Vie des Arts

Vie des arts

Translations/Traductions

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Numéro 61, hiver 1970–1971

URI : https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/58036ac

Aller au sommaire du numéro

Éditeur(s)

La Société La Vie des Arts

ISSN

0042-5435 (imprimé)
1923-3183 (numérique)

Découvrir la revue

Citer cet article

Kirbyson, Y., Morisset, M. & Ouimet, L. (1970). Translations/Traductions. *Vie des Arts*, (61), 78–88.

TRANSLATIONS/TRADUCTIONS

Rapidity and variety in the age of pop

By Andrée PARADIS

I recently visited the small apartment of some friends, a young couple (he is an ethnologist, she is a designer); their home has a lively decor, union of forms-colours, taste, bare white walls with no paintings, a primeval silence. The eye can rest. Even a Picasso would have been too much. Instead, "Comfort me with apples" (Song of Songs).

There is a revolution in decor that was foretold a long time ago. Architecture has been upset by the Bauhaus, as was painting by cubism. And we are only beginning to distinguish the changes and understand the effects. Many painters have understood this change also. Conceptual art is neither absurd nor revolutionary, it is evolutionary. It has not done away with easel painting, rather it was easel painting that no longer has or will have viewers. Man, a creature of change, passes from artifice to plain, simple art, from the finished work to the rough sketch, with the same savage joy that he finds in striking off in the opposite direction when he feels satiated. From the beginning, he has had the same deep need to identify with what surrounds him; today when everything is becoming smaller, he requires space to ensure some peace for vision that is overtaxed, he needs to contrast silence to noise.

Gratuitous art can only seek refuge in the mind, it becomes concerned with rational combinations, schemes, it requires new mechanisms to communicate; or more simply, does it require the development of a more spiritual sensitivity? The input of images into the brain is as old as man; what varies, according to the times, is the capacity for assimilation.

Let us take a look at parallel development. In its best expression in the XXth century, design is a conquest of art. More and more, alongside non-art and rough art, design appears as the coloured and animated language of daily life, and it shapes the means of communication. It is the visual and spiritual agent of a new reality, a double-edged sword, it can either create more anarchy or it can assure the chief element of an improved environment. To understand, control, and transform the environment in which he is living is man's privilege; from this comes the living, committed nature of design. There also follows the need for designers in this field to be serious and sensitive. Finally, it is a question of analyzing a problem, studying possible solutions to resolve it, choosing certain solutions and carrying them out.

Giving clear solutions to problems of forms-functions is, however, not as simple, or as effortless as it may seem; otherwise we would not experience the irritating feeling of living almost constantly in a state of aggression brought about by an environment equally hostile to good sense and good taste.

The Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the teaching of the arts in Quebec (Rioux Commission) gave the following definition of design: "Design is the discipline that combines the aesthetic sensitivity and creativity of the artist with the scientific and intellectual knowledge of the technician to shape the human environment."

After the pessimistic, then optimistic series of extravagant proposals that were presented to us in the name of artistic creation, it is good to rediscover simple poetry, imagination and, why not, . . . art? Let's take a good look at design.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

The Art Concours

By Michel BEAULIEU

There was something unusual about the 1970 Quebec Art Concours in that in August a visiting group of international critics was to spend a few hours viewing the works selected by the jury, in the large exhibition hall of Place Bonaventure.

This was a preview, as it were, since the exhibition itself was to be presented to the public at the Musée d'Art Contemporain only in September and October.

In a way it is regrettable that the works chosen were not more representative of the general unity of the tendencies which, in our plastic arts, form a passably heteroclite whole. Not that the works chosen were uninteresting in themselves, indeed just the opposite is true, but so few artists responded to the invitation of the Ministry of Cultural Affairs.

The objection might be made that the month of August hardly lends itself to participation, but a deeper analysis can only prove the weakness of such an argument. Nearly one hundred and fifty works were, nevertheless, presented to the jury, but the truth remains that a good part of this number came from Sunday painters. Artists who devote themselves almost entirely to their work were rather scarce.

Thus we had a fraction of a fraction rather than a fraction of a whole.

In fact, it will be necessary to reconsider the organization of the show and, for example, set age limits while, at the same time, professional artists could be invited to lend their works which, while they would not participate, would create a healthy confrontation while favouring a certain rivalry.

In this respect, it is unfortunate that among the works chosen were those of Molinari and Claude Tousignant who no longer have anything to prove: apart from the intrinsic value of their work, their reputations are established and they are becoming increasingly firm.

Here again, so as not to deny them their right to financial ressources which assure them of at least the necessary minimum, it will be needful to find other means that would allow them, as well as others who did not participate in the Concours, to devote themselves entirely to their research until their work begins to sell and makes up for their lack of earning.

But on the other hand, it is true that their paintings create a vibrating space due to chromatic subtleties within a static space. They would have to be hung in city streets to give us a rest from greyness and monotony.

Then again, it is heartening to note that the jury selected works by young artists, thereby rewarding the efforts of artists such as Lemoyne, Vazan, Coward, Pichet and Jean Noël (to mention just a few, without wanting to frustrate the other winners whose works are, on the whole, just as worthy) and permitted these artists to present their works in a setting whose dimensions and field were receptive.

By its electicism the jury showed it is possible to unite open-mindedness with the intrinsic quality of its choices, of which the least we may say is they proved wise.

In being exhibited in large halls like that of the Musée d'Art Contemporain the works find a suitable dimension. But we must still add that each of these artists alone could have filled the museum and created a fascinating atmosphere, even for the most uninitiated person, if he would only open his eyes and reject stock-notions.

However, the fundamental problem of the Concours remains that of the meagre participation of the artists, especially this year, when critics from several countries came to see what was being done in our country. No doubt, they must have been disappointed to see only a fraction of a fraction.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

The beginning of a national identity

By Irene HEYWOOD

For twenty days in May 1920 the first exhibition of the Group of Seven as a group was shown in the Art Gallery of Toronto. Although largely ignored by the general public, it gained violent opposition from critics such as Hector Charlesworth in the "Toronto Saturday Night" and from the Canadian Academy. On the positive side, the exhibition gave the seven painters the name which has since become a household phrase in Canada.

In the foreword to the pamphlet-like catalogue for the exhibition the new group stated that ". . .an art must grow and flower in the land before the country will be a real home for its people".

During the fifty years which have passed since the Group first showed together, so many myths and legends have grown up that we have stopped looking at their works as paintings and have tended to put them in the category of artifact, what amounts to "Canadiana".

The fact that they accomplished what they set out to do, at great

sacrifice to their personal lives and art, has been lost. The same people who once collected Dutch windmills and English pastoral scenes and refused to look about them at their own landscape, now collect paintings of the Group, if they can find them, and refuse to look at what the Canadian artists of today have to show.

The years between have offered the original seven honorary degrees, places in the Academy and a high price in the market place. All of which they violently eschewed while they fought to involve the people of Canada in an aesthetic adventure which would make them see their own country and themselves.

To mark the 50 years which have passed since the first exhibition, the National Gallery sponsored a reconstruction of it in the same gallery in Toronto in the same room, with the same paintings, and with some of the same chairs. Even the bare floor which can be seen in old photographs was the same. The paintings took the same places on the walls. And it was a dull show.

Was this the exposition of such startling innovation that it had caused critics to object, to dub it the 'hot mush school', I wondered as I walked around on the hard wood floors and looked at paintings chronologically out of date by 1920. It was. The effects of the great Armory show in New York, which introduced to this continent the impressionists, cubists and other new movements of Europe cannot be found here. Instead Harris and MacDonald had found what they needed in an obscure exhibition of Scandinavian painting shown in Buffalo the same year, in 1913.

We should not assume by this that the painters of the group were ignorant of new trends. They were among the most sophisticated artists in Canada at the time. Harris had studied in Germany, MacDonald, Lismer and Varley in England, and Jackson at the Académie Julian in Paris. They knew that Canadians had to realize themselves before they could absorb influence from outside.

The Buffalo exhibition ". . .encouraged them to go beyond a literal comprehension and towards a symbolic treatment of the order and grandeur of the North", says Dennis Reid, the National Gallery assistant curator, responsible for the research and organization of the exhibition which re-enacted the first show in Toronto and the great retrospective which has now come to the Montreal Museum from Ottawa. In his introduction to the catalogue, which by the way is a masterly production, Reid points out that the beginnings of this movement can be traced back to 1911 and a first showing of sketches by J. E. H. MacDonald, which brought him to the attention of Lawren Harris. The end was the final exhibition of the group as a whole in 1931 with the announcement of the founding of the Canadian Group of Painters, which has just recently been disbanded.

During these short 20 years the Group of Seven did what it set out to do. In the original catalogue, republished for the Toronto reconstruction of the first exhibition, they stated that they realized "...the greatness of a country depends upon three things: its words, its deeds and its art. Recognizing that art is an essential quality in human existence, (we). . .welcome and support any form of art expression that sincerely interpretes the spirit of a nation's growth".

To upset the established order of gentle European landscape, the Group of Seven campaigned to show Canadians a land of the elements, where the wind tore at the ragged trees and twisted their shape. Water was rough, the clouds scudded against the sky.

The manner of painting suited the message. "Look at your own country..." they seemed to shout. They made us look. The broad manner in which they painted, the strong color they themselves called "tomato soup", the accent on design, the set formula of rugged foreground, always water in the middle ground, a huge sky with a tree or two to cut up from the foreground into the sky. It can all seem repetitious to us now and in the execution it is sometimes hard to distinguish who painted what, even this was a part of the politics of the group.

We are reminded that they had no ambition to establish themselves as individuals but to identify Canadians to Canada, and to do this they were willing to submerge their own identity and their own knowledge and ability as painters.

Lawren Harris went on to become an abstract metaphysical painter, Fred Varley went back to his concerns with portraying individuals, his landscapes became gentler and more subtle. It was too late for that most gifted of impressionists, J.E.H. MacDonald, who died just before the group was disbanded. Arthur Lismer concentrated on teaching but continued to paint closer and more organic forms of nature. Frank Johnson, he called himself 'Franz' later, had opted out early. He had a family to support and had not the stamina, the talent or the dedication to continue. He became a popular painter who sold well,—he needed acclaim. Only Frank Carmichael and A.Y. Jackson continued in the original manner of the Group painting.

And to give an indication of the success of the Group, despite their subsequent acclaim, Jackson,when recently asked why he had never married, replied that until he was close to 60 he had never made enough money to support a family. Harris had money, the others taught; only Jackson, the one member still alive, was able to continue his personal adventure which took him farther afield than any of his friends. Into Baffin Land and other parts of the Arctic he has wandered and painted freely, so perhaps we should not feel too sorry for him.

