

April 5, 1946

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... and in Brussels Presence of Man

In our previous column, we were talking about Belgian painting that this has always been a painting above all human, a painting to the measure of man, it is a quality that we consider, for our part, as a paramount quality, not only in painting but in the work of art whatsoever.

Fashions pass, only remain the works in which life has crystallized, because life, despite certain outward appearances, will be still life, similar and identical to itself. This is why a human work will always be an outdated work or more of a permanent topicality.

This human thrill, we found it in the works graphics presented to us by Germaine Lévy in the Galerie Marcel Baugniet and Poucette Fauconier, in the Manteau Gallery.

We are not going to try to explain what makes the originality of the line in one and the spontaneity of writing to another. No, because we believe that painting is self-sufficient and that it is a sufficiently rich language and marvelous to allow the artist who employs it, to express what he wants to say, provided of course that he has things to say.

As André Breton wrote: "The marvelous is always beautiful, only the marvelous is beautiful."

We therefore believe very sincerely that the role of the critic should confine itself to drawing the public's attention to the works which would risk going unnoticed and that, without the help of vain literature, which is of no help here.

As for Poucette Fauconier, so wild is synonymous with young, we will say of her that she is savage. With her everything is spontaneity, we could almost write confession.

Nothing premeditated in his art, which on analysis seems to have all faults and defects. She has this taste the unfinished and its design seems clumsy.

And yet what life, what passion, what humanity. The language she speaks to us is a language of her own, because she has no learned nothing and having learned nothing, she needs nothing unlearn.

She ignores proportions and intends to ignore them, boldest deformations twist his characters and decors they inhabit and yet nothing is shocking, because we feel that no deformation is sought or voluntary.

Her subjects who could have been only puppets have a face that speaks, eyes that live, fingers that move and all this without grand phrases or pompous gestures, because they live their everyday life or rather her life, because it is good her own life that Poucette Fauconnier tells us in each of her drawings.

Alternately her joys, her dreams, her disappointments, all the small incidents of a day, she delivers them to us enriched of her poetic power, because she seems to have preserved the gift of childhood and the sense of the marvellous.