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TRANSLATIONS / TRADUCTIONS

art. In fact, our obligations are greater still. The review being the only French language art review published in America, we hope to see it become in the near future, an instrument of intercommunication between Europe and our continent in the hope that this new collaboration will promote the renewal of a cultural development in which art information will play a leading role.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

editorial: beyond sculpture

BY ANDRÉE PARADIS

The orientation of the present issue may surprise quite a few readers. Why does it not contain — such as anticipated — the evaluation of Canadian sculpture in itself rather than a tableau of everything that increases, develops, and proliferates the concept of the form-idea being inscribed in space? How can one rediscover in the present day sculptural expression which is often connected with sculpture in name alone — the love of the sculptor for the material, the impetus, the spontaneity, that allowed him, in the course of time, to transform it into a plethora of dreams and certainties? What has become of our creators of forms who, for two decades, have been exhausting abstract formulas with vigour and elegance; what has happened to their colleagues, impassioned by the esthetics of the machine and industrial form; of what interest is the revolt of the "pop" or "op" sculptors against abstract expressionism; from monumental to minimal — what are the most conclusive experiences; finally, what vitality does the new figuration contain? So many questions that will only indirectly be answered in the following pages.

The time that has passed since our first intention of presently offering a survey of Canadian sculpture, a follow up to the number on Canadian painting (44) published three years ago, and the present issue, has been significant. It represents the period of an extremely rapid transmutation in the area of plastic expression. It was only yesterday however, at the time of Expo'67 that Hugo McPherson pointed out: "Canadian sculpture is making the synthesis of a great variety of styles, ideas, and materials. . . Its new forms translate an exuberance and a vitality that foreshadow a transformation of plastic expression." A few good publications having long since that time evaluated the Canadian sculpture that is being done, it seemed better to us, in order to avoid repetition, to keep to the "areas of transformation" that cause plastic expression to evolve towards a new esthetics. Our writers had a free choice — their standards of appreciation are not limited to the "innovation at all cost" approach which most often sustains short-lived styles that have no real originality. They especially sought to emphasize the involvement of the creative spirit, the quality of certain experiences, the evident sincerity of "the man who does" conscientiously, in relation to so many doers. — From the evolution of the concept of sculpture to some of its applications; from its manifestations, from the symposium to its establishment on the public square, from its relations with architecture and industry, there are so many areas of investigation that establish sculpture and all that is directly or remotely connected to it as a living and dynamic phenomenon whose preoccupations from one end of Canada to the other join with the great trends of European sculpture.

What seems to be most characteristic of the sculptor of the present time is his rejection of the everlastingness of material; he is concentrating his energies, and his aspirations into the act which assures the form. It matters little whether the material is perishable or not — at the Dwan Gallery in New York, there was a recent exhibition of Eerich's cardboard sculptures — in each work the sculptor must first solve a problem. Not all the problems all at once, but only one that really interests him and whose solution testifies to his struggles and his discoveries.

What will the sculpture of the future be like in the great urban groups? It will have to participate in the diffusion of a new society and be a source of inspiration, as in the past. Some would like to see it joyous, spiritual, enlivened, others would want it pensive, serious, nostalgic, wise, impassioned. In the final analysis, it will be the eternal reflection of the dreams of those who contemplate it.

With the appearance of the winter issue, readers have observed an innovation at "Vie des Arts". In the hope of reaching a wider public, the texts of our collaborators are published in their own language and integral translations are assured for the leading articles. Our North American location prompts us to attempt this adventure in order to improve our policies of diffusion of Canadian

architecture and sculpture

BY RENÉ DE SOLIER

Is there a relationship between architecture and sculpture in the 20th century, or is such a relationship still to be discovered? Of the new cities, Warsaw contains few modern works. A few works by Moore appear in London. In the field of functional architecture, Berlin now has such a district situated near an astonishing modern art museum (but it arises largely from voluntary efforts). Rotterdam is taking pride in the surprising Gabo. Paris has a Picasso, the "bust of Apollinaire" (in a little square near Saint-Germain-des-Prés church)! At Le Havre, the building of the Museum-Cultural Centre, resulting largely from the experience, and then the tenacity of Reynold Arnould, was influenced by the great sculpture by Adam, facing the sea. In Marseilles the sculpture-building by Le Corbusier was derided for quite some time by the people of the district, and the inhabitants of the city, who called it "the fool's house".

The situation would seem to be somewhat better in Brussels: the Lambert bank, the "Tour du Midi" among others, allow one to think that after the Atomium, architecture-sculpture projects are well on the road to success, owing to the relations established between architects and sculptors. Recently in Grenoble, before the inauguration of the Winter Olympic Games, "the indignation of the people" or a fraction of them, sought to do away with the sculptures placed in the city. Only the authority of André Malraux succeeded in protecting the sculpture of Viseux.

The sculpture-museum, the architectural group which is at once a sculpture and a functional area — such as the Guggenheim in New York, is an admirable success — seems therefore a trick or a phenomenon. Why is this, is it money, the "tastes" of the public? To tell the truth, from such and such a sculpture signalling the entrance to a desert or a highway, to the daring building, to the structures of F. L. Wright, to the astonishing "church" in the Milwaukee area in the United States, what now exists in the world is rather impoverished. It is a strange and significant fact, at least as far as Le Corbusier is concerned, that the sculpture-building is sometimes a church (Romchamp). It follows that uneasiness will prevail if the men of today neither know how to construct, nor to edify and decorate their buildings. In this respect the "Maeght Foundation" near Saint-Paul-de-Vence is a success in so far as the architect could use some sculptures by Giacometti for an interior courtyard. The courtyard was thus set up in collaboration, with Giacometti modifying or setting a patina that took into consideration the area, the lighting, and the surroundings. Is it not an exception if the architect is a sculptor and a painter (Le Corbusier), if the sculptor is an architect, if the architect knows when to seek the company of artists? Present day experiences are restoring confidence. But we are still far from an efficient collaboration between the master-builder and artists.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

sculpture, a privileged form of contestation

BY GUY ROBERT

It is not surprising that critics are refraining more and more from visiting galleries and museums, to regain the peace needed for reflection, willingly leaving to reporters the maddening whirl of

day to day actuality. Boisterous excitement ill suits esthetic contemplation; of course, by this I do not mean an all-consuming estheticism, or dizzying mental acrobatics which reduce the work of art to the deep sonority of eight syllable words; on the contrary, it is a matter of restoring to the object, through an injection of emotion, the meaning of its presence in the contemplative life of man.

When the massive impact of the information media becomes a daily drug as indispensable as it is unconscious, its terrifying effectiveness must be stressed. Living on the periphery of things, in an atmosphere of over-consumption, people reach their maximum at the level of *gadgets*, and the precarious mission of the work of art becomes all the more evident: that of a magnificent useless object whose sole function consists in permitting a mental exercise that has been outmoded since the fall of monarchy and religion. The work of art affords relaxation and the necessary distance to the shocked and abused eye, the assailed and shattered ear, and restores to audio-visual perception an unlikely opportunity for delicacy amidst a bedlam of sound and light of an amazing aggressivity.

Naturally the work of art enters a given socio-cultural context by feigning involuntary imitation or even complicity, and disguises itself tactically, assuming once more in the meanderings of its tumultuous history the motley cast-off clothing of fashion, and in this way participates in the paradoxical human masquerade while offering man, from beneath the most deceptive make up, the ever lively spark of its enigmatic nature.

We shall attempt to follow part of the progress of recent sculpture in Canada, in as much as it participates in the vast movement of international and global contestation.

Contestation of esthetics

Modern art appears to vigorously contest the artistic ideal, lightly tinged with romanticism which pretends that the work of art must display a message, say something, must trouble or charm, howl or murmur, in a word *signify*, that is to say become the sign, the term-means of a relationship that is sensitive and intelligent (even if it remains allusive or obscure) between the active person of the artist and his patient, the public. Let us stress the complexity of the dialectic relationship thus established between the artist and the crowd: the artist already in possession, through the labyrinth of his personality, of a vision of the universe and of man that he adapts, in the very matter of his work, to the image he conceives of the public, whether right or wrong; and the crowd bringing, in its perception of the work, at least as many elements as it finds in the esthetic object itself. Artists and publics thus *screen* their visions of the world and compare their reciprocal versions in an often percussive dialogue.

And the question arises, among a thousand others: what is sculpture, what is art, what is man? The esthetic language in which these questions are phrased is contesting itself, in what could be called a crisis or a nervous tic of civilization. The contestation of sculptural language assumes in turn many masks: for example, bronze can command attention as a matter of course in a serious and snobbish context, as with Etrog; the formula looks quite reasonable, having the necessary explicit contorsions to suggest the spark of inspiration and the anguish of creation, and in another respect with sufficient elegance and starkness to affirm the variations of a mature sophistication through the production of series of copies and formats. Like Moore.

The analysis of the phenomena would no longer have limits, to such an extent that this global esthetic contestation has raised prolific proposals for more than ten years, through *pop*, *op*, *post*, *maxi*, *mini*, etc. Sculptures are still the best to say, through all their metamorphosis, what sculpture is, has been, is becoming, and will be. And esthetics, contesting or not, is silent in order to dream... of this unusual hermaphrodite little statuette from New-Guinea, that sitting on my window sill testifies with a provocative indecency, to the fundamental ambiguity of the work of art.

Contestation of a pragmatic society

The invasion of the interior and exterior of public places, by monumental sculpture certainly betrays the profound contestation of a society obsessed with preoccupations that are too exclusively materialistic, dedicated to efficiency and conditioning. And the variety of orientations of these attacks reveals their energy and convergence. Whether the monumental work be the stele to the destroyed city that communicates Zadkine's message in the port of Rotterdam, or such and such a collection of two or three surfaces of burnished steel in a park, it is always the presence in the crowd of a material object, of a mass that proposes or imposes a pause, that refers to another matter.

Recent sculpture participates in the energetic contestation of the psychosis of consumption, going even as far as the auto-consump-

tion of sculpture, in a kind of absolute ritual; this auto-destructive sculpture glorifies the apocalypse of the machine, and makes way for an unexpected progeny in the immediate and short-lived ceremonies of the *happening*. Beyond the contestation of the perfect, accomplished, and finished form, the fine result of the narrow limits of the traditional specialist, recent sculpture rediscovers the meaning of relativity and a certain form of humility that must not be confused with the most detestable tolerance. The ethics of a new exigency arise whose decalogue still exists although it is not yet codified (let us hope that it never will be)!

Cities are no longer designed for perception on a pedestrian level, they are already in tune with the accelerated rhythm of the elevated expressway or the subway: perhaps the street will finally be rightfully returned to strollers when the motoring city-dwellers will travel by helicopters and the non-motoring city-dwellers will travel by subway. Falcon or mole, will man find his equilibrium in the example of the bat guided by radar? But the city of the future, the cradle of the forthcoming leisure civilization is already displaying on the sky-line the charms of its captivating magic, in the likeness of a gigantic kinetic sculpture embellished with thickets and music, fountains and luminous cubes.

Between the bloody nightmare of past centuries, that History tries to temper in vain, and the inflatable dream of a better world, contemporary man is given up to hope, the hope that would allow a small part of the soul to show through the opacity of matter, as in sculpture.

Contestation of the object

Can we pretend to forget this very concrete reality: the sculptor invests in his work his inspiration no doubt, but also years of apprenticeship, months of work, his artistic skill, the cost of his materials, his tools, and his atelier. To prepare an exhibition of a dozen average sized works represents a year's work and heavy expenses.

After remembering this, let us speak of the dialectic between the morphological organization of the matter of the work, and the rational order of volumetrical relationships, a dialectic required by the artist in the struggle that occurs within him between emotion and rules, between anguish and style; this *Dionysion-Apollinian* dialectic continues to animate, with a complementary dynamism, the obscure forces of Nature and the lucid powers of the Mind, the imaginative and mechanical forces in the artist.

The walls of our public buildings, for example, can display works like the imperative grouping of Mario Merloa, the swarming movement of the deep tides of Ted Bieler, or the grand eloquence of the rhythm-symbols of Jordi Bonet. Objects impose everywhere their obsessing reality, swell with palpitating presence, if not with meaning, and become hamburgers as big as cars, giant dolls, immense ears: the contestation of the nobility of man involves also a counter-contestation which magnifies a few of its aspects, it is moreover often ambiguous, maxi-size going all too often hand in hand with mini-inspiration.

The object regains its poly-dimensional qualities. Profaned or sanctified, rubbish or sustenance, the object takes part in a garbage can art that is akin to a jeweller's art; it is an art of recuperation and osmosis, art itself seeks everywhere what it can not find anywhere: the propitious opportunity for authentic emotion, the sudden short circuit of human warmth, the sudden emergence of the spirit through matter ("Inanimate objects, do you then have a soul...") In a world devoted to main-drainage, how can we still drag along emotion — this ridiculous waif, out of phase in a universe where only the antiseptic serial number stands out in its metallic brightness. Minimal sculpture would thus seek to purify the work of art of every imperfection due to the human hand, and make of it the product of a robot; in another respect, psychedelic art again follows baroque meanderings and proliferates secondary forms, applying in its dizziness a jazzed-up theory of global correspondances. Colour is leaving the canvass and splashing on sculpture, as relief invades painting.

Contestation of specialization

The execution of a sculpture, the adventure that it offers the creator, above all mobilizes the co-ordinates of time and space as well as those of technique and imagination, even more than engraving or painting. And the spectacular-sculpture opens unsuspected far-reaching perspectives in a sort of architectural dynamics whose action is programmed by a computer which makes it at once choreographic, musical, and illuminated. The coldness of industrial planning thus receives a fantastic compensation.

Between the magic of dreams and the fright of nightmares, contemporary sculptural language (as moreover all other forms of language) is flying into pieces, into fireworks where are sacrificed

at the same time the richest values of tradition and the most sclerotic jargon of routine. Styles in art, op or pop, geometrical or lyrical, minimal or maximal, ludic or political, always remain transient and whimsical, contagious and superficial, like an influenza that leaves behind it only an after-taste of time lost.

A good way to escape the present-day technocratic depression, that the whole of the information media elevates to the level of a psychosis is to allow the artist the opportunity to lubricate the dry cogs of the machine with a little poetic inspiration. The courageous artist must withstand competition from the publicists who use the relentless mechanism of technology to their own ends. Spectacular-sculpture established in this sense the integral concept of environment and started the most dynamic and fascinating contestation of the esthetic object: the affectionate pat formerly reserved for little doggies is no longer suitable in view of the thundering aggressions which favour a concerted synergy gathering sociologists, and engineers, psychoanalysts and poets, producers and directors around the sculptor turned sorcerer's-apprentice using the kinetic rhythms of the new Work.

The artist finally rediscovers, beyond the narcissistic mirage of the star-personality, the organic and orgiastic meaning of the communal work, of the Show.

Contestation of the school

In the autumn of 1968, registering its name in the spirit of a vast epidemic of international contestation, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts of Montreal is "occupied" by students unhappy with the administration and the programmes, the professors and the ateliers, the courses and the examinations, society and themselves. More worried than worrisome.

Basically the question is put forth in this manner: can art be taught? Can one learn to paint or to sculpt in four years of academic studies? In the last few years it has been said frequently that the Ecole des Beaux-Arts must be divided into two clearly distinct areas:

— a pedagogic area, where by the appropriate courses the future professors of plastic arts are formed.

— an area of ateliers where beside recognized artists, invited for this purpose, would work the future sculptors who would pursue their investigations in libraries and in sessions of art history.

Moreover, the workshop of the present day sculptor is no longer that of Rodier or Vigeland; it can even be reduced to a pocket notebook wherein are sketched the masses that will be hewn and assembled in the factory; or this atelier can be an alchemist's chapel full of electro-magnetic apparatus and plastic test-pieces; or it can be the inspired mind of some descendant of the Vikings who builds in his imagination the exact structure of an environment spectacular that includes dance and film, scaffolding and amputated mannequins, poets loudly vociferating and gogodancers; and it can also be the miserable hovel of a Giacometti or the lordly domain of Moore

Contestation of weight-volume

A collection of works of art soon becomes the most burdensome thing in the world, especially if it includes heavy and voluminous sculptures. In a *jet set* generation where you change trades twice a year and jobs every eighteen months, you can surely still succumb to the vice of collecting sculptures, provided they are inflatable and luminous; able to replace at once the picture of the sacred heart crowned with thorns and the one of your grand mother who died before you were born; able at the same time to console you of the fact that the David Smith piece you bought is higher than your apartment ceiling and for the Lardera that you should have bought from him in his atelier; and able to transform itself at once into a magic relic of dying civilizations, and into a candelabra.

Let us add to that a few miscellaneous objects, full of fun and slightly perverse, that will be hidden under psychedelic posters beside drugs, far from the inquisitive eye of the Cybernetic Technocrats. The contestation of classic sculpture finds its refinement in the kinetic: the immobile and awkward object, like the marble discus thrower that weighs a thousand pounds, looks funny beside the nykon ones in which phosphorescent and differently coloured liquids flow. Well done, Calder! Sculpture is coming down from its pedestal to whirl voluptuously in a bath of syncopated discotheque colours. It is Michelangelo in a mini-skirt, Rodin in a bikini. But the modern, up to date sculptor submits his toys to pretty stiff competition, like that of Saint Catherine street completely a-throb and on edge with neon blinking, or that of Westmount Square designed by Mies van der Rohe. When an entire street is engaged in pop-op, and when a group of sky-scrappers makes its devotions to modular geometry, the sculptor gropes for words, elements of his brand new language.

Sculpture has just barely left the artist's atelier or the gallery storage depot to seek refuge in the temples of museums and private collections, when it is setting out again on an adventure, ready for all the metamorphosis, for all disguises. The international symposium is itself becoming obsolete, with artists having nothing better to do than to offer flowers to "midinettes" (working girls on lunch break) while their cardboard models are being executed in factories.

