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TEXTS IN ENGLISH

WHEN IT COMES TO ELEPHANTS . . .

By Andrée PARADIS

Art teaches certain things, but there is lso something to be learned from a meeting f those who are involved with teaching art t the university level. Hence the importance f the conference held in Vancouver from Iarch 1st to March 4th, under the auspices f the University Association of Arts in Canda and presided over by George Knox of the Iniversity of British Columbia.

The purpose of the memorable discussions t the Classical Joint and the Medieval Inn the program included the rediscovery of iastown, the old section) was the sharing f information about the problems in the hisory of art, the changing approaches of critcism, and the real history of studio training. Once the definitions had been dealt with, the ain task of the conference was to determine olicies for implementation.

In his recent book, *The Teaching of Painting* (Seuil), Marcelin Pleynet points out that "the difficulties one faces in attempting to consider the various movements which constitute painting, and more generally modern art, occur, to some extent, as a result of the definition one might give to the specific history of this art. It is as though this (modern) history existed on a single chronological plane on one hand, and as though the origin of this chronology, on the other hand, could only be considered as beginning at a point when a conclusion had been reached in the evolution of (another) history coming from another chronology."

Most people think of art in terms of *chronology*. When challenged, this method of classification may still seem useful, but it requires a new approach. In order to decode the artist's system, it is necessary to use a system that takes into account the sociological and ideological as well as the psychological factors. Pleynet succeeds in presenting a clever demonstration in his analysis of the system of Matisse. One can hardly push scientific exactitude further. But after all, how necessary would this be?

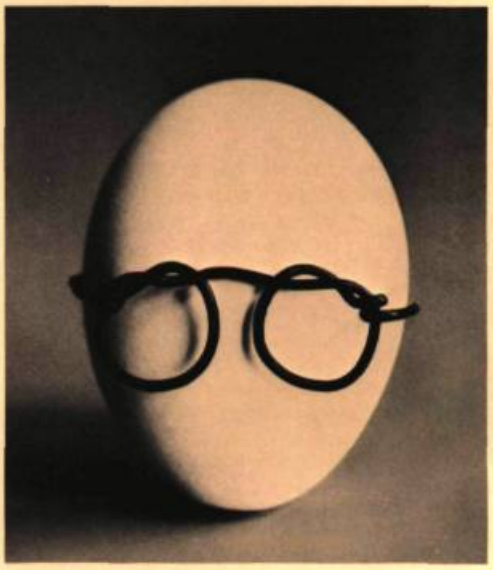
Another question which was explored was whether or not to teach the history of Canadian art in the context of general history. The teaching of art out of context met with violent opposition but a very small group who gave the impression of being anti-history was well as anti-art strongly defended their position. There was unanimous agreement only on the rarity of documented evidence, the difficulty to getting to sources, and the limitations of the artistic experience itself. Finally, in addition to a scientific method, historians of the future will need an awareness of historical context and of ideological environment, and the wide-ranging curiosity of an epistemologist, this to be sustained by poetic intuition.

What is the position of the art critic in relation to the historian? Like the historian, he is essentially an informant, but his intervention is not as direct. He is less concerned with all the facts than with a few facts which widen his own perspectives and sustain his need to anticipate what is to come. His real activity is in the world of ideas, sensations, he operates on the tight rope of approximation. One of the participants at the conference summarized this well as *"the art of sleeping with elephants"*. Considering the great variety of critics, the elephants are not always the same. Which comes back to saying that what changes the most for everyone is the idea of the avant-garde. The bohemian avant-garde seems completed, another mystico-scientific avant-garde is slowly taking form.

Meanwhile, whether good or bad a new underground art is happening, at least that is where attempts are being made to define objectives: to counter established art which is being taught whether we like it or not. On the other hand, we may note that on the campus all is not rosy between theorists and practitioners concerning the necessity and the means of the teaching of art, but, happily, there is a time of readjustment where it is finally possible to measure what art teaches.

The conference in Vancouver was a success at the level of communication of ideas. In an atmosphere of genuine relaxation the sounds of cultural agitation were muffled but the conviction that the most profound manifestation of the present time is in the area of language and forms of thought remains.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)



CARICATURE: FROM ANCIENT FIGURINES TO THE QUEBEC CARTOON

By Robert LAPALME

The origin of caricatures is traced by some misanthropists to the creation of the world. It is certainly very ancient.

In 1968, the inaugural year of the Pavillion of Humour, it was possible to view remnants of the Sumarian civilization, and fragments of the Egyptian frescos. These ceramics were lent by the London National Gallery and by Le Louvre of Paris, which testified to their antiquity. Thanks to the archeologists, 6000 years of humour were brought together that summer! 6000 years which has also brought out the laughter of the Assyrians, of the Greeks, of the Romans, of the French, of the English, of the Americans and finally of the people of 60 countries represented at that festival.

Meanwhile, before the Renaissance, only the names of three sketchers of humour were known: Pauson, of the 5th century B.C., Bupalus and Athenis of the second century A.D. Vasari, the Chronicler of the artists of the Renaissance doesn't mention any. He could at least have acknowledged Settignano, author of the life-size sculpture which can still be seen in the gardens of the Palais Pitti in Florence.

The word caricature is of Italian origin. It comes from *caricatura*, which becomes *caricare* a term which originates from the school of the *Carraci*. The Romans had named the graphic satire 'grill' (from graticula; small grill) because at night satirical drawings were tied to the grills of public buildings. Always carried out illicitly, the practice of caricaturing acquired its letters patent of nobility in the Reformation during the religious wars of the 16th century. The parties in question bombarded each other with some pretty grotesque engravings which were very distorted and very popular. Offices and duties rather than individuals were caricatured; for example, the pope was a monster, half woman and half bird of prey; the king was depicted by his royal attributes; and so on.

It is only in the 18th century with Townshend, the first Canadian caricaturist, that the pictures join in. Hogarth, because his work has remained with us, is considered the father of English caricature. He is an inspired moralist. The great museums of the world quarrel over the honour of owning his beautiful en-

gravings. He works with more diligence than his predecessors. Thanks to his qualities, Hogarth has raised the caricature to the level of the most prestigious painting. Before him, it was a craft, a minor art. In England, Rowlandson attacks John Bull's private life. His engraved caricatures, which are sold by picture dealers are very amusing. The end of the 18th century brings the war against Napoleon. Gillray, a remarkable sketcher puts his pencil to use for England against Bony, against his own king, George III and against the Regent.

Hidden in the capitals of cathedrals or in some illuminated designs, there have always been some grotesque French drawings. But apart from Callot, who in the 16th century did some very amusing and excellent things, there are practically no names to remember. It is only after Napoleon that the caricature truly manifests itself.

But then, c'est le coup de tonnerre! Philipon, a talented journalist and caricaturist, launched the *Charivari* in 1834. Daumier (1808-1879) entered and the century of the caricaturists began. From Cham, Gavarni, Dantan, Caran d'Ache, Toulouse-Lautrec — I could mention more — to Sem, Sennep, Rouveyre, all sign their masterpieces. The social climate of that era can never be studied nor understood without their testimony being retained. England suffered the after-effects. *Punch* (sub-title *The London Charivari*), which permits Tanniel, Du Maurier and Doyle to come forward, at the same time as Cruikshank Spy, Ape, Beerhom up to Low, is published. In Italy, let us retain Virginio-Teja, Redenti, Mariette, Musacchio, Sacchetti and finally Garretto. The Germans launch their *Punch* with enthusiasm. The caricatures of Oberlander, Schleich and Bush among others can be admired without reservation. *Simplicissimus* was founded in 1896 to the great joy of satirists. One must more than mention the caricaturists of Spain, of whom Goya, of Portugal and of Mexico, where Posada, whose style is morbid and cruel, chastises the *establishment*. Not to be overlooked are the Scandinavians whose masters are of a caliber to rival the greatest.

The United States vegetates since Ben Franklin, who drew the first political caricature South of the border. Taking advantage of the War of Secession to launch himself, Thomas Nast, the father of American caricature, makes his appearance. The creator of the Tammany Tiger, of the Democratic Donkey, of the Republican Elephant, of Santa Claus, he is the one who decided on the costume and the goatee of Uncle Sam. The mouvement is launched. Influenced by Gillray, Keppler, Gillamn joined the game, followed by Gibson, Kirby, Bellows, Fitzpatrick, etc., even to Art Young, John Held Jr. and others just as excellent.

This birth does not come without pain. Philipon and Daumier were imprisoned for offending the authorities; Nast was tried and an attempt made to buy him. Young was ostracized. But nothing stops the denunciators of administrative abuse. A good caricaturist is the one who interprets emotions. He makes the cause of the oppressed his own and is revolted by injustice. Because he is right he is always found on the political left.

THE CANADIAN SCENE

In Canada, the first known caricatures were drawn by Brigadier General Townshend, later Marquis Townshend. Second to Wolfe, he returned to England after the victory of the Plains of Abraham. Before coming here in 1758, Townshend had already signed charges against certain of his illustrious compatriots. It can be said that he is the precursor of the satirical caricature high-lighting individuals. There had been complaints about his cruelty. A letter published in 1765 in *The Public Advertiser* denounces him in these terms: "He has dealt grotesque cards from house to house, from Town's end to Towns' end. Is there a great general of highest rank and most eminent military abilities? If the size of his person as well as fame should be larger than ordinary, this malicious libeller at three strokes of his pencil scratches out his figure in all the ridiculous attitudes imaginable. . ." Townshend is therefore the first one who has applied ridicule to individuals identifiable by their faces.

During the winter preceding the fall of Quebec, he made several caricatures of Wolfe, his superior, whose plebeian origins he despised. To the amusement of the members of the headquarters he would circulate his drawings at the table. He showed General Wolfe as a tax-collector, as a seducer of the young local virtues, and so on. Wolfe took these jokes with a "sour" smile until at one moment he lost his patience and seized one of the drawings, crumpled it in rage and threw it on the ground. That drawing and eight others are today on display in the McCord Museum of Montreal.[1]

One must wait approximately eighty years after Townshend for the humoristic Canadian drawing to be produced seriously. At that time, and for a long time to come, it was necessary to use engraving to print a drawing; a slow and difficult procedure . . . and as far as I know there were not enough engravers in Canada. Fleury Mesplet would have liked very much to have a good caricaturist attached to the *Gazette* which he founded in Montreal with Benjamin Franklin. The "picture" in these times of illiteracy, would have been a precious vehicle of propaganda to lead the "Canayens" to revolution. It was necessary to wait for *Punch in Canada*, 1848-1849, to finally have some political caricatures. They were drawn by John Walker and engraved by Welch and Matthews. They worked until the terrible fire of the Canadian Parliament which sat in Montreal at that time. The drawings of this great-grandchild of Philipon's *Charivari* were done with skill but in a style borrowed shamelessly from the London *Charivari*. They convey no effort of originality nor innovation. The real breadwinner for these artists was in the illustrations of news in brief. They had to depict spectacular fires, portray deputies and bishops, and show British princes who passed through here. In short, they had to work quickly and by hand without taking the time to stop to cultivate a carefully nurtured personal treatment.

At that time in Toronto, two journalists were signing drawings under the pseudonym of Rostap. Robinson and Staples were succeeding in publishing caricatures in which the only funny thing was current events. Since the events of that time escape us, their humour is lost today. We ask ourselves why it took two of them to put those things together. A hundred years from now we may well ask the same question when we see the caricatures signed by Derso and Kelen, who worked in Geneva, in Paris, and in New York during the thirties. The movement was launched. John Innes, Kars, Sam Hunter, draftsmen-reporters of the *Mail and Empire* provided the satirical newspapers the *Sprite* and the *Pick* of Toronto with caricatures around the year 1865. In Quebec, Jean-Baptiste Côté, al Grospérin, was setting up the *Scie*, a fun journal embellished with wood engravin done by the gifted sculptor, famous for t rendering of *movement*. Côté engraved p sonalities who seemed to have lost none their likelihood by being distorted. His *Hec Langevin au parlement* engraved on woo shows us the Democratic leader in very sm dimensions. Using a minimum of lines, C delivers us, set forever, an historical p sonnage more real than life.

Confederation was for the Canadian h morists a favourable ferment for satire, was to be the building of a trans-Canadi railroad. Our artists did not lack subjects censure. Meanwhile, the reproduction proce remained costly. It was necessary to wait f the invention of photo-engraving for the loc to be opened. That precious machine was p tented in Europe, around the 1860's by Firm Gillot and it was not until fifteen years la that the Gillotype was to be used in Montre and Toronto.

In Canada, Bengough is the first caricatur to make use of this invention. He publish his famous *Grip* in Toronto from 1873 1894. His caricatures are today an author in the history manuals. It would be impossib to write anything serious about John A. Ma donald without referring to his testimony. B it cannot be said that Bengough is a gre artist, esthetically speaking. His drawing clumsy and often vulgar. On the other han his animation, his political sense, his wor with current events make him one of t masters of editorial caricatures in Canada.

In Montreal, a journal which was to ma an epoque appeared in 1877. Edited by Hect Berthelot, *Le Canard* was a huge success a asserted itself with much authority. This ve talented 'fin de siecle' bohemian was as go a writer as he was a sketcher. His first ca catures were engraved on wood by Vi Cassan who engraved them with such sk talent and taste that they are works of often worthy of appearing in the *Charivari* Paris, next to Daumier's immortal engravin Alas, later when Berthelot commited his dra ings to the Gillotype, his caricatures drav by pen — although still superior to anythi else at that time — lost much of their su telty, their spontaneity and their poetry.

At that time news arrived from Europe thr and four weeks late. In the winter, the c was almost closed. Hay loads were the or things which continued to arrive from the ou skirts. Isolated, the townsmen lived in a po where *Le Canard* provided food for the mir Berthelot only had to say one thing agair some distinguished person and the whc town burst out laughing. The victim cou only react badly. Berthelot found out what was all about. He was condemned by t Courts for having questioned the virility a politician because he remained a bachel (He, himself died a bachelor.) For havi laughed at a senator, he was attacked by t senator's two sons and beaten severely Fortifications lane.

