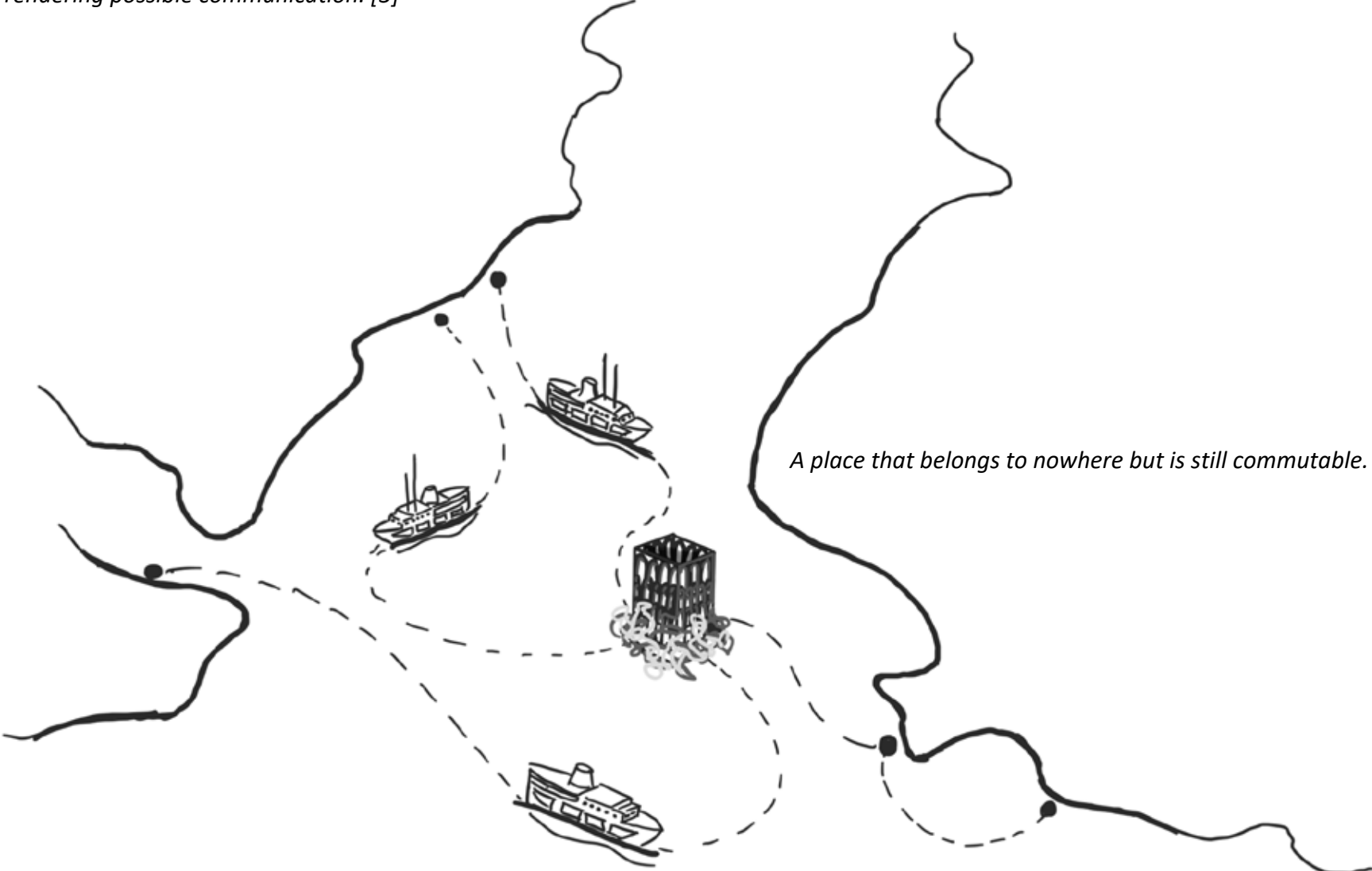


All my memories and experiences will be erased.
What will I be then?
I mean... the phone numbers and so on aren't
that important, but what about my parents?
Won't that be erased too?
I will forget what kind of a man I am. You care but
you don't exist. How can one understand that?
A cage looking for a bird.

[1]

[2]

Bill built one for himself, on an island which unites itself with the city by rendering possible communication. [3]