Creative contestation in Canada

We will not present a cyclorama of Canadian Sculpture. On the whole less than two centuries passed between the Saint-Joachim school and the one in Montreal, between the chiselings of François Ranvozé and the tons of castings of Armand Vaillancourt, the delightful characters of Louis-Thomas Berlinguet and the sophisticated characters of Louis Archambault, the baroque-like compositions of François Dallégret, the haida masks with turbines by Gerald Gladstone, and the Eskimo sculptures on aluminium murals by Jordi Bonet.

Until the end of the nineteenth century, there was a small provincial tradition of craftsmanship "in good taste", touching in its sentimental awkwardness, and limited in its almost exclusively religious repertory. Is it necessary to recall the *Madeleine de Verchères* (1897) by Philippe Hébert, *Fille de ferme* (1918) by Florence Wyle, *L'évêque* (1928) by Aurèle de Foy Suzor-Côté, in rapidly emphasizing the last milestones of a chronology that certainly does not accede to the level of historical evolution.

And finally in 1950, sculpture erupts in the already complex and troubled movement of the Montreal School (for more details, see my book on this subject). Louis Archambault animates this first period, at one and the same time with his teaching at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and with his work. Much more than a master who forms his disciples, Archambault indicates to students in his ateliers the multiple directions of the sculptural language.

The adventure has been launched. It progressively reaches Toronto and all of Canada, through a network of many other currents the main ones of which include:

— the considerable pressure of the plastic and cultural excitement among our American neighbours, from New York to San Francisco by way of Chicago.

— the abundant dissemination of information, in specialized modern art magazines, in large circulation publications (like *Time*, *Life*, *Paris-Match*), and by television.

— the exchanges between Canada and Europe, through scholarships for study abroad and the colonizing exhibitions.

— large-scale undertakings, like the international symposiums of sculpture held in Montreal in 1964 and 1965, and in Quebec city in 1966, in Toronto in 1967

— advantageous opportunities to make monumental works like Expo '67, contracts for architectural or landscaping groups, etc.

For two or three centuries in Canada almost nothing happened; then in 1950 there occurred a veritable irruption of sculpture, that has been changing since 1963-1964 into a fireworks display. The patient effort of revaluation of this neglected form of the plastic arts surpasses the greatest hopes. Painters, engravers, designers, architects, engineers, even critics and pharmacists are creating sculpture. As if all of a sudden it were question of a language that had become necessary, a way of immediately embodying the pulsations of the modern soul. The audience is growing, sculpture is invading buildings and public squares, materials are multiplying and fires of interest are being kindled far from the two great centres of Toronto and Montreal.

Is it necessary to recall that Canada remains a long and narrow corridor, subjected to the neighbouring of two cultures, to increasing American and decreasing European influences. Is it necessary to unfold a picture gallery, where are found in the first room the variations of traditional, surrealist, or new figuration; in the second room the abstracts, which are geometrically cold or organic, lyrically impassioned or controlled, kinetic or cynic; and in a third room, the triumph of environment. Is it necessary furthermore to establish the repertory of materials, from bronze to scrap iron, from wood to granite, from unshuttered concrete with phosphorescent liquids, from plastic resins to electro-magnetic fields. Is it necessary to speak of large sizes for public parks, and small sizes for apartments?

Is it necessary to acknowledge that the work provokes critics, and vice-versa, and that esthetics tries to follow, with a look that is unsuccessfully dispassionate, the throbbing vicissitudes of the spirit that emerge through the matter in a work of art?

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson.

A few years ago Vasarely wrote, in other words, "it is preferable to use the terms two, three, and multi dimensional instead of painting and sculpture". This wish is all the more fitting today as we call sculpture Manzoni's box of "artist's excrement", the cloud-vapours by Fahlstrom, the works to destroy by Ixe, and the works to eat by Ygreco. Some artists continue to want to safeguard the autonomy of the "sculpture and painting" language, but on the whole, it is certainly evident that the current is going in the other direction, which does not mean, for all that, that the plastic qualities of two, three, or multi dimensional works are being abandoned.

Many painters decided to forsake the wall whereas sculptors were colouring their works. The environment works are again challenging the very nature of the business of art, based on the "art object". Thus "Sculpture plus" is getting back to stating the problem of the future of the plastic arts. There is no question of prophesying here, but of examining the solutions that are usually proposed. What are the activities that should interest painters and sculptors in the future? And what are the new forms that expression is taking at the present time in Quebec?

We often speak of design, of "new technology" and experimental esthetics. Here are a few thoughts on this subject. We cannot doubt that ideally, in the drawing of a common object, it is possible not only to satisfy the prime requirements of function, but also to discover new ones, to arrive at the synergy-object, a system in itself, that leads to new discoveries. That is the desire of all good designers, but in reality, things rarely happen in this way.

The designers at the last meeting of Icofrada complained that their services were usually only called upon to sell a product whose quality they were not to judge. The professors of the HFG in Ulm, having reached the conclusion that it was absolutely necessary to reevaluate the formation of the designer and to create new institutions where environment design (and no longer design limited to the object) would be studied on a basis of reciprocating disciplines, on a basis of collaboration between sociologists, psychologists, economists, and engineers etc. . . ., have been deprived since that time of the school whose reputation they had established. There is a revolution to be activated in the field of design. Some designers know very well what must be changed. At the present time they have no other resources than the design centres, set up in some countries to indicate the right direction to industry, but they are not able to force its acceptance.

EAT (Experiments in art and technology) is an American organization whose function it is to facilitate meetings between artists, engineers, and industrialists. To the latter, EAT says: "artists will be able to bring you new ideas about materials: a new technology can arise from this." EAT backs up this statement with examples of collaborations between artists and engineers from which industry could profit. And yet industry still remains forbidding. In the United States, there are working facilities for artists in factories that we do not know here, but we must not be under any illusions. The artist at one time or another, must sell his work, and recover the money that he invested in his research.

The example of the Archigram Group in London is equally eloquent. This is a group of architects and designers who are beyond their first campaign. Some of them are over forty years old. Extremely well-informed about the present day possibilities of technology, since 1962 they have shown what the present day city could be, what the different services of the city could be, and what the family dwelling could be. And at the last Triennial in Milan they presented their point of view on the services inside the individual cell. The architects and designers of Archigram proposed prototypes. And yet industry continues "to sell off its old stock."

What is the situation of experimental esthetics? Certain artists would like a study to be conducted in a scientific manner into the collective models they are proposing. Now experimental esthetics is in its infancy as a science. At the present time it is a question of laying its foundations by discovering unquestionable relationships between esthetic cause and psychological effect. Circumstances like these are similar to submitting the embryo of a chicken to the action of a sound-wave, like "a", and observing the repercussions. Experimental esthetics arises at present from experimental psychology, and it is rather natural that it should follow its evolution and serve its purposes. The main purpose of experimental psychology is to study conditioning. Certain people have understood

this: the publicists! Artists will have to prove their efficacy on this level. Do they really want to?

The designers are calling for reforms, as are the architects, and the estheticians are trying to find themselves. Is the artist aware of these transformations? Is he taking part in them? Or is he waiting for the solutions to be brought to him on a silver platter? However there might be a common ground. Architects and designers are seeking the same thing, for people to have the opportunity to change their surroundings, to create their own environment, by having access to malleable structures that are as diversified as possible. Which made the Archigram team say that the problems of mass production should be regulated by the extension of the communications media, allowing everyone to have individual programming. Today it is a question of promoting everything that can permit people to express themselves, to refute the monolithic concept of the city managed according to bureaucratic reports. The artist can testify to this desire and show us the situation we are in. He can also create situations in which people will feel the need to express themselves, to reveal themselves.

What are the new forms that expression is taking at the present time in Quebec? I am establishing four divisions: the total entertainment, the environment, the creating machine, and the social document. Ideally the "total entertainment" should include the active participation of the spectator, in the sense that there will no longer be any difference between the spectator and the actor. But in the Quebec context, it is more a question of mixed forms of expression. In 1964-1965, the "Horlogers du Nouvel Age" (Jean Sauvageau, Suzanne Verdal, Claude Péloquin, Philippe Gingras, Pierre Corneillier, Serge Lemoine, Dominique Macchiagodena) who, dividing up, became the "Zirmate" group, presented a form of expression uniting poetry, music, dancing, painting, and lighting effects. They were extremely interested in science fiction, which they saw as a broadening of the mental faculties. They presented about fifteen shows.

In 1966-1967 Raoul Duguay who is first a writer, undertook a comparable adventure. His intentions? To give poetry back its oral and visual qualities. A one-man show, he conceived the decors, the architecture of the sets, the lighting effects, danced, sang, and played the instruments that he made, surrounding himself on one hand with a team of artists from various disciplines. His ideal? To unite people with different levels of their being, whatever their social class. Finally, Germain Perron, a talented former painter, devoted himself more and more to painting for the theatre. Under the direction of Jacques Languiand, he executed an important part of the "Citrama" that was located quite close to the Labyrinth at Expo '67. The show lasting about ten minutes, consisted of two revolving platforms each divided into about ten decors that extended into one another and combined in meanings which the spectator had to bring out. Since that time, Germain Perron has worked with Robert Charlebois on the Ostidcho presented at the Théâtre de Quat'sous and at the Comédie canadienne: Thus we have reached a renewed form of the "review".

The concept of environment art implies a great many things. It borders on the concept of town-planning. I shall not discuss here artists who think it is an extension of their pictorial works in three dimensional space such as Molinari, Claude Tousignant, Henry Saxe, etc. . . . but those who see it as architecture or at the very least as an exclusive realm. Still, in that respect, there are those who are satisfied with experiences of sensory perception, and those who proposed social or other themes. In 1967 in an American university, Marc Lepage made a hallway and a room of an inflatable plastic material. The visitors, while strolling in it, experimented with the qualities of this pneumatic environment, and discovered what their reactions could be to such a conditioning. Jean Noël presented at the Galerie Soixante, in April of 1968, a sort of cage of coloured plexiglass, allowing the viewers to fully understand how the blending of colours was established, giving such and such an atmosphere.

There are several discothèques in the world that have been decorated by artists. But Jean-Paul Mousseau is perhaps the only one to have conceived his clubs with very clear themes that confronted the viewers. The "Crash", his best discothèque, is a criticism of American civilization, a criticism of chrome, blinding lights, and bottlenecks, etc. . . . In the beginning, two years ago, the atmosphere there was frantic. A team of operators scanned the customers every night and set an atmosphere that suited the mentality of the group, gradually increasing sounds, light, and moving forms to point of paroxysm: the customer came out of the place saturated, likely having got the idea of the atmosphere. Unfortunately since that time, commercialism has won out and there is only a handsome decor remaining. Finally we must mention the "Futuribilia" environment by Maurice Demers, produced in his atelier in 1968. In the theme of science-fiction, Demers had conceived various game-

machines into which people could be put. The atmosphere was reminiscent of a "Fun Palace" at an amusement park. It was the delight of the children.

The "creating machine" is the extension of the "artistic hand". François Dallégret ironically imagines that soon artists, by putting on a special costume, will be able to diffuse esthetic waves. It stands to reason that we can then imagine machines creating works of art, and machines with which people will be able to create their own esthetic atmosphere. The "abstratomic" by Dallégret is a game of bowls which allows the spectators to create "organic" or "geometric" works. "La Machine" is a musical instrument that any one can set in motion without even touching it, by simply placing his hands over some light rays. Dallégret also imagined, beginning with the same principle, the "Mimosonic" which allows the dancer to create his own music while dancing.

Serg Cournoyer has presented four esthetic machines up to this time. One of them paints a picture according to a principle different from that of Tinguely, a second is an "organic and convertible sculpture", whose function it is to collect the humidity in the air and to water a plant that the viewer can change, a third built according to the principles of the kaleidoscope, projects moving pictures on a screen that is part of it, and a fourth controlled by a random game of bowls, opens, lights up and broadcasts a programme from a radio. Cournoyer's intention is to adapt art to the technological world and to ridicule the traditional forms of expression. He can be reproached for not having granted the spectator a greater participation in the work. Lucy Barach and her group have presented at Place des Arts a rather amazing screen that allows projections in three dimensions. But far from wanting to recreate the illusion of perspective, the team superimposes various pictures in this space and separately controls the intensity of lighting, of colours, and the speed of each image, this is done to such an extent and so well that through all of these fadings in and out, we no longer rightly know if we have really seen such an object or if it is the product of our imaginations. The interesting thing about the use of this invention is that it allows a thousand interpretations to stem from the general theme. At the present time, as a show controlled by technicians, the screen-machine soon might well be at the disposal of all those people who wanted to compose their own story. Lucy Barach has architectural plans in that respect, constructed according to the principle of the "Iching". On entering the spectator will be guided to the room that is fitting to him.

The "social document or the event people are talking about" is the work that testifies to the artist's taking a stand on a current issue, the work that makes people think about an aspect of the social environment. Usually short-lived, it seeks to be provocative, and to this end uses the mass-media communications. Marcel Duchamp with his public urinal that people have not yet finished discussing, was the first to think of social document. An equally magnificent example is the yellow submarine of André Montpetit and Marc Nadeau, presented at the Youth pavilion in July of 1967. A submarine that had been smashed by nuns, then transported in an ambulance, then exhibited again in its battered state, not without having been the object of publicity that had been carefully prepared. For, different from the scandals of the "Famille" by Roussil or the sculpture by Vaillancourt in Asbestos, the artist now foresees, organizes, and directs scandal, making, so to speak the success of his form of expression, thus certain of having the message of the work understood. Montpetit recently published in different newspapers two ironic and "apparently identical" pictures of the "Nativity" inviting readers to "find the errors" and send him their answers. Following this the interested parties all received a little tee shirt on which was printed a very lovely drawing where one could read "Christmas, my ass". Serge Lemoine is also working with the mass media. He invites journalists to a press conference about the idea of the event, and reversing roles, films the journalists and questions them. He presents a film where two characters are cheerfully eating host wafers and begins the operation three times over until there is a reaction, then he distributes communion to his public. He prints posters which say "you can write or draw what you want", places them on the walls of washrooms or on various billboards in the city, until the police remove them under the pretext that they are an insult to morality, while he is publicly calling for freedom of expression for the citizens, etc. . . .

The total entertainment, the environment, the creating machine, and the social document seem to me to be the main orientations for artists who are putting aside painting and sculpture. I find these four categories again in the "Mécaniques" by Richard Lacroix and André Montpetit, a "show" of active participation, presented at the Youth pavilion during the summer of 1967. There were environment objects that were to set the atmosphere of satire, the "Sanctuaire au Bienheureux Martin de Porrès" (the satire of religion), the

"Propulseur à lapins" (the satire of large families) the "Petit coin de verdure" (the satire of bourgeois customs) the "Propuloscope" and the "Réducteur d'émotions" (the satire of science) and the "Corde à linge" (the satire of art). The creating machines were the ten gadgets, familiar objects rearranged in such a way as to produce sounds. The spectators created their own sound environment by directly manipulating certain gadgets and activating the others from some distance, by push-buttons connected to motors. It was a show in the sense that each person in the audience was displaying by his acts, his assent or refusal. Moreover a voluminous publicity notebook had been prepared, clarifying each of the pretexts of the event, based essentially on the reaction of the public to social themes.

Allowing the majority of people to express themselves, to reveal themselves, furnishes these people with structures of participation in the creation of their environment, criticizing everything that can prevent this seems to me to be the main role of the artist today. If this trend must absolutely be named, let us call it "socart", a term that evokes the game, the necessity of a more social art, as well as the great bluff of most of the fads in art.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

sculpture on the public square, a promise

BY PATRICK BLOUIN

In the last few years there has been traced a significant movement occurring at almost the same time throughout Canada, sculpture is leaving the museums, the galleries, and the workshops, to stand where it necessarily and rightfully should be, on the public square. That is to say, it is taking a place in the urban environment, meeting the general public, and let us hope that soon it will become an integral part of the city landscape. This recent development is still relatively limited with regard to its practical applications in the urban environment but it is gaining acceptance in an irreversible manner through vigorous and direct actions such as symposiums and large outdoor exhibitions.

The symposium of the Mountain (Montreal), in 1964, "the first international symposium on sculpture organized in North America" was an outstanding event, a determinative beginning of the latent movement. It allowed the confrontation of artists of international reputation, among which were the Canadians, Vaillancourt and Roussil, a confrontation that immediately revealed the vitality of Canadian sculpture. Sculpture as a visual art met the public at large offering itself to its curiosity, to its astonishment, and sometimes to its amusement. Since that time, these manifestations have multiplied, at Alma, at Quebec city, and all throughout Canada during the Centennial year, clearly showing that sculpture has now acquired the vigor and the aggressivity that allows it to be confronted on a large scale.

The occurrence of symposiums, for one thing, attested to the fact that the old formula of the execution of works was already surpassed. Many young artists of the experimental school are now working directly with industry which often supplies them with technical and practical assistance, and materials. At the High-Park symposium in 1967, for example, several artists were waiting or experimenting there while their works were being executed in factories.

Other sometimes visual developments have contributed to putting sculpture back on the public square, to reintegrating it into urban activities. Beyond all others, Expo'67, a favoured location, showed the systematic use of sculptures in relation to different systems of activities and types of space. A ubiquitous system of sculptures superimposes itself onto and integrates itself within the general plan to reinforce and tie together the multiple networks of pedestrian traffic, of public transit, of service zone areas, of pipe-work and outdoor furniture, coordinating the dialogue between space, architecture, and the varied patterns of movement.

