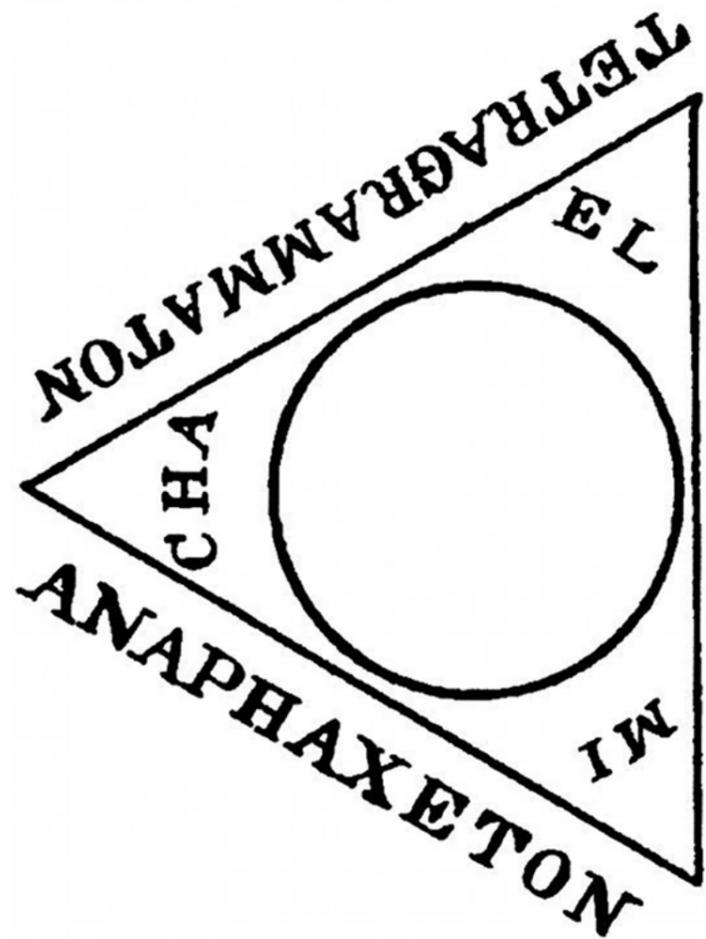


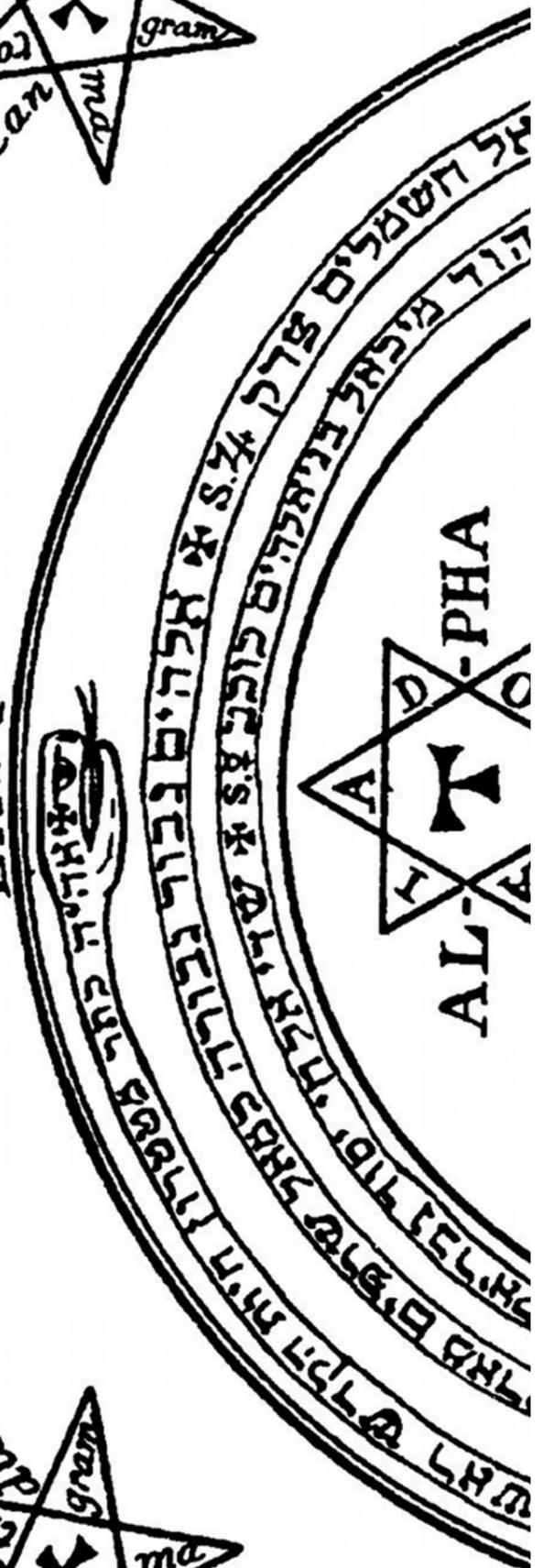
Intermezzo - Primo Piano
Curated by Théo-Mario Coppola
10/11 - 15/12 2018

