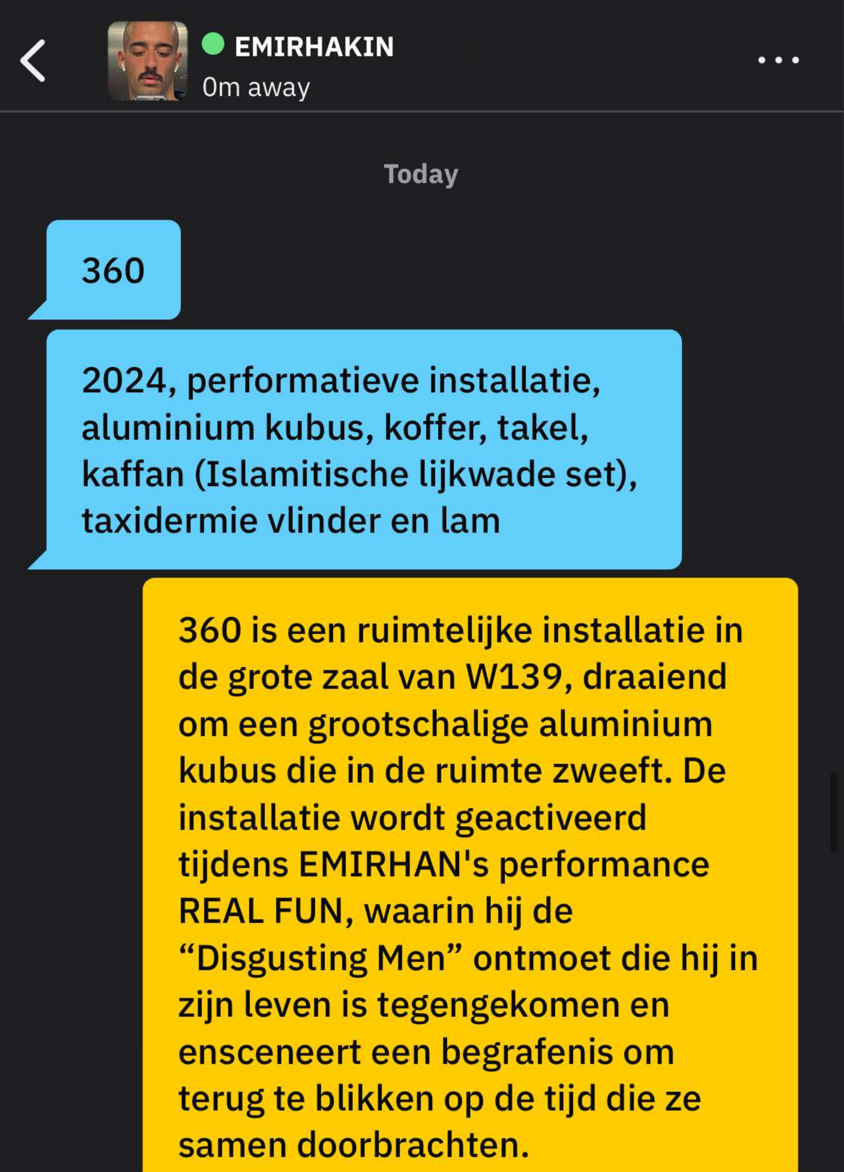
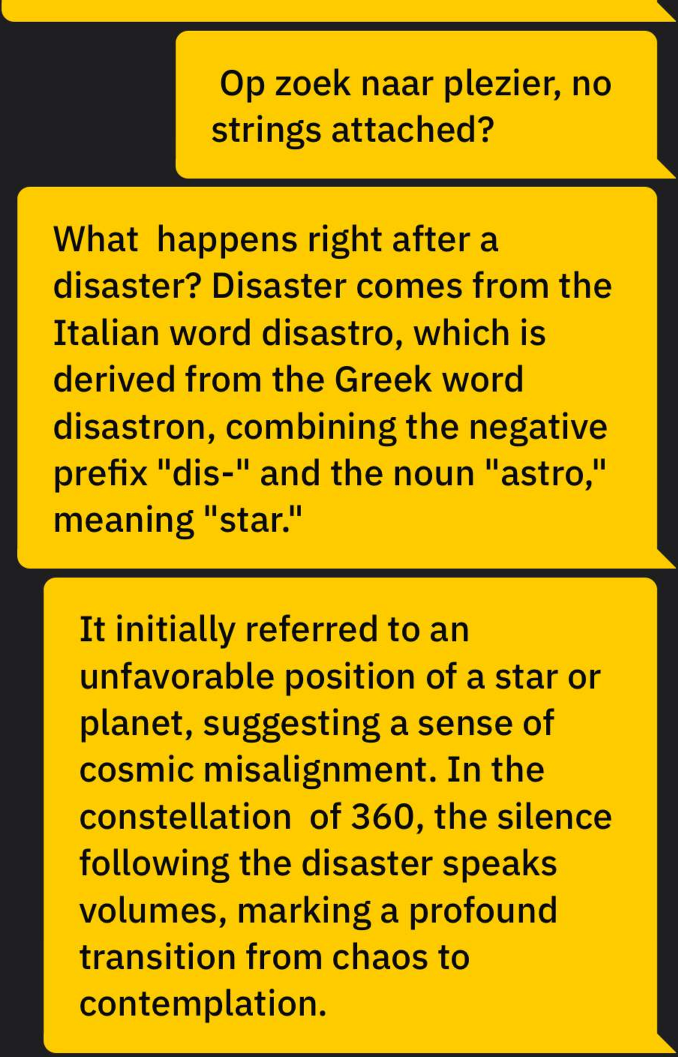


