On Albert Dumouchel
By Jacques de Tonnancour

Since last January the death of Albert Dumouchel has made me go back and examine the past often. Albert was a close friend that I thought I knew well, but death makes us discover irreversibly, that from day to day we only lightly touch the surface of people who are close to us.

For example, someone had to tell me when and how I met Albert. I no longer remembered. And yet Dumouchel was not a man to slip but unnoticed. It is my fault, Albert, and not yours!

I recalled all kinds of mental pictures of him, which basically are of only one kind: Albert was governed by a force which finally always brought together (without necessarily reconciling) his contradictions and his conflicts under a dominant image, under one roof which often blew off from the pressure of his inner turbulence, but which he always set to rights without worrying too much if he were right or wrong.

All his friends, I think, have this impression of him, which was always so striking and which was due at one and the same time to the ram and the bull. The ram according to the zodiac. More like a bull, as far as I am concerned, but a good bull, jovial, not harmful, one that would never have gored anyone. A bull fed on fine herbs!

Deeply rooted in his land owning origins, he was a man of a particular place, (the region of Valleyfield), of a particular world and of a particular attitude towards life. Here, Dumouchel lived, alone, through all that he imbued himself with values drawn from very far away sources without his basic values being in the least upset, diminished, or adulterated.

With his look of a good, simple country priest, wherever he was in the world, in Libjjan, in Russia, in Venice, or on the shores of the Richelieu, he was identified right away with everything that was true, tonic, and alive. And all that dwelt harmoniously within him not separated, not categorized, and it exalted him to the point where, having made a discovery, it was liable to cause him not to be able to sleep at night. It was in a similar state that one fine clear morning while he was photographing Corsica, rarely visible from Tourettes, his pyjama bottoms slipped off in front of a flabbergasted group, without his even noticing it at the time. He could experience this frenzied enthusiasm, this trance, when encountering a person, an object, a word, a landscape, or a material, and never did I know the equal of this in anyone else. For example, one evening in August in St. Adolph in the Laurentians, the whole sky was one immense aura borealis shimmering and rippling from the north to the south. A sight of a distracting beauty! Dumouchel, in an immediately psychedelic exaltation, not only saw the aura borealis as we did, but what more is he also heard them!

An I still wonder if the aura borealis do not produce sounds, infra or supra, which only Dumouchel could hear. In any case, what seems certain, is that he integrated so quickly a sensation of one order or another, that as soon as the sensation had run through him, it awakened a whole series of sensations. So that the reaction was never simply visual, or auditory, or olfactory, or tactile, but all that at once. He was somatic, pan-sensorial, like a child. And in that I rediscover what I feel in me Albert, most of all in the poetry of life; until the end he retained a child-like soul made more attentive by an enormous and gargantuan power of love tempered by no system or measure of economy whatsoever.

He could have been overwhelming or excelling for people less extroverted than him; might as well say almost everyone. But his intensity was always quickly contagious. As soon as the first exchanges were made with him, the scope of the other person widened more than usual and he struck an euphoric note in them.

The affection, respect, and veneration that his students felt for him properly reflected the feelings he inculcated in them towards the work to be done; it was not just to execute but to excel. This gift for animation was supported by a complete mastery of the engraver’s craft; it conferred on him an exceptional greatness as a master creator and thinker.

Being a completely different type of person from him, frugal and linear, rather than torrentially harmonic, I have often wondered how the elements of his expression were able to be recognized, chosen, and reunited in this permanent inner flood. I am still astonished at it while knowing that life is multiform and that each individual has the problems his character presents and the ability to solve them. I know from experience that some fish handle difficulties amazingly well in tumultuous waters, and others do in calm and silent waters. A matter of ecology!

Earlier, I made allusion to Albert’s conflicts and contradictions. But even swimming in this seething, harmonious flood, did he perceive the conflicts in everything that was happening in him? No doubt. But did he pay attention to it? In his eyes everything was concomitant and the multiplicity of life was normally composed of affinities and oppositions. I think that he never sought to arrange anything whatever according to the logic that forewarns us against the tumult of life and helps us to find a relative coherence in it. He was not attempting to tame his life. His unquenchable need for confrontation always compelled him to swim in the strongest part of the current even if he had to bear the painful consequences.

If we know little of his work it is because this very communicative man, always intensively lyrical, had, paradoxically,

The magazine is a product of group work. The people involved have different origins and beliefs. They express themselves freely in the spirit of a lively association. At a time when there is talk of communication and contestation, we want to establish a real communication — in depth — and it seems obvious to us that all true criticism remains an ideal form of contestation. But there is contestation and there is contestation, between destroying to destroy and constructing as men of good will, our choice is made, that goes without saying.

Finally the pulse of a magazine must continually be checked, it beats to the rhythm of all that it reflects. The more art is alive, the more it animates those whose voices it uses.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)
a modesty that his explosive exterior did not hint at. He felt that art was an inward act, indeed very private.

The competitive spirit that more than ever tears artists always horrified him. To such an extent that during his last years he had progressively withdrawn from all the exhibition circuits.

Feeling such a defensive attitude growing in him, I experienced a similar modes-

The unfinished work of Dumouchel
By Guy ROBERT

It may be useful to recall that it was in 1956, at the age of 52 that Jean-Paul Lemieux took the new direction that led him to his greatest success, and especially which revealed him to us in a completely new light, that of maturity, of the admirable integration of the enduring conquests of the methods of his craft and the constraining force of a gravid sensitivity.

Since 1965 or 1966, I have felt that Albert Dumouchel was on the verge of taking a similar turn, ready to reconcile in his new works, a certain number of fundamental elements of his plastic language, ready to eliminate other redundant or arbitrary elements. The personalities of Lemieux and Dumouchel were not without some similarities, and they reciprocally became their sincere stimulants. Both were teachers for a long time. In 1934, when he was thirty, Lemieux began to teach; in 1936, when he was only twenty, Dumouchel began his first art workshop. Both were to be influential teachers in the fine arts schools, Lemieux in Quebec city, Dumouchel in Montreal, and their teaching careers continued for about thirty years, in a parallel direction with their careers as artists.

An exuberant nature

The two personalities differ clearly in terms of temperament. Dumouchel was whimsical, fiery, and impulsive; Lemieux, rational, calm, and deliberate. By that I do not mean that Jean-Paul Lemieux is incapable of impulse, indeed even zest; nor that Albert Dumouchel was an incoherent bohemian. It seems to me the two personalities best find accord in the value each one places on authenticity each in his own way however: with Lemieux there is a serene and subtle authenticity; with Dumouchel, a tumultuous one.

