

Gauguin

Joseph and Paul
are friends

Anna Obiols & Subi

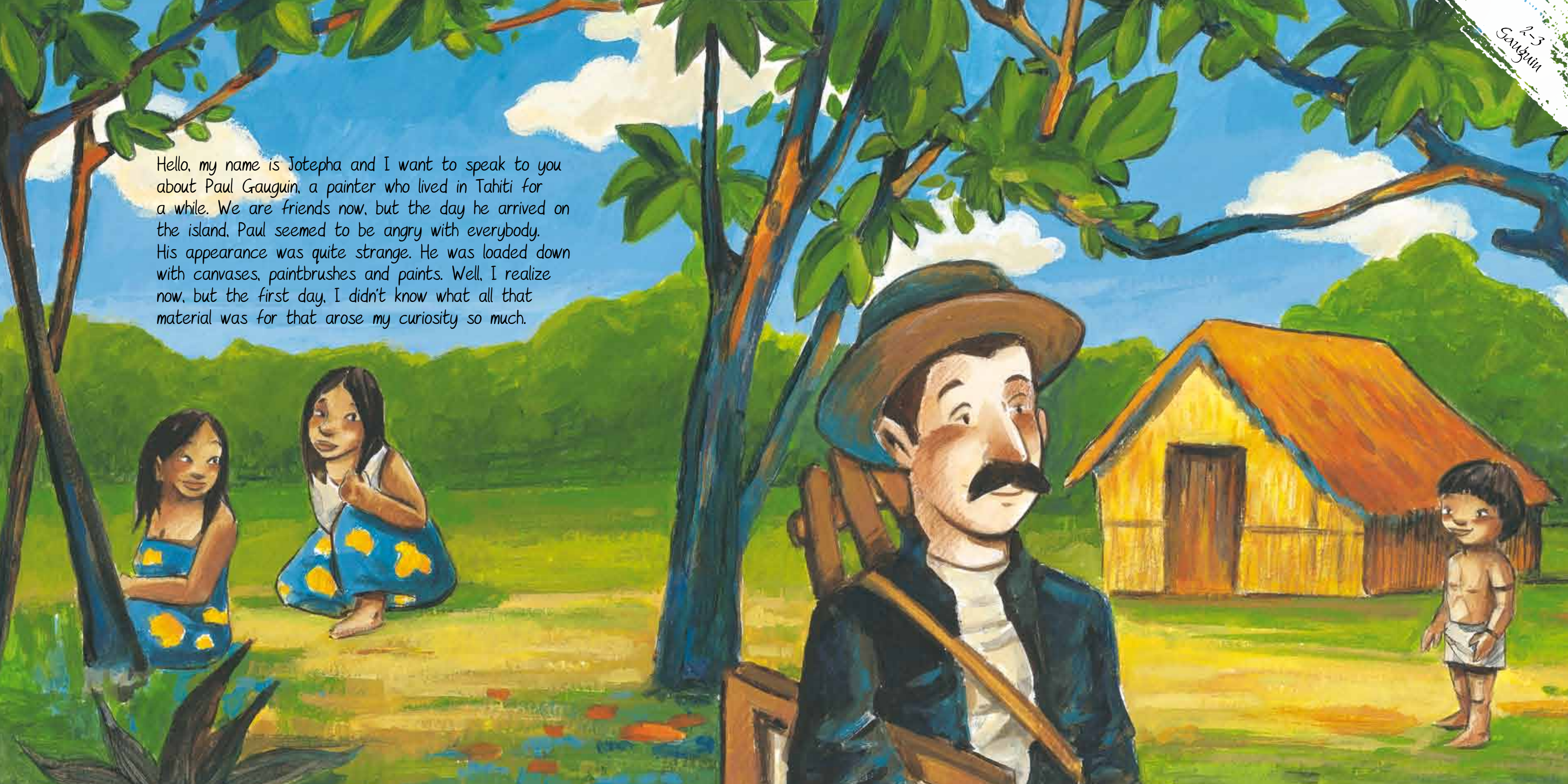
Sanguin

Josepha and Paul
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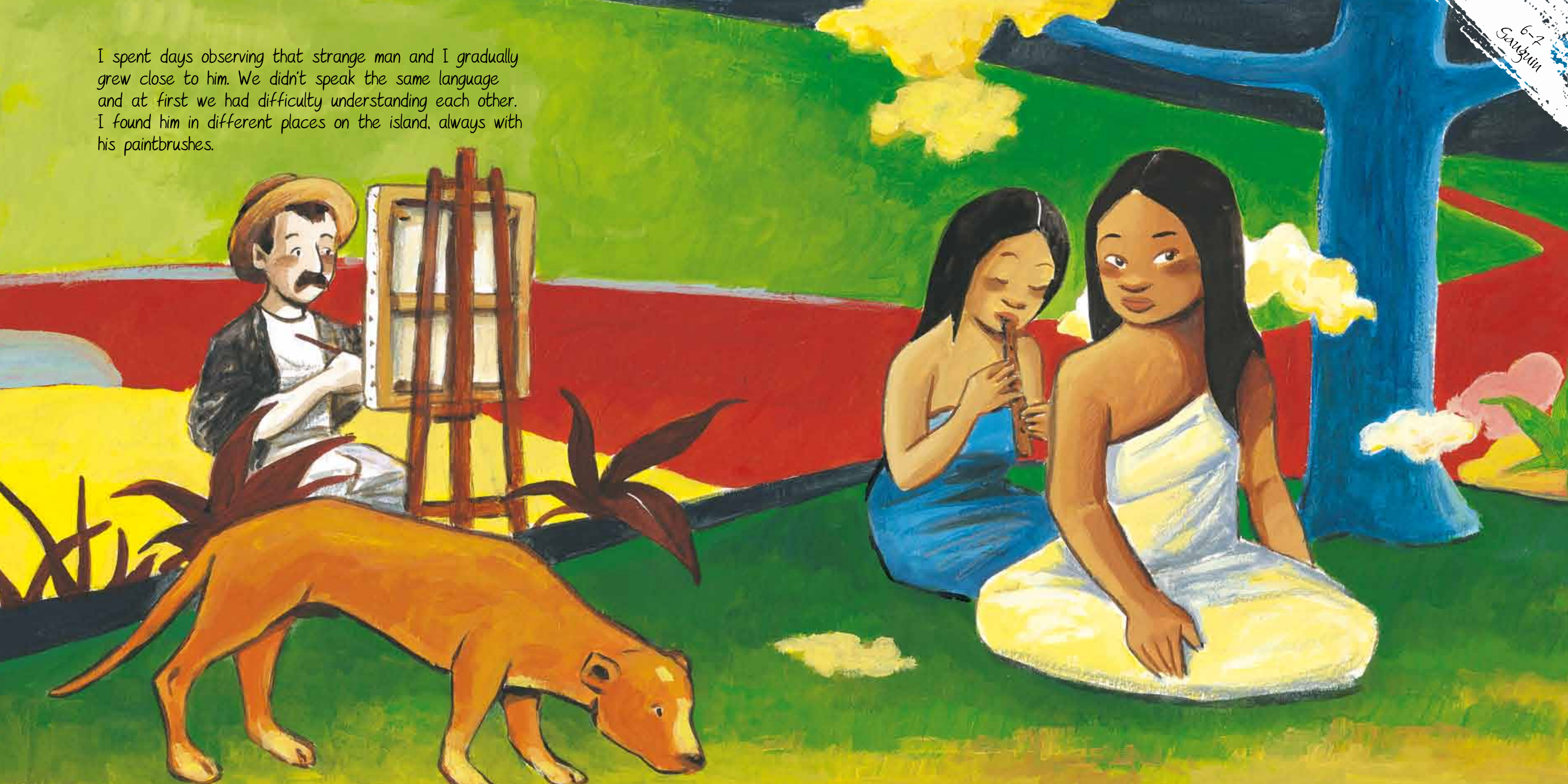
Hello, my name is Jotepha and I want to speak to you about Paul Gauguin, a painter who lived in Tahiti for a while. We are friends now, but the day he arrived on the island, Paul seemed to be angry with everybody. His appearance was quite strange. He was loaded down with canvases, paintbrushes and paints. Well, I realize now, but the first day, I didn't know what all that material was for that arose my curiosity so much.



