

SERRA TANSEL PORTFOLIO

2012 - 2021

SH/FT at No Show Space

2021

www.noshowspace.com/exhibition/shft-serra-tansel

SH/FT is a temporary assemblage of artists at No Show Space's shop/front in Bethnal Green, London. Put together during the pandemic and the lockdowns, this project is experienced from the street.

Initiated by Serra Tansel, taking on from Gizem Karakaş' method of an artist chain for Transfer in Istanbul, SH/FT's assemblage grows as each artist invites the next participant and the works accumulate in the same space. The names of artists are revealed as the handovers take place with an online conversation. Works on display create space for each other and their context shifts with every addition. In these times of distance, disconnection and disruption, the process of coming together and finding new ways of self-organising is the framework of SH/FT.

This spatial and temporal meeting breaks away from the old normals. / Can we really talk about a time stop? Or zooming in on other rhythms; like that of bees and dust, smoke even./ Plunged into soil, connections to dispersed histories and corporeal intimacies uncovered. /Unearthing connections to the textural materiality of being in my environment, Observing and playing with the slippery meshy-ness of being part of a physical and felt world. / We can't help but embody the fundamental chasm between inner and outer space; between the finitude of external matter and the infinity within./ Sowing connections in a season of restrictions, how materials in space could be activated as seeds for shared meanings. / Interactions with objects. Maybe they've gone now, or completely changed but "Memories are motionless", Bachelard in *The Poetics of Space*. Public space coordinated via objects /

The first work in the space, *persistent strange dreams* is inspired by Tansel's dreams of driving away and it warps time and space in this period that is referred to as the "new normal".

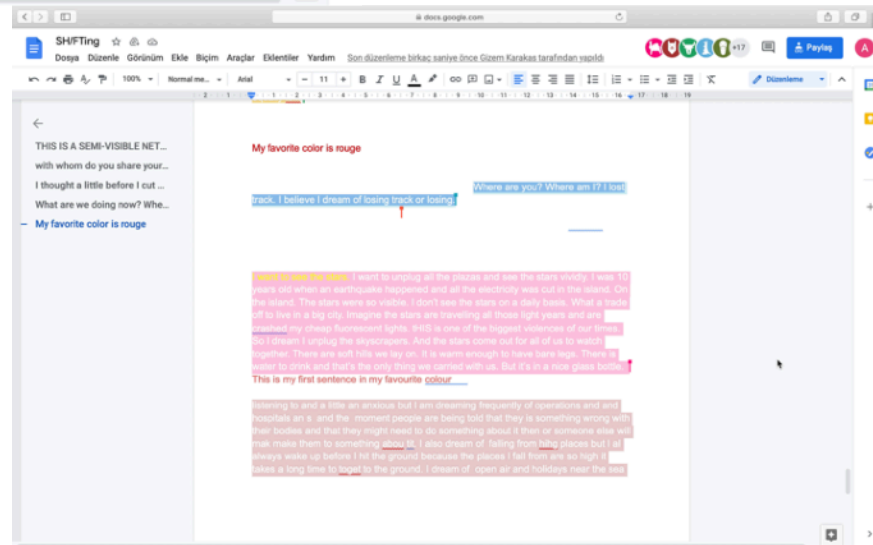


SH/FT poster, No Show Space, 2021
Works by Sam Hutchinson/ Sam Blackwood/ Haffendi
Anuar/ Veronika Neukirch/ Rhiannon Hunter/ Davinia-Ann
Robinson/ Elisabeth Molin/ Serra Tansel



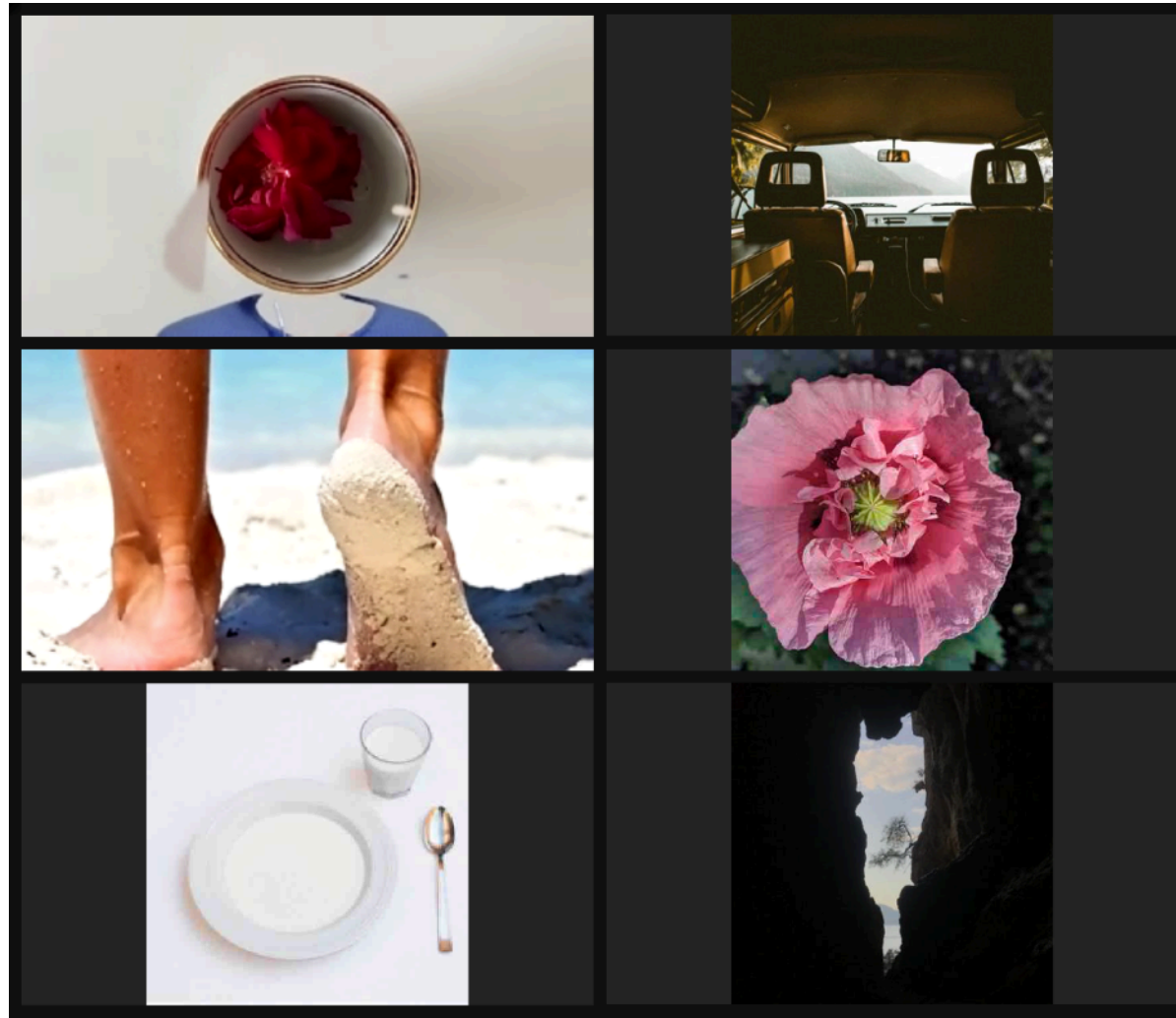
persistent strange dreams, 2021

Rear view mirror with concave mirror, car freshener
mirror size 29 x 7 x 8 cm



A Live Google Doc file as a space for shifting / collective dreaming initiated by Serra Tansel and [Gizem Karakaş](#)
Screen recording of the session available [here](#).
Google Doc available [here](#)

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Google Doc available [here](#)



Portals and Passages, 2021

Zoom session hosted by Elisabeth Molin and Serra Tansel to think of smells, memories and senses of belonging as portals and passages that connect us to each other. SH/FT was initiated with the idea of forming temporary assemblages with fluid dynamics and finding ways of self-organising to create intimacy and new associations. The group session was an open invitation for anyone of all ages to participate in, or to listen in on. Everyone was asked to bring a story of a smell that triggered a memory for them and an image / images that is associated with this moment. The session was audio only and used the images as profile photos on Zoom.

“Passion can create drama out of inert stone”?!

2020

An eternal display
like
white marble gravestones
with right angles
ordered
like
something we've all seen before.

Looping on itself
like
Shirley Eaton in gold.

“Passion can create drama out of inert stone”?! was on display on 23 - 24 September at Peak Gallery inside Elephant and Castle Shopping Mall. The mall has closed permanently on the 24th of September 2020 for demolition, to give way to a new shopping centre, residences and University of the Arts campus. Elephant and Castle Shopping Mall was built in 1965. It had a very comfortable lighting and acoustics and opened up space for soft socialising as Joe would put it. The mall has been home to the Latin American community and many of the shop owners have been there for more than 20 years. Some of the shops will be relocated by the property developers with 2 years of rent reduction but there is no plans for after those 2 years. With the shops being dispersed, the new aesthetics of the neighbourhood and the new clientele, it is highly unlikely that these shops will be around for long. It is no coincidence The Latin Village in Seven Sisters is also getting demolished soon.

The rental contracts of the new shops in the mall in the last few years included a clause that banned the tenants of speaking out about the demolishing of the mall. Ayşe referred to this as “the elephant in the room”.

