

**UNIARTS
HELSINKI**

✘ ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

Doğa al

Time and Space Studies
Master of Fine Arts Thesis
Academy of Fine Arts, University of the Arts Helsinki, Finland

date of submission
04.10.2023

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Details of the artistic part of the thesis:

are you home?

Kuvan Kevät 2023

Sörnäisten rantatie 19, 3rd Floor kitchen area

in homes in Espoo, Lassila, Lauttasaari, Suurpelto

6.5-4.6.2023

The artistic work consisted of the following parts:

My Mind is Somewhere Else

2021-23

video, loop

in the role of home

2021

video, 2'31"

mom, me, grandma

2022

still video, 4'37"

babamın evi

2023

video, 2'11"

pöytä

2023

site-intervention, red yarn, Papier-mâché

jalkalamppu

2023

site-intervention, red yarn, Papier-mâché

untitled

2023

site-intervention, red yarn, Papier-mâché

i am knitting by myself

2023

site-intervention, red yarn & thread

örgü

2023

site-intervention, red yarn & thread

Act1 & Act2

May & June 2023

event, Finnish Academy of Arts building Mylly, 3rd floor kitchen

Act3

May 28, 2023, 12:00-15:00

event, Finnish Academy of Arts building Mylly, 3rd floor kitchen

Act4

May 11, 18:00-19:00, event, a home in Espoo

May 17, 14:00-15:00, event, a home in Lassila

May 25, 13:00-14:00, event, a home in Lauttasaari

June 4, 14:00-18:00, event, a home in Suurpelto

Summary

The artistic component of this thesis is presented in the form of an exhibition at the Mylly Building of the Helsinki University of the Arts and in four homes in different parts of Helsinki. The exhibition consists of spatial interventions, videos, red threads and events that are shown and not shown in the exhibition space. The central artistic component of this thesis, the multifaceted, process-based work "Are you Home?", worked with, through and in conversation with people as a continuation of the process that preceded the exhibition.

The process began with a coincidental encounter with a group of women who had recently immigrated to Finland from Turkey. The search for a response was shaped by a number of circumstances: that my thoughts had been wandering around the idea of home for some time, that I had just arrived somewhere, that I missed the warmth, and that I felt that they too needed a regular togetherness. So, the idea of Gün Yapmak became an excuse for us to get together in homes, with the intention of exploring ourselves. The traditional Gün Yapmak is a women's circle that takes place mostly in homes, where everyone takes turns to welcome each other. In September 2022, the gatherings started in this form. The research continued with an approach in which the investigative eye did not separate itself from the investigated. Throughout the process, there was always the question of whether these people would have come together if I had not initiated it, and the concern about the possibility of the group splitting up.

The meetings led to "40-minute house chats" where the question "what do you think home is?" was asked, and regular conversations alone with my mother.

The exhibition is a search for the aesthetics of this social practice, and an attempt to do it together. It moves from public to private space, from crowded events to autobiographical conversations and between sensations, from tasting to seeing.

The written component is a compilation of notes, dialogues, writings and logbooks written throughout the process. It bears witness to the process. The writings weave a narrative by moving back and forth in the chronological time of the process and in this sense invite the reader to turn the pages in their own time.

Formal Introduction

This written component, covering an area of approximately 5 square meters, is a part of the exhibition 'Are You Home?' presented at the Kuvan Kevät 23 showcase hosted by the University of Arts Helsinki. In this written component, the lines will interconnect the pre-exhibition phase to the exhibition, and the various places of the exhibition within themselves. Now, here are some introductory words to situate the written component and the exhibition for those who haven't closely followed the process or for refreshing the memory.

The initial question was "what is home to you?". This question emerged as soon as I found myself pondering the notion of 'home.' It led me down various paths, intertwining with the idea of 'home' in multiple ways and prompting the transformation of numerous other questions along the journey.

The entire project unfolds across screens, within seven distinct homes, and in the kitchen located on the Finnish Academy of Fine Arts building, Mylly's third floor. The **screens** act as conduits, bringing together individuals who are spatially or temporally distant through online **conversations** or **video** recordings. Meanwhile the **homes** and **the third-floor kitchen**, provide space for **events**, host a blend of **food**, **conversations**, **site-interventions**, and **screens**. These **events**, in turn, facilitate **conversations**, nourishment, and the establishment of connections between the various **homes** and the central **kitchen**. If we were to knit or crochet this interconnected process with a red thread, weaving from various points, what intricate pattern would emerge, and to whom/where would it fit on best!

Among the seven homes mentioned earlier, three are integral to the project, despite their inability to participate for various reasons: 1. Space constraints, 2. Loss of access keys, 3. Unfamiliarity with the project's requirements. It's important to note the significance of the 40-minute home conversations, which, at times, serve as the foundation, barriers, or even the crowning glory of a dessert. These conversations with nearly 40 people do not exist in the exhibition or in the written component and have an independent place; however, they are remembered like in "40 years of coffee" related to the work "Are You Home?".

This written part is a compilation of notes taken during the process. During the compilation process, new passages were written to tie the knot. The writing is not chronological, but as the date changes, you will see them in tiny print at the beginning of the lines. My expectation from this thesis is not that it should be analytical, but that it should enable the reader to accompany my lostness and my search. With such an intention, this thesis does not provide the reader with a bird's eye view and make everything comprehensible, but invites them to wander slowly between the lines. Namely, this written part aims to share my position with the reader. The position of being surrounded by many people, many homes, wills, desires that go beyond me. If you, dear reader, are involved in thinking of home from your own homelessness, we can wander the lines together. Don't be afraid if you get lost where I got lost. If you are lost, it is because we are lost together and none of us is alone.

In the written component, each episode can be considered a trailer. After the formal introduction, there is a new introduction for the sake of Finnish houses without doorbells. The first chapter that follows is written to bring the reader closer to the insights that I have discovered in the process and which have given me visions. These insights come out of very autobiographical stories. The section A situation responsive process provides a context for how and with whom the process started in particular. The "Neuloa" part is a how-to explanation for performances, decisions, efforts, especially in homes. The chest in the attic is a collection of questions I was asked during the process. And finally a stubby conclusion. These fragments, alone or intertwined with other fragments, try to weave words around the same process that has been going on since March 2022. Like the spirally connected structure of the red finger crochet loop around the column of the Mylly kitchen on the 3rd floor. For example, the idea of home, introduced in the first chapter, first unfolds in the opening lines as a simple sensory expression, then merges with women, meetings and other previously unheard-of encounters. But don't worry, the previously unheard of events will reveal themselves in the following pages or lines.

This **nonlinear** structure in the narrative resembles the structure of a **crochet**, where all knots are interconnected, hence the beginning and the end are blurred. As much as I've discovered since coming to Helsinki, crochet and knitting serve as both a foundation of the layout of this written component and how events and relationships unfold over time.

The texts oscillate **back and forth** in chronological time and **flow** in various forms, including notes on my phone, written dialogues with Seçil (my external supervisor), logbook notes, quotes, Google Docs, and metatexts. The intention to go hand in hand with the gesture of an expanding and multifaceted process in the organization of the written component allowed the document to go beyond the 50-page limit but loyal to character limitation. Let your hands explore the different connections between the pages.

Some pages have been left for straightforward reading, meanwhile the words on others are open to be read out loud according to how big or small the letters are. Besides that sound-related reading, the written component can be read either a linear reading as in the order of the pages, or following up the alternative pathways in between the pages. Those pathways lead one page to another one - as if crocheting.

Some contributors didn't want their names and surnames to be published directly under the photos, preferring to maintain a certain level of anonymity. Despite this semi-anonymity, showing homes has been important and agreed upon.

The dialogues are both fictional and transcribed. The fictional ones are inspired from many conversations with many people who introduce themselves in a couple of sentences in the appendice "who is who?".

There are a few appendixes, a calendar of the process, a news item from Helsingin Sanomat, a who's who section, and the map from the exhibition.

Texts have been composed in both English and Turkish (just a little bit Finnish as well). The language of the thesis is officially assigned as English, but the dear reader will notice that some parts are not in English. So if you dear reader do not understand some lines, you can look at how the letters of that unknown language is shaped. Those languages' translations from one to the other have been conducted through collaboration between myself, ChatGPT 3.5, DeepL and Google Translate.

As last words, the written component has been written in homes: in Helsinki/a HOAS home, in Izmir/my mom and dad's home, in Ankara/an abandoned home, in Pasalimani Island/the stone home, and in Tante Roza, which was once the home of Sevgi Soysal and has been transformed into a café.

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Door bell: introduction

To houses in Finland without doorbells,

*The doorbell ding-dongs
The door opens
I don't know whose door this is
You pick one door amongst you know
Do you hear how it ding-dongs?
Indeed, does it ding-dong at all?*

Doors, said mom, separate the insides and outs

- Oh hey my sweetheart!

- Hi dear.

muck muck

- I brought you some yogurt to apply it on your burned skin. Some cucumbers from the garden are quite fresh, smell the scent, you'll like it. Some red yarns to connect. Those shorts are from the island. I prefer calling them fragments but you will sense they are different types of fragments: one is a fragment from a whole, the other is pretty self-sufficient. Some limbs from here and there. That mirror is the one that **mom** loves the most. The kiss that once my grandmother gave to my **mom**. What else.. Hah! Some lentils, beans, rice. And here is this special tool, called dialogue, believe me it will mix everything up. It doesn't let everything bake or cook but eventually it mixes things up. I thought you will need some care to bake that friendship, so here is a small piece of care: if you let it ferment, you will see how big it is gonna be; and that one time-tray to bake things on. You know the situation where I come from, that I have been thinking for a long time now, all the insecure feelings and anxiety has a close connection with it. So, I brought a specific language and those of the last three years. If we need anything else, I am sure we can find them in your kitchen as well. And, those are all home-made, don't worry, from wherever you call home.

- Oh wow! This is too much!

- No, no, not at all.

- Yes, it is! How did you carry all of them!

- I just did. You know, I am mostly alone here, there is a lot of emptiness in my daily life. People are not around and it seems I am not so skill-full to dig the facets they might be hiding in. Those conditions filled my thoughts full of past and future in this present tense.

- Ah, yes, but don't you tire out yourself a lot?

- Spot on! What I need.

- Let others to carry some!

- Let me come in!

- Let me take the bag, you carried it all the way long!

- Here..

- You see, now I can say I also carried the bag, otherwise I wouldn't feel included. Anyway, come to the kitchen, I will make some coffee, meanwhile you tell me what you have been doing.

they both step through the doorsill into home.

- I was aware of my desire to return to something that I emerged from, maybe to confront it. Or maybe because I was never really separated from it. This blooming buzzing thing is sometimes an emotion, sometimes a relationship, sometimes a place; as a metaphor, it is home. And, maybe most importantly, I knew that I am not alone in this home. It is always me, washing hands in the sink, washing hair in the shower, looking out of the window with eyes, stepping out of the door, always as a whole. This sense of being whole yet fragmented is not only through my natural body, but also as a subject within a community, fragmented with Fatma, Nagihan, Esin, Nesibe. But finally, I wanted to leave this home either with them as a whole or alone.

- How do you define the whole?

- The whole should be something I can give meaning to. Which philosopher was it says that we are thrown into the world? I don't remember but, me too, I was thrown into the world as well. And under those circumstances I am trying to give meaning to... give meaning to... to... What do you think the "whole" is?

- I am whole when I notice I am breathing.

- It is hard to breathe in narrow times.

- Isn't it another reason to keep breathing?

- What if I breathe but my lungs were somewhere else?

- Where were they?

- Sometimes under a sofa surrounded by dust

- Other times?

- They are never there.

- What do you have?

- My legs, my head, and arms, and hands, and fingers.

- Do they move at least?

- They do.

- So you have your heart somewhere close to them, otherwise they couldn't move at all?

maybe...

- Close to your heart, you will find your lungs. Put your hands on it, and keep breathing... The whole, as you say, should be something that you can give meaning to; but it is not, is it?

I don't know. Maybe it is not about the whole. Or even being whole is not important at all. But when it comes to meaning, can you separate "is" and "ought to"? Meaning is not like a small rock that you drop and see it falls to the ground, and then you can reason that it should fall every time. It has a different fabric than anything else till now I saw. In this journey, I feel like this thing is a continuation of my two previous attempts: to settle down in that windy house and to knit a wall. Maybe this never ending process makes me think of a whole.

- Result or process?

- Both result and process. Why can't we have both? Also, what do we mean by result? Even if it is a "whole" object, let's say it is a knitted scarf, we may keep extending it. Or putting it in use in different ways, it becomes something else each time. If the process changes then the result changes too.

- Do you have both then?

- If I consider things in time and space, yes.

- How?

- I am in time which is a process. Here is the beginning, here is the end, and ta-da, that is the result.

- HAHAHA. So it is all about defining the beginning and the end?

- Or the plenum and the void, but do you know what recently I heard that in quantum physics, it is only the matter that believes it is plenum but consists of void. So the only reason when I hold your hand why our hands are not interweaved, is the belief that we are solid.

- Don't we?

- I don't know, I am not a quantum physicist, just speculating.

Everything has a process right?

- It does, I guess, yes.

- So I think how we do is as important as what we've done. Many emotions, decisions, joy and life flow in the realm of the process. Isn't the process another level of knowing?

- It is indeed. The cucumbers you bought smell so nice, it is obvious that they were grown in a village all by themselves. The ones that I bought from the market in any season don't really smell this way.

- One for each?

- Oh, yes! Well, what makes something an art project?

- Before I met with artists, before practicing art, even before visiting the galleries and museums that I have been visiting now; I had known what art is. The art that society and my family, and what has been served as art, I have counted as art. During the journey of coming closer to the artists who are alive, and coming closer to the various contemporary practices, I realized that many of my presumptions and ideas have been changed. I keep being surprised. The first assumption was about beauty. The search for the thing that makes me say "oh, this is so beautiful!". If that is not beautiful enough, or if it is not to my taste, I would rather say "Is this art?" and decline its art status immediately. But, what do I call art? I didn't know. Moreover, if it is too much social content loaded, I mean if it is about femicide, ecology etc., I had been saying that we are so bored of those themes! They are everywhere! If there hadn't been those hassles there wouldn't be art at all! It took some time for me to grasp that in those politically related art forms, there is the emergence of the same topic for the senses, again. In fact, here it is! Art deals with aesthetics that come from *aisthētikós* says etymology dictionary of Wikipedia. The Greek word for relating to perception by the senses. So, art has been dealing with that perception by the senses. This is where I have been wandering.

- Can you explain to me more, how it is going to be art when you connect all those smells, fragments, even yogurt stains and the cake crumbs with a caring red yarn.

- Whatever I explain to you, will veil in between the thing and you. You, as your intention, your comprehension, your feelings... The existence of this work, when I think through the existence of any kind of being in the world, holds a place in experience. Think through when you encounter a squirrel on the street. One would see it as a moving thing when passing by, someone would change their way so as not to scare it, another one would stop and watch what it looks like, or may think of another squirrel that encountered yesterday, one may think if our ancestors had been eating squirrels... I don't know. Does it have to have a rigid designator? Does it have to have a topic or a narrative? It is right there and waiting for a contact. I don't know how I could give an account for art to you, Dear Dearest. Let's just be with it.

- So there is a possible danger to see everything as art, and then take a back seat and watch?

- Would you put a gun to the head of the woman just because she is in a gallery and there is a gun on the table?

- I would do it at a gallery place but not at home. Do you know what I mean?

- Why you think so?

- The gallery is a defined place. Anything in the gallery is art. Not at home.

- How do you think about the reality then?

- I feel like home is more real than the gallery. The gallery, I don't know. The person there might even be plastic.

- So this gives you a space to act malicious?

- It could be.

- What about cooking at the gallery? Wouldn't you eat that meal?

- I have to see if the others are eating at first.

- HAHAHAHA

- I am not joking!

- Yes, you are true. Refusing to eat the cookie served as a hospitality gesture at home and eating at the gallery might end up in the same situation. They are both opening up another space for reality, I guess.

- What do you mean by reality?

- I don't think I can discuss that.

- But what have you been doing so far?

- I was thinking the same thing: I am feeling discouraged after meeting at first home as a part of the exhibition. What have I done?

- In my opinion, you took a risk, and it's positively leading to new questions and challenges. It's normal. It means that by opening up that space, it becomes enriched.

- True.

- Questioning is not directed to you but to the space you opened up. Remember the distances. The distance of your work, your distance, women's distance to you, and your distance to women. What is the difference between exhibiting and sharing a work in the field of art (exhibition space-defined area) in a private space?

- I don't know

- Hierarchy.

- Yes, there has always been that. It will be recognized by name eventually, an authorship brings it right.

- Also, how you made the decisions.

- Yes. When it is not a Scandinavian type of dialogue, it is always in chaos. I couldn't intervene in this way.

- Fine.

- Is there something wrong?

- No, why?

- Your tone of voice has changed.

- I am getting hungry and tired. But it is beautiful that you felt me through the aesthetics of my words. The sudden cut of our dialogue, my instant silence...

- Yes, let's feed you. One more cucumber?

“It can usher in the feelings of anxiety and embarrassment, the debilitating sense of being at a loss or lost, unable to see a way out or forward. From nursery age, we are initiated into the project of converting what is not known into what can be named and classified. The blurry and indeterminate realm of flows and forces in which we spend our early days is swiftly brought into line, once words are learnt to differentiate one thing from another, the self from everything else.” (Fisher, 2013, p.126)

*In a blooming buzzing confusion,
something has started to appear in repetition
An impulse on the world,
as if it is my heart beat
a feeling, distance, lack
in each here and now
that makes me search for somethings,
that somethings, seems, similar to each other
they are there
I am there
s/t/he/y is there*

a cut in blooming buzzing confusion, is making me utter “warmth”

CONCEPTIONS

What have homes been to me: of this place

26.9.23 Dear reader, I am now giving you a ladle so that you can take as much as possible from this process in all its aspects, with all its different components. You start reading a process in which many autobiographical situations and many encounters open up space for my senses and conceptions. When I look back, it is a place where I started looking for a home from a point where I said yes, I don't have a home anymore - along with many others. I cannot speak for them without asking them, but the similarities are obvious: for instance the relocation was not out of necessity. No one came here because there was no more land to stand on, or no more food to put in our bellies. And again, looking back, I am in a place where I went from a point where I said, yes, I don't have a home anymore, to a place where I started looking for a home - with many others, in homes. Sometimes the house is built with bricks, sometimes a familiar lullaby, sometimes an affect, sometimes a mother's fleshy belly, sometimes a smell and a taste.

The exercise of imagining homes in my memory brought up many other hidden shades of home four months later.

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27.5.23 When I was little, children used to play at the street. I would stare at them.

The home had afternoon sun-light, the lace of the curtains used to cast shade to the ceiling, leaving the home dim. I used to watch cartoons.

When the illnesses came, I needed to stay at home - home has a changing range, even though I cannot call the world as home, world's feeling is different.

When I started high school and began sharing some of my thoughts with my family at home, the concept of "home" and the "street" sharply separated with this phrase: "Don't say that outside! They'll lock you up."

27.5.23 Bizimkilere, ağlamaklı "bu amcanın evi, ailesi, çocukları yok mu? Neden gece gece dışarıda?" diye sorduğumu hatırladığım kişi 2001'de evin önünden geçen bir bozacıydı.

To come to a consensus on a starting point, I would say that everything began with the question, "What is home to you?"

What have homes been to me: of this place

If I were to engage with the ontological status of home in an essay, this question would definitely be the "what" question as above. Although in everyday conversations, "What is home to you?" worked as a place-holder to trigger a conversation just around home. I suppose.

03.03.2022 For me, among the closest sounds, I am one of those who hear the ticking of a clock hanging on the wall or the gushing of water passing through the pipe inside the wall or the murmuring of water passing through the radiator in the wall.

I started hearing my heartbeat and the rustling of my scratched skin afterwards.

Apparently, that's why my attention always began in this room. And then the next room next to this room, and the next room next to that, and so on; I got lost in such a home.

I am thinking about this home.

My thinking about homes didn't start like this. **I noticed that I was thinking about homes like this.**

03.09.2022 So, while thinking about homes and realizing that I was thinking about them, I was already inside a home all along.

23.03.2023 During the art and social context course in Stockholm with Olivia Plender and Emanuel Almborg, I noticed some things that I want or don't want to do in the exhibition.

I felt a connection with how Olivia depicted herself when she started working with many others in communities. I sensed a bit of that **mismatch** between **what I wanted to do** and what the group wanted to do. Once Olivia labeled mismatch, I said yes, that's the word I was looking for.

My sole focus wasn't on meeting with women while thinking about homes. Just because I spent a lot of time with them physically, it seemed to me meeting with them was the main and only thing I've been doing.

However, when I stepped back a bit, I realized that the time spent with them was perhaps the least intense compared to other things. I think the exhibition and meeting with women are quite distant and separate things. Meeting with women is a newly-established space for nourishment.

I have recently discovered the concept of "socially-engaged art" and I think I am far from creating **public** art; until now, I have mainly engaged in a **responsive process**. I did this while trying to find my way amidst a crisis: Coming to Helsinki, experiencing being inside an art school for the first time, and encountering a cold and dark climate, **I brought the idea of home wrapped in a handkerchief with me.**

But, you cannot pay me for babysitting, because my mom has a friend called Makbule

28.04.2023 Esin called me a few weeks after 20.04.2023, to look after her children, and I had never thought of it as a paid job. However, before I left, she insisted on paying me. I had mentioned Mako to her, how they took care of me without a blood relation, for many many years, just as it is, and now I felt like I return the favor them by taking care of the other kids around me.

