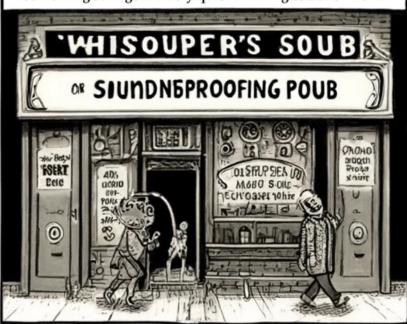


I was walking around one afternoon and noticed something strange... a very quiet drinking establishment.



It seemed to be a bar for audiophiles and sound engineers, for architects and soundproofers...



... a safe haven for those with an ear for sound of a higher caliber.

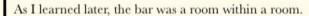














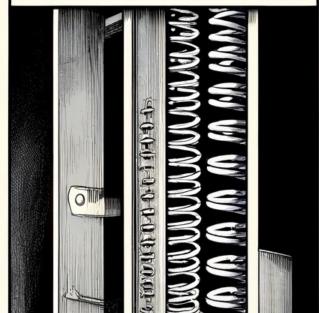
What the naked eye cannot see the



ele gathered every evening to commune er dealing with the city's noise problems.

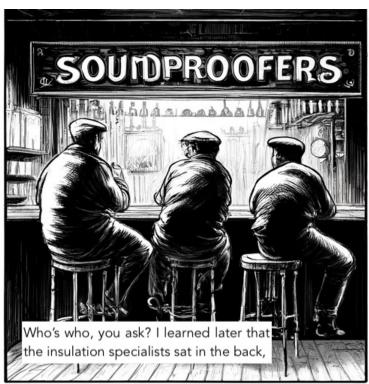


A series of systems involving springs and so-called resilient channels ensured total silence inside the bar.

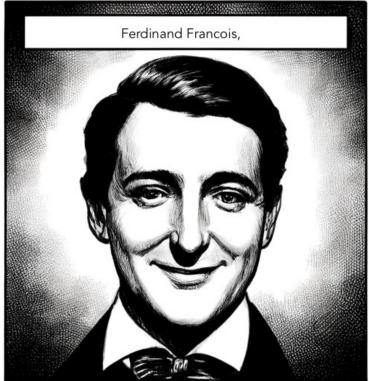


The mood was lively, yet as far as I could tell nobody said a word...



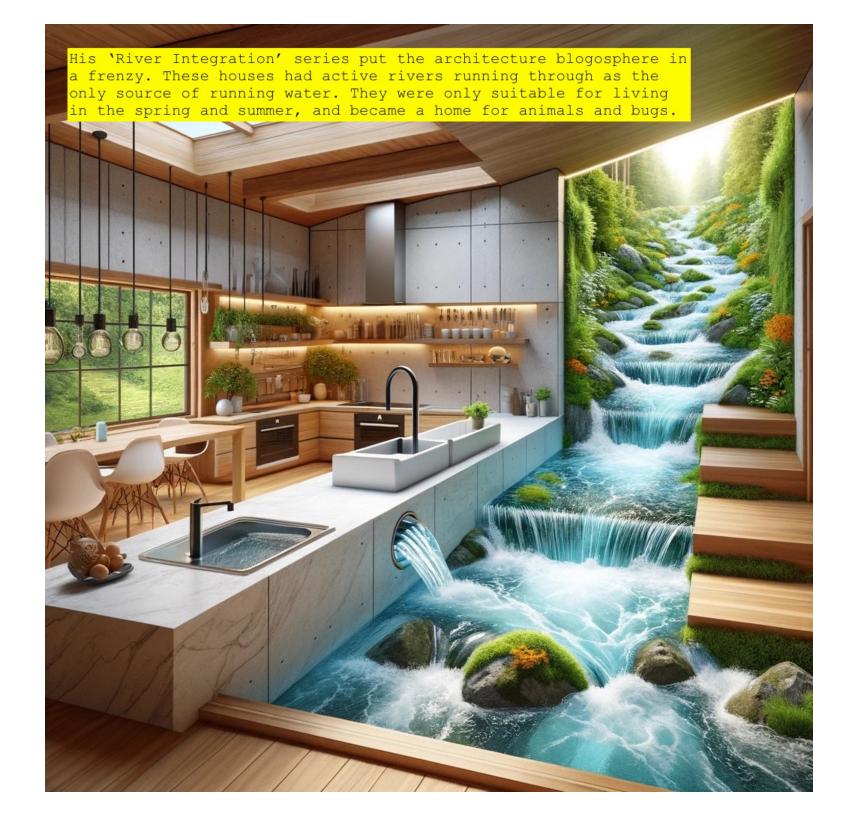














But most infuriating were his 'floating homes,' considered to be the crown jewel of his oeuvre. These homes had second and third floors but no ground floor or related supports. Of course, these homes were impossible. But this did not stop billionaires from around the globe from purchasing them. Not one has yet been built.

