

**Portfolio**

**Dilara Koz**

My practice moves between observation of space and its documentation, oftentimes resulting in derealised images that disrupt the conventional definition of their contents, or works of text that strive towards diluting signification. I study mood (atmosphere) through notions of locality and placehood, the defining features of a place that create a sense of place within space. I use various photographic methods and devices as tools for documentation, and I meditate on the relationship between materiality, colour, and mood. My work comprises processes

of thinking rather than individual objects. I present my research through installations as placements, artists books, and performances. I am concerned with art, objects and space. How do these things influence the space that surrounds them? How do they generate space?

Complete scans of all publications previewed in this portfolio, as well as a portfolio of art direction work, can be provided upon request.

## Dilara Koz

dilarakoz@gmail.com  
+44 7767 819 658  
www.dikoz.online

F11, Cell Studios  
23-27 Arcola Street  
E8 2DJ London

### WORK / EXPERIENCE

- 2025 Art Director, *New Papers*, London, UK (present)  
New Papers is a magazine of fiction and poetry, published monthly in print  
Responsible for designing all graphic and visual elements  
Curator of stage design for each reading event
- Assistant Architect, *Belgin Koz Architects*, Ankara, TR (January-October 2025)  
Responsible for the concept design and massing of a detached house  
Detailed research of material and structural precedents  
Detail drawings of interior fittings for the detached house
- Director's PA, *Caviar to the General Productions*, London, UK (July 2025)  
Responsible with ensuring cinematographic quality of the production  
Assisting the Production Designer with detail design and making of set
- 2024 Artist Guide and Assistant, *Mardin Biennial*, Mardin, TR (May 2024)  
Assisted the production and installation of artworks on-site  
Guided International artists around the Old Town of Mardin  
Live-translated the opening ceremony and translated texts for curatorial use
- 2023 Gallery Assistant, *EMALIN*, London, UK (6-months)  
Assisted the production, documentation and installation of artworks  
Regularly updated gallery website, Artlogic, artist portfolios and archives  
Coordinated schedules  
Assisted at the booth during Frieze Art Fair
- Author, *Maison Française*, Istanbul, TR (2018-2023)  
Wrote a monthly column for five years about art exhibitions and cultural events in London, published in print in Turkey.
- 2021 Part I Architect, *John Pawson*, London, UK (12-months)  
Documented and surveyed a 19th century warehouse building in London in detail  
Worked on general layout and detail drawings  
Modelled spaces digitally and physically producing images to present clients
- EDUCATION
- 2023 MFA, Ruskin School of Art, Brasenose College, University of Oxford, Oxford, UK  
Studio focus: 'Most Days are Cloudy' explored the placehood of Port Meadow.  
Referencing the correspondences of John Berger and John Christie, the project questions the relationship between place, colour and mood.  
Research: 'In Defence of Poesie' is an exploration of linguistic multiplicity and poetry as tools to diverge from didactic expression.
- 2020 BSc, Architecture (Hons), Bartlett School of Architecture, University College London, London, UK  
First Class Honours (ARB/RIBA Part 1)  
Studio focus: explored translation and derivation across media as processes inherent to architectural design, focusing on the movement between the idea of space (imagined as design), the experience of space (as built environment) and its documentation.  
Research: 'A Natural Escape' compared the material selection and spatial arrangement of Heidegger's Hütte with those of the Katsura Rikyu to highlight the similarities between phenomenology and Zen Buddhism in relation to building and inhabitation.
- 2017 Art and Design Foundation, Architectural Association School of Architecture, London, UK  
Received the Julia Woods Foundation Award for her dedication and contribution to the course

### SOLO/DUO EXHIBITIONS

- 2025 *Spill*, SEESAW, Manchester  
2024 *Caressed and Polished and Drained and Washed*, FILET, London, UK (duo-show)

### SELECTED EXHIBITIONS/FAIRS

- 2025 *Multiple Times*, Indigo+Madder, London, UK  
*The Shelf*, Maximilian William, London, UK  
*A Book Showcase*, Reference Point, London, UK  
*Offprint*, Tate Modern, London, UK (as *New Papers*)  
*The Luster*, Display Fever, Vitruta, London, UK  
*BORDERLESS Artbook Days*, Yapı Kredi Merkezi, Istanbul, TR (individual display)  
*Missing Objects: First Edition*, Fuorisalone, Milan, IT  
*Fashion Printed Matter(s)*, International Library of Fashion Research, Oslo, NO (under *Madly Awake*)  
*The Echo Chamber*, Deptford Town Hall, London, UK
- 2024 *Lattice Structure of Space-Time*, Indigo+Madder, London, UK (group exhibition)  
*Athens Art Book Fair*, Athens, GR (collective display)  
*Bound Art Book Fair*, Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester, UK (individual display)  
*I Never Read Art Book Fair*, Kaserne, Basel, CH (individual display)  
*PROEM*, FreyaALT, GlogauAIR, Berlin, DE (group exhibition)  
*BORDERLESS Artbook Days*, Yapı Kredi Merkezi, Istanbul, TR (individual display)  
*MFA Degree Show*, Ruskin School of Art, Oxford, UK  
*Mitigating Circumstances*, Old Fire Station, Oxford, UK  
*Altarwise*, Oxford Town Hall, Oxford, UK  
*The Bodelian Zine Fair*, Weston Library, Oxford, UK (collective display)
- 2019 *Summer Show*, Bartlett School of Architecture, London, UK
- 2018 *Summer Show*, Bartlett School of Architecture, London, UK
- 2017 *21st Century AA Women Exhibition*, Architectural Association, London, UK  
*Celeste Prize Exhibition*, OXO Tower Wharf, London, UK  
*Summer Show*, Architectural Association, London, UK

### SELECTED PUBLICATIONS

- 2025 Koz, Dilara. *Untitled (Winter Poem)*. London: Madly Awake: Tender Stains 03, 2025.  
2024 Koz, Dilara. *Coupons (for the game that is life)*. London: The Toe Rag: Issue No. 4, 2024.  
Aedy, Thibault & Koz, Dilara. *A Mummy Complex*. Oxford: self-published, 2024.  
Koz, Dilara. *Barns and Pylons, between Ankara and Kars*. London: self-published, 2024.  
Koz, Dilara. *Remainders*. London: self-published, 2023.  
Koz, Dilara. *In Defence of Poesie*. Oxford: self-published, 2023.  
Koz, Dilara, On Artist's Books, Pierre Lecuire and Bern Porter, Oxford: Hidden Objects Oxford, 2023. <https://www.hiddenobjectsoxford.co.uk/on-artistss-books-pierre-lecuire-and-bern-porter>  
Koz, Dilara Let the camel be, Let the sea wash over me. Oxford: The Burner: Issue No. 2, 2023.  
2022 Koz, Dilara. Postcards to Strangers/Yabancılar Kartpostalalar. Paris: self-published, 2022.  
Koz, Dilara. *Les Fleurs, Mes Fleurs*. Paris: self-published, 2022.  
Koz, Dilara. *House of Many*. London: AArchitecture 43, 2021.  
Koz, Dilara. *How many is too many? or Home Journey Still*s. Ankara: self-published, 2021.  
Brown, Thomas. *Correspondance World*. London: The Photographers Gallery, 2021.  
<http://correspondance.world>  
*'I have always imagined that Paradise will be a kind of library'* Jorge Luis Borges, London: John Pawson, Journal, 2021. <https://johnpawson.com/journal/i-have-always-imagined-that-paradise-will-be-a-kind-of-library-jorge-luis-borges>
- 2020 Koz, Dilara. *The singularity of a moment, it's full comprehension, and the pinhole*. London: self-published, 2020.

#### TEACHING / TALKS

- 2025 *Seminar*, Architecture Department, MEF University, İstanbul (*upcoming*)  
*Drawing Methods*, Guest Lecture, Architecture Department, İstanbul Technical University, İstanbul (*upcoming*)  
*Gentle Punctuation: Intuition Record*, Guest Lecture, Architecture Department, İstanbul Technical University, İstanbul  
*The Light of Flowering Grass*, Second Term Guest Tutor, First Year Elective Architecture Experimental Drawing Studio led by Bahar Avanoğlu, Bilgi University, İstanbul
- 2024 *Yatak Odası*, Artist Talk, Unbuildings, Versus Art Project, İstanbul  
*Between Image and Space*, Guest Lecture, Architecture Department, Bilgi University, İstanbul  
Guest Juror, Art and Design Foundation, Architectural Association, London
- 2023 *Oxford Public Philosophy 3 Launch*, Panel Chair, Pembroke College, University of Oxford, Oxford  
Guest Juror, Art and Design Foundation, Architectural Association, London

#### CURATORIAL PROJECTS

- 2026 *Recital of New Papers 5*, Rose Lipman Center, London (*upcoming*)  
2025 *Recital of New Papers 4*, Rose Lipman Center, London  
*The Shelf*, Maximilian William, London  
*Recital of New Papers 3*, Rose Lipman Center, London  
*Recital of New Papers 2*, Rose Lipman Center, London  
*Recital of New Papers 1*, Rose Lipman Center, London  
2024 *Caressed and Polished and Drained and Washed*, FILET, London

#### COLLECTIONS

- Athens Art Book Library, Athens, Greece  
Special Collections, Weston Library, Bodleian Libraries, Oxford, UK  
Private Collections

*Certain Dreams*, 2025, site specific installation

In alphabetical order: candle holder, brass, it would shine if it were polished; childhood dream dinner party; contents of Remembrance, spilled (three screws, source forgotten; twenty-nine safety pins, found or collected; two buttons, found; two hook-screws, source forgotten); Exceeding Great and Precious Promises; five out of six of Vintage Set of 6 Intriguing Small Aluminium Frames Photo Holders Stands, containing a chandelier, a hotel-room window, a night-road, canal-water and the sun; flower pin; flowers taken discretely from a shop to make-up for a drunken regret; furnitures of my old room modelled and 3d printed; get-well-soon hydrangea petals; grid and holes, game board; list of boxes declared for customs; MOON, information; polaroid experiment framed in leftover acrylic; rectangle of lace; single cloth flower from a strip flower crown ribbon; single dried flower, source forgotten; single-ear hook-ring from Nonna; the back-side of a polaroid experiment from 2024; thin ribbon from a box of chocolates; two types of dried flowers of forgotten origin; fork and knife from car-boot sale; old grape glass with green stem; wallpaper coaster from 2025: There is no chair in this room, / and I want to be alone, / so I'm kneeling on the rung / and using a chest of drawers / The air conditioning / making a calming sound; wooden Remembrance box: If every rose with gold were tied, / Did gems for dewdrops fall, / One faded leaf where love had sighed, / Is sweetly worth them all.



Certain Dreams, 2025, site specific installation

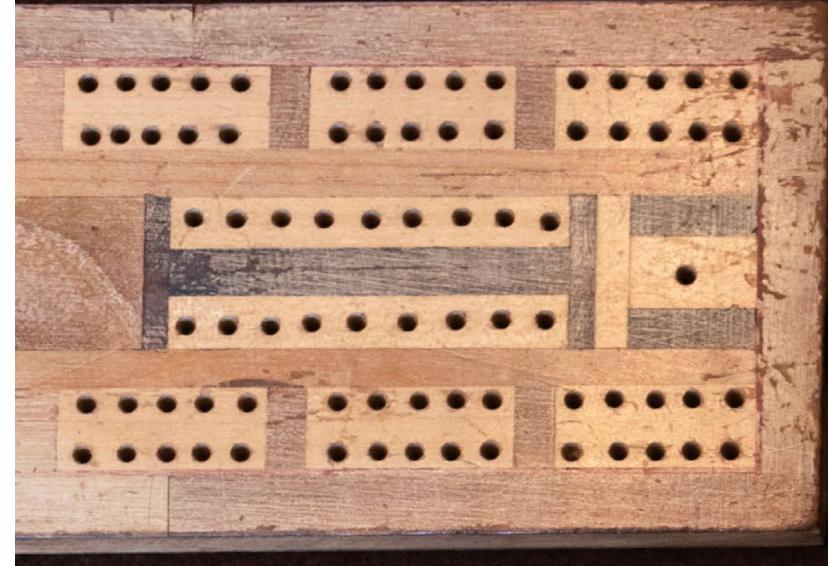


Fig. 1. Portion of the Moon's surface S.E. of Tycho.

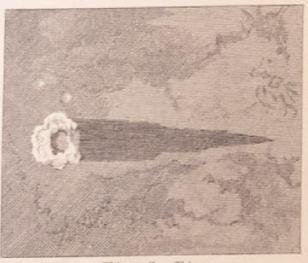


Fig. 3.

total eclipse of Sun.



Fig. 4.

annular eclipse of Sun.

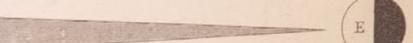


Fig. 5.

eclipse of Moon.

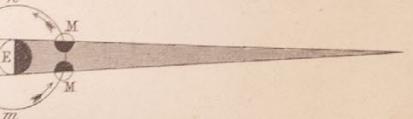
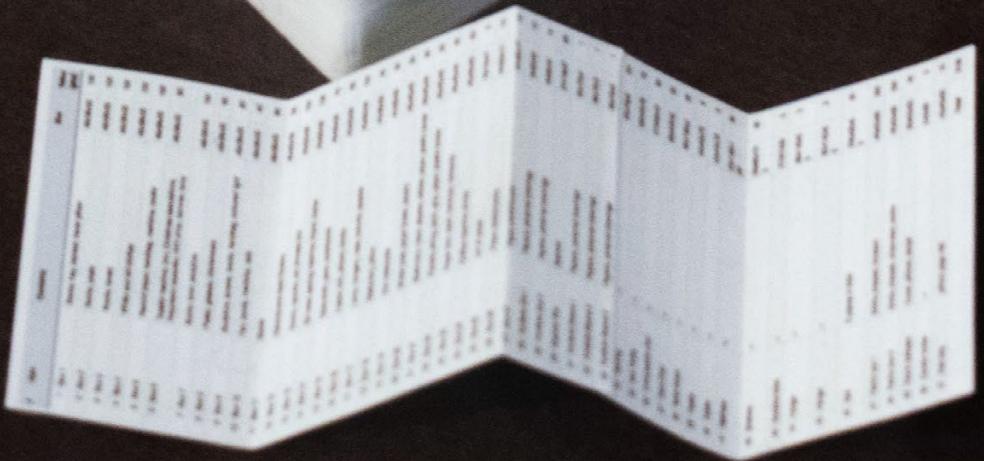
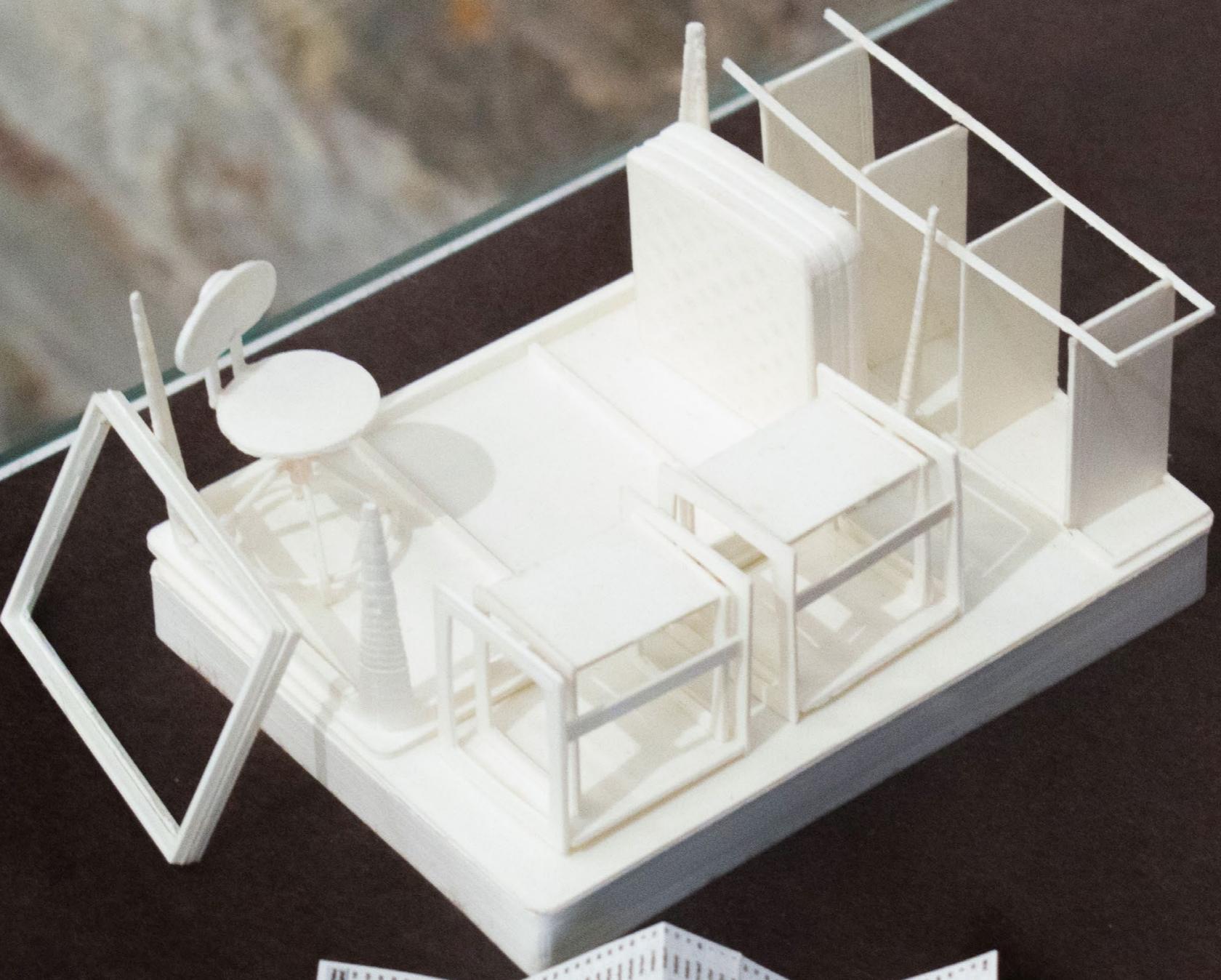


Fig. 6.





Take the coin and unfold once.



Order yourself a coffee to have in; ask for the receipt.

Sit. Behind the receipt write down your bank details. You will be refunded.

Drink the coffee. Do nothing else.

Flip to next page when you are finished.

Leave the place or space you are in.  
Walk left from the entrance, at each junction, toss the coin:

if heads, turn right  
if tails, turn left

Continue walking until you reach a cafe, or a place where you can get a coffee.

Flip to next page as you enter.

Hello love,  
I would like to invite you for a coffee.

Take a pen/cil and money.  
Flip to next page when you are ready to leave.

Unfold rest of the letter. On it, write what is on your mind.  
Word/s, sentence/s, thought/s, overheard, yours, relevant, irrelevant.

When your writing is complete, fold back the paper.  
Put in the envelope with your receipt. Seal and sign your name.

Please send or give me the envelope before 14th of March.

Thank you for participating.

Love,  
Dilara

12 Durant Street  
E2 7BP London

Remove tape and open.

Please follow steps in order, do not jump ahead.  
This is an instructional letter.

Open the letter before the 10th of March and before 3 PM,  
when you have an hour to spare.  
Turn off your phone.

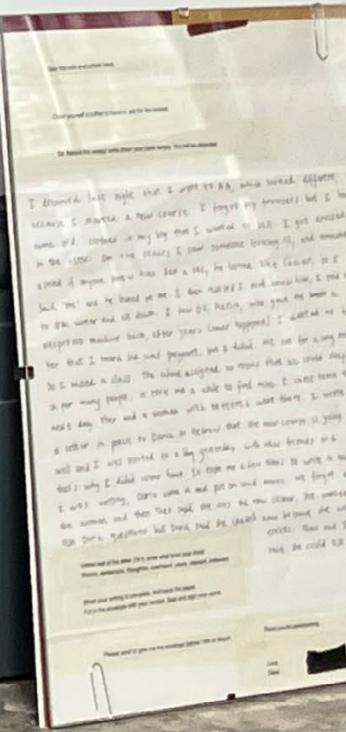
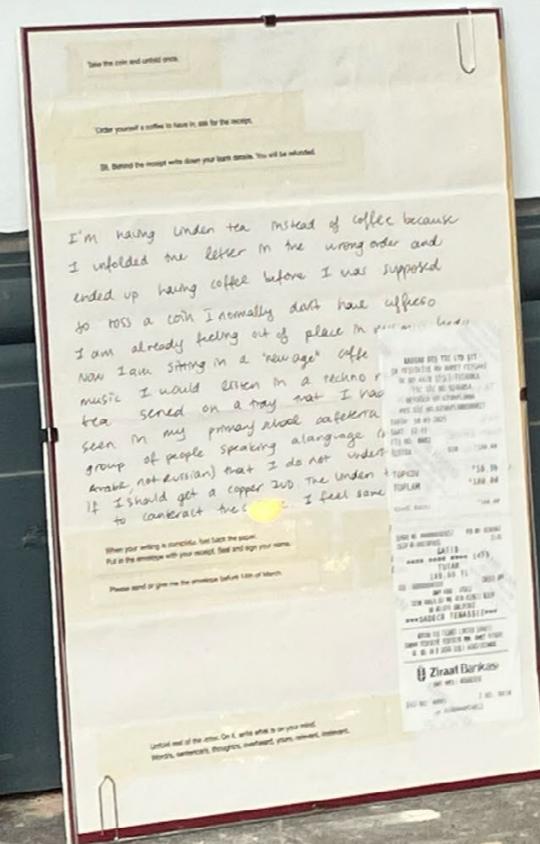
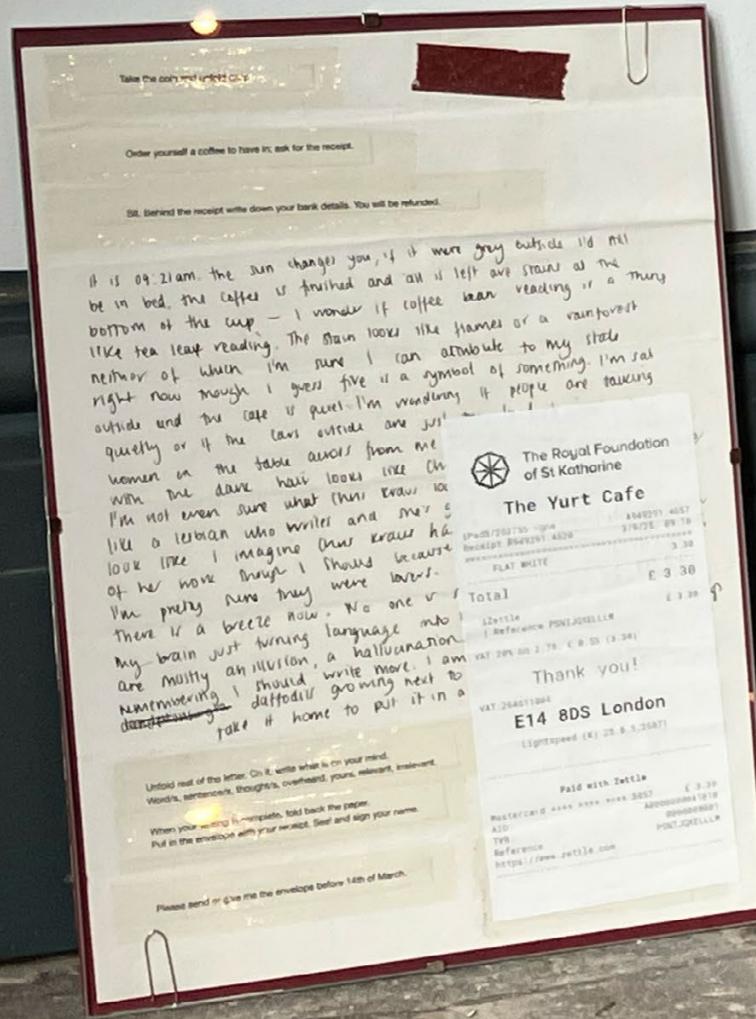
**Spill** is a cafe intervention comprising set-of-nine recycled paper coasters and fifteen instructional letters.

Within one month, fifteen people received an instructional letter from Dilara, inviting them for a coffee. Recipients were asked to open the folded letter before noon, when they have an hour to spare, without further explanation. The response to the letters are contained within the coasters.