Jackson is also the only Quebec born and raised member of the original group although there were others who were associated with it in the early days, and who showed as guests in the original exhibition.

When I asked Anne Savage, a Quebec landscape painter and a close associate of some of the original seven, why these painters had not been included in the movement, she said, "perhaps because they hadn't the stamina. It took a real dedication to follow this movement through. Lawren Harris was a dynamic personality and he carried a good part of the load at first. He helped financially, without letting the others know he was doing it, he worked to get the painters' efforts known and accepted by the National Gallery." (A delegation of more than a hundred members of the Canadian Academy at this time fought to get Eric Brown, National Gallery head, who was sympathetic to the group and who bought their paintings for the national collection, deposed.) A. Y. Jackson she remembers as Alec, who would come in from his trips up the St. Lawrence in the spring, from St. Tite des Caps, Baie St. Paul or Fox River. Friends would gather and he would show them the new paintings. Now in his 88th year, Jackson is the only remaining original member still living.

During his research Dennis Reid discovered that the group were ". . .not professedly involved with bringing 'modern art' to Canada. They saw their role as the more fundamental, and at the same time more general, one of presenting the possibility of a profound aesthetic involvement to a large number of people".

The exhibition which comes from the National Gallery to the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts on September 22 will stay until October 31 and represents the seven original members plus Tom Thompson, who had drowned in Canoe Lake before the group was actually formed, but was a very definite part of the whole movement. It also includes Edwin Holgate, the Quebec painter who was elected just before the 1931 date which Mr. Reid set himself as the end of the era for the Group. It eliminated Lionel Lemoine FitzGerald, who joined the next year and who did not exhibit with the Group before it enlarged into the Canadian Group of Painters.

It seems now an indication that the Group's work was already done when these two last painters were brought into it, for both are individualists. They painted the Canadian scene, Holgate in Quebec and FitzGerald in Manitoba, but in a very personal way. Holgate might have adjusted to the Group ideals of making Canada popular with Canadians, but FitzGerald never could have done so.

Maurice Cullen et le Groupe des Sept

par Peter MELLEN

Pour nous, il était un héros. Ses peintures de la ville de Québec vue de Lévis ainsi que d'autres sites, le long du fleuve, doivent être comptées au nombre des plus remarquables que le Canada ait produites, mais elles ne lui procurèrent que peu de considération.

(A.Y. Jackson)

Le Groupe des Sept n'a pas surgi comme par enchantement de la solitude canadienne, et Maurice Cullen figure parmi ses principaux précurseurs. Il fut le premier à faire connaître l'Impressionnisme au pays et à rendre le paysage canadien conformément à son caractère. Il a aussi donné à notre paysage d'hiver ses brillantes couleurs et sa lumineuse clarté et a rompu avec l'étouffante tradition académique du milieu artistique de Montréal, ce qui eut pour effet de lui attirer d'énormes difficultés et d'en faire, en quelque sorte, le héros des jeunes artistes.

Lors de son premier séjour à Paris, en 1888, l'Impressionisme commençait à être accepté et les mouvements d'avant-garde suscitaient d'ardentes discussions. Les premiers Impressionnistes, tels Monet et Pissarro, étaient encore actifs bien que la dernière exposition du groupe ait eu lieu en 1886. C'était la période exaltante où Van Gogh, Gauguin et Seurat exécutaient leurs plus importants tableaux. Mais, comme la plupart des artistes nord-américains, Cullen fut attiré par les mouvements déjà consacrés et ne tarda pas à assimiler la technique impressionniste.

Dès 1894, il commença de se faire connaître à Paris, alors qu'il exposa plusieurs tableaux au Salon, que le Gouvernement français lui

acheta une de ses toiles et qu'il reçut une invitation à faire partie de la Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. Malgré que toutes ces portes lui fussent ouvertes, Cullen décida soudainement de revenir au Canada.

Les raisons de son retour sont inconnues. Peut-on croire qu'il eut le mal du pays et qu'après un séjour de sept ans outre-mer, il ait trouvé de nouvelles raisons d'apprécier le Canada? Les Canadiens commençaient à éprouver à cette époque un sentiment nationaliste grandissant qui se reflétait dans la littérature, la poésie et les études historiques. Cullen a dû subir cette attirance nationaliste, comme en font foi sa préférence pour le paysage canadien et sa décision de demeurer au Canada en dépit de difficultés sans nombre. Quoiqu'il n'ait rien écrit à ce sujet, sa démarche prouve qu'il a précédé le Groupe des Sept dans un genre qu'on leur a généralement attribué.

Quand, en 1895, Cullen revint à Montréal, le milieu était loin d'être ouvert aux idées nouvelles. Les collectionneurs d'alors achetaient les sombres paysages du dix-neuvième hollandais exécutés par des artistes aujourd'hui oubliés, comme Weissenbruch et Israels. Les mécènes plus avancés se procuraient des œuvres d'artistes canadiens comme Horatio Walker dont les tableaux, dans le style de Barbizon, avaient un immense succès. Ces œuvres étaient prisées à cause de leur ressemblance avec la peinture européenne du temps et non à cause de leur caractère spécifiquement canadien. La plupart des collectionneurs ne s'intéressaient aucunement aux paysages représentant notre pays, et ce n'était pas encore la mode d'aider les artistes canadiens.

Il n'est donc pas surprenant que les œuvres que Cullen exécuta après son retour au Canada aient été méprisées ou ignorées par les critiques et par les collectionneurs. Pendant de nombreuses années, Cullen a peint le long du fleuve Saint-Laurent, près de Québec et de Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré. Il dessinait d'après nature par des températures sous zéro à une époque où peu de gens savaient apprécier la beauté de la neige et de l'hiver. Il parcourait en raquettes les campagnes sauvages et vierges et dressait son chevalet là où il découvrait un endroit qui lui convenait. Il avait peu d'espoir de vendre les tableaux qu'il exécutait à cette époque où l'on croyait que les scènes de neige étaient de nature à décourager l'immigration.

Dans l'adaptation de l'impressionnisme au paysage canadien, ce que Cullen a rejeté de cette technique est aussi important que ce qu'il en a retenu. Tout en adoptant les couleurs claires et la touche divisée, il refusa le traitement de l'espace à deux dimensions qu'on trouve chez la plupart des Impressionnistes. Ses paysages de couleur pure sont établis dans le sens de la forme et de la profondeur, aussi bien que de la lumière et de la couleur. Aucun autre Impressionniste canadien ou américain n'a réussi à maintenir une telle netteté dans la forme, tout en conservant autant d'affinité avec les modèles européens. Ainsi, Suzor-Côté, ami et contemporain de Cullen, ne traite généralement qu'un fragment de paysage, et ses formes sont souvent imprécises et ses tons plus sombres que ceux de Cullen. L'Impressionniste américain Twachtman a peint plusieurs scènes d'hiver, mais elles sont toujours brumeuses et floues et possèdent un caractère nettement décoratif.

Cullen recherche, au contraire, la vérité dans la nature. Quand il peignait la campagne canadienne, il n'oubliait jamais que la qualité de la lumière, de la couleur et de l'espace était différente de celle qu'il avait trouvée en France. Il a saisi le caractère de fraîcheur de l'atmosphère d'une froide journée d'hiver, les couleurs vives et les contours bien définis de l'espace. En transposant ces caractéristiques sur la toile, Cullen a brisé avec la tradition européenne et produit les premiers paysages authentiquement canadiens.

La remarquable sensibilité avec laquelle Cullen a saisi le caractère du paysage canadien apparaît dans les premières toiles qu'il a exécutées au pays. *Logging in Winter, Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré,* peint en 1896, est un de ses premiers grands tableaux. Il contraste fortement avec les scènes d'hiver de Krieghoff où la neige et les ombres sont rendus par divers tons de gris. La neige, dans les œuvres de Cullen, reflète le bleu vif du ciel car, selon lui, "la neige emprunte les couleurs du ciel et du soleil. Elle est tantôt bleue, mauve, grise et même noire, mais elle n'est jamais complètement blanche."

Logging in Winter reflète une luminosité éclatante, inconnue jusque-là au Canada et qu'on ne retrouve que rarement par la suite, même chez le Groupe des Sept. Dans ce tableau, les arbres et les collines clairement structurés et bien définis baignent dans l'air limpide d'un jour d'hiver. La profondeur qui se développe dans un espace à trois dimensions est accentuée par les sillons d'un traîneau qui traversent le tableau vers la gauche où se trouvent des boeufs qui gravissent péniblement une côte. Le premier plan est dans l'ombre, en contraste, à mi-distance avec une colline ensoleillée et le ciel bleu au-delà. Cette technique de la profondeur, obtenue par des bandes horizontales colorées allant du foncé au clair, est souvent utilisée par Cullen. Le ton de bleu froid contraste avec les arbres faits de légers coups de pinceau rouges, jaunes et verts.

Plusieurs des meilleures toiles de Cullen ont été exécutées durant la première décennie du présent siècle. Une de ses oeuvres majeures est une vue d'hiver, *Cape Diamond,* peinte en 1904-1905; elle contient près vingt tons de neige. Cullen avait acquis une connaissance approfondie des effets de la lumière et de la neige en exécutant des milliers d'esquisses d'après nature. Dans ses scènes de ville, telles que *Old House, Montreal,* vers 1908, et *Old Ferry, Louise Basin,* vers 1907, une attention toute particulière est donnée aux effets d'atmosphère, bien que la structuration de la composition ne soit pas pour autant négligée. La technique ici se rapproche de celle de l'impressionnisme européen, surtout à cause du choix du sujet où le ciel sombre, où montent vapeurs et fumées, montre qu'un traitement particulier a été donné à l'atmosphère.

Après dix ans de séjour au Canada, Cullen en était encore à lutter "afin de tirer son épingle du jeu". Pauvre et ignoré des riches collectionneurs, il commençait cependant à exercer une influence certaine sur ses amis et sur les autres artistes.

James W. Morrice, au cours des visites qu'il faisait au Canada, en hiver, a souvent dessiné avec Cullen. En 1910, écrivant à Newton MacTavish, il représentait Cullen comme étant "le seul Canadien qui a du cran". Deux ans plus tard, MacTavish écrivait un article dans le *Canadian Magazine* intulé *Maurice Cullen, A Painter of the Snow,* dans lequel il indiquait comment le Canada "a été fréquemment accusé d'être un pays naturellement impropre au développement de la peinture". Il y fait l'éloge de Cullen et demande aux autres artistes de suivre son exemple en peignant ce qui les entoure dans un "style qui soit, sinon canadien, du moins différent de l'étranger".

