

BROKEN HISTORIES

"Historen ljuger som en häst travar."

("History lies as a horse runs in a gallop.") *

*A Swedish expression, from a Swedish Newspaper, Dagens Nyheter, 2004

H-fact: Horses & Heroes project has set me to overview on "history" since a while. My survey through the mystified empty presence of equestrian statues (horses and heroes) has reached to discover the story of an enigmatic Quadriga (four horses), originated from my home town, by the history. Through out my restless investigation, I have traced them in many travels in search of the knowledge, a sense of history with other stories.

Thus, horses become heroes in the end.

History to me finally emerged as a fact of incident, ruptured incidents from visible and narrated realities.

The facts situate themselves within different geographies and travels, same as the "Quadriga" in question, have had strange itineraries in the form of originals, replicas and copies along the history, along the different histories. I have chased the heroic horses after the alibi of the history.

INCIDENTS

Archive 1: Broken Stairs (dedicated to Harald Szeemann)

When realizing the visual manifestation of the H-fact I have been mainly oscillating between Venice and Istanbul, as well as some other cities and referential points related to the 'history' and 'stories' in question. I needed a kind of escape from that hectic turbulence

of the ongoing 'histories,' to somewhere in anyhow related to my other history, somewhere the history is broken.

That was Odessa, in mid-August, a travel of a day and half, leaving from the project, stopping the process, fabricating a rupture on purpose to shift the notion of time and speed, into a suspended history which has been broken several times.

I have documented the cliché "Potemkin Staircase" which I have never taken any single images in my previous visits to Odessa. I was day-dreaming on the staircase that horses are falling down from the stairs, broken legs, flying souls down to the Black Sea. History expanded on an optical illusion.

Archive 2: Broken Flowers (dedicated to Can Altay)

The corner of the street, below my window. A rubbish bin across the street, on the corner, cross-street. A meeting point of the mobile garbage collectors, ambulant city solution people and a stop-over place for the district domiciled people.

A black man occurs in the corner, he works on that garbage spot which becomes his living-room with an abandoned blue car. He is homeless, black and mute, he doesn't speak any language. Around him along the seasons incidents happen, daily, cyclic. He becomes sedentary and lives in the corner, he does order on the site. Other mobile garbage men come and go.

That speechless, rootless, homeless black man dominates the corner, a myth occurs with him. An urban economics functions, a community of marginals meet up and communicate. A filtering, selecting, recycling system works out. An ephemeral contemporary history happens without any remark and record. Time and seasons pass away, winter comes and garbage man disappears. One day he comes back as a visiting garbage man to his ex-file, he

is alive, he works as the other ones and leaves from, until his next visit. Numbered dates
unveil the incidents . Digital history.