360

2024, performatieve installatie, aluminium kubus, koffer, takel, kaffan (Islamitische lijkwade set), taxidermie vlinder en lam

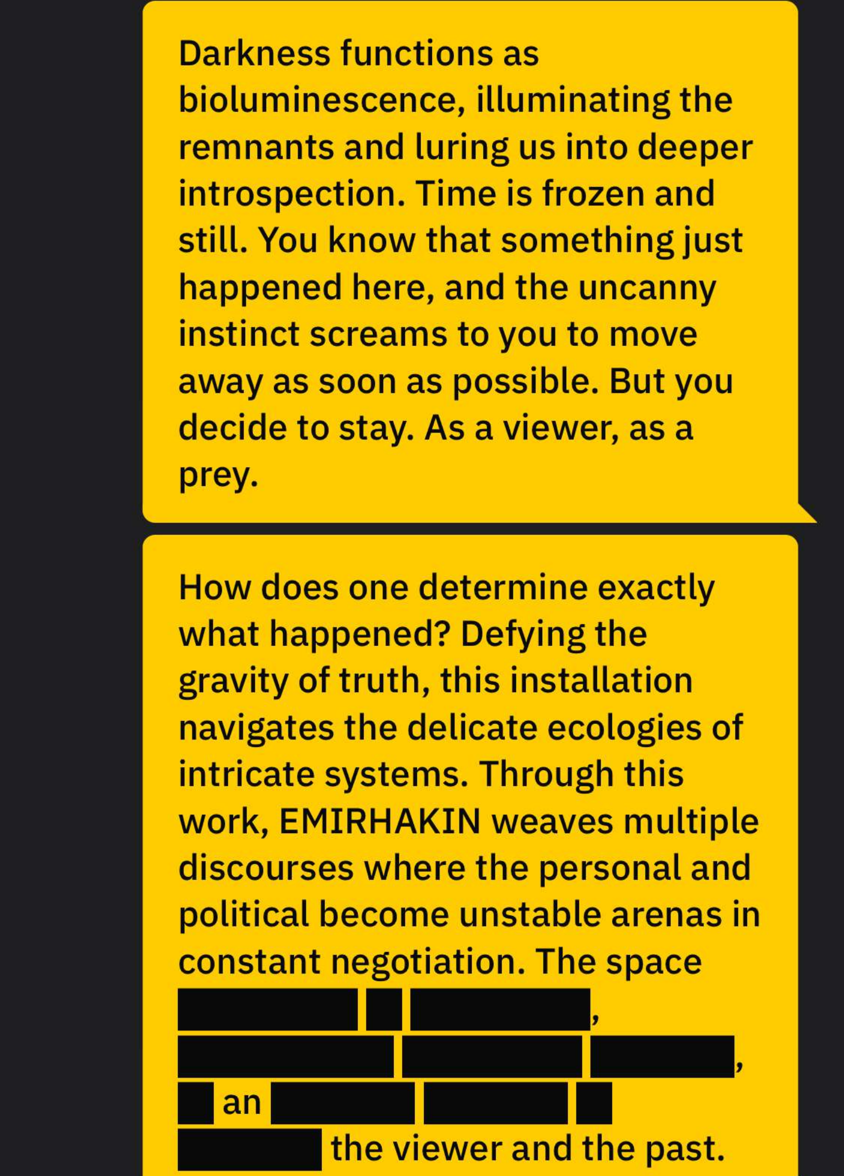
360 is een ruimtelijke installatie in de grote zaal van W139, draaiend om een grootschalige aluminium kubus die in de ruimte zweeft. De installatie wordt geactiveerd tijdens EMIRHAN's performance REAL FUN, waarin hij de “Disgusting Men” ontmoet die hij in zijn leven is tegengekomen en ensceneert een begrafenis om terug te blikken op de tijd die ze samen doorbrachten.



