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Yvonne Kirbyson

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(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Poets of the urban world in the future?
By André PARADIS

Every society has the urban appearance it deserves. The one it gets from the past, which it preserves, and the one it fashions from day to day to respond to new needs. In turn, the urban appearance expresses the preoccupations, the character, the level of cultural and other interests of a society. It will be the new urban cities, products of the industrial revolution, the real expression of the multiple phenomena of current changes?

The reports, the inquiries, the scarcely optimistic studies on the evolution of the urban phenomena make one doubt it. It seems that even in the planning of creative socialism the most advanced, people have limited themselves to taking advantage of the forms from the past, and that in the planning of projects, they have taken the path of least resistance by reflecting tendencies rather than making real choices. Now, apart from a few exceptional situations, architects, designers, and politicians are constantly pondering the need for plans and programs that would take into consideration all the pressures that are developing and acting on the city area.

This September, in Amsterdam, the time came for art critics, meeting in an international congress, to examine the inter-vision of man in his surroundings, and the changes he makes in the natural environment. The artist makes us sensitive to this new reality, he is the agent provocateur. The critic, for his part, is engaged to be the conscience, the Eye, and to participate in the general process of creation by his analytic function.

The absence of a spiritual climate in the industrial city or its extremely reduced place is an overwhelming testimony. In spite of numerous appeals, there is still widespread partitioning, fragmentation – as long as there will be realists, town-planners, architects, designers, and politicians are constantly pondering the need for plans and programs that would take into consideration all the pressures that are developing and acting on the city area.

Art is a perpetual field of inquiry, it is also the supreme area for self-reconciliation. To ignore the issue of the interdependence of ideas, man will feel he is a foreigner in the place where he lives. He will have only one ambition, to get away from it.

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(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)
Paul Kane, painter of the West

By J. Russell Harper

The material in this article is based on portions of a book by the author, Paul Kane's Frontier, Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1971.

Paul Kane (1810-1871) had a quiet disposition; it gave him a gentle rapport with the silent Indians. He became Canada's most famous painter of the many tribes from the Great Lakes to the Pacific during one of history's longest and most adventurous sketching trips. From 1845 to 1848 he travelled constantly by fur trade canoe, on horseback, by foot and snowshoe. Kane went from Toronto to Victoria and back, in constant danger of wild rapids, desert heat, fifty degree below zero weather and unfriendly tribes in many places. But the artist sketched constantly the lands and peoples he met, visiting dozens of different Indian peoples: Algonquins, Sioux, Blackfoot, Nez Perce, Tsimshian and others. He recorded the appearance and customs of these peoples when Europeans had not yet stripped a proud people of all but the barest vestiges of their native ways.

Such a painting trip had been foreseen during 1833 by a Quebec newspaper critic, probably Aubert de Gaspé. The writer pointed out that the west could provide innumerable romantic subjects for the artist's brush. Actually the author made this comment when discussing Joseph Légaré's most recent landscapes picturing Quebec scenes in which, for the first time, a Canadian artist had effectively captured the local scene in such a way as to give it a "Canadian" character. After congratulating Légaré for his devotion to Canadian subject matter, the article continued:

...it has often excited my wonder that our native painters have not devoted some part of their time and study to the scenery of Canada. To their shame, be it said that Légaré has been the only one of them that have neglected a field from which rich laurels will yet be won. (...) Our winter views — breaking thro' the ice — Indian camps by night — the mounted Sioux, chief of the Western wilderness, and the bivouac on the prairie-hillock — the chase of the mountain sheep, he decorates the savage and his forest wigwam.... Légaré ignored the challenge. It was Krieghoff who won "rich laurels" from the Quebec winter views, and Paul Kane, an Irish immigrant boy who arrived in Toronto about 1819, who won similar praise for his paintings of the colourful west.

Artistic training in Canada was virtually non-existent. Ontario had even fewer painters than Quebec and Kane began his career by decorating furniture in Conger's Toronto furniture factory, switched to free lance copying old masters and then went on to laboriously painting crude portraits which delighted the middle class merchants, doctors and lawyers then establishing themselves in Toronto and Cobourg. Portraits were virtually the only type of painting then in demand. Kane's reputation among friends in 1834 were two American painters, Samuel Waugh and a William Bowman who worked briefly in that city. Bowman actually was earlier in Montreal, but Antoine Pla­mond's attack on murals he had painted for Notre Dame Church was so violent that he found it expedient not to linger there any longer. Both men convinced Kane that European study was necessary for real artistic success. Kane was am­bitious. 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head of navigation on the Columbia River they turned south. Later he was to sketch Indians fishing at Fort Colville where hydro dams have now completely removed all traces of the picturesque falls and where an old Indian lady, widow of a chief, told him a story she remembered as a young woman the great numbers of salmon caught there. Kane recorded the salmon fishing in sketch after sketch. The brigade reached Fort Vancouver opposite the present city of Portland before Christmas. It was that critical year when the British politicians, with a shrug of the shoulder, were glibly turning over the whole Oregon territory to the United States, and the Hudson's Bay Co. was building a new fort at Victoria as their base of Pacific operations.

Several months of sketching along the Pacific took Kane into the Willamette Valley already settled by numerous French settlers from Quebec and Scottish families who were former Hudson's Bay Company employees. At St. Paul's Mission maintained by Jesuits from Montreal, he painted the newly-completed church, the brick building erected on the Pacific coast. Further down the Columbia he saw Mt. St. Helens erupting, the last active volcano in North America. There were Indian canoe burials to record as well as the process of head flattening by Indians to give them a more aristocratic appearance. Further north he sketched for several weeks at Victoria, picturing Indian houses, women weaving on primitive looms, the highly decorated canoes, and ritual dance masks, parallels of which are hard to find except in Russia where some were taken from Alaska at that time.

The wandering artist returned to Toronto in October 1848. An exhibition of four years of sketches was held in the Toronto City Hall. It excited universal admiration. Here for the first time Ontario saw a visual record of the west and it was one factor in turning their thoughts there as a place for expansion. Not many years later, the Hudson's Bay Company had to release its monopoly and the west was opened for settlement.

Kane's immediate task after returning home was the painting of a series of can­vases from his sketches as a more permanent record of the west. He asked for government aid and a hundred years before the Canada Council, politicians were aghast at the thought of giving money to artists, but they did laud him during a two hour debate in the House of Commons, which groups saw the sketches in a box under the spare bed and brought them out on wet Sundays for examination by Kane's grandchildren. Eventually the collection was sold to H. J. Lutcher Sterk of Orange, Texas. Through the generosity of his widow, they are now being made available for public exhibition. The sketches, combined with the canvases, present a superb panorama of Kane's artistic accomplishments. This is enhanced by the lively view of Kane as the recorder of history and of the Indian life in the Canadian north-west.

