

#S2E2 IMAGINARY

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eth zurich, 2020.

MONASTERY OF FOOLS

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The world is contradictory.

The monastery of fools is a place for contradictions.
For every argument there is a counterargument.
For every truth, the contrary is just as true.

Some people “suffer” from loss of the “objective” reality.
They don’t conform moral, “objective” agreements.
Those fools are denied any credibility by the society.
Their perspectives/truths are taboo outside the monastery.



How does truth differ from a world?

Rejecting the existence of one “objective” truth, the monastery of fools is an institution beyond moral.
Honesty and curiosity are its currencies.

The fools founded a place like no other in Moscow.
Inside is a place of a contradictory plurality of truths.
Only fool visitors affirming their own contradictions are welcome to this Freihaus.

00 PORTAL

LEAVING MORAL

01 MAZE OF TIME

UNCONSCIOUS MIND

02 CAFÉ OF LONELINESS

CONSCIOUS BODY

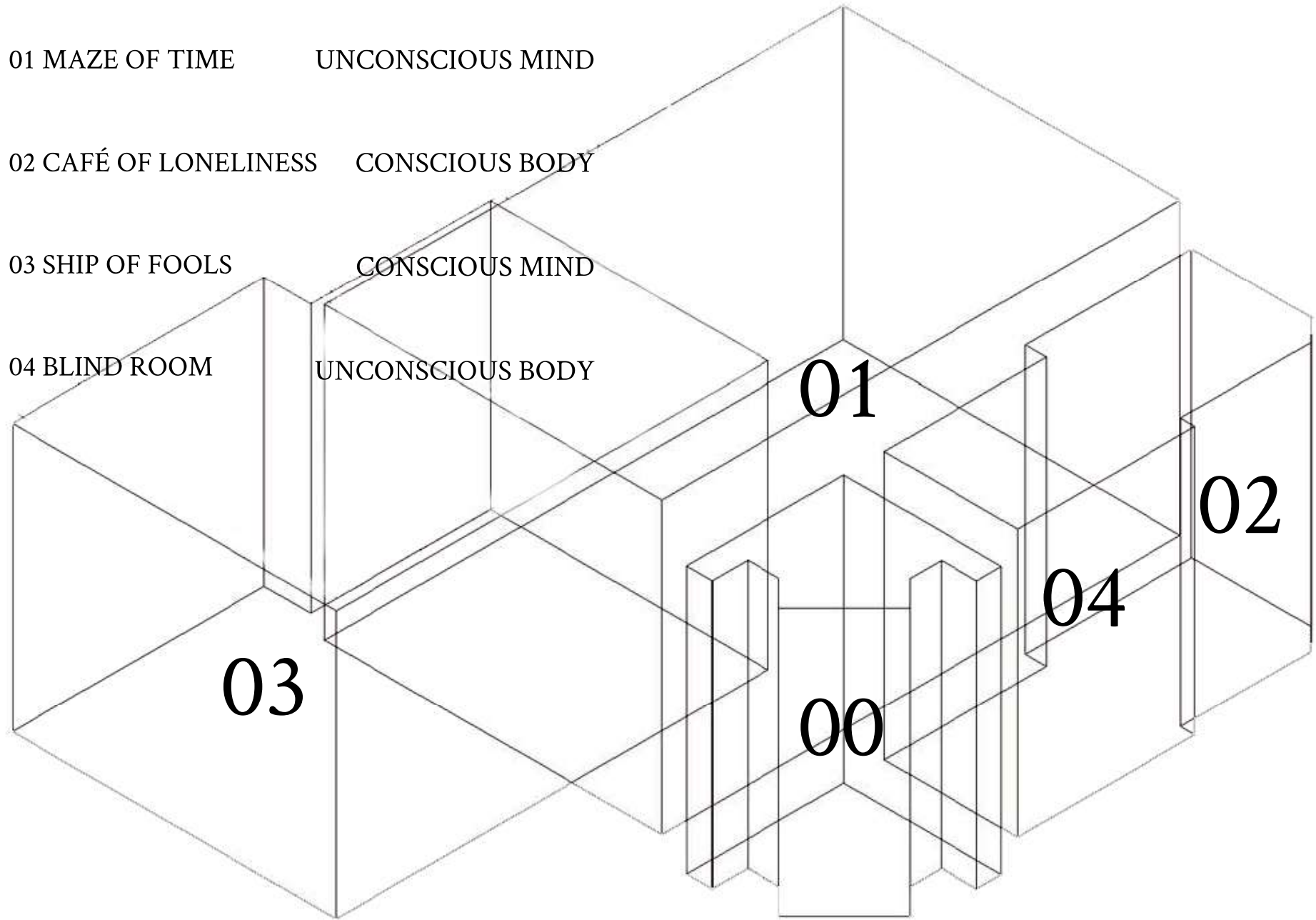
03 SHIP OF FOOLS

CONSCIOUS MIND

04 BLIND ROOM

UNCONSCIOUS BODY

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#SITE

MAZE OF TIME \ \ UNCONSCIOUS MIND

old man with dementia - memory (visitor)

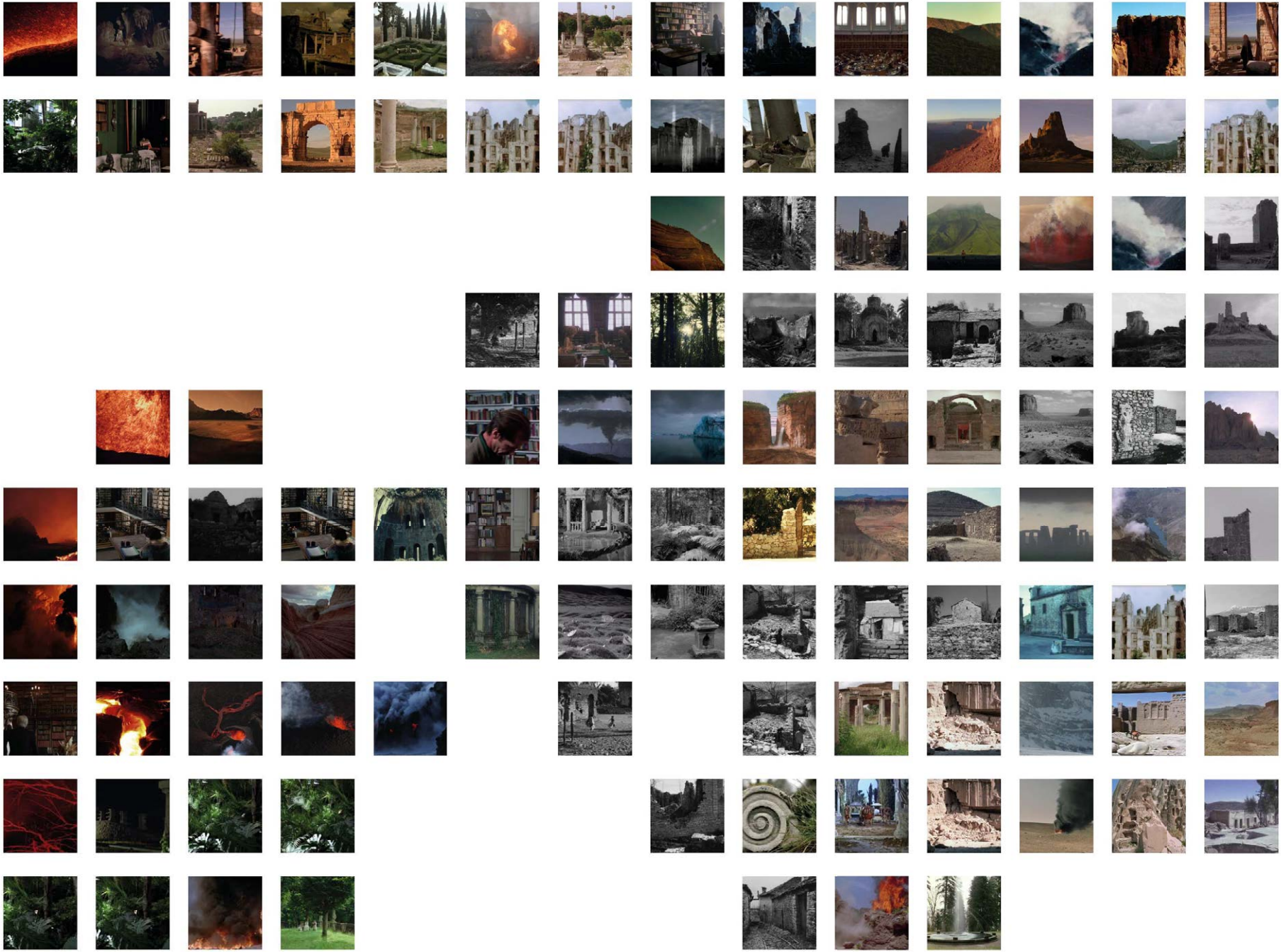
Entering the maze of time, the old man with dementia finds himself in a romantic setting. The spacial structure is chaotic. Ruinous structures decay, perfumes of flowers blossoming on the damp earth, layers of rock erode with rain and wind, moss sprawls on the defaced statues.

The maze is some kind of poorly cultivated garden. Dangerous and beautiful animals seem to appear. Its wildness confronts the man with dementia with his deepest hopes and fears. Not being able to memorize the way through the maze, curiosity is his only compass.

