

Ouzi Zur/Closing One Eye

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Michal Bachi: "The Incubator and the Fan", Yair Gallery, Tel Aviv

It is a sheer pleasure seeing Michal Bachi's development, exhibition by exhibition. She has now reached full maturity in this unique niche she has created for herself, both ever-changing and true to her own inner voice. Her works are like litmus paper, reflections of the shadows and lights of her life and the life of the people close to her. They convert the secrets of her Tel Aviv family to a sort of sagas and legends which have a northern, almost Nordic touch to them.

The works have a wonderfully sensitive dosage of the figurative which touches the abstract, desirous and at the same time not, just touching the sensual, the forbidden, and then slipping away. Bachi is of the important and special minor artists of the local art scene, surrounded by an aura of otherness, detachment, and novelty.

Each of her works is a miniature world unto itself, a riddle comprised of emotions, fears, passions and ideas, concealed by an immense aesthetic visual beauty. Her art fuses echoes of the outside world, of Illustrations and of dark tales as well as images from fashion with woven textures, patterns and garments made of woolen textiles and transparent materials.

The name of the exhibition, "The Incubator and the Fan", hides within itself its marvel: the birth of a new being encompassed in an almost intangible nostalgia.



Unveiling Max

“Unveiling Max” is a work which has an extremely beautiful, melting layering of almost transparent images, woven into each other: a palm is shifting a greenish curtain, thus revealing “Max’s” face, out of which head burst forth dream creatures made of delicate shades, as in a Japanese drawing: a Carp trapped in the guessed watery volume of a slanted jug. The work **“Red Riding Hood”** goes back to the wild anxious imagination of Bachi the child and of her now grown daughters. This is a work of a significant visual presence which deviates from minor art into a major work, within one-piece, binding the evasive and the remaining, the abstract and the concrete: a dark wing covers almost the entire surface, like the black shadow of a mighty cliff, on which topmost left part rides a reddish hood that looks like a scoop of melting strawberry ice cream; Its texture so real you can practically feel it. A plucked tail of light grasps one of its liquid edges, and barely seen ribs of very pale light arrest this childhood innocence into darkness.



Red Riding Hood



Untitled (Orange gloves)

In **“Untitled (Orange Gloves)”** a torso appears, placed in quasi-implicit pair of overalls made of fabrics of lights and shadows, buttoned up by two large and precise buttons. The head is out of the “frame” and the lower limbs are missing as well. This body gives birth to itself by its own hands, a human-alien embryo.

Bachi gives primeval fear shape, but at the same time, it is as if her aesthetic language serves as a serum. It is an antibody to the horror and to actual physicality, while the artwork hides them both within, by means of tension and acceptance.

In **“Going Down”**, two birdlike figures, which register at first glance as if drawn in a calligraphic style, appear to walk out of the page at its bottom, stepping off stage, in a theatrical gesture of a somewhat capricious and very human sorrow. The whole page is combed from side to side, by thin horizontal furrows, melting stripes across both the dark clouds at the base of the work and the gloom of the birdlike figures and weaving a “Language grid”.



Going Down