

# GOAT-SCAPE-ONOMICS





Autumn Semester 2023  
Studio Meteora  
Chair of Digital Architectonics  
ETH Zurich

*thank you*

Adil

Jorge

Miro

Ludger

# INTRODUCTION INTO GOAT - SCAPE-ONOMICS

*bleeding*

*Our true self experience in original Nobodiness remains in this world buried under taboo and panic. [Sloterdijk, Critique of Cynical Reason] But remember, when vice and intemperance were rife, words which in the mouths of the ancients were free from obscenity began to be regarded as obscene. [Spinozia, Complete Works] In the case under this consideration, [...] criticism [is] being built on a state of society not under [one's own] contemplation. [Jefferson, Political Writings]*

Palermo is a world, in which varied individuals have the possibility to display aspects of their identity and expression of their views to the greater community, meeting people thinking alike or completely different, challenging one's thoughts. Vibrant, bustling Piazzas cutting through the city fabric, each having [...] *the look of a city, where artfully modeled settlers live, so many men's images are in it,* [Cole Zorach, The Idol in the Age of Art] meeting [...] *the woman passing by, the gawking onlooker, the flaneur, the laborer, the traveler, but also [...] the listener and the spectator.* [Teyssot, A Topology of Everyday Constellations] Each one of them articulating themselves to society, guided by the thought of the tattooed scapegoat, *that slogan on [...] [her] skin, as if to say: My attitudes won't come off in the wash.* [Carter, Shaking A Leg] With a destiny to never see the sun of Palermo the next day, as it will be sacrificed to wilderness, to provide order to bind every settler, traveller, spectator in a way that they are enabled to listen to each other, to speak to each other, to live amongst each other, or even to love each other.

WELCOME TO PALERMO

## TRAILER

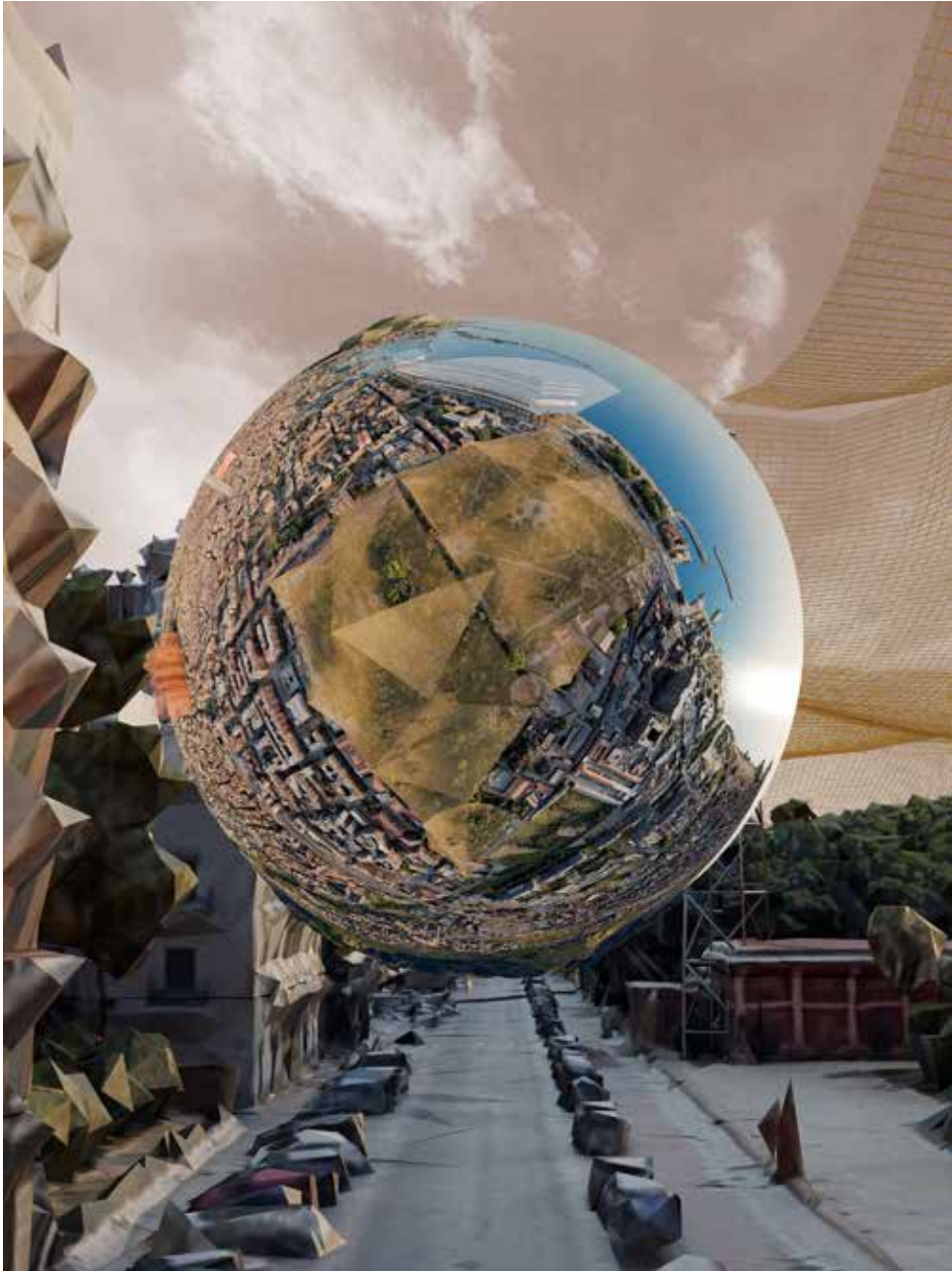




# WELCOME TO PALERMO

# PIAZZA VERITÀ

where the ink is being studied



As the sun descended below the horizon, enveloping the garden in a soft, golden glow, he found himself drawn to the window of his dwelling. Watching the mist gently roll into the garden, he felt a quiet clarity settle within him, as if the fog in his mind were dissipating along with the fading sunlight, unveiling his inner truths. Observing the dancing silhouettes in the garden, he starts to immerse himself into the subtle conversations, absorbing the wisdom embedded in the quiet exchanges....imagining ...

POPE FRANCISCUS – RICHARD DAWKINS – DALAI LAMA  
talking about their bags, carefully embroidered with their relics.

*Verily, this bag is my bag and all that is in it is my swag. [The Book of the Thousand and One Nights]*

They were of all colours and shapes, some very ugly and “ some very handsome [Darwin, The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication] sown from beautiful goats leather.

**I dare say they were worthless vagabonds, but I never saw more miserable looking ones. [Darwin, Voyage of the Beagle Round the World]**

**Some accounts make her beautiful in front and ugly behind. [Grimm, Teutonic Mythology The Complete Work]**



**O, horrible I O, horrible!  
most horrible!  
[Shakespeare, Hamlet]**

*[...] it consists of a goatskin bag [...]* [Brown, The Genius of Rome 1592 1623]

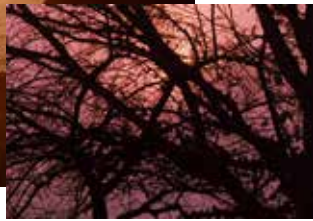
**They deserve respect, however, and should be worshipped with a divine ritual. [Seneca, Complete Works]**

*I see, indeed, why it should be distinguished as fabulous, even because it is false, because it is base, because it is unworthy. [Augustine, The City of God]*