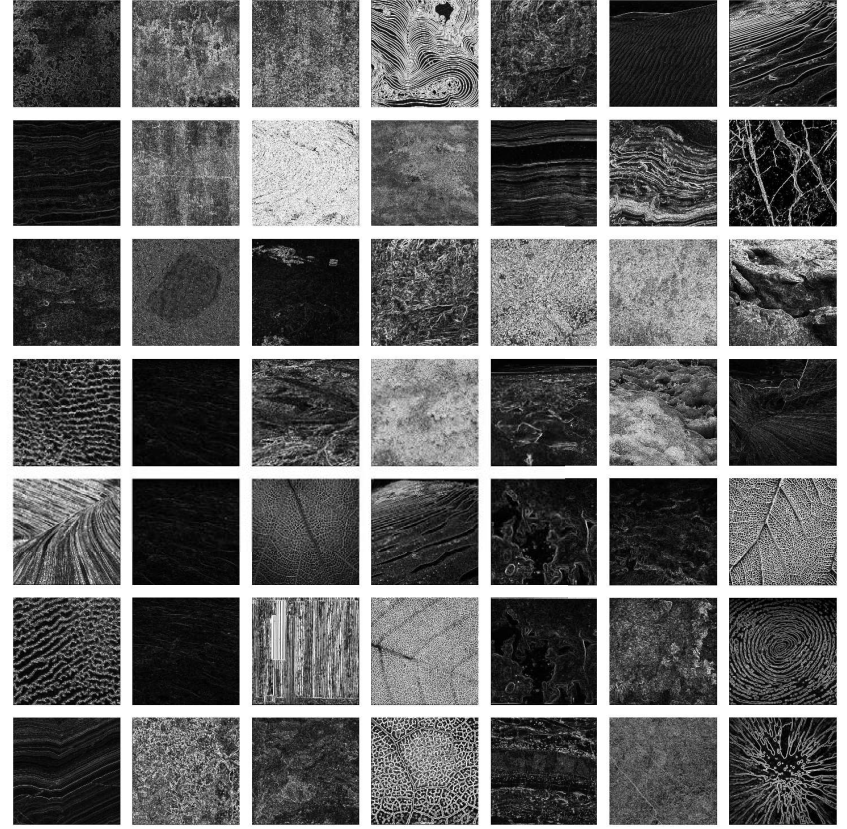
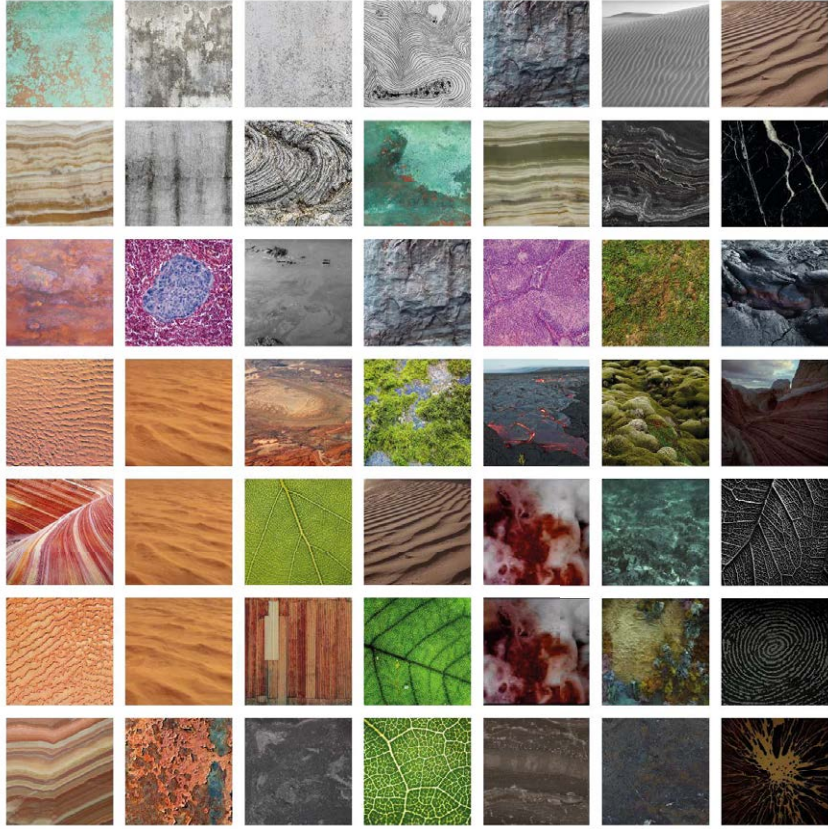
The maze of time knows all patterns that evolve naturally in time. The maze of time is the circulation system of the monastery. It knows all navigation systems, but no direction, no starting point, no destination. Who raises the question of sense, is mad. It is the unconscious associations with odours, appearances, surfaces which trigger a flashing trip into the past. His dreams guide the old man with dementia through fresh lava and stalactite caves.



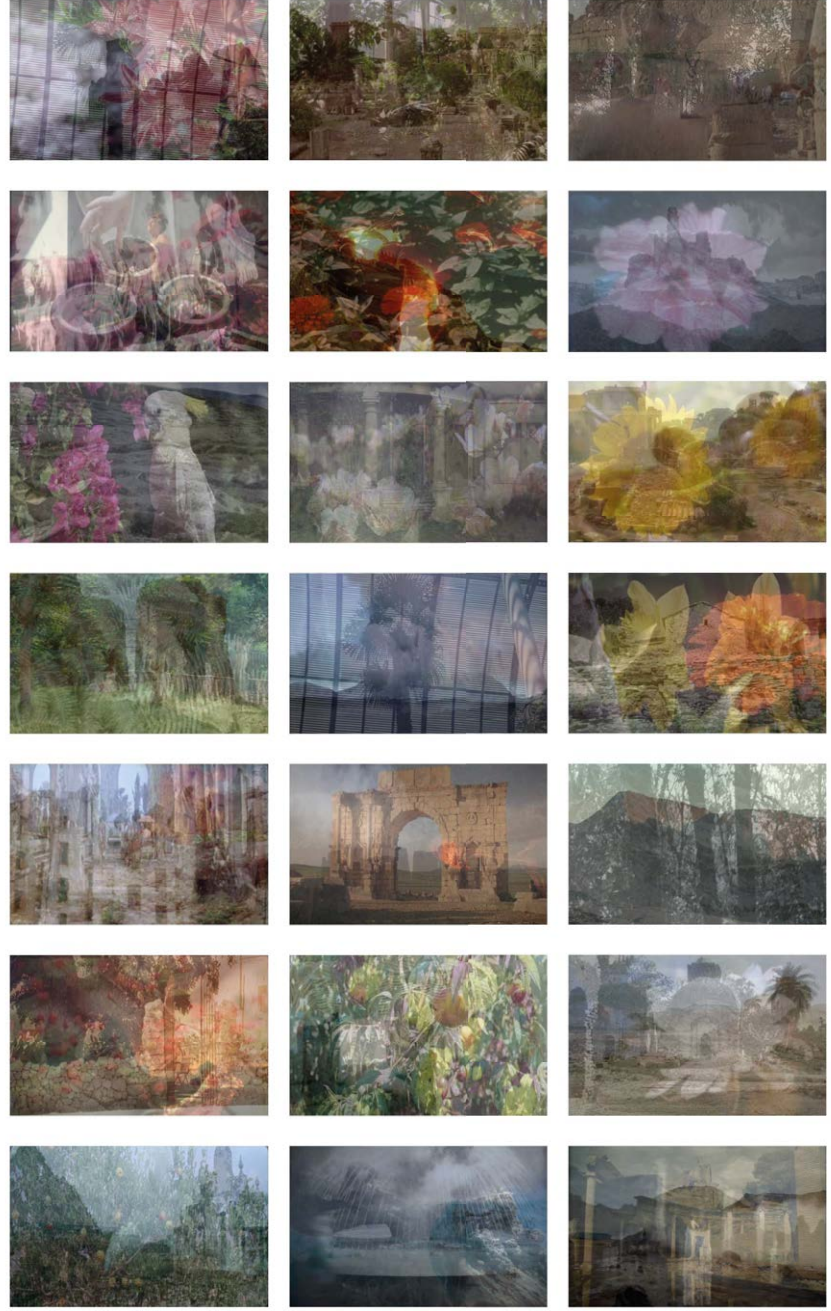
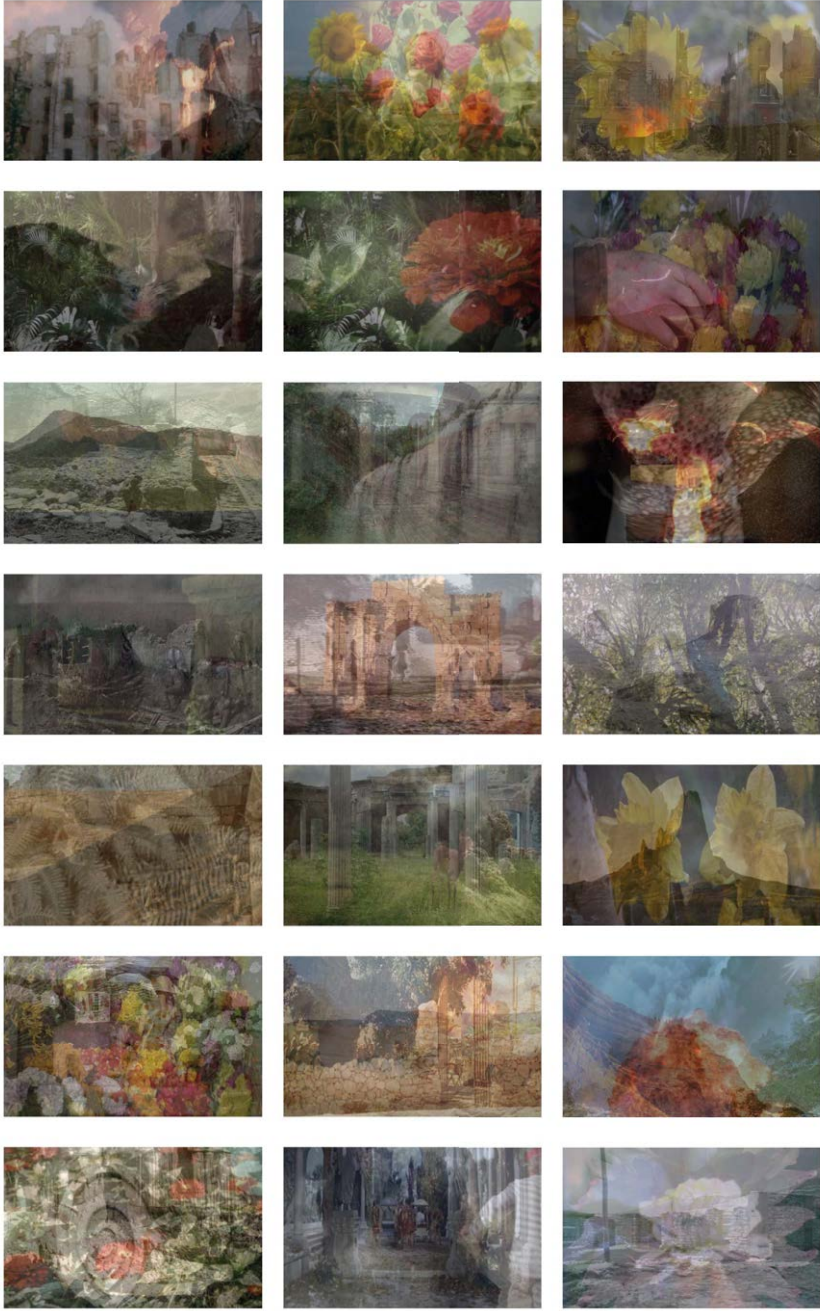
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#MAZE OF TIME \\ ATLAS OF PATTERNS



