

An aerial photograph of a city at dusk or dawn. The sky is a mix of orange, pink, and blue. In the background, there are dark, silhouetted mountains. The city below is illuminated with lights, showing a dense urban area with various buildings and structures. The overall scene is a panoramic view of a city and its surrounding landscape.

# THE INTER CON TINEN TAL

**THE  
INTER  
CONTINENTAL**

# THE INTER CONTINENTAL

**BOOKLET**

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**STUDIO METEORA  
SEASON 9 - CONTRACTING**

**ETH ZURICH DARCH  
AUTUMN SEMESTER 2023**

**INTER (v.)**

„bury in the earth or a grave,” c. 1300, formerly also enter, from Old French enterer (11c.), from Medieval Latin interrare „put in the earth, bury,” Latin terra „earth” (from PIE root \*ters- „to dry”)

**INTER-**

word-forming element used freely in English, „between, among, during,” from Latin inter (prep., adv.) „among, between, betwixt, in the midst of”

**CONTINENTAL (adj.)**

1818 as a purely geographical term, „relating to or of the nature of a continent,” from continent (n.) Continental breakfast (the kind eaten on the continent as opposed to the kind eaten in Britain)

**CONTINENTALITY (n.)**

„condition of being or occupying a continent,” from 1897, a term in meteorology, „measure of the difference between continental and marine climates”



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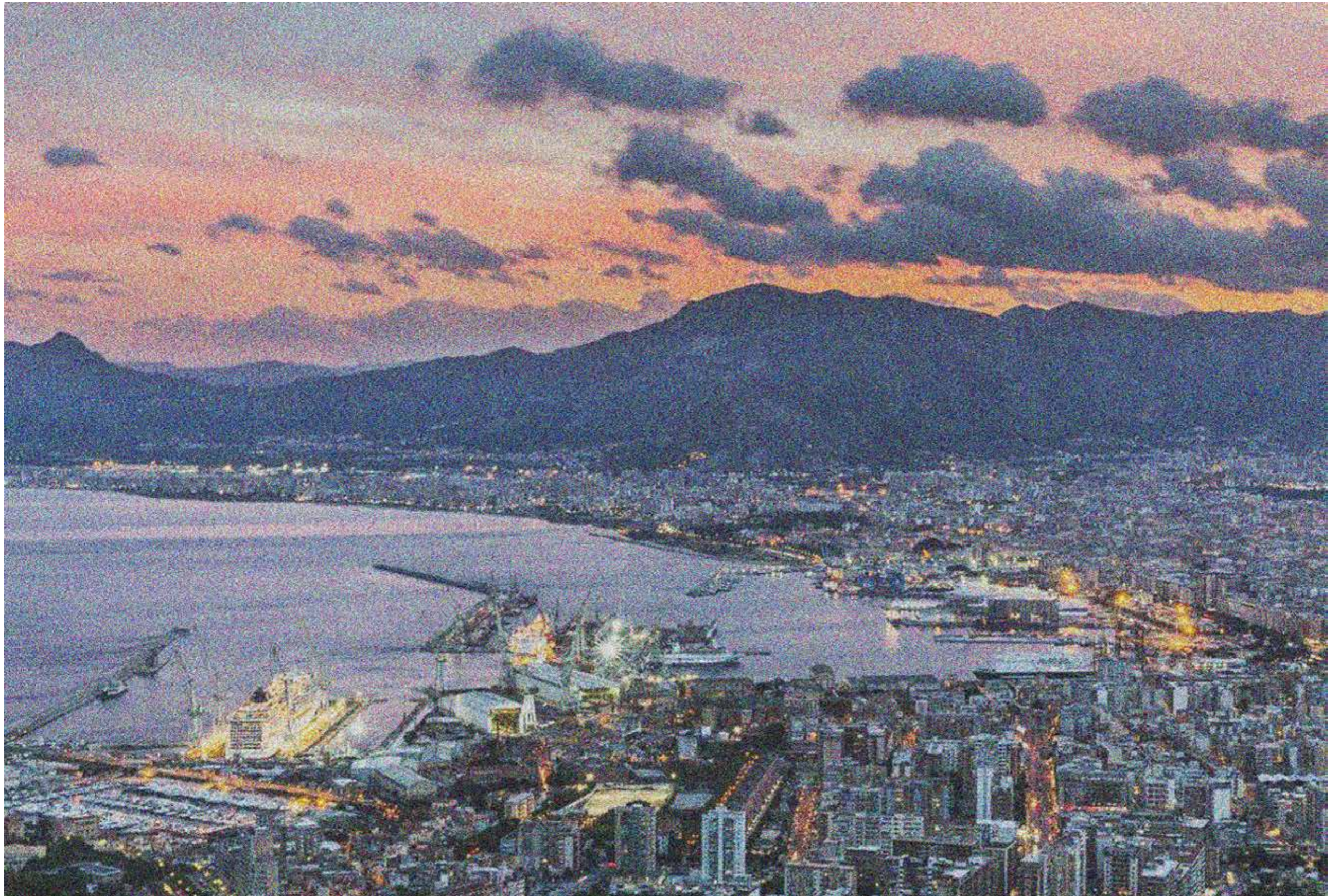
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**WELCOME TO PALERMO!**

**TRAILER**

**TUMBLR-BLOG**

**John Wick:**  
**I got of the taxi and in front of me - the city - Palermo!**  
*You know [...] what is happening at Palermo [?] [1]*

