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Flower and Gold

About Grappling with Antinomies

A small, withered leaf from a tree is blown in through writer Hermann Hesse's window. Now the tiny thing is lying on the edge of his bathtub. It transports Hesse somewhere in-between two very different things.

I read the text of its ribs and veins, smell the peculiar intimation of mortality at which we shudder and without which there would be nothing beautiful. Marvellous, how beauty and death, joy and mortality, promote and depend on each other! I feel distinctly, like something sensuous around and within me, the borderline between nature and spirit. Just as flowers are transitory and beautiful, but gold is lasting and boring. So all movements of the natural life are transitory and beautiful, but the spirit is immortal and boring. At this moment I reject it, by no means do I see the spirit as eternal life but as eternal death, as what is congealed, fruitless, shapeless, and can only regain shape and life by surrendering its immortality. (In order to live) gold must become a flower. Spirit must become body and must become psyche. No, in this mild morning hour between the hourglass and the wilted leaf I want nothing to do with spirit, which at other times I revere so greatly; I want to be transitory, I want to be a child and a flower.

Hermann Hesse, 'A Guest at the Spa', in *Autobiographical Writings* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1973; first published in 1924) 57.

Constituent Facts vs. Transient Facts

About Inhaling and Exhaling Feelings of Our Time

Architectural historian Sigfried Giedion is one of the strongest voices who underlines harmonies between our inner states and our surroundings. He says, "no level of development can be maintained if it remains detached from our emotional life." Constituent facts, in contrast to transient facts, are the elements that constantly reappear, while being able to support our emotional life in the new technical environments. Constituent facts articulate a "new tradition." Discerning whether something is a constituent fact or transient fact to our times may not be easy, though. Giedion suggests we keeping asking, "what kind of life do we want?"

Architects have imitated other periods, taken over their special shapes and techniques, in the hope of escaping from transitory work and achieving a timeless rightness. And after a short time their buildings have become lifeless masses of stone, in spite of the incorporation into them of details from works of eternal beauty. These men possessed the exact contrary of the "Midas touch"—everything they put their hands on turned to dust rather than to gold. Today we can see why. History is not simply the repository of unchanging facts, but a process, a pattern of living and changing attitudes and interpretations. As such, it is deeply a part of our own natures. To turn backward to a past age is not just to inspect it, to find a pattern which will be the same for all corners.

The backward look transforms its object; every spectator at every period—at every moment, indeed—inevitably transforms the past according to his own nature. Absolute points of reference are no more open to the historian than they are to the physicist; both produce descriptions relative to a particular situation.

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Constituent facts are those tendencies which, when they are suppressed, inevitably reappear. Their recurrence makes us aware that these are elements which, all together, are producing a *new tradition*. Constituent facts in architecture, for example, are the undulation of the wall, the juxtaposition of nature and the human dwelling, the open ground-plan. Constituent facts in the nineteenth century are the new potentialities in construction, the use of mass production in industry, the changed organization of society.

Facts of the other sort—equally the work of the forces moving in a period—lack the stuff of permanence and fail to attach themselves to a new tradition. At first appearance they may have all the éclat and brilliance of a firework display, but they have no greater durability. Sometimes they are interlaced with every refinement of fashion—the furniture of the Second Empire in France is an instance. These we shall call transitory facts.

Transitory facts in their dash and glitter often succeed in taking over the center of the stage. This was the case with the experiments in historical styles that went on—with infinite changes of direction—throughout the whole nineteenth century. The entire output of official painting was a transitory fact of that period, almost wholly without significance to the present day.

A period may be dominated by transitory or by constituent facts; both alternatives are open. There is, however, no doubt which of these two classes of trends is the more likely to produce a solution of the real problems of the age.

Social, economic, and functional influences play a vital part in all human activities, from the sciences to the arts. But there are other factors which also have to be taken into account—our feelings and emotions. These factors are often dismissed as trivial, but actually their effect upon men's actions is immense. A good share of the misfortunes of the past century came out of its belief that industry and techniques had only a functional import, with no emotional content. The arts were exiled to an isolated realm of their own, completely insulated from everyday realities. As a result,

life lost unity and balance; science and industry made steady advances, but in the now detached realm of feeling there was nothing but a vacillation from one extreme to the other.