A certain continuity of tradition is evident in the decoration of Quebec made objects in the eighteenth century. They also provide a link with modern craft techniques and cultural heritage. The Macdonald Stewart collection provides an interesting look at our origins and tradition of craftsmanship and invites comparative research. A study on ancient forging techniques might be based on the collection. Perhaps, too, a travelling exhibition of the collection might be arranged so that a wider, surely interested public could be informed of the way of life and daily habits of our ancestors. This is not unexpected. It joins the current of the well-known collection of David Stewart, and the Macdonald Stewart collection; it is a rich and marvellous collection.

(Abridgement by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Urban Art
By Laurent LAMY

Dynamic and involved with living art, the Benson and Hedges Company was not content to collect art works. It had some created.

From each of three Montreal artists, Monadjit, Dery, and Coward, and three Toronto artists, Ria Letendre, Solomon, and Rayner, it commissioned a work that was to be a wall painted in the city. The ancient patronage of old, of kings and great families has been in part replaced by the State and in the last few years, by private foundations. The United States set the tone a few years ago with the Chase Bank and diverse foundations. Europe followed suit, then Canada. The Standard Life Insurance of Canada gathered a magnificent collection of contemporary Canadian painting. The Toronto-Dominion Bank, a collection of Eskimo art, and the Macdonald Stewart collection, the Benson and Hedges Company subsidized exhibitions of sculptors of Quebec and Ontario, as well as a museum of traditional Canadian painting. It was in Stratford, Ont., where the Benson and Hedges credit for having staked on contemporary Canadian art rather than on established values, as the Rothmans Company did by assembling a collection of French tapestries signed Lurcat, Picard Le Doux, etc.

The Macdonald Stewart Collection: A tribute to the common man

By Michel LESSARD and Huguette MARQUIS

The recent trend to collect old objects whose use injects personality into modern surroundings attests at once to an appreciation of our history and to a reaction against a dictating mass culture. These objects our ancestors used, skillfully made, with aesthetic concerns, forming part of our heritage, invite us to use better; this will afford craftsmanship its due place. Such is the basis for the Macdonald Stewart Collection, whose group includes many of the objects used in XVIIIth and XVIIth century French homes. Mr. David Stewart and the Macdonald Tobacco Company purchased a unique collection of fireplace tools, pewter ware and tinware, and lighting devices from a French collector, M. Hottemans. Along with some exceptional sculpted wood panels, they were exhibited at Terrre des Hommes last summer. The most striking part of the collection are the household articles, in which the craftsmen went beyond purely functional concerns in the forging and ornamentation.

One of the most amazing collections of its kind, the group includes many kitchen utensils, designed for use on an open hearth which established the rep­utation of French cuisine from the XVIIIth century. They also provide a link between French and Quebec production, inspired by the mother country, more simply. Productions appearing in this country in the colonial period now show their open hearth tools in Quebec in the XVIIIth century, probably because of the gradual replacement of the open hearth by stoves. A certain continuity of tradition is evident in the decoration of Quebec made objects whose ornamentation includes forms that correspond to those of the period. This testifies to the persistence of certain designs of popular art that reach back into the past and touch on our origins.

The Macdonald Stewart collection provides an interesting look at our origins and tradition of craftsmanship and invites comparative research. A study on ancient forging techniques might be based on the collection. Perhaps, too, a travelling exhibition of the collection might be arranged so that a wider, surely interested public could be informed of the way of life and daily habits of our ancestors. This is not unexpected. It joins the current of the well-known collection of David Stewart, and the Macdonald Stewart collection; it is a rich and marvellous collection.

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cities in the world, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, Paris, and Nanterre have been enjoying the large surfaces they offered artists. The Benson and Hedges Company had the wisdom to leave the choice of artists for the Montreal and Toronto murals to specialists in the art field: directors of museums. Another positive point in this undertaking was that there was no longer a question of commissioning works which only a minority would be able to enjoy; instead it put original art within the reach of everyone, in particularly busy places in Montreal and Toronto. The artists enthusiastically responded to the invitation. The six painted walls constitute healthy signs in the urban environment. Each artist created in his own style. None was frightened by the gigantic size of the surface, as new as this scale for working might have been. They all surmounted this difficulty and succeeded in brilliantly animating the walls allocated them.

The murals

In Montreal, Coward chose to accentuate the height by controlled trickles of paint where the distribution of colours varies within a series of six colours. The sinuous lines of lively colours on a light blue background make the viewer look downward and compel him to actively inspect the work and again set up the play of colours within the artist's serene range of colours of soft blues. Déry draws a stylized tree, enlarged with concentric rings as a stone makes in water, on a sky blue background, the same as Coward's. Without pretence, almost naive, Déry brings gentleness and spontaneity; he changes our visual habits without shocking, by his luminous presence in a much of the ordinary, and yet familiar.

Montpetit reveals himself to be more ambitious than Déry, multiplying the aesthetic problems almost at leisure, since the forms detach themselves from a base assembled with bars and semi-circles. The surface that Montpetit had was double, cut by Notre Dame street. But Montpetit created a unified work by extending the same motive form from one wall to the other. The eye joins the murals by virtually passing above Notre Dame street. Besides, his forms are sufficiently generous and dynamic to take precedence over the chaos that exists in the vicinity: metallic fences, park equipment, trucks and automobiles in the street. Montpetit had a thankless task... He tackled it in a spectacular way.

In Toronto, Rita Letendre, always daring, chose to occupy only the top part of a very high piece of wall. Visible from afar when one goes up the street, the mural is discovered slowly, as the predominant yellow of the triangles is subdivided into diverse and rhythmized colours. Rita Letendre, consistently using a dark background to cut the top angle to the left of the surface in order to accentuate the visual impact of her coloured arrows.

As for Solomon, he used an unpleasing wall that was not completely flat, having reliefs of three feet in some places. He cleverly exploited these protuberances instead of trying to conceal them. These four vertical masses are accentuated by the colours that project them into the foreground, while another rectangular block on the bottom of the mural acts as an intermediary between the background and the reliefs. Clouds unfold at the top of the mural and strike an unexpected note.

The third Toronto mural is signed Rayner. Of the six it is surely the least interesting. Gratuitous and decorative, it is an example of a mural "made to please". A frieze on the bottom is not integrated into the design, nor is the repetition of the same as Coward's. Without pretence, the arrangement would be left to the viewer. The work remains integrated in the humanist and formalist tradition. The painted wall is not an area of invention for the painter. At most he is permitted to confirm the mastery of his talent and to measure himself against the scale of cities. The dimension is such that it prohibits research. Subject to the necessity of enlarging the model, the artist risks falling into the decorative. Nor is the solution she has chosen to live near the river she loves so much. At Grondines, 22 Chemin du Roy, in Portneuf county. Her looms, multicoloured wool, nylon and acrylic thread, and bits of metal have transformed the attic, now a studio, in this old Quebec house that she has restored and made beautiful again, like a homecoming, like a pilgrimage to one's origins.

