

Translations/Traductions

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TRANSLATIONS/TRADUCTIONS

Criticism criticized

By Andrée PARADIS

Is there a crisis in the field of criticism? Everywhere people are wondering about its usefulness, are following the changes in it, are revealing its lack of power, and are witnessing the fury of iconoclasts; some say there are few good critics, others say there are no longer any, and, all the while, the world turns and people are noting that there are more art newspapers and magazines, that there is an increase of monographs as well as books and histories dealing with art. Numerous conferences are considering the status of criticism, and, on an international level, the Association of Art Critics, which will convene in plenary assembly in several Canadian cities in Canada, in August, 1970, continues its active role and seeks to renew the function of criticism under the presidency of M. René Berger.

Moreover, in the course of sessions in the month of August, after discussions about the theme, Art and Perception, committees will examine the difficulties of the critic's task. Has the critic become an oppressor? Is the critic, who should "promote art as the area of the greatest exercise of our freedom", seeking to dictate terms, in an authoritarian manner, by means of abusive judgements, savage attacks, and unexplainable silences. The great freedom which the critic enjoys, commands him to be more responsible towards the creator and the consumer. On the other hand, how do we appreciate the critic who keeps to accurate information, who clarifies, and who draws from his own experience the references needed to situate the works, and to compare them, and who, in sum, offers all the best indications and has the good taste to refrain from further intervention.

According to Pierre Restany, "there are no good or bad art critics, only people who write about art, and who either have a personality or don't have one." Who are these "art writers"? Michel Ragon distinguishes four categories: the passive critic, the viewer, who records topical matters; the judging critic, who bestows blessings and excommunicates or compromises to avoid a mistake; the theoretical critic, who, with his formulas and systems puts a creative order into the disorder of creation; and finally, the militant critic, the battle companion of a clique, who is interested only in the kind of art with which he is involved. We can also add a category that is rather familiar in North America, the critic-as-dandy, who no longer believes in art and who wages war on aesthetics.

No doubt, what adds to the confusion of the information in the artistic area is attributable in large measure to the utterings of the set forms of communication in the traditional mass media. The least we can say is that they are used haphazardly, with no guiding plan, they lack objectivity, and they discuss everything, except art.

Aragon properly defined criticism "as a bondage to life". That may be, providing that reality is the sole master.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

A Note on experimental art

By René BERGER

Not very long ago, no one would have thought of using such a term. On the whole, only "art" existed, that is to say everything that was produced by an artist and which enlightened art lovers recognized as such, "non-art" was what they rejected as not conforming. This simplified plan shows the alternative that was in use—especially since the mid-1800's, and even today—and which is founded on the bipolarity of truth and falsity, of good and evil, and for aesthetics, on the bipolarity of beauty and ugliness.

It is this plan that modern art has questioned. On one hand, there are many artists who have broken or are breaking with the past and who are, not only closely followed by some critics, but whose works are gaining acceptance in spite of the scandal that they create, or the irritation which they still produce (the case of Picasso is exemplary); on the other hand it is a fact that the elite public, the trustees of established values and the holders of taste, have been replaced by numerous and diverse publics who intervene in the art process, either by going to exhibitions, by buying original works and reproductions, or again through the increasingly wide channel of the *mass media*. Technology, for its part, by constantly introducing new materials and techniques, changes our home, our environment, our daily life, and in a deeper sense, our way of thinking.

Today it seems the "art"- "non-art" alternative is no longer valid, at least it seems as though the character of rigid alternative has disap-

peared, the two terms no longer being mutually exclusive, are even able to co-exist—the issue consists moreover, neither in the victory or retarding of one or the other, but rather in their dialectical restructuring, accompanied by a parallel restructuring of collective sensitivity.

The dividing line

Historically, conditions for change appear in the situation created by the famed "Salon des refusés" (exhibition of rejected artists) in 1863: on one side were the artists admitted to the Salon presided over by the official jury; on the other, those whom the imperial decree reduced to exhibiting "elsewhere". Since that time, and until the exhibition of abstract art, the evolution was manifest schematically as follows: on one hand, the support and affirmation of "Art" (with a capital) which is official art, traditional art; on the other, the successive (or subversive) movements which were called impressionism, fauvism, cubism, abstract art (to mention a few milestones) and which by departing from the established conception, were held to be "non-art", but which by disparaging institutionalized taste and aesthetics finally ruined the established ideology.

From the separation between "art" and "non-art" there appeared the new phenomenon which produced what is called "experimental art" today, and which is manifest first and especially in repeated public scandals, like that that arose over *Nude Descending a Staircase* exhibited in 1913 at the Armory Show. Nevertheless, until the time of Duchamp, until the advent of Kandinsky, Delaunay, Mondrian, Malevitch, (with a reservation made for Dada), we can say that on the whole the artists, however audacious they are, remain with easel painting, the canvas, the brush, in short with the "craft" of painting.

Since about the end of the second world war, the situation has been changing so quickly that all our relationships are upset. From decade to decade the conditions of our existence have been drastically changing. Our most inveterate habits have shattered one after another: clothing is made in an artificial way; the telephone, radio, television, conquer distance, time, barriers, and customs; synthetic food is available already. People of the profession, technicians, "technologists" in their manner, the artists, at least some of them, have begun to explore the resources that are multiplied by scientific and industrial research. Schöffer, prefigured by the inspired Moholy-Nagy, created "sculptures" using an electronic brain whose programming is cybernetically regulated. Artists trade their brushes for electricity, pigments for waves. An ambivalent Demiurge, pop art assembles photographs and bath-tubs, cartoons and stuffed birds, publicity pictures and telephones, nature and mass media savagely united for better and worse. Unforeseen products of the population explosion, the "multiples" end the unicity of the work of art, serving as a prelude to some "serial" humanity.

A spreading knowledge

While the technological sphere has remained stable or relatively stable, it may be said that in the main, artistic changes have occurred until quite recently, in the *content* of language (thus Courbet with his *Casseurs de pierres*) or in the *modalities* of language, indeed in the very conception of art and its principles, as in the beginning of the XXth century. But when the evolution accelerated and Picasso treated the human figure in such a revolutionary way, and the cubists attacked not only the appearance of objects, but their objectivity, and abstraction almost merged with figuration, and finally, all that is traditionally attached to art shattered, it is understandable that distinguishing between "art" and "non-art" was no longer valid and that, engaged as we are in a situation unprecedented in the past, judgement in turn became "experimental". The artist is no longer the "chorister" of nature, nor the "coryphaeus" of a society; no longer does he adorn and embellish the residence of the great or rich. He has lost his "role", but, as paradoxical as that may seem, he has recovered his basic *function*, that is to say, to heighten our awareness of our condition in the world in which we live: it is his duty to have us approach what is "new" and to humanize it for us; he must safely lead us to allow us to take part in the adventure: "The artist receives the message of cultural and technological challenge several decades before the transforming shock is felt", states McLuhan. Which echoes what Franca Castel said a long time ago about the Renaissance painters... "the first Florentine palaces were built only towards the end of the century, after three quarters of the paintings had been executed". "Renaissance architecture was painted before it was built." Thus it is not surprising that a man like Kenneth Galbraith, as McLuhan points out, "recommends to businessmen who wish to remain so, to study carefully this aspect of art nouveau". Moreover, one has only to see how architects, town-planners, industrialists, and film-makers, how radio, television, and advertising make use of it without always doing justice to the pilot artist. Experimental art moreover, is increasingly the founder of the "future tradition"...! Just as "experimental judgement" inaugurates polyvalent logics which, departing from classical logic, admit the tierce value of possibility.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Hurtubise, painter of extraordinary light

By Laurent LAMY

In the generation following that of Borduas and the Automatists, Hurtubise is one of the most active and the most vigorous artists; he proved it by a pictorial adventure carried out with a patient continuity and a dazzling vitality.

Having begun to paint when action painting and lyric abstraction were at their peak, he thus inscribed in his paintings with a convulsive gesture, tightened and syncopated narrow stripes which become networks of sharp colours, luminous fields charged with energy. Hurtubise does not stay with this painting of improvisation, and very soon, his need to bring order into the canvas must be reconciled with effusiveness and instinct.

Since 1964, the pendulum-like movement that marks all his paintings has been affirmed and has made his painting oscillate between two polarities: impulsion and construction. This opposition which is the ferment in his work causes him to look for mediation, for the fragile and ever-threatened point of balance which will never become a static synthesis. The plays of forms, the rhythms of broken and oblique planes, the sharp angles authoritatively express the measured movement. If these canvases proclaim a dynamism, an audacious expressiveness, they especially intimate the dynamic painter, eager for formal experiences.

The gesture and the blot will become forms; the form will be regenerated by being multiplied, by being integrated within a whole that encompasses it without engulfing it. Hurtubise will no more be an optic painter than he was a pure lyric abstract artist. To verify all the implications of his compositions, he constructs paintings according to rigid series, where the intense colours assault the eyes, force them to a constant mobility between figure and ground. He quickly returns to free forms whose composition promises a systematic reading which proves to be impossible to successfully complete. Repetition and juxtaposition are the illusions and result in heavy and slow modulations.

In 1969, a new stage. Wanting to push to paroxysm the visual shock given by two very contrasted colours and searching for the maximum intensity in colour, Hurtubise uses neon tubes, then electric light bulbs, and finally reunites in the same picture, fluorescent lines (neon tubes), and blinking points (bulbs). By varied circuits, the movement is integrated in the picture and reveals the structural organization by fragmenting the picture into diagonals and broken lines. The coloured form is freed, to better reconstitute by multiple variations, by several avenues, the light-painting in its entirety. The sustained rhythms, between areas of shadow and light create a vibrant geometry, an image-object that is unrelated to reality. Neons and bulbs almost lose their identity. But how to forget that they are also synonymous of bad taste, displays of tinsel and artifice, symbols of illusions of that city among cities, Las Vegas, which, moreover, Jacques Hurtubise thought it good to visit. Ready to delight in pop, here then is neon and light bulb redeemed by their antithetical expression, kinetic art.

As he sought to reconcile gesture art and geometric art, Hurtubise is bent on going beyond pop and op, retaining the rather primitive joy of the one and the beguiling invention of the other.

In his recent canvases, we again find organization around the axis, but this time with an ease that the earlier canvases never had. In the neon experiments, we rediscover the taste for fluorescent paintings, for the rawest colours, the harshest and most strident contrasts. The forms have never been as angular, traced impulsively in a square that is boldly defined. Within the limits that he sets for himself, minimum of colours, simplification of forms, and rigorous composition, the painting of Hurtubise, in its breathless and obsessive repetitions has never achieved such a power to shock, such a violence.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Louise Lanaro

By Michèle TREMBLAY

The painter is often loquacious: she appears with a pen in her hand. Here, however, something happens: the picture does not comment.

It does not call for comments. The suppression of speech is muted violence.

Within the limits of the forms, Lanaro captures a look that says nothing, that declines with a mysterious obstinacy to say anything at all. It must be taken figuratively: the violent impression needs to be maintained, enclosed, in the heart of its essence; thus is it realized and fulfilled.

This revealing violence is accentuated in two ways: the supple, clear and clean stroke denotes a sure gesture; feminine colours are steady, without dazzle. Gesture and colour are almost decorative; however, they give something to think about. Secondly, the choice of "theme", there, is of course a desire for "psychological analysis" of the feminine daily life. This negates what we have just declared, that is to say, the painter declines to comment on reality; but there again this "psychological analysis" belongs to the almost decorative element.

Why "almost"? Because of the infinite look which plays with the surface and infinite depth; and yet, this is inaccurate; for this look does not belong especially to the eyes of the characters in the painting, it emanates from the whole picture. And thus it looks at us: this callous look is violent; it is this speechless violence from which no cry escapes, that constitutes the infinite heart of our being. The picture is a staging of our essence; and that is why we recognize ourselves there. But this original violence remains still to be considered. And the painting such as conceived by Lanaro is an indication, a track that leads us, if we are obedient to listen; for the term "violence" could be open to misinterpretation. It is not a question of instinctual and brute violence surging, instantaneously, from the picture; it remains hidden; its place is not on the surface. It is not commercial. It does not belong to publicity. We have to reach it by a de-constructive gesture; the picture does not destroy, it de-constructs. Lanaro uses an almost decorative figurativeness to achieve a radical reversal leading us towards the essential space of the picture: the look, which is not a look, in the sense that a look is "expressive", "deep", "bizarre"; it is beyond all those things.

The almost decorative quality serves to reveal what is not so, and that which it fears.

Many things are unsaid: but what remains to be done is to follow persistently the road leading us to the essence of painting and being.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Bladen et Murray: les géants de la sculpture canadienne.

par Joan LOWNDES

La Vancouver Art Gallery a préparé en mars la première grande exposition canadienne consacrée aux œuvres de Ronald Bladen et Robert Murray. L'exposition a revendiqué pour eux et établi de façon évidente leur titre de géants de la sculpture canadienne. Elle a ainsi remédié à une négligence flagrante, surtout dans le cas de Bladen.

Il est vrai que ces deux artistes se sont expatriés, et Bladen est parti depuis si longtemps que nous avons peut-être eu tendance à oublier son origine canadienne. Né à Vancouver, comme Murray, il est maintenant au début de la cinquantaine; il a quitté le Canada alors qu'il avait vingt et un ans, après avoir étudié un an à la Vancouver School of Art. Il est d'abord allé à San Francisco où il a poursuivi ses études à la California School of Fine Art. Ensuite, il est déménagé à New-York car, comme il le déclarait au cours d'une interview, "si vous jouez au tennis, vous allez là où se joue le meilleur tennis."

Dans ce centre névralgique de l'art contemporain, il s'est fait une solide réputation, même si sa production est très limitée (environ deux œuvres par année). Le Musée d'Art Moderne de New-York, la Collection List et le Los Angeles County Museum possèdent de ses œuvres. Il a participé, entre autres, aux expositions suivantes: *Primary Structures* (Structures primaires), au Jewish Museum en 1966, une exposition qui a fait époque; *Scale as Content* (La dimension comme contenu), à la Corcoran Art Gallery de Washington en 1967; *14 Sculptors: the Industrial Edge*, au Walker Art Centre à Minneapolis en 1969. Bladen est mentionné pas moins de seize fois dans le livre de Gregory Battcock, *Minimal Art*, et deux de ses œuvres y sont illustrées.

Toutefois, bien que la Galerie Nationale l'ait choisi pour participer à l'exposition *Sculpture 67* à Toronto et pour l'Expo, il est si peu connu au Canada que la proposition de la Vancouver Art Gallery—à savoir qu'il est, avec Murray, le meilleur sculpteur canadien vivant—surprendra bien des gens.

Murray s'est lancé en 1960 dans la fournaise ardente qu'est New-York, alors qu'il avait 24 ans. Il est originaire de la Saskatchewan, où il a étudié à l'École d'Art du Collège de Regina, à l'Université de la Saskatchewan, de même qu'aux Ateliers d'art d'Emma Lake.

