bonjour.

Diploma Thesis - on humor.

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Institute for Design
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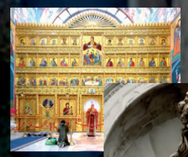
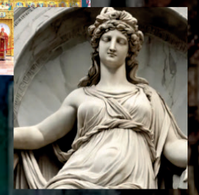
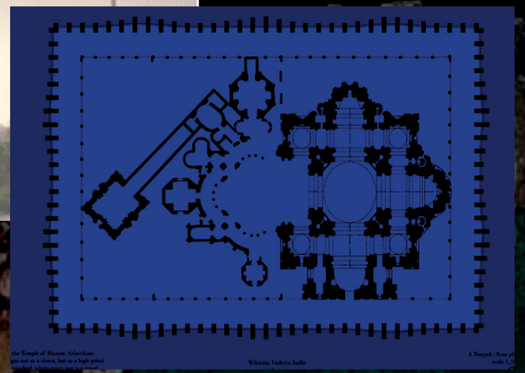
the temple - a confession

Stability, authority, dignity and drama







Up here, where the columns meet the clouds and the mosaics flicker with irony, the house breathes a sigh of relief.
This is the temple of confession.

Its marble floor is a reminder of every slip.
Power is in the air, but it is tempered by the echo of a giggle.

enjoying

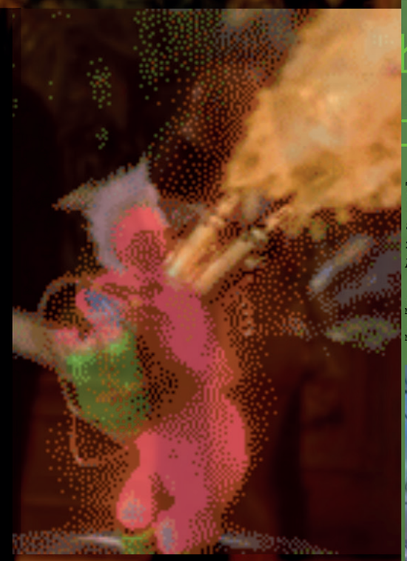
the bawd´s house

indecent, lewd, obscene, bawdy, raunchy, licentious, coarse, ribald, risqué, earthy, prurient, salacious, lascivious, dirty, smutty, scandalous, nasty, suggestive, lewd, tawdry, bawdy, debauched

a connection between human and divine.
Collaboration between Andy Warhol and Michelangelo.

if you want to find your humor, you'd better burlesque

a stage where you can both experience and enjoy burlesque



I know that you know that I know that

the inn

spiritual consequences of our earthly decision and how to stop them. A Stand-Up
Frans Francken II

unfol

They consider life as a
is where plots unfold a
and bribery. **It´s a pla**
all their might and mai

humor c
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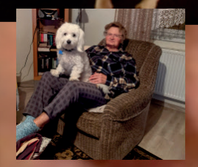
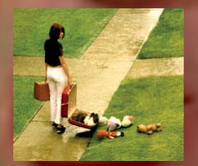
know!

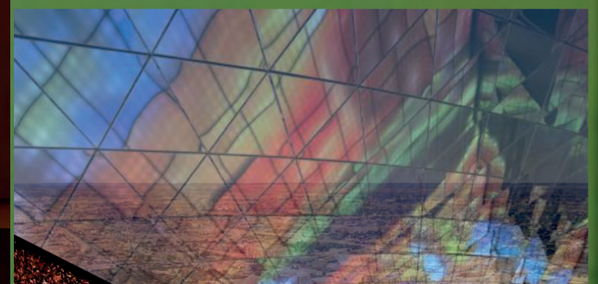


The more that I think about houses, The more **things are houses for things.**
[1] A shell is a house for a snail. A shoe is a house for a foot. Even the sky is a house for clouds. And in this case there's a paperbox **a kingdom for a child [2]** or a castle for a spider.
And a house for Arrlecchino is a mask, a facade.

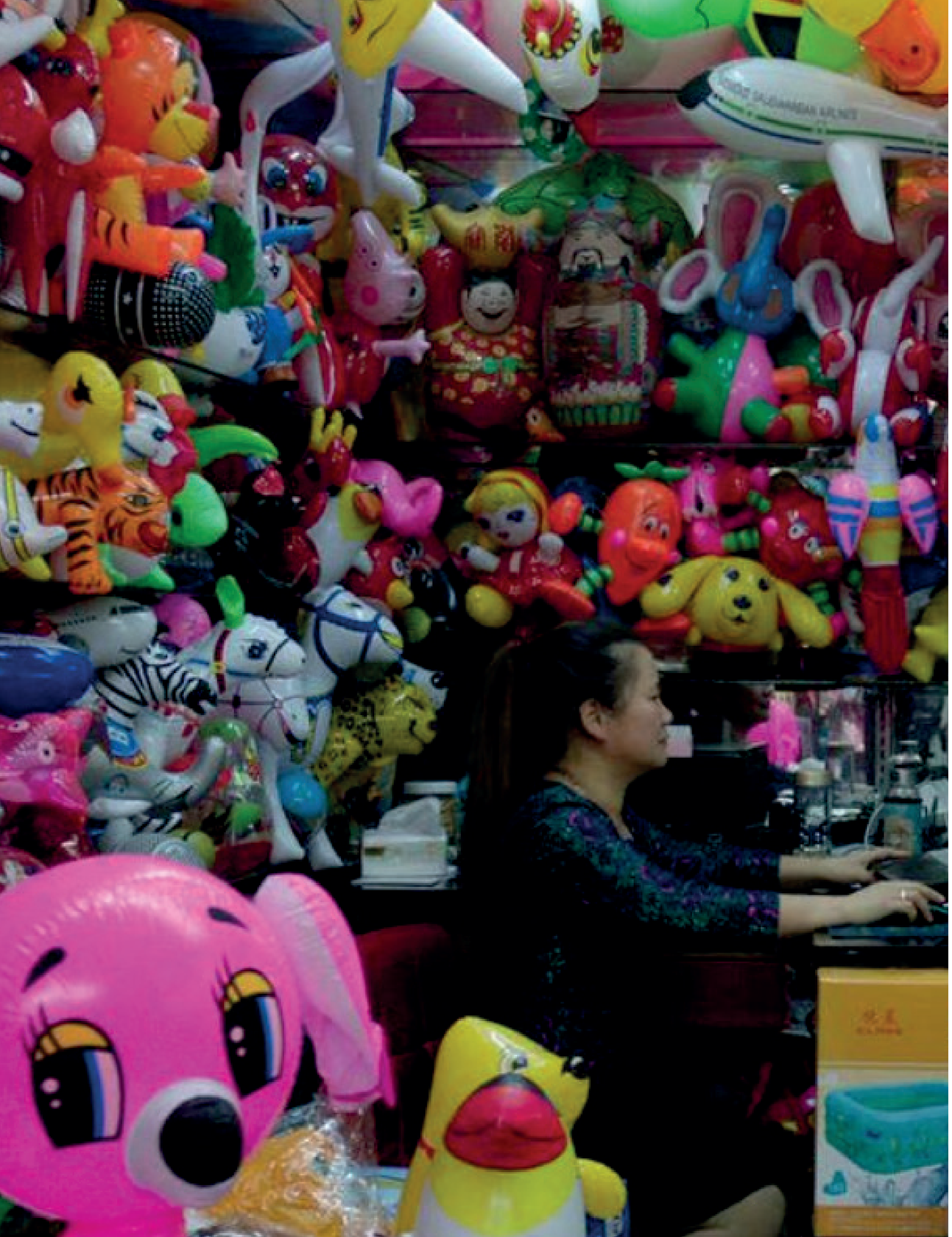
[1]
Morton, Hyperobjects

[2[
Marx, Collected Works



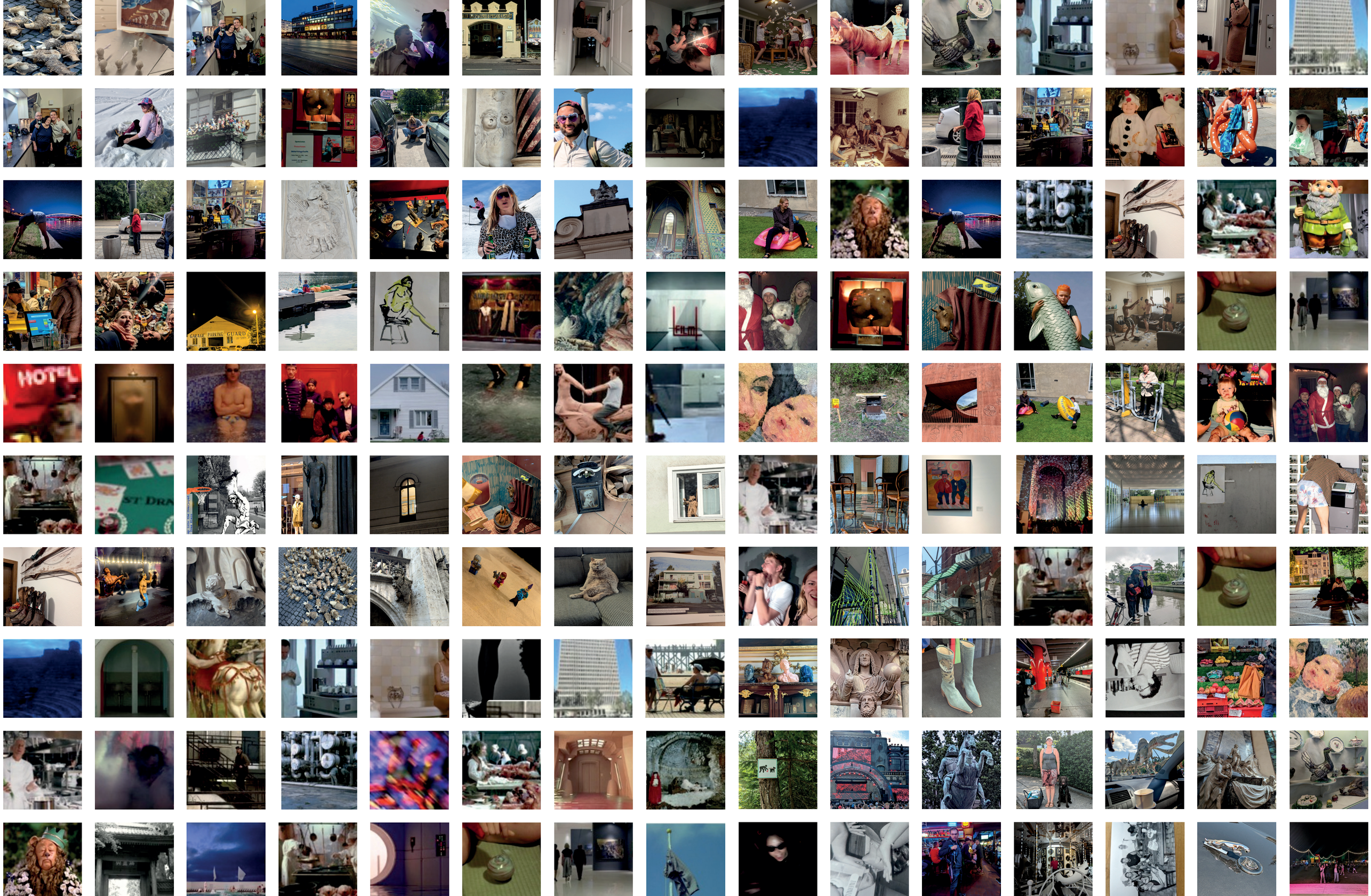


The private house becomes the backdrop, the audience infinite. Hel
where the drama unfolds and the tea is spilled.
The ceiling is stained with emotion, then the curtain opens.



IT HELPS MAN IN HIS STRENUOUS ATTEMPT TO AVOID THE CERTAINTY OF ABSOLUTE DEATH.

ALBERT CAMUS, NUPTIALS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GARAGE PARKING GUARD
FILM

PROLOGUE IN ONE SHELL PLAZA

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the OneSHell.
it 's...becoming a hypocrite.[1]
They saw themselves reflected in his eyes - not as cogs in the machine, but as hyprocrites in a story that they themselves had to tell.

[1] Rand, The Fountainhead

My way of being begins to deal with pain. Because every comedy is born of tragedy. And humour, begins in the body in its fluids, its instincts, its uncontrollable reactions. In the juices. *The last phase of a world historical figure is its comedy.[2]*

Sweat, saliva, snot, piss, blood,
that ‘s the stage.
The body leaks. It stumbles. It slips.
It reacts too late. This is the comedy.

„on humour. “ is a work that is hot and cold, wet and dry.
It does not whisper. It splashes. No polite giggling behind a glass table.
Real humor permeates the architecture and rises up as theatre. *Without question, there are unfinished tasks still lying in this field. [3]* Someone should start acting.

One Shell Plaza - you know it.
A tower of oil, control, ironed shirts and straight lines.
A corporate sculpture that pretends to be eternal.

Arlecchino enters and says: This is my stage now.
He is building a theatre where nobody wanted one.

Inspired by Sebastiano Serlio on comedic stage scenery. *His talk, his interests, his poetry, his life was a theatre in which I saw what human beings are really like. [4]* He didn ‘t draw castles. He drew comedy. He gave us the essence of comedic stage scenery. The private houses, the inn, the bawd´s house and the temple.

Arlecchino takes them all.

Each of these rooms has its own humour.
The inn a lobby but only as formality.
This garden embodies a contemplative leisure that contrasts with the busy negotiation of urban life.

The private house, a domestic stage where the sacred mischief of Arlecchino seeps into everyday life.

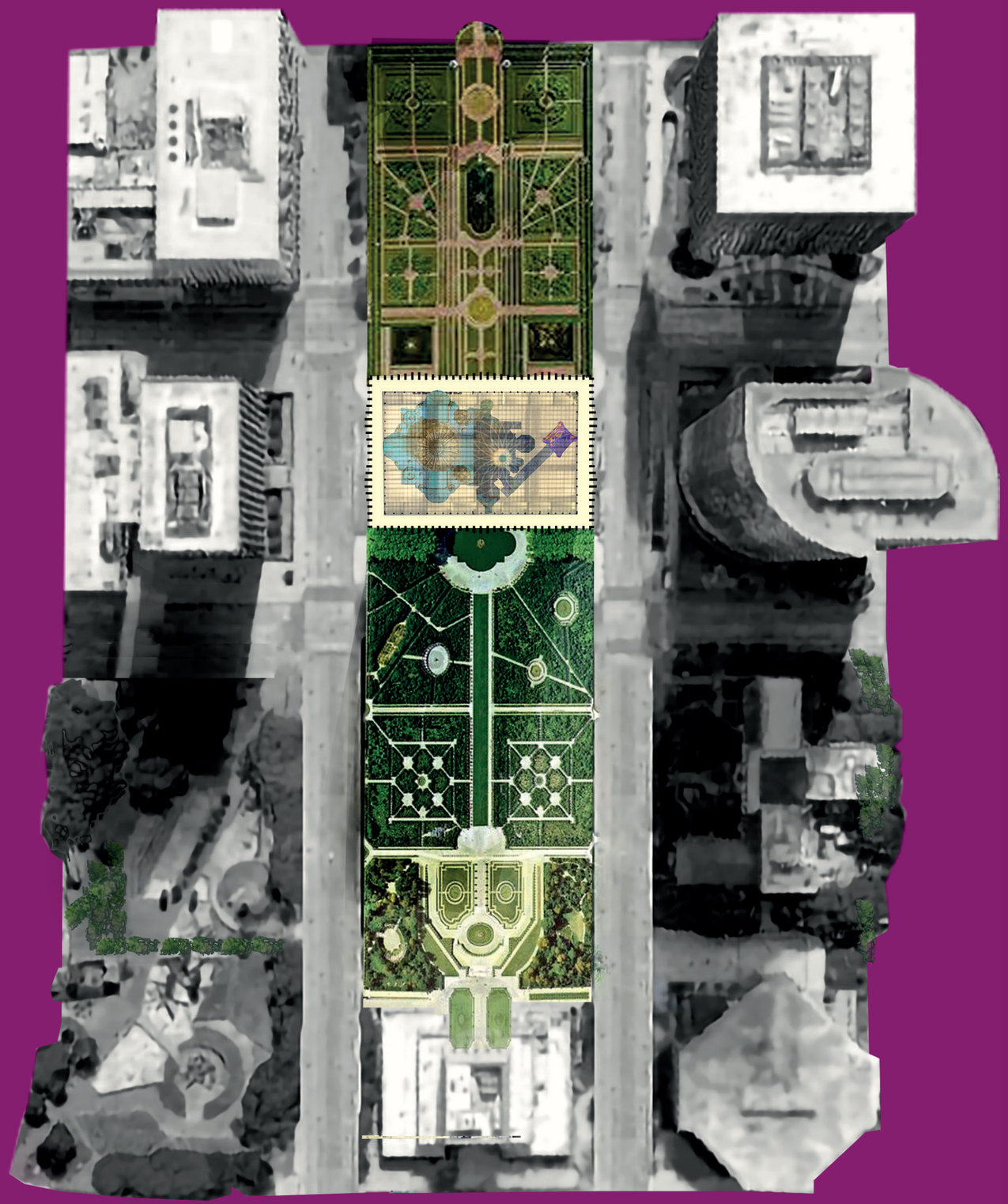
The bawd´s house is a labyrinth of seduction and strategy, a spatial trick where desire choreopraphs movement.