**Spill**, 29 March - 23 April 2025, SEESAW Space, Manchester, UK

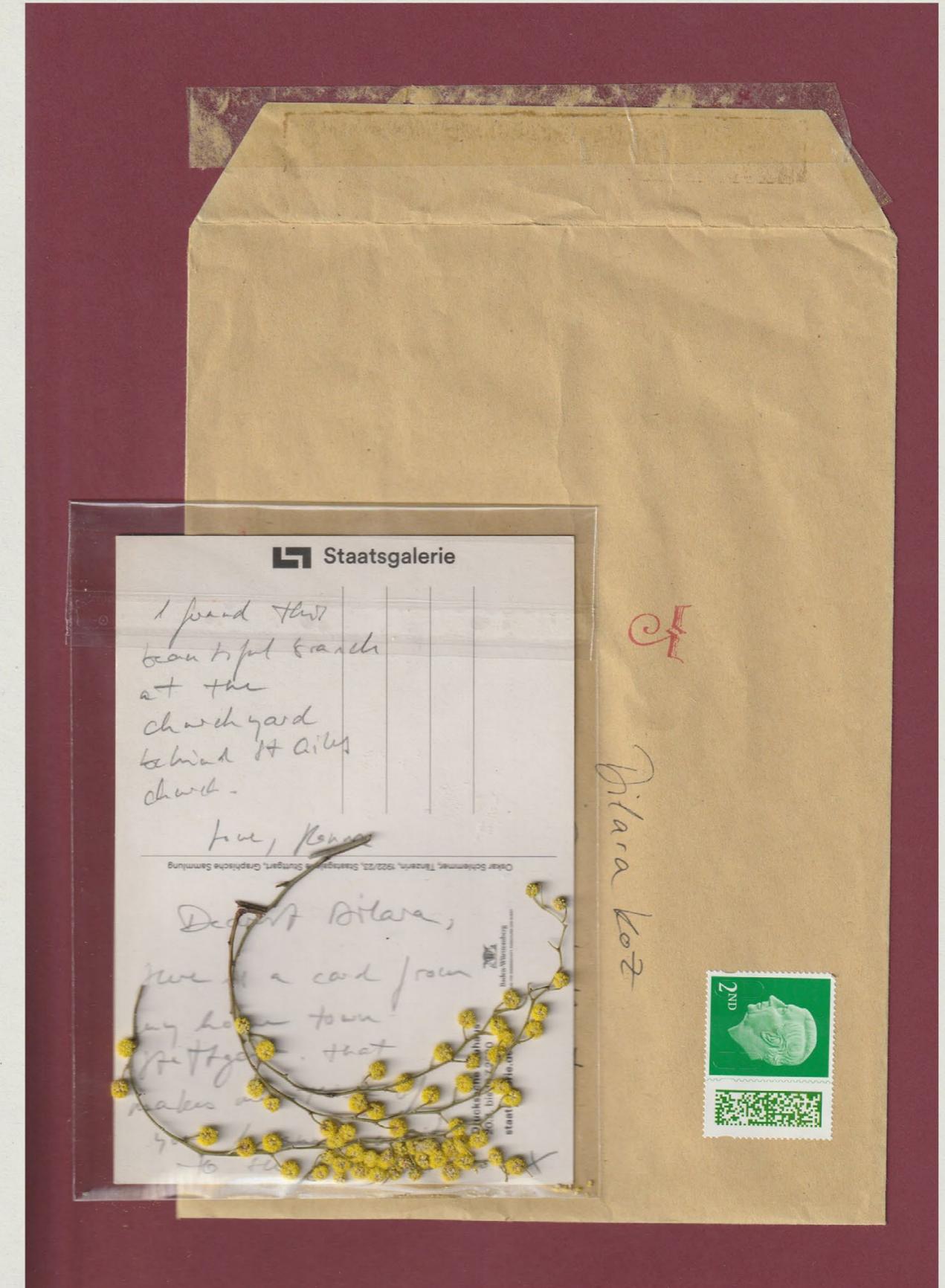
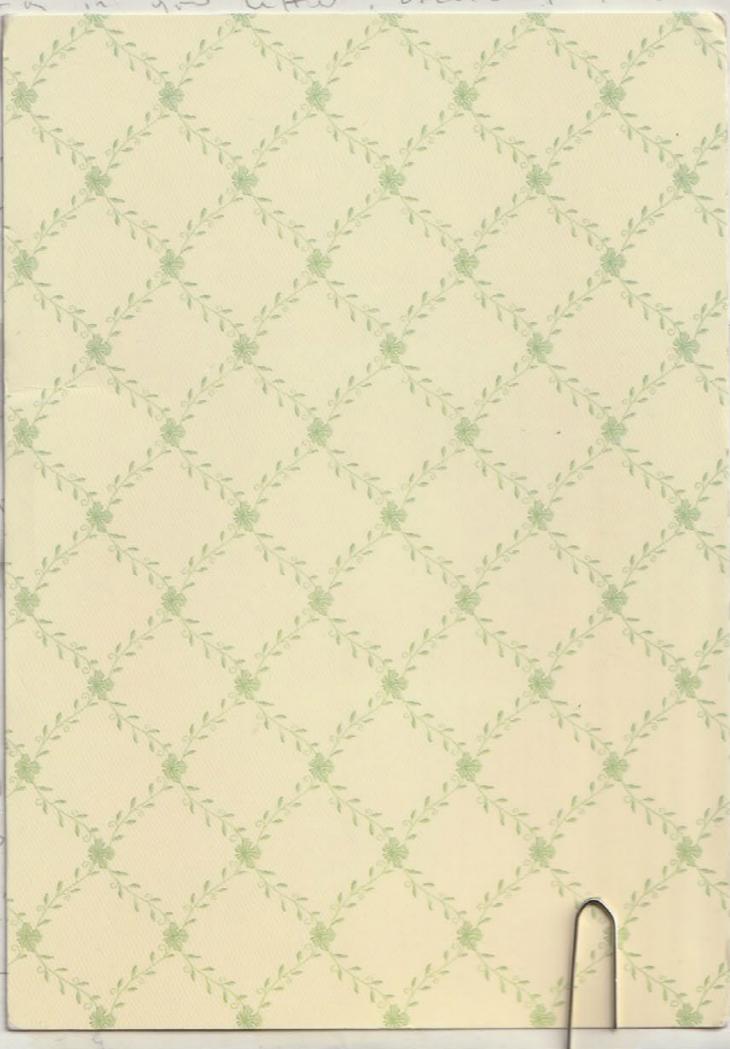


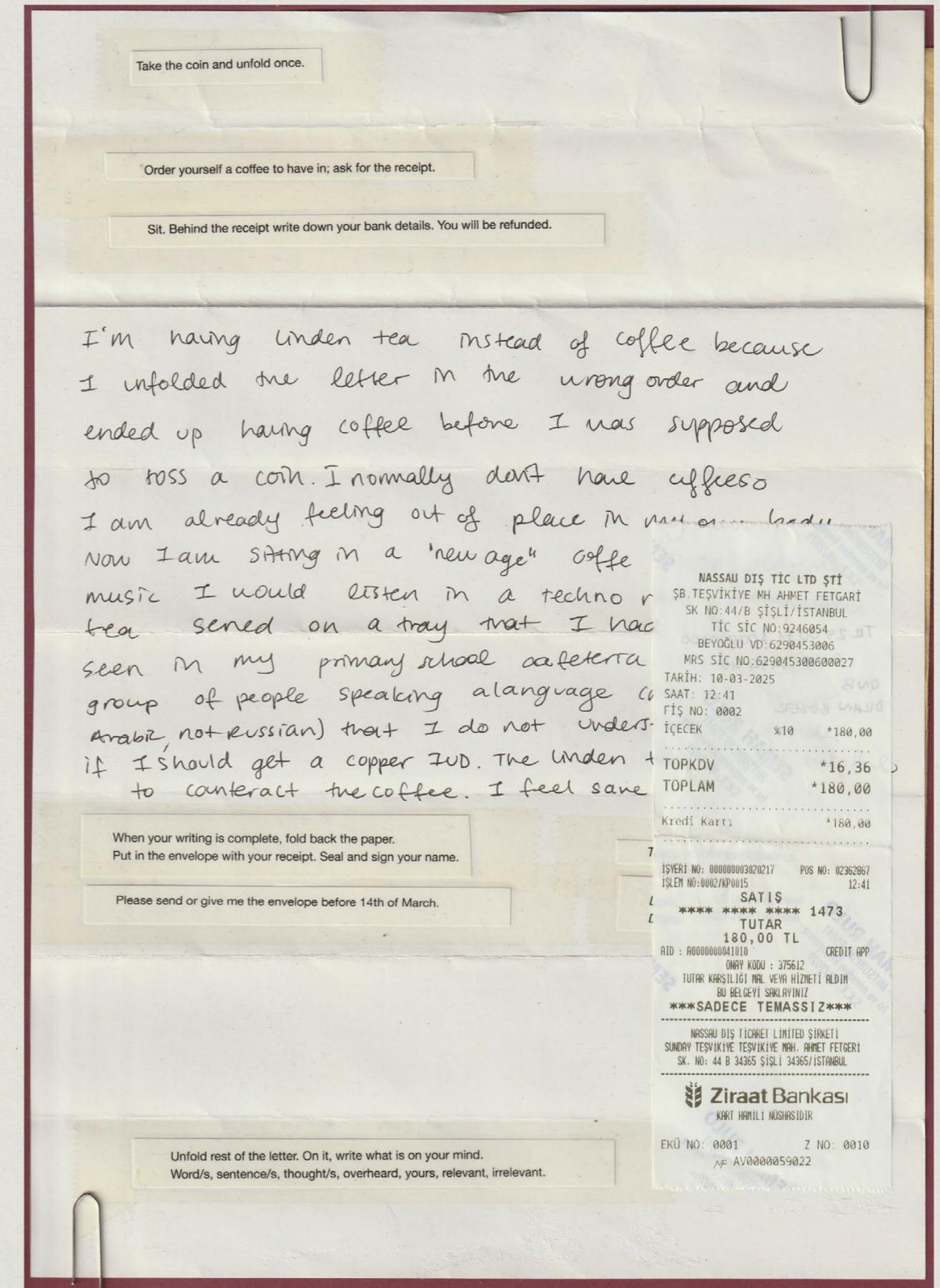
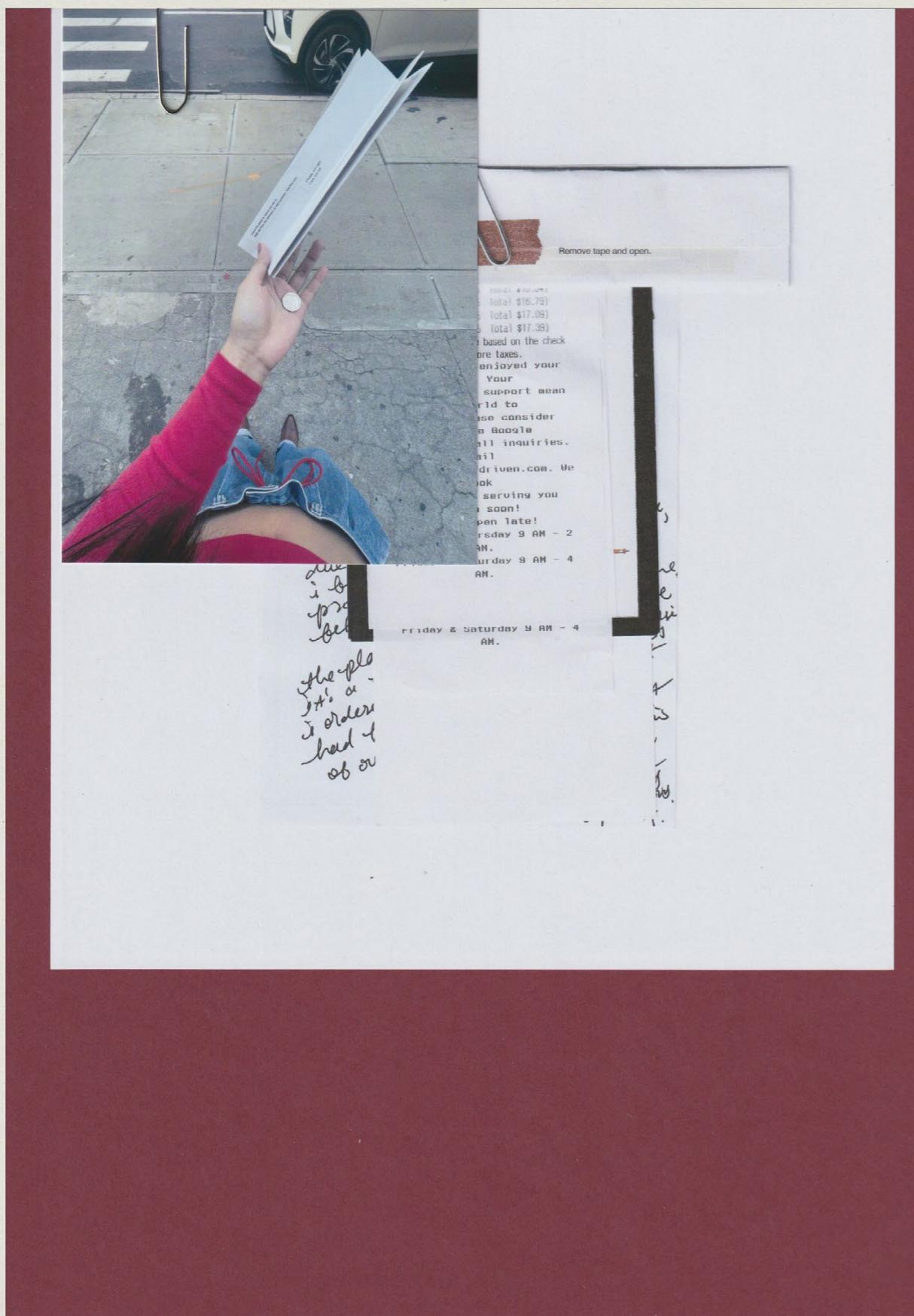
*Spill*, 2025 (installation view)



As a result of various logistical inconveniences too banal to relate —  
though I will say that I'm currently in Texas — I was unable to  
follow the instructions in your letter. Still, I was able to follow  
the tree, or the secret, instruction in your letter, breaking the  
instruction into kernels, carving  
around; and allowing myself two  
instructions; to be stilled by a  
scare my now instruction. With  
a home-made, red, decaf coffee  
no. 1 in your instruction, and  
in your instruction. I hope that  
I am feeling angry if not coffee  
room, and I want to be alone.  
A chest of drawers at my end  
is making a calming sound  
in my room — I have N/A  
will knock on my door to  
the interruption; I am already  
to get to bed time from my bed  
— + late + soon will lay me down  
carelessly) so I think it is now time  
for bed. Thank you.

I love you.





Take the coin and unfold once.

Order yourself a coffee to have in; ask for the receipt.

Sit. Behind the receipt write down your bank details. You will be refunded.

I dreamed last night that I went to AA, which looked different, because I started a new course. I forgot my trousers but I had some old clothes in my bag that I wanted to sell. I got dressed in the attic. On the stairs I saw someone looking ill, and someone asked if anyone knew him. For a sec, he looked like Caviar, so I said "me", and he leaned on me. I then realised I don't know him, I told him to drink water and sit down. I saw Gili Merin, who gave me back a Nespresso machine back, after years (never happened). I wanted to tell her that I heard she was pregnant, but I didn't. We sat for a long time so I missed a class. The school assigned us rooms that we could sleep in for many people, it took me a while to find mine. I came home the next day. Theo and a woman with tattoos were there. I wrote a letter in pencil to Daria in Hebrew that the new course is going well and I was invited to a blog yesterday with new friends and that's why I didn't come home. It took me a few times to write it and as I was writing, Daria came in and put on loud music. We forgot about the woman, and then Theo said she was the new cleaner. She wanted to ask Daria questions but Daria said she couldn't now because she was erratic. Theo and I said she could ask us.

Unfold rest of the letter. On it, write what is on your mind.  
Word/s, sentence/s, thought/s, overheard, yours, relevant, irrelevant.

When your writing is complete, fold back the paper.  
Put in the envelope with your receipt. Seal and sign your name.

Please send or give me the envelope before 14th of March.

Thank you for participating.

Love,  
Dilara

Take the coin and unfold once.

Order yourself a coffee to have in; ask for the receipt.

Sit. Behind the receipt write down your bank details. You will be refunded.

The chance of getting a head or a tail from the flip of a coin is not evenly split as 50/50. Do choices in life ever have the same probability of happening? If not, does fate exist? Or is our trajectory in life ~~constantly determined by the~~ most likely?

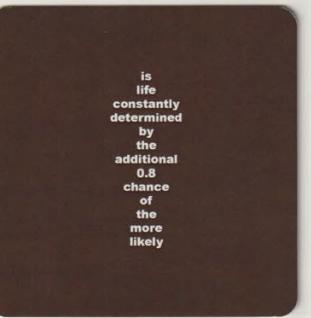
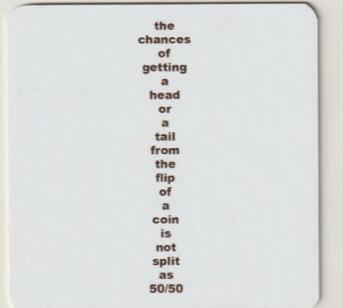
When your writing is complete, fold back the paper.  
Put in the envelope with your receipt. Seal and sign your name.

Please send or give me the envelope before 14th of March.

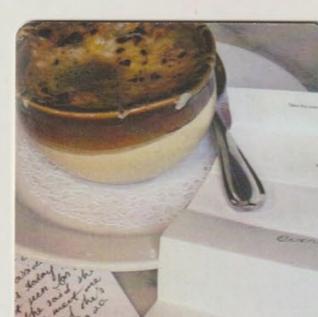
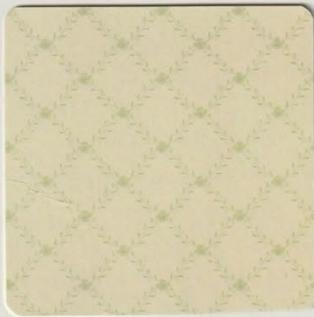
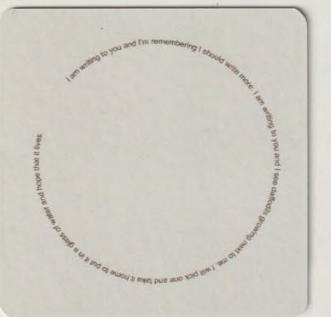
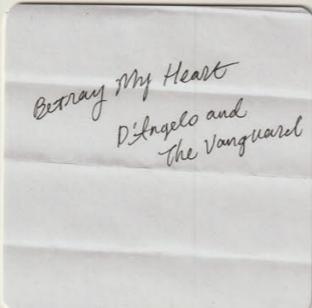
Thank you for participating.  
Love,  
Dilara  
12 Durant Street  
E2 7BP London

Unfold rest of the letter. On it, write what is on your mind.  
Word/s, sentence/s, thought/s, overheard, yours, relevant, irrelevant.

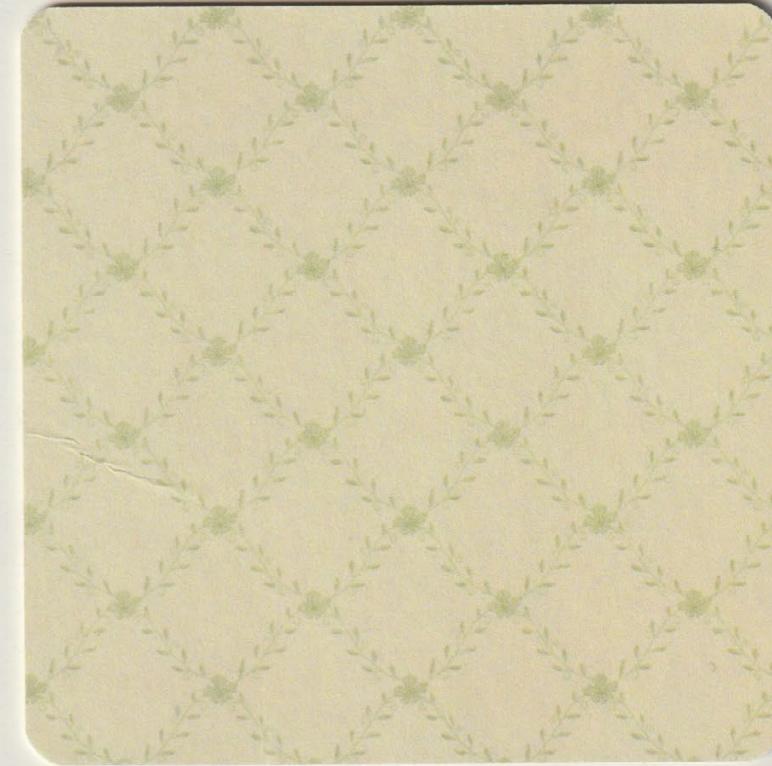
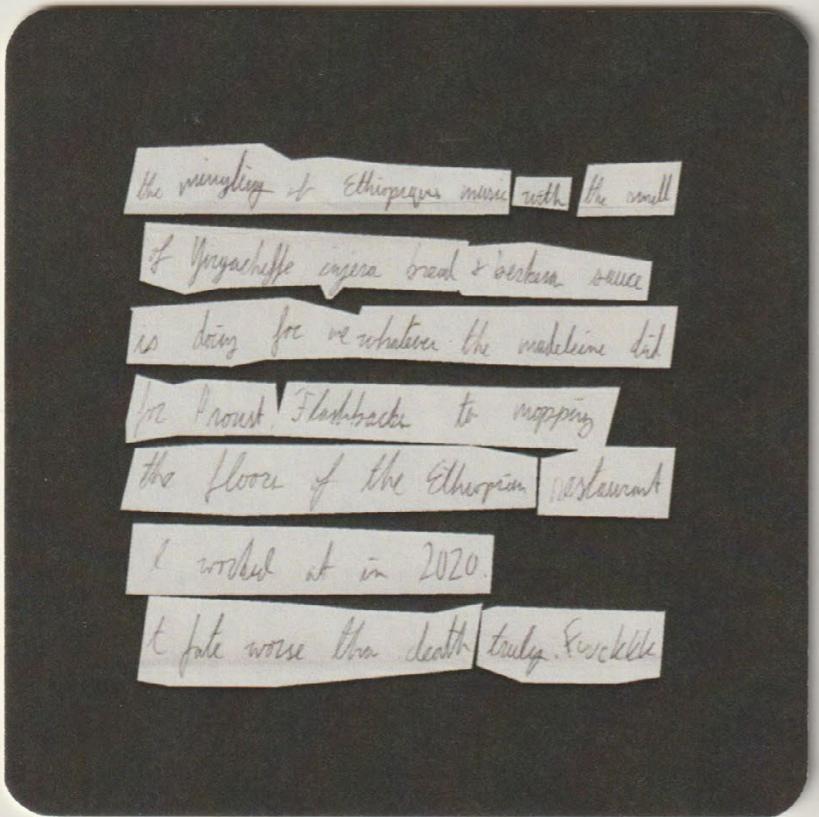
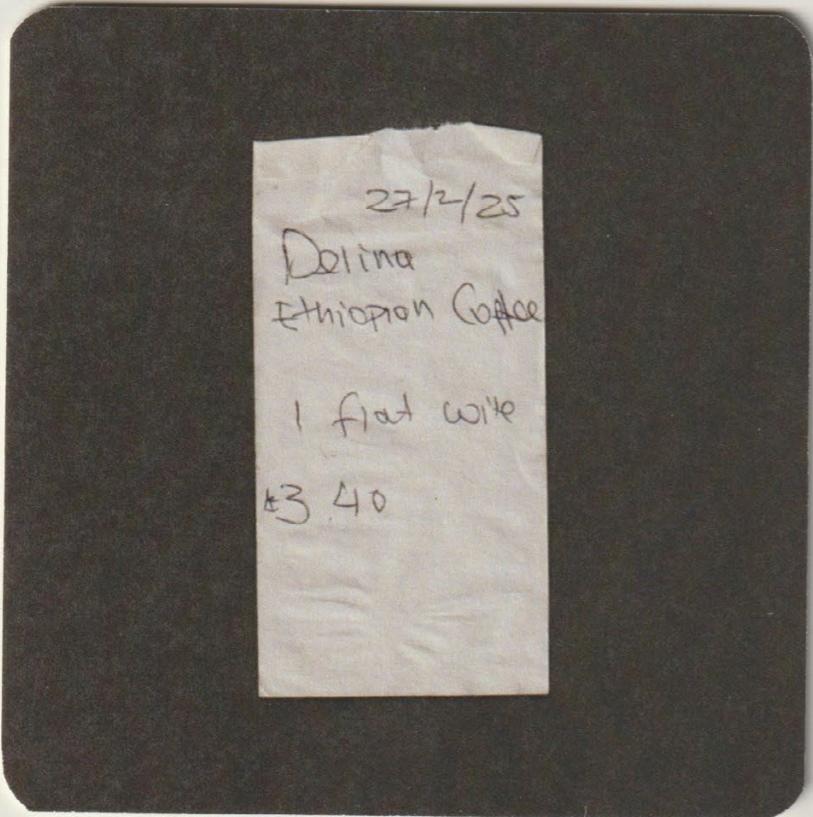
I thought I'd change my mind  
I possibly won't be back  
so here for another 10 minutes  
to finish sketches to open  
the floor of the library please  
I could fit in 2020  
I feel worse than last Friday



There is no chair in this room,  
and I want to be alone,  
so I'm kneeling on the rug  
and using a chest of drawers  
The air conditioning  
making a calming sound



I found this card on my last day  
after closing my American  
one having the film Jiggy book  
I stood up to say and on my way out  
found a chest of drawers & some books,  
celebrating 2020's anniversary of my  
favorite be gallery in Berlin  
- Sigmar Polke - continued  
this and I'd probably take for you

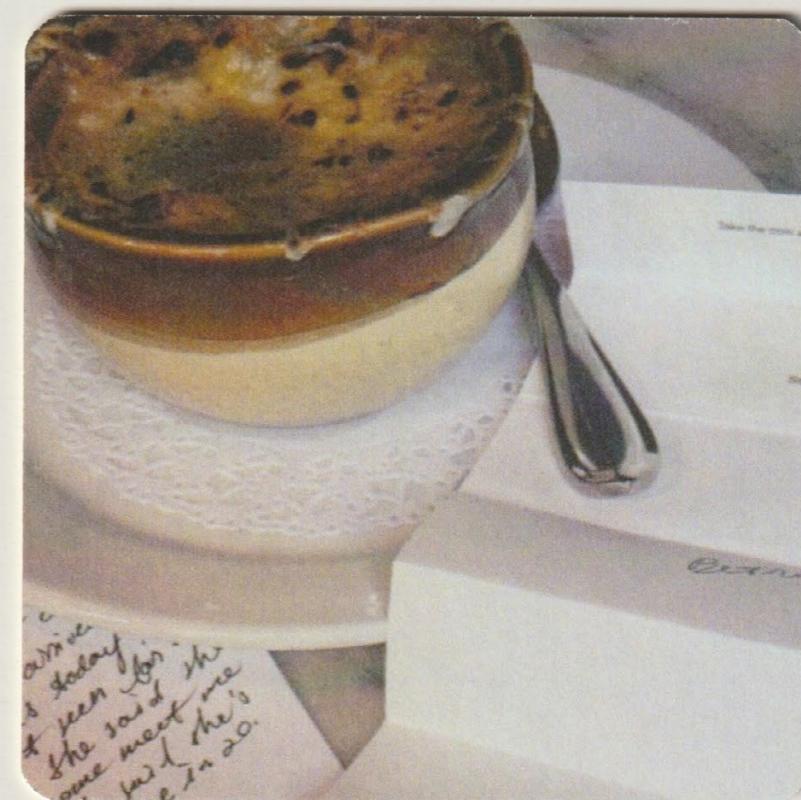


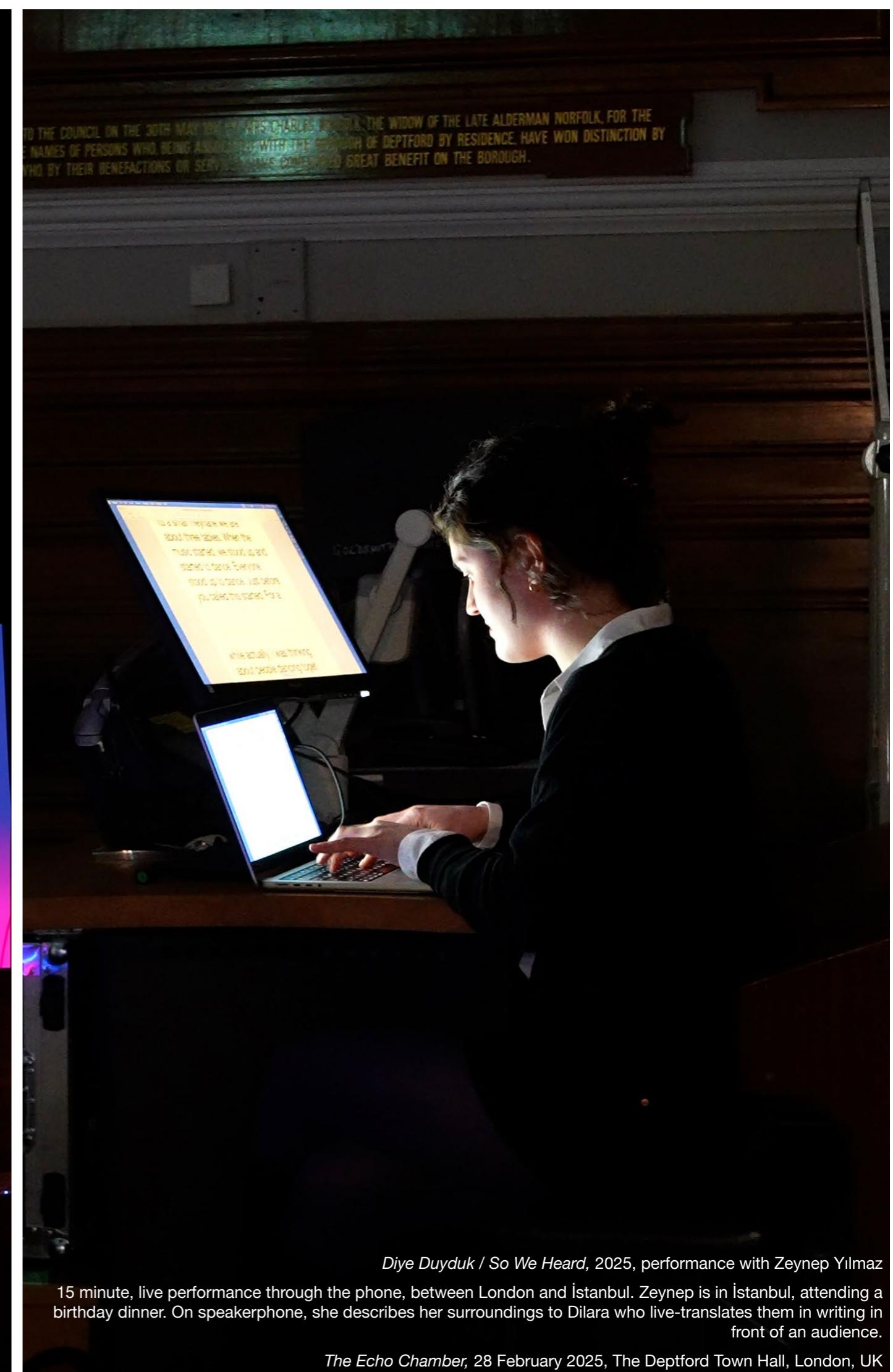
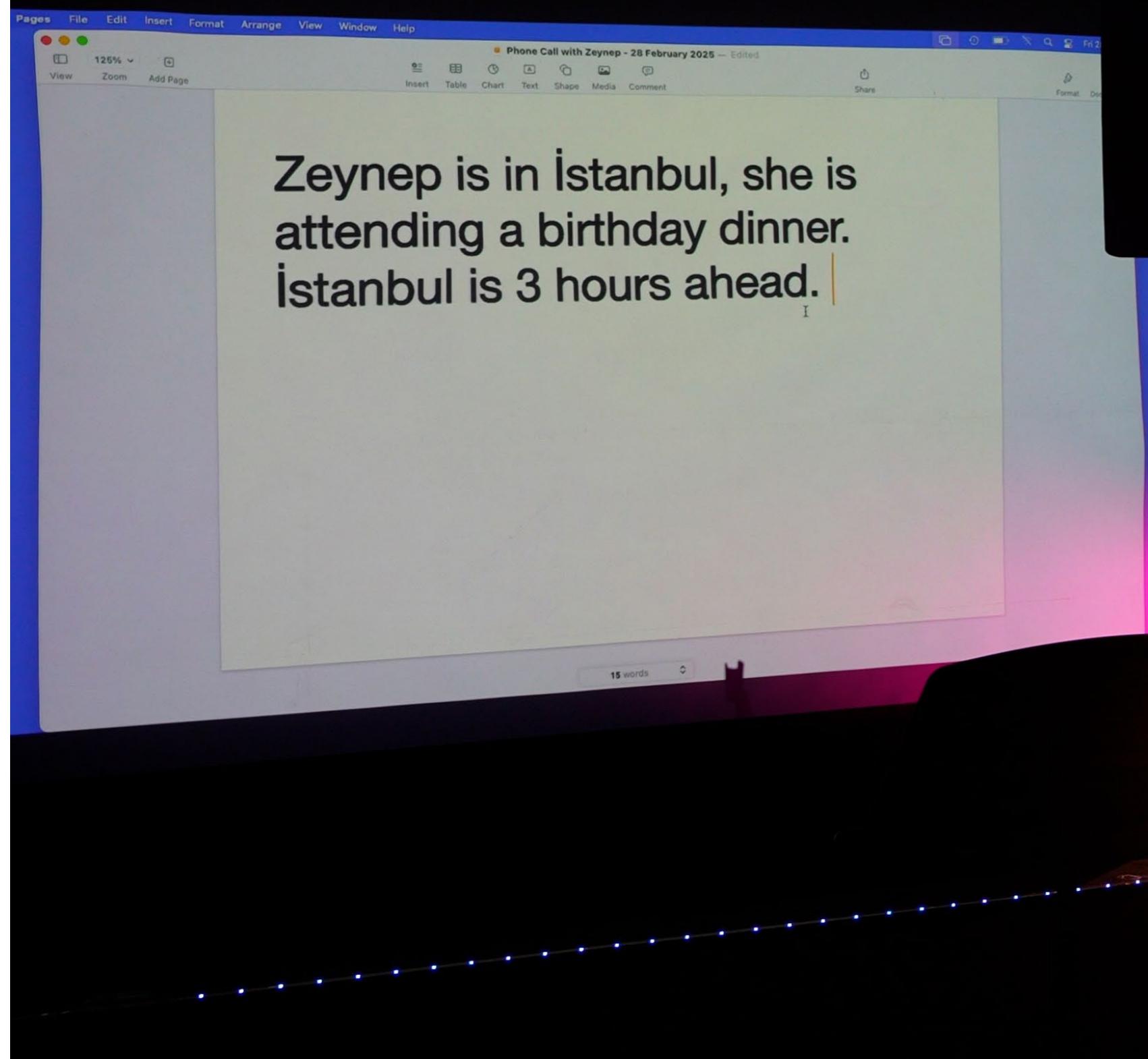
There is no chair in this room,  
and I want to be alone,  
so I'm kneeling on the rug  
and using a chest of drawers  
The air conditioning  
making a calming sound

the  
chances  
of  
getting  
a  
head  
or  
a  
tail  
from  
the  
flip  
of  
a  
coin  
is  
not  
split  
as  
50/50

is  
life  
constantly  
determined  
by  
the  
additional  
0.8  
chance  
of  
the  
more  
likely

Betray My Heart  
D'Angelo and  
The Vanguard





*Diye Duyduk / So We Heard*, 2025, performance with Zeynep Yilmaz

15 minute, live performance through the phone, between London and İstanbul. Zeynep is in İstanbul, attending a birthday dinner. On speakerphone, she describes her surroundings to Dilara who live-translates them in writing in front of an audience.

