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ETHZ FS 2022

Digital Architectonics

Meteora S6 Faces

Leonie Calzana

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Bolis, did you hit the record button of the camera? Alright, here we go. 3, 2, 1...

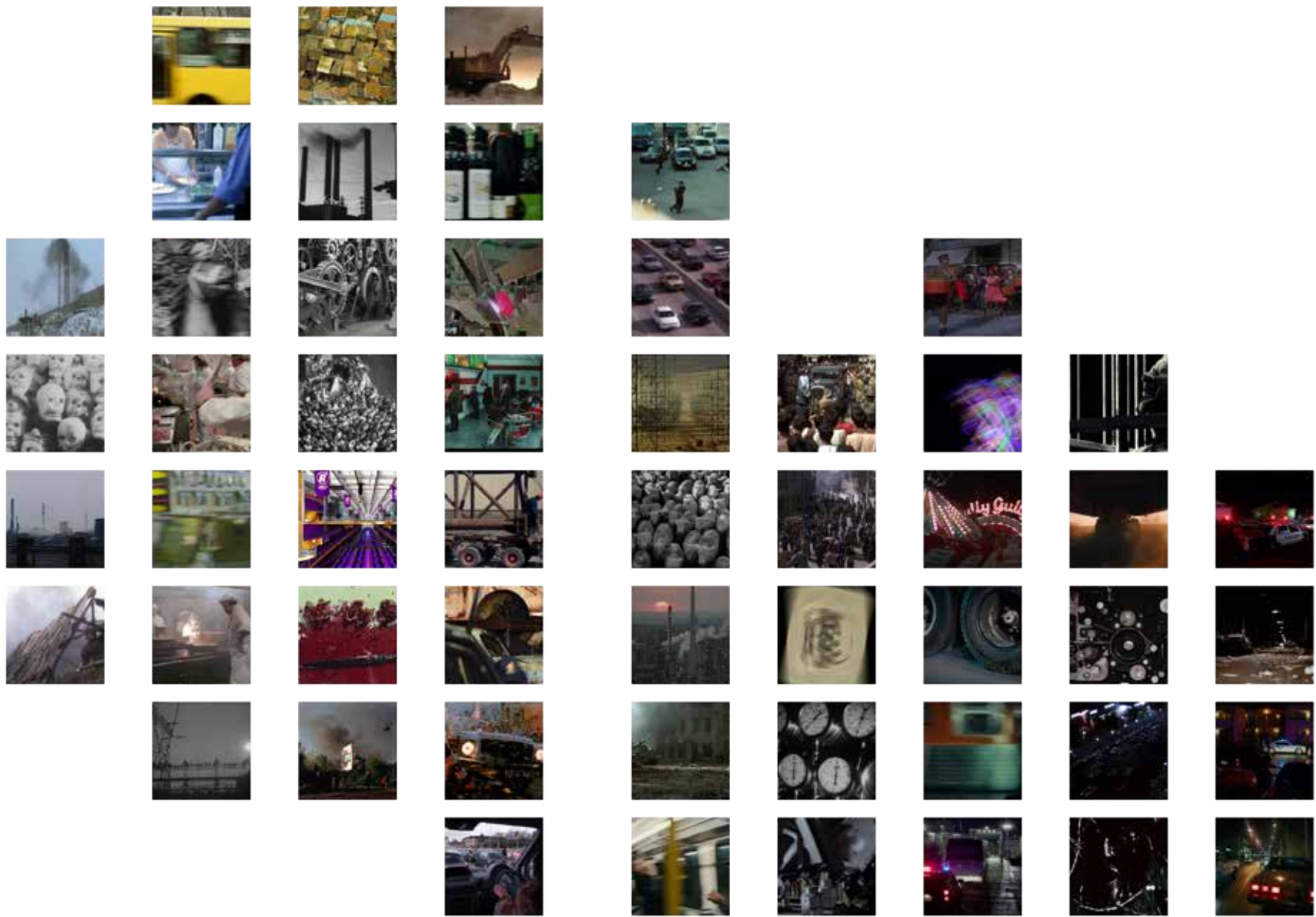
Welcome! [1] We are Charlotte and Bolis, and with our baby we just moved here to Brussels, the three of us. This is a first for us, we usually keep our lives completely private, especially since our baby is born, but we have decided to open our doors and show you some of the rooms that inspire us and that inspire our work. So, you are *all heartily welcome. [2]*