**Let [...] [me] burn away any ugly spots, driving from our hearts all lukewarm sluggishness. [Erasmus, Poems]**

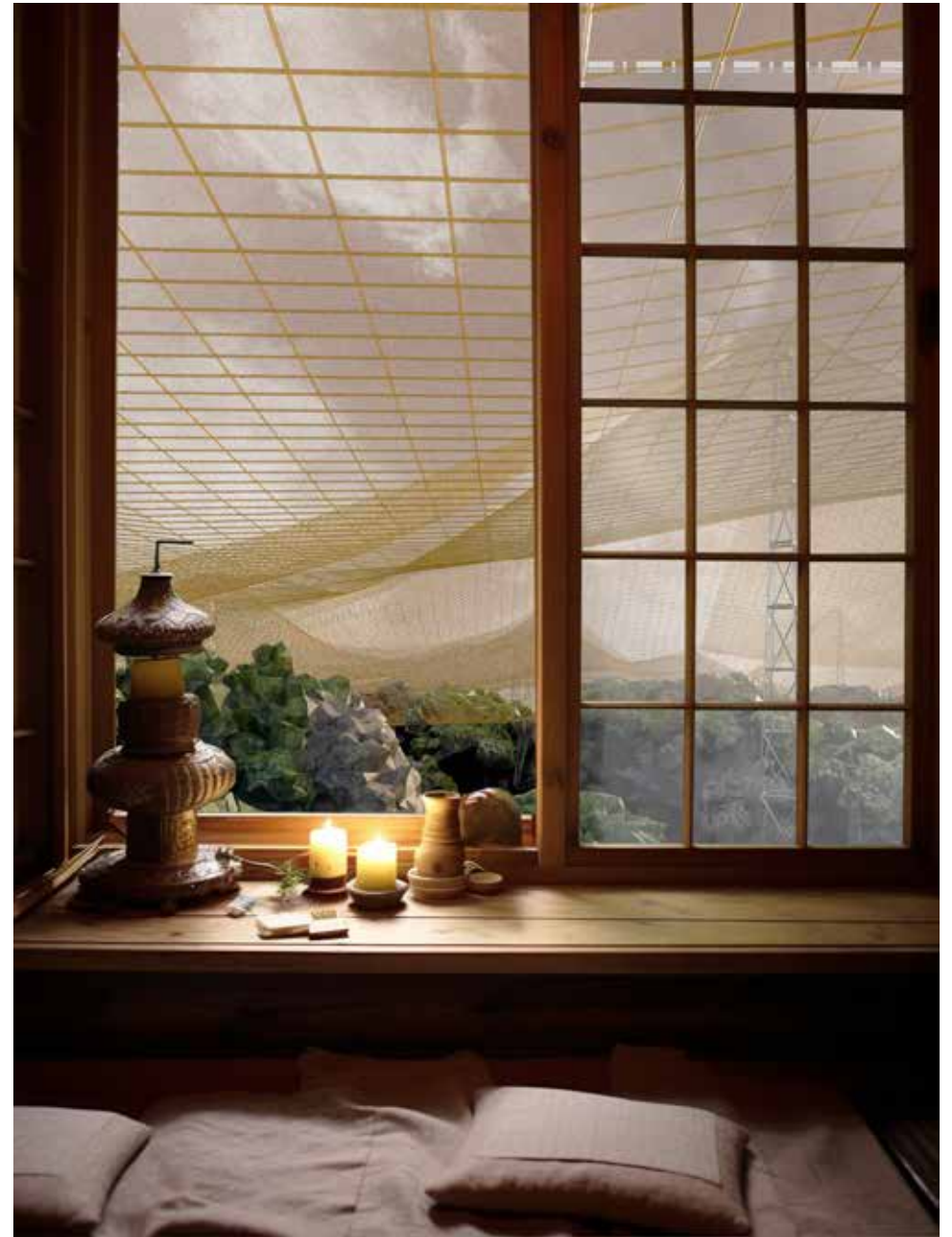
**But first, Measure [it] up, [it] is a fascinating moment, an almost holy ritual[...]. [Roetzel, Gentleman A Ti]**

...however, without the comforting ritual, he felt the imminent risk of being lost amid the seemingly endless trees outside his window. Yet, thankful for the steadfastness of his practice, he embraced the sanctuary it offered—a place to soak in the collective wisdom of nature and the whispered stories shared by the shadows.





Verily, this bag is my bag and all that is in it is my swag.  
[The Book of the Thousand and One Nights]

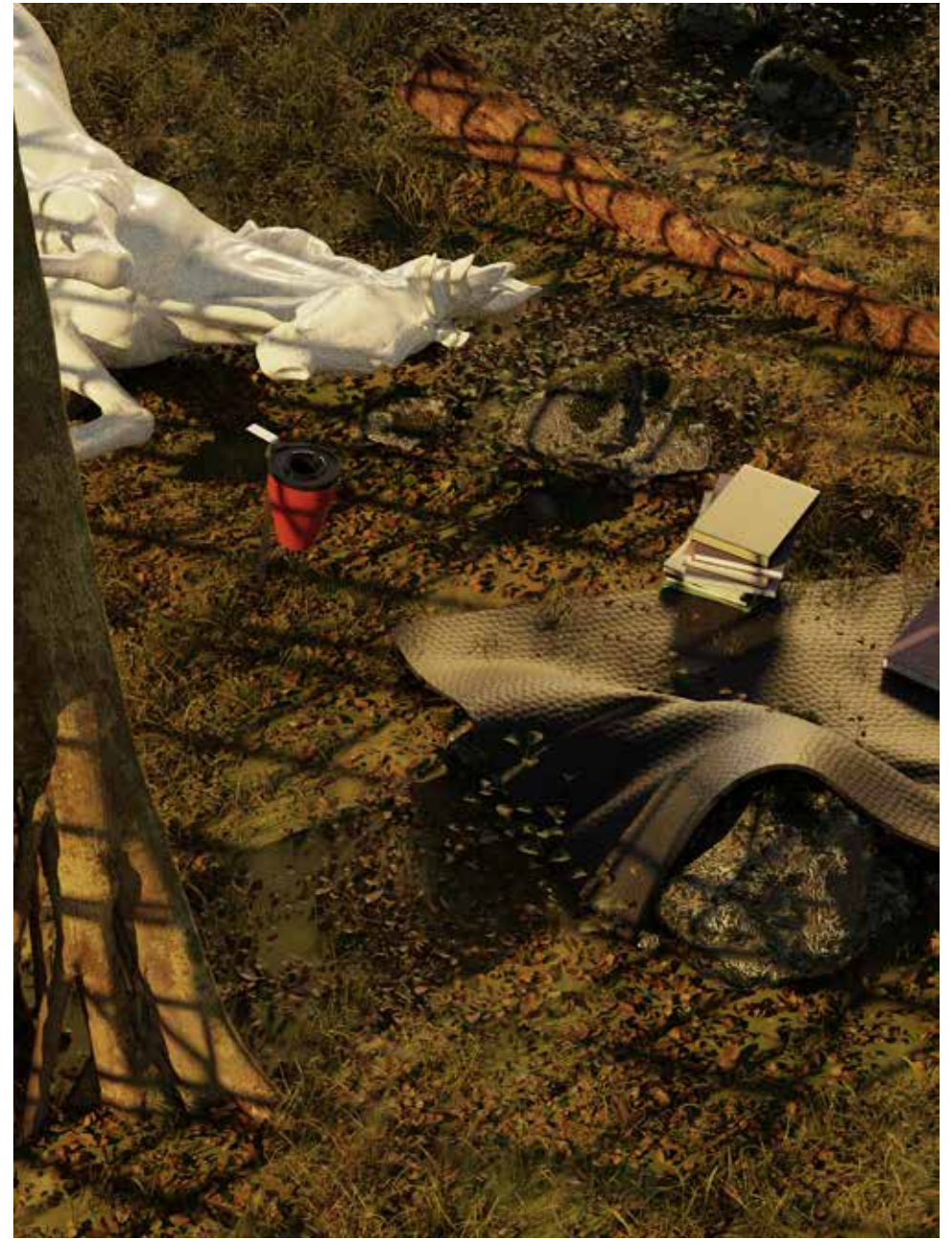


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[Grimm, Teutonic Mythology The Complete Work]