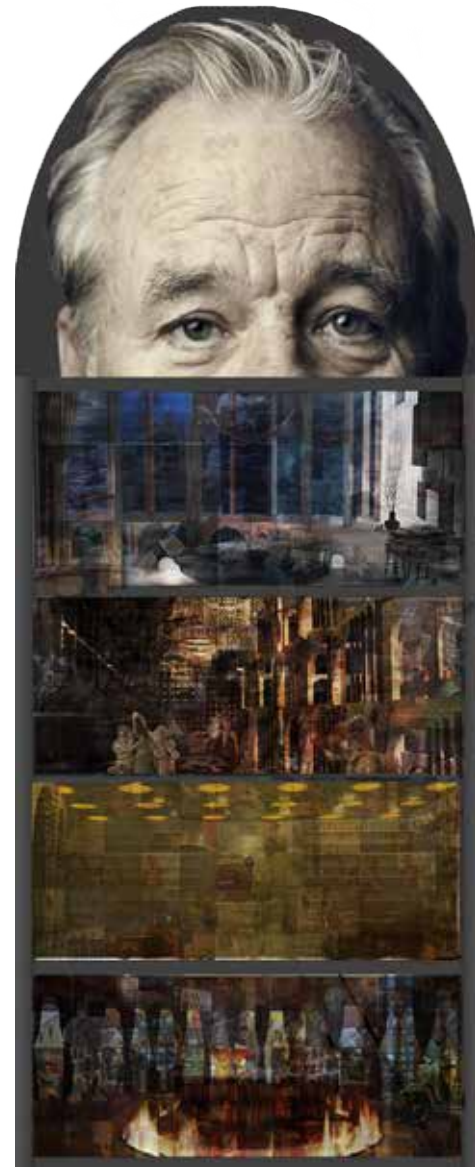


A place that belongs to nowhere but is still commutable. [3]

The Maiden's Tower.



There he himself presents his thoughts to his friends as a kind of disputabilis opinio [3] whilst drinking tea, as an aid for contemplation [5], that is, [4] how one can keep his persona even if he loses his memories.



The Oblivious Landlord



10:19	Collect tea leaves from the foggy garden
12:20	Prepare until you get rabbit's blood
14:08	Rabbit spring
15:33	Feel eye again
16:54	Don't get cozy
17:47	Bardly make it to tea time
19:10	Water the garden
20:12	Climb back out of the rabbit hole

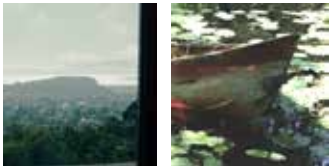


10:19

Collect tea leaves from
the foggy garden



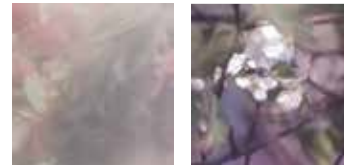
The last mentioned old gentleman woke up [6] right on time as any other day. Today, it was a cold day in Istanbul.



This site had gardens round it [7] enclosing the mirror of water. [8]



The increased air temperature around the tea leaves holds more water vapor, creating more blanketing cloud cover, increasing the temperature even more. [9]



The fog swarm in the space between the leaves. [7]



The walk leading to these tea beds could be used to stroll about in..., incomparably the greatest promenade paths. [10].



The cloud cover had come up close and, for a moment, all was gray fog.... To his still sleepy surprise, Bill welcomed it. [10]



The fog putting him back on his two feet he noticed that it was now time to go back home. Looking at the tall walls, Bill smiled at his home's obscure beauty as the door opened.

12.20

*Prepare until you get
rabbit's blood*



Opening the door Bill went straight to his tea station. Throwing the leaves in to the great pots, each as tall as a man, in which the liquid was prepared [12], a rich and potent brew. [14]



The tea helps him to gather his thoughts and is essential for several reasons. [13] Reasons that he doesn't remember.



The tea was ready. Bill's excitement got the best of him causing him to spill some of it.

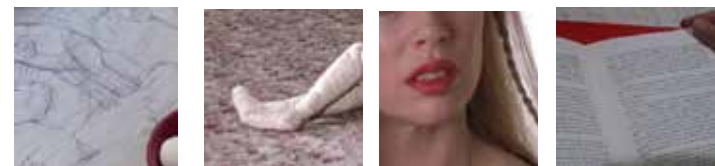
Bill chuckled as he looked at the spilled tea on floor. Red, shining in the middle of all white furniture.

A joke! Only if he could find his red leather notebook. He must write it down, before he forgets.

A library full of white books but one catches Bill's eyes. 'There it is!'



Opening the pages with trembling fingers, he discovers cryptic writings on the time seared pages, penned what centuries ago in what fearful city yet, unmistakably, in his own handwriting. [7]



Eventually he flipped back to the first page with curiosity and fear.



Once he sat down the platform of the octagonal tower[15] started moving.

[12] 

14:08

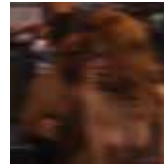
Revisit
Spring





The platform kept moving until reaching a surface [16], someone else's chambers.

Bill took a sip from the tea as he didn't know what else to do. With that, he started to feel a heat in his chest, it was only the freshly lighted fire beginning to burn. [...]



He was thrown into a state of intense excitement and curiosity. [17]



Bill boosted out of his chair with the notebook in his hand, flipping through the pages aggressively. He had to read more, know more. The pages were getting crumpled up and somewhat ripped until he found the title that intrigued him the most:



He started reading as he paced through the room.