Il est bien connu aux États-Unis à cause de sa participation à plusieurs expositions importantes, dont les expositions annuelles du Whitney, les expositions *Guggenheim International* en 1960, *American Sculpture of the Sixties*, au Los Angeles County Museum, *14 Sculptors: the Industrial Edge*, au Walker Art Centre, en plus d'une exposition particulière au Jewish Museum.

Quittant le Canada avec une bourse du Conseil des Arts, il a attiré davantage l'attention, et un effort soutenu a été fait pour maintenir le contact avec lui. Ce contact était facilité par le fait que Murray est plus prolifique que Bladen et qu'il produit non seulement de grandes œuvres monumentales, mais aussi de petites pièces que peuvent exposer des galeries privées. Ainsi, depuis qu'il est à New-York, il a tenu plusieurs expositions particulières à Toronto et il a aussi exposé au Musée des Beaux-Arts de Montréal, à Hart House et à la Norman Mackenzie Gallery à Regina. La Galerie Nationale a acheté deux de ses œuvres et l'a choisi l'an dernier pour représenter le Canada à Sao Paulo, où il a remporté l'un des huit prix internationaux. Le Ministère des Transports a acheté pour l'aéroport international de Vancouver la sculpture *Cumbria* en acier Cor-ten jaune (abominablement située, en ce moment, devant un poste d'essence Shell).

Le Canada ne peut faire de reproche aux artistes qui ont accepté le défi de New-York, pas plus que dans le passé il n'a répudié Morrice, Borduas et Riopelle qui, tous, à leur époque, sont allés "là où se jouait le meilleur tennis". Son rôle doit être de fournir à ces artistes canadiens qui habitent New-York toutes les occasions possibles de garder des liens avec leur mère patrie.

Comme Bladen était revenu à Vancouver, l'an dernier, pour visiter sa mère gravement malade, Tony Emery, le directeur de la Vancouver Art Gallery, l'a reconnu au vernissage de l'exposition *New York 13* et a entamé des négociations pour la présente exposition. Ensuite la Vancouver Art Gallery, avec son audace habituelle, a offert toute son aire principale d'exposition aux trois gigantesques sculptures de Bladen et aux six de Murray. C'est seulement là que pareille exposition conjointe a pu être réalisée, loin de New-York avec les blessantes rivalités entre galeries et les questions de prestige qui en découlent (Bladen est représenté par la galerie Fischbach et Murray par Betty Parsons).

Vu leurs dimensions, les prototypes en bois de Bladen ont été envoyés en pièces détachées, pour ensuite être assemblés, avec tout leur échafaudage compliqué, par l'artiste lui-même et un assistant. Murray, aussi, est venu à Vancouver pour surveiller l'installation de ses œuvres en acier et en aluminium, fabriquées dans le Connecticut par la firme Lippincott Inc., qui s'occupe exclusivement de commandes d'artistes.

Le résultat: un assemblage impressionnant qui dévorait littéralement l'espace de la galerie. Après la lumière fluorescente de Don Flavin, qui dissolvait les murs dans l'air teinté, après le triste entrepôt de l'exposition conceptualiste *955,000*, qui évoquait la remarque de Pascal: "Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis me terrifie", on nous présentait, dans la même aire d'exposition, une troisième expérience par laquelle d'énormes structures semblaient prêtes à enfoncer les murs. Certains ont trouvé cette tension inconfortable; quant à moi, cette situation sculpturale me communiquait une joyeuse énergie.

Bladen est en ce moment le plus impressionnant des deux artistes, mais Murray, plus jeune de dix-huit ans, plus prolifique, versatile et énergique, offre peut-être plus de virtualités. Bladen a été qualifié d'expressionniste concret et de minimaliste, mais, comme tous les artistes de réelle envergure, il échappe à la catégorisation. Changement des plus rafraîchissants, le catalogue de cette exposition nous offre, au lieu du traditionnel éloge par un critique de renom, un contact direct avec les artistes par l'intermédiaire de conversations enregistrées pendant les huit ou dix jours de l'installation. On y rapporte ces propos de Bladen: "Je suis un incorrigible romantique; mes œuvres sont donc essentiellement émotives, poétiques, romantiques. Elles ne relèvent pas de la géométrie. J'utilise des formes géométriques parce que je n'aime pas les formes organiques, mais mon but est de produire un impact émotif..."

Bladen projette avant tout une présence; les problèmes formels, comme la division et le cloisonnement de tous les espaces intérieurs disponibles, sont pour lui d'un intérêt secondaire. La dimension fait partie de cette présence; ses œuvres vont au-delà de la sculpture pour devenir une architecture intérieure. *Cathedral Evening*, qui se reprojette sans cesse à l'écran de la mémoire, mesure 10 pieds sur 27 sur 24. Elle est grandiose. Même les bavardages d'un soir de vernissage s'éteignent devant elle. On pense à Baudelaire: "Le propre de l'art est d'étonner." Cette sculpture, peinte en noir, consiste en une flèche massive reposant sur deux plates-formes et s'élançant horizontalement dans l'espace. La flèche est légèrement inclinée vers le haut, mais on ne s'en aperçoit qu'en passant dessous: il est impossible de découvrir cette œuvre seulement en la regardant. Il faut se familiariser avec les sculptures de Bladen comme un chat dans une pièce inconnue, en s'y frottant de tous les côtés. C'est pourquoi elles sont architectoniques; cela prend plus de temps pour se familiariser physiquement avec elle que, par exemple, pour circuler autour de l'*Age d'airain* de Rodin.

En passant sous la flèche, on se rend compte de son élan fantastique et de la façon précaire dont elle est suspendue. En revenant aux plates-formes, on s'aperçoit qu'elles doivent contenir des poids et que cette pièce, comme l'a remarqué un critique, est un prodige de "technique romantique". Debout entre les plates-formes, en regardant vers les diagonales convergentes de la flèche, on sent le contrepoids dynamique des forces, qui contient à peine l'élan de la flèche-fusée. Le fait que la sculpture soit placée dans une des plus petites salles de la galerie, en équilibre au fond de la pièce, mais sans l'espace d'envol nécessaire, ne fait qu'ajouter à la tension.

Michael Fried, dans son célèbre essai "Art and Objecthood" (*Art Forum*, Juin 1967), a bien compris l'élément théâtral de la sculpture des années soixante, mais il ajoute ensuite catégoriquement: "Le théâtre est maintenant la négation de l'art."

Je ne comprends pas pourquoi il en serait ainsi: la nature de l'expérience esthétique change constamment. Un théâtre instantané naît à mesure que les gens établissent des liens avec cette *néo-architecture*, se groupent instinctivement et circulent autour d'elle pour la mesurer à l'échelle de leur corps. Toutefois, paradoxalement, cette sculpture a aussi un côté intime. L'on désire être seul avec elle, faire sa propre exploration de la perception.

Il faut être seul avec *Untitled Sculpture*. C'est l'œuvre la plus énigmatique de l'exposition: un arc peu profond mesurant 9 pieds sur 15 sur 23, placé non pas parallèlement à la forme oblongue de la pièce, mais coïncé de travers à une extrémité, de façon à créer une sorte de suction. Le spectateur est attiré vers la blancheur éblouissante de l'arc; il y perd sa vision périphérique, il est hypnotisé à un point de repos. Mais il est aussi poussé à faire le tour de cet arc, à en voir le côté noir et secret qui, au contraire du devant, ne se révèle que peu à peu.

Bladen fait ce commentaire dans le catalogue: "Une des caractéristiques de toutes mes œuvres, c'est, je crois, qu'elles ont un avant et un arrière. Elles me semblent, à moi, toujours très humaines. Pour beaucoup de sculptures abstraites, le point de vision importe peu; mais je veux que mes œuvres soient perçues selon un certain ordre... Le blanc et le noir sont philosophiquement opposés. La blancheur à l'intérieur de cette œuvre, c'est l'acceptation, c'est l'amour, c'est doux, c'est très émouvant; le noir devient un peu rébarbatif—une expérience tout à fait différente."

Une qualité semblable se manifeste dans la plus célèbre des œuvres de Bladen: *Sculpture sans titre: Trois éléments*. Ces trois éléments sont des parallélogrammes de 9 pieds sur 4 sur 1 pied et 9 pces; le dessus et trois côtés sont laqués en noir, la surface extérieure est d'aluminium un peu mat. A dix pieds d'intervalle, ils s'avancent obliquement à travers la pièce oblongue, dans une lumière tamisée, comme des menhirs sous un ciel d'orage. A première vue, leur structure semble simple (en ce sens elle est *minimale*), mais, en s'approchant d'eux, on note qu'ils doivent comporter, comme *Cathedral Evening*, un mystérieux système interne de contrepoids, car ils sont inclinés vers l'avant, à un angle aigu vers le plancher. Leur surface d'aluminium provoque un instinct d'agression, et l'on est tenté d'essayer de les renverser, tandis que du côté sombre, en porte-à-faux, leur qualité sinistre prédomine. Ils ont parfois effrayé les enfants dans la galerie au point de les faire pleurer.

Cette œuvre, commandée en métal en trois versions pour l'extérieur, pose tout le problème de l'environnement intérieur-extérieur. Une grande part de l'efficacité des œuvres de Bladen provient de leur volume à l'intérieur d'un espace renfermé; à l'extérieur, elles ne confronteraient pas le spectateur d'une façon aussi inéluctable. Bladen explique dans le catalogue que le terme "prototype" n'est pour lui qu'un mot commode. Il construit d'abord lui-même ses prototypes, surtout par intuition, dans son atelier; ils sont ensuite démontés et réédifiés dans la salle d'exposition: ils ne sont pas seulement des maquettes pour quelque chose de plus permanent. Il déclare d'ailleurs: "Je commence avec ces prototypes et, pour moi, ce sont les véritables œuvres. C'est là que je me sens compromis et voilà tout. Quand ils sont transposés en un autre matériau, ils sont identiques et pourtant ils ne le sont pas. Je m'absorbe entièrement à produire les prototypes, à les construire, de sorte que j'y laisse une part de mon âme..."

Plus particulièrement, au sujet de leur relation à un espace intérieur, il murmure lucidement: "J'ai besoin de ces limites, de cette relation, pour me restreindre, ou pour accomplir quelque chose, pour éviter le chaos, pour créer quelque chose qui appartienne à un espace défini pour un motif particulier."

Pour Murray, c'est l'impression contraire: bien que son travail soit admissible à l'intérieur, on sent qu'il serait mieux mis en valeur à l'extérieur. C'est surtout vrai pour sa plus grande pièce, *Becca's H* (qui porte le nom d'une des filles jumelles de Murray, qui adorait faire des H). Murray demeure un homme des prairies: le ciel, l'atmosphère, la lumière étincelante du soleil, tout met en valeur sa sculpture. Au contraire de Bladen, il ne traite pas de la masse et du volume, mais des extensions linéaires dans l'espace (il est influencé à la fois par David Smith et par Caro).

De plus, il se préoccupe beaucoup de la couleur et de la surface. Quoique les deux artistes aient débuté comme peintres, Bladen utilise

une couleur sobre, qui s'affirme peu sauf pour marquer les relations anthropomorphiques avant-arrière, tandis que la couleur a chez Murray une valeur beaucoup plus positive, agressive même. Pour cette exposition, il a utilisé les couleurs jaune crocus, marron, bleu foncé, gris huître, dans une laque époxy luisante, aussi pure que les surfaces favorites des sculpteurs de Los Angeles. Murray va même jusqu'à affirmer dans le catalogue: "Je préférerais que mes œuvres soient perçues plutôt comme couleur que n'importe quoi d'autre." Il ajoute que la couleur importe beaucoup pour rendre toute la qualité émotive que peuvent posséder les pièces.

Ces qualités émotives sont limitées, à moins qu'elles ne soient l'émotion esthétique produite par un amalgame d'énergie et d'élégance. Bien que l'énergie provienne essentiellement du tempérament de Murray, elle est stimulée par les vastes espaces des aciéries dans lesquelles il travaille. Il ne fabrique pas de maquettes pour ses sculptures, exécutant plutôt des dessins d'atelier, plus intelligibles pour le manufacturier. Dans une déclaration écrite pour l'exposition du Centenaire, à la Norman Mackenzie Gallery à Regina, il explique que sa participation à la fabrication de la sculpture lui permet d'observer et de réagir aux tensions du métal, aux détails de l'assemblage, et d'épurer l'œuvre à mesure qu'elle se développe. "A ce moment, les dessins perdent leur signification, et l'œuvre devient presque de l'invention pure."

Murray est capable d'élever des tonnes d'acier dans l'espace, sans effort apparent, d'une façon libre et légère. Il commente *Becca's H* dans le catalogue de Vancouver en disant: "Je me suis rendu compte que des morceaux de métal très lourds pouvaient avoir un volume fluide, et ceci m'a amené à réaliser des pièces de plus en plus grosses." C'est dans le bel assemblage des diverses parties de la sculpture, dans leur "élan fluide", que réside l'essence du style de Murray. Par exemple, le plan diagonal qui glisse sous la barre transversale dans *Becca's H* continue en fait cette barre, se dépliant en une partie supérieure et inférieure. Toutes les articulations présentent de semblables subtilités.

Bien que les six œuvres de Murray à Vancouver n'égalent pas vraiment en qualité les cinq que la Galerie Nationale a choisies pour la Biennale de Sao Paulo, elles démontrent la variété de son invention. *Athabasca* (1966-67) a été partiellement inspiré par la vue de l'ondulation d'énormes plaques de métal dans les chantiers maritimes de la Bethlehem Steel en Californie, quand Murray participa à un symposium de sculpture au Long Beach State College. C'est la seule pièce volumétrique et architectonique: deux demi-coquilles penchées, une demi-tour de Pise. (Comment notre ère pourrait-elle inspirer une œuvre d'art visuellement rassurante?) Comme chez Bladen, le spectateur doit participer, en passant par un corridor d'inégale largeur entre les coquilles. *Athabasca* a été utilisé avec imagination au cours d'une représentation multi-médiums à la galerie alors que des danseurs circulaient lentement au travers de la sculpture.

Ridgefield (1967) tire probablement son nom d'un type d'acier ondulé, appelé Q-decking, que Murray utilise là pour la première fois. Cette œuvre dresse une barrière de 8 pieds sur 10 que le spectateur est forcé de contourner, ce qu'il ne peut faire qu'en utilisant une sorte de porte adjacente sur la droite ou une demi-porte sur la gauche. C'est de côté que *Ridgefield* est le plus intéressant, avec sa mince plaque de métal maintenue en équilibre vertical par le contrepois des deux portes. Par derrière, un motif imitant la vannerie vient s'ajouter au souvenir de la surface antérieure ondulée par le Q-decking, pour donner l'impression d'une surface un peu tarabiscotée, contraire à l'économie des moyens habituelle à Murray.

