

The dwelling is (the/a) place I may hesitate between worlds



Episode I

"Oh well, memories," said I. "Yes, even remembering in itself is sad, yet how much more its object! Don't let yourself in for things like that, it's not for you and it's not for me. It only weakens one's present position without strengthening the former one—nothing is more obvious—quite apart from the fact that the former one doesn't need strengthening."

Franz Kafka

The threshold of change induces a shift of variables in the equations of memory and the self. The conditions of which certain vocabulary is coded face a quake. It is not only the earth that trembles, but the meanings of those words: Love, despair, reality, conflict, impossibility, melancholia, terror, longing, lack, dream, suicide, revenge, death, freedom, journey, urban, solitude, trace, special, decline, loss, existence, belonging, sadness, incapability, inner peace, obsession, fragility, hesitation, time...

The condition of being at the junction of change introduces the premise of the new versus the familiar. That first step gains unbearable significance, at times of hesitation and contemplation. Although that first step is the key to the realm of the new, once arrived at a decision it becomes secondary.

The change does not necessarily imply a visual and social alteration, or its prerequisites suspension of existing relationships; it might also take place when one arrives at an end. The end can be the finalisation of an enduring encounter with production. To produce requires coherent self, while the product enables freedom. The objects of creative endeavour formulate the point of departure, a certainty of a step due.

The chosen medium of production, in that sense, might attain the position of performing as other medium in the sense in which the change requested is introduced through transmission of thought in a new embodiment. Derivation of the premise of the premise of the premise might appear as a methodology of thematizing the conditions of reception towards situations of perception, where sensory input are at stake. In other words, the self in need of change might take the path of visiting what is left behind – not literally, but in their abstraction or rather through metaphors. Once, the point is reached production unfolds in a pulsatile manner, flickering images from conditions of distraction.

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Beyond a certain point there is no return.



Episode II

On a cold wintry night, you might find yourself sitting in silence accompanied by a violin sonata while you have not found any necessity for turning the lights on, but listening in the sounds from outside. It is rather a friendly warm climate at the room you currently reside. The train keeps passing by while the tracks cry. The arrival is always accompanied by a departure, as each departure also connotes an arrival. The silent transition from one piece to another on the radio is broken by a tired voice reporting with a slight uneasiness due to his forcefully interrupted sleep. From the hues and woes of his speech, you picture a broken-hearted man yearning for an impossible reunion as he sneaks in David Bowie cover of sumptuously touching *Wild is the Wind*...

Your hand reaches out to the bottle residing on the shelf while you feel a sensual necessity of reading a book. Pouring on your emptied glass, you no longer seek ice cubes nor water. As Bowie whispers longing in your ears, you turn on the reading lamp and move towards your reading chair. Without hesitation you turn the last page of the *Waves* as you confirm the line circling in your head with its print: "AGAINST YOU I WILL FLING MYSELF, UNVANQUISHED AND UNYIELDING..." In the heart of a prolonged hesitation on understanding what you really feel, the liquid running through your system brings you the blues. Your longing is jeopardized by your seek of strength. There you are, in the room, in the midst of silence while the song on the radio keeps lingering. You, the dark, the silence, the notes, the walls are encapsulated in one another. "How", you question yourself, "How?" As if your body has made an agreement with the pace of your thoughts, nothing feels like moving. Frozen. Frozenness peaks at the moments when you recall with your senses other than sight while shadows of haunting ghosts fill your sky... Love me, love me, love me, say you do... You shake yourself; rather enforce your thoughts! No way, no way it is possible to give in, not anymore, not again! Boldness becomes a necessity as you talk your mind in about a future indifferent from that of now, let alone the past. Experience with rupture is like punctuation used unnecessarily early.

You recall reading the definition of melancholia as lack of strong (violent) emotion. "Though I have just got the blues", you utter out loud. Blues. Blue.