I had been interested in Dumouchel's career for a long time and this interest was sustained by a friendship of more than twelve years, and intensified during the last two or three years, when Dumouchel was living in a refuge in Saint-Antoine-sur-le-Richelieu. The first time that we spoke of writing a book about his work was in 1955, when he was preparing his New York exhibition for which he had asked me to write a preface.

For some years we had already been discussing collaborating on a comprehensive edition of his prints. But Dumouchel, as usual, blew hot and cold, every so often he reconstructed the universe.

The problem was clear: how to classify this series of storms, how to set up a typology of this chaos? Albert Dumouchel made fun of my difficulties as a critic, a glass of red wine in his hand, his laugh resonating, his gaze lost in some now and dizzying vision, far beyond the Richelieu or the woods behind the buildings and wheatfields. It was in Rome, where we were travelling with friends in the spring of 1970, that we seriously decided to tackle the project of a little book on his work and also on his impetuous voyage. It was extraordinary, I no longer know how a tree is made. I have to go out and see. It is amazing what we don't know..."

The childlike soul of Albert Dumouchel. And since his passing, I note that it is amazing what I do not know about this friend who was, however, so close.

Unfortunately, death has closed his eyes on everything that he saw or otherwise felt, and, however, he left the world in which he so secretly painted, drew, or engraved, that we shall rediscover Dumouchel.

(Translation by Yvonne KIRBYSON)
The Magic Paradox of Roger Vilder
By Alain PARENT

Besides his kinetic, or we might say, cybernetic works, Roger Vilder offers more ambiguous objects, which only begin to move when they are touched: "Jello", "Please Touch". The surprise effect comes from the apparent hardness, the crystal hardness of these objects. The viewer's surprise in touching the viscosity of the silicone is accompanied by various reactions according to the temperament. Taken off guard, he sometimes displays his anger at having been fooled, disgust with the stickiness, or the sensual joy of caressing (ex: the breast). But facing the dimensions of the other works, these objects seem to us to remain on the level of Dedda-like games, the new material adding nothing to Marcel Duchamp's "Please Touch".

The art of movement in Vilder's work seems to be based on a paradox: with perfected technical means, similar to those used traditionally in their defence of technology and cybernetics, he opposes the mechanized world by turning it away from its principal function: the repetition of effects. From this there are two main results: a new idea of cycles, a new measuring of time. His "Contractions", the "Neons", are based on the principle of non repeated cycles; that is to say that the introduction of an element of chance in the mechanical game forbids the latter's being repeated once in several thousand cycles. It thus becomes practically impossible to see a single image of the work twice in a row. Out of a series of eight neon, none move at the same speed; all turn in the same direction, but it is impossible to see the same group movement twice in a row. The pieces in which two white quadrilaterals on black backgrounds break out of shape independently of each other but at the same time, never reproduce the same geometric figure. The slow breaking up of the quadrilaterals produces effects of false perspective, which adds a third imaginary dimension to these moving tableaux, especially in the case of the largest among them, seen in a dim light. In the canvases entitled "Pulsations", although the speed of the optical meshing may be controlled by the viewer, the cycle is uniformly repeated, but the effect is far from being monotonous, for, according to the speed, the disks group themselves into series to form undulations on the total surface of the painting, undulations which are also infinitely variable, as the disks are covered by metal or painted; in the first case, the metal posing the strident symbol of a tragic section piercing the Gregorian peace of the medieval monastery of his mechanical siren, of his Kafkaesque shroud. Dumouchel did not need more to make him climb up to the attic where a few minutes later we could hear him playing Mozart or singing some psalm. When he came back downstairs he preferred to listen to koto or to look for a long time out the window, depending on the season, at the Richelieu, the stary sky, the edge of the woods behind the tilled fields, or the snow flurrys which he tried to convince us were frightful storms.

He always needed a great deal of room to move and be needed people. His work, unfinished forever, testifies to this, as does the mark left by his death in those who loved him as he was.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)
Conceptual art, a disturbing change
By Laurent LAMY

Two exhibitions presented under the name "45°30'N — 7336'W", geodetic coordinates of two areas that housed these two exhibitions (Sir George Williams University, and Saydie Bronfman Centre), took place simultaneously in Montreal last summer. Why? A question of space.

Is it a joke? Surely not. It has to do with conceptual art. By this title, the artists who organized the exhibition, Gary Coward, Arthur Bardo, and William Vazan indicate that the artist wants to be a witness on a global scale beyond all conceivable authority of nation and history. Neutral, precise numbers, lacking all emotional connotations, with no reference other than that of the entire network of the geographic system, identify the two exhibitions which complete each other. Certain works were in part in the University building and in part in the Bronfman Centre; for example, seventeen mounds of earth were placed at the Bronfman Centre; every day a pile was transported from this centre to Sir George Williams for the seventeen days that the exhibition lasted.

Although conceptual art raises questions about the entire tradition of art and constitutes a new step with a view to surpassing the state of crisis that painting and the aesthetic object are currently undergoing, the exhibition was largely unheralded save for the important article devoted to it by Normand Thériault in La Presse. The exhibition, however, was enriched by outside participation with Dibbets, Haeke, Sol Lewitt, and Huebler, men who have been pioneers of conceptual art in New York, London, and Amsterdam.

Today conceptual art is sufficiently established so that it is possible to isolate the art forms which are often related to it and which have a common denominator: the refusal of the plastic work, of the art object. At the time of the Third International, when galleries in Lausanne, conceptual art was defined as a "body of research questioning the traditional status of works of art, and notably their character as material objects, and substituting a simple designation, or photographic information, so that the mental attitude and tension of the viewer are themselves central to the aesthetic phenomena."

By way of example, here is what the Montreal artist William Vazan proposed at these exhibitions of conceptual art: in 25 different cities around the world, angles were drawn with 4" black tape. The two sides of the angle each pointed towards two other cities situated near the first. So for a day a zigzag line was made in space that united 25 world museums, a virtual line obviously. The angles were not calculated by an engineer, they were chosen, considering the roundness of the earth. Even if the line is not complete physically and visually, its existence is real in our minds. It is neither more imaginary or real than a border between countries, than air corridors, than the sinuous or rectilinear lines of roads or the trajectories of satellites. Does this line not give us an idea of space, as traditional perspective did, and even better yet? In another "production", Vazan united eight Canadian museums from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

Spatial discontinuity fascinates Vazan who tries to give space an existence beyond the material world, which is closed to perception. No doubt it is in this desire to enlarge the field of perception, to contain the artist's work in a mental activity and limit it to the latter reality, that resides the positive and innovating aspect of conceptual art.

