One of those pricks says: “But this is not art.” I have spent so many years thinking of what distinguishes art from non-art and have eventually reached a point of undecidability, but this prick, without having thought—not even for a single moment—about it, with an empty-set power of imagination tied directly to the transcendental, as if bursting out from a clockwork orange, has made a decision. Actually it is a “mock-punk” event erected against the Contemporary Istanbul’s approach to art, yet in sum it is exactly a simulation of ideological misery. Politics has always been your ditch, right; it is either yours or theirs? So is Capital: a sculpture which is a dispositive of Realpolitik. There is no place for the political nor the cutupidité neither here nor there. Contemporary art – Aeon = capital conflict n+1.
Fig. 5. “Last Vestiges of the Durée,”
watercolor, acrylic, pen, pencil, 15 × 20 cm, 2016.