After Berthelot, Montreal had Henri Julie an illustrator who did caricatures witho being a caricaturist. A very skillful sketch he provided us with funny pictures, but did it more by the decor than by the satiric distortion of faces, which were always phot graphically reproduced.

The turning of the century doesn't seem have been influenced by the *Art Nouvea* Alonzo Ryan and Vézina debated well enou in the *Star* and *La Patrie* and in some politi

eaflets. In 1908, Julien was replaced by Racey on the *Montreal Star*. At the turn of he century, a fierce periodical raged in Paris. A rage which had a thunderous effect here . . . hanks to a few issues which entered Canada due to the negligence of a few customs offi-ers. It is *L'Assiette au beurre* (1900-1910). los Charlebois must have seen a few. He ublished a small magazine filled with draw-ngs directed against the Irish bishops who efused, understandably, the use of French n the French schools and parishes of New England. *La Bêche* contained naive caricatures which defended the language and the faith. They were short-lived publications! It should e mentioned that at that time each weekly ad its caricaturist and inversely each cari-aturist had its weekly. One of these was ounded by Raoul Barré who drew poorly after Caran d'Ache. He later spent some time with Pat Sullivan with whom he worked in New York.

Aldéric Bourgeois, as is Berthelot, is a pro-minent figure in the history of caricature in Canada. Associated to *La Patrie* then to *La Presse*, for almost 60 years, he amused with his drawings and his writings (he was of the school of Caran d'Ache) three generations of a people 'without history'. One day his bio-graphy will be written and his work will be discussed. That book will be most interesting if the milieu and the era which he mocked is well described. We will relive the first five decades of 20th century Montreal.

The Armistice! 1918, the end of the war brought young people who danced the charles-ton, while playing with prohibition which raged elsewhere. Like Rudolf Valentino, the boys pasted their hair with vaseline and car-ried a flask in their hip-pockets; the girl friends wore sac-dresses "to high on the bottom and too low on top"; they wore their hair in a boyish cut and they wore necklaces which went down to 'there'. In short, the un-fortunate caricaturists had lost the peaceful and subdued clientele of the Victorian era. Lemay and Letondal worked, one on his *Timothée*, the other on his personalities. They were not made for this profession. Lemay had nothing of the humorist in him and Letondal was an amateur. Our good caricaturists had jumped the border and had become stars in New York: Russell Paterson who started at *La Patrie* and Richard Taylor of Toronto.

Then it was the 1930 crisis. I came on the scene influenced by cubism although I knew nothing of its existence, and by Garretto, the great Italian caricaturist. He had become a friend of Mussolini and had designed the uniform for the Duce's guard. Since then I have evolved and I think I have developed a style which is truly mine. Paul Leduc of *La Patrie* published an album filled with very fine and very amusing caricatures. A shrewd observer, he amused while illustrating the troubles and tribulations of the average Cana-dian. His work was the living testimony of an era. Jacques Gagnier made a name for himself at the *Quartier Latin*. He published *La Plume au vent* which was very successful. An artist who was as talented as he was conscientious, his drawing was cold, a tribute to the Bauhaus style by which we were all influenced, and since he was a nice chap, his gags were without malice. The A bomb punctuated the end of the war of the 40's. The returning soldiers provided a pleiad of young men with talent which television, a new invention at that time, introduced in our homes. Bastien, Feyer and Hudon were in-fluenced by André François. Berthio began the weekly *Vrai* and was to become one of the great names of contemporary cartoons. Hu-don's imagination was not quite equal to his talent as a sketcher, which was very great. The collection of pictures in his album *A la Potence* are of a remarkable quality. On the anglophone side, Norris is under the influence of Giles. His humour is possibly superior to that of his master and his sketches are at least as good. Booth, Jeff, Wright, Collins, Chambers and Ting are reasonably good cartoonists. Collins is a master of the alle-gory. Then, Macpherson appeared; an inspired sketcher who turned up his nose at style, he reinstated Tanniel-Du Maurier's school of *Punch*. He echoed the Victorian era and his work influenced Levine of New York and brought us Aislin and many others. Reidford, Kuch, Paré, Nuno, Leduc, Daigneault, Hunter, Chartier, Blaine, Peterson, Pier, Whaley, Wicks are professionals who do honour to Canadian caricature. No doubt I have forgotten some. André Monpetit was one of the few 'avant-gardists' among the sketchers where Wright and Simpkins were already active. American competition hindered the growth of this very modern communication here.

Like the French who have their Reiser, we have our Girerd. This young North-African is a great caricaturist, humorist and sketcher. He has an analytical spirit which makes him a fine political commentator, although some-times somewhat of a demagogue on days when his inspiration lags. Then there is Miche, completely apart. His sculptures and his 'col-lages' are at this point vulgar, as much by the subject as by the manner in which they jar one's senses, but they are amusing for a distinguished and sophisticated audience.

It is to be observed that the more a people is developed the more it appreciates carica-tures. Take a glance at the production in the United States, in England, and in France as well as in other large nations and compare it to the production in underdeveloped countries. While keeping in mind the demographic pro-portions, it is certain that Canada plays a leading role in the art of caricature and car-toon. In 1840, the British government invited artists to submit tapestry cartoons in order to decorate Westminster. *Punch* borrowed the idea and published cartoons in the spirit that one can well imagine. Ever since, *cartoon* has been a word in the English language which is missing in ours.

[1] A. LANGDON, *Un curieux épisode de la con-quête du Canada*, in *Vie des Arts*, Vol. IV, No. 18, pp. 30-32.

(Translation by Viviane Giroux-Edwards)

THE HUMOUR PAVILION AT MAN AND HIS WORLD

By Paul GLADU

Buckminster Fuller used to say: "Ye who are too serious, do not enter here". To readers of VIE DES ARTS who feel the shoe may fit, let this quote be a warning.

Indeed, being intelligent and human implies having a sense of humour. Animals do not laugh. On the other hand, the expression of humour in civilized man ranges from mild amusement to hearty laughter. Besides, it also distinguishes man from the gods and accounts for his superiority. The gods may disappear because they themselves are above laughter. But man is able to laugh.

Robert LaPalme is Canada's gift from heaven. To compensate for their tragic nature, the gods have sent us a prince of humour. It is true that what I am saying today will not be recognized until the year 2500: one is never truly appreciated in one's own time.

LaPalme's career is unique in this country. The influence of the churches, of New En-gland, and of our own national conservatism create in us a serious side that borders on solemn frigidity. Thanks to LaPalme, Leacock, Henri Julien, Ferron, and a few other inspired satirists, we are less unfeeling than such a history would have it. Before venturing forth in the ship of humour, let us meet its captain.

Robert LaPalme was born in Montreal: his first challenge. One is not born in Montreal if one is not a bit of an adventurer. His childhood however, was spent in Alberta. His professional life began with his collaboration on the *Almanach de la langue française* and on the newspaper of Olivar Asselin, *L'Ordre*. An amazing and indefatigable man, he worked in New York, Quebec city and Montreal, and was simultaneously a cartoonist and professor, founded the Municipal Gallery of Quebec, painted murals, and still found the time to make a dream come true: a museum devoted to humour. In turn, he went on to become the staff cartoonist of *Le Canada*, and to work at *Le Devoir*, in television, at *La Presse*, at *Nou-veau Journal* as well as doing many other things. Afterwards, he participated in cultural undertakings (for example, the Sainte-Adèle Art Centre). He was the art director for Expo '67, for the city of Montreal, and for the *International Salon of Cartoons*. He con-tributed to the murals which decorate the metro stations and he is the curator of the Humour Pavilion. "And that's nothing", as Devos would say. Every year, he wonders, what is there to do next?

It is impossible to describe or summarize in a few paragraphs the contents of every exhibition at the Humour Pavilion since 1968, but we can recall the great moments. 1968 gave it a roaring start. With the support of the Louvre, the National Gallery in London, the Musée de l'Homme, and the Guimet and Carnavalet Museums, LaPalme was able to present the history of humour ranging from the day "God created man in his image and likeness", to our own time; this he did with the help of authentic Sumerian (4,000 B.C.) figurines, Egyptian bronzes, etc. At the *Fifth International Salon of Cartoons* featured also a mural by Normand Hudon and sculptures by Jim Lauder.

In 1969, there was a modern version of Bruegel's painting: *The Blind Leading the Blind*. The author was Ed McNally of the *Star*. There were also papier mâché sculptures by Gerald Scarfe and bold caricatures by Miche.

In 1970, Lauder was represented again (sculptures made from agricultural imple-ments), Pierre Merlier (wood sculptures), Co-varrubias (colour photos), Low and Garetto. This time the featured mural was by Berthio, who had imitated *The Raft of the Medusa* by Géricault. Also, a small room was devoted to Stephen Leacock.

In 1971 it was a mural by John Collins which welcomed the visitors. It parodied a famous painting by the American artist Curry, *Tornadoes* in Kansas. We were delighted to welcome back the *International Salon of Cartoons*. On a moving screen the history of the cartoon strip unfolded, supplemented by an important collection of original drawings

by the masters of the cartoon strips. This collection, first shown in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, was enriched and expanded before becoming the property of the Humour Pavilion. On the main floor, an extraordinary retrospective of the various creations of the Parisian Jean Effel revealed his prolific creative imagination. Finally, trick mirrors transformed the visitors themselves into living cartoons.

This year the presentation measures up. All those who followed the evolution of the Humour Pavilion noted that its curator, Robert LaPalme, used almost all the art forms, all the means to illustrate his favourite theme. It would be difficult to be more contemporary. Film, mobile sculpture, new materials, luminous or kinetic effects; he uses everything. *The 9th International Salon of Cartoons* is opening its doors. A new mural decorates the entrance. The cynical and witty Gerald Scarfe — one whom some consider the greatest caricaturist of our time — is represented by his sculptures (we will recall his incredible sculptures of Nixon, the Pope, and the British Royal Family last year). A Scarfe film called: *Will the real Mr. Hogarth please stand up?* is projected.

We recognize the statuettes by Miche, whose talent for the bizarre oscillates between trivial things and great humour. Then we see *The Seven Capital Sins*, metallic sculptures by the famous Milanese artist Renato Bassoli. A film retraces the history of caricature in France. The extraordinary collection devoted to the cartoon strip is still present, fortunately. The fantastic characters and wild techniques of John M. Gilbert, who creates models on which he then bases films, constitute a fluid and coloured world.

In addition to the above — and I didn't mention everything — there is an exhibition called *Humorous drawing from the 15th century until today*, which is not only an unusual and fine display but also a rare opportunity for visitors to Man and His World. This exhibition, organized by the Bibliothèque Nationale of France, comes to us directly from Paris. As a commentator said: "No doubt it is the first time it is possible to see the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci side by side with those of Sempé, Chaval rubbing shoulders with Rembrandt." We can admire French, German, or Flemish medieval engravings as well as modern caricaturists, English humorists of the XVIIIth century and masters of the Japanese print. The themes are those which inspired cartoonists of all times, notably, fashion, money, politics, the absurdity of conventions. In short, a complete panorama of humour over four centuries. In fact, we also see a sort of parallel history of the graphic means used by critics of Western society. Finally the visitor to the Humour Pavilion can bring away, in the form of a carefully prepared catalogue, the treasured moments of what he has seen.

In organizing the Humour Pavilion, Robert LaPalme realized the wish of a great number of people. The pavilion became, in a few years, the humour centre of the world. Indeed it is the only museum devoted to humour. Its library is incomparable and vast. It illustrates one of the most lively and vital aspects of the mind. There are so many causes of sadness in life, that a place such as this one, which exists because of the efforts of a Canadian (and the organizers of Man and His World, of course) can only arouse interest and enthusiasm.

In fact, the Humour Pavilion attracts the attention of the entire world, as attested by the number and origin of its visitors as well as the increased communication with the rest of the world.

We can affirm without doubt that it satisfies a fundamental need of man. It is the opposite of ignorance and morbidity. Humour is the ray of sunshine that penetrates the clouds.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

THE 9TH INTERNATIONAL SALON OF CARTOONS

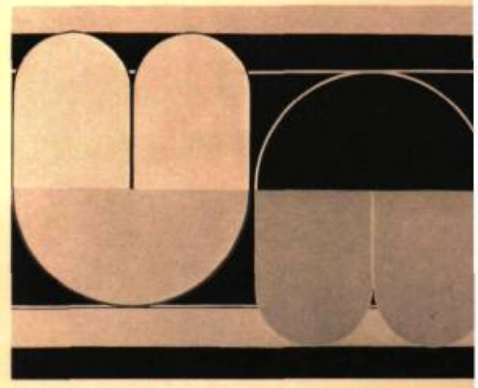
By Paul GLADU

The International Salon of Cartoons which is holding its ninth exhibition from June to September 1972 in the Humour Pavilion at Man and His World began officially in 1964 as a result of the joint efforts of mayor Jean Drapeau, Robert LaPalme, and Jean Dupire, who at that time was Public Relations Manager for the Montreal Parks. The Salon really started in 1948 when students of Saint-Laurent College invited LaPalme to exhibit his cartoons there. The artist-cartoonist in turn proposed to make this a group display having a national scope. This was done successfully, and repeated in three other years.

LaPalme is tenacious. The International Salon of Cartoons took on unhoped-for proportions. Last year 600 drawings from 60 countries were displayed. More than half a million people visit the Salon every year; this represents a total of some 3 million visitors to date.