La Guardia (1968) sert d'illustration à la remarque pénétrante de Lucy Lippard: "Une fois que l'homme a volé, il ne peut plus percevoir le monde de la même façon." Murray, qui possède son propre avion, a conçu cette pièce horizontale, sise au ras du sol, à un moment où il faisait beaucoup de pilotage. Cette étroite piste d'atterrissage, qui passe sous une sorte de cerceau qui la comprime, lui a été inspirée par "la façon dont un avion descend, par paliers successifs, durant un atterrissage."

Becca's H (1968-69) pourrait être une svelte calligraphie de gratte-ciel sans son plan diagonal central, plan qui revient souvent chez Murray, dans des œuvres comme *Duet*, *Cumbria*, *Bank*, *Arroyo* et *Pueblo*. La stabilité du H compense le glissement de la diagonale, cette alternance se jouant à l'échelle ambitieuse et hardie de 12 pieds et 9 pouces sur 6 et 10 et 7 et 6.

Chilcotin (1969) fait participer le spectateur à un niveau inattendu: il a 6 pieds de haut, et Murray l'a très bien décrit: "C'est littéralement l'expérience d'un dessus de table... avec un effet tiré d'Alice au pays des merveilles. Pendant qu'on s'approche, cela ressemble à une table, mais, de près, cet aspect littéral disparaît et on a presque l'impression d'avoir soudain rapetissé."

Lorsqu'on regarde par-dessus la table, on est encore plus désorienté. Le Q-decking ondulé jaune donne à la fois l'impression d'un mouvement et d'une forme carrée, alors qu'en fait la pièce est de 4 pieds plus longue dans le sens des ondulations. Cette illusion d'optique constitue un nouvel élément dans l'œuvre de Murray, élément qu'il

développera sûrement davantage.

Capilano (1969) nous permet de suivre le processus créateur de Murray alors qu'il combine sa diagonale favorite avec la vision aérienne de *La Guardia* et le dessus de table de *Chilcotin*. C'est la plus complexe de toutes ses œuvres. Lorsqu'on est debout derrière la surface plane, on perd complètement de vue la diagonale qui descend vers le sol, pour n'apercevoir que le cerceau à son extrémité.

Diana, l'épouse de Murray, intitule les sculptures, une fois qu'elles sont terminées, afin de pouvoir les identifier facilement. Dans le cas de *Capilano*, Murray a utilisé le nom d'une rivière de Vancouver-Nord, à la suggestion du conservateur Doris Shadbolt. Il serait imprudent d'y voir des formes de paysage, mais le fait que plusieurs titres se rapportent à l'eau (*Watershed*, *Surf*, *Wave*) indique assez combien Murray désire que nous ressentions la poussée des forces vers le bas, comme dans *Capilano*, où elles tombent librement du plateau de la table pour s'engager dans l'ouverture étroite d'une sorte de gorge constituée par le cerceau de *La Guardia*.

(Traduction de Pierre-W. Desjardins)

The world of Jaroslav Vozniak

by Jiri MASIN

Objects, assemblages, paintings and drawings of Jaroslav Vozniak reflect, in a fantastical interplay of telescoped symbols, the absurdity of the world we live in, the world, in the peculiar arrangement of which beauty and cruelty coexist. In his work, Vozniak represents, with an almost veristic precision, pictures of man, likenesses he finds on magazine pages, and regroups with a tortuous imagination, in surprisingly new compositions and mutual relations. His art has nothing of the grotesque character of the situation he pins down, it merely reflects the contradictory nature of the world, and often its terrifying aspects as mirrored in a new reality of a work of art. When he painted paraphrases of Dante's Divine Comedy, it was not by chance that he was attracted, excited and inspired by the scenes of Dante's Hell. Vozniak in his work does not take up the position of judge, does not enforce his own scale of values, he neither condemns nor pretends to a dream of harmony. For him, all things have an equity of values—equal values: heroes and striptease-dancers, a heart removed from the body, a sexual organ laid open to view, phantoms of reality and of dream—a fascinating vitality and the crushing symbols of death, an artist's imagination and a factographical reproduction of reality—and the thing excerpted directly from the same reality. The cruel aggressiveness and crudeness of Vozniak's works is exciting, disquieting, shocking, provocative. They possess something of an analytical precision which does not get lost even in the phantasmal synthesis of the completed work. At his own choice, Vozniak represents in turns a constructional space, an abstract space and an illusory space. He is able to isolate certain elements in a tragic seclusion, while he can, elsewhere, heap up his elements in countless accumulations, and multiply them through juxtapositions leading up to a final plastic effect. He uses contrasts in external artistic expression and in its inner meaning, he brings the immesurables to a violent clash. He changes reality into something unreal, and he promotes the unreal to reality. He opens up realistic bodies and realistic faces and often leaves only their shells, sometimes even reduces them to tissues. He joins the unjoinable, he creates druses of hybrids and of the incomprehensible. His imagination is inexhaustible, he has something of a Hieronymus Bosch obsession in him.

Vozniak is representative of the post-surrealist movement in the Czech and European art, but he also differs from the surrealists in spite of having assimilated the Magritt and Dali lessons: For Vozniak, the main thing is the very existence of a concrete reality with which he works, and in it he finds the basic element of his artistic composition. Not the dream and the subconscious: reality and awareness are the sources of his imagination.

The period between the Dantesque inspiration and the red Objects is saturated in very important experiences with the abstract. Vozniak was not satisfied—he had to revert to an objectivation of his canvas, being a carrier of a certain meaning and mission—without losing anything of the emotional impact of his non-figurative, in most cases sorely wounded expanses. Just as, some time ago, pop-art collided with abstraction, Vozniak's Objects logically came up against his former work. I do not wish now to interpret one by one his works produced in that period. I only feel I must point out that, without any doubt, in those Objects of his some of the local Baroque tradition has been captured, reflected, projected. Their rich composition indeed recalls Baroque concepts. In creating them Vozniak even incorporates pieces

of the Baroque inventory. In these Objects of his, the basic character of which is grounded in their red colouring, Vozniak's depths in thought and in its plastic presentation became manifest, and with it, his clearly defined attitude to the function of a work of art, to its communicative power and mission, to objective representation of injured beauty and cruelty: all these attributes will remain, obviously, inherent mottos to all his creative work, through which he, in his own way, will react to the absurd theater of the world, where man lives and acts his part. The idea of theater reappears in Vozniak's work both in the topical and in the plastic aspects. The great encounter of man and reality from which Vozniak allows no escape into some sphere of blissful dreaming—spoke up definitely also in the series of his extraordinary drawings executed in a classic technique based on the system of short pen-strokes; this technique, extremely delicate, which assures to his drawings an effect of perfection free of any improvisation. Out of labyrinths and cumulations of single elements grew new works, deliberately proclaiming Vozniak's basic credo—naturally being only one of several possible ways of interpretation of reality: to capture the absurdity of time and space in a fantasmagorical remoulding of the real. Metamorphoses of shapes and the metaphors of meanings join with the artist's viewing of reality, in accord with the subsequent development of his work. The element of destruction is a second point of convergence to that of the beginning—which stands out very clearly: The picture of man suddenly falls to pieces, loses its coherence and wholeness, labyrinths of organic tissues are put in contrast with the definiteness of spacial symbols. Large drawings in which Vozniak can fully express his art of imagination and of playing the contrasts, produce an effect of paintings. Some of them he even carries further with the help of mirrors which create new superimposed fantastic shapes. Vozniak never rests: he develops the main bearing of his objects and of his paintings in his assemblages, and in paintings of a new conception in which he combines an object with the classic form of a picture, and he achieves a new, independent, unique and unified, resulting artistic expression. The world of sad lovers, of scalped humanity, of cosmic flights, of film horrors and of exciting sex, the world of famous singers and film stars in an absurd milieu of old icons—a world so cruelly analytical, as if tortured in this very analytical process, the world of life and death, glimpsed through a spectre of chance discoveries—things derelict and found—and of magazine articles, and newly re-created out of the artist's imagination—that kind of world is captured by Vozniak in a fresh totality of a work of art, of which the only measure is the measure of creative freedom.

One of the summits in Vozniak's contemporary work is doubtless represented by his triptych "Transplantations". Having found his inspiration in the transplantations of heart, Vozniak directs his force towards rediscovery of pure painting. While he still uses assemblage in the wings of his triptych, in its centre he once again manifests for painting as such. And it is painting evocative equally of beauty as represented by Bosch and by Dali. Next to an amorously lyrical motive of a young girl's lips he places, in sharp contrast, a realistic confusion of transplants and of anatomical cross-sections. In this triptych, transplantation carries also a second, a metaphorical meaning, in its left wing suggested in the motive of man and woman, in its right wing in a combination of motives connected epically as if in an unknown ancient myth continued right into the present.

There is no doubt at all that this work serves as testimony to the fact that Vozniak is no realist. Neither is he given to metaphysics. He is a romantic. He is one in his work and in his feeling of life. Romantic was an important episode in his young history—playful and "recessist", but logical in the context of his development as one of the original members of a group of artists who chose the paraphernalia of a village-scene marionette for manifesting their creative independence. The group called themselves the "Smidras", and the marionette, Smidra, a silly policeman laughed upon by children at every village-green show, furnished the outer symbols—wooden sabres and paper helmets; the group was first neo-dadaist, grounded in the aesthetics of "the Queer" was doubtless one of those artistic groups who in Czecho-Slovakia uncompromisingly acquired space for free artistic expression. This fact has entered the annals of the recent history of art in Czecho-Slovakia (J. Kriz), while the marionette lent a shield of a new romance to those who—with a bitter smile—opened the way for great artistic testimonies such as Vozniak's. He is romantic also in being a passionate collector, his home and his studio near Prague, in Zbraslav, overflow with romanticism, held materially within a quaint circumvallation Vozniak builds with carved beams and planks. He is romantic also in choosing the sources of his inspiration—among which an exceptionally important role is played by horror-films, erotics magazines and picture magazines in general—there he finds the actual elements of which his imagination seizes hold in order to re-create them, to build up from the feverish reflection of this world, of our world. Vozniak is spontaneous, aggressive, bold—he knows no bounds to an artist's freedom. It is my firm opinion that Vozniak ranges among the most original contemporary artists.

Olivier Debré—A painter of coloured sensation

by Pierre PARET

"With regard to Olivier Debré, we feel once more all that painting, for some time, has decided to keep from us in order to tell us, perhaps with greater emphasis, what it wishes at all costs to say to us." Francis Ponge.

On the wall there is an immense canvas—thirty meters or more—which, by its monumental proportions, fills and animates the hall of the Faculty of Medicine of Toulouse. This canvas painted by the former architecture student, Olivier Debré, represents immensity with its cosmic force, its density, and its expansive presence.

On the wall of more modest dimensions of the atelier in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, there is another canvas with three or four figures that also represents with the same intensity, the same powerful impact, another world that is equally immense. Normally, a painting of this size, lost on a partition in an atelier is inconspicuous. This painting, on the contrary, is the centre of attention. Extending beyond the frame, the picture lights up the barren white plaster, in the middle of which it seems to have been haphazardly thrown.

These two apparently different works have nonetheless a common morphology and a common purpose. When canvases of such opposite dimensions have the same effect on the viewer—wherever they are hung—one must believe that the artist who conceived them has an inner message whose full significance it would be wrong to neglect.

Debré seeks to express the reality of space by forms, themselves symbolized by colours.

—There are forces in the universe that reason does not explain—at least not yet, but whose existence man acknowledges. Until now, painters ignored them and worked in terms of established norms. Today we live in the space age: the norms have changed, or more precisely, new ones have appeared.

—Certain abstract painters have had a glimpse of these forces.

—On rare occasions. Until recent years, they remained entirely dependent on Greek art and first sought aesthetic equilibrium.

For Debré, space is the universe and what constitutes the universe is a harmony of forces.

—Things live only in space which, in turn, separates them or reunites them and always surrounds them. I want my colour to play with space. In the time in which we live, we are no longer walking about in the landscape of Van Eyck or of Claude Lorrain. I am trying to put contemporary man in his own context.

It is essential never to forget that, according to the conception of Debré, the painter is a vertical being considering from the angle of his uprightedness a horizontal world, all the more immense than it is far away, and all the more perceptible than it is immense. Must we not see in that a modern awareness of space? An awareness which is that of the aviator. Its mystique is the universe and its poetry is immensity. It spans the planet as Saint-Exupéry, in his "taxi" took the hundred steps between Venus and Sagittarius.

If one gives oneself up to the reality of these canvases but a moment, one discovers Monts Saint-Michel splitting, resisting the water, Corsicas with coasts being torn by the movements of the sea, and Sardinias whose shores are being unravelled by the sea.

With these large formats, Debré is descended from Delacroix, or the Monet of the *Nymphs*, but, whereas Monet made enlarged micro-landscapes, he paints the universe life-size. Thus he is the first portrait-painter of unlimited spaces.

Forms and colours

For a long time, colour remained in the service of the picture. Here, freed from this servitude, it speaks at last in its own language. A language which becomes that of the spirit only after having been that of sensation. Music is no different.

What strikes you at first, is the impression of occupied space. But one is soon attracted by the blots apparently thrown at random: coloured blocks or slashes that balance with the calm masses whose movements they govern. At once beacons and command posts, catalysts of energy and generators of life, these islets of impact diffuse on the flat surface a light that quivers at the slightest contacts, at the least variations of background. Ocean depths that give stability to the colour of the water, a certain immobility and a density similar to a ripening. Shallows and shores that multiply light and stimulate vibrations. The fragility of a young girl opposing the serenity, the plenitude of the adult woman. One may thus speak of a range of existence.

The density of the blot or of the line gives their appearance and their value to the flat tints which are always in movement, sometimes even in ebullition. Some of them only appear to be monochromatic; one notices quickly that there is, in reality, a festival of variations from an initial tone (as in a fugue). And this monochromism of innumerable facets spreads over us like a cloud of freshness in the middle of summer: the colour, rich and generous, having the flavour of fruit. One becomes aware that space is flesh and form is voluptuous. For

Debré is first a sensualist.

My painting, he says, is neither reflective nor deliberate. It renounces theory; it denies the system. It is an emotional painting. It is experienced.

It is, in effect, a neo-impressionism responding to the extensions brought by the inventions which put into concrete form a new dimension, space, and consequently opens a new field of vision. There is no reason to be surprised if it is presented as a reaction opposed to the icy severity and the systematic desire to denaturalize of Mondrian and to the negativism of Klein. It is, in reality, as Pierre Courthion has observed, the development of what Klee had glimpsed.

A follower who precedes

Many things have been said or written about Debré that are worth remembering, be it only to deny them. He does not like to dwell on this subject; he never mentions it. It is necessary to draw words out of him.

—I have been accused of having come under the influence of Staël and of having made use of his discoveries. It is obvious that some of my abstract paintings of 1943 are very similar to *Barrières* of the Carré collection . . . dated 1947.