You know, this city has something quite fascinating about it. Bolis, point the camera please! It is possible to see the market from here. *A large market. [3] That way lay chaos and madness [4],* there are many people in this world who try, *but they can't see past the immediate chaos. [5] All humanity could share a common insanity and be immersed in a common illusion while living in a common chaos. [6]* Crazy!

There's also a gas station on the other side of the street and let me tell you how amazing it is to wake up to the sounds of the car engines, *true music to my ears! [7]*

There's just this harmony between the chaotic city and the noises and the smell of gasoline that really gets us going. *It's a beautiful place. [8] We love noise! [9]*

Of course, we were being sarcastic. This cacophony is driving our baby crazy! But what can you do about it?





Let's go inside from here, this door will lead us inside. Bolis, come on, follow me.

But wait, before we enter the house, notice the façade of our home.

It's so pretty. The house has this beautiful light color. When we first saw it, *by the touch of a finger [it] shifted the globe's axis into line with the axis of the universe. [10] Between any two points in universe there is a tetrahedral connection. [11]* The same connection results between your finger and the façade. *To feel is always to touch, both oneself and the universe that surrounds us. [12]*

Among the white stones also, there is one known as "eraunia", which absorbs the brilliancy of the stars. [13] You know, *an atom can only emit or absorb light of certain special frequencies. [14]* And the frequencies of our home are one of a kind. That's nice right? That's why people also like to call it *the temple of the Sun and Stars [15]*. Come on, follow me inside.







We love the textures in this room.

The curtains and upholstery of the chairs and sofas [...] are of the costliest and most beautiful fabrics, and must have been of fabulous value when they were made, for they are centuries old, though in excellent order. [16]

You see, textures can bring happiness. *Emotion is the alchemical fire whose warmth brings everything into existence and whose heat burns all superfluities to ashes. [17]*

If you touch them, you can feel the warmth that they emanate. The *thermal atmosphere [18]* is immense here. *And yet we must remember fire's character, its paradoxical dimension: it provides sustenance and warmth; and it can destroy, it can kill. [19]* Funny, isn't it? Who would have thought that a couch can kill you?

Anyway, the skin is meant to be used to touch and connect with the things that surround us, and textures are meant to be touched. This is such a beautiful thing. And each time we caress matter, *the atmosphere, too, is different. [20]*

Then, the texture invites you to touch and smell it, to pick off a leaf. [21]

The more variegated the origin, the denser and more impenetrable is the texture of everything. [22]

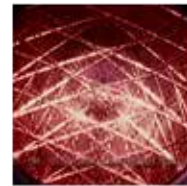
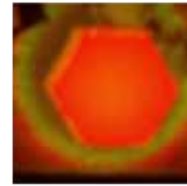
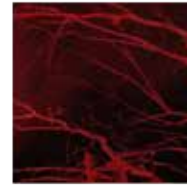
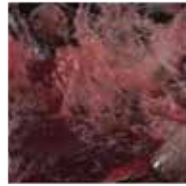
Somewhat, I believe, these equivalences of texture touch a deep layer of our awareness. [23]

Come, we'll show you the next room now.



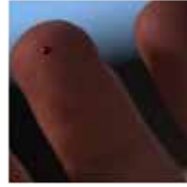
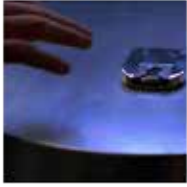


CHAMBER OF THERMAL TEXTURES



CHAMBER OF THERMAL TEXTURES











There's a lot of moisture in here. Smell the scent of the universe. It comes from there.

[This] bathtub, a free standing piece of furniture on the floor [24], which was gifted to us by a dear friend of ours, an alchemist. Usually, no one would lend an ear to the ravings of an African alchemist. [25], but we realized, that when we are in here, we always feel great and inspired to make our music. All the senses merge into an idyllic flow of consciousness when we stay in this space.