The works of Canadian artists placed in these key areas on the site fulfilled, generally with great success, the role of organizer, of environmental accelerator; some of the works were made up of architectural elements of very diverse treatment, and illustrated the multiple functions performed by sculpture in relation to the different systems present. Some important works placed at the entrances and at major intersections greeted the visitors. The

"Phare du Cosmos" by Trudeau, forcefully affirming its identity in front of the massive and powerful background of a theme pavilion, whose entrance it seemed to be guarding, dominated the Place de l'Univers. "Moise" by Sorel Etrog animated and structured the relatively undefined space that stretched out in front of the grounds of the pavilion of the United States. With its classical spirit, "Dyad" by Robert Murray made the Place d'Arrivée Ouest eloquent. On the Place d'Arrivée Est of Ile Notre Dame, "Transcendence" by Fuhrer, by its authoritative gesture, gave unity and order to a vague and busy area surrounded by the meanderings of the minirail, the elevated track of the Expo Express, and the billowing peaks of the German pavilion.

Sculpture placed in underground levels or service zones, or in little parks located between pavilions completed the network in which the pavilion sculptures also participated. At the entrance to Place des Nations, a group of five "Super characters" ("Consequence") by Jordi Bonet established the link between the monumental scale of the architectural elements and that of the pedestrians. Other successful works, all of extremely varied expression, combined sometimes joyously, sometimes solemnly, with the spaces for which they had been conceived, such as "Envol" by Sorel Etrog, in front of the Art Gallery of the Canadian pavilion, "Migration" by Robert Roussil, in front of the Jardin des Etoiles, "Passe-Partout", the multiplied woman in perpetual motion by Michael Snow at the Carrefour International, the dynamic forms and colours of "Callooh-Callay" by Françoise Sullivan between the pavilions of Belgium and Japan.

At Expo '67 the public and the authorities were finally able to evaluate on the scale of a complex environment the determinant role and the positive and original contribution of the work of sculpture.

The great outdoor exhibition "Sculpture '67" organized under the auspices of the National Gallery, on the square of the Toronto City Hall has, for its own part, permitted the appreciation of high calibre work in busy surroundings. But we are still far from the day when we will be able to readily encounter along our sidewalks and in our open spaces the rigorous exercises by Hugh Leroy, Michael Cooke, Robert Murray, and Lorcini, the fragile transparencies by Les Levine, the ephemeral constructions by Ian Baxter, and the intriguing pieces by Handy and Snow.

More recently, last summer, the exhibition organized at Stratford again presented a collection of representative works, some of which were enormous and were only awaiting an opportunity to confront the super scale of our environment, for example the architectural monoliths by Zelenak, the architectural totems by Murray, or the kinetic, although perfectly immobile sculptures of Nobuo Kobuta. In these two cases the outstanding works demonstrated the manifold possibilities of vocabulary, of scale, of material and evoked the range of uses to be considered on different levels and according to the specific needs of the areas of urban activity, uses illustrated by Expo '67 in its particular setting.

Concerning the urban environment the most significant occurrence to be emphasized in these manifestations and beyond them is the development of a new scale, that of the maxi-sculpture, that is preparing to respond to the new civic scale of this continent. The obelisks and the sphinxes of the Egyptians, the Athena Promachos of Phidias, the monumental David by Michelangelo were so many powerful and appropriate answers to the spaces of their times, but today we must develop even more radical solutions in our steel, glass and concrete canyons. Sculpture must now confront and compete with the dimensions, distances, techniques, and dynamism of the era of space exploration. Maxi-sculptures became necessary in order to establish a dialogue with skyscrapers, to be used as intermediaries in the relationship between the individual and the immense proportions of the buildings to redefine the serviceable space of the pedestrian, and answer in a positive way the new rhythm of visual perception born of the acceleration of motion in the city.

Expo '67 has given us an ambitious example of this new tendency, a sculpture from outside the country, the superlative construction by Calder that commands attention on the elevated terrace of Ile Sainte Helene, treating the pavilions and the powerful structures of the neighbouring bridges as equals and forcefully uniting the surrounding space. At the present time, it is however especially in the United States that maxi-sculpture finds its real possibilities for development as can be seen in the mammoth and stark structures of Tony Smith, and the works of Barnett Newman, George Rickey, Rosenthal, Milkowski, Robert Grosvenor, those of Calder or still the immense sculpture of Picasso on the square of the new civic centre in Chicago. But one of the most interesting examples of this trend is furnished by the work undertaken by Armand Vaillancourt for the Embarcadero Park Plaza in San Francisco. There, Vaillancourt,

the winner of an international competition, is working in extremely close collaboration with a team of architects, townplanners and landscapers and engineers at the construction site of a giant fountain-sculpture conceived as a great civic development. In keeping to the spirit of the new techniques of approach to the complex problems of the environment, by which the method of global conception is reinvented and rediscovered, this work is achieved within the limits and in terms of the objectives of the whole of the environmental framework. This work uniting the volumes, the sounds, the lightings, the visual and sonorous composition of bubbling streams of water, incorporates the traffic thoroughfares and the space accessible to pedestrians in a total environment. Composed of blocks of concrete 4½ feet by 11 feet, weighing as much as 16 tons each, the sculpture will occupy with its basin 25,000 square feet on the 4 acres of the square.

In another respect, an extremely important development with regard to the plans for future orientation is becoming affirmed by complementing the previously mentioned experiences. Sculpture separated from architecture by the advent of the industrial era and the classification of disciplines, again finds its integrated place in the architectural work. Attesting this fact are the powerful integrations of Bieler, Comtois, and Vaillancourt outside and inside the entrance halls of the Administration buildings at Expo '67, prepared in collaboration with the architect Irving Grossman. Another similar witness is the research brought to fruition by Robert Downing and Bieler for the concrete curtain-walls of the Medical Sciences Buildings of the University of Toronto, or still those of Bieler in the study of the sculptural forms of the concrete structure of Whitby Hospital (Whitby, Ontario).

All these undertakings accomplished simultaneously, and numerous others such as the total environment experiments by artists like Blazec and Levine, foreshadowed the new era of sculpture signifying the promise of its forthcoming definite and complete reintegration into the multiple aspects and activities of the constructed environment.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

sculpture everywhere

BY JACQUES FOLCH

We could call "sculpture" the unity of relations, rhythms, balance, an "indescribable space" (according to Le Corbusier), such as are sometimes found in purified architecture.

We could call "sculpture" certain trees and certain landscapes, or still certain bursts of matter perceived suddenly in the break of a rock or some irregular stratas that like a photograph show the former movements of the magma.

We could call "sculpture" the naked brick or concrete wall. The petroleum refinery, with its lights, its forests of lines in the manner of Bernard Buffet, and the shiny pot-bellies of its petroleum tanks. Or the airplane propeller. The plane itself. The automobile and Bonnie and Clyde's machine-gun. Courrèges' mannequin, dressed all in white. César's crushed car. The face of Ho Chi Minh or Churchill.

But we call the sculptor's work "sculpture". Perhaps this time we are wrong.

I ask myself this question about the work of sculpture, made by a sculptor for the purpose of expressing his vision (or a kind of vision) thus meant to be looked at, to be simply admired as such and to generate and translate a (lyric) emotion: has not that sculpture become a historical object, whose designs like all contributions have been rendered out of date, more exactly out of phase, by the manner of modern life?

In the world of visual solicitation, television, billboard advertising, the aggression of forms and colours that makes itself felt even in the country, along the highways, in villages, beside the loveliest sea or mountain scenes, in this world of the changing object where the most simple and the most useful things, a piece of furniture, a coffee pot, a lamp, last only as long as it takes the manufacturers to change them for the thousandth time (and without any reason), in this world that is called consuming and which is, in the point of view of the aesthete, only a world of aggression and fugacity — the very opposite of contemplation, thus of the sculpture-secret — what would sculpture

ture do in that world? How would its presence even matter, since it could only be perceived by the aesthete, once more, like a ridiculous wreck eaten away by salt, useless and destined after other years of corrosion to disappear in a last voluptuous delight of sun and water?

In that respect, the work of sculpture has broken with man and his evolution, with his present position, with society such as it is. This separation occurred a long time ago, as far back as the industrial revolution and the socio-political revolution that it brought with it. The break is clean and evident, and it is perceived in the disinterestedness of man for the work — for quite some time people have no longer been looking at the Sun King on his horse, Stalin on his pedestal, Nelson on his column, except the professors of history of art and their last few pupils who are not yet anarchists; I believe that people do not look at the stables of Calder any more, the Giacomettis of Vence or the Moores of Montreal, except the adherents of the religion of the "young executives", the addicts of the glossy weeklies, who imagine that they are thus remaining up to date without understanding that the times have changed. This separation, finally, is to man's credit, and not to his shame. It is he, I think, who is right to grant to the work of sculpture only the few seconds that he would give to a Savignac poster. To be fair, the analytical and syncretical spirit that was needed to make this poster is at least the equal of that which engendered the most successful sculpture.

This is the lesson of man, the lesson of action, in a word the lesson of commitment. If man is placed in a world, if he is engaged in it — or if he must be engaged in it — then the work of art (emotional-work, photograph-work, translation-work) is a lyric moment that is meaningful only to its author, and that overhangs its contemplator. The course explored by the artist matters little whether it is formal and plastic like that of Brancusi or expressionist like that of Giacometti. The personal work can also be assimilated to a lyric object, by its character of gratuity and the fact that it accepts emotion as a factor of creation.

The lyric object necessitates a contemplation, in order to result in a sensation. It loses its impact there — and we live in a world of impacts. It also loses its acuteness and its force.

Lyricism is a romanticism, and this romanticism leads sculpture increasingly faster and farther away from this world, from our astatic, purified, efficient, and electronic world.

Nothing is simpler, (or even more over-simplified) than our environment: the most elementary geometric lines, severe tensions, polished and shiny materials, reflections are found in abundance in the architecture of the 20th century and in the entire present day environment. This very spirit appears in clothing, decor, furniture, and books. It is not an approval but a simple observation of the tendencies of our world.

No one can contest the right of the artist, solitary and romantic, to want to question these facts. However, he situates himself thus at the level of the great myths, in a position that could be called *right-wing* to use a political term. In this comfortable position, lyricism seems the refuge of man against participating in the group and its own plastic expression — contemporary plastic — that seems the expression of mechanical coldness crushing the individual. This typically conformist reasoning, is absolutely indefensible and leads art to where it is now: in the museum (or on the public square, the thoroughfare of indifference, which amounts to the same thing).

It is sufficient to remember the consequences of *Art for Art's sake* to prove that the great myths of inutility lead to indifference, isolate the artist, destroy him mercilessly, destine him to the admiration of a few rich old ladies. Soviet realism had attacked the problem of the artist's participation into society, before and after the last war. Its solution also was based on another myth, that of committed art: it was found necessary to paint and sculpt clear and simple messages that the people could grasp. The results are known, there too, and from an esthetic conformity, they passed to a still more detestable popularized conformity.

We are thus in the presence of two failures, that of art "for itself" and that of "message" art. It is probably very difficult to observe a new outlet in fields like music, dance, even painting. In that of sculpture, however, perhaps there is an opening if sculpture wants to come down from its pedestal (in every sense of that word).

It seems to me that the present day sculptor owes it to himself to surpass a solitary art, that was his for a long time, to try and bring to the cacaphonic concert of industrial production his magic wand of arranger of volumes. I see elating tasks for him. To participate in the elaboration of an automobile: what a revolution would be the suppression of the hundred useless decorations of a car body — but by someone whose spatial vision is correct; let there be no mistake, there is no question of comparing industrial designers (and even M. Raymond Lowey) with the sculptor and having me play the silly game of "one is as good as the other." I am simply noting the

failure of "design" (sic) with regard to automobiles (except for a few rare examples) and I say that if I were a sculptor, the problem would concern me. Arranging great construction projects, young people's residences, industrial areas, universal exhibitions, or the like, would be equally exciting — whether it is in the domain of "town-planners" or of architects, once again that is not the question, and I say that if I were a sculptor I would feel concerned about that as well.

Whether all that is utopian, or whether this participation of the sculptor to the tasks of society is materially impossible remains to be proven. I remember that the participation of the stylist-designers in industry appeared impossible a few years ago. That it is one of the solutions towards the entry of sculpture into the world, appears certain to me, on the other hand and beauty seems so important to me that I pray for the coming of total sculpture, the sculpture of every day, of life, of the cultural revolution finally reaching art.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

*au-delà de la sculpture
toronto et les villes de sa région*

PAR ARNOLD ROCKMAN

A l'Université York, j'ai pris l'habitude de soumettre mes élèves à une expérience qui dure environ un mois. Durant les deux premières semaines, ils font eux-mêmes le programme de leurs heures de loisir et ils tiennent un journal détaillé de leur emploi du temps. Pendant les deux autres semaines, il leur est interdit de lire les journaux ou les revues, d'écouter la radio, de regarder la télévision ou d'aller au cinéma ou au théâtre. Ils continuent, pendant ce temps, de décrire dans leur journal l'emploi de leur temps et à la fin, ils écrivent un rapport sur les changements apportés dans leur vie par cette expérience de la privation totale de moyens de communication. Pour plusieurs d'entre eux, c'est une expérience pénible. Les médias d'information les avaient intoxiqués à leur insu et à la suite de cette expérience, ils se sont aperçus que leurs yeux et leurs oreilles avaient été complètement libérés.

J'ai vécu moi-même durant au-delà d'un an sans moyens d'information parce que je voulais surtout me livrer à mes études en psychologie. J'ai alors fait l'expérience d'un monde étrange, complètement coupé de presque toutes les préoccupations ordinaires de la plupart des gens et qui ne me parvenaient que beaucoup plus tard et comme assourdies. N'ayant visité aucune exposition pendant au-delà d'un an, je n'avais pas vu de sculptures dans les galeries bien que mes amis et mes connaissances m'en eussent parlé, parfois avec enthousiasme. Sans que je l'aie voulu, un régime esthétique aussi austère fut une excellente préparation à la rédaction du présent article. Je suis retourné dans les galeries avec un regard neuf et vierge.

J'ai d'abord voulu voir si la sculpture avait pris une nouvelle direction, si elle manifestait les indices d'une façon de sentir différente de celle qu'on pouvait voir il y a un an. À cet égard la récente sculpture de l'Ontario m'a déçu. Elle illustre un affermissement de positions anciennes, une leçon mal apprise, un éventail de modes mal assimilées et qui sont actuellement en vogue dans les grands centres, Toronto n'étant encore que la banlieue de New-York.

Prenons par exemple le cas de Arthur Hardy. Il y a quelques années, ce sculpteur a vu sa popularité grandir rapidement à cause de ses céramiques à caractère sensuel, la céramique étant reconnue comme une matière d'amateurs dans laquelle on exécute des objets d'artisanat qui ne sont pas tout à fait artistiques. Cependant dans les mains de Hardy, l'argile passée au feu se transformait en un excellent médium de sculpture et l'objet possédait toutes les qualités du bibelot bon marché parfaitement exécuté. Un grand bronze peut valoir \$2,000., mais une pièce de céramique de même dimension vaut moins de \$200. Pour une raison que j'ignore, peut-être à cause de la désaffection à l'endroit de la céramique, Hardy décida de se tourner vers la matière plastique. Il exposa ses premières œuvres au City Hall à l'été de 1967. Une grande sphère bleu foncé munie de trous verticaux assez grands pour y introduire la tête et y pousser des cris qui se répétaient comme un écho assourdi à l'intérieur obscur de cette sculpture. Cette œuvre représentait une version améliorée, modernisée et à l'échelle architecturale de ses précédentes sculptures céramique à la manière "funky" intitulées: "Aphrodite Yawns." La Galerie Nationale décida avec raison de l'acheter. Cette pièce avait de la présence et fut la plus forte de toutes celles présentées à l'exposition. On ne la

sentaient pas perdue dans l'immense espace du Nathan Phillips et de plus, Handy avait réussi à traduire ses métaphores sexuelles dans une matière plus en vogue et par conséquent plus acceptable.

Dans ses récents travaux, Handy a fait table rase de tout ce qui avait fait l'attrait de sa dernière œuvre. Il s'adonne maintenant à l'art minimal. Toute référence à l'humain a disparu. On n'y perçoit plus la trace de la main, plus de formes humaines, plus de référence à quelque symbole de l'activité de l'homme.

Je n'ai aucun préjugé contre la sculpture minimale en elle-même, mais je trouve que c'est un art de mandarins très sophistiqués incapables de percevoir le choc esthétique autrement que par un stimulant minimal dans un désir manifeste de déposition. N'importe qui peut apprécier un objet "pop" de Greg Curnoe ou de John McGregor, mais il faut avoir de la classe pour apprécier les meubles de Knoll et les constructions de Mies van der Rohe et pour approfondir l'art minimal. Examiner à fond l'art minimal est une chose; transformer cet art en est une autre et c'est difficile parce que cette démarche repose sur des idées maîtresses. Handy a eu ces idées un jour mais il les a abandonnées parce qu'il a cru qu'elles ne faisaient pas partie du vocabulaire de l'expression minimale. Je parle de Handy en particulier parce que voilà un sculpteur qui a refusé de se cramponner à sa propre puissance peut-être parce que cette forme de dynamisme n'était plus à la mode.

Martin Hirshburg présente le phénomène opposé. Il a commencé avec des assemblages de petites poupées de miroirs rappelant en moins bien Arman vulgarisé. Soudain, il fait table rase de cet art "pop" et décide de s'adonner à la sculpture cinétique. Si Handy est passé de la force à la faiblesse, Hirshburg est allé de la faiblesse à la force, mais ce contraste n'est qu'apparent. Les modes sont souvent faciles et tout le monde peut s'amuser, cependant bien peu ont ce qu'il faut pour poursuivre le jeu. Hirshburg a choisi une route facile. C'est un bon artisan et il fait de beaux objets, mais c'est tout. Ces bibelots sont élégants, de bon goût, ils ont même de la profondeur mais ils ne dérangent pas le spectateur dans sa façon de voir et de penser. Si on compare Hirshburg au belge Pol Bury ou à l'américain Robert Breer, la différence est frappante.

