



When Aqua Santa [Holy Water],
turns into wine.



Trailer 8

Blog 9

Aqua Santa 10

Construction of Panormus 12

Encephalon Arboretum/Humanoids 14

Raw Realities Cliff 16

Deprivation Capsule 20

Humid Spit War 24

The Archive 28

Quotes 32

Acknowledgements 34

TRAILER



BLOG



I had a Dream...

Amidst the sweet hills of Sicily, surrounded by ancient myths and legends, where time seems to stand still, lies the source of the Holy Water, a hidden jewel of nature. *Untouched - only carved by roses, water, stones* [1]— *the water is known for its unordinary purity*.

Through the Qanats, *a system of canals and irrigation channels – some built so long ago that their existence was attributed to the gods* [2], the holy water was spread all over the territory kissed by the glittering Mediterranean and framed by the mountains Monte Sicani.

It shimmers like the flow of a descending stream. [3]

The silver water must glance out here and there among the trunks of near trees, just enough to show where it flows; then [4] break into the Miqweh, the underground sacred baths all over the city.

At the edge of the world, where I *found individual man disarmed, bare, unprotected, confounded, lost in a system of apparent unity, which was no better than common death.* [5], *the mind is confused and lost amid these innumerable relations* [7], of which barely none cared to truly understand one another.

Everybody, nobody - And given the uniformity of their isolated life, One can imagine the bitterness of those who were expelled from their [8] once called home.



I had a Dream...

As Mayor of Palermo, where welcoming everyone is a tradition - an unwritten law. I often remind people that „Here in Palermo, you are a Palermitani, no matter where your journey began.“

This ethos is rooted in our history as a haven for the marginalized - the Palermian Miqweh - where the persecuted once gathered, symbolizes this legacy. Over time, our city has become a refuge for diverse minorities.

Recognizing the need for a tangible symbol of our commitment to free speech and humanity, I envisioned the global farm of humanity and speech.

This led to the creation of Panormus, the bridge to the world – delicately hovering afront the harbour of Palermo. Named as in Greek the All-Harbour, Panormus is a testament to our welcoming spirit.

The Holy Water, central to our history and community, fuels this endeavor.

It represents not just our past, but the resilience and stories of those who find solace in Panormus.



Encephalon Arboretum

The unsinkable platform of Panormus serves as unique cross-roads of universal narratives. Here the seeds from diverse origins find a common ground - each embedded with distinct stories and experiences.

Sowing and Watering: The Foundation of Growth - In Panormus, these seeds are planted in fertile soil, rich in nutrients and potential. The Holy Water from Palermo plays a crucial role in this process, acting as a pure and nurturing force. Free from contaminants and biases, this water symbolizes the platform's commitment to providing an unbiased environment where every seed can thrive. It's a practical approach to fostering growth, ensuring that each seed has an equal chance to develop, regardless of its origin.

Germination and Growth: Under the warm sun, these seeds begin their transformation. As they germinate and grow, they represent the diverse backgrounds and cultures they come from. This growth phase is marked by mutual influence and support, as the humanoids interact with each other, reflecting the dynamic and diverse community of Panormus.

Maturation: Over time, the humanoids mature, developing blossoms and fruits that are as varied as the stories they represent. This stage signifies the culmination of growth and the manifestation of potential, with each humanoid contributing its unique qualities to the collective landscape of Panormus.

Harvest and Extraction: The harvesting process is a crucial phase where the fruits of growth are collected. This step symbolizes the preservation and celebration of the diverse experiences and stories nurtured on Panormus. Each fruit is a testament to the journey and growth of each individual seed.

Storage and Tasting: Finally, the harvested produce, envisioned as wine, is stored meticulously. Each bottle captures a



Raw Realities Cliff

The *Raw Realities Cliff* listens.

It is a *reference point, a point of departure, a bursting place* [20].

It asks for an audience to go, *swimming through the crowd* [21].

On the brink, the man is left naked, known for what he is, and resourceless[22]. *What is naked is rare, desired, and magnetic*[23].

The eye of the storm [24].

Sight can be blinded; hearing is irrepressible [25].

It is an *open organ* [26].

A slow, conscious movement [27].

The dancer can make the lame dance because her dance exorcises the demon that possesses them [28]. *It can propel a hearer in any direction at all* [29].

It pardons all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all thing [30].

Or rather, this is where dancing begins [31].

Deliberated from censorship and repression, condensation (ellipsis) and displacement. [32].

To succeed in getting drunk, but on pure water[33].





Deprivation Capsule

The *Deprivation Capsule* thinks out loud.