01.10.2023 It is very meaningful for me to have been in such a relationship with Mako. Because in the dominant logics I fall into, there is a common view attributed to childcare, care, mother, family and home: Through the obligatory and unchanging relationship of blood ties, the mother is the one who should provide care and attention in a home. In the modern family order, what constitutes the home is: mother, father and child. The home is the private space assigned to these people. It is such a private space that it is not even possible for it to concern others. At most, it may concern other grandmothers and grandfathers who are related by blood. As far as the other people are concerned, the interest is limited to the exchange of money. The presence of this narrative, which I had heard just once, creates a threshold for my thoughts. And then, inevitably, I continue to think of the home in terms of the nuclear family, of the mother, of care and attention. However, everything Mako was involved in and did opened the door to another narrative. And it gave me a ground for the insights I brought to the situations I was responsive to, at the level of experience and affect.

28.04.2023 But Esin said she wanted to reciprocate it in a short period. I told her that my budget was tight and I still had expenses to cover for the exhibition. Then she suggested if I make a list of the things I needed, she would bring them. I had already asked her for a few things, like onions and other items. When it was time to make the payment on the printing day, my card was left in the studio, and she paid for me. She stopped me, and paid.

But, you canNOT pay me for babysitting! Because my **mom** has a friend called Makbule

When the pandemic started, I said to Mako(stands for Makbule), "I want to live in a place away from the city." They said, "Go live on the island." They gave me the key to the stone house inherited from their uncle.



The videos of my mind is somewhere has started to happen to me
dođa, My Mind is Somewhere else (2022)

That was my first village experience.

There were no city surveillance cameras, but everyone was like a planet, visible huge planets, and *everyone knew what others were doing*. Everything seemed somehow stable – expectations, names, categories, sunsets, and sunrise.

During that time, I started to *d i s m e m b e r m y b o d y g e n t l y* out of boredom.

My body, to which meanings, gazes, machines, expectations, names, doctors' hands, needles, and obligations, policies, ideas were **attached**.



- Are you listening to me?
- Yes, I am, I am.



“The only place to which we are initially attached is the placenta. Our lives as separate beings begin with cutting the umbilical cord. At first, humans are still dependent and helpless, while other mammals begin to move actively as soon as they leave the mother’s body. Therefore, the refrains of home and lost paradise, including the search for the forgotten origin of the philosophical truth, are translated in the language of psychoanalysis as the nostalgia for the mother’s womb, which in the end coincides with the death drive. If we translate it back to the language of philosophy, Heidegger defines the homesickness through finitude and being toward death. We want the mother-land to take us back into the womb.” (Timofeeva, 2021, p.79-80)

04.11.2022 Inviting **mom** to discuss the various units of home

The door

The window

The table

The carpet

The bedroom with the bed

The curtain

The smell of food

The pillow

The lamp

The video. The video is **under** the coffee table. On the eye level of a child around 5 yo. Babamın Evi.

24.01.2023 I shared with my **mom** the video where I used my conversation with her and my childhood records. Later, we talked on the phone. Her sound was low. We couldn’t have a detailed conversation. We talked the next day. She said she felt embarrassed about what she watched. While watching it, she felt a sense of shame about the memory of her father’s home coming to her mind.

We had a long conversation. I said how I kept asking her in the video what about me, is the same with how her mind went to her father’s house. It was **evident** in the video **how** I kept positioning her as a **mother**. Her response and my continuous questioning depicted two different lives we were in.

Yet, the uneasiness inside me didn’t go away. I realized I touched a delicate and fragile place. It felt like I was using her own words against her when she mentioned feeling embarrassed. **But I hadn’t seen it in that way.** I put that genuine dialogue revealing some things I was in the process of accepting somethings between my **mother** and me. **That** she **is** different **from** me, moreover *she was a child, too*. Perhaps in the upcoming edits and the way I present it, the narrative and the things shown will change, thus affecting my **mother’s** feelings too. But as I watch the continuation of the videos, I see my **mother** showed me so many things that were special to both of us, **as if the camera wasn’t recording**. It’s so strange to look back what happens within such a close relationship, especially in a conversation, through words.

I came to talk about the units of home with my **mother**, to talk about my childhood, and her **motherhood**.

I don’t know what to do with all these conversations. Am I exposing them?!! How would my father feel if he watches? Mako, my grandmother, my cousin? My father had been deeply uncomfortable with the sound work where my **mother** called me “doğa doğa” repeatedly, and after first seconds refused to listen to it. I am hitting certain boundaries. Or maybe I see the boundaries because they are things that can be crossed.

But if I cross them, what will I have achieved exactly? In the seminar class, it was said, “You have accumulated so much material in your hands.” But all these conversations are not just material. They are definitely not just material.



in front of the video "**Mom**, Me , Grandma" (2022)





29.07.2023 The cake was baking in the kitchen.
I was upstairs. Last 20 minutes of the timer.
I had left it and come upstairs because it was baking
itself.

20 minutes later. I got into the elevator amid laughter.
The elevator door opened to the crowd in the kitchen.
Chaos. Some people standing and some sitting.

A little child was mopping the floor.

Everyone was chatting and drinking tea.

The cake had come out of the oven and was on the
kitchen counter.

A slice had been eaten.

And clang clang clang.

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA.

Everyone's laughter mixed into a buzz.

This was not a dream. I remember the day of June 1st.



Kitchen

10.08.2023 To be in the kitchen was to look for a gesture somewhere in the present, a gesture that did not completely break with it. After the day meetings, this time at school, the search for a space that allows spontaneity. Passing by the kitchen and being lured by the smell of coffee or sitting down to rest are spontaneous acts of this building. So, what does this kitchen need for Gün meetings and to connect with other houses?

What suits you?

Hence, all the red crochets and knittings find their places.

For recipes check the pages 51, 55

To follow up with how it has been done in the Kitchen see the page 64



12.05.2023 Where is here?
15.05.2023 Here is somewhere.
16.07.2023 My feet touch the ground,
10.08.2023 Yet the ground hangs in the air.
Shades of blue starting from red, ending in purple.
Vast metal wings,
With something round, suspended around.
Will it sunder?
It won't, on its own.
Will it sunder if I think about it?
This time, not this time.
If I think about it again, will it sunder?
How much must I think for it to sunder?
Don't ponder the white hair-on the red fox's tail.
I pondered it.
Did it sunder?
To make it sunder, I must more ponder.
How is the connection point?
What is it attached with?
Will fire melt the connection here?
How do you bring fire here?
How do you bring fire without anyone hopping on you?
How much fire is enough to melt the connection?
Can I hold this fire on my own?
When I think like this, it won't detach.
But when I think like this, it will detach.

Where is here?
Here is the inside.
Open your mouth,
There are things to say.
Plane, is coming, the plane!!
Close your mouth.
Taste of everything we've swallowed is good.

Where is here?
Here is somewhere.
My feet touch the ground.
Yet the ground hangs in the void.
Beneath the ground
The levels of our feet touch each other.
Steps turn the ground.
The ground spins.
As it spins, it keeps spinning.
As it spins, it keeps spinning.
Will it stop?
I don't know.

Where is here?
Here is somewhere.
My feet touch the ground.

On the ground,
Wheels pass over my feet.
My fingers roll.
Rolling fingers
A seagull, fingers, snatches.
Flying above the sea.
I fall from its mouth.
A fish opens its mouth.
It swallows my fingers, one by one.
Another fish opens its mouth.
It swallows the first fish.
It opens its mouth.

It gets caught in the vast metal wings.
The wings, bleeding its mouth.
The fish, hanging in the air.
My hands, holding the fish.
The fingers, going into the mouth.
I retrieve a fish.
I put my fingers into the mouth again.
Fingers are finding fingers.
I take my hands to my feet
Fingers are back now where they used to own.

Where is here?
Here is somewhere.
My knees touch the ground.
The ground, enters inside the ground.
My knees touch the ground.

Where is here?
Here is its roof.
The clouds are very close.
They break when you touch them.
I can't come down.
Various options.
I'm undecided.
Shall we jump?
No, let's lower a rope.
I'll come down by climbing.
Leave the stairs alone.
I'm coughing, coughing,
Glass pieces come out of my mouth.

Where is here?
Here is somewhere.
My knees touch the ground.
My hands touch the ground.
I'm running.

Where is here?
It is just here.
It is not about me
It is all about, where are we?*

*Before the exhibition starts, there comes the question, what have I done? What am I doing? As I step back to find an answer and search for words to tell the story to myself, this poem begins to be written.

A few days later, the poem makes me write it again.
And it makes me write it again and again.

**a situation responsive
process**

the language in which the poem was first written

Burası neresi
Burası bir yer
Ayaklarım yere basıyor
Yer havada asılı
Mavinin tonları kırmızıdan başlayıp morda bitiyor
Büyük metal kanatlar
Ortasında yuvarlak bir şey asılı
Bu buradan kopar mı?
Kendi kendine kopmaz
Ben düşününce kopar mı
Bu sefer düşününce kopmadı
Bir daha düşünsem kopar mı
Kaç düşünsem kopar
Kırmızı tilkinin kuyruğundaki beyaz kılı düşünme
Düşündüm
Koptu mu
Koparmak için daha çok düşünmem gerek
Bağlantı yeri nasılmış
Ne ile başlanmış
Burayı ateş mi eritirmiş
Buraya ateş nasıl getirilirmiş
Buraya ateş kimse engellemeden nasıl getirilirmiş
Ne kadar ateş bağlantıyı eritmeye yetermiş
Ben tek başıma bu ateşi tutabilir miymişim
Böyle düşününce kopmazmış
Ama böyle düşününce koparmış

Burası neresi
Burası içerisi
Ağzını aç
Konuşacakların var
Uçak, hamm, uçaak
Kapat ağzını
Tadı güzel tüm yuttuklarımızın

Burası neresi
Burası bir yer
Ayaklarım yere basıyor
Yer boşlukta asılı
Yerin altı var
Ayakların hizaları birbirine değıyor
Adımlar yeri çeviriyor
Yer dönüyor
Döndükçe dönüyor
Döndükçe dönüyor
Durur mu
Ben bilmem

Burası neresi
Burası bir yer
Ayaklarım yere basıyor
Hep bu yerle ilgili

Yere
Ayaklarımın üstünden tekerlek geçiyor
Parmaklarım yuvarlanıyor
Onları bir martı kapıyor
Denizin üstünde uçuyor

Ağzından düşüyorum
Balık ağzını açıyor
Parmakları teker teker yutuyor
Bir balık daha ağzını açıyor
Balığı yutuyor
Ağzını açıyor
Büyük metal kanatlara takılıyor
Kanatlar ağzını kanatıyor
Balık havada asılı
Ellerim balığı tutuyor
Parmaklarını ağzına sokuyor
Bir balık çıkarıyor
Parmaklarını yine ağzına sokuyor
Parmakları buluyor
Ellerini ayaklarına götürüyor
Parmaklarını yerine takıyor

Burası neresi
Burası bir yer
Ayaklarım yere basıyor
Yer, yerden içeri giriyor
Dizlerim yere basıyor

Burası neresi
Burası çatısı
Bulutlar çok yakın
Dokununca kırılırlar
Aşağı inemiyorum
Çeşitli Seçenekler
Kararsızım
Atlayalım!
Yok olmaz ip sarkıtalım
Tırmanarak inirim ben
Merdivenleri rahat bırakın
öksürüyorum öksürüyorum
cam parçaları ağzımdan çıkıyor

Burası neresi
Burası bir yer
Dizlerim yere basıyor
Ellerim yere basıyor
Koşuyorum

Burası neresi
Burası öylece bir yer
Benle hiç ilgisi yok
Hep bu yerle ilgili

"The idea of Art for Art's Sake suggests that art has the ability to escape the conditions of its creation, the contexts and motivations it arises from.

...

While it is possible to have a positive experience of art produced by an individual who has perpetrated harm, perhaps it is more important to realise that art alone cannot repair harm. If we want art that reflects the true complexity of our lives and the range of human emotion, then we must eradicate the harmful conditions in which we live. As much as artists may run away from the political underpinnings of their work, it haunts them."

(Olufemi, 2020, p.85)

GÜN YAPMAK is a very old practice in Anatolia. A women's circle. Especially housewives come together to socialize and exchange money. How? Let's say there are seven houses. Every month, women come together in one woman's house and bring a predetermined amount of money or gold. This is usually a "quarter of gold". Because of these gold coins, another name for this practice is "gold day". When six women bring six quarters of gold, the hostess has one and a half full gold coins. Good accumulation! She can spend it on many things she needs independently of her husband. The next meeting is held at another woman's house and again everyone brings the same amount of gold or money. The previous host also takes it away. When the circle is completed, no one owes anybody anything and everyone has saved and used a large amount of savings for some time.

29.09.2023 The traditional "gün" is a ritual that mostly takes place in homes. So, when I proposed to do the gün, I knew that the doors of our houses would open and knit them together.

As I remembered how cold and dark the past month had been, with the idea of a home away from home in my pocket, it didn't take long to discover my need for intimacy with these women who had just migrated from Turkey. In the midst of questions about encounters that would envelop me and keep me warm, situations where people would invite me to their homes, the warmth of being welcomed at home, how people set up their homes when they go somewhere, why so many people are trying to leave Turkey, why people come to places they have never been, I said to the women, "let's gün yapalım in a way that creates a space where we can look at/explore ourselves".

Here, the effort to **spontaneously** settle into a familiar practice and relax and the aim to **research** in order to gain distance are in the same sentence. A search that is familiar enough to keep us together and yet artificial enough to keep us at a distance. Gün yapmak was an excuse to experience houses. But it was an excuse that grew out of certain needs that I have in myself and sensed in others as well. It is not an eye that watches and analyzes from the outside; it is the whole **body** that explores from within our lives inside the homes, with people I intuit that we are in a similar context, thinking about home in a place far from home. I was thinking about the meaning and effect of excusing "Gün Yapmak".

07.08.2023 While reading the book "The Possibilities of Interaction," translation of the title belongs to me, originally in Turkish. I came across the concept of **intimate publicness**. Its contribution to the process of my current quest is my understanding of how the *gün yapmak* functions. Lauren Berlant suggests that even entirely different individuals who do not know each other or share any common ground can experience an emotional connection. Prior to this, a dimension of interaction is described as "people coming together in a way that they physically sense each other and collectively focus their interests on the same subject, which also leads to the emergence of a shared mutual interest" (Akalin, 2023, p.24). By instrumentalizing the practice of *gün yapmak*, I have, in a sense, defined the scope of my exploration and the reach of interaction.

who is 'we'?

01.02.2023 I think it is important what "we" have looked like. I think it is important what "we" looks like.

28.12.2022 Seven individuals, same language, diverse geography ??? For three years, seven people in Finland **contemplate on everyday life**, gender differences incl. non-native Finnish speakers???

The Group's IDENTITY
I feel like I am playing *Tahoo*.

What motivated me to work with them?
I thought about our similarities which I found strange???

11.12.2022 Different scales, distinct questions - Who are ?

Who are you in Turkey?

- " " in Finland?
- " " in Helsinki?
- " " in this world?
- " " in this neighborhood?
- " " in this family?
- " " in this universe?

I might not fully **belong**, **yet** there's love for strangers: *agape*

Not identifying with identities but naming - recognizing a group of people with various descriptors.
What could be the name of our group or the title of this project?

22

29.05.2022 When do we learn someone's name?

18.06.2022 My *mother's* back turned into a *mother's* topography?

03.08.2022 How to do things with language?

08.12.2022 **Things to bring to women from TR:**

1. Esin's book
2. Jasmin's medicine
3. Melek's teapot

“Meaningfulness cannot be defined from outside the activity. In fact, it must be defined through the process of the act - and that is acts in the plural that are maintained and repeated. Thus, a meaningful act is generated and made credible only through the act itself. There is no way we can distance the act from the meaningfulness of the act.” (Hannula, 2006, p.18)

Neuloa: how to do it?

Are you home? *site-interventions* in a *state of action*

When I think of this phrase in my *mother* tongue, I understand it in two ways: both as “Are you **at** home?” in the sense of whether someone/thing is present in a location, and as “Are you a home?” in the sense of whether someone/thing **is** a place of dwelling. Like a *mother*'s belly.

18.10.22 We had our first gün today. Nagihan and Esin came first. Then Nesibe arrived, and finally Jasmin. Before this meeting, I had a little acquaintance with all of them, so I had some impressions. **I was afraid of some things.**

30.11.22 **I was afraid of some things.** I had fantasized so much about people being together and sharing things collectively that I feared even a minor disagreement would make them turn their backs to togetherness. Would they unite without my intervention?

There is this smell: coming together surpasses me. The smell of cooking onions. The aroma pervades: to the entire kitchen. Living room. Staircases. My shirt. Hair. And hands. Then it becomes everything: soup, the base of a meal, caramelized for topping of a dessert

I didn't want to place the camera somewhere and forget about it.

30.11.22 **I didn't want to place the camera somewhere and forget about it.** I don't want to try capturing our "natural" environment. If there will be a recording, homes want me to place the camera as a strangers' gaze.

26.09.23 Being indifferent to the presence of the camera can extract the experience from time and space. In these days when we have forgotten the existence of cameras, I am both amazed and horrified by the information that cameras can produce. Remembering this ambiguous feeling, I will say that it's a matter of what I show on camera, who I show on camera, and then to whom these recordings will be shown.

And that's when everything became even more complicated.

There was a need to capture a slice of each day. So, I had suggested: Let's sit side by side on the couch, and everyone says a word about today. We **agreed.**

17.04.23 We **agreed** and sat across from the camera. I was not very aware of what this image looked like at first, then Riikka pointed out that it resembles conversation pieces. Wikipedia says conversation piece is "a painting of a genre in which groups of figures are posed in a landscape or domestic setting, popular especially in the 18th century."



The agreed way of sitting in front of the camera on 18.10.22
The words said from left to right: el emeği göz nuru (handcrafted), iletişim (communication), aile (family), aidiyet (belonging), and tanışma (acquaintance)

When I watched the first random shot; I remember my uneasy feelings of that day when positioning the camera. My first attempt was to position the camera so that it would capture all of us through the mirror. Looking at the mirror, a position where I could see myself among others in the place. What the camera could show is: Where am I? What is this place? What do I look like? What do I look like here? But at the same time, I hadn't asked them where to place the camera. This came to my mind later: why didn't I ask them where to put it? Tell me how to record ourselves!



The first random shot that I had uneasy feelings of positioning it.
Around the table: Nagihan, Nesibe, I, Ceren, Melek

- Where were you staying?
- At my *mother*-in-law's, my brother's, and relatives' houses. But one doesn't get bored at their *mother*'s home.
- I lost my *mother*, but my brother and sister's house, my *mother*'s house, I can always stay there.
- It's generally more exhausting with a child.
- When I went to Turkey last time, I kept traveling all the time.
- It's not easy to travel with a child.
- I can offer you an itinerary; it's very different when you travel like a tourist.
- I wonder if *we* should settle on the Mediterranean coast of Turkey when *we* retire?
- *We* are also thinking about when to return to Turkey.
- I will never return to Turkey; I will stay in Finland.
- My husband lived there with me for 25 years, now it's my turn a bit.

18.10.22 Throughout all these conversations, while I was asking everyone why and how they decided to come here, no one asked me the same questions in return. I also didn't take the floor for my own question.

26.09.23 They didn't ask me because I think there was a default positioning of an expected research: I was the researcher and they were the research object. Most of them have a master's degree, or they have graduated from a university, they know very well how to conduct a research. They know that in research there is a separation between the researcher and the researched. I know it too, although I have been trying to unlearn to search for/from another perspective.

19.10.22 Seçil asked me why, why they did not ask you. *For a long time I couldn't name it.*

26.09.23 But now I can, I can name it a little bit more.

18.10.22 I hadn't randomly met these women either. The scent of Turkey's recent political atmosphere had permeated over all of us.

27.09.23 I knew intuitively, if not rationally, why I wanted to go deeper into this.

18.10.22 I remember the message I sent to my friend after the first meeting with the Migrant Women Finland FB group. 21.05.22 *"The portrait drawn about TR was very grim. There was a cloud of fear and worry hanging over everyone. A group of university graduates who couldn't find jobs."*

In the back of my mind, there was the question "who are we?" and "who are these migrants?" I had been also asked questions like "when did I come, if I will stay in Finland". Advices to me to work in any kind of job if I want to **stay**, and complaints on the uncertainty if they will be able to stay.

Why does a person stay?

01.09.23 On that day when I told them about the "my mind is somewhere else" videos, many invited me to their homes. Nagihan, by my side, on 29.05.22 said "Sure, whenever you like it." We agreed on 01.06.22, and I baked emotion cookies a day before.

27.09.23 This approach was quite different from leaving little notes in my neighbors' mailboxes. It is more indirect. Perhaps more shy. Maybe that's why it was more welcoming.



18.10.22 Then, without exactly knowing what I was doing, I said, "Let's come together to look at ourselves, to explore ourselves - under a 'gün,' and we'll also knit."

As the gatherings started, I put aside a pile of questions. Because everything began unrevealing itself in a great need to scrutinize the daily life.

29.05.22 When we said, "Let's examine some of these," some distance is needed; we needed another table to place things on.

