

“A FAIRE FIELDE FUL OF FOLKE”

from William Langland's *Piers Plowman* late 14th century, B Text



Rounding a corner on the highway half-way between Aulac, New Brunswick and Cape Tormentine, en route to catch the P.E.I. Ferry, your vision is accosted by a large and rather peculiar gathering, a colony of unmoving and mute figures who sprawl over an embankment in front of a roadside hamburger stand.

These are Andy MacDonald's "people"—put together from Javex bottles, discarded remnants and other assorted oddments, and usually accompanied by a liquor or beer bottle. Arranged in a superb assortment of attitudes to resemble a pantomime in suspension, each figure has pinned to him a piece of cloth or plastic on which is written his most distinguishing thoughts. These wonderfully flamboyant people, holding conversations with each other, are infused with their author's witty perception. They also require a lot of care. After every rainstorm, the water must be emptied from their boots, their heads straightened after a high







wind, and their bottles kept close at hand.

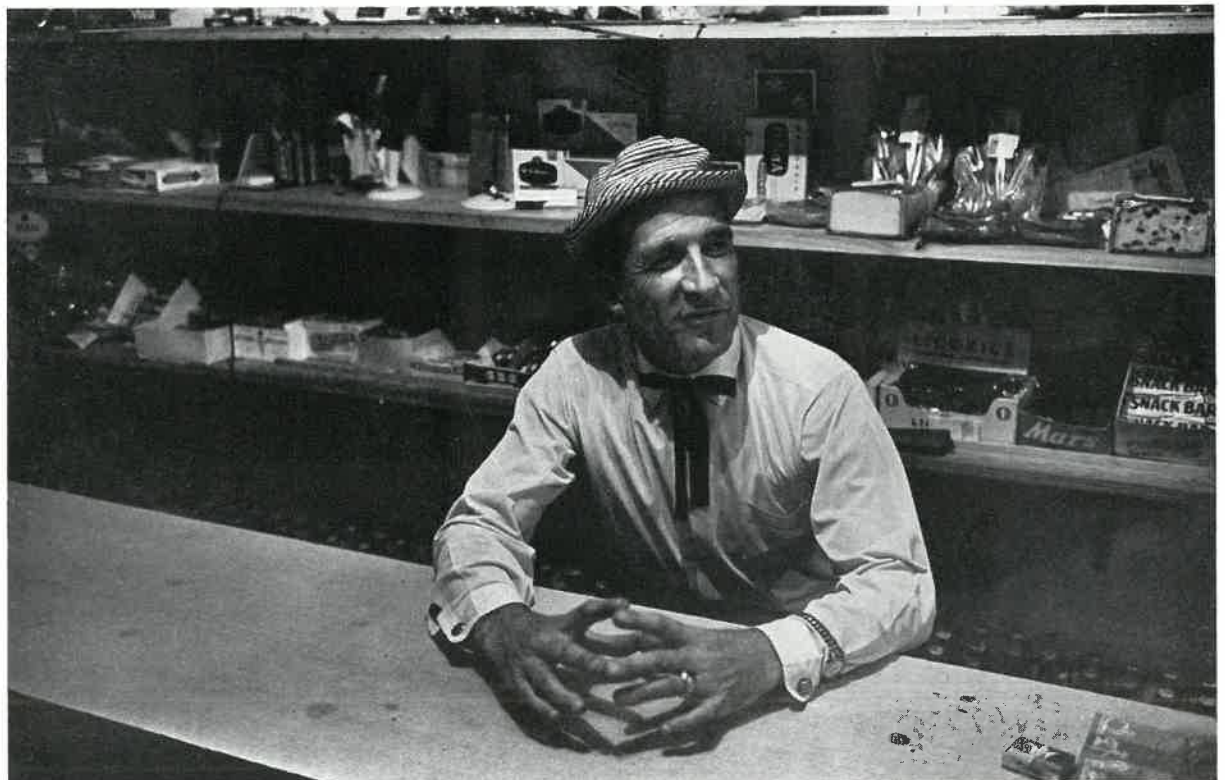
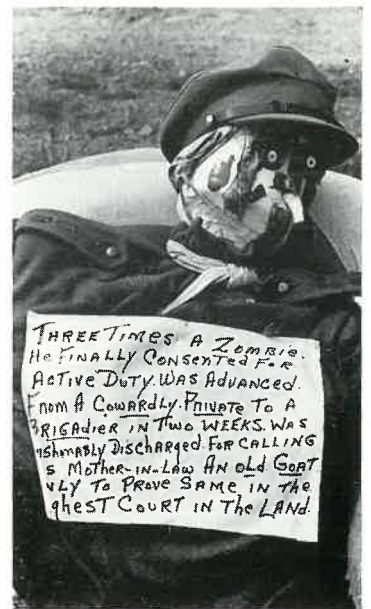
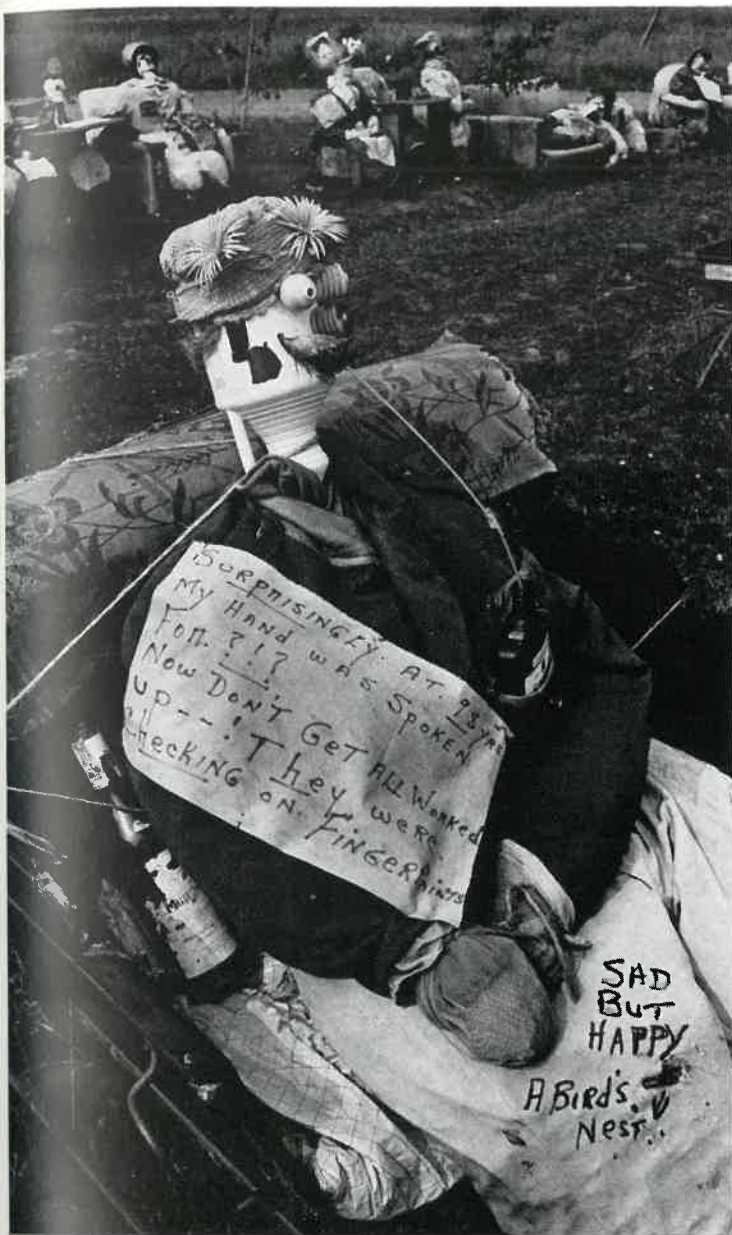
Andy MacDonald is an easy-going Cape Bretoner from Sydney Mines who first begat his family three years ago, using a Javex bottle and a worn red sweater of his own. An offended neighbour, mistaking the figure for Andy, called shortly after it took its place in front of the stand to complain that Andy had not returned his greeting. Andy felt his third offspring was lonely (he has two *real* children), so he made another, then another, and the next year he decided they definitely required a community of "people" like themselves, to create a group spirit. The spirit and the "family" materialized. There are between 40 to 50 of them now. According to Andy, the characters shape themselves as soon as he starts them; he knows