CAFÉ OF LONELINESS \ \ CONSCIOUS BODY

polygamist - singularity
widow - companion

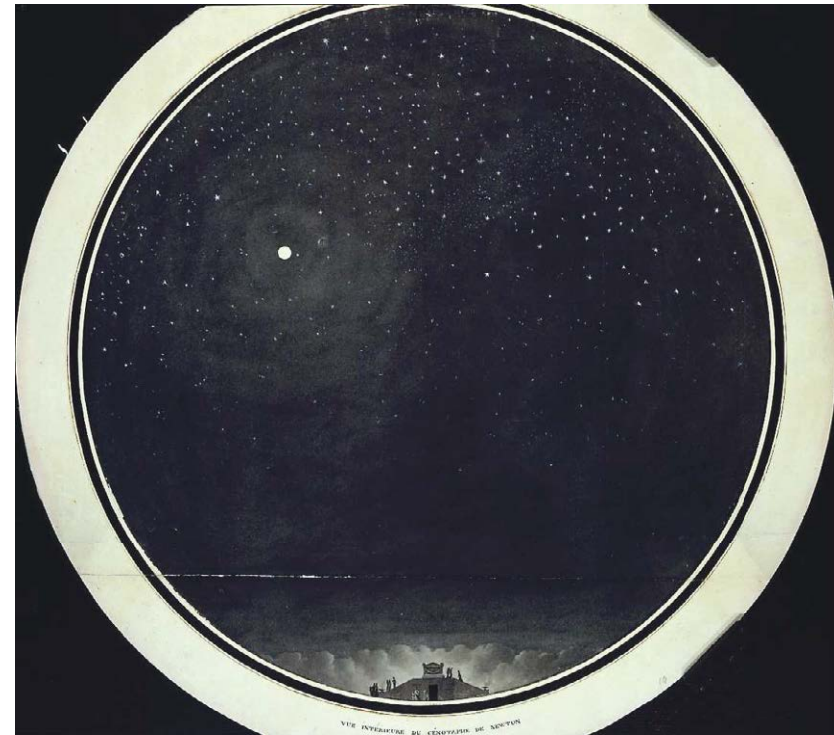
The café of loneliness is located midst the maze of time. It is a silent gap between the confusions of the maze - a vacuum in the order of the cosmos. Here, the fools experience the beauty of loneliness in its pure state. There is no edge in the room, the surfaces are sterile. No distraction. No horizon. No corner to hide. The walls don't absorb neither sound nor moisture. Fools visiting this highly artificial place are thrown back on their voidness - feeling like a punctuality to which all the world appears.

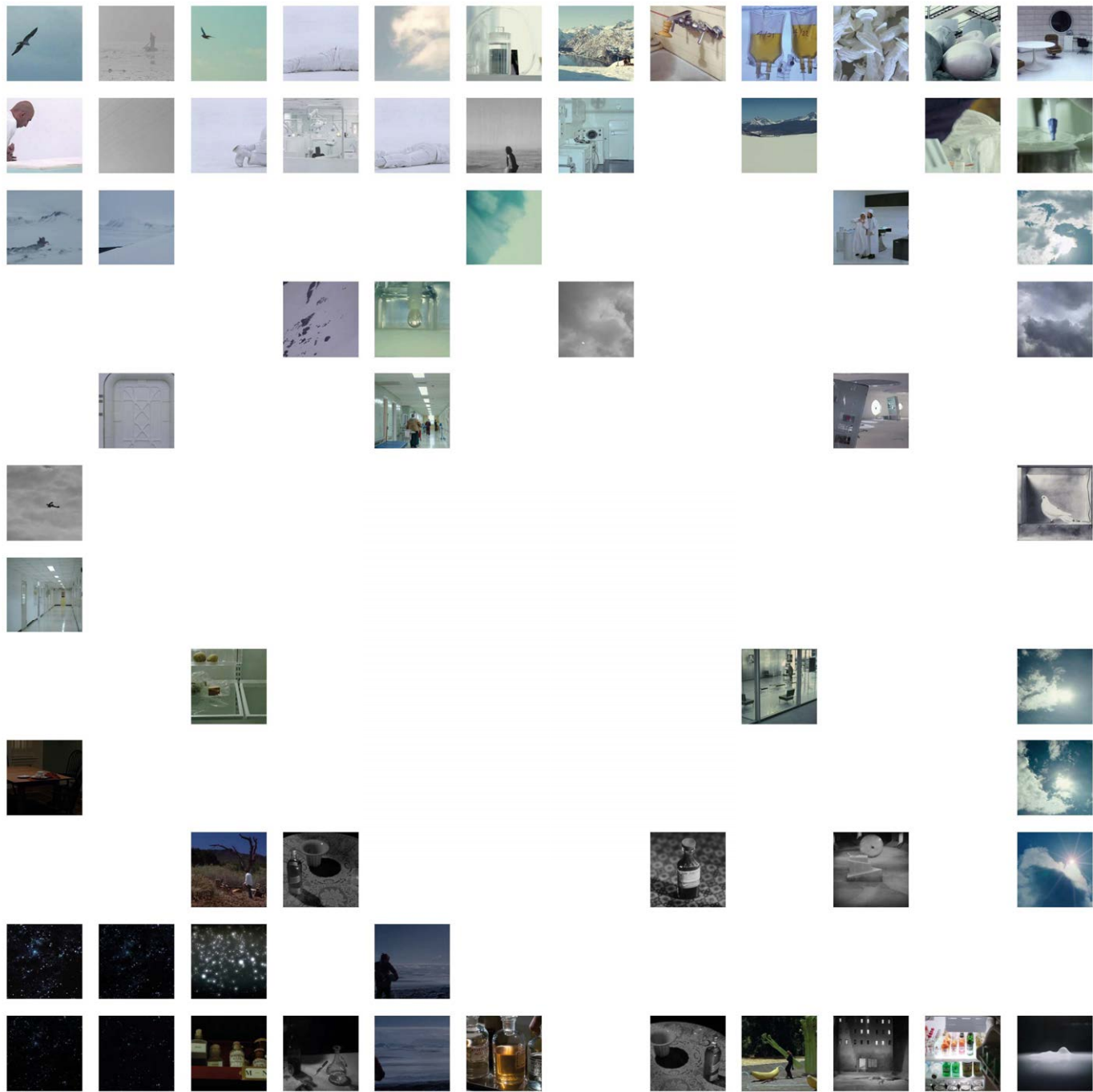
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The widow likes this place very much. When the polygamist entered the room, they set up a table and sat down to drink. The café is unattended, only a fridge, a table and some chairs. No service, few visitors.

