

A. Cem Şahin's Incompatibles

To think through the art work is where the artist's inner search intersects with the journey of the one who attempts to write. And each meeting contains its own meaningfulness as an aim—prioritizes this—no matter what the context is. Life (in the garden with furcating paths) continues with the "desire to reach" the points of exposition, to exist in the labyrinth, or with purposefulness. When you exist, you see the form of the labyrinth that you have drawn for yourself. The "path" (if you have left the main road) is where intelligence and intuition, fear and pleasure, walk together; this trace of a worm that you have left behind is your destiny, what has been stamped on to your forehead.

Then we can say "Good morning Mr. Courbet" and move on to A. Cem Şahin's paintings.

Space:

In the Ancient times, Greek tragedy was born from the psalms of Dithyrambos. The psalms that were founded on birth (spring) and death (harvest time) and the cyclicalness of rebirth, were sung for the god Dionysos as the sacrifices were being taken to the sacred area; the psalms were erotically charged and were on the transformation of the sacred into the phallic. The development of the dialogues and the chorus, which were sung masked, is parallel to the transformation of the first space—the round harvest place formed by the foot prints of the oxen—into the later form of the amphitheater.

The spatilization of the public in nature, with the holy, is precisely this circular, focused area of looking. A. Cem Şahin points to the center of his recent paintings, narrowing our perspective to make us focus on this publicness.

This "narrow space" that we see in Bacon's paintings, which points to the evolution of the primitive towards becoming a taboo through the sanctity and the body, its deformation, stuckness, the hegemonic pressure. In a wide line, we look at this visual of the landscape through a magnifying glass, with the optical deformation of a glass globe. As we blow it up, the magic of the holy is shown to become a "thing". Sipinoza's proposal of "everything that exists is God and nothing can exist and be conceived without being God" that he equates to $\text{God} = \text{The Whole of Nature}$ has been attempted to be absolutely explained using mathematical and geometric lines of reasoning developed in parallel to his craftsmanship of lenses; Cem's viewfinder adjusts to the blurred image of the sacred area and goes through the same optical effort. When we lose that state of humanity that he focuses on, the holy human as well as the "object" as material is deformed. As we get closer, our comprehension of the murder and the murderer is othered.

Disintegration:

The universal speed of becoming a megapol makes our looking and seeing, other, and what we view on this speed train is a state of becoming meaningless that is opened up in the panoramic landscape as a moment. This is a situation similar to what Dostoyevski has perceived about globalization in the Victorian era in England during the industrial period. In "In The Internal Universe of the Capitalist World", Peter Sloterdijk identifies Dostoyevski's Notes from the Underground—a book on the

author's thoughts on his 1862 London trip—which for Sloterdijk is the first phase of anti-globalist sentiments. Dostoyevsky identifies the World Exposition Palace in South Kensington as the Crystal Palace. This hybrid structure, bringing together glass and steel, brought together 17000 participants, 7200 from England and from the 32 colonies, was a marketplace. "This structure aimed to wrap the outside world in a fake luxury and cosmopolitan immanence."

"This magnificent glasshouse is transformed into an imperialist culture museum, exposing the contemporary tendency to turn nature and culture into "indoor-issues."

The broken state of being in this crystal world that A. Cem Şahin creates with triangles, diagonal gestures and deconstructions is boredom. In these crystal surfaces, we find broken reflections of all cultural belongings and values. A light from inside is transformed into stage lighting that lights up an object from all sides. It surrounds our soul, makes us forget space and time. Objects are scattered around in the shape of anecdotes. They attempt to hold on to something, to be nailed, and to be scratched in. A "psychedelic" feeling spreads across the whole surface. Desire and meaninglessness's state of "parallax", the subjects completely destroyed by "money", become Alaeddin's genie in a bottle. This fake peace escapes just when you say, "but we were going to have watermelons together." The blown up heros become the consumed masculinity, similar to exploded "blown-up"s of when the disco music is over. Rebellion becomes punk. Our schizophrenic internal frustration starts showing its head, but it's only acne compared to nature's volcanic peaks. Nature's external explosion turns inside in bodies. All fake symbols, myths, egos, bodies are destroyed. This is what the Russian author has warned us about fifty years ago, a destruction of global lethargy, an "acclimated", "produced" social life in a crystal bell jar.

The speed of the brush becomes intolerant.

Because Outside, nature's own time, laws carelessly still apply in this cosmic bowl.

Us, the "incompatible" beings hiding behind the glass of the screen believe that we are leading "synthetic" lives.

We forget that the theater is a curtain of imagination...