Texts in English

Yvonne Kirbyson
Poets of the urban world in the future?

By Andrée 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. What will be the 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 the planning 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 clear and coherent artistic decision 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 so 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's small community, the one it preserves, and the one it gets from the past only to the extent to which they thought of themselves as its heirs and transformers. Before denying it, they affirmed their right to possess it completely. This feeling of belonging explains why the Automatist school in Montreal, oriented itself so insistently and fervently towards the Middle Ages. I think that history will note that Montreal Automatism, while fully assuming its aesthetic role, was first, for a time, historically necessary. Neither Borduas or his friends implemented the essential part of the Automatist message of Breton; but, what use did Breton himself make of his doctrine? To what extent was it adapted to the pictorial experience? What was the meaning of the psychological to and fro from Breton displayed in his relationship with the Montreal school. How could a person whose mind was structured in such a classical manner as his, enamoured of grammatical forms, sensitive especially to imperceptible allusions 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, the one he has found in the collection of Réfus 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 of the universe. It was a complete refusal of war, a re-
fusil 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 especially thick and heavy kind of painting, 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 at once 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)

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 canoes, on horseback, by foot and snowshoe. Kane went from Toronto to Victoria and back, in constant danger 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 the like. 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 Robert de Courcy. 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 and 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, in 1833, there was not one of our greatest artists who had 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 buffalo — the savage and his forest wigwam — Légaré ignored the challenge. It was Kriehoff 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 then Quebec and Kane began his career by decorating furniture in Conger's Toronto furniture factory, switched later to tavern doors and then went on to laboriously painting crude portraits which delighted the middle class merchants, doctors and lawyers.

Artistic training in Canada was virtually non-existent. Ontario had even fewer painters then Quebec and Kane began his career by decorating furniture in Conger's Toronto furniture factory, switched later to tavern doors 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 closest Toronto 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 Plamondon'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 ambivalent. He crossed the American border, paid his way down the Mississippi to New Orleans and later painted the portrait of a river boat captain when he lost his money, and then spent a year of portrait painting in Mobile, Alabama.

Kane, with replenished finances, sailed from New Orleans to Marseilles. It was the beginning of a European visit which lasted less than two years. That first winter of 1841-2 he copied old masters in Rome. Théophile Hamel from Quebec was there that same year to begin his European training. Hamel wrote home of exciting parties where he danced with girls from London and Edinburgh. Kane put off merrymaking until the following spring when he relaxed in that "noisy and favourite place", Naples. Late that same year he went to London and saw George Catlin's celebrated collection of canvases of Indians from the American west. There Kane suddenly found his own milieu, his true vocation. The chief of the Crée, Mackinac Island refused to pose until the artist promised to show the portrait to Queen Victoria. Macketa he declared the ugliest man he had ever seen; the sketch confirms it but when he repainted his portrait, he turned the savage and his forest wigwam into the man with ribbons and silver ornaments which removed some of the fearsome qualities. Romantic wigwam encampments and Indians spearing trout by torchlight caught his eye. At Sault Ste. Marie, John Ballenden, the Hudson's Bay Co. factor, declared Kane mad to even consider a solitary sketching trip to the Pacific. The factor arranged a meeting between the artist and Sir George Simpson, the company governor living in Montreal. Simpson was a colourful figure; he visited the north-western posts annually and arranged for Kane to return to his HBC post as an Indian piper to play as he crossed the vast western regions. The skirt of bagpipes echoing over the prairies must have hypothetically many an Indian. Simpson, liked Kane. He offered him free transportation in the company canoes and free board and lodging. But Simpson's only type of painting then in demand was Grenouille's attack on murals he had painted to the great conference room used by company officials for parleys with Indian chieftains. 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 painted on the back. She was bolder in fact: they harnessed the 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 canoe brigade that same autumn of 1846 as it hurried from Edmonton to the head of Lake Athabaska. The journey of 1100 miles down the Saskatchewan was the first range of the Rockies in a continual race against coming winter. From the
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 stories of her past. Among the more memorable was 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 a critical year when President Fillmore was busy with the first of two British politicians, with his hand on 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 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 American and Russian fur traders. The St. Helens eruption, the last active volcano in North America. There were Indian canoe burials to record as well as the American and Russian fur traders. 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. He wrote a book on his travels, Wanderings of an Artist, first published in 1848. An exhibition of these objects our ancestors used, skillfully made, with aesthetic concerns, forming part of our heritage, invite us to do better; this will afford craftsmanship its due place. Such is the basis for the Toronto Dominion Bank, a collection of Eskimo art. In 1969, a few years ago with the Chase Bank and Oviond, 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. In 1971, they set up a collection of Canadian contemporary art. The Rothman's Company subsidized exhibitions of sculptors of Quebec and Ontario, as well as a museum of traditional Canadian painting in Stratford. Let us give 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 Le Doux, Le Tria, etc. . . . The endeavour of the Benson and Hedges Company is clearly more up to date. No doubt the idea of painting on walls is not new. Le Doux had expressed the wish to see such a street in the city painted blue, another yellow. Vasarely again took up the idea in Art and Plasticity. In the last few months, several