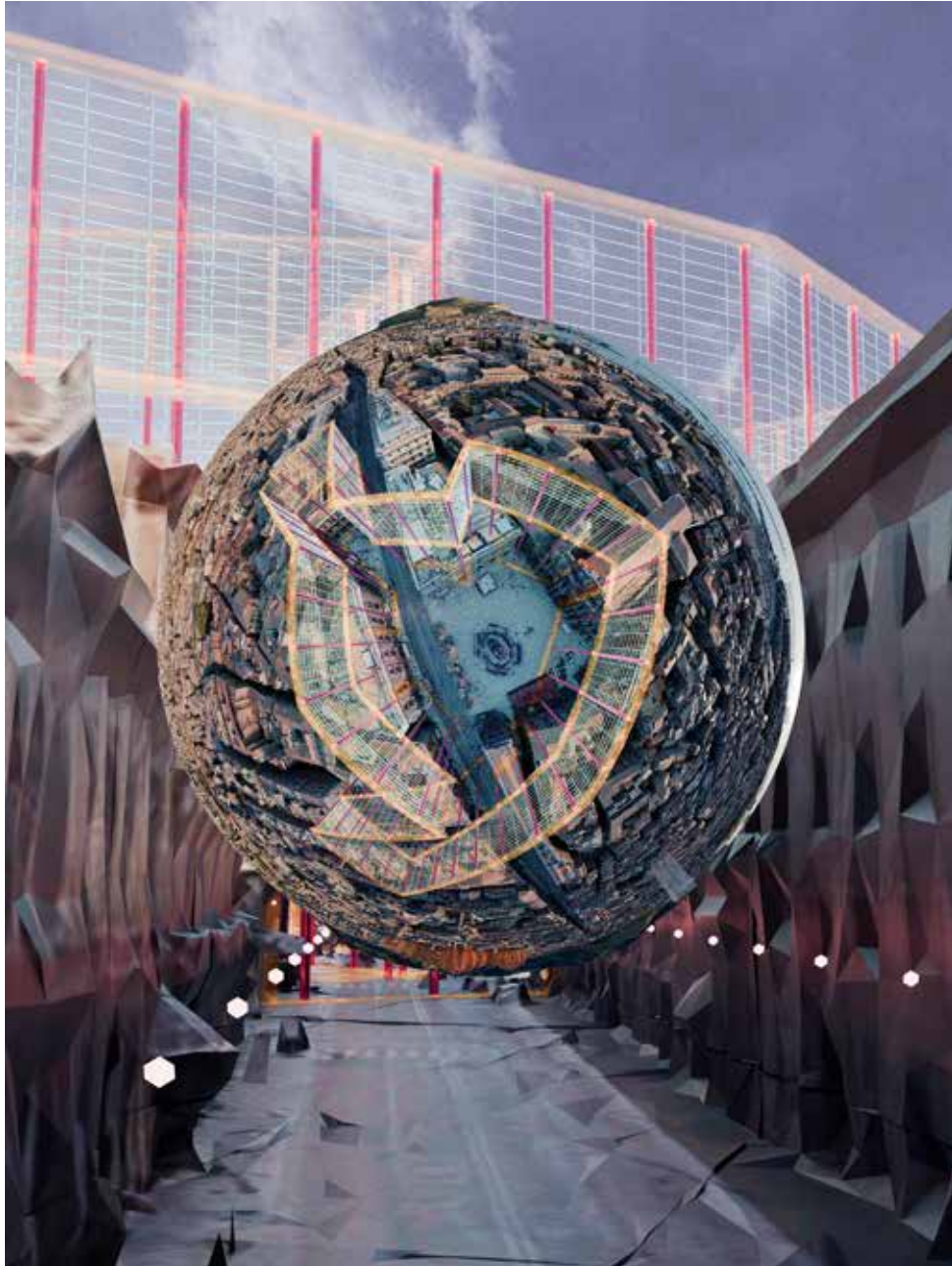
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# PIAZZA SYNTHETICA

*where her memories are being written*



When arriving home, she opens the window, her hair a tangled mess, her make up smudged like war paint. In this space of anonymity, she revels in the raw, unfiltered connections that unwind like smoke rings. Lighting a cigarette, she sits in the window frame amidst the pulsating neon veins of her home. The echoes of provocative hums from the night's revellers collide with the footsteps of determined businessmen. Her eyes, heavy with the weight of dreams, slowly surrender to gravity, the piazza unfolding...

MATT WALSH – ELLIOT PAGE – SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR  
examining each other's tattoos.

**After getting [my] first [...] tattoo of a lightning bolt when [I] was young, [I] now have around thirty tattoos on [my] body. [Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City]**

**I am [...] adorned with two tattoos, both obviously self inflicted. [Carter, Shaking A Leg]**

**If it scars, [you] can hide it with another tattoo—some kind of ankle chain, perhaps. [Powers, The Overstory]**

*'Put away your monster, remove your Medusa, whoever she is, with the stare which turns us to stone. [Ovid, Metamorphoses]*

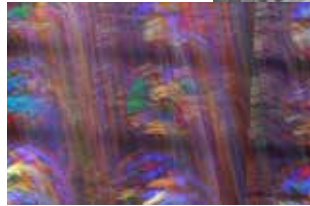
**What [...] an improper intimacy with [...] [your] pupils. [Pliny, Natural History Volume 6]**

**Ethnographic instances of tattoos indirectly confirm that human ideals of beauty include body decoration. [Zimring, Encyclopedia of Consumption and Waste]**

*Wretched man, to hold a barbarian, a tattooed slave, more faithful than your wife! [Cicero, On Duties]*

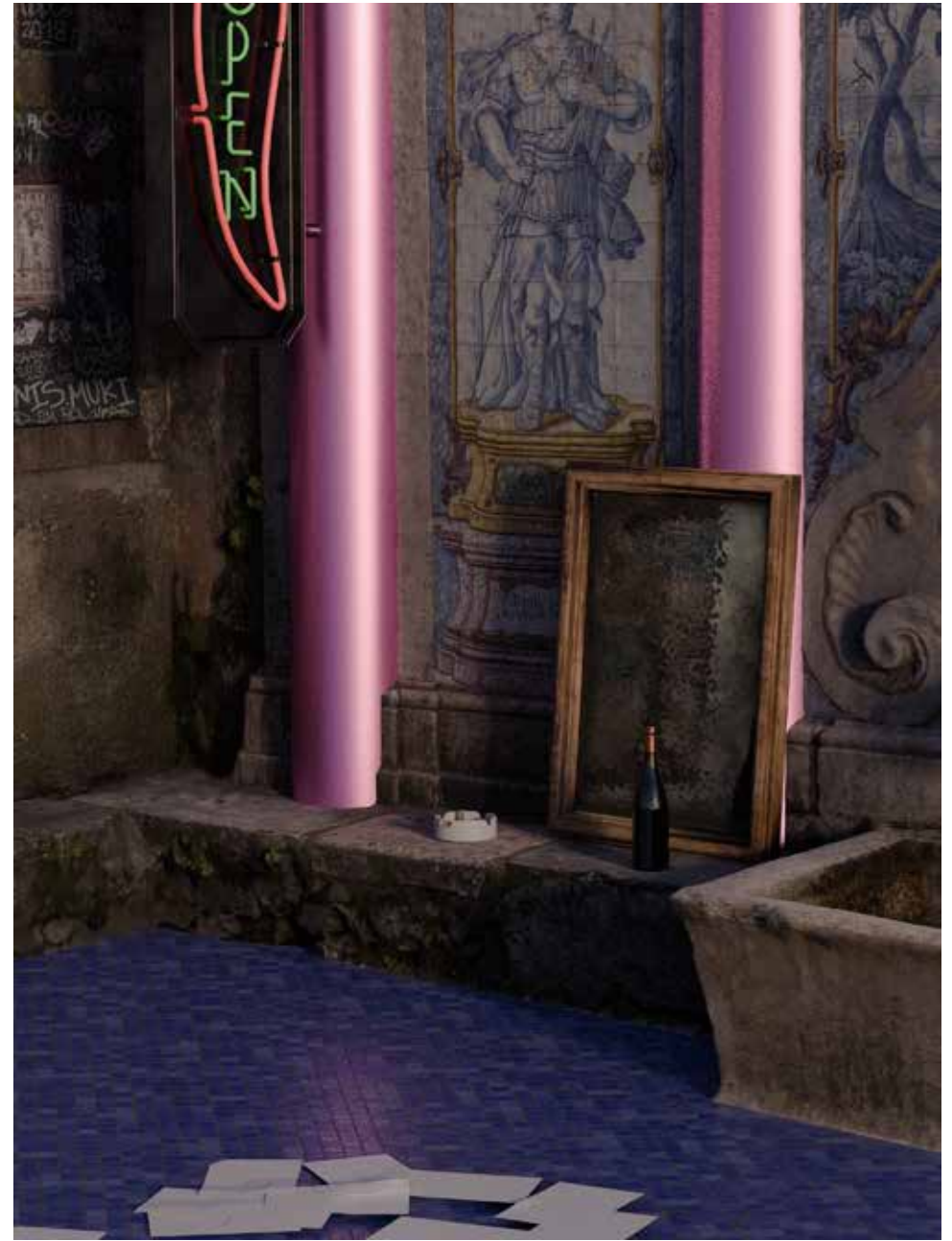
**I am not enslaved by deep seated pledges and intimate engagements. [de Montaigne, The Complete Essays]**

