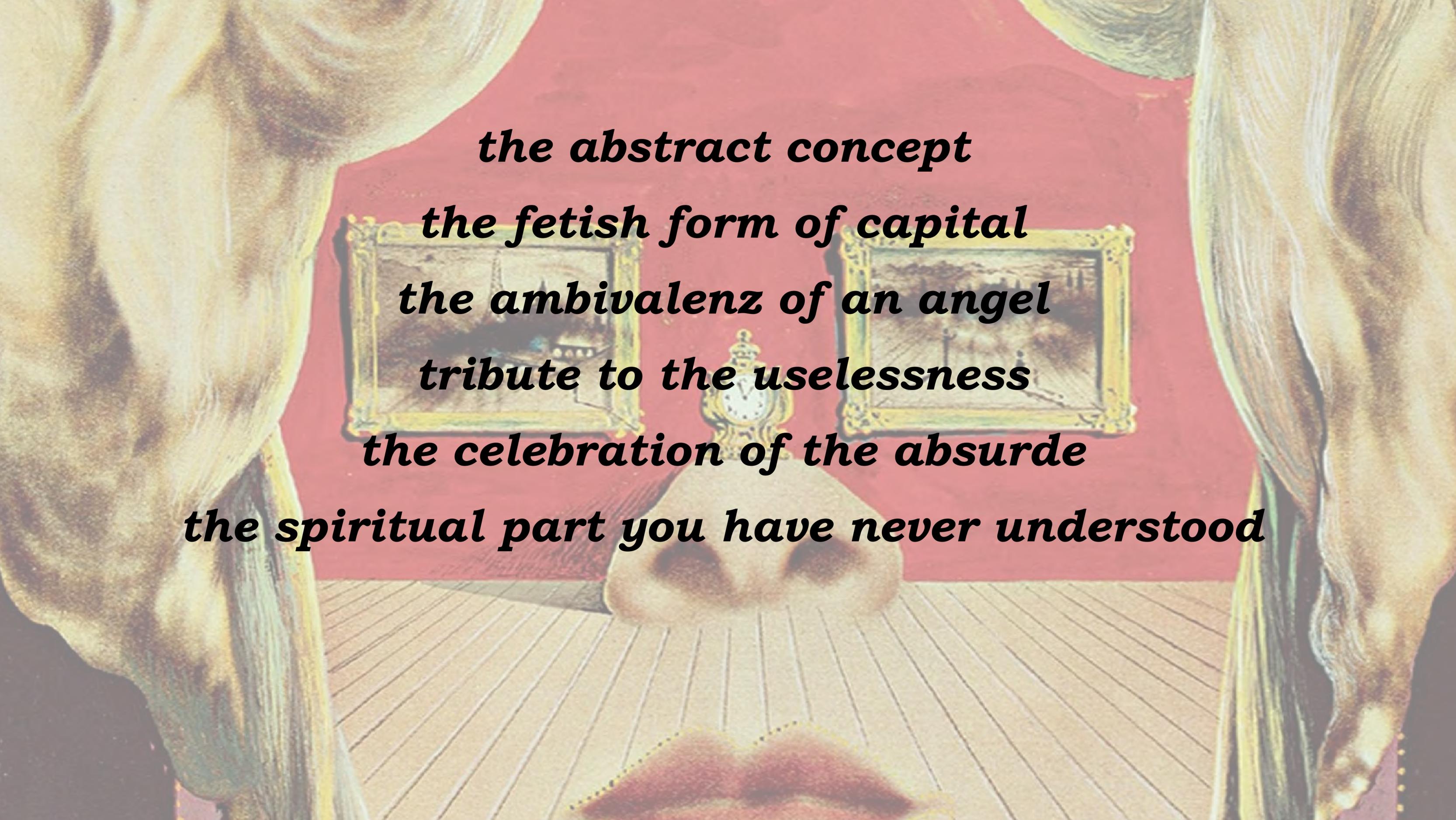


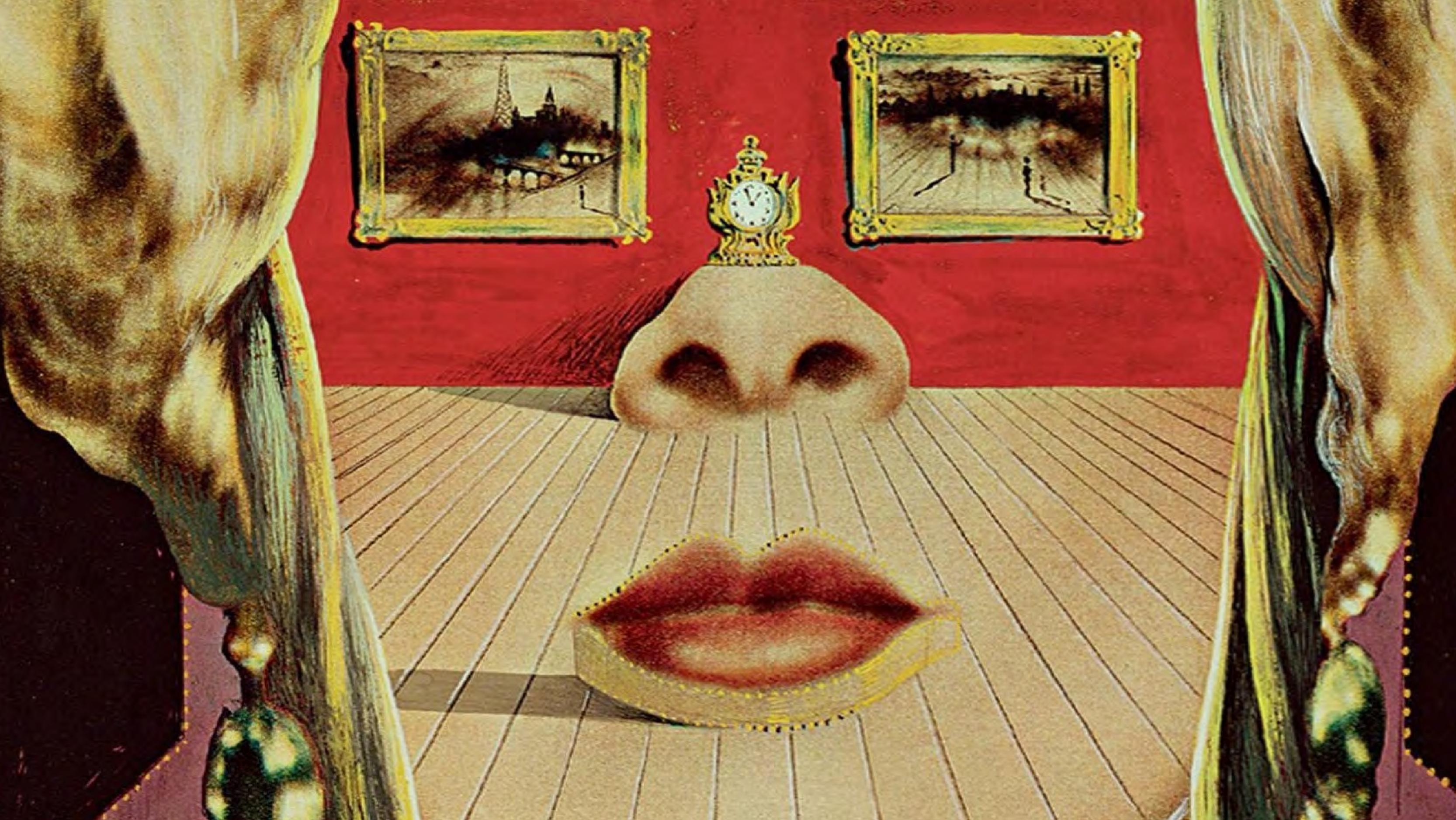


***CONSTITUTION OF HOTNESS -
INFERNO OF FETISHES***

***Wiktoria Violetta Sadlo
studio OMORE***

A surrealist painting by Salvador Dalí. The central focus is a large, realistic nose protruding from a red wall. Above the nose are two framed pictures, each depicting a landscape with a figure. A small clock is positioned above the nose. In the foreground, two figures are visible, one on the left and one on the right, both appearing to be in a state of distress or contemplation. The floor is made of wooden planks, and a red rug is partially visible at the bottom.