L'influence de Cullen à Montréal était due tout autant à sa personnalité et à son enseignement qu'à son art. Les jeunes artistes admiraient son honnêteté et son intégrité et respectaient son courage et sa persévérance face à la désapprobation générale. Il était généreux, sensible, toujours bienveillant et serviable. Son ami Albert Robinson rappelait qu'une fois, étant pris de découragement, il était allé rendre visite à Cullen dans son atelier et qu'il en était sorti "réconforté et plein de courage". En été, Cullen conduisait ses élèves dans la campagne et, en hiver, enseignait dans son atelier du square Beaver Hall. Le soir, on discutait de Monet, de Renoir, de Cézanne, et des nouvelles tendances de l'art. Les discussions étaient animées, et des artistes comme Morrice, Brymner, Gagnon et Robinson, se joignaient à eux.

A.Y. Jackson, revenu de France en 1909, fut aussi de ceux qui fréquentaient l'atelier de Cullen. Il écrivit plus tard à propos de cette époque: "Ce fut grâce à Cullen et à Morrice que nous connûmes les mouvements nouveaux et vivifiants qui existaient alors en France; et c'est leur influence qui a contribué à affaiblir le respect de la jeune génération des peintres pour les étouffantes traditions qui prévalaient alors dans cette ville."

Quand Jackson partit pour Toronto en 1913, il servit de lien entre le Groupe de Toronto et celui de Montréal. Cet artiste eut une influence énorme sur les peintres qui formèrent plus tard le Groupe des Sept, car ce n'est qu'après son arrivée à Toronto que ce groupe commença à utiliser les couleurs pures et claires des Impressionnistes. Ce fut cette découverte qui leur permis d'accéder à une plus grande maturité.

Quoique Jackson dans *Edge of the Maple Woods,* 1910 (à la Galerie Nationale du Canada), fasse largement usage de la technique impressionniste à cause de sa formation européenne, il a souvent reconnu ce qu'il devait à Cullen dans des déclarations comme celle-ci: "Il était pour nous un héros." Presque toutes ses déclarations sur le Groupe font mention de Cullen lorsque, par exemple, il dit que pour lui "il fut un des pionniers de l'art canadien". Un autre membre du Groupe, Arthur Lismer, a reconnu l'importance de Cullen. Quand, en 1911, Lismer, venant d'Angleterre arriva à Toronto, un des premiers tableaux qu'il vit fut *Logging in Winter.* Il le loua comme étant l'un des meilleurs paysages produit par un artiste canadien et reconnut que Cullen "avait su marier la veine impressionniste au génie canadien".

Même s'il est difficile de trouver des affinités directes de style entre les œuvres de Cullen et celles des premiers membres du Groupe, il est certain que ces derniers virent ses toiles dans des expositions de Toronto et furent influencés par elles. Il est indéniable que son usage des techniques impressionnistes et sa préférence pour le paysage canadien ont exercé une large influence sur le milieu artistique.

Si on se reporte à cette époque, on constate que Cullen aurait mérité une plus grande considération. La plupart des critiques du temps l'ont tenu comme un artiste qui n'a pas évolué, mais ils négligent de signaler qu'il en a été de même pour plusieurs artistes du Groupe. Dans les premières années du siècle, Cullen a établi de nombreux précédents et combattu pour la même cause que celle pour laquelle le Groupe devait lutter dans les années qui suivirent. L'exemple de sa vie, son travail et son enseignement ont permis aux artistes canadiens de voir et de peindre le paysage dans une optique nouvelle. C'était un homme d'une grande simplicité, qui aimait la nature et ne réclamait que la liberté de peindre. Comme on lui demandait quelles nécessités matérielles lui paraissaient essentielles pour mener une vie idéale, il répondit: "Un atelier à moi, une cabane dans la montagne, un jardin pouvant produire un arpent de fleurs, et une abondante chute de neige chaque hiver."

(Traduction de Lucile Ouimet)

Marcelle Ferron or the Joyous Search for Light

By Jean SARRAZIN

The short, little woman, lively and agile, wearing blue jeans (with a patch on the left side at the back, and a daisy on the right) who runs, laughs, and busies herself amid thousands of sheets of glass in a factory in Saint-Hyacinthe, is one of the main names of the Montreal School. This young, alert, and spontaneous woman, always amused, even when she is serious, already has behind her a career that was rooted in the Automatism of Borduas, and from which each branch, consequently,-whether it was Mousseau, Barbeau or others--was going to have an original and ever vigorous outcome. Rarely has the work of an artist followed an evolution as natural as that of Marcelle Ferron: a logical evolution, that was marked certainly by pauses for reflection, orientation, and change, followed by arrow-swift departures, but it was a constantly unified evolution with no sudden breaks, a luminous force that made splashes of colour flash onto canvas before being transformed onto stained glass transparencies.

This year two retrospectives in Montreal remind us that Marcelle Ferron passed through four different periods. Each one gave rise to the next, which itself was already brimming with new research, and was going to lead the artist from the years of the great growth of Automatism to the glass work of the Champ de Mars metro station, that is to say from the subjective and poetic experience of personal impulses to the creation of an environment integrating daily life and city dwellers with art. From the beginning however, unity has remained the dominant element of the art of Marcelle Ferron, a virile art par excellence, for let it be said in passing, it is women, the strong women of Quebec painting, like Marcelle Ferron, Rita Letendre, and Lise Gervais, who have shown certain male qualities of severity, spirit, and precision, in the Montreal School.

Today, when we see again the first ink and oil works of Marcelle Ferron from the period 1940-1945, we are evidently struck by a certain inspirational relationship with Borduas. This period reveals some identification of the disciple with the master. There are especially surrealist reminiscences which are translated by Marcelle Ferron in these wild cells, these elements scattered in the cosmic wind, projecting upheavals of accidents of matter, physical shocks at the physical expression, A universe populated with genes, amoeba-forms, mandragora-forms that watch, examine, and feel each other, hesistate, unite, or violently repulse one another in a thick placenta of dense colours.

This experience of surrealism in the works of reduced size which have a very lyric treatment, prepared the artist for the violent change to Automatism as if these forms of a universe in the birth process were still only stellar elements in orbit around the fire of inspiration seeking to unite them, to create the movements of a new world where matter would be arranged according to the creative impulses of the subconscious. In Automatism, Marcelle Ferron will no longer be concerned with expressing the forms inventoried in a previous conscious vision. She will act spontaneously, influenced by immediate impressions, using repeated touches, her painting knife dabbing little kick-like rhythms, making round paw prints like a cat. There are coloured explosions that are like those of Riopelle's painting of this same period of 1950, but whereas Riopelle was exploding in rocket-trajectories, in light as dazzling as sun beams through leaves, Marcelle Ferron expressed herself by stained, speckled, and spotted bursts of colour. This Automatist period however, is still only a genesis, a period of searching resonances, of unconscious regrouping, like these dreams which the disciples of Freud claim they store up, sort out, and redistribute the impressions registered before fitting them together mysteriously into vivid and fleeting scenes.

Marcelle Ferron will exalt this spontaneous and fleeting aspect of inspired creation more than ever, in the course of the period of 1960, in the glory of white backgrounds on which there spring showers of coloured facets that she distributes in the air like playing cards of large squares of mauve, magenta, a percussive blue tending towards indigo or still acid green, that at times enhance a carmine angle, a point of ochre, like catalytic dots. These plays of sparkling screens span one another in an airy fashion in so many illusionist equations whose soaring is translated into almost sonorous transparencies, intervening in turn before the base of the richly worked and intensely nourished immutable white paste.

Here is, I think, the turning point in the evolution of Marcelle Ferron, her most fruitful period with respect to the matter of painting: and the word matter is taken here in its fullest, most complete meaning. Here occurs her metamorphosis. Did she know that on canvas she was already composing murals in glass? "I didn't have any idea, I wasn't thinking about it", confesses Marcelle Ferron. And yet, the whole art of Marcelle Ferron as master glass worker was already in gestation in her great classical period of 1960, after which she is going to indicate some hesitation, that is only to be repeated on the threshold of her new orientation.

It is this style, this writing, this collision of surfaces violently revived by an inner fire that she projected on her canvases, that will lead her infallibly towards working with stained glass, quite as much as her fundamental research into the composition of colours, for, wanting to reach the very soul of her art, Marcelle Ferron was going to work at it for several years, to explore her matter herself, forsaking writing and style. She then seeks to manufacture, grind, proportion her pigments, to reinvent the alchemy of clays, minerals, animal materials, like the most modest artisan of the Quattrocento, rejecting all the present-day commercial paste of chemical colours which fade and disintegrate in a few years.

Consequently in future she will concentrate on matter, the attraction of large surfaces, the taste for magical plays of light on the palette of her favoured shades; as early as 1960, Marcelle Ferron was inclined to the art of the glassmaker, to rejuvenate its traditions at the very time when the greatest artists had also discovered the visual field that glass offered, some by the indirect means of sacred art. From Matisse to Vasarely, and including Soulanges, some of the notable artists of our time have thus rethought light, shadows, colours, in relation to transparent material. For them it was the occasion for aesthetic experiences. For Marcelle Ferron, it was a natural inclination that brought her to search, perhaps unconsciously, for the maximum intensity for the forms that she had been planning for a long time. At the same time, she discovered that the canvas on the wall has hardly any meaning anymore except in necropolis museums or in the napthaline of middle-class living rooms, but that it certainly no longer has meaning in the heart of the modern city. The work of art, these days, has a valid significance only when assimilated, ingested by the movements of life, the daily landscape, where forms and colours must penetrate like a breathing of urban tissue, industrial rhythm, the movement of transportation and streets. Metro stations, advertising, places of work and leisure, these are the new "raisons d'être" of the artistic creation towards which we have to have the efforts of all those responsible for the environment of our life converge.

That is no doubt the reason why Marcelle Ferron with a number of Quebec artists and intellectuals of every discipline, from painters to film writers, from architects to sociologists, has founded the "Creation" group that seeks to act in close contact with the circles who exert controls on which the work of art depends: research centres, construction industries, public powers, and the world of education, by keeping in mind the circles where the art is to be executed that is to say, here, the French Canadian circles. And it is also one of the reasons why Marcelle Ferron has put away her brushes to live in a factory and direct an industrial research workshop where she executes her glass murals. In that medium she has already created large scale works, such as that for the Champ de Mars metro station in Montreal where the flights, the windings, the ellipses, the hyperboles translate after the cutting severity of the previous strict forms of the author, the return to a certain baroque—refined—art nouveau style which is felt today in decoration as well as in advertising or popular art.