A good conversation might fill the voidness of the polygamist and the widow and let them forget their incompleteness for a moment. Everyone must come out of his exile in his own way.

During daytime, the roof opens for a small hole and the mirrored table reflects the sky. In the nighttime, tiny solar lamps on the sphere - recharged during daytime - create the illusion of the universe.

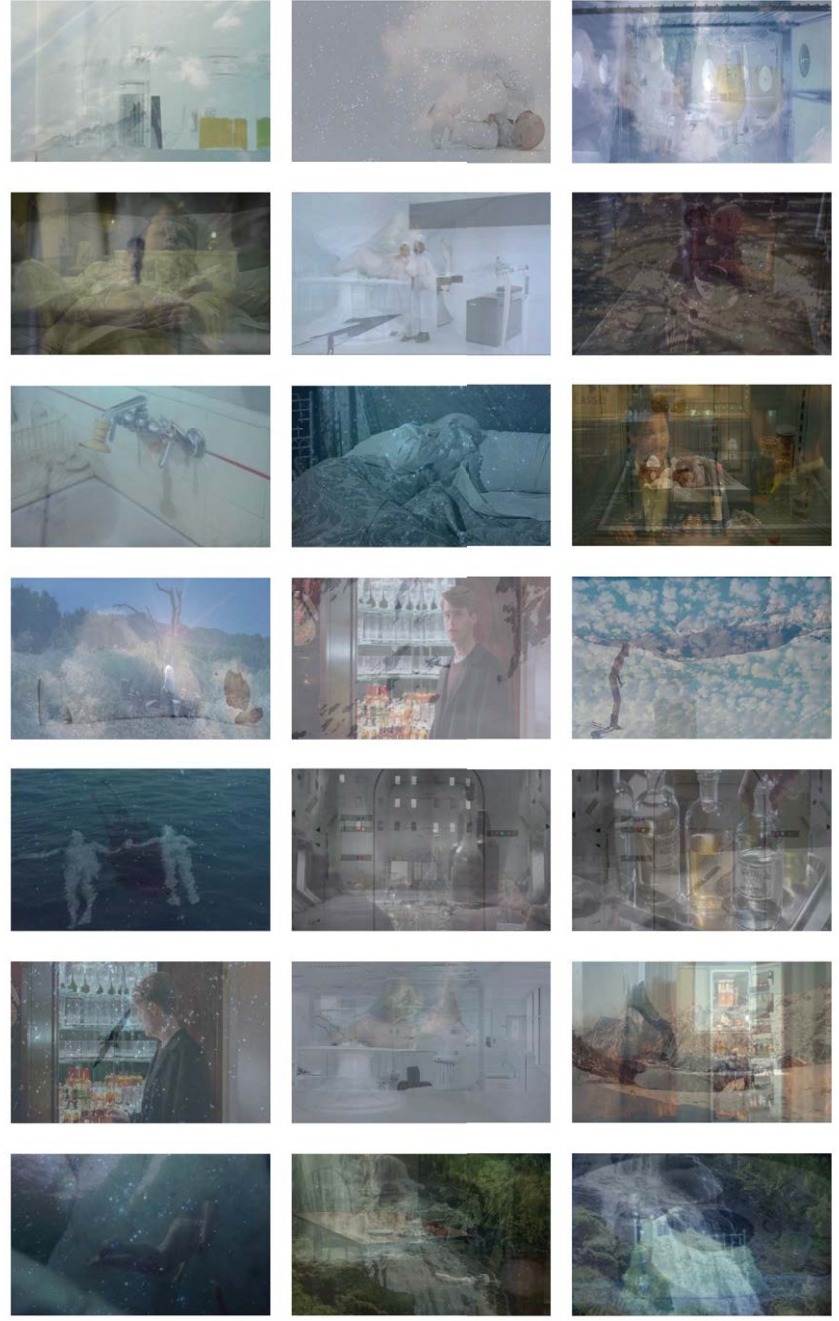




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#CAFÉ OF LONELINESS \ \ ATLAS



SHIP OF FOOLS \ \ CONSCIOUS MIND

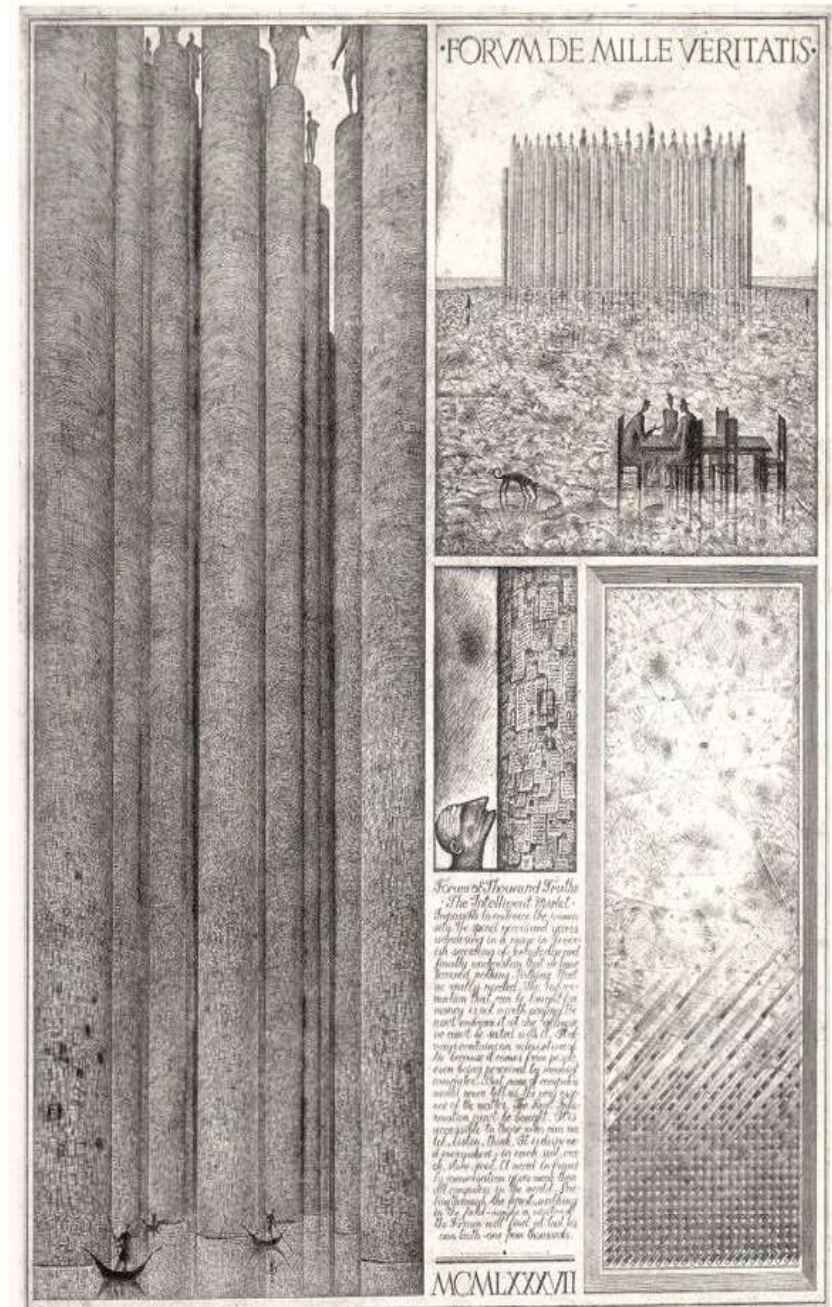
all fools (anarchist, conspiracy theorist, racist among others)

