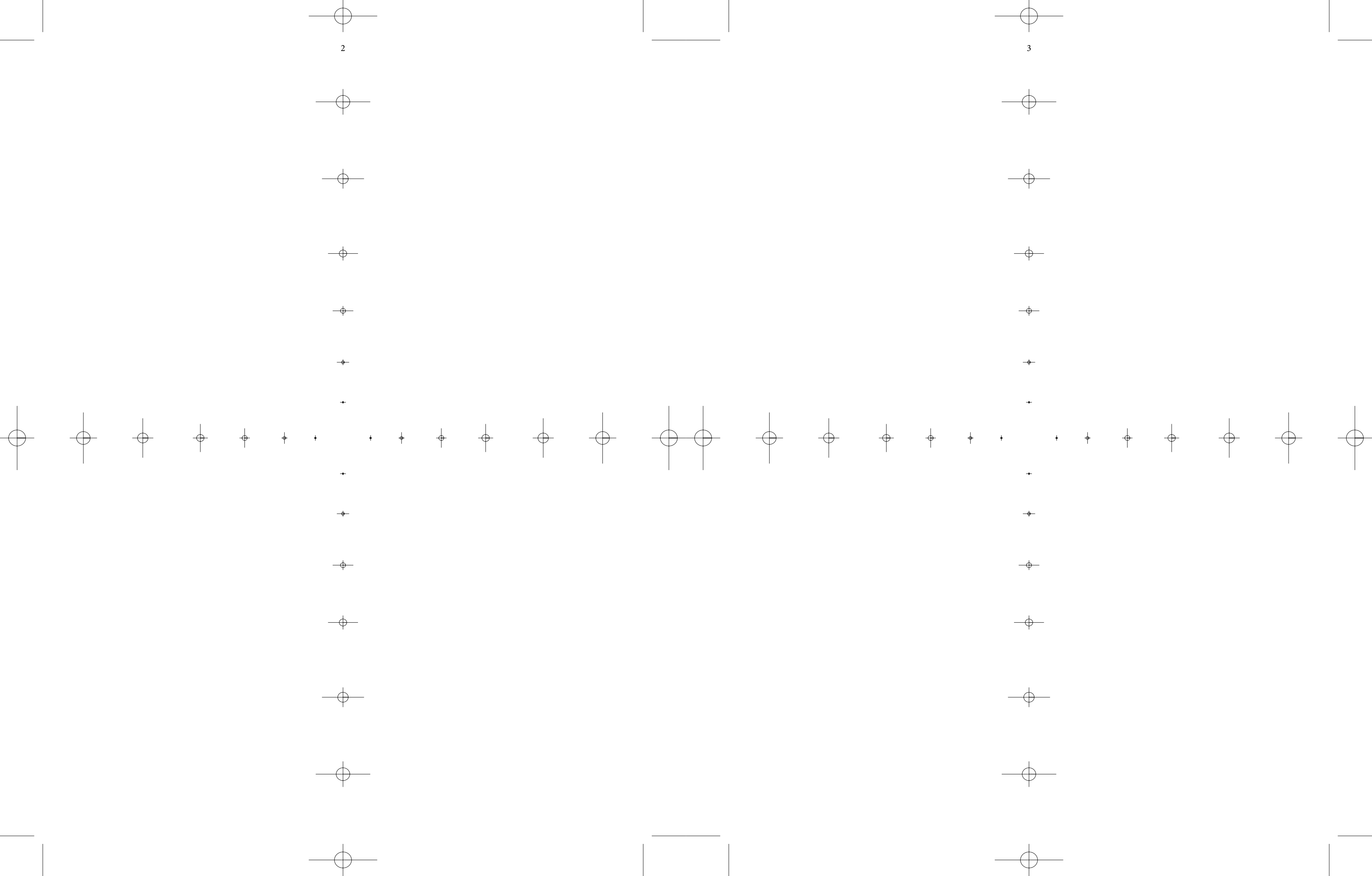


Individual Moments *Collective Memory*

Daphné Esin



Life is Good & Good for You in Individually Collective Stairs...



Individual Moments Collective Memory

Daphné Esin

April - May 2020

Bebek, Istanbul

Yellow Thin Pipe on a Concrete Wall,
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Dryed leafs Wraping a Street Lamp
Stuck on a Concrete Wall,
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

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I, in Turkey am also slashed and burned”**

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PROLOGUE

Banality and Mediocrity: Aesthetic Abstractions

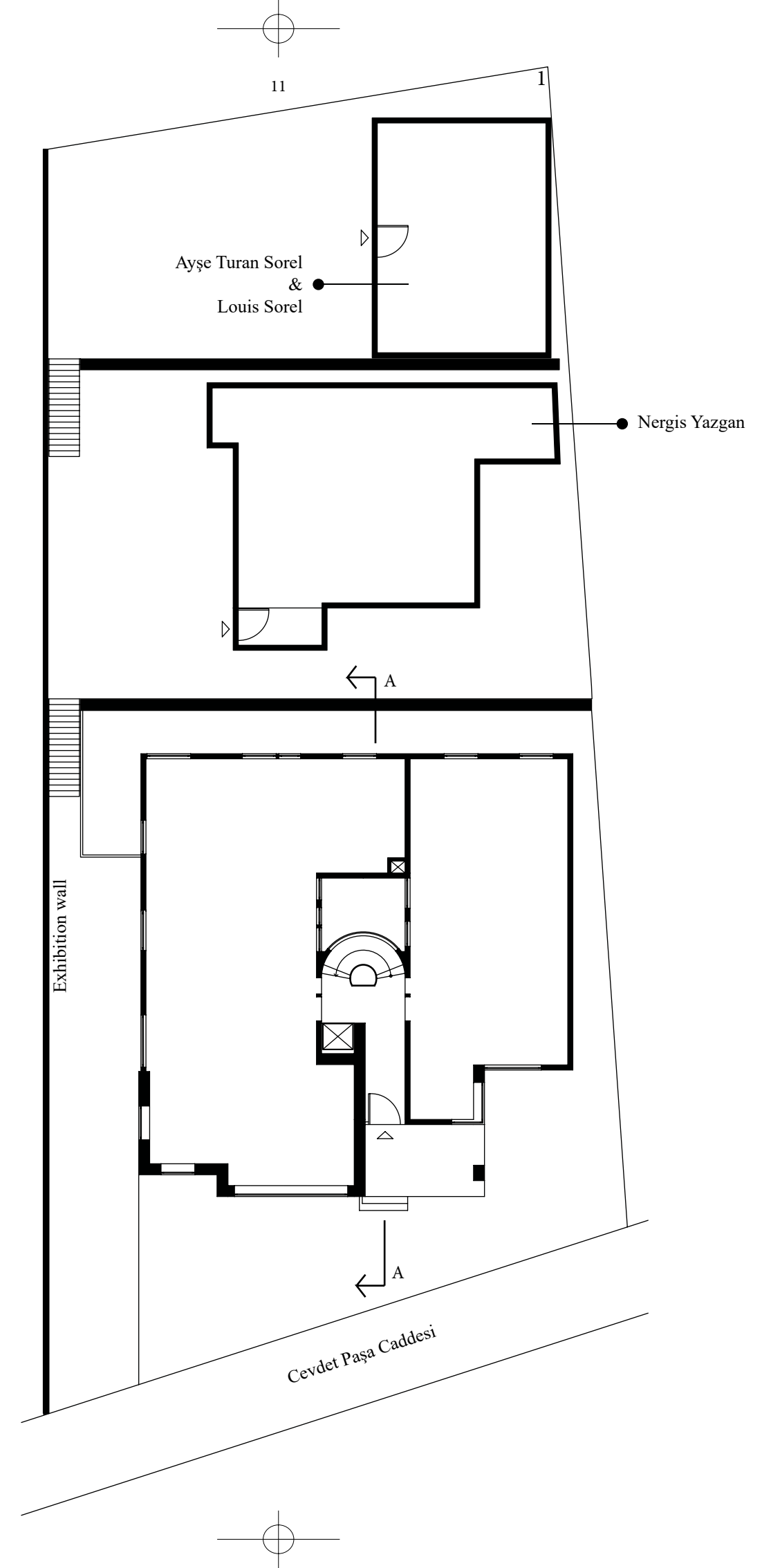
Photographing the still is capturing the morbid moment of life. Where there is pessimism, where macabre enjoys its presence, photography captures melancholy. Melancholy is nostalgia, melancholy is colour, melancholy is shape, melancholy is flavour, melancholy is waiting, wondering and, wandering. During the last three weeks I contemplated my close surrounding – a stairway. This contemplation made me think of the word “memory” and I can argue that memory is the disguised twin of nostalgia.

