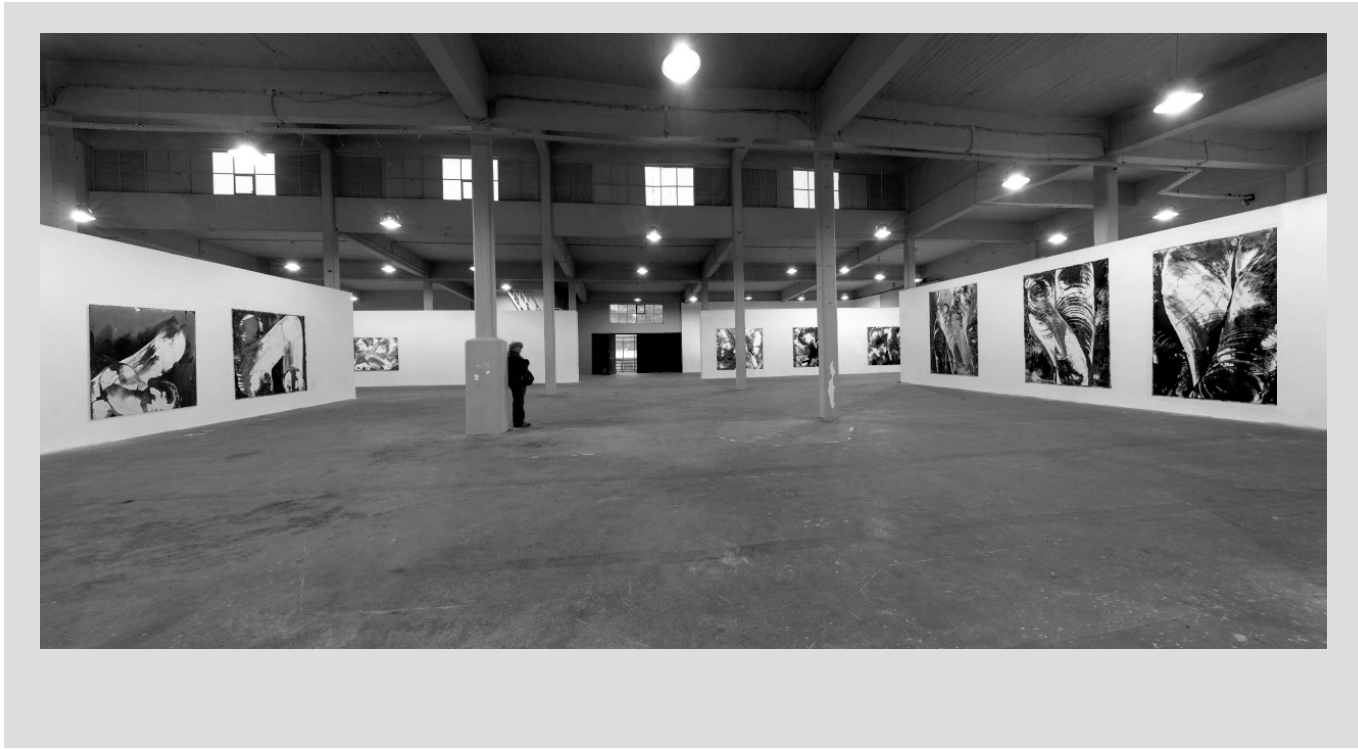




KEMAL ÖNSOY

ANTREPO.3 EXHIBITION 2013

KEMAL ÖN SOY



KEMAL ÖNSOY

ANTREPO.3 EXHIBITION
ISTANBUL, 2013

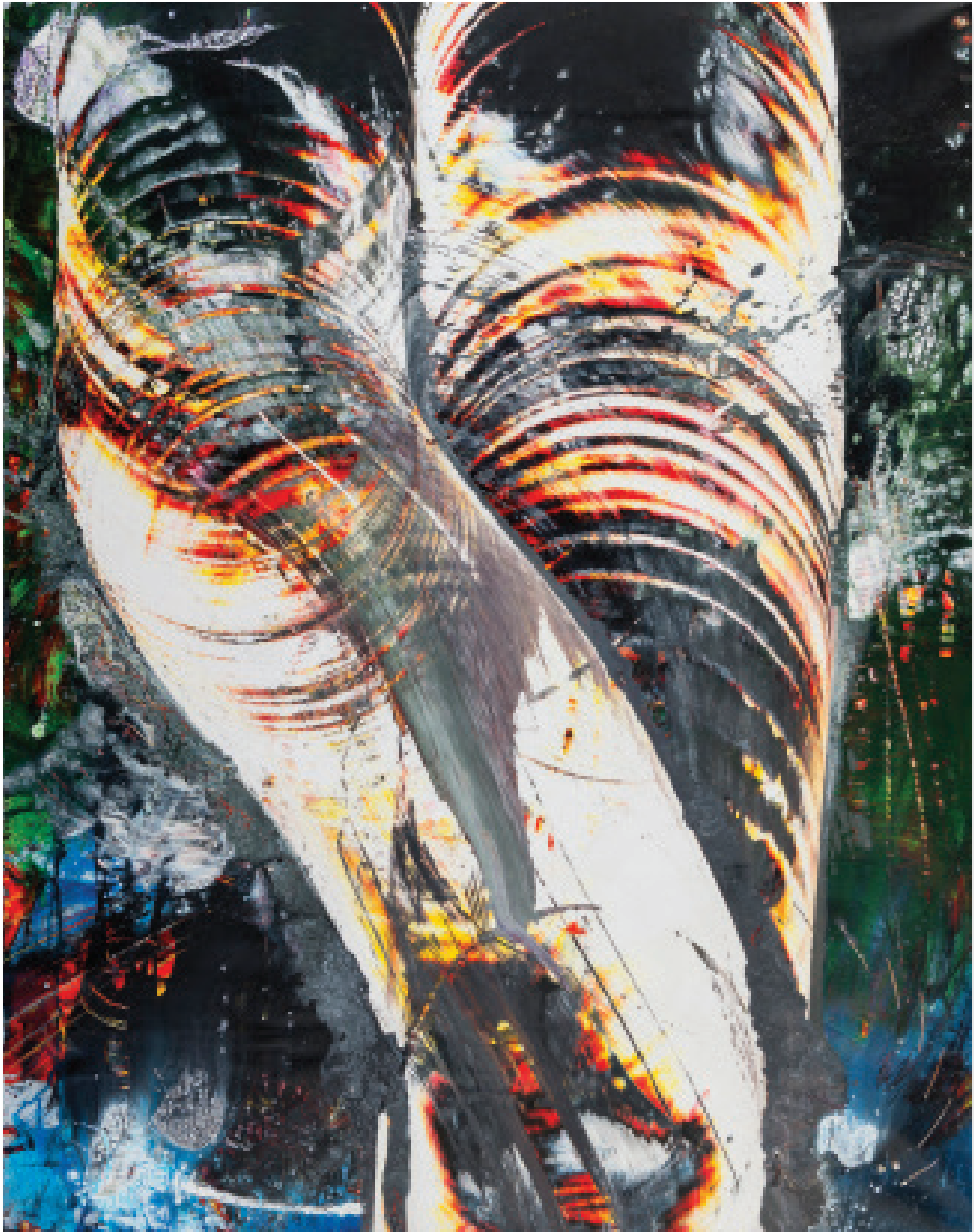
Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
265 x 210 cm (104 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
265 x 210 cm (104 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
265 x 210 cm (104 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
280 x 210 cm (110 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
285 x 210 cm (112 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
210 x 170 cm (82 x 66 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



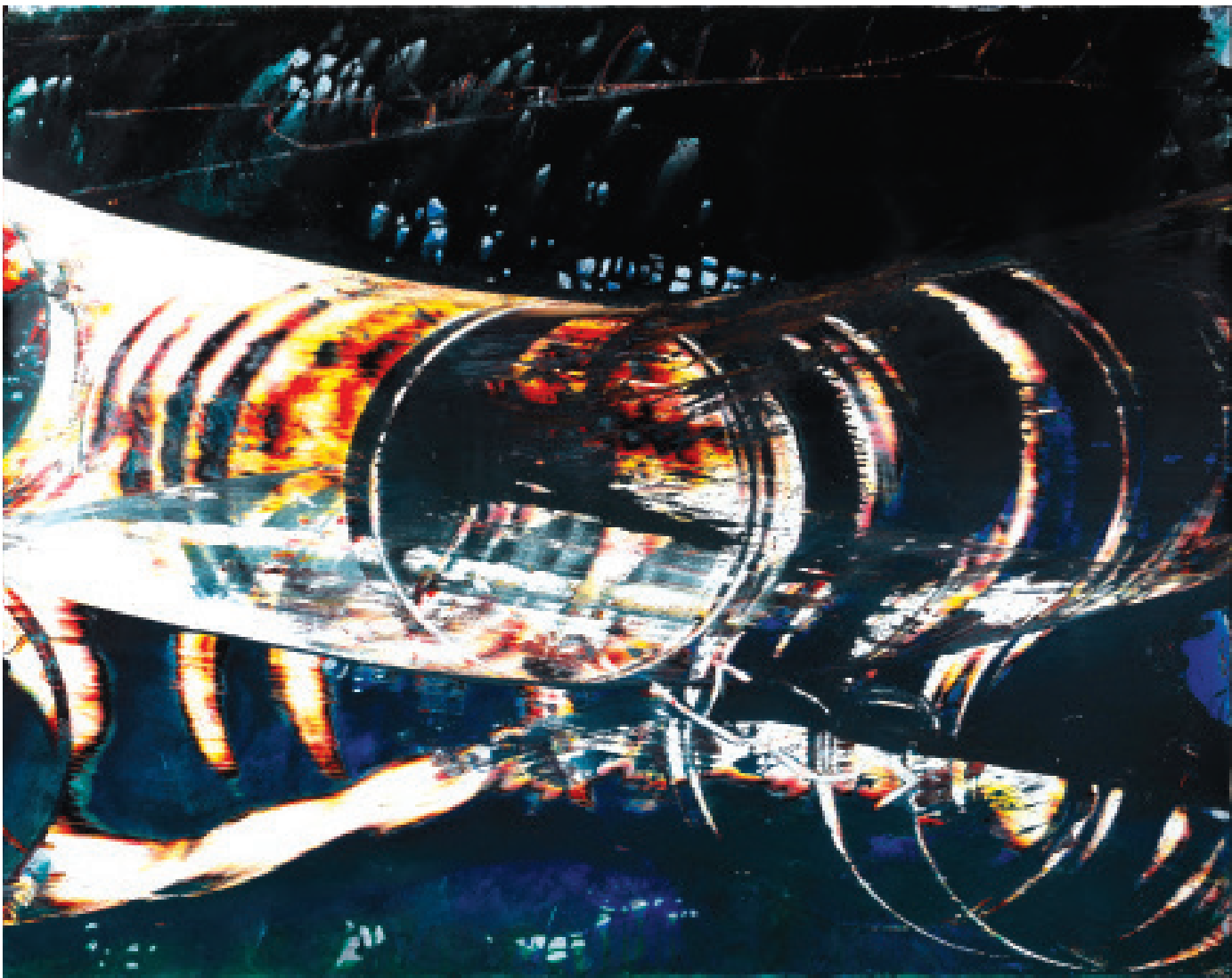
Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
160 x 210 cm (63 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

