

# AT THE OLD MUSEUM

This photographic project at the old Acropolis Museum began in the spring of 2007, while preparations were taking place for the transfer of the museum's exhibits to the new building, and was concluded in 2008. The aim was to capture the image of the old museum that would soon close down: the works it had kept were to be moved to the new building, now ready to receive them. I wanted to preserve something of the feel of that old space, which was not only a significant, historic space, but also one of great emotional value to me for it was my favourite museum. Being a regular visitor who had often taken photographs at the site, I came up with the idea of asking the administration for permission to do the same during preparations for the move.

I had spent long hours in the room where the Korai were displayed, examining them from all sides, carefully observing every detail of their form. The way they had been arranged in a semicircle at the far end of the room, against a backdrop of dark blue that seemed to envelop them, the soft, scant light slanting through the overhead windows? all to me appeared magical. The room's pervasive 1950s aesthetic coupled with the exquisite beauty of the archaic sculptures created a very distinct atmosphere. But I had no doubt that the effect of the installation inside the new building would be very different. What I had known until then would soon be a thing of the past in spite of how deeply it had affected so many? visitors, pilgrims, travellers... I also felt a sting of melancholy at the thought that the Korai would now have to leave the rock of the Acropolis for the first time in almost two and a half millennia? it seemed to me that they were being uprooted from where they naturally belonged.

The eyewitness experience I had when preparations for their transfer finally began was extraordinary and immensely valuable. The space of the old museum now looked like a hospital, or a vast operating room. Conservators and archaeologists in white gloves quietly moved about among the antiquities, following the instructions of a meticulously thought-out plan, doing what had to be done. Sculptures were being prepared to be placed in separate crates so they could be safely transferred by crane from up the sacred rock to the museum's new building below. Beneath their cover of white fabric the statues seemed mysterious and oddly alive. I made up stories about them and used my camera to translate into image all that I saw and felt. Through weekly visits to the site for what was almost a year, the bewilderment I experienced at first gradually gave way to a sense of intimacy. I had enough time to observe the various procedures, to decide what it was that I really wanted to depict, to fully immerse myself in this unique historical and aesthetic experience. The result was a large volume of photographs tracing all the stages of this epilogue to the old Acropolis Museum, right up to that final moment when its spaces were left empty and naked, visibly scarred by the sculptures' metoikesis.

For the purpose of this exhibition I have chosen 25 photographs, of which to make large-scale prints. I mainly focused on images of the Korai wrapped in protective fabric. In these they appear to be the denizens of an obscure world, situated in an 'in-between' space and time. The source of this secret life, that was nonetheless so obvious to me, is in the farewell, in their parting from what has so far been their 'home'. A new life lies ahead of them, still unknown at the time the pictures were being taken, bringing fears and hopes along with it. True, their new home is big and comfortable and full of light, but something of life as they have known it has now been lost forever. And yet this is always the case when we move from one place to another? especially that first time when we leave the home we grew up in, so full of shadows and magic, smells and sounds, and find ourselves in a new and brighter and bigger home that is wide open to the future.

Lizzie Calligas



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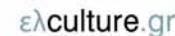
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## ESKİ MÜZEDE

Akropolis'in eski müzesinde fotoğraf çekimleri, objelerin yeni müzeye taşınma hazırlığı sırasında yapıldı. 2007 yılının baharında başladı ve 2008 yılı içerisinde tamamlandı. Kısa sürede kapanacak olan eski müzenin fotoğraflarını çekmek istediğim için oraya gittim, zira objelerin tümü hazır olan yeni müzeye taşınacaktı. En sevdiğim müzenin bende yarattığı duygusallıkla, çok önemli ve tarihi olan bir yerin eski atmosferinden bir şeyleri saklamak istiyordum. Sıkça gidip fotoğraf çekiyordum ve müze müdürlüğünden izin alıp, taşınma hazırlığı sırasında fotoğraf çekmek fikri o sırada oluştu.

Özellikle, Kores'lerin (Kore heykellerinin) sergilendiği salonda çalıştım, büyük bir diikkatle tüm detaylarını inceledim. Onların, salonun bir ucunda, bir yarım daire halinde yerleştirilme şekilleri, etraflarını saran koyu lacivert fon, yükseğe yerleştirilmiş pencerelerden içeriye sızan loş ışık, gözlerime büyütlü bir manzara yansıtıyordu. Salonun 50'lerin estetik anlayışına uyan düzeni, arkaik heykellerin güzelliğiyle birleştiğinde ortaya çok özel bir atmosfer çıkıyordu. Biliyordum ki onların yeni müzeye yerleştirilme şekilleri onlara bakanlarda başka, çok farklı, bir izlenim bırakacaktı. O zamana kadar birçok insanı, izleyiciyi, seyyahı vs duygulandırmış olan o andaki durumları artık geçmişe mal olacaktı. Ayrıca, Kores'lerin Akropolis kayasından, 2.500 yıl sonra ilk defa gidilecek olmaları, içimde bir melankoli yaratıyordu –onların doğal ortamlarından koparılacaklarını düşünüyordum.

