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Citer cet article
Other Definitions
By Andrée PARADIS

The autumn edition of Vie des Arts looks different. It is only a beginning. A magazine that is a tool of the multifarious in progress in the area of artistic creation recognizes the need to harmonize with the tone of the current graphic language, the facets of the phenomenon of artistic productions which this language directly or indirectly influences.

To make a magazine such as ours, keeping in mind its rather unique situation in the North American context, a faithful mirror, and, at the same time, a plea for the future of art, one must take some risks in terms of imagination and fantasy to propose art as a good necessary for the service of man and, in the first place, of the artists who produce it. In a developing society such as we understand it, art is a factor in the growth of the individual, for art is free men, and an information that is equally free. To inform well is to respect the dignity of the individual, to solicit his participation, his initiative, to have him like and not dread the experience of the work of art.

First an attitude must be taken. Ours is to search for a valid approach to the examination of current positions. Not to refuse the past but to present it in a new light. To be living memory. To use a simple language and question whatever creates confusion and boredom. To combat the defeatist aspect of certain ultra-conservative or outdated ideas, and finally never to forget that formation and information go hand in hand.

On Albert Dumouchel
By Jacques de TONNANCOUR

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

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

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

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

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

On Albert Dumouchel
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For example, someone had to tell me when and how I met Albert. I no longer remembered. And yet Dumouchel was not a man to slip but unnoticed. It is my fault, Albert, and not yours I think, that I recall all kinds of mental pictures of him, which basically are of only one kind: Albert was governed by a force which for many years, lengthened or condensed, his conflicts and his inner turbulence, which always brought together a certain intensity, a resonance, a feeling that others do not notice.

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

Deeply rooted in his land owning origins, he was a man of a particular place, (the region of Valleyfield), of a particular world, of a particular attitude towards life, which is often found I suppose in the Laurentians, the whole sky was one immense aurora borealis shimmering and rippling from the north to the south. A sight of a distracting beauty!

Albert Dumouchel, in an immediately psychedelic excitement, not only saw the aurora borealis as we did, but what is more he also heard them!

An I still wonder if the aurora borealis do not produce sounds, infra or supra, which only Dumouchel could hear. In any case, Albert was a close friend that I thought I knew well, but death makes us discover irrevocably, that from day to day we only lightly touch the surface of people who are close to us.

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

If we know little of his work it is because this very communicative man, always intensively lyrical, had, paradoxically,
a modesty that his explosive exterior did not hint at. He felt that art was an inward act, indeed very private.

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

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

ty with regard to asking to see what he was doing. So I know almost nothing of his production of the last ten years, except for what he told me about it from time to time. And that could be summed up to something like: "You can't imagine, I have gone back to landscapes. And what is more, charcoal too! It is extraordinary, I no longer know how a tree is made. I have to go out and see. It is amazing what we don't know..."

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

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

(Translation by Yvonne KIRBYSON)

The unfinished work of Dumouchel
By Guy ROBERT

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

Since 1965 or 1966, I have felt that Albert Dumouchel was on the verge of taking a similar, albeit totally reconceived,Advertiser in his new works, a certain number of fundamental elements of his plastic language, ready to eliminate other redundant or arbitrary elements. The personalities of Lemieux and Dumouchel were not without some similarities, and they reciprocally determined their sincere esteem.

Both were teachers for a long time. In 1934, when he was thirty, Lemieux began to teach; in 1936, when he was only twenty, Dumouchel began his first art workshop. Both were to be influential teachers in the fine arts schools, Lemieux in Quebec city, Dumouchel in Montreal, and their teaching careers continued for about thirty years, in a parallel direction with their careers as artists.

An exuberant nature

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

I had been interested in Dumouchel's career for a long time and this interest was sustained by a friendship of more than twelve years, and intensified during the last two or three years, when Dumouchel was living in a refuge in Saint-Antoine-sur-le-Richelieu. The first time that we spoke of writing a book about his work was in 1955, when he was preparing his New York exhibition for which he had asked me to write a preface. For some years we had already been discussing collaborating on a comprehensive edition of his prints. But Dumouchel, as usual, blew hot and cold, every so often he reconstructed the universe.

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

Let us summarize its main lines. First, in his more than thirty years of generous teaching, he did two things: he brought warm animation to the world of plastic arts, and he instigated the great interest in print making which he literally founded and propagated in Quebec.

Then his work was also of a dual nature: that of a masterful printmaker, a virtuoso of all the variations of the print, whose reputation was established from Japan to Ljubljana, from Copenhagen to Rio de Janeiro; that also of a versatile painter who was equally successful in taking up charcoal, pan, felt pen, water-colour, gouache, oil, acrylic and went as far as making miniatures on 35mm, slide films.

Like other Montreal painters of the years 1940-1960, Dumouchel passed from the scales of a hesitating figuration to the enthusiastic apprenticeship of the Surrealist language, then soon to the ambitious and pitfalls of Automatism, and from there to lyrical research of lights, textures, materials and reliefs. In 1960, he was one of the most important members of the Montreal School; he was in good health, was spirited and dynamic, one of the most brilliant exhibitors at our galleries and art museums. There is some confusion about him, caused by this ambiguous need to classify phenomena: we label Dumouchel as belonging to the current of lyric abstraction; in Ecole de Montréal I get around the difficulty by placing him at the beginning of the chapter on engraving and calling him a sensualist poet with a Surrealist imagination...