This flow is accentuated even more by the movement of things. The water dripping in the bathtub. The flame of the candles which seem like they are dancing. The mirrors reflecting everything they see. The curtain slightly moving because of the wind coming in from the little window. Everything just comes together in here.

A Turkish garden motto states clearly the provisions for the senses: roses for perfume, nightingales for song, and the sight and sound of running water. [26] Also, without moonlight, herbs lack scent and flavour. [27] That's why for us it's so important to come here in the evening right when the moon shows up in the sky.

Self-care is very important for our own happiness. What we like to do, is to fill the tub with lukewarm water. Then we put some honey in it, some flowers, a few drops of vanilla extract, a glass of wine, and why not also some money, a quartz crystal, or whatever other gem you like, and some champagne, just to make it bubbly enough for a happy life drunk of love.

I know, it sounds silly and weird, but it works, it makes you feel good, trust us!

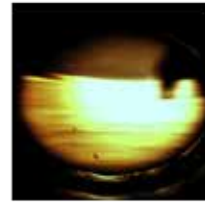
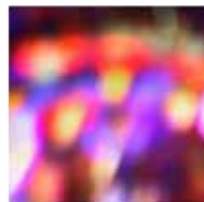




CHAMBER OF MOIST MOTION



CHAMBER OF MOIST MOTION





We love this door. *The door is ten palms wide [28].* Careful with the camera, Bolis.

You see, *shoes are important. [29]*

We believe that shoes, which are in contact with the ground, are what help us to connect with the universe and therefore with the people.

If you are able to visualize it, *beneath [...] feet we behold the moon. [30]* And *my shoes are capable of that. [31]* *Relief is waiting and I won't feel right until I actually see Earth and feel the ground under my feet just to make sure it's really there. [32]*

But *how does one make contact? [33]* *Shoe's rubber makes the first contact. [34]* *Let us proceed, therefore, to his unity. [35]*

Bolis, point the camera to the walls.

Shoes are stored in neat rows on a two tiered shelf and their laces are hidden from view. [36] But *how can so remarkable an archive be succinctly summarized? [37]* Probably through the *eccentricity of their orbits and periods of revolution. [38]*

Every month we rearrange the disposition according to the position of the stars and the progression of the lunar phases.

They always make a complete cycle. [39] That is why sometimes, *revolution dissolves structures. [40]*

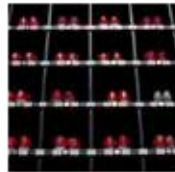
You may remember this, right? *“January warming his feet, and February frying fish.” [41]* It's a quote from one of our songs we recently released.

So, for us, shoes are very important. They are a symbol of expression and also communication with you, our beloved fans.

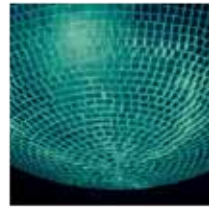














Let's go up now.

This is the room furthest from the noisy street, and it's where our baby mainly spends his time.

You see, he's a special baby, because the night he was born there was an exceptional constellation in the sky, and let me tell you, that is a rare event.

He is still a baby, but he can *turn his neck in any direction, can lift his eyes to the rising sun, look at the stars, distinguish night from day, look forward to the changes of the seasons, feel the winds, and breathe the pure, free air.* [42] His ruling planet is Saturn, of course.

That explains everything. He's a *prince of the universe.* [43]

There's something so magical about this room, it just fascinates us every time we come in here. All these beautiful lights that come from the ceiling. *Consider the delicacy of the eye and ear, and how they can turn small quantities of photons and air vibrations into information.* [44] These are *Spiritual Light Vibrations.* [45] The same ones, that we channel from the sky to write our music.