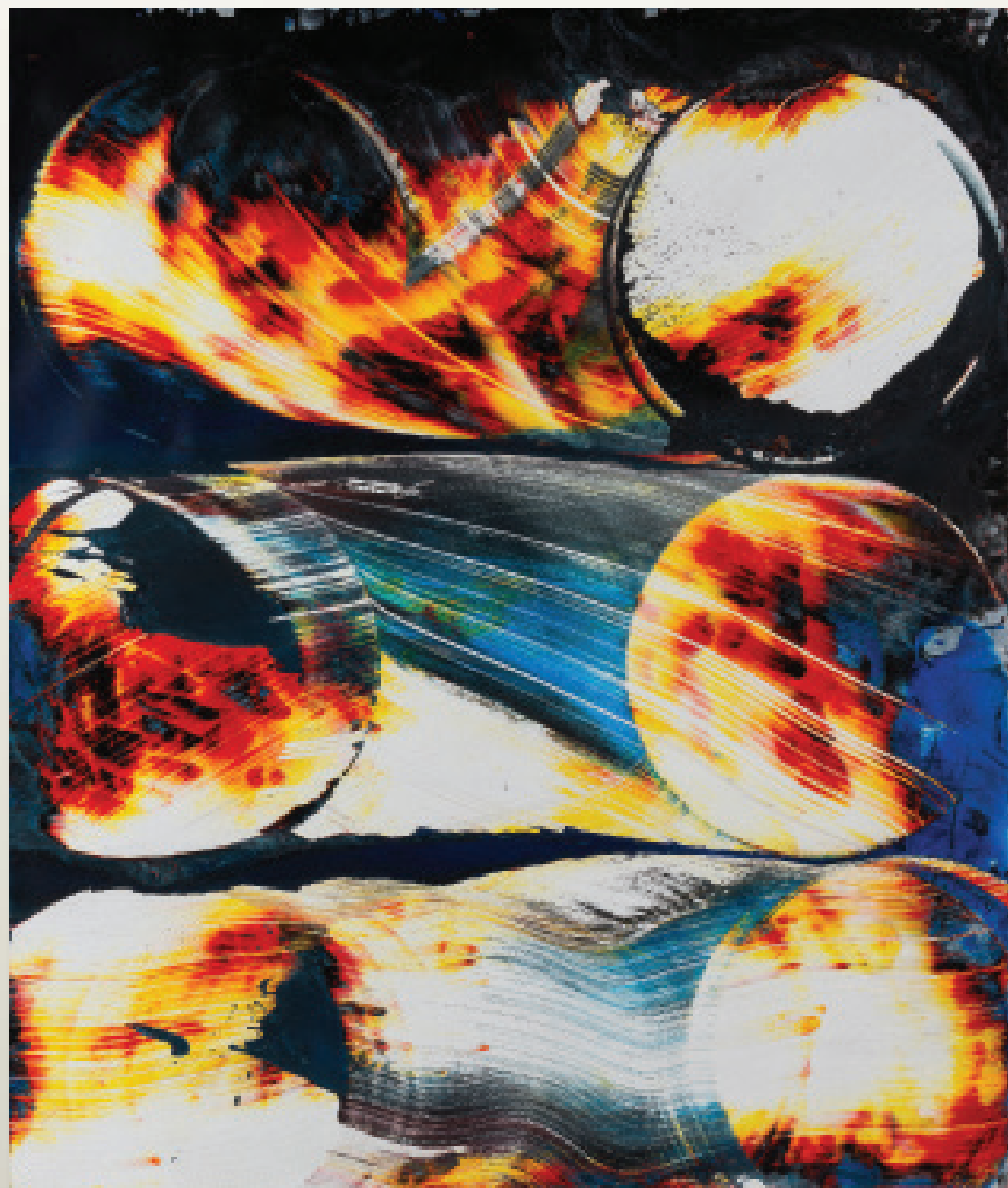


Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
190 x 160 cm (74 x 62 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
198 x 250 cm (77 x 98 inches)
Acrylic on canvas





Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
223 x 190 cm (87 x 75 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
198 x 250 cm (78 x 98 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
198 x 235 cm (78 x 92 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
198 x 235 cm (78 x 92 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
198 x 235 cm (78 x 92 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
250 x 198 cm (98 x 78 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



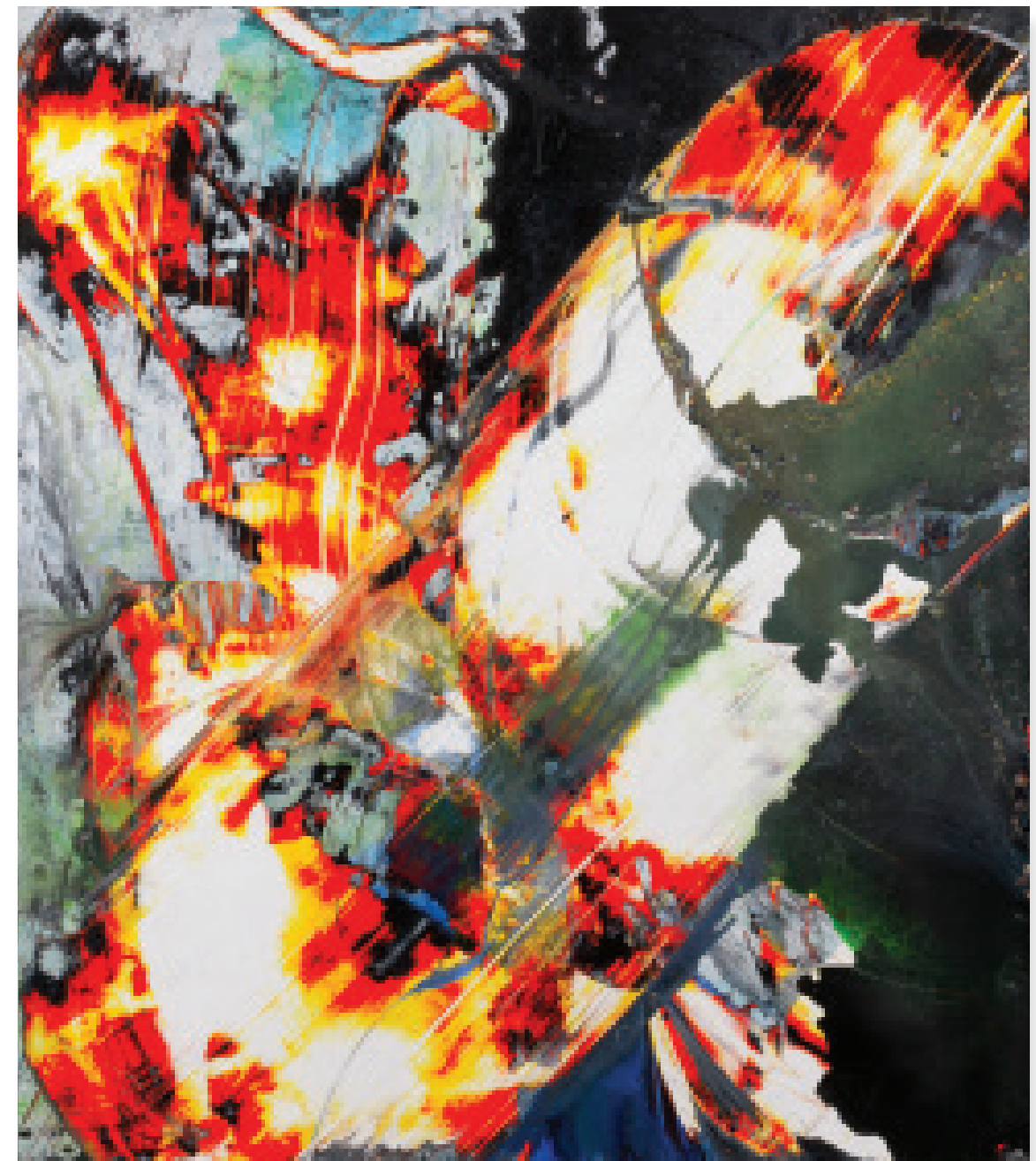


Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
150 x 180 cm (59 x 71 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
195 x 223 cm (76 x 88 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
223 x 195 cm (88 x 77 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
197 x 235 cm (77 x 92 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
225 x 196 cm (88 x 77 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Everywhere Simultaneously, 2013
198 x 236 cm (80 x 93 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Anabasis 1, 2012
290 x 360 cm (114 x 142 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



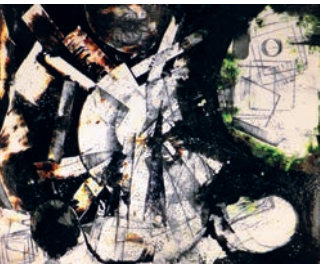
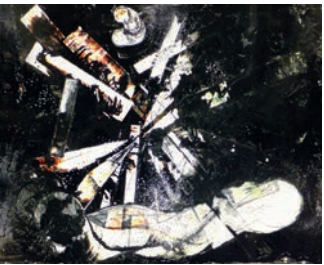
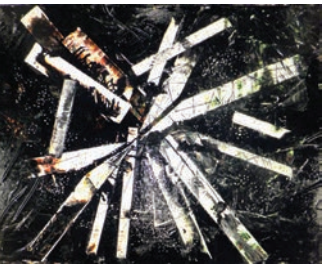
Anabasis 2, 2012
290 x 360 cm (114 x 142 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Anabasis 5, 2012
300 x 292 cm (118 x 115 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Anabasis 4, 2012
290 x 360 cm (114 x 142 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Anabasis 11, 2012
210 x 280 cm (82 x 110 inches)
Acrylic on canvas





Untitled , 2011
107 x 95 cm (42 x 37 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

Untitled , 2011
107 x 93 cm (42 x 36 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