From 1964 to 1971, Dumouchel pursued his impetuous voyage; moreover his research was voluptuous. First he made a sudden return to the folkloric and sentimental sources of old family albums, at the time when he had a faithful clientele as a painter of vancases with relief and abstract appearance; then, after having mocked these very likeable relatives, he led off an audacious procession of erotic, sometimes troubling works; similarly, his Liturgies d’Eros, a great series of paintings and prints in an atmosphere that very rustily combines American pop art motifs and European figuration confirms once more the dual nature of the artist; finally, during the winter of 1969-1970, the admirable series Fusains du Richelieu where the dawn of a maturity finally won with a great struggle appears through the dizzying storm of more than a third of a century.

A tormented man

Albert Dumouchel was still tormented, especially so during the summer of 1970. Troubled for quite a few years by goitre, he decided to have it removed. If we could truly express it, it is this work of his, we can do it all the less with a man as self-willed and as anxious as Dumouchel. The surgical operation took place in September, and the painful convalescence ended with his sudden death in January, 1971.

Thus the work of Dumouchel was abruptly interrupted, at the turning point of what we can consider to be the dawn or the promise of a profound and capable maturity, which finally allowed the artist to invest the experience of a double apprenticeship of thirty years of fertile teaching and of remarkable works into the execution of more sustained works.

Several signs support this intuition. The enthusiasm of Dumouchel had been deeper, less volatile, for several months. He was seriously attempting to put order into his personal life. The preparation of the last book and the plans, for the first time, to face his life and all of his artistic production, and to draw certain conclusions and resolutions from that. His lengthy and consuming career as a teacher was coming to an end and his imminent retirement allowed him at last to concentrate all of his energy on his own work. We had finally agreed after more than ten years of plans, to set to work on a major edition of the Song of Songs illustrated with his prints. With an infectious joy he was once more plunged into the magic of his childhood, for him he sang and played the piano every day and once again took up the violins which his father, a maker of musical
The Magic Paradox of Roger Vilder
By Alain PARENT

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

The art of movement in Vilder's work seems to be based on a paradox: with perfected technical means, similar to those we find traditionally use in defense of technology and cybernetics, he opposes the mechanized world by turning it away from its principal function: the repetition of effects. From this there are two main results: a new idea of cycles, a new measuring of time. His best known works, the "Contractions", the "Neons", are based on the principle of non repeated cycles: that is to say that the introduction of an element of chance in the mechanical game forbids the latter's being repeated once in several thousand cycles. It thus becomes practically impossible to see a simulacrum of the work twice in a row. Out of a series of eight neons, none move at the same speed; all turn in the same direction, but it is impossible to see the same group movement twice in a row. The pieces in which two white quadrilaterals on black backgrounds break out of shape independently of each other but at the same time, never reproduce the same geometric figure. The slow breaking up of the quadrilaterals produces effects of false perspective, which adds a third imaginary dimension to these moving objects, especially in the case of the largest among them, seen in a dim light. In the canvases entitled "Pulsations", although the speed of the optical meshing may be controlled by the viewer, the cycle is uniformly repeated, but the effect is far from being monotonous, for, according to the speed, the disks group themselves into series to form undulations on the total surface of the painting, undulations which are also infinitely variable, as the disks are covered by metal or painted: in the first case, the metal set overlapping on each disk, creates in the viewer a visual pulsation, which is increased with the painted disks by contrasting colours, each colour having a tendency to regroup in the eye of the viewer into a whole: there is conflict between the two moving colours, from which comes the optical effect.

The notion of cycle is inseparable from that of time, since it is its very essence.

Here the time of Vilder's "machines" is exactly the opposite of the mechanical time of the clock, and seems to be an equivalent of human time or rather of the time of nature, which if it obeys the great cycles, never repeats itself twice in the same way. Great art is not to reproduce, but to present equivalences, and Vilder excels in this. His paradox comes from the fact that with mechanical means, those of factories and wrist watches, he resolves the internal contradictions between technique and nature. The movement of chance produces transformations, whereas repetition only brings monotony. His objects show that in a world where, according to common acceptance, nature itself is mechanized, the mechanism can become "natural", without for all that, recopying nature. This desire to resolve contradictions goes further; the personal philosophy of Roger Vilder results in the idea of presenting no longer objects but human beings in the natural state, thus breaking every barrier between the world of art and the world itself. There is not a trace of chance in the perception of the viewer looking at most of these works. We mentioned earlier that some produce an immediate effect, situated between tactile pleasure and repulsion. But what we might call a magical "inidious" effect. If it is easy to let oneself be captivated by the hypnotic power of moving neons, of "Pulsations", of "Contractions", it is very difficult to leave them.

