

*** Below text is a decryption responding to the artist's request from me to re-animate freely his thoughts and ideas embedded in a sound record. The decryption typed with anything goes attitude and without a promise of conceptual, is purely taking the advantage of this given opportunity to express a single hurt of being exposed to receive sweet little cues from the artist, a single hurt of mine. Our pain is not the same pain yet it is a call for action. Where do we go now?

(Imagine continuously şırrrrrrr --- fışfıfıfıfıfıfıfıfı --- fıssssss as background noise.)

Proposed as a photographic misconduct taking its cue from dipsomaniac *souvenirs* of an erotic unsaturation, it is about making ghost image that has never seen moment of chance encounter, an exquisite pain.

Exclusively lost like elaine benes, a pain in the ass of society made up within discursive abracadabra, it welcomes everything that the virtual, impersonal, and suspiciously makes the lights off.

Starring into the sun, I close my eyes, seeing people putting facemasks for the oblivion of vision.

In anticipation of a discolored and disfigured red hyphen, I enjoyed a pair of three squaremeter blue aborations astigmatic and tattooed with hope, one is a rack of black blue nights, the other is a mess of flashing lights in and out of sin at Cape Jason.

No I am not touching it but there is a special temporal proximity plane presents photogenic present in an equal distance gap of two latent blueweeds, untitled, made by blue sailors freakly abandoned.

This is not a photograph neither just an image scribbled nor a just image scripted, only image imagined.

It is continously-receiving surface, re-natured, re-animated, translated and given away.