



#### PRACTICES OF DWELLING

Deniz Kırkallı

We are living through a global polycrisis that rational thinking alone cannot hold. Regional instability, climate collapse... **Syf.2**

#### THE CONDITIONS OF A SENSING SEA

Marina Fokidis

I knew Sinope before knowing Sinope. Or perhaps more accurately, I knew it through the strange intimacy... **Syf.5**

#### TO STARTLE IN THE COLD OF THE SEA

T. Melih Görgün

Every time I look at these shores where I was born and raised, one truth fills me: Sinop's untamable natural conditions... **Syf. 8**

#### JULY, AUGUST, SİNOP

Mariam Natroshvili

According to legend, in ancient times when ships operated by sail, there were three harbors in the Black Sea where ships could take shelter... **Syf. 10**

# Sinopale 10 IS OPENING At Sea We Sense, On Land We Reason

**“K**aradaakıl yürür, denizde sezgi,” say the fishermen. At sea, we sense. On land, we reason.

To be at sea is to relinquish the illusion of control. There is no arguing with the currents; there is only attention, a bodily, unglamorous knowing that ensures survival at sea. In a time of global polycrises – unevenly distributed and impossible to completely evade – this feels less like folklore and more like instruction.

We ask: Can we sense the sea and be sensed by it in return? The question falters immediately, for the sea does not sense us uniformly. It registers the weight of a fishing net differently than a leisure boat, a body that falls in from despair as distinct from one that dives for pleasure. The sea is a political surface, reading labor, precarity, and privilege long before we arrive with our poetic questions.

Sinopale 10 does not aim to resolve this tension but instead sits within it. For the fisherman, sensing is not philosophy but survival, sharpened by interdependence.

This edition holds collaboration as a more-than-human endeavor: with the sea, with its animals, with its songs, with fishermen and marine ecosystems, with architecture, with Sinop's existing communities. Following the city's waves, we trace how the sea carries stories, affects, and movements across distance through materials, rhythms, and practices.

Unfolding through informal gatherings, conversations, performances, and an exhibition situated in Sinop, this biennial asks: What does the sea know that reason alone cannot?



Sinopale 10, Curators  
Photo: İpek Hamzaoglu

# Practices of Dwelling

Text: **Deniz Kırkallı**



**W**e are living through a global polycrisis that rational thinking alone cannot hold. Regional instability, climate collapse, the quiet violence of AI reorganising how we know and are known; these are emergencies manifesting through diverse conditions across the world. And they are pressing against the doors of every discipline we thought could contain it. In the midst of this, I call for a turn to embodied modes of knowing as well as more ecological and responsive ways of living to respond to the existing state of the world engulfed in social and political tumult. This is not an abstract proposition but a necessity for survival.

Erit Rogoff has recently argued that what follows this seeming moment of collapse is, in fact, an expansion into unforeseen destinations, into alternative knowledge-making practices spilling into territories that haven't yet been mapped. Rather than working from inherited knowledges, she calls for working from within lived conditions: an inhabitation of the conditions one finds oneself in, rather than arguments made about them from a safe distance.

For the past eight years, working through the physical conditions of the North Aegean, in the fishing town of Babakale, where I co-run Garp Sessions [1], I have been slowly unlearning the idea that knowledge solely arrives through explanation. Life there moves with the temperament of the wind and the sea. When the wind blows from the south <lodos> the sea is not only warmer but also in this particular location, its surface gets foamy and you understand, without

Sinopale 10, Preparations  
Ayesha Hameed with Yılmaz Küçük  
Photo: Yağmur Başcan



Sinopale 10, Ezgi Tok  
Preparations  
Photo: Deniz Kırkallı

being told that it's not the cleanest water to swim in. When it blows from the north <poyraz> as it often does, your ears begin to hum and sound travels further than it should. Being situated there, requires a different way of relating to time, to tasks, to responsibilities and to urgency. You learn to slow down, to listen, to watch for signs and to respond to them. What you come to know this way exceeds what you were ever taught.

Knowing is a bodily process. It is not something that happens exclusively in argument, in rationality. It also happens in the body, in the gut, at the tip of the tongue, through the smell, in what the skin registers before the mind has named it, in what the ear catches before it becomes information. It asks something of the senses that a purely rational framework never could. And increasingly, in a heatwave sitting inside my flat in London, unable to tolerate the heat, it is this situated knowledge built through years living by the Aegean that comes back to me as a tool. Local societies everywhere have built exactly these kinds of tools, quietly, without needing to name them as methodology.

I've been writing excessively on attentivity as a curatorial methodo-

logy but also as a way to imagine and operate within new socialities. The expanding field of visual culture, under the pressure of these crises, urges us toward diverse voices and narratives in ways the Western world has, so far, largely failed to learn. I use the word attentivity rather than attention deliberately: attention has been co-opted, commodified, steered by an economy that profits from capturing it. Attentivity, as I understand it, is an openness and curiosity toward what lies beyond our immediate grasp. It asks us to approach the other-than-human and the material world not as backdrop but as teacher, as collaborator, as co-author of new social modalities.