...she jerks back to consciousness, a hair's breadth away from freefalling into the abyss of the building. The dream's tendrils still linger, intertwining with the black leather of her surroundings, as she grapples with the thin line between reality and her dream. Still, she is happy for this place where she can truly take part in her darkest dreams.

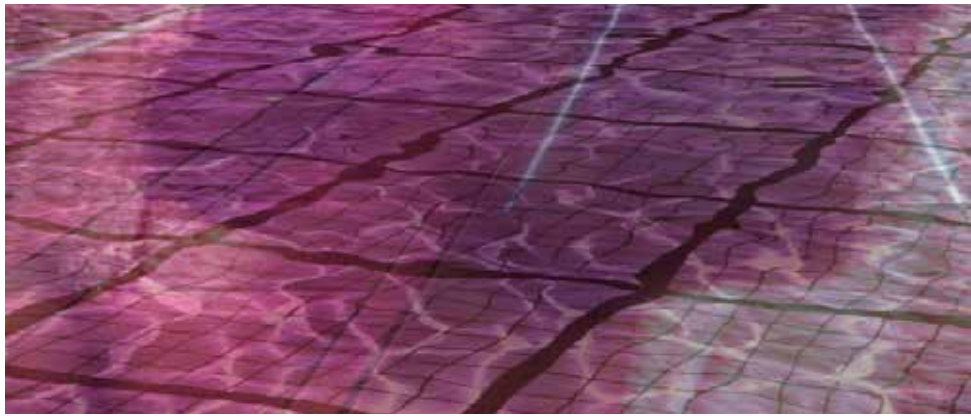




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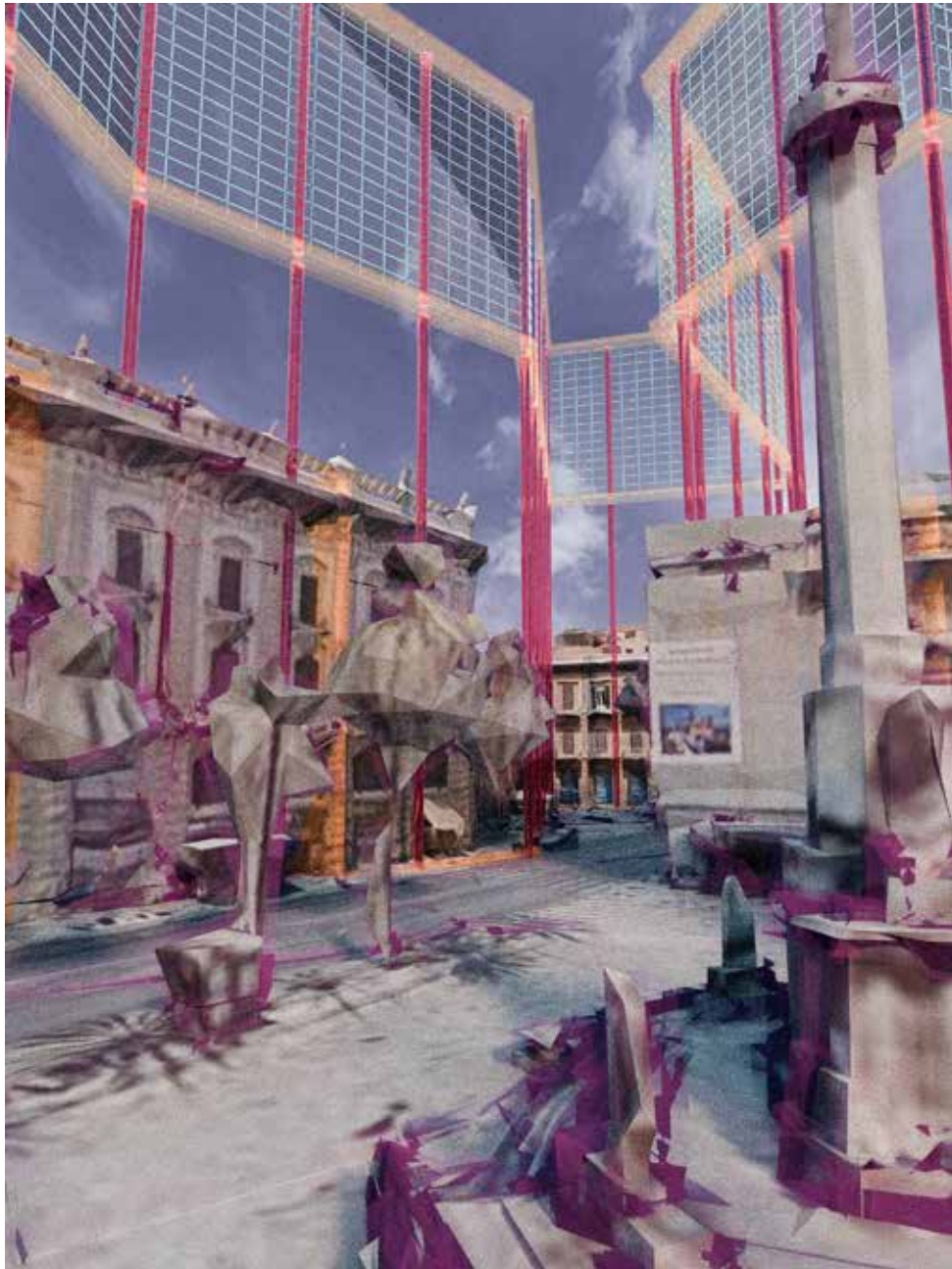
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‘Put away your monster, remove your Medusa, whoever she is,  
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What [...] an improper intimacy with [...] [your] pupils.  
[Pliny, Natural History Volume 6]



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[de Montaigne, The Complete Essays]

# PIAZZA DELLA SPUGNA DIPLOMATICA

*where she can never be killed*

*applying sunscreen, learning to walk and taking a bath*

Doing his homework for school, and looking out of the window, he saw the most beautiful rainbow colours. They made him want to go out and play all day long. It was really hard to focus on his homework because he always had the best time when he could be outside having fun. In his mind, he started to imagine how he is meeting some of the new kids. If only he could climb down the net and join the fun-looking kids outside, all dressed up in funny costumes. It seemed like they were having the best time ever...

IAN FLEMING – GREG LUKIANOFF – JUSTIN TRUDEAU

whilst playing with a stuffed goat and telling fairy tales.