what they are thinking and what they want to say, and chuckles to himself as each new member evolves after its own particular pattern.

Are Andy's characters based on real people — the neighbours, perhaps? He says no, ". . . but they must come from somewhere, from back in the past." He tells of his father, a miner so strict in his conception of family behavior that Andy was forbidden to whistle on Sunday, not even a hymn. Andy sees the most gregarious of his characterizations as an expression of "back talk" to his father, repressed and exaggerated all the years of his stringent upbringing. Andy refers to his "family" with as much humour and pleasure as if they were real, and indeed, customers coming to the stand often find a friend amongst

the vibrant collection, someone they know and like. Once, an elderly gentleman from Massachusetts was so amused by the first two figures he spotted that his sons had to help him, bent double with laughter, back to the car. Andy says he can tell where the visitors come from by their reactions. Maritimers, and especially Cape Bretoners and Newfoundlanders, derive the biggest laugh, he says, and understand the "family" with the greatest alacrity.

Andy has a propensity for collecting people, real and otherwise, and employs an intuitive old sheep dog to help him. Tramp rests his paws on your knee to have his great, shaggy head caressed and his ears rubbed — all affection and interest. Should you attempt to leave, however, he will promptly bite you on the ankle!



QUEBEC

Tree figures by Germain Miville-Deschênes, St Jean Port Joli



the whole history of the world

Chicoutimi's Arthur Villeneuve is that much-trumpeted phenomenon: a painter by revelation. He believes that he has been called to portray his perspective of the world, past and present, in order to alleviate the grimmer prospects of the less imaginative. A barber in the Chicoutimi hospital for thirty-three years, Mr Villeneuve was overcome by an urge to depict his native region in the vivid mode in which it existed for him. Thirteen years ago, the walls of his two-storey wood-frame home near Lake St. John began to disappear under murals of provincial landscapes. From floor to ceiling, the house was transformed with townspeople, fields, rivers, animals and buildings—even the history of the world—

blocked out in powerful colours and outlined in black, like slivers of bright stained glass.