The temple, where Arlecchino reigns not as a clown, but as a high priest of mischief, where every jest is a ritual.

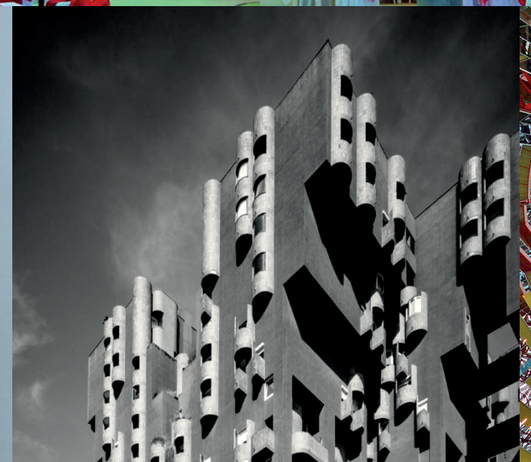
This is not nostalgia.
This is an invasion.

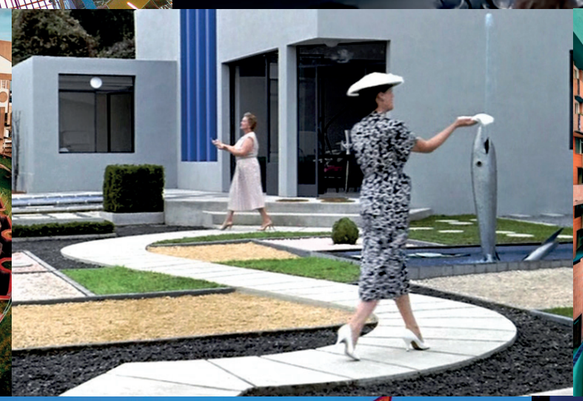
[2] Marx, Collected Works
[3] Heidegger, Being and Time
[4] Bussey Chamberlain, Queer Troublemakers

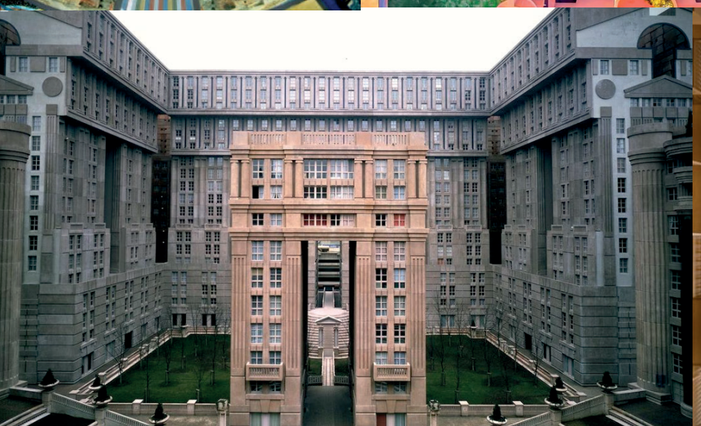
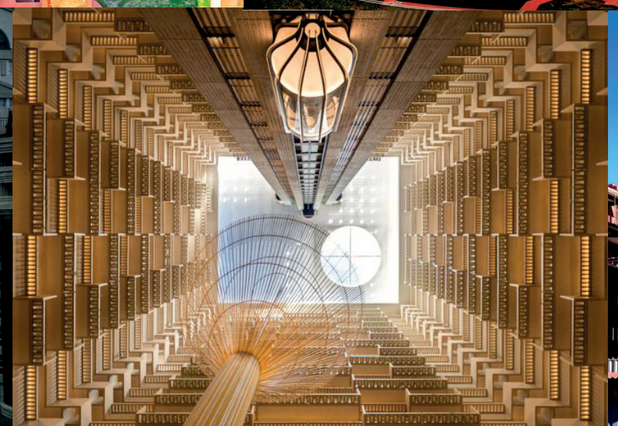
FOREWORD



CAN A BUILDING MAKE YOU LAUGH?





HUMOR

When I talk about humor, I think of it as an attitude toward life. Am I being realistic, or am I being humorous? This shift in perspective, how we choose to see our environment, is what we should strive for. Like a parasite Humor nests in OneShell Plaza, lets enjoy the stages.

Arlecchino

Humor is not the opposite of grief It is the form that grief takes when it becomes unbearable.

The world is not funny. It is indifferent. It spins without pause, without permission. Empires collapse. Marriages rot. Cities grow like boils. God speaks, if at all, in riddles that cut the tongue.

And yet I laugh.

A man slips on a staircase. We laugh because the world has betrayed him for a second, his dignity, his control, and we are reminded that we too could fall. But he gets up again. We clap. *The reality was evident everywhere.* *[5]*

I wore bells on my hat and dust on my knees. I feigned hunger even though I was actually hungry. I juggled sausages in front of bishops who spoke of sin while I ate veal. Was that a tragedy? No. It was comedy.

When they built cathedrals, they left gargoyles in the corners-monsters with grins, spitting water. That is humour. The joke that endures longer than marble.

[5] Varoufakis, Adults in the Room

„ONE MUST IMAGINE SISYPHUS HAPPY“

ALBERT CAMUS

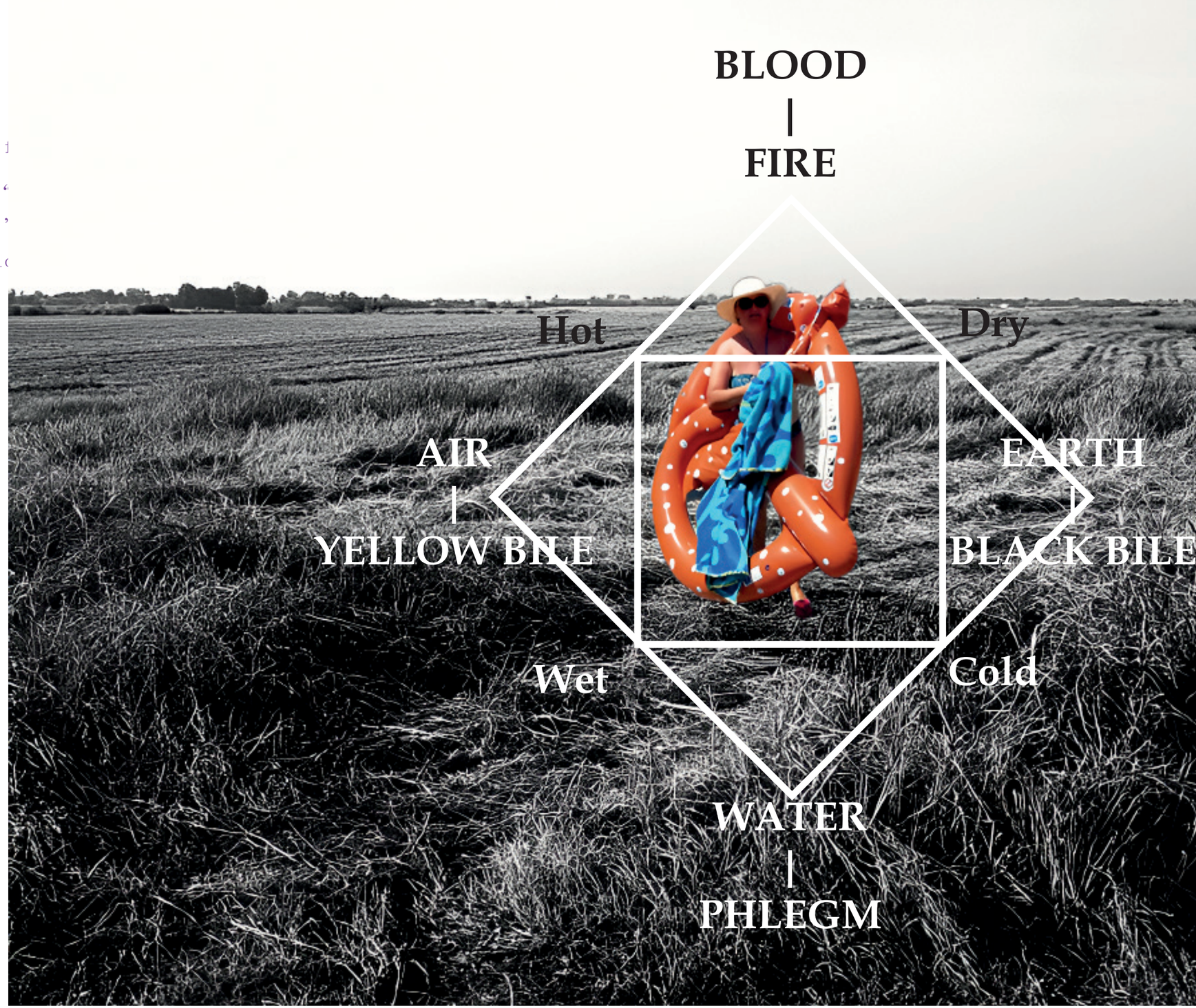
[6] Albert Camus, The Myth of Sisyphus

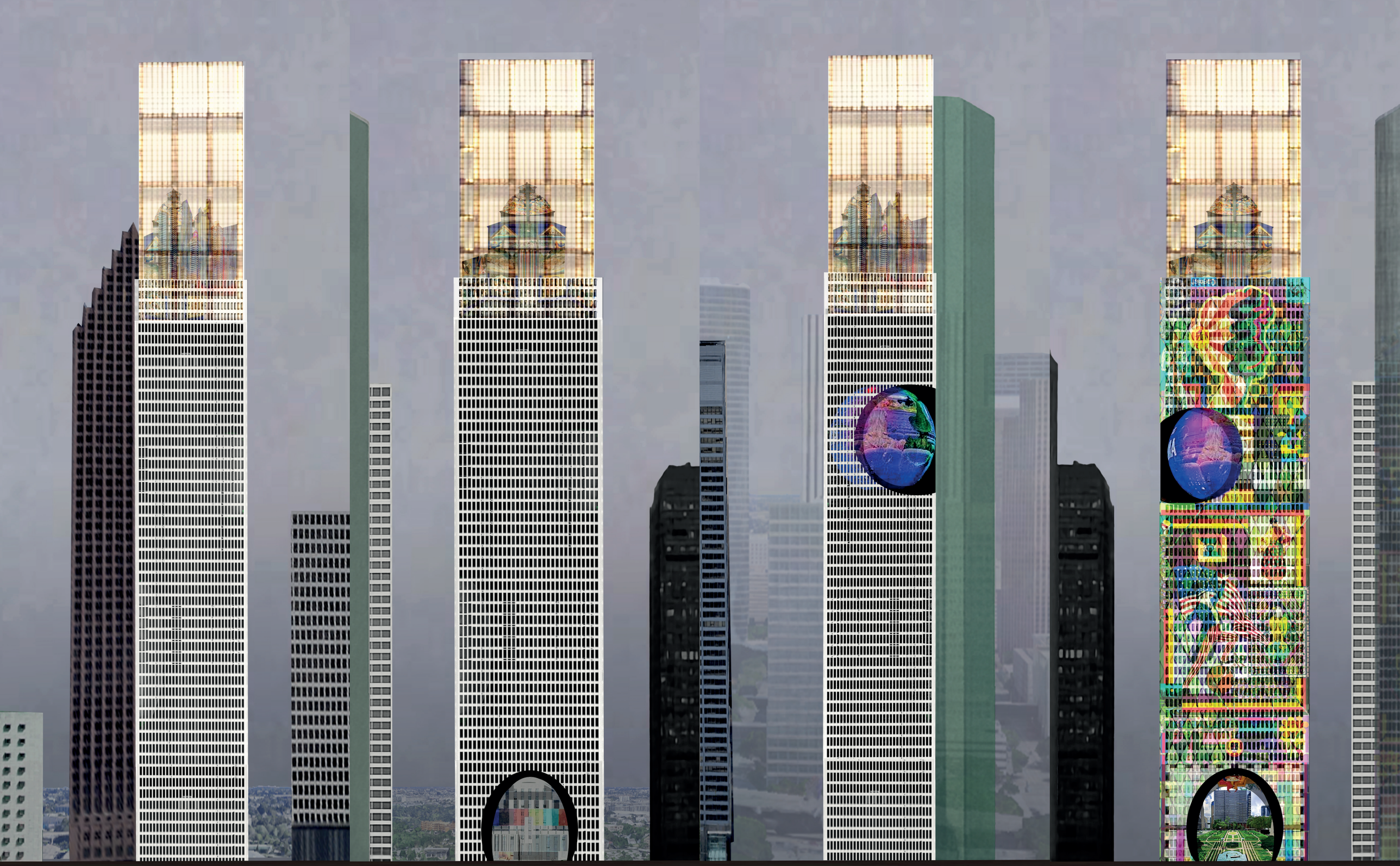
HUMOR (N.)

mid-14c., „fluid or juice of an animal or plant, “ f
French humour „liquid, dampness; (medical) humor “
Modern French humeur), from Latin umor „body fluid “
association with humus „earth “); related to umere ,
to uvescere „become wet “ (see humid).
In old medicine, „any of the four body fluids “ (blo
melancholy or black bile).

The human body had four humors—blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile—which, in turn, were associated with particular organs. Blood came from the heart, phlegm from the brain, yellow bile from the liver, and black bile from the spleen. Galen and Avicenna attributed certain elemental qualities to each humor. Blood was hot and moist, like air; phlegm was cold and moist, like water; yellow bile was hot and dry, like fire; and black bile was cold and dry, like earth. In effect, the human body was a microcosm of the larger world. [Robert S. Gottfried, „The Black Death, “ 1983]
Their relative proportions were thought to determine physical condition and state of mind. This gave humor an extended sense of „mood, temporary state of mind “ (recorded from 1520s); the sense of „amusing quality, funniness, jocular turn of mind “ is first recorded 1680s, probably via sense of „whim, caprice “ as determined by state of mind (1560s), which also produced the verb sense of „indulge (someone ‘s) fancy or disposition. “ Modern French has them as doublets: humeur „disposition, mood, whim; “ humour „humor. “ „The pronunciation of the initial h is only of recent date, and is sometimes omitted ... “ [OED].