AS IF A DOG
SNIFFING A
DEAD DOG

BAHA GÖRKEM YALIM



PRIMEUMATON
EAST



The Third Hour of the Night

When the eye
 When light the from edgeless the screen receiving universe
 When the eye first
 When outward as if hypnotized by the edgeless facing universe
 When the eye first saw that it
 Hungry resistlessly began to fold back upon itself more light TWIST
 As if a dog sniffing
 Ignorant familiar of with origins hunger
 As if a dog sniffing a dead dog
 Before weird nervous inert like itself cold but now nerveless
 Twisting in panic had abruptly sniffed itself
 When first saw that it must die the eye first
 Brooding ask on When our and origins you say
 T h e n
 ...
 Frank Bidart

G ö r k e m ,

Since our first meeting in Amsterdam,
we have chased numerous mysteries.

I wonder ... are anecdotes the symptom of unresolved mysteries?
As if a dog ...

The first of those mysteries concerns a plant that we did not even know about before and that was waiting for us the other day. The second one is an absent. It pursues us in the middle of a night. A night among other nights. Recurring barking slightly covers the voice of a narrator. The third one concerns the unknown energy of a space in which works coalesce and respond one to another. The other mysteries, those to come, may be nothing but promises.

...

Shapes changing context, do not they pursue their quest to be always the same, for fear that we forget them?

All this looks like a yellow hand, a yellow hand hanging from a tree.

...

T h é o

As if a dog sniffing a dead dog

Forms survive in other contexts, without any possibility of finding the origin of their matrix, the very first and elementary form. They arise to live the experience of anecdotes. Shapes changing context, do not they pursue their quest to be always the same, for fear that we forget them?

The exhibition title refers to a poem by Frank Bidart (*The Third Hour of the Night*) whose free style mixes impressions of a diary, historical references and situations of the everyday life without hierarchy or chronological consistency. The elements succeed after another, disrupting the possibility of accessing a definite and specific temporality. The poem unfolds and wraps itself around like a ribbon, like a circle, like a round. Brutal rhythm, abrupt sounds and combination of the lexical fields of fear, night and uncertainty complete the mystery of a being who refuses to situate her/his identity in her/him or on the contrary in projecting in her/his environment (whether imagined, regretted or simply remembered). The same process of narrative construction stimulates the production of Baha Görkem Yalım for whom the personal elements are the occasion for a reinterpretation of the symbolic, anthropological or formal component. Enlightened empiricism is transfiguration of the real. The real itself is all inclusive. Everything lives, dies, reborn under other probable forms, recognized, unknown.