This art, which is self-evident, is integrated in a narrative process that constitutes the work. The documents which render an account of it, the typed page, the sketch, most often photos, intervene only as the established facts necessary to communication, and as simple support of the idea. By that very fact, the artist's point of view is changed and the reader-viewer should adopt this viewpoint if he wants to take part in the new awareness. Beginning with the documents, the viewer retraces the artist's path. The structure of art is indeed questioned: In the conception of the artist seeks more to perceive than to express himself; the work now consists of an idea; the viewer only has to act as an onlooker. He is called on by the artist to understand the relationships between the elements coming from the world, a sort of password. Depersonalized in the established facts, successfully fin­ished by computers, airplanes, cars, and photos, the work is presented as anonymous, even if it is signed, because, beyond the initial conception, it bears no mark of the artist at all. Using the most modern techniques, conceptual art recovers and explores time as one of its primary elements, in the same way as space or language. The work does not refer to a subjective time, like Tinguely's machine which self-destructed according to a programmed duration, but to a referable, objective time. Thus the seven­teen piles of earth deposited at the Bronfman Centre on the first day of the exhibition corresponded to the seventeen days of the exhibition. Time is one part of the work, as are earth and the distance between the piles and the two exhibition sites.

Starting with realities that escape us but which are no less real the artist seeks to encapsulate, the concept: Paul Woodrow has us "see" a mile of string, from Vancouver to Toronto, by photos taken about every 300 miles at gas stations; on the back of the photos are indicated the stops, the quantity of gasoline and the price: a map of Canada shows the stages along the road.

All these expressions constantly raise the question, "Is it art?" Why not take up the affirmation of Schwitters: "Everything I come up with is art, since I am an artist", a declaration that Donald Judd significantly echoed at the exhibition "45°30'N — 73°36'W": "If someone says his work is art, it's art."

Before denying these forms of art and conceptual art in particular, it is perhaps good to remember that the most turbulent movement of the century, Dada, was one of the most fertile. No doubt it did not lead to works in the usual sense of the word — to the great censure of merchants of canvases, moreover — but its spirit is still alive today. The richness of conceptual art will perhaps not reside in works either, but in the affirmation of an awareness of the
Adrien Hébert in a new light
By Jean-René OSTIGUY

To do homage to the Montreal painter Adrien Hébert (1892-1967), we could limit ourselves to the study of only one of his numerous works whose historic and artistic interest could not be disputed. It is a work that would be practically unknown, if it were not for the reproduction of it made by the magazine *L‘Action Universitaire* in 1935 (1). Marius Barbeau confirms an oral tradition when he mentions that the Port of Montreal, 1928, is a part of the collection of the Havre Museum, but very few Canadians could identify this painting (2). Fortunately, the photo that we are using here bears the following inscription on the back: “Adrien Hébert — Elevator No. 2, Montreal — Width 3 ft. — Height 3 1/2 or 4 ft. — Painting acquired by the Havre Museum, France — Act. Universitaire.” A label of the National Photogravure, followed by a classification 5 inches wide and 86.5 diagonally confirms it is certainly the photo that Adrien Hébert was sending the editors of his article. The stamp of the photographer Marc Vaux, of 114 Rue de Vaugirard, in Paris, means that the canvas was photographed in Paris, probably at the time of the artist’s exhibition at the Bareiro Gallery in 1931. The painting is signed but not dated, perhaps it may be on the back? It is impossible to know since the Havre Museum states it does not own a work by Adrien Hébert. The canvas is now considered to be lost. There is one quite like it in Montreal, a rough sketch, an unfinished painting, although it is signed and dated lower right, Adrien Hébert, 1926. It measures exactly 45” x 36”. An etching dated 1929 also deals with the same subject. The last two documents let us follow the evolution of a composition to the degree of perfection sought by the artist and suggest a later date than that proposed by Marius Barbeau. The first document even gives an idea of the colour of the lost canvas.

Unlike Albert Marquet whom he approaches here, Adrien Hébert avoids abstraction and does not want to establish anything on a principle. However, he knows the art of the cubists, he even influenced the French painter André Favory who was so much spoken to by Metzinger during his youth, Adrien Hébert is satisfied to be a witness, to give “his point of view” in a style which does not seem at first glance to add much in the way of renewal to pictorial tradition, but which, at any rate, is inspired by a new spirit. Let us listen to him defending his position and explaining his aesthetics:

“What do you not paint Canadian subjects? I was asked, at the time of an exhibition I had in Montreal. By nature I am rather calm; however, my patience has limits. This is what I replied. Is the Port of Montreal Canadian or not?... Most people ask for Canadian subjects: the meaning of this is rather restricted for them; it excludes first, any manifestation of modern life. Are there only forests in Canada? Are there only sleepy villages? Is the entire Canadian population asleep and waiting for the end of the world?... The Belgian poet Emile Verhaeren wrote marvelous verse about the industrial life of Belgium. Did the composer Honegger not compose Pacific 2, 3, 1? And to mention one of our own, Robert Choquette admirably expressed the beauty of the locomotive. Why should a painter not have the right to be inspired from these works?... (2)

In writing these lines, Adrien Hébert summarizes the position he adopted as early as 1923. Before that his works had remained very eclectic and were not numerous; they included especially landscapes of Gaspé executed in a post-impressionist style. The point of view of Adrien Hébert in 1935, if we recall that he summarizes an old attitude more than he announces a new programme, shows us that the romanticism of Montreal artistic modernism is deeper and more varied than has ever been thought. It is not a question of seeing in Adrien Hébert a revolutionary or a prophet, but of recognizing how, with a wisdom that should be respected, he was able to bring a unique testimony to Canada at the beginning of the twentieth century.

When all around him were turning to the countryside or the virgin forest, he chose to paint the life of the metropolis. He keeps the harbour activity and mechanized work foremost in his thoughts, but he describes well and sometimes elevates to the level of an icon, the avenues of urban traffic, the work areas of the artist, blacksmith, writer; he depicts the sporting activities of city dwellers, he does not fear to compare modern productions with the past. The retrospective exhibition of the National Gallery says all this very well. Thanks to it we have rediscovered a Montreal painter who has been unknown too long. In this article we have presented everything we could about a lost painting and an article unknown to researchers.

