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 that will be reflected in its 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 the planing of great socialism is 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, a part from a few exceptions, 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-relation 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 assigned 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 no 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.

Art is a perpetual field of inquiry, it is also the supreme area for self-reconciliation. To integrate the urban buildings is to compromise the possibility of efficiently foreseeing and composing the life of tomorrow. We can determine the level of civilization according to the degree of planning, and the presence of poets of the urban world among the ranks of planners contributes to raising this level.

In the meantime, the wall as symbol gives the street its colour, between four walls the mural rediscover its humanizing function, it revives the concrete.

Professor Habranken from Eindhoven said: "Design does not concern itself with ordinary things", But does Design not seek to understand the message of the man from the North? "Treating the ordinary as allowing the ordinary man to act. It is not creating housing, but making the act of dwelling possible. It is not projecting cities, but it is arranging gardens in which it is possible to cultivate "wells".

The poets of the urban world, those who profess love for the ordinary should become as gardeners. The gardener does not create, he cultivates.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

AUTOMATISM IN MONTREAL

By Jean ÉTHIER-BLAIS

Automatism, in the form it assumed in Montreal, like many other intellectual movements, was fostered by the war. A person unfamiliar with Montreal from 1945 to 1950, would not be able to imagine what constantly renewing hopes this city held for some French Canadians. The singular action of Hertel and his literary group had widespread influence since the author of Strophes et catastrophes had left the Jesuit order. Hertel provided the innovation of intellectual discoveries and the pointedness of a priest who on one hand rejected romantic poetry for the benefit of Claudel, and on the other hand despised the authoritarian decision of Father Doncoeur, whose doctrine animated Relève and Nouvelle Relève. At the same time, Gabrielle Roy was preparing Bonheur d'occasion (TR: The Tin Flute). The mental, moral, and physical misery was quite obvious. It had only to be given meaning. Montreal, closely structured in such a classical manner as Father Doncoeur, whose doctrine animated Relève and Nouvelle Relève. At the same time, Gabrielle Roy was preparing Bonheur d’occasion (TR: The Tin Flute). The mental, moral, and physical misery was quite obvious. It had only to be given meaning. Montreal, closely structured in such a classical manner as here. Concerning Borduas and the signers of Refus global, this feeling of belonging explains why the Automatist school in its subjectivism had to get back from the pictorial experience. What was the meaning of the psychological to and from Breton displayed in its relationship with the pictorial experience. What could a person whose mind was structured in such a classical manner as his, enamoured of grammatical forms, sensitive especially to imperceptible hints of the language, have completely surrendered himself, were it only for a moment, to the total abandonment that automatism required? The same is true for Borduas, who retained from automatism only the gestural initiation, a pretext to a spontaneous reflection. Spontaneity, a return to the spirit of childhood, meditation on the first suggestions of the subconscious, and the process of assimilation of the instinctive elements, all assimilated automatism, such was the approach Borduas used. His work, like that of Claude Gauvreau (his dearest and foremost disciple) had two aspects, pictorial and historical.

The tradition of Breton is rediscovered here. Concerning Borduas, the signs of Refus global, the analysis of this text in its objectivity as a written, thus historical document (the objectivity depending on the acceptance of eventualities) reveals that these aesthetics led them to a transformation in depth in the universe. It was a complete refusal of war, a re-
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 by wild rapids, desert heat, fifty degrees 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, Tewa and Pueblo. He copied old masters and drew sketches. At Fort Edmonton Kane danced with murals but the subjects would not make a "second self" through his sketches. At Fort Edmonton Kane danced along with the canoemen as they relaxed for one night from travel while a "Scottish fiddler jerked out reels". Kane's own escort was a half-breed Cree girl whom he painted later. Festivities were in that great conference room used by company officials for parleys with Indian chiefs. We are told that it was decorated with murals but the subjects would not have been appropriate for the walls of the Vatican; unfortunately Kane made no sketch of the hall. He was back at Fort Edmonton again the next year when the factor's son was married and had a chance to paint the wedding party setting out for their new home 200 miles away in early January. The bride was warmly tucked into a specially decorated sleigh and pulled by a dog team whose elaborate harness had been made in Quebec City, and with an escort of over twenty men to see that she arrived safely.

