Translations/Traductions
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with a well-defined character, it is still possible to think—that two things will remain essential in art: invention and accent, that is to say, temperament, the personal element. Let this art emerged from spontaneity, subject to an expurgation by consciousness, inspire itself from a sound knowledge of the Böcklin. In nothing else than a vast assimilated culture, then we will be able to speak of an ultimate production, of synthetic simplicity.

(1) Jean-Dominique Rey "Pour l'impressionisme" Collection "Pour ou Contre" Editions Berger — Levrault
(2) Harold Rosenberg — "L'Histoire de l'art touche à sa fin"
(3) Jean-Eugène Bersier "Contre l'impressionisme" Collection "Pour ou Contre" — Editions Berger-Levrault
Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

Masterpieces of Canadian Indian and Eskimo Art at the Musee De L'Homme, A Fabulous Exhibition.

By Paquerette Villeneuve

The exhibition "Masterpieces of Canadian Indian and Eskimo Art", which opened at the Musee De L'Homme in Paris on March 25th and will run until September before being presented at the National Gallery at the end of the year, is the largest display of its kind previously organized. It is the first time that a Canadian collection of such importance has been assembled on an international scale, and it is also the largest exhibition presented in France by the Society of the Friends of the Musee De L'Homme. Everything combines to make it what it obviously is: a unique event in the history of the North American Indian culture, which specialists had previously explored but little and whose wealth they are now discovering.

192 objects, of which at least half are presented to the public for the first time, manifest the art of the pre-occidental civilizations of Canada, from the Eskimos of prehistory to the Pacific Coast Indians, by way of the East Coast and Plains Indians. The objects span a period of more than twenty centuries.

What marvellous surprises are in store for the visitor! How can one choose among the little ivory Eskimo sculptures, the bison in milky white quartz found in Alberta that has an ageless look, the tsimshian sandstone bird with a threatening and saucy beak, the tusk of walrus ivory from British Columbia or the white leather costumes decorated with dyed porcupine quills that resemble silk? Everything should be mentioned here for if the organizer has "found inCanadian museums the material to make up a truly important and quite a beautiful exhibition", he has here achieved a perfect harmony among the works that he has chosen. The spirit of the centuries, a phenomenon to which we Canadians are unaccustomed, is present in this exhibition.

AN EXHIBITION WHERE THE ACCENT IS PUT ON ART

"Masterpieces of Canadian Indian and Eskimo Art" is an exhibition aimed at the public at large. Everything has been done to make it as interesting, pleasant, and meaningful for non-initiates as possible.

There are a large number of masks, harpoon tips, figurines of birds, bears, cranes, and fish, and there are shaman's outfits and amulets, vases, sculpted human heads, pesticides, clamps, and pendants; there are sculped totems, chests, rattles, initiation rolls, ceremonial headbands, robes, shirts, and some jewellery. There are sculptures three inches long and others twenty feet high. The materials used are quite varied: walrus ivory, caribou antlers, soapstone, sandstone, bone, wood, antler, bark, skins, furs, they prove that man can use everything to good advantage to express himself.

The art of the street, the "poetic hand-me-downs", the art of media, will remain popular art, that is to say art of unconscious imitation or tradition of a refined art that is lost.

In Canada, after art competitions, after Survey '69, it is evident that we are going through a period of important discovery. This is the case of the art of the Indian plains, the Blackfoot, the Blood Indians, the Cree, the Assiniboines, and others. Finally the art of the Eastern Indians: the Algonquins, the Montagnais, the Ojibway, Iroquois, and Naskapis.

The art of the street, the "poetic hand-me-downs", the art of media, will remain popular art, that is to say art of unconscious imitation or tradition of a refined art that is lost.
PREHISTORIC ESKIMO CULTURES: A REVELATION

Prehistoric Eskimo art of the Dorset and Thule cultures is most powerfully suggestive due to its capacity for synthesis. Because of their plastic proportions which resurrect the entire image, two eyes, a nose, and a mouth are all that is needed to recreate a face, the entire body of a whole object, in a manner suggesting a greater efficacy. The Eskimos no doubt brought from the Orient the tradition of a very evolved art that is rediscovered in these small ivory statuettes with stark forms, but which are always perfectly representative. Fifteen of the twenty one pieces exhibited come from the National Museum of Man in Ottawa, the six others, including Jenness, who was working at the Ottawa museum received from the Hudson's Bay Company collection of objects which the Eskimos had found quite by chance buried in the ground. He identified some of them as belonging to the Thule culture, which had been discovered a little earlier by the Dunes, and he realized that the objects exhibited were more closely and was led to think that they belonged to a different prehistoric Eskimo culture, the Dorset culture. But few pieces were known before 1955. About 180 of them have been found. They are all important finds, and some of them have more, great value as modelled figures.

The most ancient piece of Eskimo art existing in the world, an ivory mask dating from the 7th century B.C. was found in 1958 by Mr. Taylor. The prehistoric Dorset culture, the present day is called the Thule culture, is characterized by the presence of the mask in the National Museum of Man and the only Canadian archeologist who specializes in Eskimo art. He found it at a level of five feet under the ground after a week's digging on Sugluk Island almost at the very end of the work area! The face is modeled with extraordinary precision, and the sculptor who cut it took more time than the earlier artists. He had already "colonized" the barren lands of the Arctic. In confiding to objects of a very fine artistic quality the representation of the animals upon which he subsisted and the symbolism of the relationships that he had established with the supernatural universe to free himself from fears, the prehistoric Eskimo has allowed us to become acquainted with his manner of living and thinking.

So many centuries ago (the undated pieces are older still, some of them date back to pre-Dorset times), men equipped with rudimentary weapons, hunting and fishing, in what is now the greatest dangers of the country, succeeded in handing down to us sights familiar to them and to their own beliefs, by way of objects of which the quality of the modelled figure continues to astound us.

The second part of the exhibition is devoted to the art of the West Coast Indians, from prehistoric times to the beginning of the 20th century, giving birth to the ancient and entirely maritime civilizations of the area (3,000-2,500 B.C.) The first piece, a holy water vessel shows a young girl in a crouching position with her hands brought back upon her chest, giving birth to an enormous head of a child. It is thought that this vessel was used in the rites of the passage into puberty. The back of the child's head is hollowed out to receive the holy water. The girl's face is full of some vague worry and suffering, and the little hands in their very modest gesture are very poignant. The child's little hands in its very modest gesture are very poignant. The child's little hands in its very modest gesture are very poignant. The child's little hands in its very modest gesture are very poignant. The child's little hands in its very modest gesture are very poignant. The child's little hands in its very modest gesture are very poignant.

The costumes are perhaps the only objects that seem out of place under glass. However a certain warrior's shirt with its ermine tails sewn on, its geometric patterns embroidered on the shoulders and chest, the black vertical lines indicating the number of knife wounds received by the black bear during the chase, the number of bullet wounds, looks good even presented in this way. Another very beautiful garment is the Ojibway tunic whose shape is inspired by the frock coat that was worn by the fur traders but it is particularly the large totems of which several European museums possess fine examples. The West Coast Indians have no doubt left Touching attempts to give the appearance of the personality of the whites!

The initiation rolls of the Ojibway Indians all date from about the 19th century, and reproduce on birch-bark the various phases of the initiation rites. The Indians had no written language, so they had to reproduce by drawings that they used as manuals the steps to follow and the position of the different characters during these ceremonies. One of the very lovely pieces of the exhibition—that makes the manner in which the Indians resolved the problem of the lack of writing appreciable—is a caribou skin on which is reproduced in paintings the biography of a warrior. This exhibit belongs to the Museum of Man.

Finally some mention must be made of Iroquois masks. With its hooked nose, its wrinkled forehead, and its enormous mouth from which hangs an aggressive-looking tongue, the Mask With the Twisted Mouth reveals a more fantastic imagination, with its misshapen lips that take up half the face and from which there appear about ten deer teeth. There is something very powerful in these two figures, that indicates a certain cruelty. The war-like soul is felt, that does not seek to placate the spirits but to terrify them!

AN EXHIBITION PREPARED FOR A LONG TIME

Two years, six trips to Canada, and the participation in Paris of about twenty people were needed to set up this exhibition. First Baroness Alix de Rothschild, the president of the Society of the Musée de l'Homme travelled to Canada twice to talk with M. Gignac, of the Department of Cultural Affairs, who helped her contact the director of the National Museum of Man, Mr. Taylor. Everyone displayed a remarkable understanding and generosity, the directors of the Cultural Affairs Department ensuring the expenses of packing, shipping, and insurance, and subsidizing a large part of the free distribution of the catalogue to French universities, cultural centres, cultural organizations and libraries. Mr. Taylor agreed to centralize all the loans from the eleven organizers in Paris and in Canada.

The exhibition occasioned the writing of a catalogue that is an essential document. With the texts of the Canadian experts Wilson Duff writing on the West Coast, Hugh Dempsey in the Prairies, and Rémi Evrard on the East, and with the collaboration of Mr. Taylor on the Eskimos and the introduction by Marcel Evrard, and, in addition, with its detailed notices on each object, its very numerous first quality photographic reproductions, and its bibliography, the catalogue is one of the very numerous working documents for those who are interested in native art.