*The Echo Chamber*, 28 February 2025, The Deptford Town Hall, London, UK

Zeynep is in Istanbul, she is attending a birthday dinner. Istanbul is 3 hours ahead of London.

Alo? Alo? How are you?

I'm good too

A glass broke here

Suddenly I stood up and everyone began dancing. It was unexpected.. We were drinking the first glasses. The birthday was an excuse

Now they are belly dancing. You can hear the glass breaking. It's very loud. I had to distance myself. But its very fun. I haven't danced in a while. Its definitely a crowded group. Its a small meyhane we are about three tables. When the music started, we stood up and started to dance. Everyone stood up to dance. Just before you called this started. For a while actually, I was thinking about people dancing together without knowing each other. Like, at 2-3am. at night, in a small space without knowing each other. That is the culture of drinking and being out at night. I wonder about how people can do this. From a position of... Someone came. Sorry.

They are trying to shout at someone. About the broken glass. The floor is wet. I don't know if you can follow, but I will return to the dancing people. With a group of people dancing not knowing each other you have to be more free. To make that action come to life. You have to think about how you see life and if you come from the same place or not. Whatever happened to you or not it doesn't matter. We know that everyone there is coming from a different place. But they leave everything behind and dance. Now about the broken glass they are trying to arrange a mop. This is how it sounds to be inside. There is many people dancing. But, everyone is settling back to their table. But, the music is loud. Everyone wants to dance and everyone wants to talk about many things. Wow, a guy. With the raki glass made that circle with the glass, hooping over himself. That circle. He did that. At birthdays the most imprint thing is that the birthday person is happy and satisfied. Many people from different places come together for birthdays. For example, also, when I leave the house I don't know where I will find myself, especially in a city like Istanbul. It can be unexpected depending where you go. But you can never predict. I feel like I am living one of those moments. As usual, I have to think less to dance. I have to leave my thoughts and take my glass and roll my cigarette and stand up. It's a night like that. For example, now, about the novels in Turkey, a song began to play. And everyone knows it and sings it. A request song.

Can we request a song, asked the birthday girl. The request song is coming. For example, my position now is also very interesting because the people having fun, I am watching them from a distance and the people having fun or dancing, my expression also begins to smile because everyone is having so much fun, but also from the edge of the door I am peeping in. Now we raise a glass, olaaaaaaaa. I don't know this song. Everyone knows and sings, but I don't know. They dance beautifully. Right now the expressions of the people sat down, the birthday girl drank her water. People light cigarettes and dance. And speak and take videos for stories, I mean they take videos, I assume they are stories. The song's chorus goes, I feed deep emotions for you. I feed deep emotions for you. I am also drinking raki, ha. With my glass. Like this, to narrate a situation and crowd, it seems there is a difference but actually there is no difference. I can see the beautiful face of the birthday girl from where I am sat. Everyone is clinging glasses. I sometimes feel insecure about not knowing the songs. I am not so accustomed to the culture here maybe. Now there is another song request. There is a playlist and they add songs to it.

Sorry, I have to go.

Okay, talk to you later. See you.

**white washed  
still life**

**tangerine tinted  
sky bright**

**mid night  
grass frosted**

**day dream  
mind absent**

**hot chocolate  
cold feet**

**red lipstick  
brown teeth**

**stewed meat  
bird feather**

**warm duvet  
gloves leather**

**lip balm  
frost bite**

**snow prayer  
hope might**

**shivering candle  
stay light**



*Lattice Structure of Space-Time*, 22 November 2024 - 11 January 2025, Indigo+Madder, London, UK (installation view)



*I couldn't keep you as a whole so I chipped off pieces to stitch back together*, 2024, site-specific installation (placement) with dimensions variable, chipped tree branches and cones from Alaçatı [burnt during fire on 17th of July 2024, collected August 2024], black sewing thread



*I couldn't keep you as a whole so I chipped off pieces to stitch back together*, 2024 (detail view)



*I couldn't keep you as a whole so I chipped off pieces to stitch back together, 2024 (detail view)*



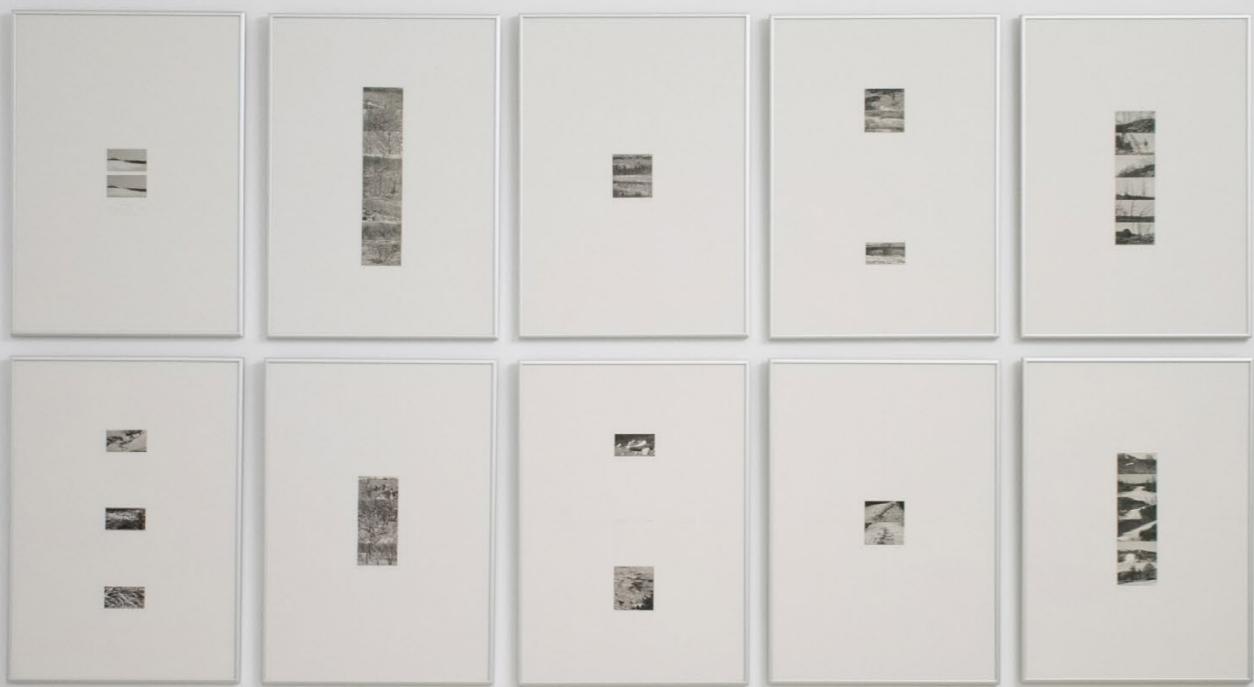
*Double Glazed*, 2024, 325x263x67mm, double-frame made from cherry with walnut splines, museum glass, two fine art prints on rag 80x141mm, chipped tree branch and cones from Alaçatı [burnt during fire on 17th of July 2024, collected August 2024], Stack (draft) [2024, eight inkjet prints on glossy paper 24x42mm mounted on board with acid-free double sided tape]



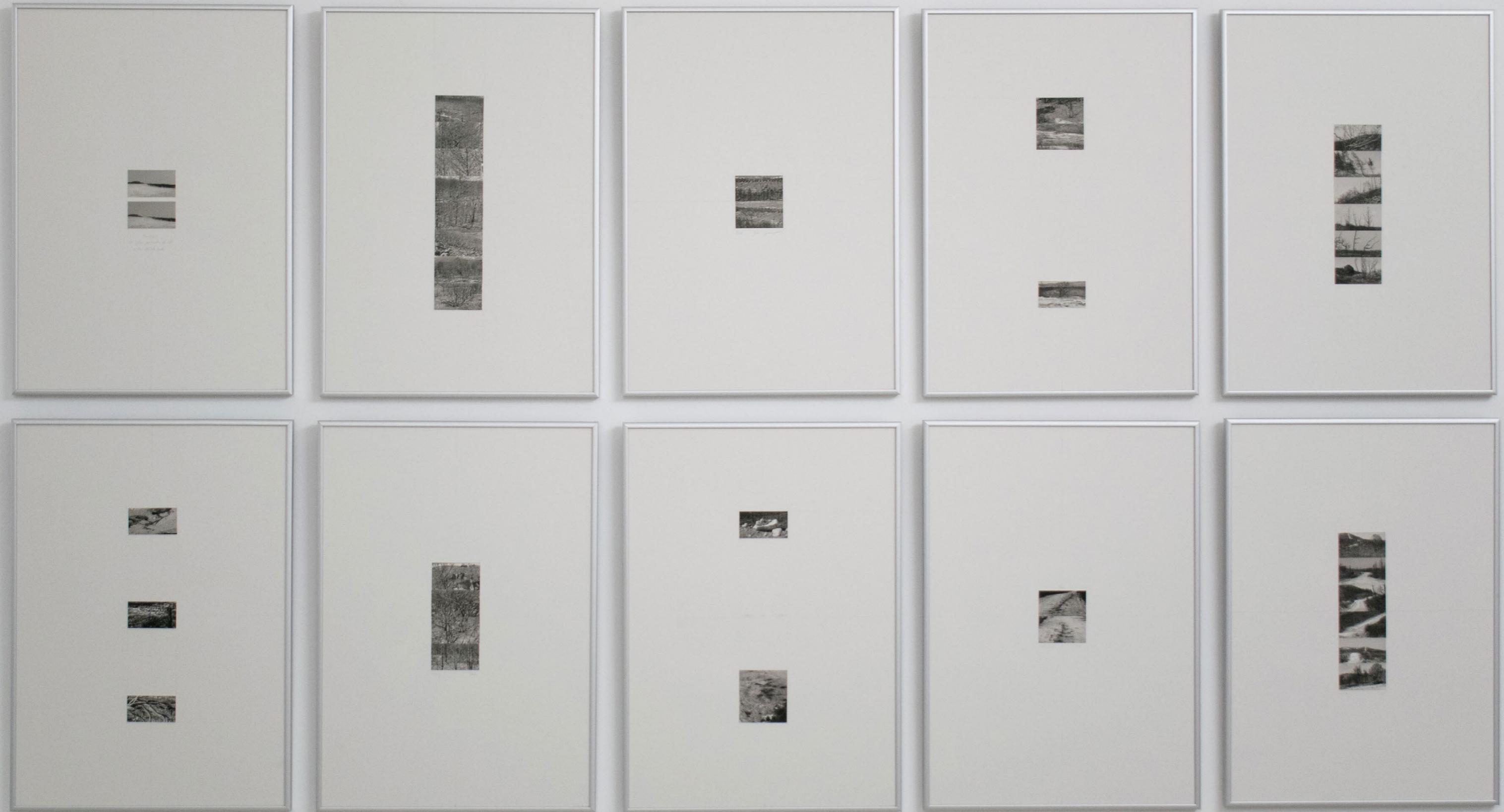
Double Glazed, 2024 (alternate view)



Double Glazed, 2024 (detail view)



Stack, 2024, 10 aluminium framed assemblages, carbon print on archival paper,  
double sided acid-free tape, pencil, 297 x 420 mm each





Stack 2, 2024, carbon print on archival paper, double sided acid-free tape, pencil, 297 x 420 mm





Stack 9, 2024, carbon print on archival paper, double sided acid-free tape, pencil, 297 x 420 mm

impatiently for death to carry her off into a nicotine-filled haze of ecstasy.

Stress is the real killer. We all know this. Withdrawing people's ability to do as they please and revoking tools for stress relief will only cause more stress and more death. Cigarettes bring people together. In drunken but intimate conversations with strangers. Through divulging whispers out of earshot of the pub interior between long standing friends. Or by using a cigarette as an outrageous phallic flirting tool. Give the general public freedom and they'll live to a lovely old age, unburdened by stress though with a very burnt-primrose interior. And remember, vice is its own reward!

With ever-yellowing digits,  
Phyllis x

Dear Phyllis, Phyllis x

My agonies are too broad and many to compile into a singular question. There is, however, one thing that stands out; my crippling inability to find a boyfriend. Not from lack of trying, rather from looking in all the wrong places and continuously settling for less than I deserve. I was kindly reminded by a friend that over seven years have passed since my last serious relationship, and that I haven't come even remotely close to finding someone who shares my vitality, poise or joie de vivre (not their exact words). How can I overcome this while also trying to sustain an art career, retain a social life and maintain my finances in London? Help appreciated!

Love Jack D. (34, Peckham)

time comes, select one and get it in paper, ink and law that he is yours forever. In the meantime, I recommend masturbation.

Bona luck, Phyllis x

of people that are only interested in him for his bank balance. Make no attempt to stay in the marital home — abruptly desert in the thick of night, leaving him bewildered, shaking and alone.

Love and money are murky playmates, but you'll only feel so much more torn at the seams if you try to extract from him something that neither he nor the law will give you. Surround yourself with friends and make sure you feel constantly as sexy as you can possibly manage (this sounds flippant, but it will genuinely be a huge part of healing).

Love to you! Phyllis Xx

Dear Aunt of Agony,

I want to leave London but I like it too much! That's the biggest dilemma of my life. What should I do?

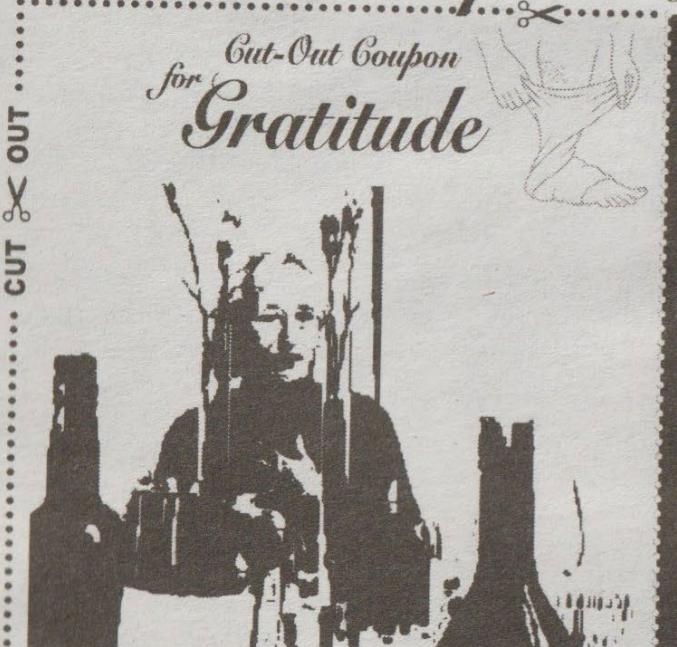
Swamplover, 27

Oh Dear,

This brings a lump to my throat and pain to my neck. What a bizarre, surreal question. Never leave. London is the most thrilling, shaggable and hilarious city in the world. Cool Britannia still exists! London swings forever!

Love, a very worried P x

## Cut-Out Coupons by Dilara Koz

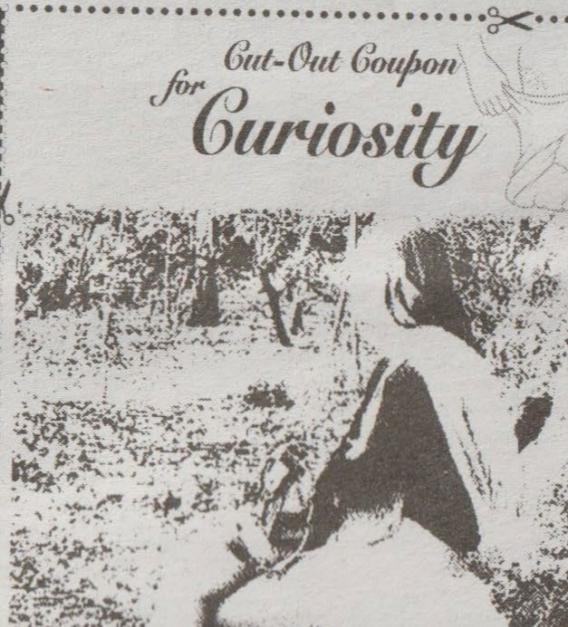


Think of someone you are grateful for and write down their name:

Keep in your wallet or phone case. Once you cross paths, give to them.

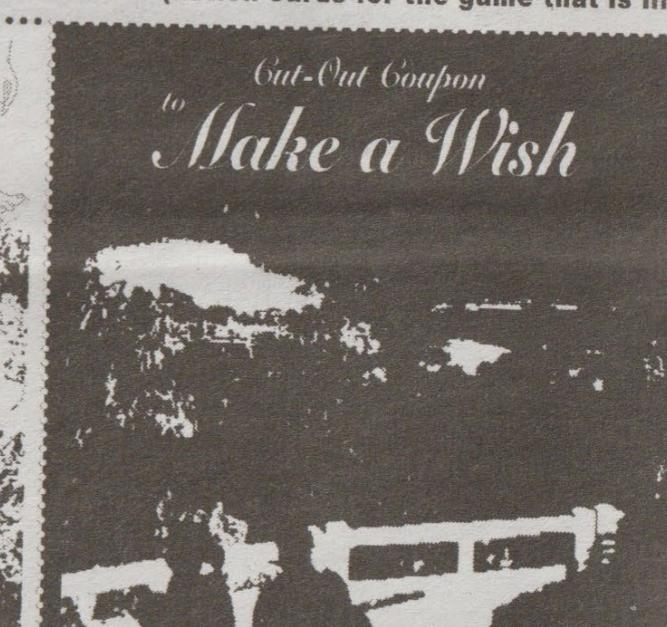


As you roll the coupon into a tube, think of something you wish to let go of, move on from, apologise for, or confess. Set it on fire. Throw the ashes into moving water.



Ask a question to a stranger.

If they choose to answer, gift them the coupon.



Dig a hole in soil as you make a wish. Bury the coupon. Place a fruit on top as an offering to the universe.

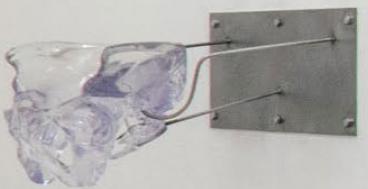
Suggested timing: new moon

of people that are only interested in him for his bank balance. Make no attempt to stay in the marital home — abruptly desert in the thick of night, leaving him bewildered, shaking and alone.

Love and money are murky playmates, but you'll only feel so much more torn at the seams if you try to extract from him something that neither he nor the law will give you. Surround yourself with friends and make sure you feel constantly as sexy as you can possibly manage (this sounds flippant, but it will genuinely be a huge part of healing).

Love to you! Phyllis Xx

C M Y K

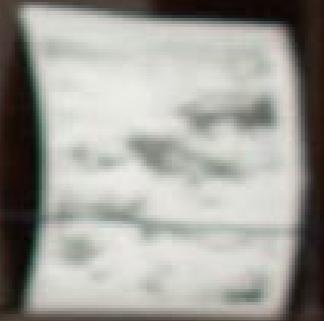
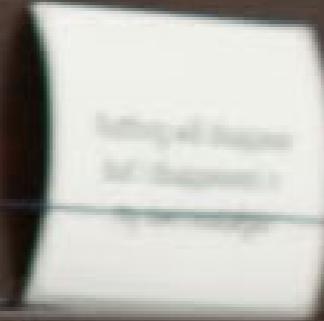


Thibault Aedy and Dilara Koz,  
*Caressed and Polished and Drained and Washed*,  
18th May - 26th May 2024; FILET, London (installation view)



*Labyrinth of Memories, Dispersed*, 2024, 400x1600x50mm, walnut, MDF,  
waxed thread, hinges, 30x50mm barcode stickers  
(each sticker is an edition of 2+1AP)









*Labyrint of Memories, Dispersed: Archive of Thermal Impressions*, 2023-present,  
330x287x 60mm, archival ring binder, double sided stock sheets, divider pages,  
30x50mm barcode stickers (each sticker is an edition of 2+1AP)

Within the archive stickers are organized thematically rather than chronologically. However, in due time each sticker will fade, revealing the timeline inherent to their creation.



Labyrinth of Memories, Dispersed: Archive of Thermal Impressions, 2024 (detail view)

in judging someone you are saying that you would have known better what to do with their life and inadvertently asserting superiority

an iteration remains an idea

i miss sleeping next to a lover

i yearn to love and to be loved

intuition interpretation

how have things been going?  
what are things  
and where are they headed

my parents programmed me  
to be happy after chocolate  
and so i ate many chocolates

to lose a loved one:  
death

my least favorite  
feature is my visibility

is anything inevitable

to be stuck in the middle of a  
cross roads in a park waiting  
around noon makes me feel as if  
in an eric rohmer movie

full and very empty

how many crises can one scalp  
handle

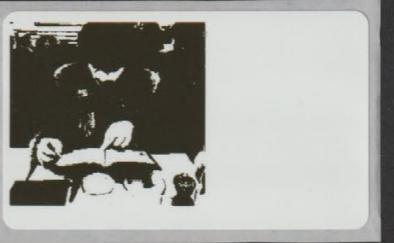
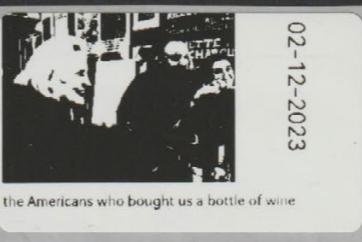
everything will fall eventually

to become an inconvenience

i respected how much  
she respected  
herself(her emotions)

Nothing will disappear  
but I disappeared in  
my own nostalgia

I blink my eyes to keep time  
gentle punctuation



incidental

to collect memories

I left my book at home  
and it's disappointing

Rationality was invented by the  
Greeks

Earliest Greek philosophers  
distanced from religion and  
mythology and found philosophy

reluctance is unsexy but can be  
charming in its own right

love is coupled with  
fantasy

he has sex on thursdays

to create an opportunity for  
interpretation

I began to wonder if  
relationships are just people  
being insecure and feeling  
the need to tie someone  
down

wanting is useless  
you gotta do things you enjoy and  
leave the rest to the world  
be humble and grateful for what  
you get

mortification

I wish to be relieved of the  
mental weight that fills the  
bags under my eyes

Beautiful words

Dally  
Dwindle  
Wane

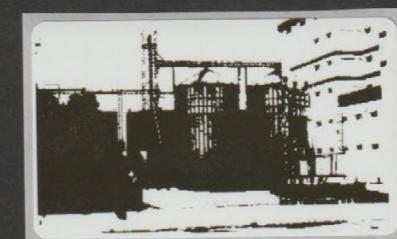
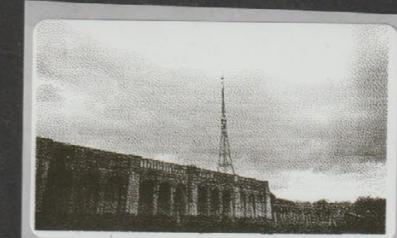
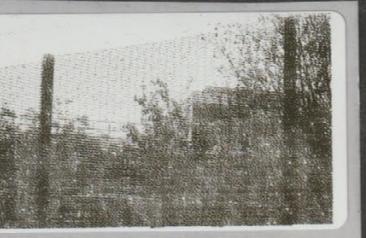
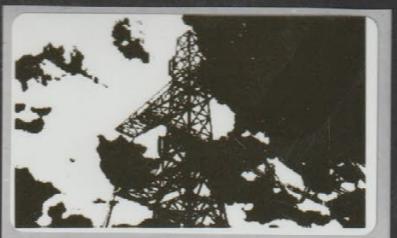
Our relationship is 1,73 GB

talking to people removes my  
need to express my self in  
writing

indecisiveness  
last minuteness  
neck pain  
football and cricket  
mental disappearing

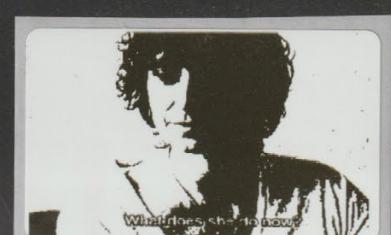
I really understood the  
abruptness of falling  
Because it happened so  
quickly

I made various excuses  
Now it has been months  
I am out of words  
And of excuses





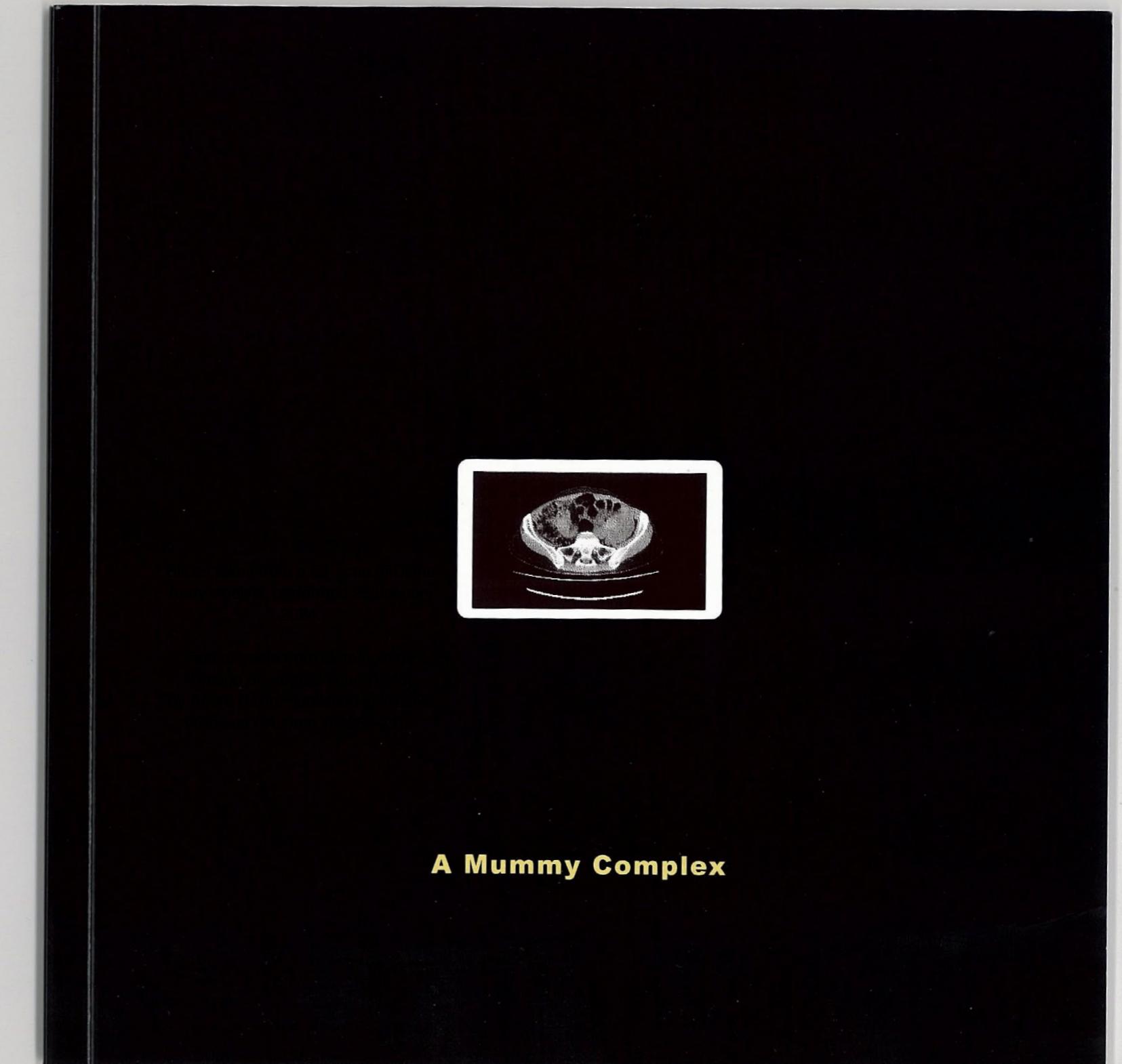
Labyrinth of Memories, Dispersed: Archive of Thermal Impressions, 2024 (scans)





Slices taken from a CT scan of Diane Aedy's pelvis,  
performed 26 January 2024.