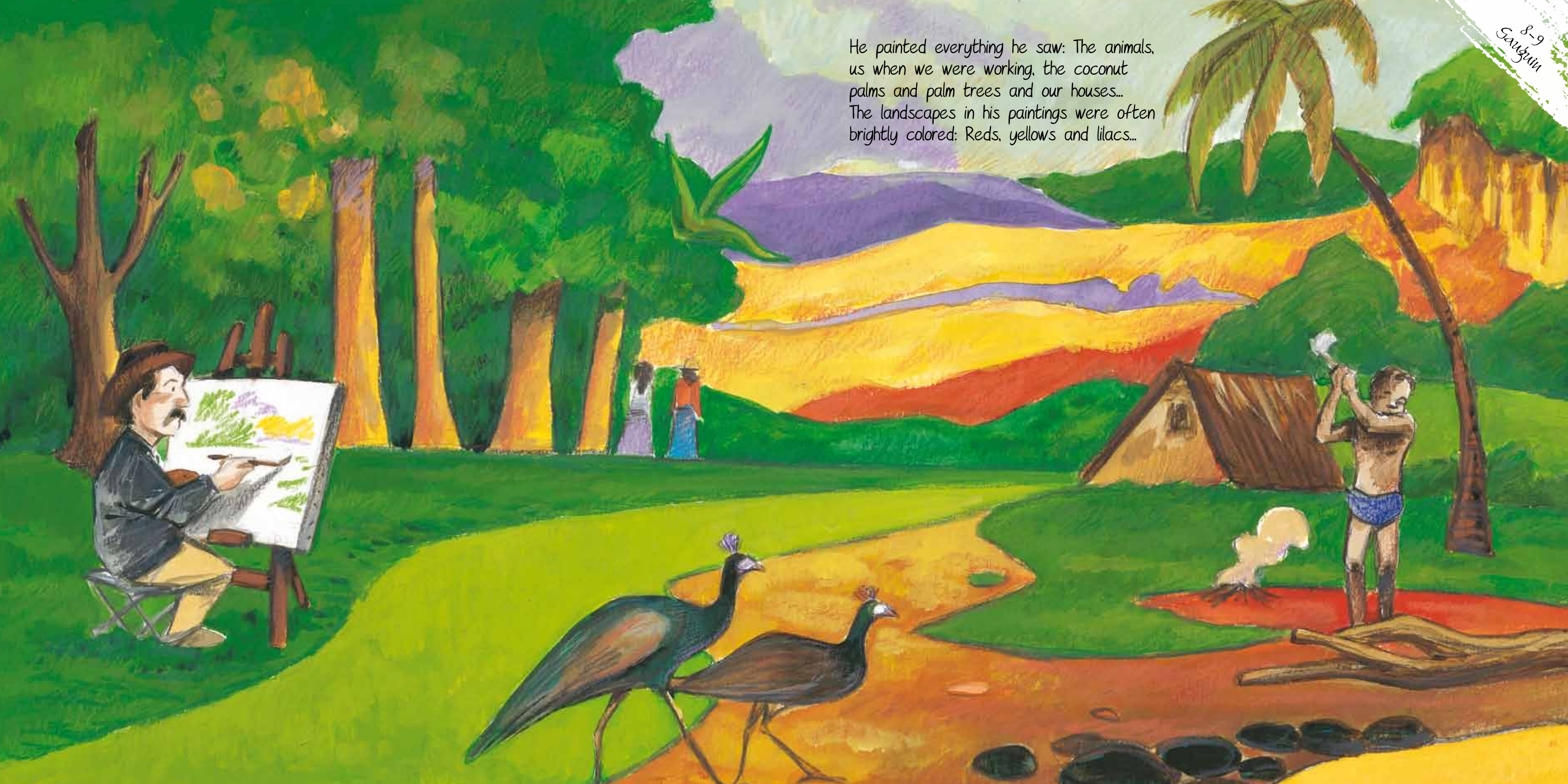


He settled in a log cabin near mine. I thought that he must be hungry after that long journey, so I wrapped some of our food in some fresh leaves and left it on front of his door.