The scope and strength of the emotions are both greater than we sometimes suppose. Emotion or feeling enters into all our affairs—speculation is never completely "pure," just as action is never entirely practical. And, of course, we are far from having free choice in this matter of feeling. Large tracts of our emotional life are determined by circumstances over which we have no control: by the fact that we happen to be men, of such or such a kind, living at this or that period. Thus a thoroughly integrated culture produces a marked unity of feeling among its representatives. For example, a recognizable common spirit runs through the whole baroque period. It makes itself felt in activities as distinct from each other as painting and philosophy or architecture and mathematics. This is not particularly surprising. Techniques, sciences, the arts—all these are carried on by men who have grown up together in the same period, exposed to its characteristic influences. The feeling which it is the special concern of the artist to express are also at work within the engineer and the mathematician. This emotional background shared by such otherwise divergent pursuits is what we must try to discover.

Sigfried Giedion, *Space, Time and Architecture: The Growth of a New Tradition*, (Harvard University Press, 1967) 5; 19; 57.

The Glass Bead Game

About a Beautiful Intellectual Game

Between Flower and Gold, Spirit and Reality, Hermann Hesse persistently looks for a *holiness* amid the incompatible abstractions in every dimension of life. *The Glass Bead Game* (1943) nails it. In this novel, we are at the beginning of the 25th century, in a secluded community called Castalia. A narrator tells the story of Joseph Knecht who was the legendary yet somewhat controversial master of 'the glass bead game'. The reader only knows that the game is both mathematical and musical, intellectual and meditational. No description is offered on what glass beads look like. But we understand that this game has signs, grammar, vocabulary as well as various techniques, symmetries, and developments. It is also context-sensitive: it depends on who plays it, how masterfully, when and with whom. The glass bead game, in sum, is illustrated as an art and science of pure composition. A universal language for any thought. It is an artistic and intellectual endeavour at the same time. And we see the glass beads everywhere, in and outside the game. They are probably life itself. Life, understood through a pole of opposites, then coming towards a sort of a transcendental learning: "Our mission is to recognize contraries for what they are: first of all as contraries, but then as opposite poles of a unity."

> These rules, the sign language and grammar of the Game, constitute a kind of highly developed secret language drawing upon several sciences and arts, but especially mathematics and music (and/or musicology), and capable of expressing and establishing interrelationships between the content and conclusions of nearly all scholarly disciplines. The Glass Bead Game is thus a mode of playing with the total contents and values of our culture; it plays with them as, say, in the great age of the arts a painter might have played with the colors on his palette. All the insights, noble thoughts, and works of art that the human race has produced in its creative eras, all that subsequent periods of scholarly study have

reduced to concepts and converted into intellectual property—on all this immense body of intellectual values the Glass Bead Game player plays like the organist on an organ. And this organ has attained an almost unimaginable perfection; its manuals and pedals range over the entire intellectual cosmos; its stops are almost beyond number. Theoretically this instrument is capable of reproducing in the Game the entire intellectual content of the universe. These manuals, pedals, and stops are now fixed. Changes in their number and order, and attempts at perfecting them, are actually no longer feasible except in theory. Any enrichment of the language of the Game by addition of new contents is subject to the strictest conceivable control by the directorate of the Game. On the other hand, within this fixed structure, or to abide by our image, within the complicated mechanism of this giant organ, a whole universe of possibilities and combinations is available to the individual player. For even two out of a thousand stringently played games to resemble each other more than superficially is hardly possible. Even if it should so happen that two players by chance were to choose precisely the same small assortment of themes for the content of their Game, these two Games could present an entirely different appearance and run an entirely different course, depending on the qualities of mind, character, mood, and virtuosity of the players.

I suddenly realized that in the language, or at any rate in the spirit of the Glass Bead Game, everything actually was all-meaningful, that every symbol and combination of symbols led not hither and yon, not to single examples, experiments, and proofs, but into the center, the mystery and innermost heart of the world, into primal knowledge. Every transition from major to minor in a sonata, every transformation of a myth or a religious cult, every classical or artistic formulation was, I realized in that flashing moment, if seen with a truly meditative mind, nothing but a direct route into the interior of the cosmic mystery, where in the alternation between inhaling and exhaling, between heaven and earth, between Yin and Yang, holiness is forever being created.

