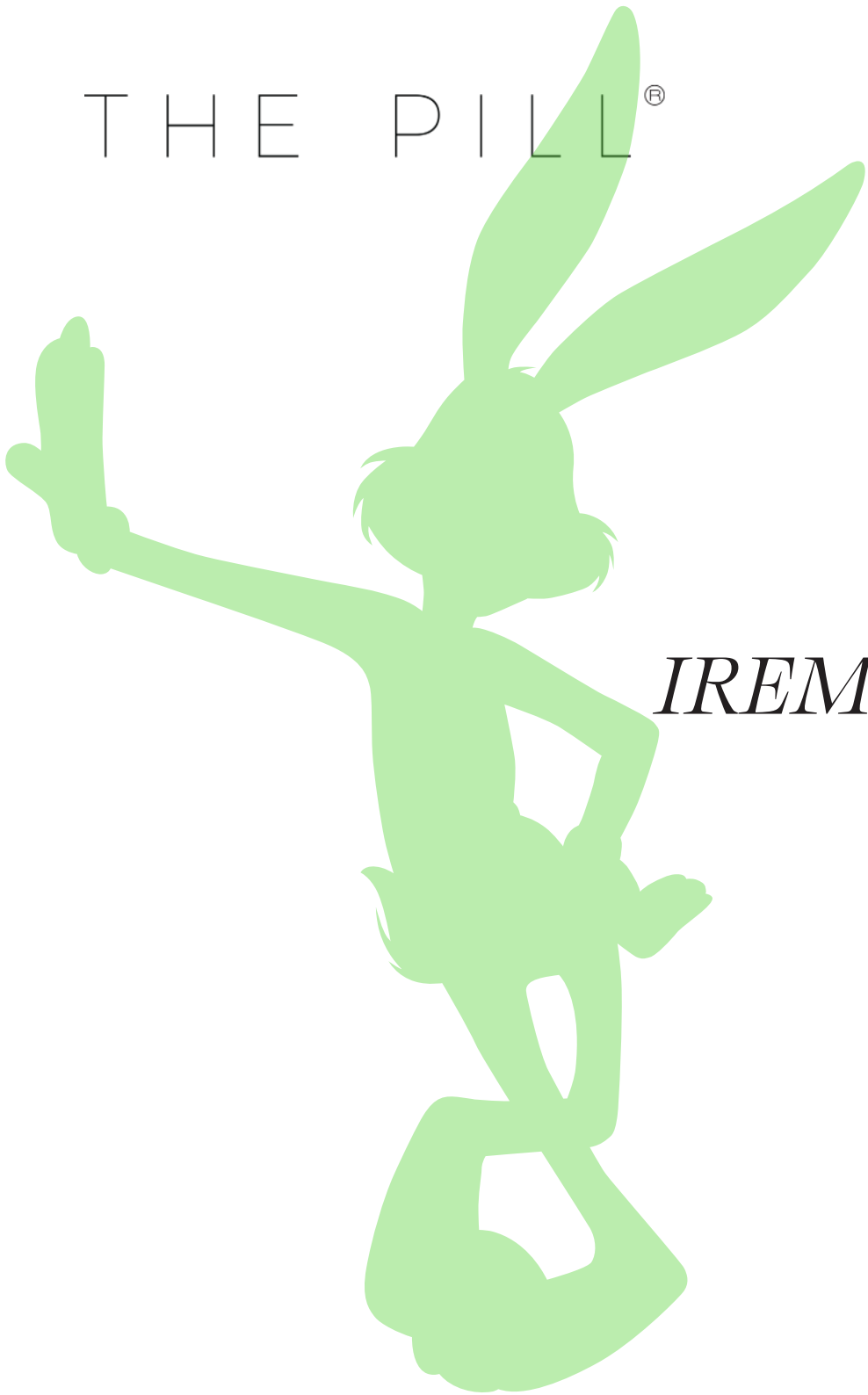


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IREM GÜNAYDIN

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İrem Günaydın's practice revolves around her interest in being an artist in an ontological sense. Her work seeks to perforate the tightly knit textures of art history, the autonomy of the self, and the fetish of authenticity and originality. This attitude allows the artist to think without establishing a new center, an original, or a singular truth. She explores the relationship between text and image, and the ways in which words and images circulate between discursive and pictorial realms, investigating the objecthood of language and the grammar of images.

Günaydın's practice is often generated through writing and unfolds in the form of installations gathering moving images, objects, prints and sculptural elements while writing functions as a fulcrum. She draws inspiration from art history, literature, film and music, deconstructing the canon with minor narratives and elements from contemporary popular media. In her written works, she sheds light on the diagnosis of the "I" and its implications for artistic expression. In her abstract narrative writing, Günaydın splits herself into multiples that become spectators of one another and engage in conversations, addressing the economic realities of life as an artist and issues surrounding the recognition of artmaking as labor. Using scriptwriting and translation as generative tools, her work often leads to collaborative iterations encompassing film, performance and public installations.

İrem Günaydın (b. 1989, Istanbul) lives and works in Istanbul, Turkey

Günaydın holds a Foundation diploma from Chelsea College of Art and Design (2011), and her BA in Fine Art from Central Saint Martins, London (2014). Her recent solo exhibitions include *Scripted Expanded Molded I* and *Salad Cake* at THE PILL (Istanbul, 2022 & 2020) as well as *Entrée*, March Studio (Ayvalik, 2021), *From A Tummy To The Sky Via A Mouth*, Ark Kultur (Istanbul, 2017) and *Ænd*, Torna (Istanbul, 2016). Her work has been included in group exhibitions such as *Further Away*, 6th Mardin Biennale (Mardin, 2024); *Red Bull Art Around* (Istanbul, 2016); *PRODUCE #3 - The Game Settled Into a Cagey Midfield Match*, Elhamra Han (Istanbul, 2016) and Mamut Art Project (Istanbul, 2015). In 2023 she was the recipient of a fellowship residency at Künstlerhaus Stuttgart, Germany and in 2024 she was invited to the SAHA Studio Residency Program in Istanbul.

İREM GÜNAYDIN

1989, Istanbul. Lives and works in İstanbul.

Education

- 2014 BA Fine Art, Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design, London, UK
- 2011 Foundation, Chelsea College of Art and Design, London, UK

Solo Exhibitions

- 2022 Scripted Expanded Molded I, THE PILL, Istanbul, TR
- 2021 Entrée, Martch Studio, Ayvalık, TR
- 2020 SALAD CAKE, THE PILL, Istanbul, TR
- 2017 From a Tummy to the Sky – via a Mouth-, Ark Kültür, Istanbul, TR
- 2016 Ænd, Torna, Istanbul, TR
- 2012 Portfolyo, curated by Leyla Gediz, eski studio, Istanbul, TR

Group Exhibitions

- 2024 Further Away, 6th Mardin Biennale, cur. Ali Akay, Mardin, TR
- 2022 AS IF IT COULDN'T - 6th Year Anniversary Group Show, THE PILL, Istanbul, TR
- 2016 {iniş çıkış yukarı aşağı}, Red Bull Art Around, Istanbul, TR
İşleyiş – Mechanism as part of PRODUCE #3 The Game Settled Into a Cagey Midfield Match, with Charlie Coffrey and Merve Kaptan, Elhamra Han, Istanbul, TR
Book and Time, together with torna & Bandrolsüz, Istanbul, TR
- 2015 Mamut Art Project, Istanbul, TR
Hatırlatıcı, together with Merve Kaptan, Yeni Bahtiyar İş Merkezi, Istanbul, TR
- 2014 to the things themselves, Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design, Degree Show, London, UK
- 2011 They're playing with the shadows; they got bored, Chelsea College of Art and Design, London, UK
- 2009 Kuru Kahveci Mehmet Efendi, mtaar, cur. by Sevil Tunaboğlu & Erkin Gören, Istanbul, TR

Grants & Residencies

- 2024 SAHA Studio, Istanbul, TR
- 2022 Künstlerhaus Stuttgart, Stuttgart, DE
Golubitsky Art Fondation, Krasnodar Region, RU
- 2021 Entrée, Martch Studio, Ayvalık, TR
- 2016 torna, Istanbul, TR
- 2011 They're playing with the shadows; they got bored, Shortlisted Brenda Landon Pye Portrait Prize, London, UK

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TEXTS AND WORKS

OPUS: A PARA-OPERA STRUCTURE TABLE

KONVOLUT

1. MUSAKHAN
2. To be determined as OPUS progresses...

THE WORLD COURT

Perhaps,

OPUS: A Para-Opera Structure is a long-term research-based foundation free of walls incorporating text, design, and performing arts. I see *OPUS* as a scaffold to co-construct, support, and maintain relationships with people I collaborate with as it progresses. It will also provide on-site access to heights and areas that would otherwise be hard for an artist to reach. It represents research I will carry out over time on the intersection and interweaving of the following bodies: support, structure, justice, protest, resistance, truth, their connotation, event, as the text, and text as all. *OPUS* attempts to contextualize a living structure that seeks ways to draw the line, withdraw, diverge, and rupture between these bodies and put the distinction between them under erasure. It is an attempt to engender a table of contents, which need not be rigid but should be seen continuously evolving through research and collaborations.

OPUS as a practice.
OPUS as a process.
OPUS as an approach.

One must glimpse what “para-” means to imagine what a para-opera could be. It is a prefix to many root words. It conveys the idea of “on the margin of,” “next to,” “outside,” or “against.” For instance, “paranoia” originates from “para-” meaning beyond or beside, suggesting a condition of being “beyond the mind.” Likewise, a “parasite” implies an organism against or outside its host’s food. This prefix indicates a spatial or conceptual relationship denoting proximity, adjacency, or contrast in various contexts. It provides important contextual clues to understanding the relationship between the prefixed term and its referent. Departing from the “para-” I will use the concept tool, parafiction, to construct *OPUS*. Parafiction raises awareness that truth and knowledge cannot be reduced to the medium they are presented in. In other words, instead of unquestioningly accepting the truth and authenticity of things, parafiction draws attention to the institutional and discursive structures that govern these media. This is not a way to dismiss truth but to highlight its connection with politics, which is the defining characteristic of the post-truth era. *OPUS* will attempt to blur the distinction between fact and fiction as a parafictional strategy through make-believe. It attempts to look for models for connecting the presentation of facts and forms of intelligibility that blur the border between the logic of facts and the logic of fiction. After all, as Jacques Rancière once said, “Writing history and writing stories come under the same regime of truth.” Another concept tool to shape *OPUS*, paraliterary discourse, invites a nuanced exploration of artistic expression and bridges the gap between literary sensibilities and critical theory. It challenges conventional narratives and invites viewers to engage with textuality on multifaceted levels beyond mere critique. Art critic Rosalind Krauss introduced the term through her text, “Poststructuralism and the Paraliterary.” Krauss argues, “The paraliterary is the space of debate, quotation, partisanship, betrayal, and reconciliation, but it is not the space of unity, coherence, or resolution.”

Opus translates to “work” in English. It can also refer to a composer’s composition; the Latin plural word for opus is opera. OPUS is structured into contents. The content I am currently working on is Konvolut. This term is used for grouping sections of Walter Benjamin’s *Das Passagen-Werk* manuscript (English translation; *The Arcades Project*). In Germany, konvolut has a common philological application: it refers to a larger or smaller assemblage—literally, a bundle of manuscripts or printed materials that belong together. I pen passages that will gradually constitute the Konvolut. Each passage I write will be sent to the invited collaborator; in return, they will rewrite it in their handwriting. The letters O, P, U, and S in their sentences will be digitally drawn and incorporated into the rest of the passage. The very first passage of the Konvolut is called “Musakhan,” a national Palestinian dish.

