

# Hajnalka Tarr

## The evolution of recollection

2012 Bodrum, Turkey

### The world is a frozen form of thoughts

I spent 6 weeks at Bodrum, Turkey this year. The first mausoleum known to man, the tomb of King Mausoleus is in Bodrum. As the mausoleum itself got destroyed hundreds of years ago, one can only see the space where memorial used to exist and a few pieces of columns.

In many ways, I find the fact that the space of a memorial has now become the memorial itself and this “almost nothing” has already been keeping the memory of Mausoleus alive for 2300 years really fascinating (the nothing as the body of a memory). And also the fact that, this place that can not visually give us much at all is cited among one of the Seven Ancient Wonders of the world (An “almost nothing” that is a “wonder” while other “almost nothings” are just simple nothings.)

The ruins are so few that it's impossible not to doubt if there was ever a mausoleum, or whether the stones were just simply taken from somewhere else and placed here to create this scene. There's also the fact that that there are just not enough remains ---the stones and pieces from the collapsed memorial got built into the Bodrum Castle around 1500 and there are no images of the building left--- there is a pretty detailed model of the mausoleum presented in the small museum that belongs to the place and there is another model in Istanbul.

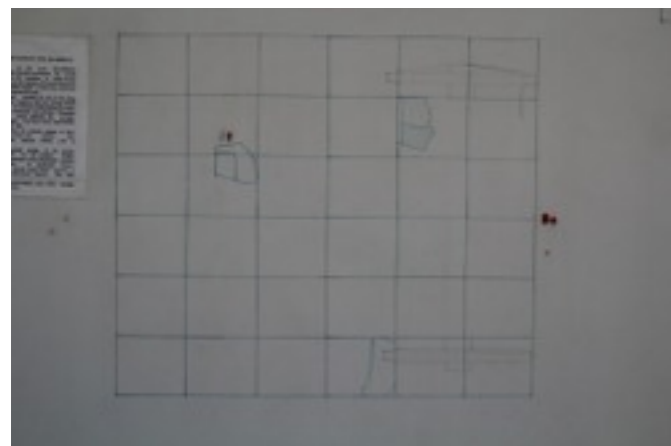


Tomb of Mausoleus today



The model of the memorial in Istanbul

The way the museum tries to present this whole story exudes the feeling of fiction: all the handmade drawings, the bad quality VHS, the home made installation looks much more like a conceptual art exhibition or a personal research of a self-made historian than scientific information that one can surely rely on.