Of course by that time I had attended many a well-constructed and well-executed Game. Listening, I had often been exalted and over-joyed by the insights such Games afforded; but up to that time I had repeatedly been inclined to doubt the real value and importance of the Game. After all, every neatly solved problem in mathematics could provide intellectual pleasure; every good piece of music could exalt and expand the soul toward universality when heard, and even more when played; and every reverent meditation could soothe the heart and tune it to harmony with the universe. But perhaps for that very reason, my doubts whispered, the Glass Bead Game was merely a formal art, a clever skill, a witty combination, so that it would be better not to play this Game, but to occupy oneself with uncontaminated mathematics and good music. But now for the first time I had heard the inner voice of the Game itself, its meaning. It had reached me and penetrated me, and since that moment I have believed that our royal game is truly a lingua sacra, a sacred and divine language.

Hermann Hesse, *The Glass Bead Game* (Random House, 2000; first published in 1943) 19; 24.

A Cyborg

About Breathing Technics in the World Without Genesis

How to think of a new Nature if we take nothing as *naturally* given from the beginning? Any border between two systems, even a pole of opposite genders that have always been regarded as natural, may be actively transcended by projecting symbolic supports, just like feminist theorist Donna Haraway did through her cyborg imagery in 1984.

I am making an argument for the cyborg as a fiction mapping our social and bodily reality and as an imaginative resource suggesting some very fruitful couplings. Michel Foucault's biopolitics is a flaccid premonition of cyborg politics, a very open field.

By the late twentieth century, our time, a mythic time, we are all chimeras, theorized and fabricated hybrids of machine and organism—in short, cyborgs. The cyborg is our ontology; it gives us our politics. The cyborg is a condensed image of both imagination and material reality, the two joined centers structuring any possibility of historical transformation. In the traditions of "Western" science and politics—the tradition of racist, male-dominant capitalism; the tradition of progress; the tradition of the appropriation of nature as resource for the productions of culture; the tradition of reproduction of the self from the reflections of the other—the relation between organism and machine has been a border war. The stakes in the border war have been the territories of production, reproduction, and imagination. This is an argument for *pleasure* in the confusion of boundaries and for *responsibility* in their construction. It is also an effort to contribute to socialist-feminist culture and theory in a postmodernist, non-naturalist mode and in the utopian tradition of imagining a world without gender, which is perhaps a world without genesis, but maybe also a world without end.

The cyborg skips the step of original unity, of identification with nature in the Western sense. This is its illegitimate promise that might lead to subversion of its teleology as Star Wars.

The cyborg is resolutely committed to partiality, irony, intimacy, and perversity. It is oppositional, utopian, and completely without innocence. No longer structured by the polarity of public and private, the cyborg defines a technological polis based partly on a revolution of social relations in the *oikos*, the household. Nature and culture are reworked; the one can no longer be the resource for appropriation or incorporation by the other. The relationships for forming wholes from parts, including those of polarity and hierarchical domination, are at issue in the cyborg world. Unlike the hopes of Frankenstein's monster, the cyborg does not expect its father to save it through a restoration of the garden—that is, through the fabrication of a heterosexual mate, through its completion in a finished whole, a city and cosmos. The cyborg does not dream of community on the model of the organic family, this time without the oedipal project. The cyborg would not recognize the Garden of Eden; it is not made of mud and cannot dream of returning to dust. Perhaps that is why I want to see if cyborgs can subvert the apocalypse of returning to nuclear dust in the manic compulsion to name the Enemy. Cyborgs are not reverent; they do not remember the cosmos. They are wary of holism, but needy for connection—they seem to have a natural feel for united-front politics, but without the vanguard party. The main trouble with cyborgs, of course, is that they are the illegitimate offspring of militarism and patriarchal capitalism, not to mention state socialism. But illegitimate offspring are often exceedingly unfaithful to their origins. Their fathers, after all, are inessential.

One should expect control strategies to concentrate on boundary conditions and interfaces, on rates of flow across boundaries—and not on the integrity of natural objects. "Integrity" or "sincerity" of the Western self gives way to decision procedures and expert systems. For example, control strategies applied to women's capacities to give birth to new human beings will be developed in the languages of population control and maximization of goal achievement for individual decision makers. Control strategies will be formulated in terms of rates, costs of constraints, degrees of freedom. Human beings, like any other component or subsystem, must be localized in a system architecture whose basic modes of operation are probabilistic, statistical.

No objects, spaces, or bodies are sacred in themselves; any component can be interfaced with any other if the proper standard, the proper code, can be constructed for processing signals in a common language.