The Secretary of State, M. Gérard Pelletier accompanied by the under-Secretary of State, M. Jules Léger, were the Canadian
delegates to the opening of this important exhibition at which M. Edgar Faure, the Minister of National Education represented the French government. The preceding day M. André Malraux had made a lengthy visit to the exhibition.

"Why would this exhibition be held at the Galerie Nationale and not in your country?" I asked the director of the National Museum of Man. "Because I do not have any decent show-rooms!" he retorted. Let us hope that after the splendid success achieved by "Masques" of Canadian Indian and Eskimo art, that more generosity will be shown in regard to what Mr. Taylor, intending no pun, calls our "common wealth!"

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

Hans Hartung
BY RENE DE SOLIER

For many years the painting of Hans Hartung could have constituted the elect place where were joined: "gestuelle" (spontaneous gesture), dynamics of the gesture and hieroglyphic sense of line and scatterings, the sweeping full arm strokes, acute, interrupted or broken in a kind of foreknowledge, of science, and of instinct (the three are not contradictory). In any case the artist can 'summon' and stop his creative force, the gesture (from which comes the word 'gestuelle', that was once used) acting as a revealing agent on the screen canvass.

Once, and since the time of the work of a friend, Gastone Novelli, who passed away a short time ago, we wish we could thus render homage to the work and to the man. We used another expression: THE CANVASS DREAM.

In Hartung's work (in the good days, a short time ago, before the time of great backgrounds) vividness of the scatterings and lines, of that which is being developed up from the gesture—the tracer instinct, and promptitude and dynamics were such that one cannot but admire this vigour, the rather abstract "viridiansness" of the dash. Everything was fiery spirit. That man, now after so many trials, can still be so dynamic is surprising in a so-called Western civilization that is surely feminine for all that, or feminized. To be sure!

The strange blending (man-woman, or woman-man, the complement obvious to everyone, of the nature of the couple), this union in the artist, of instincts and temperaments not contradictory but belonging to different poles, imbues to work (blending and union) with a weight, a density and topography, with an amplitude in the course and drives that seem to escape the critics.

It is perhaps a mistake to consider the works that appear, that are shown in museums and exhibitions, in spite of the fullness of the contestation (indeed, art must be "demythified": from that to proceeding to secondary works, Pop and Co, or Erotica "photo" of César's work), considering the works which still belong to painting and not to the simulation of a rather inefficient "rapid facsimile", it must be said that the work of older artists like Hartung, Chastel, Bram van Velde, Charcogne, and still others, stimulates or maintains the question: WHERE IS PAINTING NOW?

Undeniably, and despite the methods now employed and the too large sizes—painting is evolving in a manner contrary to the "gigantism" that is taking hold of the minor arts or the secondary formation (using mechanical methods).—Hartung can maintain a festivity of colours (that is found again in Zao Wou-ki). Where, before the period of "great backgrounds", fullness of form (that a close look reveals) develops and maintains the hieroglyphic sense of a creation that can encompass the ardour, and the ability to bear in mind the totality of the vision in lively, brisk sketchings that result from the painter's action. On the contrary, in Hartung's work, the arabesque, suddenly broken, contributes in its forward sweep, when the gesture word 'gestuelle', that was once used, is interrupted, to share twangings that is a flash. The burst of the stroke, of the line: ardour, and not dash, without yielding to the impulses to decorate or make noise, that indicates elsewhere an ease which is not found in this creative art.

The West is imbued with several cultures: Germanic, Asiatic, and no doubt, "European"—a strange composite whose time may not yet have come, and that has hardly been studied, since the "disappearance" of the "Paris school" (so many others have been born since then) in the West, as in the crossing of a city, a big city, but we dare not say a capital, it is in the centre anyways. In a crucible resisting fusion.
Machines? Builders? Today everyone seems to be taking the passionate approach of engineering. They are bending, hitting together, welding, and joining. Where did this rare breed come from? Vinci was one of them, and how many others before him. Then after that what wasn't there: the immobile nodes by Duchamp, Picasso and the others? THE BEARDED BARE by HER BACHELORS, EVEN. It is hardly possible to realize their erudition. It may serve us well to recall these already old but meaningful words quoted by Marcel Jean: THE SEXUAL FURY OF FACTORIES.

In his confession, Serge Cournoyer could not be a painter.

But a sculptor, yes. At least in terms of what he is, of his life, of his feeling for three-dimensional forms, and his need to touch. As for the visual aspect, what does it matter anyway.

I shall ask for this premature question. What is a machine? We would go astray if we looked upon the machine as either an accomplice or an antagonist. Thus God created man; thus man created the machine, and the creation of man stands opposite the creation of God. There are very touching dissertations that ensue on this subject.

I would have preferred that when Serge Cournoyer was discovered, he had been called a creator of three-dimensional structures, as much about anything common.

Finally we come to the artist, and he speaks. We also have the work, and it also speaks. This article is based on both.

Here is the artist as photos of him could not reveal: a self-sufficient mechanism, a hermetic case, the machine in its solitude. Here is the place: an atelier, not a junk-room, although it is strewn with bolts, shanks, and metal plates. An interior that is far too obvious. Yet it is rather tidy, elegant, and without any aggressiveness.

The young artist does not own much; however, he has more than some people whose poverty is very noticeable. Let us say almost poor but American. Besides that: a sports car (Spitfire), three books whose titles are revealing: L'HOMME DANS L'ESPACE (Man in Space), L'ASTRONOMIE D'Aujourd'hui (Astronomy Today), and ROAD AND TRACKS; let us add to that the existence of a private life, and finally sound friendships in art circles and the ability to make other ones. Let us admit it, he has what it takes to succeed.

The young artist, born in Shawinigan in 1943, under the sign of The Ram, with The Crab in the ascendant, (a magnificent but dangerous cosmic combination), graduated from the Montreal Ecole des Beaux-Arts, where he was taught by the sculptor and professor, Archambault. He also tried teaching, a short period tinged with distraction, and doomed to failure. He has always been first and foremost an artist.

In his work documentary the Young artist willingly answered our questions. Cournoyer's answers are transcribed word for word and reproduced verbatim.

A) MUSIC: "I love sounds, particularly the timbre of a clarinet."

B) WORDS: "I talk like a good 'Canayen'; words don't mean much to me, I may think about them, but I am not caught up in them."

C) THE ARTS: I am not theoretically a cultured person; the practical aspect of things concerns me more; a recital can affect me, but not more than a car, or a rocket taking off; I am, in short, attracted to things that move.

D) COMMITMENT: "Politics is a rather disagreeable thing, rather frightening, in the bargain; I am neither for the revolution, nor for counter-revolution, I am interested in my work."

E) THE PAST: "It is funny to talk about that."

F) SCULPTORS: "Perhaps Giacometti and Moore, but I don't know much about their art."

G) WHAT HE LIKES: "I like animals a lot, and I like people a lot."

H) HIS ART: "My machine are in their plant-like phase, like nature at the beginning of creation."

I) HIS SCULPTURE: "One does not talk about one's sculpture, in the same way that one does not talk about one's mother."

Let us leave our artist responsible for his surroundings and his tastes, which, moreover, are praiseworthy. But for the time being let us retain this: PLANT-LIKE PHASE, LIKE NATURE AT THE BEGINNING OF CREATION. Let us also point out some conclusions from Cournoyer's statements: he leaves no room for revolt, for criticism. Everything is fine, well-ordered, everything seems well.

What does Serge Cournoyer mean, when he uses the expression: plant-like phase?

Let us cast a spell on the machines and let them talk! Only ZEPHIR remains silent.

LA NOURRICE, a spiky tubular device has scarcely anything in common with the plant-like element. It waters a plant though. This plant, set in its vase, is not a part of it, it is different from it, replaceable, exterior to it.

HUMIDIFICOLEUR! Tubulures, a flat canvas where the sunflower takes on the form of a field; there is nothing of the tree, of the bush, nothing of the plant kingdom that is illustrated by the roots of a tree, quite simply PROGRESSIVE REVOLUTION, very easily, ALPHA DU CENTAURE, is a direct extension of it.

Finally, let us consider EPOUVANTAIL (the Scarecrow). The first glance perplexes us: perhaps this assemblage where four parts of the machine are not linked together are not part of a machine. But a sculptor, yes. At least in terms of what he is, of his life, of his feeling for three-dimensional forms, and his need to touch. As for the visual aspect, what does it matter anyway.

Let us now formulate this question: what is a primitive machine? Is it the wheel? Is it the base of support? What the eternal sphinx answers: the primitive machine is man, whose body encloses our most mechanical principles, Eye-Wheel, Hip-Lever, Knee-cap-Gear...

