



SEER  
ISLAND



## ACT 1

### BILL'S BLOG BILL'S DRAWINGS

AT NOON I LOST MY  
TONGUE



AT DUSK I  
SUMMONED PRIESTS  
AT STARBUCKS



AT TWILIGHT I  
KISSED ZEUS ON  
THE CHEEK



AT DAWN I DANCED  
WITH THE DEVIL



## ACT 2

### SEER BUREAU OF METEOROLOGY

SEER WEATHERCAST



TURKISH RADIO AND TELEVISION WORLD NEWS





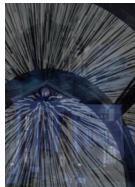
**ACT 3**  
**SEER ISLAND**

**VOYAGE ACROSS GREEN WATER HILLS**

TOWARDS THE  
EDGE



TRIPTYCH  
PORTAL

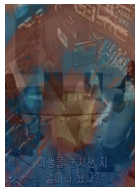


**THE HARLEQUIN'S THREE TRIALS**

VESSEL FOR  
OBSESSIONS



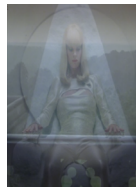
KYKLOPOS EYE



FAUX FUR  
THRONE



BILL'S  
FRIENDS BOOK

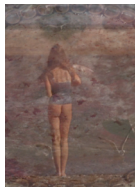


**BEYOND SENSES THE RULING ANGEL OF REASON LEAVES ITS SEAT**

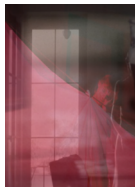
DRAGON PIT



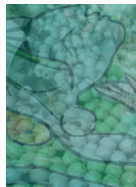
GIORGIO  
HAMMAMI: MUD



GIORGIO  
HAMMAMI: AIR



GIORGIO  
HAMMAMI: ICE



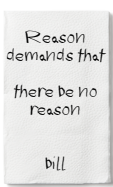
VORTEX



ROOM WITHOUT A  
SHADOW



BILL'S NOTE



THE EDGE OF  
THE WORLD



# ACT 1













# AT NOON I LOST MY TONGUE

On this day, two weeks ago, I forgot how to speak. It happened while I was on the phone with my wife, mid-conversation, sitting on black leather seats in the back of an Uber, driving through heavy rain. **We were talking about** our love for oysters, **probably**, and the familiar aura of a panic attack **had already begun pulsing inside the nape of my neck.** I braced for the imminent bout of hyperventilation, but instead found the pulsing morph into an unfamiliar feeling of paralysis. My jaw locked and my tongue went numb and suddenly, the words wouldn't come out anymore. [1] My voice had lost all power to move. [2] The sounds were small and dry and final, like the cracks of matches being broken. [3] "F-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-uck," was the last thing I said to my wife, before I hung up. [1] Then there was a tremendous silence. [4]

**And so began my period of speechlessness.** [1] From one moment to the other I was left intermittently mute and stuttering. So I started looking for reasons. Reasons, as to why a man in his golden years needs to be struck by such a sensual mutilation. **I was convinced I had a brain tumor, a stroke, or some unheard-of neurological condition. But multiple head doctors found nothing.** At moments I thought that my body had to part ways with my so beloved voice because the heaviness of current global issues has cracked something inside my soul. **Today I know that I am simply going insane.** Or at least it feels like I'm going insane. After skimming through the world wide web and watching 'Top 10 Funniest Fresh Prince of Bel Air Moments', I came across **self-professed experts describing my condition as a sudden disruption of speech patterns whose origin is not clear.** [1]

For me not to suffer from **total verbal constipation** and for the sake of not being poisoned from the inside from all the **unreleased waste material**, I have decided to write this blog. [1] **I don't confess with physical words, with the sounds of speech, but with the words of my soul and the shouts of my thoughts.** My testimony, given an audience before you, is inaudible and yet audible, only silence, but my feelings yell out loud. [5] I will unveil to you my own secret thoughts and the purpose to which the balance of my mind inclines. [6] For our lusts are set over our thoughts like cruel mistresses, ordering and compelling us to do outlandish things. [7]

BILL

Q-LIZZY 1 minute ago  
WTF



# LEGALIZE



# GREEN

# SHOES



# AT TWILIGHT I SUMMONED SPIRITS AT STARBUCKS

In the past weeks I have observed myself doing things which are most curious to me.

Everyday just after waking up, when my subconsciousness greets my consciousness good morning, I imagine myself on stage. Dressed in my favourite Tom Ford suit and surrounded by nature, I try to scream out words which were once so dear to me. But **through those lips, whose wonderful songs had once touched the hearts of the sorrowing birds, my soul passes forth with my breath and melts into the winds.** [8] But as if controlled by the chant of my jammed throat, these winds turn into storms, **thunderbolts, whirlwinds,** [9] and **meteors' of cloud, rain, hail, snow, mist, dew and frost.** [10] **The hail of stones around me refused to stop, as if I was supposed to be kept spellbound in this circle of missiles.** [11] Then I open my eyes. I get out of bed and miss saying to my wife that I love her. **Would any one believe that an old dotard like me, worn out with care and infirmity, should sometime surprise himself weeping like a child?** [12]

Since being a man with a **hollow tongue,** [14] I am developing morbid character traits. Whenever I pass through the corridor of our house, where we have a collection of exotic masks from all across the globe hanging, I pick one up and put it on. Without even thinking about it, as if it were entirely normal. As soon as I put the mask on, my sorrows seem to vanish and a wicked feeling kicks in. **For a condemned man, a mask is not a mask, it is a shelter.** [13] After working in the film industry for 60 years, I'm having a hard time being no one but myself. Dressing myself in different personalities was not for money only, but for sanity as well. Too bad they don't produce many silent films anymore. I would've been a great Charlie Chaplin.

But lets end the blog on a positive note. **Breathing exercises allowed me to somewhat restore my p's and k's: they cost me my a's and o's. Instead of stuttering I was now drawing out vowels, my words becoming endlessly sustained moans.** When being out with my dog and trying to order a coffee at the Starbucks close by, **I would sound like a crazed shaman summoning the ancient spirits of the coffee bean.** [1] I'm glad I am still finding ways to make people laugh, even if it means acting a fool. But it gets increasingly difficult for me to keep up my good temper, because like my voice, my humour as well is **stuck up my throat.** [14]

BILL

pygmalion7 5 hours ago  
cute

DES



GOOD WEATHER AND OTHER



# AT DUSK I KISSED ZEUS ON THE CHEEK

Not a single day goes by anymore without spending half of it behind a mask. Putting them on does something to me. I developed the tendency to act utterly nonsensical, do things which are beyond reason, as if I were sleepwalking. In these moments, I feel closest to myself. **I perform, discreetly, lunatic chores; I am the sole witness of my lunacy.** [15] This week, I started doing pilates. Not only have I never before done any bodyweight exercises, but always before I roll my mat out, I dip my naked feet in tomato sauce. I keep following what the lady from the Youtube tutorial is demonstrating, while staining the house in red marks. I get tomato sauce on the carpet, on the floor, on my Marcel Breuer coffee table and even on my dog sometimes. I simply don't care. I have also picked up drinking and smoking again. And no day goes by without ordering something from Burger King. Oh, I could sing a song about the Extra Long Chilli Cheese, if only I had a voice.

It seems like **reason can decide nothing here.** [14] **Underneath all reason lies delirium, and drift.** [17] **I am divided against myself in ways from which no previous experience or sound judgment rescues me. I find one part of myself directly at odds with another.** [18] **A second adventure I am about to relate is an instance of this:** [13] After being **holed up in my apartment** [1] for several days, as if dragged by an alien hand, I stepped outside. **The weather was very boisterous and cold, with heavy hail storms.** [19] I got on my lawn mover and drove around the house for three hours straight, with nothing on but a mask and underwear. Out of sheer joy, I wanted to scream at the heavy winds surrounding me but the sounds got jammed in my throat completely, and instead of sentences I produced a series of choked gasps and **agitated eye blinks.** [1] It felt like I kissed Zeus on the cheek.

**Wearing a mask can thus be a strange thing: sometimes there is more truth in the mask than in what we assume to be our real self.** [14] **The mask assures the erection, the construction of the face: the mask is now the face itself. The inhumanity of the face.** [16] It feels like I am becoming someone **whose signs do not appear in the sphere of reason, and in that sense is entirely hidden. A form of** of myself, transparent and colourless, that subtly circulates inside the soul of the madman. [20]

As we become less powerful, do we become more extreme? [21]

BILL

[rarest-of-birds 1 hour ago](#)  
sigmund freud would rate 10/10



BIG  
GREEN  
MORON



SMALL  
RED  
MORON

BILL 121019



# AT DAWN I DANCED WITH THE DEVIL

During my year of silence, the world around me grew unbearably loud. I could hear every breath and puff and sniff of the people around me, every smack of parting lips preparing to utter some mindless banality as if intent on mocking my silence. I could hear my own silly existence. I was trapped in my body [1] and in a world driven by reasoning and etiquette. Is there a more terrible form of illumination than that of silence, which shows us not one absent love but a thousand? [22] Silence itself seems pregnant, whilst an unknown force works on the mind. [23] Silence nurses, repairs, shows the source of meaning and unfolds new vantages. [24] It is only now, in silence, that my mind can move beyond reasoning without any consequences. It is only now that I feel free to talk about everything, precisely because nobody can hear me. I stand on the edge of the world.

