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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 nature, then it is nothing else than a vast assimilated culture, then we will be able to speak of an ultimate product, 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 works organized in Canada. The new exhibition of such importance has been assembled on an international scale, and it is also the largest exhibition presented in France by the Société des Amis of the Musée 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 and critics have previously visited but little and whose weight they are now discovering.

192 objects, of which at least half are presented 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 agelass look, the totemic sandstone bird with a threatening and saucy beak, the highly decorated amulets of British Columbia or the white leather costumes decorated with dyed porcupine quills that resemble silk? Everything should be mentioned for if the organiser has "found in Canadian museums the material to make up a truly important and quite as 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. There are a large number of masks, harpoon tips, figurines of birds, bears, cranes, and fish, and there are shamans' outfits and amulets, vases, sculpted human heads, pestsles, clasp, and pendants; there are sculpted totems, stands, effigies, initiation rolls, ceremonial headbands, Button-shirts and blouses, hats, socks, knife sheaths, 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, skin, fur, they prove that man can use everything to good advantage to express himself.

THE FOUR PARTS OF THE EXHIBITION

"Masterpieces of Canadian Indian and Eskimo Art" was divided into four parts: the prehistoric art of the Eskimo, the art of the North West Coast Indians: the Haidas, Kwakiutl, Vookta, and Salish from prehistory to the beginning of the 20th century, the art of the Prairie Indians, the Black-Foot, the Blood Indians, the Gros Ventre, the Assiniboines, and Cree, and finally the art of the Eastern Indians: the Algonquins, the Montagnais, the Ojibway, Iroquois, and Naskapis.
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 can be replaced by the object of its own 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 the combed Thule (a woman’s head that is reminiscent of Modigliani), the harpoon tip and the small figure of a naked man, were lent by the Eskimo Museum of Churchill, Ont.

The existence and the identity of the Dorset pieces have been known since 1925 thanks to the German scholar Jenness. One day Jenness, who was working at the Ottawa museum received from the Hudson’s Bay Company a 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 Danes, and he realized that the Thule culture, which had been more recently discovered, was of a very fine artistic quality. 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! Proceeding by analogy, he was successful in guessing that some of the sculptures were used in funeral rites. Indeed, in several cases, the small objects were buried near human bones: mandibles and ribs were in frequent enough evidence for the interpretation to be valid.

The first piece of Eskimo art existing in the world, an ivory mask dating from the 7th century B.C. was found in 1958 by William E. Taylor, the present director of 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! Proceeding by analogy, he was successful in guessing that some of the sculptures were used in funeral rites. Indeed, in several cases, the small objects were buried near human bones: mandibles and ribs were in frequent enough evidence for the interpretation to be valid.

It is Melville Sack, that the quartz bison mentioned in the beginning was found, and in a field near St. Paul, Alberta, another prehistoric stone bison was found, whose simplicity of form also reaches perfection. 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 thrusts received by the black marks showing the number of bullet wounds, looks good even presented in this way. Another very beautiful garment is the Ohnway tunic whose shape is inspired by the frock coat that was worn by the fur traders but it is certainly fashioned as the result of the combined work of the Indians who are experienced in the art of sewing. The Indians are the very architects of their own destiny and the combination of their art and their knowledge of their environment makes them great artists. The Indians are the very architects of their own destiny and the combination of their art and their knowledge of their environment makes them great artists.

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The second part of the exhibition is devoted to the art of the West Coast Indians, from prehistoric times to the beginning of the 19th century. This brings into focus a more widely known art, particularly the large tombs of which several European museums possess fine examples. The West Coast Indians have no doubt left the most monumental wooden sculptures that we know. The largest exhibit is the Beaver Totem Pole, belonging to Chief Whinha, measures 19 feet. A certain number of the works exhibited come from the most ancient and entirely maritime civilizations of the area (5,000-2500 B.C.) The first piece, a holy water vase 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 piece was used in the rites marking the passing into puberty. The back of the child’s head is hollowed out to receive the holy water. The face is full of some very real tenderness and suffering and the little hands in their very modest gesture are very poignant. Some amulets and some shaman’s rattles, like the ones where we see a man and a frog entwined and joined by the same tongue or a little hands in their very modest gesture are very poignant. Among the many objects of art, 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 Stuck Out Tongue, belonging to the Society of False Faces, certainly had the ability to chase away illness! The Mask with the Twisted Mouth reveals a still more fantastic imagination, with its misshapen lips that take up half the face and from which there appear about ten dent 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 Musee 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 emulating 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 museums. Then M. Evrard travelled to Canada on four occasions to choose the exhibits. Mr. Ian Clarke, a Canadian cultural attaché in Paris, who was making excavations at the age of ten, and who is a personal friend of Mr. Taylor, collaborated closely with the 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 Harold Savard on the East, not to mention Mr. Taylor’s text 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 most thorough and most systematic working documents for those who are interested in native art.