[7] https://www.etymonline.com/word/humor





Arlecchino’s Masks: Th

BEGINNING, ARLECCHINO

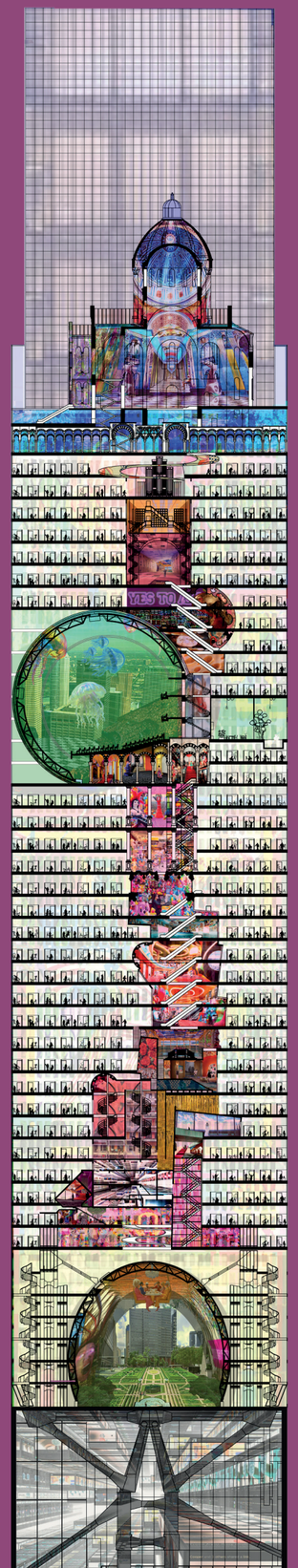
Arlecchino is in search of his calling. He does not roam these scenes to mock or disrupt, instead, he seeks to reveal the overlooked and the tender.
He goes on stage, sets up the scenery, invents theater, and imposes theater. [8]

[8] Serres, The Parasite

He do not want a retreat from life's heaviness but a new way of seeing. *Wit; not that foolish wit which is so greatly admired in society, a wit which does nothing to make life happier; but that wit which is adapted to her condition, the art of taking advantage of our position and controlling us through our own strength. [9]. It helps man in his strenuous attempt to avoid the certainty of absolute death. [10]* He moved across the plaza like an echo, searching for cracks in the facade.

The look for a "free zone" in which everyone, regardless of status, origin or faith, is equal. It is an attitude, a quiet knowing that is in his bones, a way of tilting his head to see the world askew and recognise something sweet and human in its impossibilities.
Your journey will not take you to the highest tower, but into the spaces in between and a different angles. So take a light step, tilt your head and let the plaza show you its comedy. *This is a journey to escape the shit of life by turning the absurd into something ineffable, something glorious. [23]*

[9] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
[10] Albert Camus, Hochzeit des Lichts
[11] Carter, Shaking A Legg



set design

As one of the most iconic figures in Commedia dell’Arte, a character defined by wit, agility, and controlled chaos. He began as a zanni, a servant on the margins, always hungry, always scheming, surviving through improvisation and instinct. *If he has to, he will put up with the former, but if he can he will choose the other.[12]* Though officially low in status, Arlecchino regularly outsmarts his superiors, using humor as subversion and movement as resistance. His mask, his fragmented costume, his acrobatic presence, they have come to symbolize the form itself. In this project, and across the visuals of the website, Arlecchino is more than a character, he is the method, the framework, the way of rethinking.

“He has an amusing expression, hasn’t he? [13]

[12] de Montaigne, The Complete Essays

[13] Proust, In Search of Lost Time Vol III The Guermantes Way

We can distinguish the common human nature from that which is peculiar, and therefore wonderful.[14]

Human nature,

in all its complexity, also has humorous, chaotic traits. We need to get inside the actual workings of human minds... Like a clever joke that reveals deeper truths. The presentation of the comedic scenes is not just the architecture as a static element, but as something that unfolds dynamically and vividly on stage.

The perspective that is introduced has not only transformed the space into a simple backdrop, but has created a whole new dimension of perception. The stage became not just a place for acting, but active in it self. In the place of infinite flux the system identifies a particularity.

[14] Augustine, The City of God

SEBASTIANO SERLIO

The stage buildings for this should be private houses; that is, belonging to citizens, merchants, lawyers, parasites and other similar characters.
Above all there should be a bawd's house and an Inn. A temple is absolutely essential.[15]

[15] Sebastiano Serlio, on architecture

TUTTE L'OPERE D'ARCHITETTURA ET PROSPETTIVA

Sebastiano Serlio, architect in the game,
Renaissance visionary,
no one has ever built anything so strange.
Not just walls, he drew a plan,
how to think stage, visually, radically.

He wrote treatises, turned theatre into images,
tragedy, satire, comedy, all precise, wild.
No castles, no gold, no crowned face,
he gave us houses, a inn, the temple in the light.

The bawd´s house stands not for splendour,
but for ruptures,
for laughter in chaos, for spaces with treachery.
„on humor.“, it becomes a building philosophy,
because Serlio ‘s vision begins again today.

Fontainebleau, 1553

Serlios quote hung in the air like smoke from the brazier, caught somewhere between Arlecchino's lips and the low ceiling of the bawd's parlor. He said it aloud with the kind of theatricality that clings to the end of a sentence like rouge to a cheek.

He was reclining on a velvet chaise that smelled of old perfume and risk. Serlio sat across from him on a sagging chair, framed by a broken harp and a bead curtain that hadn't fully decided whether it was open or closed. T*his could be caused by the darkness or by some kind of humor.[16]*

"Those are your words, yes?" Arlecchino asked. "I found them scrawled in a book next to an anatomy diagram and a wine stain. What does it even mean? You want a temple in a comedy? *If I would have simply copied it, it would be rather boring [17]*"

Serlio didn't flinch. He looked older than the furniture but less used. His hands were folded, not in piety, but in the mild caution of a man who knew what questions cost.

"Yes, they're mine," he said. "And no, it isn't boring. You just prefer when the walls fall down."

Arlecchino grinned. "I prefer when they forget they're walls at all."

Outside, a lute player missed three notes in a row. Upstairs, a woman laughed and coughed at the same time. The whole house breathed like an old dog, restless but loyal.

"And why," Arlecchino continued, "does the bawd's house get pride of place in your great treatise on stage scenery?"

"Because it's honest," Serlio said. "*See Hugh Hefner, That Toddlin' Town: A Rowdy Burlesque of Chicago Manners and Morals. [18]* A bawd's house is everything architecture usually pretends not to be. Temporary. Improvised. Full of contradictions. But it functions. It contains secrets and reveals them on cue. It's theatrical by nature."

Arlecchino raised a brow. "So you're saying this place is a model for design?"

Serlio nodded. "For comedic stage scenery, yes. When I drew the designs, I imagined lives. Arguments heard through walls. Mistaken identities at doorways. The scenery must be familiar but slightly off. Lived-in, but strange.

[16] Aquinas, Summa Theologica

[17] Lotz, The Art of Gerhard Richter

[18] Preciado, Pornotopia An Essay on Playboys Architecture and Biopolitics

It’ s not about control. It’ s about invitation. The comedic stage doesn’ t tell the story—it allows it. It frames the farce, gives structure to the disorder.”

Arlecchino swirled the wine in his cup. “And the temple? You wrote it’ s ‘absolutely essential.’ Strange thing to include next to a bawd’ s house.”

Serlio didn’ t look away. “*Not many, I suspect, would think so, though it would be absurd to deny that the architecture of a building has a profound impact on those who live and work within, or, indeed, near it. [19]* Because even the most wicked world needs something sacred. Not serious, sacred. It’ s there to be misunderstood. It ‘s a reminder that even the divine can be pulled into the plot.”

Arlecchino set his cup down, leaned back, and stared at the ceiling like it might finally collapse. “I always thought stages were about the actors. But you make it sound like the walls matter too.”

“They do,” Serlio said. “If the actor falls and no one sees him, is it still comedy?”

Then Arlecchino leaned in, eyes glinting.

“Tell me, Serlio. If I ever walk onto a stage built from your design… and I knock on the temple door wearing a fake mustache, running from a jealous widow, holding a pie, what happens?”

[19] Coomans, Loci Sacri

ONE SHELL PLAZA

Arlecchino, the trickster, finds his challenge in the One Shell Plaza, a monument to boredom in which humor has no place. Inspired by Sebastiano Serlio and his writing „on comic stage scenery“ Arlecchino sees an opportunity.

Can he make a building laugh?

join the joke

The architecture reflects the irony that, while humans strive for freedom, their flaws and desires lead them to the office. *Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains. [20]*

Disillusioned by the stagnant monotony of his neighbors in One Shell Plaza, the finance bros and important people, Arlecchino finds himself isolated, alienated by their inability to laugh at the meaninglessness of their own existence. *They do not know it, but they are doing it. [21]* They are lame, shackled to their dull certainties.

The economic and cultural heart of Houston shines with its multitude of identical cubes. Where every skyscraper looks like its neighbor. Even more impressive than the many identical shapes are the inhabitants of these concrete blocks, who differ mainly in their importance.

[20] Jean-Jacques Rousseau, The Social Contrac

[21] Slavoj i ek (on ideology, via Marx)

I LOSE MYSELF IN THE BUILDING, CIRCLING THROUGH THE GRAY CORRIDORS. EVERY FLOOR IS THE SAME, EVERY DOOR OFFERS THE SAME IMAGE: A HANDFUL OF CHAIRS AND A COLLECTION OF DESKS, THE SMELL OF BAD COFFEE AND PEOPLE PRETENDING TO BE BUSY. I GO DEEPER AND TRY TO FIND SOMETHING DIFFERENT, SOMETHING ALIVE, BUT IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME TIRED IMAGE, THE SAME QUIET PLAY OF BUSYNESS, AND I WONDER IF ANYONE REMEMBERS WHAT THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DOING HERE.

not a love letter

There it stood, in slow, indecent increments:
One Shell Plaza.
A building named after something that used to be alive. That says enough, doesn’t it?
I watched from a sunburned bench across the street, my mask tilted slightly, not for drama, but to block the glare.
The construction workers moved like ants building a tomb they would one day rent by the square foot. I sipped from a bottle wrapped in a brown paper bag, as if the bag were ashamed of its contents, and thought: How boring. What a boring and annoying rock.

Ugly. Reasonable. Rational. Each steel beam was a sentence without poetry. Each window a repetition. It was the architecture of “don’t ask questions.” A skyscraper designed not to reach heaven but to pretend gravity never mattered. *Modern architecture is a machine for living in. But sometimes it forgets that people are not machines.[22]*

I wanted to throw a banana peel at the foreman. I wanted to install a trapeze in the lobby. I wanted the fire escape to spiral like a seashell, useless and magnificent. But I just sat there, sweating, wondering: Could it someday laugh?

They say I’m a fool. A zanni. A minor role in someone else’s plot. But I’ve lived longer than all their empires. I’ve danced through plagues, wars, marriages. I’ve seen men cry harder over parking tickets than funerals. *Man is nothing else but what he makes of himself.[23]*
And through it all, I’ve learned this: the only truth worth carrying is the one that slips through your fingers when you try to hold it too tightly.

One Shell Plaza... It had the posture of a temple, but no gods inside, just insurance offices. I’ve always thought temples are only as holy as their questions. This building asked nothing. It simply insisted.

Still, I watched.

Because part of me hoped I’d misjudged it. That maybe beneath all that white stone and glass, there was something warmer, stranger, like an inn, waiting to open its door. A place where wandering souls could take off their shoes and drink until their masks slipped, where laughter rose like steam from soup.

I’ve known places like that. I’ve performed in them. Small stages, creaking floors, wild applause from five people and a dog.

But this tower wants applause without performance.

[22] Le Corbusier (subverted)

[23] Jean-Paul Sartre, Existentialism Is a Humanism

A man walked by in a suit so clean it looked painful. He didn’t look at me. I doubt he even saw me. That’s the beauty of the mask, I can be invisible without disappearing. *I am seen, therefore I am.*[24]

Still, I smiled. I almost offered him a riddle. Instead, I traced a circle on the bench with my finger. Maybe a stage.

I thought about the bawd’s house in Naples where I once hid during a thunderstorm, reading Plato aloud to a half-asleep girl with a black eye and perfect posture. That place was honest, at least. There were rules, but they were flexible. There was suffering, but also soup, and singing, and the possibility of escape.

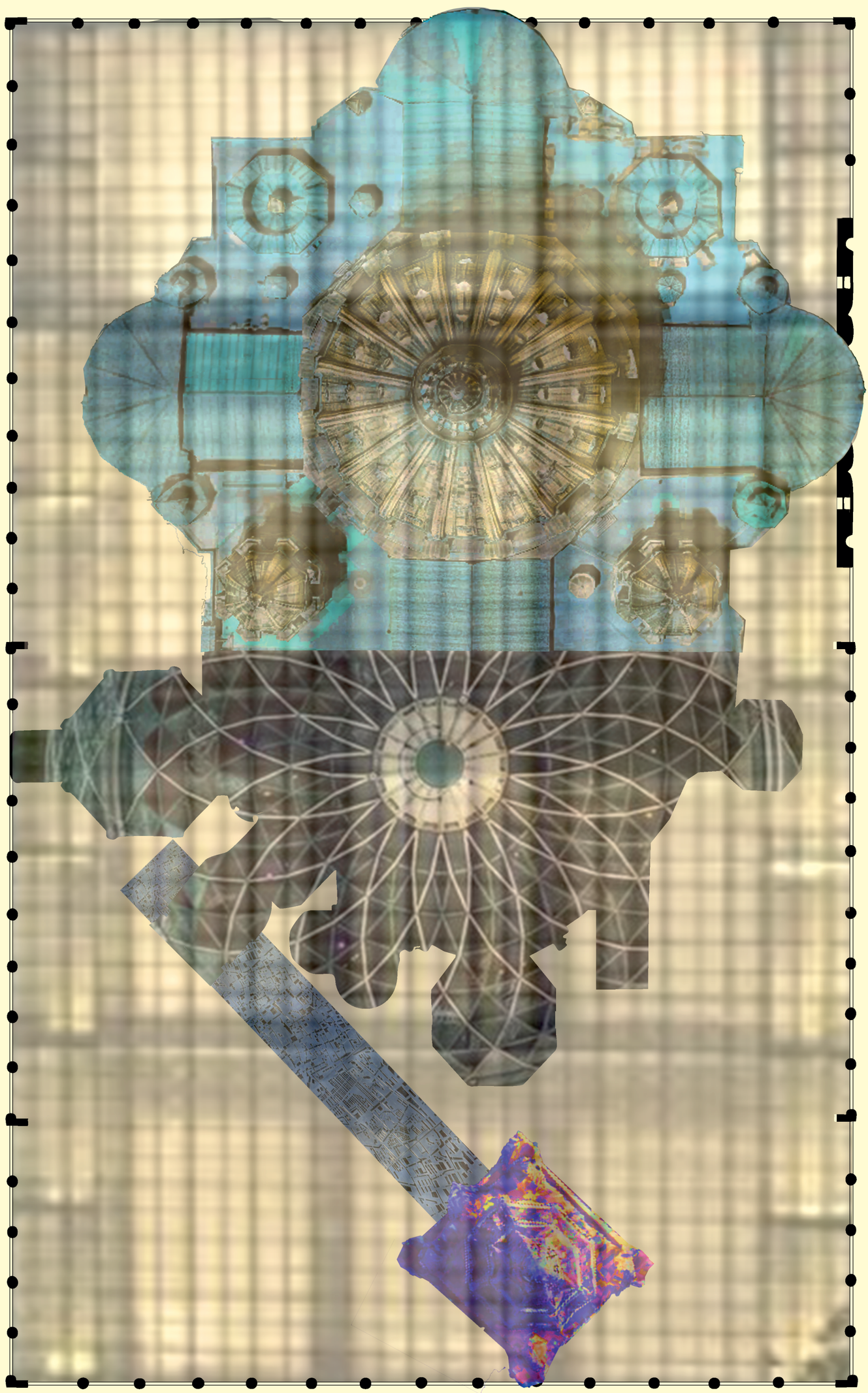
One Shell Plaza will never offer escape. It is a destination for those who mistake glass for truth. *Transparency is the new opacity.*[25]

But I will return, someday. I’ll come back in a different mask. I’ll walk through those revolving doors and ask to speak to the manager. Then I’ll open my briefcase and let out a hundred trained pigeons, all wearing bowties.

Until then, I keep moving.

—A.

