



Days
2017
Galata Greek School, Istanbul
Photo: Can Dinlenmiş - Ege Kanar

DUYGU DEMİR

BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE SKY

Ahmet Doğu İpek's *Days*

Some years ago, during one of my frequent visits to his studio, Ahmet asked me whether I would like to write about his work. At the time, this book was only a hypothetical project, and I did not realise how hard it would be to formally organise my thoughts and publicly share a worthwhile analysis about the work of an artist who also happened to be a friend dear to my heart. My training taught me to see artists as historically constructed subjects, and to treat artworks as quasi-documents, which means I often write about artworks not only by analysing their formal and material qualities, but as a reflection of its makers and their context. How can one do that for the work of a friend? This text is a somewhat awkward attempt to negotiate my own position as a part-time critic, a novice art historian and, more subjectively, as a friend.

It was a casual conversation, and I immediately said yes, but just as quickly put forward a condition: I wanted to travel with him to his hometown Adıyaman, or rather, the village where he was born and grew up. This was a part of Türkiye I had never visited, and as a city kid who loves the outdoors but never lived anywhere remote from an urban centre for any extended period, I could not really picture the experience in my mind's eye. This desire was of course not lacking in a certain level of voyeuristic curiosity, mixed with a somewhat fantastical urge to satisfy my wistful yearning for what I imagined to be a purer way of

life, experienced only for a temporary moment, as a visit in the company of my friend rather than a commitment. I imagined it as a guided tour to an unknown land through Ahmet's eyes, as well as a glimpse into a part of his life before we met, which would help me understand him and his work better. I had seen Ahmet's photographs and videos from when he travels to visit his family; every time, he returns with alluring and poetic snapshots of vast landscapes of dark rock, tall mountains, thick fog and endless skies. I remember all these vistas in shades of grey, although I'm not sure whether this is because he tends to use a black and white filter on social media to match his chosen colour palette, or if it is the landscape itself that is almost monochromatic. Either way, the images left in my memory from his many walks during visits to his village are not evocative of an oppressively dark place enveloped in a two-tone universe, but are more like testimonies to a limpid geographical simplicity that in my ungrounded opinion also translates to the way that life is lived.

Although Ahmet promised that we would all visit together one day, the trip is yet to happen, which, perhaps also explains my hesitancy to write about his work: a fear of failure to fully understand and capture his practice without having been to his village in Adıyaman, since I firmly believe his work is deeply connected to where he comes from. Once, however, Ahmet brought with him a piece from this land for me to keep as a small souvenir, and this is what I choose to hold on to during this challenging writing task: a sharp, thin slate of grey rock, with a rough surface marked by a shaky line of white. I have since kept it on my book-shelf in Istanbul, and I try to conjure its memory while I write in sunny Abu Dhabi. It is a curious object with a primordial feeling that packs a big punch, just like Ahmet's work.

Sometime soon before or after I came into possession of this small rock, Ahmet shyly shared a text he had written for an exhibition catalogue to get my opinion. The short article is in the first person, and begins when Ahmet comes across one of the famous deceptively naive landscapes of Etel Adnan.¹ In it, he talks about how this encounter with Adnan's small painting at an art fair among numerous shiny objects transported him to his childhood. The pastel mountain range, represented in the simplicity of carefully chosen colour blocks for which the poet-painter has come to be known, reminded him of the blue-grey view of the receding mountains he would wake up to as a child. As Ahmet stared at the painting, Adnan's unassuming landscape painting hypnotised him in the same way the view from his childhood home would, filling him with a meditative feeling that he describes as staring so hard at something your eyes water, and you find yourself looking into a void. This is significant to note both for Ahmet's

¹ Ahmet Doğu İpek, 'Boşluk, Katmanlar ve Bir Kara Lastik Ayakkabı', *İkinci Olimpos Sergileri II: Peyzaj* / Taner Ceylan (ed. Süreyya Evren), exhibition catalogue, 2019.

p. 171–194

practice in general, and for *Days*, the work I'm tasked to write about in particular, but let's set that aside for now.

