

Art

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ELMGREEN & DRAGSET

Merve Akar Akgün met with the 15th Istanbul Biennial curators for a drive from Beyoğlu to Maslak

ADILA LAIDI-HANIEH

Kültigin Kağan Akbulut interviewed the writer of *Painter of Inner Worlds* that breaks the common opinion on *Fahrelnissa Zeyd*

LORD PALUMBO

Burcu Yüksel met with the collector, architecture connoisseur and former chairman of Arts Council of Great Britain

SEZA PAKER

Nazlı Pektaş visited the artist's studio, situated by Canal Saint Martin in Paris for Unlimited Visits



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SNOWDON, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN

Hi,

What does a child mean to you?

In a world where concerns for the future are heavily felt, shouldn't we trust in our children, the new generations to regain their freedom, the natural explorers who know how to learn from the world by themselves, rather than technology, social reforms, and the efforts to extend human life?

Independent children who free themselves from the hegemony of the adults are the ones who can change the existing order of things. We know that a child who is respected will respect, a child who is listened to, will express, a child who freely discovers, will easily learn, and a child who opens up to a free environment full of love, can edify an identity in a healthy manner. So how correct is it to raise a child for "today"? There is no way to estimate what their world will be like in the future. It is just enough to teach them to be in existence. No to be in possession...

My personal wish for this September is for families raising free children to fill up all the art events around the city!

Let it be a comeback when the cool autumn nurtures our reflections.

Merve Akar Akgün

YAŞAYAN OBJELER

HERMÈS
PARIS





YAŞAYAN OBJELER



Publicis EtNou

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VAKKO

The hand and the mind of the painter: *Fahrelnissa Zeid*

The new book *Fahrelnissa Zeid: Painter of Inner Worlds* written by Adila Laïdi-Hanieh, one of Zeid's students, breaks common knowledge about the painter and suggests new perspectives

Words: Kültigin Kağan Akbulut



FAHRELNISSA ZEID IN HER STUDIO, PARIS, C. 1950. UNKNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER, RAAD ZEID AL-HUSSEIN ARCHIVE

What is your personal relationship with Zeid? What was your personal motivation to write this book?

I was a student of Fahrelnissa, in the 80's, when I was a teenager in Jordan. This is how I knew her. In addition, my parents were friends with her and her son and his wife. However, the immediate motivation is very interesting. At the Istanbul Biennial, they had a panel at Istanbul Modern about Fahrelnissa. IKSU invited me to speak. When I prepared for the talk, I was doing my PhD, on Palestinian culture in Cultural Studies and Critical Theory, nothing to do with Fahrelnissa. When I opened old books in my family home in Algiers to prepare for the talk, I was shocked by what I was reading. Because these materials were a compendium of the art critique she received in the 1950s, mostly orientalist and very limited. It did not match the Fahrelnissa I knew.

I gave a political talk in the Biennial; spoke about the Nouvelle Ecole de Paris movement that she was an important part of. Then I spoke to family and suggested they encourage someone to write a book about Fahrelnissa to reintroduce her to the contemporary reader. When I heard the news about the Tate exhibition few months later, I had obtained my PHD. I thought I ought to be the person to write this book.

What was the book you read?

This book (Fahrelnissa Zeid, 1984) despite the old fashioned critiques in it, is very good because it features all of her paintings that were still in her possession then and was a labor of love from her students who funded it. Fahrelnissa herself chose the layout and dated the works. There were also many archival pictures. The book was key in leading to her retrospective exhibitions of 1990 in Europe and subsequently in Turkey. Her students collected all the reviews written about exhibitions in 1950's and 1960's and there was an interesting preface that I quote in my own book by art critic André Parinaud from Paris who wrote about why Fahrelnissa did not become the undisputed star of the Ecole de Paris as she should have given her talent.

Zeid's life is also the history of transformation from Ottoman to Turkey. Her family ties lie to madrasah, but her father is from army. Children have French education, but you emphasize that they protect their Turkish identity. How do you think this cultural mosaic effected Zeid?

She was very proud of being Turkish. She spoke to her husband, Prince Zeid in Turkish. She wrote letters to him in Ottoman. She spoke to her son in Turkish. Letters to her family were a mix of Turkish and French.

Sending children to French schools... Everybody in the Middle East did that. Like Walter Benjamin said, Paris was the capital of 19th century. France meant modernization, and she and her family were part of that class of Turks who saw modernization and even westernization as integral part of a modern nationalist Turkish identity. It does not mean that you automatically regret your own culture. In addition, access to French schools was a marker of class distinction for Middle Eastern Elites. For me, it is clear that she was Turkish.

Which archive did you use for the book? How did you have chance to read her personal diaries? And which parts of the archive did you exclude?

Starting point was to look her papers. There are private diaries, letters, and many photographs of her exhibitions, reviews and newspaper articles. This is how I was able to find Turkish and British articles. Some of the papers and information was not of useful like family correspondence and household issues. After that, I did my own art historical and political research to contextualize my findings. In one hand, I was lucky, because everything was centralized in her archive. I did not have to go to scattered libraries. I was also extremely lucky insofar as. This archive was 90 percent in French and perhaps because of that, had been mostly unexamined. The archive is in the house of family. Fahrelnissa used to write a lot. Many people in Turkey and Jordan have letters from Fahrelnissa. I encourage people to publish it. Even if only on Facebook, Instagram or blogs.



FAHRELNISSA ZEİD, 1949

THE FAMILY AROUND ŞAKİR PASHA (AT THE BACK) TO HIS LEFT IS CEVAT FAHRELNİSSA'S OLDEST BROTHER. IN FRONT OF ŞAKİR IS HER HALF-BROTHER ASSİM HER SISTERS ŞAKİYE AND AYŞE AND MOTHER ARE IN THE MIDDLE AND FAHRELNİSSA (ON THE LEFT), HER BROTHER SUT AND SISTER ALİYE ARE AT THE FRONT.

How did you decide the construction of the book? How did you decide the periodization? What do you think these chapters/periods correspond to her art life?

I preferred to do a thematic periodization. However, my publisher said the reader would be lost. Therefore, we decided a chronological organization of the chapters.

However, it is not just chorological, there are some thematic periodization. How did you decide that?

Well, the second chapter covers mostly her personal life. I put the information about her temperament, and her mood episodes there. Chapter four, which covers her turn to the abstract, I put all of her views on abstract art across the years. In chapter five, I put all her conception of art and painting philosophy, because that was her high period, etc.

You both tell the life of Zeid and make descriptive explanations of her works. How did you interpret the paintings of Zeid?

I did not want this book to be only about biographical information because that is fully detailed in Şirin Devrim's book. What I wanted to write about her life is related to her painting. In addition, my publisher is specialized in art history; I am interested in cultural theory and history. That is the relation between life and art. When it comes to the art.

First, I wanted to reconstruct her career. Because some parts are erroneous or missing in Şirin's book. I had to tell the reader where did she study, where she exhibited etc. When it comes to the paintings... I wanted to engage the materiality of the archive and the materiality of her works. It means you examine and evaluate what she wrote about her own work, you compare with the books that she read, the places, museums and galleries she visited and wrote about, and the artists she met and studied. One also must notice what she does

not write about, what is absent.

In the works of art, one must describe the colors, color saturation, compositional structure, and brush-work. You must also consider the gesture and the work of the artist.

Let me tell you something personal. Which was my starting point. I did not understand something. I knew Fahrelnissa in her 80's. She was sick, she was always sitting or in bed. I did not understand how this person painted so much. I forgot about the Fahrelnissa I knew and asked myself: What kind of human being paints this kind of paintings and why? They are on a symphonic scale, and miniaturist. What kind of a person does this kind of work? I am happy that I got my reply when I did my research.

In addition, from the start, I wanted to write about Fahrelnissa fairly, as a painter, not as a woman painter, not as a princess painter, not as a Turk. I tried to understand the gesture of the hand and the mind leading this gesture. Then contextualize with her nationality and gender.

You almost never use the cliché definitions about Zeid. West-East dichotomy is less. In addition, I also counted; you use the word "princess" 25 times and mostly as adjective about family members. What was the reason behind that? What kind of reading this book provide us?

For me, it is not important. She was more than a princess. Being a princess was an accident. She would have behaved as larger than life personality even as a man, or a commoner or European etc.

There is something more about Fahrelnissa. You will not find it nowadays. There is a world in French: *entière* (whole)... In Paris, she had a small studio, but she told people that she is princess. She did not hide what she was. She wore her jewelry, her furs. She had big dinners. She did not hide the fact that she was a princess and she did not act like a poor artist. Her son, Nejad warned

her. He said you should not behave like that; people will not take you seriously. However, she said, this is what I am and I am not going to hide that.

As for the orientalist reading of her work. I trace the beginnings of that evaluation; I isolate and deconstruct each critique of this kind and explain its origin, and contrast them with Fahrelnissa's own words and pronouncements. I also interviewed her friends, family and students. So on one hand we have a mass of Orientalist and self-Orientalizing evaluations from western and Middle Eastern critics, while her own inclination went to a spiritualist conception of art, a lyrical Universalist and exalted view of art making, in total congruence with Kandinsky's. Also, an obsession with the cosmos, and a genuine and deep interest and knowledge of European high culture, and a curiosity for Far Eastern culture.

There is an increasing interest in Zeid worldwide. There is an ongoing exhibition in Tate, and continuing exhibitions. In addition, there was an auction record. What do you think about this attention? Why now? Do you think it caused by market?

I am not romantic about art. I know that art is structured by the market and by canonization by institutions and critics.

However, I think that Fahrelnissa is one of the greatest artists of the 20th century. An artist by temperament, talent, outlook on life, far from our prosaic, instrumentalized, and segmented view of life. Her art is itself an embrace of the joys of a higher spirit expressing itself via colors and movement, despite her deep inner struggles and her family tragedies. For me this was a great lesson, very refreshing, as I write and study contemporary arts with their highly discursive, deconstructive, and critical orientation.

It is great thing people rediscovering her. I hope that this is only the beginning. As I said in the Preface, she had many periods, so I wish that there would be more detailed and focused exhibitions.

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"Fahrelnissa bought Carl G. Jung's book in 1943 from Istanbul and gave it to my mother towards the end of the 1980's. It has many personal notes inside."



ADILA LAIDI HANIEH, PHOTO JAMIE GOVIER, COURTESY OF SOTHEBY'S

There was a critic by Yaman Kayabali about euro centrism after Tate exhibition. He said rediscovering Zeid is caused from European perspective. What do you think about that?

It is very funny, because I was in London and have not read anything yet, when a British journalist told me about this. Of course, she is well known in Turkey and Jordan. It is also Eurocentric marketing. But if anybody was able to "rediscover" her it was because of Istanbul Modern, of IKSU, of her Turkish private and institutional collectors, of Turkish curators, because of the Darat al Funun Foundation and its founder Suha Shoman who has been promoting her internationally ceaselessly. It is because of the 2015 Sharjah Biennale, because other record setting auction sales, etc. Her first international retrospective was in 1990 at the Ludwig Museum in Germany.

Finally, let us talk about your discourse. You are against the evaluations of Byzantine and Islamic influences about Fahrelnissa. Why are you against these statements? In addition, what is your own statement?

When I was writing my book, I had two concerns. The first one is to write her as a painter and understand her vision. The second thing was to interrogate the veracity and foundation of the Byzantine-Islamic-Persian discourse. I looked in the archive, I did not find anything. I did not find anything about Mimar Sinan, Byzantine mosaics or Islamic art, no sketches of Islamic or Byzantine motifs. Darat ul Funun has her personal library; there are no books about Persian miniatures or Ottoman or Islamic arts. In addition, I asked in the interviews. Was she interested in Byzantine or Islamic art? Everybody was looking at me as if it was the strangest thing to ask. I even asked did she listen to Sufi music? What I found is she listened to western classical music; she loved to go to the ballet and the opera. She was part of the generation of pre-post-colonial period that embraced western culture and appreciated it, before the turns towards rediscovering self-cultural identity or fusion of western and nonwestern aesthetics. Even when she was part of the D-Group, she stayed apart from their revival and interest in Anatolian aesthetics. She was in a fully expressionist mode. She wrote about Michelangelo, Rubens, and Apollinaire. She read Charles Blanc, Carl Jung, Kierkegaard, Hegel, Spinoza. Even technically, Persian miniature is about control. However, her works are uncontrolled. There is full expressionist abandon.

She was living before Edward Said; she was living before orientalism was a bad thing, understood as reducing the artistic and intellectual stature of people to that of traditionalists or of folklorists. Anybody can say her works reminds them of Ottoman art or African art, etc. However, not that she herself was a student, was interested, or influenced by traditional art forms. Not because there is something wrong with these art forms, but just because that is not borne out by the facts.

I was surprised that her Turkish reviewers in 1940s Istanbul & her reviewers in London in the 1950s & who knew her well because she lived there full time not like in Paris where she came and went, wrote the most objective reviews about her art. Speaking of her expressionism, her maximalism, of painting inner worlds and of her inner vision of natural phenomena.

My research shows her as an erudite and intellectually curious person, a painter of the sublime, informed by her mood episodes, a painter who found herself in the writings of Kandinsky about the spiritual in art, an artist who was influenced by the writings of Charles Blanc the theoretician of divisionism. An artist who was all the time moving forward, inventing and evolving. An artist who was a physical painter who engaged with the process of painting, with her paléokrystalos, as an exalting physical enterprise. She was very serious and intellectual while being also very whimsical.

Did you have a chance to talk about these topics when you were her student?

It was not even a topic. She would talk about her life, her art. She talked about painting. She talked about the painters she liked.

What is your upcoming plans about Zeid? Do you have any new projects?

I have dreams but I do not specific projects. However, I want to see the translations of the book in Turkish, French, and Arabic. That is the main thing. In addition, I would love to see or to organize smaller more focused exhibitions. I would also like to publish one or two more books about specific aspects of her work, which are not yet known fully. I hope that people grow to understand her as I did, and rediscover her attaching and endearing personality.

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The first was a diary entry about the production of *My Hell*, perhaps her most celebrated work. She painted it to deal with the pain that she felt after the death of Queen Aliya, Prince Zeid's niece, in 1950. She had spent months being treated for cancer at the London Clinic, where Fahrelnissa visited her daily, bringing her home-cooked food. Afterwards, Fahrelnissa locked herself in her studio, contemplated the large canvas that she had specially commissioned from Winsor&Newton and had carried there by two of her butlers. She sat in her painting chair, which she called her *fauteuil critique*, and considered at length the vertiginous expanse, made brighter by the sun's illumination. She was petrified, as she did not know what to paint. She "began to feel miserable [...] after so many preparations of the mind, and expenses it cost [...] lost in the incommensurable depth of my mind." Suddenly, a fly appeared and began to move on the canvas. Fahrelnissa described it in her halting English: the fly's shadow "coming towards my work. I took from my bag a small pencil and I rushed exactly like mad, I was rushing from one side to the other side, rushing what was this terrible struggle terrible, which brought me from one corner to the other corner of the canvas. Six meters and a half. I began to laugh with myself." Finally, she had done by hand what today would be generated by computer and projected onto the surface: she had drawn the lines of her kaleidoscopic grids onto the canvas in pencil and charcoal, before painting over them. She finished the drawing in one hour. 'The whole canvas was fixed, and the drawing was there. Not an empty place. The whole canvas was composé.(48) She would then have another stage of filling in the alveoli with different undulating colour blocks that traversed the black grids, but at least she had devised the compositional structure. (132)

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Diyarbakır loading

With special efforts of Erkan Özgen, Cengiz Tekin, Şener Özmen and Deniz Aktaş, an art space is opening in Diyarbakır: loading. To talk, share, collect and open new ways...

Words: Özlem Altunok

"A non-profit art place in Diyarbakır means, first of all, to record the memory of contemporary art, to fight against demoralization networks and an address against non-spatialization." says the creators of loading. They are all artists we know from the contemporary art environment, living and producing in Diyarbakır; Cengiz Tekin, Erkan Özgen, Deniz Aktaş and Şener Özmen. loading that they will put into operation in September is more than just a place, it is a field of struggle. In a sense, a new point of departure. The team that "opens up an area" which is alive with its work, exhibition and interview sections, archive and library; underlines the sustainability of contemporary art despite anything, saying "A space is good..." In order to bring artists together, talk, record and open new ways...