Cyborg imagery can suggest a way out of the maze of dualisms in which we have explained our bodies and our tools to ourselves. This is a dream not of a common language, but of a powerful infidel heteroglossia. It is an imagination of a feminist speaking in tongues to strike fear into the circuits of the supersavers of the new right. It means both building and destroying machines, identities, categories, relationships, space stories. Though both are bound in the spiral dance, I would rather be a cyborg than a goddess.

Donna Haraway, 'A Cyborg Manifesto', in *Artificial Life: Critical Contexts* (1985; 1991) 457; 458; 464; 475.

Human vs. Vampyroteuthis

About Human Knife (Reason) and Breathing with Empty Husks (Models)

Vampire squids who live in the extreme deep ocean, and who have only male and female concepts may roll with laughter when they hear about how we humans think.

A vampire squid's sensory organs transmit bits of information to its brain that are no less complex than those transmitted to ours. Its brain must, therefore, process this data with methods that are accordingly complex. It could not survive, any less than we could, without having control over these processes. If we—momentarily leaving aside the soul—were to replace the term "reflection" with "philosophizing," then we would have to concede that, no less than we could, the vampyroteuthis could not survive without philosophy. We should thus be able to compare vampyroteuthic with human philosophy (and with the sciences that have derived from it).

There is nothing, however, that could possibly be called "human philosophy." There are only different methods of reflection, and the sum total of these methods is far too paltry to be called philosophy. Luckily enough, this problem can be circumvented. In the West, where the present fable is being written, "philosophy" has a fairly clear meaning: it is a mode of reflection that was devised, not too long ago, by a handful of Greeks. This is, of course, an embarrassing reality. The vampyroteuthis would roll with laughter upon learning that the methodological reflection of "*Homo sapiens sapiens*," a millennia-old species, had been developed only in a few European villages, and so late at that. Nevertheless, we have no other option than to compare vampyroteuthic philosophy with this rather undeveloped method of human reflection.

Reflection is the process by which reason (*nous*) penetrates behind appearances (*phainomena*) in order to be able to think about them. Reflection is thus preliminary to thinking. The role of reason in this process is that of a scalpel: it dissects phenomena into discernible rations. This rationalizing allows us to look through phenomena, to look through the gaps between the rations: this is "theory." And it also allows us to manipulate these rations: this is "praxis." Finally, rationalization serves to circumscribe future thoughts and manipulations by providing fixed standards that can be applied to what

is thought and manipulated. To reflect as a human, in the end, is to wield a knife, and the stone knives of the Paleolithic era—the earliest human instruments—indicate when it was that we began to reflect.

We trace our fingers along the dissected rations of phenomena in order to comprehend and define their contours. With a theoretical gaze, we then disassociate these defined contours from the dissected phenomenon, at which point we are holding an empty husk. We call this empty husk a "concept," and we use it to collect other rations of phenomena that have not yet been fully defined. We use concepts as models. In doing so, we create a mêlée between dissected appearances and empty concepts—between phenomena and models. The unfortunate outcome of this conflict is that we can no longer discern any phenomena for which we have not already established a model. Since we can no longer apprehend model-less phenomena, we therefore brandish the scalpel of reason simply to tailor phenomena to our models. Human reflection, in other words, is the act of constricting the feedback loop between models and phenomena.

The vampyroteuthis, on the other hand, has no knife, no need for human reason. Its chromatophores emit cones of light that delineate the darkness into rations before they are conceived. Its reason is therefore preconceptual. It perceives things rationally in order to comprehend them; its tentacles follow these cones of light only to comprehend what this light-reason has already rationalized. Since its tentacles are equipped with sexual organs, the concepts that it abstracts from these illuminated cones of reason—"pure reason," as we would say—are sexually laden: There are male and female concepts.