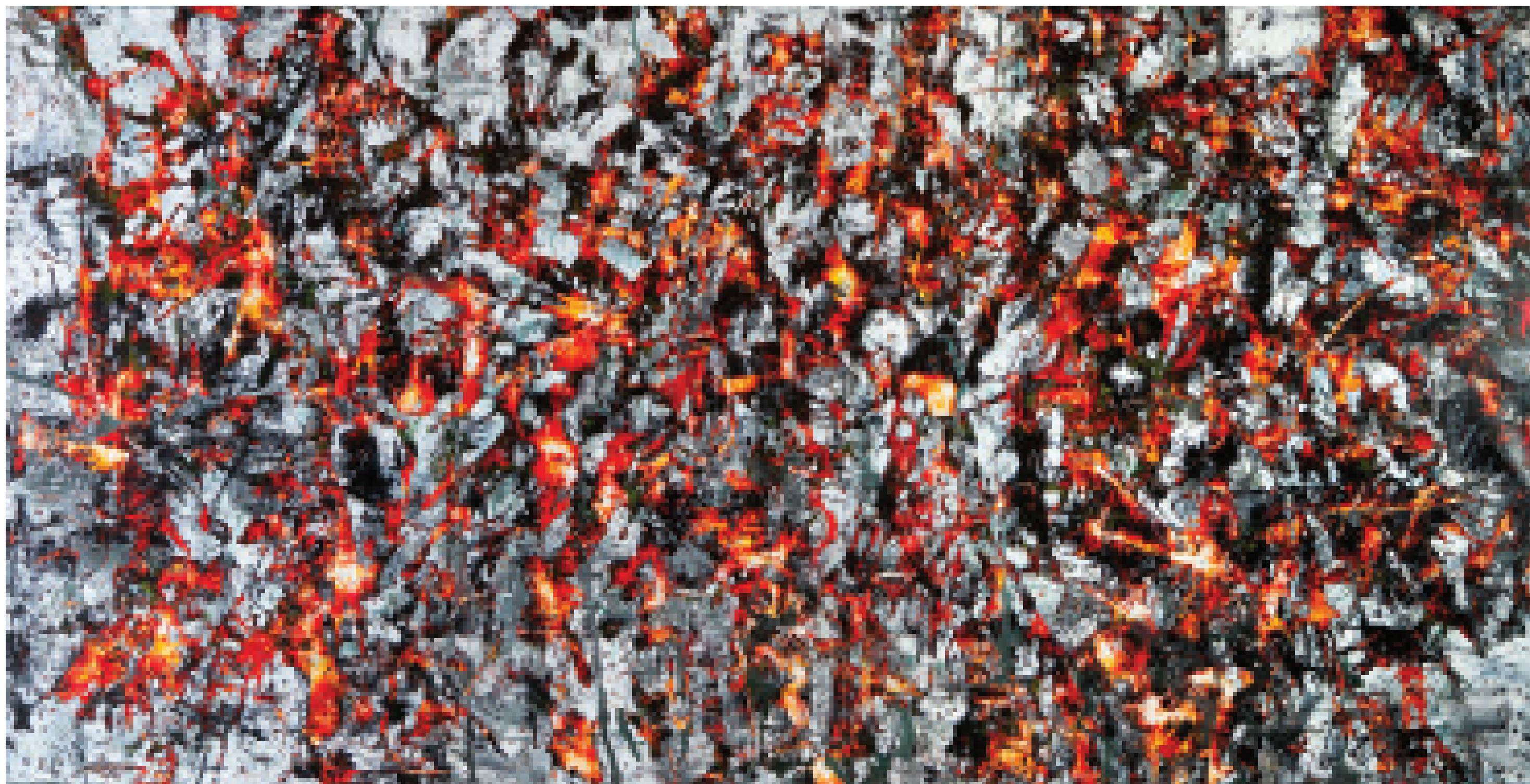
No 5, 2011
280 x 550 cm (110 x 216 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



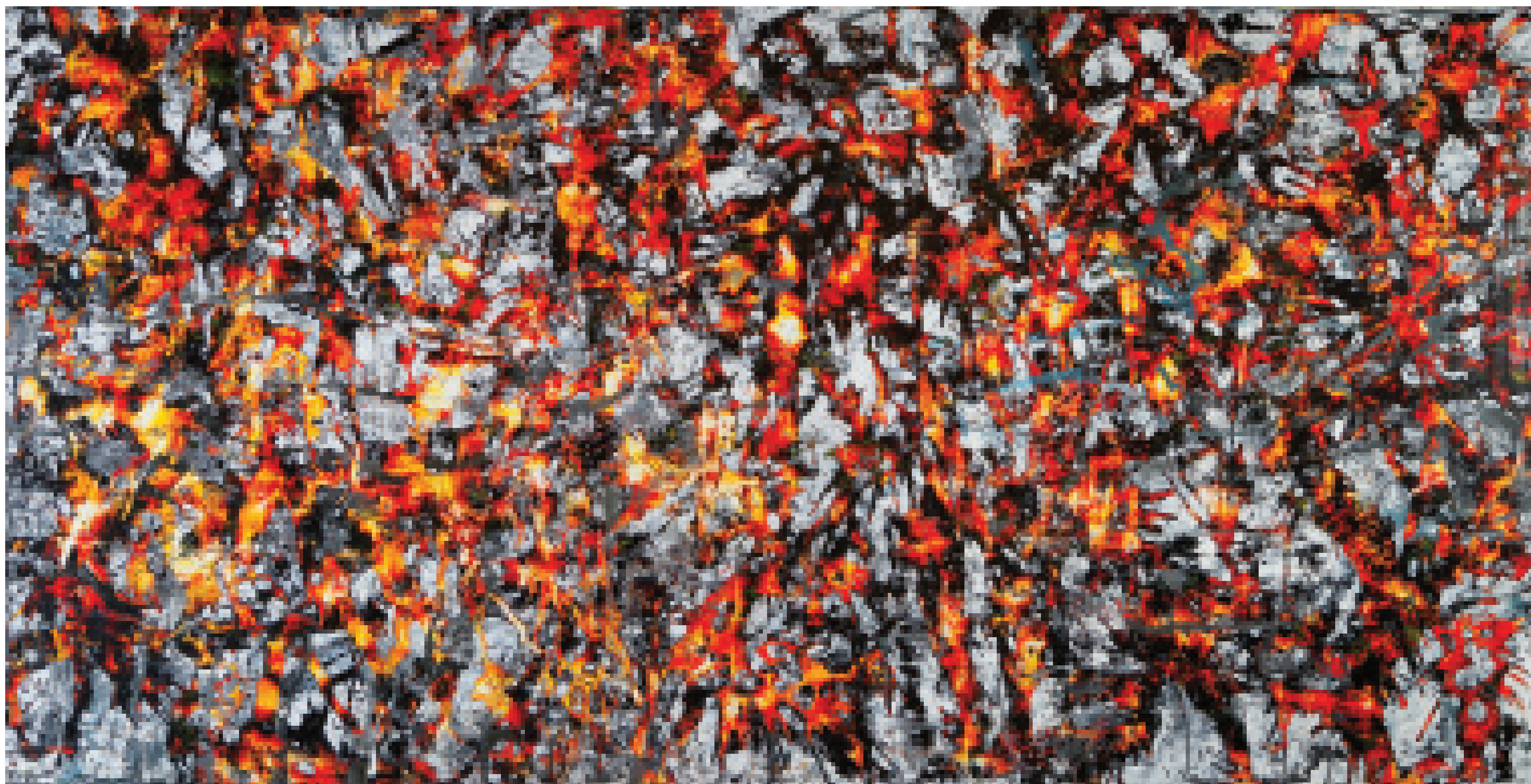
No 4, 2011
280 x 550 cm (110 x 216 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



No 3, 2011
280 x 550 cm (110 x 216 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



No 2, 2011
280 x 550 cm (110 x 216 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Century, 2011
300 x 140 cm (118 x 55 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

Century, 2011
300 x 140 cm (118 x 55 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Century, 2011
300 x 140 cm (118 x 55 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Century, 2011
280 x 120 cm (110 x 47 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

Century, 2011
280 x 105 cm (110 x 41 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

Century, 2011
280 x 120 cm (110 x 47 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Century, 2011
281 x 123 cm (110 x 48 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Century, 2011
107 x 97 cm (42 x 38 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



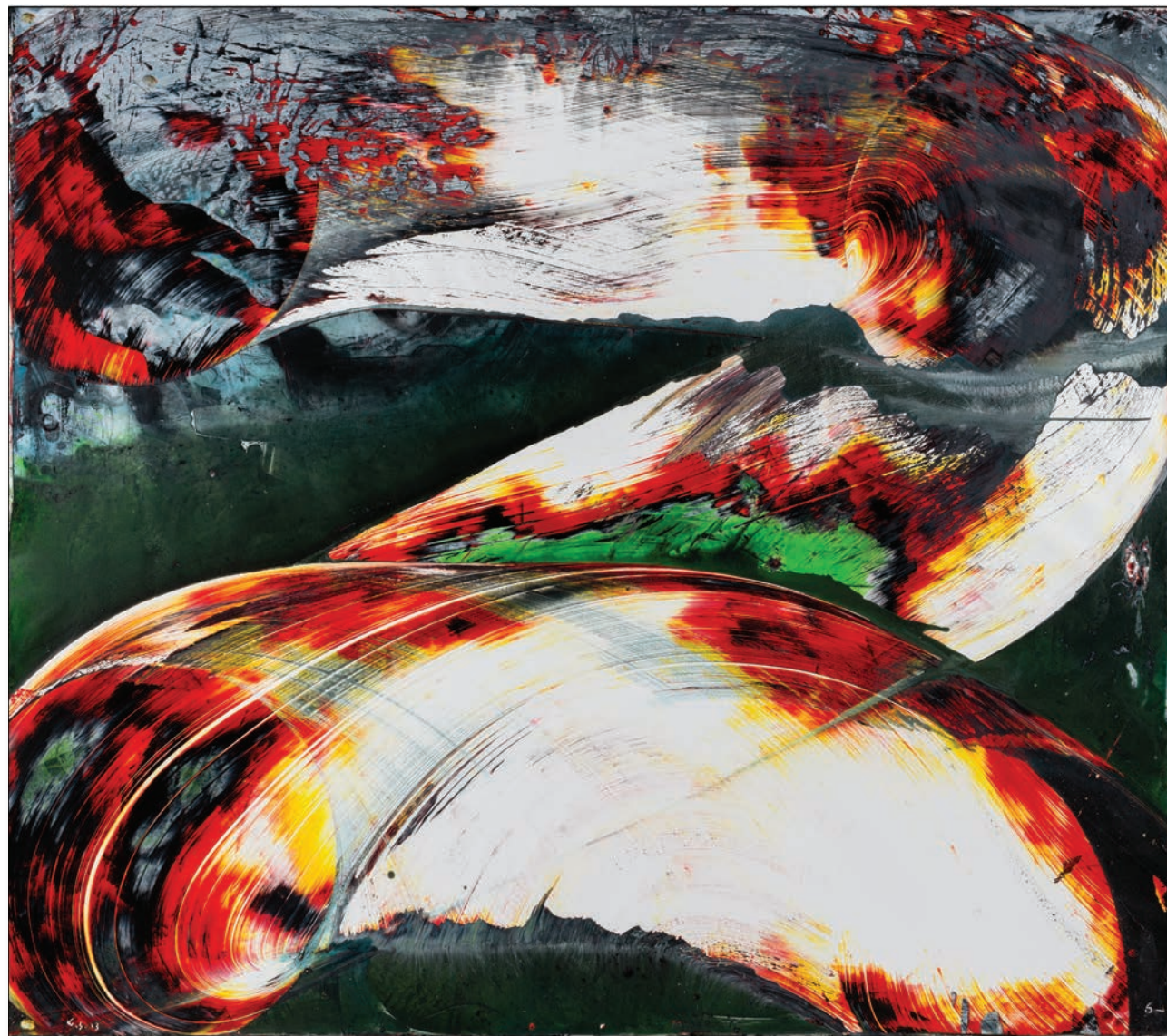
Century, 2011
280 x 149 cm (110 x 58 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

Century, 2011
280 x 140 cm (110 x 55 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

Century, 2011
280 x 103 cm (110 x 40 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Maritime Ode , 2013
144 x 180 cm (56 x 71 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Maritime Ode , 2013
160 x 190 cm (63 x 75 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Maritime Ode, 2013
180 x 210 cm (70 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Maritime Ode, 2013
196 x 224 cm (77 x 88 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Maritime Ode , 2013
180 x 210 cm (70 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



