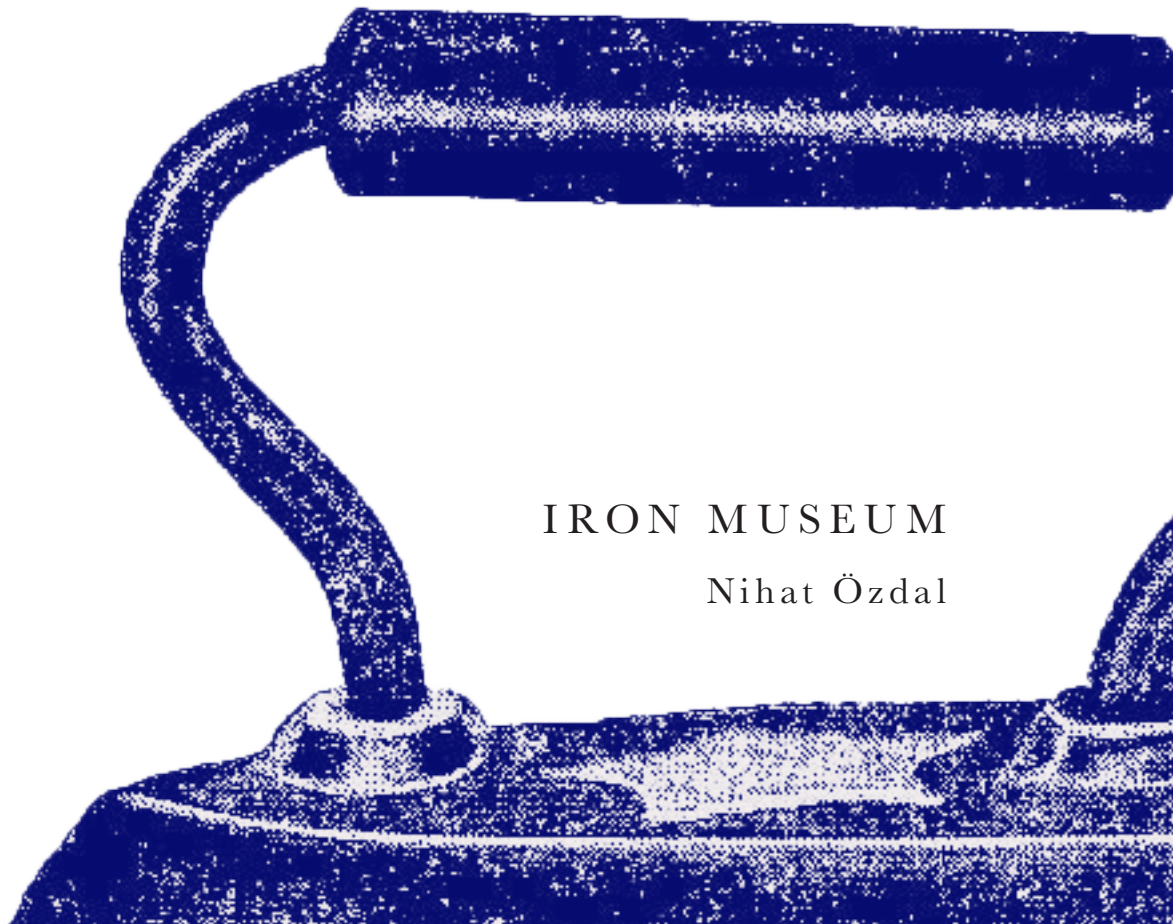


# IRON MUSEUM

Nihat Özdal





*İron Museum*  
Nihat Özdal

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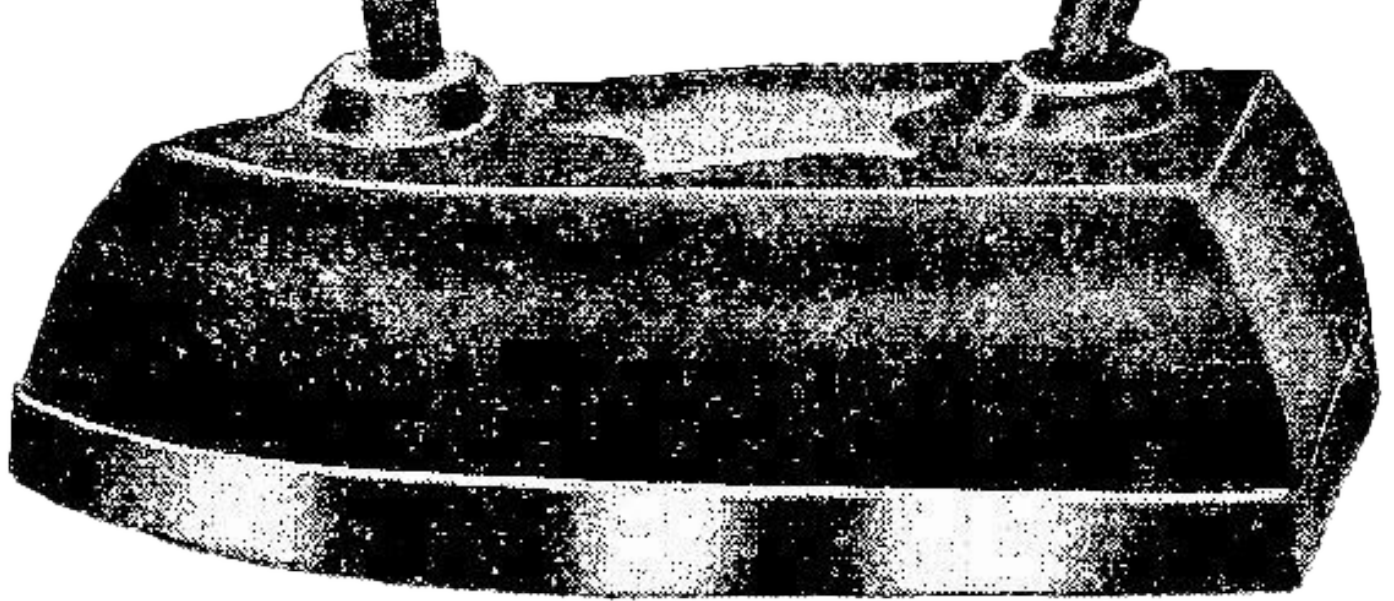
Nihat Özdal