**Speak and we shall hear. [Abelard, The Letters to Heloise and other Writings]**

**I dreamt that roaming up and down a while Within our yard I saw a kind of beast, A sort of [goat, covered in phrases and drawings] that tried or seemed at least To Uy and seize me... would have killed me dead! [Carter, Shaking A Leg]**

*Thats a grotesque creature. [Augustine, Confessions]*

**Young man, scarcely speak in thy own cause. [Abelard, The Letters to Heloise and other Writings]**  
**It is not a wild animal, but rather domesticated, for it shows no aggressiveness. [Strabo, The Geography]**

Now it is lawful for any private individual to kill a wild beast, especially if it be harmful.

[Aquinas, Summa Theologica]

But now the hour of thy slaughter is come.[The Book of the Thousand and One Nights Supplementary Nights]

They arm themselves with these, and run around all over the place breathing threats of slaughter, pillage, arson and blindness. [Augustine, Political Writings]

**Daughters and fathers, I strongly advise you to shut your ears!**

[Ovid, Metamorphoses]

**A man's spirit lives in his ears—do you understand what I'm saying? [Herodotus, The Histories]**

*[I myself would find it sweet to talk with you at greater length on such a subject. [Abelard, The Letters to Heloise and other Writings]*

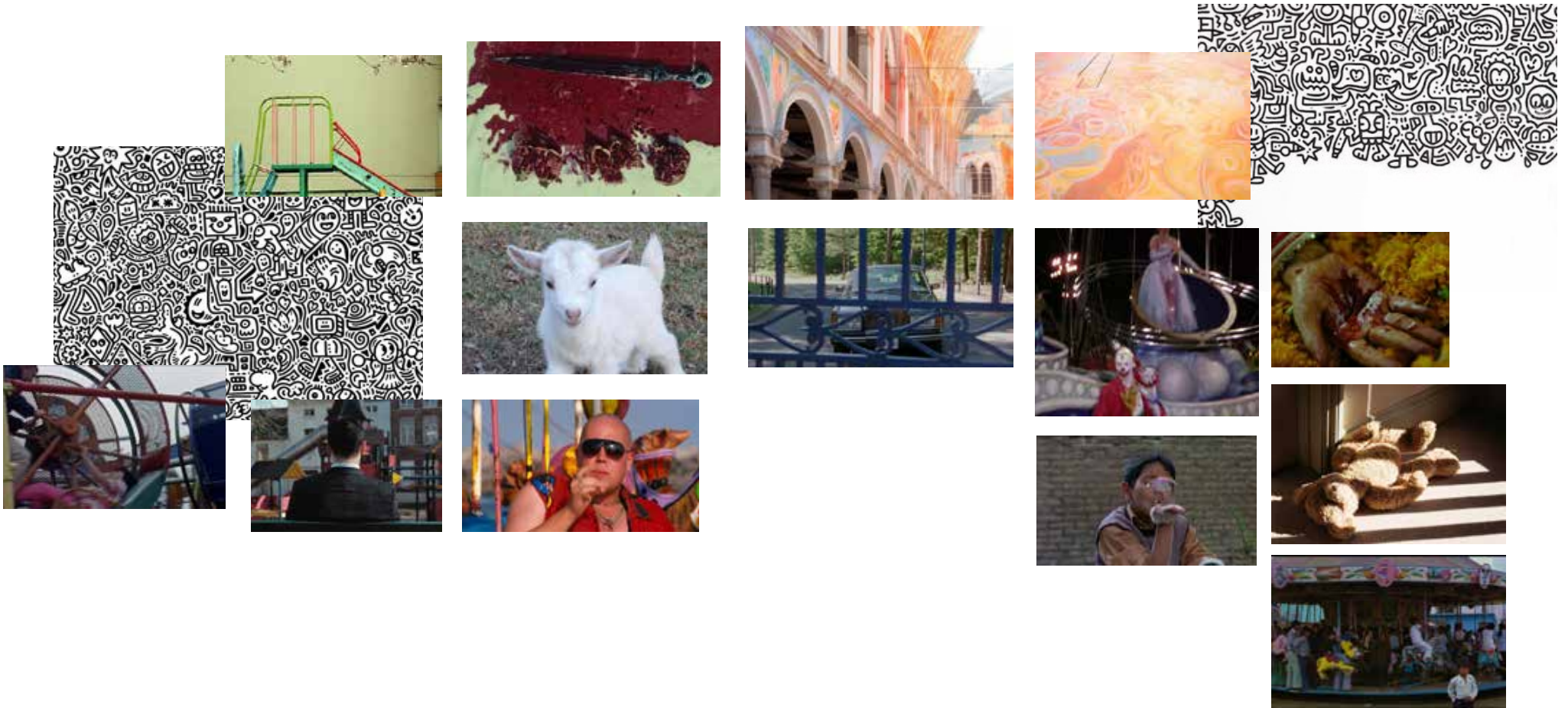
*But you, and not the darkness, must speak to me. [Augustine, Confessions]*

*And therefore modesty shuts my mouth, although my mind conceives the matter clearly.*

*[Augustine, The City of God]*

... the letters in his book became clear again. It felt like living in a dreamy, soft, and colorful world. But he knew he had to be careful because sometimes, when he got angry, he started to swear. If that happened, he wouldn't be allowed to go outside anymore, and that would make him really sad.