Kane was with the canoemen on their first range of the Rockies in a continual race against coming winter. From the

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

Puissance of a world without love, a refusal of the religious golden calf, a refusal of anti-cultural attitudes, and especially, a refusal of the regrettable sclerosis of Quebec society. The adoption of this position, at once cultural in its principle, and political in its application, relates Quebec Automatism, in its very dynamic definition, to the great Surrealist trend. Moreover, it is dependent on it only in that respect. The ambivalent personal position of Borduas with regard to Breton thus occurs on the level of aesthetic ideology. The theatre of Claude Gauvreau comes closest to Surrealist Automatism, an expression that Borduas significantly, was literary and not pictorial. Following the Montreal "Automatist era", one can wonder if Automatism in its direct form, with its psychological results is possible in the world of reduced dimensions of the canvas. There is a direct relationship between the idea of automatism and the infinite. Art is based on the ideas of concentration and reduction. Within precise historical dynamics, Borduas and his friends wanted to bring meaning back to life through art. To existing values they added this most important value that depended on the order of things and the beauty of forms. In Quebec that is called Automatism. In the light of History, let us readily retain its meaning.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)
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, with long hair, told Kane an old story as if the woman had 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 first brick building erected in American territory west of the Columbia river. 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 salmon caught there. Kane recorded the salmon fishing in sketch after sketch. The bulk of the sketches completed during those months were retained by the Kane family and taken back to Manitoba in the 1830s by a son who went there as a homesteader. In the painting activities, he said, "I lay down the brush under the spur and brought them out on wet Sundays for examination." 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.

The Macdonald Stewart Collection: A tribute to the common man
By Michel LESSARD and Huguette MAROULIS

The recent trend to collect old objects whose use injects personality into modern surroundings attests to once an appreciation of our history and to a reaction against a dictating, homogenizing, mass-produced society. Today's objects our ancestors used skillfully, made with aesthetic concerns, forming part of our heritage, invite us to do better; if so to craftmanship its due place. Such is the basis for the Macdonald Stewart Collection. When establishing the collection, Mr. David Stewart and the Macdonald Tobacco Company purchased a unique collection of fireplace tools, pewterware and tinware, and lighting devices from a French collector, M. Hottermans. Along with some exceptional sculpted wood panels, they were exhibited at Terrass of 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 specifically, the traditions appearing in this country were a part of the colonization. The 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 collection. 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 in 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 no doubt what has jointed the interest of the well-known collector, David Stewart, and the Macdonald Company; it is a rich and marvelous 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, Monadjett, Déry, and Coward, and three Toronto artists, Rita 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, the Benson and Hedges Company is clearly more up to date. Each jointed the interest of the well-known collector, David Stewart, and the Macdonald Company; it is a rich and marvelous collection.
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 artists 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 assumed 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 whereas the distribution of colours varied within a series of six vertical lines. 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 old.

Déry drew a stylized tree, enlarged with concentric rings as a stone makes in water, on a sky blue background, the same as Coward's. Without pretense, almost naive, Déry brings gentleness and spontaneity; he changes our visual habits without shocking, by his luminous presence, to some extent 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 background associated with banal semi-circles. The surface that Montpetit had was double, cut by Notre Dame street. But Montpetit created a unified work by extending the same mauve 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 rhythmed colours. Rita Letendre particularly used 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 size of the composition and so to speak thus negates it. Although I have only seen the model, I do not think the actual sized production will improve the quality. On the contrary, the monumental scale will only intensify the first impression.

A stage reached

On the whole, the initiative was decisive; artists have proven that we can have confidence in them. They confirmed that in the greyness of cities, colour is indispensable to life and that in the present day urban confusion, their own, their message and the harmony of striking a refreshing counterpoint. By making art come out of museums and galleries, the Benson and Hedges Company took a step forward.

But for all that, has the gulf that separates art and the public been narrowed? Are artists with a more and more exacting social conscience entirely satisfied with this new form of participation?

All things considered, the stage that has been crossed is not as decisive as it may have appeared at first. The work remains isolated 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 editing, the large scale tends to cramp the artist risks falling into the decorative. Nor is the solution that chosen by the Chicago artists who, after the Mexican muralist Diego Rivera, used walls to illustrate some revolution to be waged. What can art gain in once more becoming only narrative and didactic? Their intention can run the risk of no more reaching the public than leaflets distributed on the sidewalk.

