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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO

*On the Coast*

A thesis submitted in partial satisfaction of the  
requirements for the degree Master of Fine Arts

in

Visual Arts

by

Merve Kayan

Committee in charge:

Professor Louis Hock, Chair  
Professor Charles Curtis  
Professor Cauleen Smith  
Professor Lesley Stern

2010

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The thesis of Merve Kayan is approved and it is acceptable in quality and form for publication on microfilm and electronically:

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Chair

University of California, San Diego

2010

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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In the appendix section of my MFA Thesis you will find texts by Alisa Lebow, Glenna Jennings and Can Eskinazi, all to whom I am thankful for taking the time to think and write about *On the Coast*. They kindly allowed me to include their writings as part of this thesis and my talented friend Başak Ertür has translated the Turkish texts into English with generosity.

Finally, I am forever thankful to my family, not only for playing a major part in this film but also for their continuous support throughout my filmmaking adventures and life-long education.

ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS

*On the Coast*

by

Merve Kayan

Master of Fine Arts in Visual Arts

University of California, San Diego, 2010

Professor Louis Hock, Chair

*On the Coast* is a short essay film on the ephemeral feeling of summer, as observed in Erikli, a small coastal town on the Aegean Sea in Turkey. It is common in Turkey, like in most Mediterranean climates, to travel to the coasts for the summer, and settle temporarily. Because of the seasonal relocating of people on the coastline, goods, businesses, and even relationships are transplanted from nearby towns and cities for the summer months. This shift creates an interim lifestyle, a ‘transformed reality’ that shapes the nature of vacation for many people.

The film serves as a travelogue through observational images of vacationers with constructed bits of sound and staged vignettes that stem from everyday life

occurrences and emotions, experienced in this familiar yet distinctive location. As the daytime presents a fleeting glimpse of the summerhouses and crowded beaches filled with people swimming and sunbathing, the sunset offers its own peculiar routines - a stroll in the evening bazaar, a random chat in a coffee shop or a drink at the tavern - hinting at a simultaneous state of comfort and unrest. *On the Coast*, a documentary with fictive interruptions, reflects on the nature of vacation, as it is a transformed version of reality, the fantastical counterpart to winter.

## *On the Coast*

The sun's carriage springs up from the water. It takes humanity along in its burning race, and leaves it lying in the evening, to be born again in the morning, and then starts again the cycle of a slow labor, which requires overcoming reserve and boredom, at the risk of losing your head, or your skin, which is judged by its tan.

*(Du côté de la côte, 1958)*

The stories of my grandfather carrying bags of plaster, faucets and pipes on a boat over multiple years to an island in the middle of the sea would be told with amazement as we all took seasonal shelter in his impossible building. The house was thought of as a bed-and-breakfast but as the family grew, the rooms were no longer rented out. The weekend following the last day of the school year, families with summerhouses temporarily relocated to the island. Others would get away to hotels, tents, relatives' extra rooms, as long as time and money allowed. We would arrive and I would separate the inflatable toys that had melted together over winter, blow them up while inhaling the sweetest smell: salty plastic. The summer was a repeated affair, with a naturally and mutually accepted beginning and end.

This experience is not specific to the place that clearly marked that interim time of the season for me. When my grandmother passed away, the house on the island was sold and my parents relocated to another spot for the summers, Erikli, a small coastal town on the Aegean Sea that only comes alive in the warm months of the year. Because of the seasonal relocating of people on the coastline, goods, businesses and even relationships are transplanted from nearby towns and cities for the summer months. This shift creates an interim lifestyle, a "transformed reality" that shapes the

nature of vacation for many people. This ephemeral atmosphere captured in Erikli, is the subject of *On the Coast*.

Places such as Erikli, which hold their inhabitants temporarily, are shaped by the coming and going of people and vehicles. Some vacationers arrive in the beginning of summer and stay until they can't bear the cold, some only come for a summer weekend. Men whose families are there for a long time commute from nearby cities, leaving the town to women and children during the week. Bodies after long months covered under buildings and layers of clothing finally give in to a life conducted outdoors. The crowded beaches in the midday sun give way to a stroll on the cooler streets in the nighttime. Life's rhythm changes temporarily with summer's peculiar rituals.