That is the setting where she pursues her art. Her work is rebellious, and warm, as every creation made of life itself must be. She is a tall, slender woman with sparkling eyes, Elegant, with the feline-like grace of dancers. And like them, her frail frame conceals the ability and energy to shake off fatigue and go on, on, on, on...

It certainly seems that the integration of the artists into society must be made by a change in the past convention between artists and viewers. The privileged intermediary, the architect, might have something to say in this questioning of the status of the artist. For a long time, he has been turning a deaf ear to this.

The focus of participation in art should remain to be found in each viewer, invented. People will say all that is an utopia! But could utopia not become reality tomorrow? And are these painted walls not able to sustain our dreams, to concretely show that there might be a veritable participation of artists in social life.

Micheline Beauchemin

By Claude-Lyse GAGNON

Micheline Beauchemin fondly looked over photographs of the Saint Lawrence rivers, most of them taken at spring thaw. At that moment, it was as though they were spell-bound. "The river is so beautiful. It moves me deeply. It influences me. When my tapestries are silvery and pearly they are referring to it."

Since her return from Japan where, in Kyoto, she executed the liveliest and largest theatre curtain in existence, the immense tapestry for the Opera House of the National Arts Centre in Ottawa, she has chosen to live near the river she loves so much. At Grondines, 22 Chemin du Roy, in Portneuf county. Her looms, multicoloured wool, nylon and acrylic thread, and bits of metal have transformed the attic, now a studio, in this old Quebec house that she has restored and made beautiful again, like a homecoming, like a pilgrimage to one's origins.

The road

The Beauchemin. A Quebec family in which there are many engineers. Her parents, not too enthused to see her entering the Montreal Fine Arts School.
She says this with a certain nostalgia. I can imagine why. After the excitement of constructing such a great work into which she put so much research and work, in which she invented the tapestry of the future, she needs some new challenge. Someone who has had a great love will always find another.

And the world

But, knowing Micheline Beauchemin, the important work is always the one of today, of tomorrow. It is enough to learn the anguish and idealization she experiences considering her next work, her surprise at another tapestry.

I picture her on that autumn morning, on her farm at Grondines, galloping on her Canadian bred mare called "Tsuli" (moon lady), a lovely mare with a shiny black coat. Very late the previous evening, she had finished a tapestry and seemed exhausted. But when she returned from her ride with her cheeks glowing, she was in a different person. After lunch she settled down to the loom, chose wool in iridescent colours of the forest in autumn, and worked until evening. A few months later, returning to her home, I saw the tapestry. It was a hymn to the human heart. In short, she has discovered new continents in tapestry. She has left on a sailboat, bound for the unknown and the infinite. "No one can stop the march of art, no more than one can stop the march of time". wrote Małkowska. It was a very personal human heart.

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Perhaps some misprint obscured his thought. The same day, and in the same newspaper, Jacques Bergeron, who believed the art of Villeneuve worthless and who "still does not manage to understand the admirers of this unusual painting," wished "good luck" anyhow to the "figaro of the canvas," for he was a "Saguenay citizen who is honourably earning his living painting the brush in the best way possible..." And he added: "The unexpected visit of Waddington last week has ended all discussion." 

The Litong\(^{2}\) of Feb. 23rd also relied on Waddington with whom it had an interview. The "personage in the field of art" underlined that "these days" must be respected because "Mr. Waddington insisted on emphasizing that the works of Mr. Villeneuve were of na"ive indeed even primitive art, but of a rare quality".

On February 28th, 1961, the Progrès du Saguenay\(^{3}\) published a photograph representing Messrs. Dumas, Leblanc, and Arthur Villeneuve in front of the bus which was to take them to Montreal for the great adventure. The caption read: "Tonight the Montreal critics will pass judgement on Arthur Villeneuve and his works."

They didn't that night. But on March 4th, three greats of the Montreal press, La Presse, Le Devoir, and the Gazette had spoken out for Villeneuve and his works. Jean Sarrazin entitled his article, "After having painted (sic) for three years, Arthur Villeneuve and his works," p. 24. "A douairier Rousseau of the Saguenay?", Yves Lasnier, "A marvellous naive painter: Arthur Villeneuve", and D.Y.P., p. 10, "Canadian Primitive Painter". On March 8th, 1961, the Progrès du Saguenay declared under the headline: "The exhibition of Villeneuve's works was a success", one could read: "The Montreal critics enthusiastically greeted the work of Arthur Villeneuve describing it in the most flattering terms. Almost all the canvases exhibited in Montreal were bought. If this phenomenon is an infallible confirmation of the quality of Villeneuve's work, this proves at least that the Chicoutimi painter is reaching his audience and that the latter is experiencing a manifest interest towards the works whose originality is rich in purity and freshness."

The same article announced that the council of the city of Chicoutimi had acquired a canvas by Villeneuve representing a scene of the memory-carnival. Things had gone full circle.

We do not know how the citizens of Chicoutimi came to reject the art of Villeneuve, such an emblem of their region, as the canvases bought by the council attests. The manner in which he was rehabilitated in the local press, which is known however, lets us imagine it. The ebb and the flow come from the same place. He who lets his liars flow has previously been able to learn his hatreds from the same source. This source, moreover, is well known. It is a cultivated culture that designated as mad what it now called naive, that asked people to burn what it now asked them to adore... and to buy.

When, after the folkloric art of country people, and in the face of the "entertainment" of the leisure industrialists, an authentic appearance among barbers, customs officers, or postmen, people began by ridiculing it, then decided to exploit it. It is thus that this art we did not want to take too seriously was called naive because it revealed, arising out of the working class, the existence of an innate creative potential among individuals who had bypassed both schools in which to be trained, and recognized styles in which to express themselves. If the working class does not yet have artists like Rousseau or Villeneuve or Cheval, it is that it does not even have the "personage in the field of art" underlined that "these days" must be respected because "Mr. Waddington insisted on emphasizing that the works of Mr. Villeneuve were of naive indeed even primitive art, but of a rare quality".

ONOTES

1. "In what year did you seriously at painting?" asked Gilles Goyette, who worked in journalism himself. "In 1957, answered Villeneuve, I decided to make a career of it. I devoted more than five hours a day to painting". "Arthur Villeneuve? Haven't we got something new?" asked Monsieur Bernard Hébert, the director of O'Keefe. That fellow had said "Our new art". If it's good, come on in, if it's bad, stay out (...). We was Monsieur Bernard Hébert, of Verdun and Mrs. Hébert of O'Keefe. That fellow had asked his sister in law in Chicoutimi to show him somethin' unusual in these parts. She told him there was a house painter in Chicoutimi who painted very naive canvases. Villeneuve people were havin' a good laugh over it, and others thought it was pretty nice. After he visited the house he told me it was so nice it broke his heart. I told him to keep cool. About six o'clock that night, he phoned me to tell me he was coming down to my art gallery in Montreal. He told me Arthur was already baptized and the house was opened....