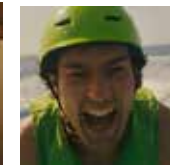
Last day of spring with Dorothy the Daredevil

My friend Bill, a dreamer of dreams, [18]

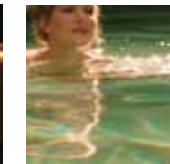
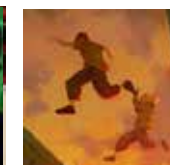
I remember when the carefree, unselfconscious, friendly and smiling program of the person [19] called me telling me 'My new situation excited curiosity' [20]. Only the birds believe this curiosity [15] of what was possible in your state. You already knew what you wanted to do but didn't know where to start. I told you to take advantage of this opportunity [18] to go somewhere new. Loving the idea, you held on to it asking me to come and keep you company for a while. [22] Running around in your tower with the wonder of what was possible with the limited time you had left with.

Although normally I can't stay at a place this long, everyday with you has been a new experience. I was always really excited to see the platform move as you came to my chambers. For this I thank you Bill. Even if you forget me, I know that you will always be that Bill who gives life its sweetness and charm. [21]

Bill gaped in childish wonder, half horrified and half admiring. [...]



He held the notebook in his hand tightly. What an object of curiosity, what a text for instruction. [20]



He rushed back to his seat, ready to see what was coming next as he let the platform rise once again.

15.33

Feel safe
again

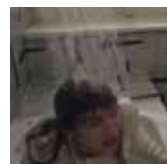
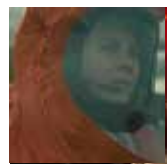
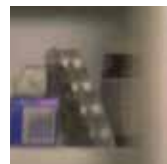




With a lurch the platform climbed [10] spilling some of the hot tea onto his hand. Bill flinched with the sudden pain as he arrived onto the next floor. *This journey had evoked fear rather than simple pleasure.* [22] Will his hand burn every time the platform moves? *He felt fear of death, of judgment, of being sent to his reckoning below; fear, also, of life.* [23]



The hopeful look in his eyes left its place for a fearful one. *Dirt, disgust, and disease* [5] The room looked clean but not clean enough, it looked safe but not safe enough. *A chamber of horrors* [24]. With a need of security Bill gripped onto his notebook.



He flipped through the pages with the wonder and stark terror of a child [13] until he saw a name that made him feel warm and secure.

*Last day of summer with
Doug the Doctor*

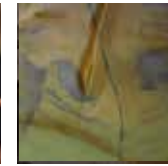
Dear old friend,

first thank you for asking me to be a part of your project. Although it was a struggle to try to live somewhere completely unfamiliar, if it helped you, it was worth it. When I first arrived, I could tell that you needed a sense of security. You had started to forget things, *you feared you for your sickly, languorous frame* [20]

For me the best part was when we worked on the foggy garden around the island together. *The fanshaped leaves with their radiating veins are said to cure the sickness of forgetting.* [21] *a great cloud of dust arose on them and walled the horizon.* [22] . As it was keeping you safe from the outside world, it relieved most of my worries for you. As I'm leaving I'm still in distress. I don't think I left enough medicine for you, feel free to inform me if you need more.