The Secretary of State, M. Gérard Pelleiter 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 "Masterpieces 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 line, and hieroglyphic sense of line and scatterings, the fulling 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 born and wells up from the gesture—the tracer, instinct, and promptitude and dynamics were such that one cannot but admire this vigour, the rather abstract "vindialiness" 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 tonality, with an amplitude in the course of time. It is the work of Hartung considering 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" (a gesture's works), 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 arabesque, and the ability to bear in mind the totality of the vision in lively, brisk sketches 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 is interrupted, if sharp twirings 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 meditative after-noon or afternoon, that is surely feminine for all that, or feminized. To be sure!

Every artist in the elect place says—we have no liking for country-sides, while recognizing the possibility of another way of life, the attraction of scenery and rural life, but we are no longer in the time of Brugel or the impressionists; each one in his place searches for his "isolate", or the "isolate", who for all that needs not live on a pedestal, like Bunel's "Simon"); the dangers that emanate from another culture, from that which is beyond. Hartung was able to conquer and remain faithful. This symbiosis is redeeming; who is aware of it, on the other side of the Rhine, across the ocean? Have we come to disparaging times? Often the history of art is tainted by amazing nationalism. Mondrian in Paris, in the epic days, is not the Mondrian of the "United States", Rauschenberg in Paris (It is evident enough in the history of the Bauhaus, that is now better known and almost perfectly celebrated) develops and builds a masterful work, in several phases.

About 1950, when people were beginning to speak of gestuelle in connection with art, Hartung, with skill, and with the deepest instinct was able to develop dynamics that integrated the new hieroglyphics, and sweeping full arm strokes and scatterings, into the history of painting born from the art of movement (very dense arid with a weight, a density and tonality, with an amplitude in the course of time). In Hartung's work, or quick and nimble in Alechinsky's). The painter has been an innovator since dynamics were finding on the canvass-scan, the SCREEN CANVASS, these solutions that depend on gesture and concerted art, the drives of passion, of live, it must be said that this "anguish" of work in the laboratory, in the studio, in search of new pigments.

When painting is thus able to unite force and rhythm, ardour and flight, broken curves and small arced lines, traces, what architecture is being elaborated? And who could relate in Hartung's work this sense of power, of force, to the great constructions of the time?

Here it will be necessary to clear up some misunderstandings, and especially to recall to art criticism its role in history. The writer of these lines has on the recent Hartung exhibition at the Musee National d'art moderne in Paris, Bernard Dorival, takes it easy, there is no other expression: indeed for a long time there have been critics interested in friend Hans, including Charles Estienne, this is a fine link of loyalty among us. We find it difficult to accept that after twenty years, the effects, or struggles (one cannot say elbow-to-elbow, but why not?) that gave to the work and to the friendship a vigour that was that of the men of the times, should be ignored. Should we speak of it now with nostalgia? No. But with a resolution that it would be good to find again, as far as concerns the arts depending on exact and inventive disciplines.

Indisputably, Hartung belongs to this time, as the master who was able to reconcile line and volume, force and twirings of the line, combining the ancient and the modern, the arabesque, without ever yielding to the decorative. In these breaks another abstract art was born, that remains human. Which, by colour, volumes, and backgrounds, registers all the vibrations of experience.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

Serge Courtuyen

BY JEAN BASILE

Serge Courtuyen has not produced many works but let us remember that he is young. Five machines, at least they are called machines, have made him famous almost too quickly. Let us name them in chronological order: ZEPHIR, LA NOURRICE, L'EPOU- VANTAIL, L'HUMIDIPICoulEUR, and finally, ALPHA DU CENTAURE, which recently presented at the Province of Quebec's art competition, has just been acquired by the Montreal Museum of Contemporary Art.

First machine, first and last psychedelic impulse, that does not contain the creativity of the young artist, ZEPHIR, a rather rudimentary optical system of mirrors and prisms to project onto a screen a few hazzy colours, turns itself off, not without the tacit consent of the builder.

Then, leaves four, but the four machines contain so much; here we have pipes, motors, and crank-arms. How do they look? Not at all aesthetic.
Machines? Builders? Today everyone seems to be taking the dispassionate approach of engineering. They are bending, fusing 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, Picabia, and others? THE BRAVE STRIPPED 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. Let us consider the following: Serge Cournoyer was not like a poet, not like 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.

