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CARMEN LAMANNA GALLERY
840, rue Yonge
Du 10 au 29 octobre: Peintures de Jacques Hurtubise; **31 octobre-19 novembre:** Sculptures d'Henri Saxe; **21 novembre-10 décembre:** Peintures de Guido Molinari; **Du 12 au 31 décembre:** Exposition de Noël.

THE ISAACS GALLERY
832, rue Yonge
Du 6 au 26 octobre: Sculptures africaines primitives de la côte Ouest; **27 octobre-6 novembre:** Peintures de Robert Markle, 1965-1970; **17 novembre-7 décembre:** Wm Kurelek; L'Ouest des années 30 et 40.

ROBERTS GALLERY
641, rue Yonge
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LONDON — LONDON PUBLIC LIBRARY AND ART MUSEUM
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2 octobre-2 novembre: Herbert Ariss, Margot Ariss; Joaillerie de Pat Hunt et Reeva Perkins; **5 octobre-2 novembre:** Brian Fisher; **4 novembre-2 décembre:** Rétrospective de Tony Urquhart et de Paul Peel; Médaillons d'Hélène Maday; Céramiques de Tom Coulter; **8 décembre-27 décembre:** Rétrospective d'Eric Freifeld; Exposition annuelle (1969) de la Société Canadienne des Peintres-graveurs et des Graveurs.

WINDSOR — THE ART GALLERY OF WINDSOR
Willistead Park
Du 1er au 25 octobre: Rodin et ses contemproains; **28 octobre-12 novembre:** Dons récents: Legs Douglas Duncan et Don Peter Dobush; **15 au 22 novembre:** L'Art canadien pour collectionneurs; **24 novembre-20 décembre:** André Biéler.

CHARLOTTETOWN — CONFEDERATION ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM
Édifice des Pères de la Confédération
Du 3 au 25 octobre: Comportement d'animal; Sept artistes d'Halifax; **12 septembre-4 octobre:** Gravures finlandaises d'aujourd'hui; Ile de Pâques; **Octobre:** Pierre Lavalle; **24 octobre-15 novembre:** Albers; **Du 7 au 29 novembre:** Minéraux agrandis; **17 novembre-8 décembre:** Photographies de MacPherson; **28 novembre-20 décembre:** Cités silencieuses: Mexico et les Mayas; **Du 8 au 29 décembre:** Exposition de la Société Canadienne des Peintres-graveurs et Graveurs de 1969.

SACKVILLE — OWENS ART GALLERY
MOUNT ALLISON UNIVERSITY
Octobre: Collection de peintures du Conseil des Arts du Canada; **Novembre:** Peintures de Bruno Bobak; **Du 1er au 15 décembre:** Miller Brittain et D. Silverberg; **Du 1er au 31 décembre:** Québec en couleur.

VANCOUVER — THE VANCOUVER ART GALLERY
1145, rue Georgia Ouest
Jusqu'au 18 octobre: Rétrospectives de Jack Chambers; **21 octobre-8 novembre:** Peintures de Christopher Pratt; Nouvel horizon 70; **10 novembre-6 décembre:** Artistes canadiens cinéastes; **15 novembre-15 décembre:** Exposition d'art esquimau.

VICTORIA — THE ART GALLERY OF GREATER VICTORIA
1040, rue Moss
Jusqu'au 25 octobre: Rétrospective de Jack Shadbolt; **27 octobre-15 novembre:** Nouvelles acquisitions; **17 novembre-décembre:** Ouverture d'une nouvelle aile; **Du 8 au 27 décembre:** Mark Tobey.

WINNIPEG — THE WINNIPEG ART GALLERY
Civic Auditorium
Jusqu'au 7 octobre: Peintures dans le parc; **10 octobre-8 novembre:** Du Bosphore à Samarkand; **24 octobre-23 novembre:** L'Artisan anglais et le designer; **26 octobre-4 novembre:** Affiches MTC; **12 novembre-7 décembre:** 12e Exposition de Winnipeg; **10 décembre-10 janvier:** Exposition de jouets du Village des Pionniers de Black Creek; **27 au 30 décembre:** Festival de Noël pour enfants.

NEW YORK — THE METROPOLITAIN MUSEUM OF ART
Fifth avenue at 82nd St.
Jusqu'au 1er novembre: La France au 19e siècle: gravures et dessins; **13 novembre-12 février:** Cinq cents ans de chefs-d'œuvre; **16 novembre-4 janvier:** Exposition de peintures chinoises de la Collection Earl Morse; **Jusqu'au 3 janvier;** Sculpture de l'Amérique Centrale.

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 West 53rd St.
Jusqu'au 29 novembre: Le Bloc; Photographies d'Harlem par Bruce Davidson; **14 octobre-29 novembre:** Picasso, graveur; **15 décembre-1er mars:** Les Américains à Paris, Collections de Gertrude Stein et de sa famille; **Jusqu'au 3 janvier:** Trois architectes de New York: Philip Johnson, Kevin Roche, Paul Rudolph.

THE SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
1071 Fifth avenue
Jusqu'au 14 novembre: Rétrospectives Mondrian; **Jusqu'au 22 novembre:** Carl André; **Jusqu'au 6 décembre:** Rétrospective Picabia; **3 décembre-31 janvier:** L'art japonais en 1970; **12 décembre-31 janvier:** Rétrospective de Torres-Garcia; **18 décembre-31 janvier:** Peintures de Wojcieck Fangor.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
945 Madison Avenue at 75th St.
Jusqu'au 25 octobre: Ray Johnson; **Jusqu-au 22 novembre:** Thomas Eakins; **8 octobre-29 novembre:** Rétrospective Georgia O'Keefe; **12 octobre-15 novembre:** Jackson Pollock; **28 octobre-6 décembre:** Dessins de Marvin Harden; **10 novembre-14 décembre:** Louise Nevelson; **12 décembre-7 février:** Exposition annuelle Whitney: Sculptures américaines contemporaines.

PARIS — MUSÉE DU LOUVRE
Du 21 octobre au 4 janvier; Dessins du Musée National de Stockholm; **Jusqu'au 7 décembre:** Goya.

MUSÉE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE
Jusqu'au 16 novembre: Serge Poliakoff.

MALMAISON — MUSÉE NATIONAL DU CHÂTEAU
Jusqu'au 19 octobre: Autour de Napoléon—Histoire et légende.

SÈVRES — MUSÉE NATIONAL DE CÉRAMIQUE
Jusqu'au 26 octobre: Porcelaines de Paris de 1800 à 1850.

TRANSLATIONS/TRADUCTIONS

EDITORIAL

By Andrée PARADIS

Instead of the image, speech. For the reader, a message other than a written one: here are the first glimpses of a meeting that brought forth a wealth of strong, often contradictory impressions.

The Canadian gouvernment invited about a hundred art critics, historians, and museum scientists, all members of the Association Internationale des Critiques d'Art (A.I.C.A.) to come from the four corners of the world to become acquainted with Canadian art and art circles.

From August 17th to the 31st, the association held its twenty-second general assembly and its eleventh special congress, during its itinerant meeting which took place in the cities of Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Vancouver and Victoria.

As they became aware of the size of the country, as the Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Jules Léger, who greeted them in the name of the government so recommended, the members of the congress were able to measure the scope of the task that is truly incumbent on the art critic, that is to say, an attempt at a more global vision and synthesis of all the elements if we wish to arrive at a more perfect understanding. The president, Mr. René Berger, wishes that the critic-decipherer orient his work in such a way as to obtain a more rigorous course of action in order that no aspect or tendency of the work of art be neglected.

But that day in Montreal, the sun was shining, there was a taste for discovery and Kéro, the insatiable eye, was at the meeting with her cap . . .

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Cosgrove and establishment criticism

by François GAGNON
(A critic opposed to art criticism that harms art (1).)

Art criticism is certainly one of these activities whose purpose is the least clearly defined and whose necessity is the least justified. We shall see this with respect to Stanley Cosgrove.

In our circles—but in that, it follows European models—art criticism seems to aim primarily at defining the characteristic style of our painters. But its methods of procedure resemble those of treaties of graphology or typology, or even those of astrology columns that we can read by consulting the horoscopes in big-circulation newspapers. The same ambition prompts them: to discover in the exterior configurations (forms of graphism, arrangement of facial features, arrangement of stars at birth, organization of lines and colours of a painting) the unique character of an individual and to express it by epithets which one believes appropriate. Thus, the result of these curious experts' reports strangely resemble one another. Let us read from start to finish a kitchen recipe, a horoscope, the definition of a temperment and handwriting analysis of a great person; we will be very astonished to find there the same mixture of adjectives borrowed from morality or para-psychology. Let us take it into our heads afterwards to read an article of art criticism: we will notice that the verbal landscape has not changed very much.

One of the first, if not the first, times that a critic took a notion to define the characteristic style of Cosgrove, was no doubt in November, 1939. On the occasion of an exhibition of Cosgrove at the Musée de Québec, M. Gérard Morisset, on page 4 of "L'Action Catholique" of November 21 of the same year, went about it in this way:

> "... he suggests instead of affirming; he transposes the exterior world instead of photographing it (. . .) he willingly believes in his own vision, in his original reactions, in the great subtlety and unforeseen elements of his craft."

It is difficult to be more vague (or more wise). One does not dare think of the number of contemporary painters to whom exactly the same words could be applied. Thus, two years later, Morisset again takes up a few traits from his sketch, (A Look at the Arts of New France, 1941, p. 142):

> "(. . .); most of his works are freely spontaneous compositions, rich in subtle harmonies and unobtrusive movement, austere in their grouping and design."

The adjective "subtle" has been retained, but after having qualified the "craft" of the painter, it is now applied to his harmony of colours. Let us note also the appearance of the attenuating adjectives with respect to Cosgrove: the "unobtrusive" aspect of his movements (which ones?) coming to echo "he suggests instead of affirming". From this time, we can say that the main lines of French-Canadian criticism—we will see that English critics use other registers—are fixed with respect to Cosgrove.

Maurice Gagnon takes them up again in his book "Modern Painting", 1943, p. 75:

"He works with a paint that envelops more than it specifies . . ." Further on, "the coloured relationships", called "subtle" by Morisset are called "exact" by Gagnon. But especially, it is Gagnon who, for a long time, is going to stop the thinking about Cosgrove at the adjectives of attenuation that Morisset had first put forth. Cosgrove "draws sensitively—a woman's sensitivity". Two years later, in his second book, entitled "On a current state of Canadian painting", 1945, p. 88, the same critic, renewing the series of epithets, affirms no less the "fine personality" of the painter, the absence of "brusqueness and constraint" in his line, his "natural shyness", his "distinction", his modesty . . . "everything in him is overflowing with charm", even if certain canvases show a certain "vigour" and a "calm strength".

Dealing with "Bouquet of flowers" in *Vie des Arts,* Summer 1959, p. 15, Andrée Paradis keeps to the consecrated adjectives:

> "He composed this bunch of flowers juxtaposed in a range of pastels whose rich shades are as soft as they are sensual,"

Softness and sensuality, again we find components of the "woman's sensitivity" diagnosed by Gagnon. Then Andrée Paradis adds, in the attenuant register, the metaphor of summer's passing:

> "These flowers give a taste of summer, a summer that would last forever, but which, unfortunately, slips through our fingers."

When in 1964, Guy Robert, in his "Montreal School". p. 29, will consecrate to Cosgrove the line and a half that is regular in this kind of work, he will speak only of the "great delicacy" of his paintings.