Best regards

Dr. Doug

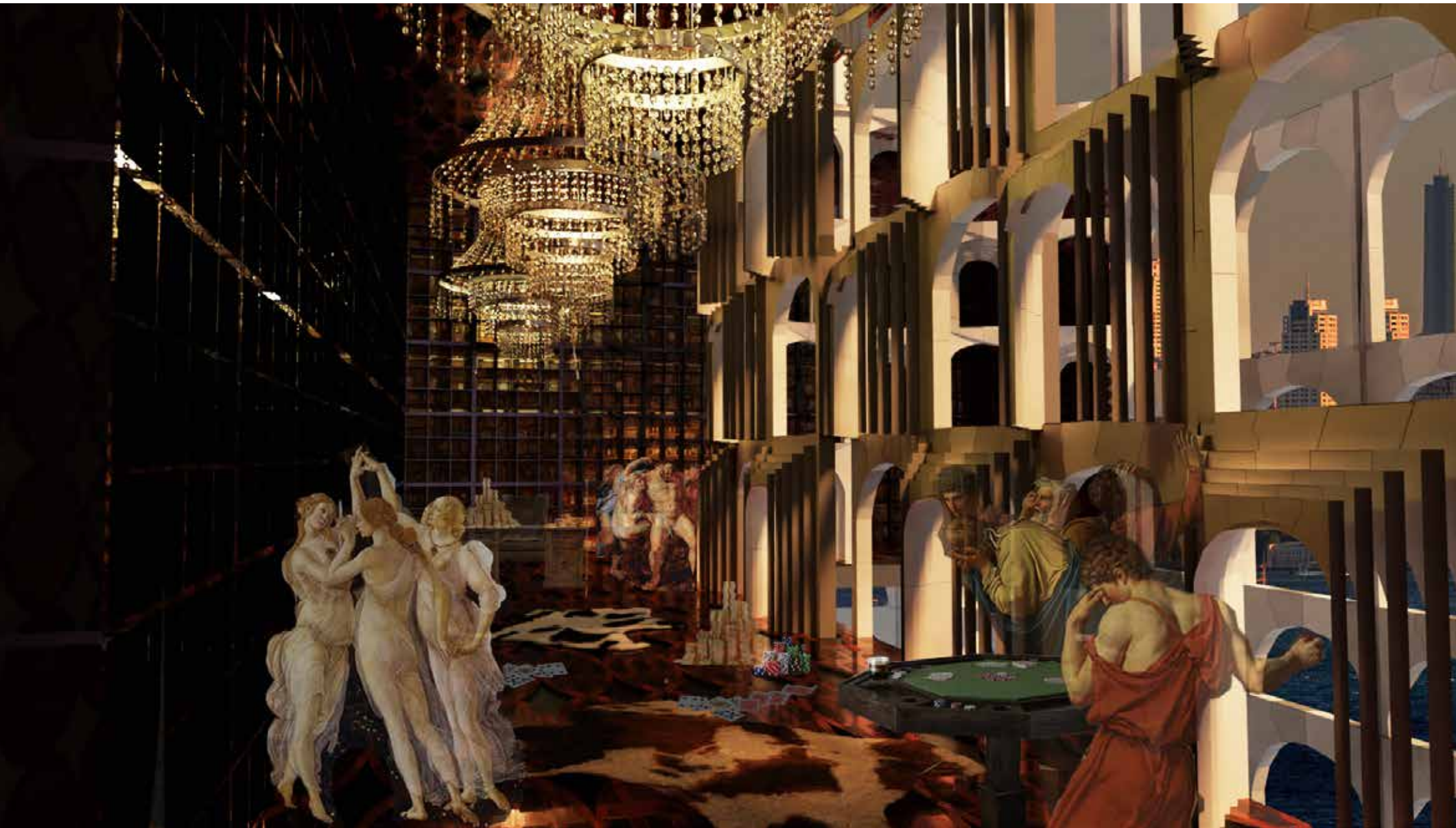


With trembling hands he held on to his tea cup praying that it wouldn't spill again, he shut his eyes tightly and let the platform go to the next floor.

16.54

Don't get
cooley





Once the platform stopped, Bill slowly opened eyes to see that he had arrived on the next floor without getting hurt.

He looked around as he wanted to share this achievement with someone finding himself in a kind of vaulted saloon and at tea. [17] The interior of the chamber was profoundly impressive. [27]



No wonder that after this feat, the obscure man continued with great self-assurance: [28] He raised himself to a sitting posture [16] and took another sip from his tea.



A rush of confidence, absolute and unrestrained. [15] he continued with the reading.

*Last day of summer with
During the Doctor
Last day of fall with
Just stay she fumbled
Last day of spring with
Dorothy the Doredevil*

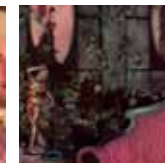
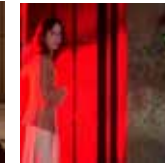
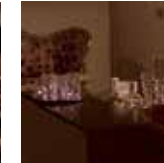
Hello Friend,

Maybe you don't even know who I am by now, so let me put you up to speed: During your last years with some recollection of yourself you called me asking me to live with you for a season and help you put the finishing touches on the tower. As a result the gambling King Gatsby had to be satisfied with an apartment in the old Madison Towers, while the horizon Bill succeeded in transforming the old, intricate structures into a place of sophisticated ambitions. [29]

Jokes aside, when I arrived, you were standing in front of your magnificent creation full of grace. You were decaying and yet prevailing simultaneously. The only thing missing was a mechanism for your last days to come. You wished to have control over Bill of the upcoming oblivion. For that I created a daily program for you and when I write a good program, it always works perfectly, every time. [30]

If you are reading this, it means, for usual, it works perfectly. Your tower works perfectly Bill. You are now not just a genius come, but a genius man. I drink to your health and your successful fight. [31]

Congratulations Bill, you have succeeded



With rage, ambition, fire in his eyes Bill looked up and stumped on the platform.



He wanted it to move again. Where are his memories? Why doesn't he have them? He did all this, he can do more.



Let the platform ascend so that he can do more.

17.47

Barely make
it to
Teatime





The platform ascends. [31]

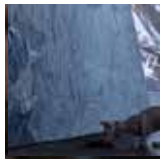
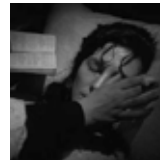
Bill *lifted up his eyes, and looked,* [18] to see what would come next. *And, behold...there was nothing.* [18]

The vision of the dome made him realize, this was the last floor, there was no where else to go. He was reaching the end of his journey. A sense of despair started to take over him. But the feeling was interrupted by a voice:

"*You are late.* [6] *You should never keep anyone waiting.* [32]"

Atlas looked annoyed but not surprised. Rolling his eyes, Bill took a sip from his tea.

