

## **Between Two Worlds**

Dominique Van den Bergh draws. With a brush, she superimposes subtle layers of black ink depicting a universe in which time no longer holds sway. Her characters seem suspended, immobilised in a story that is slipping through their fingers. The landscape catches up with them, crushing all will to escape, transfixing them in an ageless nature in which they wander aimlessly in a fathomless delay. Quiet as they are, they are delivered to resignation. Immobile as they are, their presence evokes sleepwalking. Sometimes they come closer to one another in a shared stupor. Nature in its hostile familiarity envelops them in an immemorial veil. A fox wonders; birds freeze, then fly away in a dreamy flapping of wings. In those crepuscular scenes an unruffled uncanniness floats, in which silence takes shape, the shape of a body. Where does the turmoil originate? What is that rampant mystery? A man stands staring. A woman stands at the edge of an abyss. Alone or in small groups, some beings walk round, forlorn, and furthermore, bereft of all ideas. Wandering blindly they allow themselves to be driven by the clarity of mists, a distant reflection of an impossible illumination. Boreal vapours, wordless rustlings, intangible presences... Dominique Van den Bergh paints a floating world. Within the coppice she stages, en abyme, the dizzying undercurrents of interiority.

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