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I was going to talk about how the Meanest Mugs become Priceless Picassos, the elevation of the pot that was never meant to be anything but a pot to the status of high art, through the manipulation of the artist, the market-place and history. And I was going to talk about acquisitions and acquisitioning, how galleries kill themselves to get the star attraction they can't afford, or could afford if they weren't penalized by the existing tax system and grant structure. But I suppose it isn't all meaningless because it's all part of the lack of definition, priorities and values that has led to a state of national emergency — and I suppose every country exists in a quiet, perpetual state of national emergency, albeit undeclared and unofficial.

I was going to start with a plethora of those early 20th century movements confronting the problem of aesthetics, the machine, the functional, the negative effects of the industrial age on production, product and consumer, which sought salvation in the craft approach and the application of a pre-existing aesthetic. Of course, this one-to-one methodology ignored the problem of mass/man/machine and could not apply an aesthetic standard to every utilitarian item of everyman. The solution is the confrontation with the 20th century on its own terms, the affirmation of machine and function and the negation of an a priori aesthetic. Machine and function together will create their own aesthetic.

I was then going to look at two groups of Royal College of Art students who couldn't care less about mass/man/machine — or craft either — and make insanely opulent objects which question the functionality of the functional. At 401 1/2 Workshop, a South-London warehouse, they landscape vests, embroider picture frames, patchwork furniture, sculpt anthropomorphic teapots and temper silver into baroque temples and De Chirico staircases. Michael Haynes runs it and makes one of a kind tables and chairs out of perspex. At the Glasshouse in Covent Garden they blow glass, roll it in white enamel or silver chloride, sand-blast it, draw on it affirming the total experience of heat, concentration and work. Sam Herman presides — the master of glass as art, conceived and realized by the artist, rather than designed by the artist for machine production. Trained by Professor Harvey Littleton of the University of Wisconsin, an ex-Fulbright scholar, a teacher at the Royal College, he received a one-man exhibition at the Victoria and Albert in 1971.

I was going to continue with Hugh Moss and the elevation of applied into high art by market conditions, past and present. The Moss Gallery is Far Eastern Art in London, half commercial, half academic, complemented by a scholarly, self-congratulatory, printing firm and a research laboratory headed by Stuart Fleming, a pioneer in thermoluminescent dating. In 1475 the Chinese discovered that their native cobalt produced a finer blue porcelain underglaze than imported material. The Emperor agreed and hid the revered pots and bowls, untouched, unused, in his storehouse. Imperial Ming coexisted with a bastard brother, Export Ming, designed for sale, to the tastes of the barbarian consumer. The Chinese said Ming (Export) is our best. The Western scholar said, "Yes, it's good but Imperial is better."
collector acquired and Ming priced itself out of the market. So the collector turned to 14th century objects, pots that were never meant to be anything else, and by demand and price turned them into Picassos. As the stocks dried up, program the painting wins. Better covered walls than bare and everything purchased goes on view.

To save Titian’s “Death of Actaeon” from Gheffy’s Malibu Museum cost £1,750,000. The government permitted the gallery to contribute £600,000 against its annual purchase grant over 4 years at a rate of £150,000 per annum, so lowering the grant from £460,000 to £330,000. During this period the gallery may ask for special funds to obtain works that could have been acquired with the grant undocked. In spite of this potential mortgage on policy and purchase both continue. They fought US Ambassador J. W. Annenburg for the Dounier Rousseau’s “Tropical Storm with a Tiger”, a necessary addition to the weak French collection, an irresistible temptation considering the grant restrictions. Small Rousseau. Annenburg succumbed and even made the final contribution which made purchase possible. Next in 1973 came Lancret’s “Lady and Gentleman taking Coffee with Children in a Garden” and Jan Van Goyen’s “An Estuary with Fishing Boats and Two Frigates”.

In March, 1972, the Victoria and Albert received a cheque from an anonymous benefactor for £50,000 and a note “I think it would be nice if the Victoria and Albert used the money to buy some specific thing.” Indeed they did, a carved red lacquer table, early Ming, c. 1425-36. Not only is this style unrepresented in the West, the particular piece is reputedly the finest anywhere. It transforms the museum’s collection of Far Eastern Furniture, where the most notable pieces, such as Emperor Ch’ien Lung’s throne, c. 1750, had been of much later date.

The Tate just got Braque’s “Malasra", 1910. Seminal in the redefinition of sculpture, it states that sculptural harmony need not be based on the traditional relation of parts to the whole. In eliminating all but one part it creates a new harmony based on the relation of width to length to depth, deposited on a single continuous surface. The unpatinated bronze makes light a means of sculptural form, an unvariegated unity analogous to the new object of wholeness, physical and psychological simplification.

Jennifer Oille

And public exhibitions persist. The Arts Council is combining Vorticism, the brilliant photographs of Diane Arbus and French Popular Imagry at the Hayward Gallery between March 27 and June 2.

The Victoria and Albert is featuring “Byron” between February 18 and August 25. Ivory Carving in Early Medieval England between April 24 and June 23 and Railway Prints from May 15 to September 22.

Richard Dadd, June 20 to August 19, follows Klein and Manzoni, March 20 to May 5, at the Tate.

BETWEEN YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

By André PARADIS

The advent of the media, it is certain, precipitated the instituting of a climate of upheaval from which it is almost impossible to escape. One disturbing fact remains: the slowness with which things really move and the work generated by words of impact that only superficially reach the conscience. The word new, for instance. Novelty presupposes a charac-

1. Jorge Romero Brest, La Fin du jeu dialectique dans et par l’œuvre d’art, Colloque Art, No. 11, p. 79.

(Translation by Mildred Grant)
LOUISE DOUCET—THE RHYTHM OF THE EARTH

By Gilles RACETTE

Born in Montreal on April 9, 1936, Louise Doucet won second prize in 1953 in the Artistic Competition of the Province of Quebec, and obtained a grant in 1965 from the Canada Council. In Japan she exhibited at the Shunjukku art exhibition in Tokyo (1960) and at the Matuya Gallery in Tokyo (1967). In Montreal, last May, we were able to view her recent works at the Canadian Guild of Crafts.

Pottery as a handcraft, but also as tangible integration of sculpture and painting. Of music, of a rhythm, of poetry, and of a language. Of depth.

To speak of pottery is, certainly, to circumscribe a certain number of problems fatally technical and inevitably inherent in this art, but it is also to touch with the finger a sort of primary aesthetics, intimately bound to the slow, regular rhythm of the creative soul, of the hand of nature. Pottery is a rhythm.

Louise Doucet is no longer what is commonly called a town-dweller, this versatile race nearing extinction. She recently abandoned this status and the nettles soon made only a mouthful of it. It was necessary from many points of view and the impact on her creation is clearly perceptible. She and her little family now live in Way's Mills — not far from North Hatley, where the famous Japanese potter, Tatsucho Shimaoaka directed practical works in August, 1964, in which Louise Doucet took part — on a splendid farm, in the very heart of the Eastern Townships. Way's Mills is the perfect miniature of the state, air, trees, even that little settlement squeezed between Sherbrooke, Magog and the Vermont border. A decisive and outstanding change; reinforced concrete is found there in the fascinating form of earth, grass and trees. As for the family home, overlooking the village (whose houses number hardly more than twelve), it is surrounded by a studio, a kiln and a huge shed which will eventually be used to house cattle. A garden and, lost on this immense area of more than a hundred acres and buried in undergrowth, a sugar-house. That's it. A whole world. Scarcely anything more is lacking, with a lot of exuberance, punctuated by large movements of his arms, Satoshi Salt. Louise Doucet's husband, told me already of the land, the wind, the work, the obsessions, the projects of creation. A great peace, like a long, deep breathing.

The work of Louise Doucet is certainly above all a work of a craftsman. And, contrarily, an art which found its finitude, its beauty and its density in constant, ascetic work. A saying of Michaelangelo comes to mind: "An enormous amount of effort is necessary to erase the marks of work." This is particularly apparent with Louise Doucet in the perfection of her work, its simplicity and their quietude.

The art of the potter takes part in a magical and alchimical union of the four elements: earth, fire, water and air. The most directly perceivable naturally remain earth and fire but, without the exact quality of an atmosphere and the precise dosage of water, the work will not be able to be born or else it will be born, but imperfect and unsatisfactory. Can we consequently speak of true birth?

The particular nature of Louise Doucet's work arises from the effective and artistic use and manipulation of these elements. To know the earth, to knead it as one kneads bread, to penetrate it, to melt oneself with it, to become earth. To know fire, its strength, its slowness, its own life, to love it. And so on. Water, Air.

Fire especially fascinates me.

In 1971, Louise Doucet and Satoshi Salt undertook the building of a kiln (catenary arch kiln). From then on this kiln of yellowish bricks, with the latitude in her creation, a suppleness, a kind of intimacy with fire which manufactured kilns do not offer. The size of this kiln enabled her also to do only twenty firings a year. On the other hand, this is a lot if we consider the astonishing production which is accomplished by reason of eight hours (at least) of work a day.

The art of the potter is in working the clay in depth and on the surface, in cooking it and in decorating it. Insight is total. In the works of Louise Doucet, there are no deep nicks or strong risks. It is to work the surface of the clay, it is there that the moving sensitivity of the hand is revealed most. Would it be a sort of dream that guides the pressure of the fingers? Or the necessity of the delicacy of touch which she demands of herself? By taste, by impulsion? This clay is sacred. It lives, it breathes, it possesses itself. A great wisdom permeates the lines that one discerns on the objects shaped.

The economy of means is also an integral part of all this wisdom of Louise Doucet. Oriental wisdom which she brought back from Japan and which her husband perpetuates, perhaps becomes, discipline and the art of living her work wholly, day after day.

Thus the re-utilization of materials, this kind of recycling of tools, as much clay as water is noteworthy and of great importance with it. It is sheer of better knowing its tools, of seizing the true reality, their only truth.

For Louise Doucet, the creation — in the fullness of its acceptance — resides essentially in the liberty she takes with technique. In this sense, the Japanese tradition into which she became assimilated is related to her work only to the extent where she is not the clew but the thread, the line of technical background, indeed ethical. She is an astonishingly Quebec potter. In the program of an exhibition of Louise Doucet held in Tokyo, Tatsucho Shimaoaka wrote: "What has impressed me most about the work she has produced, using entirely Japanese materials and kiln, is that her creations are still uniquely characteristic of her as a Canadian."

Japanese tradition has it that an article of pottery should not necessarily be produced by the hand of a single individual. There is a master who thinks, corrects along the way, orientates, guides the apprentice or apprentices who execute. From this fact, the forms and glazes attain a true perfection which will never be able to be equaled in the West, due to the single fact that they have many, many times been repeated. Each defends himself as he can. With Louise Doucet, as everywhere in the Occident, the duality of master and slave is found united in one and the same individual. When fulfilling the personal demands of the artist, production is oriented toward economic function of the object is decisive and guides the advance of the work and even the rhythm of its creation.

The fascinating forms of this pottery and the perfection of the details make it an entity of a very strong power of suggestion whether the textures are richly coloured or faithfully close to the original material. Finally, a recent production, "slabs", do not fail to surprise by their strength, their massive body and their decoration which recalls a completely pictorial dimension. Is not the richness and the grandeur of a work dependent on the degree of perception we have for it?

Rediscover the rhythm of the work of Louise Doucet but, for that, it would be necessary to stop speaking of it.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)

MASTERPIECES OF TAPESTRY FROM THE 14TH TO THE 16TH CENTURY

By Roland Sanfaçon

An agreement recently concluded between the National Museums of France and the Metropolitan Museum of New York opens new perspectives for the exchange of tapestries and showcases of the most geographical scale. The first manifestation of this agreement is already under way. An exhibition at the Grand-Palais in Paris gathers together numerous Masterpieces of the Tapestry of the 14th to the 16th century; it will then be transferred to the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The museums of Europe, England and the USSR, those of America, from Boston to Honolulu, have contributed, as well as large centres of the preservation of tapestry in France, Belgium,
the elements of flamboyant architecture be­
about
the big naves of

tenishing discretion in size and design. In the
the colour, permit penetration into the fabrics.
were inclined to reckon essentially on their
example, the longitudinal and vertical space of
than in the space which they suggested, as, for
emotively vast and uncluttered, we are led to
origin of this art.

The varios, is a very fortunate one. It is at the very
association of tapestry with festivals, civil or reli­

particles of the backgrounds (we think of many
spread colours contrasting with the coloured

in the Cloisters Museum in New York, prances

very surface of the fabric, a porous and gra­
valid in its very materiality.

These uniform backgrounds that cover large
stretches, these figures of persons, animals or plants are so singular or whimsically
variable from one end to the other of the tapestry, these things which are expressed
with a same concern for concrete detail. All
that contradicts a few of the fundamental points
of the perception in perspective by the normal
human eye. And they used more systematically
than ever the very medieval habit of inscrip­
tions to identify the personages or the action
in the panels, in order to record patrons of the
arts, in order also to have the tapestry dis­
carded as a simple support for the writing,
valid in its very materiality.

Tapestry found a most surprising place in
social life, and its function was to please
many men. They were scholars or princes who
commanded special orders, like the Duke of
Burgundy who wished to celebrate his victory
in the Battle of Rozenburg, a lost tapestry which,
all in one piece, was larger than thirty-nine
metres (one hundred thirty feet). Elsewhere,
businessmen ran considerable risks in causing
luxurious tapestries to be produced in the
most varied workshops and in undertaking later
to sell them to the princes, the cities and the
churches of the whole West. This can resemble
a certain industrial production, and yet we find
in it very little of the atmosphere of a modern
capitalist enterprise where the men are all as­
sembled under one employer and work as much
for the reputation of the enterprise as for the
quality of the products. Initiatives came from
everywhere, men enlisted everywhere. The
choice of story varied, about the kings of
churches or those big commercial contractors.
For the most original and the most carefully
produced tapestries, they had to find a good
painter to design the composition of the whole.
A cartoon artist transposed these compositions
to the monumental dimension of the tapestry,
some were produced for several days. Tapestry
was used expressly for the solemn entrance of a prince, for
local festivals, as extension to the dramas and
mystery plays that were acted in the open air
for several days. Tapestry was used expressly
to impress with the importance of these social
titles. Because princes travelled with their
precious fabrics. In this way they could dazzle
their circle, even their circle of a day or a few
days, and better make their departure felt when
the hangings were rolled up, then carried far­
ther away.

Very substantially, the tapestries were
wonderfully adapted to their use. Because tape­
tries are attractive to all kinds of people. The
bodys of a moment could fully enjoy discoveries
of details: preciousness of material, ingenious
precision of concrete observation of things.
Botanists in New York were able to identify
definitely a hundred and one different plants
in the panels of the Hunt of the Unicorn.
Elsewhere, there is the delightful and so natural
movement of a little rabbit frisking among the
flowers, and of a small dog peering through the
hair falling in front of his eyes.

It was truly on another level, by leaping over
middle foregrounds completely absent in most
of the daily life of the nobles, most of the
bodies to hide the difficult linkings between
small objects (see the Winged Deers of Rouen).
They adapted their gestures to the movements
of the whole of the scene. In battles and in
harvests. Without this, the exposed persons created the strong impression of a global movement which stirs every­
thing.

Men living in a constant intimacy with these
tapestries had to carry their discoveries still
further, discoveries in iconography. If several
milieux conjure up very simple moments in
the daily life of the nobles, most of the
milieux go deeply into two often combined icono­
graphic veins, detailed narrative cycles, objects
and figures with multiple symbolic meanings. Who knew all the details of the life of Saint Stephen, of Alexander the Great, or of Esther? Elsewhere, the unicorn was the symbol of speed (used by the author of the First Book of Kings to describe the horn of a unicorn). In this spirit, the exhibition comes to an end with the exhibition of tapestry and perspectives. Tapestry was then plunged into another adventure, just as long, closely linked to the exhibition of cartoons. For our contemporaries, more and more attention is given to the tapestry. But it is already astonishingly big, even on a distance, by the very carefully done alterations of reds and blues in the tranquility of the wings, turn into stars. The two upper stars are of blood; they represent the sun and the moon; the four lower ones are either blue, like sap, or the other planets known in the older days.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)

TAPESTRY — THE SEVEN DAYS

By Normand BIRON

The image becomes clear gradually as seven flowers which turn into stars. The two upper stars are of blood; they represent the sun and the moon; the four lower ones are either blue, like sap, or the other planets known in the older days. (André Breton, Arcane 17.)

If we are well acquainted with a Fernand Leduc, painter, who participates in the shows of Groupe Automatiste, also the one who founded the Association of Non-Figurative Artists of Montreal (1956), we are often unaware that he works magnificently as well in tapestry. But why should we not meet him at his studio in Paris?

As I walk toward his place of work, there arise before me, at the heart of this ancient city, buildings of glass and aluminium or else lifeless towers of greyish concrete with facades without ornamentation, in dreary, vulgar poly-chromies. What shall be said, then, of our schools, our airports? When will their tediousness and gratuitousness be exposed? Instead of getting lost in an aesthetic of industrial designers and window-dressers, should not contemporary architecture, taking note of the new demands of our sciences and of the development of our techniques, be dedicated to an integration of the arts in the modern city? In this spirit, we will remember that in 1966 Fernand Leduc conceived six modules in aluminium with anodized silver, gold and dull black, to decorate the international departure corridors of Dorval Airport. The space that separates the modules creates another coloured element, which serves as background to this ensemble of one hundred twenty feet in length. Besides this admirable production, the artist produced, at the Pierre-Dupuy Polyvalent School in Montreal (on Parthenais St.), a mural composition of one hundred forty-five metres of polychromatic resin, in the year 1961. It was the first time, in 1971, that an artist used this process of the pouring of thermoplastic resins to accomplish a work of art of this dimension.

The trip was a bit long, but there we were at Regnault St. where Fernand Leduc's studio is located. Before knocking at his door, perhaps we should remember that in 1957, at the Anjou Court of the Province of Quebec, Leduc won first prize for a tapestry he had produced with Mariette Rousseau-Vermette. At that time, abstract painting was considered distressing and cold; that was why a tapestry in long threads, woven with a thick pile with undulating forms and curved elements, better answered the taste of the public. Ah! the door is being opened!

One of the first questions I asked Fernand Leduc was this: how, in 1973, had he come back to tapestry? Briefly: M. Pinton, of the Maison Pinton-Felletin, of Aubusson. Interested in the recent silk-screen of the painter, re-quested a tapestry, which he undertook to produce. Enchanted by the artist's work, he chose seven cartoons which subsequently became tapestries. But exactly what is Maison Pinton? One of the oldest Aubusson tapestry firms. Having known all the phases of renewal since the post-war period, this company desires to rid itself of the idea of seventeenth century that the public has of tapestry. Turning up its nose at all academism, in the narrow sense of the word, the famous house receives such artists as Sonia Delaunay, Calder, Vasarely, . . . in its studios. How did Fernand Leduc work out his cartoon-piece, and does his work have any designs, using at the same time relationships of colours very close to each other, vinyl rather than acrylic colours, thus obtaining warmer and deeper tones. In this way, he left almost no latitude of interpretation to the artists. The weavers therefore had to use the simplest classic stitch; the closest constraint in order to achieve a flat surface, although tapestry is never a taut flat surface. It always has a vibration, a modulation.

Having established that the forms of a tapestry cartoon must be inscribed in a precise graphism, the different zones of colour clearly defined, the passage of lines and interpretation of shades indicated by hachures or saw-teeth which the weaver will translate by strokes, the artist will have to create a working model for each cartoon — here one metre sixty square. Very fortunately, the present processes permit the obtaining of photographic enlargements sufficiently clear to be used as tapestry cartoons.

Following this, the dyeing of the primary materials, in the present case wool, is of the greatest importance. The success of the passage of the painted work to the woven work depends fairly in part on the conformity of the dyed yarns with the colours shown on the cartoon. For Leduc's tapestries it was necessary to create twenty-eight special colours. Then, with scraper, fluting tools, boxwood sleeking comb or stiletto in hand, the low-warp weaver, professional weaver, undertakes the execution of the work. One metre of tapestry demands a month of work for the craftsman.

How did you choose Les 7 jours Fernand Leduc for the title of your exhibition? "The child is born, we find a name for him afterwards", he told me. "My interest caught by the symbolical meaning of the seven Egyptian geni, as well as their correspondence with the planets and their colour":

1. SUROTH ○ green (Venus)
2. PHR-EZ ○ white-yellow (Sun)
3. PI-RHEUS ○ white-green (Moon)
4. PI-HERMES ○ polychromatic (Mercury)
5. REMPHA ○ dark-black (Saturn)
6. PI-HOH ○ blue-indigo (Moon)
7. ERTOSI ○ red (Mars)
When we take a first visual reading of the woven work, we recognize three or four shades of the obvious writing. But the ensemble of the tapestry brings us face to face with a feeling of total light in dominating yellow, blue, red, ... This sensation that the amateur experiences is no stranger to the pictorial preoccupations of the artist who seems to be proceeding in his present research toward microchromes.

What shall we think of the phrase of Le Corbusier: "Tapestry is the mural of the nomad"? That is true! You roll it under your arm, you leave for the country, you put it on a wall of stone, of wood, ... immediately, it is a garment, it warms. Wool belongs to the earth, to sheep. Tapestry is quite another thing than a picture, a canvas to hang and wash, to keep! You wash it, ... Besides, present-day architecture demands that its walls be warmed."

But I must leave! And if I had to conclude in three words, they would certainly be: Beauty, Warmth, Light. Bravo, Fernand! Your tapestries are a complete success. May there be many more of this kind. To others, I cry three words, they would certainly be: Beauty, Warmth, Light. "That is true! You roll it under your arm, you leave for the country, you put it on a wall of stone, of wood, ... immediately, it is a garment, it warms. Wool belongs to the earth, to sheep. Tapestry is quite another thing than a picture, a canvas to hang and wash, to keep! You wash it, ... Besides, present-day architecture demands that its walls be warmed."

1. On the fourteenth of last June, I had a long-rambling conversation with Fernand Leduc on the artistic evolution of his tapestries and his hopes for the future on the tapestries he had just completed in the Aubusson studio. I am going to try, in this brief article, to give a summary of this very animated interview — the general idea of this conversation.

2. This ensemble of tapestries was exhibited at the Canadian Cultural Centre in Paris, from May 3 to June 14, 1972.

3. In Montreal, we shall be able to view Les 7 Jours Fernand Leduc at Galerie III, Bonaventure Building in the Spring '74 (Translation by Mildred Grand)

ART IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

By Ghislain CLERMONT

For a good many tourists who go in summer to Prince Edward Island, the Commemorative Centre of the Fathers of Confederation has more than one surprise. Situated in the heart of Charlottetown, right beside the provincial Parliament, this national monument, erected in 1917 in honour of the founders of Canada, comprises a commemorative hall, a theatre, a lecture hall, an art gallery and museum, a provincial library, a little restaurant and some studios. Thanks to the hospitality it offered in 1864 to those who were dreaming of establishing a new North American nation from one ocean to the other, Charlottetown merits, a hundred years later, the part that it has in the country. It is in this way that the one hundred twelve thousand inhabitants of the smallest Canadian province and the half-million visitors who visit there each year benefit from a cultural centre among the best in Canada. Inaugurated by Queen Elizabeth II on October 6, 1964, it measures more than one hundred twenty feet by one hundred twenty feet. Although the walls of the Commemorative Centre are a little more than six feet high, the entire ensemble is supported by a seventy-two-foot pier. The entire building, connected to the home of the Gool-Whitlock family, contains twenty-four exhibitions and office spaces, including ten exhibition halls, five offices and six studios.

The Confederation Art Gallery has its disposal four exhibition halls, two interior courts, different premises for offices, the library and the photographic library, a seminary hall, studios and storage rooms. Moncrieff Williamson, a Scotsman from Edinburgh who spent a few years in the United States and in British Columbia before settling in the heart of the Island, composed the gallery. Seven persons assist him each year in the preparation of the thirty exhibitions and in the preparation of two or three travelling exhibitions, in the maintenance of a permanent collection of more than six hundred contemporary Canadian paintings and sculptures and in the temporary exhibitions, temporary contemporary Canadian works comprising about a hundred pieces. In the cataloging and the conservation of the fifteen hundred works of painter and sculptor William R. Johnson, one of the Canadian masters of the end of the nineteenth century, who spent a large part of his life in Charlottetown, the gallery organized various art courses, activities of artistic order for the young, and a nursery school for the very young. During the summer it employs students who act as guides. Although a large number of non-Canadian artists are presented to the public, the Gallery neither buys nor accepts donations from Canadian artists for its permanent collection.

In 1965 the Robert Harris Foundation asked the Gallery to take permanent and exclusive charge of the works it owned in a small institution located on the very spot where the building now stands. The gallery expanded and continued its work and finally the building was constructed. In 1967 and 1973 Moncrieff Williamson organized two big exhibitions of Harris' works and in 1970 he published an exhaustive biography of the only important artist the Island had ever known.

Prince Edward Island boasts no school of art. Only Holland College, a school of applied arts and technology, offers training in commercial art. There, drawing, colour, graphic photography, design, ... are taught. The students, after spending two or three years there, are able to work in advertising, layout, illustration, decoration. The University of Prince Edward Island offers a few courses in the history of art and cinema and an introductory course to the plastic arts. As a kind of parenthesis, the Holland College is very liberal. Under the direction of an instructor the students decide the program of their education, according to their interests and their personal needs. They work individually, following the rhythm of their own evolution, without being submitted to the mid-term appraisement of their instructor.

Since their arrival in Charlottetown four years ago, artist Hilda Woolnough and her husband, Reshad Gool, poet, editor and professor of political science at UPEI, have shown a keen interest in the traditional crafts which the Atlantic provinces are so well known for. The idea came to them of helping the young people to continue and to improve what had become a minimized pastime, of even making a profitable enterprise of it. Thanks to their efforts and to the generosity of the country, in May, 1972, twelve artists founded the Phoenix Galleries, the first and only women's cooperative in the Atlantic provinces. They constructed a sufficiently large building, connected to the home of the Gool-Woolnough couple, very close to the downtown area, on the avenue which leads to the Centre of Confederation and Parliament at the University. Located there are an exhibition hall, a basement, a shop on the ground floor, studios on the other two storeys. The group has grown since then and the shop abounds in articles: pottery, weaving, bags and belts of leather, jewellery, batik and macramé, tapestries, wooden toys.