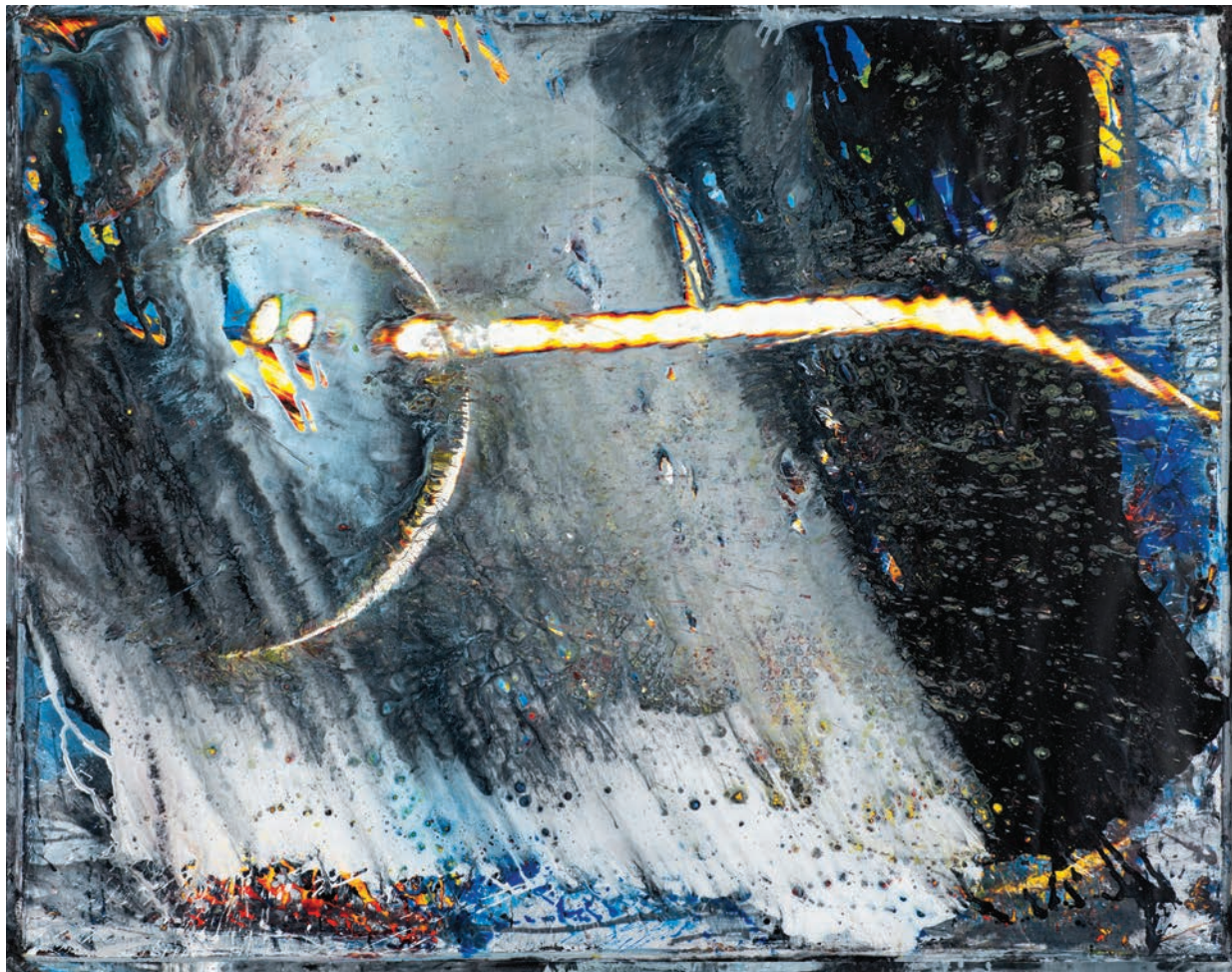
Maritime Ode , 2013
180 x 210 cm (70 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Maritime Ode , 2013
100 x 130 cm (39 x 51 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Maritime Ode , 2014
150 x 192 cm (59 x 75 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Angels, 2013
210 x 180 cm (82 x 71 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Angels, 2013
215 x 194 cm (84 x 76 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



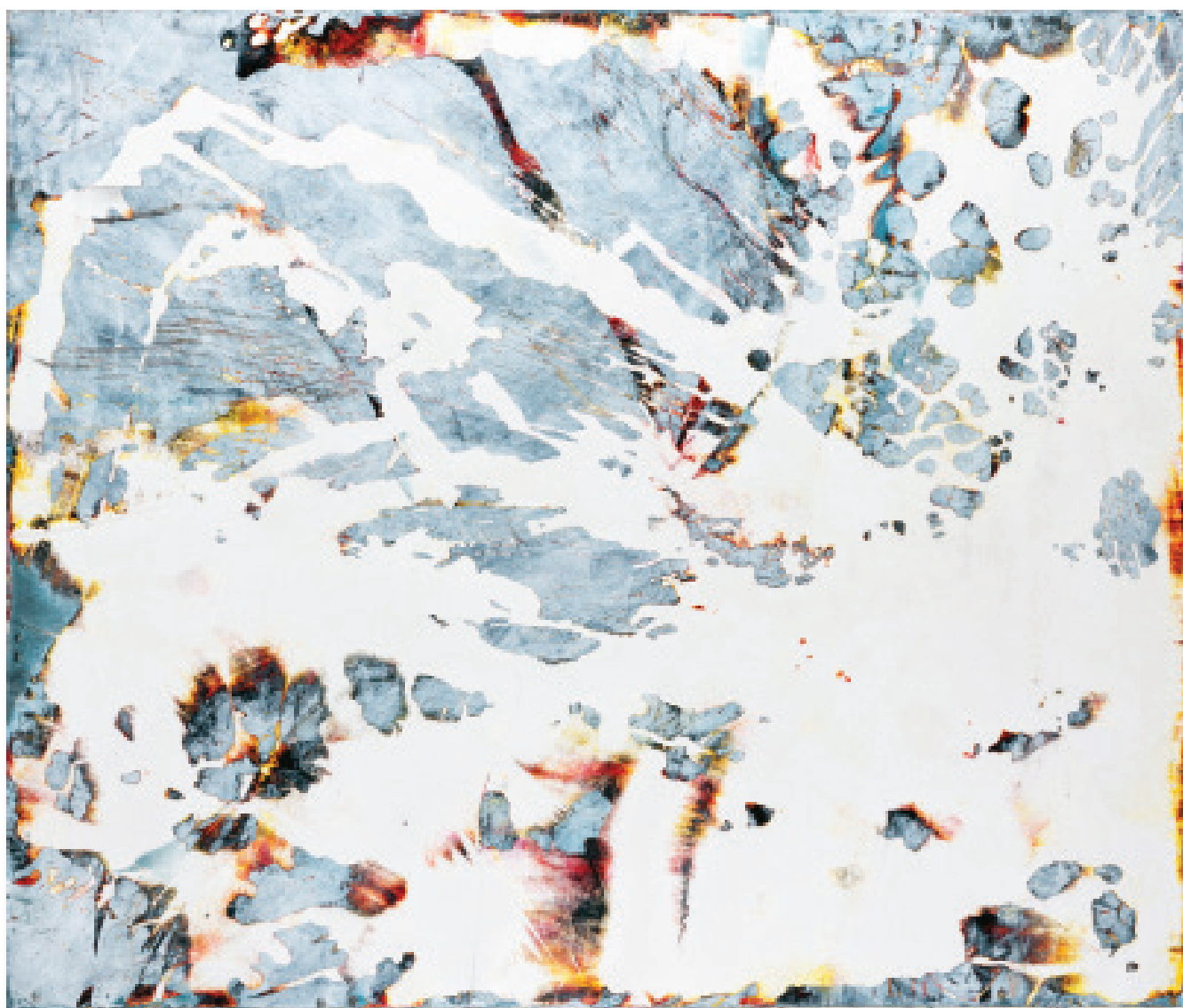
Angels, 2013
215 x 194 cm (84 x 76 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Angels, 2013
198 x 235 cm (78 x 92 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Angels, 2013
198 x 223 cm (78 x 88 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Angels, 2013
234 x 198 cm (92 x 78 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Angels, 2013
229 x 189 cm (90 x 74 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Stretto, 2013
140 x 209 cm (55 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Stretto, 2013
150 x 209 cm (59 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Stretto, 2013
140 x 209 cm (55 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



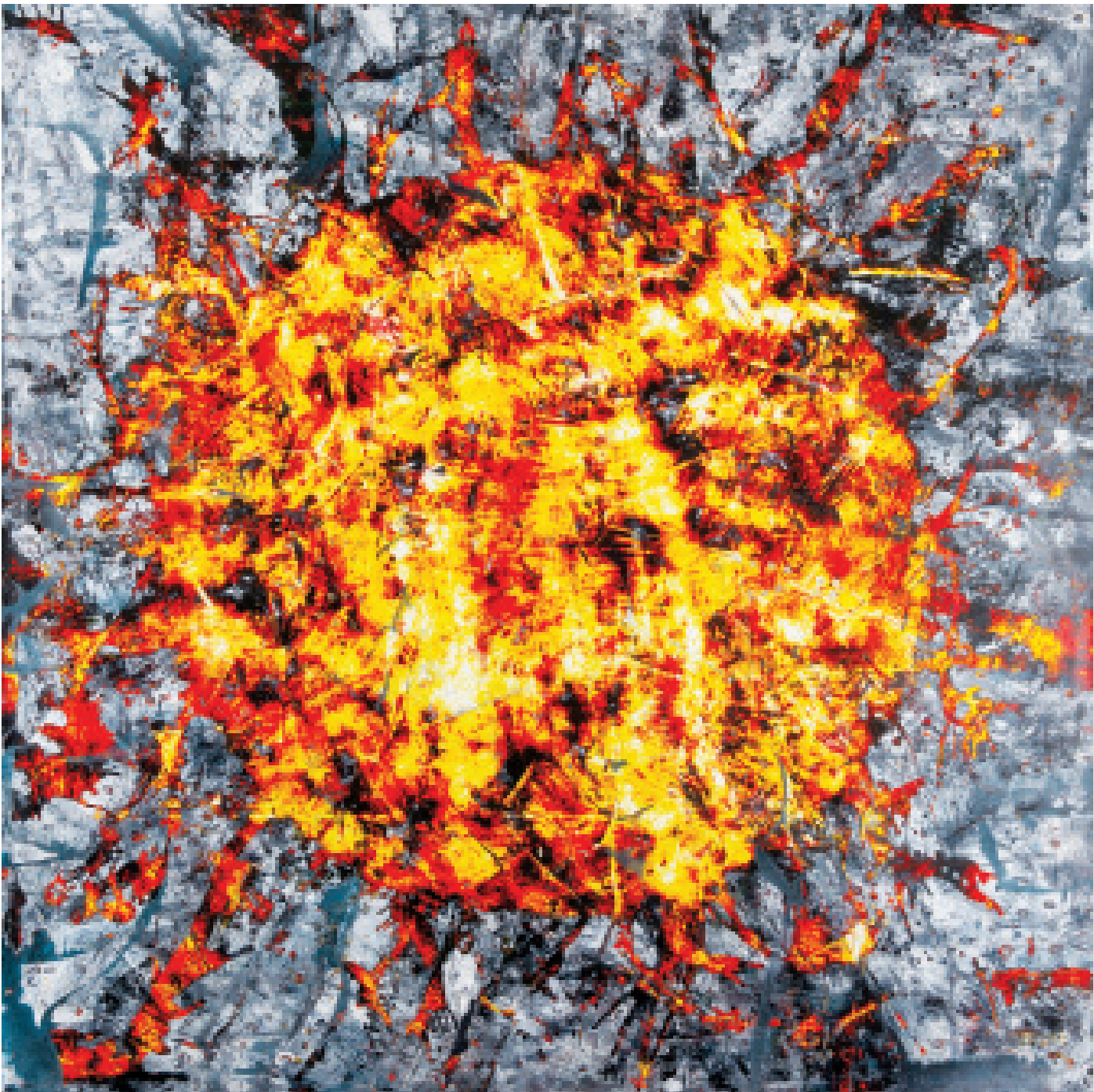
Stretto, 2013
140 x 210 cm (55 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