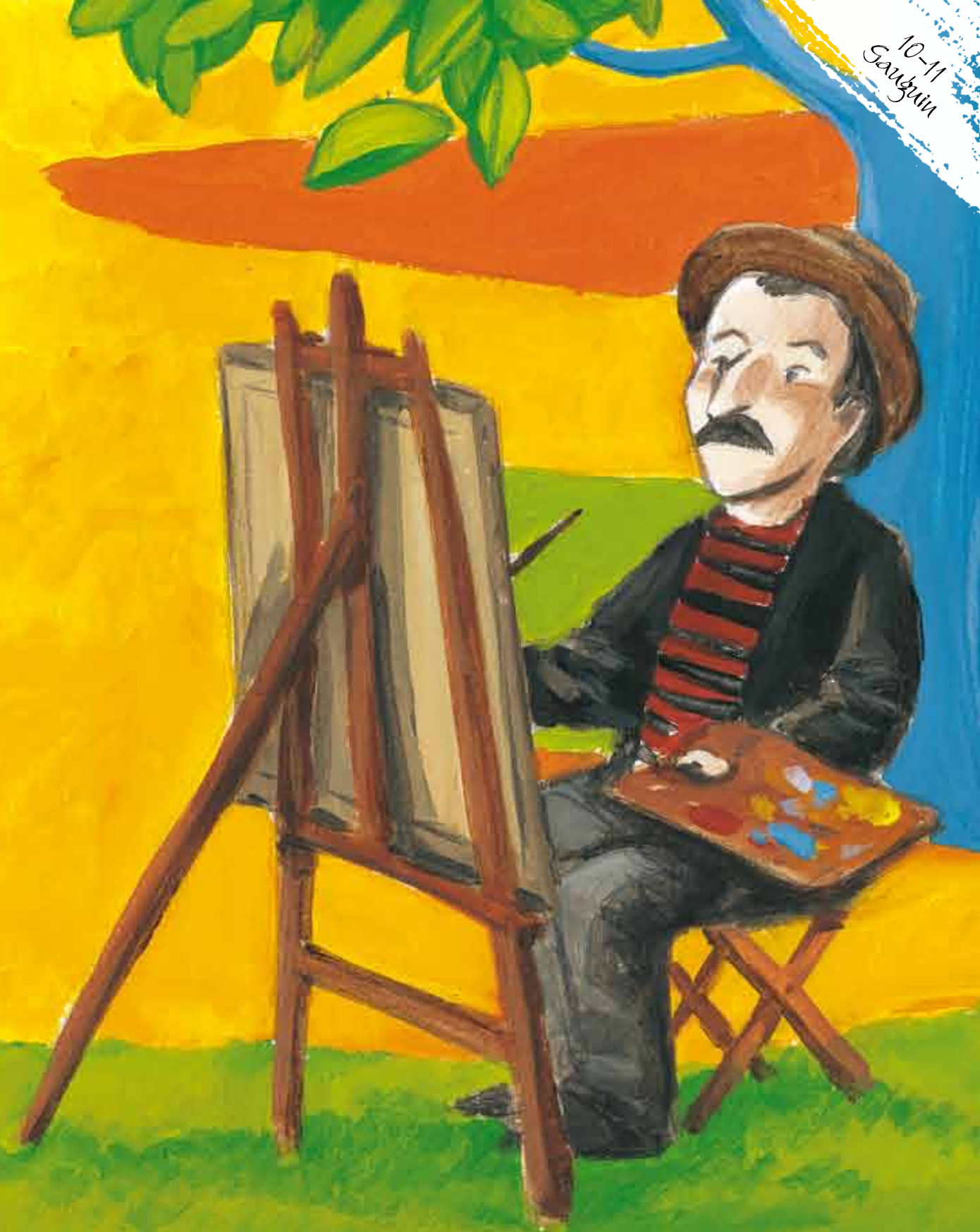
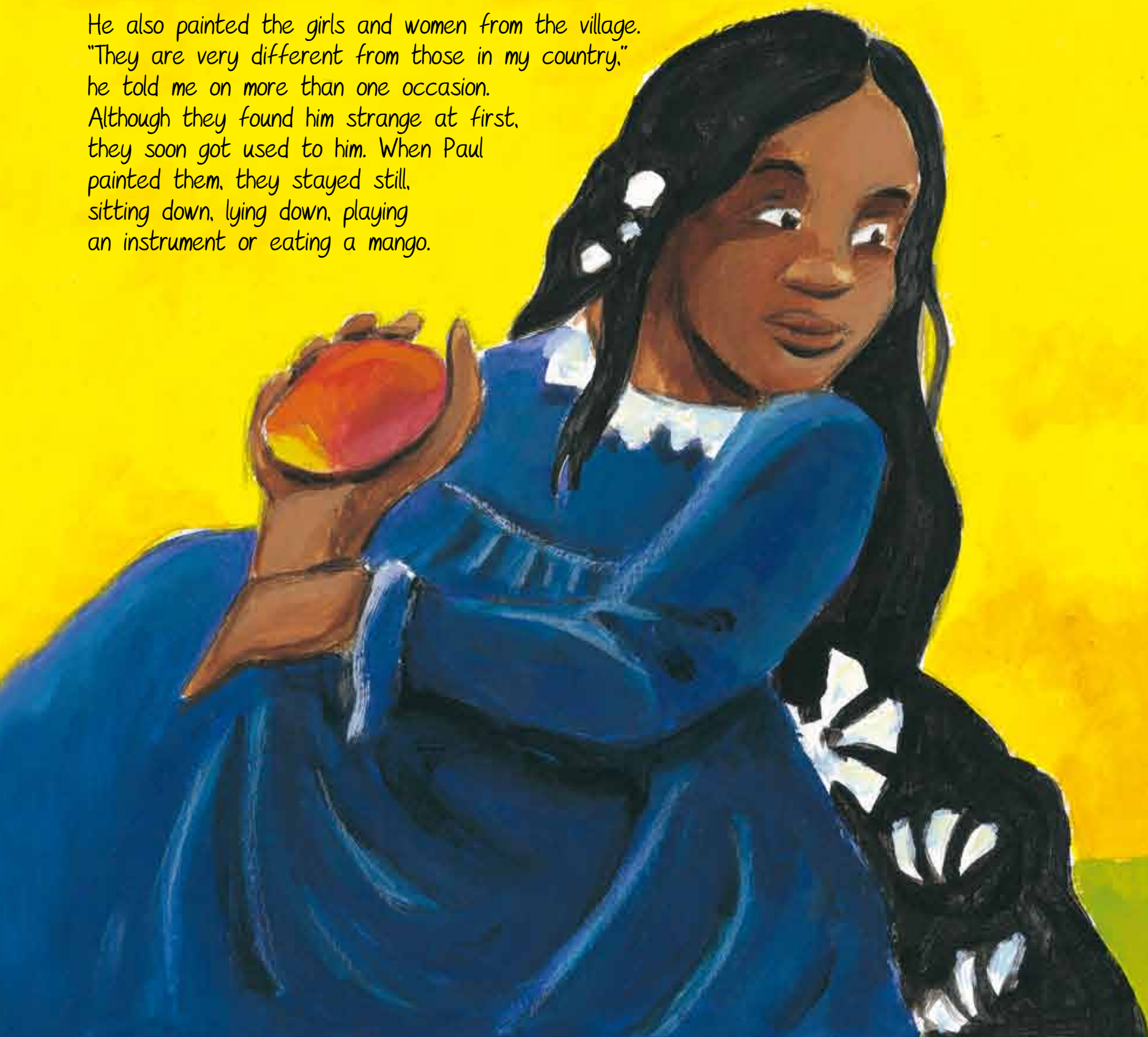
I spent days observing that strange man and I gradually grew close to him. We didn't speak the same language and at first we had difficulty understanding each other. I found him in different places on the island, always with his paintbrushes.

