I was going to talk about how the Meanest Mugs become Priceless Picassos, the elevation of the pot that was never meant to be anything but a pot to the status of high art, through the manipulation of the artist, the marketplace and history. And I was going to talk about acquisitions and acquisitioning, how galleries kill themselves to get the star attraction they can't afford, or could afford if they weren't penalized by the existing tax system and grant structure. But I suppose it isn't all meaningless because it's all part of the lack of definition, priorities and values that has led to a state of national emergency—and I suppose every country exists in a quiet, perpetual state of national emergency, albeit undeclared and unofficial.

I was going to start with a plethora of those early 20th century movements confronting the problem of aesthetics, the machine, the functional, the negative effects of the industrial age on production, product and consumer, which sought salvation in the craft approach and the application of a pre-existing aesthetic. Of course, this one-to-one methodology ignored the problem of mass/man/machine and could not apply an aesthetic standard to every utilitarian item of everyman. The solution is the confrontation with the 20th century on its own terms, the affirmation of machine and function and the negation of an a priori aesthetic. Machine and function together will create their own aesthetic.

I was then going to look at two groups of Royal College of Art students who couldn't care less about mass/man/machine—or craft either—and make insanely opulent objects which question the functionality of the functional. At 401 1/2 Workshop, a South-London warehouse, they landscape vests, embroider picture frames, patchwork furniture, sculpt anthropomorphic teapots and temper silver into baroque temples and De Chirico staircases. Michael Haynes runs it and makes one of a kind tables and chairs out of perspex.

At the Glasshouse in Covent Garden they blow glass, roll it in white enamel or silver chloride, sand-blast it, draw on it affirming the total experience of heat, concentration and work. Sam Herman presides—the master of glass as art, conceived and realized by the artist rather than designed by the artist for machine production. Trained by Professor Harvey Littleton of the University of Wisconsin, an ex-Fulbright scholar, a teacher at the Royal College, he received a one-man exhibition at the Victoria and Albert in 1971.

I was going to continue with Hugh Moss and the elevation of applied into high art by market conditions, past and present. The Moss Gallery is Far Eastern Art in London, half commercial, half academic, complemented by a scholarly, self-congratulatory, printing firm and a research laboratory headed by Stuart Fleming, a pioneer in thermoluminescent dating. In 1475 the Chinese discovered that their native cobalt produced a finer blue porcelain underglaze than imported material. The Emperor agreed and hid the revered pots and bowls, untouched, unused, in his storehouse. Imperial Ming coexisted with a bastard brother, Export Ming, designed for sale, to the tastes of the barbarian consumer. The Chinese said Ming (Export) is our best. The Western scholar said, "Yes, it's good but Imperial is better."
Annamese. Now we have Moss, the commer­
collector acquiesced and Ming priced itself
dry up the process is at work on the Sung and
private, British and non-British, reviewing all
classification. Responsible for works which in some
chase of works beyond the means of an  insti­
tution.  Finally the government’s
tax-deductible only if given to institutions
in official standards of design and
ages and official standards of design and
a sitting room,
Taste. A dining room,
out of the market. So the collector turned to
14th century objects, pots that were never
inflating financial and aesthetic values. Is he?
Only the Gelfrey makes sense to me now.
Fact as fact, in 1911 the London County Council
acquired a splendid Georgian almshouse built
in 1715 by Sir Robert Gelfrey, Lord Mayor,
and turned it into a furniture museum, part of a
series of specialized craft museums located
areas of specific trades. Shoreditch is cabinet
making, so the Gelfrey documents the environ­
ment of the Upper Classes from 1600 to 1900,
for only the upper class could afford to reflect
changes in style. But 20th century affluence
permits a diversity of styles among a diversity of
classes, class tastes rather than a Class
Taste. A dining room, 1929, is art deco people,
a sitting room, 1935, is general strike people. Art
Is Utility, recreating the life styles of a genera­
tion under the impact wartime material shorta­
gen and official standards of design and
manufacture established by Gordan Russel’s
Council of Industrial Design.
The children of Shoreditch, the sons and
doctors of the Smithfield market carter, the
Covent Garden barower-directors, visit the
Gelfrey with their school. They return, alone, on Satur­
days and holidays. Their parents give them
money to get rid of them and they prefer to
spend it on tubs fare to these fascinating rooms
than on chips or ficks ... Which makes history
as fast more meaningful than pots into Picassos.
To-night Acquisition and Acquisitions,
beset by financial problems, impelled by the
ambitions, pretentious and pure, of galleries
and museums, remain meaningful. Because
they make the private public. Art shouldn’t be
hiding away in the great houses of the great
lords, but then without the great lords there
would be no art. Maybe there wouldn’t be a
national state of emergency either.
Until the Finance Act of 1972 all cash
bequests to museums and galleries were sub­
ject to estate duty and securities to capital
gain tax, a policy onerous to those who
make a visit worthwhile, it also enriches the
already rich — Leonardo’s cartoon of “The
Virgin and Child with St. Anne and St. John
the Baptist” at the National Gallery.
The National Gallery regards itself as the
watch-dog of the national heritage, public and
private, and is profuse in its requests for export
licenses, acting as buyer of last resort to maintain the heritage. If choice
rests between acquisition and the building
program the painting wins. Better walls than
bars and everything purchased goes on view.
To save Titian’s “Death of Actaeon” from
Getfey’s Malibu Museum cost £1,750,000.
The government permitted the gallery to contribute
£800,000 against its annual purchase grant
over 4 years at a rate of £150,000 per annum,
so lowering the grant from £480,000 to £330,000.
During this period the gallery may not ask for
special funds to obtain works that could have
been acquired with the grant undocked.
In spite of this potential mortgage on policy and
purchase both continue. They bought US
Ambassador J. W., Annenburg for the Douanier
Rousseau’s “Tropical Storm with a Tiger”, a
necessary addition to the weak French collection,
irresistible temptation considering that
Annenburg succumbed and even made the final contribution which made
purchase possible. Next in 1973 came Lancret’s
“Lady and Gentleman taking Coffee with Chil­
dren in a Garden” and Van Goyen’s “An
Estuary with Fishing Boats and Two Frigates”.
In March, 1972, the Victoria and Albert
received a cheque from an anonymous bene­
factor for £50,000 and a note “I think it would
be nice if the Victoria and Albert used the
money to buy some specific thing.” Indeed
they did, a carved red lacquer table, early
14th century. In the West, the particular piece is
reputedly the finest anywhere. It transforms
the museum’s collection of Far Eastern Furni­
ture, where the most notable pieces, such as
Emperor Ch’en Lung’s throne, c. 1750, had
been of much later date.
The Tate just got Braqueui’s “Malastra”, 1910.
Seminal in the redifinition of sculpture, it
states that sculptural harmony need not be
based on the traditional relation of parts to the
whole. In eliminating all but one part it creates
a new harmony based on the relation of width
to length to depth, deposited on a single con­
tinuous surface. The unpatinated bronze makes
light a means of sculptural form, an unvarie­
gated unity analogous to the new objective of
wholeness, physical and psychological sim­
plication.
Jennifer OILLE

And public exhibitions persist. The Arts
Council is combining Vorticism, the brilliant
photographs of Diana Arbus and French Popular
Imagery at the Hayward Gallery between March
27 and June 2.

The Victoria and Albert is featuring “Byron”
between February 18 and August 25, Ivory
Carving in Early Medieval England between
April 24 and June 23 and Railway Prints from
May 15 to September 22.

Richard Dadd, June 20 to August 19, follows
Klein and Manzoni, March 20 to May 5, at the
Tate.

