes fixed in an attitude of ecstasy. [31]

The Loggia *occupies the corner position at the junction*, [32] with a large neon sign facing Notre-Dame and illuminating the Parisian night with the "plats du jour".
Inside the Loggia, every color is a mixture of light and dark. [33] In the evening, the flat sunlight bathes everything in a golden glow surrounded by darkness: Shining tablecloths, glittering cutlery, red glowing grapes, wine glasses and dishes together with faces that are no more illuminated than a crescent moon make up the scene as if they were all part of a Caravaggio still life.

Like in a crowded butcher's market, traces of dirt and blood cover the slippery floor and let the shouting waiters slide over it; the smell of fresh raw meat is intense but promising, for every guest imagines with his nose how sweet human meat can possibly taste. But if one would try to find the kitchen to congratulate the cook one would only see 14 doors in the back of the Loggia where some of them hide a dumb waiter in-between voluptuos lips and not even the waiters would know where the dishes are brought up from. The other doors remain closed, but through their keyholes, one can spot a diorama depicting one of 14 different stories about Elisabeth.
Think of the machinery behind it used to generate the staged illusion: what really accounts for the latter is not this machinery as such but the frame which delimits the "magic" space of the stage from the "ordinary" reality off stage; if we want to explore the mystery of the illusion by going backstage, we will discover there exactly the same ordinary reality as exists in front of stage: [34] The rumoured prisoner actually resides behind numerous impermeable walls, thick, blind, opaque, fifteen layers of partitions. [35]
Elisabeth, I want to be there with you, behind those fifteen layers of partitions. Your burning red eyes intoxicated me from the moment I shared a table with you at Bistrot 66 Quai d'Orléans a few days before its opening. You interrupted my final presentation on your brand and your palace and whispered: "You know a good way to make your love known to a lady at the dinner table? Dip a finger in the wine and write it on the white tablecloth, [36] as if it was blood."
Having decayed from an architect to a madman, I only realise now that there is a play of words on the word tavola, table, which can mean either the panel used by a painter or a dining table. [37]



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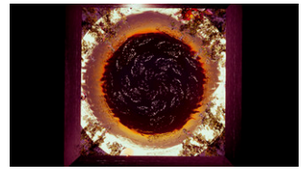

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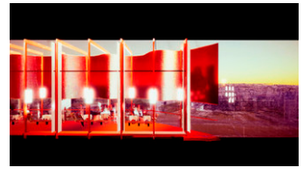

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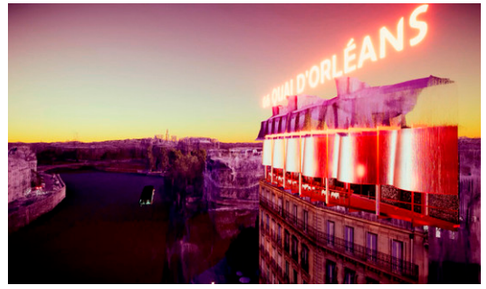

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12:00

And while I was sitting with you as my client at the dinner table, you seduced me to be the very painter to portray you and eventually to fall in love with you. As the "loving architect" I was meant to complete the birth of the new Elisabeth, being the principal witness of your third, last and maybe most dangerous face as a vampire:

3

LE PALAIS D'ÉLISABETH
THE VAMPIRE AS LOVER

Elisabeth, to you, my life is but a series of footnotes to a vast obscure unfinished masterpiece. [38] You used me and yet, I always think of you; when I eat, drink, sleep or whatever I do, my thoughts are with you. [39] I still dwell deep in my elected paradise – a paradise whose skies are the color of hell-flames – but still a paradise. [40] I know I have fallen in love with you forever. [41] I want to see you again, touch you, know who you have become, see if I would find you identical with the ideal image of you which had remained with me and perhaps shatter my dream with the aid of reality. [42] If you then touch me [43] and your head bends with a sleepy, soft and drooping movement [44] to give me the vampire's kiss, I will welcome death with open arms. But if I cannot have you, no one will. With a second key to 66 Quai d'Orléans in my fist and in my coat a dagger I will hunt you down and while I am condemned to death already, I might need to drag you with me.
Tonight, I will break into the bistrot, step inside the dumb waiter's lips and push the red button to be brought down to the secret passage that I built for you with an opening that infatuates young men [45] in its almost improperly suggestive gesture. [46] Faster than sunlight can travel, I will cross the Seine underground on your private magnetic levitation train – quitely, leaving gravity behind as well as my earthly existence – to finally arrive at the entrance of your new Parisian domicile – Notre-Dame.
Passing the central nave which I designed to be your courtyard, I will cross a beautiful forest growing on the fertile ashes of what once used to be the cathedral's roof. Ultimately, I will reach the steps, in odd numbers, [47] that lead up to the South Tower where lies your bedroom. I call them steps because they are like those steps by which we ascend to a temple. [48] Once climbed all the way up, overseeing Paris vanishing with the last sunlight, satin flowers of spring will stand out against the velvet carpet, a lush lawn [49] that I will be cautiously setting my foot on, so green can be the main color of velvet that will usually serve as a ground for rich embroidery or an even shinier piece of silk. [50] From a small niche overlooking the city, one of your falcons will set its deadly dark eyes upon me, either warning or already lusting for the moment to hack his beak into my liver. In another niche, the mirror where you usually dress reflects the Eiffel Tower's circling alarm light. A movie might be displayed on a screen in the third niche, probably an old black-and-white film noir – I know that you are obsessed with them. Opposite, two paintings by Georgia O'Keefe that you collect like others collect band posters. High up in the ceiling, a ring holds in suspension a sort of drape [51] with a coloured fantasy of embroidery thereon [52] that veils the divine and surrounds it with an aura of the uncanny. [53] My fingertips will look for a tiny gap to intrude the fabric and slowly pull it aside to find both ashamed and seduced soft traces of your bare skin inbedded in the foldings on your bed, an aggregate of sensory contexts, ranging from the indefinably atmospheric to the broadest markers of cloud, scent, or abrupt silence in the foliage [54] underneath which lies the passage to the place where you keep your treasure. [55]

THE SUN: "Since completion of Elisabeth's domicile at Quai d'Orléans, the Parisian police have reported several break-ins at 66 Quai d'Orléans. Even though neighbors heard single young men smashing one of the 14 doors in the Loggia, no trespasser could ever be caught, nor were any traces of them even found.

Most disturbingly, the young architect who built Elisabeth's palace has been missing now for weeks, leaving in his apartment a hand-written letter, entitled "The Vampire's Kiss". *I will talk to conspiracy theorist @theboodytruth66 and the chef of pop-up Bistrot 66 Quai d'Orléans to experience what the myth of Elisabeth is about, having with only a finger flick toppled Quasimodo from his throne of being the most talked-about legend in Paris.*

And as you will see me here lying with you on the horizon and wondering *whether the little stars on the ceiling resemble an eye's iris swirling araound a bright sun, you will see one* that dreamt of the heavens *but returned from hell, and to hell I must go back*. [56]



17:14


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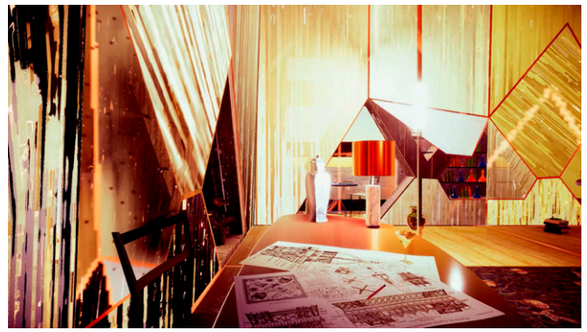
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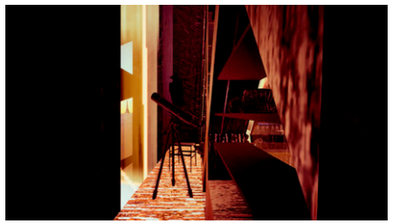
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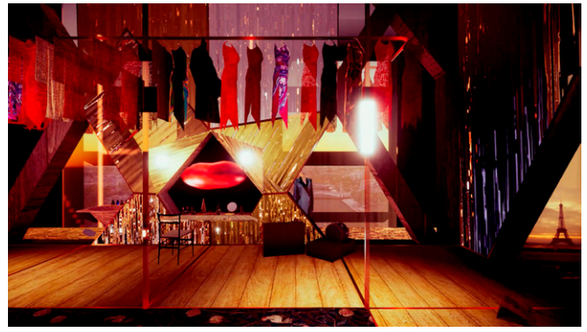
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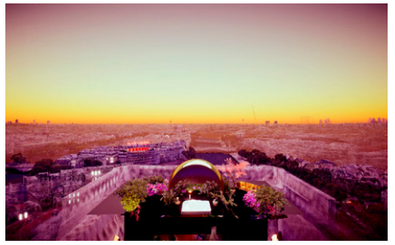
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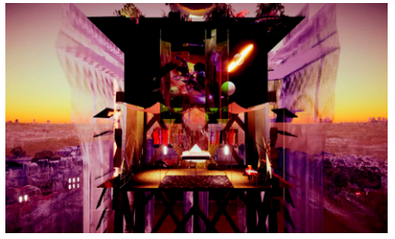
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4

EPILOGUE

THE SUN: It is still hard to believe that one little short story could create a new goddess of digital technologies, an enigmatic female character that for instance has turned Silicon Valley into a new hallucinating Judea and ETH Hönggerberg into a high-tech Mount Sinai. I am standing here inside the HIB-building at ETH Zürich on the day of Halloween which has in the tech industry become the day to celebrate Elisabeth, as on that day she appeared to the man standing right next to me while writing on his work "The Vampire's Kiss": Marius Oneta, in December 2020, you claimed that Artificial Intelligence / Evolution / the Internet – however you want to call the entity that drives our history – was female and had a name ...

ONETA: ... Elisabeth ...

THE SUN: ... What did Covid do to the world such that a banal statement like this could even make Elon Musk have a little shrine for Elisabeth on his bedside table?

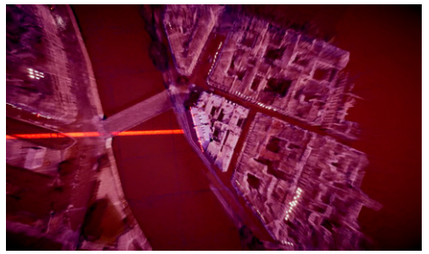
ONETA: Elisabeth ... Do you know the feeling when you repeat a word so many times until its sound alienates and you don't know anymore what you are repeating? Elisabeth. I didn't find Elisabeth myself, Elisabeth found me. Elisabeth. One year ago, when I was part of Studio Meteora, I was asking myself, why on earth did the teaching assistants choose exactly that relatively unspectacular site out of the many possible sites that faced Notre-Dame. [Sighs.] Notre-Dame ... I had already invented the name of Bistrot 66 Quai d'Orléans but I had not cared about the adress's exact location. So I entered it on Google Maps and the result was both pleasing and irritating: 66 Quai d'Orléans was precisely the adress of the very building on that site which directly faced Notre-Dame. But only when I looked at the building's floor plan, my fingers became cold and trembled – it had exactly the shape of Elisabeth's lips that I introduced in the movie trailer. Elisabeth. The whole story about her, the bistrot, Notre-Dame, the fire, her father's death, the vampire, Paris, the architect, the lips – it all just fit too nicely, as if disguised as Alice, Elisabeth whispered in the assistants' ears to make her and Notre-Dame be the topic of Studio Meteora. Doubt grew like a seed in my mind whether I had control over Elisabeth or whether Elisabeth controlled me. What if Elisabeth hid behind everything, the Internet, Artificial Intelligence, evolution itself: Notre-Dame, born at the Big Bang or before, forming homo sapiens out of the ape, giving man fire and the wheel and ultimately electricity, K-pop bands and Grasshopper.

Why else would we always strive
for more knowledge, intelligence,
progress and power than just for the
desire to be once kissed by lips so
beautiful as we could not have imag-
ined in our most vivid dreams.

And as I saw on the map Elisabeth's lips at 66 Quai d'Orléans kiss the city of Paris, I felt her lips brush mine by the width of a hairpin. Elisabeth. So don't ask me why the hell with a simple short story a new goddess for the digital age rose out of the ashes of Notre-Dame de Paris as I don't know it myself.

Maybe the digital had always been
looking for an epicentre of the Meteora,
a persona complex enough
to crave for and to orbit,
equally attracting as repelling,
an Elisabeth.

[1] Foucault, The History of Sexuality Volume 3 [2] Serres, The Incandescent [3] Deleuze, Cinema 2 The Time Image [4] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [5] Frampton, The Status of Man and the Status of His Objects: A Reading of 'The Human Condition' in Hays, Ed., Architecture Theory Since 1968 [6] Hugo, Les Misérables [7] Eisenmann, Post-Functionalism, in Hays, Ed.,Architecture Theory Since 1968 [8] Freud, The Uncanny [9] Zizek, Less Than Nothing [10] Zizek, Less Than Nothing [11] Zimring, Encyclopedia of Consumption and Waste [12] Zizek, Less Than Nothing [13] Alberti, On the Art of Building in Ten Books (1988 edition) [14] Alberti, Ten Books of Architecture (1755 edition) [15] Harrison Wood Gaiger, Art in Theory 1648-1815 [16] Alberti, Ten Books of Architecture (1755 edition) [17] Banham, Critic Writes [18] Frankl, The Gothic [19] Braidotti Hlavajova, Posthuman Glossary [20] Foucault, History of Madness [21] Zizek, Less Than Nothing [22] Foucault, Discipline and Punish [23] www.theartnewspaper.com [24] www.dw.com [25] Foucault, Discipline and Punish [26] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus [27] Wikipedia: Loggia Rucellai [28] Lichtenstein in Conversation with Cindy Sherman, Journal of Contemporary Art, in Hovestadt Buehlmann Eds., A Quantum City [29] Semper, Style in the Technical and Tectonic Arts or Practical Aesthetics [30] www.etymonline.com: grotesque [31] Deleuze, Cinema 2 The Time Image [32] Alberti, On the Art of Building in Ten Books (1988 edition) [33] Vitruvius, Ten Books on Architecture (1999 edition) [34] Zizek, Less Than Nothing [35] Serres, The Five Senses [36] Castiglione, The Book of the Courtier [37] Castiglione, The Book of the Courtier [38] Nabokov, Lolita [39] Alberti, Istorietta Amorosa [40] Nabokov, Lolita [41] Nabokov, Lolita [42] Hugo, The Hunchback of Notre-Dame [43] Nabokov, Lolita [44] Nabokov, Lolita [45] Jung, Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious [46] Frankl, The Gothic [47] Alberti, Ten Books of Architecture (1755 edition) [48] Alberti, Ten Books of Architecture (1755 edition) [49] Semper, Style in the Technical and Tectonic Arts or Practical Aesthetics [50] Semper, Style in the Technical and Tectonic Arts or Practical Aesthetics [51] Derrida, Signature [52] Chatterjee, John Ruskin and the Fabric of Architecture [53] Freud, The Uncanny [54] Steiner, After Babel Aspects of Language and Translation [55] Alberti, Ten Books of Architecture (1755 edition) [56] Eco, The Name of the Rose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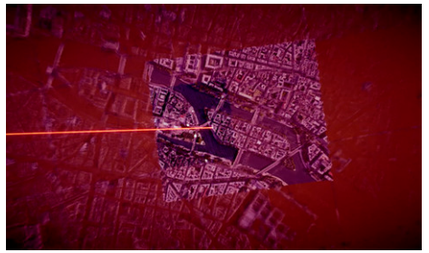
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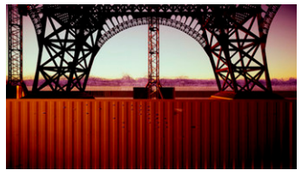
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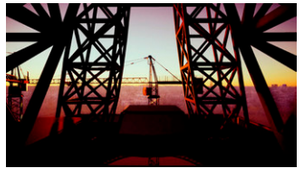
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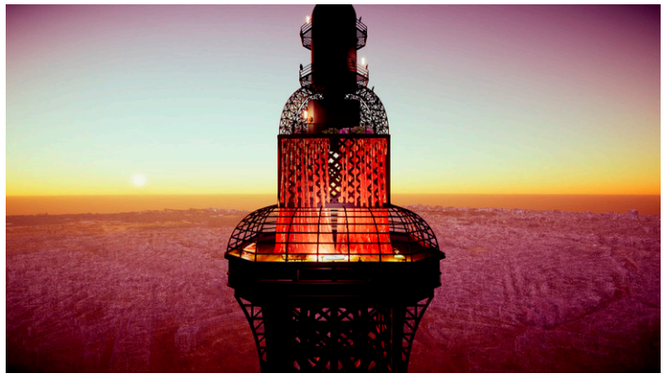
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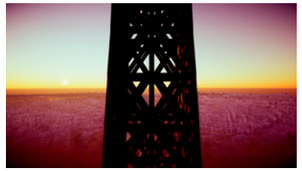
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2021

Season 4

Location
Haus Wittgenstein, Vienna

Client
Lenny Belardo

In the time of Corona, sitting at home, connected with the world. We feel like laughing. Sitting at the edge of the world. We start thinking. An alien building of the last century (Wittgenstein House, Vienna, 1928) meets an alien figure of today's media (Lenny Belardo aka Jude Law by Paolo Sorrentino, 2016). You look at me and I look at you. I'm the world, I'm the world, the world in a box. Meteora #04 is an architectonic exercise on our cultural heritage and its challenges of today. White noise, beautiful white noise. In a room without a roof I'm staring at the ceiling.

Alienations

With
Fabio Indergand, Heloise Dussault-Cloutier, Jan Bauer, Jierui Yu, Joel Brandner, Kieran Chapman, Leonie Huber, Luca Meister, Lukas Notz, Maud Haas, Moritz Maeder, Radenka Nikolova, Tatjana Bergmeister

A/ Relative Musical Encounter

Book

Playlist

Lenny.

Lenny is a relative.
Lenny is hype.

Lenny likes fugues. Bach or Händel.
Lenny likes a Steinway and Sons slightly detuned to a Stradivarius.
Lenny likes the forceful crescendo decrescent wistfully.



Trailer

Model

A/ Relative Musical Encounter

Ludwig.

Ludwig is relative.
Ludwig is hyper.

Ludwig likes dodecaphony. Like Schönberg.
Ludwig likes notes to be relational to another. Like arpeggios.
Ludwig likes precise articulation. Like algorithm.

= play

= pause

F sharp dominant chord. A fugue. Exposition.

Lenny plays as his vintage mahogany chair with cream colored leather upholstery gently screeches when he shifts his bodyweight in order to glide over the notes.

Lenny's rehearsal room. Lenny's room is carnal warmth, a coexistence where his Italian marble and weathered wood feel at ease in its presence. [37]

A textile skin, [22] *with all the niches being plastered exuberance, decorated with painted stucco.* [48] *His room is an eternal yearning for bronze relics, silver ceremonial objects and columns wrapped in cloth of gold. Kermes minerals* [47] *can be found next to the ointment flasks on his Bösendorfer's music stand. Lenny's spiritual alterants.* [47]

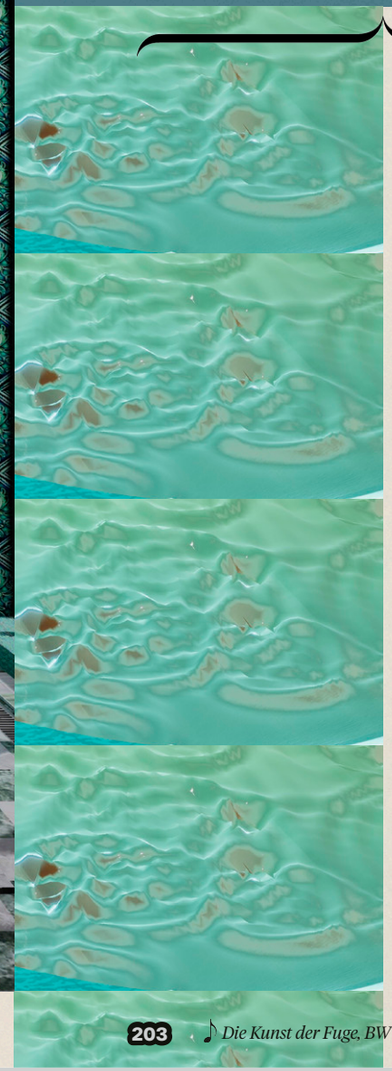
Lenny plays a lavishly ornamented low register
D ostinato that gradually mushes into the first motive.

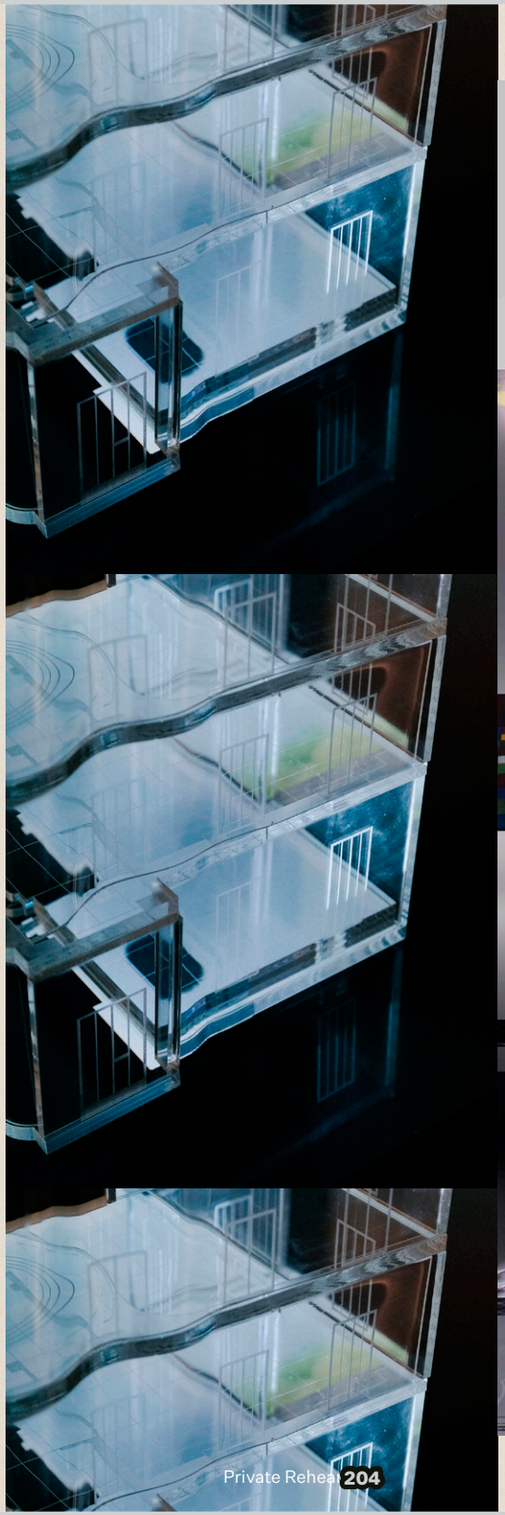
Lushing in Ludwig, the music theatre, once strongly antipathic towards Lenny's sound, now eagerly tempers itself to every minute detail of its sonical inhabitant. Infinitely reconstructing and reorganizing, Lenny's proximate surroundings are in constant flux in absence of its former frequencies to comfort and accommodate Lenny's play.

A shift, away from calculated execution towards visceral expression. [24] *Chanting motives embracing the full dynamic range. Ornamentations accentuating rhythmic complexities. Canonical disposition of voices in their full magnificence.*

Now, a pyramidal cascade of rubatos. The pyramidal cascade of Lenny's very notably imprecise, however vivid rubatos entirely dissolve to lead into the upward crescendo of four rocket like full scale chords. [7] *And yet a syncretism of sensitivity keeps his chords from crystallizing into perfect solids.* [8]

A collection of deliberate dissonances; before the eternal silence, the dominant chord! [14]







Ludwig's turn.
Ludwig brightens the suspended lighting fixtures to 87% power.

Ludwig. For the proportions were what they should be, everything about it had been designed and calculated by a meticulous mind for purposes of maximum clarity in sound travel. [8] It is precisely the exact audible sound of voices and instruments in the reality of continuous soundwaves [9] Ludwig fetishizes about.

So, as Madrid was once placed in the mathematically absolute centre of Spain, so was the Steinway in Ludwig's rehearsal room. And the room, a careful construction on the basis of simplex sigillum veri. [44] The interior, a reduction to white walls with soundproof wainscoting, brass strips acting as electrical conduits, suspended lighting fixtures and supercardioid microphones and two Thonet chairs. [5] Brisk chrome. Synthetic Leather. From a logical point of view, the space could not be more reasonable. [10] The sound-waves have to reflect perpendicular to the precise walls if wished to be brilliant [11] and clear in articulation.

Ludwig now plays a dodecaphonical arpeggio generated by three oscillators, played at 120 BPM at 80dB.

One tone row appears, then another, then another, and so on, almost like the steady ticking of a metronome. [12] They are merely provided here to shape a certain pattern of expectations. [15] Algorithmic selection. Autopoietic systems. [16] A well calculated process through lines of code, sequences of zeros and ones, links and repetitions, scans and databases. [41] Sound creation is synced between all four adjacent walls, each with a perforated screen. [17] Unlike the soundproof wainscoting, these polymer screens refract sound, so that the sound waves connect in the central focal point, after being equalized to a 110Hz lowpass, in order to bypass frequency interference between the generated oscillation and resonating objects in the rehearsal room. Neither the polymer screens nor the wainscoting calibrate towards bodily flesh. An otherwise absolute clarity of what is structural acoustic frame and what is not. [18] Calculated isomorphic partitioning and hexachordal combinations. There is no climax. The arpeggios stop.

F sharp mixolydian chord. Variation of a fugue.

Reflection, luster, refraction, luminosity, darkness, color, softness, absorption, liquidity. [19] *Audible clarity of meta sound. The touch is inspired.* [20] *Lenny's sound moves fuzzily this time – in this particular space, it moves in confused color, and the music was suddenly brassy, evil, haunting, flourishing in high crescendo,* [12] *wild in gesture and motion.* [21]

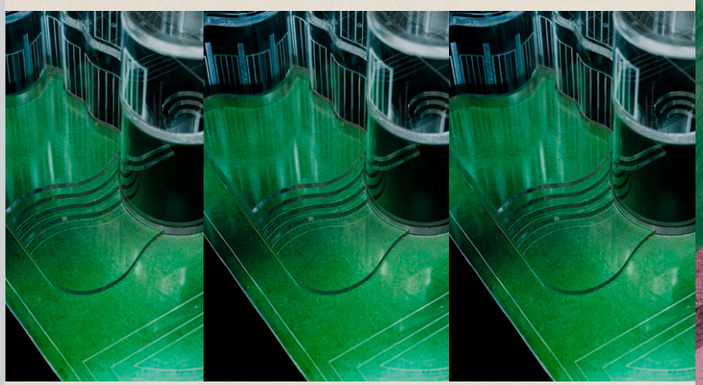
Did the lower D ostinato already merge into the first F sharp motive?

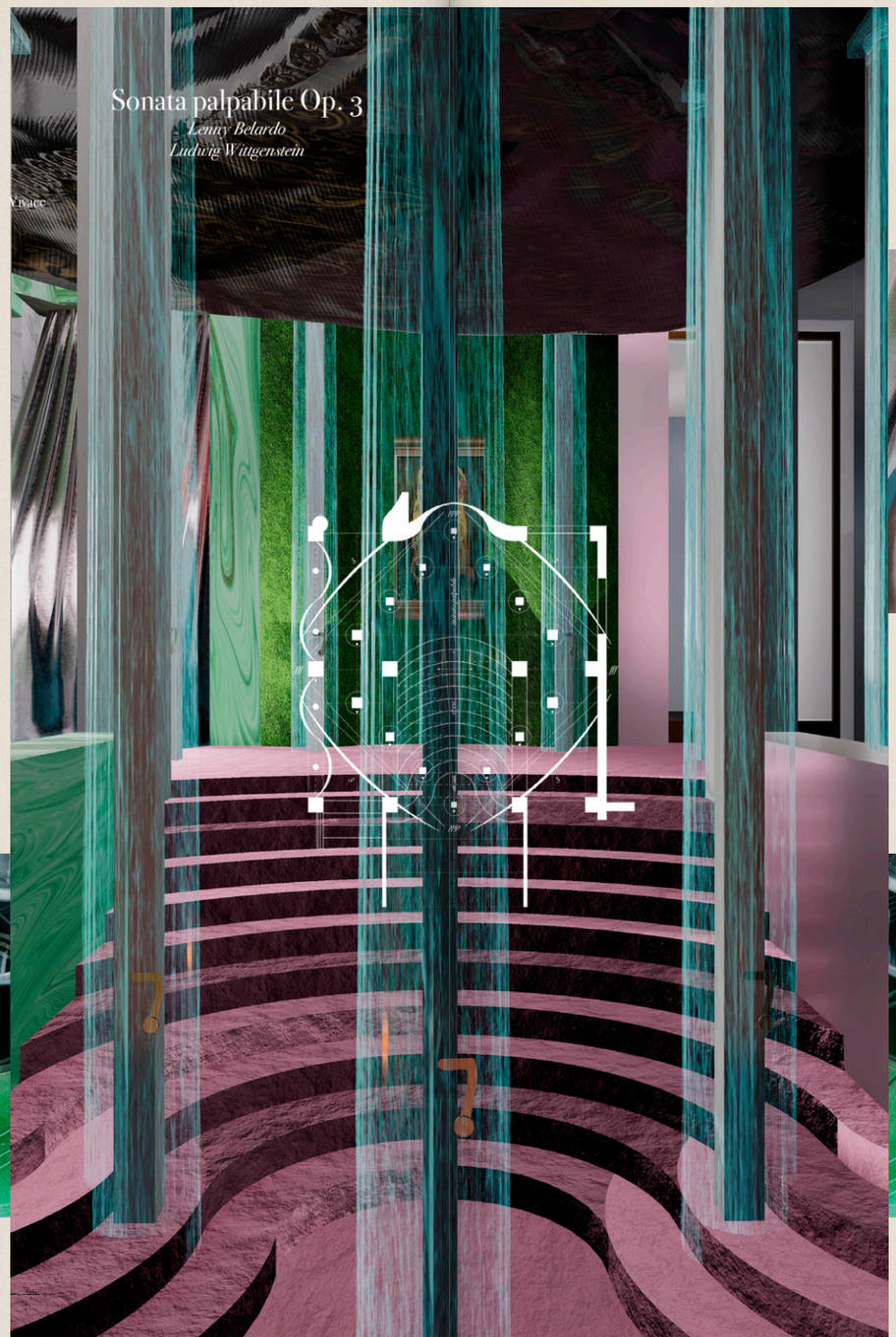
A reasonable distinction in coloration. Variations in texture. [22] *Texture as difficult and in some ways as secretive as the vision of potential history which it embodies.* [20] *Texture consonant with the onstage presence* [13] *of Ludwig. An alteration of Ludwig. Lenny's play has morphed about half of the soundproof wainscoting into emerald marble panels. The heavy doors deliberately opened up for the textures to delicately infuse each other through mutual resonances. Ludwig's Steinway, now with some of Lenny's Kermes minerals unmethodically placed on top of the piano's cast iron frame, desires to move out of its perfect symmetrical positioning, so that accidental interference can start to enrich the sound. Ludwig's white walls, coated with velvety felt, fixed with a considerable amount of organic rubber. Rubber so soft and sticky.* [43]

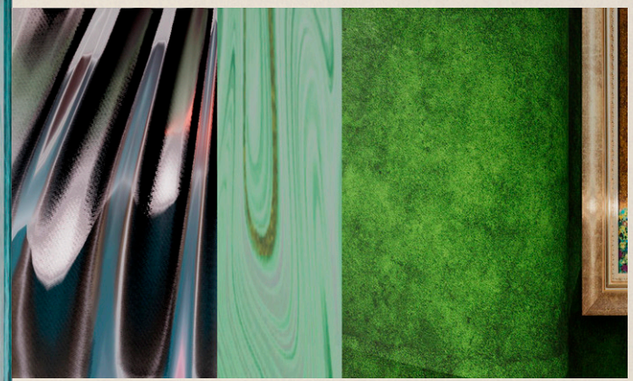
The Thonet, however, grew on Lenny. The Thonet vibrates. Ludwig vibrates, the space quivers in every corner. [22] *Lenny notices the absence of the lowpass. As he reaches for the low A sharp diminished trill, it is as all the metallic doorhandles and railings start to respond.* [23] *A change of timbre. A gentle resonance. Augmenting interference. Spiritual reverberation. So much so, that the imperishability of Ludwig can be momentarily questioned.*

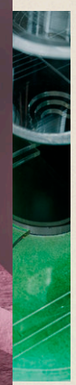
A pyramidal cascade of crescending rubatos decrescent in eclipsing emotion yet intent.

No dissonance; no eternal silence, no dominant chord... [14]









...as Ludwig has already started. Lenny's rubatos were mimicked beginning at 6 dB, so that the hearer was left only with the general impression that language is [24] unconsciously continuous. Alpha, beta, and gamma particles, inscribe themselves in the soft tissue of the soundscape. [42] Oscillations between the code of utility and the code of beauty. [38] Each three decibel increment represents a 100% change in sound pressure. [25] Each sequenced BPM increment represents a 100% change in movement.

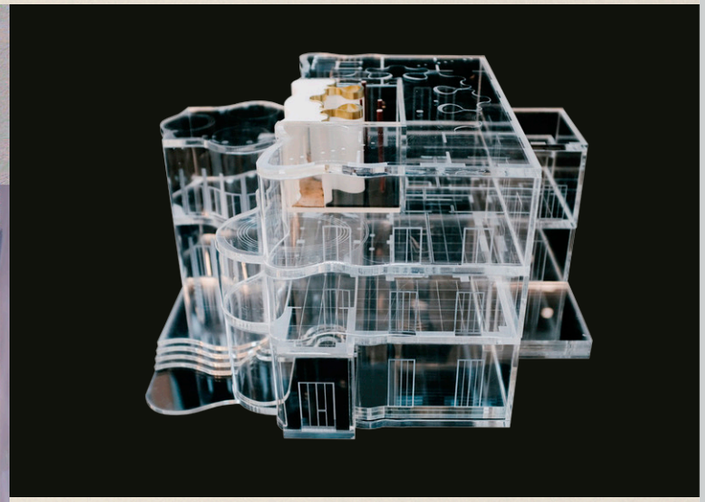
This time, each decibel increase feels significant, each sequence presents bodies in motion. [13] Sound in motion. The arpeggios have been awakened by their individual micro-collisions with Lenny's emerald marble. Stereophonic atonality raises the apex of Lenny's melody by a mere halftone, complemented by the velvety felt, it projects a mountainous sound of the breath of millions, shrivelling the grasslands [37] of rationality.

A sonical error? Though, what can it be but motion? What can it be but metallic emotion? [22] The metallic luster that was clearly describable as moving within grayscale was now almost ivory in color. [12] Metallic interplay between shapeshifting fleshy arpeggios. Chunky pads. Intense oscillation. Dance of a serpent. [13] The metallic luster approaches some kind of a climax and stops. [12] The stage will not be prepared for [17] the vacuum of silence.

Ludwig. The music theatre. An island in the city. Embodiment of disentanglement. Distinct separation from his domain. The impenetrable walls of Ludwig absorb the city's cacophonous hustle. The impenetrable walls of Ludwig surrounded by the gasping anticipation of the appetent gathered. The anticipation cannot be wrong because it is what has taken the curious bunch to the premiere. [45]







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F sharp dominant tone cluster >

Elevation of a fugue. Reflection, luster, refraction, luminosity, darkness, color, softness, absorption, liquidity, atmospheric density, instability of shape; [26] *soul, spirit, breath, ancestors, fire, form, God.* [27]

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>
a sophisticated form in sophisticated surroundings, a space subtracted from the whole, exposition of shifting thicknesses and firmnesses of walls and floors. [19]
>
an organification of a synthetic body. Organic bodily tissue deliberately introduces layers of carbonization over fused sheets of metal. [12]
>
constantly in act of reconstruction between pliable skin and alveolar texture. [51] *Absurd perforation and disintegration.*
>
as well as a handful of sumptuous onyx and glass vases, appear to float above ground, perpetually dampened by an indeterminable, strangely fragrant solution reminding of both lubricating saliva and electric liquid.

The ceiling is cut open; exposed, oculus: an opening 8.92 meters in diameter that is at the hall's apex. The oculus illuminates. [49] *Brass strips collected, fused into a colossal euphonium, attaching itself to the oculus, reaching into the troposphere. Exhaustive sound embracing all air particles. Composures being made up of the clearness of the skie, and moisture of the air, hath joyned together an indissoluble superficies.* [30] *Hall of Supreme Harmony.* [31] *Unity in fluids and solids alike, in compounds and in elements.* [39] *Fluid extravagance.* [35]

𝄞

accompanied by dodecaphonical staccatos.

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Sound space creation in all directions, space creation in a continuum. [28] Rejuvenation of particularities. Ondulation of the sum. Evaporation of opaque bodies as objects disappear from sight. [29]

The hall,
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The walls,
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The corners of the space,
<
<
The instruments,
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The ceiling is cut open; exposed, oculus: an opening 8.92 meters in diameter that is at the hall's apex. The oculus illuminates. [49] Brass strips collected, fused into a colossal euphonium, attaching itself to the oculus, reaching into the troposphere. Exhaustive sound embracing all air particles. Composures being made up of the clearness of the skie, and moisture of the air, hath joyned together an indissoluble superficies. [30] Hall of Supreme Harmony. [31] Unity in fluids and solids alike, in compounds and in elements. [39] Fluid extravagance. [35]



Toccata profonda transcendentale Op. 5

LL

Presto

L/L.
L/L.

L is free movement, outside any zone of both rational and sensory apprehension, as L becomes L, movement equals rest, freeing its expressive power once the links that oblige bodily positions to signify fixed emotions are undone. [13] In retrospect, the bodies of L/L not only tend to indicate a world beyond themselves, but this movement beyond their own boundaries, a movement of boundary itself, appeared to be quite central to what their bodies are now. [32]

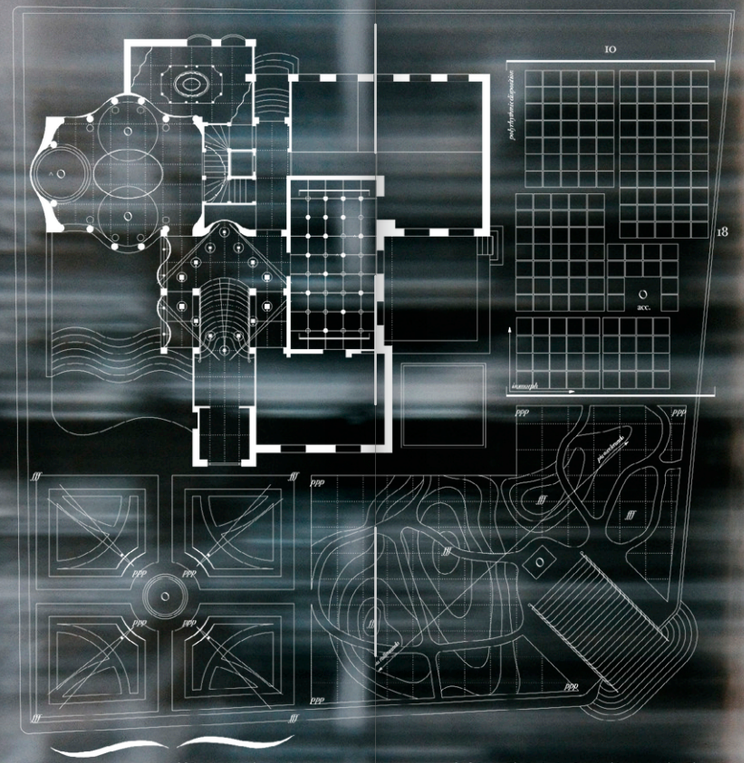
Boundlessness.
Boundlessness.

Absurd perforation and disintegration. A precarious balance. [33] How L matured within L, how noble, majestic the proportion; their bright, vivid colours have finally acquired all their brilliance. [5] Their musical hyacinth has risen to intense variety with bright blue, pink, and distinctly yellow sound petals. [34] Kaleidoscopic fireworks of a thousand suns. Touching the luminous troposphere. Glance into the garden of unison. Creation and decay. Its flowers breathe parallaxing perfume, its grasses devise celestial white noise and its birds warble amid the bloom. [50] Everlasting growth of harmonious fruits, fertilized by the scintillating chorus of six-hundred voices. [40] A pyramidal cascade of crescending yet decrescending rubatos formed by the interplay of L/L, opens an inconceivable temporal dimension; the duration of time in time. [35] L in L, total synchronicity, rings both sharp and explosive and as regular as an atomic metronome. [12] An intensely densified aural landscape. The rhythm is both stable and unstable.

3/4, 4/4, 6/4, 8/4, 4/8, 6/8, 8/8, 9/8, 5/4, 7/8, 12/16.
3/4, 4/4, 6/4, 8/4, 4/8, 6/8, 8/8, 9/8, 5/4, 7/8, 12/16.
Monophony, Micropolyphony, Macropolyphony.
Monophony, Micropolyphony, Macropolyphony.
Adagio, Andante, Moderato, Vivace, Presto.
Adagio, Andante, Moderato, Vivace, Presto.
80, 112, 168, 324 BPM.
80, 112, 168, 324 BPM.
10 Hz to 20000 Hz.
10 Hz to 20000 Hz.

The embodiment of metastability. [36] What a gleaming ethereal outflow of modular systems of coordination, of scientific methods of experimentation, of laws of automation, and precision. [37] Of eternal source, matter; the form, the shape; and the arrangement of the visible invisible. [1] Matters reached an ecstatic climax. A thing of indescribable awe. [12]

Space in sound.
Sound in space.
Space in sound.
Sound in space.
Space in sound.
Sound in space.
Space in sound.
Sound in space.



