

The works of Ulie Schwab are populated by far-off images and yet by all appearances travel toward the unknown. Her first works are constructed in closed spaces, between light and shadow. The artist has an idea of the infinite that we can imagine traversing on ribbons of light in the whispers of twilight, the murmuring dusk, in obscure and mysterious places. Here, the works are humming and rustling in a metaphysical reality, imaginary without distress. And her colours? You have to go beyond surface colour. She progressively unveils the surfaces but never in a fixed way; solid, immutable, they transform according to life's movement. We seek with patience the profound emotions, depth in secret places of memory in the movement of material that enchants and surprises us. The blues, the greens, the greys, the intense reds with subtle nuances compose and decompose in this mysterious pictorial and poetic universe. Between them, the colours are superimposed and combined as if an architectural design where the lines are allowed to cross, reapproach and confound. Well constructed in a closed space, she leads us to an open zone to the limits of the sky in spite of their impenetrability. Ulie likes to transpose reality and here we meet her talent: in her description of intimate and delicate moments and thus in the crystallization of her secret emotions. Her works always give us the idea that life is eternally reinvented: in variations of her grey and yellow tones, the signs and traces, the sediments of the materials, the vertical lines which are often interrupted, amber and pearl colors, in the play of light, the thickness of the medium often fluoresced, in the multiple variations that evolve in a pictorial space like musical arpeggios. The works wish to communicate and refer to a sense of hidden ideas and their vertical lines, even their abstraction, compose and recompose in any matter of recognizable form. The colored lines don't follow one direction because they follow the labyrinth of existence. Each time, she takes a different route, in recognition of the conscience of the world where there is never one image nor one truth alone....

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