

PAN-

DEMONIUM



# Pandemonium.

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**“You’re mad, bonkers, completely off your head. But I’ll tell you a secret. All the best people are.” [1]**  
- Lewis Carroll

# Prologue.

You're Paranoid. Bizarre. Insane. Crazy. Deranged. Mental. Weird. But you say that like it's a bad thing. If being crazy allows for free speech, yes I am. If wanting to express myself makes me insane, I am beyond bonkers.

I am mad. Retarded. Dazed.

I have questions. I seek answers.

Allow me to elaborate a little on this:

## **crazy (adj.)**

1570s, "diseased, sickly" (a sense now obsolete); 1580s, "broken, impaired, full of cracks or flaws," from *craze* + -y (2).

But who defines these "diseases"? Society? Rules? Law? And who decides these set of rules and laws? Other people? Fellow humans, who are equally as unique but still quite similar at the same time?

*Nothing could be more absurd, in our view, than to seek to subordinate others' opinions to our own.* [2]

## **weird (adj.)**

c. 1400, "having power to control fate, from *weird* (n.), from Old English *wyrd* "fate, chance, fortune; destiny; the Fates," literally "that which comes," from Proto-Germanic \**wurthiz*. The sense "uncanny, supernatural" developed from Middle English use of *weird* sisters for the three fates or *Norns* (in Germanic mythology), the goddesses who controlled human destiny.

So does this imply I'm a God?

*Then again, What difference is there, then, between God and primigenial chaos?* [3]

Oh hush now, *Everydayness does not dare to let itself become transparent in such a manner.*[4]

*"How dare you talk like that, this is blasphemy!"*[5]

*Are we in our modern times so condemned that we dare not set our own stages?* [6]

*What is this power that petrifies all those who dare look upon its face, condemning to madness all those who have tried the test of Unreason?*[7]

Dare I accuse society and go up against the norms like a madman?

Well, if you ask me, I'd say  
Sure, why not?

*Best would be to taste them all, and then you could either leave the sweetshop in a quandary or with a stuffed belly, because you were unable to fight off choice. [8]*

“Come on. Let's run away.” “Where to?”

“Don't you worry about to. In my experience that always takes care of itself. The important word is away.”[9]

*Trembling, the earth shall be opened, revealing chaos and hell. [10]*

Welcome, to the Freihaus. Welcome to:

The **PANDEMONIUM**.

Or should I say the house of the devil himself.

“The devil?”

*Our idea of devils, falls in very much with the notion of a fury.[11] Devils are attracted to dwell in certain temples by means of the creatures, who present to them what suits their various tastes.[12]*

And Freihaus is one of these temples.

Welcome to this house of fury. Of uproar. A lawless inferno. An amalgamation of various tastes.

*Devil you are.*

*There are sins or evil memories which are hidden away by man in the darkest places of the heart but they abide there and wait.[13]*

Freihaus thrives on these sins. These ideas. These opinions. These memories.

“The choice is not self sacrifice or domination. The choice is independence or dependence.”[14]

*The independence to think, speak and act freely.*

Freihaus believes that *What I (one) will become depends on the interplay between contingent social circumstances and my(one's) free choice.[15] To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right, In peace, in war, in council, and in fight.[16]*

Freihaus retains nothing, *foresees nothing; it is dejected by the confusion that reigns in it's ideas, and by the comfortless void that succeeds the abundance and variety of it's vain recourses. [2]*

Freihaus embraces this ocean of possibilities, or maybes and the in-betweens. It allows for multiple truths to exist.

But just as any deal with the devil, Freihaus has its conditions: You must submerge yourself into your dilemmas, give into your thoughts and beliefs. You must be ready to stand up against the face of society, the laws, the mind's desires, the rituals, the media.

*There came to the throne an evil man, who was not of the old royal house, and instead of setting a new lock, he had a mind to open these locks, that he might see what was within the tower.[17]*

The Devil accepts you.

All of you

Your confusion, your dilemma, your doubts, your beliefs.