NOTES


(3) Excerpts from the article already quoted.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)
Marcelle Maltais
An Interview by Marie-France O'Leary

Q. — Marcelle Maltais, many people, looking at your current paintings, wonder what is the reason for your return to figurative art.

A. — There is no question at all of a return to the figurative. No more than there is question in the history of painting of a radical transition at a given time from the figurative to the abstract. There is simply painting. I have been saying this for some time: the figurative-abstract duel dates back several decades. Perhaps it was necessary to simplify, define and label everything when the new experiments of the Xxth century were begun. Now everything overlaps. This is the era of synthesis, everything is possible. And painting especially is again possible.

Q. — There has, however, been a transformation in your painting. How did this evolution take place?

A. — I had been doing research since 1964, a year in which I only drew. I started using colour again in 1965, then in 1966 came the 'fragmentures' (collages), in which I thought I saw ten years of future painting. But how could I find the equivalent in painting, of these intersecting planes, these 'graphic-colour' dualities, and these irregular forms? The paintings of 1966-67 thus used the 'fragmentures' as a structural basis and are non-figurative lyrical pictures, more vivid, more varied in planes, and increasingly complex, with necessarily less and less unity. A robin first timidly appeared in a collage at the end of 1965, I followed a few drawings in Sardinia, at the Moulin d’Andé, a trip to Canada, and a return to Paris. Finally, in January 1968, the painting 'Montreal', a transition canvas. Then came the crisis, complete darkness. I continued to work as a matter of form. But since that day, that is to say, in mid-February, 1968, until mid-August in Greece, I destroyed almost everything.

And all at once, in the most unexpected fashion. I saw! And there was light!

Q. — Can you describe this flash of light?

A. — One morning I began, in the simplest way in the world, a small landscape of Hydra from my window. I finished it easily. A natural birth. I know the day it happened I rediscovered a 'vision' of the world by painting these views of Hydra. Which are perhaps more abstract than my previous paintings. I do not think I am making a mistake on that point in any case.

And, thinking about painting again, I understand many things better. I place Velasquez, Matisse, Uccello, Van Gogh, Vermeer, Bonnard in a different point of view: light. Painting is light.

Q. — But what does this light mean to you as a painter?

A. — Light to the painter is what language is to the writer: the means, the unity of existing communication. Thus to appreciate a painting (figurative or non-figurative) one must ask if the light is right, beautiful, vibrant, not make a stumbling block of, or linger over the subject, which may or may not be anecdotal, which may or may not be important. Everything consists in the light which bursts or does not burst from the canvas. Everything is in the thought, the acute awareness, the eye of the painter, and not the application, as skilled as it may be of the latest fashionable doings.

Q. — And do you think it is necessary to have recourse to the landscape to convey this light?

A. — The need for living landscape as a starting point is a discipline of the proper light. I do not paint this roof, this tree, this stone, I paint the light on this roof, on this tree, on this stone. For the landscape contains all the possible planes of all the possible 'fragmentures' and everything is bathed in a single and unique light, the light which is life, which is colour, and this light is varied and different on each plane, whether it is part of a roof, a side of a tree, a side of a rock, of the landscape is the outline-guide which nothing can replace, to arrive at an encompassing, complete light. The risk is great, for what is more complicated, more impossible than conveying light faithfully in all its effects without tricks on a flat canvas, in planes of flat colour? That is the only true adventure of painting. It is difficult, infinite, and exiting.

Q. — The only true adventure of painting, what do you mean by that more precisely?

A. — True painting should encompass all the technical experiences, including op, which is basically the end result of the theory of 'pure painting' but which is not painting. For the work should be more than a searching visual research, it should be a re-creation of the world, the expression of man at his ultimate point of awareness and sensitivity.

Painting is not: 'expressing oneself with forms and colour'; painting is 'conveying light'.

Q. — Through your painting are you not returning to past conceptions?

A. — I am not trying to paint 'the old way'. I want to recompose my vision of the world according to the skills that I have acquired in the last 15 years, skills of composition, technique, colours, structures, etc. The knowledge that I now have of painting makes me want to magnify the world, 'transfigure' it, abstract its luminous elements in a total purity; that is to say, I wish to free pure colour, without varied effects, effects of thickness, without recording the weaknesses of my personal subjective moments. My 'transfigurative' painting is no doubt well ahead of the current period. For the experiments of 50 years are over; it is time to make a synthesis, fill the gap, the void of these last years (a remarkable pictorial poverty) and to paint with the acquired knowledge of these 'fifty years of abstract art'.

Q. — Then what becomes of the artist's mission?

A. — His only mission is a re-creation with reality, not by 'realist' (or so-called realistic) art but by concrete art. That is to say, art that retransmits existing structures in the work, art that reconstructs, rebarbs the world, instead of reconstructing and reinventing the subjective "me" of the artist. This winking concept of me—the artist and my anguish is over. The true artist is the one who, of course, feels this anguish, but overcomes it to establish the world, and not by recording the weaknesses of his art, due to his artistic sensitivity, to convey the beauty, structures, songs and the light of the world in which we live, the world which understands, bathes and envelops us.

Q. — What is your ambition, what do you wish to attain with your painting?

A. — In my painting I would like to enlarge the vision of the world. Recreate it according to my imagination, to make it more perceptible to others, and through a greater vision of the world, arrive at a better understanding of man, who is a part and an awareness of the world.

Q. — Is all art communicative, according to you?

A. — Art does not have the right to be uncommunicative, for it is essentially communication. No art is hermetic. Work that is closed-in (or purely technical research) is hermetic and thus hermeticism should also be surpassed to reach art. Artistic research ceases being sterile when it becomes communicative to everyone, that is to say when it becomes the expression of the world — universal — instead of only being an expression of self.

Q. — What are your immediate plans?

A. — Due to a grant from the Arts Council, I am going to paint Manicouagan this winter. In the spring I shall exhibit in Brussels, then in October 1971, in the Canadian Cultural Centre in Paris.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Fafard
By David Zack

There are enough art writers who also paint and sculpt. Joe Fafard isn’t one of them, though he does write as well as make sculptures of painted plaster, glazed clay, now and then metal, sometimes with a shoe, a purse, or a necklace delicately inserted in the composition.