Through the series of photographs taken in the same place showing different people, modes of lives and, diverse situations – events; I seek to demonstrate how a prosaic and obscure stairway can be subject of a collective memory, during days where collectiveness and the sense of mutual living have lost their meanings. It is extremely amusing and surprising to see how people adapt their life styles so promptly while facing some constraints. Instead of changing habits we try to change the place and the way we do things. I have explored a passage way during three weeks of confinement. My neighbours and I were -and still- living in our small parcel including the main building, a Finish house and, another house. These living spaces are connected by a stone outdoor stairway. Interestingly enough this unnoticed passage became the centre of all “collective” activities.

This book is a gathering of memorable events and writings that built a shared experience and that will be source of nostalgia in few years.

Daphné Esin
12 May 2020

Site Plan
Scale 1.6000

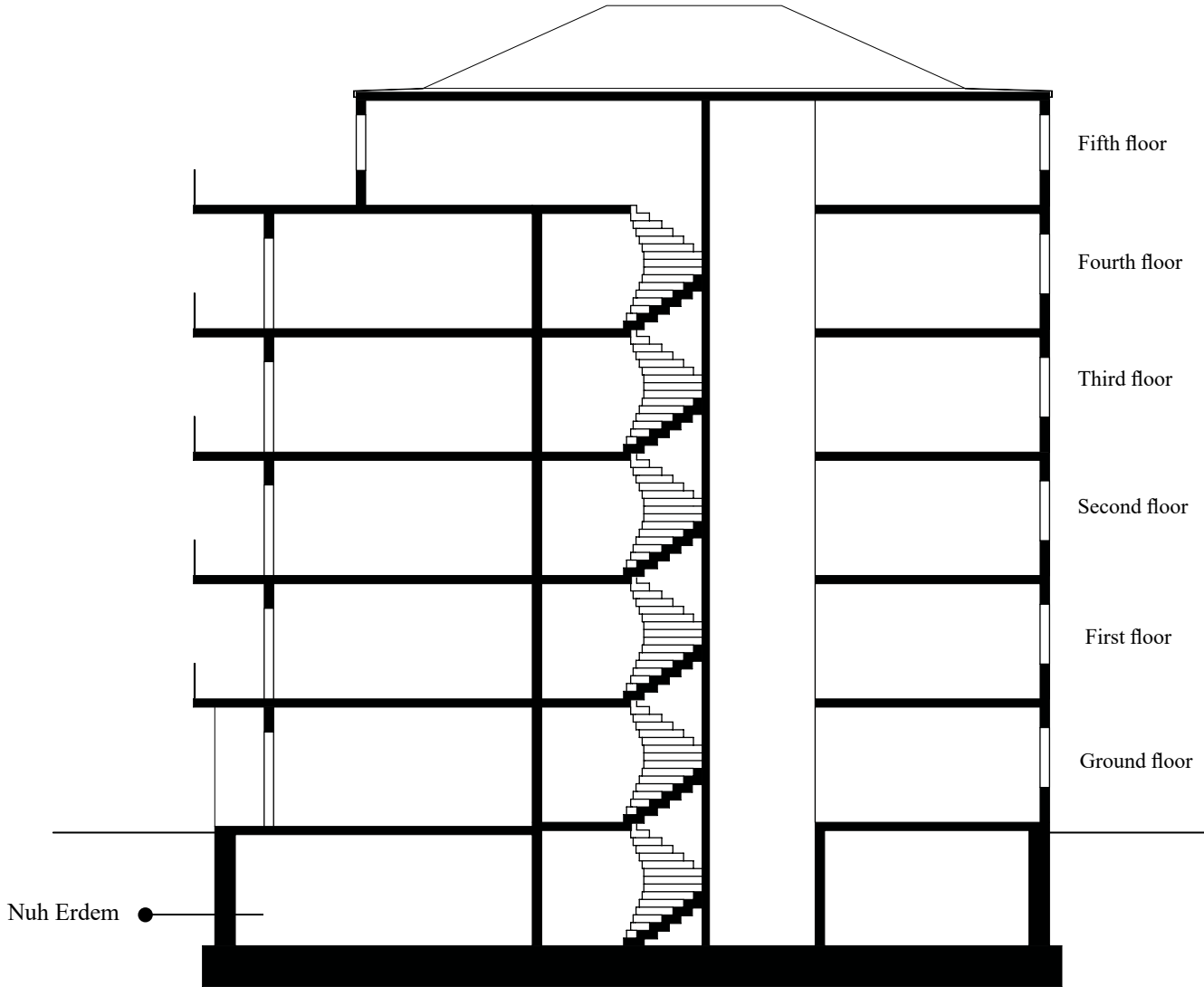


12

13



East Elevation
Scale 1.5000



Section AA
Scale 1.5000

Place Survey

Unnoticed & Intriguing Place

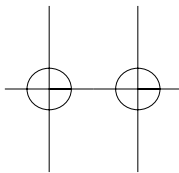




View from Behind the Lemon Trees
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

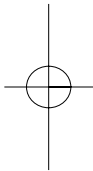
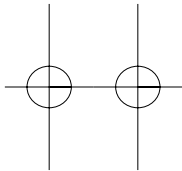
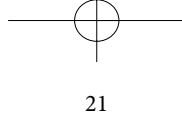
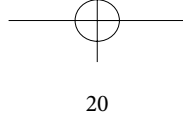


Small Part of Stairs - Yellow Pipe - Concrete Wall With Red Osmanian Tiles
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



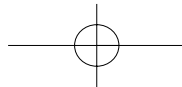
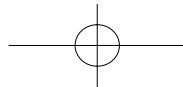
Aggressive Cat Focused on Her Prey On the Concrete Wall - 01
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

Aggressive Cat Focused on Her Prey On the Concrete Wall - 02
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Concrete Wall and Ottoman Tiles - 01
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

Concrete Wall and Ottoman Tiles - 02
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020





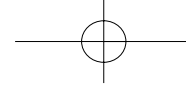
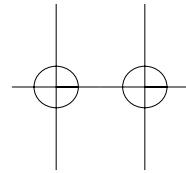
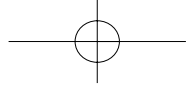
Judas Trees Behind Fences - Concrete wall - Ottoman Tiles - Street Lamp
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



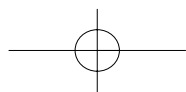
Stairs - Ottoman Tile Way - Vegetation
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



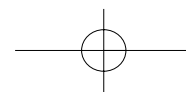
Concrete Wall and Ottoman Tiles - 03
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Cat View of Stars and Cobblestones
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Concrete Wall and Ottoman Tiles - 04
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020





Cobblestone Paved Way - 01
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Cobblestone Paved Way - 02
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Cobblestone Paved Way - 03
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Merged Colours of Judas Tree and Plane Tree
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

Concrete Fence - Dried Branches
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Concrete Wall - Street Lamp- Vegetation and Trees
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020





Cobblestone and Two Steps of Concrete Stairs
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Ottoman Tiles - 01
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Ottoman Tiles - 02
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Overall View of the Stair Area
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Ottoman Tiles - 03
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