And suddenly he felt tired. His shoulders slumped, his posture relaxed, gaze softened. He raised his head kindly 'Sorry... I just had a chaotic day, and I bet your day wasn't the best either?'



'Well considering your condition none of our days are ever normal now, are they?'

Bill cocked his head to the side 'Condition?..'

With that word slipping from his lips his mind went into a rumble, his eyes watered up.

He had forgotten.

Atlas wiped the tears off his face with her blanket.

'You have dementia Bill'

Madness was then without memory, and confinement was the seal on that forgetting. [33] *A cage in search of a bird.* [2]

She reached out her hand asking for the notebook. Atlas took a sip, suddenly with her *eyes, full of tears,* [18] started writing.

She had come there to help him accept the reality. For him to work with it and not against it.

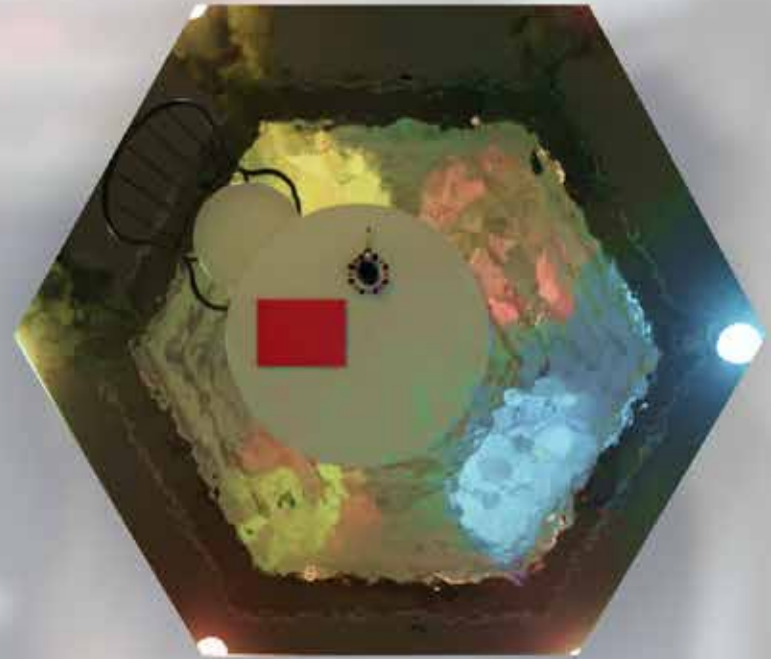
As Bill took the notebook back, he flipped through the pages with curiosity of what she had written. Atlas slightly slapping his hand away 'That's for tomorrow's Bill.'

Bill looked at her and chuckled taking another sip from his tea, he let their last teatime together go on peacefully. Once both of their cups were empty, Atlas stepped off the platform one last time waving at him goodbye as Bill rose to the top of the tower.

He was himself again. [15]

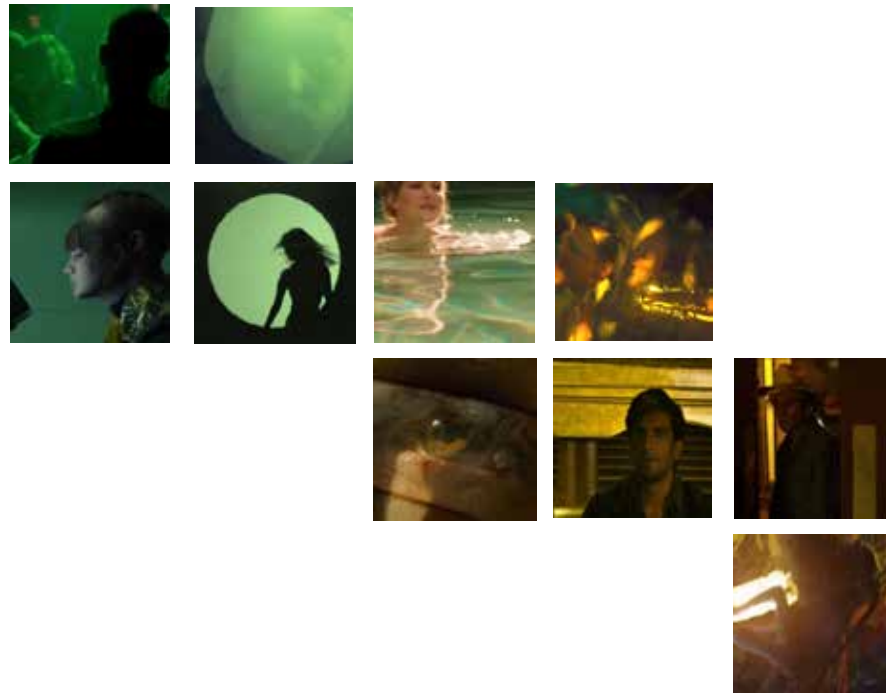
19.10 |

Water the
garden





Once the platform stopped Bill started to hear a soothing sound of water, running down the sides of the tower. *This brews up a complex photochemical smog* [34] in the garden, surrounding the island with fog.