Upon encountering Adnan's work, Ahmet was teleported to a particular memory about the cheap black rubber shoes he used to wear as a kid on his long and often muddy walk from his village to the school in the nearby town. Made and smelling of the same material used for car tyres, the simple pair of shoes with a thin lining was a prized possession that he tried to keep clean despite all odds. One day, although he hopped and skipped on rocks like a mountain goat (a simile used by Ahmet himself, which I can perfectly visualise since I've seen him doing so on our various hikes), one shoe eventually got muddied. Instead of trying to clean it up once he arrived at the school, he started to appreciate the beauty of the line on the black plastic surface during the rest of his walk and intentionally dipped the other shoe in the mud to match the 'design', despite the risk of ridicule from friends. Once he returned home, he tried to make the pattern permanent by using other materials, like lime, fabric or more layers of plastic, but nothing matched the beauty of the accidental mark. His attempts, misunderstood by his mother, soon afterwards resulted in the acquisition of leather shoes for young Ahmet to wear to school.

The story recounts an early moment of artistic consciousness, with a vivid description of the material reality of a formative childhood moment, as well as a testimony to how one artist relates to another's practice. Ahmet connects his mesmerisation by the happenstance marks of mud on his cheap shoes to a similar feeling that can be had in front of a painting, both moments of aesthetic experience. The story also offers an entry point into the child-like innocence of the motivation to make work about what one knows and how one can only draw what one sees, a great segue into understanding the work of both artists. It is no surprise that Ahmet was taken by the work of an artist, who, when asked who was the most important person she ever met, simply answered: 'A mountain'.² What Ahmet describes as his spellbinding experience, either the memory of waking up to mountains every morning as a child, or standing in a kind of trance in front of Adnan's painted landscape, is akin to what Kant calls the 'sublime'. It is also significant that he describes both these experiences as being in, or staring into a void, which is reminiscent of the teachings of Zen Buddhism, or any other practice that revolves around mindful meditation.

These theoretical or spiritual connections are easy to make, and make sense of. But reading this short text that Ahmet wrote shook me in a different way; firstly, it confronted me with the material difference between our childhood experiences: the early memory it transported me to was that of being astonished by

² Etel Adnan, *Journey to Mount Tamaipais* (Sausalito: The Post-Apollo Press, 1986), 9.

seeing kids my age walking for hours through the snow and rain to get to school in a place far away on television. Ahmet's experience of growing up in a village in a remote part of the country was as different from my middle-class upbringing in the capital as it could get within the borders of the same country. The shaky, thin line of white on the rock Ahmet had given me has come to symbolise the wide gap between our formative experiences, which even the unrealised trip to Adiyaman wouldn't have been able to close. It also epitomises his main subject matter, which is nature and our relationship to it, whether in his drawings of delirious urban architecture or meticulously detailed insects and maps of volcanic islands, his installations of swelling floorboards, boulders on foams, or a hundred eclipsed suns or indents on paper that mimic the cosmos from a deceptively simple lens. Sometimes he captures nature with a sublime reverence, for example when he presents carefully rendered surfaces of rocks as monumental portraits, at others, when he shows us how we completely miss the point, as in his dystopian depictions of the construction frenzy. He is not impartial to our unkind relationship to nature and to each other, but too wise to be overwhelmed by it. His is another time-scale, perhaps geologic, or even astronomical. His work is about the land and the sky and everything in between, an inextricably intertwined manifestation of the internal and external landscape, all departing from that seemingly simple place in which he grew up. The void that he speaks of is not an empty space, but an ontological tautology as evasive and wise as a Zen master's conflation of everything and nothing.

Days occupies a unique place in Ahmet's stoic practice, completely in line with his mindfully detached presence in the everyday. It can be interpreted as representing the void in a certain sense, but it allows for an exit before a potential experience of the sublime, if one wishes to take it, which I will. (After all, I have been taught to both enjoy and suspect the sublime, and Kant's philosophy, too, for that matter.) *Days*, a series of black watercolour squares on paper, is a visual diary of a daily performance undertaken by the artist between July 2016 and March 2017. Ahmet created this series comprising 157 pieces through the daily repetition of a simple process that involved dripping drops of black watercolour on paper and letting them move on the surface of the paper until they formed a square, without using any other tools. Although the pieces in the series resemble one another, each has a different surface texture and a unique shade of black, bearing witness to the day on which it was created. Closely inspecting the black squares that make up *Days*, one cannot help but succumb to pareidolia,³ trying to map onto the surface of each square an intentional, meaningful or at least recognisable image. If one takes these images to represent a grand scale, as in his contemporaneous work *Stars*, one can associate the traces of the