Passages will be written using a bespoke typeface titled “Hamaset.” It is designed exclusively for OPUS and, as a conceptual gesture, is intended to evoke the grandeur of opera. Hamaset is a loanword from Arabic that means “enthusiasm, excessive courage, heroism.” In Arabic literature, it refers to an artificial epic. It is also an exaggerated expression made to impress or excite the listeners. In contemporary Turkish, politicians have turned the term “Hamaset” into a verb and frequently replaced its meaning with populism and demagoguery. As OPUS progresses, the font family of “Hamaset” will expand with bespoke versions that conceptually fit each section. “Hamaset” is monumental, sharp, and prickly on the outside but soft and round on the inside to create dialectical tension. Additionally, it has only uppercase letters.

The birth of the system- the iteration of the letters of OPUS and the creation of the bespoke typeface “Hamaset”- is inspired by a typographic system called “Kraliçe,” which was used for a decade at SALT. The institution invited designers to interpret the letters S, A, L, and T, which were integrated into a custom typeface. SALT used

“Kraliçe” as an institution’s communication tool for their online and printed matter. I wrote an analogy in 2022 between “Kraliçe” and the Greek god Dionysus, the son of Zeus, the god of metamorphosis, highlighting their disruptive and transformative natures. Like Dionysus, “Kraliçe” challenges traditional norms and structures, blurring the lines between brand and institution with the experimental approach. Dionysus, known for his fluidity and rejection of conventional gender roles, symbolizes rebellion against the status quo and patriarchal order. Similarly, “Kraliçe’s” existence represents a threat to rigid identities and the entrenched systems they uphold. Like Dionysus and “Kraliçe,” the Konvolut section is a wandering god without a fixed place, traveling around the world to create scenarios that rely on existing social realities or actively entering a social realm to generate a text. Through an iteration of OPUS letters in different handwriting for each passage, the ontology of the work will be put into affect, not merely described or denoted. Additionally, the focus will be on the people (collaborators) involved rather than an institution or designer, as was the case with “Kraliçe.”

I cannot provide much information as I am still working on the conceptual framework for *The World Court*. It attempts to investigate the relationship between performativity, law, and theatre and their connotation of truth and justice through the courtroom setting metaphor, which has an inherently theatrical nature in history. I want to design a new family member of the “Hamaset” typeface to use exclusively for *The World Court*.

HAMASET*

A B C D E F
H I J K L M
O P Q R S T
V W X Y Z *

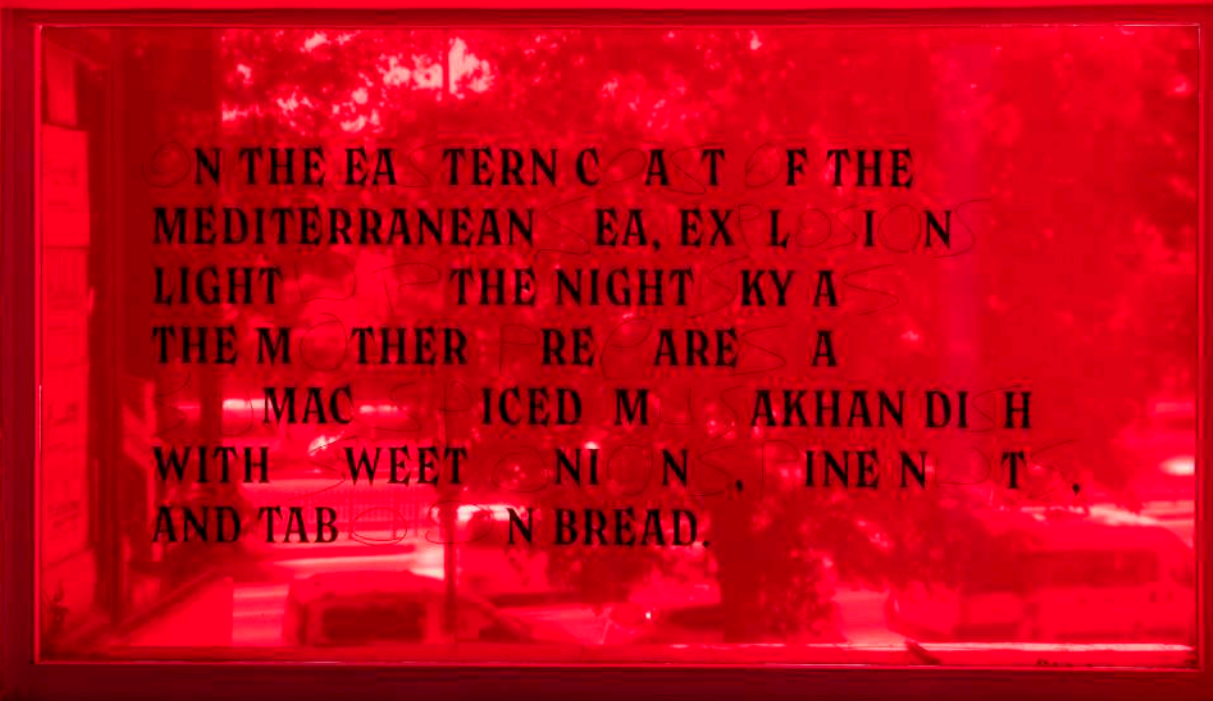
*HAMASET IS CONCEIVED BY ARTIST İREM GÜNAYDIN AND DESIGNED BY YETKİN BAŞARIR ON THE OCCASION OF GÜNAYDIN'S LONG-TERM PROJECT "OPUS: A PARA-OPERA STRUCTURE." THE BESPOKE TYPEFACE HAMASET IS INTENDED TO CONVEY THE GRANDEUR OF OPERA. HAMASET, BORROWING FROM ARABIC, MEANS "ENTHUSIASM, FANATICISM, HEROISM" AND SERVES AS A CONCEPTUAL GESTURE, CREATING AN EXAGGERATED EXPRESSION TO CAPTIVATE SPECTATORS.

40" | ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ!&0123456789%\$£¥ 40" | RECOGNITION OF THE INHERENT DIGNITY AND OF THE
80" | ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTU 80" | THE EQUAL AND INALIENABLE
118" | WXYZ!&0123456789 118" | RIGHTS OF ALL MEM
158" | %\$£¥€ÆÇÈÉ 158" | MEMBERS OF T
198" | CDEFGHIJKI 198" | INALIENABLE
236" | LMNOPQR 236" | RECOGNIT
296" | STUVWX 296" | DIGNITY
334" | XYZ!& 334" | HUMAN
394" | &0123 394" | FAMIL

118" NO ONE SHALL BE SU
335" AGAINST
99" EQUAL RIGHTS OF MEN AND WOMEN
335" DISCRIMINATION
98" NO DISTINCTION SHALL
20" * NO DISTINCTION SHALL BE MADE ON THE BASIS OF THE POLITICAL, JURISDICTIONAL, OR INTERNATIONAL STATUS OF T
1043" LO

118" FREEDOM OF SPEECH
335" FREEDOM
99" EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO EQUAL AC
335" GENUINE
98" OPINION AND EXPRESSI
20" * HAS THE RIGHT TO FREEDOM OF OPINION AND EXPRESSION; THIS RIGHT INCLUDES FREEDOM TO HOLD OPINIONS WITH
1043" VO

118" COMMON STANDARD
335" PROTESTS
99" FREEDOM OF THOUGHT, CONSCIENCE, A
335" SHOULD
98" EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT
20" * STANDARD OF LIVING ADEQUATE FOR THE HEALTH AND WELL-BEING OF HIMSELF AND OF HIS FAMILY, INCLUDING FOOD
1043" W



ON THE EASTERN COAST OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA, EXPLORATION
LIGHTS IN THE NIGHT SKY AS
THE MOTHER PREPARES A
MAC SPICED MUSAKHAN DISH
WITH SWEET ONIONS, PINE NUT,
AND TABOON BREAD.

The first passage of the Konvolut section, “Musakhan,” is written in the bespoke typeface “Hamaset,” and the letters of OPUS handwritten by İrem Günaydın are embedded into the passage.

ON THE EASTERN COAST OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA, EXPLOSIONS
LIGHT UP THE NIGHT SKY AS
THE MOTHER PREPARES A
SUMAC SPICED MUSAKHAN DISH
WITH SWEET ONIONS, PINE NUTS,
AND TABOON BREAD.

İrem Günaydin
Musakhan, 2024

Vinyl letters on transparent colored vinyl
184 x 334 cm





As part of Günaydın's residency at SAHA, the letters of "Mussakhan" written in bespoke typeface "Hamaset" were displayed in İstanbul Manifaturacılar Retail Center on the T-Wall Barrier mold derived from the concrete barriers of the "Wall of Apartheid," which isolates about 9% of the land from the rest of the Palestinian territory in the West Bank.

İrem Günaydın
MUSSAKHAN, 2024
Powder-coated metal
300 x 200 x 132 cm







The Extant Collection narrates the true story of Güner Coşkunsu, an archaeologist in Mardin who fought against the destruction of archaeological sites throughout her career. Some authorities intentionally and consciously tarnished Coşkunsu's presumption of innocence to remove her from her profession altogether. Coşkunsu exposed the authorities' disregard for significant archaeological findings, including Paleolithic artifacts deemed insignificant and slated for burial. Following Coşkunsu's death, an artist, moved by the injustice, secretly excavates the buried artifacts for a year, finding boxes adorned with images of endemic plants instead.

In the late 2010s, Güner Coşkunsu, an esteemed archaeologist and academic committed to ethical and scientific principles, challenged the established rural order in Mardin, one of the oldest settlements in human history. She waged a battle against the destruction of archaeological sites, which are not only the oldest but also the largest in terms of area and contain artifacts in situ that hold a human history dating back approximately half a million years. She faced gossip and harassment and was labeled as a stone fetishist. She drew attention to the abandoned cultural and natural heritage subjected to treasure hunters, contractors, and environmental damage throughout Mardin. She resisted unscientific, anti-academic, and even illegal situations. A commission established by the university entered the office of Coşkunsu without prior notification. They produced the following assessment report: "Numerous historical artifacts were identified in 89 boxes. It was determined that there are three artifacts within the inventory scope of Law No. 28632 in boxes numbered 41, 68, and 36. It was observed that Coşkunsu conducted unauthorized surface research, collected artifacts in these areas without permission in both study and inventory categories, and

preserved the artifacts in inappropriate conditions. Due to the mentioned reasons, it is necessary to file a criminal complaint against Coşkunso for violating Law No. 2863.”

Reports confirm that the archaeological and geological collections discovered in Coşkunso's office are not significant and are commonly found in the offices of archaeologists worldwide. These reports are safely archived within the boxes for each material group, but the museum and the university chose to withhold this information. The collection, which claims to contain three historical artifacts, is requested to be buried within the university campus, with coordinates to be determined by the museum directorate.

During Coşkunso's tenure in Mardin, The Paleolithic flints and obsidians on the campus of the university, and more broadly, the prehistoric stone materials, which could yield groundbreaking data for global archaeological literature if subjected to scientific examination by competent experts, were unfortunately deemed archaeologically insignificant by the authorities. Commission reports indicate that the museum deems the ic artifacts unworthy of examination and Paleolithlithic artifacts unworthy of examination and preservation. Statements such as “not showing the characteristic of cultural assets” and “... we recommend obtaining permission from the Directorate General of Cultural Assets and Museums for the burial of flint tools and pieces in the archaeological site” reveal their efforts to dispose of archaeological stones that have not been examined, documented, or even photographed. In this absurd paradox, collections of stones, whether ordinary or historical artifacts, found themselves relegated to burial in Mardin. After being invited to the Mardin

relegated to burial in Mardin. After being invited to the Mardin Biennale, I decided to search for the buried stones. Since I didn't know the coordinates, I would have to dig up the entire Mardin. Moving to Mardin became a necessity for this. I decided to rent an apartment under a pseudonym. I had to be very careful not to experience what happened to Coşkunso. Therefore, I decided to keep my excavation idea a secret from the curator and the biennial team. For a year, I continued my excavation tirelessly and discreetly. I was digging at night as it would attract too much attention in daylight, and during the day, I have been questioning myself about the impossible task I gave myself. The fact that the task of finding surviving evidence fell to an artist who isn't even from Mardin made me feel hopeless about the future of Turkey. In the end, I found the buried boxes. I opened them. The Extant Collection is before you.