Luce Irigaray and Michael Marder, in their 2016 book *Through Vegetal Being* describe *vegetal attention* as continuous, responsive to what surrounds it, without immediate purpose, operating through proximity and contact. It is an ethical practice, one that asks for the cultivation of our senses rather than the sharpening of our arguments. To practise it is to attend to presence, to growth, to rhythm, to relationship with air, water, earth and seasons. A practice of dwelling, rather than of knowing from a distance. The challenge, here, is to develop a form of attention that



Sinopale 10, Fisherwomxn ile  
Şayfada Kalabalıklaşmak Atölyesi  
Fotograf: Derin Deniz

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live and act together with. How can we cultivate slow and intentional practices of embodied and sensorial knowledges in a world so relentlessly organised around the capture of attention?

Dogs, cicadas, swarms, marine ecosystems — these others that echo through the works of the artists I invited to Sinopale 10 are not metaphors so much as teachers. A swarm moves through proximity, through signal, through a kind of trust that has no name in our vocabularies of governance. Cicadas keep time in a register we rarely listen for; years underground, then a single insistent season of sound. The various living beings inhabiting the depths of the sea move through a rhythm that isn't in accordance with that of the above the seas. What could collaboration learn from a swarm, from a chorus

Sinopale 10, Paloma Proudfoot  
Preparations  
Photo: Deniz Kırıkali

accepts the impossibility of translation into human language and let it always remain partly ungraspable. This is its political weight.

This is not a simple call; being attentive is not always an easy task. The neoliberal system distracts continuously, pushing us toward constant action, toward productivity, toward the next measurable output. Indigenous knowledges, on the other hand, has long adopted a strong practice of attention; focusing on how people learn through ritual and everyday practices to understand the relationality between different forms of life. The curatorial, too, holds this power to direct attention towards other ways of knowing through storytelling and speculation.

Attentivity toward what is not easily discernible, and yet is part of the fabric of our entangled existence, asks us to reconsider how our lives are already bound up with others, and how knowledge itself is produced relationally, as part of a world that is always becoming rather than fixed. It is a call to begin to learn from other ways of sensing, from our entanglement with this world that sense us in return and to understand why we so urgently need better possibilities for shared life.

We are living in a time defined by unpredictability, by a lack of stability; everything in flux, vulnerable and constantly remade. This ambiguity compels us to look beyond human reasoning to other bodies which we



that has waited a decade to speak or from a dog companion walking through life with us?

This is where the sea returns, not as subject or a backdrop for a biennial "about" it, but as teacher. This is not a biennial about the sea. It is a biennial about what the sea can teach: how it holds, how it senses, how it moves things across distances without asking permission, how it carries salt into every embrace along its shore.

As the co-curators of Sinopale 10, negotiating and operating between multiple timezones, we had long conversations on the radical possibilities of collaboration; collaboration as a way of arriving at knowledges together, in light of one another, thanks to one another. What is a shelter, if not

something built collectively, temporarily, imperfectly, out of proximity rather than precalculated outcome?

In Sinop, this takes on a specific shape: working not only alongside artists but alongside the fishermen, the wind, the particular temperament of this stretch of the Black Sea, the city itself as collaborator rather than site. To learn from a place is to let it edit your methodology. What Babakale taught me about lodos and poyraz, Sinop teaches differently; its own winds, its own signs, its own urgencies, its own community holding knowledge that no curatorial framework could have arrived at alone.

[1] Garp Sessions, co-founded by Deniz Kırkalı and Ayşe İdil in 2019, is an international residency programme taking place every summer in Babakale, Turkey.



Sinopale 10, with Fisherwomxn  
Crowding the Page Workshop  
Photos: Derin Deniz



# The Conditions of a Sensing Sea

Text: Marina Fokidis



**Condition #1 – Sinope**

I knew Sinope before knowing Sinope. Or perhaps more accurately, I knew it through the strange intimacy that exists between neighboring places that have spent centuries approaching and withdrawing from one another. Coming from Greece, and from Thessaloniki in particular, I had already encountered Sinope through stories, historical fragments, habits, foods, family memory, fishermen’s tales, and the great regional machinery of proximity and distance. Neighbors know each other in peculiar ways. They may never have entered one another’s houses, yet they recognize the smell coming from the kitchen, the tone of an argument, the way somebody calls a child in from the street. They also inherit warnings. History in this part of the world has been extremely efficient at producing both familiarity and estrangement.

Sinope therefore entered my imagination long before I entered Sinope itself. It belonged to a geography of the almost known. The Black Sea is not exactly the sea of my childhood, yet the cultures around it form part of a larger world that feels familiar: Ottoman histories that survived the Ottoman Empire, shared techniques of preserving fish, forms of hospitality, ways of occupying a square, loud affectionate conversations that may sound like fights to people from colder latitudes. Alongside these small continuities sit official national stories, which can

turn a neighbor into an enemy with astonishing speed. Governments have repeatedly discovered that proximity can be politically useful when converted into suspicion.

Perhaps this is why Diogenes interests me here beyond the obvious fact that Sinope is his birthplace. His declaration that he was a cosmopolite, a citizen of the world, has travelled for more than two millennia and still sounds surprisingly alive. He refused the smaller political enclosure of identity without denying the place from which he came. His legendary life proposed another economy of value: modesty, dispossession, self-sufficiency, an almost theatrical indifference towards power. Even the story of the defaced coins becomes suggestive: to alter the currency, literally or metaphorically, is to question what has been officially stamped with value, and who had the authority to stamp it in the first place.