At that time—in 1943—I was not familiar with Staël. Later, I saw the works he was doing then: forms floating in space. The idea is different. The idea of integrating the paint with the form of the painting came to him, it seems to me, much later. From the time I was 25 to 30, I had an abundance of ideas.

This is the same way in which we rediscover the influence of Kline and Soulages in advance. The untitled paintings in black by Franz Kline are from 1947 and *Le Mort de Dachau* by Debré, from 1945.

But this is in the past. Let us return to the present.

Daguerre's invention rendered obsolete the exact reproduction of nature: the eye of the camera sees more than the human eye. But the denial of the contact with nature brings the artist to a form of expression more like the dryness of geometry, than art. Thus Debré continually refers to nature. Often he sets his easel up to paint outdoors, as did Monet, Cézanne or Van Gogh. Like them he is touched by nature, the current passes through him, as with them, but it passes through a different prism. The picture he sees resembles in no way the one his predecessors saw.

Between seeing this picture which immediately produces an emotion and the projection of this emotion onto canvas, chain reactions are at work. By a secret alchemy, this image is refashioned and draws away from the photograph imprinted on the retina. The large flat tints become gliding movements. The sea glides on itself in a continuous movement. It glides slowly with the rhythm of the pulsations of the earth. Thus the painting of Debré is never gestural. To the fugacity of the gesture there is opposed the fullness of the movement of a mass whose colour softens a mineral world that changes tone with the time, the sky, the back-water, the winds, and the tides.

For colour gives assistance to the forms that are taking shape, spreading out or condensing. The sky does not strike the same colour in the deep water as it does in the hurried waters of a current, or the indolent and friendly waters of the shores. To each emotion there corresponds a privileged shade that itself leads to a form that is abstract henceforth, since it no longer relies on the tracing of an image, a tactile reality.

This retreating, this refashioning, this brewing of masses, and the balance between the condensing blots and the large strokes as fragile as newly-grown skin, call for an implacable structuring, a faultless organization, without which this ever-beginning movement would turn to anarchy and disintegration. Logically, structure and organization are the basic elements from which the work develops.

Now Debré treads slowly, seeks, hesitates, advances, draws back, flounders, gives up, and returns . . . until the moment when, suddenly, all is set in motion. It thus seems that he has instinctively, almost in spite of himself, conceived and fixed the structures, but that not knowing them, he fails to rediscover them and he reaches them only after a time of gestation.

Figuration—The starting point

In front of me I have some charming figurative canvases that are well constructed, with wonderful harmony and already coloured. They are from the time when the apprentice architect was not yet dreaming of spatial planes and horizontal landscapes.

—What were you thinking at that time?

—I was not doing much thinking. I painted because I longed to, because I wanted to sing. It was a spontaneous gesture, a need to express myself without preoccupying myself with intellectual or artistic problems. I painted as a plant grows. As we breathe. I have always painted. It is a way of life; it cannot be explained . . .

(We think of Picasso saying that "the artist works because of a need to do so, because he is, also, a small element of the world".)

— . . . And then through painting, I began to realize the problems that were involved. Now, in 1943, the first abstract painters were misunder-

stood. I had a notion about what Mondrian was doing, a vague idea, but a precise feeling. The approach of his research interested me deeply, but his rigidity and his rationalism made me think that he was not much of a painter.

I wanted to do abstract painting that would be a transposition of classical painting with all its warmth, its sensuality, and spontaneity. I always kept in mind this thought of Gide's: art is a fallen-away fervour. It was this fervour that I wanted to regain and breathe into forms.

This is the same feeling that animated the so-called lyric or action painting of Pollock and the adherents to this discipline. Of course, I did not discover this word lyric, to which Mathieu gave its modern meaning, but in my mind fervour meant just about the same thing. The same is true for warmth. We have spoken of warm abstraction and I have been speaking of the warmth which we must infuse into the works as opposed to the severity of the geometric painters.

Today some quarters condemn painting for enjoyment. Olivier Debré does not deny that, large or small, his canvases tend to bring joy to those who want to like them. And, if such people are numerous, the reason is simple: although it speaks to the unconscious, his art employs the language of everyday.

—You are very far removed from Matisse, and yet, you have a physical feeling for painting and the coloured mass in common with him.

—When I was 22 I was greatly influenced by Picasso. The intellectual structure of his research and his discoveries were really inspired, and they fascinated me. It was then a question of my recreating a perceptible world through a more abstract analysis. And then there was Matisse's discovery. His essentially pictorial universe also attracted me.

—Matisse's work portrays mostly people, and yours, mostly landscapes.

—That's true, but I value the idea of the presence of man, of which my Montreal canvas is an example. Man is not represented in the sense that one ordinarily sees him, but I did my utmost to give the impression of human presence. In my work, man is symbolized by a vertical sign, that is an inhabited sign.

—You are like Hartung in that respect.

—No doubt.

—The material in some of your canvases evokes the original clay.

—Yes, moreover, I like to immerse myself in nature. For me it is a physical necessity. After having renounced more constructed structures, which by that very fact are too limited, I turned towards space (unless it was space that came to me), and I have tried to give it expansion by colour.

—This ever infinite universe is your own domain whatever are the dimensions of your canvases. These coloured blots that project from your pictures like masts, from which there might be hung immense sails, belong only to you. But you are not the sort of man to stop there, are you?

—I wonder if my next steps will not lead me to . . . how shall I say this . . . to the perceptible exploitation of the forces inherent in colour. Each volume possesses indeed, interior dynamisms which are its own and whose intensity must be felt and shown. Or, more precisely, I want to offer to these hidden intensities a way to free themselves, and in that very way, to give them fullness.

This force of colour is nothing other than the force of feeling. It must be interpreted and transmitted.

—In short, do these dynamism constitute a new matter proceeding from which you express sensations?

—Exactly. I think that that will translate itself in my canvases by a fuller internal movement and by surfaces that are more extensively laid out with more lightness and clarity, surfaces that are more cast than painted.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

The Statue of Wolfe

by Jean TRUDEL

In the old historical guides of Quebec, we almost always find some mention of a sculpted wood statue of Wolfe in the niche of the house on the corner of Cote du Palais and St. John Street. The niche still exists today, but it is empty. The statue of Wolfe that was quite a tourist attraction is no longer there. Since examples of early Quebec sculpture dealing with non-religious subjects are very rare, and iconographic and manuscript documentation of the case in point are exceptionally abundant, it is worthwhile to try to reconstrue the history of the statue of Wolfe.

During the French regime

When the English entered Quebec after the defeat of the French

troops, they found a city that amazed them and they made countless descriptions of it by story and sketch. Indeed, in order to know what Quebec looked like during the French regime, we must refer to English documents, for the French left us no equivalent description of the city. Some aspects of Quebec as a French city are now totally unknown to us. It is sufficient to read this sentence from Knox's journal *Campaigns in North America*, dated October 1759. "In the corner-houses of the streets are niches in the walls, with statues as large as life of St. Joseph, St. Ursula, St. Augustine, St. Dennis, and many others; with the like figures in the fronts of their churches and other religious houses, which have an agreeable effect to the eyes of passengers." There is nothing new in sculptures in the façades of churches and religious buildings, but that there were religious sculptures in the niches of houses that formed street corners, is an unsuspected aspect of the traditional art of Quebec. That is confirmed if we refer to a watercolour by James Pattison Cockburn that is kept in the Manoir Richelieu of Pointe-au-Pic. It depicts the Neptune Inn from a street parallel to its frontage where the artist positioned himself to execute his work around 1830. In the foreground, on the right, there is a large, empty niche which in the French regime probably contained a statue of a saint.

Such is the case for the house on the corner of Palace Hill (formerly rue des Pauvres) and St. John Street. There was an empty niche there when the English entered the city. James Thompson³ speaks of it thus: "... as it happened to have a niche probably intended for the figure of some saint..." According to Philippe Aubert de Gaspé⁴, the niche of this house, built before 1739⁴ contained a statue of Saint John the Baptist. As there certainly was a direct relationship between the name of the streets and saints represented in the niches, this is more than likely. To explain the niche's being empty, Philippe Aubert de Gaspé proposes: "This niche was occupied by the statue of Saint John the Baptist. It was placed immediately above the door, almost within reach. As tradition has it, that is what made the citizens fear that after the capture of Quebec, it would be removed and profaned. It was taken to the monastery of Hôpital-Général where it remains to this day."⁴ This explanation is very plausible, although it has not been possible to trace this sculpture. It is also possible that it was sheltered at the time of the bombardment of Quebec. According to Knox's description, not all of the statues were removed before the arrival of the British. It is certain, however, that the custom of placing religious statues at street corners stopped with the beginning of the first British regime.

The first statue of Wolfe

The idea of placing a statue of General Wolfe in the empty niche on the corner of St. John Street is not surprising if one thinks of the "cult" of Wolfe, of the veneration the English had for him after his death⁵. On July 5, 1771, the house with the empty niche was sold to a first English proprietor named Duncan McCraw, a merchant who resold it on April 20, 1780 to a George Hips, a meat merchant⁷. Shortly before or shortly after this time, the statue of Wolfe was placed in the niche. In fact, a mysterious contract bound Hips and McCraw as early as Sept. 15, 1779, and George Hips died shortly after having drawn his will on April 10th, 1781. It was George Hips again who ordered the statue for the house with the ensign of General Wolfe, or "Wolfe's Corner", according to the French or English names. In James Thompson's words: "but he did not know how to set about getting one (a statue of Wolfe). At last he finds out two french Sculptors, who were brothers of the name of Chaulette and he asks me if I thought I could direct them to make a likeness of the General in wood. I said I would, at all events, have no objections to undertake it, and accordingly they, the Chaulettes, tried to imitate several sketches I gave them, but they made a poor job of it after all for the front-face is no likeness at all, and the profile is all that they could hit upon and which is good..."³

Still very little is known about the Chaulette family in question except that their father Pierre Chaulette is thought to have been a ship's carpenter and his two sons carpentry sculptors. Hyacinthe would have been 16 in 1779 and Ives, 18⁸. Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, who knew the Chaulette (or Cholet) family well refused to believe that they were the creators of Wolfe's statue for they never made mention of it; he was mistaken, however, in believing that they were too young to sculpt it. He had placed the date of its execution at 1771 at the latest⁹.

The polychromatic wood sculpture measures five feet high including the base. Wolfe is standing, firmly on both feet, in a rather rigid position. He has his right hand on his hip, and his left hand, with its arm outstretched horizontally, points to a place in the general direction in which the head is turned: that is the only movement in the sculpture. Wolfe is wearing a three-cornered hat, and a long pigtail falls onto his back. His uniform is like that of the "Redcoats" with its long frock-coat and knee-length boots. A short sword, in fact a bayonet, hangs at his left side and unites in a rather strange way with

the curve of the fold of his frock-coat. It is a sculpture that is at once skilful in its details and awkward in the rigidity of the whole. That could be explained by the youth of its artists¹⁰.

James Pattison Cockburn made two watercolours where we see the first statue of Wolfe in its original place: one of them is kept at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, and a photograph of the other is in the Quebec Citadel Museum. In looking at them, we immediately realize the importance of this intersection, of which each of the two streets leads to a city gate, and the ideal location of the house at Wolfe's Corner. Quite close-by, in Palace Hill, can be seen the façade of the Albion Hotel where all the important people stopped and where concerts were even given. On the house, Wolfe's statue seems to be integrated with a series of notice boards: on the highest one, can be read "Thomas Hobbs Cabinet Maker Upholster and Undertaker No. 2 Palace Street" and on the lower one "Joseph Vallancourt Grocery and Tavern". It is obvious why one of the owners of the house felt it wise to fill the empty niche and make use of such an eye-catching spot. If the statue of Saint John the Baptist was not safe in this place, needless to say, Wolfe was not spared either.

As early as 1828 James Thompson related that the statue had often been toppled from its niche by "mischievous persons", and broken and repaired by the various owners of the house³. The most widely known misadventure of the sculpture occurred in the year 1838 when the warship H.M.S. Inconstant was laying anchor in the port of Quebec. Some young sailors, after a joyous farewell party at the Albion Hotel, removed the statue to take it on board their ship. It is said that it then served as an ensign in the Bermudas, and then in Portsmouth, and it was finally returned after some time, via Halifax, to the mayor of Quebec¹². In 1842 the city hall council approved expenditure of four pounds paid to "Raphael Giroux for repairs and painting to the statue of General Wolfe, and for setting it at the corner of rue du Palais..."¹³. François Éventurel and Isaac Dorion became owners of the house in December 1846¹⁴; they demolished it shortly after to build a new one there in which, to continue the tradition, they had a niche built. But to avoid further incidents, the niche was built in the third floor.

The second statue of Wolfe

Considering our rigorous climate, it is not surprising that few works of art in sculpted wood, ensigns, or sculptures still exist among all those that were left outside. That is why, in 1898, Mr. Sise, president of the Bell Telephone Company, who was the owner of the house at that time, had the sculpture removed in order to have it restored. After having had it repainted, he wrote "... the condition of the wood is such, and the figure is generally in such a state of decay, under the paint, that it would not be safe to again place it where it would be exposed to the weather"¹⁵. The niche remained empty until September 13th, 1901. People thought of putting the statue in place again, but in a glassed-in niche, the cost of the operation being about the same as that of a new wood statue; they opted for the latter solution¹⁶. A new statue was sculpted between June and September 1901, probably by one of the last two great wood sculptors living at that time Jean-Baptiste Côté (1832-1907) or Louis Jobin (1844-1928).

The second statue of Wolfe, conserved in the Quebec Citadel Museum measures about six feet including its base. There are still traces of paint all over the sculpture. Wolfe is standing; the left leg is slightly behind the right. A movement of the whole body turns it to the right. The left hand rests on the hip. The right arm, in a very elegant gesture, points to the place where the eyes are looking: slightly above eye-level to the right. He is wearing the three-cornered hat, the frock-coat and the knee-length boots. He has a very impressive arsenal made up of a rifle slung over his shoulder, two pistols in his belt, and a long sword at his left side. The skilful execution of this sculpture is evidenced in the composition, the movement, and all the details. It is more in keeping with the traditional iconography of Wolfe that the first statue which, for some unknown reason, has the left arm rather than the right arm raised.