Let us ask 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, a creator of something 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, independent and original man. 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, TIME AND FORCES, 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 Grab 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 distrust, and doomed to failure. He has always been, first and foremost an artist.

In his working environment 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) LANGUAGES: "I am trying to love them, but I am not caught up in them.
C) ARTS: I am not theoretically a cultured person, the practical aspect of things concerns me most; a recital can affect me, and reproduced verbatim.
D) COMMITMENT: "Politics is a rather disagreeable thing, I am rather disengaged and lucid.
E) THE PAST: "It is funny to talk about that.
F) SCULPTORS: "Perhaps Giacometti and Moore, but I don't know much about their work."
G) WHAT HE LIKES: "I like animals a lot, and I like people a lot.
H) HIS ART: "My machines 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 revolution, for criticism. Everything is fine, well-ordered, everything seems well.

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

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 flower; there is nothing of the tree, of the bush, nothing of the plant kingdom that is illustrated by the rows of flowers. THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE BY HER BACHELORS, EVEN, 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 body are out of place will give rise to contestation; I am interested in my work.

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

This sentence by itself, is a worthy example of the intrinsic quality that seems to be instilled into every creator: OPTIMISM. Opposing the expression plant-like, which is incomplete and a reference to that which has already been created, there is a declaration that is more precise in its unformulated state.

It may serve us well to recall these already old but meaningful words quoted by Marcel Jean: THE SEXUAL FURY OF FACTORIES. 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 great mechanical principles, Eye-Wheel, Hip-Lever, Kneecap-Gear...

Let us take apart this primordial plaything, let us shamelessly spread out beside the bones, the glands, the intestines, the ribcages, the body-liquids, the instrument, and the function. Let us be the privileged dismantler. What will there be left? There will be 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 Barbarians. 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), let us continue "without emotion" (by the very negation we see the reason for this emotion, the tears shed in front of the altar, the terrified but touching recognition of God), let us continue, brought to it as he is by an abused and searching eye, and accomplice, eye... Let us finally say it: "I do not give my spirituality the opportunity to be expressed; I prefer to be matter-of-fact, but if I can do it safely, I will use it to the advantage of my work."

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

What critic said it, wanting by it to give a naive compliment, that Cournoyer's organ made him laugh! Blackout...

Marijuana, time-space, surges of consciousness, laughter and games. He says: "OK, no such things, but just for fun!"

Acid (LSD 25): technicoloured pyrotechnics, a double chasm, an ether-abyss. He says: "It frightens me biologically."

For the present let us get back to our artist who says: "My works are... still rather primitive forms, steps towards a better nature, a better handling."

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What critic said it, wanting by it to give a naive compliment, that Cournoyer's organ made him laugh! Blackout...
I asked him to classify by order of preference, three key words: INSTINCT, 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, exclaiming that he is mistaken, that it is not so simple, who doubts it? And then our instinctive wiseman, reflects, retreats into himself. 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, that, in the continuity of Time and in the irrevocable evolution, the artist can no longer suffer the organs of the periods of the world to 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 see his four organs, already motorized in time, not before us. They project towards us, not as witnesses to some tragedy, neither for us, nor for them, as the machines of Tanguely are wont to do in their complacent stagnation, destroying themselves but not destroying the artist. The machines are the function of the extent to which the artist has sacrificed his self to the service of intelligence, nor a disillusioned smile, nor fear, but like a living work, modest and necessarily fragmented: TRUTH.

These pipes and motions illuminate what we are since the art of them does not make us the partial or total destruction of the world and ourselves but, on the contrary, eternal reconstruction.

Is the organ thus conceived by the artist enough? No. Let us be careful. That is why (let us admit the existence of a principle of eternity) of an artist conceived organically, when the organ of an artist is not an instrument to go to the bottom of our museum-universe, this world where it will live. A paternal gesture that is another indication. It can be defined in this way: "I create you, now live without me."

Finally we will not have the pretension to know how a young artist DEFINITELY acknowledges himself. We suspect the danger of the work since we know the weakness of man. As well I will be asked, why Serge Cournoyer and not such and such?

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, sister or twin) already motorized in time, not space reduced in itself — its function: thus recovered in the most springy way, the humidity of the air and of our era draining in its function, thus the mechanism is quite hidden, almost through an analysis of the wood could confirm the stylistic analysis. The Beaumont church from Fleury David.