When Mr Villeneuve eventually ran out of wall space, some thousands of hours and several years later, he resorted reluctantly to canvas. Mrs Villeneuve, an energetic and strong-minded woman, at first opposed her husband's urgent activities; but upon viewing his mounted canvases in a Montreal art gallery, committed herself determinedly to his cause. The various media of painting are obviously of secondary importance to Mr Villeneuve, as he still uses odds and ends of ordinary house paint, and sometimes disregards the confining borders of canvas: overlap-

1 *The whole of civilization after Christ*

2 Detail from wall painting showing *Twelve apostles with earth-orbiting sputnik*

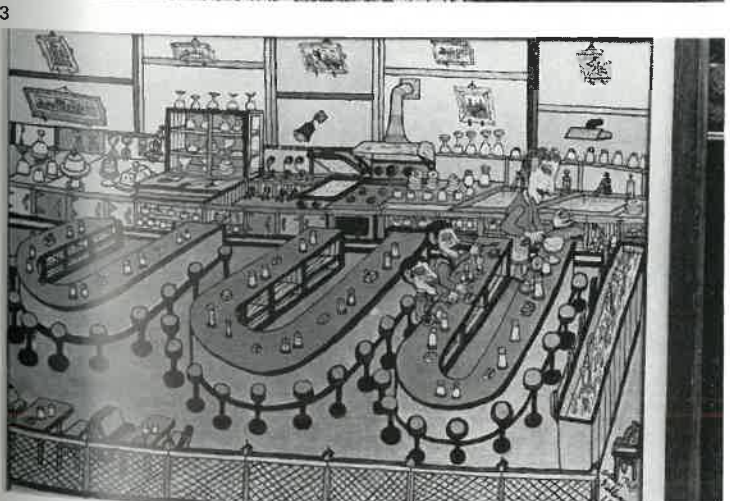
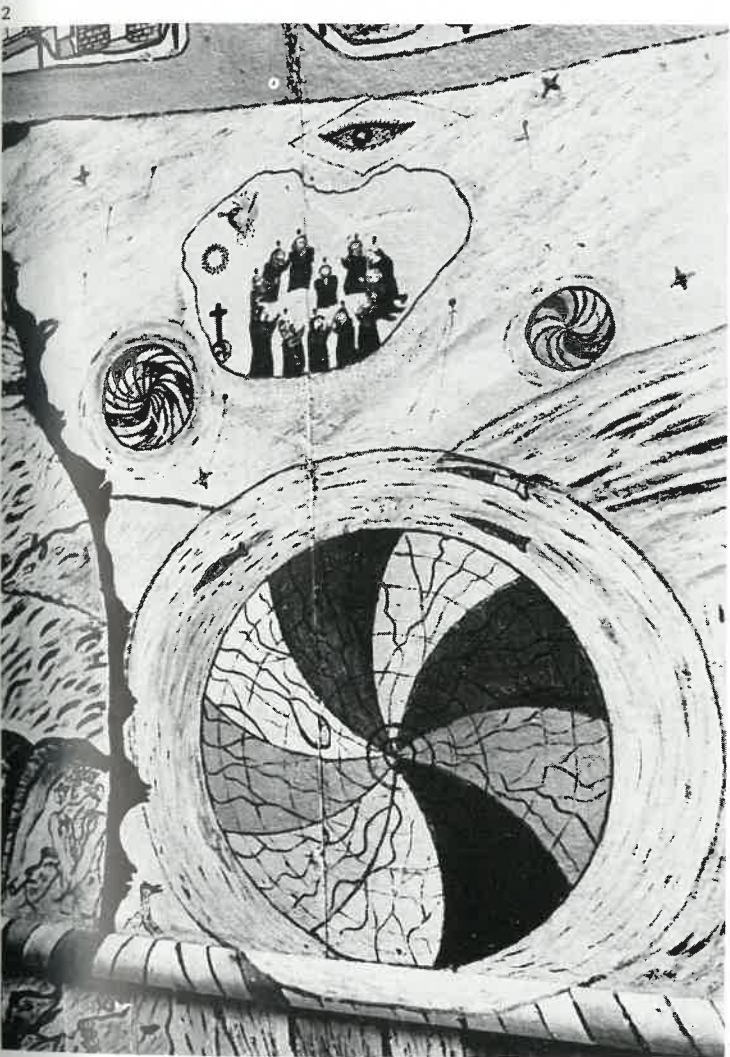
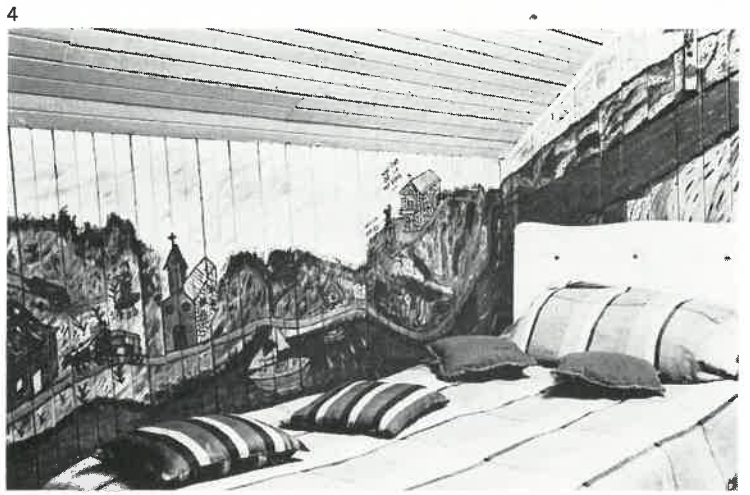
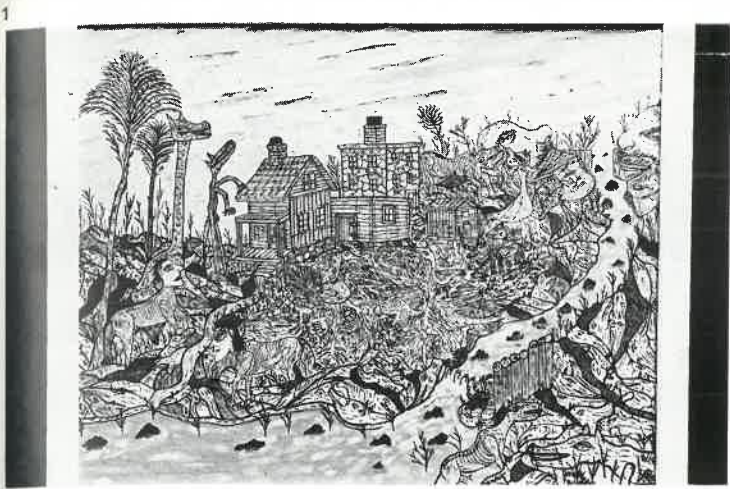
3 *Café on Racine Street, Chicoutimi*

4 Bedroom with wall painting *Rivière du Moulin*

5 View of stairwell

ping onto tables or floor. With merely a third grade education, the small and resolute man had to be taught by his wife to sign his name to his paintings.

