

**Dolores Balsalobre:** The expression, nostalgic and blue, splashed with ochres and yellows

The life of an artist always remains diluted in their own work, which is the essence and the reason for their existence. It has to be this way. The expression of the painter has a personal light, subjectively filtered, so that it establishes a synthesis between what they perceive and they themselves. Furthermore, their character and state of mind are displayed in the colouring, which is the authentic soul of the painting, but also of the artist.

Dolores Balsalobre paints as a pastime, and with firm determination and daily practice has been able to develop with all the richness of her own sensitivity. The majority of her work is influenced by the Levantine, Mediterranean landscape of Spain which are the conditions that surround her.

There are scarcely any shadows in her paintings, where the predominant colours are almost always yellows and blues which are complemented by luminous ochre tones. Red, white and green appear amongst them, sometimes strongly, other times, less so. It is a matter of blended colours without great ostentation, applied with all the delicacy or energy by a hand that paints, lightly touching the canvas with the brush, or even with the palette knife.

The school of Dolores Balsalobre, as a child of her own time, is the modern, Spanish and international art of the 20th Century; as well as her innate poetic sensitivity and her personal effort to achieve technique, it is tinged with a certain nostalgic romanticism, historical and timeless constancy as a way of being and existing. She hasn't had to be, fortunately, obedient to any particular school nor any definite style. Nothing, or almost nothing, is surplus in her compositions, since she depicts exactly the right amount. Everything is there that she considers important.

In her landscape it is not usual to show the human figure, neither for scale nor to adorn Nature. In this almost complete absence, the presence of Man is nevertheless implied, more spiritually than physically. It is perceived through the impact of Man's works, representative or modest architecture or the city, on Nature, or even a boat, like an imposing poetic structure, dominating the sea and the wind or its absence. In her seascapes sky, sea and sailing ship blend together, the sails made golden by the sun, becoming blurred through the effects of the breeze and its movement.

There are also her centennial, leafless trees, the ancient olive tree, burnt or dormant in blue or in a sparse red, the trees flooded or wintery...that speak ambiguously of Nature and of Man. Perhaps we are looking at a metaphor of human life, of the passage of time that everything interweaves together, decay and drought. There are dreamy cypresses and solitary willows next to water. Nonetheless, from time to time, some almond trees blossom in white and purple or Spring explodes in red in the topmost part of a tree, perhaps still young. Hope regained after a nostalgic and impossible dream just as happens in fields of poppies, sunflowers and wild flowers. . . Sometimes Nature tamed, is shown in the city from the humble architecture of a potted plant in a window frame.

I see the art of Dolores Balsalobre in yellows and blues splashed with ochres and golds. In her work there is poetry and the rhythm of music.

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