Let us take apart this primordial plaything, let us shamelessly spread out beside the bones, the glands, the intestines, the ribcages, the body-fluids, the instrument, and the function. Let us be the privileged dismantler. What will there be left? There will be left a soul, according to some people, and all agree, organs.

It will not be said that I would easily give up the soul. Personally I am rather fond of it, at least as a temporary refuge against Barbarism. Without seeking the help of what others call a transcendental life, let us call it spirituality.

Serge Cournoyer stands aside from it, declaring without preliminary that he, 'like an adolescent' (here we see the sacred sanctimony of myths of childhood appearing), let us continue 'without emotion':

DUBICHE, TUBULURE.

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DUBICHE, TUBULURE.
I asked him to classify by order of preference, three key words: INSIST, SENSITIVITY, INTELLIGENCE.

Let us not understand by preference this other word IMPORTANCE; but rather the very personal pigment of a taste or even a passion.

The question thus put to him, Serge Cournoyer chooses in this order: 1) instinct; 2) intelligence; 3) sensitivity. Has there been a better picture of a young man since art has been representing them? A short time after, the artist cries out, exclaims that he is mistaken, that it is so simple, who doubts it? And then our instinctive wisdom, reflects, retreats into itself. Then he says: "When I imagine abstractly, a sculpture growing, I call on sensitivity, when I lay a plan on paper, plans, designs, proofs, my intelligence is brought into play, when I build, it is by instinct."

This precious gear, this instinct against which too many natures are broken, he keeps to it, he respects and admires it. He adds: "I insist on not intellectualizing my life; I have more confidence in my instinct than in my intelligence; my best weapon in attack and defence is my instinct."

Once more we look at the works. What we were saying about the organ, about biology (no longer the machine), is it not still this instinct again, for as constructed as it might be, every organ is first of all an instinct or a superior force that ORGANIZES.

Thus, in the continuity of Time and in the irrevocable evolution, they circulate, it is another prospective man stand before us. For the time being, Serge Cournoyer who is reconstructing himself, point by point, while waiting to be drawn to something else, will sooner or later, forcefully make a discovery, will look, and will like. I would rather see our organs, how they can escape a certain death, before us. They project towards us, not as witnesses to some tragedy, sooner or later, forcefully make a discovery, will look, and will like.

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Let us then take these steps

1) LA NOURRICE: wild seed separated in its jar, luminously set up under a sunlamp — the organ (father or mother, lover or mistress, artist conceived compactly, motorized in time, not space reduced in itself — its function: thus recovered in the most spritely fashion, the humidity of the air and of her era draining in its canals, then watering the plant — as it is built, LA NOURRICE by itself is an organ, a plant without the necessity of a precarious human intervention.

2) L'EPOUVANTAIL (Scarecrow): here the title is, arrogantly, an antithesis, for after all, no scarecrow really looks like a flower, let us rather see in it his first alter ego: woman intimately discovered by man (evidently himself); and at the end of a secret canal there is no longer a plant put there by chance, but as a substitute, there is an egg, the ovary built by antithesis.

3) HUMIDIFICACLE: behind the stretched canvas we can still perceive the network, issued from its humidifying function of LA NOURRICE — but the function is reabsorbed in itself, is more exterior —, the humidity of the air is collected, transformed in the capillaries of the paint, transformed, reconstructed into water in the hidden complexity of the work, and then projected, evaporated sporadically by a moving shaft, visible, aggressive.

4) ALPHADESPOTAR: the more perfect younger brother of HUMIDIFICACLE — the moving shaft gone forever, not by decency, but by thorough knowledge of oneself, by assured vitality, convinced — thus the mechanism is quite hidden, almost through negligence, behind the womb-canvas — only the function appears to exist.

This is why we think Serge Cournoyer is important: everything follows in his work, everything is elaborated, illuminated, according to the imperious need for self-knowledge and knowledge of life.

In his way, according to some chemistry, that he draws from his own crucible, he builds organ by organ, point by point, the great future body of a TRANSPARENT BEING: the total man, foreshadowing the world, different for everyone, yet the same for all. Although it is scarcely begun, the work of Serge Cournoyer is a summation.

The young artist is great because he is, by nature a father and a father desiring of a life that grafts onto his life, that only he will be able to understand.

And we are prosaic witnesses. Yet we are accomplices since we are organs and men. He builds us, that is why we understand him.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

An aspect of the early sculpture of Quebec: Mimesims

BY JEAN TRUDEL

Among the iconographic types that were repeated with variations in the early religious art of Quebec, one finds the type of a Vierge à l'Enfant (1), there are certain works, in round or in relief, that are practically copies of one another. Whether executed by the same sculptor or by different sculptors, they are distinguishable only in infinitesimal details that can escape a rapid examination. The artist did no make mention of it. Mr. Gérard Morisset attributes this sculpture to Noël Levasseur (1680-1740). This is quite possible. (2). The crowned Virgin is standing and holds in her right hand the free end of a cloak that covers her head. The knee of her right leg is bending out slightly in the front. A sash gathers the dress under the bosom and fleurs de lys appear in the folds of the cloak. The left arm is holding the child Jesus whose left shoulder is uncovered and who is holding a crown of flowers in his hands. This sculpture is treated rather weakly, but it does not lack elegance.

Very recently we had the opportunity to discover the model for this work. It is a Vierge à l'Enfant in sculpted and gilded wood, conserved on the high altar of the Beaumont church. Although the account-books of the parish do not make mention of it. It might have been imported in the 17th century in the early days of the establishment of the community in Quebec. An analysis of the wood could confirm the stylistic analysis. The Beaumont sculptor having received an order might have used the Virgin of the Ursulines as a model, but it is quite possible. (3). It is like the one in Beaumont in all respects save for the Virgin's crown, and the incisions in the gilt of the cloak and the general treatment which is rather weakly, but it does not lack elegance.

This aspect, the Virgin belonging to the Ursulines is French, it might have been imported in the 17th century in the early days of the establishment of the community in Quebec. An analysis of the wood could confirm the stylistic analysis. The Beaumont sculptor having received an order might have used the Virgin of the Ursulines as a model, but it is quite possible. (3). It is like the one in Beaumont in all respects save for the Virgin's crown, and the incisions in the gilt of the cloak and the general treatment which is rather weakly, but it does not lack elegance.

The second one is in the church of the Visitation of Sault-au-Récollet (4), it is a polycolored wood Vierge à l'Enfant that is set standing on a rock. It is mounted on a wooden base decorated with the head of an angel sculpted in relief. The head is covered by a veil and she is holding the infant Jesus who is sitting on her left arm. The Child has his right arm around her neck and is holding a globe of the world in his left hand. It is appreciably the same iconographic type as the preceding sculptures. It formerly adorned the high altar of the church. The first account-book (5) of the parish mentions it in an item dated June 21, 1818; fifteen Spanish piastres were paid for it. It is thus quite logical to attribute it to David Fleury David (6). A native of this parish, the sculptor worked in the decoration of the church from 1816 to 1827, according to R. Tchapier. The item in the account-book reads as follows: "contracted to pay in part a small statue representing the Holy Virgin and the child Jesus, that is to say that the church council will pay to the workman..." It is easy to assume that "the workman", since 1816, has been David Fleury David.
Another Vierge à l'Enfant was to be found in the church of Rivière-des-Prairies, even a short while ago. Today it is in the collection of Dr. Herbert T. Schwartz of Montreal. A photograph from the Survey of the Works of Art of Quebec shows it taken base, in all respects it is identical to the one of Sault-au-Récollet (7). The base has now disappeared, but there is no doubt that the same sculptor executed both works at about the same time. A third Vierge à l'Enfant was conserved in the Musée du Québec. Acquired in 1952 by Mr. Paul Gouin, it came from the church of Sainte-Geniève in Pierrefonds. This sculpture, which was cleaned and gilded at the museum in 1955, is slightly different from the two others in the execution of the face of the Virgin, the hang of its garment, the gesture of its right arm. It is very probable however, that it is still the work of the same sculptor. We are dealing with three churches that are not very far from one another. David Fleury David worked for more than eighteen years in the church of Sault-au-Récollet. It is possible that he sought to sell a copy of the Virgin and Child that he was executing exclusively, or that he had copied from an already existing work, but it is very probable that he was being paid a substantial sum (8) for his work in Sault-au-Récollet. It is more probable that once the statue of the Virgin was acquired and installed in Sault-au-Récollet, neighbouring parishes would have wanted to obtain similar works. A third church, Ste-Anne de Sault-au-Récollet, was an important sculpture: it is one of the few sculptures done in a such a manner in Quebec. According to information that was obtained, it would have been part of the property of the early Jesuits; it is not possible for us to confirm this (9). However, we can say, from the wearing away of the sculpture, the repairs that were made to it, and the manner in which the reliquary-base is treated, that it is a work of the 18th century. It is a crowned Virgin whose face falls to the shoulders, bowed head, dressed in a cloak and is holding the Child Jesus with a globe, on her right arm. Her left hand held a sceptre that has disappeared today. The height of this statue did not permit it to be placed in the usual altar niches. Its reliquary-base is also an indication of the value that was set on it, for it must have been the main work of the church or chapel in which it was placed.