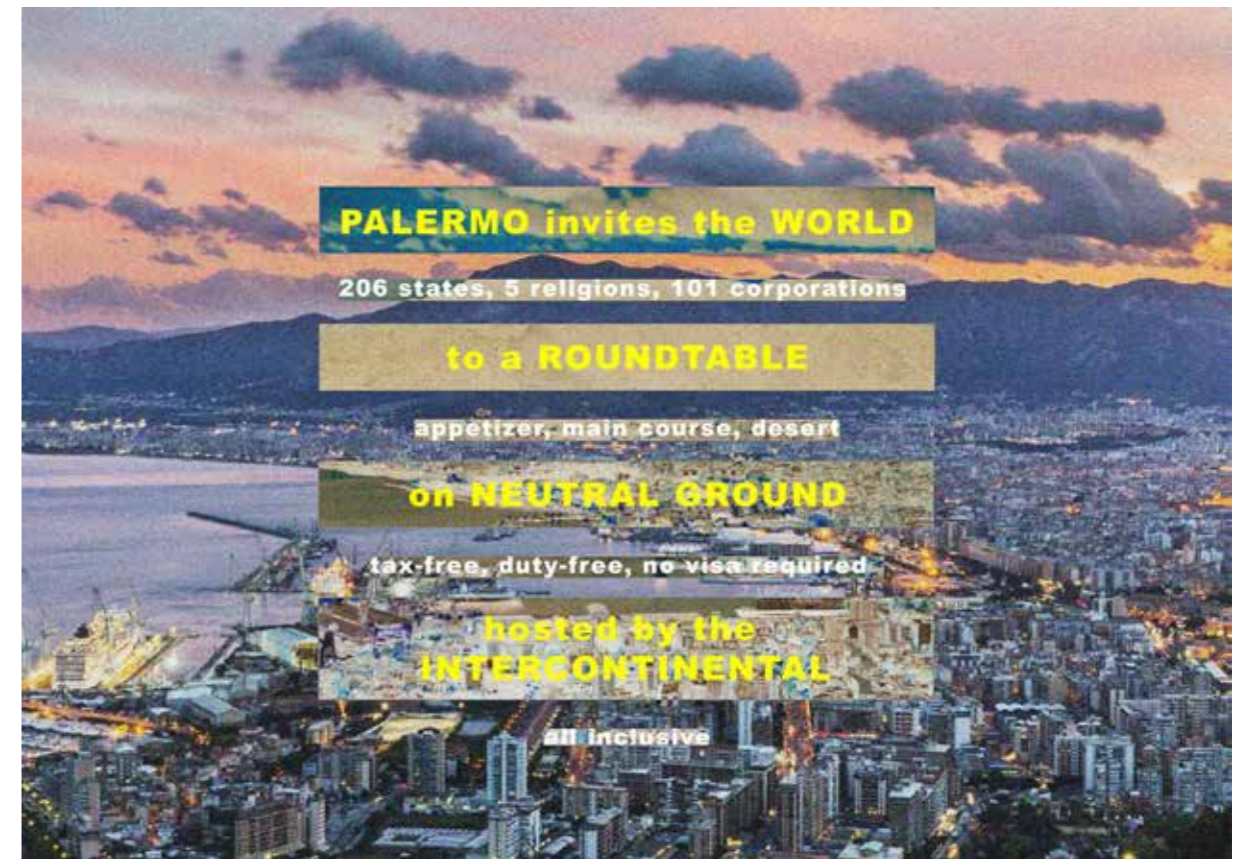




**PALERMO  
INVITES  
THE WORLD**

# INVITATION

FROM PALERMO TO THE WORLD







# PROLOGUE

*Orlando: In his office speaking to the camera*

*Orlando:*

*“May I introduce myself? I am Orlando, the mayor of Palermo.”*

*Cities are eternal, states pass by.*

*All those historical moments and combinations.*

*Palermo stays.*

*Palermo needs a clear message: We have two important figures: Google and Ahmed*

*Google exists virtually, Ahmed lives as humans.*

*Living in a world of only Google is a tragedy.*

*Living in a world in which Ahmed has no access to Google is difficult.*

*So Palermo is where they meet.*

*The dog, the cat, the mouse having a walk.*

*Whoever is in Palermo is Palermitan.*

*A city is a city as far as everyone feels at home.*

*I hope you’ll see how beautiful Palermo is.*

*[2]*

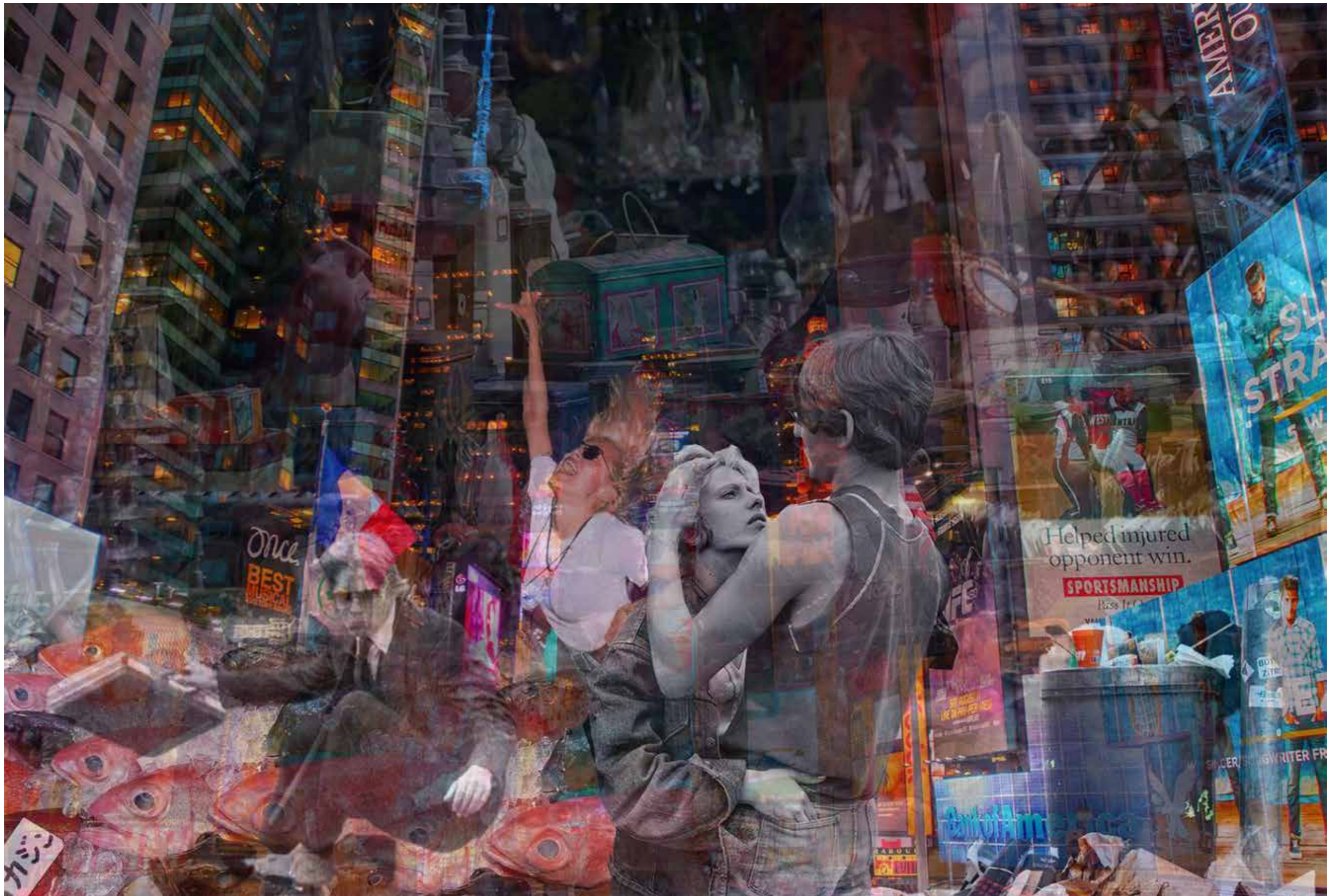
# ORLANDO *mayor of Palermo*

SPEAKS TO THE WORLD



# CHAPTER 1

# AT THE PIAZZA OF THOUSAND TALES





# SCENE 1

1.10 PM

*It smells of car exhaust fumes and fresh fruit*

*John Wick: With his suitcase in his hand and his jacket over his arm*

*Frederico: Sitting on a bench, he holds the sports section of the newspaper in his hand*

The old palermitan man Frederico, *who was sitting in his usual position, smiled at me like a man of the world and asked me for a bowl of water.* [3]

We got to know each other a year ago. He has done a lot to make things look the way they do today.