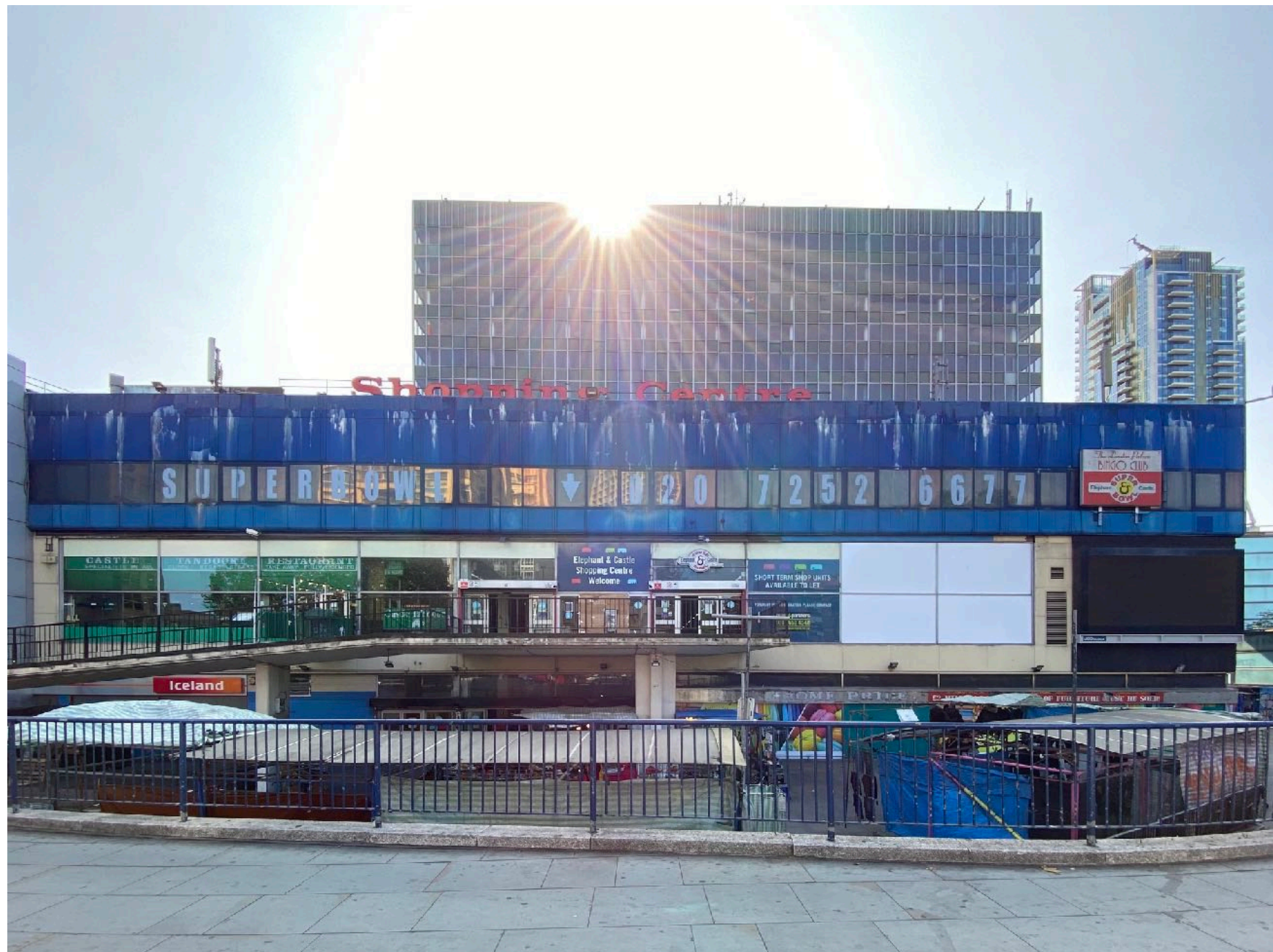
In the last few days of the mall, I refurbished, repainted and cleaned Peak Gallery. I made a perfect white cube that would not allow any context to seep in, like the campus of University of the Arts. I tried to camouflage the space into the slick aesthetics this neighbourhood now demanded. It needed to be white.

Removing all the personal marks from the space was a ritual that would hopefully make it easier to part with it. If it became generic enough, it would become a meta space and not having the physical space anymore would be irrelevant.

I found a tea mug, a vintage souvenir of Elephant and Castle Restaurant on eBay. In the James Bond's Goldfinger movie, Shirley Eaton is killed by Goldfinger by being painted in gold. They believed this would block her pores and raise her body temperature and could be used as a weapon. This reminded me of London's gentrification and Grenfell.

“Passion can create drama out of inert stone” is taken from Le Corbusier's Towards a New Architecture.

This project was developed in conversation with [Ayşe Köklü](#).

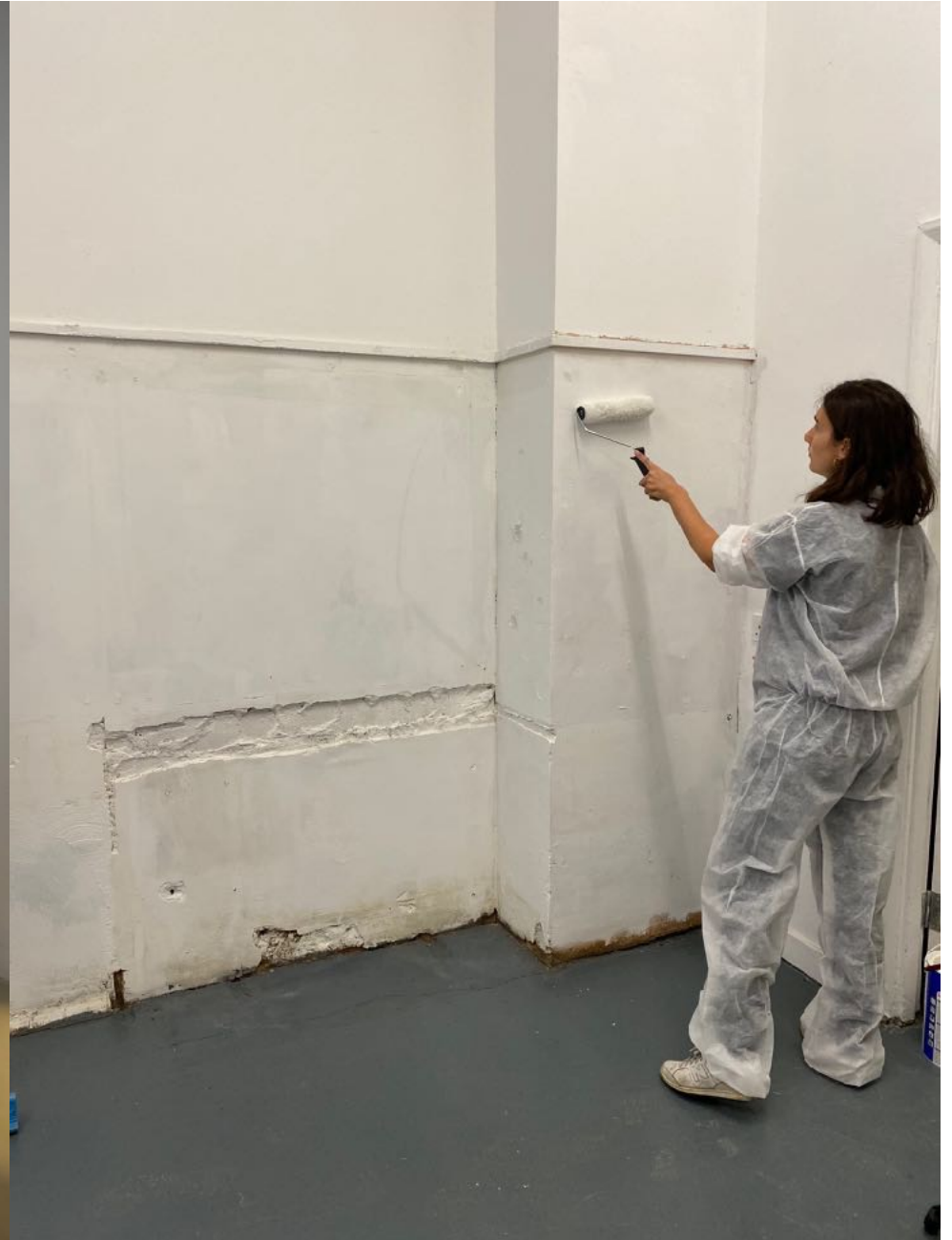




Photography by Daniela Nofal



Photography by Katarzyna Perlak



SHOP fitted By

CHRIS Edger

17/6/87



Photography by Katarzyna Perlak



Photography by Katarzyna Perlak



Photography by Katarzyna Perlak



Photography by Katarzyna Perlak



Photography by Katarzyna Perlak



Photography by Katarzyna Perlak

Gündüzkondular (Placed in daylight)

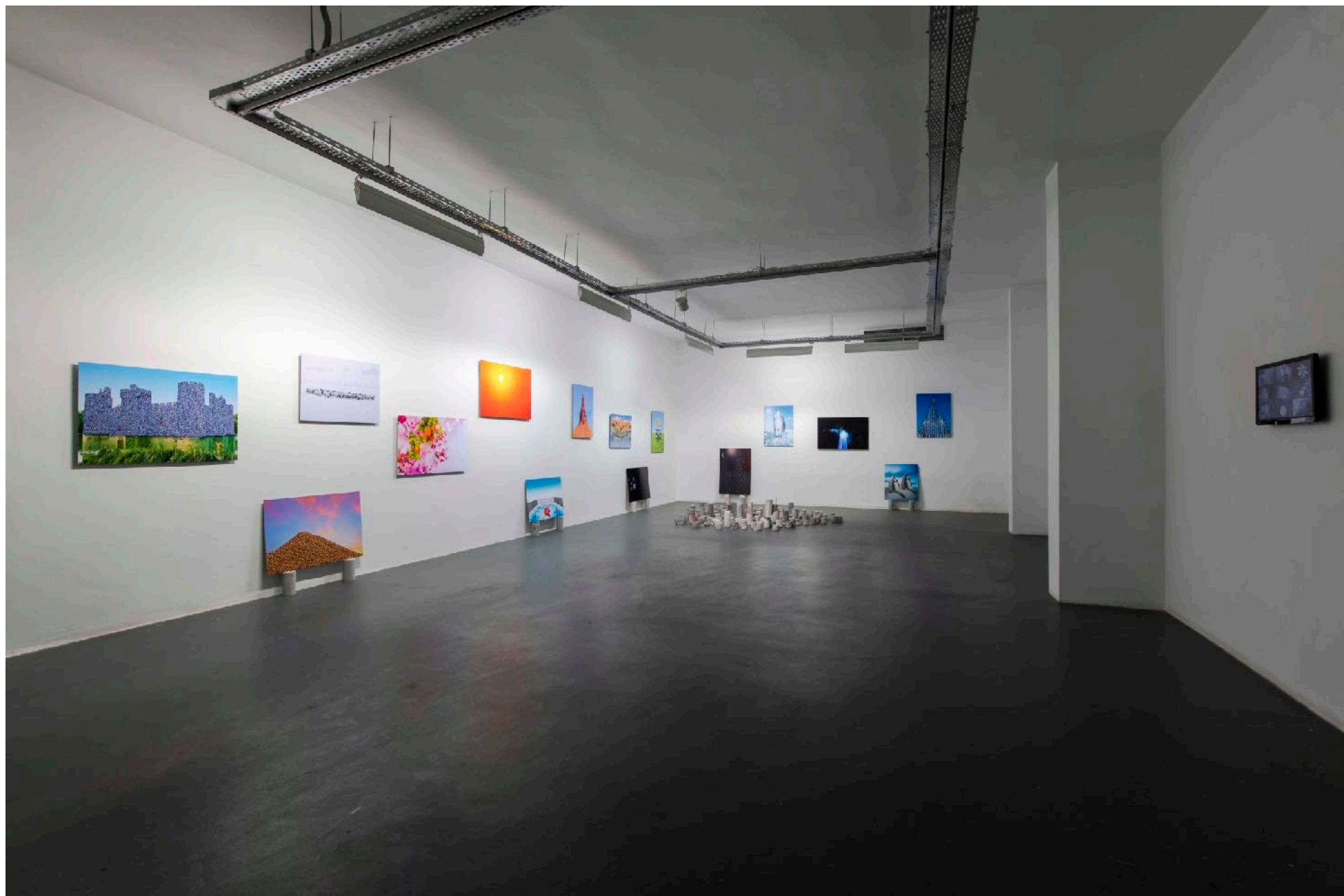
2017 - ongoing

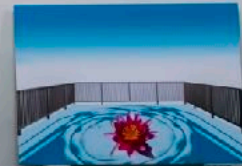
Gündüzkondular (Placed in daylight) is a reference to “gecekondu” which translates as “placed at night”. Gecekondu are houses in Turkey built overnight without a land permit, as the law allows the built structure to be retained if it settled overnight without interference. They are built by people immigrating to big cities from villages and date back to 1950s. With industrialisation, Istanbul's population grew drastically after the 50s and the state didn't have the funds to provide affordable housing to the migrant blue-collar workers. Therefore, the state usually turned a blind eye to these settlements and most politicians promised permits to gecekondu residents in their election campaigns which never got fulfilled.