Episode III

The colour blue attains an oscillating presence in the series of paintings of Hayal Incedo_an, dominating some and grounding some others. The depiction of colour blue flirts with the colour of the screen. A certain blue, when used as a background for film shooting behaves like the white background of abstraction for sculpture in which the form emerges from the space as itself. Though scenes shot in front of that certain blue background do not only function like that of "white", they allow the possible change of the background for the subject that is depicted in. Hence, that certain blue allows possibility of contextual shift where the subject might appear as if portrayed at various locations. That certain blue, hence allows space travel while the white abstraction diffuses the idea of time travel through timelessness of the object, present.

The shape of the canvasses, chosen in particular, make direct reference to that of the filmic – mostly to the analogue film genre. The softened edges of the frames recall a frozen moment of a projection. On the other hand, the depicted scenery of the paintings invokes a memory, of film, let alone the resemblance hidden in their titles. *Murder, Falls into the Past, Lost Highway, Just between us, and Lodos (Southwest Wind)* narrate a story, where its duration lies between their surfaces and the gaze of the audience. Approaching painting as a medium of narrative through a frozen moment triggers the production of motion and movement in a still image in the way in which the images precipitate possible sequences in the minds of the beholder while the rhythm in the painting catalyse their emotional spheres. The constellations of the content in the paintings act as a directory for their contextual and sensual tendencies. The paintings connote the emotional spheres of the relevant films: *Murder* evokes a scene from the infamous *Birds* by Alfred Hitchcock with its imagery and title, where vast amounts of dark figures cover the sky. The plot of the film as a circumstance of the weak competence replaced by an unforeseeable strength connotes the outburst of anger where the subject suffers from an unknown crime committed before. While *Murder* stands like a depicted moment from a sequence, the feeling of the encounter substantiates the familiarity to the image. The encounter with the paintings obtains priority while their referential domain succeeds to form the sensual space within. The domain of resemblances in *Falls into the Past* include a car ride taken in the middle of the nights through the crowded streets of a city with tearful eyes, and a walk taken in a drunken melancholia among others. The blurry flashes of light, posit beyond what they display: an emotional encounter with estrangement to the surrounding of the self. While *Lost Highway, Lodos (Southwest Wind)* and *Just Between Us* depict scenes of commuting distances where neither the point of departure nor arrival is indicated. The three paintings associating with roads as the medium of travel again posit beyond the act of travelling to being in its moment. The sensual stratum of the paintings as the conditions of in-between, neither here nor there, marks their manifestation where certain narratives might be applied in variety to their pictorial and sensorial output.

Incedo_an's acts of materialising emotion through invested labour of time on canvas bring romanticism to the fore. The movement implemented in the paintings connote a frozenness, a place of in-between from the moments of drunken self in tears while passing through streets to the troubled self on the pitch dark highway lit by front lights of a car, from committing distances with responsibility of transporting emotions to the emptiness of the route activated by windmills which count the invisible breeze. Though the breeze depicted is not a random one, sourcing from the southwest, harvests emotions, places the self in turmoil in a wild manner. Being on the move does not necessarily imply the beginning of the end, but its extent. The trembling emotional strata of committing distances mark the incomplete equations of beginning and conclusion; as distances never diminish, one ever arrives. It is a dead end: a *cul de sac* or a *cas ed luc* -an indication that appears in the exhibition white on white. While the strength lies in the act of forgetting the other as the self weakens on the possibility of being forgotten by the same other – an oscillation like that of a word with conflictual double meaning: *oblivion*. The act of movement is succeeded with stillness, with a loss of strata where roads either lead nowhere or to dead ends... The state of being drained of motion, emotion, demotion, locomotion! Everything and anything that is related to anything and everything is no longer allowed in this picture, just the walls of the dead ends, un-lived stories, ruptured flows... The obsessive stillness of entangling images from memory to tackling new imaginary for future memories urges you to forget, to start a new page, a page without any ink stain from the former... Although, equations of forgetting do not always match: one remembers longer than his/her forgottenness...