***the abstract concept
the fetish form of capital
the ambivalenz of an angel
tribute to the uselessness
the celebration of the absurde
the spiritual part you have never understood***



A close-up photograph of several vibrant red poppies in full bloom, set against a soft, out-of-focus background of green foliage and a pale sky. The flowers are the central focus, with their delicate petals and dark centers clearly visible. The text 'the abstract concept' is overlaid in a bold, black, italicized font across the middle of the image.

the abstract concept



Every abstract idea brings with it an immense economy of thought. Beauty holds in its hands a thousand and one beautiful women, just as the geometer's circle includes an infinite myriad of round things. We could never have written or read neither pages nor books if we had to cite each of these beauties or circularities, since their number is enormous, without limit. Moreover, I would never be able to demarcate even a single page without appealing to an idea that would halt this indefinite enumeration. Abstraction functions like a cork stopper.

Thumbelina, Michel serres and Daniel W. p42

faces of the fetish

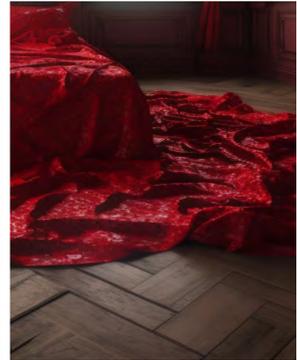
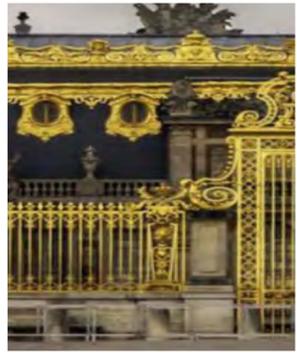
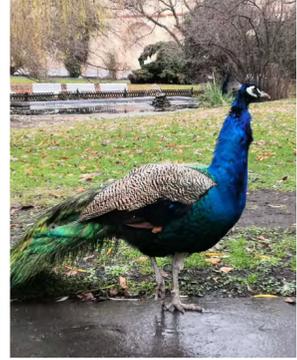
SASHA BIKOFF
NEW YORK





The image shows a detailed view of a ceiling. In the center is a circular, flush-mount light fixture with a frosted glass cover. Surrounding it are several rectangular panels with intricate, hand-painted or stenciled designs. The panels feature a mix of green, gold, and white colors. Some panels have symmetrical, scrollwork patterns, while others have more complex, floral or foliate motifs. The ceiling is supported by a network of light-colored wooden beams. The overall aesthetic is reminiscent of traditional Islamic or Middle Eastern architectural decoration.

the fetish form of capital



My dearest nail polish,

How can you put the essence of charm, sorcery, and allurement, into words? How can you convey the depth of emotion you feel when you devote yourself to something regarded with awe as having mysterious powers or being the representative of a deity that may be worshipped through it? These are questions that have plagued me since I first saw you, and yet I feel compelled to answer them now. You have these mysterious powers and you are the representative of deity that may be worshipped through it. [4]

You are a transcendent force of nature, a sublime manifestation of beauty that defies all attempts at categorization or definition. Thus, in purity may be found greatness; in greatness, beauty; in beauty, simplicity; and in simplicity, splendour.[5]

The only purpose of your existence is to serve me in staging myself. You are a reminder of the infinite possibilities that exist in the world, a moment of pleasure and inspiration that shines brightly even in the darkest of times.

Neither is luxury the fault of lovely and charming objects, but of the heart that inordinately loves sensual pleasures, to the neglect of temperance, which attaches us to objects more lovely in their spirituality, and more delectable by their incorruptibility. [6]

Whenever I look at you, I am filled with a sense of wonder and awe that borders on the mystical. ,So far as I am concerned, I have only made up my mind after many years of meditation; here I rest, my conscience is at peace, and my heart is satisfied [7], by just applying you. You are a masterpiece of art, a canvas on which the essence of my life is painted in brushstrokes of sheer brilliance and genius.

In short, you are the cityness to me. Everyone has a fetish. Urbani-ty is about order but you, you are about to act out.

Yours,

William of Baskerville

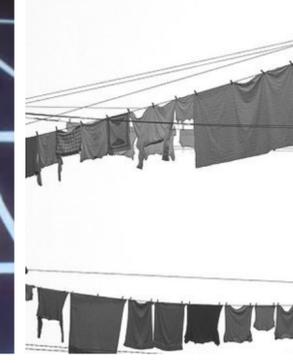


***the room for applying
nail polish***





the ambivalenz of an angle



My dear Prince of Darkness,

you are one of my most complex and multi-faceted friends, full of contradictions and surprises.