The mobility of the contemporary art in Turkey between the late 90's and the beginning of the 2000s, came into play in many cities that are off 'center' like Diyarbakır, İzmir, Batman and Ankara; and it also made each artist living there visible and a part of this mobility. In recent years, these centers have also faded in the art environment, which has become more and more stagnant due to several factors. In such a process with the intense traffic that passed through the opening of DSM in Diyarbakır, various independent exhibitions, collective productions and relations, why was the loading needed? How do you evaluate the accumulation as the loading team that experienced the process in person?

All cities that you listed above; Diyarbakır, İzmir, Batman and Ankara which are not even neighbors to Istanbul, have benefitted from being 'off center' or not being 'center' for a very long time. For example, İzmir and Ankara were always competing with Istanbul in terms of traditions but the contemporary art representatives of both cities started to settle in center, thinking that Istanbul would be more productive for them -and they were right-. We need to open a quite separate page for İzmir of course. Its urban democratic tendencies could not even be compared with Ankara, it was not too mixed, did not compromise its Republican-Kemalist line, and it is based on advancing the art following principles taken over from the beginning of the Republic, and advancing more. In spite of this, İzmir did not want to exhibit the works coming from Centre Pompidou, belonging to artists from Diyarbakır on the excuse of continuity of the state, nation and Republic.

While in Europe, anti-colonial works (that is to say, a video of Kurds and installation of Turks) could easily be side-by-side -or maybe not so easily, as Diyarbakır side, just looked at the wrong way- İzmir reacted non-surprisingly. Ankara has never been a heartwarming city in terms of contemporary art practices. First of all, it is an inland, shoreless city like Diyarbakır, it is also like Diyarbakır imaginatively and politically. And the city that central Kurd politics didn't want to leave was Ankara. Diyarbakır had already been left. And in Batman, there has never been any art movement. Never.

As we stepped into the second quarter of 2000, there was neither Batman nor Mardin. There was just Diyarbakır, and this explained or restricted everything.

There were more true, individual voices and in this sense, Diyarbakır was an important center. It was able to create various venues and spaces for itself.

Moreover, Batman and Mardin was describing their practices through Diyarbakır. Maybe we should talk about the regional and central role of Diyarbakır Art Center (DSM). DSM was the only institution that succeeded in combining all the components under the same roof and it was operating well. Thanks to its corporate identity, it maintained a good relationship with the public, with us. Two-thirds of its annual programs featured contemporary art exhibitions that brought Diyarbakır and Istanbul together. That is to say, those who came to Diyarbakır through DSM, who held exhibitions, talked, discussed, visited or strolled; they all developed relations with the artists there and also those artists in Diyarbakır influenced their (artists, curators, collectors and art writers') opinions on the issues perceived as terrorist issues.



LOGO DESIGN: HAKAN IRMAK PHOTOGRAPHY: BEDRAN TEKIN

Let me talk about how the idea that 'what we need was a place' rather than individual production and feeding Istanbul (After Gezi Park protests, a high awareness with a high pain threshold emerged, these people with high awareness levels prefer to keep quiet about Eastern Turkey scenes as long as they are happy with their cats, trees, cocktails and tables) took its shape: loading was a necessity, we prefer to say. Since what we had was only demolished buildings and the acrid smell of the dead bodies, we wished for a dreamlike place in which we can bring artists together, talk and open new ways. It was not possible in our good times. And we had never been good, though; we could not experience it. See, this is a hope, we will see together what we can do.

You are on this way starting from the word "A place is good..." Today, while many areas in the region were non-spatialized, what does an art place in Diyarbakır mean? What is the importance of it?

A non-profit art place in Diyarbakır means, first of all, to record the memory of contemporary art, to fight against demoralization networks and an address against non-spatialization. Because all expression spaces have been replaced by colonial signs; art, culture and politics were non-spatialized with the wrong central Kurd politics, and the consequences were extremely terrible. Obviously nobody wants to see this side of the matter. By saying "A place is good..." we tell that contemporary art is sustainable in spite of everything.

How will loading, which consists of a study area, a residence room, an archive room, an exhibition and a speech area operate? What were all these areas built for, and what is to be done?

Currently we have a team; Cengiz Tekin, Erkan Özgen, Deniz Aktaş, Şener Özmen and me. Each of us is working for loading, on a different area. These categories were shaped according to the physical conditions of the place -and surely of the city-. The residence room is the nicest place to study for artists who will be supported by loading. We will welcome artists from all over the world. Our work on the archive room has begun, Deniz and Cengiz are expanding this area already. This is so important since the resources that artists can reach are very limited. Erkan is doing a programmatic work on the field of speech, and as you know, Şener has been in America for some time, yet he is contributing, in contact with us all the time.

We are still at the beginning. With a biennial in September, a biennial artist will exhibit one of his works in the place of loading in Ofis. An after that, speeches will take place. Hot weather is bringing our works to a halt, yet we will schedule our original program quickly.

loading will have also a library and a publishing program. How will the publication program/content be?

Yes, we are working on a periodical publication -probably a seasonal magazine-, even that is hard enough. What will be the format and the content, who will write... They are all in progress. loading might also be incorporated into an Istanbul-based publication. On this topic, Hakan Irmak will give us new ideas. Hakan's fantastic team is designing our web page, he will undoubtedly also support publication.

We are talking about a process and artistic practice that lasts for almost 20 years. In terms of the contemporary art in Turkey, what do you say about the position and the attitude of the works/productions done up to now? Adding on this accumulation of works, does loading take responsibilities in this regard? Does the name of the place/project include this kind of "loading", or does it want to emphasize continuity?

Historical-archive studies such as User Manual: Contemporary Art in Turkey give us an idea about our position, role and attitude in the contemporary art in Turkey. However, the curators we work with, the museums and collections which feature our works might probably have had a contextual but uncertain opinion. We don't know whether this whole accumulation would be addressed within the scope of contemporary art in Turkey -there are so many groups objecting even to that!- or within something else by separating its practices. Yes, we have developed a very clear attitude towards art, forms and discourses of production; but we have had neither a well-equipped institution nor a chance to rake together this linguistic objection and make an earthly work. With loading, these topics will be clarified, too. As for the name loading, it was Cengiz Tekin's idea. He was always coming loaded with ideas, wishing our continuity to come into existence in another platform

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OSCAR TUAZON BURN THE FORMWORK, SKULPTUR PROJEKTE 2017 PHOTOGRAPHY: HENNING ROGGE

Looking at the artists who participated to the first edition in 1977 of the Munster Sculpture Project, which can be viewed until the 1st of October, it is almost impossible not to acknowledge how the work has organically evolved as a public museum with its historical dimensions: Carl Andre, Michael Asher, Joseph Beuys, Donald Judd, Richard Long, Bruce Nauman, Richard Serra, Claes Oldenburg, and Ulrich Rückriem. The current version of the project that took place in over half a century therefore takes over a huge responsibility. We should also state that the budget of the project was then around the 420 thousand Deutsche Mark and drew over 100 thousand visitors between the dates of 3 July and 13 November

Words: Evrim Altuğ

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AYŞE ERKMEK ON WATER SKULPTUR PROJEKTE 2017. (BELOW) THOMAS SCHÜTTE KIRSCHENSÄULE, 1987 SKULPTUR PROJEKTE 2017 PHOTOS: HENNING ROGGE

The Münster Skulptur Projekte that is organized decennially since 1977 in the Münster town of Germany, took place with its fifth edition under the direction of Art Director Kasper König, independent curator Britta Peters, and LWL Culture and Art Museum Curator Marianne Wagner. The preview of the event that came to agenda with the 'On Water' project by Ayşe Erkmen -represented by Dirimart- following her 'Sculptures on Air' project, that drew major attention locally and globally but mostly in the German media, coincided with the first days of Documenta 14, in the second week of June.

The project in one of the greenest, calmest, and most civilized cities abundant of rain and bicycles, brings together numerous authentic works questioning the presence and function of sculpture in the aesthetical, political, public and social platform, on the basis of individual and mass, time and space. For those who see On his commentary about the project that promises a sort of discovery adventure of the older 'planted' works in the city, living an existential adventure on their own for those who visit Münster for the first time, Kasper König, who has greatly contributed to the project since the beginning, stresses "the commitment of the things they will learn from the coming generations" and humbly underlines that "the project embedded with site-specific installations and performances, is a passionate and physical experience".

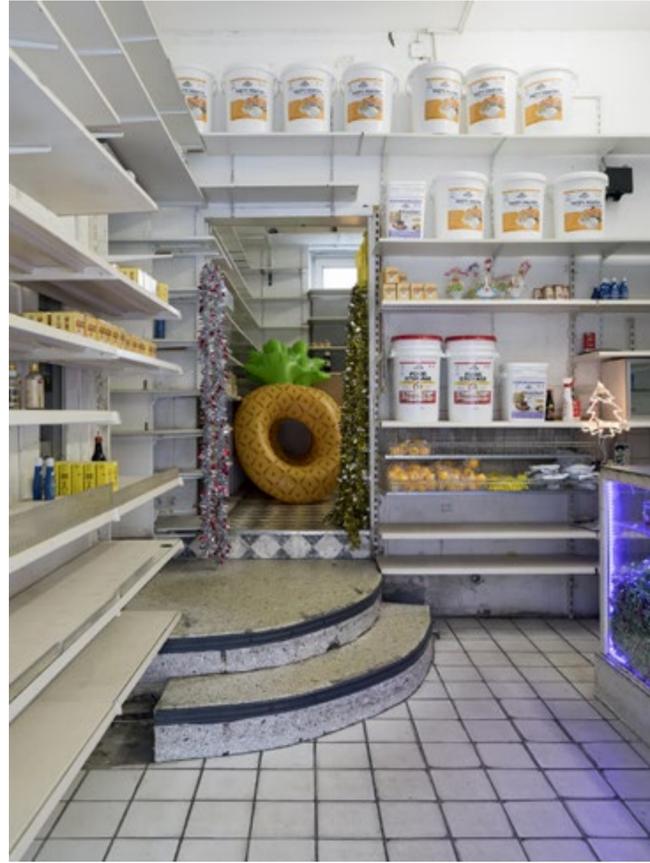
Another one of the problems about the sculptures of our days that the project brings to the agenda is, as seen in the media, the relationship between private and public space and time, as well as its stance towards the ever-increasing digitalization. It seemed like all precautions needed for a project of this scale to be experienced most efficiently within personal / economical / physical boundaries, were taken. For instance, the 480-page durable catalogue of the project printed on a special light and thin paper that you can easily



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(LEFT) NICOLE EISENMAN SKETCH FOR A FOUNTAIN SKULPTUR PROJEKTE 2017 PHOTO: HENNING ROGGE
(RIGHT) MIKA ROTTENBERG COSMIC GENERATOR (WORKING TITLE) SKULPTUR PROJEKTE 2017 PHOTO: HENNING ROGGE

take away with you while visiting the city and the sculptures, were designed by Lex Trüb and Urs Lehni.

While in the catalogue, printed in German and in English, all works were visually and textually recorded, the project offered at least six language options during the guided tours and serviced two other tours for the disabled. In addition, a 3-Euro map guided you throughout Munster and the sculptures. Over 40 artists and collectives from Jeremy Deller (London) to Gerard Bryne (Dublin), from Pierre Huyghe (New York) to Alexandra Pirici (Bucharest), from Nora Schultz (Boston) to Peles Empire (Barbara Wolff and Katharina Stover) participated to Munster Sculpture Project this year that can be visited until the 1st of October, with over 35 works of art.

The city of Munster, a university town where the majority is Catholic, embracing the project with a regional decision taken in 1997, stood as a great proof of how local culture politics has a visionary potential for the construction of the cultural identity. The contribution of the feelings of empathy and evolved aesthetics/ethics with these projects of the generations, as much as of the city, to Munster and its future was apparent with the success of the slowly brewed artworks infiltrating to playgrounds, empty fields, old treatment plants,

campus courtyards, parks, and gardens without being kitsch. Yet, neither of the works, old or new, were competing with each other.

Looking at the artists who participated to the first edition in 1977 of the Munster Sculpture Project, which can be viewed until the 1st of October, it is almost impossible not to acknowledge how the work has organically evolved as a public museum with its historical dimensions: Carl Andre, Michael Asher, Joseph Beuys, Donald Judd, Richard Long, Bruce Nauman, Richard Serra, Claes Oldenburg, and Ulrich Rückriem. The current version of the project that took place in over half a century therefore takes over a huge responsibility. We should also state that the budget of the project was then around the 420 thousand Deutsche Mark and drew over 100 thousand visitors between the dates of 3 July and 13 November. Looking at the statistics, we shall remind you that in 1997, half a million visitors experienced the project in a four-month time frame, and that the budget reached over 6 million Deutsche Mark. In 2007, the budget becomes 6 million 200 thousand Euros, whereas the number of visitors reaches over 575 thousand people. At this point in time a couple significant details took place: 3163 exhibition talks/tours were organized, a summer academy was opened, children's books and

special publications were designed, and 11 thousand people preferred the free of charge guided tours. The Munster management does not complain that the project is organized decennially. On the opposite, they all agree that in the world of biennales, triennials, and documenta, this rhythm is much more generous and efficient for them.

Under these circumstances, looking at the 2017 Münster Skulptur Projekt, with numerous special, rental black bicycles, it is undoubted that new biological, dystopian, socio-psychological, and ethno-cultural function and value propositions to the concept of sculpture by names like Aram Bartholl, Jeremy Deller, Nicole Eisenmann, Pierre Huyghe, Hrein Friafinnsson, Ayşe Erkmen, John Knight and Peles Empire, Mika Rottenberg and Gregor Schneider, are seminal interventions to the sculpture/public art discipline of the future. I am certainly aware that it will never be enough to just mention these names, and that I need to spare several pages to each work here, yet I would really like you to look closely to each of these projects in close from the resources on the Internet: you will easily sense that this is one of the most special open air museum with its past and future.

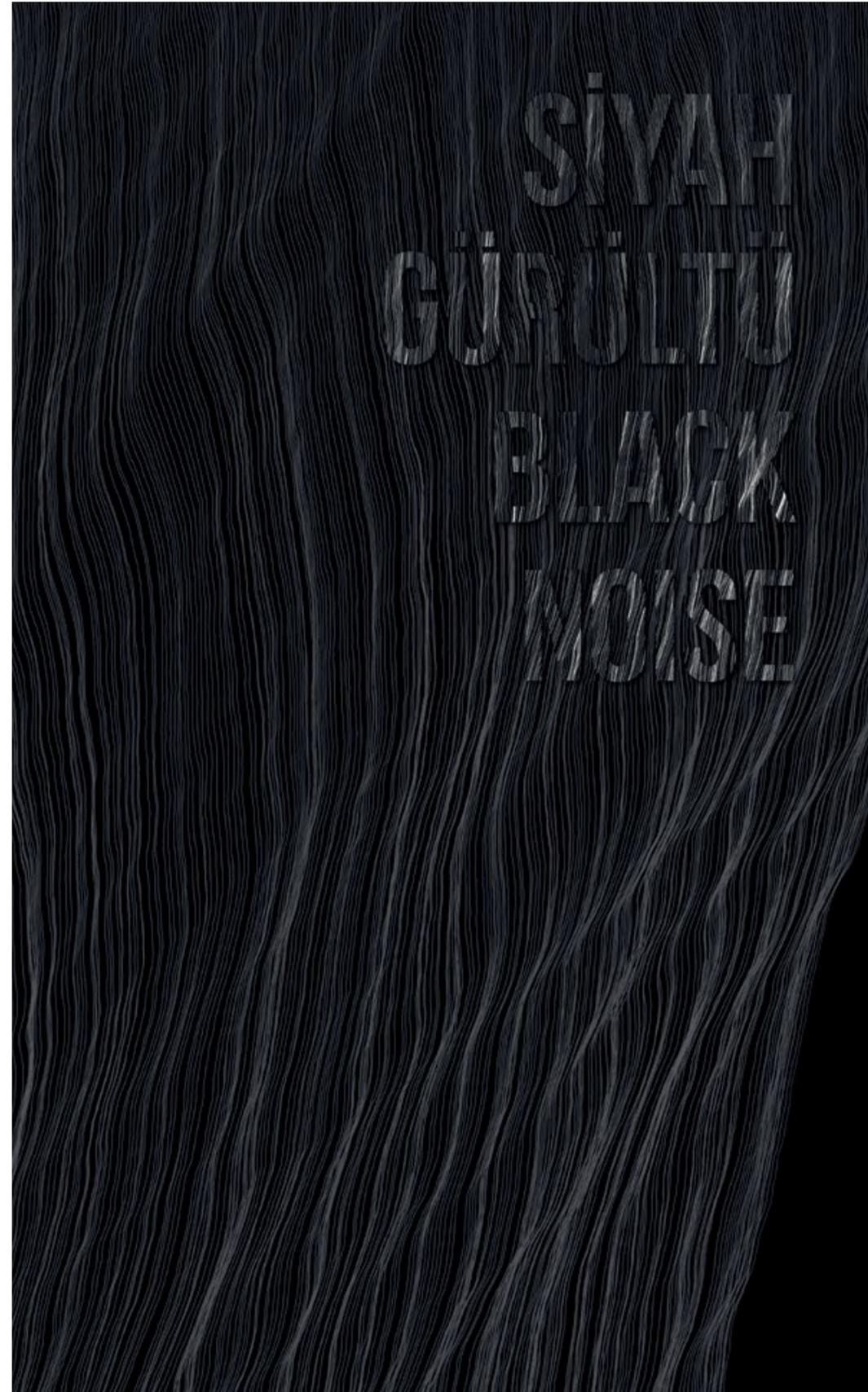
For further interest: skulptur-projekte.de