© p. 208–222

3 Pareidolia is the tendency for perception to impose a meaningful interpretation on a nebulous stimulus, usually visual, so that one detects an object, pattern or meaning where there is none. -e.n.

black aquarelle's movement on the surface of the thick cotton paper with astronomical events, such as black holes, meteor showers or planetary textures. On a more earthly, geological scale, some of the squares might connote landslides, avalanches, waterfalls, forests lit minimally by the moon or even the Northern Lights. Zooming in even further, they can be read as cellular or epidermal, suggesting textures of human skin, the outlines of cells, or bodily liquids. However, while the black squares can prove to be a rich repository for psychological projection, *Days* is not meant to function as a Rorschach test. Here, the invitation of the work for close inspection and contemplation summons the acknowledgement of a period of trauma experienced collectively. The chance shapes that form from the movement of black aquarelle on paper suggests both a formal openness to chance, and is reflective of the surrender to events outside one's control.

As difficult as it might be (both technically and emotionally), it is now necessary to look back at the time period of which Ahmet kept a record through *Days*, and make an attempt to remember it. In the summer of 2016, Ahmet retreated to a village in Southwest Türkiye to work in solitude, away from the hustle and bustle of Istanbul, the city where he has lived since moving there to attend university. Soon after he had left Istanbul, on 15 July, a coup attempt shook the city and the country at large, with repercussions that continue to bear heavily on Türkiye's politics today. For anyone with a stake in the politics of Türkiye – a 100-year-old republic whose flailing commitment to democracy has been tested and weakened by four military coups over the span of its last fifty years – this was a long night of uncertainty. There were hundreds of casualties, including civilians. Following the coup attempt, Türkiye declared a state of emergency, allowing the government to take extensive measures to restore order, which was to last for two years.⁴ This period was also marked by large-scale terrorist incidents such as the Atatürk Airport attack in the summer of 2016 and the New Year's attack on a nightclub in Istanbul, as well as bombings in the southeast of Türkiye, where Ahmet is from, as well as clashes on the Syrian border. I believe that Ahmet's *Days*, executed from 2016–17 during the initial months of this extraordinary period in Türkiye, were made directly in response to it. I see this series of 157 infinitesimally different black squares on paper as an abstract record of this period in the country's history.⁵ But contrary to the reductionism or neutralisation of the

4 For AKP's pre- and post-coup attempt conflict with Gülen, tactics of populism and slide into autoracy, see Julius M. Rogenhofer, 'Antidemocratic Populism in Turkey after the July 2016 Coup Attempt', *Populism*, Vol. 1 (2), Leiden, Boston, Brill, 116–45.

5 In his book *The Lion and the Nightingale: A Journey Through Modern Turkey* (I.B. Tauris, 2019), journalist Kaya Genç recounts his own experience in the aftermath of the coup, starting with the winter of 2017, and weaves a narrative of the year based on interviews with diverse actors of Turkish society, including artists.

worldly that abstraction has often been blamed for in art historical narratives of the twentieth century, the abstraction that takes form in *Days* is of a different kind, functioning as a non-autonomous marker of a specific time and place. It is also a kind of abstraction that functions as a survival tactic, both in the sense of a meditative daily exercise for the artist, whose relationship to work is rendered void, and also in the sense of acting as a record against forgetting that which you are not allowed to talk about.

Ahmet did not start with a grand plan, but with a small, somewhat unintentional (or perhaps, subconscious) gesture born out of a sense of confusion, helplessness (which should not be confused with resignation to the individual's weakness against larger political forces), and a lack of motivation to continue to make art, paralysed by current events. During the summer, he continued pouring black watercolour onto thick cotton paper and allowed it to travel across the surface by tilting it until a black square formed against the white background. He did this on an almost daily basis. At first, he was making the squares because he could not bring himself to work: 'Actually, I did not create art by making this series; I chose to put my own art aside to retreat and to remain a little passive.'⁶ Later, it became intentional; it was a kind of exercise in concentration, a type of motivational warm-up so that he could begin to make work. He continued this daily meditation after returning to Istanbul at the end of the summer. As the state of emergency that was declared after the failed coup attempt in July 2016 carried into the winter of 2017, Ahmet continued his exercise of making black squares by moving ink on the surface of a single sheet of paper, almost daily. During this time, Ahmet was immersed in the making of *Stars* (2017) by plucking the surface of a 130 × 357 cm paper that he had covered in black Indian ink with a large needle. His repeated incisions and indentations onto the large-scale surface, another exercise of obsessive repetition – a concentrated but frenetic exercise with presumably physical if not psychical cathartic effects – revealed the white cotton paper to suggest thousands of stars, and culminating in what could be perceived as a galactic perspective. One can easily imagine that this could be a way for the artist to shift his thinking into the larger scale of the universe and deep time to at least momentarily escape everyday reality.