1 Güner Coşkunso passed away in 2023.

2 Law No. 2863 Conservation of Cultural and Natural Property: This law ensures the national protection of cultural property.

3 I found images of plants on the cardboard boxes. Later, I discovered they were the endemic plants of Mardin: *Iris nectarifera*, *Ajugavestita*, *Arum rupicola*, and *Crocus musagecitii*.



İrem Günaydin
The Extant Collection, 2024
Cardboard box, UV print, 4 pieces
Lightbox, A3 size
220 x 157 x 25 cm

A PROPOSAL FOR A FUTURE EXHIBITION:

Scripted Expanded Molded I consists of three works. They are all gleaned from İrem's written work titled "Fourth Table also known as the Bastard", which takes its inspiration from the work of a physicist and a philosopher. In his Gifford Lectures of 1927, British physicist Sir Arthur Eddington talks about two tables. First, the table of everyday experience: it is tactile and substantial. It supports elbows and holds objects. Second, the table of science: it is mostly emptiness. There is nothing substantial about it. It is the only one which is there, wherever there may be. Sometime later the physicist's writing was taken up by Philosopher Graham Harman who wrote an essay called "The Third Table" in which he thinks both humanists who insist on the everyday thing and physicists who care only for quantum reality, are all mistaken. He posits the existence of a third table, the only real one, existing in between the first and the second table, deeper than all apparent (scientific or everyday) objects... A decade later, İrem writes the "Fourth Table also known as the Bastard". Her table is neither legit nor authentic. One can think of it as the bastard sibling of the other three tables. Her table is not a table. If it is not a table, what is it?

I want you to imagine a relatively big space for exhibiting at a street-level gallery. Epoxy flooring, high ceiling, and some white

SCRIPTED EXPANDED MOLDED I

walls. Imagine the following phrases FOURTHTABLE, ALSO, KNOWNAS, and THEBASTARD which derive from the title of İrem's written piece, getting a fair amount of volume and turning into a set of fine-art, wooden shipping crates. These letter-shaped crates frame the space of a gallery and act as a passive-but-thoughtful through the exhibition. The crates are not designed and manufactured to meet the needs of works of art, nor have they traveled the world before arriving here. They are not built to accommodate a particular fine art object. They neither have foam cushioning nor labeling on them. They seem to want to weigh nothing but themselves.

According to the legend, Medusa is one of the three Gorgons, the female monster of the underworld in Greek mythology. Medusa, the snake-headed one of these three sisters, has the power to turn onlookers to stone. There are two Medusa heads in The Basilica Cistern that lie beneath the city of Istanbul and one Medusa head which sits in the garden of the Istanbul Archaeological Museum. However, they do not belong to the place where they are at now. They are both spolia! Besides, these two Roman Medusa heads are casually used as column bases at the cistern's northwest corner. One is positioned upside down, and the other is tilted to the side. No one is sure why this is, but a popular opinion is that they're oriented upside down in

order to negate the power of the gaze of Medusa. İrem invented a character named Fourth Medusa, as the bastard sibling of the other three Medusa statues, who also manifested in the written work is multiple versions of herself such as an artist, a gambler, a chef, a detective, etc. Given the excessive repetition of the same-looking objects throughout this exhibition proposal, İrem must have had a hard time distinguishing between artist, bastard, and the number four. Eventually, I produced *The Fourth Medusa, I finally did it* in a rug remade by a fiberglass mold which suppose to welcome you at the entrance of the gallery. The mold that the Fourth Medusa inhabits has twenty pieces fixed by stainless steel bolts. One can reproduce her one thousand and one times using one thousand and one materials. I just can't resist imagining that she could even be reproduced out of butter! Fourth Butter Medusa, LOL. Who wants to spread the Medusa butter on bread?

Imagine that you are in the gallery space, encountering the Fourth Medusa—especially as a mold, I can't control my opinion to fund the butter Medusa—at the front entrance and the crates at the back of the space. You are here because of *Scripted*, the first of the four-part performance series which takes place each week. İrem has collaborated with one of the leading figure composers in

the Turkish jazz music scene. The composer wrote a graphic notation¹ to be performed by different musicians once a week, including the composer herself, to accompany İrem's written work, "Fourth Table also known as the Bastard". Four weeks, four musicians. During the performance, particular passages from İrem's text sampled by the composer beforehand will be triggered three tables at certain points of the notation by the musicians. Each performance takes approximately twenty minutes. The notation opens with *Scripted*, the composer plays her notation on multiple systems that are scattered around the space. The second week of the show *Hours Expanded* in which a musician is invited by the composer to play the notation on a bass clarinet with extended techniques.² For the third part, *Molded*, another musician is invited to play the notation with the cello, bag, and coveys of the musician's own choice were used during the previous performances. The fourth part, I

¹ Graphic notation is the representation of music through the use of visual symbols rather than musical notation.

² Extended techniques refer to the various ways in which a musician can manipulate a musical instrument to produce sounds that are not normally possible.

“A Proposal for a Future Exhibition: Scripted Expanded Molded I” is the initially proposed version of Irem’s upcoming exhibition, which has turned into Godot and has been reimagined and revised due to a lack of funds. Irem has always found artist proposals interesting and fictitious, not because of their potential but primarily because of their lack of realization. I assure you I do not necessarily mean anything negative by lack of realization. Even if there is an infinite amount of funds available to create artwork, artist proposals are nothing but writing with a heavy dose of fiction and imagination. We all know that ideas can turn into words in a minute. But can words also turn into objects in a minute? Even so, could proposals correspond with one’s imagination as they manifest in the written form? Can ideas catch up with sentences and objects at the same speed, acceleration, and appearance? Feasibility and economy are in one corner, while autonomy and imagination are in the other. Thank God that we artists have writing. Long live writing. And don’t forget that Godot may never arrive, but waiting may lead to exciting encounters.

JE EST UN AUTRE.

IREM GUNAYDIN
SEPTEMBER 2022, ISTANBUL

The below piece originated from the exhibition titled “I am not a studio artist” by Turkish artist Hüseyn Bahri Alptekin, which took place at Salt, a cultural and artistic institution in Istanbul, in 2011. I vandalized my earlier piece, a lightbox with a well-executed English text, by spray-painting the phrase “I am not a studio artist, either” in Turkish.

Following these events, something unexpected happened. Due to the diverse nature of IMÇ as a multifaceted complex, the habitants, such as artists, producers, and artisans, primarily working class, living and working there embraced and took ownership of the sentence. For instance, Dadaş Abdullah, a singer who resides and works in IMÇ, has been intentionally severed by the Turkish government from participating in several festivals due to his dissenting stance. He took the stage before the lightbox and performed his original songs.

IMÇ*, originally conceived as a modernist urbanization project in the 1960s, encompasses a variety of businesses, ranging from drapery and furniture to music production companies, all nestled in Istanbul.

IREM GUNAYDIN
AUGUST 2023, STUTTGART

A PROPOSAL FOR A FUTURE EXHIBITION:

SCRIPTED EXPANDED MOLDED I

Scripted Expanded Molded I consists of three works. They are all derived from İrem Güneyay's work titled "Fourth Table also known as the Bastard", which takes its inspiration from the work of a physicist and a philosopher. In his *60 Mind Lectures* of 1997, British physicist Sir Arthur Eddington talks about two tables. First, the table of everyday experience: it is tactile and substantial. It supports elbows and holds objects. Second, the table of science: it is mostly empty. There's nothing substantial about it. It is the only one which is there, wherever there may be. Sometime later the physicist's writing was taken up by philosopher Günhan Harman who, in an essay called "The Third Table" (in which he divides into two types of who exists in the everyday there and physicists who exist only for quantum reality, are all mistaken. He asserts the existence of a third table, the only real one, existing in between the first and the second table. Harman then calls it a "counter" or "everyday object". "Medusa I Am" is the first of the "Fourth Table also known as the Bastard". Her table is not a table, nor a counter. One can think of it as the bastard sibling of the other three tables. Her table is not a table. If it is not a table, what is it?

I want you to imagine a relatively big space for exhibiting at a street-level gallery. Epoxy flooring, high ceiling, and some white

walls. Imagine the following phrases: FURTHTABLE, ALSO, KNOWNAS, and THEBASTARD which derive from the artist İrem's written piece, getting a fair amount of volume and turning into a set of five art, wooden shipping crates. These letter-shaped crates frame the spine of a gallery and act as a passive parthutrough the exhibition. The crates are not designed and manufactured to meet the needs of works of art, nor have they traveled the world before arriving here. They are not built to accommodate a particular fine art object. They rather seem to be outshining me looking at them. They seem to be looking at me, but they are not.

According to the legend, Medusa is one of the three Gorgons, the most famous of the underworld in Greek mythology. Medusa, the snake-haired one of these three sisters, has the power to turn onlookers to stone. There are two snakes heads in the center of the letter-shaped crates in the city of Istanbul and one Medusa head which sits in the corner of the Istanbul Archaeological Museum. However, they do not belong to the place where they are at now. They are both spatial. Besides, these two Roman Medusa heads are usually depicted as crouching ladies in the corner of the corner. One is prodding upside down, and the other is prodding to the side. No one is sure why this is, but a popular opinion is that they've cranked upside down in

order to negate the power of the gaze of Medusa. İrem invented a character named Fourth Medusa, as the bastard sibling of the other three Medusa statues, who also manifested in the written work. Multiple versions of herself such as an artist, a gambler, a chef, a lecturer, etc. Given the excessive repetition of the same looking concepts throughout the exhibition proposal, İrem must have had a hard time distinguishing between art and science, and the number four. Eventually, I produced the Fourth Medusa. I really don't like it myself, but I think it's a good idea. It's a character who is looking at you at the entrance of the gallery, looking at you. Fourth Medusa inhabits has been constructed by İrem's small body. One can reproduce her one thousand and one times using one thousand and one materials. I just can't reproduce what she could even be reproduced using copper from the Medusa. UGL. One wants to spread the Medusa's face around?

Imagine that you are in the gallery space, enveloping the Fourth Medusa—especially as a black. I can't imagine any sponsor to fund the Fourth Medusa—at the front entrance and the crates at the back of the space. You are here because of Scripted, the first out of the four-part performance series which takes place each week. İrem has collaborated with one of the leading figure composers in

the Turkish jazz music scene. The composer writes a graphic notation to the music and the music is performed as a live performance. The lyrics are in Turkish, but the music is in English. Fourth Medusa is a character who is looking at you at the entrance of the gallery, looking at you. Fourth Medusa inhabits has been constructed by İrem's small body. One can reproduce her one thousand and one times using one thousand and one materials. I just can't reproduce what she could even be reproduced using copper from the Medusa. UGL. One wants to spread the Medusa's face around?