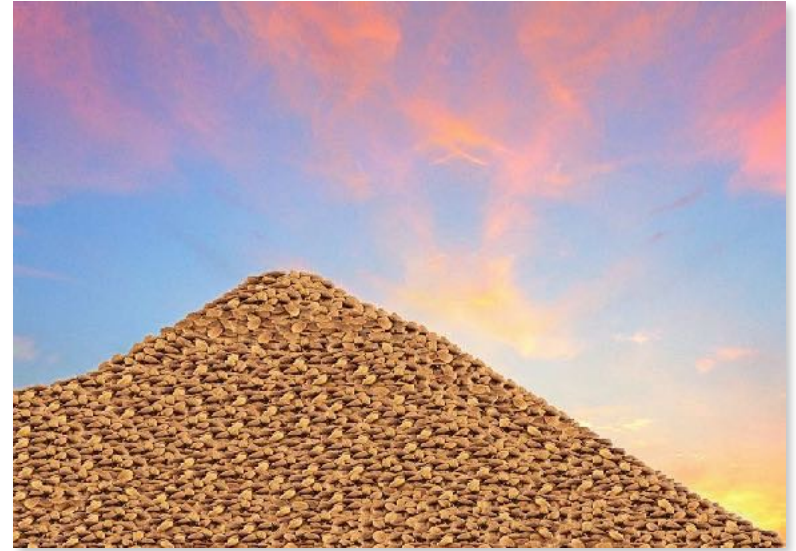
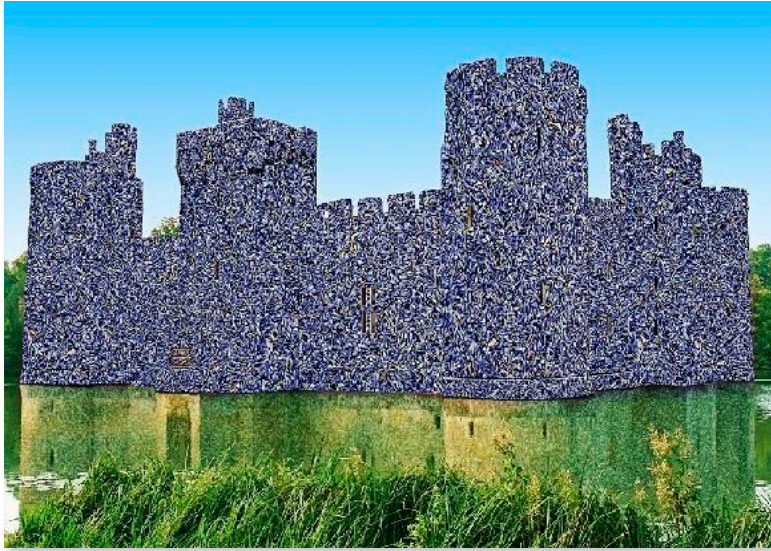
By 1980s Istanbul was the engine of the whole country and the gecekondu were the most dominant way of dwelling. Yet, a decade later, with the liberalisation of the economy and the price increases in Istanbul's property market, they became the tumours of the city. My earliest memories of Istanbul as a child is watching the violent eviction of gecekondu residents on TV and seeing demolitions everywhere as we drove through the city.

With the destruction of their homes, low income residents of Istanbul were pushed to the outskirts and the city centre was left to the construction of skyscrapers, shopping malls and gated communities. Gated communities became the dominant way of dwelling since the early 2000s. They are built in daylight unlike gecekondu yet with a lot of corruption in most cases. They are highly secured with walls, fences, cameras and guards, bringing to mind army camps or prisons.

Some of these new gated communities even have themes such as ViaPort Venezia, which promises “Not just 2 nights and 3 days of Venice but a whole life time”. These Disneyland type of fantasy settlements are not just selling shelters, they are selling lifestyles. A certain social status is included in their prices. The gated neighbourhoods are most commonly named in English, or semi-Turkish semi-English, to make them sound more modern, luxurious and expensive. Their names often include references to rural life and nature whilst they replace nature with high rises. In my digital drawings *Gündüzkondular (Placed in daylight)*, I have been taking these gated communities' names literally and visualising what kind of a world our property moguls are envisioning and constructing for us.

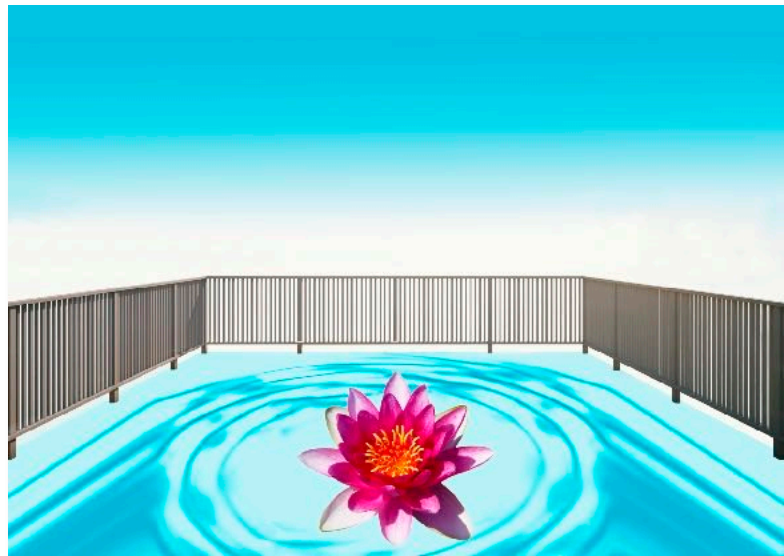






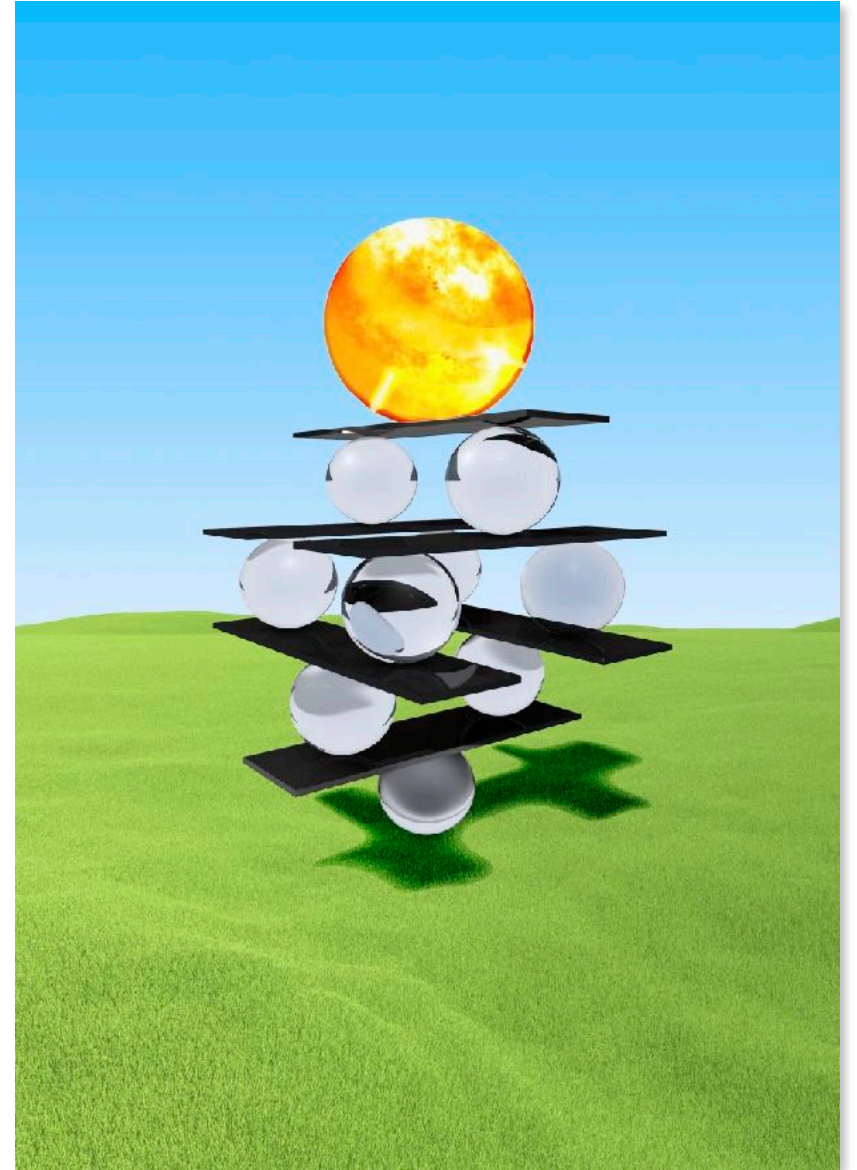
Suryapı Lavender (Castle Walls Lavender) / Almond Hill / The Mandarins Acıbadem (The Mandarins Almond) / Kuzu Effect (Lamb Effect)

Hahnemühle Digital inkjet print on Hahnemühle Glossy paper, mounted on aluminum composite