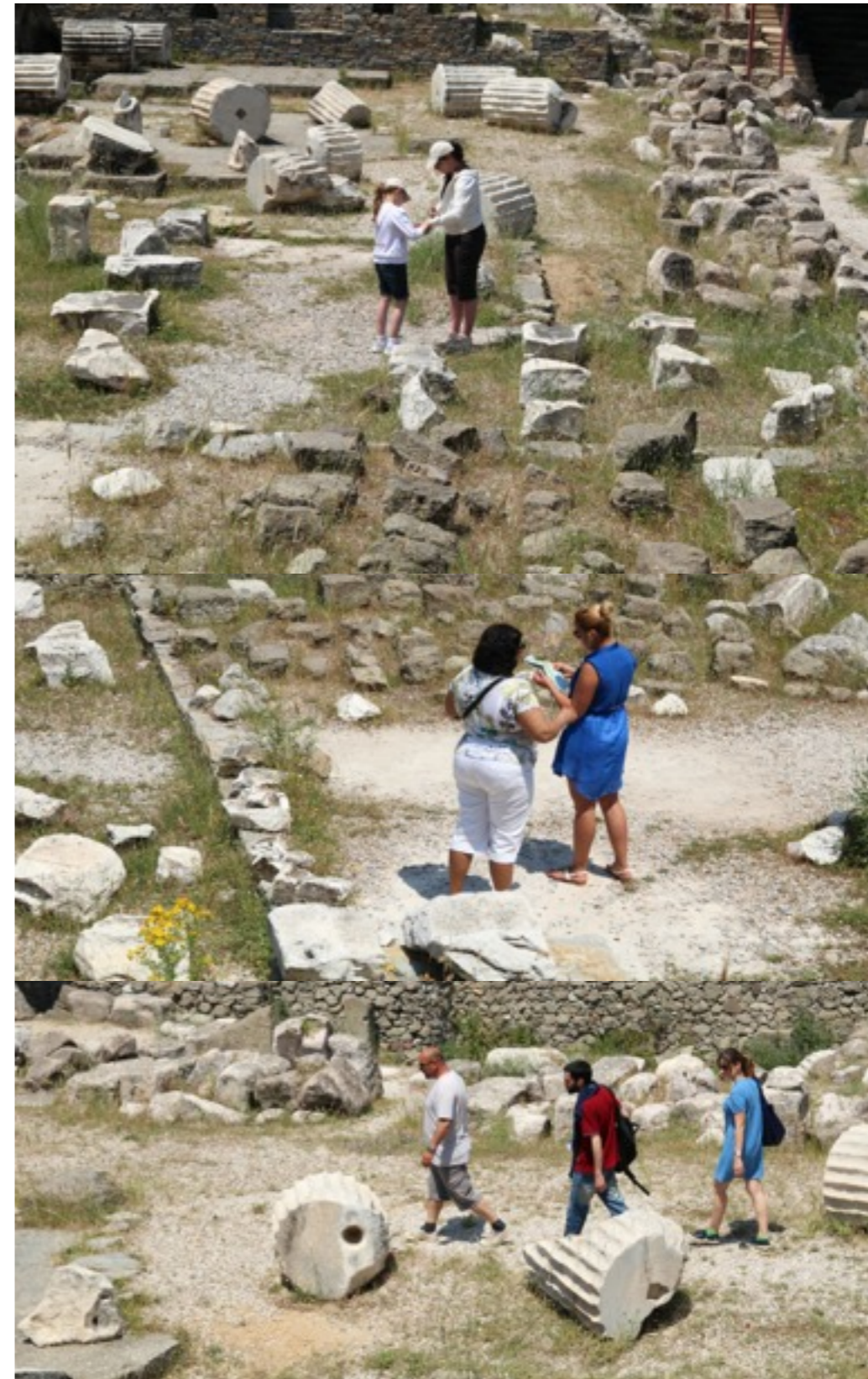
The visitors seem to be confused: it is just impossible to build a bridge between the “wonder” and the imaginary mausoleum and the ruins therefore they are mostly just checking their maps to determine what is next in their schedule or walking in between the ruins without too much of an expression on their faces.

Memory has no physical body, so we create memorials to give them a body in order to keep on generating the presence of the past. Like this, a piece of stone can embody a whole era and represent everything about that time, the culture, the behaviors, objects, thoughts, feelings and so on.

It is completely conceptual: when one visits a museum and sees a piece of metal he basically sees his own knowledge and relation to a certain thing and not the piece of metal.

I find this situation to be a perfect example in order to demonstrate the fact that phenomena and what we think about them are just two entirely different things. And it is just true in the case of a glass or a chair as it is in the case of an ancient column.

I decided to use the Bodrum Mausoleum as a model to present the evolution of presence into a memorial, or even into a memorial without physical shape.