Ces exemples devraient suffire à illustrer les idées esthétiques du critique. Une bonne sculpture comme toute autre forme d'art doit démontrer que l'artiste a quelque chose d'important et de troublant à dire. Il peut ne pas vouloir transmettre ce qu'il ressent. Les objets qu'il présente doivent cependant suggérer l'idée que s'il le voulait, il pourrait exprimer éloquentement ses rêves et ses cauchemars.

Ted Bieler est un sculpteur de Toronto qui possède cette qualité que je viens de mentionner. Depuis cinq ans, il a pris de la force graduellement. Cette force grandissante est peut-être le résultat de son éducation artistique. Au cours des années 50, il a travaillé avec Ossip Zadkine et Jean Lurçat et il a par la suite étudié l'architecture à l'Université de Toronto. Quoiqu'il en soit, ses œuvres récentes qu'elles relèvent de la statuaire ou qu'elles soient intégrées à l'architecture sont sérieuses et profondes. Une seule est discutable: les panneaux de béton qu'il a exécutés pour le nouvel édifice de la faculté de médecine de l'Université de Toronto qui semblent hérissés de bourgeons en rangs rectilignes. Il travaille généralement une forme humaine qui suggère parfois une immense masse de chair en béton ou en "époxy." "Waves," une de ses œuvres récentes, est exécutée dans une matière plastique très légère qui est étendue sur le plancher d'une grande salle. Cela rappelle une mer qui aurait subitement gelé et dont les courbes sans fin parviennent à humaniser un espace aux frontières linéaires. Je pense que "Waves" produit son effet à cause de cet espace et que si cette œuvre était placée dans une pièce ou dans un parc dont les limites seraient recourbées, elle ne produirait pas la même impression. Bieler semble toujours conscient du contraste qui existe entre le dessin rectiligne fait de main d'homme et la courbe qui caractérise l'être organisé. Ses reliefs, dans leur ensemble, sont exécutés en fonction d'un cadre carré ou rectangulaire. Ses récents travaux pour un hôpital et pour un édifice municipal à Ajax, Ontario, peuvent sembler contredire cette assertion: Bieler a dessiné lui-même les murs de ces édifices. Ils ne sont pas rectangulaires, mais les courbes sont réussies parce qu'elles font sentir leur déviation du rectangle.

Ce fut un plaisir de voir l'exposition récente de Tony Urquhart à la Isaacs Gallery car quiconque a suivi l'œuvre de cet artiste depuis cinq ans sait combien il lui fut difficile de faire le point entre la surface peinte et l'objet dans l'espace. A certains moments, cet effort était pénible à voir car il est facile de se rendre compte que Urquhart est un artisan intelligent et sensible qui connaît bien les problèmes auxquels il a à faire face, mais qui était à ce moment là incapable de trouver une solution. Il semble avoir réussi récemment. Pour cette exposition, il a exécuté une série de boîtes peintes à l'extérieur d'abstractions lyriques et expressionnistes. Un système compliqué de cassures recourbées dévoilent un espace rempli de surfaces peintes, rugueuses, rocaillieuses ressemblant souvent à des seins ondulants, formes qui se font et se refont de diverses façons. Quand les boîtes s'ouvrent et se refer-

ment sur elles-mêmes, les surfaces peintes présentent alors un décor différent. Les boîtes de Urquhart semblent exprimer un thème maintes fois traité par les sculpteurs ontariens: le conflit entre l'homme et le monde technique. Ces œuvres laissent cependant supposer que l'homme, chaque fois qu'il le désire, peut dépasser ses limites.

Je n'ai décrit jusqu'à présent que le travail des sculpteurs que j'ai connus avant mon accession volontaire à l'ascèse esthétique. Walter Redinger dont je n'avais jamais entendu parler est l'artiste qui m'a de nouveau lancé dans le monde de l'art. Je n'ai vu qu'une de ses œuvres (dont j'ai oublié le titre) mais elle m'a fait une impression telle que je ne puis l'oublier. Redinger est un autre sculpteur attiré par la forme humaine. Il connaît les écoles d'Angleterre et de Los Angeles mais il a complètement absorbé ce qu'il a vu et il est devenu très personnel. La pièce de Redinger que j'ai vue à la Art Gallery of Ontario était en "époxy" blanc d'un grand raffinement, aux surfaces lisses, mais qui n'avait rien du joli objet artisanal. Un poing sort d'un mur massif et sinueux. Le poing et le mur ne font qu'un et cependant il semble qu'un corps lourd va suivre le poing et percer le mur derrière lequel il est caché. L'œuvre de Redinger est d'avant garde et la technique est suffisamment poussée pour dissimuler l'action de la main ou de l'outil. Ce côté technique n'est cependant pas un masque qui dissimule la pauvreté de l'inspiration. Au contraire, l'œuvre de Redinger révèle une grande aptitude à traduire le cauchemar ou l'extase. En fait, cette opposition entre l'objet fini mécaniquement et la forme animale pourrait devenir une technique valable et inusitée qui permettrait de traduire le cauchemar de l'homme contemporain traqué dans une prison mécanisée.

Sorel Etrog semble aussi vouloir traduire ce conflit de l'homme et de la machine. Dans tous les bronzes qu'il a exécutés depuis 1965 apparaît une série de bras ressemblant à des clés à deux têtes ou à des récepteurs téléphoniques entre-croisés entre eux et placés en équilibre sur une forme à la Arp qui devient leur prolongement. Je ne reproche à Etrog que son emploi du bronze qu'aucune raison esthétique ne justifie. En fait, Etrog rongé souvent le bronze pour lui donner l'apparence d'une pierre grossièrement taillée et cependant, il est évident qu'il ne se préoccupe nullement d'engager le jeu de la perception tactile avec le spectateur. Mais ceci n'explique pas complètement le manque de conviction chez cet artiste. Il y a aussi le choix du matériau qui ne convient pas à ce qu'il fait; il en va de même pour son genre de sculpture en ronde bosse. Dans ce dernier genre, et quelle que soit la matière utilisée, l'objet doit se tenir debout par lui-même dans l'espace et il doit pouvoir être examiné sous tous ses angles; les objets de Etrog au contraire sont plutôt des bas-reliefs autonomes qui ont l'air d'attendre le support d'un mur. En ce moment, je crois que Etrog exécute des contrats pour un musée de prestige et pour des collectionneurs qui lui ont demandé des sculptures en bronze, mais le cœur n'y est pas. En fait, ses originaux en plâtre révèlent beaucoup plus de conviction et la matière plastique blanche pourrait bien être le matériau qui conviendrait à Etrog.

A cause de l'emploi qu'en firent les maîtres anciens et du prestige attaché à cette matière, le bronze est difficile à employer aujourd'hui. Filipovic dans une œuvre récente y réussit, mais il le polit sans le patiner. Comme Etrog il exécute des reliefs autonomes tantôt très massifs, tantôt sinueux mais contrairement à Etrog, Filipovic semble vouloir abandonner la production d'élégants et beaux objets qui ne plaisent qu'à la sensibilité européenne.

Mes remarques au sujet de Martin Hirshburg (voir plus haut) peuvent aussi s'appliquer aux travaux de Zbigniew Blazeje et de Michael Hayden du groupe "Intersystems." Blazeje introduit quelquefois des ampoules électriques dans des boîtes doublées de fibre de verre et de miroirs ou bien il éclaire, par derrière, des films en couleurs 8 mm. Ceci fait, il accroche la lumière en haut soit à un des dispositifs de signalisation, soit à des cellules photo-électriques, ce qui donne une suite de spectacles changeants. Le résultat à première vue est agréable mais l'intérêt ne dure pas parce que ce ne sont que des jouets faciles. Dans une boîte de Blazeje, deux tubes de lumière placés sur chacun des deux côtés de la boîte qui se font face reluisent sur des cellules photo-électriques. Des jeux de lumière variés s'allument quand les tubes sont déplacés par les spectateurs. Cette boîte peut aussi se transformer en un jeu pour deux personnes, mais on se lasse vite car le même geste provoque toujours la même réponse. L'art cinétique n'est pas facile surtout quand on ambitionne de le transformer en jeu de société.

Les boîtes de Hayden remplies de liquide lumineux et coloré présentent les mêmes difficultés. En principe, ces boîtes comportent une variété de combinaisons à l'intérieur d'un cadre fixe, mais le vocabulaire constructiviste qu'il emploie impose une structure rigide d'un intérêt limité tandis que les différentes combinaisons de couleurs, de mouvement et de forme que le manipulateur peut provoquer imposent elles aussi des limites.

On est porté à penser que l'art cinétique apportera une réponse aux problèmes de la sculpture du XXe siècle. En fait, cet art libère d'anciennes formes, il dépouille et symbolise dans des formes faciles l'environnement et les possibilités du siècle présent — l'aspect de la ville le soir avec ses lumières clignotantes qui nous suivent sur les grandes routes, cette façon de percevoir la lumière "à travers" le sujet plutôt que "sur" le sujet, la sensibilité du peuple aiguisée par le cinéma et la T.V. C'est alors que l'artiste entre en compétition avec l'infinie complexité de la vie nocturne et avec l'image fascinante du cinéma et de la T.V. Même si l'œuvre de Blazje, Hershberg et Hayden s'avère une faillite, ce sera une faillite honorable car peu d'artistes qui travaillent à cette expérience difficile et douloureuse obtiennent des résultats satisfaisants. Pol Bury et Robert Breer ont été mentionnés; je pourrais ajouter les noms de George Ricky et Len Lye mais aucun de ces artistes n'emploie la lumière comme partie intégrante de son œuvre. A ma connaissance, Gyorgy Kepes est le seul qui ait réussi à associer lumière, mouvement forme sculpturale, espace, matière en un tout complètement homogène. Jusqu'à présent, les autres n'ont réussi qu'à produire des œuvres de caractère très primaire. Je persiste cependant à croire que la sculpture cinétique et non la sculpture minimale ou la ronde-bosse deviendra dans les prochaines décades le mode d'expression qui traduit le plus justement notre nouvelle façon de concevoir l'esthétique.

En Ontario et ailleurs, les artistes les plus intéressants abandonnent les techniques traditionnelles aux artisans qui possèdent leur propre industrie et qui ne pouvant se procurer les machines nécessaires continuent à faire des objets à la main. Contrairement aux artisans, ces artistes vont de l'avant, ils étudient les nouvelles possibilités de l'industrie et de l'électronique mais ils doivent aussi faire face à l'indifférence sinon à l'hostilité ouverte des hommes d'affaires, collectionneurs, directeurs de musées, propriétaires de galeries, critiques d'art qui, pour la plupart, croient encore que la sculpture se doit d'être exécutée dans une matière coûteuse qui demeure immobile pour toujours là où vous l'avez placée. Cette façon de comprendre l'esthétique est en voie de disparaître rapidement et les sculpteurs tels Bieler ou Redinger qui œuvrent encore en ce sens et avec succès doivent être félicités; mais il faut reconnaître que cette sculpture représente des valeurs de possession et d'individualisme bourgeois largement dépassées et qui datent d'avant la révolution industrielle. Elles ne peuvent encore avoir cours que sur la place du marché d'une petite ville de province. Sur ce plan, malheureusement, plusieurs d'entre nous sommes demeurés des provinciaux du moins en théorie sinon en pratique. Nous nous sentons plus rassurés au milieu de petits objets rustiques, artisanaux, fabriqués à la main. La plupart des œuvres d'art et l'art minimal de Handy, des frères Rabinowitch ou de Karl Beveridge expriment, dans une forme atténuée, ces valeurs de sécurité qui nous sont chères. Les œuvres d'art contemporaines peuvent avoir été descendues de leur piédestal, elles peuvent maintenant reposer sur le sol, elles peuvent même devenir le sol lui-même mais elles ne parviennent pas encore à exprimer la vague frénétique, nerveuse, quelquefois exaltante et de plus en plus rapide qui balaye aujourd'hui le monde, y compris l'Ontario traditionnelle. A cause de ce phénomène et même si leurs œuvres arrivent difficilement à être reconnues, nous ferions bien de donner à des sculpteurs comme Hayden, Blazje et Hershberg tout le support possible. Ceux qui œuvrent à la manière traditionnelle méritent aussi notre encouragement, mais ils en ont moins besoin car leur tâche est moins difficile.

Traduction de Lucile Ouimet

sculpture and more in western canada

BY DAVID PHILIBERT

It used to be fashionable to say of Western Canada that painters grew on trees but that sculptors hid under stones. It wasn't true, of course, but it was a way of emphasizing that all of the important work of sculpture in the country was being done in Montreal and Toronto. The changes of the past two to three years have been so radical that it is not an exaggeration to claim that the west, and particularly Vancouver, is now on a par with if not a step ahead of other Canadian centres, especially in the creation of environmental sculpture in which plastics, light, sound and movement play so prominent a role.

To be scrupulously fair, one must acknowledge that a climate had been created and actively stimulated by a number of those whom we now think of as comparatively academic. Robert Murray had made a significant beginning in Saskatchewan before moving to New York, and in the same province Eli Bornstein has exerted a steady and intelligent influence for the constructivist mode. In British Columbia, Elza Mayhew, Jim Willer, Robert Turner and Robert Decastro have provided work of sophistication and quality, and in Manitoba, in spite of a fairly active sculpture section at the School of Art there, Mac Drope has pushed on his work alone. There has also been some growing activity at the School of Art in Regina where Rick Gomez and Jack Sures have brought new ideas and concepts. The fruits of this situation have so far been few, though the most noticeable are some ceramics by Ann James and Victor Chicansky which show an affinity with funk art of the U.S. west coast.

For the most part, however, it is still relatively desolate between Toronto and Vancouver. Apart from the stirrings in Regina, the only sculpture produced in those three thousand miles which smacks of the exploratory, were the trees in Ken Lochhead's back yard which he wrapped in some of his colourful old canvases to protect them from the ravages of winter. But in Vancouver, where most of the action is, Intermedia, formed in 1967, has had a tremendous impact on everyone, and the work of the Vancouver Art Gallery has been crucial. We must also examine the work of several individual artists, the most notable of whom is Iain Baxter.

Intermedia is a workshop for multi-media experiments. The kind of activities which it fosters had begun earlier and were briefly sustained at the Sound Gallery where the late Sam Perry was chief animator. In its brief existence, Intermedia has been a focus for a very large number of people (over 400 in one way or another, excluding audiences) and a very broad range of projects. It is here that Alan Neil, composer, and Helen Goodwin, choreographer, have collaborated, that Gary Lee-Nova's films and projections have developed, Audrey Doray's light-sound box sculptures been shown and John Masciuch's arrangements in neon lights (he is familiarly known as Johnny Neon) were created. These, and much more, have contributed to turn on the tactile senses of a whole generation of younger people in Vancouver. Whether one considers these manifestations as extensions of theatre, of film, of music or of sculpture (and they are all of these at once) is only putting categories into the eye of the viewer. Suffice it to say that this new mixture has provided a new and unique experience and that while much work and refinement is still needed, the thinking behind that which has been done is based on a total integration of different forms and modes, and not just on a loose cohabitation of essentially independent disciplines. Last spring, Intermedia produced a whole week of presentations at the Vancouver Art Gallery, often to standing-room only.

The Vancouver Art Gallery has itself been a critical influence in this new flowering in the west. Its program has been liberal enough to include some of these ultra-modern experiments and in more than one instance it has collaborated with Intermedia and the Douglas Gallery in bringing influential people like Deborah Hay, Robert Rauschenberg and Larry Bell to Vancouver. In conjunction with the Intermedia Nights, the Gallery commissioned a special environment called "Prisma" by Michael Morris and Gary Lee-Nova. It was a walk-in hexagon box whose walls were mirrored with coloured plexiglass tiles. It excited people and on week-ends there were continuous queues to get in. Another strange environment provided in Vancouver was Les Levine's Electric Shock at the Douglas Gallery where a grid of wires was strung about six feet above the floor and charged with a mild electric current. Space was thus rather startlingly defined for the viewer.

The influence of funk art on the U.S. west coast lies behind the work of three young Vancouver artists: Glenn Lewis, Gathie Falk and D'Arcy Henderson. Lewis' porcelain objects (cracked tea-cups, anchored salt shakers, limp bananas, etc.) are generally displayed in precision-built multi-coloured plexiglass boxes mounted on plexiglass stands. The contrast between object and its immediate environment could hardly be greater. Gathie Falk has also come, like the others, from pottery to the making of objects which strike the imagination with their gaiety, wit and frivolousness. Both she and Lewis have a passion for boxes filled with trivia, for tripping up the sentimental, for spoofing and yet loving what they spoof. Henderson's objects are very different, since they are often sinister, but they are in the same genre. In a recent Vancouver show, one of his works on mirrors on the floor had a tube of fluorescent light peeking through a slit in a mat of artificial grass, another had a clump of grass hanging by a chain from a bulb mounted near the ceiling. For another show he did a chair in dry ice which gradually disappeared. Henderson's recent work has been of discs sprinkled with sparkle dust and then spectacularly lit in a darkened gallery.

The most important and original contributor to environmental

art in Vancouver, however, is Iain Baxter, who sometimes hides behind the corporate name N.E. Thing Co. Baxter's work was and still is an extension of traditional forms. In his paintings and drawings of five years ago, he was deeply influenced by Morandi, and this influence still shows itself in Baxter's choice of subject matter. His is an art of still-lives and landscapes, essentially, even though he now executes most of his work in plastic. In 1965 he produced a series of vacuum-formed plastic works, using either whole or squashed detergent bottles as one motif, and simple landscapes as other. As landscape, these latter works were probably the most important in Canadian art history since the Group of Seven.

His first major environment was called "Bagged Place" and was simply a four-room apartment, fully furnished, and wrapped in plastic. Each item of furniture, from chairs to the flickering television set, each scrap of decaying food, the ash-trays and the kitchen utensils, the bed and the facilities, all were wrapped in a film of plastic. Not only was the ubiquity of plastic a wry comment on our present ways of life, but the presence of viewers in the environment became somewhat unnerving. Bagged Place was a major work, and one which has gone largely unrecognized even though it was built nearly three years ago.