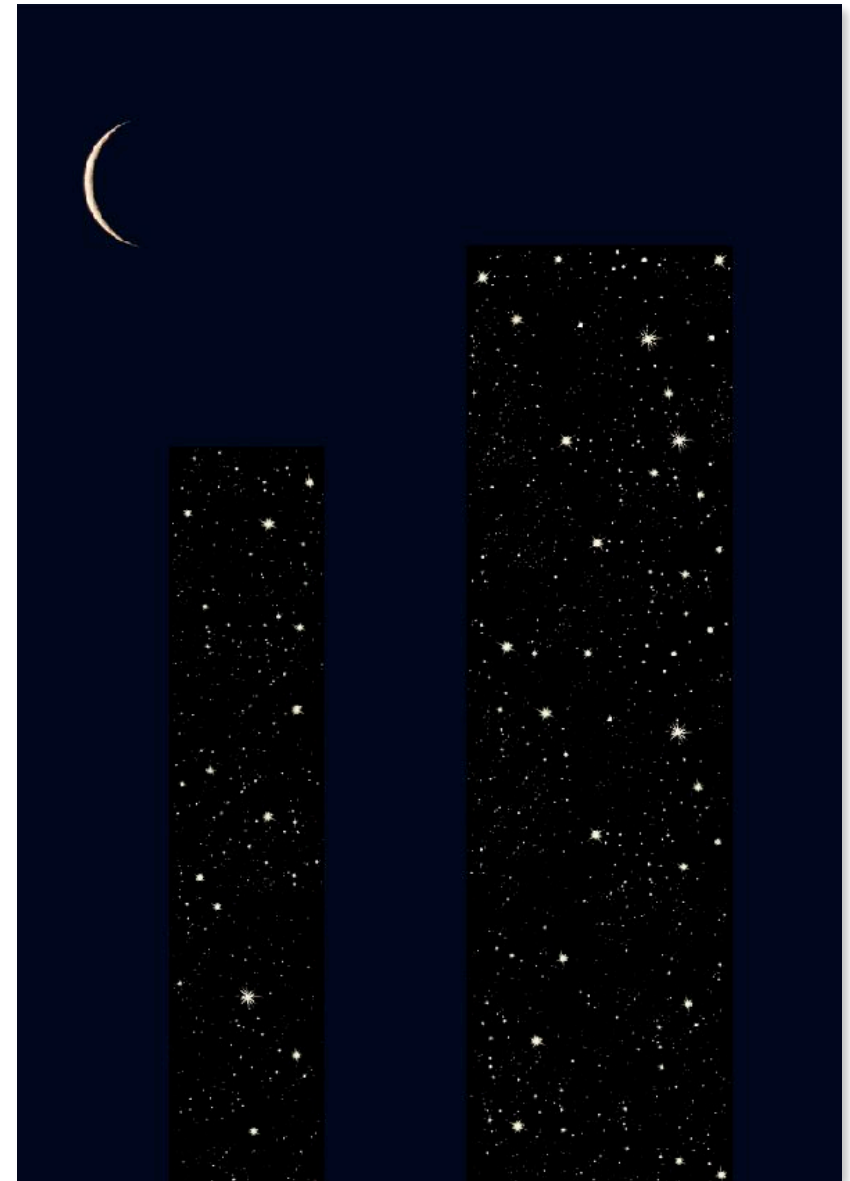
Helenium Wings / Anthill / Almond Hill / Lotus Terrace

Hahnemühle Digital inkjet print on Hahnemühle Glossy paper, mounted on aluminum composite



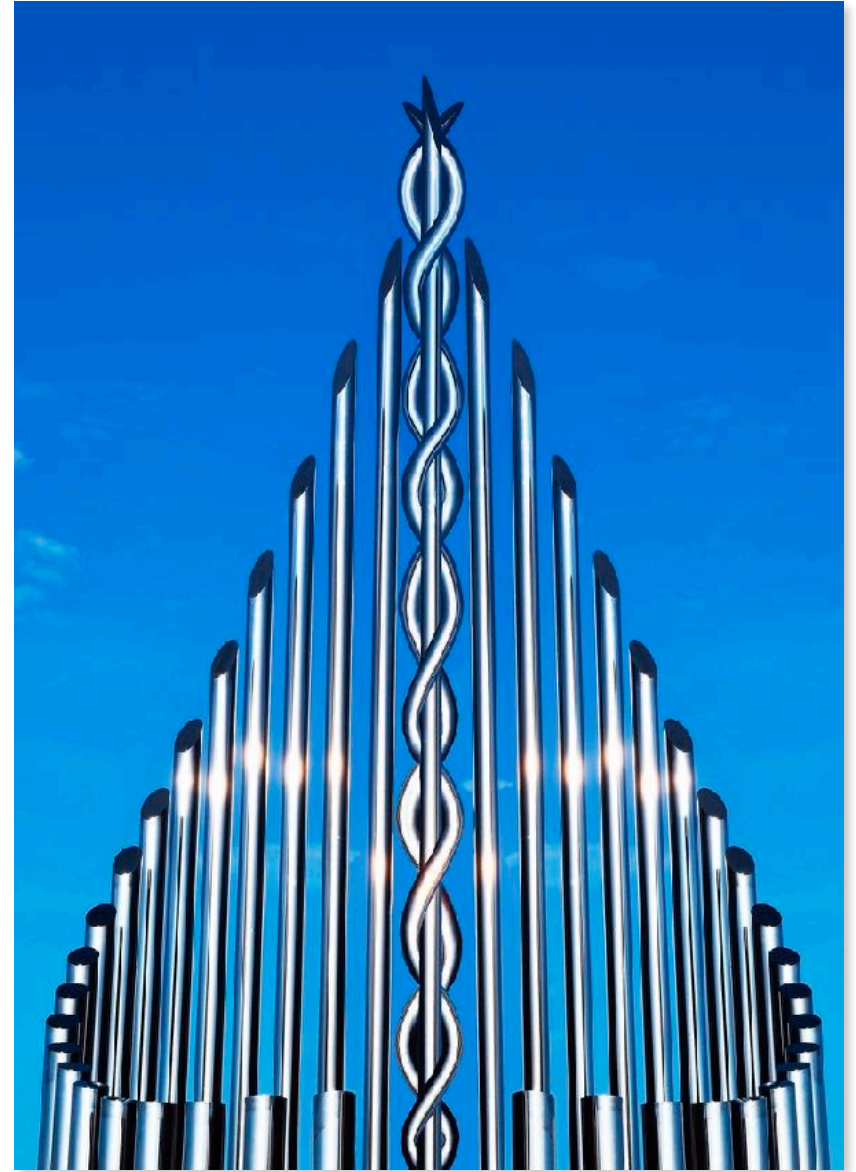
Sunflower Altınorak (Golden Sickle) / Balance Güneşli (Sunny)

Lenticular print, aluminum frame on the back / Hahnemühle Digital inkjet print on Hahnemühle Glossy paper, mounted on aluminum composite



West Blocks / Star Towers

Hahnemühle Digital inkjet print on Hahnemühle Glossy paper, mounted on aluminum composite



Crystal Tower / Demir (Iron) Romance

Hahnemühle Digital inkjet print on Hahnemühle Glossy paper, mounted on aluminum composite



Şelale (Waterfall) Space Center / Selenium Twins

Hahnemühle Digital inkjet print on Hahnemühle Glossy paper, mounted on aluminum composite

Not a new home, a new life.

2019

These drilling cores that are collected from a couple of different test centres are samples taken from buildings all around Istanbul. They are tested under pressure to see if they are strong enough to survive an earthquake. Some of the cores are so weak that they were crumbling even whilst installing. Some of them have seashells in them which means that sea sand was used without washing and the salt has been eroding these buildings. The cheaply made buildings cost many people's lives in the earthquakes.

Currently, the drilling cores are most commonly taken out of buildings in the neighbourhoods that the property investors decide to demolish and build luxurious high rises or gated communities.



Alkent Sitesi closed circuit television footage

2019

One of the first gated communities built in Istanbul, Alkent Sitesi, has named all the buildings in it with flower names. I have taken videos of these flowers and edited them as if this was the CCTV footage the security guard would be watching.



Alkent Sitesi closed circuit television footage, 2019
Video, 2'19"

cam göz

2019

cam göz - kem göz means “evil eye” in Turkish. cam and kem are homonyms and refer to the cctv camera in the centre of the evil eye protection.

This sculpture is a modified flower wreath people send out to funerals and openings. This type of metal version that is typically in a plain colour is more commonly used by state departments.

cam göz was installed at the entrance of HIGHER exhibition at Pilot Galeri which was about the gated communities of Istanbul. cam göz is an amulet of the property owners who want to secure themselves with the gaze of the state against all the dubious outsiders.



cam göz, 2019

Metal wreath, spray paint, fake CCTV camera

176 x 125 x 93 (r) cm

ÖZEL GÜVENLİK (PRIVATE SECURITY)

2017

Photo of a recycling worker I have spotted on the street in Istanbul. He is wearing a PRIVATE SECURITY jacket that he might have found in the bin, like a glitch in the system.



ÖZEL GÜVENLİK (PRIVATE SECURITY), 2017

C-Print
50 x 70 cm

Split Square

2021

Split Square observes a day in Şişhane Square in front of Beyoğlu Municipality Sixth Chamber and Beyoğlu Tax Office. This space, where grass and bollards direct passer bys, portrays the relationship of the dominant powers with squares rather than the public. Divided by naturalistic elements, the square raises negotiations, collisions and slaloms between both the space and its occupiers and between the occupiers. This slippery ground, where nothing can catch on and mature, does not allow gatherings or collecting memories. Though it might be believed that it is protecting the majestic structures on top of it by pouring everything downwards, the skyline of Istanbul always opens to the sea.



Split Square, 2021

video, 00:03:08

<https://vimeo.com/530041816>

Heavens!

2019

Heavens! was produced during my artist residency inside former air raid shelter tunnels built for WWII in Clapham. The subterranean tunnels are currently rented by Growing Underground, the first urban underground farm in the world, growing micro herbs under LED lights 33 metres below street level. The tunnels' historical background is charged with 8,000 people being pushed down there for survival during the war as well as temporarily hosting Windrush immigrants. They now shelter micro herbs in the midst of an environmental collapse. As I got more involved with Growing Underground, I started working for them casually, doing in-store demos of their salads in organic supermarkets. *Heavens!* is constructed around a real event, a homeless person teasing me and asking "Will I go to heaven if I eat these herbs?" whilst sampling the micro herbs in Planet Organic.

Produced with the support of Arts Council England and SAHA.

Grounded residency inside Growing Underground was set up by Amy Pennington as a part of Battersea Arts Centre Agents of Creative Change programme.



Heavens!, 2019
HD video, 00:13:22
Trailer: <https://vimeo.com/333707203>

The Gate

2011

The Gate is a video performance I shot in Istanbul, responding to the Ottoman era style public sculpture that appeared in front of the municipality building in our neighbourhood. The sculpture seemed to be placed at a random angle, guiding one off the staircase that goes up to the municipality. The direction it leads people is either the wall of the building or the highway. It obstructs the pedestrian route on the already disheveled pavement. The video captures me going through this gate to smash to the wall and going back into the traffic, failing to enter the municipality building.