*A judgment is to take place, and that it is to take place at the resurrection of the dead.  
as dead men are made out of living ones, so living men are made out of dead ones;[10]*

Instead of restricting you and capturing your thoughts, Freihaus allows you the luxury of anonymity, still allowing you to question. To opine. To think. To say.

All S/He asks is for you to hold onto your opinions, and take on a new form, your inner true form. A new face, with the same voice.

*“It is irrevocable, as the voice of the masses that determine it. the words did not match the man’s face or voice. And only when it is dead, when you care no longer, when you have lost your identity and forgotten the name of your soul only then will you know the kind of happiness I spoke about, and the gates of spiritual grandeur will fall open before you.”[14]*

*In his/her eyes, murder, robbery, all crimes, are only forms of rebellion.[17]  
They were only regarded as the pranks of those supernatural beings, whose sole power over humanity was the infliction of evil.[18]*

But, think about it. What is evil anyway?  
A notion? A concept? An opinion? A viewpoint?  
Isn't it subjective?

*After all, It is true that many things that are evil appear at first sight to be good, and many appear evil and yet are good.[19]*

The Devil welcomes ambiguity.  
It welcomes the rebels.  
It is amorphous.

Freihaus asks that you summon your conscience. Freihaus is your conscience.  
*The chaos of chimeras, of lusts, and of temptations. [17]*  
Which in turn allows Freihaus to become one with you.  
Freihaus is you. You are Freihaus.  
You are the chaos.  
The mess. The pandemonium.

You are the devil, and this is your home.  
*‘Come here, you born devil!’[20]*

**Because,**  
***Where else can such confusion reign, but in devils’ temples? [10]***

- [1] Carroll\_Lewis\_\_Adventures in Wonderland
- [2] Harrison\_Wood\_Gaiger\_\_Art\_in\_Theory\_1648\_1815
- [3] Ofulla\_Ayab\_\_The\_Secrets\_Of\_Hidden\_Knowledge
- [4] Heidegger\_\_Being\_and\_Time
- [5] Zizek\_\_Less\_Than\_Nothing
- [6] Ockmann\_\_Architecture\_Culture\_1943\_1968
- [7] Foucault\_\_History\_of\_Madness
- [8] Sedlacek\_\_Economics\_of\_Good\_and\_Evil
- [9] Terry\_Pratchett\_\_Eric
- [10] Augustine\_\_The\_City\_of\_God
- [11] Spence\_\_Polymetis
- [12] Augustine\_\_The\_City\_of\_God
- [13] Joyce\_\_Ulysses
- [14] Rand\_\_The\_Fountainhead
- [15] Borges\_\_Collected\_Fictions
- [16] Homer\_\_Iliad
- [17] Hugo\_\_Les\_Miserables
- [18] Gell\_Gandy\_\_Pompeiana\_The\_Topography\_Edifices\_and\_Ornaments\_of\_Pompeii\_vol1
- [19] Castiglione\_\_The\_Book\_of\_the\_Courtier
- [20] Dickens\_\_Oliver\_Twist



# Site.

*On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair  
Warm smell of colitas, rising up through the air  
Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light  
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim  
I had to stop for the night.*

- *Hotel California, The Eagles*

## THE SITE

Situated in Buenos Aires, the site aims at attracting all those ‘misfits’, ‘degenerates’, ‘oddballs’ and ‘outcasts’.

‘Come here, you born devil![1]  
You seek answers, freedom of speech  
I thrive on your vision, your ideas each

Walk across to my side, a world of hope  
With no pre-set notions, no laws to cope

As much of a trap as it seemed, the offer was too tempting to pass for Donna, who somehow managed to convince her fellow mates, Eric and Michael to join her, as they walked in the direction of the voice.

Sitting gravely on the ground before the gate of an inn at which caravans stopped on the road to Merv, they awaited the sign.[2]

When they got to the three log doorsteps they heard someone unlocking and unbarring and unbolting. Donna put her hand on the door and pushed it a little and a little more till somebody said, “There, that’s enough -put your head in. [3]

She glanced around, attempting to trace back the voice, but all she could see was an array of lights flickering at a distance.