*Number of years is different
yet the seasons remain unchanged.*

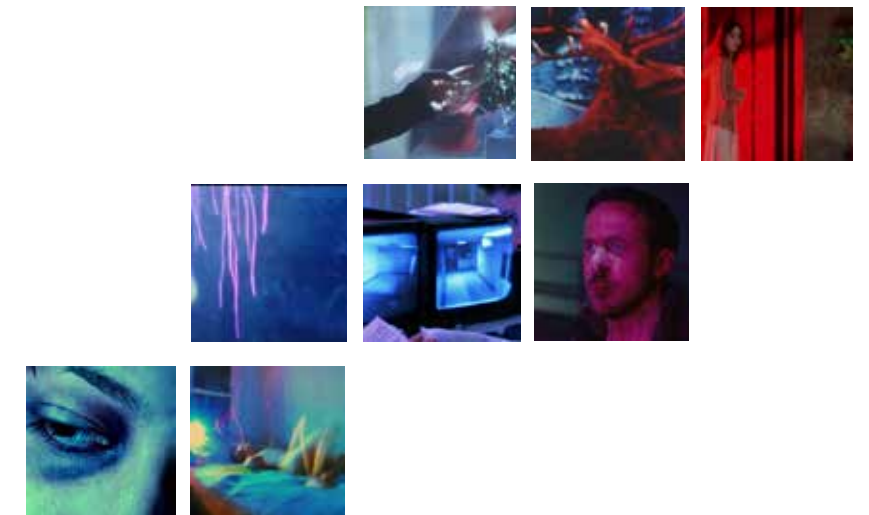
*The memory disappears as you get older
but the person stays the same.*

[35]

As he closed the notebook, he let out a tired sigh and looked up and around the room.



Seeing his beloved friends all around, he was content, he was one. Once Bill was done writing, he had nothing left but himself [36].



He put both his hands on the cover of his red leather notebook, and let the platform to move once again. He was ready to go back to his flat.

20.12

Climb back

out of the

rabbit hole

The platform slowly lowered, passing through each flat. With the now acquainted sadness of letting go of the day's memories leaving its place to oblivion on Bill's face.



He took a step out of the platform and looked at the red leather notebook in his hand. Oh yes he was looking for it to write a joke he thought of. But he has already forgotten about it.



Bill placed the book on the bookshelf near his tea station so that next time he thinks of a joke, he can easily find it.



It was night already. How the days go by when one is so peaceful. Bill slowly made his way to his *bed early to rise tomorrow [11] as a learned and distinguished comedian, now old and decrepit, who was daily playing the mimic in the Maiden's Tower, as though the gods would gladly be spectators of that which the comic himself had ceased to remember about.*[37]







persona (n.)

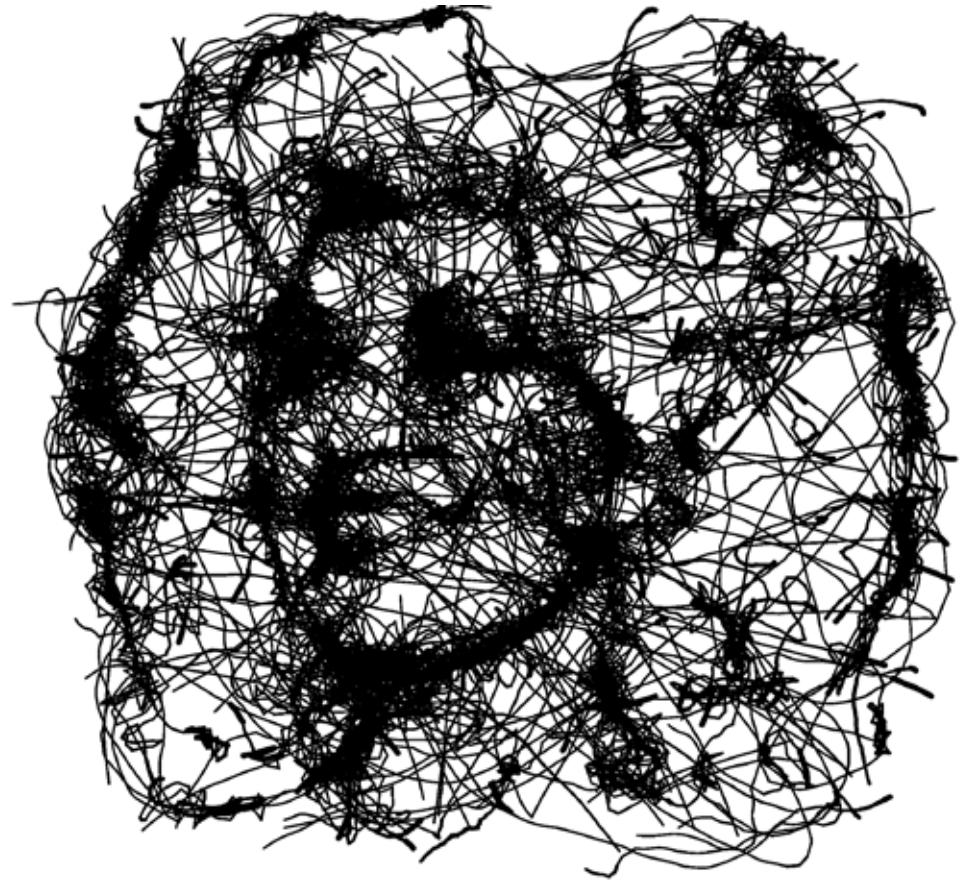
1917, "outward or social personality," a Jungian psychology term, from Latin *persona* "person" (see person). Used earlier (1909) by Ezra Pound in the sense "literary character representing voice of the author." *Persona grata* is Late Latin, literally "an acceptable person," originally applied to diplomatic representatives acceptable to the governments to which they were sent; hence also *persona non grata* (plural *personæ non gratæ*).