2. Bernile did not stop there. Returning to the attack a few months later, he obtained a six foot canvas from Arthur Villeneuve, which he took with him and showed from one gallery to another along Sherbrooke St, until he succeeded in sharing his enthusiasm with the director of one of them, the Waddington Galleries. They quickly made a deal. A contract was signed with Waddington, for two years, and an exhibition was organized for the month following the "discovery" of the artist by the art critic. It is true that the credit for the discovery was disputed. The Gazette attributed it to Waddington himself.

Villeneuve may be, from February 28th to March 11th, 1961, the Waddington Galleries were "very pleased to present the First Exhibition of paintings by the primitive artist of Chicoutimi at 1455 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal"\(^{4}\). The newspapers immediately took over the event. What am I saying, they preceeded it. Back on January 15th, 1961, Paul Gladu announced the discovery of an "amateur painter" of a "primitive talent", of a "talented French Canadian" that he likened to Grandma Moses and the like. On the 28th, it was the turn of the anonymous reporter of the (Montreal) Gazette\(^{5}\) and Albert Tremblay in La Presse (Montreal)\(^{6}\) to speak respectively of a "genuine Canadian primitive painter" the author of "delightfully naive" works and "one of our great primitives".

After such peremptory declarations, the regional press acknowledged a hit. On Feb. 18th, the Progrès du Saguenay announced that "one of ours would be in Montreal"\(^{7}\). On the 22nd, an editorial in the same newspaper recommended reservation to the "doubtful". "One of ours" was to be "presented as an artist of a brilliant talent in the art chronicles of the Canadian press". The same day Guy Bouchard in Le Phare\(^{8}\) wanted no doubt to make honourable amends, but his style was so strange that the matter was only half successful.

"Not that we want to destroy Arthur Villeneuve! We are too humanly ignorant for that. We simply want to make him ridiculous and foolishly sillier than he is (...). By wanting too much to make him appear 'crazy' we are building (sic) his embryonic legend."
A brief survey of the design question

By Denise COURTOIS

In cooperation with the firm of Jacques Guillon/Designers Inc.

There is a plaque of an elegant simplicity on the wall which supports the veiled main entrance at 3035 Youville Square, in old Montreal. Across a paved courtyard, ringed with old stone walls, on the second floor of a house dating back to the Franco regime and recently renovated, there are offices whose walls of tinted glass, rugs, furnishings, and lighting, blend the intimate and the functional. Just what we would expect from the occupants, associates who are four in number like the immortal musketeers. The Musketeers of Design. White horse? Grey horse? They are from all companies, as are the contracts which are as varied as their diverse backgrounds.

Jacques Guillon, who opened the office about fifteen years ago "aware of a need to fill a vacuum existing in Canada where no industrial design was being done by designers in participation with industry, as in Europe and the United States", trained as an architect, as did one of the associates, Roger Labastrou. The two others came with different experience, that is graphic layout for newspapers and industrial design for Morley Smith.

The firm got going gradually in the physical as well as human sense of the word. While setting up a well-administered office, adapted to the changing demands of the market, for which each associate was responsible, the four men searched for the best formula to work together. They think they have found it in the last three or four years. Even if it is the individual experience of any one of them that brings in a contract, they discuss it as a team, they each express their ideas, sometimes there is lively discussion, and they finally reach the best solution for the client.

In the production stage, as meets the needs of the project, all of them or else, two or three of them, watch over the production, backed up by the work of a dozen draughtsmen and studio employees. When it is a question of a prototype, it is executed either in the offices of Guillon and Associates or in the client's, according to the case.

In spite of its manner of proceeding, the Guillon-Labastrou-Marquart-Smith team is not, does not intend to be an anonymous team. It makes itself known in terms of the individuals who make it up, and numerous contracts are won because so and so is a part of the team. In the course of 1971, the firm made an advance study of the means of transportation between Montreal and the future airport at Sainte-Scholastique, due to the presence of Morley Smith, known for his work on Montreal metros. The most office, which never grants contracts to a firm but to individual graphists, entrusted to Laurent Marquart specifically, the creation of two stamps, now issued. The knowledge of architecture and related fields that Jacques Guillon and Roger Labastrou have, often brings the team to participate in projects concerning housing and urban life in general, projects, moreover, in which other knowledge available within the partnership is also of use.

The productions of Jacques Guillon/Designers Inc. are too numerous to be listed, but we can judge of their diversity by mentioning, large and small, which this office handled, and gave their special touch, in the last four or five years: Furnishings for Habitat 67 and for the National Arts Centre in Ottawa; a model showing the forms and functions of the brain at the Universal Exhibition, long and detailed work executed in close collaboration with a brain surgeon; graphic symbol of the Montreal Metro and its varied applications in stations and their entrances; suspension, exterior aerodynamics and interior arrangement of the metro cars: seats of fibreglass, fitted with cushions that can be removed by pressing on a button and replaced by other standard cushions, while the old ones go to the workshop to be fitted with new covers — that was unheard of for a public transit system; the air and space pavilion for Man and His World 1967; design of the large sign of the National Theatre at the conference of industrial designers in 1967; exhibition display of the promotion-presentation of the new airport, in three rooms/plans: photographs, slides and diagrams, plans and results; study of the visual and graphic design of a high speed train; plan for the suspension system of a dual function locomotive, for passenger trains and goods trains; signs to promote Canada in Europe; composition of fabrics, introduced by Design Canada; symbols and initials and their applications to the exterior graphic image of an association, league, factory, show, advertising corporation; schematization of the architectural plans of the Faculty of Social Sciences of the University of Montreal and, for the same building, the ladies and gentlemen signs for the lavatory doors; etc., etc.

All these projects have brought the four associates a solid reputation, medals, joys, frustrations, and a common conception of design, expressed in the following interview. Professionally, all four see themselves as "technicians endowed with a concern for the sociology and possessing skills in administration and commercialization which always see man as the starting point of a production".

Viewpoint on design and designers expressed by Jacques Guillon, Roger Labastrou, Laurent Marquart and Morley Smith.

What is design?

A word used at random! Designers have been trying to agree for a long time on a definition, without success. Let us say that it is a process of creativity which can exist in a lot of professions, which considers the aesthetics of form with a practical application; its objective is to serve well the receiver of the product, of the object, of the service: man, yes, it is a whole made up of three parts: man, function, and form. An inseparable whole. Doea beauty not arise by itself from the design which most fulfills its function of serving people? The best airplanes in the world, the Concorde, and the Tupolev, are also the most beautiful.