In the meantime, the English critics were writing about Cosgrove too. New adjectives were to be proposed. In an otherwise remarkable chapter of his book, "The Growth of Canadian Painting", 1950, pp. 103-106, Donald W. Buchanan had thought to be able to summarize Cosgrove's entire effort as the tendency "toward a contemporary classicism". The suggestion seems to have found favour. It is found again in "Anthology of Canadian Art", 1960, p. 28 by R. H. Hubbard:

> "There was also in Montreal the Mexican-trained Stanley Cosgrove who professed a style of classic simplicity."

The adjective seems to please this author: he takes it up again, in another of his publications, three years later, ("The development of Canadian Art", 1963, p. 123), where he speaks of the "limitations of classical subject-matter" in Cosgrove's work. Even if Guy Viau had tried in the rather unenthusiastic paragraph that he devoted to him in his little book "Modern painting in French Canada", 1964, p. 40, to denounce the "very outwardly classical" aspects of the "stereotyped figures" of Cosgrove, the federal critics (Hubbard and Ostiguy) of "Three Hundred Years of Canadian Art", 1967, p. 111, will maintain the "style of a classic simplicity" of Cosgrove.

Things would get rather involved if we had to show how the adjective "classic" is uncalled-for with respect to Cosgrove. It will be evident to everyone that it is vague and all-encompassing. We should like to return to the prose of our compatriots which poses other problems.

Our style graphologists, our charterers of cultural horoscopes, our gastronomists of painting, each one dealing with it in his own little way, had thus retained, to define Cosgrove's characteristic sytle, the features of sensitivity, delicacy, timidity, softness . . . The portrait was at once moral (delicacy, modesty, softness) and pre-psychological (timidity, sensitivity). Those are adjectives that our masculine culture willingly reserves for the feminine mind. Had Gagnon not fixed Cosgrove up with "a woman's sensitivity"? We can ask ourselves if this assault of caressing adjectives, even used with good intentions, did not finally harm Cosgrove. It is not a good thing in our man's world, to have "a woman's sensitivity". By means of passing for a soft, timid, modest person, Cosgrove finally disappeared from our cultural census. J. R. Harper no longer even mentions him in his large book of "Painting in Canada from the origins to our day" 1967.[2]

Certainly, my intention here, is not to take the opposite view to our critics and propose a completely masculine portrait of Cosgrove. Gagnon had also spoken of "vigour" and "calm strength" about some of his works. I shall not follow this track. I no more believe in the cultural man-image than I do in the woman one. Both are the by-products of the same foolish culture.

Rather, let us resume our criticism of the criticism. It is customary to accompany writings on art with one, two, at most three reproductions of paintings, supposedly to illustrate by an example, the style of the painter one has decided to describe in words in the text. Care is taken less to choose works that are representational than those most apt to demonstrate the opinions expressed. As these views are themselves founded on a small number of works and, so to speak, never on a great review of most if not all of the works, we understand in what vicious circle the reader's mind is enclosed. Much more, not only is just a very limited choice of works presented, but most of the time, the critics are content to reproduce always the same ones. To tell the truth, as in the heart of a big corporation, critics don't pass up borrowing ideas and terms, and don't see why they should thus do without the photos.

Thus to cite only one example, since Buchanan, in 1950, in the book that we mentioned earlier, use "Landscape", 1948, from the collection of Mrs. H. A. Dyde of Edmonton, Hubbard, in 1960, and the authors of "Three Hundred Years of Canadian Art", in 1967, also showed it. Before them Gagnon in 1943 had borrowed from Morisset (1941) the block of "Still life", 1939, from the collection of M. Gérard Morisset. We understand that at the time reproductions of Canadian works were hard to find, but in 1967? The art photography business must be doing something.

The critics, besides wanting to define the characteristic style of painters, attach a great importance at once to the tracking down of influences being exercised on the painters and to the revelation of ressemblances between their works and those of their predecessors or contemporaries. Thus do we see them record with a great deal of care the names of painting teachers who taught them or more famous painters with whom they spent time. Is it not from them to begin with that we have the best chance to discover these famous influences? From the horoscope, criticism turns to a scholastic honours-list.

They did not fail to call attention to the names of Cosgrove's teachers. They already appeared in Buchanan. In 1955, the small catalogue of the First Canadian Biennial Exhibition, in its account consecrated to Cosgrove, summarized the essential facts. Cosgrove studied "under Edwin Holgate" and "with José Clemente Orozco". Do we wish proof that this kind of notation is used to define the style of the painter by the influences that he underwent? See Guy Viau (op. cit) who discovers "a Mexican flavour" (memory of his four years of study under Orozco, in Mexico) which adds a touch of pungency" to Cosgrove's figurations. Guy Viau's liking for gastronomic epithets will have been noted in passing. There is Cosgrove defined in the same terms as a chile con carne.

With regard to the same comparative intention, we find among the critics attempts to classify the painters under vast headings, designating schools or tendencies. Thus, in his book of 1943, Gagnon placed the timid, shy Cosgrove among the Fauvists. Much later Guy Robert

rejuvenating the categories, without questioning the proceedings, will relate Cosgrove, in a very anachronistic manner to "new figuration". There is the great delicate Cosgrove, as we recall, in the company of other no less dangerous Fauvists, Dubuffet, Francis Bacon, Enrico Baj, Lebenstein, Gironella . . .

As if that were not sufficient, we see our critics becoming interested in medals, decorations, rosettes, awards, more or less honorific prizes that the painter has been awarded in the course of his career. One might think one was reading a report of agricultural merit. The artist like a prize calf . . . The biographical notices consecrated to Cosgrove, except those in Buchanan or in the dictionary of Colin S. MacDonald, 1967, pp. 145-7), always very compact, give great importance, comparatively, to these trifles. Thus the "Panorama of painting in Quebec, 1940-1966", 1967, does not leave any out:

> "Painting prize in the art contest of the province of Quebec, in 1939. (. . .). In 1953, the Canadian government granted him a bursary that permitted him to stay in France. Cosgrove has been a member of the Royal Academy since 1957 (sic)".

Who are we trying to impress with these enumerations? The general public? The cultured elite? It certainly seems to be the buyers of his works who were the objects. Would the latter be touched by such mentions? Would their purchases be guided by this? Are they very well informed about the manner in which these rewards are granted? Do they believe in the competence and objectivity of the juries who grant them? or the governmental or other agencies who hire these juries? Come, come now . . .

What seems to confirm the publicity purpose of this kind of notation is that immediately after there follows the name of the gallery where the painter's works can be bought. "50 Quebec painters" (an undated publication of the Metropolitan Galleries) went so far as to list in two languages the painter's specialties:

> "Peintre du nu, de paysages et de natures mortes. A.R.C.A. en 1951 (sic). Painter of figures, landscapes and still life. A.R.C.A. since 1951."

They do not seem to realize that by gathering such information they mark at the same time the progress of the cultural and commercial recovery of which the painter has been a victim, perhaps under protest. I would see very little advantage in having my works at Dr. Sterns or the Martal Gallery.

All this would be somewhat laughable if in fact the critics were not endowed with a fearful power and did not handle these dangerous weapons which words are. Art critics, incorporated into an international body, have so much prestige in our circles, their prose is read with such respect, that I have thought it useful here, with respect to Cosgrove, to somewhat demystify their literary style. The reader will no doubt ask the author with what he intends to replace what he has taken it upon himself to condemn? He would be led to answer: For the time being, nothing at all. Silence about works appears to him to be more useful than the commentaries that he reported. But as silence is not his strong point, it may be that one day, the idea will strike him, in turn, to write about Cosgrove. He would be satisfied at that time to expound on Cosgrove's intentions, after having asked him what they were, and to measure his accomplishments with these intentions while refraining from judging these intentions; in this field one thing is no doubt as good as another. It will be left for another time.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

(1) Title that the magazine *Vie des Arts* recently conferred on him, and with which, on thinking it over, he is quite pleased.

(2) It would seem that Mr. Cosgrove's name is missing in this work because the painter disregarded a questionnaire which Mr. Harper had mailed to him (Ed. Note).

Jean McAllister

by René GARNEAU

Beyond resins, stone or wood, Jean McAllister sculpts her dream, the insistant human dream that seeks the inner face and the intimate movements of matter. A daughter of Lucretius who aspired only for knowledge, rather than a sister to Faust who wanted change.

Her artistic approach is first and quite naturally inscribed in exterior space by projections to which she periodically returns as though to pay her tribute as a sculptor. But every time there is more force and freedom in the impulse, and thus by research into the heart of the material, she has been able, in the meantime, to extend the play of light, form and colour within her modelled figures.

Jean McAllister worked in France with a master who led her to the loftiest galleries in Rheims to restore statues damaged by erosion. She certainly is fully aware that in the ninth and tenth centuries monks hollowed out the small mountains of the South-West by sheer strength to make monolithic churches as lofty as the tallest churches that stand in open air. These monks took the stone out to put God in. Jean McAllister hollows out her resins to open perspectives in them and there invent inner forms. There is something in this procedure that is related to metaphysics.

Thus far, this art of hollowing-out was carried out particularily on masses of a spherical form in which, much before the lunar harvests of the Apollo group of astronauts, she opened craters, pierced tunnels, carved out anfractuosities which give light strange and warm areas of refuge. To open unknown paths to light, to project colours in small chasms destined to blindness, to turn towards the opacity of matter and no longer be satisfied only with taking fragments from it, is perhaps a form of aesthetic violation. In any case, it is an original and spontaneous art. Basically, what McAllister wants is to soften a form of expression which, in its modern experiences, has too often become a rigid barrier; she wants us to be received into the sculpture.

She had already tried this experiment with a large scale piece, "Promenade verticale", whose intended purpose was architectural; it was exhibited at the Musée Rodin in 1966. She is continuing and developing the experiment now, following the bent of her genius and without reference to her Japanese associations, with the density of a sort of box ("Boîte de nuit") where space will be created from the material, and light, of darkness.

But she is not interested in opacity alone. Animated by a dialectical movement, her art turns as successfully towards the projection of objects into space. It is in this way that Jean McAllister had begun and, reassured by what she discovers in the course of her walk in the catacombs, she periodically returns to using full light. It is then a matter of taming the beast whose secrets one has disturbed and the same control is applied to mastering movement as to opening up darkness.

I like these forms that are firmly set on steel frameworks or "deployed metal" that exploit, according to the rules of a Valéry-like calculation, the rich possibilities of the play of cross-cut angles. Here there is full use, but no abuse, of freedom. There is no search for expressionism and still less any trace of this affirmation at all cost of the sculptor's personality which has falsified so many recent works. However, McAllister is not absent from her creations. One of them may evoke an animal from the Roman bestiary eaten away by erosion, and then we recall the artist's experience in Rheims.

Would I say that her sculptures are admirably structured? I would say so if this word had not been drained of its blood and . . . its meaning by vampire-critics that today have temporary power. It is a fact that the works of Jean McAllister follow one another with an inflexible faithfulness, in series in which one can recognize laws, and that both of the two groups (the inner sculptures as well as the spatial works) make a coherent whole, and that the play of forms is always controlled within well-regulated limits.

How does sensitivity figure in this austere personal project? The mystery of inner spaces that are made to glisten in the sculptures with spherical forms collaborates freely with sensitivity in this respect. And her use of colour, to animate the material of sculptures in space, gives them a subtle charge of emotion. Suddenly, a plane becomes as smooth as skin. We might look for the pulsing of a fine vein there. And then, she is an accomplice of nature. Since the sculptures in space are intended to be placed outside she lets the snow coil up like a soft white animal in the crook of angles. When autumn will come the leaves will become yellow and red in the same hollows before showing the dying fires of their decomposition. To the pure, all things are pure.

Beyond resins, stone and wood, beyond the dream of Jean McAllister, the most fascinating element in her work, because that is what is behind it all, is, as Claudel said about his sister Camille, "her intelligent hands".