In February of 1970 Fafard prepared his first and only piece of writing about
Where the names in the canoes paddled
Joe Fafard is one of twelve brothers and
The farts he picked up from the lead
to come from a farm, speaking French,
carved wooden figures, also welded steel,
behind, but many trips to the Mecca
States, where he really learned what art's

Fafard seems to have been gripped by
two main concerns. One is to show people in the art game, art teachers, museum
people, critics, strong artists, even art
students. To show them, as they live.

The other takes him back to the farm.
Fafard makes animals about as much as
people portraits. In the Regina Invita-
tional this year he showed a ceramic
sheep and a goat, both intensely realistic,
both as metaphorical as Burne-Jones' "Scapegoat". And an extensive series of
different sized dead cows growing out of a
decomposing one he saw and photo-
graphed on the old Indian camp up the hill
from St. Marthe two summers ago. A fine
full sized well varnished paper mache
cow with ceramic horns and hooves. The
subtlety in these works is expressive, also technical. Fafard has made himself
a master of glaze technique and ceramic
sculpture, though he never took a ceramics
course in school. The cows glow in green
and purple, red and brown. They merge
still into rabbits and flowers, their heads
merge on skulls and on human faces.
Fafard's animals aren't surrealistic. In-
tensely expressive of humanity, rather.
Some of his people are a bit more than
expressive. These are usually ones he
looks at with the primitive or farm boy's
naivete compared to Joe's Gallic sophisti-
cation. Susan Fafard sticks to her imme-
cence. She now works in her own style, a sort of German
naivete compared to Joe's Gallic sophisti-
cation. Maija writer people are least assertive.

When Fafard showed his portrait of
Russ at the Burnaby Art Gallery, last
Fall, a Vancouver newspaper critic called
it a prairie long hair. Russ Yuristy has
hair below his shoulders and gold rim
glasses. You can see his eyes twinkle
before you can tell the length of his hair.
You have to know Yuristy, as Fafard does
and I do, to see how close the likeness
is. But Fafard has caught something
between the life and the look he saw.
The portrait of Jed's different, for sure.

This is a mustachioed man with his chin
in his hand, a bit beaten, looking for a
different life. And sure enough, after
Fafard made Jed Irwin in plaster, Jed
quit his job running the art gallery at the
Regina library and moved with his wife
into rabbits and flowers, their heads
she'd seen herself in newspapers, ARTS
Canada, and at two shows, she met
Fafard again. "You bastards", she greeted
him, then "Much admired!"

Among the plasters art gallery and art
writers people are least assertive. Malja
Bismanis, internationally unrecognized art
historian of the Regina faculty, is in blue
jeans and a sweatshirt, a meek appealing
figure beside the artists in the same
environment. Three from her group look
rather like character. Joe's portrait of his son Joël,
done before the boy was three, makes
him an artist as much as a child. And
of course Joël is just that, painting,
drawing and making ceramic sculptures
beside his father through the day and into
the night.

Pauper art people wasn't Fafard's final
answer. He spent a while doing photo-
graphs. Made the series of the dead
cow on 35mm color slides, then
developed it in clay. Made Roman style busts
of friends not conventionally seen as
artists: Larry a mecanic; Ali, noted
plastics student, the best, if not just one of the
prof's. Here he began to make a rung on
the ladder to wherever this artist is going.
Where might that be? Perhaps the work
gives an idea.

This series of well over 20 highly glazed
ceramic portraits of Regina art people
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André Elbaz’s Collages
By Jean AMBROSI

For the true painter, the creator of structures who is master of his palette and certain of his touch, the art of the collage requires what amounts to total amnesia. Very few among the great masters have attempted its evocative elements. Matisse himself could not keep his distance from an over-facile draughtsmanship. At most, he was able to lay aside his palette. His collages added to the web of his art but he was unable to escape the entrapment of the basic warp.

André Elbaz, an artist of less than forty years, emerges from his artistic formation, Draughtsmanship, colour, and composition are his juggling tools. His sensibility evolves on a new plane. He discoursed away the categories which weigh upon him and it comes to pieces, like a construction game which goes back in its box. The overused and yet all-powerful symbolism of advertising is exposed and its nakedness becomes laughable; a frightening enemy shed of its armor becoming a puny being overthrown by a snap of the fingers.

Once the spectator comes into contact with this series of collages he experiences within himself the twisted advertising games which attempt to overpower us. Then, a kind of rage against oneself enters the unconscious. How could such crude artifice intrude into our minds, so easily take its effect, and continue to prosper with such impunity? A desire to cry out and attack as Elbaz has done overcomes us, if only to regain our own voices. But we are left with empty words that speak the orderly and sterile language of mere intellect. We are moved far beyond the strict rememberance of the fragments presented in spite of hastily disposed barriers.

Aestheticism is a kind of fencing which encircles any work of art. Its established structures reassure and please. Through them we are alienated from the work itself, but the collage speaks to us; its force engulfs all abstract conceptions and its peaceful cry is prolonged. Then to escape is a re-birth. Elbaz’s collage speaks anew. No talent before him has dug his raw material out of such an intimate environment. Young master painters or sculptors plunder easily into the concreteness of the commonplace. At most they force a new insight upon us. The precious reference would remind us of Warhol or Johns. Forgotten by the author in the bottom of a Moroccan polychrome trunk, the first works of this genre in black and white date back to Elbaz’s childhood about 1952. Elbaz acts on the level of subconscious language. He reorganizes the multi-faceted words that advertising so carefully orders for its particular aims. All his raw material is taken from actual ads. By this expedient advertising is undressed, its true message rings in our ears and its language takes on the wild Elbazian meaning. The direct language of a sensitive artist: a calm voice, assured and vibrant, tells us that we are fooled. Elbaz is superbly gifted in his implacable revolt for communicating the message of deliverance which he discovered. Only the artist foresees the heavy implications in the innocent sounding advertising message. He takes it apart, destroys it, and returns it to us in the shape of a dream. These dreams, so simple, so very few, so rare, so isolated, to which are attached swarms of associations, simultaneously liberate each of us according to our unique perception.

Sometimes, following the will of a white page, Elbaz ignores the call to destruction and lets himself slide into the dream. The publicity then acts as no more than a pretext and colour tones take on primary importance. A simple, unassuming, almost invisible composition envelops the raw material. We could easily interpret and intellectualize upon the meaning of this page which is conceived in a dream-world for all of us but the lasting factor is the unerring intuition of the artist. The educated mind scrutinizes each of the elements of the dream in search of authenticity-elements which are thoroughly catalogued in scholarly books - thus, the cultural thirst is quenched and a deep world of wonders opens to the apophthegmatic mind.

