

There are ochre houses reflected in the water at La Goulette as in Venice, the smoke of ships drifts on summer evenings into skies as pure in Tunis as in Venice, and the sun plays with the shadows in a game as exciting in the Tunisian alleys as along the Venetian canals.

But for Lellouche, it took three months – on vacation – to capture the subtle shade that distinguishes the two cities, their two lights, to take from Venice a view that the Venetians told us was exact. And better than exact, genuine, for Lellouche succeeded in creating, gloriously and tenderly rising before us – for us – on every painting this city steeped in years and, literally, covered with memories.

It is the privilege of art to fuse knowledge and love. Our eyes and our photographs may let us see Venice: the pictures of this exhibition let us see it and love it – above all they make us love and admire Lellouche, the Venetian born in Monastir.

*Fernard ROUILLON 1951*