

meet me halfway

meet me halfway

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Lucas Rodriguez, Aurèle Schaub
Studio Meteora
Season 9 - Contracting

meet me halfway

a roof

meet me halfway

with a garden

meet me halfway

with canals

meet me halfway

displaying a theater

meet me halfway



trailer

trailer

trailer

trailer

trailer

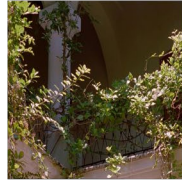
a new layer

a new layer

a new layer

a new layer

a new layer



The original city was mostly left intact, but it didn't feel like it. The new roof with the garden had given the city a complete makeover. How is the normal level disturbed? [1]

I asked myself. Suddenly there was a new vertical layer in the city.



It was to be a house in two parts. [2] Numerous measures can be employed to manipulate this impression.[3]

[1] Marx, Collected Works

[2] Summerson, Inigo Jones

[3] Deplazes, Constructing Architecture



[4] Alexander, A Pattern Language

[5] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

[6] Jacobs, The Death and Life of Great American Cities

[7] Carter, Shaking A Leg

But this wasn't only an impression. The roof parted the houses in the upper unit and lower unit. For the upper part The flowers need to be close, where you can touch them, smell them. [4]

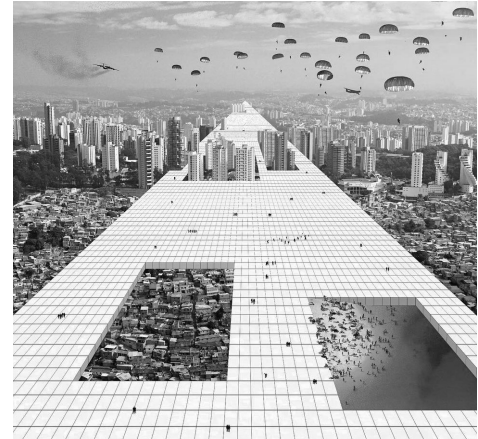
The garden up top is directly in front of the people's windows. However there is no separation of social class or race. Everybody has access to the roof. The streets possessed a whole new vibe. Suddenly people would feel it, and be completely surprised but most didn't like this unexpected feeling, [5] at least in the beginning.

Later they realized that If a city's streets look interesting, the city looks interesting; if they look dull, the city looks dull. [6]

And so they began to appreciate the change. New plazas emerged in the city. and with them new stages for everyday life. As if, somehow, the actor, this omnipresent meta narrator is, finally, more important than the events described. [7]



The stages found themselves in small plazas, between houses. They were thriving with people acting subconsciously in the play of life. But when they are too large, they look and feel deserted. [8] The roof gave the city a new identity, new life And the smell! [9] Through a house we went on the roof. Instantly the feeling switched from a city to a garden. Come into the garden, for without any exertion of thine or mine all is ready for pleasure. [10] The garden was not empty.



People were sitting, walking or playing. In some of the windows passing by, the smell of freshly cooked food filled our noses. In a house overgrown with ivy, a woman offered us a coffee. Trees, shrubs, and plants, are the decoration and covering of the earth. [11] We crossed the garden without uttering a single word. [12]