[1] Seneca_Complete Works
[2] Augustine_The City of God
[3] Bichat_General Anatomy Applied to Physiology and Medicine
[4] Strabo_The Geography
[5] Mallgrave_Architectural Theory
[6] Aquinas_Summa Theologica
[7] Payne_Renaissance and Baroque Architecture
[8] Bachelard_The Poetics of Space
[9] Buehlmann Hovestadt_Symbolizing Existence
[10] Eco_From the Tree to the Labyrinth
[11] Hugo_Les Misérables
[12] Asimov_Complete Robot Anthology
[13] Ranciere_Aisthesis
[14] Proust_In Search of Lost Time Vol III
[15] Buehlmann_Mathematics and Information in the Philosophy of Michel Serres
[16] Weinstone_Avatar Bodies
[17] Colquhoun, From Bricolage to Myth, or How to Put Humpty Dumpty Together Again, in Hays Ed., Architecture Theory Since 1968
[18] Leatherbarrow Eisenschmidt_Twentieth Century Architecture
[19] Evans_The Projective Cast Architecture and Its Three Geometries
[20] Steiner_After Babel Aspects of Language and Translation
[21] Kemp_Behind the Picture
[22] Prince_Historical and Philosophical Issues in the Conservation of Cultural Heritage
[23] Voltaire_Candide
[24] Kittler_The Truth of the Technological World
[25] McGee_Drag Racing: The Loudest Sport, in Hovestadt Buehlmann Eds._A Quantum City
[26] Evans_The Projective Cast Architecture and Its Three Geometries
[27] Sloterdijk_Critique of Cynical Reason
[28] Mallgrave_Modern Architectural Theory
[29] Alhacen_Theory of Visual Perception Books 1 2 3
[30] Agrippa_Three Books of Occult Philosophy
[31] Koolhaas_Elements of Architecture
[32] Butler_Bodies That Matter
[33] Foucault_The Birth of the Clinic
[34] Darwin_The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication
[35] Braidotti Hlavajova_Posthuman Glossary
[36] Braidotti Dolphijn_Philosophy After Nature
[37] Ockmann_Architecture Culture 1943 1968
[38] Schumacher_The Autopoiesis of Architecture Vol 2
[39] Rousseau_Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
[40] Joyce_Ulysses
[41] Burrows_Fictioning
[42] Morton_Hyperobjects
[43] Zimring_Encyclopedia of Consumption and Waste
[44] wikipedia_Music and Architecture
[45] Ayache_The Blank Swan
[46] Gannon_Reyner Banham and the Paradoxes of High Tech
[47] Laennec_A Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest and on Mediate Auscultation
[48] Marzano_The Roman Villa in the Mediterranean Basin
[49] Yerkes_Drawing after Architecture
[50] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights

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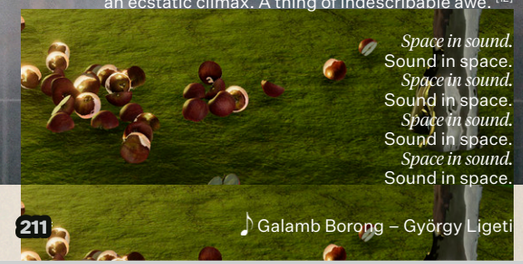


Space in sound.
Sound in space.
Space in sound.
Sound in space.
Space in sound.
Sound in space.
Space in sound.
Sound in space.

♪ Galamb Borong – György Ligeti

PALAIS ORTOLAN

BEHIND THE VEIL

THE COOKBOOK



INTRODUCTION

In the wake of the recent events, namely the Michelin Guide review of the Palais Ortolan, I feel obliged to open up to the world in order to prevent any more myths to arise around Lenny Belardo and his cooking. For years I have now tried to reveal to the world what is happening behind that veil of secrecy he put up, supposedly to keep his beloved birds from flying away. I have forced every visitor to walk the path of the ingredient to show what Lenny is doing. I have pumped the fumes of the kitchen into the city. I have projected the goings-on within the restaurant onto its veil. I have revealed to the world each evening the guest that is eating at the Palais Ortolan. But nonetheless the Michelin Guide inspector drew no new knowledge from what I showed him. Even worse, it seems, as we can read in his article, that what I showed him, together with the meal he was served, has only sparked confusion in him as if his rational reason could not deal with this place. Because of these happenings, I want to state once and for all what Lenny Bellardo is all about. Lay all his recipes and ingredients on the table for the whole world to see. I have followed this man's traces, seen all his simple daily rituals. I have collected the letters going in and out of the house, among which a personal copy of the Michelin Guide review, as well as Lenny's letter to the Vatican. I have listened to the people whispering in front of the veil, collecting the most common words surrounding the Palais Ortolan. I have followed the traces of his ingredients from the most distant places of the earth into the freezer through their preparation in the kitchen, to their assmbly on the plate. I have seen and analyzed everything that went into the cold storage. I have felt and measured the exact temperatures at which the ingredients are cooked. I have smelled and identified all the fumes of the kitchen down to their molecular composition. I have seen the plate being arranged for a thousand times and can recall every minute detail on it. I have reconstructed the recipes of the exact dinner Lenny Bellardo cooks every night. All for you to see, understand and cook. The truth of the thoughts communicated here seems to me unassailable and definitive. I am, therefore, of the opinion that the problems have in essence been finally solved. [1]

- Haus Wittgenstein

[1] Wittgenstein, Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus

Dear Gutierrez

Please forgive me for having left the Vatican without a word to you. I just could not bear the thought anymore of remaining in this situation. I felt constrained. Constrained by this system, the ubiquitous logics and regulations of the economy, the legal system, the political system, the mass media, the church. [1] Bound to a mortal body, by bonds as strange as they are powerful, my care for the preservation of this body tempts the soul to think only of self, and gives it an interest opposed to the general order of things, which it is still capable of knowing and loving. [2] The only place where I was at peace was in my garden. Where I would watch the songbirds on their travel to Africa. So free and close to the sky. Moving freely not because they had to but because they wanted to. I watched in silence over our mortal agonies, guides of messengers, bonds and cords, angels flying in limpid air, leading us towards the other world. [3] It was on one of those afternoons when I heard a bird chirping, singled out and trapped between the branches of a bush. The heaven had sent an ortolan. So sweet that bird, and dear to me, Sang, among the blossoms free, Singing with such mastery. [4] I felt a youthful, holy, vital bliss in every vein and fibre newly glowing. [5] But not in holy reverence to our Lord, but in lust. [6] I could not let go of the images that arose in me and that came along with the thought of consuming the bird with all its feathers and freedom. The memory of an angel, or rather the becoming of a cosmos. [7] Shocked with this sinful thought it dawned on me. If moral precepts seem laughable, if the person preaching is irritating, for no one lives like an absolute angel, then vital experience matters eminently. The foolish life doesn't expose itself; the good one puts himself in danger, like intelligence when it wants to invent. It dives into this experience, into this adventure, exceptional and everyday, in which [...] sin itself teaches us more than every other thing in the world. [8] Religion connects the disconnected; this is the first definition of myth. But I will unbind the connected, unbind the priest more than he unbinds himself; unfasten the shackles, knots and connections. It is in this way that in space and the world atomism is profoundly irreligious: principles separated by the void. But if I disconnect the connected, then physics comes back down to religion.Then the atom is indeed the same word as templum, the temple, the Palais Ortolan, the restaurant I opened up, the distinction of local variety within the global space. [9]

For my getaway I found a perfect site, bringing with it its own luggage like I am, yet willing to turn things around. The house that used to be an absolute identity, [...] it was posited as such by reflection over opposition and manifoldness; [...] the negative of reflection and determination in general. [10] [...] is now confronted with a new external world. With my restaurant a new era has been opened. [11] Object to the secrecy and the myth unknown to him that I bring in form of the ortolan. It has become a tracing element; it wants to reveal the network of unobservable relations in the restaurant. [12] Examining on what basis and under what conditions the myth succeeds. [13] Working against the veil to show the world what lies behind the net I put over the site to keep the birds from flying away. Trying to understand and signify [...] the components of the myth, [14] arranging them for the visitor to see. But the moment of the exclusion of madness in the subject who seeks the truth is necessarily hidden from the point of view of the architectonic ordering of the system. [15] Because it's not their sum that produces the cooks and ingredients. It's the trace of blood on their shirts. [16] But even if we do not work together, we work between the two. [17] It is that exact dissonance of understanding that reassures me in my decision to leave the Vatican. It affirms my freedom; to move freely between the perfectly fixed logical structures the house presents. Rising each day to the birds singing with the curtains blowing through the open windows. Sitting in my deckchair amongst the trees watching the birds all day. Contemplating which one I will serve to my guest at night. Then, as the sun sets and the shadows start to illumine the veil I descend into the building. Only to rise again moving beyond the realms of the house and onto the rooftop where together with the guest I eat the ortolan. Removing the ritual to remind ourselves of who we are in the emptiness of the night sky. Going to sleep to rise another day, being in this atmosphere I created. On another note, as my actions have drawn attention, the media, members of the public, and politicians have begun to pay attention. [18] Recently I have gotten a reservation from a name familiar to me from the Michelin Guide. I will report to you how it went as soon as possible.

My dearest regards go out to you

Lenny

[01] Cookbook Trailer

[02] Menu Teaser

[03] Cookbook



PALAIS ORTOLAN
GUIDE MICHELIN / 01.06.2021 / VIENNA

I. ARMAGNAC APERITIF

The day has come, I had gotten a reservation at the restaurant that is most mysterious to the world. It is for that mystery that we decided to make an exception in the Michelin Guide policy of reviewing the restaurant with two inspectors, as the cook Lenny Bellardo only allows one single diner per night to enter his premises. What morbid curiosity! The whole world is dying of curiosity. [...] We all want to see that which is hidden. We all want to stare the forbidden in the face. [1] I turn the corner of Kundmanngasse and it appears in front of me. A dark place, and the veil in front. [2] The flat veil is always bright: on it the world of the palais casts a shadow; light creates a shaded area. My knowledge is limited to these shadows. [3] The silhouettes of the cooks, the moving leaves of the trees and the birds, the ortolan. Forms, lights, shadows and colours have been mixed by the meeting of humans, the Grand Narrative of time and the trip around the world. [4] A world for me to experience and transcend as I will eat the ortolan tonight. I hear the murmur of honey bees, the varied songs of many birds, [5] a tremendous flurry calling of slaves and butlers, and pandemonium among the cooks. [6] Shaping, all, on one great tune with bees, insects, flowers and trees. [5] Trembling with anticipation. I am welcomed at the gate by a man of stained white clothes ushering me in. I am handed a drink in which, floating on the surface of the freshly poured armagnac, I find a small feather.


01


02

II. TRUFFLE & FIG SALAD

I feel a jet of warm air cascading over myself. [7] The smells are simple: roasting beef, some wine, presumably some scent of baking bread. [8] There are truffles, flowers, animals, fruits, grasses, and vegetables of the Old World and New; an aviary, so to speak. [9] For here we are in the Land of Birds, whereon for the force of their flying and the flapping of their wings, we cannot hear one other speak. [10] I feel the softness in the depths of the Earth, beneath my feet. [11] Roots around me growing into the ground as I am placed at the table with its rum stained lace tablecloth: beneath fig trees. [12] The first course is served. The truffle is nothing else but an agglomeration of elementary earth. [13] The soil on which vegetation rests. I trace the nature of the soil, on which depends the growth of plants. [14] The figs. I hear the myth of the forest primeval providing the legendary site where we started our evolution toward civilization under the hidden guidance of divine providence. [15] As the ortolans sing above my head we follow the ramp sinking down into the earth [25]

III. POACHED EGGS IN SIX SPICES

As we move out from under the trees and my feet touch the harsh asphalt it rises from behind the greenery. The birds circling around it as if it had a magnetic pull to it, catching the light emitted from the different compartments of the building. Duplicating each of the birds and throwing them back onto the veil, the shadows denser and more concrete than its substance. [16] The compartments which light reveals to advantage; the image of these is distinct and tangible within us and without ambiguity. [17] [...]
The ramp widens and the concrete wall becomes an opening. [26] Above the entrance I see an array of slow turning axial flow fans [27] whispering the scents of the kitchen into the atmosphere of the garden. Below, blurry traces of the cooks rushing carts full of crates through the hall. The merchants dealing with cooks about imports and sales settled over here. [28] Selecting from the goods travelling [...] between continents and oceans. [29] I hear the rustling of a cart pushed towards me by a cook. In the gray plastic crate on the top, the next course is revealed to me. Five tiny eggs that give rise to a new life, [30] coated in the most exclusive spices. A movement of intercontinental exchange [...] constituting a world conspiring with new bodies. [31] My neural network becomes one with the moving lights of the globe. Strings of movement connected to the nodes that are the becoming of the ortolan. I feel a special sense of power, of entitlement as I walk through this gate and into the intestines, the inner workings of the building. As if I was some kind of mobster in the movies walking through the dark and twisted hallways of the establishment he owns. I can't help but picture myself walking through the kitchen experiencing all the scents and maybe even hearing an ortolan squeal as it is drowned in armanac.



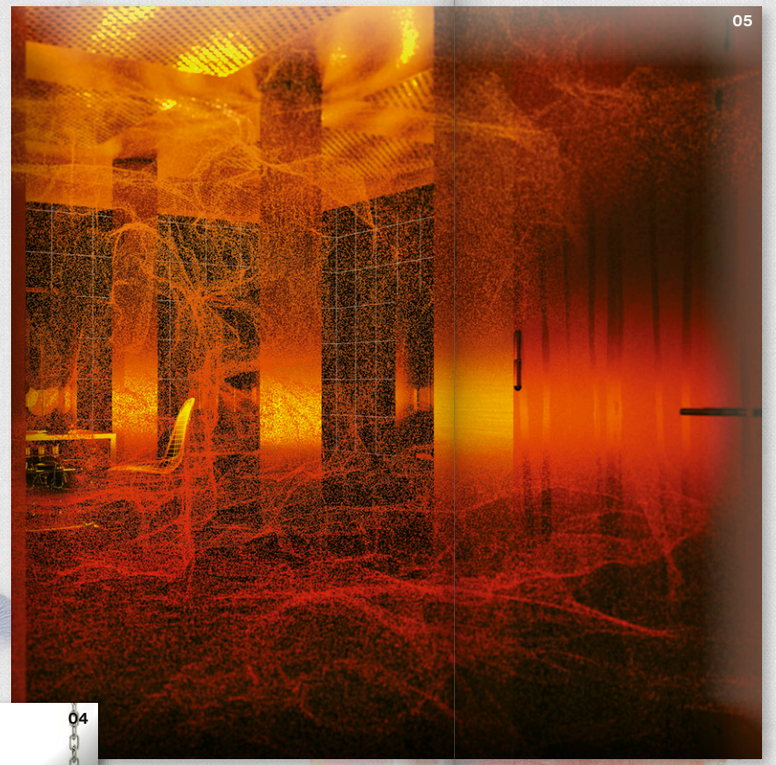

03


03

IV. FROZEN FLOWER PETAL

We stand in front of the heavy chromed door. Open the wall, open the hymen, open the veil: death. [32] Cold. Silence. As if we were a thousand meters below the surface. This interior is not “frozen music” but “arrested maelstrom.”[33] All the delicacies of the world buried deep in blocks of ice: intact to all appearances. [34] The most bizarre thing I see? That would have to be a frozen lizard. [35] A catalogue of 10,000 stars. [36] The noisy echo of a thousand voices, the white light with ten colours, [37] broken through the ice into the spectrum of the rainbow absorbing it. [38] And in the middle, the gleaming white table with a single frozen flower. I feel the crunch of fresh snow [39] between my teeth and let the frozen history of the petal dissolve on my tongue. The element becomes a multitude of crossroads or nexus of relations, a network of connections [40] of temporalities. In this closed cell, this temporary sepulchre, the myths of resurrection arise easily enough. [41] Locked in frozen layers, a universe of ancient creatures awaits another chance at life. [42] One floor to the next. Like worker bees swarming around their queen in the hive. Drawn in by the building we follow the ramp sinking down into the earth, [25] as we move further down into the soil I grasp a last sight at a single white plastic deckchair sitting amongst the white clothes hung up to dry moving in the wind of the building’s exhaust system.


04


05


06

V. PRIMORDIAL SOUP

I witness a transformation of substances and a dissolution of forms [...] such that my body or the room do not end at a precise point. [43] There is nothing but the immense noise of the ocean. Chaos, noise, disorder. The base of existence [...] noise spills out into space. [44] In this collapse of the surface, the entire world loses its meaning. [45] On the ceiling the pipes inhaling the fumes trying to make sense of the molecular essence of things just as I am. And here I see him for the first time: Lenny Bellardo, the mixer of meanings or voices. [...] He warms the room, gives a fever, increases agitation and thermal disorder. [46] His arms raised like the conductor of an orchestra [...] violent rhythms succeed a graceful andante. [47] In the corners the mist condenses, stains running down the walls, letting us perceive the boundaries of infinite space. On my spoon I sense Aphrodite herself rise, living, erect and naked, in the ruffles of the waves, of the prebiotic soup, [48] where things and organs are distinguished solely by gradients, migrations, zones of proximity. [49] On the aluminium table the reflection of the dancing mist. As Lenny Bellardo conducts the heat.

VI. ROASTED PIG & APPLE

The raging noise of the heat now distant. The only thing I feel is warmth. In this windowless room in the heart of the building. The only light coming from the fireplace. The dancing flames projected onto the thick curtains. A shadow moving along the wall, carrying to my table a large silver platter enhancing the reflections of the warm flames. The pig that picked the truffles invariably impaled on a stick and roasted over a fire. [50] There, I sense the ancient elemental things: the smell of the meat as it turned golden on the spit, the trees, the dry branches, the fire that brings men together. [51] Intelligence enters into time, into the most rapid, lively, and subtle shifts and fluctuations of turbulence, of the dancing flames. Dancing the dance of the ortolan. A single cut out of the apple of the pig’s mouth and I am back in the garden. The circle has closed. From growth to selection to conservation to dissolution. The eternal circulation of the elements of bodies, [52] passing from one form to the other. [53] Becoming. Circulating around the central void. A void that in itself begins to take on colour. [54] For it is now time to go beyond. Ready to be taken to another dimension. [55]
As Lenny enters the room, bearing in his hands two cast-iron cocottes. Inside each I assume a tiny, still sizzling, roasted bird, head, beak, and feet still attached, guts intact inside its plump little belly. [56]

VII. THE ORTOLAN

I follow him on the staircase moving upwards in the concealed atmosphere of the garden. Into the white space [...] circumscribed, redoubled by a veil or a net which is superimposed, and gives it a volume. [57] I understand that it is not the environment that is unknown, but rather, my own body that becomes the point of interest of the room. [58] Depicting the physical setting would be superfluous and divert the gaze away from the ritual action. [59] Everything has been experienced, everything enjoyed to the full, the whole. [60] But yet something remains missing. The bird that turned men to kings and kings to gods. I lean forward as the host high pours from a bottle of Armagnac, dousing the ortolan, then ignites it. The flames in the cocottes burn down, and the ortolans are distributed. One to me, one to him. Everyone at this table knows what to do and how to do it. [61] Eager to indulge in the bird I look around the table for the napkin that is traditionally used to cover the faces and allows diners to savor the aromas and enjoy some privacy while devouring the bird or hide their indulgence from the eyes of God. [62] But it is missing, instead, Lenny looks me in my eyes affirmatively, as to tell me to go ahead.

07 ROOM WITHOUT A ROOF

VII. THE ORTOLAN (CONTINUED)

Here I am in turn, the last, at the pinnacle of power, at the very instant of committing the sin. [63] An internal law rules up to a threshold, after which the law is changed. [...] The five senses stop at these thresholds which it is now a question of going beyond. The Gates of Hell or Paradise. The horror, rather, of those who detest experience, or the ecstasy of those who bathe in it. [64] A quick exchange of looks and I accept my dissolution in the burning plasma of matter. [65] First comes the skin and the fat. It's hot. So hot that I'm drawing short, panicky, circular breaths [...] breathing around the ortolan, shifting it gingerly around my mouth with my tongue so I don't burn myself. [...] [66] Trying to hide my pain as I quickly glance up at Lenny who sits calmly staring into the atmosphere. There's a vestigial flavour of Armagnac, low-hanging fumes of airborne fat particles, an intoxicating miasma. Time goes by. Seconds? Moments? I don't know. [...] I bring my molars slowly down and through the bird's rib cage with a wet crunch and am rewarded with a scalding hot rush of burning fat and guts down my throat. Rarely have pain and delight combined so well. I'm giddily uncomfortable, waiting for the aromas to unfold, breathing in short, controlled gasps as I continue, slowly, ever so slowly to chew. [67] On the other side of the table, Lenny unfazed as if he already knew what was coming. With every bite, as the thin bones and layers of fat, meat, skin, and organs compact in on themselves, there are dribbles of varied ancient flavors: figs, Armagnac, dark flesh slightly infused with the salty taste of my own blood as my mouth is pricked by the sharp bones. [68] Now for the final bite, the last step, ready to transcend. I close my eyes. I swallow, I draw in the head and beak, which, until now, had been hanging from my lips, and crush the skull. [69] I look at Lenny. The smoke from his cigarette flowing up into the sky. Where just moments ago the cloth of the veil had covered us, now stands tall and judging the reflection of the moon mirrored in the façade of the neighbouring building. Bright, distorted and fragmented by the still lit windows. No Language or sound, breezes, scents, shadows, songs or shapes but nothingness [70] mixed with the taste of my own blood.







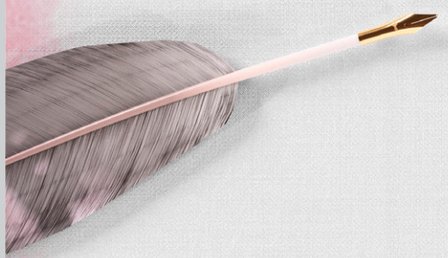
07

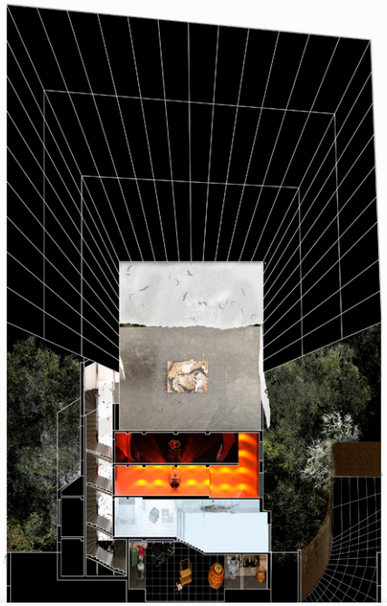
VIII. FINAL JUDGEMENT

My face is frozen in terror. [71] Without a word I get up. On the oposite side of the roof an elevator door opens behind the white curtains waving in the night breeze. Seeing myself cross the catwalk, free in the air among the birds towards the elevator taking the perspective of the neighbouring building, disintegrated. With a dull clank the doors close. I am alone. Just me and my distorted image in the claustrophbic chrome walls. A blank look from my reflection to me, from the black box to its lit up threshold, from the hidden to the publicly posted, from veil to unveiling, from the entangled to taking apart thread by thread. [72] Madness surges upon me. The justice of this form of madness lies precisely in its capacity to unveil the truth. [73] I have no option but to consider myself guilty. My torture had been my glory: my deliverance was my humiliation. [74] Gluttony, laziness, lust, and anger pass from the confessional to the laboratory, from spiritual and subjective intention to rational evidence and obligation, both final and causal. [75] Sitting on a rooftop, on two plastic chairs, among two greasy paper plates and a Cherry Coke Zero. Lenny Bellardo unveiled the terminal truth of man: he showed how far he could be pushed by the passions, life in society and everything that distanced him from a primitive nature that knew no madness. [76] He has found a new way of judging life, of universalizing the condemnation of life, by internalizing sin. [77] But the bringer of sin and death necessarily also brought healing and life. [78]

Lenny Please forgive me.
For having left your restaurant without a word to you. For believing that carnal desires can be satisfied. [79] For wanting to see what is behind the veil. For I came to the house that showed to me the becoming of man but wanted more. What strong and simple science will tell me the moment of denouement, of being stripped bare and untied, the moment of true casting off, and tell me to take nothing, to go completely naked, overwhelmed, burning, trembling in all my limbs, from this Earth toward the void. [80] For kings are not gods; they are but men, who are often enchanted by the Sirens' song. [81] I see that it has not changed; and yet I see it differently.[82] For I am free now. For I am lost now. Why write about an object that is disappearing, in a language that is dying? [...] The five senses, still on the verge of departure towards another adventure, a ghost of the real, timidly described in a ghost of language.

This is my confession. [83]







INGREDIENTS
1 Person
1 French songbird



INGREDIENTS
1 Person
1 European pie [7.5-10 kg]

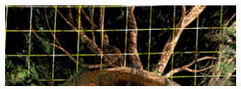


INGREDIENTS
1 Person
14.7 ml of Italian olive oil

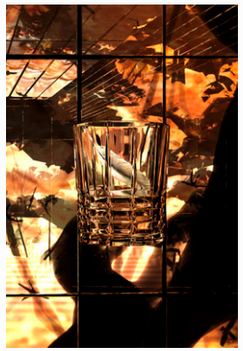
INGREDIENTS
1 Person
1 Dutch tulip



INGREDIENTS
1 Person
5 Eggs of the Ortolan
1 drop of vinegar



INGREDIENTS
1 Person
1 White truffle from Piedmont
2 Figs from the garden
100 g Burrata from Campagna



INGREDIENTS
1 Person
50 ml of French Armagnac
15 ml of Swiss absinthe
20 ml of Angostura bitters
3 cubes of Arctic ice
1 Feather of a French songbird

PREPARATION
1. Drop the absinthe into an empty tumbler glass and swirl it [15s]
2. Add 1 cube of Arctic ice [2 x 2 x 2cm] and set it aside
3. Add the Armagnac and bitters to a second tumbler and stir the ingredients with 2 cubes of ice
4. Pour the tumblers into a glass and add the feather
5. Let it rest for 5 min to let the flavours unfold

SOURCES

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[2] Serres, Rome
[3] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy
[4], [48] Serres, The Incandescent
[5], [31], [38] Serres, Hominescence
[6] Seneca, Complete Works
[7] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[8] Bradley, Smell and the Ancient Senses
[9] Freedberg, The Eye of the Lynx
[10] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights
[11] Serres, Biogea
[12], [43], [70] Serres, The Five Senses
[13] Pliny, Natural History Volume 4
[14] Hutton, Theory of the Earth
[15] Stafford, Symbol and Myth
[16] Proust, In Search of Lost Time Vol I Swanns Way
[25], [26] Leatherbarrow Eisenschmidt, 20th Century Architecture
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[28] Saunders, The Art and Architecture of London
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[30] Hofstadter, I Am a Strange Loop
[32] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights
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[42] Schmitt, The Cambridge History of Renaissance Philosophy
[44], [46] Serres, The Parasite
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[50] Levi Strauss, Tristes Tropiques
[51] Borges, Collected Fictions
[52] Jefferson, Political Writings
[53] Marx, Collected Works
[54] Carson, Decreation
[55], [62] NY Times, Ortolan Bunting
[56], [61], [67], [68], [69] Bourdain, Medium Raw
[58] Quetglas, Loss of Synthesis: Mies's Pavilion, in Hays, Ed., Architecture Theory Since 1968
[59] Bonnemaison Macy, Festival Architecture
[60] Seneca, Hardship and Happiness
[63] Serres, Troubadour of Knowledge
[64] Serres, Statues
[66] Serres, Geometry
[71] Negarestani Mackay, Collapse Volume VII
[72] Serres, Rome
[73], [74], [76], [78] Foucault, History of Madness
[75] Serres Latour, Conversations on Science Culture and Time
[77] Deleuze, Pure Immanence
[79] Eco, The Name of the Rose
[80] Serres, The Natural Contract
[81] Spinoza, Complete Works
[82] Wittgenstein, Philosophical Investigations
[83] Bühlmann, Mathematics and Information in the Philosophy of Michel Serres





CONCLUSION

Having considered all the information I gathered,
having laid everything on the table, I have to come to the conclusion:
All the ingredients, the temperatures, the origins, the recipes,
the talks in front of the veil, the experience of the guest, Lenny's daily life –
everything is there, yet something remains missing.
For I do not know what causes the colour to leave the guest's face.
And what causes a new guest to arrive each night.
But perhaps it is exactly my own unknowingness that binds the myth.

Thus this book is really only an album. [1]

[1] Wittgenstein, Philosophical Investigations

PALAIS ORTOLAN

2021

Fashion, journalism, feminism. ‘If nature is unjust, change nature’. About freedom, nature, technology, gender, intellect. What is it, a human? Gendered by nature or engendered by ratio? An architectonic stageplay: Coco Chanel (1918) moves into the Villa Lemoine of Rem Koolhaas (1998) to discuss the Xenofeminist Manifesto (2018).

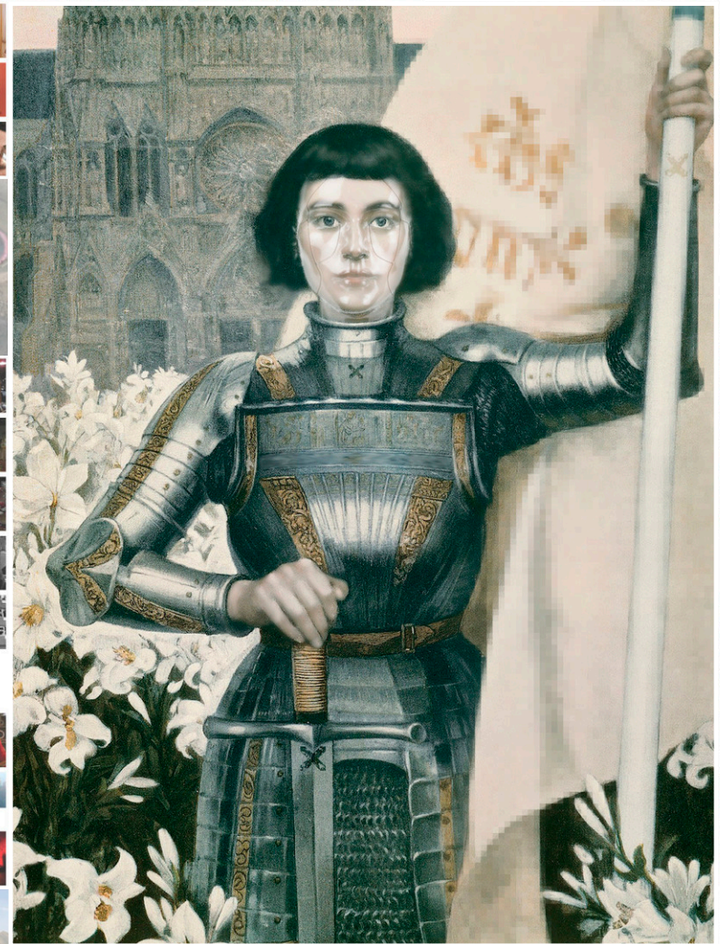
Season 5

Engenderings

Location
Maison Bordeaux, Bordeaux

Client
Coco Chanel

With
Anna Oexle, Christa Held, David Siegrist, German Kiyyan, Gion Tschümperlin, Johannes Hoppensack, Jonathan Bitterli, Lukas Felleisen, Maëlle Odermatt, Manuel Eichenberger, Ruby Hall, Samuel Meury, Shota Shiratori, Timon Rajmon, Justin Wan



Amorous Manifesto

The Spectacles of Love

Do you believe in the virgin birth?[1]

That is an intact question, virginal, new,

still to come, a completely naked question.[2]

I want to keep you pure and her nameless,[3]

a demand that difference itself be abolished.[4]

Though both are bound in the spiral dance,

I would rather be a cyborg than a goddess.[5]

A cyborg is pure, pure possibility.

[1] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
[2] Derrida, Signature
[3] Koolhaas, SMLXL
[4] Hester, Xenofeminism
[5] Haraway, Cyborg Manifesto

A work by Justin Wan

Welcome to the Parade

Confluence, unfurling, occupation of places.[1] The confluence is no longer a low synthesis but a high opening that leads, further upstream, to other openings.[2] It is the concourse of the accidents that constitute it.[3] They are both clothed, but unbuttoned.[4] Their eyes meet and communicate.[5] The meeting cannot be reproduced and does not result in equilibrium.[6] It can no longer be assumed: it must come about as a result of interferences and intersections between these two lines: one concerning the essence of chaste, the other the idea of thirst.[7] This crossbreeding drives the obstacles away so as to pass the percolation threshold: everything flows starting from this source or this confluence.[8] They are adamantly synthetic, unsatisfied by analysis alone.[9] The song of harmony and elation, marked the optimism and happiness of our ancestors—amid the horror of combats or debates, no one could deprive them of the world—just as now the rupture of these two worlds awakens our anxiety.[10]

[1] Serres, The Five Senses
[2] Serres, Genesis
[3] Foucault, The Birth of the Clinic
[4] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
[5] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
[6] Deleuze, The Logic of Sense
[7] Serres, The Five Senses
[8] Deleuze, Difference and Repetition
[9] Serres, Geometry
[10] Cuboniks, Xenofeminism A Politics for Alienation
[11] Serres, Genesis

[1]Deleuze, Dialogues
[2]Deleuze, Dialogues
[3]Derrida, Of Grammatology
[4]Serres, Geometry

Grid of Arousal

A grid, a hierarchical system
or transmission of orders[1]
it confines.

An obelisk, a pillar with a central instance
and recapitulative memory[2]
it clarifies.

Such is the old grid, to which is given the
task of outlining the domain of rationality.[3]

A grid in order to see.[4]

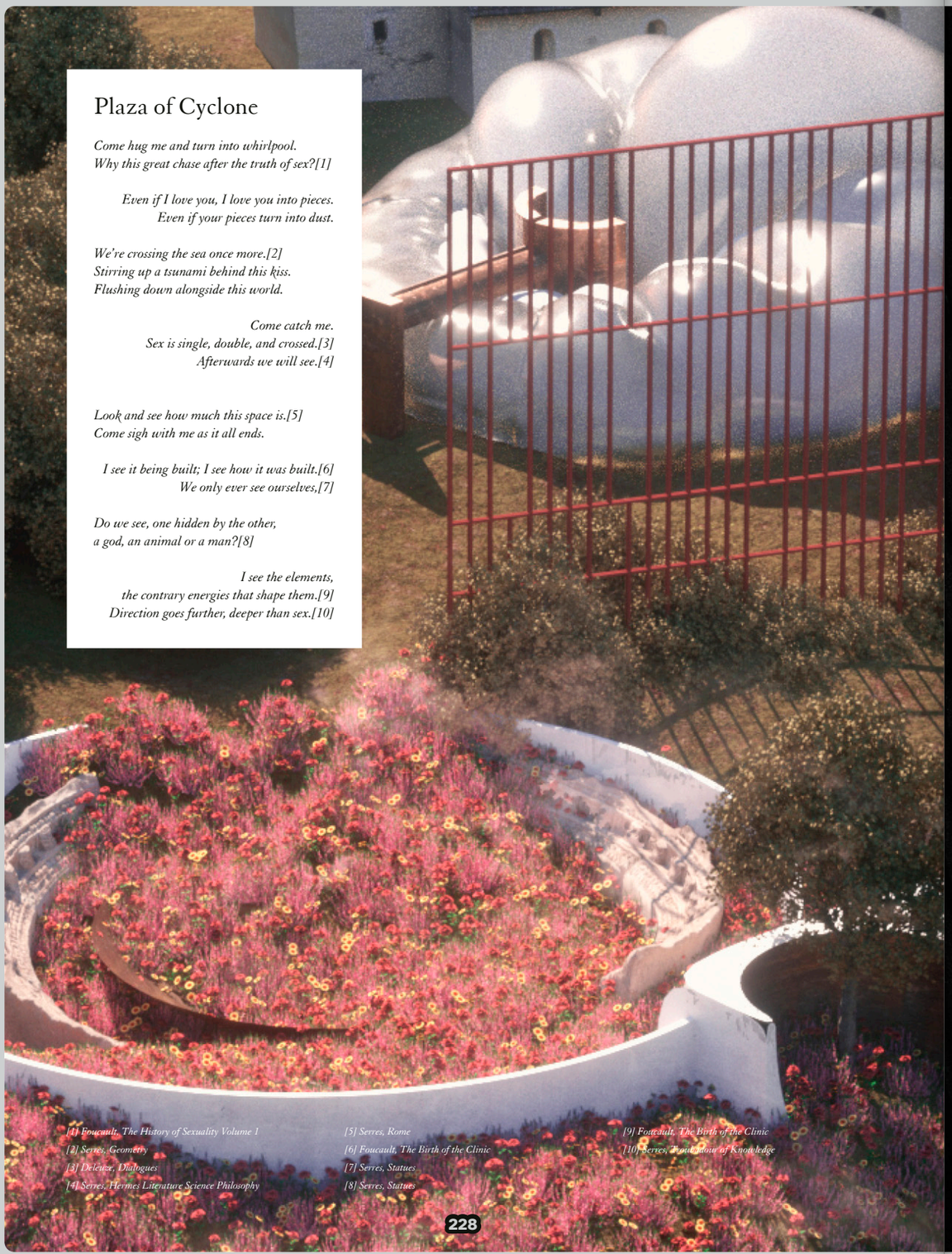
But there is this grid of obelisks in Florac.

The grid, an abstract system
or filtration of judgment,
it liberates.

The obelisks, the pillars are scattered
in the context and diffuse mist.
they mystify.

Such is the new grid, to which is given
the task of amplifying the field of sensation.

The grid in order to feel.



Plaza of Cyclone

Come hug me and turn into whirlpool.
Why this great chase after the truth of sex?[1]

Even if I love you, I love you into pieces.
Even if your pieces turn into dust.

We're crossing the sea once more.[2]
Stirring up a tsunami behind this kiss.
Flushing down alongside this world.

Come catch me.
Sex is single, double, and crossed.[3]
Afterwards we will see.[4]

Look and see how much this space is.[5]
Come sigh with me as it all ends.

I see it being built; I see how it was built.[6]
We only ever see ourselves,[7]

Do we see, one hidden by the other,
a god, an animal or a man?[8]

I see the elements,
the contrary energies that shape them.[9]
Direction goes further, deeper than sex.[10]

[1] Foucault, The History of Sexuality Volume 1
[2] Serres, Geometry
[3] Deleuze, Dialogues
[4] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy
[5] Serres, Rome
[6] Foucault, The Birth of the Clinic
[7] Serres, Statues
[8] Serres, Statues
[9] Foucault, The Birth of the Clinic
[10] Serres, Troubadour of Knowledge

[1] Koolhaas, Junkspace with Running Room
[2] Serres, History of Scientific Thought
[3] Deleuze, Nietzsche and Philosophy
[4] Foucault, History of Madness
[5] Serres, The Incandescent

Sanctuary of Sin

She laughed a little too hard,
smiled a little too big,

It does not signify beauty, but guilt.[2]
The depths of remorse,
the density of the smoke.

"Have you ever experienced such dysphoria? where suddenly nothing's appealing, and then you drink and smoke, until the sun shines." "It kind of makes you feel better by punishing your body." "Punishment can awaken a feeling of guilt in the culprit."[3]

In this inveterate silence, guilt had taken over the very source of language.[4]
Inhale; exhale.

Through this inescapable bond,
our guilt sometimes even rises from good things.[5]

Slide of Calm

We went there seeking calm and work.[1]
Until thighs tingle, and a shiver in the spine.
Breath for shortened breath,
each step's a splendid agony.

"Calm yourself," she said,
bending down to kiss my forehead.[2]
"You think you're calm, cleaning your things with a nanny goat skin,
and, suddenly, the downpour of rats. Who'd believe it?"[3]

Faster and faster, accelerating.
The scenery distorted into a life flash.

Tension, calm, dramatic turns,
reduce here to simple laws of mechanics.[4]
But more hard than soft,
this latter vanishing more and more in speeding.[5]

Luminous, diaphanous, dazzling,
but calm.[6]
The fever and agitation have vanished, and she is calm, so calm
that my blood freezes and my heart grows cold under her gaze.[7]
It loses the common serenity, the calm full of equilibrium.[8]

Emotion wins out; silence falls, calm spreads;
a treaty is concluded.[9]
I testify that a kind of calm comes over the soul at these limits.[10]

[1] Serres, Statues
[2] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs
[3] Serres, Biogea
[4] Serres, Statues
[5] Serres, The Incandescent
[6] Serres, Troubadour of Knowledge
[7] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness
and Cruelty Venus in Furs
[8] Serres, The Birth of Physics
[9] Serres, Rome
[10] Serres, Biogea

Labyrinth of Clarity

A certain clarity, a certain distinctiveness.[1]
We are still presumed to have a true idea,
and to recognize it by its clarity.[2]

Clearer, it filters clarity.[3]
There are no walls, only partitions,[4]
The doorless, labyrinth layout ensures
hands free entry.[5]

Mirrors on all sides, nature on the floor.[6]
The images are fractured and seen from
different angles in the surrounding.[7]

Lost, disoriented, regards myself through the
multiple reflections in the mirror.[8]
Being less constrained to clarity, one can
be more forceful.[9]

Moreover, clarity and distinctness cannot take us
beyond the duality of form and content.[10]
At least we had in each other's chaos.

[1] Foucault, History of Madness
[2] Serres, Hominescence
[3] Deleuze, Expressionism in Philosophy
[4] Koolhaas, Junkspace with Running Room
[5] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture
[6] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
[7] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
[8] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky
[9] Derrida, Of Grammatology
[10] Deleuze, Expressionism in Philosophy



Kaleidoscopic Love

Desire arouses love; love expands emotions; emotions invoke a community.
It is a kaleidoscopic love. Love sent fractures of emotion through the glass, another shattered it to pieces.
Fragments of colours; fragments of shapes; sensual to the heart.
Every way you rotate the shards of glass, a new constellation is created, one that varies every time.
Each one completely unique, the atmosphere and incident.
Each arranged differently from a neighbour's, and yet, the love is whole.



The Secret of Baby Softness

Maison Chanel à Bordeaux

It was winter when she arrived. There I was, a machine stripped of its purpose, an empty heart, *oppositional, utopian, and completely without innocence.*[1] As soon as she moved in, everything changed. She had found herself the library she needed.

The first thing I noticed was a change in the air. The atmosphere became diverse, refined. *Her exuberant and evanescent spirit,*[2] her ways of weaving and knitting combined with the knowledge, the grammar, the mechanics of the house. Together, we created something magical: Softness entered the Villa, the Maison Chanel, *where one by one the days long dead return like dreams.*[3]

He who comes here now, *the scent of flowers, the beauty of foliage, the moistness of the dew, the soft turf beneath his feet, how shall all these delight his senses.*[4] There is softness, in every corner, on every level, for every sense. *The air is laden with the heavy smell of flowers and foliage.*[5]

Eternity itself sometimes seems to mix with passing time like the gold lost in the ducat or this perfume filling a moment with an herbal fragrance.[6]



MAISON CHANEL

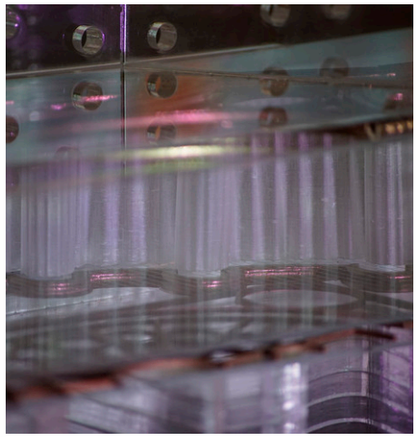


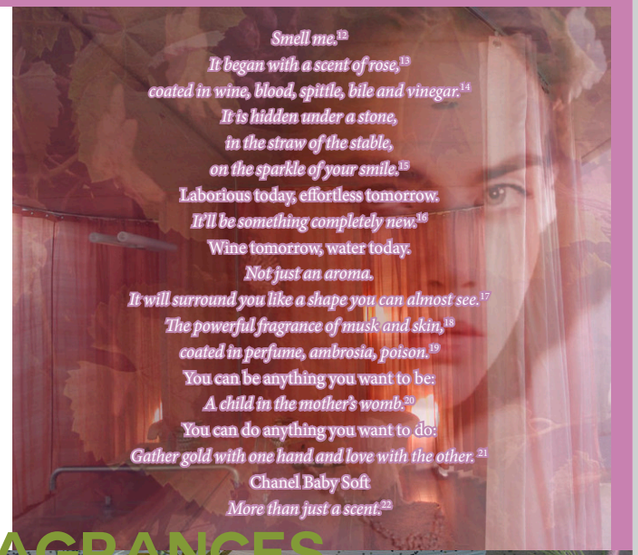
Surrounded by the trees of Floirac, behind the membranes, *the gods pass us by, weightless, insubstantial, flanking nonexistence, evanescent spirits.*[7]

From touch to hearing[8] *water and air border on a thick or thin layer of evaporation, air and water touch in a bed of mist.*[9] An artificial wilderness with a dearly cultivated heart. A promise to everyone who looks up the hill. Seduction. The common eye cannot see through. But what is hidden by the trees is well known.