Imagine that you are in the gallery space, enveloping the Fourth Medusa—especially as a black. I can't imagine any sponsor to fund the Fourth Medusa—at the front entrance and the crates at the back of the space. You are here because of Scripted, the first out of the four-part performance series which takes place each week. İrem has collaborated with one of the leading figure composers in

the Turkish jazz music scene. The composer writes a graphic notation to the music and the music is performed as a live performance. The lyrics are in Turkish, but the music is in English. Fourth Medusa is a character who is looking at you at the entrance of the gallery, looking at you. Fourth Medusa inhabits has been constructed by İrem's small body. One can reproduce her one thousand and one times using one thousand and one materials. I just can't reproduce what she could even be reproduced using copper from the Medusa. UGL. One wants to spread the Medusa's face around?

Imagine that you are in the gallery space, enveloping the Fourth Medusa—especially as a black. I can't imagine any sponsor to fund the Fourth Medusa—at the front entrance and the crates at the back of the space. You are here because of Scripted, the first out of the four-part performance series which takes place each week. İrem has collaborated with one of the leading figure composers in



SCRIPTED EXPANDED MOLDED I



IREM GUNAYDIN
SCRIPTED EXPANDED MOLDED I



Fourth Movement

Aslı Seven

Irem Günaydın's second solo exhibition at The Pill gallery, titled "Scripted Expanded Molded I" at first glance seems to be organized around two main works of art: a monumental sculpture titled "Fourth Medusa" and an expansive installation at the center of the gallery, "Fourth Table also known as the Bastard". A deeper look would however reveal Irem Günaydın's long-standing method of creating her exhibitions around a piece of writing which acts as a central catalyst for all of the visible forms we encounter. While the text is completely absent from this ensemble, this time around we are invited to a series of musical performances that serve as its activations based on composer Selen Gülün's collaborative translation into graphical notation.

The audiences in Istanbul are likely to easily identify the "Fourth Medusa" installed at the entrance of the gallery as a reference to the existing three found in the city's historical peninsula: the two Medusa heads repurposed as bases – spolia – for two of the Roman Basilica Cistern's columns in water, and the third one installed in the gardens of the Archeological museum. In contrast to its "original" counterparts, "Fourth Medusa" is not carved out from marble, it is not even a 'proper' sculpture so to speak, but a mold. Based on the exact measurements of the originals and using photogrammetry, the surface of the Medusa head was divided into 20 parts for reassembly. These parts were then cut and shaped in fiberglass – a common contemporary material in sculpture production, used both for casting and molding - to be assembled along multiple lines and joined together with protruding bolts and screws. We are in the presence of a monumental mold, an intermediary, supportive or temporary structure made to host another material and give it a shape in order to reach a final form, and all of this is modeled after a spoiled fragment.

There are several threads knotted together here, to reflect on Irem Günaydın's artistic gestures. First of all, in monumentalizing an intermediary support structure – a mold – she not only signals an interest in the "supportive" repurposing of the original Medusa heads within the Basilica cistern's architecture, but also inscribes this exhibition in continuity with her long-

standing investigation into the relationship between process and form, context and canon, frame and work, pushing to the forefront of our attention, questions around the conditions of possibility of art making, as well as the circulation of forms and their meaning.

A selective activation of mythologies around the Medusa head to understand the fourth position claimed by the work's title is key to begin to unpack the entire exhibition: Medusa, one of the three Gorgons in Greek mythology is a snake-haired monster who turns those who look at her directly into stone with her gaze. Perseus can only behead her with the help of the reflective shield Gods have given him: he can look at her through the reflection on the shield, thus avoiding petrification. The mythological sequence itself has long served as an allegory for art and art making: it is only through the indirect, mediated access through a reflected image - artistic forms - that we can access any "truth". And then comes the spoliation inherent within the repurposing of the ancient marble Medusa heads – fragments whose origin remain unknown to this day - as stands for columns within the Roman architecture of the cistern, one positioned upside down, the other laid horizontally, dispossessed and properly taken "out of context" to fulfill a "supportive" function.

To this series of "bastardizations", Irem Günaydın adds another layer by turning the Medusa heads into a container. More importantly she creates a fourth iteration into the triplicity at work in Greek mythology (three sisters) and the Byzantine recovery of the three heads. In this sense the "Fourth Medusa" acts as a "parergon", an additional operation from the sidelines, inscribing something 'extra', exterior to the field but whose exteriority pushes against the limit and intervenes internally.

Here lies the thread connecting to her previous exhibition at the gallery, "Salad Cake" (2020) through the artist's investigation of the Derridean notion of parergon: all that is beside, in addition to, or outside "the work of art", understood as the work's negative space and its borders, as that which simultaneously stabilizes and sets in motion the work of art. The figure of the column which also appeared in the previous exhibition in a work titled "Fabric Vestibule", is fully embodied here as the parergon to architectural

building, erected in Irem's display into an autonomous form, only at the cost of its spoliation yet again. This is the kingdom of bastards threatening to expose and depose the legitimate children by undermining the concept of legitimacy itself. Irem Günaydın's art alternates between a play around conceptual gestures performing such dislocations and an insistent, careful study of thought patterns, only so she can find the precision to disrupt those same patterns from the outside in.

In the last few years Irem and I have sat together on multiple tables and had numerous conversations across those tables, sometimes across phones and computer screens that stood on tables as we sat in front of them. Dinner tables, office tables, coffee shop tables. It was my understanding from one of our published conversations, that tables are limited flat surfaces to gather things: tools, ideas, concepts, inspiration; and without that gathering and isolation of disparate things within such a container, there is no story to tell, no texture to weave, no task to attend to, no way of consistently caring for objects or inquiries. A table is a support mechanism, an enclosed space to collect and isolate things from the world and make something new. But it is also an afterthought, once we have produced something, a step-child of sorts that never gets the attention it deserves. In Irem's previous exhibition, the table was cast as the central figure – albeit by locking the table's corner, a fragment, to a frame – in the silkscreen series, "The Integral ". Here, it has been vacuumed out into the conceptual realm: it is materially absent but conceptually runs through the installation "Fourth Table also known as the Bastard".

Before the fourth table, there are three tables we need to attend to. In bringing this term into her exhibition through the form and title of her central piece of work, Irem activates and expands in her own terms object-oriented philosopher Graham Harman's well-known discussion of the third table, and his critical treatment of early 20th century astrophysicist Arthur Eddington's two tables. The table becomes a prop for a thought experiment to think about the nature of reality, and to arrive at an ontology of objects : can we define objects in themselves, independently from the human mind and causal relations? Is a table still a table if no human being experiences, perceives or thinks of it as a table? The first two tables are initially set as mutually exclusive

yet somewhat entangled in the human mind: the everyday table I use in all its sensual glory, and the scientific table described in the abstract terms of particle physics. As it is often the case with human thought experiments, the pattern of duality is overcome by the insertion of a third position and to the question of which table is more real, Harman's answer is neither. Both are equally unreal since they suffer from opposite types of reductionism, one reducing it to its effects on humans, and the other reducing it to its causal components in the form of electrons. The reality of the table is rather located somewhere in between, in a third position, which he speculates might be an artistic table, a table-as-art, admitting that objects exist in autonomy both from the everyday uses we have of them, and from their constitutive particles. After all, a work of art can neither be reduced to its material, nor to its context of production or reception, but compels us to meander through an infinite field of possibilities, to look again and revisit its surfaces, figures and grounds, both material and conceptual. After all, a song is a song and sometimes the best thing about a movie is that it feels like a movie.

As far as thought patterns are concerned, Irem's fourth table does not exactly create a fourfold structure expanding logically from duality and triplicity. It is rather an off-beat step aside that insists on remaining outside, in an adjunct position, by refusing the form of the table all together. "Fourth Table also known as the Bastard " delineates a rectangular field laid horizontally on the ground, replicating the shape of the gallery space in sand. A dual nod is to be found here, both to one of Irem's earlier works, "Ænd", from 2016 in the form of a carpet matching the exhibition space with text inscribed along its edges, and to Marcel Broodthaers' "Tapis de Sable" (Sand Carpet) from 1974. The off-beat step aside is materialized in several ways: The table is literally and metaphorically reduced not only to a textual sign, but also to the negative space tracing the outer edges of that same rectangle, from the inside, becoming a décor, an ornamental addition that replicates the function of frame. Referencing Broodthaers' critical approach to the institution of artistic retrospective at work in "Tapis de Sable", it serves as a reminder of the temporary nature of an exhibition, which provides the frame of our entire experience here: the readability of the textual sign, and of the whole work, is entirely dependent upon the sand – the most mobile and transient of materials – to strictly remain fixed in place. The adjunct

fourth table introduces a risk and enjoys itself at the expense of – possibly – transforming the theory.

“Fourth Table also known as the Bastard ” expands through the fragmented silhouette of an apple running through the four surrounding walls, framing the space we are in. The fourfold structure of the table is re-iterated through this silhouette , establishing an interchangeability between the operations of a table and an apple, as the two privileged signs that have historically dominated the so-called still life genre in painting. Both are simultaneously containers and figures of compositions and mythologies, acting as frames and catalysts for every revolution in our understanding of perception and visual representation. A dynamic conjunction of art history, science and edibles: after all, Cézanne did astonish Paris with an apple.

During the process of writing this text, a peculiar connection emerged in my mind between the “Fourth Medusa” and the image of Liz Truss - the shortest-serving prime minister in the history of England - as lettuce, as the comparison of her mandate to that of the vegetable's life-span took over global social media. Maybe because the form of a lettuce has some likeness to a human brain , or maybe because it's green and wavy like the “Fourth Medusa”. But more precisely because there is an affinity between the lifespan of a lettuce becoming the measure against which expectations around political rhythms were being reformulated during October 2022; and the way Irem posits these ‘outsider’ or ‘bastard’ versions and variations of highly aestheticized or philosophized things as limit-frames. They reveal that which is taken for granted, the implicit mechanisms underlying the way we think of a work of art, or a philosophical question, or an everyday object. A dislocation is inserted in the habitual relationship between signs and their referents, a conceptual gesture that suspends or disrupts the “conventional” meaning making process: what happens when the bastard comes to stand for the original, or becomes a measure for evaluating the original?

After all, the vegetable did emerge triumphant from a showdown with the prime minister when its image was projected onto the Houses of Parliament. And after all, Broodtheers did successfully enter the world of art from the outside by poking the beast at its most vulnerable, undisclosed frame: I, too, wondered whether I could not sell something and succeed in life.



Scripted, Expanded, Molded, I, THE PILL, Istanbul, 2022





Irem Günaydin
Fourth Medusa, 2022
Polyurethane foam, fiberglass, stainless steel bolt
250 x 156 x 172 cm

Fourth Table, also known as the Bastard

Irem Gunaydin

December 2021

I have settled down to the task of writing and have drawn up my chair to my table. My fourth table, aka the Bastard.

Caveat emptor.

Viruses are perfect parasites. It has been known for decades that once a virus gets inside a cell, it hijacks its genetic instructions. They rely on the cells of other organisms to survive and reproduce, because they can't capture or store energy themselves. In other words they can not function outside a host organism, which is why they are often regarded as non-being. Humans die. Pencils die. Apple MacBook Pro's die. Frogs die. Nail files die. Tickets die. Les statues meurent aussi. Viruses can't die, for the simple reason that they aren't alive in the first place. I've been living with an ancient virus in my lips: herpes simplex. I must have gotten it from my mother. It has the ability to persist in an inactive state for varying periods and then recur spontaneously after undefined stimuli associated with physical or emotional stress. It's just waiting for the right moment to pounce. So you see I'm a pillar of support for my herpes. I'm thin and tall. Think of my head as the capital, my torso as the shaft and my feet as the base of a column. I have shallow grooves running along my body. My fluted torso. Such a torso, being conscious merely of its own endeavor. They say bodies are built for motion not for stillness. I must stand up now. I have been stationary for a very long time. And this state of being reduces blood flow and the amount of oxygen entering my blood stream through my lungs. My capital and my shaft agree with my base for once. I stand up now. I can't dance with my capital and shaft alone. For truth to tell, my base dances with the backlit Magic Keyboard. The first position requires the feet to be flat on the floor and turned out. Yes, heels together, and toes going outwards. Now move into second position: The feet point in opposite directions, with heels spaced approximately twelve inches apart. For third position, start in first position. With your feet still facing opposite directions, slide one foot directly in front of the other. Touch the heel of your front foot to the instep of your back foot, and bring your front calf directly in

front of your back calf. Fourth position: legs are both turned out equally, toes pointing away from the body, one leg directly in front of the other, about a foot and a half apart. I'm ready to pirouette.

