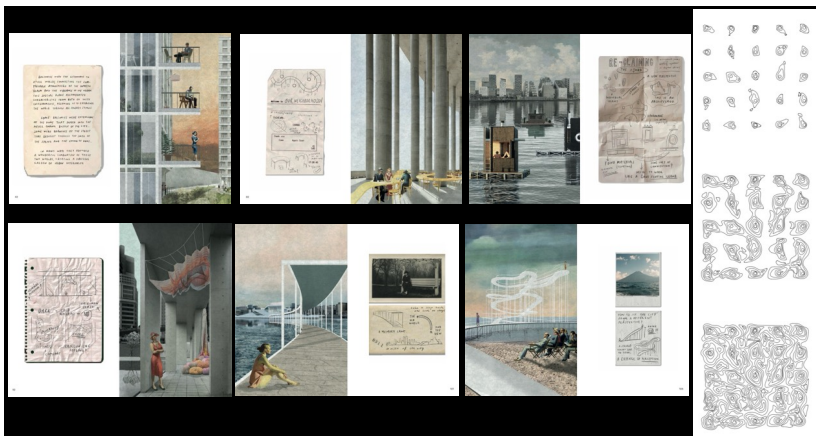


How do we presently imagine our future? We are at the end of a *local mass-displacement on a global scale (C19)*. Work was moved into *homesteads*. Socialising *outdoors*. We started locked in, but eventually proceeded to formulate dreams, aspirations and ambitions *under these novel conditions*.

From this displacement a *relocation of the same mega-scale* will follow. We not adapted to our old ways: how we used to be. Whole societies find their resources depleted. A number of people have nothing to return to. New generations of young people with education-degrees, are looking for jobs.

We are *different people* than we were before the pandemic. From our wounds we will emerge as *yet other people*. The conclusion of the *scenario*, on the back (*verso*), is that the society emerging in the wake of a collapse, is challenged to mediate the *scale of the human enterprise* and our *tiny reach*.



Ilayda Keskinaslan has ventured a projection of a yet unknown architectural space, in an urban situation where the demise of a totalitarian power and a digital collapse in cyberspace, left posterity with few of our current means—immersed in *atopia*: the reign of a non-place based on multiplication.

Her scenario is inspired by by Marc Augé's topology of the *Supermodern*. On the *ground*, the fragmentation of the human habitat through *multiplication* and *standardisation*. From *above*, the attempts to control fragmentation through *built* mega-structures. With the effect of large-scale disassemblage.

Instead of control, what was achieved was *amplification*. Eventually it did *not* compute and the society collapsed. What is most intriguing—and of particular interest from our vantage point—is the position from which the narrative evolves into a *testimonial*: one that stands *free* of a readership.

Since it is in the future, the narrative is of course *not* intended for us. However, it features a *readability* into which we *might* be included. The narrator is a *different* Ilayda Keskinaslan who lives at this time, in an uncertain future, and to whom we are unknown. A contemporary tale.

The sites shown in the work is what is left of an intensive urban drawing project executed by the future Ilayda by her *alter ego*, in our time, allied with a drawing collective. The human figures populating these environments are highjacked from *E. Hopper's paintings*. The text materials look like *receipts*.

These “café-receipts” are projected on backgrounds that are carefully designed, and are thereby are conveyed as *objects*. In the Supermodern environment the people appear *anachronistic*: a bit like the well-dressed people would appear some decades after Atatürk's modernisation decrees.

They do not look Turkish, but the anachronism reverberates with Turkish history. In fact, entire landscapes and sites are highjacked from *Norway*: e.g., from the archipelago, in the fjord, off Oslo. Or, the City Hall, where the business of the authoritarian regime, in its heyday, is carefully depicted.

The elements work together balancing between *montage* and highjacked elements (*détourage*) with a resulting *uncanny* narrative: deeply *unsettling* more than outrightly scary. The *anachronism* between the elements testify of a fragmentation that is *deeper* than the space in which they coincide.

It is the fragmentation of *time* itself. It is not the narrative elements as such that fail to coincide, but their scale: the time-scale of their projected spatial shadows. It is to this “shadowscape” that we are being introduced. Not as the intended audience—but rather accidental ones with our own challenges.

Some of the stacked mega-structures—the archaeological remains of the drawing collective—are not unlike from the video-boxes that we have grown familiar with, over the last year: obliquely reflecting, like an *asymmetric mirror*, the megastructure of local displacements on a global scale. *Now what?*