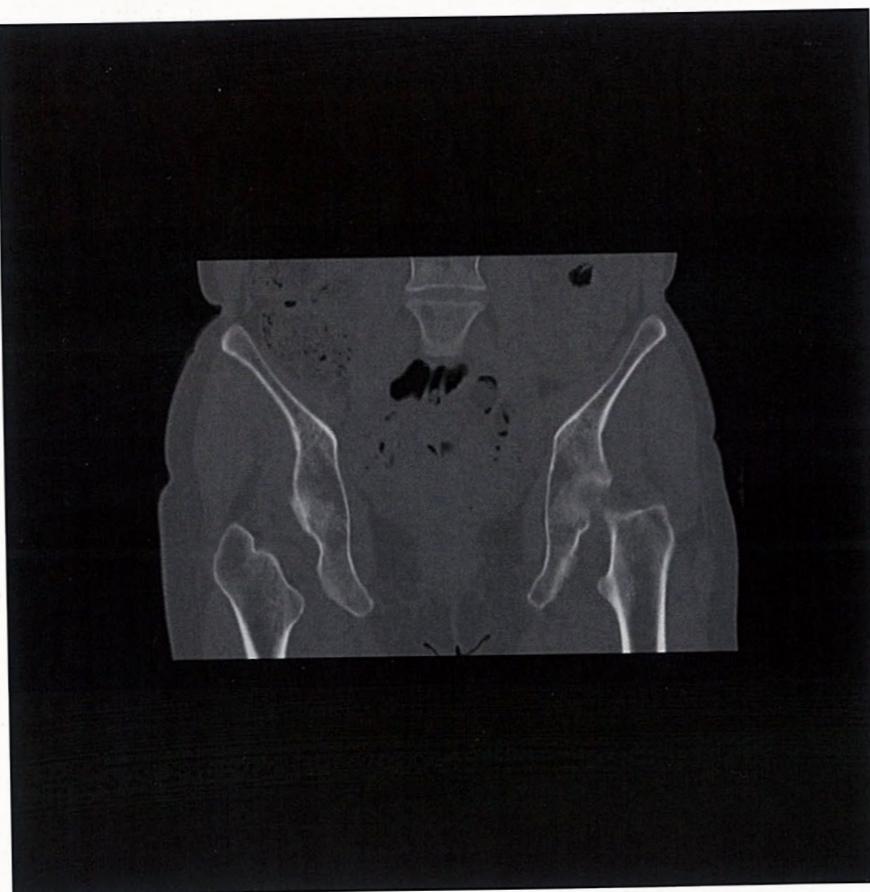
Text extracts from *Ontologie de l'image photographique* (1945) by André Bazin, published in  
*What is Cinema? Volume 1* (1967-71).



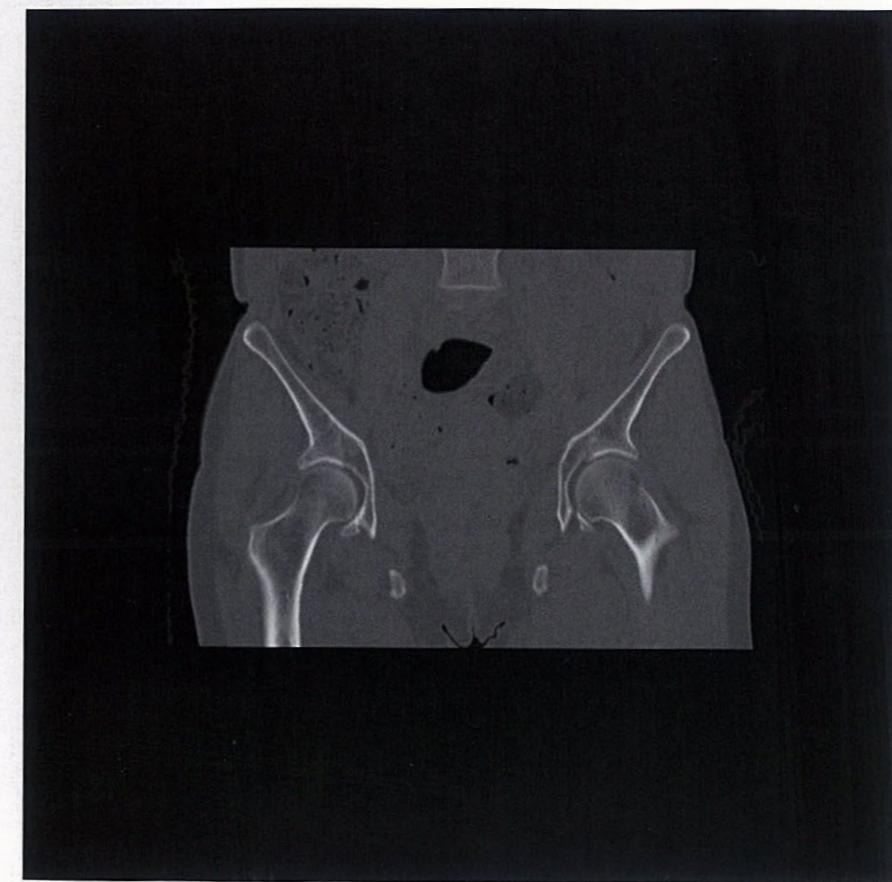
## A Mummy Complex



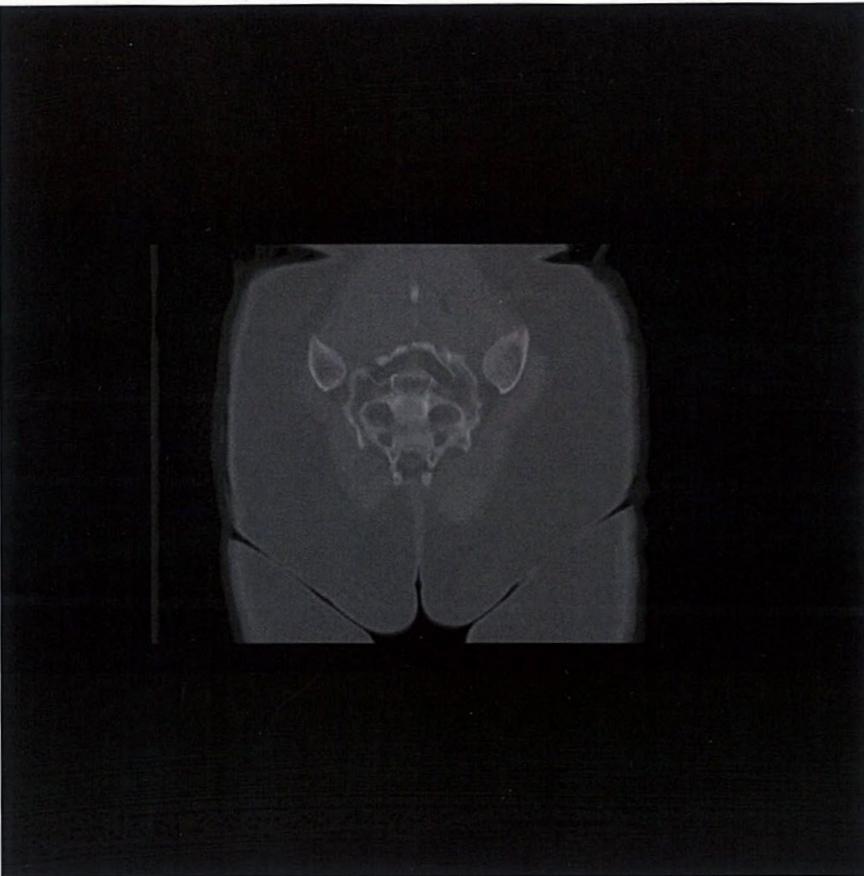
## **A Mummy Complex**



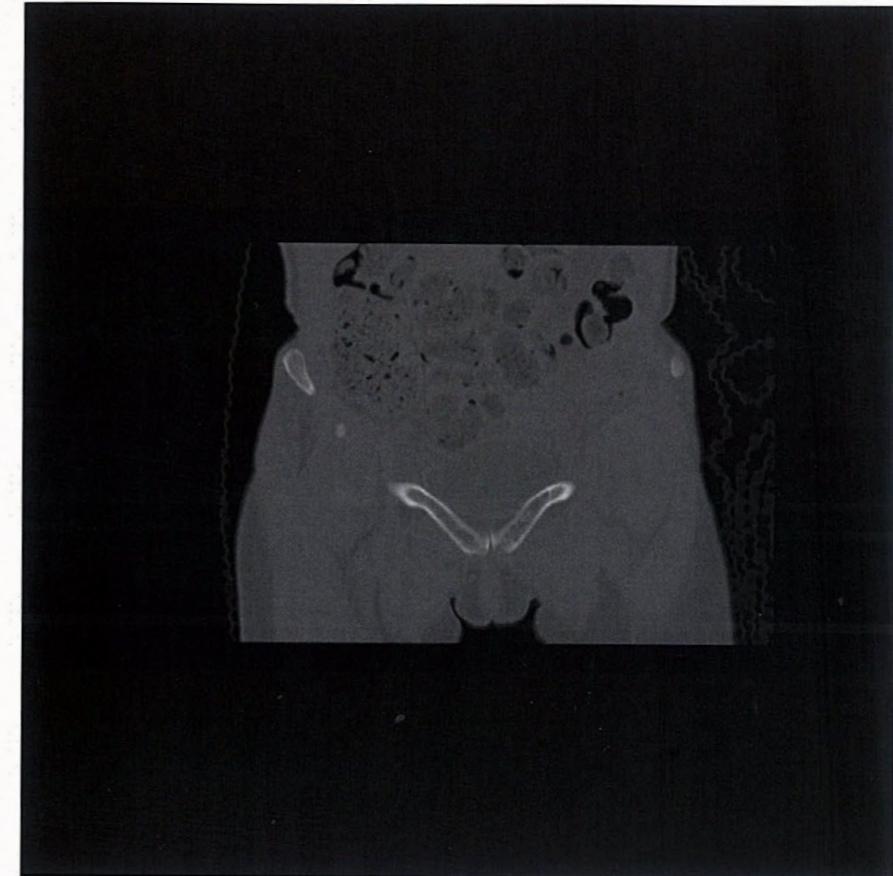
death,



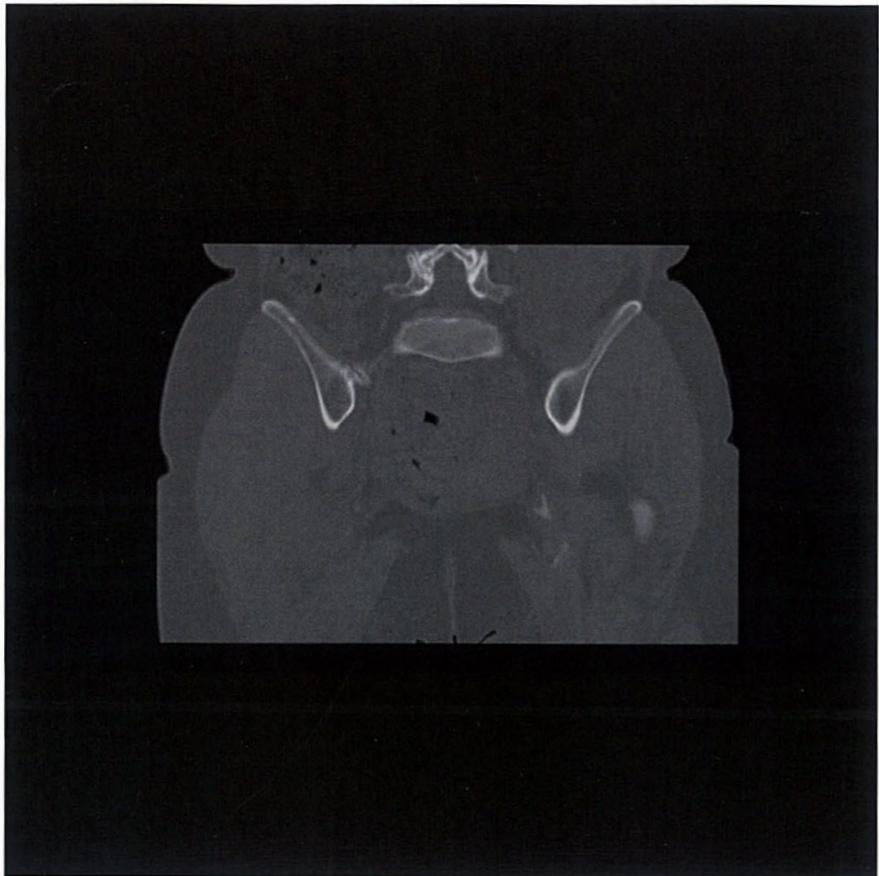
saw survival



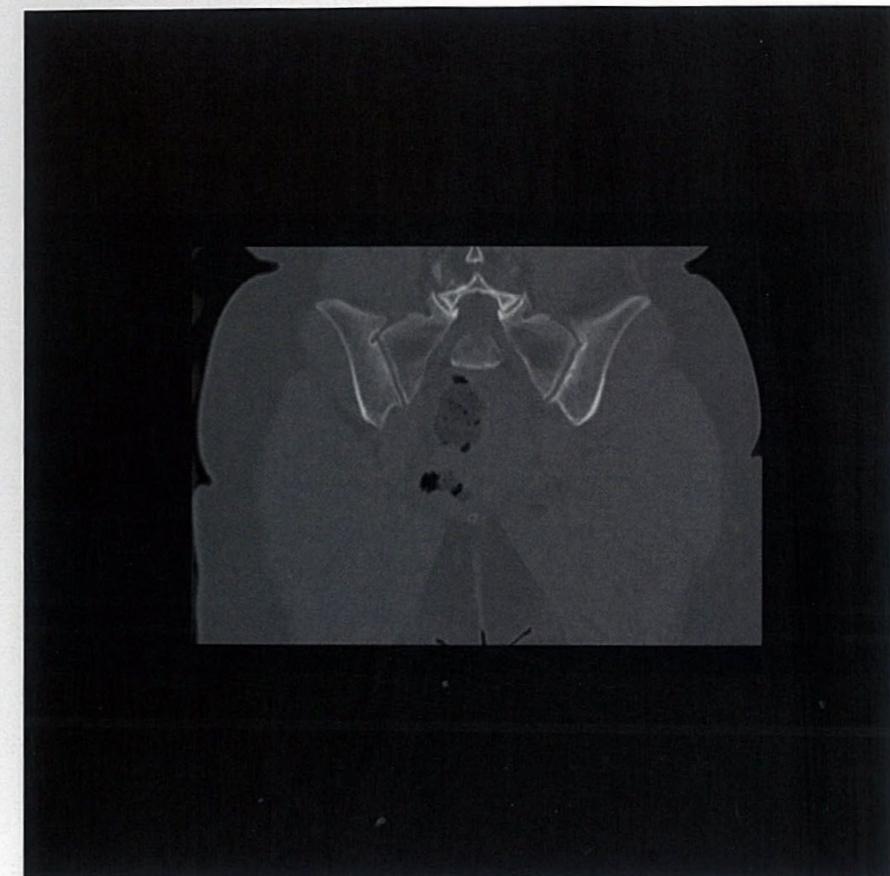
as depending on the



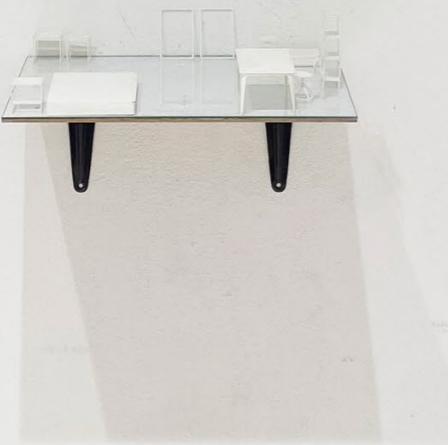
continued existence of the corporeal body.



defense against



the passage of time



**I was thinking about the word  
'yerleştirme', the Turkish translation  
of 'installation' as a form of art.  
When translated back to English,  
yerleştirme as a noun is closer to  
'placement'.**

**Drawn to the domesticity of the  
exhibition space, I placed objects  
made, found, received, old and new  
throughout, as I would in my room.**

*Bed - Room*, 2024, dimensions variable,  
acrylic on paper, sapele, museum glass, stone from a beach in Greece received as a gift, petals of an unknown flower, acetate,  
thermal printed sticker, acrylic, tape, wooden frame, two digital prints of scanned negatives, 10 x 7cm, 1:10 furnitures printed  
with PLA, three wooden boxes, dried masterwort, acrylic paint, three polaroids 10,3 x 10,3 cm



**Bed**

**Room**

**Memory**  
**Past**

**Dream**  
**Future**

**Reality**  
**Unwanted**

**Imagination**  
**Forgotten**

**Remembrance**  
**Holding on**

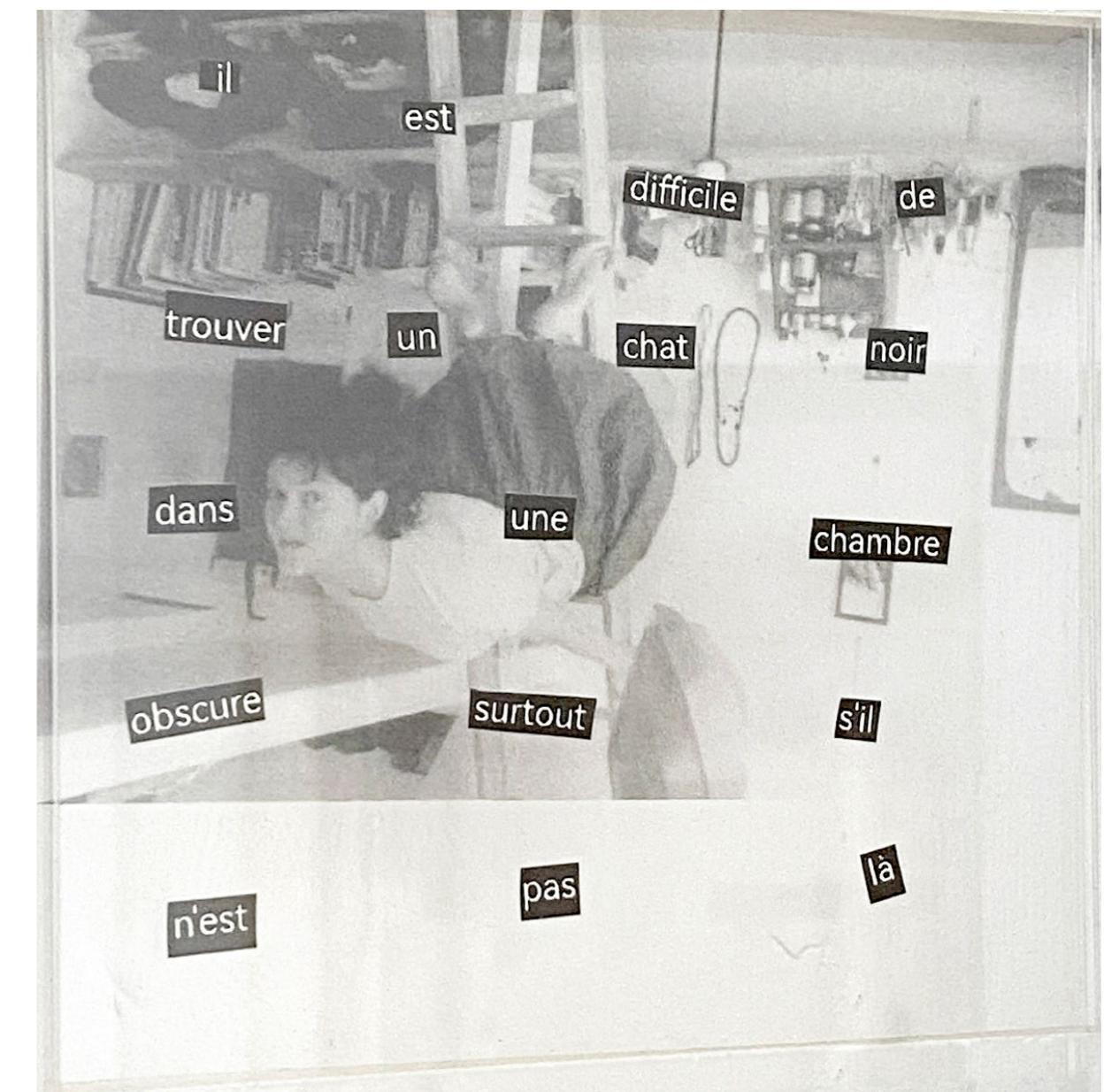
**Grieving**  
**Letting go**

**Departure**  
**The desire to leave**

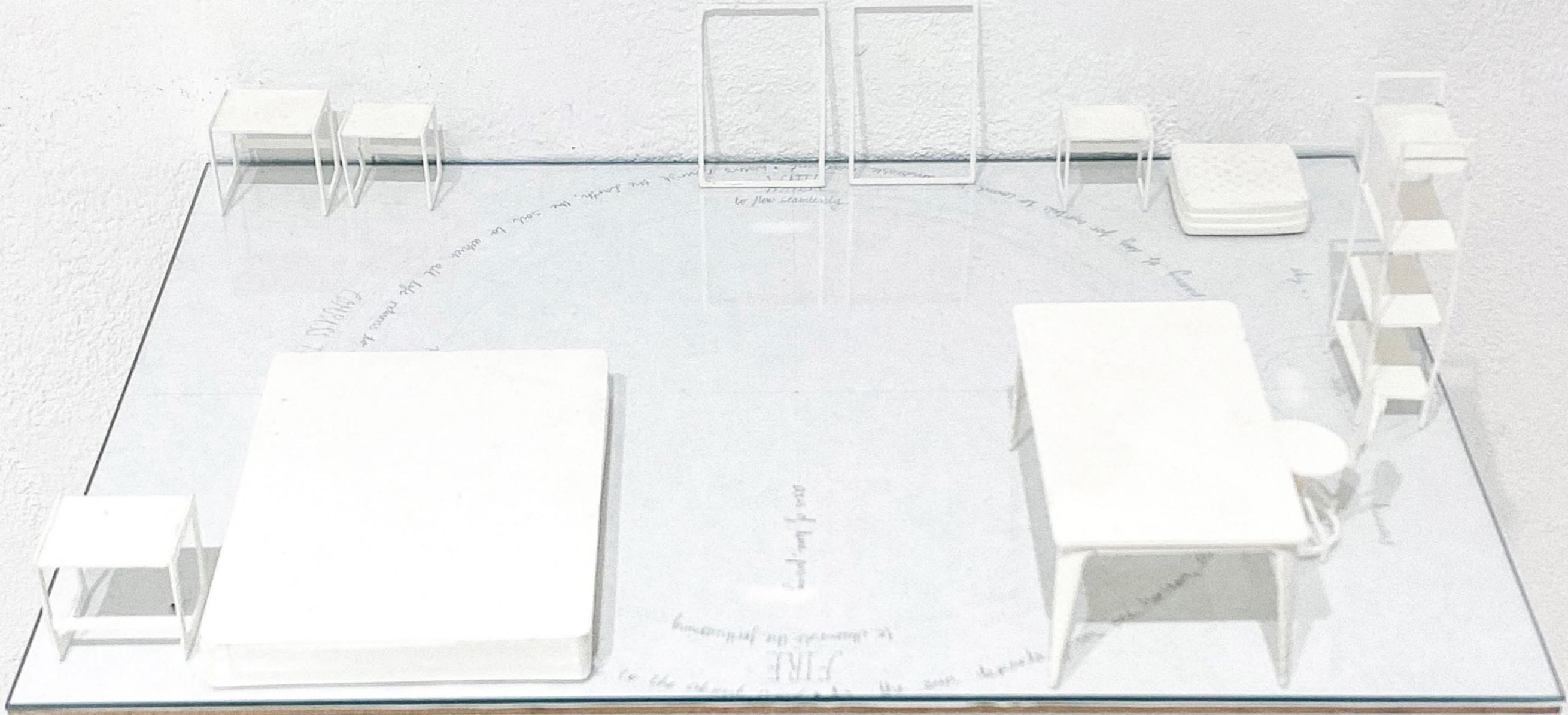
**Arrival**  
**Pre-emptive nostalgia**

**To have**  
**Faith**

**To lose**  
**Hope**



**It is difficult to find a black cat in a dark room,  
especially if it is not there**



### *Bed - Room, 2024 (detail view)*



*Bed - Room*, 2024 (installation view)



Bed - Room, 2024 (detail view)