And who is the designer?

There again, no unanimous decision may be reached. It is a complicated profession, constantly engaged in its own research. There are general designers like us, and there are also specialists, who are designers in the strictest English sense of the word, who research work on functional or form, or both, but in a restricted and specialized field. If they research aesthetics without there being some question of innovating or radically improving function, it is more fitting to call them stylists. There are also those who are searching for a form with a certain style, by exploiting the taste, if not the bad taste, of the public, and they dare to call themselves designers. That's funny!

How do you conceive the 'true' designer?

He is endowed with an imaginative, inventive, and even intuitive mind. He possesses a technical knowledge of materials in general and particularly of those with which he may be called upon to work. He keeps himself up to date on developments in a lot of fields. He has a social conscience and a deep understanding of man. He is not an inventor. He is not an artist. His role is not to create something in itself, but to create for man, by understanding, if not guessing at the profound desires and inner aspirations which go further than fundamental needs. First he must provide for the basic need, obviously. The designer should keep sight of the quality of life without ever departing from the real world.

You each have a specialty, how are you also general designers?

We are general designers because our field of action is vast and diversified, as opposed to the specialist in a factory, who always deals with the same product, often without being able to modify very much what already exists. In a large project, we become one of the cogs of a team of many disciplines in which design intervenes in a range of fields. It is interesting to say something that affects man, in order that the product and the service remain in harmony with man while it effectively fulfills its role and function,
It is a small project entirely under our control, all four of us work on it, at least at the design stage, just to have an overall plan to consider the question from numerous angles. These days we have to work as a team. We must bring out all the aspects of a problem and consider all the possibilities in order that the final product may serve man without creating conflicts or disturbing him, physically or inwardly.

Is it complicated to reach this goal?
No, the solution is simple. The final objective, man, is also the starting point.

For example:
When we studied a rapid transportation system to service the new airport, we proceeded as follows: a person is in a seat, the seat rests on the floor, the floor is that of a train, and the train is travelling between Montreal and Steinte-Scholaustique. The ordinary approach would have been: "Let us make a train and put passengers on it and develop the right technology, by lack of vision! Or else, a municipality simply wants to use some equipment that it owns or can get at a bargain, so people must adapt to it even if it is outmoded, inadequate, uncomfortable, and irrational. Instead of bringing in a system adapted to people and new needs.

Is the situation different in private industry?
No. As a general rule, engineers design in terms of the machinery and manpower available to them, or else their attraction to some technical system. For example, in our office, in the recent case of a newspaper vending machine, we studied the arm movement of the user, as well as the atmosphere and urban setting where the machine would be put in use before beginning manufacture. Most of the factories would have done the opposite and said to begin with: "We will make the casing with a metal press." Because that is produced quickly and cheaply. Without worrying if the resulting machine will be difficult to deal with or be of an offensive ugliness.

So of what use are industrial designers?
They are, as it were, the means of communication between Industry, the product and the consumer. When an operation is vast, many hands and minds are involved, somewhere along the way the idea is forgotten that the final product is intended for the common man, the public. Because the concepts of the designer are different, even if he also evolves with the technology, he reestablishes equilibrium. But industry is only slowly coming to design.

Is design also subject to technical and financial restraints?
Yes. The necessary machinery or the ideal material do not always exist. And financial obstacles exist for us as for everyone. The initial cost of a mould can be prohibitive if the production is to be limited. Our road signs can be too costly in the size requested, etc.

But designers also know that life is full of restraints. If we face an obstacle, we modify, without ever losing sight of the objective. Believing that we will be able to finish a project 100% as planned, is utopian. When we have successfully finished a project within the required time, under the budget, and seen the product well incorporated, we are satisfied and really feel we have performed the required service.

Does design intervene in public projects?
Rarely! That is why we see so many projects intended to help people completely missing their objective when they are finished. Perhaps they are technical or financial successes, but they are failures on the human scale. The authorities are waking up too slowly to design.

Why is design so expensive?
Expensive in relation to what? In housing for example, is it not definitely more expensive to force thousands of people to live in detestable conditions, than to take necessary measures at the beginning? Are healthy and happy families in proper housing better than direct investments for health and education? We are going to spend a great deal of money on air and water pollution because we have finally admitted that it was deleterious for man and his descendants. And visual pollution then - think of a moment of the67 on the way to work - is also psychologically harmful isn't it?

If a designer must work alongside the townplanner, the architect, sociologist, engineers, etc., the design budget is set up at the initial stage of the project, at the same time as that of other specialties to be integrated into the financing plan. We can see the point of this. We can see the importance for what we consider to be important. It is rather a question of a change that is up to the directors of enterprises, the promoters of projects and the municipal authorities.

What does the public say?
Only an informed public can react, and it is badly informed about the matters that affect its daily life. From the point of view of design, the best thing is to exhibit good design. We saw the crowds flocking to the pavilions whose design was a total success. Why do people like the Montreal metro? Because it is badly informed about the matters that affect its daily life. From the point of view of design, the best thing is to exhibit good design. We saw the crowds flocking to the pavilions whose design was a total success.

What future do you see for design and designers?
Design appears to be changing completely. What we are defining today will not perhaps be true tomorrow. Today we are creating a graphic symbol or an apparatus for an enterprise, but tomorrow, who knows. We may be planning the physical functioning of the company and deciding where to place the truck loading zone, where to situate the receptionist's office. But the function of design will stay the same, and to carry it out, it will be necessary for the greatest possible number of designers to remain autonomous and free. They are taking a chance on surviving on being absorbed by industry, commerce, governmental agencies, as society and the economic world awaken to design. But then, they will sink into an already prepared system and will be cornered, with their hands and feet tied, instead of developing their ideas, discussing them with others in a wide field of action, and being able, on the level of design of course, to contest other ideas within the team of many disciplines. Designers should combat the specialization that is hanging over their heads, as well as over the rest of the world, and which is so dangerous for the mental and psychological survival of man.

How does one become a designer?
Designers generally are produced by changes within certain professions. This happens when engineers, architects, technicians, sculptors, decorators, or painters leave their own profession, or rather expand it, to the benefit of design.

For direct information we must especially reach the groups and persons who influence decisions of the level of industry as well as governments. That is what happened in Denmark. 15 or 20 years ago, in the field of furnishing. Because they understood it was necessary to make furniture that was good and beautiful and answer the needs of the people, they brought about the birth of the Scandinavian furniture industry, one of the greatest successes of design.