Marcelle Ferron henceforth devotes herself to her work as a master glass artist, but not like the old craftsmen. For her the glass mural must be industrial, within the reach of everyone, and not only serving churches as they did before! She secularizes the art of the glassworker, thank goodness, and makes it more democratic. She assembles her murals directly in the factory amid the futuristic decoration of a forest of parallel sheets of glass which reflect and infinitely reproduce the image of this small, nervous woman, moving about, bent over the immense supports where she follows with her finger the cutting of the fragile sheets of her favourite shades, the raw ochres or the burnt ochres, the frosty greens, the sustained mauves tending to deep violet and some reds heavy with purple that will reflect fiery sunsets. She then proceeds to the fitting together of the pieces of the puzzle, which are not set in lead to sharpen their contours, but are closely joined to each other and seized, held between two sheets of colourless glass where they will remain captive. Once the mural has been set up in the light, the colours preserve at once their depth and ethereal quality, without ceasing to be intensely light and present. There is no search for effects, as was the case at the time of glass workers like Gallé who superimposed colours to obtain layers of transparency and the effects of relief. The colours of Marcelle Ferron are beautiful in themselves; the line has no seams, but stark simplicity, being content to leave to the contours of the different colours the values they receive from the tints of the glass, the light that is filtered there, and the sun that makes them glow.

Perhaps we might regret that Marcelle Ferron's stroke is losing some of the virility, the severity that was characteristic of the writing on her canvases in the period of 1960. One would say that on glass the lines grew feminine, softened, rounded, very certainly humanized. The stroke is pleased to become a line, the line to become a curve, but Marcelle Ferron plays with it at will, like this Champ de Mars metro station where she casts in space curves that catch sparrows in flight, lasso the chimneys of the lower city, capture in their transparency the leaden roofs of Old Montreal and the pouting and shapeless clouds

that dot the horizon like the rose or grey moods of the city. Glass reveals a new Marcelle Ferron to us, more attached to the harmonies being reflected on the life of man.

Besides, in future, the experiments that she undertakes at her kilns go still much further in this direction. She is testing materials intended for the decorative objects that fill our lives, whether it is glass tiles, ceramic bricks, they are things started over and over again until when they finally come out of the kiln, the eye sees on the vitrified surface of the material a pearl-like milkiness, an emaerald tear, or a crystallized grain of soil, dazzling, transformed into a jewel.

And this short, indefatigable woman turns her work around and around in her delicate hands, holds them up to the sun, places other ones in the kilns, turns around, crosses the yard of the factory, and returns running towards her other studio, cuts out glass again; she is always gay, always smiling, pursuing in blue jeans the successful course of an intelligent career.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

The new H.E.C. building in Montreal

By Michel RAGON

At the western end of the campus of the University of Montreal stands a new oblong-shaped building. It is the Hautes Études Commerciales School, built by Roland Dumais.

The passer-by is struck by the aesthetic quality of this complex, by its monolithic appearance; even though the passer-by is becoming accustomed to coming upon new fortresses here and there, as if some new Iroquois were threatening Quebec. He is growing accustomed to it and yet he is astonished. Has he not just understood, with the help of countless architectural theories applied by the masterful example of the work of Mies van der Rohe and his legion of emulators, that we have entered the age of glass and steel; that the sun, or where that is lacking, that light, must stream into buildings, which for that very reason are as open as possible? Has he not just learned to like these translucent boxes that sparkle with a thousand fires at night?

As opposed to architecture that is open, open to nature and open to light, to the wall-less architecture (closed only with a curtain of glass) of the pioneers of the 30's, there has indeed been a trend in the last few years towards a closed architecture, a tendency that became particularily evidenced in the United States in the works of Louis Kahn and Rudolph, and in Montreal in the impressive Place Bonaventure. With this fortress tendency, very impressive and beautiful works were created, but these works provoke some disturbing thoughts. The architecture of light, open architecture, proceeded in fact from an optimistic assumption. It was agreed that in the past, men had had to entrench themselves, to make only small openings in their dwellings in order to protect themselves from the cold, from sunlight, soldiers, and thieves. But, said the progressists of 1920, and 1930 (men like Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier) today we all have mechanical means to heat and cool our buildings; we fear neither wolves nor prowlers; and the first world war was too frightful for men to ever accept a second one. These men were optimists and their architecture proceeded from an optimistic assumption. Now, fortress like architecture is not an aesthetic mannerism, but the very sensible expression of an anxiety, a fear, a desire to be protected from a world that is becoming hostile once more.

I had asked one of my students in the McGill University Summer School to describe the house of his dreams, the student drew me a completely closed cube. And as I asked him why he had made no provisions for windows, he answered me: "Because with riots and demonstrations it would be too dangerous." This student was a New Yorker. He expressed clearly what the architects who first rediscovered fortress like architecture were expressing somewhat ambiguously. This fortress like style is characteristic of a society that is afraid, of men who are seeking to protect themselves from the outside world. A pessimistic architecture follows after the optimistic architecture of the pioneers of modern architecture.

M. Roland Dumais has nevertheless avoided giving his building a sinister appearance by breaking the monolithism of the façade into two horizontal parts: the lower part is totally blind, the upper part is punctuated by the vertical windows dear to Auguste Perret who opposed them to the wide windows of modernism. That is another opposition to Le Corbusier. However, the H.E.C. School is, in its massive force, in its opacity, related to the work of Corbu de Chandigarh.

By supporting the whole of the building, the pilings reduce the volume. Roland Dumais was thus able to unite elegance and strength successfully. The limited area of land that he was offered, moreover, dictated a compact solution, that had to be all the more so since he had to foresee eventual enlargement. He thus had to put departments on different floors. By using a module that reappears in every storey, the architect gave a remarkable unity to his work. He separated the amphitheatres in a block by themselves, because of the complication of their structure. But all the classrooms were grouped on the same level, providing maximum reduction of up and down traffic. By locating the administration offices and the staff rooms on the top floor he further reduced the traffic. Finally rather than providing, as has become customary, large spaces with movable walls, he designed a wide range of rooms that should suit the needs of groups ranging from six persons to those assembling 250 students.

The building is constructed of concrete, poured at the site, with the exception of the roofs of the large amphitheatres which are covered by steel beams with metallic bridgework. Everywhere else beams and slabs were used. The windows and doors are aluminium. As for the exterior, concrete with a special shuttering was cleaned by sandblasting.

The concrete cleaned and finished by sandblasting, that can also be admired at Place Bonaventure, is also part of a new tendency which emerged about twelve years ago in Norway. It was considered some sort of crime by Le Corbusier's generation to touch concrete, which was to be left as rough as when it came from the shuttering. Because of the properties of the material, and considering that concrete had its own properties, concrete was to be left as it was showing even the marks of the boards of the shuttering. As the years passed, it was noticed that the main aesthetic "property" of concrete was to blacken with corrosion, which quickly gave it the washed out and faded appearance of old hangars. Perret roughened his concrete, which gave it a good granite-like quality, but the new procedure which Roland Dumais used goes a great deal further. He restores life to the broken stones hidden in the cement. The stones stand out showing the sharp edged appearance of their thousand facets. Without having the material "lie" (as is the case when concrete is faced with travertine), on the contrary, one of its components is exalted.

Roland Dumais, new H.E.C. building is certainly one of the most striking works of the very young and dynamic Quebec architecture.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

The Montgolfier Balloon and Art By André VILDER

On June 5, 1783, Joseph and Étienne Montgolfier publicly launched for the first time their "aerostatical machine". This balloon 110 feet in circumference, inflated with air heated by flaming bundles of straw, rose majestically to a height of about 6,000 feet in less than ten minutes.

Consequences of this discovery

The news of this extraordinary discovery immediately spread as quickly as a train of gunpowder throughout France and Europe. Astonishment, admiration, curiosity, and immense enthusiasm were world-wide.

Never had a scientific event interested the public to such an extent. It seemed that man had conquered the atmosphere. He was the master; space belonged to him: to go to the moon was now only a simple thing!

The balloon used as a decorative design

Balloon-mania was born. It was to remain in fashion for almost a century. But it was especially between 1783 and 1787 that balloons were used as a decorative design. It appeared in fine arts, and lesser arts as well as on the most common objects. This art is essentially French. Dresses, and sweaters were adorned with aerostats, and the balloon of Charles and Robert, composed of red and yellow bands, was the one most often used as a decorative design.

Charles was a French physician. He invented the hydrogen balloon; this gas is fourteen and a half times lighter than air. This was a very important innovation if we consider that Montgolfier used warm air which is only twice as light as air.

In France, England, and Italy enthusiasts carried out numerous ascents. Everywhere balloons were being inflated with warm air and silk spheres were being filled with inflammable air (hydrogen).

Dealers in prints published engravings, popular pictures reproducing the portraits of famous balloonists and the most important aeronautical ascents as well as numerous caricatures.

Porcelain and the balloon

One of the lesser art forms in which, the ballloon was most often used as a decoration at the time it was invented, was popular porcelain objects. It is mainly on the procelain of Nevers, Strasbourg, Moustiers and Marseilles that we shall find plates and salad-bowls with balloons.

There were complete dinner sets made in Moustiers, shaving mugs, cider pitchers, fountains, and planters were produced in the workshops of Nevers.

The porcelain of Sèvres, of Saint-Cloud, and Paris depicts ballooning scenes on cups and saucers. The ceramics factories decorate plates and various platters with balloons and aerostats.

Objects with balloons

The theme of the balloon was reproduced in all its forms. Watches and clocks were decorated with balloons or made in the shape of balloons.

Candy-dishes, snuff boxes, cases, suit buttons, jewellery, bracelets, rings, fabrics and lace, and fans were decorated with balloons. Delicately painted on silk or printed on paper, accompanied by songs relating to the same subject, some fans had ivory, ebony, or bone settings.

Commemorative medals were struck in honour of the Montgolfier brothers "for having made it possible to navigate the air" with the double profile executed according to the medallion of Houdon; the ascents of Pilâtre, Rozier d'Arlandes, Charles and Robert, Andreani, Blanchard, James Sadler, the first English balloonist, and others are represented.

Fashion

Miss Bertin, a milliner, introduced at the end of 1783, the "balloon hat". Parisiennes wearing these hats could thus be seen strolling in the Tuileries or at the Palais-Royal. Among the different hats, let us mention those with inflammable air, like the Montgolfier balloon, and those with a floating globe.

Numerous caricatures appeared; several persons criticized the balloon fashion. Humorists ridiculed these inflatable creations of Parisian tailors and milliners.

Furniture

Louis XVI commodes were finely decorated with balloons inlaid. Secretaries with marble tops had a panel closing the desk that was decorated with a medallion representing Blanchard's balloon. Handles for furniture took the form of the aerostatic globe.