Past the obvious fades, each one of us releases his share of personal pulsations among the plentiful bounty offered by the artist. The malicious and undifferentiated slavery which clings to us like a plague bursts and disappears. Elbaz leads us to the end of the road through his art. The last steps are left to the self.

(Translation by the Author)
Francesca Vivenza
By Jean-Loup BOURGET

Born in Rome in 1941, Francesca Vivenza has lived until 1970 in Milan. In the favourable setting of a decentralized Italy with a unique tradition of dedication to the arts, she has already had fourteen exhibitions which have made her name familiar to art-lovers. Hence the North-American scene (today Francesca Vivenza lives in Toronto) presented her with a challenge—a challenge in more than one sense of the word. Toronto, as we know, is not always well-disposed to those painters, whether European or not, who work outside of directly fashionable movements, lyrical or (above all) geometric abstraction.

Geometric abstraction often contains a quality of reassurance, and nothing is more removed from such an aesthetic than Vivenza's painting which has been reared on European expressionism. At the same time the artist has benefited by her stay in Toronto: she has had before her eyes a kaleidoscope of visual impressions and strange sensations. It is this very meeting, on the one hand of a sensitivity formed in the European pictorial tradition, and, on the other, of rich and familiar subject matter which is of interest here. The originality of this encounter derives from the fact that the material is not restored in a literal way by the artist. On the contrary, it has been transformed by the strangeness in the experience itself as seen by the observing individual. Where pop-art is content with truncated quotation, Vivenza's painting appears as a deciphering of the North-American reality.

Direct acquaintance with Vivenza's canvases will bring the names of Ensor and Nolde to mind. It is perhaps not essential but nevertheless interesting to confirm that the latter are the artist's favourite painters.

But these paintings are anything but imitative. Certainly, there is an echo of Ensor in the occasional grotesque presiding at the Halloween dance; elsewhere it is simply the frankness of their colours, their innocence which can extend to violence, which conjures up the work of Nolde. It is a kinship of gesture rather than of subject, or even of form. (Here we are thinking more particularly of the three Bridesmaids in their blazing helio­phone. Finally, a philosophical comment makes itself felt. Progress is the reflection of a high-rise mirrored in a high-rise, which in turn... The narcissism of today's New World has its correspondent in Demolition for Progress where we watch nineteenth-century brick buildings disappear, just as we see the age of Louis XIV being tucked away in Watteau's famous works.)

From Fresco to 'figurative narration' the move is a logical one. For the practice of four paintings which is somewhat reminiscent of Gauguin (the Where do we come from?... in the Baltimore Museum). The first canvas shows us the lovers' meeting, the second, their loving. The title of the third is Waiting. Few painters know how to treat, as does Vivenza, without indiscrimation or maudlin affectation, the expectation of the pregnant woman. In contrast, one might mention the deliberate indiscrption of Klimt's Cinderella.

The danger inherent in 'figurative narration' is to make concessions to the anecdote, to naïve symbolism, to the over-explicit message. Vivenza avoids these pitfalls in her series of four paintings which is somewhat reminiscent of Gauguin (the Where do we come from?... in the Baltimore Museum). The first canvas shows us the lovers' meeting, the second, their loving. The title of the third is Waiting. Few painters know how to treat, as does Vivenza, without indiscrimation or maudlin affectation, the expectation of the pregnant woman. In contrast, one might mention the deliberate indiscrption of Klimt's Cinderella.

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are by the same artist. The imaginary element of the drawings is opposed to the visionary in the paintings as is the palm to the back of the head. Recent exhibitions of paintings and drawings by Francesco Vivenza: March 1971, Toronto (Edward Johnson Building). Oil-paintings: Chez Trudeau; Life and Love; and drawings: The Ocean Will Come, from Shakespeare's The Tempest.


André Biéler painter and sculptor by Pierre E. CHASSE

Eight years ago I had the pleasure and the privilege of meeting André Biéler for the first time at his home in Glensburnie only a step away from Kingston. The Biélers live in a warm and lovely house surrounded by stately pines through which the gentle winds of early autumn whisper softly breaking the stillness of the countryside. On arrival we were greeted by madame Biéler, a gracious and charming Montrealer whose endearing smile and welcoming words would disarm the most taciturn man. Although Biéler was born in the country of Klee and Giacometti, he has thoroughly identified himself as a Canadianian ever since his arrival here as a boy in 1908. If Guy Biéler, who was executed by the Gestapo during the French occupation, holds a prominent place in our gallery of war heroes, André is equally prominent amongst the greatest of our artists.

He is a very profound man and a deeply human one who is looked upon with sincere affection and the highest of respect. He is an ageless man whose evolution never ceased and for whom the years of work emerge with renewed freshness and its evocative power grows stronger and stronger.

André Biéler is an erudite but his knowledge owes nothing to the overfed human computer who can only feed back facts and things that too often have never been exposed to the briefest analysis. What we say in his paintings as well as in his sculpture — for he is also a sculptor, a fact almost unknown by the public — is said with eloquence and elegance without ever being melodramatic or anecdotal, two traps so many artists have walked straight into. Biéler's pictorial and sculptural work is both positive and solid, but never pretentious.

Each new formula begins only after a thorough analysis and a complete understanding of the element to be used. The result being that the successes vastly outnumber the failures. If necessary, the work of Biéler is not one man's work for he took the advice of others, and, above all, the champion of the artist has a very profound understanding of life and the human condition. This led to innumerable concessions in acrylics, but this time with always improved results.

Never satisfied and very inquisitive, he soon decided to invent a new press which he calls "The Twelve Pines Press" in order to force and shape paper and other similar materials into three-dimensional pictures that are both pictorial and sculptural in their relief form with outstanding results. This method was so effective that Richard Lacroix used more or less the same process for his excellent plastic work called "Pitounes".

Perhaps remembering his discussions with Zadkine in 1953 or due to the influence of his son Ted, one of our very best sculptors, Biéler decided to turn to sculpture with extraordinary results. He tackled this medium with enthusiasm. When I saw his first sculptures, I was simply speechless, for there in front of me stood some of the finest sculptures I had seen in a long time in Canada. There was one in particular, which is now in my collection, which impressed me very much. It was a standing female with entwined arms, a man and a half bird, not unlike some of the things Manzu did for his doors of the Vatican, but definitely better and more powerful. There was something sinister about it which was perhaps only toned down by the golden finish of the sculpture. It was a man, a woman, and a dragon-eater black birds of his last years although it had no resemblance whatsoever to them. I think it is very unfortunate that Biéler should have decided to take up sculpture so late since it is obvious that however small the number of sculptural works there are, they are a very important and significant part of the totality of his work.