Ahmet realised around this time that he had been making another work all along. The relatively small black squares had become a historical record of the days past, sealing the memory of the apprehensive period of the last six months onto paper. He continued with the series for a little longer after this realisation, but the quotidian exercise slowed down and fully petered out by March 2017, just as, in the political arena, Türkiye prepared for a country-wide referendum scheduled

⁶ Ahmet Doğu İpek, interview with Nora Tataryan, 2017. Agos, 21 April 2017, <https://www.agos.com.tr/tr/yazi/18312/zamanin-kaydini-tutan-bir-sergi-gunler> (last accessed: 26.02.2024).

for April. The referendum proposed constitutional amendments aimed at transitioning the country from a parliamentary system to a presidential system, significantly expanding the powers of the president. The campaign period leading up to the referendum was marked by intense political polarisation and debates over the proposed changes. By the time Ahmet stopped, he had made 157 black squares in a matter of a little more than 200 days. The artist decided to include them in his upcoming solo exhibition at the Galata Greek School in Istanbul.⁷ He showed almost seventy from the series that he titled *Days (Black Water Records)*. Displayed serially on inclined metal tables that were placed back-to-back in the middle of the former school's entrance, *Days* covered an expanse of approximately fifty metres in total, requiring the viewers to circumbulate it. One can easily imagine that as the visitors walked around *Days*, they could not help but navigate their personal memories of the dark stretch of time inscribed onto the serial squares. The constitutional referendum that put Türkiye's parliamentary democracy on the ballot was held just a week after the exhibition opened. The proposed changes, including the expansion of presidential powers, were narrowly approved, leading to the transformation of the country's entire political system. The state of emergency that was declared after the coup attempt continued and would last until the summer of 2018.

An easy art-historical association of the square format of *Days* would of course be with Kazimir Malevich's *Black Square* (1915), and the pairing has been suggested on more than once occasion.⁸ However, unlike *Black Square*, I read Ahmet's *Days* not as an abstractionist manifesto for moving away from mimetic representation of the world, but as a conceptual gesture steeped in its socio-political context that adopts an abstract language out of necessity. I argue that *Days* seals the memory of a period of uncertainty and fear, marked by a sense of helplessness, directly related to a recent time in Türkiye's socio-political landscape, which I will delve into soon. In this sense, the kinship that has been suggested between *Days* and On Kawara's date paintings collectively titled *Today* (1966–2013) seems

⁷ Built in the nineteenth century, the Galata Greek School bears traces of Türkiye's loaded political past, and Ahmet's solo exhibition there engaged with the building's history. As the minority Greek community of Istanbul grew smaller and smaller, the Greek school, which had operated in this building since 1910, gradually lost its students and eventually closed in 1988. It was turned into a cultural venue in 2012. See <https://galatarumokulu.org/en/galata-greek-school/>. For the events that led up to what the school website describes as 'demographic' issues, see Vryonis Speros, Jr., *The Mechanism of Catastrophe: The Turkish Pogrom of September 6–7, 1955, and the Destruction of the Greek Community of Istanbul* (New York: Greekworks.com, 2005). For first-person accounts of the September 6–7 pogroms of 1955 in Turkish, see Rifat N. Bali, *6-7 Eylül 1955 Olayları: Tanıklar - Hatıralar* (Istanbul: Libra Kitapçılık ve Yayıncılık, 2010).

⁸ For example, see Ari Akkermans, 'Art that Resists Being Pigeonholed by Nationality', *Hyperallergic*, 22 June 2018, <https://hyperallergic.com/448195/art-that-resists-being-pigeonholed-by-nationality> (last accessed: 22.03.2024).

more apt,⁹ since Kawara steeped his seemingly neutral date paintings in the quotidian and the political by lining the boxes in which he kept them with newspaper clippings of the corresponding day. It can also be argued that the work by Kawara that has a closer affinity to Ahmet's gesture is the nearly 900 telegrams that he sent to a dozen of his friends over the course of three decades, starting in 1969, in which he simply proclaimed: 'I am still alive.' While there is no visual connection between the two series, they both acknowledge the will to live, the will to make work, as well as the forces that oppose these desires on both personal and artistic levels.