Bird cages in the form of balloons were of thin, painted wire. Copper candlesticks bore "Bon Voyage" inscriptions engraved on the base. Chandeliers, sculpted frames of mirrors and gilded copper wall brackets, were topped by a basket of flowers whose central design represents a Montgolfier balloon.

There were chairs with Montgolfier balloon backs, barometers and other varied objects such as silver toothpick carriers representing a balloon with its basket, engraved glass trays in the shape of balloons.

The story of aerial navigation is most interesting. Rich in documents, abundant in anecdotes, it is, however, strange to note that balloon objects are rare in countries other than France; this is essentially a French art.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Ipoustéguy

By Jean-Dominique REY

His name is baffling like a pun too familiar not to conceal a secret meaning. He was born fifty years ago, on Epiphany, at Dun-sur-Meuse. *Dun* is a celtic word that means elevation, height, eminence. This element is to be retained. It is found again, farther south, in Verdun, and farther north, where the Netherlander closer to the sea has feminized it: dune.

His career is surprising. Ten years devoted to painting, lithography, fresco, stained glass, before approaching volumes and the plastic field. He was thirty when he exhibited his first sculpture: *Mac Gee,* two by three meters.

His work is bewildering. After having belonged for ten years to the predominant trend of the time, its course is suddenly interrupted and goes in the opposite direction: against the current. But, to tell the truth, works that are bewildering, because they choose to take a risk, should be the only ones to hold us. If Ipoustéguy had continued on the path taken by *The Rose* (1955) with the geometrically overlapping petals, by *Crab and Bird* (1958) whose rhythms evoke the front of a carriage, no doubt he would be a respected sculptor today, but his reputation would not be as great.

"One is always part of the dying generation, and then. . ." he wrote one day. This "and then. . ." begins in 1959 with a curious *David* who has a skull if not a face, muscles at least on his only apparent arm, buttocks if not legs. It is followed by *Roger or the people of the dead* (1961), a cement altar topped by battered-in-heads, cut like those of the Celtic warriors of Entremont.

But, meanwhile, Ipoustéguy is attracted by Greece: "It is always wearing Greek sandals that we march—to the cry—looking for barbarians." His Greece is first that of the Cyclopean blocks. His two 1960 bronze works *Cumes* and *Mycènes* would mark a return to abstraction if they did not prepare the decor of *Speech under Mistra* (1964-1966), his first attempt at landscape-sculpture, a union of man, nature, and architecture in ciment. Here the sculpture deliberately breaks the circle of monotony in which it had been enclosed—apart from all exceptions—since it has been refusing to go beyond vegetable and mineral forms, reduced to their outline or to their quintessence.

But the work of Ipoustéguy progresses in a dialectical way. In *The Earth* (1963) and its massive femininity, the mood of *David* reappears, in *Man* (1963) the temptation to naturalism. However, soon, going beyond *Speech under Mistra* and in undertaking *Alexander before Ecbatane* (1966), the light version in expanded polystyrene, the heavy version in bronze, Ipoustéguy reaches a synthesis of all his recent research. With these massive and powerful arms, the face in a triple profile that is seen or is hidden behind a barbarian helmet, with this stocky body that has cavernous openings, rediscovering the dimension of buried giants and that of the agora, Ipoustéguy seems to conclude the reign of the object and return sculpture to its monumental function.

In the same year *Woman bathing,* in gilded bronze, with a removable belly, and a face caught between a cry and pleasure, a body made up of successive shells that have to be raised or lowered, seems to proceed from the plastic research of Degas *(The Tub),* and gathers in synthesis the steps that followed one another since then and lead to our time, to become one of its evident symbols: body and robot, violence and coldness of metal.

After a playful foray into the more experimental area of *tactiles,* wavering between naturalism and baroque, severity and emotion, or mingling them for a moment, about 1967-1968, Ipoustéguy undergoes a new change by tackling marble. His liking for aesthetic finish—against which he had struggled by breaking faces *(Cracked Helmet,* 1958), by battering bodies—will in future be carried to the extreme in composing *The Death of the father.* This simultaneous funeral effigy that is reminiscent of exorcism and stage setting, of phantasm and parody, multiplies by putting them on shiny steel bases, the polished marble heads imbedded in identical mitres. Each one marks a different degree of decomposition, the return to the "old ancestral fetus", which the naked sculptor, lying down, contemplates with a lucid eye. In this mixture of horror and perfection, this contrast of the subject and material, this juxtaposition of realism and distance, *The Death of the father* remains the most voluntarily baffling work of Ipoustéguy.

If the work of Ipoustéguy frequently calls for criticism, gives rise to reservations, sometimes arouses misunderstanding, it is mainly because it refuses to be labelled, upsets prejudices and comformity, and speeds along towards the future. We must now await the next stage of the long and complicated journey.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

The Statues of Sovereigns in New France

By Pierre MAYRAND

Images of the sovereigns were present in the homes of New France in the form of engravings, and sometimes paintings, as the Louis XIV in military dress that was included among the effects of Cugnet proves. Large public reception halls were generally decorated with a large scale portrait of the Sovereign. Thus in 1735 Intendant Hocquart had the portrait of His Majesty placed "in the most prominent part of the hall (of the Palace) where they (the Councillors) gather with the solemnity and manifestations of joy that such an august representation can inspire". The representation was spread throughout the Colony

on medals distributed to the Indians; the medals were like those that had been made in 1722 for the Coronation of His Majesty "where he is clad in royal robes holding in one hand the staff of Charlemagne and in the other the rod of justice with the legend Ludovicus XV Rex Christianissimus" (1). The medal favourably replaced the statue in a country where it was more effective to have the image of the sovereign circulate and put within the reach of the greatest number of people, than to set it up in cities that were just beginning. The presentation to the Chapitre de Québec (Quebec Chapter) in 1723 of the work on "Medals of the principal events of the reign of Louis the Great" (2) constitutes proof of the importance that was granted this type of propaganda. The presentation was all the more significant in that it was made at the request of the Duc d'Antin, Superintendent of the Buildings of France, who required that the portrait of the king be placed with the book in the archives of the Chapter.

The importance to town-planning of this kind of propaganda is translated, in France, by the creation and multiplication of royal squares where the statue of the sovereign plays a dominant role in the programmes of the architecture.(3) They spread at the same time as the parade squares of coastal cities and land fortresses with which Vauban surrounded France. Essentially intended for troop exercises and manoeuvres, these squares, also called parade grounds, constitute no less the implementation of military plans, and received considerable buildings as decorations. They were, however, deprived of statues that characterized the royal squares in order not to hinder troop movements.

The History of the Royal Square in Quebec city is characteristic in this respect, and represents the first attempt to create a royal square in North America. In 1686, nothing marked the act that was going to make a simple market place into the image of French royal squares that were being built everywhere at this time. Upon his arrival, the Intendant De Champigny disembarked to find a burnt-down square and he decided to place the bronze bust he carried in his luggage there. The ceremony took place on Nov. 6th, amid a rejoicing populace. At the same time the site of the old king's store (5) was given over to the Seminary, and 1,500 pounds were offered for the construction of a parish church. The original aspect of the church conformed to the rule (6), the chevet offered a view of the river and faced the east. The placing of the bust entailed changing the aspect of the church towards the square, in spite of the difficulties that resulted from the presence of surrounding lots that partially hid it until the beginning of the XVIIIth century. Champigny's bust was no doubt intended for the palace which he planned to build on the Cemetery heights. The ideal situation of the square on the perspective plan, the need to revalorize this area of the city greatly damaged by the terrible fire of 1682, the secret desire to establish his reputation with the leading citizens who had homes on the square, the desire to stop the speculation that was shown certain project (7) which threatened to stop the square, the decision to make his lodging in the old Brasserie de Talon, which was not very suitable to receiving the bust, were, it would seem, the motives for the gesture.

There were no instances where a simple bust had been placed in the centre of a square and made to assume the dimensions of a monument. The elevation of the site of the square in Quebec with respect to the river, the small area of the square and possible further reductions, the proximity to the port that lent itself to a pretty setting, were clearly evident to the experienced town-planner. These considerations, linked to the desire "to give some idea of the King to a number of his subjects who were deprived of seeing him" (8), gave rise to the idea of a monument protected by a surrounding wall, around which the royal square would be arranged. A number of plans indicate its placement, and it is seen on a view by Franquelin (9). As imperfect as this sketch is, it proves the importance granted to this element of the town's decoration (10). The monument by itself stands out against the imposing mass of the dormer house belonging to Hazeur, the merchant. The view was made at a time when the bust was to have been transferred to the portal of this house "due to the frequent representations made to Frontenac and myself (De Champigny) by the inhabitants that the square of the lower city had been made almost impossible for people and carriages to use because of the space that was occupied by the bust of the king and its wall". It was thus resolved to "have it put in another place, the most convenient one that there was in the same square" and it was found "that there was no place more suitable than in front of the Hazeur house which is the most beautiful in the lower city and is in the middle of the square facing the port, where disembarkings occur and which looks out at the church and the streets that lead to the the same square"(11). These are the considerations of town-planners, but private considerations finally won out in spite of the protests by Callières who remarked "that we must not sadden the country at seeing the statue removed from one public square where it got in the way of carriages to put it on the doorstep of a merchant" (13). The last entreaties of the Minister who recommended "putting the bust back in the great square, in such a way that it would not inconvenience the people" were to no avail: the bust was put away in the palace and was lost in the 1713 fire. The importance granted to the discussions and the aesthetic arguments that arose, make these events some of the most important ones in the history of town-planning in New France. The Royal Square in Quebec city remains an exception from every point of view.

The expeditions of Jolliet and de La Salle, the adventure of D'Iberville, gave rise to great hopes in the part of French North America called Louisiana in honour of the great king. Vauban sighed that he "has longed a thousand times to see America and Canada" and Renau fulfilled his own wishes by making a voyage to the Antilles. The magnificent subtropical landscapes that we are shown on a map from the beginning of the XVIIIth century, serves as a frame and background to an admirable statue of the king on foot, erected on a sculpted base, and surrounded by a stone balustrade. The presence of this monument, which could take its place in the greatest cities in France, may surprise us, but it reflects, like the architectonic frames of the city of Quebec by Franquelin, a very determined will to take possession and to rule by architecture these landscapes that man still did not control: the dimensions of the statue are on a scale with the ambitions and the territory. The richness of the sculpture indicates what is expected of the Colony. It prefigures the immense effort that people were ready to make for it, but that was scarcely evident before 1720. The sovereign, dressed in the robes of state is commanding, with the gesture of a centurion. With his arm extended he seems to be exhorting the colonists to work. On a parade square some soldiers out of scale with the architectural and natural landscape are drilling, and colonists come to pay their respects to a person who is watching a native worker. Some cannon-carriages and mounds of earth complete the composition. It seems thus that people were aware at the beginning of this century that it was to bring greatness. The war of the Spanish Succession and the dangers the colony faces are the reasons for this eloquent gesture which had no further result than remaining on paper.