The power to fascinate seems to reside in the internal contradiction. Thus: contradiction between the crystalline hardness and elasticity of the breast and the Jello, paradox of the neon tubings whose arrangement and movement fascinate the viewer, because, if the curve is the supremely sensual form, the curve or curves in movement, in a "natural kineticism" varying according to certain rhythms, can affect the viewer in the deepest part of himself. In the same way, "Pulsations" in their total effect of undulation have an essential quality of fluidity which it is hard to imagine being produced by an assemblage of metallic pieces. Finally, the viewer caught in the simultaneous but not synchronized workings of the moving quadrilaterals nourishes the secret hopes of seeing them inscribed in a parallel direction in each other, for the viewer, it is very close to it. There is humour in this movement which finally consists in breaking the viewer's habit of logical, mathematical reasoning; and the paradox of an impossible geometry in the fictitious black space opposing the habit of the viewer to think in rational terms also produces this magical effect of fascination, of hypnosis, which is rarely found in familiar kinetic works.

Why? They depend on a deep philosophy which also goes back to abolishing the barriers between art and life, by wanting to have the viewer participate in a game in which he already knows the rules, when these works are the transposition in the most "artistic" way of the more evident manifestations of the modern world: red lights, green lights, city lights, etc. On the contrary, the works by Roger Vilder offer the viewer the surrealist game of the diversion from the function of the object; the mechanized world becomes more evocative of nature than its own representation.

In an area where, perhaps more than anywhere, it is very difficult to create new things, it is astonishing to note the original manner in which Vilder poses the problem of kinetic art. His "magic paradox" earns him the right to be considered one of the best known Canadian kinetic artists, as has been shown by the success of his two recent exhibitions in London and Toronto, in Paris and Ottawa.

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

Two exhibitions presented under the name "45°30'N — 73°36'W", geodetic coordinates of two areas that housed these two exhibitions (Sir George Williams University, and Saydie Bronfman Centre), took place simultaneously in Montreal. In one, the artist intervened. In the other, he did not. Is it a joke? Surely not. It has to do with conceptual art. By this title, the artists who organized the exhibition, Gary Coward, Arthur Bardo, and William Vazan indicate that the artist wants to be a witness on a global scale beyond all considerations of identity, position and history. Neutral, precise numbers, lacking all emotional connotations, with no reference other than that of the entire network of the geographic system, identify the two exhibitions which complete each other. Certain works were in part in the University building and in part in the Bronfman Centre; for example, seventeen moons of earth were placed at the Bronfman Centre; every day a pile was transported from this centre to Sir George Williams for the seventeen days that the exhibition lasted.

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

Today conceptual art is sufficiently established so that it is possible to isolate the art forms which are often related to it and which have a common denominator: the refusal of the plastic work, of the art object. At the time of the Third International, in 1965, as it was in Lausanne, conceptual art was defined as a "body of research questioning the traditional status of works of art, and notably their character as material objects, and substituting a simple designation, or photographic information, so that the mental attitude and tension of the viewer are themselves central to the aesthetic phenomena".

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

Spatial discontinuity fascinates Vazan who tries to give space an existence between two horizons which touch each other. It is a "production". No doubt it is in this desire to enlarge the field of perception, to contain the artist's work in a mental activity and limit it to the latter reality, that resides the positive and innovating aspect of conceptual art.

This generation, which is self-evident, is integrated in a narrative process that constitutes the work. The documents which render an account of it, the typed page, the sketch, most often photos, intervene only as the established facts necessary to communication, and as simple support of the idea. By that very fact, the artist's viewpoint of view is changed and the reader-viewer should adopt this viewpoint if he wants to take part in the new awareness. Beginning with the documents, the viewer retraces the artist's path: The structure of art is indeed questioned here: In instantaneous work that is to be performed, the artist seeks more to perceive than to express himself; the work now consists of an idea; the viewer only has to act as an onlooker. He is called on by the artist to understand the relationships between the elements coming from the world, a sort of password. Depersonalized in the established facts, successfully finished by computers, airplanes, cars, and photos, the work is presented as anonymous, even if it is signed, because, beyond the initial conception, it bears no mark of the artist at all. Using the most modern techniques, conceptual art recovers and explores time as one of its primary elements, in the same way as space or language. The work does not refer to a subjective time, like Tinguely's machine which self-destructed according to the artist's instructions, nor to a referable, objective time. Thus the seventeen piles of earth deposited at the Bronfman Centre on the first day of the exhibition corresponded to the seventeen days of the exhibition. Time is one part of the work, as are earth and the distance between the piles and the two exhibition sites.

Starting with realities that escape us but which are no less real the artist seeks to enclose, the concepts: Paul Woodrow has us "see" a mile of string in the road; from Vancouver to Montreal, by photos taken about every 300 miles at gas stations; on the back of the photos are indicated the stops, the quantity of gasoline and the price: a map of Canada shows the stages along the road. These are "productions" which live only from ideas, and is confounded with the theory which manages to consume it. The theory is no longer only anticipation of the work or awareness after the work, it is "is" the work.

If we do not consider the search for precedecessors useless, we would have to go to various sources to discover the relationships of conceptual art. We shall recall the cubists whose work was a document testifying to mental research and whose interest concentrated on perception. The idea of investigation of the field of consciousness is also inscribed in the surrealist theories. Recently malevolent, the artist has given rise to space, has sensitized us to the concept. But the affiliation remains incomplete, difficult to pin down, as it is for Dada, a revolutionary movement: conceptual art is not the simple contestation of a previous art form, as geometrism is not the contestation of a previous form, for example, or pop which was a healthy reaction against aestheticism.