For obvious reasons, most of the participants are Canadian. But the five judges, who are experts from Canada and abroad, submit all the drawings to the same standards for evaluation: they take into consideration the style and form, the technique, the text (if there is one), and are on the lookout for plagiarists, imitators and copiers; they must also bear in mind the context and so on. A humorous drawing is not judged in the same way as an ancestor's portrait or a realist landscape is. It is a delicate task which requires reflection and sensitivity.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)



MONTPETIT ON POLITICS

By Patrick HUTCHINGS

The "ambigues", the series "two cultur one nation" and the series "you don't nee to die for that", are obviously meant to be once innocent and pretty, and spiritedly sa castic. The word "ambigue" is, one suppose a pun on the name of the old Théâtre d l'Ambigu in Paris, where life-sized puppe played opposite human actors. And this par nomasia, one feels, ends up, itself, as a emblem.

Politics is a business for busy dolls: it a stage play stocked with grave personage whose wisdom is no more than a *libretto* o slogans and rallying cries. And 'you don have to die for *That!*"

"O.K. 'two cultures one nation'; O.K., bu we don't have to die of it!"

The insect-frogs of canvas 3c in the serie *"Two cultures,* 1968" are just like the ridicu lous people of whom Bergson writes in hi essay *On Laughter;* that is, they are utterl reduced to a *mechanism.* Their arms hav turned into cams or reciprocal levers. Th insects are facing one another belligerentl and like Tweedledee and Tweedledum in *Alic Through the Looking Glass* they have 'agree to have a battle'; but these two 'autonomous frogs are no more than two parts of the on machine. "One nation" by jove!

In Montpetit's work the large forces o Canadian politics — and Canada here stand for the world — are seen as the two head of the Pushmi-pullyu, the oddest of the ani mals in *Dr. Doolittle's Circus.* You don't a all need, you unfortunate Canadians, to hav more than one head. Two cultures is on culture too many, and you'll end up b thinking too hard; you will rush *a mari usqu ad mare* like lemmings!

"Where are you now?" Montpetit asks yo in a soft voice from among his leaves, re and green, yellow and orange. (cf. color plat to Beaux Arts Exhibition catalog.)

"All you need is love", dammit!

Montpetit's *"Ambigues"* always have kind of innocence which brings back memo ries of childhood. At the same time they hav the second thoughts which afflict grown-up For Montpetit life is a toy, but it can be a infernal machine as well, a trap painted i bright nursery colours.

To escape dying like lemmings, to get awa from Tweedledee and Tweedledum-style bat tles and all that nonsense, "All you need i love".

"O.K." Montpetit replies, "but what is love *eros, agapé,* or just something nice an sexy?"

Montpetit, like de Rougemont, offers us in essay on *Passion & Society:* and the essay, like love itself, is full of ambiguities: leaves, for examples, seem, in a flash, to turn themselves into breasts and buttocks: see as an instance the image which decorates the top of the picture "Sex Machine Series E, No. 30". These are the metynomyies of concupiscence. Let us look at these pictures.

Montpetit and grown-up games

It's a fact, if a bitter one for an art critic, that the value and authenticity of a painting are quite independent of any verbal explication *of the painting, and, quite independent* of any sort of verbal formula at all. One says about a painting, not what needs to be said, but what one can.

To analyse the full aesthetic power of a canvas by Montpetit one ought, perhaps, to take a formalist line: just insofar as the values of Montpetit's style are formal ones, so one ought give them a 'geometrical' analysis. Montpetit's paintings do not tell stories, and the critic ought not make stories up out of them. Political and moral musings are, in the last resort, beside the point.

Léo Rosshandler wrote, about the Montpetit exhibition at the Montréal Museum of Fine Arts in 1970: "Montpetit is a painter who, absurd as it may seem, simply paints; truly a rare bird in this day and age of technological decoration. Furthermore, he remains within the framework of Montreal's peculiar style, the unique holdout in Canada and even North America of the ideas of the *plasticiens* (lack of sentimentality, impersonality, pure colour statements, well defined shapes, rhythmical repetition of forms, all of this geared to clarity and away from expressionism)."

This is absolutely true.

But: art is always, if not *expressionist,* then, certainly, *expressive.* Expression is something that can not be got rid of in art. Magnificently plastic though they are, and formal and geometrical — almost in a sense Cartesian — the point of Montpetit's pictures is to communicate something. You might want to say that the titles for Montpetit's pictures are a leg-pull: "sex machine" and "all you need is love" are jokes. Say so if you like: but jokes, *as Freud and the other magi have* shown us, jokes have their own logic. And, this being so, Montpetit is caught up in his own leg-pulling. As a painter he is in league with a prankster; that is to say with himself, who, in a moment of weakness, has written for a catalog titles like, "you don't have to die. . . "

Words, however, are written for catalogs: catalogs are only there because of the paintings. And we must look at the paintings.

Certainly we must look at them. And they speak to us. Not in words, but in colours and shapes. Their plastic values make them eloquent: and the plastic arrangements of Montpetit are magisterial. His forms have a magic and a *mana* which are quite extraordinary.

There is — one finds — a certain polarity between the important shapes which Montpetit paints for us, and the tricks which he plays on us by letting them speak in the slang, the demotic, of the everyday world. But the artist is privileged: the secret craft of plastic forms, and high jinks, these are all one to him.

GUY MONTPETIT, A PLASTICIAN? COME NOW!

By François GAGNON

The Museum of Contemporary Art is showing six recent works by Guy Montpetit: four triptychs and two paintings. Following the presentation of 21 works at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts *from August 11th to* September 15th, 1970, and at the Museum of Quebec from October 14th to November 1st, 1970, this new Montpetit show risks giving rise to the same ambiguities as the preceeding one. The present article attempts to clarify at least one of these ambiguities.

Neo-plastician formulas are being imposed with so much force and persistence in our region that there is a tendency to see them everywhere, to class young painters like Guy Montpetit as plasticians merely on the basis of appearances. It would not be an exaggeration to say that, in relation to the dogmas of the plasticians, Montpetit's case represents *major heresy.* He conscientiously breaks each of their commandments and must seem deviant to those plasticians who consider themselves at the peak of achievement. Whether Montpetit's works may reveal on the contrary, that imagic painting has not yet "exhausted its powers of revelation" is another question...

Let us analyze more closely a recent tableau by Montpetit. A more precise example will give us a better idea of how his approach strays from plasticism and opens a completely different field to *creative exploration. The* example I have chosen belongs to the series of the "Sex Machine" works. It was specified as the 7th one and dated 24/7/69 at the Museum of Fine Arts exhibition in 1970. It is a large painting (80" x 64"). It seems to have been constructed in the following way.

The blank canvas was first divided into 3 x 4 = 12 squares, having almost equal sides. Of the 31 sides of these squares, 5 will remain virtual in the final treatment of the canvas, *presenting rather a series of 5 rec*tangles of which 4 are arranged in tiers on the horizontal on the left and one, on the vertical, is positioned between two squares, *on the right. Let us agree to designate by the* letters A, B, C, D, the horizontal rectangles from top to bottom, let us use the letter E for the vertical rectangle on the right, and F and G for the squares that contain E, F, on top and G on the bottom. A and B are treated in a clear tone (lime green and orange), whereas C and D are in a dark tone (brick red and maroon) which creates two superimposed squares by 2a on each side. The rectangle E is painted white and the *squares F and G are in black. The tonal* opposition on the left is transposed in value on the right (cf. Figure 1).

The surfaces thus delineated create two axes x y and w z, the first is virtual, the second apparent, which structures the rest of the composition, with x y as an axis of symmetry and w z as the periphery of a second virtual pictorial area.

This structure having been established, the object-forms are superimposed in several layers which we *will now examine. The* squares A and B and C and D enclose first four equilateral triangles with rounded corners proportional to their surface. They will be echoed in the smaller triangles of the same shape in the right side of the painting. The triangles of the left side are tiered, in such a way that their median corresponds to the axis of symmetry x y. The small triangles of the right side are also arranged in a similar manner, their median corresponding also to a virtual vertical axis. The arrangement of the triangles on the left side responds to two opposing imperatives, on the one hand symmetry, and on the other the hierarchy of surfaces within an envelopping form. Thus the horizontal axis p q plays the role of an axis of symmetry for the two triangles on the *top, and we expect that the median axis r s* performs the same function for the gestalt formed by the two triangles a and B as the position of the triangle C seems to indicate. This expectation is frustrated. The E triangle rests on its base and not on its peak, as we might expect. For it yields to the other imperative, that of the hierarchy of surfaces. It will have been noted that the square C D contains not only two triangles similar to those of A B, but also 4 small isoceles *triangles oriented in the same way, only a* part of which appear on the surface of the painting. If we extended the sides of triangle A towards the bottom, the two diagonals obtained in this way would almost coincide respectively with the left and right angles of the isoceles triangles of D, creating a hierarchy of composition on the left side within a kind of pyramid, whose base would extend beyond the sides of the painting.

The small triangles of the right side (FEG) consider only the treatment of symmetry. They belong to the layer of isoceles triangles. Opposing them in A B, are two series of forms as contracted on the top as they are dilated *on the bottom (cf. Figure II).*

Further superimposed on this group, there is a third or even a fourth tier notably in the bottom, occupied by linked elements, reminiscent of the rod like elements much associated with Montpetit (cf. Figure III). Those on the top attract the centre. Those on the bottom half repel, then attract. The right part (FEG) which we have not discussed simply echoes the left part. The zig-zag of rods superimposed on the triangles harmoniously *unifies that which the left side of the painting* superimposes in two different registers.

Up to this point, we have analyzed the schematic structure of only one of Montpetit's images. We have seen that its construction obeyed laws of precise composition, causing to interact the successive structural axes, the symmetrical or hierarchic arrangement, the tiering, the superimposition, the movements of expansion or contraction and repetition. This schematic vocabulary conforms to that of the image and the recourse to this vocabulary would be sufficient in itself to remove Montpetit from the domain of plasticism. The essential principle of the plastician's aesthetic *is the abolition of the object, the negation of* the distinction between figure and ground. Consequently, the superimposition of a figure-plane on a background-plane as we see Montpetit constantly doing, is unthinkable. Only the juxtaposition is retained as the organizing principle of the planes. So that even the remote suggestion of the object be avoided, every factor tending to arrange the surface hierarchically is refused. On the contrary, Montpetit does not hesitate to employ the *procedures of hierarchic composition, as we* have seen . . .

The essential reason for all the differences that we could find between Montpetit and the plasticians comes from the fact that Montpetit seeks to construct images, whereas the plasticians move in pure abstraction. The approach of Montpetit has nothing to do with

abstraction. It functions as a language and its symbols refer back to a mental reality beyond the painting. Thus, in the painting we are presently discussing, as the title of the series to which it belongs — "Sex Machine" — indicates, the diagrams have an erotic significance.

The gestalt of the square A B, superimposing contracted forms and with a tightening movement is masculine; the gestalt of the square C D, superimposing the inverse of dilated forms with a repulsing movement is feminine; this is true if, in the rods we see the stylized representation of thighs, and in the forms, genital symbols. The compositional structures such as the tiering, the symmetry on both sides of the horizontal axis, the hierarchical arranging of elements within the same envelopping form, unite the two masculine and feminine gestalts in what could certainly be called a "position", as they say in those little manuals of sexology in popular use. In the right part (FEG), which is superimposed on that of the left, the "position" is consummated in union, the postures of the partners being animated in a single climactic rhythm.

We may pursue that analysis and see, as does our colleague P. Hutchings, in the superimposition of the genital symbols on one hand and the mechanical transpositions of the legs on the other hand, which form masculine and feminine groups, an intention to unite paradoxically two opposing semantic levels, the sacred and the pornographic. These levels are less contradictory or opposing than one might think and coexist easily, in the cultural field, as all of the agrarian cults of antiquity would show sufficiently. We may think that modern pornography has borrowed elements from ancient agrarian cults that aimed at sanctifying sexuality. Like ancient religious symbols, pornographic images mythologize human sexuality, create an interval of bad conscience between man and his act . . . with relation to pornographic descriptions of sexuality, we are all culpable . . . and prevent the perfect coincidence of man with himself in the act of loving.

The irony that we think we perceive in the forms of Montpetit might signify that with relation to the contemporary sexual mythology, he intends to take a critical position, denouncing its mental character, or its technique, if we wish, which amounts to the same thing.

The observations that we have just made are not as marginal as we might think, at the exhibition of the Museum of Contemporary Art. Except for the triptych entitled "Hommage to Quebecois Patriots", all the works which are exhibited retain the sexual theme that we have outlined in one painting from the Sex Machine series. The large triptych of August 1970 entitled also "Sex Machine" is in the same tradition and synthesizes the outlines and themes of the entire series. "Love Trip 2", "Love 3 (to the cube)", and the two paintings of series V entitled "The Time to Live" renew the symbolic vocabulary of Montpetit, but remain thematically consistent. The two paintings (no 1 and 2) of the series V abandon the mechanical suggestions of the preceeding series and push the research into the direction opened by the mural that Montpetit has just done in Saint-Henri Ward.

If "Hommage to Quebecois Patriots" refers to another thematic universe, the composition outlines and the arrangement of elements are consistent with what we recognize elsewhere in the style of Montpetit. The large triptych (the three parts measuring respectively 80" x 64") should be read from left to right. In the left part three human silhouettes are concealed (the second in particular emerges only on close inspection), in the central part they appear clearly, superimposed on each other and advancing towards the viewer, and in the right side, they are reduced to two, facing each other, the bottom silhouette is reversed, slightly off centre, revealing a long white triangle above, as if we perceive the wall through this interstice. If we trace mentally the axis of each of these series of silhouettes, we will observe they distort the surface in opposing directions. On this group, Montpetit has superimposed elements that are connected, habitual, separated on the left, disjointed, in the centre, almost symmetrical to the right.