Baha Görkem Yalım refuses standardization of narrative, preferring labyrinthine movements, fortuitous combinations, aesthetic accidents (where the heritage of an artistic movement no longer counts for itself but always and at the same time in relation to a personal writing). He raises the question of the permanence of the subject through the multiplicity of experiences and exposes the narrative identity, as it is understood by Paul Ricoeur according to the

principle of a double transfer: from the dialectic governing the narrative to the characters themselves. And in the transfer of this dialectic to personal identity. The permanent balancing between concordance and discordance opens to the complexity of a narrative that is at once open, possible, evolutionary and to its cryptic style, to the dissimulation of the meaning, to the attraction for enigmas.

A hand. A yellow hand, hanging on a tree. The circle formed by the dance of a snake. This very same circle broken in the space. The sculptures, small Olympic flames made of paper and plaster, arranged as a round. A race. Its departure. Greyhounds race. A board and its plan. A stroll. Indoor and outdoor spaces. Repetitive barking of stray dogs. Sounds of a night lost in the middle of other nights. Carton sculptures and their metal ears.

In this order, in this disorder, and in other arrangements of possible forms.

Théo-Mario

Coppola

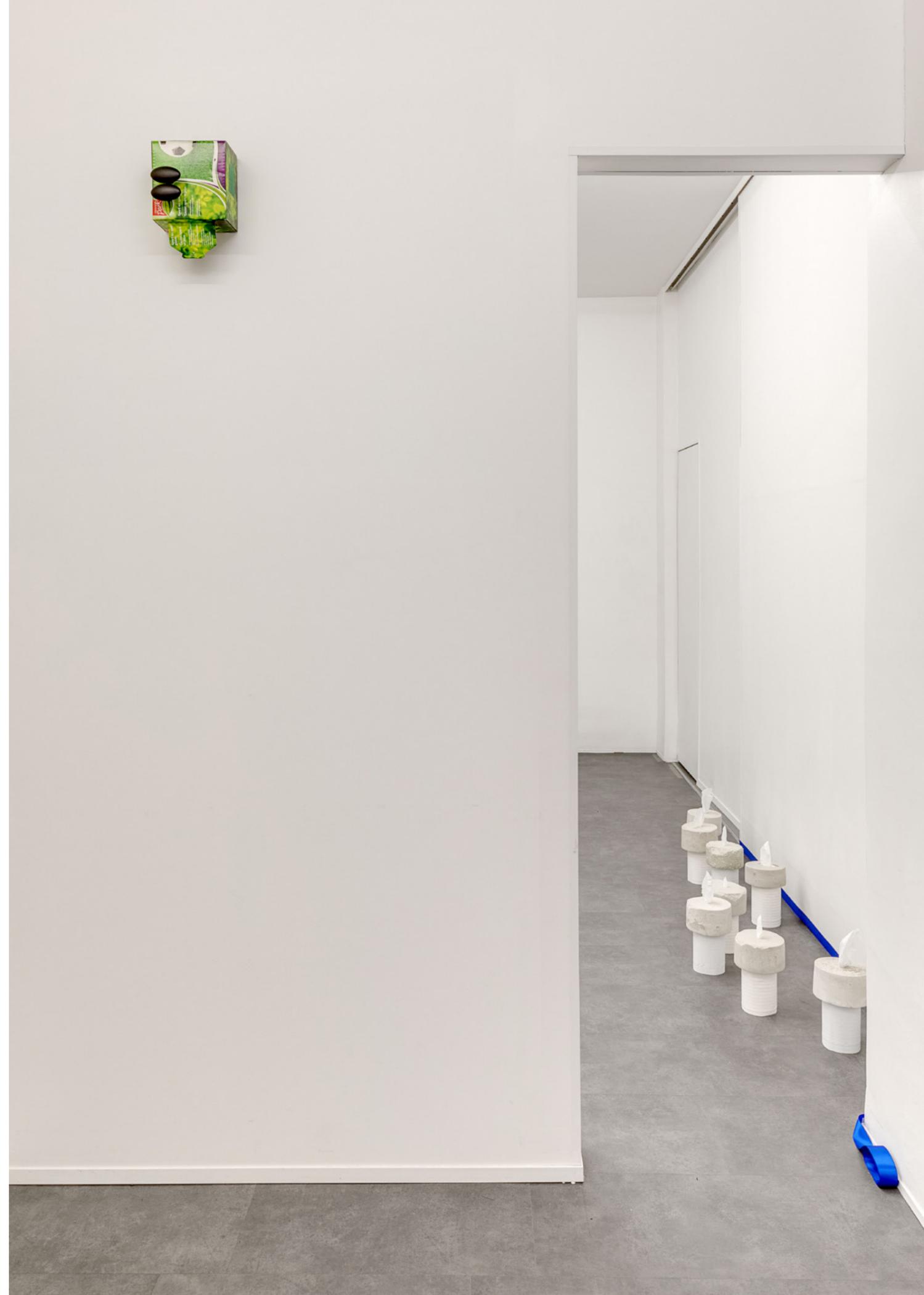
T h é o ,
The first question I asked you was 'shall we meet confront of the piano that is close to the main entrance?' My phone must have corrected 'in front' as 'confront'. I must have written 'in front' as one word, 'infront'. If there is no inside and outside there is perhaps only front and back, above and behind, parallels, tangents and crossings, through, auras and spectres, within, with. My phone was correct. Things come together confronting each other. Contaminating and changing mutually. Contamination as collaboration.

