

*A painting represents nothing, should represent nothing above all but colours (...) and in them clarity... All of us, more or less beings and things, are nothing more than a little stored-up, organised solar heat, a memory of the sun... (Paul Cézanne)*

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Guitariste d'Ukraine, 1955

01.03 - 20.04

### NEW YORK

Ceija Stojka

*We lived in Secrecy*

*(a Roma Memory)*

28.01 - 27.03

### DRAWING NOW

18.03 - 24.03

Solo Show

Emanuel Proweller

### TEFAF MAASTRICHT

04.03 - 14.03

For a long time I thought the colour pink summed up my father's paintings. Based on his sentence recorded between two puffs of Gauloise: "The future is a very, very pale pink". (But) If pink was the colour of (Proweller's) future, yellow suddenly appeared to me as the colour of his present, the colour of life. Crazy about painting, from his early days in Poland before the war he set the tone. Van Gogh's light and his obsession with "that devilish question of yellow" from Matisse and above all Cézanne, whose *Les Joueurs de Cartes* remained with him in his pocket throughout the war. An eclipse of sun and paint. A world in black and white. The Second World War swallowed bodies and souls. All that remained was ashes and smoke (...). Later, when Parisian critics agreed that Proweller was the painter of happiness, only Jean-Marie Gibbal understood that "he is concerned with the living light in the midst of a time of anguish" because behind the colours, shadow and light are as inseparable as hope and tragedy (...) Behind yellow there is always black. The yellow of the stateless painter is one of the weapons in his fight against the nights of the past, contained but not erased. (...) In 1948, Proweller left Poland forever with his wife and child and finally set foot in his promised land: France. Despite misery and illness, painting gradually reasserted itself. (...) When my father went to buy equipment from Sennelier, on the shopping list yellows were the majority.

They all have names: Naples yellow, medium cadmium yellow, lemon cadmium yellow, Mars yellow, ochre yellow and light ochre yellow. On his palette, he combined them *ad infinitum*, finally marrying black with yellow in *L' Heptagone*. He also painted *Le Manège* and *Rond ocre sur fond rouge*, which recalls a distant sun. (...) Gradually, he moved from pure geometric shapes to everyday objects, which he used to fill his abstract space. Bottles, a coffee grinder, a candlestick, a mandolin and a coffee maker all take up residence on the canvas. (...) Proweller painted the candlestick, the only vestige of his exterminated family, away from an unlit candle. But by placing both on a background, he manages to rekindle the flame of the *Shabbat* of yesteryear. (...) A flame of memory. The memory of a flame. (...) From flame to female, Proweller represents the desire of bodies, and yellow often plays a part. Intimate or sculptural nudes, languid or aloof women, embracing couples... all blossom naturally either in the summer sun or in a secret room under the lamp. (...) My father's paintings never lack humour when he talks about love. His work should also be seen in this light.

**Only color justifies the act. It alone is entitled to dialogue freely with the sun (its light).**  
(Emanuel Proweller)