The exhibition of the Museum of Contemporary Art thus permits one to get an idea of where Montpetit is currently, and lets those who have followed his development since the end of the 60's until the present time, appreciate the internal coherence of his work. The article by Mr. Patrick Hutchings brought out this coherence on the level of the meaning of the works of Montpetit. I think I have outlined only one example of the kind of formal analysis that would be necessary for the entire series of works by Montpetit in order to bring out a similar coherence on the level of forms, signs, and compositional structures. This analytic work would surpass considerably the scope of a brief magazine article. It would be sufficient here to have indicated the direction. But, in the meantime, for goodness' sake, let us stop making a plastician of Guy Montpetit.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

TOBIE STEINHOUSE: SONGES ET LUMIÈRE

By Virginia NIXON

Perhaps it is the combination of poet sensibility with utter honesty which is at th basis of Tobie Steinhouse's uniqueness as painter and as a printmaker.

Her paintings show this combination i their solidity of form, the firm roundness bottles on the studio windowsill which on senses underlies the shafts of breaking golde and pearl grey light on the surface of th canvas. The first impression in a Steinhous painting is one of delicacy but further acquai tance shows the clarity of structure beneath.

In her colour etchings the two qualitie work together somewhat differently. Th colour is noticeably more brilliant than in th paintings, yellows, oranges, vivid blues. "Songe d'une nuit d'été" the green a proaches irridescence. And the forms, thoug basically abstract, are more defined, circle angular forms and those organic shapes tha seem to follow their own course through th metal. The subtleties are at work in th background, in the minutely worked surfac of the plate and in the precise modulation of the colours.

Printmaking is the special preoccupation this Montreal artist at the moment — sh recently finished a retrospective portfolio colour etchings for La Guilde Graphique – but painting was her first love and she eager to spend more time on it. Next yea she plans three exhibitions and these wi include both prints and paintings.

Tobie Steinhouse is not a ready-made pe son. Ask her a question. She does not repl with a prepared opinion. Like the "ambiance so important to her in her home, and whic she seeks to create in her work, things mus be built up gradually from a solid foundatio

After a brief pause the answer begin careful yet relaxed, trying to approach th truth as closely as possible. She never seem to be impelled forward by an over-impetuou ego. Though, if it's relevant she may com up with an opinion, a thumbnail sketch of person perhaps, which is startlingly and ur expectedly candid yet quite without innuend

This ability to say what she means, to b truthful (which is accompanied by a dissati faction when she's not able to do it) can b seen even in the early paintings from th beginning of her stay in Paris between 194 and 1957. There is a surprising maturity an economy in these views of the courtyar outside the apartment, the studio, the caro sel in the Luxembourg Gardens, never a strok put in merely for effect.

These fruitful ten years in Paris followe a period as a scholarship student at the A Students League in New York, where, give the choice between traditional and moder she opted, like any young artist out to chang the world, for the latter, and learned how t paint in the current stylized manner.

Before that, during the war she earned he living as an engineering draughtsman, illus trating the RCAF manual on the Anso

aircraft, at the same time studying engineering drawing at night. The war over, she headed for New York and on the train there met her future husband Herbert Steinhouse, then a post-graduate political science student, now with Radio-Canada.

After their marriage the young couple exchanged their wedding presents for a jeep and saw America. Then the jeep was transformed into boat tickets and they set sail for France.

In Paris her most important studies took place in the studio of Arpad Szenès, husband of the painter Maria Elena Vieira da Silva, whom she admires tremendously. There she unlearned her styles and learned how to see, something unfortunately rare in today's teaching, she feels. (Szenès, to avoid undue influence on his students, used to turn his own paintings to the wall when they came in.)

Although a painter of light Tobie Steinhouse is not an impressionist. "In a way it's a sort of mysticism rather than an end in itself. I want to go deeper than surface prettiness.

"It takes time until one finds oneself. I felt in France I had done a lot of work and I felt I had suddenly found my way. If you have something to say that's you, no matter how small, that's authentic. Before my Paris exhibition (at Galerie Lara Vincy in 1957) I was alone. I worked day and night for three months and did thirty paintings. It was a big turning point. You have to find your own personality. I'm not preaching but I do think it takes time. People are not ready to do it any more, to take time, to go through the apprentice stage. I feel that now I'm finding out what I wanted to say about light."

Yet despite the fact that her work has many dedicated admirers, the prizes she has won, the collections and shows which have sought her, she feels the public is not really ready to listen to her right now. "A quiet voice with its own distinct tone," she says of herself. "I'm not in the popular style for today. But one has the confidence that what one is doing is right. And shouting will not make the work any better."

"Songes et lumière", the portfolio she did for La Guilde Graphique, contains eight colour etchings (she prefers W.S. Hayter's term "colour gravure"). The earliest is her very first one "Forêt", a dream of the Canadian forests, which she did in Hayter's Paris atelier in 1962. The most recent is the 1969 "Resurgence." The plates for all of them had been made but the editions were never finished, hence the possibility of a retrospective portfolio. It was at Hayter's in 1961/62 that she first took up printmaking and she uses his technique for colour gravure.

"I usually start from a definite idea in drawing. Then I destroy it and try to work back to it. I'm always in a state of looking at things, light, shapes, trees, the park."

The park is across the street from her home. In the winter her eight-year-old younger son Adam takes skiing lessons there and the Westmount dogs, the leash law apparently being seasonally rescinded, run gaily across the snow. The trees display their beauty according to the season and the lighting, and all this reaches the inside of the studio through a filter of fishnet curtains. "When you're not looking there's a block somewhere . . . you can't get through. I used to have someone I could talk to when I felt like that — Anne Savage. Miss Savage, the Montreal artist and teacher who was her first teacher and much-loved friend, died last March.

Watching Tobie Steinhouse at work in the Atelier Libre de Recherches Graphiques, the companion enterprise which Richard Lacroix operates along with La Guilde Graphique, one gets some further ideas about her work.

"Lacroix started in 1965. I was the first one to work with him and I've been here off and on ever since. I met him in Paris. When we came back to Canada I got out of the English ghetto, working and getting to know what goes on in the city. It's been a great experience all in all. And if I hadn't had this workshop where would I have worked? (She is hoping though, to set up an atelier in her own basement.)

The wholesale move towards silkscreen doesn't impress her, and in some cases she sees it as a trend towards expensive reproductions and little else. "There is nothing that can replace handwork," she says firmly. "It's part of you that remains on the plate."

To a craftsman the tools are not only of the utmost importance in getting the job done, but they're also a source of delight in themselves. The writer has his sharpened pencils, his white paper and the comforting movement of the typewriter carriage clicking effortlessly, errorlessly across the page. Here in the atelier one picks up something of the continuing spirit of the craft of printmaking (it's an art too, of course) in the tools: rollers hanging from the ceiling, the old presses, all different and each one with its own quirks and virtues, the tins of ink, the purity of imported hand-made paper maintained somehow by scrupulous ritual amid the clutter and ink-stained hands.

In some ways the atmosphere seems medieval. The room might also be compared to an old-fashioned kitchen, the kind with bunches of onions hanging from the ceiling and an excellent but temperamental old wood stove in the corner.

Tobie Steinhouse sits on a stool and bends over the hot-plate rubbing the green intaglio background into "Songe d'une nuit d'été," one of the prints in the portfolio. Then she wipes the plate carefully, cleans the bevelled edges and puts it on a counter. She rolls on turquoise ink, then violet, followed by brisk spot rubbing to let in the light.

The finished gravure is stunning and poetic, all green but lightened by added transparent ink, and modulated by the violet and turquoise. There are suggestions of natural forms, a moon behind trees perhaps, shrubs, an open grassy place ideal for dancing or chasing, a lightening at one side that might be approaching dawn.

Satisfied, she does a few more prints before breaking for lunch. Making tea and sharing her ham and cheese sandwiches she wonders about the things she's forgotten to tell me.

There are many things we did not go into. Her professional biography lists international exhibitions, prizes, collections, societies, all of them, in part, testimony to the foundations which undoubtedly help to safeguard the integrity of her artistic explorations.

Poetry is one of Tobie Steinhouse's chief inspirations and perhaps not surprisingly one of her most admired poets returns the favour. She had asked Louis Dudek if she could use exerpts from his poetry for a frontispiece for "Songes et Lumière". In his reply he paid tribute to the continuing quality of her work. " . . . I find that the only poems of mine that in any way fit your pictures are the high points of my poetry, i.e. where I get at the ultimate and, one might say, incommunicable essence. . . I'm astonished that you can stay at that kind of intensity."

FERNAND DAUDELIN: AUTOMATIST TAPESTRY

By André PAYETTE

As there are painters who weave, there is at least one painter who uses a crochet technique to create wall hangings. He is Fernand Daudelin. He is fascinated with the possibilities of a high warp texture, but of a crochet weave, in tapestries fifty feet square. Like the one he is now making, as a result of a bursary from the Quebec Department of Cultural Affairs. And like the tapestry he made in 1967, that measures thirty feet by seven feet and which is now hanging in the hall of the Sept-Iles School of Technology.

Only thirty seven years of age, Fernand Daudelin has already experimented with all the creative crafts and has produced many works, before concentrating on tapestries. In the heart of the forest in British Columbia, where he had sought tranquility after a long and tumultuous stay in Mexico, Daudelin began to make tapestries after observing loggers knitting during their free time. This grey and black tapestry which was abstract, but "resembled a landscape" would determine his means of expression in the future. "It runs in the family. I wanted to create, but in my own way." Fernand is the younger brother of Charles Daudelin, painter and sculptor, and Georges Daudelin, landscape-architect.

"There are women who do very beautiful crochet work. My technique is similar; my subjects are different. But I think that many of these artisans have an excellent technique. Perhaps one day I shall be tempted to try something figurative". For the time being, Fernand Daudelin has stopped making tapestries from preparatory sketches. His large tapestry for Sept-Iles had first been chosen by the architect from the preparatory sketch. After that Daudelin sought refuge in the Eastern Townships far from the cares of the city; there, with the help of a local craftsman, in an old house set up as a studio, he spent six months carefully finishing his work. In all the time he worked, not once did he step back to view his work as a whole. Only in the spring when the dry weather came, did he unfurl the long woolen band, target-like,

on a hillside. Then he turned around and ran to a spot about a hundred feet away. "I had been hard at work for six months. Then, as I ran I was afraid. To the point, perhaps, of not turning around and looking." Daudelin stopped, turned around, and looked. "It was exactly what I had wanted to do. I danced with joy in the spring meadow."

Now, eight hours daily, in front of his loom — a wooden frame covered with canvas — which he himself constructed in the large third floor studio on Cartier Street near LaFontaine Park, Daudelin weaves the daily diary of his feelings and moods. His tapestry is like a literary diary; created of patterns and colours set against light areas, it reveals the artist at grips with his materials. For his first tapestries, which he calls *rectilinear* (luminous rectangles and squares marked with yellow and black), he used preparatory sketches. Today his work is a spontaneous outburst of colours. "All the colours appear there: as I live alone, I need to live with colour." Colour appears everywhere on the fifty foot square surface. "I was getting lonely for colour."

After his rectilinear period, Daudelin took a trip to Greece. A year later, he had completed only one tapestry, using beiges, whites, browns, and few bright colours. On his return to Quebec, he hesitated, remained unproductive, went to Morocco and quickly returned home, finding a lodging on Colonial Street in Montreal. Then there came a whole series of tapestries in which shades of white create oppositions and harmonies; he plunged into uninterrupted production. "When I work, I work very hard, without a break. Then I need to get away again, far away. Or else I change my lodgings. I always have lodgings where the rent is not very high. I remain freer to do what I want. My moves — they are always numerous — always mark a change in periods for me. Formerly, I often changed jobs. Now, I always remain faithful to tapestry. I satisfy my restlessness by the moves and the trips."

The large tapestries are commissioned or the result of a bursary. Like the one he is currently making. The others are the size of paintings. "After all, I must be able to sell them".

Yes, to sell them to make an old dream come true. He sees his studio set up in the country, a large studio where he could have several workers with him. To continue creating his own tapestries. But also to work from the preparatory sketches of other painters. "What frightens me about this undertaking is continually having to meet people to establish contacts. Working in the studio excites me, but knocking on doors does not." Until now, Fernand Daudelin has been satisfied with a simple and austere life. "I am a loner. To launch myself in this venture that I know I can handle, I would need some kind of agent who understands what I am doing and especially what I want to do."

With a simple crochet like technique, Daudelin has discovered an astonishing range of possibilities, pictorial effects, different reliefs, superimposed layers, as in painting.

Born in Granby, this man, Fernand Daudelin, who briefly managed — when they were in fashion — a boîte à chansons, *Baratin*, is an artist of promise. In 1965, he obtained the first prize in the Quebec art competition for applied arts with a tapestry he had called *Bête sous la neige* (Creature under the snow). I have not yet met anyone that is unmoved by the woolen voyages of Fernand Daudelin.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

QUEBEC POP

By Michael WHITE

Pop-Quebec or Quebec-Pop is the name of an exhibition that opened in March at the Saidye Bronfman Art Centre in Montreal. The show is centred around the works of Pierre Ayot, Gilles Boisvert, Michel Fortier and Marc Nadeau, Montreal artists in their early 30's whose work to a greater or less degree have the qualities that fit them into the idea of Quebec Pop art. The show also tries to evoke the qualities of the influences and parallel movements that have helped create Quebec Pop: New York Pop Art, British Pop Art, and the objects and activities of the Quebec movements of the 1960's, "Ti-Pop" and what I have called "activist art". This is a preliminary statement rather than an exhaustive study because the show itself, which was in preparation at the time of this writing, is part of the study; in fact Quebec-Pop is a proposal.

A Pop Person is Pop. A Pop artist cannot really be Pop in his art because he becomes conscious of Pop and therefore is no longer pop. What Pop Art does is to affirm Pop in life. Quebec Pop art affirms Pop in Quebec life.

Basically Pop art is a form of realism. It begins with observation of phenomena of our technological urban world and distils the evocative images from this world.