A few weeks ago, during a Q & A following a screening in Rotterdam, a member of the audience told my collaborator Zeynep Dadak and me that she didn't know of this place specifically, yet she knew of similar locations and more importantly she knew of the feeling that hovers over places like this. She was not the first to say this about the film. *On the Coast* can be seen as an essay film about a location, or a travelogue looking at a familiar place, but more so it is about a phenomenon. About the luxury of staring into space for hours or the privilege of bodies carrying themselves from one part of town to the other for various tasks of no particular need or importance. People in groups, transforming their lives during a specific season and changing locations for the time being in order to make sense of the

rest of the year. A temporary version of living that is awakened in the beginning of vacation then put back to sleep at the end.

My previous piece *Work*, an exploration in documentary, was a new territory for me as a former “narrative filmmaker.” The two channel video installation chronicled people working as two windows opening into a room. On one side we saw Andre who used old mannequins to create a musical puppet band, and on the other Carla and Stan, two siblings who re-wove garments for a living. While meditating on neither the most interesting nor the mundane, *Work* documented specialized acts of reusing and repairing and presented the practitioners as characters.

As in *Work*, the captured reality in *On the Coast* also has a meditative quality. This time, rather than a traditional documentary impetus, the meditation on observing the time taken off from work is interrupted by fictional and often fantastical moments. Although both works originate from observation, *On the Coast* declares its subjectivity more openly with its “rigged” audio layer, tableaux-like imagery and moments of manipulated and, at times, staged reality.

***On the Coast, A Collaboration of three if not more people:***

*On the Coast's* end credits, declare the film with two directors and three producers. I am credited as the first director and my collaborator Zeynep Dadak as the second director of the film. Due to the film's collaborative nature in field production as well as post-production, we have chosen to use the credit ‘producer’ in the word's literal sense. The title: Yapım (literally translating to “the making”, or “production”) lists myself, Zeynep Dadak and Jeffrey Grieshober. We later credit ourselves again, in

our most dominant positions in the making of the film, such as myself for camerawork, Zeynep and myself for editing, Jeffrey Grieshober and again myself for sound recording etc. along with many others who have provided their services for the film.

A film in loose documentary format, based on previous summer experiences, the idea of *On the Coast* has taken life through my conversations with my husband Jeffrey Grieshober. Mostly but not solely on a technical level, we have been collaborating on films and videos through the past few years. Having spent time together in Erikli, before the production, we worked on the idea together, discussing a possible structure for the film and how we should build its audio/visual world. Soon before the shooting commenced, another previous collaborator of mine, Zeynep Dadak, became active in the process. The three of us then started shooting the film in Erikli.

In terms of field production, this film was made with little hierarchy. While we all had our responsibilities on the set (I as a cinematographer, Jeff as an audio recorder and Zeynep as a location coordinator), at different points we all did a little bit of everything while making decisions together. After the first summer of shooting, Zeynep and I worked on a text for the film between San Diego and New York. I started editing in San Diego, and we would meet every few months to go into intense days of editing together. Having a skeleton for the film, the second summer, the three of us came together again to shoot the remaining footage and to collect an extensive range of sounds from the town. At the end of the second summer of shooting, Zeynep and I sat down to finish the editing in Istanbul and made a final cut on the film.

Collaboration is often mandatory for filmmaking; however, we were surprised to see how collaborating on writing and editing a film could facilitate the otherwise difficult creative process. With the awareness that collaborations like this rarely work and should not be taken for granted, during the making of *On the Coast* the amorphous hierarchy left all of us with contentment and hope for the future.

***Observing the performative:***

*On the Coast* combines observations, emotional and rational responses and fantasy to create a collage. Going back and forth between shooting, editing and writing the film, the merger of the documentary and fictional elements situated themselves almost intuitively. The film dwells on certain notions that we had planned from the beginning and some that revealed themselves in the making.

In an attempt to tease out the absurd in the everyday, the images of vacation not only depict an alternative existence but can also function as a showcase for human reaction to the fleeting season. I often think of the beach as a long stage on which beach goers perform daily. The bodies go through significant changes by the sea and under the sun. Apart from the obvious decrease in clothing and the baking of skin, they have a specific way of acting. Observation is innate to the act of being on the beach. Endless hours can be devoted to observing people and their unique behavior by the seaside. These daily performances on the beach repeated throughout the entire season, create an arc of summer-long bodily expressions.