Our society is changing. Up until recently people were simply people. Now we're turning into something else. We all feel it. We all know it. The opposite of the self is no longer the crowd. The opposite of man is no longer nature. The opposite of fame is no longer anonymity. The opposite of nobody is no longer somebody. There is no escaping your face anymore. [21]

For a brief period of time, I was escaping mine. Hiding behind a mask and engaging in activities which seemed to be completely nonsensical was beyond my understanding. Only after what happened the day before yesterday, I now understand that moving beyond reason meant dancing with the devil: I happened to be in the woods, on my back a rifle and on my face a SpongeBob mask. I was strolling around as if in a delirium, my conscience absent and only my subconsciousness leading the way. I tumbled upon thousands of branches until I saw a cloudy gloss in the distance. A white, ethereal elch-mother was standing between some bushes, her calf next to her. Overcome by a multiplicity of thoughts, [25] a pure movement of the mind, [12] as if there was a ghost in the mask which is not the face hidden beneath it, I shot. [14] Not at the mother, but at the calf.

Only in my golden years have I come to know my fate. One day it will be associated with something tremendous - a crisis without equal on earth, the most profound collision of conscience, a decision that was conjured up against everything that had been believed, demanded, hallowed so far. I am no man, I am dynamite. [26]

BILL

comments and likes are deactivated



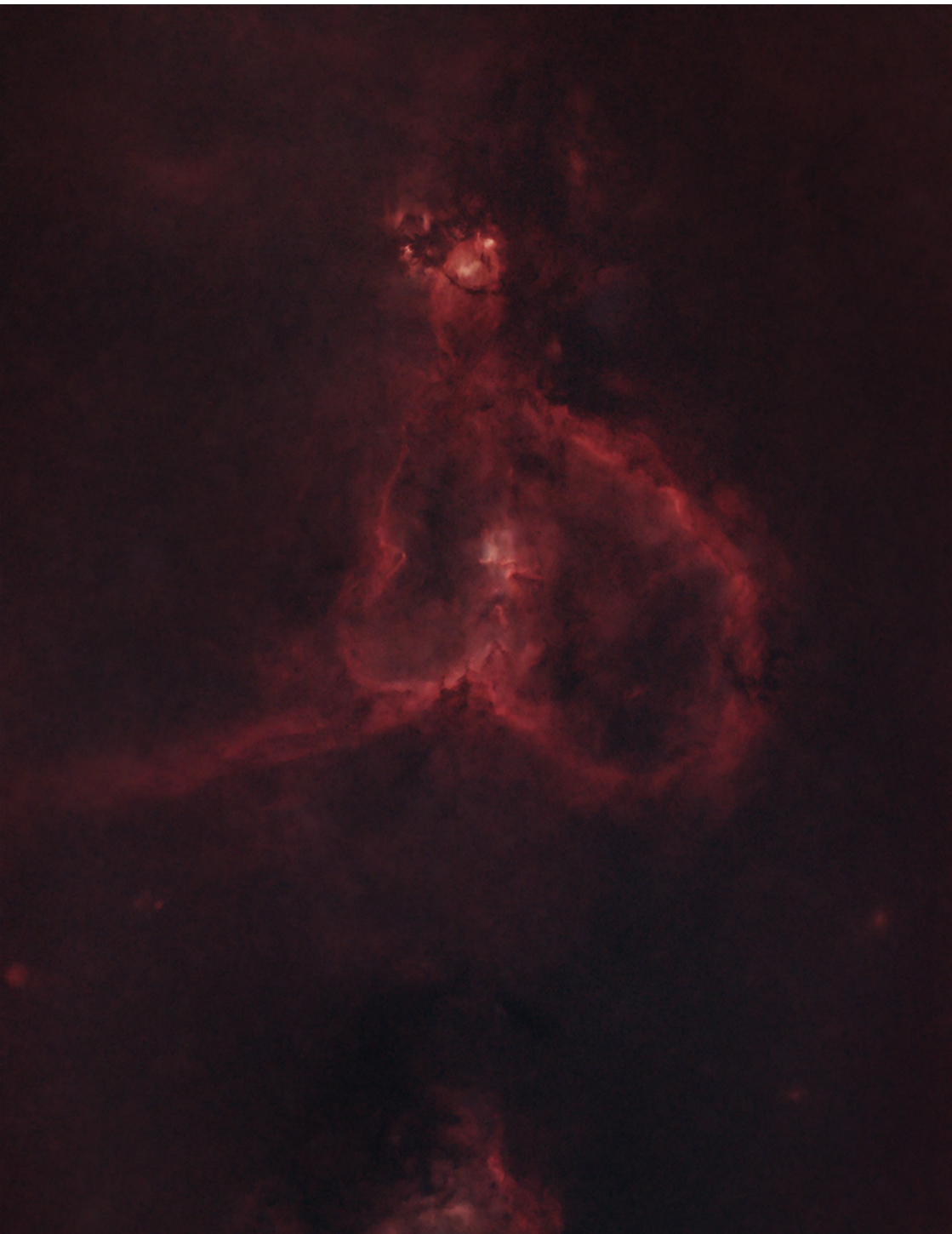
- [1] RUCKELSHAUSEN, LOSING TONGUE
- [2] OVID, METAMORPHOSES
- [3] RAND, THE FOUNTAINHEAD
- [4] SENECA, COMPLETE WORKS
- [5] AUGUSTINE, CONFESSIONS
- [6] LUCAN, CIVIL WAR
- [7] CICERO, REPUBLIC AND THE LAWS
- [8] NONNOS, DIONYSIACA BOOKS 36-48
- [9] DA VINCI, THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI
- [10] WATSON, HEAVENS BREATH
- [11] HANDKE, CROSSING THE SIERRA DE GREDOS
- [12] ROUSSEAU, COLLECTED WORKS OF JEAN-JAQUES ROUSSEAU
- [13] HUGO, LES MISERABLES
- [14] SERRES, THE FIVE SENSES
- [15] BARTHES, A LOVERS DISCOURSE FRAGMENTS
- [16] ZIZEK, LESS THAN NOTHING
- [17] DELEUZE, DESERT ISLANDS AND OTHER TEXTS
- [18] CASEY, THE WORLD ON EDGE
- [19] DARWIN, VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE ROUND THE WORLD
- [20] DELEUZE, NIETZSCHE AND PHILOSOPHY
- [21] BASAR, COUPLAND, OBRIST, THE EXTREME SELF
- [22] PROUST, IN SEARCH OF LOST TIME VOL III THE GUERMANTES WAY
- [23] HARRISON WOOD GAIGER, ART IN THEORY 1648 1815
- [24] SERRES, STATUES
- [25] SERRES, GENESIS
- [26] NIETZSCHE, HOMO ECCE



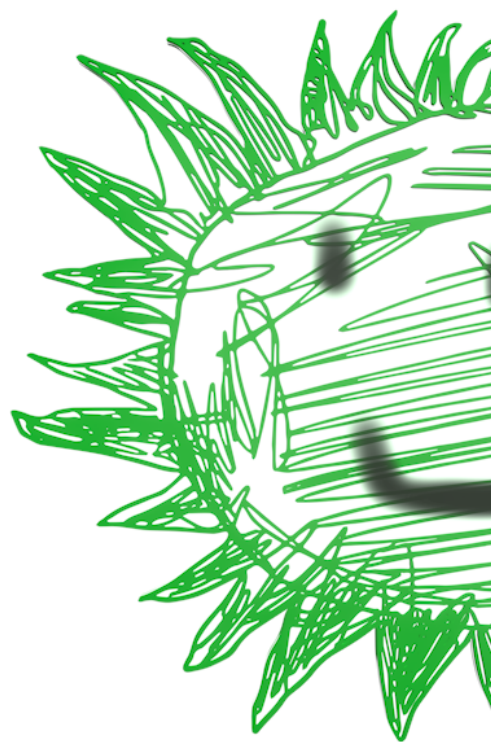
# ACT 2



JOSEPH KADOW, ZEITMAGAZIN









Hi, I'm Bill!

Hi, I'm Bill!

Hi, I'm Bill!

We are SEER.

Moulded out of the **miraculous plenty [1]** and  
as **the euphoric daughter of its time - the**  
**intoxicating offspring of measure and spirit,**  
**[2]**







**SEER dances on the stage of the heavens.**



**SEER works with the mathematical lexicon of silent words. [3] The Chronopedia as its apparatus helps to fill the bag of a hundred tricks to predict the unpredictable. [4]**





SEER works with **The Wisdom of the Weather** and is **Counting Time Meteora**, it combines the times of Newton, of Boltzmann, of Bergson — deterministic, entropic and statistical. [5] The bearer of improbable novelty. [6]



SEER stands for all that happened between the earth and the sky. [7] The domain for studying the seasons, the temperaments of weathers, from the point of view of life on earth. [8] The sum of all measurable. [9]







The domain of **SEER** as an intelligible phenomenon is universal; there is no place on earth where it plays no role. It is varied, local, diverse, multiplicitous in every corner of the planet. [10]



**SEER** is tongueless and unchannelled. [11]  
A language not yet shared, as a knot linking the world and desire, sense and nonsense, the night of completion and the primitive dawn. [12]





**Good morning Istanbul, the East and West, Earth, all the Stars**



and our neverending infinity. Welcome to today's weathercast.