The Gate, 2011
Video, 00:01:46
vimeo.com/376876289

Headed Women

2017 - ongoing archive

Headed Women started with a black and white family photograph I came across in a flea market in Hamburg. The whole family, including the black sheep was in the frame but the head of the mother was missing as she somehow wasn't part of the main focus. After buying the photo, I started spotting many similar crops. The heads that were missing were mainly of female caregivers such as mothers, nannies or teachers. I started collecting these photographs and completing them as drawings.



Headed Women 1, 2019
Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
21 x 21 cm



Headed Women 5, 2019
Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
21 x 21 cm



Headed Women 6, 2019
Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
21 x 21 cm



Headed Women 7, 2019
Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
21 x 21 cm



Headed Women 8, 2019
 Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
 21 x 21 cm



Headed Women 9, 2019
 Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
 21 x 21 cm



Headed Women 10, 2019
 Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
 21 x 21 cm



Headed Women 11, 2019
 Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
 21 x 21 cm



***Headed Women 15*, 2019**

Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
21 x 21 cm



***Headed Women 16*, 2019**

Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
21 x 21 cm



***Headed Women 14*, 2019**

Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
21 x 21 cm



***Headed Women 17*, 2019**

Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
21 x 21 cm



Headed Women 16, 2019

Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
21 x 21 cm



Headed Women 12, 2019

Pencil on watercolour paper, found photo
21 x 21 cm

Collages

2019 - ongoing

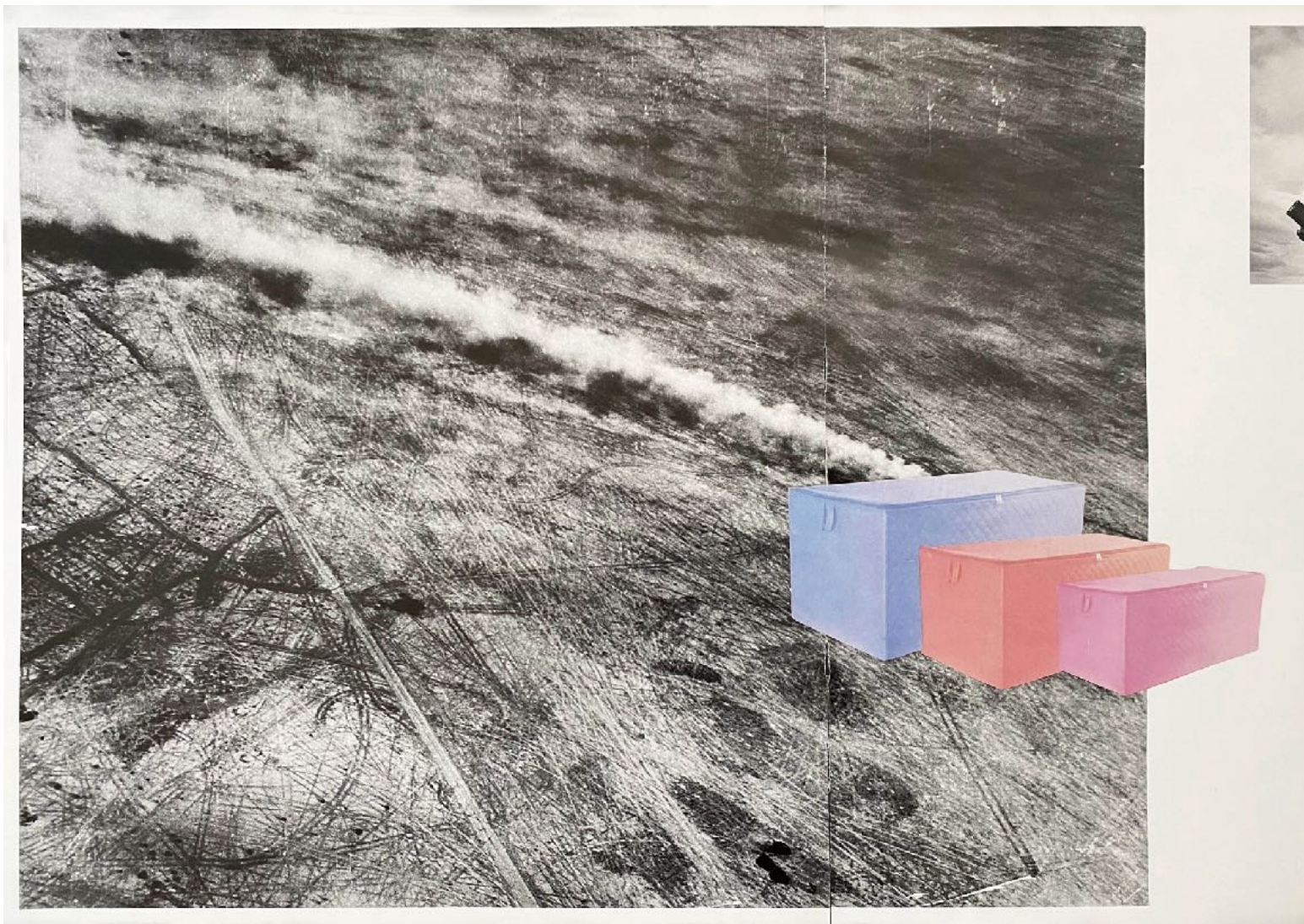
Collages out of images that are distributed for free in public spaces or catalogues / promotions sent to our homes made as a way of processing these images. Visualising the discreet connections between them to reveal the accepted forms of violences we are inured to. They act almost like tarot cards to make readings of our the times.



Cleaning and Waste Management, 2019
13 x 18 cm



Say goodbye to time consuming hunting, 2020
19 x 24.2 cm



Order, 2020
41.6 x 28.8 cm



Never before has it been this easy to serve a melon, 2020



Belly, 2020
Collaboration with Alper Oruç
Collage of found images. The image with the fish is taken from Ali Arkady's work.
25 x 38 cm