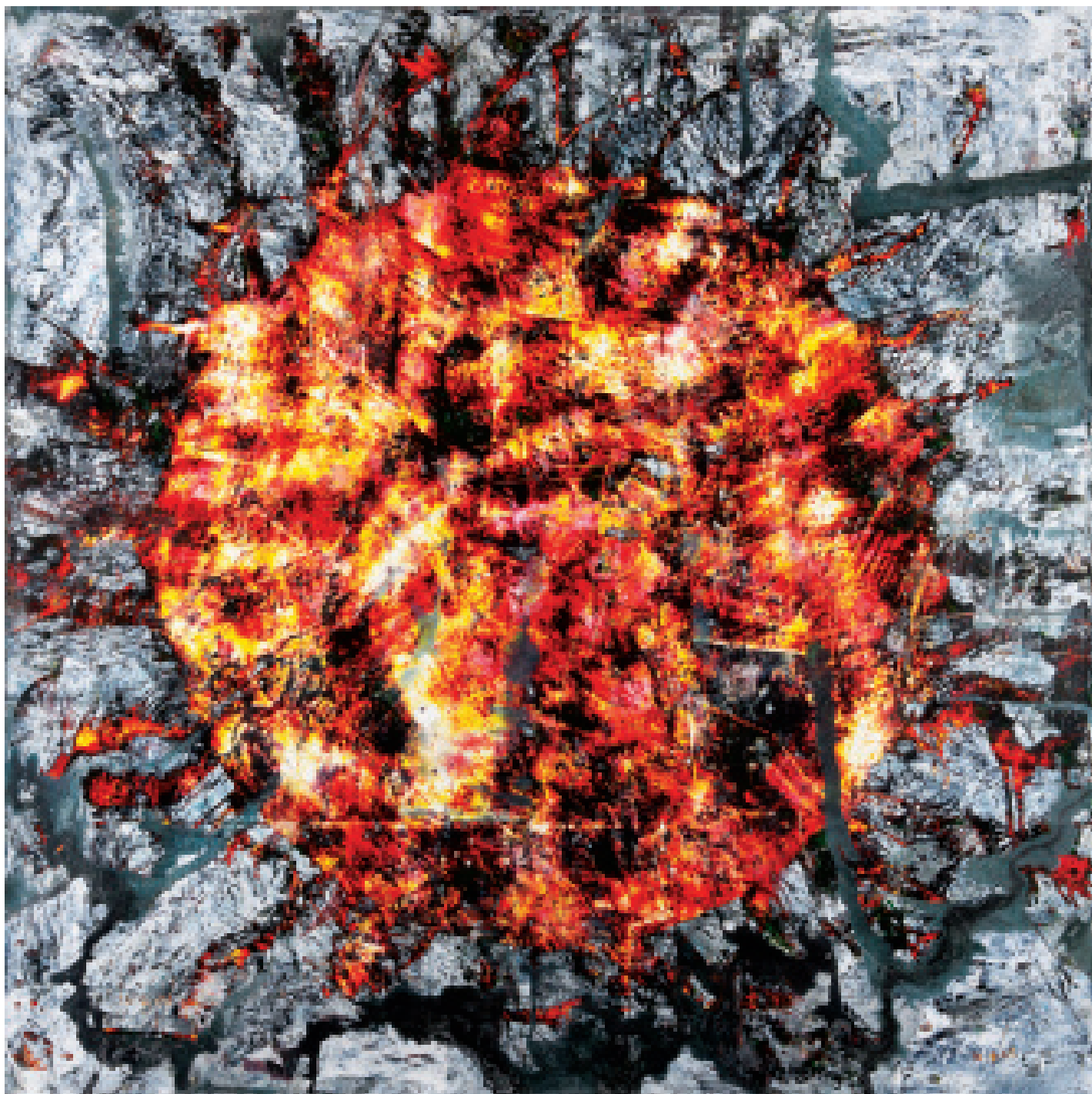
Stretto, 2013
140 x 208 cm (55 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



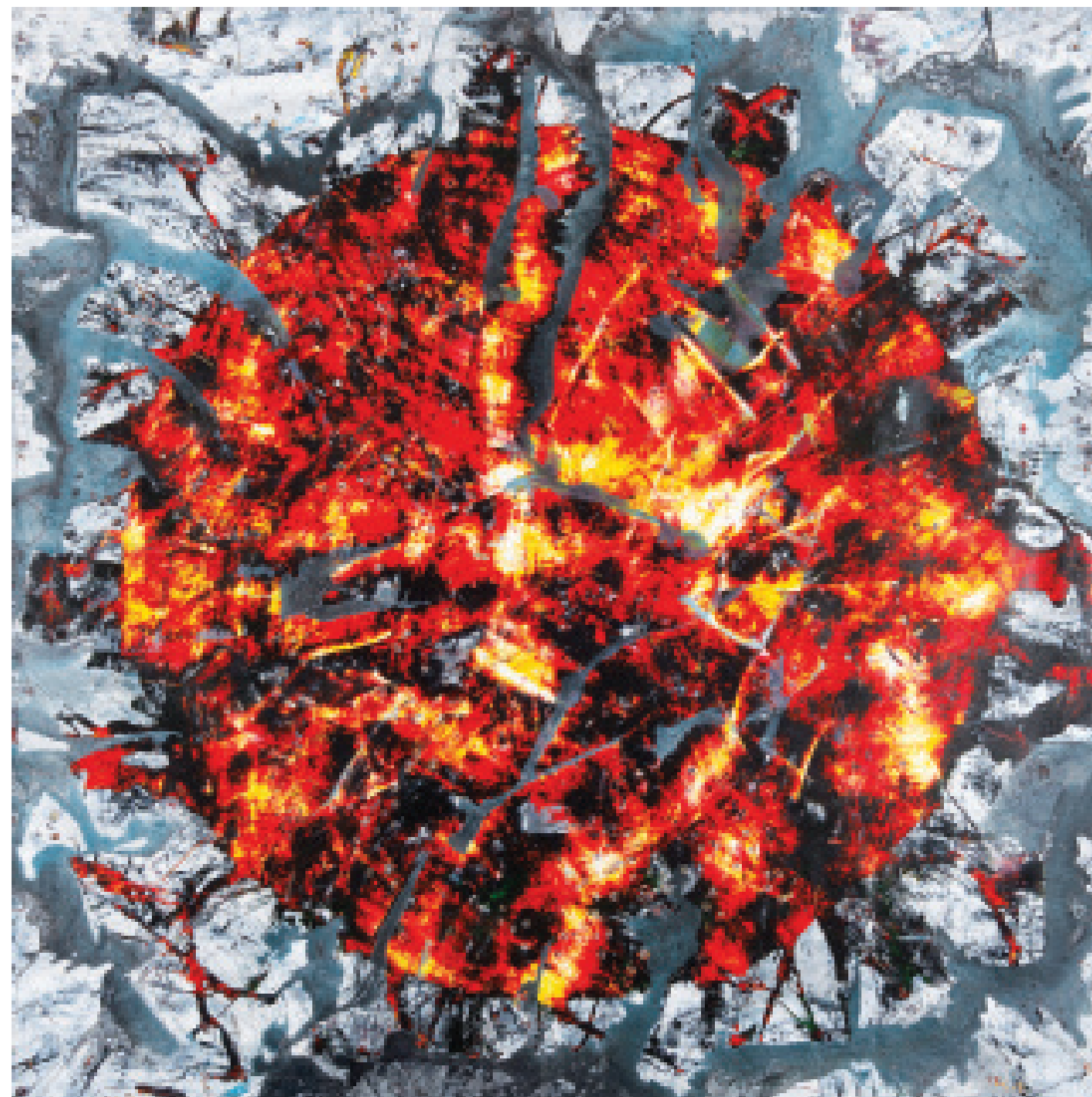
Come, we are amazed at you, Sun! You have told us such lies!, 2012
278 x 278 cm (109 x 109 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Come, we are amazed at you, Sun! You have told us such lies!, 2012
278 x 278 cm (109 x 109 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Come, we are amazed at you, Sun! You have told us such lies!, 2012
278 x 278 cm (109 x 109 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Come, we are amazed at you, Sun! You have told us such lies!, 2012
210 x 210 cm (82 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

Kemal Önsoy "Dan Lynch"* Series, 1991

216 x 183 cm (85 x 72 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

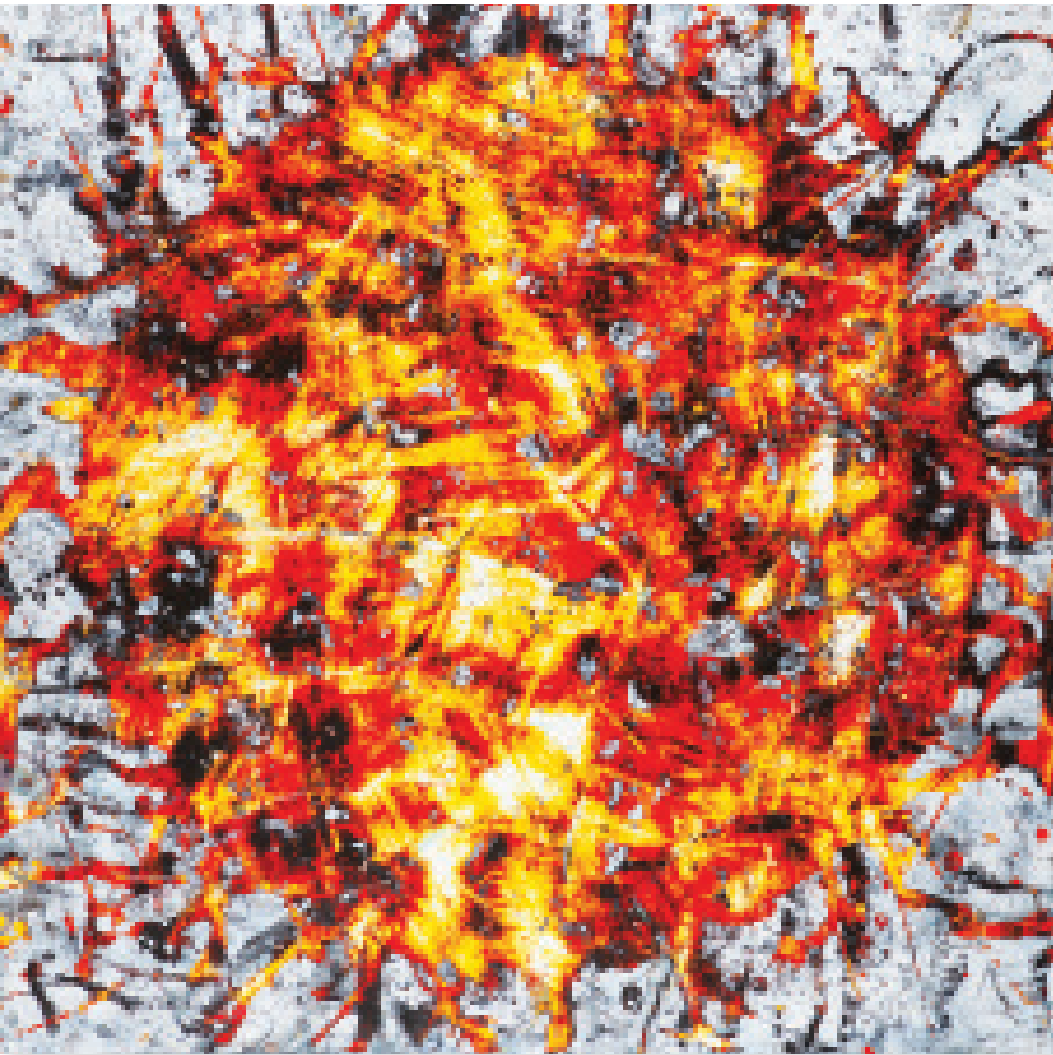
212 x 183 cm (83 x 72 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