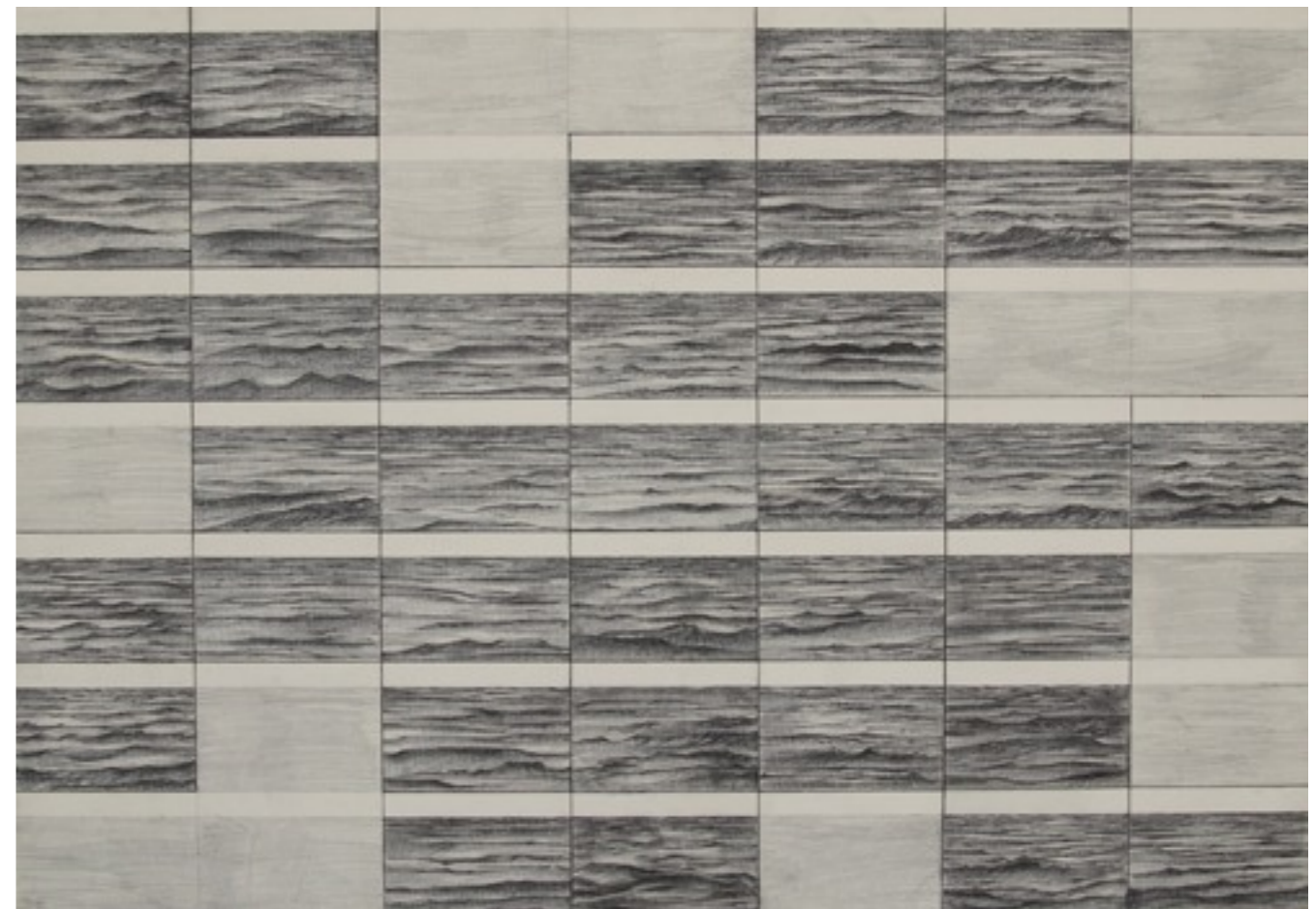


I decided to use “the sea” as all the qualities that makes up the sea and gives it a name are conditioned to external factors (wave---wind, color---sky, shape/size --- outside borders). I also like the contradiction embedded in the word “wave” and the wave as a phenomenon: if one tries to point at a certain wave and say “wave”, “the wave” will just change its form and disappear. As the sea itself has no static state at all, it’s impossible to ascribe an identity to it. Therefore it is just as conceptual as the memories, memorials and especially the space of the memorial as memorial, like in the case of the Mausoleum of Bodrum.

So one can not have a certain “sea” image as a memory, juts a general one, and not even one but more ---so which one is “the sea” then? -- And all these images and impressions take a personal shape as we personally remember the sea.