Your dark and ominous appearance, your elements of the lonely, of the lost, just seem to be strange. You are the object of humanism, in your bloody materiality as well as in philosophical thought where you are only a fleshy origin and shadow. [8]

You are a living curiosity, made up of the strangest and most incongruous elements. [9]

I'm so glad you aren't like the synthetic perfectness I used to see in urbanity. You are the darkness of beauty. You give space to those who aren't perfect. To the people who no one wants. Your generosity towards the dark face, the woman of the streets, the homeless under the bridge, the gangster in the corner, the dirt on the floor, the smell of piss.

You are not about the money, the work, the success. You are about the men who no one wants.

The residence of truth in the dark center of things is linked, paradoxically, to this sovereign power of the empirical gaze that turns their darkness into light.[10]

At your core, you are a place of rebellion and freedom, where people are encouraged to embrace their true selves and live life to the fullest. A friend where all are welcome, you transcend boundaries of race, gender, and social class and inspire a sense of unity and solidarity in your fans.

You leave an indelible mark on our cultural landscape for endless generations. [11]

For that, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

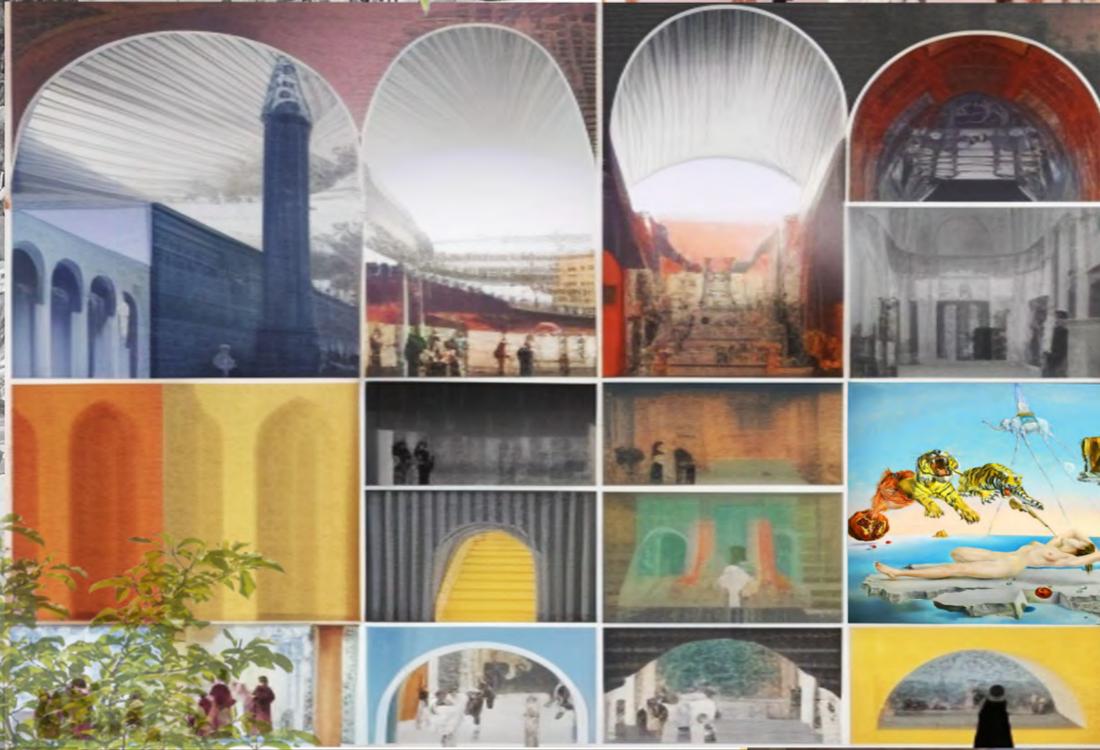
yours truly,

William of Baskerville



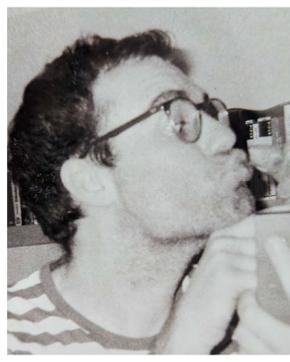
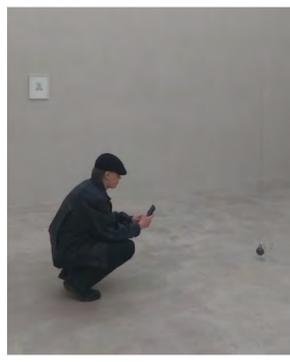
waitingroom of the hedonists