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Grandville . . . A Desire for Apocalypse

By Gilbert LASCAULT

The Rogner and Bernhard Publishing Company is presenting the re-edition of about 1500 drawings and engravings by J. I. Grandville (1803-1847). This excellent *working tool* reunites rare works and works which had hitherto been scattered. It allows one to reconsider the importance of this artist who is not well-known in French-speaking

countries. It also allows one to understand the reasons for this misappreciation.

More than his graphism (sometimes modern and anachronistic with respect to his own time, sometimes "dated" and marvellously antiquated), it is his metaphysical intentions which strike us. In his *Curiosités esthétiques,* Baudelaire is not mistaking when he discovers in Grandville an inclination to philosophy. Moreover, he criticizes it. When he envisages Grandville's wish to unite art and philosophical research, he sees no other logical end for this adventure than *madness:* "The artist Grandville wanted the pencil to explain the law of association of ideas . . . He spent his life looking for ideas, and sometimes finding them . . . Naturally, he touched on several important questions, and he finally *fell into the abyss,* being neither quite a philosopher, nor an artist." Grandville was never really *recognized;* in order to produce, he lost his reason, success, and happiness.

His adventure consists in disturbing our categories of thinking; in abolishing, or rather in transferring the systems of differences which allow us to live and reflect; as Baudelaire says, in transforming nature into Apocalypse. In the most obvious way, Grandville refuses any privilege to man. Whether he is illustrating La Fontaine or representing (for texts by Balzac, Musset or G. Sand) the secret and known lives of animals, he has men and animals act in the same way. Even religion does not escape this derisive treatment; on a roof, a simpering little cat hesitates between a modest, white, guardian angel cat and a black devil cat with the wings of a bat . . . To disguise themselves, the animals of *Another World* put on a human mask and thus reveal their aggressivity and their erotism; the metaphors become forceful by being reversed: the goat is lustful like a man; the hawk is fierce like a man. Beginning with this operation which maintains and transfers differences between animals and humans, the creation of *hybrids* (in the sense in which R. de Solier uses this word in his *Art fantastique)* is possible. The production of monsters is made by transplants, by a surgery of delirium: "I do not invent", said Grandville, "I only associate, dissimilar elements and superimpose other antipathetic or heterogeneous forms." The monster is made up of two contrasting possible conditions: it is made of man and animal, or of various animals; differences are momentarily abolished, but when the monster takes form, these differences are more vigorously manifested and they tear the creature to pieces.

In his desire, man is thus defined as animality. In his function, in his activity (even artistic), he is a machine. The dancers have jointed springs, the sculptors are animated hammers; optic instruments come to life to gaze at the stars. Often clothing moves and allows he who has not put it on to be as present (as absent) as usual. A strange theory of men-machines carries on the Cartesian concept of animal-machines.

In Grandville's drawings, skeletons and living men smile at one another. Anachronisms and the confusion of localities are multiplied. Vegetables fight. In the form of dice, pyramids or obelisks, the plants spread out. Other plants are constituted by the "vegetalisation" of wigs, lace, or brushes. Anticipating certain kinetic works, Grandville dreams of painted forms that come to life and step out of their frames. "This man", specifies Baudelaire, "with a superhuman courage spent his life remaking creation. He took it in his hands, wrung it out, rearranged it, explained it, commented on it, and nature was transformed into Apocalypse." At the same time, Grandville's reflection on masks tends to make suspect the visual opposition between being and appearing, and that of depth and surface, as a text which accompanies one of his drawings states: "The mask has been given to man to make his thought known. The mask will henceforth be a truth." In this way everything is transferred, perturbed; the relationships change between life and death, being and appearance, between the various "kingdoms" of nature, between the natural and the artificial.

This perturbation, which upsets our traditional categories, finally affects the work which bears evidence of its occurrence, which relates it. Humour is mixed with seriousness; the taste ranges from the most trivial pun to anguish. Most traditional graphism meets with figures that contest it. The opposition, dominant in the West, between letter and figure, between word and painting is rejected; Baudelaire rightly insists on Grandville's taste for "bastard methods", those which, uniting two traditions, two procedures, pervert them through each other: "Thus have we often seen him using the old procedure which consists of attaching strips of dialogue to the mouths of the characters." We know the current success, in the comic strip, of this "old method", this bastard method. But to understand Grandville, his passion for the metamorphosis of dreams, his taste for optical illusions, his invention of bizarre machines, the comparison with comic strips seems less fertile than establishing a relationship between his work and the texts of Raymond Roussel. A methodical delirium; care for a strict form; reflection on the "association of ideas"; a criticism of the usual relationships between figure and word; a fascination for mechanics and the laws of vision: such could be the privileged area of this meeting.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Fernand Toupin

by Jean-Jacques LÉVÊQUE

A man, that is to say a sensitivity; an artist, that is to say an aroused sensitivity, appears amid a new country, a country whose past is that of its nature and whose history is yet to be made. This man will look for himself, he will wander for a long time before finding his own character, his uniqueness. He will find his basic originality in the total adherence to his environment, in his identification with the forces that he is meeting, that he is assimilating. The man is Fernand Toupin, his country is Canada. The equation was a thrilling one to make. An indeed remarkable painting is its solution.

It is fitting to note that painting is not a choice for Toupin; it is a certainty, if not a fate. It is as old as he is, that is to say identified with his conscious life. No salvation outside art? Toupin is a person totally committed to what he is doing, to his life, and the latter is directly identified with his art. The certainty of his vocation does not necessarily entail that of his style. For a long while there will be searching in Toupin's work. While becoming aware of what he is, as a man, a Canadian, that is to say a citizen of a country in search of itself, that wants to assert itself, Toupin accumulates many notes and observations that he draws from every field. Not that he intends to take over acquired knowledge that came from elsewhere, and which physically will remain alien to him, but he has a determined desire to situate the choice of his instinct in relation to knowledge of what has happened abroad. That is to say that he does not act in an unthinking manner and seek to claim a heritage without having become aware of his own uniqueness; neither does he assert himself while ignoring everything around him.

It is a matter of a choice that is not at all painful, sectarian, vindictive, but of a sane choice, where harmony between sensitivity, knowledge and even ethnic character, develops. Toupin tries every path although he knows that they lead him nowhere. They are the paths of others. But he wants to know them before striking out on his own. Curiously enough, the attitude of Toupin reflects an anxiety that is that of a whole generation. The awakening of Quebec nationalism is not a political matter, but really, the effort of a whole generation to assert itself in its essence and in what makes it different from others, from older people, from foreigners.

It would have been rather useless, in fact really rather stupid, for Toupin to have adopted the view of the Paris School (with which, however, he was well acquainted). A matter of temperament, of environment, of customs, of daily life. He likes Braque because his material is deep, reflective, searching, really though out, but there can be no question, for him, of profiting by it. He does not want to make the same mistake as European artists looking toward America, trying in vain to translate the large, irrevocable, imposing, moving, and bewildering qualities which are absent from a civilization of countries that are much too organized, old, sclerotic, and "different" in every dimension. Thought, like art, cannot cross the Atlantic like a simple object. Neither exporting nor importing have ever really been profitable to art. At most, schools, tendencies, ideas can bear up, precipitate an evolution that should, to be brought to a successful issue and be sound, be contained in the recognized limits of a country, of a civilization.

Toupin has understood that well, and, for him, European art is only a catalogue to which he likes to refer for pleasure, but not really to sustain his own plastic problems. Thus he considered Mondrian (a man from Holland, that is to say of a necessarily geometric vision, and of a country where reality is abstracted. Was it not already so in Vermeer?), but he withdrew nothing essential for himself besides exercises liable to strengthen his technique.

One example among many. Everyone around him synthesizes without cause, brings reality back to purified lines to a disembodied geometry; he struggles with the material, acknowledges feelings, personalizes his art to the utmost, projects himself frankly, adopts lyricism at the expense of a possible order. In the same way that the nature in which he lives, and with which he succeeds in identifying himself blooms, Toupin will have an expansive vision. He will also see white. Everything around him is immaculate. No doubt we must not consider his first paintings as the simple illustration of Canadian nature. White is also a colour that is sufficient unto itself, which has its mysteries, its beauties. Toupin plays with white, but, in the same way as the hero of Giono, he will experience vertigo.

Soon great tearings will come to wound these virgin surfaces. Blood will spurt from the icy hearts. A strident note. Vital urge. White stabbed is also a cry.

From that time onwards, Toupin's painting will be organized around this duality: the projection of material (granulations, impasto), and the crevices. At times these are a simple incision into the heart of the material, at times (and most often), a fringe of emptiness between two masses of material that seem to go to meet each other.

Whereas in the works of 1965-66, the material expands in well-ordered shores, following controlling lines, without an immediate relationship between them becoming evident, or even suggested, in the recent works (1969-70) it is really a question of a violent and superb field of action where successive waves of colour are placed edge to edge like incandescent lava, storms at high sea, powerful energies.

Because the very essence of reality is in the material, the latter is asserted, at first, by large accents. The trowel has replaced the brush, the artist masons effects, he does not suggest them. The colour then comes, in mists, in accents, its play a little like in a polychromatic sculpture.

The artist has reached the end of a long journey that began on a note of confidence and contemplation, and today expands in a language that globally translates the world in which the artist is no longer inserted among its particularities, but is really an integral part with what is elementary.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Recognized in Europe as one of the most significant sculptors of the century (does he not in fact share with Brancusi the cover of the book by Michel Seuphor, The Sculpture of this Century?), *Berto Lardera enjoys a wide reputation that is due especially to a remarkable series of exhibitions and a pleiad of monumental works in public places. In the United States, a few cities also display large sculptures by Lardera, and the largest of all, more than forty feet tall, has just been set up in Washington. It has already been a few years since Montreal has recognized the prestige of Lardera, who participated in the International Symposium of Sculpture and who exhibited at the Musée d'Art Contemporain in 1965, and whose work was placed in front of the French pavilion at Expo '67.*

Lardera and the challenge of architecture

By Guy ROBERT

To reply to the "need to think about matter, to dream matter, to live in the matter, or else—what amounts to the same thing—to materialize the imagination", according to the apt phrase of Gaston Bochelard, so-called modern sculpture has especially assumed the consequences of a fundamental questioning of its meaning and the modalities of its existence.

In this panorama, which is as fascinating as it is disturbing, the work of Berto Lardera is like a light house; it does not refuse to take risks, even the most compromising ones, and it sets strict equations whose relevance and depth are convincing.

For example, the question of the relationships between sculpture and architecture sometimes leads in the direction of what is called rather abusively *a habitable sculpture,* which has been attempted a few times with varying degrees of success by Gaudi, or le Facteur Cheval, Le Corbusier or Niemeyer, André Bloc or Amancio d'Alpoim Guedes. As early as 1952, Lardera was developing careful studies concerning these relationships and, in 1961, he was working in metal on a first affirmation of the solution (bold and rigourously coherent) under the pertinent title of *Forme-fonction dans l'espace, I,* an important work, acquired in 1965 by the Montreal Museum of Contemporary Art.

Profile of Seven Witnesses

"At the villa Pensotti, my sculpture devours the architecture which does not work with it": how can the problem of the relationship between sculpture and architecture be set in more direct terms? In 1953, the engineer Pensotti decided to effect considerable changes to his villa at Legano, and on one hand, he invited a young architect from Milan to rethink some areas, including an exterior blind wall which would receive on the other hand, a mural sculpture by Lardera: the work of iron and copper soon stood, fierce and proud in the impressive extent of its great stature (12 × 6 meters), and of its dynamic syntax. A few other works by Lardera in the following years took up just as valiantly the challenge of the wall, as in Hamburg where five of his large works are placed in public places. The distinguished French academician Marcel Brion wrote a few lines about the Legano sculpture which apply perfectly to all of Lardera's work, and particularily to a 1957-58 composition entitled *Between two worlds, II:* "(Because he) fixes a movement or better yet, a group of movements harmoniously in accord . . . (because he) joins these rhythms in a felicitous unity, that is coherent in a sensitive manner (as well as coherent stylistically) . . . (And because) each sculpture by Lardera, being an architectural structure, is planned in all of its parts, which each time one can imagine enlarged in colossal dimensions, becoming a large town; it is logical that this implicit architect attack the problem of this union which is both promising and perilous."