24.09.23 So, for the fourth meeting, I intended to open a space for conversation, to put Turkey on the table once again. To put home on the table once again? What if home, our life in Turkey, the politics there, our daily life there, came to the table to have a talk all together? What kind of a table would this be? It is not possible for this to happen at the table we are going to eat at. We need another table to discuss these issues.

08.12.22 **So I went to the fourth meeting with a knitted red yarn table.** Now let's lay all of these on the table!

29.05.23 But we couldn't lay them down on the table. We found solace in venting.

I used to believe that to 'understand' something, you had to analyze it - break it down into pieces, look closely, contemplate - perhaps even 'philosophize' about it.

When I proposed 'gün yapmak' to the group, I expressed it like: **LET'S EXPLORE OURSELVES. INVESTIGATE OURSELVES FROM WITHIN, COME TOGETHER THROUGH GÜN, AND RESEARCH.**

26.09.23 I went with such an invitation because things can be explored by getting involved in them. They can be understood while co-creating its reality.

With "research," I referred to the type influenced by Western philosophy and science. Researching vitality, by slicing a living leaf and observing slides and a microscope.

Isn't that what biology studies, the science of living organisms? But you dissected it, is it still alive ?

26.09.23 How else could we understand a leaf? By sitting under it and looking at the sunlight pouring on it? By blowing it out?

Analysis is a tool; yes, yet though not everything is understood through analysis. Dialogues have tones, textures, fabrics, and when we convey something to each other with these, we 'understand' something. Understanding here refers to a broad range of actions I discovered. It's about creating an inner conception. It involves intuition. For instance, I understood my relationship with my mother by through Esin, Ceren, and Nagihan's children. I understood their emotions and experiences by observing and listening to them.



10.12.22 When I was going to buy yarn for the first time from Turkey, I called the person most knowledgeable about yarn first, Nesibe, and asked her what color and type of yarns I should get.

I had mentioned that **I** chose red.

She asked if it wouldn't be better if everyone had a different color as she had suggested before.

I was thinking how would separating the color work.

Would it turn out to be: "this is **my** color, **I** knitted that part!?"

I didn't say that but asked having only one color, saying, 29

"I guess I just want it to be red"

I was burning with the desire to melt everything in the color red rather than everyone

choosing a different color to mark themselves. Red captured me in that moment.

She said, okay let's make it red, if you want, get some white too, let it be Turkish colors.

I stopped. Thinking that not everyone might identify themselves as Turkish.

I said it out loud, also added that my ancestors are from Bulgaria, maybe it is better not to involve into that color discussion.

So, I made the decision to have only red as the single color, and I still contemplate my stance and being the sole decision-maker here.

30.07.23 I had a place to decide all by myself since it was *my project*.

Now I understand giving time to choose the color and even making a circle for that would make everybody more a part of the decision hence would make them feel more in it.

Pöytä

4th Gün, 08.12.22, Jasmin's place, the first home of the 4th Act in Matinkylä

117 yds / 107 m
3,5 oz / 100 g

100% Acrylic
Acrilique
Acrilica

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#himalayapamuk
#himalayayarn
#himalayakordeleri

Machine wash only. Tumble Dry.
Lavage en machine à froid. Séchage.
Lavar e máquina em frio. Lavar em seco.

100% AKRİLİK / ACRYLIC / ACRYL
100 g ca. 200 m
100 sp - 200 MT NOM 2

711810 90211

Örgü keyfini yaşayın

BONBON
Classic

100% AKRİLİK / ACRYLIC / ACRYL
100 g ca. 200 m
100 sp - 200 MT NOM 2

711810 91184

Örgü keyfini yaşayın

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Acrilica

117 yds / 107 m
3,5 oz / 100 g

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Örgü keyfini yaşayın

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Örgü keyfini yaşayın

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Classic

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100 g ca. 200 m
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711810 91184

117 yds / 107 m
3,5 oz / 100 g

100% Acrylic
Acrilique
Acrilica

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Machine wash only. Tumble Dry.
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100% AKRİLİK / ACRYLIC / ACRYL
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100 sp - 200 MT NOM 2

711810 90211

Örgü keyfini yaşayın

BONBON
Classic

100% AKRİLİK / ACRYLIC / ACRYL
100 g ca. 200 m
100 sp - 200 MT NOM 2

711810 91184



After I felt uncomfortable with positioning the camera, I asked everyone how to position it.



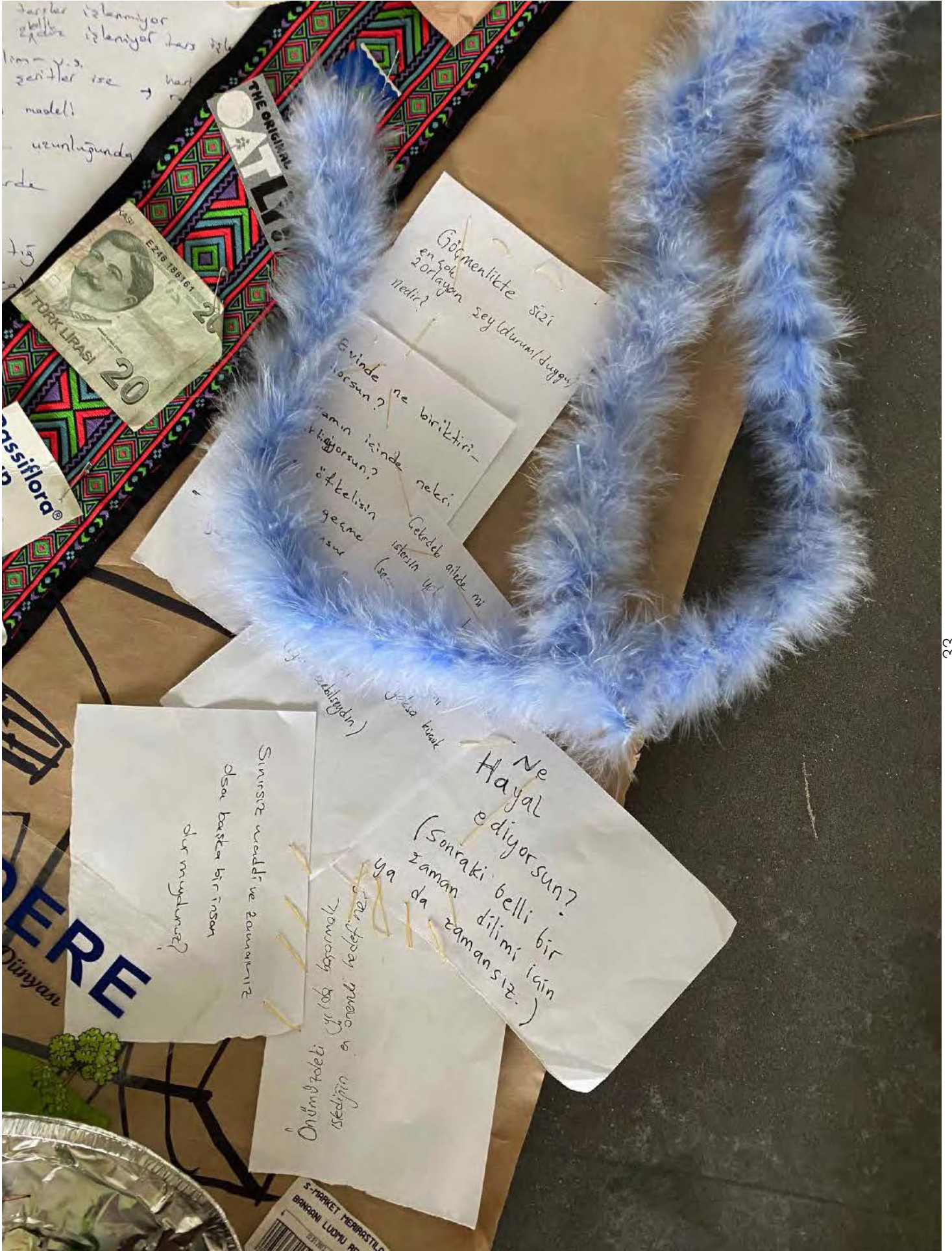
The game I offered was to take notes of the questions we want to discuss together. Here, we are in the middle of it



Screenshot from the Conversation Pieces video.



Knitting for the unfinished knitted table



The questions that written down are sewn on the collage that we all started making together at Ceren's and continued at UniArts. Ceren said on that day, what i will do after you leave my home, is important.



Jasmin's home

13.06.23 I remember the day, I visited Jasmin's. The table had been stored. Everyone says homes are tiny. As we waited for Serhad, Jasmin and I viewed her curated videos.

She'd chosen those fragmented bodies. Two weeks ago 28.04.23 we've prepared homes, I met everyone at Oodi. I showed them a bundle of video fragments. We watched and addressed the question "What do I see?" Everyone shared **what** they **saw** and **how** they **felt** about it. Some thought the fragmented bodies are liberating, while others thought brutal. "You are merged with the tree here," said Nagihan. "It seems like you are trying to become a part of it." Despite the stories of femicide imprinted on our skin, she emphasized this fragmentation is an attempt to unite.

- Maybe I'm being naive, but... I liked this one.
- I made a few groupings, Melek suggested. Fragmented bodies in one house, my **mom**, me, my grandma in another house, and in another house, my father's place.
- I liked the tension between trying to settle in this house and the warmth created between your **mother** and grandmother, Esin said. Let these two stay with me.
- Then whatever is left, let them stay with me, Melek said.
- No! The same videos can be in everyone's home, they are not running out.
- You can choose what you want Melek!
- Let me think about it a bit more.

25.09.23 If I define having the power is being able to actualize what one wants, I have to start by saying that at the beginning of this process, I want to knit a big red wool house together. All its interior walls and all its furniture. And after we finish knitting it, to go inside it together and maybe sleep in it. But that would require me to be in a different power relationship with the people I work with than I am now. Even though my name is mentioned in the exhibition as the artist and I can say that I initiated a lot of things, this space could not exist without the other agencies being/working. Therefore, I can peacefully say that the aesthetics of this installation, the aesthetics of these events has been a search for the aesthetics of a social practice.

in this moment the method reveals itself

In Matinkylä, at home, Jasmin and I discussed in what order and where to place *things*. There will be people, they may want to chat. Discussing how to balance the conversation among people with the videos,

the idea: show the videos occasionally! I uttered that, conversing **the dynamics and needs of the space** with Jasmin. **It is hard to talk about how the idea came up or how it's been decided.** How can it be possible to say who the idea belongs to, when it is not even possible to say who said the idea first, in that flow? Thus, we said that the videos needed to pause occasionally to allow others to converse.

By, we spread the videos trying not to make the videos too talkative. I suggested using an alarm to indicate the time is up and time to leave. So we placed an alarm sound at the end.

30.07.23 Three of us, Jasmin, Serhad and I chose the most alarm-like sounding effect. But something happened: mis-communication, **lack of conversation:** the day has come, Jasmin was so unpleasant with alarm and me initiating to leave home once the alarm rang. What was the gap in between us in that conversation? More work needed...

"Once again, what we lack is not the possibility, but rather the quality of participation. This is not a participation that produces more and more talk, while smoothly bypassing other people's arguments, without touching them. It is a participation that listens and watches carefully. Expressed from another angle: we do not need to know more, what we absolutely need is to manage to accept our knowledge, to take it ethically seriously and, finally, to try to act upon it." (Hannula, 2006 p.44)



Daniella took the photo.



Melek took the photo.



Jasmin took the photo.



I took the photo.



Serhad took the photo.

23.06.23 No one I invited and said they would come appeared. Jasmin's neighbors didn't come either. Only Melek and a friend from Jasmin's language course came. Rushing back to school for a catalog, I barely arrived on time. I ran into Melek at the door. Daniella was already there. We quickly set up the TV and brought out the knitted table. Snacks were placed "in a balanced way" on it. Jasmin asked for a **brief explanation**, and I mentioned the videos would accompany our conversation. I was anxious. The video started with 8 minutes darkness. Everyone's attention was on it. Darkness. At the second time it started, it was not heard and seen. Meanwhile, we were discussing the difficulty of finding a job in Finland.

The video spoke, we fell silent, the video stopped, we spoke. As the hour ended, the alarm rang, and I said, "Now we may leave." Jasmin suggested staying a bit longer." It didn't take me long to realize that we hadn't fully discussed and practically designed the ending. Fatigue and hunger overwhelmed me, rendering me **unresponsive**. Jasmin proposed returning the room to its regular setup. We put the snacks aside, the knitted table folded. That was a soft end.

02.10.23 It was fascinating for me to watch Jasmin's solution. While I remained unresponsive, it was very ordinary for her to transform the space with a tiny tiny gesture.

23.06.23 We lingered. The conversation turned to be mostly in Turkish, I responded in English. Discussion of what to have for dinner started, and I said I have my food with me. Others couldn't decide whether to have pizza or something else. **Melek said** her husband was waiting for her for dinner. **I said** I wanted to eat my dinner at home, and that I was very tired. **Daniella said** she wanted to see the rest of the work at school next week. **I said** the meeting would be at Nagihan's place next week and invited her. Melek invited her too.

Melek and I left together. On the way back, she told me I had been rude.

- You can't just suddenly tell a guest to leave, what you did was not nice. If you behave in this way in my home, it is better not to include my home, half seriously, half jokingly.

- I had discussed that yesterday with Jasmin. We said the day would end with an alarm sound. I mean, if it's said two hours for instance in Germany, people only sit for two hours. Either way, it's possible to host guests in two different ways.

- But it's not like that in our culture.

27.07.23 Davullar *an arabesque poem for*
 Buzları kıracak *my furious disappear* Drums
 Eğer kulaklarımı kapatırsam Crack the ice
 Adaçayı alev alacak Once I seal the ears
 Tüm ev tutuşacak Sage will catch fire
 Igniting the entire house
 Üflüyorum üflüyorum
 Kırmızı I'm blowing and blowing,
 it is still crimson

05.04.23 Olivia had remarked she occasionally disliked project participants... What sort of connection is that? Can I admit that I don't like the people whom I randomly met but have been meeting for 8 months?

Aren't there different types of love: agape, eros, and philia?



Untitled

3rd Gün, 07.11.22, Nagihan's place, the second home of the 4th Act in Lassila

07.11.22 Today, I was late. Everyone was already seated at the table, not eating yet. Esin couldn't make it, so I had to pick up the materials the day prior. However, I forgot the most important, the notebooks. We talked about the possibility of her making a surprise visit and bringing the notebooks, but she couldn't show up. She texted about handing the BIG notebook to Nagihan later on.

I value one-on-one conversations within the group. So, I had suggested everyone to invite/arrange meetings by calling each other, instead of texting on the WA.

31.07.23 We **are generally used to recording our daily lives**. Not at homes though. Home is a different place than a cafe, a bus stop, a movie theatre, a shopping center.

13.08.23 I value one-on-one conversations, yet I do not have any recipe to show others one-on-one conversations to you Dear Reader.

25.09.23 I am watching that I am not involved in every moment of what is happening. I accept this. I am watching that this has an impact on many areas of group dynamics. Let's accept together for the moment that the parts of this whole that I am not directly involved in cannot be conveyed to the reader. The situations created by this space are bumpy, no light, no skin, no vibration reaches every surface. This is at the same time how we practice our agencies. I assume, non of us is omniscience, omnipresence and omnipotent.

07.11.22 The conversation continued for an hour after my arrival. Slowly, I pulled it, recounting a recent talk with my mother about different units of home. And openness to face. Just then, Nesibe abla advised voice recording and I turned it on. I mentioned our discussion with my **mom** regarding doors and shared insights from that conversation. And then, *we* all started discussing doors: the doors of homes, the doors of the heart, the brothel's door, how doors open other doors, how both sides need to open the doors...

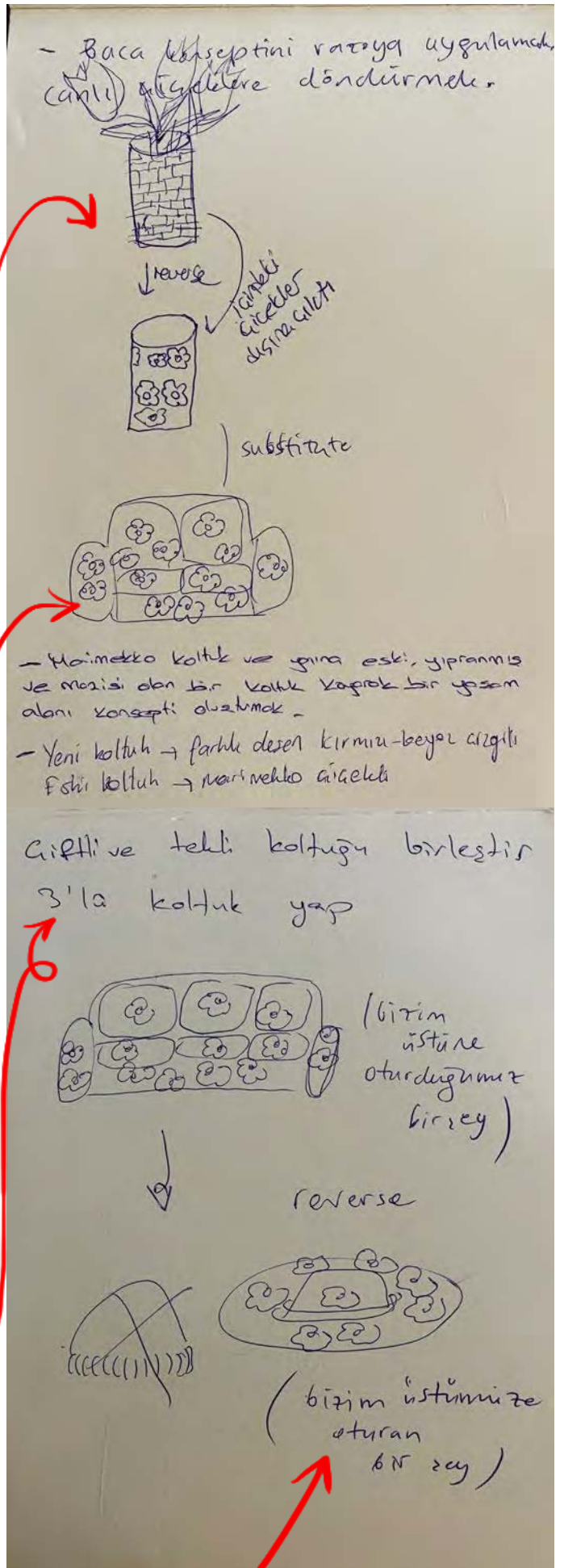
Talking of home constructs a living creature and serves as a container. I wanted to keep this conversation for 40 minutes, but time stretched. I noticed the time, though I hesitated to interrupt the flow.

Nesibe abla showed her red-yarn knitted scarf she had been working on for three weeks. It had turned out to be double-layered for some reason. Melek and I were surprised how it happened, and asked repeatedly, though Nesibe abla couldn't explain it either.

In the "Infrastructures of Collaboration" class, Oliver Kallainen had introduced us games to engage in collaborative creative thinking. I suggested moving on to play these games. Everyone agreed. *We* started to play the games.

The ideas in the game progressed as follows:

- Knitting a scarf.
- Creating a collage by taking photos of what we knit and adding them to the collage.
- We can continue by adding small doilies to the knitting and incorporating them into the collage.
- Making a collage on a door using different doily patterns.
- Creating a collage on a door using various dried flowers.
- Make a collage on a chimney using different dried flowers.
- Apply the chimney concept to a vase and transform it into a display for live flowers.
- Reverse. Take flowers inside out.
- Substitute. To a Marimekko sofa.
- Creating a living space concept by placing a Marimekko sofa next to an old, worn-out chair with a history.
- The new sofa has a different pattern, red and white stripes, while the old chair has a Marimekko floral design. Combining the two, we create a 3-seater sofa.
- Reverse. It is something we sit on, reverse to something fits on us.



The two pages from my notebook that the ideas of the game is noted.

07.11.22 Nesibe abla and Melek keep discussing some issues in the course they attended together, meanwhile everyone continued to play the game.

The game utilized itself to think about the thing that *we* want to knit. The knitting the one that Nesibe has brought today, initially, intended as a scarf, evolved into a sculpture by opening up both sides and placing a box inside to form a house—inspired by Melek’s question, “Why not make it a house?”. Then, Nesibe abla mentioned a knitted basket she saw in the bathroom, and *we* realized *we* could turn the same knitting into a bag by adding handles on both sides.

Seçil had asked us to bring an object that represented what made a house a home, and I had the idea of bringing a bag. When the knitting turned into a bag, I mentioned it, and Ceren said, “A bag is like a womb, and a womb is a child’s first home.”

The final idea was to keep the knitted part of the bag inside and cover the outside with Marimekko floral fabric to give it a house-like appearance.

Later, *we* went to the kitchen to share the leftover food. Everyone loved the gluten-free lentil balls that Ceren’s *mother*-in-law made, and *we* asked for the recipe. Someone suggested that *we* must definitely write down this recipe in the notebook meant for writing down the recipes of the meals *we* bring to the group.

31.07.23 But it’s been lost after the third Gün.

07.11.22 When *we* think about something together, I can’t distinguish who said what; suddenly, I find myself standing somewhere in the flow of our collective thoughts.