Is that where design was born?
It is surely the first major example of design at the service of the general public. But design discovered its fundamental laws in the Germany of the 20's with the Bauhaus. In searching for the atmosphere and urban setting where the government itself decided to transform industry after the last war, by creating a Council of Industrial Design. In Canada, the central government is timidly beginning to imitate this example. This is only fitting at a time when there is so much talk about the environment.

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As far as Canadian designers are particularly concerned, their future rests in the international field. With our small population, the local market is restricted, but the entire world is the chessboard of the designer who conceives his products in terms of international criteria.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)
The Canadian Cultural Centre
By Guy WEELEN

The Canadian Cultural Centre in Paris which was opened in April, 1971, truly began its activities in October, 1971. It was installed with taste and refinement in a beautiful building situated in a geographical location – the Esplanade des Invalides – with a distinguishing feature; it is pleasant and harmonious, but yet easily accessible. Articulated in such a way that each activity finds a favourable space there, and also specific or flexible at will, comfortable. It physically pleases. But this ease would not be a criterion of quality in itself. The centre, Guy Vlaminon, who is trying to apply this in the best possible way, assisted in his task by Guy Plaumond, official in charge of the animation services.

If culture uses information, and we would not be able to understand it without extensive information, it also exceeds it. We could even say it surpasses it. It is like a humus composed of an infinity of twigs and leaves piled up by succeeding seasons, thus by time, it supposes a duration. But actually, like the leaves and twigs, cultural events are superimposed with a great rapidity. To extend the image, in our time, culture would no longer be identified with a single person, but also a dynamic force. Its richness would be judged much more by its dynamism than by the deposit it tends to build.

Thus in a year of operation, many Parians of every description visited it, but the displays were equally numerous and varied: music in its classical, contemporary, and popular aspects; recitals, lectures, and concerts; exhibitions of painting, sculpture, ceramics, covering the various perspectives of Canadian creation; theatre, poetry; films showing the different directions of the cinema; discussions with illustrations, and two important conferences, Mécanologie and Art and Communication. Devoted to problems that surpass the Canadian setting but which concern the conscience of everyone. As we can realize, the rhythm was rapid, the diversity of expressions and disciplines was great. Intentionally, the traditional, academic categories were involved to the benefit of a wider and more general view. In fact, there is no longer any cause to maintain the formerly classical distinction between major and minor art. Henceforth, and this is a contemporary phenomenon, the arts are interdependent. The sources which inspire the creators are multiple and they come from different levels: publiclicity and design fertilize painting, the spoken language transforms the structures of written language; the music of films and pop take classical themes, chamber music takes up the popular melody. Individualism breaks out. In our society, all creative activities at all levels intersect. If their interests interfere to make up a manner of being, the expression of a culture.

The action undertaken here does no so much attempt to display something specifically Canadian, as to allow Canadians to become aware of Canadian life, of Canada itself; there is no question here of giving a look at Canada, prepared in advance, or corresponding to some prefabricated model, but of showing and conveying its exciting richness, the abundance of its endeavours, the dynamics that animates it.

Maurice Fleischmann, well-known music critic, was right to say in his account, The Place of Canadian Music in Contemporary Production, which is being presented at the Cultural Centre now:

"What is most striking on arriving in Canada for the first time, is that the country is completely turned towards its future which is embodied in its dynamic youth, freed of social, religious, and cultural prejudices, a youth impatient to make its own music, and to lead its own destiny away from the beaten track of conformity.

Exactly, the new music in Canada is a matter of men and not principles and not philosophies. There are so many creators, so many distinct personalities. So many works, so many indications given to the four corners of the world. Each of us has only to understand this at the right moment. Indeed it comes on like a great and fertile disorder."

So Canada without disguise, beyond the critic's programmes, which may be honourable but which cultivate too much a narrow nationalism — is approachable for everyone. The first concern of a sound cultural action is that every person be free to consider, to choose, to find what suits and excites him in the rich variety of possible choices. The programme is only a beginning, so that the individual can form a judgment. On the other hand, we expect that each one will show discernment, and will express an uncompromised reaction. It is not fitting to hope for or to expect compliments, but we wish to have real exchanges which are beyond wordy compliments and kind words suited to the occasion. If the Canadian is led to lose his illusions about Canada, and we certainly know what these conventional illusions are worth, whether for better or worse, he will have had the opportunity to discover what Canada is, to feel the sheer force of it. Veritable confrontation, genuine confrontation will not have obliterated the human qualities of the imagination, sensitivity, and poetic emotion. If, during a few decades, in the framework of an industrial civilization, some fine minds have been loath to taking notice of such a thing, then we are noticing their error today, and in many areas we can regret their shortsightedness. Something was behind the international success of the slogan: "Power to the imagination."

Every true cultural action must furnish the individual pursuing his search with an ever greater variety of possible choices. The prodigious dissemination of information which will shortly be even greater, inevitably leads to this, as it pushes us irresistibly towards a constant widening of meanings. In this too, the times has ended when one could declare, with some insistence and much anguish, that for something to be universal it necessary had to be very uncouth and very coarse.

A culture can only validly accomplish its action if it becomes aware of its universal vocation. Addressing itself to man, all things considered, it addresses itself to all men. For some, that will probably seem a common place remark, but a quick glance around found it is enough to realize that this notion, which we like to think is elementary, has not yet penetrated into the customs of governmental institutions. It is pleasant and even more, fortunate to note that Canada has understood very well the meaning of its cultural action whose first quality is generosity.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Iconoclasm and restoration
By Norman PAGE

The liturgical reform implemented in the last few years in the churches of Quebec has given rise to a vandalism and to forms of iconoclasm that would have made Savonarola blush, but which seem to leave our Minister of Cultural Affairs rather indifferent.

More by ignorance than ill-will or simony, at least we should hope so, many priests, wanting to carry out at a low price the liturgical renewal recommended by the Council, have let fall into the clutches of wily second-hand dealers and ravenous antique dealers the most precious works of liturgical art that have gone astray among all the shoddy and imitative stuff which a secular dust had covered in the same desolate grey.

To be convinced of this, certain museum curators should be curious enough to go window-shopping in the antique shops of Montreal, Quebec, or cities situated on the American border; they will find many sculpted wood candlesticks, rare bronzes, or even these beautiful chasubles woven in gold that are in great demand these days with flamboyant hippies, degrading what is sacred! One only has to go into any chic living room to discover some micro-miniature models of painted wood hanging by one foot, quite happy at not having shared the fate of its twin, hanging up like some Cupid in the adjoining bedroom.

A few rare churches have, however, escaped pillage and improvised restorations. The Sainte-Famille church in Boucherville is one of these privileged monuments.

