

LUIGI ZUCCHERI

08.11.25 – 21.12.25

OPENING/ VERNISSAGE: FRI/ VRIJ/ VEN 07.11.25

19.00 – 22.00

WED – SUN/ WOE – ZO/ MER – DIM

14.00 – 18.00

AND BY APPOINTMENT/ EN OP AFSpraak/
ET SUR RENDEZ-VOUS

IN COLLABORATION WITH MMXX

“Obituary”, 1974
Giorgio de Chirico

I had known Luigi Zuccheri for many years, and I was saddened by his untimely passing. I always thought highly of Zuccheri as a painter, and I thought highly of him, too, for his impassioned pursuit of all the secrets of tempera painting, which is the origin of all painting. On this particular painting technique, he also wrote a very intelligent and thorough treatise, which I still treasure. He understood that the freshness and the transparency of certain tones and of certain sweeps of colors can be obtained only with tempera painting, and for this reason he dedicated his fruitful life as an artist to the study of that technique. I'd often see him in Venice, during my stays in that city, and I spent long hours in his studio talking to him about all the advantages and the secrets of tempera painting. He would tell me about his recipes and, in my presence, mix colors with egg yolk, gum, and other ingredients that he was gradually testing and perfecting. Out of this continuous study and this continuous pursuit were born all of those fresh and lively creations which one can admire in the numerous works that make up his oeuvre, in which appear luminous skies with far-off horizons, blooming fields with trees and plants, butterflies and all kinds of polychrome birds, and reptiles and animals too. In a little volume, which is a cherished possession of mine, one can admire all of these luminous creations of Luigi Zuccheri. I am sure that with the passing of time, Zuccheri will become increasingly understood and admired.

“A Painter”, 1902
Robert Walser

I don't look at Nature so much these days, or at least almost never with painting eyes. I've already gazed my fill at Nature, gazed almost to the point of illness. Because I love her, I'm perhaps avoiding the sight of her, which is dangerous to me. Seeing her would have an instantly paralyzing effect on my productivity. What I can do, and must do, is to cause a second Nature – possibly similar to the first and only one – to arise within my memory: a Nature for my pictures. These, then, are my imaginings. My imagination is clearly the slave of Nature, if it is not itself Nature. My mind now contains my entire current and future collection of paintings.

Cliff faces, chasms, valleys, views into valleys, glittering lakes, rivers, whorls of fog, the way fir trees stand, everything I have ever caught a glimpse of in Nature, everything I so indescribably, so pensively love – all of it glitters, roils, reposes and stretches out once more in my imagination.

Luigi Zuccheri was born in 1904 in Gemona del Friuli; he died in Venice in 1974.
The paintings in this exhibition are all untitled, painted with tempera, and range from 1950 to 1968.

All works Courtesy MMXX

Thanks to Giorgia Garzilli, Gianluca and Luigi Zuccheri.

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