212 x 183 cm (83 x 72 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

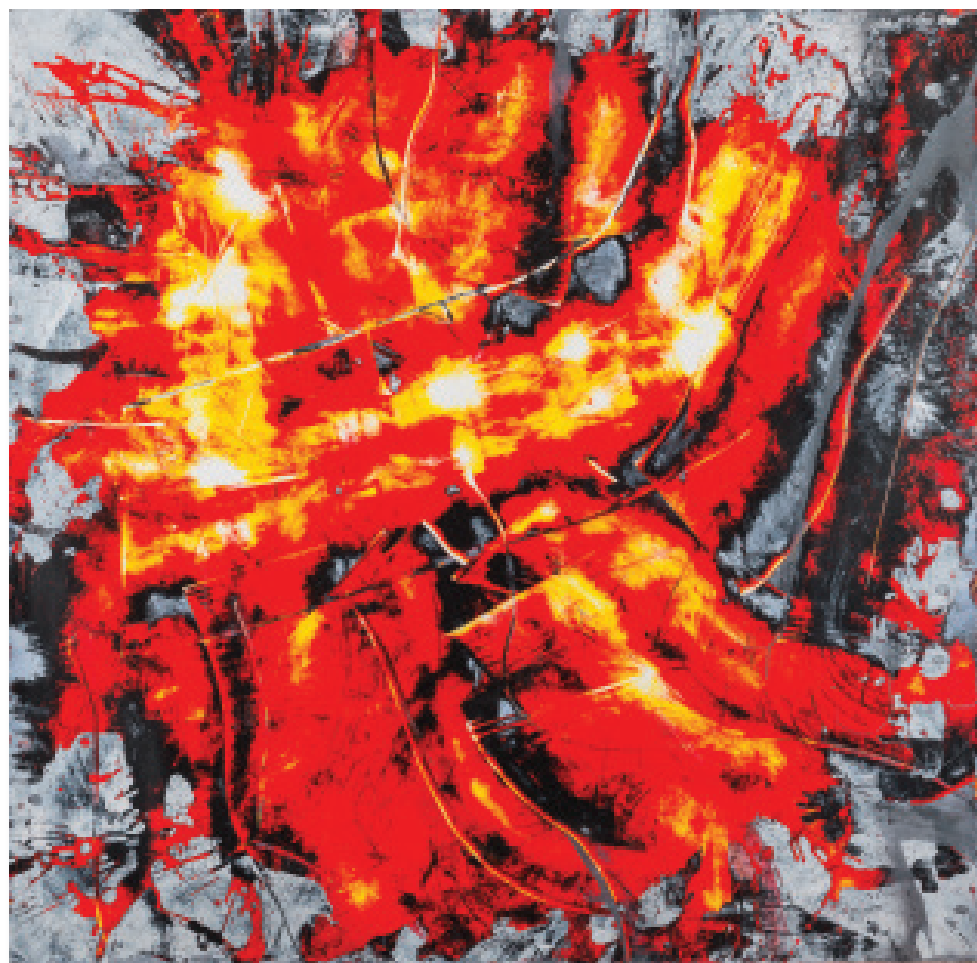
212 x 183 cm (83 x 72 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

212 x 183 cm (83 x 72 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

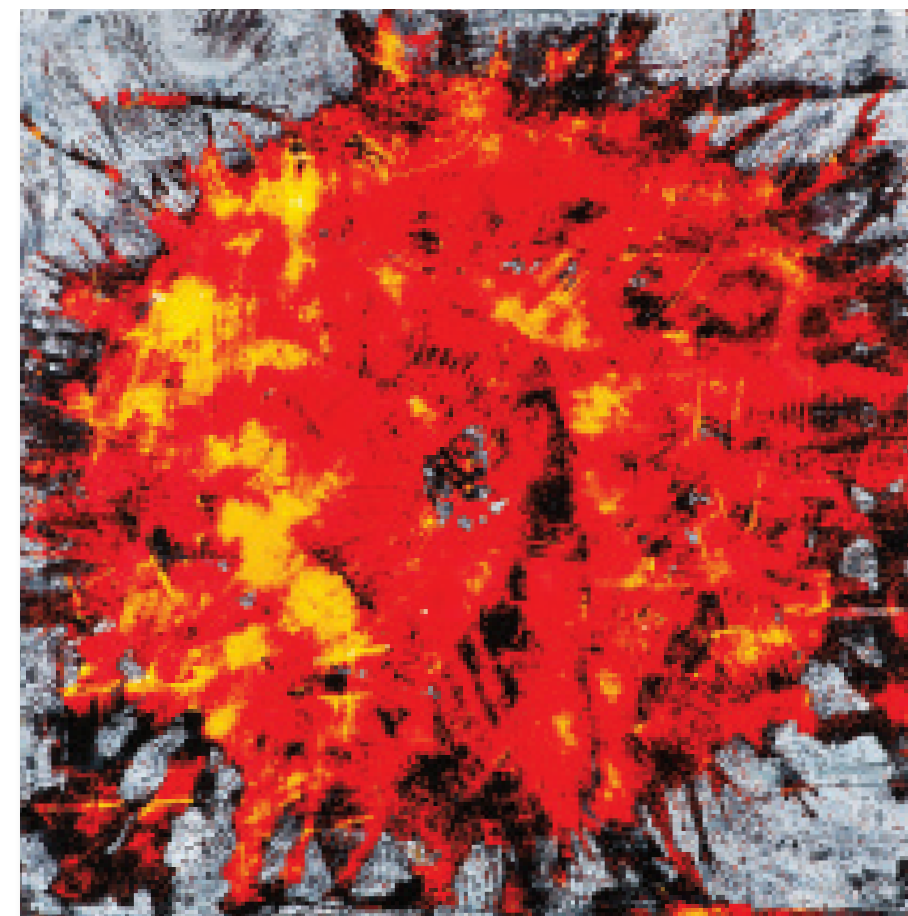
*Dan Lynch Bar, New York



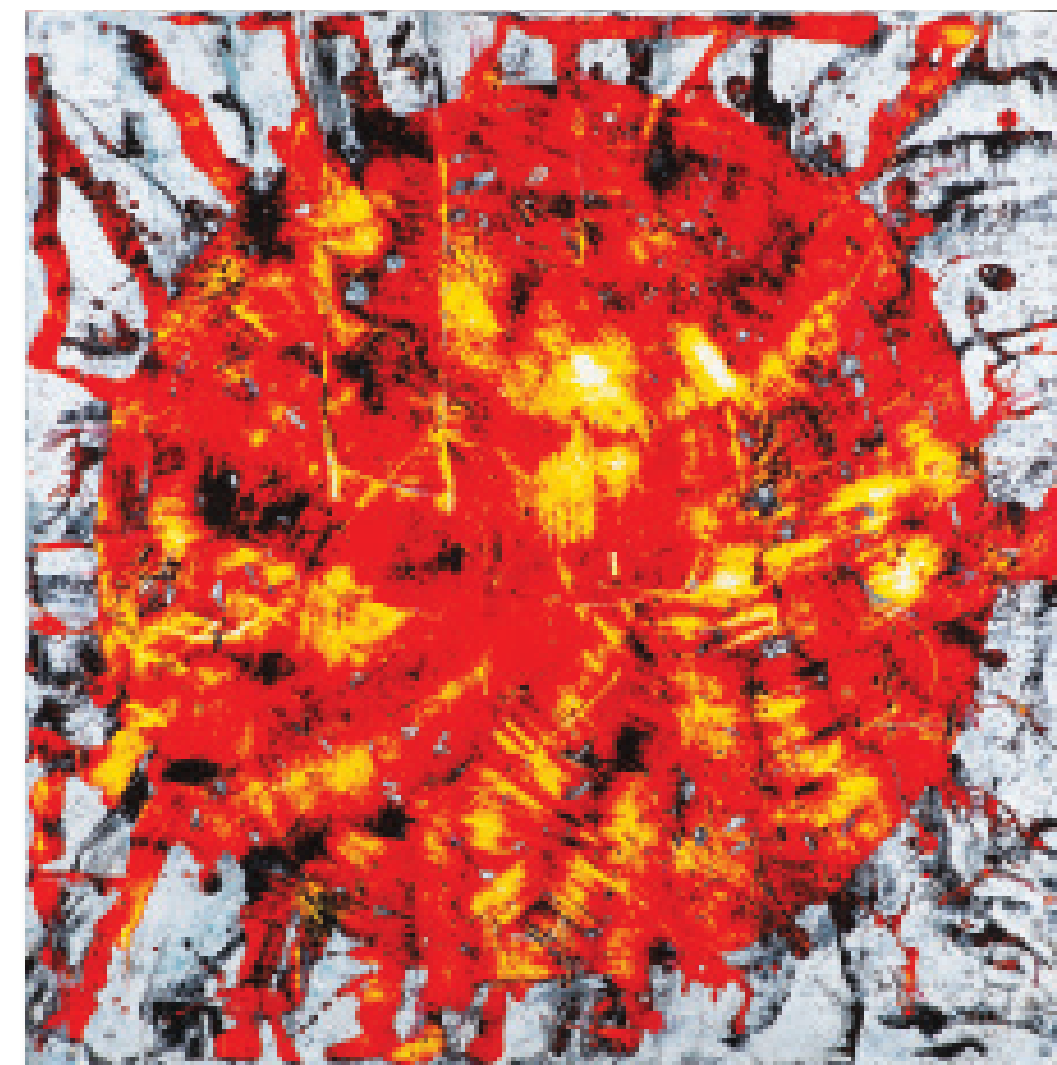
Come, we are amazed at you, Sun! You have told us such lies!, 2011
190 x 195 cm (75 x 77 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Come, we are amazed at you, Sun! You have told us such lies!, 2011
180 x 180 cm (71 x 71 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Come, we are amazed at you, Sun! You have told us such lies!, 2012
210 x 210 cm (82 x 82 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



Come, we are amazed at you, Sun! You have told us such lies!, 2012
300 x 300 cm (118 x 118 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