[24] Frantz Fanon, Black Skin, White Masks
[25] Byung-Chul Han, The Transparency Society

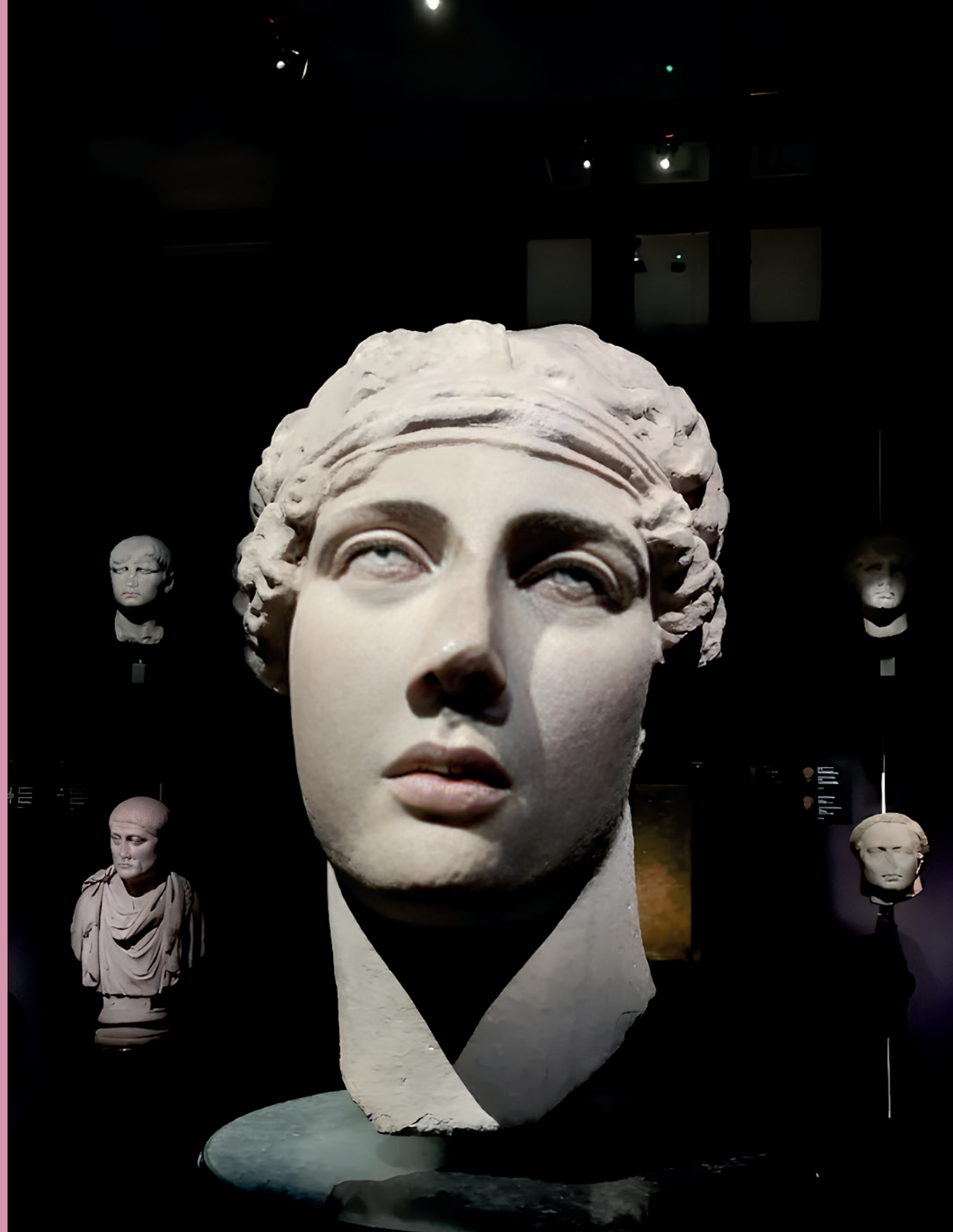


BODY FLUIDS

The human body had four humors, blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile, which, in turn, were associated with particular organs. Blood came from the heart, phlegm from the brain, yellow bile from the liver, and black bile from the spleen.Galen and Avicenna attributed certain elemental qualities
to each humor. Blood was hot and moist, like air; phlegm was cold and moist, like water; yellow bile was hot and dry, like fire; and black bile was cold and dry,like earth. Like the human body is a microcosmos of the larger world.[26]

[26] [7] https://www.etymonline.com/word/humor

THE EXTENDED SENSE

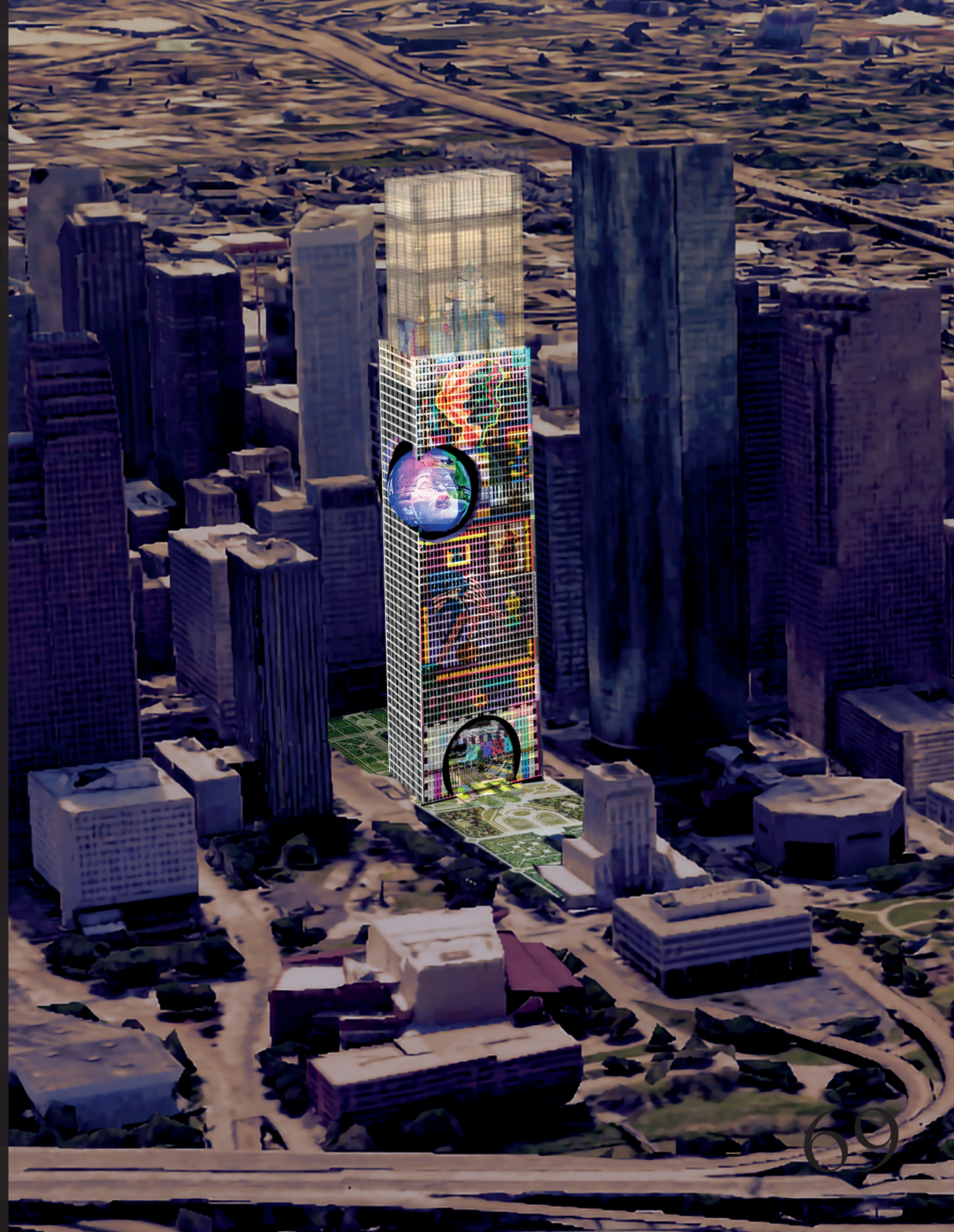


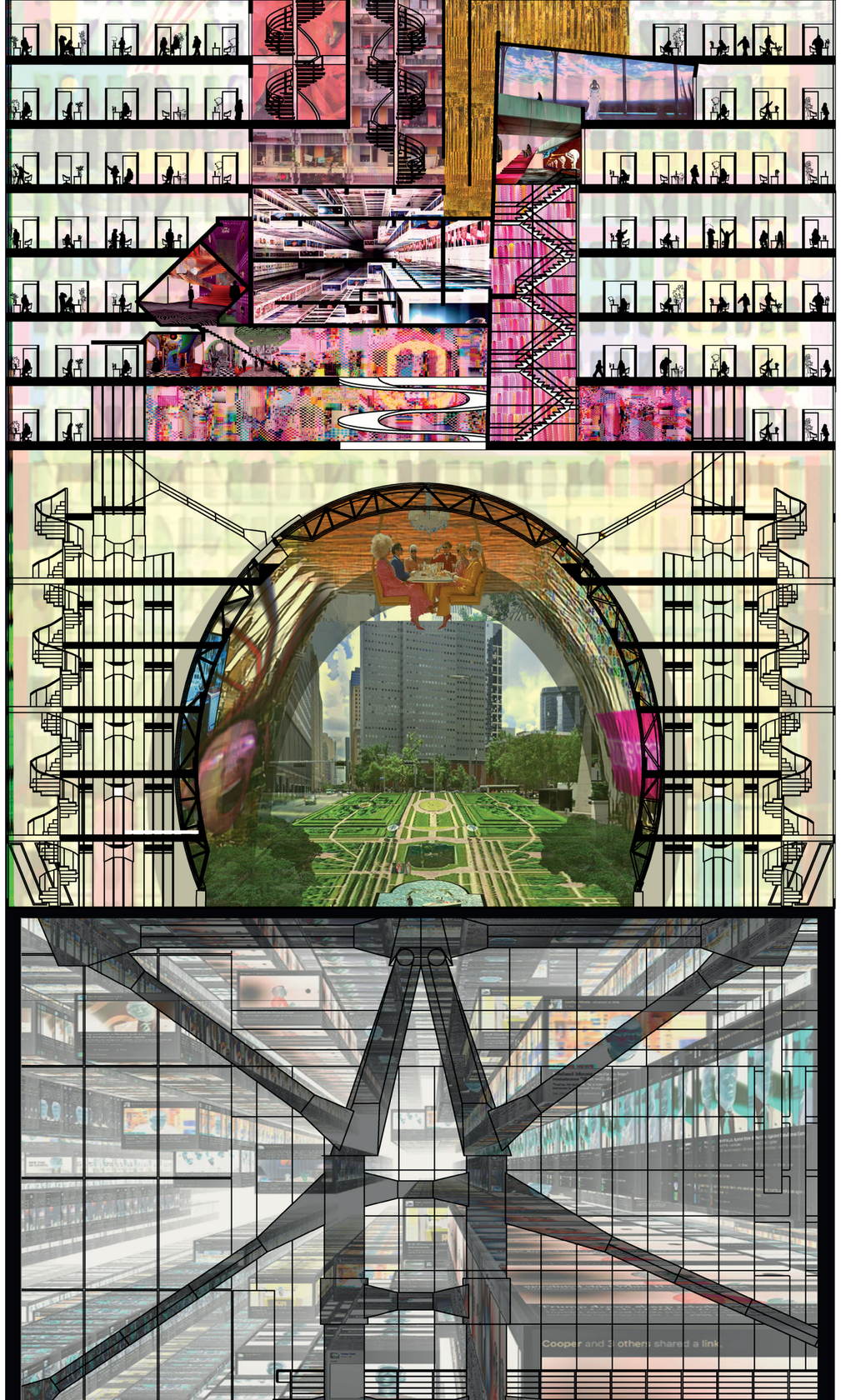
THE IDEA THAT THE BODY IS A MICROCOSM OF THE WORLD MEANS EVERY EMOTION IS A BATTLE OF ELEMENTS, FIRE (ANGER), WATER (INDIFFERENCE), AIR (JOY), AND EARTH (MELANCHOLIA). *THERE IS MORE WISDOM IN YOUR BODY THAN IN YOUR DEEPEST PHILOSOPHY. [27]*
IMAGINE A PHYSICAL COMEDY! FOR THAT WE NEED A STAGE.
WHEN WE SPEAK OF HUMOUR, WE CONJURE UP A PARADOX: THE IMMEDIATE AND YET INCOMPREHENSIBLE THAT DEFIES SYSTEMATIZATION. *THE LOGIC OF THE ABSURD IS MORE REAL THAN THAT OF REASON. [28]* IT IS A SHIFT IN PERCEPTION, A TILTING OF THE AXIS ON WHICH WE STAND. ARLECCHINO SHAKES THE BODILY FLUIDS AND THE TRUE ATTITUDE EMERGES.

[27] Friedrich Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra

[28] Albert Camus, The Myth of Sisyphus

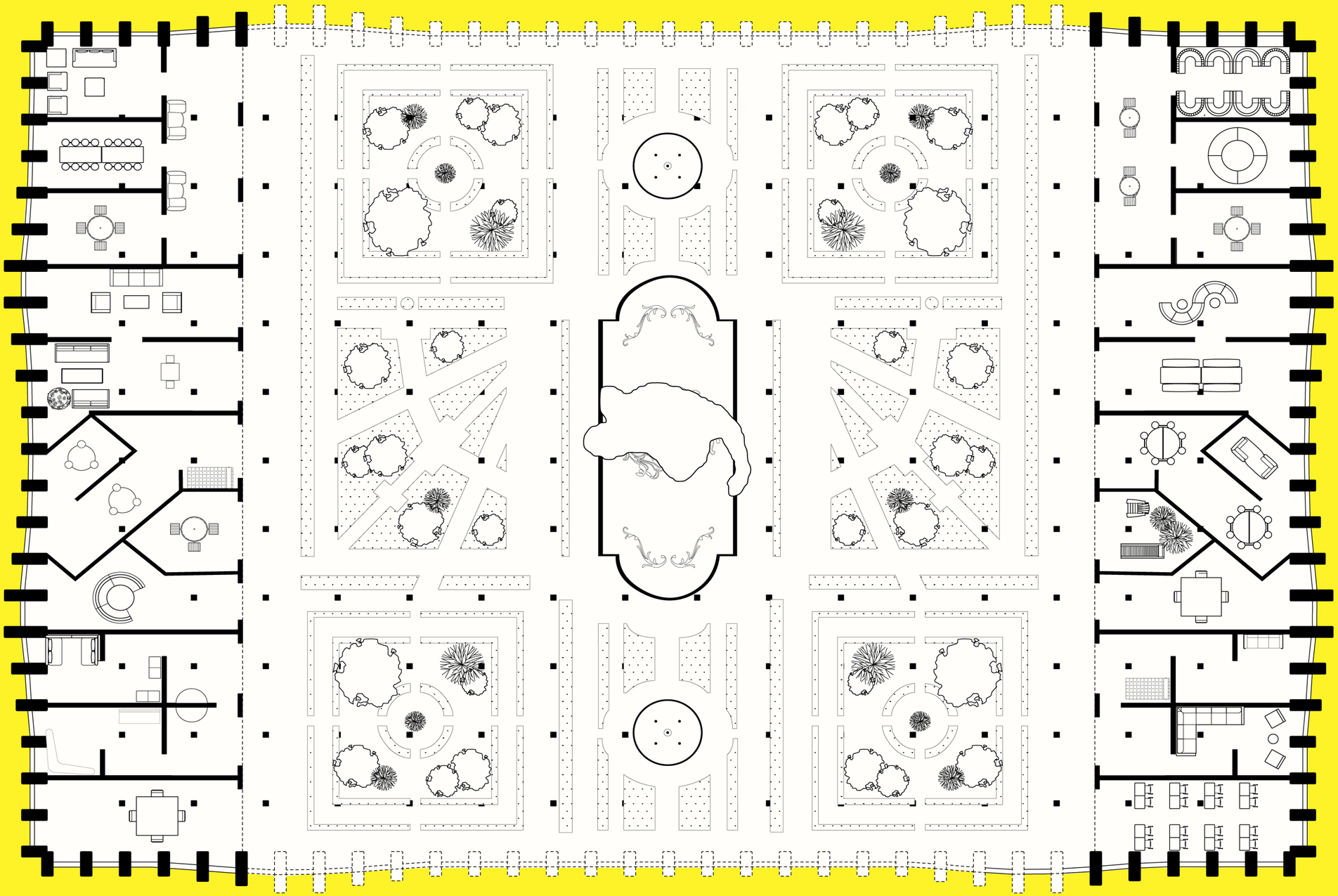
ON COMIC STAGE SCENERY





THE INN

THE INN IS ANGER, HERE, WORDS
ARE THROWN LIKE PUNCHES, AND
HUMOR IS
THE ONLY WEAPON THAT
LANDS WITHOUT DRAWING
BLOOD. THE COMEDIAN
STIRS THE EMBERS,
TEASING THE CROWD, COAXING
SPARKS, WILL THEY ERUPT IN
LAUGHTER OR SMOLDER IN SILENCE?



