

THE BLUE COLOR IN THE PAINTING

ARTS CORNER

By Anna Maria



Water lilies by Claude Monet (1840-1926)

The title of this painting is « Water Lilies » and belongs to a series of 250 oil paintings created by the French impressionist painter Claude Monet. He bought a house in 1890 near Giverny above all to have a flower garden and a pond with water lilies and he painted them during the last thirty years of his life, even while he suffered from cataract.

The paintings “Water Lilies” are among the most iconic images of impressionism.

Claude Monet had an extraordinary skill for outdoors painting and appreciation of light.

He painted quickly, using small strokes of bright colours to capture the fleeting effects of light and atmosphere.

I like very much this soft painting where sky and willows reflect in water, giving me a feeling of dream, peace and quietness.

I like all the subtle, nuanced touches of colours: blue more or less clear, lavender-blue, white, green for leaves and foliage, lovely pink flowers...

I like water lilies! They are magic flowers, which symbolize resurrection in some religion, because flower buds close up at night and reopen in the morning like a spiritual rebirth...

The storm by Paul Signac

By Christine

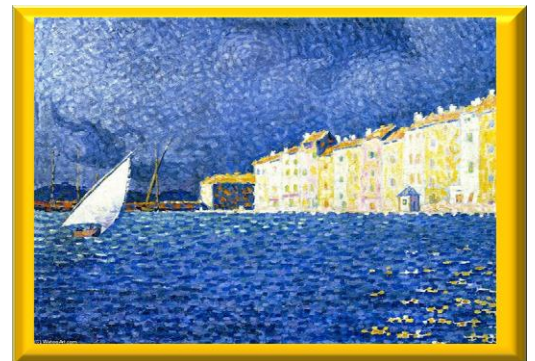
Paul Signac is a French painter who was born in 1863 and died in 1935. He is known for a special technique whose name is “pointillisme”

A few words of this type of painting

- The goal gets brighter colours
- Usually, painters mix colours before painting. With the “pointillisme” the painter brushes small touches of raw colours.
- When we look very closely, we can see small dots. When we look from a distance, colours become homogeneous.

What about the painting “Saint Tropez - the storm” (1895)

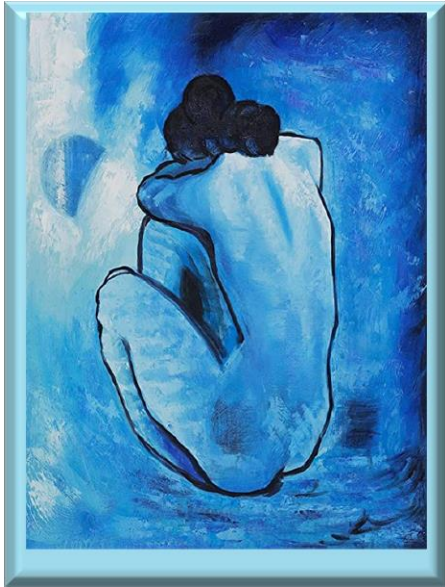
- At that time, Saint Tropez was only a small fishing village
- At first, we are impressed by the light of this painting.
- We have the colours of the south:
 - The blue of the sea and the sky that merge and give impression of infinity and freedom.
 - The colours of the sun: yellow and orange on the houses
- Secondly, we can see
 - In the sky big clouds announcing the storm.
 - A small boat with a white veiled which returns very quickly to the harbour because of the storm



This painting is at the museum of Annonciade in Saint Tropez

By Leïla

The blue nude by Picasso



The painting I've chosen is the blue Nude. It is one of Picasso's masterpieces. It was painted in 1902 and after one of his close friend tragically died. He was in a depressive mood.

It is one of Picasso's famous paintings during his blue period and has without a doubt proved Picasso's talent on highlighting the deepest emotions while using only one colour to express it.