Pop is basically a positive realism. The positiveness comes from an overriding sense of freedom. This is Pop's big difference to Surrealism and Expressionist Realism which begin with a sense of predetermination and of stress, based in political, psychological or technological diminishing of man's freedom to live. How the sexual imagery content of a hot dog limits my personal freedom is the point. The same kind of thinking goes into the U.S. car and the IBM computer, the supermarket, the blonde and the movie themes of North American life. The one overriding quality of American life is its relative freedom of choice compared to Europe.

The problems of American life begin in the exercise of freedom and of the potential power that freedom gives. The interesting thing is that Pop Art is aware of this power and the many overt and covert forms it takes. Speed, power, violence and materialism are part of the excitement of the Pop attitude to life.

Pop is basically urban art. This presents a problem when one looks at Quebec with its apparently rural tradition. The fact that Quebec Pop is mainly confined to metropolitan Montreal is part of the answer, but a second fact is that in spite of its long farming era, Frenc Canada is considered by sociologists to be basically urban nation, whose mores and cus toms did not differ from those of the city the town, the village or the family farm[1] Urban influence touches all of Quebec.

Finally Pop is democratic art in the broad est sense. In America its influences wer from the well worked out Action paintin movement, with its abstract and figurativ wings (Pollock and Tobey; De Kooning through the successful assemblage of proto Pop artists Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper John whose work continued alongside Pop art wit that of Kienholz, Segal and Jim Kline. Wha this meant was that Pop Art was still a hig art form (though it has come under con siderable fire from the "high-art critics" Rosenberg and Clement Greenberg). But Po more than any other movement was also a instant turn on for non-art masses. It is thi last fact that is behind the development o Quebec Pop art.

The "Refus global" was the beginning o high art in Quebec. Remembering Bordua and his friends' interest in complete socia revolution, this seems surprising. This is les so when one realizes that though they wer basing their feelings on their views of Quebe society of the 40's, their answers were eclecti and imported. The dichotomy of the Quebe art situation, in which artists were filled wit a need to communicate with the people an the fact that they were working with importe ideas (and still are in many cases) has mean a serious dilemma for Quebec art or mor specifically art in Quebec. For some it ha meant going whole hog for "international art" This has been the criticism of Montreal' "Plasticiens" levelled most virulently by Sur realist playwright, the late Claude Gauvreau at Guido Molinari in the brochure of th Vaillancourt, Péloquin, Cornellier event "L Califore", a latter day Surrealist happening Molinari had previously accepted nominatio to the anachronistic Canadian Academy.

This was in 1966.

Positive popular art had been developing from at least 1959. This year was importan because it was the beginning of the Quebe quiet revolution era. For young artists th most important development was the creatio of a well endowed Ministry of Cultural Affair in 1961 with its greatly increased support t the Provincial fine arts schools in Montrea and Quebec. What it meant was that young artists could attend the provincial schoo almost free.

The first group of young artists to begi to play with popular ideas included Mar Nadeau, Michel Fortier and worked at th apartment studio of Louis Forest. Pop fo this group included jazz, the comic strip, th automobile and generally a light and imagina tive view of life, nationalist politics and anti clericalism.

But more important for the deepening o drawing and cartooning was the arrival at th graphics studio of L'Ecole des Beaux-Arts o Albert Dumouchel. Dumouchel brought dis cipline, technique and a deep involvement i liberating the arts from academic approaches More important was his own personal search for meaningful new images and his accept ance of anyone who wanted to join him i that search as an equal.

Dumouchel, with his experience in Paris at the Stanley Hayter Studio and elsewhere provided what New York's Pop artists go from the Abstract expressionist school, th proto-pop artists and from the critical interes

of the New York art scene. This was both technical and ideological discipline.

All but one of Quebec's artists interested in Pop work at one time or another passed through Dumouchel's Beaux-Arts studio. Pierre Ayot studied lithography and finally taught under Dumouchel before opening his own Studio 12 on Montreal's Marie-Anne Street. The energetic Richard Lacroix, though never a Pop artist was another of Dumouchel's most important students. His Atelier Libre was the meeting place for most of the younger Quebec Pop people from its beginning in 1964. Here Michel Fortier and Marc Nadeau worked before and after Expo 1967. Here also one of the enigmatic figures of Quebec Pop André Montpetit, who continues to work with the comic strip motif, carried out several printings. And Ronald Perrault began his first experiments with silk-screen that were to have an important impact in the development of Quebec Pop.

The adoption of silk-screen process by young Quebec artists was one of the most important factors in the creation of Quebec Pop art. Serigraphy was itself a popular rather than an artistic medium. The adoption of it, with its simple use of photographic reproduction processes and with its emphasis on mechanical graphic art processes, was taking place in England and America about the same time.

It also marked the beginning of the linking of graphic art and the poster. Michel Fortier and serigraphist Ronald Perrault set up perhaps the first screen printing art studio in 1966.

1966 was the year when American and British Pop influence arrived in Montreal. In this year, probably helped by the preparations for Expo, Francois Dallegret set up his Labo Gallery above the elaborate discotheque and drug store that he designed and Robert Roussil embellished with his huge welded steel structure on Mountain St. in Montreal. The little gallery of the Le Drug complex showed prints of Warhol, Lichtenstein and other Pop artists and the first multiple sculptures to come to Canada. Dallegret himself, more designer than artist, was involved in devising objects and ideas for a Pop world including his series of cars, more Camp than Pop in their traditionalness and decorativeness. This was also the great year for posters in Montreal, among them the work of Vittorio Fiorrucci, whose clean, bold colors were definitely Pop but whose imagery was not.

Colour is one of the main elements of Pop. Its function is to arouse attention and emotion. It works not unlike the mating plumage of certain birds. Because of this function it is often symbolic. Claes Oldenburg realized this when he was working on his early "Store" piece and decided that he would limit his palette to the range of colors manufactured in enamel paint by one company. Quebec Popists have been more influenced by intuitive rather than idealogical choices of Pop colours, giving their work a generally sweeter look.

Quebec Pop has been mainly confined to painting and serigraphy. Even today when there is considerable interest in plastic, the final goal of Quebec art, hanging on the wall of a middle class home or apartment, controls the objects of Quebec Pop in a way that New York artists were able to break out of. This middle class orientation is one of its serious limitations.

It is the optimism and the relative softness of the works of Quebec Pop, so far, that has caused more populist critics like Claude Jasmin to dismiss it as a "petit-bourgeois thing", as he did in a conversation with me. Jasmin and fellow Montreal critic Yves Robillard prefer a more activist and more political, but considerably less aesthetic kind of art.

Running parallel to Quebec-Pop; "activist art" is another intentionally democratic form of art that springs directly from Borduas. Its course included the semi-political demonstrations of the sixties. Ti-Pop of the mid-sixties was a strongly ironic and satiric revelation of the nature of popular life in Quebec. It drew in some of the Quebec Pop artists, from time to time. According to art historian Marcel Saint-Pierre, "Ti-Pop est un esprit par lequel on magnifie certains signes ou symboles de notre aliénation collective et nationale"[2]. Unlike Quebec Pop this feeling of alienation was expressed in many media: in writing, Pierre Maheu in the review *Parti Pris,* the theatre as well as the multi media "événements", modelled in part on the New York "Happening", which was America's activist movement, that finally dissolved into avant garde theatre, actual demonstrations and the apathy of object rather than action conscious public.

A central figure of "activist art" was Montreal sculptor and artist Serge Lemoyne. In a richer, happier time this man would probably have made a good Pop artist. Instead Lemoyne has been involved in popular art that has had more than its share of anxiety and alienation.

Lemoyne, with Claude Péloquin and others have continued through the sixties to repeat the kind of iconoclastic "happenings" and poetic gestures that echo the "Refus global".

A newer movement, centring around the reorganized Ecole des Beaux-Arts, taken over by the Ministry of Education after a series of student demonstrations and integrated into the new University of Quebec, has taken a more analytic and didactic form of happening-environment, using pop and activist ideas and impact statements. These Saint-Pierre feels are the beginnings of a native Quebec art with roots in the "Automatisme" of Borduas. The basis of Saint-Pierre's belief, and of others involved in developing activist art in Quebec is that socio-political involvement is the purpose of art today[3].

Quebec Pop exists on a different basis, both as art and as an expression of an attitude to life. The weakness of the art scene in Montreal and its lack of a real media diffusion system is the reason that Quebec Pop has remained a timid parody of its robust American father, or at least big Uncle.

The proof of this is in the work of Robert Charlebois, perhaps the most important Pop artist of Quebec who unlike the plastic artists has been able to make use of the popular media to create the same kind of impact that American Pop has created around the world.

Quebec Pop exists. It is realist and it is democratic. It has the possibility of being one of the forms of bringing sensibility to many people. It is based in the richest elements of Quebec, its own modern, north-americanized popular life and its American European artistic dialogue and it can build from there.

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[1] Marcel Rioux, *Notes sur le développement socio-culturel du Canada français* — From *La Société Canadienne française*, Montréal, Éditions Hurtubise HMH Ltée, 1971, p. 177.

[2] Marcel Saint-Pierre, *A Quebec Art Scenic Tour.* Unpublished article, p. 26, University of Quebec.

[3] Op. cit., p. 65.

ARCHAMBAULT: SERENE AND MONUMENTAL

By Guy ROBERT

Born in 1915, Louis Archambault received a bachelor of arts degree in 1936, and a diploma in ceramics from the Montreal School of Fine Arts in 1939. In 1948 this discreet man drew attention for the first time when he won the first prize for sculpture in the Quebec art contest. In 1953, he obtained a bursary to do his own work in France. In 1958 one of his large compositions was chosen to decorate the Canadian pavilion at the Brussels International exhibition. In 1968, he was awarded the medal of the Order of Canada. Since 1940, Louis Archambault has been teaching, first ceramics, then since 1949 sculpture at the Montreal Fine Arts School. Better known outside of Quebec perhaps, he has specialized in monumental sculpture in a way, and especially in sculpture integrated in architecture, warmly welcomed by English Canada. A great retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Arts in Montreal in the fall of 1972 will finally permit the public to become better acquainted with the extensive production of the artist, as patient as he is modest.

The sculptural language of Louis Archambault can be grouped into three major stages with ill-defined limits. Ceramics first inspired in him forms that were elegant, imaginative, impregnated with a poetry that judiciously blended humour and joie de vivre, in a remarkable economy of plastic means; this is the period of *Dames-lunes* (moon ladies) and the great steel *Oiseau* (Bird). Soon a few themes appear, like those of maternity, the couple, the family; in 1954, *Un jeune couple* (a young couple) condenses the main preoccupations of the second stage, by showing a roughness of the surfaces in the bronze and an aggressivity of lines which will be found again in the great sun birds of Place des Arts, in Montreal. But at the same, or at almost the same time, the procession of the six personages for the Ottawa airport, whose typology is clearly archetypal, combines their variations on the inexhaustible theme of man and woman, with the rough modulations of surfaces which present an astonishing contrast in relation to the steel bird with very schematized forms which accompanies them.

"I was born in 1968"

The counter-points which developed during twenty years in the work of Louis Archambault, between the two sculptural fields of the textured and aggressive forms, and the refined and calm forms, are remarkably reconciled in *Personnages* which was displayed on a terrace of the Canadian Pavilion at Expo '67. On one hand, these personages propose an at once rich and compact synthesis of all the elements that Archambault had integrated into his sculpture up to that point; on the other hand, we see in it the affirmation of a set purpose of simplification, or refinement, which intensifies the archetypal dimension and reduces the degree of aggressivity working in the texture.

The year 1968 was spent in a reflection and a research on plastic language. Instead of exploiting a repertory that was already producing a stylistic identification, after twenty years of work, the sculptor returned to sour-

ces, made a clean breast of his acquired skill and re-examined the basics of sculptural language. This is what he meant when he told us recently: "I was born in 1968".

Indeed, the forms that he has been developing since then, in the proliferation of models that transform the tables of his studio into an eloquent laboratory, as well as in the monumental affirmation of some new works, would lead us to consider the third stage that these forms inaugurate as being very distinct from the two preceeding stages. And yet, continuity seems to prevail, a subtle, profound continuity, whose meaning and rejuvenation is shown to us by *Le second couple hiératique* (The second hieratic couple) of 1970. Related to the *Jeune couple* of 1954 or even the *Personnages* of 1967, the *Second couple hiératique* of 1970 stand out clearly in the rigor of its profiles, in the austerity of its surfaces, and more in its hieratic presence; it is hieratic in its solemnity, its monumentality, and also its formality, the two columns seem to become poles. Here the man and the woman are no longer the astute results of a slow simplification effected on human psychological reactions — and to make its emergence, its appearance, clear (the term "epiphany" would be more suitable to the preceeding term of hieratic) we can hardly avoid delving into the mysterious realm of archetypes.

Let us put the question to the sculptor. He does not read much, but his wife, on the other hand, reads a great deal, and enjoys the work of Jung whose fertile research into the great layers of the collective unconscious and archetypal thought are familiar to us. The Archambaults often converse about these subjects which are, however, for the sculptor only sources of unexpected confirmation and not sources of information or inspiration. In sum, it is after having created his works that Archambault learns their frequent archetypal foundation, his plastic approach quite freely unfolding on a scale that has nothing in common with that of psychoanalysis or the symbolic.

With great detachment, Louis Archambault will speak of his "instinctive searchings" and the "security-giving verifications" that they find, after the fact, in the relationships that are proposed to him. Considering *Le second couple hiératique*, he will say that it is certainly not a self portrait! And he will add that the male personage, for example, was done about ten times over before arriving at this astonishing equilibrium; the group of these two standing forms suggests another harmony between the conscious and the unconscious, between logic and intuition, or between *animus* and *anima* as Claudel said.