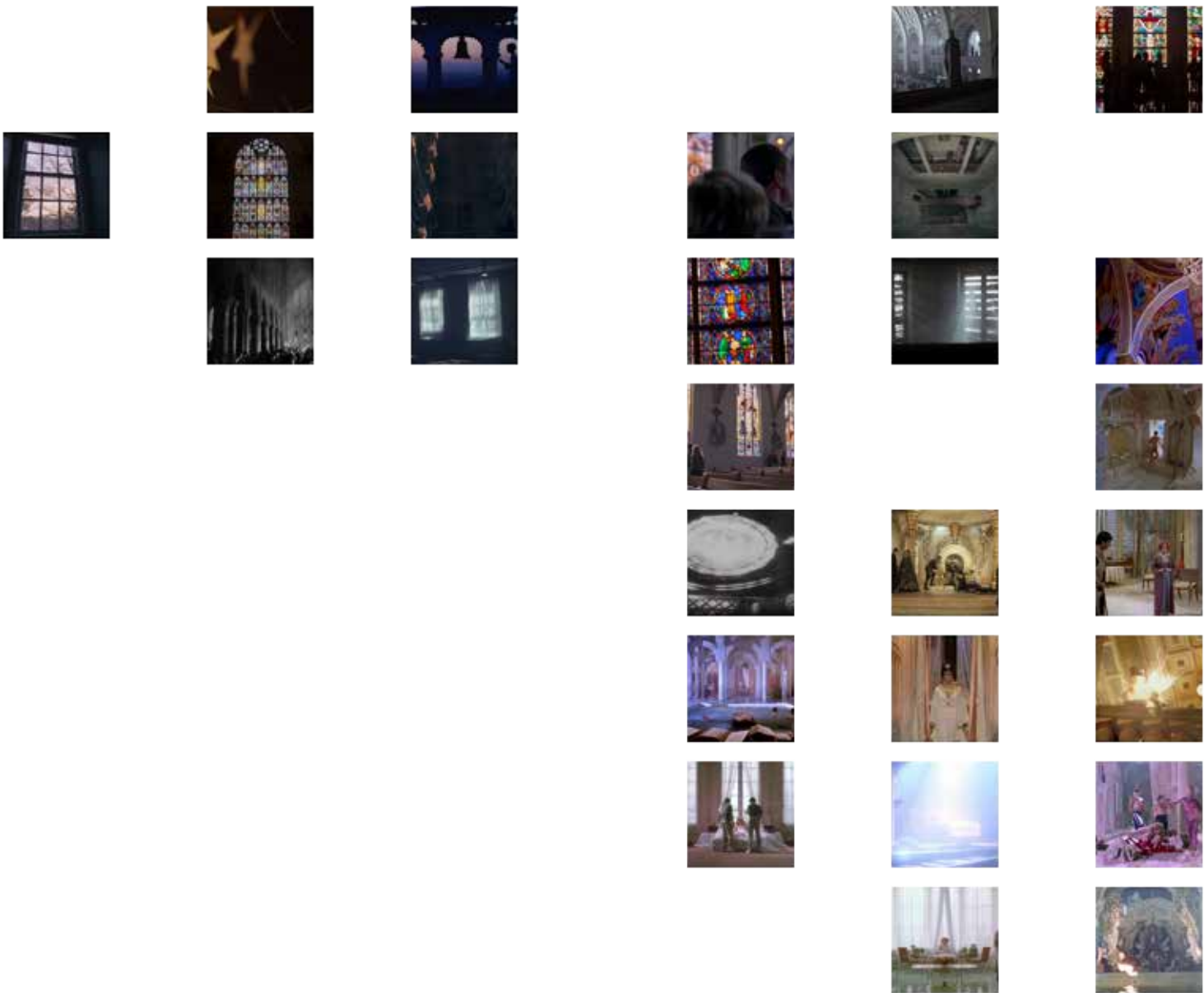
Vibrations in the air; but those are in time, and in space. [46]

We like to come here when we feel like we've lost the energies that we need during our daily lives. We sit down, take a break and look at the beautiful ceiling, and *we examine all colours in accord with the effect of the atmosphere and time of day, attempting with utter thoroughness to discern this tone as the last resonance of our feeling.* [47] *The impression of the hall is magic.* [48]

We got the crystal with starlight play of the inner color sphere. [49]

But what lay beyond the last sphere was never made very clear, but it certainly was not part of mankind's observable universe. [50].