In the collection of Mr. Rosaire Saint-Pierre, in Beaumont, there is a small and very faithful replica of the Musée du Québec's Vierge à l'Enfant. There are differences in the manner in which the child is held, in the hang of the cloak and especially in the base which has lost its function as a reliquary. The Virgin has retained her sceptre. We are inclined to think that this is a copy of the Musée du Québec's Virgin executed for a parish church, having its repoussé. It is difficult to know, if it was made by the same sculptor; there are some rather marked differences in the countenance of the Virgin, but there are also many resemblances. Even if it was executed a long time after the original, this copy could be considered as a work of the same sculptor that had created the original. We could give several other examples that would only confirm this phenomenon of mimetism. The work of the sculptors is only indirectly concerned, they were content to execute, in their own style, differences in the different works. It does not mean that it was always so and that they never created an original and personal style, copies of different works. That does not mean that it was this phenomena of mimetism. The work of the sculptors is only a reproduction of the original. It is difficult to say whether they chose to copy or whether models were imposed on them.

It is certain that those who ordered the works, that is to say the Quebec community through the intermediary of its priests and churchwardens, were characterized by a desire to imitate what they had seen in such and such a place and that they considered beautiful. In the beginning it must have been the desire to adorn churches as beautifully as they were adorned in France. Gradually, they probably looked less far away for inspiration. Two passages taken from the Account-book of François Baillargé (10) can enlighten us: July 12 1786 "price settled with Monsieur bedard of St François to decorate the main pew of Berthier like the one at St François for twenty eight piastres received on account eight piastres." October 8 1799 "agreed with Monsieur chamare of Camouraska, to make for the High Altar and for the pew of the Churchwardens of the district, two candlestick fittings 2½ feet tall and of fine style or almost like the new candlestick fittings of Quebec." In the first case, the decoration of the main pew of another parish is to be imitated, in the second, the latest style of Quebec city is to be followed. When a new element was to be decided upon, there were no other examples than the churches of the surrounding areas. Innovations were not easily accepted, but if a parish risked them they were all the rage. Mimetism is not limited to sculpture; it also affected the goldsmith's craft (we have seen this recently in the works of François Ranvoyzé) (11). Its influence was also partial in the field of painting and architecture. It was one of the factors that contributed to maintaining the traditions of the 17th century until the end of the 19th century. A more searching study would no doubt tell us a great deal about the Quebec mentality.

Notes:
(1) See Six Enfants Jésus au Géloé in Vie des Arts no. 49.
(2) See L'Enfant Jésus et son mystère in Vie des Arts no. 49.
(3) In Les Lévison (La Patrie, January 8, 1967), Mr. Morisset dates this sculpture "about 1719-1720." In Madame Carnaudreau d'Artbeaux (La Patrie, May 14, 1965), he says it is from 1719. These dates are not based on the fact that a new altar was installed in the church in 1719 (Ramsay Truquet, The Old Church of St∙Étienne, McGill University Publications, Series XII, no. 39, 1937). Moreover, nothing is known about the sculptor, and this Virgin could date back to before 1719.
(4) A handle, set in the back of this sculpture serves to hold it during ceremonies.
(6) See the biographical notes of the catalogue Tableau traditionnel du Québec, Musée du Québec, summer 1967.
(7) The sculpture of the Récollets, photo A-11.
(8) According to Truquet, 60,000 pounds in all.
(9) The wear on the Christus at the time of its dispersion, does not permit us to verify in a very definite way the works of art on it. Concerning this subject see Marius Barbeau, Traditions folkloriques et épigraphiques, in M. Barbeau, Trésor des Traditions folkloriques au Québec, 1950-1956, 1969.
(10) See the catalogue François Baillargé, Du Dieu au Peuple, McGill University, 1967.
(11) See the catalogue François Ranvoyzé, Orfèvre, Musée du Québec, summer 1968.
Sénégal à l'Angola, est la patrie de quelque cent tribus et sous-tribus. Les anciens explorateurs des XVe et XVIe siècles avaient rapporté des sculptures africaines en bois, en bronze et en or. Ce n'est qu'en 1884, avec l'arrivée de la colonisation, que les premiers musées sont créés et que les antiquaires s'envolent vers ces sites pour s'emparer de ces œuvres d'art. Les glyphes, les rocs, les montagnes, les vallées, les rivières, les arbres, les animaux, les plantes, les incantations, les rituels, tout a été représenté par les sculpteurs africains. Les masques, les statuettes, les totems, les tombes, les sanctuaires, les temples, tous sont devenus l'expression de la culture et de l'identité africaines.

La sculpture ethnique africaine ne tente jamais de faire ressembler les Africains aux Européens. Elle vise à exprimer des idées en recourant à des formes inventées d'après la nature, et non pas imitant la nature. Cet art est né par l'esprit, et ces sculptures sont comprises par un aveugle.

En d'autres termes, à l'inverse des sculpteurs impressionnistes de l'Occident qui jouent avec les ombres et la lumière, la sculpture traditionnelle africaine est basée sur l'expression et sur le volume. Elle est une expression de la vie, de la mort, de l'espoir, de la désespérance, de la joie, du chagrin, de la beauté, de la laideur. Elle est une expression de la nature, de l'homme, de la culture, de l'histoire.

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the presence of France in North America in the 17th and 18th centuries. This historical group, intelligently restored and operated, could become one of the most lively and engaging centres of cultural tourism for Montreal. A few months ago, there occurred the opening of Les éclaireurs d’Yonville (The Yonville Stables), the former Youville hospital which had been tastefully restored by a private company.

Old Montreal is being rejuvenated. If its buildings house private offices, they also accommodate art galleries, shops, restaurants, and discotheques whose youthful clientele sometimes influences the life and character of this old district. The most recent addition to the quarter, the Plexi Discotheque located in Place Jacques-Cartier, is a rather unique example of agreement and understanding among the architect, the designer, and the owner. While not neglecting the commercial aspect of his undertaking, the owner, Mr. Leo Rueland, played the role of a patron of the arts, for patronage supposes confidence and loyalty on the part of the patron towards the artist, but it also encompasses the most subtle agreement on the principles of an art, of a form, and of a manner. And that is so rare today. As for presenting government aid as a modern patron, we have seen some local examples of that recently, and that seems rather funny to me. What confidence and loyalty would you want there to be between a free creator and the state? Between a state who will always require that the candidates under its protection prove before a "ad hoc" commission that they are very neutral, very colourless, and very incapable of disturbing the peace. The state giving a free hand to Borduas, to Réjean Ducharme, to Ulysse Comois. Why, it's inconceivable!

This stage is characteristic of his education and his apprenticeship in the profession and, finally, when he was taking courses in the integrated arts option at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, he found his direction. Then he executed solid cement blocks, that could weigh as much as 200 pounds and whose forms and whose forms and whose forms and whose forms, by their very nature, were impossible to move. With this he determined the formal universal that would be his own and gave his own definition of the sculptor's occupation. For him, it was no longer a question of considering the sculptor to be an executant whose principal capacity was to refine forms by a direct meeting with the material that allowed him to express himself. For when the form has been decided upon, its realization becomes anonymous and does not result from a subtlety of treatment. It is only a matter of forming a sculpture that, ideally, already exists.

This was the case of the first piece that he executed in the Youth Pavilion. "Rochers-causerie" was first put down on paper and its structure was carried out by an "anonymous". At the stage of the execution, the artist becomes a technician and his work consists in clearly affirming an indispensable design. But the latter requires more than one experimentation to compensate for the lack of knowledge.

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The Plexi Discotheque is a success in which technology proves that it is playing an increasingly important role in our society and that art can be directly under its sway. By choosing to give to the decor of this discotheque a character that is alien to that of the district, the architect, Mr. Gilles Lavigne, did not choose the easiest solution of fashionable contemporary décor and revealed an adventurous spirit and a great deal of originality.

The abundance of new materials and techniques of which plastic is an example, of materials invented for commercial purposes and then discovered by artists as a new form of creation, has evidently influenced architecture, but it has also permitted a rapid evolution of sculpture. The latter will certainly replace painting as an art, of a form, and of a manner. And that is so rare today. As for presenting government aid as a modern patron, we have seen some local examples of that recently, and that seems rather funny to me. What confidence and loyalty would you want there to be between a free creator and the state? Between a state who will always require that the candidates under its protection prove before a "ad hoc" commission that they are very neutral, very colourless, and very incapable of disturbing the peace. The state giving a free hand to Borduas, to Réjean Ducharme, to Ulysse Comois. Why, it's inconceivable!

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values, and the various designs, far from being static, communicate among themselves by the coloured surfaces which, of identical dimensions, vary in density according to the various relationships that the elements establish among them.