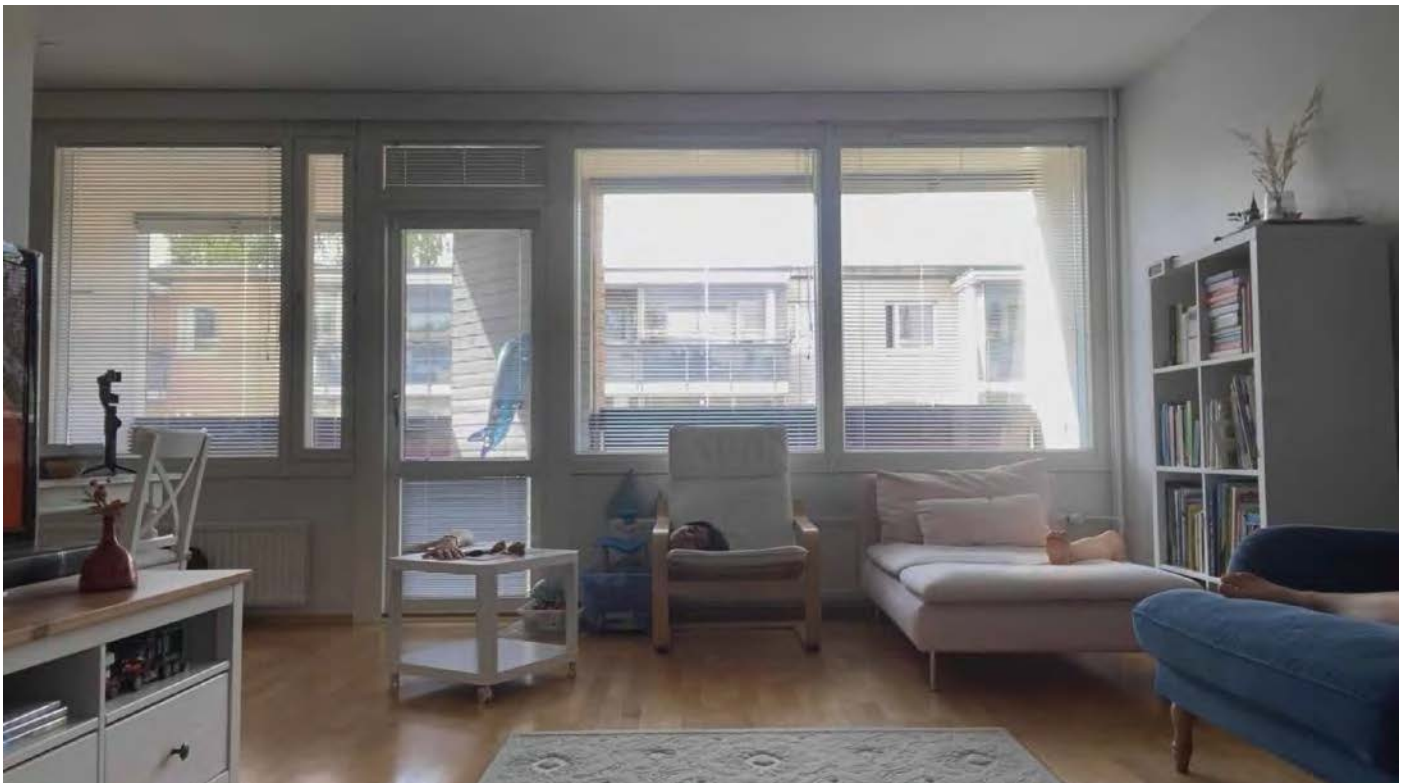
Bulut was flying a drone, and Tarçın was trying to catch it. Nagihan and I were preparing the home.

31.07.23 When I went to Nagihan's home to prepare it, we carefully looked at the house, the living room, the couch, and the red knitted object. Looked at them as if it is our first time seeing them and being here.

Through non-verbal communication, we synchronized with each other by moving the red object and the giant knitting needles made of paper pulp within the house. The red knitted object found a suitable place on the blue couch in front of our eyes.

While editing videos, Nagihan reminded me of my "Where Is My Mind" video that I made at her place on 01.06.22. We decided to use it too, along with the videos selected at Oodi. When I asked about the dynamics in home and how the videos should interact, Nagihan came up with a script spontaneously. Compared to other preparations for events, I felt a strong connection with Nagihan during this preparation. The spontaneous script is:

1. Everyone arrives.
2. No videos for the first 10 minutes.
3. "My Mind is Somewhere Else" video starts
4. we ask everyone what they want to drink. The "My Mind is Somewhere Else" video, which is with the tree, the one that Nagihan liked, will be a part of the conversation.
5. Then we will move on to the "Let's knit together" stage.
6. We will knit with large needles for 20 minutes.
7. After that, another video will be played, this time the "In the Role of Home" video, which will also be in the exhibition area. The sound of the strong wind in the video will be loud enough to catch the attention.
8. After its five-minute duration, Nagihan will invite us to the dining table.
9. When the sound of "My Father's House" video starts, we will return to the couches, and the event will end with the video, thanking the guests for their attendance.



On May 16th, I left small notes in my neighbors' mailboxes. Out of 99 notes, only one person replied to me. Looking back, I realize the communication language in the notes could have been different. Different in the sense of its tone, how it delivers the emotion, curiosity, reasons... How I had put it in words was very dry. As if it not about them but solely me, **also in Arial 11 punto**. I had printed them out, put in the mail boxes, one answer, no answer; I got rid of them. I wish I had kept them to put eye on them.

While sharing this story during the meeting with Immigrant Women Finland, Nagihan invited me to her living room. The scene above is from "My Mind is Somewhere Else" series, shot at Nagihan's home on June 1st.

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I felt a strong connection with Nagihan during this preparation. Words can only express a very small part of entities. Just think, I exist, there is an external world, and there is another being whom I recognize similar to myself.

Describing with words what I see, what I want to talk about, and what I want to act upon is such a complex phenomenon.

When I say "couch," it's amazing if someone understands which couch I mean! Which couch is it? The one in my mind? Another couch in some other place we both saw? Or one of the two couches in this house? If it's one of the two, which one? When Kripke, Frege, and others try to establish meaning detached from context between words and objects, they must have gone mad! Most of what we say seems to have no logic at all.

While transcribing dialogues, as a method I have

to engage in with deep listening. When we converse, what we say individually is meaningless. But when connected with the previous and next sentences, things fall into a place. Otherwise, sentences remain disjointed.

They cannot be transformed into symbolic logic either. There are no premises, no results.

The relationship between natural language and reality is truly, truly, truly fascinating.

What fascinates me is when the thing I refer to with words aligns for the others, just like they align for me. Because, clearly, in some encounters, the thing I refer to with words does not align with how others perceive it. In such cases, more conversation is needed. More things need to be discussed. Or perhaps, increasing shared spaces to spend time together, multiplying common experiences, and thus bridging the gap between words and things.



doğa, My Mind is Somewhere else (2022), video, loop, exhibited in Kuvan Kevat 2023

On May 16th evening, one of the neighbors has replied to me and said "Hey! this is Eirik. I live in the T stairs, apartment 71. We said that Wednesday at 3 would work." I went there.



doğa, My Mind is Somewhere else (2022), video, loop, exhibited in Kuvan Kevat 2023

Many of us were hesitant about those visuals being too violent. I even mentioned it to James, suggesting a warning might be needed. However, during the exhibition preparation, we all forgot about it.

At the opening, Çınar saw *My mind is Somewhere Else* and started to laugh, saying, "This is so bizarre!"

I arrived first, then Esin. Nagihan was trying to bake Jasmin's cake recipe which Esin baked last time. She was a little bit panicked because the gluten-free flour was not cable to bake. Esin ran for help. In 15 minutes arrivals are followed by Jani, Kay, and Sasha, who came across on the way and recognized each other as the home guests. I roughly expressed the scenario after everyone took a seat.





Nagihan has tried the knitted piece on different furnitures, here is the lamp demo.

On the day we visited Nagihan, Kay brought flowers. Nagihan immediately put them in a vase. At first, there was some hesitancy about knitting, but it continued as everyone contributed in their own way. When we sat at the dining table, Kay talked about kitchens in publicly accessible libraries. They mentioned that it's possible to cook there too.

29.01.23 After the meeting yesterday, I couldn't sleep the all night. Our interactions, dialogues, and most importantly, my own behavior kept swirling in my mind. Watching the 40-minute home conversation, I had a chance to self-reflect. I felt uneasy about my demeanor. During that discussion, I had already started emotionally distancing myself from Deniz. He seemed disengaged, avoiding eye contact and lacking attentiveness. In that conversation, to each sarcastic response of Deniz, I reacted as if playing ping-pong. Yet, it felt more like a competitive game, trying to defeat him. At some point, he said to me, "As if we are having a political debate right now. Can you soften your approach?" But I couldn't. Watching this was very intriguing and disturbing. It made me realize that unspoken and unexpressed emotions were already present.

To see who is who among the participants in the 40-minute chats, refer to the "who is who" section.

13.10.22 Nesibe asked last time what makes our doing art, so this time I prepared a little speech in my head before going. **17.04.23 Nesibe asked last time what makes our doing art, so this time I prepared a little speech in my head before going.** 24.09.23 *Maybe we often call art what we are used to seeing on a two-dimensional surface. Or there are categories we already know; sculpture, theater, painting, etc. When we accept that these are art objects, looking at them is looking at art. But here, if we leave the position where the one who calls art "art" is the viewer and go to think about the position of the doer, how could these things have come into being? I say, let's look at this space together. I think our delicacy in perceiving the space we have created together makes this space art. Every time I look at our togetherness, I watch the things in this space with care and interest. If I have to give a name to what I watch, it is our performance. Our various performances that are intertwined with everyday life, sometimes unknowingly and sometimes consciously. Our little gestures, the way we choose to speak, our body language. This space we create together opens up the space for us to perform some things and closes it to others. I'm talking about something ontological, some things exist, some things disappear. We are playing with what is happening now in time and space. The viewing of an artwork in an exhibition is part of this world. I will try to carry this space that we opened together into an exhibition. Maybe I still have to eat forty loaves of bread to be able to talk more about it. For now, I mean, we are in a performance in everyday life, and we are creating a space together, between each other's houses.*

The question of what art is and how what I do qualifies as art continued to be asked. And I keep asking it too. I also expressed that I think about home, that I'm in search of something related to home, but **I don't know what it is exactly.** I showed them a few things I had done before. The wall I knitted with red yarn in the island and Kruunuvuori, where I put together the pieces of an abandoned, burnt house. I asked if anyone wanted to continue having this conversation with me, around home, **a banal question of what is home.** No one said anything outright, but then suddenly they started talking about home.

At one point, Nesibe said, "If you're taking notes, then let's do it properly," and Melek, Jasmin, and Esin agreed. As I was confused where to take notes, I asked, "Should I record it?" and they said, "Sure." I placed the recording device on the table. I asked if it would bother them to have it there, but they said, "No, go ahead." During the conversation, we actually forgot about the recording device on the table, so the recording is about 4 hours.

Besides that, I had a couple of plans that would introduce into this meeting. First, I had brought some more yarns with me again, and second, I had a large sheet of paper that we could all write and draw on together. This time, Ceren and Melek also joined us. Melek was someone I knew from the same FB group. She couldn't make it to the previous meeting. Now she had quit the work, so she could make it. She said, "I'm doing the job of two or three people and getting paid a single salary." The other person, Ceren, was someone I occasionally took care of her child. Two days ago, while playing with Ceren's child Çınar at her place, she asked how things were going in my life, and I started talking about these meetings and invited her. Then I thought, should these two areas have been kept separate? I was afraid of my different roles overlapping at first. Because I was stepping into the unknown. **Then I thought it would be exciting to explore.**

30.11.22 **Then I thought it would be exciting to explore.** Meeting with women felt more like a girls' pajama party, but when I invited a woman I babysat for, it felt like I had invited my **mother** to a pajama party. But then I realized it was something I would search for in connection with home, and I got excited. Homes also divide the roles as the rooms do.

17.04.23 *Since Ceren joined us, she never called me to take care of Çınar. Esin did. When Ceren and her family went on vacation, they called me to take care of their cats.*

13.10.22 Melek and Nesibe Abla started knitting. I also tried a row. **Since I came to Helsinki, I have been knitting.** Then Nesibe Abla didn't like it, so she unraveled and started it over. Then again, she didn't like it, and we started over again. This happened a few times until we finally made 3 row length.



Esin took the photo with her old digital machine. From left to right: Melek, Jasmin, I, Nagihan, Ceren, and Nesibe



My first attempts to knit, Melek took the photo.



Foods of gün. I took the photo.



The first day I knitted it



Almost a year later



One and a half years later

Esin's recipe of the Brownie Cookies

Ingredients:

225g bitter chocolate (finely chopped)
 57g (4 tablespoons) butter
 90g (2/3 cup) all-purpose flour
 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 2 eggs
 150g (3/4 cup) brown sugar

Instructions:

1. Line two baking trays with parchment paper.
2. In a heat-resistant bowl, place the chocolate pieces and butter. 3. Melt them in the microwave, taking them out every few seconds and stirring with a spoon until fully melted. (If you don't have a microwave, you can also melt them using a double boiler method).
4. In a separate bowl, mix the flour, baking powder, and salt.
5. In a mixing bowl, beat the eggs and brown sugar with a mixer for a maximum of 2 minutes.
6. Add the chocolate mixture to the egg mixture and beat on low speed until well combined.
7. Finally, add the flour and mix only until incorporated.
8. Refrigerate the sticky dough for 30 minutes.
9. Preheat your oven to 175°C (345°F).
10. When the dough is chilled, use an ice cream scoop to place spoonfuls of dough on the prepared baking trays, leaving some space between each scoop. (Do not try to shape the dough with your hands; it is a sticky dough that should be formed only with a spoon).
11. Bake in the preheated oven for 9-12 minutes. If you prefer them crispier, you can extend the baking time according to your desired texture.



Foods of gün. I took the photo. The lentil balls are gluten-free.



Foods of gün. I took the photo. Esin and Ali are on the corner.



Jasmin asked me to make a fishtail braid for her hair. I love making that hair style.



The lamp was originally at Ceren's place, but since she didn't want to open up her home, and I hadn't knitted anything for Esin's home, the lamp ended up at Esin's. Here is Ceren's office room where she invited us for the Conversation Piece, moving us from the living room.

30.07.23 On that day 24.05.23, I went to Esin's place. I got up early in the morning because I had a few meetings scheduled for the afternoon. I brought the lamp with me. Initially, I had knitted the lamp for Ceren's house. When we had gün at Esin's, we used to experiment with knitting together, but nothing had been knitted yet. Since Ceren didn't want to open her home, lamp was off. Hence, I had taken the lamp from Ceren the day before and brought it to Esin's place. We tried several spots for the lamp. It looked best leaning against the wall next to the television. We removed the bulb from Ali's room and installed it in the knitted lamp.

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Before the kids arrived, we started editing the videos Esin had chosen. I proposed the idea we had discussed at Jasmin's home. How do you want to arrange the time we will spend here, how do you think about video pieces?

Esin had used video editing software before, so when I asked her if she wanted to do it, she gladly volunteered. I wish I had insisted a few more times with Jasmin. Esin slowly trimmed and edited the videos. I am aware of the importance of sharing tools with others, but not everyone seems as enthusiastic about it.

Everyone devoted themselves to different aspects of working together. For example, Nagihan had already mentioned that she didn't want to knit from the very beginning. Esin occasionally sought my support for the editing. I found myself showing a video I hadn't shown in Oodi. It was a collage I made at home many years ago. Esin loved it. In the continuation of the video with my **mom**, she asked me, "What do you think?" So, we added that home video to it. We also included some of our own footage. We added it at the end of the one-hour video. The end.

25.09.23 Inside this house, we could have done anything to welcome guests. Anything. The important thing is not what we do, but how we do it. Did what I wanted to do resonate with Esin? When I talked about what I wanted to do, how did Esin imagine it, what did she turn it into? How did I take it from where Esin left it, and what did I end up with? But again, the whole focus in the process is on how this emergence came about. Aesthetic concerns of social practices. Method, making together: I could break this statement into more parts. In various circumstances, the possibilities and actions of doing together are changing. Not everyone wants the same amount, does not put their agency in the same amount, does not participate in the same amount. I am looking for various practices of facilitation here. When someone is present but not participating in any conversation, they are actually listening. This is a space I need to think more about.



Preparing Esin's home

30.07.23 We had quite a crowd at Esin's place 25.05.23: Raphael, Alyssa, Ceren, Nesibe, Elif, Nilüfer, Aleyna, and myself. After the videos were over, Esin suggested that people should continue sitting for one more hour until she picked up the kids. And so it happened.

We discussed a lot of things, but by the evening of that day, many of them had slipped my mind. When I waited for things to settle down a bit more, many things have gone. The remaining scene is: a group of Turkish speaking people who are already familiar with the gün practice is talking about doing currency exchange, and explaining some other cultural details.

This made me feel uneasy. I asked if there were counterparts for these activities in French and American cultures. But why did the conversation go in that direction?

Esin had baked Jasmin's recipe.

Jasmin Cake:

Ingredients:

- 4 eggs
- 1 cup of sugar
- 1/2 cup of vegetable oil
- 1/2 cup of warm water
- 3 tablespoons of cocoa powder
- 40 grams of melted bitter chocolate (melted using a double boiler method)
- 2 packets of baking powder
- 1 packet of vanilla
- 2 cups of all-purpose flour
- 2 tablespoons of soluble coffee

Instructions:

1. In a mixing bowl, put the eggs and granulated sugar. Beat on high speed with a mixer for 5-6 minutes.
2. Continue mixing by adding vegetable oil, warm water, and melted chocolate to the mixture.
3. Bake in a preheated oven at 170°C for approximately 20-25 minutes.
4. Remove from the oven and let it rest for 10 minutes.

Enjoy it!



Everyone who wants to take a photo took a photo. This is a photo by Nesibe. From left to right: Aleyna, Esin, Ceren, Elif, Nilüfer, Alyssa, Raphael, and I.



Alyssa took the photo. From left to right: Nesibe, Esin, Ceren, Elif, Nilüfer, Aleyna, Raphael, and I.



Melek's home console
She asked that everyone in the photos on the console be blurred out, as she could not get permission to publish them. Şöyle dedi aslında "Ayol ben şimdi bu projeyi kaynıma nasıl anlatayim!?!"

Laukku

6th Gün, 11.04.23, Melek's place, the fourth home of the 4th Act in Suurpelto

11.04.23 When I arrived at 12, Nesibe was already there, and I had met Esin on the way, so *we* came together. I had big knitting needles with me, and Esin helped me carry them. Elif had expressed her wish to join, and I had asked the group if it was okay, and Melek said, “Sure, I’m always more interested in interacting with more people.”

Elif couldn’t make it, but Arzu came instead. Arzu is Nesibe’s friend. I’m glad she did. She brought a pleasant dynamic to the group. She had a humorous and caring attitude, which helped us rebuild the group dynamics, and she broke some of our generalizations and expressions that made us feel distant from Finnish society. For instance, she challenged some stereotypical assumptions by that statement: “Finnish *mothers* interfere a lot with their daughters-in-law”, or that “they are very introverted because they live in a closed community for so long”.

It was interesting.



11.04.23 Today, Tarçın and Çınar also joined us. They brought some interesting dynamics as well. And the biggest game-changer was Melek's pregnancy of 8 weeks!! Just yesterday, I was watching our videos, and they were talking about the easiest ways to get pregnant with vitamin cocktails. And today, the baby news came. It felt so strange. During our previous seminar meeting, after someone else shared that they didn't know how their project will be succeeded, I took the floor and told about our meetings. When I was asked what we talk about in güns, I mentioned that we had recently talked about getting pregnant. Daniel made a joke (which, in a way, was true as well) that according to our conversation and the criteria for success, if you have a baby, then your project will be successful. Now, we are having the baby!

Melek didn't announce the news in **an announcement form**, but she casually mentioned it in the conversation. Not everyone heard it at the same time. But while we were all sitting at the table, the conversation revolved around the kids and Melek's pregnancy. Everyone heard the news and embraced the situation so much. There were plenty of offers like, "You can leave the kid with us if you get bored," etc. Some of the *mothers* were complaining about taking care of children in general, and Arzu made jokes to Melek, saying, "Don't listen to them, cover your ears so you don't hear them." It's been quite an interesting encounter.



Nesibe immediately grabbed them, saying, "If we don't start now, they will get cold and stiff." We started knitting right away.

11.04.23 Right in the beginning that I brought the big knitting needles, Nesibe immediately grabbed them, saying, "If we don't start now, they will get cold and stiff." We started knitting right away. Then, everyone joined in a little bit. But because we managed to knit with fewer people by leaning the needles somewhere, not everyone needed to knit; three people were enough. Today, the atmosphere was lighter. The conversations were more focused and organized. Most people were talking about the same topic. In previous meetings, there were more one-on-one conversations. I think it has something to do with the fact that we have spent more time together individually until now. While coming with Esin, she mentioned that they met as Esin, Ceren, and Nagihan the day before and talked about the kids and other things, and they released some tension. I think this harmony has a lot to do with that. Not just yesterday, but with all the other one-on-one meetings as well. Next week, we will have our last meeting at Nesibe's place, and then in May, at school. But I might not be able to make it to Nesibe's place because I have a doctor's appointment, so I said they can do it without me. Esin was about to leave at that moment, and she said with a mischievous smile, "Sure, we'll do that without you."



11.04.23 Also, this: We have gradually, not suddenly, started to invade each other's private lives and homes. Engaging in shared conversations, seeing each other's homes, children, and spouses created a very close connection. While being in this, sometimes what I see bothers me. It reminds me of the times when I felt suffocated. During such times, I go through deep self-discoveries in my life, my relationship with my *mother*, my presence in the family, or other family relations.