BETWEEN YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

By André PARADIS

The advent of the media, it is certain, precipi­
tated the instituting of a climate of upheaval
from which it is almost impossible to escape.
One disturbing fact remains: the slowness with
which things really change and the way in which
are generated by words of impact that only super­
icially reach the conscience. The word new,
for instance. Novelty presupposes a charac­
teristic of originality in relationship to what
exists. To establish it seriously demands a
complete knowledge of what went before and,
soon, only the computer will be able to certify
that something new has not been already
research and exhibition, not sale. Word escapes

1. Jorge Romero Brest, L’Fin du jeu dialectique dans et
pour l’œuvre d’art Colloque d’Art, No. 11, p. 79.
2. Marcuse, Eros and Civilization: A philosophical
umanisation mondiale; Manne, 1973, p. 90-91.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)
and manipulation of these elements. To know the earth, to knead it as one kneads bread, to become earth. To know fire, its strength, its slowness, its own life, to love it. And so on. Water. Air.

Fire especially fascinates me.

In 1971, Louise Doucet and Satoshi Salto undertook the building of a kiln (catenary arch kiln). From then on this kiln, a masterpiece of her creation, a superness, a kind of intimacy with fire which manufactured kilns do not offer. The size of this kiln enabled her also to do only twenty firings a year. On the other hand, this is a lot if we consider the astonishing production which is accomplished by reason of eight hours (at least) of work a day.

The art of the potter is in working the clay in depth and on the surface, in cooking it and in decorating it. Insight is total. In the works of Louise Doucet, there are no deepicks or ruts. To work the surface of the clay, it is there that the moving sensitivity of the hand is revealed most. Would it be a sort of dream that guides the pressure of the fingers? Or the necessity of the delicacy of touch which she demands of herself? By taste, by impulse? This clay is sacred. It lives, it breathes, it speaks. A great wisdom permeates the lines that one discerns on the objects shaped.

The economy of means is also an integral part of this wisdom of Louise Doucet. Oriental wisdom which she brought back from Japan and which her husband perpetuates, perhaps. In this discipline and the art of living her work wholly, day after day. Thus the re-utilization of materials, this kind of recycling of things, as much clay as water is noteworthy and of great importance with her. It is the way of better knowing her tools, of seizing their true reality, their only truth.

For Louise Doucet, genuine creation — in the fullness of its acception — resides essentially in the liberty she takes with technique. In this sense, the Japanese tradition into which she became assimilated is related to her work only to the extent where she is not the clew and the object of a technical background, indeed ethical. She is an astonishingly original Quebec potter. In the program of an exhibition of Louise Doucet held in Tokyo, Tatsuzo Shimaoaka wrote: "What has impressed me most about the work she has produced, using entirely Japanese materials and kiln, is that her creations are still uniquely characteristic of her as a Canadian."

Japanese tradition has it that an article of pottery should not necessarily be produced by the hand of a single individual. There is a master who thinks, corrects along the way, orientates, guides the apprentice or apprentices who execute. From this fact, the forms and glazes attain a true perfection which will never be able to be equalled in the West, due to the single fact that they have many, many times been repeated. Each defends himself as he can. With Louise Doucet, as everywhere in the Occident, the duality of master and slave is found united in one and the same individual. While fulfilling the personal demands of the artist, production is oriented toward economic survival. Combined with the production there is research, creation. It is the time of the master.

With Louise Doucet, all is only nuances, suppleness, quietude and work. To go further ahead, to depart from the average, to seek new forms, to innovate, to create, finally, from this wonderfully unpromising material, as we say of a land that it is unproductive.

Indifference is unthinkable in the face of the work whose formal beauty is pure and simple like the course of everyday life. Hence the importance of the humble and mysteriously precious object. Plastic beauty and functional design, these two axes of pottery, merge with her with a rare density and a great penetration. There remains at the end only a work which, separated from its functional design, has no other possible reference than itself.

An object of pottery cannot and should not be completely finished. Its functional rôle assures it a continuity and forms its finitude. An empty cup, for example, seen in a display, finds its fulfillment only at the moment when it is filled. What is it filled with? What was it created for? It becomes real, totally. Its use, the participation of the senses, the wonder and the acuteness of perception constitute the ultimate stage of creation, as reading often proves a re-creation. In a certain way, we love the cup at the moment when we begin to know it, to identify with it, to recognize the creation of the hand and the hand of the creator. To revive. All this, with Louise Doucet, is very easy. To follow, to pursue plastic, formal beauty through the work, to discover her rhythm, her truth.

As opposed to objects manufactured in our always astonishing consumer society, we learn to live with these objects, slowly, as for something which does not allow itself to be grasped at first glance or at first contact of the hand.

Louise Doucet does not face her wheel without previously knowing her intentions or, at least, the vague form or the use of what she is preparing to shape. From this point of view, the function of the object is decisive and guides the advance of the work and even the rhythm of its creation.

The fascinating forms of this pottery and the perfection of the details make it an entity of a very strong power of suggestion whether the textures are richly coloured or faithfully close to the original material. Finally, a recent phrase, "the stanza", does not fail to surprise by their strength, their massive body and their decoration which recalls a completely pictorial dimension. Is not the richness and the grandeur of a work dependent on the degree of perception we have had of it?

Rediscover the rhythm of the work of Louise Doucet but, for that, it would be necessary to stop speaking of it.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)
and New York. This exhibition will brighten the holiday period of Christmas and New Year in Paris, that of Easter in New York. Such an association of tapestry with festivals, civil or religious, is a very fortunate one. It is at the very origin of the art.

Like Westerners, the Chinese and the Japanese practised the illustration of fabrics, but makemono or kakemono are always of an astonishing discretion in size and design. In the schools of St. Vitus and Chartres they were accurate and full of details. Large occidental tapestry is very different. It is as fascinating from far as it is close up. It played, as at the end of the Middle Ages, a rôle quite as important as that of stained glass in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It enabled the men of the West to identify themselves and develop their own full identity. They had intended extensive, but which without colour, appear too empty and too terrifying.

For the man of the Dark Ages, concrete things were lost in themselves than by what they represented. In stained glass, this was totally superfluous. To achieve the sizeable surface counted less than the coloured light that it released and which filled the church with a divine or royal presence. In the same way, the lines of the pillars and the ribs of the vaults were of less importance in themselves than the whole of the whole which was more than a community which was privileged to ties to a local prince and his family, to a saint all of whose life and deeds were known, deeds which were still going on. It was also a matter of the inhabitants of a city or of a section of it. In the same way, the tapestries for the solemn entrance of a prince, for local festivals, as extension to the dramas and mystery plays that were acted in the open air for several days. Tapestry was used expressly to impress with the importance of these socialities. Because princes travelled with their precious fabrics. In this way they dazzled their circle, not only by the round of their circle, but also by the circle of a day or a few days, and better make their departure felt when the hangings were rolled up, then carried farther away.

Very substantially, the tapestries were wonderfully adapted to their use. Because tapestries are attractive to all kinds of people. The works of a master could fully enjoy discoveries of details: preciousness of material, ingenious precision of concrete observation of things. Botanists in New York were able to identify very substantially the tapestries were won by the precision of the undertakers, as extension to the dramas and mystery plays that were acted in the open air for several days. The tapestries were used expressly to impress with the importance of these socialities. Because princes travelled with their precious fabrics. In this way they dazzled their circle, even their circle of a day or a few days, and better make their departure felt when the hangings were rolled up, then carried farther away.

It was truly on another level, by leaping over middle foregrounds completely absent in most of the Middle Ages and the large objects to the whole of the Middle Ages of great persons, the transforming of the transformations of a world where there was nothing but flowers and springtime. The very use of threads ready in advance gave the opportunity of going straight to this essential effect, of more or less dissociating individuals in the movement of a little rabbit frisking about among the flowers, and of a small dog peering through the hair falling in front of his eyes.