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 to a new appreciation of our history and to a reaction against the dictating Harper University. These objects our ancestors used, skillfully made, with aesthetic concerns, forming part of our heritage, invite us to do better; this will afford craftsmanship its due place. Such is the basis for the Montreal Macdonald Stewart Collection which was established and exhibited at Terra des Hommes last year. 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-fashioned dishes appearing in this country in the colonial period. While 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 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 to say that joining the campaign of the well-known collector, David Stewart, and the Macdonald Stewart Company is a rich and valuable collection.

(Abridgment by Yvonne Kirbys)

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, Monadjib, Dery, 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, by the Chamber of Commerce, the C.I.L., and industrial companies. The United States set the tone a few years ago with the Chase Bank and Oviond, 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. In Montreal, C.I.L set up a collection of Canadiant contemporary art. The Rothman's Company subsidized exhibitions of sculptors of Quebec and Ontario, as well as a museum of traditional Canadian painting in Stratford. Let us give 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 Le Doux, Picard Le Tria, etc. . . . The endeavour of the Benson and Hedges Company is clearly more up to date. No doubt the idea of painting on walls is not new. Le Doux had expressed the wish to see such a street in the city painted blue, another yellow. Vasarely again took up the idea in Art and Plasticity. In the last few months, several
The murals

In Montreal, Coward chose to accentuate the height by controlled trickles of paint whose distribution in space 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 serenely variegated scene.

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 pretence, almost naive, Déry brings gentleness and spontaneity; he changes our visual habits without shocking, by his luminous presence an achingly familiar thing.

Montpetit reveals himself to be more ambitious than Déry, multiplying the series of six colours. 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.

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 subordinated to the background colored with a dozen hues. Trapezoidal shapes, with the forms of a grid, cut the top part of the wall and strike an unexpected note.

The third Toronto mural is signed Raynor. 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 rest 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 art is an antidote to the chaos of the modern world, and harmony, strike 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 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 the search for subject. To the necessity of enlarging the model, the artist risks falling into the decorative. Nor is the solution of the aesthetic problem within the artist's sphere. 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 is 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, it is 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, in the exchange tended by the people and the networks of those we call "artists"? Perhaps. Would it be in the creation of works from 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 following paragraphs remain to be developed. 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 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 silver 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, 2 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 marvelous work, 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 working with a feline-like grace, like a homecoming, like a pilgrimage to one's origins.

She has a very acute 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". Micheline 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 Beauchemins, 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 as an assistant 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 every day, 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 quest of one's soul. 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 des Beaux-Arts.

In 1958 she returned home. More determined 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 to buy wool. I was very depressed. I recall it as a very difficult period. I was neither funny nor sociable. I also found a job in the costume department at Radio Canada but I regretted every hour away from tapsteries."

In 1959 she held her first one-woman exhibition in 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 to buy wool. I was very depressed. I recall it as a very difficult period. I was neither funny nor sociable. I also found a job in the costume department at Radio Canada but I regretted every hour away from tapsteries."

Two years later, the Arts Council granted her a bursary. She left again. Destination: Japan. Because of the Immense Looms, Japanese craftsmen have developed special, 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, they 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 Kawasaki Orimono 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..."
Perhaps some misprint obscured his thought. The same day, and in the same newspaper, Jacques Bergeron, who had written 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 "figure of the canvas," for he was a "Saguenay citizen who is honourably earning a living with his digging in 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 art who quickly made a deal. A contract was signed. Mr. Waddington last week has ended all discussion. The newspapers immediately took over by the primitive artist of Chicoutimi at Art Galleries were "very pleased to exceed it. Back on January 15th, dealer George Waddington, for two

On February 28, 1961, the Progrès du Saguenay published a photograph representing Monsieur and Madame 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 judgment 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, "Saguenay?", Yves Lasnier, "A marvellous exhibition in Montreal," and Albert Tremblay in La Presse, "A douanier Rousseau." On March 8th, the Progrès du Saguenay was to retrieve 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. 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 work whose expression 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 were reached by this event, which is known however, lets us imagine it. The ebb and the flow come from the same place. He who lets his imagination run, has previously been able to learn his hatreds from the same source. This source, moreover, is well known. It is a cultivated culture that is called naive because it revealed, arising out of the working class, the existence of a 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 allow them to have a job, the conditions or leisure permitted the barber, customs officer or postman. Not even that. Listen to Yvon Deschamps, you will see.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

NOTES
1. "In what year did you seriously work at painting?" asked Gilles Goyette, who worked in journalism himself. "In 1957, answered Ville­ neuve, I decided to make a career of it. I devoted more than five hours a day to painting". "Arthur Vil­leneuve: that's nothing to say" in Le Phare (Chicoutimi), Jan. 30, 1963, p. 7.
2. The Soleil (Quebec) of August 10, 1959, soberly signals the event.
3. "The Artist's Museum interests the council" in Le Soleil, dated only summer 1958. The Villeneuve documentation. Edmund Allyn, Stanley Cosgrove, and Alfred Pelland are the artists most frequently men­tionned in relation to Villeneuve in his documentation.
10. According to the wording on the invitation card.
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 veunted main entrance at 305 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 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 design for magazines 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, that is, for the proper ingredients to be mixed 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 drafted 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-Merquat-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 as well, 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 metro trains. The most office, which never grants contracts to a firm but to individual graphists, entrusted to Laurent Marquart specifically, the creation of two stampons, now issued. The knowledge of architecture and related fields which 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; aerocontract 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 largest building of Nun’s Island for 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 interior arrangement of the metro cars 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 establishment, league, factory, shop, commercial 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 criterion of judgement for the design of objects, of which the aesthetic, social, practical application; its objective is to serve the needs of 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. Does 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 aesthetics of form, or both, 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 style with a certain archaizing, 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 far 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 activities, nothing that affects man, in order that the products for 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 vision and 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 traveling between Montreal and Ste-Anne de Bellevue. The ordinary approach would have been:

"Let us make a train and put passengers on it".

"Let us make a newspaper vending machine, we studied for what we consider to be important. What does the public say?"

Only an informed public can react, and 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. 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 stipulated 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?

Ridiculously! 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 less valid 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 for a moment of the electronic "arm" - which is psychologically harmful isn't it?

If a designer must work alongside the town planner, 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 in the financing plan. We can thus know in advance 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 and they sank into an already prepared system, instead of developing their own ideas within the team of many specialists, including the designer.

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 too much talk 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.

In Quebec, the University of Montreal has opened a section "Town planning, development, and design". There will be more and more valuable designers.

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, which is far away, someone will 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 to consider the greatest possible number of designers, to make them 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.

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 – where diversity and contrast are present. It is pleasant and harmonious, but not easily accessible. Articulated in such a way that each activity finds a favourable space there, and also specific or flexible at will, comfortable. It is physically pleasing. But this ease would not be a criterion of quality in itself. In this sector of the centre, Guy Vlaminckson, who is trying to apply this in the best possible way, assisted in his task by Guy Plamondon, 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 stabilizes it. 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 only some sort of humus, 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 Parisians of every description visited it, but the displays were equally numerous and varied: music in its classical, contemporary, and popular aspects; recitals, concerts, and song; 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: publicity 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 interact. If their influences 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 Parisians 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 dynamism that animates it.

Maurice Fleury, a 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 countryside is totally 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 concepts. 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 conventional program, which may be acceptable 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 been finally shown, 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 compliments 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 the opportunity to discover what Canada is, to feel the sheer force of it. Very often — like so many chasubles woven in gold that are in great demand these days, or like so many second-hand dealers and ravenous antique dealers the most precious works of liturgical art that have gone astray among all the shoddy and imitable 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. And many sculpted wood candlesticks, rare bronzes, or even these beautiful chasubles woven in gold that are in great demand these days with flamboyant hips, degrading what is sacred! One only has to go into any chic living room to discover some of that chubiness. Or 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 not ask more of them) have succeeded in restoring the gracious interior of this church and adapt-
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 paneling, modillions, foliated scrolls and holmies have been restored, the window reveals lengthened, the balustrade completed; the lighting arrangement was made in accordance with 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 confessional could not have been replaced by those relegated to the sacristy. It is also a shame that the incident in the arch of the sidedoors was not treated as the outside doors which were restored by a master. We might also have regrets over the too deep royal blue of the sanctuary carpet, the fragile armchairs for the celebrants and the truncated seats were retained in the enclosure of the sanctuary, but most must admire the new 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 spoken liturgy is increased. The sanctuary, but most must admire the new 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.