It appeared to be an oblong chamber covered by a semicircular vaulting, the stones of which have horizontal courses projecting beyond each other as they advance in height, so as to produce that curvilinear form.[4]

At this point, a skeptical Eric thought the inn to be suspicious enough, and suggested they head back, but Donna insisted on pursuing the path, in a thirst for adventure.

“No laws? No notions? Eric, this seems like the ideal place! We have to be stupid to let this opportunity slide”

[1] Dickens\_\_Oliver\_Twist

[2] Borges\_\_Collected\_Fictions

[3] Mary Shelley Frankenstein

[4] Stuart\_Revett\_\_Antiquities\_of\_Athens\_vol4

# Chamber of Inscriptions.

*There she stood in the doorway;  
I heard the mission bell  
And I was thinking to myself  
'This could be heaven or this could be Hell'  
Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way  
There were voices down the corridor,  
I thought I heard them say*

- *Hotel California, The Eagles*

# THE CHAMBER OF INSCRIPTIONS

They walked for a long time, because obviously the passage led from the Hippodrome to the walls of Constantine.[1]

Round the sides of the passage, which was paved with marble, ran a kind of flap about half a yard high, covered with thin foils of marble.[2]

As they continued to walk through the passage, Carved on that far wall, they saw terrible inscriptions.[3]

On Racism, Feminism, Equality, Logic.

“I think the world is being much helped by the suffering of the poor people”[4]  
Michael flashed his torch over the walls, but instantly froze mid way through reading one of the inscriptions. “I can’t believe someone like mother Teresa could say such a horrible thing! So much for the peace prize, gosh!”

Eric went on to read another such inscription: “Educating a beautiful woman is like pouring honey into a fine Swiss watch: everything stops.”[5]

“What did you just say?” Donna yelled, her eyes red with rage.

“It’s what’s written on these walls, jeez! Calm down” Eric gulped.

Donna went back to reading a few more of the etched thoughts, “I am strongly in favor of using poisoned gas against uncivilized tribes”.[6]

Woah, that’s awfully radical! What is this place?!”

They had now reached the end of the tunnel, and came across a wall with fresh blank stones, carefully arranged.

The three then began to scan the dark corners of the room.

To the left, There were many books, and even more notes, scrolls with drawings of the heavenly vault, catalogues of strange plants, written on scattered pages, probably by the dead man.[7]

On the surface they seemed really simple, but the minute Donna saw them she knew that they were more than that.[8] Not only did stones lay bare their wisdom but written texts, too, had to be read carefully.[9]

They saw a young man seated on the right, dressed in a white robe, and were struck dumb.[10]

“It’s my petty fear of personal rejection that allows so many true evils to exist. My cowardice enables atrocities.”[11]

Let go of your fears,  
Walk with me through this darkness, into a new light  
Don't worry, you can think out loud, just hold onto your ideas, don't lose sight

Here, take them down, honor them, on stone  
They're safe now, let them out, you're here, and alone.

Eric and Donna started walking towards this man, But the words seemed to Michael shallow, supercilious,  
cold blooded, and cynical all in one.[12]

“Guys, this is crazy. How can you be so sure of something? This place is creepy. That's it, I'm out of here.” With  
that Michael ran as fast as he could, racing past the haunting inscriptions, straight out the gate.

Eric and Donna stepped up and onto the pedestal, where the an gave them both a piece of stone.  
After some introspection, they both went on to carve in their thoughts into the stone.

Just as they finished doing so, they could feel the presence of voices. Strange deep lecherous sinister voices.  
It almost felt as if Another, who is already hid behind the door of a darker room, seemed to be watching with  
a suspicious eye.[13]

The man smirked, his eyes faint as a cold winter night, as he opened the door.