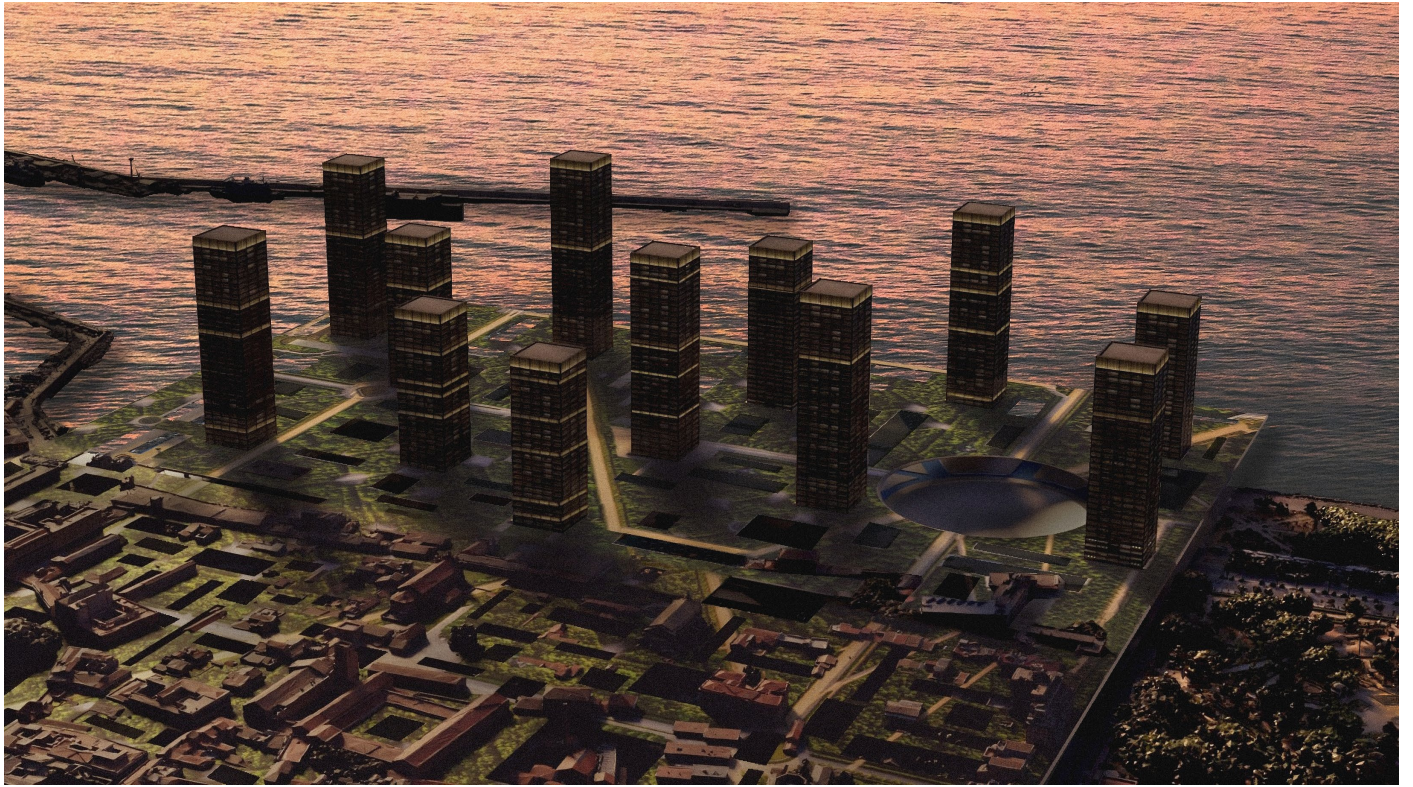
[8] Alexander, A Pattern Language

[9] Jacobs, The Death and Life of Great American Cities

[10] Michelet, The History of France Vol 1

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

[12] Rousseau, The Confessions



with a garden

with a garden

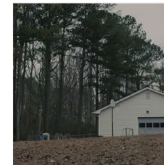
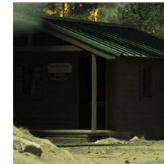
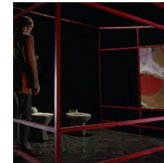
with a garden

with a garden

with a garden

How can a wise man help another wise man? [13] What possible answer can I make to him?" [14]

You can Pitch him into doing the real thing and he does not know where to start. [15] Those of us who have ever fainted know from experience what this feeling is. [16]

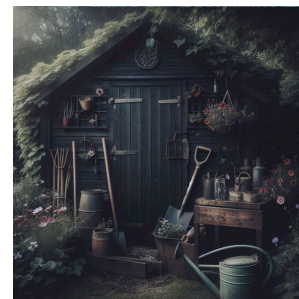


But What profit can accrue to him from this latent feeling? [17] That I cannot say, [18] as neither I nor anyone else has ever seen him.

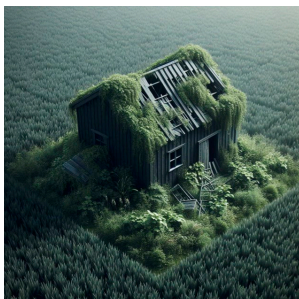
- [13] Seneca, Complete Works
- [14] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights
- [15] de Montaigne, The Complete Essays
- [16] Seneca, Complete Works
- [17] Seneca, Complete Works
- [18] Rousseau, Collected Works of Rousseau



Iwo's house was apart from the general cluster, apparently alone in a sea of floral perfume and insect chatter. [19] The shed was just there existing and it's falling apart. [20] Its black color sticks out in the day as the surrounding colorful fields make it feel like a blob of black paint on a Monet painting.



In the night however, the shed is one with the sky, disappearing. It is a haunted house and only the boldest enter it; only the boldest leave. [21] The people usually avoid the house. Many even thought the house Had no use. [22] "But none of God's works are useless." [23]



The actor said. The actor never really got in contact with the house or the gardener Iwo. Only through his flowers. And still the actor saw something romantical and at the same time almost surreal in the shed.

[19] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

[20] Lindsay, Aerotropolis The Way Well Live Next

[21] Carter, Shaking A Leg

[22] Dick, Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep

[23] Aquinas, Summa Theologica



to forget the bloom

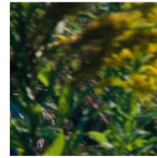
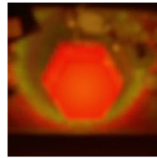
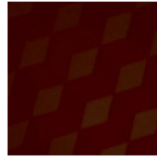
to forget the bloom

to forget the bloom

to forget the bloom

to forget the bloom

Flowers grew in profusion and order. [24] It was the sign of Iwo's work. But not only his work, it was his devotion. These flowers grow all over the roof but are concentrated on one field. It is said that lying in this field of flowers one can forget. Forgetting what? What is even worth forgetting. Are moments from the past, in which one feels pain not moments in which one grows.