At each turning in the evolution from the impressionists, with the geodeticists, the minimal, pop, new realists, one asked oneself, "is it art?" The content varied, the forms were renewed. The work remained, beyond style, the mark. With conceptual art it is a question of a change. The structure of art is changed by the project of the artist, by his point of view, by the process of information and not only the content. Its specific nature, its revolt, its non-participation in a system of classification, is confounded with poor art, ecological art, environment and art of the event. Like conceptual art, all these forms of art refuse the traditional routes and the sanctification of the work, whether it be signed Picasso, Rauschenberg or Warhol; in all these cases, it has given rise to an apparent commercialism, has been assimilated by the system which makes authors demi-gods, but gods in terms of dollars.

Primarily an art of reaction, poor art uses original materials: water, earth, or the most depreciated materials, beams, string, cardboard, hay, stones, coal, and even dogfood. In opposition to Partridge who went beyond the null, Hurtubise, neon. Michel Michels, Rauschenberg who adherents to poor art merely show; they use the isolation of the material to remove the viewer's mask, to rid him of the pollution which ruins his vision, and put him back in touch with a cold, hard, truth.

In ecological art, the artist creates directly in nature, digging trenches, tracing forms in fields, colouring the sea, etc., and thus arrives at changing the environment.

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

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

To do homage to the Montreal painter Adrien Hébert (1892-1967), we could limit ourselves to the study of only one of his numerous works whose historic and artistic interest could not be disputed. It is a work that would be practically unknown, if it were not for the reproduction of it made by the magazine *L'Action Universitaire* in 1935[1]. Marius Barbeau confirms an oral tradition when he mentions that the *Port de Montreal*, 1928, is a part of the collection of the Havre Museum, but very few Canadians could identify this painting[2]. Fortunately, the photo that we are using here bears the following inscription on the back: "Adrien Hébert — Elevator No. 2, Montreal — Width 3 ft. — Height 3 ½ or 4 ft. — Painting acquired by the Havre Museum, France — Act. Universitaire." A label of the National Photographie, followed by a classification 5 inches wide and 8½ diagonally confirms it is certainly the photo that Adrien Hébert was sending the editors of his article. The stamp of the photographer Marc Vaux, of 114 Rue de Vaugirard, in Paris, means that the canvas was photographed in Paris, probably at the time of the artist’s exhibition at the Bererey Gallery in 1931. The painting is signed but not dated, perhaps it may be on the back? It is impossible to know since the Havre Museum states it does not own a work by Adrien Hébert. The canvas is now considered to be lost. There is one quite like it in Montreal, a rough sketch, a unique painting, although it is signed and dated lower right, Adrien Hébert, 1926. It measures exactly 45" x 36". An etching dated 1929 also deals with the same subject. The last two documents let us follow the evolution of a composition to the degree of perfection sought by the artist and suggest a later date than that proposed by Marius Barbeau. The first document even gives an idea of the colour of the lost canvas.

But in itself, this simple photograph invites the observer to a powerful use of space, of the space of a port, of the space of the Canadian landscape, in which the first is crowded with dockers occupy the foreground. The clouds in the sky rhyme perfectly with the smoke and vapours coming from the ships. This is the work of a man who appreciates mechanized work and business; who understands the great port city of which he is a citizen. Marc-Aurèle Fortin (1888-1970) dealt with similar subjects without ever approaching this rugged and animated idea. In his work, the vapours, smoke and clouds will always only tell fairy tales.

As such we can no longer put it aside. At the most can we regret that in Quebec, contrary to what exists elsewhere in the world, in Bern, Paris, Turin, Dusseldorf, Toronto (Carmen Lammana Gallery), neither ministry nor gallery is interested in the valuable contribution it can make to our time. (Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

NOTES


(3) Excerpts from the article already quoted.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)


1890—Born in Paris on April 12, Son and brother of the sculptors Louis-Philippe Hébert (1850-1917) and Henri Hébert (1884-1950).

1904-1910—Studies at the Monument National under Edmond Dynonet and Joseph Saint-Charles; at the Art Association of Montreal under William Brymner.

1912-1914—Studies at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. On returning to Montreal, he taught at the Monument National before going to the Catholic School Commission. (From 1915 to 1954, he exhibited twenty nine times at the Salon du Printemps and was often a member of the jury).

1916—Exhibition at the Sainte-Julie Library in Montreal. He collaborated on the magazine *Le Nigog* in 1918.

1923—Visit to France where he acquired a new assurance since his production increased in number and quality. On his return he worked a great deal in the port of Montreal and painted a good number of portraits.

1928—A serious auto accident cost him the loss of an eye.

1930—Occupied the paternal studio situated at 34 Labelle street.

1955—Retrospective exhibition (1926-1955) in the Héléne-de-Champlain restaurant.