In 1731 the work at Louisbourg was advanced and entered its second phase. Sufficient progress had been made so that some thought could be given to completely refitting the Governor's pavilion, which was a very old military building. The earth fortifications closed by the Dauphine gate in the north, were made to continue up to the waterfront where landings took place and where the warehouses were. There was hesitation concerning convenience for trade, the beauty of the city, and security. The first system proposed by Verrier was inspired by the installations of Rochefort as a view of the city (15) attests and the plan "of the outline of the revetment of the Quay de Louisbourg made from the middle of the angle of Toulouse street" where we find the representation of the "statue of the king on foot" about 1731. These plans, made at the same time, were to be presented to the king and his general officers, who thought it more to the point to delay the works and adopt the solution offering more security. This plan corresponds to the specifications concerning the establishment of quays where it is specified that "the angle in front of Toulouse street will form a square, the stairways on each side will facilitate the landing of canoes. A statue of the king on foot could be erected on the square to indicate the posterity that his majesty is the founder of the city and the Colony" (16).

The statue, situated at the end of Toulouse, or Main, street is framed by the king's stores and the office of the Intendant. It looks towards the Castle although it is directed towards the entry to the port, along the greatest length of the quays. The sovereign's military characteristics are represented; he is clad in the Roman fashion, and leaning on his staff, with an evident air of satisfaction. The rectangular pedestal, whose height is inferior by one head to that of the statue, bears an illegible inscription probably to the munificence and glory of Louis XV who was just beginning his real reign. The decorated parapet of the Frederic gate will give way to this project in 1742.

The attitudes and circumstances which determined the representation of figures of sovereigns in New France are revealing in several respects, and can not be unimportant to historians of town-planning and political iconography.

Notes

1) A. N. Marine B 51 fol. 30 v, Versailles, April 6, 1728.
2) Library of the Seminary of Quebec. Entered in the catalogue of the exhibition "Sources of Art in New France", Montreal-Quebec, 1968.
3) Pierre Lavedan, *Histoire de l'urbanisme*. Paris, Henri Laurens, 1959. Chapter III, Royal Squares.
4) Jean Bochart de Champigny, 6th intendant of New France (1686-1702).
5) Built by Champlain to replace the first habitation.
6) Plan of the city and Chateau of Quebec, 1685, by Villeneuve.
7. Moreau de Saint-Méry, Atlas, No 68, 1685. Villeneuve, "The square where architect Renauld intends to build a porch".
8) A.N. Colonies, C"A, Oct., 15, 1700. Champigny.

9) Jean-Baptiste-Louis Franquelin, born in Saint-Michel de Villebernin (Indre), came to Quebec about 1670 with the aid of Frontenac, educated at the Seminary of Quebec, collaborator of Jolliet, master hydrographer, the main illustrator of Quebec life at the end of the XVIIth century.
10) Quebec as it appears from the Eastern side (detail of a general map). Franquelin, 1688.
11) A.N. Colonies C"A, Oct. 15, 1700.
12) See the reconstruction that uses the view of R. Short.
13) A.N.C" A, May 6, 1702. The Minister.
14) A.N. C"A, Oct. 31, 1701. Callières.
15) View of the city of Louisbourg taken inside the port, 1731. Made by Verrier junior, BN "Maps and Plans", C 5019.
16) A.N. Marine C"B, 1731, fol. 114. Verrier.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Maurice Demers and his environments

An Interview with Pierre-W. DESJARDINS

—How did you come to the art of the environment?

• First I worked as a painter and sculptor, then I realized that that was not the answer for me. Then I worked with ceramics and I studied design and colour for two years while carrying out some experiments with colour as a psychological environment. I thought that ceramics would allow me to make an integration of the arts, to work with an architect and surround people with a mural. Then I stopped working with ceramics and glass realizing that they did not correspond enough with our time. I then made "vehicles" that reflected somewhat the present day world and emphasized the danger that man was becoming a robot. These machines have no meaning in themselves: one must create an ambient place where one can live in another reality. One must create places to put these robots in, so that with them man can travel in time and space.

—Is that not akin to science-fiction?

• Yes. For me it was a kind of new figuration that encompassed all my research. These works were well received; groups of students even came to my studio to participate in "environments". This experience really led to the art of environment. Only Mousseau had already worked in this spirit, in creating atmospheres for discothèques. I was searching for a purity, a completely unknown scene, that would remove man from his usual surroundings and lead him directly to reality, without using the system of mass production. I want to reach the values of a collective awakening of the Quebec poeple, in order to be present when it ceases to be alienated and finds autonomy as a people.

—Thus you think the environment leads to something other than itself?

• Yes, otherwise we return to art for art's sake, and I no longer believe in that. Art must be open to the reality of daily life and the awareness of the possibilities the present-day world offers. It is a new era, and we must be aware of it, for everything can be an environment or not be one.

—How can an environment not be one?

• I think it is all a question of awareness. If the environment is so monotonous that we don't even notice it, it does not exist; it is even a negation of the environment. We live in it by habit. We must be conscious of all the possibilities that contemporary technology offers, even as a tool that would cause us to cease being alienated, create places that will really answer the true needs of men.

—Does that thus bring about a reintegration of man with his environment?

• Yes by socio-culture, a concern for authenticity. That is why painting and sculpture lead me nowhere. I am looking for an authenticity in them and I do not find it, an authenticity at the very level of materials, for example the use of plastic for its own values and not as a substitute for wood or some other material. For the environment only plastic can offer possibilities of inflatible, temporary, mobile and polyvalent places.

—Then what is the role of the artist?

• The artist helps people become aware of their physical and psychological environment. By the means of environments and experiments in public, the artist helps to make people aware that everyone can be a creator.

—Would art thus be situated at the level of the experience of the receiver rather than that of the creator, would it thus be more the procedure than the product that would matter?

• The creator is only the animator of experiences; he must work in collaboration with the technician and the specialist engineer. It is the experience that transforms everything, rather than the product which is a kind of residue, a dead thing. The product is questioned: one never knows what will result from an awareness experiment, one does not know its long term effects.

—Are these "awareness" experiments connected with the happenings in the USA?

• Happenings were a kind of total unpremeditated improvisation. Now we are trying to foresee more, to give a direction, an outcome to the experience. The happening was also reserved for an elite; it was a revel for a small group. Now it is a whole people, a group of individuals from different fields who are taking part in it. There is less gratuity, and these experiments result in a social committment.

—Do these collective experiments become a form of popular theatre?

• I am a great believer in popular theatre. As opposed to the traditional theatre where one is content to be a passive spectator, in the popular theatre the spectators identify so strongly with the play that they themselves become its protagonists. It is an extraordinary exorcism that transforms their lives. We will have to do something else, change the world of work, change life, revalorize art. Otherwise we will have an era of programmed robots.

—Where are the plastic arts situated with respect to this popular theatre? Can we still even speak of plastic arts?

• I still believe in these values, not as separate values, but integrated in an interdisciplinary way as elements of a greater reality. The role of the artist now is to bring about a sort of mental explosion, to give rise to awareness. He has people perceive globally without necessarily making his symbols explicit. With the help of these conditions each one builds his own work.

—What is the theme of your next experiment?

• It is an experience of human love where we confront different elements of society: an orphan, a Carmelite nun, a prisoner will live out their own reality in front of an audience.

—To what does the awareness resulting from these experiments lead?

• It leads inevitably to anarchy, the awareness of a need for global transformation of the place of man and present day society and also to the necessity of a popular and national identity.

—Why anarchy?

• Because the place of man no longer answers the human being of today, because this place has become inhuman and rational, and because a kind of elite has imposed values, its own values, on the people who are ill at ease with them. The systems, whether they be capitalism or communism, have imposed values that people are rejecting more and more. And the more they become aware of it, the more they will feel the need to become involved in the transformation of society.

—What is your role in all that?

• The best way for me to express myself is through my work; my tools are not words, but the techniques and materials of today, the image, movement. It is by making an environment that I can really express what I know by intuition.

—How might your environment be characterized?

• By the presence of the unusual and also an element of horror. A sort of panic can arise from this theatre taken from daily life. Life is more true than the theatre or the work of art. That is what must be recreated in a work, in an environment. It also has well developped kinetic and cybernetic elements in a fusion of the scientific and artistic world.

On the level of the human environment, the theatre and life tend to unite so that the environment becomes continuous, so that the theatre becomes life, that life becomes an art, as with the primitives. We must assume the possibilities of modern life, of electronics, the laser beam, the projections of the individual into the future. Our time offers enormous means to transform the place of man and reach other realities. We must have a return to the global perception of the primitives, but with the means of our time. We must build a new world and not destroy a world, build new values so that the old and out of date values collapse by themselves.

—Did the experience of Expo influence your environments?

• Yes, surely a great deal. After having seen Expo, I noticed that a painting on a wall or an isolated sculpture no longer had reason to exist. These realities are concluded when a new world appears to which the people respond spontaneously. Artists are still working for themselves, and it is natural that no one is interested in that any longer.

—What could be the role of institutions like museums?

• Museums will have to be completely renewed, in such a way as not to be present day cemeteries. It is perhaps necessary that there be places like that, but I didn't really wonder about it because it doesn't interest me. They would have to be more dynamic, lively places, experimental places that the artists could completely transform. It will also be necessary to go out of the institution, to go to the worker, the labourer, the professional man, to go into their circles to show the possibilities and not wait for them to come, because they will no longer come.

—Do you foresee the construction of permanent environments as well as temporary experiments?