Kemal Önsoy "Dan Lynch"* Series, 1991

212 x 183 cm (83 x 72 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

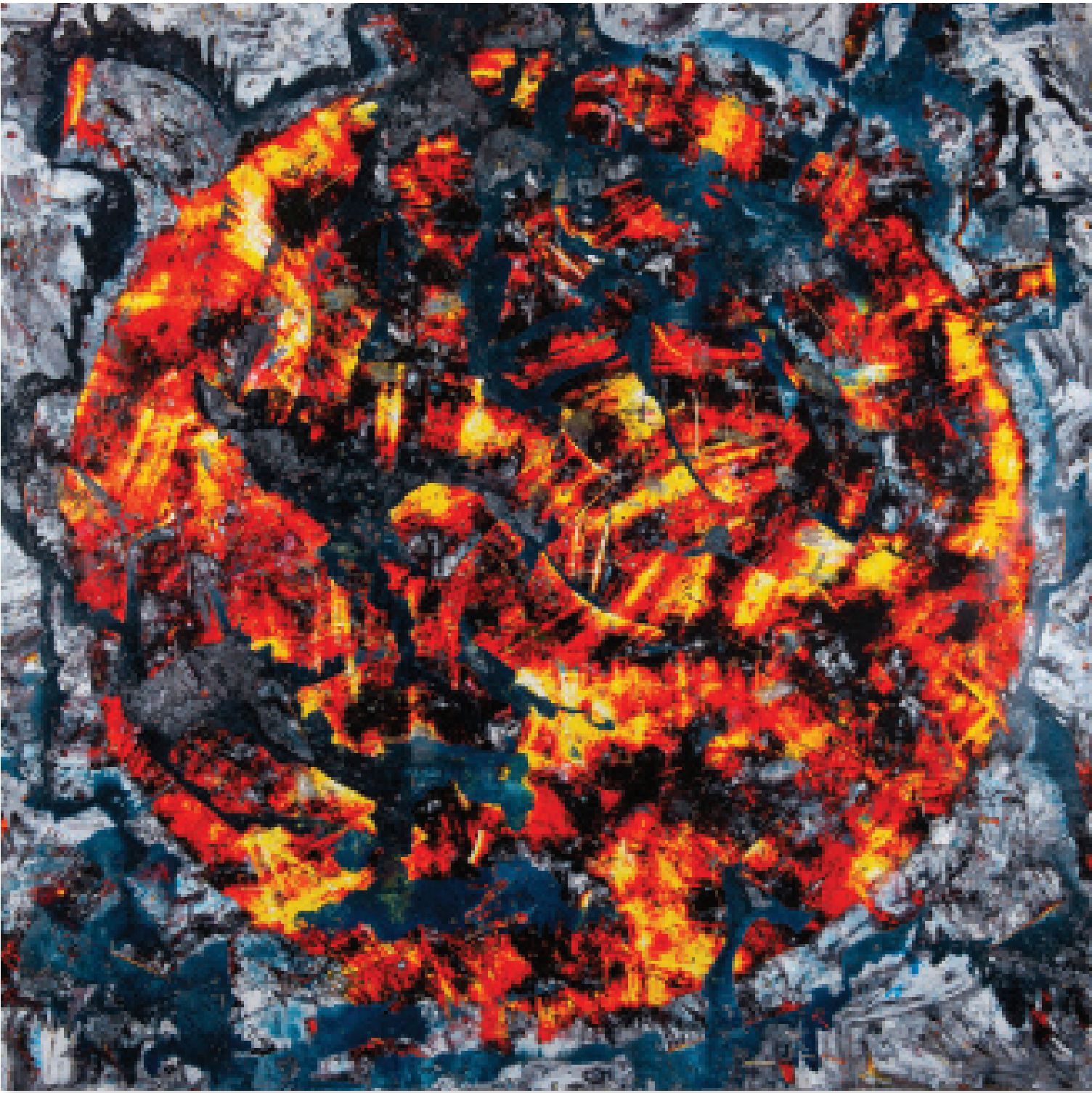
212 x 183 cm (83 x 72 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

212 x 183 cm (83 x 72 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

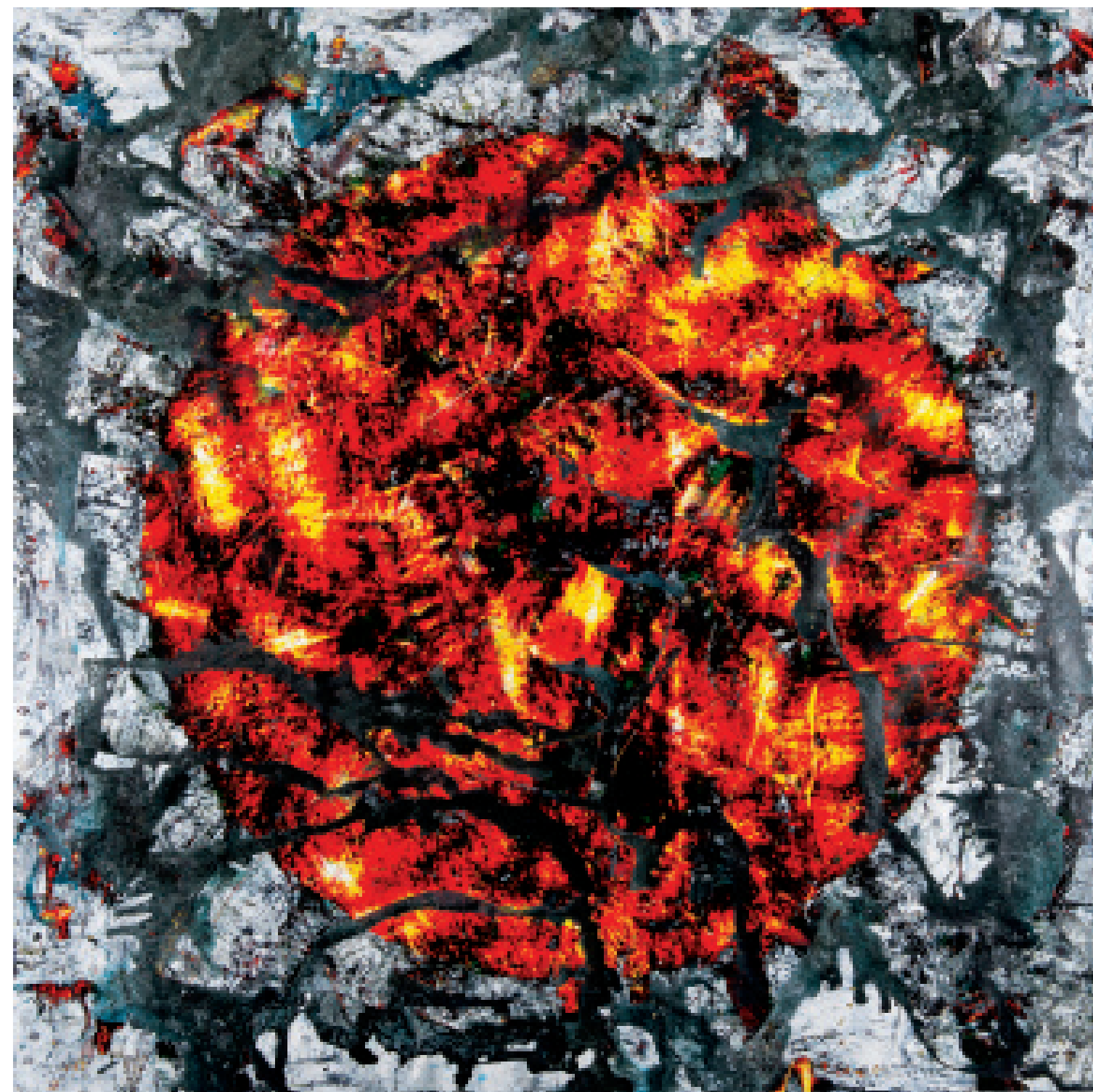
212 x 183 cm (83 x 72 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

212 x 183 cm (83 x 72 inches)
Acrylic on canvas

*Dan Lynch Blues Bar, New York



Come, we are amazed at you, Sun! You have told us such lies!, 2012
300 x 300 cm (118 x 118 inches)
Acrylic on canvas



STRETTO (1958)

TAKEN OFF into
the terrain
with the unmistakable trace:

Grass, written asunder. The stones, white
with the grassblades' shadows:
Read no more—look!
Look no more—go!

Go, your hour
has no sisters, you are—
are at home. Slowly a wheel
rolls out of itself, the spokes
clamber,
clamber on the blackened field, night
needs no stars, nowhere
are you asked after.

•
Nowhere
are you asked after-

The place where they lay, it has
a name—it has
none. They did not lie there. Something
lay between them. They
did not see through it.

Did not see, no,
spoke of
words. Not one
awoke,
sleep
came over them.

•
Came, came. Nowhere
asked-

I'm the one, I,
I lay between you, I was
open, was
audible, I ticked toward you, your breath
obeyed, I
am still the one, and
you're sleeping.

•
Am still the one-

Years.
Years, years, a finger
gropes down and up, gropes
all around:
sutures, palpable, here
it gapes wide open, here
it grew back together - who
covered it up?

• Covered it
up—who?

Came, came.
Came a word, came,
came through the night,
would glisten, would glisten.

Ashes.
Ashes, ashes.
Night.
Night-and-night.—Go
to the eye, to the moist one.

• Go
to the eye,
to the moist one -

Hurricanes.
Hurricanes, from all time,
particle flurry, the other thing,
you
know this, we
read it in a book, was
opinion.

Was, was
opinion. How
did we take
hold—hold with
these
hands?

It was also written that.
Where? We
decked it in silence,
poison-hushed, huge
a
green
silence, a sepal, a
thought of something plantlike hung there -
green, yes,
hung, yes,
under spiteful
skies.

Of, yes,
plantlike.

Yes.
Hurricanes, par-
ticle flurry, there was still
time, still,
to try with the stone - it
was welcoming, it
did not interrupt. How
good we had it:

Grainy,
grainy and stringy. Stalky,
thick;
bunchy and radiate; knobby,
level and
lumpy; crumbling, out-
branching - : the stone, it
did not interrupt, it
spoke,
spoke gladly to dry eyes, before it shut
them.

Spoke, spoke.
Was, was.

We
would not let go, stood firm
in the midst, a
framework of pores, and
it came.

Came up to us, came
on through, it mended
invisibly, mended
on the final membrane,
and
the world, thousandfaced crystal,
shot out, shot out.

• Shot out, shot out.
Then—

Nights, demixed. Circles,
green or blue, red
squares: the
world sets its inmost
at stake with the new
hours. - Circles,
red or black, bright
squares, no
flight shadow,
no
plane table, no
chimney soul rises and joins in.

• Rises and
joins in -

At owls' flight, near the
petrified lepra,
near
our fugitive hands, at
the latest rejection,
above the
bullet trap on
the ruined wall:

visible, once
again: the
grooves, the

choirs, back then, the
Psalms. Ho, ho-
sannah.

Therefore
temples still stand. A
star
may still give light.
Nothing,
nothing is lost.

Ho-
sannah.

At owls' flight, here,
the conversations, daygray,
of groundwater traces.

(--daygray,
of
groundwater traces-

Taken off
into the terrain
with
the unmistakable
trace:

Grass.
Grass,
written asunder.)

Paul Celan
Translated by John Felstiner

ANABASIS, CHAPTER 1 (1924)

I have built myself, with honour and dignity have I built myself on three great seasons, and it promises well, the soil whereon I have established my Law.