1963—Demolition of his studio on Labelle street.
And, thinking about painting again, I understand many things better. I place Velazquez, Matisse, Uccello, Van Gogh, Vermeer, Bonnard in a different point of view: light. Painting is light.

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

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

Q. — The only true adventure of painting, what do you mean by that more precisely?
A. — True painting should encompass all the technical experiences, including op, which is basically the end result of the theory of "pure painting" but which is not painting. For the work should be more than a searching visual research, it should be a recreation of the world, the expression of man at his ultimate point of awareness and sensitivity.

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

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

Q. — Then what becomes of the artist's mission?
A. — His only mission is a re-creation of reality, not by 'realist' (or so-called realist) art but by concrete art, that is to say, art that retransmits existing structures in the world, art that reconstructs, renews the world, instead of reconstructing and reinventing the subjective "me" of the artist. This whining concept of me-the artist-and-my-anguish is over. The only true artist is the one who, of course, feels this anguish, but overcomes it to do what others cannot do, to create what others cannot create.

Q. — What is your ambition, what do you wish to attain with your painting?
A. — In my painting I would like to enlarge the vision of the world. Recreate it according to my imagination, to make it more perceptible to others, and through a greater vision of the world, arrive at a better understanding of man, who is a part and an awareness of the world. The only true painter is the one who wants to make everything understand, to paint with the acquired knowledge of these 'fifty years of abstract art'.

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

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

(Translation by Yvonne KIRBYSON)
art, for a symposium of art students and faculty at the University of Saskatchewan, Regina, held in the drinking rooms of the Kings Hotel for a full weekend.

Fafard worked on his writing for an intense evening, longer than he spends on many a sculpture. He called it "Stud." "Stud" was published by the Lady Bessborough Press, a continuing project of Saskatchewan's resident artist writer, Clyde McConnell, and has been reprinted since. Last year he exhibited for the first time in the art world. In grade school and high school, and at college, at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg and later at the University of Pennsylvania in the States, where he really learned what art's about. And how to paddle his canoe up the proverbial creek

The teachers there travelled often to the Mecca and possessed much more precise tools for determining one's chance behind, but many trips to the Mecca on his own allowed him to soak up quickly the various dialectics that act as catalyst in the process of art making. The farts he picked up from the lead canoe and behind, but many trips to the Mecca; the subtlety in these works is expressive, also technical. Fafard has made himself a master of glance technique and ceramic sculpture, though he never took a ceramics course in school. The cows glow in green and purple, red and brown. They merge over into rabbits and flowers, their heads verge on skulls and on human faces. Fafard's animals aren't surrealistic, intensely expressive of humanity, rather. Some of his people are a bit more than expressive. These are usually ones he looks at with the primitive or farm boy's eyes. He looks at it a bit more less, less human. Or maybe just very human. Fafard is a Virgo, suspicious but not more than suspicious. Pure in his conscience for truth, true observation that is.

Fafard first approached his portraits of the Regina art scene in plaster. It is not hard to see how to her likeness we get a little or nearly life size, that have been most seen and reproduced to date. They have a lot of presence.

When Fafard showed his portrait of Russ the Burnaby Art Gallery, last fall, a Vancouver newspaper critic called it a prairie long hair. Russ Yuristy has hair below his shoulders and gold rim glasses. You can see his eyes twinkle before you can tell the length of his hair.

You have to know Yuristy, as Fafard does and I do, to see how close the likeness is. But Fafard has caught something basic in the man; the title has to be the character. Joe's portrait of his son Joël, done before the boy was three, makes him an artist as much as a child. And of course Joël is just that, painting, drawing and making ceramic sculptures beside his father through the day and into the night.

Plaster art people weren't Fafard's final answer. He spent a while doing photographs. Made the series of the dead cow on 35mm color slides, then developed it in clay. Made Roman style busts of friends not conventionally seen as artists: Larry a mechanic; Ali, note'd for his hands and sinew of a pinionaire. Did a half-hour film about a lady who lives on the plains in St. Marie, tending goats and expressing a philosophy of grass-like growth and moss-like acceptance. Bought in kiln for his mother, whose 12 children are now all past babhood, and encouraged her to produce funky ceramic sculptures of friends, neighbors, local henhouses. She now works almost as much as her artist son, at making art.

Also, Fafard got an all girl class to sculpt a local town in clay, complete with copulating pets and programmes on the move. An all boy class to create a ceramic parade. And encouraged his wife Susan, who comes from a Mennonite community in Manitoba, to resume her student involvement with clay. She now works in her own style, a sort of German naiveté compared to Joe's Gallic sophistication. And in the process of all this Joe Fafard found his group, his resolution, the masterpiece which must be a rung on the ladder to wherever this artist is going. Where might that be? Perhaps the work gives an idea.

This series of well over 20 highly glazed ceramic portraits of Regina art people began with a portrait of David Gilhooly, who began with a portrait of his cousin David Gilhooly's. And in Regina for two years last year, from California. He was deeply involved in the Funk Art thing there, and of course the beginnings of Nut Art. Here was a man in a prairie Saskatchewan who'd been written about in innumerable art magazines around the world, had more than fifteen one man shows, been in several hundred group shows, all by the age of 26. Gilhooly's very natural and full of vigor, besides having received every accolade the San Francisco art scene can offer short of electing a man mayor. The only thing Gilhooly can't do is stage a local custom. His African beasts in clay and his intricate mythology of wood Greeks,
Egyptians, Atlanteans, Americans, Canadians, was the kind of stimulus every art school needs, but no art school can stand for long. Next year Gilhooly will be guest artist at York University, Toronto. He leaves behind in Regina a flourishing new movement of prairie ceramicists, northern- 

North artists. Joe Fafard gilded Gilhooly so he shines like Midas, and put horns on his head. The horns of the ram, as Gilhooly was born in Aries. Then Fafard made Gilhooly again as a pink frog, sing- 

ting to a bunch of small green frogs in his arms, all smoking joints.

Then he made a pair of Russ Yuslysts, one a dour intellectual sitting devilishly despondent on a wood stool. The standing one is the new Russ, turning out a new landscape filled with mushrooms every day, with angel’s wings and a blue beard. 

Fafard was also perceptive enough to sculpt this writer in two versions. We still speak occasionally, hissing French phrases heard mainly in the back alleys of St. Marthe.

He portrayed Ted Godwin (Ted has been painting tartans for over ten years now and if the Scots ever discover him he'll be rich as a butted scone) with a clumsy 

claw in commemoration of Godwin’s untiring efforts to get rid of Gilhooly, which of course succeeded. Another local painter, Art McKay, a philosophe on the brink who goes in for brown, got made with his head sticking pink out of a white 

towel with real chrome hardware, right hand sorting the turds, left pointing accusingly at the art-loving viewer.

Terry Fenton, distinguished assistant to the director of Regina’s Mackenzie Art Gallery, critic of abstract art for ARTS CANADA and even ART FORUM, painter of water-

colors; Fafard portrayed him fag in one hand, crooked pencil in the other, dragging on the ground writing: “I have the spiffiest office in the Art Museum.” On his back is a green bird with tongue flapping out like a Jules Olitsky painting or Super­man’s cape, an allusion to the effect on Fenton of the visit of a New York critic with a name similar to Green Bird, several years ago. The Terry portrait is facing forward, with his feet shuffling backwards, the same direction the bird is talking.

More: My wife Maija, another Califor­nia Nut, with her arms supporting the beast she paints and our dog Woof coming out of her heart. Don Chester, a serious local abstract painter and college wrestler, in a highly colored abstract wrapped withes, rank nulkit assistant dean in charge of all the arts on the Regina campus and Canada’s only Ph.D. in fine arts (from Iowa), looking brown as Gamel Abdul Nasser with his neck almost broken, it pains so. Jed Irwin’s wife Ann, now departed with her husband to the idyllic Pacific commune, swollen pregnant with her dress lifted to reveal a Bikini. The child’s healthy.

There are at least ten more, just as sharp and well glazed.

Well, you can see beginnings of what Fafard’s concern with portraiture has brought him to. He moved a bit beyond the art world proper to portray a judge and prosecuting attorney he had to face to defend himself against charges of illegally 

parking outside the art school one day when he was loading clay into his station wagon, a mature Vauxhall, the only car he’s ever owned. The prosecutor, known for his attendance of cocktail parties but very serious about his career (the parking tickets amount to two dollars) is shown with the crest of a rooster and a giant white hand sticking out of his doughy stomach. But where would the art world be without outside politics to provide abrasive stimulus? The judge is very 

black and very small. And there’s Regina’s most noted art student, Dick Kruse, who’s been in attendance unregistered since 1962 at various universities throughout the world, given form and sometimes his weight as a pure chrome motorcycle and plastic guitar, and to remove his legs, all in a pille an inch high. Since the portrait was completed Kruse has completed a real 

playable plastic guitar, filling it with human organs. So Fafard’s made a world, which is what many artists are out to do.

André Elbaz’s Collages

By Jean AMBROS

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

André Elbaz, an artist of less than forty years, emerges from his artistic formation, Draughtsmanship, colour, and composition are his juggling tools. His sensibility evolves on a new plane, He descends from a world of masochism. How could such crude artifice intrude into our minds, so easily take its effect, and continue to prosper with such impunity? A desire to cry out and attack as Elbaz has done over-
Francesca Vivenza
By Jean-Loup BOURGET

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

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

Direct acquaintance with Vivenza's canvasses will bring the names of Ensor and Nolde to mind. In the 1970s, Chez Trudeau, testifies amply to this effect. It is a geography which has been experienced before becoming imaginary. The smaller paintings are fantasies like those of the Manierists. Let us hope that further opportunities of this kind will be offered to her, where her talent and her taste for colour, her feeling for life which is joyous and serious, neither sentimental nor farcical, would flower.

From Fresco to 'figurative narration' there is a vast area which has been by the practice of four paintings which is somewhat reminiscent of Gauguin (the Where do we come from?... in the Baltimore Museum). The first canvas shows us the lovers' meeting, the second, their loving. The title of the third is Waiting. Few painters know how to treat, as does Vivenza, without indiscipline or maudlin affectation, the expectation of the pregnant woman. In contrast, one might mention the delightful indiscipline of Klimt's Hope, counterbalanced by his Byzantine style. In the fourth painting it is a skeleton-baby which the young lovers proudly rock. The brown tones and the decorative patterns of the series express a poetry of acceptance of life and of death which is the condition of life. Here we have the opposite of a poetry of resignation.