Is forgetting not self destruction. Losing memories, losing knowledge. But there are certainly differences. Personal experience and general. Personal experience shapes one's character and mind; it's what makes you you. Without memories We feel nothing: we know nothing! [25] Wherefore forgetting the knowledge of universals does not destroy the principal part of prudence, but hinders it somewhat, as stated above. [26]

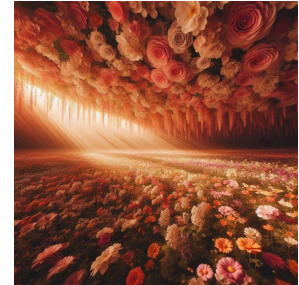


[24] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

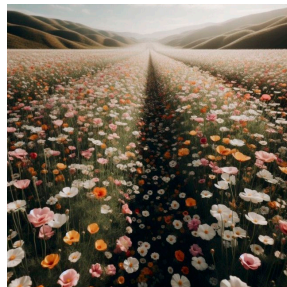
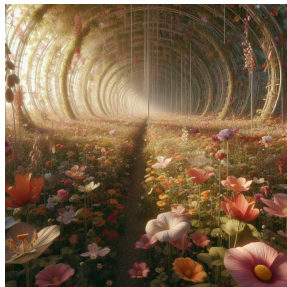
[25] de Montaigne, The Complete Essays

[26] Aquinas, Summa Theologica

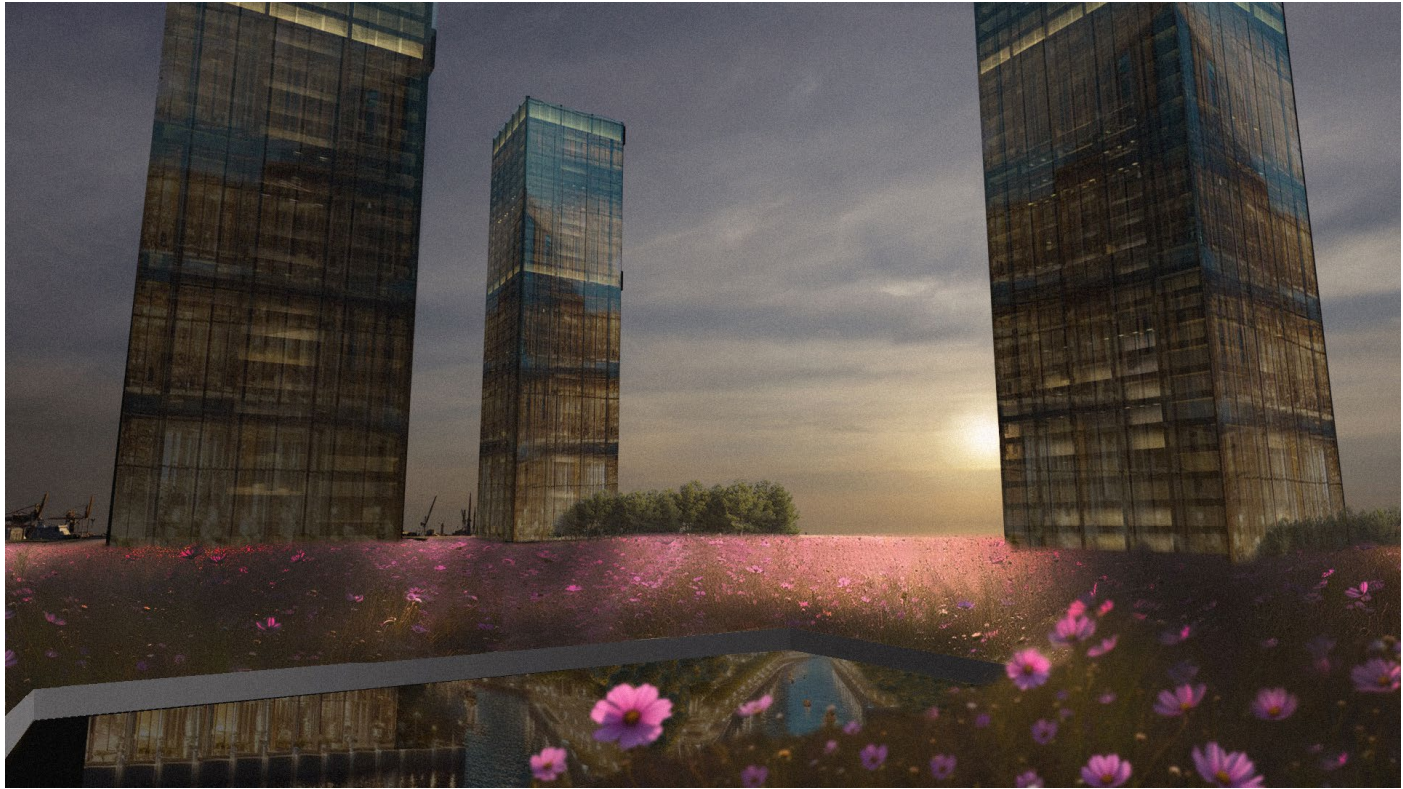
So what happens with an actor? Will he forget who he is or will he learn who he really is by forgetting who he's pretending to be? Is the character of his roles carried over? [27] One could even see the actor as a parasite. I hear myself speaking, yet what I hear is never fully myself but a parasite, a foreign body at the very heart of me. [28] He takes over a role, he becomes the role. He gains a new character. Does the actor take over the role, or does the role take over the actor. Does the actor even have a personality of his own?