The priate house, a domestic stage where the sacred mischief of Arlecchino seeps into everyday life.

Wiktoria Violetta Sadło
on humor.

A inn - floor plan
scale 1_100

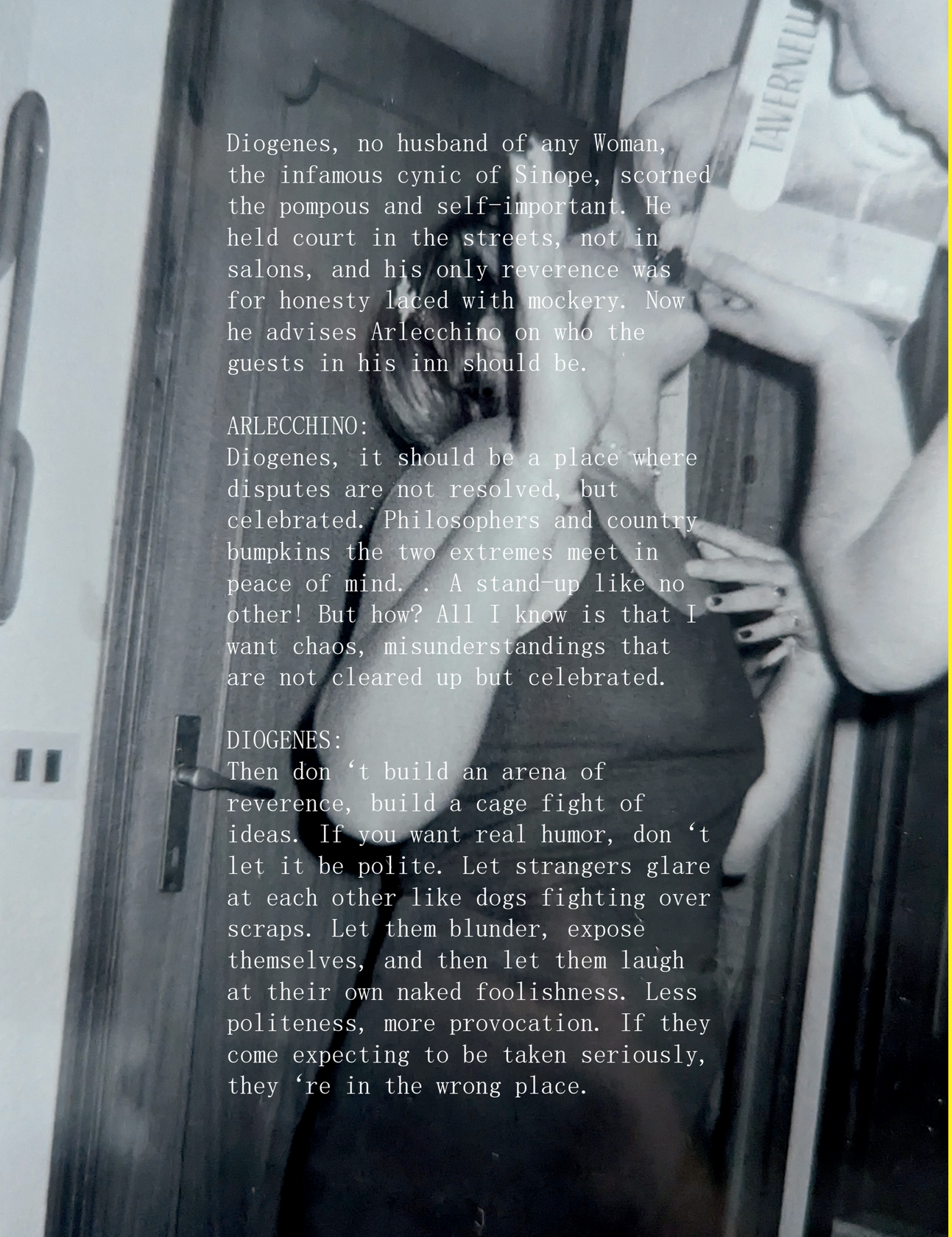
SPIRITUAL CONSEQUENCES OF OUR EARTHLY DECISION AND HOW TO STOP THEM. A STAND-UP [29]

[29] FRANS FRANCKEN II

They consider life as a journey, and their house as an inn. [30] This is where plots unfold and encounters are expected. There is gossip and bribery. *It´s a place for drinking, smoking, and laughing with all their might and main. [31]* It is a mixture of twinkle and tension. A social mixing and comedic disorder.

[30] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
[31] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works

UNFOLD THE CHAOS



Diogenes, no husband of any Woman, the infamous cynic of Sinope, scorned the pompous and self-important. He held court in the streets, not in salons, and his only reverence was for honesty laced with mockery. Now he advises Arlecchino on who the guests in his inn should be.

ARLECCHINO:
Diogenes, it should be a place where disputes are not resolved, but celebrated. Philosophers and country bumpkins the two extremes meet in peace of mind. . A stand-up like no other! But how? All I know is that I want chaos, misunderstandings that are not cleared up but celebrated.

DIOGENES:
Then don ‘t build an arena of reverence, build a cage fight of ideas. If you want real humor, don ‘t let it be polite. Let strangers glare at each other like dogs fighting over scraps. Let them blunder, expose themselves, and then let them laugh at their own naked foolishness. Less politeness, more provocation. If they come expecting to be taken seriously, they ‘re in the wrong place.

ARLECCHINO:
But what are we really laughing at?

DIOGENES.
At ourselves, fool. At the absurdity of those who think themselves wise. Let the joke be a mirror. If they want a quite place, send them running.

ARLECCHINO:
Why do we need it so badly?

DIOGENES:
To forget about reason. If we always remain reasonable, then we also remain predictable. Then we only laugh at what ‘s allowed and leave nothing but polite smirks in our wake. But we want genuine laughter. The comedian expresses what the philosopher hides behind riddles.

With these words, Diogenes reads, Arrchlechino builds. And he created the most quick-witted arena in the entire One shell plaza.

It is a lobby but only as a formality.

This garden embodies the Renaissance ideal of otium, a contemplative leisure that contrasts with the bustling negotium of urban life.

The transition is not rushed. The movement is delayed, stretched out, made solemn. The walls lean forward slightly, as if they want to say something, but then don ‘t.

The humor here is phlegmatic, slow-burning, architecturally motionless. The lake in the middle, absurd, but presented with a serious expression. The chandelier remains suspended, not in sublimity, but in indifference.

Nothing happens. And in this nothingness, everything is rehearsed. Arlecchino has already walked through it and left his footprints.

MASTERY AND INTENTION.

Let´s break the boundaries of structure. Too much improvisation empties the mind in a stupid way. And that is the state we want to achieve. The last time you created something from scratch, producing results that feel uniquely authentic and raw.

Try to leave the audience with the feeling that they ‘ve encountered something not just crafted, but artfully composed. *The Higher composition.[32]*

[32] Marx, Collected Works

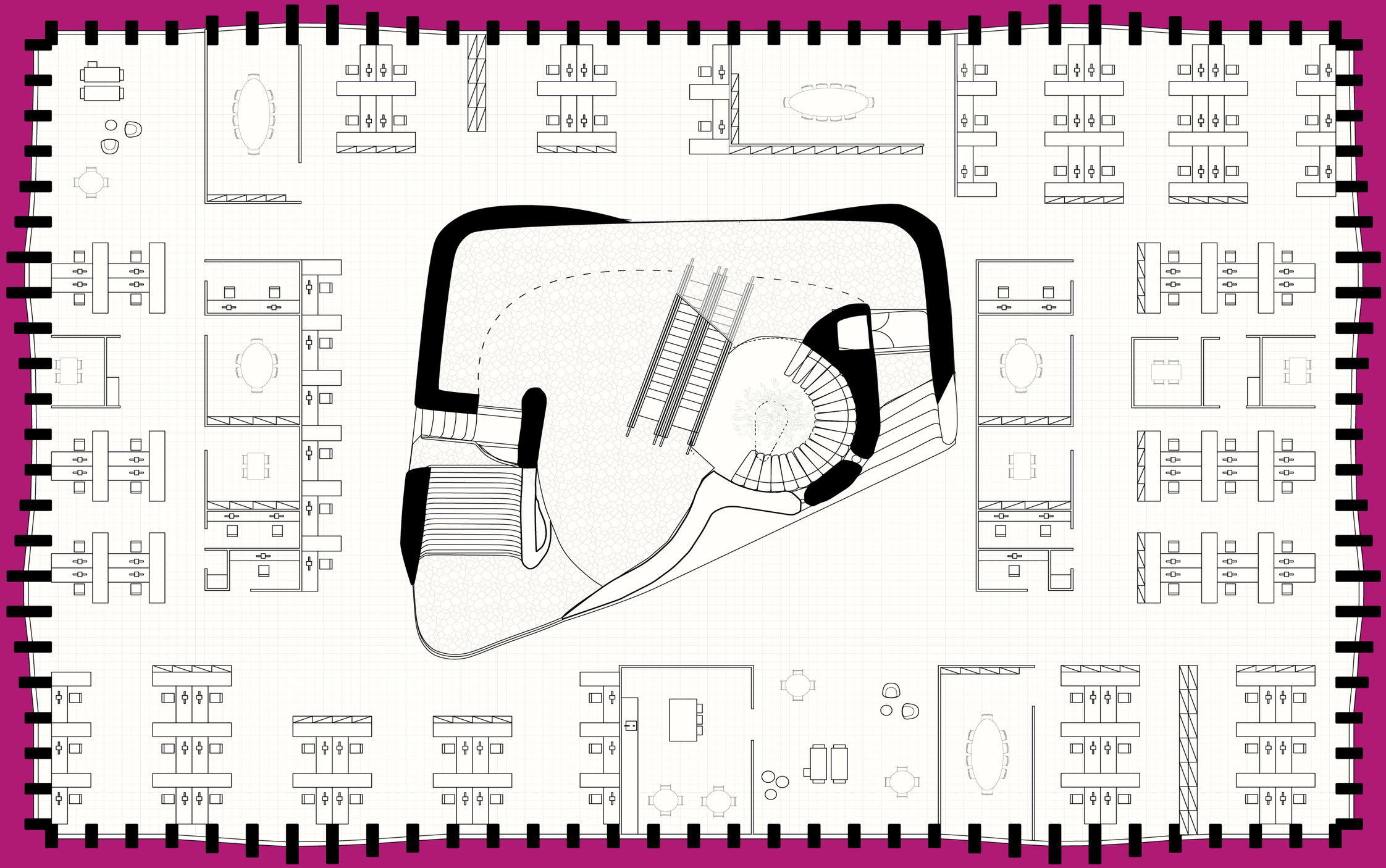
THE ANARCHIC NATURE OF HUMOR

It doesn´t need an Aristotle to indicate that the number of basic jokes in finite, and that comedy is based on infinite variations on a handful of themes. Laughter is mankin´s safety valve, themeans by rogance is deflated, human weaknesses revealed. *The greate clowns tell us much about the condition of man. [33]*

[33] George Perry, Life of Python

THE BAWD´S HOUSE

WATER FLOWS, INDULGES AND SOOTHES,JUST LIKE THE BAWD'S HOUSE. IT IS A PLACE OF PLEASURE, EXCESS,AND LANGUID EASE, WHERE WORRIES DISSOLVE AND NOTHING IS URGENT. THE PHLEGMATIC HUMOR REIGNS HERE, WHERE NOTHING NEEDS TO BE DECIDED, WHERE LIFE IS JUST A SLOW, PLEASURABLE DRIFT.



The Bawd's House is a labyrinth of seduction and strategy, a spatial trick where desire choreographs movement.

Wiktoria Violetta Sadlo
on humor.

A bawd´s house - floor plan
scale 1_100

a connection between human and divine.
Collaboration between Andy Warhol and Michelangelo.

IF YOU WANT TO FIND YOUR HUMOR, YOU'D BETTER BURLESQUE

stage where you can both experience and enjoy burlesque

INDECENT, LEWD, OBSCENE, BAWDY, RAUNCHY, LICENTIOUS, SALACIOUS, LASCIVIOUS, DIRTY, SMUTTY, SCANDALOUS,

COARSE, RIBALD, RISQUÉ, EARTHY, PRURIENT, NASTY, SUGGESTIVE, LEWD, TAWDRY, BAWDY, DEBAUCHED

People think burlesque is about taking your clothes off.
But really, it ‘s about putting on a show, your own way, on your own terms. [34]

I enjoy my power, my body, my image, and
I share it with you, on my terms.
I will tease you, I will pull apart and clean you.
I perform so you feel something.
Power. Pleasure. A slow-burning laugh that curls like smoke.

It is a strange thing that this grandioseness and this burlesque should be amicable neighbors, that all this majesty should not be thrown into disorder by all this parody, and that the same mouth can to day blow into the trump of the Judgment Day, and to morrow into the reed flute! [35]

When you laugh—truly laugh, you open.
When you desire—fully desire, you surrender.
Burlesque lives in that breath between the two.

[34] Dita von Teese

[35] Hugo, Les Miserables

I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW THAT I KNOW THAT

BURLESQUE IS STAGING AND TRANSITION, INSIGHTS BECOME VIEWS.

Circulation as seduction.
Movement as attitude.
Humor as bite.

No architecture of
efficiency.
The stairs not only lead,
they announce.

A choreography of the spectacle.

Bawd ‘s House, it laughs out loud. Its humor is choleric: provocative, loud and studded with sequins. *I ‘m not trying to be mysterious. I deliver an open fantasy. [36]*

Doors frame views. Corridors demand. In circulation, it seduces.

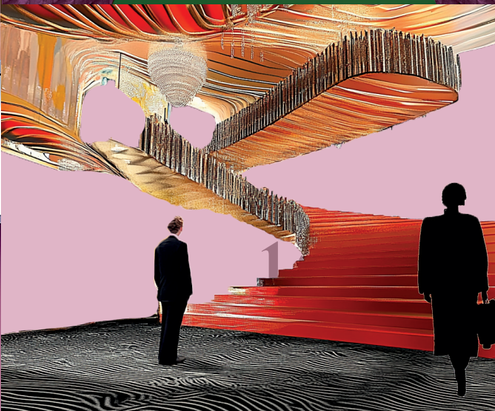
[36] Dita von Teese

Burlesque is a doing.
It is not a state, not a style, not a mask, it is an act of appropriation.
Those who burlesque make the world their own, by undressing it and staging it.

Burlesque means suggesting instead of revealing.
It is a game with the almost.
The moment just before the laughter, the hand that hesitates, the glint in the eye.

We don ‘t burlesque in order to expose.
Those who burlesque don ‘t show everything but it shows that there is more.

