

G. Münter's resources are quite complex. At first, one feels attracted towards its discreet joyfulness, then held back by its deep strangeness, so that one gladly lingers before the canvases. It is because despite their realism, beside their unforgiving truth, one perceives something else: the fantastic dimension of a vigilant artist's temperament.

Gabrielle [sic] Münter is German, and indisputably so. I congratulate her for this. A tenuous but definite link ties her to the best of her compatriots. Notice the somnambulant aspect of several of her landscapes and still lives, however exact, materially observed and situated in blunt lighting. The stylization happens almost unbeknownst to its maker. The energetic brushstrokes as well as the oily and solid paste make the motif seem to be sculpted as much as tinted.

Last winter, on a clear snow morning and without expecting it, I received a woodcut by Münter: a coloured engraving the size of a palm with a brick red edging mixed with yellow, green and blue, and stuck onto a rough and grey cardboard. For the new year, under the repeated and charming tones of the border, the work was an assemblage of a large cake on a plate, a small flowerpot and an extraordinary bird, dressed with a jacket, a waistcoat and trousers. Nothing more intimately grotesque, more delicate and more spontaneously fantastic.

GÉRÔME MAËSSE

Quoted from the article "Récents efforts" (p. 924), by painter and critic Alexis Mérodack-Jeaneau (1873-1919) under the pseudonym Gêrôme Maësse.