Taşınma hazırlıkları başladığında çok anlamlı ve eşsiz olarak niteleyebileceğim bu olayı çok yakından yaşadım. Binanın içi büyük bir hastane-ameliyathane alanına dönüşmüştü. Beyaz eldivenli restorator ve arkeologlar sakın bir şekilde antik objelerin etrafında dolaşıyor ve son derece iyi hazırlanmış bir planın gereklerini yerine getiriyorlardı. Kutsal Kaya'dan, aşağıda bulunan Yeni Müzeye, vinçle taşınacak objeleri tek tek kutulara yerleştirmek üzere hazırlıyorlardı. Bezlere sarılmış heykeller gizemli bir hale bürünüyor ve beyaz bezin altında garip bir şekilde canlı görünüyorlardı. Kafamda masal ve hikâyeler kurarken, fotoğraf makinemle gördüklerim ve hissettiklerimi resme dönüştürmeye çalışıyordum. Bir yıl kadar süren haftalık düzenli ziyaretlerim, ilk şaşkınlığı atlattıktan sonra, kendimi tüm bunlara daha yakın hissetmemi sağladı. Çeşitli prosedürleri izlemeye, neyi daha çok resmetmeyi istediğimi

düşünmeye, bu eşsiz tarihi ve estetik olayı yaşamaya zamanım olmuştu. Bunun sonucunda, Eski Müzenin epilogunun tüm safhalarından, objelerinin taşınmasından sonra yaralı alanın içi boş ve çıplak kalıncaya kadar çekilmiş çok sayıda fotoğraf ortaya çıktı.

Bu sergide, onları büyük boyda basabilmek için, 25 fotoğraf sergilemeyi seçtim. Özellikle de, bezlere sarılmış Kores'lere odaklandım. Orada onlar, bilinmeyen bir dünyada, "arada kalmış" bir mekân ve zamanda bulunuyorlar. Saklanmış, ama bana aşikâr olan, canlılıkları, o zamana kadar "evleri" olmuş olan yerden ayrılmaları ve vedalaşmalarıdır. Önlerinde, fotoğrafın çekildiği anda henüz bilinmeyen, beraberinde getirdiği tüm heyecan ve beklentileriyle yeni bir hayat var. Yeni evleri tabii ki büyük, ferah ve aydınlık, ama, şimdiye kadar yaşamış olduklarından bir şeyler kesinlikle kayboldu. Nitekim, her taşınma böyle bir şey değil midir –özellikle de o büyümüş olduğumuz, gölgeler, büyütlü anlar, kokular ve seslerle dolu ilk evimizi bırakıp, daha aydınlık ve büyük, geleceğe açık bir yeni eve taşınmanın olduğu gibi.

Lizi Kalliga

## ΣΤΟ ΠΑΛΑΙΟ ΜΟΥΣΕΙΟ

Η φωτογράφιση μέσα στο παλιό μουσείο της Ακρόπολης άρχισε κατά την διάρκεια της προετοιμασίας για την μεταφορά των εκθεμάτων του στο νέο μουσείο της Ακρόπολης. Ξεκίνησε την άνοιξη του 2007 και ολοκληρώθηκε μέσα στο 2008. Βρέθηκα εκεί θέλοντας να φωτογραφίσω το παλιό μουσείο, που θα έκλεινε σύντομα, αφού όλα τα αντικείμενα θα μεταφέρονταν πια στο καινούργιο που ήταν έτοιμο να τα υποδεχτεί. Ήθελα να κρατήσω κάτι από την παλιά ατμόσφαιρα ενός χώρου πολύ σημαντικού, ιστορικού αλλά και για μένα συναισθηματικά φορτισμένου, γιατί ήταν το αγαπημένο μου μουσείο. Πηγαίνοντας αρκετά ταχτικά εκεί και φωτογραφίζοντας, σκέφτηκα να ζητήσω την άδεια από την διεύθυνση του μουσείου της Ακρόπολης να φωτογραφίσω κατά τη διάρκεια της προετοιμασίας, για τη μεταφορά τους.