Bölüm IV

The body of work in the exhibition *Wild is the Wind*, introduce a position towards the notion of re-enactment in the sense in which songs, films, literature, and signs manifest themselves as video, painting, installation and sculpture in their remake. In other words, the exhibition is founded on transitions where pieces entangle the history of visual and sensual encounter.

Starting from the very personal to common grounds, the works individually are influenced by or resemble other pieces of art spanning from literature to music. The David Bowie and Nina Simone cover of Dimitri Tiokin and Ned Washington song - first recorded by Johnny Mathis, not only influences Incedo_an for the body of work but also to title the exhibition with the same name. The emotional density transmitted through voices of Bowie and Simone manifest itself in the exhibition, which is taking place in the atmosphere of dark navy blue. Influences manifested in another medium also find its echoes in the series of paintings, the neon sign installation, the video and the letter prints.

The dictionary definition of re-enactment as act out a past event, finds its body in those works in a way in which each work sources from an influence of a past encounter with the domain of creative endeavours. At this point, it is sufficient to differentiate the notion of re-enactment in performance in the way in which the latter refers to bringing in effect an event that has appeared in the past while staying as true as possible to its manifestation, medium and detail. While Incedo_an's method of re-enactment follows the steps of remaking, as a trans-medium enactment of strong residual impulses with a self-induced context. Hence, Virginia Woolf's lines are manifested as a neon sign installation with a reflective surface – allowing the audience to a one-to-one association through confronting their image to themselves; Tindersticks' song *My Sister* flows under the video piece *Wild is the Wind* while involving in an interplay with the imagery. The video piece, centralised in the exhibition – carrying the same name, appears as an ode: An ode to the song, an ode to the lyrics of the song, an ode to the semiotics, the text, and the feelings... Where images of loss, from loss of sight to presence mark the consequential flow of the movement – a movement that is transmitted through its glimpses.



Episode V

How can it be possible, wanting to be seen and fearing to be misinterpreted at the same time? How could one arrive at a conclusion hence attempt a step out of the mist of wishing to be understood and remain silent for any possible misunderstandings? How can one set the number of known and unknown variables in an equation in order to reach a point of encapsulating reality as such? What happens when subjective truths are replaced by factuality, while the self remains intact? Can unseen secondary effects become visible primary effects, which endanger their casual production of centring themselves? How many corridors do you possess, how many of them open to new rooms? What happens when one only makes circles and enjoys all the way? When do you leave your premises and step in new ones? What happens when you carry a line from a poem through the streets in an early morning? Who is that woman always having coffee at 7 in the morning, at the same café, at the same table? When do you find the force to strive for more? Do you claim happiness for the least? When

does distance appear in love? Where do ashes of smoke, and unspoken words go? Do you think your wishes form your thoughts? What happens when nothing happens? What happens when you want something to happen? Where do you go when you cannot fit in your room, let alone your house, or the city you live in? Do you find inner peace at staring the sea? Would you colour your nails blue? Would you rather drown in the river of emotions than reside dry on the coast? Have you ever been in-between? How long do you think you can live like that? When you find an answer, do you pursue? What do you do with your questions? Where do you seek shelter when life weighs more than what your shoulders can carry? Do you read as an escape or as enrichment? Would you rather be on the dark side? When do you meet people? How do you fall in love? How do you fall out of love? Do you survive or strive for love? Do you think, one day everything is going to be all right? What is all right? What is more? Do you stare yourself at your unexpected mirror reflection? Do you reside or refrain? Do you rather leave traces in people? Do you carry fingerprints of former lovers? Do you keep books, letters, and objects from a-love-past in the attic? Do you think or do you commit? Do you sometimes buy books in languages you cannot read, for the sake of their covers? Do you collect? What do you collect? What makes you get up every morning? What makes you go to sleep? Do you enjoy being on your own, or is this world too small for your solitude? How to do exit? How do you enter? Would you rather remember everything than nothing? How do you keep yourself sane? How do you keep your self?