I've been keeping journals since I first learned to write. These journals are still in that old house, on the shelves. Before moving to Ankara, about four or five years ago, I was curious about what I had written. I started reading them. Seeing that child constantly seeking attention from her *mother* broke my heart. Diaries say, for years, I had been looking for the attention from my *mother* that I never fully received from her. I wrote about how my uncle's illness came between me and *mom*, how my *mother* worked too much and never came home early...

In these houses, I realized that *mothers* and children are separate from each other. *Mothers* have a past and an inner world that children cannot reach. Sometimes, the *mothers*' emotions have nothing to do with the children, but they reflect on them. I discovered such simple things. I realized that my *mother* is like a spider with multiple legs, each spinning a different web: child, housework, taking care of her *mother*, her own work, communication with her husband, spending time with friends, her own anxieties, accounting for her earnings...



- But you fight a lot, which home are you talking about?

video still in
"Babamın Evi", 2023, 2'47", doğa.



No one knows yet that the gluten-free cake won't bake.

31.07.23 I couldn't go to Melek's place one day ago 01.06.23 because she was in Türkiye. Since there was very little time left to edit the video, Melek suggested using the same videos that edited in previous homes. Everyone agreed. So, Melek and I quickly reorganized the video I used with Esin. Meanwhile, Barış and Hashmeet tried baking a gluten-free cake, but the cake just wouldn't bake properly.

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The guests started arriving before we could start playing the video. We couldn't figure out the sound system, and Xenia came to help. Melek's neighbors, Natali and Stefan, also arrived. In a casual manner, I invited everyone to start enjoying the videos. While watching the videos, Natali asked a question about the overall structure. I brought her the map and the exhibition catalog. We discussed the papers we were holding. At that moment, I noticed that Itha was also listening to us, so I continued talking to both of them.

At the very beginning of this process, when I mentioned my thoughts to Onur, they had commented that what I was doing was performative. And they had asked, "Are you framing the natural flow performatively, or are you presenting a fiction and performing here?" I turned to Seçil and asked her what we mean by performance or performative. Seçil replied, "In my opinion, this is an early question. What comes to mind first is this: the meaning formed by the unfolded and spread-out state of action. Looking at definitions and categories, where does it take us? Where does it stop?" In response to the question of "Where does it take us?", I said, "I don't know where it takes us, but for now, it seems to be stopping." 10.09.22

How would it be to look at our everyday self-performance, which we constantly present, through a mirror? Maybe if we lived with a camera constantly on our backs, then we could turn and watch it later?

After the videos ended that day, something happened that hadn't occurred in any other house. People formed small groups. Perhaps the layout of the house allowed for this. In Esin's house, there was a square in the living room. Everyone was looking at that square. Nagihan and Jasmin's house was also for a few people. But in this house, the areas flowed but were disconnected, including the inside of the living room furniture, the countertop area of the open kitchen, and around the dining table.



Something happened that hadn't occurred in any other home. People formed small groups.

At one point, my blood sugar started to rise uncontrollably due to the cake I ate and the adrenaline to be in this performance, and it caused me anxiety. I needed to go for a walk. Nesibe and Melek said they would take care of everything. It was as if my feet went for a walk, but my mouth and throat stayed with Nesibe and Melek to continue the conversation.

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04.06.23 Even if there were a hierarchy, I still need a self-generating structure. Everything can't rely on me, because sometimes I need something to rely on. Multiplying from within in a rhizomatic way creates a foundation. When my blood sugar spiked, I felt anxiety and needed to walk. I wasn't in a state to pay attention to what I was doing, to engage with it. The presence of others facilitated the flow of the process. As an artist, I'm attempting to create dependent and interconnected things. Seeking a state of action.



Örgü

exhibition preparation: How to decide what to show, what not to show?
and What does an installation look like when many people have agencies?



kadınlar örgü örer
 örümcekler ağ örer
 duvar örülür
 saçı örülür
 birimin başına çorap örülür
 demir ağlar örülür

ör [mek] **Nisanyan Etimoloji**

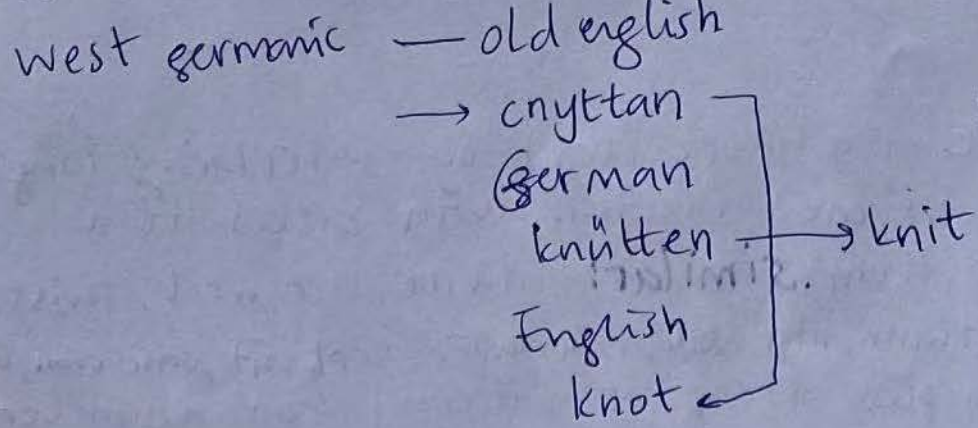
Eski Türkçe ör - "1. kalkmak, yükselmek (geçişsiz fiil), 2. urgan veya saçı örmek (geçişli fiil)"

Eski Türkçe fiilin iki kullanımı arasında bir münasebet ancak değildir. İkinci anlamda Eski T. **egir - çevirmek, sarmak** fiilinin varyant telaffuzudur

Buna karşılık

Latince **texere "ip örmek, kumaş dokumak"**, **tegere "örtmek"**, **tectum "duvar"**

Knit



The original sense was 'tie in or with a knot', hence 'join, unite'

28.04.23 On Monday, 24.04.23 I started doing something on my own. In the afternoon, our group members arrived. While talking with Seçil, I felt the need to knit the stairs. When the rest of the group arrived, I suggested knitting on the stairs, and we started to passing the yarn from hand to hand.

24.03.23 I think, I'm completely giving up on showcasing things related to women. I just want to use a kitchen area. I want to be present in that kitchen space, sharing meals and hosting gatherings with people. I want to sprinkle some knitting between the couches and beneath them. I want to put a few videos on the couches, including the one where my body is fragmented and some videos with my *mother*.

I'm contemplating authorship and value. As someone who is graduating with a degree... The meetings and the videos we shot together are precious, but before showing them to others, both personally and as the group, we need to internalize them a bit more. In this exhibition, I mostly turned to my *mother*. It feels safe there now, and I know what I'm doing there. Opening up to other places will make me feel exposed.

28.04.23 As I placed my knitted pieces, Esin determined the locations of certain things, and I didn't change them. That day, Esin asked me for some yarn to knit handle covers for the oven.

Later that evening, Melek came while Jasmin hadn't left yet. The issue of having video screenings at the houses came up again. Melek said she had skipped that part. She also wanted to open her house for the event. I revised the invitation according to Melek's inclusion.

27.03.23 I don't want to show videos in women's homes either. My encounters and the things we share with women are not meant for "watching," but for "participation." I have a lot of recordings from our meetings, but I'm not currently interested in making a documentary out of them. I want to try a *hospitality practice* at school. All together on the couches, with women and videos. Maybe determining something for the structure of this process. I talked to Daniel briefly, and he said that I seem to have given up on representation, but it looks like I want to turn this place into my home, with a ritual. He mentioned the term "learning area," and that made me feel relieved. The past 6-7 months we spent together felt like an introduction on our own. We spent a long time getting close to each other, getting to know each other. It's not like playing a game of "What did you do yesterday?" by asking what we did every two hours, but fundamentally, we made a long entrance by just eating together, as a small group, continuing to meet regularly, and sharing a more intimate space like home. Like finishing knitting and now we're going to wear what we've knitted and go out.

After the two-week workshop, I felt like something was missing, wondering what I had been doing for the past 7 months, but then I realized that we built trust and friendship.

28.04.23 Daniel asked me if I had started the knitting on the stairs, and I couldn't remember, but yes, I did start it. Again.

On Tuesday, Esin came and caught the last 15 minutes of editing with Ewa. Then we sat down together and looked at around in the kitchen.

23.03.23 I'm giving up on making the knitting too big. I want to knit some spaces between and under the couches, or maybe place the existing knitted pieces there. Perhaps I'll create borders with crochet - I just learned how to do crochet, and it produces beautiful lace patterns. I also decided not to include everything I did with women in the exhibition. I didn't want to display the table, the lamp, or even the big needles. They belong to the time we spent together. I had knitted them for women and those homes, so why should I take them to the exhibition area?

04.08.23 I vividly remember, I couldn't stop myself thinking about what Oscar Lara had said during the Art and Social Context Kuno course: wherever there is a problem, there is an artist to work with it. However, time passes, he realizes that the situation or condition doesn't change in that place among those people; instead it is the artists' position that changes in the art world. I got sick of it.

22.0.23 After Oscar Lara the question of “is this changing a situation here and now?” kept resonating in me. When I take a step back and look at it, I see that this space I initiated cannot be presented in the exhibition as something extracted, because it has made many changes that are hidden somewhere, that cannot be seen without experiencing it, without going into it. It built relationships between people. When this project is over, even if I leave, those people now know each other, they can express themselves to each other. I’m not saying this in a romantic way, I don’t know where the relationships will evolve, but this is what I see for now.



Somewhere in the middle of the week, I placed all the knitted and crocheted pieces on the bed and asked, “Where would you like to go?” Two of them had already given their preferences earlier. A couple more answered at that time, but many wanted to stay under one of the sofas.

27.04.23 **Ben Helsinki'ye geldiğimde örmeye başladım = I began knitting, when I arrived in Helsinki.**

28.04.23 For the past two days, Jasmin and I have been knitting on the stairs and chatting.

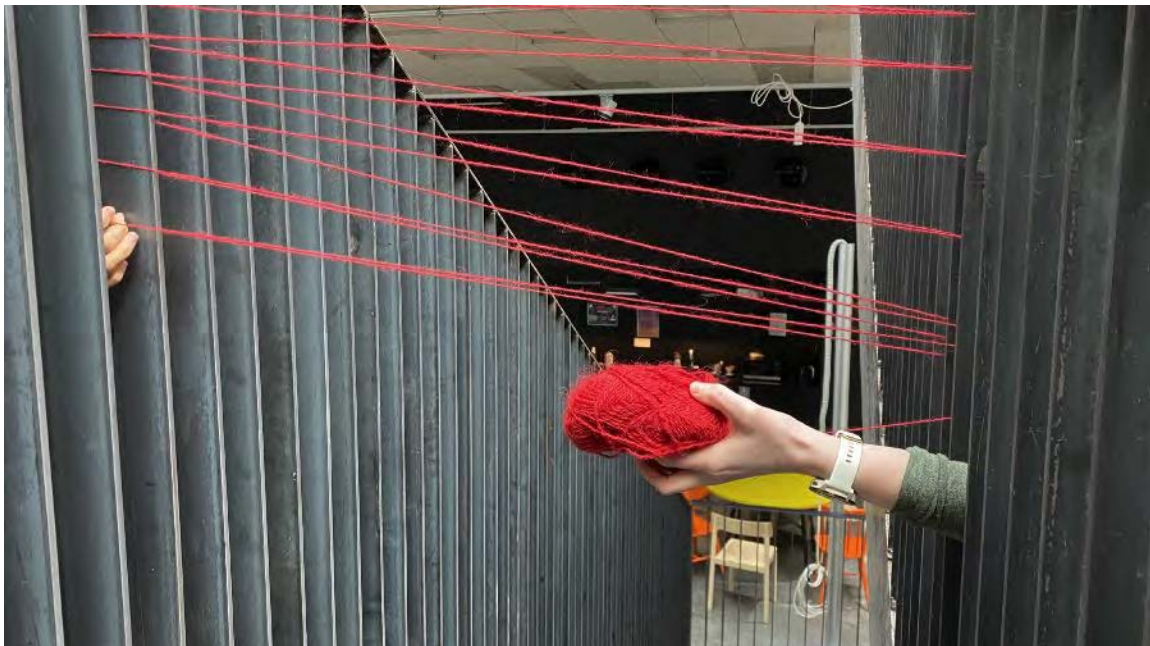
Today, we also watched the videos with everyone who opened their homes. After each video, we had a minute to take notes on what we see. After watching the videos, I mentioned that I considered watching them again, but we didn't have much time left. Melek said, they've already watched them, no need to watch again. Jasmin and Esin reminded me that I had shown them the videos once before. Don't we see different things each and every time?

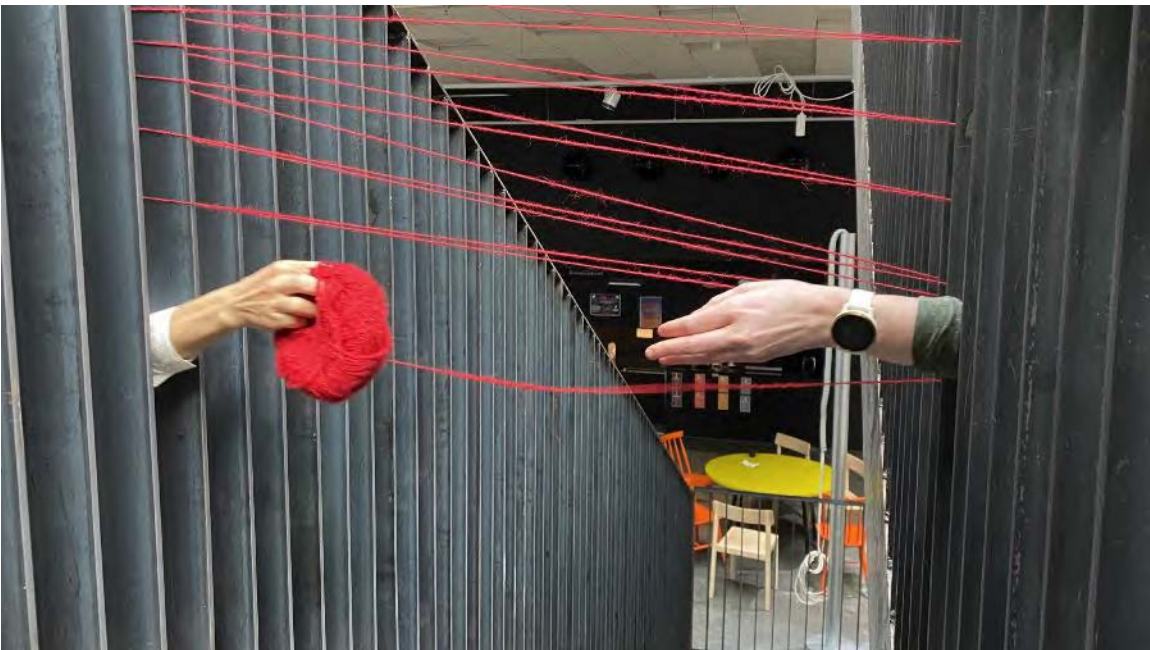
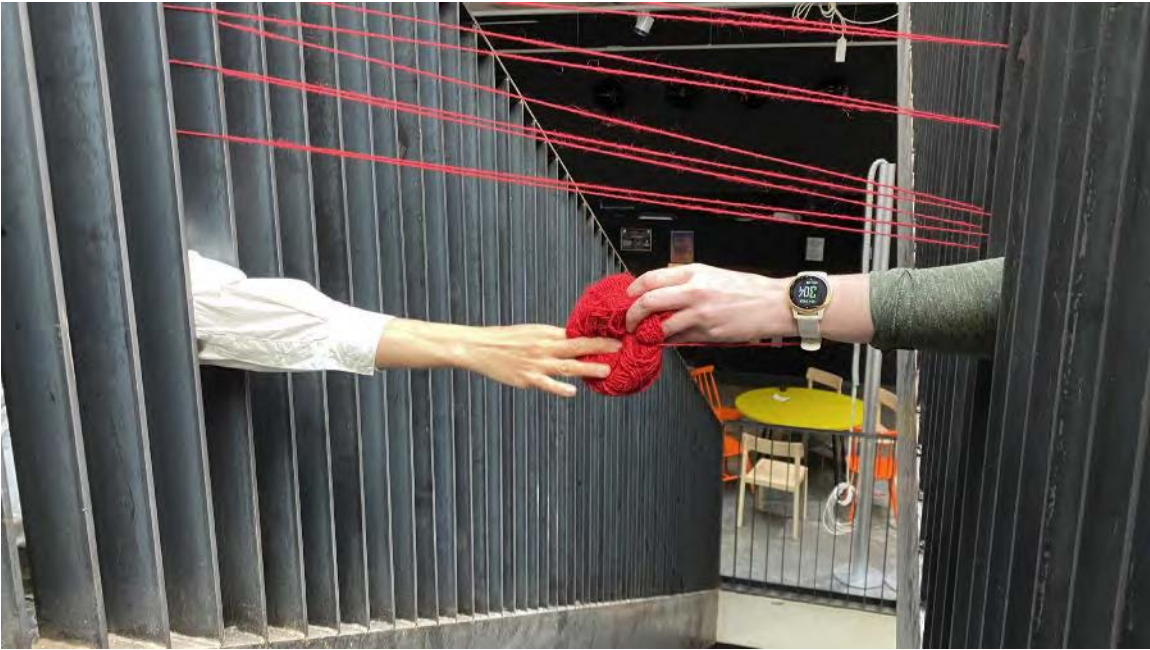
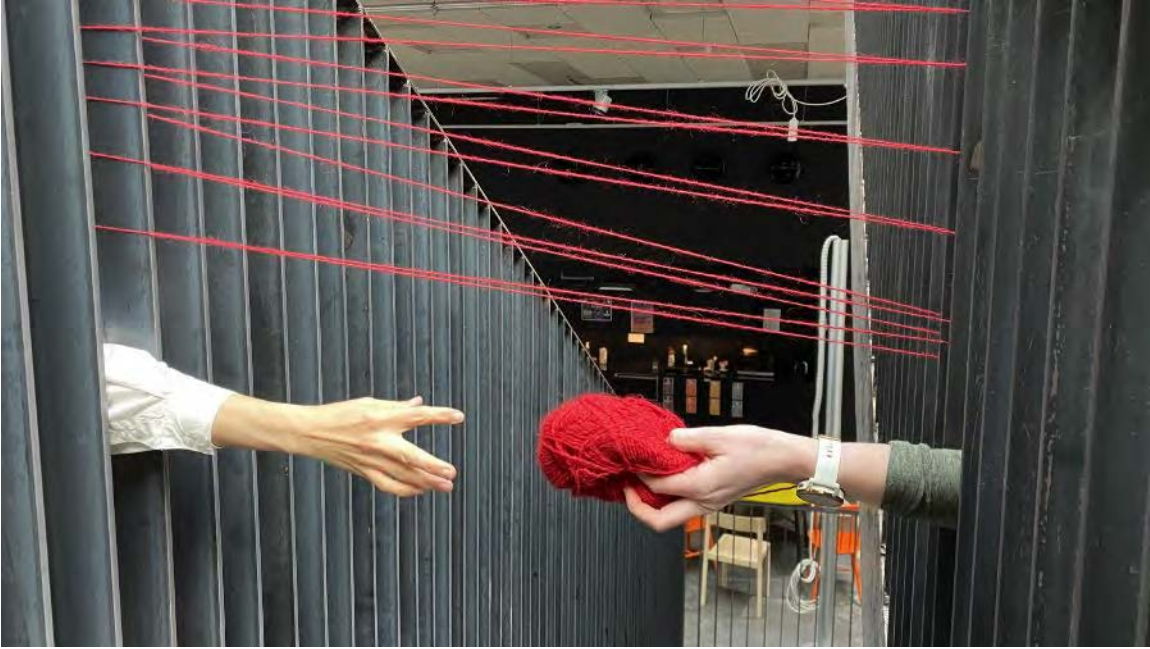
So, we moved on to discuss the notes we took.

After sharing the notes, I suggested they show whatever they felt connected to. Esin preferred showing her videos about her *mother* and then the ones about the house. Melek categorized the videos and proposed displaying each group in different houses. Since it was unlikely for viewers to visit all houses, I asked Esin to make a choice. She liked her own composition and decided to stick with it. Melek expressed interest in editing the videos titled "My Mind Is Somewhere Else," but wanted to categorize a few more times before finalizing. Eventually, she agreed to take whatever was left, but I clarified that we could show the same videos in every house if desired. I then invited her to the school to work on editing.

Nagihan wanted some time to think but mentioned that she could take the videos of limbs hanging from the tree, after my *mother*, my grandmother, and myself.

Jasmin expressed interest in having all the videos I showed them, titled "My Mind Is Somewhere Else."





3

neuloa — needle + oa
• örmet • knit • stricken

neulonta • örgü

kutoa • weave

hämähäkki • spider • örümek • ^{die} Spinne

verkkoon • ağ • net • mesh • network • Netz

These questions are the skies of the minds my actions encounter. Crumbs from the meanings of the various worlds touched by the action of this process.

the chest in the attic: questions i have been asked
some questions've been bricking a wall, although some of them opened up windows or even doors, paving other paths.

! Read either the next page or the page after it, which is its simple reading.