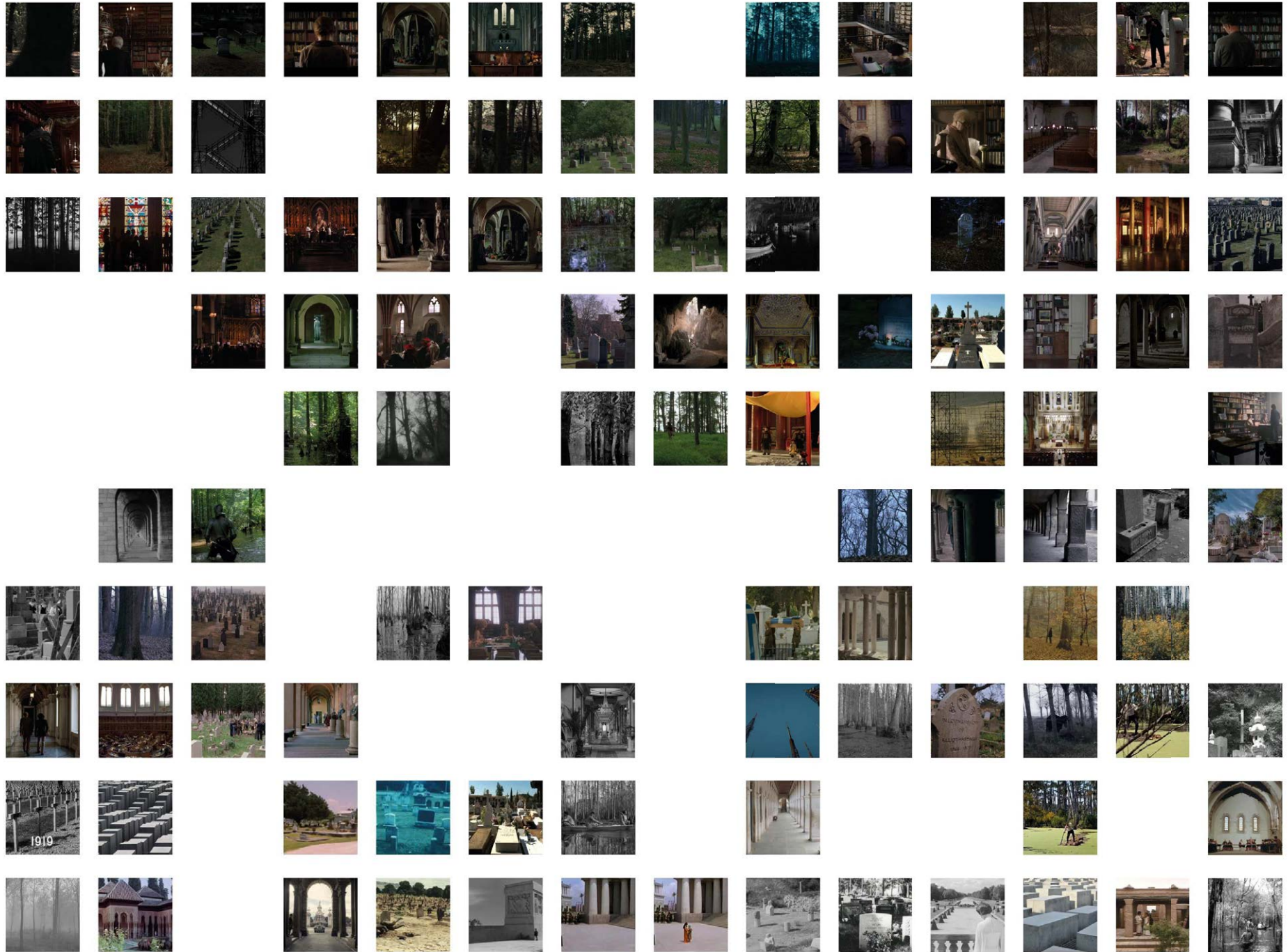
A shallow lake with hundreds of columns forms the heart of the monastery of fools. The maze of time slowly merges into a forest swamp which then merges into a forest of columns. It is a sacral and ceremonial place like a church. But unlike a church the columns are arranged concentrically. In the center, there is an island towards which the columns decline in height and from where all the statues can be seen.

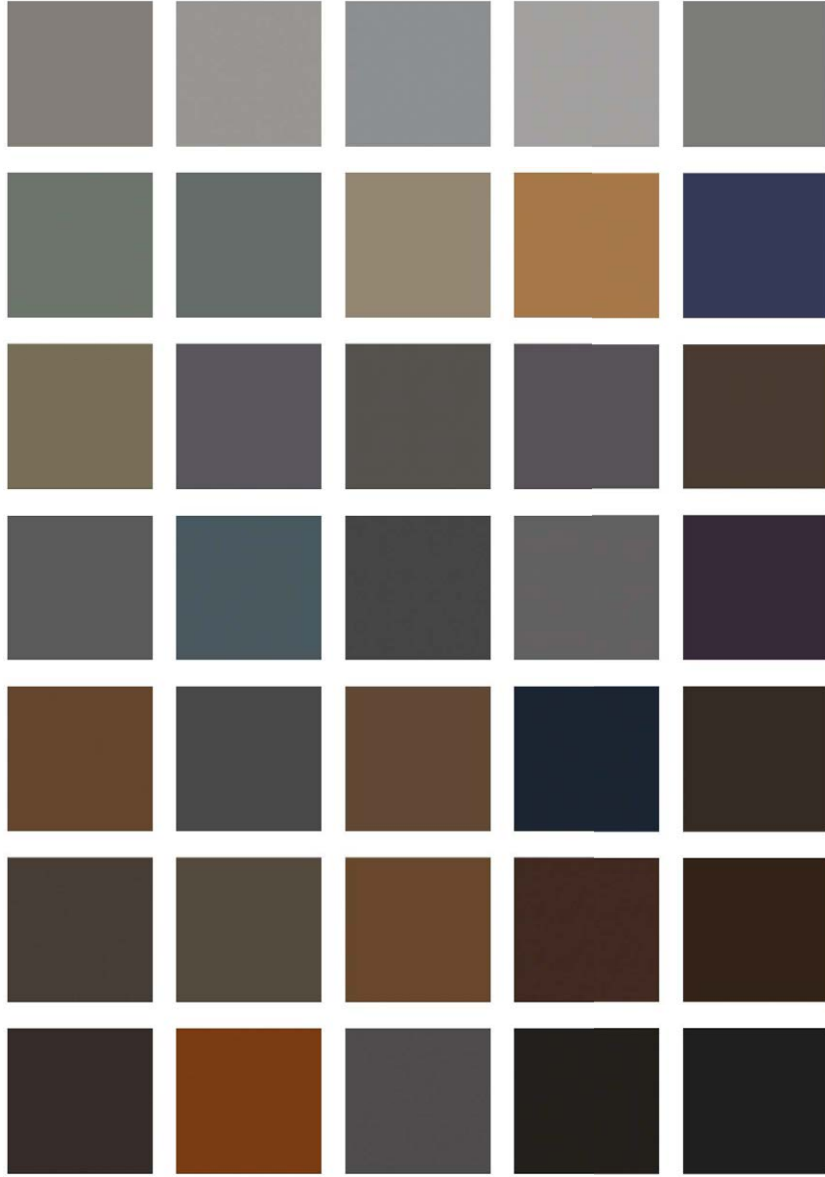
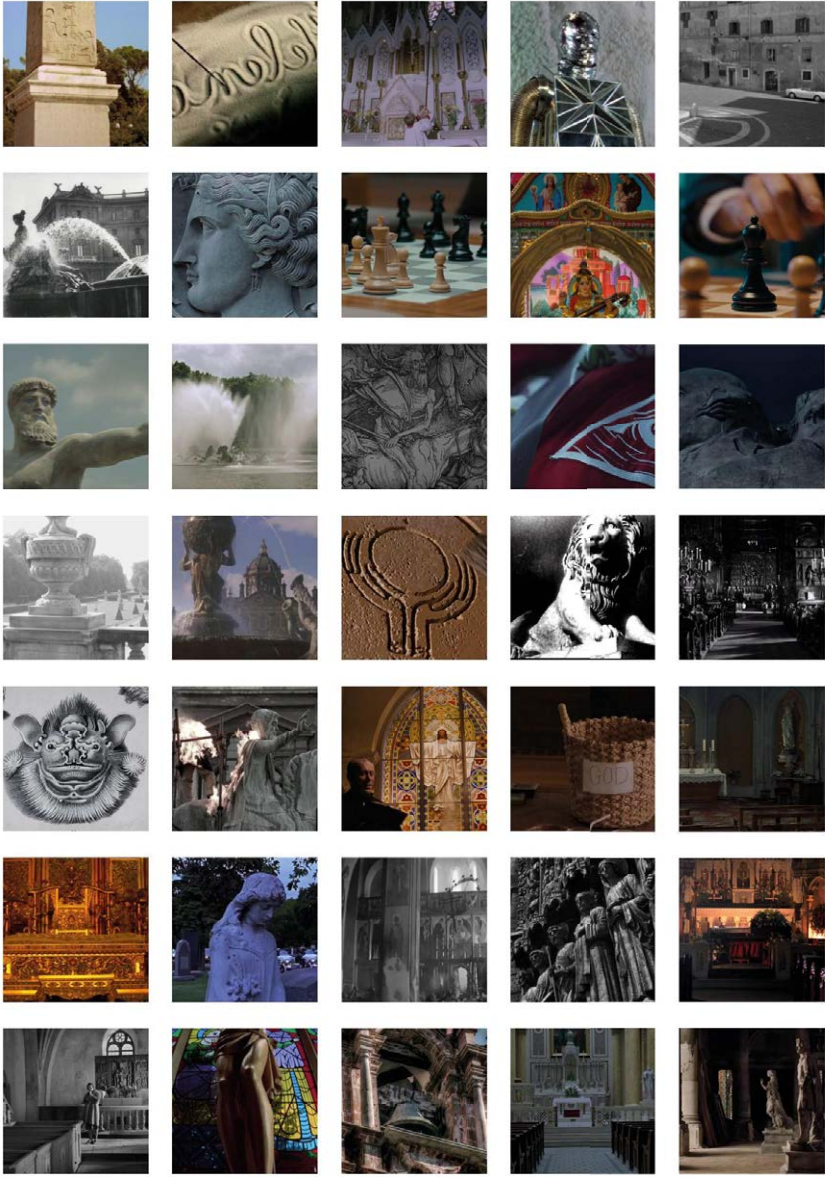
Some columns are inhabited by fools, some are too small to be inhabited or only remnants of past worlds/truths. Each column has its own book collection. The fools work on their art pieces which add up to a cultural whole. They extol their truths/perspectives like on a market, but silently. Truth is communicated through symbols/art. The monument is the medium of memory. Books and sculptures represent worlds/perspectives.