I arrived in Paris. After entering the studio and after sitting on the couch to write, I decided to keep my shoes on as a critique of my longing home. A home. A place to decide whether to keep the windows open or closed. Most likely closed. A resonant cube in habitation is like an origami fortune teller in perpetual motion. It is hard to imagine outside. Night falls like memory folding into matter, without letting me know. It folds like a paper holding salt crystals, like a pouch holding diamonds, like a newspaper under an arm. Newspapers held under arms is a missing image now, replaced by the rush of a thumb on glistening surfaces. The closed windows turn into gorillas in the mist from the difference between the outside and the inside. I hear the rain yet it doesn't arrive at my door. The water condenses on the insides of the windows. Coming from my skin and breath, from the kettle, the stove boiling chicken. A free farmed chicken with large thighs and small breasts. We fume and condense together. We merge in a carnal poetics. My thighs enlarge but my chest stays underdeveloped above my crooked ribs. Just like how an octopus and a lemon merges. Buddha's hand pointing at all directions.

Earthly matters concern me. How things morph into one another, how

matter folds into memory and how memory to energy, energies to movement, movements to becomings, becomings to events and how events effectuate into form, and we are back to matter again. An eternal spiralling, how there was nothing and it exploded, a rattlesnake nesting on the sand to give birth or to hunt, to nurture or to consume. There is no difference. Every day and every hour is struggle. That is my practice. Asking the familiar in a foreign tongue to faces of the familiar and the strange. The wall has a white ear. I can describe this room in an endless valse. Measure it with my extremities. Capture it with my orifices. And remember this room later by the bodies it held. Not ignorant of origins and familiar with hunger. But familiar with a hunger of origins.