In 1970, Biéler went back to the island of Orleans to paint another of his parish processions in acrylics, but this time with extraordinary vigour and a touch of frenzy rarely seen in the past. This marks a new return to the figurative but in simplified form where movement and energy and a surprising amount of turmoil emanate from the painting. It also possesses a spiritual quality unequalled in this last "Procession at Sainte-Famille" there is a great deal of poetical charm regardless of the vigorous treatment of the canvas. There is humour but also a certain amount of sympathetic understanding of the life and the human beings which make The Island of Orleans.
Entretien avec Helen Frankenthaler
Par Shirley RAPHAEL

La plus grande ambition d'Helen Frankenthaler, qu'elle réussit d'ailleurs à réaliser dans ses inoubliables tableaux — est de marier dans une même œuvre d'art la joie intérieure et la discipline extérieure.

Barbara Rose, célèbre critique d'art américaine, considère Helen Frankenthaler comme l'une des principales figures à paraître, au cours des deux dernières décennies, dans le monde de l'art international.

Flood (Inondation), peint en 1957, est l'un de ses meilleurs tableaux et il atteste de la maturité de son travail. Mlle Rose, dans le numéro d'avril 1959 d'Artforum, écrivait : « Pour différentes raisons, Flood est une œuvre importante, parce qu'elle réaffirme la maitrise de Frankenthaler en matière de propositions. Elle est tout ce que l'art des années 60 n'a pas été... libre, spontané, extravagant, romantique, voluptueuse, aérée, gonflée d'une joie de vivre totale. Et elle contient une note de grandeur solennelle qui annonce la maturité de style et que l'on retrouve aussi dans son style. »

L'art d'Helen Frankenthaler produit un effet particulier : après y avoir été exposé, on se sent plein de vie et en affection. Tout le monde, j'espère, connaît des moments de la vie où la peinture contemporaine de Mlle Frankenthaler a marqué quelque chose ou en disant quelque chose. Elle porte sa magie. Tout syndrome est difficile. En chaque être, le subconscient porte sa magie. Tout syndrome est diflicile. En chaque être, le subconscient travaille sans cesse; mais parfois, ce subconscient est plus libre d'agir.

Les diapositives de ses travaux de la fin de 1970 révèlent l'addition de lignes, faîtes aux crayons de couleur, au crayon, au feutre, au crayon... à tout ce qui lui convient le mieux.

Grande artiste, elle est également vraie en tant qu'elle-même. Elle possède la joie de vivre et sait la partager.

(Traduction de Denise Courtois)

Helen Frankenthaler est venue à Montréal, en février, à l'occasion de son exposition particulière dans une galerie montréalaise et afin de donner au Musée des Beaux-Arts de Montréal une conférence intitulée "Le portrait de peinture avec Helen Frankenthaler."

Même comme un roseau, grande, vêtue de force, elle est âgée de 42 ans, parle d'un ton tranquille, réfléchie, et vous semble la main de façon énergique. D'être femme ne l'a pas du tout desservie. Dès ses débuts, lors de sa rencontre avec celui qui a le plus influencé, Jackson Pollock, elle a été prise très au sérieux. Quand je lui ai demandé ce qu'elle pensait des autres femmes artistes qui protestaient au Whitney et de l'article du magazine Art News concernant les artistes du sexe féminin, ainsi que de Louise Nevelson et Georgia O'Keeffe, citées, dans des journaux pour avoir dit que le fait d'être femme les empêchait grandement d'être prises au sérieux, elle a répondu qu'elle n'avait nulle envie de discuter du sujet parce qu'elle n'avait jamais été dans ce cas, qu'elle n'avait jamais eu de difficultés parce qu'elle était femme. Son œuvre rejetée ce qui est doux, charmant, joli. Ce n'est pas facile pour une femme peintre. Donc, peut-être exprime-t-elle ses sentiments dans ses tableaux.

Sérieux
L'artiste se révèle comme une personne sérieuse, réfléchit. Au qu'est possible, et de toutes les façons, elle aime être vraie. « Je suis peintre... et mes tableaux sont l'echo de l'état général de ma personne; ce sont les poteaux indicateurs de la direction que je prends. Tout le monde, j'espère, connait des moments de retour vers l'enfance jusqu'à l'heure du tombeau. Donc, il faut se sentir bien en vie, on contraire de certains êtres qui vivent mais se sentent morts.»

De nos jours, tant de choses sont désertées, terribles même. Il faut partager tout sentiment de spontanéité, de joie, de foi dans la vie. Cela peut se faire en fabriquant quelque chose, en montrant quelque chose ou en disant quelque chose. Le tout, c'est d'être au diapason des sentiments et de l'esthétique, et de laisser de la place pour du nouveau.»

Très active

Il y a bien des moments où elle doute d'elle-même et se sent prise d'un sentiment d'insécurité.

Mais, elle aime essayer des choses nouvelles. Ainsi, elle a conçu un décor pour un ballet d'Erick Hawkins donné au théâtre Anta de New-York, le 9 mars dernier. Elle aime beaucoup travailler à grande échelle et en profitant pour parler de bannières.

Elle a toujours fait de grands tableaux... son plus grand ayant été pointé pour le Pavillon américain à l'Expo 67 de Montréal. Il mesurait 16 pieds ½ sur 33. Un agréable défi, mais tout un problème de réalisation! Elle pouvait seulement voir l'œuvre par morceaux, et jamais dans sa totalité. Mais, elle aime essayer des choses nouvelles. Ainsi, elle a conçu un décor pour un ballet d'Erick Hawkins donné au théâtre Anta de New-York, le 9 mars dernier. Elle aime beaucoup travailler à grande échelle et en profitant pour parler de bannières.

A propos de succès
Mlle Frankenthaler ne se sent pas célèbre, même si elle aperçoit de ses tableaux un peu partout où elle va.

Quand je lui ai demandé ce qu'elle pensait de l'idée d'avoir eu des rétrospectives au Whitney de New-York et au Whitechapel de Londres, à l'âge de 40 ans, elle a répondu avoir été à la fois surprise et très encouragée.