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1) LA NOURRICE: wild seed separated in its jar, luminously set up under a sunlamp — the organ (father or mother, lover or mistress, sister or twin) already motorized in time, not space reduced in itself — its function: thus recovered in the most springy way, the humidity of the air and of our era draining in its function, thus the mechanism is quite hidden, almost through an analysis of the wood could confirm the stylistic analysis. The Beaumont church from Fleury David. 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 crown of flowers in his hands. This sculpture is treated discreetly. In all likelihood, 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 one can also wonder if the priest and churchwardens of Beaumont did not require him to imitate the Virgin of the Ursulines. This is an important matter for it involves the whole process of the creation of the work. Three sculptures from the Montreal area pose the same problem, but a bit differently.

The first one is in the church of the Visitation of Saint-au-Récollet (4) is a polychromatic 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 in Beaumont in all respects save for the Virgin's crown, and the inscriptions in the gift of the cloak and the general treatment which is a little more delicate. Unlike the sculpture of Beaumont, the Virgin has his right arm around her neck and is holding a globe of the world in his left hand. It is appreciably the same in Beaumont in all respects save for the Virgin's crown, and the inscriptions in the gift of the cloak and the general treatment which is a little more delicate. Unlike the sculpture of Beaumont, the Virgin has his right arm around her neck and is holding a globe of the world in his left hand. It is appreciably the same in Beaumont in all respects save for the Virgin's crown, and the inscriptions in the gift of the cloak and the general treatment which is a little more delicate. Unlike the sculpture of Beaumont, the Virgin...
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 that a statue treated, that it is a work of the 18th century. It is a crowned Virgin, 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.

The Rivière-des-Prairies file, photo A-11.

In the first case, the decoration of the main pew of another parish was to be found in the church of Rivière-des-Prairies. In the collection of Mr. Rosario Saint-Pierre, in Beaumont, there is a small and very faithful replica of the Museum’s Vierge à l’Enfant.

The work of the sculptor in these two cases, as far as we know, is not different from the original. He was being paid a substantial sum of money for his work in Saint-au-Récollet. It is more probable however, that it is still the work of the same sculptor.

In the second case, the latest style of Quebec city is to be imitated, in the second, the latest style of Quebec city is the one that was to be followed. When a new element of the decoration of a church is to be seen in such and such a place and that they considered beautiful. It is difficult to know if it was an important sculpture: it is one of the few sculptures done in a mannered style that is known in Quebec. According to information that was obtained, it would have been part of the property of the singer Jaspé; it is not possible for us to confirm this.

In the beginning it must have been the desire to adorn churches as it was an important sculpture: it is one of the few sculptures done in a mannered style that is known in Quebec. According to information that was obtained, it would have been part of the property of the singer Jaspé; it is not possible for us to confirm this.

We are dealing with three churches that are not very far from one another. David Flauray David worked for more than eighteen years in the church of Saint-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. He was being paid a substantial sum (8) for his work in Saint-au-Récollet. It is more probable however, that it is still the work of the same sculptor.

We could give several other examples that would only confirm the same phenomenon from a different point of view. When the Musée du Québec acquired, in 1967, a Vierge à l’Enfant, there was no doubt that it was an important sculpture: it is one of the few sculptures done in a mannered style that is known in Quebec. According to information that was obtained, it would have been part of the property of the singer Jaspé; it is not possible for us to confirm this.

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Les oeuvres en nous référant à nos canons habituels, de les bien comprendre.

La différence de pensée entre l'Africain et l'Européen entraînera par exemple à définir l'expression d'un masque (ou d'une figurine) en réalité comique et fait pour amuser seulement, comme une certe horrible destinée à créer le terreur. Il faut donc chercher à comprendre l'art africain pour lui-même, et non au travers des valeurs de notre civilisation, la manipulation et une habitation de l'espace par F. E. Lamy.

"Au lieu d'aller de l'extérieur par une démarche rationnelle en apparence, la sculpture va de l'intérieur à l'extérieur. Elle tend à exprimer des idées en restant à des formes inventées d'après la nature, et non parce que c'est la nature. "

La magie qui fait partie de la vie quotidienne des Africains se manifeste aussi dans le fait que le sculpteur au cours du processus de création. La sculpture ethnique africaine ne tente jamais de faire ressembler les sculptures archéologiques de l'Occident qui jouent avec les ombres et la lumière, la sculpture ethnique africaine est basée sur l'expression et sur le volume.

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Roger Paquin by Normand Therault


To find oneself again in front of the pieces of Roger Paquin, is really to stand before ‘sculptures’, for the work itself is its sole presence and is in no way supported by writings or verbal affirmations. Roger Paquin declines to make a ‘statement’ and wants to leave to these plays of forms and colours, which are his works, complete independence and, by that very fact, their own affirmation.

