

ALIYE DORKIP: I HAVE SOMETHING  
IN MY EYE ●●●●

> 10/11, Galerie DYS, www.galeriedys.com

# Compose yourself

**EN** We have a penchant for art that grabs you by the scruff of the neck and shoves your face into the cesspool of love and destruction that is life. The pictorial delirium that Aliye Dorkip presents at Galerie DYS does exactly that. — KURT SNOEKX

Bodies are dismembered, pushed down and suffocated. Phantoms loom up on the edge of disappearance. Biliious green figures search for a form, flammable colours are constrained by thick contours, and faces appear scraped and scratched in jet-black. Made unrecognizable, denounced, cursed. Aliye Dorkip's works on paper look dark and extremely violent. They show scenes in which the body has been stretched to its furthest limits. Where pain and violence spread like wildfire.

And then you suddenly notice something that looks like a laugh, a consoling tear, a protective hand. The paper reveals itself as a wide vista where the claustrophobic tableau gets some air, and apparently careless splashes of acrylic paint or pencil scratches guide your eye to a different horizon. It is in that precarious balance between revulsion and pleasure, rage and rest that Aliye Dorkip's solo show "I Have Something in My Eye" overwhelms you: in the

harmony that she both playfully and meticulously extracts from the initial imbalance. In form and content. The work of Aliye Dorkip - who recently moved back to Ankara after sixteen years in Brussels - envelops itself like skin around an internal scream. Thus to make an inseparable connection between the flesh and the interior world.

"I Have Something in My Eye" pairs the hyper-physical to the abyssal psychology in us all. It churns within our own bodies, and finds both pain and ecstatic joy, both sorrow and the power to overcome it. Brutality and fragility go hand in hand. Absinth green and flesh pink blend together. The burning pit is exposed. But rebellion begins in the plunge. It happens in a pictorial delirium in which pencil and paint become inextricably entangled. Where the beginning and the end are indecipherable. Where, more importantly than the search for cause and consequence, a broader horizon emerges. In visual accents that move the work outside itself. Like a dotted line that leads you beyond the paper. Drawing (and life) like a search for balance, a composition in which extremes are embraced and curbed.



**NL** Met *I have something in my eye* verkoopt Aliye Dorkip ons niets minder dan een oplawaai. Het is een picturaal delirium dat je bij het nekvel grijpt en je met je smoel in de poel van verderf en liefde drukt die het leven is.

**FR** Avec *I Have Something in My Eye*, Aliye Dorkip nous balance rien de moins qu'une bonne gifle. Un délire pictural qui vous prend par la peau du cou et vous enfonce le visage dans la mare de perdition et d'amour qu'est la vie.



## Top expo

### THOMAS CHABLE ●●●●

An old-style traveller, Thomas Chable has traversed the Horn of Africa. He made many stops and spent a long time looking around. And in the shade of the day, he saw people and bodies absorbed by landscapes. (> 4/11, Contretype)

### LES FEMMES DANS L'ART BRUT? ●●●●

Hannah Rieger's collection of art brut abounds with beauty. It is as though all the great movements of art history had been thrown in a blender and had come out more real and more intense. (> 10/2, Art et Marges)

### MICHEL MOERS ●●●●

In Michel Moers's photographs, Ken and Barbie lose their heads. The plastic man and woman try to be proud. They puff up their chests, work on their silhouettes. And deep inside themselves, they know we love them. (> 10/11, Artitude)