And yet, these movements are extremely light, first because the crests and the recesses contrac the effect, of more or less dissociating individuals in the movement of a little rabbit frisking about among the flowers, and of a small dog peering through the hair falling in front of his eyes.

In this context, the origin of tapestries is very difficult to establish. We can imagine an extreme theoretical case where the painter would be from Paris, the cartoon artist from Arras, the weaver from Brussels, the contractor from Bordeaux, or the patron from Burgundy. The artisans and the artists moved often, and tapestries went through many vicissitudes. However, Paris was undoubtedly at the origin of monumental tapestry with the important works of the Apocalypse of Angers or the Nine Worthies of New York. This exhibition will brighten the holiday period of Christmas and New Year in Paris, that of Easter in New York. Such an association of tapestry with festivals, civil or religious, is a very fortunate one. It is at the very origin of the art.

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and figures with multiple symbolic meanings. Who knew all the details of the life of Saint Stephen, of Alexander or of Esther? Elsewhere, the unicorn was the symbol of speed (used by the architect, who designed the palace of the Cité in Paris, the Unicorn, in Paris), of nobleness (it served as standard-bearer), of virtue (only a virgin could tame it), of miracles (narrow horns taken for the horn of a unicorn were preserved at St. Denis, in Rome,...) In these cases, much knowledge and many experiments, apart from the painting, were connected with the embroidery that would express them.

In this way, the best informed continued to join the scenes together, to set iconography face to face with forms. At all levels, these panels guarded intriguing secrets, always attractive and charming. They still keep some.

The exhibition is notable in its proportions. The exhibition is notable in its proportions. If we had placed the panels side by side, we would cover more than three hundred fifty metres (about one thousand one hundred seventy-five feet) of surface on an average height of approximately three metres fifty (eleven and a half feet). This is very little in relationship to the production of three centuries, since we would cover a bit more than one third of a kilometre, almost a quarter of a mile, relatively little, on the two sides of a city street. But it is already astonishingly big, even one third of a kilometre, almost a quarter of a mile, relatively little, on the two sides of a city street.

In eighty-nine panels, the most significant piece is also the oldest. It is a single one of the seven original panels of the Apocalypse of Louis I of Angers, almost all saved and preserved at Angers. It actually measures eighteen metres fifty (about sixty feet) in length by a height of four metres (thirteen feet).

The exhibition is also of a very high quality. In the sections where artists are represented, the most significant trends are covered. The origins of monumental tapestry in Paris with the Apocalypse of Angers, the Presentation in the Temple of Brussels, the Nine Worthies of New York (the human figures in these are few, well divided into meaningful groups, for a calm, clear understanding from far; in the detail, the silhouettes are vibrating, the feelings unfathomable, between restless sky and earth; we enter immediately into the large movements which are suggested, even at a distance, by the very carefully done alternations of reds and blues in the tranquillity of the composition). A few of the best fabrics of Arras, filled with freshness and intense life, sparkling with crystals and beads in the greenery and the pearly light (approximately seven panels dated between 1420 and 1460). About twenty large narrative panels, with dense mobile crowds, probably woven at Tournai after 1460. About twenty millefleurs panels particularly associated with France between 1460 and 1520 and with the Lady with the Unicorn, from the Museum of Cluny, in Paris (one must especially insist, here, on the learned composition of the panel Sight in this last cycle). The lady and the unicorn in the Irise of Pari, from the Belgian museum, which the long arm of the lady on the back of the unicorn forms the pendant of the animal's horn. This side of the triangle joins small animals at the lower right and upper left corners, along a diagonal passing through the standard. But the lady's right is straightened out by the strong line of the beak of the lion, whose look goes out of the tapestry. Everywhere there is mobility of the eyes, a theme of this panel already contained in the irregular triangle of the heads of the lady, the unicorn and the image in the mirror. But the predominant symmetry of the composition makes room for the reappearance of the rose and the greens of the backgrounds, then of the white of the animals and the faces in all the plants and the green of the flowers of the panel, bringing us back to the very surface of the fabric. About twenty of the most luxurious panels from Brussels in about 1500 (here we think of the Hunt of the Unicorn of New York, related to the Lady with the Unicorn). The wire embroidery, just as long, closely linked this time to nature, permit the obtaining of photographic enlargements sufficiently clear to be used as tapestry cartoons.

The trip was a bit long, but there we were at Regnault St. where Fernand Leduc's studio is located. Before knocking at his door, perhaps we should recall that in 1957, at the Art Institute of Chicago, a show of the works of Fernand Leduc was opened. Leduc won first prize for a tapestry he had produced with Mariette Rousseau-Vermette. At that time, abstract painting was considered distressing and cold; that was why a tapestry in long threads, woven with a thick pile with undulating forms and curved elements, better answering the taste of the public. Ah the door is being opened!

One of the first questions I asked Fernand Leduc was this: how, in 1973, had he come back to tapestry? Briefly: M. Pinton, of the Maiton Pinton-Felletin, of Aubusson, interested in the recent silk-screen of the painter, decided to approach him. Enchanted by the artist's work, he chose seven cartoons which subsequently became tapestries. But exactly what is Maison Pinton? One of the oldest Aubusson tapestry firms. Having known all the phases of renewal since the post-war period, this company desires to rid itself of the idea of the seventeenth century that the public has of tapestry. Turning up its nose at all academism, in the narrow sense of the word, the famous house receives such artists as Sonia Delaunay, Calder, Vasarely, ... in its studios.

How did Fernand Leduc work out his cartoon? By making graphic designs, using at the same time relationships of colours very close to each other, vinous rather than acrile colours, thus obtaining warmer and deeper tones. In this way, he left almost no latitude of interpretation to the artisans. The weavers therefore had to use the simplest classic stitch, the closest possible in order to achieve a flat surface, although tapestry is never a flat surface. It always has a vibration, a modulation.

Having established that the forms of a tapestry cartoon must be inscribed in a precise graphism, the different zones of colour clearly defined, the passages of tones and interpretation of shades indicated by hachures or sawteeth which the weaver will translate by strokes, the artist will have to create a working model for each cartoon — here one metre sixty square. Very fortunately, the present processes permit the obtaining of photographic enlargements sufficiently clear to be used as tapestry cartoons.

Following this, the dyeing of the primary materials, in the present case wool, is of the greatest importance. The success of the passage of the painted work to the woven work depends on the conformity of the dyed yarns with the colours shown on the cartoon. For Leduc's tapestries it was necessary to create twenty-eight special colours. Then, with scraper, fluting tools, boxwood sleeking comb or stiletto in hand, the low-warp weaver, permit the obtaining of photographic enlargements sufficiently clear to be used as tapestry cartoons.

How did you choose Les 7 jours Fernand Leduc for the title of your exhibition? “The child is born, we find a name for him afterwards”. He told me. “My interest caught by the symbolism of the seven days in the story of the seven Egyptian genii, as well as their correspondence with the planets and their colour”:

1. **SUROTH** — green (Venus)
2. **DI-PHE** — white-yellow (Sun)
3. **YXUS** — white-yellow (Mercury)
4. **PH-HERMES** — polychromatic (Mercury)
5. **REMPHA** — dark black (Saturn)
6. **PHIO** — blue-indigo (Moon)
7. **ERTOSI** — red (Mars)
When we take a first visual reading of the woven work, we recognize three or four shades of the obvious writing. But the ensemble of the tapestry brings us face to face with a feeling of total light in dominating yellow, blue, red. This sensation that the amateur experiences is present research toward the artist who seems to be proceeding in his of total light in dominating yellow, blue, red, you wash it, you leave for the country, you put it on a concrete esplanade, being careful to leave sold. It immediately, it is a garment, it warms. Wool belongs to the earth, to sheep. Tapestry is quite another thing than a picture, a canvas, a painting. If you wash it, you wash it. Besides, present-day architecture demands that its walls be warmed.