All the representations of Wolfe in an attitude of command derive from a drawing made in Quebec by Captain Hervey Smyth reproduced by engraving around 1760¹⁷. One of these engravings was found in the first house on Wolfe's Corner at the time of its demolition about 1846¹⁸. A curious thing, it looks as if the Chaulette brothers inverted the position of the arm when using the drawing. It is true that they also used sketches by James Thompson. It is again this engraving that was used by the creator of the second statue of Wolfe who added two pistols and a long sword. We must mention here that Philippe Hébert (1850-1917) had already used it for a bronze work that was placed in a niche in the Quebec parliament as early as 1894¹⁹. Another Quebec artist, this time a painter, used the engraving of Wolfe for one of his works: Joseph Légaré (1795-1855) painted, probably about 1840, a work conserved in the Quebec Museum that is called *Hypothetical Landscape with a Wolfe Monument*. For English-speaking people, there never was a monument to Wolfe in Quebec worthy

of the name, that is to say, bearing a full-length statue of the general. Neither the column erected in 1828 in the governor's gardens, nor the one that was erected on the Plains of Abraham in 1849 by British officers bear a representation of Wolfe. L'Égaré, moving in the English-speaking society of Quebec—from which he probably drew commissions—expressed, in painting his *Landscape*, the wish of the people he associated with. The importance of the wood statue representing Wolfe and the veneration and the care with which it was treated in English circles in Quebec city is now more easily explained. It is sufficient to read the story, published in London in 1822 of a traveller who came to Quebec in 1819. "Nearly opposite to our lodgings in St. John street is the only monument of Wolfe which we saw in Quebec. It is a statue, I believe, of wood, handsomely carved, and about as large as life; it is in the military costume of the day, and it is said to be a good likeness of Wolfe. It stands in a niche, in the angle of a house or shop, and exposed to the weather."¹⁹ The same feeling is more clearly apparent in the very well-documented communication of P. B. Casgrain to the Royal Society of Canada on June 23, 1904: "Referring again to the above remarks of our London visitor, as to the comparative meagreness of the present column on the Plains, it cannot be denied it is far from having being proportionate to the world-wide renown of Wolfe, and the grand results of his victory"²⁰.

On February 11, 1964, the statue of Wolfe at the corner of Palace Hill and St. John Street was removed from its niche to be placed in security in the Quebec Citadel Museum. The owner of the house had received threats of fire if he did not have it removed²¹. It is now very unlikely that either Saint John the Baptist or Wolfe will ever return to their original place.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Notes

1. Captain John Knox, *An Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America*. Toronto, The Champlain Society, 1914, Vol. II, p. 203.
2. The photo is conserved in the National Institute of Civilization, in the La Malbaie file, Manoir Richelieu, B-2. James Pattison Cockburn (1779-1847), a career military man, stayed in Quebec for several years.
3. James Thompson (Scotland 1733-Quebec 1830) came to Quebec with Wolfe's troops. The Archives of Quebec conserve several handwritten documents as well as a notebook entitled *Reminiscences* containing anecdotes gathered by James Thompson junior from his father during 1828-29. For that which concerns the statue of Wolfe, see pages 42 and 43 of this notebook.
4. P. B. Casgrain, *The Monument to Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, and the old statue at "Wolfe's Corner"*, in Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, London, 1905, section II, 1904, p. 213 to 222.
5. Philippe Aubert de Gaspé *La Statue du général Wolfe in Divers*. Montreal, Beauchemin, 1893, p. 89 to 109.
6. Guy Frégault, *La Guerre de la conquête*, Fides, Montreal and Paris, 1955, p. 356 and 357.
7. See P. B. Casgrain.
8. See Philippe Aubert de Gaspé.
9. If we accept Thomson's story, the statue could only have been sculpted between September 15, 1779 and April 10, 1781, that is the period during which George Hips was involved in the history of the house on "Wolfe's Corner".
10. The authorization to photograph this sculpture being bound to a promise not to mention where it is now, we must respect this promise.
11. It was not possible to retrace the original photo of the Citadel Museum.
12. Many authors have dealt with this misadventure. Let us mention J. M. Lemoine, *Picturesque Quebec*. Dawson Brothers, Montreal, 1882, p. 502 to 505.
13. A report of the Quebec city hall Assembly of February 25, 1842. Archives of the Quebec city hall. Raphaël Giroux (1804-1869) is classified by Gérard Morisset among the "country craftsmen". See *Coup d'œil sur les arts en Nouvelle-France*. Quebec, 1941, p. 42.
14. See P. B. Casgrain, p. 218.
15. In the newspaper, *The Chronicle*, Quebec, Wednesday, December 7th, 1898. The article is entitled: *Wolfe is heard from*.
16. Archives of the Quebec city hall. A letter from John Jones to the mayor of Quebec, on June 26th, 1901.
17. See *Wolfe, Portraiture and Genealogy*, Quebec House, Permanent Advisory committee, 1959. University Press, Glasgow, plate 16-17, and pages 37 and 38. See also Clarence Webster, *Wolfe and the Artists*. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1930, pages 30 to 35 and 46-47.
18. See Damase Potvin, *Aux fenêtres du Parlement de Québec*. Les Éditions de la Tour de Pierre, Quebec, 1942, p. 31-32. See also Maurice Brodeur *Une figure nationale, Louis-Philippe Hébert, statuaire*, in *Le Terroir* 14: p. 10 to 12, n. 11, April 1933.
19. Dr. Benjamin Silliman, *A tour to Quebec in the Autumn of 1819*. London, 1822, p. 97.

20. P. B. Casgrain p. 221.

21. *Wolfe reviendra-t-il dans sa niche, Maison Leonard?* An article by Clement Trudel in *L'Événement*, Quebec, Saturday, February 15, 1964. See also an article by Paul Boilard in *Le Soleil* of February 29, 1964.

The crafts in the contemporary city

By Miroslav KLIVAR

The crafts, as individual art, are applied in the culture of the contemporary European city in multiform values and functions. If we base ourselves on urbanistic concepts which attempt to forge a dynamic and complex urban structure, a real *humanopolis*, and not the quantitative concept of the agglomeration or of the metropolitan area, we realize that the function of the crafts as *art* will be much broader than it is now. Saarinen was right when he considered the city as an immensely alive and active formation, whose organism resembled that of a living being. This organism reacts sensitively to all the stimulants that surround it.

Obviously, crafts in the XXth century are growing. Their use in industrial technique, for example, is more widespread. Each part of these arts are not necessarily created by the same person, or even as a single piece as the classical tradition of art prescribes. We are not thinking here of the crafts as a technical base of form, as a means. Even if in this area, many changes are occurring, even if complicated relations towards industrial design have developed, we base ourselves on the fact that the relative characteristics remain the same, that this art has a specific aspect, an intent and a mobility of its own, as Pierre Francastel has emphasized in speaking about plastic art in general. We think of the artistic masterworks, especially those which are related to crafts and are created by professionals, who take up this activity as a profession, mainly with the help of techniques of classical masters, according to their imagination or according to a model. We retain the unique piece or the unique series of products.

How are crafts valued in the contemporary city? First of all in architecture. In the evolution of the structural series of its aesthetic and plastic values—from the point of view of the unity of the whole and the different parts—the crafts remain, above all, a secondary matter; in urban architecture, only a part. It is manifest in the dominating and perspective quality of the industrial character of modern and future architecture. However, that does not mean that crafts can be only a complementary thing, or an additional decoration. Neither are they a passive adaptation, because adaptability is a passive thing. It is the creative integration of crafts into the industrial quality of the architecture. In this spirit, crafts become a *synthetic* detail, and they should be organically included into the whole of the architectural work. It is towards such values that the best Scandinavian architects are working, as are Italian, Czecho-Slovak and many other architects. There is an urbanistic value in the plastic work done by Pavel Krbálek. Mrs. Brychtová and Mr. Libenský are finding the materiality of colour in the area of glass. All of their works have large common features: they underscore the importance of the qualities of the material, they bear marks of the human hand, they aim for great monumental forms. The taste to experiment with forms is also very typical of both artists.

The artist Jindriska and Pravoslav Rada, of Prague, obtain remarkable results in the area of monumental creation. All of their works oscillate between static lyricism and dynamic meaning. The common feature of these works is "dynamic poeticism", which is the name of an original artistic programme that originated amongst the Czech avant-garde in the 1920's. This dynamic poeticism discovers a poetry of life that is so desired, an harmonious humanity; it has its optimistic anthropology, its philosophy of happiness.

The crafts, considered as modern artistic work, integrate historical architecture into the present day plastic culture. The renovation of the Castle of Prague by the architects Janák, Rothmayer, and Frágner unites the structure of historical style with the plastic sensitivity of today through the intermediary of the crafts and expresses modern culture. The crafts, with regard to the creating of unique works, have a present day aesthetic importance. They unite the present to the past. Historical resemblances are not of importance here. Exterior historicism in the renovation of historical monuments is unconnected with the present day culture of the city. The experiences of Czech artists show that the art profession must also be included in this projected integration, in a complex way, in every detail, including all the exterior elements.

But it is not only a question of relationships towards architecture. From the sociological point of view, it is important nowadays that the art profession, being based in general on regional traditions, can also satisfy the human need to feel assured of being "rooted" in the

nation, as Erich Fromm has expressed it. Let us not forget that the city is a large regional area that is constantly developing and is part of a certain cultural and ethnic group. The crafts, as producing modern work, have come from the traditions of a cultural area, and eventually also use the materials and morphology of the surrounding environment. These features allow the use of a large scale of expressions, which has a vaster sociological importance, and not only for the architecture of the city. Artistic crafts somehow give man roots, a cultural link with the nation, which is important in the present day anonymity of standard industrial building, in the transition which is currently occurring between the extended family and the closed one. Sociological research notes the importance of social privacy in the family, as König said. The crafts have vast potential to explore in terms of its social function in the area of housing. Our research on the crafts in Czechoslovakia shows that, particularly in modern housing and new complexes, there is a special interest displayed among the people for works of art and popular art. This is not a mere compensation, an opposition to industrial articles; it is not a reaction to standardization. We see there a conformity to the laws of anthropology trying to obtain a great variety within the plastic culture.

In the reality of objects of the contemporary city, we cannot ignore also certain tensions existing between the crafts and industrial art. It is a healthy tension, giving inspiration, and not destructive, tending to wipe out the other. It does not limit such and such a sphere, but tries to attain the specific character of both arts, even if the limits of it are very dynamic. The structure of civilization of the modern city in Europe is richly differentiated and needs crafts as well as industrial art. Neither can we agree with the unilateral opinion according to which the crafts are a kind of experimental laboratory for industrial art, for we would thus ignore the whole scope of plastic art and we would reduce the field of our research. Neither can we agree with the opinion of Ken Baynes (*Design*, July 1965) who states that between industrial art and the crafts, there exists a certain hostility. Relationships between the two spheres are very close, since from them there is derived the structure of aesthetic plastic values, the need for psychological compensation from monotonous industrial structures of which man has had enough, and also the preparation and the formation of specialists. We can say rather that the development of industrial art in the industrial civilization actively stimulates the evolution of the crafts as a modern field of art. The specific aspect of the varied structures of plastic art itself as well as the inequality and the complexity of the evolution of the European urban civilization aim for a relative equilibrium between the crafts and industrial art within the context of the whole of plastic art. This is not a utopia. This harmonious symbiosis in the different fields and of the aesthetic qualities resulting from products has been developed for a long time in Denmark, for example, in the creation of furniture, as we can see in the furniture displays in Copenhagen. The same is true of Danish and Norwegian textiles and ceramics. We follow similar paths of evolution in Czechoslovakia, Italy, Poland, and in other countries. We could mention other fields like silver work, jewellery, glassware, etc.

The crafts form an organic part of the aesthetic industrial culture; they integrate art, influence it, but do not destroy it and will not destroy it. Pessimism about civilization has no place here. Man needs crafts, because this form of art is the very basis for aesthetic education and the education of talented people, as Herbert Read often says. That is why the crafts will continue to live under a fixed and mobile form in the contemporary city. It is a part of man's world of objects; it is an eternal art.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Claude Jutra's *WOW*

by Dominique NOGUEZ

"It has been said that I am running after my youth.
That is true. And not only my own." André Gide

Claude Jutra's interest in youth is not new. Since *Mouvement perpétuel*, his first short film (produced in collaboration in 1949 when he was not yet 20 years old), his work, even though it is so varied attains a kind of unity in the attentive look (curious and accommodating) cast on all that is young in Quebec or elsewhere (is not *Niger 60* the story of a very young African republic?) But here, there is a distinction to be made, youth is at once weakness and strength, immaturity and fulfillment. Jutra is certainly sensitive to the fragile and idealistic qualities of young people; from that comes all the pedagogical inspira-

tion of his work: *Les Enfants du silence*, produced with Michel Brault in 1962; *Comment savoir* a medium length film produced in 1965 on the use of modern techniques in school teaching. It is not a coincidence, moreover, if in one of the first sequences in *Wow*, his last film, he plays the role of a teacher: just as in Godard there is a repressed writer or in Fellini a would-be pimp, we would say that a teacher lies dormant in Jutra.

Nevertheless what seems to fascinate him especially is the other aspect of youth; this mixture of vigour and gracefulness, impetuosity and reverie, virility and tenderness, exhibitionism and modesty, that the word "adolescent" (mainly in the masculine form) suggests in itself. Even more than *The Struggle* produced with Gilles Groulx in 1961, *Rouli-roulant* (a short N.F.B. film of 1966) and especially *Wow* (1970) vividly show his partiality to adolescence. Just as in the scenario that he wrote for Pierre Patry (*Petit discours de la méthode*, 1962), Paris was seen from the point of view of a young Canadian, in these last two films, Montreal and all of society are seen from the point of view of a handful of Quebec adolescents—sometimes the same ones, who are simply a little older from one film to the next, if we can judge so by certain photos. This time the marvelous humour of Jutra—that he used against himself with a kind of smiling masochism in *A tout prendre* (1) no longer attacks here the characters in the film but the society in which they live and against which they have to struggle. Moreover, that is especially true in *Rouli-roulant* whose emphatic commentary, read by Charles Denner, ridicules rather effectively the rules of which North American municipalities have made such "a simple" game. In *Wow*, the humour is completely toned down; as obliging as it is, the humour remains the synonym of distance, and distance is precisely what Jutra is trying to abolish in his film. Rarely has a filmwriter so passionately and so humbly sought to put himself into the situation of young people, to see what they see, to experience what they feel when they are smoking, when they are making love, to guess what they are thinking, to understand even their dreams. This effort is more touching than diabolical; for it is evident that it is done less through a superlative voyeurism than a secret and poignant nostalgia—a refusal to age.

Wow begins where *Zabriskie Point* leaves off: everything blows up. Or more exactly: the young people are blowing everything up—house, family, refrigerator, car. It is about the only unreal part of this film that bears witness to life. For if, in *Zabriskie Point* (by Antonioni) the dynamiting of the luxurious summer home of the heroine's parents, as imaginary as it is, seems the scarcely hyperbolic image and, in sum, the logical consequence of a radical opposition to established society, in *Wow*, the recourse to this extreme solution does not at all seem to follow from the conversations of the characters. It is a warning more than a prophesy. It is also an anticipated justification of the film (adults or alleged adults, see what will happen if you continue to misunderstand the aspirations of youth!) For what is striking, when one listens to Babette, Flis, Michelle, Dave, Philippe, Monique, François, Marc and Pierre—the nine young people from 17 to 18 who are successively questioned by Jutra—is rather their submission (explicit or not) to established values. No doubt Flis, the "toughest", the closest to "CEGEP-ian" youth, announces that "people are going to talk about it, violence is inevitable", but it is surprising to rediscover among the others, either manifestly, in their statements, or in a more confused way in the visual expression of their dreams, their defence of the family, marriage, parents, school, the apolitical position (allegedly justified by a feeling of impotence). We are far from the big night. We are especially surprised because these conformist reactions—scarcely concealed by a superficial non-conformity (hair, clothes, "pot" and "hash") do not agree with what young people themselves are writing—in particular in student newspapers. Which is closer to the truth (to a certain statistical truth), the articles by young people or Jutra's film? It is true that Jutra's youngsters, for the most part, are not those who write for student papers. But just who are they? And here basically is the main question to be posed in this ambiguous film: who is speaking? All of Quebec youth or certain young Montrealers? These young people or Jutra? In other words: is it truly these young people themselves that the film presents to us, or the idea Jutra has of them?