In fact, there is not any assemblage that is necessary to them: it is possible in the presentation to work with the diverse elements that compose them. Perhaps this can be doubted in the case of the first two pieces of the series, for, because of their smaller size, they may have some difficulty resisting a separation in space. But with the piece that was shown in Stratford, no questioning is allowed: the play of the dispositions is infinitely varied and the diverse ways of presenting them make them so may sculptured. For what is important, is no longer the accidental nature of form, but the participation of a group with another that is more vast, that encompasses the pieces, the people, and the physical space that is not normally 'sculpture'. But there is also sensed the necessity for large size and the artist's intention to create an 'architecture'. Thus, in this respect we understand that Paquin affirms about "Canyon #4", the piece shown in the last Provincial Competition, that "I am discovering more and more that the piece had been conceived for a museum". For it really acts on a free play of surface and is above all a "beautiful" piece, independent of the idea that subtends it. And we apply ourselves to contemplating each of the surfaces, the latter clearly removing us from the environment decor to "play" the game of the "beautiful thing".

It was this position that made him work for a long time on rounded forms where the aspect of 'pleasure' of looking at the work would be its greatest quality. His research has been temporarily abandoned, but not so firmly with his present occupations. More and more Paquin is aiming at the creation of large size pieces that would permit a varied use. And to accomplish this, he is turning to a sculpture of a modular conception.

This interest is not new, but has recently developed, the artist being aware that he possesses a language that would allow him to make valid realizations. In 1967, there was "Les paravents" and "Goduram": the first were units that had the shape of a greek "lambda", the second were L shapes that marked divisions in space and on the ground. And, since that time, he has been able to widen his knowledge of materials and metallurgy, to be able to reach the conception of a modular unity as a base to which other sections, of varied shapes could be joined. And its use could have a presentation that is as much horizontal as vertical. Thus, in the execution, it will suffice to fabricate in a factory several of the modules and to use them under presentations which, by the adjunction of other components, will assure a variety. The result is thus more economic and the notion of the work is thus abandoned, for a single piece even after its setting down could be transformed.

Thus Paquin's sculptures no longer seek to 'signify' the world and their author, but to make the environment that contains them 'significant'. We are not longer dealing with a visual art where the viewer reflects for a moment on a piece that he has been looking at for several months but rather this is an art that intends to be continually present to the environment and that wants its action on those who live there, on those who are not always aware of it, to be constant.

With such pieces, Paquin places himself within the tendency of sculpture that was introduced by the Guggenheim exhibition at the Fine Arts Museum here last summer. It is an art that, like that of Morris Judd, Caro, Murray, and several others, is clearly dependent on the look cast on it by the inhabitants of the place and which finally gives it its meaning. It is a question of making 'a universe of forms' and not of fabricating 'illegal' objects in a physical environment that has not foreseen them.

It is an intellectual art but it can be perceived only by the senses which give a total view of it. In Paquin, this is seen by the importance he grants to coloured surfaces. As for the importance that this form of expression will assume in the future, and that depends on the interest that we take in it. Paquin, among others is working on the level of forms which are very ambitious physically and we will only understand their beauty in the extent that we can perceive them as such. And, in public squares, as in large buildings, these sculptures will no doubt have more interest and meaning than a few scurvy boxed shrubs.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

The beginning of a project by Giuseppe Fiore

Using clothes-pins in a work of art sounds rather familiar. Last fall Hugh Leroy distributed a prospectus of the Montreal Museum whose cover had a series of clothes-pins, that also evoked in a disconcerting manner "Le Douanier" (7). Among other projects for imaginary monuments, Claus Oldenburg proposed erecting an immense, nightmarish, concrete clothes-pin over Chicago. (2) Let us go back a little further in time, and let us note in passing that at the form of the pin, and we will recall that Francis Picabia had used hairpins in a famous collage: "La Femme aux Allumettes" (5).

It will have been noted however, that these uses of the clothes-pin (or other pins) in contemporary art smack of dadaism (Picabia and Man Ray), or pop art (Oldenburg). Giuseppe Fiore, Canadian of Italian origin, being their ranks, — to tell the truth — a little late?

Really, it is nothing of the kind. Neither the education nor the previous work of Fiore take this direction. Born on April 18, 1935 in Mola, a little city in Southern Italy, on the Adriatic coast, Giuseppe Fiore received his first lessons, which were quite academic in fact, in the shop of Stella, an unknown local sculptor. Drawing and painting were considered to be a way of reproducing graphically. Fiore seems to have succeeded quite well at it, for the Liceo Artistico of Naples confirmed this teaching by granting him a diploma of "Maestria Artistica"... in 1956. Then for two years he studied in the Naples Faculty of Fine Arts (3). He was there for two years. He returned to the Beaux-Arts after his marriage to Monique Girard in October, 1957, but this time to receive a diploma in the teaching of art, in 1958. It is evident that this is not exactly the formation of a future dadaist or pop artist! On the contrary what these facts bring out is the tendency to integrate his artistic work into a precise social context, teaching being the main such endeavour for the time being.

Fiore's previous work confirms the impression left by the review of his education. The reader will be able to ascertain this for himself with the help of several reproductions of his paintings that are printed here. The oldest one dates back to 1961 and is entitled "La Femme au Chat" by Fiore is reminiscent of the faceted treatment that Severini borrowed from the cubists after November 1911, then the peaceful subject of this picture places it in quite another sphere. It would have been more accurate to have seen it as the attempt of a young painter to get out of the Impressionist impasse where up to that point his painting risked being confined, to see problems of the pictorial surface as such. And, as a matter of fact, it is the tendency that was going to dominate his production thereafter.

The mural that we are dealing with now clearly indicates what this tendency the surface was going to make possible, and also indicates his first attempt to put his painting into an architectural framework. We are referring to the mural that Fiore executed for the "La Lanterna Verde" restaurant in Dorval, in 1965. (10) Certainly the various preparatory references in this mural to the art of popular painting of southern Italy, through the "Lactori" of Sorrento, (9), that his painting would never get in the way. If we insisted all the same on showing this work, it is because it prefigures Fiore's current study of the problem of the wall in architecture.

Now we are left to say that this may be, the production of 1964 and of the following year is abstract, as is magnificently illustrated by the "Composition" of 1964 (11), or this other one of 1964-65. The structure of the latter, in thin vertical bands placed side by side anticipates in a curious way...
the walls covered with clothes-pins or door-handles that Fiore is now offering us.

We now suspect that there is nothing subversively dalistic about "clothes-pins and door-handles": It is a matter of a small-scale project trying to resolve certain problems on the human scale, which is something that our architecture seems to need today. These are the circumstances in which the project was born. I hold the desire to get away from Fiore himself, with whom I have had several conversations since December 1968.

Everything began last summer, in the Montagnard region near Saint-Jérôme, where Fiore and his family have been living for some time. From this region I have received several requests from the Canada Council, Fiore and I have discussed the possibilities of inscribing forms on a surface by pouring cement into a shuttering prepared to this effect. These forms were created by the impression of objects fixed on the walls of the shuttering: pieces of construction wood, pieces of styrofoam plastic containers used in packaging etc. One only had to look around to discover a multitude of forms of this kind. However the project which had already produced some appreciable sculptural and monumental possibilities, retained some aesthetically gratuitous quality that was not completely satisfactory.

It was then that Fiore thought of clothes-pins, and door-handles, and of the wall at the same time, that is to say a form, and a function. Why could the elements not recall a familiar form, like that of the clothes-pins, and preserve at the same time, to modulate that familiar wall in an architecture. Without losing its aesthetic quality, the project gained in functionalism and in social integration, a projection which Fiore thought not completely devoid of merit. Why not favour a form as banal as that of a clothes-pin or a door-handle? — These objects are on the human scale. Their utilitarian function brings them, I was going to say necessarily, to the hand of man. They possess hidden mathematical proportions that can be calculated seriously. A system of proportions can be multiplied without losing its intrinsic structure for all that. Let us multiply by 2, 5, 10,... the system of proportions inherent in a clothes-pin, without modifying it in its structure, and we obtain a modular unit, which applied to a wall in a series imposes on it a scale and a rhythm that recall the initial proportions. The wall then takes on a familiar character. Its integration into the social context is all the stronger since there is no question here, as with the Modular by Le Corbusier, for it to be taken seriously. A system of proportions can be multiplied, but rather of a system that is popular in a sense, since it respects proportions that people have already mastered, as it were.

Certainly it is not always easy to recognize the clothes-pin or the door-handle on Fiore's walls. In his model, the clothes-pins are glued in the most varied positions, after first having been separated in half. In the same way, Fiore seems to give preference to door-handles from the drawers of Scandinavian furniture, and this, after all, is not the most common door-handle. In the case of the clothes-pins, the fact of separating them in half and removing the spring, gives them an ease of handling that they would not have otherwise. The combinations and multiple arrangements to which they are then subjected on the wall, reveal new aspects of the clothes-pin and, as well, they serve to make the wall familiar.

The door-handle is borrowed from the Scandinavians, because they have been able to retain the qualities of the materials used, expressed, even on the level of industrial manufacturing. This respect for the material testifies to a finer and more delicate sensitivity, since it has respected a certain human scale.