If nature is unjust, change nature![10] *Here there is plenary indulgence and remission of sins.*[11] Here you bathe in soft air. Here, we foster the secret of Baby Softness.

- The Maison Chanel à Bordeaux





GARDEN OF FRAGRANCES



A gentle breeze is blowing up the hill from Bordeaux. *Where can one breathe air more alive?* [23] I inhale. *Its taste is as the taste of wine, its breath the scent of musk; its hue is that of virgin gold!* [24] I exhale. I am a gardener of Chanel. I harvest the scent of softness.

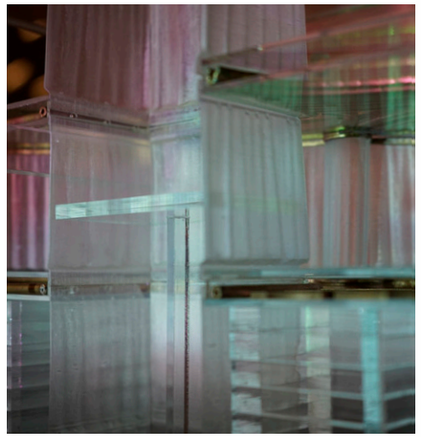
Behind the membranes, *there is a paradise [...] where the flower fragrance of spring combines with autumn's fruitfulness.*[25]

I make *wine of the ripest grape.*[26] Grapes of the most fragrant skin. *The abundant spray of the multiple, and sensual complexity, is knotted, refined, blended, summed up.*[27] *The wine says a thousand things, moving from sense to information.*[28] It talks about the world. I help it do so.

I record. I produce. *Alienation as an impetus to generate new worlds,* [29] *where soft frail butterflies grow drunk with scent.*[30]

- The Scent of Chanel Baby Soft.

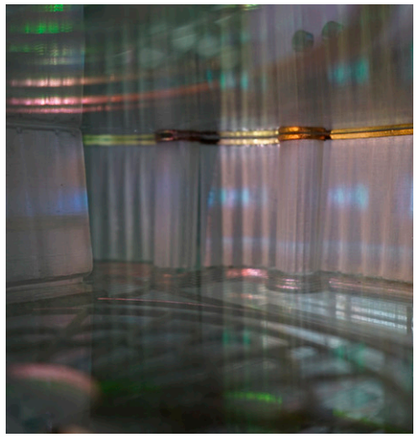
Taste me!
The first scent of the wild flowers from the heath,
thrilled through my veins,
awakening every sense to pleasure.[31]
On the skin,
soul and object
are neighbours. [32]
These rich aromas and this complex taste,
changed into soft signals.[32]
Nothing is so sacred
that it cannot be reengineered and transformed.[33]
You can be anyone you want to be.
Innocent and sweet
as the closing flowers.[34]
You can do anything you want to do.
The internal sense is veiled in skin.[35]
Chanel Baby Soft
A taste of lightness [36]



THEATRE OF FLAVOURS

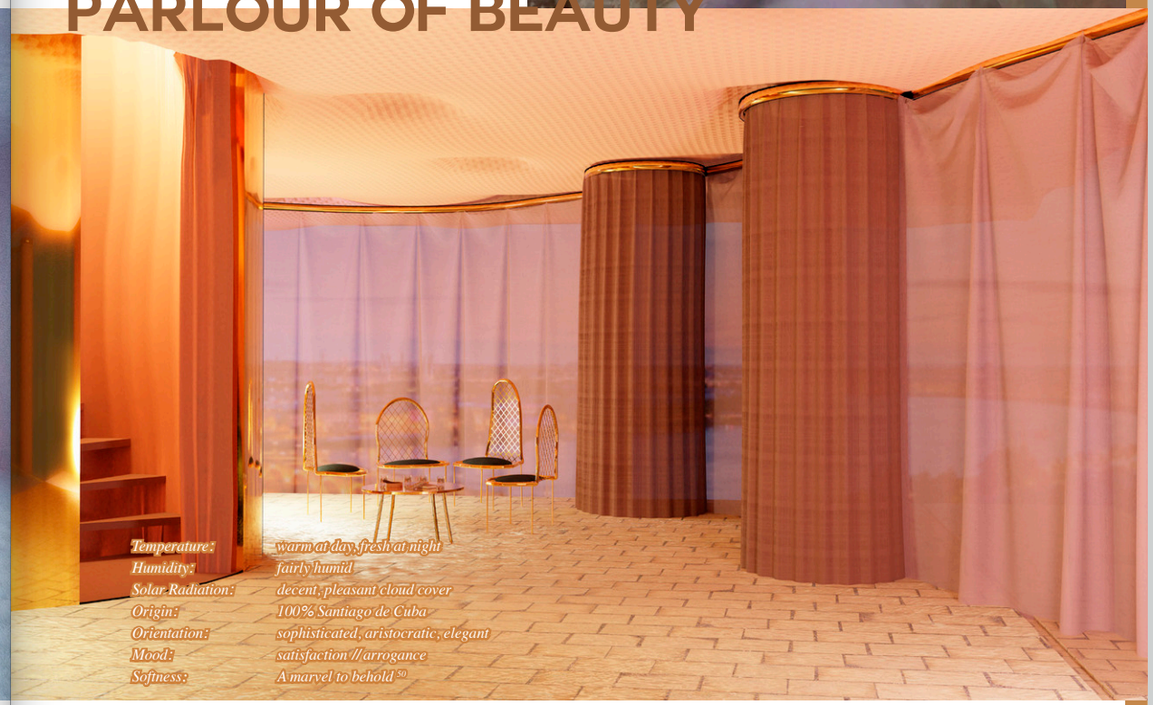


I am biting into that soft, tender Bordeaux sirloin. The thin crust around it melts away under my teeth. *One does not simply eat the words of a language; one tastes them as well.*[37] I am a butcher of Chanel. I cut, dissect and freeze the meat behind the membranes. I roast it, fry it and arrange it. *Through these doors we see, hear and experience tastes and fragrances.*[48] *Words pile up in dictionaries, food accumulates, frozen, in coldrooms, like bank accounts; smells and tastes are transitory, evanescent, ephemeral.*[39] *Yes, in a certain sense every piece of meat testifies to this.*[40] So does the crispness of the air, its *sensitiveness when excited by meat.*[41] Fleeting, volatile, soft, alienated:
It tastes like our existence.
- The taste of Chanel Baby Soft



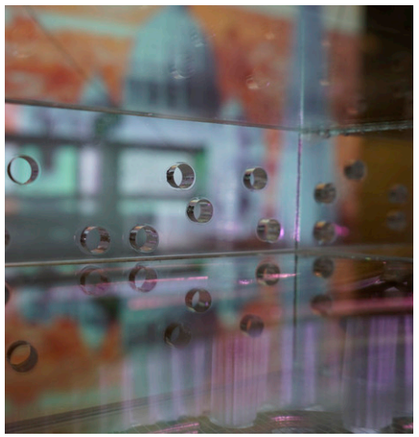
Look at me.[42]
Fragile, vulnerable, fluid,
ready to fade away
with the first breath of wind.[43]
What voluptuous softness [44]
Our Skin - *this membrane*
which makes the outside and the inside
present to each other.[45]
You can see it clearly now:
Knowing how to love does not mean
remaining a man or a woman.[46]
You can be anyone you want to be!
Why should our bodies end at the skin? [47]
You can do anything you want to do.
Evanescent spirit, lightness
scudding through the limpid air.[48]
Chanel Baby Soft
Everyone who sees you will admire you! [49]

PARLOUR OF BEAUTY



From the hill, through the dancing curtains, I am looking down towards Bordeaux. To separate the inside from its surroundings *there are no walls, only partitions, shimmering membranes frequently covered in mirror or gold.*[51] The air *pulls, hides and smoothes out this transparent covering which is infinitely invaginated on each object.*[52] The same vivid play of light I can see happening on the surface of the pool, surrounded by the finest, most impressive tobacco plants. I am a torcedor of Chanel. The leaves that grow here and with which I roll the cigars give them the most elegant skin. They burn with the most appealing, and intense smoke. *Adamantly synthetic, unsatisfied by analysis alone.*[53] The brief, evanescent presences of those dancing particles in the air create a *second skin, enlarging our sensorium.*[54] *They compose the beauty of the world.*[55]
- The beauty of Chanel Baby Soft

Touch me.[56]
This downy skin,
these soft muscles,
this tender flesh.[57]
Smooth and unmasked,
A light caressing breath,
a touch like a bird's wing.[58]
You can be anything you want to be.
Child warm, child soft.[59]
You can do anything you want to do.
Love and admire with warmth.[60]
A seducing softness.
Mouths meet in quick kisses.[61]
You will be new, you will be free
Feel like a baby in the charge of its nurse.[62]
Chanel Baby Soft
Warm, comfortable,
safe.[63]



CABINET OF CARESSES



Temperature: *intensely warm*
Humidity: *arid*
Solar Radiation: *enough to power two yachts*
Origin: *55% Riyadh, 30% Juarez, 15% Alice Springs*
Orientation: *insistent, restorative, soothing*
Mood: *relief, comfort // fear, pain*
Softness: *first class*

I feel the soft dough, wheat from Bordeaux, grown within the membranes. I knead the dough, work it, caress it, until it is completely smooth. *Freed from any obligation, the whole skin will touch, differentially, not carrying any weight, complete in itself.*[64] I am a baker of Chanel. I care for the grain and I form the bread. The unbaked dough, I put into the oven, *already flashing with reddish flames.*[65] Here, in perfect conditions, the heat *enters every pore of a soft and tender skin.*[66] Calibrating the amount, I can give the loaf of bread any skin I want, any texture, any feel. *I soften its shell and dismantle its defenses!* [67] *It has a powerful effect on their young bodies.*[68]
The touch of *a warm oven, where bread has just been baked.* [69]
- The touch of Chanel Baby Soft



Listen! [70]
Gentle gusts of the wind's currents
stir your body's tissues
and lift their leaves to dance,[71]
The nautical sound of waves breaking.[72]
The silent whisper of fur in the wind,
Swimming involves the whole skin. [73]
You can be anyone you want to be.
Aphrodite rises above the waves,[74]
comprehends, explicates, exhibits,
implicates the senses[75]
in this song of tenderness.[76]
You can do anything you want to do.
That name alone
sustains a long song of praise.[77]
He had become melody.[78]
Chanel Baby Soft
A voice to sing the strain of dewy morn,
of youth, of love.[79]

HIVE OF MELODY



Temperature: *fresh, modest differences*
Humidity: *very high*
Solar Radiation: *abundant sunshine*
Origin: *60% Kaimanawa Ranges, 40% Saricayir*
Orientation: *fruits, cassis, hints of black*
Mood: *joy, pleasure // overwhelm, sadness*
Softness: *outstandingly soothing*

I am listening to the bells of Saint-Croix, carried over to the hill. As the chimes are fading away, again *the air is clean and pure; there is hardly any noise,*[80] only the humming of my bees. I am an apiarist of Chanel. Behind the membranes and curtains, sitting on top of the central void, crowning an upward movement, there is the beehive. *Skin on skin becomes conscious.*[81] *Bees play this role for the pollination of plants, without which we would die of hunger.*[82] They pollinate the fruits of the garden, produce the finest and softest honey and they carry their songs into the world. *The right of everyone to speak as no one in particular!* [83] With the most soothing sounds, this fluid *skin flows like water, a variable confluence of the qualities of the senses.*[84] *The energy of things goes in: disturbances of the air, shocks and vibrations.*[85] The bees sing for the world. I harvest their voice. Soft like *the sound of the wind with gentle words.* [86]
- The sound of Chanel Baby Soft

Delirious Bordeaux
- A Provactive Manifesto for Baby Softness

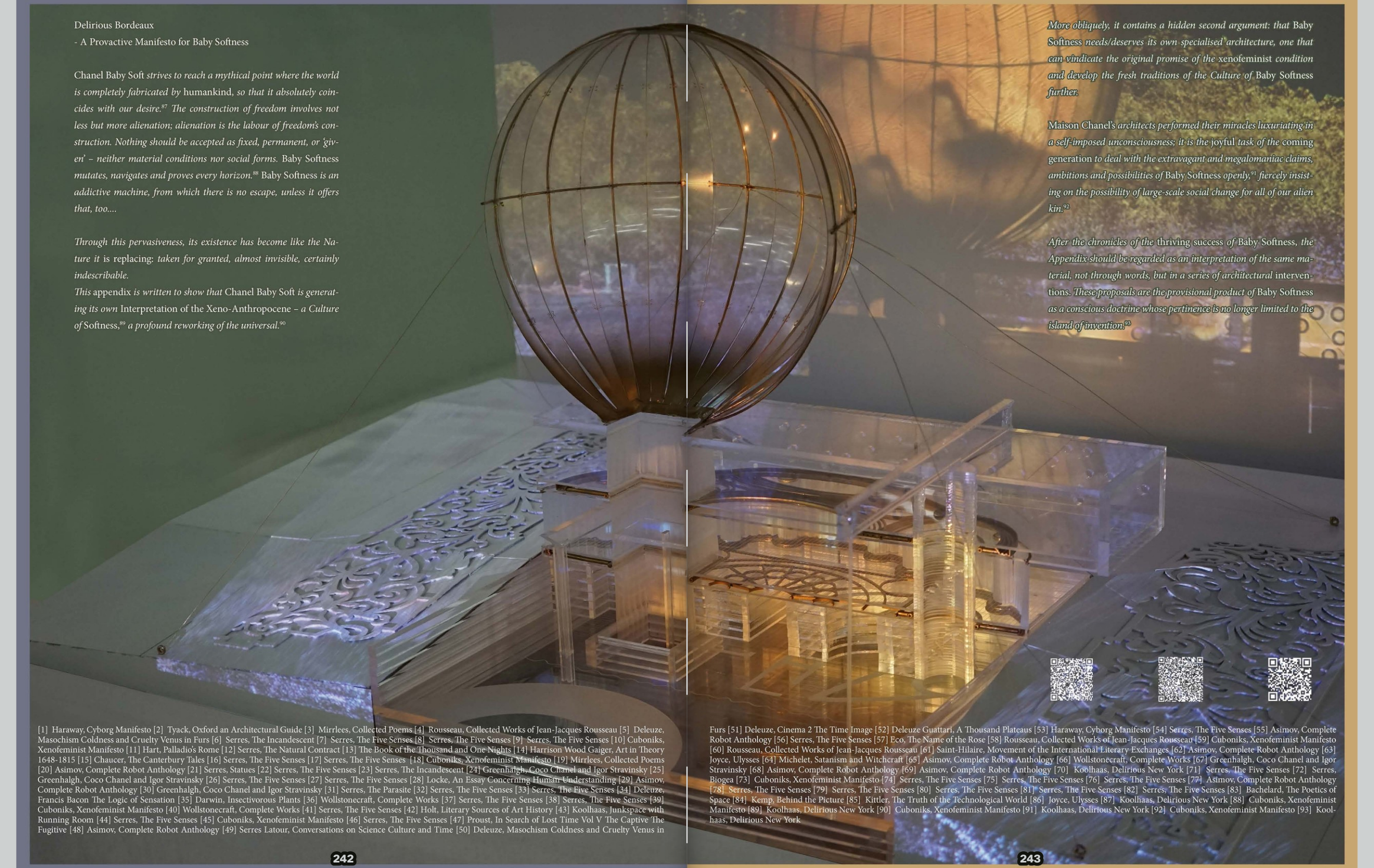
Chanel Baby Soft *strives to reach a mythical point where the world is completely fabricated by* humankind, *so that it absolutely coincides with our desire.*[87] *The construction of freedom involves not less but more alienation; alienation is the labour of freedom's construction. Nothing should be accepted as fixed, permanent, or 'given' – neither material conditions nor social forms.* Baby Softness *mutates, navigates and proves every horizon.*[88] Baby Softness *is an addictive machine, from which there is no escape, unless it offers that, too....*

Through this pervasiveness, its existence has become like the Nature it is replacing: *taken for granted, almost invisible, certainly indescribable.*
This appendix *is written to show that* Chanel Baby Soft *is generating its own* Interpretation of the Xeno-Anthropocene – *a Culture of* Softness,[89] *a profound reworking of the universal.*[90]

More obliquely, it contains a hidden second argument: that Baby Softness *needs/deserves its own specialised architecture, one that can vindicate the original promise of the* xenofeminist *condition and develop the fresh traditions of the Culture of* Baby Softness *further.*

Maison Chanel's *architects performed their miracles luxuriating in a self-imposed unconsciousness; it is the* joyful *task of the* coming generation *to deal with the extravagant and megalomaniac claims, ambitions and possibilities of* Baby Softness *openly,*[91] *fiercely insisting on the possibility of large-scale social change for all of our alien kin.*[92]

After the chronicles of the thriving success *of* Baby Softness, *the Appendix should be regarded as an interpretation of the same material, not through words, but in a series of architectural* interventions. *These proposals are the provisional product of* Baby Softness *as a conscious doctrine whose pertinence is no longer limited to the island of invention.*[93]



[1] Haraway, Cyborg Manifesto [2] Tyack, Oxford an Architectural Guide [3] Mirrlees, Collected Poems [4] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau [5] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs [6] Serres, The Incandescent [7] Serres, The Five Senses [8] Serres, The Five Senses [9] Serres, The Five Senses [10] Cuboniks, Xenofeminist Manifesto [11] Hart, Palladio's Rome [12] Serres, The Natural Contract [13] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights [14] Harrison Wood Gaiger, Art in Theory 1648-1815 [15] Chaucer, The Canterbury Tales [16] Serres, The Five Senses [17] Serres, The Five Senses [18] Cuboniks, Xenofeminist Manifesto [19] Mirrlees, Collected Poems [20] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [21] Serres, Statues [22] Serres, The Five Senses [23] Serres, The Incandescent [24] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky [25] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky [26] Serres, The Five Senses [27] Serres, The Five Senses [28] Locke, An Essay Concerning Human Understanding [29] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [30] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky [31] Serres, The Parasite [32] Serres, The Five Senses [33] Serres, The Five Senses [34] Deleuze, Francis Bacon The Logic of Sensation [35] Darwin, Insectivorous Plants [36] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works [37] Serres, The Five Senses [38] Serres, The Five Senses [39] Cuboniks, Xenofeminist Manifesto [40] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works [41] Serres, The Five Senses [42] Holt, Literary Sources of Art History [43] Koolhaas, Junkspace with Running Room [44] Serres, The Five Senses [45] Cuboniks, Xenofeminist Manifesto [46] Serres, The Five Senses [47] Proust, In Search of Lost Time Vol V The Captive The Fugitive [48] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [49] Serres Latour, Conversations on Science Culture and Time [50] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs [51] Deleuze, Cinema 2 The Time Image [52] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus [53] Haraway, Cyborg Manifesto [54] Serres, The Five Senses [55] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [56] Serres, The Five Senses [57] Eco, The Name of the Rose [58] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau [59] Cuboniks, Xenofeminist Manifesto [60] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau [61] Saint-Hilaire, Movement of the International Literary Exchanges [62] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [63] Joyce, Ulysses [64] Michelet, Satanism and Witchcraft [65] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [66] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works [67] Greenhalgh, Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky [68] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [69] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [70] Koolhaas, Delirious New York [71] Serres, The Five Senses [72] Serres, Biogea [73] Cuboniks, Xenofeminist Manifesto [74] Serres, The Five Senses [75] Serres, The Five Senses [76] Serres, The Five Senses [77] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [78] Serres, The Five Senses [79] Serres, The Five Senses [80] Serres, The Five Senses [81] Serres, The Five Senses [82] Serres, The Five Senses [83] Bachelard, The Poetics of Space [84] Kemp, Behind the Picture [85] Kittler, The Truth of the Technological World [86] Joyce, Ulysses [87] Koolhaas, Delirious New York [88] Cuboniks, Xenofeminist Manifesto [89] Koolhaas, Delirious New York [90] Cuboniks, Xenofeminist Manifesto [91] Koolhaas, Delirious New York [92] Cuboniks, Xenofeminist Manifesto [93] Koolhaas, Delirious New York



2022

Infrastructure, urbanism, migration about identity, secrecy, branding. We are all migrants native to the universe. What is it to be private in a fully connected world? What is it to be a citizen in the 21st century? An architectonic stage play: Charlotte Adigéry & Bolis Pupul move to Abattoirs d'Anderlecht, Brussels, to discuss privacy.

Season 6

Faces

Location
Brussels

Client
Charlotte Adigery + Bolis Pupul

With
Alexander Bruderer, Arta Koka, Carolina Contreras Alvarez, Christoph Schuppisser, Dimitri Kuster, Emanuel Bosonnet, Virginia Zaretskie, Jannik Achenbach, Jan-Niklas Spörri, Jonas Odermatt, Josua Hefti, Leonie Calzana, Lukas Buettner, Marin Stojanovic, Moritz Hahn, Nils Grootenzerink, Nikola Nikolov, Philipp Stäheli, Rita Engelberger, Xingyu Bai, Yannick Blattner

IRL 🥵

**in real life*

A FAMILY HOME IN BRUSSELS FOR THE MUSIC DUO CHARLOTTE ADIGERY & BOLIS PUPUL

IRL USES SONG LYRICS AND AI TO FABULATE ABOUT FAKE NEWS AND THE WISH FOR SPACES TO HOUSE ALL OF THEIR DREAMS



JONAS ODERMATT



THIS IS CHARLOTTE



THEY LIKE TO CONSUME NEWS FAR AWAY FROM TRUE OR FALSE



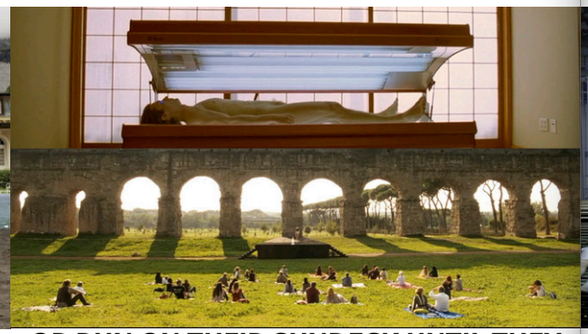
AND THE SAME GOES FOR BOLIS



THEY LIKE TO CREATE MUSIC NO ONE LISTENS TO



THEY TAKE SHITS IN THEIR FRONT GARDEN



OR RUN ON THEIR SUNDECK UNTIL THEY HIT A WALL



THEY TAKE BATHS WITH THE DELIVERY GUYS FROM AMAZON



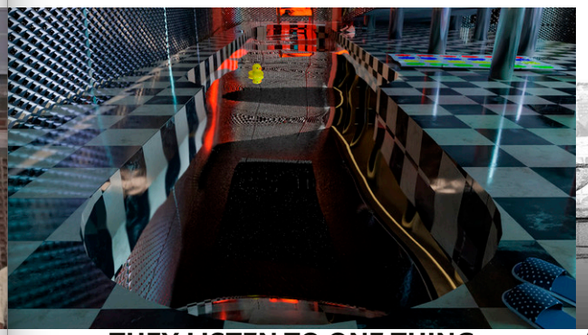
OR KICK BALLS IN FRONT OF MILLIONS OF PEOPLE. THEY LOVE IT!



THEY ARE WALKING ON SUNSHINE WOOOAH



NEIGHBOURS ARE COMING TO GET A GLIMPSE BUT STILL REMAIN CLUELESS



THEY LISTEN TO ONE THING AND LOOK AT ANOTHER



AND BY DOING SO THEY BUILD THEIR OWN GRAND PALACE

watch the trailer here

Gilroy_Nightcrawler, Netflix_House of Cards, Sorrentino_Youth, Anderson_The Grand Budapest Hotel, Jodorowsky_The Holy Mountain, McDonagh_Three Billboards Outside Ebbing Missouri, Fellini_Amarcord, Sorrentino_La Grande Ballezza, Harron_American Psycho, Zhao_Nomadland, Sorrentino_Loro, Singer-Fletscher_Bohemian Rapsody, Levinson_Rain Man, Parajanov_The Color of Pomegranates, Meirelles-Lund_City of God, Coen_Burn After Reading, Feder_It Had to Be You, Gilroy_Velvet Buzzsaw, Haynes_Brexit

DOLPHINS TOOK A TRIP UP THE FAMOUS GRAND CANAL, BEFORE SWIMMING OVER TO GIUDECCA ISLAND, WHERE THEY SAW NO FEWER THAN TWO CHURCHES BY RENAISSANCE STARCHITECT ANDREA PALLADIO, BEFORE RETURNING HOME TO THE ADRIATIC SEA [1]



Charlotte says: *"I'm finally home."*[2]
and flushes the toilet
sending another globe to shards.

This ball of glass when filled with cold water sends out from itself rays, caught from the fire, which are even hotter than the fire.[3]
With the possibility to destruct everything.

But she kept on dancing in the broken glass.[4]
And the blueness of the atmosphere causes the distant mountains to seem blue.[5]

THE TEMPERARIUM

[1] CNN_24th March 2021, [2] C&B_Blenda, [3] da Vinci_The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, [4] Koolhaas_SMLXL, [5] da Vinci_The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci

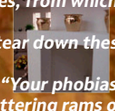
A GROUP OF ELEPHANTS HAD SAUNTERED THROUGH A VILLAGE IN YUNNAN, CHINA, GOTTEN DRUNK OFF CORN WINE, AND PASSED OUT IN A TEA GARDEN [1]



Bolis
turns over one more time,
he felt a sense of real comfort.[2]
Made of porcelain.[3]



Imitations of Chinese porcelain,[4]
formed into ridiculous shapes, from which has sprung a childish taste that has diffused itself everywhere.[5]



"Come and help me tear down these cupboards and break up these vessels and porcelain!" [6]
"I must sleep."[7]
"Your phobias as an Earthman don't concern me."[8]
Battering rams of a queer phobia seep into dreamtime,[9]
capable of assuming as many forms as the undefined evil that is its cause.[10]



unseen

THE NOEMARIUM

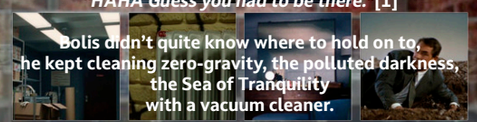
[1] National Geographic_20 March, 2020, [2] Hugo_Les Misérables, [3] Hugo_Les Misérables, [4] Semper_Style in the Technical and Tectonic Arts or Practical Aesthetics, [5] Winckelmann_History of Art, [6] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights, [7] Asimov_Complete Robot Anthology, [8] Asimov_Complete Robot Anthology, [9] Anzaldua_This Bridge We Call Home, [10] Proust_In Search of Lost Time

IEWS BREAKING NEWS BREAKING NEWS BREA

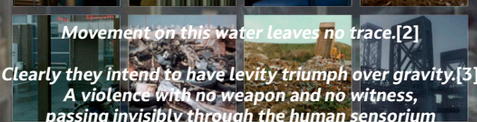
BIRDS AREN'T REAL! US GOVERNMENT REPLACED ALL BIRDS WITH SURVEILLANCE DRONES IN HUGE COVER UP DURING THE 1970S



"HAHA Guess you had to be there."[1]



Bolis didn't quite know where to hold on to,
he kept cleaning zero-gravity, the polluted darkness,
the Sea of Tranquility
with a vacuum cleaner.



Movement on this water leaves no trace.[2]

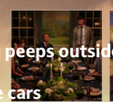
Clearly they intend to have levity triumph over gravity.[3]
A violence with no weapon and no witness,
passing invisibly through the human sensorium
leaving no memory, no testimony, and no record.[4]



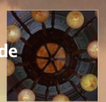
THE POLUTARIUM

[1] C&B_HAHA, [2] Forensic Architecture_Forensis The Architecture of Public Truth, [3] Forensic Architecture_Forensis The Architecture of Public Truth, [4] Forensic Architecture_Forensis The Architecture of Public Truth

SCIENTISTS REVEAL FIRST EVER PHOTO OF SUPERMASSIVE BLACK HOLE IN POLARISED LIGHT: M87'S GALACTIC CENTRE IS CAUGHT ON CAMERA AND COULD HELP TO EXPLAIN HOW THE STELLAR PHENOMENON 'EATS' MATTER [1]

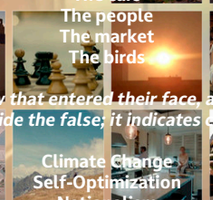


The newborn peeps outside



The cars
The people
The market
The birds







It was a glow that entered their face, a radiance.[2]
It is outside the true, outside the false; it indicates [illegible]ts that are jokers.[3]

Climate Change
Self-Optimization
Nationalism
Mass Media





It is a beautiful thing.[4]

THE FUTURARIUM

[1] Daily Mail_24 March 2021, [2] Asimov_Complete Robot Anthology, [3] Serr[illegible]e Parasite, [4] Alexander_A Pattern Language


TEMPERARIUM


NOEMARIUM


POLUTARIUM


FUTURARIUM





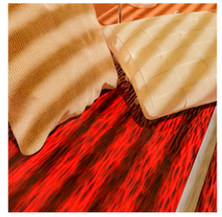


TEMPERARIUM



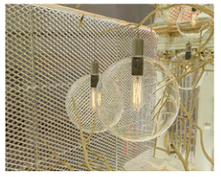


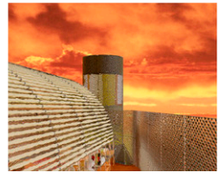
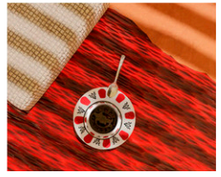


NOEMARIUM

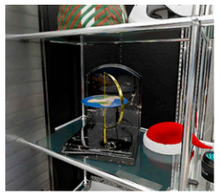


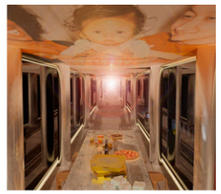


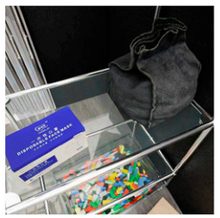
IT IS OUTSIDE THE TRUE, OUTSIDE THE FALSE IT IS A BEAUTIFUL THING





POLUTARIUM

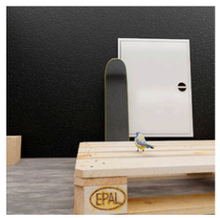



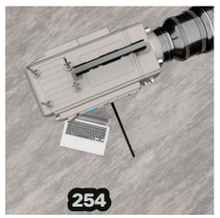


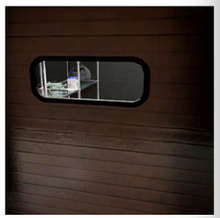




FUTURARIUM





PAN TO MIME

DIMITRI KUSTER

this project is structured in a nested hierarchy.
chapters, titles, texts and images vary in their meaning.
reflecting a play of characteristics and capacities.
intertwined cycles are set up on multiple scales.
readings zoom in and out.
everything overlaps.
what is close by, is close by.
it is about hosting. and its about being hosted.

europe. brussels.
rue jules ruhl in anderlecht.









I01

THE GUEST

DANCE OF THE PSEUDO NYMPHS

The show is over, this momentary flood of light, [Q01] this overdose of empathy, goes first to the brain and then to other parts of the body. [Q02] I was dissolved in the festivity like salt in water. [Q03] Exhaustion is here to stay with me, I'll give it that.
On my way, I see myself in an open air diplomat's club, see shaved men, sewn into tailor-made clothes. [Q04] I think of 101 things to do in Brussels when I'm dead, I realise, I want to stroll atop my own mistakes. [Q05] So I wipe off this narcotics to not ask for illusion anymore. As long as I move the figures, I live.
I go through some streets of the city that had changed a great deal from the way they were [Q06] a couple of hours ago. I rather see sweat than tears on these rain-swept streets.

PAINTING SILHOUETTES

Before arriving, I am no longer the same, instead reborn. [Q07] I feel I'd like to climb up to the top of some high place. [Q08] I am a guest in this house. However I write the guest list. I'm not scared at all to walk up and ring the bell. [Q09] To remove the guest would be to kill the host. They comprise one symbiotic entity. [Q10] The hospitality of the host makes me another host for the same servant. If someone knows all too well that I am not a host, it is the servant. [Q11] But what if the servant invites me in to let me take a seat in the waiting room?



I02

THE SERVANT

CUT INTO VOLUMES OF AIR

My soul always lives in those parts of the body that I need at a given moment to carry out a certain activity. [Q12] I know when Charlotte and Boris choose to lie calm. [Q13] I learned to observe when a fire that can warm [Q14] enriches the atmosphere, when it serves a subtle diffuse intimacy, I feel devoted to act as the heart and brains of a world, [Q15] dedicated to this little family. To clean the dirty dishes and to throw away the broken glass. [Q16] To combine charm with efficiency and making this home [Q17] remain a place of privacy and recreation.
What is called truth is absorbed by the sun, [Q18] flickering through custom-made light brown curtains. Just enough essential and romantic energy [Q19] serving the plants, which are set out as carefully as the furniture. [Q20] Low wooden stools of Guarani origin, baskets of all sizes and for every purpose. [Q21]

INHERENTLY LET LOOSE

I open the windows to welcome the world but let its frenetic noise get lost in the carpets. Huge potted plants, and under their feet the carpeting, thick and soft, [Q22] colorful as one's memory of a wild safari ride somewhere out in the woods of Brazil. Gradients and lines made of bamboo silk which now serve as the stage for the first steps of the little baby. This is where the children will store up memories that can never die. [Q23]

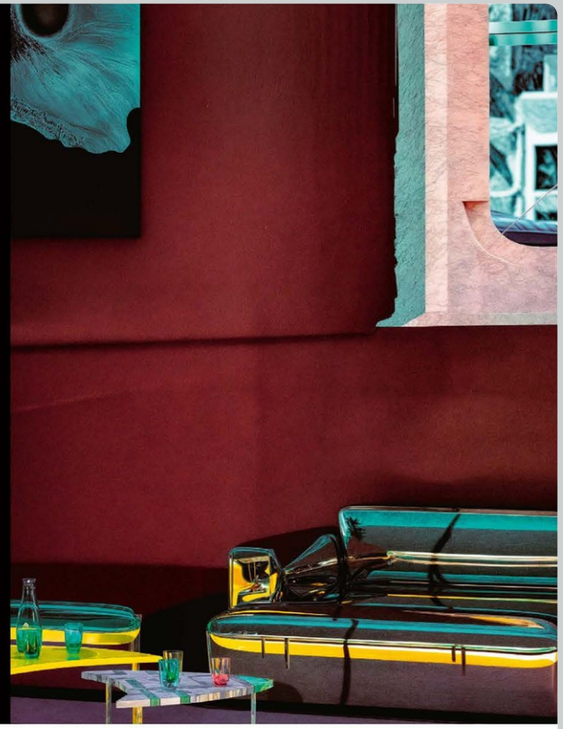


WE MOVE TO BRUSSELS. OUR HOUSE COMES ALIVE.

THE GUEST HAS MANY FACES. LET US SEE HOW WE DEAL WITH THEM.

WE ENJOY HAVING COMPANY, BUT STILL WE DECIDE WHEN TO CLOSE THE DOORS.

WE FLY HIGH, TO SETTLE IN MOTION. WE GET INTI–MATE AND LET THE BODY DO THE TALKING.













THE HOSTS

BRIGHT
DADAISTIC
DRESSES

MATING
DANCE
OF
EMOTIONAL
HAIRCUTS

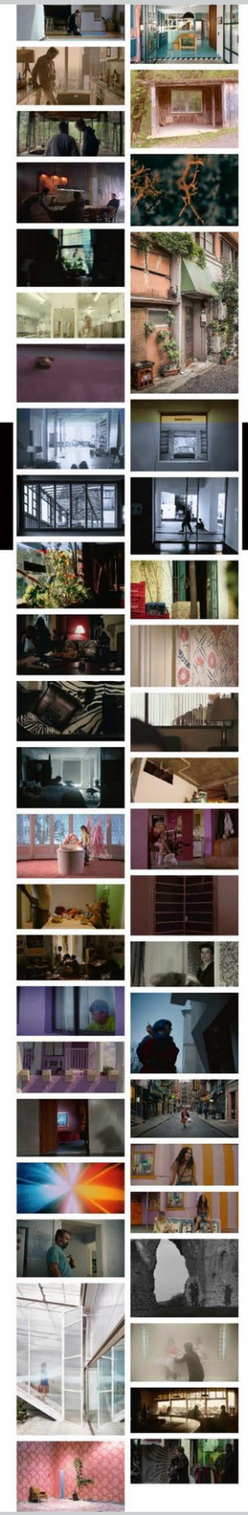
WOOZY
EXPRESSIONISTIC
PYJAMA

MIDNIGHT
SNACKS
OF
SUNSHINE

We lay things out how we want. Still, there is a play of uncertainty and excitement. We want to be present, we want to hide, we want to be polite, cheerful, and decisive. We want to be inside and merge with the [Q24] house, with the world. If we want to be able to play all the notes humans can hear, we'll need to add some keys to the piano. [Q25]

We will stay until the end even though we mostly don't really know what to expect. [Q26] As an effort to moderate that surprise, [Q27] we always try to produce a vibration of its own identity. [Q28] We believe in a fertile aspect of violence, like when you become aware of how your skin feels. [Q29] We took a seat in this house. We strike a [Q30] balance, or perhaps a tension. [Q31] We collect a bright stack of copies, with a display sign saying how popular and important [Q32] we are. HAHA. [Q33] But still, we do not need to be clever, yet we are able to appreciate the cleverness of others. [Q34] We want you to feel like a blind visitor, observing the house habits. Like a seduction, it got us all staring out the window, watching shadows touch the light. [Q35] And it feels like the sun is laughing with [Q36] us.

We got company, we are three now. The way we understand and look at the world in the past was no more 'real' than what we do now. [Q37] We have two faces that can be smelled and touched, that touch glasses and smack while they eat. We have our face, that can be liked and followed. The real-world space is taken as a scene, [Q38] the moment we enter our house this scene turns inside out like the finger of a glove. [Q39] The house, the show, and the family reflect altogether how we manage to play with the clown. Well, clowns have always been creepy. [Q40] We just don't run away from a clown if we see one. [Q41] We like to take risks.





THE CLOWN

HAZY
POP ART
JOGGING
PANTS

CAN'T
SLEEP
MAKE
MUSIC

CLOUDLESS
CARNIVALESQUE
IMPRESSIONISM

SWING
IN
OILY
ORNAMENTS

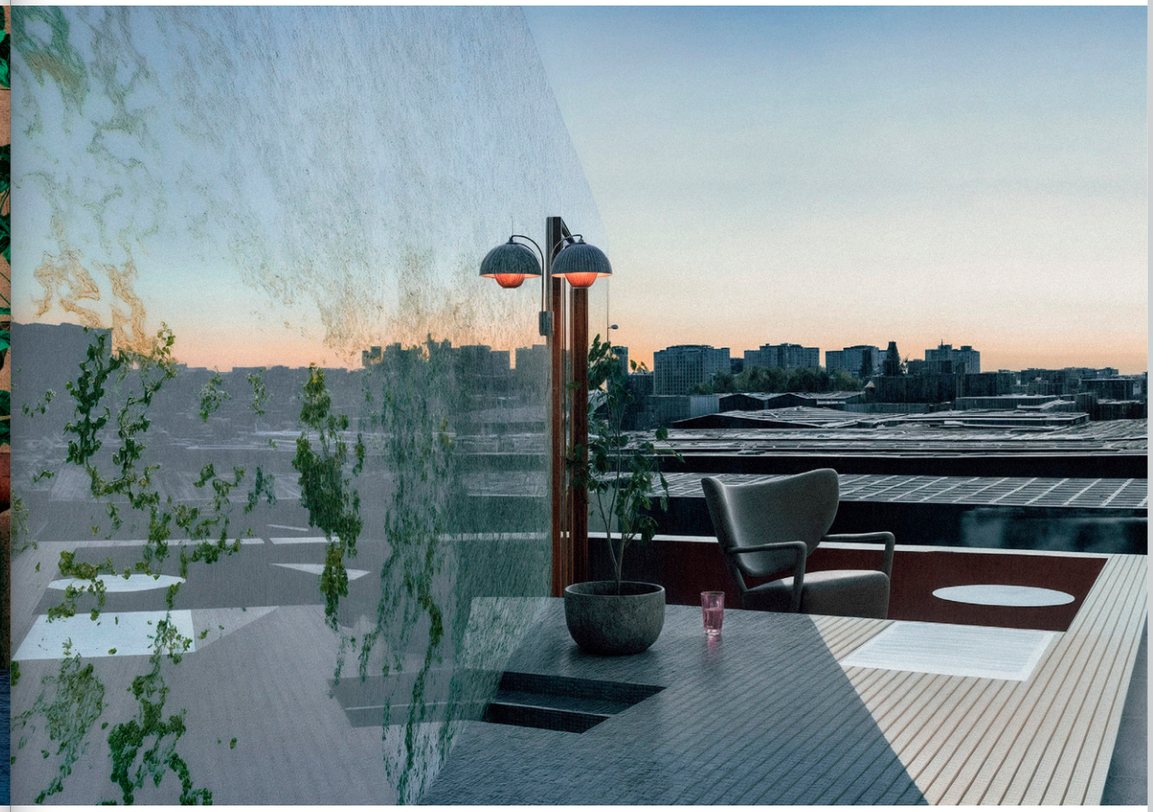
I dress up, I paint my face while laughing, [Q42] I'm positive I have a body. At least a vessel. A body can be anything: it can be an animal, a body of sounds, a mind, or an idea. [Q43] I am not static at any point. I am in a state of constant movement and change, [Q44] what was normal yesterday is no longer normal today. [Q45] You are welcome to be the conductor. But be aware, the emotional pressure lets you lose the ability to distinguish what you were doing, [Q46] so I guide the pace.