Many people look at the “summerhouse” experience, and think about it as an overall pleasant one. For others, whether it lasts for a few days or months, vacation

prepares its own demise. Although a lot of elements in the film came about as the production went on, one of the things that we had repeatedly talked about in regards to this type of experience was the discomfort underneath the sand that had to seep into the tone of the film. After showing the film in Istanbul, friends whose teenage years were partly shaped (or scarred) by being in similar towns for numerous summers would mention that the film has a post- apocalyptic feeling. One friend said that as the film came to an end she really wanted to get out of this place, similar to her feelings toward the end of any vacation. Why do vacation towns have a sense of uneasiness about them? Is it the coexistence of vitality and boredom or is it because families that spend so many of the previous months indoors can handle performing outdoors for only so long?

Groups of teenage boys lifting up rowboats as high as they can, men towing the same boats from the sea, the constant watering of grass and cement, the struggle to put a beach umbrella in the sand... Men in *On the Coast* are seen performing arduous tasks, staring at something or lying around lifelessly, unless they are in town to earn a living. A place where most people arrive to be idle naturally has a complicated relationship with work.

In places like Erikli, women's lives go through less of a transformation than men in terms of labor. Many women here work at home during winter and that work continues in the summer home. For men, often struggling with the absence of work, having a job is replaced with a kind of surrogate performance. These performances often reveal themselves as enhanced absurd movements of the body, but nevertheless

are taken very seriously. Favorite topics of conversation at night also revolve around the tasks performed during the day, hinting at a simultaneous state of comfort and unrest. Whether it is a boat pulled out of the sea, a child saved from drowning or a sidewalk paved, leisure is embellished with the retelling of the routine.

***Influences:***

Agnès Varda's *Du côté de la côte* was playing at the French Institute in New York around the year 2003. The film is a humorous essay on Côte d'Azur, stretched between the beginning of summer and an imagined autumn. It was commissioned by the French National Tourist Office, and, in contrast, had accompanied the Paris opening of *Hiroshima Mon Amour* in June 1959. Years later it became my port of entry to a desired, subtle and poetic kind of representation that transformed a subjective yet collective experience, allowing the audience to see things differently. In recent interviews, Varda expressed her lukewarm feelings about the film, seeing it as not much more than a representation of her ability to escape the commission without totally betraying it. Perhaps to me, this was part of the charm, as the film playfully went back and forth between the poetic and the formal.

No doubt the process of transformation is more to the fore in documentaries, where the only subjectivity available is the filmmaker's own. In *O saisons, ô Châteaux* or *Du côté de la côte*, Varda treats the object of her inquiry in a very individual way, which allows for the intrusion of fantasy. The fantasy is inserted by Varda's own imagination, but it finds its spark in another, collective, fantasy, which in the case of *Du côté de la côte* becomes the subject of the film." (Smith 171)

The leisurely rituals in *On the Coast*, and the embellishments that present the summer as the more desirable companion to winter are enhanced by the make-believe.

The lawn ornaments, celebrating life outdoors and complementing an imagined summer as cloned fairy tale characters, have a world of their own. These objects of fantasy become the transfixed dancers in a musical vignette only to be interrupted by the hands that create them out of plaster. The horse at the end of the film too, appearing to be a life-size ornament at first, eating the grass on the now deserted lawn can be seen as a product of imagination, emerging soon after the voice that announces its loss. Similar to Varda's *Du côté de la côte*, even the sequences that present themselves as documentary are sprinkled with shots of staged reality, in which subjects are guided through the frame or even told to act a certain way.

Unlike Varda's film, built over a layer of Côte d'Azur history and exoticism, neither the collective fantasy in *On the Coast*, nor the location in which the film manifests itself are, in the true sense of the word, very "sophisticated". In the beginning of *Du côté de la côte*, we see a tracking shot of the French Riviera, rich with marble statues standing against the backdrop of a beautiful blue sea. As the tracking shot comes to a stop to capture the elegance in a tableaux vivant, a smokey tin chimney rising among the statues of beauty in the frame displays itself as the center of attention. Varda has revealed her sense of humor by playing down the sophistication of Côte d'Azur; meanwhile, *On the Coast*'s sense of humor, borrowing from Jacques Tati's work, at times illuminates the everyday.

