



静物与马蒂斯的《活力》杂志和黄皮书 I | *Still life with Matisse Verve and yellow book I* (局部 | Detail), 2026. 布面油画, 木框 | Oil on canvas, wood frame. 50 × 59 cm
图片提供: 艺术家与贝浩登 | Courtesy of the artist and Perrotin

尚-菲利普·德洛姆

绘画之屋

开幕: 2026 年 9 月 5 日 (星期六)
2026 年 9 月 5 日至 10 月 23 日

贝浩登 (上海) 欣然呈现法国艺术家尚 - 菲利普·德洛姆在中国的首次个展“绘画之屋”，这也是他与贝浩登在全球范围内的第六次合作。展览聚焦艺术家日常在工作室中捕捉的肖像与静物。同期将推出一本艺术家专著，由法国艺术史学者、艺评人、作家科兰·勒穆瓦纳撰写前言。勒穆瓦纳曾造访尚 - 菲利普·德洛姆的工作室，见证其创作发生，一瞥其绘画实践与日常生活。以下文字改编自该篇前言。

那间工作室挑高，进深浅，横向开阔。此外便是白：石灰粉刷的墙，毫不留情的光。一派米诺斯的气息。室内空气开阔而充裕，尚 - 菲利普·德洛姆身着牛仔裤、T 恤与球鞋，敏捷、低调、专注。颜料的斑点少得出奇。太少了，我对自己说——绘画理应留下碎屑，也理应留下污渍。我想起让·热内笔下阿尔贝托·贾科梅蒂那座形同隐修地的工作室，昼夜不分，想起那些收不住的手势滴落下来的痕迹，它们消除了一切分寸。

德洛姆工作室的乳白：这是我在笔记本上写下的第一句话。笔记本摊在桌上，在我面前，也在他面前——我们之间隔着一张桌子，隔着一

JEAN-PHILIPPE DELHOMME

HOUSE OF PAINTING

Opening Saturday September 5, 2026
Sep 5 – Oct 23, 2026

Perrotin Shanghai is pleased to present French artist Jean-Philippe Delhomme's first solo exhibition in China, titled *House of Painting*. This marks his sixth collaboration with Perrotin worldwide. The exhibition centers on portraits and still lifes the artist captures daily in his studio. A new monograph dedicated to the artist will be released alongside the exhibition, featuring an introduction by Colin Lemoine, a French art historian, critic, and writer. Colin visited the studio, where the creative process unfolds, offering insights into Jean-Philippe Delhomme's painting practice and everyday life. An adapted version of his introduction follows.

The studio in question is high, short, and wide. Also. White, limewashed, relentless light. Minoan. Inside, vast, ample air, and Jean-Philippe Delhomme, wearing denim, a tee shirt, and sneakers. Agile, discreet, intense. So few paint spots. Too few, I tell myself. Painting deserves fragments. And splotches. I think of Jean Genet in Alberto Giacometti's *Thebaid*, by night as by day, of the dripping of the incontinent gesture that abolishes all measure. Milky whiteness of Delhomme's studio: these are the first words I write in the notebook I place on the table before me, and before him, for we have put a table between us, a little distance—a table on which rest a glass, a jug, a book, like in a painting by Giorgio



穿黑衣的莱娅 | *Léa in black*, 2024. 布面油画, 木框 | Oil on canvas, wood frame. 45 × 37 cm
图片提供: 艺术家与贝浩登 | Courtesy of the artist and Perrotin



鲜花与普雷韦尔的《话语集》 | *Flowers and Prévert Paroles*, 2026. 布面油画, 木框 | Oil on canvas, wood frame. 45 × 37 cm. 图片提供: 艺术家与贝浩登 | Courtesy of the artist and Perrotin

点距离;桌上放着一只玻璃杯、一只水壶、一本书,像一幅乔治·莫兰迪的画。静物。浅色的木质画架自然而然地立在那里。靠墙是那张大沙发,淡色的织物罩面柔软如雪花石膏,褶皱却像大理石一样不容违逆。我认得这张沙发:女人们常坐在其上、躺在其中摆出舒展、慵懒的姿态,如新的“奥林匹亚”,却从不裸露,像被奇异思绪封存的“着衣的玛哈”。我认得它——它不是一张沙发,它是工作室的沙发,是艺术家就手征用的道具。我正身处一幅尚-菲利普·德洛姆的画中。在雪花石膏与大理石之间,我几乎不敢坐下。