His work lends itself to this well for, in opting among all the tendencies of present day art, for an art that is above all “plastic”, he produces pieces whose significance is totally the result of a perception and this perception is relative to the look that the viewer casts on it. In other terms, in Paquin’s work, the work–author–viewer relationship is never given a personal touch, the first term (the work), being the only element that is real and present, the two other terms, depending directly on the difference that remains unknown to each other. This searching for an “anonymity” thus permits no altering of the meaning of each of the sculptures.

The primary interest of Paquin has always been to suggest by sculpture a space that has a sharp and clear character, polychrome, and that, independently of an individual experience that would confer upon the work a chronological notation. And his pieces almost created an architecture, and even an architectural monument.

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 École des Beaux-Arts, he found his direction. Then he executed solid cement blocks, that could weigh as much as 500 pounds, and whose forms, and whose volumes, were the result of experimentation. However, if they consisted primarily of volume, they allowed a place to the material, the surfaces varying by diverse treatments, according to whether their author retained traces of the various stages of the casting or used materials and rendered them in their final appearance.

With his pieces he determined the formal universe 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 architect 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 subtility of treatment. It is no more a matter of forming a sculpture that, ideally, already exists.

It 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 in an aerograph. At this 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.

Thus it was possible to see Paquin applying various colours to find the one that would unite the best with the blue of the interior and exterior surfaces, in such a way that the side edges define the general form as clearly as possible. For colour does not “decorate” a volume, but it helps to define the forms and to accelerate the viewer’s perception of the piece so that the viewer is finally meeting with a global ‘message’.

For this piece, Paquin also opted for the art of metal, for the latter allows a more definite and clearer affirmation of forms. He creates a free play of space which, by the span of the volumes, registers itself in the more general area of the surrounding environment, to render the relationship between the work and the environment more dynamic.

But ‘Rochers-causerie’ and the two pieces that will follow it retain the notion of the work of art. ‘Staccato’ and ‘Vulcania’ are works, being in effect conceived as a physically united group that without any doubt participates in the environment but by making an opening in the latter rather than by incorporating it.

This limitation of the pieces (where they necessarily suggested a play of space) was however to be abandoned. And as in ‘Rochers-causerie’, where two independent elements made up a single piece, the entire ‘Canyon’ series was going to play on a modular structure that was really going to permit the viewer to ‘dialogue’ with the sculptures.

For if the piece at the Youth Pavilion still allowed an interest in form for itself to persist, by putting the accent on the curve that was interesting for its beauty alone, the “Canyon” series really plays on the values of space. It is no question of saying that the material has been broken up, but it is now no more than a support for a rhythm created by the forms. The latter, not-as-in ‘Staccato’, where it arose from an intellectual association with a “chosen piece”, questions the whole environment and has the same role as an architectural work—indeed, it is the environment itself that participates in the experience (or rather the one who participates in the environment) a questioning.

For, by choosing a structurally simple form, a broken line, he allows a play of designs and shapes that condition the entire encompassing space by dividing it and imposing on it another range of
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 viewer establishes 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 sculptor. For what is important now, 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 subordinates 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 it does not fit in with his presentation conditions. More and more Paquin is aiming at the creating 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 he now feels that he possesses a language that would allow him to make valid realizations. In 1957, there was 'Les parevants' 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 metalurgy, 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 no 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 continuously 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, 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 express sion will assume here, 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

operation clothes-pin and door-handle

BY FRANÇOIS GAGNON

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 the programme of the 20's by Hans Arp, among other projects for imaginary monuments. Clare Oldenburg proposed erecting an immense, nightmarish, concrete clothes-pin over Chicago (2). Let us go back a little further in time, and let us not only look closely at the form of the pin, and we will recall that Francis Picabia had used hairpins in a famous collage: "La Femme aux Allumettes" (3). 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). Might Giuseppe Fiore, Canadian of Italian origin, be joining 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, 1930, 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 reality photographically. Fiore seems to have succeeded quite well at it, for the Liceo Artistico of Naples confirmed this teaching by granting him a diploma of "Maturita Artistica" . . . in 1950. Then for two years he studied at the Naples Faculity of Architecture. And its detail is worth being remembered, for the current project of Giuseppe Fiore depends on an art that integrates architecture, as we shall see.