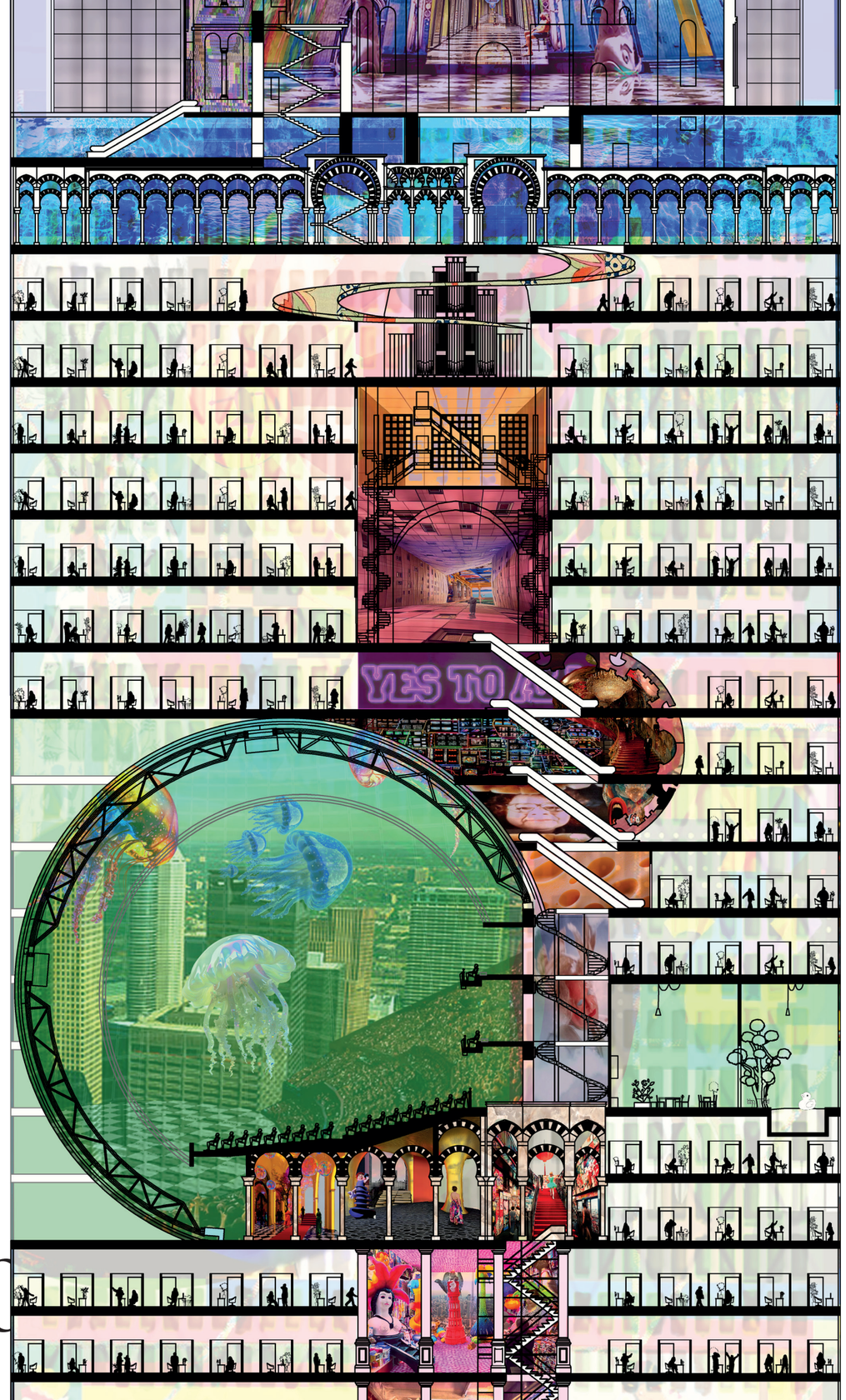
ESTABLISHING BAWDY BEHAVIOR



JUICE OF AN ANIMAL

The March Hare is, of course, part of this chaos. *It cannot and never will be anything more in the modern state; but that is enough. [37]* He throws spoons as if they were declarations and insists that every teaspoon of sugar is solemnly argued over. His philosophy: 'Why slurp when you can spill?' And yet his chaos has a rhythm, an absurd precision. *He keeps the energy alive, and energy is national character [38]* of the Tea Party.

[37] Marx, Collected Works.
[38] Harrison Wood Gaiger, Art in Theory 1648 1815



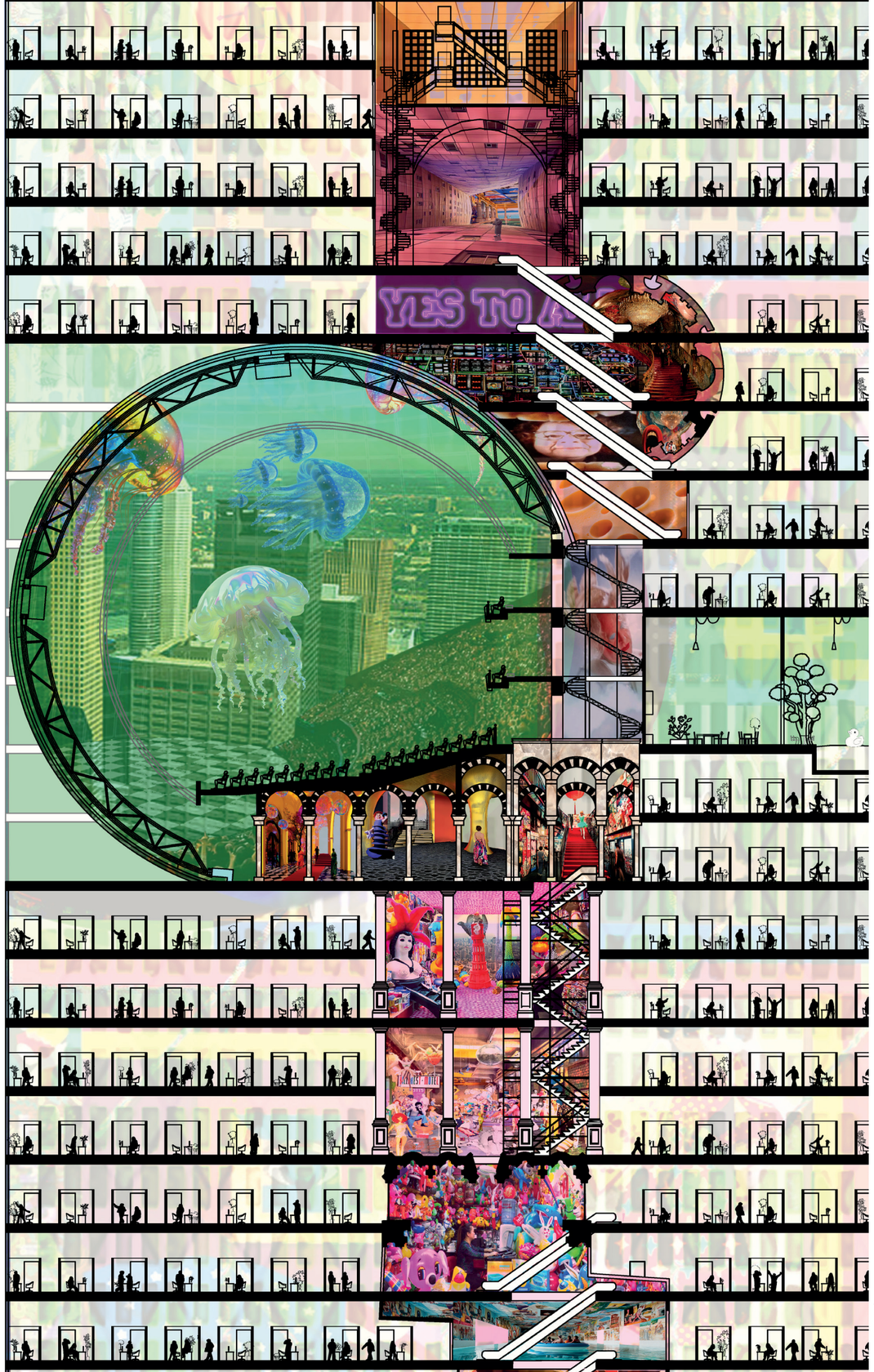
LIQUID, DAMPNESS

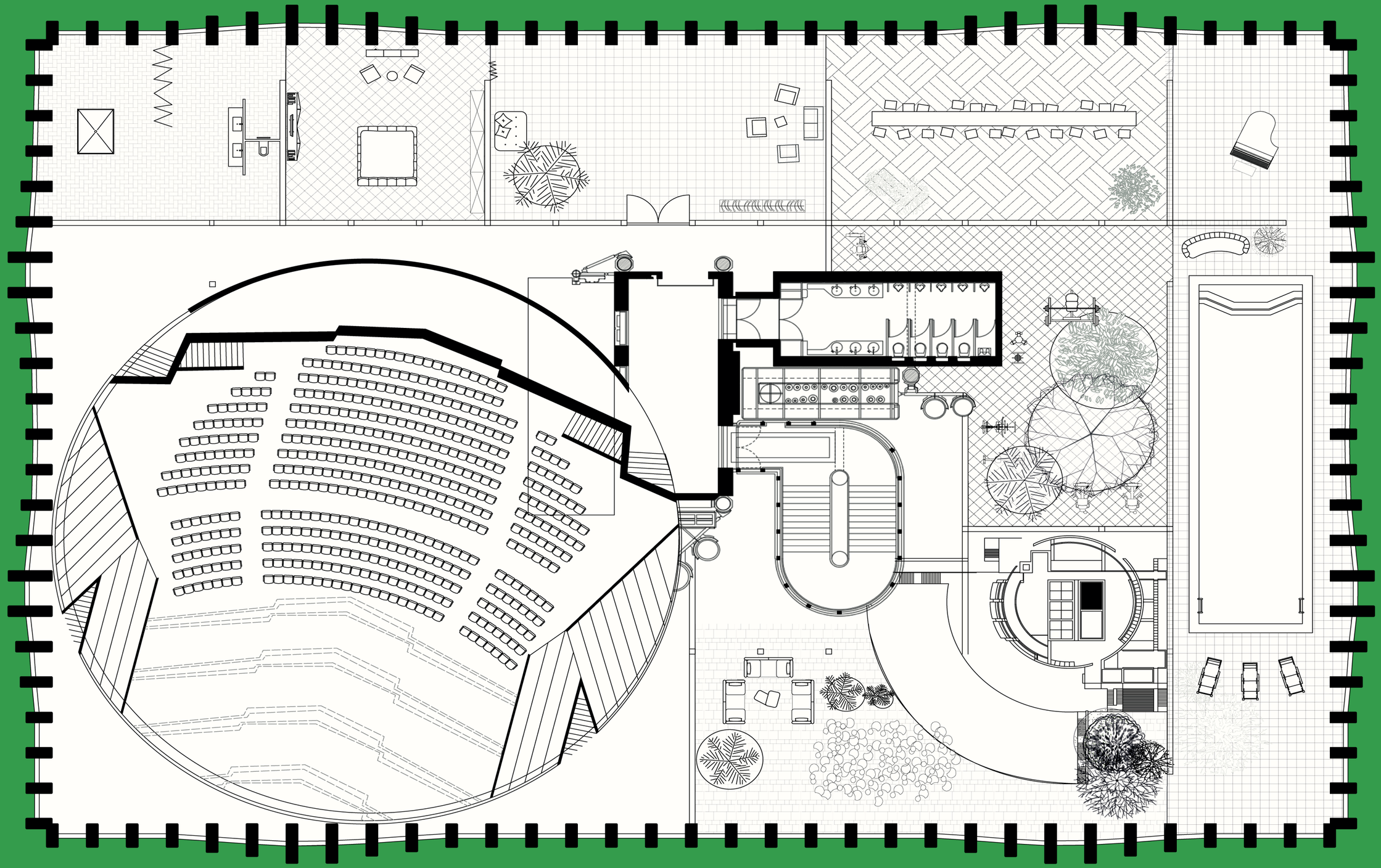
Everything can be parodied, even parody.[39] Darling, her work is a delicious blend of mischief and wit, dancing around taboo with the grace of a rebel. She doesn‘t just flirt with societal norms, she outright teases them, all while embracing the mess. *Allow her a sense of self mockery.[40]* It ‘s the kind of humor that makes you blush. *It will end, as it began, by a parody.[41]*

[39] Hugo, Les Miserables
[40] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[41] Marx, Collected Works

THE PRIVATE HOUSES

A SANGUINE HOUSE NEVER SETTLES;
IT IS LIGHT, PLAYFUL AND FILLED
WITH THE CHATTER OF A WORLD
THAT NEVER STOPS SPINNING
LIKE THE PRIVATE HOUSE IS IN A
CONSTANT SWIRL OF AIR.

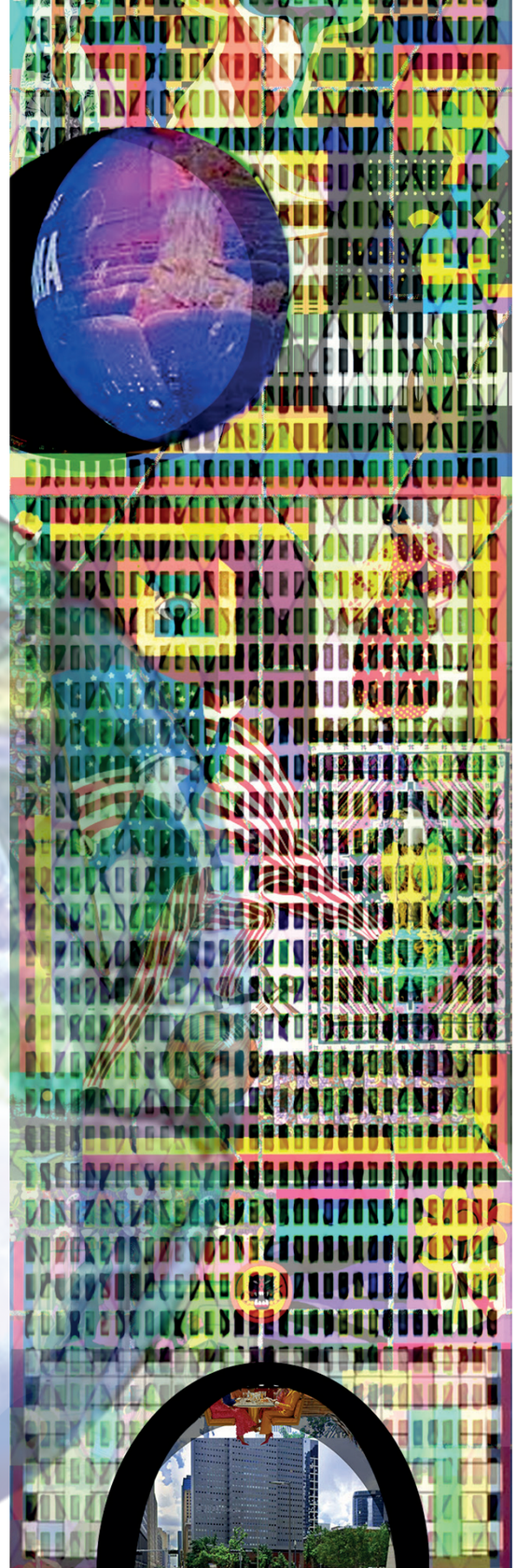




The private house, a domestic stage where the sacred mischief of Arlecchino seeps into everyday life.

Wiktoria Violetta Sadlo
on humor.

A private house - floor plan
scale 1_100



HUMOR OF SHARED IGNORANCE

The more that I think about houses, *The more things are houses for things. [42]* A shell is a house for a snail. A shoe is a house for a foot. Even the sky is a house for clouds. *And in this case there' s a paperbox a kingdom for a child [43]* or a castle for a spider.
And a house for Arrlecchino is a mask, a facade.

[42] Morton, Hyperobjects
[43] Marx, Collected Works

THE INSIDER

I am in possession of a secret concerning an individual.[44] It is not any change that takes place inside of it. [45] It has always been there, you just have to bring it to light. *If that meant pretending to be an insider, so be it.[46]* I like to pounce on my idiosyncrasies or truths about my own being. *Truth and reason are common to all: they no more belong to the man who first put them into words than to him who last did so.[47]* Why should it be any different with laughter? *And they do and he laughs.[48] Stand up![49]* Stand up and tell. Tell your insiders and storys. Tell your deepest and darkest story. And laugh. Laugh about it! *What did this laugh say, when you could not speak?[50]*

[44] Hugo, Les Miserables
[45] Marx, Collected Works
[46] Varoufakis, Adults in the Room
[47] de Montaigne, The Complete Essays
[48] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[49] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[50] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works

THE PRIVATE HOUSE BECOMES THE BACKDROP, THE AUDIENCE INFINITE. HERE IS WHERE THE DRAMA UNFOLDS AND THE TEA IS SPILLED.
THE CEILING IS STAINED WITH EMOTION, THEN THE CURTAIN OPENS.