The uncertainty is maintained by the very status of the film: sometimes it is a documentary film (in the course of the black and white sequences, done in a televisual style, young people reply to a series of questions about "drugs", young people, love, parents, school, violence, politics, the future), and sometimes, a film of fiction (in the first sequences and the "dream" sequences, in colours, which, moreover, don't work too well), sometimes returning, in the interviewer-interviewed relationships, to the classical structure of ethnological reporting, and sometimes offering a certain participation to the "interviewed" to whom the interviewer gives the chance to stage, with his help, their dearest dreams (in this sense *Wow* fulfills the ambition that the Torontonian Mort Ransen had in the great many things that failed to be satisfied in *Christopher's Movie Matinee* (2)). There sometimes results from this a kind of osmosis, a mutual contagiousness, to the extent

that we no longer know to whom to attribute certain sequences which are neither interview sequences nor dream sequences: the end of the memory of the "trip" at the beginning of the film, leaves one particularly perplexed. Three of the film's characters, under the effect of marijuana, rush and tear large photos of Marx, Freud, John Kennedy, and Laurel and Hardy that were put up on a fence in the street. As it is rather unlikely that we have ever met anywhere such signs stuck side by side, we must figure that here Jutra introduces an imaginary element into the story of his characters and, adding on two or three levels, a kind of morality, emphasizes the meaning: he suggests that hashish makes one iconoclastic (and apolitical?). This time, as in all films where fictional and authentic elements merge (*Z, Medium Cool*), doubt is cast on the authenticity of the sequences which apparently are the least contrived. And in *Wow* this legitimate doubt takes the form of the following questions: why has Jutra chosen these 9 youngsters? Because they are representative of one kind of youth? Because they are not? And what youth?

Nothing in the film allows us to answer this or to situate truly (socially) these young boys and girls: now this fog with which Jutra surrounds their origin is not innocent. It betrays a partiality that we could call *juvenilist* and which consists in considering that all young people of a certain age have, beyond their differences in social origin and formation, more in common than any one of them has with adults of his own social circle—in short to replace the division of society into social classes by a division into age classes, or yet to consider that in contemporary Western societies youth forms a social class in itself. Such as it is, this proposition would evidently be aberrant. The truth is rather that an important part of middle class youth (of the United States, Canada, England, France, Japan) forms *within* its class an autonomous group, denying, increasingly difficult to assimilate. This centrifugal force, by attracting to it (or by joining) a part of the youth of other social classes, postulates (clearly or not, rigidly or not) the shattering of the barriers of classes, and sometimes already lives in the euphoria of "pot parties" or the group that confronts the police; it is an experience of a classless society.

However, I would unwillingly maintain that Jutra's partiality even deprived of these corrections, is not justifiable: I have often thought the same thing.⁽³⁾ It is justified in a certain didactico-tactical perspective (an argument seems better and is more easily supported if what varies it, or limits it, remains in the background) or aesthetic perspective (the artist has every right, including that of deforming the truth). It was good simply to mention this to underscore the particularity of Jutra's approach—which distinguishes it, for example, from the approach of Jacques Godbout in *Kid Sentiment* (N.F.B. 1968). Whereas Godbout lets his four young people live and improvise—act—before us, Jutra almost always puts his in a situation of *passivity*: seated and answering questions, or revealing themselves to our curiosity, giving us access to their dreams (not in the sense of a dream, but in the sense of a desired life). Thus, it is a kind of sweet violation that we see—and perhaps there is in this affectionate inquisition the trace of the temperament of a creator who can no longer observe mutely and who wants to track people down beyond the artificial limits of discretion.

René Prédal, in a small, often debatable book, unfair especially to the marvellous *A tout prendre*, which I persist in taking to be one of the best Quebec films ever produced, said he was persuaded that Jutra would one day produce a masterwork. *Wow* can only reinforce this impression and makes one a little more impatient. Jutra, a precocious film writer, is still one of the most promising in Quebec. He owes us, and is capable of producing, a great film, in which he will show us with the troubling sincerity and humour of *A tout prendre*, and without the pretext of a documentary film, all the things that fascinate him.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

- (1) Or against American Tourists in *Quebec-USA* (1962)
- (2) N.F.B. 1968
- (3) In *Sur la Chinoise et autres films: La jeunesse épinglée* (NRF, Paris, N° 180, déc. 1967) or *Youth in the Quebec cinema* (Vie des Arts, N° 54, Spring, 1969).
- (4) *Young Canadian cinema*, Paris, Premier Plan, 1967.

Théâtre populaire du Québec:
A fantastic calvacade.

—Aren't you fed up, Joan of Arc?
—No, not yet . . . and I think I will never be fed up!
by Yves-Gabriel BRUNET

All men on earth have this in common: the haunting obsession with

destiny. And for good reason. Tragic or comic, it is a universal reality; and, basically, what is the difference? Destiny pursues us constantly, breaking the barrier of time and at the same time riding through space without considering mortal preoccupations. It knows no country. It is everywhere at once; it passes, disappears, then returns. Originating in Greece and pursued by the traitor Aristophanes, deported, alienated, apolitical; it is a stateless barbarian doomed to wander throughout the world furiously attacking from time to time confused peoples. The eternal conqueror, it advances and pillages everything in its path, sparing what it wishes to spare . . . without a logical reason. It is an excellent actor who is able to assume the identity of important figures in history. Does it thus seek through them its liberator? To say this would not be exaggerating. The Popular Theatre of Quebec tried to answer to it, and with a certain success. It is thus that, in Quebec, in 1970, under the auspices of the theatre, was reborn a travelling Joan of Arc. Alive, and living almost in her own time. That is saying a lot. A Joan of Arc in our image, a consumer and consumed, colonized, riding constantly from France to French America, from the Middle Ages to our time, and thereby taking on a certain universal character. Myth or reality? That is a question of the conception of the character. One thing is certain, she will not so quickly get fed up, to judge from the thickness of her skin. In this sense, for the time being, Joan of Arc corresponds to a reality for us. I do not have to discuss at greater length the voices that we hear, or to debate our cause, or to elaborate the panegyric of the tragic destiny of Quebec, or to pronounce the verdict of the trial of the psychological play; the critics have looked after this very well, and Joan of Arc seems quite ready for another eventual appearance.

A fantastic ride as great as Quebec. Itinerant, carnival-like, delirious, elevating. *Aren't you fed up Joan of Arc* proves to be a show rich in colour and movement. It is in keeping with the tradition of the Grand Cirque Ordinaire, a name which, moreover, was given to the troupe, whose director, Raymond Cloutier had the initial idea for the trail to which there would be added a collective creation. The visual integration is what is striking at first. The variable forms as well as the rich colours are not flashy; they are nothing more than a decor for the sake of a decor. Art for art (which no longer replies to any present day aesthetic need) has no place here. We feel a solid collective elaboration underscored by a lively interest in current events that is very successful in the sense the actors give us the impression of an on the spot improvisation. That is acting and theatre. Actors are objects, objects moving and gesturing; all is integrated within the forms, space and time. A theatre of integrated elements of surprise, unfolding on a stage that opens on the dimension of a changing Quebec. The technique of the manager, Marie-Josée Lippens proves to be one of the simplest and most efficient. The imagination, in this area as in the others, proves to be one of the most remarkable and productive, and without any obstacle that would destroy the harmony that is so well established.

A great puppet-show? Circus? Carnival? Perhaps . . . and why not? That is what theatre is. Here in Quebec, there is no longer a place for a static, monolithic theatre, a theatre of the museum, where the scenery alone is important, or yet, according to the hyper-intellectual fashion where characters evolve alone and naked in an empty space. This is not characteristic of us. We need flesh to vibrate, to live . . . and more than ever. There was a time, which is not so far off (and which continues in the heart of a few theatres that have cultural sections) when the actor became disembodied, was hindered by pre-studied plans and deprived of a real dramatic sense, and the technique succeeded in cutting off every form of life, intelligence and sensitivity. A time where technique killed all vibration, a time where the death of a pseudo-culture took precedence over life. The actors of the Grand Cirque Ordinaire, have succeeded in offering us an adequate mirror, an exact image of our present day needs, our need for fulfillment, a need to move, and especially, the urgent need to stop lying to ourselves. When we return to being natural, our theatre improves. On the condition that we act. *Aren't you fed up Joan of Arc* is true theatre, theatre of truth. There are characters, not statuesque, but very mobile, immanent, strong, with intestinal fortitude that is wonderful to see, because it is meaningful. Light, blood, colour, movement, all that is only a symbol of the theatre of the museum. A symbol to such a point that the light is put out, the blood fixed and coagulated, the colour washed out, and the movement arrested. The Grand Cirque Ordinaire troupe has made us feel like living by restoring life to characters and objects. By recolouring colour, by putting on the light, by giving of their young, fresh blood. That is life, integration in movement. It is necessary, without that, we will die and I know of few peoples in the history of civilizations that wanted their own death.

The operation was a delicate one, open heart and successful. They have made us pass without difficulty from the French Middle Ages to contemporary Quebec. We did not experience any difficulties even with the time. Basically what difference is there between the two eras? So very little. To devalue once and for all the myth of the dark, irrational, naive, and colourless Middle Ages. Imagine yourselves in

the Middle Ages and you will be right. Right in the 20th century. They understood. It was the age of life, of colour, of costume, emphasizing the spirit and forms, the lovely objects to see, living, and without flourishes. Morbidity was born of a tired out Renaissance, exhausted, religiously colonized by the makers of schisms. It is because we have grasped the real meaning of the Middle Ages that we have met in a familiar land, that directly is the result of the work of Rabelais, a great work of life, par excellence. As much for the taste for life, ridiculing death, for the opening of a national conscience, ridiculing the naivety of the colonized, as for the beauty and the verve of true gesture and speech. I clearly have the impression that the Grand Cirque Ordinaire troupe becomes, by that very fact, extraordinary, enlarged to the scope of a people crushed, but thirsting for life, liberty, and love. For centuries and generations, all that remained stuck in the throats of our ancestors through modesty or religion. Today we are made to uncover it unashamedly.

The photographs by Daniel Kieffer which illustrate this article are a more eloquent testimony to this. Colour, light, and forms move and speak as much as gesture and word, if not more. That is the concrete and sensational aspect of the theatre, a necessary aspect which allows the inner contact and without which there can be no poetry, nor valid introspection, nor vibrations, a necessary active element equal to all life, all thought, however abstract it be. Anthonin Artaud said somewhere in *The theatre and its double* that "the theatre is speaking not only to the social man but to the whole man". And in his totality, man is also a body, the place with five doors to knowledge. Having doors is not everything, one must know how to open them. In this sense, the Grand Cirque Ordinaire has been able to use adequate and capable methods of opening our doors. The wave has thus entered into us, creating this inner sensation of harmony by the harmonious use of exterior objects. These actors possess the secret of acting on the spectator and have understood that the theatre takes two. Like love.

We are prisoners of, or freed by our bodies according to whether we think of them as prisons or as ways of being liberated from anguish. The actors of the Grand Cirque Ordinaire have succeeded in creating this feeling of freedom, of catharsis, and have revealed themselves to be excellent exorcisors. They know their work since the theatre is all and they have been able to integrate all into all.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Mies Van der Rohe at Nun's Island

By Yves LAFRAMBOISE

"While working on glass models, I discovered that what is important is the play of reflections and not the effect of light and shadow as in a conventional building . . . The only fixed points on the plan are stairwells and elevator shafts. All the other elements of the plan comply with the needs of the building and should be done in glass."(1)

Should you be crossing Champlain bridge and develop car troubles stop at the Nun's Island "Esso" service station. Don't worry! This is not an advertisement. Rather it is a few notes on an architecture of modern design, we have something less commercial in mind.

The service station, the number 1 building (201 Corot street), as well as a few housing units, is a part of the first building project of the island, called "Phase 1". The building permit was issued on August 10th, 1967. Ludwig Mies Van der Rohe, the famous Chicago architect was consultant to Mr. Philip David Bobrow, the architect of this part of the project.

Without constituting one of the most important phases in the evolution of architecture, this complex contains the essential characteristics of buildings as they are designed by Mies Van der Rohe, that is to say, the use of a steel or concrete skeleton, the tendency to eliminate the supporting wall and the elimination of all superfluity in the construction.

The service station, from a maximum height of sixteen feet is on an almost rectangular lot. Three service roads all leading from the main road give access to it. The motorist who wants to park his vehicle either to go to the administration offices, or to wait for service, can do so in two different places especially designed for this purpose. And with no risks of traffic tie-ups! A large asphalt road goes around the whole perimeter of the service station.

More often, to get gas, it is sufficient to park the vehicle near the pump island (in the centre) where, on each of four sides there are gas pumps. Roofing protects the place from bad weather. The open view it presents and its easy access make it efficient.

The roof, which the architect planned in three different layers covers the complex. Seven steel beams set lengthwise support it. In turn,

steel pillars support these beams and rest on the concrete floor. The traditional wall is conspicuously absent from the architecture of Mies Van der Rohe.

Only the rooms for the storage of merchandise, situated in the ends of the maintenance and repair area are an exception to this rule. Four inches of brick outside the inner wall give the building its only opaque surface, apart from the roofing, and it is the only place where there is a play of light and shadow.

The architect used four materials in the construction of the service station: brick, concrete, glass, and steel. We have already mentioned the use of brick. Concrete is used exclusively in the floors. The partition walls and the roof are composed of steel and glass.

Forsaking proper order, let us start at the top . . . The rectangular roofing unit governs the rest of the building: the general plan is conceived in the same way and the steel beams support a roof of the same material. For the wall no longer is there to help support the enormous weight! At the ends of the service station, the empty space included between the beams is filled by glassed-in panels that are enclosed by transoms and cross-pieces. The central island comprises only a glass cage. Efficiency takes precedence, superfluity disappears. The play of light and shadow have barely been considered, the reflection, present on all glassed surfaces, reigns supreme.

Following the example of most of the low structures previously conceived by the architect, a great reinforced concrete platform supports the whole weight of the structure and is reminiscent of the classical quality of the architecture of Mies Van der Rohe. The straight lines are further evidence of this.