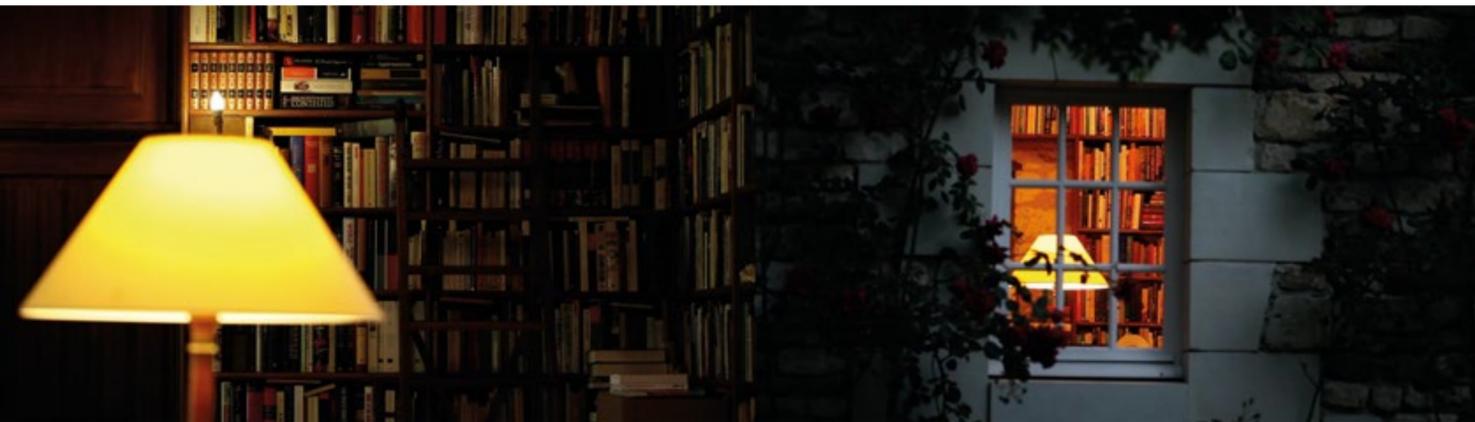
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BLACK NOISE
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18 KASIM
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18 NOVEMBER
2017
Sanatçılar / Artists

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 Servet Cihangiroğlu
 Didem Erk
 Richard Jochum
 Mirko Lazović
 Cengiz Tekin
 Anna Vasof

Küratörler / Curators

Ekmel Ertan
 Işın Önel





ALIK-AZMA, HOUSE OF LETTERS, 2017. ANALIX FOREVER LOOP FAIR 2017

Two-night stay in an electro-public space

It seems like LOOP Barcelona, which defines itself as the 'contemporary archeological site of video' will continue for several years to come with its event characteristics that bring together the digital museums and collections of the future, with great grace, and humanistic sincerity

Words: Evrim Altuğ

The 15th edition of LOOP Festival took place in between May 18 and May 27 with Eugeni Bonet and Antoni Mercader as curators, in Barcelona, the Catalan land in Spain 'dependent on independence'. The lifeblood of the event under the support of Catalonia Culture Department, Catalan Languages Institute Ramon Llull and Spanish Ministry of Education and Culture, was the Hotel Catalonia Ramblas that opened its 46 rooms to about 50 sound and video artworks for two days and created an alternative electro-public space.

The masters of video art from the 1960's, 70's and 80's generations gathered in the same building and participated to panel discussions that shed light to the current day and tomorrow of the discipline. Again in the same hotel, Vincent Fremont, who worked with Andy Warhol for years, gave a special presentation to the invitees About Andy Warhol, and brought Warhol's video art, his attitude towards copy-originals, and his relationship with electronic media to the agenda from firsthand, with memories mixed with video documentaries.

Video artists from Turkey represented by local and foreign galleries also participated to this year's LOOP. Ali Kazma's House of Letters (2015), his first diptych video of 4 min 49 secs, made up of 5+2 editions, a visual, lyrical, and nominative-encyclopedic

'essay' devoted to writer Alberto Manguel's library-home that he used and lived in Southern France until 2015 in room number 37 of Analix Forever gallery in Geneva, which contributed to an artist book entitled Recto-Verso accompanied by a text signed again by Manguel, was on show for the viewers.

Represented by The Pill in Balat, Istanbul, Ferhat Özgür showed his work entitled Conquest (2016), a two-channel work in room number 28 of the fair. On the eve of the digi-saga of July 15 coup attempt, arbitrarily written and read by the 'real' media and the 'surreal' TV, this work made up of 4+2 editions, tries to decipher the frightening and popular codes of the night, with a concurrent transmission. Özgür displays the slips of meaning and icon that we experienced on an individual and mass level, with dark humor, by bringing together a speech of the Prime Minister of Turkey from a public meeting within the scope of the 563rd anniversary of the conquest of Istanbul on May 29 2016, scenes from a 'history-adventure-bravery' series broadcasted on Turkish television, and statements from citizens who came to the meeting with a simultaneity leaned on uncertainty.

In room 29 belonging to Art ON Istanbul, we saw the works of Erdal İnci. Trained in painting from Hacettepe University, İnci showed his work entitled Centipedes (2015), a 6 min 16 secs video

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made up of 5+1 editions, produced on the basis of an alternative point of view to Taksim square. Working like a sort of social-digital painter-sculptor, İnci's papers, pigeons, vehicles, women, men, and graphic contrarities wandering about his miniature-like, vertical electronic 'canvas', drew quite an interest.

About three quarter of the works exhibited at LOOP Barcelona with Jean Conrad, Isabelle Lemaitre, Haro Cümbüşyan, Renee Drake and Mark and Josee Gensollen in the selective committee, presented intense intimacy, and diversity. For instance, painter Jamed Rielly, whose works were exhibited at London based New Art Projects, exhibited his moving images disturbingly repeating in accordance with the name of the fair in room 32 of the hotel. Still living in France, and teaching painting in Paris, Rielly's works that steal a role in a constructive way from the coarseness in the way the media uses imagery, were the kind that portrayed societies' hypocrisies as a subject of a meta-scenery, with a singular and plural, pedagogic and adult, distanced yet candid approach.

Amsterdam born (1975) Nicoline van Harskamp's work entitled PDGN, made up of 4+1 copies, shown in room 23 of the hotel, signed by Waterside Contemporary in London, was another catchy work. The work that treats a story, which takes place in a 'primitive' future, in natural conditions, like a thematic short film, displayed how an autonomous language that can be produced in a society made up of women can exist freely from government or capitalism appealing rather to the ears. Approaching the usual concept of 'alienation' with an inter-species, and inter-temporal curiosity, the work critical of male-dominated structures tested the geographical and sociological dominations of language, and presented a depth based on the novel *Native Language* (1984) by Suzette Haden Elgin, a linguist, and feminist science-fiction writer.

Another work to be noted from LOOP was by France born Marcos Avila Forero (1983). The artist's work entitled June 28th 1950, the Agrarian Reform was shown within the body of

Dohyanglee gallery. In the two-channelled HD installation that lasts eight minutes 11 seconds, Forero exhibits his partnership with the Chinese calligraphy master who uses 'caotic-handwriting', also mentioned by Marxist leader Mao Zedong, founder of People's Republic of China in his verses. Forero who asks the calligrapher to bring the water of Yangtze River that became a popular suicide spot in China and around the world, and to re-interpret the Agrarian Reform that caused great reactions from the villagers, and a great part of the population, by using this water in a public space, interfused a reactional and natural point of view to a 're-form' pushed by time and land, with the verses that flew away over time.

Another example came from the anonymous contemporary artist initiative, Tercerunquinto that we came across in room 15. The 6 minutes 46 seconds long work that blends action and performance with a critic of political attitude and cultural position was entitled *Insular Act*. The work that exhibited its conceptual depth with its title, dared to put to the proof the truth of USA and of the libertarian position that the country attempts to represent in front of the world. Considering the meaning of insular, the video was attention drawing. True to New York Harbor's experience of the Second World War, the work, which is watched as the video of an action organized six years a prior, in the Governor Island, which can be considered as a symbol of independence on the basis of the Williams Castle positioned as opposition to the English occupation at the time, documented an identified Mexican artist throwing stones at the official and historical buildings on the island.

This tense, defenseless work/action experienced in the island that has been used with military purposes until 1996, is significant also because it is the first socio-cultural case in its domain that took place in the USA with granted permissions. Of course it was accompanied by 10 cameras that witnessed the 'action'. The multitude of cameras both reflected the dilemma of 'granting' the action/freedom and opened to discussion the stains of meaning left by this notion called

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document or creation and the symptoms caused by documentation. The artist duo Gabriel Cazares and Rolando Flores who stress the heavy control climate exposed on a situation that seems to be free on the surface in their works, achieved to make a comparison of the Obama period in the USA when they were permitted to protest upon endless negotiations, to the Republican Trump period, when the global real estate billionaire is trying to build a 'security wall' and make the Mexicans pay for it, with their works shown at LOOP within the body of Proyectos Monclova.

Another one of the video works in this itinerary, opening to discussion the evolution of capitalism with economical and social frontier infringements towards classes belonged to Cristina Lucas with her 13 minutes HD work dated to 2010 prepared in the context of the Liverpool Biennale. In the video watched during an event in LOOP hosted by Galeria Juana de Aizpuru from Madrid, Lucas invited Liverpool citizens who are well on in life, old syndicate members and retired workers to react to the passage of the city from industrial society to post-industrial society.

The citizens of Liverpool finding rocks and stones to throw to the windows of the old factory building, left themselves go to a joyous rage with the pseudo-brand they saw written on the building: 'Europeasure International Limited'. Lucas brought a critical point of view to the transformation of classes and gentrification of the city with the intervention of culture industry by the likes of International Slavery Museum, Beatles Museum, Tate Liverpool, and of course the biennale.

Mindfulness, interpretation and flirtation with painting were common among the situations encountered at LOOP Barcelona. Captive Horizon (2015) by Lukas Marxt, born in 1983, living and working in Los Angeles and Cologne, where he tries out an

ecological sequence of abstraction by looking down on the world with an empathic eye is one such work. The images shown by the artist were valuable interventions that confronted the viewers with the world they are (or not) involved with contradictory imagery.

In addition, Climate Control and the Summer of Love (2016) was another of the authentic and significant works by artist Oliver Dollinger. Dollinger who started his art career by setting up a theatre as an actor, was one of the enthusiastic names who showed how far the moment and the feelings can be expressed in the language of pure art in his melancholic work where he tested organic and digital reality with an attitude that blinks an eye to the surrealist movement. Dollinger's work that poured out an extraordinary example of 'electronic painting' with the HD quality respect it showed to the plastic of video art, seemed to prove that humans can even dream when their eyes are open with a sympathetic innocence and immediateness.

It seems like LOOP Barcelona, which defines itself as the 'contemporary archeological site of video' that we tried to speak of with a short selection, will continue for several years to come with its event characteristics that bring together the digital museums and collections of the future, with great grace, and humanistic sincerity. The infinite number of museum and gallery events that LOOP provided to Barcelona is an evidence of this. In this city where the heart of the Spanish culture beats with the Gaudi's, Picasso's, Mirò's and the Dalí's, LOOP is a proof that the Mediterranean is not indifferent to video art, and on the opposite it carries the flavor and record of each moment to tomorrow.

Antoni Muntadas



ANTONI MUNTADAS, PHOTOGRAPHY: IVAN MORENO

One of LOOP Barcelona's special guests was Catalan Antoni Muntadas, Spanish contemporary artist born (1942) in Barcelona, who spent his life in New York since 1971. Muntadas joined the forum in the context of the fair, and discussed in detail subjects like analogue and digital archiving in today's world, determining the art work of the future, the criticism of art education, the communication process between the art work and the artist, and video as a news source. In the presentation where he gave examples of his initial works, he didn't disregard references to a wide media spectrum from Fellini to Poltergeist, Blade Runner to Videodrome and TV news. Presenting the 'post-modern' classic's references that he used as an electro-footnote to the viewer, he was also kind enough to answer our questions following the presentation.

What is your opinion on the ownership of image and meaning in today's world?

I believe that image is a deliberately 'created' component by people, sometimes because it is public and sometimes in order to allow it to be seen in the context a presentation, or an exhibition. From the Internet to the 'white cube', from the media to journalism, and to television, I believe that image belongs to any and everyone who would like to make use of it. Of course we need to touch upon the notions of copyright and copyleft here. Here a dialectic and a dilemma comes to the agenda. I am using the images of other people as a producer. I provide the references of the images that I use on video or TV. Because I also receive many images from other producers. In other words, the image's own right to reproduce itself comes to the agenda. Some people own this right, and to me, if someone comes and explains why they would like to use a certain image, I will tell them it won't be a problem as long as they explain it to me. I believe it is a good thing to provide information about the origin of the image.

Haven't you ever thought that all this image production has created contagiousness and contamination?

One of the visual presentations I did here was on 'Media Ecology in Art'. In this sense I believe that the reuse of the image is an ecological attitude, a type of recycling. We are entitled to think about how we can use image in a more 'recyclable' manner, and in a more ecological way. I use video as a medium with an environmentalist attitude. I do not work alone, so I certainly have certain resources. The works I do require certain timing. To me, film and photography are my mediums. Of course I do some preliminary drawing, and diagrams but in the end my mediums are film and video. In Catalan, two words were derived for 'medium': Media and mitjà. I prefer mitjà because both words can be used to mean the same thing in English.

Have you had or will you have certain limits in your artistic creation?

To me, a work of art needs to be ethical and aesthetic. The work that is focused on content should encompass both ethics and aesthetics. This also determines how the work defines itself formally.

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Rick Silva, Silva'nın Paralel Bir Geleceğin Kuşları için Alan Kılavuzu,
The Silva Field Guide to Birds of a Parallel Future, 2014

Diana Thater, Kaçak Dünya, A Runaway World, 2017

Diana Thater, Gerçeklik Kadar Radikal, As Radical As Reality, 2017

The Mistake Room (Los Angeles) yerleştirme görüntüsü, 2017 Fotoğraf: Fredrik Nilsen

Installation view at The Mistake Room, Los Angeles, 2017 Photo by Fredrik Nilsen

Lord Palumbo

"People strive to do this and do that but actually what remains after all that is very little," says 82 year old Lord Peter Palumbo, with great humbleness, wisdom from all the life experience. We spoke to Palumbo as the first guest of the *Extended Talks* series where we will be hosting international art professionals from different fields, about a variety of subjects from his collaborations with names like Mies van der Rohe, Henry Moore, and Richard Rogers, to his collection of architectural work, and from his criticism of architecture in England to his admiration of Thatcher

Words: Burcu Yüksel Photography: Holly Whittaker

As an 82-year-old, Lord Peter Palumbo has many life stories and experiences to share. He was fascinated with the arts, particularly architecture, from an early age and has held several positions as chairman and board member of various arts institutions throughout his career. He had the opportunity to meet and work with some of the greatest creative talents such as Mies van der Rohe, Henry Moore, Richard Rogers, and Zaha Hadid, to name a few. However, what really sets him apart is something even more unique and special.

Today collecting art is a popular passion, but collecting architecture is another level of commitment entirely. Few can say that they have owned and lived in houses designed by masters of architecture and Lord Palumbo has an amazing line up: Farnsworth House in Plano, Illinois designed by Mies van der Rohe, Kentucky Knob by Frank Lloyd Wright in Pennsylvania and Maisons Jaoul by Le Corbusier in Paris. At the moment he only has possession of Kentucky Knob, which he frequently visits with his wife Hayat, and sometimes are joined by their children.