Although Mr Villeneuve has been known variously as the Town Fool and the Mad Barber of Chicoutimi, his unusual home is a museum that draws up to 2500 visitors yearly. His compelling and often formidable imagination lends to his art an individuality unhampered by convention. The exquisite detail of his landscape stands out in sharp relief similar to that of etchings. Arthur Villeneuve's desire to "move the people" is a legitimate one; its fulfillment must depend on the freshness with which his innocent work is viewed.



ONTARIO

Roots by David McFadden

You sure feel stupid driving around South-western Ontario looking for Grass Roots Artists or maybe even Folk Artists, people who do good things for love with no idea of the fame-and-fortune possibilities. You feel stupid but suddenly you find something really terrific and you feel OK again.

Something really terrific is the gas station at 249 Courtland St. E., in the southwest end of Kitchener. It's presently leased by Graham Petroleums ("We pump Gulf"). It's a magic place and it's beautiful to be inside it and, contrary to the expected cliché, the guys who work there know it. There's three of them and they're each strongly affected in a very good way by the building.

Gord Meredith of Balfour Street, Kitchener, is the manager. He's a good-looking guy about 40, full of life, a little reminiscent of Jack Kerouac, and he says: "One time it was raining like hell and there was a bunch of salesmen in here keeping dry. They were all standing over at that window watching the rain come down and I said, 'Hey, would a couple of you guys like to move down to the other end here, I'm afraid we're going to capsize.' At first they didn't get it but then they laughed."

Reed and Ron are Gord's helpers. Ron Stark, about 18, told me about the three-wheeled motorbike I'll be mentioning soon. Reed, about 21, casually mentioned he was a painter in oils. I asked him who his favourite painter was and he said, coyly,

"Everybody calls me Van Gogh." He wants to take a watchmaker's course and had never heard of *arts/canada* magazine. I told him about it and he said, "Hey, that's the magazine all the Kitchener drunks drink, they boil the pages down for the alcohol content."

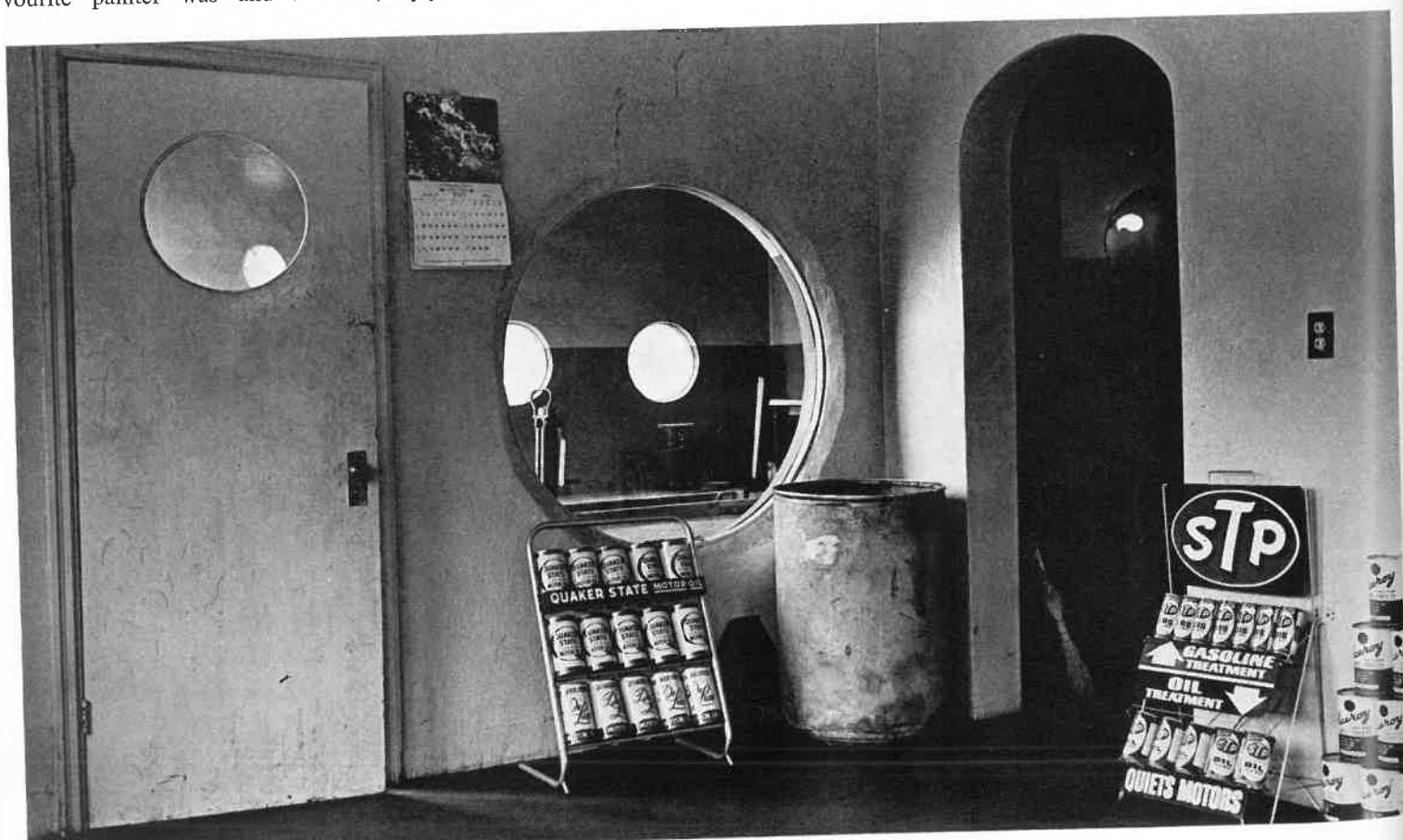
The station was designed and built in 1947 by Win Schwoob (pronounced Swo-be), 67, of Borden Ave. N., Kitchener. He's still the owner. I went to see Mr Schwoob at his house but he didn't want me in and he didn't want to come out so we talked awkwardly through the screen door. I got the impression the station was an accidental creation, inspired in part by a trip through the southern U.S.A. just after the war. There's not much grass root left in Mr Schwoob, Gord and Reed and Ron having become the creators by default.