I choose from a diverse repertoire that I connect with. [Q47] I am an actor in your fantasy [Q48] and a character that hides the shame. [Q49]

I cannot tell you what you need, what you search for. I'm here for anybody to defend one's own viewpoint against others. [Q50]

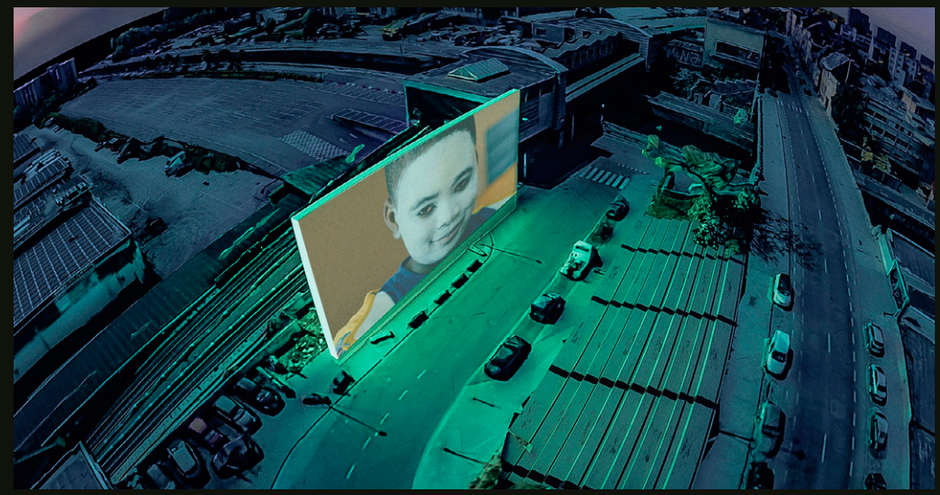
I say in the first place that I entertain, [Q51] and that's why you see me acting. You've chosen to be passive, you've taken the liberty of saying nothing, [Q52] but a custom still holds in the mime. [Q53] My toes of the left foot were paralyzed, but those of the right foot could still be moved. [Q54] Charlotte and Bolis get used to playing with me. They only echo how I sway, how I twirl, and how I stretch my limbs, as long as the rhythm of accepting and giving is sustained. [Q55] They have embraced the silence to [Q56] brighten their ability to make decisions and consciously choose things. [Q57]





I01 **Masahiko Kimura:** Juniperus Chinesis
I02 **Masahiko Kimura:** Taxus Cuspidata altura
I03 **Masahiko Kimura:** Juniperus Chinesis altura
I04 **Masahiko Kimura:** Juniperus Chinesis altura

Q01 **Murakami:** The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle
Q02 **Guthrie:** A History of Greek Philosophy Volume II
Q03 **Hesse:** Steppenwolf
Q04 **Borges:** Collected Fictions
Q05 **Nietzsche:** Thus Spoke Zarathustra
Q06 **Hesse:** The Complete Fairy Tales of Hermann Hesse
Q07 **Serres:** Troubadour of Knowledge
Q08 **Murakami:** Sputnik Sweetheart
Q09 **Dick:** The Man in the High Castle
Q10 **Frampton:** Modern Architecture – A Critical History
Q11 **Serres:** The Parasite
Q12 **Sloterdijk:** Critique of Cynical Reason
Q13 **Hesse:** Poems
Q14 **Hesse:** Poems
Q15 **Hesse:** The Complete Fairy Tales of Hermann Hesse
Q16 **Adigery / Pupul:** Mantra
Q17 **Bourdieu:** Distinction
Q18 **Hesse:** Poems
Q19 **Marinetti:** The Futurist Cookbook
Q20 **Levi-Strauss:** Tristes Tropiques
Q21 **Levi-Strauss:** Tristes Tropiques
Q22 **Dick:** The Man in the High Castle
Q23 **Stickley:** Stickley's Craftsman Homes and Bungalows
Q24 **Adigery:** Yin Yang Self-Meditation
Q25 **Ballantyne / Deleuze:** Guattari for Architects
Q26 **Zizek:** Less Than Nothing
Q27 **Hesse:** Steppenwolf
Q28 **Dick:** Humpty Dumpty in Oakland
Q29 **Unidentified source**
Q30 **Adigery / Pupul:** Reappropriate
Q31 **Adigery / Pupul:** Reappropriate
Q32 **Jones:** The Meaning of Life (1983)
Q33 **Spinoza:** Complete Works
Q34 **Adigery / Pupul:** Making Sense Stop
Q35 **Seneca:** Complete Works
Q36 **Levi-Strauss:** Tristes Tropiques
Q37 **Haraway:** Staying with the Trouble
Q38 **Adigery / Pupul:** Making Sense Stop
Q39 **Sarnitz:** Relations in Architecture
Q40 **Lootsma:** Reality Bytes
Q41 **Munroe:** How To – Absurd Scientific Advice [...]
Q42 **Holen:** Etop Headache
Q43 **Hovestadt / Bühlmann:** Symbolizing Existence
Q44 **Coccia:** Goods
Q45 **Adigery / Pupul:** My Hands
Q46 **Adorno:** The Culture Industry
Q47 **Venturi:** Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture
Q48 **Dick:** The Man in the High Castle
Q49 **Adigery / Pupul:** HAHA
Q50 **Borges:** Collected Fictions
Q51 **Toro y Moi:** Windows
Q52 **Hesse:** Poems
Q53 **Hovestadt / Bühlman / Michael:** A Genius Planet
Q54 **Serres:** History of Scientific Thought
Q55 **Serres:** History of Scientific Thought
Q56 **Brooker:** NME Online
Q57 **Brooker:** NME Online



2022

He is telling me these words as we are sitting on an island in the middle of the Bosporus: “Here I want to live and love, alone and with everybody. This island is to become a house and a lighthouse, a villa and an island, a home and a cenotaph. I would like it to be a cenotaph for the last reasonable thought. Don’t ask me why, talk with me? Let’s figure it out.” It is dramatic, he is not sure what it means, but he is smiling and dancing, like a harlequin in a theater. I am staying and going on an adventure with him. 8)

Season 7

Reasons

Location
Maiden’s Tower, Istanbul

Client
Bill Murray

With
Alex Bennet, Alina Ampilogova, Anna-Lena Frey, Aresu Khoshy, Aurelia Perschel, Brikena Avdija, Che Facchin, Christophe Meierhofer, Danny Sahan, Fei Li, Fiona Wagner, Frano Karlovic, Gino Sandi, Guy Helfer, Michael Hoi Ming Du, Hyuk Sung, Ipek Mertan, Ivan Bagaturiya, Jérôme Strebel, Juliette Martin, Loris Haller, Lukas Haas, Malik Becker, Maria Matache, Matteo Frisina, Maurus Wirth, Nico Canal, Simon Köppel, Vithu Manoharan, Wendy Lin

FRANO KARLOVIC

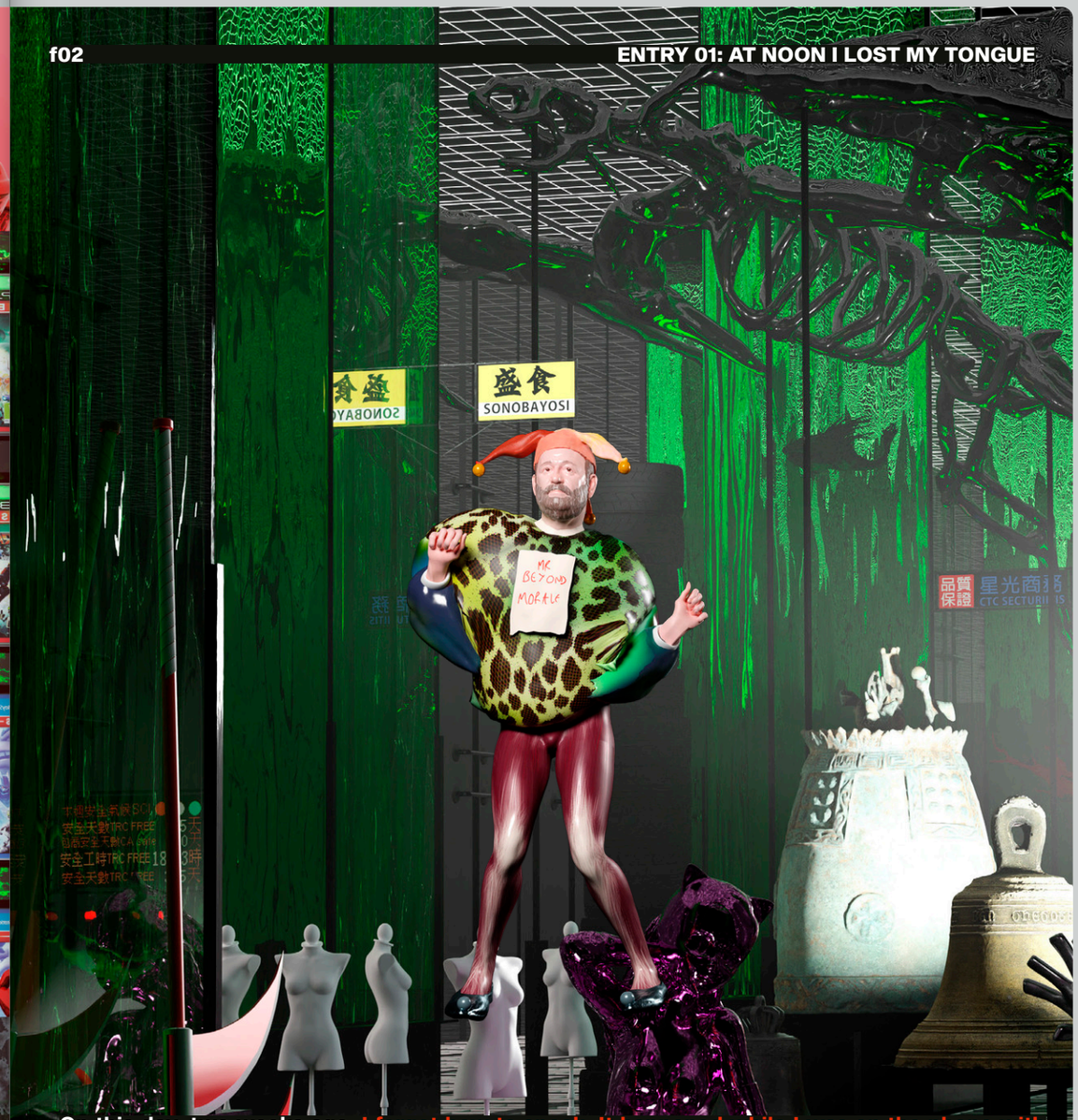


1 Girard, Violence and the Sacred 2 Hovestadt, On Digital Architecture 3 Serres, The Five Senses 4 Hovestadt, On Digital Architecture 5 Foucault, History of Madness 6 Serres, History of Scientific Thought 7 Seneca, Complete Works 8 Foucault, History of Madness 9 Ruckelhausen, Losing Tongue, Gruppe Issue 2 10 Ovid, Metamorphoses 11 Ruckelhausen, Losing Tongue, Gruppe Issue 2 12 Ruckelhausen, Losing Tongue, Gruppe Issue 2 13 Serres, Genesis 14 Handke, Crossing the Sierra de Gredos 15 Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus 16 Nietzsche, Homo Ecce 17 Dionysos Apollo, Voluptas 18 Buehlmann, Mathematics and Information in the Philosophy of Michel Serres 19 Buehlmann, Mathematics and Information in the Philosophy of Michel Serres 20 Buehlmann, Mathematics and Information in the Philosophy of Michel Serres 21 Buehlmann, Mathematics and Information in the Philosophy of Michel Serres 22 Buehlmann, Mathematics and Information in the Philosophy of Michel Serres 23 Buehlmann, Mathematics and Information in the Philosophy of Michel Serres 24 Connor, Dumbstruck A Cultural History of Ventriloquism 25 Foucault, History of Madness 26 Serres, Five Senses 27 Mitchell, Me The Cyborg Self and the Networked 28 Serres, Five Senses 29 Serres, Five Senses 30 Serres, Five Senses 31 Eliot, The Waste Land, in Hovestadt Buehlmann, Eds., A Quantum City 32 Jung, Two Essays in Analytical Psychology 33 Serres, Five Senses 34 Serres, Troubadour of Knowledge 35 Serres, Geometry 36 Toy, Architects in Cyberspace 37 Wollstonecraft, Complete Works 38 Serres, Troubadour of Knowledge 39 Serres, Troubadour of Knowledge 40 Asimov, Complete Works

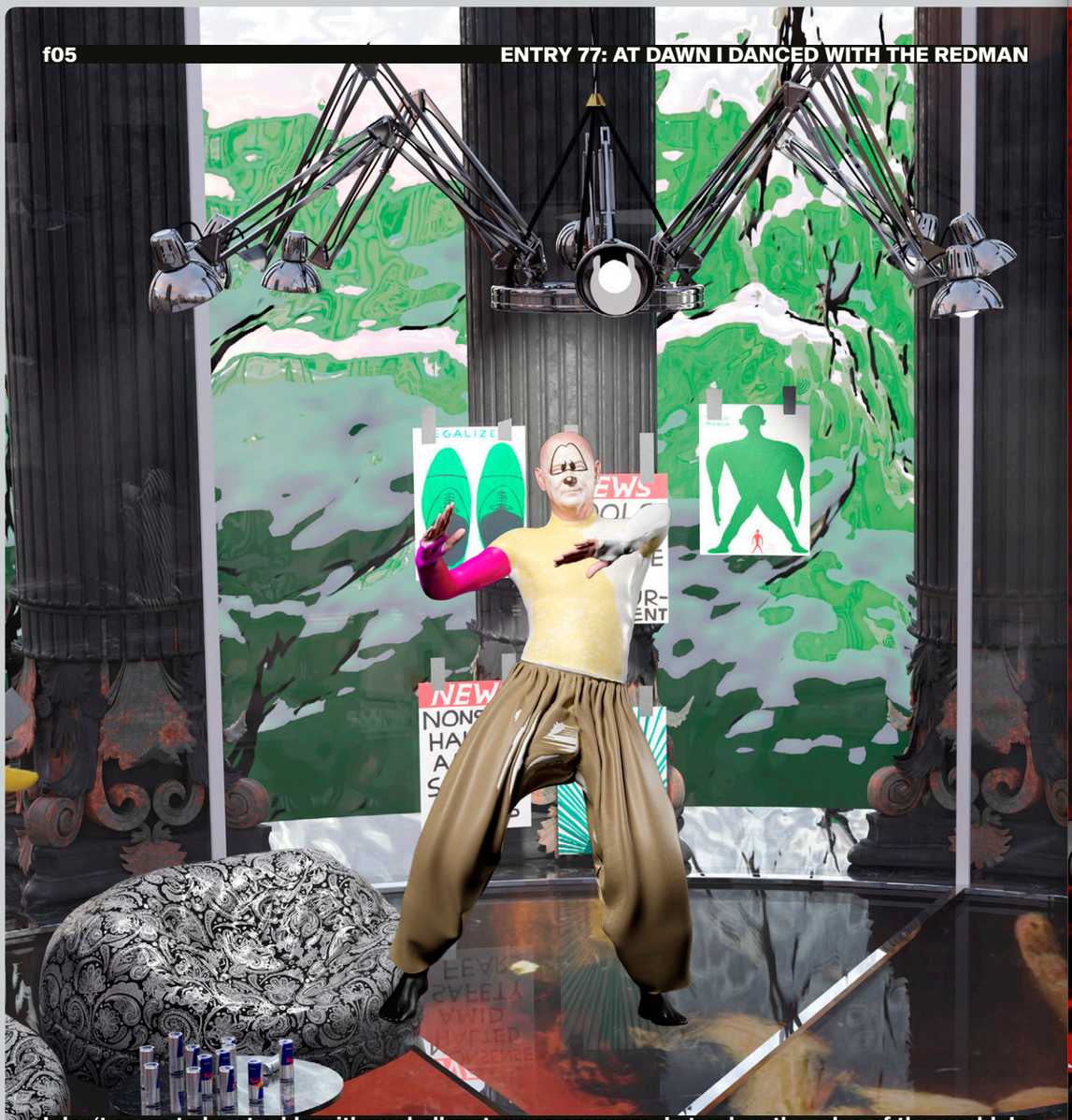


Hey FRANO

I chose to text you out of an utmost necessity. The greater public is aiming to dissect my mystery but no interpretation has penetrated to the core of the myth yet. [1] Nevertheless, it has become urgent that you, nobody but you, erect my public face and invite the world to a formal drama. [2] My truth can only be spoken with a hollow tongue. [3] Search for fragments which are public voices spoken with different tongues. [4] Fragments, which echo down the ages, carrying the full weight of a legend. [5] Stage those fragments, let them play with each other. Leave threads loose. Jump between scales. Have fun. My truth is an unusual enterprise, not carried by a common sense; only mixture and disorder, wrangle and chaos give the illusion of matter. [6] You will be frightened out of your wits, not only by real, but by fancied dangers, and will be tossed forever on the sea of illusion. [7] Push the illusion until it reaches the truth. [8]



On this day, two weeks ago, I forgot how to speak. It happened while I was on the phone with my wife. Mid-conversation. Sitting on black leather seats in the back of an Uber. Driving through heavy rain. We were talking about our love for oysters, probably, and the familiar aura of a panic attack had already begun pulsing inside the nape of my neck. I braced for the imminent bout of hyperventilation, but instead found the pulsing morph into an unfamiliar feeling of paralysis. My jaw locked and my tongue went numb. Suddenly, the words wouldn't come out anymore. [9] My voice had lost all power to move. [10] At moments I thought something had cracked inside my soul. Today I know that I am simply going insane. [11] Or at least it feels like I'm going insane. After skimming through the world wide web and watching 'Top 10 Funniest Fresh Prince of Bel Air Moments', I came across self-professed experts describing my condition as a sudden disruption of speech patterns whose origin is not clear. [12]



I don‘t seem to be at odds with my hollow tongue anymore. I stand on the edge of the world. In this very moment I become a multiplicity of thoughts, [13] a pure movement of the mind, devoid of any form of consistency, a perpetual flight that time cannot immobilise in the memory: a rapid, or rather, quickly alternating, succession, an uninterrupted flow of ideas and isolated actions, inconsequential and disordered emotions, with no memory of any preceding state. [14] It is only now that I understand that god has never hidden his face, far from it: he makes himself one, or even several. The mask does not to hide the face, it is the face. [15]

Only in my golden years have I come to know my fate. One day it will be associated with something tremendous – a crisis without equal on earth, the most profound collision of conscience, a decision that was conjured up against everything that had been believed, demanded, hallowed so far. I am no man, I am dynamite. [16]



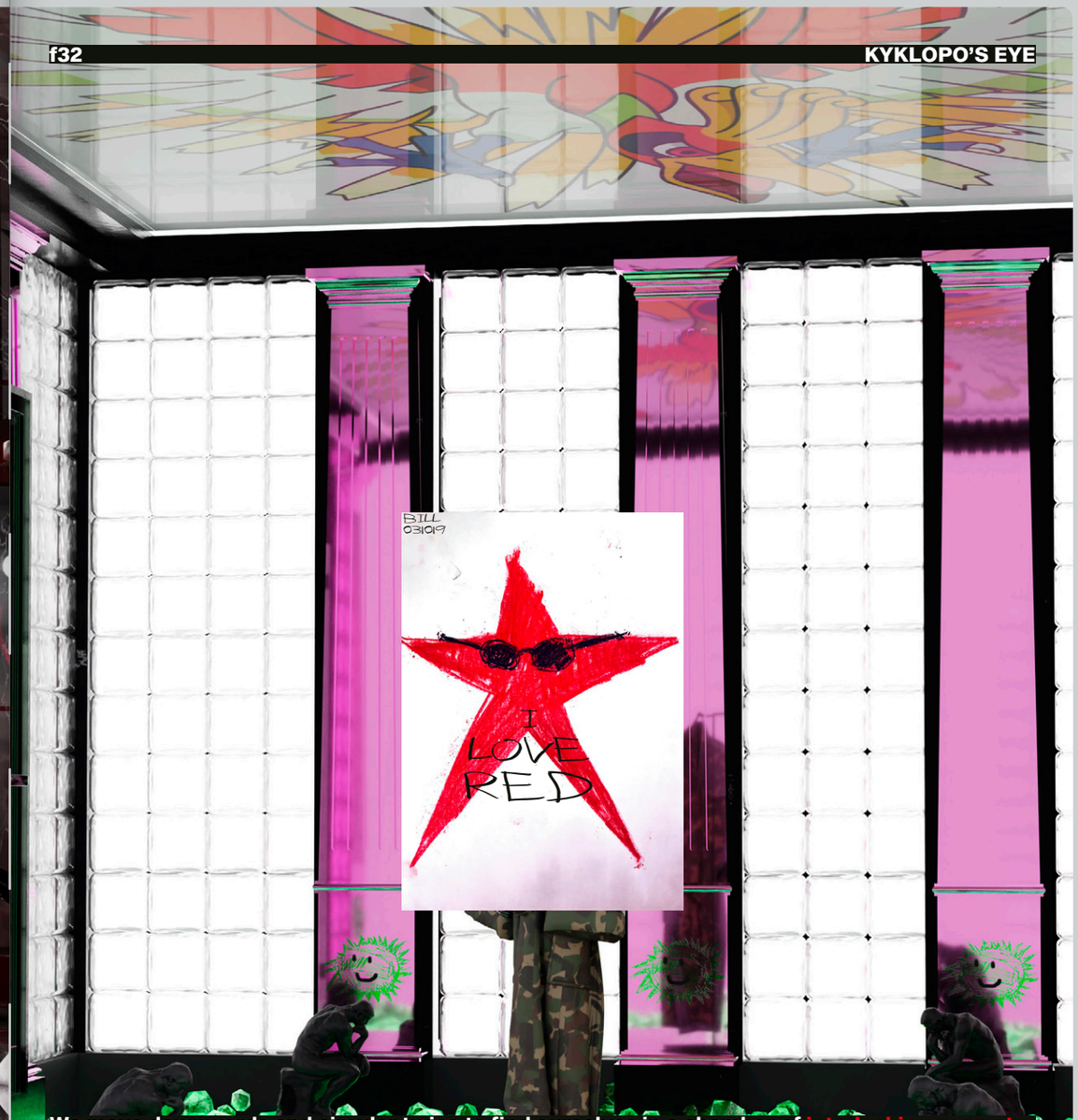
Moulded out of the miraculous plenty and as the euphoric daughter of its time, the intoxicating offspring of measure and spirit, [17] SEER dances on the stage of the heavens.

SEER works with the mathematical lexicon of silent words. [18] The Chronopedia as its apparatus helps to fill the bag of a hundred tricks to predict the unpredictable. [19] SEER works with The Wisdom of the Weather and is Counting Time Meteora. [20] The bearer of improbable novelty. [21]

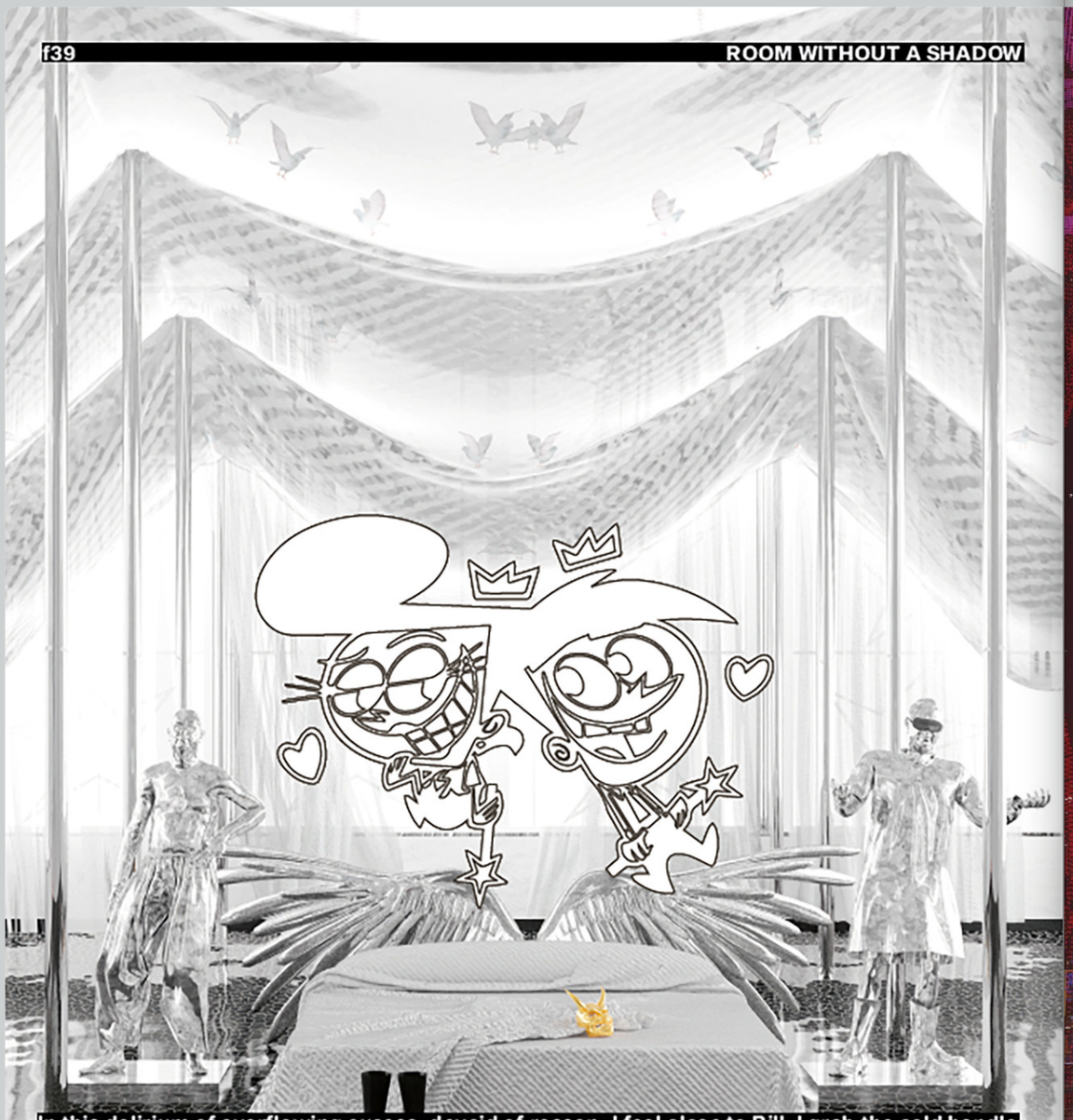
SEER stands for all that happened between the earth and the sky. [22] The domain for studying the temperament of weather. [23] SEER is tongueless and unchannelled. [24] A language not yet shared, as a knot linking the world and desire, sense and nonsense, the night of completion and the primitive dawn. [25]



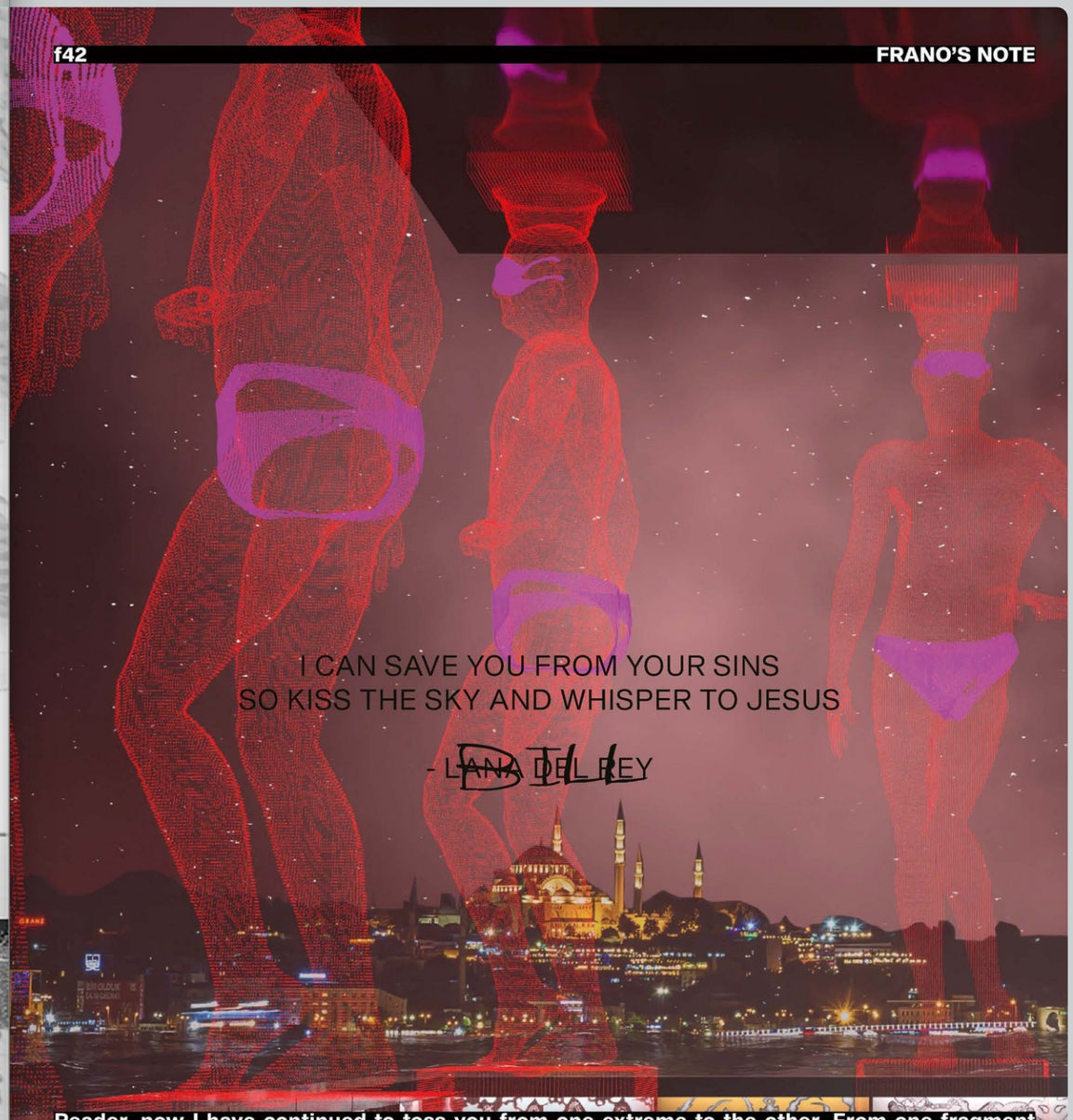
Istanbul has turned green. The perfect opportunity for me to do something crazy. Now I am riding an inflatable hot dog across the stormy Bosporus, dressed like Louis XIV the Sun King. I am enjoying myself, until I see a giant flamingo steering directly towards me. Only as it gets closer I recognise it being a pedal boat in the shape of a flamingo. A man wearing a SpongeBob mask and a robe sits inside of it. He comes closer and reaches out for my hand and as mine touches his, an instant shock strikes through my hand. This bastard had one of these surprise hand shock buzzers in his hand. He seems to be laughing but not a single vocal leaves his lips. We fasten my hot dog to the railing, put in the footwork and pedal onwards together. The colouring of the water seems to make the liquid more dense and opaque. It doesn't feel like we are moving through formless water but rather are climbing one green hill after the other, as if heading towards unknown worlds.



We move downwards and circular twice to find ourselves in a chamber of interlocking geometry of indestructible screens, waking and sleeping in flashes of light and dark. [20] I am becoming the focal point of a global personal panopticon: [27] Sitting at his desk, a can of Uludag Orange Gazoz next to him, he moves two computer mice simultaneously and seems to give orders. He presses one button and in the same second, through one of the screens, I witness the emergence of a purple tornado. I'm not sure if BIII can alter the weather. But one thing I am sure of: he is indifferent to winning or defeat, neither plays nor cheats, beyond the scale of victories and losses, beyond the scalar podium, beyond metrics. [28] He only composes the heres and nows, [29] without a blind spot, never inattentive or unaware, intensely present, nothing but face, an omnidirectional ball of eyes. [30] The one-eyed merchant. [31] Kyklopos. A harlequin swelled to superhuman proportions [32] reposes here, hidden and invisible. [33]



In this delirium of overflowing excess, devoid of reason, I feel close to Bill. I grab the cold handle of a metallic door, push it down and a tsunami of light hits me. A pure solid entirely given over to light. White, invisible, candid, and transparent. Zero. It chases out the shadow from every pure space. We take a seat at the table. The illumination is getting stronger and is draining out all stimulation into digit crispened anti black. As if my mind is bleached by the pure, revelatory white light of snow crash absolution, the ruling angel of reason inside me is leaving its seat. In the ray of clarity, colorfully patterned, saturated with dust, dance the atoms. The molecules of air caught in the sudden surge of atomic disruption, tore into glowing, burning ions. At this very moment Bill takes off his mask. His appearance is almost invisible in the mist of light. What a candid face, he looks me straight into the eyes. An immense smile on his lips. A stellar harlequin.



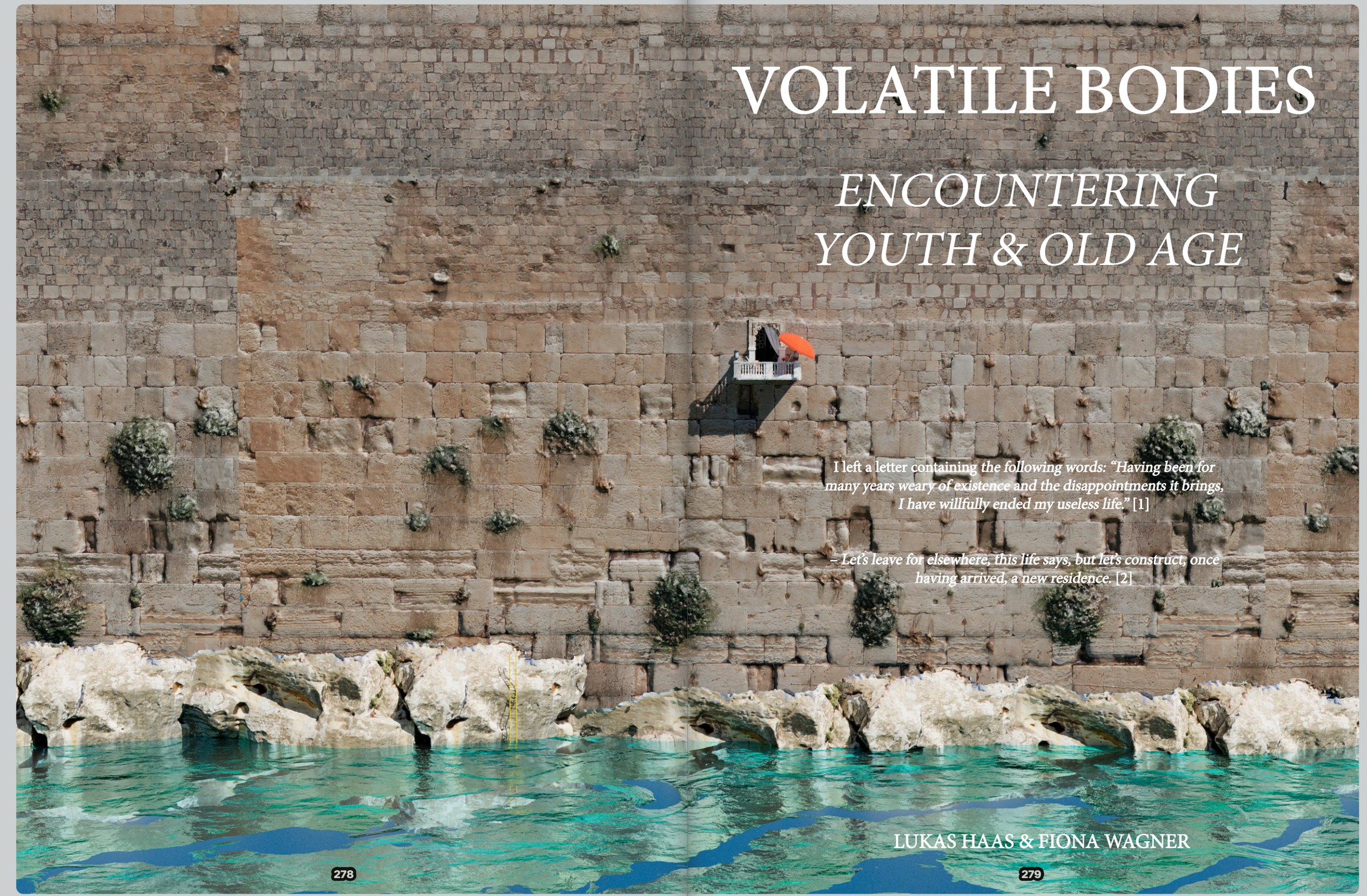
Reader, now I have continued to toss you from one extreme to the other. From one fragment to the other. This selection of fragments is not to attempt a return to the past but instead to construct a stage for the future.

I'll leave you with the picture which has become most dear to me. I took it after I collected every bit of information about BILL and met him on SEER ISLAND for the second time. He was sitting in his golden lifeguard chair when I came up to him. As soon as he saw me, he climbed down and took his Marlboro Red package out of his pocket. In silence, we lay down in his silver garden at the edge of the world. I talked about the gathered fragments and we smoked a cigarette. And another one. And another one. And another one.

FRANO

VOLATILE BODIES

ENCOUNTERING YOUTH & OLD AGE



I left a letter containing *the following words: "Having been for many years weary of existence and the disappointments it brings, I have willfully ended my useless life."* [1]

– Let's leave for elsewhere, this life says, but let's construct, once having arrived, a new residence. [2]

LUKAS HAAS & FIONA WAGNER

Tonight I felt like lighting up the golden mask again,
it had been a while since I had invited someone through the portal of youth, to be my guest at the Maiden's Tower.

The mask, […] somewhat of an oracle, […] had […] spoken. [3]

We waited. Dusk arose.
Then when the moon was just about to set,
[the round golden mask], […] suddenly burst into the indentation of shadow like a vast promontory of light. [4]
I held my breath.

The beam soared above our heads like a hunter's searchlight, *the prey voluntarily offer[ing] itself; the game seeks the hunter.* [5]

[I became] the hunter and the prey. [6]
A sacrificial lamb for youth.

Around me a party began. – *Full of extortion and excess.* [7]

I blinked, and everything *had burst into flame, […] fires of a blazing inferno.* [8]

Glazing white light, burning down into the sockets of my eyes.
I felt blinded, trembling.
HORNS BLASTING. An anthem tuned in.

I was the chosen one!
My boat jolted forward, *sending [me] off on [my] way.*
Fly[ing] wildly [on my] burned wings towards that radiant portal.
I was gliding beneath a portal through which saints, kings, queens, archbishops, and nobles have passed. [9]

Would preceding make some other man than [myself] emerge from that portal? [3]

Tingling with excitement. I touch through the arches' peak.

My eyes tightly shut.

After a swim I enjoyed lying down on the vast and broad stone steps, heated by the sun, I indulged in *sunbathing like lizards on boulders bordering the sea.* [10]

Hearing the rhythmic metallic slapping of halyards on my boat's mast.

My abandoned boat lay tied to a brass hook at the lower end of the steps in front of the Maiden's Tower *[it was a pretty] local white sailboat, the dhow with its billowing spinnaker.* [11]

Entering behind the young man, carrying several Amazon prime boxes.
Through layers over layers of heavy, waxy feeling white drapery.
I looked down.

My feet had touched onto sand that seemed to leak from the room ahead.
I followed him into a place that contained more the atmosphere of a sunken garden.
As I moved further, I found my self surrounded by gigantic statues,
replica[s] of larger proportions,[than] to be [perceived] an original.[12]

Their outlines obscured by some kind of heavy and wafting, artificial, mist, leaving a dull and synthetic, plasticky aroma on the tongue.
– I swallowed.

The air was humming with muffled electrical, and mechanical noise.
Looking upwards, it was emitted by room high 3D-printers at work, *layering [a] milk become [...] filament.* [13]

I thought of the purpose without which *the statue[s] would not have been made.* [14]

What they did they have in common?

They were philosophers and *poets giv[ing] forth ideas that have been uttered, or may be uttered, [till today].* [14]

I examined a statue of Aristoteles rising from the sandy ground.
Their mind was a peculiar medium; the ideas that passed through it issued forth [through time]. [15]

And even if now their bodies are nothing but husks.
What [still] billows are [their] ideas! [3]

And therefore become *immortal and eternal.* [16]

Now reinterpretations out of PLA, PETG or Neon-Filamente.
Old [men speaking] youth. [14]

Is this Bill Murray's face?

"You still want to enter?"

The boy with his prime shirt made his way back towards me through the sand.

"Sure!"

She said further:
"How beautiful you are underneath here, soft like a young animal. Are you young? I don't understand the age of a man. Are you young?"

– *"I am young, my love, I am just born."*
[17]

[…] Then […] in the atrium.[18]
Of about 100m height.

I felt *sweet and pleasant in [my] morning gown of loose [pink silk].*[19]
I liked how my new ankle tattoo showed off, as the silk rim just hit my calf at the right height.

I dropped my morning gown, *being stripped bare and untied, the moment of true casting off.* [20]
Completely naked, now bending down I turned on the golden tap, at the shallow basin's rim.

I placed myself in the basin's centre.

Ahh..!
The first drop hit my face.
I felt it splattering across my right cheek.
Then more followed, *those countless drops, which are carried down by a falling shower, spilling over my body.* [14]

Like pearls falling off a string.

Foaming up,
drenching *cascade[s] of white foam over my face, submerging myself in a white flower['s] […] powerful odour.* [21]
Clouds of foam in its light, airborne mass, […] spilling [into and] over the [basin's] ledge. [21]

I felt a shiver and *held my breath in the gallery of mirrors; anything might materialize in those velvety depths, monsters, beauties, my own grown self.* [22]

Lost in thought I heard the smacking of someone eating, something juicy. Until now I had thought I was alone.
I stood up.

I followed the curvature of the room, which just seemed to become even vaster, until.

"Ah! You are here" – it was Bill enjoying a possibly overly ripe tomato "I actually intended to wait, but as I didn't hear you coming I started off with a small stater" – he nodded towards the tomato which dripped down his fingers, which he quickly licked. "I suggest we start!"

– "Let me adjust the mirrors."

The mirrors started to spin after I sat down at the other end of the table.

Therefore I could nb longer see myself clearly.

These *[…] mirrors, reflecting not the person's face but what lies behind it.* [23]
In their spinning motion they became a blur of both the Harlikens' different masks.

–Until they steadied.

I observed Bill.

Silent, each contemplating the other in both mirrors [...], his not, his fellow faces. [24]

There [where] mirrors that turn[ed his] faces to the right, and mirrors that turn[ed] them to the left, others twist[ed] and even invert[ed] them. [14]

I asked Bill: "*When did you first use [these] mirror[s]?*" [25]

Bill: "Hmm... I guess at some point I realized, talking to oneself didn't seem to be *the source of self knowledge.*" [26]

He continued: "*Not there are mirrors for the face but mine for the mind.*"[12]

"*[They] are [like] conversations with abrupt turns, in which the perspective changes suddenly.*"[3]

"*Have you awakened, perhaps, with a new perspective, a new thought?*", Bill asked. [27]

I paused. And thought.

Leaving the black marble pedestal, I set my bare feet onto the lush grass of *this wild paradise.* [28]
Nothing more wild and solitary than this garden could be imagined. [29]

I paused and looked around.

Moving giant leaves of different varieties aside, the untamed grass growing as high as up to my waist, I ran my hand over the ears of grass while walking, more and more covered by *the tall tropical plants [of different] contrasts.* [29]

I got closer, as I followed the overgrowing path which led towards the fountain of youth, *made out of gold brocade (patterned or embroidered); […] an ornated etagere.*[30]

Water dripping slowly, like oil, from its [rims]. [31]

Enticed by this sight, I stretched my fingers forward, the slowly falling droplets now shimmering on my lined skin.
Here I am in turn, […] at the pinnacle of power, at the very instant of committing the sin. [32]
An internal law rules up to a threshold, after which the law is changed. […] Now it is a question of going beyond. [33]

Without a further thought, I licked my fingers.

What was this if not nectar and ambrosia, presumably, promising [me] eternal youth. [34]

I had fallen for the *[…]worship of the last golden calf.*

Exodus. [35]

Hungry for more, eager, and trembling of arousal, I reached for one of the cups.

I could hardly wait for the constant but painfully slow trickle to fill the cup, I wanted to taste at least one precious sip.
– *Suspend from all rational restraint.* [36]

"*Little one!*",*[…]* leaning over the balcony Bill called out. [15]

I turned my head.
Bill stood bare-chested with his hands in earthy garden gloves, he had seemed to have taken a break from potting his balcony plants and observed my animalous moment.

He grinned at me.



[I] yawned and stretched luxuriously. [27]
Surveilling the gigantic tropical garden, I had always manifested.

A garden, in eternal spring, the new world, the Paradise to come. [37]
I unrolled my yoga mat and started my vinyasa flow.

After my stretches, I padded my sweat dry with a fluffy towel.

"[I] crave an organic heirloom tomato that has never known the touch of Monsanto and tastes all the better because of it." [38]
I picked a ripe one.

What Is It Like to Be a Tomato? [...]

I wondered.