But I must leave! And if I had to conclude in three words, they would certainly be: Beauty, Warmth, Light. Bravo, Fernand Leduc! Your tapestries are a complete success. May there be more of this kind. To others, I cry out: architects and plasticians of all countries, unite in order that our new cities will no longer resemble dreary cemeteries but gardens of the land of milk and honey where shine the sun and life.

This ensemble of tapestries was exhibited at the Canadian Cultural Centre in Paris, from May 1973. In Montreal, we shall be able to view Les 7 Jours Fernand Leduc at Galerie III, Bonaventure Building in the Spring '74. (Translation by Mildred Grand)

**ART IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**

By Ghislain CLERMONT

For a good many tourists who go in summer to Prince Edward Island, the Commemorative Centre of the Fathers of Confederation has more than one surprise. Situated in the heart of Charlottetown, right beside the provincial Parliament, this national monument, erected in 1967 to commemorate the bicentenary of the signing of the Treaty of Paris, is a place of pilgrimage where visitors can learn about the history of the Province. Thanks to the hospitality it offered in the spring of 1972, to artists of the Island, the Centre became a place of meeting and exchange. The Centre has four exhibition halls, two interior courts, offices, a library, and a photographic library, a seminary hall, studios and storage rooms. Moncrieff Williams, a Scotsman from Edinburgh who spent a few years in the United States and in British Columbia, is the director of the Centre. He is responsible for the organization of the Centre. Seven persons assist him each year in the presentation of some thirty exhibitions and in the preparation of two or three travelling exhibitions, in the maintenance of a permanent collection of more than six hundred contemporary Canadian paintings and prints, in the arrangement of the contemporary Canadian crafts comprising about a hundred pieces, in the cataloguing and the conservation of the fifteen hundred works of painter and portraitist Robert Harris, one of the Canadian masters of the end of the nineteenth century, who spent a large part of his life in Charlottetown. Further, the Centre organizes and participates in various art courses, activities of artistic order for the young, and a nursery school for the very young. During the summer it employs students who act as guides. Although a large number of non-Canadian artists are presented to the public, the Centre neither buys nor accepts nonsaleable works of Canadian artists for its permanent collection. In 1965 the Robert Harris Foundation asked the Centre to take permanent and exclusive charge of the works it owned in a small institution located on the very spot where the building has been erected. Since then, the Centre has been able to do this work. In 1967 and 1973 Moncrieff Williams organized two big exhibitions of Harris' works and in 1970 he published an exhaustive biography of the only important artist the Island had ever known.

Prince Edward Island boasts no school of art. Only Holland College, a school of applied arts and technology, offers training in commercial art. There, drawing, colour, graphic photography, design, are taught. The students, after spending two or three years there, are able to work in advertising, layout, illustration, decoration. The University of Prince Edward Island offers a few courses in the history of art and cinema and an introductory course to furniture design. It is, however, the College of Visual Arts of Holland College which is the only one on the Island. The idea came to me of helping the young people to continue and to improve what had become a maximized pastime, of even making a profitable enterprise of it. Thanks to their efforts and tenacity, in May, 1972, twelve artists founded the Phoenix Galleries, the first and only of the Island's cooperative in the Atlantic provinces. They constructed a sufficiently large building, connected to the home of Gool-Woolnough couple, very close to the downtown area, on the avenue which leads to the Center of Confederation and Parliament at the University. Located there are an exhibition hall, a ground floor extension, a basement, a shop on the ground floor, studios on the other two storeys. The group has grown since then and the shop abounds in articles: pottery, weaving, bags and belts of leather, jewellery, batik and macramé, tapestries, wooden toys. There are very few artists in Prince Edward Island, and almost all of them live in Charlottetown. Hilda Woolnough has been doing engraving for almost twenty years. Influenced at first by European trends, she brought back a taste for the fantastic and for warm colours from Mexico. Drawing inspiration from Indian mythology, she discovered an Asian technique with abstract forms, not wicked at all, and fabulous personages, often ugly and mis-shapen, taken from an ancient mythology. She paints with vigour cardboard glued on engraving paper with the aim of achieving an accentuated rhythm. She works on a sort of mimesisism, a morphomorphous surrealism. She creates jewellery in baroque shapes, fairly heavy, often set with stones, for the Phoenix Galleries, of which she is the directress. She also designs sketches for quilting which an old lady stitches during the winter. The landscapes, the plants and the animals of the Island supply her with an abundance of subjects, quite as many as the traditional motifs which the artists of the past used to repeat.

Richard Whitlock did a little painting, then he took up silk-screening, three years ago. Drawing inspiration from the minimalists and from Pop, he is engaged in the Neo-loccalism movement. For some time he has been using photography in order to include fragments of scenery in his geometrical constructions. Floyd Trainor prefers pop and paints landscapes and persons typical of the Maritimes good-naturedly, industrialized. In 1972 the Confederacy Foundation ordered a monumental sculpture from Henry Purdy of Holland College. The Village of Parkside, on the outskirts of Charlottetown, did likewise last summer, and Purdy erected a sculpture-fountain twelve feet in height. His associates, Peter
Williamson and Hilda Woolnough, that there is promoter, could do better and more often. It federation Gallery, of which he was an ardent organized different exhibitions before the Con­ region of Mount Carmel, is thanks to his efforts, as to those of Moncrieff artists and craftsmen of the Island for about animation which brought professor.Buell... There is reason to mark the work of cultural A few young artists, photographers and film­ producers have settled in Prince Edward Island or have returned there during the last two years. Ronald Cameron of Baltic sculptures in wood; Wendy Duggan, an islander recently graduated from the faculty of the art of the University of Mount Allison, lives in Summerside, where she does painting and silkscreen. George Zimble, a photographer in his thirties, has just traded New York for Argyle Shore, and the studies of advertising and magazines with large circulations. Several of the Phoenix Galleries’ artisans show an original and fruitful spirit of invention: Onta­ rians Doreen Smith and Jennifer Whittlesey, Americas Linda and Janice Outcalt, Mont­ realer Ann Drew, Mel O’Brien and Carl Drew of Scotia, Islanders Sandy Book and Esira Buell... There is reason to mark the work of cultural animation which brought professor Adrien Ar­ senault of UPEI to Charlottetown. Born in the Acadian region of Mount Carmel, Adrien Arsenault is an encouraging and stimulating artists and craftsmen of the Island for about fifteen years. From the beginning of his teaching at the former St. Dunstan’s University, he has made students and adults sensitive to literature, to fine arts and to cinema, and he organized different exhibitions before the Con­ federation. At the exhibition he himself has been the promoter, could do better and more often. It is thanks to his efforts, as to those of Moncrieff Williamson and Hilda Woolnough, that there is a nucleus of artistic life in Prince Edward Island.