For those familiar with Türkiye's history of contemporary art, this simple statement almost intrinsically guides one to make the small leap to another work that recorded the days as well as hinted at the psychological state of an artist: Cengiz Çekil's *Günce* (Diary) from 1976. Çekil stamped the statement 'Bugün de Yaşıyorum' (I am also Alive Today), almost the same statement as Kawara's, onto the flowery pages of a store-bought children's stationery of 1976, and kept it in a gift box in his office at the university where he taught for years, only showing it to selected guests. Making this work during another politically tumultuous period for Türkiye, Çekil was literally marking the days on which he was still alive, as clashes between left and right wing groups in universities threatened the lives of students as well as teachers.¹⁰ The work ends with the statement 'Askere Gidiyorum' (I'm Going to the Army), which suggests, rather ironically, that the fear for his life had temporarily been suspended by conscription. The line running through these three bodies of works by Ahmet, Kawara and Çekil, is the quotidian exercise of non-expressive mark-making (whether by hand or by stamps, or by tilting paper) that points to the desire of the artist to register his own experience of living through a specific day or stretch of days, the suggestion that its artistic record is deserving of contemplation and acknowledgement.

In addition to Kawara's quotidian conceptualism, and Çekil's political rootedness in place and time, yet another work comes to mind to add to this constellation, and perhaps bridges the formal difference between Çekil's and Kawara's stamped letters and dates and Ahmet's chosen approach, which embraces chance.

9 This is a suggestion made by Nora Tataryan. Ahmet Doğu İpek, interview with Nora Tataryan, 'Zamanın Kaydını Tutan bir Sergi: Günler', *Agos*, 21 April 2017, <https://www.agos.com.tr/tr/yazi/18312/zamanin-kaydini-tutan-bir-sergi-gunler> (last accessed: 26.02.2024).

10 Çekil's work, now in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and Kawara's *Today* series, as well as his telegrams, were shown together in the exhibition *I Am Still Alive: Politics and Everyday Life in Contemporary Drawing*, curated by Christian Rattemeyer in 2011. On that particular juxtaposition, see Merve Ünsal, <https://m-est.org/2011/04/10/an-encounter-cengiz-cekil-at-moma> (last accessed: 15.03.2024). The On Kawara-Cengiz Çekil associations have been made on numerous prior occasions, including by Necmi Sönmez, Vasif Kortun and Erden Kosova. See Erden Kosova, 'Ateşi Soğutmak', *Cengiz Çekil, 21.08.1945–10.11.2015*, Istanbul, SALT (2020), 96–101.

The series that displays formal as well as conceptual kinship between the blackness of the squares of *Days* would be another monochrome on the opposite end of the colour wheel: Robert Rauschenberg's *White Paintings* of 1951. Famously credited with being the inspiration for his friend and collaborator John Cage's 'silent' composition *4'33'* (1952), the *White Paintings* were described by Cage as 'airports for the lights, shadows, and particles',¹¹ indicating, as in his own *4'33'*, that silence is never silent, and what looks like empty space is always inscribed by time and place. Made as part of Rauschenberg's series of playful statements against Abstract Expressionism, the *White Paintings* showed that even when seemingly void, the surface of the canvas was never neutral. At around the same time that he was working on his *White Paintings*, Rauschenberg had also started to make his *Black Paintings*, produced between 1951 and 1953 (now sometimes characterised as a series, but not conceived as such by the artist at the time). With the *Black Paintings*, made either with matte or glossy black paint, Rauschenberg had started to use newsprint, sometimes revealed through the black paint on the surface of the painting, becoming legible and desecrating the carefully calculated neutrality of the seeming abstraction with the everyday. (He was soon to welcome life fully onto his pictures.) A few years after having made these two series, in 1959, Rauschenberg famously wrote: 'Painting relates to both art and life. Neither can be made. (I try to act in that gap between the two).'¹² I think that Ahmet's *Days* operates in a similar transitory place, suspended between art and life, between abstraction and specificity, between the void and its opposite.