A thematic continuity

In spite of the sculptor's affirmation that he was "born in 1968", we are struck more by the continuity which emerges from a reading of all of the work sculpted by Archambault. *Le second couple hiératique* becomes pivotal if we wish; but to the theme of the couple, which already includes that of maternity, the family, the community, we may still relate by symbolic affinity the theme of the bridge (which unites two opposite banks, become complementary), or the theme of the "pyramidal chain" which we shall find again a bit further on.

The fact that the two poles of the *Le second couple hiératique* are of equal height, topped by a plane surface, relates the work also to the theme of the atlantes-caryatids (TR: here, supporting columns in form of male human figures), or more simply to the theme of sculpted columns, which also attracted sculptors like Brancusi: we shall return to this. Another path of thematic filiation is read more simply between the tradition of birds in Archambault's work and *La Flèche* (The Arrow) whose wood prototype was finished during the summer of 1971. This *Flèche* could also have been called thrust, or bird or airplane, so broad is its thematic opening; it is this very scope that permits us to refer to archetypal sources without ever having to exaggerate the relationship. About the birds, the sculptor will declare spontaneously: "I clearly have the impression of having once again fallen into their clutches! These birds have been fouling me up for a long time. The couple suits me very well; but poultry, flying things, and especially birds, it just isn't right! I thought I had rid myself of them, but no: they come back! Perhaps this *Flèche* is a flying machine, more than a bird? In any case it wants to get off the ground, it reaches up, but I am not saying it is a bird."

Indeed it reaches up in spite of its sixty foot size! The plastic purpose is established in the horizontal order, but in a dynamic, no longer static horizonality, in a horizonality whose tension consists in breaking away from the inertia of the mass, in escaping, in flying away. All of the plastic language of Archambault to this point gave privilege to a vertical attitude favourable to a dynamic reading of the given sculpture, but here, the horizontal mass of *La Flèche* proposes a still stronger power for flight.

Considering the recent works we understand better why the artist says he does not live in a Montreal suburb, but in America; and if the tall hedge of his garden conceals neighbouring houses from him, they invite him on the other hand to have a feeling for the universe; he has already said he felt in some way "expatriated" from his own country, and he is careful not to grow smaller corresponding to surrounding pettiness; instead of closing himself in cocoon-like, the sculptor tries to take in as much as he can of the whole human heritage and the present day happenings in terms of the dynamic and positive things they have to offer; he squarely considers the present time, and affirms it, without yielding to the solicitations of fashion, to the facilities of a chaos that indifferently welcomes the worst turpitudes and the most salutary contestations.

A communicative serenity

The theme that Archambault explores in his recent works seems to us of a masterful simplicity and follows a process of refinement. His intuitions are immediately translated into small volumes of paper, then examined in enlargements made of cardboard forms pasted together; already, the work of exploration is of such an engineer-like precision that beginning with the four foot model for *La Flèche*, the sculptor was able to provide his carpenter with instructions that permitted him to make the wood prototype sixty feet long, with only imperceptible variations.

This precision emphasizes the meaning of the recent work of Louis Archambault. And why would the poet not be able to perfectly measure the flow of his speech? There is no contradiction at all between the engineer and the architect; there is only the ability or the inability to create beautiful forms. Thus Louis Archambault put to very good use the grant of the Department of Education, to remove the misunderstandings between sculpture and industry, and the work entitled *Modulation No 1* is the result. Created by chance, this work was improvised in reply to an invitation to participate in an exhibition in Legnano, in Italy, in 1969. The sculptor thought the model for a large work suited the invitation well, but it would have taken half a year to produce it according to the usual methods, and no airplane would have been able to take it on board in one piece; the idea for a take apart piece came during a weekend and it was possible to produce the three great pyramids and ship them in twelve identical plates in ordinary sized crates; they were then reassembled in Italy, then taken apart and returned to Montreal.

This *Modulation No 1*, limited for the time being to three parts, could be proliferated and thus it constitutes an important linguistic articulation in the sculptural expression of Archambault. There is a great possibility for plastic exploration, but other ideas attract the sculptor who, incidentally, underlines the fascination that numbers exert on him, especially odd numbers, apart from the couple.

Les Neuf colonnes (The Nine Columns) constitute another area of fertile research; first, an impression of reassuring stability and inertia emerges from this group of massive columns (which leads us back to the "pillars of the universe", to the atlantes-caryatids of ancient Greece); but a dynamization of the series of columns is soon revealed by the interplay of the numerous possible relationships between the elements, which can be combined according to inexhaustible series; it is moreover possible to facilitate this combination by setting up columns on spheres, or by furnishing them with mechanical mobility; thus, the public could intervene and move these mastodons about by pushing a button . . . A new Baudelairean forest would appear, which would give these universal and trans-historical images an appreciable rejuvenation, a new communicative actuality. The recent sculptural language of Louis Archambault is based on the sign, and the thematic or archetypal reading that can be made of it does not in any way distract him from his research. "My main concern was to draw away from the archetypal context; when I was asked to create a work or present a project, I had the impression of returning to a void every time and having to invent a new writing and even a whole craft . . . Since 1968, I feel somehow settled into a serenity that I had never known before. The elements of my new language are all here, around me, in my studio, and they can be immediately involved in the solution of such and such a project, of such and such a work . . . "

Louis Archambault has never been a very nervous person, of course, but often we felt he used to be tense behind his apparent stolidness; the mask of absolute control sometimes cracked. For two years, Archambault has been completely at ease with his new serenity. Where does it come from? "From age", he replies with a smile that contradicts the passing of the years. He will however, confess he is hypersensitive to noise, to all that is going on around him in the daily world; but in his creative approach he remains serene, imperturbable.

And no doubt his new work draws wisdom from this, which makes it in fact a monumental affirmation, on the scale of America invested with a sense of space, a rare thing in the examples of the work of today.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

KOSSO ELOUL: NOW!

By Jean-Loup BOURGET

An art intruding into space, sculpture can be bewildering, for its principles are less secure than those of painting. Painting, being two-dimensional, plays on the illusion of a third dimension, it establishes a space of its own, which is separated from "real" space by its geometric format, if not by a gilt frame. It implies the presence of a spectator who faces the work, and who, at any rate, is the bearer of a third dimension which is psychological (he gives the picture a "meaning") as well as spatial.

Sculpture is not only three-dimensional, it is situated in a space which is simultaneously imaginary and real, since it is also the space in which we move. Consequently, it is significant that the majority of Kosso's sculptures should take on geometric shapes, apparently simple and pure, although in reality frequently subtle, and that they should seem to defy gravity. These two characteristics reinforce our impression of dealing with an autonomous space system. On the façade of JDS Investments (IIII Finch Avenue West, Toronto), a parallelepiped juts out at an angle of 45° with the vertical and is suspended from the house-front by the smallest of its narrow edges. Outside Dunkelman Gallery (Prince Arthur Avenue, Toronto), a trapezohedron seems to have come to a miraculous halt on the slippery incline of a second trapezohedron. Inside the gallery, some small-scale models of Kosso's sculptures can be seen. These give an idea of the paradoxical geometry of the works, if not, of course, of the qualitatively different effect which their monumental proportions produce in an open-air environment.

Moreover, inasmuch as sculpture is a part of our daily space, we often pay little attention to it as we are mentally not prepared to find a "work of art" in the street. This statement is easy to verify. Many people will admit to never having noticed a particular sculpture, placed in front of the very building which they enter every day. Now, Kosso, as it happens, not only has to solve this problem like any other sculptor, but he does not look for a loop-hole, being, as he told me, indifferent to artefacts which are buried in drawers or hidden in private homes. For him, any art, but particularly sculpture, is a social experience which should take place in a public square and contribute to the city's everyday life.

Kosso's answer to this new challenge, a challenge which he does not simply accept, as, in a sense, he imposes it on himself, is to include the element of surprise as far as possible. If the sculpture is placed obviously, on the top of a hill, for example, everyone will see it, become accustomed to it, but nobody will react to it as a work of art. If, on the contrary, it is situated in the hollow of a hill, those arriving at the top will have the surprise of discovering it. At the same time, it is desirable that the sculpture should change in appearance as the viewers approach: a variation on the answer to the same problem.

Even at London (Ontario), where Kosso's latest sculpture stands (incontestably, one of his most accomplished works), the flat site would seem to preclude any effect of surprise, and yet, such an effect is achieved. In fact, as Kosso explains, the car drivers on their way to the airport take in the sculpture's strange form only after a certain time-lag and then, surprised, look after having seen it. What is important here is that, having created a sculpture which does not proclaim itself as such, with none of the conventions which point to the artefact, Kosso does succeed in drawing our attention to the work. We register it as a work of art, with the freshness of a look which is at first disbelieving. Thus we are called on to reeducate our numbed sensitivity.

A further characteristic of traditional sculpture, especially if it is displayed in a gallery, is that, unless it is a bas-relief, it establishes a distance between itself and the viewer, somewhat similar to that created by a picture. André Pieyre de Mandiargues compared a statue to a snake which mesmerizes and around which the viewer circles at a respectful distance. Kosso's work however, foils this expectation, at least in part, since in his case one may find oneself surrounded by the sculpture itself. It is the work rather than the public which becomes environment. Witness the twin slanting parallelepipeds at Greenwin Place (141 Davisville Avenue, Toronto). Walking around them, one can see that the steel surface directly opposite one is always matt and does not, therefore, include the observer in a mirror-relationship as does painting. At the same time, the lateral surface reflects the surrounding apartment-blocks. Consequently, the viewer is, as it were, enclosed by the sculpture, the apartment-blocks serve as a backdrop and become an implicit projection of the sculpture.

Moreover, Kosso's "monumental" and "environmental" sculptures, in addition to their inherent element of surprise, offer the advantages of a great variety of vistas. This is particularly true of the London work. Firstly, we are in fact invited to climb the work, if not to enter it, as a path of white gravel, like that in a Japanese garden, leads unto the mound. Also, the same piece of wood can be seen in, at the least, three totally different ways, according to the viewer's position. Seen slant-wise, it looks like a kind of oar, narrow at the base where it comes out of the earth, and gradually widening. On the other hand, from the front it resembles an arrow, wider at the base and ending in a sharp point. A third view is that of the whole, where the shape of the wooden blade is less important than its relation to the mound from which it soars. We have here a series of metamorphoses, since it is always possible to imagine further intermediate stages, each sufficient unto itself. The piece of sculpture appears as environment in as far as it is the sum of the different "views" which it offers, all independent: a series of aspects on the whole centrifugal (hence the advantage of an absolutely non-figurative art which allows greater liberty for associations of this kind).

Each separate "view" enjoys a privileged relationship with the space it looks onto. Kosso's sculpture at London refers first of all to two elements: earth and air. It is from these elements that the sculpture's composition derives: the mound is, of course, of earth; it is covered by a lawn and in this way connects with the space around where grass has been sown, only more freely. The mound then, both by its composition (packed earth) and by its covering, is a concentration of the terrestial element.

The piece of wood, on the other hand, points to the sky, to the open, one might say, as Kosso has deliberately not directed it towards the buildings of Fanshawe College. Not that there is any break between the terrestial, chthonian element and the element of air, but a natural transition thanks to the ramp, a launching-ramp, and to the gravel-path, a pier . . . a pier whose angle with the horizontal ground is not contradicted, but opened wider by the wooden blade. On the December day when we visited this sculpture, it stood out against a background of a cloud-covered stormy sky, and in the wind which swept over the plain, it swayed gently back and forth.

If earth and sky are the chief elements involved here, water and fire are in no way lacking. A great variety of sea-metaphors come spontaneously to mind. The blade is made of the plywood used for boats, the side-view has the form of an oar, the path is a jetty which leads to the "open" spaces of the air, as do others to those of the sea. The mound with the wooden blade swaying in the wind is reminiscent of a rigged ship sailing on the sea of the plain. One is also reminded of a bowsprit. Photographs of the sculpture, taken during its construction in October, 1971, show a frame similar to a ship's bare ribbing. Finally, the concrete weight buried in the mound which keeps the wooden blade in place changes the sculpture into an iceberg whose continued mass we can sense under the water-line.

As for fire, its presence is implicit through other metaphors associated with the air, a golden arrow, a rising flame. It will be remembered that Kosso is the creator of sculptures entitled "The Eternal Flame" (Jerusalem), or "Silent Thunder" (Palm Beach). The vivid yellow in which the wooden blade and the path's border are painted is a "man-made" colour, "not natural", as Kosso says, the colour of a signal which cuts across the other elements like a Promethean fire. When snow covers the plain, the sculpture "emerges" like a great human body.

Indeed, one of the fundamental aspects of this open-air sculpture is that it follows the rhythms of the seasons. Significantly, it is entitled "Now", and like the gnomon of a gigantic sun-dial, it tells none but the passing hour. The reasons for choosing wood and gravel, rather than steel and concrete, are probably financial. It was easier for Fanshawe College to allot a small annual budget for its upkeep rather than to pay a much greater initial sum; but the result is that the sculpture, needing partial renovation from year to year, will all the more resemble a living organism and will live up to its title and its function more fully.

(Translation by Eithne Bourget)

TOM FORRESTALL

By Ian G. LUMSDEN

From 1954 to 1958, Tom Forrestall was a Fine Arts student at Mount Allison University in Sackville, New Brunswick. Among his teachers was Alex Colville, an official Canadian war artist, who had received his teaching appointment at Mount Allison in 1946 shortly after his return from Europe.

Colville, a graduate of Mount Allison himself, was working in a realist style in the late 1940's toward what was to become popularly known, albeit somewhat misleadingly, as "magic realism". Colville entered his present mature style in 1950 when he began to work consistently in tempera in a manner more beholden to the late 19th century French "pointilliste" idiom of Seurat and Signac than the publicly-touted Thoreauesque school of Andrew Wyeth.

Colville's spiritual conviction to this newly evolved style manifested itself in more ways than the production of carefully-realized, slightly surreal paintings. Colville has an added legacy in the body of a school of painters after his own manner, most of whom were students of his sometime in the 1950's and early 1960's.