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> *Homo sapiens sapiens is a mammal that, having uplifted its body carriage from the ground, has freely dangling forelimbs. As is the case with all mammals, its eyes refract rays of the sun, and the data that it acquires in this way are transmitted from the brain to the hands. Its hands, in turn, transmit this information to its environment by handling it. Thus the human is a sort of feedback loop through which data, gathered from out of the world, can re-enter into the world. But since the human organism (especially its brain) is complex, information is distorted during this feedback process. It is processed by the brain, which coordinates it reflexively and transmits it in a reconfigured form to the hand, by which it is retransmitted onto the world. In this sense, the data that humans cast back into the world represent new information. This new information is likewise perceived by the eyes, processed by the brain, and returned to the world in a restructured form. It is through this process that the human transforms both its environment and itself. In short: human history.*

To understand this history further, it is necessary to know that the existential focus of mammals is the stomach. The human, no exception, is motivated to transform the world and itself by its stomach. Human history has economic infrastructures that are phenomenologically clear to see: The objects of the world that are altered by human hands are meant, in the broadest sense, to serve digestion. These same objects have hardly any sexual dimension. In fact, human sexual behaviour has scarcely changed over the course of its history. It has remained practically animalistic and ahistorical. This anomaly, this suppression of the sexual apparatus by the digestive, cannot be adequately explained by biology alone. It cannot be explained, for instance, as an evolutionary trend in the development of chordate intestines. On the contrary, this anomaly has mainly historical roots. The human male is somewhat larger than the female. Since the beginning of history, it seems as though the male has oppressed the female and has lived, ever since, in fear of female rebellion. Thus have humans managed to lose the entire dimension of female thought and activity. We vampyroteuthes are left with a rather pathological impression of human history, one that can be understood in terms of the repression of sexuality for fear of the female. Human history is a history of affliction.

Humans are surrounded by a mixture of gases called "air." Most inhabitants of the air possess an organ that can cause this gas to resonate. Among humans, these resonances are codified and used, like our chromatophoric emissions, to transmit intraspecific information. Human memory is consequently designed to store information that is transmitted in this way. Compared to ours, however, its memory seems rudimentary, for the human is continuously reaching out for mnemonic crutches. It channels the majority of what it wants to communicate onto inanimate objects, which exist in large number on the relatively infertile continents, and these newly "(in)formed" objects are meant to serve as mnemonic aids.

A peculiar consequence of this blunder is that human history, in contrast to a genuine history such as ours, can be ascertained objectively—it can be established on the basis of these "(in)formed" objects. Not only we vampyroteuthes but even a visitor from Mars could reconstruct human history from these entities. Since it is soaked up by objective matter, human history is not properly intersubjective. It is an utter failure.

Vilém Flusser and Louis Bec, *Vampyroteuthis Infernalis: A Treatise, with a Report by the Institut Scientifique de Recherche Paranaturaliste* (University of Minnesota Press, 2012) 46–47; 49–50.

Objectile

About Producing Objects Through Indeterminacy

How to create singular, non-standard objects by computational means of production? *Objectile* is a concept as well as a mode of production, developed by Bernard Cache and Gilles Deleuze. Objects here don't have any definitive form; they are in flux; they are within a "continuum through variation." This is a question of an abstract form, all computable forms, thought, process, modulation, frequency and membrane, indeterminacy, information, incarnation, and resonance.

> We have to make the most of the fact that mathematics has effectively become a manufactured object, and when its components become photonic rather than electronic, the brakes will come off the speed of calculation. But the question is no longer simply one of the speed of calculation, which is potentially unlimited; what we now have to confront is the power or potency of calculation. Ought we to believe, then, the prophets of artificial intelligence who foresee a time when machines will think in our stead, and who claim that our consciousness is nothing but an epiphenomenon, more or less a parasite of algorithmic calculation? Is machinic thinking reducible to information processing? Are we on the threshold of a consciousness of a third kind, verging on that absolute or lightning speed of thought described by Gilles Deleuze in relation to the Fifth Book of Spinoza's *Ethics*? Or, are we heading instead towards a kind of explosion of thought where, having broken the calculation barrier, we soon discover a world in which algorithms no longer have any currency? In broaching these questions, one has to begin by saying that a computer does essentially two things: it calculates and it memorises. Calculation and Memory—not so different from Bergson's Matter and Memory.

Telecommunications engineers are well aware that source coding is only half the story. Any image, no matter how complex, can certainly be sampled and reduced to a highly compressed digital series thanks to Fourier transformations, but this digital series still has to be supported by a physical platform. The source coding has to be backed up by a channel coding. In fact any text,

any sound, any image may in future be reduced to a digital series, but a bit-stream—a series of ones and zeros—is nothing until it is recomposed in a given platform, at a predetermined clock time. This is how a digital series can effectively become a sound on a stereophonic membrane or an image on a video screen; this is how the digital word is made analogue flesh. And this is how the new digital montages are created: no longer is a given sound coupled to a given image, as in the good old days of cinematography; instead, sounds are visualised or images heard in a chiasmus of perceptions.

