TEXTS IN ENGLISH

THE CHOICE BETWEEN A STONE WALL AND A BRIDGE

By Andrée PARADIS

Big exhibitions are expensive. Too expensive, some people say. This is a point of view. The other attitude consists of questioning oneself on their necessity and of finding the means to bring them about. This is the policy adopted by the two largest museums of the West, the Museum of the Louvre and the Metropolitan Museum, which have just announced a huge program of exchange: works, men, information, exhibitions prepared jointly and presented simultaneously in Paris and in New York. Thus, we shall be able to see, at the end of autumn 1973, the great tapestries of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance sharing the walls on both sides of the Atlantic and, the year after, it will be the turn of a first-rate exhibition of Impressionism.

The same necessity for interesting a public always more numerous and more demanding is present in the decisions of the National Gallery in Ottawa and obtains for us exceptionally large exhibitions such as that of Fontainebleau, the most important since those of Rubens and the Arts of the Courts of France and England. It goes without saying that other private Canadian museums would also support such programs if they were better maintained financially and morally.

It is not difficult to agree upon the necessity of large exhibitions. The attendance figures of the museums are eloquent. In 1947, a million visitors attended the Metropolitan in New York; in 1972, 3,500,000 visitors were recorded (the same number as at the Louvre). An increase of about five per cent a year therefore seems normal for museums which have a dynamic policy, which do not fear to innovate and which at the same time are concerned with educating and preserving. To democratize, to open the museums to all citizens, these are hollow words if they do not signify the basic purpose; to educate. We realize with regret that our Canadian museums lack personnel in the educational sectors. Only one or a handful of persons have to fulfill crushing tasks. For example, again, the Metropolitan, whose department of education counted four persons in 1967 and which has fifty in 1972. This is not luxury. These people educate in their turn the high school teachers who educate the pupils. And the wheel turns. And the museum is inhabited, alive; it is the place of the enriching experience where we can see, confront, read, reflect, refresh ourselves, write, live. Whether temple or community centre, it matters little, this question no longer exists.

The problem is to assure the life of the museum. The finest collections, the best presentations, information on recent experiments, audio-visual means, television, advertising techniques and even the computer, all these are very costly. Large funds, imagination and initiative are necessary for success. Otherwise, we are up against a stone wall and can progress no further.

We can never repeat enough the necessity of developing cultural sectors and the importance of the credits that must be given to them. Culture is a thing which is constructed like a bridge. With as much care, patience and savoir-faire.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)

FONTEINEBLEAU, TEMPLE OF ART

Philippe VERDIER

The Exhibition of the Fontainebleau School grouped in Paris, at the Grand-Palais, from October 18 to January 15, seven hundred five objects representing the plastic and decorative arts of the French Renaissance with a concentration on drawings and engravings, so valuable because they stake out the origin of the works and emphasize their repercussion and still more because they revive all those which have disappeared. Because, today, programs of decoration imagined at the palace of Fontainebleau by Le Rosso in a period of ten years — he died in 1540 — and by Le Primatice, invited in 1532, then by Niccolo dell'Abbate, right hand of Le Primatice from 1552 and for twenty years, the frescoes of the Pavillon of Pomona, of that of Stoves, of the Low Gallery, of the Room of the Baths, of the Grotto of Pines, of the cabinet and of the cabinet of Francis I, have disappeared and can no longer be recalled except through accounts, descriptions and graphic documents. Of the Chamber of the queen, Eleanor of Austria, there remains only the mantelpiece. The cruellest loss was that of the Ulysses Gallery, demolished in 1738-39, thus named because fifty-eight subjects of the story of Ulysses occupied the piers; on a length of one hundred fifty metres, the ceiling was divided into fifteen bays, painted on a background of grotesques, mythological subjects distributed symmetrically in cartouches. All we have to console ourselves for this loss is the Livre de Grotesques of Jacques Androuet

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du Cerceau, some water-colours of Rubens, some drawings and engravings of Van Thulden, and six paintings of Le Primatice or of his studio which copy the themes of the story of Ulysses and the Slaves of the Tomb of Julius II, the engravings of the fresco of the Last Judgment, and, at Fontainebleau itself, the marble Hercule, a work of youth (about 1492), mounted on a fountain beside the pond, which disappeared after 1714, and is now known only through a drawing attributed to Rubens, and the Leda and the Swan, painted in 1529-30, but already spoiled "by the spitefulness of time" before 1642 (Père Dan: Le Trésor des merveilles de la Maison royale de Fontainebleau), the big model of the Leda and the Swan, attributed to Le Rosso, was hung beside the Pietà, painted shortly after by Le Rosso for High Constable Anne de Montmorency, this comparison presenting sacrilege only by its exterior, since the sensual ecstasy of Leda, inconceivable except in a brief moment of value, is next to death and universal suffering.

The Fontainebleau School was under the control of the Italians, who had arrived in two waves at the head of large enterprises — first that of Le Rosso, of Luca Penni and of Le Primatice, who grafted onto the French stock the Italian mannerism which, since the death of Raphael, had been developing in Rome subsequent to the stanza of the Vatican and in the palaces of Mantua and Genoa. Niccolo dell'Abbate, a native of Bologna like Le Primatice, who combined in the same manner as his predecessors the instinct of the monumental with the feeling of ornamental writing in the decoration of large works, was in addition a landscape artist. He arrived twenty years after the pioneers, enriched by the exquisite cadences of the Parmesan. On Salvati and on Ruggiero de Ruggeri who followed him, we are reduced to guessing the subject of the Leda and the Swan, painted in 1642 (Père Dan: Le Trésor des merveilles de la Maison royale de Fontainebleau), to which the Leda and the Swan, painted in 1642 (Père Dan: Le Trésor des merveilles de la Maison royale de Fontainebleau), to which the Satyrs and besides they had already been sculpted on the tomb of Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, in the cathedral at Rouen, and on the pilasters of the palace of the prince-bishop of Liége, was not missing from the grotesques. The Indian feather masks are placed beside the grin of the satyrs and besides they had already been sculpted on the tomb of Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, in the cathedral at Rouen, and on the Pilasters of the palace of the prince-bishop of Liége.

Fontainebleau decoration, through a chain reaction, set the fashion for all decorative arts: tapestry and the work of goldsmiths, engraved armors, illuminated manuscripts, illustrated books, bindings and enamels. Engraving had to be the propaganda means par excellence of the explicit ideology of the manumissionists. The engravings of Dürer had introduced into the art of the High Renaissance in Italy the fateful "climax" which immediately caused it to deviate toward the anxiety of an unsatisfied spirituality of a rational definition of the image of man and of his soul, and to the appearance of an "art of Northern Europe," an "art of Limoges," in which, from 1520, the subject is almost never imagined any more but which is confined within the imitation of an engraved model, copy not only of the engraving but the "entrelacs" of Raphael and of northern raphaelism, but the masters of the family of the north: Schongauer, Lucas of Leyde.

Almost a third of the expedition of the Fontainebleau School presented in Paris is going to be on view at the National Gallery of Canada from the second of March to the fifteenth of April. We must congratulate ourselves that this exhibition, which took ten years of efforts to assemble and study, should take the road not of the United States on the American continent, following the route of very many preceding ones, but that of the capital of Canada, in the spirit of cultural cooperation achieved between France and Canada. The first school of painting which was set up in France, at the same time as the first explorations in New France, is coming to visit the friendly nation after a long historical detour. It was inevitable and fortunate that the Fontainebleau School should establish itself in Canada. Dedicated to the universal, which is the most authentic French tradition, had a need in the arts of Italian contribution, which represented a form of higher civilization, in order to enter more completely into the current of European reasoning at the time. In the better linguistic and religious studies which had taken in France, stride without precedent since the return of Francis I from his captivity in Madrid.

Fontainebleau, royal hunting lodges in the Middle Ages, offered its favorable climate, its cultural tabula rasa to the artists and its history rich in legend. It was an ideal place to test the new French mythology. An Olympus of a grace and a fantasy without known ancestors and without posterity came down to bring life to the new walls. An original ideal of feminine beauty became incarnate in the nude bodies of women, huntresses and swimmers, long and pearly, with coiled gilded hair, too much beauty became incarnate in the nude bodies of women, huntresses and swimmers, long and pearly, with coiled gilded hair, too much...
The year 1972 marks for the artist his permanent attachment to painting. In a little
village of the lower part of the river (at Cacouna, more exactly) where he was living
for the last year, Prévost painted about forty canvases, of which about thirty were exhib-
ited in the Moreno Gallery last autumn. The blossoming of the form which his painting reflects is partially explained by his education (town-planning and fine arts). But
the astonishing fact remains that he should have reached after a few rough sketches —
qualifying them himself as "Sunday painting" — the point of producing coherent and per-
sonal works. And this in spite of the almost instinctive comparing which we do, a priori
with Jean-Paul Lemieux (whose influence he does not deny, as well as that of Wyeth and
of Colville). The awareness he has of this will then favour a thoroughness of his re-
search since different intentions preside at the point of departure. The material which he uses almost exclu-
sively, today, is water-colour. This limits his work to canvases of small dimensions; they
cause the spectator to look attentively at each detail of the work without, for all that, losing
the whole from view. This evidence, which might seem commonplace brings no less,
in this case, a major importance: each element being a symbol and, in this frame (the canvas) they are significant each in relationship to the other; this thematic reading pro-
vides the understanding of the work. Thus, Saint Denys, in the water-colour which bears
the same name, is deprived of his mitre and has no head. He does not exist, or, if you will,
he lives in the appearance which his clothing presents. A return to the years of youth among
the Jesuits. His characters are, furthermore, most of the time, without a face (without
being), otherwise the faces are blurred, indiscernible. By means of them one is referred
to the social strata which they symbolize (Les Notables, Le Bracconnier, Le Bedeau). This
coldness of vital absence joins with the ex-panses covered with snow as far as the eye
can see and with the sky neutralized to the greatest degree. Total uniformity, because
vertical forces are silent. Even the protagon-
ists who lead us to suppose, by their position
in space, that their view is directed toward
other characters (often in a unilateral way) do
not communicate: a powerful and nihilistic
look. Powerful, when the child (in Le Départ)
is going toward the horizon without an exit
because it is too immense. Nihilistic, in Schisme,
when the bishop looks at the char-
acters and when, in a parallel direction, the
distance seems to increase with the group.
There is in that a deeper denunciation than
that of the hierarchical church, being itself,
when it is all said and done, a copy of what
remains intrinsic in society.
This universe of solitude and silence is
close to that of Lemieux. But it is brought by the relationship
in his perception of the world (Prévost speaks of "a same sensitivity") is embodied dif-
ferently in painting. As much by the medi-
loussness with which he paints — should we not see in the angular folds of the garments? — as by the surrealism which trans-
pirses from it (shadows under a sky without
sun, for example).
Other elements graft themselves to this
theme, but elements which always resolve
to the same symbol. In this sense Jeux
des enfants possesses, at its source, an
ambivalence made up of phenomena of attrac-
tion and rejection or, at the least, of a ques-
tioning of the innocence of their games. This is not without recalling certain verses of Saint-
Denys Garnier (whom he knew well):
They have a snare
With an incredible stubbornness
They did not leave you
Before having won you.
Then they left you
The treacherous ones abandoned you
Ran away laughing!

The compositions of Prévost are inscribed
equally very well in the romantic universe of
Anne Hébert (c.f. Kamouraska). Their com-
on origin determine the similarity of their
works — transposed in a different medium.
The awareness of emptiness will influence
him to suppress completely the separation
between earth and sky. In Les Notables,
there is no longer the slightest spacial reference,
outside a fence of barbed wire; a plastic
requirement first, but, especially, a semiologi-
cal importance which it is easy to imagine.
In closing, let us speak of the exception
which proves the rule: Le Bedeau. This bust,
hemmed in a closed environment (a belfry),
is completely impersonal. One perceives it as
element of the setting. In this work, Prévost
continues in some way the question which he
has already raised, to know a dehumanized
world like this conflict of appearances and
reality. And, through a graph conditioned by
his childhood, he reinstates, once more,
existing uneasiness. The imaginary carries
him away. Poetic work above all.
(Translation by Mildred Grand)

SILENCE AND REALITY

By Pierre DUPUIS

The year 1972 marks for the artist his permanent attachment to painting. In a little
village of the lower part of the river (at Cacouna, more exactly) where he was living
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he lives in the appearance which his clothing presents. A return to the years of youth among

(1) Regards et jeux dans l'espace, in Complete Poems,
Fides, p. 45.
AN UNAPPRECIATED PAINTER

By Paul DUMAS

Painters of quality are not always recognized or in style. The opposite proposition, knowing that painters in style are not always good, is perhaps equally true. Meissonier, Bouguereau, Gérome, Detaille, Dulac and Alma-Tadema, so much praised in their time, are much forgotten today. Among the eminent artists of Canada, James Wilson Morrice was recognized only after his death and Ozias Leduc, who died in his nineties, knew fame only at the end of his life, thanks to the enthusiasm of his pupil, Paul-Emile Borduas and Maurice Gagnon, the critic. Such good enthusiasm of his pupil, the public of their country forgets them or does not recognize them and the younger critics do not even know their name. It is the privilege of connoisseurs to find them, to rediscover them or to remember them. Jori Smith, Jack Beder, Benoit East, William Armstrong, Allan Harrison are among these.

The career of Allan Harrison was eventful and woven with contradictions. Of a middle-class family and grandson through his mother of a well-to-do manufacturer, he early chose adventure and emancipated ideas, but did not find satisfaction in this political awareness. A man of taste who believed that perfection is found in simplicity as it should be, he created posters and design of the first rank in the domain of advertising. He was therefore classified, labelled once and for all as a designer, when he was first of all a painter and wished to be and considered himself as such.

A Montrealer, Allan Harrison belongs to this little group of artists faithful to what is real who, after Morrice, have fought academism and have defended the cause of living art: John Lyman, Goodridge Roberts, Philip Sutley, Stanley Cosgrove, Jori Smith, Jack Beder, Eldon Greer, who are unified under the vague label, Montreal School. Allan Harrison was born in Montreal in 1911. At the age of fourteen, he went to work at harvesting in Saskatchewan and, for two years, he travelled in the West and on the Pacific coast, going as far as Panama and, from there, to Cuba. On his return to Montreal, he found employment in the shop of a sign painter and took evening courses in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, where he drew from the antique. A small inheritance from his grand mother allowed him to go to New York where he diligently followed the teaching of Kimon Nikolades at the Art Student League. He also had the opportunity of admiring the exhibitions of Matisse and other great contemporaries, which decided him in his choice of vocation. Back in Montreal, he attended L'Atelier, an art school directed by John Lyman and André Biéler, where he fulfilled the duties of student in charge. In 1933-1934, thanks to a small grant, he spent some time in Europe and divided this between London and Paris. In London he studied particularly in museums, in the British Museum, at the National Gallery, at the Tate Gallery; he worked in advertising. He had a licence and took a job as a clerk in a two art galleries. He met people such as Wyndham Lewis and Louis Marcoussis and, on Sunday, he attended lectures on political science that Harold Laski gave at his home. In Paris, he took classes in sketching at the Colossi studio and at the Grande-Chaumière and he often went to the Louvre and the Jeu-de-Paris Museum. There he acquired as well a good knowledge of French which he has still retained since that time.

Having returned to Montreal, he found employment for a year as a salesman at the Scott Gallery, then located in the building which the 400 Restaurant was later to occupy. He made a living doing so and for a time he took up commercial art. He returned briefly to France in 1938, travelling on foot from Lyons to Marseilles, and brought back several beautiful sketches and water-colours. In 1939, he became, as he puts it, "a Sunday painter", being occupied all week by his advertising work. At this time, he became connected with many artists: John Lyman, Goodridge Roberts, Alexandre Bercovitch, Jean Palardy, Jacques Lhote studio for some time in Paris. In London he studied particularly in advertising. He returned briefly to France in 1938, travelling on foot from Lyons to Marseilles, and brought back several beautiful sketches and water-colours. In 1939, he became, as he puts it, "a Sunday painter", being occupied all week by his advertising work. At this time, he became connected with many artists: John Lyman, Goodridge Roberts, Alexandre Bercovitch, Jean Palardy, Jacques Lhote studio for some time in Paris. In 1946, he spent some time in Brazil where he met Arpad Szenes and Vieira da Silva, who had taken refuge there during the war. He found them again in Paris in 1947-1948 and worked with them. From there, he often went to Rome where he became acquainted with Renato Guttuso, Emilio Greco. Back in Canada in 1949, he went soon to New York, where he would remain until 1959 and where, not allowing himself to be absorbed by his advertising work, he would draw with enthusiasm. He lived for some time in the famous Chelsea Hotel and he had the opportunity of meeting many artists — Franz Kline, the de Koonings and, naturally, Paul-Emile Borduas. In 1956 he returned to France and Italy, attended the Andre Lhote studio for some months and made excellent sketches in the cities of Paris, Nice, Carcassonne which he exhibited at Agnès Lefort's in 1957.

He came back to Montreal in 1959, taught graphic art at Sir George Williams University from 1961 to 1965, then drawing and graphic art at the University of Quebec, from 1969 to 1972 where he also gave a course in Architecture at McGill University in 1971 and 1972.

Allan Harrison took part in several collective exhibitions in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Rio de Janeiro and Jerusalem and held solo exhibitions at the Museum of Fine Arts, Montreal, the National Gallery of Canada, the Institution of Architecture of Rio de Janeiro (1947), at the Agnès Lefort Gallery (1957), at Macdonald College of McGill University (1957) and at the library of McGill University (1957). Since 1964, he has been painting more and more actively.

Allan Harrison recognizes the fact that he is "not a prolific painter", and he adds: "I know also that I am not a revolutionary painter and that I have always loved good traditional art, from Corot to Cézanne, from Matisse to Marquet and Vuillard. And, perhaps, due to circumstances, I have always thought that in my case I had to attach more importance to quality than to quantity. I have spent half my life hating the superficial character of academism and today I deplore the notion that simple decorative compositions are accepted as abstract art. I was preoccupied for years by the problem of the world of three dimensions. I admire the mystery of which Vuillard had, while still doing away with it partially."

Aside from Vuillard, Allan Harrison admires Giorgio Morandi, Marquet, Manessier, Vieira da Silva, Arpad Szenes and several other painters; he has an ecletic taste and he is faithful to what he admires. His work consists of oils, water-colours, pastels, drawings in charcoal and ink. Spread over thirty years, it does not at first appear abundant, doubtless because a good part of it is scattered in other countries. Nor has the painter created large-scale works, or even a graphic work, such mechanical repetition would make his work recognizable on the spot. The connoisseur who tries to take the measure of the work of an artist likes to know his filiation and to find similarities or points of reference to him. The paintings and the drawings of Allan Harrison are in many respects very different subjects but always sober, portraits, interiors, still-lifes, landscapes, the latter painted in Canada, in the United States, in Brazil, in France and in Italy. On account of his cosmopolitanism and the reserved aspect of his art (Graham McInnis has spoken very justly of the "sounding qualities" (l'intonations) of Allan Harrison's painting), the painter belongs in the rank of Morrice, still more than that of Lyman, whose pupil and admirer he was.

For Harrison, the subject of the picture is only a pretext, only a point of departure, to create a composition, a form of arrangement which expresses the shades of his emotion and his personal conception of the harmony of the world.

The refined simplicity and the successful layouts of the commercial artist have been praised. These qualities existed before in the work of Allan Harrison, but there is something superfluous in this comparison. His restrained style recalls that of Corot and of Marquet, two painters he admires greatly. Upon occasion he makes use of light or brilliant colours, but sometimes he expresses the relationships of dullest tones, minor chords. Setting himself a new problem with each picture, he does not repeat himself and seldom takes up the same theme twice. A painter of the second half of the 20th century, he likes the contrast between dense shadows and light, between maple leaves and the sky, and from this he gives a special smooth texture to the forms placed on his canvases. This precious tactile quality is found in his interiors as in his landscapes: it is very noticeable in Intérieur, rue Cres­cent, whose transparent chiselled surfaces, the intimate scenes of Jakob Ochtervelt, the Dutch painter of the seventeenth century. This velvety relief is one of the great attractions of Harrison's art. It has seemed to us so far that his painting, conceived and executed in the light of the
declining day, expressed wonderfully the melancholy feeling of the fragility of things and of time which is passing. Perhaps it translates more simply the nostalgia of lost happiness and of a classic order banished from today's world.

The drawings of Allan Harrison possess the same conciseness as his painting. They say much in few words. A few touches of shadow, a few lines, even if not the line alone, are enough for him to give us the expression of a face or an attitude, the engaging atmosphere of a favourite place. These are, for connoisseurs, choice pieces.

True painters have the privilege of transfiguring by the magic of their brush the most humble objects of everyday reality and investing them with poetry. This change is often the source of keen delight. The feeling of it is of a quality all the more unusual and lasting when its accents have been more subtle and more discreet. Such is the special quality of Allan Harrison's art: he does not expose his secret right away, but his mastery, an accomplice of time, follows the space of a peaceful and ingratiating crescendo.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)
VASARELY: VIBRATION AND IRRADIATION

By Gilles HÉNAULT

He is called the father of Op Art. For more than forty years he has been taking part in most of the big international exhibitions. In the sixties, he even influenced the style and the designing of printed cloth. Last summer, television devoted a major broadcast to him. The Museum of Contemporary Art, in Montreal, had put him in the program of its exhibitions. Recently, the Editions du Griffon, de Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, published a second album on his art in the prestigious collection Arts plastiques du vingtième siecle. In the old castle of Gordes, in Provence, he has his own museum. In brief, Vasarely, like him or not, is an artist who counts in our century.

"The stake is no longer the heart, but the retina, the wit becomes a subject of experimental psychology. Sharp black-white contrasts, the untenable vibration of complementary colours, the dazzle of rhythmical networks and of changed structures, the optic kinetic quality of plastic compositions, so many physical phenomena present in our works, whose rôle is no longer to amaze or to plunge us into a sweet melancholy, but to stimulate us and to obtain wild joys for us."

It is Vasarely who is speaking. This extract from one of his texts could be his creed. These lines summarize better than I can the reasoning of the artist.

It was by a long route that Vasarely arrived at this awareness and this orientation. My purpose is not to apologize for this attitude, but to demonstrate briefly its possibilities and its limits.

When one takes the little winding road which mounts toward the Renaissance castle which houses the Foundation at Gordes, the eye does not tire of admiring the fields of vines and the groves of cherry trees which rise to the eye does not tire of admiring the fields of vines and the castle itself marks the structured halt of an impetus into time.

On entering the rooms devoted to the works of Vasarely, a sudden rupture is produced, a leap in time which transports us into another age. Here, the twentieth century asserts its presence in a special form. First there is mobility. The works are displayed on panels swept along in a continual and rhythmic movement. Already, art no longer appears to us as everlasting, but as movement.

The display, contrary to traditional retrospectives, does not go from the oldest to the newest. It is reversed. We work our way up to the origin. The conducting thread is a composition which we rediscover even in the first works, a grouping learned from the Bauhaus and which will arrange itself right through the years, passing through the disposition of stones and through geometric abstraction, through the checkered board and photography, through the positive-negative of black-white, to form-colour union and to the system of superposition which will later form the alphabet and the syntax of his recent work.

There is in all that evidence of fidelity. One feels that projection does not come about by chance and that research builds up from an art which could be taken for a craft to an art centred on science and technology. Besides, the artist becomes aware of it as his creation develops. His Notes brutes, of which he speaks, in his monograph, establish this route. Thus, in 1959, he writes "Scientific popularizers have the great merit of working out a Common language which makes the things of the world and of the universe understandable to us if not exactly, then at least intuitively. To feel things in an exact way is already to know how it is made and why we feel pleasure in it."

This way of seeing was to lead him to a planned or structured work, is the gestalt for form-colour unity usable by all. It is not essential in a work necessarily partitioned to establish osmosis, to shatter the obscure, to allow the confirmation of a movement approximately identical in all the sectors of human activity?

This way of seeing was to lead him to a coded art of which the artist is simply the designer, but which is executed by assistants before being carried out by computers! They have cried sacrilege, hoax... Vasarely answers, in 1960: "The star artist or the solitary genius are so many anarchisms; only groups of seekers, collaborating in a planned or structured work, are capable of truly create." That was the aim of the Group for Research in Visual Arts of the artists of the Denise René Gallery, a group which would dissolve after a few years of work in common. After that, these artists became either stars or solitary geniuses. It does not seem that Vasarely has embraced that fate.

This does not ignore the fact that he has exercised, by his art and his thinking, a considerable influence on the artistic orientation of a whole generation. His ideas are essentially generous. In 1961, he notes, "How far we are from 'art for the sake of art' — plasticity is food, due to all as the same right as knowledge, song or vitamins." Whence come its struggles for social art, for the polychromatic city, for form-colour unity usable by all like a game of checkers or chess, for multiples, for the integration of the arts and their democratization. However, all considered, this is hardly new. It is a long time since the integration of arts into architecture was achieved in cathedrals, since graphic arts and, even, sculpture or tapestry produced multiples and since the buildings of certain countries have been polychromatic. In other respects, the snare of production-consumption does not always act in favour of true democratization, which is not necessarily a synonym of uniformity and multiplication.

In the purely plastic domain, Vasarely revolts especially, as do many other contemporary creators, against the artisan aspect, accidental and even inspired, of the work of art. He wants it to be, on the contrary, a simple plastic joy for the eye, an accomplishment of scientific knowledge, a discovery of the structure of the real.

What interests him is the elaboration of a coded system which allows an inestimable number of permutations starting from simple elements like the circle and the square (with their variations towards the oval and the parallelogram) and the contrasted use of black-white or complementary colours. He thus obtains, as in chess, an almost infinite series of moves or possible games which come into being in as many different works which are yet similar. It is at the interior of this reasoning of unity and contradiction that he develops the accomplishment of his work. If he does not win every time, he invents necessarily, because by definition he cannot, while transforming one of the elements, obtain two absolutely symmetrical results.

It will be said that chance, in informal works, produces the same diversity and this is true. But what is completely different, in a planned or structured work, is the gestalt for the fuzziness of outline, for the psychic impulse which relates to the soul, one substitutes the pure plasticity which first produces a visual shock before reverberating in the brain which must recombine the whole according to an almost mathematical process.

From this there would, therefore, result a mental pleasure, and one which is at the same time more transparent, since the work does not offer a mysterious route, but a sort of critical route which allows us to understand how it is made and why we feel pleasure in seeing what is presented to us (if there is pleasure). In fact, the lag operates from contemplation to the simple delight of a plasticity which appears as an enigma to be deciphered. Some would say that it is a matter here of a morose enjoyment. "What a bore", a painter said to me who is the exact opposite of Vasarely.

And yet there is, in these works tending toward the negation of poetic effectivity, a certain attraction which arises from the irradiation and the vibration of coloured surfaces, from the ratios of light, from the capricious, unexpected or aggressive geometry of blacks and whites, from moving grids, in brief, from colour and form which speak a purely plastic language.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)
LEARNING TO SEE:
THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ACTION GROUP

By René ROZON

Habit veils observation. After a certain time, one no longer sees his environment, no more than the people who animate it. Reality becomes dreary, uniform, monotonous. Only the appearance of an extraordinary element — be it a thing, a person or an event — manages to bring us out of our apathy. Nevertheless it was this reverse step which the Groupe d’Action Photographique (GAP) was to take.

But at first did this group come about spontaneously? Not completely. Let us quickly go over a story which is very simple. Three young Montreal photographers — Michel Campeau, Roger Charbonneau and Serge Laurin — were working separately, each in his way, until the day when chance united them. They realized than that they had purposes in common and created the GAP in October, 1971. Shortly after, three other photographers of the metropolis — Claire Beaupré-Champagne, Pierre Gaudard and Gabor Szilasi — sharing the same tastes, joined the developing group and, in February 1972, the GAP was formally set up.

Now, what is this common purpose which unites them, in spite of different personalities? It is inherent in their method of work which consists of capturing man and his environment alive, without disguise, without alterations, without idealization. They draw from the everyday, from the usual life of ordinary people and their environment, the basic material of the film. Ingredients which normally belong to mediocrity. However, to judge by the results of such a procedure, nothing is further from the commonplace.

It was a wager, and the GAP has succeeded in this feat: to begin with the ordinary in order to rehabilitate it in our eyes. Because, by means of their photographs, we rediscover the real, the most basic real, that is to say the most essential: Life or this sense of life which we have forgotten, refuted or lost. By taking on the everyday, GAP has brought it forth, has given it a dynamic dimension, as witnessed by its many achievements.

Because GAP is a very productive group, if one judges by the sum of its work at the end of its first year of existence, marked by exhibitions and by projects both in common and individual. By displaying its works in the very locations which inspired them — at the French-fried restaurant Chaz Georges and at La Grange de Séraphin tavern, in November 1971 — confronting the regular customers of these establishments with the reflection of their own image, the GAP has adequately fulfilled its rôle of individual and social awareness. The GAP also exhibited in more official places during the course of the summer of 1972: in the picture gallery of the National Film Board in Ottawa, as well as participating in the Montreal, plus or minus? exhibition in the Museum of Fine Arts in Montreal (on this subject see the article titled La Ville au musée in Vie des Arts, No. 69 (Winter 1972), pages 29-33). Finally, last December, the Museum of Contemporary Art, in Montreal, devoted a special exhibition to GAP. With regard to individual projects, let us mention the principal ones accomplished since the beginning of GAP: photographic displays devoted especially to workers (see Image 10, published by the National Film Board, October, 1971) held at LaFontaine Park (see, on page 32, our photographic reproduction illustrating La Vie au musée), and to the inhabitants of Charlevoix (see La Région de Charlevoix in Vie des Arts, No. 62 (Spring 1971), pages 46-49). As for collective projects, let us consider that of Opportunities for Youth which consisted of photographing different aspects of life at Disraeli, a small rural community of the Eastern Townships, whose documents will be gathered into a volume to be published under the title: Disraeli, a Human and Photographic Experiment; and a second project presently under way, entitled Montreal as it is, with the collaboration of the Montreal group PhotoCell, which intends to compile an important photographic documentation on the city of Montreal, a project which could eventually develop into the creation of a photographic agency for the urban community.

These are, as we can see, numerous activities, but never detrimental to the quality of the work. The GAP contains six names, six names to remember, because they are guarantees of talent. Let us open our eyes, in our turn, and, with the sight of these images which we are offering to you, let us bring ourselves out of the boredom which threatens us more each day. Then only shall we realize, like the GAP, that the everyday commonplace is a myth, that it exists nowhere for the person who knows how to see. And if in any case one were to be mistaken, if there were everyday dullness, just the same one would have at least to admit, thanks to the GAP, it remains an inexhaustible source of discoveries, that it hides and encloses unsuspected wonders.

(Sam Tata: An Artist Seen by Another Artist

By Geoffrey JAMES

Asked by Queen Victoria whether he felt his livelihood endangered by the new medium of photography, the fashionable French miniature portrait painter Alfred Chalon replied, in memorable Franglais: "Ah, non, Madame, photography cannot flatter." Poor Chalon. It soon became apparent that photography was indeed an ideal way to flatter les bourgeois: and the first to suffer were the minia-
turists. The threat to the older art came not from the small daguerreotype, whose unique silvered image was as delicate and inviolable as a butterfly's wing, but from later negative-positive processes, which had the advantage of being cheap, repeatable and retouchable. Once given the embalmer's power to cover up the blemishes of the human face, photographers did not hesitate to cater to their sitters' vanity. The results, almost invariably, were an abomination.

It is something of an oversimplification - though one which contains some truth - to say that the best photographic portraits have been taken when the photographer goes in search of the sitter, and not vice versa. In the history of the medium, a remarkably large proportion of the most memorable portraits have been made not by commercial practitioners but by inspired amateurs or by photographers who have earned their living outside the studio. Consider a few examples. The first great body of portraits was executed by a Scottish painter, David Octavius Hill, a technical primitive whose photographs were made largely to be used as aides-mémoire. Julia Margaret Cameron, whom I consider to be the strongest of the English Victorian portraitists, was also an amateur and a primitive: she was a wonderfully eccentric and effusive lady who took up photography in middle age and whose powerful friends (and friends) that, perhaps out of exhaustion, they yielded up little pieces of their souls. Of the French 19th century portrait photographers, the greatest, Nadar, was admittedly thoroughly commercial. Yet even Nadar was selective about whom he photographed. As a republican he refused to take the portrait of anyone connected with the French court. And as a reformed caricaturist he realized that he could never satisfy the vanity of women, so he never photographed them. (Fortunately he Excepted the very beautiful Sarah Bernhardt and the very talented George Sand.)

The list can be extended endlessly: Alvin Langdon Coburn's enthusiastic pursuit of Edwardian literati, Alfred Steiglitz's intense portraits of his friends, August Sander's extraordinary collective portrait of the German people. Perhaps the point can be pushed too far, but it does, in a roundabout way, suggest one of the reasons why we admire the portraits of Sam Tata. Tata is by profession a photojournalist, and as such he is frequently asked by editors to photograph the famous or the passingly notorious. But the pictures here were made by choice. They are part of a continuing, personal collection of portraits of Quebec artists - a term that Tata rightly interprets broadly. They are unpretentious photographs, quiet and deceptively simple. Without obvious stylistic flourishes and carried out with the simplest of means, they yet bear an unmistakable autographic stamp - a pictorial voice, if you will. Tata's portrait of Henri Cartier-Bresson has called "a certain identity". Where the police photographer can make any man look like a criminal and where Yousuf Karsh can make any man look important, Tata allows his subjects to speak for themselves. To dwell on the individual merits of the photographs would be superfluous, for the photographer's work finds full expression in reproduction. Perhaps the best thing one can say about these pictures is that they admirably achieve Tata's own aim of "showing what people look like and how they live". It may seem a modest goal, but it is one that has been the basis for many of photography's most lasting images.

Paul Delvaux was born in Antheit, in 1897, in the district of Liége, a dreary country of glacial colours, with immense horizons furrowed by rails, bristling with aerials and lamp-posts which give off a bleak light at night.

Timid and repressed, he lived in a family circle until the age of thirty-one, a fact which had many consequences on his work. He lived under the domination of a mother who put him on his guard by teaching him the equation, "Woman = danger", which would later reveal his obsessions. From 1920, he studied at the Beaux-Arts in Brussels. In order afterwards to give free rein to his passion for painting, with greater mastery.

Catalyst of Magritte and De Chirico

For a long time, Delvaux sought his course, in search of his identity. During this slow development of the work, it came about that his first canvases had Post-impressionism as their pole of attraction, then little by little his pictures revealed a certain expressionism, a faith which he quickly renounced (Maternité, 1930). The discovery of Surrealism, in 1934, for him, was a turning point. He studied at the Beaux-Arts in Brussels, in order afterwards to give free rein to his passion for painting, with greater mastery.

Time in Suspension

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Introverted Man

These creatures, nymphs or goddesses, in the course of their wandering, pass, full of the explicit physical charm of women, in front of men dressed in the most severe fashion, nose plunged with austerity in a newspaper, or absorbed in the observation of tiny objects which they scrutinize with a perseverance without apparent result (L’Entrée de la ville, 1962). Delvaux impresses us in these persons with this intension of mind on futile things. While loitering, some seem to be preaching in the desert, to converse with several others on illusory subjects or to devote themselves to disconnected remarks. Sometimes one of these men strangely resembles the painter himself, as in Les Demoiselles de Chartrons, 1962; placed at the edge of the picture, perhaps he is questioning himself on the obscure fate which will be that of these actors confined in a rôle of dramatic inaudience. One of the types one meets the most often, notably in Les Phases de la lune, 1939, is Otto Lidenbrock of Jules Verne whose illustrator was Édouard Riou, from whom Delvaux borrowed the model without the slightest alteration. Curiously enough, only a nude adolescent shows himself awkwardly, with an emphasized innocence of manifest anxiety, in the midst of all these adults who are paying no attention to each other (L’Aube sur la ville, 1940). No relationship is created between the male and female persons, if it is not incidentally a tip of the hat or vague gesture on the part of these automata, one might say, considering the restraint of emotion which they feel at the sight of the woman exposed to their view. Each of these persons, men and women, lives separately an individual life.

The joining of a masculine and feminine structure is unceasingly deferred, with a few near exceptions. Although there is a relatively hardened look of the described people, a whole theatre of gesture is decanted under the brush-paint of Delvaux and in his art of representation as much as that of the visual transcription of a poetic state. We think of the plays of mirrors in which women look at themselves; of processional marches, of movements which precede flight, of Sapphic echoes, of Les Demoiselles de Tongres, 1962, or yet of the embracing of a marble bust of a man by an impassive woman in Pygmalion, 1939. We can observe in this connection that the female ideal of Sacher-Masoch appeals to an essential coldness. "Corps de marbre", "Vénus de glace", "Femme de pierre", are the favourite words of Sacher-Masoch and his characters willingly fulfill their apprenticeship with a cold statue under the light of the moon (quoted by Gilles Deleuze in Présentation de Sacher-Masoch).

Freudian Themes

All these scenes centre our reflections on the creative undertaking and semiology; they assume a network of references to the equivalence of basic idea and form. Jointly with the simple perfection of the design, the portraits of Delvaux are fed by mental reservations of a psychological kind, moral and perhaps psychoanalitytical to a greater degree. The return to the subconscious is fulfilled by means of Freudian themes. The exercise of this painting seems to have exercised little by little a libidinous fantasy, the inward fears and the Oedipus of its author.

Speaking the language of linguists, we find at the level of the significant combinations of lines, gestures, attitudes, stiff as they may be, which call upon the meaning level which is the incomunicability of human beings, their solitude, their dreams and their anticipation. Delvaux has never done anything but reflect through different environments a same beauty as he brings to the world. In Formes et significations, Jean Roussel tells us that "the artist of genius marks himself by a revealing monitory; typical phrases, identities of structure are the signs of his creative originality, being the disjointed fragments of a strange universe." Always the same work, therefore, under different figures, combined in variations which allow the same themes to be recognized, transformed and adorned.

At a time when exploration of new techniques and new means of expression are uninteresting ideas for Delvaux, one can ask himself how this painting can please.

By all evidence, it is not on technique and means that we must question ourselves but rather on the meaning of this painting, the implications of the signs of which it makes use.

Death and Sexuality

First of all, Delvaux translated a state of reverie, a contemplative state and a sort of fanciful relation to which we are all attached. On the other hand the artist stigmatizes the lack of communication between people, due to their futility, to their sterility and above all to the forbidden. All people are in a state of expectancy whose object we surely do not know, if it is not vague probabilities, vague promises of sin which we tend to their imagination and which the theme of death subtends, often recalled by the appearance of skeletons in the midst of them (Vénus endormie, 1944). The forbidden linked to death is one of the most contemporary themes. One can quote Georges Bataille on this subject: "If in essential forbidden matters we see the refusal which the human being offers to nature (the body) viewed as a corruption of live energy and as an orgy of destruction, we can no longer make a difference between death and sexuality."

In the pictures of Delvaux woman poses and creates a feeling of distance and even of absence; the attitude of man is refusal, he rears in order not to follow the movement which attracts him. Nonetheless, one can calculate in these persons the idea of a becoming taking place in a hidden temporality which, in the end, does not systematically close the pictures. It is a matter of a time of stopping and not of a last immobility. (Translation by Mildred Grand)

GEORGES BRAEM: CLOSER TO DELVAUX THAN REDON?

By Pierre PARET

I knew Bernard Plassy: he was called Georges Braem. That was about fifteen or sixteen years ago; he was living on the quai des Chartrons, in Bordeaux, on a fourth storey that the rats themselves had deserted. From windows that looked out over the boat-houses of the port, we watched boats leaving and dreamed of journeys.

Thus we felt less keenly the biting cold that became increasingly aggressive as we went further towards the inside of the house. (My wife was pregnant and we were under the impression that she might be suffering from an impending childbirth. We lived in this paradise, but she will never admit it.) After a brief respite, invisible shafts of cold soon stung our ears and we went off in search of a piece of furniture.

— Not that one: the kids put their toys there.
— What about that chest?
— Why not?

It was old, rickety, worm-eaten, we found all manner of fault with it, we had to make a fire, the children's teeth were chattering, ours too.

The fire served two purposes, first, heating, almost a relative and short-lived heat, and cooking.

We did not roast suckling pigs on charcoal as in Polynesia, we were content with a coarse milk soup. When the chairs and cupboards began to run out (I forgot to mention that the aunt who was putting her nephew up in this unrentable apartment, had had the lack of conscience to furnish the immense rooms with everything she had not the courage to get rid of and which, in fact, was not worth much), they were replaced by old newspapers. When the andirons were exchanged for five or six kilos of bread, they were replaced by two racing bicycle handlebars salvaged from the scrap heap.

Braem was going through his Bateau-lavoir period. He did not like having a rough time for the sake of it, but he did not compromise. He wanted to paint and he would paint, whatever it cost him.

The apartment, although it began to look more and more deserted, was no less of a caravansery. Friends passing by stopped off at this place where it was authorized for nomads to stop, ate what they found, spent a few nights and disappeared forever.

A beardless Van Dongen

In Bordeaux, a lethargic city where, to be important, one must have a house of one's own, go to church on Sunday, and wear a fedora, paintings were selling badly. The Charrons(1) hardly appreciated this tall fellow who looked like a beardless Van Dongen, and strolled about in the middle of winter in blue jeans and a turtleneck pullover. How could these rather insensitive middle-class people have understood that Braem preferred poverty to an ill-paid job in their badly heated offices? They said he was lazy because he turned down employment that would have turned him from his calling. A hasty judgment that prevented easily alarmed conscience from being upset.

One day a merchant marine commander of a generous nature, asked him to carry his wood up from the basement to the third or fourth floor of an apartment building that obviously had no elevator. When the work was finished, with a gesture of compassionate simplicity, he slipped him a ten francs
The universe you paint, as opposed to that of Magritte or Tangy, to whom you are closely related in pictorial quality, abounds in nudes.

This is because I think that the nude embodies the individuality of the trunk of society's throne, whose weight smothered him. He is thus completely freed from his phantasms and inhibitions. More than being a beautiful and moving painting, it makes me glad to belong to the species. Ingres did not think otherwise when seeing his models arrive dressed as Eve, he began to dance with joy.

Do you consider that eroticism, of which you are sometimes accused, is a stimulant?

— I am sure that eroticism is a value of progress (let us not forget the word comes from eros, god of love). I think that it is just as important to use it as it is not to exploit it. It is as respectable to see it flaunted everywhere as to keep it hidden away. It is a fiery force that one must be able to control to grasp it far and fast.

More like Delvaux than Redon

— You live in the south west of France, but you are of Flemish origin, and for the last two years you have been making lengthy excursions in the region of Anvers, which has produced such a considerable something in your art, which is based mainly on a pictorial quality that places it in the great Nordic tradition. Do you believe in the influence of race?

— The individual is always the result of heredity, I bear the miracles and phantasms of my race, this liking too for what is real, that is why I am always a little bohemian. A sort of heredity that is a little bohemian.

— During this time of introspection where he willingly gave up the clientele he had so much difficulty getting during these years when he again knew the difficult times of his youth, he never had a thought to return to the manner of painting whose dangers he knew.

— He had left for the unknown and enchanted land, but always, the carnal aspect of life commands attention, rejecting obscenity and giving new dimensions to an eroticism that is his alone.

What have I not heard about this painting that is almost nothing was heard of him, and the works of this period attest to a perturbation in which memories clashed with rather confused promises. In this lengthy period of silence, change occurred.