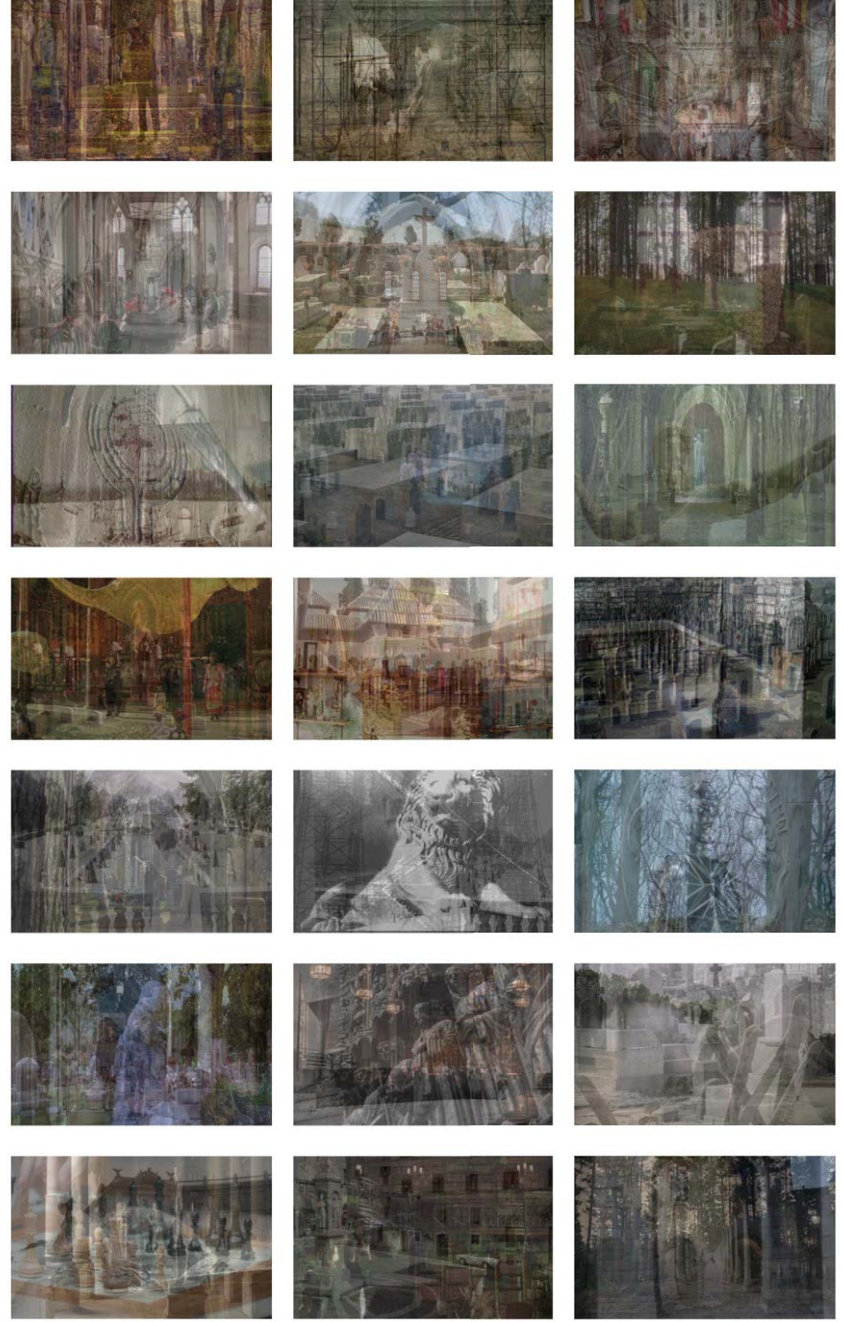
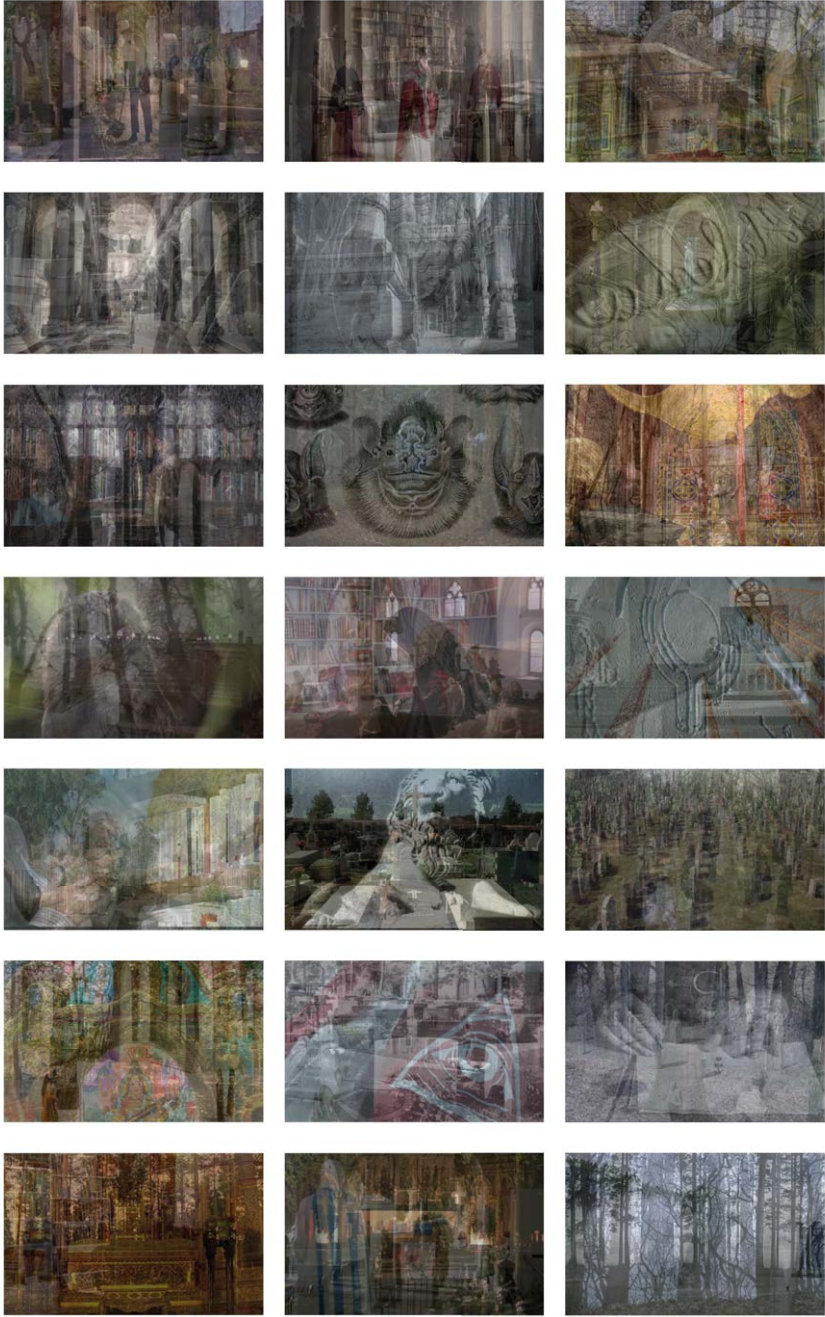
The anarchist lawyer navigates the ship of fools through the forest of truths. He sits at the end of the table of many truths navigating between the columns. The ship works like a parliament which discusses all kind of timeless and yet actual problems raised by the different columns and book collections they pass by. They might also celebrate the plurality of truths on the island from time to time.

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BLIND ROOM \ \ UNCONSCIOUS BODY

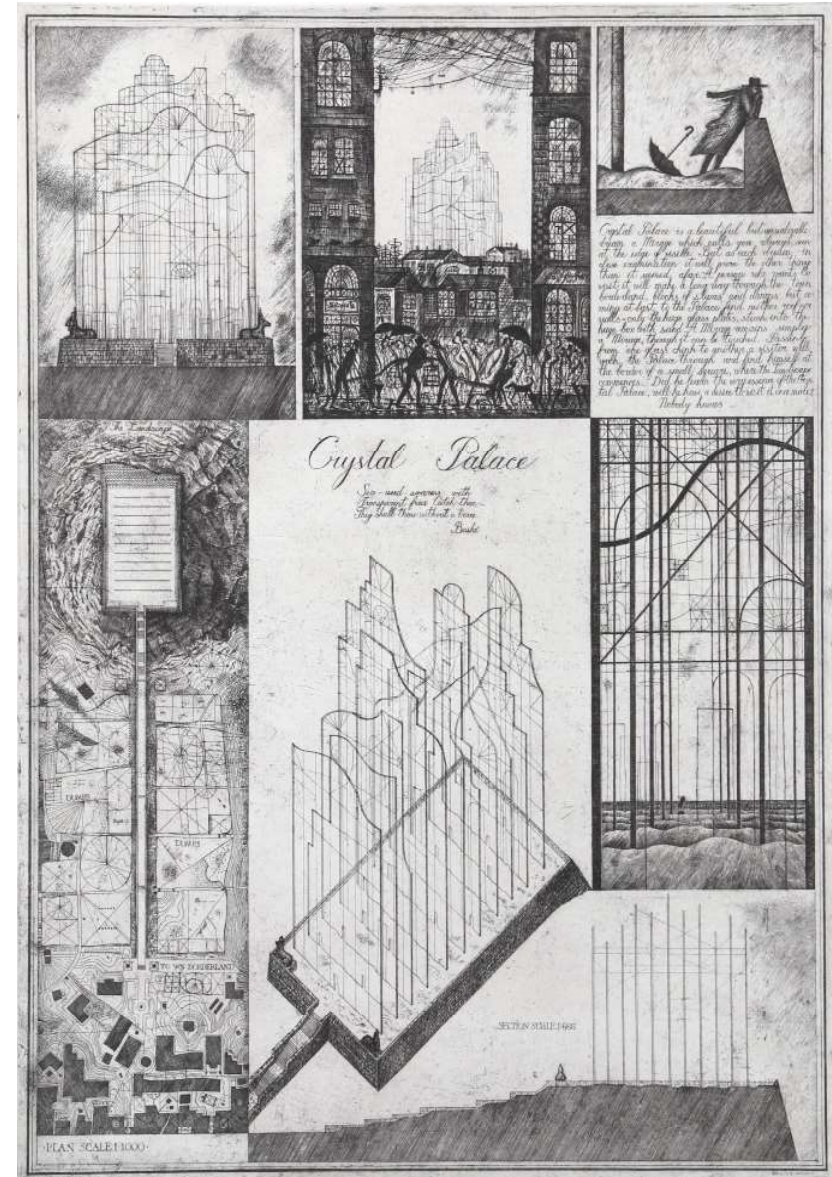
blind girl - visual richness
old man with dementia - memory