• The temporary environment brings about a release, a salutory shock, an awareness in the manner of a psychodrama. It must eventually lead to the reality of daily life and become a reality in a permanent environment. To follow these "experiments", it will be necessary to think of building a new reality with the help of new technology. What is needed is a vision of the future that is extended by a continual transformation of life and society. The environment is a kind of mosaic projected in time and space; it is the human person surrounding himself with his most profound truth.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

The political cinema of Quebec

About Arthur Lamothe's film: "Le Mépris n'aura qu'un temps"
(There will be an end to contempt)
By Dominique NOGUEZ

In a certain sense all of the important Quebec films are political films. Not only because *every* film, by the subsidies that permit its production, by the concessions it does or does not make to the dominant ideology, by the public it aims at, by the manner in which it is released, is situated in relation to an economical and political system, not only because, in particular, to choose to make a film in French in Quebec and about Quebeckers is a *particularily* political act, but because, as a matter of fact, it is established that the cinema of Quebec, from its beginning, has been an instrument of awakening. "Our consciousness," wrote Gaston Miron in 1963, "is dispersed in the fragments of our mirrors." *Le Chat dans le sac* (The Cat in a Bag), *Patricia and Jean-Baptiste, Le Règne du jour* or *Le Viol d'une jeune fille douce* will have contributed to a considerable extent to resetting these fragments into a whole mirror. Moreover, there are many ways of handling this mirror and holding it out to the public. A first way, the most urgent, consisted of giving an image to this man who had been deprived of one, the Quebecker. This is the first period that corresponds, in the life of a people, to that of the mirror in the life of the individual. That is where the first films of Groulx, Lefebvre or Perrault led, often in a magnificent manner. However, to choose in 1970 to remain at the point that Roger Frappier does in *Le Grand film ordinaire ou Jeanne D'Arc n'est pas morte, se porte bien et vit au Quebec* (The Great ordinary film or Joan of Arc is alive, and well, and living in Quebec)—being satisfied after all to use a work of the theatre (that was really militant) that was accomplished by other people—, is to choose, in psychological terms, to regress, it is not sensing that from a certain moment—often bitter self contemplation becomes complacency and debilitating narcissism.

True self awareness, the possession of self by the self supposes something more: self knowledge. Now knowledge is not gained without some distance, without a refusal of egotistical fascination, without observing others and comparing, in short without a courageous overcoming of the awareness of being an individual. If a people discovers that it is alienated, abused and colonized while it is at the same time obstinately inassimilable, it runs the risk of foundering in taking a morose pleasure from this, and believing that the drama is irremediable and unparalleled in the world. If it wants to escape this deadly temptation, it must be more lucid and admit that the drama is not *natural* but *customary*, that it is the result of certain factors that have already been observed at other points in history, or in other countries, and there are ways to change it. Now few films have reached this second state: the last two films by Groulx, perhaps. And, assuredly the last film by Arthur Lamothe "Le Mépris n'aura qu'un temps".

Lamothe had first thought of calling his film "Requiem for a city". In fact death is the starting point of this film—a horrible death, that of seven building workers who on December 16, 1965, were crushed by several tons of concrete that fell from about thirty feet above them and, because all normal safety procedures were scorned, girders had been made to support four to five times the weight they could bear safely. This death appears all the more horrible since Lamothe evokes it without commentary, with the sole pathetic note being the accompaniment of Berlioz's *Requiem*. Discreetly poignant, serious, rising again like a leit-motiv and remorse, this requiem transfigures the news item and gives it its true dimension: scandal and murder. The news item: indeed the film begins with the impassive and uncommented (but all the more striking) presentation of a series of newspaper clippings relating to the drama, to the inquiry that followed, the action of the unions and the scandalous acquital which was won a year later by the firm in charge. As a good researcher, the film-maker, starting with this significant information, will attempt to track down and question the surviving witnesses to the tragedy. Confronted with their hesitation to speak, their fear of reprisals, he is naturally anxious to know more about what makes this fear possible, thus more about the condition of construction workers. By following some of them home, to the tavern, to the construction sites on Nun's Island, or looking for work, by listening we shall gradually know what uncertainty, what petty ribbing, what risks make up the life of the construction worker. Until this point the film has been a documentary. If it stopped there, "Le Mépris n'aura qu'un temps" would join the ranks of "Jeunesse, Année zéro" by Louis Portugais, "Huit témoins" by Jacques Godbout or "Les Bacheliers de la cinquième" by Claude Perron, would join the series of interesting socio-political documents in the Quebec cinema. But it does not stop there. Its title gives a rather adequate indication that it is not a neutral film, but a committed film. Committed to the future. The proof lies in the title, the future tense of the indicative mood: what it announces is not a hypothesis, but a conviction and even a certainty: it is a question, in fact, of the result of an *analysis*.

For by following the very reasoning of the inquest, Lamothe is led to notice the true problems, those that the official or supposedly neutral inquiry avoided in the simplest way in the world: by silence. Witness the savoury, if we may call it that, quotation at the end of a televised Radio-Canada news report. In the well known, serious imperturbable, and impeccable voice, the reader announces a statement by the union leaders on the problems of the construction sector. Then, abruptly, in the same tone, retracts, "because of a lack of time". Then the identifying music of the News reverberates and the music goes on and on and lasts longer than it ever has before, and people can't help but think that all this time would have been sufficient for the secretary of the CSN or the FTQ to explain the position of union.

The textual quotation of Radio-Canada (as well as the evocation of a well known and idyllic ad for the O'Keefe Brewery) acts as an antithesis: it is as if, by having us see and hear in the very middle of the film the partial (TR: in the sense of both incomplete and prejudiced)—ideological —character of the news furnished by the mass media, Lamothe was justifying and defining his film by counter-claim. This film will serve to let those people who never speak have the opportunity to do so. There follows, for example, the recording of the lengthy discussion of the workers in the tavern about their working conditions, unemployment, taxes, municipal politics, Vietnam, capitalism, the new generation: it is a very interesting discussion that is probing and undisturbed by picturesque speech. In this, Lamothe differs from Perrault. Perrault records the speech of characters in his films at least as much for the manner in which they speak as for what they say: the speech is opaque, literary, as if already preserved in some invisible formol. Lamothe, on the contrary, quickly goes to the essential, and it matters little if the accent is Spanish or *joual*, if in passing a few wonderful homegrown expressions are used or ordinary French words.

Not that accents do not interest Lamothe, but they interest him only to the extent that they are the indication of a social situation. Witness the very XVIth Parisian district French (just a little more airy) that is spoken by the young woman on Nun's Island questionned several times. She is an upper middle-class woman who is showing her luxurious, bright apartment, speaking with feeling about her horse or the sunsets she sees from her bay-window; she also acts as an antithesis and even, with the *help* of Lamothe, as a foil. For Lamothe intervenes here to emphasize the inanity—at least the class character—of the speech by flashing on titles that announces or repeat her words as in some sarcastic echo. We might reproach this lack of composure—the speech was ineffable enough to do without this sort of heavy ironical quotation marks—,but this intervention has the advantage of frankly pointing out the film-maker's committment. As well, all the sequences devoted to the young woman correspond to a clear objective—clearly partial: in filming *from life* one of these privileged people for whom the labourers are working and—as we saw—risking their lives, and in having these sequences alternate without transition with the sequences showing the working conditions of these workers so that the contrast is shocking, Lamothe makes us see what is ordinarily systematically hidden: the reality of the class struggle. At last the analysis surpasses itself and, because it is clear and rigorous, suggests a course of action—which one of the workers in the film sums up very well: "We'll get rid of capitalism and then we'll live like real people". Lamothe's film thus completes the films of Lefebvre or Groulx by showing that in the particular phenomena of the national and linguistic alienation of Quebec, it is necessary to see, more fundamentally and universally, the phenomena of economic exploitation.

Thus, an enquiry became an analysis, an analysis leading to action; "Le Mépris n'aura qu'un temps" is typical of the true political film: rejecting the reconstitution or transposition into fiction which makes failures of "Z", Medium Cool or "The Strawberry Statement", and

even, particularily in the last case, manoeuvres of ideological diversion (or which rather weaken the excellent "Camarades" of Martin Karmitz) showing, as in "La Terra Trema" by Visconti or the films of Flaherty, the very people of which they speak without using actors or even, as in Visconti's work, using a vague dramatic outline; by rejecting this, Lamothe's film is on the same level as "La Hora de los hornos" by the Argentinian Solanas: that is to say it ranks in the series of dossier-films which, because they are indisputably documented and implacably lucid, are films that are fire-brands.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Michèle Bastin, or the ceremony of the breast

By Guy ROBERT

We are already acquainted to some degree with the paintings of Michèle Bastin, a young artist born in Belgium who has been working in Montreal for about ten years. Her works have been exhibited in Quebec and Canada, for six or seven years; they are strange works manifesting both a technical and emotional maturity that is very rare in so young an artist. Michèle Bastin also does fashion design, showing a boldness in the line as well as in the ethic, which unfortunately lessens its being used because our style of life is basically conventional and repressed in spite of all the airs of contestation and scandal which we put on periodically, like using safety-valves.

Now, precisely, the work of Michèle Bastin owes nothing to the easy psychology of scandal. It is the internal architecture of the mind that her plastic gesture attacks, as an exhibition at the Stable Gallery of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, in March-April 1969, fully proved. As we might have expected, the local art columns turned a deaf ear, no longer seeing in it the superficial and fragile triumph of the reigning fashion, of fashionable "gadgets".

A voluptuous "seinographie" (TR: "writing about the breast")

The exhibition included about twenty paintings of large and medium size, devoted to the theme of the breast shown in variations of such a graphic, chromatic, and pictorial virtuosity that we can speak of an autonomous structural grammar with respect to them.

The series of paintings develops with an astonishing plastic stripping away, an analytical "seinographie" of a rigorous simplicity, under the title of *Flortilèges*. The artist assures us it is through a slow evolution of her language that she arrived at this series, just as one suddenly comes upon some unexpected clearing during the difficult quest for some mysterious Grail through the hostility of the Black Forest. Besides, it was a question for her, of great sonorous masses, of symphonic intuitions whose movements had to be transformed in pictorial language; and the necessity of finding emotional responses acceptable to these pressuring intuitions lead the artist towards a grandiose refinement at once of her writing and her compositional procedure.

Flortilèges, this apt neologism ("flore-sortilège" - TR: flora-charm) is very suitable to the lovely sensual surfaces of the paintings, swollen with an eroticism that the artist seems naively to ignore. Indeed, the distance gained by the strictly pictorial priority with respect to a somewhat anecdotal context (here anatomical, feminine) invites us to emphasize with more insistance first the "abstract" dimension of the paintings, and then an astonishing aesthetic quality.

A thematic approach would allow us to establish a distinction between the erotic aspect and the erogenous aspect of certain works of art; for example, Dali, Labisse, the Japanese print, Klossowski, Bosch or Melle often offer us erotic works which are situated at the fulfilment of an impulse surging from the sexual and invoked instinct in the imagery of the work; on the other hand, Leonor Fini, Delvaux, Svanberg sometimes are able to preserve the fragile savour of the very shiver of desire and show us its tremor in a few of their erogenous works, which are situated on the very treshold of the emergence of the voluptuous gesture.