Back at the station Ron Stark decided to take us to see the Mini-Bike. It was built by Barry Liczy and Dave Weaver, both 19, of Kitchener. We didn't get to meet Barry and Dave as both were at work, Barry being an electrician, and Dave working at Dare's Biscuits. This is their first year out of school. They keep the bike at Ron's place because right next door is a parking lot which becomes vacant and usable for speed tests at night.

The bike is built on a modified (Boy, is it modified!) CCM bicycle frame, has a Suzuki 180 cc motor, 4.10/3.50-6 racing slicks at the rear and a child's tiny wagon



wheel a little bit out of shape at the front. The big feature is the gas tanks. They were bought at the K-Mart and are twin ornamental beer kegs complete with functional twin taps, tiny gold-plated things. "They should call it the Booze Buggy," said Edward Maelitz, 11½, the paper boy. Then, his voice full of awe, he declared, "In six house lengths they can get it up to 50 m.p.h." At the rear protrude two bars to prevent the bike from going over backwards completely during takeoff. One of the bars was broken off.



On Highway 8 west of Kitchener just before you get to the little town of Petersburg you see a little green hill off to the right with the lettering J-L PSUTKA imbedded in the hill and visible for miles. And behind, or rather above the lettering some funny little grass huts or Indian forts. Anyway it turns out it's the back yard of an old schoolhouse: S.S. 14 Petersburg School 1923. Jacob and Leona Psutka (pronunciation optional, P'sootka or just plain Sootka. If the pronunciation slips your mind "just remember suitcase") bought the house in spring 1968 and moved in with their six kids aged from three to 17. It's a big old schoolhouse and the eight of them live in a small back section, awaiting complete renovation.

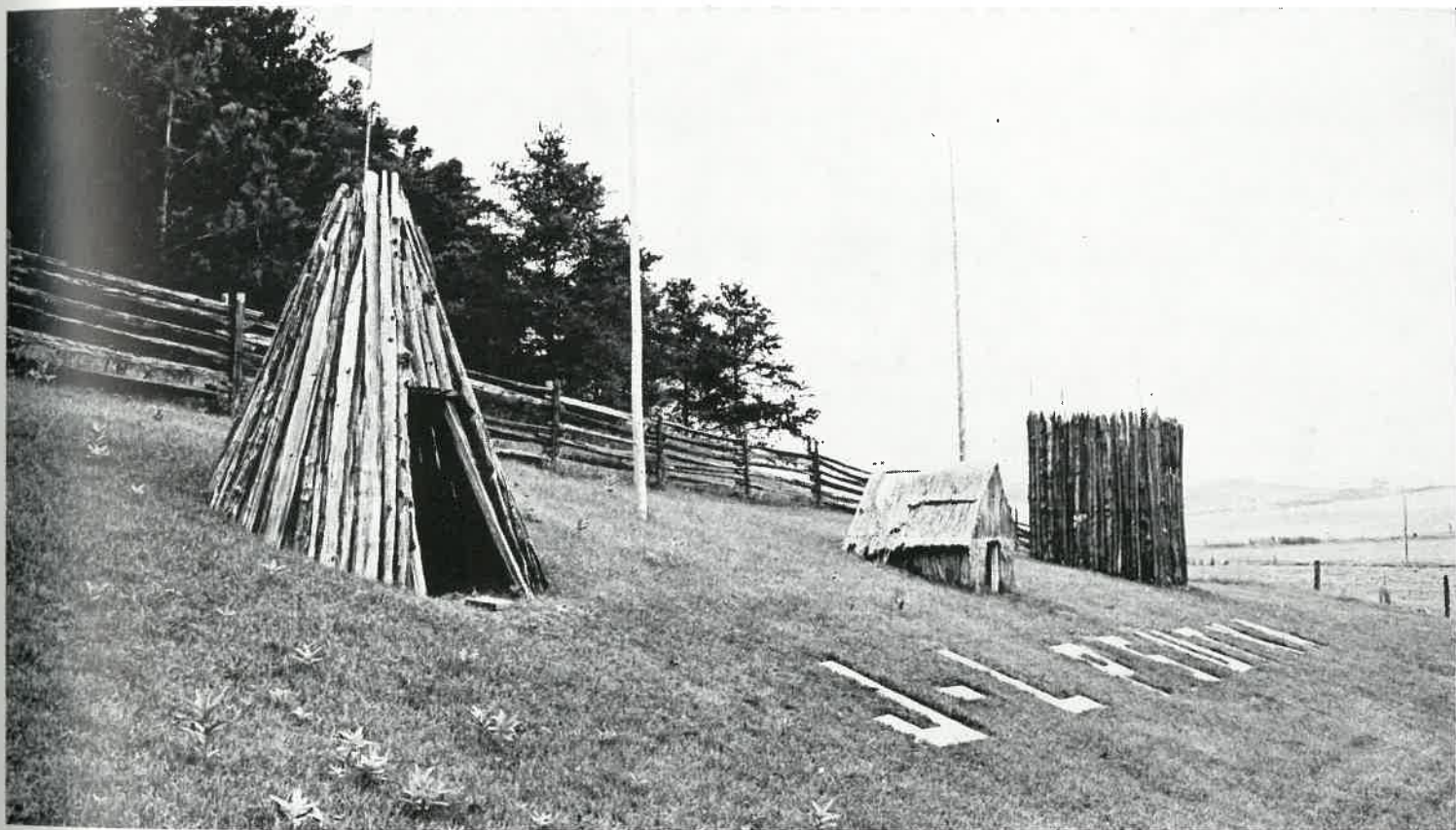
So I made a close inspection of the let-

