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Title: Gratis Jet Lag on a Charter Flight
and Daydreaming in Zanzibar
By: Hüseyin Alptekin
From: airport in Istanbul on the way to
Eindhoven, etc.



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“Souls can’t move that quickly, and are left behind, and must be awaited, upon arrival, like lost luggage.” William Gibson, *Pattern Recognition*

Stories are mixing anyway. The feeling of working against a deadline is to catch a scheduled flight, of course in time, despite all the hectic ambience you are dealing with and the famous laziness keeping you frozen and spinning nonsense and heavy traffic is waiting for you, just around the corner.

But this is about a charter (flight) travel story. Charters are either delayed or cancelled, so no way to miss them at all. But my deadline has got nothing to do with the charter story.

+ That charter flight is between Istanbul–Eindhoven. We have arrived at a ghost airport damned far from the city, around a suburb on the Asian side of Istanbul, on the other side, another airport, a marginal one. Very early in the morning, trying to catch a delayed charter, cool, we won’t miss it anyway. There is not much around to kill time, but we have a new baby with us and a lot of sleeping and sleepy people around and they are speaking strange languages. We three have a kind of locally continental jet lag; yesterday we were back home in Tirana and this morning we go to Eindhoven. Our baby’s first travels: Sao Paulo–Istanbul–Tirana–Eindhoven. He is 3-months old; he had his passport in Brazil when he was a week old. His first visa is for Albania, his first travel to Europe, Eindhoven. New cartography with him. Some announcements are heard and people move toward the check-in desks, strange languages have started to cue all of a sudden. That’s not for us. Air Urga is open, destination: Nikolayev. Later on some PSV Eindhoven fans have come, silent, beaten by the Fenerbahçe football team the same night. Finally we check in for Eindhoven next to the Elbrus Airlines desk, destination: Maykop. Thinking about Anders Kreuger on flight companies and weird destinations.

+ Finally sometime after we have boarded on the plane, dizzy, sleepy, robotic... All of us has crashed down at once. Sleeping is another country, babies grow when they sleep, I am told. Dreaming is also another country. In charter dream, thinking about our baby, conceived in a magical place in Bolonia, Zahara del Atunes, between Cadiz and Gibraltar, being there the next day when I was handed a hand-drawn, small map in a flamenco bar in Sevilla by a gentleman who same night has met Pilar (Albarracin) for good and a year after Pilar told me in Istanbul, she knows all about Bolonia story. Then baby in Western Australia in mother’s belly. Thinking about Camila; we met in Helsinki. I was there on the way from Cuba to Indonesia, it was cold and I didn’t have proper clothes and Camila passed me some warm clothes. They have maybe served some beverages in the flight, I was not awake at all. Gabriel (Lester) came to visit us last week. We were neighbors in Stockholm. You know that he combines the projects, he visited Camila and I and to see the baby, to visit the Istanbul Biennial (opening) and a wedding party in Istanbul, and he had even an affair of romance. It all happened in two days, then he left for Holland or Lithuania.

The Istanbul Biennial opening was great, we met a lot of friends from different places, and pedestrian streets were full of the art crowd. In the Biennial I have managed to bring to Istanbul a copy of the Quadriga (for horses) from Venice, St Mark’s Basilica. Their story is amazing,

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they have been travelling since 1204 from Konstantinopolis to Venice, from Venice to Paris, from Paris to Venice, now from Venice to Istanbul. Their replicas and copies have done strange travels as well, among them Stockholm, Copenhagen, London, etc.. The chart of my work was based on Venice-Istanbul-Odessa route.

We all wake up when landing in Eindhoven, a sunny day in a small airport; there are only two charters from Istanbul: Corendon Air and Fly Air. It is Europe, silent, sunny but soon rainy. A lost paradise after Tirana traffic and klaxon cacophony.

Meeting Nedko (Solakov) constantly in Istanbul, Tirana, and Eindhoven. I swear our baby has recognized Nedko.

The daydreaming of that charter flight made a backward presentation of the rendering stories through out destinations, taking off's, passages, where life is existentially squeezed in jet-naps and airport lounges. In between, on the threshold, between cultures.

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On the way back to Eindhoven airport there were two Turkish charter flights and Ryan Air.

Ryan Air is like Magic Bus in the 1970s. Other destinations, other mappings.

When back from Eindhoven, Sünni has arrived in Istanbul. He was our angel assistant a week ago in Tirana, he stayed with us a few days, but he forgot to bring our baby bag we forgot in Tirana. But he took back to Tirana a piece of our installation I brought to Istanbul accidentally: a horseshoe. I remember that I left a cap from Havana on the Eindhoven charter, never mind, but that reminds me of all the hats and glasses I have lost. Yesterday we received a package from Holland from Gabriel; a box of chocolates, a DVD, his work *Casablanca: Connecting Flights*, and a note that he forgot his shaving machine, toothbrush, etc.. There is indeed a shirt left here, from Cuba, I believe it belongs to him too. Funny, I bought a shaver too in Eindhoven Airport, because of Mr Phillips stories maybe. A museum of friends' displaced objects would be a good idea: Left & Remained.

Strangely I start to link the places with lost & found objects now, the weather is bizarre today, which season are we indeed, no idea at all.

Although the delayed arrival of my soul is restless and spinning, being back home is good

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anyway. It is good to empty the pockets, unload the bags.

Staffan (Joffjel) has arrived yesterday from Stockholm to see Camila, the baby, and the Biennial. We feel the winter today. Camila is cooking, baby is sleeping, I am longing for Odessa.