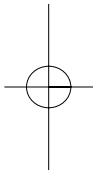
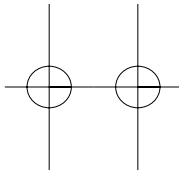
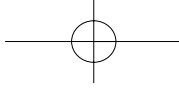
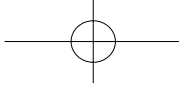
Cobblestones - Pink Tiles and Moss
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



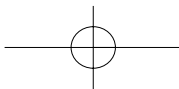
Small Part of the Street Lamp - Brown Grey
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



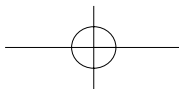
Wet Footprint on Stone Stairs
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

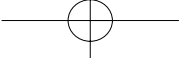


Wet Stone Stairs
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

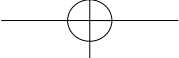
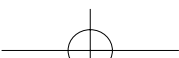


Shadow on Cobblestones and Soil
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

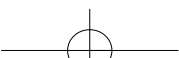


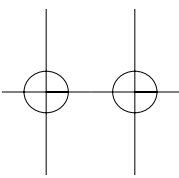
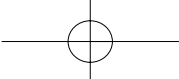


Behind Lemon Trees - 01
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

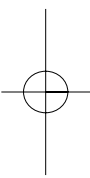
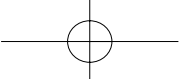
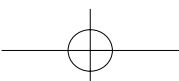


In Front of Lemon Trees
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

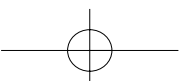




Stone Stairs - 01
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Stone Stairs - 02
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

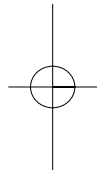
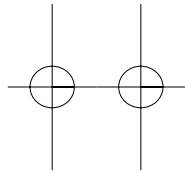




Cobblestones and Stone Stairs
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

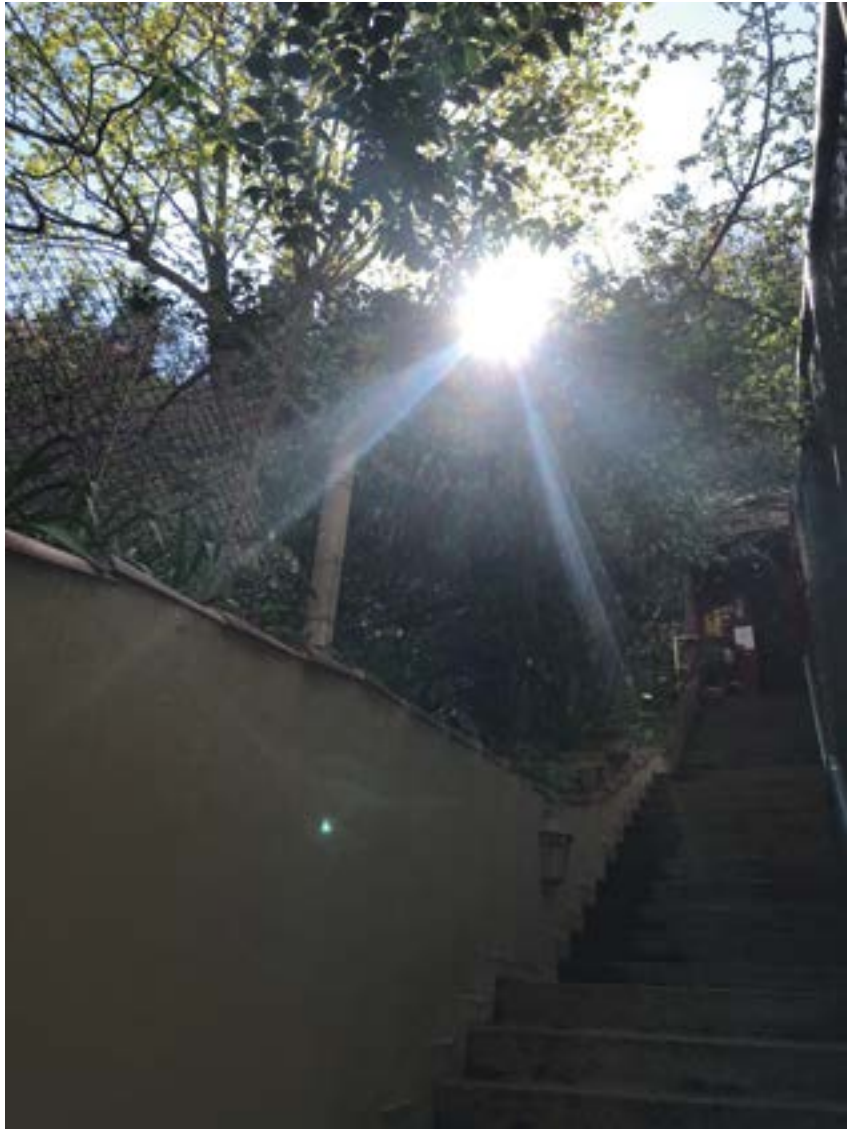


Concrete Wall - Ottoman Tiles - Judas Trees
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Behind Lemon Trees - 02
Istanbul/Bebek Arpil 2020

Behind Lemon Trees - 03
Istanbul/Bebek Arpil 2020



Stone Stairs - Yellow Pipe - Concrete Wall
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

Stone Stairs and Concrete Wall - Contre-lumiere
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Plane Tree and Plaster
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



English Green Fences - Stone Stairs - Concrete Wall
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

Çok kısa bir sürede yaşam alanlarımızın anlamları değişti.

Terasımız ana yaşam alanımız oldu.

Hem yemek odası, hem salon, hem güneşlenme alanı...2.5 yaşındaki kızımız Aura’ya salıncak, kaydırak, kum havuzu ve şişme su havuzu da alınca hem çocuk parkı hem kumsal hem plaj ve deniz oldu. Saksılardaki süs bitkileri gitti, yerlerine domates, fesleğen, biber, salatalık, maydanoz, ve kişniş ekececiğim uzun dikdörtgen saksılar geldi, 5. kattaki terasımız sebze bahçesi oldu. Salonumuz zeminine büyük bir yumuşak oyun matı ile oyuncaklar yerleşti. Anaokulu oyun odası oldu. Aura’nın kendi odası ise sınıf oldu, eşim Duygu ile her gün 1 saat “ders” yapıyorlar. Yatak odasında arka ormana bakan pencerenin önüne Ikea’dan bir perdelik alıp eşime bale barı yaptım, yatak odası bale stüdyosu oldu. Çalışma masasında da resim yapıyor, mini atölye oldu. Kış bahçesine kendim için bir çalışma masası koydum, ofis oldu, yanına da 1 ay önce bir ev bisikleti (gerçek bisikletin arka tekerleğine bağlanan bir trainer aslında) aldım ve koydum, spor salonu oldu. Her gün Zwift diye bir app üzerinden 1 saat bisiklete biniyorum, ama interaktif ekrandan tüm dünyayı dolaşabiliyorum, benim gibi buraya bağlanan binlerce bisikletçi ile, hatta arkadaşlarımı da davet edebiliyorum...dünyadaki çeşitli ülkelerden profesyoneller ve amatörler burada, sanal ortamda bisiklete yan yana binebiliyor. Mutfağımız hala mutfak...ama bir farkla, artık her Cumartesi ev hamburgeri yapıyor Duygu (ekmeği de evde kendi yapıyor, etini de kendi hazırlıyor), birden McDO oluyor ev. Pizza günümüz de var...Ptesileri ev balık restoranı oluyor.Eskiden hamburgerciye, pizzacıya, balıkçıya giderdik...no more! Banyo hala banyo...ama birkaç gün içinde eşim saçımı kesecek ve orası bir kuaför salonu olacak. Çamaşır odası ve benim DIY tamir masamın durduğu yerde artık gömlek ve pantolon yıkanıp ütülenmiyor... yalnızca şort, eşofman, t-shirt ve iç çamaşırlar yıkanıyor ve kurutma makinasında kuruyor. Aura hariç ütü yok, gerek de yok. Hizmetlimiz 1 ay önce dayanamayıp karantınayı bozarak erkek arkadaşına gitti, ütü iptal! Koridor hala koridor...ama artık Aura’nın trotinet pisti aynı zamanda. Giriş hala giriş, ama pek kullanılmıyor. Eve gelen siparişlerin giriş noktası yalnızca. Nadiren apartman merdivenleri de spor alanıma katılıyor. Binanın yanından yukarı çıkan merdivenlerde bizim binamızda yaşayan ve İngiltere’de mimarlık okuyan ama okuluna dönemeyen Daphné çok güzel bir fotoğraf sergisi açmış (fotografarı yan duvara asmış), bina bahçesi sanat galerisi olmuş!