The blind room is part of the maze of time. However in the blind room, time accelerates. For the old man with dementia the time to leave has come.

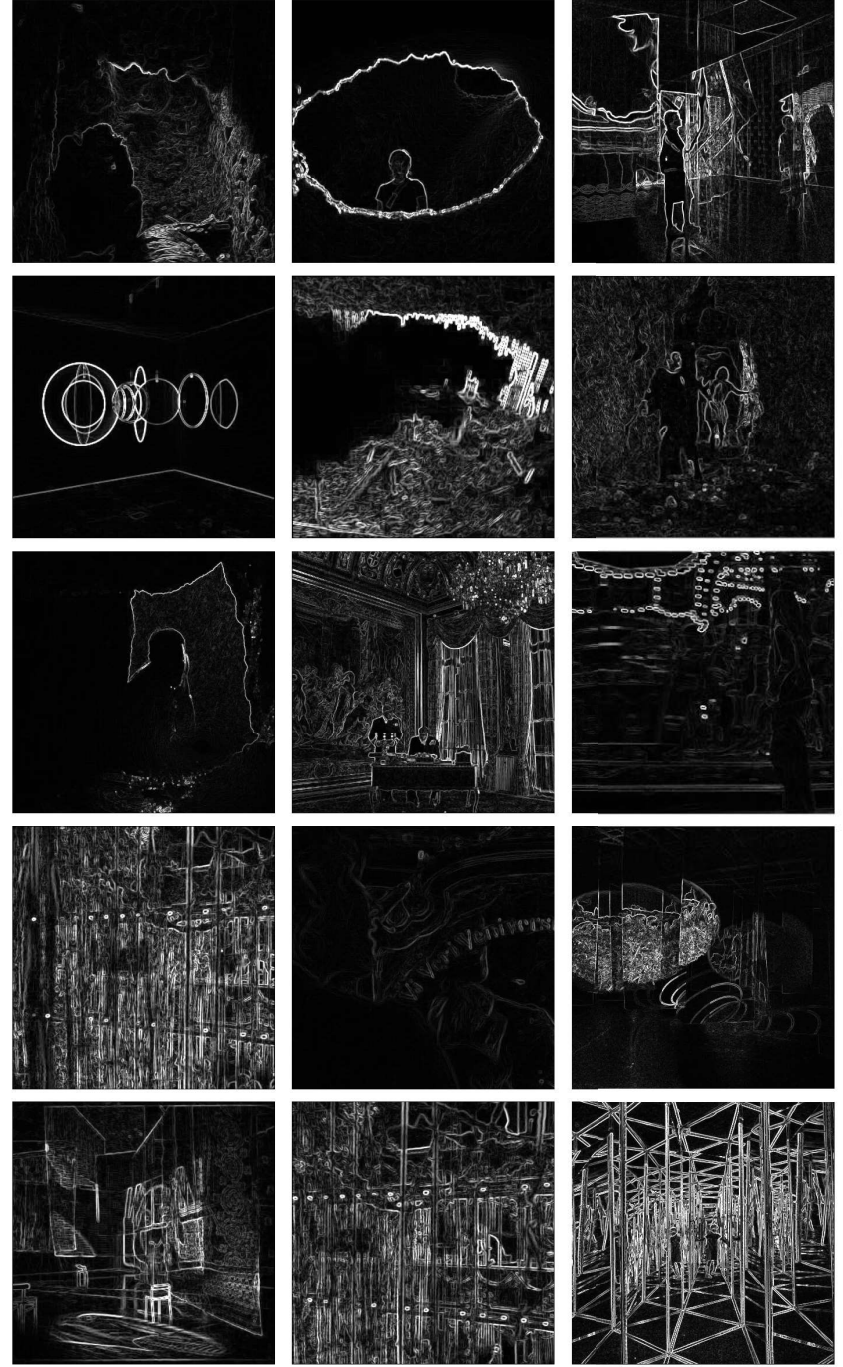
When he enters this last chamber the ground starts trembling, the world starts turning. But everything is still where it was. Semitransparent mirrors and curtains turning and waving in the wind show all kind of overlays of colourful generic images, the view gets blurry. Dreaming on the carousel of blindness, man abandons the realm of senses, his soul falls prey to a kind of dementia.

In the white noise - the pure visual unconsciousness - the blind girl takes his hand guiding him towards a black light at the end of a corridor. Arriving in the dark, the blind girl has gone. The old man with dementia regains consciousness, when a door opens up and light floods the room. The fool steps out and suddenly he finds himself in the streets of Moscow again.