I am a great gambler. I've always thought that roulette is for morons whereas poker is a game of skill. Poker players love to have regular sips from their favorite drinks while playing. The poker table is covered with baize or speed cloth to help the cards slide easily across the surface. The color poker green with the hexadecimal color code #35654d is a medium dark shade of green-cyan. In the RGB color model #35654d is comprised of 20.78% red, 39.61% green and 30.2% blue. In the HSL color space #35654d has a hue of 150° (degrees), 31% saturation and 30% lightness. This color has an approximate wavelength of 518.57 nm. The edge of the table is usually padded and raised slightly for the players to rest their arms, and this section is called the "rail". There is often a section of wood between the rail and the playing surface; this is called the "race track" and often features cup holders as well. The cup holders are stainless steel, therefore, since it'd be pretty silly to let them get rusted from spilling drinks.

I walk into a dirty, dingy room that is sealed off with yellow police tape. Inside, a woman is lying dead on the floor. Other detectives who had examined the body before I arrived concluded the woman committed suicide based on their deductive reasoning. I think otherwise. I never use deductive reasoning to assist me. Instead, I use inductive reasoning. I observed the scene, noticed the ring on the fourth finger of her left hand had been recently removed while she wore all other kinds of jewelry. There was a distinct ring mark on her ring finger. Other detectives told me that they've found no ring so far even though they searched everywhere. People usually fail to notice things are in plain sight. I went through all her pockets and voilà there it is! Her wedding ring, 20 years old at least. There is an inscription on the back of the ring. Three letters A R T. What could it mean? What's A R T? Is she married to A R T? Where's A R T then? And why, why would she remove her wedding ring but nothing else? I know that objects tend to continue doing what they were already doing. If there were no external forces the wedding ring would not have been removed. Look around. We are in a painter's studio. Plaster écorchés stood about the room; and here and there, on

shelves and tables, lay fragments of classical sculpture-torsos of antique goddesses. The walls were covered, from floor to ceiling, with countless sketches in charcoal, red chalk, or pen and ink. Canvases, overturned stools, flasks of oil, and essences, and the easel. Back to the question, what, or rather who, does she remove her wedding ring for? From whom she is hiding A R T whatever the fuck it means? Lovers? Is she having an ill-fated love affair? Is she cheating on A R T? With whom? Clearly not one lover - she'd never afford of being single over that amount of time - so more likely a string of them. I know that not even a puzzle, whose pieces when fitted together would constitute a whole. There is something missing in her death or someone! We're going to need an autopsy to find out!

I paid special attention to a large writing table near which the easel stood, and upon which lay, some vitamin bottles, painter's palette, with an hourglass, MacBook Air, and an apple. I found beauty there where I had never imagined before that it could exist, in the most ordinary things, in the profundities of still life. At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the studio, fell upon a card-rack of pasteboard, that hung by a green ribbon just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four visiting cards, overdue bills, and a note: "I found I could say things with color and shapes that I couldn't say any other way—things I had no words for." was written on it.

After graduating from art school in the late 1940s Irem found herself pacing her studio, unsure how to produce work as a professional artist. She breathed through her nose all the way, with her mouth closed, which she believed to be excellent for the body while walking. Don't breathe through your mouth: you'll waste saliva. Don't try to think at the same time as walking; so much multitasking might cause the system to short-circuit.

"How do you think not-thinking?" the artist asked. "By non-thinking," Buddhist answered.

This was a deliberate means of not producing an object. She resists the production of physical objects in an extension of the logics of western conceptual art and as a part of her commitment to an ecological politics of production. In her works, such unproductivity is figured through the confined

space of the walk: Irem paces back and forth, never reaching a destination. Irem's walks have no results: no products made; no destinations reached. She awoke each morning at four o'clock, never later. She breakfasted on a couple of bowls of tea, and then smoked a pipe. On teaching days, she would go out in the morning to give her lecture, then resume her dressing-gown and slippers to work and write until precisely a quarter to four. At that point she would dress again to receive a small group of friends to discuss science, philosophy and the weather. It's okay to have guests around, but always the right number. If you eat alone you might end up thinking, which will interfere with your digestion. There were invariably four dishes and some cheese, placed on the table – sometimes with a few desserts – along with a small carafe of wine for each guest. Conversation usually lasts until six o'clock. And always be sure to calibrate the intellectual level of the conversation so that it's not too boring but not too arousing.

We all have a central support structure within us. It keeps us upright. It provides the necessary stiffness and strength in order to resist the internal forces such as vertical forces of gravity and lateral forces due to wind and earthquakes. It carries the weight of your head, torso and arms, and allows your body to move in every direction. I started to have a problem with my central support structure on which I have been relying onto for 185 years. I can't sit, walk, stand, twist or bend. My doctor recommended to me the Superman exercise. Apparently, my lumbar spine begins to show signs of wear and tear as the discs dry out and shrink. Only true artists can do the Superman, the doctor said. Squeezes your glutes and lower back as you raise your legs and arms off the floor. Pause at the top. And then proceed to pull your elbows down and backwards while squeezing them together. Then, reach back overhead mimicking a pull-up motion, and slowly return to starting position. However, if you're no true artist you won't be able to return to starting position.

How much can a butt be flattened? What happens when one's buttocks are too flat for any engagement? Can a left buttock be the same amount of flat as the right buttock? Over time, it's natural for your butt to lose some of its fullness and shape. Your butt may start to sag or look less shapely as the result of aging, and gravity itself. This isn't a medical condition that you need

to be concerned about.

Denim is a great example of a material that ages gracefully when the quality is good. The cotton softens and conforms to the wearer as it is slowly breaking in, and the threads are dyed in such a way that the outer layer of indigo wears off to reveal a white core, creating denim's signature fades. Jeans by nature actually do stretch. The fabric is meant to morph and form to the body.

I'm running out of collagen.

Whiskers, also known as 'moustaches', are fades on the thighs of jeans. They are relatively thin diagonal or horizontal creases that form as you wear your jeans. If your jeans are made from raw denim, you will create the whiskers as you wear in the jeans. So, you see, the information of one's past can be present through these whiskers. The dead artist was wearing a pair of denim jeans on which there was an enormous number of whiskers on the inner thighs. She must have been a great sitter.

I'm running out of collagen.

She must have sat tight and waited forever. I always find denim whiskers similar to the wrinkles on one's face. The more you wear it the more they appear.

I'm running out of collagen.

Irem started to perform a post-mortem examination on the dead artist's body. Firstly, she laid it out carefully on the autopsy table. First things first, high-quality gross photographs should be taken. All of the important details of the artist's dead body should be present in the photograph. It's okay to look in the eyes of the dead artist through camera lens. It protects you from turning to a stone. The dead body of the artist should not touch the border of the frame because this leads the eye out of the picture. Usually it is best to position the area of interest in the center of the frame both for composition and autofocus. Often both an overview and a close-up photograph are necessary. Irem the forensic photographer pays particular attention to depth of field and the increased illumination requirements of close-up photographs. Specular highlights, the reflections of light from the

surfaces of subjects, provide special problems. A number of techniques reduce or eliminate specular highlights. Drying the body, eliminating surface contours, changing the angle of illumination, illuminating through diffusing screens, and using small reflectors may reduce highlights. A ladder or step stool may be necessary for some overhead views. Writhing snakes were entwining her head in place of hair. Therefore, it's not easy to capture a still picture. It is helpful to drape areas such as face and genitalia of the dead artist to maintain decency and lessen distractions. Irem the forensic pathologist made a cut on the body to examine the chest and abdominal organs. Oh shit! The minute the rib cage is removed the truth revealed.

The first truth is called "Suffering" which teaches that everyone in life is suffering in some way. The second truth is "Origin of suffering" which states that all suffering comes from desire. The third truth is "Cessation of suffering", and it says that it is possible to stop suffering and achieve enlightenment. The fourth truth is called "Fourth Table" which takes its inspiration from the work of a physicist and a philosopher. In his Gifford Lectures of 1927, British physicist Sir Arthur Eddington talked about two tables. First, the table of everyday experience: it is tactile and substantial. It supports elbows and holds objects. Second, the table of science: it is mostly emptiness. There is nothing substantial about it. It is the only one which is there wherever there may be. Sometimes later the physicist's writing was taken up by Philosopher Graham Harman who wrote an essay called The Third Table in which he thinks both humanists who insist on the everyday thing and physicists who care only for quantum reality, are mistaken. He posits the existence of a third table, the only real one, existing in between the first and the second table, deeper than all apparent (scientific or everyday) objects.... A decade later, Irem writes the Fourth Table also known as the Bastard. Her table is neither legit nor authentic. One can think of it as the bastard sibling of the other three tables. Her table is not a table. If it is not a table, what it is?

Raki is an anise-flavoured alcoholic drink that is popular in Turkey, often served with seafood or meze. The making of raki begins with the arrival of the grapes. Meticulously selected grapes of the Aegean are pressed to must and left to ferment. At the end of the fermentation process, the first distillation begins. The fermented grape juice is distilled to make "suma," a highly alcoholic grape spirit. Then the second distillation begins when

the suma, water, and anise are added to the copper still. This is how the process of conventional, double-distilled raki works. Later, triple distillation became a competitive element in meeting consumer demand for high-quality products. Thrice distilled raki! Some described it as core of the core of the core. Raki is ritual. The ritual of drinking raki actualises around the raki table. Therefore, the first requirement to drink raki is a simple table. After it is found, do not think of opening a raki bottle and sitting at the table alone. The best meze for raki is conversation. That is to say you need at least one other person to sit at a raki table. A bunch of people would be better, but that changes if anyone in the group talks too much, boasts about themselves or is humourless. Raki never goes down well if a pleasant talk is lacking. However, pleasant talk doesn't mean that you should be unnecessarily cute or try too hard. During the first glass of raki people usually listen to subjects concerning daily life, but three glasses later, the talk moves on to matters of the heart, and on the fourth glass it turns to politics. Everyone saves the world in their own way at the raki table.

I love sitting very much. I have a very flat butt. I at rest tend to remain at rest. I don't think my gluteal muscles are working at their optimal function anymore. Gluteus Maximus! The thing about just sitting is that you can do it anywhere. Once or twice a day, I sit facing a wall in my home. I just sit. I sit for forty minutes sometimes or more. But I just sit. I do it in trains, planes and buses; in doctors' offices, dentists' chairs, and I've even done it in street. You can do it anywhere; all it takes is the intention of just sitting. Did you know that there is no other animal which persistently walks in the vertical position? Bears walk in upright position from time to time, and occasionally some birds, such as the penguin strut around in this position, but man in the only one who sticks to the upright position through thick and thin.