In the last two years, landscape has assumed an even larger place in Baxter's work since he has now moved to inflated works, all of which are landscapes or the elements of landscape such as inflated clouds, hills, moon and trees. Some of his landscapes are bagged, and use real water and toy boats. Not surprisingly, these act like real landscapes that are misty in the morning and clear as the day warms up. Inflated work has the benefit of being deflatable and therefore easily portable. Less portable but not less important are some fences which Baxter has executed.

Finally, Baxter has recently turned to another kind of sculpture which is partly his to make, but more properly his to name. At the University of British Columbia where earlier he had assembled Bagged Place, he now installed an exhibition called "Piles". This was a homage to the pile as an aesthetic form and to illustrate, Baxter arranged a pile of exhibits: piles of salt or sugar (dare I taste it?), spaghetti, flour, hair, tin fragments, white laundry, broken egg shells, a stack of tins without labels, a pile of concrete blocks, a pile of branches. A few weeks later the catalogue of the exhibition appeared and by means of photographs and a map of Vancouver, it directed the viewer around to the sites of a number of piles which could be examined in various parts of the city: barrels, sand, lumber, sea containers, junk, sawdust. One may question whether or not this was art, but at least the viewer would be made conscious of the very great variety of aesthetic possibilities which he sees every day without paying any particular attention.

That describes, in a cursory way, a few of the recent major achievements which have contributed to a reappraisal of sculpture and of art. It remains only to hint at what is in the offing.

Intermedia seems likely to give birth to a number of good mixed-media presentations if they are allowed to continue with a free rein. Perhaps more Johnny Neons will emerge from among those many who have so obviously been stimulated by what one year has so far done. Baxter has in mind a number of works on a huge scale — an eroding pile of earth the size of a healthy young mountain, for example, or an inflatable lawn. Eroding sculpture, inflatable sculpture, soft sculpture, sound sculpture, moving sculpture, dissolving sculpture, light sculpture, perhaps even edible sculpture: the possibilities are certainly evident in a way not dreamt of before.

au-delà de la sculpture les sculpteurs des prairies

PAR ILLI-MARIA HARFF

L'Alberta, la Saskatchewan et le Manitoba, qu'on est convenu d'appeler les provinces des Prairies, sont peu liées entre elles sur le plan de l'art. Les activités artistiques de cette région gravitent autour des grandes villes, mais il y a peu de communication entre ces villes. Les grandes distances qui les séparent expliquent ce phénomène, de sorte que les artistes sont plutôt portés à s'orienter vers la scène artistique internationale. J'ai fait récemment une étude sur la sculpture exécutée à Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton et Calgary et je suivrai cet ordre dans

le présent article tout en réservant pour la fin ma propre ville, Winnipeg.

A Regina, Ricardo Gomez qui vint de San Francisco au Canada est le sculpteur le plus accompli et le plus d'avant-garde de cette région. Ses pièces sont coulées dans le plomb et dans l'acier ou elles sont en fibre de verre qui est ensuite couverte de vernis. Ce procédé rend la surface douce et brillante et donne à l'objet une apparence de légèreté. La surface semble modelée dans l'argile et le vernis ressemble à l'émail. Les récentes sculptures sur socle de Gomez aux formes multiples prennent beaucoup d'espace et semblent s'agripper au sol.

Joe Fafard est professeur à l'Art School de l'Université de Saskatchewan, Regina Campus. Il fait actuellement des expériences avec des pièces de caoutchouc mousse motorisées qui se tordent sur le plancher un peu comme un jouet mécanique. A ce stage, ces œuvres ne représentent que des expériences et elles n'ont pas l'intérêt d'une œuvre finie.

Mark Anderson, un autre jeune sculpteur qui arriva des États-Unis au Canada il y a quelques années, travaille l'acier soudé ainsi qu'une variété de nouveaux matériaux. Cet artiste en est encore à chercher son propre style.

Ann James, un potier de Regina, a récemment pris un nouveau départ. Elle fait des constructions composées de peinture, de toile, d'argile et d'une nouvelle matière appelée urethane naturelle qui donne aux formes l'apparence de caoutchouc mousse congelé. Les assemblages de l'artiste américain Edward Kienholz qui exposa ses œuvres à la Norman Mackenzie Gallery en 1966 ont probablement inspiré la forme d'expression de cette artiste. Ann James utilise des formes qui s'agrippent, se tordent, semblent gémir et sont curieusement colorées de tons sombres et crus ou de couleurs pastel très douces. Ces formes se manifestent lentement au spectateur, mais à la longue, elles le frappent et provoquent un choc persistant. Des pièces comme par exemple celle qui est intitulée: "What's a Nice Girl Like You Doing In A Place Like This" qui représente un nu assis, complètement imbriqué dans une forme de chaise, est une satire d'une veine plus légère.

A Saskatoon, Bill Epp qui est professeur d'art au Technical Collegiate et qui enseigne la sculpture à l'Université de Saskatchewan, est un sculpteur très fort. Pendant de nombreuses années, il a travaillé de grandes sculptures en acier soudé. Dans ses œuvres du début, il a utilisé des formes rectangulaires qui unies entre elles donnent l'effet de sentinelles longues et effilées. En 1967, il a commencé à exécuter une série basée sur la forme du tambour. Ces compositions sont construites sur une base en forme d'arche qui les élève et les supporte. Les surfaces traitées au moyen de la torche acétylène portent la marque de l'écriture de l'artiste. Ces dernières années, Bill Epp a fait des sculptures au moyen de feuilles de contre-plaqué peint. L'arche qui forme la base de ces sculptures est largement écartée et l'œuvre s'étale en donnant l'impression d'un objet spatial plutôt que d'un monument.

L'intérêt constant que Bill Epp a manifesté pour la sculpture a créé un phénomène très particulier à Saskatoon. Plusieurs de ses étudiants sont devenus sculpteurs à leur tour. Au printemps de 1968, lors d'un symposium organisé par Bill Epp avec l'aide de la Mendel Art Gallery, ces étudiants eurent l'occasion de travailler des pièces de grandes dimensions. Les résultats furent étonnants. Deux œuvres furent achetées par la Mendel Art Gallery. Une de ces pièces est de Brian Newman. Cet artiste travaille des formes d'acier soudé qui sont assemblées en dessins géométriques rappelant les œuvres du sculpteur américain David Smith. L'autre pièce qui est de Doug Benthall est déjà installée sur le terrain de la Mendel Art Gallery. Cette pièce est faite de trois carrés placés sur des rectangles de bonne proportion à égale distance les uns des autres. Dans sa conception, cette œuvre est à la fois audacieuse, élégante et menue. Judith Poole qui a aussi participé au symposium a reçu sa formation première au St. Martin School of Art à Londres. Elle modèle ses formes dans la fibre de verre à laquelle elle ajoute des couleurs brillantes. Ses compositions sont spirituelles et enjouées et elles ont beaucoup d'affinité avec les travaux des jeunes sculpteurs anglais. Cette année, elle a reçu une bourse du Conseil des Arts du Canada qui lui permettra d'exécuter des meubles sculptés au moyen de fibre de verre.

Saskatoon est à l'origine du mouvement structuriste grâce à l'habile direction de Eli Bornstein. Ainsi que s'exprime ce dernier dans le premier numéro de "The Structurist" 1960-61, une revue éditée par lui depuis le début, l'art structuriste bien qu'il soit de caractère nettement sculptural dans ses éléments découle d'une tradition picturale plutôt que d'une tradition sculpturale. Si on devait le cataloguer, il devrait se définir en termes de "relief" car ses éléments se détachent du mur. Un grand relief de Eli Bornstein se trouve dans l'entrée de l'aéroport de Winnipeg. Le rythme du motif est obtenu au moyen de cubes colorés. Pour les structuristes, la qualité de la couleur est très importante. Les couleurs de Bornstein se purifient constamment. Ses pièces récentes dont les couleurs furent empruntées aux ailes de papillons sont très lumineuses. Un jeune disciple de Eli Bornstein, R. P. Kostyniuk qui

enseigne à Edmonton a répandu la théorie de structurisme dans toute l'Alberta. Ses reliefs légèrement asymétriques et très mesurés sont cependant moins colorés que ceux de Bornstein.

Il y a très peu de sculpture dans la veine contemporaine en Alberta. A Edmonton, on n'enseigne la sculpture que depuis tout récemment et les professeurs sont des américains. Cependant, à Calgary, la situation est quelque peu différente. Walt Drohan et Luke Lindoe qui sont plutôt des potiers ont reçu des commandes pour des reliefs et des sculptures devant s'insérer dans des ensembles architecturaux. Olle Holmsten qui enseigne la sculpture au Alberta College of Art a aussi reçu des commandes semblables. Il y a cependant peu de travaux individuels en Alberta et Katie von der Ohe est le seul sculpteur qui a travaillé dans cette région. Elle a fait de nombreuses formes abstraites en pied exécutées dans diverses matières. Elle a aussi exécuté des murales en relief dont celle qui se trouve au Geological Survey Building sur le campus de la University of Alberta. Ces murales en relief de formes traditionnelles et semi-abstraites semblent être particulièrement en faveur en Alberta.

A Winnipeg, un petit nombre d'artistes ont choisi la sculpture comme mode d'expression. La School of Art, maintenant affiliée à l'Université du Manitoba, a offert des cours de sculpture pendant de nombreuses années. Cecil Richards qui travaillait dans un style moderne figuratif coulait ses pièces dans le bronze; il a dirigé le département de la sculpture jusqu'à ce qu'il soit remplacé il y a deux ans par deux jeunes professeurs américains.

McCleary Drope qui a travaillé depuis 1960 est le sculpteur le plus fort de cette région. Il a d'abord fait de la sculpture céramique; par la suite, il a adopté la sculpture sur métal et exécuté des compositions faites d'objets trouvés qu'il soude ensemble. Devenu familier avec les techniques de la soudure, il a construit de grandes formes d'acier qui sont de réels monuments à caractère lyrique et poétique qu'il place sur un piédestal. Il appelle cette série "Hommage to Helios." Ces formes inspirées de la géométrie de la nature en révèlent la structure organique et les formes invisibles et profondes. Drope a exploré un nouveau champ récemment en créant des œuvres cinétiques composées de trois formes de tambours qui comportent des dessins en tubes de néon. Il a travaillé en collaboration avec un ingénieur électricien dans l'élaboration de cette dernière œuvre.

Ivan Eyre, un autre artiste de Winnipeg, qui est plutôt peintre, doit aussi être mentionné ici à cause de ses sculptures réalistes. Ses figures sont faites de plâtre dont certaines sont colorées et d'autres recouvertes de tissu. Ce sont des personnages qu'il a d'abord exécutés en peinture et qu'il transpose maintenant en trois dimensions. Ivan Eyre a aussi créé récemment des formes d'hommes et de femmes en argile.

Deux artistes de Winnipeg, Bruce Head et le jeune américain Robert C. Sakowski qui font partie du personnel enseignant de la Art School de l'Université du Manitoba depuis 1967, sont passés de la peinture sur toile au relief sculptural. Bruce Head tortille des rouleaux de films en diverses formes qui constituent la base de ses constructions. Il étend une toile sur ce squelette et il peint la surface. La pièce appelée "Peak" est peinte argent; de formes très douces, elle a cependant toutes les qualités d'un relief. Robert Sakowski a présenté une œuvre intitulée "Untitled Construction" à la Eleventh Winnipeg Show (Winnipeg Art Gallery) en novembre 1968. Cette œuvre est faite de peinture acrylique et d'une bande de fibre de verre et elle a été exposée sur le plancher. La toile ayant été étendue sur un cadre de bois avait pris la forme d'un élégant dessin géométrique de couleur blanche. La bande de fibre de verre blanche aussi continue le dessin en forme de grande aile et repose au-dessus de la construction. James M. Barr, un diplômé de la School of Art, prenait aussi part à cette exposition. Sa sculpture "Flower Power" est faite d'une grande forme d'acier peint et de parties de matière plastique qui pivotent. Un nuage rose couronne la pièce et de grandes fleurs de couleurs pastel tournent au-dessus. C'est de nouveau une sculpture enjouée et bizarre.

Plusieurs réflexions viennent à l'esprit au moment de conclure. Les sculpteurs des provinces des Prairies ont réussi à se tenir en contact avec les grands mouvements de l'art contemporain en dépit de la distance qui les sépare des grands centres d'art du monde. Ils font des expériences au moyen de nouveaux matériaux. Ils créent des œuvres qui se veulent près des conditions de l'environnement. Ils font aussi des tentatives pour créer des formes qui soient à la limite de la peinture et de la sculpture. Les grands problèmes actuels d'expression sont devenus leurs propres problèmes. J'aimerais en terminant remercier les artistes et mes collègues qui m'ont aidé à recueillir les renseignements contenus dans cet article.

Traduction de Lucile Ouimet

Est ou le vide de l'environnement culturel

PAR LUKE ROMBOUT

A Calgary, au cours d'un récent congrès des arts, il fut souvent fait allusion à "l'EST". On a fini par se rendre compte que ce qu'on voulait désigner par "l'EST" comprenait les villes de Montréal, Toronto et Ottawa. A mon avis, ces villes devraient être considérées comme faisant partie du Centre, les Maritimes devant être désignées différemment. Cet incident indiquait avec raison que sur le plan de l'art, peu de choses se passent dans les provinces Atlantiques.

Autrefois comme aujourd'hui, dans cette région, le manque de force créatrice a été à l'origine d'une sorte de vacuité dans le domaine des idées, de l'intelligence et de l'amour des choses de l'art. Les exemples suivants en sont la preuve: Halifax et Saint-Jean (N.B.), les deux plus grandes villes des Maritimes, n'ont pas encore de galeries d'art; cette année, le *New Brunswick Orchestra* a été forcé de suspendre ses activités parce qu'il n'est aidé ni financièrement ni autrement. Lorsque la saison touristique est terminée, la *Beaverbrook Art Gallery* à Fredericton et la *Confederation Art Gallery* à Charlottetown, deux galeries qui, à tout le moins du point de vue architectural, peuvent être considérées comme des galeries de prestige, se transforment en tristes monuments funéraires. Si l'on excepte l'art des peintres du dimanche, l'intérêt accordé aux arts dans l'Est du pays est très réduit. La *Maritime Art Association* affirme compter environ 3,000 membres. Donald Andrews, le compétent conservateur de la *Beaverbrook Art Gallery*, a perdu son emploi pour avoir écrit un article cinglant concernant une exposition d'amateurs dans sa galerie; cet article affirmait que les peintres amateurs, comme la I. O. D. E., sont une force cachée derrière la scène et qu'il nous faut subir...

Le manque d'intérêt pour l'art contemporain se manifeste surtout en ce qui concerne la sculpture. Dans les Maritimes, on ne voit pas de sculptures sur les places publiques. A cet égard, il est significatif qu'un ouvrage au titre un peu ambitieux: "*Arts in New Brunswick (past and present)*" ne fasse aucune mention de la sculpture. Il arrive qu'on découvre par hasard, dans quelques coins reculés de province singulièrement à la page, quelques timides tentatives de sculpture. Toutes ces œuvres sont des produits locaux et ne dépassent pas la région même où elles ont été faites. Les œuvres que j'ai vues dans ces régions manquent d'envergure, de personnalité et dans certains cas on y constate un manque presque total de connaissance de la matière elle-même, à un point tel que ces œuvres peuvent difficilement faire l'objet d'une critique sérieuse dans un numéro de revue consacré à la sculpture.

Seulement quelques artistes dans les Maritimes s'adonnent à l'art en trois dimensions: Fred Willar à Saint-Jean, John Hooper à Hampton (N.B.), Claude Roussel à Moncton, Charlotte Lindgren et Sarah Jackson à Halifax, Hans Melis à Terre-Neuve. Quelques peintres ont aussi opté pour la sculpture: Tom Forrestall et Paul Tisson à Fredericton. Chacun de ces deux derniers artistes a reçu des commandes pour de grandes sculptures qui furent exposées dans le Pavillon Atlantique à l'Expo 67. Comme aucun de ces sculpteurs ne possédait ni l'inspiration ni les moyens techniques pour exécuter de tels projets, il en est résulté des œuvres banales d'amateurs. Parmi quelques autres, Hooper et Roussel ont reçu des commandes pour des murales devant être installées dans les édifices du Centenaire à Fredericton. La murale de Roussel ne dépasse pas le niveau du "Beaux-Arts Figuero." Il a toujours été un sculpteur inégal; la plupart de ses œuvres sont pauvres intellectuellement et même quand il aborde la grande dimension, ses sculptures n'évoquent à peu près jamais la présence de l'objet monumental qui prend sa place dans l'espace. Ses œuvres semblent être un compromis utilisé pour satisfaire le clergé (il a eu de nombreuses commandes pour les églises) ou les architectes et souvent les deux en même temps. Peut-être n'a-t-il pas encore réussi à briser ses liens avec une formation artistique traditionnelle.

La murale de John Hooper, *The People of New Brunswick*, 48' x 6', qui se trouve dans le même édifice est malheureusement du même calibre que celle de Roussel. On y retrouve la même recherche du compromis qui permettra de satisfaire à la fois les autorités provinciales et le goût populaire. C'est une œuvre qui date, même si elle a été exécutée récemment. Le projet avait de l'envergure et laissait entrevoir une réalisation assez puissante, mais l'œuvre terminée ne rend pas justice à la conception de Hooper qui est vivante et directe.

Ses sculptures sur bois (qu'on devrait considérer comme lui appartenant en propre, si on les compare à ses murales citées plus haut) expriment une préoccupation sociale réaliste et inspirée qui se rapproche de l'image "Pop."