Prince Edward Island is one of the few artists in Prince Edward Island, and almost all of them live in Charlotte­town. Hilda Woolnough has been doing engraving for almost twenty years. Influenced at first by European trends, she brought back a taste for the fantastic and for warm colours from Mexico. Drawing inspiration from Indian motifs, she tries to create her own graphic style. As if abstract forms, not wicd as at all, and fabulous personages, often ugly and mis-shapen, taken from an ancient mythology. She prints with vigour cardboard glued on engraving paper with the aim of achieving an accentuated reality. "Gravure is the counterpart of the hyper­bomorphic surrealism. She creates jewellery in baroque shapes, fairly heavy, often set with stones, for the Phoenix Galleries, of which she is the directress. She also designs sketches for quilting which old lady stitches during the winter. The landscapes, the plants and the animals of the Island supply her with an abundance of subjects, quite as many as the traditional motifs which the artists of the past used to repeat.

Richard Whitlock did a little painting, then he took up silk-screening, three years ago. Drawing inspiration from the minimalists and pop art, he has created an original movement. For some time he has been using photography in order to include fragments of scenery in his geometrical constructions. Floyd Trainor prefers pop and paints landscapes and persons typical of the Maritimes good-naturedly, included in the villages of the Island. In 1972 the Confederation Gallery ordered a monumental sculpture from Henry Purdy of Holland College. The village of Parksdale, on the outskirts of Charlottetown, did likewise last summer, and Purdy erected a sculpture-fountain twelve feet in height. His associates, Peter
Salmon and Russell Stewart, paint a little in their free time. James Little, former curator of the Confederation Gallery, also used to do a little painting. His silk-screen, Charlottetown South, expresses well the impressionist atmosphere of the winter skies of the Island. Marc Gallant has a very sensitive approach to photography. For him it is a form of art, a plastic medium, and he feels that the photographer should expose himself in a receptive manner to the world. People have something to say, at the same level as the painter, the poet or the philosopher. His portraits of the centenarians of the Island, his scenes of the fishing ports and the big farms he has known since his childhood, his descriptions of the dilapidated areas of the capital, are so many testimonies which illustrate the pleasant things and the dramas of life.

A few young artists, photographers and filmmakers have settled in Prince Edward Island or have returned there during the last two years. Ronald Cameron of Bath sculptors in wood; Wendy Duggan, an Islander recently graduated from the faculty of art of the University of Mount Allison, lives in Summerside, where she paints and is now seeking a graphic. George Zimble, a photographer in his thirties, has just traded New York for Argyle Shore, and the studies of advertising and magazines with large circulations are now of less interest to him. The Phoenix Gallery, of which he was an ardent supporter, certainly realizes that its first loyalty is to its home, of which he has known since his childhood, his description of the dilapidated areas of the capital, are so many testimonies which illustrate the pleasant things and the dramas of life.

The adoption by most of the residents of the Island of a nom fictif calls to mind Marcel Duchamp, who often used the name Rose Selavy. More than a mere homage to Duchamp and Dada, the use of a fictitious name is part of the truly Dadaist desire to undermine the system of the European nation-state. On their European nation-state, the Vancouver group is deep into absurdity, often for critical purposes. That is to say, their apparently nonsensical acts are actually aimed at revealing the absurdity of some form of accepted behavior. As one of the Dadaists' manifestoes put it, their forerunners had been, with regard to the realm of art. When I asked Marcel about the origins of their group he responded by inviting me to an international exhibition of video art to be held in February of next year at the Elks Hotel in Hollywood. It took me several months to understand the apparent non sequitur. Marcel's response, like the party itself, effectively points up the art historian's obsession with incidents like picnics dating. Implied is the stricture that there are more important issues to investigate.

In a similar vein, the members of the Front are involved in plans to stage the 1984 Miss World Beauty Pageant. The first pageant was held in 1969; the pageant winning the crown of Miss World in 1971. The affair was held annually until 1971 when Marcel Idea was chosen to be the title holder until 1984. The pageant, of course, is a spoof on the rather absurd custom of beauty contests, but the idea of building a pavilion to house the tent is much deeper. The idea of progress, of a future of rationalized and depersonalized steel cities, material abundance, and contented people is for the members of the Front one of the major myths of the twentieth century. One of its chief vehicles of expression is the world of fair and exoticism. The three Vietnamese pavilions, the choice of the year 1984 for their installation, is a wish of the Front. They are, of course, fairly obvious. In 1984 Orwell forecast a society quite at odds with the prevalent myths. This is not to say the members of the Front are pessimistic about the future, what they see is that the basis of the Front is a sense of the absurdity of the idea of progress, the idea of a future.
mental freedom will be, as Magritte said, "a salutary renewal in all the domains of human activity".

The playful activities at the Western Front must be seen in this context. These artists are specialists in Surrealism, their spiritualistic beliefs with the fullest faith that it will enable them to lead a richer, more enjoyable life. It should be remembered that Surrealism, like Dada and Futurism, is a life style. When Breton came to North America after the outbreak of the war in Europe he was discouraged to note Americans saw Surrealism as a strange style. He would have been pleased to visit the Western Front.

In the final analysis, then, the critical dimensions of the Front's activities are aimed at more than specific cultural abuses; they are aimed at the major failing of human conduct, the failure to enjoy life. "What is supernatural is that milling of beings accepting living below their own potential in ignorance of the powers they contain."

Not merely content with maximizing their own potential, the artists at the Front are also deeply involved in spreading their gospel, not only locally through the example of their work and behaviour but on an international scale through the network of global contacts of which they are a part. The members of the Front are in constant mail contact with artists and groups not only all over Canada and North America but the world.

Besides taking direct part in these mailings the Front, through its Image Bank Directory, encourages artists and interested parties to conduct their own mail exchanges. The directory lists the names, addresses, and special interests of over two hundred people. The purpose of the Eternal Network, as all these mailings are referred to, is not only to encourage the playful pursuits of others, inspire and sustain people with similar viewpoints; not ultimately, as Marcel Idea states in the invitation to art's birthday party, "to make available a substantial body of work and information that you can actively work with, as we do, changing things by seeing them differently". This marks a return to the notion of art's role which was popular between the two world wars. Since about 1945 it has seemed hopelessly naive, however. Is art to provide aesthetic pleasure or impetus for social change? It is a good question.

1 OF 4

By Virgil HAMMOCK

"I'll tell you how the owls came about; it's accidental. I don't go around being a bird painter, although because of the fact that I have grown up on this coast, birds are as natural to me as people are to you or me. There was something else...", the way that Jack Shadbolt began to tell me the story behind his owl images. He continued, "...and I am very passionately attached to the kind of feelings that come out of the swamp land, the rock face, the islands, the foliage that we have here, the smell of the land. I've been using them in my permanent tokens that I work with and all the animal, vegetable, and any kind of form that becomes part of that environment."

I had asked Jack about the owls during an interview that I was doing for another project because I was intrigued by his use of this bird in his work. We had been talking about the Winnipeg home of George Swinton some time before. This single example had started me thinking, as I knew that Jack was well known for this imagery and I had seen works by Swinton on the owl as well. Jean-Paul Riopelle had also titled paintings after this bird. What was there about the owl that appealed to artists since the time of the pharaohs? Symbols of Art, he said, are something like the owl are more common than others.

Jack Shadbolt is very much a product of his Canadian environment. He grew up in Victoria, isolation well might be its chief virtue. Anyway Emily Carr country. While the islands might not be typical of the Canadian mainland I think it difficult to call any place in our huge country typical. It is certain, however, that a childhood spent in the Vancouver Islands rather than, say, an art capital like Paris, New York or London likely gives one a different view of the world. Jack in this context notes "That was a wonderful time that we had. It was a time of nature and Jack loved it, it was part of his life."

The story of Jack's owls goes back to the time when he was working on a mural for the Edmonton International Airport called 'Northward Flight' during the early sixties. He relates how he had spent a great deal of time flying over the northern tundra country, moved, as he said, by "...all these floating images of the pattern from the air, the motifs lying on this dark, forbidding, solemn landscape that went way off to infinity — it's haunting. For me, it was an enormous experience". He worked for months from his own drawings, from aerial photographs, and used the Snowy Owl as the central figure of the composition since it relates so well to his sense of the elemental feel of flying over the country. But they didn't come together in a fashion to his liking. Then one day during this period he remembered a large photograph of an owl that Nora MacAllough had sent him, knowing that in the part he had done other kinds of bird inventions. Somehow, this photograph brought it all together. The sensation of flying was that of a bird, an owl, over that wild northern country. How much better this indigenous bird must understand and master that harsh land than man the interloper! The solution to the Edmonton mural was literally a bird-eye view, but what was more important, the idea of the owl opened new vistas of invention to Shadbolt.

Within days of his discovery Jack began working with a frenzy on his newly found image, sometimes painting over old paintings and drawings, introducing the owl. One must understand Jack's working methods. His studio racks are filled with half finished works or works that he is not fully satisfied with and from time to time as he did in this case, he brings them out and uses them for a basis of a work that he can be satisfied with. Jack is the most demanding critic of his own work. He knows when they work and he knows when they don't. In the period of one weekend he had finished a whole series of paintings and very shortly thereafter had an exhibition of these paintings in Vancouver. They were, as he remembers, a triumph. However, Jack felt compelled to question the success saying "I'm not painting (owls) on demand for anybody", but the image persisted, "...because I found this bird would give me the kind of enigmatic invention I needed."

Within the word that Jack Shadbolt uses often in conversation and it aptly applies not only to his owl imagery but to his whole body of work. After all, art is a puzzle not easily solved and Jack is not looking for answers as much as he is for questions. Later, looking back on his use of the owl image. Shadbolt attributes it to the influence of his friend and mentor, the artist Nora Macallough, who had sent him the photograph. "There were two owls, a snowy and a great horned, in a cage in Beacon Hill Park and how he would sit for hours fascinated by these birds. He is sure that this fascination remained in his subconscious only to be later triggered by receiving the photograph from Nora and his subsequent work on the Edmonton mural. Jack has a great ability to absorb and keep images of all kinds in his artistic vocabulary. As he has said, he is not a bird painter, it is only one line of thought that he uses. The latest and perhaps the most dramatic use of the owl theme is the mural that was commissioned and installed in the Opera restaurant at the National Art Centre of the National Gallery of Canada. The Board of the Bank of the Canada Council purchased The Chilkoot Experience, a seventy long mural depicting Shadbolt's experience as he retraced the path the gold seekers of '98 took over the Chilkoot to the Yukon. It was my interest with the owl symbol that made me want to talk to the subject with Jack. Not only have other Canadian artists constantly made reference to this bird, but I would be negligent if I failed to mention its abundant use as a symbol or subject by Canada's native artist, the Eskimo. This might be a good place to say a word or two about our country's best known semi-official symbol, the beaver, happily emblazoned on the back of our nickel. How beautifully our buck-toothed friend seems to fit our image of ourselves — industrious, frugal, a little dull — color him gray. Our southern neighbors, on the other hand, have their high flying bird of prey; the bald eagle, whose diet no doubt includes any beavers who might become over eager. This heavy-handed, and off the subject, metaphor is not to suggest that Jack Shadbolt is the latest convert to Canadian nationalism and in a fit of patriotic zeal is trying to find our long lost friend 'Canadian Identity' in the person of the Snowy Owl. But you have to admit one is hard pressed to find serious art done on a beaver theme and if we were to pick a bird for a national symbol, we should remember that the snowy owl is one bird that doesn't fly south for the winter.

1. This and all other direct quotes are from a taped interview the author made with Jack Shadbolt in May 1972 for a book in progress on Canadian painting. It forms the basis of a work that he can be satisfied with. Jack is the most demanding critic of his own work. He knows when they work and he knows when they don't. In the period of one weekend he had finished a whole series of owl paintings and very shortly thereafter had an exhibition of these paintings in Vancouver. They were, as he remembers, a triumph. However, Jack felt compelled to question the success saying "I'm not painting (owls) on demand for anybody", but the image persisted, "...because I found this bird would give me the kind of enigmatic invention I needed."

By Nathalie Le GRIS

At the beginning of the eighteenth century England, poor in painters, turned toward the Italian and Flemish schools. No English artist had yet known how to profit from the heritage of Van Dyck, which would develop the English tradition of landscape and genre painting. Nature always attracted the English. For a long time already, portraitists had been using a background of greenery or rustic scenery suitable to the personality of the model. The study of botanics and of the new mineralogy was an ideal subject for engravers and the best colour, which allows the more rapid arrangement of a landscape and the creation of an impression of a whole departing from a point of view taken from life.

Before 1750, water-colour was used especially for engraving because it did not occupy a place of importance in the domain of the arts, being limited to the tinted drawings of military topographers whose education, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, would
take place in two big schools, the Farnham Military College and, especially, the Military Academy of Woolwich, where Massiot and the Sandbys followed each other between 1744 and 1790. The influence of Paul Sandby (1725-1809) on the topographers who came to Canada seems beyond all question. Formed at his school, they afterwards worked in close collaboration with the military engineers. Thus, in his drawings, he sometimes drew water-colours from which they were then engraved. Not only did he teach his pupils the art of making wash-tints and instil into them the technical principles of topography, but he also gave them a profound, serious and tender feeling for Nature. Immigrant from the Low Countries, this was the school of aquarellists, a branch of English landscape painting; they even exhibited at the Royal Academy. Nevertheless, the fame of the topographers rests on the publication of their water-colours; thus it seems difficult to dissociate water-colour from engraving, among the Canalettos.

At the end of the eighteenth century London already had numerous publishing houses, such as: Thomas Jefferys, Robert Sayer, Laurie & Whittle, T. Bowles & John Bowles, John Boydell, J. Wells and J.W. Edy, to mention only the best known, whose reputation was well established in Europe.

Their professional education allowed naval officers to portray coasts and ports, and army officers to depict topography. Thus it is not surprising that after the conquest in 1760 the officers trained at the Woolwich school saw Canada from a point of view that was peculiar to them: living in barracks and as a closed group, they recreated an atmosphere that reminded them of England. From their water-colours, the English publishers set up pictorial records greatly appreciated by the Europeans.

An incomplete classification of the topographers is a point of view that was peculiar to them: living in barracks and as a closed group, they recreated an atmosphere that reminded them of England. From their water-colours, the English publishers set up pictorial records greatly appreciated by the Europeans.

A topographer, an historian and also an ethnologist; few engravings, but many drawings and water-colours in tinted India ink followed. He represented flora in a manner sometimes eccentric. He knew how to paint architecture and even persons. He treated nature and plants in the fashion of a miniaturist. He illustrated some of his water-colours by rays of sunlight which he projected on the greens. This artist is stamped with an exotic character heightened by a sureness of hand and a skill without equal. He was the only one to make use of this exotic quality to depict Canada.

Hervey Smyth is the very self to personages, especially when he illustrated Cook's Voyages. He was a topographer, an historian and also an ethnologist; few engravings, but many drawings and water-colours in tinted India ink followed. He represented flora in a manner sometimes eccentric. He knew how to paint architecture and even persons. He treated nature and plants in the fashion of a miniaturist. He illustrated some of his water-colours by rays of sunlight which he projected on the greens. This artist is stamped with an exotic character heightened by a sureness of hand and a skill without equal. He was the only one to make use of this exotic quality to depict Canada.

Hunt and Peachey offer several traits in common. Wash-tints, study of the coasts, landscapes, representation of the Indians, but with a severity very different from that of Davies. Peachey placed little importance on composition and expanded domestic details. He painted men and their costumes, cows, fields and a few trees. It seems that he specialized less in topography for its own sake than in people in the sociological sense.

Peasey was a pupil of Paul Sandby, just as Davies was what Massiot twenty years later. This shows us the conception of water-colour developed a little in England.

We must wait for Webber, Lady Simcoe and Herriot to have a complete realization of the romantic conception of scenery and native people. Lady Simcoe painted her landscapes on birch-bark, giving in this way a completely naturalistic hue to her works, while Webber, son of a carpenter, somewhat put aside the classical conception of architecture in order to devote himself to personages, especially when he illustrated Cook's Voyages. Herriot is the very typical aquarellist of the nineteenth century. He knew how to give the exact touch to represent foliage. Although he was a good topographer, he abandoned the architectural side of the profession to tint his water-colours with a genuine romanticism. However, he was most sentimental, just as were the great English landscape artists Girtin, Constable and Turner, who led the English artistic world at that time.

Since the beginning of this century, Canada has owned a rather important collection of the works of these topographers. They are to be found in the NAC, in the McCord Museum of the National Defence in Ottawa, in the Sigmund Museum and in the Public Library in Toronto, in the private collections of W. H. Coverdale and of Peter S. Winkworth, as well as in the McCord Museum at McGill University in Montreal. It is interesting to note in this respect that it is only in the twentieth century that Canada is inquiring into its art. Indeed, nothing is known about the works of these topographers. Nevertheless we must admit that the source of one aspect of art in Canada was born with the conquest and that the English topographers are, in their own country, at the origin of this landscape art which was to produce painters like Paul Kane, for Canada, as well as very great landscape artists in England, who were, besides, the forerunners of Impressionism in France.

1. There were others who engraved the rather queer drawings of the soldiers. See the record of the McCord Museum.

2. It is interesting to note that before the Seven Years' War engraving was not done in Canada and that very few works are known of this art.

3. Captain Ince has left us a very pretty view of the fortifications of Quebec, painted in colour by Canot and published by Jefferys in 1762.

4. The McCord Museum owns two engravings, the first in black and white, unfinished, to which added notes in pen and wash; Swaine's canvas is in the Sigmund Samuel Museum of Canadiana in Ottawa.

5. We find this same kind of work in Howdell, who spent several years in Virginia, where the vegetation was still more luxuriant.

6. Peachey gave an example of life on a farm in View of Quebec and The St. Lawrence, River, in 1769.

(Translation by Mildred Grandin)

THE CHANT OF THE LEGEND

By Jacques de ROUSSAN

Since the magazine Arts et Pensée devoted its issue of July-August, 1954, to the painter Oziad Leduc, a year before his death at the age of ninety-four, and the National Gallery of Canada organized in 1955-1956 a retrospective of his work comprising oils, charcoal and crayons, no large-scale showing had taken place to establish better the importance of this artist who had been called self-taught and whose symbolism — derived from a question-era — was related to a certain esoterism, which found its source in a profound sensitivity and a living faith.

Jean-René Ostigu, director of research in Canadian art at the National Gallery, who had taken part in the organization of the first retrospective and had published in 1954 a very interesting Etude des dessins préparatoires à la décoration du baptistère de l'église Notre-Dame-de-Montréal, arranged an exhibition of the symbolic and religious works of the master of Saint-Hilaire, to be presented from the 11th to the 24th of this month, at the National Gallery in Ottawa, then in Paris, Brussels, London, Hamilton and Montreal. In all, forty canvases and twenty-five different drawings covering a period of fifty-seven years from Les trois pommes, an oil on canvas, of 1887, to Notre Père, qui êtes aux cieux, graphite on beige paper, of 1944, the greater part of which has never been shown to the public.

Born in Saint-Hilaire in 1854, and dead in Saint-Hyacinthe in 1955, Oziad Leduc, son of a carpenter, possessed a precocious talent which permitted him to launch out very quickly into easel painting and, as early as 1850, into the decorating of churches, the only form of art at that time which could really allow a man to earn his living. His production in the religious domain is impressive: pictures and decorations follow each other with almost no interruption from 1890 until his death, when he was working for the church of Almaville-en-Bas (now She-
There are to be found numerous affinities with essays; we are particularly familiar with the expressions of his thought by recourse to his voluminous correspondence, we find their loose from them the connecting lines to expose process of reproduction brought answers which carry no marginal note. As his pictures and drawings and with a taste for a certain solitude, he left hundreds and hundreds of them and, in a miserable bit of paper, he drew incessantly and large sheet.

We also know that he was tremendously interested in photography, and from a deeper angle than that of a simple amateur. For him it involved a research parallel to that of painting. There are to be found numerous affinities with the spirit in which he painted some non-religious works, notably L'Heure mauve. He pursued this research on the magic instant by photographing rural or city scenes, portraits, details which struck his vision and his thoughts. In this he followed the quest of more than one artist of his time, to whom the discovery of this process of reproduction was given the great painters of the past had sought and which led those of his generation to reconsider the formal problems of art.

Through reflection, Ozias Leduc paid attention to all that concerned human nature. He went very far along his path. We have the proof of this in the incredible quantity of his thoughts, notes that he scribbled all day long. He left hundreds and hundreds of them and, in his voluminous correspondence, we find their development in discussions with his friends and acquaintances. A man who was a little withdrawn and with a taste for a certain solitude, Ozias Leduc offers a company nonetheless on condition that it should be of a thoughtful exchange.

In pencil he prepared the development of his paintings and his works. Whether it was on a large sheet — like an architect, or on a more intimate scale of a small drawing — he was not a man who lacked necessity and noted at the same time the characteristics inherent in the work in the process of being created. Rare indeed are those of his drawings that carry no marginal note. As his pictures and major works are rather inaccessible to-day to collectors because they are in museums or are fixtures in the churches for which he created them — whether it is a matter of easel canvases or of mural panels —, it is therefore necessary to seek the expression of his talent in his drawings, which are fortunately numerous: they now adorn more than one public or private collection.

When in March 1972 Miss Gabrielle Messier, Ozias Leduc's secretary for several years and his assistant in the ornamenting of the church at Shawinigan South, offered to the National Library of Quebec a first group of the documents which were in her possession through a support, she initiated in fact the creation of a fund of archives which at the time comprised correspondence, drawings and an important documentation for the history of art.

This gift was followed in April 1973 by the acquisition of other papers belonging to Mr. Gaston Leduc of Montreal: a large volume of photographs, a large volume of personal notebooks, reproductions of foreign works which might have inspired him. To all of this have recently been added two hundred negatives on glass which the painter had taken himself. As for

Miss Messier, she has just given the preliminary drawings for the baptism of the Notre-Dame Church to the National Archives of Quebec in Montreal, as well. All this documentation, henceforth gathered together at the National Archives and accessible to researchers and historians, casts an unprecedented light on the intimate personality of the sage of Saint-Hilaire. Not to consult these papers is impossible for anyone who wishes to study the adventures and the art of Ozias Leduc, or, better still, to attempt a synthesis of his work and his thought.

Contrary to Théodore Ribot (1823-1891) and parallel to Odilon Redon (1840-1916), Ozias Leduc, who certainly had knowledge of their works at the time of his sojourn in Paris in 1897, succeeded in transcending the realism — often trite — that photography transposed into painting had brought, that is to say illusion. Even if, in his sketches, he often forgot detail to the advantage of the vision of the whole, it remained no less objective and sometimes even hieratic, especially in his religious compositions which scarcely differ from the general taste in this genre.

If we can consider that church art was for Ozias Leduc like the good work of an engineer or a specialist, we wonder then where lies the true talent of this painter who, however, opened the way to other generations and whom we freely recognize to-day as a major link in the evolution of Canadian painting.

Indeed, by his drawings Ozias Leduc showed us, on the one hand, to what point he was able to be overcast by orders of decorations for churches and other public buildings which he felt free in the interpretation of subjects arising from direct observation. Sometimes stiff, his drawings really came alive only when he could give free rein not to facility, because each of his canvases was deeply thought out, but to his inspiration. And the latter pushed him to sketch from life, one might say, and with a never-end stroke a tree, a bird, a landscape whose spontaneity we discover — but well disciplined — in one or other of his easel paintings. Anyone who has not admired some of his trees or his still lifes cannot feel all the poetry which emanates from them and which imbued him on contact with Canadian nature and under the influence of a certain surrealism. Two tenden­cies which we find in force in many of our modern painters.

When all is said and done, it is certainly there that we find the true Ozias Leduc and that we will finally discover his whole depth.


(Translation by Mildred Grand)

IVANHOË FORTIER, SCULPTOR

By Jean SOUCY

Ivanhoë Fortier was born at Saint-Louis-de-Couville in December, 1931. He very soon showed an impasioned interest in everything that had reference to the domain of the arts and, having finished his secondary school studies, he enrolled in the School of Fine Arts in Montreal. This institution awarded him a diploma in 1960; two years later he would obtain a teacher's diploma at the same place.

In parallel direction to his career as a teacher, Ivanhoë Fortier devoted himself almost entirely to sculpture. Aside from a few attempts at painting, a field which he would never entirely put aside, his deep preoccupation continued to be to think about sculpture and to write about it back to the problems of form and material.

In the catalogue published on the occasion of the exhibition he presented at the Museum of Quebec, the artist explained: "Sculpture created every day offers me a sustained exploration of an unknown universe. The artist must be the one to discover and to use having possibilities which cannot be exceeded, each of them is used to solidify the ideas, the images of the unconscious, which are the very essence of life."

In 1962, Ivanhoë Fortier won a prize in sculpture at the Artistic Competition of the Province: the same year, the government of Quebec granted him a scholarship. The success achieved gave the artist the necessary impetus. He worked eagerly, imposed great sacrifices on himself in order to be in a position to continue the research he had undertaken. An optimist by nature, Fortier believed in the future of plastic arts, which he explored without ever losing the enthusiasm which characterizes him and which excites admiration to a certain point. This enthusiasm is found as well in his works: it is inherent in the very movement of the solid frames that the sculptor favors in his art.

From 1962, Fortier's career has been proceeding without interruption: the list of exhibitions in which he has participated is impressive. In Canada, we find him in a great number of group showings, too many to enumerate here. Several of his works have been seen in exhibitions abroad; thus, in 1965, Fortier was invited to the seventeenth International Salon of Sculpture, held at the Rodin Museum in Paris; he was represented in the different group exhibitions organized at the Museum of Modern Art in Milan (1967-1970). The Panorama de la sculpture contemporaine in which he took part at the Rodin Museum in 1971, includes one of his pieces. It was also in 1971 that the Quebec Museum devoted a retrospective exhibition to Ivanhoë Fortier under the theme Dix ans de sculpture.

Fortier has always demonstrated in his work an insatiable curiosity towards material and texture. In general, he treats the form while taking great care to establish all the relationships he can bring about between the material used and the spirit of the object created. In such a way that all the elements harmonize with the whole and are closely integrated with it. In 1969, the artist set up at Man and his World an environment which demanded an especially large amount of stone. Thus he carried out a project which had been close to his heart for a long time, but which demanded an especially large amount of stone. By the use of adequate techniques, he illustrated the different effects which can be achieved according to the kind of stone. For the artist, this environment represented an important step: he went from the monolithic to the separation of masses, each volume playing an essential role in the composition and the balance of the whole. Speaking of his work, he stated that "This sculpture appears anachronistic, in the context of this work, critic Normand Thériault mentioned that "It is always a sculpture which fastens to the ground."

Translation by Mildred Grand}
The sirens and the harp held by the sirens, clear details either. The lyre was rather the instrument of whose planes and volumes presented an effort of rationalization connecting the architectural structure.

In the domain of welded iron, the sculptor acquired a technique which he uses with exceptional ease, creating forms with clean, free outlines at points where a finely worked texture can be seen.

An artist whose development is marked in all of its stages by a profound honesty toward himself and his craft, Ivanhoé Fortier pursues his research with confidence and determination.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)

THE ART OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

By François GAGNON

We should be grateful for the patient works of J. R. Harper and for the extension services of the National Gallery of Canada for having collected the works shown under the inclusive title of People's Art: Naïve Art in Canada1, Montrealers, whose museum is in the process of expansion, will be able to console themselves for not getting this exhibition by remembering that they were indulged last year with a retro-

pect of Arthur Villeneuve, the painter of the People's Art, as its title indicates, does not intend to deal with the difficult distinctions between Popular Art, Naïve Art, Primitive Art, Folk Art, Brute Art and the latest Inuit Art.

They wish simply to offer us the Art of the People or perhaps even the Art of the Little People, in the same direct manner in which the works have been produced. Let us do likewise and propose a few psychological reflections in connection with three or four pictures in this collection.

Let us begin with this extraordinary oil on canvas (12 inches by 18½ inches) by Edward R. Jost titled Ulysses, dated in the 1860's. Jost was a cabinet-maker who practised his trade in Halifax in 1864, as D. C. Macay informed historian J. R. Harper. Jost wished to illustrate this passage of the Odyssey where Homer tells how Ulysses and his companions, warned by Circe of the treachery of the sirens, passed near steep rocks, somewhere between the Isle of Capri and the coast of Italy, where they had established their lair. Their melodious singing had the power to make those who heard them forget everything, and lure them to their death. The waves caught on the rock which is seen in the middle of Jost's composition expresses in its own way this detail of the Homeric tale, which described rather the blanched skeletons which were to be seen piled up around their island.

The lyres and the harp held by the sirens, clearly illustrating the musical power, are not exact details either. The lyre was rather the instrument of Apollo or Orpheus or else, strictly speaking, of the Muses, but not of the Sirens, whose power lay entirely in their voices. It is known, finally, that it was traditional to show their position. What makes the originality of the work is then the explicit universe, not a formal system, peculiar to the author. (Fortier: La Sculpture à Tôti, La Prassade, Saturday, July 4th, 1970.)

We have spoken very often of research of architectural character in the works of Ivanhoé Fortier. Such research, moreover, interests the artist. In an exhibition held at Montreal in 1968, at the Galerie du Gobelet, Fortier presented several pieces of work, the arrangement of whose planes and volumes presented an effort of rationalization connecting the architectural structure.

In the domain of welded iron, the sculptor acquired a technique which he uses with exceptional ease, creating forms with clean, free outlines at points where a finely worked texture can be seen.

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THE ART OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

By François GAGNON

We should be grateful for the patient works of J. R. Harper and for the extension services of the National Gallery of Canada for having collected the works shown under the inclusive title of People's Art: Naïve Art in Canada, Montrealers, whose museum is in the process of expansion, will be able to console themselves for not getting this exhibition by remembering that they were indulged last year with a retro-

pect of Arthur Villeneuve, the painter of the People's Art, as its title indicates, does not intend to deal with the difficult distinctions between Popular Art, Naïve Art, Primitive Art, Folk Art, Brute Art and the latest Inuit Art. They wish simply to offer us the Art of the People or perhaps even the Art of the Little People, in the same direct manner in which the works have been produced. Let us do likewise and propose a few psychological reflections in connection with three or four pictures in this collection.

Let us begin with this extraordinary oil on canvas (12 inches by 18½ inches) by Edward R. Jost titled Ulysses, dated in the 1860's. Jost was a cabinet-maker who practised his trade in Halifax in 1864, as D. C. Macay informed historian J. R. Harper. Jost wished to illustrate this passage of the Odyssey where Homer tells how Ulysses and his companions, warned by Circe of the treachery of the sirens, passed near steep rocks, somewhere between the Isle of Capri and the coast of Italy, where they had established their lair. Their melodious singing had the power to make those who heard them forget everything, and lure them to their death. The waves caught on the rock which is seen in the middle of Jost's composition expresses in its own way this detail of the Homeric tale, which described rather the blanched skeletons which were to be seen piled up around their island.

The sirens as fabulous beings, half woman and half fish. Jost therefore took some liberties with the usual way of treating his subject, creating here and there, perhaps without knowing it, variations due to his ignorance of Greek mythology.

His work is then the explicit universe, not a formal system, peculiar to the author. (Fortier: La Sculpture à Tôti, La Prassade, Saturday, July 4th, 1970.)

We have spoken very often of research of architectural character in the works of Ivanhoé Fortier. Such research, moreover, interests the artist. In an exhibition held at Montreal in 1968, at the Galerie du Gobelet, Fortier presented several pieces of work, the arrangement of whose planes and volumes presented an effort of rationalization connecting the architectural structure.

In the domain of welded iron, the sculptor acquired a technique which he uses with exceptional ease, creating forms with clean, free outlines at points where a finely worked texture can be seen.

An artist whose development is marked in all of its stages by a profound honesty toward himself and his craft, Ivanhoé Fortier pursues his research with confidence and determination.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)
In the silkscreens the circular symbol as flower or sun hangs over an expanse of waves or an endless plain of rocks, the latter a very personal and characteristic image with the artist. Within these landscapes the attention is led to the aid of an effort, more specific images: stars, the boit of the pilgrim, the tree of life, the face of Christ, the cross, the triangle. The style is unique, melding influences from pop, Japanese woodcuts and ornate 19th-century decorative design, into something joyous and reflective. In a very real sense his experience becomes an adventure. The colors are intense and brilliant: golden beams radiating against skies of deep blue broken by the purity of clouds: golds, yellows, pinks and scarlets combining like flowers in the rock field.

Tétreault has had one-man shows in this province and in Hong Kong and has been in numerous group exhibitions. He and other members of the community showed in the Under 35 show last year, and at Media Gallery this Fall he showed silkscreens on the theme of "The New Creation" with texts from Genesis, the Gospels, the Apocalypse, the Upanishads and other sacred writings. For this he received a Quebec government Service de l'Aide de la Création grant. (These works were still in the planning stage when this article was written, as were the sculptures Réal Lauzon was preparing for his show at the same gallery in December.)

Lauzon's work will be familiar from the Montreal Plus or Minus show of two years ago. He did the fascinating but cryptic pop-style objects, the most striking of which was the velvet-lined chest which opened and closed to the sound of bird-like twitterings, and which contained a glowing, jewelled heart with the biblical quotation "Where your treasure is there will your heart be". Lauzon's present work is among the funniest being done in Quebec today. The style is pop and traditional, the imagery based on everyday objects — but all this is only a taking-off point for visual statements which are both delightfully funny and imaginative and full of significance and provocation. Lauzon's work stimulates the viewer to stop taking the everyday world for granted. In a drawing depicting the Fall of Babylon shown at the UQAM Appartements exhibition in spring, 1973, he presents the world as a monstrous bathroom. Crashing into the sea are the taps, toy boats, flying saucers, the soap container with its Lux, and a glass of false teeth — vampire ones.

"You try to make it nice and clean but it's still full of excrement", comments the artist on the image.

Typical of Lauzon's sculptures is the bed shown in Under 35. From a distance it's simply a brightly colored bed with someone sleeping in it, but a more intimate view reveals that all the figures look like the same. The headboards are all the same. However, up close you discover that between the headboards instead of a mattress there is a chair on which the sleeper sits, his blanket tucked under his chin.

Richard Rousseau paints joyful, windblown scènes of life, in free and country moods which have a hint of Marc-Aurèle Fortin as well as a share of the pop-influenced group style which can be discerned among most of the artists at the Tour de David.

A different little is René Belly, whose style is more abstract. Belly also did the tabernacle in St. Thomas' church, which he did in tinted plywood glass sculpture in the form of a tower.

The chapel illustrates another characteristic of the Tour de David, the pleasing blending of old and new, of the natural and the man-made in its decor. Here for instance the tower and other contemporary works co-exist harmoniously not only with lace altar cloths and plaster statues of the old style, but with live birds and maturing plants. (The birds sing when the worshippers pray.)

Time in the community follows a regular pattern. Up at 5:30, prayers, mass, then breakfast followed by periods of work and prayer. Evenings, Sundays and some Saturday afternoons there is free time. The community is run by an assembly of 11 persons, called the council of elders. The council of elders being the group of elders, in place of the council of the people, to which the Reverence’s duties and works are delegated. Decisions are made by council of elders.

Some members work outside, others in the community. This summer they sharecropped 40 acres of vegetables with a nearby farmer as well as cattle and interest in their own arts. This group has been at St-Basile since May 1972 but the community itself began three years ago.

Not all the members have similar backgrounds but 26 year old Pierre Tétreault's story throws light on some common experiences. After a happy, normal childhood in Granby, a B.A at the Franciscan College in Longueuil and the beginnings of researches in poetry and art, he began at the École des Beaux-Arts, but quit four months later after the "Contestation" of 1968. The same year he started doing silk-screens at the Guilde Graphique and was happily surprised when they asked him to do an album — Gimmick One. Around this time he was becoming increasingly interested in occult and studies and as well he became adept at using marijuana to help his art appreciation.

