

Dominique Van den Bergh

The language of images, the epitome of communication, saturates the spirit in our time through a flood of expressions which come and get imprinted on the retina without warning and, unfettered, infiltrate our visual memory. But excess always trivialises.

However, when a strong impression frees us from the habits of the hackneyed, the already seen, another obvious fact comes to the fore. The spirit then conceives a new reality which frees us from the flow of thoughts and clears an inner space in which the wind loses its hold, in which a conscious inertia suspends time and questions us.

This is a strange universe artist Dominique Van den Bergh is exhibiting in her latest creations.

Without counting her steps, her breaths, her humours or the time elapsed, she has trodden the sunken paths of existence; explored manifold horizons; perceived spaces beyond those the gaze can behold; defied innumerable obvious facts and confronted the meanders of the human condition in order to free a vision with transparent limits, far from appearances and skin-deep simulacra.

An aphasic world in which any hope of a way out of the human condition fades away into the impermanence of things.

What enigmatic creatures her characters are, frozen in the silence of an existential questioning. Strange apparitions with consciousness freed from age-old alienation.

What remains is the tranquillity of a trustful uncertainty: that of the consciousness of being.

Who are we anyway, as spectators of those Vandenbergian spaces which disorientate and exalt the deep nature of our being? Nothing is the same again after one has been confronted with the spell of a vision which implodes at every exploration by the senses. What Dominique Van den Bergh brings about is a depopulation of the spirit, an unparalleled exhilaration of the power of wonder. Her wash drawings are subtle caresses; her gentle strokes of the brush so many distant evocations of restrained openings. While time in them is temporarily suspended, nothing can really happen in this enigmatic work, while everything is happening in it every second.

In it you experience the saving amnesia of the eternal present moment.

Alain Delaere 2018

Traduction Philippe Hunt