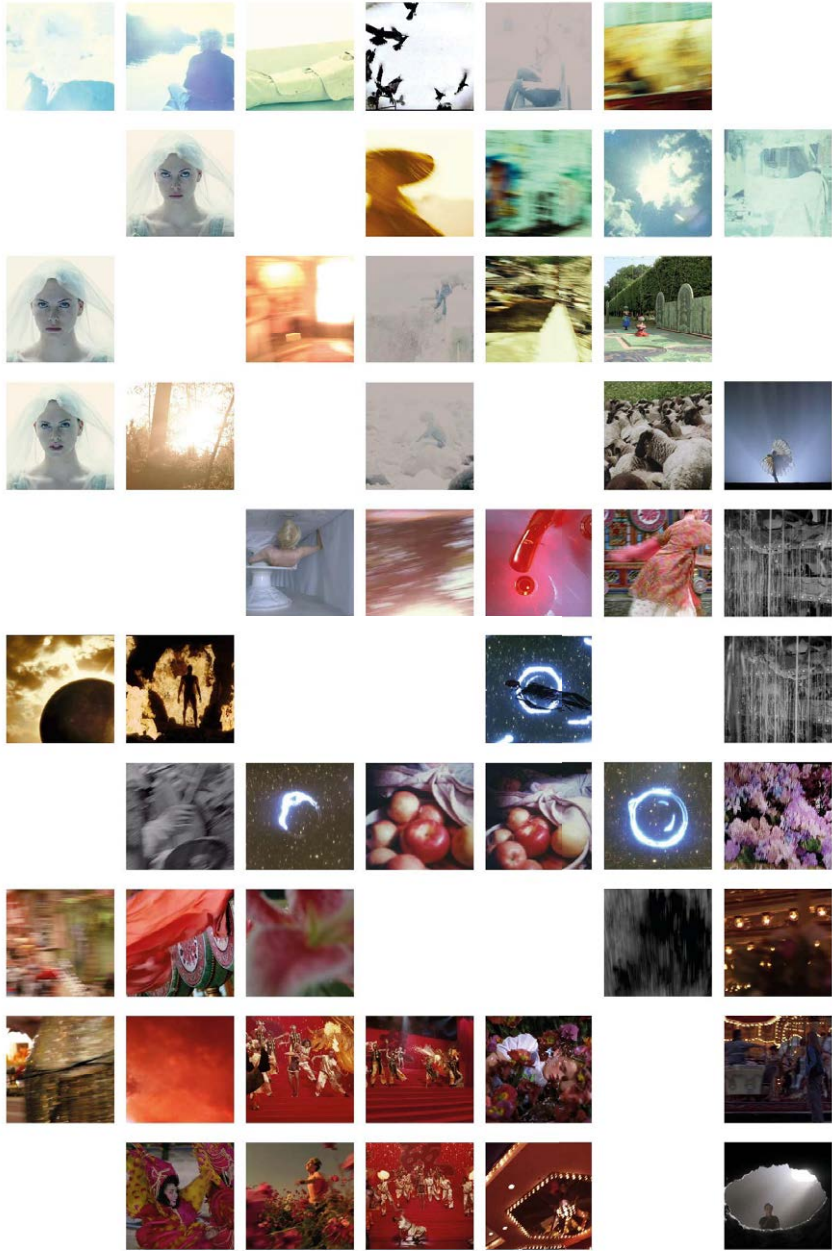
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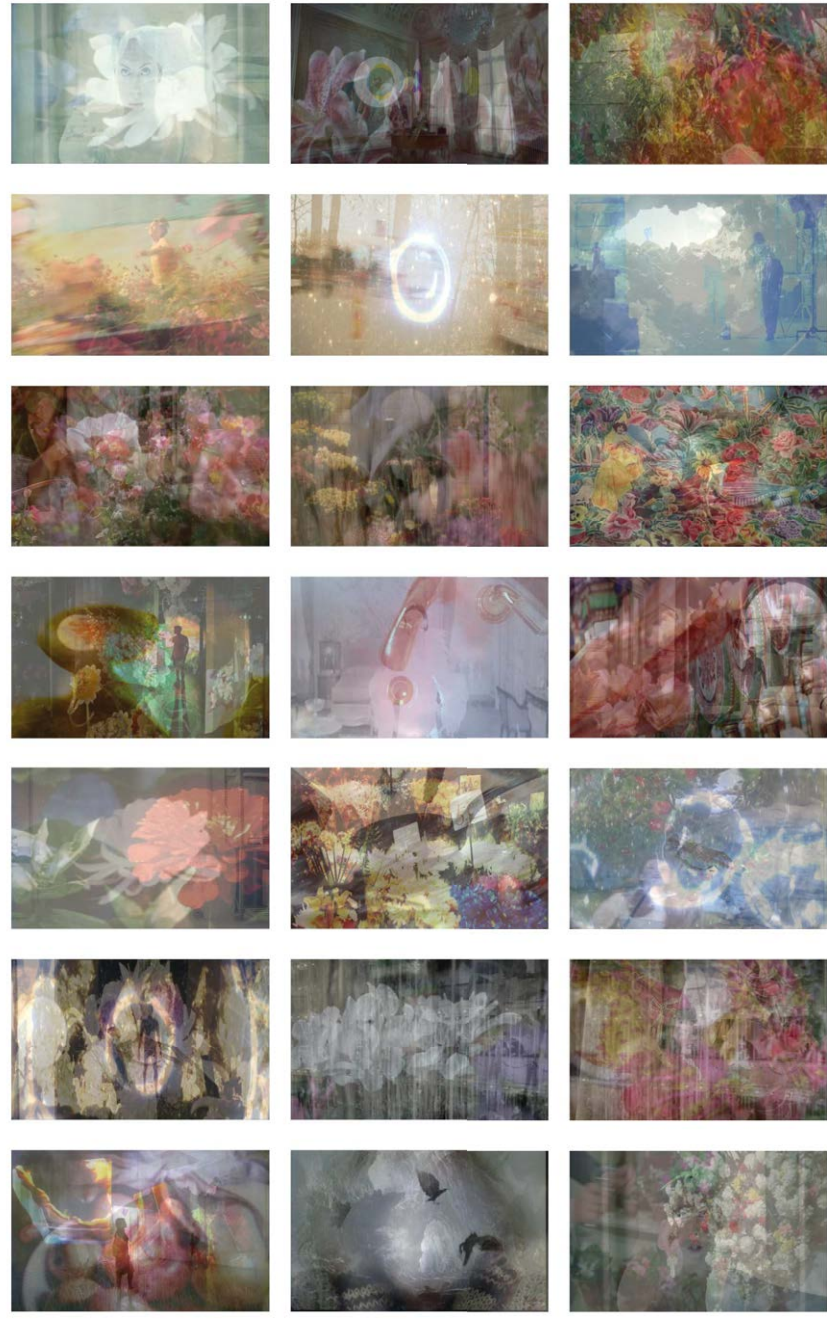
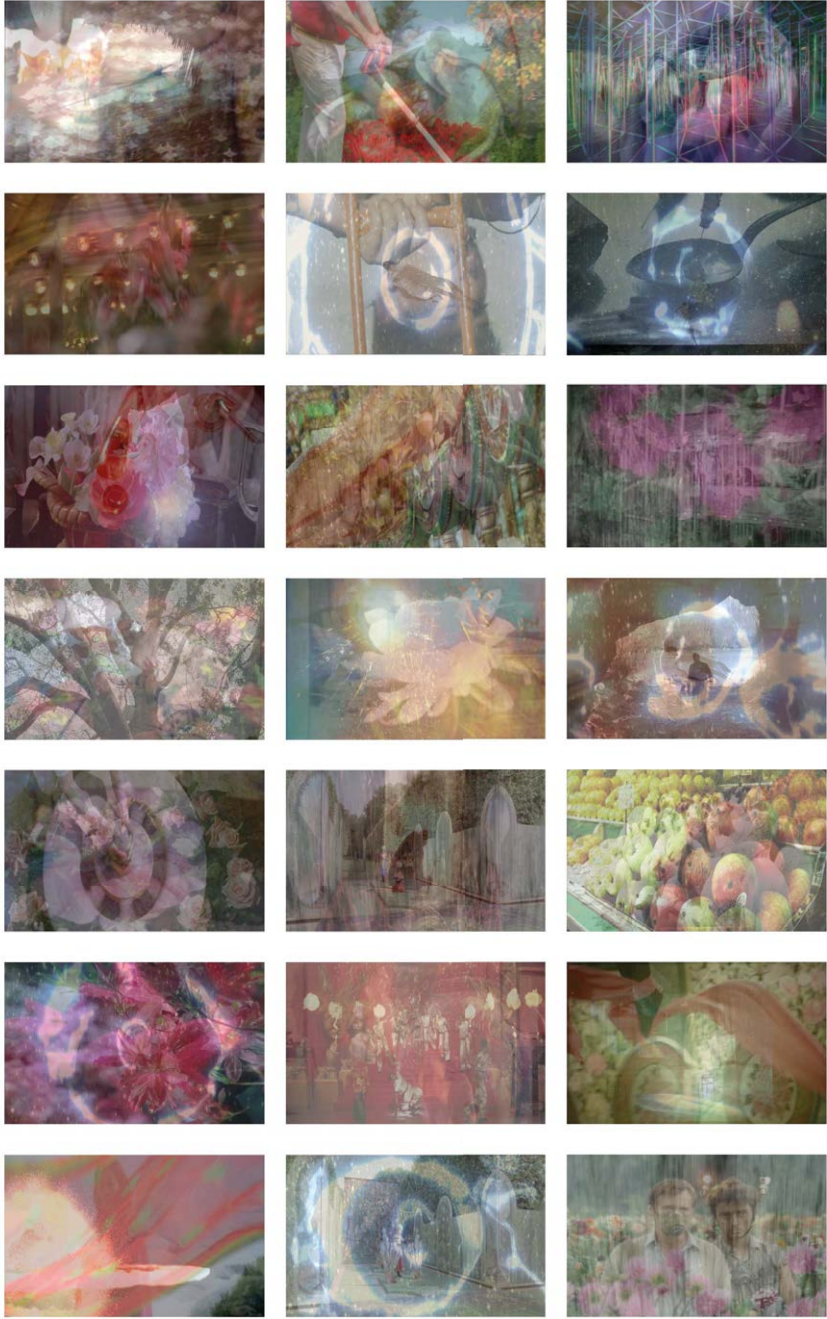
#CHAMBER 04 \ \ BLIND ROOM



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#BLIND ROOM\\ ATLAS OF IMAGES

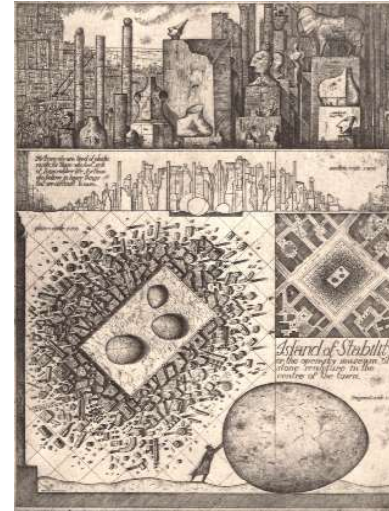




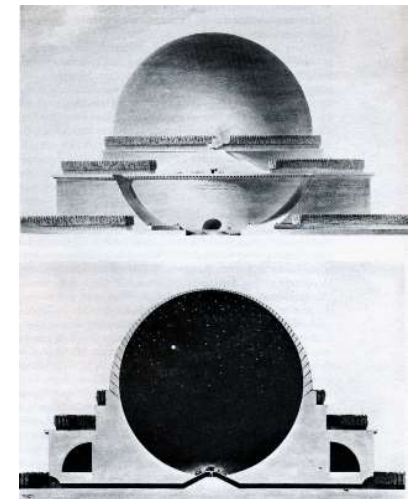
hieronymos bosch
ship of fools



james turrell
skyspace



brodsky & utkin
island of stability



claudes-nicolas ledoux
cenotaph of newton

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olafur eliasson
your glacial expectations



pipilotti rist
show a leg



austrian national library
prunksaal



brodsky & utkin
unknown person



joseph gandy
sir john soane's museum

#ARCHEOLOGY

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Janus is the roman god of beginnings, gates, transitions, time, duality, doorways, passages, and endings.

often portrayed double-headed, sometimes portrayed with four heads.

he holds the access to Heaven and to other gods: this is the reason why men must invoke him first, regardless of the god they want to pray to.

Janus is the ambiguous gate keeper of the monastery and its master of time.

MONUMENTS MEN

studio meteora #S2E2