Land - schaft, 2020
21.5 x 14.6 cm



Stück Land, 2020
10.5 x 14.3 cm

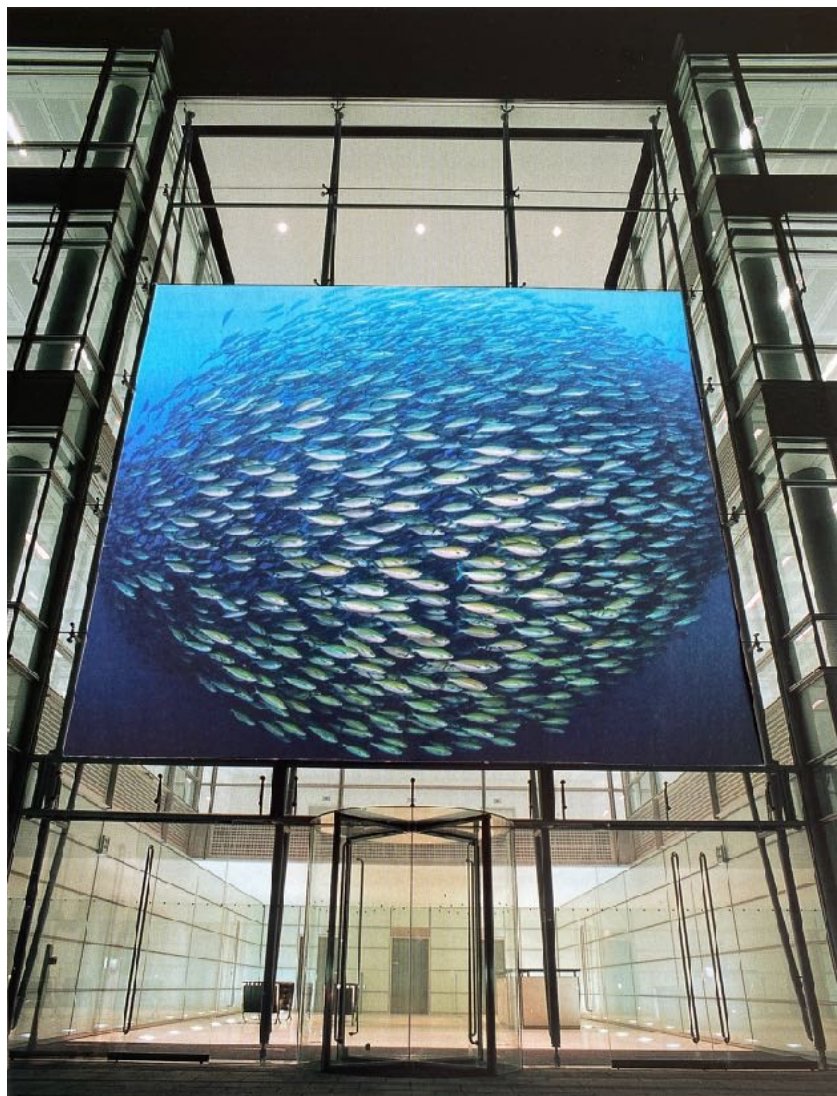


Visitors' easy chair, 2021



Alien encounter

Alien Encounter , 2021



Revolving Doors, 2021
32 x 26 cm



Soft seating, 2021
25 x 38 cm



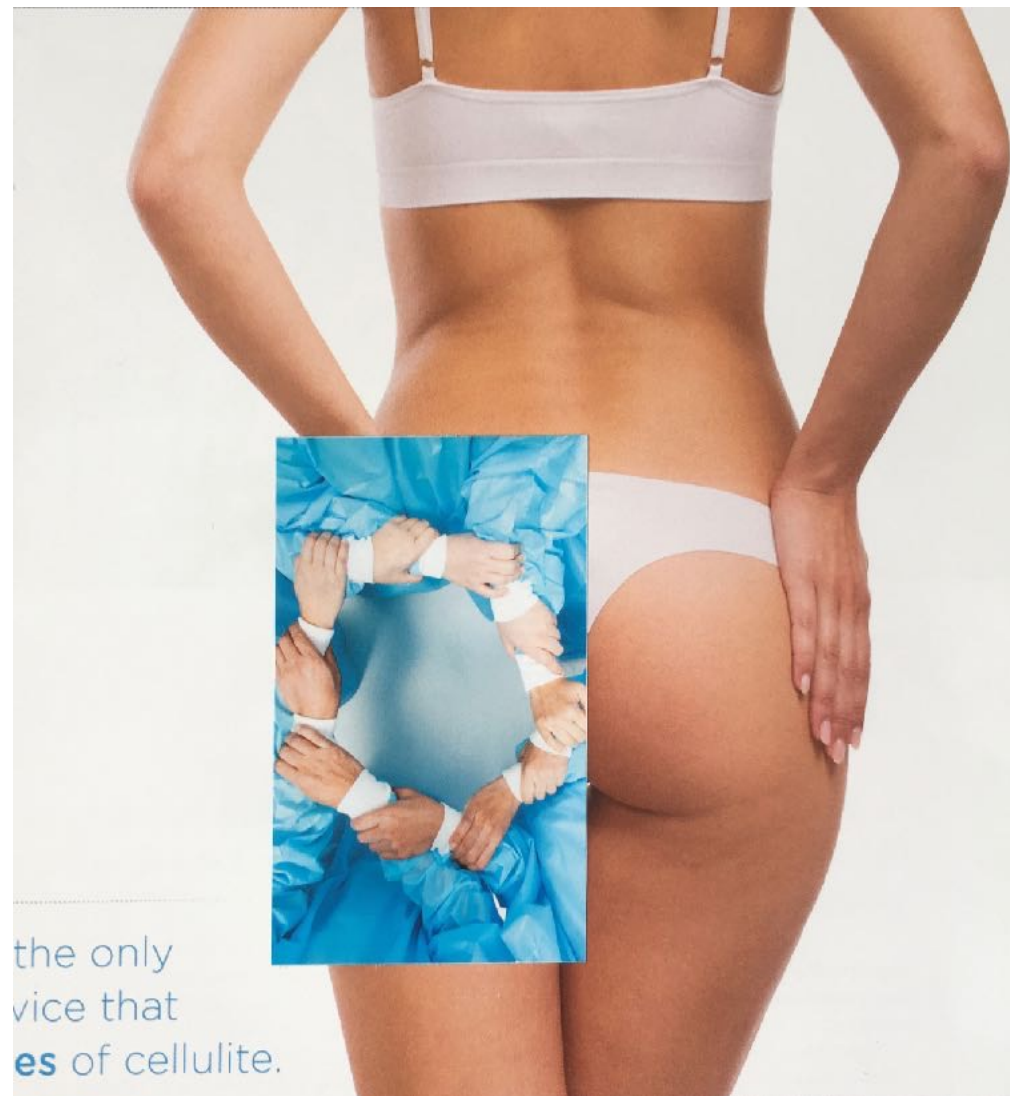
Bright Lights , 2020
21 x 21.5 cm



Crossing , 2021



Creation, 2020
29.3 x 21 cm



Hand in hand, 2020
16.3 x 15.5 cm

Super Mercato Canaletto

2017 - 2019

Food waste dinner to fundraise for food banks

Super Mercato Canaletto was an occasional open buffet in our old flat in Vauxhall that we started with my partner Alper Oruç to fundraise for food banks and cut on food waste. We used only the surplus ingredients from New Covent Garden Market which would otherwise go to waste. We then asked our guests to donate whatever they wish for their meal so that we can pass the money on to various food banks.



Bonnington Cafe

2017 - ongoing

Bonnington Cafe is a co-operatively run vegetarian and vegan restaurant in the Bonnington Square Community Centre in Vauxhall, London. The cafe has been open since the early 80s when it was started as a squat cafe to provide a good cheap meal for the community. There is a different cook each day and the person in charge of the day brings their own staff, creates their menu, buys their ingredients, pays rent and takes the daily profit. The prices are fixed and everyone is expected to adhere to a certain standard. The cafe creates working opportunities both as an employee and an employer.



Makkam

2018 - ongoing

www.mixcloud.com/Makkam_Collective

Makkam is a non-profit music collective we founded with Alper Oruç, Daniela Nofal and Yamen Makdad. We have been organising club nights quarterly to bring people together around a wide range of music. Through these nights, we learn how to move our bodies together. We collaborate with people who want to channel their music to our dancefloors. The Makkam community is growing through word of mouth and is slowly creating its own rituals and codes.

Makkam is a word for melodic modes in music as well as meaning a state of higher elevation in Turkish and Arabic languages.



Su İkramımızdır (Water is on the house)

Collaboration with Duval Timothy

2014

Su İkramımızdır (Water is on the house) was our project with Duval Timothy that took place in Polistar, Istanbul in September 2014. Polistar was a non-profit gallery located in a humble flat in a neighbourhood full of conflict between the more conservative locals and the newcomers raising the rents. The new contemporary art galleries that were opening in the neighbourhood had been attacked a couple of times by the locals with sticks and stones as people were drinking alcohol at the private views or holding hands on the street. By using water as a common ground, we wanted to provide a platform that could bring people together. As tap water is not safe to drink in Istanbul, we installed a filter to Polistar's tap which was used for serving potable water in the gallery in the handmade clay cups and another tap was put on street level to serve as a public fountain during the project. *Su İkramımızdır* was used as an event space for 10 days and the events involved performances, movie screenings and gigs that were around the themes of water rights and public spaces. Local traders and residents were involved and chance encounters became a part of the project. Sercan, the 9 year old percussion busker's gig at the opening night, Medyartiz's *Virüel Potansiyel* performance of fortune telling, Mario Rizzi's movie on the local shoe makers *Murat and İsmail* and Metin Akdemir's short film *Küpeli* about a now demolished swimming pool are a few examples from the events calendar.

Produced with the support of STEP Beyond Travel Grants.



Dünya Döner (World Döner / Revolves)

In October 2015, I was invited by AIR Antwerpen to produce a work alongside the *Istanbul-Antwerp. Port City Talks* exhibition that took place at the city museum of Antwerp, Museum aan de Stroom. The most obvious link I found between these two port cities was the Turkish immigrant community living in Antwerp since the 1960s. Similar to many other European cities, Antwerp had many Turkish kebab shops and I wanted to respond to this migrant culture with the kebab shop sign I designed and placed at the top of the museum. Dünya means world in Turkish and döner has several meanings including revolves/rotates and a meat dish that is skewered on a stick and cooked rotating on fire. I created this pun about world's revolution and döner kebab to correlate people's immigration around the world with world's rotation around itself and the Sun. I also wanted to take the kebab shop out of the cheap junk context it is stuck in and place it on top of a museum building, a place that is regarded to have a higher social and cultural status.

The lightbox sign is in the Museum aan de Stroom collection.



Dünya Döner (World Döner / Revolves), 2015
Lightbox sign. Digital print on Duratrans.
270 x 60 x 17 cm



Dünya Döner (World Döner / Revolves), 2017

Rotating wind shift sign. Digital print on 2mm PVC, bottom can be filled with water or sand

134 x 50 x 50 cm

with freedom to roam outdoors during the day

2018

Billboard 8171, London Bridge

The phrase “with freedom to roam outdoors during the day” that I had read on a free range egg carton had been haunting me for years. How we sing ourselves praises for the tiny freedoms we allow inside the prisons we create... I fed the pigeons in front of the billboard during the exhibition period to encourage them to cover the text with their droppings and take over the billboard.

Commissioned by Annin Arts.



Sera Tansel Unlimited

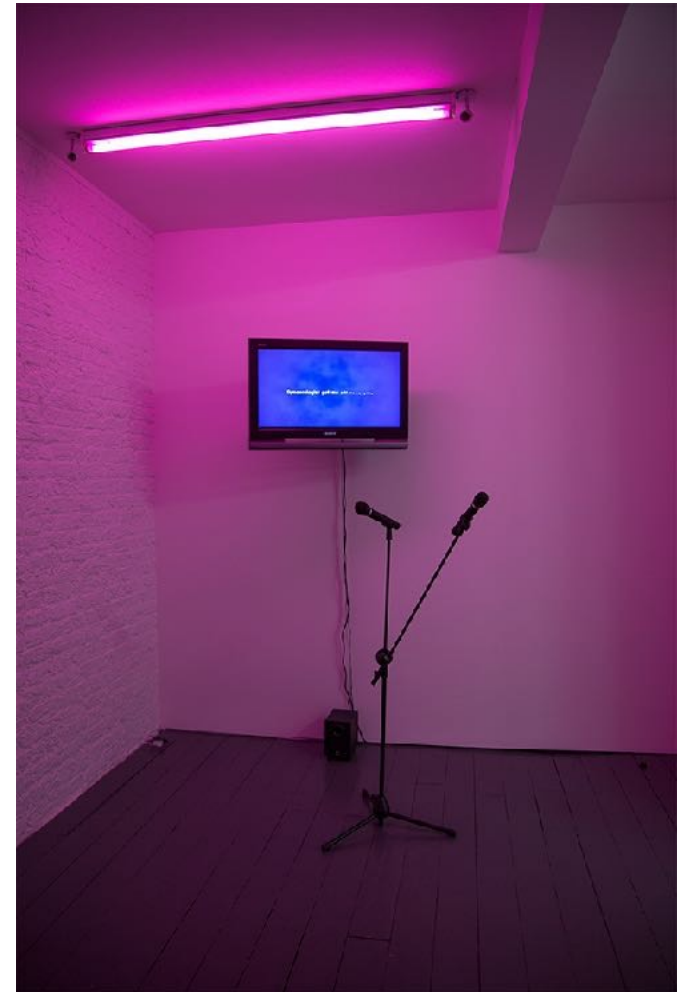
2015

Sera Tansel Unlimited was my first solo show and it pretended to be the museum shop of a famous artist's retrospective. It was a display of unlimited reproductions of non-existing works at noshowspace, London. The installation consisted of reproductions of unsung songs, unsent request songs scribbled on napkins and untaken photos in the forms of karaoke DVDs, colouring books, silk handkerchiefs and tote bags. As their originals do not exist, these reproductions simultaneously exist as their own originals. The reproductions and originals become equally authentic or fake and equally accessible. They share the same aura. The products on display can be purchased at prices on a par with that of reproduced artworks sold in museum shops. Serra Tansel is misspelled on all the products as Sera Tansel like a bad imitation that validates the original brand.

Exhibition text was written by Joanna Peace.

Exhibition link: noshowspace.com/projects/sera-tansel-unlimited

Produced with the support of Arts Council England and Umur.



10/26/2015 Gmail - UNLIMITED

Joanna Peace <joanna.peace@gmail.com>

UNLIMITED

1 message

Joanna Peace <joanna.peace@gmail.com> To: Serra Tansel <serratan-sel@gmail.com>

Tue, Oct 20, 2015 at 6:34 PM

Hi again,

Sooo... before you read what I've written, I thought I should tell you a bit about where it's coming from.

I wrote the bare bones of it the other night, and maybe it was because it was late it came out strangely, and I found myself writing like a rejected lover or a cast-off fan. Not sure why. And inspired by the teabag as you know. I was thinking about how you were mass-producing things, and how I refused that somehow, I wanted to write about preciousness, about experiences that can't be repeated or reproduced. I felt I was writing like a stubborn child refusing to learn the lesson from the world that we're not special, not unique.

Then today I was looking in the google doc at the things you're making for the show. And they are each so precious, so full of love and heart even when they're funny and cutting and critical, so generous and open. And this changed what I wrote.

So I was imagining myself as a performer on a glitzy stage, maybe a cabaret performer, and introducing you as the main act. Or maybe as an embarrassing Uncle giving a wedding speech. Or maybe on Skype at your private view.

And I was thinking about how you had to become 'Limited' in order to stay in the UK. And remembering Athens. I think it's best read out loud. It feels a bit weird to show you. But see what you think and we can chat tomorrow.

