

What would the world be without color? How would we perceive reality without red, blue or green? Can we imagine living in black and white? Color is what gives life its intensity, its depth, but also the possibility of joy. It is light, a vital momentum, energy.

In an attempt at total renunciation, in the exile of solitude and a silent retreat, Mouna Rebeiz endeavored to grasp what the purest, most authentic and “truest” in color is. Kandinsky had already noted that “Vermilion attracts and irritates the beholder like the flame, which has always moved man to irresistibly contemplate it. Bright lemon-yellow eventually hurts our eyes in the same way as the shrill sound of a trumpet pierces our ears. Our eyes blink, they can no longer bear to look and will seek relief in the tranquil depths of blue or green.” (Concerning the Spiritual in Art, 1911). Later, Yves Klein invented a shade of blue that now bears his name...

Can painting be considered a form of metaphysics that attempts to solve the enigma of color? Merleau-Ponty aptly suggests, in *Eye and Mind*, a certain vision of the world: “Painting celebrates no other enigma than that of visibility.” Mouna recreates this same vision in this attempt to penetrate the enigma of color, which is also that of visibility. But Mouna Rebeiz remains faithful to her own spirit, faithful to that mystery that characterizes her creative momentum, as shown by these twelve canvases in which we plunge ourselves: “We use colors but we paint with feeling” (Jean Chardin).

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