

Geneviève Nicolas

Peintre belge, vit et travaille à Bruxelles.

Fait partie des artistes de la Communauté française de Belgique.

Son parcours débute par le dessin à l'Ecole des Arts plastiques et visuels d'Uccle, en 1983.

Après un bref passage dans l'atelier du peintre grec Aristoteles Solounias, qui l'initie à l'huile, elle s'inscrit chez Camille De Taeye à l'Académie Constantin Meunier d'Etterbeek. Elle y travaille le nu.

C'est là également qu'elle poursuivra le dessin sous la direction de Thierry Goffart.

En 2000, elle rejoint l'atelier de Toma Roata à l'Ecole des arts d'Ixelles où elle délaisse le figuratif pour une démarche radicalement différente, abstraite, comme méditée.

The paintings of Belgian artist Geneviève Nicolas are abstract explorations of memory and moments. Nicolas describes her process as intuitive and instinctive, a journey to unlock her unconscious and release the marks life has left on her feelings and experiences. She works with bold, gestural application of acrylics and a meticulous application of oil paint, and through her abstract approach, the artist finds the freedom to express herself without censorship or restraint, although there is an internal logic to her work that emerges over time. Her painting style also reflects her consciousness of the transient nature of things and the precarious bonds that hold people together, something that she has had a strong sense of since childhood. Yet, almost paradoxically, through her work Nicolas gives permanence to things that are transient — such as light, memory and dreams.

Geneviève Nicolas describes herself as a “woman of the night,” but in many of her pieces there is an element of light, a break in the canvas through which she and the viewer enter. She comments that through her paintings she aims to discover more about herself – a self-reflective experience that may be shared by a sensitive viewer.

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Statement

« Since I was young I've had a strong sense of the transient nature of things, the precariousness of all bonds and links, as well as sudden ruptures, the way life events cut across one another. And in these – sometimes dark – feelings or experiences, light has always shown up somewhere.

I sometimes have a craving for colour. I want an outpouring, an explosion to occur, and I want to show it in all its forms. Yet, I seldom manage to do so. Because we can't control colour. Rather, it's colour that controls us. On a linen canvas or a thick brown paper, I spread an acrylic paint with a broad movement so as to create a ground favourable to oil paint work. I love oil paint for its smell and sensuality.

Then I pause, meditating, and I scrutinize the canvas looking for a breach to jump into. Each gesture then follows the last, and the work feels its way along, until a logic – intelligible to myself only – emerges.

My approach is deliberately abstract. I find in it a great freedom, my imagination expressing itself beyond the boundaries and constraints of figuration.