

Images that change hastily and continuously. One after another and in place of another. Our share under this rain of images are images that consist of separate content and serve different purposes. The whole they create, yet cannot complete, is closer to us without a doubt. The artist herself. A woman. A naked woman. An elephant. A zebra. Another artist. Two individuals shouting/**screaming** at each other – a woman and a man perhaps. The images that create the whole, on the other hand belong to situations and things that are doubtful in terms of purpose and the amount of success but pierce through us, right into our minds, through media: The twin towers, Mc Donald's, a polar bear, Chuck Norris, a collision, Polat Alemdar, Coca Cola, TV shows, religious rituals, a hunting rifle demonstration, the Iraqi war, a bullet, mayday events, demonstrations, Rambo, historical atomic bomb tests, politicians, a skirmish, maps, tanks, security cameras...

Images/**information flow** is everywhere. Texts, visuals, news and the information web comes together to form an image. As soon as this image is displayed on screen, it merges into yet another set of information and these pieces connect as if they flow into infinity. This effect, both in video and on paper, forms into a formational and thought based spacing with what Yalkın engraves in different layers.

Just like the society itself, the individual, formed by pieces, layers and the media that has become the short term memory of the public in Arda Yalkın's works, still seems to be resisting, fortunately still consisting of a part that is natural and "as it should have been all along." It is in a dealing mindset with the city that became the jungle, without separating itself from nature, **in an aim to preserve its core**. The individual which is extremely adaptive, extremely likely to feel alright with each and every condition presented in reality, becomes more active and willing to question the situation in Yalkın's works.

It is very unclear how the individual, who can easily reach any information that flows within the information sea, will find his way against the overly imposed information/situations/comments. We are long past the era of questioning the viewed content, finding out about the truth and the lie and finally accepting it. In a way, the free will and unique ideas of the individual is blended into the will of society. **His own values and judgments are ineffective from now on. (Namely)** What is shown is the truth. It is so truthful that it loses its meaning. You watch tanks in a battlefield on TV, without realizing the severity of the situation. Or a photograph of a body of a woman who died in a car crash, takes its place in the twitter account of a citizen as if it was yet another memory or a holiday picture. A deceased such objectified is served to the public by an individual so cold and repulsive. In reality, everyone is now a part of the system that drains meaning out of the images that once was **the combination of language, speech and exposure**. The individual, with his moral values completely irresponsible, is now serving the pornography of violence and consumption.

The theory suggesting that the Gulf War never really took place by Baudrillard is verified at this point. Every other thing we witness through the screen is yet another similar hollow disaster we stay indifferent to. We no longer possess the power to criticize.

Members of the middle classes, named "hardworking little people" by Yalkın, take their place in many of his works, many a time through the weapon they turn to the city in change – or in reality, on "themselves." They lack the memory or the consciousness while being happy and aggressive in their interference to the individual and the city. This crowd, robotic and aimless, consumes everything they value and continue on without any regrets. They are in a state of both internal alienation and

destruction. They foolishly believe themselves to be more active, whereas they are only more passive. They are being actively taken advantage of. They are under the illusion that they have free will. They haven't a single notion that they forgot how to respond and empathize under the fast paced agendas and visual bombardments of the day. They fail to see their own moral deformation, while questioning others' virtues.

The artist presents the audience with some unharmed parts of nature as some "promising" phenomena. He does this through various visuals of oases. On the other hand, in a totally separate layer, he visualizes this very attack on the individual and the nature itself.

Arda Yalkın does his criticism through the language he knows best, besides he even uses the world of that language. He does these analysis through his competent knowledge on communication techniques in his new world taken for granted by advertising, perhaps the iconography of the day for the sake of repositioning itself. We witness the loss of reality in this artificial universe of immense presence as both the narrator and the actor. We only try to fulfill the stencil of a "ideal modern person". The only things we ever strive to catch are time and opportunities. According to Yalkın, our duty in such a position is to become aware of the artificial agendas implanted in our minds, to live the reality, to question, to experience and finally to expose the sensible "essence" within ourselves.

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