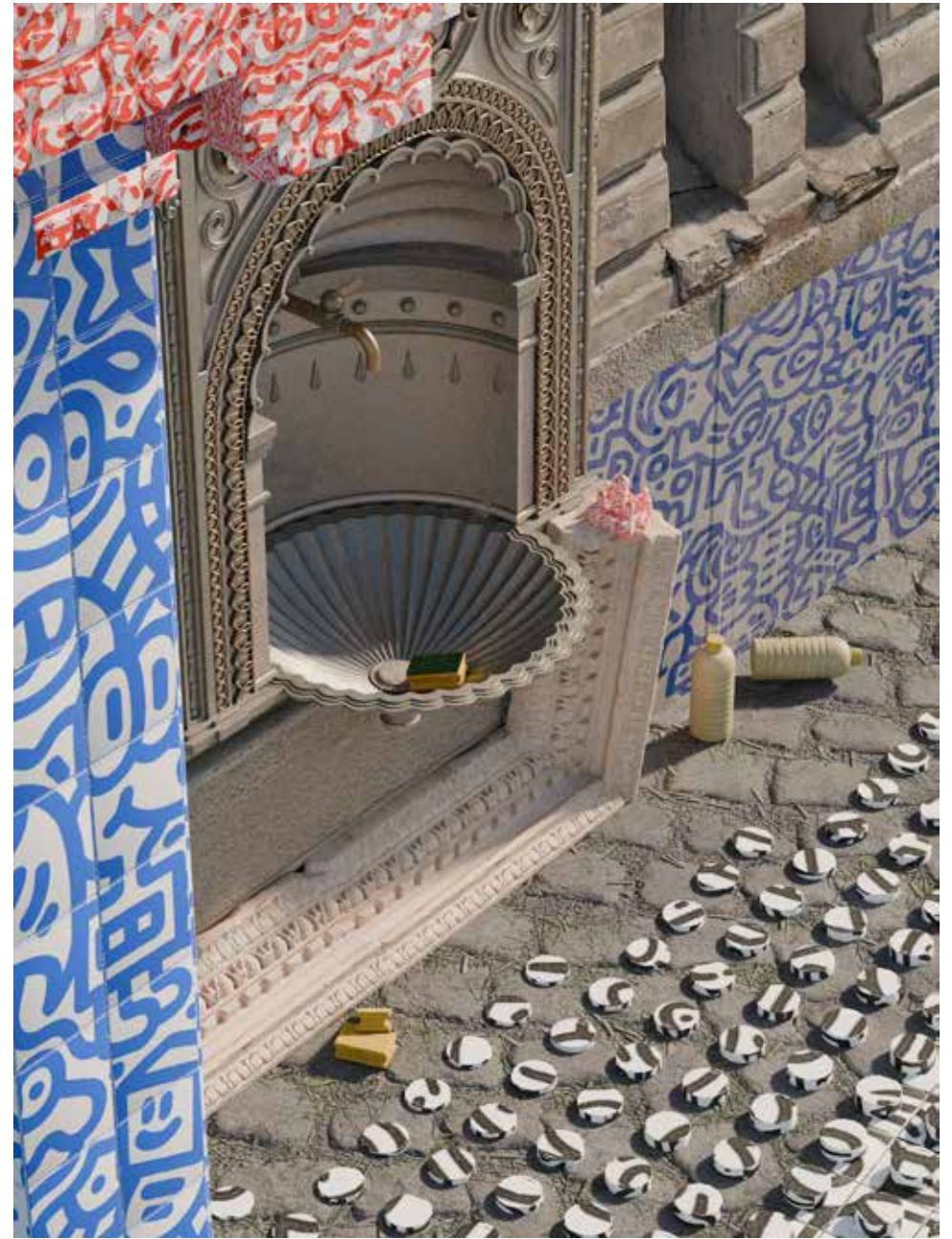








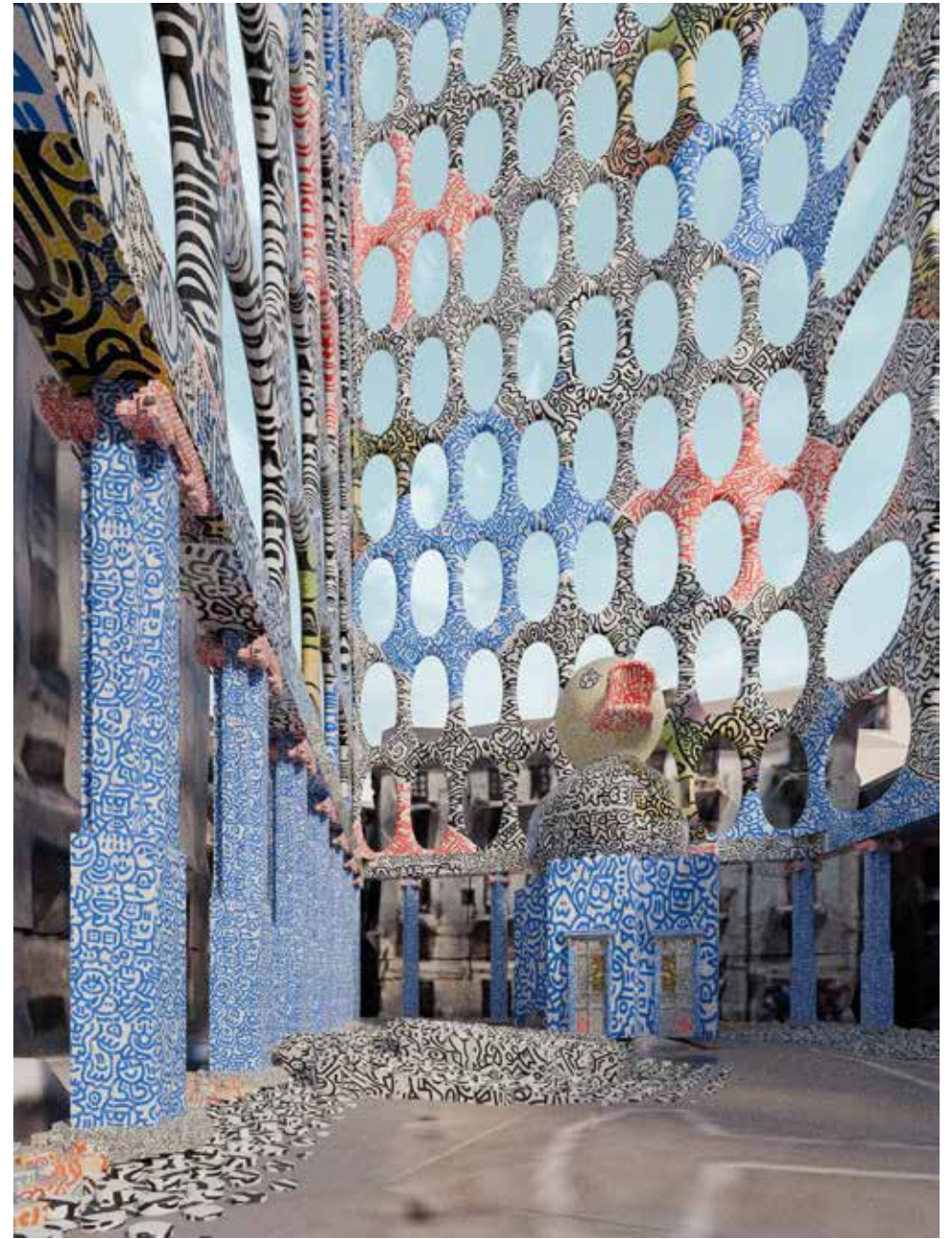
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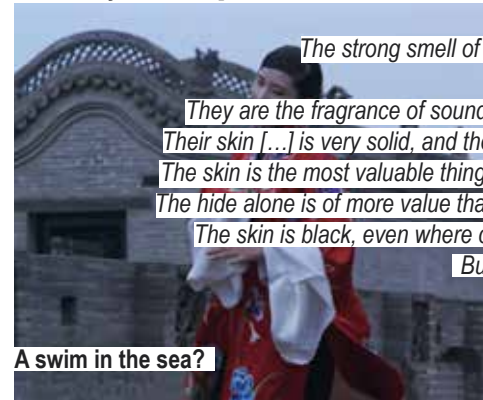
## PIAZZA VECCHIA

*where she gets shaved and oiled*

Staring out my window, coins in my hand, Balloons in the sky, a fabric wonderland. Wondering, bout the air up high, In this market, where cultures collide. Bustling symphony, voices so loud, Life's rhythm dancing, a vibrant crowd. Colors and sounds overwhelm me, In this lively street, where I long to be. Diversity of hues, like a reggae beat, Soft tunes carry me through some backstreet....

ANGELA DAVIS – NELSON MANDELA – IMMANUEL KANT  
wondering how leather is made.

**These shoes were made of a kind of red [Parlemitarian] leather [...], what a smell. [Pliny, Natural History Volume 2]**



*The strong smell of the goat does not proceed from his flesh but his skin.*

[Buffon, Natural History Vol 5]

*They are the fragrance of sound. [Calasso, Ka Stories of the Mind and Gods of India]*

*Their skin [...] is very solid, and their teeth very strong. [Pliny, Natural History Volume 2]*

*The skin is the most valuable thing of this animal. [Buffon, Natural History Quadrupeds]*

*The hide alone is of more value than all the rest of [it] [...]. [Buffon, Natural History Vol 8]*

*The skin is black, even where covered with white hair. [Buffon, Natural History Vol 9]*

*But the hide can [still] be pierced [...] [until] it is bathing.*

[da Vinci, The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci]

**A swim in the sea?**

*This is their equivalent of a bath, since they never wash their bodies with [spring] water.*

[Herodotus, The Histories]

*Moreover, one should not be [swimming] in very hot weather nor in very cold weather; and the best*

*season for [swimming] is springtide. [The Book of the Thousand and One Nights]*

*Lastly, some take the ashes which are obtained from burnt scrapings of leather, when the tanners*