But the poverty of urban aesthetics displayed by the presence of painted walls shows us to what extent the participation of artists should be situated at another level altogether: that of the development of the environment itself. For as positive as this initiative may be, a sort of port tax paid to the democratization of culture, it still seems a half-measure. Does the solution lay, as François Gagnon foresees (1) in the exchange of the people and the works of those we call "artists"? Perhaps. Would it be in the creation of works from many disciplines in which some part in the arrangement would be left to the viewer? Might ecological art be a form of art to be exploited?

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 forms of participation remain to be 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.


(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Michelle Beauchemin

By Claude-Lyse GAGNON

Michelle Beauchemin fondly looked over photographs of the Saint Lawrence river, most of them taken at spring thaw. At that moment, it was as though she were spell-bound. "The river is so beautiful. It moves me deeply. It influences me. When my tapestries are silly 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 acryclic 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 work, in her own studio, a studio at once 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 to the end of the music, beyond nervous energy.

She has a very active intelligence. She is sweet and vulnerable, yet she has a shrewd head for business. And she is consistent.

In her innermost self, she has lived only for what she loves. Even if nothing was easy, "Some seductions are so powerful" wrote Baudelaire, "that they can only be virtues". Michelle Beauchemin, from the beginning and thereafter, believed only in her art, only in this realm, and in a few people. The misery and suffering mattered but little.

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.
But it was her only love. When she left school, she obtained a position weaving at Marine Industries in Sorel. "I was the only woman. That was in 1951." Among all the beginners it was she who had the smallest salary, she remembers this discrimination.

A year later, but not going out and by making sacrifices everyday, she had some rather slender savings. But she was pursuing her dreams, one of which was to go to Europe to study. She arrived in Paris and she enrolled in three schools: painting, drawing, stained glass. Stained glass windows especially interested her. So she made a trip to Chartres. This went on for almost five years. However, in the meantime, one spring she decided to go abroad, perhaps to rest. By hitchhiking, she reached Greece where she was to spend eight months.

"Everyone there was embroidering, weaving. The women were working wonders with wool. They had such fine, ancient techniques. Like Penelope, but I was along on the voyage I began tapestry."

There are long and strange roads in finding one's destiny, one's most intense feelings, and the reason that we exist for a certain time, so short a time, comparatively a few seasons.

She returned to Paris in 1957 with tapestries and windows. She won the first prize for stained glass windows at the Palais de Chaillot. Of course, I am exaggerating.

In 1958 she returned home. More and now certain of the art form that inspired her. She rented a small room on St. Matthew street. "I went to people's homes to teach painting to earn my bread on which I chewed sparingly."

She recalls it as a very difficult period. She was very depressed. "I was along on the voyage I began tapestry."

In 1959 she held her first one-woman exhibition at the Beaux-Arts. "I have never forget it, not because it was such a success, but because it was an important step. Proof that she could go even further.

Two years later, the Arts Council granted her a bursary. She left again. Destination: Japan. Because of their immense looms, Japanese craftsmen have developed specialized, very advanced techniques. She was also fascinated by the country. "I was dreaming of tapestries as big as cathedrals, as large as our rivers. I so wanted to give importance to this art. Of course, I am exaggerating! However, I learned that in Japan, one could create immense tapestries, and that is what was most important to me. In 1966, I returned to Japan to draw, to execute the model for the theatre curtain of the Opera House of the National Arts Centre. It won the first prize. Near the end of 1967, I went to Kyoto where with K华盛awa Orihide and local craftsmen, I was able to create this tapestry which is 45 feet long by 200 feet wide, and weighs 4,000 pounds. I stayed there 17 months, working from sunrise to sunset. That will no doubt remain the major work of my life..."

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 impotence.

"Picture her on that autumn morning, on her farm at Grondines, galloping on her Canadian bred mare called "Tauii" (moon lady), a lovely mare with a shining 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 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 we can stop the march of time,” wrote Małkowski.

She returned to Paris in 1967, after a brief stop at the home of Michel, to work on the St. Matthew street. "I went to people's homes to teach painting to earn my bread on which I chewed sparingly."