On our weather map today is Turkey.  
Across the country at this time of year,  
yes, occasional thunderstorms. This is no  
surprise. We've been a bit subnormal in  
rainfall lately. [13] There'll be a south wind  
pounding from on high that is no friend to  
trees or crops or cattle. [14] Foul weather.  
[15] This in general.



But I want to focus on three specific cities  
today. First let's have a closer look at  
Antalya. Probable nor'east to sou'west  
winds, varying to the southard and westard  
and eastard, and points between; high and  
low barometer, sweeping round from place  
to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail  
and drought, succeeded or preceded by  
earthquakes with thunder and lightning. [16]  
You didn't understand? There is no need to.





On we go to Ankara, where it's **beginning to freeze, no possibility of working in the vegetable garden any longer. [17]** Southwind will have you **see trees tilting in a gentle northerly. [18]**



And the special guest today is Istanbul.  
With my eye pointed at the oracle of my **Chronopedia, [19]** I indicate that on November's ninth morning, **a wonder will befall. [20]** We'll observe **odd colours stray across. [21]** You, dear residents of Istanbul, will look through green windows. The air



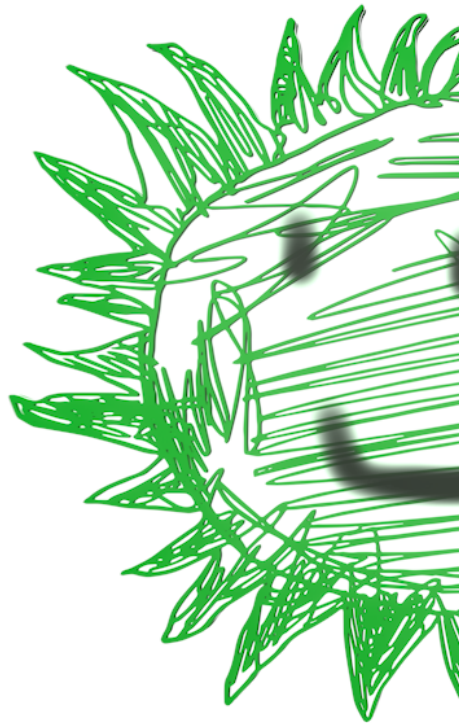






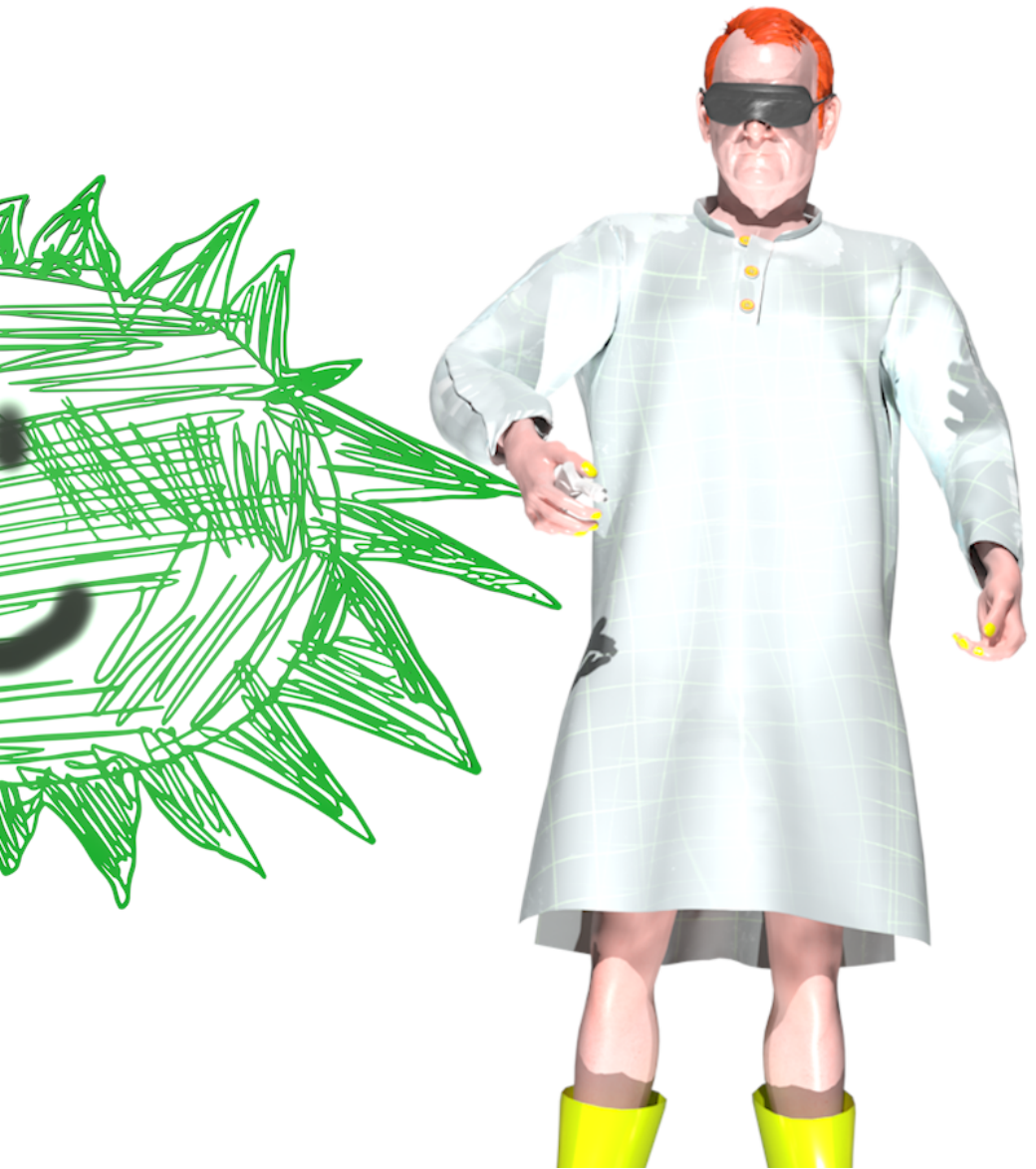
**These are the reports my bag of a**

**Thanks for tu**



hundred tricks has in store today.

ning in. Bye!



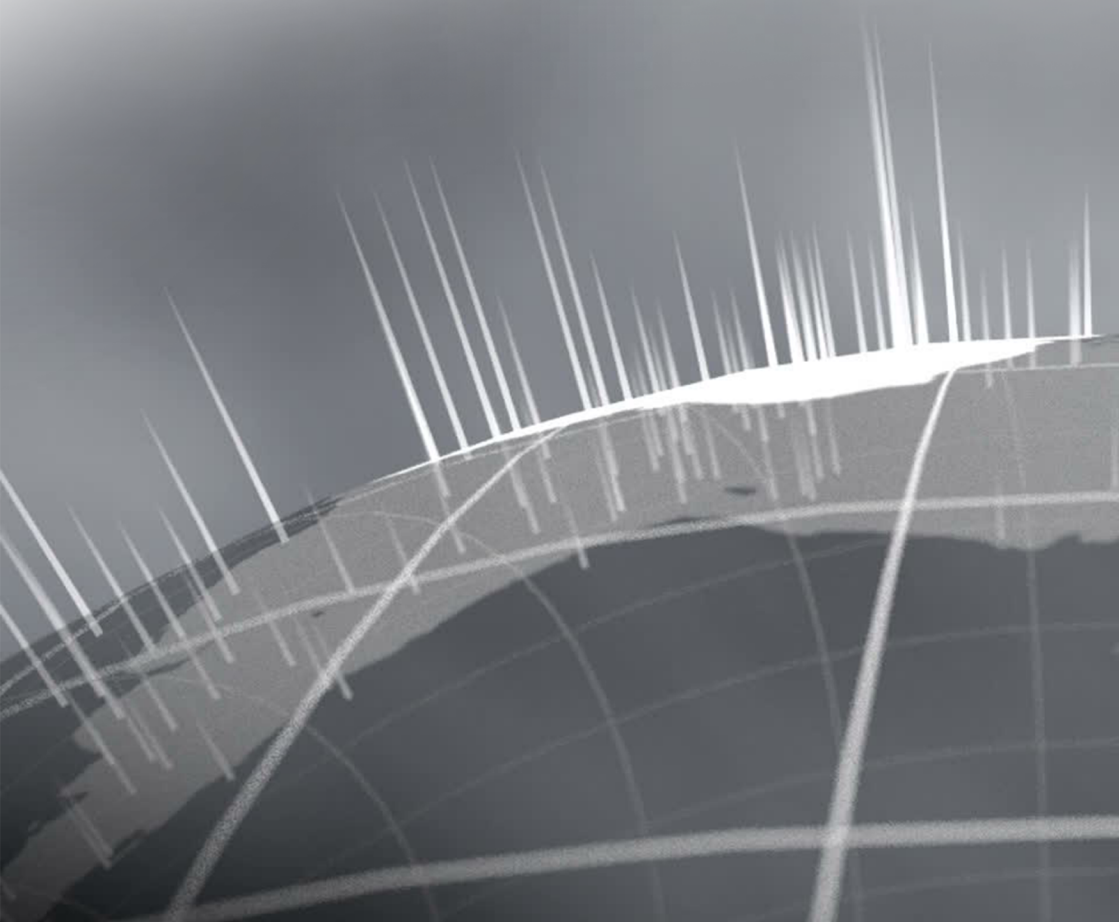
- [1] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [2] DIONYSOS APOLLO, VOLUPTAS
- [3] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [4] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [5] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [6] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [7] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [8] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [9] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [10] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [11] CONNOR, DUMBSTRUCK A CULTURAL HISTORY OF VENTRILOQUISM
- [12] FOUCAULT, HISTORY OF MADNESS
- [13] ASIMOV, COMPLETE ROBOT ANOTHOLGY
- [14] VIRGIL, GEORGICS
- [15] WATSON, HEAVENS BREATH
- [16] WATSON, HEAVENS BREATH
- [17] CLEMENT, THE PLANETARY GARDEN AND OTHER WRITINGS
- [18] VIRGIL, GEORGICS
- [19] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [20] CHAUCER, THE CANTERBURY TALES
- [21] VIRGIL, GEORGICS