In considering everything, however, and maintaining my reservations, I 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 result is a remarkable success, and its influence could easily be increased if the Committee of Monumental Arts is persuaded that 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, in full colour! And the young people who 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 picts, 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 with both handles, Mary carries 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-mâché show off their skill and fantasy. Not only the animals vary in size, but flowers, plants, 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 paper-mâché are the masks and mules and horsies 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, in imitation of their relatives who live in Mexico, 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 lignosugar. 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 hearse 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, cares for 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 impersonation of the factory man. Some of the tiny jugs are a bit crooked, the red-headed doll wears her lipstick off-centre, the green horse with the yellow and pink cart has one ear somewhat chewed. And I'm afraid to straighten the leg of a metal bed for fear of breaking it. All of which makes it comforting to relate to the toys, in a way that's impossible with factory products. Not only does reduction in scale make the original artifacts more immediately intelligible, but the reduction itself has been humankind achieved.

Like all folk-art, Mexican toys repeat certain obsessive motifs. The death's head and the serpent appear and disappear. 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 slick 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, like the Day of the Dead. They also sell 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 wheeling wheels of painted tin, sword-brandishing demons, a clay piggy-bank with flowery glaze, a rag-doll dressed up for a garden-party. Best of all, a tiny picado made from a pecan shell, a tambor, a zither, a fly with those gold wings would be a miracle indeed.

If chance has played a part in the story, everything here is nonetheless ultimately consistent with Picasso's affinity for nature. Picasso's love affair with the Mediterranean is long standing. He loved it with the passion of love at first sight. Cézanne, a life-long friend of Picasso's, did not stop visiting the Mediterranean, but it was only in 1920 that their meeting occurred. For the first time he comes to Juan-les-Pins and discovers that the country-side to Picasso and the, door closed, thinks: "There is a great master who has at last found his place."

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 pursuit of the 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 success that swarms around her. He hesitates to tie up her life any longer with Picasso, Antibes, and the world, but is to be endowed with an amazing museum. Marie Cuttoli, "the great friend," as Françoise 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 Vauclose, 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 Dora Maar for their life together. 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 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 Brassaï. "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—why?" 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 fibro-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 little importance: Dor de la Souchère hands over the keys of the hotel to Picasso and, the door closed, thinks: "There is a great master who has at last found his place."

If chance has played a part in the story, everything here is nonetheless ultimately consistent with Picasso's affinity for nature. Picasso's love affair with the Mediterranean is long standing. He loved it with the passion of love at first sight. Cézanne, a life-long friend of Picasso's, did not stop visiting the Mediterranean, but it was only in 1920 that their meeting occurred. For the first time he comes to Juan-les-Pins and discovers that the country-side that greets him is that which he had painted before, as though by predestination. 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 fibro-cement. And I painted frescoes for them..."
by little the roots that he had anchored in the soil of Spain to transplant them on the Mediterranean. Picasso's 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 Camus, Goethe-Juan, and Monte-Carlo, Mougin, 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 years before. It was there, 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 Éluard introduced to him,—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 recently appeared to him when 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 before he let her grow out at Picasso's request".

Picasso's relations with the Mediterranean has been very productive. As early as 1927, 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 the centaur which, in 1946, is going to appear more frequently in his drawings and canvases. It is what Picasso calls antiquity when he speaks of it with Dor de la Souclère but an Antique that has in common with the Renaissance only an insatiable curiosity for discovery. An Antiquity that spans "all mythology, even primitive, and another which only Picasso can feel "involuntary" and discloses in its quest those intuitions "which haunted the mind of the first mortal man 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 1946, it is love that unfurls and gushes out in symbols of joy. The war is a nightmare that is being forgotten. La Souclère has finally made it possible for him to work. He throws himself passionately into his work. In the few years of peace we would not be able to describe the work that, from July to January, he executed with a prodigious rapidity. Paper, canvas, plywood and fibrocement serve to support 38 oils, or oils and enamels; some of very large dimensions such as the "Joie de Vivre" of 120x250 centimeters and the triptych "Satyre, femme et centaure" of 250x360, 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, the story of his painting is always only incidental. Since 1907 and the "Dernières 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 form new forces to delimit the universe, 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 éreintée" is one of the very first. He represented her still with short hair, as 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 before he let her grow out at Picasso's request".

Picasso returns to Antibes the following year. He advises La Souclère 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 Souclère then begins to place the painted panels but continues to refuse to show them, except to Picasso's friends, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Prévert, Éluard, Préver...

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 snowy chain of the Alps, and in front of it the open sea, and at sunset there is the Cap d'Antibes where is tucked away the villa of Marie Cuttoli. An adroit museum administration enriched it with important works: a beautiful one by Steal, an Atlan, sculptures by Germaine Richier erected 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 that any piece 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)