



Water Carrier Morocco - Jean Tarrit 1865-1950



1 900 EUR

Signature : Jean TARRIT 1865-1950

Period : 20th century

Condition : Bon état

Material : Bronze

Length : 27

Width : 16

Height : 43

<https://www.proantic.com/en/392393-water-carrier-morocco-jean-tarrit-1865-1950.html>

Description

Signature on the right side of the terrace: Jean Tarrit Dated: 1913

Titled on the front side of the terrace: Morocco water carrier. Bronze patina bronze, resting on a rectangular base in green marble of the Alps.

Born on December 31, 1865 in the small village of Chatillon-sur-Chalaronne, in Ain, the young Jean Tarrit proved himself very talented for drawing and sculpture: he loved nothing so much as cutting willow branches for give them shape. He joined the School of Fine Arts and worked in the workshops of Jules Thomas and Augustin Moreau-Vauthier. He opened his own studio and, from 1895, exhibited regularly at the Salon des Artistes français. If he did not disdain plaster,

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clay, or stone, he loved nothing more than carving the wood. Inspired in his youth by the individuals he met in the street, he then turned to more animal subjects and sculpted, with great affection, cats. From 1910, attracted by Morocco, he made many trips there, and presents his works at the Salons of the Society of French Orientalist Painters and the Colonial Society of French Artists. Thus, in 1914, he presented the Moroccan Water Porter and a Moroccan returning from the market which earned him a colonial scholarship. Jean Tarrit settles in Tangier and produces only works inspired by Morocco. He exhibited at the Salon of the Colonial Society of French Artists. He was knighted by the Legion of Honor in February 1938. A simple, loyal and generous man, he was, despite his discretion, greatly appreciated by all. He died in the rue des Vignes, Tangier, May 2, 1950.

The work: The eyes closed on his effort, the weary features, the spine curved under the weight of the goatskin skin swollen by the precious liquid, the guerrab, the water carrier transports valiantly his load. There was a time, when the artist lived, where in the souks, the medinas, all did not have running water. The water carriers were transporting him from the wadi, the cistern, the fountain ... He was in charge of a neighborhood, and from morning to evening, like Sisyphus, he went back and forth between the well and the places where he was delivering. the precious liquid.

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