

kaos çocuk parkı **DERGİSİ**

2023///YIL 1///SAYI 3

Bu sayının mottoyu "yıl açmak istemek,  
yıl görmek değil."

kaos  
çocuk  
parkı



OLUR MU?

//////İNSANSIZ ŞİİR



DOS-  
YA

# sanat ve deyrim

▶ SANAT DÜNYAYI  
DEĞİŞTİREBİLİR Mİ?

GELECEĞİN  
KUSURSUZ  
AYAK  
İZİNİ  
ARAMAK

## Art of Silicon Revolution

*'What? Did they bring corpses?'*

I was born into a revolutionary family; I hardly know what revolution means. I know of revolutionaries who break each other like objects, who tear each other apart. I know the loneliness of a child left alone at home in the name of revolution. I'm all too familiar with existential anxieties, internal sinking, the solitude that sticks to everything you do, and the meaninglessness that comes with it. 'Haven't revolution and art died already, what else is there to write about?' he said. Over the weekend in London, we wandered among luxury consumption products standing alongside pricey classics and contemporary artworks competing with them in price at an art fair sponsored by Deutsche Bank. We watched art enthusiasts lounging in their seats, sipping champagne and resting their feet, captivated by the latest electric BMW model that filled one of the exhibit halls on its own. The revolution had crippled me; I couldn't grasp anything I thought I understood. As I moved in the dark, the light of my home shrank, and I felt like I was losing something I never owned. I thought I could never return to a place I had never been, and for some reason, this devastated me. He didn't understand how life could be so shoddy, how people could embrace the shoddiness of life so eagerly; for years, he swallowed a handful of prescription drugs every day to feel a bit better and keep going. He leaned on illusions that promised to feel distant and safe, like being inside a bell jar, pulling him up from below. We met at the bottom of a pit that devoured itself, we shared everything. Most of all, the people we loved with all our being. We never beat or cursed each other. There were times we tried to break each other, yet we never felt wounded by one another. You don't look at a blind fury directed at you, but at the familiar face

behind it, the pain it pulls, recognising that pain. As cities and ideas fell and crashed upon us, we could at least give each other that. The socialist revolution first came too early, now too late, while communication technologies have already dragged humanity to the edge of a cultural revolution. The means of production changed, the meaning of production and creation changed, art and poetry changed, are changing, a new world is being built. Again. Our way of life, our thoughts, our perception of the universe, our humanity changed, is changing. Again. This change means more freedom for some, more agony for others. This change can connect each points of the world in an instant, yet it shatters our fragile individual beings with an unprecedented distance. The ragged majority's eyes are dazzled under the bright lights of the market, humans indifferent to each other's pain. The corrupt majority's eyes are on where to drink, what to wear today, busy appearing to live without the time to actually live—modern gurus and market sages selling themselves and each other with the same confidence and enthusiasm. The humanity is closed off to the universe of possibilities it has created. The market calls, we respond and flow in the direction of capital. On the peninsula, those abandoning people to poverty and hunger in every sense are playing modern kings at the top of the world, squeezing the world's resources and drinking them with relish. We are voluntarily handing over our historical freedom to them. Again. Yes, 'we are novices of a new life, all our knowledge is being reshaped, our poetry, our love anew, we might be living the last bad days, and who knows, perhaps, we will live first good days too.' Maybe. But even if what lies ahead are the last bad days, they will last long and be harsh for some of us. The revolution and art based on carbon are dead. Let's bury them in our symbolic world, our collective consciousness, so we can manage a silicon-based art and revolution. Art management, climate management, relationship management, time management, culture management—and there you have

revolution management. But it's already known as the market. At least the silicon revolution and silicon-based dreams are managed by the market. A silicon revolution art market. No inside, no outside, no underground, no above the ground. It's all market. We are all the market. Programmers are arming themselves. Some out of curiosity, some by mistake, some heeding a call for serious power. The rest watch and play musical chairs. Artists are arming themselves. Some to become noisy marketeers and sell their everything, some to keep alive the idea of a new life and a different world. Because while cities and ideas within them collapse and fall upon us, we are indebted not only to the past but to the future too—loneliness, and antidepressants numb our minds, we forget. Life, squeezing and oppressing us from all sides, bends and distorts us, we do not remember. All we can do is polish our social face and try to stand behind our broken selves and trembling desires. We try. Not to abandon life and not to give up desiring a new life. That's all we can do. To direct our existence in a universe without a center or connection point. To settle in the cracks of the market and wait. Not knowing what we are waiting for, or how long we will wait. Are we as lonely as we feel? Are there not people in other parts of the world desiring a different life? There are. Everywhere in the world, there are people desiring different relationships and a different art, a different poetry. And the rest want you to feel lonely enough that when you do, you will weaken and break, and give up thinking of another life. They want to smash the mirrors that show them what they have become. And yes, the market cuts our breath like a disease ingrained in our tissues, squeezes our hearts, confuses our minds, and drives us to a place we do not want to go. We cannot resist. But this planet, perhaps even this universe, has a consciousness. Humanity is not yet the master of the world, perhaps still an extension of it. Yes, ultimately, the classics made of paint and canvas, clay and marble, supposedly immortalised behind unbreakable glass showcases, have pushed death out of

the symbolic world of the new world. The new world, with the pollution and exploitation it introduced, has displaced death and has dragged death to its limits, transforming it into industry, garbage, poverty, hunger, socio-political oppression, and war. It had done so. The new world, driven by the desire to extend human lifespan, conquer illness, prevent and even reverse ageing—in other words, the efforts to control mortality, all under the influence of technological advancements, is only now beginning to recover from a global pandemic that unexpectedly forced death into its bed. Seeing the commonality of life on Earth so clearly will not stop the market, of course, it will likely increase the pressure of time on it, causing it to become more sterile and aggressive. But didn't this global death experience also call us to wake up, to recover from a sickness? We too saw the fragile nature of a seemingly unstoppable life blatantly. Things will change. They always do. Humanity can annihilate itself, is doing so. The world can bring about the end of humanity, is doing so. Humanity can transform into something else, is transforming. All this is happening right here, right now. While we wait, numb and seized, not knowing what we are waiting for or how long, these things are happening to us and around us. The new art has the power to create a new perception, thus opening the doors to new thoughts and a new world. That's why the market formulates art within the entertainment industry as a drug for the masses it seeks to sedate and suppress their desires and thoughts—a secular religion, 'the heart of a heartless world', a remedy for humanity's thwarted desire to believe and make sense. The sun-creamed, pale-skinned children of the secular new world kneel in worship against the setting sun on the poverty-stricken beaches of Goa or the palaeolithic rock clusters surrounded by protective ropes and security guards that they entered by buying a £50 ticket to Stonehenge. There are also the half-starved of the other world trying to live by sharing on social media reluctantly or forcefully

taken photos of whites washed ashore in search of spirituality. We would not be surprised if collective yoga sessions were organised at digital spatial placement exhibitions of Van Gogh's works. Because today, art has never had more power to inspire a new world, and the means of production and circulation of this power are somewhat openly swinging. Isn't this why, today, the market's need to domesticate and humiliate art that resists and transforms more than ever, like laboratory dogs dressed in tutus and paraded as an accessory to complete outfits? Yes, the market's tendency to expand has turned art from being the genius and taste of a group of people into a commodity of humanity. Now, shouldn't the artist and humanity's art return its resisting and transforming power, because a form of art reduced to entertainment and luxury consumption will not allow us to numb our thwarted desire to make sense, nor will it allow us to open ourselves and our relationships to the possibilities of a new world.

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*Translated from the original Turkish.*