

Manuele Vonthron / Firmament Tremblant*

«The hardest thing is to find oneself within oneself.»
Simone de Beauvoir

Trembling is not an accident of gesture, it is an existential truth. It speaks of fragility, fatigue, persistence, the daily struggle to maintain a space of one's own. In the layered surfaces of an experienced artist like Manuele Vonthron (born 1962), in the vibrations and superimpositions, one perceives a life that never stops moving, resisting, recomposing itself. Trembling becomes a vital rhythm, a way of inhabiting the world.

In Manuele Vonthron's studio, the inner path takes the form of a trembling firmament*. Not a distant sky, but an intimate, vibrant space where the artist searches for herself, loses herself, finds herself again. Each canvas becomes an attempt to stand upright in an unstable world, a way of creating a refuge where she can finally breathe. Painting is, for the artist, a site of subjectivation, a space where she can exist outside of roles, expectations, and injunctions: a woman, independent, advancing alone, shaping her own being — exactly as Simone de Beauvoir describes in *La Force de l'âge* (The Prime of Life, 1960). In the intimacy of her studio, she wanders through her inner landscape in order to rediscover her own presence. She invents a language that becomes her voice, a space where she can inhabit her identity fully.

Manuele's abstraction is never cold. It breathes, it vibrates, it trembles. It carries life, with its intensities, its ruptures, its impulses. It is organic, sensitive, inhabited. It does not seek to represent reality, but to restore its force, its density, its inner light. Each canvas becomes an organism, a breath, a fragment of becoming — and at times, it summons figures or invites us to imagine forms emerging from our own interpretation.

Nature is not a motif for Manuele, it is a milieu, a breath, a mirror. It offers a space where the artist can gather her own truth, repair her balance, retune her sensibility. The colors, materials, and flows

of her paintings bear the trace of this relationship: a nature lived, crossed, absorbed — becoming an ally in the process of inner reconstruction.

A woman who builds her identity in and through painting.

For Manuele, the firmament is not a celestial horizon; it is an interior zone, a place where emotions circulate, a mental sky where fragments of a dense life settle, a life shaped by responsibilities, relationships, solitude, and light. Painting opens this space, makes it visible, almost tangible. It inscribes flashes, tensions, moments of calm an inner climate.

Our first solo exhibition of Manuele Vonthron in our Paris/Saint-Ouen space offers more than an introduction to her work; it affirms the relevance of her inquiry into the unstable grounds on which contemporary subjectivity is built. Manuele Vonthron's paintings open a space of reflection for all those who recognize the complexity of standing within a trembling firmament — a shared condition of fragility and persistence in which her act of creating traces a direction, illuminates a horizon, and reaffirms the possibility of becoming.

Ricardo Fernandes