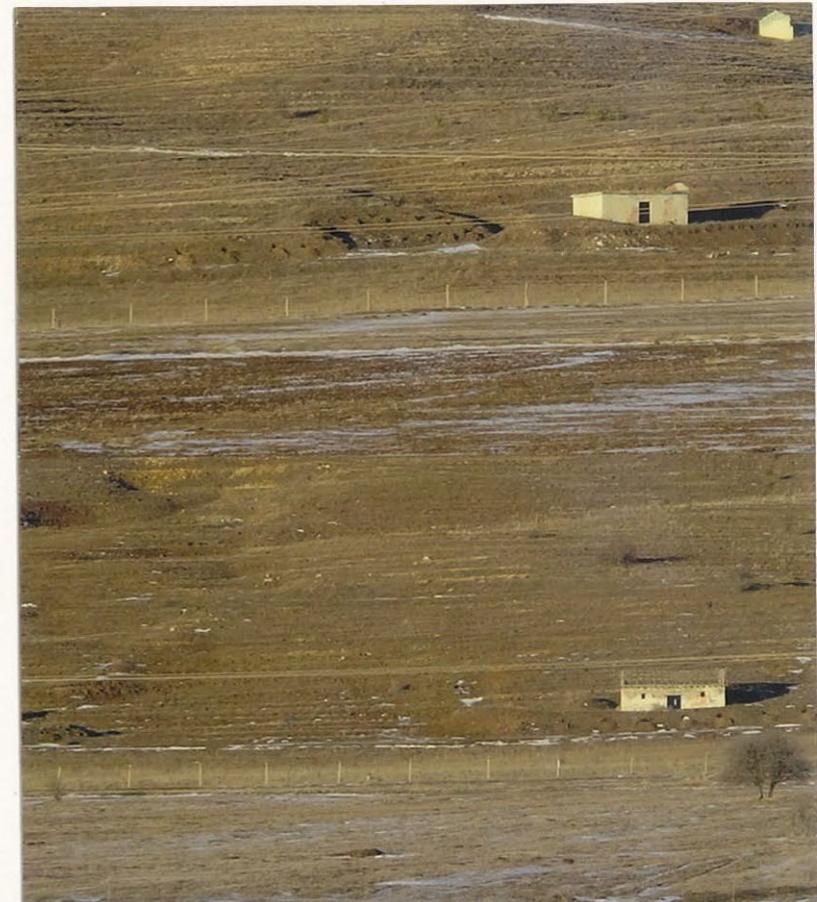
Bed - Room, 2024 (detail view)



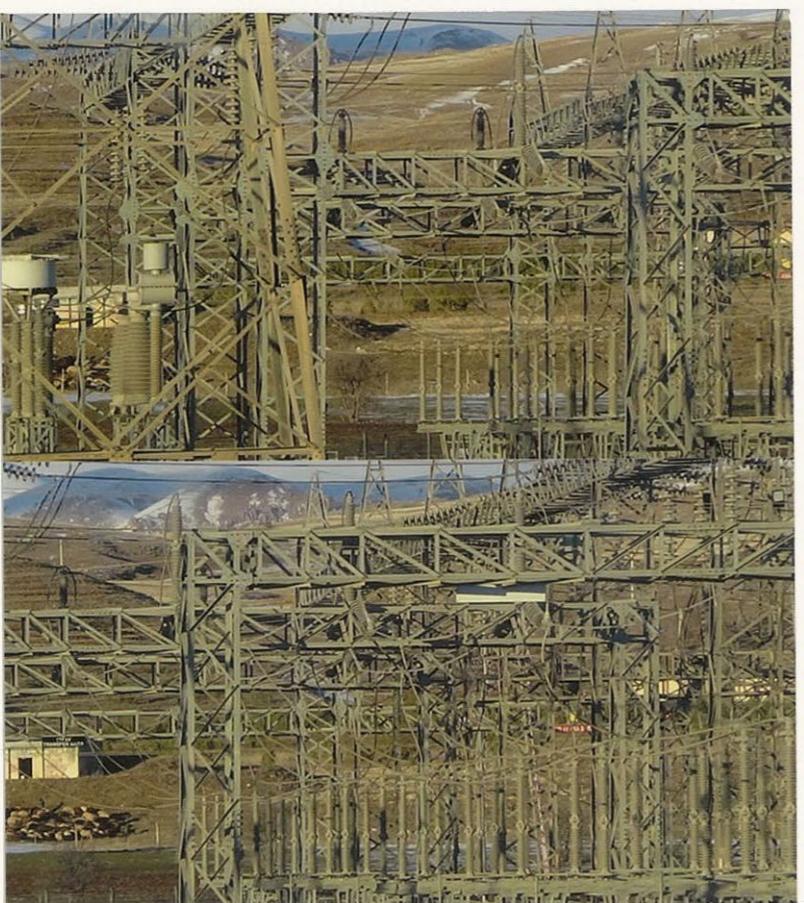
*ahırlar ve direkler*

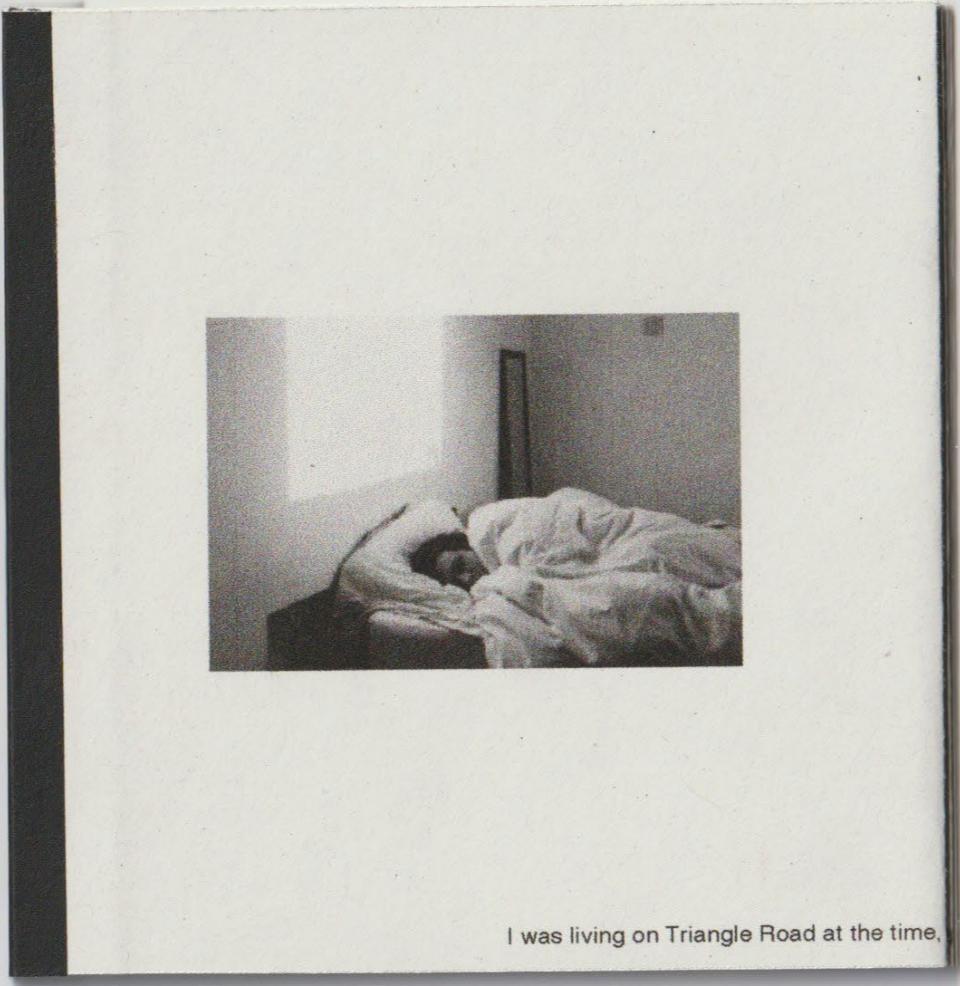
*Ankara ve Kars arasında*





Ahırlar ve Direkler Ankara ve Kars arasında (Barns and Pylons between Ankara and Kars), 2024 (scans)



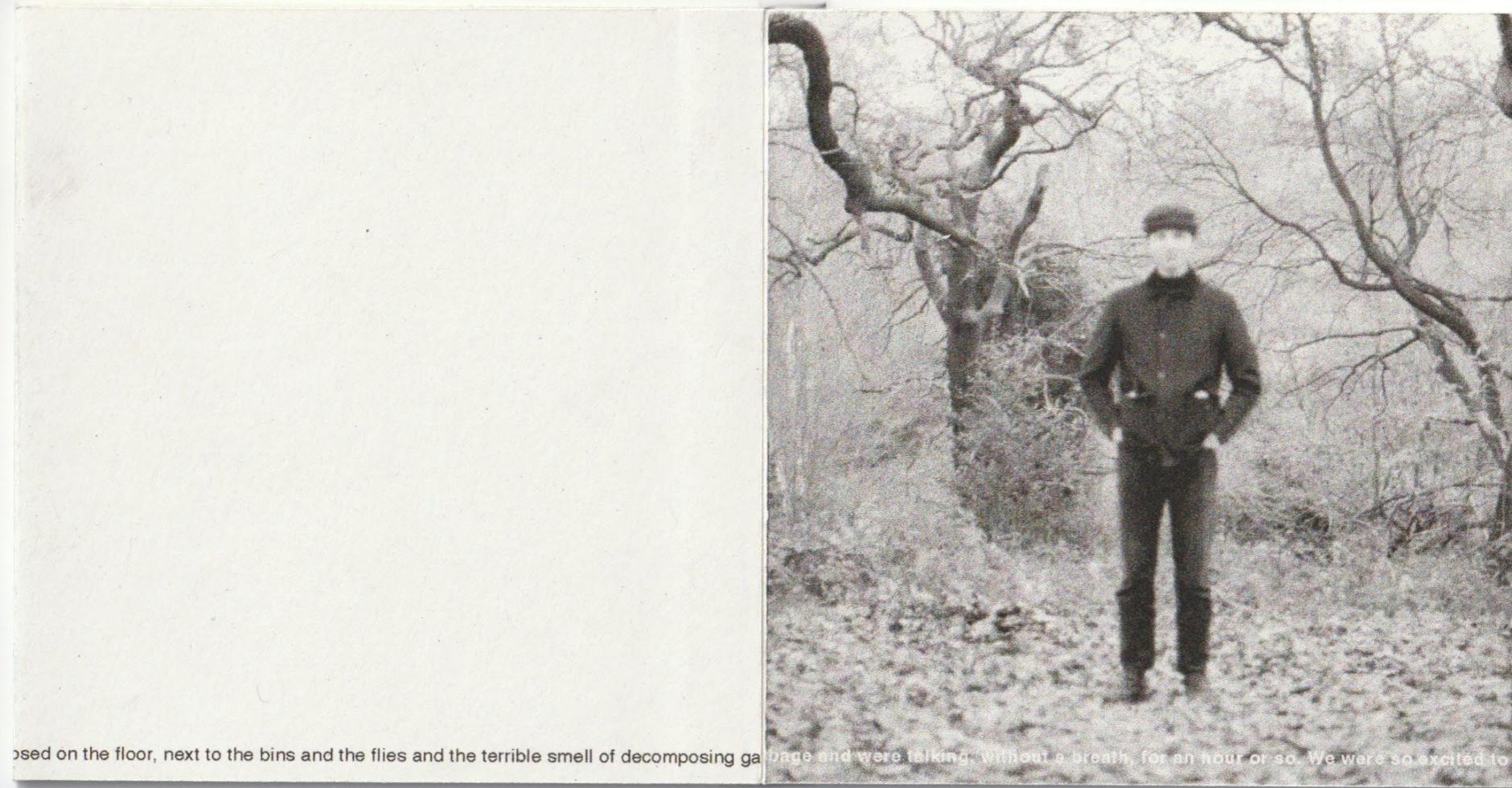


I was living on Triangle Road at the time,

for Toby

the apartment was often a mess and we had those two huge bins that no one wanted to empty so they would always overflow and stink and there was a swarm of flies permane

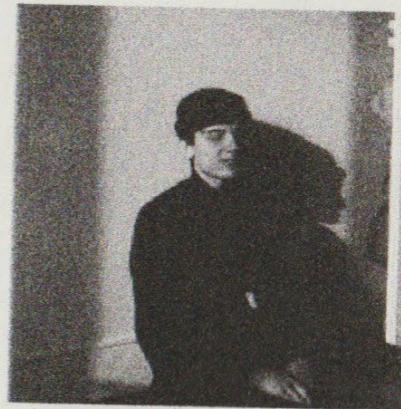


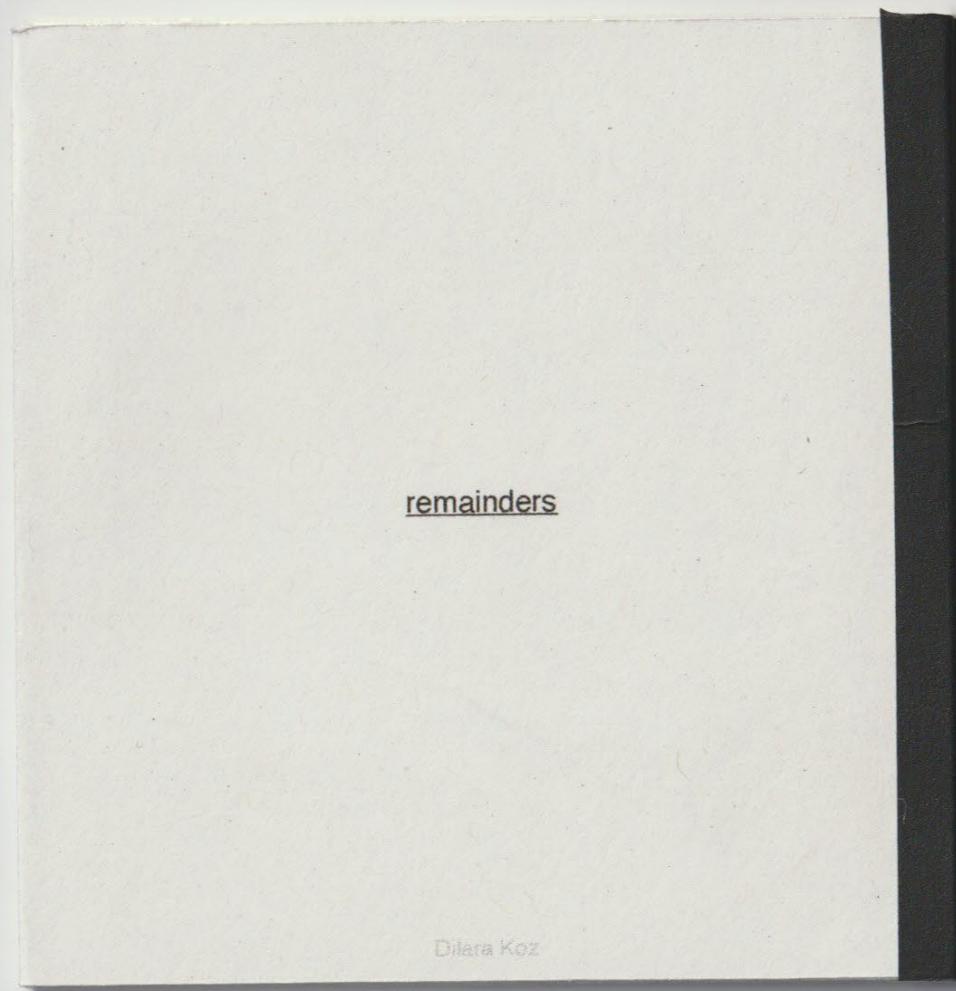


posed on the floor, next to the bins and the flies and the terrible smell of decomposing ga

bage and were talking, without a breath, for an hour or so. We were so excited to

see one another, we didn't even make it to the couches few meters away.





**Most Days are Cloudy is an exploration of the mood of a locale (Port Meadow) by reconstructing its essential qualities.**

**It consists of an extended research period through various processes of documentation.**

**This is followed by a period of reflection on what the meadow is, namely describing the qualities that distinguish Port Meadow as a place of its own, focusing on its colour and mood.**

**Finally, the essential qualities of the meadow translated to become an installation housing objects from the first two parts of the project: images and objects of documentation.**



*Most Days are Cloudy*, 2023, 600x240x110cm  
(dimensions variable) site specific, multi-media installation



*Most Days are Cloudy*, 2023 (alternate view)

**I am intrigued by how we arrived at the notion of objectivity. My research and practice consists of thought experiments exploring perceptual experience and its translation to memory, orbiting the question 'How can a moment be captured and returned to?'**

**WHAT IT IS**

- realm of physical extension
- the measure by which we quantify change
- place carved out of space
- the structure of (ontic) properties of being
- language of space and its contents
- physical matter that is by spatio-temporal extension
- things that have affordance and equipmentality
- an immediately felt attunement to the world
- existence as being(s) in the world
- psychological overlay of sensory data
- want-to-be projected into the possibilities of future-self

perception is clouded with memories

*What is perceived in a moment?*

**HOW IT IS MARKED**

- cartography, mapping
- sun dial, clock, calendar, chronometer, timer

- contrast, marking, building, removing, adding

- diagrams, writing

- writing, images, structure

- thing in itself

- thing in itself and in relation to others

- overcast, underlying, latent

- Being beings

- thought and memory

- thought and action

*sensory openness: what is perceived phenomenological reality*

*What constitutes a moment?*

**AFFECT  
(internal)**

memory  
(intersection of mind and matter)  
*With the immediate and present data of our senses, we mingle a thousand details out of our past experience. In most cases these memories supplant our actual perceptions, of which we then retain only a few hints, thus using them merely as 'signs' that recall to us former images.*  
H.Bergson

**PERCEPT  
(external)**

matter  
(the aggregate of images)

memory differs from perception only in its intensity

order of senses

depends on the degree of fragmentation of perceptions received through them

organs of nutrition maintain organs of action

sight	specialized
hearing	extensive
touch	verifies truth of vision
smell	extensive but limited
taste	momentary and limited

process documentation  
studying  
analysis

STUDIO

**3 WAY DIALOGUE**

transcription  
simultaneity  
surveillance

PATH / SITE  
translation

PROJECT SPACE / INSTALLATION

reconstruction  
echoing  
de-contextualising  
re-contextualising  
questioning

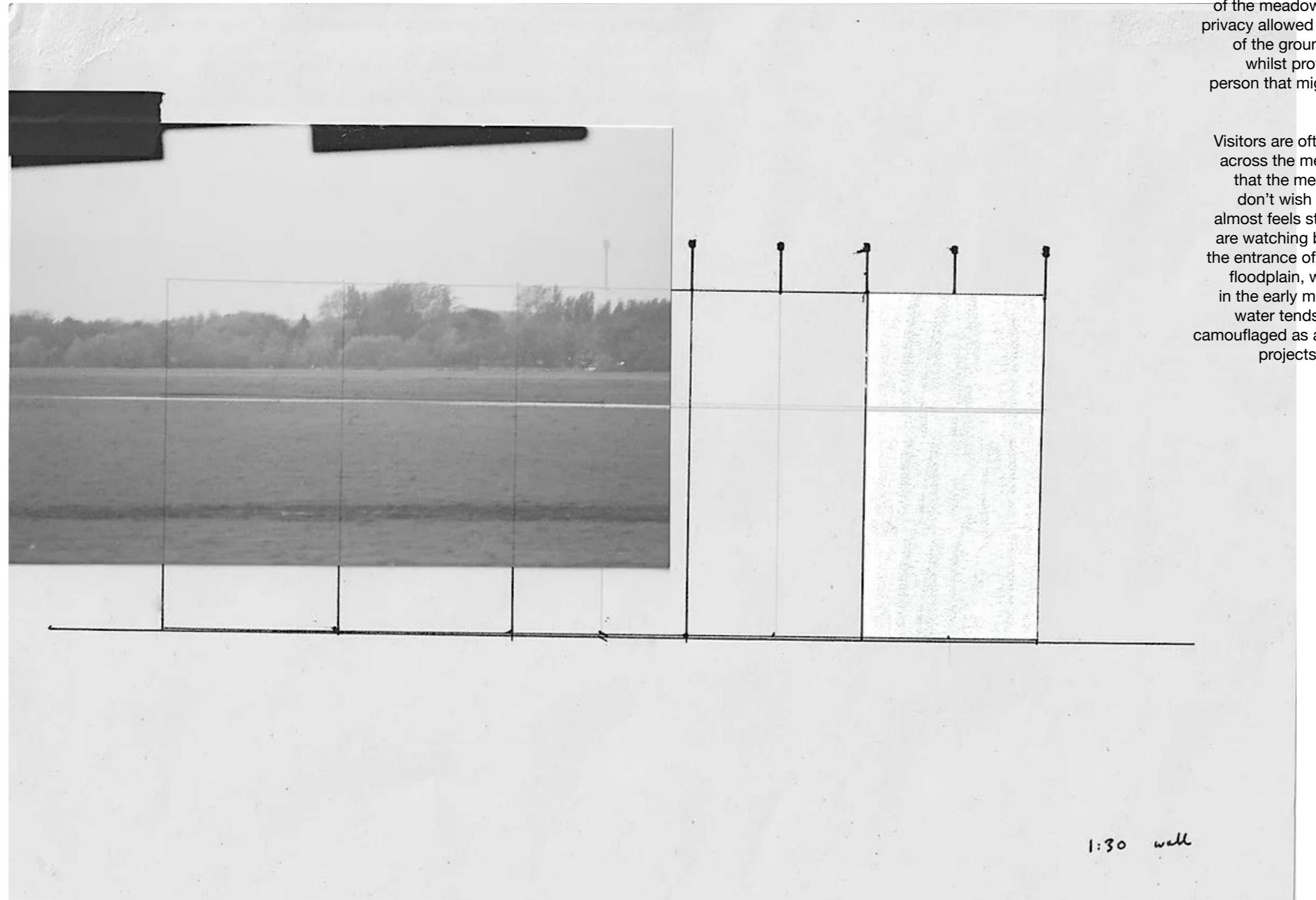
trans-  
-tion  
extending across  
the action of

to be on the road  
long shadows just before the sun sets  
raindrops on grass after light drizzle

Port Meadow is a clearing in the city, the landscape and the skyline. A flat flood meadow that spans 2,6 kilometers. Trees frame the meadow, but its majority is moist grassland that is covered by a blanket of flood in winter.

I was drawn to the sparseness of the meadow, contrasting highly with the streets of Oxford, where everything and everyone is tightly packed. I yearned for a sense of anonymity that I had previously found comforting in the space of larger cities. The hollowness of the meadow quickly became a refuge where I found privacy allowed by the distancing of things. The flatness of the ground reduced me to a bump in the horizon, whilst providing uninterrupted view of any thing or person that might be approaching, much in advance of the crossing of our paths.

Visitors are often walking or running, circling or cutting across the meadow. The moisture of the soil enforces that the meadow remains a transitory place. People don't wish to sit on the wet ground, so they walk. It almost feels strange to pause, to stand still unless you are watching birds. The birdwatchers tend to stand by the entrance of Burgess Field, looking over towards the floodplain, where the birds tend to gather, especially in the early morning. Despite the occasional wind, the water tends to rest seamlessly still, the floodplain is camouflaged as a mirror. It transforms into a clearing that projects the infinity of the skies towards the soil.





*Most Days are Cloudy*, 2023 (detail view)



Most Days are Cloudy, 2023 (detail view)



Most Days are Cloudy, 2023 (detail view)



Most Days are Cloudy, 2023 (detail views)

**to accompany Most Days are Cloudy**

**A deconstructed essay on poetic language through analyses of Martin Heidegger's relationship to language, the differences between phonetic and pictogram languages as described by Yuk Hui, and notes on several repeated visits to Port Meadow over the course of nine months, accompanied by pinhole photographs.**

THE MEADOW AND  
HER EPHEMERAL STREAM  
OVERFLOWS  
SWELLING FLOODPLAIN  
DEPOSITS SEDIMENTARY  
**DEFENCE** PATTERNS  
ECHOING HERSELF

**OF**

**POESIE**

[preface: notes on the format of this essay]

the rectangular space framed by the wide margins becomes the playing-ground of this essay

texts that are indented depart from the main discourse, carving room for additional information, explanation of an idea or word, or tangential thoughts

[additional, explanatory or reference information is written in brackets]

**titles are in red**, often written in brackets as they are not a part of the body of the text but act as guides that orient the reader

the primary font of the text is 'arial black' 9pt; as this font does not exist in italic, texts that would have been italicised are underlined instead

the secondary font is 'arial' 8pt in italics, used to provide additional information regarding visuals included in the text

• • • [three red dots] punctuate the text, acting as commas that separate the text into independent clauses

'single quotation marks' are used when titles of complete works [books, essays...] are mentioned

"double quotation marks" are for the recitation of text/speech from another author/source

pages ten and eleven contain **highlighted words**, these refer to concepts from the diagram on page nine

4

The text is accompanied by a series of pinhole photographs from three visits to Port Meadow dated 3 february 2023, 7 february 2023 and 7 march 2023.

The pinhole camera is a camera obscura [translated from Latin as dark chamber,] a blackout box with a pin-sized hole that becomes its aperture. The fineness of the hole leaves room just enough for the light from the external scene to be admitted, becoming an inverted and reversed reproduction, projected onto the back surface of the box.

I take my camera to the meadow with five to ten sheets of photosensitive paper placed in it. I place the camera on the ground and uncover its hole. I stand and I count. I count the passing of time and the passing of light through the hole.

The camera compresses the duration of exposure onto the photosensitive paper, flattening space and time. When the images are developed in the darkroom, the piece of paper becomes memorabilia, marked by the touch of light, revealed by chemical wash.

The meadow seems to be a transitory place, she is welcoming, but the moisture of her soil does not invite stillness. Perhaps this will change in the warmth of summer. In the winter months most people go there to walk, some appear to be curious passerbys, others lend the impression that they walk the same lines everyday.

Even when the exposure time is thirty seconds, I recognise an oddity, a contrast between myself and the passerby. The camera and the act of making an image changes my relationship to space: a pause enticing carefulness directed towards the present and its singularity. The subtle movements and sounds that surround my self are suddenly heightened.