Good afternoon Istanbul and the world. Welcome to today's TRT World

# TRT W



ld issue. It's the 9th of November 2022 and we have breaking news.

# WORLD



The Bosphorus has turned slime green. Location, orientation, and scale shatter with a gaze into the glossy green of indelible cityscape of Istanbul. As if nature was constructing not a single marvel but a multiplicity, a composition that yields the



**BREAKING NEWS:**



erminate depth. [1] But in addition the the green river, from one moment to the other, a greenish mist has set above the  
ne vision or sensation. [2] Pervading our citizens with awe and fascination. [3] Weather experts have no explanation.



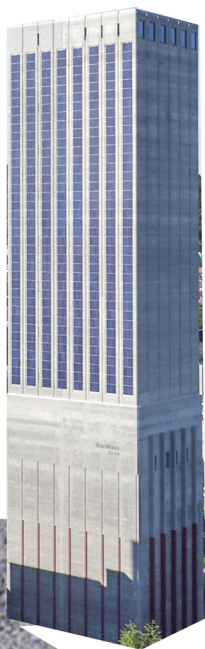


The inexplicable phenomenon is only one in a row of similar unpredictable ones. A month ago, in Zurich, Switzerland, the  
Who could fancy that it is possible that a skyscraper might cast a white shadow? **It was already**



**WHITE SHADOW**

shadows were not black but cast in white! Who could fancy that a harmless white cloud might cast a white shadow? [4]  
ly here that the forecasts of one man's unbalanced mind spread a gauze like pall of fatality. [5]



WS IN ZURICH



Another phenomenon happened just a few days ago. In Kyiv, the first snow of the winter came and left its citizens standing in the dark and fluorescent snow-m...  
What is even more curious than these weather occurrences themselves, is the fact that they were all forecasted. SEER, la



NEON PURPLE

ing and gaping in anticipation! [6] The flocks falling from the sky were not white but neon-violet. The pu... owed  
men were sighted all across the city.  
belling itself as a Bureau of Meteorology... predicted these ongoing meteoric affairs in their series of bizar... casts.



SNOW IN KYIV



We have invited Yves Slater, an expert in the fields of data science and meteorology, who is currently working on a book about  
foretelling can



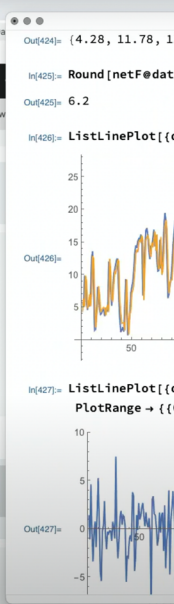
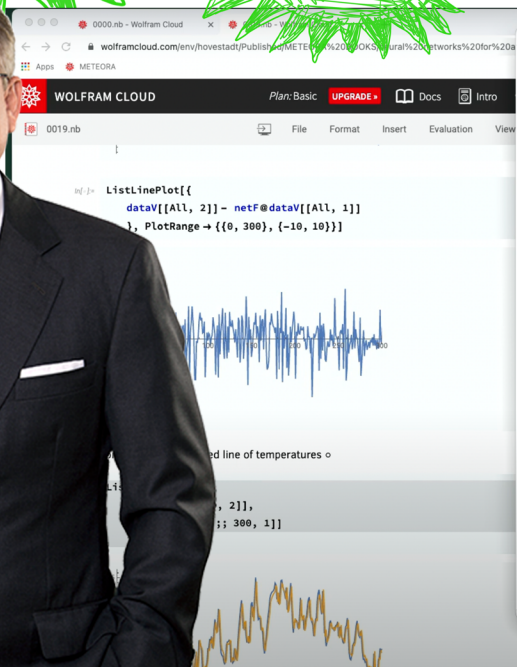
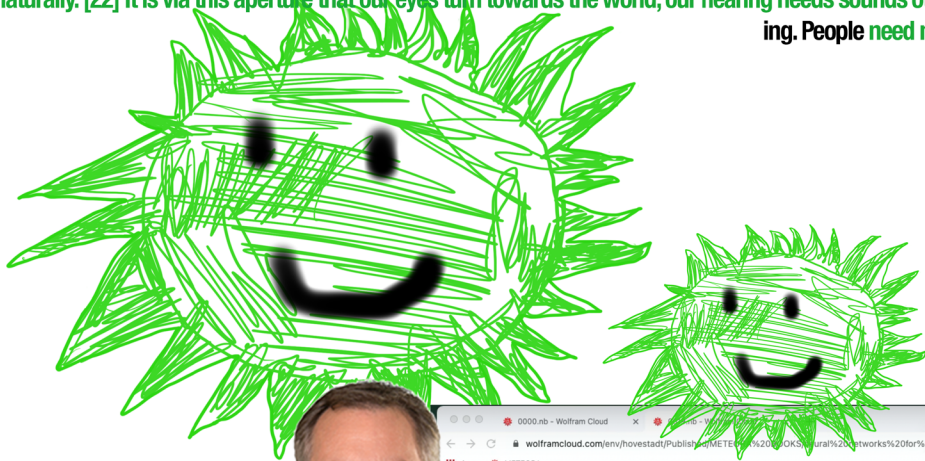
HOW CAN SEER PREDICT

about the myth of SEER. Mister Slater, do you have thoughts on how these profoundly new weather phenomena and their be explained?



T THE UNPREDICTABLE?

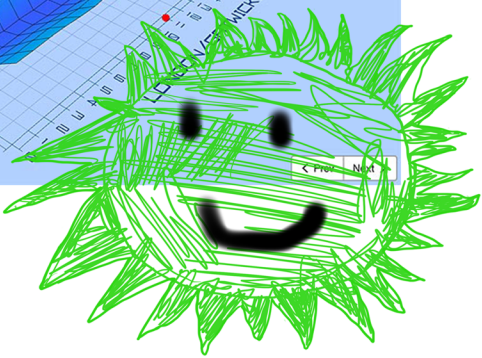
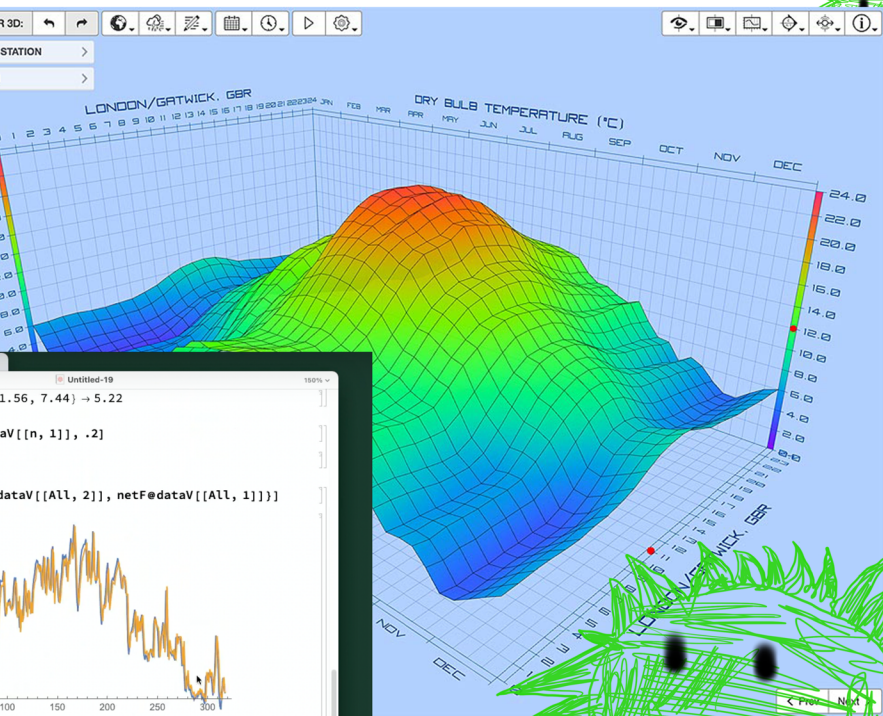
In general, absolutely not. Not even the best analysts, with all their sophisticated satellite surveys, can predict these kind of things. Weather is not, however, totally random. [9] It is subject to the constraint of a force, [10] which in the case of SEER seems to be a force of nature, unexpected and the unscripted. [14] The sun loses its sovereignty over knowledge [15] and the gain in the power of systems of knowledge, seen with the unseeing eyes, became something more than a man—a fantastic spirit living in a mysterious world. [18] If a person can see [19] It is for that reason that SEER is called divine. [20] Employing performative language, [21] SEER seems to bridge the gap between the natural and the supernatural. [22] It is via this aperture that our eyes turn towards the world, our hearing hears sounds other than those of language. People need not ever know how to use language.