tering, prime attraction. At close hand the letters are eery, they remind the back of your head of grave markers. They're poured concrete, each letter about three feet by five, raised about three inches above earth level so the grass has to be kept well trimmed.

Behind the letters, further up the hill, are three buildings Jacob built for the kids. FLASH! As I write this I'm listening to the beginning of the second game of the 1969 World Series on the radio and the National Anthem was announced and the band broke into eight bars of the 2001: *A Space Odyssey* theme music. Zow! Anyway, nobody does stuff like this for their kids anymore. It's beautiful. There's a straw hut made out of "fully-grown barley, we just took the heads off." An Indian fort made from "old

fence rails" and an Indian teepee. The buildings are well-spaced three in a row and from them you can see south and east about 10 miles. Lucky kids?

Jake works at Canadian Blown Forge in Kitchener and is a man who "always has to be active," says Leona. Relatives, of course, think they're nuts for having bought the place. The house sits on four beautifully rolling acres, nicely grassed. They never water the grass but it stays fully green all summer. Jake made his own power lawn roller, a giant of a thing, a half-ton rolling cylinder powered by a huge gasoline engine. They've got two snow cruisers on which they cruise "as far as Baden on the north and New Dundee on the south," and at Christmas they light up the place so proud it "looks like the town hall."



Clayton Laithwaite is a man in his 60s who owns and operates Apple Park Farm two miles east of Goderich on the south side of Highway 8. He's been involved in municipal politics in Goderich, has raised three sons and has had, since 1956, the heartbreaking and thankless job of trying to maintain or at least prevent from decaying the fantastic stone and cement creations of his father, George Laithwaite, 1873-1956. It doesn't seem fair that Clayton should be denied official assistance in preventing this fine example of Canada's National Historic and Artistic Heritage from turning to dust and it's greatly to his credit that he doesn't give up. A wonderful man.

First, a word on the house. According to Clayton it was the first house in the Huron Tract and was built in 1832 by Joe Blake. The top half was added in 1867. George and his young wife bought the place and moved in in 1895.

About the time of the First World War George started sculpting. He had free time, says Clayton, because labour was cheap in those days. Between 1915 and his death in 1956 he surrounded the house with his stoney creations. Now the place is full of ghosts. I've never felt the presence of so many ghosts in one place in my life. Even today in my own place 150 miles away typing out this story I can feel invisible presences all around me, maybe summoned up by the mention of the Laithwaite name, and my hair is standing on end. Perhaps that was why Clayton's three sons moved away.

Along a hedge on the left wing of the house sits old George's grandfather's headstone, reading "In memory of George Laithwaite 1801-1860 born in Lancashire England."

George always worked lifesize. His was a lifesize bag. And the realism of his pieces as they sit here and there among the high

hedges and tall trees and green grass and pretty little flowers is simply overpowering.

Along the same hedge as the headstone is a series including heads of Maggie, Jiggs, Churchill, Roosevelt, Popeye and old bearded Moses with finger pointing toward heaven.

Closer to the highway is the Queen of Sheba (1924). She has cinder hair and sits on a huge base. Funny things are imbedded in the base. For instance, when George was doing Moses the pointing hand broke and he had to do another. So rather than throw the broken hand away he put it on the base of the Queen of Sheba. Later he was doing a monkey and the head fell off. So he put the monkey's head on top of the hand sticking out of the base of the Queen of Sheba.

Halfway between the Queen of Sheba and Moses is a stone barbecue, functional, built in the 30s. It's about 12 feet tall and



at the top of the chimney is a circular design of two heads, a female and male, facing each other in profile. Beneath this design is the lettering MARY & GEORGE 1895.

Really impressive is the archway, huge, featuring a central Maple Leaf and the words OUR HOME. The coach house fronting on the highway was built single-handedly by old George in 1945 at age 72. By that time he was receiving so many visitors interested in his art they were disrupting the household. So he built the coach house as his artistic headquarters. There he installed a pipe organ and Sundays in the late 40s must have been a gas at the Laithwaite farm with old George playing the organ and singing all the old songs to a coach house full of enthusiastic admirers while others strolled around the grounds being stoned by the sculpture.