The Buddhist chef believes that the ultimate cooking comes from this intimate connection with fruits and vegetables, herbs and beans, mushrooms and grains. In her mind, there should be no distance between a cook and her ingredients. From farm to table. "That is how I make the best use of a cucumber," she said. "Cucumber becomes me. I become cucumber. " Shortly after the artist arrives at the temple, at an 1600 m altitude, she's served slices of Korean pear, glazed with a tart citrus sauce, and pickled herbs, handmade dumplings and mushroom caps filled with diced tofu,

and rice that has taken on the yellow hue of gardenia seeds. Also, kimchee which has been buried in a hole in the ground for years was put on the table. The Buddhist chef grates potatoes by hand for her pancakes, which she layers with chopped leaves of fresh mint from her garden. They say the warmth of the hands affect the flavour. The hand is used in each step, from gardening to the table. The Buddhist chef cooks rice wrapped in lotus leaves and stuffed into round knobs of cut bamboo that are boiled in a cauldron. The artist watches how the Buddhist chef relies on alchemies of smoke and steam, soil and water, bacteria and air. One day the artist and the other guest, the mountaineer are given a cup of lotus-flower tea by the Buddhist chef that, they're told, symbolizes the blossoming of Buddhist enlightenment. "When you are in the mountains you find out who you really are. You climb so you can live every moment of your life. When the pain is really forcing you to go down you keep going up. You are really on the edge of possibilities; the edge of life and death" said the mountaineer while sipping the lotus tea. The artist drank the lotus-flower tea, heard the mountaineer and burst into tears.

The dead artist has meditated profoundly on color, and the absolute truth of line; however, she has come to doubt the very existence of absolute truth. She says that there is no such thing as drawing, and that by means of lines we can only reproduce geometrical figures.

Casino carpets come in three categories. First, the geometric ones: dots, orbs, metastasizing lattices. Then, there are the organic ones which feature curvilinear elements: underwatery ripples in turquoise and cobalt, gilded tendrils that seem to be derived from plants. Then, at the nicer hotels, carpets often have themes such as sphinxes. The camouflaging argument makes sense—the more curlicues, the less noticeable the dirt and Coke and vomit. Carpets' primary function is psychological. A lot of the busyness of the patterns may be about keeping people active, as too much relaxing may not inspire gambling. Some people do urinate on casino carpets. I remember seeing one lady who would go down every row of slot machines and let a little tinkle out on each seat, and on the rug. I think some loser gamblers do it out of spite, and then there are those who have genuine bladder problems. Some die-hard gamblers don't ever want to leave the

table. There are people playing poker for four days straight eating cheese sandwiches. It wouldn't be a bad idea to check the chair before you sit down at a casino.

In the universe, space and time are invariably linked within four-dimensional spacetime. For simplicity, you can think of spacetime as a blanket suspended above the ground. It inhabits stars, planets, and black holes. Each of these objects weighs down the blanket where it sits: the heavier the object, the bigger the dip in the blanket. A dip in spacetime is a gravitational field. The gravitational field of one object can affect another object. The other object might fall into the first object's gravitational field and orbit around it, like the moon around Earth and an artist around an apple. The apple perfectly balances the insatiable appetite of the artist with a hint of sweetness and acidity. As this happens, they create ripples in spacetime.

Part 1
scripted

Text

performer

Part 2
scripted

Text

performer

standing up
15"

looking at the audience
I'm a great...

standing up, slowly

WALK IN SILENCE
to the 2nd station
keyboard

standing!

looking at the audience
I'm a great gambler.

I walk into a dirty dingy room that is seated up
with yellow police tape

Inside, a woman is lying dead
on the floor.

First position
feet to be first on
the floor and turned out

Morse-Latch

30"

careless

I OBSERVED THE SCENE

nothing back slowly to 2nd station
keyboard

Hearing her left hand
whispering

[the ring, the left hand]

Imprevise

[illegible]

A series of musical performances activated the exhibition, based on composer Selen Gülsen's collaborative translation of İrem Günaydın's text into graphical notation.

Access performance videos:

Part I: *Scripted*
Part II: *Expanded*
Part III: *Molded*
Part IV: /

ENTRÉE

İREM GÜNAYDIN



ENTRÉE

Irem Günaydın

June 2021 Ayvalık

Facades are flat and long in here. Bay windows, doors, windows, moldings, and fringes inhabit them orchestrally. Column pilasters are here too, alive and kicking, on both sides of the door: Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. They're all made of garlic stone. Because a garlic stone produces a unique color, they're all pinkish! At times the upper cover of the door ends with horizontal consoles and, at other times, triangular pediments. A simple geometry is all over this magical seaside town. A philosopher said once that colonnades around buildings are supplementary to the main work. I'm sorry but I disagree. Here, on the northwestern Aegean coast of Turkey, columns are not an embellishment, not a support, not an ornament, not an extra, not a by-product, not an accessory, not an addition, not a complementary, not a subsidiary, not a subordinate, not an exterior, and not an outer. How on earth can one know what is integral and what's detachable in a town with a history like this?

I know that receiving the key to a door can signify a change in status from outsider to insider. What happens when a key is taken away from you? What happens when you're pushed away from an inside to an outside? What happens when you are left no choice but to leave your key? How on earth does one know who is an insider and who is an outsider in a town with a history like this?

I wanted to make my own column in which the capital of the Corinthian order has lavish ornamentation carved to resemble

leaves and flowers. The column shaft was extracted from the geometric memories of the doors of Ayvalık houses, in which depth or thickness can only be seen as a surface.

Luckily, with the departure of depth, rhythmicity arrived. The shaft was fluted true to its history once again, but this time by placing the door shapes alongside on a canvas. The pair of fluted shafts, in parallel and horizontal, were stretched out onto a huge wall in one of Ayvalık's old building whose door open directly to the street, accompanied by Corinthian capitals from one end, and their bases from the other.

Almost as in the canvas but with one difference: stretcher bars were replaced by the wall. The wall became the support. The wall became the work.





Entrée, March Art, Ayvalik, 2022.







THE PILL

JERK GUMAYON
SALAD CAKE
10.12 — 10.02.2021

OPENING HOURS
MONDAY — FRIDAY 10AM — 6PM

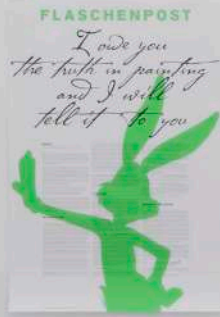
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SALAD CAKE

İREM GÜNAYDIN



A Love of Hors d'Oeuvres
Aslı Seven

Almost exactly one year before this exhibition, there was a late night conversation between İrem and I. We were sitting on one of the long tables arranged in the studio of Leyla Gediz: it was a New Year's feast-party. People surrounded us, there was food in front of us, our glasses were full and we talked at length about the concept of "Parergon". The word comes from Greek, merging of "para-" and "ergon", it designates all that is beside, in addition to, or outside "the work of art". While it may simply refer to the frame or the ornamental elements, in Derrida's thought it expands to include the artwork's negative space and its borders, as that which simultaneously stabilizes and sets in motion the work of art. In French, the exact translation would be "Hors d'Oeuvre", universally known as the culinary term for small portions of food served outside the main course - often to encourage a guest to drink more.

A year later we are at THE PILL, in an exhibition titled "Salad Cake", standing before a video installation. The camera moves back and forth between fruits and vegetables scattered across a table, all in close up views. A voiceover, the artist's voice mixed with the voice of Morpheus from the Matrix and a male voice speaking English with a French accent, recount a story about four art historical characters confronting the truth of painting and a choice between the "dreamworld" and the "desert of the real", which turns out not to be a choice, but rather a provocation to fold them together. A letter, from herself as an artist about herself as a non-artist. And then there are vertical views of cooking gestures: separating egg yolks on one and macerating berries

on the other. I keep thinking that in an invisible way, what frames them all together is the studio of Leyla Gediz (A painter's studio) once again, where İrem produced this exhibition, where we saw each other last summer. A painter's table constitutes the ground upon which these fruits and vegetables are scattered. Both outside and inside İrem's works. What we have here is a whimsical play across mediums, weaving art into non-art and back into art again.

İrem Gunaydin is interested in the conditions of possibility of art making. This is another way of stating that she is interested in the frame and the ground rather than the image-as-representation; in what happens between context and canon, between work and frame on one hand, between process and oeuvre, on the other. She is also interested in perforating the tightly knit textures of art history and the matter of her own identity as an artist. The former, she does by diving deep into art historical canon with a focus on categories of still life and landscape, of naturalism and baroque – dissolving these categories themselves in an exploration of the plasticity of their subject matter and material conditions indistinctly. The latter, she does with a form of address most subjective yet grounded in the everyday: the epistolary form.

A text titled "Flaschenpost: I Owe You The Truth in Painting and I Will Tell It To You", written by the artist, acts as a pass-partout throughout the exhibition. The latter part of the sentence is borrowed from a correspondence between two painters, Paul Cézanne and Emile Bernard, Cézanne being the one uttering the sentence and confessing a debt of truth in painting. A debt later taken up by Jacques Derrida to reflect on the same subject matter in an eponymously titled book, a debt which, now, İrem seems

to take up in her own letter, adding one word to the sentence: Flaschenpost. It means “message in a bottle”, in German. So, it isn't just the epistolary form connecting Irem Gunaydin in a conversation with Cézanne and Derrida, and connecting us as readers to all of them in a confessional mode of address, but also the idea of a distance in time and space, which is operative here. The medium is the message, and in this case its truth lies in declaring the uncertainty of its reception: when, where, by whom? How long the distance, what is the fold in time? This idea of an unstable yet undeniable distance, along with those of distinction and composition are central to the exhibition: between artist and audience, between self and shadow; between figure and background, subject matter and frame, mask and face, between the surface of the painting and the grid of the canvas. This becomes clearer through Irem's folding of art history outside in, using the margins to destabilize the center, scratching the elitism of high art with eruptions of the everyday and the popular. Three canonical figures, Poussin, Cézanne and Magritte appear as characters in her narrative, confronting the question of which pill to choose in *The Matrix*: red or blue? Irem's response is not to choose, but to “fold” in different ways, to arrive at constellations of red and blue. Similarly, the Judgment of Paris, one of the most depicted Greek mythological scenes since Renaissance, is no longer a matter of choosing between Hera, Aphrodite and Athena, but a problem of juxtaposing beats during a DJ's gig, of varying the emphasis to achieve varying effects.

And then, there is the repetitive doubling of Irem herself: Irem the artist and Irem the currency exchange officer, dancing with each other in a shifting geometry of figure and background. They constitute each other's subconscious, never knowing

each other completely. They appear contradictory, but they are complementary, pushed together and pulled apart by gravitational forces. We are at once confronted with the economic reality of life as an artist and the problem of recognition of art making as labor: back to conditions of possibility of art making.

In her imaginary dialogues, Irem has a tongue-in-cheek way of interweaving threads of art historical canon with anecdotal knowledge from and around major art historical figures and themes, entangling them with visual references from 20th century popular culture – Bugs Bunny as the animated figure piercing the fabric of film, or Sylvester the Cat's ease at shifting between dimensions. Thus arriving at a punctured texture that allows space for movement, breath and potentialities in multiple directions. In Derridean terms, we would speak of subjectile, an eruption of the ground through the figure, a protrusion of art by its outside. Circling back to the message in the bottle, what Irem's letter and videos lay bare is the open space between the letter's externalization and its arrival at destination where the speculative and the teleological processes of signification coexist, without the necessity of correspondence.