All one need do is someday drive down the picturesque road that goes along the river, south east of Montreal, to discover in the heart of the former seigneurie of Governor Pierre Boucher, with what singular skill an excellent architect and a few responsible priests (we can ask no more of them) have succeeded in restoring the gracious interior of this church and adapt-
ing it to the new liturgy without harming its artistic value.

The sober appearance of the exterior of this monument, erected in 1801 according to the plans and specifications of abbe Pierre Conrefy, hardly suggests the very Versailles-like magnificence which clearly inspired the tasteful interior decoration; indeed it is amazing to discover in the heart of this small country-side things that France reserved for its kings!

The general arrangement, and more particularly, that of the sanctuary and rood-loft, is of a remarkable grace. Corinthian style pilasters in sculpted, gilded wood-support the entablature which surrounds the choir. Under the direction of architect Claude Beau­

... The central tableau was slightly lowered so as to free the cornice: the two other impressive paintings by J.-B. Roy-Audy, formerly on each side of the High altar, now decorate the transepts: to the left, Saint Peter succoured by an angel (1819) after Ch. de Lafosse, and on the right Christ on the Cross (1822) after J. Monnet. All the panelling, modillions, foliilated scrolls and holmies have been restored, the window reveals lengthened, the balustrade completed; the lighting arrangement was modified in accordance with original design of the architect. In the nave, the statues of the Cross done in plaster was replaced by a less complex period work that was taken out of storage. A pity that the recent confessinals could not have been replaced by those relegated to the sacristy. It is also a shame that the iconostasis, which of course, was the same treatment as the outside doors which were restored by a master. We might also have regrets over the too deep blue of the sanctuary carpet, the fragile armchairs for the celebrants and the truncated seats were retained in the enclosure of the sanctuary, but no-must adn the tone of the priests of the Congregation, no doubt, it came from a chapel of a religious order in Old Montereal.

It is often very difficult to arrange a period sanctuary according to the new liturgical standards without radically destroying the equilibrium of an architectural work. In the Boucherville church, the second altar, of a rare quality, is a favour­...
sleeve and pig, turkeys, chickens and eggs no bigger than ants. The scale or the smallest — made like miniature pets, of hard ceramic — is so minute that marketwomen display them heaped like grain in bowls. They’re known as “rice-toys.” Another favorite Christmas scene is the Flight into Egypt: Joseph leads the burro while the infant Jesus lies in the child; an overweight angel brings up the rear. That such an angel could actually fly with those gold wings would be a miracle indeed.

During Holy Week, craftsmen in papier-maché show off their skill and fantasy. Not only the figures of the Virgin, St. John, Joseph and other figures, vividly colored and sometimes containing gunpowder that explodes and scatters small toys — but all sorts of comic dolls and effigies. Also of papier-maché are the masks and mules and horses on sale during the feast of Corpus Christi.

Most distinctly Mexican is the sombre fiesta of All Souls. The Day of the Dead, celebrated on November 2, corresponds to our Hallowe’en. Families spend the day quietly communing with their departed kinsfolk, picnicking on their graves in the cemeteries, their home altars in Mexico, and on this day he is saluted like an old friend. For some days before the fiesta, women set up stalls in the streets to sell little animals, grinning skulls and coffee, glowing baskets of miniature fruit and all sorts of other wild and wonderful objects modeled in colored lincsugar. These sugar-sculptures are left on the graves of relatives, vestigial sacrifices. More vividly than words, they express the Mexican feeling about mortality, so different from our own. They are at once much more macabre and much more festive than anything we, with our curious prudery about death, would dare to imagine. What’s more, on the Day of the Dead some market women peddle toy funerals. Figures of priest, acolytes and pallbearers are fashioned from drinking-straws and colored paper, their heads from chick-peas. The prize of my collection is a kinetic toy funeral of gaily painted cardboard. Turn the handle and the cortege emerges from the church door, glides smoothly into the mouth of hell. “The Mexican,” to quote Octavio Paz again, “is familiar with death, jokes about it, caresses it, sleeps with it; celebrates it: it is one of his favorite toys and his most steadfast love.”

All these things are handmade. More important, they also appear to be handmade. Nowhere in evidence is the soulless craftsmanship that swarm in the house lent to Picasso. For him, all such an angel could actually fly with those gold wings would be a miracle indeed.

Images like these go back to the remote pre-Columbian past, as do the fired-clay whistles in the shape of birds. NATIVITY scenes show Mediterranean influence, carried across the Atlantic by Spaniards. Some sugar sculptures betray their nineteenth-century English origins in Staffordshire pottery. Others, I’m sorry to say, resemble Disney.

For it’s not just the machine that threatens the honesty and natural good taste of Mexican toy-design. A trend to cuteness has been helped along by middle-class demand. The anti-art of mass media too often corrupts the craftsman’s eye, so that the innocent vision becomes sick and knowing. Whole souvenir shops are filled with the meretricious junk that results.

Anyone who sets out in search of the true mini-Mexico will see what I’m talking about. Luckily, Mexican enthusiasts are taking action to resist the trend. One of them, José Chavez Morado, an artist and collector who is director of Guanajuato’s fine museum, has set up a committee to encourage the folk-arts in his state. They award prizes and diplomas for the best work submitted at the great fiestas. They also award medals to those who make things out of cheap plasticware, and toyshops sell almost nothing else. Threatened with this flood, I try to imitate Noah and collect two of everything as I haunt the small markets and street stalls. I seek the handmade toys and miniatures that express the true Mexico. A beautifully-turned yo-yo enamelled red or purple, singing-tops and whirligigs, a clay piggy-bank with flowery glaze, a rag-doll dressed up for a 1910 garden-party.

Best of all, a tiny picture made from a pecan shell. Remove his snout, insert a live fly, replace the snout and watch him roll his eyes, wiggle his ears! He’s a joke, a minute joke in the sky, depracting Indian manner — a cruel joke, if you like. But very Mexican.

Antibes
By Jacques LEPAGE

A woman runs down the road that stretches out toward Marseilles. The July sun parches the earth in the highlands of Provence where Picasso is trying to find peace and quiet. The young woman, his companion, is hoping that a car will pick her up and protect her from the path that swarms with lovers. But from the automobile that pulls up and stops it is a furious Picasso who emerges: “You are mad. Why do you want to leave me?”

This incident of Ménerbes leads to a venture that is still astonishing. Because Françoise Gilot is horrified by the scorpions that swarm in the house lent to Picasso. In the house lent to them by Dora Maar, and because she hesitates to tie up her life any longer with Picasso, Antibes, and the world, is to be endowed with an amazing museum.