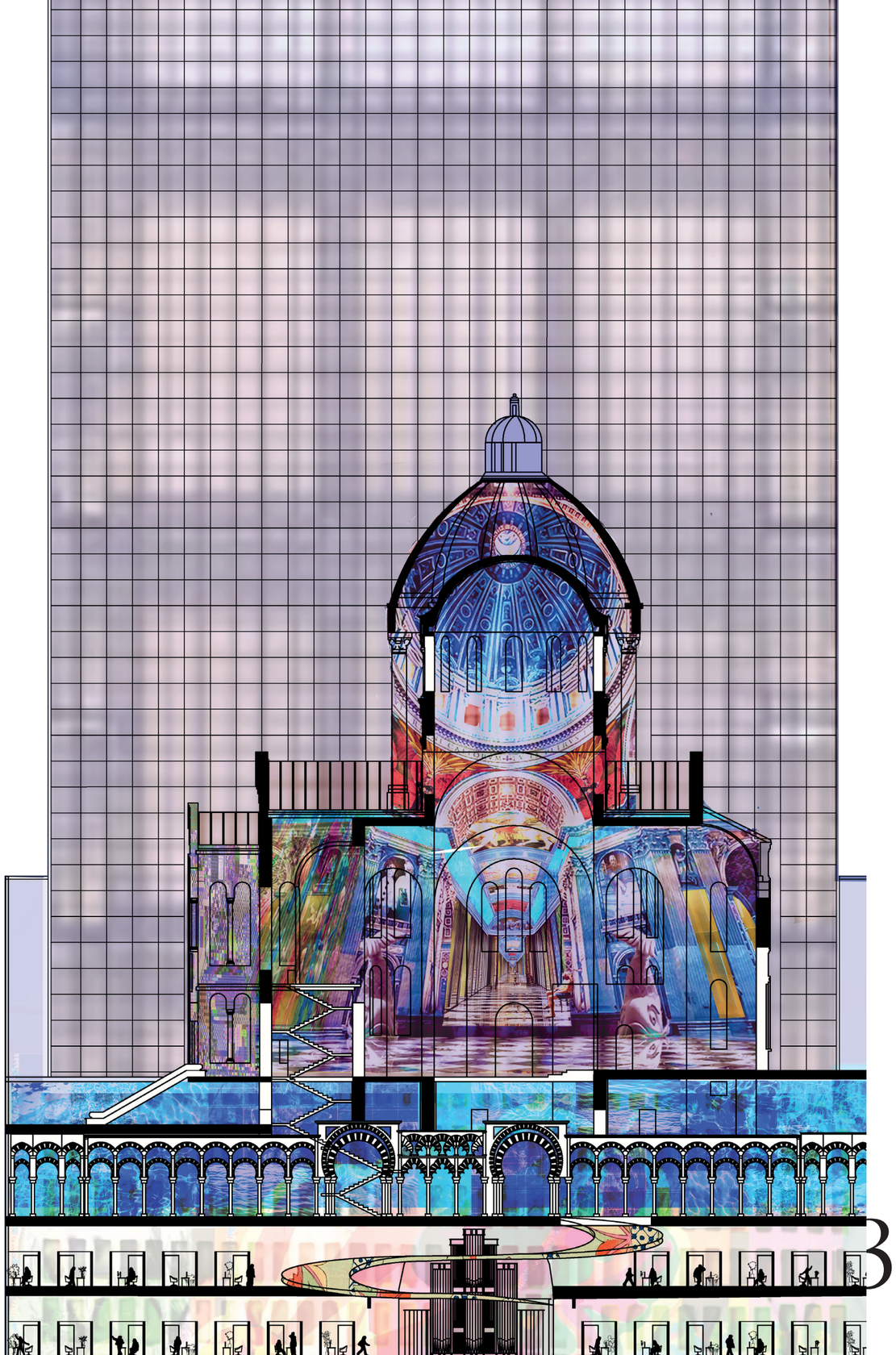
NAIVE HUMOR REIGNS HERE, GENTLE, AWKWARD, SINCERE. WE THINK TOO MUCH AND FEEL TOO LITTLE. [51] AT HOME, AS ON STAGE, THOUGHT SOFTENS AND FEELING TAKES ITS PLACE.

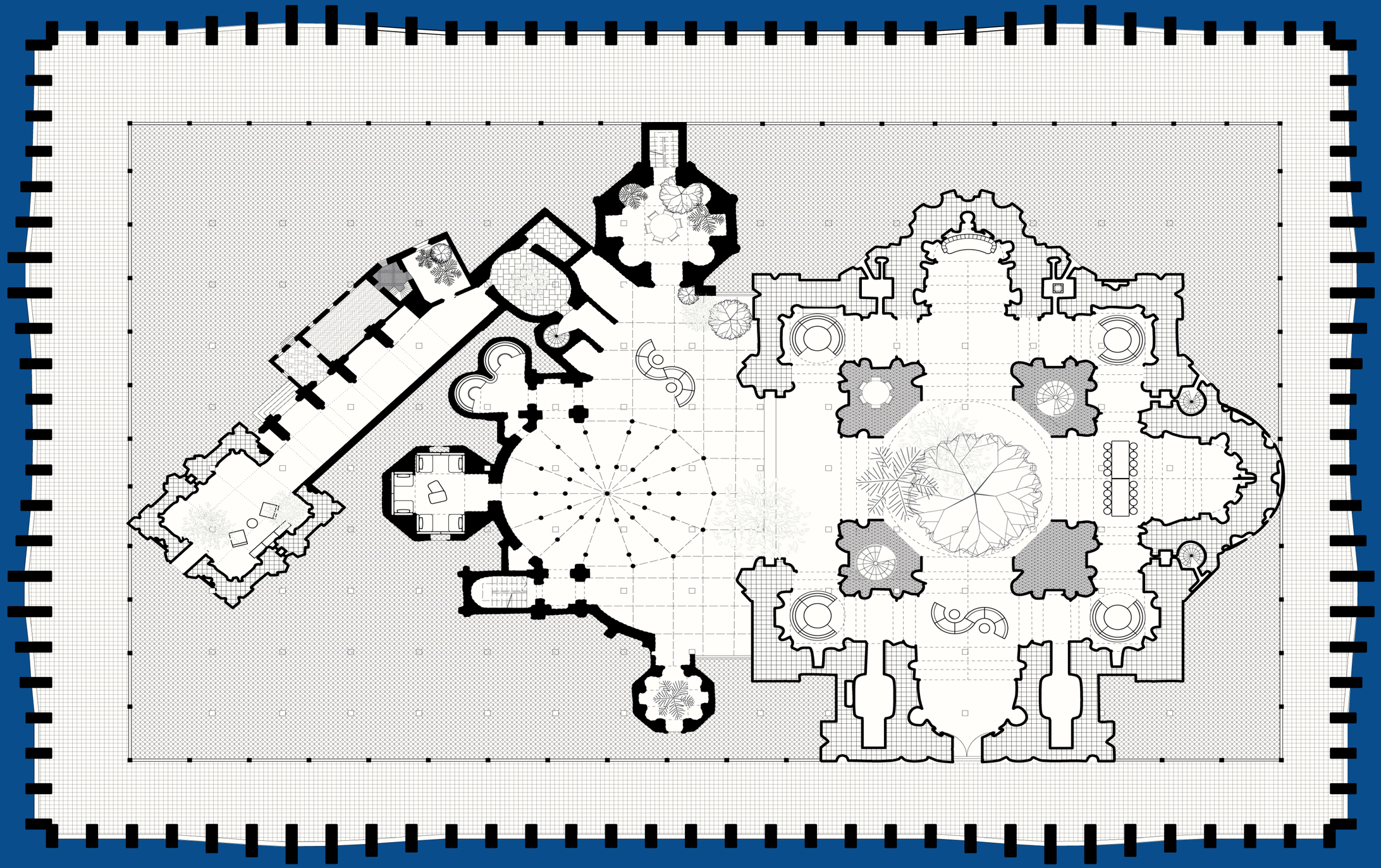
AND SO THE PRIVATE BECOMES PUBLIC. THE HOUSE BECOMES A THEATER.

[51] Charlie Chaplin

THE TEMPLE

IN THE TEMPLE, TIME CONDENSES AND PRESSES DOWN LIKE THE EARTH ITSELF. IT IS THE PLACE OF DEEP THOUGHTS AND THEHEAVINESS OF EXISTENCE, WHERE EVERY SHADOW HAS A MEANING AND WE ENJOY THE HYPOCRISY.





In the Temple of Humor, Arlecchino reigns not as a clown, but as a high priest of mischief, where every jest is a ritual.

Wiktoria Violetta Sadlo
on humor.

A Tempel - floor plan
scale 1_100

ENJOYING HYPOCRISY

Up here, where the columns meet the clouds and the mosaics flicker with irony, the house breathes a sigh of relief.
This is the temple of confession.

Its marble floor is a reminder of every slip.
Power is in the air, but it is tempered by the echo of a giggle.

This is melancholic humor, gentle, solemn, sharp.
He does not mock.
He knows that power, true power, lies in being able to laugh at oneself.
Because if you can ‘t laugh at yourself, you have no power.
Only armor. And armor rusts.

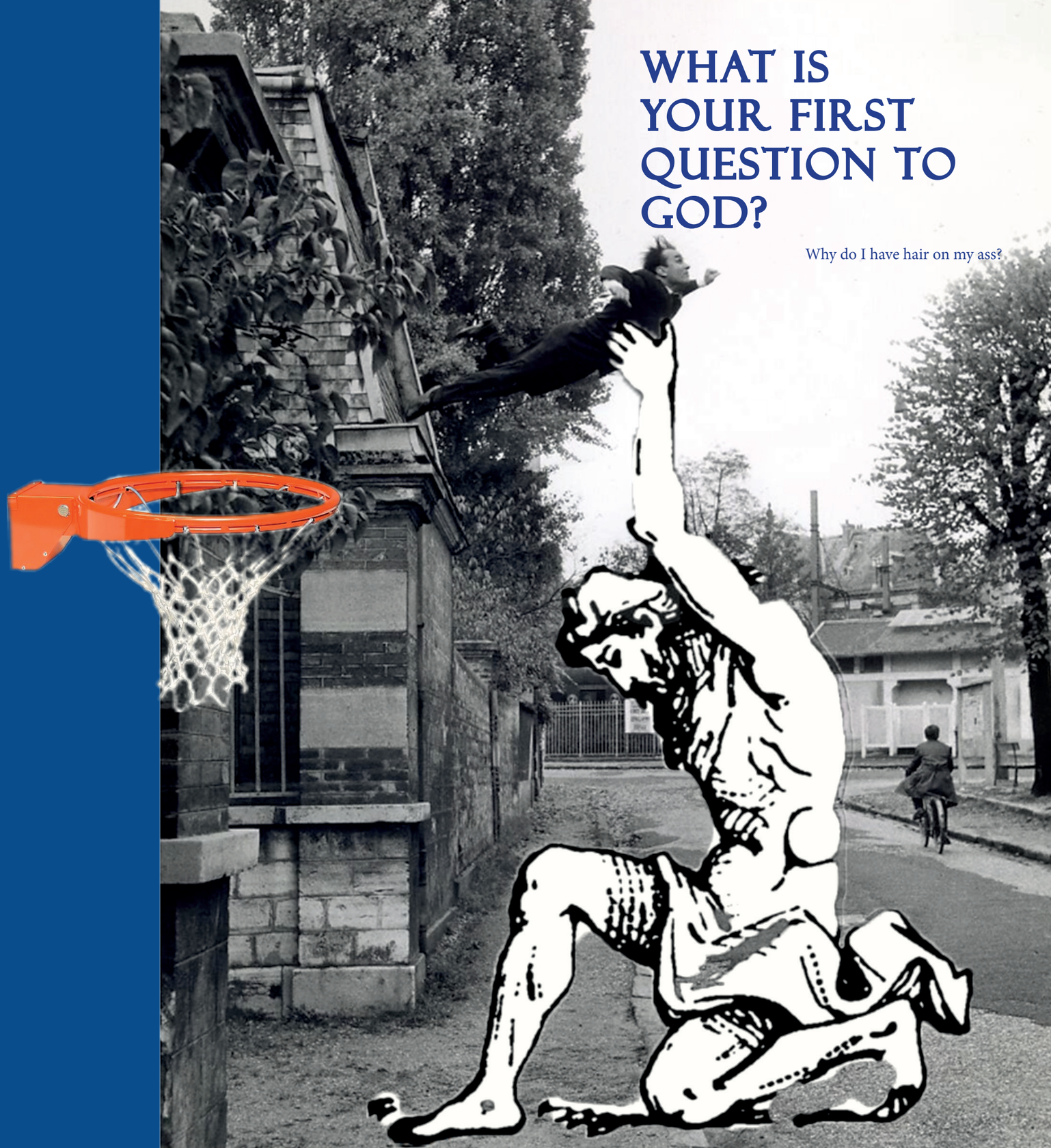
it lingers in its contradictions to become so absolutely free that one ‘s own existence is an act of rebellion. [52]

[52] Albert Camus, the depth of winter

O Thaleia you muse, you goddess who presid over comedy, you love me despite my humor. I know you are my true muse. I come to you in repentance.
I long for strategic self-deception and reconciliation. I have to admit how much I enjoy my own performance.Grant me strength to irony, to kneel in contradiction, to rise in laughter and to forgive myself with a grin.

I mean, how macabre is it that such a huge building was created solely to keep people occupied? How bleak life must have been back then for slaughter to be the only escape from reality. What comedy is to us today, the Colosseum was to the Romans. The perfect symbol of what happens when power takes itself too seriously.

Today we make a pilgrimage to a landmark without really knowing what exactly we are admiring, ultimately just a useless ruin. If the Romans had concentrated on building rather than entertaining, they might be able to hold a candle to the Egyptians today.



WHAT IS YOUR FIRST QUESTION TO GOD?

Why do I have hair on my ass?