“Long time no see, John, how is your business doing?”

“It’s going well, Frederico. But the next few days will be busy with the congress. And what story will you tell me about Palermo today?”

“Well, would you like to hear the true story of the wise elephants, how they came to Palermo?”

“Yes, tell me.”

“Three thousand years ago, when the island was still heavily contested, the elephants arrived. *Stormy winds attend [them]; the gift is given [them] of walking on the sea as the steeds in the aaskereia skim over the wave.* [4] They took the long way from Africa across the sea to Sicily upon themselves, because they heard that here was the oldest laimun tree with the most delicious fruit. *This tree is seventeen feet in diameter.* [5] And it was said that whoever tastes a laimun once becomes wise and will be gifted with a long life.”

“Well Frederico, this was [...] *a wonder.*” [6]

“No, *Who does not doubt is in the truth!* [7], you know John?”

“*This [happening] is the real wonder of [Palermo, Frederico].*” [8]

[4] Grimm, Teutonic Mythology The Complete Work

[5] Michelet, The History of France Vol 1

[6] Mumford, The Culture of Cities

[7] Hegel, Philosophy of Right

[8] Brook, A History of Future Cities



We parted ways and I continued my odyssey through this plenty of impressions. Feeling in the middle of things, of screams, of tastes, shouts, odors, of touches and an overwhelming amount of noise, I lost and forgot all sense of origin, direction and orientation and was being completely absorbed into my surroundings.

I think I must have spent a few more hours wandering in a trance like state through the depths of the city before I - as awaking from a dream - found myself in the glaring light of the glorious arcade.

It took my eyes a few seconds to adjust, but when they did, it was the brightest image that reached my eye. The Intercontinental's mighty face grinned down at me and welcomed me with the blue light of the glass dome.



# SCENE 2

4.36 PM

*The sun slowly starts to get hot, under the arcade*

*John Wick: surprised by the sight of his friend here*

*Giacomo: striding to the arcade*

Dazzled by the glaring sunlight, I made my way over the burning hot Plaza towards the welcoming shade of the arcade. I was about to meet my old friend Giacomo. *Not a fibre of [him] is changed, but a new social soul has popped into [his] body.* [9] On my path, I remembered our last conversation, we had two years ago, when we first met in Palermo.

*“How, consequently, can we free ourselves from evil without abandoning life itself since it entails death, entropy, filth and crimes?”* [10] Giacomo said, and continued:

*“Look at all the people, full of despair, frantically going about their work. There is a cloud hovering over our city that is slowly building up to a thunderstorm. We need to do something, we have to act! We have to think about of what substances life was made and how composed.”* [11]

[9] Marx, Collected Works

[10] Serres, The Incandescent

[11] Calasso, Ka Stories of the Mind and Gods of India

*“And how can we take it in hand except by attacking its sides?”* [12], I replied.

*“We need the wise elephants of all states to get us out of here alive. As a foundation, it supports and upholds; as fire and energy, it moves, emotes, changes and transforms; as a messenger, it takes wing and delights.* [13] *And invariably it relates to changes within a ritual.”* [14], Giacomo answered.

*“How could unformed matter, anorganic life, nonhuman becoming be anything but chaos pure and simple?”* [15] I asked back. *[And] how can the truth appear, change, vanish and give way to another?* [16] *It is entitled, “Truth is but Truth as it is timed; or, our Ministry’s present measures [...].”* [17]