墙上挂着几幅画。就像在一幅尚-菲利普·德洛姆的画里。其中一幅悬在沙发上方,画的正是这张沙发,而画中沙发的上方,又挂着一幅画。一阵眩晕袭来。一座镜厅。再往里,是成叠的画,数十幅,有大有小,我能看见的只有它们的背面——后侧、木框、赤裸的脊背。我不知道这一切是否出于刻意布置,但它整洁。这里有秩序,也无疑有严谨。就像在一幅尚-菲利普·德洛姆的画里。

工作室是会说话的。没有人能天真地将它展示出来,也没有人能毫发无损地走进。工作室如同一间闺房,一处壁龛,它必定是经过策划的。它的私密程度如此之高,以至于呈现的方式无从回避——即便对呈现毫不经意,那份不经意本身也会被读作一种呈现。那些被转过身去的画避开了我的视线。在这既是字面意义、也是隐喻意义的“留存”里,有什么被扣住了。我喜爱这份含蓄。也正因如此,我明白艺术家为何会受邀去描绘奥赛博物馆的库房——那里有精心安排的秩序与悬置的时间,有许诺,也有回避,还有那些等待陈列的画作;而他对朴素、不起眼的人与物始终怀有一份特别的亲近。就像在一幅尚-菲利普·德洛姆的画里。

我看着墙上的画。我认出其中一幅——或者说,我以为自己认出了它——一个站立的年轻男子,一头斯德哥尔摩或好莱坞式的金色长发,身后是一片蓝色的阴影,如克劳德·莫奈或爱德华·蒙克笔下的蓝。我走近些,像在画廊里那样,只是这里艺术家本人在场。

Morandi. Still Life. The light-colored wooden easel is there. Naturally. And, against the wall, the large sofa, whose light-colored fabric cover, as soft as alabaster, forms imperious folds, like marble. I recognize this sofa; women often pose on it, in it, stretched out, languid, new Olympias, never nude, majas vestidas embalmed in curious thoughts. I recognize it; it is not a sofa, it is the studio sofa, the artist's expedient. I am in a painting by Jean-Philippe Delhomme. There, amid the alabaster and the marble, I hardly dare sit down.

There are several paintings on the wall. Like in a painting by Jean-Philippe Delhomme. In one of them, above the sofa, the sofa is painted, with a painting above it. A feeling of vertigo. A palace of mirrors. And then, stacks of paintings, dozens of them, small and large, of which I can see only the reverse, the rear, the frame, the bare back. I don't know if it is all simulated, but it is tidy. There is order, no doubt rigor. Like in a painting by Jean-Philippe Delhomme. A studio says something; no one could reveal it innocently, or enter it with impunity. A studio is like a boudoir or an alcove. It is something premeditated. Inevitably. Its degree of intimacy is such that one cannot neglect its presentation—such neglect would pass for a presentation. The paintings that have been turned around escape my eye. Something is being withheld in this literal and metaphorical reserve. I love this sense of modesty, and I understand why the artist was invited to paint the Musée d'Orsay storerooms—their carefully arranged order and their suspended time, their promise and their evasion, their paintings waiting to be put on display—with a particular affinity for modest figures and objects, like in a painting by Jean-Philippe Delhomme.

I look at the paintings on the wall. I recognize one of them—or rather, let's say I think I recognize it—a young man standing, his long blond hair in the style of Stockholm or Hollywood, a blue shadow behind him, in the style of Claude Monet or Edvard Munch. I step closer, as one does in an art gallery, except that here the artist is present.

On the surface already, on the visible canvases, I observe the quality of the painting—that quality that tells us immediately whether we are in the presence of painting or not, of poetry or not. I look at the cottony softness of the bodies, surrounded by the void, by emptiness, surrounded by the white of the unpainted areas, of reserve—that word, again—as if incised into an uncertain space, caught within that mandorla that surrounds bodies in the works of Peter Doig, Samuel



静物与华托画笔下的吉尔 | *Still life with Watteau's Gilles*, 2026. 布面油画, 木框 | Oil on canvas, wood frame. 50 × 59 cm. 图片提供: 艺术家与贝浩登 | Courtesy of the artist and Perrotin

仅在表面, 在那些可见的画布上, 我已经察觉到绘画的质地: 正是这种质地可以立刻告诉我们, 眼前的究竟是不是绘画, 是不是诗。我注视着那些身体, 它们如棉絮般柔软, 四周是虚空, 是空无, 是未落笔处的白, 是“留存”——又是这个词。它们像被镌刻进一片不确定的空间, 被收进一道杏仁形的神圣光环里: 彼得·多伊格、塞缪尔·贝克特与英格玛·伯格曼笔下的身体, 正是被这样一道光轮所环绕。存在就在那层幽微的晕涂中展开, 在现象学的意义上渗入空间, 显出其美。

一片地面, 一堵墙。人在地面上、在墙前面摆出姿态, 停顿, 等待——等待爱, 等待死亡, 等待从无聊中解脱, 等待戈多, 等待罗密欧, 等待劳拉。总是同样的面孔, 同样的身影。绘画的定式。米色的沙发, 白色的六面体, 褐色的桌子。一套没有装饰的布景; 这些东西是在告诉眼睛: 身体并非漂浮在空中, 它被安放在空间里。器物是标记, 是灯塔, 是堤坝; 要紧的只是它们在场。它们在那里, 这就很好。不动的事物映照出我们的存在。人生是一座舞台, 就像在一幅尚 - 菲利普·德洛姆的画里。

这个场景难以破译。艺术家的笔触不提供意义, 不给出线索, 不施以援手, 也不遵循既定的路线, 不按照我们曾以为存在的套路出牌。它转向左侧, 又朝右上方攀升, 留下印记, 不试图抹去自己的行踪与过失, 径自演练它的动作, 不掩藏时间留下的痕迹, 于是我得以跟随它, 体味绘画的过程。没有什么被遮盖或造作。尚 - 菲利普·德洛姆丝毫不在意什么底漆或上光油。他所要的是: 不重叠, 不加厚, 不聚拢, 不黏合, 不堆积。“他宁愿不。”留存, 是对轻易的效果、对表演、对锦上添花的抵抗。德洛姆所寻求的, 是那种“写作的零度”, 是罗兰·巴特所说的、作为“[文学] 责任的最初和最后的要求”的赤裸形式——一种不对自身做评注的绘画, 一个没有叙事的符号帝国。画家无意言说什么; 他只想把语言的可能留住。尚 - 菲利普·德洛姆丝毫不在意内心的清规戒律, 不在意风格。

画中的女人与男人退入倦怠的思绪, 那思绪拒斥我们的注视。就像在亚历克斯·卡茨的作品里。尚 - 菲利普·德洛姆笔下的人物并不自我袒露——说到底, 又是向谁、向什么袒露呢? 他们不敞开自己; 他们无法被穿透。他们只是出现在世界之中, 出现在可见之物的大舞台上。仿佛与我们隔开。而我们, 先是群众演员, 继而成为见证者, 被现实的双面镜所隔开。德洛姆无意诱惑谁。他的绘画不要花枪, 不抢先替观者下判断, 也不试图压服人。眼之所见即是全部。问题不在于描绘观念, 而在于描绘一个没有特质的世界所具有的诸种特质, 也就是说, 物本身已



柠檬与米尔顿·埃弗里 | *Lemon and Milton Avery*, 2024. 布面油画, 木框 | Oil on canvas, wood frame. 54 × 65 cm. 图片提供: 艺术家与贝浩登 | Courtesy of the artist and Perrotin

Beckett, and Ingmar Bergman, that subtle sfumato where the existence of beings plays out, their phenomenological penetration of space, their beauty. A floor and a wall: on this one and in front of that, beings pose, pause, wait—for love, death, relief from boredom, Godot, Romeo, Laure. Often the same faces, the same silhouettes. The stereotype of painting. The beige sofa, the white parallelepiped, the brown table. A decor devoid of decoration; elements that tell the eye the body is not floating, but is anchored. The things are markers, lighthouses, and levees; their presence alone matters. They are there, and that is a good thing. We exist among motionless things. Life is a stage, like in a painting by Jean-Philippe Delhomme.

This scene is indecipherable. The artist's brush offers no meaning, gives no clue, provides no help, does not stick to its course, to what we once believed to be a roadmap. Instead it veers off to the left, goes up to the right, leaves its mark, makes no attempt to erase its tracks, its misdeeds, exercises its movements, does not abolish the time of the painting, so that I can follow it, approach the duration of the painting. Nothing is concealed, faked. Jean-Philippe Delhomme couldn't care less about any primer or varnish. What he wants is not to layer, not to coarsen, not to aggregate, not to agglutinate, not to agglomerate. "He would prefer not to." Reserve is a resistance to facile effects, to show, to icing the cake. Delhomme seeks that degree zero of writing, that bare form which is "the first and last instance of responsibility," as Roland Barthes put it—that painting stripped of reflexivity, that empire of the sign without narrative. The painter has no wish to say anything; he simply wants to preserve the possibility of language. Jean-Philippe Delhomme couldn't care less about the superego, about style.

The women and men withdraw into weary thoughts that dismiss our gaze. Like in the work of Alex Katz. Jean-Philippe Delhomme's figures do not reveal themselves—to whom, to what, for that matter? They do not open themselves; they are impenetrable. They simply appear in the world, on the grand stage of the visible. As if separated from us. For we are, in turn, extras and then witnesses, separated by the two-way mirror of reality. Delhomme does not seek to seduce. His painting rejects trickery, authoritarian pre-emption, the will to power. There is nothing to see but what one sees. It is not a question of painting ideas, but the qualities of a world without qualities, that is, the sufficiency of things. Who can truly paint that, stick to painting that is anti-eventful, radically colorless, just as one speaks of *écriture blanche* (colorless writing) in relation to the *nouveau roman*? Between the sofa and the easel, I find myself thinking that Jean-Philippe Delhomme is less the painter of modern life than one of the agents of the *nouvelle peinture*.

It is no coincidence that the grim-green or purplish-pearly background often features (illustrated) books set out on the brown table or white parallelepiped. These books are sometimes closed, sometimes open.

经足够。谁能真正画出这些，并坚持一种无事发生的、彻底不加渲染的绘画？正如人们谈论“新小说”时会说“白色书写”。在沙发与画架之间，我想到：与其说尚 - 菲利普·德洛姆是现代生活的画家，不如说他是“新绘画”的推动者之一。

并非巧合的是，画中那暗绿或泛紫珠光的背景前，褐色的桌子或白色的平行六面体上常常陈列着(带插图的)书。这些书时而合拢，时而摊开。有些配有插图。构图往往收得很紧，特写式的。这书不是福音书，也不属于圣哲罗姆，而是文明的纪念物，是过时之物的残余。尚 - 菲利普·德洛姆本可以画橡皮；但他画书——一堂实物课，物之本性。他的笔法平直。松节油稀释了一切风格效果，也稀释了颜料的厚度。亚麻布是一张素净的犊皮纸。没有磷光，没有罩染，没有潘通色，没有歪像。只有基本的颜色，与一道净化之光，用以重申人类最初的行为：保存我们印记的印记。于是有了这些嵌套的图像，这些俄罗斯套娃，这些画着艺术书籍的画，这些画中的画中的画。中性的。

而这非常美。

那张嘴会张开吗？书的封面会起皱吗？沙发的罩布呢？花会枯萎吗？还有那只黑狗，它会醒来吗？中性会把问题推向极致，让一切谈论都只能停留在猜测。没有什么比居斯塔夫·库尔贝那条张着嘴的鳟鱼、比爱德华·霍普笔下的夜游者更具威胁，没有什么比那些静止的、扰人心神的、无法理解的形象更叫人心发紧——那是一个壮丽而不可言说的世界。就像在一幅尚 - 菲利普·德洛姆的画里。

撰文：科兰·勒穆瓦

关于艺术家

尚 - 菲利普·德洛姆，1959 年生于法国楠泰尔，现生活和工作于巴黎。他延续了具象再现的历史，采用风景画、静物画和肖像画的经典方式：不借由摄影作为媒介，直接观察主题，并在一次连续的作画过程中完成作品。德洛姆的绘画捕捉此时此刻，无论是变幻光线下风景转瞬即逝的氛围，还是模特在工作室中短暂的在场。

德洛姆在新闻和传播领域建立了蓬勃的职业生涯，并始终追随着自己对绘画的热爱。他的画作于 2017 年首次公开展出。1985 年，他毕业于法国国立高等装饰艺术学院，并随后选择在印刷媒体而非传统的工作室中工作，因为这样可以让他接触到更广泛的观众。三十年来，他在世界各地为众多出版物工作，并与多个品牌合作。90 年代初，他曾与格伦·奥布莱恩合作为巴尼百货公司开展广告活动。此外，他还出版了多本结合他的插图和写作的书籍 (*The Cultivated Life*, *The Unknown Hipster Diaries*, *Artists' Instagrams*)。而后，独自观察并描绘现实的体验，逐渐取代了他过去对风格与文化的社会评论；如今，绘画已成为他的创作重心。他依然保有社会观察者的敏锐，只是将目光转向城市景观、书籍与器物，在一幅幅图像中持续追问何为可见。

德洛姆曾于巴黎奥赛博物馆、洛杉矶太平洋设计中心及东京伊势丹新宿店举办个展。近期，其作品参与了法国蓬皮杜中心 - 梅斯的群展。

更多艺术家相关资讯 >>>

Some are illustrated. The composition is often tightly framed, allowing for close-ups. The book is not one of the Gospels or Saint Jerome, but a memento of civilization, a residue of obsolescence. Jean-Philippe Delhomme could have painted erasers; instead, he paints books—an object lesson, the nature of things. His writing is flat. Turpentine dilutes any stylistic effects, the thickness of the paint. The linen is a plain vellum. No phosphorescence, no glaze, no Pantone colors, no anamorphosis. Just basic colors and a lustral light to reiterate humankind's first act, which consists in preserving the imprint of our imprints. Hence these nested images, these matryoshka dolls, these paintings of art books, these paintings within paintings within paintings. Neutral.

And it is very beautiful.

Will the mouth open? Will the book's cover crease? And the sofa's cover? Will the flower wilt? And that black dog, will it wake up? The neutral is a heightening of the question that condemns discourse to conjecture. Nothing is more menacing than Gustave Courbet's open-mouthed trout or Edward Hopper's nighthawks, than those inanimate, unsettling, and incomprehensible figures of the world, of a splendidly unspeakable world. Like in a painting by Jean-Philippe Delhomme.

Text by Colin Lemoine

About the Artist

Jean-Philippe Delhomme was born in 1959 in Nanterre, France; now lives and works in Paris, France. Jean-Philippe Delhomme continues the history of representation with a classic approach of landscape painting, still life and portraiture: a direct observation of the subject, not mediated by photography, executed in one time painting sessions. A Delhomme painting is a capture of the Here and Now, be it a fleeting atmospheric moment of a landscape under changing light, the temporary presence of the model in the studio.

Delhomme painting's practice was developed in parallel to a successful career in the field of press and communication but he only began to exhibit his paintings in 2017. After graduating from Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Arts Décoratifs in 1985, Delhomme chose printed media over studio for its potential to reach a large public. He has contributed for over thirty years to publications worldwide, worked with brands, notably his collaboration with Glenn O'Brien for the Barney's ad campaign in the early 90s, and published a number of books combining illustrations and his own writing (*The Cultivated Life*, *The Unknown Hipster Diaries*, *Artists' Instagrams*). The reflective and solitary experience of painting the real has slowly imposed its rhythm and implacability over the social commentary on style and culture. Painting is now the main focus of his activity. He retains his spark of social observer but applies it obliquely to other cultural constructs, when he frames a cityscape, arranges books and cultural artifacts next to vases of flowers and composes sequences of images that read like paragraphs of an ongoing investigation of the visible.

Solo exhibitions dedicated to Delhomme have been held at the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, the Pacific Design Center in Los Angeles, and Isetan Shinjuku in Tokyo. More recently, the artist's work was presented in a group exhibition at the Centre Pompidou-Metz (France).

More information about the artist >>>