*scrape the hides to clear them from hair.*

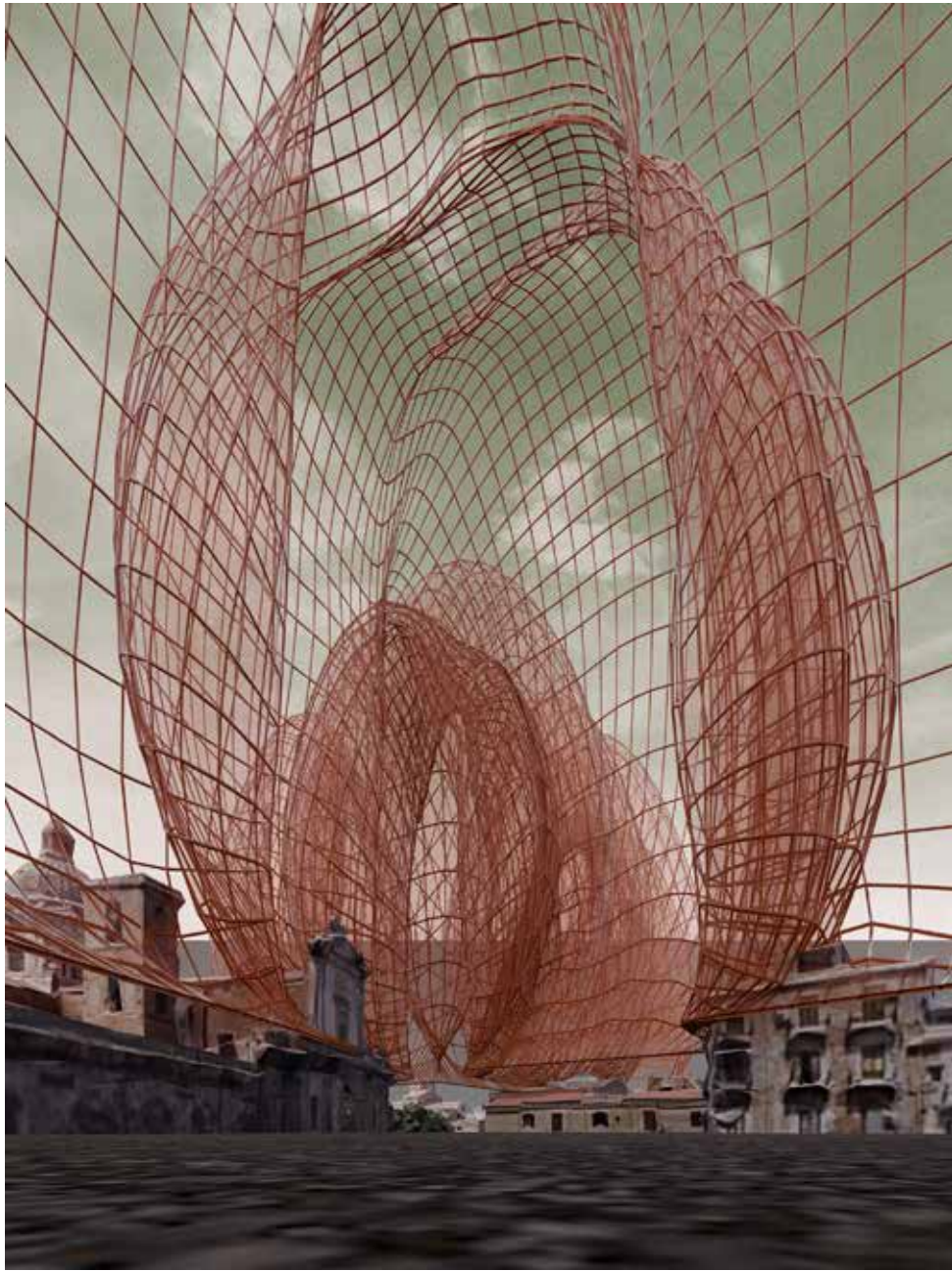
[Agricola De Re Metallica]

**What a feeble struggle of art against nature! [de Montaigne, The Complete Essays]**

**Can [they] equal in length of life the serpents, which are affirmed to put off old age along with their skin, and to return to youth again? [Augustine, The City of God]**

... But a loud shout breaks the dream, Louder than any merchant, or so it seems. Yet in scents, a blend so sweet, Echoes weave, identities meet.





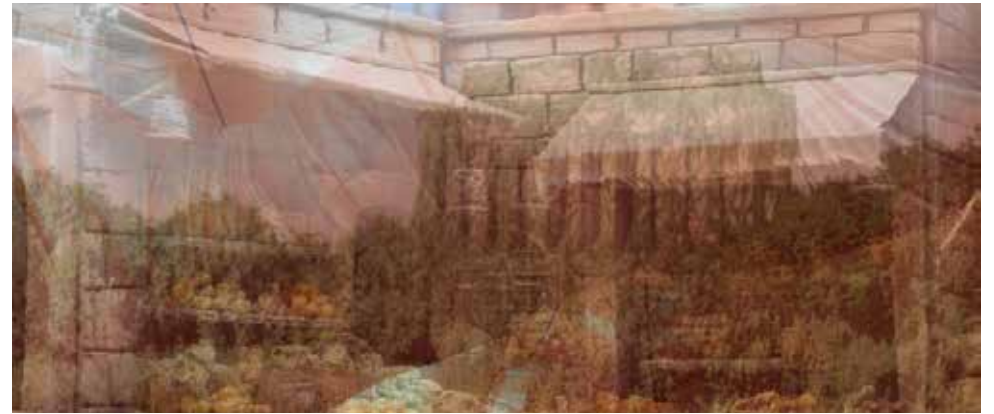
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## PIAZZA NATURALE

*where the goat wakes up from her wintersleep*

Fresh sea air, gazing at the vast iceflow beneath the brushed metal walls. The Piazza's void is more inspiring than ever. From her safe distance, she senses the ice moving, breathing, and cracking, as if it would meet fire itself. She is observing people, sliding and colliding over the Piazza with her telescope, diving into...

GRETA THUNBERG – RICHARD LINZDEN – KLAUS SCHWAB  
calling on spring.

**The vehemence of the frost is most clearly shown by what happens around the mouth of the [goat]. She is unconscious. [Strabo, The Geography]**

This animal is so intensely cold as to extinguish fire by its contact, in the same way as ice does. [Pliny, Natural History Volume 2]

**The ass having fallen asleep upon the ice of a deep lake, the heat of its body caused the ice to melt[...] [da Vinci, The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci]**  
**this great fire will consume us. [Calvin, Harmony of the Law Vol 1]**

*They say that [melting ice] has good water, which can be drunk by splitting open their covering..*  
[Strabo, The Geography]

**Whenever [I] came across [...] [a crevasse], [I was] filling in whole valleys with chalk and stone.**  
[de Montaigne, The Complete Essays]

*Spring was the only season.*[Ovid, Metamorphoses]

**Such are the flowers of spring. The Wax flowers.”**  
[Pliny, Natural History Volume 4]

*From a catwalk running above, you can study the crazy quilt of tulips, sunflowers, azaleas, and hydrangeas bleeding into daubs of orange or pink at the horizon.*  
[Lindsay, Aerropolis The Way Well Live Next]

**Under the goddess's footfall the flower springs up, as all growth withers where sorrowing lovers part. [Grimm, Teutonic Mythology The Complete Work ]**

For what from time to time makes us feel fresh and new is bitter poison to the bristly [goat]. .  
[Bradley, Smell and the Ancient Senses]