• • •

5

**to hold on to the moment  
when the present slips into the past  
becoming memory of tomorrow**

**where the possibility of consciousness  
meets spacetime**

**6**



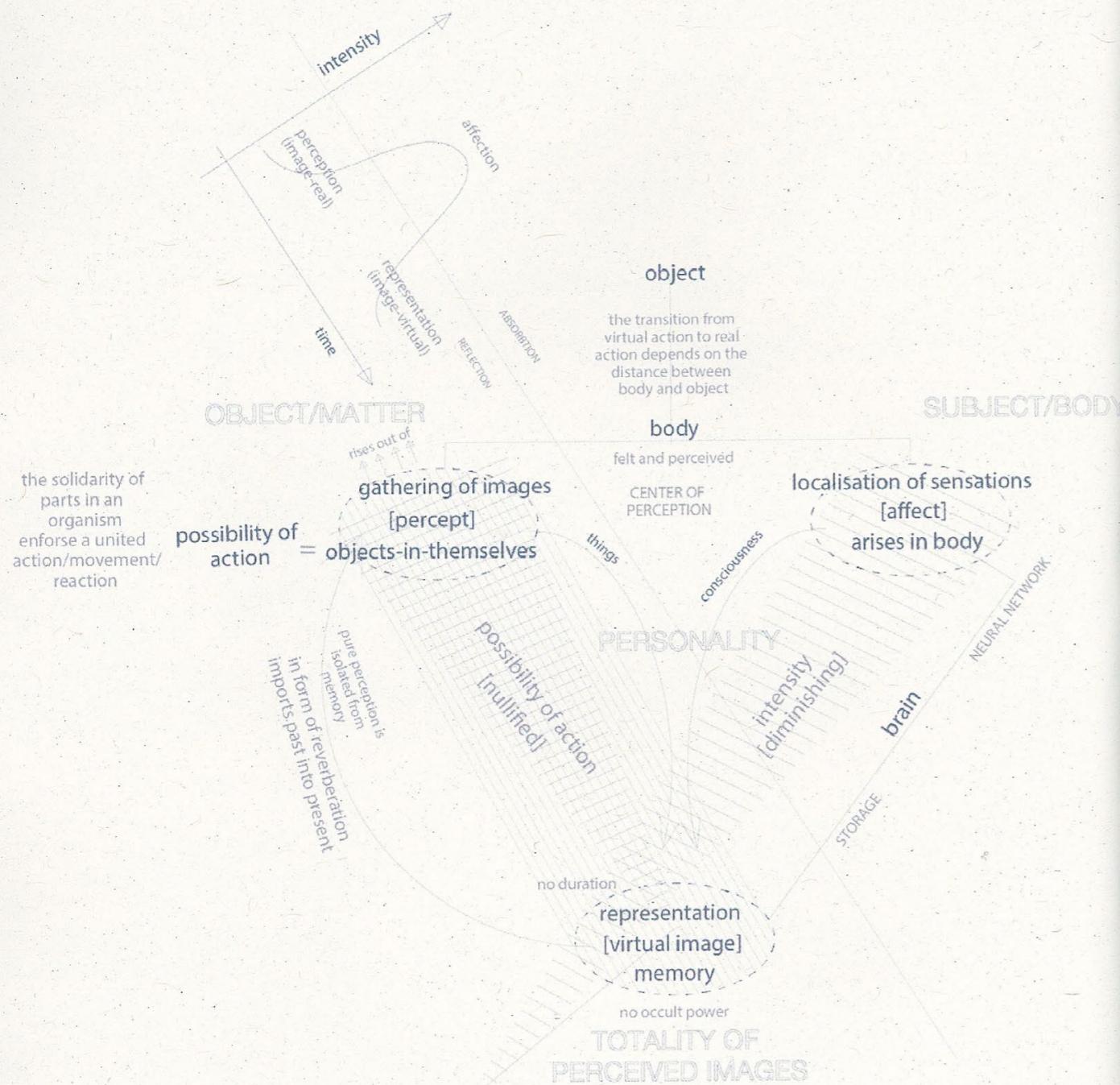
sixty seconds facing north  
on the edge of the floodplain  
3 february 2023

**are remembering and forgetting opposites?**



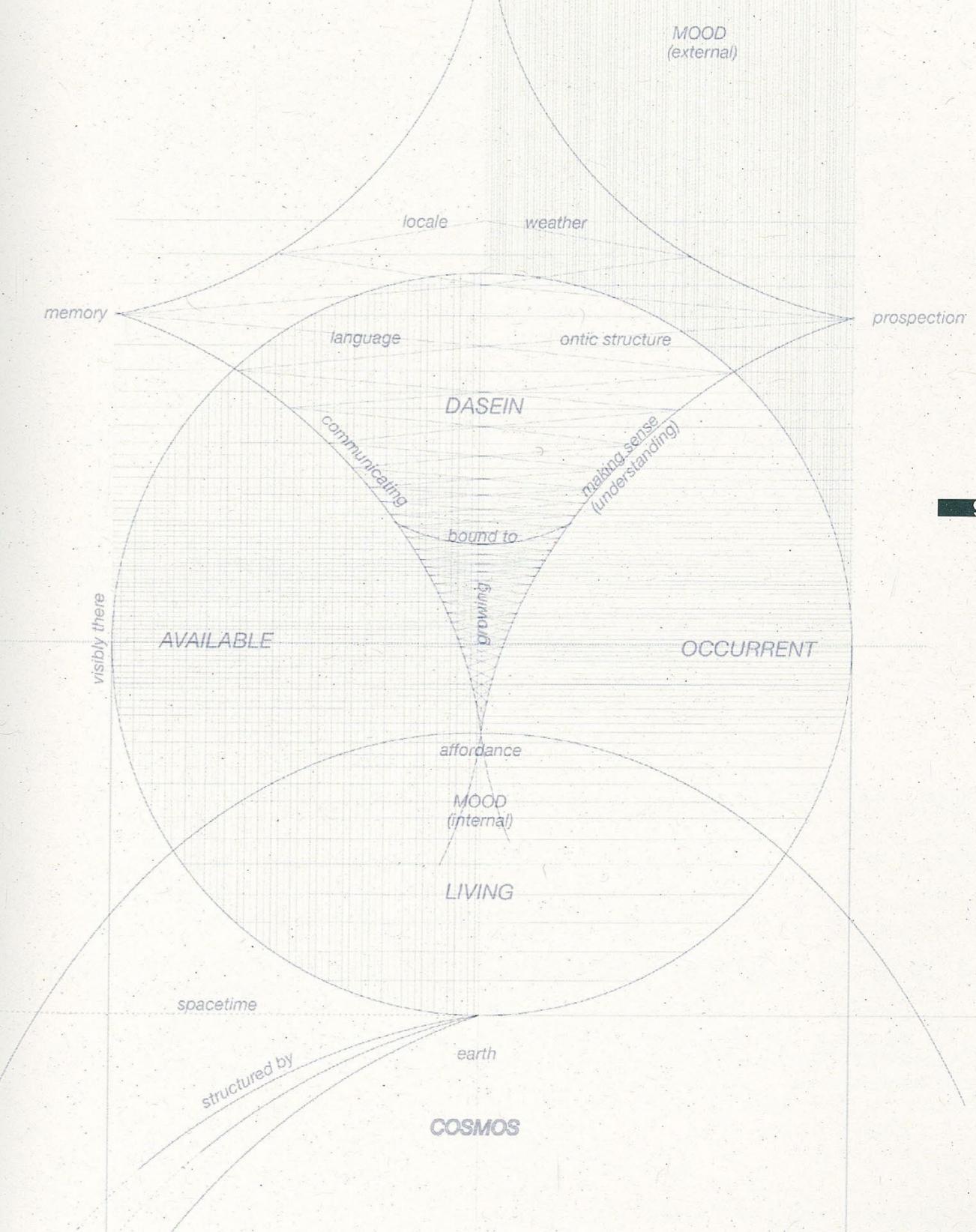
sixty seconds  
dried wild grass near the path  
3 february 2023

**7**



diagrammatic summary of the first chapter of Henri Bergson's 'Matter and Memory' 'Of the Selection of Images For Conscious Presentation. What Our Body Means and Does'

'The working diagram of a moment' [in progress since October 2022]  
borrowing terms from Heidegger and Bergson's lexicon



### [what is perceived is that which is present at hand]

**Cosmos\*** is the ground for all that was, is, and may be [the ordered system of the universe.]

I experience/ perceive the **cosmos** as it appears in the structure of **spacetime**

[the ever expanding field of possibilities for beings and entities, extended across the dimension of change and happenings, time and space.]

Within the **cosmos**, I find my self on **earth**

[a **locale**, a position, a location carved out of space, a place. A defined land of belonging that includes its inhabitants, and unbelonging that excludes the rest of the **cosmos** and its entities: stars, asteroids, planets, space debris etcetera.]

### [earthly entities can be divided into four categories]

**Dasein** [**Da-** meaning there, **-sein** meaning being, as translated from German] is being-there. It refers to beings who are characterised by the fact that they are and that they dwell.

**Living** are alive, inhaling, exhaling, taking from the world and giving back, but unlike **dasein**, not dwelling.

**Dasein** and **living** are birthed, grow, age, and die. Their being is conditioned and brought into meaning by their mortality. Mortality that grounds them, gives them meaning, excludes them from **cosmos**, from **earth**. Rendering them as inhabitants, and includes them in the ecosystem in which all entities become part of a whole.

\* The highlighted words refer to 'The Working Diagram of a Moment,' page nine

<sup>1</sup> Equipment, as coined by Heidegger in 'The Origin of Work of Art' refers to that which is or is manufactured for use and usage. The equipmentality of equipment is its disposedness towards work.

**Available** are entities that serve **dasein** and **living**, opening themselves up to a range of possibilities, [affordances] that create possibilities of being disposed towards them. **Available** convey an equipmentality,<sup>1</sup> without which they become **occurent**.

**Occurrent** are present at hand, without a particularity that characterises them as **dasein**, **living** or **available**, they lack affordance.

### [the internal structure of experience is fourfold]

My being mirrors the temporal structure of spacetime. I am between the past, present, and future:

**memories** [experiences, regrets, grievances...]

**mood** [emotions and affective response to the present]

**thoughts** [intellectual response to the present]

**prospection** [ambitions, excitements, fears...]

that seep into how I dwell and how I perceive.

### [the external structure of experience is threefold]

**Sense (Sinn)** according to Heidegger is "the structure of Dasein's projected understanding of the world"<sup>2</sup> as it is articulated or interpreted. It is personal to dasein's own experience. Sense arises from the ground of possibilities surfaced by meaning, a more general and impersonal structure of signification. Sense cannot be removed from meaning.

The birth, growth, and death of sense is supported by:

**Language** [the structure of how I understand]

**Ontic** [relating to entities and facts about them... real as opposed to phenomenal experience]<sup>3</sup>  
**structure** [the structure of what things are]

**Mood** [the "prevailing but temporary"<sup>4</sup> atmospheric emotional state that is sensible amongst entities that coexist in spacetime or are virtually bound by a situation]

<sup>2</sup> Definition borrowed from 'The Cambridge Heidegger Lexicon' (2021)

<sup>3</sup> Definition borrowed from 'Oxford English Dictionary'

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

**[on mood and mood,  
the cleavage between internal and external]**

12

**When internal and external mood that structure my experience of the present are not aligned, I find myself dissociating. External mood is suggestive and shared, casting itself over everything that is gathered together just as mist would on a cold, humid day. Internal mood can override or even corrode all external structures.**

**[Perhaps this is not to be generalised, but it certainly can for my self.]**

**Sun is the worst when I feel down. It creates a cleavage between moods; the reality and the expectation. The feeling of the present becomes increasingly insular, isolating, separating, anxiety inducing. I feel misplaced.**

13



3 february 2023  
Sixty seconds  
no image

[on mood and mood, 8 november 2022]

[overcast]

when I was younger  
between unknowing and imagining  
I thought raindrops were estranged tears

what is the difference  
when they are both  
clear drops of liquid  
falling  
out of the heavenly

clouded skies  
weeping weather  
like sadness and melancholy  
be-caused by the absence of sun  
the hearth of the solar system

I remember being in çeşme last august  
where I spend all my summers  
the south-wet of türkiye  
facing the aegean

I looked but could not see  
on the pavement  
by the beach

14

my sorrow obscured my sight  
blazing beton  
sandy waves

the sun cast herself  
without the usual covering  
without leaves  
hairs  
scales  
etcetera

if depths of perpetual fire is hell  
how is it different  
from the surface of sun

sun  
that brings warmth and joy

there is an unaddressed strangeness  
when it is too hot  
things start to melt

15



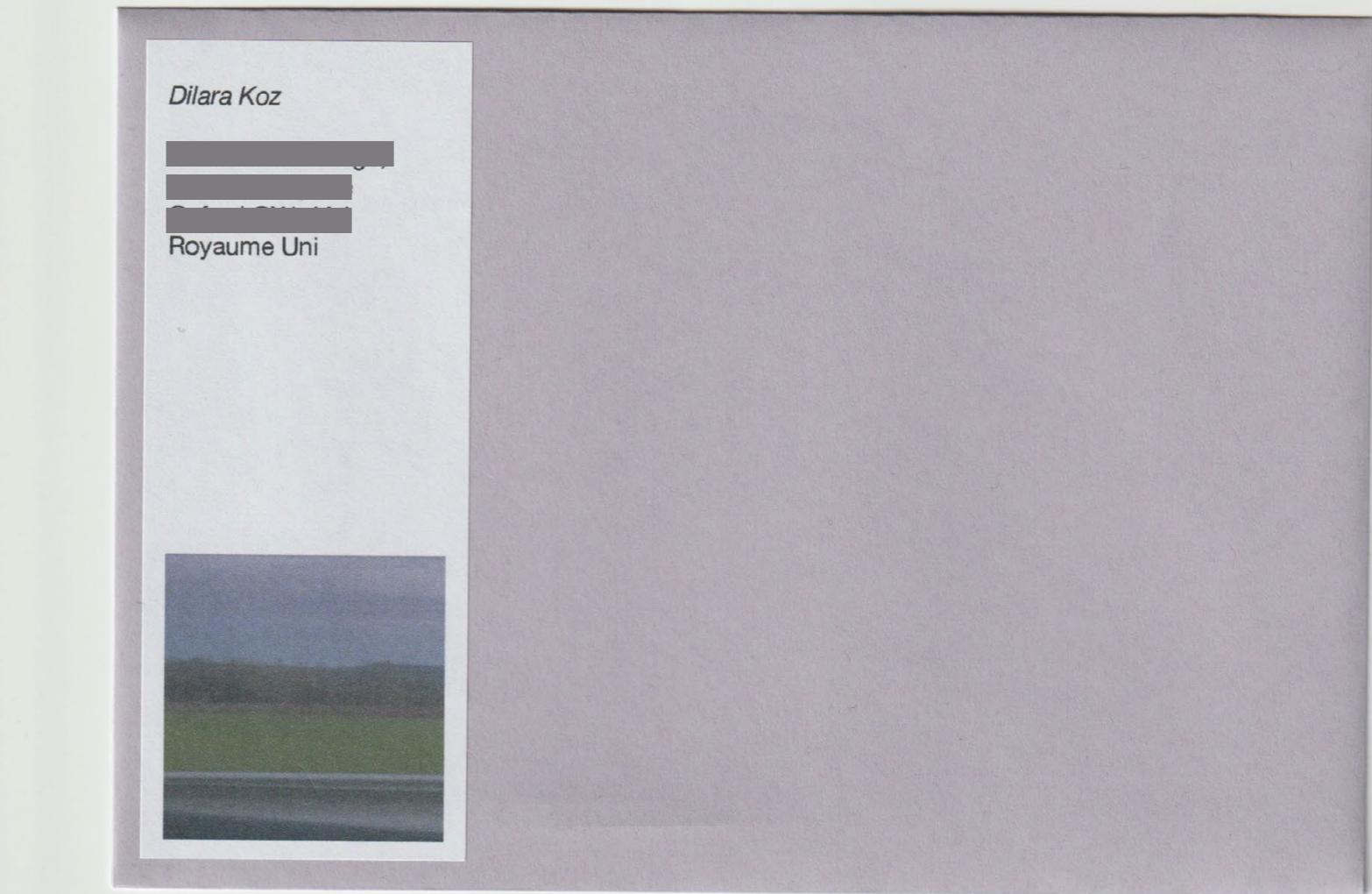
**Demande de retrait des encombrants \***

*Goodbye*

\* As a resident of Paris by submitting a *request for removal of bulky items* you can acquire 3m<sup>3</sup> of street space for an approximate period of two hours.

**"60 people submitted images and texts via e-mail between the 3rd and 25th of September 2022. The submissions were made into postcards and posted at random to participants."**

**All participants received three postcards: one from a stranger, one copy of their own, and one from myself.**





I think images are akin to words in that they have their own language. Language is essential to being human because it allows sharing to take place. When we talk or write, we share what goes on within our mind with others, exiting the bubble of our selves.

The world that we live in, the society of information, creates an illusion of limitless. We have digitised our communication, which means we no longer write letters or use film cameras. With emails, texts, and smartphone photography there is less of a limit to how much we can create and share. We share much more, because it is easy, cheap, and free, but we mean much less.

I wanted to create a careful exchange amongst strangers within the limit of a single image and two-hundred words. The open invitation was for participants to share more naively, away from the structures of social media.

The possibility of free-thought and expression exists in the vastness of language and lexicon.

**Sender** Gönderen : Dilara Koz

This postcard is a part of *Postcards to Strangers*, an analogue exchange project by Dilara Koz.  
Bu kartpostal, Dilara Koz'un analog değişim projesi olan 'Yabancılara Kartpostallar'ın bir parçasıdır.

**Postcard Kartpostal :** 1 / 60  
**Edition Baskı :** 1 / 60

60 people submitted images and texts via e-mail between the 3rd and 25th of September 2022.  
The submissions were made into postcards and posted at random to Participants.  
3-25 Eylül 2022 tarihleri arasında 60 kişi e-posta yoluyla görsellerin ve metinlerin gönderdi.  
Gönderiler Kartpostal haline getirildi ve katılımcılara rastgele postalandı.

Bence, tipki sözcükler gibi, görsellerin de kendi dilleri vardır. Dil, insan olmanın temel bir parçasıdır çünkü paylaşımın gerçekleşmesini sağlar. Konuştuğumuzda ya da yazdığımızda, zihnimizden geçenleri başkalarıyla paylaşır, benliğimizin izolasyonunun dışına çıkarız.

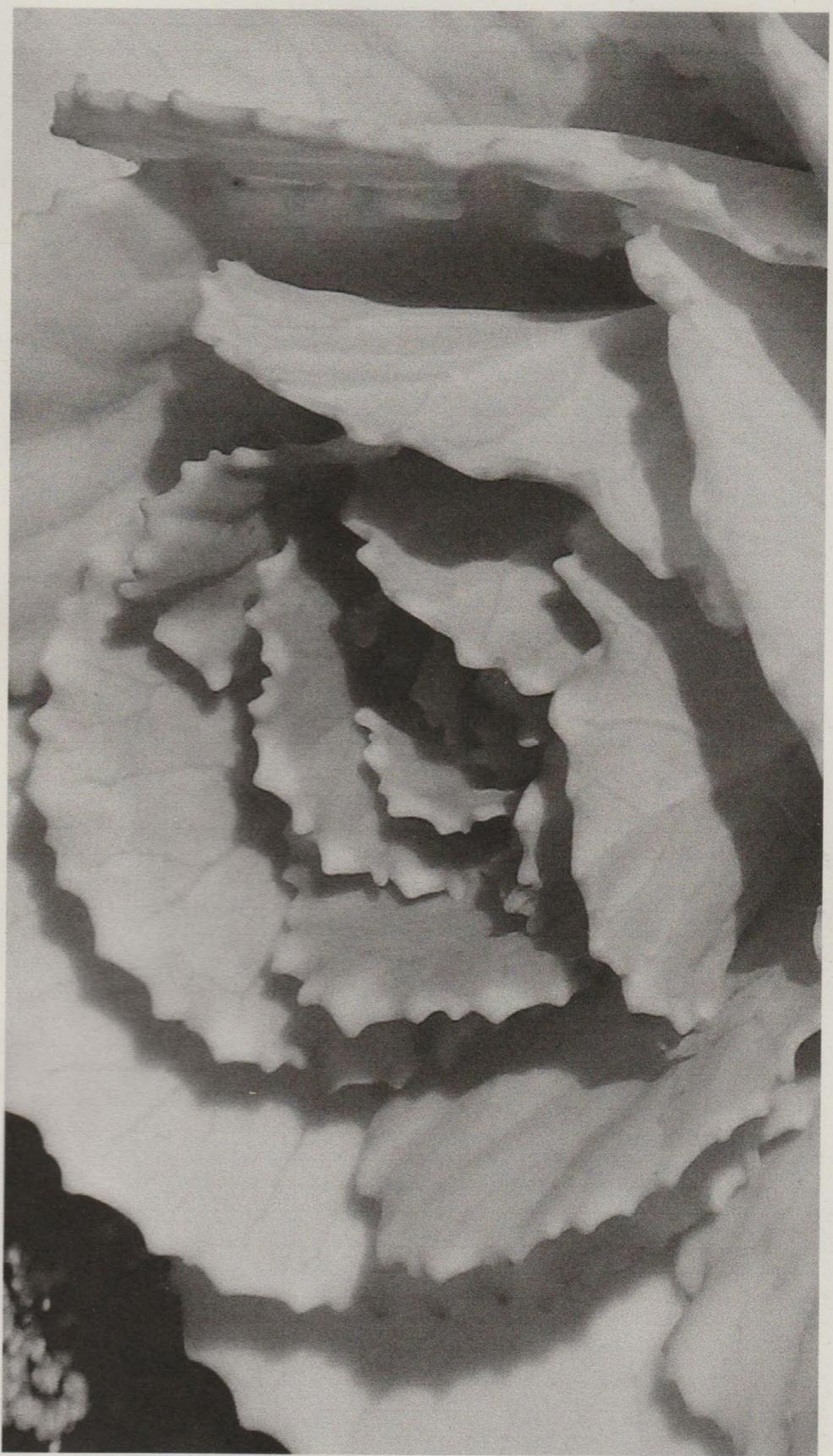
İçinde yaşadığımız dünya, bilgi toplumu, bir sınırsızlık hissi yaratıyor. İletişimimizin dijitalleşmesiyle beraber mektup yazmayı ya da filmlü fotoğraf makinesi kullanmayı bırakıktı. E-postalar, mesajlar ve akıllı-telefon fotoğrafçılığı ile üretim ve paylaşımımızın sınırları azaldı. Çok daha fazla miktarda paylaşıyoruz, çünkü kolay, hızlı, ve maliyetsiz, ama çok daha az şey ifade ediyoruz.

Tek bir görüntü ve iki yüz kelime sınırı içinde yabancılar arasında özenli bir alışveriş yaratmak istedim. Bu açık davetiye katılımcıların sosyal medya yapılarından uzakta, daha naïf bir şekilde paylaşımında bulunmaları için ortaya çıktı.

Özgür düşünce ve ifadenin olasılığı, dilin enginliğindedir.



*LES FLEURS*



*MES FLEURS*

LES FLEURS, MES FLEURS

Dilara Koz

Edition 4/10, Imprimé à Paris, Juin 2022



LES FLEURS, MES FLEURS

Dilara Koz

Edition 4/10, Imprimé à Paris, Juin 2022

au-dessus des nuages  
il y a toujours un ciel bleu  
au-dessus du ciel bleu  
et au-delà de la  
frontière de l'atmosphère  
il n'y a ni  
aucun nuage  
ni de bleu

mais

les fleurs  
sont toujours là

dans ma chambre

LES FLEURS. MES FLEURS

Dilara Koz

Edition 4/10, Imprimé à Paris, Juin 2022

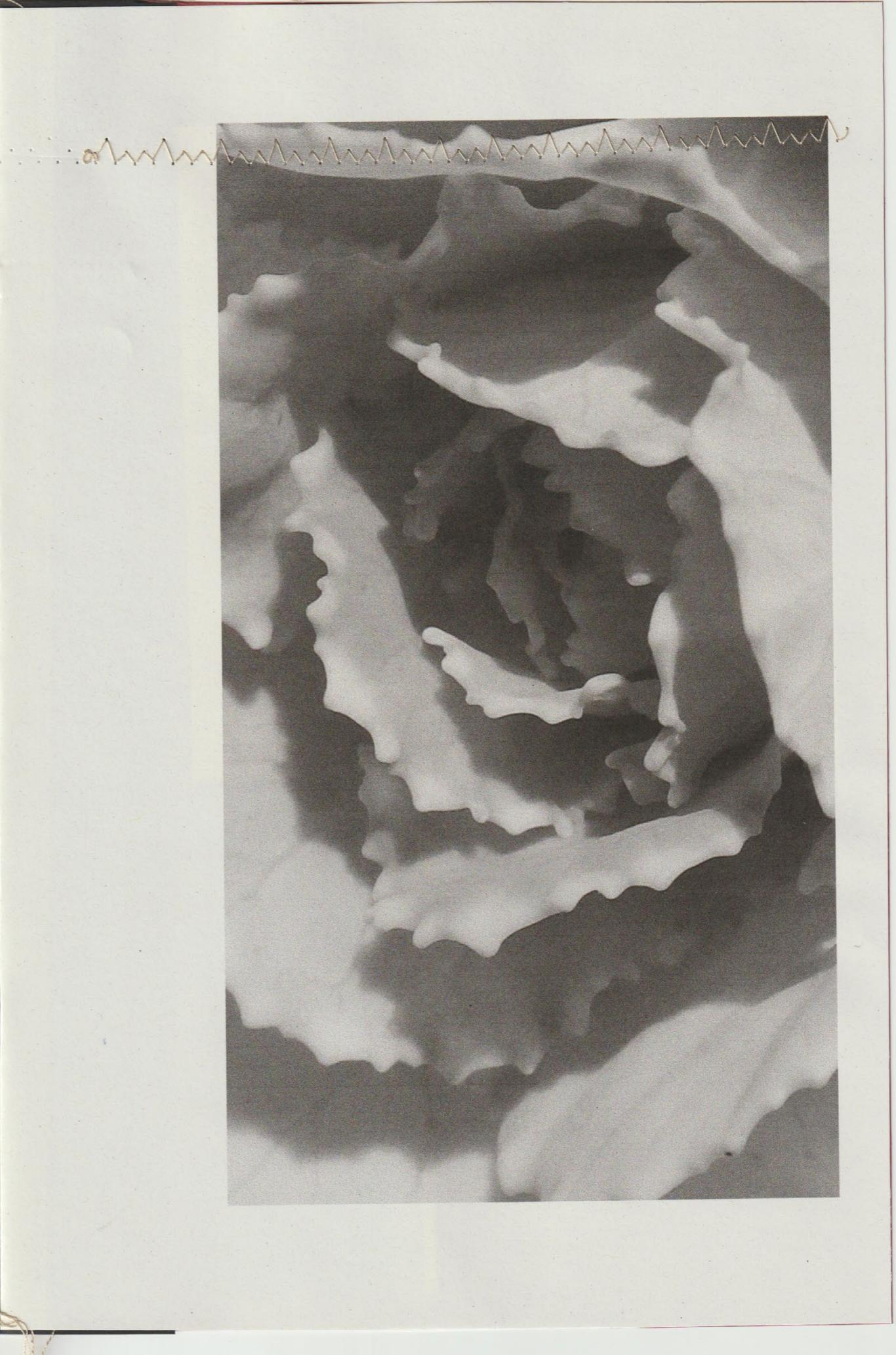
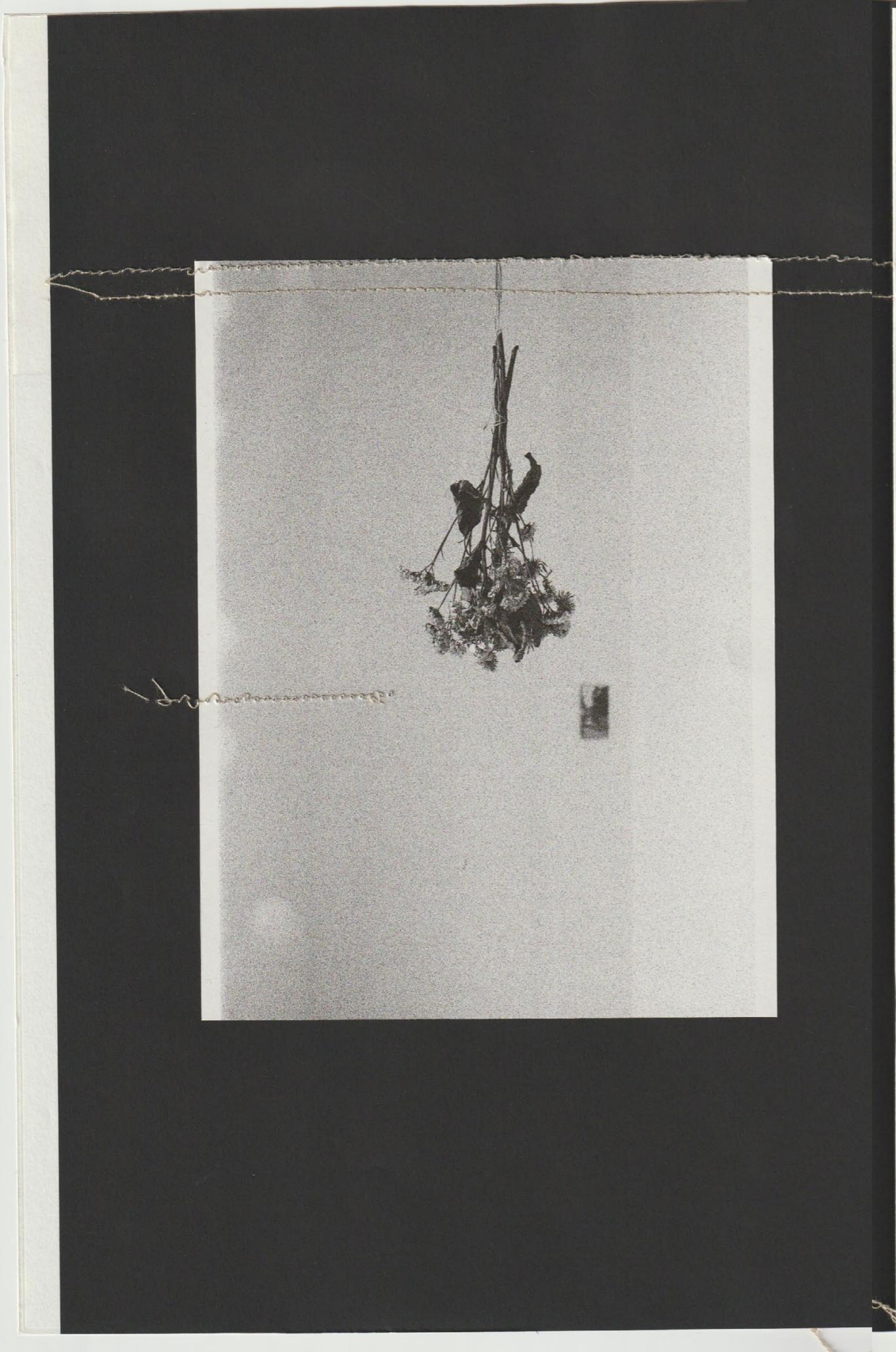
au-dessus des nuages  
il y a toujours un ciel bleu  
au-dessous du ciel bleu  
et au-delà de là  
longue de l'automobile  
il n'y a un  
scène unique  
qui est bleu

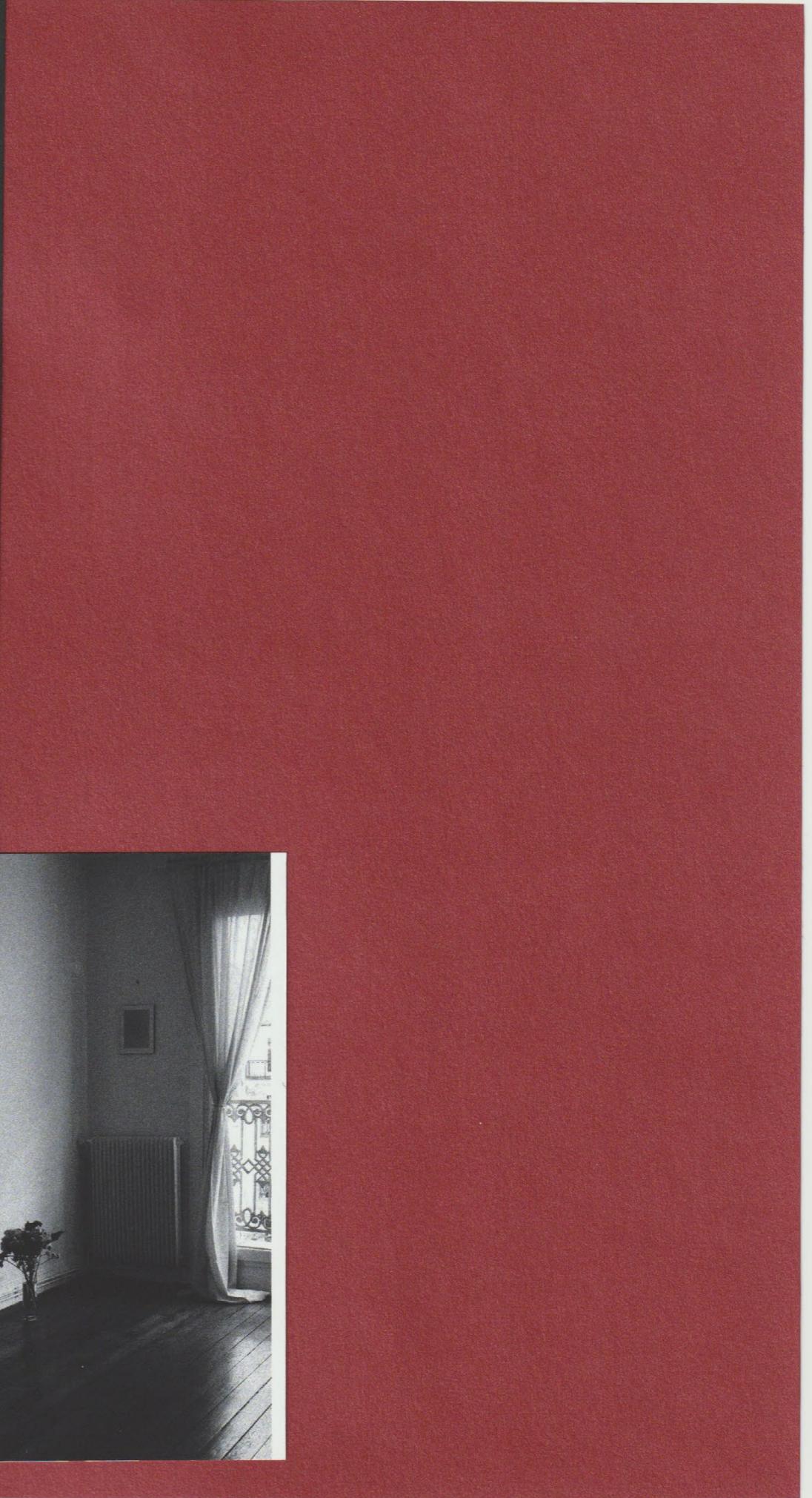
bleu

les fleurs  
sont toujours là

sous mes pieds









*How many is too many or Home journey stills*, 2021, 3135 x 209 mm or 209x209 mm, ink-jet and digital print hand bound as an accordion book

First printed in 2021 as an edition of 1. Re-printed in 2024 as an edition of 10.