So, all the old ladies in Turkey who “gün yapan” have been making you do your aesthetic choices? Your welcoming, prepared? Is this your work? Why up a whole intimate structure that yours What kind of mechanism does it have? What kind of logic? How do images add themselves to the setup, to that logic? How does one particular go into the other particular? What is your original question? There are two types of fragments, either a part of the whole, or a self-sufficient one. Which one is yours? What is the price of it? Why did you come to Helsinki, did you escape from Turkey? What kind of art is this? Will you stay in Finland? What does the victim need? How would money change an artist’s creativity? Are you a multidisciplinary artist? Are you going to consider the same the person who works in a nursing home, who cleans the bottoms of the elderly, and the person who has three graduate degrees?

What is important here?
Is it okay to keep doing this?
What kind of knowledge is important for you in terms of artwork?
Do the knitted table and lamp have names?

When you are visiting their homes, do you want to see each room?
Who is recording?
Do you know what to do when you are in a community?
Can you position yourself differently?
What will you cook?
For whom are you documenting?

What will it mean to bring which works together?
When you open the homes to others, aren't you looting them?

How does a society's political unrest enter the home?

How do we organize?
What do those conditions let us do?
Did you tell them that you started to record?
Do you want them to perform another role or themselves?
What do you feel comfortable to do in front of the camera?
What is domestic to us?
How do you put your borders?
Could complaining be a habit?
What kind of an economy is there in your “gün yapmak” meetings?
What, why are you documenting?

Is home constituted?
What comes after this?

What happens when you show back the images to them that are produced there and now?

How does photography exist at home?

How does this work connect to an ethnographic approach on sensation? How can we rethink anthropology?

How far can you get away from your mother?

What kind of an ecosystem has been created through “gün yapmak”?

What are you learning by using this material?

What do you do? How do you do?

What kind of an agency is this?

Straightforward reading of the questions is below.

What is important here?
Is it okay to keep doing this?
Is food connecting you?
What kind of complaining is in your conversation with them?
What kind of knowledge is important for you in terms of artwork?
What happens when you show back the images to them that are produced there and now?
How can we rethink anthropology?
What are you learning by using this material?
How do I understand art?
When you are visiting their homes, do you want to see each room?
How do you analyze the data at home?
Is home a space, a concept, a feeling, what is home?
Why did you come to Helsinki, did you escape from Turkey?
What kind of art is this?
What does traditional mean?
So, all the old ladies in Turkey who "gün yapan" have been making art then?
What kind of an agency is this?
Why red?
Where are you from?
What will you do as a real job when you finish your master's?
What are your aesthetic choices?
Your work is all about welcoming, why were you not prepared?
Is this your work?
Why didn't you build up a whole intimate structure that will imply that is yours?
How can this caring go beyond the family?
What kind of mechanism does it have? What kind of logic?
How do images add themselves to the setup, to that logic?
How does one particular go into the other particular?
What is your original question?
There are two types of fragments, either a part of the whole, or a self-sufficient one. Which one is yours?
Will you stay in Finland?
What is the price of it?
What do you do?
How do you do?
Who is recording?
Do you know what to do when you are in a community?
What, why are you documenting?
For whom are you documenting?
Do the knitted table and lamp have names?
What is there in between the acts?
Where do you locate your work?
What are their expectations?
How do you put your borders?
What are your means to interfere in the situation?
What does the victim need?
How comfy can you get there?
Are we on display in this kitchen?
How does it work for the people who are taking a part for a long time?
How does it work for the audience?
How does it work for the jury who will read your thesis?
Is the main work invisible?
Who comes to your home invitations?
Are you a burden for home?

What is the structure of "gün yapmak"?
What is also important?
What are the characteristics of this form?
How does a society's political unrest enter the home?
When you open the house to others, aren't you looting the house?
What kind of an ecosystem has been created through "gün yapmak"?
Do you want them to perform another role or themselves?
What do you feel comfortable to do in front of the camera?
What is domestic to us?
Do you want to bring aesthetics to this work?
Can you position yourself differently?
What will you cook?
What kind of an economy is there in your "gün yapmak" meetings?
How would money change an artist's creativity?
Who are the content creators working for?
How did you use the camera?
Did you tell them that you started to record?
How far can you get away from your mother?
How do we organize? What do those conditions let us do?
Are you deconstructing the home?
How do you analyze the data at home?
Is home constituted?
How does photography exist at home?
How does this work connect to an ethnographic approach on sensation?
How is the material relating to content?
What is the opportunity to learn for you in this situation?
Could complaining be a habit?
How do you define the exhibition space?
Where do you position yourself by doing this work?
How did "gün yapmak" work among you?
What will it mean to bring which works together?
Are you a multidisciplinary artist?
Do you know in advance why you are doing this?
How did you evolve into this?
Why are you doing this situation?
What would they like to do?
What are you all talking about?
Are you the quarterback?
What are you doing?
Do you consider as same the person who works in a nursing home, who cleans the bottoms of the elderly, and the person who has three graduate degrees? Yes
Will you ask people to bring threads?
What comes after this?

- If you have the time, start looking into it gradually. The job-finding process is quite long, unfortunately, in Finland.

- Interestingly, last summer, I easily found a **cleaning job**, probably because it was summer and related to cleaning. Lately, I messaged a few people, but I don't expect any responses. Anyhow Esin suggested an app, I think it's called Trim. Jasmin also mentioned it. I'll lighten **the load on this written component** and take a look. I also need to write a **grant proposal** due by the end of August. Let's see.

- I don't really know about those kinds of jobs. They might be easier to find, but **in the long run, you wouldn't want to work in a job like that.**

- I want to pursue *artistry*, but it will take some time. I need to invent jobs. I can't do the ready-made jobs within this system. Though none of the schools I attended prepared me well enough for the positions readily available in the system. So, it's tough everywhere. Let's see how it goes.

- You could try learning things like UX design, perhaps.

The question of who we create content for is a huge one for me. In fact, I've done other things too, like drawings for TURENG. Working for TURENG was nice, for instance.

- Sis, you shouldn't **question** so much. After all, **a job is an activity done for livelihood. Don't burden it with the meaning of life** because there's no such thing as a **perfect** job.

- I can't help it, you know. The world changes with the kind of work we do.

- True. Unfortunately, even in Turkey, you could manage somehow, but living in **another** country comes with **LEGAL OBLIGATIONS**.

- Every crisis we talk about today is caused **by the work we do.** Our desires, urges, demands drive us to do these jobs. I see that connection very strongly, that's why I'm in a tight spot, folks.

- Think about it like this: You have no parents, nobody. How do you need to make a living?

- I don't necessarily have a specific place that I want to live, so I keep looking and looking. Yet to answer your question I need to think within that experience of having no mother and father. I can't even think about this question for my own life, let alone answer it for a life under different circumstances. Who knows how desires, instincts will be when I am actually living that life. But if I think conventionally,

this question has a self-evident answer: *You'll make a living by doing whatever work is available, wherever there's an opening.*

When speaking from outside the experience, there's no other answer to this question.

Thankfully, they are alive and keep influencing my choice of where to live. Like, it's one of the reasons I don't

kapida giderayak* : conclusion

*"giderayak" roughly means "the very last moment", the whole expression means the very last moment at the doorstep.

05.02.23 How to finish knitting? When you decide to finish knitting, you “bind off.” To bind off, you knit the first two stitches together on the left needle, then pass the knitted stitch over to the right needle, leaving one stitch on the right needle. Next, transfer the single stitch from the right needle back to the left needle, knit the first two stitches together again, and pass the knitted stitch over to the left needle. Repeat this process until only one stitch remains on the left needle. Finally, knit the last stitch and remove the needles, pulling the yarn tightly to make a knot, and cut off the excess yarn.

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“Not knowing is the state from which we strive to make sense.” (Fisher, 2013,p.129)

28.03.23 I said I’m trying to learn, what am I trying to learn? Not a specific piece of information, but things I don’t know: that things can be different, my limitations, people, how a connection can be formed out of nothing, whether my existing connections continue, the influence of Turkey’s current situation on us, the boundaries and power of my will and desire, what my desire becomes when confronted with others’ desires or dreams, what I can do and how I feel when I don’t get what I want or imagine, what I choose to do when no one tells me not to do it, what an ethical encounter with others is like, my vulnerability and others’ vulnerabilities, how I establish and preserve my intimacy and presence in an unfamiliar place, how to cope with the challenges while trying to do **this**, the boundaries of human relationships, how boundaries move...

26.09.23 Despite my hesitant claims throughout the thesis, the concepts are too big to be used yet. The M.A. period is too short to invent concepts for everything I do, as a concluding proposition, I would like to claim that in addition to the many things I have learned, I do not know.

04.08.23 Who has how much time for what.

11.09.23 I learned something from yarn. It unravels as you let go. All by itself. It’s necessary to gently tickle and aerate the threads like this. The knots simply untangle themselves.

16.06.23 I washed the knitted and crocheted *things* in the washing machine; they all became entangled, knotted together. Social engaged practice wasn’t about owning the ideas or having power but rather about fishing them out and holding each other’s hands.

12.06.23 Today we had a picnic, and other people joined us.

Nesibe is poking me to expand the group. She said more people should come.

Question: So now, what will we come together around?

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show the pathways of
thoughts or concepts
that I have kept chewing
+
recently encountered
things

in a nutshell

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SPECIAL THANKS TO

To my mom, dad, grandma, Mako, Barış, Seçil Yersel, Daniel Peltz, Eylül Kara, Ayça Orhon, Alyssa Coffin, Arzu, Ceren, Esin, Nagihan, Nesibe, Jasmin, Melek, Savaş Nokay, and Sinan Albayrak.

Other photo credits: Kolya Kotov, Elif Eren.

ARE YOU
HOME?

home

screen

home

screen

screen

home

home

screen

2nd
floor

screen

screen

screen

screen

3rd floor
kitchen

details of home
are in the kitchen

6. may - 4 june 23

Tue - Sun 11:00 - 18:00

UniArts - Sörnäinen Campus

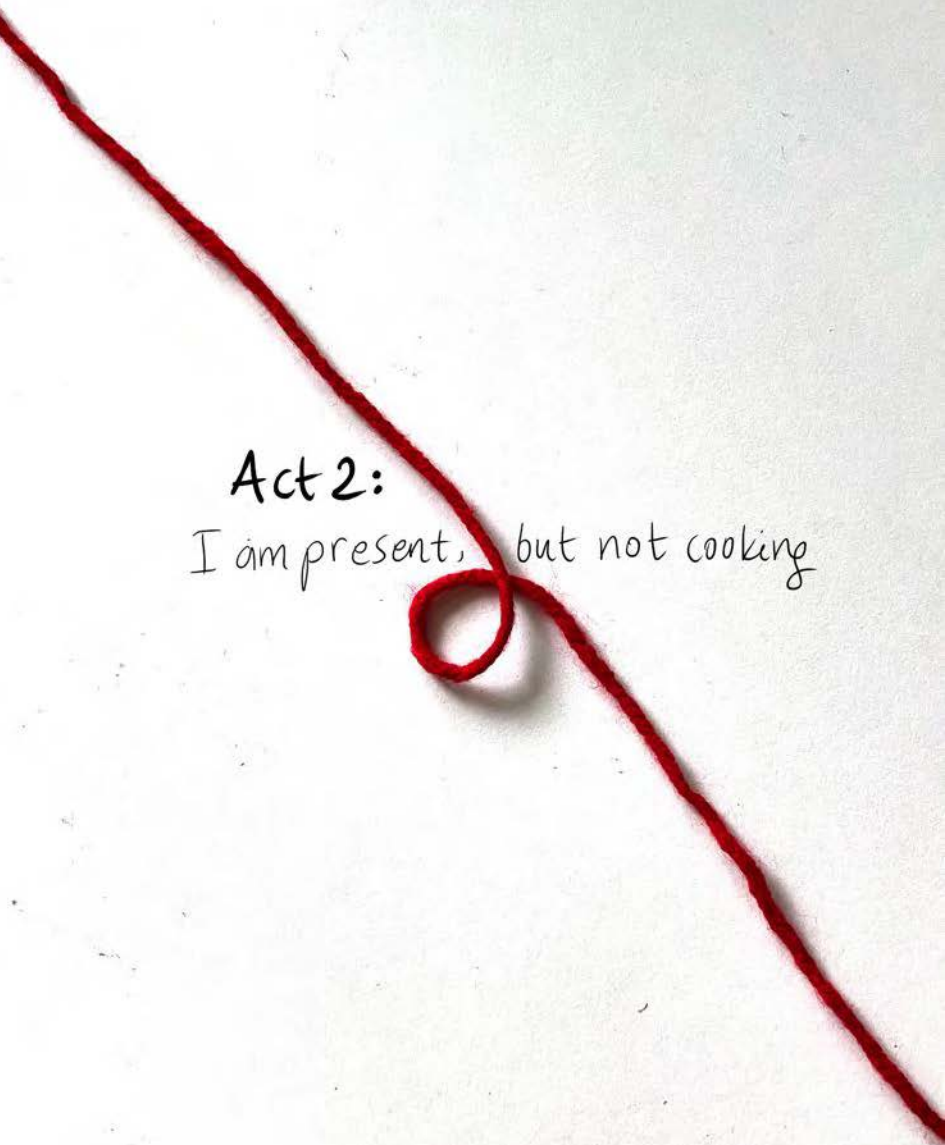
Sörnäisten rantatie 19, Helsinki / Finland

kuvankevat.fi

* as a part of Kuvan Kevät

I am cooking, once every 5-6 days.
This is the first act.





Act 2:

I am present, but not cooking

On Sunday the 28th of May
12:00-15:00, together,
in the 3rd floor kitchen.
This is act 3.



The forth and the final act:
at homes, the details will be shared
during our encounters.

videos

my mind is somewhere else, loop, 2021
in the role of home, 2'31", 2022
mom, me, grandma, 4'37", 2022
Galbamon etc, 2'11", 2023

Site-interventions

pöytä, red yarn, papier mâché, 2023
jalkalamppu, red yarn, papier mâché, 2023
laukku, red yarn, 2023
untitled-1, red yarn, papier mâché, 2023

i am knitting by myself, red yarn & thread, 2023
örgei, red yarn & thread, 2023

acts

at homes, 2023
on the staircases, 2023

in the 3rd floor kitchen, 2023, kitchen utensils,

dishwares,
4 kg lentils,
3 kg sugar,
1 kg salt,
1 kg coffee,
2 kg beans,
1 kg black tea,
600 gram salça,
onion,
garlic,
spices,
flour,

PÄIVÄN TIMANTTI: Nopeasti leviävä syöpä meni ohi useilta lääkäreiltä: Nyt Sanna Stranden-Johansson pelkää kuolevansa

Helsinki | Taide

Mysteerikäarijää iski Sörnäisissä: portaikon kaiteet saivat punaisen lankaverhon

Sörnäisissä on kevästä asti kummastuttanut outo näky: joku on kääriyt kymmeniä metrejä punaista lankaa portaikon kaiteisiin. Lopputulos muistuttaa erehdyttävästi viereisessä Taideyliopistossa keväällä esillä ollutta taideteosta.

Erika Mäkelä HS

12.7. 11:40

HELSINKILÄINEN Patrick Wikblad huomasi viime viikolla merkillisen näyn Sörnäisissä. Joku oli kääriyt metreittäin lankaa seittimäisiin muodostelmiin Kaikukadun kevyen liikenteen sillalle vievien portaiden kaiteisiin. Wikblad otti jutussa näkyvät kuvat ja videon keskiviikkona.

”Aika kummalliselta vaikutti. En ole tuollaista ennen nähnyt, että joku laittaisi lankaa pitkin kaiteita”, Wikblad kertoo.

Kaiteiden koristeet eivät Wikbladin arvion mukaan ole kovin järjestelmällisesti kääriyty, vaan ne on vain pyöritetty paikalleen.

”Kyllä se enemmän taiteen kuin ilkevallan puolella on, en tiedä millaista ilkevaltaa tuo olisi.”

Wikblad epäilee, että porraskaiteiden koristelut ovat peräisin viereisen Taideyliopiston Sörnäisten kampukselta.

TAIDEYLIOPISTON viestinnästä ei osata suoraan kertoa, ovatko langat heidän opiskelijoidensa punomia. **Leena Kumm** muistelee kuitenkin, että tänä keväänä pidetyssä Kuvan Kevät 2023 -näyttelyssä yhdessä työssä hyödynnettiin punaista lankaa.

Näyttelyn tiedoista löytyy turkkilaisen **Doğa Calin** teos, jossa on käytetty punaista lankaa. Yhteydenotto Caliin paljastaa mielenkiintoisia käänteitä tarinasta.

Hän ei ole käynyt käärimässä lankaa kaiteisiin ja on itsekin utelias sen suhteen, kuka tekijä on. Cal kertoo huomanneensa langat sillalla huhtikuun viimeisellä viikolla noin puolitoista viikkoa ennen Kuvan Kevät 2023 -näyttelyn alkua.

Kun Cal virkkasi näyttelyä varten, ihmiset tulivat kommentoimaan hänelle

Luetuimmat

- Trendit** | Asiantuntija kertoo totuuden 30 euroa litralta maksavasta Prime-juomasta: Suosikkipullo ei sisällä kovin paljon mitään
- Kiertotalous** | Muutos ihmisten käytöksessä yllätti kokeneen suutarin: ”Korjattavana on ollut lähes 2000 euron nahkakengät”
- Syöpä** | Nopeasti leviävä syöpä meni ohi useilta lääkäreiltä: Nyt Sanna Stranden-Johansson pelkää kuolevansa
Tilaaajille
- Tuomiot** | Nuori nainen suuttui kun ei saanut uutta puhelinta varastetun tilalle: Alkoi sylkeä ja solvata myyjää rasistisesti
- Ukraina-seuranta** | Novorossijskin rahtiterminaalissa palaa Venäjällä, palon syytymis-syystä ei tietoa
HS seuraa
- Parhaita timanttijuttuja** | Tässä ovat hyvätuloisten piilotetut idyllit – ”Perinteisesti suomalainen eliitti on halunnut välttää ökyilyä”
Tilaaajille
- Shanghai lista** | Miten Helsingin yliopiston alamäki pysäytetään? Tiedeministeri luottaa ”pitkäjänteiseen työhön”
- Eläkkeet** | Varman toimitusjohtaja Risto Murto varoittaa Suomea teollisuusaantumasta
- Oikeudenkäynnit** | Sebastian Tynkkselle kolmas tuomio kiihottamisesta kansanryhmää vastaan, korkein oikeus ei myöntänyt valituslupaa
- Salamurhat** | Ecuador oli rauhan tyyssija: Nyt se äänestää salamurhien ja silloista roikkuvien ruumiiden varjossa

Näytä lisää

Osaston uusimmat

- 11:23 **Kiertotalous** | Muutos ihmisten käytöksessä yllätti kokeneen suutarin: ”Korjattavana on ollut lähes 2000 euron nahkakengät”

sitä, miten hänen teoksensa oli levinnyt myös rakennuksen ulkopuolelle portaiden kaiteisiin.

”Vastaukseni oli ’se en ollut minä!’ Sattuma oli uskomaton. Me molemmat jopa käytimme akryylilankaa”, Cal kertoo.

CAL epäili aluksi, että portaiden langat olisivat hänen keräkasastaan, jota hän piti yliopiston tiloissa. Lankakerät tulivat näyttelyssä käyvien ihmisten käyttöön. Cal ei kuitenkaan laskenut keriä laittaessaan niitä esille, joten on hankala sanoa, vietiinkö portaisiin käärityt langat Taideyliopistolta.

”Kukaan ei myöskään tiennyt vielä silloin, että langat olivat tarjolla käyttöön. Se on vain spekulatiota.”

Osa Calin lankateoksista näkyy ikkunasta ylikulkusillan suunnasta katsottuna, joten mysteerikäärinä on saattanut hyvinkin inspiroitua hänen teoksistaan.

Porraskaiteiden mysteerilanka punoutuu mielenkiintoisella tavalla Calin moniosaiseen ”Oletko kotona?” -projektiin.

Muutettuaan Helsinkiin Cal perusti naapureidensa ja Suomessa asuvien maahanmuuttajanaisten kanssa *gün yapmak* -ryhmän.

”Sen toiminta perustui löyhästi vanhaan turkkilaiseen perinteeseen, jossa ”kotirouvat” kokoontuvat toistensa koteihin viettämään aikaa ja muodostamaan omavaraisuuteen perustuvan vaihtoehdon rahalle ja kullalle”, Calin näyttelyteoksen tiedoissa kerrotaan.



Doğa Cal vieraili taideprojektinsa aikana ihmisten kodeissa. Kuvassa Danielle Popa (vas.) ja Melek Yağmur Virdi istuvat Calin virkkaaman pöydän vieressä. Teoksen valmistumiseen meni kymmenen tuntia.

RYHMÄN JÄSENTEN kodeissa järjestetyissä tapaamisissa jaettiin omaa elämää ja ihmisten tarinoita heidän elinolosuhteistaan, tarpeistaan, puutteistaan sekä kaipuustaan. Tapaamisista syntyi yhdeksän kuukauden aikana kokonainen ihmisverkosto.

”Samaan aikaan neuloin alituisesti, jotta myös käsilläni oli jotain tekemistä. Käytin erisävyisiä punaisia lankoja monin eri tavoin. Neulos vahvisti entisestään luomiani yhteyksiä, suhteita, tarpeita ja tekoja. Kodit punoutuivat toisiinsa ja muodostivat jatkumon - kuin neulottuna”, näyttelyn teosesittelystä kuvataan.