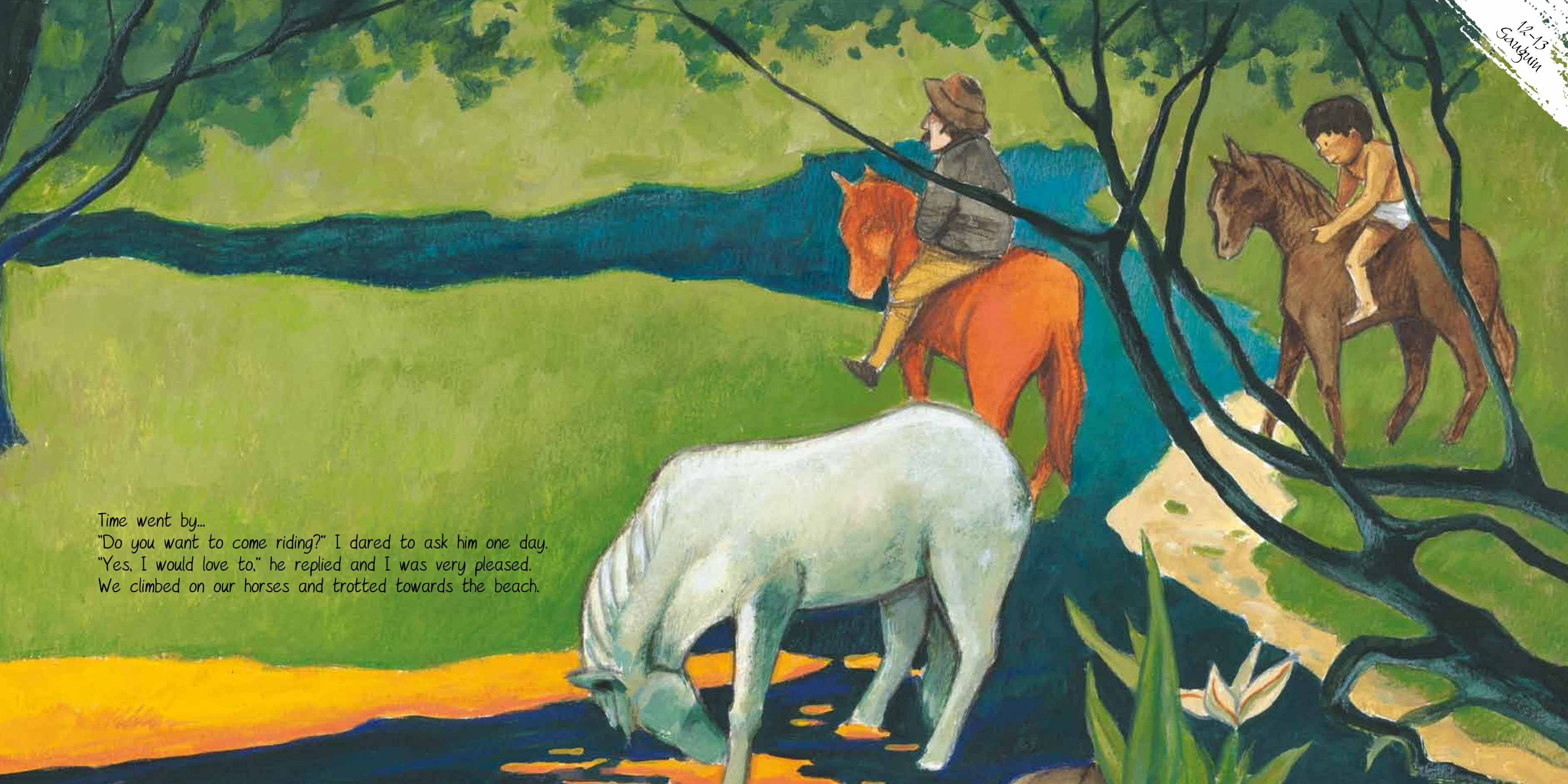


He painted everything he saw: The animals,
us when we were working, the coconut
palms and palm trees and our houses...
The landscapes in his paintings were often
brightly colored: Reds, yellows and lilacs...



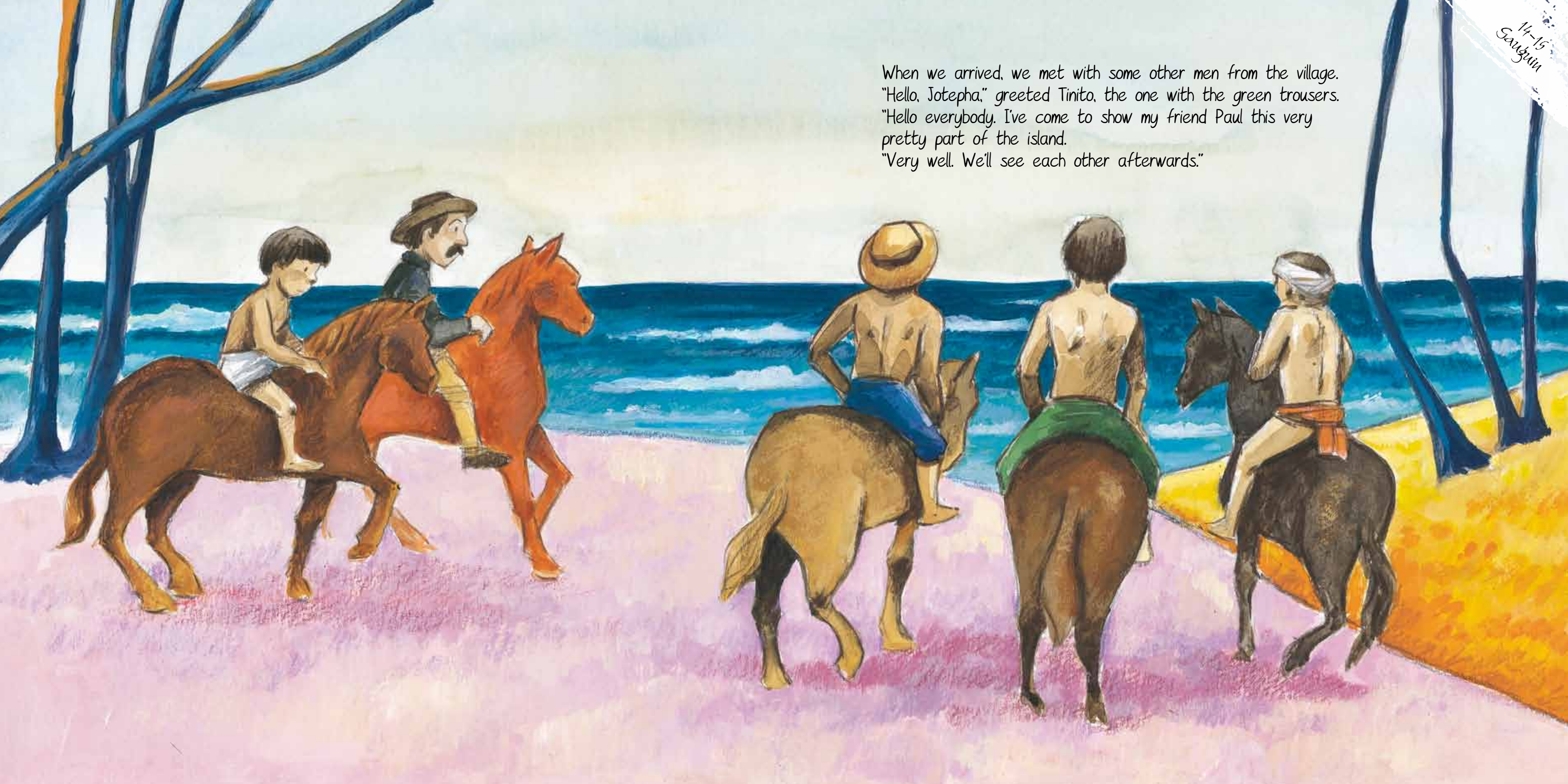
He also painted the girls and women from the village. "They are very different from those in my country," he told me on more than one occasion. Although they found him strange at first, they soon got used to him. When Paul painted them, they stayed still, sitting down, lying down, playing an instrument or eating a mango.