When we are in here, we always ask ourselves... *What is reality?... trees are made of air, primarily.* [51] *For example, consider the air in front of you.* [52] Air makes no favoritisms. *The air over the Himalayas is enveloping California a week later.* [53] It's as simple as that. The flow is constant. Always. And the same is happening in this room. A flow of photons coming from the outside, then goes through the windows, and then hits our brains. Fascinating.

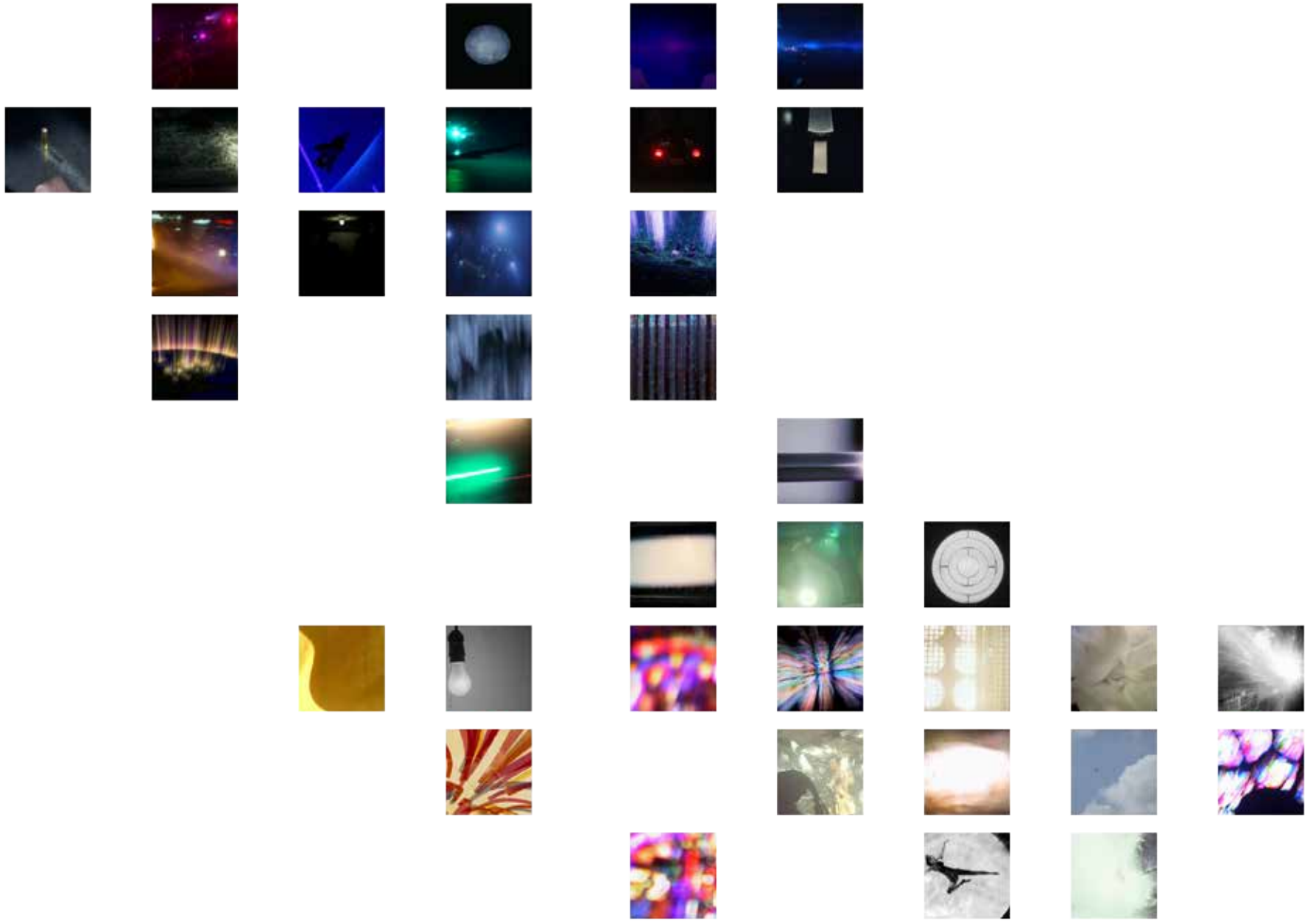




CHAMBER OF PHOTONIC VIBRATIONS



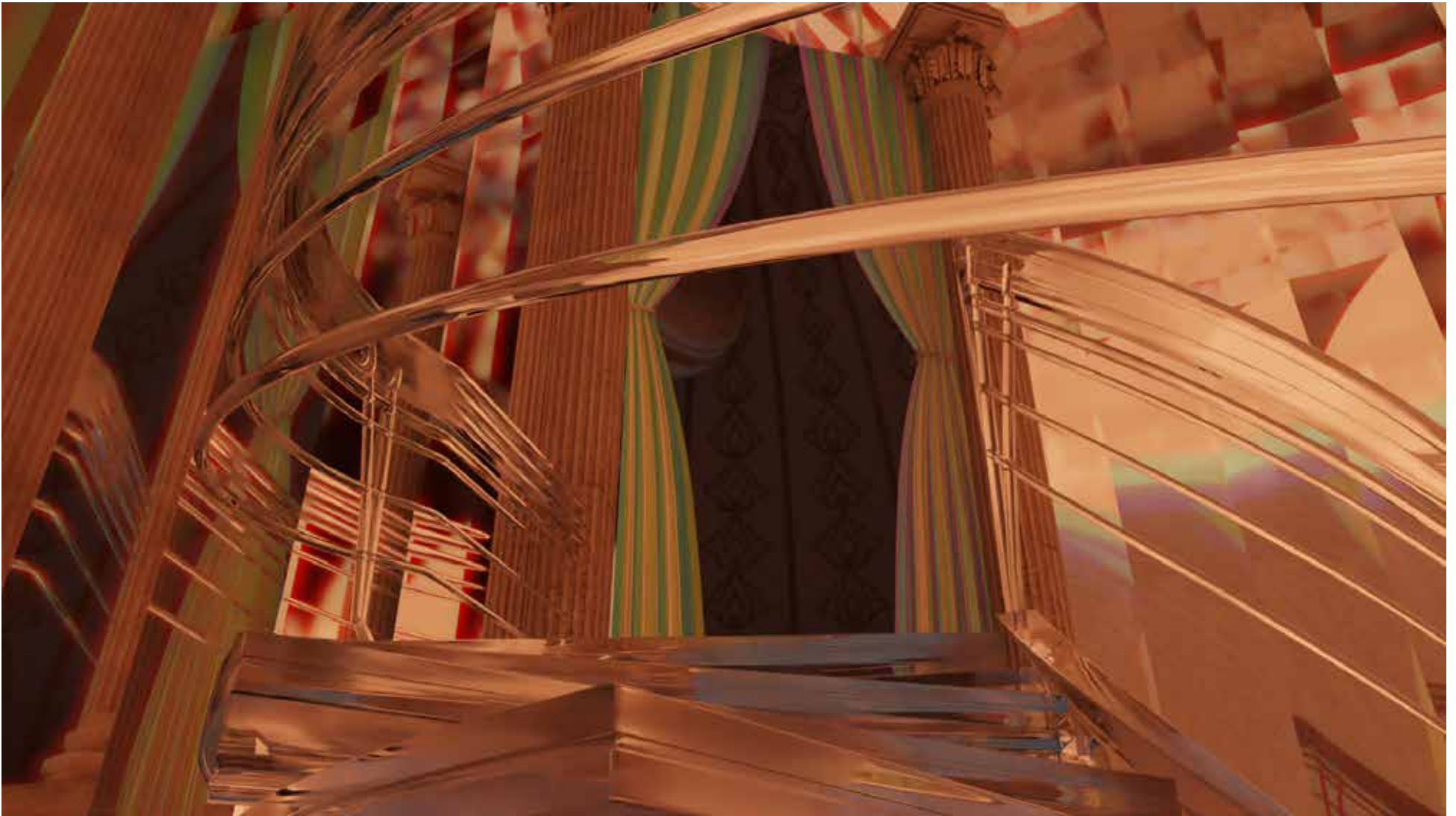
CHAMBER OF PHOTONIC VIBRATIONS







Unfortunately, last night, while we were doing our nightly star reading routine, our horoscope suggested us not to show the upper floor to anyone, so it will stay off limits. But don't worry, *the sun was hidden away deep behind the mountain [54]* too, but it always ends up showing anyways. Someday. I guess. But a glimpse of it is still visible from the stairs. Maybe you will be more lucky and see it fully in our next video! But no matter what, we know that the stars want to send you vibrations of love, so be receptive, and we hope that in this noisy world you will be able to be happy, if you believe in it. *I believe you believe that statement. [55] Believe me. [56] Blessings and congratulations and good fortune for your future. [57].* See you next time.