- [1] Stuart\_Revett\_\_Antiquities\_of\_Athens\_vol4
- [2] Martyn\_Lettice\_\_The\_Antiquities\_of\_Herculaneum\_Translated\_from\_the\_Italian
- [3] Borges\_\_Collected\_Fictions
- [4] Mother\_Teresa
- [5] Kurt\_Vonnegut
- [6] Winston\_Churchill
- [7] Eco\_\_The\_Name\_of\_the\_Rose
- [8] Hovestadt\_Buehlmann\_\_Quantum\_City
- [9] Bussels\_\_Spectacle\_Rhetoric\_and\_Power
- [10] Serres\_\_The\_Five\_Senses
- [11] Chuck\_Palahniuk\_\_Damned
- [12] Woolf\_\_Night\_and\_Day
- [13] Martyn\_Lettice\_\_The\_Antiquities\_of\_Herculaneum\_Translated\_from\_the\_Italian

# Chamber of Faces.

*Welcome to the Hotel California*

*Such a lovely place (such a lovely place)*

*Such a lovely face.*

*Plenty of room at the Hotel California*

*Any time of year (any time of year) you can find it here*

- *Hotel California, The Eagles*

# THE CHAMBER OF FACES

Let me guide you through, to the halls of the strange men  
Each one cast out for being different, time and again

Eric stepped into the next room, leading the way.

He had almost reached the middle of this street, near a very low wall which a man can easily step over at certain points, and which abuts on a waste space, and was walking slowly, in consequence of his preoccupied condition, and the snow deadened the sound of his steps; all at once he heard voices talking very close by. He felt that he had entered the tomb, it seemed to him that he was already on the other side of the wall, and he no longer beheld the faces of the living except with the eyes of one dead.[1]

He came across an altar. But unlike any other, this was made up of Raw head and bloody bones.[2]

Some niches had only tiny bones, others only skulls, neatly arranged in a kind of pyramid, so that one would not roll over another; and it was a truly terrifying sight, especially in the play of shadows the lamp created as they walked on.[3]

Donna could recognize some of these faces.

Adolf Hitler, Darth Vader, Martin Luther King, Donald Trump, Tiger Woods, Socrates.

Go ahead, pick your face, don't hesitate, don't be shy  
You're free now. To speak, to joke, to repent, to lie.

For your voice remains, ever so clear, so strong  
And as none can judge you, you can reign for long.

They saw how a certain kind of self-awareness seems to be at the crux of consciousness.[4]

So, are you saying that "I can become someone else, not out of pressure and desperation, but merely because a new life sounds fun or interesting or joyful?"[5]

This is just so exciting, isn't it Eric?

He tried to represent all the fragments and divisions, the bones and stones of his being.[6]

But Eric seemed to have different thoughts. He bent down, picked up a skull and let out a squeal: "Your scare me rather. My reflection in the glass never did that; of course,

I knew it so well. Like something I had tamed ... I'm going to smile, and my smile will sink down into your pupils, and heaven knows what it will become."[7]

I'm sorry Donna, but this is ridiculous.

I am myself. I have evolved because of this society.

I don't think I can, even if I wished to, give up my ideas and take up a new form.

He walked away immediately, and she was left to fret over her own want of presence of mind.[8]

But Donna wasn't paying heed to anything that Eric had to say.

Now her body was alive, so still that it seemed to tremble, saying what he had wanted to hear: a proud, reverent, enraptured surrender to a vision of her own, the right moment, the moment before the figure would sway and break, the moment touched by the reflection of what she saw.[9]

She went on and picked a face from the many, instantly transforming into a new being.

"This can't be," she stammered, her voice hardly recognizable as my own.

The voice was shrill and mocking.[10]

Atrides from the voice the storm divined,

And thus explored his own unconquer'd mind:[11]

"Very well, looks like its just you and me, now huh? So, what's next?" Donna asked. She looked around, but the old man was nowhere to be seen.

"Not quite." Said his voice.