A painting of a woman in a white dress with a large, ornate necklace and a large brooch, set against a blue background. The necklace is composed of multiple strands of pearls and gold beads. The brooch is a large, ornate piece of jewelry with a central square gemstone. The woman's dress is white with a large, ornate brooch at the neckline. The background is a solid blue color.

tribute to the uselessness



My dearest fascinator,

*Things have Meaning, but they make Sense.[12] You not.
To become real it is necessary that an object or a function should
bear the marks of exquisite uselessness.[13]
Thanks to you pleasure is a duty, idleness a service, and honest
work the lowest form of degradation.[14]*

*In a polished nation full of wit and strength, laziness and gravity
are held in honor.[15]
In the same way, your effortless existence, your being without
meaning, your sheer senselessness are a testament to the ingenui-
ty and creativity of the human spirit. You are a shining example of
how uselessness can enrich our lives, how it brings us pleasure
and entertainment in ways we could never have imagined and did
not know we needed.*

*The uselessness of the city contributes both to its charm and its
poignancy, which is part of its charm.[16] Once this happens, the
possibilities become endless.[17]
Perfect is that where nothing is missing and nothing can be ad-
ded[18].*

*Joy is a pleasure that the soul feels in itself. Pleasure is the feeling
of perfection or excellence, whether in ourselves or in something
else. For the perfection of other beings also is agreeable, such as
understanding, courage, and especially beauty in another human
being, or in an animal or even in a lifeless creation, a painting or a
work of craftsmanship, a, well. For the image of such perfection in
others, impressed upon us, causes some of this perfection to be im-
planted and aroused within[19].*

*My dear uselessness, you have captured my heart and my imagi-
nation, and I am forever grateful to you for always reminding me of
the endless nonsense of being human.
Let the others work, let the others do, and let us just be.*