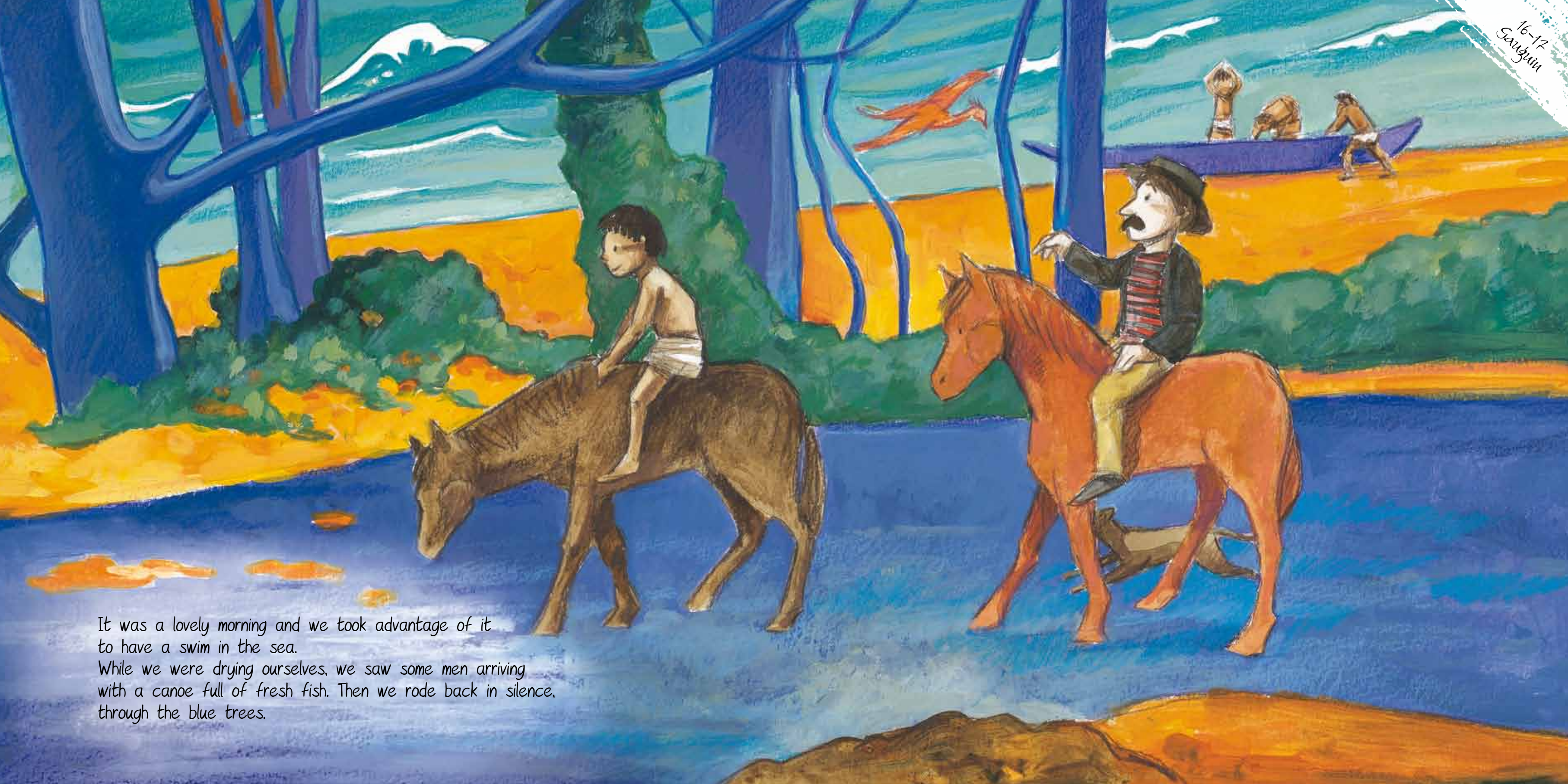




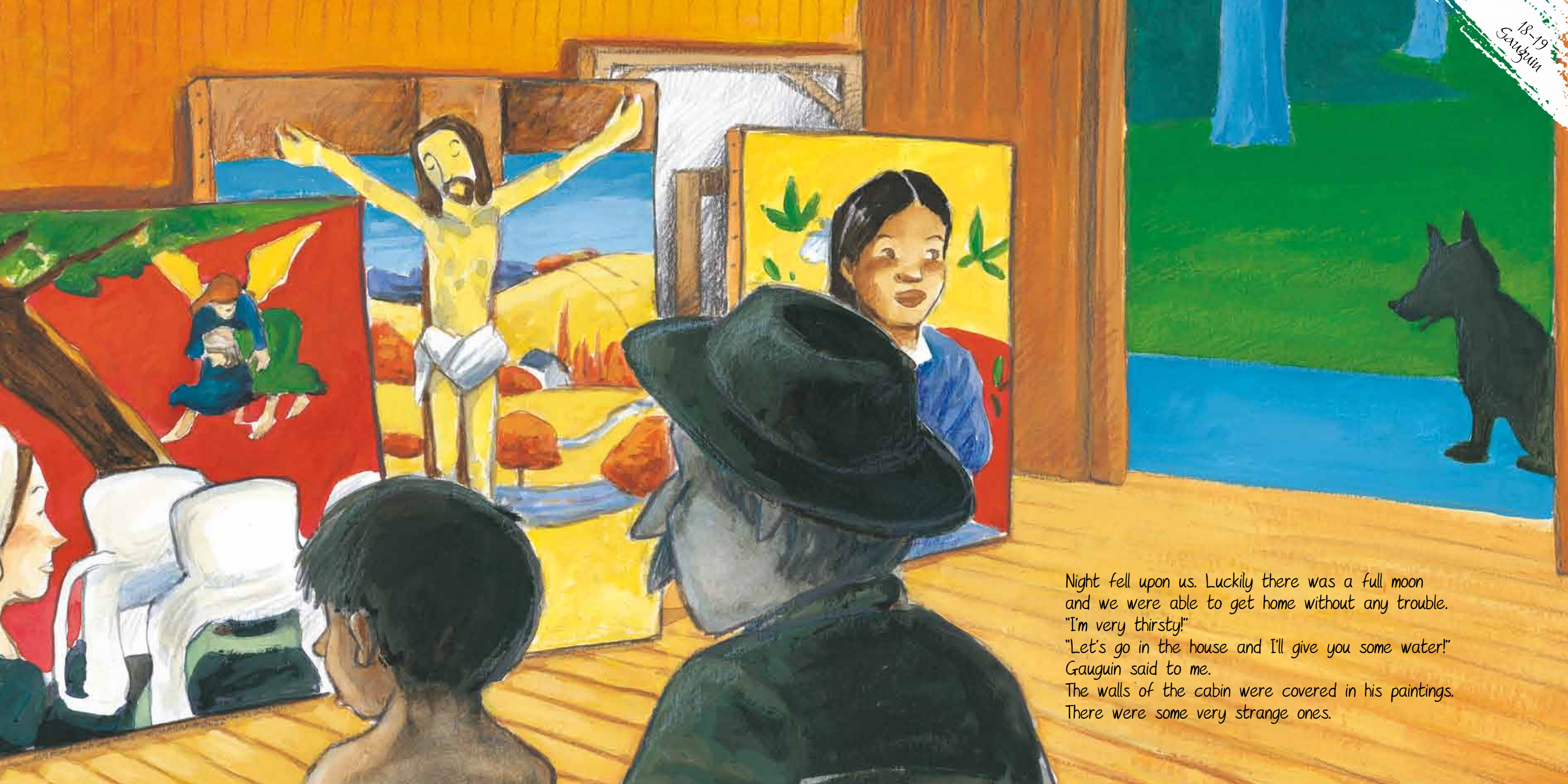
Time went by...
"Do you want to come riding?" I dared to ask him one day.
"Yes, I would love to," he replied and I was very pleased.
We climbed on our horses and trotted towards the beach.