G ö r k e m

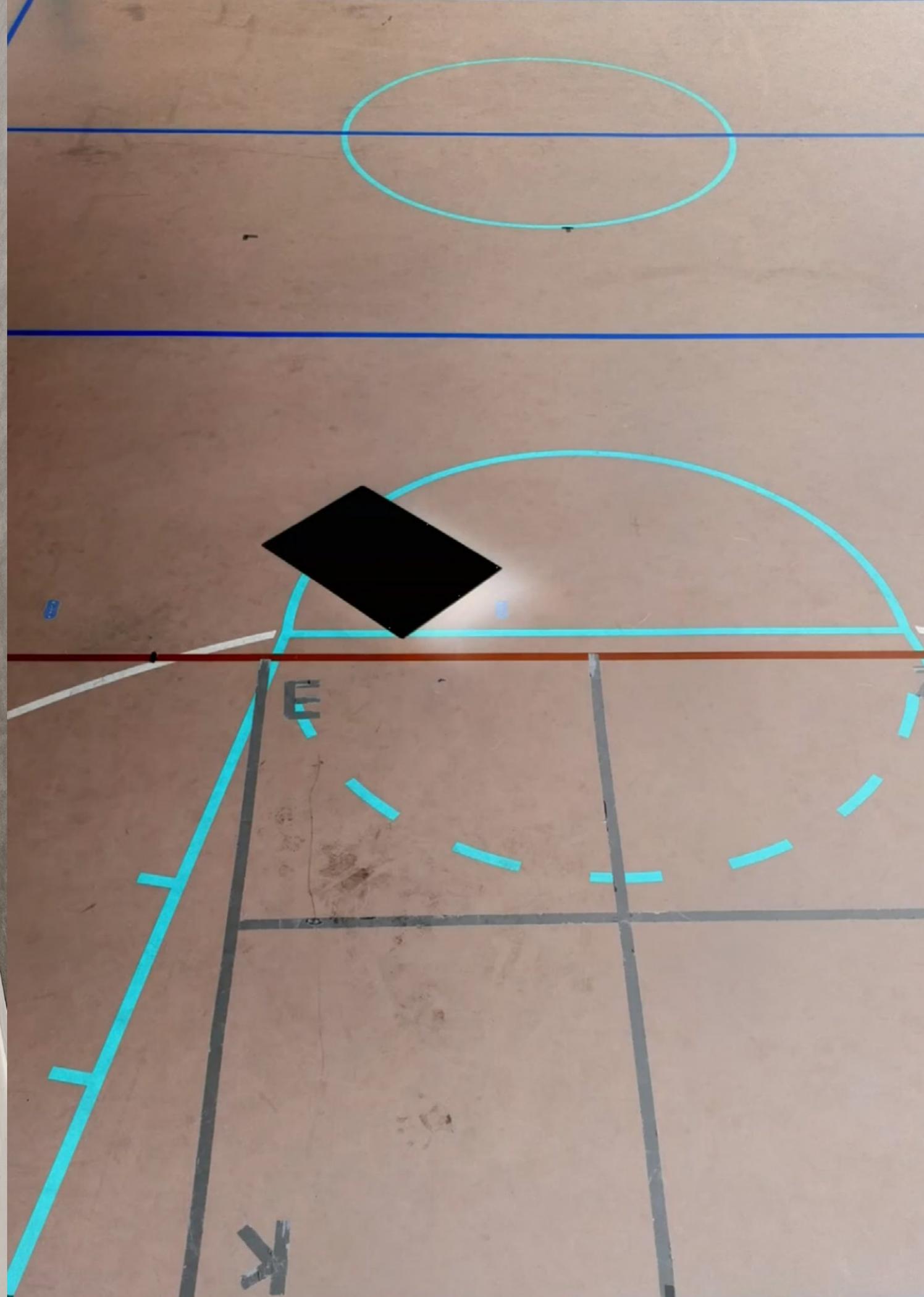
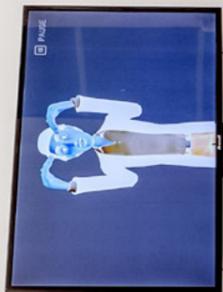