The limit does not exist

until



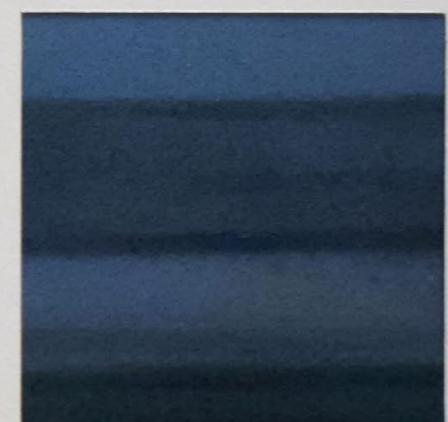
you decide to define



and one must remember that you can un-define



What we seem to take for granted is



that time flows in one direction



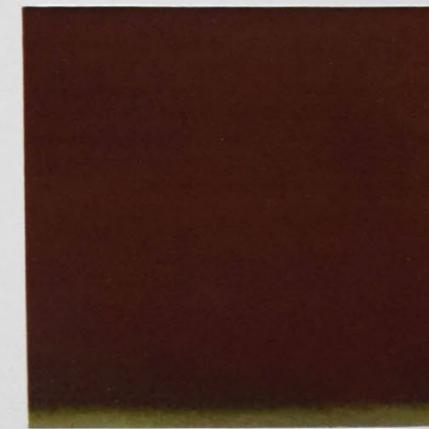
however, in the statement



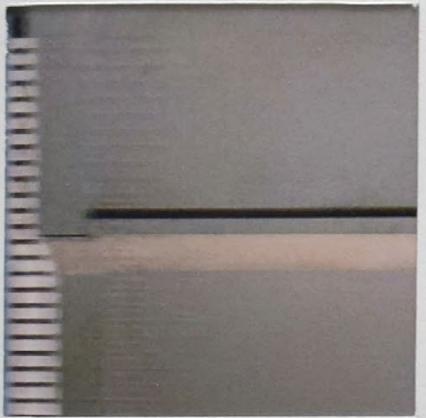
which shamelessly appears



as a fact to many



we forget that time is in-dependent



and also co-dependent



simultaneously



as



it will flow forever

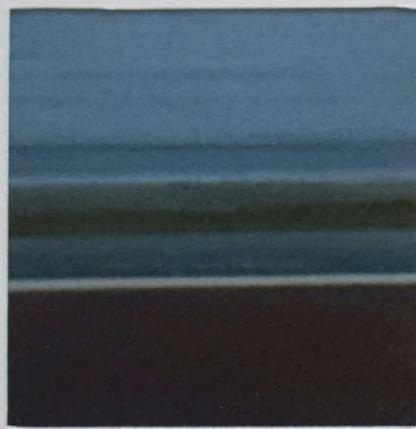


even if you do not wish



and even if

you are dead



if everyone is dead



and there is no one



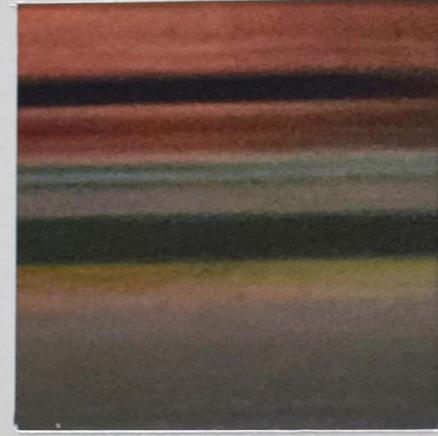
time will still flow



for no one



which is thus



inadvertently



everyone



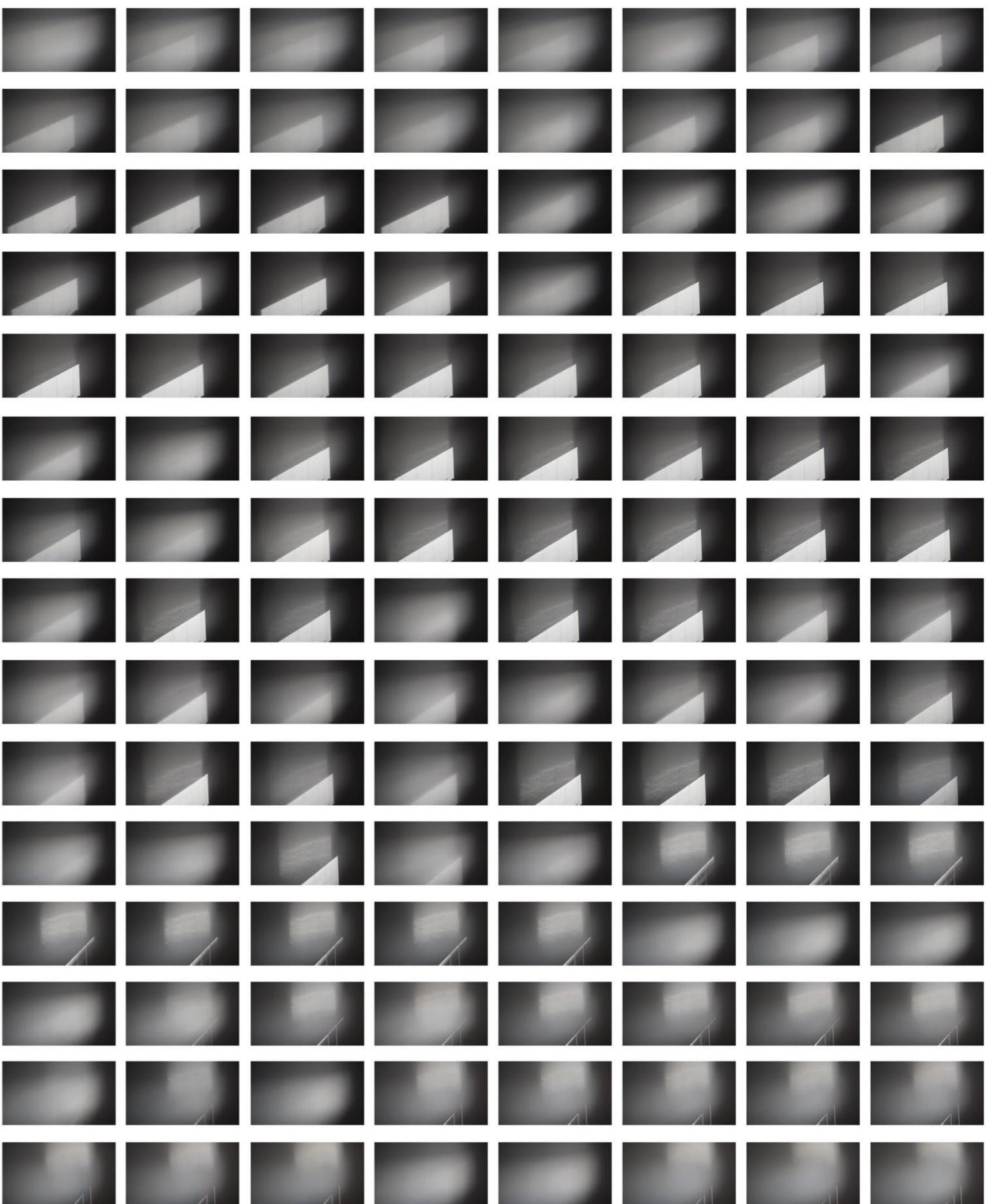
still

but,

also,

time will flow just for you  
as long as  
you are alive  
and breathing  
time is yours  
and you  
are time

**120 Photographs of a blank wall** is the documentation of the north wall of my bedroom every thirty seconds on 9th of October 2019, between 09.32 and 10.32. The simple repeated act reveals the improvised choreography of light, broken by the window, melting on the wall. The instantaneous change depicted by the radical difference between neighbouring images reveals the singularity of each moment, caused by the numerous factors that come together to create it.



## 120 Photographs of a Blank Wall

shot every thirty seconds on the 9th of October 2019 between 09:32 and 10:32

**One interpretation of  
the full comprehension  
of a moment could  
manifest itself in an  
unfolding of its space  
to flatten in the second  
dimension.**

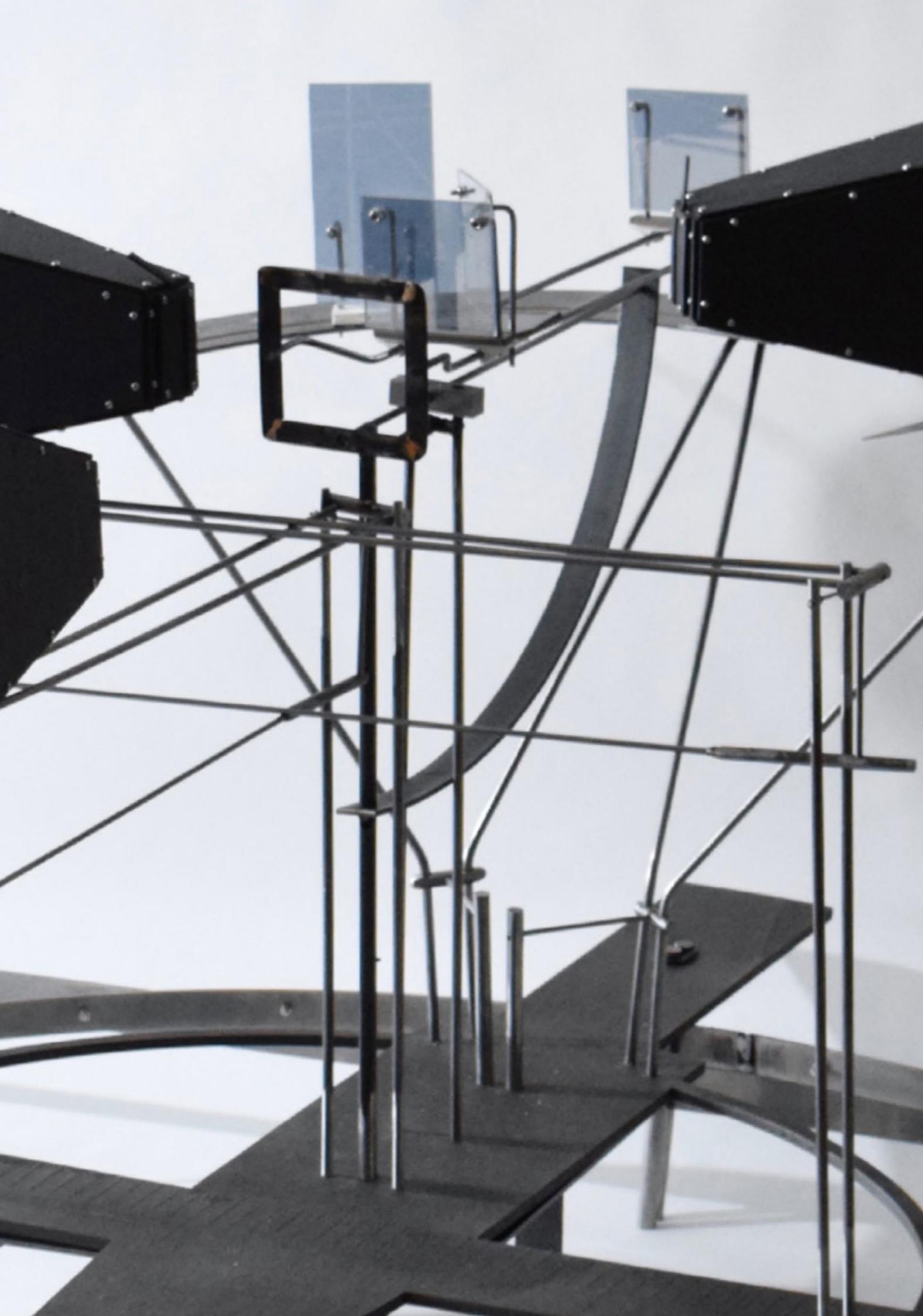
**When the same six  
images of the moment  
are re-ordered to be  
adjacent to one another  
they no longer read as  
a space, but rather as  
six adjacent windows  
opening up into six  
adjacent moments.**



*THE (UNFOLDED) FULL COMPREHENSION  
OF A MOMENT*



*THE (UNFOLDED) FULL COMPREHENSION  
OF A MOMENT (RE-ARRANGED)*



**The product of the pinhole  
beholds an exclusivity to the  
moment. It is an original: un-  
repeated, un-altered.**

**The multiple pinhole cameras  
arranged on the constellation  
apparatus begin to question  
the credibility of a single  
image in capturing the  
moment.**

**We maintain a temporal  
existence in a bodily world  
and the pinhole becomes  
a vice to experience time  
incompression.**



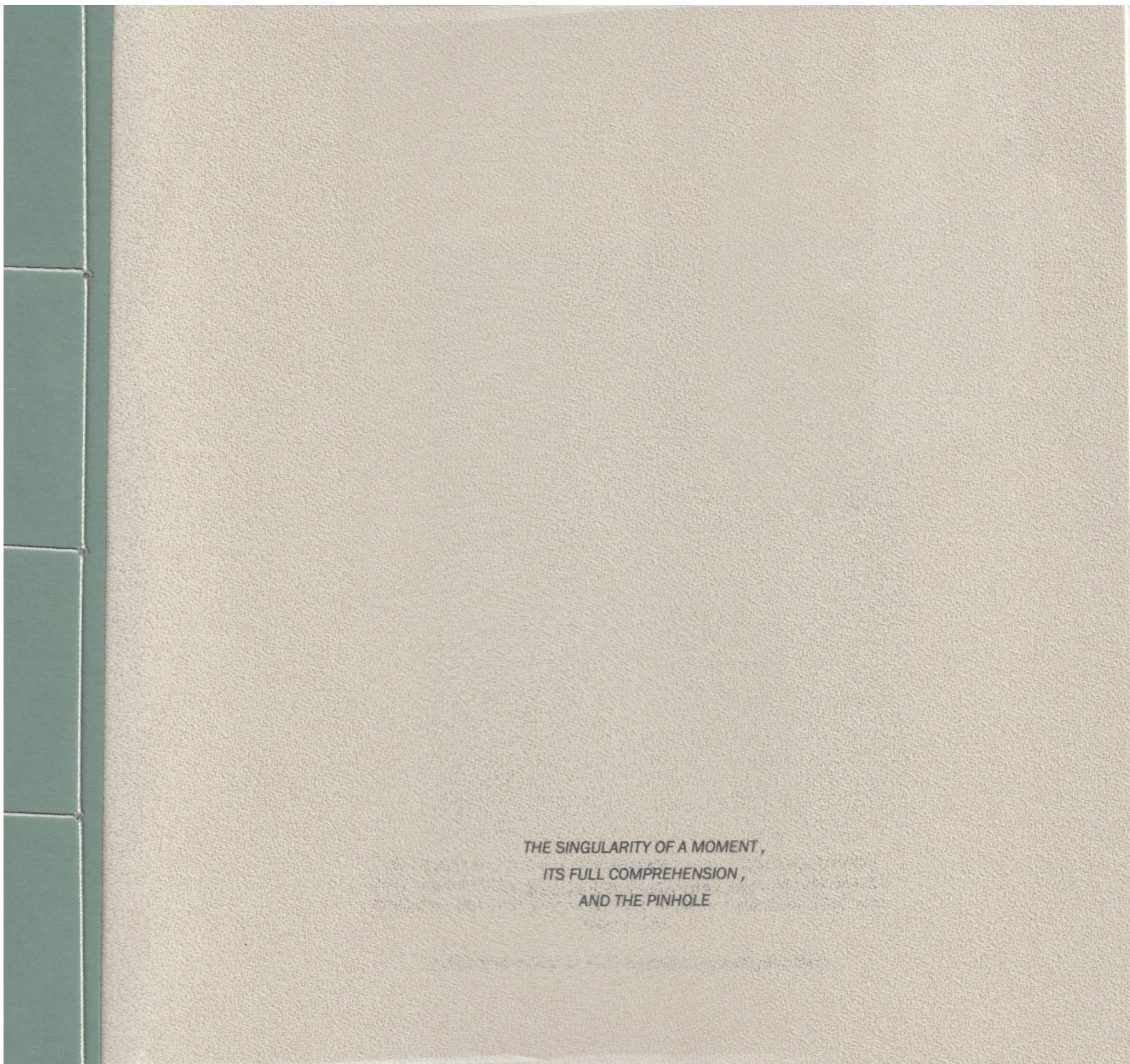
*Three Pinhole Cameras and Constellation Apparatus*, 2019 (detail view)



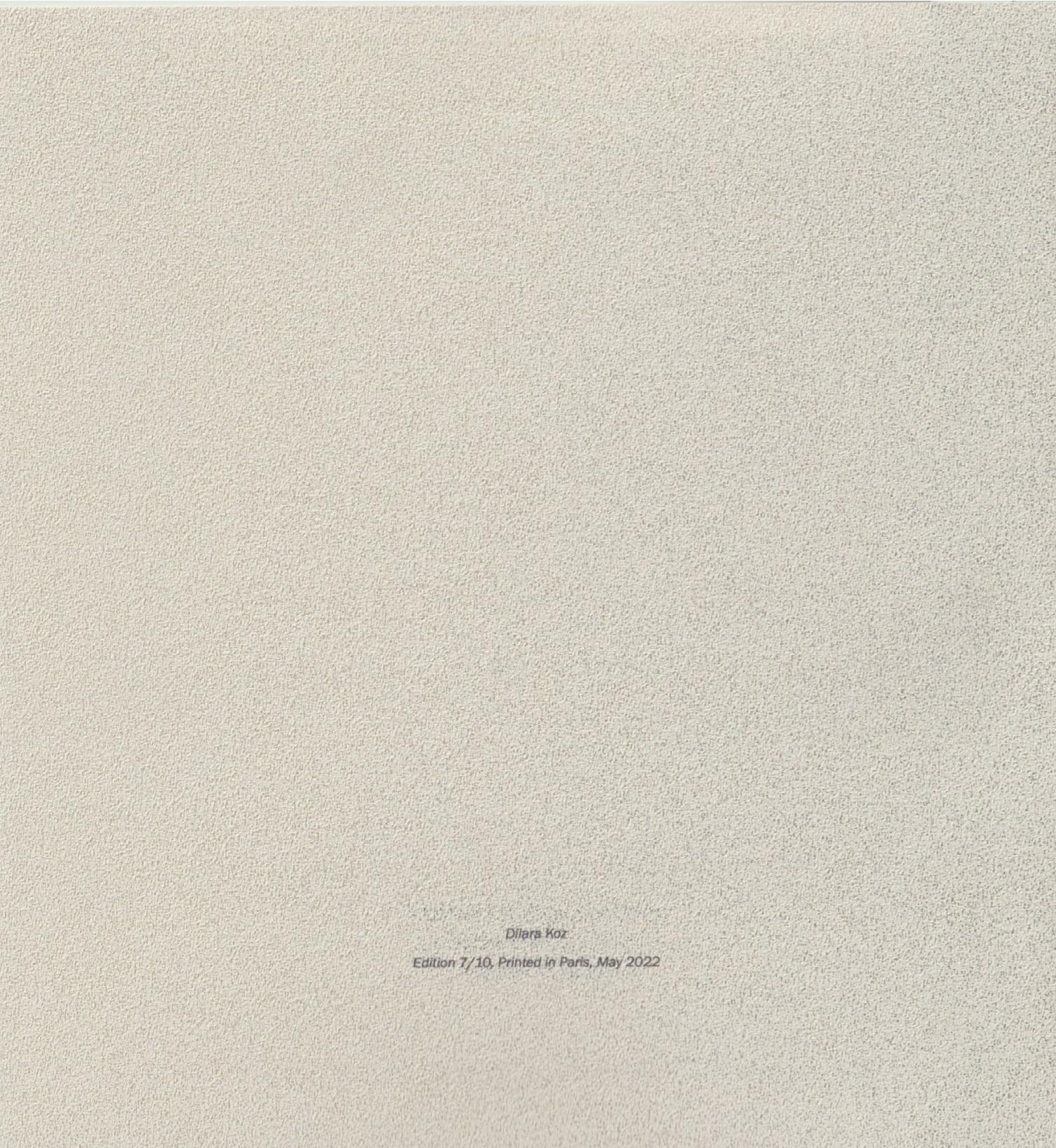
Scanned Pinhole Negatives, 2019, dimensions variable





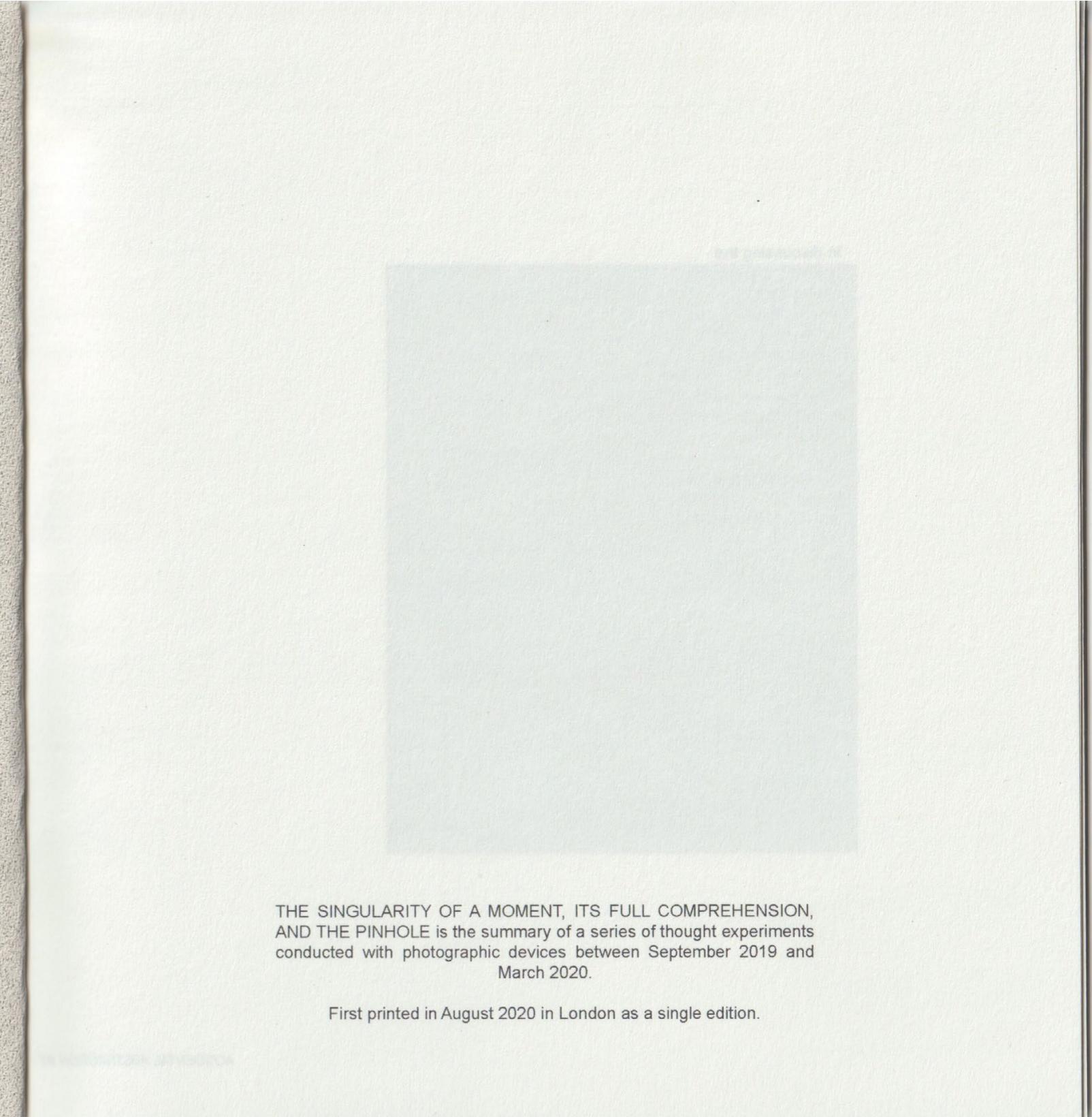


*The singularity of a moment, its full comprehension, and the pinhole*, 2020, 225x210 mm, mix-media, hand bound  
First printed in August 2020, re-printed as an edition of 10 in May 2022.



