



Deux escargots, comme hier, 2021

oil and eyeshadow on fabric, mini « Emmanuelle » rattan chair
39 x 26 cm

In *Silent Choral*, Hatice Pınarbaşı presents a silent cry, one of those that we stifle/ about those who are choked..

A veiled song, a burnt cry, a silent lamentation... More than a melody to listen to, these are voices that must be heard. It is about crossing the border, this pearls curtain and shards of glass, to enter the world of ghosts and invisible. There, long sails hanging or suspended are raised suggesting draped, inflamed, made up bodies – of these flowing forms emerge faces in tension. Every note of music reveals facial expressions, and it's a real chorus that unfolds and watches us, ready to vibrate its strings. We appeal to the power of music – to unite our voices and make our breasts ring, to form a collective body in unison, in harmony. From the power of the song that captivates, gathers, enchants or makes you shudder.

Through the drape that suggests, offers as much as it conceals and protects, the artist summons the veil to evoke the political history of women's bodies, as to give body to the painting, in order to embody those that are erected as muse or trampled on as victim. The artist invites the ghosts of her childhood, of the Kurdish culture in which she grew up, to the deaf voices of Alevism that inhabit her practice.

It is a question of opening the curtain, of lifting the veil on things that can no longer be silenced. And as if to overcome this silence, the artist shouts. Drawing from the orality of forms, borrowing the language of music, mathematics, signs and symbols, Hatice Pınarbaşı composes a strange language, illiterate and vindictive.

Juliette Lecorne

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Translated from the original text in French