Displaying its clothes-pins, enlarged according to the needs, the wall of Fiore takes on a sculptural quality. It catches the light. This respect for the material testifies to a finer and more delicate sensitivity, since it has respected a certain human scale.

Certainly a project of this kind raises some — I was going to say philosophical — questions. As we have seen the choice of the clothes-pin is very intentional here. Why? Because Fiore believes that these products of modern technology seem to have retained contact with the human element. "Human", what a delicate notion with which to deal?

I think I understand that what still links the clothes-pin to the human element is the very great age of the technical principle that it implements. As early as the last Bronze Age and the first Iron Age, that is to say between 1300 to 930 B.C., the Israelites were already using clothes-pins. A great many of "fibules", a lot of "fibules", with a spool fastening the two flaps of a garment, as the ivories of Megiddo testify, and these objects themselves have been found in architectural excavations. Would such an old object — and it is not the only one, the needle was known in the Paleolithic — not point the way to a certain definition of man's permanence, on the very level where his continuity seems most questioned, that is to say on the technological level itself? Would these very old extensions of the human hand so related to the biological structure of the hand, to its proportions,

But then the small size of the objects, their very insignificance, worries me. Does this famous human continuity beyond the contemporary technological fact rest quite entirely on such a fragile base? Already automatic dryers are questioning the very existence of clothes-pins. Their area of distribution corresponds geographically to the outlying regions where it is not profitable to install "laundromats", and corresponds sociologically to the classes of society for whom the use of these automatic machines still constitutes too large a weekly expense. We will have noticed that it is a question of the sectors of society least affected by contemporary technology.

Certainly the meaning of Fiore's undertaking is not to hark back to the prehistoric root of the spinning wheel, but to provide a possible direction for art — certainly not the only one — to assure this continuity of forms and their inexhaustible fruitfulness, beyond the technological revolution? If it is so, it is possible that Fiore's clothes-pins retain Tinguely's crank-arm machines and Calder's "mobiles" that preferred to obey the rhythm of the wind and imitate the movement of the clouds, rather than the staccato of modern machines.

If it is so, it is possible that these walls on the human scale would assert man's permanence, even long after the form of the clothes-pin and its name, have been forgotten.

NOTES:
(2) Exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery, in New York. For a reproduction see "Le surréalisme et la Peinture" (U) Acrylic and oil, 1964.
(4) These courses were then being given in the former Monument National building on St. Lawrence Street.
(6) Robert Ayre in the "Star" and Dorothy Pfeiffer in the "Gazette".
(7) Robert Ayre in the "Star" and Dorothy Pfeiffer in the "Gazette".
(10) "Le Futurisme et le Dadaïsme" (U) Collage and oil, 1964-5, belongs to the artist.
(11) Twelfth century B.C.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

A cinema of wandering
(Jutra, Don Owen, Carlo, Garceau, Lefebvre, Ransome)
BY DOMINIQUE NOGUEZ

"Oh Earth, in wandering, we dream ..."

No matter what one does, it seems that the theme of youth, which was the focal point of the first of these chronicles about the Quebec cinema, is inexpugnable and that it now appears in all of the films like a haunting obsession. Everything conspires to its supremacy: retrospectives, excursions into public movie houses, previews. Whether we like it or not, upon seeing A tout prendre again, on seeing Enrie Gane, Le vol d'une jeune fille plume, Le Grand Rock, or Jean-Claude and on previewing Christopher's Marie-Matinee, we meet it everywhere. And the first thing that we must understand is that the cinema of Quebec or of Toronto (I wish to discuss the one that counts) is at once the scene and the sign of a renaissance, it being understood that we leave to that word all its force and all its indetermination. Let us not try to decide whether the "new" aspect of this newness is the result of the original and growing importance of the cinematographic means of expression in itself (what English-speaking people and a few Anglomaniac French-speaking people would call very permanently, than a permanent and groping innovation. In the work of Jutra, Don Owen, Lefebvre, or Ransome, in varying
Johanne Harelle, actors, only mimic their own story. This is a false which had never been mentioned in films in such a calm and natural concealed including: evasion of responsibilities, apathy towards the ex-small or great weakness that are ordinarily suppressed will be con­

back to this is bared, bravely bared (shades of Jean-Claude Labrecque) and which constitute the true

most pathetic moments) a capriciousness, an impulsiveness, a taste 

things that are to be had by a refined education and thus, originally, by lucidity, culture, and wit (and I am skipping some) all these I left out the pious adolescence, the devoted son aspect of his brilliance and lucidity, cultivated and witty, I mean full of vigour, I am passing over a very praise-worthy flow of courage after the moment of considerably modifying the one who speaks it, and the sets

The wandering of A tout prendre — which the Cinémathèque Canadienne had the good idea to present last March, and which it should present every week, for it is one of two or three most beautiful films ever made in Quebec, it is a wandering of the heart. But a heart that is "mis à nu" (bared), with all that this Baudelarian term can imply of a-romanticism. We know that there is a romantic manner in which to treat one's heart, concealed, and delicately enveloped in tissue paper or light cotton. For it is, basically, a poor little thing that we dearly love and that we bleed only with very little pin pricks, with frightful moans: twenty tears for each drop shed. A-romanticism, on the contrary, can be a complete and magnificent ablation of this cumbersome organ. Consider Don Giovanni, and Valmont, and a certain Montherlant — it can also be an indiscriminate heart treated with a joyous lack of indulgence, that is to say in short, like the big bit of red flesh that it is, what burns of laughter then will greet stabs and thrusts of stiletto and knife. Look at Stendhal, at the work of the young Haubert, at Latremont, Radiguet. Look at the "hussars", Namier at the head, and Vian ( Boris). And in cinema, look at the hussars that were the Malle of Peau d'Âne, the Godard of Gueule d'âne (that takes him from A bout de souffle, Le Petit Soldat, Pierrot-le-Fou). Claude Jutra belongs to that group, and were it not for the fact that he is slightly late (A tout prendre is of 1965, but what importance!), one would gladly say that he is on his way to be one of the most talented French film producers. He is closer to the literature to literature and to France but until things change, Jutra is the most literary and the most French of Quebec film producers. He is literary in his commentary in counterpart that accompanies the picture (by Jean-Guy Laprise) and with the editing, the script (the writing) of this autobiography. For, as far as concerns the actors and the sets — which are usually in the film the grounds of a slight transposition, and of the distance that the distance that the public establishes, in relation to his own life (which is thus the sign that there has been rewriting and not a pure and obvious presentation of an event that is actually unfolding) they are in a certain and troubling manner the same as those of the related event. Without saying it, Jutra and Johanne Harelle, actors, only mimic their own story. This is a false "happening" because after all it is the second time that what is shown to us is occurring and this rerelation necessarily deprives the film of what characters every true event: unpredictability and singular
darity. This activity however, has something less free and more of a form of which we notice some traces in the scenes with the

absent from Carle's film, but it is the clash of the two mentalities that seems to interest him especially. Now everything unfolds as if the very form of the film mimicked this confrontation: modern, very form of the film mimicked this confrontation: modern, serious and rational (and sometimes even very Godard-like) — of that, something is increasing widening in Quebec between a closed society of a

woman to avenge in the Sicilian manner the supposedly sullied presence of the three brothers, the ruined survivors of the sacro­

magnificent ablation of this cumbersome organ (the emancipation of girls, abortion) are among the problems that are posed with the greatest urgency in Quebec, and which are posed in an exemplary manner in Quebec. I am wrong moreover, to speak of Carles film by Gilles Girard and the other film by Don Owen and the writing of Claude has travelled. Of the latter and of this film, let us hope that it is only the first phase.

There is something from A tout prendre in Ernie Game (1967) by Don Owen. With this one exception, that Ernie, a young English speaking Quebecker, is socially uprooted: he wanders in a city to which nothing, neither past nor future, binds him. No word of a political nature, no aesthetic searching comes to distract him, like the hero of A tout prendre, from his sentimental weakness. Besides, does he still have feelings? No doubt there is a secret confusion before an emotional nature, and aesthetic impotence, clearly experienced, but the two women between whom he hesitates and with whom he experiences brief moments of equilibrium are for him more like mothers or older sisters than occasions for heart-break. The hero of A tout prendre was a kind of Europeanized, Stendhalian upper middle class, Pierrot-le-Fou, the one of Ernie Game is an American Pierrot-le-Fou, whose madness comes not from love but from an immense instability. The only way of wandering that he knows is physical and emotional vagabondage. At once akin to the heroes of Kerouak, Camus et Stendhal and Christiane Rochefort ( Le repé du suivi) and theQUEUE of Quebec, his family, his friends, his
time, his city, are in constant and natural way: he is a kind of chatty boor, a nuisance (and on occasion, a pest).

This serious reflecting on one's own conduct is thus the opposite of a complacent harking back to an old story. It is the at once tender and fond resumption of a sentimental wandering that was a prelude to a faster wandering in the world and in art; of that, something is said at the end of the film by the narrator: Claude has travelled. Of the latter and of this film, let us hope that it is only the first phase.