Les deux vedettes de la scène artistique aujourd'hui sont Charlotte Lindgren et Fred Willar. Lindgren est une tisserande accomplie, à l'imagination extrêmement féconde, qui travaille presque exclusivement dans les trois dimensions. Evidemment, on ne peut voir ses œuvres dans les endroits publics des Maritimes — elle doit encore se contenter de vendre ses pièces importantes à Halifax même si ses œuvres sont maintenant reconnues à l'échelle internationale. Elle est aujourd'hui représentée dans des collections importantes. Elle a sans aucun doute le don de créer de belles et stimulantes compositions. Pendant que nous sommes à Halifax, il convient de suggérer que le prix attribué à la plus mauvaise sculpture au Canada devrait être offert à Reg Dockrill pour son *20th Century Student* qui se trouve sur les terrains de la nouvelle *Student Union Building* à Dalhousie University. D'une dimension de près de 10', c'est une sculpture stupide, un monument de mauvais goût, un mausolée élevé à la gloire de l'indigence intellectuelle. Tout ce qu'on peut dire au sujet de cette sculpture c'est que pour y croire, il faut l'avoir vue. L'espace manque ici pour discuter des nombreuses sources d'inspiration qu'a utilisées Sarah Jackson dans les sculptures qui se trouvent à l'intérieur de l'édifice des étudiants.

Fred Willar, jeune artiste de Saint-Jean, promet de devenir un sculpteur de premier ordre. On a encore vu peu de ses sculptures (Dorothy Cameron en a choisi une pour l'exposition *Sculpture 67* à Toronto). Son œuvre intitulée *Completed Rainbow* faisait aussi partie de l'exposition *Perspective 68*. Il a tenu une exposition solo récemment à la *Owens Art Gallery* et il doit aussi exposer à la *Confederation Art Gallery* et au *Creative Art Centre* de l'Université du Nouveau Brunswick. La plupart de ses sculptures sont faites de gros blocs de forme cubique mesurant au-delà de huit pieds, exécutés en matériaux synthétiques. Ces boîtes aux formes simplifiées sont placées solidement en zigzag et elles s'imposent par leur présence. Il se dirige vers l'art minimal dont il essaie d'exprimer les formes nouvelles et contemporaines. Même si quelques-unes de ses sculptures semblent rappeler certains grands noms, il y a toutes les raisons de croire que cet artiste promet de devenir un jour très libre et très personnel.

Cette vue à vol d'oiseau de l'état de la sculpture dans les Maritimes n'est pas de nature à susciter beaucoup d'espoir pour l'avenir. Les artistes ici sont absents et je soupçonne que même si des œuvres de valeur étaient accessibles, la communication resterait difficile. Il y a une crise culturelle dans les Maritimes, phénomène dont peu de gens se rendent compte et que la plupart veulent ignorer. Les conditions économiques font que les gouvernements provinciaux font porter tous leurs efforts sur l'industrie. Ceci est raisonnable et nécessaire. Malheureusement, on ne se rend pas compte que le progrès économique seul ne parviendra pas à développer une société saine et heureuse et un milieu stimulant sur le plan de l'art. En attendant le temps où les arts se développeront au même rythme que l'industrie, les Maritimes demeureront isolées sur le plan de la culture et elles resteront un secteur du pays à peu près sous-développé.

Traduction de Lucile Ouimet

the state of sculptors in Quebec

BY BERTRAND LEBEL

This article is an extract from a working paper given by M. Bertrand Lebel to the Board of Inquiry on the teaching of the arts in the Province of Quebec.

It does not claim to be exhaustive. However, we have thought that some of the data could be useful in outlining the very special position of sculptors in Quebec, in their social and economic context.

A Brief Historical Note

Towards the 1920's the Beaux-Arts schools began to engage in the teaching of sculpture, but few sculptors emerged from these schools. Moreover, the market which consisted of religious sculpture could not support many sculptors. It would seem that at that time it was recognized that the Hébert brothers of Montreal were earning a living from their art. It is only rather recently that sculpture has broken away from the study of historical and religious personalities to become abstract. It was under the impetus of the

Association of Sculptors of Quebec (formed in 1962-1963) that sculpture was given royal treatment in museums and on public squares. At the present time it may be said that there are from 70 to 80 sculptors in Quebec, 50 of whom belong to the Association of Sculptors. The Association accepts as members only those sculptors who have been following their calling for two years and those who cast only single pieces.

Fundamental data

Summary of the findings of the inquiry conducted among fifteen sculptors with extrapolation.

The average age of sculptors is the same as that of painters, that is 37. Their birthplaces show the balance that exists between Montreal and the province (Montreal and Quebec — 8 — Other cities — 4 — Outside the province — 3 —). The social origins of the sculptors are extremely varied. The proportion of hereditary artistic traits is the same as for painters, that is 50%.

Among the sculptors, secondary education is widespread (60%), professional training is less so (30%).

Sculptors who earn their living from their trade are very few (4 out of 15), those who teach are more numerous (7 out of 15).

In so far as government assistance is concerned, eight out of fifteen of the sculptors questioned said they had never received any such assistance (several however did not ask for any). Seven among them held scholarships from Ottawa or Quebec.

Particular data

We especially wanted to stress here the originality of the sculptural situation in Quebec, and the role of the government in relation to the whole of the phenomenon.

It seems that the sculptor's trade is more easily accessible than is the painter's if we recall that the sculptors come from more greatly diversified social origins. In relation to painting, sculpture appears to be a more physical than intellectual activity. Moreover, sculptors are pursuing a calling that is increasingly approaching construction, building in three dimensions. In this respect we found that before attending the Beaux-Arts, more sculptors were found to have dreamt of becoming architects than painters. As for the students who are directing their studies towards sculpture, there was the same percentage of losses as among the painters, and we have seen that for the most part it seems that the necessity of having or developing a second trade prompts them to leave the courses at the Beaux-Arts.

We know also that there are more sculptors than painters (all proportions respected) who are living by their trade, although the necessity of choosing a second trade is the case of the great majority. Those who at the present time are living from their paintings or their sculptures have (with one or two exceptions) been obliged to adopt a second trade, a matter of subsisting in the slack periods. The teaching of the plastic arts has also become an important channel for sculptors.

... However, it appeared in the interviews that for most of the sculptors living by their art alone constituted a desire that they had always entertained deep down. (This desire was heightened especially by readings of history of art and by the example of certain artists who succeeded in doing it). Another thing also struck us: most of the artists (painters and sculptors) entered the Beaux-Arts having no knowledge of the history of art or the conditions in which artists must really live.

Among sculptors, the period immediately following the Beaux-Arts courses is very difficult for most; they are not yet known, they have just learned that they must take many steps, have many contacts, that they must exhibit (if they have not already done so), and finance an atelier, or look for a second trade etc. Several see that a strong personality speeds many things along, the criteria of competence and the quality of the work being tied to an entire system of cultural, economic, and social values that they can not explain and that they can not control.

We have spoken here of architecture. It is the architect who receives the contract to design and make the plans for the building, the artist is fairly frequently called in to collaborate at the beginning, in the middle, or at the completion of the construction project. It is up to the client to accept or to refuse the architect's plans and also the plans of the artists, painters, sculptors and sometimes craftsmen as well. The relationships between artists and architects are rather broad. Usually the architect and the artist are friends or become so, and the understanding of the planning and execution of the work is primary in their relationship. With painters, the relations with architects are rather infrequent, whereas with sculptors the opportunities for working together are more numerous. It is evident that a young artist has less opportunity to obtain contracts than a mature artist who has a good reputation.

Artists facing work with architects react in two ways: if they have previously had contracts, they say the same people always obtain them and that not enough publicity is given (the system of submitting, of contests is inferred); and if they have never had contracts, they say then that the architects usually consult them last, and that the artist in this collaboration is unfairly dealt with and treated like a poor relative. A certain ambivalence appears in these two attitudes. On one hand painting and sculpture are often defended as gratuitous arts, arts of pure research, having no connection with the client. It is often cited: "When I create, I do not wonder for whom I create, I must make what I am doing and saying understood and not make any compromises." On the other hand, the same artists seek contracts with architects, they seek to integrate, to participate, to reflect on the problems of the present day world in order to re-transmit them through their works. At the present time, the dilemma between freedom and functionalism sets artists in opposition among themselves. Not long ago, a group of eight artists (sculptors, craftsmen, mural painters etc.) gathered to examine and attempt to clarify relationships with architects. They submitted a memorandum to the government, in which they sought to establish certain standards of conduct. The group wants to be consulted as a group: it is the group that will accept contracts and not just some among them.

This manner of group reaction before certain problems leads us to underscore the increasingly stronger integration of the artist into society. The Association has a legal advisor, certain painters and sculptors engage the services of a general agent who looks after the promotion of their works. If certain artists consider these collaborations to be foreign to them, young artists tend to better accept this collaboration with legal or financial agents, whom they consider to be experts necessary in the promotion of their trade. We wanted to point out here only a few rather recent aspects that the activity of sculpture involves without claiming to a very profound analysis of the bonds that exist between all of these aspects.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

youth in the Quebec cinema

BY DOMINIQUE NOGUEZ

"Youth is the time when we do not know what is going to happen"
Henri MICHAUX

The Greeks had invented adolescence, the 20th century has invented youth. Who was young in 1750, in 1820? The cabinet-maker's son picked up the trying-plane when he grew his first whisker, and sometimes sooner: he had been a child, with childish dreams; then he was suddenly a man, in a blue apron that was too large for him, with the right of dreaming only of the thousands of boards and shavings that his expected 40 year life span promised him. Around 1830, only the rich young bourgeois could offer themselves a kind of youth. Consider Nerval, consider Gautier — this whole joyous lot of red jackets and long hair (already). But most of them who, wearing men's jackets, chased after actresses and working girls knew that the factory of their father or Aunt Auror's hundred thousand pounds was waiting for them. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I see the appearance of youth as a psychological and social phenomenon coinciding with compulsory education until the age of sixteen, the public school system, the free or almost free university, and compulsory military service. A young man needs these democratic associations, and these lengthy periods when he can escape his mother and father, the parade of cousins and uncles, neighbours and future colleagues, in order to be able to know himself, even if it is just for a year, or a few months, in the company of young men of his age rather than those of his social class (1). But those blessed and difficult times when one escapes from under the parental wing are not sufficient to produce youth. There is still needed the awareness of forming a distinct group in society. Blundering old people see to this. It is "oh, today's young people!" from the grumbling grocer or the narrow-minded editorial-writer who reproaches the lawyer's son and the foreman's son and casts them arm in arm into the same restlessness, the same manifestation, the same "uproars and processions", as an old bogey I know used to say. And further to this add a world where people are dying at an increasingly advanced age, where for almost thirty years, thank God (or the Devil) no world war has

erupted to make way for impatient people, where, in addition, ideas and techniques change in a flash: you will have in this way an increasingly numerous and aggressive group of older people — but they are increasingly out of step — and they have known quite enough risks and commotions, more than to their liking, so as not to tolerate any more — and you also have, I imagine, one of the keys (2) of a certain number of recent revolutions, most often abortive, but still rumbling, or brewing. The real problem of contemporary societies, from Tokyo to Rome and from Chicago to Paris, is not their youth, it is their older people.

This stated, youth is the most delightful malady of the century.

Actually, speaking of youth in the cinema of Quebec amounts to stating a two-fold pleonasm. So true is it that the main point of the Quebec cinema is its young cinema and that nothing interests a young cinema like youth (3). So true is it also that nothing can reach the youth of a young country better than the youngest of arts. (And what country is younger than Quebec, if as certain people assert, it is true that it has not yet been born?) It is through its young cinema, before it even discovered a romantic literature or a political existence, that France quietly rediscovered Quebec. And it is through its young cinema, as much and perhaps more than through its literature or its poetry, that the whole world is discovering or will discover it.

It is not only that the young Quebec cinema reflects Quebec; in an intimate sense it is its symbol. Their destiny is the same, to the point that they are identical. Jean-Pierre Lefebvre has often suggested it: his films (the first ones at least) are unmoneyed, they are disturbing, and on them seems to weigh the terrible weight of an invisible snow; because they have been made in Quebec, they willingly absorbed, as it were, the economic conditions and the psychological atmosphere of Quebec; thus in their imperfect existence, they imitate this divided country. And the youth in crisis.

In crisis. For no matter how much we look, little apathy and little serenity are to be found in the portrayals of young people in the Quebec cinema. This includes the gaiety of the young marionettes of *Kid Sentiment* (by Jacques Godbout, 1968), that was shot in Outremont among the smug, rich, bourgeois minority. French-speaking but almost completely Anglicized; it ends on a hollow note, and gives the impression of anguish. If, by chance, the couples that we see forming in these films seem to smoothly attain a perfect complicity (like Garrou and Nouf in *Jusqu'au coeur* by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, 1968), it is rather as if to both reconstitute the unity of an uneasiness.

An uneasiness that is readily defined. There is no question here of some vague weariness of life in general, nor even of the particular difficulty of being adolescent. No doubt there is found in some of the short films of Michel Brault — *Le Temps perdu* (1964) and *La fleur de l'âge* (1964) — something like a sketch of a portrait of adolescence in general. And it is very true that Geneviève, Louise or the girl in *Temps perdu* are reminiscent of the adolescent girls and boys of Truffaut (4), Olmi (5), Forman (6) or Mingozzi (7) — with however, on Brault's part, less emotion (apparent), a less developed comic sense or feeling for the touching detail (but this is just as well), more coolness and more discretion, a rather uncommon refusal of oversignificant detail, these *supersymbols* that always seem to be added to the symbols to say "see what lovely hidden meanings I make!" and which detract so much, for example, from the last film by Forman (*Au feu les pompiers!*) (8).

In the same way, the couple in Jacques Leduc's *Chantal en vrac* (1967) would not seem so out of their element if they were taken out of the brilliant autumnal forests of the Laurentians and plunged into the village in *Brigitte et Brigitte* (by Luc Moullet) or the apartment of *Pop game* (by Francis Leroy). But these are exceptions.

The young people in the Quebec cinema usually rarely experience the mild doubts of disengagement and suffer less from the delightful disorder of being young in general than the very definite malady of being young *today in Quebec*. They are always already committed, in spite of themselves; it seems they have skipped a few stages — those of varied miscellanea, of the sarcastic or whimpering type, of the vague yearnings — and have reached definite complaints and grievances. No doubt they are sometimes silent, (and certain looks become terrible in the silence) (9) — symptomatically deprived or willingly foregoing what for them is the most contended and the most vital: the right to speak — in *their* language. But someone speaks for them (Gilles Vigneault in *Les bacheliers de la 5e*, by Clément Perron, 1962), or else the commentary comes, with a ferocious humour, to speak plainly (*Patricia et Jean-Baptiste*, by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, 1967).

Yet, most of the time, they speak for themselves — and almost always with a startling lucidity and an adequately clear intuition of the causes of the malady and the remedies to apply to it (these remedies might be called "bombs") in order to startle, when the

opportunity arises, the silent partners of the film in which they were allowed to express themselves (like *Jeunesse année zéro*, by Louis Portugais, 1964 (10)). However everything unfolds as if they were on the point of taking action. In films as varied as *Le chat dans le sac* (by Gilles Groulx, 1964), *Jeunesse année zéro* or *Jusqu'au coeur*, the revolution makes its presence felt, but like a shadow, I mean less like a reality that is being prepared — seriously (*La Chinoise*, by Jean-Luc Godard), agonizingly (*Terre en Transes*, by Glauber Rocha), or both at once (*En marge*, by Robert Kramer) — or being exalted (*Now*, by Santiago Alvarez,) than like a still vague probability, at best like an imminence that is at once wanted and feared. (11)

This kind of hard and pragmatic realism, this way of saving dreams, is explained by two reasons that make one: the young people who speak (or are eloquently silent) in Quebec films are almost all already deeply committed in "life". From school, that they left too soon (*Les bacheliers de la 5e*) and which left them generally dissatisfied and defenceless (*Huit témoins*, by Jacques Godbout, 1964; *Jeunesse année zéro*), they have gone on to "the hard facts of life" without having had the time to be young. Even the heroes of Groulx or Lefebvre, who speak and act like intellectuals, do not, or almost do not claim to be so. In any event they are obliged to earn a living (Claude tries his hand at journalism in *Le chat dans le sac*; Jean-Baptiste is a cabinet-maker — without conviction it is true —, and Garou works on a site).

And here is a second reason, that is explained by the first: *there is really not yet a youth in Quebec*. I mean: a youth forming a socio-intellectual group that is sufficiently mixed, idle, and important to play as such an esthetic and political role comparable to that of the Western youths that get themselves talked about (provos, beatniks, hippies) — and which play, in societies that are sufficiently rich, established, and stable to support them, the ambiguous role of parasite — conscience. (12) The "esthetic" contestation of an entire way of life and ultimately, of an entire conception of the world (contestation that is affirmed in the "underground" American of English-Canadian cinema, and certain Dutch films, like *Joseph Katus provo* — by Wim Verstappen, or French films, like those of Francis Leroi or Philippe Garrel) is a sort of luxury that the young Quebecers, if we are to judge by the films in which they express themselves, do not yet seem to be able or to want to offer themselves. Anticlericalism, the defence of the language, the struggle for education, the denunciation of unemployment are their more narrow but more urgent objectives. It is significant for example that when Jean-Pierre Lefebvre attacks Anglo-Saxon capitalism, it is we would say, by gritting his teeth, by also proceeding to the most urgent thing, that is to say by attacking its most obvious symbols and its most flagrant misdeeds (Viet-Nam, the pin-up, and Coca-Cola), treating it like a threat to be averted, not like a reality to be described from within (like William Klein) or theorized upon (like *Une femme mariée*, *Made in U.S.A.*, *Deux ou trois choses que je sais d'elle*, by Jean-Luc Godard). (13) In a nutshell, the stage of utopian dreaming or critical refinement, which is the most characteristic stage of youth, has not been reached, or has been skipped.