The course of Fiore's Italian career stops here. After a visit to France and Belgium where he discovered Cezanne and "Le Douanier" Rousseau, Fiore emigrated to Canada in October, 1952. He was 21, then, and far from "artistic maturity", with all due deference to the Liceo Artistico of Naples! Having arrived in Canada, he enrolled in the fresco courses that Stanley Coogoye was giving at the Montreal Ecole des Beaux-Arts (4), and 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 1959. 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 'A roaring racing car that goes like a machine gun is more beautiful than the Winged Victory of Samothrace' (8). War was also declared on classical subjects like the nude, the landscape, and the still-life. If the technique of '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 set 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 is. This work on the surface was aiming to make possible, and also it indicates his first attempt to put his painting into an architectural framework. We are referring to the mural that Fiore executed for the "La Lanterniera Verde" restaurant in Dorval, in 1963. (10) Certainly the various authentic references in contemporary art that compose it are far from being confused, to give the feeling that Fiore's painting is rather get in the way. If we insisted all the same on showing this, it is because this prefigures Fiore's current study of the problem of the wall in architecture.

Note: that 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 dadaist about "Operation clothes-pin and door-handle", but rather that it is a new-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 decisive leap in our thought from Fiore himself, with whom I have had several conversations since December 1966.

Everything began last summer, in the Montagnard region near Saint-Jérôme, where Fiore and his family have been living for some time; a grant from the Canada Council, Fiore apprehended 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 asthetically 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 clothespin, and serve at the same time, to modulate the surface of a wall in an architecture. Without losing its aesthetic quality, the project gained in functionalism and in social integration, a prospect which Fiore thought not completely devoid of merit.

It was becoming tempting to add chromatic effects to these textural variations. This respect for the material testifies to a finer and more delicate sensitivity, since it has respected a certain human scale. This respect for the material testifies to a finer and more delicate sensitivity, since it has respected a certain 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 studied 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 clothespin, 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 for example, of a system of proportions abstractly deduced by the hand of man. They possess hidden mathematical proportions that can be studied seriously. A system of proportions can be multiplied without losing its intrinsic structure for all that.

Certainly the meaning of Fiore's undertaking is not to hart back to the days of the shuttering wheel. But it is 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 assume man's permanence, even long after the form of the clothespin and its name, have been forgotten.

NOTES:
(4) These courses were then being given in the former Monument National building on Saint-Lawrence street.
(6) Robert Ayre in the "Star" and Dorothy Pfeiffer in the "Gazette".
(9) Fiore was 30 at the time.
(10) Lithographs, 24 x 36.5. Let us recall some other murals by Fiore: a mosaic in a restaurant near the Bonsecours Market; a mural in a restaurant near the Bonsecours Market; a mural in a restaurant near the Bonsecours Market; a mural in a restaurant near the Bonsecours Market; a mural in a restaurant near the Bonsecours Market; a mural in a restaurant near the Bonsecours Market; a mural in a restaurant near the Bonsecours Market.
(12) Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, Montreal.
(13) Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

A cinema of wandering
(Jutra, Don Owen, Carlo, Garceau, Lefebvre, Ransom)

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 Ernie Gagne, Le viol d'une jeune fille dance, Le Grand Rock, or Jusqu'au Coeur, and on previewing Christopher's Marie-Matthieu, 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 renewal, 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 Anglophile French-speaking people call very inadequately the medium), or the result of the manner in which it is used, or finally the result of the material that is presented there. It is a newness that is less renewal in any event (for it starts from almost nothing), than a permanent and groping innovation. In the work of Jutra, Don Owen, Lefebvre, or Ransom, in varying
degrees of lucidity and control, the film willingly assumes the force of a wandering — with however something more brisk than what the Heideggerian word usually suggests, but with a certain (secret) seriousness all the same, for the first steps are always those that engage us.

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 — is a wandering of the heart. But a heart that is "mis à nu" (bared), with all that this Baudelairian 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 deadly 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 Dón Giovanni, and Valmont, and a certain Monttherlant —, 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 bursts of laughter then will greet stabs and thrusts of stutter and knife. Look at Stendhal, at the work of the young Flaubert, at Lautréamont, Radiguet. Look at the "hussars", Nimier at the head, and Vian (Boris). And in cinema, look at the hussars that were the Malle of *Peau d'âne* (it takes him to the ground, with the": A hour de soleil, 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 to be one of the rare and brilliant literary共同发展 writers to cinema 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 Carle, and with the incised gallery of *A tout prendre*). He is literary in 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 actor establishes, in relation to his own life (which is thus the sign that there has been a 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 reiteration necessarily deprives the film of what characterizes every true event: unpredictability and singularity. This activity however, has something less free and more moral, the more so as it is the simple representation of the importance of a psychoanalytical tale, that runs the risk at any moment of considerably modifying the one who speaks it, and the perilous character of playing with fire (with the heart): consider in another work of Carle (les Liaisons dangereuses, *Petit Mont*) the exact opposite of the I of *David Holzman's diary* a recent classic of Western literature or cinema without anything in the film calling attention to his "Quebec-ness" or his "Canadian-ness" — not even on the level of form (the latter is deceptive, at once in its collectorism, its gratuitousness, in the very traditional handling of the film mounting and editing).