When we arrived, we met with some other men from the village.
"Hello, Jotepha," greeted Tinito, the one with the green trousers.
"Hello everybody. I've come to show my friend Paul this very
pretty part of the island."
"Very well. We'll see each other afterwards."





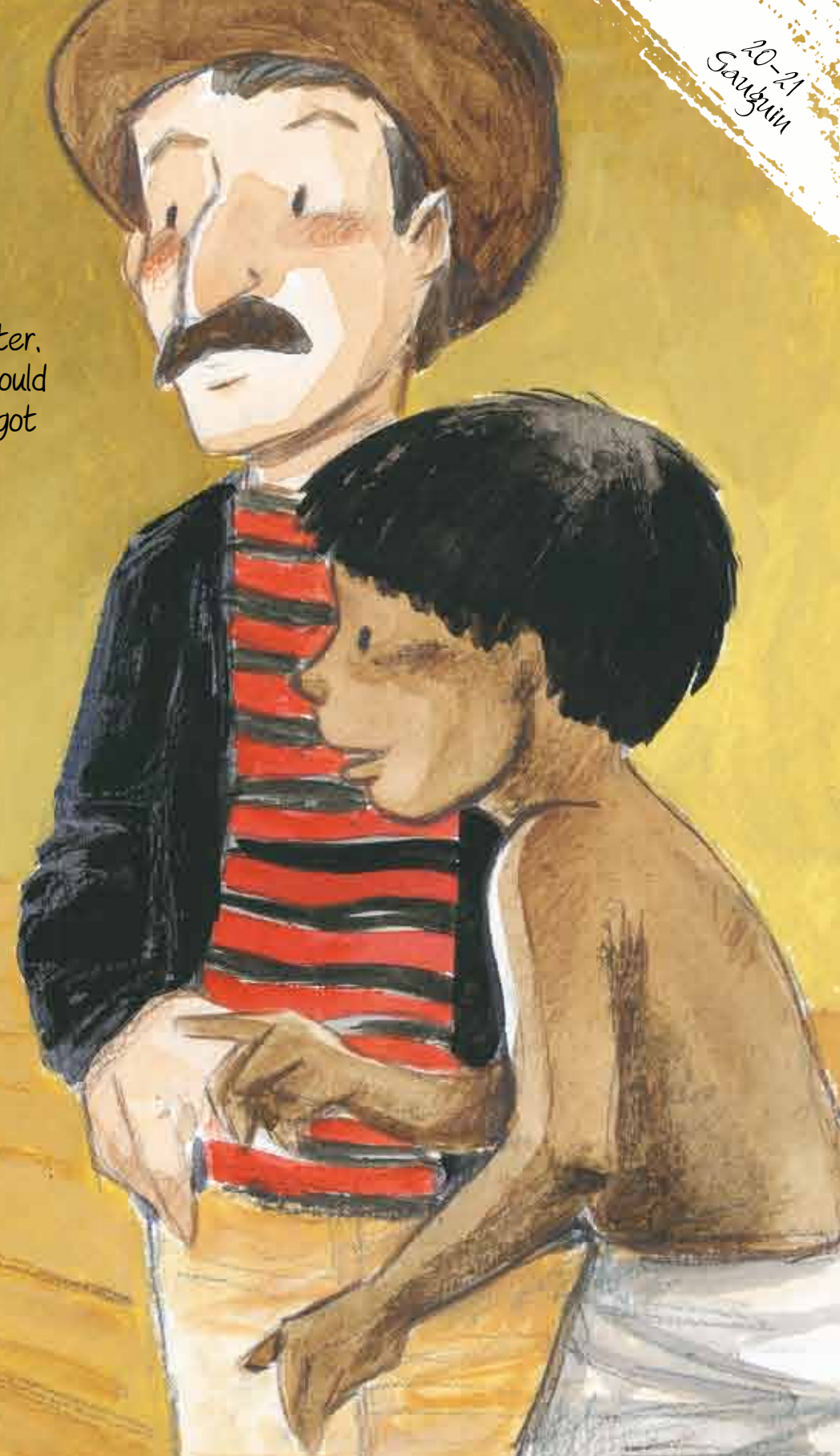
It was a lovely morning and we took advantage of it to have a swim in the sea. While we were drying ourselves, we saw some men arriving with a canoe full of fresh fish. Then we rode back in silence, through the blue trees.