Lardera takes up the challenge of architecture in much more than an implicit manner; he makes the problematical element explicit, with an imposing passion and rigor, and proposes convincing solutions (put in front) of the works of a few of the great names of contemporary architecture: we only regret that Lardera has not had the opportunity to engage in a dialogue that we can imagine would be as fertile as it would be energetic, with a building by one of his friends Le Corbusier. As early as 1949, one of the very first three-dimensional sculptures by Lardera placed the fundamental co-ordinates of his plastic language in the open, fronting a building by Mies Van der Rohe, at the Haus Lange Museum of Krefeld. Ten years later, and this time, in front of the Johnson Foundation Building designed in Racine (Wisconsin) by Frank Lloyd Wright, *Love of Stars II* stood in all its poetry after having cleared the barriers of a dock-workers' strike in New York, owing to an exceptional privilege granted by the workers to a work of art. In 1958 the 4.5 meters of *Dawn I* proudly stood at Berlin's Hansaplatz, in front of buildings by Oscar Niemeyer, Alvar Aalto, and Pierre Vago.

From 1962 to 1964 Lardera works on the monument of 3.5 meters for the State Technical Centre designed by Pierre Vago at Le Mans: *Between two worlds IV* organically reunites the space included between Vago's modern building, the former church, and Washington square, serving somewhat as the heart of the animated centre of Le Mans, without, for all that, losing anything of its autonomy: "With my sculptures placed in architectural complexes, I wanted to contrast the functional spaces with invented spaces. They constitute the focal point from which the lines of force which mark the group begin."

The monumental work, however, will not always be necessarily implicated in an environment which serves as its permanent background: *Dramatic occasion XI* for example, constitutes the generous contribution by Lardera to the international sculpture symposium organized in 1965 at the Montreal Museum of Contemporary Art, and has already been able to occupy organically four different environments.

From the evidence, it is no longer a question of dutifully maintaining the utopia of the integration of plastic works (architecture—sculpture—painting—design) in a precise balance; indeed, to the countrary, Lardera claims his absolute right to *oppose,* to a soft or impersonal architecture, the impact and the conviction of his thoughts on plastic art, lucidly matured in the crucible of his patient imagination; or still, in the best cases, he draws up from the background of the architectural or natural tableau, the calm certitude of his equations in space, constraining the emotion to appear on the metallic surfaces. Far from melting or adapting his forms to architectural themes, he builds them in their integrated autonomy.

Heroic Rhythm VI thus unfolds its areas in the double dimension indicated by the title, in front of the gigantic residential complex of Maine-Montparnasse in Paris, a building by Jean Dubuisson. Since 1964-65, a work of 6 meters *Dramatic occasion VIII* has been receiving much attention in König Heinrich Platz, with the same boldness, the same rigorous eloquence, placed in the Duisburg municipal park and there asserting its indomitable presence. In 1966-67 Lardera undertook in his studio at Cité Falguière, in Paris, the composition *Ile de France* a few sober and vigorous planes divide the space into concentrated areas whose every outline combines, with an unforgettable grace, the steadiness of an examining look and the caress of a hand affected by emotion which shapes from the palpitating flesh of the emotion, an homage to the Florentine sculptor's adopted land, and also the unprecedented pitfalls of such an avowal. The cutting torch sings all along the contours of the pieces of metal, and reveals its powerful energy, inscribed in the very thickness of the steel. And we deplore the fact that the City of Montreal was not able to keep such an evident masterpiece, which, in September of 1969, left the promenade of the French pavilion of the international and universal exhibition of Man and His World (where, however, it had never really gotten along very well with the architecture of the previously mentioned pavilion), to enchance a museum in Hanover with its presence.

Very recently, in 1967-68, Lardera analyzed the problems presented by a building complex and found the masterful equation of *Heroic Rhythm VIII* for the cultural centre and the Conservatory of music and dance in Grenoble (architects: Wogenscky, Duboin, Goubet). And for only a few months, *Heroic Rhythm IX* has been standing in the square of the University of Fribourg, exhibiting with a faithful authority the rigorous attitude that the artist proclaims in several cities in the world, towards the place of sculpture, and towards monumental sculpture in modern life.

The Inner Presence

In order to cast a very modest look at the man himself, let us broach a few questions. How for example, was he to forget his Lombardian and Tuscan origins? How was he to forget the sumptuous Florentine wonders seen from the heights of Fiesole? How was he to wash himself forever of the millennial alluvium of the Mediterranean, still impregnated with mythological marvels? And yet, Berto Lardera went up to Paris in 1947 at the age of 36, and without a single nostalgic look back to his native Italy, espoused Parisian life in its most concrete daily qualities, and he rejoiced at sometimes finding some respite in Brittany, by the fierce Atlantic. But he could not efface the profile that one might have thought had lept from a canvas by Piero della Francesca or Masaccio, and in his voice which is, however, very French, he unfurls one does not know exactly what sail which reminds me of the morning fog floating around the dome of Florence.

For about twenty years the work of Berto Lardera has been expressing the eloquent speech of a rigidly modern plastic language, and vigorously expressing the best systems of values that we might hope for: a savage authenticity, a violent passion, an unfailing lucidity, an intense will, a transparent affection. "Impressive, intimidating, charged with powerful energies that could overflow and explode if they were not concentrated in a form that sets the laws of intelligence to the élan vital, Lardera's sculptures are like leaders forging ahead to the frontiers of what is possible and what is happening." It is with these words that Marcel Brion ends his preface to a recent book devoted to the artist's work.

"Human presence is essential for every work of art, but it is not necessarily a question of the representation of the human figure or of certain aspects of nature. I conceive this presence to be like a manifestation of the soul and the spirit. The first drive that begins the work of artistic creation, is the rediscovery of deeply felt emotion which engenders the need to be expressed. A sculpture is real because it constitutes in itself a vital gesture of an absolute importance. The truth of a work of art does not consist in the exactitude of the representation, but in its interior necessity." Thus speaks Lardera, confiding his deepest thoughts to Ionel Jianou. And it is exactly in this moral and ethical foundation, that we see the steel flowers of Lardera taking root. They testify that in our civilization, there is a just balance between romantic fulgurance and cybernetic dryness; they attest to the nobility of the spirit and the tumults of the flesh.

And finally, Lardera's work is not limited to a few hundred metal sculptures that have been exhibited throughout the world, from Tokyo to Venice, from Oslo to New York, that animate the public places of Berlin or Racine (Wisconsin), Paris and Legano, and have found a welcome reception in collections in Rio de Janiero and Montreal, Dallas and Zagreb, Boston and Duisburg, Rome and San Francisco. For three years his graphic work, already remarkable by the evident quality of his gouaches and collages has been finding renewed life and interest in the appearance of wonderful prints which, thanks to a new technique undertaken by the artist, retain the intense savour of his sculptures and the prestige of his word.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Colab—An experiment in group creativity. (Rhode Island School of Design, Spring 1968)

By Marc LEPAGE

Bringing the spectator to participate in the creation of the work of art has been the main concern of my work of the last four years. With the intention of discovering new possibilities of participation, I undertook, at the Rhode Island School of Design, the creation of inflatable environments that surround the spectator and give him the possibility of expressing himself by manipulating the pneumatic material. The spectator becomes both a sculptor since he gives form to the material with his movements, and a sculpture since he becomes the important element of the work, being formed and surrounded by the material.

To create these environments, I had worked with a young engineer whose help proved to be not only useful, but began to give my work new dimensions, and technical refinement that I could not have envisaged if I had had to work alone. Encouraged by these results I began to perceive all the possibilities that the school offered, not only because of the highly specialized studios but also because of the immense potential that the students presented and which revealed itself in the form of creative energy.

A group project would be organized, a project that would not only introduce the participation of the spectator into my work but would henceforth reunite the creator to the spectator in the very process of creation.

The passive spectator would be aroused by giving him creative possibilities. I sought to make of the spectator an artist, of the student a professor, not in the sense that the student would give the lectures, but in the very fact that his education would be his experience of creation. An active education, living creation of the artist, of the spectator and the work, henceforth interchangeable notions . . . At most the spectator becomes the artist and even the work. It was thus necessary to reunite a few of these students into a group that would consent to collaborate in the creation of a work in which everything remained to be defined and which would offer each one equal opportunities to express himself.

Formation of the group

Assisted by an architecture student who had a talent for public relations, I gathered a few students and friends from related fields who had similar thoughts about contemporary research into art, architecture, film-making and technology. The group was made up of students in architecture, sculpture, town-planning, and film-making, an engineer, and myself, engaged in research in the environment and also working in film-making.

We did not have any pre-conceived notion about what would be the result of our project, but there was a point of common accord; it would be the product of a group of ideas united together for the creation of a unique and unified project, and not two dozen isolated sculptures competing in a group exhibition.

The development of the meetings

The first meetings were rather chaotic. Above all, it was necessary to know how to organize the discussion sessions and afterwards be able to organize and unify the ideas. Some students thought it would be necessary to elect a director, an idea which I immediately opposed for I knew that if a director organized the discussions this would introduce party spirit which we precisely wanted to avoid in this kind of project. The following procedure was finally adopted: a secretary would take down all the ideas and would read them back if needed (this task would be assumed by each of the members in turn); and the sessions would thus be divided: 1. A period devoted to making proposals without any limitations; 2. Reading of the proposals by the secretary; 3. Period of reflection; 4. New, more global proposals by each of the members, beginning with the first ones; 5. Free discussion to endeavour to unify ideas.

The procedure proved to be effective; and at the next meeting two kinds of thinking began to be evident, beginning with proposals already made. The first one concerned space: architecture, art, environment; the other was more interested in time: theatre, dance, music. At first this difference looked like a conflict. But it quickly became obvious that we must make use of it. We were going to create a structure meant to house a series of events in time: a sort of theatre in which there would be a total interaction among actors, spectators, and environment. A theatre in which there would be no setting or decor, but which would be an environment to form, and envelop the events that would unfold in time. And this time-space concept would be created, composed by the very people who would execute, build and act it out.

Robert Carignan, the group's student in sculpture, and I had proposed, since the beginning of the meetings, the use of inflatable materials: we had both used them in our personal research and we did not stop praising their virtues. On the other hand, the name of labyrinth had often been used during disucssions to describe the structure; at this point, we began to visualize a labyrinth of inflatable material to house different areas of participation: participation with the materials themselves, or with other persons who would receive instructions to this effect. This new kind of actor would be there to help the visitor and to give him a new look at his environment and his actions, rather than communicate some kind of message to him. We had conceived different kinds of projections for the surfaces of labyrinth, atmospheres of smoke, light and surrounding music.

Distribution of tasks

These decisions were set forth at the next meeting, and precise tasks were given to every member. Carignan was put in charge of the final designs of the labyrinth and the blue prints. The idea that I had proposed for airtight doors was accepted: two inflatable walls between which the spectators had to slip to enter the structure proper. I was also directed to organize the masked ball with surroundings of artificial mist, projections of light rays, and the play of large balloons. Everyone had a specific task for which he was responsible to the group.

Help from the school and industry

We had reached the point where we had to present all this work to the administration of the school in order to obtain at least financial help.