The woman painted here turns her back to the viewers. She is looking down. She is withdrawn into herself maybe she feels rejected and alone in her distress. She is filled with sadness and despair.

The colour blue represents passivity here.

In my opinion this painting could truly illustrate the Blue Monday when some people have negative feelings at the end or at the beginning of the week.

POETIC WRITING WORKSHOP ON STREET FOLK ARTS

Pegasus from a Marie Manoukian's photo

Translated by Anna Maria and Canan

By Anna Maria



What's in your mind, white winged horse?

Those humans who have imagined, created, molded you
By the sweat of their brow, by their passion
To parade proudly in front of this assembly
Who forget in your presence worries and occupations

What's in your dream, white winged horse?

To fly in the sky, spreading your wings
To join the legendary horse
Pegasus, the source of wisdom and inspiration
Of every poet of the universe

Thanks for your choice, white winged horse

To sacrifice your starry gallop in the wind
To offer beauty, dream and freedom
Halter around your neck, hooves anchored in the ground
For the complete simple joy

Of the amazed look of a child.

By Paule

Bubbles, bubbles, bubbles... from a Jacky Feyfant's photo

Translated by Paule and Rosanna

There are children looking upward.
There are flying bubbles.
There is a tool creating bubbles
There is this tool soaking in a bucket.
There is a woman tightening that tools.
There are traveling bubbles.
There is a little girl trying to catch a bubble
There is sun bathing bubbles in colors
There are flags hanging accross the street.
There is sun warming cobblestone
There is a sunny street inviting to carelessness
There is a crouched mummy watching her child wonder
There is a daddy holding his baby fascinated by
the enjoyment of the children.
There is a celebration day
There will be nice memories.



By Christine

Challenge from a Jacky Feyfant's photo

Translated by Christine and Kadidiatou

He is at the front row
Full of elegance
A bowler hat on his head
A rose in his buttonhole
A bow tie
A pocket watch

He decided to run
On his roller blades
Along the white line
Left, right, left, right
He is spinning

Keep my balance
Don't fall



Yes, I'm an old man
And then, what's the problem?
I can still show
To those young people at he back
What I'm able to do

And I find
At the edge of my memory
The steps, the acrobatics
When I was twenty

The look on my cane
I focus

Keep my balance
Don't fall

I can do it
And I will have won!

**A POETRY ON A TEMPLATE FROM
AIME CESAIRE**

**CALENDRIER LAGUNAIRE –
AIMÉ CÉSAIRE**

J'habite une blessure sacrée
J'habite des ancêtres imaginaires
J'habite un vouloir obscur
J'habite un long silence
J'habite une soif irrémédiable
J'habite un voyage de mille ans
J'habite une guerre de trois cent
ans
J'habite un culte désaffecté
Entre bulbe et caïeu j'habite
l'espace inexploité...

By
Paule
in
French



Ma maison intérieure.

J'habite la terre nourricière
J'habite le ciel peuplé
J'habite une pédagogie
novatrice
J'habite une curiosité infinie
J'habite une créativité joyeuse
J'habite une pérégrination
multiculturelle
J'habite une force sacrée
J'habite des ancêtres
protecteurs
J'habite des femmes blessées
J'habite des traumatismes de
guerre
Entre aura et racines, j'habite
une mémoire corporelle.

Translated
by Paule

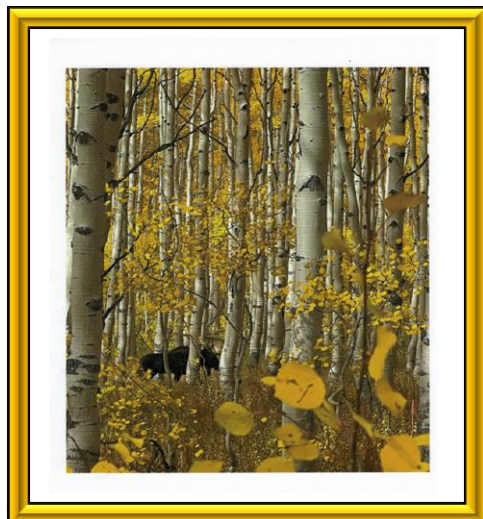
My inner home

I live in Mother Earth
I live in the populated sky
I live in innovative teachings
skills
I live in an infinite curiosity
I live in a joyful creativity
I live in a multi - cultural
pilgrimage
I live in a sacred strength
I live in protective ancestors
I live in injured women
I live in war trauma
Between aura and roots, I live in
a corporal memory.