**The proper time for winter snowing...**

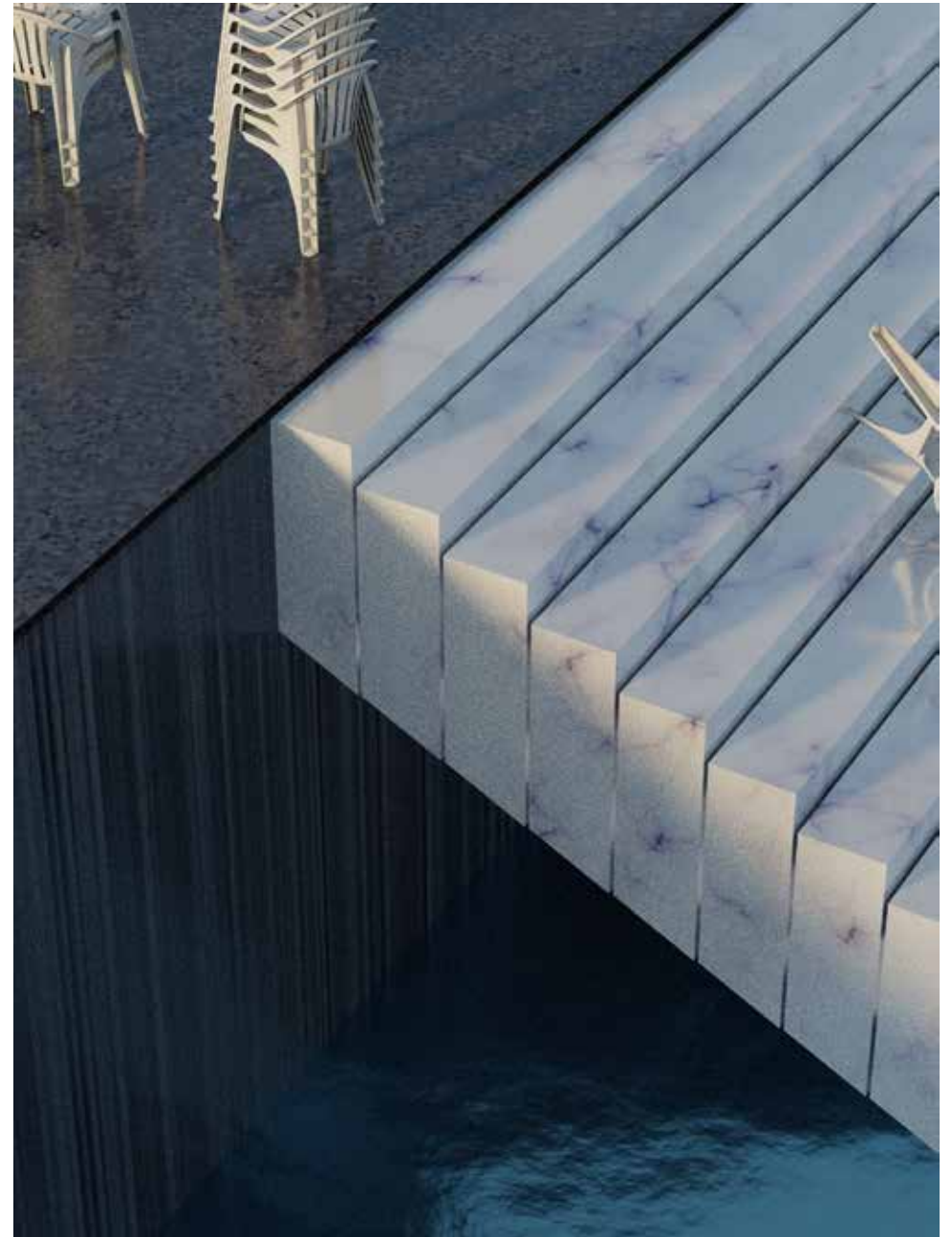
... gasping for air again, the tensions are unbearable, but damn, it's so fucking inspirational.  
#PiazzaVibes #TechDreams







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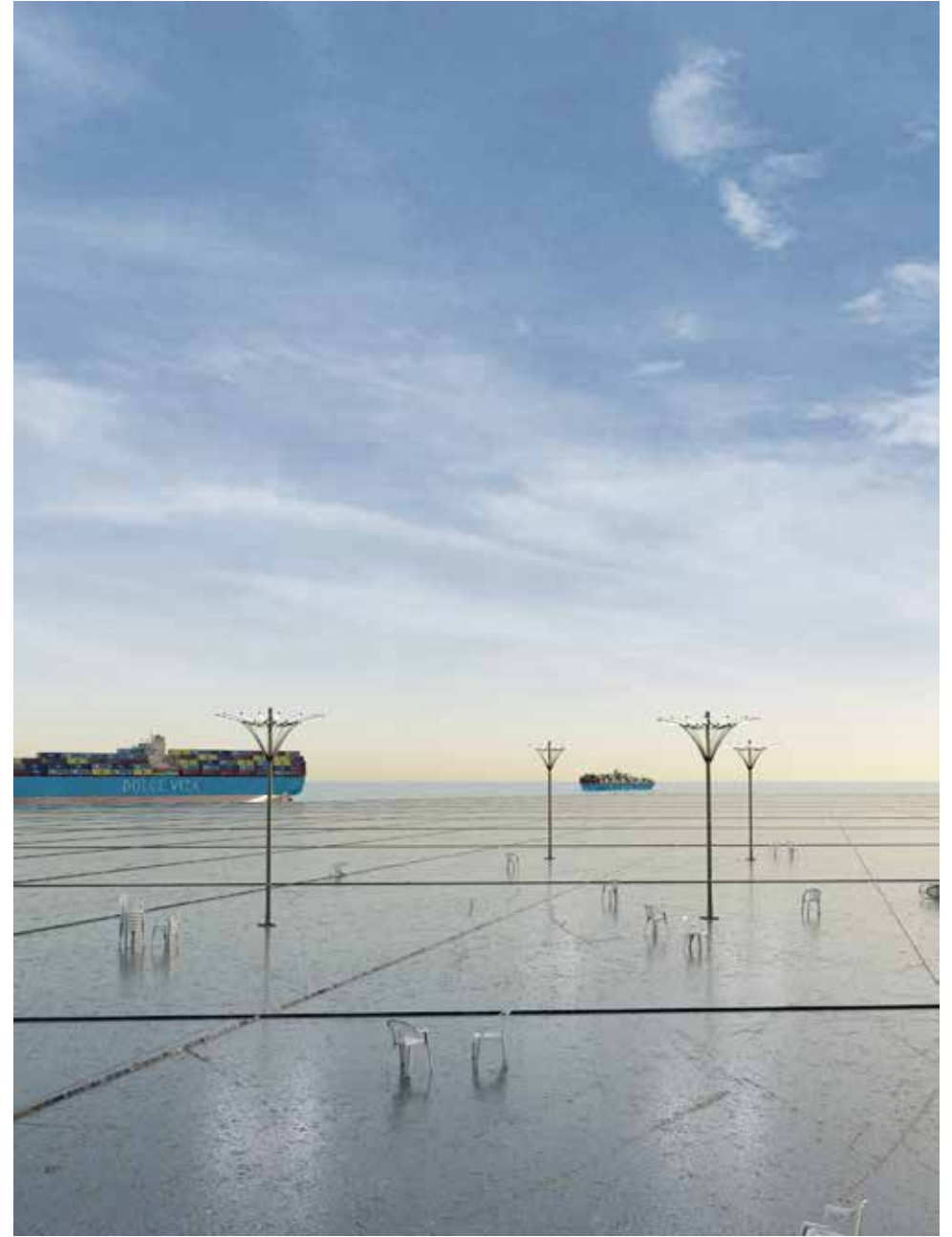
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## BLOG



## OUTRO

### *drifting*

A goat, fully shaved, covered in tattoos and freshly bathed is standing on a huge iceshell, almost blending into its white color, as if it has always been her destiny.

*This sacrifice was attended with some very ridiculous ceremonies, [Pliny, Natural History Volume 5] the city gathering on the frozen sea, the settler, the woman passing by, the gawking onlooker, the flaneur, the laborer, the traveler, but also [...] the listener and the spectator. [Teyssot, A Topology of Everyday Constellations]*

A circular fire is dancing around her, the intense heat begins to wield its transformative power, causing the ice shell to relent, surrendering to the fervor of the flames. The now separated iceshell is starting to drift away, a profound sense of release and renewal permeates the air.

On this sacred day, stories unfold like ancient scrolls, traversing from Piazza to Piazza, transcending time. Each impression becomes a living memory, etched into the collective consciousness of Palermo.

WELCOME TO PALERMO

*a project by*  
Noemi Koch  
*and*  
Aaron Elia Wahl

Autumn Semester 2023  
Studio Meteora  
Chair of Digital Architectonics  
ETH Zurich

*meteora*  
09  
*contracting*



Noemi Koch  
Aaron Elia Wahl