Binamızda bale, resim, mutfak sanatları, fotoğrafçılık, herşey var bir pianist lazım konser verecek. Tabi eşimin ve Laura’nın pianoları var, hatta binada 1-2 piano daha var ama kimse henüz konser vermedi. Tek eksiğimiz bu bence. Evimiz gerçek bir “Transformers” evi.

Kerem İlci.

Bebek-Istanbul, 11 Mayıs 2020.



Dried leafs Wrapping a Street Lamp Stuck on a Concrete Wall,
High Zoom
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Concrete Wall with Osmanian Tiles and Stone Stairs,
High Zoom
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

Attente sur l'escalier

Un temps gris
Je m'ennuie
Dans mon escalier longtemps puni
Puis..
Les citronnelles dégagent
Cette odeur inutile
D'ailleurs se taisent
Les fleurs et les arbres de Juda
Mais les corbeaux crient
Et leurs croassement se mêlent
A ce vaste ennui
Et maintenant il pleut,
Et les passagers pudiques
De mon escalier
Dansent
Comme des sylphides.
Et les autres sycophantes les contemplent
Sans leurs masques lunatiques.

Arif Esin, Mai 2020



Ottoman Tiles and Bricks - Plant,
High Zoom
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Concrete Horizontal Fence with wire fences behind,
High Zoom
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Top view of the Stair Area (from 4th floor),
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



Cobblestone Paved Street - Concrete Wall - Stree Lamp - Ottoman Tiles
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



Stone Stairs - Yellow Pipe - Concrete Wall
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Stone Stairs - Concrete Wall - Cobblestone Paved Street -01
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Stone Stairs - Concrete Wall - Cobblestone Paved Street -02
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Another Street Lamp on Concrete Wall - Vegetation - Stone Stairs
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020





Sky and Tree View Behind Fences, Contre-lumiere
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

Sleeping Snail
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



The Night

“La Nuit Tous Les Chats Sont Gris”





Shadow of The Night on The Concrete Wall and The Yellow Pipe,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

Flashing Street Light,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

La pluie tâche l'escalier

Les pluies d'avril
Dominent l'escalier
Je regarde
Les gouttes frappent le béton.
Et ça continue
Comme une incessante mélodie
Les coquelicots se sont baissés
Et embrassent le ciment
Maintenant ils font une tâche..
Comme sur la palette
De Monet.
Faut-il les peindre
Sur un bout de toile
Mais à quoi sert-il
Cet inutile effort...
Je préfère
D'attendre encore un bout de temps
Sur cet escalier sans passant
Mais la pluie continue incessement..

Arif Esin, Mai 2020





Walking Aggressive Cat - 01,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



Walking Aggressive Cat - 02,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



Walking Aggressive Cat - 03,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



Walking Aggressive Cat - 04,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



Merged Shadow and Cat,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



Stone Stairs in Night Time,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



Concrete Wall - Street Lamp,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

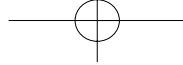
Flashing Light - Stone Stairs,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



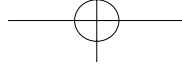
Flashing Street Lamp on The Wall,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

Flashing Street Lamp Behind Lemon Trees,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020





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Concrete Wall - Stone Stairs,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

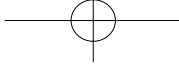
Concrete Wall - Stone Stairs,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



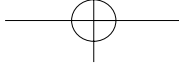
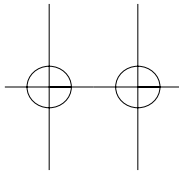
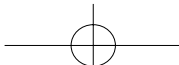
Night Shadows on Cobblestones and Concrete Wall,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



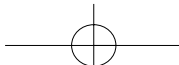
Night Shadows Concrete Wall and Stone Stairs,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

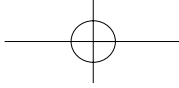


Obscure Stone Stairs,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

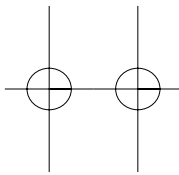


Light,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

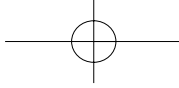
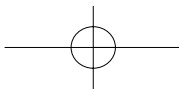




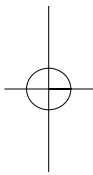
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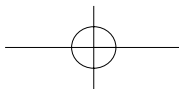
Green Fences
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

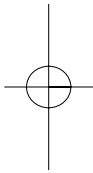
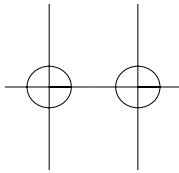
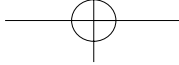
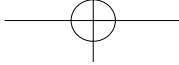


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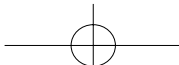


Green Fences' Shadow
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

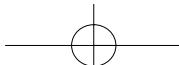


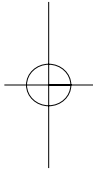
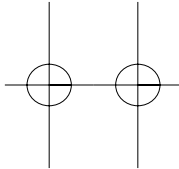
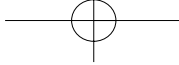
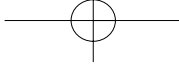


Night Shadow on Concrete Wall, Yellow Pipe, and Stone Stairs - 01,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

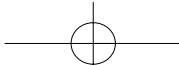


Night Shadow on Concrete Wall, Yellow Pipe, and Stone Stairs - 02,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

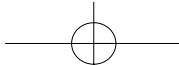


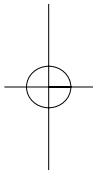
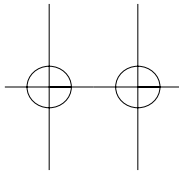
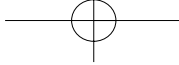
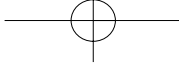


Night Shadow on Concrete Wall, Yellow Pipe, and Stone Stairs - 03,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

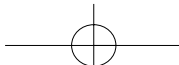
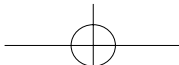


Night Shadow on Concrete Wall, - 04,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020





Night Shadow on Concrete Wall and Yellow Pipe - 05,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



*“When the rainforests burn or are butchered in the Amazons,
I, in Turkey am also slashed and burned”*



Little did I know that while we were tiptoeing up and down the stone stairs leading to our “unique in Istanbul” Finnish house , we were being photographed. This we understood when one morning going down the stairs we found these erratic pictures stuck on the walls of the stairs. I had never thought to check out what I looked like with a Covid mask on - rather frightening and mysterious. Then looking at the pictures of my daughter and my 4 year old grandson - also looking both frightening and mysterious - I suddenly realized we had entered another life cycle which we were not fully aware of - yet.

These stairs today are not the usual ones going from our home down to the street and the Bosphorous and freedom... no.. today these are stairs to danger and risks. If we stay at home and not move out and don't let strangers in, we are safe.. like we have been doing to animals on land and the sea for years and years.. now we are prisoners ourselves. And wild animals and spaces are breathing again.

But how have we become willingly confined to our homes like most people around the globe? - we have become a “global village” at the mercy of a tiny, nano virus. As a person who has worked for nature conservation and wildlife all my life, this metaphor has been a favorite of mine when talking about the state of the planet : when the rainforests burn or are butchered in the Amazons, I, in Turkey am also slashed and burned but don't think about it. Or while the Antarctic is melting so am I but just don't know it. Or when in the last 50 years, we have caused 60% of animal species to become extinct, did we ever pause to think of the immorality of this as well as the danger of extinction coming closer to us human beings? Of course not. In the hustle and bustle of modern, digital, fast food life we have been leading, we never had time to reflect just a bit deeper than usual.