The sea, in its own way, proposes another kind of citizenship. Greek and Turkish fishermen and seamen have long inhabited waters where knowledge cannot be neatly divided by nationality. Currents, storms, fish, winds, navigation, danger: none respects the clarity of a border drawn on paper. The unofficial narratives of those who work at sea often seem far more complex than the official ones produced on land. They know conflict, certainly, but also dependence, proximity and the ordinary pragmatism of people who

have to survive the same waters. This is the Sinope I am looking forward to encountering: not a place proving that we are the same, but a place where difference has never managed to cancel familiarity.

**Condition #2 – Sinopale**

*Sinopale* adds another layer to these conditions. Started in 2006 it reaches its tenth edition twenty years later. Longevity alone does not make an institution important, but survival becomes meaningful when it preserves a particular way of working. Many international exhibitions arrive in a city already complete in their own imagination. Their artists arrive with works, their curators with arguments, their institutions with systems of display. They occupy, announce, document and depart. *Sinopale* seems to have developed differently. Collaboration with inhabitants is not an educational department added afterwards; it sits much closer to its genetic code.

Artists arrive and have to ask questions. What can be thought here that could not have been thought elsewhere? Who holds knowledge relevant to the work—technical, scientific, social, historical, embodied? What happens when an artistic proposition encounters somebody else’s expertise, memory or experience? Who changes whom in that encounter? An artwork begins to depend on somebody whose name never appeared in the original proposal. An artist may work with a computer expert, exchange stories with a group of women, learn from someone repairing a net or shaping clay, or simply abandon an idea because a conversation has changed its direction. The city enters the work, but the artist also enters the city. Knowledge moves sideways.

What sociologist Nikos Papastergiadis calls “the small public sphere” feels particularly relevant in this context: a gathering place, often temporary, where strangers meet and where exchange might deepen into another form of understanding. The scale is important. We grew up in an art world addicted to expansion—larger audiences, larger museums, larger biennials, larger claims—and yet some of the deepest transformations remain stubbornly small. Someone meets a person they would never otherwise have met. A shared meal becomes more important than a scheduled discussion. A work

Sinopale 10, Ángela Bonadies Preparations  
Photo: Doğa Yılmaz



changes because the context refuses its first assumptions.

This is where repair and care acquire particular meaning, but not as curatorial themes placed above the work. Conflicting histories are rarely repaired by a statement. They are sometimes softened, complicated or re-seen through new relationships. What happens in such encounters travels later in bodies and artworks, sometimes to places far beyond Sinope. A work shown elsewhere may contain within it a gesture learned here, a story heard here, a method borrowed from someone who may never see the museum in which it eventually appears. Perhaps this porosity is one of Sinopale’s most valuable qualities. Not because it represents a perfect model—perfect models usually conceal the labor and contradictions that sustain them—but because it has allowed itself to remain open to what happens around it. What emerges is not a travelling exhibition temporarily parked at the edge of the Black Sea, but a small public sphere produced in situ, through negotiation and lived experience.

Condition #3 – Coexistence

For the tenth edition, this becomes particularly tangible through the meeting of four curatorial positions. Deniz Kirkali, Mariam Natroshvili and I arrive through different geographies, artistic networks, languages and memories; Melih Görgün, co-founder of Sinopale and deeply rooted in Sinope, works from the place that brings us together. For a period of time, Sinope becomes the



Sinopale 10, Paky Vlassopoulou  
Preparations  
Photo: Doğa Yılmaz

point from which we look outward. There is something significant in this reversal. Athens, Istanbul and Tbilisi move to the side. So do New York, Berlin, London, the once so-called metropolitan points from which contemporary art became accustomed to observing everyone else. Coexistence here takes on a particular resonance. It does not depend on pretending that our histories are harmonious, nor on reducing ourselves to national representatives around a diplomatic table. We arrive as curators with artists, concerns, preferences, disagreements and different memories of neighboring geographies. We work next to one another, alongside the Sinopale team and with people in the city. The Black Sea becomes less a border than a shared depth we are all, metaphorically, mining from different sides.

My own family history inevitably enters this experience. My grandmother came from Izmir,

(Smyrna); my grandfather grew up in Istanbul. As a child, I absorbed their world before I understood it historically. It came through descriptions of houses, food, ways of receiving visitors, the pleasure of lakerda, gestures around a table, sounds of streets and squares. Much of what I later learned to understand as the Ottoman past had first arrived as ordinary family life. Travelling in Turkey can therefore produce a peculiar recognition—not because one place belongs to another, or because either side can claim the other as home, but because lives, customs and memories travelled in both directions long before national narratives taught us to separate them.

As I write this, one of the artists I invited is already working in Sinope. She called to tell me how much the experience had exceeded what she expected. She is collaborating with a family descended from Muslims from Crete, among those uprooted through the compulsory population exchange formalized between Greece and Turkey in 1923.

The language itself—“population exchange”—is chilling in its administrative calm. Human beings were classified, displaced and transferred as though communities could be reorganized with the neatness of goods in storage. Orthodox Christians were forced from Turkey to Greece, Muslims from Greece to Turkey, while lives were separated from houses, landscapes, neighbors, graves, dialects and memories through political decisions negotiated by states and international powers. Lord Curzon spoke at Lausanne of “unmixing peoples.” There is something terrible in the cleanliness of the phrase.