THE MASKED VAULT

[1] The_Book_of_the_Thousand_and_One_Nights, [2] Joyce__Ulysses, [3] Koolhaas__Elements_of_Architecture, [4] Asimov__Complete_Robot_Anthology, [5] Asimov__Complete_Robot_Anthology, [6] Asimov__Complete_Robot_Anthology, [7] Hofstadter__I_Am_a_Strange_Loop, [8] Latour__Reassembling_the_Social, [9] Asimov__Complete_Robot_Anthology, [10] Derrida__Of_Grammatology, [11] Fuller__Synergetics, [12] Coccia__The_Life_Of_Plants, [13] Pliny__Natural_History_Volume_6, [14] Tegmark__Our_Mathematical_Universe, [15] Spence__Polymetis, [16] Stoker__Dracula, [17] Jung__Archetypes_And_The_Collective_Unconscious, [18] Leatherbarrow_Eisenschmidt__Twentieth_Century_Architecture, [19] Anzaldua__This_Bridge_We_Call_Home, [20] Harrison_Wood_Gaiger__Art_in_Theory_1648_1815, [21] Alexander__A_Pattern_Language, [22] Calasso__Ardor, [23] Gombrich__Art_And_Illusion, [24] Grillner__Ramble_Linger_and_Gaze, [25] Eco__The_Name_of_the_Rose, [26] Heschong__Thermal_Delight_In_Architecture, [27] Grimm__Teutonic_Mythology_The_Complete_Work, [28] Serlio__Sebastiano_Serlio_on_Architecture_Volume_1, [29] Hovestadt_Buehlmann__Quantum_City, [30] Harrison_Wood_Gaiger__Art_in_Theory_1648_1815, [31] Hugo__Les_Miserables, [32] Asimov__Complete_Robot_Anthology, [33] Zorn__Arcana_5, [34] Fuller__Synergetics, [35] Spinoza__Complete_Works, [36] Rendell_Penner_Borden__Gender_Space_Architecture, [37] Ruffiniere_du_Prey__The_Villas_of_Pliny, [38] Von_Humboldt__Cosmos_Vol_1, [39] Fuller__Synergetics, [40] Leslie__Liquid_Crystals, [41] Ruskin__The_Stones_of_Venice, [42] Lovejoy_Boas__Primitivism_and_Related_Ideas_in_Antiquity, [43] Alberti__Momus, [44] Asimov__Complete_Robot_Anthology, [45] Lewis__Witchcraft_Today, [46] Xenakis__Music_And_Architecture, [47] Harrison_Wood_Gaiger__Art_in_Theory_1648_1815, [48] Giedion__Space_Time_and_Architecture, [49] Koolhaas__Elements_Of_Architecture, [50] Hawking__A_Brief_History_Of_Time, [51] Tegmark__Our_Mathematical_Universe, [52] Tegmark__Our_Mathematical_Universe, [53] Fuller__Synergetics, [54] Harrison_Wood_Gaiger__Art_In_Theory_1648_1815, [55] Asimov__Complete_Robot_Anthology, [56] Asimov__Complete_Robot_Anthology, [57] Del_Toro__Cabinet_of_Curiosities

“Reciban de mí siempre mucha paz, pero sobre todo,
mucho, mucho, mucho amor.”

- Walter Mercado