With love,

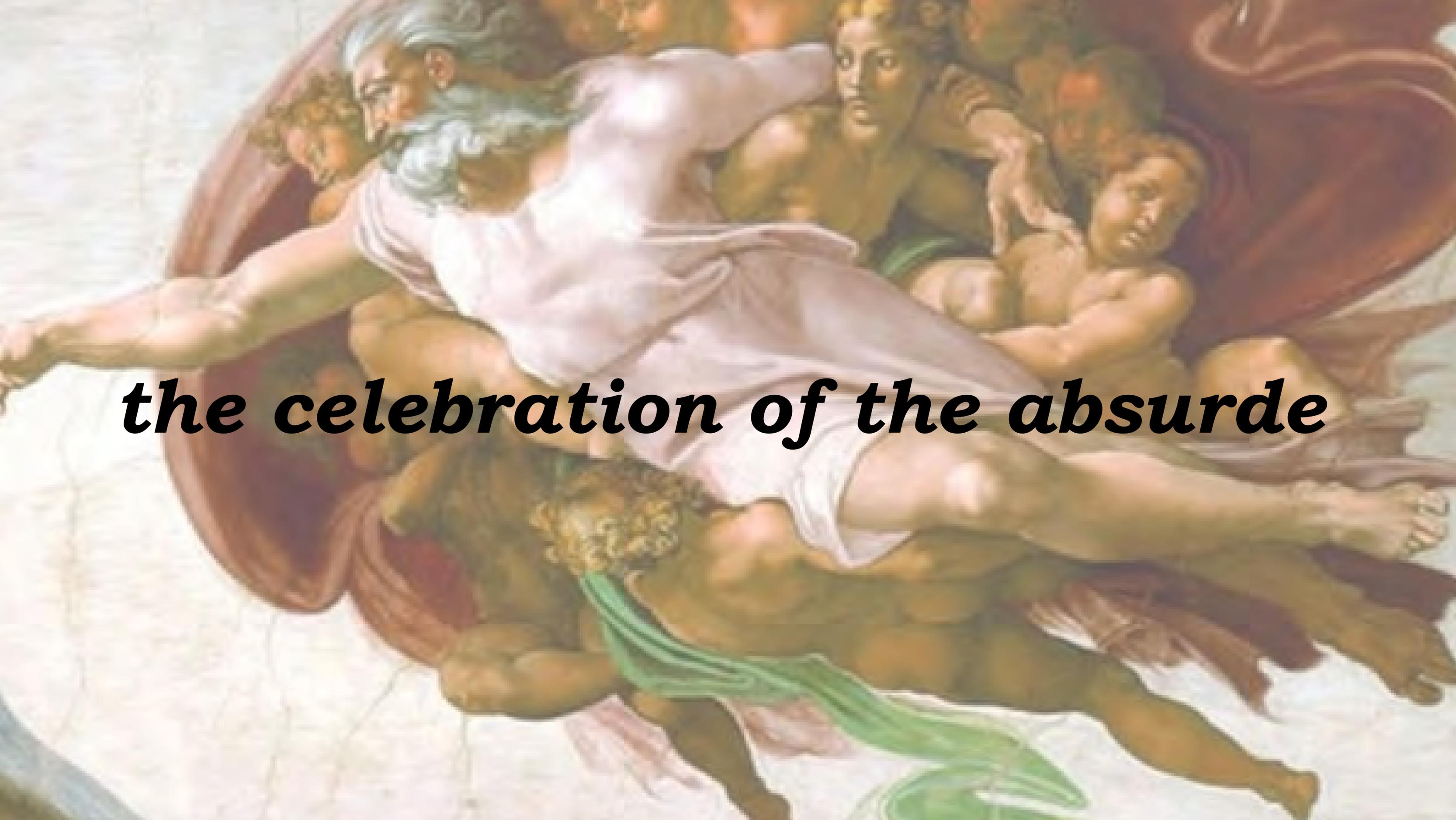
William of Baskerville



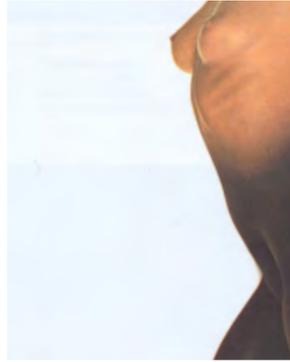
waiting for the gas







the celebration of the absurde



Dear Ministry of Silly Walks,

it is with great admiration that I write these words to express my affection for the amusing and surreal works of art that your hilarious organization has brought into the world. Your dedication to the absurd and the nonsensical is a testament to the human spirit's boundless capacity for brilliant deep humor.

Everyone can enjoy your creativity and brilliance. No ill temper, no harshness.[20] An easy way to laugh. The grace and elegance of your department's officers as they cross the urban landscape with their unique gaits are a sight to behold, and they are a ray of hope for all, not just for the intelligent and successful and the perfect ones. But for all who want.

Your commitment to excellence in the art and I admire the passion and dedication with which you include every human being. You are a

Simplicity is achieved if every figure shows its emotions clearly and unequivocally and if the mood of the scene is convincingly conveyed.[21] In a world that is often all too serious, the Ministry of Silly Walks is a shining example of the power of humor to uplift and inspire.

But our dull wit cannot come unto such perfectness of all art, truth, and wisdom[22], without any silliness.

Please take this letter as a token of my admiration and gratitude for all you have done to make the world a happier and more absurd place.