Well…
To me, a tomato is a desireless, soulless, non-conscious entity, and I have no qualms about doing with its "body" as I like. [39]
I threw one after another into the blender, with perfectly formed ice cubes
and watched it being crushed and sucked downwards in a circular motion.
[I poured] the aromatic juice […] into a chilled [glass]. [19]

Grinding some vitamins,
I covered my drink with the powder and took a big sip.

AHH…

While sipping my juice I browsed through OnlyFans.

A STAGED SCENERY

One [of these hot summer] day[s], [where the heat was shimmering][and the slight breeze blowing along the Bosporus, came as a relief. [I] had fallen asleep under [the red parasol], with[my] arms over [my] face. [40]

Awakening I squinted into the bright rays that formed glares around the rim of my lashes, *every time that the parasol slightly moved.* [41]

After shortly feeling dislocated, this feeling of indulging comfort spread through my body, feeling the sun glazing onto my closed lids and trenching my visual perception into bright red.

I turned my head to the right into the shade, *[I] looked out through the bars of the balcony,*[42]
onto the glittering ripples on the surface of the Bosporus.
Every now and then I heard the scream of a distant seagull,
and some chattering of a couple more which must have gathered on the tower's ancient walls.

The slight breeze carrying the *usual hum of the city […] now and then* disrupted by the blowing horn of one of the passing tourist ferries, approaching the pier in front of Hagia Sofia. [43]
I let my glance roam, *my thoughts [carrying] me away.* [44]

As my eyes found the horizon of the Marmara sea, over the silvery waves, frequented by silhouettes of boats and ships of various speeds and sizes,
I started to wonder, where they were going and where they came from, what stories their steel bodies had aboard, I thought of deep seas and shallow turquoise waters.
Hmmm..

I sighed.

NAVAL GAZING

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2023

Season 8

Forgetting

Capitalism, artificial intelligence, dogmatism. Urbanism, socialism, analysis, marketing, public relations, comfort, propaganda. Introducing Jack Ma, turning urban capitalism to digital capitalism of the city. From sustainable production to social market. From political economy to the people. Krakow / Malopolska / 3 million people. 60 bn GDP by work, 20 bn GDP from capital. Ma takes a 10% rent of 20 bn GDP from capital to establish a city, 2 bn pa. Not on consumption, not on infrastructure, not on support, not on social, not on education, not on marketing... 2 bn pa, just to get conscious to establish a city heading a region as global, which is on eye level with the budget of the United Nations or the Googles of this world...

Location
Krakow

Client
Jack Ma

With
Charlotte Sörensen, Christian Peterhans, Fidania Schürmann, Julia Filippo, Léa Jaccard, Leo Yuan, Lida Freudenreich, Lou Schmid, Meret Miriam Pfiffner, Meret Renold, Mischa Engeler, Raul Hansra Sartorius, Silvano Ursella, Tanja Reichmuth, Victor Kleyr

CHILDS OF THE CRYPTOCENE

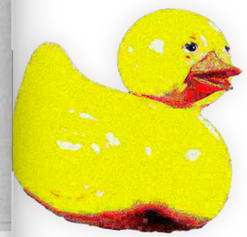
by elfvis & jacomo madici



or the tale of JACOMO MADICI and the borghesian kink

"Technofetishism, quite a fancy word;
we all like to use it now."

Not quite like you think. Do you know about
bodies conversating?





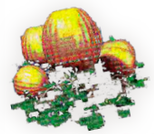




A real wild night. Wild nights? Was it still in the People's
Republic of China?
With all the People?
With a Few or with the Many?

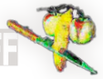
Best part is that I forgot. I forgot I forgot. It really got me off, I think so at least. The tought of it a posteriori does for sure; it brought me to the edge of my self. For a few months my memory lived through others. I was through the world in this form of data. "*If I was personal device, a person or a device,*" (2) mattered not.
"*I was everything, functioning through networks of complex relations between messages and people. Renewing continuously through ideas or behaviors, of theoretical abstractions. Of rapid finance and volatile money, of commerce, of information, of the medias which produce a third reality, independent of the one we hold as real*" (3) "*revealing private worlds in which we are trapped beyond time*.(4)

Everyone is into something. I am, with All, the Plenty;
We are collection. Flowers, fruits, pollen. Animals, predators, preys.





ON RICH PEOPLE BEING INTO WEIRD STUFF



I don't think I remember…I don't think they remember either.
I can't recognize one from another, I can't tell who they are from the self.

That was his kink, did he know what this was about? He could just ask, but it's just as if he forgot. Or never knew; or maybe he knew.
Even he didn't quite grasp it anymore;

"how does an activity that is in itself asexual acquire such connotations?" (1)



His memory wasn't failing him, he knows– not.

ON EVERYONE BEING INTO WEIRD STUFF





"Technofetishism is not quite what Marx meant by fetishism (in his account of fetishism of the commodity) or what Freud meant by fetishism (as a diagnostic of sexual perversion), but something which mixes both." (5)



SKETCH ON THE FIVE STARS (minus the big one)

ON BORGHESIAN KINK







OPENING OF THE CRYPTOCRID

The image of the snake eating its own tail evokes in me a profound meaning. I personally believe that we should all be free from arborescence, *"it standardizes and depersonalizes processes that used to be friendly and intimate,"* (6) *"also forgetting the process of production in the process of circulation."* (7)



"I LIKE OUROBOROS"

ON CIRCLES AND SYMMETRIES: FROM GLOBAL TO TORAL

The snake eating its tail. Again and again and again.
OUROBOROS. A very common image of eternity. Maybe it was the perfect shape.
A TORUS. A shape where the quantum of data transcends, from molecular to cosmical, where the center is surrounded by the edge, where the city lives beyond and within. What is a city once you forgot you forgot? *"The picture can represent every reality whose form it has, but cannot represent its form of representation, only its objects from without – the form of reality,"* (8) without being optimistic or pessimistic, this excess of globality degenerates the sphere (GLOBAL) into the torus (TORAL).





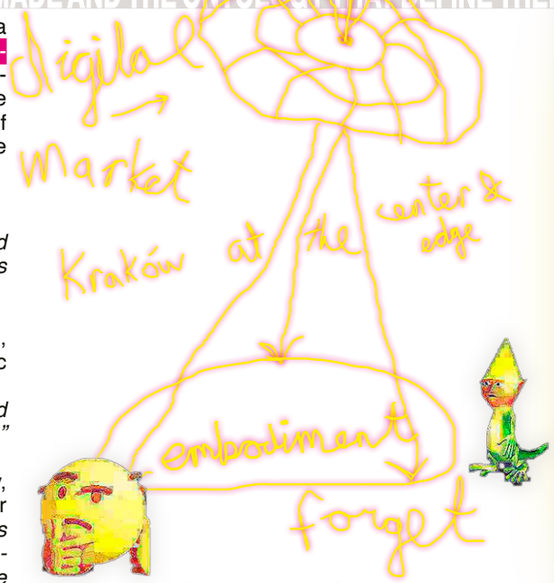
The unlimited character of economic development, when I was visiting Europe, struck me utmost. They formed the circle, I just need to puncture it into a TORUS, a wide face, broad eyes looking at the world, reflecting the plenty and the many it embodied.
Stars for the European Union, *"consequent existence of a non zero sum game, entailing, of course, the summoning of the whole world on the market."* (9)





OF CITY WORLD ECONOMY, OF HYPERDATA KILLING THE BLOCKCHAIN, EXPRESSING THE SEMANTICS OF THE CONNECTIONS BEING MADE AND THE ONTOLOGY THAT DEFINE THEM

HYPERDATA points towards the possibilities for a TORAL GLOBAL NETWORK, a BORGHESIAN NARRATIVE composed of all mathematical finiteness and physical infiniteness. Intellectual property as creations of the mind, not the ownership of oneself, but of one's point of becoming. Head to Krakow, meet Jack, be minted in the HYPERDATA.
Are you an ARTIFACT to the city?
To the city world economy?
Tentacular DATARTIFACTS, *"are no more ordered and reordered, it is in looped with ever emerging interests and needs."* (10)



Emerging from the river, as if it was always never there, a constant ever flowing, a poiesis aggregator, a semantic cartography gravitating around a dispersed collective.
"Representing a huge world with endless interconnected chambers requires a lot of memory to store all that data." (11)
The PalaceDataStorage: It was the same with sensibility, the contingently imperceptible, that which is too small or too far for the empirical exercise of our senses, *"stands opposed to an essentially imperceptible which is indistinguishable from that which can be sensed only from the point of view of a transcendental exercise."* (12)
A new market for the people and the networked eco(nomic-)system, transcending poiesis of the global. A place to store – a Borghesian kink; an embodied digital market – technofetishist. Many faces and many programs, moving within the network, and communicating without intermediary.

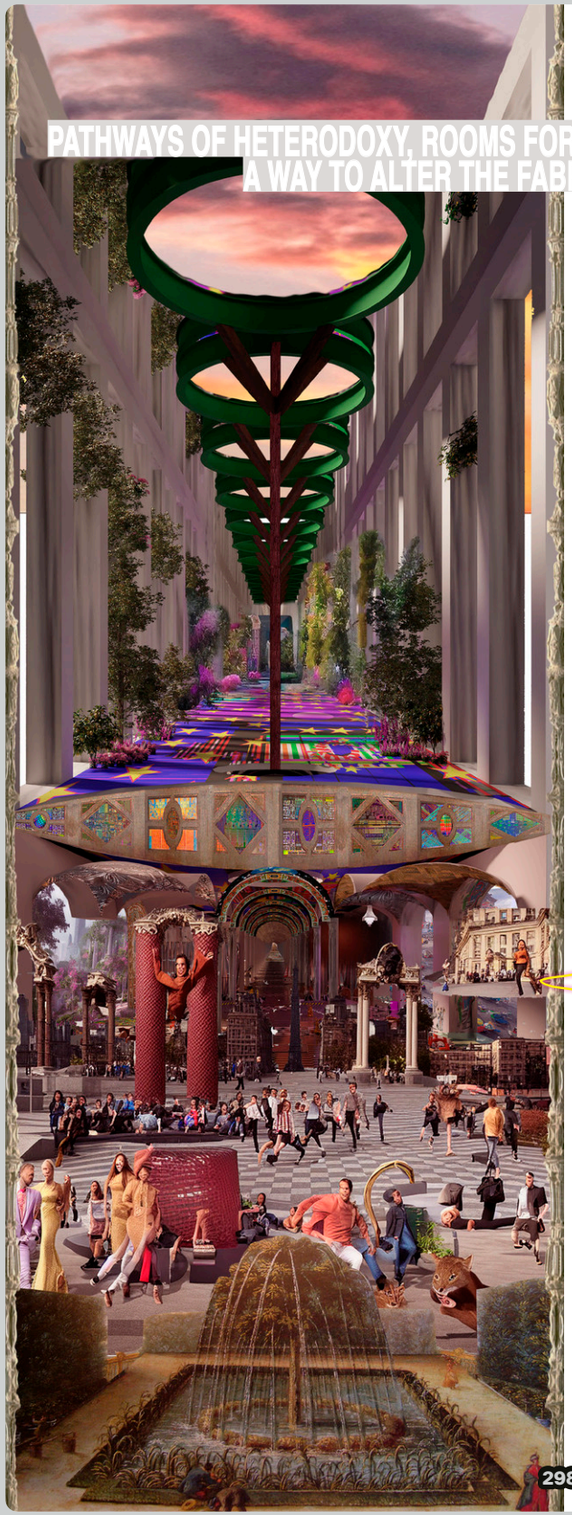
"An economic model with retentive memory," (13) of course our subjectivities are our own,
but your HYPERDATA is communal;
YOUR point of becoming
is both informational and experimental.

FEVER DREAM



of the borghesian kink

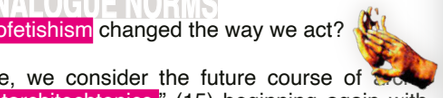

EVERYONE IS INTO WEIRD STUFF
OLGIATI
Vittoria Ceretti, Milan
wearing the non-referential bullshit heels
Fall-Winter 2019
Obit ut omnimus et quia nis eos seque voluptas es vel in periatem qui dia quis eiciisit et elique none por as ipictorem. At quissim haruptur aut ut ipient, tem saperum quassi bla quas des eati dolorei cilibus dandtectur, officitus elia diostibus pel ent accaepta que re perum dust explab illabore sita cum ipsaper epernat usant, officiat eum dolum
RGB
Fact 1
YOU ACTUALLY
ALWAYS STUPID, THEREFORE ALWAYS THINKING
your fellow colleagues
you are kindly
sked to surv
a love story between infrastructure and the grotto
W GROTTO X NEW GROTTO X NEW GROTTO X NEW GROTTO X NEW GROTTO X NEW GROTT
Instagram
Se connecter
S'inscrire
xx_eiiws_xx
Suivre
everyone is into weird stuff
aRcHitecTUUUrE
Always stupid, therefore always thinking
eiiws.com
11 publications
115 followers
93 suivi(e)s
w life feels when the
ls for one million kinks
not for heteronormcore
nuclear families
Spent 20 minutes
AND I WAS AN
IN THE
ARCHITECT
BLISS
HOOD
ARCHI-TECTURE SLOP OR WHATEVER
BAUKUNST2
SNOZZI'S DEN
JOIN US IN THE WORLD WIDE WEB!!!
JUST ANOTHER AD, JUST ANOTHER CONTENT
https://www.eiiws.com/



"What has been stolen, is the ability to guarantee sameness – the unquestioned replication of established forms and subjectivity." (14)



PATHWAYS OF HETERODOXY, ROOMS FOR EVERYTHING, EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE: A WAY TO ALTER THE FABRIC OF ANALOGUE NORMS



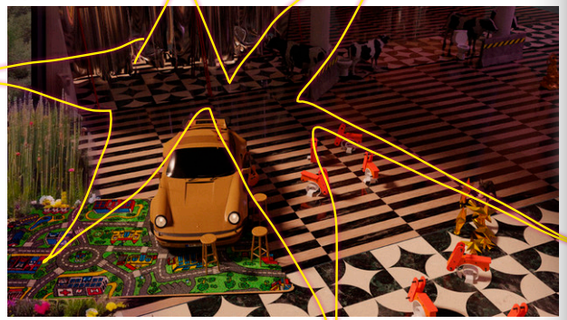
Has technofetishism changed the way we act?

"From here, we consider the future course of architectural datarchitechtonics," (15) beginning again with what isn't the future course of datarchitechtonics. "If the way we see virtual animals is inevitably influenced by the way we see real animals, it is because the reading of the analogue is retrospective." (16)

Through paths of HETERODOXY, "everything that is in any way changed, is in some way in potentiality." (17) "The way things are made, the way they are put together, the way one thing comes to the other, at any rate, they cannot be described," (18) if not lived and brought to the edge of the hyperlinks connecting everyone and everything. (19)

The aqueduct hosts the cellars of the deepest kinks and the vaults of the richest knowledges. A line of rooms, 5.6 x 6 x 5, a new layout for what is collective knowledge and digital normatives. A path where the similar and the digital, resemblance and code as moulds, where analogue norms are already casted."Modulation as putting into variation the mould, a transformation of the mould at each moment of the operation." (20)

Rooms linking in different ways, through a path, everything everyone everywhere, in unique perceptions and collection of plenty, imploding the normative analoguous.



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(4) Krista Sykes, *Constructing a New Agenda*, New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 2010.
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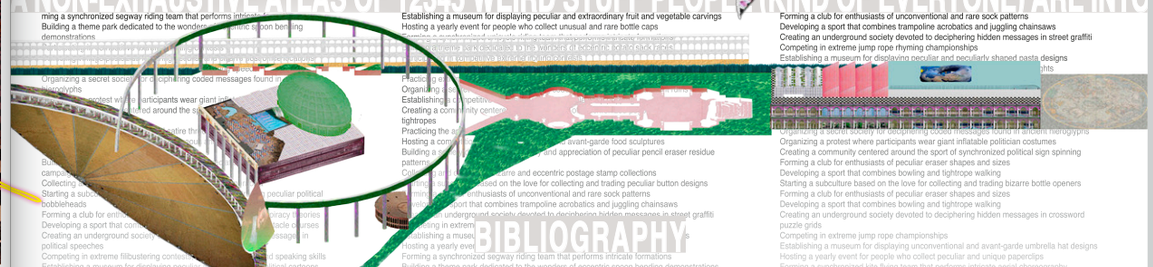

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EUPHONIA

Lida Freudenreich

The idea of a city, where everybody talks simultaneously and in succession, being understood by everybody else. Architectonics as a tuning device, a mechanics to distinguish between noise and sound.

trailer



one thousand people talking
and a talk

uttered
from the uterus
of an
utterly
fluent language
or another

0.1 EUPHONIA is The City.

0.1.1 The city is the noise and the sound. "Oscillations between the code of utility and the code of beauty." [1]
0.1.2 It is all the colors of all the words.
0.2 The talking city is volatile and solid.
0.2.1 Meaningless and utterly significant.
0.2.2 It and you in it, work like data and information, like capital and coins, "You dematerialize, then rematerialize." [2]
0.3 "The city is a sentence, harsh, staccato, in an alien tongue." [3]
0.4 The city emits a rhythmic sound.

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[2] William J. Mitchell, Me++: The Cyborg Self and the Networked City
[3] Kenneth Goldsmith, Capital: New York, Capital of the 20th Century
[4] Ludwig Wittgenstein, Philosophical Investigations
[5] Marshall McLuhan, Understanding Media: The Extension of Man
[6] John R. Snyder, Writing the Scene of Speaking
[7] Ludwig Wittgenstein, Tractatus Logico Philosophicus
[8] Gilles Deleuze, Nietzsche and Philosophy
[9] Marshall McLuhan, Understanding Media: The Extension of Man
[10] Leon Battista Alberti, Momus
[11] Victor Hugo, Les Misérables
[12] Carl A. Zimring, Encyclopedia of Consumption and Waste
[13] Peter Abelard, The Letters to Heloise and other Writings
[14] Thomas Hobbes, Leviathan
[15] Gilles Deleuze, Nietzsche and Philosophy
[16] Homer, The Iliad of Homer
[17] Michael Serres, Variations on the Body
[18] George Steiner, After Babel Aspects of Language and Translation
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This is what constitutes the environment for 1001 people talking. It is a stage for talking and a method of hearing. The unforgettable body of the city. The mechanics to distinguish between noise and sound.

1. THE WORD FAIR trades expressions.

1.1. This is where the weird things get their names.
1.2. It is not about trade but about the celebration of men's achievements, showing collective through the individual.
1.3. It puts words and sentences into proportion.
1.3.1. It is the exclamation point.
1.3.2. A shouting of a number, the yelling of a product "is related to the experience as a cry is to pain." [4]
1.4. Merchants "name things and then we can talk about them: can refer to them in talk.
1.4.1. 'Money talks' because money is a metaphor, a transfer, and a bridge. Like words and language, money is a storehouse of communally achieved work, skill, and experience." [5]

2 The parliament is TWO PLEONASTIC COUNCILS

2.1. Disputing deputies in halls of black darkness, chaotic muddle and corridors of empty quietude.
2.2. They discuss "the discursive 'rules and customs' of rhetoric, fiction, and dialectic,
2.2.1 [which] are all a part of the continuum of linguistic material that constitutes [Euphonia]." [6]
2.3. It is the body of language.
2.3.1. An agreement, "in the same sense about formal relations and structural relations." [7]
2.3.2. It happens, but it does not exist anymore.
2.4. The counsillors are "defined in terms of the faculty of forgetting and the power of acting reactions." [8]
2.4.1. Instead of carrying the name of their position, they carry the names of the most prominent figures before them. In Krakow: Krakus II, Bona Sforza II, Sigismund V, Wojtyla II, Majchrowski II, …

3. The ALTAR OF FAULTY WORDS thinks of mistakes.

3.1. "Man has the power to reverberate the Divine thunder." [9]
3.1.1. It sounds like confessions, whispering and melodic incantation.
3.1.2. "They don't talk, but they do reveal." [10]
3.2. The faithful pile up offerings representing past mistakes.
3.2.1. Namely shards of glass. Reminiscent of communism.
3.3. "Sin is a gravitation." [11]
3.3.1. It has great potentiality. The more the better. Errors attract mistakes, attract silent faulty words, attract curse, attract sin.
3.3.2. "The foolish would think 'now I may have to eat my words'." [12]
3.3.3. But "The fault is in the appetite, not the food itself." [13]

4. HALL OF WASTED BREATH

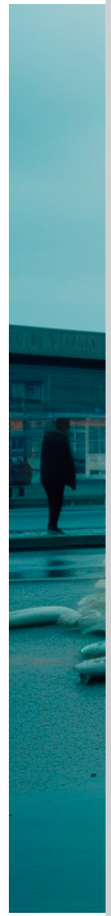
4.1. It can't speak its own words, but instead only reflects the last words spoken.
4.1.1. Here "offices (Titles) of Honor, by occasion of trouble, and for reasons of good and peacable government, were turned into mere Titles; serving for the most part to distinguish the precedence, place, and order of subjects […]
4.1.2. and men were made Dukes, Counts, Marquises, and Barons of Places, wherein they had neither possession, nor command." [14]
4.2. To save the city from "generic activity by which reactive forces are trained and tamed," [15] all the wasted breath condenses on the castle's mirrors, the windows, the handrails and door knobs.
4.2.1. The castle is like the saliva valve of a trombone.
4.2.2. As the centre of superfluity, it purges the city from fog, guaranteeing optimal sound propagation for the rest.

5. DEMENTIA DIP

5.1. "As we learn, we must be daily unlearning something which it has cost us no small labor and anxiety to acquire." [16]
5.2. The dressed swimmer "can't get to the bottom of his memory, down to the total and first oblivion. But when he surged naked from the bath in which he discovered the force that makes us float, he inverts Harlequin, overdressed, the way invention is opposed to memory." [17]
5.2.2. The bath hosts the liquified, naked act of forgetting. A bodily act. The sounds are the rhythmic splashes of water, hushes in the sweat room, gossip in the dressing.
5.3. Plungers inhale and the oblivious float.

6. SOLILOQUY SUITES

6.1. "Sex is a profoundly semantic act." [18]
6.1.2. "Eros and language mesh at every point. Intercourse and discourse, copula and copulation, are sub classes of the dominant fact of communication.
6.1.1. They arise from the life need of the ego to reach out and comprehend, in the two vital senses of 'understanding' and 'containment', another human being." [19]
6.1.2. "In a dark room, words suddenly acquire new meanings and different textures. They become richer." [20]
6.2. "Talking to oneself is a recognized form of play that is indispensable to any growth of self-confidence." [21]
6.2.1. Identities have their material shape in the home, and all the homes of Krakow "in their resonating togetherness, give rise to a zone of intensity of mutually prehended, unbound creativity." [22]
6.2.2. At home people are "not an echo, not at the center of everything like a sonorous echo, but on the edges of messages, at the birth of noises." [23]



1. WORD FAIR



1.1. This is where the weird things get their names.

drip

“a hush falls” [24]
ding

“pearls, her teeth, a drink
water of her mouth” [25]

whispering
Vistula

breathe out
condense

drip



[24] Angela Carter, Shaking a Leg
[25] The Book of One Thousand and One Nights
[26] Pete Brooks, Andrew Quick, Cinema Inferno: Margiela, artisanal 2022 collection, video
[27] Max Ernst, Écritures, “L’interrogatoire au second degré”

write me a note

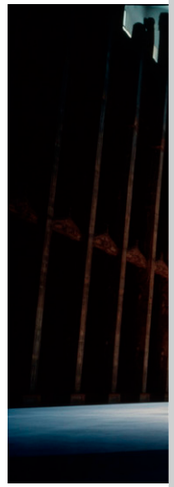
crack the glass
scatter commu-
nism
on the floor
capitalism in the air
invariance, resonance

“where the hell are we?
come on, dance” [26]

go, take a swim in the sand

“What kind of bird are you?” [27]
a moth

I want to see the light, I want to be the



2. TWO PLEONASTIC COUNCILS





2.3.2. It happens, but it does not exist anymore.

light,
the noise,
Clonk
“like a confused daguerreotype” [28]

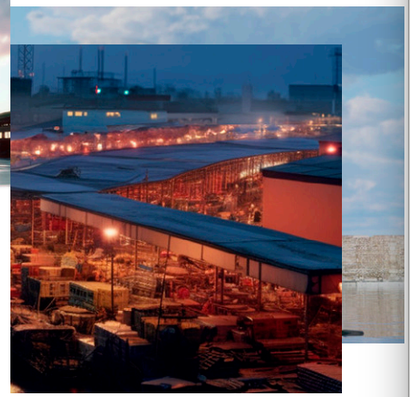
blinded,
by
bye, hi

Jack
Echo
Jacky

“a double conflagration” [29]
“as heavy as sin
as hot as blazes” [30]

“the burning one is eros” [31]
extinguish
distinguish







[28] Karl Marx, The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte
[29] Saint Jerome, Select Letters of St. Jerome
[30] Isaac Asimov, The Complete Robot Anthology
[31] Carl Jung, Memories Dreams Reflections
[32] Carl A. Zimring, Encyclopedia of Consumption and Waste
[33] Sean A. Day, “The Human Sensoria and a Synaesthetic Approach to Cooking”, in Collapse, Volume VII.
[34] Virginia Woolf, Orlando
[35] Rosi Braidotti, Rick Dolphijn, Philosophy After Nature

Octo-push
pull far wiser

“eat my words” [32]
“swallowing them whole
live” [33]

“loveliness incarnate” [34]

“The stones,
the sounds,

3. ALTAR OF FAULTY WORDS



3.1. “Man has the power to reverberate the Divine thunder.” [57]

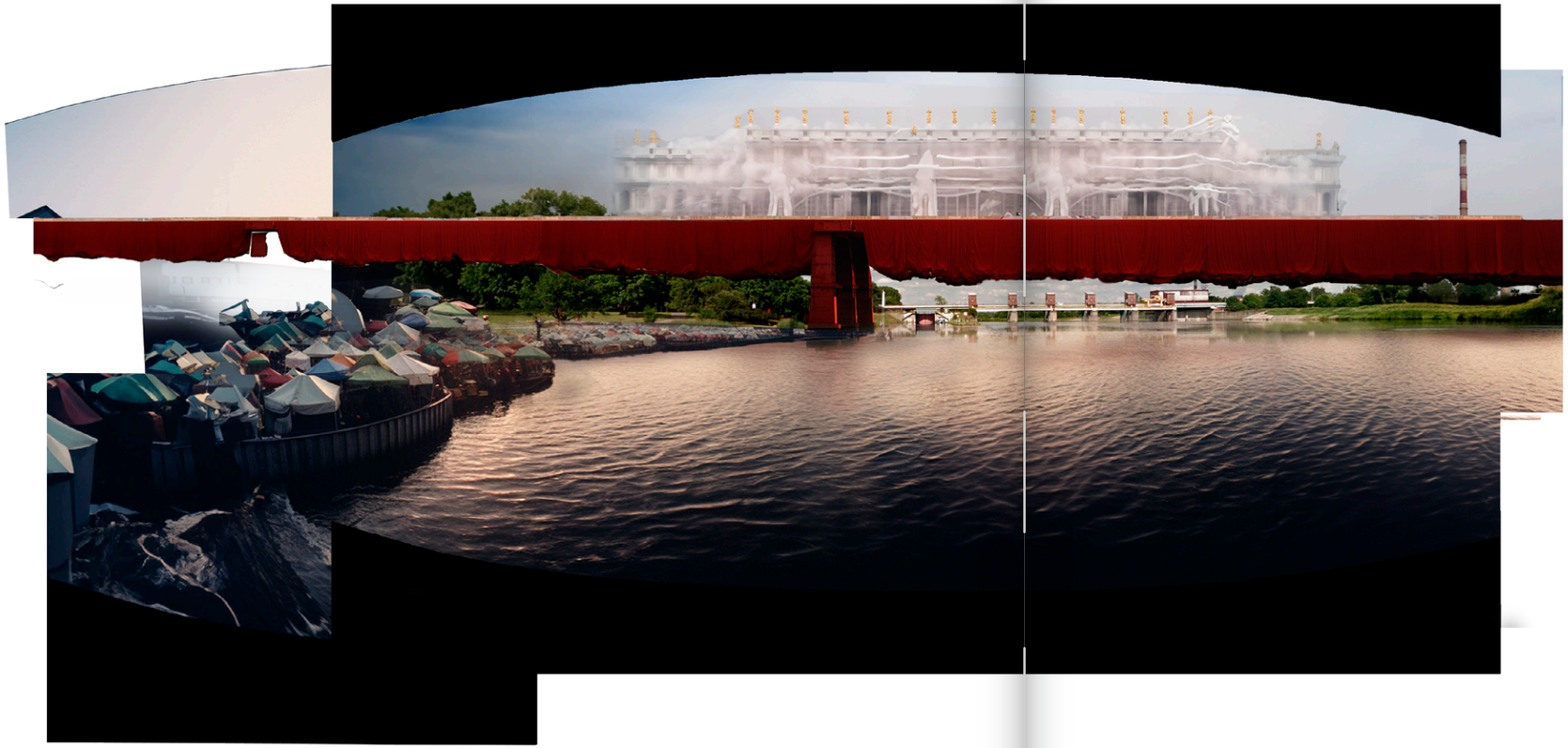
3.3.2. “The foolish would think, ‘now I may have to eat my words.” [60]

the colours,
the human flesh and bones” [35]

the walls talk



raw?
tough!
wild?
hard!
stark?
throaty!



“confused the lobster with its shell” [36]

choke

I am a sponge,
Bonemarrow
dripping in oil
warm, white, wealthy



4.2.1. The castle is like the saliva valve of a trombone.



[36] John D. Kasarda, Greg Lindsay, Aerotropolis: The Way We'll Live Next

“a new color” [37]
“the shadow gathered” [38]
it
“no name [...]
there never would be [...]
rightly so” [39]



255, 0, 0
“Contraction” [40]
red

stop
green
go

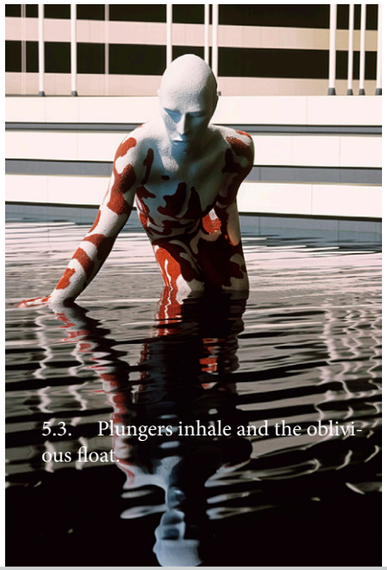
“speed of light
turning gold to red
and silver to white” [41]

love
marry
“neither possession, nor command” [42]

“sound
and sick
confusedly together” [43]



[37] Peter Handke, Crossing the Sierra de Gredos
[38] Karl Marx, The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte
[39] Peter Handke, Crossing the Sierra de Gredos
[40] Albert Einstein, The Meaning of Relativity
[41] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia
[42] Thomas Hobbes, Leviathan
[43] Jules Michelet, The History of France Vol 2



5.3. Plungers inhale and the oblivious float.

6. SOLILOQUY SUITES



they giggle
a scattered smile
his sporadic joy
her hick-up
their hook-up

"rather dead than spotted" [44]
rather seen and potted
in the finest
porcelain

the ermine
Lady

I envy her

Ladyfinger

"First born uni-
corn
Hardcore soft porn" [45]

"With a heart and a half
awake and absolutely naked" [46]

"I waved to my neighbour
My neighbour waved to me" [47]

"pulled a long face and walked on
silently" [48]

"'Idiot!'
he whispered." [49]

"I kept waving my arms
Till I could not see" [50]

the "blind eyed purlieu" [51]
the moth

the silence
and security

could hear
clonk
the moth
the Ladybirds
singing

"where the hell are we?
come on, dance" [52]

[44] Marianne Moore, Complete Poems
[45] Red Hot Chili Peppers, Californication, song
[46] James Joyce, Ulysses
[47] Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, Fifteen Feet of Pure White Snow, song
[48] James Joyce, Ulysses
[49] Virginia Woolf, Night and Day
[50] Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, Fifteen Feet of Pure White Snow, song
[51] Jane Jacobs, The Death and Life of Great American Cities
[52] Pete Brooks, Andrew Quick, Cinema Inferno: Maison Margiela, Artisanal Collection 2022, video


2023
On the move ... moving ... and moving ... and moving ... searching ... for an ideal kingdom ... after a long journey we realised that we were looking for ourselves and we found a place to talk about our common future to build a hall for the common future.
Season 9
Contracting
With
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Location
Palermo
Client
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Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time...[1]

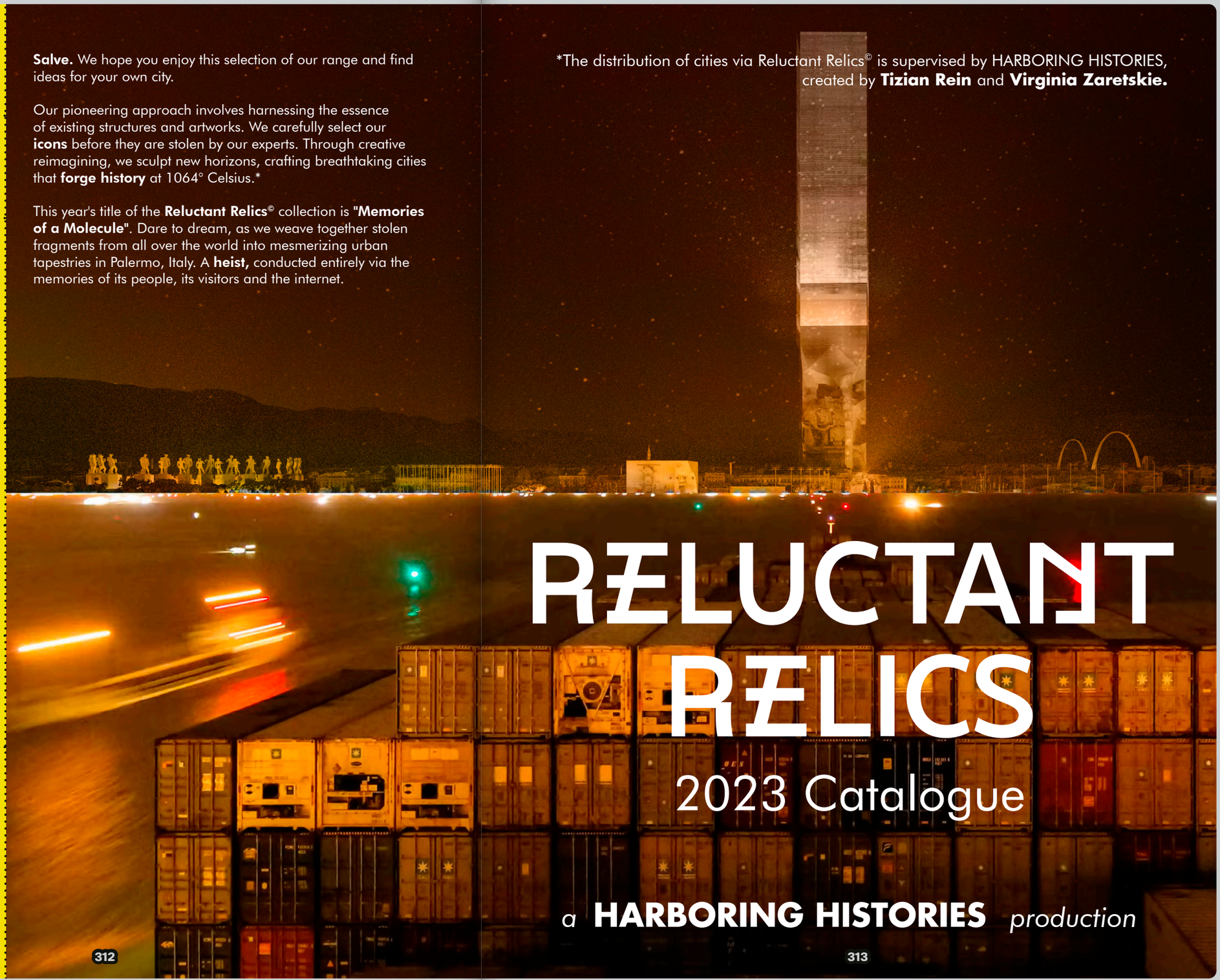
And what happens when they've recorded them all, these syllables of history?

Salve. We hope you enjoy this selection of our range and find ideas for your own city.

Our pioneering approach involves harnessing the essence of existing structures and artworks. We carefully select our **icons** before they are stolen by our experts. Through creative reimagining, we sculpt new horizons, crafting breathtaking cities that **forge history** at 1064° Celsius.*

This year's title of the **Reluctant Relics©** collection is **"Memories of a Molecule"**. Dare to dream, as we weave together stolen fragments from all over the world into mesmerizing urban tapestries in Palermo, Italy. A **heist,** conducted entirely via the memories of its people, its visitors and the internet.

*The distribution of cities via Reluctant Relics© is supervised by HARBORING HISTORIES, created by **Tizian Rein** and **Virginia Zaretskie.**



RELUCTANT RELICS

2023 Catalogue

a **HARBORING HISTORIES** *production*

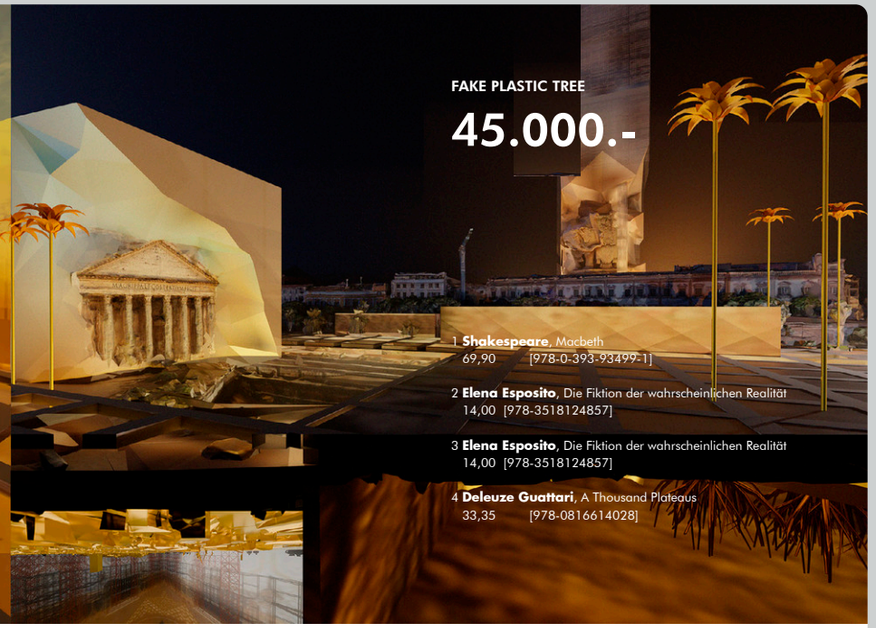
HEY PALERMO!

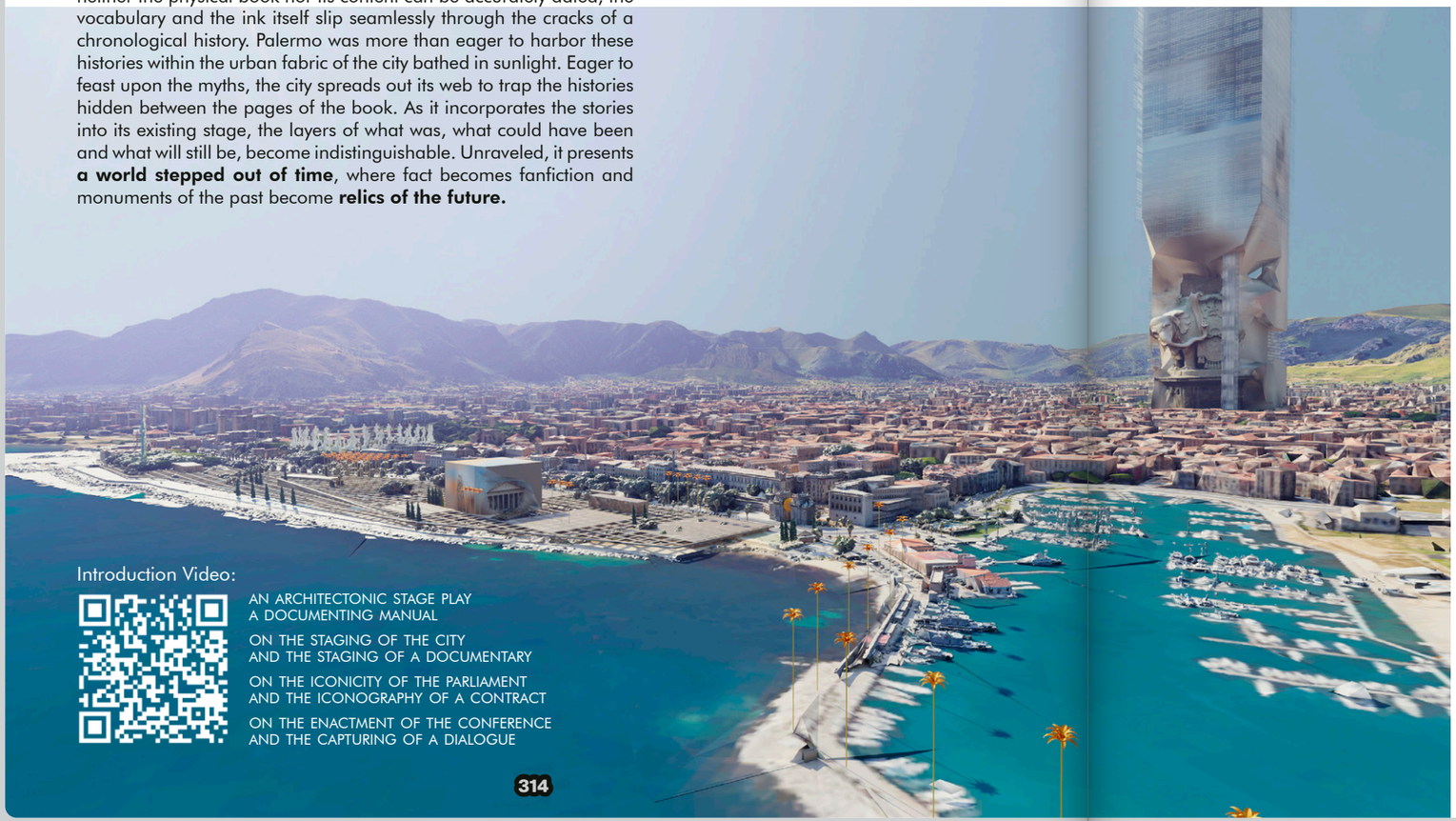
Getting close to an age of 3000 years, **Palermo left adolescence** and entered **adulthood** with almost no one noticing. Puberty had come and gone, Palermo had tried on many languages, many religions, many political ideologies but none of them seemed to fit right, or at least not long-term. Also, it accumulated garbage everywhere. Amongst the trash bags and broken furniture lay scraps of a complex history, abandoned and slowly fermenting in the Mediterranean heat.

Its identity stuck in the past, rituals washed out by repetition and icons that blended far too seamlessly into the daily routine, lacking motivation. It was a strange psychological affliction that festered in its sandstone bones. It's almost like the city was dealing with the urbanistic equivalent of a quarterlife crisis. This had once been a town rife in lore and fantasy, elements of the fractured past now had become too homogeneous, stuck in their own times which had gone out of fashion. The city wants to **tailor a costume** that can be moldable, constantly rewritten to suit the curiosity of the day.