In Tati's comedies, seriousness (in the case of *Les Vacances de M. Hulot*, the seriousness of going on holiday) is juxtaposed with human instinct and actual desire for leisure. In *On the Coast* as well, whether it be daily tasks taken too seriously, or

the overall idea of a well-regulated summer, the coexistence of two universes adds to the absurdity. One is the formality-based universe that people create around themselves and the other is more aligned with their actual instincts and what they want to do. The diversion of universes is most visible, or rather audible, in the public announcements that constitute the majority of the film's spoken language. Ranging from reasonable to suspicious, these statements uttered from invisible public speakers, offer an insight to the daily life in the town while also indicating the desire for regulation and routine.

In *On the Coast*, the public announcements, local voices dubbed onto images of people talking, the often exaggerated sound effects, the use of ambient sound and the film's score are all fabricated to create a soundscape. This replaces what otherwise could be a voiceover. Again, Jacques Tati has been an inspiration when thinking about creating an enhanced soundtrack for the film. *Les Vacances de M. Hulot* by Tati, a pioneer in using film sound innovatively, begins with a stressful game of chase between the vacationers and the train that will take them to their ultimate resort destination. The sound coming out of the public speakers in the train station is incomprehensible mumble, yet it still has the authority to cause havoc among the passengers who are desperately trying to embark on their holidays.

A surprising fact: when asked to describe his experiments with sound, Tati, who used sound like no one else, spoke about it in the same way everyone does. Like others, he talked in terms of its capacity to underline -- making the visuals and only adding sounds afterward. This description of a two-stage process is not what many see as the ideal, which is a constant back-and-forth between the two. A two-stage process means that certain films, and some of the greatest, are really 'sonorized' (i.e., with sound added) rather than integrally being sound

films. They do not offer “slices of reality” captured by filming; instead they observe the real through a prism that separates and recomposes, without necessarily making the dislocated elements coincide perfectly.” (Chion 192)

The enhanced soundtrack in Tati’s films often emphasize miscommunication between people (as seen in *Trafic*) or their frustration with technology (as seen in *Mon Oncle* and *Playtime*), using sound to the advantage of comedy. In his fictional worlds, Tati uses sound to underline certain elements, and dislocates them for specific purposes. In *On the Coast*, the heightened sound of a distant door squeak, the silence of an action taking place right in front of the camera or the dislocation of speech with mismatched lip-syncing, is used less strategically to create a disorienting hyper-reality from documentary footage, putting the audience in between what they deem as real and the film’s own reality. Furthermore, the creative flexibility of non-synchronous sound, alongside writing, editing and shooting without a particular order, enabled a loose working structure. This facilitated the natural development of a cinematic language, while translating a feeling or an experience into film.

### ***Conclusion***

So far I have attended three public screenings of *On the Coast*. In the U.S. it was received with curiosity (Is that singer really a transsexual?) and treated as a mirage of a desired holiday (When can we go there?). In Istanbul it became pure comedy with people laughing at the familiar. Zeynep and I were also sincerely thanked by a friend for “making a film that finally displays Turks as creatures”. In the Netherlands people would constantly say “Just like Bert Haanstra!” In response we smiled with curiosity, because we had never seen his films. Bert Haanstra was a Dutch filmmaker who made

features and documentaries in which he portrayed the Dutch people and culture with humor, irony and tenderness.

Now slowly going through Haanstra's films, I see the similarities, laugh at his gentle humor and think about what it means to "mirror" a culture on film. When a film chooses to look at the human experience in the natural order of things, it inherently becomes a canvas for people to project their past experiences and feelings. Although *On the Coast* looks at a specific place, my hope is that it has potential to mold into many experiences. As the film travels around the globe and is seen by different people, some will be dreaming of the sun gleaming over the beach and some will be thinking about the sewer underneath.

## **Appendix**

*Alisa Lebow's Article from Altyazi Monthly Film Magazine, December 2009*

*(Translation: Başak Ertür)*

Fake documentaries are a very rare phenomenon within Turkish cinema. The tradition of documentary filmmaking in Turkey is, for the most part, a somber affair, with a few new filmmakers coming onto the scene to shake things up with a fresh approach and a lighter hand. But it is the artists and those either working within the art world or trained in fine arts who seem to be really pushing the boundaries of documentary, where they merge almost seamlessly with fiction. I encountered two examples just in the last week.

