La Peinture secrète de Louise Forget
On the Secret Painting of Louise Forget

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Quand, la première fois, j’ai rencontré Louise Forget dans son atelier parisien, elle était engagée dans la production d’une série de tableaux qui se différenciaient de tout ce qu’elle avait réalisé jusqu’alors. La Suite parisienne inaugurait un nouveau cycle, une étape nouvelle caractérisée par une structuration extrême et rigoureuse de son espace pictural et de l’élément architectonique fondamental: le triangle.

La Suite parisienne

En effet, l’observation d’une de ses toiles nous révèle, au plan de la composition, une répartition de la surface en triangles clairement indiqués à la fois par les masses chromatiques mais aussi par des lignes, segments de droites qui parcourent le champ comme des indices. Le numéro 16 de la Suite nous en fournit un bon exemple. A gauche, se dresse, comme une colonne, une masse étirée, composée de l’opposition de deux triangles reliés par des vecteurs à des points focaux apparentement fictifs, ce qui crée un ensemble de triangles et évoque nettement une forme architecturale. 

«J’ai choisi le triangle comme symbole, dira-t-elle, parce que je le retrouvais constamment dans mon champ de vision. Lorsque je marchais et que je pensais à mon tableau, je retrouvais toujours ce triangle, soit vertical, soit oblique, qui était l’apport premier.»

Le centre stratégique de cette masse étirée, losange modifié, repose sur une tension introduite par deux éléments horizontaux: un court trait, à gauche, et une masse blanche comme une zone de démarcation, à droite. Le rectangle inférieur droit, séparé par une oblique qui rejoint la structure pour la soutenir, crée à son tour deux masses triangulaires.

Pourtant, le regard ne se dirigera pas spontanément à gauche sur le cœur de l’obélisque mais s’arrêtera au beau milieu de la surface à la jonction des deux

1. Louise FORGET
Huile sur toile; 114 cm x 146.
Coll. de l’artiste.
(Phot. Gabor Szilasi)
Michel Morin's work is the reflection of a daily research beginning with a fundamental, original tone. This tone is in harmony with the cosmos and in each of his canvases there is inscribed a landscape of different and subtle nuances, Morin translates an interior vision, deliberately prepared and pondered. "I feel myself rather close to Zen philosophy. Just as the archer projects himself in the arrow, I pass through everything physical to project myself on the canvas."

Through innumerable colours the canvas develops under the heedful eye of its creator to become its own creation. Uninterrupted continuations in which the artist makes his choice. The dominating picture is the outcome of a series of canvases that have been the pretexts to the final movement.

"Truth is in the interior, Form at the exterior", Confucius wrote several thousand years ago, and this involves a form of expression different from what Morin is concerned with in his work. A gazer fixed on the picture teaches us something about ourselves in so far as we enter into it. "It is by work that our language is formed. It is essential that I find my rhythm and that I explore it and not a language that might have been imposed on me."

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and the elongated diamond are marked by a
graphism, a writing that allows the soaring
existence, beyond formality, of lyricism.

Beginning the construction, this "interior landscape",
as the artist defines it, remains the
reflection of an environment. Because it is
actually a matter of urban landscape, of a
personal interpretation of an "essentialized" place,
reduced to a particularly minimal form in
which, in relation to graphism, only the
tension is used, but where color intervenes
as essential emotional adjunct.

"I would like", she says, "to succeed in
achieving a balance between an architectural
conception of a composition and the gestural
achieving a balance between an architectural
reflection of an environment. Because it is
evanescence and fragility that the least little
painting toward the architectural structuraliza-
tion is opposed the
Mediterranean.

Les Grands soleils

It is fitting now to go back in time and to
follow, along the thread of the years and the
cycles of production, the artist's trajectory
that spreads over twenty-five years of work but
also of silence and discretion. Louise Forget, now
looking toward the architectural structuraliza-
tion is more than a natural reluctance to be
unlimited to see the human being, one of these privileged places. Threshold of the
south, one of these privileged places. Threshold of the
fulfillment of the artist. To the
the dependence on the teaching process but for
the vision of the picture, it is not so much a visual recreation
the picture is not so much a visual recreation
the actualization of the artist.

CHRISTOPHER PRATT — A PERSONAL MEMOIR

By Michael COOK

Ten years ago, walking down an antiseptic
corridor, about to take up an appointment with
the Extension Service of Memorial University,
I met somebody about to leave it.

Prematurely balding, intense, a little inse-
secure, it was Christopher Pratt. He had
confronted early in his career the problem
facing many 20th century artists. To survive,
he had to teach. But Pratt, though a natural
artist is not a natural teacher. There are
some whose creative energies are motivated
and sustained by the teaching process but for
him, at that time, it was an impossible situation.

To teach well, one has to be secure in one's
art and, out of that security be able to impart,
without loss of the essential creative energies,
elements of craft and style which do not drain
the self of the power to create.

But in 1966, he had met the challenge neither
of himself nor of his art, and to teach was
to deny the fulfillment of either. He chose early to
commit himself to a private vision, and in this
decision was aided and abetted by his family.

Significantly, his work then, apart from a
superb sense of draughtsmanship, had no articu-
lated core. He was an artist of whom people
said: "Ah, yes, he has potential", but then,
taking refuge behind cocktail glasses, were
unable to determine exactly what that potential
was. I have an early pencil drawing from that
period. It is, simply, of trees. They are unmis-
takingly the same spruce and fir waving defantly at the elements.

But there is, after one takes in the whole
— something unique about that picture after all,
for the picture is not so much a visual recreation
as a personal testament. Each tree is crying
out for its own life, its own identity. The landscape
then is not narrative form. Treat is a set of
series of individual statements each crying out
for recognition. And thus the picture fails
magnificently, containing the promise of a
vision greater than the realization. The tree,
surrounded by other trees.

As a member of the global village, Pratt does
not limit himself to subjects taken from his
immediate environment — two recent pictures,
Lake Ontario and Station illustrate this but,
nonetheless, he brings to bear upon such sub-
jects the same dramatic intensity that informs
his vision. And it is this intensity, His is a rare example of consummate craft allied to
a singular vision which can only be realized
by attention to, and knowledge of (even if uncon-
scious at times) a particular place at a particular
time in its history. Such intensity allied to
the mastery of the technology of the time
constitutes the process of genius.

What are the lineaments of his vision? Isola-
tion. Dignity. Perfection. Detachment. Fury. Examine any of his exteriors... Cottage,
Coley's Point, Shop on an Island, Pristine,
isolated, vested with immense dignity, it is easy
at first to see them casually as obvious and
familiar, but it is only upon closer inspection
that they are brought to a state of grace. But that is to ignore the
exterior environment, the sea and, in
Coley's Point, the sky also, reflected in the
door.

"In the beginning God created the Heavens
and the Earth. The Earth was without form and void
and darkness covered the face of the
waters. And God said: 'Let there be light', and
there was light.'"

The creation myth from Genesis is at once
moving and yet terrifying in its abstraction, but
the artist is drawn, as in dream or nightmare,
to respond to it, either to will the creation of
a new and private universe or to despair at that
which has been created.