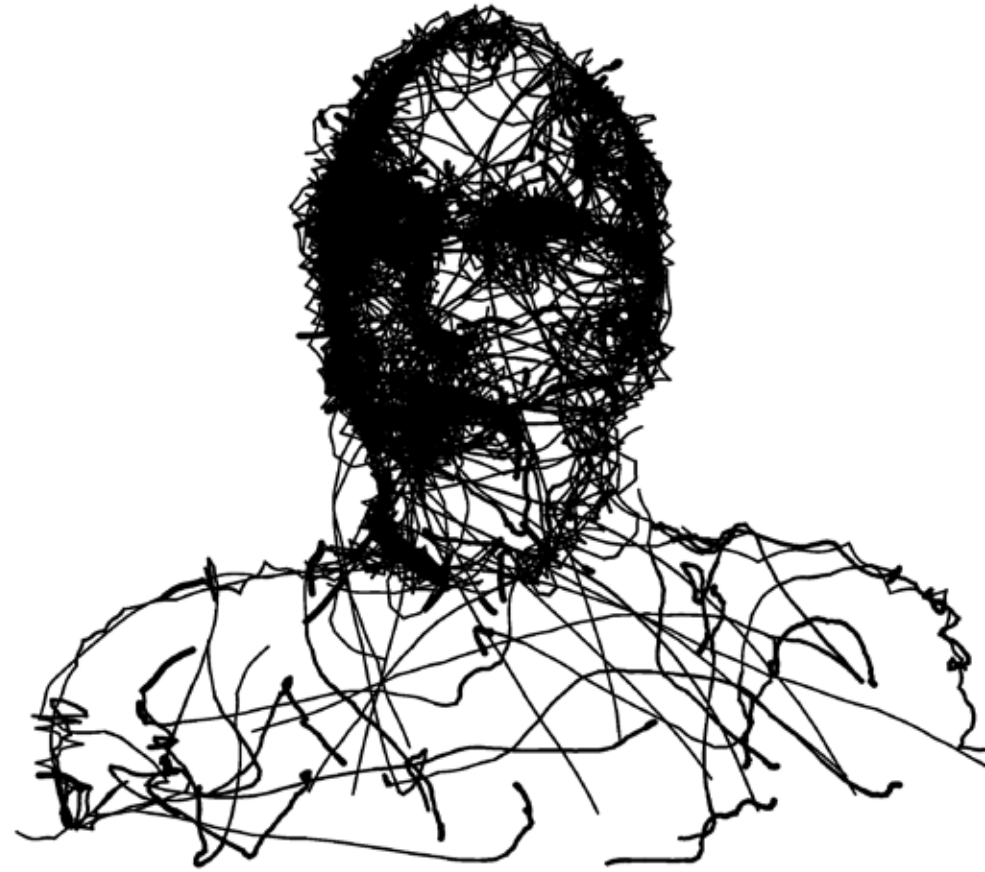
Synonyms of 'persona' (n.):