[1] Hugo\_\_Les\_Miserables

[2] Joyce\_\_Ulysses

[3] Eco\_\_The\_Name\_of\_the\_Rose

[4] Hofstadter\_\_Godel\_Escher\_Bach

[5] Chuck Palahniuk\_\_Damned

[6] Mayer\_\_The\_Rhetorics\_of\_Life\_Writing\_in\_Early\_Modern\_Europe

[7] Jean - Paul Sartre\_\_No Exit

[8] Austen\_\_Pride\_And\_Prejudice

[9] Rand\_\_The\_Fountainhead

[10] Borges\_\_Collected\_Fictions

[11] Homer Ilads



# Chamber of Discourses.

*Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes bends  
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys, that she calls friends  
How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat  
Some dance to remember, some dance to forget*

- *Hotel California, The Eagles*

# THE CHAMBER OF DISCOURSES

“Hell, it has been suggested, is other people.”[1]

Take my hand, let us venture into the depths of the blazing sea  
Allow yourself to let go, speak your mind, be free

Donna found herself amidst a crossroads, as she entered the next room.  
Each way directed her to different kinds of experiences.

She caught glimpses of everything, but he saw nothing.  
As she was at a distance from all those veiled women passing to and fro, she saw before her only an agitation of shadows.[2]

The parascenium consisted of chambers behind the scene, the lower range of which communicated with the scene by the five principal cubes:

Society

Logic

Desires

Media

Beliefs

and were adapted to the convenience of the actors, and composed of several stories one above the other.[3]  
Some more public, with glamorous stages to express oneself, while some were a bit more reserved, cozy for more intimate discourses.

Immerse yourself In conversation, express yourself at peace  
Discover new secrets, unlock new doors, find new keys

It almost felt like a game of sorts.  
With every cube she rolled, she had new viewpoints and faces to interact with, new arguments to address and new developments to refine her our opinions.

As she placed her hand on the walls, to direct herself to a cube, the stones shifted, revealing riddles, messages and quotes to fuel her arguments.

“They told me that nothing was a sin,  
just a poor life choice.Poor impulse control.That nothing is evil.  
Any concept of right versus wrong, according to them,  
is merely a cultural construct relative to one specific time and place.  
They said that if anything should force us to modify our personal behavior it should be our allegiance to a social contract, not some vague, externally imposed threat of flaming punishment.”[4]

She continued to venture through the spaces, from space to space, interacting with different faces. Each more radical than the other.

She saw how the principles of association, especially causality, compelled the mind to go beyond what is given, inspiring it with beliefs or fanciful notions not all of which are legitimate,[5] and that the bridge did not exist simply as an obvious physical block; instead, its reality differed completely depending upon the specific hopes and fears of the observer.[6]

At some point, Donna's mind was too full for conversation, but she saw and admired every remarkable spot and point of view.[7]

She then did not participate in the conference, but abided at a little distance, like an outer satellite who was not to speak until required, or to offer an opinion until invited.[8]

She made her way through the crowd and found herself a seat near one of the stages, eagerly listening.

'Now, then!' cried a voice from below, in reply to a whistle from the Dodger.

Fraud and robbery are high sounding words justified, you think, by a fancied resemblance in some young imp to an idle daub of a dead man's Brother![9]

She could also hear philosophers in dialogue, screeching and quarrelling at the foot of beautiful mountains, on ocean beaches, in front of Niagara Falls, they had the fixed gaze of those with something to say.[10]

She glanced around to see other people sitting next to her, screaming and yelling.

"These people were not only cheering, they were throwing flowers and hats. The hats were made of stone, but the thought was there." [11]

"What are we cheering for?"

"The Final Judgement. Better be ready, here comes the devil!"

[1] Terry Pratchett\_\_Eric

[2] Hugo\_\_Les\_Miserables

[3] Stuart\_Revett\_\_Antiquities\_of\_Athens\_vol4

[4] Chuck Palahniuk\_\_Damned

[5] Deleuze\_\_Desert\_Islands\_and\_Other\_Texts

[6] Harman\_\_Towards\_Speculative\_Realism

[7] Austen\_\_Pride\_And\_Prejudice

[8] Dickens\_\_A\_Tale\_of\_Two\_Cities

[9] Dickens\_\_Oliver\_Twist

[10] Serres\_\_The\_Five\_Senses

[11] Terry Pratchett\_\_Eric

# Chamber of Judgements.

*Mirrors on the ceiling,  
The pink champagne on ice  
And she said, 'we are all just prisoners here, of our own device'  
And in the master's chambers,  
They gathered for the feast  
They stab it with their steely knives,  
But they just can't kill the beast*