Let us note that the elements are rigorously chosen to produce a new structure and, by that very fact, a new space. The use of steel permits the maximum reduction of the number of pillars. The pump island, although it is covered by the roofing, does not seem to be a part of an inner space. The transparency and the reflection of the great glass walls define a space other than that of the interior. Even the MR. chairs with their overhung metallic structures covered with stitched leather suggest purity of line and lightness of forms.

Building number 1 also shows the architect's tendency to eliminate the restraining wall. The main floor, with the exception of the elevator shaft covered by a brick facing, is made up of single pillars or pillars to which large glass partitions have been added. The importance of opaque surfaces in relation to glass surfaces tends to be reduced on the four sides of the building by the multiplication of windows.

In spite of an apparent repetition of elements, we need just to quickly look to see the details that give it its great diversity. Pillars in squared sections surround the exterior perimeter of the main floor, while pillars in cross-shaped sections delineate an interior perimeter. On the sides of the building, the girder in the centre is larger than the other two.

The façade is a fine example of the combination of unity and diversity. The height of twelve floors, and the length of twelve girders give it regularity and simplicity. But four windows instead of three on the sides are located between the posts and make the total texture different. Moreover, the cross-section of the whitened concrete posts is changed twice.

In the case of the service station, steel and glass are especially predominant. Concrete is more important in building number 1 and defines the parts of the surface that steel and glass still control.

We might believe that for Mies Van der Rohe brick will never have the same importance as other materials. Do they spring from a dream in youth? The housing units prove the opposite.

Contrary to building number 1 which includes 204 apartments, they give the occupant the possibility of greater independence. The walls are covered with plain brick and have a few windows. At some time in his life Mies Van der Rohe seems to have had a fondness for the abstract line and for the impression of regularity and unity that is achieved by an entire brick surface.

Everything in the production of Phase 1 reminds us of the characteristics of the architecture of Mies Van der Rohe: the skeleton and the covering, the essential components of the building, the obtaining of maximum space by the selective use of materials and the tendency to reduce everything to abstract plans. A sole principle, efficiency. No room for non-functional forms.

But at the same time we discover common features and we find that each of the buildings is original in its own right, whether it is in the choice of materials or in their use. These differences within a group that is unified relate the production to a master plan of the architect. In the buildings on Nun's Island, Mies Van der Rohe leaves us a beautiful example of his architecture. The purity of the lines, the simplicity of the construction and the efficient use of space characterize its modernity and elegance. It should be of interest to everyone.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

NOTE

(1) Quoted in James A. Speyer *Mies Van der Rohe*. Chicago, The Art Institute of Chicago, 1968; p. 12.

Cet article traitera surtout des graveurs et de leurs ateliers ainsi que des galeries que j'ai visitées lors d'un récent voyage en Californie. En un sens, le mouvement qui a pris naissance en Californie a dépassé ses frontières, de telle sorte qu'il y a maintenant des ateliers dans la plupart des grandes villes américaines, et qu'il s'en est même ouvert un récemment au Canada, au Nova Scotia School of Art and Design, à Halifax, dirigé par Jack Lemon, membre du Tamarind. Quand je rencontrai M. Lemon, il me mentionna qu'il venait de collaborer avec des artistes canadiens tels que Greg Curnoe, David Bolduc, Robert Murray, Gordon Rayner, Iain Baxter, et d'autres, et que l'on verrait très bientôt, dans la plupart des galeries canadiennes, des lithographies produites dans son atelier. Il m'a également souligné que tout artiste canadien ou américain peut, moyennant une certaine rétribution, utiliser les services de son atelier s'il désire que ses travaux soient gravés par des professionnels.

LOS ANGELES

Tamarind

Jane Wayne, c'est le Tamarind. Je pus m'en rendre compte en visitant l'atelier et comprendre à quel point cette femme remarquable était à l'origine du renouveau de la lithographie aux États-Unis. L'atelier s'est développé grâce à une subvention de la Fondation Ford qui a débuté en 1959 et qui devait s'étendre sur une période de dix ans. Tamarind devra donc fermer ses portes au cours de l'année, avec la fin de la subvention. Le but de l'atelier était de former des maîtres graveurs qui pourraient à leur tour se rendre dans d'autres lieux et préparer d'autres graveurs. Le programme s'adressait aux graveurs, qui devaient consacrer un minimum de deux ans de travail post-scolaire à étudier la lithographie avec quelques-uns des meilleurs artistes du monde. Des administrateurs, choisis parmi les étudiants, étaient chargés de tenir un état complet de chaque gravure—papier, encre, tirage et tout le détail de la production.

Mlle Wayne croit que l'artiste devrait avoir un peu plus le sens des affaires. Elle se pose des questions sur la possibilité pour l'artiste de recevoir, à l'intérieur de notre système de libre entreprise, une rémunération adéquate à son labeur. Elle pense que devrait s'établir un accord entre les beaux-arts et une technique de gérance de statut professionnel. En d'autres mots, grâce à une telle entente, les arts et l'artiste peuvent et doivent se suffire sans avoir besoin de rechercher l'aide des gouvernements, des fondations, etc. Elle a aussi le sentiment que la plupart des artistes choisissent le professorat mais sans se rendre compte que ce n'est pas le seul champ d'activité qui s'offre à eux. Certains pourraient devenir graveurs professionnels, d'autres travailler comme administrateurs et, peut-être même, comme marchands de tableaux.

Tamarind a fait paraître plusieurs publications comme le livre intitulé *A Study of the Marketing of the Original Print*. Inventaire complet du monde extérieur à l'art, il a été composé de façon à placer la gravure originale sur une base commerciale. Les artistes, les marchands et les collectionneurs peuvent en tirer des leçons, non moins qu'un plan pour la vente de la bonne gravure et un programme détaillé de mise en marché.

Outre les publications et les programmes éducatifs, Tamarind s'est aussi chargé de trouver des pierres lithographiques—toujours difficiles à se procurer—de nouvelles sources d'approvisionnement en papiers, et aussi de produire des encres de grande finesse. Il a également mis au point une greneuse pneumatique pour grener les pierres, une petite machine pour grener les plaques de métal, rendant ainsi l'atelier indépendant de l'industrie, un gros rouleau de 12 pouces de diamètre, qui est plus léger et plus facile d'utilisation; un dispositif pour monter les gravures sans les abîmer; des meubles spéciaux pour le rangement des gravures telles que tables de bout, tables à café, etc.; de nouveaux modèles de presse et un département de recherche et de développement qui assure un lien étroit entre les artistes et l'artisan dans l'invention de nouveaux procédés. Mlle Wayne m'a dit qu'Abrams va publier, cette année, un livre broché sous le titre de *Tamarind Book of Lithography Art and Techniques*, qui sera un ouvrage documentaire définitif et contiendra à la fin une liste de fournisseurs.

Son idée de former des hommes capables d'enseigner la lithographie dans les universités, d'ouvrir des boutiques de lithographie dans d'autres régions, de permettre à la fois à l'imprimeur et à l'artiste d'en tirer leur gagne-pain, a obtenu, comme nous l'avons vu, le plus grand succès. Elle est la preuve que si les affaires sont conduites de façon pratique elles peuvent réussir.

Gemini, G.E.L.

Les Gemini, l'Atelier G.E.L. de l'avenue Melrose, est tenu par Kenneth Tyler, qui fut le directeur technique de Tamarind à partir de 1964-1965. On peut dire qu'il a tiré la lithographie des gentilles

de l'exploitation sans but lucratif et d'une existence fondée sur les subventions pour la précipiter dans l'univers de la concurrence brutale. L'Atelier Gemini a édité quelques-unes des plus belles gravures créées par certains des meilleurs artistes d'Amérique. C'est lui qui a imprimé la plus grande lithographie jamais produite au monde, une œuvre de Robert Rauschenberg appelée *Booster*, qui mesure 6 pieds de haut et 3 pieds de large et représente une image radioscopique de l'artiste. Cette gravure a atteint le plus haut prix jamais demandé pour une gravure de production récente. Il possède aussi la plus grosse presse de lithographie jamais produite, une géante de sept pieds, qui permettra aux artistes, comme Rauschenberg et d'autres, de voir encore plus grand. Comme les autres ateliers de gravure, Gemini a pour principe de mettre les ressources entières d'un atelier expérimental à la disposition d'un artiste pendant tout le temps requis pour exécuter son travail. Gemini est une telle réussite commerciale que presque toute sa production est vendue avant même d'être imprimée. Quand j'étais à Los Angeles, Gemini reçut la presse à une avant-première du lancement d'une sculpture géante de Claes Oldenburg, un sac de glace en vinyl de 16 pieds, qui est exposé à Osaka. A la suite de cette opération hasardeuse, Gemini annonça qu'il allait aussi se lancer dans les multiples.

Beaucoup d'éditions ont été des expériences de couleurs, de formes ou de matériaux. Le sculpteur Kosso, qui habite Toronto et a épousé le peintre Rita Letendre, a exécuté une série de lithographies pliantes à trois dimensions qui ne ressemblaient à aucune autre gravure, au moment où elles furent exécutées, il y a plusieurs années.

Comme tout commerçant, Gemini tient le compte de tous les frais à la place des créateurs qui utilisent ses locaux. En dehors de tout avantage commercial, beaucoup d'artistes sont fort désireux de travailler à Gemini. Car, là, la technique sert de moyen pour traduire la vision de l'artiste. Grâce à l'adresse de l'imprimeur, nous ne voyons, en regardant la gravure, que l'ouvrage de l'artiste, et non pas la virtuosité technique de l'imprimeur.

SAN FRANCISCO

Collectors Press

La Collectors Press fut fondée en janvier 1967, sous la direction d'Ernest de Soto, autre bénéficiaire d'une bourse de Tamarind. Depuis ses débuts, des artistes de tout le pays, et aussi d'Europe et d'Amérique du Sud, sont venus à San Francisco pour y créer de belles œuvres d'un art original. Des artistes comme Cuevas, Peter Voukos, Jules Olitski, Ikeda, et d'autres, ont exécuté dans cet atelier des gravures étonnantes. A la Collectors Press, comme à Gemini, sur le total des ouvrages publiés, ceux qui ont été commissionnés à des artistes dont le travail justifiait la mise de capital, représentent 75 pour 100 de la production de l'atelier. L'édition est à tirage restreint, généralement à environ 75 exemplaires, si bien que chaque gravure est parfaite. La plupart des imprimeurs qui travaillent à la Collectors Press sont des anciens de l'Université du Nouveau-Mexique, à Albuquerque, qui ont été élèves du maître graveur Garo Antreasian ou qui ont reçu leur formation à Tamarind. Une série de lithographies de Jose Luis Cuevas, appelée *Hommage à Cuevedo*, est de première valeur. L'une d'entre elles, *La Mascara*, est imprimée en noir sur un masque en acétate d'or qui, ouvert, dévoile un visage. La Collectors Press a tenté diverses expériences d'impression sur feuilles de métal, a utilisé des encres d'argent, etc., et continuera d'expérimenter avec de nouveaux matériaux au fur et à mesure de leur disponibilité.

Graphic Gallery

Cette galerie est dirigée par Hank Baun, ancien directeur associé de Tamarind, de l'Atelier Mourlot de New-York et de la Collectors Press. Elle se spécialise dans les "travaux d'art sur papier", ce qui comprend les gravures originales, les dessins, les gouaches et les collages produits par des artistes venant de toutes les parties du monde. Le travail est de premier plan et les noms avoisinent des artistes dont l'œuvre est moins connue mais qui mériteraient de l'être plus. Le jour de ma visite à cette galerie, je fus heureuse de voir une exposition de sérigraphies réalisées par l'artiste de Vancouver, Toni Onley. Le Montréalais René Derouin est aussi représenté, et l'on prévoit qu'il aura une exposition particulière à une date ultérieure.

Voilà seulement quelques-uns des nombreux endroits que j'ai visités. Je me suis aussi rendue dans des galeries, des musées, des écoles d'art, afin de les comparer à ceux du Canada. J'ai trouvé que les conditions de travail (dans les écoles d'art) étaient moins bonnes qu'au Canada, et ce me fut une grande surprise. Les arts graphiques sont très vivants en Californie. Un nombre grandissant d'artistes utilisent leurs divers moyens d'expression, et, tout aussi bien, les galeries se consacrent de plus en plus à la gravure. Cependant, la scène canadienne est, à peu de choses près, dans la même situation, si ce n'est qu'en Californie on a eu ce haut lieu appelé Tamarind, qui a constitué un terrain de formation d'une incomparable valeur.

(Traduction de Marie-France O'Leary)

par Irene HEYWOOD

"Un véritable chef-d'œuvre de présentation nationale", ainsi s'exprime John Canaday, critique d'art du *New York Times*, joignant son éloge au concert de louanges de la plupart de ceux qui ont visité le Pavillon du Canada à Osaka. Et il ajoute que son propre pavillon national ferait meilleur effet en étant débarassé de tout son contenu sauf de l'échantillon de roc lunaire.

Au retour d'un voyage qui lui permit de voir sur place les résultats de ses trois années de travail, Mai Ruth Hodge, coordonnateur des thèmes, évalue en termes plus modestes la réaction du public. "Il est aimé ou détesté", me dit-elle. "Les jeunes en sont enthousiasmés, mais le Japonais traditionnel est souvent déconcerté par son allure et son mouvement rapide. Tout y est si inattendu."

Interrogée sur la participation de l'art visuel, Mme Hodge éclate de rire et précise: "Tout est visuel: l'expression la plus rapide, l'ambiance la plus palpante de l'art visuel que vous puissiez imaginer, le tout lié à une musique thématique, mais avec très peu d'expression verbale."

Dans son article élogieux, l'éminent critique du *New York Times* ne fait pas mention des disques tournants de Gordon Smith, de Vancouver, — une des quelques œuvres d'art qui ont été commandées — qui s'élèvent entre les impressionnants murs en miroirs inclinés du pavillon d'Erickson-Massey. Il passe également sous silence "la plus grande murale esquimaue en existence", de Kenojuk et Johnniebo, ainsi que les sculpteurs sur saponite qui, venus du Grand Nord, travaillent au-dessous.

Ce qui étreint le visiteur du pavillon canadien à Osaka, c'est l'ampleur donnée au thème de la découverte. Ce thème a été si bien traité par film, les étalages et les produits ouverts que personne n'y peut détecter de la propagande ou de la vantardise.

L'autobus scolaire aux motifs psychédéliques est maintenant célèbre. Il a parcouru le Canada en filmant sans affectation notre mode de vie. Après une tournée du Japon, précèdent l'ouverture d'Expo 70, il fait désormais partie du pavillon. L'utilisation fantaisiste d'une machine utilitaire, familière de la vie courante au Canada, a frappé l'imagination de tous ceux qui l'ont vue ou qui ont lu à son sujet. Elle passera à notre folklore comme une chose dont on se souviendra avec fierté. La brave petite automobile fait, mieux que n'importe quoi, le lien entre le thème de la découverte et notre mode de vie.