I met Lord Palumbo at the Walbrook Club, near the Bank of England, in London. Now a private members club, the townhouse was originally built as a family office by his father Rudolph, a self-educated and immensely successful property developer. A portrait of him by Oskar Kokoschka still hangs in its original position above the fireplace in what was his office, now the dining room. I'm greeted by the friendly staff who take me to one of the private meeting rooms.

What was your first experience, interaction with architecture? How did your passion develop for it?

It all started at school, Eton College. As boarding students we were assigned to different houses and I had a wonderful housemaster called Oliver van Oss who was an artist and had encyclopedic knowledge of the arts. He taught us all so much, the senior boys. We would visit him for one hour every Sunday after chapel and before lunch.

He was amazing. He would do one artist each Sunday. It might be Jan van Eyck for first Sunday, followed by Jackson Pollack, Vermeer, Barnett Newman and so on.

What an amazing variety.

Yes and it was a huge introduction to the arts. He would then ask what these artists had in common. He thought us that one should talk about the arts in the plural because each art influences and impacts on the other: if you are talking about architecture, you are also talking about music. When we were discussing a great architectural design, he'd ask what music would be appropriate for it. I think the greatest definition of architecture is this quote by Goethe: "Architecture is frozen music." Four words, wonderful! Think about it, what do they have in common? They have rhythm, proportion, mathematics, rigor and aesthetic beauty.

Another quote my housemaster used, which stayed with me is by a Russian critic, "The arts exist to help us recover the sensation of life." I'm trying to paint a picture of this man. It was a wonderful way of teaching with photographs and conversation, and challenging us all the time.

It was during one of these Sunday sessions that your housemaster showed you the Farnsworth House, one-room weekend retreat designed by Mies van der Rohe, which you ended up owning later in life. That must have been exciting, to own something you had admired for years.

Farnsworth came up in one of the Sunday talks right after we did Palladio. It made sense to move from a 16th century architect to Mies, they would have understood one another. It was just at that time the Farnsworth house was finished and it really hit me so hard even on two-dimensional photographic form. It was unbelievable and seemed like the 20th century equivalent of a Greek temple. When you listen to music, you get this wonderful uplifting feeling. It was the same way. Architecture and music both have this ability to take you out of your prob-

lems and troubles of everyday life and lift you out of it. They elevate you to something sublime, if they are good enough!

So you wouldn't have appreciated architecture as much you do without this background. What were your other influences?

Yes that's what I would like to think. My mother as it happened, was quite a good musician; she played the violin and the piano. Unlike her, I have no artistic bone in my body, but I seem to be able to understand and appreciate it a bit and love it a lot. She was a classical musician, but also very interested in 20th century music and jazz. So we would have Brahms, Beethoven and Mahler together with Stravinsky, Schonberg, as well as all the great jazz pianists; Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Count Basie.

My father didn't like music at all, he was more interested in the applied arts and a collector of 18th and 19th century furniture, porcelain, clocks, and watches. My mother with her music was certainly the first big influence I think, then the housemaster at school. Later I spent a year at the Metropolitan Museum in New York working in the drawings department. My education at a British public school was quite wonderful in so many ways but I was cocooned, protected from many things. You put on a macho thing but are terrified of women! So living in New York as a young man was an awakening, a revelation. It was the 1960s, you can imagine what was happening: the Beatles, Mary Quant, freedom, hippies, liberation, all across America. Oh boy. A public school boy would have never seen anything like this or even dreamt of it in his life. It was a wonderful time. I lived in the village and don't think I ever recovered, even in my 82nd year.

My other influence is the people I've been lucky enough to meet. I was the bag carrier at the museum for a man called Jacob Bean who was head of the drawings department, a wonderful man. He invited me to join him



for lunch one day, so I went. First of all there was a man called Allan Price Jones who was the head of Times Literary Supplement. There was Isaiah Berlin, and Mr Mellon, the great philanthropist and collector, just for starters. Meeting these people, these gods, as a young man, and then meeting the artists and collectors and seeing the way things worked, it was a golden moment there: Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Richard Serra, the whole lot really. Then coming back and getting involved with the Mies building here in London. It is a pity it didn't go through but there we are.

In 1963, as a 27-year-old young man Lord Palumbo had the opportunity to commission his 76-year-old hero in Chicago for a prime site he was working with his father in London, No 1 Poultry. It would have been a huge triumphant, to develop and build this office tower, Mies's first and only UK building, but shifts in public opinion against modernist architecture and comments such as the one from Prince Charles describing the tower as "a giant glass stump better suited to downtown Chicago than the City of London" forced the change of design and architect.

You have been immersed in architecture for a long time and have held many positions including the Chairman of the Pritzker Prize for Architecture (2004-2017). How would you describe good architecture? What are the components you demand from a good architectural design?

I think they have to be both beautiful and functional. It is nice to have a beautiful building, but if it doesn't do what its supposed to do, then it doesn't tick that box. It is a question of form and function, which is seldom easy to get right.

Do you think Mies would have designed and built things differently now?

I think so. Funnily enough I asked Richard Rogers the other day: Where do you think you really come from? His answer was: "I come from the 1st half of the 18th century, I'm a Baroque architect." It is true; he knows every Baroque building in Italy, he is a mine of information. It is simply that technology permits him now to do things that weren't possible then. I think Mies would have felt the same way.

There seems to be more focus on eco friendly, environmental architecture today. Do you think this is a fashionable trend or is it a necessity of modern age?

It is coming with the necessity against the Armageddon in sight. The cleverest man in England, Martin Rees, leading astrophysicist and a man of such modesty, grace and balance, was asked to give a lecture couple of years ago. The subject was 'what do you think the world would like in 2050?' which is not far away. His lecture sent shockwaves in all intellectual strata. He said in a beautifully balanced way:

"I think there is 50% chance that there will be no world in 2050. On the other hand, there is 50% chance that it will survive because the human mind is infinitely flexible in ways that I cannot predict. My nightmare is something will happen, there will be an event, either natural or man-made which will be the end of the world."

So I think all those people who deny climate change are living a fool's paradise. We have had these periods before; one instantly wiped out all the mammals roaming the earth hundreds of millions of years ago.

Architects do have a responsibility to be mindful of environmental effects of their projects.

They should have responsibility but most of them pay lip service to it without doing anything about it. The interesting thing about Frank Lloyd Wright, who was

chased out of Chicago because he ran off with the wife of a client, is that he designed his first solar house, solar heated house, in 1917 in Wisconsin. Isn't that incredible? When he was chased out of the country, he went to Berlin and mounted an exhibition of his work that had never been seen outside of America. In one of our conversations Mies said to me: "It is not just me but all my peers in Berlin and Germany were never the same again, having seen the work of this man, the man from the Prairies." Wright was one of the seminal people who changed the perception of a cultural profession over night, like Beethoven or Picasso.

You have had the privilege to own and live in houses designed by the greatest architects in the world: Mies van der Rohe, Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier. What was your relation, personal connection with these houses? Do you see them as living spaces or approach them as monuments that need preservation? I know that you are very dedicated to preservation of the original ideas of the architect.

Oh no no, not just living spaces at all. The interesting thing is that the 3 houses that I owned by these architects were all commissioned by private people who were wealthy but none of them realized, or if they did they didn't do anything about it, that owning a great work of architecture is a life long responsibility. It is not simply the commissioning. You have to maintain them; it is like having a haircut or brushing your teeth, has to be done regularly. Architecture needs constant attention and none of them had given this. Edith Farnsworth herself, she had a love/hate relationship with Mies. More hate than love, because they had a falling out. I had a tremendous amount of work to do there, in that one room!

You had already done major work at Farnsworth House in 1972 when you employed Mies's grandson Dirk Lohan to restore it to its original 1951 appearance and later it had major flood damage in 1996.

Yes, that was another thing. Mies's design is on the banks of the Fox river, very pretty. It is normally slow flowing, but could turn when the snow melts and water rises in the spring. I've been there several times and used to keep a canoe tied up to the steps leading up to the house because it would inevitably happen over night. So you would wake up in the morning and canoe. The real flood came on the 17th of July 1996. It was the height of summer but it had rained everyday for 3 months. There had been a lot of building and road works going on in the little village of Plano, Illinois, and there was nowhere for the water run. The ground couldn't absorb it.

We weren't there, my wife and I came 3 days later and spent my birthday there. There was this wall of water, 11 feet, came over the horizon and just smashed everything. Had it not been for the fact that it actually shattered one of the glass windows, it would have taken the whole house up and floated away down the Fox river. The force of the thing was staggering. I remember my wife saying "Thank goodness we weren't here in bed on the 17th of July" but we would have been fine. The interesting thing was that the flood picked up a bed made of teak, designed by Mies, weighing 800 pounds, like it was feather. It lifted the bed off the floor and the sheets, pillows didn't even get wet! The bed just went round the house, floating.

You had the same approach to restoration when you purchased the two houses by Le Corbusier in Paris, the Maisons Jaoul.

Yes exactly, Maisons Jaoul in Paris were the same. These houses were commissioned by well-to-do people and all they do, which is something worse, is trying to restore it themselves. You know, patching it up, DIY, a

kiss of death. So with Maisons Jaoul, there was a lot of spalling which is when the concrete falls off away from the iron rods behind it and rusts. The roofs were in bad condition, the electricians weren't working and the plumbing didn't either. I had to spend a lot of money and time on it. You don't see anything for it but it has to be done.

We were very lucky with Maisons Jaoul because the architect who worked for Corbusier and was in charge of the construction was still alive. Lovely man called Jacques Michel, and he was able to round up the workmen who actually built the house. They were all in retirement and came together just for this. It was very touching when my wife and I first went there, they all had these blue overalls, one came from Egypt, one from Sardinia and all over the world. They all said for this one particular restoration, they were happy to put on their work uniforms one last time. They had the insight into the way the houses were initially built. I think that things should be restored as they were. That's part of the legacy of the time and the architect.

Can you pick one as your favorite? I'm wondering if you can.

I would but my answer depends on the particular time the question is asked. But Mies is what started it off, my first love. There is always a special resonance about a first love, it stays with you, doesn't it and it is very precious. I think it would probably be Mies, Corbusier and Frank, I mean what a line up. Even if you don't know them, even if you don't know Picasso, Stravinsky, these giants, to think that we are breathing the same air as they were breathing. It is such a privilege to have lived at the same time, even if they were old, to have been part of the earth that produced these people.

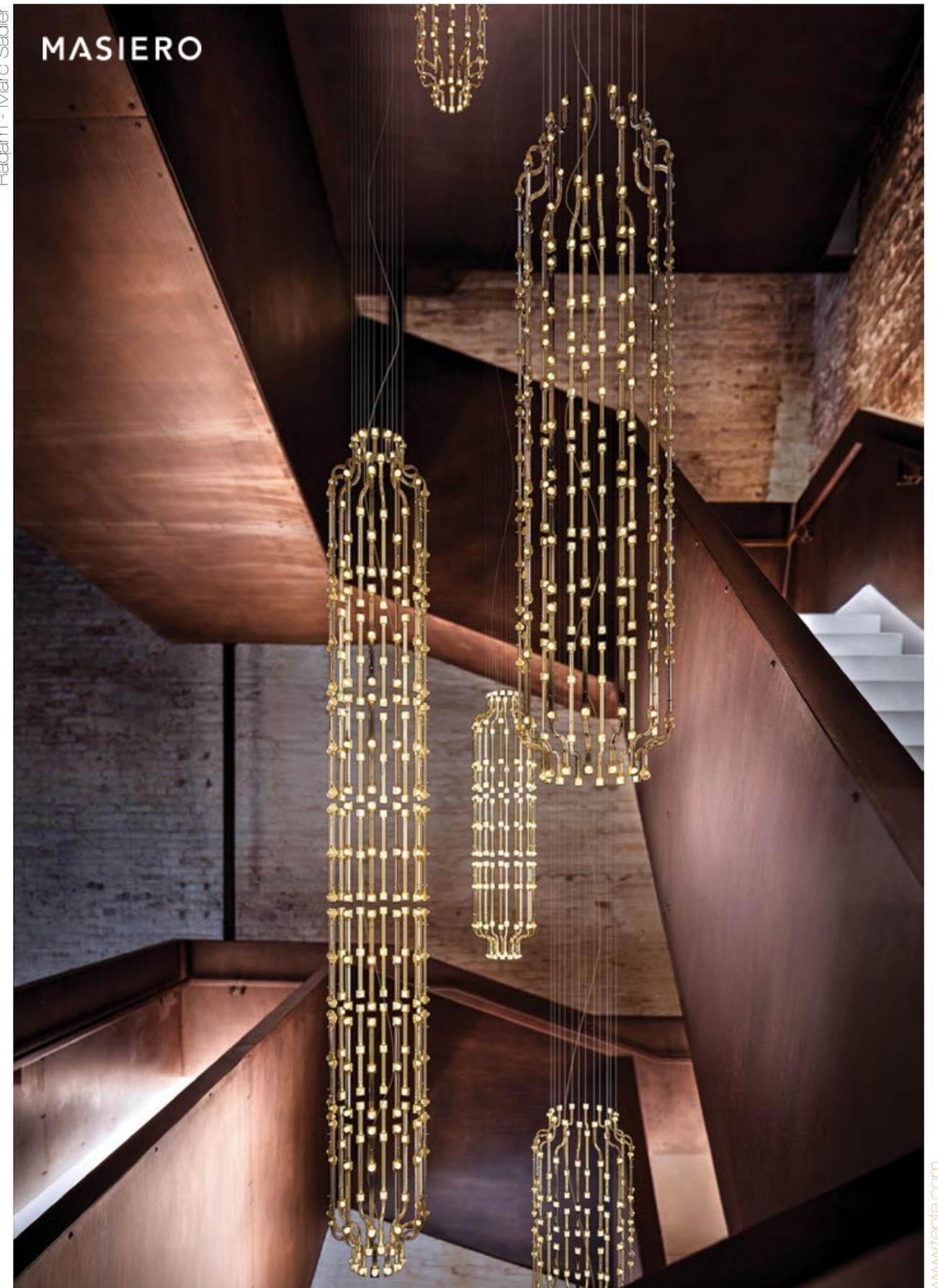
How do you see architecture's place in the art world? The Architecture Pavilion commissioned each year by the Serpentine Gallery has become a huge success and you served as Chairman there for 10 years until 2014. The Royal Academy in London recently launched an architecture patrons group as well.

Yes these are all wonderful initiations and projects. I was still the Chair at the Serpentine when the pavilion commissions first began but in fact I had nothing to do with it on purpose. I always took the view that it was the staff who should run the institution. My job was to be there if they had difficulties and wanted someone to talk to. It was Julia Peyton Jones's project and became very successful. This is one of the most difficult and sensitive questions you have asked me so far. If you go to the Architectural Association School of Architecture in London or the Bartlett, the kids there are so bright and creative, and you think: "my god, they can take on any body in the world!" But it doesn't happen because when you look around, the city of London for example, it gets worse everyday and yet there is all this talent. The question is why is that talent not being used, why is it being dissipated, and what's happening? We have wonderful architects in this country but with some exceptions, the ugliest architecture imaginable.

Lot of responsibility goes with the patrons, those who commission the architects.

Yes absolutely and whether the patron has shareholders or investors, who say what's happening, where is the return on my money? The patrons are not necessarily interested in architecture. If they have investors who aren't either, who just wanted a return on capital they put in, then the result, however good the architect, is likely to be pretty awful.

In addition to your 10-year as Chairman of the Serpentine, you also served as Chairman of the Arts





Council (1989-1994) appointed by the Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Could you talk about that experience?

It was really the golden age; I can talk a lot about her. She was brilliant in cultural diplomacy and measured everything by its impact on the outside world: What would foreigners visiting this country say if they heard a great piece of music written by British composers, or saw the 28 great Anglican cathedrals we have which are the glory of the country. One day she called me into Number 10, and said: "Tell me Mr Palumbo, why is it that when I go to the White House or the Elysee Palace, the presidents or heads of state have hanging on their walls the very finest works of art that their countries can produce whilst I am given 3rd or 4th rate paintings from the Tate gallery that the Tate is only too delighted to get rid off?" And this was true! So I asked her what she would like. She replied "I would like early Ben Nicholson, Henry Moore, and Lucian Freud but no nudes!"

It is amazing that she actually selected the artists herself.