— For four years, almost nothing was heard of him, and the works of this period attest to a perturbation in which memories clashed with rather confused promises. In this lengthy period of silence, change occurred.

— Of course, phantasms, is a sort of phantasms that are open onto infinity as well as those of a painter like Magritte or Tangy, at least in the opinion of some people whose naturally equivocal prudishness does not turn away from elementary truths. Far from stimulating these doubtfull complexes which afflict precious old people, his surrealist scenes and psychological landscapes give out boundless peace and serenity.

Consumed by the turbulence of cities, the fever of speed and hammering of noise, our age aspires to this kind of peace and serenity more each day.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)
THE OPTION OF THE GROUPE VÉHICULE

By Gilles TOUPIN

There is an idea which has been occupying the mind of the public for some years, at least in great part, and which seems to me timely to demystify. I am often asked what is happening in art in Montreal with this innovation which hopes, almost begging, for an immediate approval: "Since Borduas and since the plasticians, there is nothing, is there?" It is very evident that, for those who do not follow the Montreal scene each week, the absence of movements toward very precise ideologies and toward heroic social problems seems to be a symptoms of total apathy. And yet the art of groups does exist among us; it exists under this ideology which consists of not having any, in the plastic sense of the term. It is at the very heart of this phenomenon which a historic sequence (which, at the least, will become historical) is arising little by little and is claiming this right to communication. Now either the art of the plasticians is made official and recognized fifteen years late, other creators have come forth to form in the emptiness a new artistic reality, pulsing with life, which does not end with the pretention of naming itself as such but which none the less continues to exist in spite of mockery and general lack of understanding.

We would not be able to catalogue the new awareness of the Quebec creators of the Groupe Véhicule under arbitrary labels of known international movements such as those of Land Art, Conceptual Art or Process Art. Among them there is a little of all that but, especially, a diversification of research which prevents their regrouping under a same category. The art of a Tom Dean, for instance, in this blurt retranscription of certain social stereotypes — especially when it newly marks in a sort of establishment certain newspaper clippings, clippings typical of the spirit of a society — establishes a process of communication with direct annotations. André Dutkewich with his works of minimalist thought is on another track. Suzy Lake with her banquets in process explores the action of man in the course of time and the changes which he brings about on things. In another con- nexion, the sculptor Kelly Morgan raises strange relationships between the different nature of natural elements. With wood, he fashions savage forms, sensual and queer. He uses the photographic method to give the appearance of stone to other wooden forms. Gunter Nolte works directly in the space where he decides to set up his work. His way of working is joined in a certain sense to that which happens without, nonetheless, containing the element of collective participation. For example, he will spread liquid colour on a floor covered with vinyl. The natural action of the liquid on the floor will build up in itself a fascinating plastic outline. Serge Toussaint creates sculptures which treat problems of illusion in different ways. Sometimes, by means of a simple gummed tape applied to the wall of a room, he carries the setting of the work of art into the frame of the everyday. Bill Vazan, with his topographical work, uses the geographical facts of the planet, at a level as much practical as conceptual, to bring his research to fulfillment. For her part, Milly Ristvedt continues to work on the traditional surface of canvas without, in any case, her work being considered essentially traditional.

Without mentioning the work of Gary Coward, Jean-Marie Delavalley, François Dery, Dennis Lutk, and others, it is certain that one can here and now to state from this more than summary review that the Groupe Véhicule does not exist in order to defend a very defined plastic ideology. Even if, in general, the spirit of the research tends to become grouped under a questionable awareness of the art of the plasticians, the existence of the Groupe Véhicule is justified according to much more practical aims. It was, however, important to be, somewhat, acquainted with the creative activity of the members of the group. The fact of knowing who are exactly those who spark such an undertaking clarifies its objectives in one way or another. The implied spirit in the creative research of the members of Véhicule is not used for the purposes of cultural control. One cannot, however, deny that they are inscribed at the heart of a new creativity here. And as the group is at a different moment of art, past, present or future, wishes that the dissemination of "art which questions the norms already established" should come about it offers itself as a support of this new creativity.

It is of the first importance not to interpret falsely the goals of Véhicule. I therefore allow myself to quote the text which exactly defined the aims of the group: "We would like to offer a centre without a financial goal and without political aims, directed by and for artists, which by its very structure of functioning, would remain open and available to all the arts and of art in evolution: and which would be an active and vital place for artists and the public. We want this place to go far beyond being of advantage to the artists of the group. In so far as the initiator of this project, it is evident that each of us would use the place from time to time but we also want this place to serve as large a group of artists as possible, which would allow us to reach a greater public.

We believe that with the structures of functioning which we have established we can: a) offer exhibition space to a great number of artists in visual art in Montreal and the rest of the country, which would be of use in strengthening the lines of communication among artists and between artists and the public; b) integrate the works of people of other discipline (music, poetry, dance, theatre, etc.) which also need a locale different from existing institutions; c) give a greater priority to the needs of each artist in what concerns the space and the time for their exhibitions, which present institutions do not or cannot do; d) contribute to the education of the public at large on the subject of art, by inviting schools, universities, artistic groups and the public to visit the premises; by working actively with them; and by giving them the most possible information concerning the internal and external activities of the place; e) create an environment, a comfortable place for artists and public, which would promote dialogue between the different forms of art and their respective publics."

There is certainly no need to mention that a system of educative dissemination, similar to that of the Group Véhicule necessitates financial resources. Up till now the group has been able to count on the help of the Canada Council. As the cooperative centre has a non-commercial aim, it seems to me normal and greatly to the credit of this state organisation to support this social enterprise. The cultural and conservative power exercised by the commercial system of galleries is finally offset (in part, certainly, because the effort of Véhicule would need to be repeated by many other persons) by a freedom of exhibition. The system of alternative jury made up of three members of whom one is outside the group permits, even if it is not perfect, many young artists to exhibit for the first time. Véhicule is in its introductory phase. It will expand, without doubt, if it is definitely allowed to continue its work. Not only will it be able to become an important point of reference at the level of its immediate territory, but it will be able to stretch its tentacles over the world scene. It is thanks to immersion in research movements in the whole world that we will have the option of recognizing and identifying our roots.

By establishing itself as to space, Véhicule, by its aims, becomes a sort of source of energy. The flood of artists frustrated by the inadequacy of a system will find in it a beneficial exit; in it an alternative.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)