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> Matter is thus simultaneously that by which everything is given, reducible to pure quantity, like Lucretius' black atoms, as well as that which constitutes the most relaxed membrane, the qualitative residue without which quantity does not exist. It is the minimal colour without which there is no black or white, the fundamental noise without which there is no signal.
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> The computer forces us to rethink the boundary not just between the two major Bergsonian concepts of matter and memory, but also between the two Leibnizian stages that Gilles Deleuze used to explain the fundamental difference between the pairings of virtual/actual and possible/real. These two stages no longer separate monads from bodies, nor matter from memory; instead, they create a chiasmus which allows us to place algorithm and engram together, on the side of Information, while coupling membranes and temporal frequencies on the side of Incarnation. Thus you have on one side all that can be computed and written, and on the other elements which appear non-computable and non-samplable—to put it in negative terms—but which take on a positive aspect as Duration and Membrane. This works so well that we are tempted to propose a new version of the diagram sketched by Gilles Deleuze in The Fold, where he juxtaposes two very different processes: the actualisation of the virtual and the realisation of the possible.

Bernard Cache, 'Objectile: The Pursuit of Philosophy by Other Means?' in *Architecture Words 6: Projectiles* (Architectural Association, 2014) 21–22; 25–26.

Hormonorium

About Putating the Infrastructural Breath

When we are inside architect Philippe Rahm's space, architecture is immediately and *naturally* there, between the simulated climate and our physiological systems.

The Hormonorium is an interior public space about the size of a swimming pool, a Turkish bath or a church : spaces that are defined climatically by light, temperature, air quality, that involve the body but where certain functions remain indeterminate : resting, working out, breathing fresh air, meeting people, flirting, discussing, people-watching, collecting one's thoughts, washing, toning up, etc. The Hormonorium is an alpine-like climate, but it is also an assemblage of physiological devices acting on the endocrine and neurovegetative systems. It can be viewed as a sort of physiological representation of an alpine environment, to be ingested, through respiration, through the retina and the dermis. The floor is a dazzling, luminous false floor made of Plexiglas to allow the passage of UV light. It is made up of 528 fluorescent tubes, which emit a white light that reproduces the solar spectrum, with UV-A and UV-B. Because of its inverted radiation, emitted from the ground, as in the case of snow, the luminous radiation is not blocked by the eyelids, the eyelashes or the natural tilt of the head. This very bright light of between 5,000 and 10,000 lux stimulates the retina, which transmits information to the pineal gland that causes a decrease in melatonin secretion. By so lowering the level of this hormone in the body, this environment allows us to experience a decrease in fatigue, a probable increase in sexual desire, and regulation of our moods. Due to the presence of UV-A, the Hormonorium will be a tanning environment, while the UV-B rays will enable the synthesis of vitamin D.

Increasing the level of nitrogen in the Hormonorium reduces the oxygen level from 21% to 14.5%, which is that found at altitudes of about 3000 meters. This oxygen-rarefied space causes slight hypoxia, which may initially be manifested by clinical states such as confusion, disorientation or bizarre behavior, but also a slight

euphoria due to endorphin production. After about ten minutes, there is a measurable "natural" increase in erythropoietin (EPO) and hematocrit levels, as well as a strengthening of the cardiovascular and respiratory systems. Erythropoietin is produced by the kidneys. This protein hormone reaches the bone marrow, where it stimulates the production of red blood cells, thus increasing the supply of oxygen to the muscles. Decreasing the oxygen level will therefore have a stimulating effect that may improve the body's physical capabilities by up to 10 %.

The Hormonorium will therefore be a climate that stimulates the body physiologically, while simultaneously offering a new model for a decontextualized, degeographized public space. A physicochemical place, a partial displacement of a climate from higher elevations to the seaside, for well-being, for health, to enhance the body's equilibrium through regulation of the neurovegetative system. Moreover, it will be a place of potential transformation of our physical performance, through stimulation, through the physiological modification of human nature. An infrafunctionalist architecture, a place whose visibility expands into the upper and lower wavelengths of the light spectrum, into the invisibility of the chemical compositions of the air, an endocrine architecture, to be breathed, to be dazzled by.

Philippe Rahm architects, *Hormonorium;* http://www.philipperahm.com/data/projects/hormonorium/