Yes she picked the artists herself, and we provided them as the Arts Council. When I was the Chairman, it was really the golden age. There was a huge surge of creativity in the air. People were beginning to put money into the arts. When the Prime Minister offered me the position at the Arts Council, she said "I love the arts and I'm happy to support it with tax payer's money but the balance is unequal and it must be restructured." I think at the time the government was putting in something like 700-800million pounds a year into the arts while the private sector contributed 12 million pounds. This was in 1989. Nowadays it is the other way around.

During your time at the Arts Council, in what oth-

er ways were you able to use the arts in diplomacy?

When English National Opera (ENO) was going to Russia, singing in English, I found out that the Prime Minister was going there to see Gorbachev at the same time. I telephoned the diary secretary and was able to arrange for her to see the performance in Kiev. The seats were packed, even the aisles were full. At the end of the performance, people were standing on their seats, throwing their programs in the air, shouting, screaming and applauding. It went on for 23 minutes. She said it was one of the most remarkable experiences in her life, and it was the exact the impression she wanted to give to the Russians of the creativity and the force, the grandeur of opera as produced by the ENO.

That is why it is so important to keep that going, even in these difficult times. Similarly, she called me one day and said:

"I think it is time that we attempt to improve the relations between Britain and China. By China, I mean mainland China, Taiwan, and Hong Kong. I've been giving it some thought. I think the best thing to do is to create a two-way bridge of harmony. We should send our poets, dancers, composers, painters, sculptors, filmmakers, photographers, the whole lot, over at government expense. They should send their people over to us. This must lead to better understanding between the two peoples. Sir, I'd like you to go over there for two weeks to set the whole thing up and see whether there is an appetite for this."

So off I went together with my wife. It was a tremendous idea of the Prime Minister and it would have worked out if Chris Patten, who became governor of Hong Kong, hadn't deliberately set up to antagonize the mainland Chinese.

Looking back on your career, which project are you the most proud of or would like to be remembered by?

Working for Margaret Thatcher was wonderful. I really mean that because she was intensely interested in the arts, which people don't understand or recognize. She had a vision, was very supportive and knowledgeable. They were exciting times that I think I shall remember the best, working with this force of nature.

The older you get, the less interested people are in you, which is so nice to meet you today. It is a lesson that should be learned and understood that we are here for a very little time on this earth. Do you know the poem Ozymandias? Famous poem by Shelly. It is only 14-lines, a sonnet, and goes like this:

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

I think this is a good metaphor for life itself. People strive to do this and do that but actually what remains after all that is very little.

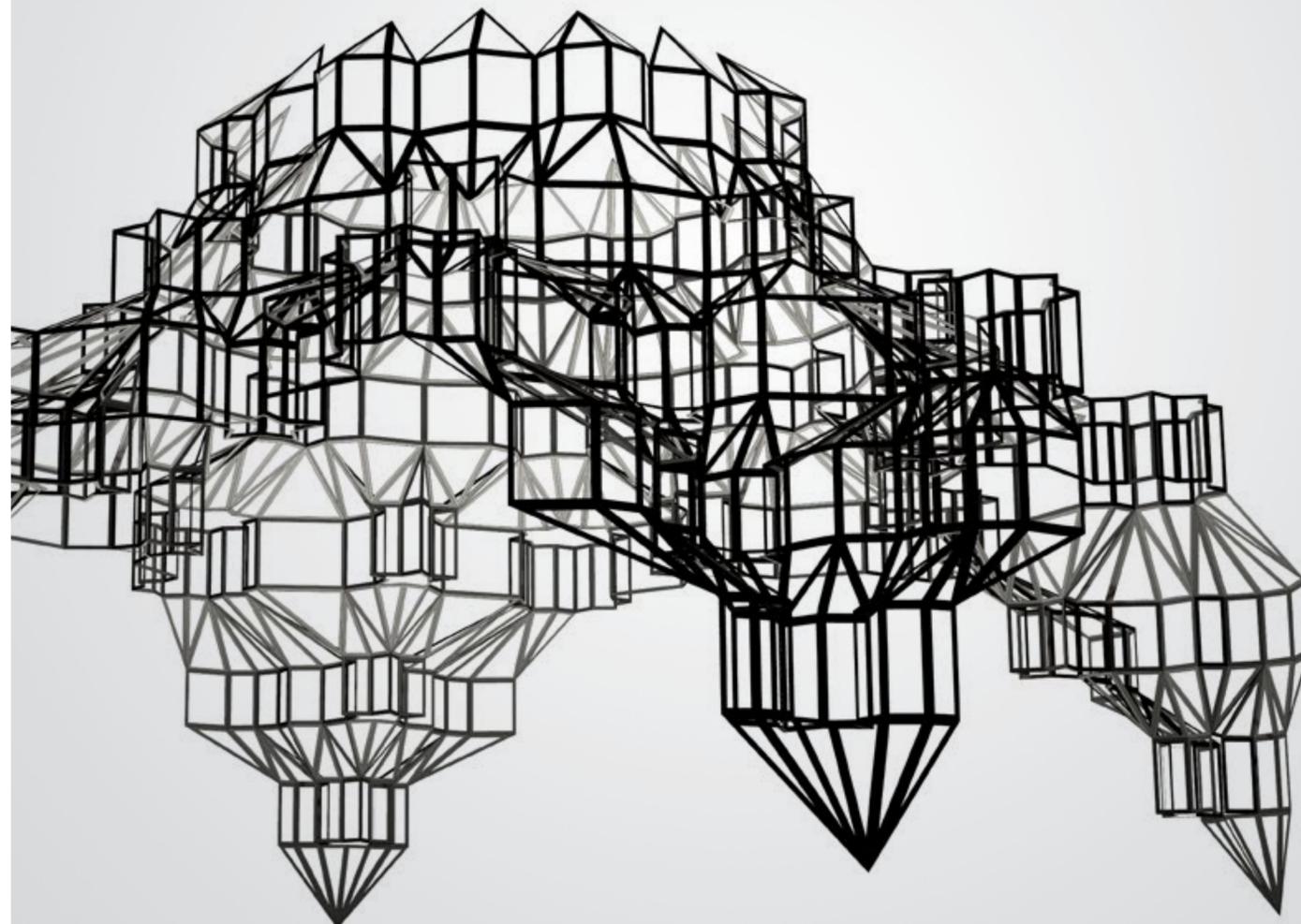
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Queer art: *Thinking across definitions*

What is queer art? And how does one define that which resists definition?

Words: Esra Gürmen





PINK FLAMINGOS THE MOVIE, JOHN WATERS (1972)
(RIGHT UP) ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE, BRIAN RIDLEY AND LYLE HEETER, 1979
(RIGHT DOWN) JOE RUBBERMAN, 1978 © ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE FOUNDATION

What makes an artwork queer? Like queer identity itself, the answer to this question is not fixed. As artist Alex C. Foley said: “You’ll know it when you see it”.¹ Sometimes it’s the depiction of unconventional desire, such as Robert Mapplethorpe’s S&M images in his infamous show *The Perfect Moment*. Sometimes it’s the use of unconventional methods – without depicting sexuality – to deliver a queer message: Félix González-Torres’s *Untitled* (*Portrait of Ross in L.A.*), for instance, is an installation of 79 kilos of candy, representing the body weight of his partner, Ross Laycock, who died of an AIDS-related illness; viewers are encouraged to take a piece of candy, so that the pile begins to deplete, mirroring Laycock’s suffering and, ultimately, death. Another piece often defined as queer art is Ethel Sands’s *the Chintz Couch*, which, according to gender theorist Jack Halberstam is a deconstruction of the domestic sphere. In the painting, the sofa, which is fading into the wallpaper, could be seen as representing the artist’s absence.²

The term queer is often used synonymously with LG-

BTI, meaning that any work by an LGBTI artist might be described as queer, while work by a heterosexual artist automatically would not be, but that isn’t necessarily the right approach. Queer is not just about homosexuality; it’s about sexual diversity, and it’s poised not only against heteronormativity but also homo-normativity – homosexuality tamed by the establishment. It is possible, therefore, for a heterosexual artist to make queer art – art that destabilises the straight norm.

Throughout the 20th century, the word queer – originally meaning “strange” – was used as a slur to attack non-heterosexuals. In the 90s, the word was reclaimed as a political term by activists in the USA, significantly by the Queer Nation, who used direct action to fight homophobia and raise awareness of the AIDS crisis. In a leaflet, titled *Queers Read This!*, distributed at Pride March in New York in 1990, Queer Nation explained the rationale behind the re-appropriation:³ “Using ‘queer’ is a way of reminding us how we are perceived by the rest of the world [...] a sly and ironic weapon we can steal from the

homophobe’s hands and use against him.”

Around this time, the term also came up in academic circles, and spearheaded by theorists Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick and Judith Butler among others, queer theory emerged as a critique of the binary, essentialist view of sexuality and gender identities, and argued that all identity was socially constructed and performed.

In its newfound non-pejorative use, queer came to represent a larger political movement that was inclusive of all identity groups, such as the transgender community, and non-normative sexual identities. Queer emerged as a separate ideology to challenge certain factions within the lesbian and gay movements of the 70s, which were perceived to seek assimilation within the dominant heteronormative society, without challenging or subverting it. Queer, to this day, exists to resist convention and socially-imposed definitions of identity.

There is a vast canon, dating back centuries, of art that might now be defined as queer. The current Tate Britain exhibition in London, *Queer British Art 1861–1967*,



¹ “What Makes a Work of Art Queer?”, Foley, Alex C., plinth.uk.com/blogs/magazine/what-makes-a-work-of-art-queer, 2017

² “Framing Queer British Art”, Jack Halberstam, *Queer British Art 1861–1967*, edited by Clare Barlow, 2017

³ *Queers Read This!*, <http://www.qrd.org/qrd/misc/text/queers.read.this>, 1990

brings together a range of artists in celebration of LGBTI identity, but the show has received mixed reviews, including some criticism for essentially institutionalising queer, which is against its very nature. The exhibition does feature important works that have been instrumental in moving forward the conversation about identity, but it is worth looking outside of the conventional gallery space to get a real insight into what queer art is about. One of the interesting ways in which queer art has manifested itself is in performance art, especially today's drag scene, where it questions and destabilises the essence of identity.

One of the main ideas that queer theorist Judith Butler takes from drag, which is a comic imitation of a gender you do not belong to, is the notion that you have to repeat it.¹ According to Butler, all gender, including that which we perceive to be natural, is performed – we act and walk and talk in ways that consolidate an impression of being a man or a woman. This is called gender performativity, and it suggests that being a man or a woman isn't an internal reality, but a phenomenon that's being produced and reproduced all the time through the repetition of what we consider male or female behaviour. There are institutional powers (like psychiatry) and informal practices (like bullying) that seek to "correct" the way we behave – eg. a "tomboy" girl or an "effeminate" boy being coerced into behaving "appropriately" – and keep us in our gendered place.²

This is where the art of drag comes into play: not only does it disrupt and parody that everyday policing of gendered behaviour, but it also highlights, through the exaggerated performance of gender, what society expects from a man and a woman on a daily basis.

Traditionally, drag has been at the vanguard of political and queer art, but recently the scene, especially in Western cities, has been criticised for being dominated largely by cis-gendered white men. It's been claimed that the gay male exclusive nature of drag has mirrored



ETHEL SANDS
CHINTZ CHAIR, c.1910-11
OIL ON PANEL
46,5 X 38,5 CM

¹ Queer Art: Then And Now, Paul Clinton, Frieze Art Event, London, 2017

² "Your Behaviour Creates Your Gender", Judith Butler, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bo7o2LYATDc>



EPPIE CONRAD
PHOTOGRAPHY: HOLLY FALCONER

“Being mistaken for a man dressed as a woman is the ultimate disruption of gender expectations, as it further highlights the illusory and performative nature of gender.”

Curated by Huma Kabakçı
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cis-white patriarchal society, sidelining both cisgender and transgender women and queer people of colour. As a response, in London's contemporary drag scene there's now a new crop of female drag performers who seek to challenge the idea that drag is reserved for gay men who dress up as women.

For female drag artists in the UK, such as Victoria Sin, Eppie Conrad and Holestas, drag is about parodying –and sometimes even willingly owning– this hyper-femininity that is expected of women every day, and also reclaiming queer spaces that have been dominated by men. In an interview with VICE, Victoria Sin, who addresses issues of race and intersectionality in her art, said that “A lot of women are female drag queens and they don't even know it. All those extremely sexy women like Beyoncé have an inch of make-up, wigs, crazy clothes.” For Eppie, being mistaken for a man dressed as a woman is the ultimate disruption of gender expectations¹, as it further highlights the illusory and performative nature of gender.

Another interesting aspect of drag that is closely related to gender performativity is the idea of failure. In a recent Frieze Talk in London, Frieze associate editor Paul Clinton explored this idea of failure in performing gender and what it reveals about the artifice of gender: “One thing that drag teaches us is that our performances of gender are never perfect, they are never right, there are always [slip-ups]. When we're forced to identify in certain ways, it's the failures, when one's gender becomes parody rather than a natural performance, that exposes the non-natural status of gender.”

It's possible to apply this idea of failure into a general critique and queering of performance art. And one avant-garde art collective out of Istanbul does exactly that. Istanbul Queer Art Collective, formed of artists Seda Ergül, Tuna Erdem, Onur Gökhan Gökçek, and Leman Sevda Darıçoğlu, take drag and the “queer art of failure” as the basis of their art. When I met co-founders Tuna Erdem and Seda Ergül in London, they told me that for them doing drag as cisgendered women is not just about a need to parody femininity, but also a way to reclaim heteronormative rituals that they usually feel excluded from.

For them, performance art is also about showing work in progress. This is the inspiration behind their Fluxus Happenings, where they ask their audiences to participate in the shows, adding an element of chance so that each time a piece is performed it's always different. “Instead of presenting a perfected art product, Fluxus presents you with the art process itself. By exposing the process, you are embracing the queer art of failure,” Tuna Erdem told me. “The artwork is not goal-oriented, but if there is a goal, it only shows you the journey to it, which is where most of the failing happens,” Seda Ergül added.

In their view, the traditional and “straight” version of performance art is rooted in the idea of virtuosity: a performer can only be allowed onstage because they're extraordinary, perfected, almost superhuman. This act separates the “gifted artist” from the “ordinary viewer”. So, with a queer twist, Istanbul Queer Art Collective not only bring down the gender binary but also the binary of performer and viewer. “We think that virtuosity is stagnant art, because it isn't open to change. For us, live art is about showing the slip-ups and failures, and being open to possibilities. The narrative of success

¹ “Glitter Beards, Cleavage and Gender Fucking”, Nell Fritzell, https://www.vice.com/en_uk/article/ppm8j9/londons-faux-queens, 2014

hides everyday failures, and our art is about making failure come out of the closet as well; it's about exposing everything that the heteronormative, capitalistic system wants to conceal and dismiss.”

A recent example of the art collective queering the stage was a live performance in Zurich's annual Zürcher Theater Spektakel festival. Staging a show titled, Also No, each member went onstage to perform juggling, tightropeing and hula-hooping – street art forms of which they have zero experience. Naturally, they completely failed. And instead of wowing the audience, they asked them to participate and fail with them, to democratically eradicate the perceived wall between the “sublime” and the “ordinary.”

What this queer act, and ultimately the essence of all drag art, does is celebrate the fragility of our bodies, and the fragility of our will power and ultimately of all the identities that we perform relentlessly every day. It deconstructs modern society's absolute fixation with perfection, strength, and success. And it subverts the idea that there's a “normal”, “better” way of being human – and there's something very queer about that.