Regarding *an* *Invisible* *Kite*
Performance/Video Script

Let us begin by imagining together. Let's imagine someone. A particular construct. Perhaps an invisible person, powerless but particular. If you drown, you can't describe water. If you burn, you can't describe fire. This person is alive. But is cursed to spend their remaining days on top of an inflatable swan. Unlike how Odysseus was cursed by Poseidon after blinding his one eyed son, this person's curse wasn't an act of justice. Floating on an inflatable swan is an inclination towards an absurd fiction yet also a poetic gesture. Floating on a swan back and forth on a land they called home. Alone this person might be, how sad can one get on an inflatable swan? However it may resemble a part of some absurd fiction, this imagining's fictiveness depends solely on the length of the 'remaining days'. The remaining days separate real from fiction like a survivor's testimony of a war. Spending just four hours on an inflatable swan might be a piece of performance art and might as well move us immensely, depending on the weather of that day. The weather, beyond its appearance, is an indicator of the tone and strength of our emotions, it is the colour of our perseverance. Spending days and not hours however is different. Just like how kites, swinging back and forth, form another story, a different version of the same. But also similar. Contrary to an anchor, a kite, like the swan, is a desire to freedom.

Kites are a nice invention and like all inventions a necessary one. Us, lacking an internal organ to gaze at ourselves from within, always had our eyes on the sky. Kites are well fit to our desiring machine. They don't change anything, yet do something crucial; they remind us a string connection is enough to fulfil our inner most envious dreams. In this space, instead of my words, there could have been invisible kites made from carbon fibre skeletons caressed by a transparent nylon. Diamond

The Inside is merely the fold of the outside, as if the ship were a folding of the sea.

"The Inside is merely the fold of the outside, as if the ship were a folding of the sea." is not a forensic but a sensual gaze at the past. The work folds past into the present to suggest a future, conjure its spirit, as a dream does. Synchronicity in different times demands adequacy between our means and how to display them in creating an affect by moulding its form through its content. A film is an intricate thing; it opens up something and closes of another; a secret in the open. The fold oscillates. The oscillation means there is an affect on past too and not just in the present and the future. This affect is where the fantasy lays. This affect speaks of a desire to queer history, a merging of the bodies of the workers, the artist and the statues in a carnal poetics.

The connection between the maker's body, the sculptures and the workers in the Anatolian Civilisations Museum relies on the shift between labour and sleep (laborious sleep or sleepy labour) which is made opaque through a subversion that manifests the statues as workers and the workers as the sleepers relying on their equality in inhabitation. The museum, taken as a single morph is subverted through sleep to expose a system of implicit codes containing binary morphemes; labour and leisure, displacement and inaction, entitlement and prohibition, responsibility and immunity. Amongst artefacts, the workers' body becomes heightened in subjectivity yet paradoxically deemed more

vulnerable. The maker, however, is hidden and returns as a voice animating the lifeless forms and as a ghost in the city shots at night. These intriguing exchange of energies seem to be stemming from concepts of entitlement and displacement.

The workers are standing there, drinking tea, spending the majority of their time in a museum, walking the floors, conversing in small talks captured in the same breath as the artefacts demanding thinking about entitlement as the artefacts appear to be employed by the state as much as the workers who are clear in their eligibility. They are comfortable there. Socialising, organising, finding their personalised ways of attending or cleaning the museum which happens during visiting hours. This as an extension also makes us question; Why is it strange to see people being comfortable in their work environment, witnessing their personalised technique of cleaning the upper part of a display or vacuum cleaning the museum in visiting hours?

Being surrounded with artefacts of past civilisations, past entitlements from Palaeolithic ages to Byzantium in chronological order of concretised historiography does something to the living body. It informs us of our mortality and answers the question of aliveness; Endurance. To borrow from Rosi Braidotti, *To live intensely and be alive to the nth degree pushes us to the extreme edge of mortality. This answer has implications for the question of the limits, which are built-in to the very embodied and embedded structure of the subject. The limits are those of one's endurance—in the double sense of lasting in time and bearing the pain of*

BAHA GÖRKEM YALIM : AS IF
A DOG SNIFFING A DEAD DOG

Curated by Théo-Mario Coppola
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C O N T A C T

Baha Görkem Yalım
www.bahagorkemyalim.com
bgyalim@gmail.com

I N T E R M E Z Z O
intermezzo.residency@gmail.com

PRIMO PIANO
www.primopiano.fr
contact.primopiano@gmail.com
4 Rue Gabriel Laumain 75010 Paris