Doğa Calista olisi hauskaa, jos langan rappusten kaiteisiin kääriyty ihminen ottaisi häneen yhteyttä.

”Ehkä se voisi olla yhteistyön alku. Voisimme virkata yhdessä jotain isompaa, vaikka koko kaupungin”, Cal sanoo ja nauraa.

11:02 **Shanghai lista** | Miten Helsingin yliopiston alamäki pysäytetään? Tiedeministeri luottaa ”pitkäjänteiseen työhön”

9:32 **Helsinki** | Vallilan konepajalle avautuu uusi pelibaari

9:28 **Keramiikka** | Tuhannet helsinkiläiset jonottavat nyt keramiikkakursseille

17.8. **HS-selvitys** | Turkin diplomaatit ovat saaneet eniten parkkisakkoja Helsingissä – Melkein kaikki jääneet maksamatta

17.8. **Kaupunkikulttuuri** | Näin Jaskan grillin annokset saavat nimensä: ”Aloin kiinnittää huomiota pitkään ja komeaan mieheen”

16.8. **Shanghai lista** | Helsingin yliopiston lasku ranking-listalla jatkuu – Näin pohjoismaiset verrokkit pärjäisivät

16.8. **Taide** | Pihlajiston Montussa esitetään sirkusta ja katkelmia Kansallisteatterista

16.8. **Eläimet** | Tällainen on Korkeasaaren uusi ”über-pörröinen” manulipoikanen

16.8. **Shanghai lista** | Helsingin yliopisto putosi sittenkin maailman sadan parhaan yliopiston joukosta

[Näytä lisää](#)

[Jaa](#)


[Tallenna](#)

[Kommentoi](#)

[Ilmoita asiavirheestä](#)

Kommentit (4)

Uusin ensin Vanhin ensin Suosituin ensin

 Tätä artikkelia voit kommentoida vain omalla nimellä. [Lue lisää](#)

Elisa Vuori

[Ilmoita asiaton viesti](#)

12.7. 12:51

Kaikenlaista lankaa ympäristöön viritellessä kannattaisi miettiä, voiko se olla vahingollista linnuille ja muille eläimille kiinnitettynä ollessaan ja lopulta irtoillessaan. Hauskalta vaikuttanut idea voi olla vähemmän ja hauska sitten kun se on kiertynyt jonkun linnun jalan tai siiven ympärille.

[Vastaa viestiin](#) Hyvin argumentoitu (15)

Tiia Alho

[Ilmoita asiaton viesti](#)

12.7. 12:36

Lankaa näkyy myös Merihaassa, joten olen ajatellut asialla olleen Stadin ammattiopiston Merihaan kampuksen tekstiilipuolen opiskelijat. Hauskaltahan nuo näyttää, mutta nuoreksi arvelemani tekijä ei ehkä ole osannut ajatella esteettömyyttä: lankaan käärittynä portaan kaiteita ei oikein voi nyt käyttää, kun kättä ei voi liuttaa kaidetta pitkin. Ehkä langat olisi jo aika poistaa, ovat jo aika repsallaan monen kuukauden jälkeen.

[Vastaa viestiin](#) Hyvin argumentoitu (9)

Pekka A. Jussila

[Ilmoita asiaton viesti](#)

12.7. 12:02

Itselleni tuli tuosta kuvasta mieleen Chiharu Shiotan teokset, joista yhtä kävin ihmettelemässä viime vuonna EMMAssa. Ääri rajoilla-installaatiossa lankalabyrintin keskellä oli vanhoja ovia, joista kulkija pääsi valitsemaan reittinsä.

[Vastaa viestiin](#) Hyvin argumentoitu (13)

[Näytä lisää](#)

Kirjaudu sisään osallistuaksesi keskusteluun

Luo tunnus tai kirjaudu sisään, jotta voit kommentoida ja arvioida muiden kommentteja. Kirjautuneena saat käyttöösi myös artikkelin tallennuksen ja aiheiden seuraamisen.

[Luo tili](#)

[Kirjaudu sisään](#)



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Tilaa HS:n tuoreimmat uutiset sähköpostiisi

Kirjaudu Sanoma-tilillä tilataksesi uutiskirjeen. Jos sinulla ei vielä ole Sanoma-tiliä, voit helposti luoda uuden.

[Luo tili](#)

[Kirjaudu](#)

Are You Home? 2022-2023

bigbang					
10 March 2022	“My mind is somewhere else” video				
12 March	“My mind is somewhere else” video				
15 March	Kruunuvuori, Villa Haellebo first visit, I met an old bird watcher, he showed me where the villa was before it burned down				
16 March	“My mind is somewhere else” video				
28 March	Kruunuvuori, Villa Haellebo second visit, I met w/ someone around Kruunuvuori, we visited abandoned houses together				
1 April	I watched buildings under construction in Vantaa				
25 April-29 April	Kruunuvuori, Villa Haellebo visit/work				
30 April	Villa Haellebo exhibition opening				
2 May	Kruunuvuori, Villa Haellebo visit				
8 May	Kruunuvuori, Villa Haellebo visit/work				
10 May	“My mind is somewhere else” video				
16 May	I put a note card to 99 neighbors of mine, asking if they host me.	My neighbor Eirik at Kumpula accepted my home visit			
18 May	Video-shoot at Eirik’s place				
19 May	“My mind is somewhere else” video edit				
21 May	Immigrant Women Finland FB group meeting art Fazer Cafe in Stockmann				
27 May	Tryout projecting the video “My mind is somewhere else” on Hologauze screen with Matti				
31 May	I cooked emotion cookies for Nagihan				
1 Jun	I went to Nagihan’s place	“My mind is somewhere else” video-shoot at Nagihan’s place			
14 June	Flight to Turkey				
19 June	I knitted the wall				
20 June	I knitted the wall				
21 June	I knitted the wall				

22 June	I knitted the wall				
2 August	Calls/Messages to women in the Immigrant Women Finland to propose the project	I get in touch with Seçil Yersel			
3 August	Calls/Messages to women in the Immigrant Women Finland to propose the project				
4 August	Calls/Messages to women in the Immigrant Women Finland to propose the project				
5 August	Calls/Messages to women in the Immigrant Women Finland to propose the project				
11-17 August	I got covid for the first time, trapped in my room				
24 August	The movie "The Nest"				
2 September	I met with Seçil, online				
3 September	I stated to keep this calendar and diary.				
14 September	Shopping: knitting needles, notebook, food for gathering				
15 September	Cooking for "gün"				
16 September	The first "gün" meeting in my place in Kumpula				
18 September	Kruunuvuori, Villa Hællebo visit				
19 September	Flight to Turkey				
22 September	I bought 20 red yarns				
24 September	I broke into an abandoned home in Paşalimanı Island				
28 September	I had a conversation with a woman in Vaasa about homes				
29 September	Meeting with S.Y. (abb.for Seçil Yersel)				
4 October	I had a conversation with Damla	The idea of 40 min. home conversations(40 min.Home) was born			
5 October	40 min.Home w/ my aunt Banu	40 min.Home w/ Deniz M.	40 min.Home w/ Sado		
6 October	40 min.Home w/ Deniz P.	40 min.Home w/ Gizmo Gizem	40 min.Home w/ İdil Övsene		
7 October	40 min.Home w/ dad	I watched the animation "The House"			
8 October	40 min.Home w/ my cousin Cansu	40 min.Home w/ Simla	40 min.Home w/ HHA		
9 October	40 min.Home w/ Erhan	40 min.Home w/ Ecem	40 min.Home w/ Eylül		

10 October	40 min.Home w/ Erinç				
11 October	40 min.Home w/ Müge				
13 October	Second “gün” at Esin’s place. I brought them the red yarns and some photos from the exhibition in Kruunuvuori		I started to knit. For the first time in my life.		
16 October	I had a conversation w/ Ploy around knitting, dialogue, home		I knitted		
17 October	I got a notebook to pour my home images		I knitted		
19 October	S.Y. 1		I knitted		
20 October	40 min.Home w/ İdil Ergüç	40 min.Home w/ Kübra	I knitted		
21 October	40 min.Home w/ İrem Uslu		I knitted		
22 October	40 min.Home w/ Sinan				
23 October	40 min.Home w/ Neco	40 min.Home w/ my grandmother Ayten			
27 October	40 min.Home w/ Eser				
28 October	I met w/Esin at a cafe	Intervening to the homes by knitting pieces for them idea was born	40 min.Home w/ Gediz aunt		
29 October	40 min.Home w/ Ceyda Dirin	40 min.Home w/ Olçay	I listened to the audio recording from the second meeting. Taking some notes. Looking for themes and questions to carry over to the next meeting.	Olçay expressed his uneasiness about speaking so briefly. I thought if this communication and interaction could continue on another platform. For this, I took the first step to turn a google doc surface into a collaborative writing area - which will not work.	Çınar and I got bored at home. We often asked “what to play”. One of my suggestions was to measure the house. While I was measuring the house with my steps and hands, Çınar brought the meter. “What do you want to measure” he asked. We measured the window, the sofa, the TV, a potted plant and each other.
30 October	40 min.Home w/ Simla	40 min.Home w/ Burak Yelin	I prepared the 40 min.Home in English	I started to project what I wanted to do on Paşalimanı island.	
3 November	40 min.Home w/ Barbara	I keep listening to the recording of previous meeting			
4 November	40 min.Home w/ mom	the idea to talk with mom more, on different units/ parts of home is born	home PARTS conversation w/ MOM on doors		
7 November	Gün, at Nagihan’s place				
9 November	40 min.Home w/ Anna Maertta			I submitted the application for the project in Paşalimanı Island	
11 November	S.Y. 2				
12 November	home PARTS conversation w/ MOM on food smell				

13 November	home PARTS conversation w/ MOM on table	I dreamed of bringing the subject of "table" to the next meeting with women. I wanted to invite Turkey as a character to the table and chat with it.			
14 November	I talked to Daniel about table and turkey at the studio visit, he asked me which table. While I was thinking that the table in that house is what it is, I realized that I wanted another table to get distance. I decided to make a table out of papier mache and knitting.	Daniel suggested me to check ethnographic research method.			
15 November	I collected Papier Mache materials.	I started to make the table			
16 November	The flour I used for glue in papier mache bothered my body. I thought nothing would happen if I didn't eat it, but it happened. I decided to change the material	I put the paper mache to the drying room.	I had a studio visit with Jaana Kokko. She encouraged me to keep doing whatever I am doing.	I started to write down the 40min.Home w/ Deniz P.	
17 November	I collected more paper mache materials. Papers are from University of Helsinki's sociology department.				
18 November	It occurred to me to shape the project on the island on the discord channel according to the community model in sociocracy.	I contacted one of the young people on the island and nudged her to talk about the project. - she never replied.			
19 November	I noticed that the diary that we have been circulating has not been written by the last keeper. And I wanted to support its writing. So I sent some questions to Esin and Nagihan, to encourage them to write.	I started type the 40min.Home	I corresponded with the imam on the island, I mentioned that I want to do a project on the island, he said he would support it.		
20 November	Papier Mache	I'm confused how to handle 40 min.Home regarding transcription			
21 November	Papier Mache				
22 November					
23 November	40 min.Home w/ Aleyna				
24 November	Papier Mache	I started to collect the questions posed to me on the same space.			

25 November	I checked the sensory ethnography Daniel mentioned: https://sel.fas.harvard.edu	I decided to keep the diary (it was weekly) not by drawing but by writing. Everything has been changing its form.	I went to the students' meeting at the embassy (just because of curiosity). Before the meeting, there was a form to accept the invitation. One of the questions was "what are you doing". I had mentioned the project. When I arrived some people asked me about it and I talked a little bit.		
31 November			I knitted the table		
1 December			I knitted the table		
2 December	With the project group Esin, Nagihan, Melek, Nesibe, Jasmin, Ceren, we went out for a dinner to Pueblo Bar		I knitted the table		
3 December			I knitted the table		
4 December			I knitted the table		
5 December	Maija Mustonen Studio Visit	40 min.Home w/ Onur Bakır	I knitted the table		
6 December	40 min.Home w/ Alexandra		I knitted the table		
7 December	tanja kiiveri studio visit: I felt as if I was on the edge of the cliff and fell as soon as she put her hand on my shoulder to see how you are. She suggested that I track all my feelings, good or bad.	I went to Esin's place for dinner	I knitted the table		
8 December	Fourth "gün" meeting at Jasmin's place	We decided to do collage and papier mache next time			
9 December	S.Y. 3				
11-19 December	I am in Turkey, I bought some collage materials from Kemeraltı				
21 December	I met with Kay, we talked about communities, we talked about communities she joined	The idea came to organize a bazaar together with women and manage the money from there.			
22 December	I met with Nilüfer				
23 December	we all met outside, we talked about whether we could prepare something for Kamppi Fazer, art and migration magazine.	We did a little question-and-answer experiment.			
26 December	We talked about how to name ourselves while creating the e-mail about us to art and migration magazine.				
29 December	Decided on: Fifth "gün", at Ceren's place				

6 January 2023	I met with Jasmin and Esin at Fazer because I felt the need to meet and talk individually or in smaller groups about how everything was going.	I told Esin and Jasmin about another project idea called "after work"	Jasmin mentioned that what makes us a group here is neither being a woman, nor being a mother, nor being Turkish, just because we are new, we are here together and it makes us feel safe.	I felt relieved with the reflection we made on what we did together and how it made us feel, because now it feels like we can play games at home one by one. Jasmin liked the idea of showing something at everyone's home. She said she likes the idea of people watching something we're televising for a limited time by reservation.	i may edit the chat videos and recordings with people as recordings, i will try that.
13 January	I met with Seçil at her studio in Berlin				
15 January	I visited Savy gallery				
17 January	I visited an exhibition with Seçil				
19 January	I had brunch with Seçil				
23 January	I started to watch 40min.Home				
24 January	HOW CAN I WATCH SO MANY VIDEOS!	REALLY WHY NO ONE STOPPED ME?	WHY DIDN'T I STOP?	WOW!?	what an interesting rhythm and feeling with everyone.
24-27 January	Papier Mache and knitting lamp				
28 January	Fifth "gün", at Ceren's	it was nice to repeat this act by making a lamp, the lamp was noticed and talked about it a lot.	Since Ceren said that she comprehends our meetings for "her own" private space, I thought it wouldn't be a good idea to have the "after work" idea with the same people by including their partners' and children.		
31 January	40.minHome w/ Alyssa and have ended the house conversations for now.	to knit larger, i made large skewers from papier mache			
1 February	I went to Nagihan's for dinner, she told me a lot of childhood home stories and dreams	I started knitting with needles from papier mache.			
2 February	wordplay with mom - as part of house conversations				
3 February	Collage w/ the home collaborators at the school	S.Y 5			
4 February	I found a term in the book about scart collective "dialogue as a form" - exciting!				
21 February	S.Y 6				
28 February	have you decided on how it is, what is in the exhibition?				

4 March	Ceren offered to share her practice (tetha healing), she wanted to give us some practice as a group - for a small fee to balance the give/receive value.				
5 March	i started listening to the 40min.Home again - i'm pulling some of the dialogues out of it	I transcribed almost the entire conversation with honor			
10 March	artist photo submission deadline for catalog				
11 March	6th "gün" at Melek's place or at a bazaar				
13 March	deadline for the photo submission of the work in the exhibition for the catalog				
12-27 March	Art in Social context KUNO course, stockholm				
27 March	I start sitting in the kitchen, to talk to people and to knit what suits the kitchen	Last day at Nesibe sisters in April, in May at school	Open the videos I plan to use in the exhibition and watch them side by side		
28 March		Sevgi Soysal reading, outloud			
29 March	S.Y. 7				
30 March	Subtitling the videos				
31 March	I wrote down the practical plan and details of the exhibition				
1 April	Pilvi Takala - Close watch	S.Y. 8			
3 April	I'm going to talk to Salla about organizational skills.	Short studio visit w/ Daniel			
4 April	I'm going to talk to Tanja about organizational skills.	Jaana Kokko studio visit	I went to Jasmin's, we talked about how to do something in their house. We need to think a little better and talk again. Jasmin, her partner and I played a brainstorm game to figure out what we wanted to do with the guests — need a little more play, need to think a bit more		
5 April		Studio visit w/ Pilvi Takala			
6 April	I am going to the Bulgarian Consulate to apply for citizenship.				
9-15 April	in TR - I was engaged in printing				
15 April	S.Y. 9				
17 April	My presentation at the class				

19 April	S.Y. 10	I decided that the third video should be another video - in the role of home			
21 April		We made a little plan of Nagihan's house - we placed the untitled work			
22 April	"Gün" at Nesibe's place	Esin gave an idea about the paper on which the printing will be made, she will choose the paper later.	Ceren suggested that I can only cook onions for the smell at the 3rd floor's kitchen	Nesibe suggested me to enlarge the text a little bit more.	We talked about the last day of the project. We will record ourselves watching the videos so far at the first home meeting from now on.
23 April	I made the final edit of the invitation	I sent the invitations	I compiled the videos that could be in nagihan, jasmin, esin and sent them to them.		
24 April	Installation w/ Ceren, Esin, Jasmin, Nagihan	women will come to the school	I will try with Ceren how we make incense to spread the scent of cinnamon.		
25 April	With Ewa, in the role of home video edit	Installation w/Esin			
26 April	Compile videos that may be on nagihan, jasmin, esin - ask them - arrange a joint meeting day - set individual meeting days	Studio visit w/ Daniel	Installation		
27 April	We will look at printing paper with Aino — Jasmin and Esin joined.	Installation w/ Esin, Jasmin, Melek			
28 April	We met at oodi and watched videos that I could serve to homes. "What did you see?" they answered the question. The angel said several times that I can take what's left. I tried to overcome the logic of a video is used once. How interesting is our established ways of thinking	Installation w/ Esin, Nagihan, Melek, Jasmin			
29 April		Installation w/Mom, Seçil			
30 April		Installation w/Mom, Seçil			
1 May					
2 May					
3 May					
4 May					
5 May	OPENING				
6 May					
7 May					
8 May					
9 May					
10 May					
11 May	AT JASMIN, 18.00 – 19.00				
12 May					

13 May					
14 May					
15 May					
16 May					
17 May	AT NAGIHAN, 14.00 – 15.00				
18 May					
19 May					
20 May					
21 May					
22 May					
23 May					
24 May					
25 May	AT ESIN, 14.00 – 15.00				
26 May					
27 May					
28 May	COLLECTIVE COOKING - LAST “GÜN”				
29 May					
30 May					
31 May					
1 June	AT MELEK, 13.00 – 14.00				
2 June	Deinstalling the exhibition				
3 June					
10 June	I arrived to Turkey				
15 June	I started to edit/ write the thesis				
16 June	I moved into an abandoned home 10 years ago by Ms. Ciliv.	The home has everything in it, even dental prosthesis.			
24 June	I visited my old home in Ankara.	My friend who is living there hadn't changed anything.			
17 August	Meeting w/ Lena				
31 August	Introduction and ToC sent to Lena	S.Y. 9			
2 September	Sent for proofread to Farrukhi Dilovarzo				
4 September	Edits from Lena	I came back to Helsinki			
10 September	Sent to Daniel for pre-examination				
20 September	Corrections come from Daniel				
24 September	Last Studio visit with Daniel				
28 September	Thesis length discussion				
2 October	My last edits				

Simla: Ankara'da doğup büyümüş, hayat enerjisini doğadan, danstan ve sevdiklerinden alan biriyim. Mimarlık okudum. Son zamanlarda da eleştirel coğrafya alanında çalışıyorum. Doğa ile ODTÜ Mimarlık Fakültesi'nde fotoğrafçılık dersinde tanıştık. Mekana dair sohbetlerimiz o zamana dayanıyor. Sonrasında yaratıcı fikirleriyle oluşturduğu tartışma alanlarına beni de dahil etti bir şekilde ve iletişim kurmaya devam ettiğimiz için mutluyum. Ben hala Ankara'dayım. Yaşadığım kente ait hissediyorum. Kentin nasıl tasarlandığından, mimarisinden ziyade kentle tanışıklığım, sosyal çevrem ve 6 ay önce taşındığım evim etkili bunda sanırım.

Eylül: Doktoramı siyaset bilimi alanında, "minor siyaset" üzerine bir çalışmayla tamamladım. Yapabileceğimizi yapmak başlıklı bir kitabım var. Şimdilerde felsefe, sanat ve sosyal bilim alanlarında grup çalışmaları yürütüyorum. Öpüyorum.

Halam: Banu-nueva

Verilen kimliklerim ve edindiğim kimliklerimle, senaristi oldum senaryomun ve adını newborn koydum. Artık, çoklukla hiçlik arasında sürekli bir öğrenme merakıyla, her şeyin önemli ama bi o kadar da önemsiz olduğu dünyada yolculuk yapıyorum. Huzurunuz yoldaşınız olsun...

Cansu: Doğa'ya ve bu teze göbek deliğimden ve kalbimden bağlı olduğumu hissettiğim bu çalışmanın bir parçası olurken, neden çömlekçiliği seçtiğimi neden ellerimle üretmekten bu kadar mutlu olduğumun sorularına bazı cevaplar bulabildim. İzmir'de yaşıyorum. Bu şehrin iklimine, insanına yakın; isteklerimi ve yeteneklerimi odak noktası haline getiren bir hayatı tercih ettim. Tercihlerimin nedenlerinin altındaki "eve geri dönme" refleksimi ve Doğa'yı kocaman kucaklıyorum.