KEITH VAUGHAN
DRAWING OF TWO KISSING MEN, 1958-73
TATE ARCHIVE, KEITH VAUGHAN ESTATE



ISTANBUL QUEER ART COLLECTIVE, POST FLUX DOG GAMES, PHOTOGRAPHY: AYŞE KAYA

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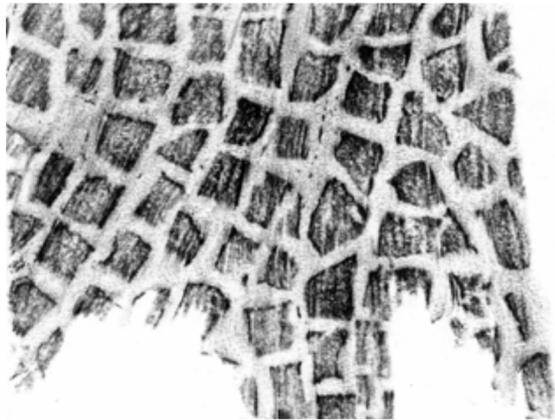
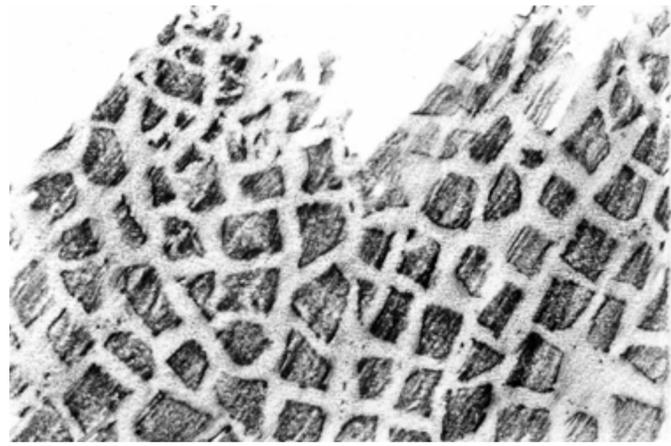
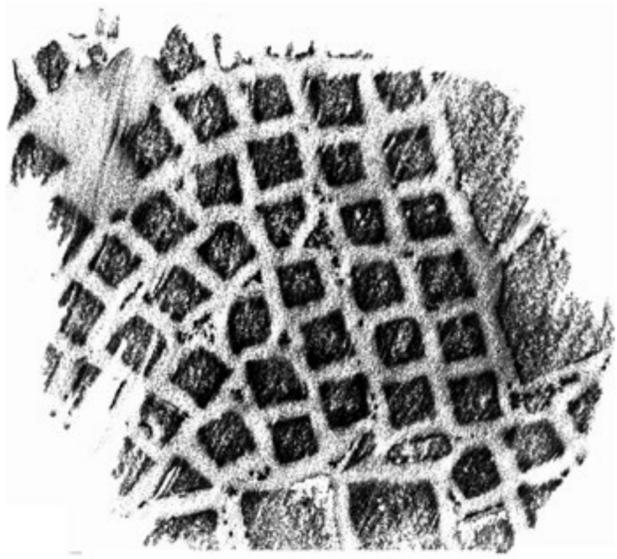
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MARMARA ÜNİVERSİTESİ
Heykel Bölümü
Açık Atölye Sergileri
17 - 20 Ocak 2014
Açılış:
17 Ocak 2014 Cuma Saat 18:00
Adres: Marmara Üniversitesi Gözle Sınırlar Parkitesi
Heykel Bölümü Sergi Salonu Kat: -1 Kocayönü
Araçlar 34600 Kadıköy / İSTANBUL
<http://www.marmara.edu.tr/arsenel>



Texture

"I have scars on my hands from touching certain people... Certain heads, certain colours and textures of human hair leave permanent marks on me."

JD Salinger

I'm wandering in my high-school, feeling the walls painted blue with plastic paint with my hands. The plaster marks that the paint tries to conceal, the traces of sea sand and pebbles hurt my hand as I rub against them. It is too light of a sensation to be articulated as painful under normal circumstances; actually, I'm not in pain. But all the bumps are resilient against my hand, it's a small resistance, I'm aware of this. But when I think about it, the situation becomes more serious. What if this minute resistance did not exist? What if the soft resistance of the air was not there? Could I still feel my body? If my body is made up of all these resistances, a sum of all these encounters. These resistances limit me, small or large, this sensation of contact before having seen my reflection in the mirror. My being, my self is given to me through my mother's hands that run across my body. Yes, "Every contact leaves a mark," and I'm a map of these marks, inked in. I'm what remains after all these resistances.

Trauma

noun

1. an injury (such as a wound) to living tissue caused by an extrinsic agent.
2. a disordered psychic or behavioral state resulting from severe mental or emotional stress.

It is difficult to call a slight bump on the wall or the sensation of lukewarm water going down my throat trauma, but as the force of resistance increases, these traces could become traumas, one by one. If you push your hand hard against the wall or if you use sanding paper instead of the wall, there will be punctures on your skin and you could even traumatize yourself, bleeding.

Trauma precedes my knowing myself, it is before the establishment of my sense of body and actually, it is the element that is at the foundation of that sense. I encounter trauma before my mother has caressed me. Before she holds me, the oxygen burns my lungs, the light my eyes, the cold air my skin. Trauma is not limited to my personal history. It is relayed across generations, it can be hosted in collective memory. "My wounds existed before me and I was born to carry them on my body."*

Trauma is not only carried across generations through the damage it has caused on the spirit or on the body. It seeps into objects, spaces, the geography. While it is nice to encounter "Murat loves Eylül" on a tree trunk, aged over the years with the edges of the letters swollen, the Four Pillared Minaret in Diyarbakır is now a vast trauma for the society. A physical or imagined encounter with it cuts through to those whose hearts have not been turned into stone.

Trauma's morbid, disorderly trace could be carried generation to generation. These burning, destructive traces could be concealed in the self of a five-year-old whose ancestors were forced to migrate or whose uncle might have been "lost" under state custody; these traces could traumatize the left of this child. If we are surrounded by violence and if it doesn't leave us space to breathe, that sweet bump on the wall, which lets us exist and that small, innocent resistance could transform into a monster, canopying our horizon and leaving us in the chaos. Thinking now, if we don't doubt the 20th century being a century of wars, massacres, atrocities, it only makes sense our bodies, our lives are shattered.



DRIES VERHOEVEN, YOU ARE HERE. PHOTOGRAPHY: ANNA VAN KOOIJ

Dries Verhoeven's theatrical world based on spectators' experience

Words: Mehmet Kerem Özel

I was let into a room, all alone. One of the walls of the room, no larger than the living room of a house, was completely covered by an image. It was a scenery from Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti: taken from a hilly area, in the foreground a mud puddle with lots of garbage, just behind it a jerry-built house with other jerry-built houses in the background and behind them all low hills and the sky; a time of twilight. While I could not figure out if the image was moving or not, a shirtless black man sitting on the edge of the puddle stood up and approached me. First, he stared at me, then began to mirror my moves, my poses, my positions in the room. I was a little bit nervous as I wondered how the man in the picture could see me and imitate me. I was surprised to realize that the moving picture was not pre-recorded as I thought before, and was live instead. The man was nice, young and friendly, so my nervousness de-escalated. After a short while he ceased to imitate me and instead started to direct me, not with words, but with movements; for

instance, he pointed to the place where I should stand in the room. We were facing each other; he stood on top of the garbage in the puddle and I was in the middle of the bone-dry room. Then he leaned down and turned on a tape recorder. Rhythmic local music began to play and he began to dance with his lithe body. He demanded that I imitate him. I was shy and uneasy at first, a little bit tense due to the unusual situation I found myself in: I was dancing, in a somewhat large room in the backstage of a theatre in Berlin, at an hour long after midnight, face to face with a black man from Port-au-Prince via live video footage. We were communicating through our bodies. In those five minutes there were only the two of us; occupying two different places on earth but the same time span. We were two different people from two completely different economic, societal, cultural and spatial environments, but we shared a common thing during that time span. Then he approached me; his face covered the whole screen. He thanked me with a vaguely Mona Lisa-like

smile and got out of the picture. So, my time to leave the room had also come.

Guilty Landscapes is an episodic work by the Dutch artist Dries Verhoeven. Since May 2016, in each episode of this work, performers and spectators from different parts of the world have been connected via live video. After experiencing, live in person, that shared environment of time-of-beyond-space, it is impossible not to reconsider anew this technology which most of us use in our everyday life of Western standards. It is also impossible not to admire the artist who employs this ordinary technology at our disposal in the service of such a genius idea. Thus, Verhoeven creates a powerful work that turns upside down the roles of the performer and the spectator, that obscures the relationship between the spaces in which the two exist, and that lets them experience the same time span by doing so.

Verhoeven states in the brochure: "People sometimes ask me about the how and why of a work. But why talk



Dries Verhoeven who especially aims to question societal norms and habits in the public space, thinks that the value of art as an agent of critical investigation and the mission of provocation as an instrument for exposing conventional habits has decreased.



DRIES VERHOEVEN. PHOTOGRAPHY: MARIJN SMULDERS
(LEFT PAGE) CECI N'EST PAS NOTRE PEUR DRIES VERHOEVEN PHOTOGRAPHY: WILLEM POPELIER

when my work is merely speaking in images? Why clear up when ambiguity is in the core of the work." This discreet approach relates completely to *Guilty Landscapes*, where communication consists only of mimicry, gestures, and movements, in other words through the whole body. So indeed, there is no need of words for communication; understanding, trust, and empathy are enough.

Born in 1976, scenography graduate Dries Verhoeven is renowned in the Dutch theatre scene for his designs that stretch and increasingly defy boundaries between the stage and the auditorium, and which resemble more to installation works. He sees the theatre as an event, as a collective experience merging the spectator and the performer. So, he is seeking possibilities to include the spectator directly in the production in radical and unexpected ways. He intends that the spectator communicate with the work not through identifying with someone on stage but through physical experience.

His first works were influenced by the 'theatre of experience' popular in Holland and Flemish Belgium. In this theater style directors like Ivo van Hove, Guy Cassiers, and Marcus Azzini and Lotte van der Berg (with whom he has worked personally), focus on the encounter between the performance space and the audience's emotions. What Verhoeven tries to introduce into this style is to emphasize the role of the performer only to the extent that it stresses the work's being in the 'here and now' in his own words "to take the performer entirely out of the work." In this sense, one of his most impressive works was 2007's *U bevindt zich hier* (You are here), in which each solitary spectator lying in a hotel-room-like box begins to realize that s/he is not alone when the mirror-covered-400m² ceiling slowly rises, letting all the other spectators in the boxes see each other.

In recent years, rather than theatrical works staged in indoor spaces or theater buildings, Verhoeven has produced more works of visual art that use the public urban space as a stage. In these recent works, he considers the spectator as an accomplice and puts her/him in a position similar to that of a museum visitor so that the spectators have "to decide for themselves how long they will stay to look at the work." According to him, unlike the stationary theater spectator who has to sit in a chair for a certain period of time, the museum visitor in motion is "an actively thinking viewer." With this consciousness, in his works in the public space, Verhoeven focuses primarily on the attention, the partnership and the resultant experience of the passer-by. He thinks that the value of art as an agent of critical investigation and the mission of provocation as an instrument for exposing conventional

habits has decreased. Therefore, in his recent works he especially aims to question societal norms and habits in the public space, and he succeeds. His 2013 work, *Ceci n'est pas...*, which consisted of an extraordinary person displayed in a glass box on a city square, was censored in the 2014 Helsinki edition by the police because he presented the scene with an 84-year-old naked woman. In a similar vein, he himself ended on the fourth day the 2014 Berlin edition of the ten-day 24/7 installation *Wanna Play?*, in which he put himself in a glass box soliciting strangers on gay hook-up app Grindr and projected the resultant conversations with other users onto a screen outside in a public square due to the controversy on Facebook.

His most recent project, 2017's *Phobiarama*, is described as an immersive live installation. With this work, Verhoeven returns to his first period of experiential theatre and reduces the role of the visitor to that of a stationary and passive spectator. However, the theatrical realm which he offers to the spectator is worth experiencing. *Phobia*, derived from the Ancient Greek *phobos* meaning 'fear,' is a suffix that forms a word according to the type of the fear—for example, claustrophobia, or as a common fear in Europe and America in these days, Islamophobia—but here it is used at the head of the title. As for diorama, it refers to the miniature three-dimensional scene, in which models of figures are seen against a background and in which real life is imitated as literally as possible. So, Verhoeven had prepared a three-dimensional scene for visitors which is some kind of an abstract simulation of real life.

Phobiarama was displayed within the scope of 70th Holland Festival in Amsterdam in June 2017 in a black tent decorated outside with bare lightbulbs, as on a fairground. It was placed in the middle of Mercator Square. The Square is the centre of a neighbourhood created by the famous Dutch architect Berlage as one of the first examples of the garden-city idea in the 1920s, and today predominantly immigrants inhabit it. Every hour, 20 spectators in groups of two were allowed inside. They got on the ghost-train-like cars connected to the ground via rail and took a 45-minute ride around the big indoor space. They were confronting their fears; however, these fears were very different from those of the ghost trains.

Verhoeven had constructed an atmosphere of fear upon many factors fueling today's climate of fear: Extreme right-wing or fascist governments, or terrorist organizations that have succeeded in manipulating society through terror and security; ecological rhetoric, such as climate change, which emphasizes how little time the world has left without precautions, or which speaks of the

potential harm of synthetic products to humans; and, of course, the fear of the 'non-self,' namely the 'other,' that has seized most of the world's societies.

Phobiarama was a three-dimensional miniature world bred by all these fears that take ordinary human life prisoner with the help of elements from the real world. The monitors placed at the top corners of the walls were used not only to display audio recordings of today's right-wing and fascist politicians, but also to live-broadcast black-and-white images recorded by cameras in that room, referencing the surveillance devices as the indispensable feature of today's governments' control mechanism. The cars on the rail were also used as objects that fueled the fear in the room, playing with various speeds and directions; sometimes they moved very slowly, sometimes very fast in reverse.

To promote this uncanny realm of fear, Verhoeven not only created an exceptional physical space with color, music, sound, and objects, but he also employed live performers who went far enough, even if controlled, to have physical interaction with the spectators. During the 45-minute piece, the same performers played the roles of three different horror images. Among these, the first one might have been the most ancient and primitive fear of mankind: the bear walking on its hind legs. Under the bear costume was found a contemporary collective horror image: the clown. The last one was the real-life appearance of the performers. The performers, no longer in costumes, embodied the most 'ordinary' fears of the average white European citizen. They all were from non-European races; North African, Middle Eastern or black. On top of that, they were all very tall, tattooed bodybuilders. They could easily and instinctively be put into the category of the 'other'; they could have been involved in criminal or deviant activity or even escaped from prison.

In this last crucial -and poetic- sequence of *Phobiarama*, Verhoeven masterfully displays the gap between the visible and the real: he displays, in front of the eyes of the spectators in an explicit and 'live' way, the artificiality of fear and that fear is nothing more than a product of 'fiction'. He brings face to face moving humans in the flesh, in other words, performers and spectators in this environment while stripping and unwrapping the performers of the images imposed on them by the 'ordinary fascist' gaze and everyday fears of the spectators, and by enabling both the spectators and the performers to live through this emotional experience in person.

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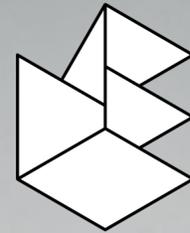
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09.09.2017 – 04.02.2018

15. İstanbul Bienali
Komşu Etkinliği

Küratör
Derya Yücel

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Yüksel Arslan, Hera Büyüктаşçıyan,
Onur Ceritoğlu, İpek Duben,
Erdal Duman, Ahmet Duru,
Fırat Engin, Nezaket Ekici,
Yunus Emre Erdoğan, Erol Eskici,
İnci Furni, Leyla Gediz, Şifa Girinci,
Deniz Gül, Hakan Gürsoytrak,
Berat Işık, Gözde İlkin, Can İncekara,
Ahmet Doğu İpek, Komet,
Nuri Kuzucan, Romina Meriç,
İrfan Önürmen, Ferhat Özgür,
Necla Rüzgar, Çağrı Saray,
Erinç Seymen, Yaşam Şaşmazer,
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Huo is Asking



huoHuorf@gmail.com

This time Huo Rf asked his five questions to a Brazilian artist, Antonio Oba

I want to ask you more about your personal experiences in life at first, your education, the place that you grow up and your family of course. How did your experiences shape you and your works so far? Because in your works, your personal memory is visible from my perspective.

I was born in a extremely catholic family. This is a factor that greatly contributes to my research because I grew up participating in it, and thus I acquired knowledge of the traditions and rituals that make part of the Brazilian Christian religious imaginary, mainly in inland cities: pilgrimage, processions...and so on. As it is a characteristic culture, I consequently started performing art works whereupon religious references were intersected with historical events related with ethnic prejudice, bigotry, violence, Afro-Brazilian persecuted tradition and that are still somewhat present today. Herein there is a reflection about the own idea of a national identity: Me, as a negro, blended/mingled, have constructed affective bases inside a determined religious tradition to the detriment of another that has been neglected to me. This is not an isolated case but a reproduction of a historic condition.

You're producing with different mediums, techniques and materials. And your body is the main object too, or anyone else's bodies. What kind of a bond do you establish with your opinion/feeling and materials?

I believe that the bond is our own body. There was always an urge to assert the body presence, either in painting, drawing, objects, performance and evidently using these means to tell an intimate story, in order to reflect upon emotional questions that are involved, inserted in language. Sometimes, these questions are related with an established crisis between the body, the individual that is transfigured, transformed into another thing, in accordance with the socio-historical context in which he belongs.