Le pavillon canadien, malgré ses projections rapides de films lumineux et ses ambiances de forêt d'érables, n'est pas pour autant centré sur l'art visuel en tant que tel. Créé par des spécialistes en esthétique industrielle, des photographes et des producteurs de films, il montre le chemin à suivre pour les futurs pavillons d'exposition, la voie assurée vers le succès.

De son côté, le Gouvernement canadien n'a pas oublié de présenter au monde des œuvres de ses artistes. Cette année, des expositions de peintures, de graphismes et de sculptures d'artistes et de groupes sont présentées à Tokyo et Osaka dans le cadre d'Expo 70. L'ambassadeur et Madame Morin ont décoré l'ambassade avec des œuvres d'artistes de tous les points du pays: Borduas, Roberts, le Groupe des Sept et Micheline Beauchemin y sont présents. Les salles de réception du pavillon et les résidences du personnel officiel canadien d'Expo 70 ont aussi des peintures et des sculptures où Molinari, Savoie et Claude Tousignant, entre autres, représentent le Québec. Dans la section de la Nouvelle Génération du pavillon, une sculpture en trois morceaux de François Dallegrè et le *Rouge surexpansible* de Jean Noël font partie du décor, alors que Roger Vilder, avec *Pulsation*, donne de la vie à la section de l'Industrie.

Québec, Terre d'avenir, à Osaka

Le Québec est-il bien représenté à Osaka? Beaucoup de ceux qui en reviennent disent que non.

Mais un examen des éléments disponibles de ce côté-ci du Pacifique et les commentaires de ceux qui ont visité l'exposition tendent à prouver le contraire. Le pavillon, bien conçu, a été sauvé de la monotonie par l'intégration judicieuse dans la structure d'œuvres de qualité des artistes et artisans du Québec.

"1967 nous a appris que la réussite d'un pavillon était avant tout une combinaison heureuse du contenu et du contenant", dit Jean-Paul Lacoste. Spécialiste en esthétique industrielle, M. Lacoste a travaillé aux pavillons canadien et québécois au Canada et à Osaka. Il pense que trop souvent, architectes et designers finissent par s'affronter au lieu de collaborer dès le début. Ses descriptions des batiks et des tapisseries suspendus dans les cages d'escalier, des murales en photographie du rez-de-chaussée et des murales peintes du sous-sol, prouvent qu'ici "contenant et contenu" se rencontrent au mieux pour le Québec.

L'architecte officiel, Jacques de Blois, a étudié avec attention le site restreint d'Osaka avant d'établir les lignes et les volumes des deux triangles de verre montés sur piliers qui forment le pavillon du Québec.

Un promenoir, disposé au niveau du sol, conduit aux escaliers qui mènent au plancher qui joint les deux triangles. Là, sont suspendus les batiks et les tapisseries de neuf artistes québécois. Destinés à cet endroit et conçus pour être vus sous tous les angles, ils forment un plafond d'une grande légèreté, où la lumière du jour et l'éclairage artificiel de nuit jouent d'heureuse façon.

Les seize médaillons de Mireille Morency tournent comme des pièces de monnaie, *L'Hiver*, un tissage de Micheline Beauchemin, fait de laine blanche et de perles prismatiques en plastique, évoque notre climat froid, tandis que Mariette Rousseau-Vermette présente les *Quatre saisons*, un groupe d'étroits panneaux tissés et montés sur des triangles, de façon à tourner au gré des courants d'air. Un batik abstrait de Tib Beament ainsi qu'un autre, *Les Montagnes du Québec*, de Gail Lamarche, sont transparents afin de capter la lumière qui met leurs couleurs en valeur. Certaines de ces œuvres avaient été exposées au Musée d'Art Contemporain avant leur départ pour Osaka, ainsi que des tapisseries l'une, presque figurative, de Fernand Daudelin, faite au point noué et remarquable par une texture fine et un relief délicat, *Village sous la neige*, de Madeleine Arbour, la très descriptive *Jack Monoloy aimait une fille blanche*, de Thérèse Guité, et une dernière, de Denise Beaudin, figurant des feuillages du Québec. Des murs, courants sur les quatre côtés d'un sous-sol, forment une cour intérieure occupée par les bureaux de l'administration et, au centre, par des bassins à jeux d'eau. C'est de ce niveau que partent les quatre colonnes qui supportent les triangles en verre de la structure principale. Sur trois des murs de la cour, se déroule la peinture murale de Louis Jaque, dominée par le promenoir de l'entresol. Longue de 76 pieds et haute de près de 12, elle est composée de façon à promener le regard vers l'avant grâce à un mouvement de poussées horizontales ondulatoires. Étudiée en tenant compte des formes des colonnes de soutien, qui en coupent la ligne, cette œuvre gigantesque et bien rythmée, en sa couleur claire et vibrante, peut être vue dans son ensemble, sans interférence, même aux moments d'affluence, et elle est, sans aucun doute, la pièce la plus sensationnelle du pavillon.

A chaque extrémité de la cour intérieure, deux reliefs muraux en bois peint de Mario Merola flanquent la murale de Louis Jaque. Ils se font vis-à-vis sur les murs du patio, l'un rouge, l'autre bleu, monochromes, le bois saturé de couleur. Merola prit en considération le mouvement du visiteur passant sur le promenoir quand il composa ces œuvres, les plus récents de ses reliefs en bois: forme et couleur varient selon l'angle de vision. Merola, qui utilise ce genre de découpage et de collage depuis nombre d'années, a atteint dans ce travail, un très haut degré de perfection.

Selon Jean-Paul Lacoste, qui était présent à leur installation dans le salon-bar du pavillon, les murales de photographies de Jean-Pierre Beaudin représentent un travail impressionnant. L'une d'entre elles montre, sous forme de montage, les divers aspects de la vie au Québec. Longue de 70 pieds, elle couvre la surface entière du mur incliné. Commençant au deuxième niveau, elle s'élève à 45 degrés au-dessus de la tête des visiteurs. Une autre présente le barrage de Manic 5 sous la forme d'un jeu de découpages en 72 sections, illuminées séparément et progressivement pour symboliser l'énergie électrique. De son côté, Edmondo Chiodini a créé des marionnettes, des masques et un village esquimau miniature au complet.

Chiodini et Beaudin ont tous deux travaillé avec les designers de Julien Hébert qui, avec lui, ont préparé beaucoup des excellentes présentations visuelles du pavillon. Un drapeau tridimensionnel du Québec en est un exemple. Placé à l'extérieur de l'entrée, il est composé de huit cubes en plexiglas illuminés par l'intérieur, et la séparation des cubes forme la croix centrale; il peut être vu des quatre côtés.

Une sculpture en *Cor-ten* de Lewis Pagé, de Québec, représentation symbolique de l'unité familiale, a très probablement pris place dans la cour intérieure, près du bassin, mais il n'est pas possible présentement d'en être certain. Cette œuvre faisait partie de l'exposition des œuvres destinées à l'Exposition d'Osaka tenue, l'année dernière, au Musée d'Art Contemporain.

(Traduction de René Haxaire)

Lise Gervais

By Marie-France O'LEARY

Immense white backgrounds on which there are blots of colour: red, green, yellow, blue, rose, violet, ... a dazzling light moving according to the rhythm Lise Gervais feels.

Q.—Why these recent works after a silence of four years?

A.—It is true that my last exhibition was in 1966. This last period was a rest from oils with which I had been working for ten years. In 1967 I began to sculpt. The appearance of the problems changed; a third dimension opened up.

Q.—How did you come to sculpt?

A.—I had made ballet scenery for the Palais Royal group directed by Jeanne Renaud. There was an immense backcloth 50 x 15 for music by Tremblay, and a 14 foot metal sculpture for music by Stockausen. It was then that I modeled small pieces in my studio.

Q.—Did you feel in tune with this new means of expression?

A.—At the time I felt the concentration that was required for a painting was impossible; in fact, I finish them at one sitting, while sculpture requires a skilled work of preparation which was new for me.

Q.—And have you exhibited?

A.—Yes. 25 sculptures 4 feet by 3 in 1967. I thought of them as models. At that time Dorothy Cameron was in charge of the selection of sculptures for the Centennial Exhibition in Toronto. She passed by the gallery and chose two of my works asking me if I could execute them in "garden size".

Q.—Did fiberglass seem the most appropriate material for you?

A.—In working with artificial stone, I obtained a very white and smooth surface. I wanted a material with the same qualities; now only fiberglass gave me these properties with a permanence and a suppleness that I did not get with metal. One of the pieces required fourteen weeks of work.

Q.—When did you again begin to paint?

A.—I never really stopped; I was forever drawing and then last summer I went back to my studio.

Q.—What does this exhibition represent for you?

A.—It is a continuation of the work that I have been doing for years. There has been no discontinuity in my paintings since the beginning; besides, one painting calls forth another.

Q.—Is it essential to exhibit?

A.—When a painter has a series of works it is necessary to show them. I presently have a homogeneous group for two exhibitions.

Q.—What do you think has been the most striking change?

A.—The drawing is no doubt less important, but on the other hand, I am experimenting with the transparency of colours and opaqueness. I am introducing new colours, violet, green, and yellow.

Q.—For you painting . . . ?

A.—Is necessary, a way of life.

Q.—Do you believe that the painting is about to disappear because of the introduction of painting within industry?

A.—No. That artists are working within industry does not take away anything from the picture which is an object of contemplation; in the same way films have not killed the book.

Q.—Do you think it is still important?

A.—Yes. One has only to note that there are just as many people enrolling for courses as ever. The painting cannot die. It is not the number but the quality which assures its value.

Q.—What importance do you give it in your life?

A.—I have always expressed myself through paintings. I do not know any other language. This adventure facing a painting is my adventure.

Q.—To devote oneself essentially to painting must pose some problems?

A.—It is a question of organization. The person who channels his energy entirely into the work that he is undertaking has more chance of producing something that the person who goes at it from time to time. I do not believe in Sunday painters.

Q.—And is the gallery a place that favors the diffusion of works?

A.—Nothing has been brought forth to replace this formula. In a country as vast as Canada, the gallery remains the only agent for distribution. A painter's reputation has always been made by the gallery. It is evident that this system has its weaknesses but between the gallery and total isolation, the painter has no choice.

Q.—The work of young artists . . . ?

A.—Painting is a research that allows one to approach a given problem deeply. Now young painters are scattering their energies; this is a problem. It is relatively easy to paint fifty paintings, but the difficulty begins with the fifty-first.

Q.—What does living in America mean?

A.—One is first a painter. The fact of living in America conditions one's expression. There are two very different worlds between Europe where painting is a nuance, and America where it is dazzling.

For Lise Gervais, painting is the reflection of an inner life in permanent evolution, the searching in each canvas being the result of a concentration that is lived from day to day, bound to the constant presence of exterior elements and which unfold in the painting.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Marc Nadeau and Pierre Cornéliier at the Boutique Soleil

By Claude-Lyse GAGNON

Every week there are two or three artists, who, even if they are not exhibiting, or have no immediate plans to exhibit, go into the Boutique Soleil to say hello while casually passing by. They like the gallery.

It also pleases the public very much. When so many galleries are intimidating and draw only regular customers and collectors, people come to Rue Bonsecours to stroll about as they do everywhere in Old Montreal, with a taste for discovery, for picking up something unusual, original, a beguiling work, or a perfect canvas that is love at first sight. Pleasant Saturdays and fine Sundays can be spent in this boutique of art objects, that is also a gallery set up by Mrs. Suzèle Carle; the arrangement in the gallery is always changing as if by magic, and it is certainly done with a great deal of flair and a personal touch. The venture that Mrs. Carle undertook must not always be easy. It is not a simple matter to promote artists, indeed to help them, to tackle all of the financial matters that ensue, to see to it that friendships remain unaffected day by day. It is so complicated, that when I speak of magic, I am surely not exaggerating.

There is an exhibition every month, if not more often; each one brings new sculptures, oils, etchings, tapestries, and watercolours to the gallery. However, if in the last four years, the gallery has been continuously changing like a kaleidoscope, two young artists have remained there. Two young rookies if you like. Or, as Mr. Michel Bourguignon, the director of the gallery says, "two artists that we treat lovingly": Marc Nadeau and Pierre Cornéliier. They are both under 30 and both have imagination to spare that only needs an opportunity to prove itself.

Marc Nadeau is a Montrealer and of course he studied at the École des Beaux-Arts. People say he is charming, whimsical, and full of life. His work confirms this. It is fresh. It is as modern as a day in New York. It explodes with colours, humour, and modernity. It is a visual game.

He paints on paper stuck to masonite, taking from the technique of comic strips his vivacity, his details, his flamboyant colours. Using varnish, oils, gouache, he wants the picture to be fascinating.

About six or seven months ago, when he had a more complete exhibition, he sold everything. This is unusual enough to be mentioned and it illustrates his attraction. People who like oils and art nouveau admire his work. He is a sorcerer, an alchemist working with a red that becomes poppies, anemones, peonies, cockscombs, in various bizarre, gay, and cheerful representations. He is married to Mireille Morency who also exhibits small tapestries that are lively, fresh, and sensitive. They are a very happy couple.

Pierre Cornéliier is a different sort of artist. He is exhibiting abstract prints that are easily identifiable; each drawing always bears a written phrase, always obscure, not distorted enough to be considered nonsense, never clear enough to be legible. It is almost his way of signing the work.

We are dealing with a self-taught artist, a bohemian who is able to work night and day for a month but, in no way imitating the Creator, he then rests for a whole season. He took courses at the Beaux-Arts until the first exams but then found that inspiration really came to him better on the road leading to neighbouring taverns. While walking. Most of the time his interest lies in graphics, but he will also design clothing, houses, furniture. In fact, he dreams of re-inventing all of the objects that surround us, the places where we live, everyday forms. An artist of the second half of the XXth century, and thus likely to see the year 2000, he wants to find all that, with the help of a computer which will give perfect forms, still unknown, infinite, newer than ever. He wants to build a spacious house of polyester, thus not very costly, where everything will be reconsidered, functional, efficient, and elegant. To change the way of life that is no longer adapted to life. What a programme! Beginning with clothing, he would change man's appearance, and his surroundings; he would reinvent a world where dwellings would make better use of nature, and could unite with it to such an extent that it would be easy to live on the lakeshore in summer, at the top of a tree in autumn, on a mountain in winter, and in a chartreuse-coloured field in spring.

These are the dreams that Pierre Cornéliier is drawing, in abstract. Scrupulously. Almost perfectly geometrically. And always black on white. With room for infinity. As if we were looking at our galaxy in the telescope and the stars were ink on a pearl background.

Ferré says, "Those who live by their pens are an odd sort". And the same is true of painters! The enchanting ones are so few. The boring ones, so many. And the winters, so long.

And hats off to Boutique Soleil who presents them all year long, who "treats them lovingly". Really.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)