

From the midnineteenth century on, the photography studios in the the middle-east as image suppliers and in fact the builders of the imaginary orient. It was in fact the great resource, the studio practice never died, it revamped itself with changes in technology, as well as remaking its backgrounds for new purposes, updating its mise-en-scenes while maintaing that level of artifice. Nobody was foolish enough to believe that these scenes were real or that they were idealized conditions into which their image would be projected, as a fantasmagoria that would never come quie true. Au contraire, the studio photography rests on a simple premise, one is for pure joy and play, it is a ludic tradition, and the second, is simply that is of memorializing, the good photo, the posed photo, the long exposure, the ideal presentation.

After the coup at home DeficityLack cityDeficit city

Homecity

d'etat destroyed the lives and hopes of a whole generation churning out cynical and paranoid aphonic presences. We feel much stronger now the disastrous effects of the immense depoliticization of the people. Things reall start to smell foul.

What we have not looked at yet is how this pervasive depoliticization has effected the contemporary art in the country. One aspects is obviously that it had led to a kind of angst ridden, politically withdrawn art of the neue-wilden and various forms of neo- expressionism which the market was never slow to absorb and create its own stamina topping anything else short of a stiff face. Hence it was not really before the mid-1980s that other pictures came to fore. But this is not the story of today.

Certainly one trend that kind of came out of the depoliticization with the military dictatorship following the 1980 coup was to withdraw to the relative security of the home. Not that home was in any way a sanctuary, a protected zone as we all know from summary executions But it was still and is conversely a zone of relative freedom. What I have written above could just well ring

true, but it is to the inside we have to attend and focus upon. Because home is not simply a home. Home is not merely a continuity of the outside creeping insidiously inside, it is a radical marker, but that perpetually extends mentally to the public space, in the home here is place where people can conspire (the cells), but can also protect and carry on the tradition (well known story). The tradition more here on the notion of the panoply of how home takes off the pressure off the state

The other aspect that the homes, many of them, for example the majority of the housing in Istanbul is built upon state property, not quite overnight but rather organized by kinship Mafia + their men in the municipalities, through elaborate systems of bribes, estate hogging, and eventual legalization, in a fundamental sense, when we are speaking of a collective sense in the way a public is imagined and construed, in the Istanbulite sense, we are really speaking of a notion of kinship communities organized in ways that one could hardly call a p[ublic in the European sense of the term, which is in itself a shared sense of private property, built upon a series of intricate structures of illegimitaion, such as stolen electricity, resources tapped in to so and so forth.

This would then add to the notion of the city as a conglomeration of a series of privately owned units, not necessarily articulated to each other. Hence Istanbul, for one, is not a public town, and is not a place where an idea of public is negotiated; it is a place of privatized spheres in between which are no name/barren and bizarre spaces. This in itself leads to an inquiry on the part of artists, a kind of no name lands (explain here for example the work of Bulent Sangar)

What it is all predicated upon is that the remarkable interesting disjunction between the master city planning as it had existed in the 1930s not only in Istanbul but also in a few other cities, opening the city up in a rather interesting fashion, a bit like Hausmann and a bit like Mussolini, the job of an uber centralized government (the public works, wide avenues, displacing local residencies, traditional housing and uprooting minorities among others), preparing the town for a secularized experience, forcing people into a kind of agoraphobia,

the utter rationalism that would do away ny vestiges of a more human living style, could not only resist the sudden inşux of the immigration to the main city, but broke apart the logic of the secular, well organized soviet city to an ad hoc wild capitalism. This may have been not only a remarkable insurance for the governments on end, issuing one amnesty after another and which absorbed away any kind of political unrest, but it took off the burden of servicing the incoming people in any kind of civilized way. Hence came the shockingly beautiful works of Gulsun Karamustafa who had kept a keen eye on the and pulse on the changes.

But lest you forget that certain parts of town like umraniye that the police, nd usually not even dared to step in the 1970s, these parts of town could become little soviets on themselves as well.

Let's make one thing clear here. You gotta remark that much interesting work in the recent years has either a class base or an ethnic base different from the earlier generations of artists, the artists too are now totally divorced from the state, and have a better nose for their immediate situations.

Here comes the old argument about the originality situation...

Kartpostal boyutunda sıradan bir fotoğraf: iki kişi, uzun yakalı erke-1970'lerden çıkmışgibi, gözlerinde tuhaf büyük gözlükler, cepte Marlboro. Fotoğrafın içinden akan binlerce imaj daha var. Kim bunlar, burada neler tekrarlanıyor ve katmanlaşan göndermeler ne anlama geliyor?

Örneğin 1970lerin gerçek varoş kahramanı, yiğit, cılız, kavruk ama bir o kadar da dik, düzenin üzerine üzerine giden Yılmaz Güney. Dönemin kaderinin yolundan yürüyen, bir yandan kötü bir yandan eziklerin yanında duran haydut fimlerinin yerel adaptasyonlarında, adaptosyanları yerlileştiren, beyaz takım elbiseli, uzun kaşkollu (barcelona), o sabah da yaşadığına şükreden haydut.

Üzerine eğreti oturan giysileri kendine yaraştıran adam.

Acaba, o ikili fotoğrafın da adının "yaşasın kötülük" konması bundan

dolayı mı? Kim bu çocuklar? Uzun kırmızı Marlboro, Kent dışında nadir bulunan yabancı sigaralardan, Bulgar Marlborosu, yani Silah kaçakçılığı ve eroin. Ağzlarının ucundaki sigaralarla, dışgerçeklik (kapının dışı) ile içerisi arasında ve içeride kurulan o evren arasındaki tuhaf ilişki.

Bu tuhaf ilişki, tabii ki sadece Halil Altındere'ye özgü değil sadece, ama şunu da farketmemeniz olası değil: Ev denilen yer, "konspiracy"nin kurulduğu tuhaf evren, evdeki bu mizanesen, Halil Altındere'nin işini keserken aynı anda Aydan Murtezaoğlu'nu, Bülent Şangar'ı da bağlıyor. Ev hayallerin kurulduğu, tasavvurların yapıldığı bir alan, kamusal hayatın iz düşümlerinin var olduğu alan.