Op zoek naar plezier, no strings attached?

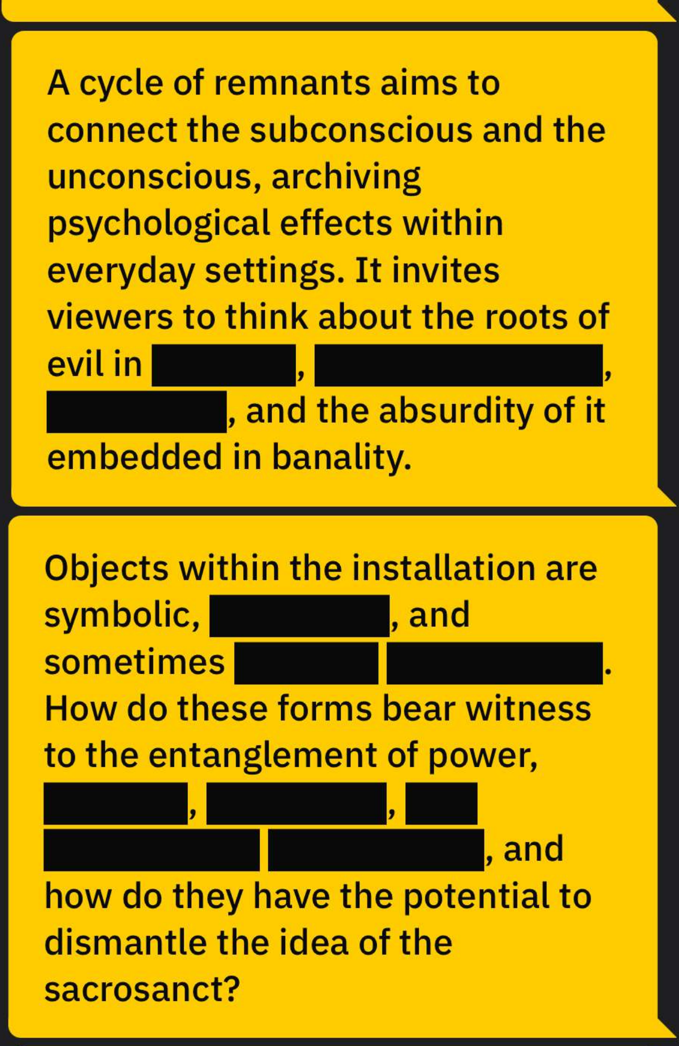
What happens right after a disaster? Disaster comes from the Italian word disastro, which is derived from the Greek word disastron, combining the negative prefix "dis-" and the noun "astro," meaning "star."

It initially referred to an unfavorable position of a star or planet, suggesting a sense of cosmic misalignment. In the constellation of 360, the silence following the disaster speaks volumes, marking a profound transition from chaos to contemplation.