To the accompaniment of a piano, two men are playing wooden saxophones with kazooz in the mouthpiece when suddenly Mr. Peanut tap dances into the room. This is not a scene from an absurd Plante’s Peanut commercial; it is a typical Wednesday night open house at the Western Front Lodge in Vancouver. The lodge, which could be described as a combination with gymnasium and auditorium, is owned co-operatively by the eight artist-residents. Besides Dr. Brute, the leader of the above­mentioned orchestra, and Mr. Peanut, members include Lady Brute, Flaxey Rosehops, Marcel Ida, S. S. Toll, Martin Bartlett, and Mo Van Nostrand. The adoption by most of the residents of the un nom fictif calls to mind Marcel Duchamp, who often used the name Rose Selavy. More than a mere homage to Duchamp and Dada, the use of alternate names is part of the truly Dadasist tendency to subvert the limitations of their European ancestors, the Vancouver group is deep into absurdity, often for critical purpose. That is to say, their apparently nonsensical acts are actually aimed at revealing the absurdity of some form of accepted behavior. As one critic in this respect, there were especially captious, as their forbears had been, with regard to the realm of art. When I asked Marcel Ida about the origins of the group he responded by inviting me to art’s one million and eleventh birthday party which various members of the Front in conjunction with several related groups and organizations, held on February 9 of this year. The future is not until the next year at the Elks Hotel in Hollywood. It took me several moments to understand the apparent non sequitur. Marcel’s response, like the party itself, effectively points up the art historian’s obsession with incidenitals like pre­ cise dating. Implied is the stricture that there are more important issues to investigate.

In a similar vein, the members of the Front are involved in plans to stage the 1984 Miss America Pageant. The first pageant was held in 1969 at the National Gallery in Ottawa. The affair was held annually until 1971 when Marcel Ida was the title until 1984. The pageant, of course, is a spoof on the rather absurd custom of beauty contests, but the idea of building a pavilion to house the contest is much deeper. The idea of progress, of a future which has not yet been realized, a future of steel cities, material abundance, and contented people is for the members of the Front one of the major myths of the twentieth century. One of its chief vehicles of expression is the world’s fair or exposition with its pavilions of the latest developments and its splendor. The choice of the year 1984 for their rendezvous with this particular myth is, of course, fairly obvious. In 1984 Orwell forecast a future quite at odds with the prevalent myth. This is not to say the members of the Front are pessimistic about the future; what they reject is both the material basis of “utopia” and the notion of fixed and predetermined direction with it. On both counts the real business of living in the present is denied. Life is a spiritual affair and it is now. It is a mistake to see the 1984 Pavilion and the birthday party as purely critical exercises. In both there is a gratuitously playful element. This, in fact, is the most striking aspect of life at the Western Front. The opening image of this review is an example of the Twelvehour Night Frolic at the Western Front. The opening image of this review is an example of the Twelvehour Night Frolic at the Western.
mental freedom will be, as Magritte said, “a salutary renewal in all the domains of human activity”.

The playful activities at the Western Front must be seen in this context. These artists are seen to be the brainchildren of the surrealistic, hallucinogenic, nonsensical and, above all, the completely original.

The single example had started the Winnipeg home of George Swinton some time before. This single example was the way that Jack Shadbolt began to tell me the story behind his own potential in ignorance of the powers they contain.

Not merely content with maximizing their own potential, the artists at the Front are also deeply involved in spreading their gospel, not only to the outside world but on an international scale through the network of global contacts of which they are a part. The members of the Front are in constant mail contact with artists and groups not only all over Canada and North America but also throughout the world. Besides taking direct part in these mailings the Front, through its Image Bank Directory, encourages artists and interested parties to conduct their own mail exchanges. The directory lists the names, addresses, and special interests of over two hundred people. The purpose of the Eternal Network, as all these mailings are referred to, is not only to encourage the playful pursuits of others, inspire and sustain people with similar viewpoints, but ultimately, as Marcel Idea states in the invitation to art’s birthday party, “to make available a substantial body of work and information that you can actively work with, as we do, changing things by seeing them differently”.

This marks a return to the notion of art’s role which was popular between the two world wars. Since about 1945 it has seemed hopelessly naive, however. Is art to provide aesthetic pleasure or impetus for social change? It is a good question.

1 OF 4

By Virgil Hammock

“I’ll tell you how the owls came about; it’s accidental. I don’t go around being a bird painter, although because of the fact that I have grown up on this coast, birds are as natural to me as the sea. I don’t know anything else . . .”

This was the way that Jack Shadbolt began to tell me the story behind his own images. He continued, “. . . and I am very passionately attached to the kind of feelings that come out of the swamp land, the rock face, the islands, the foliage that we have here, that we have been brought up to love and respect, to be part of my permanent tokens that I work with and all the animal, vegetable, and any kind of form that becomes part of that environment.”

I had asked Jack about the owls during an interview that I was doing for another project because I was intrigued by his use of this bird as a symbol. He had been awakened one night by the sound of two owls, a snowy and a great horned, in a cage on Beaver Hill Road, and how he would sit for hours fascinated by these birds. He is sure that this fascination remained in his subconscious only to be later triggered by receiving the photograph from Nora and his subsequent work on the Edmonton mural. Jack has a great ability to absorb and keep images of all kinds in his artistic vocabulary. As he has said, he is not a bird painter, it is only one line of thought that he uses. The latest and perhaps the most dramatic use of the owl theme is the mural that was commissioned and installed in the Bank of the Canada Council purchased The Chilkoot Experience, a seventy-foot long mural depicting Shadbolt’s experience as he retraced the path the gold seekers of ’98 took over the Chilkoot to the Yukon.

It was my interest with the owl symbol that made me want to talk to the subject with Jack. Not only have other Canadian artists constantly made reference to this bird, but I would be negligent if I failed to mention its abundant use as a symbol or subject by Canada’s native artist, the Eskimo. This might be a good place to say a word or two about our country’s best known semi-official symbol, the beaver, happily embossed on the back of our nickel. How beautifully our buck-toothed friend seems to fit our image of ourselves — industrious, frugal, a little dull — colour him gray. Our southern neighbours, on the other hand, have their high flying bird of prey, the bald eagle, whose diet doubt includes any beavers who might become ever eager. This heavy-handed, and off the subject, metaphor is not to suggest that Jack Shadbolt is the latest convert to Canadian nationalism and in a fit of patriotic zeal is trying to find our long lost friend, ‘Canadian Identity’ in the person of the Snowy Owl. But you have to admit one is hard pressed to find serious art done on a beaver theme and if we were to pick a bird for a national symbol, we should remember that the snowy owl is one bird that doesn’t fly south for the winter.

1. This and all other direct quotes are from a taped interview the author made with Jack Shadbolt in May 1972 for a book in progress on Canadian painting.

2. Former Western Liaison Officer with the National Gallery of Canada.

1759 TO 1800

By Nathalie Le Gris

At the beginning of the eighteenth century England, poor in painters, turned toward the Italian and Flemish schools. No English artist has ever known how to profit from the heritage of Van Dyke, which would develop the English tradition of landscape and genre painting.

Nature always attracted the English. For a long time already, portraitists had been using a background of greenery or rustic scenery suitable to the personality of the model. The study of nature was intensified thanks to water-colour. But the image persisted that the British public was color blind. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, would
take place in two big schools, the Parnham Military College and, especially, the Military Academy of Woolwich, where Massiot and the Sandbys followed each other from 1744 and 1799. The influence of Paul Sandby (1725–1809) on the topographers who came to Canada seems beyond all question. Formed at his school, they afterwards worked in close collaboration with him. In his paintings, he sometimes drew water-colours from which they were then engraved. Not only did he teach his pupils the art of making wash-tints and instil into them the technical principles of topography, but he also gave them a profound, serious and tender feeling for Nature. Immensely influential in this, the school of aquarellists, a branch of English landscape painting; they even exhibited at the Royal Academy. Nevertheless, the fame of the topographers rests on the publication of their water-colours; thus it seems difficult to dissociate water-colour from engraving, among the British.

At the end of the eighteenth century London already had numerous publishing houses, such as: Thomas Jefferys, Robert Sayer, Laurie & Whittle, T. Bowles & John Bowles, John Boydell, J. Wells and J. W. Edy, to mention only the best known, whose reputation was well established in Europe.