Big love,

Joanna

--

Joanna Peace

+44 (0)777 979 0753 joanna-peace.squarespace.com

YOU ARE UNLIMITED-4.docx

UNLIMITED by Joanna Peace

Written on the occasion of the exhibition
Sera Tansel Unlimited by Serra Tansel
noshowspace, 2015

Sleeve of the exhibition text by Joanne Peace for Sera Tansel Unlimited. Page below sits inside this text.

Hi everyone, and greetings from Glasgow!

You're all here tonight to celebrate the work of one person – Serra Tansel. Now, I first met Serra in a subway station in Athens on 2nd June this year. If I remember right she was wearing a white t-shirt, green shiny shorts and her favourite white sneakers. I do remember she was smiling, and that she offered to carry my heavy suitcase.

Since that day we've become good friends and collaborators. As you know this here tonight is Serra's first solo show, and so I wanted to mark the occasion by performing something a bit special for her, and for you. Sadly, for reasons best not gone into, I can't be with you in person this evening. So I've sent something ahead of me instead. I hope you enjoy it.

Serra, glykia mou, this one's for you.

YOU ARE UNLIMITED, my teabag says to me.

YOU ARE UNLIMITED, my Women's Energy teabag now dunked in boiling water says to me. Just to me. Just to us.

YOU ARE UNLIMITED, you are open to the sky, to the stars, to us. To all of us. My hands are your hands, you said. Do with them what you will.

YOU ARE UNLIMITED, your words shooting into the hot green air around our heads. Dark red wine and cool white tsatziki, your song words sharp and funny.

WE ARE UNLIMITED, as we send yellow and purple balloons falling into the dark well of a blacked-out city. Hold nothing sacred, you told me. Hold nothing dear, dearest girl. I'll be gone soon and so will you. Hold nothing dear, girl. Hold nothing dear.

YOU ARE UNLIMITED, you tell me, as Venus winks down through the pink-tinged pollution through the hot night-ening city. I can feel my skin peeling back. Or maybe splitting at the seams. Or maybe melting away. S.O.S says the blue sign next to the blue ALPHA BANK.

S.O.S I AM UNLIMITED AND I'M SCARED I MIGHT FLOAT AWAY.

I AM UNLIMITED. OMNISCIENT. NO-ONE CAN HOLD ME DOWN. HOLD ME BACK. HOLD ME HERE. Please let me stay, for a bit. Please let me go home.

LIMITLESS

INFINITE

UNRESTRICTED

UNRESTRAINED

BOUNDLESS

BOTTOMLESS

UNCONSTRAINED

WE ARE UNLIMITED, we are open to the stars. A sky full of daydreamers a BOUNDLESS stretch of blue. I will cry you a river if you'll let me.

haki (khaki)

2017

In December 2017, I made a sound piece for a group exhibition *Not Seeing Anything* at Alt Bomonti, Istanbul curated by Mari Spirito. Responding to the title, I thought if we cannot see it, we can still hear it. The exhibition happened at a period where Turkish state declared a war in the Kurdish part of Turkey.

On the stage that I painted with flowers, I had a speaker that played a poem I wrote about air, flowers and soil, inspired by my friend D's journey from Iran to Greece. D ran away from his hometown in Iran at the age of 16 when his father forced him to go to the military service of the Iranian state. He escaped to Iraq to join the Kurdish peshmerga but then changed his mind and sought asylum in Turkey to then flee to Greece. He now sells flowers in Athens. We met as I went into the plant shop he works at to buy an aloe vera.

Once, he told me that people weren't aware how rich the Kurdish culture is. He said "People say "khaki colour is in fashion now". They don't even know the word khaki is a Kurdish word. It means soil."



Sound installation on a painted stage

Stage : (w) 530 x (h) 90 x (radius) 200 cm.

Sound: 00:05:23

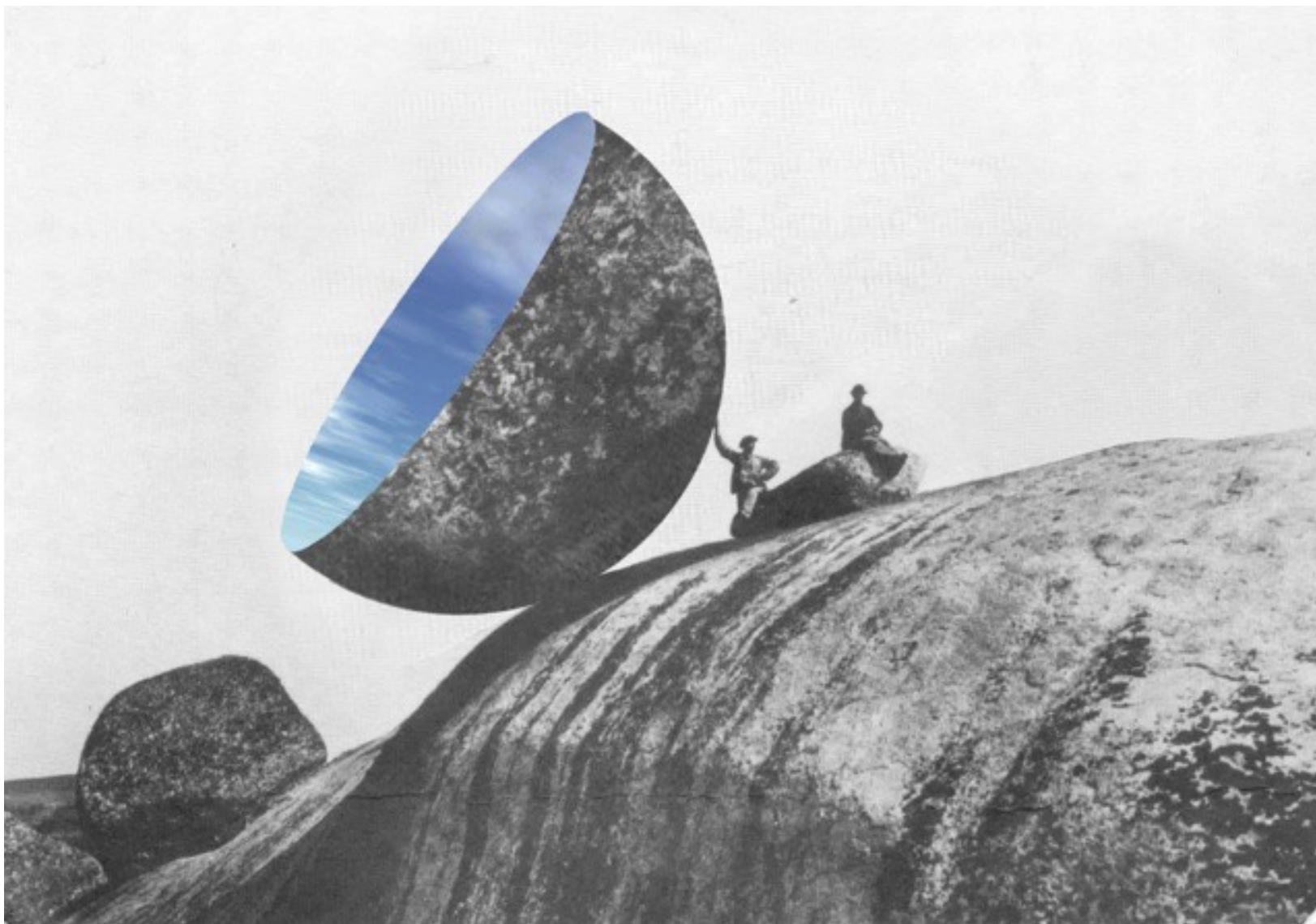
https://soundcloud.com/dj_devam/haki?si=01158315877a40e4a8a8134fc8572ba8

Two Seated People

Collaboration with Duval Timothy

2013

Two Seated People was the first collaboration I had with Duval Timothy. As we weren't able to rent a studio together, we produced this collage digitally, dreaming of spaces.



***Two Seated People*, 2013**

Digital print on Hahnemühle paper, lacquered centre

10 x 14.2 cm

Edition of 30 + 2AP

kids blowing the sea

2011

A video of kids blowing the sea to push it back and playing with the coastal border the waves are creating.



kids blowing the sea, 2011

Video, 00:00:27

vimeo.com/164439880

What about a film that doesn't begin, that just fills the cinema with a kind-of-presence or with a darkness, that is there but also not there.

What about a film that is interrupted by the dust from the projector, that first keeps circulating in the air, like a endless whirl, that gets more intense and dense as the film progresses and that eventually falls vertically downwards, like snowdrops or little shiny pixels that drips on to your skin.

What about a film that is constantly interrupted by waves, that fills up your eyelids with a continuous greenish blue afterimage, that shakes your notion of balance and leaves you zig zagging along the beach.

What about a film that pulls you closer to the screen, that at first automatically lifts you from your seat and that makes you move closer and closer to the light, in an zombie like state.

What about a film that you can walk through or walk into. Electric cables hanging down tickling you with a soft static electricity, and where you could swim in the image, float in the middle of it, in this sea of electricity.

What about a film that doesn't end, that just keeps changing and morphing. That moves like a crystal moves, and mutates, depending on who is looking at it and from where. How about a film that changes in time, that sometimes lasts just a split second, at other times is an evening long and that sometimes haunts you, like a bad memory or like a pop song, that sticks to your brain, so repetitive and circular, so constant that it almost erases itself.

Chance Symphony

2012

Chance Symphony was my installation commissioned by Tate Britain for a 1 day event organised for kids. I was given the William Turner room with paintings of ships in stormy seas.

With *Chance Symphony*, I wanted to play with claiming a space through sound. I was inspired by my friend's joke of walking with heavy steps, tapping her feet on the floor like a "buyer" when we visited commercial galleries together. I made 50 handmade wearable musical instruments that were displayed on rotation. Visitors could help themselves to wear these instruments to create music with their movements inside the gallery. We had complaints about the noise from some guests but the invigilators told them we were allowed to be loud for the day as it was part of a work that the museum had commissioned.



Tate Britain's BP Saturdays: Tate Together, 9 June 2012, (c) Tate 2012

Dots

2013 - 2016

This is a series I made out of dots. I wanted to start doing drawings and after buying a pack of everyday children's pens from the corner shop, I didn't know where to start. The pens seemed beautiful to me as they were and I didn't know what I could draw that was better than the pens themselves. Thinking of creating a drawing that was as close as possible to the essence of the pack of pens, I started putting a dot on the A4 paper in the order the 30 assorted colour fibre pens were packaged. Each dot is the size of the pen nib, in rows from left to right until a sheet of A4 is full.