[12] Serres, Geometry

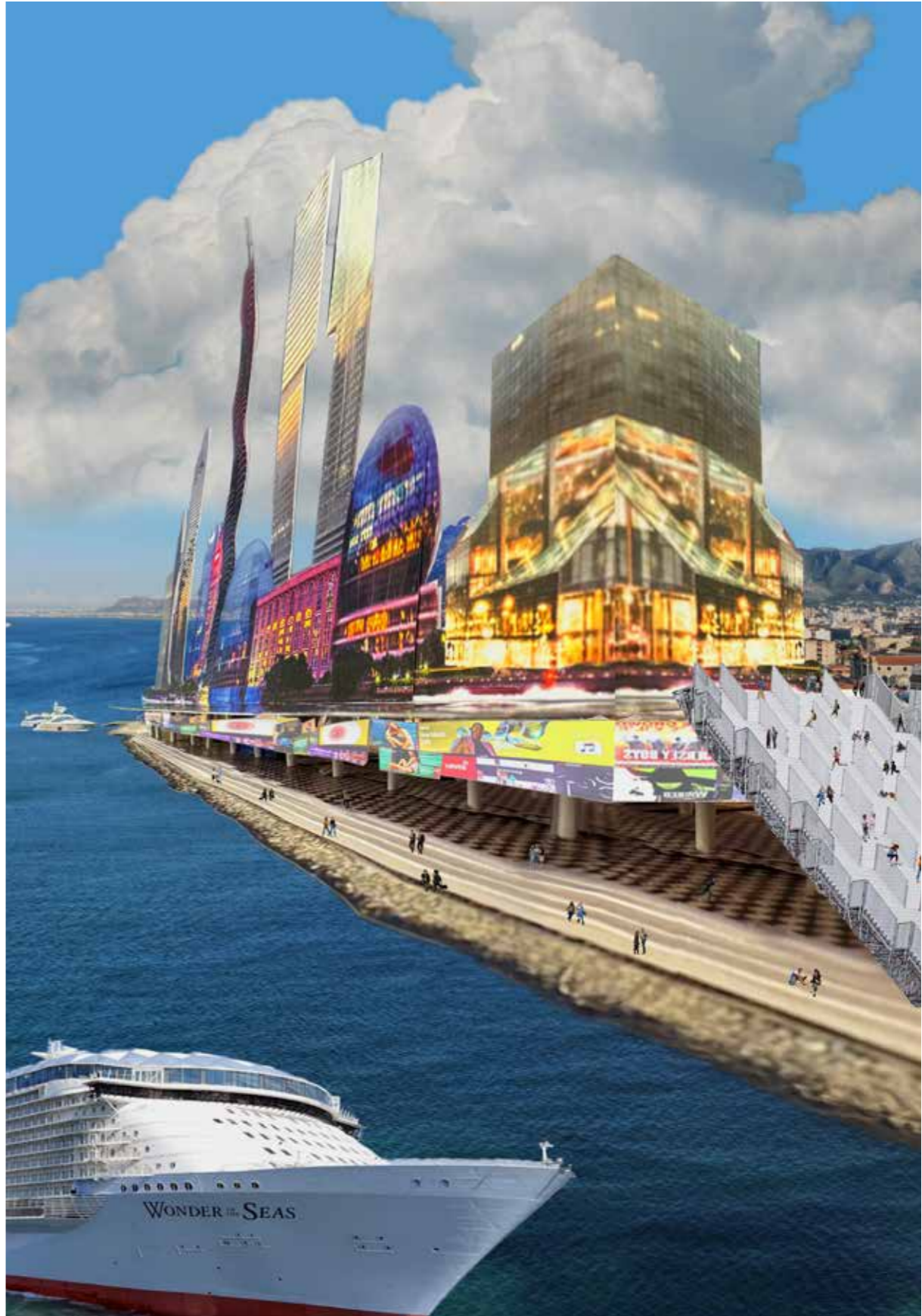
[13] Serres, Angels A Modern Myth

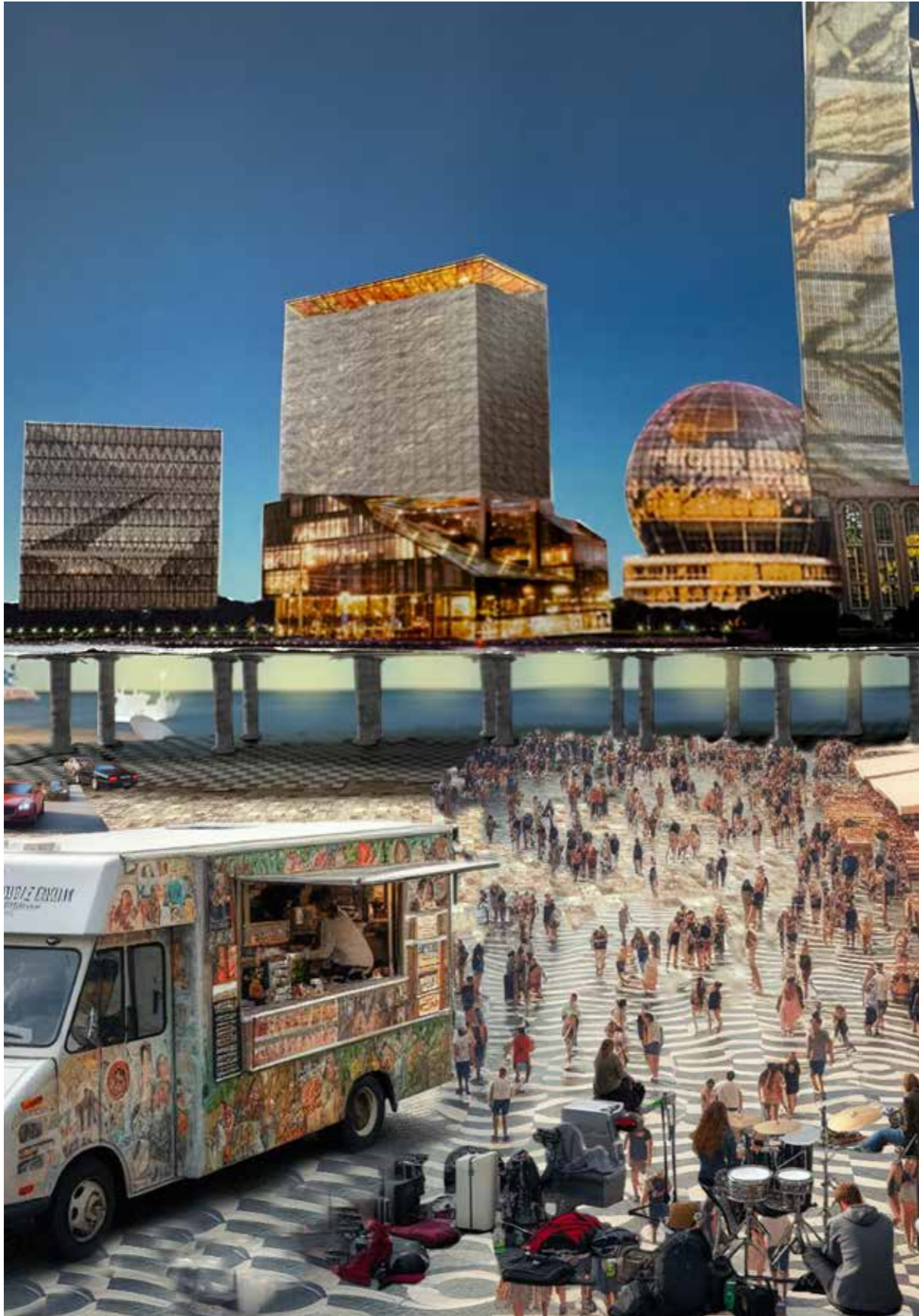
[14] Calasso, Ardor

[15] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus

[16] Serres, History of Scientific Thought

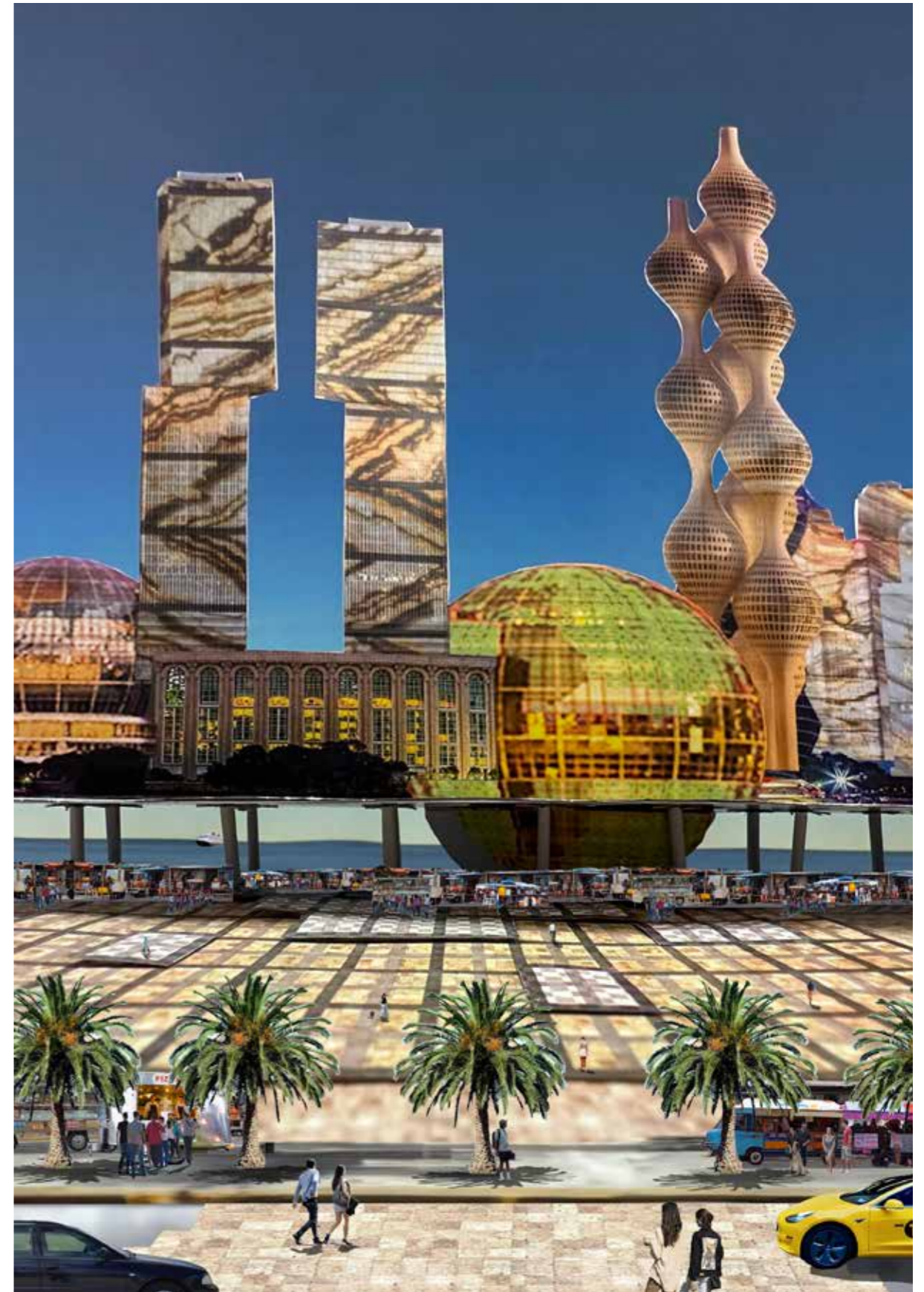
[17] Marx, Collected Works







*We passed in conversations in the shade the most charming and delightful hours, more so than any I had hitherto enjoyed. [18]*





# CHAPTER 2

# AT THE INTER CONTINENTAL





# SCENE 1

8.21 PM

*A strong scent of vanilla wafts into the nose, everything is clean and shiny*

*John Wick: Picks up the leather handle of his suitcase again*



I stepped over the slightly raised marble threshold into the bright coolness of the hotels lobby. Space and time collides in this place, that is solely designed for the purpose of waiting and waisting time. It's a ballroom for the unbothered and undisturbed, that at the moment are not pursuing any mission but rather are waiting for action to come their way.