Today with Covid 19 in our lives, things are changing fast and will have to change, I believe. We have a seriously vicious, contagious and invisible enemy which is not like anything we have known so far. While we wait for the vaccine to be developed or we wait for the herd immunity to take place or many other eventualities, we are going back to normal and more human dimensions: I , for ex cannot believe at the number and diversity of things I have sorted out at home; at how much gardening I have been doing and how we switched to growing so many vegetables ourselves - even from seeds and how much I am learning from documentaries and books.

Never had I dreamed that the silence in the streets could make it possible to hear the murmur of the waves just beyond the street - first time ever... and to listen to this beautiful planet - everywhere.

If at the end of this harsh battle, we human beings can learn that “less is more” and “silence is gold” we will come out limping but alive.

Nergis Yazgan

Bebek- Istanbul, 11th of May 2020



Red Scissors - Dried Yellow Leaf - Concrete Wall,
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



Woman Gardening With Red Glasses - 01
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



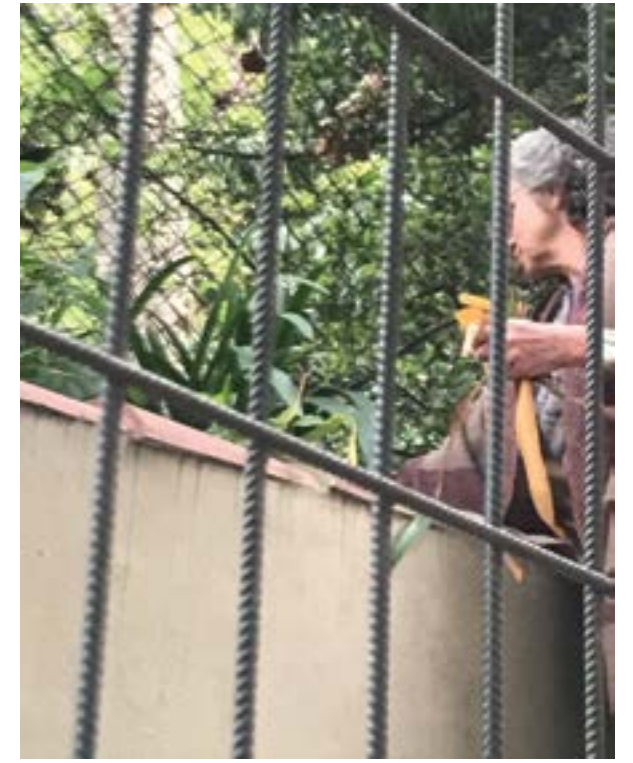
Woman Gardening With Red Glasses - 02
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Woman Gardening With Mottled Trousers - 03
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Woman Gardening With Mottled Trousers and Stripped Shirt- 04
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Woman Gardening - Osmanian Tiles - White Cala Plant,
High Zoom
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Woman With Mask and News Paper On the Stone Stairs
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

Woman With Mask and News Paper Walking on Cobblestone Paved Street
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

Woman With Mask and News Paper On the Stone Stairs
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

Delivery:
Back to Traditions





Im 2019 habe ich bei zwei Hüftoperationen beidseitig Prothesen bekommen.

Ich konnte seit einigen Jahren sehr schwer laufen. So waren diese Operationen für mich eine große Erleichterung. Ich konnte wieder ohne Schwierigkeiten laufen.

Vor allem habe ich mich besonders gefreut, dass ich wieder ohne Hindernisse und alleine reisen könnte. Aber gerade dann kamen diese erschreckenden Nachrichten vom Covid-19. Zuerst war man nicht sehr beunruhigt darüber, weil das ganz weit entfernt von uns war. Man dachte, das geht uns weniger an, wir werden davon verschont sein.

Nach kurzer Zeit sah die Sache anders aus, und es kam immer näher an uns. Zuerst einige Fälle im Nachbarland, dann andere Nachbarländer, und auf einmal war das Ungeheuer in unserem Land und in unserer Stadt. Auf einmal mussten wir uns mit einer ganz fremden Situation abfinden. Ganz strikte Hygienemaßnahmen einführen, für eine eventuelle längere Quarantänezeit einkaufen. Unser Leben neu einplanen. So vergingen die ersten Tage.

Dann kamen die offiziellen neuen Ordnungen. Meine Enkel mussten von zu Hause Fernunterricht bekommen. Ich kann als über 65-jährige nicht aus dem Haus, und wenn möglich nicht mit anderen, auch wenns Familienmitglieder sind, zusammenkommen. Dieses Virus sei für Ältere sehr gefährlich, so müssen wir uns schützen. Wo ich mehrere Reisen im Inland und Ausland geplant (ich konnte ja jetzt gut laufen) hatte, konnte ich nicht mal aus dem Haus rausgehen. Was nun eine völlig fremde Lebensstil wurde, unser Tagesablauf. Nachdem die ersten Tage ziellos verging, habe ich mir vorgenommen, einige nicht beendete Arbeiten zu vervollständigen. Ich freute mich darüber, dass ich nun endlich diese zu Ende bringen kann. Jetzt bin ich dabei, einige nicht beendete Malereien zu befertigen. Dann sind neue Pläne an der Reihe.

Auch sind einige soziale Hilfe-Möglichkeiten über das Internet zu machen möglich für manche Benachteiligte in diesen schwierigen Zeiten. Man telefoniert auch viel mit alten Freunden, mit welchen man sehr lange kein Kontakt hatte.

Also so passt sich der Mensch an neue und fremde Situationen. Wer daraus das Beste machen kann, ist der Glückliche.

Mevce Ilci
Bebek-Istanbul, 10. Mai 2020



Woman Talking from Her Balcony - 01
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Woman Talking from Her Balcony - 02
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Woman Talking with The Woman in Her Balcony
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Bag in The Air
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Woman Speeking freom Her Balcony - 03
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Tryind to Put The Cake in The Bag
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Mother & Son Bringing a Pot of Jam
 “telle mere, tel fils”
 Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Pot of Jam,
 High Zoom
 Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Waiting on The Stone Stairs - 01
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

Walking on The Stone Stairs - 02
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

Observing on The Stone Stairs - 03
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020



Sending a Picnic Basket Full of Gifts from a Balcony
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Gifts as Appreciation of The Cake and Jam
Istanbul/Bebek April 2020

Some thoughts on our Confined pond life.

We have been living in confinement since March 16th, at first it was okay, even nice for a while. Everyone is doing yoga and sourdough starters and gardening, as if its going to save them from hunger. But then the thought of being confined for such long time crept up in me. I started feeling paranoid about going out. Now going out to groceries or the post is a mega ordeal. I am thankful we have sheltered from the storm so far our health intact, food on our table and water, what else is important? Be thankful!

Today Little Richard died, last week Tony Allen (Fela Kuti's drummer) AND Betty Wright & Mike Huckaby so many amazing black and Latino artist I worked with are dying in USA and UK. Social and economic devide felt more than ever! I am feeling bitter about the level of carelessness towards black and minority communities who are dying in hundreds everyday and government doing nothing! Anyway enough of ranting... I go out rarely so seeing photos of me and my little son was a little shocking at the beginning. I didn't like it right away ! for the sake of my privacy being infringed I felt exposed...

Yet when Daphné explained her work, it made more sense. Also during this time of isolation seeing some kind of communication and acknowledgment between neighbours is kind of nice. One pays more attention to little details of our community that we took for granted for years.