Things like the polar bear sheltering a cub, very realistic, the mother with a

Blakean ferociousness. Or figures of Jack and Jill facing each other across a distance of 20 feet. Jack and Jill were originally supports for a tennis net but no trace of the net or court remain, unbroken grass everywhere. Or two bucks locked in mortal combat, the lower buck having a death hold on the upper. Or Hitler and Mussolini stretched out on the ground fighting, Hitler on the bottom thrusting a real sabre a good distance into the back of Mussolini, uppermost, while the American Eagle like the angel of death cheers on and a four-foot tall vulture with two human heads representing Churchill and Tojo observes.

There's a drunken farmer and his donkey, "the only creature that'll associate with him," says Clayton. There's a real meteorite dug out of the ground of a nearby farm and brought home, an all-day job so long ago, and old George has draped around it two cement snakes. Etc.





pages 16-17:

1-2 *The Queen of Sheba* 10' high. Headdress and necklace of large stones; all sculpture pieces are cement over armatures made of old iron from machinery

3 *Polar bear and cub*

4 *The Angel of Death* (one of Laithwaite's last works, suggested by his horror of World War II). The Angel of Death in the form of an eagle looks down upon the death struggle of Mussolini and Hitler.

5 *Sir John A. Macdonald* (detail)

6 *Sir Robert Borden and Sir John A. Macdonald driving a team of oxen* (in commemoration of World War I; a plaque with the legend, PLOW BREAKS SWORD, lies at the oxens' feet)

pages 18-19:

7 (left to right) *Moses pointing to the Sacred Law*; gravestone of George Laithwaite's parents; *Churchill and Roosevelt*; *Maggie and Jiggs* on gatepost.

8 *Donkey holding up his master who has been doing the pubs*; (background) *The Angel of Death*

9 *Laithwaite* (centre) and two friends returning from fishing

10 *Stags in death-lock*

11-12 *Jack and Jill* (these child figures formerly held a tennis net)



10



11



12



I'm one of the billions of people who never heard of Dan Patterson while he was alive and I didn't get the chance to see his posthumous Carnation Milk Can Monument before it was shipped off to the *Second Triennial of Naive Art* in Czechoslovakia as Canada's official entry. But I've seen photographs of it and more important maybe I've visited Dan's now-vacant farm and seen the room where the cans were stored and stacked and where the sculpture eventually materialized.

Heavenly Clark McDougall, the St Thomas painter and poet, who knew Dan very well from about 1925 till the time of Dan's death, took me out to the farm. It borders Kettle Creek, on Radio Road off Concession 11 in North Yarmouth Township, Elgin County, a little bit northeast of St Thomas. Dan was born there in 1886 and died there in 1968. A life-long bachelor, Dan wasn't the most ambitious of farmers, being more interested in the finer things of life, like the ponies, widows, whisky, and art. As a young man he played the guitar and sang, solo and in groups, at church halls here and there around the Thomas Hardy-Raymond Knister countryside. Clark remembers him in later life occasionally picking up the rusty old guitar and singing, and the style was pure Southern Blues according to Clark.

Dan always bought Carnation milk in the small can for his coffee as he didn't have an icebox and Carnation lasts longer. The empty cans piled up, maybe because he was too lazy to put out the garbage as most people claim. I think it was because he liked

the pretty red-and-white floral design on each can and had some idea something could be done with them.

In 1925 Clark McDougall in his constant quest for things to paint came upon the picturesque Patterson farm, set down his bicycle and set up his easel. Dan befriended young Clark and Clark returned repeatedly to paint the farm, Kettle Creek, the bridge, cows, hills.

Dan never made the slightest comment on anything Clark was painting but it was obvious he was interested as he always came around and looked. I often wonder if Dan's sculpture was some kind of an intuitive reaction to Clark's painting. Like, "He thinks he's painting pictures but I know what he's *really* doing and I can do the same thing with these cans."

Anyway old Dan one day got down to work and started drilling holes in each of the cans and stringing them together in long strings with heavy wire. He began gradually to fashion inverted pyramids, loops, lovely things to amaze you. By the time of Dan's death the little room at the back of the farmhouse must have been fantastic. Stepping into that room must have been like stepping out of Elgin County and stepping into a room on Another Planet. The whole thing got to be sort of metaphysical, sort of glorious. Clark denies it, but Dan must have realized he'd produced something more than he bargained for. Anyway, he died in the fall of 1968, aged 82, and about two weeks later the Official Art World began to take notice.

But old Walter H. Stansell, born 1884,

is still alive and well in the little town of Straffordville. "Things ain't in very good shape," he says. "I live alone." And I noticed with amazement in a corner of his kitchen a big cardboard container full of empty Carnation milk cans. He'd probably string them all together himself if he weren't too busy with more important things like preserving history.

Stansell's tiny house in tiny Straffordville could be emptied into Maple Leaf Gardens and you still wouldn't have room to see all his stuff, to spread it all out so that it could be taken in linearly. It's pure gold to the professional historian, but I've just got space to mention some of the more interesting personal *creations* of Stansell.

First off, he's a top-notch wood-carver.