*No one would have guessed that behind [this] loud facade was the other world, located in the same building. The dream image of the [hotels face] was, as it were, a caricature of my bonhomie or worldly joviality. But this was only the outside aspect; behind it lay something quite different, which could not be investigated [that easily]... [19]*

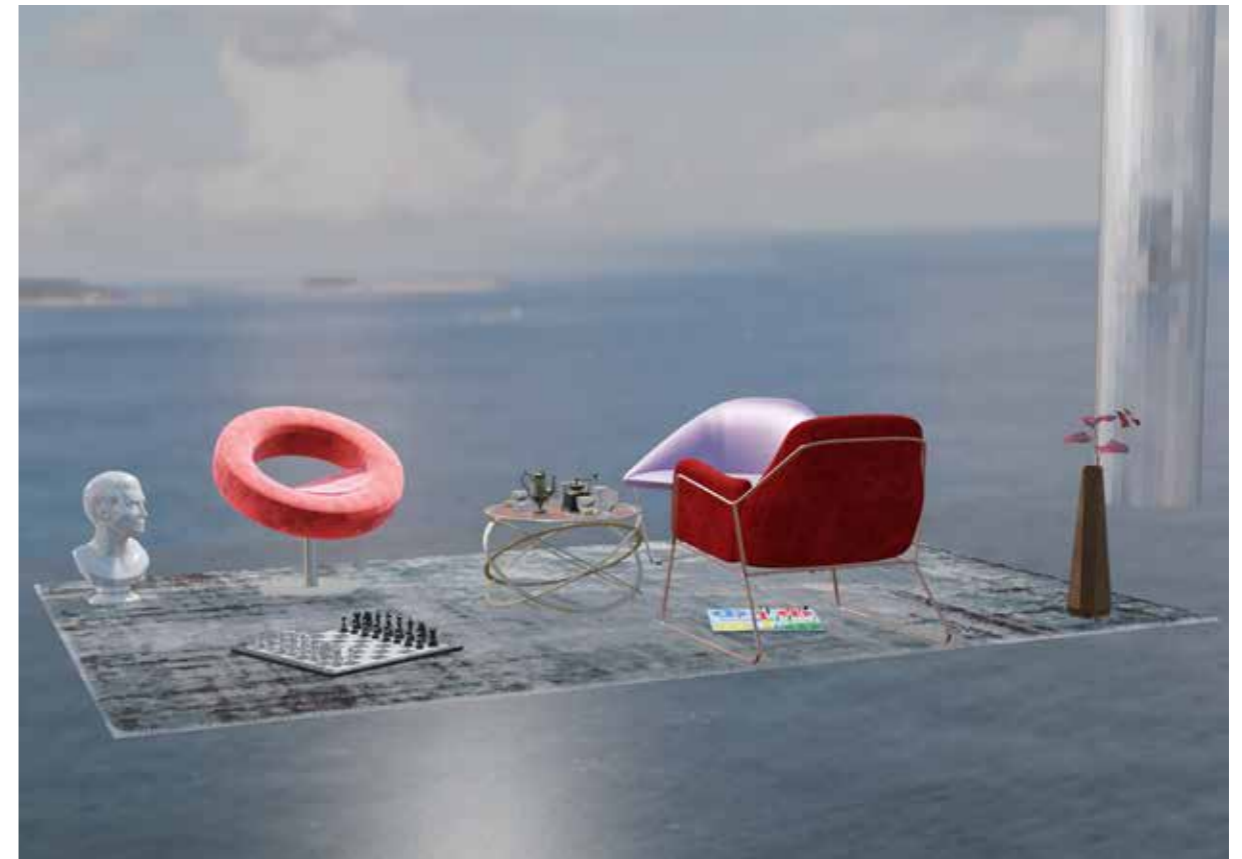
The bureaucracy was overwhelming, so to bridge the wait I was ushered into a spacious lounge amidst a jungle of indoor plants and brought iced limoncello and an étagère of local delicacies.

*I like to sit in anonymity,[...] and observe people when they are not aware of me. [20]*  
Being lost among lost ones brings remedy to seekers and orientation for the doomed. It offers opportunities to worry about unimportant things and chances to find like minded to bond upon inanities.