Ayşe Turan Sorel

Bebek-Istanbul, 13th of May 2020



Looking somewhere on The Stone Stairs With Gifts in The Hands - 01
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020



Looking somewhere on The Stone Stairs With Gifts in The Hands - 02
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

Sun & Coffee:

*“L’odeur d’un café viendra me rappeler
le souvenir de ces moments...”*





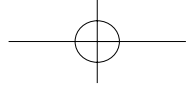
Le Temps Retrouvé

Du côté de chez moi,
A l'ombre des arbres de Judée en fleurs

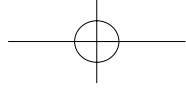
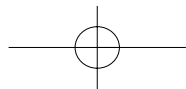
Silence, calme, sérénité... comme un jour d'après, après une dispute, une séparation, une mort, une fête, une tempête. L'énergie accumulée à son paroxysme a enfin éclaté, nous délivrant du labyrinthe infernal de nos vies, tel un cyclone propulsant implacablement les objets rencontrés sur son passage. Nous voilà donc chacun dans notre espace d'isolement, à goûter au délice des heures et des jours qui passent et se prélassent. Le Temps s'est invité chez moi et je jouis de sa présence si inattendue mais désespérément désirée. Fuyant et volatile il y a encore quelques semaines, le Temps s'est installé dans mon quotidien. Désormais, je ne crains plus de ne pas le trouver ou qu'il me manque, je ne m'endors plus le cerveau angoissé à la perspective de devoir courir derrière lui le lendemain dans ma course effrénée de l'agenda quotidien. Il m'était tellement insaisissable et étranger que je le considérais souvent comme mon ennemi. C'était lui, le Temps qui était la cause de tout ce qui me contrariait. Soit qu'il m'avait manqué, soit qu'il avait duré trop, soit qu'il était arrivé au mauvais moment, le Temps me rendait la vie difficile.

L'inimaginable s'est produit, le monde s'est désactivé. La rue est déserte, les hommes sont cloîtrés, tout s'est arrêté. La vie au ralenti, presque en apesanteur, s'offre à moi. Et je prends le Temps, je le prends goulûment comme on croque dans une pomme, je le prends délicatement pour ne pas briser les instants magiques, je le prends nonchalamment comme s'il m'était acquis depuis toujours. Oubliant mon confinement, mon état d'isolement social, je me laisse voguer dans son cours et telle l'eau qui trouve toujours son chemin, je trouve un espace de liberté insoupçonné. Cet espace, c'est l'étroit chemin à côté de chez moi. Voilà presque 20 ans que je le côtoyais sans jamais l'apprécier. Aujourd'hui le meilleur moment de la journée c'est le temps où j'investis le lieu. Il y règne une paix cristalline. Le clapotis des vaguelettes du Bosphore rythme la flânerie de la brise entre les feuilles du printemps évanescents. Dans un murmure, le chant des oiseaux trouve écho dans la joyeuse errance de mes pensées. Après la pandémie, je sais que bien des années plus tard, l'odeur d'un café viendra me rappeler le souvenir de ces moments où toute chose avait revêtu un autre sens.

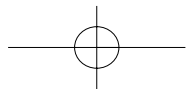
Leyla İlci
13 May 2020



Sunbathing Woman - 01
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

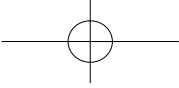


Sunbathing Woman - 02
Istanbul/Bebek Arpril 2020

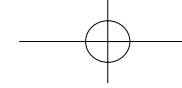
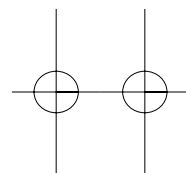


Pop-up Wall

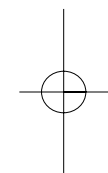




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Panoramic View of The Exhibition Wall
Istanbul/Bebek 05 May 2020

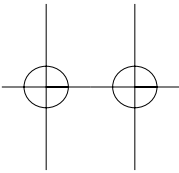




















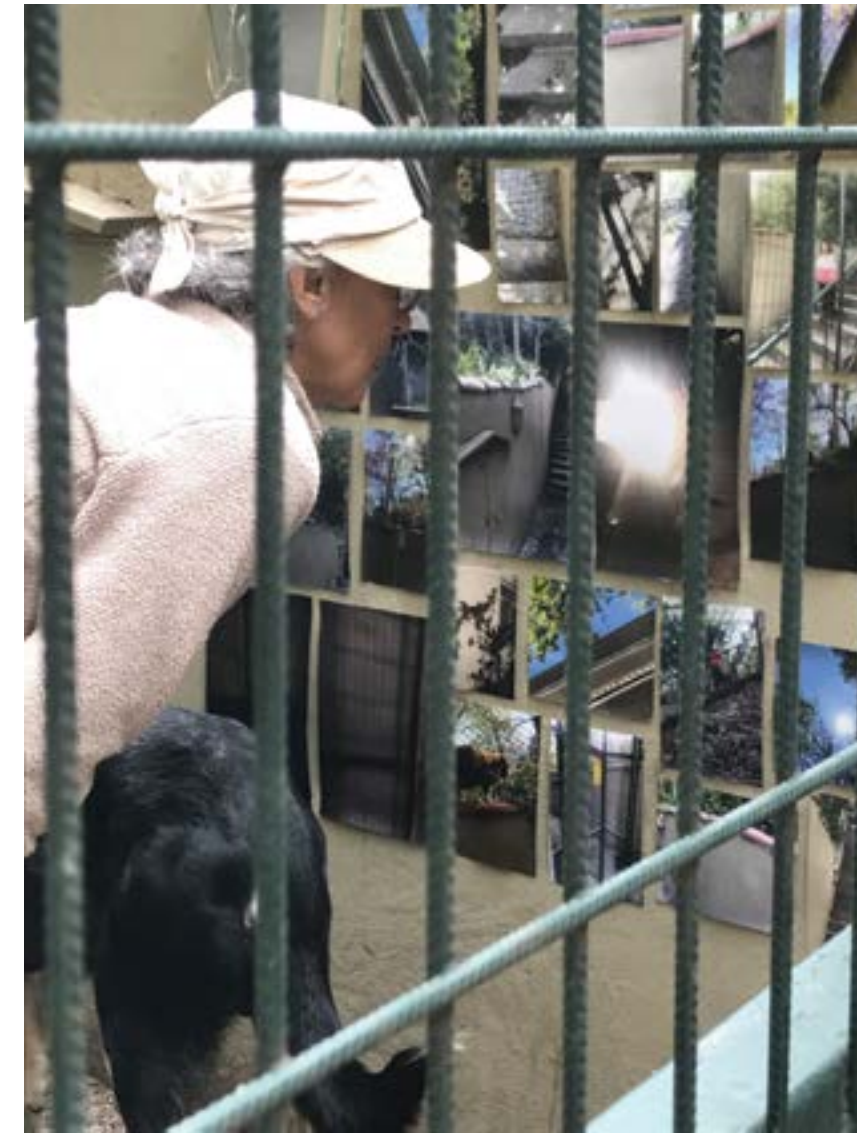
Individual Moments, Collective Memory







Woman Observing The Photographs With Her Dog
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



