

TRANSLATION ARTICLE FROM "CORREO DEL ARTE"
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ANNA CHROMY The materialization of dreams

Her passion is the human being: This poor being hidden behind a mask in a vain attempt to cheat death; this great being, too, capable of flying and projecting himself above the universe. Men, women, centaurs, nymphs, myths, mythologies ... pretexts for making us arrive at the knowledge of a world devastated by the Great War, the world in which Anna opened her eyes in her childhood. The realm of dreams, that of the unconscious, symbolism and surrealism, transported only through the magic of her hands. Figures which dissolve into backgrounds and backgrounds which emerge until they are transformed into figures. Mystery, spell, smoke, clouds, ghostly colours with which Anna leads us on a mystical - pictorial adventure.

The soul of Anna Chromy is there, inspiring each stroke of the brush. It is revealed on the canvas. She knows it, she feels modest. But she has no other formula to leave her mark, and she leaves it full of unrepressed emotion which takes hold of her to search all that is hidden by the walls of the canvas, because all is there, it is only necessary announce it with the caresses of her brushes. Thus, as it was done in the wonderful mural pictures of her beloved Krumau Castle. **"I seek everywhere a little opening in the wall, an overlooked slit of a door through which I can discover new possibilities, surprises and new points of view for my work"**.

The traces which we leave are the traces which life leaves on us. In Anna's life there remains engraved her farewells to Krumau, the goodbye to the cherry tree, the castle and its inhabitants, rising above its walls and without blinking an eyelid at the sound of bombs. These inhabitants with whom Anna used to speak when she was hardly four years old and to whom she said a sad final farewell because she already saw them with white beards, too old for them to be able to expect to see her return.

They left Bohemia with the firm intention of forgetting the past, to look further afield: Linz, Salzburg, Vienna ... But this past and all the pasts of Anna followed there, marking her, enriching her. All and every one of her saddest memories draws her hands to scratch and caress and this is the magic energy and mystery which she has put into her paintings.

Then came a respiratory illness, her endless pain, her little and great deaths, the deaths of a child who had to abandon her dreams, her projects: painting, ballet, theatre. Then the death of her mother ... then the death of a hand, but she launched herself with success into the intense and festive cry of life and drank large draughts of it until she was full, lived it until she was exhausted. Seeking the most. Thinking that even in spite of the great successes already obtained, her best moment is still to come. She does not seek to stay motionless under the rainbow of euphoria. Anna, like her figures, showed on canvas her attitude towards life. Each objective is only a line which marks a new departure, this she knows.

This led to Kafka and Camus ... then the Academy of the Grande Chaumière in Montparnasse, which she attended during her delightful and unforgettable stay in Paris, in Barbizon. Then the trace of her artists, her painters, her medics ... Then above all, full in her soul, the traces of the people of the market: **"These do not need any current of opinion to decide whom to seek to take into their hearts and whom not"**. Their faces are in Anna's paintings, full of a dream or striking with the force of a presentiment.

The whirlwind of Paris ... To open one's eyes wide to absorb it all, to paint non-stop in order to be able to exhibit in the Grand Palais, to be able to follow the arrival of her work in private galleries, to obtain the recognition through this work of her personality in that, above all the trends which appear through her paintings, transcending the interior resonances of the artist, in that above rational reception, is the intuitive, the apprehension of a subjective reality, unconscious ... Metaphysical. This reception of an enthusiastic reality, if Anna feels her blood running like a wild horse; suffering, if Anna suffers. Then she herself recognizes that her paintings also are ill. As several years ago when one of her dogs dragged her to the ground and Anna was on the point of losing a leg. **"Perhaps what a friend of mine said - that too much physical health is harmful - is true"**.

She loves animals but her love **"stays inside the limits of human understanding since nothing can ever replace a man, a good friend or a longed-for child..."** Her husband is her refuge. **"My relations with him have grown until they have been transformed into a massive tree whose branches are so interlaced that they form together a strong and inseparable union..."**

Her strong point is not exactly in preparing exhibitions, she prefers to shut herself up to paint. But there have been exhibitions in Munich (1977), Madrid (1980) and she was disturbed to the solid soul when she was asked to take her work to New York (1984). **"New York, a very successful collage"**.

A brilliant career for one whose best word is silence. She leaves the talking to her canvasses. Now Anna's name goes round the entire world without her moving from Seville. Her passion for Spanish things her admiration for Dali, the artist whom Anna admires most, her model, for whom she has succeeded in admitting in her paintings something which she has never wanted to admit to anyone, that the strength of a man could also be given to a woman ...

Spain, also the land of Zurbaran, Murillo, El Greco, Velazquez, was by fate, to offer her this great joy. One of her paintings was selected by the Universal Exposition in Seville. In no other place has Anna felt so well understood as in Spain. **"While it is certain that I have kept the Slav soul of my mother, that I have inherited the German precision of my father and that I am open to life like a French person, I am much tormented by beauty and the mystical that I feel myself attracted by the Spanish. For this reason when the painting "Man, Earth, Universe" was selected for EXPO-92, a special feeling arose inside me and I saw in this selection a sign of destiny"**.

In this painting of Anna Chromy all sorts of questions are posed. Where do we come from? Where are we going? Who are we? How can a being exist in a vacuum? And here Anna not only expresses the challenge to the laws of gravity, but also this challenge of man with his own self, of the man who struggles, naked and alone, like a colossus, to come into being. Because to be is to exist in a vacuum.

Picture titles :

"Autumn" (from the series "Four Seasons") 1983
Oil/canvas. (74 x 168 cm.)

"The Lights of Paris" 1980
Oil/canvas (65 x 81 cm)

"The Forgotten One" (Coffin of Dali) 1979
Oil/canvas (73 x 60 cm)

Cover of the Programme for the Prague Festival

"El Grecco" 1990
Oil/canvas (65 x 80 cm)

"The age of Discoveries, Man, Earth, Universe 1987
(Oil/canvas 70 x 90 cm)

"Carnival in Venice" 1983.
Oil/canvas. (70 x 90 cm.)

"Reflection" 1989
Oil/canvas. (75 x 110 cm.)