On the other hand, there is no more Quebecish a film than *Le visi d'une jeune fille douce* which in no way means that this film is unrelated, but the practice of the lump of sugar (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 the film simply as a *Soldat, Pierrot-le-Fou* and in the sense that this is a true autobiography. For, even in the film calling attention to his "Quebec-ness" or his "Canadian-ness" it can also be a vaster wandering in the world and in art; of that, something is said at the end of this article. 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 *Brute Game* (1967) by Dori 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, Pierre-le-Fou, the one of *Brute Game* is an American Pierrot-le-Fou, whose sadness 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 (L’Etranger) and Christiane Rochefort (*Le repos du guerrier*). Claude Jutra belongs to the Western literature or cinema without anything in the film calling attention to his "Quebec-ness" or his "Canadian-ness" — not even on the level of form (the latter is deceptive, at once in its collectorism, its gratuitousness, in the very traditional handling of the film mounting and editing).

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 this article. Of the latter and of this film, let us hope that it is only the first phase.

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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—Michaux, Ross, Eustache, Claude Berri—and of certain Italians—Olmi—and of certain Czechoslovakians who are known in direct cinema. And here, in a few minutes, all of this, in which one feels an indisputable 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 soup merchants") what it is thought that they are expecting—and what they perhaps do exist. But it matters little. For art has always existed exactly in producing what was not expected. Art is surprize 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 Gendarmerie; to dream away their lives. 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 in the latter), it clouds everything: the goal is to not disturb and conse­quently to take the harshness of the history by making it fabulous, unreal—that is to say ideal, idealizing being exactly an erroneous and mystifying manner of showing (of masking) reality, one might as well as say it blinds everything. At last the degradation and the disorganization of Grand Rock, due to the laboured and sometimes red (when Jean-Pierre sees 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.

Lefebvre formally invites us to do so—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 not entirely real), one would say simply that the solution has just precipitated and that a revelation is very soon to occur. It might as well be said right away: Jusqu’au cœur d’une jeune fille douce or Jusqu’au matinée...

Recently two films about the heart were shown in Quebec. One film was about a heart being removed (transplants) and the other was about a heart that could not be removed: the film by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre is better, according to the one who was told; the second one does not end. It does not begin either. It has the vague shape of a chemical solution that has precipitated and that might be broken up except with a massive bombardment with neutrons or the addition of water (ad hoc, acid). One would say simply that the solution has just precipitated and that a revelation is very soon to occur. It might as well be said right away: Jusqu’au cœur d’une jeune fille douce is full of surprises. It is the steady walk of a tight­rope artist above emptiness, while two poker on each side begin to cut away at the rope.

It is a very happy story, I maintain, for if he allows his brain to be operated on, Garrou, in revenge, keeps intact until the end, what seems the essential in Jean-Pierre Lefebvre’s work, this bit of bloody trope artist above emptiness, while two jokers on each side begin to cut away at the rope. That is to say of giving to the public what is not expected. Art is surprize 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 Gendarmerie; to dream away their lives. 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 in the latter), it clouds everything: the goal is to not disturb and consequently to take the harshness of the history by making it fabulous, unreal—that is to say ideal, idealizing being exactly an erroneous and mystifying manner of showing (of masking) reality, one might as well as say it blinds everything. At last the degradation and the disorganization of Grand Rock, due to the laboured and sometimes red (when Jean-Pierre sees 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.

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about these films by young people about the impossibility of making a film about young people, there is one exception—an outstanding exception—Pierre Perrault. From Pour la suite du monde to Voitures d'eau, there is the same effort to wander no more, to return to the root of things. We publish this like an act of faith and return, whose meaning is still undetermined: nostalgia and love of the past, or immobilization preparing 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 one of the cinema, and if 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 or of knowing how to find before one according to the lovely title of Julien Green, "a thousand paths open?"

(1) cf. the film by Robin Spurr for the N.F.B. Flowers on a one way street (1968) from which the former has, moreover, borrowed passages.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

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 to this day among the true connoisseurs. In the Zanettin art gallery, that tried to interest an indifferent and reticent clientele made up of businessmen, for whom the idea of hanging a picture over the livingroom sofa was about the same as the purchase of a refrigerator. There was, however, a small group that, despite the indolence, was very much alive 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 try to attract local talent, and to make them known to the public, and have them accepted by the latter.