Beautiful are bright weapons in the morning and behind us the sea
is fair. Given over to our horses this seedless earth
delivers to us this incorruptible sky. The Sun is unmentioned but his
power is amongst us

Power, you sang as we march in darkness...At the pure ides of day
what know we of our dream, older than ourselves?
Yet one more year among you! Master of the Grain, Master of the Salt,
and the commonwealth on an even beam!

I shall not hail the people of another shore. I shall not trace the great
boroughs of towns on the slopes with powder of coral. But I have the
idea of living among you.

Glory at the threshold of the tents, and my strength among you, and
the idea pure as salt holds its assize in the light time.

...So I haunted the City of your dreams, and I established in the
desolate markets the pure commerce of my soul, among you
invisible and insistent as a fire of thorns in the gale.

Power, you sang on our roads of splendour... "In the delight of salt
the mind shakes its tumult of spears... With salt shall I revive the dead
mouths of desire!

Him who has not praised thirst and drunk the water of the sands
from a sallet

I trust him little in the commerce of the soul..." (And the Sun is unmentioned but his power is amongst us.)

Men, creatures of dust and folk of divers devices, people of business and of leisure, men from the marches and those from beyond, O men of little weight in the memory of these lands; people from the valleys and the uplands and the highest slopes of this world to the ultimate reach of our shores; Seers of signs and seeds, and confessors of the western winds, followers of trails and of seasons, breakers of camp in the little dawn wind, seekers of watercourses over the wrinkled rind of the world, O seekers, O finders of reasons to be up and be gone,

you traffic not in a salt more strong than this, when at morning
with omen of kingdoms and omen of dead waters swung high over the
smokes of the world, the drums of exile waken on the marches
Eternity yawning on the sands.

...In a comely robe among you. For another year among you. "My glory is upon the seas, my strength is amongst you!

To our destiny promised this breath of other shores, and there beyond the seeds of time, the splendour of an age at its height on the beam of the scales..."

Calculations hung on the floes of salt! there at the sensitive point on
my brow where the poem is formed, I inscribe this chant of all a people,
the most rapt god-drunken,
drawing to our dockyards eternal keels!

St. John Perse
Anabasis, Chapter 1
Translated by T.S.Eliot

ANABASIS, CHAPTER 8 (1924)

Laws concerning the sale of mares. Nomad laws. And ourselves.
(Man colour.)

Our companions these high waterspouts on the march
clepsydrae travelling over the earth
and the solemn rains, of a marvellous substance, woven of
powders and insects, pursuing our folk in the sands like a headtax.
(To the scale of our hearts was such vacance completed!)

Not that this stage was in vain: to the pace of the eremite
beasts (our pure bred horses with eyes of elders) many things
undertaken on the darkness of the spirit - infinity of things at
leisure on the marches of the spirit - great seleucid histories to the
whistling of slings and the earth given over to explanations.

And again: these shadows - the prevarications of the sky against
the earth...

Cavaliers, across such human families, in whom hatreds sang
now and then like tomtits, shall we raise our whip over the gelded
words of happiness? - Man, weigh your weight measured in wheat.
A country here, not mine. What has the world given me but this
swaying of grass?..

To the place called the Place of the Dry Tree:
and the starved levin allots me these provinces in the West.
But beyond are the greater leisures, and in a great
land of grass without memory, the unconfined unreckoned year,
seasoned with dawns and heavenly fires. (Matutinal sacrifice of
the hearth of a black sheep.)

Roads of the world, we follow you. Authority over all the signs of
the earth.

O Traveller in the yellow wind, lust of the soul!.. and the seed
(so you say) of the Indian cocculus possesses (if you mash it!)
intoxicating properties.

A great principle of violence dictated our fashions.

St. John Perse
Anabasis, Chapter 8
Translated by T.S.Eliot

ANABASIS (1963)

This
narrow sign between walls
the impassable-true
Upward and Back
to the heart-bright future.

There.

Syllable-
mole, sea-
coloured, far out
into the unnavigated.

Then:
buoys,
espalier of sorrow-buoys
with those
breath reflexes leaping and
lovely for seconds only -: light-
bellsounds (dum-,
dun-, un-,
unde suspirat
cor),
re-
leased, re-
deemed, ours.

Visible, audible thing, the
tent-
word growing free:

Together.

Paul Celan
Translated by Michael Hamburger

CENTURY (1923)

My Age, my beast, who will be able
To look into your pupils
And with his own blood glue together
The vertebrae of two centuries?
Blood-the-builder gushes
From the throat of earthly things,
Only a parasite trembles
On the threshold of new days.

A creature, as long as it has enough life,
Must carry its backbone,
And a wave plays
With the invisible vertebration.
Like a baby's tender cartilage,
Oh age of infant earth,
Once again the sinciput of life, like a lamb,
Has been sacrificed.

In order to pull the age out of captivity,
In order to begin a new world,
The elbows of nodular days
Must be bound with a flute.
It's the age that rocks the wave
With human anguish,
And in the grass a viper breathes
The golden measure of the age.

Buds will again swell,
A sprout of green will spurt,
But your backbone is broken,
My beautiful, pitiful age.
And with a senseless smile
You look backward, cruel and weak,
Like a beast, once supple,
At the tracks of your own paws.

Osip Mandelstam
Translated by Steven Broyde

MARITIME ODE (1915)

Alone, on the deserted dock, this Summer morning,
I look out along the sandbar, I look out toward
Indefinitude,
I look out and am happy to see,
Small, black, and clear, a steamer approaching.
Coming in so neat and classical there by itself, from so
far away,
It leaves an empty banner of smoke far behind on the air.
It comes in, and the morning comes with it, and on the
river
Here and there, maritime life awakens.
Sails are hoisted, tugboats approach,
Small boats hover behind vessels tied up at the dock.
A vague breeze rises.
But my soul belongs with what I see least,
With the approaching steamer,
Because it belongs with distance, and with the Morning,
With the seagoing sense of this Moment,
With the sad sweetness rising in me like nausea,
Like the beginning of wanting to vomit, but spiritually...
[...]

Ah, just to get away, I don't care how or where!
Just to take to the high seas, through perilous waves and
oceans,
To be off to the Far Away, to Out There, to Abstract
Distance,
Indefinitely, through deep mysterious nights,
Carried like dust by winds, by gales!
Moving, moving, moving, once and for all!
All my blood rages for wings!
My whole body shoots on ahead!
I rush in torrents through my imagination!
I trample over myself, roaring, throwing myself down onto
it!...
My anxieties explode in foam
And my flesh is a wave about to break against the rocks!

As I think of this – O madness! as I think of this – O
furry!
Thinking of my straight-and-narrow life, full of feverish
desires,
Suddenly, tremulosly, extraorbitally,
With one viciously vast and violent twist
Of the living flywheel of my imagination,
There breaks through me, whistling, trilling, and whirling,
This somber, sadistic rutting itch for all strident seafaring
life.
Hey there, sailors, topsmen! Hey, crewmen, pilots!
Navigators, mainers, seamen, adventures!
[...]
I want to take off with you, I want to go away with you,
With all of you at once,
To every place you went!
I want to meet the dangers you knew face to face,
To feel across my cheeks the winds that wrinkled yours,
To pitch in with you as you work, to share the storms with you,
To reach like you, at last, extraordinary ports!
To flee with you from civilization!
[...]

A symphony of sensation rises, incompatible and analogous,
An orchestration in my bloodstream of tumultuous crimes,
Of spasmodic bloody orgies resounding in the ocean,
Raging like a hot gale in my soul,
A hot dust cloud dimming my lucidity,
Making me see and dream all this through my skin and veins
only!

Pirates and piracy, ships and the moment,
That maritime moment when the prey is seized,
And the prisoners' terror approaches madness - that moment
With all its crimes, horror, ships, people, sea, sky, clouds,
Winds, latitude and longitude, outcries -
How I wish in its Allness it became my body in its Allness,
suffering,

My body and my blood, my whole being in one livid crimson glob
Burst in bloom, like an itching wound, in the unreal flesh of my
soul!

To be as one with all those crimes, to be part and parcel
Of all those raids on ships, the massacres, the rapes!
[...]

Turn me into something that's been
Dragged along ---- oh my delight, oh kiss of pain!----
Dragged at the tail of horses you have whipped...
But all this on the sea ---- on the se-eea, on the SE-EEEE!
Ho-ho-ho-ho! Ho-ho-ho-ho ---- on the S-EE-EEA!
Yah-yah-yah-yah! Yah-yah-yah-yah! Yah-yah-yah-yah-yah!
Everything screams! Everything is screaming! Winds,
waves, ships,
High tides, topsails, pirates, my soul, blood, and the air,
the air!

Ha-ha-ha-ha! Yah-yah-yah-yah! Yah-yah-yah-yah-yah-yah!
Everything sings itself into a scream!
[...]

Something inside me comes apart. The redness nightens.
I felt too much to go on feeling any further.
My soul is spent, inside only an acho remains.
The flywheel slows down noticeably.
My dreams lift their hands a bit from my eyes.
Within me, simply emptiness, desert, nocturnal sea.
[...]

But now stupendously borne from the other side
of the appearance of things,
The deafening, far-off Voice become the Absolute Voice,
the Mouthless Voice,
Borne from the surface and depths
of the sea's nocturnal Solitude,
Calling me, calling me, calling me...
It comes through muffled, as though stifled but still audible,
From far far away, as though sounding elsewhere
and not hearable,

Like a smothered cry, a doused light, a silenced breath.
From no point in space, from no place in time,
The everlasting night cry, the deep, confusing exhalation:
Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oo----- --- yyy...
Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oo----- ---yyy...
Schooner aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oo---yy
[...]

Fernando Pessoa
Translated by Edwin Honig and Susan M.Brown

COME, WE ARE AMAZED AT YOU, SUN!
YOU HAVE TOLD US SUCH LIES!

[...] Come, we are amazed at you, Sun!
You have told us such lies! ...
Instigator of strife and of discord!
Fed on insults and slanders,
O Slinger!
crack the nut of my eye!
my heart twittered with joy under the splendour of the quicklime,
the bird sings O Senectus!.. the streams are in their beds
like the cries of women and this world has more beauty
than a ram's skin painted red! [...]

St. John Perse
Anabasis (1924), Chapter 3
Translated by T. S. Eliot

03.02.1997 did I move to your bottom
while I was falling down on myself?
could I attach your root?
if the water and soil are the waste
am I able to return to myself

11.10.1998 was I lost in the rear that i was able to run away if
I could cry for the past, could you appear there on
your own to me?

12.07.1999 my corner was designated
i should be able to be seen as
believed in my new shape with the humming
noise attached to my front

14.04.1998 i am waiting for the alienation from myself, waiting for my past,
too where the necessities unnarated, also waiting for me who
hasn't met you yet

14.05.1998 if i was recued from my darkness,
i was not able to loose myself
don't be the apparent interior to me,
don't be the perceptive exterior to me

11.11.1996 while i was hiding in my roots,
i was suddenly overset, as i was rendering my
corroded side to myself, there i remained.

11.10.2002 the surroundings an urban gray
the surroundings a common fear
the surroundings a human,
me wearing borrowed leather

06.08.2005 phosphorus to my back
phosphorus to my back
the rose that can not blossom in the plasm
is in my place the insides of my outsides
the opposite of my opposite
if tomorrow is not
attached to tonight
- where are you going?
- away from us all

21.03.2008 i fell here passing through the
meteorites that were stopped for me
i know that you've always been here
but not yet aware of me

Kemal Önsöy



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