I want to talk about Atos Da Transfiguração: You look like meditating or attending a religious ceremony. The story that you want to show is easily discoverable and giving a direct text to any viewer actually. How did you fictionalise this in your head and come to the conclusion? It will be more poetic with your words I'm sure.

It is a performance from 2015. However, its "gestation", so to speak, was long. I kept thinking in the act for over a year; it was an image that constantly crossed my mind: to grate a holy statue (saint's statue). Nonetheless, I was not sure about its meaning. Numerous things in the creative process come without a name, till you can translate it. I was already thinking in art works that depicted coming back home, family and national traditions that, somehow, have created me; a return that has to do with affection. As I said above, my family was always very catholic; I was part of, knew and got in touch with rituals from the inland: kirmess, pilgrimage, folia de reis (folkloric religious procession) ...and the idea of the ritual always interested me. In the Brazilian context, the miscegenation and syncretism are clearly rooted in these mores. To reflect on my heritage and, mainly, on my body (negro, miscegenated), all the situations that this historical body inherited and inherit without asking, to become research notes and experience in my art creation. I recall, that once, I entered a religious articles's store in Camdombé

and, the first thing I saw when I got in, was the image of our lady of Aparecida. Having seen this catholic icon, in that context, has defined all the performance's character of Atos Da Transfiguração. It is a supposedly black saint. I say that, because it comes from a historical-religious tradition that has nothing to do with the African religiousness, for example.

The concept itself of syncretism has become quite fragile. Where it comes from? It is comfortable to defend the idea of a so called equality, when historically, all the culture has been already marginalized. This, inclusive, has to do with "whitening" population projects that have defined Brazil in the nineteen century, for example. To grate the image of a black holy statue and reduce it to white dust, launch this dust onto you, after a strenuous arm work, to cover-up, making your skin disappear, your identity, are aspects touched by the performance. Notwithstanding, this is not all, the art work ends up gaining a life of its own and accomplishes, thereby, another meanings: to cover up your body with white dust, in some African civilizations, means to deify your body. The performance's own name "Atos da Transfiguração: desapareção ou receita para fazer um santo" makes reference to the ritual of making the head, to make the holy statue/saint, in Candomblé. In other words, at the same time there is a criticism, there is also an exaltation. It is an antagonistic celebration.



Personally, I've met you first with your Atos Da Transfiguração performance, it is catchy for sure. The relationship that 've built between your body and inside of your head can be defined as refined for me. I'm questioning audience reactions in my head. Do you think that audience effect has that power to steer you?Did you come across to any censorship before or are you now?

That relationship with the public is always quite valid. There was, yes, one or another more exalted positioning about the performance, where I had the chance to talk, but sadly not with the people that have felt offended. However, this also reflects an aesthetic illiteracy. The idea of performance, at first, was not to create offense; it was not something that I have used as an inspiration, thought the action has a large critical character and that it is not obvious. It is in this matter that I perceive this illiteracy. There is not, in a large section of the public, a concern to try to understand why this or that art work bothers so much. If this discomfort occurs, this by itself, it is already something to be considered, reflected, understood e requires a time that it is not the time of a quick reading accompanied by a "like" or a "delete". Once, I posted some pictures of the performance on my Facebook page and I took the chance to post next to it a text that commented on it; in some comments it was clearly understood that the person had not read a single line of what I have typed in. This has to do with an educational matter really! It looks like, even though we are called a "visual generation", there is no education in viewing. As I am an arts teacher, I realize this in the classroom and, trying to seek teaching methods that alter it, is an arduous task. Nevertheless, I had the opportunity to speak with students about the performance and it was something really satisfactory, both for me and for them. The use of artistic language to provoke recognition of yourself, of your own place, of your own history, is what I believe in in order to encourage moments where the subjects autonomy can be more evidenced.

There's a cognitive climate in the world which is getting more and more bizarre everyday. Endless wars, fast growing technology, power of the social media... Where are you standing between of this as an artist? How do you think our future will be like?

I think this question has a lot to do with what I had mentioned above. I believe that Arts, like any other languages, are there to be used in the sense of a sensible arousal. This can and should be done as much as possible by its agents. It has to do with an intimate belief in what you do and do for pleasure, by an inner need. I believe this generates a contagious effect. Art is contact and contamination! And, if she infects, mobilizes people to go to a museum, to dance, to read a book, this is something hopeful. This is a bid in which the outcomes are certainly not seen immediately. You never know how much you have influenced a pupil's perception, for example; you don't know how the other has received and grasped it, but this is already valid as a process. Not exactly as an end.



PHOTOGRAPHY: JANINE MORAES



Felekşan Onar "Dazzled"

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Baksı Museum

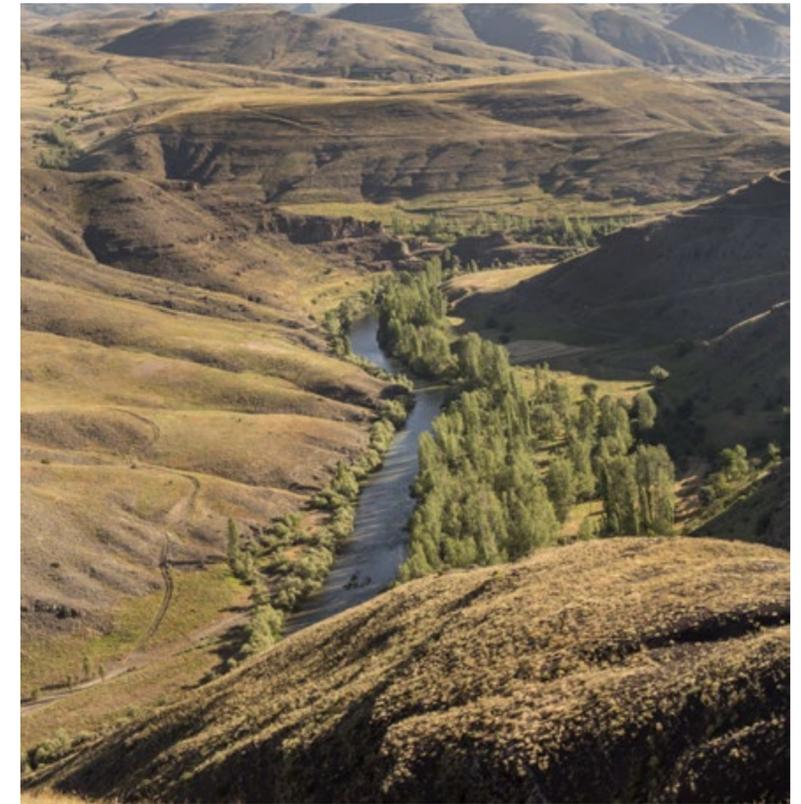
Bayraktar village in Bayburt, previously called Baksı, where the Museum is located, is also the birth place of Hüsamettin Koçan. The artist expressed what was left in him from the village he was born in, and prepared a new exhibition with the feelings of pain from the thorn in his foot

Words: Murat Alat **Photography:** Elif Kahveci

With the support of







Once you liberate time from the tyranny of hours and consequently, from numbers, you are left with a very ominous experience. This is something that is hard to hold on to, varying from person to person, and something that is not dispersed homogeneously across space. You notice that in certain places it accelerates, becoming more intense, and at times it becomes sluggish. Metropolises emerge as places in which time is intensified, accelerated, almost going beyond today to catch up with the future. However, if you are in Istanbul, for example, a tour in the historic peninsula allows you to feel the different stops in history that impact time, a palpable effect that you could even feel if you just let go a bit, enabling you to literally travel through time when you are in an inn from the era of Mehmet the Conqueror. The marked columns that are witnesses to history, stones that have been worn down under the steps of countless generations, will transport you beyond a humanly perception of time and might even take you beyond it. If I'm allowed to pursue these situations further, it would be possible to propose that such moments are like little worm holes in space and time.

Metropolises are places where the wheels of time are spinning rapidly; time flows here like a deep river, dragging people along. Unfortunately, people's hours are too slow for the metropolis now. This is not the case in the rural. Those who go from the large city to the rural for even a few days notice that time becomes insufferably slow. Once the few activities that could be pursued to fill time have been depleted, the slow movement of time at the speed of turtles is agonizing for the urbanite who is used to running like a rabbit. They want to escape as soon as possible.

Where does the energy for this ruthless machine come from in the city that tries to match the speed of light? The metropolis time is a red apple in people's eyes—it's a place where dreams are realized, where desires are satisfied. In reality, the metropolis is a promise that can never be kept. The inhabitants of the metropolis work like slaves, motivated by the red apple. If it would be appropriate to use terms of psychoanalysis, the metropolis's wheels are turned by the libidinal energies of people who try to grasp the ominous object of desire. It is a type of vampire, fed by pure energy of life. The allure of the metropolis doesn't only speak to its inhabitants; the constantly hungry mechanism carries its charms outside of its own borders, towards the rural. The migration from the rural to the city is a line of libidinal energy. Thus, as life in the periphery becomes dry, slowing time down even more, the speed of the city picks up, growing uncontrollably like a tumor.



Opened in Bayburt in 2010 through the initiative of Hüsamettin Koçan, Baksı Museum is a daring project that tries to reverse the flow between the metropolis and the periphery. This contemporary art center established in Koçan's birthplace, rural Bayburt, on the banks of the River Çoruh, alleviating the drought of these lands, is the artist's attempt to shoot down modernism with its own weapons. Koçan steals the "prestigious" contemporary art, monopolized by major cities, and carries it to the periphery; he tries to inject movement into the notion of time in Baksı—time that is on the verge of freezing because of those who move away from here. The goal is to allocate the libidinal energy, intensified around the museum to the youth who have been seduced by the charms of the city or those who remain where they have been born, doomed to be forgotten in a corner of history. Of course, this energy is first and foremost Koçan's own admirable energy, his own resilience.

Baksı Museum is a conservative [muhafazakar] project in every sense of the word. Before saying this, however, it is important to dissipate the negative connotations of this word from our contemporary sensibilities. The Arabic root for the word, the letters "hfb" are also the root for the words "hafiz" [guard] and "hafiza" [memory]. In this sense, conservation is not a blinded act of protection, but rather an act of preserving what has come from the past to survive the present and to go into the future, keeping tradition alive—activities that are geared towards keeping things contemporaneous. As Besim Dellaloğlu has said, tradition is not something that remains in the past; it is what is of the moment, it is contemporary. The conservativeness of the museum reveals itself when viewed from this perspective. It is not a dream to mummify or to return to the past, but rather a conservative impulse to live and to let live. The main goal was to preserve the life energy of the region and to add to it.

It is not possible to view Koçan's solo exhibition, *Thorn in my foot*, on view between May and November 2017, without considering this background—an exhibition that also prompted the writing of this article. The exhibition is based on the waves of the preservation effort that stems from Koçan's personal story, from Baksı, and spreads to the whole world. Koçan takes tradition and interprets it with the contemporary, relaying this knowledge and experience. The poetic title of the exhibition offers a triangulation point for the viewer. This title is a metaphor for Koçan's oscillation between Baksı and Istanbul, between geographies and social classes. The thorn is a symbol of the provinciality that doesn't leave him alone on this journey, blessed by this exhibition. Koçan, like many who shares his destiny, doesn't try to take out the thorn, but rather takes it back to his homeland when the time is right. It is obvious that Koçan's two lifestyles, his goings back and forth between two geographies have not diminished him, but rather have been kneaded in his hands to become a creative process. And the biggest proof of this is first the Baksı Museum and then the exhibition, *Thorn in my foot*.





The vast steel sculpture in the center of the exhibition serves as a key to the rest of the works included in the exhibition. It could be said that the exhibition is charged with meaning through the field of gravity that this sculpture creates. A single link from barbed chain around the shepherd dog's neck, which serves to prevent wild animals from lethally biting the dogs' necks, has been magnified hundred-fold; the title of the work is *Homage to the Steel Maker*. Koçan brings together craftsmanship and the conceptual together, using a method we are familiar with in contemporary art. The thorn mentioned in the title of the exhibition takes on a tangible form with this work and protects the viewers from the destructive impact of time, by rubbing off on each of the works. This steel thorn spreading across the exhibition is not only a simple metaphor, but is rather a testament to the expansive dimensions of Koçan's desire to preserve the world through the sphere that has been formed by the small, constructed forms. In the work, *Child*, the same form has been used on canvas, almost weaving an armor to protect the child behind it. Koçan presents his relationship to the world with the thorn in his foot and the past that is concealed in this thorn as a formulaic representation. He resists the dehistoricization and rootlessness recommended by the modern world by preserving his relationship with the traditional. His resistance to rootlessness is not only a concealed message in his works; his magnanimous *Roots* presents Koçan's problematics in front of the viewers in the simplest form. The popular trees that have been torn out of the soil and turned upside down show their roots rather than their leaves. When you come to this section of the exhibition, you are met with a forest of roots. You can interpret this work within the framework of Deleuze and Guattari's rhizome, but it is also possible to relate to the work on a simpler level without pulling the topic into a more intellectual dimension. We had said that Koçan's conservatism is not a form of romanticism that recommends a return to the roots. This work is not an elegy to the days past, but rather an act of praise for the roots that are there. And the roots ask for help to resist the tumultuous, accelerated world.

Bakı Museum offers a lot more than a special touristic experience; it is a humble yet resilient enterprise to create a crack in the modern regime of our times. The exhibition, *Thorn in my foot*, reveals the archaeology of this enterprise.

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Zaha Hadid: now and forever



The biggest influence of Bulgari since it has been established in 1884 in Rome, is this courageous, lustful and lively city of Italy. After working together in 2011 for Abu Dhabi Art Fair and in 2014 for Milan Design Week, Zaha Hadid redesigned the B.zero1 series that the house was created in 1999 to cheer the millennium without changing the main design just by adding it new variations and colors.

Zaha Hadid, known also as Queen of curves, was very clear about her design: existing Colosseum would be more curved and fluid. At first look this ring brings deconstructivism to fingers just as Hadid buildings

did to streets. This approach that Hadid bring up with time, starting with Vitra Fair Station, Dongeamun Design Plaza, Heydar Aliyev Centre, Guangzhou Opera House, Vienna University Library and Learning Centre, Kopenhagen Ordrupgaard Museum Extension Building.

When Hadid's fluid deconstructionism met Bulgari's innovative precepts a timeless value was born. Also called as New Classic, this movement takes aim at, not the be used once in a while but accord with your everyday life, so B.zero1 wants to be on your finger more than everything.





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Island

Hera Büyüктаşçıyan has an island. We do not always have a chance to meet someone having geographies inside. Under the most untouched golden light of the day, we travel with her like two monks bound to the roots of this land. This is a 'walking article', which leads us to the depths of the history, from Hera's self to the island's memory on the route she plotted. I let myself go with her pace

Words: Elâ Atakan Photography: Sırma Aksüyek



It's seven thirty-five in the morning. The sea lies along ahead of me as though gold dusts spilled on its blue shades, looking as calm as inland waters.

I approach the first page of a novel as if I am approaching an island. Nearly a month ago, Hera was standing in front of me at the beginning of the staircase of a school with creaky floors, her hair was braided and she had an earth colour blouse on. When she said 'I follow the birds when I go to the island, they show me where the dolphins are', I started dreaming about today.

I look around as I approach the Island. As white chests of the swallows are nearly touching the sea, I am looking for the dolphins Hera told me about, but I cannot see them. Swallows pass by swiftly and circle around a big light beam ahead. Morning appetite. So I have an appetite for what I am about to listen, I will turn the first page a little later. I come near her land. Hera Büyüктаşçıyan has an island. We do not always have a chance to meet someone having geographies inside. Firstly, I look at her hair, she let free, black curls on her waist, shining. Her eyes sparkle, renewing the loneliness of the island. Under the most untouched golden light of the day, we will travel with her like two monks bound to the roots of this land. This is a 'walking article', which leads us to the depths on the map she plotted, from Hera's self to the island's memory. I let myself go with her pace.