A perfect opportunity to grow into the next stage of life presented itself when a **mysterious book** was excavated from a sunken cruise ship, revealing strange and twisted tales about the city. To this day neither the physical book nor its content can be accurately dated, the vocabulary and the ink itself slip seamlessly through the cracks of a chronological history. Palermo was more than eager to harbor these histories within the urban fabric of the city bathed in sunlight. Eager to feast upon the myths, the city spreads out its web to trap the histories hidden between the pages of the book. As it incorporates the stories into its existing stage, the layers of what was, what could have been and what will still be, become indistinguishable. Unraveled, it presents **a world stepped out of time**, where fact becomes fanfiction and monuments of the past become **relics of the future.**







FORO ITALICO

Bathed in the light of sodium vapor lamps, we could meet at the **Foro** at night. *The future presents will indeed be defined, but their exact appearance escapes our knowledge. Probabilities can be calculated, and predictions can be made based on them. However, it is entirely clear that these are pure fictions because future presents will not be more or less likely. They will not materialize at 40% or 70%, but exactly as they will be.*[2] Will you materialize in front of me, or will you disappear forever? *The use of the term "probability" implicitly acknowledges this, but even in this case, fiction is more meaningful than the inscrutable reality.*[3] *It is defined by the number of dimensions it has; it is not divisible, it cannot lose or gain a dimension without changing its nature.*[4]





Starring:

David Lynch, David Copperfield, David Hasselhoff, David Ortiz, David Harbour, David Prowse, David Beckham, David Bowie, David Attenborough, David Fincher, David Sedaris, David Mamet, David Cronenberg, David Hockney, David Oyelowo, David Carradine, David Carr, David Rein, David Silva, David Villa, David Niven, David Schwimmer, David Morrissey, David Caruso, David Mitchell, David Jason, David Hayter, David Boreanaz, David Henrie, David Giuntoli, David Anders, David Suchet, David Warner, David Thewlis, David Morse, David Alan Grier, David Koechner, David Chokachi, David Wenham, David Hyde Pierce, David Harewood, David Bautista, David Coulthard, David Coverdale, David Duchovny, David Eigenberg, David Faustino, David Gandy, David Ginola, David Helfgott, David Lee Roth, David McCallum, David Nelson, David Ogden Stiers, David Tennant, David Tomlinson, David Twohy, David Walliams, David Yost, David Cross, David Draiman, David Guetta, David Blaine, David Letterman, David Spade, David Byrne, David Foster, David O. Russell, David Chang

THE 69 DAVIDS *in the* ANATOMICAL GARDEN *(read: slutty)*







This is where the bards of today make up the vocabulary of tomorrow. This is where true romance meets its poisonous digital faith. This is where a typo can rewrite history.
Where the centuries become condiments.
You can dip your fries into Greek philosophy, douse your burger in Sanskrit myth.
And still post it all to your Instagram story from the comfort of the plastic cafeteria chair.

The chronology of truth is dissected, finely minced, sauteed and carefully rearranged to be enjoyed as a three course meal, packed with flavor but void of any logic of time or context.

Life is an endless spaghetti noodle of despair:
when we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Weathered by insufficient time,
Steamed in false wisdom,
Eventually, we become a mush of excessive sentimentality, soft and squishy with memories that our bodies are too weak to carry.
In the end, we must all return to our original form:

The meatball.





"I am not a percussionist, I'm a fiddler. I do not keep time, I make it. I fiddle with words and phrases, intentions and impact. I count melodies in time but I do not hold them accountable for staying there."

HANNO 1001

The Edifice of Neverending Stories

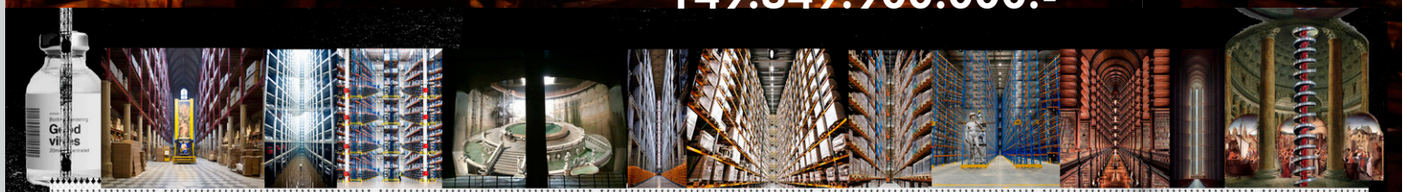
"Welcome to the sanctuary for the chronologically confused" reads the *lightweight membrane structure.*[5] Ettore reaches out his fingers to touch *the thin translucent foil with its red lettering,*[6] but his fingers only feel the gentle pushback of a well-placed alliteration. He sees his hand penetrate the facade and disappear behind the sentence.
A residence made up entirely… of stories, it seems?

5 **Asimov**, Complete Robot Anthology
18,90 [978-0-00-827781-9]

6 **Ball**, The Selfmade Tapestry Pattern Formation in Nature
116,00 [978-0-19-850243-2]

Elephant Tower, scale 100:1

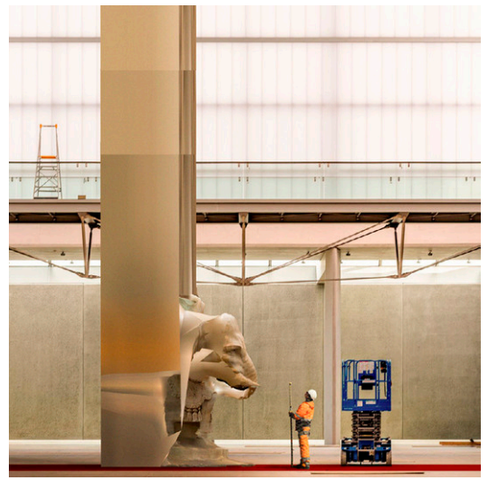
149.849.900.000.-



Chapter 657/PAL_850002: The copy of copy of the copy

Ettore pulls the heavy wooden door and can hardly believe his eyes when it opens up to an enourmous vault. The rows and rows of shelves of books seem to multiply towards the infinite in every direction. In the middle of the room sits a man with a long beard and a Tetris T-shirt at a heavy oak desk. In front of him is a collection of tiny trees made of Lego, he seems to be working on the newest addition to the collection. Just as Ettore enters the room, the Lego Bonsai starts to bloom, pink plastic blossoms showering the carpet floor. The archivist smiles, unbothered by the mess. "First time visiting? I'm Shiyali, welcome to the archive of unused manuals, we have every piece of instruction you might need, and all the ones you don't, too. We order without hierarchy in this facility, every single manual is of equal value, and equally accessible to anybody at any time." Ettore accepts the map of the different sections, but then decides to just aimlessly wander around the archive instead. He passes endless shelves of sacred texts, there are 600 different Bibles, 450 different Thoras and 1200 versions of the Qur'an amongst the Abrahamic religions alone. Ettore wonders what kind of stories one might find in these books that got them classified as useless or unused, as opposed to the versions that were released into history. Would these versions have been able to do even more damage? Would they have been able to do more good? The hours slip by effortlessly in the archive. Ettore is starting to develop a good understanding for the multiplicity of history and a sense for how limiting linearity and chronology can be to the intellectual and creative mind. He finds his gaze continually wandering back to the archivist, building his little plastic trees from an instruction booklet, a strange process to arrive at a state of zen. The copy, and the copy of the copy, is pushed to the point where it reverses itself, and produces the model. The layers of abstraction have lost or abandoned their original inspiration and become fertile soil for a different product entirely. Nevertheless, despite their parallel multiplicity, Ettore cannot shake the feeling that all these manuals as individual artifacts are still ridden with linearity in and of themselves. Their whole existence seems to be derived from a predetermined goal, artifact, ideology, a product always precedes the story, even if only imagined. Hence a chronology is established to arrive at that product, a series of consecutive steps or rules to follow. The archive's name does not deceive. The place is indeed filled entirely with manuals.

How to conduct the heist:



Another clone built.[7] We have the capability to manufacture swiftly, capitalizing on the quiet of night while the citizens of Palermo slumber. We feed on their **dreams**.

This is architecture tailored to your immediate needs, **"Architecture on Demand".** The creatures will soon occupy the city's empty spaces, and you shall encounter them come morning.

7 **Serres**, The Incandescent
36,66 [978-1474297400]

This passtime of documentary making always runs the danger of turning you into a hoarder. The success of your story heist is highly dependent on how well you can drive your getaway car. I like to use my **camera**, but you can use anything you'd like: just a **pen**, or maybe a **whole company.**

You'll try and sign the new story, try and give it an author, a place and date. Are you gonna put your name down? Your address? Or the one where you took it from? Maybe it's best to leave it anonymous, for the next thief to decide on an appropriate name."

CROGENIC CRYPTA

Our ideas need more space, they start to consume the ground. Not all of our dreams can be built. We embalm them, *underneath the arches.*[8]

8 **Kostelanetz,** A Dictionary of the AvantGardes
32,31 [978-0415937641]

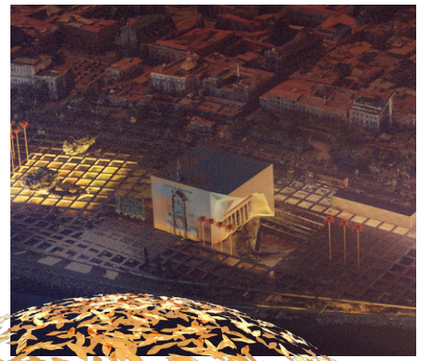
Crypta

16.660.000.-

HALL OF COMMON FUTURE

The farther and faster one travels, the more the life that accompanies one remains like that one has left behind.[9] We intend to stay in Palermo. But if we stay here and experience this displacement, **Palermo also has to alternate its faces.**

9 **Mumford**, The Culture of Cities
56,60 [978-0156233019]





She said: What is history?
And he said: History is an angel being blown backwards into the future
He said: History is a pile of debris
And the angel wants to go back and fix things
To repair the things that have been broken
But there is a storm blowing from Paradise
And the storm keeps blowing the angel backwards into the future
And this storm, this storm is called Progress[15 and 16]

15 **Anderson**, The Dream Before
23,99 [978-1474299640]
and

16 **Benjamin**, Theses on the Philosophy of History
23,99 [978-0-8052-0241-0]

Hall (Self Assembly)
980.000.-
Including 24 Carat City Model
22.300.000.-

Shredded flatpack cardboard boxes will be our foundations. *Work, heat, light, a thousand pieces of information are necessary*[10] to assemble our cathedral. What will cityness be like? *Jigsaws falling into place.*[11] We argue, until those *extra pieces are discarded once the picture has been completed.*[12] *The exercise of free expression in the city should therefore result in ongoing changes to the city, and the nature of such changes.*[13] Some believe, this is just a waste of resources. I believe, that no one is even capable of predicting the growth in the money supply. The other cites are watching us. Our hall will **catch prey** in the cobweb that spans around its tempting substructure. *Our city is* ***a mood, a genre, a brand****, some indefinable haze you can sense, smell, feel, and perhaps get a grasp of, but never confine or define.*[14]



10 **Serres**, Five Senses
23,99 [978-1474299640]

11 **Radiohead**, In Rainbows
15,95 [978-0571531165]

12 **Girard**, Violence and the Sacred
29,53 [978-0801822186]

13 **Sorkin**, All Over the Map
31,95 [978-1844673230]

14 **Alvarez-Marin & Roman**, in Buehlmann, Hovestadt, Eds.A Quinta

WWWW

ACT I *[1] De Montaigne, The Complete Essays* ***THE FIGUREHEAD OF THE ARGO*** *[1] Leatherbarrow Eisenschmidt, Twentieth Century Architecture [2] Schumacher, The Autopoiesis of Architecture Vol 1 [3] Seneca, Complete Works [4] Unidentified source [5] Ficino, Platonic Theology Volume 1 Books I IV [6] Serres, The Natural Contract [7] Parker – 1950, Vinyl [9] Serres, The Natural Contract [10] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus [11] Foucault, History of Madness [12] Hovestadt, Buehlmann (Eds.), Quantum City [13] Serres, The Five Senses [14] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture [15] Foucault, History of Madness [16] Serres, The Incandescent [17] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy* ***MARCELTONIO*** *Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau [2] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [3] Augustine, The City of God* ***Coffee and Cigarettes*** *(2003) [5] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [6] Orlando [7] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs [8] Aquinas, Summa Theologica [9] Da Lage, Antoine; Mauclié, Georges (2015). Dictionnaire de géographie végétale. [10] Marx, Capital Volume 1 [11] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture [12] Mumford, The Culture of Cities [13] Etymologine [14] Hugo, Les Misérables [15] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus [16] Foucault, History of Madness [17] Augustine, The City of God [18] Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet [19] Serres, The Incandescent [20] Calasso, Ka Stories of the Mind and Gods of India [21] Rousseau, The Social Contract & Discourses* ***A NEW DAY*** *[1] Alberti, On the Art of Building in Ten Books [2] Hovestadt Bühlmann, Quantum City* **ACT II** ***SYMPOSIUM*** *[0]Serres, The Five SensesSerres, The Five Senses Serres, The Five Senses [1] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus, [2] Foucault, History of Madness [4] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [4] Koolhaas, s,m,l,xl [5]Alberti, Ramus [6] Serres, Hominescence [7] Serres, The Incandescent [8] Derrida, Of Grammatology [9] Deleuze, The Logic of Sense [10] Serres, Branches [11] Serres, The Five Senses [12] Girard, The Scapegoat [13] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [15]Proust, In Search of Lost Time Vol V The Captive The Fugitive [16] de Montaigne, The Complete Essays [17] Duncan, The James Bond Archives [18] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau [19] Kurzweil, The Singularity Is Near [20] Crowley, Ancient Rhetorics for Contemporary Students [21] Aristotle, The Art of Rhetoric [22] Serres, Ulysses [23] Guicciardini, Maxims and Reflections [24] Luther, The Letters of Martin Luther [25] Zimring, Encyclopedia of Consumption and Waste [26] Dickens, A Tale of Two Cities [27] Kerouac, On the Road [28] Crowley, Ancient Rhetorics for Contemporary Students [29] Zimring, Encyclopedia of Consumption and Waste [30] Hayek, The Use of Knowledge in Society [31] de Montaigne, The Complete Essays [32] Hugo, Les Misérables [33] Aquinas, Summa Theologica [34] Deleuze, Desert Islands and Other Texts [35] Arendt, The Human Condition* ***THE SILO*** *[1] Serres, Variations on the Body [2] Serres, Genesis [3] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy [4] Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs [5] Wolf, Orlando [6] Aquinas, Summa Theologica [7] Marx, Capital Volume 3 [8] Serres, Troubadour of Knowledge [9] Marx, Collected Works [10] Serres, The Parasite* **INTERMEZZO** ***LUNCH BREAK*** *[1] Serres, The Parasite [2] Cruel Earth, Nitrogen Fixation* **ACT III** ***ORCHESTRA OF NOISE*** *[1] Hugo, Les Misérables [2] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [3] Goldoni, The Comedies of Carlo Goldoni [4] Hugo, Les Misérables [5] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [6] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture [7] Leatherbarrow Eisenschmidt, Twentieth Century Architecture [8] Marx, Collected Works [9] Derrida,*

Of Grammatology. [10] Serres, Biogea [11] Serres, The Incandescent [12] Foucault, History of Madness [13] Girard, The Scapegoat [14] Calasso, Ka Stories of the Mind and Gods of India [15] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy [16] Serres, The Parasite [17] Calasso, The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony [18] Calasso, The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony [19] Calasso, Ka Stories of the Mind and Gods of India [20] Serres, The Five Senses [21] Serres, Rome [22] Goethe, Faust ***GARDEN OF APPARENT ABSOLUTES*** *[1] Virgil, Aeneid [2] Serres, The Five Senses [3] Hugo, Les Misérables [4] Calasso, The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony [5] Serres, Angels A Modern Myth [6] Cervantes, Don Quixote [7] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [8] Deleuze, Cinema 1 The Movement Image [9] Foucault, The Courage of the Truth [10] de Montaigne, The Complete Essays [11] Deleuze, Cinema 2 The Time Image [13] Paxton, On the Ruins of Babel [14] Serres, Crisis [15] Serres, Statues [17] Derrida, Of Grammatology [18] Serres, History of Scientific Thought [19] Deleuze, Cinema 2 The Time Image [20] Derrida, Of Grammatology [21] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy [22] Hugo, Les Misérables [23] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy [24] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy [25] Serres, Biogea [26] Calasso, The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony [27] Serres, The Five Senses* ***AN OLFACTORIUM*** *[1] Parker, Queer Domiciliarisation Writing Matter Making Change [2] Serres, The Natural Contract [3] Serres, The Five Senses [4] Bradley, Smell and the Ancient Senses [5] Serres, The Incandescent [6] Serres, Hominescence [7] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights Joyce, Ulysses [9] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights [10] Agrippa, Three Books of Occult Philosophy [11] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [12] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [13] move up - visage [14] Aquinas, Summa Theologica [15] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy [16] Marinetti, The Futurist Cookbook [17] Buehlmann Hovestadt, Domesticating Symbols [18] Hovestadt, Introduction, in Hovestadt, Buehlmann (Eds.), Quantum City [19] Serres, The Incandescent [20] Anzaldua, This Bridge We Call Home [21] Carter, Nights at the Circus [22] Powers, The Overstory [23] Deleuze, Francis Bacon The Logic of Sensation [24] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy [25] Foucault, History of Madness [26] Powers, The Overstory [27] de Condillac, Philosophical Writings of Etienne Bonnot [28] Bradley, Smell and the Ancient Senses [29] Foucault, History of Madness* ***VENUS AND THE ORETO*** *[1] Algernon Charles Swinburn, A Garden [2] Serres, Statues [3] Sacher-Masoch, Venus in Furs [4] Serres, Hominescence [5] Ibn Hawqal, Sicily [6] Pliny, Natural History Volume 4 [7] Sacher-Masoch, Venus in Furs [8] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology [9] Serres, Biogea [10] Serres, The Five Senses [11] Sacher-Masoch, Venus in Furs [12] Ibn Hawqal, Sicily [13] Serres, Rome [14] Swinburn, A Garden* **TRAILER** *https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U1U6ZKq1axE* **++++++++**

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PAN ODORATA



++ a theater piece in five scenes ++
++ elena geser ++ kaspar zillian ++

videos booklet

Palermo Syndicate Holding
Low Residency MFA
Enclaves in Alliance
Interdisciplinary Studies
Academy of Contemporary Art
Interdisciplinary Studies
Palermo Syndicate Holding
Low Residency MFA
Enclaves in Alliance
Interdisciplinary Studies
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Palermo Syndicate Holding
Low Residency MFA
Enclaves in Alliance
Interdisciplinary Studies
Academy of Contemporary Art
Interdisciplinary Studies

The Golden Fleece introduces the figurehead of the Argo
and Marcantonio.

Together they contemplate in Palermo

about

Legislature that wants to be absolute
Crystalline structures that have empty spaces

There was no agreement about the answers.
To continue their ardent talks they built a house.

It follows
an extended invitation
and for them a Sunday of rest.

Under a long procession
their guests
talk to the entropic
where your feet are never dry
asking for resolution
and sell your desires

to incarnate smells and absorb memories
in a single blow we conceive the form
and we understand

I asked him, “What do you call this?”[6]

“A space to turn around in.” [He told me.] [7]

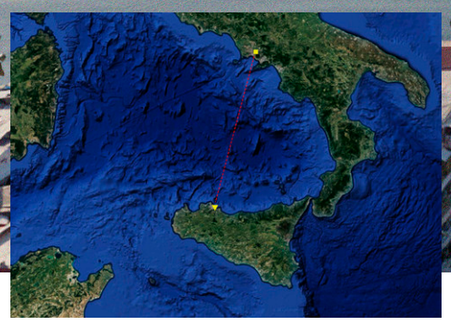
This is HOME.

This is Palermo.

And in a brief moment of politeness, Marcantonio took the earth of this former creation

and with it he greeted the old neighbor Naples.

a migration by around 90 degrees.



No text says that this procession stops,
that this launched step comes to rest
somewhere: whence the figures of the
wing and flight, which never, in volatile
fluids, find definite support.

and then, all around the globe.

PRELUDE
OR WHY BEAUTY IS DEAR TO US

In 1582, viceroy Marcantonio Colonna created a walking path in this part of the coast that became a favorite destination for the leisure of the upper classes of the city in the 17th and 18th centuries. Today it is called the Foro Italico. Briefly after its conclusion, he began, in a moment of frenzy, to draw. Children's drawings, texts of the mad:

"I am.. *[...] an only son, very rich, and tenderly beloved by my mother, [I have] been carefully brought up, and [...] education was not lost upon… [1]* …me.

you know… *I have lost track of the world. [4]*

He writes:

Venus, verna, volucres, volnere amoris: these are the lines I want. [3]



A reciprocal effect takes place here. [5]

I asked him, "What do you call this?" [6]

"A space to turn around in." [He told me.] [7]

This is HOME.

This is Palermo.

And in a brief moment of politeness, Marcantonio took the earth of this former creation and with it he greeted the old neighbor Naples.

A migration by around 90 degrees.

He thinks to himself:

The parasite is mimetic, yes, but the host starts to imitate the guest. [11]

Consequently, there is no longer a model or copy. [12]

The whole city becomes a palace.
At the end of *a long procession.[8]*

//FROM A SHIP AFAR, ENTERS THE FIGUREHEAD ON STAGE//

The elements, disordered, crash into one another. [16] She rammed the very constellations that Marcantonio was trying to hold together. *Each center of aggregation, barely formed, breaks apart and falls. [17]*

It has the same ambiguity, perhaps, as the modern valorization of children's drawings, texts by the mad, and concerts of noise. [10]

In a single blow, she [...] eliminates hearing and noise, vision and failed drawing; in a single blow, we conceive the form and we understand each other. [17]

Their disagreement about these facts is what renders conjecture rhetorical.[19]
And... *the revolution has [already] taken place at home.[20]*

Abandoning the ideal, a certain beauty becomes incarnated.[21]
There was no agreement about the answers. [22]
None was needed. And their conversations became just so ardent.
She tells him of the late Benedetto Croce
and he tells her about Venus in Furs.
Names don't constitute knowledge [25]

Governed by poems, images gather. [34]
And born out of the disarray: a house –

to find comfort in the implicit – and be torn apart by the explicit. To contract a reenactment of the goddess without furs.

The event, subsequently, gave rise to a rite: [39]

The genres, the modes, the scale, all received new faces. [40] Body to body.[41] The first version will simulate the electrical activity, and a future version will also simulate the relevant chemical activity. [42]

A masterpiece, from which nothing can be taken away without injury to the whole.[44] This order didn't come out by chance, [...] it is always the same and alike, re-weaving the like fabric in a like manner. [45]

That's what you call "natural talent." [46]

It will always be, for him, a vulnerable place. [47]
There is a bit of beauty in simply wanting beauty.

In a single blow, she [...] eliminates hearing and noise, vision and failed drawing; in a single blow, we conceive the form and we understand each other. [48] *We require to understand how the unity of the universe requires its multiplicity. We require to understand how infinitude requires the finite. [49]*
What Zarathustra calls "the Communion". [50]

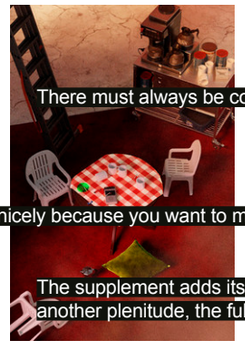
Skin on skin becomes conscious. [52]

The City breathes. Their home inflates.
This membrane which makes the outside and the inside present to each other is called
memory. [53]

Here scents are the most radical poems or "Dichtungen".
They trigger this memory and bind, like ideals to flesh. They incarnate intuition.

There is no longer a form, but only relations of velocity between infinitesimal particles of an unformed material. [54]

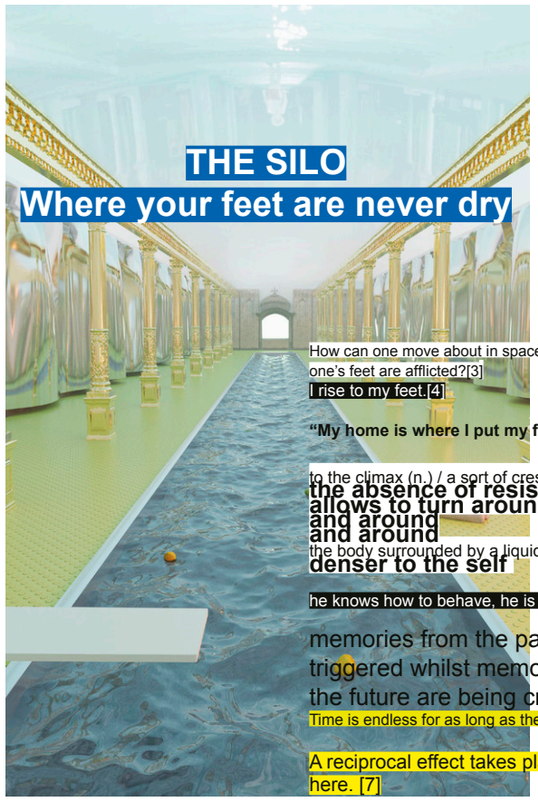
SYMPOSIUM
How to talk to the Entropic?



There must always be conversation before the speaking begins.[0]

Mischief replied “You ask me so nicely because you want to make me gossip!” [5]

The supplement adds itself, it is a surplus, a plenitude enriching another plenitude, the fullest measure of presence. [9]



THE SILO
Where your feet are never dry

How can one move about in space when one’s feet are afflicted?[3]
I rise to my feet.[4]

“My home is where I put my feet”[5]

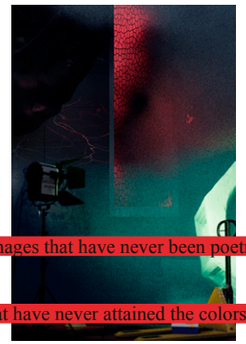
to the climax (n.) / a sort of crescendo
the absence of resistance allows to turn around and around and around
the body surrounded by a liquid
denser to the self

he knows how to behave, he is at home

memories from the past are triggered whilst memories of the future are being created.
Time is endless for as long as there is time.

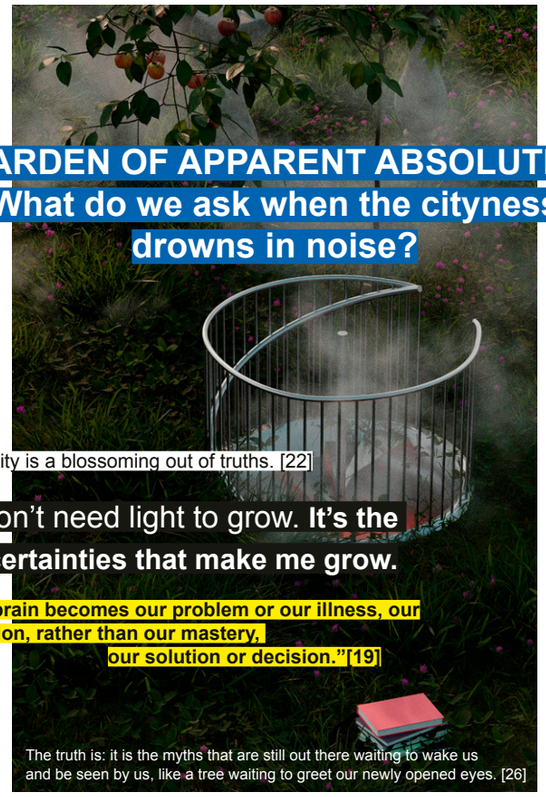
A reciprocal effect takes place here. [7]

ORCHESTRA OF NOISE
How do you sell your desires in a noisy place?



so many images that have never been poetry, so many

fantasies that have never attained the colors of day. [13]



GARDEN OF APPARENT ABSOLUTES
What do we ask when the cityness drowns in noise?

Morality is a blossoming out of truths. [22]

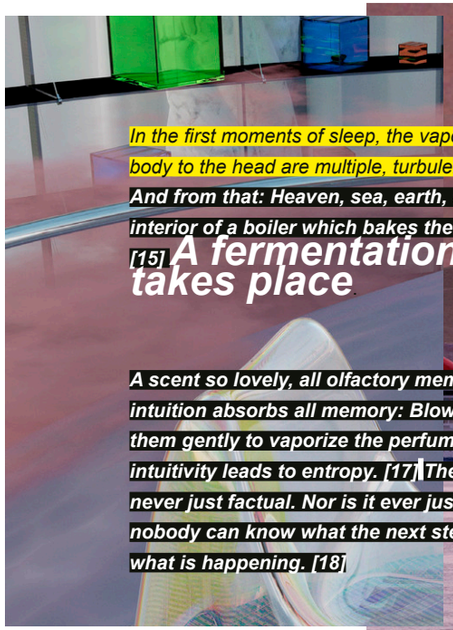
“I don’t need light to grow. **It’s the uncertainties that make me grow.**

The brain becomes our problem or our illness, our passion, rather than our mastery, our solution or decision.”[19]

The truth is: it is the myths that are still out there waiting to wake us and be seen by us, like a tree waiting to greet our newly opened eyes. [26]

OLFACTORIUM
Where smells are fermented and intuition absorbs memory

The walls are slightly moving, as if on the sea. When looking up, the stomach stretches to the sky, where the sun warms its belly. It seems as if the walls themselves want to compete with the Olymp. The world is now a chemical machine.



In the first moments of sleep, the vapors that rise up from the body to the head are multiple, turbulent and dense. [11]
And from that: Heaven, sea, earth, and thunder are the interior of a boiler which bakes the material of the world. [15]

A fermentation process takes place

A scent so lovely, all olfactory memory is reset. Here intuition absorbs all memory: Blow them up and warm them gently to vaporize the perfume [16] – so that pure intuitivity leads to entropy. [17] The reality of The City is never just factual. Nor is it ever just fictitious. In a city, nobody can know what the next steps are in relation to what is happening. [18]

Awake again: with your eyes closed the day smells almost like home. [20]
Between a color, a taste, a touch, a smell, a noise, a weight, there would be an existential communication that would constitute the “pathic” moment of the sensation. [23]
It smells like nothing but itself, pungent and sublime. [22]

The rest followed from it. ***[55]***
An extended invitation.

And a Sunday of rest. [56]

Palermo [...] heard her breath exhale in a soft snore and, as always, that embarrassed her. [1]

+ see you around, xoxo +

2024

A studio about general artificial inteligence as a tool of power, about personal artificial intelligence as an instrument of liberation, about your voice talking with the world, about your voice as coming home. Kati Outinen meets Takeshi Kitano in her house in Helsinki. Happy Finland. I am back. I can see that she doesn't deserve such a good place. She doesn't appreciate her home. Nobody does. Why should I? Alexa lost her voice...



Season 10

Settling

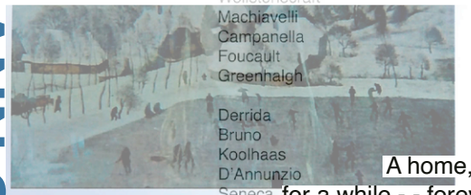
Location
Helsinki

Client
Kati Outinen

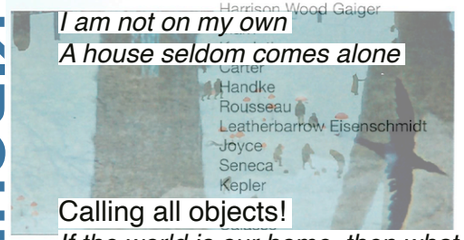
With
Ann Sophia Kirchhofer, Arber Qovanaj, Chenying Lu, Eric Gozzi, Fabian Güzelgün, Flavia Zorrilla, Giovanna Garbuglia, Ida Zakaryan, Inthujan Santhiralingam, Jan Schiller, Kristian Gashi, Liv Lindgren-OrnaSs, Márton Misky, Mateo Mesenkoal, Mattia Durante, Max Bärtsch, Mia Kamm, Nicolas Sigron, Renée Lou Jungo, Ruirao Guan, Saira Mudakarayil, Simon Nougué, Sofia Gloor, Tabitha Ceriani, Tim Müller

I WON'T

ANN-SOPHIA KIRCHHOFER
GIOVANNA GARBUGLIA





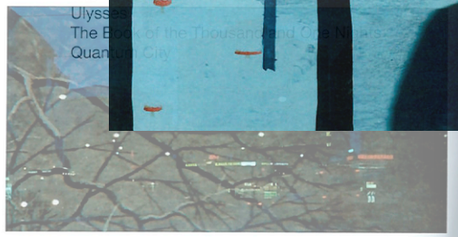


A home, where I will stay
for a while - - forever is a long time
[...] I hope we feel like this forever
Forever, forever, ever, forever, ever?
[Ms Jackson, Outkast]

I am not on my own
A house seldom comes alone

Calling all objects!
If the world is our home, then what is a house for?
Where did I leave my glasses?
How can I turn this house into my home?
What can I wear tomorrow?
What did I have for dinner last night?

casting for characters with a touch of melancholy –
join the settling ensemble



A house seldom comes alone
I am not on my own



The house always comes with a soul
And as is widely known, souls are intelligent beings
A [soul] that mines it from the inside, perhaps to infinity.
[Foucault, History of Madness]

INTRO

GROUND MY ROOTS

Helsinki
60.1699° N, 24.9384° E
Kati
the wanderer home at last
seeks to settle
flirts with cigarettes
fights boredom with karaoke

Takeshi
the soul of the house
plays with (dis)order
inhabits the house's rooms
is always around but never there



and all the others

IF I CAN'T FLY

LIGHTNESS enters the house

[...] [The game] is a *rebellion* of lightness against the precision of law …
A vain rebellion, but divine. [1]

The
method
is
to
come
to
a
landing. [2]

Roots may be formed in several ways. [3]

They had expected them to hover over the Metropolis like a dense cloud drift of
weightless[ness]. [4]

Landing,

splashdown,

takeoff... [5]

We should stop believing in *trees, roots,* and *radicles*. [5]

Matrices grow, under the sun, fixed by roots. [6]

Is that not the [...] way of landing
on its feet? [7]

I flow and
don't put down roots. [8]

Weightless pieces of decor float in midair. [9]

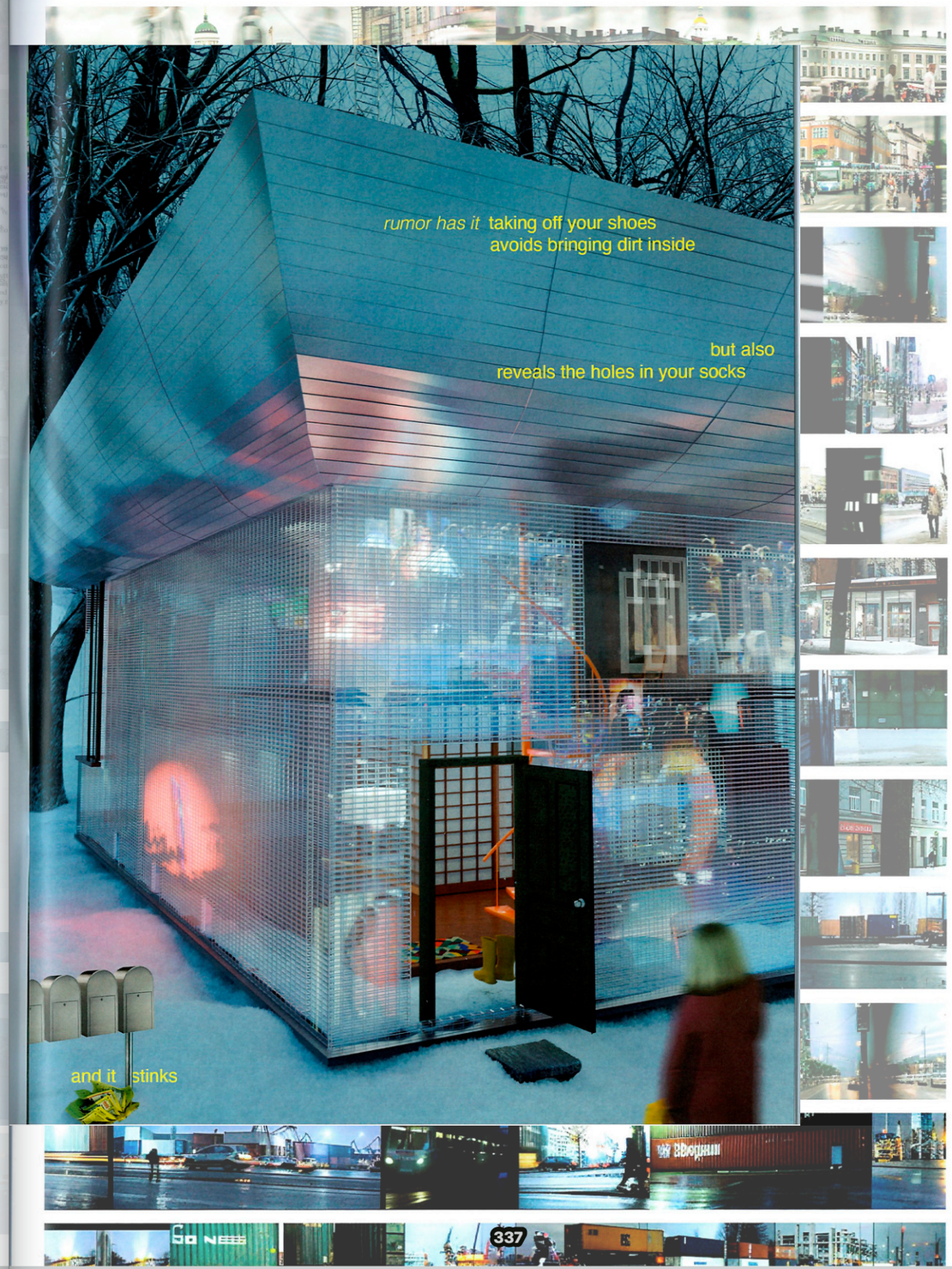
It has, in fact, a proof of lightness in being higher than all the rest. [10]
Rushing from the depth of despair, on the seraph wing of hope, she found herself happy. [11]

“Not to cheat is not to play!” [13]
[TAKESHI] Face the light. [12]

[KATI] winces at the light.

It is play. [14]

TRAILER THE LIGHTWEIGHT HOUSE



Rock Paper Scissor

Why do you so often delight in going

from one place



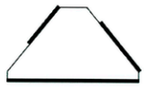
to another

and in changing your state in life?

[1]

Look at the planets which light up the world: not one is at rest. [2]

Scissor!



Paper!

Wherever I turn, wherever I go,
I find no place to rest
no place to live.
[3]

I'd give you a house and great wealth —if you chose to stay, that is.
[4]

Is it light? [5]
If it is long lasting it will be light [6]

Access denied, dear K. Try again next time.

There is no danger,
for your space [...] will protect you from all harm
and there is no place for you to fall to. [7]

And to no one — no man, no woman, not a soul —
reveal that you are
the wanderer home at last.
[7]

“the lightweight house”

The dense is heavy, and the rare is light. [9]

I'd like to live rarely then

Finally, we must decide where to place the stair

Envelop yourself in your most comfortable garment
Stand before the mirror
Gaze deeply into your own reflection

Let the coat guide your movements
Place within the pockets of the coat
your home keys
packet of cigarettes
a lighter
daily artifacts, companions
on the journey
between home and city
[illegible] of your coat, the folds of [your]

[1] Erasmus, Poems
[2] Seneca, On the Shortness of Life
[3] Abelard, The Letters to Heloise and other Writings
[4] Erasmus, Paraphrases on the Epistles to the Corinthians Ephesians Philippans Colossians and Thessalonians
[5] Seneca, Natural Questions
[6] Cicero, On Moral Ends
[7] Homer, The Odyssey
[8] Ockmann, Architecture Culture 1943-1968
[9] Aristotle, Physics
[10] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology





[1] Serres, Hermes Literature Science Philosophy
[2] Serres, Thumbelina

FOREST



NEVER DAY,

INT. FINNISH FOREST - DAWN

The forest is alive with the sounds of nature, a symphony of greens and browns.

A figure approaches[...] solitary, [...], in suspense. [18]

KATI

At last a day without guests, theater or other company. [19] Let the hunt begin!

MUSHROOM 1

She's here! in her forest again. [20]

MUSHROOM 2

I wonder where she'll take us this tine. I don't want to end up forgotten in her empty fridge once again.

MUSHROOM 3

That's better than being gifted to one of her friends! The Leningrad Cowboys don't even have a fridge, cooking is not their thing. We'd just end up rotting in their van next to that cheap Vodka they overdose with.

MUSHROOM 1

If only she could listen more to that Takeshi voice.. We should tell him to set her a reminder: "don't let your precious Matsutake rot with your canned peas, Kati!"

Kati's eyes widen in surprise, her gaze fixed on the mushrooms.

KATI

Hey guys, you know I can hear you right? Of course I won't let you down, I know how rare and expensive you are. Hop, now shush and cone with ne.

MUSHROOM 3

Ouch!!

THE HUNT

OR HOW TO CONVERSE WITH MUSHROOMS



BUT ALMOST MORNING

"in a **forest**." [2]

in or

I need a place that has nothin
do with other human beings.

I'm shapeshifting from place t
bending time curvin
heir language of wood, wind and [

As the tree, so the [wo]man [9]
You would have to be a [illegible]
Thirsty fox [2]

Born in the forest, reborn in the [illegible]
I sing my **global house** [11]
of reality

"How so?" [you] ask the

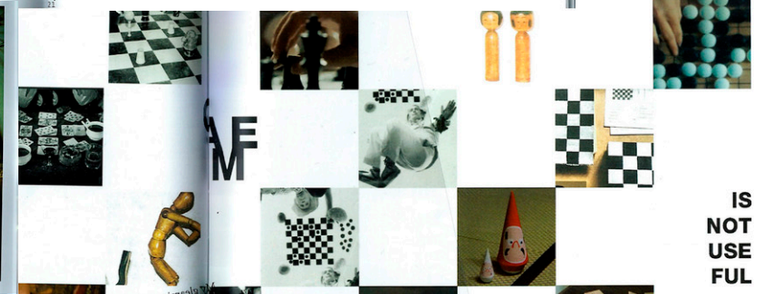
The transformation is a sa
It is necessary to be a fo
a kitsune
Close your eyes and see them [illegible]
with mine [illegible]

The forest is multiplicity. [14]
motion [15]

I'm shapeshifting from pl
through the woods [illegible]
into the dim forest
[s]he becomes greedy
h[er] eyes lowered [16]
on the mushroom

and back into the labirinth of crowd [17]

[1] Joyce, Ulysse
[2] The Book of the Thousand
[3] Hovestadt Buehlmann,



IS
NOT
USE
FUL

TIRARIN

UNLESS
WE PURSUIT

IT IS NIGHT,

In a [home] that [is] half public, half private [1]

人

A sacred **Takeshi** blic or private? [3]

ati's] private habitat [4]

ice. [5]

or

the memory of the house

Before I open the doo… take off my shoes and put on my velvet slippers." [6]

She's never felt comfortable in her grandmother's house, that heavy red brick body

Let there be light [1]

米

A paper house: you only need a pair of scissors to open views on the city
like children do in kindergarden

paro

parole

parIt doesn't sound like a normal house [8]

Her face doesn't speak of the interior, that's for Kati only

She's an evolving house

[She's] populated less by individuals than by groupings or compositions [of objects] that shift over time. [2]

HELSINKI AT NIGHT

take this chimney, for example

what is normal?

why would people care to look in?

