



GÖKHUN BALTACI  
LA PART DES LÈVRES

GALERI**nev**



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2019, triptyque, each 70x100 cm



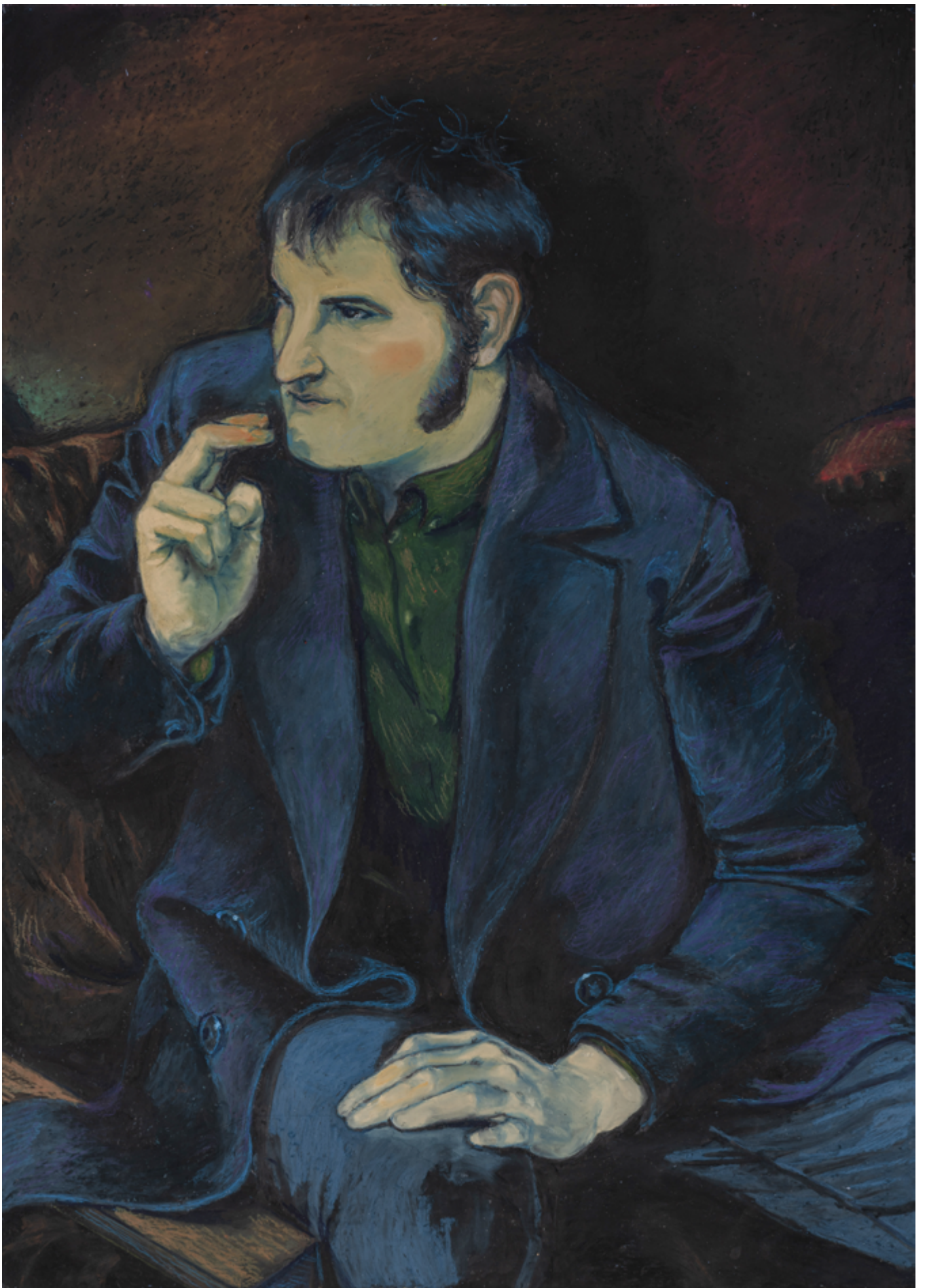


Boşluğun merkezinde başka bir şenlik var.