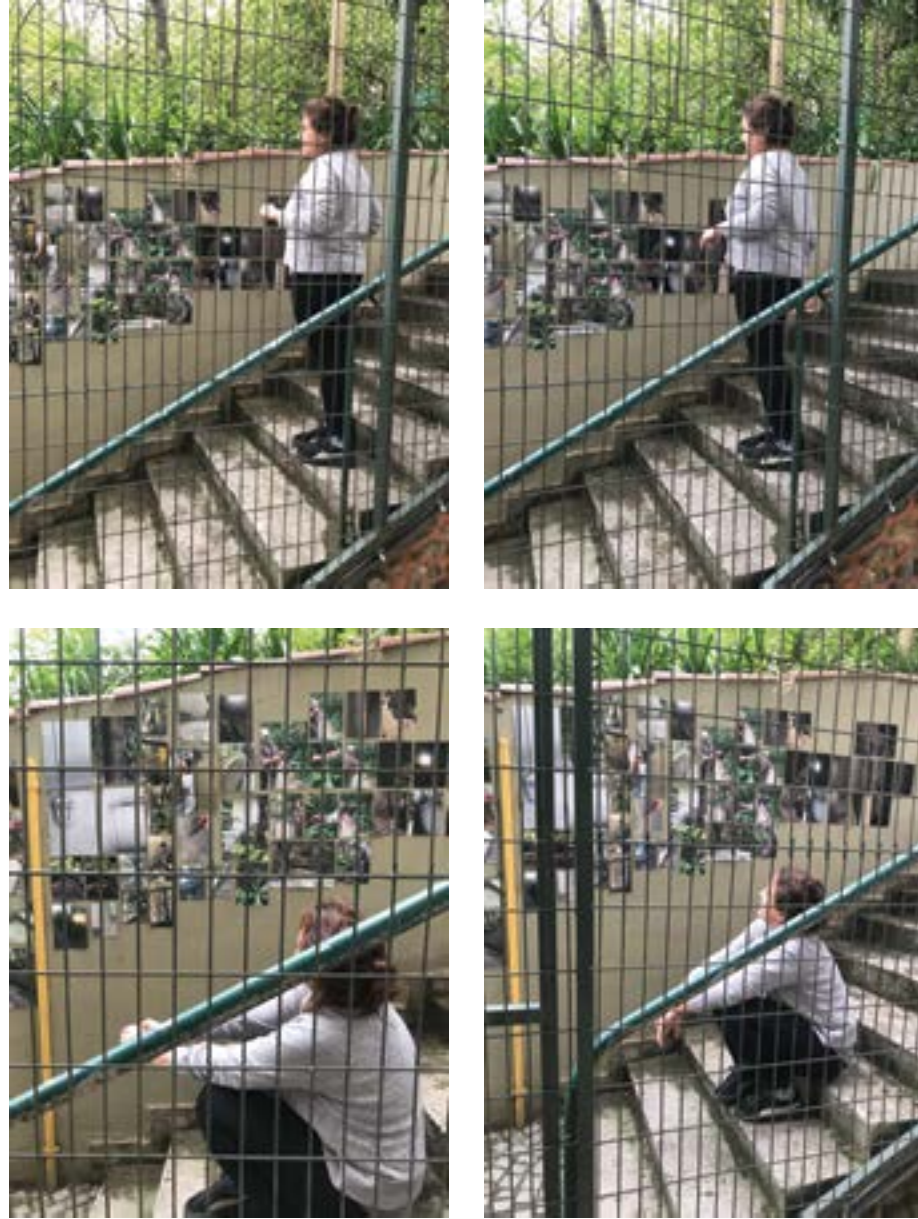
Woman Closely Observing The Photographs With Her Dog
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Man Trying to Find Himself in The Photographs,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Man Staring His Photographs,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Woman Seating on Stone Stairs and Enjoying The Photographs,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Woman Observng the Photographs - 01,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



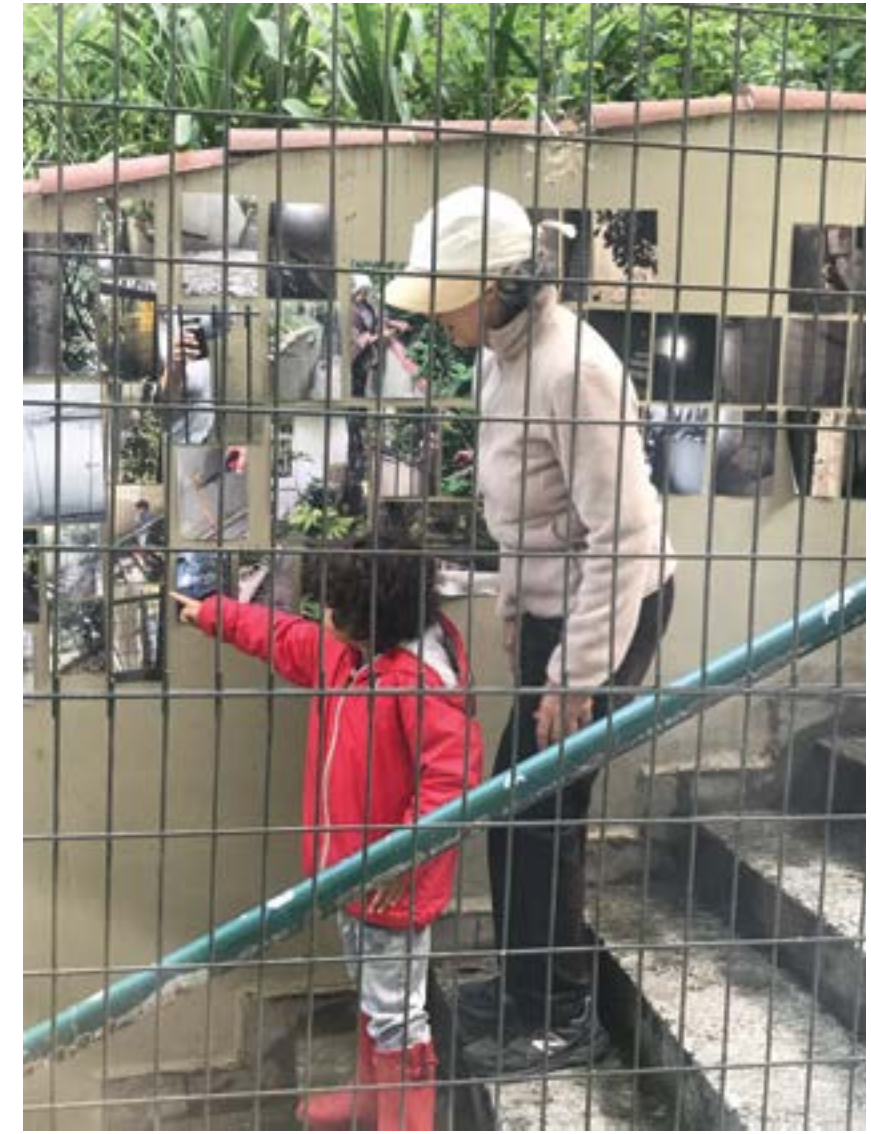
Woman Observng the Photographs - 02,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Woman Observng the Photographs - 03,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Woman Observng the Photographs - 04,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Granma Showing The Photographs to Her Granson,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020





Child Taking Off His Photograph from The Wall,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



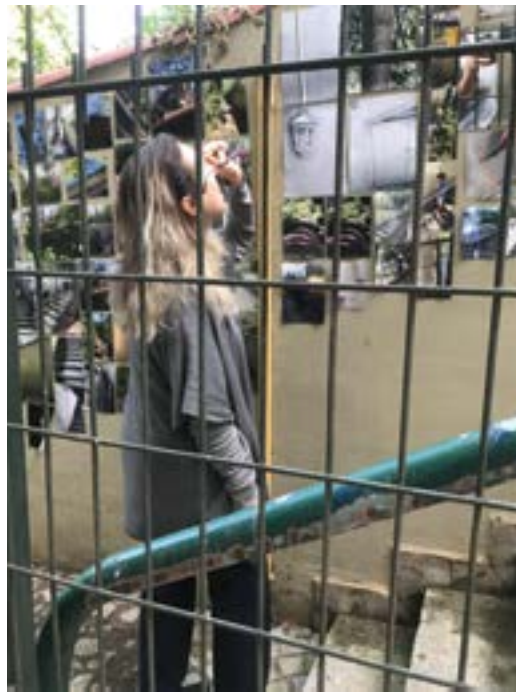
Serious Observations,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Serious Observations,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Child Looking to His Own Photograph,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Woman Closely Observng the Photographs,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Woman Observng the Photographs With Her Blue Glasses,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



Interested Woman Observing The Photographs,
Istanbul/Bebek May 2020



EPILOGUE

During the period I have taken photographs of the stair area, I understood my neighbours used this place (which is the most public area they could find in confinement) and adapted their usual entertainments to be able to do them but individually and in a different place. For instance, Nergis' passion is nature and I know she loves gardening, so she found a way and a place for doing it; or Leyla is known for her tranquillity and comfortable life style but as she can't go somewhere where she can sunbathe, she put chairs outside her house and drank coffee with her daughter.