**Ol tonuğ ütidi** (*He/She ironed the clothes*)

**Ütü:** Iron. A piece of iron in the shape of a trowel,  
which is heated and pressed onto garments to smooth  
out seams.

*Divānu Lügati't-Türk, Kaşgarlı Mahmud, 1072, Volume III, Page 252, Volume I, Page 68*



Human history began with  
the effort to smooth out wrinkles.

We were crushed under the things  
we tried to fix the most.

The tools we use speak not only of our homes but also of ourselves. Their mere existence alters much. If the legacy of another is wrinkled, smoothing it does not harm the memory. As what is left behind returns to its essence, we reach the core of its image. We do not need wrinkles to understand how its beginning appears within us.



Smoothing, shaping, and polishing surfaces—the need to create meaning existed from the very beginning. Polished stones, forging hammers, chisels, trowels, planes, sandpaper, spatulas, press machines, and of course, the iron—all were invented out of the desire to correct, refine, and perfect.

Does the iron smooth out time itself, or does it erase the traces left by the past? There are more practical answers, of course.

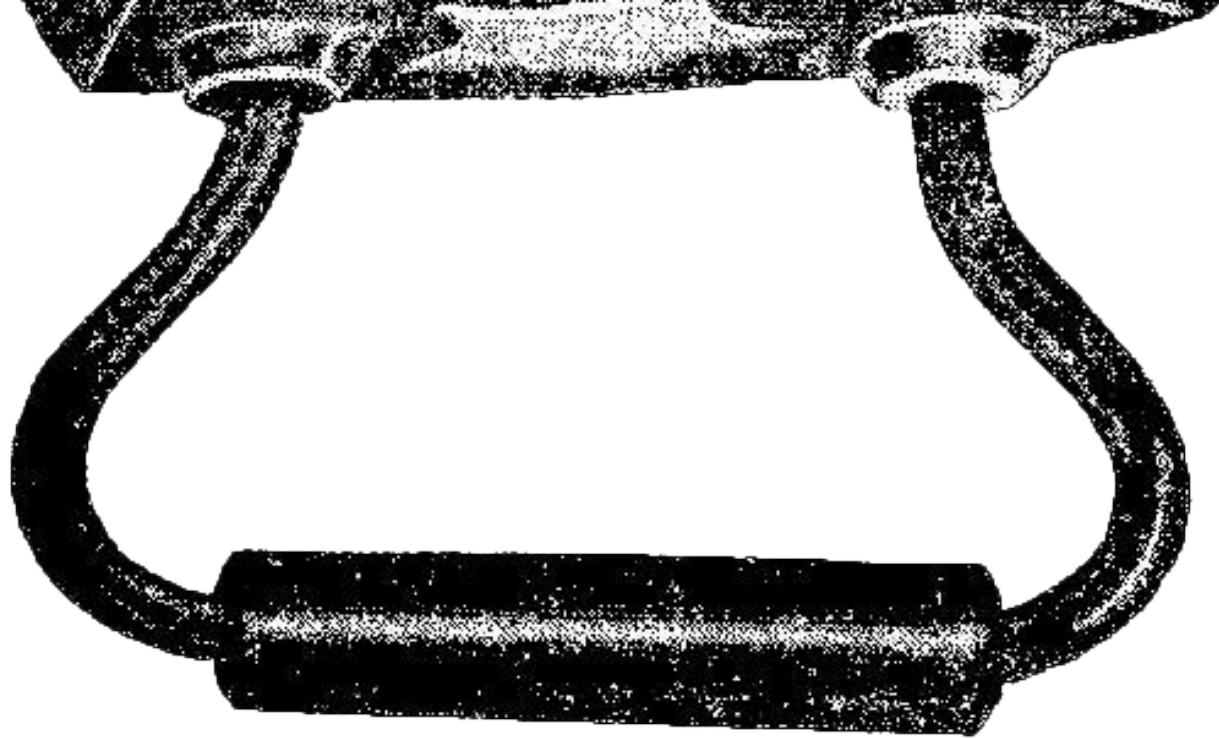
The iron is the creator of the present.