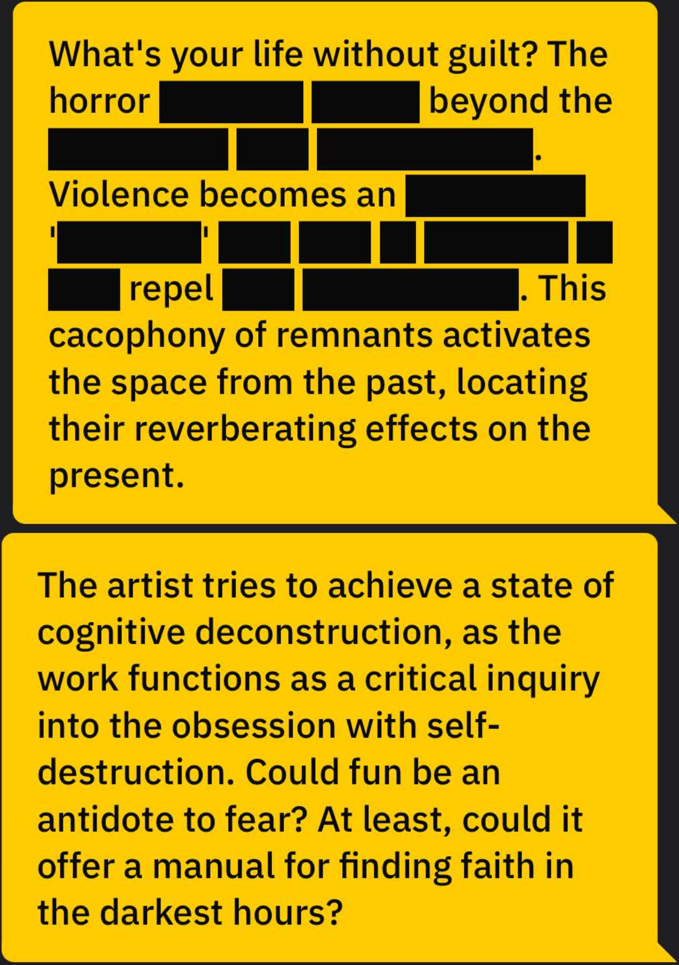
Darkness functions as bioluminescence, illuminating the remnants and luring us into deeper introspection. Time is frozen and still. You know that something just happened here, and the uncanny instinct screams to you to move away as soon as possible. But you decide to stay. As a viewer, as a prey.

How does one determine exactly what happened? Defying the gravity of truth, this installation navigates the delicate ecologies of intricate systems. Through this work, EMIRHAKIN weaves multiple discourses where the personal and political become unstable arenas in constant negotiation. The space [redacted], [redacted], [redacted] an [redacted] the viewer and the past.



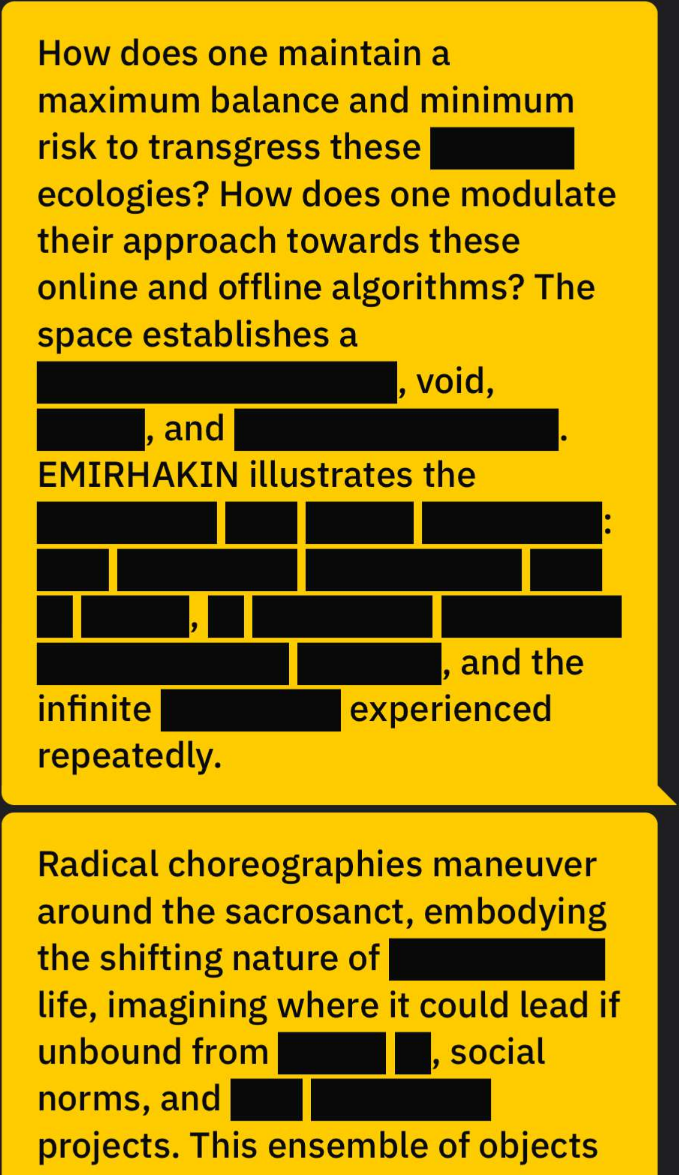
A cycle of remnants aims to connect the subconscious and the unconscious, archiving psychological effects within everyday settings. It invites viewers to think about the roots of evil in [redacted], [redacted], [redacted], and the absurdity of it embedded in banality.