But these paintings are anything but imitative. Certainly, there is an echo of Ensor and Nolde, which is functional in presiding at the Halloween dance: elsewhere it is simply the frankness of their colours, their innocence which can extend to violence, which conjure up the work of Nolde. It is a kinship of gesture rather than of subject, or even of form. (Here we are thinking more particularly of the three Bridesmaids in their blazing hallow­lo­pe gowns topped by scarcely human faces.)

It is important to specify that by "expressionism" we mean not just a style but a particular approach to painting which is common to Nolde and to Ensor, to Kokoschka and to Jack Yeats, and which Vivenza shares as well. The paradox of this expressionism is that it refuses the imaginary. Imagination's romantic or symbolist flights are rejected. In contrast to Ensor, in particular, painting is not a place of place, and always a vision of reality. Thus we have an art which is simultaneously visionary and real. It starts from the outside world and ends at a spiritual truth, whereas Munch's art is character­istic of the reverse approach: that of recreating a universe from personal phantasms.

Vivenza's subjects are accordingly the usual material of realist, if not anecdote, painters. The ensemble of eleven canvasses which make up this polyptych of Toronto in 1970, Chez Trudeau, testifies amply to this effect. It is a geography which has been experienced before becoming imaginary. The smaller paintings are fantasies like those of the Manierists. Let us hope that further opportunities of this kind will be offered to her, where her talent and her taste for colour, her feeling for life which is joyous and serious, neither sentimental nor farcical, would flower.

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A retrospectiv of Béler's past fifty years as a painter has recently toured Canada.

Ernest Biéler, a very well-known artist in Paris as well as in Switzerland, and later with Maurice Denis and Paul Sérusier. He also met Lugart with whom his son Ted worked later on in 1953 and with Zadkhine who after seeing a sketch pad of Ted, who was only fourteen then, accepted him in his studio.

Upon his return to Canada in 1926, he settled in the Island of Orleans, at Sainte Famille since it offered him the nearest milieu where man was in full command of nature and nature did not detract from life and man. This led to innumerable sketches, many of which are little masterpieces with water colour which have remained his years. Looking back on his work in a chronological order, one can easily see an increased assurance in the choice of subjects as well as in the use of material. Strangely enough his work does not reflect the influence of either Sérusier or Denis. In Canada, while his work was in its early form, he did not consider himself a Member of the Group of Seven. The first period could be called a very important and significant part of the totality of his work.

In 1970, Bélier went back to the Island of Orleans to paint another of his parish paintings. Bélier has returned to his original formula, but he has added a new element of sadness and nostalgia for the future and the past and for the Incarnation of the 1920's. Bélier is a man of very deep feelings and emotions and not necessarily funny at all. He continues to experiment all the time coming out with works where it is obvious that the artist subdues the technical aspects of his work and the materials for his own ends. Sometimes he eliminates and simplifies leaving only the essentials. This, however, is to return to his original formula, but with always improved results.

Never satisfied and very inquisitive, he soon decided to invent a new press which he calls "Pitounes Press" in order to force and shape paper and other similar materials into three-dimensional pictures that are both pictorial and sculptural in their relief form with outstanding results. This method was so effective that Richard Lacroix used more or less the same process for his excellent plastic work called "Pitounes". Perhaps remembering his discussions with Zadkhine in 1953 or due to the influence of his son Ted, one of our very best sculptors, Bélier decided to turn to sculpture with extraordinary results. He tackled this problem with an enthusiasm which impressed me very much. It was a complete change from one world to another in order to make his first sculptures. I was simply speechless, for there in front of me stood some of the finest sculptures I had seen in a long time in Canada. There was one in particular, which is now in my collection, which impressed me very much. It was a standing figure which I recognize as one of the most beautiful and the best of his last years although it had no resemblance whatsoever to them. I think it is very unfortunate that Biéler should have decided to take up sculpture so late since it is obvious that however small the number of sculptural works he produced, the total number was a very important and significant part of the totality of his work.

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

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Entretien avec Helen Frankenthaler
Par Shirley RAPHAEL

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

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

Flood (Inondation), peint en 1957, est l'un de ses meilleurs tableaux et il atteste de la maturité de son travail. Mlle Rose, dans le numéro d'avril 1959 d'Artforum, écrivait : « Pour différentes raisons, Flood est une œuvre importante, parce qu'elle réaffirme la maîtrise de Frankenthaler en matière de propositions. Elle est tout ce que l'art des années 60 n'a pas été... libre, spontanée, extravagante, romantique, voluptueuse, étrée, gênée d'une joie de vivre totale. Et elle contient une note de grandeur solennelle qui annonce la maturité de style d'une grande artiste qui a derrière elle une longue expérience et qui ouvre un nouveau chapitre dans un style encore riche d'une réconfortante vitalité, mais d'une vitalité enrichie par l'expérience. »

L'art d'Helen Frankenthaler produit un effet particulier : après y avoir été exposé, on se sent plein de vie et en affectueuse harmonie avec le monde entier. C'est un art qui attire comme un aimant. Une fois, à l'Institut d'Art de Chicago, j'ai vu une œuvre plus ancienne de Frankenthaler, baptisée Santorini. Il s'en dégageait un tel mystère et une telle puissance que je suis retournée la contempler plusieurs fois, essayant d'analyser le pourquoi de cette attirance. Peut-être était-ce les couleurs, semble comme la nuit, mais toujours est-il que cette image ne m'a jamais quittée.