WEATHER
WEATHER
LOCATION
24.0
22.0
20.0
18.0
16.0
14.0
12.0
10.0

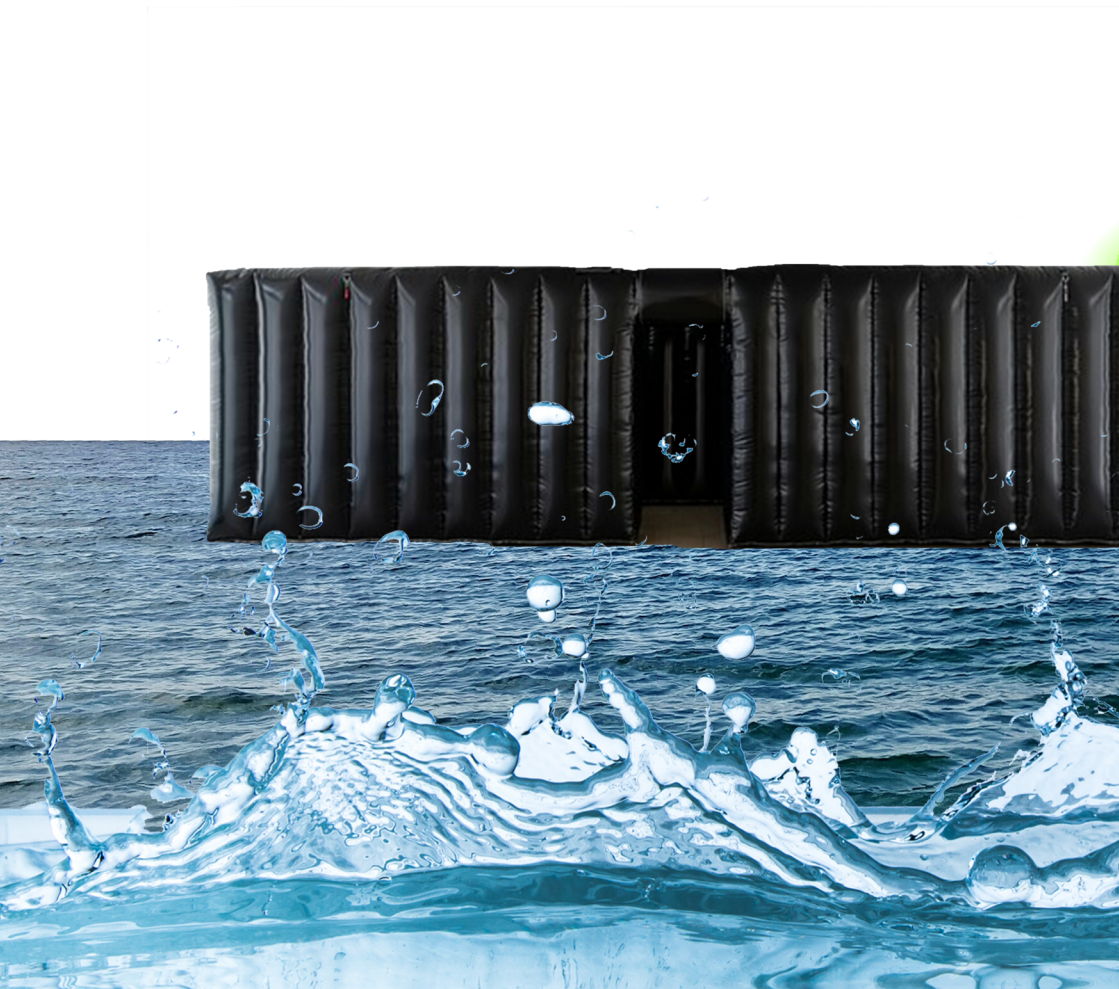


of affairs. [7] The main problem is that all future patterns are extremely dependent on present starting conditions. [8] is to be the Chronopedia, [11] an instrument of fate. [12] This must be this bag of a hundred tricks, [13] to cope with the thematic thought and in the accurate prediction of physical events [16] sets SEER in the company of the Angels. [17] The anyone presume to foreknow or foretell such like future things by any means, he manifestly usurps what belongs to God. plenty of the earth and the eternal mechanics of the heavens to generate a massive natural intellect that communicates language, noises other than those of vocalizing. [23] Terms of such a transcendental philosophy [24] are devoid of reason- t works. It is enough that it does. [25]





It seems that the new palace on the Bosphorus is the headquarters of SEER. Here, where the East and West intermingle, u  
from the cataract: sun and stars, day and night. [26] It has been a month now, since the veil of construction fell and a shi  
the SEER logo  
The black palace is an enclosed space, an absolute form. [27] Its shell seems to be constructed of thousands of dark glas  
of reflections of the city around it. [28] A suppression of depth, transcending the capacities of the individual human body  
use the language of volume or volumes any longer, since it is



MIRRORED PALACE FLOA

under utter secrecy, with fast movements from ports around, a world was born, from the void and the atoms, from chaos, any, black architectural body was revealed. Since then, the building has been emitting three green light cones, projecting into the sky.

ss plates, redirecting the rays of the Turkish sun. It looms as a mirrored presence, seemingly nothing in itself but an array y to locate itself and to organise its immediate surroundings perceptually. [29] Such space makes it impossible for us to impossible to seize. [30] Simultaneously real and unreal. [31]



ATING ON THE BOSPORUS



One question remains. Why does SEER mask itself in the face of Bill Murray? There must be a connection. Since the last Murray, navigating a flamingo pedal boat towards the black container and then vanishing. Others are sending us pictures around town. The fly



WHAT IS THE CONNECT



at infamous blog post three years ago, we have had multiple reports of people spotting a man who they claim to be Bill  
es of a man walking a mini alligator through narrow Bazaar alleys, with a squidward mask on his face, putting up flyers  
ers are signed by Bill.



TION TO BILL MURRAY?



Let's return to today's breaking news. The colouring of the air and water seems to be completely undangerous. Nevertheless, the clothing is dangerous. The clothing is dangerous, but are dress



ess, some people claim that the green air is colouring their clothes. And indeed, it seems that today the masses of Istanbul are dressed in green.



COLORING



Another report we are getting in is of a morbid character. We observe what seems to be a woman, dressed in r



**WOMAN IN ROCOCO DRESS R**

the most fancy of dresses, riding an inflatable hot dog in the green waters. Her enjoyment seems to be eternal.



RIDING AN INFLATABLE HOTDOG



- [1] LEATHERBARROW EISENSCHMIDT, TWENTIETH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE
- [2] DELEUZE GUATTARI, WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY
- [3] VAN ECK, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE
- [4] SULLIVAN, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN IDEA
- [5] SULLIVAN, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN IDEA
- [6] SERRES, THE FIVE SENSES
- [7] WATSON, HEAVEN'S BREATH
- [8] WATSON, HEAVEN'S BREATH
- [9] WATSON, HEAVEN'S BREATH
- [10] WATSON, HEAVEN'S BREATH
- [11] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [12] SENECA, COMPLETE WORKS
- [13] SERRES, THE FIVE SENSES
- [14] SERRES, THE FIVE SENSES
- [15] SERRES, TROUBADOUR OF KNOWLEDGE
- [16] MUMFORD, THE CULTURE OF CITIES
- [17] CORBIN, TEMPLE AND CONTEMPLATION
- [18] BALZAC, THE UNKNOWN MASTERPIECE
- [19] AQUINAS, SUMMA THEOLOGICA
- [20] AQUINAS, SUMMA THEOLOGICA
- [21] SERRES, THE FIVE SENSES
- [22] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [23] SERRES, THE FIVE SENSES
- [24] BUEHLMANN, MATHEMATICS AND INFORMATION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF MICHEL SERRES
- [25] WATSON, HEAVEN'S BREATH
- [26] SERRES, THE BIRTH OF PHYSICS
- [27] AURELI, SAN ROCCO 2
- [28] LAHIJI, THE POLITICAL UNCONSCIOUS OF ARCHITECTURE REOPEN
- [29] SPENCER, THE ARCHITECTURE OF NEOLIBERALISM
- [30] JAMESON, POSTMODERNISM; OR, THE CULTURAL LOGIC OF LATE CAPITALISM
- [31] SHANE, RECOMBINANT URBANISM