There is still not a Quebec youth, there are only young Quebecers. However, the superposition of various pictures that the cinema makes finally suggests a unique portrait. With an ear by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, a nose by Gilles Groulx, eyes by Godbout, teeth by Portugais or hands by Perron, now prostrated, now indefinitely striding along the streets of Montreal or treeless stretches of snow, now direct and now elusive, sometimes verbose but most often silent, there is something stiff, and cautious about this young man (or this young woman) that suggests uneasiness. Well built (as Gilles Vigneault sings and *Golden Gloves* shows) or very pretty (see *Kid Sentiment*), he (or she) does not have the opportunity that he (or she) would desire to be him (or her) -self. But let us leave her to memories of *Temps perdu* or to the problems of abortion. (14) He, most often will be unemployed, diploma-less, given up without recourse to the traps of the tavern or the temptations of delinquency, or else he will work, but in a half-hearted manner. It is as if he had been dispossessed; he seems a foreigner in his own land. He waits. Is he still hoping? Does he clench his fists in impotent rage, or in order to strike? He is twenty-five, or twenty years old, and he is no longer young. Has he ever been young? Married too soon, imprisoned too soon, (15) lucid too soon. But the Quebecer of tomorrow sees himself in this man moulded too quickly — in these young people who have not had the time to play at youth.

Notes

(1) Only *The invention of the adolescent* an English-language film by Patricia Watson (N.F.B., 1968) considers the problem of youth in this way. But Patricia Watson insists less on the economic, political, or social causes of this invention than on the pedagogic causes: it

is the adult, who treating the child from childhood on, not as a small man but as a *child* would be the cause of the heart-rending alienation of adolescence. What is certain, is that this well-made little film, is not as Gilles Marsolais wrote (*Le cinéma canadien*, p.138) "an epic of adolescence through the centuries", for the very reason that it persists in showing to the contrary that before our 20th century, adolescence did not exist.

(2) The others — the most important ones — evidently being found in political and economic context.

(3) It will be noted that if the cinema of Quebec takes an interest in a few older people (Alexis Tremblay, Charles De Gaulle) it is only in as much as they foreshadow or precipitate, often without their knowledge, the future of Quebec. Perrault is no more "Christian Nationalist" than Jean-Claude Labrecque or Claude Fournier are Gaullist. But through their respective age, they speak of (and they speak to) Quebec youth. *Le règne du jour*, *La visite du Général De Gaulle*, or *Du général au particulier*, are less cryptic than antiphrasis films.

(4) *Les quatre cent coups*; the sketch in *L'amour à vingt ans*; *Baisers volés*.

(5) *Il posto*

(6) *L'as de pique*; *Les amours d'une blonde*.

(7) *Trio*

(8) Everything takes place as if it were after an amazed discovery of the powers of a certain "truth cinema" (*Les raquetteurs*, by Brault and Groulx, 1958), and there is an abuse of zoom shots or meaningful close-ups (that rather get in the way in *Un jeu si simple*, by Gilles Groulx, 1964, for example), the Quebec film producers had reacted very quickly and very intelligently with *discretion* and analysis (as is evident in the very fine film of Jean-Claude Labrecque of *La Visite du Général De Gaulle*, 1967; or, in another connection, *Les enfants de Néant* by Michel Brault, 1968).

(9) Thus, in *Les bacheliers de la 5e* the silence of the young man who is out of work and forced to pawn his watch to buy something to eat.

(10) It is known that the film, commissioned by the Liberal party in power, displayed, on the part of the young people from one end of the province to the other who were questioned in it, such a skepticism towards the governmental team and such a clear revolutionary determination, that the Lesage government had it destroyed. Fortunately two copies escaped destruction.

(11) In *Jeunesse Année Zéro*

(12) It follows from this that there are two types absent from the picture gallery of the French cinema of Quebec: the hippie and the student. The absence of the student — not as a *future* executive or a *future* professor, nor as a young political militant or trade-unionist, but as a young intellectual without responsibilities, an apprentice doctor of esthetic and critical rights — is symptomatic at once, of this kind of policy of priorities that means that those who never had the opportunity to speak in the foreign cinema, when students could speak, will be permitted to speak *first*, and is symptomatic of the absence of a numerous class of already advanced students who have their own problems. There is a third type missing. (except in *Kid Sentiment*): the son of the wealthy bourgeois. The satire of the bourgeoisie is also a luxury that only film producers and societies that have the time can permit themselves. The Quebec film producers attend to the most pressing things: before making a parody of those who have the power of speech, it is a question of giving the power of speech to those who, for speech, have only had a parody. A rather brief scene from *Jusqu'au coeur* hardly weakens this type of evidence: the time of the Chabrols has not yet come to Quebec; that of the Truffauts but barely, only that of the Godards exists.

(13) Likewise, if the Montreal police shows itself to be scandalously brutal towards young people (or not so young people) it would be immediately and sharply related, (*Taire des Hommes*, by Harel and Gélinas, 1968), without the round about manner of an esthetic denunciation (like that of the American "underground") or an almost psychoanalytical demystification of the multiple images of the Father (*Anémone* by Philippe Garrel).

(14) cf. a certain song by Mouf in *Jusqu'au coeur*

(15) See *Huit témoins*

N.B. — I would like to express my warm appreciation to André Pâquet, of the Cinéma-thèque Canadienne, Robert Daudelin and Sylvie Mazur, of the Audio-Visual Centre of the University of Montreal and to Onyx Films for the screenings which they so kindly arranged for me, and without whom this article could never have been written. D.N.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

The exhibition of Rembrandt and his pupils. Montreal Museum of Fine-Arts. January 9-February 23. Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto. March 14-April 27, 1969.

"Ah yes! He was not appreciated by his times!" This sort of reflection which was heard several times over during the exhibition of Rembrandt and his pupils indicates fairly well that the romantic notion that the artist is "lonely and misunderstood by his century" has not stopped wreaking havoc among the public. It is true that one feels quite at ease in front of a Rembrandt! In a country of well-established artistic traditions, he dared a feat of strength and met with resistance. A popular painter, he later on became disputed, and even despised. It is a short distance from that to making him the first of the "accursed painters".

Unfortunately reality was very different. No doubt Rembrandt never was, like Rubens, a painter coddled by his contemporaries. However, in his time he was a much sought after artist who did not disdain selling his canvasses for a good price. If he never sought to please, it was not through obstinacy or an excessive individuality. For years he endeavoured to find a compromise between customs and his own nature. When he freed himself, it was quietly.

The very subject of this exhibition organized by the Montreal Museum of Fine-Arts has the effect of destroying many false legends. Would a painter scorned by his times have had so many imitators? Thus we notice that it has become very difficult today to recognize the authentic paintings by Rembrandt. To encourage the pupils in his atelier, the master indeed signed many of their canvasses himself. It is likely, for example, that one of the pictures exhibited, "The Feast of Esther", attributed to Rembrandt, is the work of one of his pupils. At the beginning of this year, was there not some doubt cast on the authenticity of the famous picture of the National Museum of Amsterdam, "The Holy Family at Evening", that is now attributed to one of Rembrandt's pupils, Gérard Dou.

With respect to this, it is pertinent to note that in the exhibition the master does not necessarily outshadow the pupils. Is this a weakness? Some will say so, objecting that Rembrandt was neglected and the pupils were unduly favoured. In fact, it was difficult to do otherwise: few museums in the world can today organize an exhibition of Rembrandt alone without taking the risk of being incomplete. Moreover, the number of canvasses by Rembrandt that were shown (a total of eighteen of one hundred and eighteen) is not necessarily a great consideration. The pupils shine through their teacher, in the manner of a prism. This is the greatest homage that could be paid to him. As a matter of fact, those who after him became great painters, did so only so far as they broke away from his influence. But was it so certain that Rembrandt's skill was valuable only for himself? The case of Aert de Gelder who was his pupil from 1661 to 1667 is especially disturbing. Was he only an imitator of talent? In any event, he was one of the few who were able to see, to take apart and reproduce in an almost perfect manner all that which made up Rembrandt's art. But, if a painting like "Abraham and the Angels" can give as much pleasure as a genuine Rembrandt, it will always lack the most essential value of art, the creative initiative.

What does Rembrandt represent for us today? A turning point? That is said of all the great painters. The influence he exerted on his pupils was mainly formal. None of them, apart from the Gelder, really sensed the depth of his art. Fundamentally, he could have been born anywhere. The only difference is that in his painting there would have been fewer syndics, burgomasters, and Jewish merchants. He is the least Dutch of all the painters. That is why in this calm, tidy, and sensual land, he seemed a spoil-sport. His skill was admired, but in a country where people are willingly realistic, his imagined debauches, his mysterious architectures mystified people. He appeared to be an opponent, without wanting to seem like one. He was simply being true to himself. For the first time in the history of painting, the great ones of the earth, biblical characters, and the bourgeois were painted in their naked humanity. Rembrandt does not embellish reality as did the artists of his times. Thus in his work, the portrait is not a pretext for allegories, symbols, or decorations. He exalts only simple and humble people, either with an unexpected illumination, a surprising tone, with the lustre of a pearl or the fold of a cloak.

These are details that give his painting an unusual appearance. And yet, Rembrandt is not a painter of the fantastic. Oddly enough, it is from beneath an inscrutable facade that his characters appear most human. At the same time a light floods the faces. It is not this light that naturally bathes objects, it is more a matter of an ideal light, the illumination of thought that makes one sense the spirit of the model more than his presence.

But this great man surrenders his secrets slowly. Even today we

think we understand him, and he eludes us. Rembrandt's inner feelings begin to make themselves felt when we are on the point of renouncing trying to understand them. In spite of their talent, those who copied him did not always understand him very well.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

baudelaire the art critic: an exhibition of the centenary at the petit palais museum.

at the museum across the street, an exhibition that he would have liked: the art of reality.

BY PAQUERETTE VILLENEUVE

"It is not superfluous to note that many people have accused painters whose observation is synthetic and abstract, of barbarism".
Baudelaire — "Curiosités Esthétiques"

Sometimes fate not only does things well, it also happens to have wit. At almost the same time in November 1968 occurred the opening at the Petit Palais of the exhibition devoted to Baudelaire the critic and in the Grand Palais just across the way, an exhibition called The Art of Reality, grouping a collection of present day American works.

Many thoughts come to mind comparing the reception given each of these exhibitions. All the critics rushed into the rooms of the Petit Palais completely secure in the prospect of having to admire works sanctioned by history . . . then they went to see The Art of Reality, merely to laugh it up a little in front of the present day works of the "American barbarians." Wishing one were Baudelaire, able to disturb accepted ideas, does not make it so.

The Art of Reality thus disoriented the French critics with a few exceptions (Otto Hahn in the Express). Baffled, they nevertheless did not lose their conviction that all that is not French sins by lack of imagination, absence of measure, is only false avant-garde, and in a word, does not exist. However, the Art of Reality is an exhibition that is well-deserving of its title. This reality is the immensity of the American space, the vast starkness of contemporary architecture, and this art is the sparkling of colours no longer sustaining an image, but it is a source of rhythms, of direct feelings translated by a refined talent, a source of infinite perspectives opened with the little key of pure colour. It is natural that this art should be difficult to understand for a Frenchman who is used to living in a very civilized and protective nature made up of a multitude of small varied spaces where the dimensions of immensity never arises.

An American critic told me "There are mostly painters among the visitors to the exhibition". Indeed artists do not allow themselves to be impressed by the barriers that the habits of one's culture create; they look only at the work that is in front of them and wonder about the reasons for its efficacy, and consider the message from another world that it brings to them. Thus, Ellsworth Kelly and Frank Stella, painting great flat tints on surfaces where colour modulates in almost imperceptible vibrations (and which is fascinating for that very reason), and invents perspectives whose limit the eye cannot surround, summarize one of the essential motives of the American personality, dynamism. From Barnett Newman, the forerunner, this approach is still being affirmed.

The collection of works (there are 54 in all) ranges from Newman, Morris Louis, Liberman to Donald Judd, Larry Pons, Jasper Johns (a marvellous canvass made up of white figures blended into a monochromatic surface) to the sculptors Tony Smith, Robert Morris, Antoni Wilkowski, and includes Pollock, Still, and Rothlo. This exhibition was organized by a very young organization created by André Malraux, the Centre National d'Art Contemporain. In bringing The Art of Reality to Parisians, the CNAC did a fine thing and presented a good exhibition.

The Baudelaire exhibition presented by the Réunion des Musées Nationaux on the occasion of the centenary of the death of the poet, superbly crowns the group of displays to which the event gave rise. Uniting a considerable number of varied objects (the catalogue comprises 779 articles: paintings and sculptures of which Baudelaire spoke, signed letters, biographical documents, photos and pictures of himself and his friends), it allows one to examine the complex personality of the writer. He is not only the poet with whom one identifies during adolescence to the point of murmuring to oneself the disturbing lines of Les Fleurs du Mal, he is also the art critic who

ignored neither Corot, nor Manet, nor Boudin, nor the interesting works by less versatile artists, the critic who was able to see in Daumier the painter beyond the caricaturist and, in spite of his predilection for Delacroix, who recognized the unique qualities in Ingres' work.

Let us not forget that as far back as 1860, he was one of the first Frenchman to like Tannhauser. "It seemed to me that your music was my own", he wrote to the composer and he added to counterbalance the insults which appeared in Parisian newspapers which were rabidly against Wagner: "you are not the first man sir, on whose behalf I have had occasion to suffer and to blush for my country".

No audacity intimidated Baudelaire. A poet of modern life with its excesses, an adherent of the delirium of the senses, he translated these tendencies by an extreme desire to be in the company of the keenest and often the most controversial artists of his time, whose work gave to his elegant and aristocratic mind the most lively satisfactions. From the first glance into the rooms of the Petit Palais, one is struck by the quality of the paintings he admired and defended before his contemporaries, who reserved their admiration for the painters of battles like Horace Vernet ("I hate this art improvised to the roll of a drum" wrote Baudelaire,) for the affected neo-classicism of an Ary Schaffer ("his works look to me like the paintings of M. Delaroche washed out by heavy rains") and for other illustrious artists who have since become unknown, like the sculptor Pradier.

L'Atelier, Le Sommeil by Courbet; Lola de Valence, L'Enfant aux Cerises by Manet; La Toilette by Corot, the first studies of the sky by Boudin, the bizarre charcoal sketches by Decamps, the Robert Macaire series by Daumier, the delightful wash-tints by Constantin Guys, the painter of the elegant life; the fantastic drawings of Goya and those of Hogarth, there is no present day collector who would not be delighted to own these.

However, at the time no one held back from laughing at the romantics or making a shrill protest at the realist school. Fortunately Baudelaire was there to realize, to encourage, and to support. He defended Manet against those who accused him of copying Spanish painting and treated as a fool one of the greatest painters of the time whose only weakness was in not being on top of these insults. He defended Corot against the blindness of the serial writers. What did La Gazette de Paris write about the "Dante et Virgile", a painting done in the soft and luminous style of the painter? "Two poets disguised as umbrellas are visiting a landscape peopled with stuffed animals and painted with a combination of liquorice extract and soot!"

Baudelaire had more insight. "We have heard it reproached to this eminent artist that his colours are a little too soft and his light almost half-dusk. But it must be noted that our exhibitions of paintings are not favorable to good pictures especially those that are conceived and executed with wisdom and moderation. A sound of a clear, yet modest and harmonious voice is lost in a storm of deafening or booming shouts, and the most luminous paintings by Veronese would often appear grey and pale if they were surrounded by certain modern pictures which are louder than village handkerchieves . . ." Baudelaire played a special role in the life of Corot. Sensitive but timid, the artist concealed for a long time in the back of his atelier these fine landscapes of the Ile de France stamped with such a lively feeling for nature which established his reputation. . . . Fearing the public, he showed in the Salons only canvasses inspired by the Italian school. At the instance of the poet and a few other literary men, he decided to paint only what suited him, these canvasses that today are in such great demand.

Baudelaire discovered Eugène Boudin and predicted a great future for the painter from Honfleur who was in turn to discover Claude Monet. In a few words, Baudelaire predicted in the Studies presented at the Salon of 1859, the importance that Boudin granted to light, which the Impressionists were to make the basis of their research. "These studies so quickly and faithfully drawn from what is most changeable and elusive in its form and colour, from waves and clouds, always bear, written in the margin the date, the time, and the wind conditions . . . Later no doubt, Boudin will unfold in his finished pictures the prodigious magic of air and water." Once more Baudelaire was being prophetic.

However this attitude did not lead him to disdain the old works that had preceded the birth of romantic art. When young people heaped sarcastic comments on the canvasses by David at the Bonne-Nouvelle Bazar exhibition, he put in their place these "too skillfull art students who know how to paint too well. They cannot, he wrote, understand anything of these severe lessons of Revolutionary painting, this painting which willingly deprives itself of charm and pernicious chatter and which lives especially by thought and soul." One has only to look again at La Mort de Marat to realize the poet is right.

"I am totally lacking in conviction, obedience, and nonsense," he wrote of himself. As he detested affectation, poses of superiority and pedantry, he began *Curiosités Esthétiques* with these "few words of introduction" which modern painters might do well to reread: "From the time of M. Gustave Planche, a farmer of the Danube whose imperative and wise eloquence has been silenced to the great regret of sane minds, the newspaper critics sometimes inane, sometimes furious, never independent, have, by their lies and shameless cliquishness disgusted the bourgeois with their useful handbooks that are called Reviews of Salons. And first about this impertinent term *the bourgeois* we declare that we in no way share the prejudices of our great artistic colleagues who have done their utmost to condemn this inoffensive creature who could want nothing better than to like good paintings, if these gentlemen knew how to make him understand it, and if the artists showed him some such more often."