Chaque personnalité

Depuis 1952, Mlle Frankenthaler est connue comme l'une des artistes les plus représentatives de la génération qui a succédé à celle de l'expressionnisme abstrait. Son sens si personnel de la couleur et le rythme de son style ont éveillé un intérêt profond chez les critiques, et l'on considère que sa méthode de travail par taches fortement colorées est en grande partie à l'origine de l'orientation prise par la peinture contemporaine de cette tendance.

Mince comme un roseau, grande, vêtue avec élégance, elle est âgée de 42 ans, parle d'un ton tranquille, réfléchi, et vous sert le main de façon énergique.

D'être femme ne l'a pas du tout desservie. Dès ses débuts, lors de sa rencontre avec celui qui l'a le plus influencée, Jackson Pollock, elle a été prise très au sérieux. Quand je lui ai demandé ce qu'elle pensait des autres femmes artistes qui protestaient au Whitney et de l'article du magazine Art News consacré aux artistes du sexe féminin, ainsi que de Louise Nevelson et Georgia O'Keefe, citées, dans des journaux pour avoir dit que le fait d'être femme les empêchait grandement d'être prises au sérieux, elle a répondu qu'elle n'avait nulle envie de discuter du sujet parce qu'elle n'avait jamais été dans ce cas, qu'elle n'avait jamais eu de difficultés parce qu'elle était femme. Son œuvre réjette ce qui est doux, charmant, joli. Ce qui n'est pas facile pour une femme peintre. Donc, peut-être exprime-t-elle ses sentiments dans ses travaux.

Sérieuses

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

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

Très active

Mlle Frankenthaler est une personne très active, mais qui ne suit pas une routine établie. Elle est mieux à son aise quand elle travaille librement... Elle peut enseigner, faire des conférences, être prise ensuite d'une rage de peindre; puis, elle s'arrête et fait quelque chose de tout autre. Elle organise son travail mais ne s'en tient pas à une routine quotidienne de 10 à 17 heures.

Comme elle dit, « créer est toujours une lutte; on a toujours des doutes quand on essaie quelque chose de nouveau ». Elle a conscience de courir autant de risques aujourd'hui qu'au temps de ses débuts (pour un peintre tachiste, si le résultat trahit l'intention il faut jeter le tableau). Et, même à présent, après tous les hommages admiratifs qu'elle a reçus, il y a bien des moments où elle doute d'elle-même et se sent prise d'un sentiment d'in sécurité.

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

Elle a toujours fait de grands tableaux... son plus grand ayant été pointé pour le Pavillon américain à l'Expo 67 de Montréal. Il mesurait 16 pieds × 33. Un agréable défi, mais tout un problème de réalisation ! Elle pouvait seulement voir l'œuvre par morceaux, et jamais dans son entier, au fur et à mesure que l'ouvrage avançait. Il lui fallut laver un vieux cinéma et engager une équipe pour cons-tamment rouler et dérouler la toile afin qu'elle puisse y travailler.

A propos de succès

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

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

Selon elle, il n'est pas nécessaire pour un artiste d'être une vedette. Car alors, on se préoccupe trop de son moi et on ne se préoccupe pas de ce qui est produit. La peinture doit de révéler le caract ère même du peintre. Sans qu'il puisse, non plus, en détacher l'amour pour les autres êtres.

« Il n'y a ni règles ni programmes qui soient justes ou faux. Toute action comporte sa magie. Tout problème est difficile. En chaque être, le sousconscient travaille sans cesse; mais parfois, ce sousconscient est plus libre d'agir. »

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

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

(Traduction de Denise Courtois)

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

Magnelli (1888-1971)
By Jacques LEPAGE

There is no scientific study devoted to the almost simultaneous emergence of new phenomena in different places and situations. Yet it is common to see in the objective as well as speculative or artistic disciplines, discoveries being made within a very short period whose similarity is disturbing. In this way non-
eminent one of those. A plastician, he constructed his work strictly, felt repugnance at facility, built with the sobriety of the constructivists he remains on the fringe, keeping his distance towards geometricism. A suppleness of form which is not softness, assures his freedom. The "straightest straight line is not the straight line of the constructivists he remains on the fringe, keeping his distance towards geometricism. A suppleness of form which is not softness, assures his freedom. The "straightest straight line is not the straight line of the constructivists he remains on the fringe, keeping his distance towards geometricism. A suppleness of form which is not softness, assures his freedom. The "straightest straight line is not the straight line of the constructivists he remains on the fringe, keeping his distance towards geometricism. A suppleness of form which is not softness, assures his freedom. 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