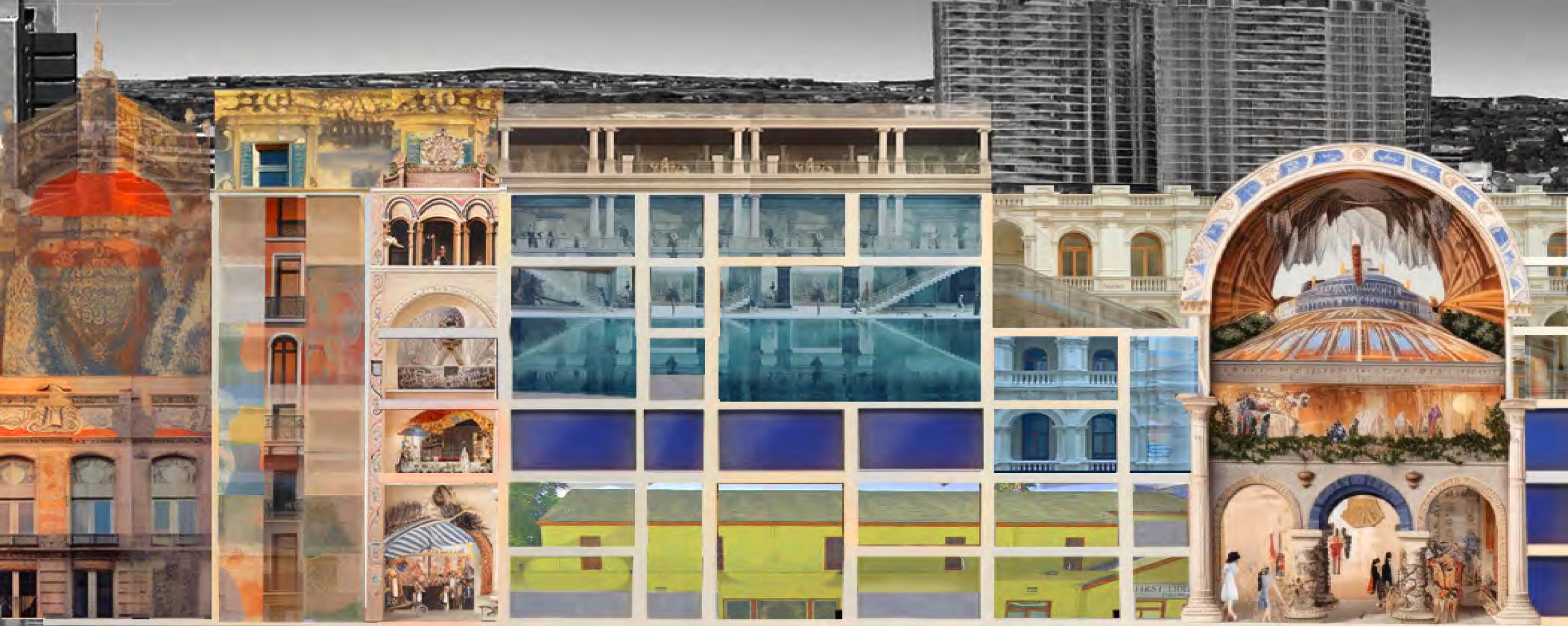
Yours,

William of Baskerville



waitingroom of the duckrace





A group of people are sitting on a sidewalk at night. In the background, there is a large, multi-story building with many windows, some of which are lit. A tree with green leaves is visible on the right side. The ground is wet, reflecting the lights. The text "the spiritual part you have never understood" is overlaid on the image in a bold, italicized font.

***the spiritual part you have
never understood***



My dear fellow humans, objects, and plants,

this is about licking your finger but in a spiritual way.

What's the deal with the fanaticism about technology, money, and success?

What about the breath of god, the inspiration of life, the disposition, character, vigor, courage, pride, and arrogance of each of you? People might lose their sense of being unique.[23]

There was a time I wasn't happy with myself. I hated that I am who I am.

There was a friend of mine, who was there, and after a long day of nothing she licked a tiramisu out of a cup with just the little finger of her hand.

That was the moment I felt better.

These are the moments in life, the rituals everyone needs. To lick your finger.

You are free to pursue your passions, take risks and make mistakes without the burden of responsibility. Yes, and there is pleasure. [24]

You should always come back to yourself. To your ideas and idealism.

You have to be full of dreams and aspirations and driven by a sense of purpose and anticipation for what lies ahead. It is a time of hope and optimism when anything seems possible.

You have to see pleasure as the chief goal of life.[25]

But be careful, there is always a price to pay. Responsibility must be taken for these actions.[26]

You should enjoy an intimate kiss, a great run, a close friendship all over. Even if we don't know how. Even if it's the hardest we can do.