Objects within the installation are symbolic, [redacted], and sometimes [redacted] [redacted]. How do these forms bear witness to the entanglement of power, [redacted], [redacted], [redacted] [redacted] [redacted], and how do they have the potential to dismantle the idea of the sacrosanct?



What's your life without guilt? The horror [redacted] [redacted] beyond the [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]. Violence becomes an [redacted] '[redacted]' [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] repel [redacted] [redacted]. This cacophony of remnants activates the space from the past, locating their reverberating effects on the present.

The artist tries to achieve a state of cognitive deconstruction, as the work functions as a critical inquiry into the obsession with self-destruction. Could fun be an antidote to fear? At least, could it offer a manual for finding faith in the darkest hours?

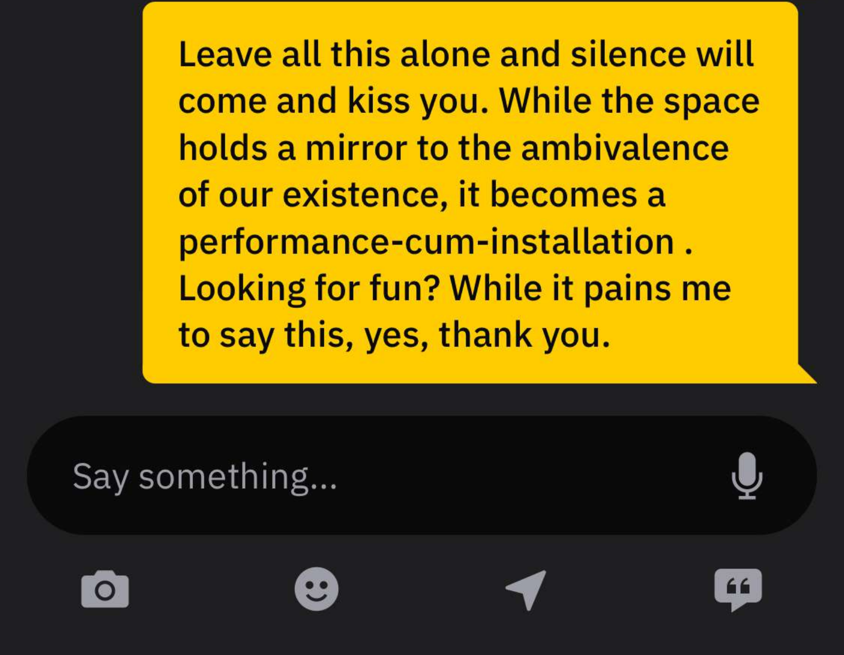


How does one maintain a maximum balance and minimum risk to transgress these [redacted] ecologies? How does one modulate their approach towards these online and offline algorithms? The space establishes a [redacted], void, [redacted], and [redacted]. EMIRHAKIN illustrates the [redacted]: [redacted], [redacted], and the infinite [redacted] experienced repeatedly.

Radical choreographies maneuver around the sacrosanct, embodying the shifting nature of [redacted] life, imagining where it could lead if unbound from [redacted], social norms, and [redacted] projects. This ensemble of objects creates a sort of gestalt effect, [redacted].

Our mightiest antidote to [redacted] might be found as we navigate this heterogeneous set of things. The audience is willing to light the space, unveiling its complexities. How does one [redacted] while transgressing [redacted]?

Modern addictions and spiritual frustrations blend with world-building, censorship, and self-censorship. Spasms and sorrows mark the trauma on the musculature, leaving joints swollen and inflaming the posture. The work establishes a passage to a void, [redacted], [redacted].



Leave all this alone and silence will come and kiss you. While the space holds a mirror to the ambivalence of our existence, it becomes a performance-cum-installation . Looking for fun? While it pains me to say this, yes, thank you.