- *Hotel California, The Eagles*

# THE CHAMBER OF JUDGEMENTS

Donna suddenly found herself at the center of a room.  
She helplessly waded through the space, trying to find direction

While doing so, she stumbled upon a large fabric. A curtain of sorts.  
There was the curtain still drawn, which she would have opened to admit the light she never saw again.[1]

Brace yourself now, prepare for the best  
Its time to Celebrate your opinions, put them to test

The five faces of death await you on the other side  
Ah! Death is our friend, sweet child, no reason to hide

There are no right answers, there is no single way  
We're all here to explore, to learn, to uncover, with each day

She heard no steps, but a voice, quite close, spoke to her: "I am here"[2]

"What you need is to let go of that emotion you're holdin' back and what I need is for you to give it to me.[3]

"Come on!" cried a voice which was not the voice of a man, but of which no one would ever have said: "It is a woman's voice." [4]

Then Donna turned round, as one who is impatient To see what it behoves her to escape,  
And whom a sudden terror doth unman,  
Who, while she looks, delays not her departure;  
And she beheld behind her a black devil[5]

Her shoulders, which sharp-pointed were and high, A sinner did encumber with both haunches,  
And she held clutched the sinews of the feet.[5]

The sight of the water dripping down her long, pale, stick thin body reminded her of a candle.[6]

Donna laughed, and then, all of a sudden, realized that the glass was a mirror, and that the figure she saw was herself.[7]

"Are you wanting me to participate in this discussion or are you  
having a conversation with yourself?"

"You're participation isn't required," The Devil replied ... and Donna looked  
up to see her grinning." [3]

She added, her voice pleasant: "My little speech, of course, was the equivalent of a question."  
She spoke in a normal tone of voice, but she noticed suddenly that she was listening with the intent concentration needed to hear a whisper of which one can afford to lose no syllable.  
Her voice was harsh, half defiance, half plea. Her voice sounded strange.[8]

“You made me confess the fears that I have. But I will tell you also \ what I do not fear. I do not fear to be alone or to be spurned for \ another or to leave whatever I have to leave. And I am not afraid to \ make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake and perhaps as long as eternity too.”[9] Donna yelled, as loudly as she could.

Finally, when she saw that Donna spoke about her the way she did, The Devil gave her a free hand.[10]

Well done, you’ve emerged from the flames, shiny and new  
As did your opinions, you’ve got quite a few!

Here, take this, your brick, a parting gift if you may  
The newfound understandings, you might want to add to the clay.

“There’s a door.”  
“Where does it go?”  
“It stays where it is, I think.”[11]

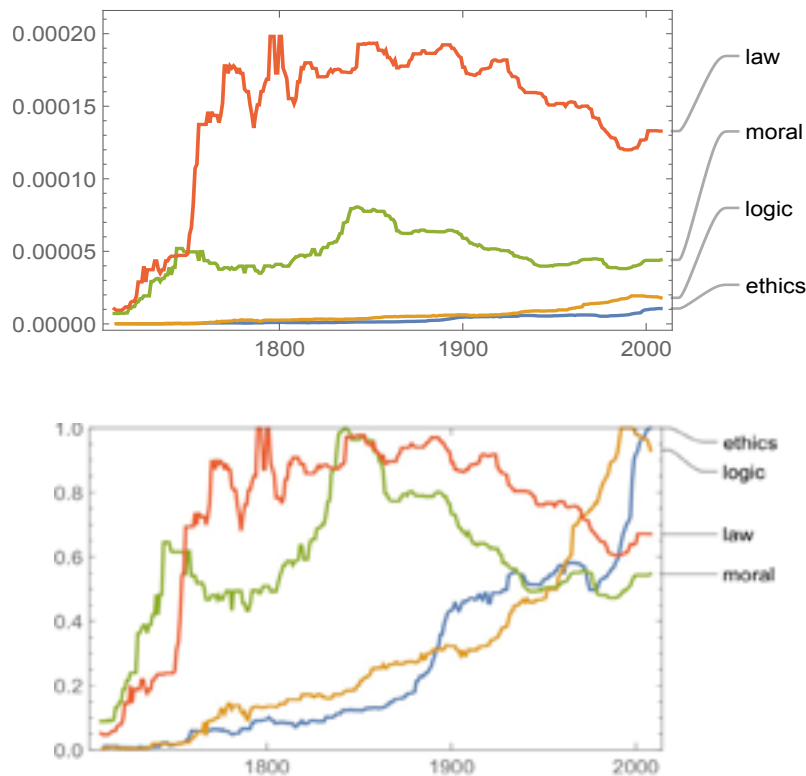
Farewell, fellow devil, this is my cue  
“Stay True to yourself”, Is all I’ll say, and with this, I bid you Adieu.