An opulent "seinologie" (TR: "study of the breast")

Flortilèges" also invite us to make another distinction, this time between "seinographie" and "seinologie", and it is the very profusion of the theme of the breast throughout the prehistory and history of world art that prompts us to do so. An iconography of the breast would remain on the level of research and inventory, on the level of "seinographie", the search for a typology, the developments of analysis through thematic or more dryly, morphological, grids, would institute the basics of a "seinologie" that would no doubt be centered on the archetypal dimension of the breast; all that would involve the unfolding of thoughts relating as well to clothing as to eroticism, with ethical and aesthetic repercussions.

The series of tableaux called *Nourritures terrestres* establishes the proof of it and quickly projects us from the level of anecdotal reading to that of symbolical interpretation. There is nothing Gide-like in the attitude of Michèle Bastin, apart from retaining a certain aspect of the "disponibilité" (TR: complete freedom) that Gide proposed, to escape the harsh test of the "compulsory" freedom of choosing... The ambiguity of Gide's idea finds a certain echo in the recent paintings by Bastin.

A simple example is presented, that of the *Apple Complex.* A first inspection underlines the knowing subtlety of the composition: the sex of the female nude model lying down in the image, is hidden by an appetizing apple that emphasizes, with all the pulpy redness of a fruit one is asked to taste, the placid form of the right breast and the red lips partially hidden behind the profile of the left breast. A more extensive deciphering of the picture would reveal more disturbing evocations and would lead us too far.

The Paradisiac symbolism (the apple of temptation of the first couple of Eden, according to the biblical text) avoids the rigidly religious interpretation (that of morality, the fall, sin) and because of the title immediately swells with psychological context (the complex, in Freudian language) which takes on a humorous, if not ironic air; the same double background, of which it will be necessary to establish the contingencies in the recent works of Michèle Bastin (what are the exact boundaries between humour and irony?) will embellish other pictures of the same series of *Nourritures terrestres* like *The Eskimos* or *Cherry Sunday;* under the first title, a young woman with large breasts is holding the kind of ice cream covered with chocolate, that is called an "eskimo"; under the second title, a "cherry sundae" stands out between the opulent profile of a swelling breast and the greedy lips that are partially open behind it: must we emphasize here the high degree of eroticization of such an image and the thematic osmosis between the milk of the breast, the whipped cream and ice cream of the "sundae" and the open mouth in the background; must we still insist on the fact that the pictures use a vulgar dimension to attain the level of a symbolic writing, as opposed to numerous pop works that scarcely go beyond the vulgar context?

Another strange picture called *La Tétée* presents in a remarkable plunging view part of the naked body of a woman who is holding her breast, pressing the nipple between the index and second fingers offered out to a cat whose black profile stands out as in back-lighting against the thigh of the character; we could continue thus at length the reading of the works, like *Eight o'clock A.M.* which has a masterful composition.

Some obsessive icons

In connection with the enigmas that are woven into the recent paintings of Michèle Bastin, we could speak of some "white masses" thus underlining the strange, indefinable paleness of flesh and her fascinating characters. The ceremony of the breast unfolds in an atmosphere of tenderness of an exceptional emotional richness. Sensuality, voluptuousness, is displayed on the surface of canvases as well as in the vaults of the themes, and makes of these paintings obsessive icons.

It is not surprising to hear the artist say that she is working a great deal using writing, graffiti, sketching by means of arrows and secret signs the obscure data of future compositions. In her studio she will sometimes work several pictures at once giving into the play of echos and transpositions. Michèle Bastin feels she is neither a Belgian nor a Montrealer, no more than she would feel she was Javanese or a New Yorker according to the hazards of geographic displacements. For almost ten years, with an astonishing drive she has been pursuing a procedure accompanied at once by a gravity and freshness that are fascinating.

The new direction that she has just taken confirms her mastery of the trade, her feeling for composition, and the rich resonances of her thematic approach. The ritual of Eros extends the voluptuous enigma of desire over her work as in this hieratic painting entitled in an abridgment that semiology could examine for a long time, simply *Le Buisson* (The Thicket).

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

The Art Gallery of the University of Sherbrooke

By Claude LAFLEUR

In 1964, scarcely ten years after the University of Sherbrooke was established, it opened an art gallery. At first it was exclusively oriented towards exhibitions, but two years later its interest was to extend to other artistic and cultural activities. In fact, the requirements of the area inspired the director of the gallery to organize conferences, film showings, and then to turn to theatre, music, etc... So that in 1969, the Cultural Centre of the University of Sherbrooke was officially founded.

At present the Art Gallery presents about a dozen exhibitions of Canadian and foreign artists every year. In other buildings of the Cultural Centre various exhibitions are also set up, and a total number of thirty two exhibitions appeared on the programme last season.

In June 1970, the Art Gallery presented an exhibition entitled "Ceramic Sculpture". Three Montreal sculptors: Michel Fortin, Jean-Yves Leblanc, and Michel Savoie, all professors of sculpture at the University of Quebec, presented about sixty works, including some very large pieces. For three years these artists have been working in their studio on Lorimier Avenue.

LEBLANC—We opened the studio with the intention of experimenting with several materials, several disciplines. We thought of concentrating on ceramics, and perhaps using wood, metal, plaster, etc. We very soon noticed that it was costly to be versatile in sculpture and that, moreover, there is a time limit in creating that makes one restrict oneself.

Very few sculptors are interested in ceramics especially in large size works. Besides, for about fifty years, there has been almost no modelling in sculpture; the artists have passed from the modulated form to assemblage in metal, wood, and plastic, etc. For Fortin, Leblanc, and Savoie, the sensual contact with the material remains essential, from this comes their choice of ceramics.

—How do three artists manage to work in the same studio?

FORTIN—We first chose this formula for economic considerations alone. A well-equipped sculpture studio functions only at great cost; besides, most of the sculptors create large works only on commission. For us, working together meant greater freedom. We made large works because we felt we had to, we assumed the cost of it knowing full well that six foot ceramic works are hard to sell.

SAVOIE—If we grouped together through economic considerations it is evident that we were certain of being able to get along together. On the technical level our situation allows us to consult one another and profit by each other's experiences. However, on the formal level, it is very clear that there is really no influence. We very quickly took different orientations and we do not at all have the intention of forming a school of thinking.

In the past, in China for example, the art of ceramic sculpture consisted of copying bronze objects in order to allow their diffusion among the people. Certain ceramic horses for example, which are among the first works of high artistic quality, are, in fact, copies. A few of the scuptures of Fortin, Leblanc, and Savoie give the impression of having been made in metal.

FORTIN—It is a fact that some of the works greatly resemble metal sculpture. The technique of assemblage that reveals seams which are reminiscent of soldered joints, as well as the colour, can give a metallic effect, up to a certain point, but personally, I think that after some examination no confusion is possible. Metal does not have the same plastic qualities, and the advantage of clay is that it can be modelled so easily that it can become thin and smooth like a steel plate or rugged and massive like stone.

—What will be the outcome of this research?

LEBLANC—Until now our work has been an individual experience. As early as next year we expect to begin a collective project which will relate to the problems of environment, of multiples. We do not intend to remain isolated, to pursue research of an individual image, we would like to arrive at something more integrated in society.

SAVOIE—This goal of coming to a collective project will in no way change our oritentation. We intend to pursue our research in ceramics for we are very aware that there are technical procedures that remain to be discovered on the level of modelling as well as colour.

—In conclusion. . .

LEBLANC—We consider that having exhibited here, at the Art Gallery of the University of Sherbrooke was a great advantage. We have reached a numerous clientele, as opposed to what would have happened in a commercial gallery where a public of collectors would have been drawn almost by force, and we have the impression of having shown our work to the general public without necessarily having addressed ourselves to the most experienced people.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Irena Kwiat

By Claude-Lyse GAGNON

Her canvases are strange. They are like sequoia forests. Where, between the immense trees which are about the tallest and most leafy in the world, the beautiful sunlight filters through. When one strolls there, as in the most beautiful forest in the world, in California, not far from Oregon, one thinks one is in an enchanted land.

The painting of Irena Kwiat (Irena Kwiatkowska de Grandpré) has the magic of nursery tales. That is to say it is multi-colored, has fireworks, is alive and sensitive; and yet, always has a predominating colour - blue, red, or mauve. And her characters are often children with androgynous, thin bodies, who dance in their dreams. However, it is amazing, they never have faces. We cannot say they resemble anyone. It is rather frightening. I know very well that in the most beautiful forests in the world as on all the seas that surround the five continents, people must feel queerly frightened at night, but that is when they are lonely, too lonely, or have too many worries. In this way the painter's canvases illustrate landscape and solitude, and speak of lands where people sleep alone. Or else trips where every unusual experience becomes a memory. One, then two, then four thousand.

Is this violence? It all depends. At first glance, yes. As suffering, separation, partings and death, so much more, are storms. When one suddenly understands. When the imagination borders on madness, which is perhaps only an extreme, an infinity that supports and understands a season, an instant, the cycle of life, at once the beginning which has no beginning and the end that does not conclude.

And then it is not violence for the sake of violence. Her canvases tell of paroxysms, the abysses of the ages that do not last for ever, that come like waves, like gallops, bringing joy, but especially sorrow. As if Madame Irena Kwiat were destined to paint more the heights of loneliness than the slopes and the hollows of tenderness. Briefly, this is not some September or October painting; the mood is more November and gusting winds.

Madame Irena Kwiat is Polish. She was born in Warsaw. When she was about ten or twelve, she became an orphan; it is difficult to know exactly because she does not dwell on it. She was raised by an aunt or grandmother. Then she went to France to study. She obtained a doctorate in literature from the University of Paris. Here she first published an essay on Stephan Zeromski, the great Polish novelist who personnifies a national conscience by giving lyric expression to his social preoccupations. She met and fell in love with a Quebecker: Pierre de Grandpré. She made a journey overseas. A new country.

She is a small woman, blonde and pale, her hair is combed in a natural style, more in a bohemian fashion than in curls; she withdraws with her secrets somewhat, but is very attentive to other people when they stir memories of music in her. She lives in a house which her guests see she is gradually decorating; otherwise, she paints or writes. I imagine her listening to Paderewski.

She says in her last book of poems:

"I have no memory
of the spring of your coming
But the autumn of your leaving
never ends."

In his epitaph, La Fontaine divided his life in two. One part for sleeping and the other for doing nothing. Did he write? Madame Kwiat goes from painting to poetry.

And meeting her makes me think of a little book of poems that I had bought when I was about seventeen. It was very melancholy and I liked it very much, at times. It was by a Polish writer also. I think she was called Helena Idebska. Her name sounded like that anyway, I am not certain. She said that very often people found she resembled someone. Then she gave this magnificent answer: "If I resemble everyone, it is precisely that I carry in myself the sorrow of the world."

I have lost the book and remembered only the sentence. Is that not, perhaps, what poetry may be: an answer?

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)