Marie Cuttoli, “the great friend”, as Françoise Gilot calls her, suprises the couple at Menerbes the day after this scene and rescues them from this mis-
understanding by inviting them to her villa at Cap d’Antibes. Françoise, determined to live no longer with the scorpions of the old fortified town of Vaucaluse, persuades Picasso to rent the house of the engraver, Louis Fort, at Golfe-Juan. That house was the very place where in February of that year, 1946, he had met his wife for the first time. But Picasso was hard pressed to work in the tiny house. The compulsory rest quickly became intolerable for him. Fate had it that the curator of the Chateau Grimaldi, which then housed a public collection of sculpture, was a man of intelligence and good taste. A political exile, Michel Sima, a sculptor and photographer, whom he had taken in on his return from Germany (the second World War had just ended) drew his attention the presence of Picasso, whom he knew. Dor de La Souchère suggested that he ask him for a drawing... But let us leave Picasso to give his version as related by Brassin: “One day, on the beach, I met the curator of the palace. Timidly he asked me for a drawing... People are always asking me for drawings...” Immediately he asked me: “And suppose you gave me a painting instead of a drawing...” So I thought it over... and made him this proposition: “You have many walls at the Chateau Grimaldi... It would perhaps be better that I paint some room there...” “But...” He was delighted... He offered me the whole top floor of the museum... “Yes, I said, but I have nothing here to paint frescoes... Painting directly on the wall is too risky...” If that’s all it depends on...” he answered me. They brought me first some raw canvas, abominable! They also suggested primed canvas, and plywood... Finally, I settled on large sheets of fibre-cement. And I painted frescoes for them...”

Dor de La Souchère confirms this story, except that he believes that he was the first to suggest the Chateau as an atelier. In her memoirs Françoise Gilot gives it off a little importance: Dor de La Souchère hands over the keys of the Chateau to Picasso and, the door closed, thinks: “There is a great master who has at last found his place”...
by little the roots that he had anchored in the soil of Spain to transplant them on the coast of the Mediterranean. There he offers his exile has found in the south of France the future permanent setting of his life."

Picasso, in fact, is going to prolong his stays there. Then settle there for good. The Cape of Antibes, where his friends, the Cottolci, welcome him, and also Camoes, Gouf-Juan, and Monte-Carlo, Mougins, and finally Vallauris. In 1935 separating from his wife Olga, distressed, he buries himself at Juan-les-Pins; but this place, one of his favourites, aroused his desire to work, and he recaptured there his creative activity which had been abandoned a few years before, where Man Ray lent them an apartment, the war surprised him in September, 1939. There he painted "Pêche de Nuit" which would become the first work to one day join his second wife Jacqueline de la Souche, at Mougins, which Paul Éluard introduced to,—and where he lives today with his second wife Jacqueline Roque—spent his first summer with Dora Maar. Madame Cottoli has a handsome portrait of the young woman, painted at that time, one of the very first. He represents her still with short hair, as she had been when he first saw him, that he had seen her first at the time of the Deux-Magots, "but already with the false plait wrapped around her head" that she wore "while she let her hair grow out in symbols of joy. The war is a nightmare that is being forgotten."

Picasso’s relations with the Mediterranean has been very productive. As early as 1937 they have been celebrated in those monstrous, deformed women, issues of the depths of the sea, where mythology was born, "Le Roi" that he painted then, introduces into his bestiary the centaur which, in 1946, is going to appear more frequently in his drawings and canvases. It is what Picasso calls antquity when he speaks of it with Dor de la Souche, but an Antiquity that has in common with the Renaissance only an insatiable curiosity for discovery. "An Antiquity that spans all mythology, anthropology, etymology, and in order to the decision taken in 1967, on the suggestion of the curator L.Souchère, to the Grimaldi family, the Picasso museum received important works: a beautiful one by Stael, "La Guerre et la Paix", one of the most notable works by the painter of "Guernica".

Prompted by a Dionysian impulse Picasso throws pears, melons, centaurs, maidens, flower women, fauns, and goats near the sea shores where they were born. The contour drawings, in a continuous stroke, without smudges multiply the indications of a fulfillment of the flesh that rejoices in its frenzied freedom, "Le Jour des Morts" that expresses an indisputable indication of a fulfillment of the flesh that rejoices in its frenzied freedom. "La Femme Couchee" bare witness to that sobriety that purifies to the point of severity the burning eroticism of the works of art of "Joseph Rouff".

In the years that followed, Marie Cottoli asked that Picasso be made an honorary citizen of Antibes. This served as a preliminary to the decision taken in 1967, on the suggestion of the curator L.Souchère, that the museum received important works: a beautiful one by Stael, "La Guerre et la Paix", one of the most notable works by the painter of "Guernica".

Today, restored, the Picasso Museum stands on the sea front, overlooking the ramparts. It is one of the most beautiful places in the world. To the North-East lies the Cap d’Antibes, where the sun sets; and in front of it the open sea, and at sunset there is the Cap d’Antibes where Dora Maar has once to the joy of the present moment, this tenderness in voluptuousness.

Picasso returns to Antibes the following year. He advises La Souchère to exhibit the paintings. But the curator points out to him the dilapidated condition of the place, which does not frighten the painter. "You hammer in a nail", he says, "and you hang."

La Souchère then begins to place the painted panels but continues to refuse to show them, except to Picasso’s friends, Ernest Pugonè, and "Les Monuments are touched; the mayor of Antibes, Mr. Puigulé, effusively intervenes and finally a museum is built around a work. Picasso does not remain idle. In 1948 La Souchère having finished placing the works notices that a large wall has remained bare. "You should paint a picture to fill up that space", he tells him. "All right", agrees Picasso. "You could depict an episode of the Odyssey. The companions of Ulysses changed into swine by Circe?" Picasso crosses his arms: "We shall see", he grumbles. Dot has three sheets of fibro-cement (360 x 250) brought into the room. In 24 hours Picasso has them covered: "Ulysses and the Sirens" has just been born for posterity.

In the years that follow the museum is enriched with numerous donations. Picasso’s available time like his sense of impatience to liberation of his work. No technique remains unknown to him. In 1947, in Gouf-Juan he is drawn to ceramics introduced to him by his new friends from Vallauris, Suzanne and Georges Ramié. The following year he settles definitively into this potters’ village where he buys a little villa "La Galloise". Françoise reports that after having acquired a certain expertise, the potters decided to fold the clay himself. And, immediately, she says, the most marvellous creations sprang from his hands. Using pots thrown the previous day, thus still quite malleable, he modelled them in every way without cracking or breaking them. Pablo, she adds, then begins to make statuettes of them that were as delicate as those from Tanagra. Re-molded, remodelled, and reinvented, they became veritable sculptures.

Through the intervention of Marie Cottoli, the museum received 77 of them. André, the owner of the castle that was then dedicated to the Grimaldi family, the Picasso museum.

Valauris also has important works of Picasso: a bronze: "L’Homme au mouillon" and "La Guerre et la Paix", one of the most notable works by the painter of "Guernica".