World renown artist, Kutluğ Ataman recently screened his film *Journey to the Moon* (2009) at the London Film Festival. The film 'investigates' a made up event as if it were historical fact, of villagers from deep within Anatolia who planned a mission to the moon sometime in the 1950s, using the village mosque's minaret as their spaceship. Complete with 'documentary evidence' in the form of black and white still photographs of the events, and interviews with renowned experts commenting on the story as if it were real, the film apparently caught Turkish audiences off-guard at the Istanbul Film Festival, unaccustomed as they were to seeing their own stories 'faked'. Although Ataman did not intend to fool anyone, the best mockumentaries draw so deeply on accepted or projected cultural norms and truisms, that it is no surprise that at times they succeed in 'passing' for documentaries of events. And they tend to borrow

very heavily from documentary conventions, which in turn authorize their content, albeit false.

The same may well be said of Merve Kayan's new film, *Bu Sahilde* (*On the Coast*, 2009), co-directed with Zeynep Dadak, and recently accepted to be screened in the Rotterdam Film Festival. Made in partial fulfillment of Kayan's MFA degree at University of California, San Diego, and steeped in the traditions of experimental documentary, the film appears, on the surface, to document an average summer colony of the petit bourgeoisie of Western Turkey. The faces, the clothing, the setting, the entire mise-en-scene inclines one to believe the film is a straight forward documentary. The public announcements from the township, warning of illegal parking of boats or informing of the 'Wonder Trampoline', available now in three new locations, are just this side of absurd that they could easily be true.

And that is the key to any good mockumentary. They have to acknowledge and embrace the little absurdities of every day life and just exaggerate them enough that the question of veracity impinges on the experience, but not enough to throw off the facade. Life as we know it is full of moments that erupt as surreal and impossible, yet we know them to be true. So when a talented filmmaker adds her own layers of keen observation mixed with fantasy, they only serve to enhance our perception of what is possible, without rupturing the illusion of the real. Kayan and Dadak shot the film on 16mm without synchronized sound, so every sound effect, every voice, each crowd scene, has an audio track (or many) laid upon it that may well appear to be in sync, but has in fact been constructed for effect. It takes an attentive viewer to understand the

level of constructedness involved here, but in truth, despite the 'artifice' of both sound and image (many of the scenes were 'directed' and 'acted'), a film like *Bu Sahilde* serves to point toward a profoundly relevant and true reality, both of life as it is lived (which is itself a kind of surreal performance at times), and of the fictions that inform our every day life. It takes an artist to reveal this truth to us—it is the truth about fiction and the fiction of documentary that we see.

*Text by Glenna Jennings, March 2010*

When Merve Kayan takes me to the Turkish coast during 22 minutes of 16mm celluloid reverie, it is hard to know if she is lying. *Bu Sahilde* ultimately functions as both essay and short story, its structure being the mundane passages of time from light to dark during a typical summer day in the chimeric coastal town of Erikli, where leisure brings an entire civic body to life for only a few months each year. Beach towels, hairy chests, soccer matches, vacant interiors of temporary summer homes, a stray pony – these punctuating elements are real enough. So why am I left with that elusive feeling of surreality more often associated with the fantastic or the carnivalesque? When the 22 minutes are over, the projector turned off, and darkness returns, why does it seem I am exiting a carnival ride, both enchanted and uneasy about what this subtle, well-crafted artistry has done to my senses?

The soundscape that Kayan and her collaborators have created to stand guard over the bodies and landscapes of Erikli is definitely a conspirator in this game of facts and fictions. A sexy if slightly robotic woman's voice serves as an ironic call to prayer

for the community's leisure seekers. Offering a "miraculous" tanning lotion, jumbo diapers, discount cosmetics, and sunglasses for a friendly yet post-apocalyptic sounding solar eclipse, the announcer plays with the audience and establishes a level of routine control over the vacationing bodies, reminding us that idleness is never complete without its attendant commodities.