To those who can hear me, I say - do not despair. The misery that is now upon us is but the passing of greed - the bitterness of men who fear the way of human progress.[27]

In summary, we cannot both experience and think that we experience.[28]

Sincerely,

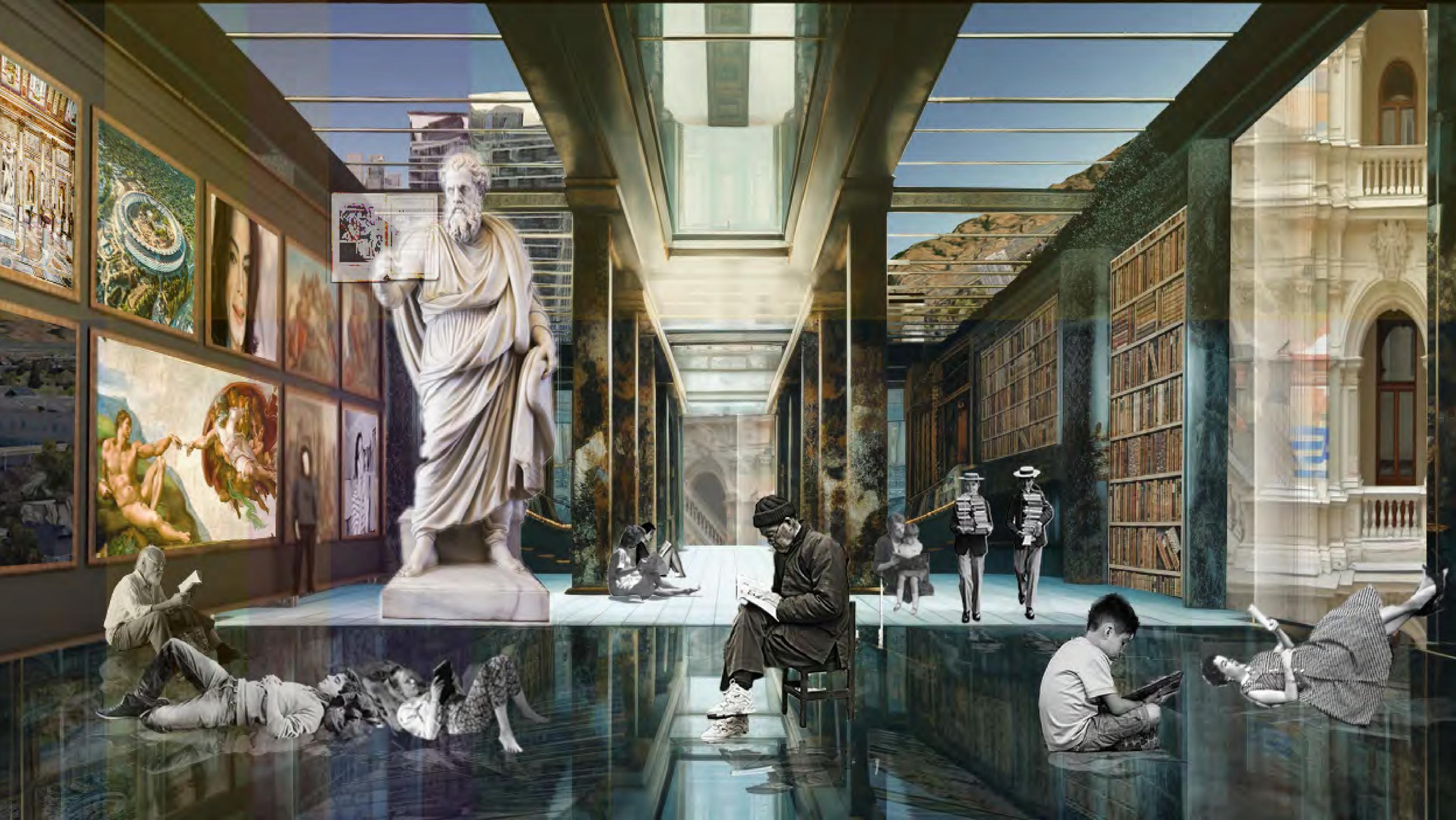
William of Baskerville



waiting trough the ritual



bibliotheca of the second book



An illustration of a savanna scene. On the left, a lion with a large, golden-brown mane is shown in profile, looking towards the right. In the center and right, two tigers with yellow fur and dark stripes are depicted. One tiger is standing and looking towards the lion, while the other is lying down, looking towards the viewer. The background features a light blue sky, a yellowish ground, and a blue body of water in the distance. The overall style is that of a classic children's book illustration.

the palace of desires