GET INTO A PHOTO WITH 3 PREDEFINED
WORDS GIVEN BY THE GROUP

By Christine

My 3 words
Trees – Yellow - Fall



The Minnesota forest lord

Behind the curtain of trees with white trunks and yellow foliage, it advances majestic and lonely.

Which is it? Where is it going?

The black furry moose haunts the Minnesota birch forest, its woods forward.

It's fall, the great time of the year when the moose is looking for females, the rutting season.

Fawns will be born in spring

So goes the wildlife in the land of the lord moose !

By Anna Maria

Dream

My 3 words
Morocco – orange – walls

Last night, I had a dream.

I walked alone in an eastern city, I had never seen before, in Morocco or in Egypt.

High walls surrounded this ancient city and the atmosphere was fascinating and mysterious.

The weather was very hot and the sun, high in the sky, illuminated the fantastic golden orange colour of the walls.

I didn't see anybody: neither human, nor animal, nor plant. All was silent around me.

The only sign of human presence was a blue, chipped pottery tucked in the niche of a beautiful carved wall.

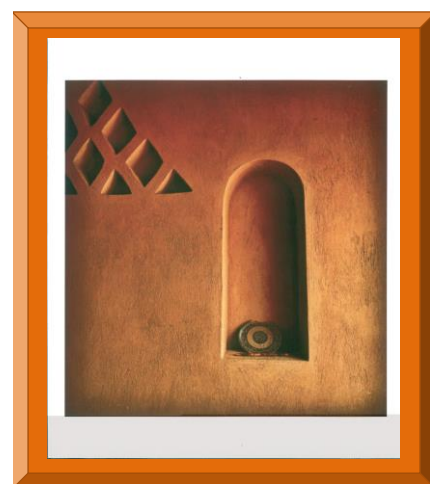
Maybe it was too hot to be outside or maybe nobody lived there anymore...

Suddenly I felt afraid in this desert-burning place.

I wanted to call but no sound came out of my dry lips! I was too thirsty!

At this moment I heard a soft but insistent music and I woke up.

I had never felt so happy and thankful to my alarm clock!



A violin party



My 3 words
Bed – young girl – violin

By Rosanna

There were all sitting on the edge of the bed, all quiet, Tom the teddy bear, Bella the doll and Oliver the plush cat.

She, Emma the little girl (who is our owner) told them: “I have to introduce a new friend. It’s a surprise. It’s important, you must be silent and listen carefully”. Now, she was opening the wooden box, took out a violin. After she crouched on the floor, on the carpet and began to play the violin.



They were happy and the music was beautiful. They were moved: “Thank you Emma to let us know and share with us this emotional moment”. But what happened? The music had stopped. Emma said: “Dora is my best friend, indicating the violin. I can’t live without her”.

And suddenly they were scared and tears appeared in their eyes. If Dora was her best friend, what would happen to them? Certainly, Emma would forget them, and put them in the attic where there was so much dust. And they would be alone, dead for the eternity. They were so sad ...

But the music returned and Dora was speaking to them:” No, of course not. I am the friend of all people who love my music, and I have seen that you enjoyed the sound of my strings. I am your best friend as Emma is, and so forever. All together, we will invent musical notes that reflect our feelings and we will all share that together “. Then, they were smiling and radiant. It was true, Dora was our best friend.

