

Behind the striking silence.

Some lean towards uprooting something and portraying it.

And there are those who stand in front of the silence, like that. Simply standing.

Names give identity to things, materiality to feelings, but they don't necessarily give meaning. Not everything we name is real, and not everything that does not have a name is nonexistent. Not all names are truthful to their bearers and not all adjectives capture the dimensions and vicissitudes of the noun. In the tiny gap between the name and the named, Mohamed Amine Inoubli paints the probable and the possible only there, where history passes by something without paying attention to it so it does not name it.

Like that, he stands in front of the obvious, spreading out its pure nature and turning it into a vantage point. From the streets, he picks up what we rush past, so it freezes or melts in time, what we overlook with a quick glance, lacking to uproot it from its ground, everything that burns by effect of ignorance, everything that is destined to fade away, not by time but by the sting of accumulated salt. The salt of sweat, earth and water.

In his paintings, elements and objects are born from the invisible. More than that, they emerge from his relentless search for the missing element, that thing that we only realize once we reach. There is always a starting point in his work, but he never shows the pretense of wanting to reach a fixed end; he creates while searching. He throws his painted objects into the center of the void, and each painting becomes an open space, inviting the viewer to explore endless horizons of representations.

This exploration process does not simply occur. There is a world of details that the artist encapsulates in his work's theme in a way that penetrates the eye and make it say: "this is what I was looking at without seeing it". Through a deep introspection of his environment, he retrieves fragments of the surrounding reality, which he then decontextualizes. This deliberately isolating movement creates a distance between the painted object and the world around it, as if to break with the constant flow of everyday life. In this way, he transforms the often-unnoticed daily details into the main subjects of his art.

Crystal tongues embedded in the wall, distorted zinc, an antique wall stained with cement, a cracked pomegranate, a torn bat or a burnt bulb... Amine opens the doors of interpretation through the cracks he inserts in his works and welcomes rust to nestle in them as by the effect of time. The crack is not necessarily a visible one... There are healed faces over layers of unhealed wounds, thoracic cages that enclose broken souls, and there he dives in without showing it. He paints the ordinary "as simple as water". He pauses before the silence and stillness of things, not to disrupt the movement of time, but to represent its remnants, such as the rust that eats the station sign or the pallor of colors in everything.

The ordinary is often what is left out in things, it somehow takes its place in our lives but we don't necessarily give it the attention it deserves. There is a part of the ordinary that controls us, that sits in our subconscious and pushes us towards things that we believe to be motivated by something else. In the loss of life and time, there is a frantic pursuit of the extraordinary. Once it is consumed by time, loses its luster and is extinguished, our journey to search for another luster is renewed. In the loss of life, there is an exhausting search for light without realizing the value of darkness and the worlds that lie underground and behind the shadows. In the loss of life, there is a fascination with the beautiful and a denial of the innocence of the bad and the reality of the ugly. Far from concepts, from beauty and ugliness standards, Amin sticks to the moment when all possibilities of defining, naming and addressing are exhausted, and the manipulation of spaces and voids and the oscillation between density and insignificance become a way to conceptualize the world anew and redefine its priorities.

In his paintings, he reclaims the abandoned and discarded, confronting the viewer with the dilemma of the boundaries between interpretation and imagination. We are facing an ordinary and familiar scene, but the possibilities for interpretation are always very limited. What would a dropped bat or a construction worker standing atop a timber resting on the void refer us to? At the same time, he creates the white space that surrounds each element, like a very dense but white cloud, to which our gaze clings in the confusion of a peasant waiting for water. Does this waiting fall into the realm of imagination or interpretation? Or is it just a reason to mourn for something we don't know, but want it to be. This is how the painter suspends his objects in an atmosphere whose serenity refers to a storm that we feel is coming to save us from the loneliness of existence, but which in turn is hanging there, behind the painting.

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