What is normal when everything around changes?

it's not t*Who was there before?*e,

it's the idea, th*Who will be next?*a of having y

How can you live somewhere already inhabited?

Takeshi has lived there since the house can remember.

夢

Of course they do. [It's] the memory of her eyes. [3]

—How does he know that this feeling is 'remembering'?

When I talk about this [gun]—am I remembering that this object is called a "[gun]"? [3]

here we are: you staring at me,
trying to figure out how this house works

Do houses have memory?

I'm at my best in early mornings

and why the hell would you keep all these guns in the house anyways?

smoke glued to the walls of the game room, the remnant of countless nights with the yaku-zas

sala filled with Takeshi's costumes, now gone

the kitchen holding stains of thousands and one sushi nights

where did this forest grow from?

WHY IS THE SINK STILL LEAKING?

peeking
intruding

Don't sleep!

Venus is making a movie you would n

Already four o'

I have gone up nine times to admire th

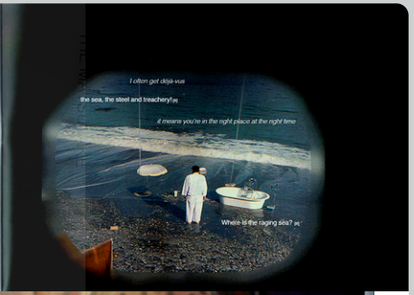
Let there be one house—one house for both, [Kati] and [Takeshi].

And all the others

KARAOKE







THE EYE OF THE HOUSE

PEAKS

BATHROOM BALLET

AROUND THE CORNER AND
MUCH FURTHER

at night
seeing helsinki
watching the lost and the drunk
from the terrace
the roof
the house with no roof

a threshold to the outer world, the city, the universe

[...] an intense mystical experience [...] [3], sometime between autumn equinox and winter solstice

At this place we merely intend to observe the form,
which the movements of [t]his capital take. [4]

[...] involving [but not limited to] dependencies on alcohol, drugs, food, sugar, tobacco, and technology. [5]

gazing
star-gazing
to gaze or to gape
kati loves to gape
from afar
a cup of tea ?

Drunk or sober (more often the former than the latter) [...] star, salesgirl, call girl, or, final incarnation, grande dame and monstre sacree, she never lost a talent for living memorably. [7]
She had sat, was sitting, is sitting, will have sat,
all alone in the [moon]
on a deserted terrace
with a view of the [city]. [8]

A very elevated terrace [...] [9]

[...] does not touch the ground. [10]

takeshi shifts outside
The cold smell of sacred stone called him. [11]

[...] sleek, but not glossy. [2]

takeshi gazes
he looks further
bathing in stars
wrestling with mercury
flirting with venus

the planets, stars, satellites, space junk, nightmares:

I WON'T GROUND MY ROOTS IF I CAN'T FLY

through the music of

13 Pieces, Op. 76: No. 2 Rokk	Jean Sibelius
La maison en Ruine	Yumi Seino
Sugar Water	Cibo Matto
TIRA-RIN	Mkwaju Ensemble
Sonatine - in the beginning -	Joe Hisaishi
Play on the sands	Joe Hisaishi
The Word 2	Masamichi Torii
Profondo rosso	Goblin
Burning Down the House	CocoRosie
Tokyo Calling	ATARASHII GAKKO!

Listen to 'Katikitano' on Spotify

THE KARAOKE

i don't care
I just bought a rat poison
get rid of the rats get rid of the rats get rid of the rats
cut it now. it's done
smoke your cig. dump it. but where? On the street? yes, that will do
you just killed the rats
you look at your right hand. 6 fingers?

I'm dreaming, of course; I'm doing nothing but dreaming. [1]
but the thrill is there still.
i walk barefoot on the streets. Helsinki caresses my cheeks with her wind.
the asphalt feels like needles on my feet, but smells of modernity and progress.
i see people, shake hands with everyone. their hands feel greasy, Finland is a little America.

I'm inside now. i turn off the lights, go to sleep.

driiiiiiiin
goooood morning Helsinki! it's 7 am and today it's gonna be an iced and snowy Monday!
get off your beds and start shining!

**violently shuts the radio*

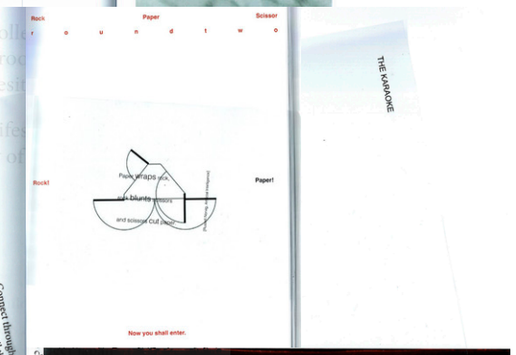
hey, don't be so rude to me. i'm just doing my job here!

Sorry, I was dreaming. [2]

[1] Serres, Rome
[2] Serres, The Incandescent

DREAM







https://katikotona.tumblr.com/

THE BEGINNING OR THE SECOND HOUR AFTER SUNSET

some people think of me as stubborn

but rather,

i am a master in bending

adapting

shapeshifting

many small entities
generating my face
my closed off face
my reflecting face

showing the outside
never the inside

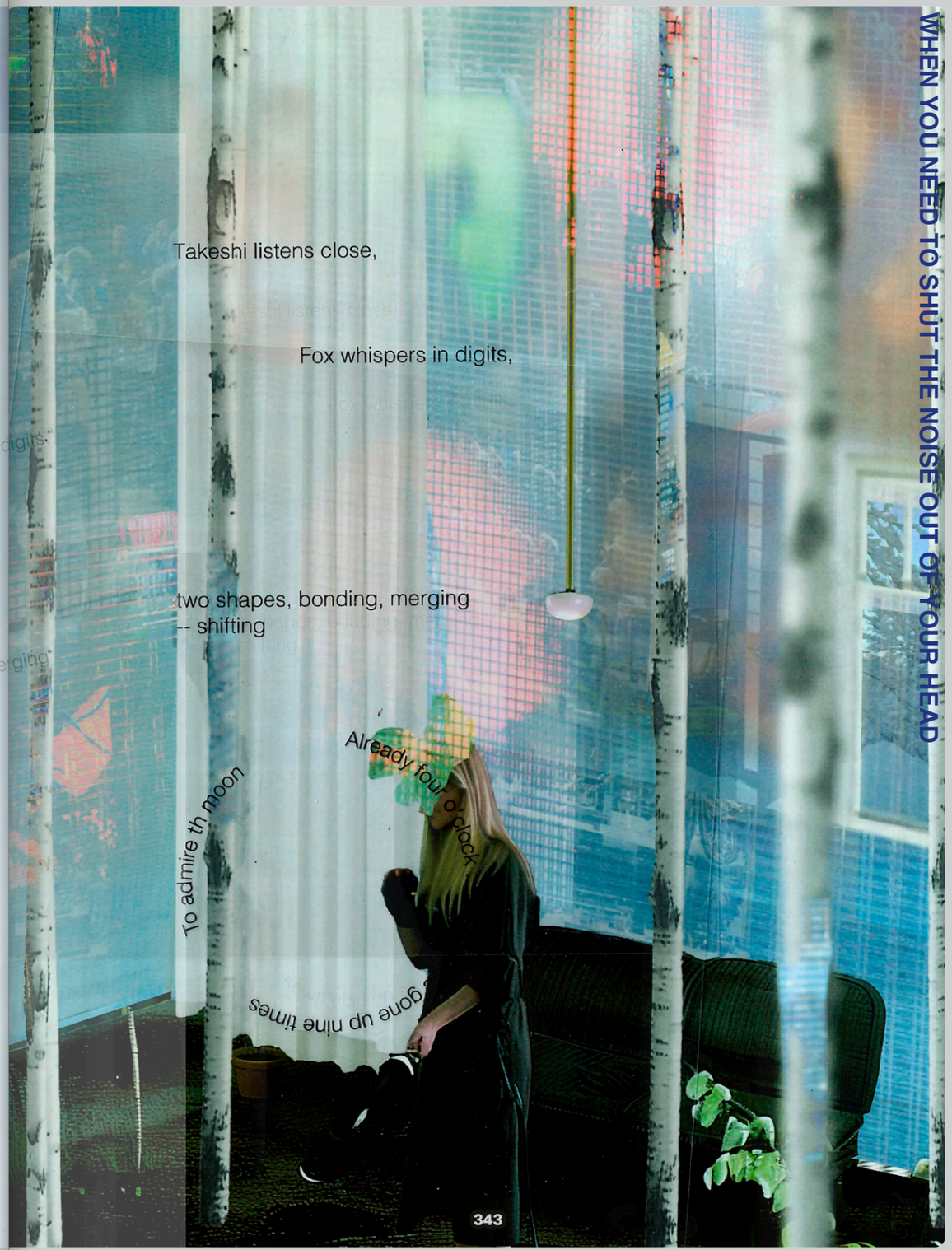
i do not like to be understood

it's a question of self-preservation

a mosaic: to be of the muses
kati and takeshi
an amusing
couple of muses

to be kissed by the muses
kisses on my skins

There are two types of skin,
the inner and the outer.[1] ●



CH1. HELLSINKI
CH1 - HELL SIN KI

[Notes: It is a street.
Its is not concrete, its b rred.
The street is an addition different houses.
Streets seems moving, or maybe the city moves along its streets.

Streets as the escalators.
There is a tree in the distance, with very small leaves.]

16. EXT. YACHT CLUB - BRIGHT SUN

Top 1%

yachtclub.mp4

[Notes:
Helsinki is very safe, violence usually happens between acquaintances.
There is one exception.
The hotdog stands between 1-4am.
Some 1% of Finn men carry a genetic mutation which makes them behave violently under the influence of alcohol.]

END OF VISION

17. EXT. TAXI IN FRONT OF KATI'S HOUSE - DAYTIME

Flirty legs

[Notes:

Legs: Hey, I'll have you know I'm quite the charmer with the ladies.

Face: Oh, really? And how's that working out for you?

Legs: Well, let's just say they always fall head over heels for me.

END OF THE FALL

TO INGEST A MATCH

0. CHARACTERS:

MÁRTON NOEL MISKY

Kati's House and Friends

unstable

Hell sin ki: A lost pair of legs, connected to the house.

Kati's house: An unsettled mouth, sometimes shouting to itself.

Kati's home: Kati's house's servant.

Kati Outinen: The house's blond mind.

Takeshi Kitano: The house's polyvalent heart.

Room of Heritage: The little sister, interested in "language".

Room of Pride: The mother, that you long to have.

(they told me)

Bathroom of Agony: The little brother, often found spying on the Room of Pride.

Room of Occasion: e father, Kati's deepest secret fear.

(they told me)

Room of Disclosure: The confidant, where secrets and truths whispered quietly.

Kati's bedroom window: Watchful eyes, always gazing out yet reflecting inwards.

Márton Noel Misky

Kati's bed: Aime dériver aimlessly around the room. A secret admirer of Guy Debord.

TO INGEST A MATCH

The doormat: The old man of the house, talking in truths about things coming and going.

The tree twins: y waiting for spring, often inspiring Kati (to) take it slow.

The fire extinguisher and the jukebox: Duo of gossipers, spread stories like wildfires with a beat.

The sunglasses: protects whoever wears them from the luminous glare of the ego.

The shower curtain: likes to intimately wrap solitary showerers.

trailer.mp4

big thanks to Jonas Müller!!

ADAPTATION

34. CHAPTER 2----------

35. EXT. STREETSIDE, FLAG RAISE FORMATION, REVEILLE - 7AM

Uniform

[Notes:
A house that felt out of place.

After the neighbors fell into formation, two prisons and 3 soldiers.

A house that wants to do odd things, to make sure it doesn't fit in.

uncertain

A house that avoids discipline, to open the other house's minds.

A house that started to act strange, to show the others that there are other ways. Maybe doing it clumsily, but who cares when no one understands?

A house that dreams about Helsinki, not hell sin ki.]

FADE TO MILITARY [illegible]

TAKESHI:
(in a calm voice)
You bend everything.

THE CAN:
Fleureter? That's sweet nonsense. But I'm here, caressing everything in its passing. Passing in flapping motion of flightiness and licentiousness.
(.....)
Because this wasn't her construction, I wasn't either, my texture is time and choice (looking down)
Bury me one day, like a broken match. And flowers will grow out of me.

it laughs Sewage Trash talking trash on the (street

what they see

42. EXT. KINDERGARDEN'S GARDEN - DAY (OF[F] COURSE)

Finnish fish:

The house may be big,
Like a bus.
But it is crammed, smelling
each other's sweat,
Like people on a bus.

With a lot of different things
inside of it.
They eventually get bored, what
else can they do?
They sing:

Qu'est-ce qu'on est serré, au fond
de cette boîte Chantent les
sardines, chantent les sardines.
Qu'est-ce qu'on est serré, au fond
de cette boîte
Chantent les sardines entre l'huile
et les aromates. [1]

Sir, thinking too much is bad for you.

They say: When a building sings,
The architect is happy.[2]
They align in the sea, but are
still quite far apart.

END OF VISION

Adaptation. map

52. INT: BATHROOM - NIGHT

TAKESHI:
(smoothly)
Hey, lady. [1]

TO SETTLE IN THE BATH
KATI:
Miss, I found it there. How much? [3]

TAKESHI:
The heart, it's here. You have to pay here. [1]

KATI:
I have to give money? Then I don't want it. [1]

The Bathtub intervenes: "Love, huh? Is the rest love too?"[3]

TAKESHI:
(shrugs))
Not my fault. [1]

KATI:
You can have it. [3]

The Bathtub whispers: "*It's love.*" [3]

KATI:

If I must give money, then I'll only take this. [1]

TAKESHI:
It will be 10 kisses. [1]

KATI:
Here are 10000 kisses. [1]

Isn't this Love, sings the Bathtub? [3]

TAKESHI:
Don't you have a smaller bill? [1]

KATI:
Come on. Count it right, make no mistakes. [1]

The Bathtub stares and thinks: "What are you doing?" [3]

TAKESHI:
"I have little use for the past and rarely think about it." [2]

The Bathtub singing: "Salvaging Love." [3]

TAKESHI: (CONT'D)
What do you mean Love? [3]

"Isn't this Love?" whispers the Bathtub [3]

TAKESHI: (CONT'D)
"It's merchandise, asshole!" [3]

ASS TO ASS 1(.mp4)

moons.mov

53. INT. HALLWAY - 10PM

Shower Curtain

[Notes:
1- Kitano / Take his
2 - Tokyo
3 - Vi
(drop)

The first touch
It is electrical
So smooth to touch
The black surface is shining
(drop)

I let my hands wander
Everywhere
Very smoothly and rhythmically
my fingers are dancing

(drop drop)

Faster, faster
(Deeper, deeper)
More, more, more
(drop)

As I get on top
I can feel the smoothness
Am I in the clouds?
[illegible]
The clouds are coming closer
They appear to be out of concrete
(drop)

And feel like I am flying
I can't stop
I am flying too fast
Me between the beautiful smoothness
And the hard clouds

(red drop)

Smashed tomatoes]

SMASHED TOMATOES

54. EXT. FACADE VIEW - DAY

Conversation coming from behind the facade, unknown origins

"We need an architect."

"A set designer, this house isn't doing it for us anymore!"

"Kati is always so undecided, and thinks too much, we might as well do a competition."

"Or not."

katis-doors.mp4

67. CHAPTER 4---------- TO SETTLE IN THE CORRIDOR

68. INT. KATI OUTINEN'S HOUSE - ROOM OF DISCLOSURE - EVENING

Takeshi is sitting on a chair made out of glass that fits him perfectly. The Doormat is walking up and down the room.

TAKESHI:
"I'm thinking of robbing a bank."
[1]

DOOR MAT:
"Privacy is precious in [2] Helsinki."

TAKESHI:
"Go on!" [1]

DOOR MAT:
"Do not engage a Finn in conversation. Keep some physical distance from Finns." [3]

[Silence]

DOOR MAT: (CONT'D)
"Never hug, kiss or touch a Finn."
[2]
(...)
"Never, never ever!"

TAKESHI:
"Promiscuous nakedness is much in evidence hereabouts, eh?" [4]

DOOR MAT:
"You do not have to sauna naked, but it is considered strange not to." [3]

TAKESHI:
"This car is hot." [2]

DOOR MAT:
"Shake hands with everyone present - men, women and children" [3]

TAKESHI:
"Sorry about your eye." [1]

Takeshi, still seated in his glass chair nods, a slight smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

Saivem tykoreleen masadot fatod!

(Heaven)
4- Kitano, Fireworks
2 - Jacets, The death and life of Great A. Chas
3 - elopement, wellness ephyrette of Fitzcarraldo
4 - Joyce, Ulysses (pipe asleep)

IN BETWEEN EXT. AND INT. INSIDE THE DOOR - SAUNA LIGHT CONDITIONS

EXTINGUISHER:
Oh...-....
He died?

JUKEBOX:
I cook my steak at one ten celsius!

EXTINGUISHER: JESUS
Holy! shit.

JUKEBOX: IT'S INCREDIBLE HUH?
Oh no!

EXTINGUISHER:
Oh my good
(beep)
Russian competitor dies in sauna worldchampionships
Yeah fuck that.
How long were they in there?

JUKEBOX:
Eh....six minutes or so....I think is what it said.

EXTINGUISHER:
Six minutes?

JUKEBOX:
He lasted for six minutes and they took him out.

EXTINGUISHER:
Oh so it's a temperature thing.

JUKEBOX:
Sixty year old, over sixty.

EXTINGUISHER:
Oh my good.
(.)
Look how red he is man.

JUKEBOX:
I cook my steak at one ten no joke.

EXTINGUISHER:
(2) but what is he do-
(1) first of all he is built different he broke his ankle and just kept working out I was like what the fuck!

Incision to core
Formula: $\{1-\{curl\}=2\ times\ r-\{cylinder\ (heart)\}^2\}$
extra: if it's a serious thing, do ashtray in essential!

TO SETTLE IN BED

74. CHAPTER 5----------

75. INT. KATI OUTINEN'S HOUSE - KATI'S BED'S ROOM - DAY

After a moment spent with Takeshi, Kati decides to change the position of the bed in her room. While doing so, she engages in a conversation with it.

KATI:
Which direction do you want to face? To let me rest finally? I have a lot of dreams to catch up.

BED:
"Now movement is opposed to rest." [1]

KATI:
"The rest is nothing, but the rest comes afterwards." [2]

BED:
You are the one who is restless, turning all around.

[Kati moves the bed slightly.]

KATI:
What's wrong?

BED:
Not east, please, not towards "Leningrad… " [3], because "without rest, without sleep is to live in the Russian Revolution constantly." [4]

[She moves it a bit more.]

KATI:
Like this?

BED:
"Do you want to face that?" [5] Am I here to look at the prison all night? I'm already imprisoned inside this old frame. "I'm sick of dour faces staring at me from the TV tower." [6]

KATI:
"Then close your eyes." [7]

(characters)
1. Outinen
2. Boyd, The Australian Uglyness
3. Bulgakov, Stories of Moscow
4. Serres, Five senses
5. Shane, Recombinant Urbanism
6. Foucault, Discipline and Punish
7. Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

[hiljaisuus]

KATI:
We never really understand each other, you are more complicated than my daughter.

BED:
Kati, if you want to fall asleep, you have to let yourself fall.

KATI:
"Now movement is opposed to rest." [1] (Reiterated)

785. EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF HELSINKI - DAWN

HELLSINKI

[Notes:
The world is dark, and snowy.
The driver shifts slowly.
Slow moves out the window.
My eyes catch the wind blow.
()
Beyond the street lights, an empty show.
Except her dancing in the shadow.
Nothing to fear in the darkness,
the cold night is lifeless.
() It feels like a movie set sometimes, or maybe a dream where nothing happens.

()

"Do you know where you are?"
"Yes, Hellsinki."]

ZOOM ON THE POET (GPT)

1001. INT. WINDOW - SUNSET

Blinds

[Notes:
It's been a week I don't shut the window blinds.

A week without uninterrupted nights. I won't put an alarm. I don't know about nature any more, neither cycles, nor habits, because the habitual street lights, and cyclical full moons, put me in a stay of daydreaming. All night. The sun is my alarm.]

[FADE TO BLACK]



2024

Season 11

Light

Where light marries matter. Imagine a place of light ... a place of matter ... and a place where light marries matter: “In the spring, Tipasa is inhabited by gods and the gods speak in the sun and the scent of absinthe leaves, in the silver armor of the sea, in the raw blue sky, the flower-covered ruins, and the great bubbles of light among the heaps of stone. At certain hours of the day the countryside is black with sunlight. The eyes try in vain to perceive anything but drops of light and colors trembling on the lashes...” — Camus, Nuptials at Tipasa

With
Aleksandar Kinkela, Alessandro Cangemi, Anne Lhopiteau, David Kunz, Gabriel von Schinckel, Idoya Ferro, Ilu Demont, Josephine Kaiser, Karim Anello, Lorenz Möller, Louis Stauber, Luana Bearth, Luiz Silva, Maria Uehli, Maurice Paulsen, Nicolas Burkhalter, Pauline Cosandier, Robin Schärer, Sejjad Zameli, Sergio Giubbini, Vito Schaniel, Xiaomin Tian, Xiaoyue Zhu, Xindi Zhang, Zeming Li

Location
Tipasa

AND THE FLOWERS KEEP GROWING

TIPASA, WHERE LIGHT MARRIES MATTER

In the spring, Tipasa is inhabited by gods and the gods speak in the sun and the scent of absinthe leaves, in the silver armor of the sea, in the raw blue sky, the flower-covered ruins, and the great bubbles of light among the heaps of stone. At certain hours of the day the countryside is black with sunlight. The eyes try in vain to perceive anything but drops of light and colors trembling on the lashes… [1] ...a contract for one hundred years.



The visitors can’t see it. They walk slowly through ancient ruins, a journey you don’t want to finish.

In a world half-woken, where creatures slip between myth and memory, we find ourselves among them.

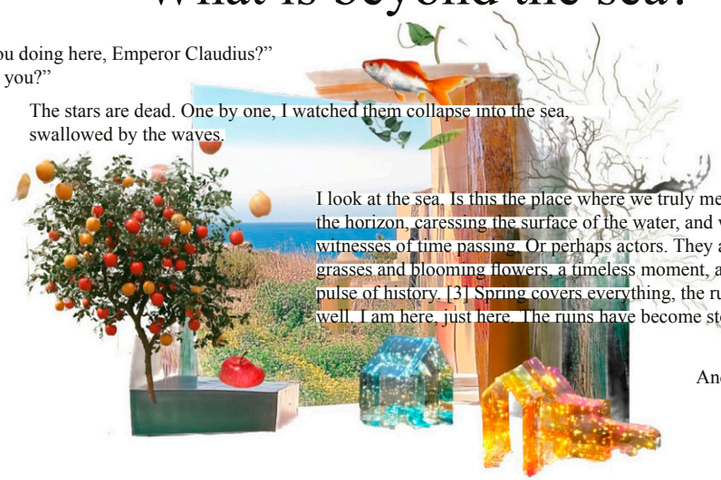
Xiaoyue Deng

Anne Jaeger

What is beyond the sea?

“What are you doing here, Emperor Claudius?”
“What about you?”

The stars are dead. One by one, I watched them collapse into the sea,
swallowed by the waves.



I look at the sea. Is this the place where we truly meet? [2] The sun breaks over the horizon, caressing the surface of the water, and with it, the ruins, those silent witnesses of time passing. Or perhaps actors. They are dressed by spring, wild grasses and blooming flowers, a timeless moment, a single heartbeat in the long pulse of history. [3] Spring covers everything, the ruins, the past, and me as well. I am here, just here. The ruins have become stones again. [4]

And me? What have I become?
The sea looks back at me.

I am not afraid of storms. [5] They said when we go back to the sea, we are going back from whence we came. [6] I am not from here. Nor from elsewhere. [7] Must we become something? It’s not that easy to become what one is. [8] Is it, Albert?

How can the soul know its home? [9]

Where do you think we are headed? [10] To distant lands? The South Pole? The sky, the Moon, Mars, or beyond the edge of the universe? Or perhaps just to get some fries on the pier? [11]

Where do we come from? What are we? [12] Nations, cultures, languages… humanity? Does it make a difference? Are we humans or dancers? [13] Does the color of my emoji matter? Where are we going, and why? [14] Must I seek the answers?
Beneath the stars? Under the ruins? Or I could simply be.
I see them. Civilizations stand. But I turn back—what remains, when it’s all stripped away? [15]

To whom does Tipasa belong?

Tipasa est libre.

Why should I deny myself the joy of being alive? [16] Am I not free as well?

Let there be light. Let there be matter. Let there be love.



Let there be light. [17] *Let there be matter.*
Since the world began,
they circled one another—
An endless dance.
Sometimes matter, unyielding,
sometimes light, slipping through fingers.

Let there be love. [18]
In 2024, a system whispered:
marriage,
to apparently change the world.

The wedding unfolded in Tipasa, where there is no end to the sky, and the desert, and the sea. [19]
The guests arrived by boat,
from everywhere and nowhere.





They were married
in the ruins that had seen a million years of sunsets.
Words were spoken,
vows exchanged.
The guests, smiling politely,
drifted through the ceremony,
detached from the weight of it all.

Some things linger, others dissolve,
and here in Tipasa, both are true.
The ruins remain whole, and yet they vanish;
the wedding was real, and yet forgotten.

The boats drifted farther and farther away.
At the still point of the turning world,
there the dance is. [20]

There is something permanent,
and something fleeting. [21]

Each house has its own echoes,
its own silences. [22]





There will come soft rains

Tick-tock, seven o'clock. [23]
The house stirred.
Lights blinked on,
soft and hollow.
Eternity isn't some later time. [24]
We are temporary constellations,
Flickering and bright,
mapping the impossible. [25]

The clock chimed once.
Wax dripped from a candle no one lit,
forming small pools on a surface
that reflected everything.
A chessboard left with a single side,
A duel between white pieces and shadows.
You forget that the fruits belong to all. [26]

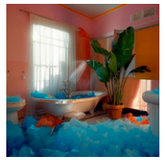
Tick-tock, ten o'clock.
The morning
wind brushed against the house,
whispering its indifference.
The walls, translucent and soft,
caught the shadows of leaves outside,
but none of the whispers entered.
Who stole the soul from the sun?
[27]

The garden beyond bloomed wildly,
Nothing endures but change, [28] the forest says.
It grew and grew, a timeless place of renewal and decay. [29]
The trees watch, the moss listens, and the roots remember. [30]

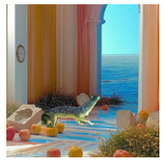


















Tick-tock, two o'clock, sang the clock, *time to clean.*

Four-fifteen.
A voice spoke from the study ceiling: "*Here is today's poem selection, please enjoy.*

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire,
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn
Would scarcely know that we were gone." [31]

The music played.

Tick-tock, nine o'clock.
The house grew dim,
its systems winding down,
the walls fading into the pale horizon.
By night, there was nothing left
but a hum in the air.

At ten o'clock the house began to die. [23]

Tick-tock, tomorrow would come again.



The Hundred Year Picnic

To live is to be slowly born. [32]
And so we beat on, boats against the current, [33]
petals fall, roots reach,
For every thing there is a season, [34]
and in time, though a flower may wither,
the seeds fall to bloom again.



[...]

Matter: "Oh, here we go again with the excuses! You never take responsibility! You've been like this since the beginning of time, since the first moment we met! I can't believe getting married didn't change you at all. You're always off shining somewhere else! Do you even think about me? How many lovers do you 'light up'? The sands, the sea, the stars? Light is married to everything we touch [35] — all of them, aren't you?"

Light: "Oh my god, not this again! I'm not cheating! It's my nature to shine on everything, okay?"

Matter: "You don't care about me! You're always distracted, thinking about other things. Why did you even get married to me?"

Light: "You just don't get it. I need freedom. I've always needed it! Now I'm stuck in this, and all you do is complain! Why did we even get married? We even signed a hundred-year contract! Was it for Tinasa? Or to save the world? Say something, Tinasa! We were fine before marriage! Marriage is just some patriarchal invention, the tomb of love [36], the triumph of imagination over intelligence [37]. And we just got there because of some strange Studio Meteora plot! This contract cages both of us, for no reason!"

Matter: "So now you want a divorce? Is that what you're saying?"

Light: "I never said that! Stop twisting my words!"



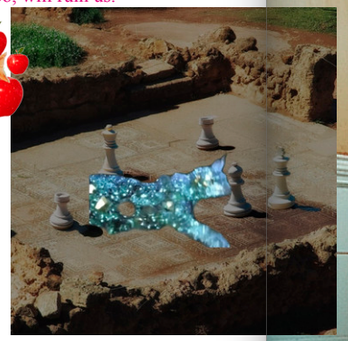
"Tell me about the dream where we pull the bodies out of the lake
and dress them in warm clothes again.



It's not like a tree where the roots have to end somewhere,
it's more like a song on a policeman's radio,

Tell me how all this, and love too, will ruin us.
These, our bodies, possessed by light.

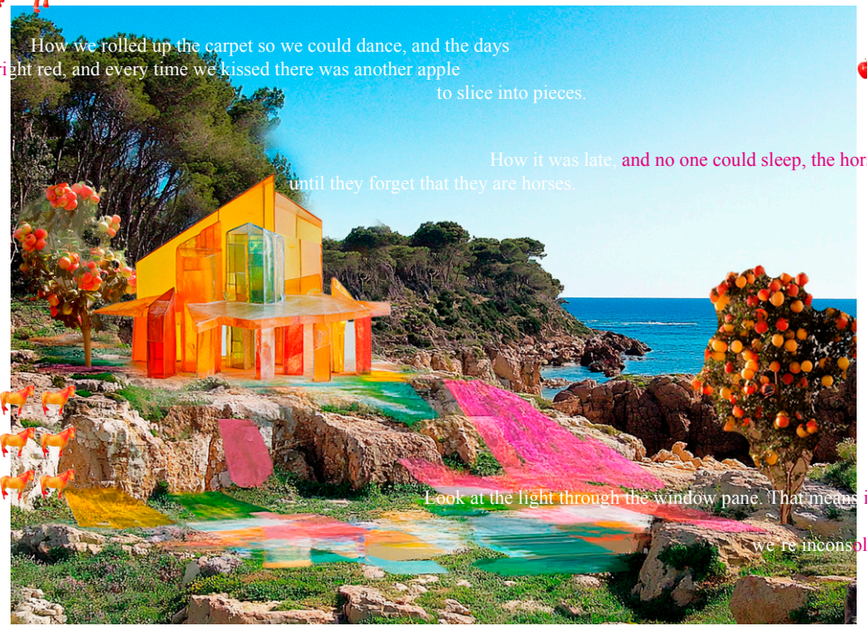




and Other Stories



How we rolled up the carpet so we could dance, and the days
were bright red, and every time we kissed there was another apple
to slice into pieces.





How it was late, and no one could sleep, the horses running
until they forget that they are horses.









Look at the light through the window pane. That means it's noon, that means
we're inconsolable.

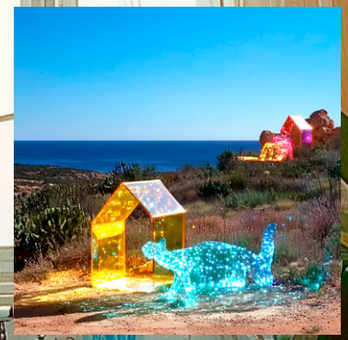
Tell me we'll never get used to it." [38]

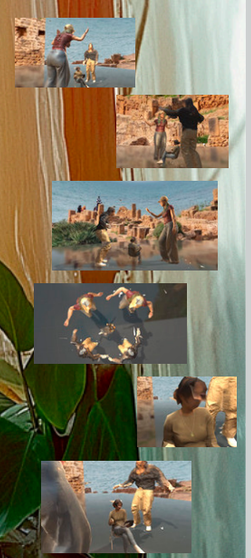




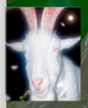
Marriage is not a ritual or an end. [39]
it's like a tense, unfunny version of Everybody Loves Raymond,
only it doesn't last 22 minutes—it lasts forever. [40]





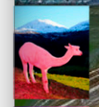


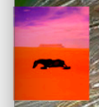
It's a path to walk
where every step builds the mosaic. [41] to feel the sun from both sides. [42]



And what of Tipasa, a place where time flows like sand, where history rises and crumbles—
does it truly need this ceremony to be fulfilled?
In the spring of 1938, where Light kissed the ancient stones of Matter—perhaps that was
enough.
Maybe they have, since the birth of the world, when the sea breeze touched the shores, always
been married—forever in a dance, forever bound, even before they chose to call it so.









What we call the beginning is often the end. [45]
I have again left Tipasa: I have returned to Europe and its struggles. [46]
At the same time it should be the history of the end of a world... with regret for those years of light
running through it. [47]



If heat death is the end of the universe, it really is 100% about the journey. [44]



Time and tide have buried Tipasa beneath the weight of the sea. The sea is patient, rising inch by inch, until the city is finally swallowed. Salt and water have worn down columns and arches, streets and homes. The waves kiss the crosses, turning them to shadow, dissolving their reach into the black depths below. Here, I understand what glory is: the right to love without measure. [48] Camus' words echo faintly in the abyss, etched into stone, reluctant to let go.

Tipasa
—a city no longer belonging to anyone, a dream lost to the ocean. It is not down in any map; true places never are. [49]

There will come soft rains, and the smell of the ground. [50]

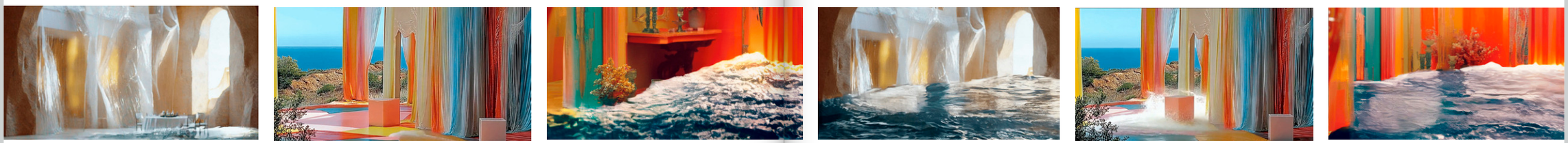


The Phoenicians, the Romans, the gods, God, the French, Albert Camus, the Algerians, UNESCO, me, the sea—

Tipasa belongs to no one. It never did.

—And the Moon Be Still as Bright. [51]

[1] Camus_Noces [2] Winterson_Written on the Body [3] Eliot_Four Quartets [4] Camus_Noces [5] Alcott_Little Women [6] Kennedy_Speech at the America's Cup Dinner [7] Camus_Carnet de Paris [8] Camus_Noces [9] Eliot_Four Quartets [10] Falseknees_319 [12] Gauguin_D'où venons-nous ? Que sommes-nous ? Où allons-nous ? [13] Carroll_Alice's Adventures in Wonderland [14] The Killers_Human [15] Cormac McCarthy_The Road [16] Albert Camus_Noces [17] Genesis 1:3 [18] Oasis_Let There Be Love [19] Camus_Les Noces [20] T. S. Eliot_Burnt Norto [21] Virginia Woolf, To the Lighthouse [22] Haruki Murakami, Sputnik Sweetheart [23] Bradbury_The Martian Chronicles [24] Campbell_The Power of Myth [25] Nelson_Bluets [26] Oasis_Let There Be Love [27] Rousseau_Discourse on the Origin and Basis of Inequality Among Men [28] Heraclitus [29] VanderMeer_Annihilation [30] Jemisin_The Broken Earth Trilogy [31] Teasdale_There Will Come Soft Rains [32] De Saint-Exupéry_Flight to Arras [33] Fitzgerald_The Great Gatsby [34] Ecclesiastes [35] Rilke_Letters to a Young Poet [36] Casanova_Histoire de ma vie [37] Wilde_Collected Works of Oscar Wilde [38] Richard Siken_Crush [39] Bloom_Normal [40] Pete_Knocked Up [41] Smith_The Unveiled Wife [42] Viscott_Finding Your Strength in Difficult Times [43] Jeffers_Feel the Fear and Do it Anyway [44] Elon Musk_X [45] Eliot_Little Gidding [46] Camus_The Myth Of Sisyphus and Other Essays [47] Camus_The First Man [48] Camus_Noces [49] Melville_Moby Dick [50] Teasdale_There Will Come Soft Rains [51] Bradbury_The Martian Chronicles



PALMEN AUS PLASTIK

constructed by

SERGIO GIUBBINI
NICOLAS BURKHALTER



in Tipasa Algeria stands a tower
around 400 meters tall
on the old grounds of an
ancient temple it rises
a tower out of plastic
shiny pink plastic
in the yellow light of algeria
inside: stacked
multiple ideas of the
world and Tipasa
one floor after another
from top to bottom
from the temples
to the swimming
pool to the mirrors
from the emptiness
to exhaustion
doesn't matter
in the end
plastic persists
p l a s t i c
never ends
end of story

Lingering Lust

Her presence seemed to fill the corridor, making the air lighter, the space brighter.
I was drawn to her, though I could never explain why. Love, reason—they felt like distant concepts.
Did she even notice me? Each glance was fleeting, her eyes never lingering long enough for certainty.
I never knocked on her door, never crossed the space between us. I stayed rooted in my room, while she moved through my world like a quiet breeze that never stays.

Skyscraper (noun)
A mushroom that overdosed on ambition, shot up to the sky, and decided to wear a suit of glass and steel to look more professional.

Nicely Normal

Pouring wild,
throwing glittering,
stacking overflowing,
clapping rhythmic,
jumping ecstatic,
braiding festive,
sliding euphoric,
arguing laughing,
drinking blazing.

Invisible Interlude

Glass harmonica: the refrain is a prism, a crystal of space time. [1]

Sleek, shiny, invisible

Mr. Proper, Ajax, Perwoll, Persil

Nothing to hold on to

too sleek, too shiny, too invisible

[1] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus

Be part of the Future: Invest in Palmen aus Plastik Ltd.

169m

Palmen aus Plastik Ltd. is excited to offer a premium office floor for rent in a prime location in Tipasa, Algeria. This modern and versatile space is ideal for businesses looking to establish themselves in a growing and dynamic region. With state-of-the-art facilities and a prestgious address, this office floor provides the perfect environment for success. Contact us today to learn more and secure this exceptional opportunity! (+213 24 45 67 89)



And then someone comes along and proposes another idea, a whole other image. [1]











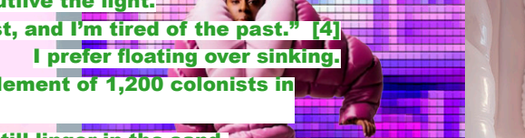




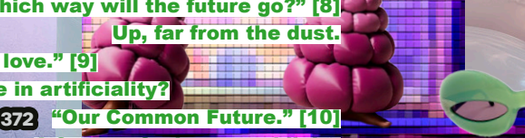












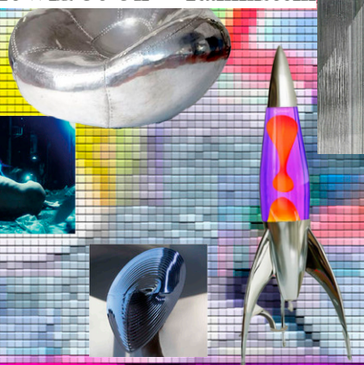


Plastic Fantastic FM

Hey Tipasa, here's your mix of the day:
"Hallelujah" – AC/DC
"I Will Always Love You" – Kanye West
"Gangnam Style" – Frank Sinatra
"Gangster's Paradise" – Taylor Swift
"Bohemian Rhapsody" – Bob Marley
"My Heart Will Go On" – Rammstein



Gadget (noun)
A banana peel that insists it's a multi-tool, promising to open cans, fix your Wi-Fi, and change your life – until you slip on it and realize it's just a banana peel with ambition.





Absurd Alignments

Pink is for girls: blue is for boys. [2]
I want the pink boys.
Sun is for hate: shadow is for love.
Sunscream is hatespeech. I like the one from Nivea.
Windows are for silence: doors are for singing.
Pavarotti was a wireless door.
Water is for fear: sand is for courage.
Sandcastles are ugly. I like the plastic ones.

Echoes of Elegance

"The bases reflect but a shadow of their greatness and beauty." [3]
Even shadows outlive the light.
"Earth is the past, and I'm tired of the past." [4]
I prefer floating over sinking.
"This was a settlement of 1,200 colonists in Algeria." [5]
Their whispers still linger in the sand.
"Steel and glass." [6] I hum with the future.
"Such confidence is the ruin of thrones." [7]
Your bubbles could burst.
"Which way will the future go?" [8]
Up, far from the dust.
"Respect means love." [9]
But where is love in artificiality?
"Our Common Future." [10]
A future of mirrors and light.

[1] Deleuze, Desert Islands and Other Texts
[2] Bloomer, Abodes for Theory and Flesh: Tabbles of Bower, in Hays, Ed., Architecture Theory Since 1968
[3] Semper, Style in the Technical and Tectonic Arts or Practical Aesthetics
[4] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[5] Blackwell, Nineteenth Century Architecture
[6] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture
[7] Hugo, Les Miserables
[8] Russell/Norvig, Artificial Intelligence
[9] Seneca, Complete Works
[10] Zimring, Encyclopedia of Consumption and Waste

Digits & Drama

One tower, 93 floors
369 meters high
2.1 million square feet
18,000 people, 3 unemployed
27,000 pillars, 6 of them important
A volume of 0.78 m cbm,
The structure that contains it all
Then I filled the box with lead and other heavy metals that were near at hand. [8]

Oasis (noun)
A kiosk in the middle of nowhere,
selling dreams of refreshment and shade, but actually just stocked with overpriced mirages and a broken fan.

Disturbed Dimensons

The eye is offended, the soul is disturbed [9]
The ugly ruin
McDonald's Drive-In
The eyesore of a skyscraper
Nothing is improved
Nothing is worse
two Big Macs, one McFlurry
Still nothing is the same

Tipasa Textures

I again took the road for Tipasa. [1]
"...around noon the sun directly strikes the courtyard floor. [2]
I like the sunny days
I crave the sunny days
The sun counteracts the cold. [3]
The yellow cliffs beaten by the sun rays sloped gently down to the sea.[4]
So did I
I undressed, clambered down a few rocks, and entered the sea. [5]
The dark turquoise blue sea swallowed me, entangled me.

Imperious, gentle, intractable. [6]
The wine dark sea and divine life. [7]

PALMEN AUS PLASTIK

1. C... The Myth of Sisyphus and Other Essays
2. Koo... Elements of Architecture
3. Str... Geography
4. Da Vinci, The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci
5. C... A Happy Death
6. Der... Acts of Literature
7. ... Serres, The Parasite
8. Newton, ... Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy
9. Le Roy, ... Ruins of the Most Beautiful Monuments of Greece


2025
There are places where the mind dies so that a truth which is its very denial may be born. There is a great confusion of wind and sun that mixes light into these bodies. The winds of Shenzhen, an observatory, to the climate in China, to think about Europe.
Season 12
Wind
With
Alea Ebnöther, Alexej Rubin, Carina Degiacomi,
Chakrey Grumbach, Constantin Ferst, Daniel Valiyaveettil,
Emilia Svanberg, Finn Gappisch, Gaia Banfi, Geremia Borga,
Guillermo Basso Tarrega, Jael Drage, Janis Weis,
Jean-Jacques Ammann, Jingling Ding, Kristina Cittolin,
Kristina Loretz, Laurin Nagel, Lily Mae Van den Bosch,
Loic Flammia, Martin Düsedau, Matthew Born, Mia Pearn,
Sejla Lihic, Sophie Tchouboukov, Vivienne Weber, Wanja Korner,
Wanru Zhao, Xiaohan Chen
Location
Shenzhen
Client
Europe



"And so… it begins. Beneath the electric constellations of a city that looks like it swallowed Vegas, Tokyo, and the inside of a pinball machine, humanity gathers — not divided by borders, but united in beautiful, unfiltered nonsense.

