

GIULIO RAVIZZA

**THE INFLUENCE
OF BLUE**



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SUICIDE DIALOGUE



«Hi Mehmet, sorry that I disturbed your sleep.»

«Don't worry, I'll sleep again in the afternoon. But wait, is it really true that Leone Ippoliti is dead?»

«Ah, yeah.» Orhan calmly answered.

«Ill he was?»

«No, no, he weren't.»

«An accident, then?»

«Nope, Mehmet, quite not.»

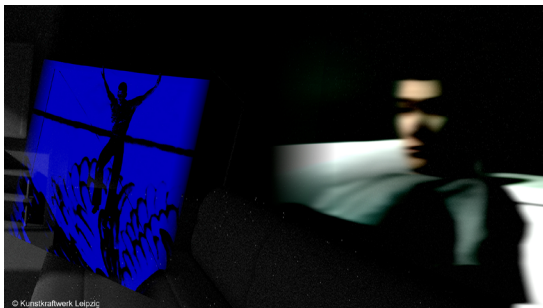
Orhan tried to explain himself: «He got into Blue Mosque».

«I think they close it.»

«Yes, their closed it. But he arrived through a tunnel, from underground.»

With a big yawn, Mehmet finally asked: «Ok, so he in the Blue Mosque from the ground. But how did he die?».

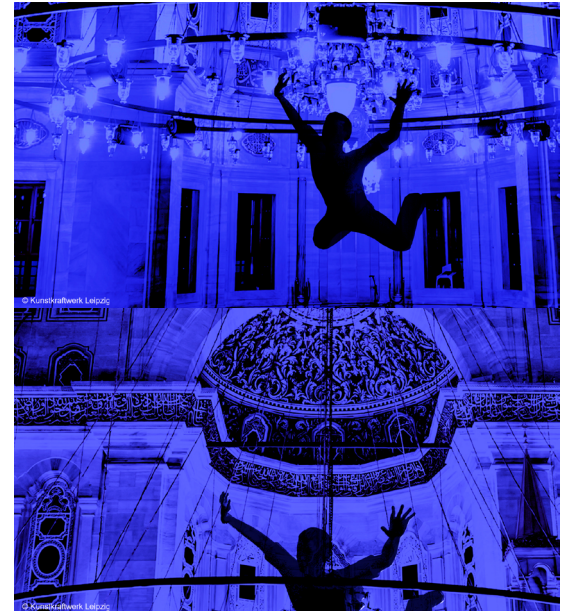
«When inside, he went upstairs, close to the dome. He was right next to the chandelier. And then he go down.»



«I never saw the inside of the Mosque, but it looks quite high from outside.»

«Yes, yes, that is why he dead: all squashed.»

Mehmet, satisfied by the explanation, exclaimed: «He slipped!».



«Yes, maybe. But the doctor volunteer of Constantinople said he kind of take a step forward, but no floor is there. He take a step but nothing is there.»

«But a step to go where?»

«To go down, very quick and falling. He really want to fall on floor.»

Mehmet rubbed his eyes. «But he not stumble? I sometimes happens when there are holes in the roads.»

«Listen, I not understand well what is happened. Doctor said he jumped, for real, like a jump from a trampoline, when we want to swim. In the sense that he jump forward, but in a ravine.»



BOSPORUS

Mehmet stood up and, with a deep breath, let his gaze wander above the strait. He looked at his right and saw the dark, vigorous Sea, immense in power. All the amounts received from the tributaries and the sky created the relentless tides of the Bosphorus. The waves, one after another, were almost fighting each other with all their strength on the surface of the canal, in a dance of confidence and arrogance. The evident coldness and saltiness of the water down there were invigorating the agitated, cruel currents.



The waves were of a perfect Prussian blue, hazy and incorruptible; the nervous foam was insufferably rebelling against the Mistral winds, and each ancestral, earthly force was trying to prevail on the other. The salty sea breeze was running through the cordage of the ships anchored to Sarıyer harbour.



Mehmet followed the coastline with his glance: after Fatih Sultan Mehmet's bridge, broken like a defeated soldier, he was seeing dozens of old Ottoman villas and elegant minarets, which graced the landscape with their beauty. He turned his gaze right in front of him. The elements that made him experience a bold sense of self just a couple of days before were standing right there: the terrace, his shadow and the calm gulfs which painted the water with all the shades of blue.

The strait was calmer next to Küçüksu Palace, and the hills of Arnavutköy were partly dampening the big waves; it felt like the natural forces at play were resting, just for a bit, before clashing again. Leaning on his left, Mehmet saw the incredible Boğaziçi Köprüsü, standing tall and fierce in all its genial architecture. A little more on the left, there was the Golden Horn, calm and pacific like precious, comforting memories are. Over there, the coastline was quiet, as if the wind and the tides made peace with each other, like two tired lovers that just discovered themselves. That precise strand of the coast appeared almost considerate and understanding, as nature laid down its arms and forgave its own havoc. After sharpening his eyes, the Master of ceremonies was able to identify the small and precious island of Prens Adaları, surrounded by the morning mist of Üsküdar.

He squinted even more, surpassing the curvature of the Earth, and finally took a glimpse of a new kind of turquoise, smooth and remote: the last kind of blue he didn't have seen before. Mehmet's senses were overwhelmed by the effort of comprehending such a mystical view: he was so sure that all the light in the world was coming from the depths of the Marmara Sea.

It seemed like all the Earth warmth came from that generous hollow in the sea. That pastel, baby blue, so pale and serene, made the Master of ceremonies exhale a sigh of relief.

He felt like, somehow, a forgiving entity was trying to comfort him regarding what happened, acting like a curative balm on his wounded soul.