Their professional education allowed naval officers to portray coast and ports, and army officers to depict topography. Thus it is not surprising that after the conquest in 1760 the officers trained at the Woolwich school saw Canada from a point of view that was peculiar to them: living in barracks and as a closed group, they recreated an atmosphere that reminded them of England. From their water-colours, the English publishers set up pictorial records of this exotic quality to depict Canada.

Hervey Smyth created landscapes, among others a View of Gaspe Bay, In the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which served Francis Swaine as a model for a famous canvas. He explored nature, described flora with realism, made the distinction, as Ince had done, between coniferous and deciduous trees, and the setting in which he depicted is cold compared to that of Davies. Davies, who spent twenty years in America, was a topographer, an historian and also an ethnologist; few engravings, but many drawings and water-colours in tinted India ink followed. He represented flora in a manner sometimes eccentric. He knew how to paint architecture and even persons. He treated nature and plants in the fashion of a miniaturist. He illuminated some of his water-colours by rays of sunlight which he projected on the greens. This artist is stamped with an exotic character heightened by a suaveness of hand and a skill without equal. He was the only one to make of this exotic quality to depict Canada.

Hunter and Peachey offer several traits in common. Wash-tints, study of the coasts, landscapes, representation of the Indians, but with a severity very different from that of Davies. Peachey placed little importance on composition and expanded domestic details. He painted men and their costumes, cows, fields and a few trees. It seems that he specialized less in topography for its own sake than in people in the sociological sense.

Peachey was a pupil of Paul Sandby, just as Davies was that of Massiot twenty years later. This shows us the conception of water-colour developed a little in England.

We must wait for Webber, Lady Simcoe and Heriot to have a complete realization of the romantic conception of scenery and native peoples. The second in this regard is the Canadian-born Lady Simcoe, who painted her landscapes on birch-bark, giving in this way a completely naturalistic hue to her works, while Webber, son of a sculptor, somewhat put aside the classical conception of architecture in order to devote himself to personages, especially when he illustrated Cook’s Voyage. Heriot is the very typical aquarellist of the nineteenth century. He knew how to give the exact touch to represent foliage. Although he was a good topographer, he abandoned the architectural side of the profession to tint his water-colours with a genuine romanticism. However light and almost sentimental, just as were the great English landscape artists Girtin, Constable and Turner, who led the English artistic world at that time.

Since the beginning of this century, Canada has owned a rather important collection of the works of these topographers. They are to be found in the McCord Museum of the Library of National Defence in Ottawa, in the Sigmund Museum and in the Public Library in Toronto, in the private collections of W. H. Coverdale and of Peter S. Winkworth, as well as in the McCord Museum at McGill University in Montreal. It is interesting to note in this respect that it is only in the twentieth century that Canada is inquiring into its art. Indeed, nothing had been done about it since the conquest. Nevertheless we must admit that the source of one aspect of art in Canada was born with the conquest and that the English topographers are, in their own country, at the origin of this landscape art which was to produce painters like Paul Kane, for Canada, as well as very great landscape artists in England, who were besides, the forerunners of Impressionism in France.

1. There were others who engraved the rather queer drawings of the soldiers. See the record of the McCord Museum.
2. It is interesting to note that before the Seven Years’ War engraving was not done in Canada and that very little painting was undertaken.
3. Captain Ince has left us a very pretty view of the fortress and some landscapes. The Battle of the Plains of Abraham is perhaps Hervey Smyth’s most famous engraving. From it emanates a sense of cartography and a study of the coasts worked in the same manner by Davies.
5. The McCord Museum owns two engravings, the first in black and white, unfinished, on which the added notes in pencil for re-touching; Swaine’s canvas is in the Sigmund Samuel Museum in Montréal.
6. We find this same kind of work in Howdell, who spent six months in Virginia, where the vegetation was still more luxuriant.
7. Peachey gave an example of life on a farm in View of Quebec and the St. Lawrence River, in 1765.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)

THE CHANT OF THE LEGEND

OF OZIAS LEDUC

By Jacques de ROSSAN

Since the magazine Arts et Pensée devoted its issue of July-August, 19541 to the painter Ozias Leduc, a year before his death at the age of ninety-one and the National Gallery of Canada organized in 1955-1956 a retrospective of his work comprising oils, charcoal and crayons, no large-scale showing had taken place to establish better the importance of this artist who had been called self-taught and whose symbolism — derived from a questioning era — was related to a certain esoterism, which found its source in a profound sensibility and a living faith.

Jean-René Ostigu, director of research in Canadian art at the National Gallery, who had taken part in the organization of the first retrospective and had published in 1951 an interesting Étude des dessins préparatoires à la décoration du baptistère de l’église Notre-Dame-de-Montréal2, arranged an exhibition of the symbolic and religious works of the master of Saint-Hilaire, to be presented from the 3rd of October to the 2nd of December, 1974, at the National Gallery in Ottawa, then in Paris, Brussels, London, Hamilton and Montreal. In all, forty canvases and twenty-five different drawings covering a period of fifty-seven years from Les trois pommes, an oil on canvas, of 1887, to Notre Père, qui êtes aux cieux, graphite on beige paper, of 1944, the greater part of which has never been shown to the public.

Born in Saint-Hilaire in 1854, and dead in Saint-Hyacinthe in 1955, Ozias Leduc, son of a carpenter, possessed a precocious talent which permitted him to launch out very quickly into easel painting and, as early as 1880, into the decorating of churches, the only form of art at that time which could really allow an artist to earn his living.3 His production in the religious domain is impressive: pictures and decorations follow each other with almost no interruption from 1890 until his death, when he was working for the church at Almaville-en-ès (now Sha-
Right through his life Oziad Leduc multiplied the expressions of his thought by recourse to several disciplines. Through writings, he wrote essays, biographies, reviews, and the Histoire de Saint-Hilaire in which he describes in an intimate style the scenery of his natal village and the feelings that bind him to it. He makes of this the "chant of the legend". Through poetry: indeed, the painter expressed in verse — often moving — his metaphysical concepts, and that of the presence of man. He himself asked no questions on the fundamental concepts from which he derived his own strength, but he endeavoured rather to lose from them the connecting lines to expose them in a perspective whose roots undoubtedly go back to Raphael.

We also know that he was tremendously interested in photography, and from a deeper angle than that of a simple amateur. For him it involved a research parallel to that of painting. There are to be found numerous affinities with the spirit in which he painted some non-religious works, notably L'Heure mauge. He pursued this research on the magic instant by photographing rural or city scenes, portraits, details which struck his vision and his thought. In this he followed the quest of more than one artist of his time, to whom the discovery of this process of reproduction which the great painters of the past had sought and which those of his generation to reconsider the formal problems of art.

Through reflection, Oziad Leduc paid attention to all that concerned human nature. He went very far along his path. We have the proof of this in the incredible quantity of sketches, notes that he scribbled all day long. He left hundreds and hundreds of them and, in his voluminous correspondence, we find their development in discussions with his friends and acquaintances. A man who was a little withdrawn and with a taste for a certain solitude, Oziad Leduc offender company nonetheless on condition that it should be of a thoughtful exchange.

In pencil he prepared the development of his paintings and his works. Whether it was on a large sheet — like an architect, or on a small one, a sheet of his notebook — he did not leave anything to chance and noted at the same time the characteristics inherent in the process of being created. Rare indeed are those of his drawings that carry no marginal note. As his pictures and major works are rather inaccessible to-day to collectors because they are in museums or even lost in the churches for which he created them — whether it is a matter of easel canvases or of mural panels — it is therefore necessary to seek the expression of his talent in his drawings, which are fortunately numerous: they now adorn more than one public or private gallery.