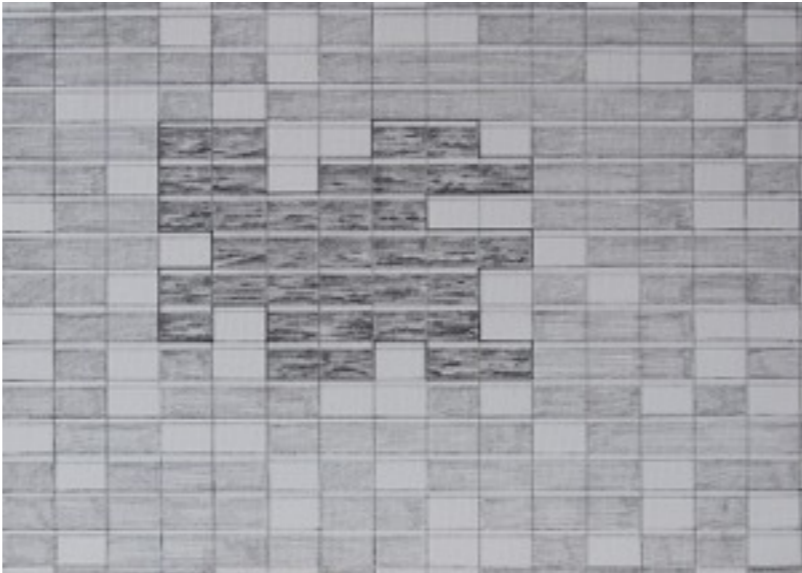


photo, 70x100cm

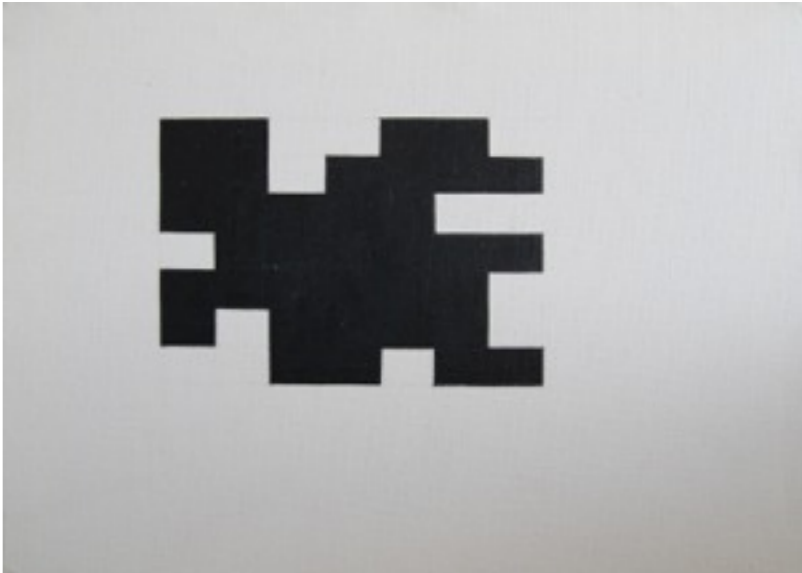


drawing on canvas, 70x100 cm

The images of the sea in time melt back into the other memories, and what stays with us is only an impression, more like an idea of how one relates to the sea, a shape of feeling about the sea that one carry with himself.



drawing on canvas 25x35 cm



acrylic on canvas, 25x35 cm



my bathroom, photo, 70x100 cm

As we carry our impressions with us all the time, they melt into our view we cannot view, let's say a "sea" as that certain sea, without including the impression that we had about the sea before. Then this again becomes a memory, then just an impression of that memory and so on.