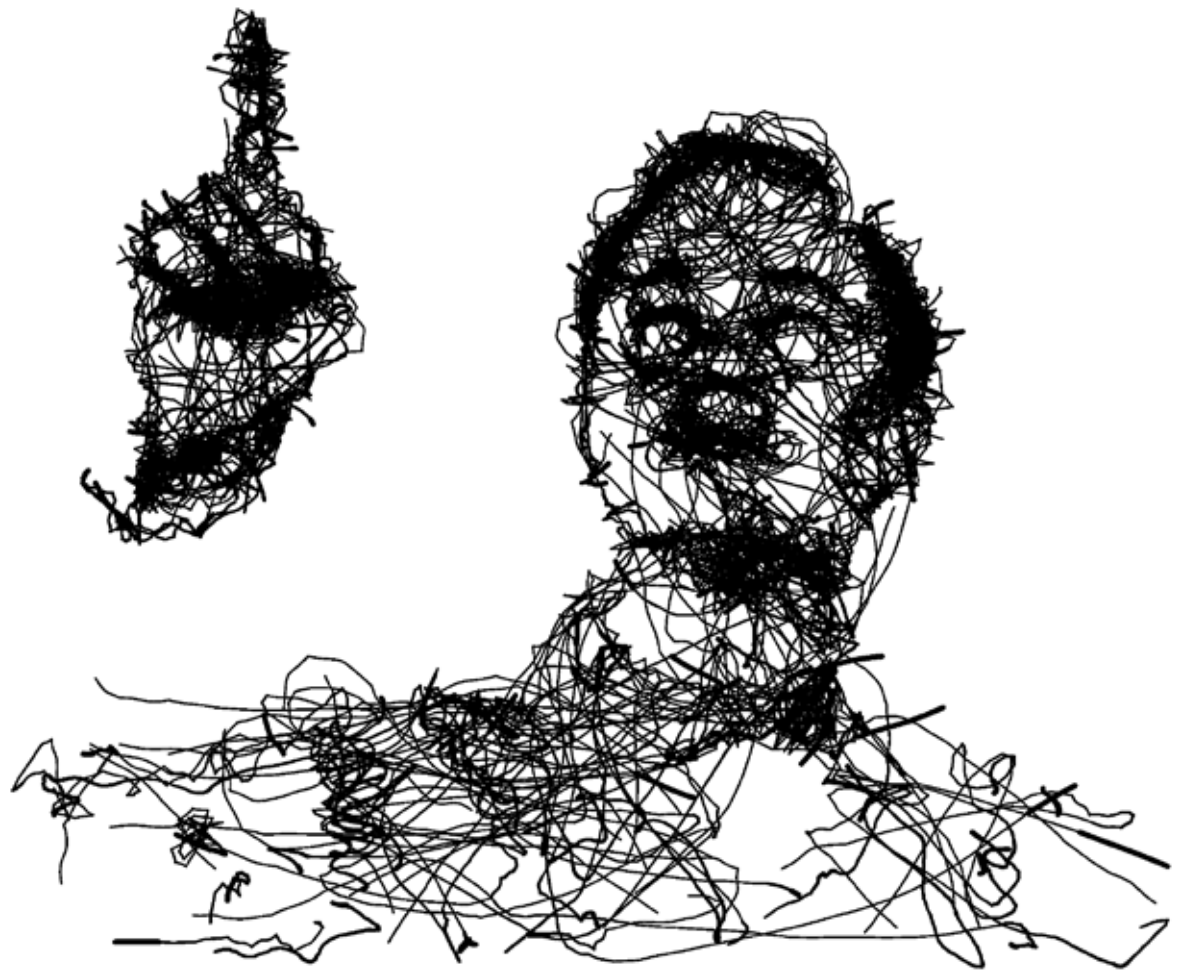
Character, identity, personality, figure, guise, image, person, personage, role, anima, ego, id, mind, self, soul

oblivion (n.)


late 14c., *oblivion*, "state or fact of forgetting, forgetfulness, loss of memory," from Old French *oblivion* (13c.) and directly from Latin *oblivionem* (nominative *oblivio*) "forgetfulness; a being forgotten," from *oblivisci* (past participle *oblitus*) "forget," which is of uncertain origin.









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1. Sahsiyet series
 2. Franz Kafka
 3. Seneca, Complete Works
 4. de Montaigne, The Complete Essays
 5. Abulafia, The Boundless Sea
 6. Dickens, Oliver Twist
 7. nemos Cxsaruni
 8. Gothein, A History of Garden Art
 9. Zimring, Encyclopedia of Consumption and Waste
 10. Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology
 11. Carter, Shaking A Leg
 12. Van Eck, Eighteenth Century Architecture
 13. Holden, Universal Principles of Design
 14. Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture
 15. Hugo, Les Miserables
 16. Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture until
 17. Deleuze, Masochism Coldness and Cruelty Venus in Furs
 18. King, James Bible
 19. Serres, The Parasite
 20. Rousseau, Collected Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau
 21. Montesquieu, Persian Letters
 22. Bork, Late Gothic Architecture

23. Michelet, The History of France Vol 2
 24. emper, Style in the Technical and Tectonic Arts or Practical Aesthetics
 25. The Book of the Thousand and One Nights Supplementary Nights
 26. The Book of the Thousand and One Nights
 27. Acocella, Stone Architecture Ancient and Modern Construction Skills
 28. Marx, Collected Works
 29. Payne, Renaissance and Baroque Architecture
 30. Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City
 31. Hays, Architecture Theory since 1968
 32. Harrison Wood Gaiger, Art in Theory 1648 1815
 33. Foucault, History of Madness
 34. Watson, Heaven s Breath
 35. Four seasons of life, by Luke Easter
 36. Askin, Narrative and Becoming
 37. Augustine, The City of God
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