*„As soon as you cease to observe yourself, the picture of sorrow which you have contemplated will fade away.“ [21]*

After a considerable time, all the seemingly essential documents and authorisations were appropriately filed and I was handed the gilded key to my room with the name „Cabinet of Venus“ in an emphatic and almost solemn manner.

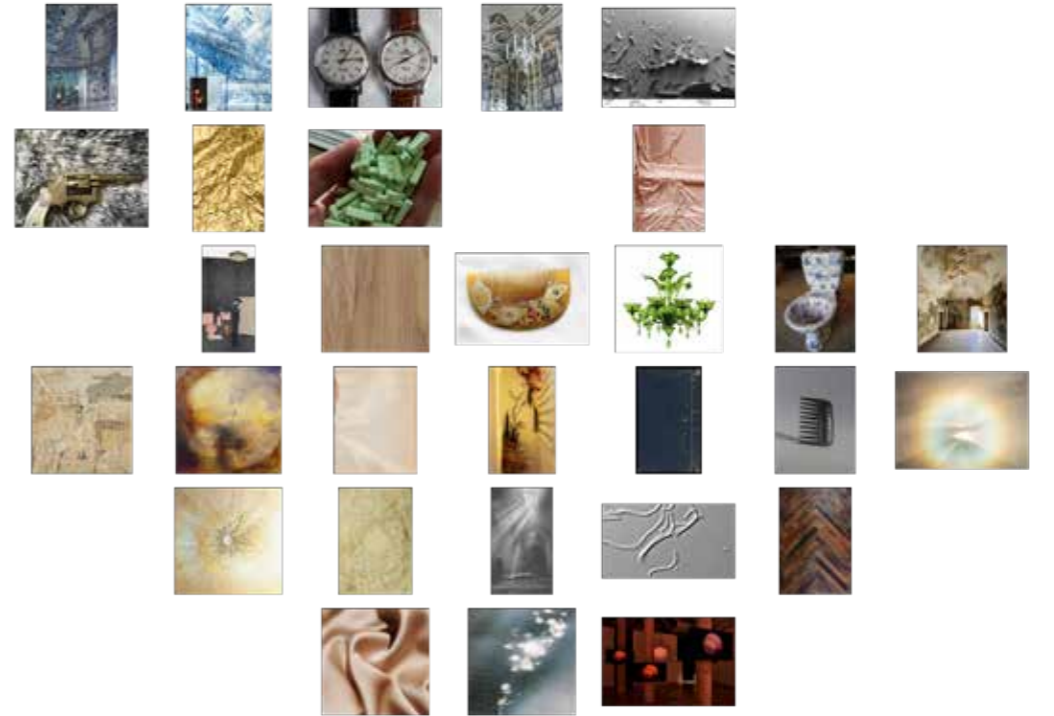
„Welcome to the Intercontinental.  
You now stand on neutral ground.  
All events are compulsory.  
It is a pleasure to having you with us, Mr. Wick.“







# CHAMBER OF VENUS



# SCENE 2

9.05 PM

*The lavender scent of the freshly made bed linen, in the Chamber of Venus*

*John Wick: Lays his coat on the bed*



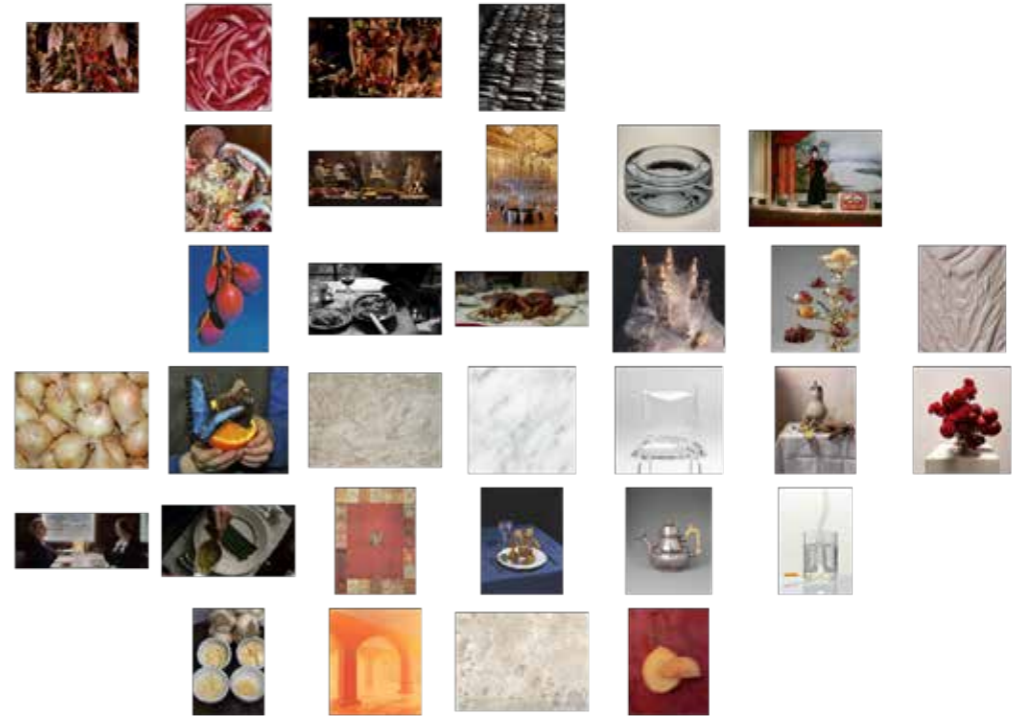
I turned the key and opened the door. *The chamber had already put on an air of antiquity.* [22]

The direct view to the Laimun Tree Island already has me lost in thought in the garden [...] *[Last year] I spent the most pleasurable hours in silence [there]. It is the most wonderful place in the world. Regularly laid out, it seems fairy-like to us; planted not so long ago, it takes us back to antiquity. Green borders enclose foreign plants, lemon trellises arch up to the cute foliage, high walls of oleander, adorned with a thousand red carnation-like blossoms, tempt the eye. Trees completely unknown to me, still without foliage, probably from warmer regions, spread strange branches. [...]* But what gave the ensemble its most wondrous grace was a strong fragrance that spread uniformly over everything... [23]

The slightly caustic aroma of slowly warming cream cheese brings me back from my reverie to my chamber.



# THE BOULEUTERION



# SCENE 3

10.47 PM

*The smell of rich, greasy food draws me into the Bouleuterion*

*John Wick: Performs in a suit with bow tie*

*Don: Wears dark sunglasses and a signet ring*



I took a bath, then went for dinner at the Hotels Restaurant - the Bouleuterion as I believe it is called here. An open, light-flooded space, almost too bright to look the person opposite in the eye without having to squint, filled up to the limit with tables and chairs and guests and waiters, interspersed with an orchestra of clinking glasses and scratching cutlery.