Is his personality just attributes of different roles? Is he the actor? [29] The role should be played and made one's for a certain amount of time. Meaning, of course, it had never been supposed to possess. [30] The actor laying in the flower field will not know what to forget nor who. He will spend his time thinking whether he is able to grow or not and For the Apostle says: „Forgetting the things that are behind, I stretch forth myself to those that are before.“ [31] But still Stories grow by accretion. [32] Unsure the actor will continue his journey as a parasite, taking over roles and devouring them as his life essence.



- [27] Latour, Reassembling the Social
- [28] Zizek, Less Than Nothing
- [29] Serres, The Parasite
- [30] Hays, Architecture Theory since 1968
- [31] Aquinas, Summa Theologica
- [32] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology



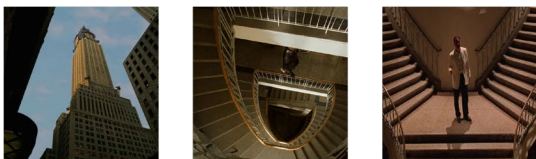
going high

going high

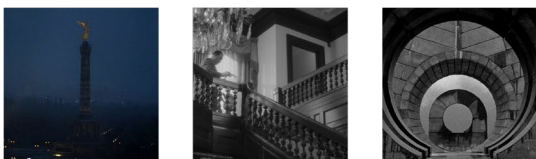
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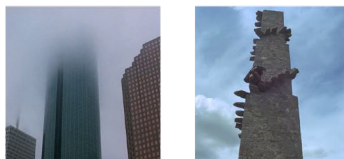
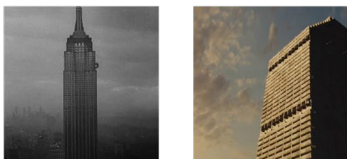
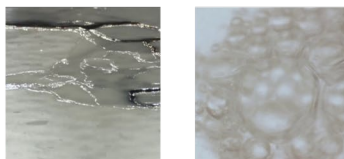
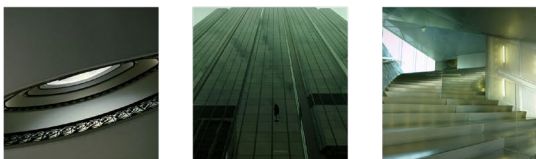
going high



As soon as the actor got into the tower he was welcomed with a choice. Left or Right. “Left” he said. „Are you sure?” I asked the actor.



“In the sensation the judgment is purely passive; it affirms that I feel what I feel.” [33] he answered. “One’s decision in the blink of an eye often cannot be reasoned. It is often also referred to as instinct. The direction of the instinct is uncertain.” [34] We took the left side and were faced with a long staircase.



[33] Rousseau, Collected Works of Rousseau

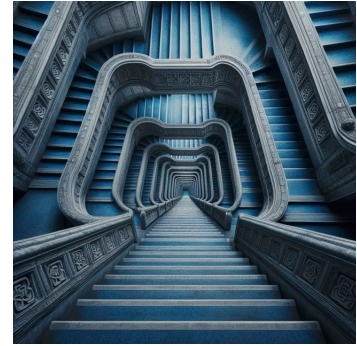
[34] Rousseau, Collected Works of Rousseau

[35] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

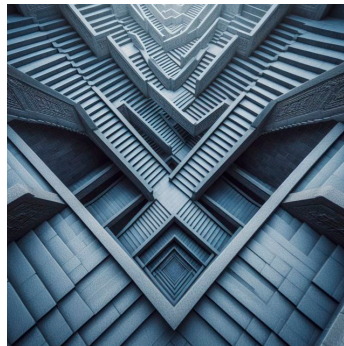
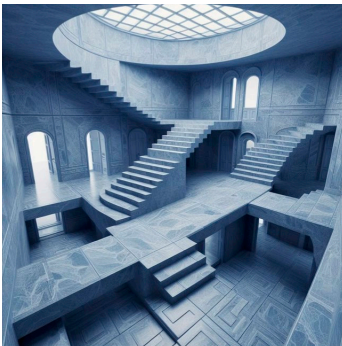
[36] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

After a couple minutes we arrived at the top and found ourselves in a room with yet again different doors to go through. This time however they were names. Spiritual stairs, fictional stairs... [35] “This one” the actor said, walking towards the fourth door. Inverse pyramid stairs. [36]

We found ourselves yet again in a room. “There might be other stairs.” [37] I said. Without answering the actor continued. Climbing up step by step. Floor after floor. I had passively followed him up stairs, not wishing to fatigue myself with unavailing exertion. [38] After what seemed to be forever we came across a similar looking room. “Spiritual stairs, fictional stairs, [39] haven’t we...” but the actor was already walking towards the later one. Apparently there were numerous possible routes between any two rooms in this impossible mansion and he knew only few of them. [40]



This time Mirrors distort space and divert steps. [41] The actor’s eyes widened momentarily and he stopped on the stairs; then he recovered and resumed his upward steps. [42] For me it felt like he has entered an endless series of mirrors that absorb him. [43] Thousands struggled up stairways that seemed endless. [44] And then we found ourselves back at the entrance.