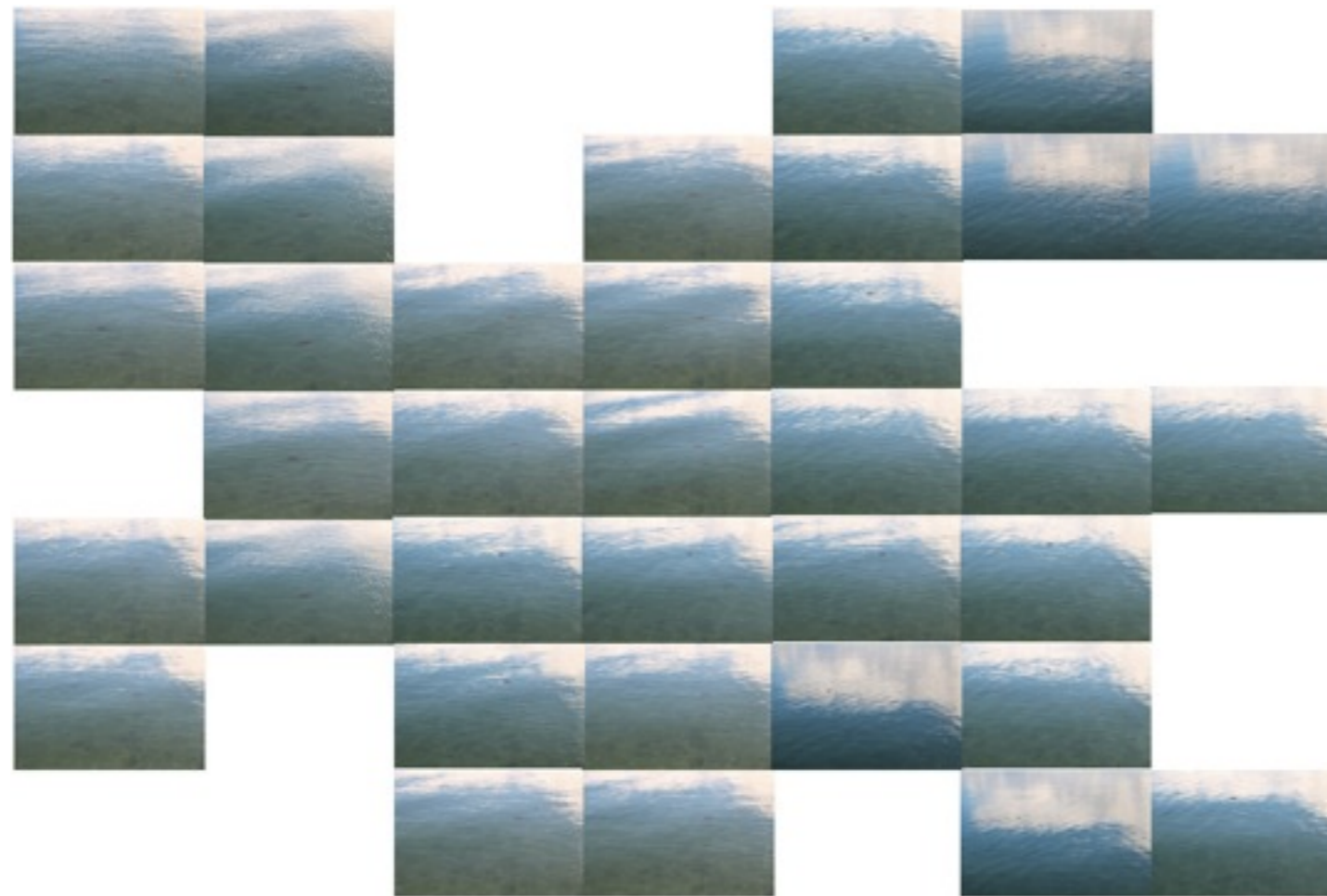


photo blocks, 70x100 cm

With these thoughts in mind, I finally made a memorial to my time in Bodrum with the research of sea and all that I made about it in this period.

As I am leaving, I am going to leave an “the age of T.H” memory, which is basically a shape of granite. It is going to be placed near the room I lived on the grassy yard. Just like in the case of the Mausoleum, people who pass by won't be able to build up the story of the memorial, for them it is going to be something that they have to take care of, to deal with, to not step on; something that mostly just takes up space in their daily present.



granite, 70x100 cm



the place of my memorial, 70x100, canvas, acrylic



the place of memorial as memorial