Snatches of conversation flew through the room like a flock of a thousand birds, mixing smells with every beat of their wings, from garlic and red meat to the cigarettes and pastries. Some glide almost silently through the air, while others screech and scream as they swoop down on their victims, which in turns provokes a no less agitated reaction from the latter.

Drinking wine in this aviary turns to be quite challenging, since one does not only have to concentrate on not to spill liquid, but at the same time pay attention to the highest rhetorical acuity, assessing every word precisely so as not to end up in the claws of a raptor oneself.

My assigned opponent this evening was an older gentleman in a black suit and bow tie, an American with an Italian accent. Don - as he introduced himself - a Manhattan business man, coming to Sicily for a work related family gathering. He was adept at the art of speech and amused himself by correcting me at the slightest mistake. But his eloquence could not distract from the fact that he used the same as a well played instrument of manipulation.

*„Without rhetoric the truth will be accepted as the truth.“ [24]*  
He spoke the truth and I accepted it with no reply.

I left the table to seek out my room to freshen up my body and mind. The condensing water vapor on the mirror reminded me of the folk tune about the poisonous well:

A spray of water molecules fills the air enriched with chlorine gas. An untouchable and irresistible performance, transforming the spectator into a still life, a symbol of transience, a memorial of mortality, an emblem of liveliness.

Dealing with the possibility of trading with life and death brings new meaning, new value and new perception to both concepts, forcing to take an ideal as well as a physical standpoint in this matter.

*As our life loses its value we set a higher price upon it. [25]*

[24] Hays, Architecture Theory since 1968

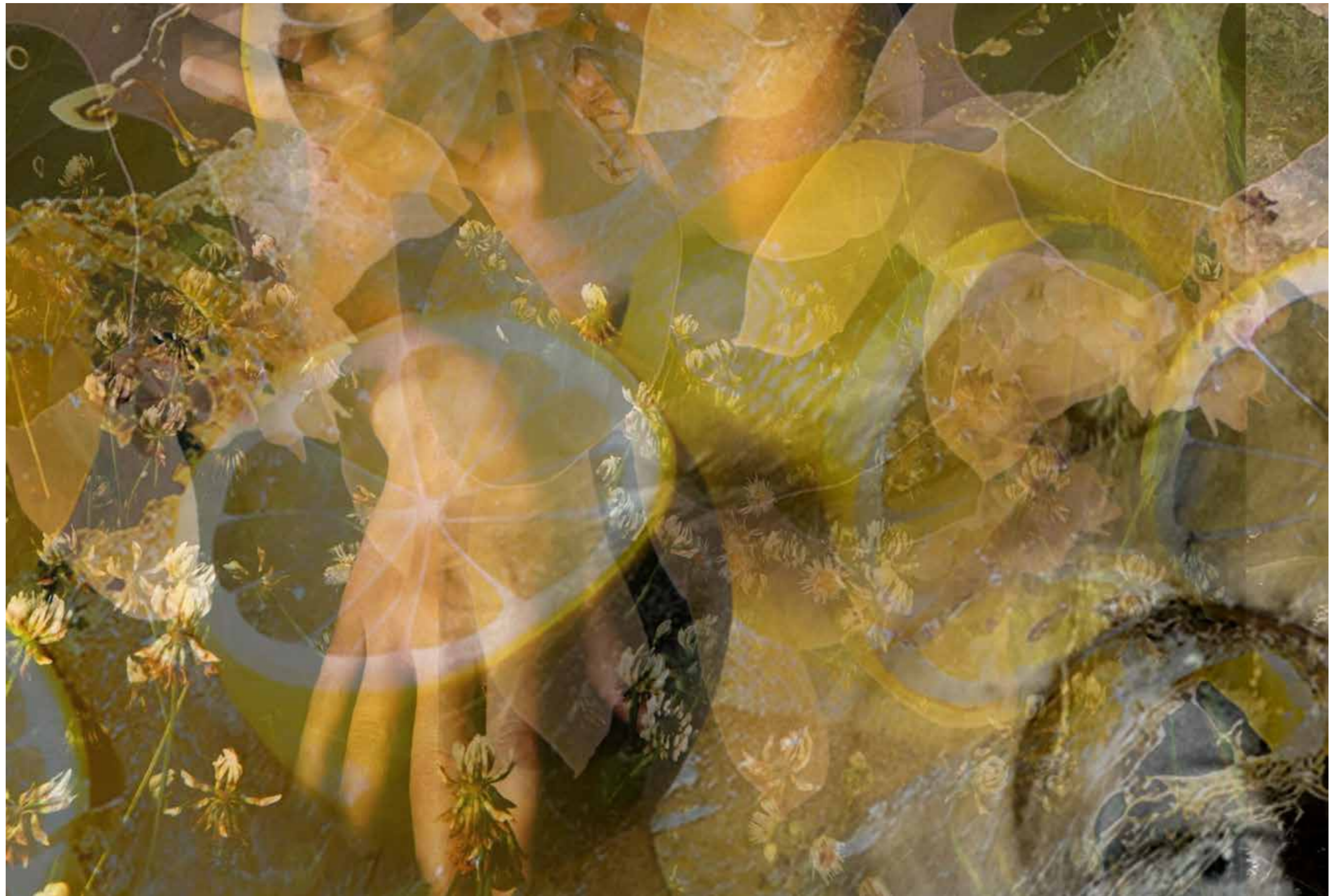
[25] Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau





# CHAPTER 3

# ISOLA DEI LIMONI



# SCENE 1

5.03 AM

*The sun shines brightly, sweat dripping from all pores, on the Isola dei Limoni*

*John Wick: Taking the private boat to the island*

*Don: Wears a sun hat so that his face remains covered*



I couldn't sleep again from the fever dream haunting me, so I left early for the giardini dei limoni.

The sweet scent of the white blossoms mingled with the harsh acidity of the leaking lemon juice pouring from the flesh of bursted fruits; the heavy mixture slowly settled from the treetops to the damp ground, where it finally mingled with the odors of moist moss before being winched away by a hint of sea breeze.

Inhaling a draught of this pungent scent, *I seemed to find myself again, to find the eccentric warmth that gave me identity of character.* [26] The widely scattered mind became centered in a split second on a single spot in the here and now, and there was no doubt that I was not being destined and lived up to be at that very point in space and time.

The meditation was rough and hard on the joints. We were given dried lemon blossoms to scatter under ourselves to make it easier to endure the kneeling, but the benefits were limited.

After six agonizing hours, this torture finally came to an end.

„How good to see you again so soon, Mr. Wick“, [27] Don greeted and asked me if I would like to accompany him on a promenade through the citrus grove.

I agreed and asked if there was anything I could do for him regarding his situation, but he wouldn't let me help.