[37] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

[38] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works

[39] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

[40] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

[41] Leslie, Synthetic Worlds

[42] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology

[43] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture

[44] Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture



contracting below

contracting below

contracting below

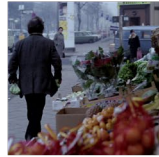
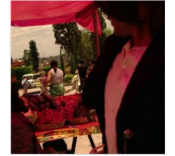
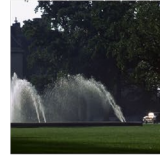
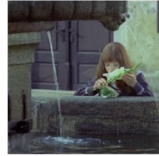
contracting below

contracting below

In the middle of the garden a large rose colored fountain stood proud. A statue of Charles II stands in the centre. [45]



The statue is placed on a basement divided into three compartments, one above another. [46] The statue itself is rudely carved; but its lines, as seen from the intended distance, are both tender and masterly. [47]



This place marked the point of contracting. The people from the market did it. [48] This is neither a fair nor a market day. [49] On these days the space around the fountain is filled with people. The market is thriving, people from the whole area come to buy fresh products that the people can now grown in their little garden segment on the roof.



[45] Saunders, The Art and Architecture of London

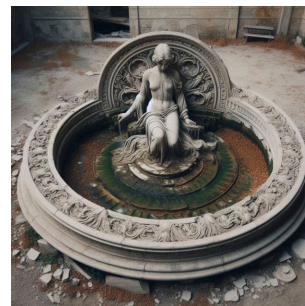
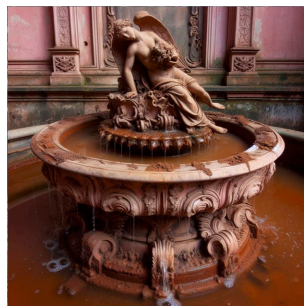
[46] Ruskin, The Stones of Venice

[47] Ruskin, The Stones of Venice

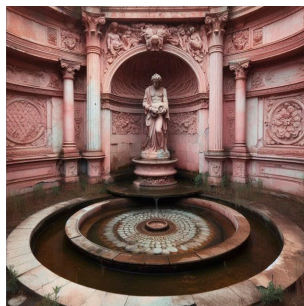
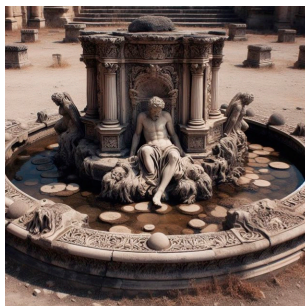
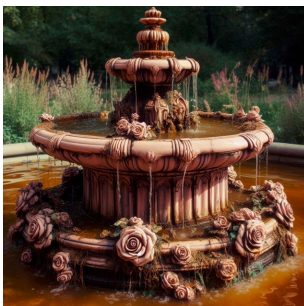
[48] Dickens, A Tale of Two Cities

[49] Hugo, Les Miserables

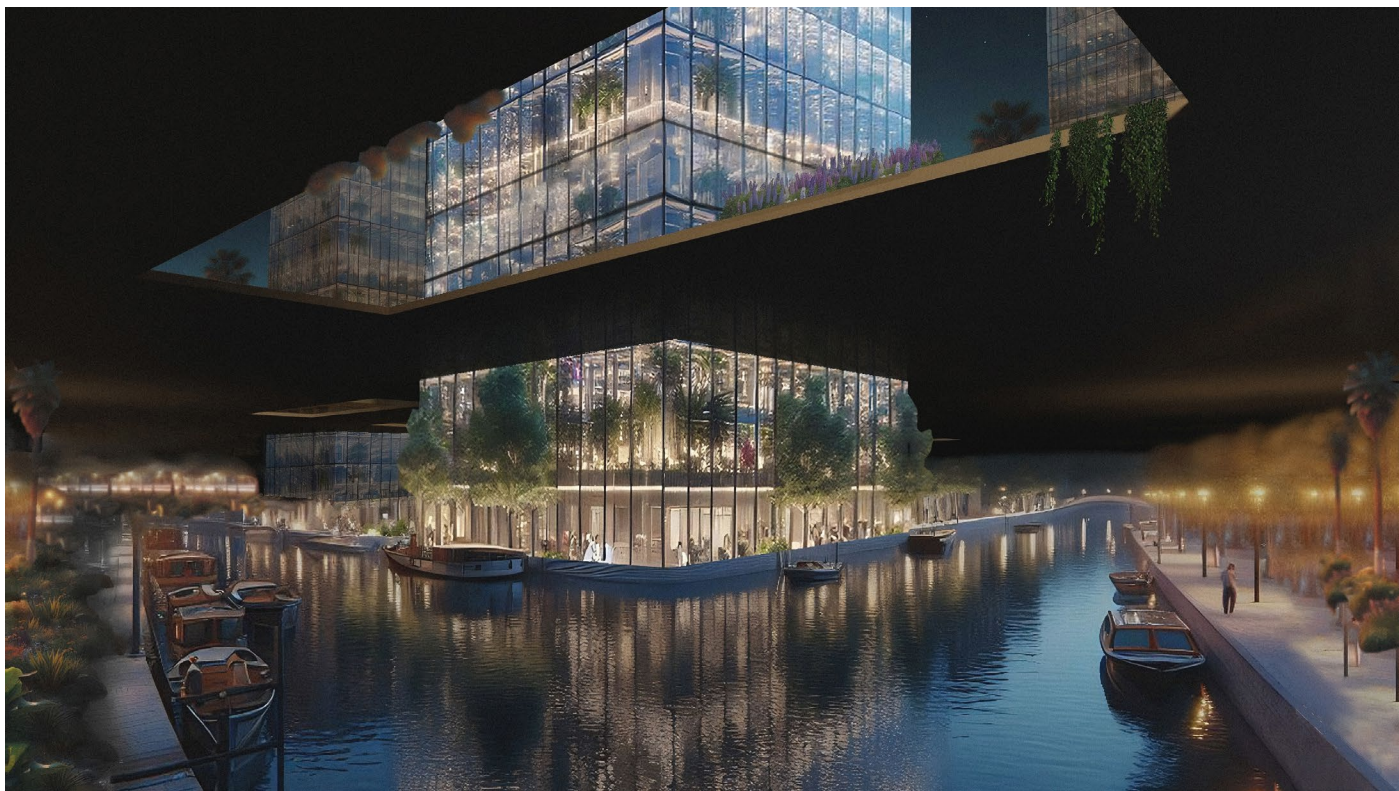
And so there were other kinds of contracting going on. The People of the district met here. They came together, contracting the whole neighborhood to one spot. How many are on the market?" [50] It seemed to be an infinite amount.