Ahmet's making of *Days* was very much in line with what I will call his stoicism towards life and art, and invoking Cage (for his celebration of the chance element) and Rauschenberg (for his welcoming of the daily into the surface of his work) here would not be out of place. But since the void that *Days* encapsulates allows for it, I choose to inscribe this work with the social and the political, in Rauschenberg's words, the 'life' that happened during their making, to offer one possible reading among many, infusing their making with a socio-political moment that aimed to load them with the task of 'not forgetting'. For me, Ahmet's *Days* embodies the period of Türkiye's recent political rule that infused darkness into the everyday so insidiously since the start of their making, and marks the gradual psychical shifts experienced individually as well as collectively until Ahmet decided to stop the process, making visible the daily experience of societal deterioration that is otherwise only noticeable from a temporal distance.

The quiet presence and insistent repetition of the black squares that make up *Days* echo the speechlessness with which one is left in witnessing indomitable

11 John Cage, 'On Robert Rauschenberg, Artist and his Work', *Silence: Lectures and Writings*, (98-109): 102.

12 'Rauschenberg: Between Art and Life', *MoMA*, No. 2 (Spring, 1977), The Museum of Modern Art, 1-2.

experiences of oppression and violence, experiences once thought impossible, one-upped with each passing month, if not every week or day. A non-autonomous mode of abstraction is inscribed into the series during its making: the black squares that make up *Days* solidify a specific moment, geographically, temporally and politically bound; the series also operates on a platform outside the external expression of a single person, encapsulating a collectively experienced traumatic event and its aftermath. Either taken to represent a void or its opposite, bursting at the seams with what the black squares contain, *Days* acts as an ellipsis, marking out a space for not-forgetting.¹³ I feel obliged to suggest one last kinship for *Days* with another work by Çekil made a year before *Diary*, titled *Iron Earth, Copper Sky* (1975/2010). The work comprises three small metal plates, in the shape of a square – which the artist deemed ‘the icon of the the 20th century’¹⁴ – stacked but hovering on top of each other with thin rods piercing and bolted through each corner and holding them together. The lower of the three plates is iron, the middle is mica, with resistors implanted into its thin skin, and the top, copper. When plugged in, the resistors heat up, creating an orange glow with a menacing aura. Contrary to what is commonly assumed, Çekil did not name the piece after the famous novel by Yaşar Kemal that depicts the remains of feudalism and the rough lives of cotton pickers in southeast Türkiye. He used a wise idiom that he heard from a villager he came across while teaching in Van as the prescription for the work itself. The villager had employed the metaphor ‘iron earth, copper sky’ to describe his own life, which was tough, and allowed for no choice, as in ‘between a rock and a hard place’. In Ahmet’s work and its possible readings, these black squares, or rather, this ‘noise’ that is between the earth and the sky, does not evoke a sense of unresolvable oppression. Rather, it is closer in sensibility to a keen awareness of our transience in comparison to that of the earth; it almost sees the chaos created by us as insignificant in the face of natural powers. The range of Ahmet’s chosen subject matter, which covers the earth under our feet as well as the stars above, points to a view taken from a distance. It puts the time-scale of the earth and the sky as well as their sublimity before us, so that we are cognisant of the relative scale of our own human lives.

Not insignificantly, one of the works that Ahmet made following this period, *From Faraway and Always* (2020–22) focuses on a larger-scale event, or what one might call force majeure, again invoking the vastness of the universe, with an eye for the stars above us, and especially our reliance on the one closest to us, the sun. This work was made with a methodology of material investigation

steeped in chance, similar to *Days*. By relinquishing agency (that of humankind as well as that of the artist), it underlines what one sometimes calls an ‘accident’, letting greater powers or circumstance take the credit. Following the black squares closely, this process of chance resulted in perfectly haloed pitch-black circles depicting a hundred eclipses of the sun, caused by a volcanic eruption on a fantastical albino island. But that is another story.

© p. 234–246

¹³ I borrow this term from the title of my professor Rosalyn Deutsche’s latest book, *Not Forgetting: Contemporary Art and the Interrogation of Mastery* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2022).

¹⁴ Erden Kosova (2020): 60. See also Nisa Ari, ‘On Cengiz Çekil—Iron Earth, Copper Sky’, m-est.org, 16 July 2018, <https://m-est.org/2018/07/16/on-cengiz-cekil-iron-earth-copper-sky/> (last accessed: 10.06.2024).





Border of Time
2018
Neues Museum Nürnberg, Germany
Photo: Annette Kradisch