İrem Günaydın
Decimal Fraction, 2020
Photogrammetry, MJF print
80 x 63 x 6 cm





BLANCHING HAPPENS WHEN
ONE PLUNGES VEGETABLES INTO
BOILING WATER FOR A SHORT
AMOUNT OF TIME AND THEN
TRANSFERS IT TO AN ICE BATH
WHICH QUICKLY STOPS COOKING
WITH THIS TECHNIQUE ONE
WOULD KEEP THEIR TEXTURE
COLOR AND FLAVOR ALMOST
INTACT DO NOT LET WHAT
HAPPENS TO TOM AND JERRY
WHEN THEY ARE FLATTENED
HAPPEN TO YOUR ASPARAGUS
DO NOT LET YOUR ASPARAGUS
LOSE ALL ITS DIMENSION BUT
INSTEAD COMPROMISE AND FIND
A MIDDLE GROUND THAT IS WHY
YOU SHOULD ALWAYS BLANCH
YOUR ASPARAGUS NO MATTER
HOW YOU ARE MAKING THEM

İrem Günaydın
The Integrals I, 2020
Stencil on pasteboard, silkscreen print, acetate
100 x 80 cm

Irem Günaydın
The Integrals II, 2020
Stencil on pasteboard, silkscreen print, acetate
100 x 80 cm



FLASCHENPOST

I owe you
the truth in painting
and I will
tell it to you

SIEVE

Separating wanted elements from unwanted material or for characterizing the particle size distribution of a sample, typically using a woven screen such as a mesh or net or metal.

Dearest
Call me İrem. I'm a rather younger person –never mind how old precisely–. It is as an artist that I'm writing this letter to you. The nature of my work for the last five years has brought me into here, writing to you in the middle of a night (*not exactly at ten o'clock, not even at eleven sharp, nor on November eleven as opposed to the tenth or the twelfth*). This is a long letter, but it's not at all bound to be answered. Possibly, if it's answered and directed to İrem Günaydin, it might be missed.

The other one, the one called İrem, is the one things happen to, She's been working as a front desk clerk, then as a foreign exchange operations specialist, and finally has become a very important person at the foreign exchange office. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that ours is a bizarre relationship. I live, contrive to make my art but she's the one who makes a living for us in an office. Don't get me wrong I'm extremely grateful for her job. Our story is not a mix of pulp fiction and tragedy. I must confess that she has achieved a lot, but those things cannot save me. It seems unfair though on her to make her pay for everything. What if she dragged us for a job in an art organization, such as auction houses? I know that she wouldn't do that to us, not in a billion years. But then I remember that we must give up trying to know those to whom we're linked by something essential.

THE PEARS THE PEACHES THE APPLES THE ONIONS PINE ASH OAK WALNUT ACRYLIC
CHARCOAL OIL VAES BOWLS BASKETS BOTTLES CERAMIC METAL ALUMINUM MARBLES
CAST POLYESTER RESIN POWDER-COATED STEEL FIRE CLAY POLYURETHANE RUBBER FIBERGLASS
GLASS SILICONE RUBBER ENGRAVED ALUMINUM EPOXY PVC PLYWOOD C-TYPE PRINT
VINYL 16MM FILM WITH SOUND NEON EMBROIDERED FABRIC FORMICA RUBBER
ENGRAVED BRASS OIL PAINT ON PAPER TERRACOTTA HAND-THROWN GLAZED CERAMIC

Once upon a time in the ancient world, all the gods were invited to the wedding of Peleus and Thetis except one goddess for her troublesome nature. Upon turning up uninvited, she decided to cause chaos by throwing a golden apple into the midst of the goddesses, with an inscription on it to the most beautiful...Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite. Once they saw the apple, all three goddesses wanted to know who the apple was for, and ultimately who was the most beautiful of the goddesses. Wisely, the gods decided it was best not to intervene, and instead nominated a human delegate, Paris the Prince of Troy, to choose. Choose the most beautiful. Choose the true owner of the golden apple.

MACERATION

A process of breaking down and softening various substances,

"Therefore, the apple draws the Earth, as well as the Earth draws the apple." There's no evidence to suggest an apple actually landed on Newton's head, but *(he wondered what force made the apple fall downward instead of simply floating away)* his observation inspires him to eventually develop his law of universal gravitation: Every object in the Universe attracts every other object with a force directly proportional to the product of their masses and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. To put it simply all objects tend to fall towards the Earth's surface. The other İrem is my gravity. She is the one keeping me from falling down perpendicularly towards the Earth's surface. She is pulling me down to the ground, and I launch her high in the sky. Ours is a feet on the ground head in the sky sort of relationship. Besides, considering the fact that writing takes up a lot in my practice I can't imagine writing in a weightless state: for this purpose, I would have to be secured to the tabletop, for example, by means of leather straps in order to remain at the table at all (*without having to hold on*). I recently went to a gig, and I met with Disc Jockey there. Disc J. was playing all three records simultaneously. If the beat on the new record hits before the beat on the current record, then the new record is too fast; Choose Hera says DJ to Paris the Prince of Troy. I saw three turntables in front of the Disc Jockey. Disc J. was playing all three records simultaneously. If the beat on the new record hits after the beat on the current record, then the new record is too slow; Choose Aphrodite says DJ to Paris the Prince of Troy.

Somethin's been troubling me about the pill scene since I watched the Matrix. Neo –the protagonist– is offered by Morpheus the choice between the blue pill and continue to live in a synthesized, fictional world, or taking the red pill and joining the "real world" and escape from the Matrix. And Neo chooses the red pill. He chooses his future. He chooses a purpose. He chooses a love story. I bet you've been just there, on a couch or a chair, maybe with your bosom buddies, cat, or your dog, perhaps drinking coffee or a beer, filled with hope, joy, and curiosity when watching the burned-out asteroid protagonist had to make do with what's he got.

Yes! Disc J. was playing all three records simultaneously. Paris the Prince of Troy asks what if you don't align the beats so the rhythms do clash when played together? You definitely choose Athena answers DJ to Paris the Prince of Troy.

And DJ provided the audience a three-deck ride unrestrained into unknown territories. In one of these territories, the place is unroofed. There are no bodies but draperies, no sumptuous buildings but colonnades, no whole numbers but numbers with decimal values. There is the disparaged 'other hand' that does not write but picking nose, holding a cup, playing with a mobile phone, itching ears, and wiping mouth with a napkin when one squeezes. Because it's the one that does grasp. There are niches, shelves, half-open cupboards but no objects placed within. An elephant, a goat, a reindeer, a donkey, a chamois, a camel, an ox, a bear, a dog cast a light on the wall but we see no hand which makes the shadow. In cutting vegetables the disparaged non-knife hand is the hand that grasps, while knife hand's only job is to keep the tip of the knife down and cut with a circular motion. Up, down, forward, and return. The non-knife hand becomes the brain of the operation. And the knife hand becomes the dumb hand. There is a woman with the laundry, a mountain, the seated man, early morning strollers, the boy leaning over and plunging his two arms in the water as if to wash his hands or pick up a stone, the pedestrian hurrying along the path, trees, and a rock that lies here and there but there's no choreography. Only the landscape is leading the gaze. There is a tabletop but no flowers, no fruits, no hour-glass, no skull, and no other printed ephemera are lying on it.

I've been repeatedly re-enacting the pill scene from the Matrix in my mind with every possibility and something very bizarre emerged from these repetitions: Paul Cézanne; the painter of a painting of a dish of apples. René Magritte; the painter of a painting of a This Is Not a Pipe, Nicolas Poussin; the classicist who ended up remembered as the landscapist, and finally one and only Cornelis Norbertus Gijbsbrechts: a Flemish-born painter who makes things that do not exist appear to exist. The reason for this bizarreness was immediately apparent: my work station, my mind, and my heart belong to these guys for a very long time.

FOLDING

Combining ingredients together gently without stirring and beating.

In one of my visions, Cézanne is expected to make a choice between the blue pill and the red pill as in the case with Neo from Matrix. The narration continuous like this: Cézanne kindly asks if he's allowed to take both pills and since he is Cézanne, of course, he gets yes as an answer. He blends the red pill with the blue one on his tongue, checking on the mirror if he gets the perfect violet without any gradient. He gets it but the more he looks at it the more he hates it. He remembers how much he hates gradients for a moment of unsettling silence. Then he starts breaking down colours from gradients into their simplest forms. The colours that now come out are not precisely the same were that just mixed on Cezanne's tongue: the blue became cobalt and the red scarlet. Then he spits them on a camera and voilà! The phrase appears "With a cobalt next to scarlet I will astonish Matrix."

In another vision René Magritte appears in his bowler hat –as usual–, is explained explicitly about the consequences of his action as in the same case with Neo and Cézanne, and finally asked which pill he prefers to choose. He takes off his hat and says "Do not try to convince me. That's impossible. Instead, only realize this is not a pill. Then you will see that it is not the pill that changes the state of Matrix, it is yourself." And then he pulls a flatly painted bird out of his hat, the bird eats the pills, and transforms into a bird filled with cloud. Meanwhile, Mr. Magritte carves out a space behind the screen and the bird fades into there.

I'd want you to meet with the Flemish painter Cornelis Gijbsbrechts, a good friend of mine from 1660. Mr. Gijbrechts is a guy from two point five dimensions. He lives after the right part of the decimal separator. His relation to the real goes back to the oil on canvas and some odd surfaces. And last but not least he can travel between the dimensions such as one point five or two point nine. And finally, the same blue or red pill question is asked to Mr. Gijbsbrechts, "You take the blue pill, the story ends, you wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red pill, you stay in wonderland," said Morpheus while Mr. Gijbsbrechts was chilling in his cozy atelier. He started to tell of a competition as a response which took place in the second half of the fifth century BC between two famous painters from Ancient Greece, Zeuxis and Parrhasios. Zeuxis painted a bunch of grapes that were so realistic that the birds flew down to peck at them. Parrhasios painted a curtain that was so life like that when Zeuxis came to inspect the finished work, he asked Parrhasios to draw the curtain aside and show him the painting hidden behind it! Zeuxis then had to admit defeat: he had fooled the birds, but Parrhasios had fooled him. Then Mr. Gijbsbrechts smiles and says "So you see nothing is what it seems. Now I'd rather you leave me alone and don't forget to take your meds." Morpheus never found his way out. Neither the curtains nor the doors and windows in the atelier were three dimensional. As a last resort, Morpheus took both pills and waited for something to happen. Unfortunately, nothing happened.

Then Nicholas Poussin goes onstage.

Dear reader consider the following passages as a series of zig-zag and curve pathways that gradually lead the eye from foreground to middle ground to background. Stick to the path and try not to go astray.

I want you to imagine a small hillock which slopes sharply to the edge of the painting on the left side of the painting Mr. Poussin says. In front of it, there is a man who is seized by a monstrous snake; the snake binds around his body, and intertwines his arms and legs by several turns, squeezes them, poisons them with its venom. This man is already dead. We see the stiffness of all his limbs. His skin is already greenish-grey.

"The body cannot live without the mind," says Morpheus.

There is another man, the running man. He sees the snake around the dead man, he stops suddenly; one of his feet remains suspended; he raises one arm above as if to make a sign, the other falls below, but both hands open. His gestures and movement show his fear and surprise.

"Welcome to the desert of the real," says Morpheus.

Behind the small hillock, there is a woman with laundry who sees the running man but cannot see the dead man, and the landscape makes kind of a curtain between her and the dead man. The fear of the running man makes him immobile whereas the washerwoman can't hold anything back. She lets herself show what she feels. She's terrified of the running man's gestures.

"You have to let it all go. Fear, doubt, and disbelief. Free your mind," says Morpheus.

There's a group by the shoreline: three men. On the left two men face to face: one sitting, one kneeling, and the other stretched out full length on the grass, his torso propped up left, and two bare feet kicking idly. He's dressed in a blue robe and he's looking back!

"Remember, all I'm offering is the truth. Nothing more," says Morpheus.

Three fishermen in the boat are not far above the running man. One of them leans forward and seems ready to fall, it is because he is drawing a net; two others, leaning back, row with effort. "There's a difference between knowing the path and walking the path," says Morpheus. There is a pair of tiny figures standing at the top of the hill by the farmstead. Over their heads is a clump of dark leaves. The red and blue of what they're wearing are electric.

"You've been living in a dream world," says Morpheus.