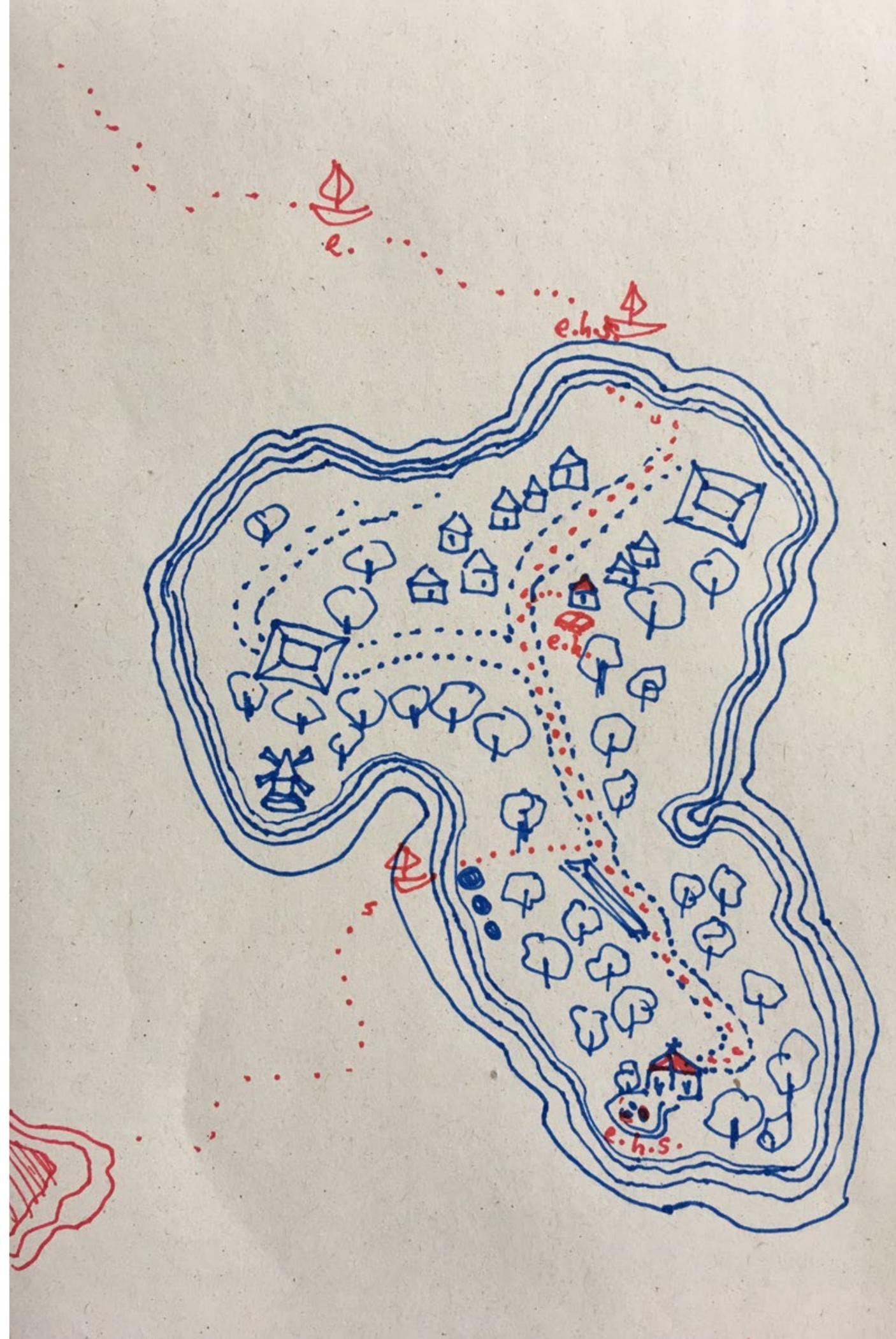
(ÜSTTE) HERA BOYUKTAŞCIYAN TARAFINDAN ÇİZİLMİŞ DEDESİNE AIT OLAN YEŞİL KOŞKUN RESMİ (SAĞ SAYFADA) HERA BOYUKTAŞCIYAN TARAFINDAN ÇİZİLMİŞ HEYBELİ ADA HARİTASI VE ELA ATAKAN İLE YÜDÜKLERİ GÜZERGAH KIRMIZIYLA BELİRTİLMİŞ

We are at Heybeliada. Formerly named as Halkos, the island is named after the blue copper ore, which is equal to gold in value. An island that has been preserved and blessed for centuries. Hera has been living on this island for fifteen years in summer and winter. She, many times alone, has passed by this route that she leads us. Every time she passed by in different seasons, she came back, maybe with a new thought striking her. Here we meet this route, Hera's world, the images she assigned a meaning to, the memories she had on this route in the past.

We stand in front of a house, a very green mansion. 'My grandfather was born in Heybeliada. I found out after a very long time, from the pictures I found by chance in the house,' she says. They are taking the belongings which can be considered as scrap out of the garden of her grandfather's house. An evacuation movement. By the law of capital tax, they had lost the house in one night. She was more emotionally attached to this house when she was a kid. 'However, as a person working with the past, this may be the only place I do not assign a meaning to,' she says.

We are moving ahead to the upper side of the island. Some of the frame houses were renovated, making us dream of the existence of a blissful life with its new owners. Some of

them are discoloured, empty, balconied houses with broken shutters, looking like their brown wood blocks are about to collapse. Hera says that she takes inspiration for many of her works from the Greek island houses with abraded woods which resisted all earthquake forces due to their interlocking system. We stand in front of some of these by turns. In front of one, she says: 'I used to sit in front of the door of this house all the time without knowing the reason why.' We are looking at the base of a balcony reminiscent of her work Destroy Your House and Build Up A Boat. 'I drew the balcony of this house which had nothing but railings over and over again for the Balcony work,' she says. She tells us about her connection to the balconies and what they mean to her: 'I used to build up my own world in the balcony when I was a kid. A rug would be rolled out in the balcony, there would be a tarp stretched among the railings, and I used to begin a journey by a boat looking upon the city.' The tarps swelling with the wind in the balcony, which she told us about, resolves Hera's recent work on the group exhibition by Fondazione Prada in Athens: 'Balcony is both a public space and a personal space offering a window to the outside world. When you step out to a Balcony, you look at somewhere distant and dream of an another imaginary place.'







The Greeks living here left this island until the eighties almost every ten months with a migration wave. Population exchange in 1922, the Capital Tax in 1942, events of September 6-7 in 1955, Greeks being sent off without taking nothing with them in one night in 1964 and in 1974, military operation in Cyprus... Hera talks about how the houses vomited everything inside them out, the memories on the streets... We pass by a shop which collects the stuff from Greek houses. 'This is the place where I buy the stuff for several of my works,' says Hera. 'The lives piled on top of each other are together here, this place has a unique voice. This shop has a time zone of its own.' Perhaps, Hera's idea of a boat house is based on learning how to live on the water, on a slippery ground flowing like the sea... Just then, Hera puts her hand on the trunk of an old plane tree: 'This is a special tree, you should not pass by without touching its trunk.' Then she tears off a piece from the bark and she starts walking again saying 'I used to paint on tree barks.' Hera is impressed by the paving stone textures of the house with red geraniums which we lastly stand in front of. She started working with mosaics after attending Mustafa Pilevneli's wall workshop when she was in the university. 'You are an old soul of the Byzantine, it is seen obviously in every picture you drew, in the colours you picked' her teacher said to her. After that workshop, she embraced her Byzantium identity and then she served as a research assistant to Hatice Nalçabatmaz who is an expert on icon restoration. 'Later, I realized that I had actually grown up in this culture,' she says.

As a daughter of a mother who studied Byzantine history, Hera grew up in a house full of all the books written about

İstanbul. She used to play in the garden of the Turkish and Islamic Arts and Archeological Museum and she went to archaeological sites with her mother a few times. She was a child who creates her own crowds of her fantasy world when she was alone. She used to lay icons together and make them talk. In the Greek tradition, a protective icon is placed bedside of the newborn child and her patroness saint icon was Evangelia, the namesake of her mother. 'I always used to think she was my mother and she was protecting me,' says Hera, describing at once, all these interrelated issues that are the roots of the work she does.

When we move to the point where houses are rare and the sea approaches us, Hera turns to me and asks excitedly, 'Now we have moved to a different time zone. Do you feel it?' 'It is like the feeling you get when you go swimming early in the morning. I feel like that after this point of the island. Especially when walking on rainy days, that feeling becomes more intense,' she adds.

When I asked Hera what time zone she feels that she belongs to, she told me that she belongs to a timeless time zone and that the whole past seems so close to her as if it happened only yesterday even if it is from Neolithic ages and belongs to Byzantine. So, she is transforming the past to bring it in compliance with today. For the place she felt that she belonged to, she said that she pieced together the places she was impressed by on some separate trips she took while working. Hera, like one of the old travelers of a timeless world, takes us to deeper places at every step in this journey she leads us.



HERA BÜYÜKTAŞÇIYAN, INVISIBLES, VIDEOSTILL







While we are moving towards her monastery on the middle road covered by pine trees in both sides, she remembers a memory of this road and tells me: 'Fires breaks out every year in the island. One time we could not move on this road, because all the animals, hedgehogs, snakes ran away from their nests near the seashore where the fire broke out and they were trying to pass over the hill to the other side. It must have been a very long distance for them. There is nothing you can do, you just watch it, without being able to help. I think it is because of this geography, not doing anything and just sitting back and watching. Some of the most frequently mentioned topics in Hera's works are immigration, unhousing... Just at that moment, I am thinking about that humanity story, perhaps the oldest one, the great flood, as if to complete all her thoughts.'

The pine trees on the way to the monastery are like an arch at the entrance of a city. After I pass under it, I get another feeling.' Then we stop right in front of the monastery, a place like a coppice forest with pine trees.

This place has a unique atmosphere. Hera says that she considers this place as a necropolis. A place where dead horses are left, belongings are thrown away, a place where dogs die, like the site of a murder. It has a strange smell. Hera tells me that she has found tile pieces here dating from 1960: 'As if there was a house and it exploded, then all its pieces went everywhere.' Maybe, our last stop before arriving the Monastery Hera calls the end of the world, is

to remember the death, the forgotten, the residual. In conformity with a necropolis, we find a heart-shaped horse bone, Hera puts it on her heart. Hera summarizes all her works in a single movement, she embraces all emotions and memories affectionately regardless of the sadness and the pain of the past, the time and the place.

There is a stone wall lined one after the other right next to the grave of the monk Arsenios who rebuilt the monastery of Hagios Spyridon. 'Every stone is like from a different age, a different civilization, I love this wall so much' says Hera. Right next to us is the garden of the Monastery, full of lavenders, grapevines, welcoming us with all its abundance. Then, we walk in together. She places the votive candles edge to edge in the sand, so that they burn together as one flame. 'Have you seen the rainbow room?' she asks us excitedly. The stained glasses on the inner side of the monastery turns light into rainbow and reflects it around. We are in Hera's magical world. Anything is possible here. We look at the endless view from the Monastery's side, overlooking the sea, with seagull shadows upon us. Hera writes her own legend. She gives voice to a new fairy tale. At that moment, we surrender to the existence of the island and to the sea lying ahead of us with all its blueness, running away from the city and forgetting where we came from, where we are going to or what the time is like that monk in the Island story of Bilge Karasu's book 'A Long Day's Evening' which we often mentioned during our walk with Hera.

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Studio that hides in the house of Seza Paker

Words: Nazlı Pektaş Photography: Romain Winkel



The world is infiltrating into Seza Paker's house in Paris and transforming the boxes, drawers, colors, music and silence into a huge picture.





Seza Paker's house is in Paris, on the Quai de Valmy, along the Canal Saint-Martin in the 10th arrondissement. Previously an old billiard factory with a yard, this building is literally a paradise on earth; other houses, studios and offices are also located next to Seza's house. On the road, right next to the canal, you can enter the first yard through a massive metallic gate. Within a single step, you are completely isolated from the street you've just left. After seeing an entrance with a covered patio, the garden welcomes you; and right after that you see the garden gate that delicately separates the garden from the yard. Then, Seza's backyard is there for you.

The two-storey building hosting Seza's house is encircled with a bamboo-yard. This old billiard factory with a wooden internal staircase is an oasis for Seza and her neighbors now. The shared space at the entrance of this building was arranged like a library where all neighbors meet and invite their guests. Seza and her neighbors meet here from time to time. And books, pictures, personal belongings and posters had been left here by visitors.



Seza Paker is an artist whose time is always 'now' between objects, words, sounds and photographs. In other words, time flows in the Seza's productions, in company with her organic control mechanism. The artist collocates the existents on her own; thus and so, the time always connects to her, her house and her memory in 'now'. Abovementioned 'now' is the one that exists in Seza's art production; it is herself, in other words. Her roots, her house and the place she lives in, flow from her and clings to other moments. In this existence, the value of the place hosting Seza gradually rises. Among the workshops of artists, which we had a chance to see for the article series named Unlimited Visits, Seza's house -I call it a house because it is literally a house- is a sanctuary or a well-illuminated box like a port. So much so that, it ignores the rules of being a workshop, yet it has room for thinking as well as practicing, it provides time and space for daily habits/idleness.

This house, in which we have not seen any artwork belonging to Seza, encases Seza's collections for production. These boxes are both physically and intellectually in Seza's memory. All in good time, Seza opens these boxes and the ones in her memory.

Drawers, files, books, a piano, a giant poster, hundreds of large and small objects from the waste collector, they all are Seza's memory. Apparently, the leopard seats, leather coffee table, design lighting, hand-woven rugs, ashtray, toy parrot and a dozen other things in the boxes also belong to Seza's playground. Whenever these boxes and drawers are opened, the production that started in Seza's mind spreads to tables, seats, papers and the whole house. That is the very moment when this house becomes a workshop. A long dining table with things on it, a countertop, glasses in the cabinet, a lampshade, a glass ceiling through which sunshine and the rumbling rain permeate, and iron-

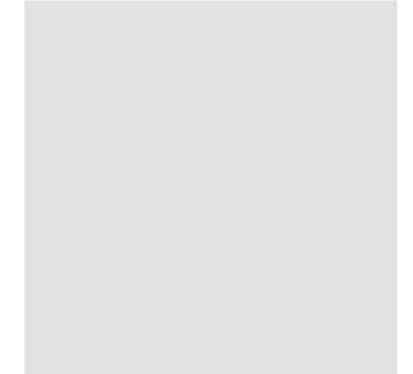
glass walls dividing the house into rooms... They are all ready for the house to turn into a workshop. These belongings used by Seza and the place in which she spends time capture the serenity of the bamboo yard and carry it to other dimensions; her childhood, İstanbul, Paris, women, politics...

As I walked around the house of the artist fillin herself into the boxes, I think of Courbet's words: "The world comes to be painted at my studio." And whatever comes to her, Seza dissects them and waits for the moment to let them go. Her house which she calls "my thinking place" transforms into an art production -only when it is a workshop- in company with the things she lets go, through moments turning into sound, sounds turning into drawings and a refined expression from the inside out. Be it old or new, everything later turns back to their drawers and boxes of the memory. Let the world be hidden in these boxes for a while; accompanied by the wares and a painting given as a gift by the old friend Selim Turan (which is the only painting in the house), time flowing in this house scatters itself in the thickness of the earth, independently from concepts and objects. In this independence, we come across organic and old materials (used papers, old make-up materials to paint, old films) in Seza's production; when they are side by side and imbricated, time goes back to cling objects and people who are independent from the time. An old photo clings to a pattern by Seza, and an old paper to a blusher. 'What is going on between the truth and the dream' sometimes becomes a film or sometimes a voice. The time spreading from the night to the day, and from the day to this house, connects Seza's memory to various stories with her own music. This workshop/house enhances the memories hidden in itself, through the meeting of the sun coming from the wide ceiling and coolness coming from the yard.



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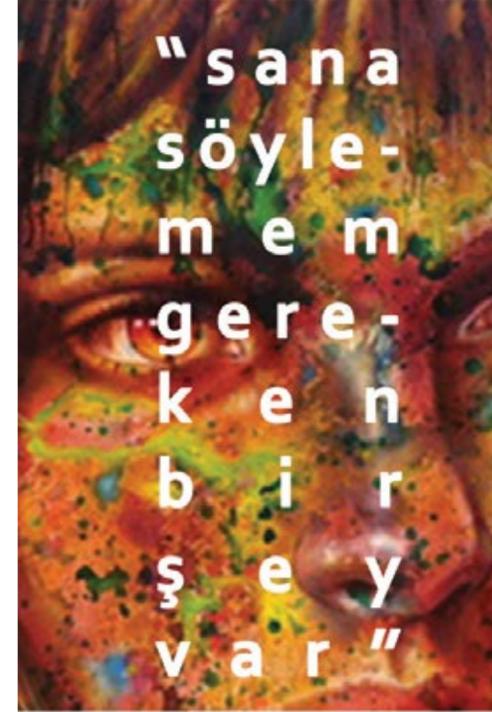


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