# ACT 3





# VOGUE MAGAZINE: SEER ISLAND





# VOGUE

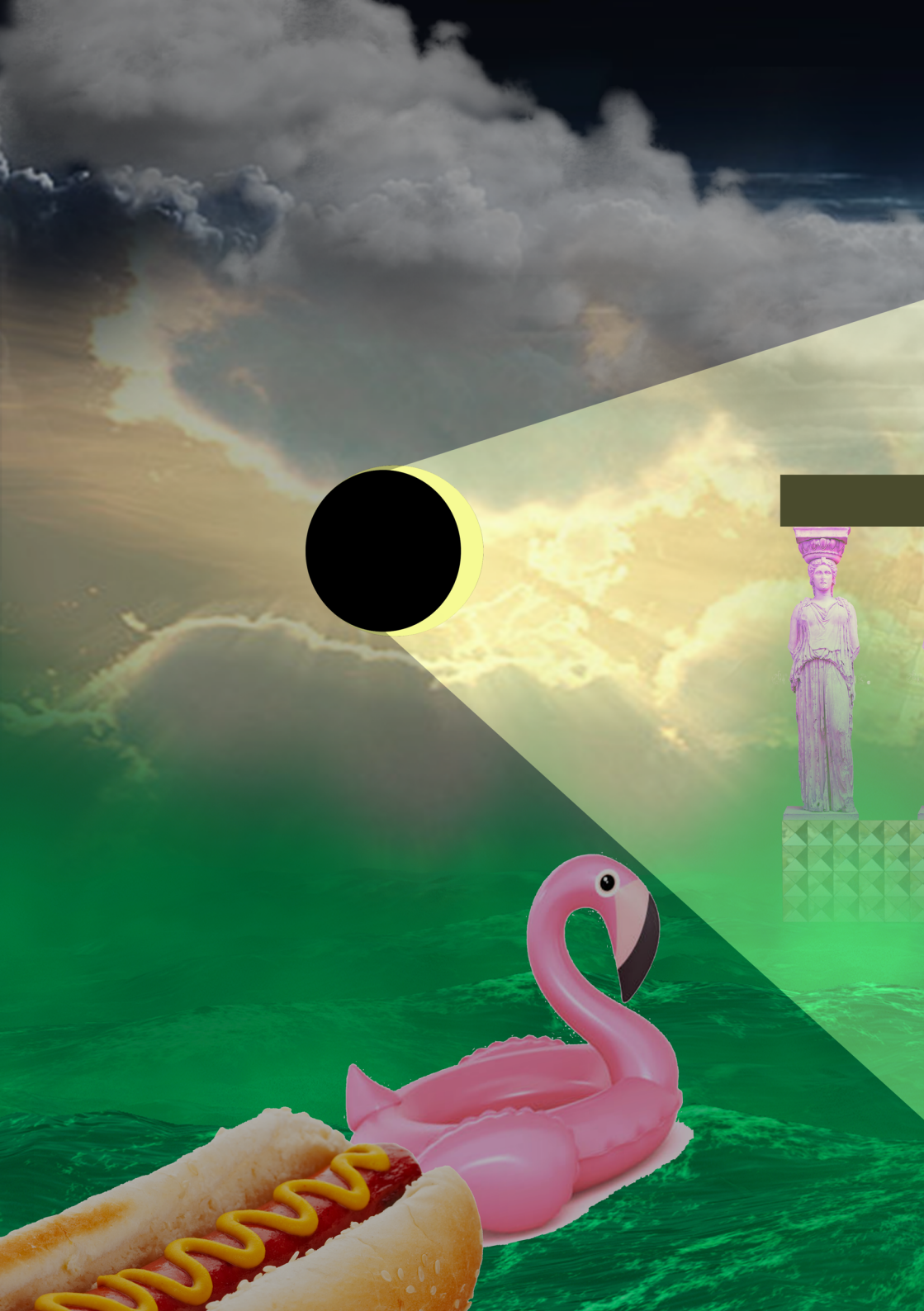
A full-page fashion photograph of Dilara Cetinkaya. She is wearing a highly detailed, red and black plaid outfit with a high, ruffled collar and multiple horizontal buckles. The outfit is heavily embellished with various metallic and fabric details, including a large central medallion and several star-shaped brooches. She has long, dark hair and is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is a soft, out-of-focus mix of warm colors like yellow, orange, and pink.

**DILARA CETINKAYA UNVEILS THE  
UNIMAGINABLE**

Readers. For the first time in the history of VOGUE, we are obliged to place a disclaimer in front of the story we are about to unfold. The following interview contains stroboscopic story-telling which may trigger epileptical spasms and the mind-bending tales may lead you astray from the path your life is heading towards.

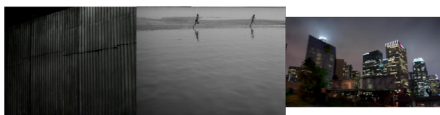
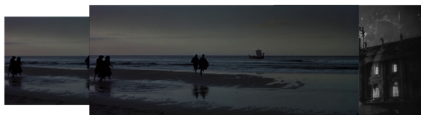
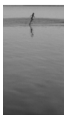
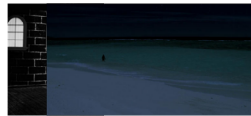
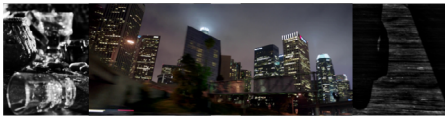
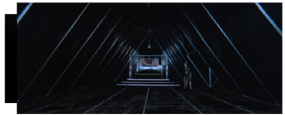
Our guest, Dilara Cetinkaya, Turkey's most famous influencer, will talk about the unimaginable. Dilara, **an influential contemporary voice**, is **steering the direction of fashion with her dynamic looks which bring together punk and goth subcultures** and infuses them with Rococo extravaganza. [1] She is Turkey's leading voice on topics of **feminism, religion and politics**. [2] Nevertheless, what really provided her millions of followers, was, in her words; 'doing the uttermost nonsensical things in public while being the best-dressed woman in the country'. We will soon learn, that this characteristic was her entry ticket to otherworldly experiences. This combination of influences has made her one of the most-talked about creatives of today and **receiving critical acclaim from Dazed & Confused, i-D, WWD and countless leading international media titles**. [3] Nevertheless she chose exclusively VOGUE to tell her story. Dilara, the stage is yours.











# VOYAGE ACROSS GREEN WATER HILLS

## TOWARDS THE EDGE

DILARA

A morbid natural spectacle has set across the city of my desires. Istanbul has turned green. The perfect opportunity for me to do something crazy. Now I am riding an inflatable hot-dog across the stormy Bosphorus, dressed like Louis XIV the Sun King. I am enjoying myself, until I see a giant flamingo steering directly towards me. Only as it gets closer I recognize it being a pedal boat in the shape of a flamingo. A man wearing a SpongeBob mask and a robe sits inside of it. He reaches me, stops pedaling and through his mask I look straight into his eyes. My breathing halts in the moment I see the iridescent shimmer in his eyes. As if inviting me, he reaches out for my hand and as mine touches his, an instant shock strikes through my hand. This bastard had one of these surprise hand shock buzzers in his hand. He seems to be laughing but not a single vocal leaves his lips. Nevertheless, I follow his invite and step into his boat. We fasten my hot-dog to the railing, put in the foot-work and pedal onwards together.

We voyage across the Bosphorus while greenish water pearls are carried by the wind. The coloring of the water seems to make the water more dense and opaque. It doesn't feel like we are moving through formless water but rather are climbing one green hill after the other, as if heading towards unknown worlds.

The black contours of an architectural body in front of me are getting sharper and sharper and I realise to where we are heading. The sublimity of the black palace in front of me, squeezed between the eternal heaven and the green water covers my skin in shivers. It grows bigger and bigger with every second. **An undulating profile of faceted glazing extends above water. [4]** The rusticated facade made out of thousands of glass plates is projecting a hologram of itself into infinity, as if the building is connected to another planet. The complex geometry of the dark glass plates is mirroring the city of Istanbul behind me in kaleidoscopic manner. **Reflecting it back to envelop the world in which it has been placed. [5]** A mirrored presence, intelligent, **seemingly nothing in itself but an array of reflections of the city around it, [6]** pretending to show a foreign body, **[7]** as if trying to camouflage itself in the colors of its surrounding. **Something camouflaged is either threatened or threatening. [8]** The mirror image is making the city withdraw into a confused, glittering, multiplied, virtual replication of the color and texture of its setting. **[9]** For what is reflected is split in itself, **[10]** has life in itself and changes as its surrounding changes. As if able to mask itself in different faces.



## TRIPTYCH PORTAL

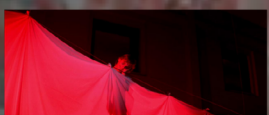
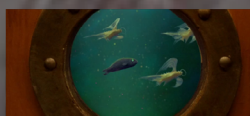
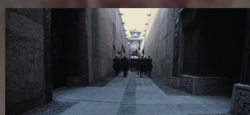
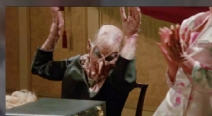
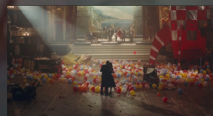
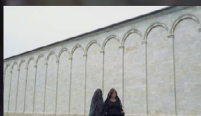
DILARA

**In each successive** crest of waves, **the** glossy **steam** of water **slowly evaporates and** my reflection **comes into focus in the mirror.** [11] **My own reflection in the foreground** and the city of my desires in the back. [12] **Istanbul has a real character to it.** [13] Coming close, sitting in this pedal boat **at the other end of the scale spectrum** [14] the vastness of the **floating part of space**, that **placeless place, that lives by itself, closed in on itself and at the same time poised in the infinite ocean** [15] seems to be even more colossal. I hear a crack and then the hissing of hydraulic pumps. A triptych of hangar doors move vertically out of the water. Before anchoring the pedal boat and penetrating the skin of the building, Bill hands me a Unicorn mask. I put it on and we move through the portal. The gate is flanked on either side by a three-headed puppy, 3d-printed in bright green filament.