The presentation included Carignan's blue prints, a tunnel prototype

in inflated plastic, and a rotating machine, that I made, that caused immense balloons inflated with helium to move about the entire space of the gym. The whole thing was convincing. The professors were so impressed with our presentation that most asked their students, as projects for April, to search for solutions to planning the ground, building different parts of the structure and finding the materials from companies. We were given dozens of rolls of plastic as well as all the tape needed to join the different parts of the structure.

The setting up of the structure

All the uncutting of the plastic—carried out according to the plans and calculations of our engineer—was done in the gymnasium by students who gave freely of their time. It was necessary to draw, cut, then glue the different parts that were then transported to the project site and inflated all at once. The entire structure was pliable and was transported in pieces to be assembled on the ground that had been prepared and redesigned to this purpose. A few weeks before the end of the project, almost the whole school was working on it, from the first-year students who were making banners to announce the project throughout the city, to the fashion designers who were making a series of costumes for the Saturday evening masked ball.

The Colab Week-end

The atmosphere during the week-end was indescribable; enthusiasm was at its peak Saturday evening for the masked ball. Inside, the atmosphere was unreal: flashes of light danced in the atmosphere of artificial mist that had been created by special machines, immense balloons ten feet in diameter were pushed into space and seemed in a state of weightlessness because of the effect of the strobes.

We had created an atmosphere of a universal exhibition with not one cent, a few good ideas, a great deal of energy, and a unique spirit of collaboration.

If one wants to speak of open works, I shall certainly speak of this one: a work open not only to the consumer or the spectator, but to its very creators who embark on an adventure that gives creative ideas the opportunity to confront others and thus ensure their evolution. Colab was a thrilling group-work experiment as well as a structure, and a fascinating series of events. It was man, and his evolution, because of his contact with others in the group; that is really a work of art.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Roland Pichet

By Michel BEAULIEU

Since finishing his studies at the École des Beaux-Arts de Montréal, about ten years ago, Roland Pichet has been engaged in a plastic research which, although it may seem to follow the beaten track now and again, still turns away from it in certain impulses of a clear originality.

The recent outcome of this research was horizontal bands on large canvases which seem to uninitiated people to be identical to the vertical bands of a painter like Molinari or the aesthetics of Noland, yet they differ from them by the irrational aspect of the process of creation within a rigid structure. In Pichet's work, two essential factors, to continue the comparison, are clearly opposed to Molinari: the arrangement and dimensions of the colours are instinctive rather than rational, that is to say, they are made by an open, rather than a closed serial play; and to the optical phenomena obtained by pure colours, moreover, Pichet opposes a warm emotive dimension by a vibration of colours which, rather than creating contrasts and striking the eye by a phenomena of neutralization, harmonize in relation with one another.

The colours of the horizontal bands such as defined by Pichet in his paintings thus contain a dimension which, while seeming parallel to the problematical approach of Molinari, proceed from paradox: the rigid frame contains an emotive charge which, as opposed to the shock of colours which first appeals to retinal perception at least at first sight, opens onto another space by scarcely perceptible detonators which create beyond vision, and in proportion to the depth of field of the picture, a climate of calm and serenity.

For Roland Pichet remains a serene artist, at least such as appearances and a certain playfulness indicate.

Born in Montreal in 1936, he studied at the Montreal École des Beaux-Arts where he learned the techniques of printmaking from Albert Dumouchel whose assistant he became before replacing him as the head of what is now called the Print Module at the University of Quebec, in Montreal.

In the meantime, a six-month stay in Paris, in 1964, allowed him to visit the studio of Jean Pons, a master lithographer, and the Desjobert studio. A second stay in Europe, this time in London, where he lived for eighteen months in 1967-68, and worked at the Slade School, gave him new opportunities; the circle of young British artists, one of the most dynamic in the world, acted as a catalyst for him. From being a lyrical painter-printmaker, Roland Pichet now tended to rigid forms; but in spite of his efforts, his deeply-rooted instinct did not allow him to depart for more than a very short time from his personal lyricism, and the latter shows through even in the paintings which seem most devoid of emotivity.

If we leave aside the first years, those of the formation, and of the influences, particularly those of Borduas in painting and Dumouchel in printmaking, influences from which Pichet freed himself very soon, moreover, but which were not completely assimilated before 1964, we can define four phases in the evolution of the painter—leaving aside all printmaking activity, which is one of the most interesting in Quebec.

A first absolutely lyrical phase did not completely allow the artist to objectify his acquired knowledge, in spite of a spatial organization that became more and more firmly established. This phase preceded and immediately followed the stay in Paris. We can no longer speak of influences, but of affinities, which is inevitable.

Afterwards, and almost in discontinuance with the pictures that preceded, Pichet, while retaining a certain suppleness, began to organize his space more rigidly by sketching a first response to the problematical matter of the interaction of forms-colours through the definition of relationships acting on the masses themselves. Throughout the course of this second phase, the longest one, which preceded his stay in England, the delimitations of the masses grew more rigid and the colours no longer were interdependent.

In the course of his stay in London, the incorporation of horizontal and broken lines, either within the masses, or without, isolating or destroying them, began the most resolutely optic phase of his work, in which the shock of elements is of prime importance, leading the artist very quickly, to the end of a period of reflection, where he paints relatively infrequently, to his horizontal lines where colour becomes form, while the latter, in fact, no longer exists in its definition.

In the last ten years Roland Pichet has participated in nearly sixty exhibitions all over the world, in printmaking as well as painting, in one-man was well as group shows. His works are found in several public and private exhibitions; he has illustrated four books of poetry.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Monique Voyer

By Michèle TREMBLAY

Born in Magog, Monique Voyer decided, last May, to present her new plastic works at the Apogée Gallery in St-Sauveur des Monts. Outwardly this lovely Canadian-style house is not distinguished in any way from its neighbours; but inside, it is full of contemporary Quebec masterpieces. In the basement there is an atmosphere of privacy and contemplation which provides a suitable setting for the monthly exhibitions of the gallery. The warmhearted owners, Claude Gadoury and Maurice Robillard, do not hesitate also to exhibit young, unknown talents.

Upon leaving the Montreal Beaux-Arts, Monique Voyer won the first prize in painting and left to study at the Beaux-Arts in Paris. On her return to Canada, she won another painting prize and an honourable mention in prints during a provincial show. Since 1954 she has had many personal exhibitions. In 1955-56 she also worked as a costume designer for C.B.C. Today she is teaching plastic arts part time at a secondary school in Duvernay. But in her studio she is overcome by poetry.

Suddenly tamed by colour
the faces grow larger and look up
and eyes too and hands too
and hands
and men
who again take their place
in this sunshine world.
(Jean-Guy Pilon, *L'Homme et le jour.*)

Such is the presentation that the artist herself wanted at her exhibition. Around Helios (the Sun) revolve Life, Nature, Fire, Weather, Desire. Monique Voyer sings of this Sun . . . this Centre.

Since her last exhibition three years ago, an important change has occurred in the artist's technical evolution. From sombre and cold tones, she passes on to lively and warm colours, which certainly reflect her overflowing enthusiasm and joie de vivre. Moreover, we will recall the expressionism, then lyricism of her abstraction. Today she presents more structured compositions to us, which, for all that, are not geometric; she would be closer, on the contrary, to an implicit figurative art. Vasarely has again recently reminded us, in an interview in *Express*, of the fundamental principle of abstract art. "Painting is abstract", he said, "from the time when form-colour wins out over parasitic, naturalist or anecdotal relics." Now, Monique Voyer places the Sun at the centre of her research. This Sun is looked at, studied, reflected in all its aspects. Now close, . . . now far, . . . now going toward it . . . now coming from it . . . now pale . . . now ardent . . . now surrounded . . . now solitary (which the artist prefers). In all time, the Sun has been this symbolic and inaccessible Force that intrigues peoples, this "Will to Power and Joy" sung by Nietzsche.

All this certainly belongs to the realm of the Metaphor, but it would be pertinent to know if the meaning of the sun-metaphor is simply a figure of style in the artist's work or else a source of secret inspiration which would finally surpass Myth. Here the artist insists on the sun-theme. Now the artist's function is to unveil, to shed light on the obscure, to reveal the other side of things, which, in her case, would be to suggest the absence of light and heat, the theme of Death. After all, the plastic arts, as well as dance, music, or even cinema, are made less to distract than to move one to introspection and, as says René Daumal, "incessantly to return one's gaze to the intolerable centre of one's solitude".

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Claude Girard

By Christian ALLÈGRE

Let us try to establish a bond between the poet Claude Girard and ourselves, his audience, which by one, two, ten, a hundred canvases will lead us to the day when, after his first one-man show, he returned from New York, on the familiar and unknown road of his life as an artist.

A few words of his language come to us. Delicacy, let us say, refinement and sensitivity. And we know that nothing is said yet. Attempting to define what is perhaps most indefinable, we try mist, unreality, romanticism or melancholy, and we discover that Claude Girard has learned his art from Jean-Paul Lemieux in Quebec. Calm and cold exteriors, white moons, halos as for a Shakespearian setting, glacial blue, filaments, biochemistry of worlds unborn, slow and aquatic movements of canvases painted ten years ago, material ecstasy of a person born in 1938 near Chicoutimi, under the sign of Sagittarius: calm, strength and balance.

We make our way, powerless spectators wanting to capture everything with words; we think of these: Dream, Beauty, Hope, like in these delicate extracts of poems by Baudelaire and Éluard with which he marked each of the canvases of his first exhibition in Quebec, in 1961.

Lyrical abstraction, let us state, in our folly of rationalization, classification. Our perception is unsound and yet we want to judge. "C'est la mer allée avec le soleil" (It is the sea gone with the sun), would have spoken, better than us, another poet, Rimbaud. Sea, sun, it is Venice, as seen during a period at the Fine Arts Academy in this city, or else Malaga or Morocco, which create his best memories.

Can the art of a painter like Claude Girard thus be enclosed in a few formulas, without some surprises? No. What happened in 1967? Need for rigour, a sudden taste for discipline, a sigma of lively forces gathered in dream and in poetry, evolution? We thus say: sharp edges, little squares or rectangles that vibrate on vast fields where vision falters, masking-tape and acrylic, rhythm, equilibrium. 900,000,000,001 unities, says the title of the 1968 exhibition. Lively tonalities, a search for coloured values, always refined; has the poet forgotten poetry? Let us continue. Titles of the past: "A few unities of heat on an icefield", "Autumn fence for wheatfield", a plastic game, naturalist stylization, we feel like saying, or rather, instantaneous and fixed possession of the idea of Nature, through a thousand plays of 90° angles, reincarnated beauty, the muteness of antique statues, beauty of Baudelaire: "I am beautiful, O mortals, like a dream of stone."

QUESTION: Has Claude Girard really repressed the *Self*, the *It*; has he really made way for intelligence and refused emotion, a struggle between Descartes and Freud?

The creator laughs at us, of course, who look as does an entomologist trying to understand the comings and goings of a butterfly. Our difficult choice is either to study the flower that it has just abandoned, or else to be silent and follow its evolutions. Thus, perhaps, shall we haphazardly discover something true.

Thus one must know. Who then is Claude Girard?

A person in any case, moved like everyone else, by ordinary impulses.

Eroticism, at first, seems absent from his works, or well hidden in the most unobtrusive part of a line or a form: motor, nerve, sex, passion, ever-present instinct, necessary but not central.

An expansive look especially, wide open on the life of people and things, and the inner need to beautify them, to give them sense, weight, presence, security.

Music. His record library is revealing. Bach for mornings reminiscent of this secularized church in the Eastern Townships, that he loved for five years and that he recently gave up to be able to continue to create, to exhibit, to be an artist. There is contemporary music: Berg, Stockhausen, Hindemith, Varèse; rock too, the Beatles, obviously, and a few other groups, soul rhythms, sensualities-sounds by which he likes to be accompanied even at his work when, for the needs of the painting, he moves around making a movement of the body, a flexion of the knee or a gesture of arms that is inspired by his *McLuhanian ear*.

Words. They are not his language. He reads little, a few novels.

The Arts? His involvement in the world of dance is known. A setting and costumes for "La Corriveau" with the Grands Ballets Canadiens and projects . . . The theatre that he loves and which he finds so disappointing in Montreal. The cinema, in particular the new American cinema. He engages, moreover, in a project of expressing himself in this medium. There too, he studies projects.

Painting and sculpture. He is an expert. Erudition which allows him to situate himself and which, especially, constitutes the basis of his numerous, sensible, and progressive ideas about art and artists that prove his lucidity and involvement; he says: "To be an artist is, in fact, to make it one's life", and then we understand the reason for his exactingness, his isolation, and his refusal to belong to any school, chapel, or anything that would hinder his liberty: a word, an act, an attitude, a way of life, a morality, a rule, he values these things very much.

What preoccupies him when he is not painting. Cooking, in which he excels, loving good food. Gardening, which he has missed since he has been living in Montreal. Looking after Elsa, his dog, a magnificent German shepherd. And then, perhaps, especially, his house in which we find again, in every detail, the appreciative element in Claude Girard; I mean this talent that he has of discovering associations of rare and rich colours, daring, simple, foolish, and always successful; a sense of unity, comfort adapted to function, the qualities of an excellent decorator.

Claude Girard, is also a smile, a zest, a joy in living, a calm and conscious hedonism, taken up and arranged as are all things in the life and acts of this man who loves balance and harmony.

His soul still needs earthly sustenance (he knows it). Must we mention marijuana? "From time to time, yes", he says. LSD? "You have to have tried it, but it is dangerous". Finally, a latent, secret spirituality, that is expressed in his art, from his first to most recent paintings—ultimate steps, familiar to us, eternal and vain late-comers to this journey that is not ours and yet is too, of a man and an artist in search of himself.

His last canvases were painted in the city. Without theorizing on the hypothetical influence of an urban environment, we must remark that suns, white moons, and flaming sheaves have disappeared, as has the hard-edge of 1968, to result in a kind of synthesis, less lyrical than the first canvases, more human than that of the 900,000,000,001 unities, a study in black and white, a balance; key-word of an art and a life, toward an expression of the new anxieties of a creator who wonders about his environment, with the still diffuse apprehension of new problems that are posed to the painter: perception, communication, interaction of an environment and an art, the artist's role to be redefined . . .

If then, from an uncertain future to which the artist already belonged, since he is ever turned toward evolution and its laws, we, his indefatigable and cooperative witnesses must trace the outline, believe that a future work by Claude Girard, based on a work that has already become great, will affirm, according to a physics of the mind and matter that is proper to it, canvas by canvas, year by year, the great forces, the great plans which it is the creator's privilege to know.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

David Samila et la joie de créer

par Virgil G. HAMMOCK

Les tableaux récents de David Samila, de Winnipeg, seront présentés en janvier prochain au Centre Saidye Bronfman, de Montréal. Le public des galeries montréalaises est déjà familier avec l'œuvre de Samila, grâce à sa participation au Salon du Printemps de 1965 et à Sondage 68 au Musée des Beaux-Arts de Montréal. Samila fut aussi l'un des artistes choisis par le juge William Seitz pour présenter cinq tableaux à la Septième Biennale de Peinture Canadienne à la Galerie Nationale du Canada, en 1968. Toutefois cette exposition donnera pour la première fois au public québécois l'occasion d'étudier en profondeur l'œuvre de cet important jeune peintre.

Le professeur George Swinton avait d'abord conçu l'exposition pour la Galerie III, une petite galerie dynamique qu'il dirigeait, jusqu'à cette année, à l'École d'Art de l'Université du Manitoba, sur le campus de Winnipeg. Mais le projet semblait si intéressant que les Services Extérieurs de la Galerie Nationale prirent en main l'exposition afin de la faire circuler à travers le Canada.

David Samila est un fils prodigue de Winnipeg; il revient dans sa ville natale en 1969 après un séjour prolongé en Europe, et deux stages d'enseignement ailleurs au Canada, d'abord à l'université Mount Allison de Sackville, au Nouveau-Brunswick, et ensuite à l'Alberta College of Art, de Calgary. Il enseigne maintenant à l'Université du Manitoba dont il a été diplômé en 1962. Il fut alors l'un des premiers lauréats du Leverhulme Canadian Painting Scholarship, ce qui lui permit d'étudier pendant un an au Slade School of Art, à Londres, avec Keith Vaughan. Il rencontra alors Harold Cohen qui devait jouer un rôle important dans le développement de sa pensée philosophique.

Samila est un artiste prolifique: il produit en moyenne, chaque semaine, un de ses grands et complexes tableaux-assemblages. Pour ce faire, il travaille chaque jour et habituellement aussi chaque soir dans le grand atelier qu'il partage avec le peintre Donald Reichert au centre de Winnipeg. Tous les tableaux de l'exposition itinérante de la Galerie Nationale, sauf un, sont de 1970. Toutefois, il ne faudrait pas croire que Samila n'est pas exigeant en ce qui a trait à la qualité des œuvres qui sortent de son atelier. Quand je l'ai interviewé, en juin dernier, il ne m'a permis de photographier que trois de ses nouveaux tableaux, même si son atelier était rempli de ce qui semblait être des œuvres achevées. Cependant, lui les considérait comme inachevées et désirait leur consacrer plus de travail et de réflexion avant de les dévoiler au public.

Au contraire de plusieurs artistes contemporains, Samila se réjouit du travail physique nécessaire à ses créations. Il n'aimerait pas confier l'exécution de ses œuvres à une usine comme le fait Robert Murray; il n'aurait pas non plus confiance aux commandes téléphoniques comme Robert Morris. Ce qui ne confère pas nécessairement aux œuvres de Samila des qualités supérieures: on juge le produit et non le procédé.

Les tableaux de Samila sont des constructions mais il est loin d'être un constructiviste ou un structuraliste. Des artistes comme Biederman ou Bornstein utilisent l'espace réel et non l'espace illusionniste de Samila. Les sections de son tableau forment une sorte de dessin sur une surface plane. Le léger espace formé par la rencontre des sections de bois couvertes de toile fonctionne à la façon de la ligne dans un dessin. Les arabesques et les calembours visuels, si évidents chez Samila, sont étrangers à l'esthétique constructiviste. Le seul autre artiste auquel je puisse penser qui travaille dans un mode semblable est l'américain George Ortman, mais ses tableaux ont un caractère plus géométrique, tandis que ceux de Samila partent d'un concept organique.

Les tableaux de Samila commencent par une série de petits dessins jusqu'à ce qu'une configuration particulière se définisse d'elle-même. Samila fait ensuite un dessin grandeur nature avec les indications des couleurs possibles. Cela ressemble assez à un bleu d'ingénieur, à cette différence près qu'en dépit de la grande précision des dessins de Samila, le mot rouge dans une annotation pour un tableau ne veut pas nécessairement dire la même chose que le même mot dans un autre dessin. La couleur de chaque tableau est perçue et mesurée visuellement par l'artiste plutôt que d'être un point théorique du spectre que le savant qualifie de rouge. Cet exemple montre combien la description des couleurs par les mots peut être imprécise et ennuyeuse et c'est aussi la raison pour laquelle Samila ne pourrait transmettre ses dessins, même très détaillés, à quelqu'un d'autre pour les faire transformer en tableaux et obtenir un résultat satisfaisant.

Une fois le dessin terminé, les données sont reportées sur du contreplaqué d'un demi-pouce d'épaisseur. Ensuite, il découpe le bois en suivant les lignes du dessin. Ces morceaux sont ensuite recouverts avec grand soin de toile brute et teintés à la peinture acrylique. Les morceaux sont assemblés à la manière d'un jeu de patience et vissés dans un cadre rigide. Cela semble assez simple mais, ainsi que chez la femme, ce ne sont pas les morceaux mais l'assemblage qui compte.

Une œuvre récente, *Sans titre,* de mai 1970 (56 pces ½ sur 70), peut servir à illustrer le métier de Samila. Les couleurs sont au plus intense: des roses, des oranges, des bleus ciel, de riches tons de terre. Toutes les sections s'emboîtent parfaitement, ce qui n'est pas une mince chose en cette ère du "Peter principle". Le motif central est abstrait et ambigu, tout en suggérant pourtant une sorte de forme organique ou animale à l'imagination du spectateur. *Sans titre* évoque des formes de ver. Il est rare que les tableaux de Samila soient sans titre. Ceux de cette exposition itinérante ont des titres mais l'artiste les choisit généralement une fois l'œuvre achevée, selon ce qu'elle lui suggère à ce moment-là. Samila n'avait pas encore trouvé de titre approprié pour ce tableau au moment de la rédaction de cet article.

J'ai dit que Samila surveille de près ce qui sort de son atelier, mais il n'hésite guère à laisser partir ses œuvres une fois qu'il en est satisfait, et plusieurs d'entre elles font maintenant partie d'importantes collections publiques et particulières. Sa dernière grande exposition individuelle à la Galerie Dunkelman, à Toronto, a eu beaucoup de succès, et cette galerie lui prépare une autre exposition pour l'hiver prochain. David Samila n'a pas encore trente ans mais il est déjà l'un des artistes les plus prometteurs de l'Ouest du Canada.

(Traduction de Pierre-W. DESJARDINS)

Louis Comtois and integration into architecture

By Bernard LÉVY

"The integration of art into modern techniques, technology, and architecture is considered by a certain public and even by certain artists to be a fashion. This fashion will pass; it will give way to very concrete realities sometimes made up of awkward and incoherent groups, but sometimes also more successful realities that result from the homogeneous or heterogeneous coordination of artists and technicians or industrial enterprises. Thus, the art that I execute, the forms that I design and the surfaces that I organize are meant to be integrated to the dimensions, problems, and materials of the world in which we live. The result, is not a rigid expression, but a movement. What I do is inscribed, as are a great number of contemporary works, within a course of research that is in constant evolution." Thus speaks Louis Comtois, a young Quebec artist who has been living in Paris for two years thanks to a Canada Arts Council grant.

An exhibition at the Galerie du Haut-Pavé, in the heart of the Latin Quarter, a programme filmed in colour by the Office de la Radio-Télévision Française (O.R.T.F.) in the framework of the series *The love of art,* an article by the France-Presse agency, and a few brief articles about him published in the French dailies did not turn Louis Comtois's head at all. On the other hand, the stubborn silence of Quebec's news media seems to have affected him a great deal more. We hope that this article will make up, at least in part, for such an oversight.

Not any kind of aluminium!

Louis Comtois is 25. He did not wait for the end of his secondary studies at the Collège Saint-Laurent in Montreal to become interested in painting and enrol in the art studio directed by Gilbert Marion and Gérard Lavallée, neither did he wait for the end of his studies at the Beaux-Arts to exhibit his first works in several Montreal galleries (Nova et Vetera, Galerie du Siècle). He recalled that his professors of the last two years, notably Mario Merola, Claude Courchênes and Jacques de Tonnancour, had taught him that a work truly takes on form and power when the artist works alone. Basically, a fine arts school should be a kind of free studio where dialogues and human relations that would give rise to better lessons would occur among the participants (students and teachers). Is this utopia? Certainly, we have not yet reached this point in Quebec. However, we grant a greater place to imagination than do some European establishments. From this point of view, technique is acquired in a similar way. The important thing is to become aware of contemporary problems as quickly as possible. To the dry academism of certain European schools, our schools raise topical questions which naturally lead to research.

"And today how can we imagine an artist's life dissassociated from

research work?", exclaims Louis Comtois. That is where there intervenes the collaboration of people who are often strangers to properly so called art (engineers, technicians) or artists whose works can be integrated with other works (graphists, visual designers, sculptors, etc.).

At the École des Beaux-Arts de Montréal, Louis Comtois used varied materials: wood, formica, plastic. Today, he uses aluminium.

"Not any kind of aluminium", he hastens to add, "but anodized aluminium. This is a metal that has undergone an electro-chemical treatment (electrolysis) in which the metal acts as an anode. On this anode is deposited a film of aluminium that gives the metal this distinct appearance that does not show up easily on photographs. I like aluminium because it affords multiple possibilities of colouring and also because it is a great material, noble in its purity and presence!" It is also very expensive. Thus Louis Comtois turned to great industrial societies. In particular, he worked with the Society of Industrial Electroplating of France. The French Technical Centre of Aluminium Research was also an inestimable help to him.

From creation to integration

The works are vast panels in the dimensions of murals (nine feet wide by twenty feet long, for example). The forms include squares, rectangles, and circles. He proceeds by two steps: first, the construction of a model with the help of figures cut out from metallic "Mylar", cardboard and plastified paper; then the elaboration of a second model, the exact scale of the future work, this time using plates cut straight from anodized aluminium and glued to a wooden support.

The creation finds its point d'appui from the first step. It is at this point that there is a participation of instinctual, rational, irrational, indeed chance elements that in no way pre-suppose the final result but which, on the contrary, leave the artist a kind of creative freedom. From then on, the creation is situated less on an intellectual level than on a level of sensitivity. Inspiration, ventures, and discoveries intermingle, remain in the background, are opposed, grow dim, and change. The moment and the gesture are privileged. Everything remains unsaid, unborn. Balance, imbalance, proportions, colours, symmetry, dissymmetry: gradually the ideal movement finds a path, gradually the work is created.

The anodized aluminium model must yet be built. This stage is less fertile. The artist can be satisfied to reproduce the second model, to effect a few changes, or he may judge the result unsatisfactory and not follow through with the project.

From the work of Louis Comtois there arises a movement that originates in an imbalance supported by opposing tensions. In other words, a point or a group of points exercise, in a precise way, tension on another point or series of points, which, as factors of imbalance, turn to disorder and tend towards a kind of perpetual aesthetic entropy. In the very interior of these groups forces of equilibrium and imbalance exist. Indeed, it is the general group that one must see and like. It is not at all a question of the art of the easel enlarged for the circumstances of our times or for fashion. The panels are expressly designed to be integrated into architecture. They are far from the paintings that have been "blown up" to give them a greater scale.

But why use only geometric forms? Why use only two of the dimensions of space? Louis Comtois answers: "If I use only geometric forms—circles, squares, rectangles—I am not trying to be systematic, but I do so because through these figures I am channeling and translating, for the time being, a certain sensitivity that is my own. It is through these forms that I convey my present aesthetic emotion. I shall tackle the three dimensions of space when I will have to translate a personal sensitivity which will involve relationships of volumes.

Projects, projects, projects

The one-man exhibition which he held in Paris, on April 15, 1969, is already long past, it was only a step. Louis Comtois has, since that time, pursued his research and, taking advantage of the opportunity, travelled in Europe. He made many interesting contacts. Other ideas, other models were conceived. He presented them to the famous Danish architect-designer Arne Jacobsen who was very interested in them: it is too soon to say more about them at this time.

His present plans include a one-man exhibition in Milan (Italy) during the fall at the Apollinaire Gallery, where a stainless steel multiple work will be shown, and participation in the Salon Comparaison.

In Milan, in March of 1970, Louis Comtois met several architects and decorators who became enthusiastic about his models. Several projects were conceived during these meetings. For the present, however, he decided to set up an exhibition at "Apollinaire", a gallery that is considered to be one of the most representative of present-day art in Italy. Only environment works are presented there. They will exhibit a multiple work by Louis Comtois. A photographic reproduction of this work will appear in the fall issue of the magazine *Domus*.

The Salon Comparaison is an exhibition that takes place this year on the site of the former Halles of Paris. All the contemporary trends meet there in such a way as to permit the public to compare them. Louis Comtois will hang one of his latest works at this exhibition.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Can Venice be saved?

By Simona Ganassi SERENI
Architect

Venice is an endangered city: the high tide, which about twenty years ago used to flood Saint Mark's Square and a few roads once a year, has become stronger and more aggressive. Twice or three times every year (sometimes more) the city is seen to be half-submerged. Moreover, air and water pollution cause an acceleration of the corrosion of statues, frescoes and works of marble in general.

We could continue to describe this physical decay: it would not summarize all the important and too obscure aspects of the drama of Venice. It is a matter of problems related to the socio-economic decline of the city that cannot be ignored if we wish to understand the very essence of the difficulties to be resolved.

However, the social problem of Venice cannot be understood without some historical background. For several centuries, Venice was the capital of a veritable maritime empire. Its position on a lagoon was advantageous to its relationships with distant countries, to its contacts with the mainland with which it could communicate by waterway because of a system of canals that flowed into its lagoon. At that time it was a rich, prosperous, and active city. These conditions changed completely between the end of the XVIIIth century and the beginning of the XIXth, when Venice lost its freedom and when new means of transportation (the railway, then the automobile) made maritime transportation less important.

Austria, which dominated Venice from 1798 to 1866 (except from 1806 to 1814, a period in which it was held by Napoleon), did not understand the singularity of its urban structure and its architectural quality and tried to transform it into a city like so many others. It was linked to the mainland by a bridge for the railway, thus losing its insularity. Within the city, moreover, networks of pedestrian traffic were developped at the expense of traditional water traffic. When Venice joined the new Kingdom of Italy in 1866, the Italian government continued more or less the same policy. However, if the Piedmont politicians could not understand the singularity of the city either, there were political reasons that justified their attitude: Venice was, for the new Italian kingdom, a fringe area, and it had, moreover, as an immediate neighbour, an enemy state: Austria. Because of this, neither the port, nor the great shipyards—the only elements that might have given new impetus to the economic life of the island—were developped by the new Italian state.

It was during the course of the first world war that the harbour installations of Venice were favoured by their strategic location. After the war, the situation became even better due to the new borders. Venice was no longer a city on the perimeter; moreover, the development of the hydro-electric resources of the Venetian Alps permitted the consideration of the possibility or rather the necessity of building a great industrial port and of modifying the administrative limits of the mayoralty of Venice. In 1926 were annexed the mayoralties of Mestre, Chirignago, Favaro Veneto, little towns that numbered at the time about 40,000 inhabitants compared with 230,000 for Venice and the islands.

The industrial area bordering on the lagoon and the inner commercial port of the city gave a new impetus, which led administrators to see Venice even more as an ordinary city; thus they came to build a new bridge, in the area of the old Austrian bridge that allowed cars to come onto the island, opening the way to the dangers of the invasion of the automobile, dangers increased today by the development of parking lots and the construction of garages all around the head of the bridge. In spite of the economic recovery, another phenomenon began to occur toward the end of the 30's, the exodus of inhabitants onto the mainland.

The second world war stopped this movement and brought about rather an opposite course of events, that is to say, a return to the island, which seemed safer and better protected. During this time, activities linked to war production had given rise in Venice, as in most of the Italian cities, to an unreal atmosphere of well-being. When the war was over, in fact, the movement to leave the city began again all the more. Within the next 15 years the population of Venice had decreased whereas that of the mainland had more than doubled.

This result was brought about not only by the migration of Venetians, but also by the attraction exercised on the rural population by the new urban concentration of Mestre, since the decrease in the

population evidently brought about a loss of activites, the abandoning of houses and sometimes even palaces, which, once they were abandoned, were exposed to the ravages of the elements. Unfortunately, the 1966 flood made the situation even more serious. It has in fact accelerated the depopulation, besides causing the immense damage that was brought to the knowledge of the entire world.

Today the island of Venice numbers about 120,000 inhabitants and in the present state of things, as more young people than old have left the city, its population of aged people is increasing so that the death rate is higher than the birth rate. Which means that the population would continue to decrease even if the exodus were to stop.

We might think that this phenomenon of the reduction of population is not important. All the historical centres of old European cities, transformed into business centres have lost their original residential function. We might foresee the same future for Venice. However, if we consider the extent of the island of Venice, the characteristics of its urban centre, we notice that we cannot envisage conserving a living Venice without conserving its residential function. This also means that it is necessary not only to hasten to prevent new departures, but if we do not wish the population to decrease (because of the present day demographic structure) we must assure conditions of a veritable repopulation.

To this end, it would be necessary to assure Venice of jobs and modern living conditions. The effort must be made in several areas: research into new functions; restoration of buildings; setting up of new means of communcication between the city and the mainland.

With respect to this last aspect, an Italian commission, presided over by Mr. Giusto Tolloy, has proposed linking Venice to the cities of Padua and Treviso by an underground network. This proposal, which was supported by Unesco, is the only solution to the problem of communications: in fact, it permits excellent relationships without increasing the risks of automobile invasion. The creation of such a metropolitan network plays an important role even in the localization of new activities especially for those linked to Venice's function as chief-town of the region.

The fact that we have emphasized the socio-economic problems of Venice does not imply that we are underestimating the problems of physical protection. In its report, Unesco clearly emphasizes the seriousness of these problems, but as Ali Vrioni, special assistant to the general director, writes in his editorial, *To Save Venice*, in the issue of *Courrier* of Unesco: "The fate of the monumental and artistic patrimony of Venice does not depend only on physical factors . . . Technics is almost always up to the difficulties, when its intervention is required by a healthy body animated by a vigorous expansion movement . . . The problem is thus that there will be no sound defence for Venice without the creation of new functions and without a vast programme of cultural animation, for whose success international collaboration will not only be necessary but indispensible . . . But Venice can also live. It is possible to save it: Unesco would not devote itself to a hopeless undertaking."

However, Venice can be saved only on one condition: that is that its salvation be thought of as a collective work, a "great collective project" which is a matter of organization which concerns us all.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Peter Gnass: Construction with light

By Luc BENOIT

In 1957 Peter Gnass emigrated from Germany and settled in Montreal. He was 21. In Hamburg he had registered at the Fine Arts Academy almost secretly, owing to the reluctance of his father, an engineer, to see him take up this kind of a career.

He had to wait almost a year before being accepted at the Montreal Beaux-Arts, where he remained until 1962. He went from one class to another, without a *discipline,* where there was something to be learned. He registered in engraving with Albert Dumouchel. "That was where I discovered sculpture", he said, "I dug, I cut into copper and zinc plates deeper and deeper. I tried to obtain the greatest possible relief." He immediately abandoned painting. His first exhibitions presented him to us as a print-maker. But there were already a few three dimensional works.

In 1962, after six years, he had to leave the Beaux-Arts. He then spent a year in Europe studying and travelling. Upon his return he still pursued for some time his research into prints, but he shortly gave up this means of expression, as he became increasingly interested in sculpture. "At the time I lived from the meagre revenue that I received from making scenery for different theatre or ballet companies."

Then things took a different turn: exhibitions in Montreal as well as Quebec city and New York made him known to the public. He made a mural of steel, bronze and copper for the Theatre Maisonneuve of Place des Arts and also executed a zinc and copper alloy sculpture for Canadian Pacific's Cominco Pavilion at Expo 67.