And then, against the enormity of



such histories, something very small happens. A century later, an artist from Greece arrives in Sinope and works with descendants of people forced to leave Crete. They break bread. They speak. They share stories and sisterhood. No curator could manufacture the complexity of this encounter, and I would distrust us if we tried. Life has already done the work. What an exhibition can do is make room for such meetings and allow new relationships to begin.

Sinopale 10, Collectif MASI  
Water From Hand To Hand To  
Water -  
Clay Coins Workshop  
Photo: Bensu Koca



Condition #4 – Untranslatability

One of the first lessons of this edition came through a word. *Condition* does not translate cleanly into Turkish. This small difficulty seemed immediately appropriate. English allows the word to carry an extraordinary quantity of meaning. A condition can be a state of being, a circumstance, a medical situation, a prerequisite, a restriction, something inherited, something imposed. We live under certain conditions; we can also impose conditions on someone else. As art historian and post-colonial theorist Sarat Maharaj writes in his seminal 1994 essay *Perfidious Fidelity: The Untranslatability of the Other*, translation always leaves a remainder; perhaps this is why the failure of condition to move cleanly between languages became part of its meaning.

Who sets the conditions? The question quickly becomes political.

English fascinates and occasionally troubles me for this reason. Its vocabulary can be enormously condensed, capable of absorbing several meanings at once, even when they pull against one another. I sometimes think, only half-jokingly, that it is a remarkably efficient language for colonization. Languages do not colonise by themselves. Empires require armies, capital, ships, law, violence and administration. But

language accompanies them, and English developed an extraordinary portability alongside the British Empire: the capacity to absorb difference, rename it, classify it and return it in an administrative form that could appear almost neutral. Perhaps this is one of the quiet powers of colonial language: not simply to command, but to make command sound reasonable.

Here, in any case, I choose the



generous meaning. A condition as something already present that asks first to be perceived and respected, before we decide what to do with it. Sinope is such a condition. Sinopale is another. Our meeting here is another. The histories we carry are conditions too, as are the wind, the harbor, the sea, and the people already living and working here. None begins when an exhibition names it.

And then, after so much discussion about terminology, a local fisherman's saying, proposed by one of the co-curators, seemed to make itself understood almost effortlessly: At sea we sense; on land we reason. It travelled through the languages of our group with far less difficulty than our conceptual vocabulary. Perhaps this should tell us something.

The saying comes from lived experience. At sea, reason alone is not enough. Conditions change before they can be fully explained.

One watches, listens, adjusts. Sensing becomes a practiced means of navigating what cannot be controlled. But the sentence can also be read as a sequence: first we sense, then we reason. First comes encounter—before certainty, before judgement. We allow something to reach us; afterwards we interpret, decide and act.

Both readings matter. One reminds us that there are moments when

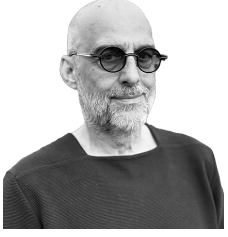
reason cannot command the world and the senses must guide us through it. The other proposes that reason itself might become more generous when it arrives after attention. Neither asks us to abandon thought.

This may be useful between neighbors who have inherited so many ready-made explanations of one another. It may also be useful for art. An exhibition can place people, objects, histories and gestures close enough that they are felt before they are completely classified. Perhaps the most meaningful understanding begins exactly there: not in the certainty that we already know, but in the moment when we become attentive enough to realize that something has reached us.

At sea, sensing is not the opposite of knowing. It may be where knowing begins.

Sinopale 10, Tanja Ostojić  
Changed By Water:  
Menopausal Embroidery  
Tea Party  
Photos: Derin Deniz

Text: T. Melih Görgün



# To Startle in the Cold of the Sea

Every time I look at these shores where I was born and raised, one truth fills me: Sinop's untamable natural conditions, its unpredictable uncertainties, and the unmediated encounters we form with all beings, human and non-human alike... All of this shakes the linear plans drawn up at a desk, and the rigid institutional boundaries, down to their roots. This is exactly what excited us when we set out with Sinopale years ago: to step away from the rush to produce new objects for contemporary art's display window, and instead think together, anew, about who truly owns knowledge, space, time, and production.

This journey, which we began in 2006 with a handful of friends, reaches its 10th edition today. In this edition, I meet with my fellow invited curators within the conceptual framework **"On Land We Reason, At Sea We Sense,"** drawn from the words of a fisherman from this city. Against the calculating order of terrestrial reason, which wants to hold everything under control, it feels right to us to embrace the sea's shifting, intuitive, fluid world as a stance. This is exactly what takes artistic production out of being a static display. Our city, our harbor, our wind, the materials that pass through our hands, and all the living beings with whom we share this land – these become not merely the exhibition's "subject," but our founding stakeholders, seated directly at our table. The exhibition we dream of is not a sealed box presenting predetermined outco-

mes, but a living ecosystem shaped together by the city, our guests, differing perspectives, and our emotions.