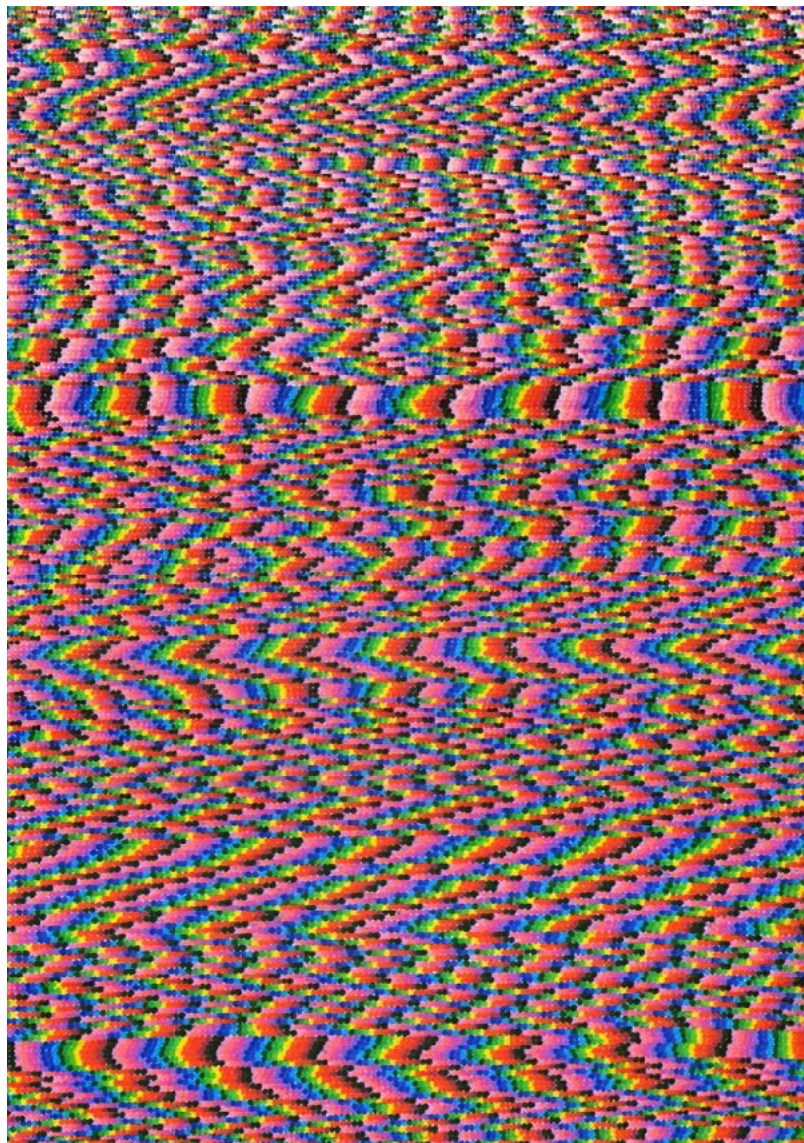
The title *Great, Creative Fun, Bright, Assorted Colours, Safe & Non-Toxic* is taken from the packaging of the pens.



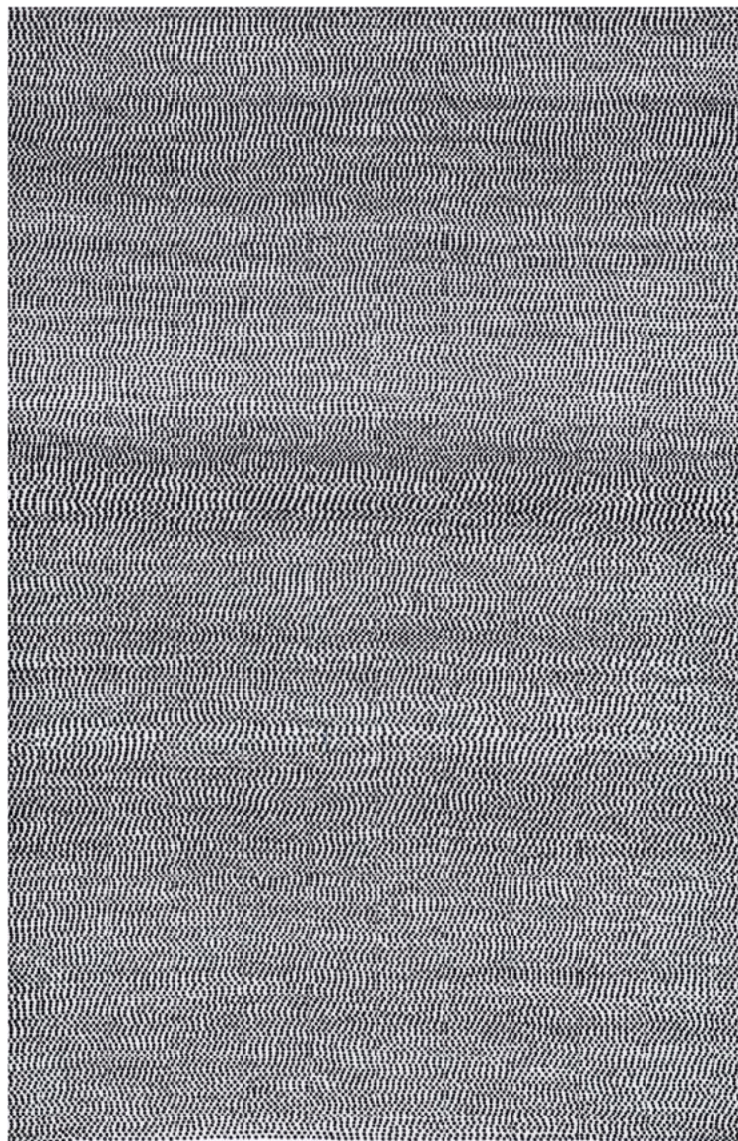
Great, Creative Fun, Bright, Assorted Colours, Safe & Non-Toxic, 2016

30 Fibre Pens on Everyday Paper

21 x 29.7 cm. Frame size 40.6 x 32.3 cm.



Fantasia, 2014
Fibre Pens on Everyday Paper
21 x 29.7 cm



Dots (Light and Dark), 2013
Permanent marker on paper
21 x 29.7 cm



Dots (Dark), 2013
Permanent marker on paper
21 x 29.7 cm

Paintings and Photography Works

2015 - ongoing



Dünya Bağı (Earthy Cord), 2020

Oil on canvas

40 x 30 cm



Her Yer Her Yerde (All over the place), 2018

Oil on canvas

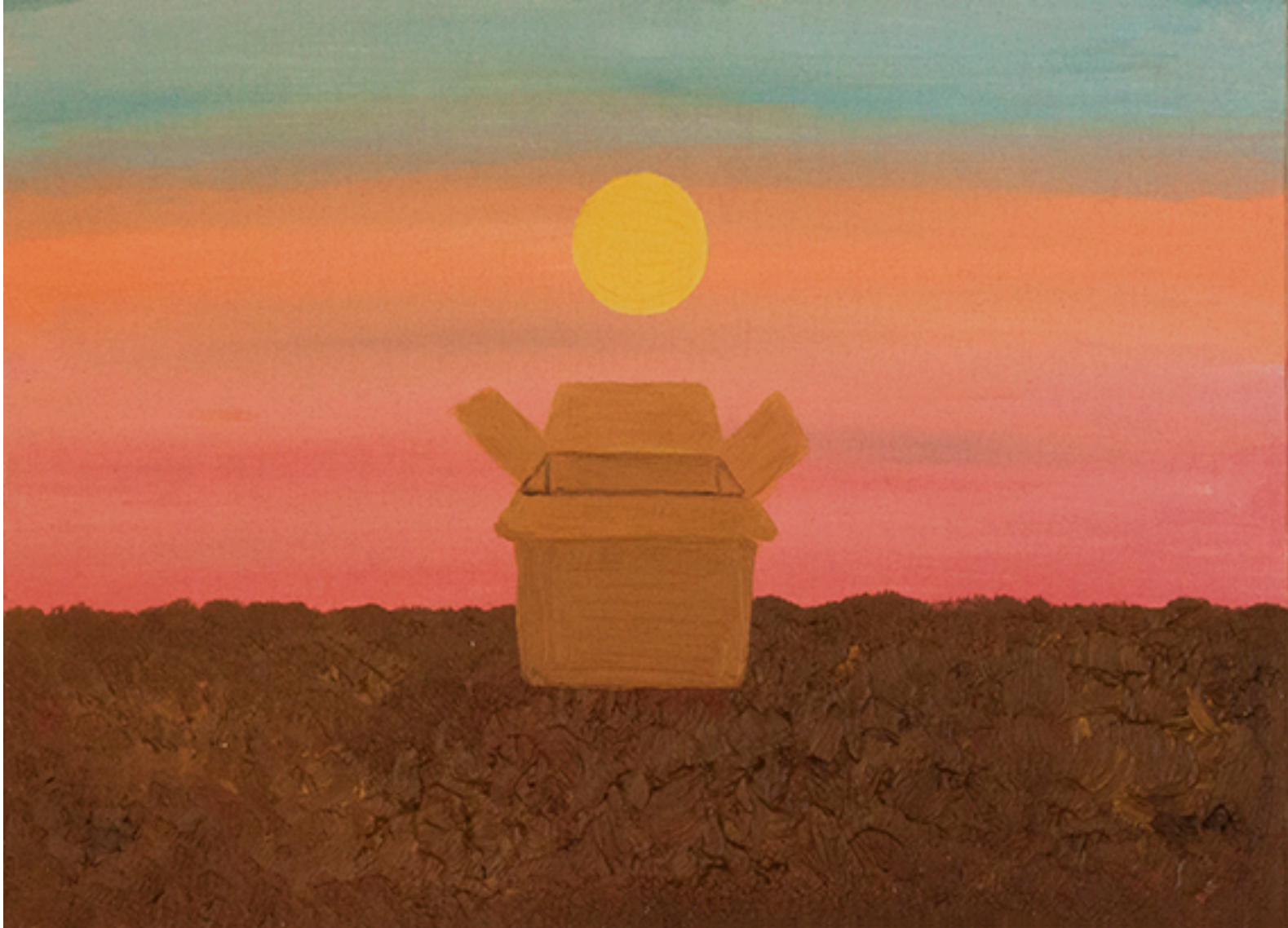
25 x 35 cm



Gecenin Sardıkları (What the night wraps), 2017

Marker pen on paper

21 x 29.7 cm



Götür Beni Gittiğin Yere (Take me with you), 2018

Oil on canvas

25 x 35 cm



TBC, 2019
Giclee Print on Epson semi-gloss paper
40 x 60 cm. Edition of 5.



Kapılar Ardında, 2015
Fine Art Photographic Print
40 x 26 cm. Edition of 5



Sabah Güneşi / Morning Sun, 2015

Fine Art Photographic Print

40 x 30 cm. Edition of 5