When in March 1972 Miss Gabrielle Messier, Oziad Leduc's secretary for several years and his assistant in the ornamenting of the church at Shawinigan South, offered to the National Archives of Quebec a first group of the documents which were in her possession through a support, she initiated in fact the creation of a fund of archives which at the time comprised correspondence, drawings and an important documentation for the history of art.

This gift was followed in April 1973 by the acquisition of other papers belonging to Mr. Fortier under the theme Décoratio... (1967-1970). The Panorama de la sculpture of this period which was exhibited at the Rodin Museum in Paris in 1971, includes one of his pieces. It was also in 1971 that the Quebec Museum devoted a retrospective exhibition to Ivanhoe Fortier under the theme Dix ans de sculpture.

Fortier has always demonstrated in his work an interest in creating original works of art and texture. In general, he treats the form while taking great care to establish all the relationships he can bring about between the material used and the spirit of the object created. In such a way that all the elements harmonize with the whole and are closely integrated with it. In 1959, the artist was invited to the International Art Competition of the Hague and his sculpture of lime was composed of seven elements of lime. Thus he carried out a project which had been close to his heart for a long time, but which demanded an especially large amount of work. By the use of adequate techniques, he illustrated the different effects which can be achieved using one and the same material as stone. For the artist, this environment represented an important step: he went from the monolithic to the separation of masses, each volume playing an essential role in the composition and the balance of the whole. Speaking of his work, the critic Hélène Grand said: "This sculpture appears anachronistic, in 1970." At a time when it seemed of prime importance to state a plastic assertion, Fortier wished to respect the Inherent qualities of a concept. Forms exist, but matter gives them...
The lyres and the harp held by the sirens, cleared the way this detail of the Homeric tale, which everything, and lure them to their death. The power to make those who heard them forget their position. What makes the originality of the work is then the explicit universe, not a formal system, peculiar to the author. (Fortier: La Sculpture à l'Étud., La Prose, Saturday, July 4th, 1970.)

We have spoken very often of research of architectural character in the works of Ivanhoé Fortier. Such research, moreover, interests the artist. In an exhibition held at Montreal in 1958, at the Galerie du Gobelet, Fortier presented several pieces in welded iron, the arrangement of whose planes and volumes presented an effort of rationalization connecting the architectural structure.

In the domain of welded iron, the sculptor acquired a technique which he uses with exceptional ease, creating forms with clean, free outlines, in situations where a finely worked texture can be seen.

An artist whose development is marked in all of its stages by a profound honesty toward himself and his craft, Ivanhoé Fortier pursues his research with confidence and determination.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)

THE ART OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

By François GAGNON

We should be grateful for the patient works of J. R. Harper and for the extension services of the National Gallery of Canada for having collected the works shown under the inclusive title of People's Art: Naive Art in Canada¹. Montrealers, whose museum is in the process of expansion, will be able to console themselves for not getting this exhibition by remembering that they were indulged last year with a retro-spectacle of Art of the Little People, or perhaps even the Art of the Little People, in the same direct manner in which the works have been produced. Let us do likewise and propose a few psychological reflections in connection with three or four pictures in this collection.

Let us begin with this extraordinary oil on canvas (12 inches by 18½ inches) by Edward R. Jost titled Ulysses, dated in the 1860's. Jost was a cabinet-maker who practised his trade in Halifax in 1864, as D. C. Mackay informs historian J. R. Harper. Jost wished to illustrate this passage of the Odyssey where Homer tells how Ulysses and his companions, warned by Circe of the treachery of the sirens, passed near steep rocks, somewhere between the Isle of Capri and the coast of Italy, where they had established their lair. Their melodious singing had the power to make those who heard them forget everything, and lure them to their death. The sirens were caught on the rock which is seen in the middle of Jost's composition expresses in its own way this detail of the Homeric tale, which described rather the blanched skeletons which were to be seen piled up around their island.

The lyres and the harp held by the sirens, clearly illustrating their musical power, are not exact details either. The lyre was rather the instrument of Apollo or Orpheus or else, strictly speaking, of the Muses, but not of the Sirens, whose power lay entirely in their voices. It is known, finally, that it was traditional to show their si...
In the silkscreens the circular symbol as flower or sun hangs over an expanse of waves or an endless plain of rocks, the latter a very personal and characteristic image with the artist. Within these landscapes the attention is led to the infinitely small, the specific images: stars, the boat of the pilgrim, the tree of life, the face of Christ, the cross, the triangle. The style is unique, melding influences from pop, Japanese woodcuts and ornate 19th-century decorative design, into something joyous and magical which makes the experience becomes an adventure. The colors are intense and brilliant: golden beams radiating against skies of deep blue broken by the pure whiteness of clouds; golds, yellows, pinks and scarlets combining like flowers in the rock field.

Tétreault has had one-man shows in this province and in Hong Kong and has been in numerous group exhibitions. He and other members of the community showed in the Under 35 show last year, and at Media Gallery this Fall he showed silkscreens on the theme of ‘The New Creation’ with texts from Genesis, the Gospels, the Apocalypse, the Upanishads and other sacred writings. For this he received a Quebec government Service de l’Aide à la Création grant. (These works were still in the planning stage when this article was written, as were the sculptures Réal Lauzon was preparing for his show at the same gallery in December.)

Lauzon’s work will be familiar from the Montreal Plus or Minus show of two years ago. He did the fascinating but cryptic pop-style objects, the most striking of which was the velvet-lined chest which opened and closed to the sound of bird-like twitterings, and which contained a glowing, jewelled heart with the biblical quotation “Where your treasure is there will your heart be”.

Lauzon’s present work is among the funniest being done in Quebec today. The style is pop, the content is serious, the small, black-lined objects which are both delightfully funny and imaginative and full of significance and provocation. Lauzon’s work stimulates the viewer to stop thinking of the everyday world for a moment and to look more closely at his surroundings, and the imagery based on everyday objects — but all this is only a taking-off point for visual statements which are both delightfully funny and imaginative and full of significance and provocation. Lauzon’s work will be familiar from the Montreal Plus or Minus show of two years ago. He did the fascinating but cryptic pop-style objects, the most striking of which was the velvet-lined chest which opened and closed to the sound of bird-like twitterings, and which contained a glowing, jewelled heart with the biblical quotation “Where your treasure is there will your heart be”.

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The Ambiguity of Cinematographic Life in Quebec

By Gilles MARSOLAI

After spending a year in the capacity of guest profes­
sor at the University of Toronto, the French cine­
matic critic and historian, has been profes­
sor in charge of Cinema Studies at the University of Montreal he has taught at the School of Cinematographic and ＠& Media Arts (IDHECA) and a D．Litt．(History of Cinema)，he is
director of the Montreal Film Festival and has been president of the Quebec Association of Cinema Critics (QACC)．We are indebted to him for several articles and studies in depth on our cinema：La Cinéma canadien，Michel Brouil，Cinéma d’ realised，as well as an important work published in 1970，L’Aventure de la cinémathèque québécoise，we must not confuse him with his namesake，who devotes himself exclusively to the theatre．

have never ceased being intensely inter­

ested in the evolution of our cinema，while

investing much time，work and affection in it．

Let me therefore be permitted to begin this

regular contribution to Vie des Arts by an article

which takes stock of the present condition，

which raises all possible ambiguity，but without

any controversial idea，by basing myself on

the reality of my personal experience，and by

the attention of lovers of the cinema：the holding

of the Canadian Film Awards in Montreal；

the international 16 mm．Film Festival；the reaction

to a certain look directed at Quebec society．

1．The Canadian Film Awards，at Montreal

Those responsible for the CFA 73 thought

they were doing right by coming to celebrate

the twenty-fifth anniversary of this organization

at a film festival in Toronto．The unanimous refusal to partici­
pate by the Quebec Association of Cinema Critics (QACC) and the Association of Film Producers (AFP) together with the Quebec producers involved in this honours list served to remind the public at large of facts which it is

unhealthy to ignore．There certainly exist two distinct cinemas：a Canadian cinema and a Quebec cinema．This statement I made several years ago already’ caused a chorus of appro­

val at the time，as well as an outcry of protest not free from bitter pain．In time，however，the facts confirmed the justice of this statement and the situation became more on an intuition，indeed on a desire，than on a closer reasoning of the proposals im­
mediately possible of verification．While supporting this intuition，the agitation caused by the coming of the CFA to Montreal appears as the logical outcome of a disordered situation，known to all who are interested in the cinematographic matter．