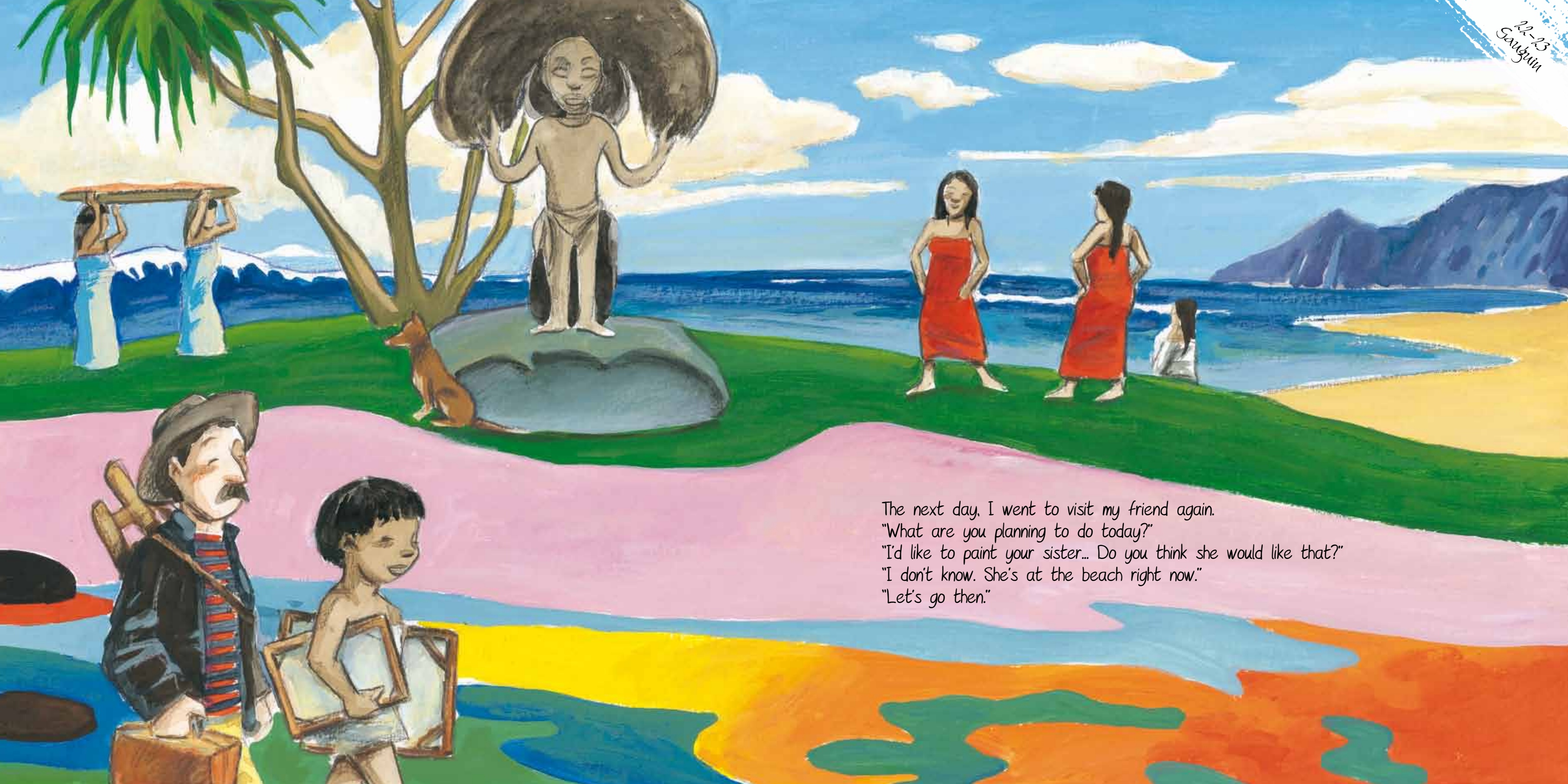


Night fell upon us. Luckily there was a full moon and we were able to get home without any trouble. "I'm very thirsty!" "Let's go in the house and I'll give you some water!" Gauguin said to me. The walls of the cabin were covered in his paintings. There were some very strange ones.



After a few
minutes of silence...
"Who is that girl?"
I asked him pointing
at a painting.
"It's Aline, my daughter,
sleeping. And you should
go to bed too, it's got
late," he told me.






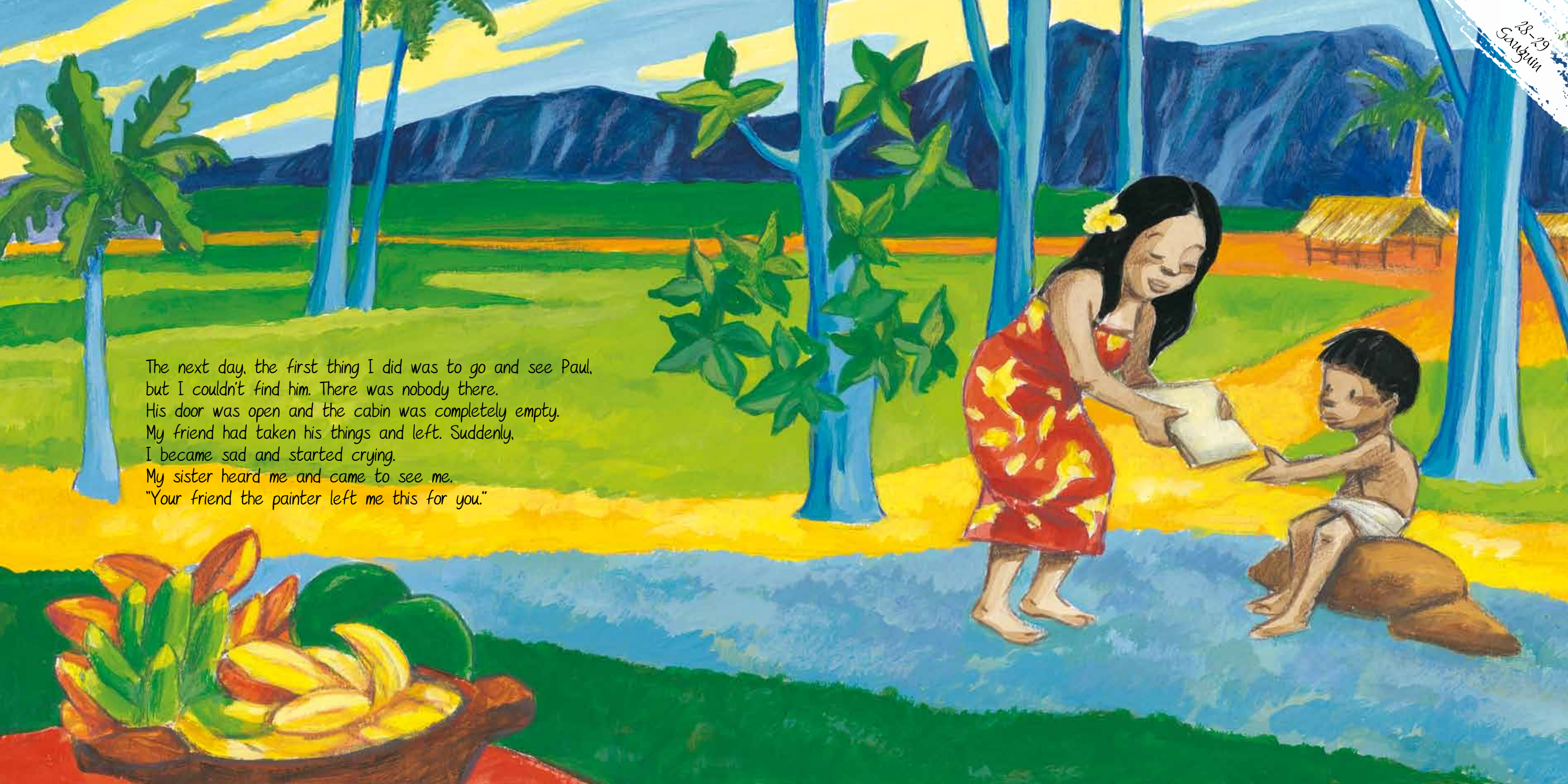
The next day, I went to visit my friend again.
 "What are you planning to do today?"
 "I'd like to paint your sister... Do you think she would like that?"
 "I don't know. She's at the beach right now."
 "Let's go then."



When we arrived,
my sister was talking
to her friend Vaitua.
She was wearing the
red skirt with yellow
flowers that I like so
much. She was pleased
to let Gauguin paint
her, but her friend
didn't like it so much...
Even so, the painting
turned out so lovely...