In order to create a collective experience for my neighbours and I, I have decided to engage more with the stair space where I was taking pictures and I turned this unnoticed passage way into an exhibition area by hanging my pictures on the wall of the stairs. My visual material would raise questions like why?, When?, Who did this?, What is the purpose of doing it?. What is interesting is the fact I used the stair way for my exhibition, which usually no one pays attention because the stairs are only used for functional reasons, it's a passage not the final destination but thanks to the exhibition something beautiful happened which is the creation of a shared memory.

When people saw their own pictures on the public wall they were surprised and somehow enjoyed it. Even though they didn't see the exhibition together at the same time they had the collective experience of having seen the pictures and having felt the same sensation of amusement as well as the *collective experience* of being and appreciating a place they have never paid attention before. Nevertheless, this exhibition has been definitely a memorable event for my neighbours when I asked them to write a short reflection text explaining their thoughts and feelings about the period we are passing through. I would say that this book is the result of a collective work which created a collective and shared experience.

Daphné Esin



Waiting on The Stairs

Grey weather
I am bored
In my staircase long punished now
Then...
This unnecessary smell of
Lemongrass emerges
The flowers and trees of Judah are silent
But the crows are screaming
And their croaks mingle
To this vast boredom
And now it's raining
And the modest passengers
From my staircase
Dance
Like sylphids.
And the other sycophants contemplate them
Without their whimsical masks.

Arif Esin, May 2020

The Rain Stains The Stairs

April rains
Dominate the stairs.
I'm watching.
The drops hit the concrete.
And it goes on
Like a ceaseless melody
Poppies have fallen
And embrace the cement;
Now they're doing a task.
As on the pallet
De Monet.
Should they be painted?
On a piece of canvas
But what's the point
This unused effort...
I prefer
Wait a while longer
On this staircase without passers-by

But the rain continues incessantly

Arif Esin, May 2020

In a very short period of time, the meaning of our habitats changed.

Our terrace has become our main living area. It became both the dining room, the lounge and the sunbathing area... When our 2.5-year-old daughter Aura received a swing, slide, sandbox and inflatable water pool, it became both a children's park and a beach and a sea. Ornamental plants in pots have gone, replaced by tomatoes, basil, pepper, cucumber, parsley, and long rectangular pots. Our terrace on the rooftop became a vegetable garden. Toys settled on the floor of our hall with a large soft game mat. It's a kindergarten playroom. Aura's own room is class, with my wife Duygu they do "lessons" every day for 1 hour. In the bedroom, I put a drapery from Ikea in front of the window overlooking the back forest, and I installed a ballet bar for my wife, and the bedroom became a ballet studio. I put a desk in the yard for myself, it became an office, and I bought a home bike (actually a trainer attached to the rear wheel of a real bike) a month ago, and I put it in, it became a gym. I ride bike for an hour every day on an app called Zwift, and I can travel all over the world from the interactive screen, with thousands of cyclists connected here like me, even my friends... Professionals and amateurs from various countries around the world can ride bike in a virtual environment. Our kitchen is still a kitchen. But by a difference, now every Saturday Duygu makes homemade breads and burgers, suddenly our home is Mc Donald. We also have pizza day... On Mondays we become a fish restaurant. We used to go to burger restaurants, pizzerias, fish restaurants... no more! Bathroom is still a bathroom but in a few days, my wife's going to cut my hair, and that's going to be a hair salon. In the laundry where my DIY table is, shirts and pants are no longer washed and ironed ... only shorts, tracksuits, T-shirts and underwear are washed and dried in the dryer. There's no ironing except for Aura, no need anyway. Our made couldn't stand it anymore and broke the quarantine one month ago and went to her boyfriend, the iron was cancelled! Corridor is still a hallway... But at the same time Aura's scooter track.

The entrance is still the entrance, but it's not used much. Only the entrance point for orders coming from outside. Rarely, the building's stairs also join my sports field. On the stairs leading up to the neighbours, Daphné, who lives in our building opened a photography exhibition (hung the photos on the side wall), the building garden became an art gallery! In our building we have ballet, painting, culinary arts, photography, everything, we only need a pianist who could give a concert. Of course, my wife and Daphné's sister Laura have pianos, there are even 1-2 more pianos in the building, but no one's ever performed yet. I think that's all we're missing.

Our house is a real "Transformers" house.

Kerem Ilci
Bebek-Istanbul, 11th May 2020

In the year 2019 I had two hip surgeries and got hip replacements as I had difficulties when walking, those surgeries were a big relief for me. Now I could again walk as before. I was mostly very happy that I could again travel alone without any preventions.

Just then this terrible news about the Corona virus became to be our number one Problem and concern. At the beginning we thought that this was not very serious for us as the center of the epidemic was far away we would be safe. But shortly after we understood the disease was spreading towards our region. First at our neighbour countries finally in our country and our town. Suddenly we found ourselves in a complete strange situation. We had to change our lifestyle. Very high hygiene precautions became our most important routine. Also some shopping for our daily needs had to be considered for an eventually long quarantine period. New daily routine for all the family members had to be planned. So the first days passed.

Then we were introduced to new orders. My grandchildren are attending school over the internet. Those over 65 years have to stay home and do not frequent others as this virus is mostly dangerous for elderly. Children and young people also are not allowed to go out. Now these restrictions are loosened. Having planned and was looking forward to make several journeys in the country and outside of the country already postponed since longtime because of my walking problem I found myself now in a situation where I can not even go out of my home. So I started a new daily life program. After the first days without doing anything I started to paint and work on some paintings which were not completed. I am happy to have the opportunity to do my hobby. We have also more time to spend on the phone and on the internet with friends and family. People are happy to be contacted and have a chat. I must say that I did not have big difficulties to harmonize my usual mode of life with the new way of life, hoping it will not last for a very long time.

One must say, people who can make the best out of this situation, are wise and happy people...

Mevce Ilci
Bebek-Istanbul, 10th of May 2020

Time Regained

On the side of my house,
In the shadow of Judas trees in blossom

Silence, calm, serenity... like the day after, after a fight, a separation, a death, a party, a storm. The energy accumulated at its peak has finally burst, freeing us from the hellish labyrinth of our lives, like a cyclone relentlessly propelling the objects encountered in its path. So here we are, each one in our isolation, enjoying the delights of the hours and days that pass and bask. Time has invited itself to my home and I enjoy its presence so unexpected but desperately desired. Fleeing and volatile a few weeks ago, Time settled into my daily life. From now on, I am no longer afraid of not finding it or missing it, I no longer fall asleep with the anguished mind of having to run behind it the next day in my frantic race of the daily agenda. It was so elusive and foreign to me that I often regarded it as my enemy. It was the Time that was the cause of everything that upset me. I had either missed it, or it had lasted too long, or it had arrived at the wrong time, Time was making my life difficult.

The unimaginable happened, the world turned off. The street is deserted, the men are cloistered, and everything has stopped. Life in slow motion, almost weightless, is offered to me. And I take the Time, I take it greedily as one bites an apple, I take it delicately not to break the magical moments, I take it casually as if it had been acquired to me since always. Forgetting my confinement, my state of social isolation, I let myself sail in its course and like the water that always finds its way, I find an unsuspected space of freedom. This space is the narrow path next to my home. For almost 20 years, I stood alongside it without ever appreciating it. Today the best time of the day is when I invest the place. There is a crystalline peace. The lapping of the Bosphorus's waves beats the breeze's stroll between the leaves of the evanescent spring. In a murmur, the song of the birds echoes in the joyful wandering of my thoughts. After the pandemic, many years later, I know that the smell of coffee will remind me of those moments when everything had taken on a different meaning.

Leyla İlci
Bebek, 13th May 2020