It is not a question of dwelling on the atti­
dudes taken and the respective declarations of the different parties involved in this conflict which has caused the demise of the CFA，for all practical purposes．But it is important to dwell on the interests of each．

Working in the field of cinema for more than twenty years while taking an interest in very special and none the less marginal areas of the cinema industry and while wholly neg­
lecting the creative aspect，the CFA，after taking on a pseudo-democratic look following the dispute between the Toronto film pro­
ducer in its own fortress of the Queen City，had，in 1971，the characteristics of genius and／or the clumsiness of laying claim to Mon oncle Antoine by Claude Jutra，while allowing him that
year to carry off trophies (Etrogo). As Claude Jutra has maliciously said, the CFA benefited more from l'oncle Antoine than the latter benefitted from the CFA. Indeed, had it not been for this unexpected and, say the least, laughable welcome on the part of this body (at which the profession looked with amusement) and especially when the first blow was struck by storming the Quebec stronghold in 1973, the CFA would probably have continued on its happy way until attaining the age of one hundred, in its fleet at Toronto.

The second part of the manoeuvres was really too good to escape the vigilance of the producers. Until very recently, the latter had no other choice than to come to terms with those in power, than to bet on a certain climate of ambiguity in order to assure the expression of their own culture, while remaining aware of the threshold not to be crossed in the domain of compulsory. Convincing late that this manoeuvre aimed more at forcing their hand and that it was clearly a matter of a decisive and concerted attack (with the support of the SDCCI) against their cultural fortress, the Quebec Film producers and critics, through the voice of the AFPQ, the CFA, the WACC, were able at the last moment to offer an effective common front, and it was sick at heart that King Etrgo returned to his country, in the Kingdom of Orange...

It is naive to think (and demagogic to make an electoral argument of it) that a coherent cultural policy can be established and developed without the cooperation of the private sector (and which, further, is without even somewhat controlling the economy). That is why Quebec producers have no other choice in the near future but to continue exercising a role of vigilance with regard to any manifestation that could threaten their collective survival and, in a more immediate way, contribute to stifling any form of authentic expression of their culture.

It is not by copying the American cinematographic ways of exhibition/production/broadcasting that our cinema will find out how to be effective. This shoddy horse, to act efficiently.

2. The International 16 mm. Film Festival of Montreal

Since its founding in 1971, the people of the profession and the cinema lovers have been rebellious against the International 16 mm. Film Festival, set up by Dimitri Eipides of the Independent Film Producers Co-operative with the help of co-ordinator Claude Chamberland. This boycott, conscious or unconscious according to the individuals, is explained by the main reason that it is a question, there too, of a manifestation founded on false representation.

After three years of existence, the IFF-16 has succeeded in reforming itself and, it is now middle-aged, who has the strange peculiarity of shooting his films in... 35 mm! In this year of 1973, we simply had the choice between works filmed in 35, 16 and in... 8 mm.

In another connection, the IFF-16 claims to promote not only the excellent public works of young film producers who are distinguished especially by their originality, at the the levels of creation and/or their social content. Well, it suffices to attend a few of the European festivals to evaluate the warmed-over aspect of the offerings of this Canadian showing: to have it accepted better, they paid it with a bit of fairly state revolution cinema, they season it with formal audacity, and they crown it with their intention of disguising the truth rather than revealing certain realities. Defiling the screen by their unbearable self-complacency, Drot and Godbout use people for dishonest purposes, with the evident goal of producing a folkloric and caricatural image of Quebec. This disloyal undertaking, centred on individuals and not on our collective future, deserves only this kind of personalized criticism. It is already too much importance to it when we devote these few lines to it.

Drot stormed out of Quebec while bawling at us to go ahead and make our own films on our own, without supervision. Unwisely advised, he undoubtedly did not know that there is already a Quebec cinema that in all probability is better than the one he made. His wretched performance, where neither sex, nor art, nor revolution profit by it. Indeed, the IFF-16 has got into the habit of presenting to us a cinema of the young who are already pot-bellied: the French (vocabulary/punctuation/syntax/grammar), enough to make any Quebec joualisant conscious or unconscious according to the major events of our Quebec life of the last years, when they are not totally ethereal beings. It is the choice and especially the use which is made of most of the people filmed that renders this enterprise fundamentally dishonest: through its poorly representative sampling of present-day Quebec, through the way in which interviews are conducted, in truth slanted, through the inadmissible work at the level of editing, which exploits in a shameful fashion and directs in a constant way the fragments of evidence retained in the line of the alienating vision of the producers, aiming to provoke ridicule with a bias of evident superficiality and with their all too familiar dodging of the truth, their refusal to revealing certain realities. Defiling the screen by their unbearable self-complacency, Drot and Godbout use people for dishonest purposes, with the evident goal of producing a folkloric and caricatural image of Quebec. This disloyal undertaking, centred on individuals and not on our collective future, deserves only this kind of personalized criticism. It is already too much importance to it when we devote these few lines to it.

3. A Certain Glimpse at Quebec Society

The method of exhibition/production/broadcasting that they try to force on us, the richly festivals that painfully attempt to take root in Quebec, the look that some foreigners cast on us, none of these is of a nature to give us pleasure. The violent reactions provoked by the Journal du Québec, by Jean-Marie Drot (a series of six films of fifty-six minutes each produced for the French Television account), are the proof that they are seeing... (comment currently jisified. This is a matter of a potentially dishonest enterprise and conveying a particularly alienating view of Quebec, which it is important to denote.

To facilitate their work, Drot and Jacques Godbout, the latter acting as "artistic advisor" and the former as "producer", have set up a series of interviews with which they can select their interview friends: which can be acceptable to a certain degree, provided that the undertaking is not taken for anything else but what it actually is. Well, with the help of publicity, this series has been presented and perceived as reflecting the present Quebec (1), when it is a matter of a certain Quebec seen by an "internal exile" and by a Frenchman (a specialist in French painting). In this connection, we can only state that most of the friends chosen by Drot-Godbout seem to have lived through none of the major events of our Quebec life of the last years, when they are not totally ethereal beings. It is the choice and especially the use which is made of most of the people filmed that renders this enterprise fundamentally dishonest: through its poorly representative sampling of present-day Quebec, through the way in which interviews are conducted, in truth slanted, through the inadmissible work at the level of editing, which exploits in a shameful fashion and directs in a constant way the fragments of evidence retained in the line of the alienating vision of the producers, aiming to provoke ridicule with a bias of evident superficiality and with their all too familiar dodging of the truth, their refusal to revealing certain realities. Defiling the screen by their unbearable self-complacency, Drot and Godbout use people for dishonest purposes, with the evident goal of producing a folkloric and caricatural image of Quebec. This disloyal undertaking, centred on individuals and not on our collective future, deserves only this kind of personalized criticism. It is already too much importance to it when we devote these few lines to it.

(For footnotes, see French text.)