In spite of the growing number of galleries, Quebec city has at this time only four art galleries: Zanettin, LeSieur, Jolliet, and Champagne, and each have their own personality.

Some time ago galleries were born, existed, subsisted, and died ingloriously. 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 warmhearted 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 curiosity of the public. As early as the sixties, M. Guy Vial and finally M. Jean Soucy were able to bring the energetic and expert inspiration that was needed. One day the venerable natural history collections were loaded into vans to make room for Quebec's artistic output that has finally emerged from the background. The public is going to start coming to the museum to see.

It will notice that there are not only the by-products of Marc-Aurèle Fortin, but there are young painters who will be renowned very soon. The names of Pellon, Lemieux and Riopelle will help to break down the almost shameful distrust that the public experienced towards a Quebec signature.

No doubt lagging behind Montreal, a city that is more exposed to the multiplicities of socio-cultural influences, Quebec city is slowly changing. The answers that the directors of the four galleries try to provide all revolve around this idea: there are fewer buyers, for the clientele is small, because the public is small, for the public is not yet informed in the cultural field. Behind all of this there is sensed the external theme of the provincial city in which one is engaged in missionary work, like a real pioneer.

Both situated on the side of the mountain, the Zanettin and LeSieur galleries resemble each other only by their frontages. The Zanettin, sensitive, one might say timid, is above all an artist. The art gallery, behind the showcase, the exhibition space, the bustle, the people, for example. Twenty one years this trade have again formed an assured competence.

These two galleries hold regular exhibitions, but it must be said that they carry on their support from the public. For a long time, this "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.

At M. Gérard Zanettin's, painters have been "followed" for many years, Ariste Gagnon for nineteen years. Length of service gives a not negligible experience in the quest for future talent and a certain philosophy towards the customer. It is often at the Zanettin gallery that a boy, confident of himself, with a large package under his arm, "I'm going to exhibit and sell here," M. Zanettin answers. Much bequeathed, Gérard Zanettin must choose and make understood that one can be a good family painter without, for all that, aiming at the Louvre. Besides, the ones who approach us like this are almost always bad. One must often go and look for the pure.

The Lemieux, Denys Matte, Paul Lacroix, J. Antoine Demers, A. Dumas, Louise Carrière, Monique Mercier are names found in the Lemieux gallery. There is a great variety in the styles and a wide range of names, a remarkable broadmindedness to many trends. But many of the visitors buy more for an occasion than for the work: canvases are offered at Christmas, a metal sculpture for a christmas gift.

The situation is somewhat similar at "L'Atelier" which is directed by Renée Lesièr. Discrèet, sensitive, one might say timid, she is above all an artist. The art gallery, behind the showcase, the exhibition space, the bustle, the people, for example. Twenty one years this trade have again formed an assured competence.

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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 cardboard used are: cardboard tubes and corrugated cardboard.

Cardboard furniture upsets 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 hundreds of 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 lieu de plusieurs salles d'expositions, en partenariat avec le Musée du Québec, le Musée d'Art Contemporain et le Musée des Beaux-Arts de Montréal. Des expositions d'artistes et d'artisans canadiens ainsi que des expositions de sculpteurs et artistes graphique du Conseil des Arts du Canada, sont organisées et présentées tout au long de l'année.

Cette collection a été créée grâce à la générosité de nombreux donateurs et à l'aide du Conseil des Arts du Canada. Elle comprend des œuvres d'artistes contemporains représentant un éventail le plus large possible des provinces du Canada et des Territoires du Nord-Ouest, mais nous sommes aussi pleinement conscients de l'obligation où nous sommes de procurer aux habitants de l'Île-du-Prince-Édouard une collection de qualité qui correspond à leur intérêt de la Province.

La collection du conseil des arts du canada
à charlottetown

Traduction de Lucile Ouimet

Q. — What is the "scenography" of a picture?

A. — The term "scenography" is borrowed from Vitruvius, who contrasts it with "orthography" and "iconography" like the perspective drawing of architecture. The same term revived by Palladio is also understood as a "writing for the stage". In the title of the book, "scenography" indicates a setting of the picture disciplined by all the forms of rendering that we can make of it. It is a setting that is bound to the perspective of the picture, it being understood that drawing must be composed in its two "orthographies"; at once its script and its plan, its purpose. As a matter of fact the analysis hinges on the overlapping of these two terms.

BY M. F. O'LEARY

("Scénographie d'un tableau" — Editions du Seuil)
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 scholars call "_fields"; that is, the signifiers, whose complement, that is to say in its own definitions.

We then become evident, that the 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 remains born by the writing. 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.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson.