

**Christian Boltanski**  
**Amuseur et sorcier**  
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Gilberto Cavalcanti

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# Christian Boltanski

## amuseur et sorcier

*Gilberto Cavalcanti*



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En janvier 1975, Boltanski exposait au Pasadena Museum de Los Angeles. L'exposition était composée de travaux comiques, de photos, de décors, d'accessoires et d'affiches. Cette exposition fit ensuite le tour des principaux musées américains.



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Christian Boltanski est né, en 1944, à Paris, où il vit et travaille. Il a réalisé plusieurs petits films-gags, sans histoire, tellement courts qu'on n'arrive pas à saisir ce que montrent ses images violentes. Chacun de ces films en 16mm, ont une durée de 2 min. ½, 3 min. ½: *L'Homme qui tousse*, *L'Homme qui lèche*, *Comment pouvons-nous le supporter?*, *Tout ce dont je me souviens* (1969); *Derrière la porte* (1970). Il a réalisé également de grands films de 25 minutes, entre autres: *Essais de reconstruction de 46 jours qui précédaient la mort de Françoise Guiniou* (1971) et *L'Appartement de la rue de Vaugirard* (1973), ainsi qu'un vidéo: *La vie, c'est gai, la vie, c'est triste* (1973).

Publications: *Recherche et présentation de tout ce qui reste de mon existence entre 1944 et 1950 et Reconstruction d'un accident qui ne m'est pas encore arrivé et où j'ai trouvé la mort*, éditées chez Givaudan, en 1969. *Reconstruction de gestes effectués par Christian Boltanski entre 1948 et 1954* (1970), *Essais de reconstruction d'objets ayant appartenu à Christian Boltanski entre 1948 et 1954* (1971).

Des expositions personnelles et de groupe, en France et à l'étranger, spécialement en Allemagne Fédérale. Des envois postaux de lettres manuscrites annonçant un proche suicide, ce qui a provoqué des réactions agressives (1971).

Publication d'un disque 45UM: *Fais dodo Colas, mon petit frère* (1971). Depuis 1973, Boltanski crée des Musées Christian Boltanski, le premier ayant déjà été installé à Bordeaux, à l'Entrepôt Lainé. Un deuxième est en train d'être achevé au siège du Musée d'Archéologie de Dijon. L'artiste travaille aussi, en ce moment, à la création d'une Fondation consacrée à une personne inconnue. D'autre part, il a en préparation un autre livre: *Dix morts pour rire de Christian Boltanski*.



«Je suis un artiste, une sorte de clown qui s'agite, qui fait l'idiot.»

Voilà comment se définit Christian Boltanski. Depuis 1968, il ne cesse de ramasser, d'accumuler les objets les plus divers, dénués de toute esthétique artistique, tels que des fragments de lettres et des photos, bref, tout ce qui lui tombe sous la main. Il les collectionne, les classe soigneusement et, par la répétition systématique de son geste obsessif, arrive à effacer entièrement l'identité de chaque objet, son aura individuelle initiale, annulant ainsi le moment précis dont ils sont des témoins. «Abolissant la réalité même du temps, comme a dit Jean Clair, il escamote la mort»<sup>1</sup>.

Boltanski est amuseur et sorcier. Lui-même est l'unique thème de son travail, marqué par le temps, la mort et la recherche du Moi collectif visant à la rencontre du Moi individuel. Les reconstitutions des *souvenirs* étran-gers faites par l'artiste le mènent non seulement à l'anonymat mais révèle aussi sa propre subjectivité. L'artiste, par un mimétisme contagieux que nous pouvons nommer *boltanski-nien*, tâche, par l'effort d'une lutte incessante et toujours trompée, d'échapper à la mort par le présent; car, pour lui, le souvenir n'est pas dans le Moi mais dans le présent. Dans cette démarche intellectuelle et profondément humaine puisque indissociable de l'être, de son angoisse existentielle de conservation et de permanence, Boltanski, tel un ethnologue des temps modernes, bascule tout le passé, le sien et celui des autres, pour le dépasser par la compréhension et la *conscientisation*. Il s'agit au fait d'une vraie archéologie, d'une auto-analyse qui dégage l'odeur d'une certaine nostalgie et de la peur qui tourmente l'homme.

«On ne remarquera jamais assez que la mort est une chose honteuse», a-t-il écrit. «Finalement nous n'essayons jamais de lutter de front; les médecins, les scientifiques ne font que pactiser avec elle, ils luttent sur des points de détail, la retardent de quelques mois, de quelques années, mais tout cela n'est rien. Ce qu'il faut, c'est s'attaquer au fond du problème par un grand effort collectif où chacun travaillera à sa survie propre et à celle des autres. Voilà pourquoi, car il est nécessaire qu'un d'entre nous donne l'exemple, j'ai décidé de m'atteler au projet qui me tient à cœur depuis longtemps: se conserver tout entier, garder une trace de tous les instants de notre vie, de tous les objets qui nous ont côtoyés, de tout ce que nous avons dit et de ce qui a été dit autour de nous, voilà mon but. La tâche est immense et mes moyens sont faibles»<sup>2</sup>.

Initialement, Boltanski a essayé de retrouver tout ce qui restait de son enfance, depuis sa naissance jusqu'à sa sixième année. Les éléments étant peu nombreux et parfois insignifiants: un livre de lecture, un morceau de pull-over, une mèche de cheveux, l'artiste a donc essayé de préserver, de figer des moments existentiels de sa vie présente en les mettant dans des boîtes de métal. Celles-ci, ouvertes plus tard, rendaient possible le souvenir global, presque parfait, de telle ou telle journée de Boltanski. Vite, il s'est aperçu du manque d'authenticité de cette proposition, à cause du nombre infini d'éléments qui entrent dans chaque minute de notre vie. Il a donc compris que les contenus de ses boîtes n'étaient qu'une partie infime de quelques moments.

Devant cette difficulté, Boltanski décida de reconstituer son enfance de mémoire. Il s'est fait photographier en jouant les instants et les gestes qui n'avaient pas été saisis ni gardés au moment de leur accomplissement. Ainsi, il

a relancé l'oreiller, comme il suppose l'avoir fait, le 15 octobre 1949; il a de nouveau glissé sur la rampe de l'escalier, comme le 6 juillet 1951; il a tiré avec un pistolet à eau, comme le 15 mai 1952, ... D'autre part, l'artiste a recréé en pâte à modeler tous les objets qui l'entouraient pendant cette période (1948-1954). «Malgré le souci d'authenticité apporté au décor des photographies et le travail consciencieux du modelage (certains objets furent recommencés plus de vingt fois), je ne parvins pas à rendre la réalité de mon passé»<sup>3</sup>.

Cela prouve que son œuvre est un échec, qu'elle n'est que le projet d'une œuvre idéale à accomplir; car il est évident que le travail de l'artiste n'est, après tout, qu'information brute, c'est-à-dire, prétexte, point de départ, fragments pour déclencher la perception rétrospective et évolutive de chacun. Une idéologie qui cache apparemment son charme immense, son potentiel destiné à être développé dans nos cerveaux. Tout en étant un échec, il nous paraît artificiel, d'autre part, d'assimiler ce travail à une simple pratique photographique, voire de collectionneur ou de littérateur (analogie proustienne que son auteur refuse).

Les médiums photo et objet ne sont, dans ce cas précis, que le choix personnel de supports plus aptes, par leur impact et leur efficacité, au discours qu'ils véhiculent; choix qui dit de lui-même la rupture qui distance l'artiste des valeurs techniques d'un art, si non complètement dépassé, du moins, à l'agonie.

Dans l'œuvre de Boltanski, l'idée de non-mourir est de rendre consciente une non-existence, assumer le désir d'être les autres et l'avouer sans honte. La photo, médium qui sauve la chose, est en même temps la preuve de la mort de cette même chose puisqu'elle cristallise le moment. De même que la photo, le musée est le lieu de protection où l'objet n'est plus un objet mais l'image de celui-ci. Boltanski, donc, en fabriquant des petits musées personnels, des musées perdus qui sont son œuvre, raconte une histoire qui n'est pas la sienne, tout en l'étant parce qu'elle appartient à tous.

«Je suis une addition des autres», reconnaît-il. «Même s'il m'arrivait une expérience jamais éprouvée par personne, je n'aurais pas de pensées inédites pour la subir ni, non plus, des mots nouveaux pour l'exprimer. Donc, je répète, nous répétons toujours ce qui a déjà été dit, même en faisant des analogies, comme celle de l'astronote qui, autour de la Terre, a dit qu'elle est bleue.»

A partir de 1971, Boltanski a commencé ses *Inventaires*. En ce moment, il s'intéresse également à l'aspect gags des personnages de l'enfance. Devant l'appareil, l'artiste reconstitue lui-même les gestes qui rappellent celui de la mère, du père, de la grand-mère, du grand-père, de l'oncle, de la tante, etc. Il nous restitue des images-clichés où comique et ridicule foisonnent.

A propos des *Inventaires*, dont il vient d'exposer, à la Galerie Sonnabend de Paris, 34 règles et techniques utilisées en juin 1972 par un enfant de 9 ans, Boltanski affirme que cette pratique le renvoie à ses propres souvenirs. «En demandant l'album de photographies que possédaient les parents de mon ami Michael D., je voulais, moi qui ne savais rien d'eux, tenter de reconstituer leur vie en me servant de ces images, qui, prises à tous les moments importants, resteraient, après leur mort, comme la pièce à conviction de leur existence. Je pus découvrir l'ordre dans lequel elles avaient été prises et les liens qui existaient entre les personnages qu'elles représentaient. Mais, je

m'aperçus que je ne pouvais aller plus loin, car ces documents semblaient appartenir aux souvenirs communs de n'importe quelle famille, que chacun pouvait se reconnaître dans ces photos de vacances ou d'anniversaire»<sup>4</sup>.

Chez Sonnabend, un vrai petit musée racontait, obéissant à un certain ordre *muséal*-esthétique, l'univers d'un gamin inconnu à travers des objets et des photos encadrés, rangés d'après les scènes, en séries de quatre, six, huit, dont quelques-unes, de format rectangulaire, comme celles de la balançoire, de la fabrication du triangle, du jeu de billes; d'autres verticales: comme l'escalade de l'arbre, le jeu de ballon, la descente, la rampe de l'escalier. Dans une vitrine, s'étaient des objets étiquetés: blason, image religieuse, petit canif, cahier, gomme, compas, stylo, collection de timbres, livres scolaires, crayons de couleur. Dans une autre se trouvaient des objets de papier: bateau, flèche, fusée, planeur, cocotte, découpage, pistolet en carton, brasseur, petit théâtre; un cabinet de curiosités, révélant à la fois une contribution à l'institution *muséale* et un acte de subversion.

La démarche de Boltanski est sans doute exemplaire. Son œuvre est le document de tous. Une œuvre essentiellement archéologique (reconstruction de l'enfance), ethnologique (inventaires) et psychanalytique (gestes). Un travail qui invite à réfléchir sur la vérité de cette phrase d'André Malraux: «L'œuvre d'art ne se constitue jamais d'elle-même.»

Boltanski n'existe pas, il n'a d'ailleurs jamais existé; il n'est qu'un mythe, aussi bien pour lui que pour les autres.

1. *L'Art en France, une nouvelle génération.*
2. Extrait d'un texte de Boltanski, Paris, Mai 1969.
3. Extrait d'un texte de Boltanski dans le catalogue de son exposition, au Kunstmuseum de Lucerne (26 mars-30 avril 1972), avec Ben Vautier, Jean Le Gac et John C. Fernie.
4. Ibid.

English Translation, p. 76



1. Christian Boltanski, à 5 ans, 3 mois de distance, 1970.
2. Christian Boltanski en scène.
3. 4. 5. 6. Description des 34 règles et techniques utilisées en juin 1972 par un enfant de 9 ans. Ci-dessus, la règle 7: La construction de l'avion en papier. Paris, Galerie Sonnabend.
7. Christian Boltanski dans *Les Morts pour rire*.



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**DON BONHAM**  
**IMPLICATIONS OF A METAPHOR**

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By Eric CAMERON

"We will sing . . . bridges like giant gymnasts stepping over sunny rivers sparkling like diabolical cutlery; . . . large-breasted locomotives bridled with long tubes . . ." (F. T. Marinetti, *The Foundation and Manifesto of Futurism*, 1908).

The art of Don Bonham hinges on a single analogy that has been one of the most persistently recurring themes of twentieth century art: the human body and the machine. The Futurists are only the most polemical exponents. It is a shade of meaning in the facet-planes of Cubism, and beyond that in the geometrized sensibility of much abstract art. With explicit sexual connotations, it is the subject of Tinguely's piston engines and of Duchamp's *Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even*. In each case (and in Don Bonham's), it raises the same issues (though in different ways) of the proper boundaries between life and art.

The interaction of man and machine is a real life issue, a fact of the modern world that has shaped its psychological, as well as its physical, aspects. The results are ambivalent. The machine gives man power over his environment; mechanization may have a dehumanizing effect — but, then again, the machine itself offers new modes of gratification, though always spiced with attendant risks. Figures of speech epitomize a deep-seated emotional trade-off; the language of the car and motorcycle humanize its "body-work" but set the metaphor in a context of violence with "clutch", "choke" and "throttle". Vulgarly, the act of love may be "screwing" or "pumping"; the girl may give the man a "ride"; her vagina becomes a "box", her breasts, "cans". Such terminology debases both sex and its object; if the girl is "fast" that means promiscuous. In art, the mechanistic view of the sexual process may be described with dispassionate fascination by Marcel Duchamp, but "pleasure" belongs to the other side of the exchange, and that is the gist of Don Bonham's art: the machine in its human aspect. On a few occasions a car takes on the form of a monstrous phallus, and itself becomes the instrument of lust. More generally, the form of a girl emerges in the high verisimilitude of a body-cast, out of the superstructure of a car, a boat or a motorcycle. The motorcycle provides the most poignant works, not only because it offers the best possibility of formal integration, but because it is more expressive of its own power, it exposes the rider to the experiences of speed, and also because it has acquired social connotations of violence and violation. The prospect of pleasure opened up is tainted with sado-masochistic overtones. The girl is not willingly receptive, but physically available to our appetites through her bondage to the machine. She is exposed also to the hazards of its course, while the man who mounts her may be mangled in the workings of its engine.

Is Don Bonham, then, saying that life has been debased by technology? Or, alternatively, is he advocating the grosser indulgences of perverted eroticism and violence? Or, yet again, is he exposing to the level of conscious redress, the subliminal strategies of the industrial designer of cars and motorcycles. One

might draw all of these inferences, and yet I would suggest that if, in an art context, the work still means any of these things, it becomes that much less as art. The sanctimoniousness of moralizing (whether in the name of conventional morals or their opposite) sours the pleasure of art, and pretensions beyond the sphere of art's proper competence set art in an ethically indefensible (and potentially dangerous) position. The question is then: is Don Bonham's art an arena in which the issues of life are exposed to the dim light of amateur philosophizing — or are the real life issues all grist to the mill of art and a source of its vitality?

In the end these questions must be settled as a judgement of taste that we may rationalize but cannot totally reduce to the terms of rational analysis. I suspect that Don Bonham's own thinking is not absolutely clear at this point. It is the early works, the peripheral works and the fringe activities that raise the biggest question marks. Early after his arrival in Canada in 1969 there were machine-figure works carved out of wood, a bit like Marisol. The theme was OPCAN, the American invasion of Canada; individual pieces include SARMU (Self-Administering Religious Mobile Unit), and MIPDU (Military Individual Personal Disposal Unit), a coffin on wheels. One suspects personal difficulties of adjustment to his new environment, over-compensation by an attack on his own home. But even beyond this period, as the works attain a more general significance in touching deeper personal chords, there remains his insistence on being an 'American landscape artist'.

There are the films too, that set the machines in mock competition with racing boats and bikes, or send a toy plane toppling off a pathetically low launching pad. It is not just that the machines perform badly as machines, but rather that out in the real world they become just inadequate machines. As the gist of the art is the analogy of the bike or boat with the body of a woman, so one might suppose, the test of the machine's performance is not so much its ability to function as a machine but to give sexual gratification. In action, the thighs do not lunge, the hips do not clench, and the nipples fail to rise in passionate arousal. Looking at the boat *Miss 50* in an art gallery the spread-eagled legs of the girl encircling the driver's seat make the so-called 'cockpit' a gaping vaginal orifice that blatantly invites us aboard. But as the boat putters ignominiously round the bay, the girl reveals her total plastic frigidity.

In conversation, Don Bonham rationalizes the anticlimax. The failure and the futility are themselves significant, he claims. If this is meant to be social comment, then it scarcely rises above the level of petulance, but even if (generously) we allow that the failure of the works to compete with reality resolves the issue of their status in favour of art, yet moralizing about art is still moralizing none the less, and calling his enterprise the Hermen Goode Aesthetics Racing Team (ART for short) simply extends the parable to the competitive business side of art.

Public response has only served to underline the question-mark; not through lack of praise, but through its context: appearances at car shows and articles in girly magazines — comments like "best built machines on the market", "Dangerous curves ahead" or "With a chassis like that, who needs a girl?". It would be difficult to call any of this insensitive, but it is not the sensibility of art.

The works themselves, however, at their best, are unequivocal. There is an unevenness of quality still beyond the period of OPCAN. Paintings and drawings never quite achieve the conviction of the machines; and in a few recent works there is a danger the carnality may become gross. But the best works — *Maggie Cycle*, *Yamaha Mama*, *Texas Snowmobile* or *Miss 50* — with their surfaces of spray-painted fiberglass set against the rubber of an actual tire and the metal of an actual exhaust-pipe generate an autonomous sensuality as sculptural materials that locate the object definitively in the context of art. From that perspective the connotations of speed and danger, and the depicted eroticism of the figure — and even the buffoonery of Hermen Goode and his brothers — achieve a balance that, in the very best pieces, comes out just right.

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**CHRISTIAN BOLTANSKI**

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by Gilberto CAVALCANTI

"I am an artist, a kind of restless clown who plays the idiot," that is how Christian Boltanski defines himself. Since 1968 he has continued gathering, accumulating the most diverse things divested of all artistic value, such as fragments of letters and photographs; in brief everything that falls into his hands. He collects them, files them carefully and, by the systematic repetition of his obsessive gesture, he succeeds in entirely erasing the identity of each object, its original individual aura, thus annulling the exact moment of which it is the witness. "Abolishing the very reality of time", as Jean Clair said, "he conjures death away".

Boltanski is an entertainer and a wizard. He himself is the only theme of his work, marked by time, death and the search for the collective ego aiming at the meeting with the individual ego. The reconstructions of strange *memories* made by the artist lead him not only to anonymity but also reveal his own subjectivity. The artist, through a contagious mimesis that we can call *Boltanskiian*, tries, by the effort of an unceasing and always baffled struggle, to escape death by the present; because, for him, the memory is not in the ego but in the present. In this intellectual and profoundly human step, since it is inseparable from the being, from his existential agony of conservation and permanence, Boltanski, as an ethnologist of modern times, topples all the past, his own and that of others, to go beyond it by comprehension and *self-awareness*. It is, after all, a matter of a real archaeology, of a self-analysis that gives off the odour of a certain nostalgia and of the fear that tortures man.

"We shall never observe that death is a shameful thing", he wrote. "Finally, we never try to make a frontal attack on it; doctors and scientists only compromise with it, they fight on points of detail, delay it a few months, a few years, but all this is nothing. What is needed is to attack at the base of the problem in a big collective effort in which each works for his own survival and that of the others. That is why, because it is necessary that one of us should set an example, I decided to undertake the project which has been close to my heart for a long time: to preserve myself whole, to keep some trace of all the moments of our life, of all the things that have sur-



rounded us, of all we have said and of what was said around us, that is my aim. The task is tremendous and my means are weak"<sup>2</sup>.

At the beginning, Boltanski tried to find again all that remained of his childhood, from his birth to his sixth year. The elements were few and sometimes trivial: a book, a piece of a pullover, a lock of hair; so the artist tried to preserve, to fix existential moments of his present life, by putting them in metal boxes. These, opened later, made possible the global, almost perfect remembrance of such or such a day of Boltanski. He quickly realized the mark of authenticity of this notion, on account of the infinite number of elements that enter into each minute of our lives. He therefore understood that the contents of his boxes were only a tiny part of a few moments.

In the face of this difficulty, Boltanski decided to reconstruct his childhood from memory. He had himself photographed while playing the moments and the movements which had not been captured or kept at the time they occurred. Thus he threw the pillow again, as he thought he had done on October 15, 1949; he slid once more down the banister as on July 6, 1951; he shot a water-pistol, as on May 15, 1952, . . . On the other hand, the artist recreated in modelling clay all the things that surrounded him during this period (1948-1954). "In spite of the concern for authenticity brought to the décor of the photographs, and the conscientious work of the modelling (some objects were begun more than twenty times), I did not succeed in conveying the reality of my past"<sup>3</sup>.

This proves that his work is a failure, that it is only the plan of an ideal work to be accomplished; for it is obvious that the work of the artist is, after all, only raw information — that is, pretext, point of departure, fragments to set off each one's retrospective and evolving perception. An ideology that apparently hides its vast charm, its potential destined to be developed in our brains. While it is a failure, it seems artificial to us, on the other hand, to compare this work to a simple photographic experience, indeed of a collector or a man of letters (a Proustian analogy that its author rejects).

Media of photo and object are, in this precise case, only the personal choice of supports more fitting, by their impact and their effectiveness, to the discourse they convey; a choice that itself expresses the breach that carries the artist from the technical values of an art, if not completely outstripped, at least in agony.

In Boltanski's work the idea of non-dying is to make a non-existence aware, to assume the wish to be others and to confess it without shame. The photograph, a medium that preserves the thing, is at the same time the proof of the death of that very thing since it crystallizes the moment. Like the photograph, the museum is the place of protection where the object is no longer an object, but the image of it. Boltanski, therefore, in making little personal museums, lost museums that are his work, tells a story that is not his, while being his own because it belongs to everyone. "I am a sum of others", he acknowledges. "Even if an experience never lived by anyone should happen to me, I would not have any new thoughts to suffer it, nor any new words to express it. Therefore, I repeat, we always repeat what has already been said, even while drawing analogies, like that of the astronaut who, going around Earth, said it was blue."

In 1971 Boltanski began his *Inventories*. Now, he is also interested in the gag aspect

of the persons in childhood. In front of the camera, the artist himself reconstructs the gestures that recall those of mother, father, grandmother, grandfather, uncle, aunt, etc. He restores to us cliché images in which comedy and ridicule abound.

On the subject of the *Inventories* from which he has lately exhibited *34 Rules and Techniques Used in June 1972 by a Child of Nine Years*, at the Galerie Sonnabend in Paris, Boltanski stated that this method sends him back to his own memories. "By asking for the photograph album that my friend Michael D's parents had, I, who knew nothing about them, wished to try to reconstitute their life by using these pictures which, taken at all important moments, would remain after their death as the evidence of their existence. I was able to discover the order in which they had been taken and the ties that existed between the persons they pictured. But I realized that I could go no further, because these documents seemed to belong to the mutual memories of any family, and anyone could recognize himself in these photographs of holidays or of anniversaries"<sup>4</sup>.

At Sonnabend's a real little museum obedient to a certain museum-aesthetic, related the world of an unknown boy through framed things and photographs, arranged according to scenes, in series of four, six, eight, among which were some of rectangular shape, like those of the swing, the forming of the triangle, the game of marbles; others vertical: like the tree-climbing, the soccer game, the descent, the banister. In a show-case were displayed labelled objects: crest, religious picture, little penknife, exercise book, eraser, compasses, pen, stamp collection, school books, coloured pencils. In another there were things made of paper: boat, arrow, rocket, glider, bird, cut-outs, cardboard pistol, arm-band, little theatre; a cabinet of curiosities, revealing a contribution to the museum institution at the same time as an act of subversion.

Boltanski's procedure doubtless sets a pattern. His work is the document of everyone. A work essentially archaeological (the reconstruction of childhood), ethnological (the inventories) and psychoanalytical (gestures). A work that invites us to ponder on the truth of this sentence by André Malraux: "The work of art is never formed of itself."

Boltanski does not exist, nor has he ever existed; he is only a myth, for himself as much as for others.

For footnotes see French text.

(Translation by Mildred Grand)

The University of British Columbia  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
March 14th, 1975

#### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Madame:

I wish to publicly apologize to Bill Laing for certain remarks which I attributed to him in my article published in the last issue — specifically, his disappointment over the slack performance of other teachers at the Vancouver Art School. Mister Laing vehemently denies authorship of the sentiment. My memory of our conversation must surely have failed me. I think I'll buy a cassette recorder.

Sincerely

Bradford R. COLLINS



## The Vancouver School of Art Summer Institute 1975

### FIRST SESSION

June 23 to July 18

Painting	Bob Michener 'towards a personal understanding of form'
Sculpture	Ralph Westfall 'wood and metal fabrication'
Ceramic	Rudi Autio 'handbuilding'
Lithography	Garo Antreasian 'advanced and beginning stone work'
Graphic design	Milo Hicks 'technique and content'
Film animation	Al Razutis 'documentary and synaesthetic'

### SECOND SESSION

July 21 to August 15

Painting	Art Green 'towards a personal understanding of form'
Ceramics	Walter Dexter 'wheel work and raku'
Intaglio	Bob Evermon 'traditional and experimental techniques'
Photography	Fred Douglas 'flesh and structure'
Media communication (video)	Michael Goldberg 'history and artistic uses'
Foundation	Willem Volkersz 'introduction to creative process'

### FEES:

4 weeks: \$65.00 8 weeks: \$120.00

enquiries:

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