It subjects fabric to an act of “forgetting,” stripping away how it was once used. Every press of the iron leaves the past behind, establishing a new order.

Yet in the end, wrinkles return. We will have to invent new tools to erase time once again.



A smooth surface, perhaps, creates a void—devoid of experience,  
empty of meaning.  
We are all covered in wrinkles.



What you correct will always unravel again.

We are not so different from irons. More than anything, we weigh upon our own lives. With every stroke meant to correct, we wear down the fabric, ourselves, and the world a little more.



Every attempt to correct is the beginning of another unraveling.

Wrinkles symbolize the forces beyond human control: time, movement, aging. The iron, in contrast, is merely a temporary defense against them. It tries to suppress disorder, yet like pushing a boulder up a hill, this effort remains an endless cycle—an eternal return to the inevitable.



This large, heavy surface—once embers and glowing coals, later trailing cords behind it—was designed to interpret entrusted heat into balanced forms. The sounds it made were real, revealing how it came to life, what lay within, and how one should approach it.



The wrinkles on fabric are folds, bends, and twists of the surface.  
Even if we temporarily transform these differences into a smooth  
plane, this flattening is only an interval— a brief pause before the  
inevitable return of form.



Wrinkles carry the movement and passage of time on fabric. They give form to its relationship with the world—an embodiment of becoming. Fabric is the site of this transformation. It does not resist; it does not hesitate.

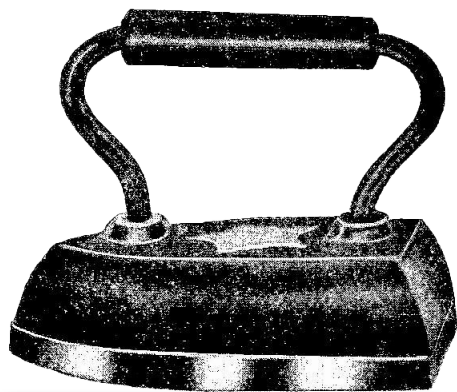
The iron denies the existence of emptiness.  
And it is as heavy as the denial it carries.



The iron is a tool of concealment. Yet its existence depends on wrinkles, making its effort futile. Fabric is the metaphor of mass, wrinkles the metaphor of void. The iron is merely a spectator in this endless exchange.



Each wrinkle carves out a space beyond the fabric's mass—leaving behind traces of memory, a dream, or a fragment of disorder. A “smooth” fabric is an ideal; a wrinkle, the truth. The iron, caught between these two extremes, writhes in an endless effort to correct and reconstruct. Yet truth always seeps back to the surface from the depths of matter.



The iron is human.



**Nihat ÖZDAL**, 1984 Yılında Halfeti’de doğdu. Çağdaş sanat, gastronomi, edebiyat, kokular, müzik, müzecilik alanlarında disiplinler arası...

Lindëa Arnë (2024), Umamıpları Rusça, İtalyanca, Kürtçe, Arapça, İspanyolca, Portekizce, Süryanice, Sırpça, Makedonca, Tatarca (Kırım), Hırvatça, Fransızca, Felemenkçe, Bulgarca, Boşnakça, Ukraine, Özbekçe, İngilizce, Farsça, Ermenice ve farklı Afrika dillerine çevrildi.

Yayınlanmış Kitapları: Google’dan Önce (2010 – 2010 Memet Fuat Genç Şiir Ödülleri ve 2011 Homeros Şiir Ödülleri), Kanat İzleri (2012), Düğmeler (2015), Deri (2017) (2017 Altın Defne Edebiyat Ödülü), Düğmeler, Deri, Koordinatlar (2021), Sualtındaki Hafıza (2021), Dalgalar Nasıl Oluşur? (2022), Koku (2023), Caz ve Muvaşşah (2023), Karanlık Nedir? (2023), Coğrafi Keşifler Öncesi Anadolu Mutfağı, Meyve Yemekleri (2023), Kuş Pencerelele (2023), Makas (2023), Çekim Yasası (2023), Kumaş (2023), Harita (2024), Mülkiyet Fikri (2024), Sırtlan Bilgisi (2024), Lindëa Arnë (2024), Umami (2024), Yük Yeri (2024), Su Seyahatnamesi (2024), Sen Bizden Değilsin (2024), Futbol Yuvarlaktır (2025)

**Nihat ÖZDAL**, Born in 1984 in Halfeti, Nihat Özdal is an interdisciplinary figure working in contemporary art, gastronomy, literature, scents, music, and museology.

His/her work Lindëa Arnë (2024) and Umami have been translated into Russian, Italian, Kurdish, Arabic, Spanish, Portuguese, Syriac, Serbian, Macedonian, Crimean Tatar, Croatian, French, Dutch, Bulgarian, Bosnian, Ukrainian, Uzbek, English, Persian, Armenian, and various African languages.