Dilera Koz

Edition 7/10, Printed in Paris, May 2022

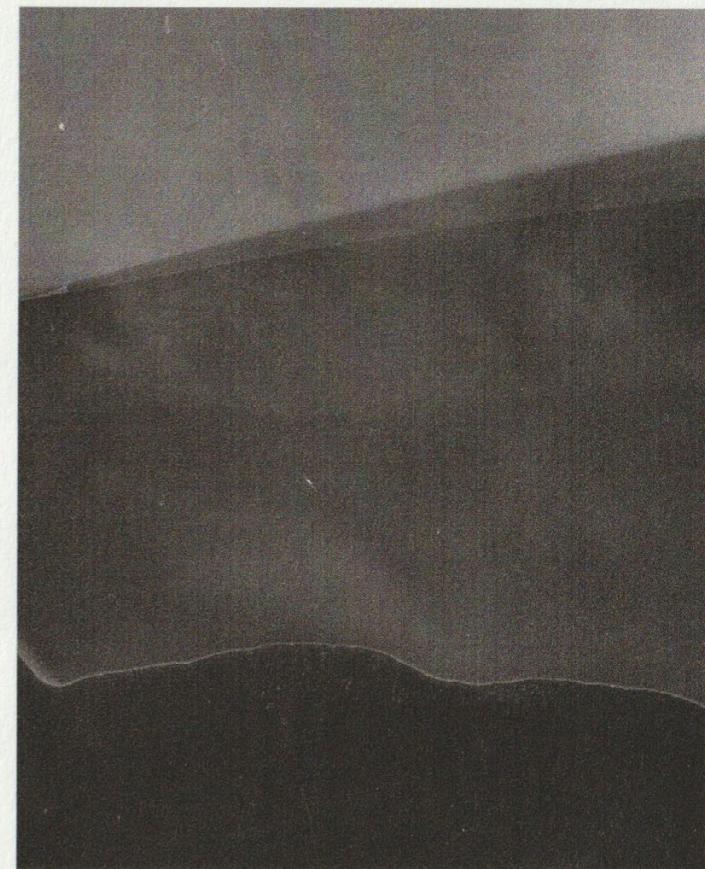


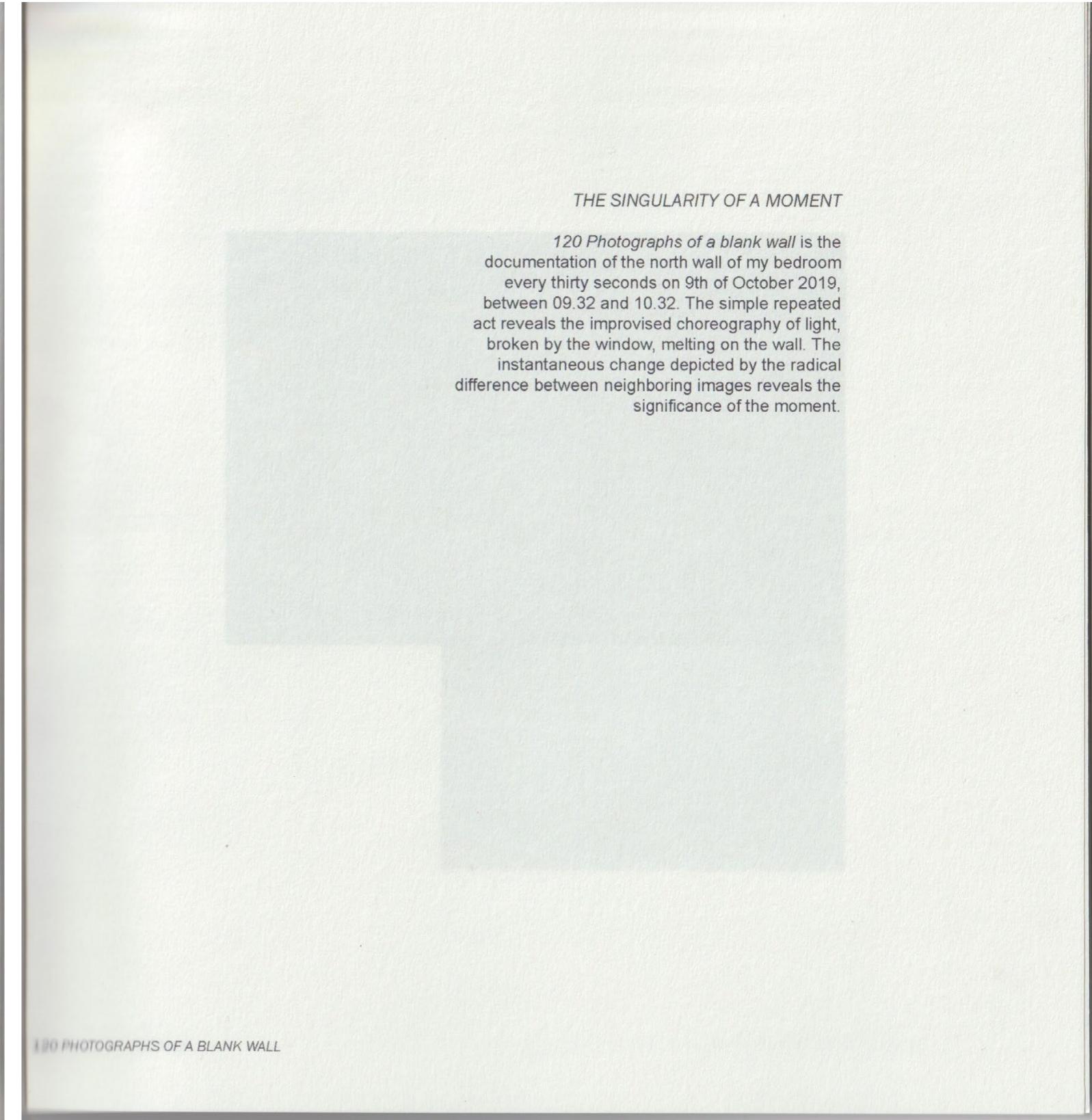
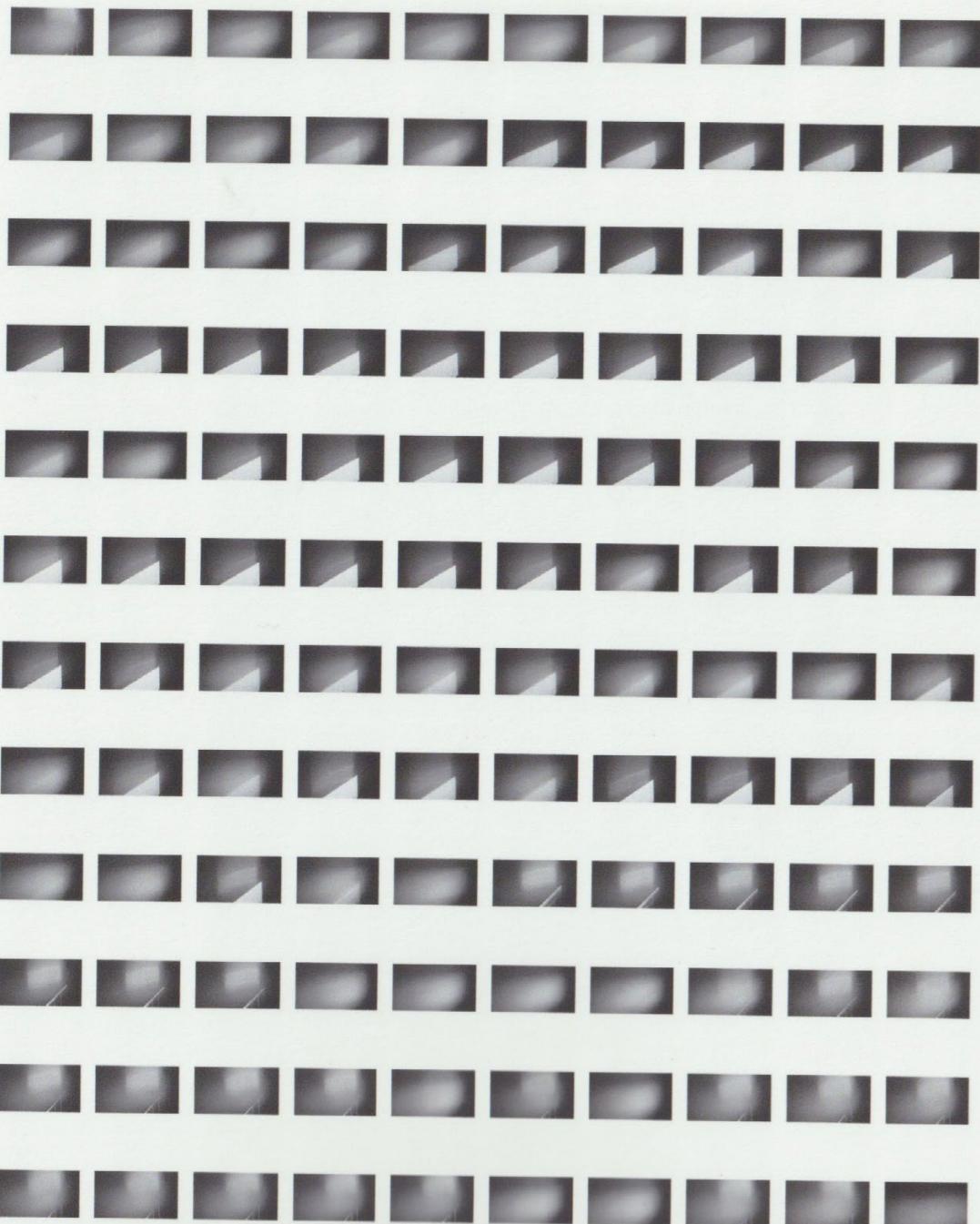
THE SINGULARITY OF A MOMENT, ITS FULL COMPREHENSION, AND THE PINHOLE is the summary of a series of thought experiments conducted with photographic devices between September 2019 and March 2020.

First printed in August 2020 in London as a single edition.

In discussing the ontology of the Image one of the key questions that arise is "Why do we make images?" In the context of architecture, the answer is evident. Architecture forms a fantasy world. The dream-vision of the architect is communicated to the life-world through the making of images and the construction of drawings.

ACCIDENTAL ABSTRACTION #7



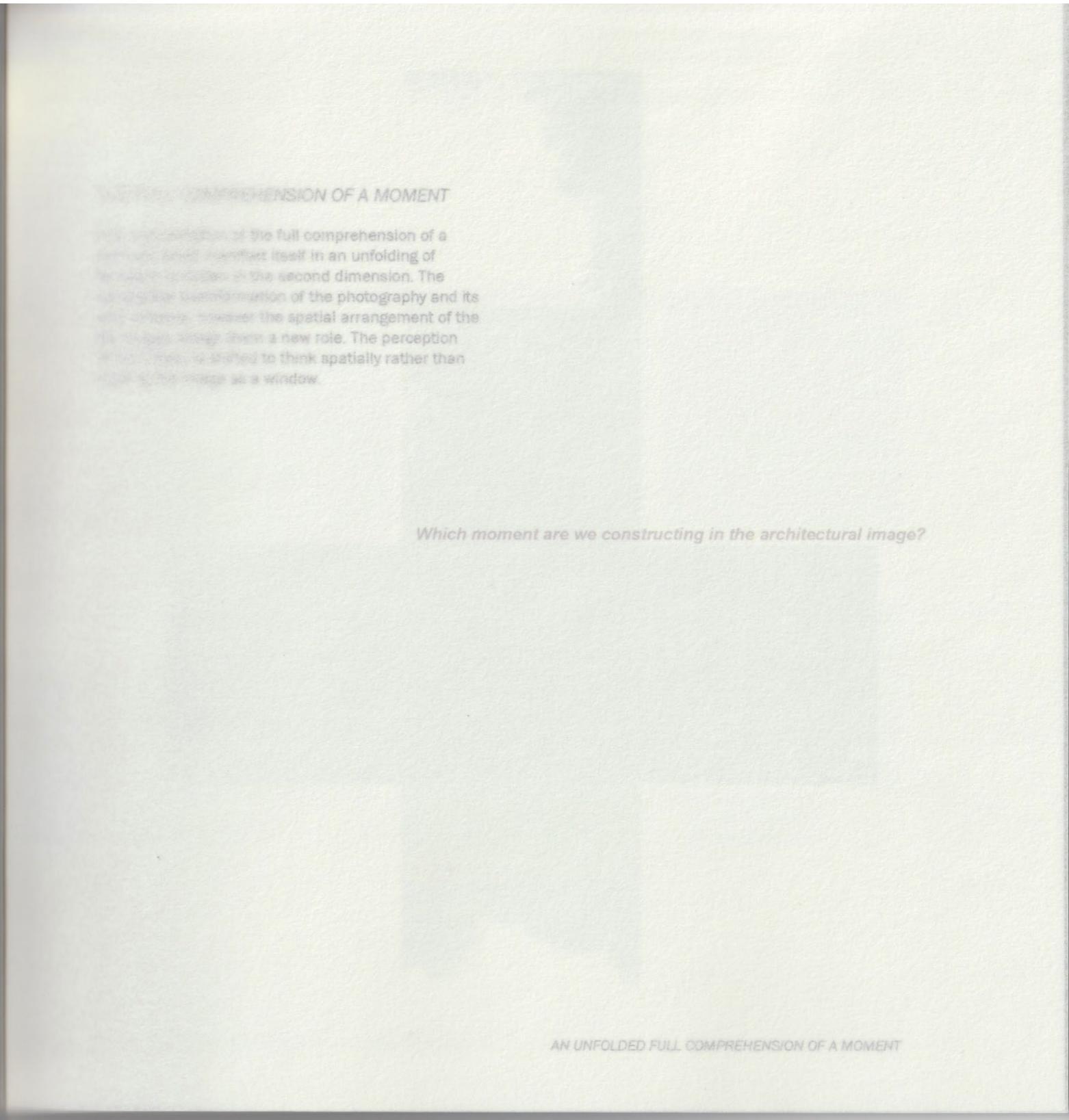
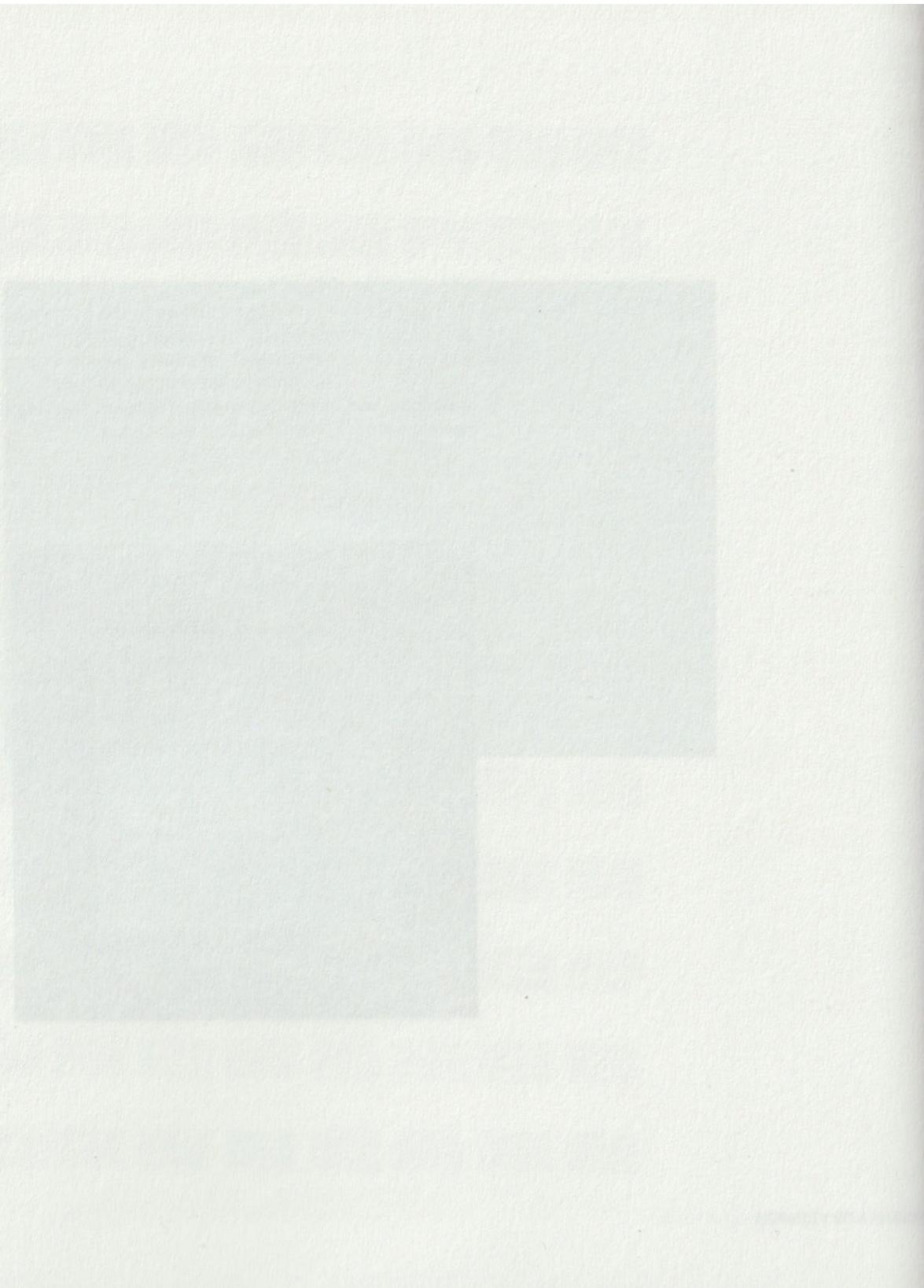




HUMIDITY OF A MOMENT

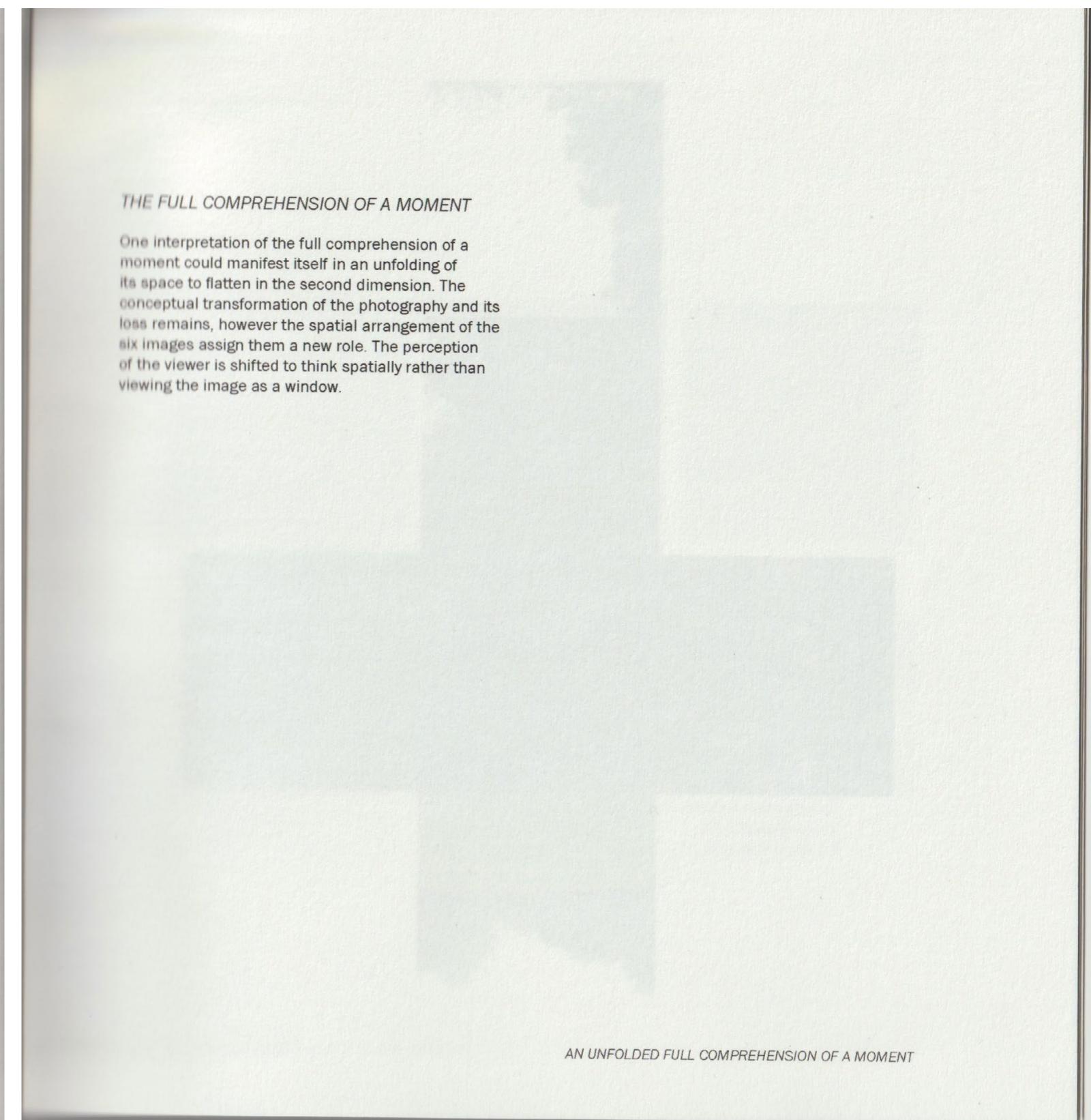
The singularity of the moment relies on the numerous factors that come together to create it. A moment is experienced in exclusive conditions, hence never repeated. Factors from light, sound, humidity, and the emotional and mental space of the subject affect how the moment is constructed and experienced.



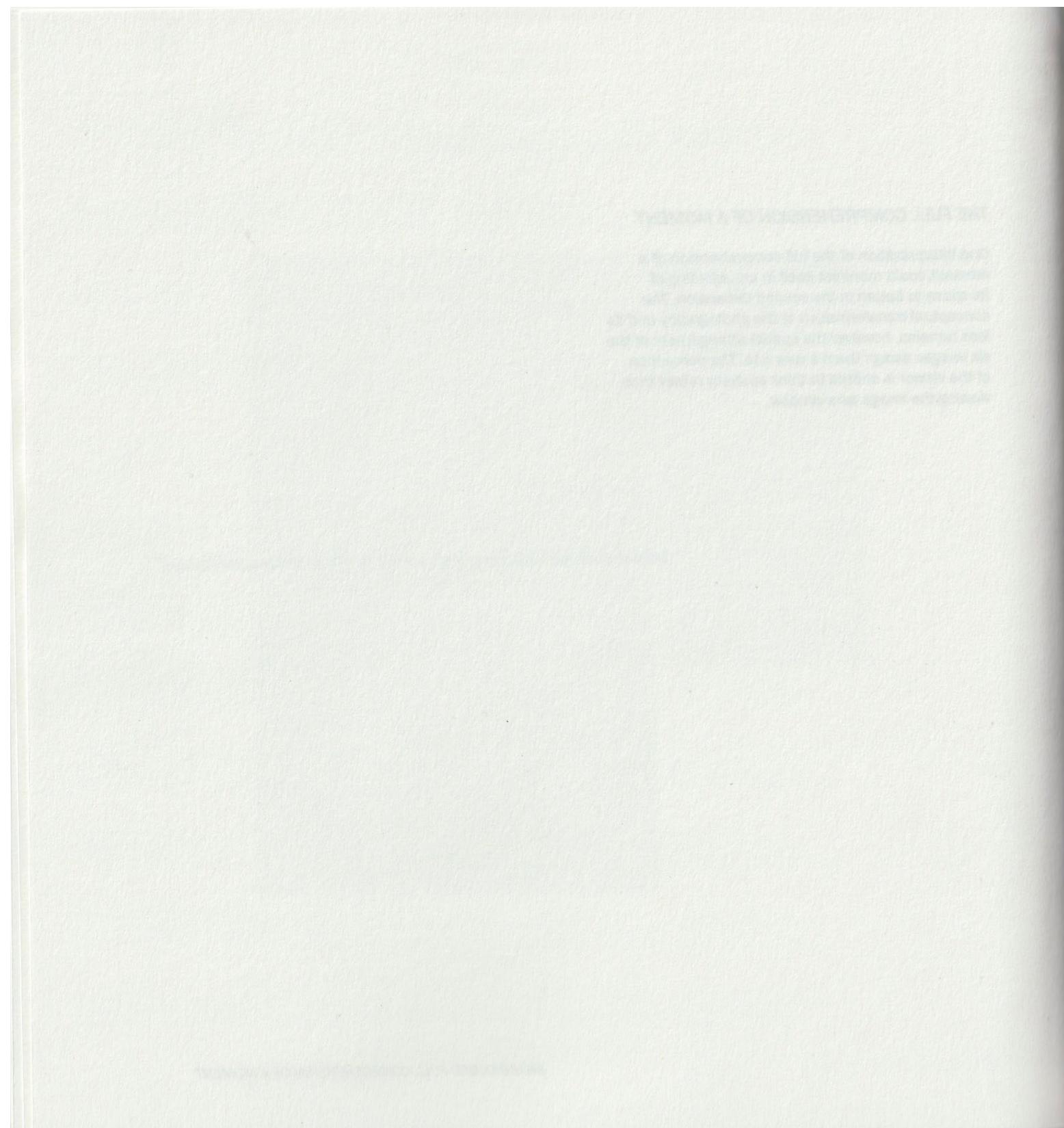


## THE FULL COMPREHENSION OF A MOMENT

One interpretation of the full comprehension of a moment could manifest itself in an unfolding of its space to flatten in the second dimension. The conceptual transformation of the photography and its loss remains, however the spatial arrangement of the six images assign them a new role. The perception of the viewer is shifted to think spatially rather than viewing the image as a window.



#### AN UNFOLDED FULL COMPREHENSION OF A MOMENT

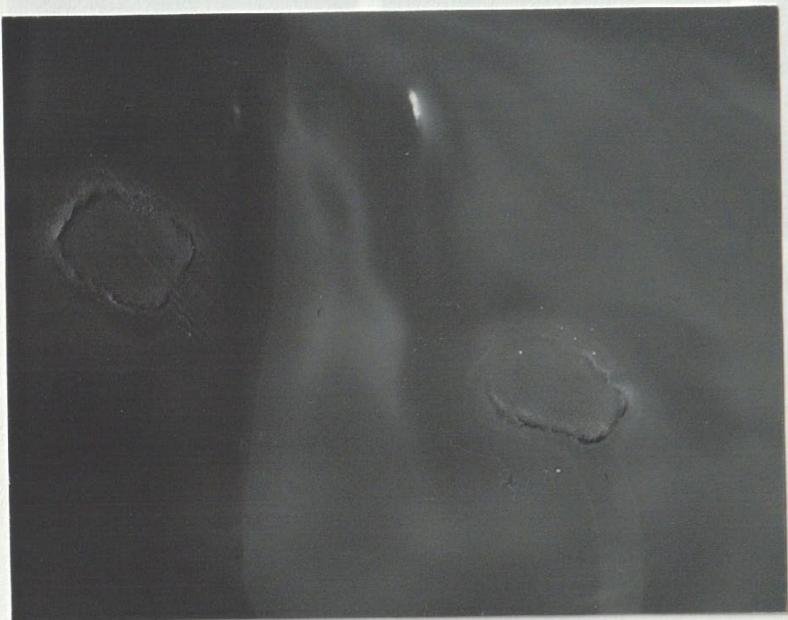


*The singularity of a moment, it's full comprehension, and the pinhole*, 2020 (scans)

When the same six images of the moment are re-ordered to be adjacent to one-another they no longer read as a space, but rather as six adjacent windows opening up into six adjacent moments.

AN UNFOLDED FULL COMPREHENSION OF A MOMENT, RE-ORDERED





PINHOLE

The product of the pinhole  
beholds an exclusivity to  
the moment.

It is an original:  
un-repeated,  
un-altered.

ACCIDENTAL ABSTRACTION #22



The poem 'Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard' (A throw of the dice with never abolish chance) by Stéphane Mallarmé spans over twenty pages, and is written in eight typefaces. It is one of the earliest free-verse poems, using the full space of the double spread, describing multiple simultaneous realities of a shipwreck. However, the events taking place within the poem become irrelevant, as the poem acts as a metaphor exploring the notion of simultaneity in space and time, allowing for multiple interpretations.

The site of the double spread and my room are submerged in this installation recreating the shipwreck through three paralleled realities: the 'real', the digital (rendered), and the manufactured (scale model).

'Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard', 2019, site specific installation



*Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard*, 2019 (detail view, 1:10 room model)