The previous year he had taken part in the Alma Sculpture Symposium at Lac St-Jean. He then had an exhibition in Chicago in 1969 and, the same year took part in an exhibition of the Pagani Foundation in Milan. One of his sculptures is also on display at Expo 70 in Osaka.

In 1967 he was secretary of the Association of Quebec Sculptors, he then became vice-president, and president. He is also a founding member of the Groupe Création de Montreal.

Peter Gnass is not a sculptor, but a constructor. That is the conclusion we reach after a survey of his three-dimensional work. "I have never sculpted either wood or metal," he says, "I build things by adding to them."

His first experiments were done with copper soldered onto lead. Quickly realizing the limitations of these materials, he experimented with steel and bronze and four years ago he began to use plastic.

The fundamental preoccupation of his work is light. It dictates the choice of materials. The metal he had already used had certain limitations: every medium does. However plastic opened the way to immense possibilities. "It intrigued me as a challenge to be taken up. It is also a question of a material which generally is not greatly appreciated because it is fragile and not well known. But with it I attain, at least in part, my goal: light."

In his metal forms, it plays on well defined planes, limited to a stable surface, which only the surroundings or the source of the light can transform. Peter Gnass then integrates phosphorus into his works: to give form an independent luminosity would seem a step toward a solution of this question. But phosphorus, an artificial light, is hard to use. It almost requires a setting that makes displaying the work more difficult, especially if exhibited in a gallery, owing to the almost constant impossibility of isolating a sculpture in semi-darkness.

He had to find an answer. It came to him quite by chance when he was preparing his last exhibition at the Joliet Gallery in the old capital. "I am a great believer in luck, but a luck that is sought out, provoked." By moving smaller, phosphorescent plexiglass semi-spheres within larger ones there was produced a reflection as astonishing as it was unexpected: the optical illusions make us see other semi-spheres—of greater dimensions than those that cause them—in front of the reflecting dome. Light here becomes an active element, material: one or several spheres float in space by themselves, created entirely by a simple reflection. By doubling or tripling the mirroring surfaces, there occurs a multiplication of forms, or rather the reflection of forms, no longer imaginary, but quite visible.

"I am aware that my latest sculptures are one way: they have a front and back. But this is not at all restricting. This opens the way to the development of new possibilities. And because it is difficult, it is fascinating."

In his studio Peter Gnass experiments. "I have to arrive at having one form engendered by another in the same volume, but of different appearance: so that from a square, a rounded form, for instance, is produced."

The static element of the work and the viewer is gone. The viewer is invited to participate. If he moves or he moves the semi-spheres, he automatically moves the luminous forms which expand, twist, shrink. Light collaborates with him; he is the artist, and the viewer. The contact is made and the game begins.

There is room for humour and satire in the work of Peter Gnass. For proof consider this *Bombe* in honour of the Canada Arts Council. And for him the game has many aspects. But rather let us listen to him: "Work for work's sake: no. That makes frustrated and embittered people. Since life goes on, we must go on with it . . . I like rounded forms, when they are volumes and not circles. Rectangles, not squares. Rectangles do not need volume, they can be flat. They are links between two globes . . . two people."

—And the earth?

—The earth is to be explored . . . I am curious about new things. When something deserves attention, we stop before it, explore it and go along to something else. We must be able to detach ourselves, be as free moving as fish . . . the car is perhaps more important than the house because it permits the unforeseen and helps instability to move, to go elsewhere . . . Creating is a necessary gesture and a splendid moment, without false pretense. Also it is an egotistical gesture; but we hope that communication will ensue. And it is thus a gesture of love.

In the same way, I wish to pay tribute to him.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)

Harold Pinter and the Pinteresque

By Brian ROBINSON

The work of Harold Pinter, the only British dramatist who can clearly be ranked among the writers of the absurd, has at times a so perfectly unique quality that the term *Pinteresque*, far from being a simple label, becomes a necessary epithet. It is at the same time a term whose meaning is not easily understood. Certainly the values communicated by the authors of the absurd are most elusory, and if Ionesco is more anxious than all the others to inform us about the meaning of his work, Pinter does not care to explain himself.

First, let us see why we should rank Pinter's work with the theatre of the absurd, for any criticism that does not proceed from this basis will necessarily prove to be false. It is, however, true that in spite of the importance of the theatre of the absurd—the plays of Beckett, Ionesco, Genêt, Arrabal, Albee, and Pinter are continually being performed—this term has scarcely made its way into the terminology of the critics, who in their judgment of the plays, take them most often for satirical works. We must thus clarify why the absurd is incompatible with satire. The satirist always clings to a humanist ideal: he continues to believe that if man mends his ways, he can satisfy his essential desires: to know himself, to be aware of the world, to communicate, to love and feel loved, to fulfill his vocation, his reason for living. The writer of the absurd denies this ideal, which he judges to be unrealizable. He even pokes fun at it and invites us to take pleasure in situations where characters outrageously violate this ideal. Delighted by his incomparable imagination we are overcome with uncontrollable laughter or we remain spell-bound, fascinated by the horror embellished by poetry.

What distinguishes Pinter from the other dramatists of the absurd is, first, the fact that he draws his characters from the British working classes, as Albee finds his in the American middle class. Let us note that these two anglophone representatives of the absurd are closer to a realistic depiction of the social levels that they put on stage than are their French counterparts. It is quite remarkable that Pinter makes us feel the life of the English people even to its very speech whose full flavour he conveys.

From his first play *The Room* (1957) until *The Caretaker* (1960), Pinter's theme is essentially the loneliness of a man who searches in vain for a home. If the theme remains the same, his art develops and expands in *The Caretaker*. (With *The Homecoming* (1965) we have a new departure, which we will discuss later, but which does not promise as original a work as his previous plays.)

In the beginning of his career, Pinter had improbable events happening to make a situation evolve, instead of having it develop naturally in keeping with the psychology of the character.

But in *The Birthday Party* and *The Caretaker* the attention focuses on the psychology of the characters. Stanley in *The Birthday Party* and Davies in *The Caretaker* are both paranoic, that is to say, they "are characterized by the pathological over-estimation of the ego, distrust, erroneous judgment and social maladjustment". Printer is not the only dramatist of the absurd who shows man troubled by neurosis: it is even a salient feature of this type of literature, considering that neurosis constitutes an extreme manifestation of the disintegration of the ego, of the man who does not know himself.

In these two plays he thus created the at once fatal and fascinating background of the world seen through the eyes of the paranoic. In both cases the protagonist, in order to be able to believe he is someone, avoids confronting the evil in himself by projecting it onto the world that surrounds him, which he finds, consequently, full of bad intentions. He thus moves in an atmosphere of fear and mistrust. Deeming himself to be superior, he even believes that his environment is acting properly only when it conforms entirely to his will. That is how he becomes alienated from others and frustrates his perfectly human desire to be loved, which survives in him in spite of everything.

From his first play Pinter had created a dialogue that is peculiar to him and which already served to emphasize the imperfect nature of communication between people. In *The Birthday Party* and *The Caretaker*—this dialogue serves to heighten the atmosphere of fear that envelops the paranoic. He is characterized by brief and vague statements that give rise to questions, whose evasive answers only lead to further questions. The frequent repetition of words gives them a meaning that is at once vague and sinister. Then conversation is shortened, is exhausted; a pause occurs, laden with the terror of emptiness. Pinter has specified 170 pauses for the staging of *The Caretaker*. On the other hand, the subject of conversation will change quickly, illogically. Here is an example of Pinteresque dialogue that appears in *The Birthday Party*:

STANLEY (abruptly)—How would you like to go away with me?
LULU—Where?
STANLEY—Nowhere. Still we could go.
LULU—But where could we go?
STANLEY—Nowhere. There's nowhere to go. So we could just go.
It wouldn't matter.
LULU—We might as well stay here.
STANLEY—No. It's no good here.
LULU—Well, where else is there?
STANLEY—Nowhere.

If *The Birthday Party* and *The Caretaker* are both based on a same true psychology, Pinter has not yet rid himself of his theatricallity in the first. The protagonist Stanley thinks of seeking shelter from the terror of the world by taking refuge in a mediocre boarding-house, situated in an English sea-side resort. He constantly complains of the service he is given and it would have been logical for him to have been told to leave, or for the vague and unlimited fear of the paranoic to grow in him, to the point that he would flee. However, instead of letting the situation evolve naturally, Pinter has two men arrive from somewhere. They bully Stanley, break his glasses, beat him black and blue and finally carry him off.

In *The Caretaker*, Pinter unfolds an action that is not only probable but also intensely dramatic, although at first it did not appear so. After having lost his job, Davies, the protagonist, tries to take over a lumber-room in which a compassionate carpenter allows him to stay while waiting for him to find work again. By means of a multitude of suggestions Davies tries to get him to accept him to stay on indefinitely and when he becomes convinced that the carpenter will not agree to this he tries to turn his brother, who is the owner of the house, against him. What happens is the opposite of the sensational but the essence of the dramatic, considering that the struggle between Davies and the two brothers is continuously, although subtly, in the foreground. Finally, and *logically*, the two brothers join forces to make him leave.

Moreover, *The Caretaker* is the only play of Pinter's in which the language attains the level of poetry. For example, to express his impassioned desire to own "a good solid shirt, with stripes going down" and not simply "a striped shirt of good quality", a more natural expression, Davies evokes the dreamed-of shirt much more concretely and makes us feel more intensely his desire to draw everything to himself.

The Caretaker also surpasses all of Pinter's other plays from the point of view of the setting. He did not give the boarding house of *Birthday Party* a particular character, but the room in which Davies is living has a powerful presence with its disorder that groups objects such as an extremely old toaster, a statue of Bhudda, a chair lying on the floor.

Since in *The Caretaker* Pinter had perfectly worked out his treatment of the theme of the lonely man who searches for a home in vain, it was only fitting that in *The Homecoming* he open up a new path. At first, one might not readily recognize a new beginning. Teddy, the son of a lower class English family, returns home after an absence of six years. However, far from being a failure, he holds a Ph.D., he is a university professor and the author of philosophy books which he has written in collaboration with his wife.

Has Pinter thus cut himself off from the absurd to affirm that life is not necessarily a frustration? Not at all. Teddy *seems* to be quite perfectly satisfied, but it is only an illusion. Teddy's two brothers paw his wife on the couch and even on the floor in his presence; he offers no resistance.

Moreover, one of the brothers, Lenny, exposes Teddy's philosophical pretensions when he asks him for a philosophical explanation of the nature of a table that he is touching. Teddy does not know what to reply.

It is Lenny, in fact, who deserves to be considered as the hero of *Homecoming*. For it is he who dominates, makes events happen and possesses the greatest "moral" stature in a world where the absurd rules. First, he pokes fun at conventional or traditional morality by trying his hand as a pimp and inviting his brother's wife to become his mistress and his prostitute at the same time. He knows that in the universe of the absurd, life has become a game for sane people. Instead of engaging in philosophy, they play at it, make a parody of it. The parody of so-called serious things is a vital artifice of the theatre of the absurd. When he speaks of the apartment in which he will settle the wife to have her practice prostitution, he parodies the language of a big building owner.

But *The Homecoming* depends much more on humour than do *The Birthday Party* or *The Caretaker*. Lenny is exuberant, full of life, but he is not a poet; the world seen through his eyes holds no mysteries. If on the contrary Stanley and Davies are neurotic, is it not because, coming in contact with a world that is too hard, their superior sensitivity has made them neurotic? In short, Lenny's joy is not as great as their sorrow, and besides, the theme of parody is less original than that of paranoia. But Davies is more fascinating than Stanley for the reasons mentioned above; it is thus in *The Caretaker* that, so far, Pinter's genius has been expressed most purely, and this work unquestionably merits being called *Pinteresque*.

(Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson)