

Forty five of the most recent works by Jacques M. Dunoyer representative of the contemporary French Romantic Painting, will be unveiled, in a major one man show on March 15th at De Ligny's 709 East Las Olas Blvd., Fort Lauderdale.

Jacques M. Dunoyer one of the finest young French artists, gained international fame by his unique poetic sensibility approach toward nature.

A self taught painter, Dunoyer is not influenced either by some Art School or Academy's teaching,

nor by prevailing movements or fashions in Art. Dunoyer has a secret of contrasts.

The audacity of his color harmonies and the strength of his touch never excludes the sensibility of the expression.

The shades he selects and uses are generally rich and while Dunoyer's florals are always a profusion of colors, his dreamlike landscapes are harmonious, peaceful and subtle.

Jacques M. Dunoyer is a poet. One cannot but feel it and see it in his works. He paints enthusiastically and with sincerity.

Jacques M. Dunoyer was born in Arras (France) on June 20th, 1933 and now lives and works in Saint Paul de Vence, at the foothills of the Alps of Provence, so many masters of the previous generation loved. Vincent Van Gogh was inspired there by an olive tree orchard. ... Matisse lived here at the Villa "Le Reve" (The Dream) and in 1951 built and decorated with immortal frescoes, the Dominican Chapel. ... Monsieur Roux, at the "La Colombe d'Or" Inn, remembers a score of famished daubers whose works, accepted in lieu of payment, are now priceless! Dunoyer's reputation as a painter has grown with increasing regularity earning him numerous awards and acclaim.

We could not see the Vence chapel, conceived and decorated by Henri Matisse, because once again it was impossible to find a parking space. So we drove on to St. Paul-de-Vence, a hillside fortress town with dark narrow streets that climb steeply upwards, often with the help of steps. There are charming fountains street-corners and a Romanesque church on top of the hill with a Tintoretto painting and a graceful 15th-century alabaster Madonna.

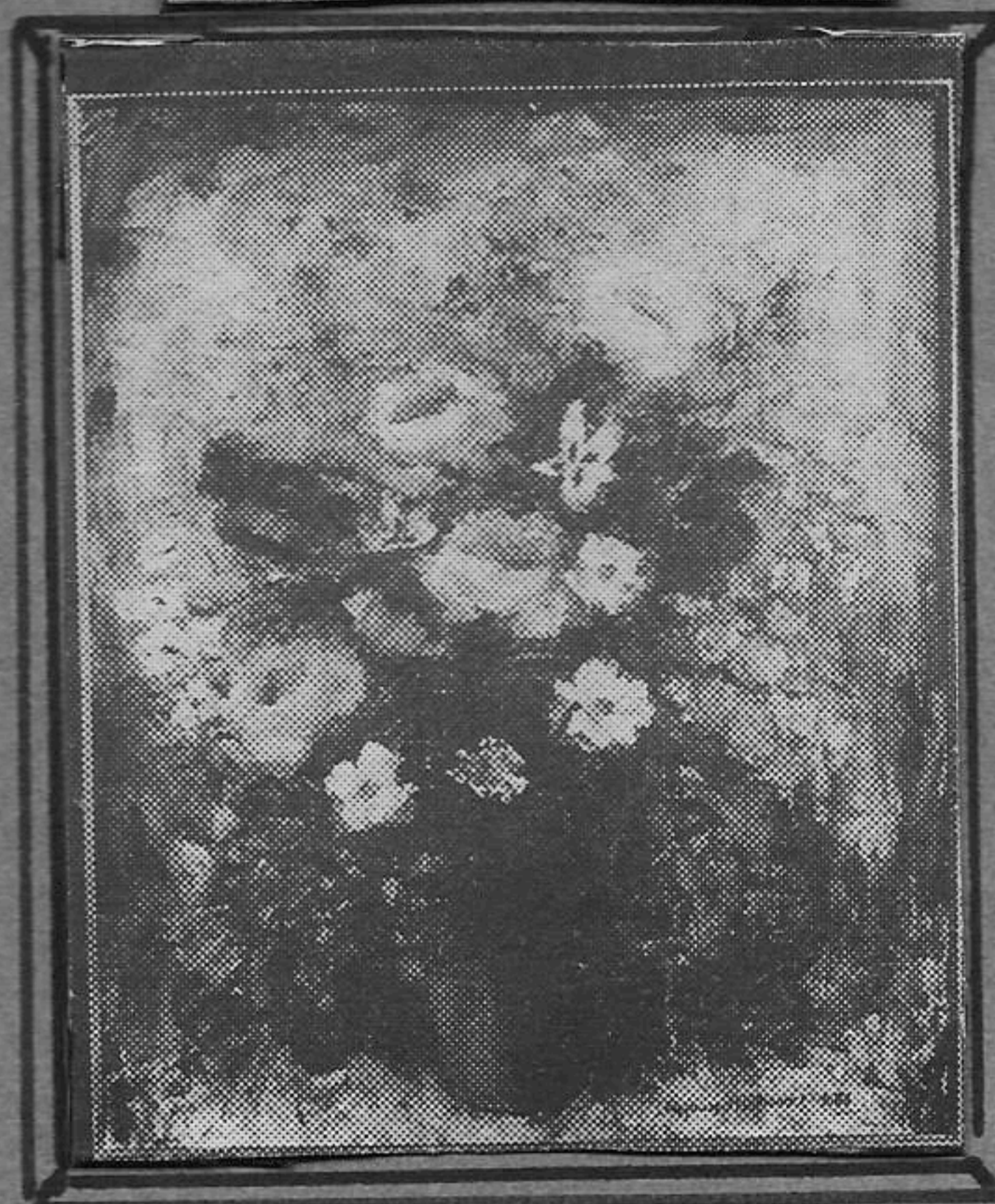
From the ramparts one has a sweeping view of the forest-covered undulating hills that descend in gentle curves towards the coast, of palm-trees waving their fronds in the breeze and dark cypresses pointing to the blue skies, of vineyards laid out with a precision of armies on parade, and, beyond, the azure Mediterranean framed by Alpine peaks.

As we climbed St. Paul's narrow main street that bears the incongruous name of Rue Grande to reach the church and view the Tintoretto, we were momentarily deflected from our purpose by the attraction of a small gallery belonging to a painter who lives in this old town. Before the day was done we were the possessors of two of his pictures that, we hope, will remind us for years to come of the enchantment we experienced here.



"La Mare au Diable"
(Devil's Waterhole)

Poetry in Painting



"Heureux Presage"
(Happy Omen)