Looking at the place now. It was empty. [51] There was the sound of water running. [52] It took me a while but I then realized It was not water, but a light illusion of water. [53] The fountain didn't work. The small amount of leftover water was dirty and dark. And still I felt invited and somehow comforted by this view. But maybe comfort doesn't finally help all that much. [54]



- [50] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [51] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [52] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [53] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
- [54] Carter, Shaking A Leg



floating towards

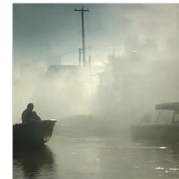
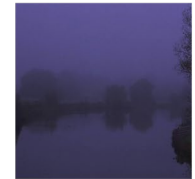
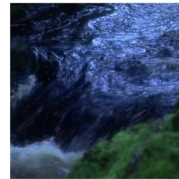
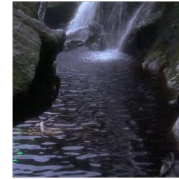
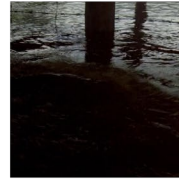
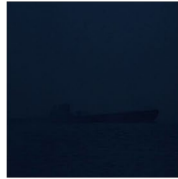
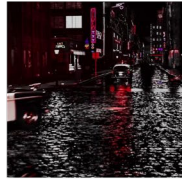
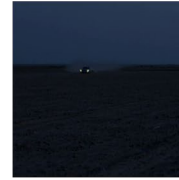
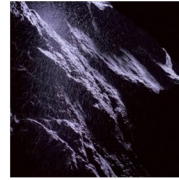
floating towards

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floating towards

**A salty breeze of
air filled my Nose.
Strange since it
could almost only
be from the ocean.
And they were
far away. [55] My
eyes then fell onto
a small canal
crossing our path.**

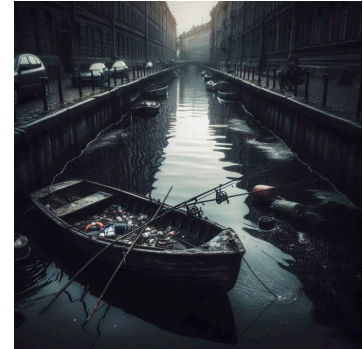
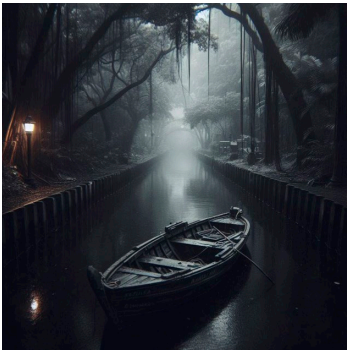


**But we assumed it was deep as I could not
see the bottom. It seemed to be endless. At
the shore was A boat: [56] a small bench with
several [57] rows in a fragile shell. [58] The
boat seemed to struggle to hold the weight of
two people.**

**[55] Handke, Crossing the Sierra de Gredos
[56] [57] [58] Serres, The Five Senses
[59] Zizek, Less Than Nothing
[60] Seneca, Complete Works**

The boat moved on its own, following the weak stream coming from the ocean water. Sure enough, the channel of water flowed backward. [59] Drifting down the calanal the city became quiet and blurry. In one place there are constant rivers whose size renders them fit for navigation, even without the aid of rains. [60] The boat however seemed to be avoiding them. At the shore I saw a couple fishing rods, its lines floating in the water.