Le Grand Rock is also a completely Quebec film. But it is a film that is the result of the amalgamation of two different currents that begins very well and turns out very badly. (I am talking here not so much about Rock as I am of the film of Raymond Garceau). This film was presented under the best auspices: the whole beginning up to the wedding scene, attracts to a very sound effort to contribute to
the elaboration of a national cinema, which owes nothing to the mystifying cinema of Hollywood or anywhere else, and which retains consciously or not, the best of the lesson of certain Frenchmen—Cahiers du Cinéma, Eustache, Claude Berri, of certain Italians (Olmi), and of certain Czechs and Hungarians (who are known in direct cinema). And here, in a few minutes, all of this, in which one feels an inexpressible talent, is set aside by the desire to please, in the worst sense of that word (the one that was formerly denounced by Jean Casson in Sol de la Semaine), that is to say of giving to the public (but what is the public? 'The public' does not exist, it is a fantasy invented by souvenir merchants) what it is thought that they are expecting—and what they perhaps do expect. But it matters little. For art has always consisted exactly in producing what was not expected. Art is surprise or it does not exist. Real cinema, in the same way, recognizes itself in that it changes something, were it a very small thing, in the mind, or at least in the perception of the viewer. Le Grand Rock changes nothing. Le Grand Rock only encourages Quebeckers to do what they have never stopped doing in consuming the opium of Hollywood or the Fantomas or other ignoble French Gendarmes; to dream away their life. Art must make one understand more clearly. Now Le Grand Rock makes us understand nothing. Where it could have called attention to an alienation, to a few awful problems (scandalous the latter), it clouds everything: the goal is not to disturb and consequently to harangue the hearers by making them believe that it is a fabulously unreal— that is to say ideal, idealizing being exactly an erroneous and mystifying manner of showing (of masking) reality, one might as well say it blinds everything. At last the degradation and disaffection of Le Grand Rock, due to poor editing and complete social conditions that might at least have been emphasized, are blamed on this kind of simple fatalism that is to be found in adventure novels or melodramas and which brings forth at most, a few wallflowers who are never a sequel to anything. A few things are played out beforehand and this is the opposite of a cinema of wandering, that is to say of confusion, or research and innovation. Let us leave the lovely red cowls of Grand Rock to those who take pleasure in having the story of one’s interests) in the alienation of a big fellow who is too gullible and hot-headed, or of a little woman stumped by television commercials, that unemployment, the increase of delinquency, are not problems, but are at the most a few spices good to enhance the insipid gruel of commercial cinema. Let us simply note that a certain immanent justice saw to it that the film was about a heart being removed (transplants) and the other film was about a heart being put back to life. Art must make one understand more clearly. Now Le Grand Rock makes us understand nothing. Where it could have called attention to an alienation, to a few awful problems (scandalous the latter), it clouds everything: the goal is not to disturb and consequently to harangue the hearers by making them believe that it is a fabulously unreal—that is to say ideal, idealizing being exactly an erroneous and mystifying manner of showing (of masking) reality, one might as well say it blinds everything. 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Let us simply note that a certain immanent justice saw to it that Le grand Rock by aiming low fell low, and even completely flat, since this courageous film that aimed only at success drew less people in Montreal than Le Vîfd d’une jeune fille divorcée or Juanita y (and Juanita y) or Jus de la Semaine), they are hippees. They want to be not (and the middle class press didn’t wait to generalize), they are hippees. The poster, the Godard-like violence that is faraway (American aggression in Viet Nam), or close at hand (the upper middle class that its parties plan to appeal to, one cannot introduce the idea of a place of work or workers), or manifest (Garrou’s aggressions), or disguises (the hippie-soldiers or the soldier-hippies), represents everything that Garrou rejects and which makes the tender Garrou scandalous. Although this film is arbitrarily laid down and is very explicit, its interest results rather from the manner in which everything is implicit. It would be necessary here to speak very knowingly—and Lefebvre formally invites us to do so—to the dialectics of colours (black-white and black-white), and to the colours of the dialectics (love, tenderness, and intimacy), and corresponds to a natural use of direct cinema (the most immediate reflection of daily life possible). Yet polychromatic colour is the most ostentatious ornament of the unauthentic (seduction, alienation, and violence), and combines with an original use of direct cinema applied, as in Godard’s work at least since Made in USA, as in the Pasolini of Uccellacci e uccellini and La terra sesta della luna; as in the Klein of Mr. Freedom or the Peter Brook of US, in the very concrete presentation of very abstract signs (metaphors, personifications, and symbols). I leave it to my name-sake, my double, and nonetheless my friend of the Cahiers du Cinéma to pursue this. One last word to conclude, about the humour of Jean-Pierre Lefebvre: it is precisely like his colours, sometimes black (cf. of the song of the deserted children), sometimes two colours — white and pale blue (cf. the honeymoon trip of Mouffe and Garrou: ‘My dear, do you want me to carve out names?’ etc.), sometimes red (when Jean-Pierre was red, that is to say rather often) and sometimes technicoloured (when it is a question of mimicking a carnival float in the great Quebec parade). In short this film by nature is never completely rose coloured.

The film of Jean-Pierre Lefebvre relies as completely on improvisation as Jean-Pierre Lefebvre relies on his intelligence (on his intellectuality, but akin to him in a certain taste for formal innovation and a manner of showing characters that are free and in walking tightropes). Mort Rasmén, from Toronto, has made a very arresting unbounded film, Christopher’s movie matine (1968).

We know this rondeau by Voiture that begins with My word, its quite a rondeau!

Begged me to make here a rondeau:

That puts me in extreme difficulty.

and which finishes with a triumphal ‘My word its done!’ The poem is only about its own and tools on one hand, it is also exactly the meaning of Christopher’s movie matine, a film that makes itself before our very eyes, or rather that does not make itself—that fails to make it while making it. The originality of the undertaking is that it is not artificial that improvisation is in it not what it is in most of the modern works in progress, a parody of improvisation following a rigidly predetermined line. Here, adventure and group, have been constants, for the object was to film adventure and group—youth. A band of technicians, the producer himself, put themselves at the disposal of a group of young people in Toronto, to whom they entrusted the task of making a film about themselves. We see them creating—that is to say actively reflecting together (camera in hand) about what they will show, about the possibility and the means of showing. Thus, a ‘film party’ is organized in a park, during the course of which (this is one of the high points in the film) everyone films everyone with N.F.B. cameras. At almost every second moment, the producer asks for an improvisation, takes place on one of the central thoroughfares of Toronto so that automobile traffic is forbidden there. The public is shocked: ‘The N.F.B., it is said, is inviting riots to film them’. The film is interrupted, the team leaves. The producer has invited nothing, at the most he invited. The film here does not produce the event, it allows it to produce itself, accelerates it only a little by its solely observing presence. The film is revealing.

Here it reveals the difficulty of being young, that is to say of being absolutely free to create. This unfinished film is basically the only possible film about youth, for it is a film in movement and without a real ending about a group of young people in movement seeking its end (its goal) and not finding it.

Youth, said Michel, is a time when one does not know what is going to happen. Here too, one does not know what is going to happen (the ‘producer’—and the quotation marks are necessary—did not know, the technicians did not know, the young people who availed themselves of the experience did not know; and the viewer does not know). Christopher’s film about wandering, is a wandering film. Wandering like youth — clearly defined here as ‘those who don’t have a place’, whose place is nowhere, always between love, public park to public park, from street to street, the group is not even at home in the poorly built classroom where it fails, this room with the desks that are too small, immediately turned away from its purpose to the ‘service’ of the public, and the school bus which has just made the board. Young people are squatters everywhere. Whether they want to be not (and the middle class press didn’t wait to generalize), they are hippees.

In the midst of these films about wandering or, like the latter,
about these films by young people about the impossibility of making a film about young people, there is one exception—an
outrage exception—Pierre Perrault. From Pour la suite du monde to
Vieilles d’oeuf, there is the same effort to wander no more, to return
to the country, and to go back to what is real like to exhibit a
new advance! It would be a pity (and very unlikely) if
Perrault were not to engage himself on this second path. For that
is the only true cinema, and it is the art that is proving the most
propitious of all for inquiry and questioning, for the delights of
uncertainty and the perpetual necessity for innovation. Delights,
yes, for what greater happiness can there be than that of being able
of knowing how to find before one according to the lovely title
of Julien Green, “a thousand paths open”.

The “tourist” will find what he fancied he saw: a lovely piece of
jewellery. But at least this Quebec craftsmanship is aesthetically
valid. These stores are thus open year round. Behind these windows,
the real gallery draws only true art lovers.

In Quebec city, four art galleries in search of a public.

BY MICHEL GAUQUELIN

For a long time, Quebec city lived with a minimum of animation in
the field of the plastic arts. Painting and sculpture interested only
an infinitesimal minority of artists and art lovers, those who are
still today called "the true connoisseurs", those who are still
interested in the products of the past for whom the idea of hanging a picture over the
lived room sofa was about the same as the purchase of a refrigerator.