"This evening, we're celebrating a traditional festival. Will you come?"
"Yes, alright. It will be a good way to..."
Paul replied to me, but I didn't hear the end of what he said to me.
It was a festival with a lot of music and Gauguin loved the fire dance that we have been dancing in the village since ancient times.



The next day, the first thing I did was to go and see Paul, but I couldn't find him. There was nobody there. His door was open and the cabin was completely empty. My friend had taken his things and left. Suddenly, I became sad and started crying. My sister heard me and came to see me. "Your friend the painter left me this for you."

At first I thought it was a letter, but then I saw that it was a very long text. I read it gradually; my sister helped me with the difficult parts. When I finished, I realized that it was his diary, in which Gauguin retold what he had experienced with us. He had entitled it Noa Noa. I thought it was the best present that anybody had ever given me.





Biography

32-33
Gauguin

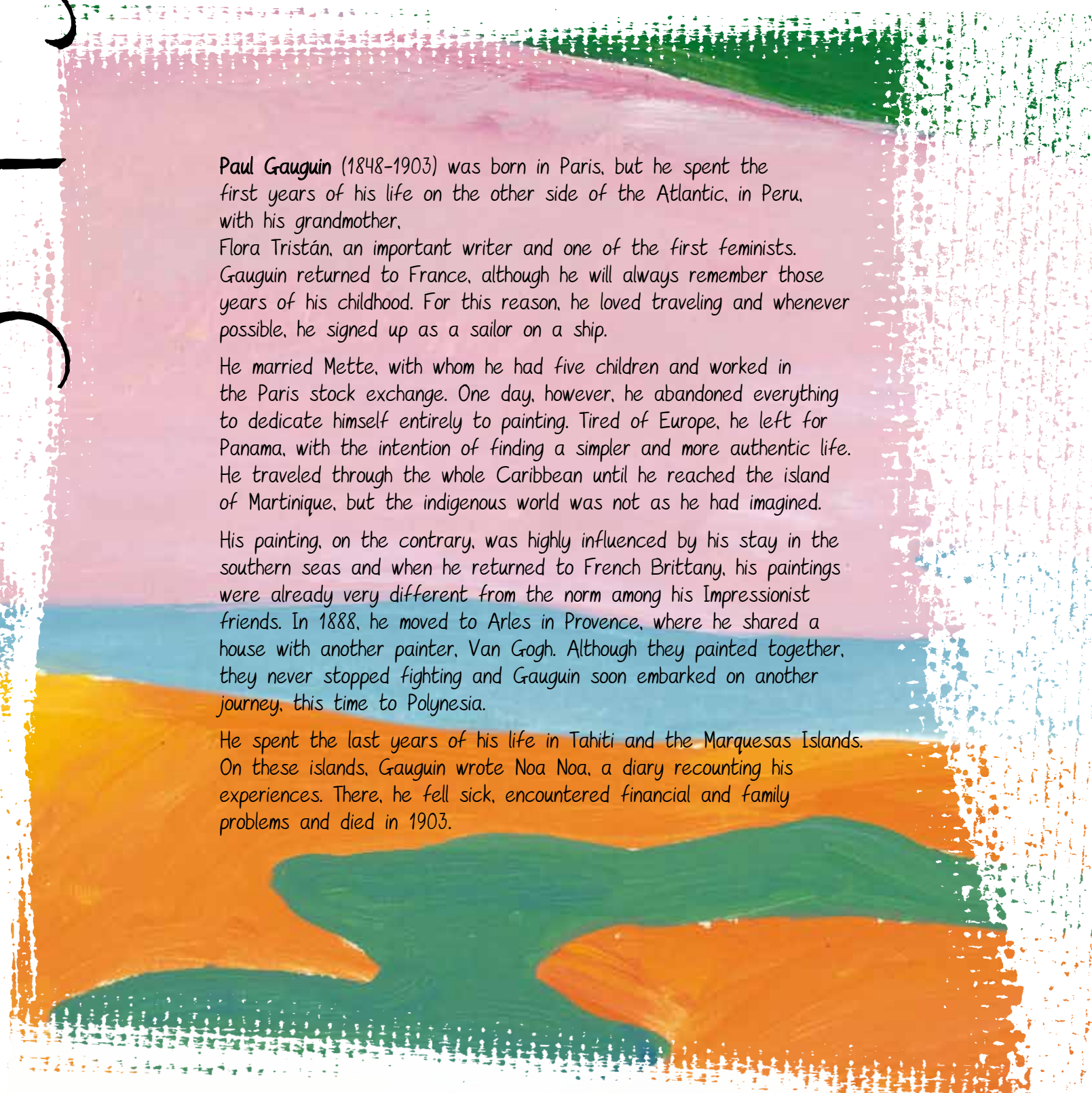
Paul Gauguin (1848-1903) was born in Paris, but he spent the first years of his life on the other side of the Atlantic, in Peru, with his grandmother.

Flora Tristán, an important writer and one of the first feminists. Gauguin returned to France, although he will always remember those years of his childhood. For this reason, he loved traveling and whenever possible, he signed up as a sailor on a ship.

He married Mette, with whom he had five children and worked in the Paris stock exchange. One day, however, he abandoned everything to dedicate himself entirely to painting. Tired of Europe, he left for Panama, with the intention of finding a simpler and more authentic life. He traveled through the whole Caribbean until he reached the island of Martinique, but the indigenous world was not as he had imagined.

His painting, on the contrary, was highly influenced by his stay in the southern seas and when he returned to French Brittany, his paintings were already very different from the norm among his Impressionist friends. In 1888, he moved to Arles in Provence, where he shared a house with another painter, Van Gogh. Although they painted together, they never stopped fighting and Gauguin soon embarked on another journey, this time to Polynesia.

He spent the last years of his life in Tahiti and the Marquesas Islands. On these islands, Gauguin wrote Noa Noa, a diary recounting his experiences. There, he fell sick, encountered financial and family problems and died in 1903.



An artistic palette with various colors of paint and the text 'Artistic Style' written across it. The palette is made of light brown wood and has two oval-shaped holes. It is covered with thick, textured brushstrokes of paint in various colors including yellow, green, blue, red, and brown. The text 'Artistic Style' is written in a large, elegant, black cursive font across the center of the palette.

Artistic Style

Gauguin belonged to a group of artists known as **Post-impressionists**, which emerged following the Impressionists in the late 19th to early 20th Century. He was among the first to use thicker brushstrokes and brighter colors and he developed the technique of Cloisonnism, which is characterized by the use of flat tones, dark outlines and borders and because the majority of the objects painted do not have shadows! To a certain degree, these paintings are reminiscent of the medieval stained glass windows of some churches.

Gauguin attempted to capture different sensations in his canvases and he oscillated between two styles. His obsession for simplifying lines, colors and forms became a synthesis. In his works, he also included some mysterious or foreign elements, which influenced the young Symbolists, a group of painters that based their work on mythological tales and gave preference to the imagination and dreams over representing reality. Gauguin was also considered to be an Anti-naturalist, because he attempted to reflect the form as he saw the world and not as it really was. His color palette was always very bright and he used it in a free and exalted manner. He also experimented with different materials and techniques: He modeled clay, made woodcarvings and xylography.



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