

'sky-walker with feet on the ground'. Neriman Polat

Some artists awaken, through an unrestrainable strenght, a sentiment that today is the decline of a utopian and anachronistic assumption: *the art can activate the crowds*, more than anything else. If this is implausible, saying that the sentiment of the fight will vanish, is a great mistake. The fight is not only a conflict, but it also occurs in small sensitive actions, with the unpredictability of the intuition of which artists are skilled activators. A truth that authorities are trying to demonize and invalidate in any way. It is necessary subjection, for a total control.

Neriman Polat is an artist who understand the core of this truth. She works on the reactivation of the basic emotional channels, breking up the tissue of hypocrisy, starting from the deep down aspect of everyone. She manages to reactivate the subversive nature inherent in human beings: one that is able to react, to oppose to this broken heritage.

Hers is an out loud expose, on the social drift that we are living.

If the contemporary art is the grating of a cage that follows a mechanical of flowing information, we should think that water is a natural elements, necessary for life. Grasping the strenght of the movement. Considering also that a cage is a concept that can be seen from far away, a place of 'limitation' in which the artist is inserted only if he bows his head or, even worse, he hides it.

Neriman Polat tells us that the grating is an hindrance, can be seen from the outside and this position is not a utopia. It reminds us that it is our individual responsibility to arouse passions and fight for something to change . The little things can become great actions. Then dig up inside ourselves , remembering that we are occupying a place lived by others, because we are first and foremost social animals , born to live together.

In love as in the fight . It reminds us that life is a place to discern the individual specificity, capturing the most slight details, each change, the tragicomic aspect. In particular, that everything is extendible to a human category: one that does not provide for thresholds and geographic borders.

When an artist succeeds in this, and with this force, history will recognize it in its entirety. The system fails because the lack of feeling and the hypocrisy are not the heritage of all. Returning to the concept of (no) geographic borders, it is clear, however, that the universal passes through the particular. She analyzes the details of the socio-cultural and political transformation of the country in which she lives, her city, Istanbul. We have to remember who we are and our provenance to speak honestly. For the artist, Istanbul is a woman and she incisively speaks about this in her work 'The City's Rhythm is Feminine', in which there is the definition of an open field of view, black dresses flutter in the wind, and then get lost in the urban space, expanding our prospects, shrouding us in mystery. Movements and frequencies that disturb the 'not-ready' minds, phallogentric, entrusting us the enigma and the magnificence that such reciprocities generate.

At the bottom Istanbul is a city, but in our mind is the desire for a real area of contact between civilizations. A hope that goes beyond the limits of belonging, who takes away from any diktat,

discriminatory form and anti-democratic political action, that makes an identity-making beauty out of a means to cause conflicts.

Neriman Polat passes through the urban environment as a *'sky-walker with feet on the ground'*. She creates a tangible space, whereto funnel the reconstruction of the personal and social relationships. In the first instance, she manipulates and shows a free space, open to the sharing of the private and independent from all individualistic logic, servility or bourgeois elitism. She speaks about democracy presenting herself as an artist capable of dialogue and sharing, just as in the work she carried out for more than a year in the collective she founded 'Hafriyat', culminating in a four handed work with Evrensel Belgin. Mutilation and cumbersome black from which emerge some checks we must know how to use; an example of how we can replace competition and individualism with a comparison between artists and women, but even beyond the gender.

It discloses from her work, an inner reality that also concerns the unknown and that recalls a swinging naturalness. In that way, the performative nature of the artist comes to light and faces the stumbling block of a patriarchal society, denouncing the pain without reservation. Entering into the bowels of this still alive mutilation, that affects not only Turkey, but the whole world. In the exhibition ' Home Watch ', carried out in Depo (Istanbul), we find a video-photographic path of creative works that deal with this very performative nature. The environments, are sometimes the deep down surface of a time that was not to be, and the body is located in an elaborate interaction, composed of emotional tensions and social turmoils.

In this specific time the body is halted, is alienated , wounded, often compromised. Performed or hidden behind images that shows places and objects tied to memory , recalling fullnesses and emptinesses even generational.

At the same time she moves, remembers,loses,lives the pain, exhibits, materializes the fear and puts it in her expertise. The house mixes up with the headstone, and then with the idea of ?death. She leaves us on edge and triggers doubts.

Finally, she shows us the possibility of a passage, the light that gets into desert and crumbling places. The work 'Grim Reaper', shows the painful condition of the woman obliged to arm herself, but that also realizes she is not alone, because the light can originate both from the inside and the outside. And from the complicity with other women, who choose to support each other. She does not renounce to show us a subtle and adult subtlety, that raises many doubts. *And she makes us think that no one can take our smile away. Never.*

Neriman Polat, 1968. Lives and works in Istanbul. www.nerimanpolat.com

'POSSIBLE' *Images* to be published with the text. (about description...I'm not sure, are right)

N.1



'Inlimbo', photograph, 2003. © Neriman Polat

N.2



'Two partridges', still from video. 2005. © Neriman Polat

N.4



'Black Clothes', photograph, 2008. © Neriman Polat.

N.3



'On Cutting', still from video, 2009. © Neriman Polat

N.4



'Lessons=Democracy', digital print on canvans, 2008. © Neriman Polat.

N.5



'Gream Reaper', photograph, 2013. © Neriman Polat.