



DELPHINE ABOULKER

Critics

Texts of Matthieu de Sainte-Croix, researcher, critic, writer

Text written on the occasion of the Albin Gaudaire exhibition

The artist is a young painter. Her paintings play sometimes on subtle color variations, sometimes on chromatic breaks and are only very rarely figurative. She sometimes incorporates the text into her paintings. She exposes in Paris and in Bordeaux.

There is in Delphine Aboulker's painting a simplicity, an evidence. For this young artist who, architect by education, has for habit to represent the world in perspective, the swath seems a return to the first degree. A "thorough review" ? And why not.

But for Delphine Aboulker, whose work is openly similar to the esthetics of Rothko, this "dullness" is not exempt from depth. Its chromatic range and the dexterity of its forms generate games of mutual absorptions, palpitations, discreet disappearances and sudden assertions.

Of these paintings-screens from where sometimes spring trembling representations or some word torn away from the world, we keep a shady and disturbed souvenir. An opaque veil on which can join over and over again our fears as our joys.

Text written on the occasion of the Paris City Hall exhibition

Focillon had a title of a great beauty to speak about art history: " the life of the forms ". In Delphine Aboulker, the shape lives. The shape is born, evolves, develops and gets lost. Taken between the restlessness of outlines and the chromatic vigor, the shape shows itself the reflection of our spectator's paradoxical condition and, even - let say it - of human being: fragility and strength, break and continuity, limits and depth ... The forms thus live, but we live besides with them and in them.

Delphine Aboulker is obsessed by a materiality, which she does not reach. We would believe her paintings quite devolved to the simple happiness of tones and dough, but it remains an invitation to the intellectual musing. This painting enchants the eye and sharpens the appetites of the brain. In these continents, torn away from the imagination of colors, there are journeys to be made, paths to be found, territories to be conquered.