SEPARATING EGGS

The egg yolk is removed from the egg white,

This is the moment when the image of the Bugs Bunny on Mr. Poussin's atelier wall occurs accordingly to the light. He looks like an outline trace. Bugs Bunny is wearing a toga, in the manner of the ancients. His whole body centered within a frame, his right arm stretched to one side of the frame with one finger getting to the outside of it. Bugs Bunny looks stern and formidable figure, one obviously not given to compromise or deviation from his chosen path just like Mr. Cézanne, Mr. Magritte, Mr. Gijbsbrechts, and Mr. Poussin. This is apparent in the erect pose of his body, the fixity of his gaze and his sticking out finger from the frame. He looks more like black ink impregnating the surface layer of the wall paint. The slender traces of bits of legs, the head, and the torso would maybe come off in due course, with few strokes of the eraser. But the finger, oh the finger which sticks out of the frame would require a more extensive rubbing. The hard eraser passing back and forth over the outer finger wouldn't have much effect, One must scratch the finger with the corner of a razor blade. Even succeed, the concave shape that the frame took after the finger sticks out of it remains there forever, Bugs Bunny popped into my mind as I was writing this. "What's required to change the world is not choosing one pill over another, but rather being able to say I would prefer not to. Being here no matter how many times we get told we don't belong, and believing in the finger which sticks out of the frame. Because that finger is the one not to budge and fall in line because that finger is the one that will leave a palimpsest of inscriptions even when scratched," said he.

Dearest, I wonder, as an artist dare I manage to build my own game like Mr. Cézanne, Gods in the Troy story, DJ, Mr. Magritte, the other İrem, Mr. Poussin, Bugs Bunny, Mr. Gijbsbrechts, and every finger which sticks out of the frame or will I fall into the ocean of infinite mediocrity just like Neo, Hera, Athena, Aphrodite, Morpheus, and the Paris the Prince of Troy. I will tell you that I recognized in myself the right to have this fear and yet my existence is cheered by a naïve hope. Let's discover simple forms behind the glimmering veil of appearances. Let's break down colours from complex gradients into their simplest forms. What if we don't choose to smooth the transition from one song to another. What if we don't bring the beats back in sync again. I suggest we get our priorities right.

First things first; let me astonish myself with an apple

As this letter is undated and consequently might have been written at any time, it also follows from this that it may be read at any time. As soon as this letter has been put into orbit, none of this will be important.

It's as an artist that I wrote and signed this letter. İREM GÜNAYDIN

THE PILL®

SELECTED PRESS AND BOOKS

On language and food: Love of hors d'oeuvres at 'Salad Cake'

BY MATT HANSON | ISTANBUL | JAN 18, 2021 - 11:14 AM GMT+3 |



Irem Günaydın, "Flaschenpost". (Photo Courtesy of The Pill)

In Balat, the contemporary art gallery, The Pill, is exhibiting a series of works by Irem Günaydın an artist who places writing at the heart of her creative practice. The show, “Salad Cake” is a love letter to edible enigmas

The shadow of a green rabbit is cast over the entrance to The Pill, an otherwise nondescript storefront of a pale, semi-transparent whitewash, its entrance only steps away from the bustling inner-city traffic along the Golden Horn inlet. With reference to pop culture as televised via America, the rabbit conjures child cartoon nostalgia for the wily voice of Mel Blanc over the elusive character by Tex Avery.

Yet, the curious silhouette of the bunny as it stands incarnate at The Pill in Istanbul is not chewing on an orange carrot stick down to its green shoots. Its body leans against the exterior wall in a nonchalant fashion, rather hospitably, as to say, welcome, let’s sit and dine like civilized human beings for once. What the works of artist Irem Günaydın offer as curated inside The Pill, is an eccentric play on the inherent variety and plain materiality of rabbit food.

Most immediate, the entryway foyer before the main gallery at The Pill is standard white as is customary for the majority of shows at the small institution that uniquely exhibits Francophone and Latin American artists from Paris and Mexico City for art lovers in Istanbul, certainly an invaluable exploit. Günaydın is local, however, from Istanbul, that is, despite its aversion to the prescriptions of exclusivity on the urban chain of neoliberal globalization.

And it might be argued that there is no other commodity quite like agricultural products to design and influence the economic ties and multicultural sways of international relations within the zeitgeists of old, and of today. Günaydın, however, does not treat food as such, but approaches the methods of its culinary preparation as philosophical metaphors, putting such elements as Newtonian physics, Grecian classicism, “The Matrix,” and art history into a blender.

In terms of nutrients

The opening of “Salad Cake” spans a peculiar, autobiographical literary treatise, sprawled over a limited-edition poster. The outline of the recurring green rabbit stands under a titular text, “I owe you the truth in painting and I will tell it to you.” The font is elegant, old-fashioned, befitting the curtains of Ionic column imprints that hang before the core exhibition space. It has a contrasting effect, tricky, rabbit-like.

In her conversational writing voice, Günaydın introduces herself as a “rather young person” penning a letter to the reader “as an artist” and stipulates that the letter need not be answered. In fact, if the reader might try, they’d likely not find its author by her supposed name. She goes on to reveal that there are two Irems, in fact – one who makes art and the other who makes a living in a foreign exchange office.

Almost right away, she breaks from her humdrum professional confessional to thoughts on the ancient Greek pantheon, specifically the beauty contest, hosted by Paris of Troy, between Hera, Athena and Aphrodite over the golden apple. Under the heading, “Maceration,” which essentially means chewing, Günaydın goes from Newton’s gravitational apple to a spinning DJ whose record choices mirror Paris of Troy deliberating over the three goddesses.

Günaydın relates the force of gravity to her writing practice, and to the upward and downward motions required when cooking with a knife. And then, in her characteristic manner of flitting across subjects, she refers to the pill scene in the Matrix, which has curious parallels with the gallery in Balat showing her work, and with that of the rabbit, although green instead of white. Irem is like Alice, traveling to wonderland and back through her imagination.



Irem Günaydın, "The Integrals VII," 2020, stencil on pasteboard, two colors silkscreen print, acetate, 100 by 80 centimeters. (Photo Courtesy of The Pill)

By way of color

If there is a relationship to the apples of French artist Paul Cezanne and the golden apple of Greek myth, Günaydın has inferred that it might be found by also relating the works of two other painters, gifted with historic insight into the nature of reality. Since Cezanne painted a basket of apples and transformed the representation and perception of art from Cubism to impressionism, Günaydın reflects on Rene Magritte, Nicolas Poussin and Cornelis Norbertus Gijsbrechts.

Magritte is famed for the phrase, “This is Not A Pipe,” a subtitle to his 1929 painting, “The Treachery of Images.” Günaydın imagined him in his signature bowler hat, presented with a pill, like that which Neo took in “The Matrix” but also, in her fancy, posed before Cezanne. Embarking from the surrealistic interpretation a la Magritte, Günaydın turns “The Matrix” dialectic on its head, stating that there is no pill.

Readapting the 1999 script of the Wachowski sisters into the mouth of Magritte, Günaydın performed a dramatic stunt, interlocking narrative motifs in popular culture and making them her own. Her invented Magritte is quoted: “Then you will see that it is not the pill that changes the state of Matrix, it is yourself.” And following his materialization of a bird who eats the pills anyway, Günaydın goes on to announce the presence of Gijsbrechts.



İrem Günaydın, "Decimal Fraction," 2020, photogrammetry, multi-jet fusion print, 80 by 63 centimeters. (Photo Courtesy of The Pill)

The 17th-century Flemish painter Pieter Bruegel the Elder was, according to Günaydın's whims, "from two-point-five dimensions." She first describes him as an artist who "makes things that do not exist appear to exist." And the kaleidoscope of sources runs deeper as Pieter Bruegel, under the pen of Günaydın, speaks of a pair of ancient Greek painters from the fifth century B.C., Zeuxis of Heraclea, whose realism fools birds, before Parrhasios of Ephesus, fools Zeuxis.

From words to vegetables

In the concluding passages of her prefatory text work, Günaydın writes reflexively, with a self-conscious forbearance, so as to take the reader along gently into her otherwise dense escapades of surreal fiction. She explains: "Dear reader consider the following passages as a series of zig-zag and curve pathways that gradually lead the eye from foreground to middle ground to background."

There is a persistent and intriguing accord between visual art and creative fiction in terms of framing subjects of imagined perception. Both are conceptual contexts in which the existence of objects is suspect, the former often defined more in terms of space, as in a gallery, museum or installation, and the latter in terms of time, with respect to the durational length of the storytelling.

"Salad Cake" progresses through into The Pill with a series of rectangular pieces of a wooden aesthetic. Each background is exactly identical, only their variation proceeds with the tacking of transparent sheets on which capitalized texts are printed. They are the idiosyncratic enunciations of Günaydın, whose attention sways between culinary processes and philosophical axioms.

Some are a bizarre mixture of the two: "The fruit on the table / The dishes and the bottles / Are never set for a meal." Beside a video that finishes the show with the extravagant voice of the artist, a piece of photogrammetry and Multi Jet Fusion three-dimensional print, "Decimal Fraction" (2020) offers an unadorned arrangement of salad ingredients, which, considering her anecdotes from classical Greece to surrealist Paris, make art history.



*İrem Günaydin, Dancing in Circles Around a Center That Does Not Give a F*uck*

← THE INTEGRALS VII
STENCIL ON PASTEBOARD,
TWO COLORS
SILKSCREEN PRINT,
ACETATE
100 x 80 CM
2020

You belong to a generation that has often been described through its dehierarchized approach to the world: hyperlinked, seamlessly moving through high and low, old and new. How do you source your materials?

I don't source materials, materials source me! I always find the idea of artistic practice magical in terms of where it drags artists, far away from the shore, sometimes with the flow, other times against the current. Every idea I have becomes translucent to me along the way. I personally love dead artists and philosophers, slow food, and the form and function of plants! I don't think I ever relate to my generation.

I get the feeling that in your works, the subjective or at least affective point of view is one that matters. What is your affective community, and how is it reflected in your work?

I think my work is personal to a bare minimum. The economic reality of life as an artist led me to live a double life to make a living. Therefore, perforating my own identity as an artist has become inevitable within my work. I share the same reality along with many of my fellow artists, the reality of not being given a fuck. This caused frustration for a while for sure, but I don't care now.

When you described leftfield techno as what “you wouldn't hear in the main rooms,” the metaphor for precisely such an approach to art seemed a very strong one. What would you say interests you in the genre?

The phrase leftfield came from baseball terminology, referring to the area of the outfield. As an artist I always felt I'm situated with a similar kind of positioning of a left fielder who plays the outfield. And I find leftfield techno which is regarded as being outside the mainstream similar to art where rhizomatic gestures, attitudes, and forms can manifest themselves boldly.

"In her imaginary dialogues, İrem has a tongue-in-cheek way of interweaving threads of the art historical canon with anecdotal knowledge from and around major art historical figures and themes, entangling them with visual references from 20th century popular culture—Bugs Bunny as the animated figure piercing the fabric of film, or Sylvester the Cat's ease at shifting between dimensions. Thus arriving at a punctured texture that allows space for movement, breath and potentialities in multiple directions. In Derridean terms, we would speak of subjectile, an eruption of the ground through the figure, a protrusion of art by its outside. Circling back to the message in the bottle, what İrem's letter and videos lay bare is the open space between the letter's externalization and its arrival at a destination where the speculative and the teleological processes of signification coexist, without the necessity of correspondence."

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CAKE*, İREM GÜNAYDIN, *THE PILL*, 2020-2021



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*For inquiries
contact@thepill.co*

+90 212 533 1000 | thepill.co

Mürselpaşa Caddesi No:181 34087 Balat-İstanbul