„You don't want me to owe you.“ [28]

[26] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works

[27] Charon

[28] John Wick

We wandered around for a while in silence between the circular shadows under the mid-day sun. From a distance, we recognized two figures, seemingly engaged in a heated debate.

*“They have not destroyed Justice; the living spirit contained in those books was emancipated by the lames; it expanded and pervaded everything, impregnating the very atmosphere, so that, thanks to the murderous fury of fanaticism, they could breathe no air but that of equity.”* [29]

*“That would be like building political life in the air.”* [30]

At the guarded exit of the plantation, Don reached into his pocket and pulled out a golden coin, which he handed to the young armed watchman with the words „be careful“.

I never wonder about another man's business and we arranged to have dinner together at the Bouleuterion.

*Swimming in the waters of habitus, discourses and language games is one thing; getting out and watching one's fellow humans from the edge as they swim in the habitus pool is another.* [31]

„Si Vis Pacem, Para Bellum. (If You Want Peace, Prepare For War.)“ [32]

[29] Michelet, History of the French Revolution

[30] Hegel, Philosophy of Right

[31] Sloterdijk, You Must Change Your Life

[32] Winston Scott



# SCENE 2

11.50 PM

*Dusk, the ground releases the warmth of the day again, at the Laimun Tree Circle*

*John Wick: Tired of the many conversations and discussions*

*Don: Sits quietly and seems focused*



Arriving at the Laimun Tree Circle, a wave of bittersweetness beat me in the face and I had to stop for a moment and lower my head in order to prevent myself from fainting.

*Women pierced the air with their cries. [33] With every drink they served and every sip I drank, my mind clouded and my soul dissolved into a dense fog. The air was saturated to the limit, overflowing, I felt like I was suffocating.*

Suddenly, a loud male voice jolted me out of my hallucinations and back into consciousness. It was Don. *He called it “dephlogisticized air.” [34]*

*Now dreams are sometimes the cause of future occurrences; for instance, when a person’s mind becomes anxious through what it has seen in a dream and is thereby led to do something or avoid something: while sometimes dreams are signs of future happenings, in so far as they are referable to some common cause of both dreams and future occurrences, and in this way the future is frequently known from dreams. [35]*



# SCENE 3

12.00 PM

*Unbearable heat and the smell of rotting cream cheese is in the air*

*John Wick: Bathed in sweat*



I again suffer from nightmares.

*But unlike [my] worst nightmare, which is just a bad dream, this nightmare takes place outside of dreamland. [36]*

*A myriad of social ills hide behind the bright facade [such as] corruption, crime, drugs, [murder] and prostitution. [37]*

*It feels as if [...] the oxygen of the air is consumed [...]. [38]*

**WELCOME  
TO  
PALERMO  
!**



TRAILER

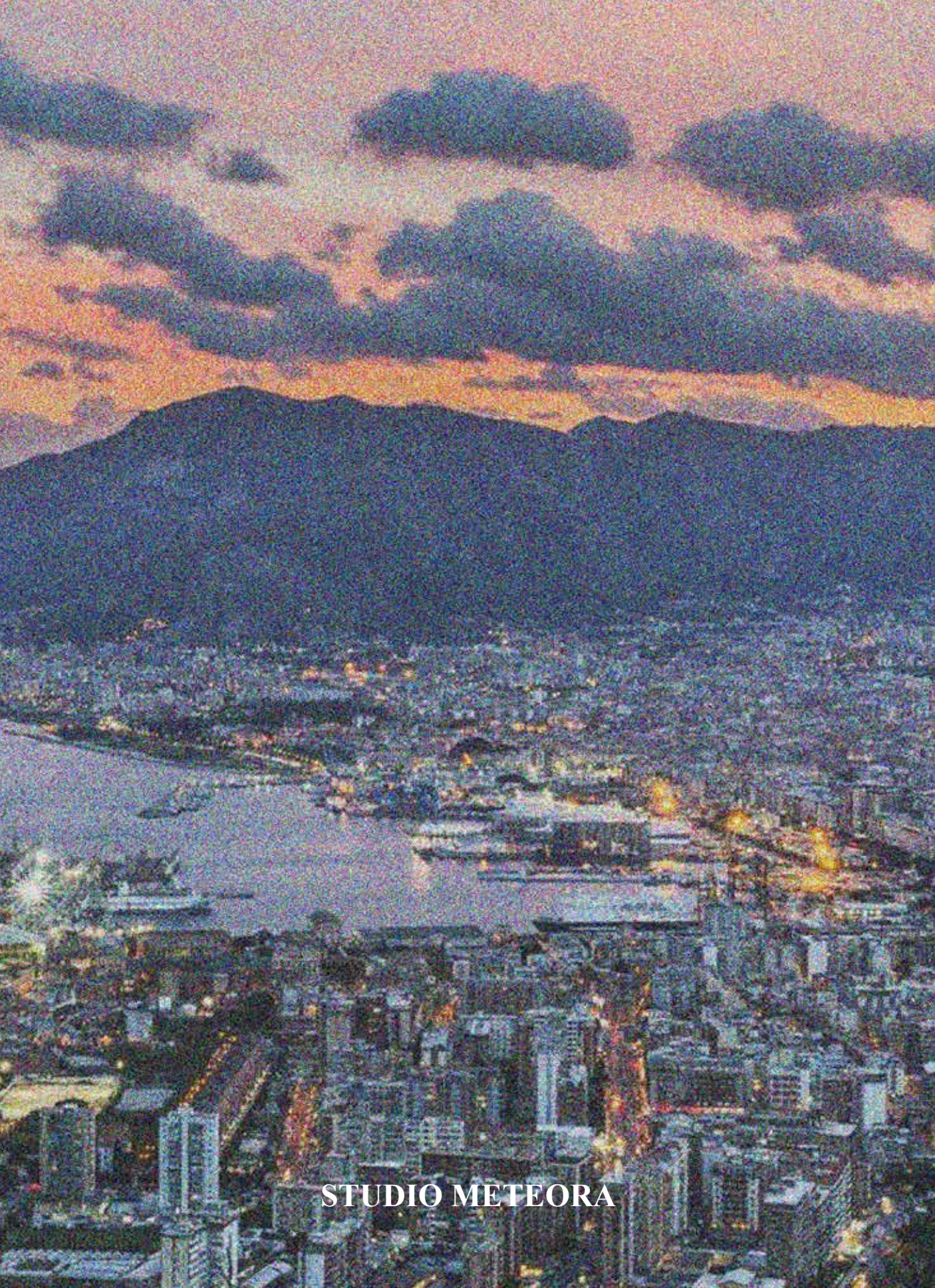


TUMBLR-BLOG

**THANK  
YOU**

**ADIL  
JORGE  
MIRO**

**LUDGER HOVESTADT  
STUDIO METEORA**



STUDIO METEORA