And so, The fire mounted upward, a stone sank downward[12], and with the stone, so did Donna, crashing down back to reality, leaving her wondering:

***“How miserably hypocritical, you might say,  
but no sooner am I offered a chance to flee Hell than I yearn to stay.  
We all wish to be pursued. We all long to be desired.”[13]***

- [1] Dickens\_\_Oliver\_Twist
- [2] Borges\_\_Collected\_Fictions
- [3] Kristen Ashley\_\_Heaven and Hell
- [4] Hugo\_\_Les\_Miserables
- [5] Dante DC
- [6] Carter\_\_Anthony\_Blunt\_His\_Lives
- [7] Zizek\_\_Less\_Than\_Nothing
- [8] Rand\_\_The\_Fountainhead
- [9] James Joyce\_\_A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man
- [10] Hovestadt\_Buehlmann\_\_Quantum\_City
- [11] Terry Pratchett\_\_Eric
- [12] Peacock\_\_The\_Look\_of\_Van\_Dyck
- [13] Chuck Palahniuk\_\_Damned

# ETYMOLOGY



## Ethics, Logic, Law and Moral.

### Ethic (n.)

late 14c., *ethik* “study of morals,” from Old French *etique* “ethics, moral philosophy” (13c.), from Late Latin *ethica*, from Greek *ēthike philosophia* “moral philosophy,” fem. of *ēthikos* “ethical, pertaining to character,” from *ēthos* “moral character,” related to *ēthos* “custom”. Meaning “moral principles of a person or group” is attested from 1650s.

### Logic (n.)

Mid-14c., *logike*, “branch of philosophy that treats of forms of thinking; the science of distinction of true from false reasoning,” from Old French *logique* (13c.), from Latin (*ars*) *logica* “logic,” from Greek (he) *logike* (*techne*) “(the) reasoning (art),” from fem. of *logikos* “pertaining to reasoning,” from *logos* “reason, idea, word”. Meaning “logical argumentation” is from c. 1600. Contemptuous *logic-chopper* “sophist, person who uses subtle distinctions in argument” is from 1846.

### Law (n.)

Old English *lagu* (plural *laga*, combining form *lah-*) “ordinance, rule prescribed by authority, regulation; district governed by the same laws;” also sometimes “right, legal privilege”.

### Moral (adj.)

mid-14c., “associated with or characterized by right behavior;” also “associated with or concerning conduct or moral principles” (good or bad), from Old French *moral* (14c.) and directly from Latin *moralis* “proper behavior of a person in society;” literally “pertaining to manners;” coined by Cicero (“*De Fato*,” II.i) to translate Greek *ethikos* (see *ethics*) from Latin *mos* (genitive *moris*) “one’s disposition;” in plural, “mores, customs, manners, morals;” a word of uncertain origin. Perhaps sharing a PIE root with English *mood* (n.1).

From late 14c. as “of or pertaining to rules of right conduct” (opposed to non-moral, amoral) and “morally good, in accordance with rules of right conduct” (opposed to immoral). Of persons, “habitually conforming to moral rules;” 1630s. From 1680s with reference to rights, duties, etc., “founded on morality” (opposed to legal).zw





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