

Dear Umut,

I don't know where to start to be honest. As always, I wish you were in Berlin, even though I really like to hear your NY stories and enjoy the fact that I always have someone to call late at night, as you know, I am a night owl. But you are there with a wonderful future ahead of you, with your lovely girlfriend Anna (please say hi from me) and I am happy for you. I don't know if it would be better to be in an analog past or a digital nowadays to survive our long lasting friendship but I know for sure, other than a covid period we couldn't be able to focus on our latest project şimdi oturmuş, gökyüzüne bakıyorum(now I sit, look to the skyline.) so much. By the way as I was writing the last sentence, Tülay Germen's Mutlu Günler started playing, it somehow felt right for the work we have done.....*When do you miss Istanbul?*.....

.....*ashuffledsongfromMFÖ?.....drinkingatea.....beingaflaneurinNY.....suddenlyhearingasoundfromISTIKLAL.....* Of course, the topic that hits me most nowadays is "when does something lose its authenticity?". After our discussion with your latest obsession "what is being authentic?", the experience I once had struck me at the end and still my search about it continues. What's most fascinating and yet traumatic about *losing an authenticity* is "the moment of realization". I have never ever imagined that painting the chairs of Hazzopulo Passage's famous tea place/MustafaAmcaandJeans to red would make it lose its authenticity until I saw it. First of all, I never thought they would do something that stupid. I mean why on earth would you have the need/urge/dependency on a new colour, having always had the same stupid/non comfortable/back killer chairs, why change **the colour**? If the chairs were changed to real ones, I'd still be pissed off, but I would **at least understand** that they needed better chairs for tourists and their older customers. The **idea of painting them** to red, why/how/what? How can I suddenly have a hatred for this colour. Why **do I need to see some** things as it is...?.....it was....?



50s a place with hats

70s sex cinemas and theaters

90s rock n roll in underground

00s performative bars

Sorry for being so fragmented, yet I believe you can somehow feel the breeze of me, being lost in my past. I know that, because we somehow share the same experience of being amazed by Beyoğlu. Having the first love, feeling for the first (and maybe the last) time as intellectuals criticizing the society but having tea, menemen, toast with cheese, *kaşarsız abi, beyaz peynirli olsun!* (quick translation: no classic gouda brother, please with feta!). I don't want to be nostalgic, yet from time to time I walk and simply feel those times, like an artist friend once said: "It was 2013, I was on the Istiklal Street, late at night, 3-4 Am-ish, looking at all this crowd of people passing by, I said to myself nowhere can it be that lively!"

Am I becoming Fran Lebowitz, explaining the same old stories? I know we are experiencing really drastic changes, totalitarian regime and all that... I don't even wanna go there. But still, I feel old, which amazes yet shocks me about the city. You go away from the city for a year or two and it's different! Good or bad, new trends, people with different problems, you don't know how to navigate

yourself, you lose your position and suddenly.....something shows up, maybe the sea flickers with a beautiful sunshine, you find a good corner, someone looks at you with a different way, you hear something which directly switches your mindset. Are we feeling home? No. Are we feeling naive and childish? No. Are we feeling safe? No. Is time running fast in Istanbul? Always.

So, lets dry ourselves from the Istanbul ocean, 2000 years of changes, politics, stories, our times, changing moments and take a walk in Beyoğlu. Pass the people one by one, having good music in our headphones. Fuck it, remove the headphones, when was the last time we were in Beyoğlu, just enjoy the moment. Pass a couple of bookstores, say hi to a café owner, go to narrow streets, pass by some record store and look at the new vinyl's just for a conversation starter, and the telephone rings. We didn't hear. A text to my phone, I feel the vibration. It's them, "We are in Hazzopulo. Come by, we have tickets to a film in Atlas Cinemas." I guess we are not in the present, Atlas is not a museum but a cinema. Anyways, we walk, talk, go in, pass the narrow corridor of the passage, being a street and yet a structure, amazed by it. We see our friends, they are waving, but something is wrong. Is it the smell? No. Is it less crowded? No! FULL OF PEOPLE. Did we forget to buy cigarettes? Nope, already have backup paper in my pocket for rolling. What is it?

"Wait, are the chairs red?!" " "

" " "

" " "

" " "

" " "

"when does something lose its authenticity?" " "

" " "does a city work like a notebook?"

" " "

"how can this feeling somehow be unanimous?" " "

" " "

" " "are they ripping off our pages from it?"

" " "

"are we owning certain corners as ours?" " "

" " "

"or do we simply look for the same, trying to remember who we were from time to time?" "Best wishes,"

" "Canberk Akçal"

"23.12.21 / Brunhildstr. 6 or eating menemen with you in the Syrian Passage, I guess you were right about the passage discussions after all"