Christopher Pratt, D. P. Brown and Tom Forrestall are all exponents of the "Colville style" although their individual differences from one another are almost as great as those from their teacher. What is significant is that their point of departure is the same.

Pratt and Brown adopted this "super-realist" technique while still at Mount Allison. For Forrestall there was an incubation period of almost five years as his work at the time of his graduation was strongly expressionistic somewhat resembling Graham Sutherland's organic paintings of that time.

Forrestall's earliest realist works of 1962 and 1963 were executed in oil and were laid out in flat, clearly-defined areas of a single colour, unrelieved by shading or the intricate brushwork cross-hatchings evidenced in the egg-tempera medium to which he later switched.

It is in their brushwork that one finds the first of the many points of departure between Forrestall and Colville. Forrestall applies the tempera in quite a loose and vigorous manner, an indulgence the medium permits due to its translucent nature. In effect, Forrestall lays down one web of colour over another allowing underneath layers to radiate through creating quite a lively, vibrant quality. Colville's method of putting the tempera pigment on panel is more deliberate and calculated. In the manner of the pointillistes, Colville applies uniform dots or small strokes of colour all worked in the same direction to mould the contours of the objects in his compositions and hence create the almost tactile volumetric quality of his figures. The resultant effects of these two quite divergent techniques appear in Forrestall's "The Watcher" (1970) (fig. 4) and Colville's "Visitors Are Invited to Register" (1954) (fig. 1).

Forrestall and Colville now enjoy very similar life styles. Both devote themselves to painting entirely (Colville resigned his post as professor in 1963), Forrestall living and painting in Fredericton, N.B., in the winter months and Colville in Sackville. Both maintain homes in Nova Scotia as well, where they spend most of the summer. The subjects of "The Watcher" and "Visitors Are Invited to Register" are two church interiors in Nova Scotia, the former being 'St. Edward's Church', Clementsport (fig. 3) and the latter, 'Church of the Covenanters', Grand'Pré, both of which were built in 1790.

"Visitors Are Invited to Register" is contained within a traditional rectangular-shaped panel. Forrestall has arranged his composition of "The Watcher" in a modified Greek-cross-shaped panel with the arms of the cross rounded off to form a series of scallops, somewhat akin to a four-leaf clover.

The fortuitous selection of the basic Greek cross-shape has an obvious, if unconscious, symbolic relationship to the subject. Forrestall's multi-shaped panels generally precede the subjects of the paintings that will be contained therein. Often the very shape of a panel will germinate a painting. Forrestall's prime concern is to succintly arrange his composition within a predetermined shape rather than any regard for the psychology of what a shape connotes in relation to the subject of his work.

The shape of this panel not only symbolically reinforces the subject but visually reiterates the action of the figure in the painting who is focusing in upon an unseen person or object. The viewer of the painting is afforded an almost telescopic close-up of the young boy with the binoculars thereby strengthening our appreciation of the boy's experience.

Forrestall has snugly arranged his composition within the chosen shape. By placing the romanesque-style window of the church in the upper arm of the cross, he is establishing a type of symmetry with the lines of the balcony parapet, and the floor boards converging on a distant vanishing point. This symmetry is offset by the wainscotting running off the right hand side of the panel; however, this potential imbalance is ameliorated by the scallop shape of the right wing of the cross which reintroduces the eye into the painting.

Colville has established a complex network of intersecting verticals and horizontals, all part of the interior structure of the church in "Visitors Are Invited to Register". He has 'framed' his composition with the black curtain on the left and the pulpit stair rail and diagonal support beam in the balcony on the right. A little to the left of centre the composition is completely bisected by one of the supporting columns in the church.

This maze of pews, beams, railings and windows does not become jarring because of the monochromatic, mottled treatment employed in applying the tempera. The almost stippled application of greys and blues imparts the wood of the church with a soft velvety patina indicative of its age. The harshness of the solidly-treated black curtain and white window panes stands in marked contrast to the muted interior.

The light in Colville's work differs greatly from that in Forrestall's. A cold, surreal Canadian light bleaches all the objects in a Colville composition. It is largely this quality of light which endows Colville's work with a feeling of other worldliness. This atmosphere is enhanced by the vapid almost spectral realisation of the pensive figure combined with the brilliant white void outside the church windows. Forrestall's light is warm and naturalistic, allowing shadows to exist which enhance the rich register of mellow greens, browns and yellows that illuminate the picture plane. These warm, earthy tones imbue his work with its underlying romanticism.

Forrestall's compositions are as tangibl as Colville's are cerebral. Notwithstandin the volumetric compression of the figure an the slightly perplexing perspective due to lack of foreshortening, the young boy wit the binoculars in "The Watcher" (Forrestall' eldest son, William) is very much of th physical world in contrast to the fugitive youn man in Colville's composition. The very fac that one is actively doing while the other i quietly reflecting is significant of a majo difference in attitude between pupil an teacher.

Forrestall, a Maritimer by birth, is firml rooted in the soil and without any intellectua pretensions. One would never find that preg nant and graphically powerful opposition o locomotive and black horse in Forrestall' imagery. His iconography consists of an as semblage of images which produce a quasi documentary evocation of times past in hi own locale. There is an overwhelming sens of the passage of time in his work. Some o his most successful paintings such as "Thei Memory" (fig. 2) are devoid of human lif but consist of objects which indicate a huma presence sometime in the past.

The element of selection is as important t Forrestall as it is to Colville. It is the select ivity and the highly refined renderings o those selected objects which elevate thei work above the level of mere photographi realism. The New England rural philosophe and poet, Robert Frost, states: There are tw types of realist. There is the one who offer a good deal of dirt with his potato to show that it is a real potato. And there is the on who is satisfied with the potato brushed clean I am inclined to be the second kind. To me the thing that art does for life is to clean it to strip it to form.[1] Forrestall tends to th second category as well.

The selective approach is best reflected i Forrestall's water-colours in which he treat the object or objects of principal importanc in a fully three dimensional manner and th remainder of the composition is worked i a loose, precursory fashion. This method o heightening the interest of the key element of the water-colour study is often noticeabl absent in the final temperas which are un relieved due to the same attention to detai throughout. The laborious process of applyin the tempera leads to a certain hardness an flatness as well.

Colville reduces his compositions to a few clearly conceived objects through the elimin ation of extraneous detail. It is the purgatio of all irregularities in Colville's compositions which impart them with their surreal quality Every dot or stroke of colour is important.

Regardless of the philosophical and tech nical discrepancies in the work of Forrestal and Colville, both artists are motivated by rejection of the materialism and mechanizatio of this technological age. It is this disquie that propels them to uphold the simple plea sures of country life and people. Those object which animate their paintings embody th values of the pastoral tradition.

[1] Untermeyer, Louis, *Come In and Other Poem by Robert Frost*, Henry Holt and Company Inc., 1943, p. 33.

LOCHHEAD AND HIS SPRAY GUN

By Virgil G. HAMMOCK

Ken Lochhead remains an enigma to many — one group hails him as a champion of Canadian painting, while another claims that he is a sell-out to the American brand of *Internationalism*. Many Eastern Canadians think of him as a Western or Prairie artist; conversely, many of his Western colleagues see him as an Easterner. He is, of course, a combination of many things and no one label can type-cast him.

Born in Ottawa in 1926, Lochhead went on to receive his basic art education in the United States in the immediate post World War II years at the conservative Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts (this was the school that in the late 19th Century fired Thomas Eakins for using nude models). Returning to Canada he went to Regina in 1950 to become Director of the School of Art at the University of Saskatchewan, then Regina College, where he remained until 1964. Regina in the 1950's was hardly an artistic centre. Lochhead helped fill the void by founding the Emma Lake Workshops that brought many important artists to Saskatchewan and into contact with Prairie artists. He was also a charter member of the so-called *Regina Five:* Doug Morton, Ron Bloore, Art McKay, Ted Goodwin, and Lochhead, all of whom have gone on to make names for themselves in Canadian art, although only Goodwin and McKay continue to live in Regina. In conversation Lochhead has told me that he would expand the *Five* to *Seven* by including the Regina architect Clifford Wiens and the painter Roy Kiyooka. Both were instrumental in developing a new spirit in Regina, but both, through no fault of their own, have been omitted from credit. Since 1964 Ken has been at the School of Art of the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg where he is Professor of Painting and a colleague of mine.

What, of course, is more important than this capsule biography is Ken's painting, which continues to grow in stature and maturity with each new exhibition. The most recent have been an exhibition of new painting in January, one of the first shows at the new Winnipeg Art Gallery, and one of water-colours at Gallery III at the University of Manitoba in March. The water-colour exhibition was also seen at the Edmonton Art Gallery and Simon Fraser University. Last fall Ken had shows at Montreal's Galerie Godard Lefort and in Toronto at the Dunkelman Gallery.

Ken's new style is a result of a one-year sabatical leave during 1970 and 1971 that gave him time to reflect on the direction that his painting was taking, as well as giving him time to develop new techniques. He has replaced the brush and roller with the spray gun, which he uses at time to cover large areas and at other times as one would a pencil. Lochhead staples his unprimed canvas directly to the floor of his studio and works around it in the style somewhat reminiscent of Jackson Pollock.

The paintings and drawings are more atmospheric than one is used to seeing in Ken's work and there is a definite move away from the Hard Edge tendencies of the past. They are more *painterly* than *post-painterly*. Ken admits a debt to the American painter Jules Olitski, but it is more in spirit than in content for the physical resemblance is slight. If any parallels are to be drawn it would have to be with oriental painting as he is not interested in holding or maintaining the surface of the canvas as so many of the painters of the Greenberg School are or were, but he gives the impression of deep space in an oriental fashion. The composition is oriental as well — one is reminded of scroll painting and parallel perspective in these new works. Of course these tendencies come directly from Ken's use of the spray gun, but he has told me that he has been looking at oriental painting in the past year and has, "... been quite fascinated by the atmosphere ..."

Lochhead freely admits his roots from American colour-field painting of the late 50's and early 60's. He constantly refers to Olitski, Newman, Lewis, and Noland and naturally the critic Clement Greenberg, but in my opinion he has outgrown these influences even if he or his Canadian nationalist critics refuse to admit it.

Ken's physical isolation from the main stream has worked in his favour. It is self-imposed and far from complete, as he does travel to galleries in Eastern Canada and the United States often enough to know recent painting in the flesh rather than through the unhappy medium of art magazine reproductions that are, sadly, the Bible of many provincial Canadian artists. But the fact is that his paintings are about the great Canadian Prairies and are more *Canadian* in their feeling than a whole army of so-called *Canadian* Pop Art, the Maple Leaf and all. Lochhead has not escaped his environment, nor should he, and we are the lucky ones for it.

In an age where painting is called outmoded and irrelevant by the Avant-Garde, a figure like Ken Lochhead could certainly be placed in the role of the chief bogey-man in an Academy whose sole purpose is to keep progress out of art. The real Academy today, unfortunately, is the so-called Avant-Garde and their branding of painting as passe is the best thing that has happened to painting in a very long time. One does not have to gaze at one of Ken's paintings very long before one realizes that they are a thing of beauty, and hopefully painting can find a place, if not in relevance, in beauty. We ask too much of it if we ask for more.

THE SYSTEMS AESTHETIC: A HOAX OR SERIOUS MATTER?

By Henry LEHMANN

• THE ARTIST • A DOUBLE AGENT •

We bear witness to the emergence of a new art. This new art falls under a category appropriately known as the systems aesthetic. At first glance the coming together of these two words produces a terribly awkward marriage. The myriads of associations attached to each of them incite a latent hostility towards their combination. Systems often evoke wholly unaesthetic images of dehumanizing technological process. The ominous portent emanating from the apparent incompatibility of these two words crystalizes in the fear that the artist whom we expect to play the role of free prophet has succumbed — that in fact he has become a double agent betraying what we have left of the human, while pretending to subvert or neutralize the dehumanizing trend in our society.

• PHOTOGRAPHS • DIAGRAMS •
• TAPE-RECORDERS •

Art of the system aesthetic is characterized by the display of photographs, maps, crude diagrams, turned on tape-recorders, typed explanations. We can quickly sum up by saying that its major characteristic is documentation. What we can see in the gallery is there to *explain how to do a specific thing (anything)* or it informs us on something that is, was or could be. It nearly always deals with a process consisting of several distinct steps. There is an appalling absence of composition; the sole intention in the arrangement of objects is to convey the message as clearly and succinctly as possible. But though we are instructed how something is, was, or could be done, the product is of no importance. It is by the nature of its systematic creation standardized and hence not unique. No one bothers to create it. The system or process is everything, the product is nothing by itself.

• MEANS • ENDS •
• AND THE ART OBJECT •

Formerly, the artist exploited his means. He used his materials and whatever ability and knowledge he had to build, paint, and sculpt. In the end this process was swallowed up. Everything the artist had employed metamorphosized into a work of art. The artist gave all he had for an end. And this end was the effective surprise of creation.

In Systems art the means is the end, at least in terms of what is tangibly present. John Cage has said: "We are getting rid of ownership and substituting use." We should ask: "Use for what?", since it appears that the products of the systems aesthetic have no separate meaning. Of course, it is true that we are indirectly getting rid of ownership in art through the persistent dissolution of formalist values. Consider the emergence of soft sculptures whose pliable contours mock objecthood. Consider minimal or ABC art in which different units are interchangeable and in which as a consequence the external order imposed on the form assumes greater importance than the form itself. We discern in this movement away from formalist values art's

effort to integrate the universe. The systems aesthetic is in the forefront of this revolution. It marks the point of greatest friction and its pulsations illuminate the movement in recent art toward the abandonment of the art object.