She adds: "I cannot recommend it as a first class work. It has no nuances and the likeness of the sites or buildings drawn is imperfect."

"In the sixties of the Villeneuvettes, the works to be expected from an artisanal point of view (...), I cannot recommend it as a first class work. It has no nuances and the likeness of the sites or buildings drawn is imperfect."

Arthur Villeneuve's work was the Villeneuvettes' turn to be astonished, the "flattering comments" of "Montreal artists" had led them to expect different remarks from their town councillors. Who will be to believe, the notables of Chicoutimi or the experts of Montreal? But especially in what way did the lack of a likeness of the sites or buildings suffice to disqualify a proposition for painting? Such a reproach might be made to a photographer, but to a painter? Is the painter not supposed to reveal sites not as they were in reality, but such as they are in the mental world, as he would be lead to the point of rendering them if not unrecognizable, at least transformed according to its image?

The rather unenlightened verdict of alderman Laquerre left nothing good to be foreseen for the future. For a time the "artist's museum" aroused the hopes and expectations among the population of the region with the exception of racism, easy irony, and laughter when there were not pure and simple insults and acts of violence. Discouragement lay in wait for the Villeneuvettes.

At this low point, there intervened an interlocutor, Mr. Bernard Hébert, who took a notion to change the course of things. Interested in the history of religions and philosophy, medical assistant in Alberta, then a student of theology among the Eskimos (sic), then engaged in social studies at École Polytechnique and at Northern Electric Company, founder of an Art Centre in Verdun, an Intellectual Centre, and a Naturalist Society in Verdun, Bernie, as he is familiarly called, in the issue of the Northern News where I got my information about him, but who introduced him under the pseudonym of Bernard of Verdun, after a brief stop at the home of his brother Bob, proprietor of the Tabagie 500 in Chicoutimi, visited the "Artist's Museum", and became excited at the sight of the monumental work. He improvised a preview exhibition that very afternoon, having assemblage journalists and photographers.

A journalist from the Phare reporting an interview that he had with Madame Villeneuve, two years after, about the same event, thought it was very clever to transcribe into jocular (TR: uneducated) Villeneuve: "Why do you call yourself Villeneuve? I have heard her speak and I know that her language is more subtle than the following prose might lead one to think:"

"Well on September 13th, I was after sewing in my kitchen when suddenly there's this knock at the front door. I go..."
Perhaps some misprint obscured his thought. The same day, and in the same newspaper, Jacques Bongedon, 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 "Seguin citizen who is honourably earning his living, who is doing handsomely the brush in the best way possible..."

And he added: "The unexpected visit of Waddington last week has ended all discussion." The Lingot of Feb. 23rd also relied on Waddington with whom it had an interview. The "personage in the field of naive painting..." the article added: "if 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".

On February 28, 1961, the Progrès du Saguenay published a photograph reproducing Villeneuve's work 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."


On March 8th, 1961, the Progrès du Saguenay was a retrench 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 works of Villeneuve. If this phenomenon is not 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 work whose creation 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 had reacted to the news that Arthur Villeneuve had been rehabilitated in the local press, which is known however, lets us imagine it. The sbb and the flow come from the same place. He who lets his likes be dictated, 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 burn!"
A brief survey of the design question
By Denise COURTOIS

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

There is a plaque of an elegant simplicity on the wall which supports the veunted 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 French 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 Guillou, 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 design for Man and His World, 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 for working as a team. 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 draftsmen and studio employees. When it is a question of a prototype, it is executed either in the offices of Guillou and Associates or in the client's, according to the case.

In spite of its manner of proceeding, the Guillou-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 made because it 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 moutainous roads. The most office, which never grants contracts to a firm but to individual graphists, entrusted to Laurent Marquart specifically, the creation of two stumps, now issued. The knowledge of architecture and related fields that Jacques Guillou 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 Guillou/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, especially 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 1969; design of the larger part of the National pavilion for the conference of industrial designers in 1967; exhibition display of the promotion-presentation of the new airport, in three rooms/three plans: photographs, slides and diagrams, plans and results; study of the possibility for design of a high speed train; plan for the suspension system of a dual function locomotive, for passenger trains and goods trains; plans which promote Canada in Europe; composition of fabrics, designed by Design Canada; symbols and initial of their applications to exterior graphic image of an association, league, factory, shop, professional 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 certain knowledge of the product, 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 Guillou, 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, Doxa 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 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 new style with a certain fashion, 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 rational way in making something that affects man, in order that the product or the service remain in harmony with man while it effectively fulfills its role and function,
If 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-Scholastique. The ordinary approach would have been: "Let us make a train and put passengers on it and see how it works." But there is a simpler solution: "We will make the seating with a metal press." Because that is what we choose to do.