Everything begins with the dance; I must learn how the dance begins. [10]

Eloquence comes from silence alone, and perfects it. [11]

The first condition for thinking remains the freedom of thought. [12]

Being isolated and laid bare [13] - *Will you not grant you have forgotten yourself?* [14]

Deprived - A solitary encapsulation, a refuge amidst a storm of entwined thoughts, *where minds are single, double, and crossed, intersection and product.* [15]

The body, floating, alone in the volume, like a toy boat in a small tub where his limbs, naked, endeavor, a little, to float on the surface, given over to the slight pitching and rolling. [16]

The self-encounter - to test the water. To question, to redefine and to reorder.

Discovery is always the guarantee of the authenticity [17] of the belief.

It is the unfiltered, unshortened sentence. *What is a cry independent of the population it appeals to or takes as its witness?* [18]

It's the personal covenant. The communion of self with self.

To succeed in getting drunk, but on pure holy water. [19]





The liquid fire.

The abdomen contained a large quantity of a yellowish limpid fluid.

Who am I, liquid, among the hidden tears?

The same bitterness resides in the salt of sweat, tears and blood.“

*Night is empty or hollow, fog is full; darkness is ethereal, mist is gaseous, fluid, liquid, viscous, sticky, almost solid.
We weep in the same way as we sweat from fear, or spit copiously in anger, a phenomenon which the vulgar express by these
words, foaming with rage.*

By working, I water the terrain with my sweat; it is mine.



Humid Spit War

The *Humid Spit War* confronts with conversation

No limit should be set, and it is not of a commercial nature [34].

egotiation then begins. They float, they change names [35].

To dance and sing in choirs [36].

A great difference between public and private practices makes the former more respected [37].

The cosmos is a steam engine, and inversely [38]. Thus the earth, when it is touched by boiling heat, casts off its moisture, just as the human body gives off sweat in the presence of heat. [39]

Claims, accusation, and defense. It accepts them without fighting them. All these problems were constantly present [...] and little by little, divisions and distinctions made themselves felt [40].

o recognize each others stride and rhythm [41].

Madness here has a simple, obstinate and immobile existence, and no identification of its quality or judgement on its nature is required [42].

But it must therefore speak of this [...] debate without supposing a victory, nor the right to victory [43]

*It is all very well to swim, run, jump, whip a top, throw stones; but have we nothing but arms and legs?
here was a buzz of noise [45],*

Instead of the enormous opposition between the one and the many, there is only the variety of multiplicity in other words, difference [46].

To take lived experiences and give fantasies [47].

To succeed in getting drunk, but on pure water [48].





The Archive Garden

Is the archive written, journalistic and epistolary. [49]

Here is the first intelligible, atopic place, at the end of this short path equal to the longest possible path [50].

Between the chaos and the cosmos? [51]

Moreover, it concerns itself with the long term, since only the long term, and sometimes the very long term, can help us understand and anticipate the present [52].

It is a haven for voices from the fringes, collects waters of the finite and infinite, [...] in the notation of ordered progressions [53]. *It moves by the endless formation of circles* [54]. *Without dividing it up into good creation or bad creation - each individual has his own place; and each place its individual,* [55] *significantly perspectives once pushed to the edge.*

Its message passes from language to language, while one does not simply eat the words of a language; one tastes them as well [56].

A reflection of the city - namely the whole world, the Universe, the globe, both site and object of knowledge [57].

The city's testament to the freedom of speech, a mere collection of narratives; a living embodiment of marginalism.



Sweat and fatigue turn flesh to water.

Each bottle of wine in the archive represents the life story of . These wines symbolize the individual and collective experiences and offer insights into different human destinies.

Diversity in unity: Participants uncover common „grape varieties“ or „place names“ while sorting and tasting - emphasizing the connectedness of all people despite their individual stories.

The wine in a glass is not the wine in the carafe. [58] This is wine how can we call this wine [59]?

He shall separate himself from wine.

Let us try the first hypothesis [60] - A sip. The liquid had an acidic note. It is a question of giving taste. A different taste that is blended with the first taste. Now dulled, remaining the same while altering it, while changing it, while undoubtedly removing something of its native, original, idiomatic taste, but also while adding to it.[61] Other big sealed jars were opened, the new wine flowed [62].

Another sip. A cluster of highly different relations becomes a body. His body explodes from the disconnection of spaces [63]. But what should we call this experience - digestive or impregnated? This transformation of an outside object into personal and carnal subject. This incorporation, if not transubstantiation, formerly a miracle, an experience that's inward, evident, vital, and which changes bread and wine into body and blood? [64]

Another wine. Another sip. What if I tried them all?

What are the limits? What are my limits?

The note. [65] Follow the note. [66] They make a line.[67]

On saying these words I fell at her feet and gazed up at her, intoxicated. [68]



QUOTES

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Thank you, Miro
Thank you, Jorge
Thank you, Adil
Thank you, Ludger

PANORMUS

Project by Shania Bruder
Studio Meteora
about Contracting
HS23

METEORA
ALL HARBOUR OF PALERMO
SHANIA BRUDER
METEORA