

Melike Kara
In Your Presence
Peres Projects, Berlin
February 13, 2016–March 11, 2016
Opening Saturday, February 13, 2016 6–8PM

Face to face, he said, but the door does not seem to follow the advancements of your pressing body. Faces are not facts, nor are they facets, but rather acts of expression. With that in mind you relax, leaning your head and body against a brick wall, waiting for the next best thing to happen. From a glance you see the note ahead of you: Back Anytime Soon. Tick tock, tock tick, take note: time does not pass on equal terms to two distant bodies. To those who leave anybody so aimlessly pressed up against a wall waiting, today is not anytime soon, but rather any given day, sooner or later. *Wer weiß, wann. Was weiss wer. Web wide world. Who will wait. Water washes water, with wasser, as well. Mix well, but do not shake. Shhhhhh!* Can you hear the ticking, or is the sound only circulating my own mind? Aimlessly placed bodies and their equally amputated parts can go numb in the long run. *Knock knock! Who's there? Any. Any who? Any time soon.* In the unevenness of time, to the person it concerns his absence depends on the urgency of his business, not the advancements of your own pressing body. You might seem to have all the time in the world, but the world sure doesn't. Listen; speaking of timezones, what one single item would you take to a remote island? Take your time before you answer, you can always leave a message on my phone later. Stranded, you will start to hate islands and all that they stand for. Waves washing the sand, redundant clocks running out of battery, rounded coconuts, and the deceiving milkiness of coconut water. After all, it's not milk, but water. Water washes waves with water, not milk. Meanwhile, can I charge my phone in your wall, I'm expecting an important call, from somebody, important. *Ring ring! Who's there? Some. Some who? Some body, important.* A pressing body presses itself against another but only one of them seems to give in. As one body fails and falls to the ground, the other walks away, leaving behind nothing but footprints in the sand that could belong to anybody who owns a pair of feet. Waves washes away waves with water, wasser and well, alone, you remain, stranded, with your favourite item. You write a note from right to left and place it on top of the other: Be right back. *Tick Tock! Who's there? Not. Not who? Not anybody that you know.* You sit down in silence, on an island, killing time, as if time had a body to break down. Stranded islands always seem so remote, and even more so in winter. In the absence of anything happening, all you recall is the story of an old nordic esoteric eccentric who died alone on a remote island after following a pure coconut diet. Day in and day out, he drank nothing but this milk-impersonating water. Watching waves washing, water washing water, *Wer weiß wann.* When they then found him numb and lifeless they were unsure if it was the fatal fall of a coconut or his faddy diet that in the end killed him. Either way, it was an end. Speaking of, time is up. So, what is your favourite item, the one you would take to a remote island? The item of your choice is time, not because it rhymes, but because it seems as if you have all the time in the world, even though the world itself doesn't. Shhhhhh! I can no longer hear the ticking, unless you tell me that it's touching you too.

Hanne Lippard

Peres Projects' opening hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 11 am – 6pm. For further information and sales inquiries, please contact Javier Peres (javier@peresprojects.com), Nick Koenigsknecht (nick@peresprojects.com) or by telephone at +49 30 275 950770. For press and media inquiries, please contact media@peresprojects.com.