Mert: Mert left Turkey to pursue an academic career in Norway after working in business for seven years. He lived in seven different places across four cities and three countries, considering them his homes until he turned 32. Now, he has completed his first year of doctoral studies and is excited for what comes next.

Erinç: "gözlemlerim, sistemleri anlamayı severim. çok alanda üretim yapmaya çalışırım. özümde evcimenim, yaşam alanımı önemserim, kontrolünü elimde tutmak isterim."

Ecem: Ecem, a 32-year-old psychologist, made a life-changing decision at the age of 28. Leaving her home country and her career behind, she embarked on a new journey with her spouse, seeking a different life. Through her partner, she was introduced to Doğa, and she now works as a preschool teacher, embracing this new chapter in her life.

Müge: Var olduğumu hissettiği günden beri kendini arıyorum. Genellikle psikoloji bazen felsefe kitaplarında, film karakterlerinde ve tiyatro sahnesinde rastlıyorum kendime. Belki de sevdiğim şeylerden inşa ediyorum kendimi. Sevdiğim her şeyi kucakladığı için sinema okudum. Öğrenmeyi sevdiğim için öğretmen oldum. Köklerim Makedonya'da, gövdem izmir'de ama dallarım İstanbul'a uzandı. Doğa ile yollarımız bu şehirlerin ötesinde kesişti. İç dünyamızın yakınlığı bizi bir araya getirdi. Kendimi bulma-inşa etme deneyimimde Doğa'dan da izler var.

Simge: Simge Türkmen, İnşaat Mühendisiyim. Uzmanlık alanım demiryolu ve yeraltı yapıları. Kendimi bildim bileli çok konuşurum ve biraz da komik mizacım olduğu kanısındayım :) şarabın beyazı, pembesi, kırmızısı ayırt etmem kekremsi tatları Severim :) rakı masalarının mezelerini süpüren ama 2 dubleyi zor bitiren familyadan gelirim :) Bir gün seninle sohbet ederken yıllardır sessiz sedasız, metruk halde bırakılmış yanından geçerken gözüme çarpmayacak betonarmelerin can bulduğunu senin sayende farkettim. Anlam kazandırdığın bu karakterlerin konuştuğunu ve bir şeyler fısıldayan hale geldiğini hissettim. O metruk yapıların canlılığını yalnızlıkla yitirdiğine hep şahit olmuşumdur. Taaa ki bir halı sererek hayat kazandırıp onu dile getirdiğini farkedene kadar. Bahsi geçen bu küçük halının, bu denli ambiyansı nasıl değiştirdiğini tarif edemem.

İdil: Benim adım İdil övsene 12 yaşdayım piyano çalmayı, el işi yapmayı ve hayvanları severim

edited versions

Simla: Born and raised in Ankara, I draw my life energy from nature, dance, and loved ones. I studied architecture and recently have been working in the field of critical geography. I first met nature through photography classes at METU Faculty of Architecture. Our conversations about space date back to that time. Later, she somehow involved me in the discussion areas she created with her creative ideas, and I'm happy that we continue to communicate. I'm still in Ankara. I feel a strong connection to the city I live in. My familiarity with the city, its social environment, and the house I moved into 6 months ago seem more influential than its design and architecture.

Eylül: I completed my doctorate in the field of political science, focusing on "minor politics." I have a book titled "Doing What We Can." Currently, I'm conducting group studies in philosophy, art, and social sciences. Sending kisses.

My Aunt (Banu-nueva): With the identities I've been given and the ones I've acquired, I became the script-writer of my own story, naming it "newborn." Now, mostly driven by a constant curiosity between nothingness, I embark on a journey in a world where everything is important yet equally unimportant. May your company be my companion on this journey...

Cansu: Being a part of this project, which I feel deeply connected to through nature, my belly button, and my heart, has allowed me to find answers to why I chose pottery and why I feel so happy creating with my hands. I live in Izmir. I chose a life that is close to the city's climate and people, focusing on my desires and talents. The reflex of "returning home" underlying my choices and embracing Nature hug me.

Mert: Mert left Turkey to pursue an academic career in Norway after working in business for seven years. He lived in seven different places across four cities and three countries, considering them his homes until he turned 32. Now, he has completed his first year of doctoral studies and is excited for what comes next.

Erinç: "My observations. I enjoy understanding systems. I try to produce in many fields. I am homey at my core, value my living space, and want to maintain control."

Ecem: Ecem, a 32-year-old psychologist, made a life-changing decision at the age of 28. Leaving her home country and her career behind, she embarked on a new journey with her spouse, seeking a different life. Through her partner, she was introduced to Nature, and she now works as a preschool teacher, embracing this new chapter in her life.

Müge: Ever since I felt my existence, I've been searching for myself. I often find traces of myself in psychology and sometimes philosophy books, movie characters, and theater stages. Perhaps I am constructing myself from the things I love. I studied cinema because it embraces everything I love. I became a teacher because I love learning. My roots are in Macedonia, my trunk is in Izmir, but my branches have reached Istanbul. Our paths crossed with Nature beyond these cities. The closeness of our inner worlds brought us together. There are traces of Nature in my self-discovery and self-construction experience.

Simge: I'm Simge Türkmen, a Civil Engineer. My expertise is in railways and underground structures. I've been a talkative person since I can remember, and I believe I have a somewhat funny disposition :) I can distinguish between the whites, pinks, and reds of wine, and I enjoy bitter flavors. I come from a family that cleans up the appetizers at raki tables but struggles with finishing two doubles :) One day, while chatting with you, I realized that the neglected reinforced concrete structures that wouldn't catch my eye as I passed by, have come to life through you. I felt that these characters you gave meaning to are speaking and whispering something. I have always witnessed those abandoned structures losing their vitality in solitude. Until I realized that you breathe life into them by placing a rug. I cannot describe how much this small rug mentioned changed the ambiance.

İdil: My name is İdil Övsene, and I am 12 years old. I love playing the piano, doing crafts, and animals.

İdil: İdil'in anlamı, doğaya yazılan aşk şiiri. :) Doğa benim evim, çünkü doğada/doğaya Aşk'a gelirim. Doğa'nın iplerine baktığımda, ağaçların kökleri gibi nasıl da her an bağlantıda ve kendi'liğimizde var olduğumuzu düşündüm. Bağlar güçlendikçe ev sağlamlaşır.

Saadet: Adım Saadet. Yolun yarısına üç yılım var. Doktora öğrencisiyim, sinema ve fotoğraf üzerine araştırmalarımı yapıyorum. Doğa'yla ev arkadaşlığıyla başlayan ilişkimizi zamanla evin sınırlarını aştı..

Eirik: Hello! I am Eirik! I have recently found out that my passion is climbing!

Neco: 5 haziran 1980 de Diyarbakır da doğdum, Genç annem ve babamın ilk çocuğu. Babam koyu devrimci ozaman hareket üyesi zaten 12 Eylül den sonra ben bebekken hapise giriyor çıkıyor . Ben 6 yaşında küçük kardeşim doğdu 1986 Çanakkale. Buraya hapisten çıkan memur babamı sürgün yollamışlardı. Çanakkale de büyüdük, benimsedik ve sevdik burayı. Sevilmeycek yer değil, dünya yi gezdim sayılır Çanakkale gibi güzel şehir görmedim.

Temel eğitim den sonra izmir ege üniversitesinde öğrenciyken hep merak ettiğim istediğim yurtdışına gitme şansını öğrenci değişim programı ile yakaladım ve Amerika Alaskaya gittim. 12 sene Çanakkale özlemiyle orda okudum çalıştım yaşadım. Sonunda 2013 senesinde Çanakkale ye kesin geri dönüş yaptım. Bu tarihten beri burda öğretmenlik yapıyorum ama aralarda Amerikaya gidip geliyorum.

Sedef: I met Doğa (who was then a friend of my flatmate, Saadet) at my home. She was a bachelor's student at the philosophy department where I was doing my Ph.D. However, the first thing for me was not being at the same department with Doğa, but her toolbox, a real toolbox (not a fancy one I suppose Artists had). But recognizing her as also an artist, I believe now that the first Image still prevails: her work has been domestic, like her real toolbox.

Ahmet: I graduated from the Department of Philosophy at METU. After my graduation, I took on the editor role for the Parliamentary Magazine under the umbrella of the Turkish Grand National Assembly. Additionally, I have been working as an assistant for theater classes since my university years. Later on, my theater journey, in which I worked both behind the scenes and on stage, was interrupted due to the pandemic. Following that, I undertook roles in media and promotion agencies, including copywriting, project management, and content management. Today, I am a partner and the creative director of Unique Agency, a full-service promotion and communication agency. I continue my theater endeavors, which began in university, as an amateur today.

Ceyda: Günlerinin çoğunu mantıklı ve amaçlı işler yaparak geçirir. Geri kalanında ise hisleri ve anlamsızlıkları görmeye çalışır.

Mert: Ben, Doğa'nın ipinde yürüyen bir cambazım. Kendi iplerim iki yüz yıllıktır, pek güvenmem. Doğa'nın dikişine güvenip bıraktım kendimi; ucu sanata dokundu. Sonra inanıp bıraktım kendimi, ev oldu.

Babam: Bora ÇAL; İnsan sever, fotoğraf çeker,uzayı merak eder.

Aleyna: im aleyna, would describe myself as someone who has never quite found a place where i truly belong, yet i have always felt connected to every place i've been to. im still in search of a home, a place where i can feel a sense of belonging, even though i know that a part of me will always be left behind in every place i've been to.

edited versions

Idil: The meaning of İdil is a love poem to nature. :) Nature is my home because I come to Love in nature. When I look at the threads of Nature, I thought about how connected and self-contained we are, just like the roots of trees. As the connections strengthen, the home becomes stronger.

Saadet: My name is Saadet. I'm halfway through the journey of life. I am a doctoral student, conducting research in cinema and photography. My relationship with Nature, which started as housemates, has expanded beyond the boundaries of the home over time.

Eirik: Hello! I am Eirik! I have recently found out that my passion is climbing!

Neco: I was born on June 5, 1980, in Diyarbakır. I am the first child of my parents, Genç. My father was a staunch revolutionary and a member of a movement at that time. He was imprisoned shortly after the September 12 coup when I was just a baby. I was 6 years old when my younger brother was born in 1986 in Çanakkale. My father, who had been released from prison, was sent into exile here. We grew up, embraced, and loved Çanakkale. It's not a place that won't be loved, and I can say that I've traveled the world, but I haven't seen a city as beautiful as Çanakkale.

After completing my basic education, while I was a student at Ege University in Izmir, I had the chance to fulfill my curiosity and desire to go abroad through a student exchange program. I went to Alaska in the United States. For 12 years, I studied, worked, and lived there with a longing for Çanakkale. Finally, in 2013, I made a definitive return to Çanakkale. Since that date, I have been working as a teacher here, but I occasionally travel back and forth to America.

Sedef: I met Doğa (who was then a friend of my flatmate, Saadet) at my home. She was a bachelor's student at the philosophy department where I was doing my Ph.D. However, the first thing for me was not being at the same department with Doğa, but her toolbox, a real toolbox (not a fancy one I suppose Artists had). But recognizing her as also an artist, I believe now that the first image still prevails: her work has been domestic, like her real toolbox.

Ahmet: I graduated from the Department of Philosophy at METU. After my graduation, I took on the editor role for the Parliamentary Magazine under the umbrella of the Turkish Grand National Assembly. Additionally, I have been working as an assistant for theater classes since my university years. Later on, my theater journey, in which I worked both behind the scenes and on stage, was interrupted due to the pandemic. Following that, I undertook roles in media and promotion agencies, including copywriting, project management, and content management. Today, I am a partner and the creative director of Unique Agency, a full-service promotion and communication agency. I continue my theater endeavors, which began in university, as an amateur today.

Ceyda: She spends most of her days doing logical and purposeful work. The rest of the time she tries to see feelings and meaninglessness.

Mert: I am an acrobat walking on Doğa's tightrope. My own strings are two hundred years old, I don't trust them. I trusted Nature's stitching and let myself go; the end touched art. Then I believed and let myself go; it became a house.

My father: Bora ÇAL; He loves people, takes photographs, and is curious about space.

Aleyna (has asked not to edit anything): im aleyna, would describe myself as someone who has never quite found a place where i truly belong, yet i have always felt connected to every place i've been to. im still in search of a home, a place where i can feel a sense of belonging, even though i know that a part of me will always be left behind in every place i've been to.

Hasan: Sorduğum soru hakkında fazla yargılayıcı konuşmak istemem Doğa ama "Sen kimsin?" sorusu fazlaca şahsi bir soru gibi geldi bana.

Freudyen bir kanepede uzanıyor olsam ve yine Freudyen bir terapist bu soruyu sormuş olsa belki çocukluğuma bile inerdik.

İnsan soru hakkında düşünmeye başladığında cevabın ne olduğunu tam olarak bilmediğini fark ediyor. Sanki 35 yıllık yaşamımda bu soruyu yanıtlamam için bana yeterince done verilmemiş gibi hissediyorum.

Seçtiğimiz ya da hayalini kurduğumuz yaşamları yaşadığımız bir dünya değil burası ama kendimden bahsedecek olursam eğer içine doğduğum içinde büyüdüğüm yaşamda, kendime ait bir alan açmaya çalıştım. Heyecan duyduğum şeyleri yapabileceğim dar zamanları yaratabilmek için heyecan duymadığım şeyleri yaptığım genişçe zamanlar harcadım. Utanılacak şeyler değil bunlar, 8-5 mesaiden bahsediyorum.

Kendime ait yeri hala aradığımı söyleyebilirim.

Belki de beni tariflemesi gereken budur, Şevket Süreyya'nın "Suyu Arayan Adam"ı gibi ben de yerini anlamını arayan kişiyimdir. . Bu arayış, bir savrulmuş değil.

Tüm bunların sonunda bir mana bulacağımı ümit ediyorum. Ursula Le Guin'in hikaye tarifi bu konuda bana ümit veriyor. İyi hikaye hiçbir anında sırrını vermez diyordu her bir noktada parça parça açılır. Hikaye anlatmak istediğini asla hikaye bitene kadar tam olarak vermemeli ama hikaye bittiğinde her şey yerli yerine oturmalı. Bu da bizi Turgut Uyar'ın haklı olduğu noktaya getiriyor.

"Ancak durduğu zaman anlaşılır bir saatin kaç gössterdiği" demişti.

Bu konuda ümitli olmayı yasaklayan bir kanun yok bildiğim kadarıyla, sen kimsin dersen bu konuda ümitli olmayı seçen kişiyim diyebilirim.

Bunun dışında kolay vazgeçmeyen belki de vazgeçmesi gereken noktayı bilmeyen biriyim. Kazanamayacağımı bildiğim savaşımlara girmemeyi zul sayarım, şerefli mağlubiyetlerimin sayısı az değildir. Ama tüm bunları eğlenceli bir hikaye olarak anlatmayı seçen bir tarzım var, bu da bir mücadele yöntemi sanırım. Ülkenin en güzel kıyı şehirlerinden birinde güzel kızım ve sevgili eşimle birlikte küçük bir evde yaşıyoruz. Fazla küçük. Matematik eğitimi aldım , eğitim alanında master yaptım mesleğim resmi olarak matematik öğretmeni.

İsmim Hasan Hüseyin. Hasan diyebilirsiniz.

Yeterince formal bir yanıt verememiş olabilirim, bu da kim olduğum sorusuna verilmiş bir yanıt sayılmalı :) Sevgiler.

Olca: Ben 5 yıldır kendimi ait hissetmediğim bir dilde ve ülkede, evimi tekrar oluşturmaya çalışan biriyim. Olduğum gibi davranabildikçe ve konuşabildikçe evdeymiş gibi hissediyordum. Fakat bu buranın ve farklı bir dil olmasından değil benim bakış açımın yalnlışlığından kaynaklanmaktaymış meğer, denir ya ; insan nereye giderse gitsin kendisini götürüyor. Olayları ve hayatı yorumlama becerimizde ne kadar yetkinse o kadar durumu kendimiz lehine çevirebiliriz ama çığ isek durumun içinde kurban olduğumuz yanılığsından kendimizi ve etrafımızdakileri üzebiliyoruz. Aslında böyle majör değişiklikler kim olup olmadığımızı gerçek kendimizi görmemiz için bir fırsat olabiliyor. Bunca yıldan sonra hatanın; gelmekte ya da bu ülkede değilde bende olduğunu anlamak kendimi tekrar gözden geçirmem gerekiyor dedirtti. Yabancılık hissini kendi ülkemde de zaman zaman yaşadım ama üstüne düşüp anlamak için çaba sarf etmedim. Keske etseymişim demek suan anlamlı değil artık ama bugünü ve kendimi anlamam için gerekli.

İnsan birazda kimdir derken ailesinden çok şey taşıdığını farkettim, annesinden babasından, ayrı bir birey ama tam olarakta özgür değil sanki. Aile yasantılarından, öğrenmişliklerinden, travmalarından kaç yaşına gelirsek gelelim pekte uzaklaşmış değiliz gibi. O yuzden ne tam özgürüz ne de değiliz, seçimlerimizin bize ait ve bu seçimlerimizin sorumluluğunu taşımaya öğrendikçe ve sızlamayı bırakıp cesaretle adım attıkça daha da kendimiz oluyoruz. Sanırım böyle bir şey olmalı bunun cevabı....

Sinan: Ben Sinan, felsefe mezunu bir müzisyenim. Bu projenin faydalanması için diyaloglar ürettik Doğa ile.

Seçil: seçil, doğa'nın örgüsünde ona belli aralıklarla farklı mesafelerden eşlik eden, onu dinleyen, onunla konuşan, onunla kaybolan, doğa ilmeklerini atarken yanında olmayan çalışan bir sanatçı.

edited versions

Hasan: I don't want to be too judgmental about your question, Doğa, but "Who are you?" seems to me to be a very personal question. If I were lying on a Freudian couch and a Freudian therapist asked me this question, maybe we would even go back to my childhood. When one starts thinking about the question, one realizes that one doesn't know exactly what the answer is. I feel as if I have not been given enough to answer this question in my 35 years of life. This is not a world where we live the lives that we choose or dream of, but if I talk about myself, in the life I was born into and grew up in, I tried to create a space for myself. I spent a lot of time doing things I wasn't excited about in order to create a narrow space where I could do the things I was excited about. These are not things to be ashamed of, I'm talking about 8-5 shifts. I can say that I'm still looking for my own place. Maybe this is what should describe me, like Şevket Süreyya's "The Man Searching for Water", I'm the person who is looking for the meaning of his place. I hope that at the end of it all I will find a meaning. Ursula Le Guin's definition of a story gives me hope in this regard. She says that a good story does not give away its secrets at any moment, but opens up piece by piece at each point. A story should never fully reveal what it wants to tell until the story is over, but when the story is over, everything should fall into place. This brings us to the point where Turgut Uyar is right. He said, "Only when it stops is it understood what time a clock shows." As far as I know, there is no law that prohibits being hopeful about this issue, if you ask who you are, I can say that I am the person who chooses to be hopeful about this issue. I consider it cruel not to fight battles that I know I cannot win, the number of my honorable defeats is not few. But I have a style that chooses to tell all these as an entertaining story, I guess this is also a method of struggle. We live in a small house in one of the most beautiful coastal cities of the country with my beautiful daughter and my beloved wife. Too small. I studied mathematics, I have a master's degree in education, my profession is officially a math teacher. My name is Hasan Hüseyin. You can call me Hasan. I may not have given a formal enough answer, this should be considered as an answer to the question of who I am :) Love.

Olcay: I am someone who has been trying to rebuild my home for 5 years in a language and a country where I don't feel I belong. As long as I was able to behave and speak the way I was, I felt at home. But it turned out that this was not because of the place and the different language but because of the wrongness of my point of view, as the saying goes; wherever one goes, one takes oneself. The more competent we are in our ability to interpret events and life, the more we can turn the situation in our favor, but if we are raw, we can upset ourselves and those around us with the illusion that we are victims in the situation. In fact, such major changes can be an opportunity to see who we really are and who we are not. After all these years, realizing that the mistake was not in coming here or in this country but in me made me realize that I need to reconsider myself. I have experienced the feeling of foreignness in my own country from time to time, but I did not make an effort to understand it. It is no longer meaningful to say that I wish I had, but it is necessary for me to understand today and myself. When I said who a person is, I realized that he carries a lot from his family, from his parents, he is a separate individual but he is not completely free. No matter how old we get, we don't seem to get away from family experiences, learnings, traumas. So we are neither completely free nor not, our choices are our own and the more we learn to take responsibility for them and the more we stop whining and take courageous steps, the more we become ourselves. I think the answer must be something like this....

Sinan: I am Sinan, a musician with a degree in philosophy. We created dialogues with Doğa to benefit this project.

Seçil: Seçil is a working artist who accompanies Doğa in its weaving from different distances at certain intervals, who listens to her, talks to her, gets lost with her, who is not there when Doğa is weaving her loops.

Baris:

Irem:

Damla:

Mako:

Gizem:

Eser:

Annem:

Alexandra:

Kübra:

Alyssa:

Raphael:

Anneannem:

Daniel:

Gediz:

Anna Maertta:

Barbara:

Burak:

Riikka:

Nesibe:

Ceren:

Esin:

Doga:

Nagihan:

Melek:

Jasmin: