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Linux is an operating system that was first released in 1991 by Linus Torvalds. It is an open-source operating system, which means that its source code is freely available to anyone who wants to use it. This makes it possible for anyone to modify the code as they see fit, and to distribute their modifications to others. This has led to the development of many different versions of Linux, each with its own set of features and capabilities.

One of the most significant advantages of Linux is its stability. Because it is an open-source operating system, there are many different organizations and individuals who work together to maintain and improve it. This has resulted in a very robust and secure operating system that is used by millions of people around the world.

Another advantage of Linux is its flexibility. It is designed to work with a wide variety of hardware, and it can be customized to meet the needs of individual users. This makes it a good choice for use in a variety of different environments, from small personal computers to large enterprise servers.

In addition to these advantages, Linux also has a large and active development community. This means that there is a lot of support available for users, and that new features and improvements are constantly being added to the system. As a result, Linux is a dynamic and growing operating system that is always evolving to meet the needs of its users.

Overall, Linux is a powerful and versatile operating system that is well-suited to a wide range of uses. Whether you are a casual user looking for a reliable operating system, or a professional working with complex software, Linux has a lot to offer.
this occasion, the "image" of the Holy Family was carried in solemn procession". This image was closely linked to the religious concept of the ideal family in which the father models himself on Saint Joseph and the mother on the Holy Virgin, to bring up the children like the Infant Jesus1. The spreading of this concept by the clergy was linked to the dissemination in homes of images of the Holy Family, with white masses, medallions and the like, in the context of the revival of this devotion, one might believe that a local section of the confraternity of the Holy Family used to meet to pray in front of the relief of Jobin at Saint-Valentin or elsewhere.

Though there were many pictures of the Holy Family in New France from the 17th century on, we do not know of any sculptures on the same theme dated the 17th and 18th centuries. On the other hand, two works of the same era as Jobin's can serve us as points of comparison. The first, in high relief, belongs to the Museum of Fine Arts in Montreal and originates from the convent of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre-Dame at Pont-Rouge. We do not know its sculptor. The positions of the Virgin and Saint Joseph are the reverse of those in Jobin's sculpture. The treatment of the faces and clothing is very stylized. Obviously, the artist has placed his heart and eyes toward the ground. Only from the way in which the hands of the parents join those of the Child can we see the differences in the training of the sculptors. Jobin's concern for realism is obvious.

The second point of comparison is a small poly-chromatic relief sculpted by Côté's notable Cété (Quebec, 1832-1907) who, like Jobin, must have worked for François-Xavier Berli-quez10. Cété's Holy Family very probably had the same model as Jobin's: the clothing, the gestures and the positions of the figures are practically the same. The greatest difference arises from the fact that it is the Infant Jesus who is holding Saint Joseph's hand. Here again we perceive Jobin's realism, because the draping of the garments sculpted by Côté is conventionalized. Jobin used to say of Côté that he was "a bit of a poet", and this is what emerges from the treatment given by Côté to the landscape surrounding the three figures11. We still see the palm tree on the right, but no further trace of the city. A tree rises in the centre of the picture and fills the whole upper part of the composition with its boughs and leaves. A local touch even appears on the left in the form of a fir. A lily is placed on the left of the Virgin, symbolizing her virginity, while a plant balances it on the right of Saint Joseph. From the same model, the two sculptors produced very different results, which well express the personality and the craft of each without the mission of the one to be a copy of the other. The poly-chromy of Jobin's and Côté's reliefs has been preserved and plays in each case a rôle as important as the sculpture itself. It heightens the exuberance of Côté's relief and the austerity of Jobin's.

Lou-Jobin, like Jean-Baptiste Côté, was a profound master in sculpture by which he earned his living. Whatever may be our emotional reaction in the face of the religious works he created, the fact remains that they form an important part of our heritage and that they are the reflection of our cultural milieu in certain periods of our history. The work of Lou-Jobin reveals to us not only the scope and the limits of the skilful art of Jobin: the interpretation of his iconography and its use help us to better define the civilization that produced Louis

Jobin the sculptor, and which allowed him to live from his art.

For footnotes see French text.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)

JEAN-PAUL LEMIEUX
THE CYCLE OF LIFE

By Raymond VEZINA

Jean-Paul Lemieux has remained a figurative painter—not conventional—apart from the controversies that upset the artistic world and create celebrities. Thanks to successive re-announcements, since 1956 he has produced works saturated with tender emotions, solitude or agonies. From the beginning, Lemieux has painted the same elements: landscapes, cities, persons, faces. The final style of Jean-Paul Lemieux has, however, nothing more in common with that of the first twenty years of his career. The comparison of certain works dear to the artist will show the process of interiorization which led Jean-Paul Lemieux from the traditional figurative to an original formula that allows him to express the emotions of his whole life and those that make the hearts of men and women throb. This new pictorial language has had, for a few years already, an international audience to which the great exhibition held at Moscow, Leningrad, Prague and Paris has just given a dazzling confirmation.

Landscapes

For a long time Jean-Paul Lemieux's landscapes were marked by a heavy heredity. Seduced by the richness of nature, the artist wished to picture everything: the least detail of hills, the trees, the fields and even the stones of the fields. These are pleasant works of detailed realism, such as the Paysage des Cantons de l'Est (1936). During the thirties Lemieux also drew inspiration from Cézanne for the shape of houses and the clear distinction among geographical accidents. Some canvases resemble those of the Group of Seven. La Baie des rochers (about 1940), a little sketch produced upon his return from a trip with Msgr. Félix-Antoine Savard, makes nature poetic without foretelling the strength of present productions. Finally, the naïve canvases show an extraordinary wealth of detail.

Then, all at once, all the trees disappear, the rocks lose their clefts, mountains and valleys dim. Windowless cities arise from unde- fined spaces. From this time solitude inhabits the spectacle offered by abundant snow. The poet confesses: "The picture is the Films which has disappeared. There remain only two eyes, the face and the eyes lowered toward the ground. The serene or oppressive calm of our interior evocation of a forest gain a radiance out of the human being feels in the face of these changes. How should we not conjure up the magnificent discovery of productive power upon looking at this mysterious and serene white girl (Nu, 1956), La Mort par un clair matin (1960) or Chacun sa nuit (1963) are significant in this regard. A frequent method consists of placing the figure on one side of the canvas. Striking effects arise from this "layout", Julie et l'univers (1965) as well as Les Hautes d'Abraham (1963) continue to charm the viewer, because their emotion awakes in him echoes whose repercussions vary according to the state of his own soul.

Faces

For a long time Jean-Paul Lemieux animated his faces by means of an excess of precise features such as eye-glasses, moustaches, big noses, curly hair, wavy hair and so on. All this has disappeared. The painter reserved only two eyes, the face and the mouth. Portraits, such as those of his friends or relatives, always preferred certain angles to represent the face. It was this way that most of our artists of the nineteenth century chose for the three-quarters view that surprises the viewer less than the full-face view or the profile. One would expect that a peaceful man like Jean-Paul Lemieux would continue the tradition of a Théophile Hamel, for example. This is not so. Lemieux paints his persons in full-face, in immediate contact with the spectator. Or else he paints them in profile. One single eye, one single angle is the choice, with the mouth the unusual. This formula arises from his admiration for the works of the Siennese Renaissance. Here we find the delicate complexity of Lemieux's work. In spite of his reputation as a reserved painter, a lover of half-tones,
he prefers to use shock-formulas like the close-up, contrast of proportions, as well as the face in profile or full-face. Nevertheless, this Russian view of the Russian artists influenced. This rapid display of the works, let us remember that the daring of Jean-Paul Lemieux does not tend to catch the viewer unawares. His aim is to create a direct contact between the spectator and the figures.

Jean-Paul Lemieux has painted some portraits. But Jean-Paul Lemieux is not a portraitist. He paints a portrait when the model possesses a psychological density in keeping with his own state of mind. The commission can change nothing in this. This is why the artist paints especially the portraits of persons who attract him, of intimate friends and children. Was André Brouilliette pleasing to him on account of the original placing the slit of eyes almost hidden in his eye sockets? Did the consuming interest of this youth in the artist find an echo in the painter? Produced slowly, hung for a few days at the home of his friends, the Brouilliettes, and then retouched, this picture has become one of the finest portraits of our twentieth century.

Contrary, it happens that Jean-Paul Lemieux suppresses every individual characteristic, as in his famous Visiteaux du soir. The face is lifeless, a mask of shadows. Usually, the painter of faces who is not a portraitist creates types who represent a social class or a nation. This is the painting of manners, as practised by Cornelius Krieghoff. But with Lemieux, faces are the evocation of an age of life, with its own feelings. Now we have arrived at the fundamental theme of his art.

The Cycle of Life

For more than twenty years Jean-Paul Lemieux has been building an immense cycle of human life. In this often short period, although there are never any corpses or skeletons. Childhood, adolescence and maturity are the three stages that occupy the greatest number of canvases. Jean-Paul Lemieux has painted only one baby. In 1960 he pictured himself with his parents. This canvas is now kept at the National Gallery in Ottawa. The repertory of Jean-Paul Lemieux' pictures will soon make the thorough study of his work extremely difficult. It is useless to seek a logical development in this vast work. At the will of memories, experiences and encounters, the artist adds a new subject to the old, and treats it several times. At present, Jean-Paul Lemieux is working on his first real self-portrait, another voyage to the end of time. Three faces of himself and two of his best-loved works determine successive areas, spaced out in the height as in the Kakemono where he is an admiral admiral.

Although figurative, Jean-Paul Lemieux' work does not owe its charm to the iconographic complexities belonging to learned western tradition. Nor does his work claim technical prowess. In fact, Jean-Paul Lemieux seeks to express his vision of the intelligence, and this language reduced to essentials reaches the universal. The choice made by the USSR shows this well. After the study of an enormous documentation on the Group of Seven, the Russians opened the Lemieux file with amazement. And it was for Jean-Paul Lemieux the first time reserved the honour of representing Canada. The children, men and women of the USSR loved Jean-Paul Lemieux' canvases. V. Iakovlev, soloist of the Moscow Philharmonic and writer B.A. Bikov commented on this exhibition as if it was a discovery beneficial to humanity. We would be wrong to believe that each of Lemieux' figures lives in solitude, like an island without neighbours. Their isolation is not knitting, but the possibility of establish complex links with the viewer. And the strength of Jean-Paul Lemieux comes from the fact that his figures vibrate with the profound emotions that are the foundation of our everyday behaviour.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)

HUMAN DISFIGURATION AND IDEOLOGY IN IMPRESSIONISM

By Monique BRUNET-WEINMANN

"The public", says Proudhon, "want us to make them beautiful and to believe that they are". The public, that is, for a painter, this restricted part of society that has interest for — or interest in — painting and the financial means to buy canvases. Under the Second Empire, this was a certain middle class, class, very confident in the positive and concrete values of applied science and money and which, beholding the esthetic upheaval, the social upheaval, the revolution, the political upheaval. The man of the 19th century, felt its confidence in man all the more strengthened — and therefore in itself. For the classical education of the lower classes the new wealthy class could not yet substitute a modern education; so Monseur Proudhon was the new patron of the arts whose culture found its limits on the Longchamp race-course or the wings of the Opera, as testified by Degas' top-hatted gentlemen. Spiritually, in its taste and style, this society was alienated by the aristocracy that it had replaced politically and that it copied, unable, unlike the Dutch middle-class of the 17th century, to create its own style, to recognize its reflection in the image which the impressionists painter it gave of itself. This class liked the pieces of bravura in the historical painting; bathed by Raffet and Meissonier in the Napoleonic legend; the licentiousness and the encouragement of the 19th century revived by Tassaert; Boucher's nudes adapted to the day by Cabanel, and, especially, the full-length portraits betowed on this class on the most interesting subject: itself as it dreamed of being, therefore as it saw itself and as it was to become, the subject of itself. The whole problem of beauty lies there!

In his report on the Salon of 1868, Zola wrote: 'The flood of portraits rises each year and threatens to invade the entire Salon. The explanation is simple: there are hardly any who still buy paintings'. Manet's work is to be found in the period of realism in the Spanish style, inclined more to tramps than to middle-class persons, to the degree that Manet's parents, himself (his father was a high official in the Ministry of Justice) are pictured as two caretakers and are almost unrecognizable, as Jacques-Émile Blanche said, La Femme au gant has the appearance of a widow in trouble who is going to take her family jewels to the pawn-office. This portrait, which was to take its place in the traditional line of the official portrait through the shock of its values, became a critical portrayal of the model and her world, as we so often find with Goya. What is implied in the manner of mannequin in the second picture Manet painted in 1862 from his studies of the same model: Le Chanteuse des rues. In these vulgar subjects and this somewhat coarse technique, there is indeed something of a protest against his environment, a masked ideological revolt. This is represented aesthetically against academic art. The journalists of the time were not entirely wrong in considering him a revolutionary. Indeed, Manet was ardently republican, which, in the terminology of 1850, meant revolutionary or anarchist, like radical or socialist around 1873.

Human fiction is less ill-treated in some of Manet's pictures in which can be seen, beyond pure representation, a reflection of historical-social conjunctures. On several occasions he painted crowds in movement seen from above, undoubtedly influenced in this line of thought by Nadar's aerial photographs of the Jardin de l'infante of 1866, which is one of the first group views; Boulevard des Capucines taken from the studio of Nadar, the photographer, where actually the Impressionist Exhibition of 1874 was held, where the painting had its rightful place; this Vue des Tuileries that we see and which was a celebration of the new Salon. Human silhouette, from far, is no more than a little line of colour similar in every way to the colored strokes that represent the leaves, trees, higher and therefore closer to the painter. This is the introduction of relativity in paint-
It is logical that it should be he, the son of a poor tailor of Limoges, and not his friends, all born into the middle class, who became the poet of very limited luxury and of girls of good family playing their scales on the piano. Till this day Renoir is still the most popular of the impressionists...

For footnote see French text.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)

Monique Brunel-Weinmann is presently completing her thesis on the Publicity and Private Life of Impressionist Painters. A holder of a D.E.S. degree in humanities, she taught at the Rosemont Cégep and at McGill University and conducted a course in comparative art at the University of Quebec in Montreal.

TONI ONLEY

By Alma de CHANTAL

Toni Onley, the painter-engraver of the Pacific coast, was born on the Isle of Man off the coast of Ireland, where he spent his youth. Brought up in a family of artists, his early training was encouraged from the beginning by his parents, particularly by his grandmother, herself a designer and creator of patterns for the famous Irish weaving. As long as he remembers, he was convinced, he says, that he would be a painter, and that art would be the major preoccupation of his life. He would never deviate from this path. In spite of the war, he was able to complete his studies at the excellent art school on the Isle of Man. This existence turned inward upon itself, entirely cut off from the exterior world, encouraged prolonged contacts with nature, especially the sea. Solitary years during which his marked taste was developed for a calm, contemplative way of life, a determinant factor in the orientation of his plastic development.

Having immigrated to Canada in 1948 at the age of twenty, Toni Onley would spend the first years on a farm at Branford, Ontario, where his father was a farmer. It was there, while he was learning to raise his prices slowly, on a few unimportant patrons of the arts than on exhibitions in galleries.

A little more. Pissarro would imitate the Russian, Lavrov, or another revolutionary. The public does not like what smells of politics and, at my age, I do not wish to be a revolutionary. This is how Renoir expressed himself in the uncopied fragment of a draft of a letter to Durand-Ruel, at the time of the series on modern French painting. In 1877, Renoir was launched, as is the case with other men, at my age, 1982, since his presentation at the official Salon of one of the famous picture dealers of that day, Mme Charpentier or its children. The model's name did more for the success of the painter than the quality of his art. Mme Charpentier had one of the most famous Parisian salons; she was the wife of the recognized publisher of naturalist writers, of Zola in particular. The model's name sold the interior bear witness to this: naturalism sold well. The result of this commission was decisive for the future, and Renoir did not fail to satisfy the rules of the society portrait, holding his natural spontaneity in check. This rich tranquility, this satisfaction, inspired respect: the portrait placed him on the same level as Carolus Duran. Renoir received much praise in the newspapers. From then on he was considered apart from the impressionists, as it were recuperated.

Among these elements, water predominates, and remains one of the chosen signs of the work. To seascapes inspired by the west coast of the country there would be added through the years those of Mexico, where Onley lived from 1957 to 1961, devoting all his time to painting. In his first important solo exhibition, in 1959, at the Vancouver Art Gallery, he presented large collages with abstract motifs. Paintings and drawings would subsequently be exhibited regularly in Canada and the United States until 1963, a date that marks a new orientation of Toni Onley's work. A grant from the Canada Arts Council allowed him to spend a year in London, which was initiated in different terms of engineering and teaching to a Swedish teacher. With a first exhibition, the Tate Gallery became one of the purchases; his silk-screens also appear in the collections of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. Upon his return to Vancouver, Onley devoted himself chiefly to engraving. His graphic work has continued since then to increase in importance and quality, and it is this aspect of his art that we shall examine.

At first sight, his silk-screens astonish, fascinate, and disturb at the same time. Is this due to the cosmic perception he has of the universe? To the very specific point of view that characterizes his work: aerial views of landscapes that rest, serene and unchanging, in the infinity of the sky and the sea? These landscapes are first, literally, captured on the wing; indeed the artist, owner of a small biplane, flies whole days over the coasts of British Columbia and the islands. Here space is sovereign. He makes it his own, he inhabits it completely. A close communion with nature is essential to him, the artist states. In daily life as in work, it remains a prime necessity.

Thus, whether it is from the Pacific or from the Mediterranean, -- Toni Onley spent the autumn of 1973 in Greece — or else from the Arctic regions he explored during the summer of 1974, we see arise, by what magic spells of foot, to the very specific point of view that characterizes his work: aerial views of landscapes that rest, serene and unchanging, in the infinity of the sky and the sea? These landscapes are first, literally, captured on the wing; indeed the artist, owner of a small biplane, flies whole days over the coasts of British Columbia and the islands. Here space is sovereign. He makes it his own, he inhabits it completely. A close communion with nature is essential to him, the artist states. In daily life as in work, it remains a prime necessity.

Variety of structures and plans, mastery in the arrangement of forms and colours, all combine to create images of a singular plastic beauty. It is a strange impression to see for the first time these scenes which are, however, familiar to us. Beyond mirrors, under the appearances, lives another world, an unknown, magic and spellbound world. This artist's reality is thus a soothing melancholy. His art, of a poetic nature, is a world of sensations otherwise neglected. A timeless universe, freed from the everyday, closed upon itself. Here there is no outside interference. No shock, no violence shatters
the balance of this world of pure contemplation and absolute simplicity. It is hardly surprising, as Onley willingly mentions, that the ensemble of his work remains on the margin of present artistic trends. It is diametrically opposed to conceptual, cybernetic art, or to art for the moment.

The engraver admits his lack of interest in representing buildings, streets or areas of the city, or again the many facets of everyday life — will the last vestige of this exist some day? And he adds: "If in a far-off future people were to discover my paintings or my engravings, they would still recognize the sky and the sea; these elements are lasting and eternal."

Let us emphasize that the human being is totally absent from the desert scenes shown in the silk-screens of Toni Onley, whose world is represented with a purposely restrained palette. With this engraver, no incandescent feasts of light and colour, but muted, subdued tones, impregnated, one might say, with the rains and fogs of the Pacific. Out in peaceful, open, too calm skies, phantom isles arise, clouds of moving white, subdued whites, whites of absence and refined mellowness of greys and monochromes. Here and there, blocks, rocks, pebbles, shadows, clouds, these landscapes fixed under slate-blue skies, calling to mind the firmaments peculiar to Vancouver's climate. In contrast, other silk-screens borrow the shades of water-colour. The colour then becomes light, airy; a world of original freshness is restored to us. A poetic universe of a discreet lyricism, where lie, deep-seated, mystery, melancholy, calm and trance.

In this stage we perceive the influence of oriental art, but also that of contemporary artists, such as the Italian painter, Morandi, whose effects of shadow and light on the object are to be found in many echoes in Onley's work. In other respects, the premonitory way of using the different figurative methods, the emotional strength, the restful quality of his compositions, as well as the evident simplicity of this universe that does not escape the power of the tragic, reveal a certain relationship with the work of surrealist artists.

In the fall of 1974, at the end of a sabbatical year, Toni Onley returned to teaching. In April 1974, the Victoria Art Gallery presented a solo exhibition of his paintings and water-colours. In Toronto, Erindale College exhibited engravings and paintings, and in Montreal at the end of autumn we were able to view an important exhibition of the recent works of this artist at Galerie 1640. An untriring worker, Toni Onley pursues in solitude the work he undertakes. Of the tragedies that twice disturbed his life, no trace is visible in his work, unless that beyond appearances, under serene skies, far from calm seas, what unsuspected depths, what immanent chances are to be found? Would real life be elsewhere?


(Translation by Mildred Grand)

TONY TASCONA'S AUFLFMENT

Virgil HAMMOND

Tony Tascona is an artist who defies easy description. First, he makes his living as an artist in a city like Winnipeg, not that Winnipeg

has not been kind to Tony; it has. Nor is it that easy to make your living as a painter in Manitoba, because the art market is not here in Winnipeg, but in the East and if you are not attached to an established Eastern dealer (and Tony isn't — he, in fact, has few links with any kind) your chances are even slimmer.

Tony was born in 1926 in St. Boniface, Manitoba, the major French-speaking section of Winnipeg, although his parents were Italian immigrants and, but for a period of two years in Montreal in the early sixties, has continued to reside in Winnipeg, the second youngest child in a family of sixteen children, of whom only ten survived childhood. It was not easy growing up in the Depression in one of the poorest sections of Winnipeg, but, as luck would have it, Tony's father was a fruit peddler and gardener during these troubled times and the family never went hungry. There were other problems, however. He has told me that, because he was Italian, he generally had to fight the French-speaking kids on the way to school and the English-speaking kids on the way home, and, of course, there is always the added problem of being the second youngest child in a large family like the Tasconas. Tony would nearly always be the last for a long line of hand-me-downs, be it clothes, shoes or the family's lone bicycle. If you wanted to be heard in a family like Tony's you had to shout or fight, and most of the time both. Needless to say, this background has made Tony a fighter. Tony has told me, as well, that being a small part of a large group during his childhood has made him very aware of his individuality as an adult.

Call it what you may — desire, ambition, or need, something drives people to become artists. In Tony's case it was a combination of all three and some others as well. Before the end of World War Two both of Tony's parents had died, and, with all of his older brothers in the Armed Forces, he found himself in the family business driving a delivery truck before he was even old enough to be drafted. In 1945, after thatdreary life had but that too was not to last. Before the end of the War he was drafted into the Army. It was here that he found time to draw and decided that he wanted to become an artist. This was not, however, the first time that he had drawn. As a child, a billboard artist who hand-painted signs in many echoes in Onley's work was a regular visitor to the Tascona household and brought young Tony paper, pencils and, most of all, encouragement. While Tony's mother supplied the wine and pasta, the two drew together. These are sessions that Tony remembers fondly to this day. After the Second World War, young Tony, like so many students at the University of Manitoba, was then called the Winnipeg School of Art and did not officially become part of the University until 1950. He remained in school until 1952.

These were important years for Tony, studying there with William McCloy and Richard Bowman. All of these faculty members, with the exception of Plaskett, were American and to Tony's mind this peaceful post-war invasion of American ideas and artists was instrumental to his early development as an artist. The most important influence on Tony, with whom he still corresponds, but all brought new ideas and theories to a Canadian art scene deadened by thirty years dominance of the Group of Seven or, more correctly, their progeny, the Canadian Group of Painters.

After art school and marriage, Tony found himself in the traditional bind of most young artists — the need to make a living without giving up hope of remaining an artist. The break came with a chance to work for Canadian Aviation Electronics and later Air Canada. He worked for the two firms for over a total of fifteen years, becoming a metal plating technician. The job was to give him the solid technical base that one identifies with Tony's work. His materials are the most modern, based for a large part on his industrial experience. Tony's painting for the last few years has been done on aluminum sheet with industrial lacquers and his sculpture in resins and industrial lacquers.

When I first saw Tony Tascona's paintings a few years back I thought them handsome, but in no way unusual as far as materials go. It was only when I got to know the artist and later visited his studio that I understood his grasp of technology. Surely one of the best qualities of Tony's painting is that one is unaware of his use of technology, but, instead, one's attention is drawn to the image, which is as it should be. The latest paintings are rather geometric in nature, while his earlier work was more apt to be organic, but the technique is not very difficult. Many, if not all, of the problems one would think that they were the result of detailed drawings that were then transferred to the painting surface, but such is not the case. Tony works directly on the surface, using tape to draw much the same way that other artists might use a pencil or brush to draw a line or define an area. He then pours and brushes into the surface the lacquer in the areas outlined by the tape. It is interesting to note, as well, that Tony achieves the remarkable variety in his palette with only mixtures of the primaries and white, and this too, like the composition, is more the result of intuition than of careful calculation.

Too often since the end of World War Two technical advances have been made at the price of what I would call artistic quality. One was made aware of how things were made, that is to say one was made aware of the material from which artists worked and was made aware of any message that the artist might be trying, or perhaps not trying, to communicate. Plastic for the sake of plastic. Flash for the sake of flash. Certainly the nature of painting was changed in the eighteenth century by the introduction of oil paint by Van Eyck and others, but at least the results of the technique were used as a tool that allowed artists greater freedom rather than a device to replace content, as has been the case with the introduction of some new materials in the last twenty years or so. Of course, new materials do make things that were once impossible possible. Today's materials can be used as a tool that can make the artist's work easier, yet, too many artists forget that the material's a fact that makes an artist like Andrew Wyeth an anachronism. Perhaps McLuhan's "The Medium is the Message" is today's language and I am wrong in my insistence on content.