• LOCUS OF SIGNIFICANCE •

The "what" against the "how". The abandonment of contour, the serialization of form, the progressive usurpation of tangible form by external orders — we observe the transference of the locus of significance away from concrete objects and the transformation of this significance into abstract systems to which art objects adhere. (Eventually we find ourselves with the documentary paraphernalia which is tangible but seems totally devoid of aesthetic value.)

• NO FEELING •

Art defines itself visually through becoming form. The feelings evoked through the articulation of aesthetic conventions describe its nature. Form and feeling figure in the understanding of the meaning of art. Though "significant form" is a term much elaborated it is a convenient way to speak generally about the gestalt an artist creates in order to evoke feeling. Now we may return to the question introduced in the beginning of this paper. How can the aesthetic — i.e. significant form — be reconciled with the systems approach, especially if the systems are external to the art form and eventually eliminate tangible significant form altogether? It seems that we are faced with a culmination of art's search to dissolve the object and to integrate the universe. But this culmination is abortive if indeed there is no significant form and consequently no feeling.

• WRONG PLACES • BEWILDERMENT •

Could it be that this judgment is premature, that in fact we are looking for significant form in the wrong places? Could it be that the role of our perceptual faculties is placed under such stress when considering the systems aesthetic that we may be inclined to make hasty conclusions? Perception consists in the postulation of hypotheses based upon visual cues. It is essentially the process of verifying what we expect in the first place. The distance between what we expect to see and the external reality is distressingly vast when it comes to viewing and understanding systems art. The habitual cues and tip-offs are just not there and consequently we often feel threatened.

• PAST FAILURE • DISPLACEMENT •

We are used to thinking of form, not just significant form, as being something tangible. Where it occurs it displaces a given volume of space. It precludes the existence of other *form in the area within its contours. This* concept is an extension of man's conventional relationship with his environment. The human being occupies space. The space which resides within his contours becomes positive form. This man has sense organs and these perceptual tools are used to bridge a given space outside the man and alight upon a particular other-form. Thus we see that we have so called negative areas to be bridged by our senses and positive concretions which are defined as form. In his quest the artist has always been involved in the redefining and reshaping of this relationship. But in the past has always failed because the barriers between inner and outer, between object and space have come apart only to reconstitute themselves in new ways. The artist seemed trapped forever in this physical displacement context.

• FORM AS VERB •

The systems aesthetic succeeds in undoing the bonds which fasten significant form to tangible objects. Significant form is allowed to live but it becomes an intangible. In other words, for the artist form is redefined. New premises are established upon which to base *future inquiries. Traditionally art has main*tained a delicate balance between the subjective and the objective. The new art points to where the two converge.

The fabrication of art objects implies hierarchy because one form has to be chosen over another. This choice is eliminated in the systems aesthetic since for the systems artist, form is process and process is universal. Form used to be a noun, now it is a verb.

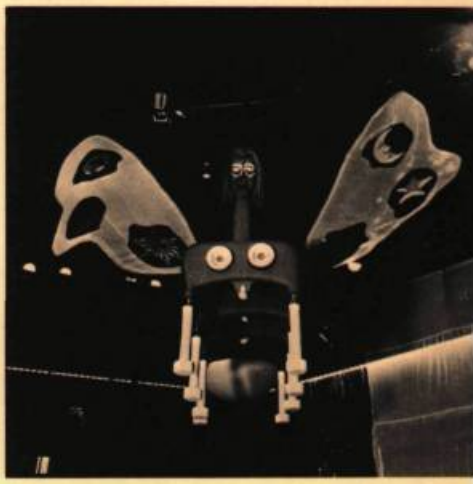
Since the systems artist no longer wishes to create tangible significant form he moves directly to the source, the micro-universe which is the essence of each human individual. Like words and letters whose shapes are only significant in terms of conveying the message, the symbols of the systems artist — i.e. tangibles with which systems artist works — act as components of experience which elicit a consciousness of the universal processes which cannot in themselves be physically presented, hence the unaesthetic documentary character of the new art.

• THE INTERIORIZATION OF THE UNIVERSE • AND A SENSE OF PLACE •

At the very heart of the systems aesthetic is the belief that nothing is static, that the idea of stasis in painting is a conceptual absolute which plays no part in reality. To understand this art is to realize that one is a man on whom and in whom the universe unfolds itself. This understanding is analogous to a young child's developing relationship to his environment. When a two year old ceases to be at odds with gravity by developing greater mastery over his body, he is said to experience an interiorization of space. The systems aesthetic involves much the same phenomenon. Only we must replace the word "space" with the universe and the child with ourselves.

• OUR SKINS •

The interconnectedness of all existence through process and the growing consciousness of this reflected in systems art allows man to emerge from his tiny niche and feel at one with the universe. The power of our senses is so vastly extended by modern electronic technology that our physical selves become insignificant when viewed against the *radius of our expanded realm of dominance.* Does this development not alter the importance which we attribute to that barrier, our skins? How do we define ourselves? Where does a personality begin and end? These are questions with which systems art comes to grips. Dealing with them has meant allowing the creative process to turn in upon itself. The creative process has become engaged in a kind of self-contemplation. It seeks to understand itself through the analysis of its own anatomy. The systems artist is impelled to stereotype the process of creation, to construct little systems of equal and interchangeable parts. We are invited to remove each part separately and to contemplate the empty spaces where the connections formerly existed.



NEW THEATRE AT THE NATIONAL ARTS CENTRE

By René ROZON

Following the World Festival that marked the official opening of the National Arts Centre, in Ottawa, in June, 1969, the utilization of one particular hall of the three in this complex left a great deal to be desired; this hall, the Studio, had been designed for experimental theatre. After the period of wondering, groping, and the inevitable slip into traditional patterns, in the final analysis, full advantage of this new polyvalent instrument was not taken. To put an end to this unfortunate situation and in the intention of thoroughly exploring the possibilities of such an exceptional hall, Jean Herbiet was named artistic co-director of the Studio in May, 1970. Subsequently, he assumed the position of associate director of the Theatre Department, which was created in the spring of 1971, and is responsible for all of the theatrical programming of the Centre, including that of the Studio. Jean Herbiet, professor of theatre, producer, and dramatic author, has kindly consented to convey the result of this experience to us, discussing the methods and implications, the possibilities and also the limitations of experimental theatre.

VdA — So-called experimental theatre em ploys the same procedures as convention theatre. Settings and costumes, lighting an music, are subject to the requirements of staging aimed at emphasizing gesture an speech. But using these elements in a ne way, the experimental theatre nevertheles manages to reverse traditional structure What, exactly, are the rules of this ne theatrical aesthetic?

J.H. — To begin with, allow me to tell you that there is no term more misleading than "experimental" theatre, although the term is currently in use. There is no "experimental" painting or sculpture; why, then, would there be an "experimental" theatre? Every creation is the result of an experiment. That is why, with respect to repertory theatre, it is more exact to speak simply of *creative* or *new* theatre.

Having stated that, what differentiates creative theatre from conventional theatre, is precisely the lack of rules, its total freedom. What the new theatre attempts to do is not unlike new painting: to contest creatively what has been done before. And we can have anti-theatre or anti-painting, not simply to be "anti", but to be in harmony with one's time. Why use verse? Why not start with the end? It is up to new theatre not to deny the rules, but to create a new language. There is a fundamental difference between wanting to renew what exists and creating afresh. In short, there are no rules. To express oneself in one's time, with the means of one's times, is the essential feature of new theatre.

VdA — Is this tendency in harmony with your own concept of creative theatre?

J.H. — I have no concept of new theatre where everything is permitted and nothing observes the conventions. Theatre is not an art unto itself, it is social, but it functions on its own terms. And if the public does not like it, if they do not come, there is a proof that it is not working. Nevertheless, there are two types of men in the theatre today: the one who interprets and the one who creates. We can stage a 300 year old text. Or from nothing, we can stage improvisations. Because of my training and inclination, I have until now opted for the first alternative. Because, for me, the theatre is first a text; I serve the written work which is to be staged and which is waiting to be animated.

VdA — Could you describe the multiple ressources of an experimental theatre like the Studio, as well as any special features peculiar to it?

J.H. — What is noteworthy at the Studio is its hexagonal form and limited size permitting a greater intimacy with the public. There is also a trap in the centre of the room that sinks down to 12 feet under the floor and rises 18 inches above it. In that way we can make a whole set disappear in nothing flat.

Moreover, the Studio is not just one hall. Incorporating all the elements required by a modern theatre, it is unique working tool. Its technical equipment is such that we can explore as widely as possible; Proscenium arch, Shakespearean apron stage, or theatre in the round, are all possible. The scenic setting is thus optional, the seats being moveable, and in this way we can reorient the stage-audience relationship at will. We could even place the audience in the balcony, not a very practical option really, since we do not wish to limit the number of spectators to such a point. A multiple choice thus, which is perhaps not infinitely flexible, but nevertheless, one in which the possibilities remain very interesting and very numerous. In fact, every play to be staged is a new challenge to the imagination of the producer. It is very stimulating.

VdA — In reality, considering such possibilities, what are the experiments that have been undertaken since you assumed charge of the Studio?

J.H. — I chose a classical play first, *La Double inconstance* by Marivaux. Because for me, new theatre is not necessarily a new work or the modern adaptation of a classical work. It is true that I interpreted the work differently, but without falsifying it. I emphasized not the "marivaudage" (witty and affected style) of the author, but rather the inexpressible element of the work, which depends on the relationships among characters. Basically, love, in Marivaux's works, is self-love. That is what I focused on. The very style of the XVIIth century costumes was respected, inspired by Watteau and Fragonard. But the most difficult thing in Marivaux is to create a setting which facilitates the staging of the work. Now, if I did not give the Marivaux a modern staging, I nevertheless modified the stage-audience relationship. In conventional theatre, it is unthinkable to decorate the whole theatre. In the Studio, I had an instrument that allowed me to create not only a visual tableau, but a total environment, so that the audience would be immersed in the setting (in this case, the courtyard of a XVIIth century chateau) created for the dramatic work. The theatre of Marivaux is Italian Proscenium arch theatre in which the stage-audience relationship is clearly established. Whereas here, we did theatre in the round: the hexagonal walls served as a setting, and the audience was seated in tiered seats around a central playing area. The main action unfolded in front of the spectator, but the actors arrived from behind him, from the galleries. That is an example that attests to the ressources of the Studio. We cannot create such a production elsewhere without encountering high costs. A production that also showed that we can always draw new effects from an *a priori* conventional element.

There remains the play, *Aspects du Québec*, that could have been done in another hall. But we wanted a sense of Quebec's presence in the National Arts Centre and we grouped all the events under the same roof. Just the same, we realized that the Studio is well suited to every medium — theatre, dance, cinema, and so on. It is a polyvalent hall that can be organized with a minimum of effort to fulfill the most divergent functions.

VdA — What has struck me so far, is that the Studio productions concentrating on dance, music, and film have existed only on the periphery of the theatre. Is this formula desirable, considering that the real identity of the new theatre must be situated at the convergence of all these elements whose support it requires?

J.H. — If we try to emphasize these different means of expression in establishing a scenario, we are no longer talking of a written text; we depend on a succession of these elements to form the new theatrical work. For example, a slide becomes as important as the dance which evolves before our eyes. Basically, I think this way of proceeding, using all the means to constitute the work, is doomed to failure. At least that is what I think for the time being. For the dramatic form that corresponds the most to our time, is that of all times: the art of showing man in a situation. Going back to Aristotle, the theatre is the art of the man who performs the action. Now if we wish to show the man who performs the action, we do not need the other arts to do it, but an actor. For the essential element of theatrical art is an instrument called the actor, and not the projections, the serial music and all these other agents which confound more than they enlighten. The man in a situation arises from the actor and his interpretation. He does not need a slide as background; he can say everything with his art, his body, his voice, his silences. That is what Béjart does best, when he emphasizes his dancers to the utmost. Besides, insofar as we are participating in an art, we can only participate to a certain point. In making love, we cannot think of the office or preoccupations. Obviously, the appurtenances are secondary. And the theatre, as far as I am concerned, is first and foremost man in conflict. The rest is superfluous.

Having stated that, I nevertheless stressed *Femme* and I struggled to convince people that an environment play at the Studio was something that had to be done. I believed in the integrity of the author, Maurice Demers, and his play reflected a tendency of the XXth century, that is to say the integration of all the arts.

VdA — In fact, what role does the new theatre reserve for the plastic arts?

J.H. — Every art is a system of signs. In the beginning the theatre uses signs that are its own, but which it must borrow from the other arts: movement from dance, light and colour from painting, organization of space and stage setting from sculpture and architecture, word from poetry and the dramatic structure from the novel. That is what was traditionally borrowed in the theatre. In this respect, nothing is exclusive to the theatre, in its many affinities with the other arts. But as soon as there is a question of over-emphasising one of these arts, there is conflict. Let us take the plastic arts for example: they are not integrated into the theatre, they are used, and only on the condition that they are necessary. New or conventional theatre is the art of appearances. On stage, my office would be a very poor prop; to make it effective, it would have to be modified, accentuated. For no visual and plastic element has intrinsic value on stage. On the contrary, it should serve The Art of the Theatre, become part of an organism whose nervous centre is man in a situation. I do not need a Louis XV chair, but one in the style of Louis XV. A costume serves only to dress a character, but by itself is never, and should not be, a masterpiece. That is why it is dangerous for the plastic arts to enter the theatre. Such an integration is made possible by the intervention of decorators who understand theatrical contingencies. A setting is a place inhabited by an actor. If the plastic arts distract us from him, we are on the wrong track. And when the plastic arts invade the stage, they always win because their finished form exercises such fascination. Now, we cannot stage a play as we make a tableau. The theatre is an ephemeral art of time and space; the tableau is an art fixed in space. We cannot thus, integrate fixed objects into an ephemeral art; rather it is necessary to transform them according to theatrical requirements. As a matter of fact, theatre being a representational art, it needs not concern itself with doing anything new in the area of the plastic arts.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)