When an operation is to be started, 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 what we think for a moment of the ordinary approach, before beginning manufacture. So of what use are industrial designers?

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 and irritating. Instead of bringing in a system adapted to society, they are taken up too slowly to design.

Does design intervene in public projects?

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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.

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What is the situation of design in Canada and elsewhere in the world?

It is faring well in Europe, especially in countries where the authorities encourage it. The best example is England, 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 discussion about the environment. But for all of the population to benefit from it would require an intimate collaboration among the three levels of government. We are still pretty far from this!

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.

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.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)
The arts are interdependent. The sources was great. Intentionally, the traditional, can realize, the rhythm was rapid, the in fact, there is no longer any cause to benefit of a wider and more general view. Academic categories were involved to the cern the conscience of everyone. As we sions, thus by time, it supposes a durable communication. Devoted to problems that sur- perspectives of Canadian creation; theatre, and song; exhibitions of painting, sculpture, and song; illustrations, and two important conferences 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 cultural programme, 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 material that has material and finally shows itself, to 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 worldly complacency and kind words suited to the occasion. If the Parisian 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 his opportunity to discover what Canada is, to feel the sheer force of it. Veritable and actual, Canada has never 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 lost to taking these qualities into consideration, they are noticing their error today, and in many areas we can regret their short-sightedness. 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 more obvious, 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 immaturity and much egoism, that for something to be universal it necessary had to be very unchangeable and very commonplace. 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 question and profound enough is 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)
The tapering appearance of the exterior of this monument, erected in 1801 according to the plans and specifications of abbé Pierre Confray, 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 popular country house 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 and transepts, giving a rhythm to the delicate interlacing of both sculpted and gilded wood. The Louis XVI arch is decorated in painted panels and especially with sculpted medallions that are unusually fine. In the centre of the sanctuary is the retable of the High altar: a masterpiece of composition is the large replica of the one which Father Augustin Quintal had planned in 1737 for the church at La Chenai, sculpted around 1745 by Gilles Bolvin. The two side altars in sculpted wood, painted and gilded, are the work of Louis Quévillon and were executed in 1802. The pulpit, which is perfectly arranged by the same sculptor and dates back to 1803, do the two bas-reliefs in sculpted wood that are situated on both sides of the central tableau entitled The Repose of the Holy Family, a copy made in 1819 by J.-B. Roy-Audy from a painting attributed to Carle Van Loo.

In 1964, the Department of Cultural Affairs, through its Committee of Historical Monuments, officially classed this church among its historical monuments and recognized, through two successive grants, the work of conservation and restoration which had already been undertaken since 1958, but more completely since 1969, under the direction of architect Claude Beaulieu, at a point when the architecture and decoration of this church had first to be freed of unfortunate characteristics and cumbersome additions. The restoration consisted essentially in replacing the galleries on the sides and those of the rood-loft near the organ, in restoring the transepts to their original condition and refitting the aisles, in putting up gilded pulpits back in the nave, and, in the sanctuary, freeing the two magnificent windows obstructed by niches, in removing the numerous plaster statues, in restoring the altar-piece of the side altar of Saint-Généreux, in changing the lighting of the sanctuary and the nave, in repainting the choir and the nave while conserving certain basic tonalities, in achieving a careful balance in all of the decoration, by carefully refitting the sanctuary according to the new liturgical needs.

All this work was executed with a refined sense of art and an immense respect for the original work. The predominant colours, blue, buff, and gold harmonize with the sculpted wood gilding once more in the light which now streams from the four finely paneled windows. 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 (1826) after J. Monnet. All the panelling, mouldings, foliated scrolls and holmbees have been restored, the window reveals lengthened, the balustrade completely; the lighting arrangement was modified according to an 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 confessors could not have been replaced by those relegated to the sacristy. It is also a shame that the interventions of the sanctuary were treated as the outside doors which were restored by a master. We might also have regrets over the too deep royal blue of the tabernacle carpet, the fragile armchair for the celebrants and the truncated seats were retained in the enclosure of the sanctuary, but we must admit that the altarpiece of the side altar facing the people which an astute clergyman was able to spot in time. This is a magnificent tomb in the Roman fashion, of sculpted and gilded pine; for a long time the property of the sisters of the Congregation, no doubt, it came from a chapel of a religious order in Old Montreal.

It is often very difficult to arrange a period sanctuary according to the new liturgical standards without radically destroying the equilibrium of an architectural volume and the unity of the whole; every church in which, for example, the area for the celebration of a service today is more than a piece of furniture but still it must be integrated into the whole. In the Boucherville church, the second altar, of a rare quality, is a favouritement of Historical Monuments; it serves as a majestic Eucharistic Reservation. In other respects, the area for spoken pronouncements has been reduced to its simplest expression and is too small! An area is more than a piece of furniture! Group celebration of a service today includes the liturgy of the Eucharist, but the solemnity of the liturgy is perhaps more the importance of the spoken liturgy is increasing. The sanctuary of the Sainte-Famille church has really only one foyer! In considering everything, however, and maintaining my reservations, I also feel that nothing else could have been done without compromising something essential.

Considering the difficulties inherent in any restoration, the Boucherville church, by the excellence of the complete results is a remarkable success, and its influence could even be increased if the Committee of Historical Monuments succeeded in grouping around it a few of the very old, typically Canadian houses that are abandoned and falling into ruin at the entrance to the village. We would thus have the "historical Boucherville town square"; but that must be done with a full colour! And the Frenchmen will set fire to one of these unguarded houses must be thinking in similarly unreasonable terms!

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)
sheep and pigs, turkeys, chickens and eggs no bigger than ants. The scale or the smallest — made, like miniature pips, of hard ceramic — is so minute that market-women 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 and the infant Jesus, with Mary and the child; an overweight angelbrings 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-mâché show off their skill and fantasy. Not only the figures vary in size, but various 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-mâché 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 kinfolk, picnicking on their graves in the cemeteries. The market stalls are filled with Commissioner 2, and on this day he is saluted like an old friend. For some days before the fiesta, families set up stalls in the streets to sell little animals, grinning skulls and coffins, glowing baskets of miniature fruit and all sorts of other wild and wonderful objects modeled in colored cardboard. Turn the handle and the cortege is a kinetic toy funeral of gaily painted straws and colored paper, their heads and the serpent appear and reappear.

Images like these go back to the remote pre-Columbian past, as do the fired-clay whistles in the shape of birds. Nativty 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, recall Walt 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 art museum, has set up a committee to encourage the folk-art in his state. They award prizes and diplomas for the best work submitted at the great fiestas, with 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 yellow enameled red or purple, singing-tops and whistles of painted tin, sword-brandishing demons, a clay pig-buggy with flowery glaze, a rag-doll dressed up for a 1910 garden-party.

Best of all, a tiny pinch made from a pecan shell, Remove his snout, insert a live fly, replace the snout and watch him roll his eyes. He's a joke, a minute joke in the sly, deprecating 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 helping a car to pick her up and protect her from the pursuit of her lover. 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 Menerbes leads to a venture that is still astonishing. Because Françoise Gilot is horrified by the scorpions that swarm in her lover's house. 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-Cuttioli, 'the great friend,' as Gilot calls her, surprises 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 Vaucloise, persuades Picasso to rent the house of the engraver, Louis Port, at Golfe-Juan. That house was the very place where in February of that year, 1946, he had found peace of mind for the life together. But Picasso was hard pressed to work in the tiny house. The compulsion 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 to 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 Bravassi. "One day, on the beach, I met the curator of the palace. Tidily he asked me for a drawing... People are always asking me for drawings. I said to him: "What? 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 preferable that I paint something there..." 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 the story, except that he believes that he was the first to suggest the Chateau as an atelier. In her memoirs Françoise Gilot gives a little more 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 banks of the Seine. This 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 Cuttoli, welcome him, and also Cézanne, Goethe, 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 the creative activity which had been abandoned previously to the Second World War, 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 be in the Picasso museum. In the meantime at Mougins, which Paul Eluard introduced him to — and where he lives today with his second wife Jacqueline Roque — he spent his first summer with Dora Maar. Madame Cuttoli has a handsome portrait of the young woman, painted at this time, one of the very first. He represents her still with short hair, as she had to him and added he had seen her for the first time at the Deux-Magots, "but already with the false plait wrapped around her head" that she wore "while she let her hair grow out for a moment captures its essence."

Picasso's relations with the Mediterranean have been very productive. As early as 1939, they have been revealed in those monstrous, deformed women, issues of the depths of the sea, where mythology was born. "Le Rapt", that he painted then, introduces into his bestiary "its intelligent fervour" and discloses in its quest those intuitions "which haunted the mind of the first mortal men and their children of prehistoric times".

So Picasso gives way to the totality of man. His work encompasses it, is a commentary on it, and in its most passionate moments captures its essence.

At Antibes, in August 1944, "it is love that unfurls and gushes out in symbols of joy. The war is a nightmare that is being forgotten. La Souchère has finally made it possible for him to work. He throws himself passionately into his work. In the few photographs we would not be able to describe the work that, from July to January, he executed with a prodigious rapidity. Paper, canvas, plywood and fibro-cement serve to support 36 oils, or oils and enamels; some of very large dimensions: the "Joie de Vivre" of 120 x 250 centimeters and the triptych "Satyre, femme et centaure" of 250 x 360, and in addition there are thirty drawings.

No other museum possesses a work of such perfect unity. In five months, carried away in a whirlwind of happiness, of pleasure, with an incredible virtuosity he expresses the log-book of his life. To be sure, "La Souchère" is not "Ulysses" and "the Demoiselles d'Avignon", he set out to "reach an absolute point summing up the universe and man, and painting after him is going to become a magical art seeking origins; it will attempt to force appearances to deliver the secrets of its substance. At Antibes Picasso does not depart from this search. On the contrary. He lives there in that light that permitted Cézanne to pull out the essentials of a landscape at the expense of its momentary appearance. "La Femme étranglée", he say, refers to the momentary appearance to the more ancient and immovable, "la composition", "La Femme Couchée" bear witness to that sobriety that purifies to the point of severity the burning eroticism of the works of auburn."

Prompted by a Dionysian impulse Picasso throws pell-mell, centaurs, mae­nades, 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, "La Joie de Vivre", that he painted at Antibes, "an indisputable happiness. The deities that he uses emphasize his bliss in love: Antibes is the only time when there is any kind of relief in the almost permanent tension, between violence and death, which forms the thread of Picasso's work. Even the many "Maternités" after the birth of his son Paulo, also have nothing about them but his abandons 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 refuses to continue to show them, except to Picasso's friends. Eluard, Françoise Gilot, Marie Cuttoli, and the still life which has just been born for posterity. "Ulysses" and "the Sirens" have been revealed. Picasso has never authorized that any piece be brought in the place, without being broken. "All right", agrees Picasso, "you could have made it possible for him to work. He recaptured there his desire to work, and he recaptured there the creative activity which had been abandoned on the banks of the Seine."

In the years that followed, Marie Cuttoli asked that Picasso be made an honorary citizen of Antibes. This served as a prelude to the decision taken in 1967, on the suggestion of the curator La Souchère, to transform the castle that was then dedicated to the Grimaldi family, the Picasso museum.

Vallauris also has important works of Picasso: a bronze: "L'Homme au mouton" and "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 city of Cannes, and in front of it the open sea, and at sunset there is the Cap d'Antibes where Picasso lived. An adroit museum administration enriched it with important works: a beautiful one by Steal, an Atlan, sculptures by Gerberich Richter enriched in the open air or near a murmuring fountain in the shade of a patio.

But let us return to Picasso, the master of the place. What we see here is an incomparable unity, time, place, and inspiration are united as in a classical tragedy. And Picasso realizes this so well that he has never authorized any piece to be removed from the museum. Even for his great retrospective in Paris in 1967, the rule could not be broken. Uncompromising, Picasso will tell those who want him to yield: "If you want to see the Antibes Picassos you will have to come to Antibes."

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)