We never did see the men of the fishing fleet. [61] I picked it up and started pulling the line back in. However the line seemed to be endless going into the depths of the canal. "I am giving up." [62] I said and threw the rod into the water. It slowly sank, disappearing in the pitch black water. We were drifting with no control. The actor knew this feeling. A surrender to cooperative existence. [63]



[61] [62] Asimov, Robot Anthology

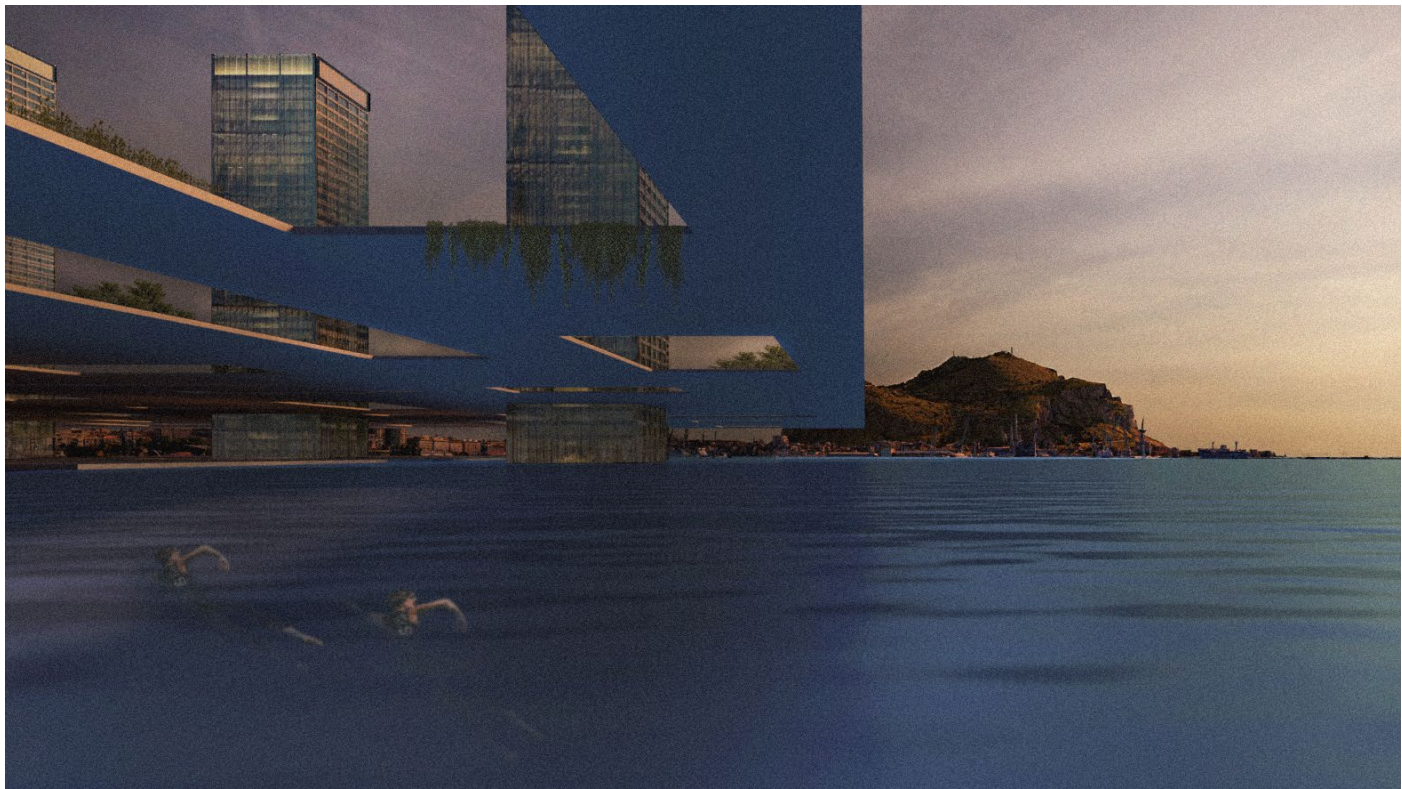
[63] Powers, The Overstory

[64] Marx, Collected Works

[65] Herodotus, The Histories

[66] de Montaigne, The Complete Essays

In a play one can only influence their own words and actions, much like in life you don't really have control about your surroundings. In this sense the canal is a representation of his life. Being able to influence what's in his reach but drifting along the timeline of his life. What's gone by is in the past and can't be obtained. It was in vain we made concessions to obtain it. [64] In the distance a building became visible directly in line with the canal. The actor recognized it as his home, or rather his workspace? But First there is a wide, deep moat, full of water, surrounding the entire [65] building. "Get out." [66] he said.