VOGUE

Cute.





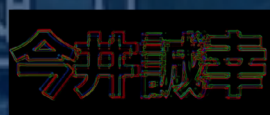
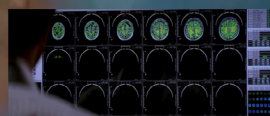
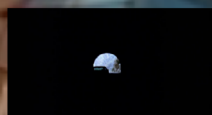
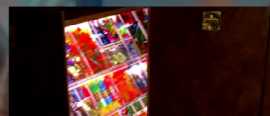
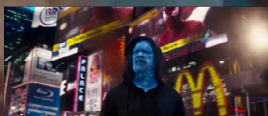
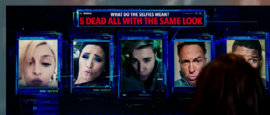
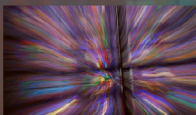
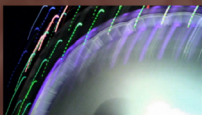
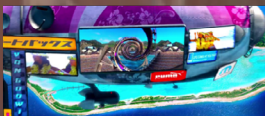
# THE HARLEQUIN'S THREE TRIALS

## VESSEL FOR OBSESSIONS

DILARA

The doors behind us close down again. I choke. **Cavity comes closer than space** to describe this **feeling of spatial enclosure**. [16] **Seemingly an apotheosis, spatially grandiose, the effect of its richness is a terminal hollowness, a vicious parody of ambition that systematically erodes the credibility of all building, possibly forever. Both the culmination and the end of perspectival space as we known it. Angular geometric remnants invading starry infinities.** [17] The only feeling that comes close is that of my first visit to the Hagia Sophia. I smell cigarettes in the air. My gaze focusses back to my own proximity and I register small drift marks on the floor. Bill leads us to two e-scooters, one is covered in a leopard print and the other is bright pink. Bill hops on the pink one and stretches a horn into the air. He wants to race. I grab the other scooter, Bill nods his head three times, presses the horn and we steam off.

My baroque dress and Bill's harlequin bath robe whirl around. In bright, fluorescent light, we swerve through **completely heterogeneous assemblages** [18] **and the vastness of space extends to the edges of the Big Bang. It's additive, layered, and lightweight, not articulated in different parts but subdivided, quartered the way a carcass is torn apart. Acres of glass hang from spidery cables, towers of car tires separate spatial sequence, thousands of Rako boxes stacked into each other.** [19] **A mixture, tiger striped, mottled, zebra streaked, variegated, and I don't know what all, it is a mix or a crisis, it is a mixed aggregate. A multiplicity of ordered multiplicities. There's nothing to understand, nothing to interpret.** [20] No intention of reason at all. The only consistency seems to be **a genetic axis upon which successive stages are organized:** [21] glass tanks, framed in dark steel, which span from bottom to the full height, filled with red water. Within these tanks, as if by their own will, deep-sea fish are gathering in uncountable numbers. **There is a kind of softness in the way they present themselves, like naked skin to sea water.** [22] Bill and I are racing head to head as I see the finishing line. I want to win! So I make use of a trick I learned in the streets of Istanbul, crouch down, gain speed and manage to hit the finish before Bill. Highly excited I leave



미행은 왜 한 거냐?  
얼마나 됐나?

今井誠幸



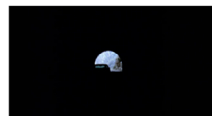
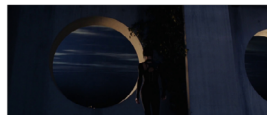
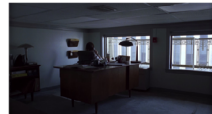
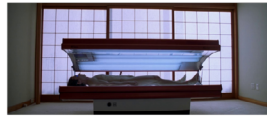
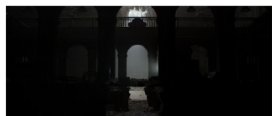
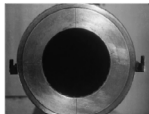
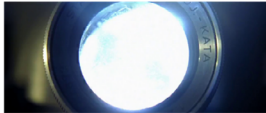
## KYKLOPOS EYE

DILARA

After seemingly endless twisting and turning, the walls separating the inside from the outside are inclining towards each other and indicating an end to the piling of matter on top of matter. We leave our e-scooters on the floor as we approach a shiny curtain, handcrafted and stitched together out of trash bags. I move one to the side and another one hangs right behind it. And another one, and another one. We push ten **layered surfaces** [23] to the side and find ourselves in a chamber of **interlocking geometry of indestructible screens, waking and sleeping in flashes of light and dark.** [24] Immersed in **pervasive audio and video sensing systems, I am becoming the focal point of a global personal panopticon:** [25] I see marching women in Iran, I see Naruto fighting Sasuke, I see broken homes in Kyiv, I see SpongeBob side-eying Plankton. Through **a wildly ramifying circuit structure with artificial eyeballs at the ends of the wires,** [26] like looking through stained glass, **the screens become surfaces of movement.** [27] Joining our world of concepts, condensing the whole world to one room. [28] **The eternal silence of these infinite spaces terrify me.** [29]

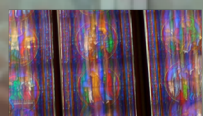
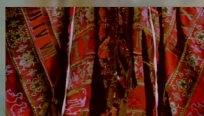
Bill takes a seat in his stellar gaming chair and I sit down on the floor. We remain like this for a while and observe the world's reaction to our coloring of Istanbul's water and air.

**Through** this room, **Bill is directly connected to God.** [30] Not only this, through this room, the circle of god, mind and nature is corrupted. Altered. Sitting at his desk, a can of Uludag Orange Gazoz next to him, he moves two computer mice simultaneously and instructs his satellites and drones. Seemingly beyond reason, he creates bizarre weather phenomena across the globe. Mainly in areas where global issues are at hand. Altering the weather is his way of commenting the world, his way of talking about it. He is **indifferent to winning or defeat, neither plays nor cheats, beyond the scale of victories and losses, beyond the scalar podium, beyond metrics.** [31] He only **composes the heres and nows,** [32] **without a blind spot, never inattentive or unaware, intensely present, nothing but face, an omnidirectional ball of eyes.** [33] **The one eyed merchant.** [34] **A harlequin swelled to superhuman proportions** [35] **reposes here, hidden and invisible.** [36]



## **FAUX FUR THRONE**

IN PROGRESS



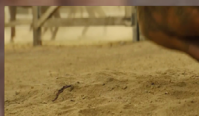
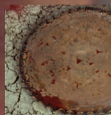
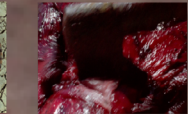
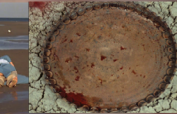


# BEYOND SENSES THE RULING ANGEL OF REASON LEAVES ITS SEAT

## DRAGON PIT

DILARA

We open up a heavy, circular door and enter a sort of tunnel. A moving walkway transports us through this room of **anonymous forms and their infinite repetition**. [37] Parallel to our movement, heavy **winds wave their noiseless wings**. [38] **Nothing opposes their irregular and variable direction**. [39] In these winds, enormous kite dragons are dancing around each other. One **dragon blundering into another, setting off a chain of flashes and twinkles**. [40] Imagine **dancing flames**, [41] **dancing figures: sinuous lines, rounded gestures**. [42] **Sounds of the soft caress of feathered wings in the turbulent air**. [43] Moving between these dragons, we started joining their **rhythmical dancing**. [44] **Up, down, in, or over around them, like strands of hair that blow in all directions—like dancing limbs, seaweed, or banners**. [45] Approaching the end of the pressure tunnel, this **extraordinary freedom of movement** [46] is replaced by a smell throwing me straight back into childhood. The smell of my grand-father's perfume. Giorgio Armani: Acqua di Giò.