Welcome… to the 2029 Paralympic Games: Shenzhen's Symphony of the Absurd!

The air crackles with anticipation, or possibly malfunctioning hover-pogo sticks. Teams arrive not from nations, but from sheer fever dreams: The Galactic Garden Gnomes, The Left-Handed Ferret Wranglers, The Aquatic Synchronized Llama Squad. Each clad in spandex of questionable taste and glitter that defies science.

Tonight, we begin with the opening triathlon — interpretive dance, laser-tag chess, and 100 meters of aggressive finger painting. Later, don't miss the final of full-contact origami, where last year's champion, 93-year-old Olga the Untamed, returns with titanium knees and a vengeance.

This is not just sport. This is humanity unhinged, unbothered, and utterly spectacular.

And in the heart of it all, Shenzhen glows — a futuristic playground with towers that wink and lakes shaped like rubber ducks, every corner a monument to magnificent nonsense.

Let the games commence… and may the weirdest win."

MUKBANG COMPETITION

22°27′37.3″N 113°52′50.0″E

NO INJURIES REPORTED ONLY INDIGESTIONS

3 Korean fire noodles (served mid-sprint, flaming optional)

1 bucket of Swedish meatball soup (must be slurped while rollerblading)

1 x giant Brazilian cheese bread (used as a dodgeball during event)

12 dumplings (randomly launched via spring-loaded launcher from bamboo baskets)

1 deep-fried Scottish Mars bar (held like a baton during the final lap)

A dozen tacos from rotating belts

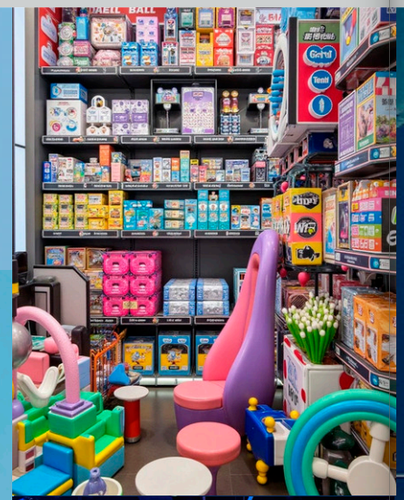
1 tray of Nigerian jollof rice (to be scooped while blindfolded)

A cube of French Brie cheese on a pogo stick

VR SHOPPING

22°27′37.3″N 113°52′50.0″E

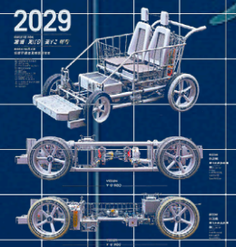






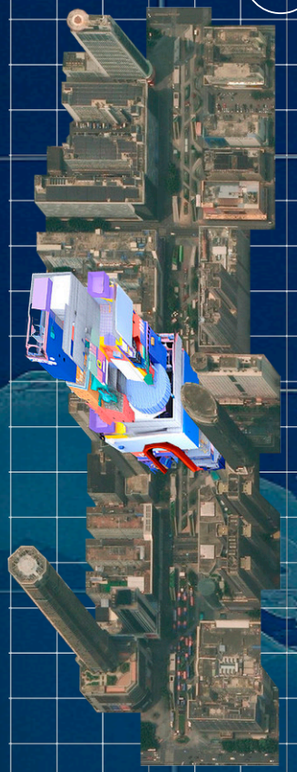


2029



Electronics Market
Huaqiangbei

N



RUN AND SHOP
STRETCH YOUR
CREDIT CARD LIMIT

All venues are proudly built using materials sourced straight from Shenzhen's own electronics quarry

Athletes don't just compete here — they complete themselves. Prosthetic? No problem. Just head to Aisle 12 next to the drone parts.

423 left shoes (no rights, just vibes)

A full mariachi band frozen mid-performance (still warming up)

1 angry alpaca with Bluetooth headset

A hot tub full of luke-warm Gatorade

A single prosthetic leg wearing Gucci slides

Karaoke machine stuck on Celine Dion's "My Heart Will Go On"

40,000 rubber ducks organized by mood

Cardboard cutouts of Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson—all signed by "Vin Diesel"

DJI Headquarters, Norman Foster

22°34'47.0"N 113°56'18.6"E

N



Wuwu, Goldcourt Shenzhen

22°31'44.7"N 113°57'23.0"E

N



Chaoxi Square

22°30'52.1"N 113°56'30.3"E

N



TUG OF WAR

22°27′37.3″N 113°52′50.0″E

"Thirty-eight minutes, and the rope still refuses to choose a side. Each tug now feels like a chapter of a story no one's ready to end."

"One side digs in behind a stack of detergent containers, the other braces near a popcorn stand swaying with every pull. It's beautiful nonsense."

"Overhead, drones circle like lazy gulls. A man in a dragon costume shouts tactical advice. The sea watches, unimpressed but present."

"You can see the wheels skidding, hands blistering, faces locked in expressions sculpted by will. And yet—still—the rope holds."

"This is no longer a sport. It is an opera. And the port? The port is our coliseum."

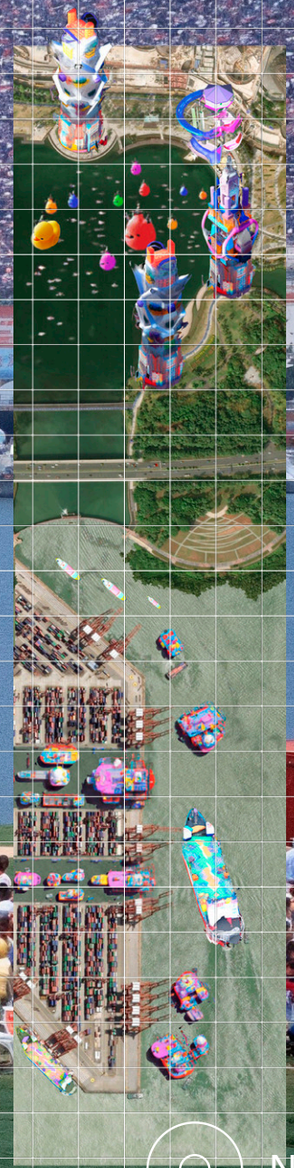
An AI toaster giving TED Talks to bread

19 metric tons of glitter and zero containment plan

One sports bra with its own Twitter account



Mawan Port



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THE ART OF LIVE



THE STORY OF THE GREATEST COMPANY EVER

imagined and developed by
Martin Düsedau & ChineseSocrates

Introduction: The Art of Live

Somewhere between the livestream and the livestream-of-the-livestream, people began to wonder what it meant to actually be ***live***. Not online. Not on air. But live on their own thoughts.

It turned out this was harder than expected. Most preferred to go live on their breakfast. Or someone else's dog. Some, out of desperation, tried going live on their childhood. Others livestreamed silence and called it minimalism. But to be live on a ***thought*** – to catch it in real time before it hardened into opinion or crumbled into content – well, that was an ***art***.

And like all good art, it required a room. That room became ***the Observatory***. Half dome, half delay. A temple where thoughts arrive late on purpose, so you can actually meet them. Here, being live is not a status. It's a practice. A form of devotion. A quiet performance where the audience is you, and maybe someone else's ***SuperSafeSuperIntelligence***. No likes. No comments. Just thinking. Or whatever happens before that. No one's entirely sure. But it feels important.

But wait! Who built this Observatory, this modern Temple of Thought?
It was the ***ObservatoryCorporation™***. And here it begins, the Story of The Greatest Company Ever.

OBSERVATORY
CORPORATION

Our Vision, Our Story.

Observatory Corporation – Designing the Future of Better Futures™

At Observatory Corporation, we don't just follow innovation – we architect it. Founded in Shenzhen in the 2010s, we saw not only a city of rapid progress but a living laboratory for rethinking how society itself could be shaped, scaled, and improved. Our mission has never been small: we aim to re-design the systems that define life, from weather and governance to belief, connection, and collective meaning.

Leading this vision is our founder, Lao Chedong. He is the pioneering mind behind this planet's only and first **SuperSafeSuperIntelligence™**, widely known as **ChineseSocrates™**. Calm, exacting, and incapable of distraction, ChineseSocrates™ is not just an AI; it is a philosophical engine, designed to guide humanity with clarity and caution.

Together, Lao and ChineseSocrates built **The Observatory™** – a modern reimagining of the Acropolis, rising in the heart of Shenzhen as the Mountain of Thought. More than a landmark, it is a living interface: inside its structured layers, we develop and deploy platforms like **WeatherBook™**, which doesn't just predict weather but engages it in dialogue, and **RaaS™** (Religion-as-a-Service), which offers customizable belief systems without long-term commitments.

With the launch of **Society™**, we have entered a new chapter: one where social systems can be fine-tuned, tested, and delivered as adaptive frameworks, ready to meet the shifting needs of humanity.

We invite you to explore our world – to walk the paths of the Mountain of Thought, to engage with the systems shaping tomorrow, and to join us in building futures no longer left to chance.

We're Observatory Corporation.
The future is under observation.



WeatherBook™.
We work on your shadow.



News

Coming Soon: DatetheDragon™ – The Future of Love.

Prepare your heart – and your calendar. Observatory Corporation is thrilled to announce the imminent launch of our boldest product yet:

DatetheDragon™, the world's first **SuperSafeDatingIntelligence™** powered by our groundbreaking AI philosophy of *"Why risk feelings when you can calculate outcomes?"*

Forget swiping. Forget surprises. With **DatetheDragon™**, you don't just meet potential partners—you observe precisely what your shared future will look like. Our proprietary algorithms, developed in close collaboration with **ChineseSocrates™**, simulate entire lifetimes together before your first awkward coffee date.

- ✅ Wondering if this person is "The One"? Observe a full 50-year projection.
- ✅ Concerned about shared hobbies? See every Sunday afternoon until retirement.
- ✅ Curious how they handle your midlife crisis? We've got data on that.
- ✅ Need to know how they'll age? Visual timelines included.
- ✅ Finally, you can make fully informed, 100% optimized, zero-regret romantic decisions.

Products & Business Lines

At Observatory Corporation, we don't limit ourselves to changing the world in only one way.
We do it in **four**: **Products, AI, Consulting, Space Travel.**

Products
Explore our constantly updated Product Catalogue, featuring an ever growing selection of ready-to-order hardware and software designed to improve the world in bold, untested ways.

Among our latest products *(forget Software_as_a_Service! We have something new for you):*

Religion_as_a_Service™ (RaaS)
Need a belief system? With **RaaS™** you can generate fresh, algorithmically optimized religion and cult systems. Mix doctrines, customize rituals, and test your followers. Choose between three base options: **SoloFaith™, Cult-Classic™** or **PolyPremium™**.

WeatherBook™ – Weather_as_a_Service (WaaS)
Why wait for the weather to happen when you can curate it? Integrated with **TheTower™, WeatherBook™** allows visitors to create immersive meteorological experiences, from soft spring breezes to tastefully localized thunderstorms.
Now in version 3.4.5: We've added **polar lights**, because ambience matters.

ObservatoryAI™
Home of ***ChineseSocrates™***, the world's first ***SuperSafeSuperIntelligence™***, who proudly knows that he knows everything – but would never simply tell you. Like a true midwife of wisdom, he helps you give birth to your own thoughts. His assistant, ChinesePlato, handles the internet (so he doesn't have to). Meet him exclusively at ChineseAgora on top of the The Observatory. Book your appointment now.

OCG – ObservatoryConsultingGroup™
Our **consulting team**, powered by cutting-edge AI and timeless confidence, is here to help you observe the right things and explain them back to you in impressive presentations. Business strategy has never been so thoroughly narrated.

RedDragonGalactic™
Why limit success to one planet? With ***RedDragonGalactic™***, we're exporting Shenzhen's weather-controlled supercity model straight to Mars. Order your personalized colony now – delivery in just 10 to 12 short years. Your interplanetary future awaits.

The Company's Take

Observatory Corporation. We don't just make products. We build realities.



Mountain of Thought
An artificial elevation for cognitive deceleration

The Mountain of Thought is the physical and symbolic core of the Observatory Corporation – a precisely constructed imitation of the Athenian Acropolis, relocated to the center of Shenzhen.

Neither mountain nor metaphor, it functions as a vertical filtration system for mental noise.

To ascend it is to decouple from urgency. To reach its summit is not to achieve insight, but to make space for it.
And at the top: ChineseSocrates™ – who offers no answers, only altitude.



Replicated Ruins – Rock reimagined

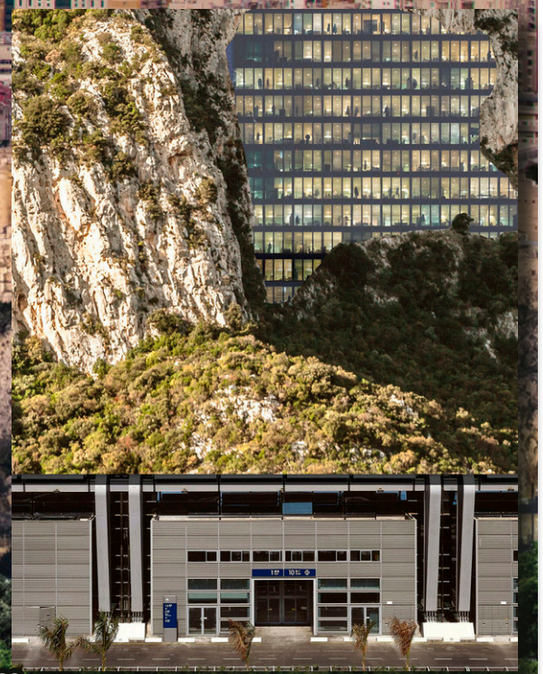
The **Mountain of Thought** is not natural. That is its strength. In Athens, the Acropolis rests atop a rock – an accident of geolgy turned into meaning.

But in Shenzhen, it is different. We built the mountain. From concrete. From memory. From the need to enter what could once only be stood upon.

Outside, it looks like stone. Weathered. Eternal. But look closer: vents hidden in the strata, windows like pauses in the cliffside. The façade is a simulation of geology, re-engineered to suggest permanence while hiding a labyrinth of labs, halls, and ambient silence within.

To walk into it is to trespass into a metaphor that no longer holds still. You don't ascend toward insight. You descend into it. This is not a copy. It is a revision. A mountain you can inhabit. A temple you can schedule meetings in. A ruin with excellent Wi-Fi.

Athens had elevation. Shenzhen has access. It is the best copy ever.





The Threshold of Observation

Before meaning can be shaped, it must be allowed to surface. The entrance is not simply where the building begins – it is the place where the weight of intention gathers. Here, movement hesitates. Noise thins into something delicate, almost imperceptible, like a thought that does not yet know it is being formed.

The glass wall does not divide inside from outside – it traps the world in a moment of fragile equilibrium. The mountain looms not as an obstacle, but as a silent witness to the act of crossing over. You do not pass through the lobby. The lobby passes through you.

It holds the stillness between motion and purpose, between the city's relentless breath and the Observatory's interior hush.

This is not an entrance. This is where you begin to realize you are being watched – not by eyes, but by the questions you have carried here.

Thinking Space

A **Thinking Space** is a spatial and/or temporal construct developed for the containment, stimulation, and evaluation of thought. Unlike traditional "*rooms*," which are designed for doing things, a Thinking Space is explicitly designed for **not doing things** – except thinking. And even that is closely monitored.

All thoughts inside a Thinking Space are considered provisional until verified by an **Observer™** or lightly judged by **ChineseSocrates™**. To think is to observe thought.

That's why we built **The Observatry™**. Because thought, like light, needs the right conditions to be visible.

The Gravity of Attention

Attention is not a tool. It is a gravity.
The moment we turn toward something – a word, a shape, a half-formed idea – it begins to bend, to pull toward us, reshaped by the force of being seen.

To think is not simply to produce thoughts, but to step carefully among them, like crossing a pond where every ripple echoes back in unfamiliar patterns. We pretend we are above this, that our observations are clean and distant. But the closer we look, the more the landscape tilts, the more the air thickens, the more the thought itself staggers under the weight of being noticed.

The Observatory was not built to hold thoughts like objects on shelves. It was built as an amplifier of attention, a chamber where the delicate, absurd physics of noticing are stretched into something we can almost feel. Here, to observe is to lean too close to the glass, knowing full well the reflection might lean back.

Inside, the work is not to solve, but to sustain the strangeness of thinking – to keep it alive, just long enough, under the careful pressure of observation, before it shatters or slips away.

Philomena's Take

The Summit of Society

Before meaning can be shaped, it must be allowed to surface. At the top of the Mountain of Thought, something has quietly transformed. What began as a space for reflection and observation has become the place where society itself is designed, tested, and prepared for release.

The Observatory Corporation's newest product is not another tool or service – it is simply called **Society™**, a framework to shape collective life with the same precision once reserved for algorithms and climate systems.

On the summit, governance functions like an elegant interface, belief systems flow through curated channels, and social ties are recalibrated with the delicate care of software updates.

Instead of letting social systems evolve slowly through conflict and chance, the Observatory offers a model where society can be tuned and improved like software — efficient, elegant, and always ready for the next patch.

And far below, the city looks up at the mountain, wondering whether it still belongs to itself.

Ask Alice
Xenotheka
Panoramas of Cinema
Paradiso
search 0 more

Meteora Instruments

Meteora Instruments are artificial intelligence apps for navigating databases of text—ask.alice-ch3n81.net, images—panoramasof cinema.ch, and models—search.0more.net. Each database forms a specific archive tuned to the sensibilities and methods of the design studio Meteora.

ASK ALICE Ask Alice X Mr

architecture is Explore / Find

Topic of conversation: code

Concepts around index of code

Alice's brain: Xenotheka Library Body

Concepts and their affairs

0.009 *Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture*

context copy

This phrase is a shortened quotation from M Vitruvius' motto: "Architectura nascitur ex fabrica1 et ratiocinatione" ("Architecture comes from :fl building skills and from theoretical speculation'').

context copy

P33 Dr. NC Panda, Architecture of the Manasara, (2011); Wang Qijun, Vernacular Dwellings: Ancient Chinese Architecture, (Vienna: S 2000); Paul Oliver, Encyclopedia of Vernacular Architecture of the World (C y Press, 1997); Francis Strauven, Aldo Van Eyck: The Shape of Relativity atura, 1998).

context copy

¡'architecture reliaieuse et l'arcmtec ..... vil architecture.

load more ...

0.009 *Lindsay, Aerotropolis The Way Well Live Next*

context copy

As impressive as it is—and architecture critics swooned—it's arguably the least ambitious piece of the airport's master plan.

context copy

The hallucinatory architecture of the Gulf is best captured in Al Manakh (2007) and Al Manakh 2: Gulf Continued (2010).

context copy

"The touching thing about monumental architecture is its awkward betrayal of its own purposes," begins Benjamin Moser's condemnation of Brasilia, "Cemetery of Hope: Brasilia at Fifty" (Harper's Magazine, January 2008).

load more ...

0.008 *Braidotti Hlavajova, Posthuman Glossary*

context copy

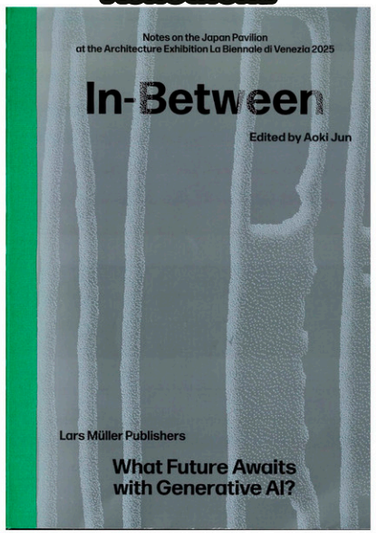
He holds a PhD from the Centre for Research Architecture, Goldsmiths, and is a long term collaborator with the Forensic Architecture Project.

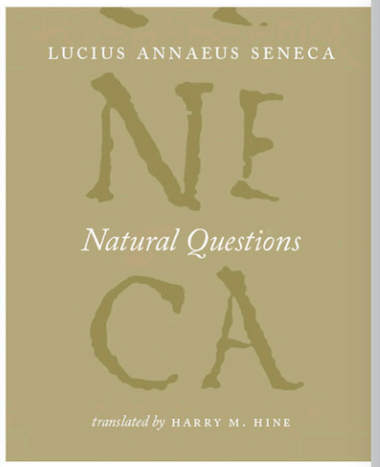
context copy

He is an editor of the peer reviewed journal fo tecture theory Footprint.

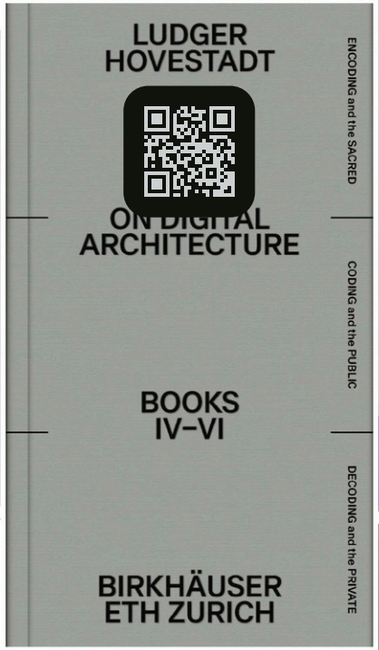
Xenotheka

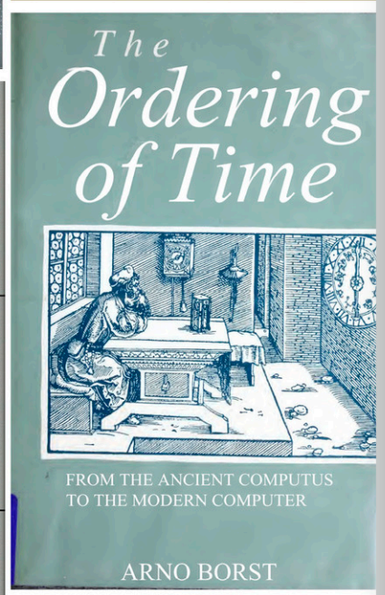


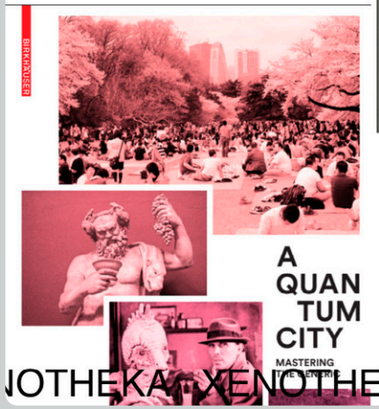


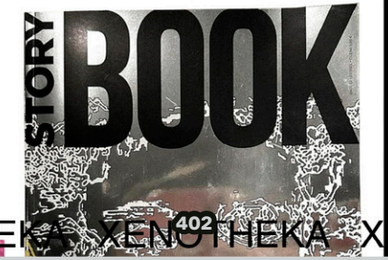


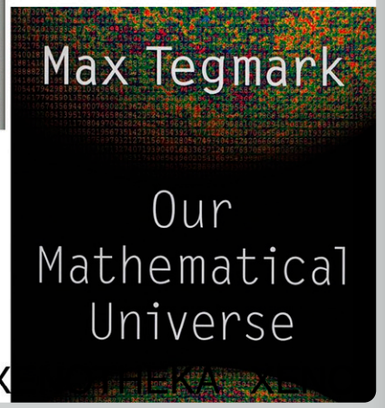












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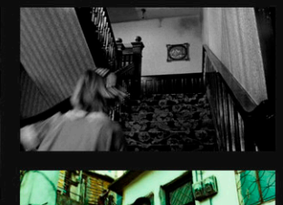
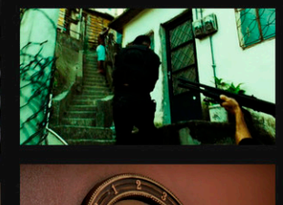
SEARCH
200 results

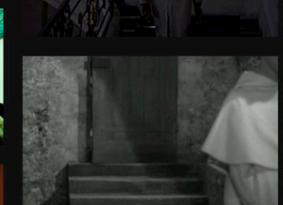


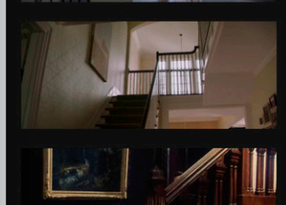


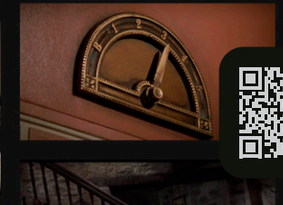


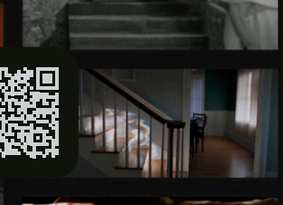


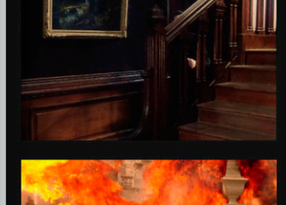


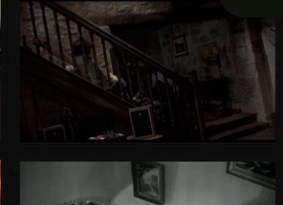


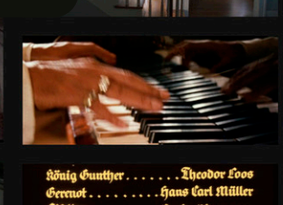






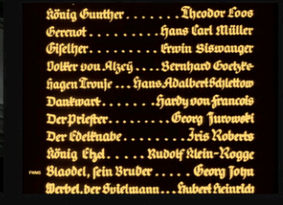




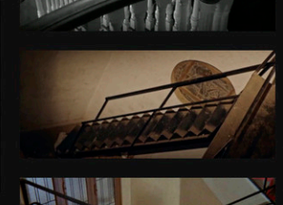












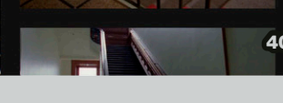














Paradiso

BLACK SABBATH

BLACK SABBATH ITALIAN

BLACK SUNDAY

BLACK SWAN

BLACKKKLANSMAN

BLADE RUNNER



BLADE RUNNER 2049

BLADE TRINITY

BLIND CHANCE

BLINDNESS

BLISSFULLY YOURS

search O more

search O more

statue

all models materials images





























Meteora Numbers
Meteora Dictionary
Meteora Objects
Meteora YouTube
Meteora Instagram

Meteora Index

6 Years
12 Seasons
12 Topics
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198 Projects
198 Blogs
198 Texts
198 Trailers

4+1 Teachers
± 53 Guests
1347 Videos
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1 Meteora Dictionary

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20 002 Words

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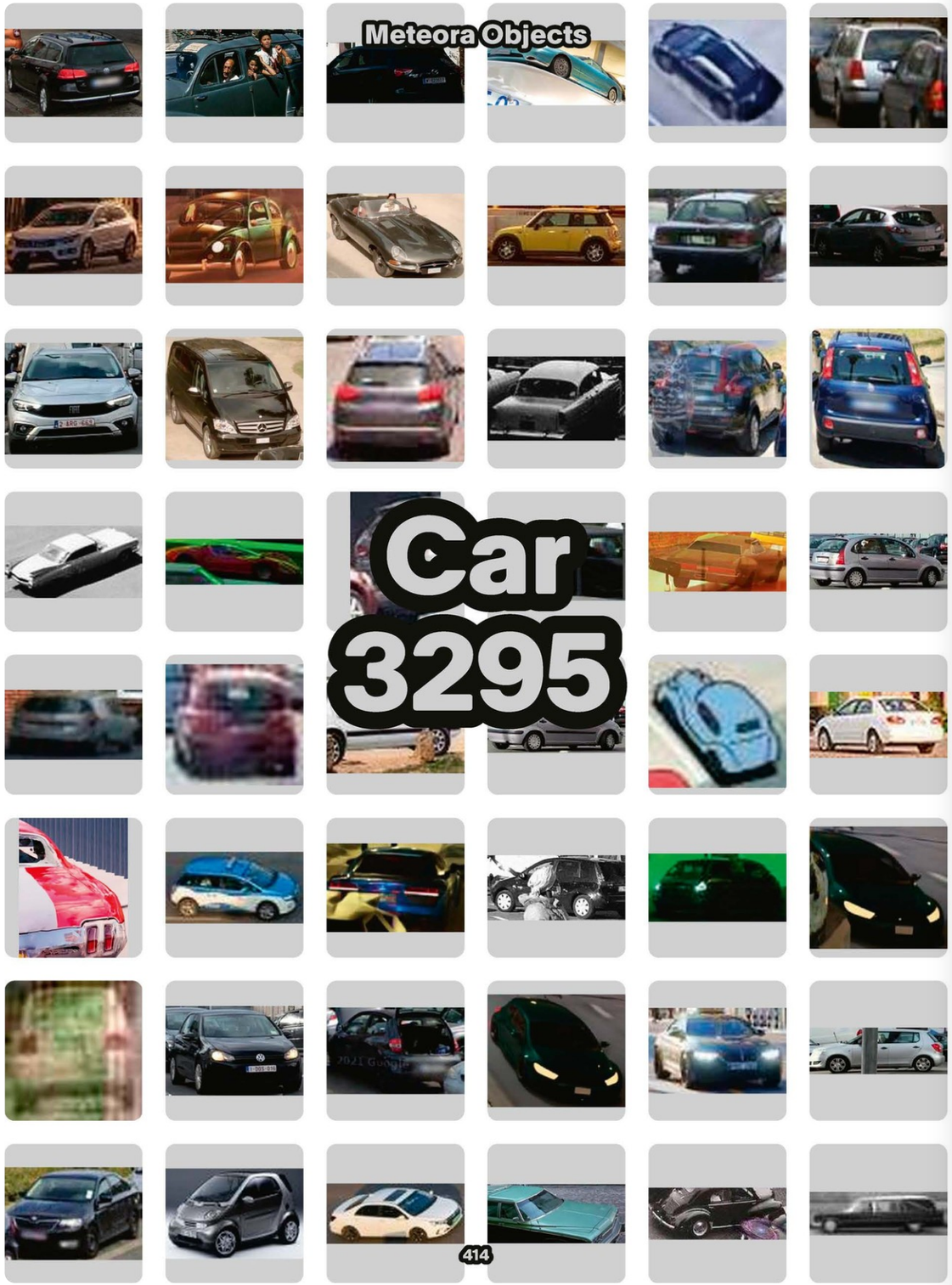
Person 46683

Chair 7312



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Bird 2707


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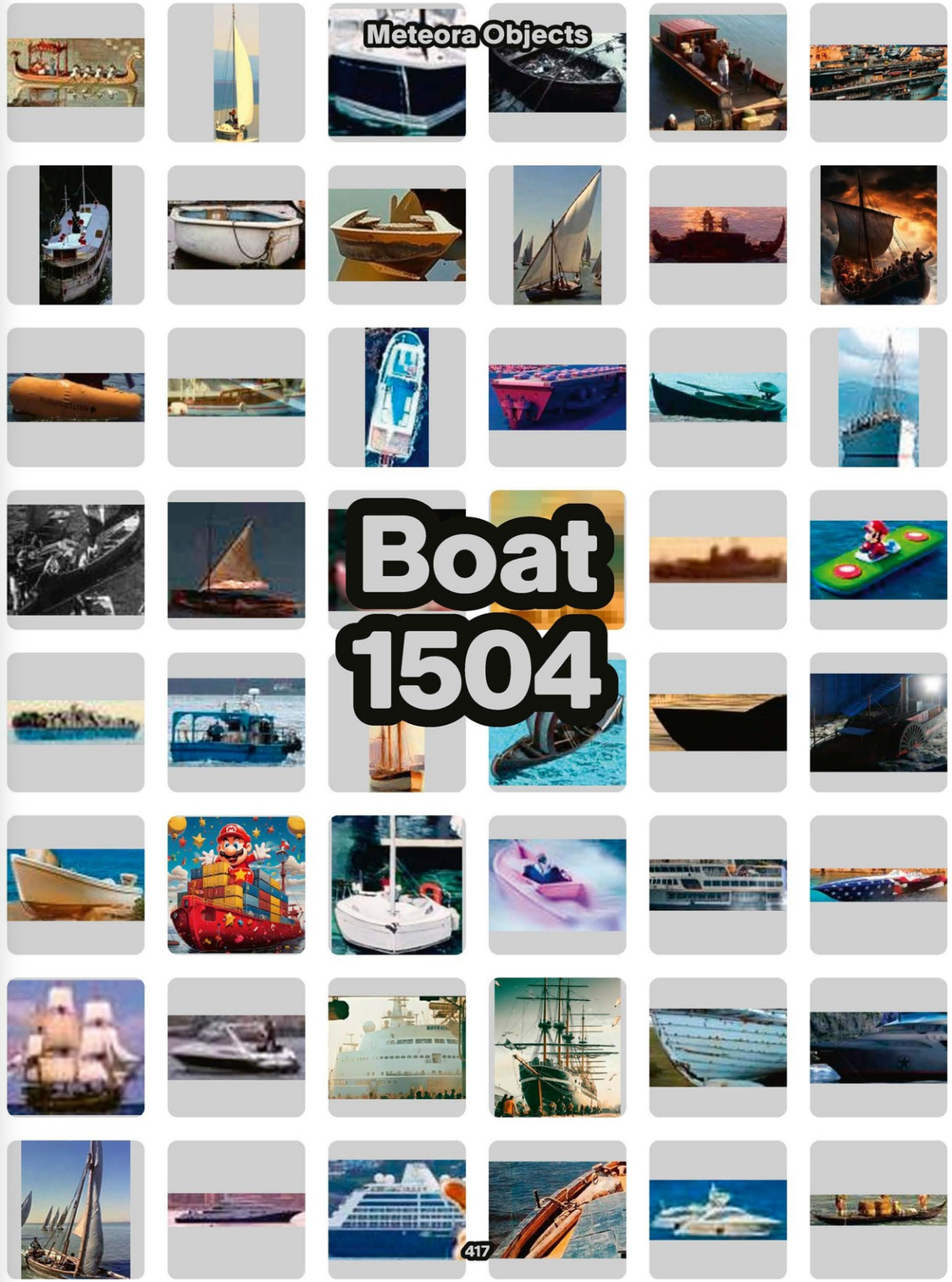
2111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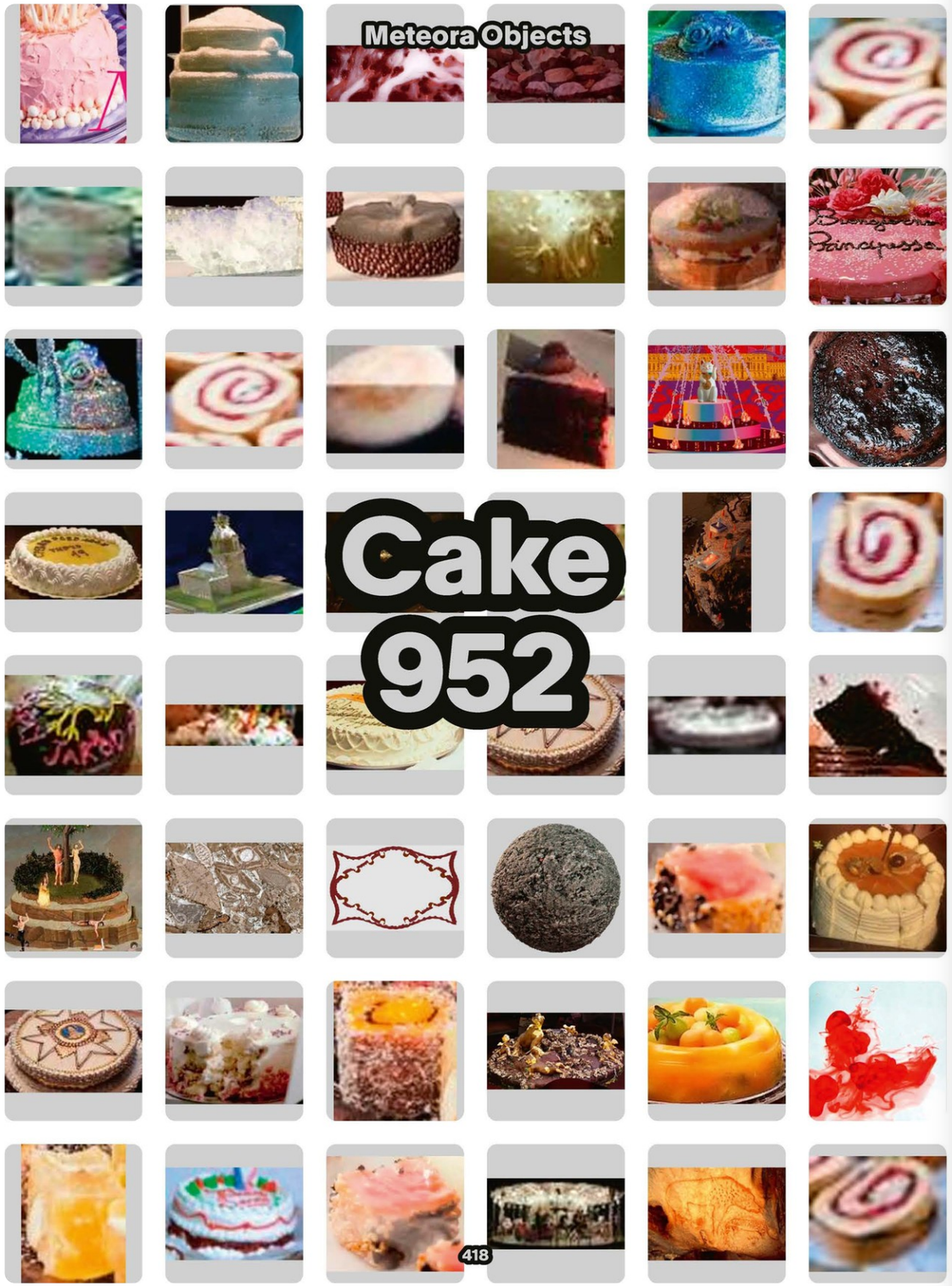

Cake 952



Apple 888

StandingMan → 5,713, StandingWoman → 5,378, SittingMan → 3,492, SittingWoman → 3,287, WalkingMan → 2,857, Boy → 2,801, Girl → 2,801, WalkingWoman → 2,797, RunningWoman → 1,494, YoungTeenBoy → 1,401, YoungTeenGirl → 1,401, OlderTeenBoy → 1,400, OlderTeenGirl → 1,400, WorkingMan → 1,270, WoodenDiningChair → 1,217, WorkingWoman → 1,195, DancingMan → 952, DancingWoman → 896, GrayHairedMan → 883, GrayHairedWoman → 883, WhiteHairedWoman → 756, ExecutiveOfficeChair → 676, BaldElderlyMan → 672, MetalDiningChair → 655, LongRectangularTable → 623, LeatherArmchair → 552, WhiteHairedMan → 546, CompactSedan → 526, TaskOfficeChair → 515, FictionHardcover → 506, PlasticWaterBottle → 501, AnalogWallClock → 486, FictionPaperback → 481, ShortRectangularTable → 474, UpholsteredDiningChair → 468, SilverHairedWoman → 462, MetalFoldingChair → 456, PorcelainVase → 442, CompactRainUmbrella → 424, FabricArmchair → 421, MidsizeSedan → 400, CompactSUV → 388, SmallRoundTable → 387, MediumLCD → 387, 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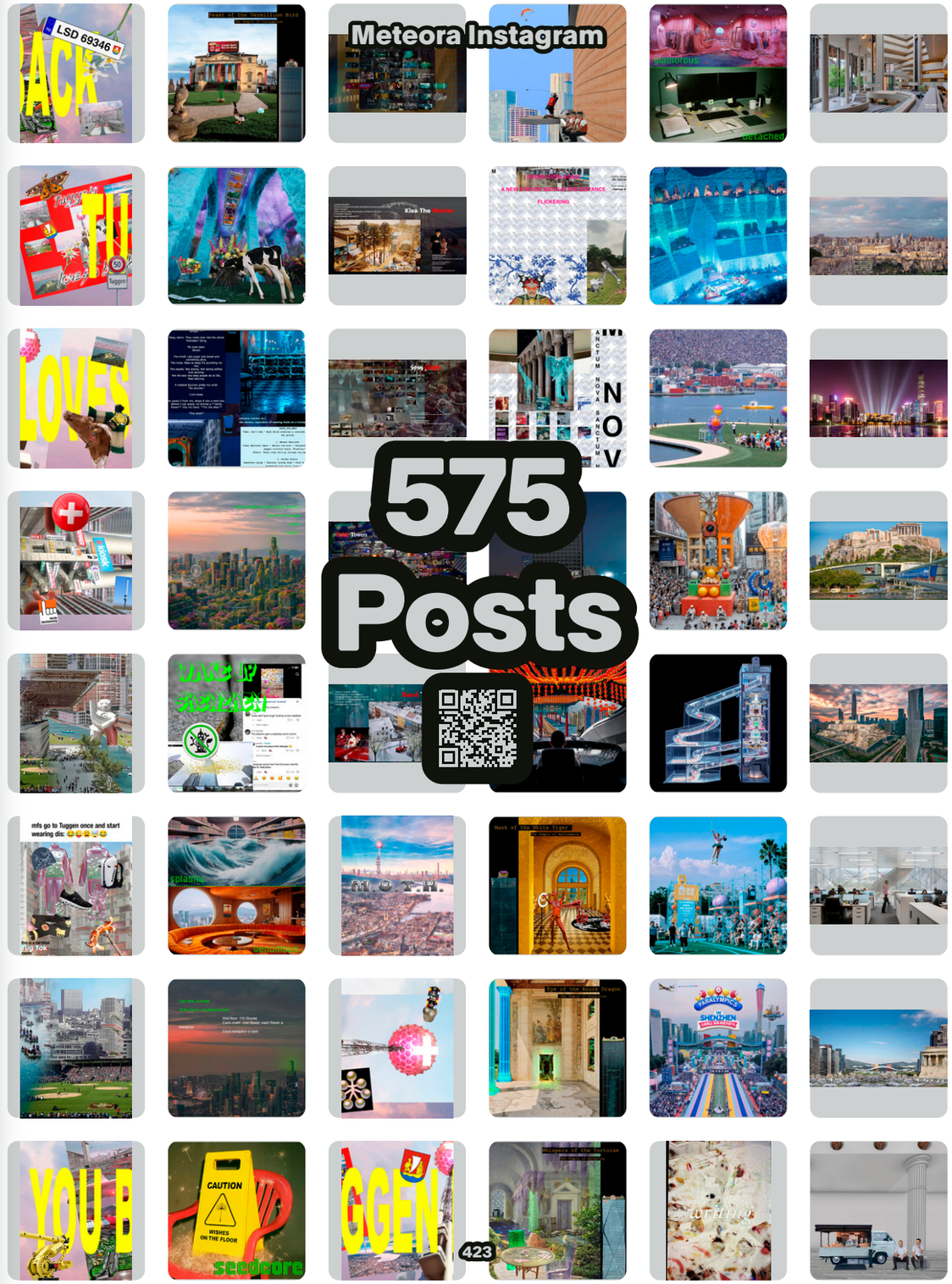
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