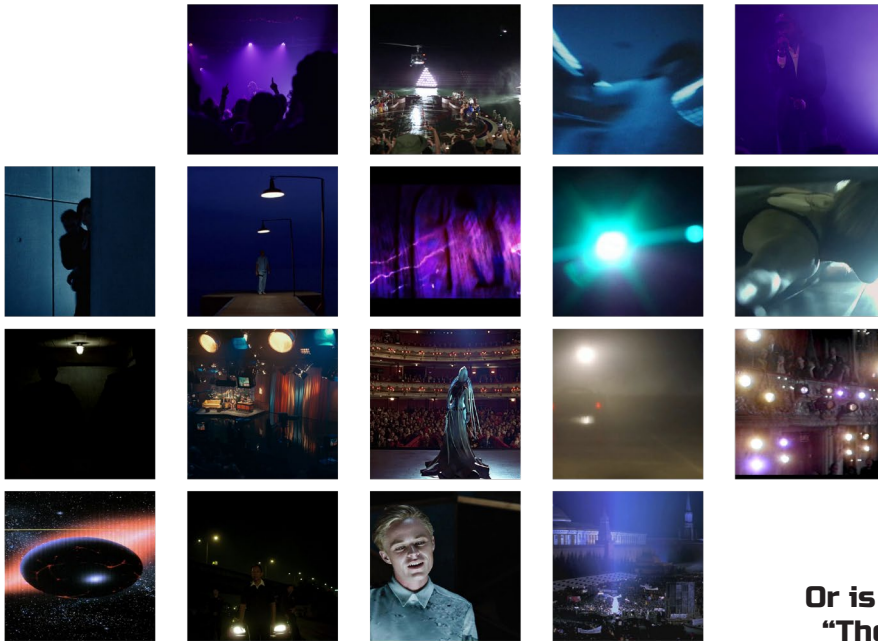
the great performance

the great performance

the great performance

the great performance

the great performance



The actor transformed into his role. In a twinkling, he had become unrecognizable. [67] “A Second Look.” [68] he said. But I didn’t recognize him, not only his look changed. His voice was hoarse all but recognizable. [69]The actor had completed his transformation. I was wondering if his character was gone as well. Does he still recognize me?

Or is he a completely different person? “The character of having value, when once impressed upon products, obtains fixity only by reason of their acting and re acting upon each other as quantities of value.” [70] he said. Still in shock I watched as he walked onto the stage, that was flooded in light. We speak of a sunny room, even though the same room is pitch dark at night. [71]

[67] Hugo, *Les Miserables*

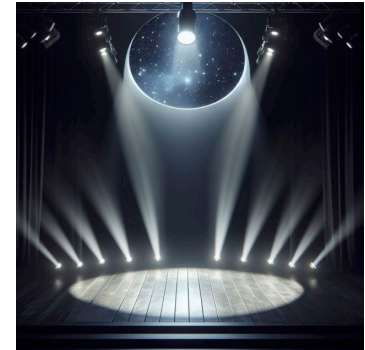
[68] Leatherbarrow Eisenschmidt, *Twentieth Century Architecture*

[69] Asimov, *Complete Robot Anthology*

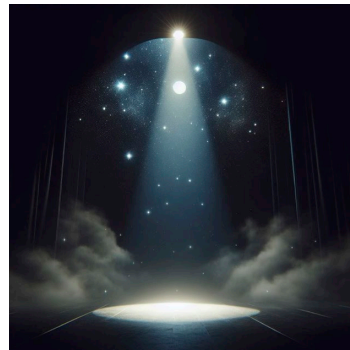
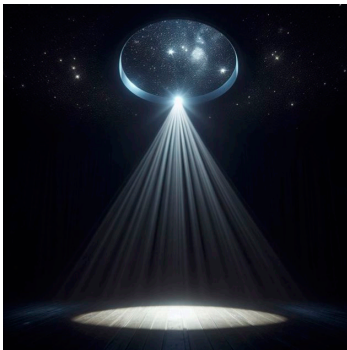
[70] Marx, *Collected Works*

[71] Seneca, *Complete Works*

But a stage actor would rather delight people by acting plays than take them in by false pretenses. [72] I thought to myself. I still was frozen following his movements with my eyes following his words with my mind. Others were there, but they were only shadows, unrecognizable shadows. [73] I learned that The study of plays leads to the study of poetry; both have the same end in view. [74] I recall the actor telling me: “I take him to the theatre to study taste, not morals; for in the theatre above all taste is revealed to those who can think.” [75] This is too plain to need exposition. [76]

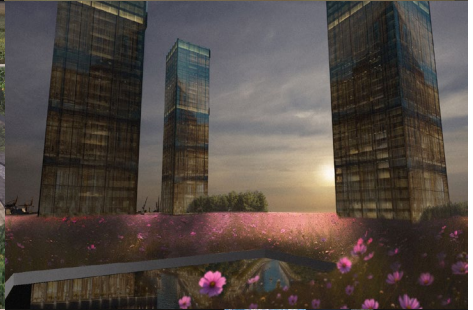
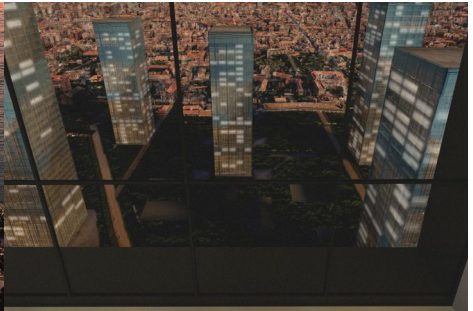


I thought, but still I didn't understand it. There I remained a hundred years, and I said in my heart, „Whoso releaseth me, I will make him rich for ever.“ [77] As I visit the theater now a days I make their acquaintance and study them. [78] This is what made me realize The role, like that of Sbrigani in Pourceaugnac, required an intelligent actor, and it was played to perfection. [79] I recall as he finished his play facing the crowd and the telling the world: “THE THEATRE.” [80]



- [72] Augustine, The City of God
[73] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
[74] [75] Rousseau, Collected Works of Rousseau
[76] Augustine, The City of God
[77] The Book of the Thousand and One Nights
[78] de Montaigne, The Complete Essays
[79] Rousseau, Collected Works of Rousseau
[80] Wollstonecraft, Complete Works





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