In the first, second, and third decades of the last century, these galleries were
very dow in a city particularly disadvantaged in the cultural field. The Zanettin
Gallery, founded in 1885, but which has been "operational" for
only about twenty years, had a great deal to do to track down
talented artists, make them known to the public, and have them
accepted by the buyer.

In spite of the growing number of the last five or six years, and in
spite of the growing number of artists, Quebec city has at this time
only four art galleries: Zanettin, LeSieur, Jolliet, and Champagne,
and they each have their own personality.

Some time ago galleries were born, existed, subsisted, and died
infamously. There may have been as many as six at the same time.
Those were the days of Jean Leblond, of Denys Morisset's La
Huchette where a certain well-meaning spirit ruled. But purity of
intention was not enough to settle financial difficulties created by
the tightness of the market.

No doubt it is the provincial museum that began to rouse the
public's interest in art, its cupboards set in white walls, is very suitable for exhibitions.

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public's interest in art, its cupboards set in white walls, is very suitable for exhibitions.
The Zanettin gallery, on little Champlain street, with its wood­
work, its cupboards set in white walls, is very suitable for exhibitions.
The exhibitions have followed one another with a sustained rhythm
since its opening in September 1968, they include: Marie Laberge,
Green, a thousand paths open? Michel Groulx for the Zanettin gallery,
following a different and not double more austere direction. Both hold
to the following reasoning: "I exhibit only what I like". Young
and aesthetically formed artists, they choose to be strict with themselves,
and if they are receptive to different styles, they will refuse compromise.

Michel Champigne is approaching his thirties. Energetic and
lively, he studied at the Institut des Arts in Montreal and
at the Quebec École des Beaux-Arts. A painter himself, he has
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and if they are receptive to different styles, they will refuse compromise.
cover, understand, and like. The gallery thus becomes a meeting place. But will that be enough to support the director? In the interest of the Quebec public, in the interest of painters who ask only to exhibit, let us ardently hope so, and, after all, renouncing is not so easy when one is enthusiastic.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

cardboard furniture

BY VILDER

The aims of an exhibition of cardboard furniture presented by the third furniture display of the I.A.A. of Montreal were directed at putting a solid and reasonably priced new material at the disposal of the public, and having cardboard furniture known and produced in Quebec.

In order to increase the trend to exchange and the volume of sales, we tried to survey and thereafter put on the market economical products which were within the reach of the mass of consumers, and which, because of their reasonable price, involve neither worries about upkeep nor concern about durability.

Cardboard furniture adapts perfectly to our life. It can be thrown out when no longer serviceable. We are becoming increasingly accustomed to thinking along these lines, and furniture in turn, is getting away from the durability that was formerly required of it.

The main cardboards used are: cardboard tubes and corrugated cardboard.

Cardboard furniture upset our habits. This new technique is meeting with an astonishing success even though it is only just beginning.

CONCLUSION

To conclude, I will say that cardboard can be treated for inflammability by adding to the pulp a chemical product like potassium silicate for example.

Humidity and dryness are the two drawbacks of cardboard but they can be eliminated by a wax coating or a fine covering of plastic film. The latter operations are combined in its manufacture.

Cardboard can also be coloured, printed, painted, and varnished. The simple and clever construction allows cardboard to resist pressures of several hundred pounds without being altered.

ANDRE VILDER

PROFESSOR, I.A.A.

AND DIRECTOR OF THE EXHIBITION

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

la collection du conseil des arts du canada à charlottetown

Du 1er juillet au 1er septembre 1969 inclusivement.

PAR MONCRIEFF WILLIAMSON

Depuis son ouverture présidée, il y a cinq ans, par feu l'honorable Vincent Massey, premier gouverneur général du Canada d'origine canadienne, le Musée d'Art de la Confédération a tenu environ vingt-huit expositions par année. Ces expositions, ajoutées à la politique d'achat de l'édifice de la Confédération, ont exercé une influence profonde dans la région de l'Atlantique. Cette institution, fait de la Memorial University, en souvenir des Pères de la Confédération et de ce fait, ses collections sont composées essentiellement d'œuvres d'artistes et d'artistes canadiens. Deux cent œuvres sont au moment présent de partie de la collection permanente. L'engagement de cette institution sur le plan national va de pair avec les besoins éducatifs et culturels de la province et de la ville.

Charlottetown, qui a une population de 19,000 habitants, peut se vanter d'avoir vu passer dans sa galerie près de 70,000 visiteurs annuellement. En 1968, pendant le Festival d'été qui a duré six semaines, plus de 4,000 visiteurs par jour ont franchi le seuil du Centre des Arts de la Confédération, de ce nombre, une forte propor-
Q. — You have chosen The Chess Game by Paris Bordone; why this picture in particular?
A. — It is an exemplary picture that is placed at the end of what is commonly called the Renaissance, that is to say the 16th century, and Paris Bordone is an interesting painter because he tapped many what are called "influences," those of Titian, of Tintoretto, whose teachings had been handed down by the school of Venice, that of Giorgione, and through these two painters, almost everything that was done in Venice and Italy. This picture is distinguished thus already by many historical "references." There is something else that makes this picture absolutely closed circuit; and it is indeed this enclosure that makes it possible to relate: in this sense it is absolutely invalid since it has never taught us anything either about history or about art, since, in short, one does not need to possess either the history of art or a knowledge of painting to understand it. One's first guess might be that what makes the picture difficult to read and constitutes, no doubt, its interest, because all the terms of reading are going to be subject to this double retreat of the picture into itself: between the right and the left, between the text of the picture and the whole picture — the play, constantly regulated by the picture, of functions, of sequences, of intersections of movement, of characters, etc. — is the momentary discontinuity that is written into the picture, and which, paradoxically, necessitates an increasingly comprehensive reading and, if you like, a reference to subjects which are not the picture, which are sometimes not even contemporary, but are controlled by the almost nonexistent demands of representation.

Q. — Can structuralism be a method of analysing a picture?
A. — People have often tried to apply structuralism uniformly, as a monolithic thing, to the history of art. Nevertheless they did not reach absolutely satisfactory results that would have constituted, let us say, the body total of a certain type of objects whose irreducibility it obstinately attempts to relate: in this sense it is absolutely invalid since it has never taught us anything either about history or about art, since, in short, one does not need to possess either the history of art or a knowledge of painting to understand it. On the other hand, structuralism, or more exactly, structural linguistics, cannot be transposed, such as it is, in the reading of an object it does not govern. It was, I think, the only method of systematic analysis but the object of the whole work is also to elaborate a method in terms of the types of objects that interest us.

Q. — Is painting seen as theatre particular to the 16th century? Do we rediscover these themes of Bordone in other painters?
A. — We find them everywhere. For this reason this painting is exemplary and at once painted, and classified. As for the theme of the theatre, it has been underlying all painting until very recently, until the time of the great Vitruvian texts concerning the theatre in the reading of the picture in particular? That is the momentary discontinuity that is written into the picture, and which, paradoxically, necessitates an increasingly comprehensive reading and, if you like, a reference to subjects which are not the picture, which are sometimes not even contemporary, but are controlled by the almost nonexistent demands of representation.

Q. — Starting with the system that you have elaborated, is it possible to define all pictures, past and present?
A. — It is evident that the aim of the book is not to read a picture and to provide a key to it, since ultimately it is impossible to do so, except in a continual scenography of the text of the picture which is perpetually destruction and reconstruction, but the goal itself of the analysis is to construct a "semiotic" model, which does not refer only to one object but permits us to read a great number. I believe that one may elaborate (there is no theoretical impossibility in this construction) a model that permits the development of representative systems; it is, as a matter of fact, possible to read thus not only the pictures of the same period but any number of pictures as long as they have terms of reference and may be defined as pictures. Everything depends, in fact, on the definition of the structure of the object that one is going to analyse.

The rules of the system, which are briefly outlined, are the semiotic rules; they bear more on the relevance of the method than on the formal and objective characteristics of the object analysed. That is why it is not applicable to many objects, but many objects are accessible to it.

Q. — What research are you engaged in at the present time?
A. — I am trying to elaborate a program of the study of representative systems that constitutes a greater breadth of subject matter than "Scénographie d'un Tableau" to the extent that it permits the reading not only of pictures but all that which is characterised as belonging to a representative period. It must also be understood in the Greek sense of epoch, a putting into parentheses, a figurative suspension as a system of inferences outside of which there is not a representative structure.

It then becomes evident, that analysis, because it does not attempt a "description of objects or works", but treats them by what Freud calls "forepleasure", is always, through a first necessity, a critique of all ideologies as representation. This is particularly important and that is where the work is not "isolated" at a time when there is nevertheless a tendency which is represented by the theoretical work of Such and Such a group, of destruction of representation, and of all the theological remainders born by the writing. It is what I am attempting to elaborate may be understood only in the context of other works: those of Jacques Derrida, Julia Kristeva, and Louis Althusser who have a same theoretical requirement in common.

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