What world oceanography calls the "sea's cold," or the sudden rising of deep waters to the surface – *upwelling* – is felt very concretely in Sinop, through the Black Sea's own distinctive cold layers and the blowing of the *poyraz*, the northeasterly wind. The moment the poyraz blows, that ice-cold water from the depths strikes the surface; it doesn't just change the sea's temperature, but instantly overturns how sound travels through water, the direction of currents, and the daily rhythm of both the sea and ourselves. For me, the "sea's cold" was never merely a weather report. That cold is a singular moment of awakening – one that stirs the senses of a visitor arriving in the city, an artist we meet on the street, or a fellow townsperson standing on the shore, and realigns our relationships. That sense of being startled at the first instant this cold water touches our skin forms the main spine of our approach to this year's theme. To be startled is a good thing; it pulls a person out of their memorized patterns of perception and forces them to stay alert to what is happening around them. Just as Gaston Bachelard says in *Water and Dreams*, water is not merely a beautiful view to be watched, but an elemental force that envelops

the body and mind from head to toe.

That sudden sea cold we feel on the shore instantly voids rational predictions and desk-drawn maps; it wrests a person out of their own zone of control, inviting them simply to "feel." What we have tried to do at Sinopale for years feeds on exactly this shock: to see art not so much as representing something but as being exposed to it, not so much as controlling but as attuning, and not so much as explaining but as an opportunity to think together in the streets and tea gardens of Sinop.

That state of intertwining Donna Haraway calls *"sympoiesis"* (making-with) and *"becoming-with"* takes concrete form in the hybrid habitats that these deep-sea waves and cold currents form with non-human beings. These thinkers remind us that production is not the output of a single artist's intelligence, but an imece – a communal, collectively woven process of craftspeople, the wind in the street, the materials used, and all the city's inhabitants working together. Taking the sea's fluidity as a method, against terrestrial reason's controlling order, transforms art from a finished exhibition object into a living site of existence and hosting, in which the city, the air, the water, and human resources all take part.

Sinopale 10, Burak Kabadayı  
Preparations  
Photo: İrem Yağcı

Sinopale 10, Evrim Kavcar  
Preparations  
Photo: Bensu Koca



Sinopale 10, Eylem Ertürk  
SHARED WALKS | FUTURES  
Photos: Derin Deniz



is looked at, become an egalitarian field of contact that we direct at the city and at one another. Sound, meanwhile, is not an individual performance, but a collective field of resonance — a sonic commons — in which the space is re-sounded together with its participants. Sound waves, crossing boundaries through their fluid structure, bring social memory into resonance. Just as the sea's cold changes how sound travels through the water column, this participatory sound field likewise continually transforms the tone of the relationships within the space. While we turn the coastal ecosystem's elemental elements — the wind, the current, and the accumulated local craft — into instruments, we treat the archive not as a sealed storehouse that freezes the past, but as a living form of recording, ceaselessly rewritten by environmental processes and geography. This organic structure, which voids the opposition between nature and culture, calls the water sounds fading from urban memory back into the space.

In Sinop, together with our fellow invited curators, we have turned our gaze toward Sinop from its different facets. We sit at the same table so that we may see, together, what each of us alone cannot see, understand it, evaluate it, and create new stories to tell our neighbors. We build these valuable relationships within a holistic and fluid structure.

This ground of collective existence, created by the shared startle in the sea's cold, aims to make visible a form of knowledge that positions the human being not as nature's sovereign, but as one of its temporary, fragile, and sentient parts. In this relational ecosystem, where the sea, the wind, the cold currents, memory, and sound all touch one another, our exhibition is a living site of hosting — produced together by the city, nature, and the community, and sensed, shared, and transformed over time.



Sinopale 10, Adina Mocanu  
Preparations  
Photos: Bilge Çubuk

With the artist friends I have invited to the city, whom I am honored to host, we come together around walking practices, sound, wave movement, and site-specific production. This flow we build together turns our exhibition into something like a school and a ground for public encounter. Here, walking is not going from point A to point B; it is an intuitive dialogue the body forms with urban memory. As in Bachelard's poetics of water, every step taken on the shore suspends rational maps. This practice of feeling, attuned to the rhythm of the wind and the sea's cold, transforms

the viewer from a passive eye into a walker who builds the knowledge of the work together with us, first-hand. Along with this, we lift the sea and its cold currents out of being a passive backdrop and raise them to the level of an active co-agent of production. From the lateral lines of fish to street dogs, from beehives to mushroom bodies, all more-than-human beings are not symbols but co-actors in the work's production. I want to note here that the artist is not a sovereign creator, but a mediator who forms a bond with nature's and matter's own resistance.

This approach directs us toward labor's invisible layers, spatial transformation, forgotten stories, daily rituals, and the city's industrial memory. Through a sense of shared table-setting and festivity, we turn the exhibition space into a site of public encounter. The need to warm and share together, born out of a shared startle in the sea's cold, prepares the political ground for standing together in the face of uncertainty.

The material transformations stretching from the carbonization of wood and branches to the lines on the exhibition surface are also part of this flow. The evolution that fire and wood undergo foregrounds energy's change of form rather than focusing on the object; by preventing knowledge from being transmitted from a single center, it turns the exhibition space into a collective surface of learning. As Haraway notes in her concept of "situated knowledges," no gaze is neutral; every gaze is produced from a concrete environment in which the sea's cold is felt. The camera and the lens, breaking the hierarchy between the one who looks and the one who

# July, August, Sinop

Text:  
Mariam Natroshvili



According to legend, in ancient times when ships operated by sail, there were three harbors in the Black Sea where ships could take shelter. These were July, August, and Sinop. In other words, the Black Sea was calm only in July and August, and at other times ships could take refuge only in the port of Sinop. As this legend tells it, Sinop is a shelter for ships in the stormy Black Sea, a harbor of calm and safety.