The crucial event was his meeting with Décary and their common desire for a new lifestyle. After that — a small community of four, an idyllic summer on the Isle Bonaventure, a return to Montreal, and a surprise. Décary, who had been reading the Bible, stunned him by spreading his artistic expressing further and accepting its presentation of Jesus as the son of God and redeemer of a suffering humanity, and then going from there to accepting the Roman Catholic Church.

(Should be mentioned here, though they are not involved further in the content, that there is no question of religious syncretism, pantheism, etc., at the Tour de David. In their acceptance of Catholic doctrine and the hierarchy they are orthodox, and in some practices quite traditional, though their approach is characteristically new and unexpected.)

Tétreault, who had abandoned his unchristian childhood faith, was confused but impressed with the change in his friend. A gradual struggle or process of interior dialectic was thus initiated in him which culminated three months later, in December 1970, in his own conversion.

At this point he severed himself completely from his past, art included. And when Décary, a year and a half later, asked him to start drawing again, his initial reaction was depression. He didn't think he could do it any more. But he did and was surprised at the result.

"I thought what I had always been dreaming of drawing before. And I was surprised to find that I could do it better this way than with drugs. I was going deeper and doing it more naturally.

Now Tétreault sees his work as a catalyst for aiding others see themselves and recognize the flickering light within them'. (He can only hold this light, that not everything that shines contains light.)

Continuing on the subject of the artist, he says he is "discovering the sacred function of art, that it needs to be prepared for with medita-

TOUR DE DAVID

By Virginia NIXON

As everyone knows, in the past decade Quebec's churches have been emptying at a rate no one would have thought possible twenty-five years ago. It is also well known that in the past few years there has been a resurgence of interest in Christianity among young people, especially in the United States and English Canada.

More recently the phenomenon appeared in Quebec. And while the English version, because of the small population, tends to be more intellectual and suspicious of "culture" (and also anti-Catholic), this has been much less so with the French-Canadian variety.

In fact, one of the pioneers among the new lay communities here, the Catholic Centre Communautaire at St-Basile-le-Grand, has become known for its artistic production, though, as its members will tell you, art for them is not an end in itself.

Essentially, what they are trying to do is set up a context where people — single people and families — can live "normal Christian lives of work, sharing, contemplation and recreation".

Comprising about 40 members including half a dozen children and two priests, the group lives a communal life in a large former convent on the outskirts of St. Basile. Almost all the members are involved either in the arts or in handicrafts. Best known are the visual artists, Pierre Tétreault, Réal Lauzon, Richard Rousseau, René Belly, Pierre Denault, Gérard Bosselin, Marcel Dupont and Jacques Dubuc.

Many of them studied at the Old École des Beaux-Arts, as did also Normand Décary, the community's 27-year-old founder, who, however, turned from sculpture to poetry.

It was his poems which accompanied Pierre Tétreault's silkscreen album "Lumière" exhibited at Boutique Soleil in the summer of 1972, in an attempt to share the artist's inspirations with the viewer.

"J'ai ouvert le livre de mon coeur et j'ai découvert un paysage merveilleux qui ne demandait qu'à naître."
showing, I would place in three classes: dreamed eroticism. Eroticism of death. Male eroticism. It is a very sweet world that his canvases of the first inspiration offer and it is in these that he is the most luminarist. He dreams of nothing but of several at a time, rinds or not. It is all the truth, not of young women but of strange blond and bright red teenagers, slim, with androgynous bodies, born of romantic and sparse songs. There is never only one of them. Sometimes they multiply to infinity. It is delirium for Lollitas not at all depraved and skilful. Shy little girls to be taken in his arms, to caress their hair, to breathe their faces and mouths, to rock on his lap, these evenings in the style of Loti. Not like children, because the atmosphere is sensual. Desire wanders. It troubles the water. The waves of this water have not their shape, but they are less insidious. Bewitching.

On the other hand, there is the eroticism of death where everything is painful. A bull-fight, for instance, brings death with it but there is a fight and not necessarily a defeat. Tremblé is sad, indeed morbid, in this vein. It is the rape of love, chastisement or sodomy brother. Love that is made without passion, without tenderness. Still less with mutual pleasure. There love does not bring a challenge to death but turns into agony in the cataclysms of the universe or the swamps of a shabby daily occurrence. It is nightmarish surrealism. So the paintings of Tremblé and the poems of androphilous mine pits, coagulated reds. He must live through very agonizing anguishs to descend into these depths!

He comes back up to the surface, however, through his male eroticism where man gives forth his cock's crow. He makes love. He is at his climax. Here is the triumph of virility in his works. It is the triumph of virility in itself, as the Latinis understand virility, and not only the Latinis! There we find carnal reds with cobalt blues and sunflower yellows with full-blooded oranges. Men greatly appreciate this facet of Tremblé!

Born in Montreal, he spent his childhood and the summers of his adolescence on the Ile Perrot. First tragedy: the refusal of his parents to allow him to become a sculptor. The trouble was deep and he would have to travel a long road before living as he wished. At first he lived on the road, finding various occupations, solitary and inventive. From a plank, he made continuous chains; from trees, he built boats, sculpted forms with tender curves.

Now his sculptures resemble our world of industrialization, with hydraulic, electric, sonorous applications. They run, light up, shout move. Using a primary material (wood, plastic, cement, etc.), he makes them come alive as if he were building a whole. I know one that was a revenge. Yet it is magnificent. It is titled: A la mémoire des étables.

It sprang out from him after a revolt. He was living on the road with the help of a few initials. In his studio, Richelieu Road, in the shade of five hundred-year-old maples, streaming in springtime, in full beauty in autumn. One fine morning, for no reason, the owner decided to have them cut down. Jacques wept over it. He ran to find the mutilated maple and flung himself at the ground. Then he set up his sculpture, part of the trunk and the siren. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, the siren cried out the sin against nature. The owner lost sleep because of it, but art and beauty embraced each other madly. Divinely.

May the little star of Berlin and the great Granby of this world always be beautiful. The seasons never halt you in your excessiveness, Jacques Tremblé, who loves life son much.
year to carry off trophies (Etroge). As Claude Jutra has maliciously said, the CFA benefited more from l'oncle Antoine than the latter benefitted from the CFA. Indeed, had it not been for this unexpected and, to say the least, laughable welcome on the part of this body (at which the profession looked with amusement) and especially at that of the people who had the temerity to storm the Quebec stronghold in 1973, the CFA would probably have continued on its happy way until attaining the age of one hundred, in its fief at Toronto.

The second part of the manoeuvre was really too good to escape the violence of the cine­matographers. Until very recently the latter had no other choice than to come to terms with those in power, than to bet on a certain climate of ambiguity in order to assure the expression of their own culture, while remaining aware of the threshold not to be crossed in the domain of compromise. In that respect the CFA appeared as an instrument aimed at forcing their hand and that it was clearly a matter of a decisive and concerted attack (with the support of the SDCCI) against their cultural fortress, the Quebec Film Producers and critics, through the voice of the Independent Film Producers Co-operative with the support and the collaboration of the Canadian Institute of Film Producers, the IFF-16 receives "the certain social benefits each year from grants and subsidies to maintain a presentation of such wretched quality and that its organization has rendered this enterprise fundamentally dishonest; through its poorly representative sampling of present-day Quebec, through the way in which interviews are conducted, in truth stilted, through the inadmissible work at the level of editing, which exploits in a shameful fashion and directs in a constant way the fragments of evidence retained in the line of the alienating vision of the producers, aiming to provoke ridicule with a bias of evident spitefulness and with the intention of covering up and revealing certain realities. Defiling the screen by their unbearable self-complicity, Drot and Godbout use people for dishonest purposes, with the evident goal of producing a folkloric and caricatural image of Quebec. This disloyal undertaking, centered on individuals and not on our collective future, deserves only the most personal criticism. It is already to grant too much importance to it when we devote these few lines to it.

Drot stormed out of Quebec while bawling at us to go ahead and make our own films on our own terms. As was already advised, he undoubtedly did not know that the two men, nevertheless already very well begun: by some film producers, to the degree to which their hands are not tied; by some critics, as the series Cinéma d'ici, among others, has proved, composed of eleven films of one hour each, dealing with Quebec cinema. We will recall that this series, broadcast on the French network of Radio-Canada in 1972, then repeated in 1973, gave rise to a positive ... unanimity. Having contributed directly and with intensity to this series, I keep silent while simply expressing the wish that it may finally be shown in our institutions of teaching for which it was undoubtedly conceived, accompanied by the book of the same title published by Leméac/Radio-Canada in April 1973, to be made an instrument of useful work.

After having allowed itself to be carried away by the fraudulent values of a strong inflationary current, toed about by being immersed in self-seeking views, to find itself finally in the trough of the wave, the Quebec cinematographic life is now founded on a completely justified distrust, accompanied by a constant vigilance.

(For footnotes, see French text.)