Tony's paintings have content, no matter how abstract they may appear to the casual viewer. They speak of clarity — the ability to see things clearly. Tony can and does relate his work to the harsh and beautiful environment of the Prairies, but in no way would he call himself a prairie painter. Of this, you are not attached to an established Eastern dealer (and Tony isn't — he, in fact, has few links with any kind), your chances are even slimmer.
mends that the young artist go to a conventional art school to learn, if nothing else, a vocabulary of styles and an introduction to technical training. He would agree, I think, with Santayana's oft-quoted dictum that those who aren't aware of the past are doomed to repeat it. Tony was one of the local artists picked to be honored with a one-man exhibition at the Winnipeg Art Gallery during this city's bicentennial year. He was not picked with unbridled enthusiasm by the sophisticated art gallery group and, more surprisingly, by the general public. Tony sold a total of eleven works from the show, the largest number that he has ever sold in a single exhibition. The walkway, the Winnipeg Art Gallery's largest exhibition space, was black and white for the show and the works were beautifully lit, illustrating what can be done when, as in this case, an artist and the staff of a gallery work together to hang an exhibition. The paintings in the show seemed to be back-lit or possess some strange light source all their own.

In his three dimensional, be it murals or sculptures, Tascosa seems more obvious in his use of industrial materials, although it could be that I am just more familiar with the language of painting. In either case he employs his materials well, using them to emphasize the character of the piece and the space in which they are placed. Take the case of two works at the University of Manitoba's Fort Garry Campus. One is an aluminium mural in the Fletcher-Argue Building housing the Faculty of Arts and the other a hanging plastic piece in the Faculty of Science. The aluminium mural is essentially a relief that decorates the interior entrance wall of the building. It utilizes a long rectangular and a circular element against a brick wall. Polished and matte metal surfaces are played one against the other and a limited use of color — in this case red and orange. While I inferred that this piece is decorative, it is certainly more than that. It becomes a permanently mounted painting on the wall that allows an uninterrupted flow of pedestrian traffic in and out of the building, while calling attention to a foyer containing two staircases with elevators that are between the mural's two elements. At the same time it does not cause traffic jams of students or other passers-by stopping to look at the work of art, which would be the case if the mural was of a narrative rather than an abstract mode. Mind you, the job of the Siteline exhibition was to do just that — stop people in their tracks, make them look and understand a story, and, of course, it strengthened the power of the Church. But, as I have explained, the job of Tony's mural is to reinforce the function of the Fletcher-Argue Building which is essentially office and classroom space. You don't notice the work, but if it were not there you would miss it, and that is the beauty of the piece.

The work in the Freshwater Research Institute is in some ways more impressive than the Argue mural, and it was meant to be. The space in the institute building allows for the hanging of the plastic resign discs in a high open area, the building's main staircase, that would otherwise be a void. The spheres, as Tony prefers to call them, shimmer in the light coming through the large windows of this high-ceilinged room. This, coupled with the brilliant burst of colour in its surroundings, All buildings, both public and private, can use the magic of an artist like Tony to make our environment a more livable place. Our environment should be a place where we feel comfortable; where we don't have to go to special places or areas, such as an art gallery or a park, to get away from the noise of everyday life to have something that we might call an aesthetic experience. Public art, like the two pieces by Tascosa I have just described, should be an integral part of today's artist's work, just as it was in the Renaissance and before. Not that all artists should spend their time decorating the walls of the museum, but there is a certain beauty to the idea of some of our artists coming in out of the cold where most of them have been since the middle of the nineteenth century.

Every morning Tony takes a long walk along the riverbank of the Red River, a few blocks from St. Boniface and is quite near his home. This, he says, gives him time to think: then he returns to his studio, which is attached to his home, to work. He has an output of thirty to forty paintings a year plus some sculpture. Not all of his work is done at his home studio — some of the larger pieces are done at a downtown studio that he shares with long-time friend and fellow artist Bruce Head. Being a full-time artist, especially with the principles of Tascosa, is not without its dangers, and, of course, its rewards. Tony tells me that he and his family live on about a four hundred dollar margin, depending on new sales to keep food on the table and materials in the studio. He and his family live a life of simple means that is not at all like the super elegance that his works suggest. It helps to have, as Tony does, an understanding family. What one feels most about Tony, however, is his peace with himself. This is a quality that few people have, artist or not, and this is where Tony is most successful. He proves that you can be an artist in the best sense of the word, no matter where you live. This success is within the mind of the artist and not on the pages of an art magazine or on the wall of an art gallery.

BILLY LAING

By Bradford R. COLLINS

The facts in quick order: Bill Laing is a Scottish-born, Vancouver-raised, British-trained printmaker presently teaching at the Vancouver School of Art. Done. Now to more important matters. Laing plans to leave Vancouver soon and return to London. Two considerations motivate him: 1) His chances of recognition, of course, are infinitely greater there than here in Canada. Vancouver has a number of talented artists like Toni Onley, Jack Shadbolt and Gordon Smith, but they are appreciated by very few. Fewer than the number of tourists from Los Angeles. Despite the quality of mass communication systems, the rest of the art world is considered provincial, not only by the critics but by many men involved everyday life. Some artists and art students read the journals for the latest happenings in the major art centers. So if Bill Laing wants fame and fortune he will have to go elsewhere to find them. The significant point is that he will not be on a fool's errand. He has been living here, in Vancouver, for six years and has cleared a major talent. 2) He finds it difficult to work here. He claims that the light is wrong and that there are no appropriate subjects to suit his particular needs, but this is rationalization and misses the heart of the matter. Put simply, the problem is that there is not sufficient energy in Vancouver. Bill is disgusted by the few friends he has here and by the Vancouver School of Art is practising artists any more. Human nature is essentially lazy (Adam and Eve did not want to go to work!) and unless there are forces, internal or external, pushing and pulling an individual, it is all too easy to lapse into relative or absolutely inactivity. Those external forces are not all beyond the commonplace, something strange and magical, a suggestion of the extraordinary. The romantic detests the ordinary, Delacroix, for example, sought escape from it in the exotic and the fictional. At the end of the nineteenth century and since artists have sought not to flee from it but to transform it. Redon and Magritte began with ordinary situations which were then imaginatively altered into marvellous and mysterious experiences. Laing's work is in this vein. A passing stranger in Within the Landscape #2 is slowly twitted out of focus, leaving the spectator to wonder uneasily who he is, where he is going, what is behind him. Laing's alterations are generally not as dramatic as this. His work is characterized by nuance and a real economy of means. He gets a great deal from apparently little. In Waiting a young woman rising from a chair seems anguished and pleading less because of her facial expression than from the value contrast between the human situation and Laing's technique, which are then imaginatively altered into marvellous and mysterious experiences. Laing's work is in this vein. A passing stranger in Within the Landscape #2 is slowly twitted out of focus, leaving the spectator to wonder uneasily who he is, where he is going, what is behind him. Laing's alterations are generally not as dramatic as this. His work is characterized by nuance and a real economy of means. He gets a great deal from apparently little. In Waiting a young woman rising from a chair seems anguished and pleading less because of her facial expression than from the value contrast between the human situation and Laing's technique, which are then imaginatively altered into marvellous and mysterious experiences. Laing's work is in this vein. A passing stranger in Within the Landscape #2 is slowly twitted out of focus, leaving the spectator to wonder uneasily who he is, where he is going, what is behind him. Laing's alterations are generally not as dramatic as this. His work is characterized by nuance and a real economy of means. He gets a great deal from apparently little. In Waiting a young woman rising from a chair seems anguished and pleading less because of her facial expression than from the value contrast between the human situation and Laing's technique, which are then imaginatively altered into marvellous and mysterious experiences.
about a return to romance, to an era of feeling, Laing is one of the few offering evidence of it. Given what I consider to be art's function, I would expect more. The implications of the ничто, unfulfilled, remains uncertain. After all, “Art's ability to exist will depend... on its not performing a service" seem to me, less valid than Mondrian's assertion that art has generally been concerned with providing man with a consolation for what life does not offer him, that the basic function of art is the servicing of the unfulfilled, spiritual needs. Aesthetics, that Socrates showed, love is a function of need. Modern life offers little opportunity for the deeper, fuller, more profound feelings and emotions. The world seems intent on getting smaller, more homogenous, in a word, more prosaic. Nature and religion once provided man with ample occasion for grand and exalted feeling. Imagine, Laing told me, the awe primitive man must have felt at the rising of the moon. Now that we know so much about our satellite and have even set foot upon it, its mystery has been pierced and its magical appeal significantly reduced. I suspect so little recent art has addressed itself to filling the gap left by the demythification of nature and the demise of religion (think of the effect of the vernacular masal) because the movies have done it so well (The Exorcist comes most immediately to mind). Newmann and Rothko felt painting should undertake the heroic task, but despite the quality of their work what they sought was rarely achieved. Much to Laing's credit, however, his work succeeds.

Historically this has been the road taken: after mastering the techniques and the methods of direct cinema, certain film-makers agreed that using their cinematographic procedures they were not succeeding in establishing a true cinema, that their films did not allow changing (or so little) in depth the fate of those with whom they were concerned as film producers. The fact of being interested in social problems was no longer enough to give them an easy conscience; they felt a certain unease in extending their living (and very well, in some cases) by exploiting the suffering of the exploited in some way. It was in this context that the Social Research Group of the NFB (1966-1969) put forth the idea of "giving a voice to those who have none", with a view to social change, by opening the film to participation and animation. The idea was to produce films no longer on people but with people, by supplying them with the means of becoming aware of their problems, of defining them, and of finding suitable methods of solving them. It was a matter of acting in a social, not a personal, manner. Some time later, it even no longer remains in the hands of the class with the power to control and direct a dissemination of one-way information, and even to eliminate the distorting prism of the vision of the film producers themselves, the majority of whom are the closest representatives of the bourgeois average. But already the film medium seemed inadequate: inaccessibility for the mass of workers on account of its astronomical cost, technical operations still too complex for the non-initiated, slow process that cuts it off from immediate impact, and to some extent, from changeable reality. Inevitable elitism combined with the search for success at any price to survive cinematographically, even on the fringe of the system, etc.

It was then, in 1967, that producer Robert Forget introduced the first portable half-inch p/b magnetoScope in Quebec, with the purpose of exploring the areas of collective unawareness. The use of it revealed that the portable magnetoScope was a better instrument of communication than the movie camera: economical, very simple to manipulate and easy to learn, allowing relays, it makes possible the immediate exploitation of the feed-back/retro-action phenomenon, etc.

The idea of a radical democratization of the means of communication opened up a path and led to the establishment of communal media a little everywhere across Quebec, within the framework of the Société Nouvelle/Challenge (Soma) organization. In 1970, took over the SRG by integrating most of its craftsmen. It was in these circumstances that Robert Forget contributed directly to the establishment of the video medium. He worked so well in this direction that he received the first prizes of Videograph, which opened its doors in 1971. Since September 1972, Videograph has been detached from Société Nouvelle to become autonomous. «Far from being a short-lived project, Videograph holds an experimental mandate and a permanent injection role." The idea of establishing a medium of the low cost and the systematic employment of its infinite possibilities, particularly at the level of feed-back/retroaction.

With the intention of transforming the vast group of passive consumers into an army of vigilant, active citizen television producers, they encouraged the setting up of a certain number of CTV in Quebec since the first pilot experiment that took place at Normandin in 1967: the feasibility of the new equipment and its relatively modest cost allowing this, as well as the abundance of cable systems and channels unused or under-employed.

It's important to state that what distinguishes local television from community television (CTV) is that the first broadcasts programmes produced by employees (with or without the participation of local individuals or groups) while community television broadcasts programmes produced precisely by local groups and private persons. In CTV programs produced by local groups and individuals, the latter exercise no supervision on their preparation and their production as such. The slight difference is important. CTV therefore involves direct and total participation by citizens with powers of decision.

Robert Forget contributed directly to the establishment of Video-
THE RETURN TO NATURE

By Claude-Lyse GAGNON

They will perhaps be called strange, these Canadians who build temples for their birds. For the Great White Goose of Tourmente Cape at Saint-Jérôme, thirty miles below Quebec. For the Northern Bassan Gannet, the Cormorant, the Button-quail Gulf of Bonaventure Island at Percé in Gaspé. And to design these temples, they chose young, up-to-date architects who are very close to nature.

In actual fact, this is not a matter of architecture, but rather of caring for winged migrants, but of a new concept in this urbanized world to inspire people to return to sources, to find their way to the fields and the paths through undergrowth, to leave the cities and go to learn again the name of plants, mammals, birds, trees. These new Centres of Natural History, for those are their names, aim at making known the charms of this planet. As we go to museums to learn Art, we shall go to the centres to study Nature.

It is the responsibility of the Canadian Wildlife Service, Ministry of the Environment, to protect the migratory birds and, as it is this service that creates these centres, it builds them in the places where the most beautiful migratory birds stop or settle. A few years from now there will be ten of them across Canada, rightly in the most typical regions.

At Tourmente Cape

“When I saw the site where the first Natural History Centre of Quebec was to be built, I felt an enchantment, you know this kind of spell that the old sailors spoke of. . . . The Great White Geese had not returned, but I imagined them. I wanted for them. Then I designed the centre almost while hoping for them,” says architect Pierre Marquis of the firm Lavignette Marquis at Thetford Mines.

At the foot of Tourmente Cape, beside the La Friponne stream, he sketched an A-form building, he dedicated to it. That is, observation decks and foot-bridges so that visitors might see mountain and river, marshland and forests and melancholy as the birds when they spread out like clouds of wind above the shores. Choosing stone of Château-Richer, cedar from British Columbia and the sands of the Beauprêtre coast, he did not want his concrete, spatial ensemble to be like a castle in Spain in Canada. He outlined a framework whose arrangement is first of all decor, its appearance close to décor, its basic form recalling Indian tents. Briefly, he pictured a building appropriate for its country.

“I was disappointed, however,” architect Marquis confides. “I would have wanted the stone to be worked as it was in the past, as was done at Place Royale in Quebec, as it is seen on old houses. But time was flying and this was impossible.”

Made up chiefly of an exhibition hall where specimens of flora and fauna are to be viewed, and a living room presenting landscapes, the Centre also comprises a cinema, a laboratory and, of course, offices.

Outside like inside. They seem to be of a velvety gold, especially the interior walls, when the brightness of the day sends rays through the glass bay window of the upper storey and gently transforms the stone as it makes planks and beams sing.
At Saint-Joachim, where they have a fertile imagination and a taste for the picturesque word, they have given the Centre the name of The Cathedral of the Great White Goose. For fun. Very happy, at heart, that finally the Great Goose should have their poem. For what a long time they have been filling the whole region with wonder! There, at Tourmente Cape, it is not the swallows that herald the spring and embellish the autumn, it is the beautiful white birds with black wing tips...

According to the point of view, this Centre is a bridge leading to a rocky, carved cavern. It can also be a sail-boat with outriggers and several hulls. Or a house of cards with fragile ramparts, sloping walls and strange corbelled arches. Or again, a play of shifting of volumes against gaps carved in space. According to the point of view...

At Tourmente Cape, the visit does not end at the Centre; if one wishes, it can be continued in the company of naturalists on the nearby paths, on the Percé shore and on Bonaventure Island, as far as the colonies of gannets. Every day of the summer the naturalists in the employ of the Canadian Wildlife Service guide groups in this way up hill and down dale. Each different from the other but nevertheless very well fitted to their respective décors, the two new natural history centres of Cape Tourmente and Percé open the door to the return to nature, with the invitation to come and see them take off and spread their wings, those big birds that bear the names Great White Goose, Cormorant, Northern Gannet, Sea Gull with the black coat...

(Translation by Mildred Grand)