BECOME WET

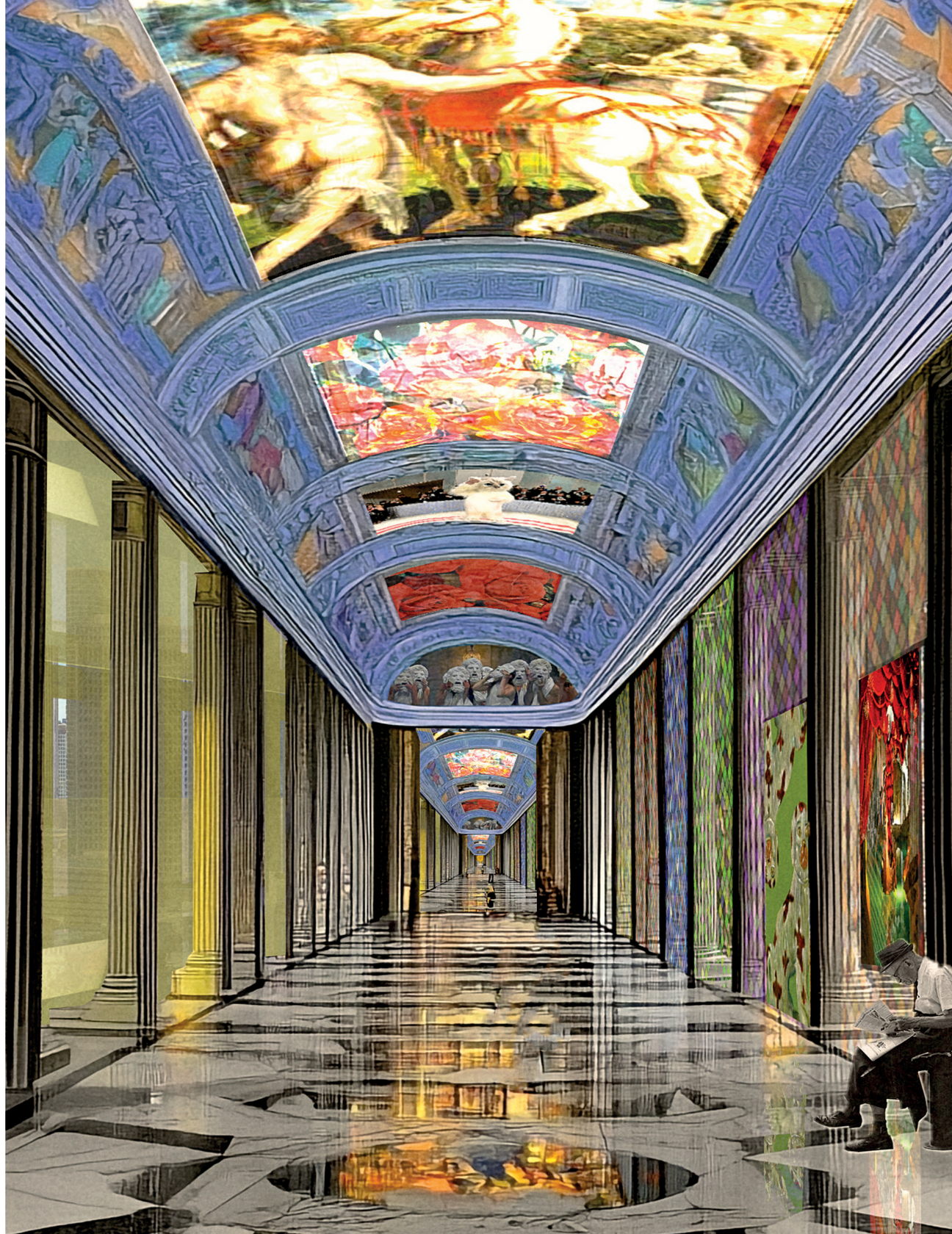
Being juicy is something rather awe-inspiring. Humor makes it possible to penetrate into uncharted realms far, far away from us. I believe comedy is a religious activity. [53]

[53] Hundertwasser, Rainy Day

CONFESSION

Let ‘s look at the highs and lows of authority.
How can we emphasize the dignity of this building without losing respect for it? *Observe[54]*
Your honor is in your own care, its honor depends on others.[55] For example, authority is something overrated. I cannot touch it, it is not substantial, so it is also untouchable.
Then she thought again what she had thought in the theater.[56] Honours and high office are the prize Of blind and meek obedience.[57]
Therefore it is a sin to respect persons in showing honor.[58]
Sublime is when a temple can laugh at itself without appearing ridiculous.

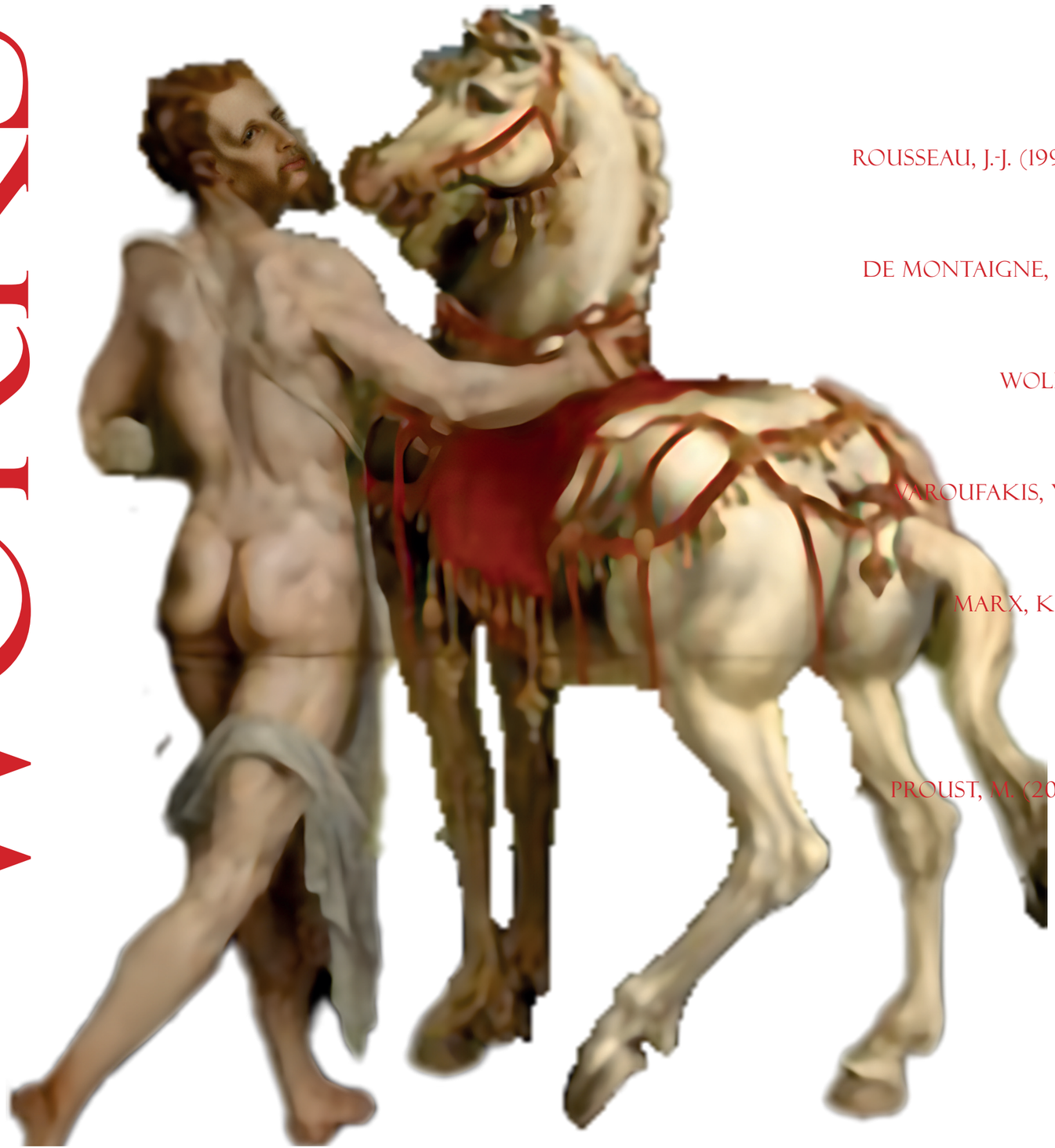
[54] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[55] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
[56] Rand, The Fountainhead
[57] Proust, In Search of Lost Time Vol IV Sodom and Gomorrah
[58] Aquinas, Summa Theologica



THE QUESTION IS, ARE YOU FLUID OR PLASTIC?

FIND YOUR ATTITUDE!

WORKS



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PROJECT CONTEXT

ONE SHELL PLAZA, HOUSTON, TX. (REFERENCED AS SYMBOLIC SITE OF ARCHITECTURAL INTERVENTION AND SPATIAL CRITIQUE)

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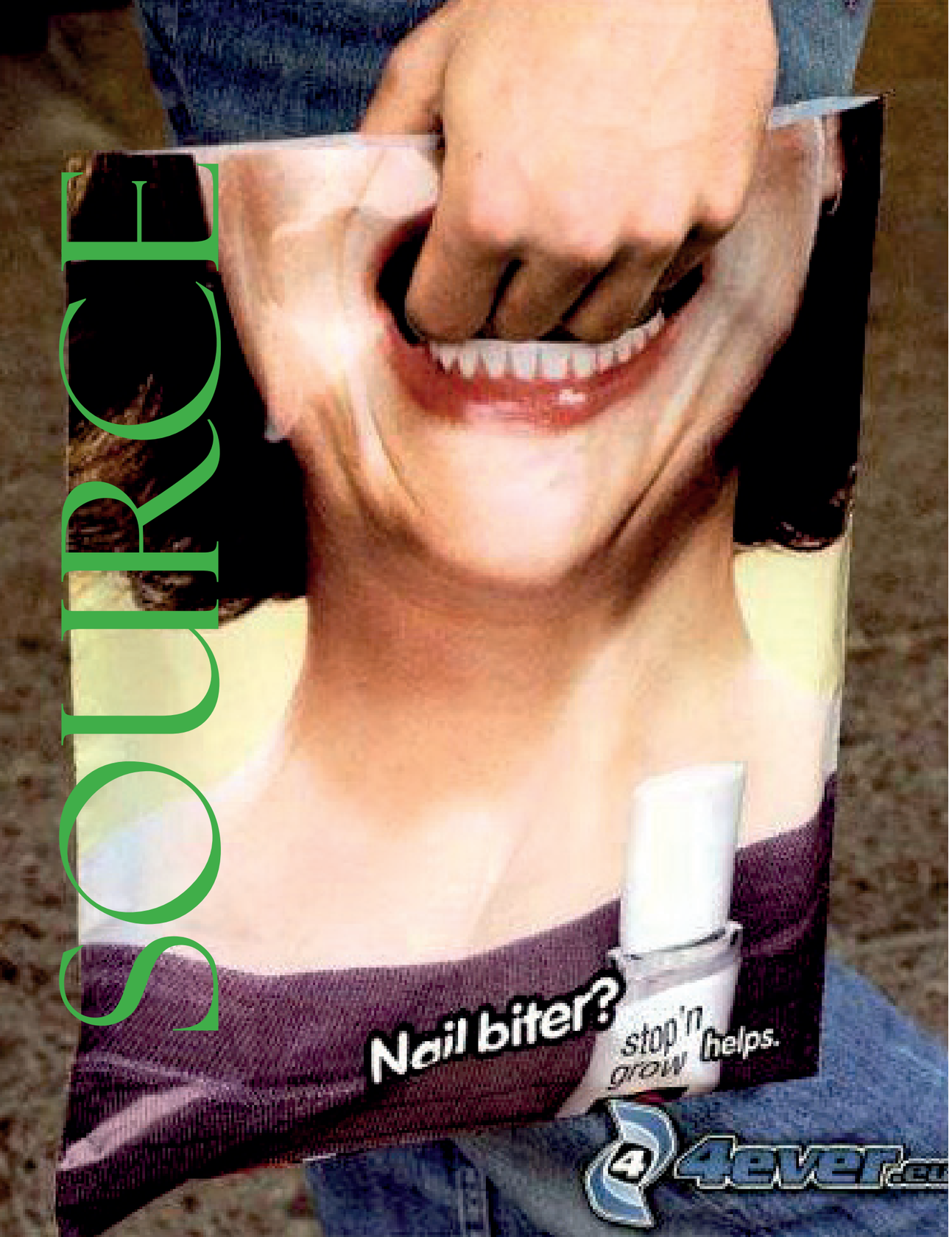

[0]Albert Camus, Nuptials p.7
[1] Rand, The Fountainhead p.12
[2] Marx, Collected Works p.14
[3] Heidegger, Being and Time p.14
[4] Bussey Chamberlain, Queer Troublemakers p.14
[5] Varoufakis, Adults in the Room p.23
[6] Albert Camus, The Myth of Sisyphus p.24
[7] https://www.etymonline.com/word/humor p.26
[8] Serres, The Parasite p.30
[9] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau p.33
[10] Albert Camus, Hochzeit des Lichts p.33
[11] Carter, Shaking A Legg p.33
[12] de Montaigne, The Complete Essays p.35
[13] Proust, In Search of Lost Time Vol III The Guermantes Way p.35
[14] Augustine, The City of God p.36
[15] Sebastiano Serlio, on architecture p.39
[16] Aquinas, Summa Theologica p.45
[17] Lotz, The Art of Gerhard Richter p.45
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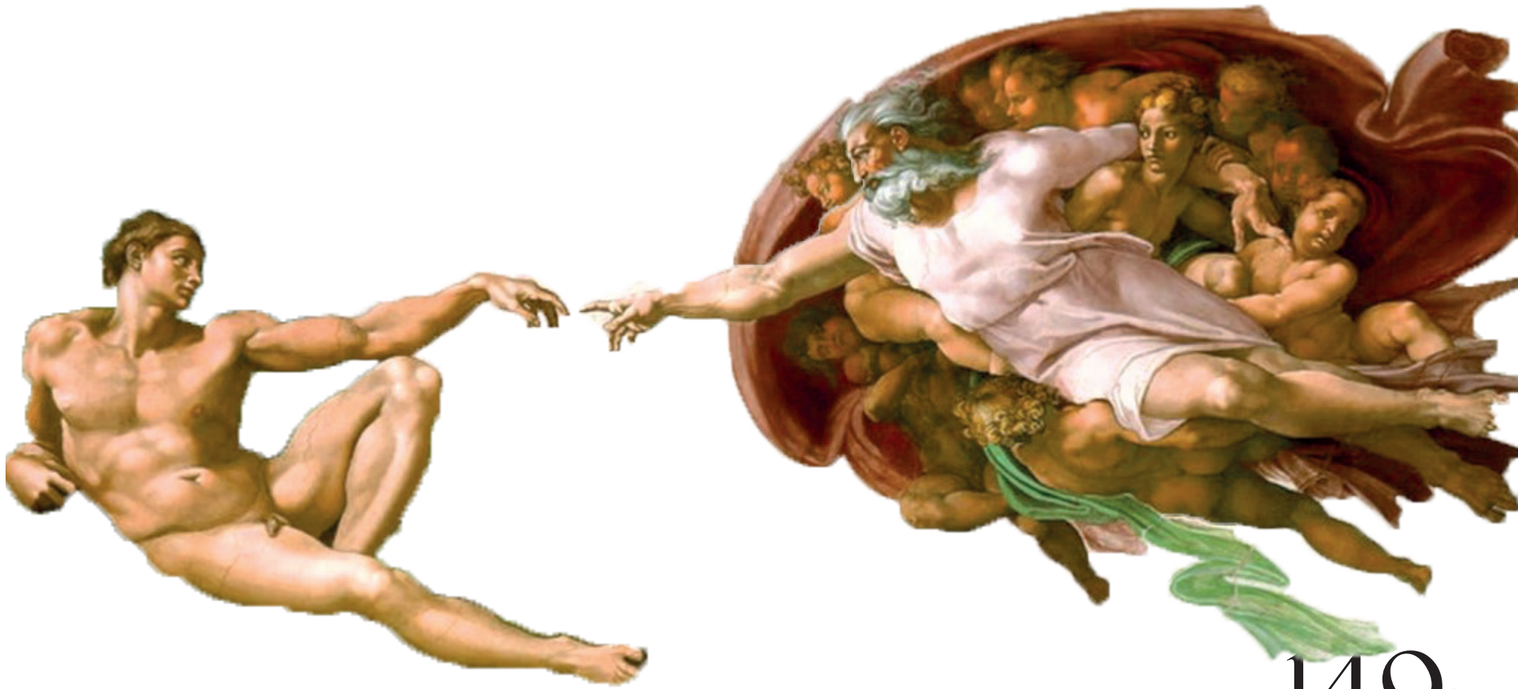
DECLARATION IN LIEU OF OATH

I hereby declare in lieu of oath with my personal signature that I have written this thesis independently and have not used any sources or aids other than those indicated.
All passages taken verbatim or in terms of content from the stated sources are identified as such.
This thesis has not yet been submitted in the same or a similar form as a master's/master's thesis/ diploma/ dissertation.

Innsbruck, June 2025



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cucumber

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IMPRINT

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PAPER. DEFINITELY PAPER. POSSIBLY HUMID.
BOUND WITH IDEAS, FOOTNOTES, BY MAXIMILIAN
THIS BOOKLET WAS WRITTEN WITH:
A LAPTOP ON LOW BATTERY,
LAUGHTER AT INAPPROPRIATE MOMENTS,
AND A MILD OBSESSION WITH FLOORPLANS AND PUNCHLINES.

EVERY ERROR IS INTENTIONAL.
EVERY DRAWING HIDES A JOKE.
EVERY BUILDING DESERVES TO MISBEHAVE AT LEAST ONCE.

NO BUILDINGS WERE HARMED.
SOME WERE GENTLY MOCKED.

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This project uses humor as a design tool to question architectural conventions and narrative structures. It draws on theatrical principles, in particular the figure of Arlecchino, to reimagine architecture as a stage for performance and contradiction. Based on Serlio's designs for the comic stage, historical references, spatial typologies and metaphors are layered to reveal humor as an architectural principle for deliberate disruption. Rather than seeking a solution, the methodology invites disorder as a form of spatial intelligence.