Είχα σταθεί ιδιαίτερα στην αίθουσα με τις Κόρες κοιτώντας τες γύρω γύρω με μεγάλη προσοχή στην κάθε λεπτομέρειά τους. Ο τρόπος με τον οποίον ήταν τοποθετημένες, σε ημικύκλιο στο βάθος της αίθουσας, το σκούρο μπλε χρώμα στο φόντο που τις περιέβαλλε, το λιγοστό φως που έπεφτε από τα υπερυψωμένα παράθυρα, στα μάτια μου έμοιαζαν μαγικά. Η αισθητική του χώρου της δεκαετίας του '50 μαζί με το υπέρτατο κάλλος των αρχαϊκών αγαλμάτων δημιουργούσε μιν ατμόσφαιρα πολύ ιδιαίτερη. Ήξερα ότι η νέα τους τοποθέτηση στο νέο μουσείο θα έδινε άλλη εντύπωση, σίγουρα πολύ διαφορετική. Η παρούσα κατάσταση θα ήταν οριστικά παρελθόν πια, παρόλο που μέχρι τώρα είχε συγκινήσει ήπια πολλούς ανθρώπους, επισκέπτες, προσκυνητές, ταξιδιώτες κλπ. Επιπλέον, το γεγονός ότι αυτές οι Κόρες θα έφευγαν από το βράχο της Ακρόπολης για πρώτη φορά, τώρα, μετά από 2.500 χρόνια, έδινε έναν τόνο μελαγχολίας στη σκέψη μου, τις φανταζόμουν να ξεριζώνονται από τον φυσικό τους χώρο.

Όταν άρχισε η προετοιμασία για τη μεταφορά τους έζησα από κοντά μια πολύ σημαντική και μοναδική εμπειρία. Ο χώρος είχε μεταβληθεί σε μια μεγάλη αίθουσα νοσοκομείου-χειρουργείου. Συντηρητές και αρχαιολόγοι με άσπρα γάντια περιτριγύριζαν τα αρχαία αντικείμενα, με ησυχία, και με τις οδηγίες ενός άφογα καλομελετημένου σχεδίου, εκτελούσαν τις εργασίες που



έπρεπε. Ετοιμάζονταν για τον εγκλιβτισμό τους, το κάθε ένα ξεχωριστά, έτσι ώστε να μεταφερθούν απόλυτα ασφαλή, με τον γερανό, από τον Ιερό Βράχο στο Νέο Μουσείο που βρισκόταν από κάτω. Τυλιγμένα στα πανιά τους τα αγάλματα γίνονταν μυστηριώδη και με έναν παράξενο τρόπο να ήταν ζωντανά κάτω από το λευκό ύφασμα που τα σκέπαζε. Με το μυαλό μου έφταιχα παραμύθια και ιστορίες, με τη μηχανή μου προσπαθούσα να κάνω εικόνα όλα αυτά που έβλεπα και αισθανόμουν. Οι τακτικές εβδομαδιαίες επισκέψεις για περίπου ένα χρόνο με βοηθούσαν να νιώσω οικειότητα με όλα αυτά, μετά τα πρώτο ξάφνιασμα. Είχα τον χρόνο να παρακολουθήσω διαδικασίες, να σκεφτώ τι ήθελα περισσότερο να αποτυπώσω, να ζήσω αυτή τη μοναδική ιστορική αλλά και αισθητική εμπειρία. Το αποτέλεσμα ήταν οι πάρα πολλές φωτογραφίες από όλες τις γάσεις του επιλόγου του Παλαιού Μουσείου, μέχρι και τελικά ο άδειος και γυμνός του χώρος με εμφανή όλα τα τραύματα μετά την αποχώρηση των αντικειμένων του.

Γι' αυτή την έκθεση κατέληξα σε 25 φωτογραφίες, για να τις εκτυπώσω σε μεγάλο μέγεθος. Επικεντρώθηκα κυρίως στις φωτογραφίες με τις Κόρες τυλιγμένες στα πανιά τους. Εκεί βρίσκονται σε έναν τόπο άγνωστο, σε έναν χώρο και χρόνο «ανάμεσα». Η κρυμμένη, αλλά φανερή σε μένα, ζωντάνια τους είναι ο αποχαιρετισμός και αποχωρισμός τους από το μέχρι τότε «σπίτι» τους. Αντιμετωπίζουν μια νέα ζωή, άγνωστη ακόμα την ώρα της φωτογράφισης, με όλες τις αγωνίες και προσδοκίες που φέρνει. Σίγουρα το νέο τους σπίτι είναι μεγάλο, άνετο και φωτεινό, κάτι όμως από ό,τι είχαν ζήσει μέχρι τώρα έχει χαθεί. Άλλωστε πάντα έτσι είναι στην κάθε μετακόμιση που κάνουμε, ειδικά σε εκείνη την πρώτη, όταν αφήνουμε το πρώτο σπίτι στο οποίο μεγαλώσαμε, το γεμάτο σκιές, μαγείες, μυρωδιές και ήχους και βρισκόμαστε σε ένα καινούργιο, πιο φωτεινό και πιο μεγάλο, ανοιχτό στο μέλλον.

Λίζη Καλλιγά