This word which a league away smacks of the atelier, should be suppressed from the critics' dictionary. There are no more bourgeois since the bourgeois (which proves his good will to become artistic with regard to serial writers), himself is using this term of abuse. In the second place, the bourgeois is very respectable; for you have to please those on whose money you want to live. And finally, there are so many bourgeois among artists that it is better in short, to suppress a word which does not characterize the vice of a special class since it can be applied equally to the ones who ask no better than to deserve it, and to the others, who never doubted that they were worthy of it.

The only example of partiality that he gave was his extreme attachment to the work of Delacroix as opposed to Ingres.

Much as Ingres, the voluptuous painter of the Odalisques and the Bain Turc remains close to us, as much do I confess at never having experienced shock in front of a Delacroix. Is it from having seen too many lovely Rubens? Rubens has free-and-easiness, a lack of restraint that one does not find in Delacroix. In the French painter colour is very romantic and the composition is shimmering but it is scarcely only in the Mort de Sardanapale in which the sensuality of the artist finally explodes naturally, in the woman's body thrown like a fur on the tyrant's bed. But we can understand that in the opinion of Baudelaire the historian, Delacroix was more important. Whatever may be the objective judgement borne by posterity — and Delacroix has not yet been granted his real place — he espoused the underlying tendencies of his time better than did Ingres, the perfect artist but whose work could not become a source of enriching experience for his disciples . . . or else it lead them paradoxically to an extreme modernity which it is not certain that anyone could have taken up. So it was with William Haussoulier, the author of a single very bold picture in which he used classicism to make masses of colour stand out in contrast which comes very close to our modern concern for composition. Baudelaire was very partial to this picture called "Fontaine de Jouvenance". Rediscovered by the Baudelaire scholar Jonathon Wayne in 1965, it is being exhibited here for the first time since the Salon of 1845.

Concerning a few pictures present

Le Sommeil by Courbet: a very large canvass where two naked beauties, calm and peaceful, are sleeping intertwined. They seem to spring right out of one of the condemned poems of the Fleurs du Mal *Les Femmes Damnées*:

"Let our drawn curtains separate us from the world
and may lassitude bring us peace!"

The authors of the catalogue, who note the coolness that existed at that time between the poet and the painter advance the following theory: "Did Baudelaire not suspect that among the grounds of the trial of the Fleurs du Mal the charge of realism would carry great weight?"

We find displayed here a very strange portrait by Manet of Jeanne Duval, the famous Mulatto woman with whom the poet lived for a long time. Painted near the end of her life, Jeanne with her sunken eyes and her tortured mouth appears to be at death's door. A strange mistress, a strange creature about whom little is known not even her real name: Duval, Lemer, or Prosper? Even the organizers of the exhibition were able to gather only a few documents: this late portrait, a blurred photograph, and a letter from the poet in which he wrote: "my dear girl, you must not be angry with me if I so suddenly left Paris without having gone to fetch you to divert you a little. In the meantime, as I do not want you to be without money for even one day, go to see M. Ancelle who in spite of his hesitations is rather generous."

Why art criticism?

Charles inherited the love of painting from his father. A friend of Condorcet, protected by the Duke of Choiseul-Praslin who had him named comptroller of the Senate expenditures, Joseph-François Baudelaire had artists for friends. He even painted on occasion. At

the museum can be seen a little oil painting: a pastoral scene with rather disagreeable and clumsy colours but which is not lacking in feeling. The sculptor Ramey and the painter Naigeon, the curator of the Musée du Luxembourg, friends of Joseph-François became part of the family council of Charles on the death of his father. Indeed, Baudelaire lost his father at the age of six.

In his home, he became accustomed to admiring paintings by Prud'hon, Greuze, Biolly. As early as his adolescence he is interested in describing paintings he sees. In 1838 (he is 17) he writes to his stepfather: "A few days ago the entire College with all the masters went to Versailles. The king is inviting all the royal schools successively to visit it. Thus we strolled in all the rooms . . . I do not know if I am right since I know little about painting, but it seemed to me that the good paintings were few and far between; those of the Empire period that are said to be very lovely often appear so regular, so cold! Perhaps I am speaking without rhyme or reason but I am only relating my impressions . . ."

This love of painting will cause in part his first financial setbacks and the quickly realized threat by his mother to give him a legal guardian. Indeed, two years after having received his paternal inheritance, he already had a great many debts due in large part to the purchase of pictures.

Baudelaire and his family

The exhibition focuses on Baudelaire the art critic but thanks to certain documents we are also able to know the family surroundings of the poet better, this sheds new light on its singularity.

Singularity? A sentence by Nada, the famous photographer who was also a talented sketcher as a few of his works exposed here attest: enlightens us on that subject: "This always remarkable head coming out of the invariably turned up collar of the overcoat, a severely defined nose, between two eyes that are unforgettable: two drops of coffee under eyebrows that go up . . . a clean-shaven face . . . the startled passerby as though anxious, thought: he wasn't like other people." Legend has it that Balzac and Baudelaire having met on the street quite by chance, without ever having been introduced recognized one another right away and began a lengthy conversation!

The father of Baudelaire: a portrait reveals him to be a man with an animated face, lively eyes, with fine hands and a good-natured and artistic appearance.

The mother of Baudelaire: Caroline Dufays, born in England, lost both parents when she was seven, and twenty years later married a friend of her guardian, Joseph-François Baudelaire, thirty four years her senior. Eighteen months after the death of the old man she remarried a military man who was only four years older than her. She must, no doubt, have retained some nostalgic thoughts of this first marriage and how could she not consider with a particular emotion the survival in her son of the paternal interest in painting?

"In my childhood there was a period of passionate love for you" the poet later wrote to his mother, alluding to the period of widowhood. "I was always alive in you, and you were mine alone". At the death of her son, she wrote to Poulet-Malassis, Baudelaire's friend: "General Aupick, my husband, adored Charles. What a shock it was for us when he refused everything that we wanted to do for him, and wanted to be independent and to be an author. What a disappointment in our family life which had been a happy one until then! What a sadness! If Charles had let himself be guided by his step-father he would not have left a name in literature it is true, but all three of us would have been happier."

Baudelaire had certainly sensed this reproach when he wrote this painful and enormous blasphemy:

Bénédiction

"When by decree of the supreme powers
The poet appears in this weary world
His mother terrified and full of blasphemies
Clenches her fists at God who takes pity on him."

It is true that to the literary talent there was added the violent extravagances of the dandy, and that the fear of shocking did not act as a very effective restraint in Baudelaire. His very singularity cut him off from people who were not lacking in good qualities but who lived in a conventional environment.

The step-father: James Aupick. A soldier who had worked his way up, he was to become a general, then an ambassador of France and a director of the Polytechnic School. He was in that capacity at the time of the revolution of 1848. One of his students relates that "the boys of the School decided that during the riots they would scatter throughout the various districts with a view to trying to establish a truce. An ordinary leader would have sent us back to our studies, but General Aupick was not an ordinary leader. He had a great deal of firmness, combined with kindness and a rare wisdom. With a perfect tact he authorized our decision".

Concerned about discipline and perhaps because he was not anxious to have in his home the child of the first marriage of his wife, he placed Charles in a boarding school in Lyon, then in Paris. When Charles had worked well he sought to reward him with fencing lessons. The child preferred courses on the history of religion!

Of the two portraits of him that are to be found in the exhibition, one emphasizes his squarely set face. His military but not insensitive appearance there gives an impression of rather rigid straightforwardness. The second is more flattering, the face is more animated.

Baudelaire often wrote loving letters to his step-father. "General Aupick, writes the Baudelaire, scholar Jacques Crépet, was neither an ogre, nor a fool, nor an old fogey, but simply a good soldier who was a little rigid in his ideas, strapped into his uprightness as in a uniform and quick to reach for his sword."

A description of Claude-Alphonse given by a friend of the poet enlightens us on the nervous heredity of the former. "I heard someone shout at the coachman: go to M. Baudelaire's house. The coach stopped in front of a fine looking house. A man stormed into our carriage. It was M. Baudelaire, our M. Baudelaire physically oversized, bigger, stronger, brusque, moving imperiously by fits and starts, a Baudelaire with galvanic gestures". He died at the age of 57 of hemiplegia.

When one reads the Letters to his Family, written by the poet when he was between the ages of 11-20, one is struck by the emotional wretchedness of this child isolated in the provinces, too proud to try and beg for pity but who is continually seeking to please his parents, to be a source of satisfaction by his success and who is already beginning to be marked by the feeling that he will not be able to give this satisfaction to his loved ones. Will the ironic assurance of his uniqueness be sufficient later to assuage this old torment?

All his life he preferred physical and intellectual joy to the heavy burden of conformity. The abuse of stimulants to find pleasure "in which one drowns" already indicates a propensity for the exquisite soothing of prematurely exhausted nerves. He was only 44 years old when he was stricken by aphasia and a short time after by a general paralysis. He died on August 31st, 1867, in Paris, where his friends touched by his poverty had sought to obtain for him a pension from the Instruction Publique. He left behind his work as a poet, the *Poèmes en Prose*, *Mon Coeur mis à nu*, the *Curiosités Esthétiques*, and the wonderful translations of Edgar Poe. Verlaine had written about him: "The great originality of Ch. Baudelaire is in my mind his physically and essentially representing modern man . . . by this I mean only the psyche of modern man such as he has become due to the refinements of an excessive civilization; modern man with his senses sharpened and vibrating, his painfully discerning mind, his brain saturated with tobacco, his blood burning with alcohol, in a word, the supreme nervous wreck, as H. Taine would say."

The exhibition enjoyed a considerable success. Schoolgirls and boys, and people of all ages went to refresh their adolescent memories or to deepen their knowledge of a poet who lives on in each one of us.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson

gallery-hunt

BY JULES ARBEC

Our modern life plunges us directly into this universe of forms and masses that surround us. But day to day prosody stumps the spatial beauty that surrounds us; the harmonies of lines and forms which unobtrusively respond to one another. It is from this heteroclit world that our sculptors borrow the free motion of lines and forms to refine them by conferring on them a new dimension that inflates them with a new esthetic dynamism that certainly is pleasing to the eye. That is the impression that I retained after visiting a few sculpture exhibitions that were held last fall in a few galleries in Montreal and outside it.

What most amazed me in the majority of cases was no doubt the great variety of materials that the artists used and the originality of expression which emerged from this. In this manner Serge Tosi-gnant pleasantly surprised us when he last exhibited at the Godard Lefort Gallery. His few sculptures are interesting as much for the formal research which was apparent in them as for the originality

joined to a very rich imagination. In a few words, Tousignant is one of our young sculptors who is in control of all of his abilities which he is skillfully and assuredly channeling. A sculpture such as his "Mouvement dégressif rose" reveals his great mastery of his art that joins a searching sense of geometric construction. Cubes and pyramids set one against the other give a total symmetrical effect whose moderation of lines accentuates a certain static state. However, there is evident an equilibrium and a stability that make the harmony and the work. But Tousignant attains an even greater excellence in his guillotine and spherical bulb in which the artist has worked and turned to good account a multitude of possibilities that he exploited with great success. His guillotine is without any doubt the work which most greatly attests to the innovating spirit of the artist. Constructed according to a very arbitrary plan this work is composed of three cone-shaped stones whose length extends over nearly ten feet. These stones are divided in the centre by a mirror reflecting the forms of each one of the sides, where each panel composing the whole of the structure is coloured by tones varying from red to yellow and also including blue or green. This scale of colours forms a harmonious range in which each colour is reciprocally glorified by its contrast or complement. These two series of colours are reflected in the mirror in the centre creating an almost prismatic effect allowing the viewer's eye to make a visual synthesis of the different colours that can vary depending on the point of view. However, we must not think this is cybernetic art, but it is at the very least a fortuitous experiment whose technique could profitably be probed further. His "Bulle stéréotypique" presents a design that is interesting in the choice of materials and in the use the artist has made of them. The plexiglass defines the form of a half-sphere whose surface reflects the light that plays on the decorations painted on the sphere. The light rays join the work. This globe is mounted on a stainless steel base on which the exterior lighting plays and flashes back on the geometric bands drawn on the surface. This metallic plate similarly reflects exterior objects, these reflections are distorted by the glass that surrounds them.

By the visual illusions that it creates this work constitutes another means of participation of the viewer in the work of the painter.

The exhibition was made up moreover, of paper collages whose parallel edges were bordered with stripes of different colours, that showed the board surface of the centre. This exhibition revealed a prolific and original artist whose success seems already assured.

It is in this manner that our young artists are increasingly asserting themselves as much at home as abroad.

Last December Jean Noël exhibited about twenty mural sculptures at the *Carmen Lamanna* Gallery in Toronto. After having used wood and metal as means of expression, Jean Noël arrived at a series of experiments with sheets of plastic which yielded very good results. His works are made up of raised ovals set one beside the other creating a certain rhythm. This rhythm is accentuated on the one hand by the modification of masses whose plastic arrangement is shown to advantage by the slightly graduated colours. On the other hand these forms seem to move backward and forward, this produces a very interesting play of lights on the material. These arrangements are as much as twelve feet long and form a homogeneity that is very coherently structured as much in the variation of the colour as in a very esthetic dividing up of the mass.

Last summer at the time of the display of the sculpture of young artists at the Musée d'Art Contemporain, Jean Noël had presented works done with a great geometric stylization. His inventiveness was revealed by the varied arrangements of his combinations of interchangeable cubes. Noël certainly has a very searching sense of space as he demonstrated in his previous works. In the experience of his sculptures placed in a prominent position on a wall, the artist does not exploit all of space as in his first works. But his new creations are perfectly adapted to an environment art. In this matter we are able to appreciate the innovating quality of Noël who is always seeking to create in terms of global art.

The art of Fernand Séguin arises from quite a different world than does that of the two previously mentioned sculptors. In his work we feel a kind of attempt that is sometimes very successful, a challenge to space. Séguin wants to gradually bring matter under control and progressively exploit all the possibilities that it presents.

He began with metal and wood montages that produced a very favourable result even if the exploitation of space is not very deep. However we call attention to a sense of equilibrium and plasticity which is well dealt with. But there is an inner dynamism in these pieces that could be developed even more.

His latest attempts reveal a development of his style that may be very interesting in certain respects. His metal stems forming the main supports for his mobile works have allowed a spatial expansion that does not always coincide with a balance that we would like to

see. But they give to his sculptures a dynamism that is accentuated by mobile pieces of plastic whose effect sometimes leaves something to be desired. However the play of light on the colours heightens the esthetic aspect of his sculptures. In a like manner we could see in the Boutique Soleil, certain works which have a very personal treatment.

Séguin has succeeded in building up a plastic language which takes into consideration a certain dimension of space and he does it with some degree of esthetics but there would be advantage to developing a deeper stylization in order to attain a more homogeneous structuring.

Art always takes on new facets, but there are means of expression that scarcely undergo evolution. Yet people remain interested in them for the picturesque and spontaneous qualities that are found in them. That was my first impression on visiting the Leppel Gallery which specializes in Eskimo and African art. In front of these works which for no reason are called primitive art, I was able to appreciate the genuineness of the sculptures in which simplicity and a certain stylization rejoins beyond the apparent primitivism of the work, a certain refinement which springs from the sensitivity of the artists.

If we rely on the technique used, we perceive a complete planning proceeding from the treatment employed. But in this apparent simplicity the harmony and the smoothness of the lines are on a par with a very elaborate plastic process. The thematic aspect is no less interesting for this because it reveals to us through the various subjects treated, the entire anthropological aspect which is embodied in this art. The Eskimo who brandishes his harpoon or the mother who carries her child on her back are perhaps severely planned works. Their expressions are no less very free due to a searching workmanship. The Eskimo sculptor gave freedom to the usual pattern of his work, an expression that meaningfully interprets very personal feelings.

Passing from three dimensional to two dimensional works, I discovered as many qualities and as much pleasure on my last visits. At the Le Gobelet Gallery about thirty ink drawings by Jean Letarte attracted my attention by their very special nature.

Some of them contain a veritable explosion of forms and colour. His tableaux are drawn with a refinement and an assurance that indicate in Letarte the complete control of his means of expression.

The refinement of the strokes and their great cohesion make each picture a veritable poem that amazes the viewer. Letarte takes pleasure in setting in motion angles and curves whose softness is almost tactile in spite of being two dimensional. The use he makes of colour takes on a great importance mainly in certain pictures where the blots are almost conditioned by a force focusing on the centre which spreads them out according to a well ordered symmetry, around a central nucleus.

The blots are arranged according to a very well balanced equilibrium in which the artist considers the gradation of tones. We can however perceive in his works a great spontaneity and a freshness of expression which are on a par with the skill of the painter. His ink and pencil sketches set against a golden background afford an unquestionable interest by the emphasis on the qualities of the ink and the colours. However there seems to be no intimate cohesion between the masses and the background.

The "Trois Mages", a semi-figurative work seems to be very successful in its design and the inner balance of the masses. Moreover, we are always conscious of this successful fusion of a perfectly constructed symmetry and the relations with the other graphic forms. The discerning utilization of coloured ink and the effect of a very elaborate construction give his tableaux an undeniable pictorial value.

In another respect, last December Gérald Tremblay, a Montreal painter, exhibited about twenty canvasses in Quebec city. His painting reveals an accomplished artist who has already made his mark in our Quebec milieu. Tremblay's style seems to be very structured and reflects a great deal of imagination.

His technique and the inner elaboration of each picture can be for us a whole world of suggestion by the calligraphic symbols and certain signs whose forms remind us of those of the zodiac. This writing is set off by a graduated background that gives a certain depth field to the picture while retaining a two dimensional quality.

His colour effects make a perfect synthesis with the forms that stand out in a grid effect. A thin layer of varnish produces on the picture a glaze that allows the free play of light and emphasizes this symmetry. In spite of the static state of the forms, Tremblay has achieved a great control over his material and his work reveals maturity and an incontestable talent.

Translation by Yvonne Kirbyson