A harbor is a connection between sea and land, where the two exchange senses. It is a place for renewing strength, sharing knowledge, and preparing to return to the water. Here, one learns the sea and the ways of being in it.

\*In the fishermen's proverb *at sea we sense, on land we reason*, the logic of land and sea stand in opposition to one another. Following the proverb, the sea is unpredictable and hard



Sinopale 10, Giorgi Khasasia  
Preparations  
Photo: Bensu Koca

to control. Land, on the other hand, is solid and stable. At sea, one must trust feelings, instincts, and experience. On land, navigation and finding one's way are matters of the mind, of rational thought. The sea belongs to intuition and feeling, the land to reason and order.

Today we live in a world where there is little stability, neither on land, nor at sea. Ways of life are breaking down, perceptions are shifting. What worked yesterday no longer works. What tomorrow holds is unclear and uncertain. Land has become sea, endlessly restless and stormy. Perhaps this is the moment when the rules that once applied only at sea extend to the land as well. Now, on land too, we must learn to sense.

This way of dealing with crises, grounded in sense and intuition rather than solely rational thought, is nothing new to those who live in unstable parts of the world. Living through

constant upheaval and political instability, you often have to follow your feelings and act in response to collapse and change. In times like these, plans frequently fall apart amid uncontrollable and unpredictable events. When the ground keeps shifting, intuition can feel more reliable than the weather forecast, premonitions more certain than exchange rates. A body that has lived through enough crises learns to read a room, a sky, the way a fisherman reads an approaching storm before the forecast confirms it. These ways of living and surviving, often rooted in the senses, produce a form of knowledge that is unrecorded and unwritten, one that remains fluid, moving between memory, feeling, and experience.

A colorful cloud hovered above the sea. A silver ship sailed across the water. Yellow fish swam beneath it, while blue moss covered the seabed. On the shore, a naked man stood thinking. This is how Nâzım Hikmet's poem

*Shall I be a cloud begins. Shall I be a cloud or a ship? Shall I be a fish or moss? - the man wonders.*

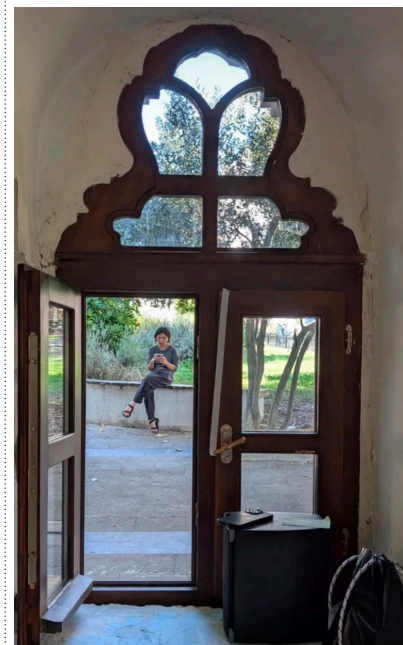
*Neither this nor that, nor this. Be a sea, with its clouds, ship, fish, and moss, the poem responds.*

Maybe this is the lesson: to learn to become the sea itself, with its nights and days, seasons and stars, winds and clouds, ships and boats.

\*July, August, Sinop, this legend turns Sinop into a time, or more precisely, into permanence: into the word *always*. Sinop becomes the *always* of the Black Sea.

And once we begin speaking of months as harbors, after July and August, September has to follow. It's no coincidence that Sinopale takes place then. That's when the fishermen set out to sea, and the city marks their departure with a celebration. In early September, artists also make their way to Sinop, and the biennial begins. Together with fishermen, the community, workers, and locals, the artists listen to the sea and the land, observe labor and its fruits, the real and imagined creatures of sea and land, and the movements of migration and return. Sinop becomes a time when intuition transforms into knowledge and the senses become pathways.

In this harbor, in the temporary shelter, we pause, take a breath, and prepare to sail again.



Sinopale 10, LoopnTale  
Preparations  
Photo: Mariam Natroshvili



Sinopale 10, Aleksis Soselia  
Sarımkuş quest  
Photo: Derin Deniz

# September 2026 Event Calender

## 9-10-11-12 SEPTEMBER 2026

**Type:** Workshop

**Event Name:** Without Bread the Voice is Starved

**Artist:** Packy Vlasopoulou

**Venue:**

09.09.2026 - Dizdaroğlu Köyü

10.09.2026 - Deydaa Ekoloji Kampı

11.09.2026 - Hal, Sinop Meeting Center

12.09.2026 - Kadın Kooperatifi Manti Evi

## 19 SEPTEMBER 2026

**Type:** Workshop

**Event Name:** Crowding the Page Workshop with Fisherwomxn

**Artist:** Fisherwomxn

**Venue:** Hal, Sinop Meeting Center

**Time:** 12.00 - 13.00

**Participation Requirement:**

Registration is required.

**Description:** Crowding the Page is a creative writing and drawing workshop exploring what it means to become part of a body larger than ourselves. We will gather to read texts around the subject that inspire us and share our publication of the same name as a tool for thinking about collectivities. Inspired by the exquisite corpse, we then invite to you to make your own publication that can gather the contributions of many other that you imagine as part of your collective body friends, collaborators, artists, neighbours, lovers, or anyone whose imagination you want to bring into the crowd. All material will be provided on site. We look forward to meeting you and your collective body!

## 19 SEPTEMBER 2026

**Type:** Workshop

**Event Name:** Water From Hand To Hand To Water - Clay Coins

**Artist:** Colletif MASI

**Venue:** Sinop Sabahattin Ali Cultural Center (Former Icehouse Building)

**Time:** 13.30

**Description:** Clay objects inspired by ancient coins, featuring symbols connected to water.

## 20-21-22-23 SEPTEMBER 2026

**Type:** Workshop

**Event Name:** SHARED WALKS | FUTURES

**Artist:** Eylem Ertürk

**Venue:** Hal, Sinop Meeting Center

**Time:**

20.09.2026 10:00-13:00

21.09.2026 15:00-18:00

22.09.2026 15:00-18:00

23.09.2026 15:00-18:00

**Participation Requirement:**

\*Registration is required.

\*Each walk is limited to 30 participants. Please register with Sinopale 10 and specify the date you would like to attend.

\*The walks are open to participants aged 18 and over; no prior knowledge or experience is required.

\*The event lasts approximately 3 hours, with no more than 1 hour of active walking. It will take place in all weather conditions. Please come prepared with suitable walking shoes and weather-appropriate items such as a hat or umbrella.

**Description:** How do we envision our shared future amid climate change and the growing crises around the world? As transformations in nature and our

cities affect all living beings, how is our perception of the future changing?

Starting from these questions, Shared Walks | Futures focuses on Sinop's coastline through 25 walking cards that guide participants in exploring different possible futures. Bringing together personal experience and collective imagination, the history of place and embodied knowledge, these walks explore ways of creating spaces where we can think about the future together and better understand our surroundings, other living beings, and ourselves.

We invite people living in Sinop to register for the participatory future walks and join us in collectively imagining and shaping our visions of the future for the exhibition.

## 19-20-22 SEPTEMBER 2026

**Type:** Workshop

**Event Name:** Changed By Water: Menopausal Embroidery Tea Party

**Artist:** Tanja Ostojić

**Venue:** Old Tekel Building

**Time:** 13.00

**Participation Requirement:**

\*Registration is required.

\*Participants are expected to be 35 years of age or older.

**Description:** I am excited by the idea of building a network of women in Sinop centred around inclusion, healing, intercultural community, and feminist languages. Through workshops, we share embodied knowledge from woman to woman, explore intergenerational and





Sinopale 10, Collectif MASI  
Water From Hand To Hand To Water  
Photo: Derin Deniz

intercultural stories, and focus on personal experiences related to swimming and other natural healing practices that support hormonal balance.

while allowing us to see; it frames the world without containing it. A pinhole camera photographing a window is one threshold photographing another.

20-21-22 SEPTEMBER 2026

**Type:** Performance  
**Event Name:** Karadeniz Agora  
**Artist:** Angela Bonadies  
**Venue:** Public spaces in Sinop  
**Time:** 11:00 -13:00 – 17:00 - 19:00  
**Description:** Mobile Photography Studio

Angela Bonadies will set up a temporary photography studio in the streets of Sinop, inviting Sinopeans to have their portraits taken in their daily lives and share their thoughts on the city and the sea.

21-22-23 SEPTEMBER 2026

**Type:** Workshop  
**Event Name:** Metaphysics of the Tide  
**Artist:** Angelo Plessas  
**Venue:** Online  
**Time:** 18.00  
**Participation Requirement:** \*Registration is required.  
**Description:** This open community coding workshop invites participants to create a Sinop edition of Metaphysics of the Tide by translating local signs, textile patterns, sounds, and everyday Black Sea life into digital forms. Through collaborative coding and visual experimentation, participants build a shared online “tide system” that becomes part of the artwork and can continue to evolve after the biennale.

22 SEPTEMBER 2026

**Type:** Performance  
**Event Name:** Water From Hand To

Sinopale 10,  
Anna Dziapshipa  
HAL(L) OF THE SMALL FINDINGS



Sinopale 10,  
Preparations  
Photo: Derin Deniz

Over time, as the community of women forms stronger bonds, we can develop resilience and shared strategies for healing.

The process embraces long exposures, glitches, accidents, and chance, acknowledging light and time as active agents in the making of each image. Each participant has a box of their own: one they have made themselves, their own sténopé—a tool they have built with their own hands through which to engage with the world on their own terms.

20-21-22 SEPTEMBER 2026

**Type:** Workshop  
**Event Name:** Sténopé  
**Artist:** Adina Mocanu  
**Venue:** City Club Garden  
**Time:** 15.00  
**Description:** The workshop invites participants to make their own cameras from simple boxes and photograph a shared subject. In French, the word for a pinhole camera is sténopé—almost identical to Sinope, the water nymph who gave the city its name. A pinhole camera is a box with a single opening, where light negotiates with darkness over time. There is no lens, no filter—only a collaboration between human intention and the agency of matter.

Organised together with the local photography association and participants from the city, the workshop invites around 20 people to build their own cameras from simple boxes and photograph a shared subject: the view from each participant’s own window—their personal threshold between the inner and outer worlds. A window is already a liminal object: it separates



Hand To Water  
**Artist:** Collectif Masi  
**Venue:** Hal, Sinop Meeting Center  
**Time:** 15.00  
**Description:** This collective performance explores water as a shared resource by tracing Sinop's ports, fountains, and historic water infrastructure through the lens of water democracy. Residents participate by passing, mixing, and returning water to the sea, while engraved coin-like objects create a symbolic exchange around personal relationships to water.

**23 SEPTEMBER 2026**  
**Type:** Workshop  
**Event Name:** Drifting Sea  
**Artist:** Loopntale  
**Venue:** Former Military Social Club Building  
**Time:** 15.00  
**Participation Requirement:**  
\*Registration is required.  
\*Participants are expected to be over 16 years of age.  
\*The workshop will be conducted using participants' own smartphones.  
**Description:** This is a game-based workshop in which participants create collective stories using personal photo archives, memories, and words. By exchanging and recombining photographs and sentences, they build shared fictional narratives shaped by different experiences and interpretations.

**23 SEPTEMBER 2026**  
**Type:** Performance  
**Event Name:** Kök aspan, Kara deniz



Sinopale 10, Sinop  
Fotograf: Derin Deniz

Audiowalk  
**Artist:** Anuar Duisenbinov  
**Venue:** Former Military Social Club Building  
**Time:** 18.00  
**Participation Requirement:**  
\*Participants are required to bring their own headphones.  
**Description:** The audio walk with poet Ānuar Dūisenbinov explores the similarities and differences between land and sea. Coming from Kazakhstan, a country without access to the sea, the poet arrives in Türkiye, a country surrounded by seas. How do such vastly different landscapes shape our ways of thinking, our knowledge production, our languages, and our cultures?

Created in partnership with composer Rüstem Myrzahmetov,

this work continues their spoken-word practice in the collaborative project “Балхаш снится” (“Lake Balkhash Comes to My Dreams”) and becomes a poetic reflection on Sinop, emerging from Anuar's encounters with the city and guided by luck, intuition, and trust in the place and its spirits.

The walk takes approximately 40 minutes. You will need internet connection, your phone to scan the QR code and a pair of headphones.

**25 SEPTEMBER 2026**  
**İsim:** Exhibition Opening  
**Yer:** Sinop Eski Askeri Gazino Binası  
**Saat:** 18.00

**Type:** Performance  
**Event Name:** Home  
**Artist:** Natalia Nebieridze  
**Venue:** Former Military Social Club Building  
**Time:** 18.30  
**Description:**  
A house plan traced in chalk on the floor - walls, a door, windows, furniture. An architectural drawing as a promise: chalk as a sign of temporality. The house appears as something that can be erased. The performance unfolds within this contour: moving, lying down, standing, and redrawing. The body adjusts to the lines, sometimes filling the room, sometimes colliding with its edges. The house is no longer an object; it becomes a choreographic framework. The contour functions as a boundary - a sketch of a right. Dwelling is read not as private property, but as a fundamental

Sinopale 10, Tanja Ostojić  
Changed By Water: Menopausal  
Embroidery Tea Party  
Photo: Derin Deniz



condition for existence. Yet this right is rendered in chalk: fragile, temporary, vulnerable.

**Type:** Performance  
**Event Name:** Karadeniz Agora  
**Artist:** Ángela Bonadies  
**Venue:** Former Military Social Club Building  
**Time:** 18:45  
**Description:** Karadeniz Agora invites people living in and passing through Sinop to encounter one another through photography, share their stories, and reflect on their relationship with the city and the sea. Through portrait-making and conversations about the sea, the project creates a space for waiting, listening, and meeting again, resisting the rapid circulation of images. In doing so, it aims to build a collective, polyphonic living archive of Sinop in the present.

Mobile Photography Studio.

**26 SEPTEMBER 2026**  
**Type:** Academy  
**Event Name:** Sinopale Academy: Curator Talks  
**Venue:** City Club  
**Time:** 11:00 - 12:30  
**Description:** As part of Sinopale Academy, Curator Talks will explore the conceptual framework of Sinopale 10 from the perspectives of its curators. Deniz Kirkali, Mariam Natroshvili, Marina Fokidis, and T. Melih Görgün will share the curatorial approach shaped around Sinopale 10's title, "At Sea We Sense, on Land We Reason," as well as the development process of the exhibition and the lines of thought formed in dialogue with the participating artists.

**Type:** Performance  
**Event Name:** Water From Hand To Hand To Water  
**Artist:** Collectif Masi  
**Venue:** Sinop Port  
**Time:** 13:00 - 13:30  
**Description:** This collective performance explores water as a shared resource by tracing Sinop's ports, fountains, and historic water infrastructure through the lens of water democracy. Residents

participate by passing, mixing, and returning water to the sea, while engraved coin-like objects create a symbolic exchange around personal relationships to water.

**Type:** Performance  
**Event Name:** Swamp Archive  
**Artist:** Concept, design and instruments: A. Serkan Aka  
Creation and performance: A. Serkan Aka, Basma Seiba, Selim Cizdan

**Venue:** Sinop Port  
**Time:** 13:30 - 14:00  
**Description:** Swamp Archive takes place within Sinop Harbour, in a setting that establishes a direct relationship with the sea. A. Serkan Aka's water flutes, handmade from everyday and found materials, blend into the harbour's own soundscape through the interaction of water, air, and breath. Approaching wetlands as sites of memory, transmission, and listening, the performance unfolds on the shores of the Black Sea, treating

Sinopale 10,  
Exhibition Venue:  
Former Military Social Club Building  
Photo: İpek Hamzaoğlu



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