Selon elle, il n'est pas nécessaire pour un artiste d'être une vedette. Car alors, on se préoccupe trop de son moi et on se tient sur ses jambes. Elle préfère un produit ou une œuvre qui se trouve dans le public, qui se vend. Elle aime beaucoup essayer des choses nouvelles. Ainsi, elle a conçu un décor pour un ballet d'Erick Hawkins donné au théâtre Anta de New-York, le 9 mars dernier. Elle aime beaucoup travailler à grande échelle et en profitant pour parler de bannières.

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wave that broke, from the death of Cézanne to the eruption of Dadaism, upset not only art and taste, but challenged the interpretation of art as representationism. Picasso, Schwitters, and Marcel Duchamp, these three names establish the break with traditionalism. At the same time, non-figurative painting appeared. Artists like Max Ernst, Klee, and Piet Mondrian came to the same conclusions, not knowing of one another, separated by sometimes hostile traditions, endowed with apparently incompatible temperaments.

Magnelli has told us of the isolation which he lived in Florence during the years 1913-19, when he produced his first of his works in which figuration disappeared: no reviews, no reproductions, no contacts. If his relations with the Futurists were friendly, they were disturbed by the lack of understanding of Marinetti's group towards growing non-figuration. By their adherence to epidermic modernity. Now we must remember that Magnelli who began to paint late, self-taught — he liked to say — had fresco painters for masters: Giotto, Paolo Uccello, Masaccio, and Piero della Francesca. He felt that his art, his pictures, would reveal this transposed influence; it may be seen in "Théâtre Stenterello No. 3", which is reproduced. The Arezzo frescoes revealed to him composition in a surface, made him understand, he said, the interplay of empty and fully occupied space. Beginning with Piero della Francesca, he felt that his art, his pictures, "would always tend towards the architectural". He rediscovered flat tint and removed the anecdote from the anecdotal. He was not far from thinking that the taste for movement's style, for machinery, proper to the Futurists, was regressive.

That was happening in 1914. A brief stay in Paris, Magnelli returned to Florence, where he was at the outbreak of the war. The studio that Apollinaire had kept for him at the French capital was free to occupy. What is interesting is meeting the friends of the poet, Picasso, Léger, Jean Gris, did not change his mind. "One had the feeling that art should return to creation instead of being an imitation of something. Even cubism, which is magnificent, which is formidable, saw its creators start from an idea of reality; they distorted the object, they transformed it; they wanted to see its four sides. Whereas, for my part, one fine day I wondered is it possible that I must make a character when I can have the freedom to create a canvas according to the forms that I need within the rectangle of the canvas. And then I completely removed all that was real, even imagined, and I created canvases, the first abstract canvases." For forty years painters were to exploit this change in art that would be the great adventure of the first half of the century. Magnelli, like other inventors of non-figuration, would see his work plagiarized for the benefit of followers, who often did not go beyond fraudulent imitation. The success of non-figuration gives way as quickly as styles. There remain only those who have added to the development of knowledge. Magnelli is eminently one of those. A plastician, he constructed his work strictly, felt repugnance at facility, built with the sobriety of a potter. We know that it is useful to relate these characteristics to the work of Malevich in Russia. We note that towards 1909, the creator of Suprematism painted oil with a conclusion akin to those of Magnelli in 1913. Both, thus seem to reach constructivism by a similar method, by the purification of forms, as it were, by a classic approach contrary to Kandinsky, who reached the informal by expressionist lyricism. The route followed by Mondrian was different again, an imperturbable logic led him to an abstract geometricality by the deepening of forms. But the most uncompromising men sometimes have unexpected repertory. First Magnelli abandoned his youthful fervor: the war came to an end, and was over. Enthusiasm exalted him. A more sensual effusiveness was manifested in his compositions, a tumultuous song overwhelmed him. The end of hostilities liberated in him a generous taste that overexcited color, impassioned form, which to this point had been so stringent. He called a "lyric explosion" the work of the Besnard, which preceded a questioning of the very meaning of the work of art. Magnelli was hesitating in the exploration of the possibilities opened by his own approach: he experimented by applying to his research the work of the Futurist, Cubist, and Surrealist painters, without ever giving in to their formulation. A powerful temperament kept him from adhering to whatever was not his fundamental intuition. He experienced these teachings then moved away from them.

In 1928 he reached an impasse: he stopped painting. With difficulty two years later, he began to draw again, and was reconciled with painting by discovering in Carrara, the language of unpolished marble: with their transfiguration into a series of canvases "Les Pierres", lyricism manifested itself in the work of the Tuscan painter. Beginning in 1937, the creative tumult was mastered, Magnelli's work reached a state of serenity. It was over. Enthusiasm exalted him. A tumultuous form, which to this point had been so stringent, no longer worried him. He reached an impasse, an imperturbable logic led him to an abstract geometricality by the deepening of forms. But the most uncompromising men sometimes have unexpected repertory. First Magnelli abandoned his youthful fervor: the war came to an end, and was over. Enthusiasm exalted him. A more sensual effusiveness was manifested in his compositions, a tumultuous song overwhelmed him. The end of hostilities liberated in him a generous taste that overexcited color, impassioned form, which to this point had been so stringent. He called a "lyric explosion" the work of the Besnard, which preceded a questioning of the very meaning of the work of art. Magnelli was hesitating in the exploration of the possibilities opened by his own approach: he experimented by applying to his research the work of the Futurist, Cubist, and Surrealist painters, without ever giving in to their formulation. A powerful temperament kept him from adhering to whatever was not his fundamental intuition. He experienced these teachings then moved away from them.

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"If one wants to produce something absolute, one must be able to choose what is necessary to realize this vision". As early as 1912-1913, Magnelli deliberately crossed the threshold of tradition, breaking it. He directly created his own language, reinvented a new plastic vocabulary, which the public of his time had not yet discovered. "The most important event of the present day was the appearance of Alberto Magnelli. When the war was over, Magnelli's star rose. He soon became the most important abstract painter in Paris." With his death, the last man (Soutine, Dalouay being quite alive) of the initiators of the new art foreseen by Apollinaire passed away. His kindness, his gracious humour, were mediating between the elders, the explorers of virgin lands, and the generations which, successively, were to profit from their adventure, one of the most original known in the history of art. Magnelli surely occupies a prominent place which history reserves to those who change it.

NOTES


(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

NOTE TO OUR READERS

We deeply regret that circumstances beyond our control prevent us from providing translations of the four following articles on La Danse au Québec, Robert Sauvage, Bernadette de la Grange, and Vincent Zacks. We trust our readers will understand and accept our apology for this inconvenience. — The Editor.