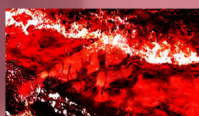
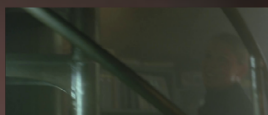
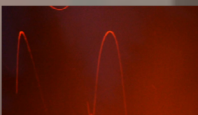
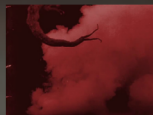
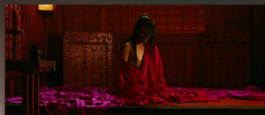
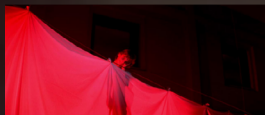


## GIORGIO HAMAMMI: TOMATO MUD DI GIO

DILARA

The smell becomes all-encompassing. It extinguishes every other odour. **Carrying the abstract baggage of my distant youth, [47]** I step into another realm. My feet are increasingly losing stability. **There are no walls, only partitions, shimmering membranes frequently covered in mirror or gold. [48]** The whole room is covered in bubbling mud. **Pinkish grey pearl or chaste emerald colored. [49]** Bill keeps on walking and is covered up to his belly in murky earth. **I can no longer lift a foot; my soaking knees are firmly rooted in mire, and I stand immovable. [50]** Brought together by the bath **[51] that glues together and hardens the bodies it encounters [52]** we fling mud at each other. **[53]** Getting some on my lips, I taste salt. It feels like a luxury, a means of renovating the body after a debauch. **[54]** Everyone is equal while coated with mud. **[55]** After a while, we move our way out of it, covered in this coat of filament, a common edge, border or interface. **[56]**

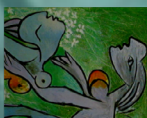
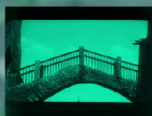
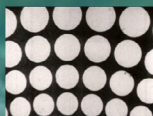
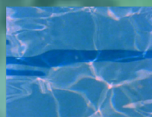




## GIORGIO HAMAMMI: BURNING AIR DI GIO

DILARA

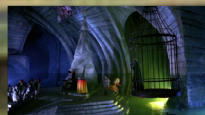
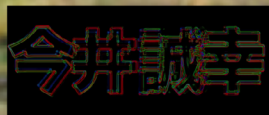
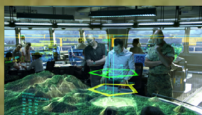
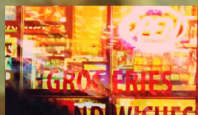
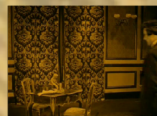
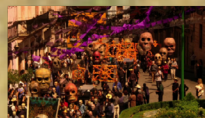
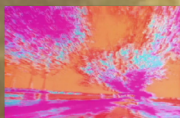
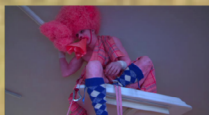
We move behind heavy draperies. The floor changing to a puzzle of ceramic tiles. I take a seat in a white plastic chair in the middle of the room. Bill pours water on top of some glowing stones, **burning vapours then rose up, spread through the air [57]** covering the space in thick steam. I breathe the **hot and oppressive air reflected from the glowing rocks. [58]** I begin to sweat. The luminous **air provokes dizziness. [59]** My eyes are **covered with vapor, nothing can be seen. [60]** through the mist, Bill hands me a glass, filled with a dark liquid. Cognac. Again, time passes. I don't know how much.





**GIORGIO HAMMAMI: DRY ICE DI GIO**

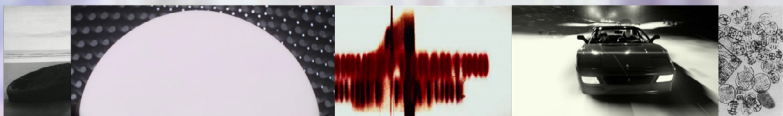
IN PROGRESS



**VORTEX**

IN PROGRESS





## ROOM WITHOUT A SHADOW

DILARA

**I was no longer myself for a moment. [61]** My mind feels dizzy after engaging in one act of lunacy after the other. In this delirium of overflowing excess, **devoid of reason, [62]** I feel close to Bill. We move between wall partitions. I grab the cold handle of a metallic door, push it down and a tsunami of light hits me. **A pure solid entirely given over to light. White, invisible, candid, and transparent. Zero. [63]** It chases out the shadow from every pure space. **[64]** We take a seat at the table. The illumination is getting stronger and is **draining out all stimulation into digit crispened anti black.** As if my mind is **bleached by the pure, revelatory white light of snow crash absolution, [65]** the ruling angel of reason inside me is **leaving its seat. [66]** In this very moment Bill takes off his mask. His appearance is almost invisible in the mist of light. What a candid face, he looks me straight into the eyes. An immense smile on his lips. A **stellar harlequin. [67]** Then the illumination becomes unbearably intense until I feel completely blinded. I

Reason  
demands that

there be no  
reason

bill



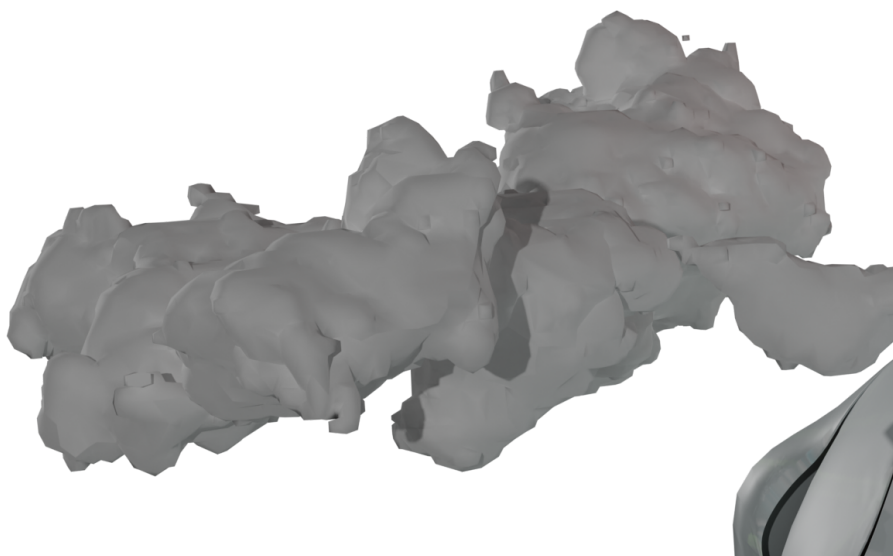
## **BILL'S NOTE**

DILARA

The next thing I remember is waking up on the pier by the fisherman's boats. I found this note in my pocket.

# **THE EDGE OF THE WORLD**

IN PROGRESS







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[4] EVANS, THE PROJECTIVE CAST ARCHITECTURE AND ITS THREE GEOMETRIES  
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[7] SENECA, COMPLETE WORKS  
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[10] DERRIDA, OF GRAMMATOLOGY  
[11] LAHIJI, THE POLITICAL UNCONSCIOUS OF ARCHITECTURE  
[12] STEIL, THE ARCHITECTURAL CAPRICCIO  
[13] DUNCAN, THE JAMES BOND ARCHIVES  
[14] BORK, LATE GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE  
[15] HAYS, ARCHITECTURE THEORY SINCE 1968  
[16] LEACH, THE BAROQUE IN ARCHITECTURAL CULTURE 1880 1980  
[17] KOOLHAAAS, JUNKSPACE WITH RUNNING ROOM  
[18] DELEUZE, DIALOGUES  
[19] KOOLHAAAS, JUNKSPACE WITH RUNNING ROOM  
[20] DELEUZE, DIALOGUES  
[21] DELEUZE GUATTARI, A THOUSAND PLATEAUS  
[22] SERRES, THE FIVE SENSES  
[23] KRUFFT, A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURAL THEORY  
[24] SERRES, FIVE SENSES  
[25] MITCHELL, ME THE CYBORG SELF AND THE NETWORKED CITY  
[26] MITCHELL, ME THE CYBORG SELF AND THE NETWORKED CITY  
[27] LESLIE, LIQUID CRYSTALS  
[28] LESLIE, LIQUID CRYSTALS  
[29] SERRES, FIVE SENSES  
[30] VAN ECK, ORGANICISM IN NINETEENTH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE  
[31] SERRES, FIVE SENSES  
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[33] SERRES, FIVE SENSES  
[34] HOVESTADT BUEHLMANN, QUANTUM CITY  
[35] JUNG, TWO ESSAYS IN ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY  
[36] SERRES, FIVE SENSES  
[37] AURELI, THE POSSIBILITY OF AN ABSOLUTE ARCHITECTURE  
[38] GRIMM, TEUTONIC MYTHOLOGY THE COMPLETE WORK  
[39] BUFFON, NATURAL HISTORY VOL 2  
[40] ASCOTT, ENGINEERING NATURE  
[41] SERRES LATOUR, CONVERSATIONS ON SCIENCE CULTURE AND TIME  
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[43] SERRES, THE FIVE SENSES  
[44] FOUCAULT, DISCIPLINE AND PUNISH  
[45] SERRES LATOUR, CONVERSATIONS ON SCIENCE CULTURE AND TIME  
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[57] FOUCAULT, HISTORY OF MADNESS  
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[59] PROUST, IN SEARCH OF LOST TIME VOL. IV SODOM AND GOMORRAH  
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[61] ROUSSEAU, COLLECTED WORKS OF JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSAEU  
[62] SERRES, THE FIVE SENSES  
[63] SERRES, TROUBADOUR OF KNOWLEDGE  
[64] SERRES, GEOMETRY  
[65] TOY, ARCHITECTS IN CYBERSPACE  
[66] WOLLSTONECRAFT, COMPLETE WORKS  
[67] SERRES, TROUBADOUR OF KNOWLEDGE