BAN OF THE COLOR BLUE

Leone demonstrated scientifically and without any margin of error that one's happiness is inversely proportional to the amount of blue one sees.

(...)

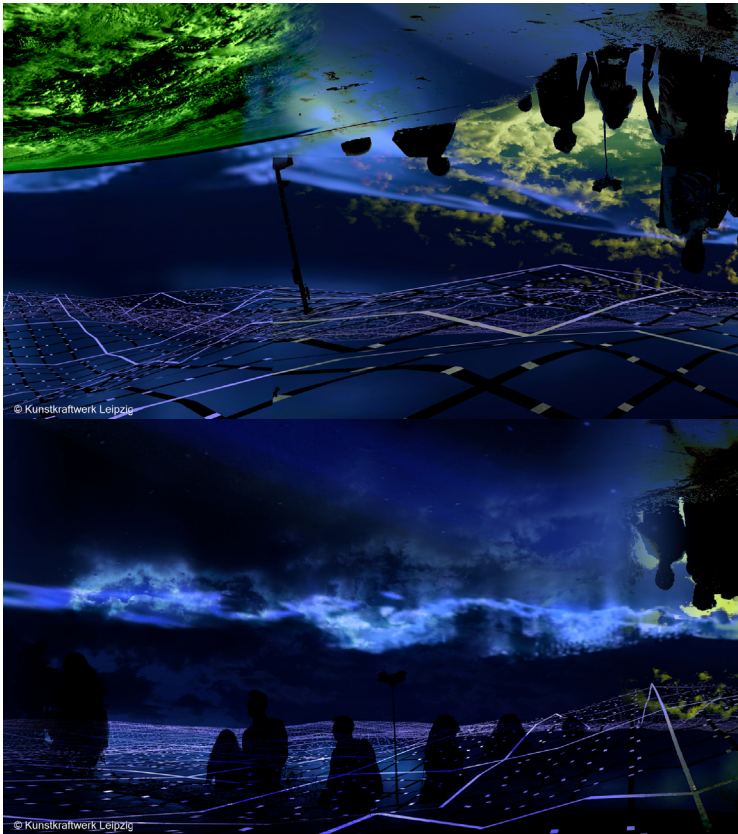
In the immediate days after Leone's discovery, people abandoned their blue trousers, shirts and sweatshirts. Blue buildings were repainted, blue cars scrapped, road signs changed, and every company modified its blue logo. People with blue eyes underwent plastic surgeries to alter their colour in favour of black. Nevertheless, at the beginning the public opinion showed some hesitance toward that new trend of cancelling everything blue in order to make space for other colours.

(...)



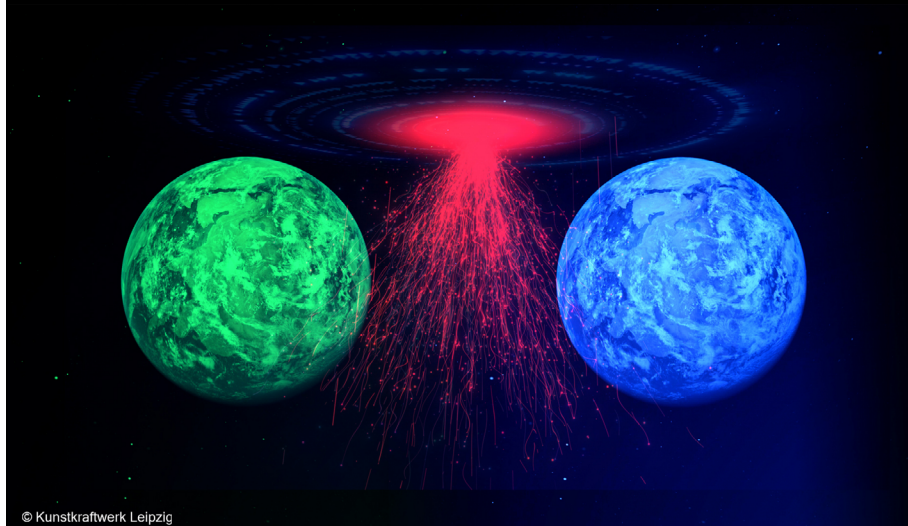
The US were the first country to take measures against the blue of the seas: just a couple of months after Leone's discovery, the Congress issued the Act of Happiness. The army poured billions of tons of purple red tincture in the water. Homicide rates dropped along the coastlines. A vast number of people started to spontaneously heal from depression, anx-

iety, panic attacks; psychiatric hospitals emptied in a fortnight. China was the first country to do something about the sky: thanks to the Law of the Right Colours, the government stated that every factory had to use a new type of fuel which changed the colour of the sky all over the world, from blue to a lovely jade green.



The colour blue completely disappeared four months after the publication of *The influence of the color Blue*, on the same day governments instituted the World's Day of the Right to Happiness.

Earth radically transformed, not only in its appearance but also in its nature: humans evolved so rapidly and so quickly. Wars ended. Crime and criminals disappeared: no more violence. Prisons, tribunals, police forces and armies became just a distant memory. Nations, borders, weapons, property and money soon followed the same path. People didn't desire to own more than they already had: they were authentically happy to be able to share their possessions.



They made a new discovery: Earth resources were enough for everybody and that discriminating people wasn't doing any good, to anyone, therefore including became the norm. The gap between the rich and poor rapidly decreased hour by hour: we are all the same now and our only desire is to love and to be loved. People started to fall for one another more easily and frequently. For the first time since the dawn of the universe, Earth was peaceful and in balance. Our Planet and Paradise have been indistinguishable since then.