Diagetic voices also contribute to this chorus of often-exaggerated sounds. As a group of older women play cards on a patio in the golden late afternoon, the proud vacation home-owner lays out her plans: *"I'd like columns in the front. Plaster roses on the columns. A wooden lighthouse on the lawn. A garden large enough for a table and a few chairs. We'll use the TV here in the summer, take it back in the winter. It's so desolate here in the winter. There's no one around."*

Her banter clearly demonstrates the beautiful, agonizing truth of vacations -- they come to an end. As she describes the plight of some poor woman who was unlucky enough to bring her fur coat into the humid town, causing it to fully shed, the terminal reality in this system of bodies and objects is cleverly underscored. We use summer to make sense of winter, vacations to make sense of labor. Whether or not you inhabit the temperate regions of this earth, Erikli does share one global contrast -- that between idleness and work.

Of course there are those who must work during the summer months -- selling the travelers their experience and performing for their benefit. One such "employee" is the transsexual singer who croons for a multi-generational crowd of well-behaved revelers that seem altogether unaware of the queerness penetrating this small part of an

otherwise traditional community. She flips her hair seductively as another employee showers her in a make-shift ticker tape parade, creating yet another moment that teeters on the boundaries of our expectations.

Throughout this menagerie of voice, song and form, Kayan wields the camera with a photographer's eye, creating from an everyday place and its everyday objects a visual adventure that would captivate even without the deft sound story. Though the inherently subtle surrealism poses itself within a non-linear world of non-events, one character bookends the experience – that errant black horse. The animal grazes and promenades at poignant moments throughout the film, and our commodities vendor turns public service announcer towards the conclusion to alert us that “*A medium-sized black horse is on the loose, roaming our streets. Please do not attempt to ride it or feed it. Thank you.*”

The comic absurdity within this warning is a classic Kayan mockumentary move, highlighting the clash between order and third world chaos that makes room for meaningful documentary play. If Kayan is lying to me it is only through the age old adage that the truest words are so often said – and filmed - in jest.

*Can Eskinazi's Article from Altyazı Monthly Film Magazine, May 2010:*

ON THE COAST: THE BRIEF HISTORY OF HOLIDAY (Translation: Başak Ertür)

Merve Kayan and her artistic collaborator Zeynep Dadak's film *On the Coast* was screened at !f Istanbul, fresh from its world premiere at the Rotterdam Film Festival. To be honest, I had not expected that the experience of watching this film

would be like seeing an oasis in the desert. I immersed myself in the film's unique sense of space and time, astonished to encounter such a good film.

Undoubtedly, you need not have visited Erikli to understand the ghostly, languid rhythm of *On the Coast*. Nor do you need to be fond of the summer season or holidays. I, for one, have never really understood the pleasures of the sea-sand-sun triad. I would lie on the sand and sunbathe only because people around me enjoyed doing so, try to imitate their sense of relaxation with the sun scorching my back, and only really take pleasure in the perceptual stupor and daze it effects. And I must be on to something here, because in their film Merve Kayan and Zeynep Dadak depict the summer not only as a fantasy sister to the winter and a form of "altered reality", but also as one of perceptual alteration. This perceptual intensity of the film must have a nostalgic significance for some of its viewers, and for others, it must bring *On the Coast* close to science fiction.

What I mean by science fiction is not necessarily a fiction of the future but one where the perception of time and space is disrupted, giving a sense of "another time and another space". In other words, *On the Coast* is somewhere between *Monsieur Hulot's Holiday's* situational beach comedy and *Playtime's* caricatured, science-fictionalized reality. Even without recourse to a character such as Jacques Tati's Monsieur Hulot, who makes scenes and exposes the absurd physicality of the world around him by means of physical comedy, *On the Coast* manages to capture a similar physicality and absurdity.

In addition to its affinity with Tati who constructs architecture, roads, cars, human movements with a patient, observational rhythm as if building a kinetic model, *On the Coast* also brings to mind Martin Parr's saturated photographic depictions of kitsch. Rather than Parr's early, Tatiesque, physical/situational comedy photography, the film stands closer to the later Parr and his photojournalistic take on kitsch, and seems to work with a similar cultural point of reference. It is as if the knowledge that holiday is ultimately a notion of modernity, and the awareness concerning Turkey's special relation to modernity is lurking somewhere in the film's mind, though out of sight.

Had Merve Kayan and Zeynep Dadak been less humble and more playful, they may have named their film "The Brief History of Holiday". Because even though the film has nothing to do with a historical narrative, its 16mm footage creates an anachronism or "historical illusion" in our present time steeped in video images. This is why *On the Coast* can at once be both the sun scorching our back on the beaches of Erikli, and an oasis appearing in the "desert of time".

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