Roberto Juarroz









There's a city filth that lingers  
All over my naked hands  
Deep into the weave of the clothes I wear  
And every step brings another  
Every hour adds some more  
Till I'm on the other side leaning on your door  
Are the taps running, darling?  
Is the air thick with steam?  
Can I find some place to cry these tears of shame?  
Every step brings another  
Every hour adds some more  
Till I'm on the other side leaning on your door  
There's a smell so sweet it's sickly  
It follows me into the room  
Hangs in the air like rotting perfume  
I never bathe in it, darling

Tindersticks  
"Bathtime"



2021, lithography, 48x38 cm





2018, 70x100 cm | 2018, 70x100 cm



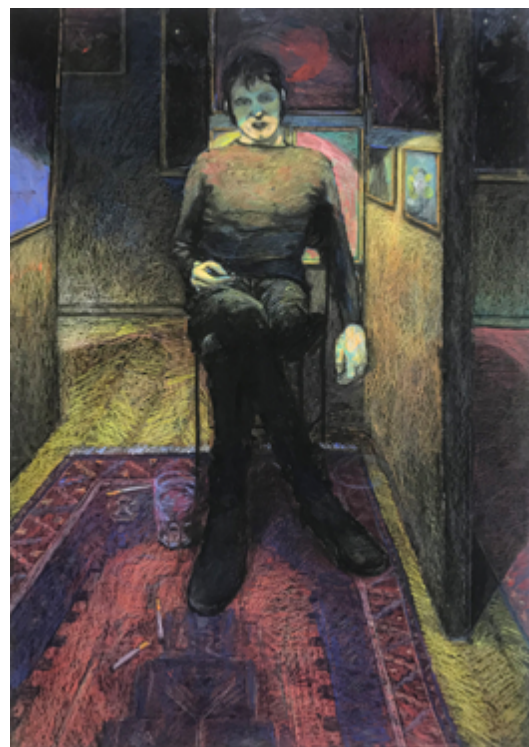


Akasya ağaçları akasya kokuyor  
Bahçelerde güller, gübreler kokuyor  
Geçen otomobil benzin kokuyor  
Otomobilin içindeki kadın lavanta kokuyor  
Kadının lavantası dehşet kokuyor  
Bu lavanta kokusunu koklayan adam ne kokuyor  
Rakı kokuyor  
Kızlar, oğlanlar ter kokuyor  
Hastaların kapanmamış yaraları kokuyor  
Sağlamların açılacak yaraları kokuyor  
İnsanların elleri, gözleri, kalpleri kokuyor  
Açlıktan nefesleri kokuyor  
Çürüyen dişleri, derileri, beyinleri kokuyor  
Duyguları, düşünceleri, sesleri sözleri kokuyor  
Yazdıkları, okudukları kokuyor  
Çürüdükçe kokuyor  
Kitaplar, dergiler, afişler, mektuplar kokuyor  
Dostluklar, aşklar, arkadaşlıklar kokuyor  
Havalandırılmamış odalar kokuyor  
Havalandırılmış odalar kokuyor  
Sofalar, evler, apartmanlar kokuyor  
Mahalleler, şehirler, memleketler kıtalar kokuyor  
Çürüdükçe kokuyor  
Duymuyor musunuz kokuyor  
Kokuyor kokuyor kokuyor kokuyor.

Melih Cevdet Anday









The underside, the underside of my mind  
There's a cry that I can't even reach out  
There's a fire, do you feel that too?  
Running wild through my mind that I can't sleep tonight  
And all the while while I can't sleep tonight, I can see you  
Running wild, running wild

Tindersticks  
"Running Wild"



















With glittering hands  
On collapsible land  
We're praising the sun  
For the damage he's done  
A ruinous eyesore  
Oh what is a mind for?  
Just a knife in a lake  
Just an arrow in space  
All creation is hollow  
And a picture's a shadow  
Just a symptom of love  
With a lack of a cause  
Now the city's dissolving  
And heaven's inhaling  
While the ocean is thinking of a surface reflecting:  
The glory is mine  
The glory is mine  
The glory is mine  
The glory is mine  
The glory is mine

Swans  
"Finally Peace"









Ormanlar içinde ikimiz  
Çıldırta bir dumandır yaşam  
Şeytanın kandilleri ve biz

Melih Cevdet Anday



Değişen varsa biziz  
orada çocuksu duran bizde ölüyor yavaşça  
düşler, yapraklarını döken ağaçlar gibi  
ufak tefek mutluluklar ötesinde  
soyunuyor yeşilinden mavisinden  
dallar kalıyor sadece, kuru dallar

Oktay Rifat  
“O Semtler” şiirinden



**Gökhun Baltacı**  
**La Part Des Lèvres**

The title of the exhibition, “la part des lèvres” refers to the Turkish expression “dudak payı bırakmak” which can be translated as “to not fill a glass to the brim”. It alludes to the safe distance left between a hot or alcoholic beverage and the lips. Similarly, the series proposed by Baltacı is a call for caution to resist temptation. He reminds us that a familiar and seductive melody can be deafening if we refuse to settle for its distant echoes.

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**Photography**  
Oğuz Karakütük

**Design**  
Barek

This catalogue has been prepared for Gökhun Baltacı’s exhibition entitled “La Part Des Lèvres” taking place between October 18-24, 2022 at Paris Internationale. All works in the exhibition are untitled and pastel on paper. We are grateful to Tuvana Selçuk for her contribution.



**Cover**  
Untitled  
2021  
Pastel on paper  
Triptyque, each 70x100 cm