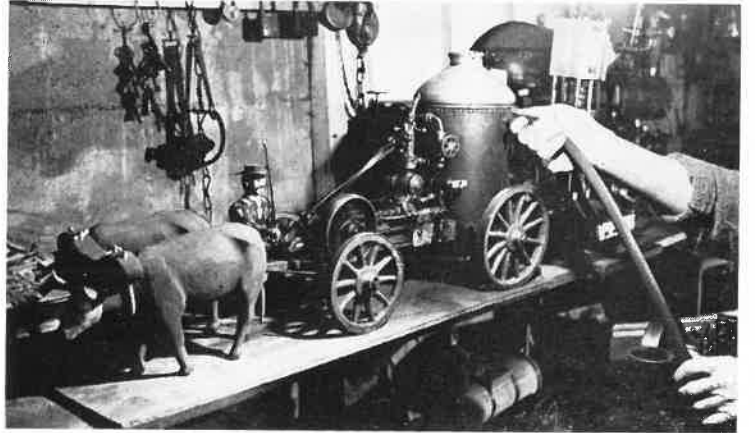
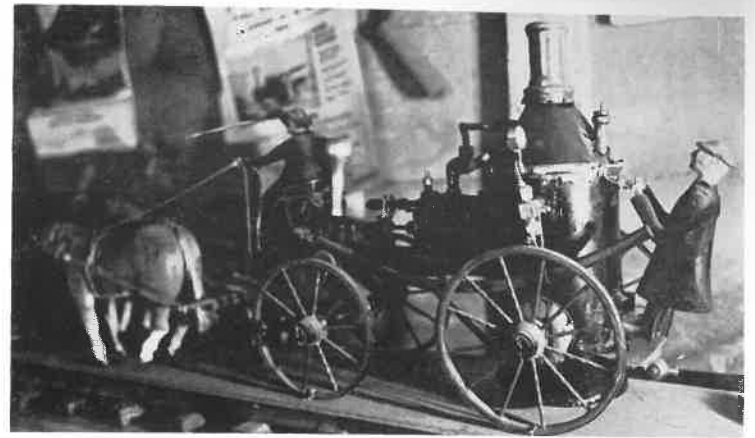
"I was reading in some magazine the other day about some guy out west who carves animals out of wood," says Stansell, "but if you ask me the stuff looked sort of awkward. When it comes to carving animals out of wood I'll take a back seat to nobody." Of course he's right.

He's done a head of his grandson in wood, with movable jaws. It looks out the front window and you can see it from the road. It's so realistic I bet a lot of residents wonder why that kid never gets tired of looking out the front window.

He's done an excellent cigar store Indian: "They wouldn't sell me the one at Honsinger's so I had to make one myself."

He's got a model of the Griffon, the first ship to sail Lake Erie. The original was built at Cayuga Creek, N.Y., in 1679 and went down off Tobermory (pro-





nounced Tubbermurray) the same year. Stansell latched on to some pieces of the wreckage somehow and incorporated some authentic (he can prove it) spikes and hunks of oakwood into the model which is finely-detailed and 30 inches long.

Stansell earned his bread as a carpenter all his life. He was also a musician and played in marching bands like the Groveland Brass Band ("They called it Groveland because there used to be a lot of trees around here"), the Kinglake Brass Band and while he was in Burks Falls in 1905, the Burks Falls Brass Band. He played "everything from cymbals to slide trombone."

In 1924 his wife died "tragic" with diphtheria and he's been alone since. Currently he makes a little money building and repairing old grandfather clocks. His first clock was made from an old gas pump he found. It's in the front room. He still uses and has used all his life the tools of his great-grandfather who was a boat builder in Lyons, near Rochester, N.Y., as well as his own tools.

But if you read a million books on the History of Steam and I spent one hour in Walter Stansell's cellar I'd know more about it than you. He's built a model of an early waterwheel-powered sawmill. You fill the upper reservoir with water, pull open the gate of the dam, the water pours down into the lower level across a waterwheel which is attached to a little sawmill, the saw starts to turn and a tiny log goes through it.

The following are a few of the models Stansell has built and now stores in his cellar.

erated by tiny steam engines he has built himself. The problems involved in building these steam engines alone would be astronomical for an ace machinist in a fully-stocked machine-shop next door to a fully-stocked parts warehouse. Yet Stansell, who was never a machinist, seems to have slowly put these things together through some kind of master will, a feeling for the importance of what he was doing, and the feeling that if he didn't do it it wouldn't get done. "All that's important is the battle," he modestly claims, "and having something to show for your time." Since firing up these steam engines would be a bit dangerous in his cramped cellar, Stansell has an old beat-up air-compressor that if he's lucky builds up to 10 pounds pressure, and all the engines can be operated through lines from the air-compressor. Some of the most important articles are:

The first steam-operated fishing boat Stansell ever saw. "I was four years old, in 1888, and I saw this fishing boat at Clear Creek on Lake Erie at the lower end of Houghton Township."

The Hercules, "that tended the dredge at Port Burwell. When they sold it a few years ago I went down and took a few pictures of it so I could do a model."

The first train engine in Canada, The Toronto, circa 1853.

The first fire engine, 1866, complete with a team of woodcarved galloping horses.

A horse-powered open cylinder threshing machine for use on the barn floor. This model uses Stansell's own tiny universal joints. Each horse is tied to a circular motor

Quance's Sawmill in Delhi. The original is still in use.

A four-valve engine used in generating power for lighting small towns "before we had Hydro."

A Fingal Vibrator threshing machine. The original was in production over 100 years ago.

A horsedrawn watercart used to tow water out to the threshing machine engines in the field. The model is made from hickory "so strong I could stand on it."

A sawmill in use in Burks Falls in 1905.

A grain wagon for hauling grain to the threshing machine.

Stansell has also constructed many little steam engines which use some of his own original radical departures from the standard steam engine idea. Departures which, if they had been invented earlier, would have been snapped up by industry and made for cheaper, more powerful engines.

These include:

A triple expansion steam engine that uses steam three times over.

A camless steam engine.

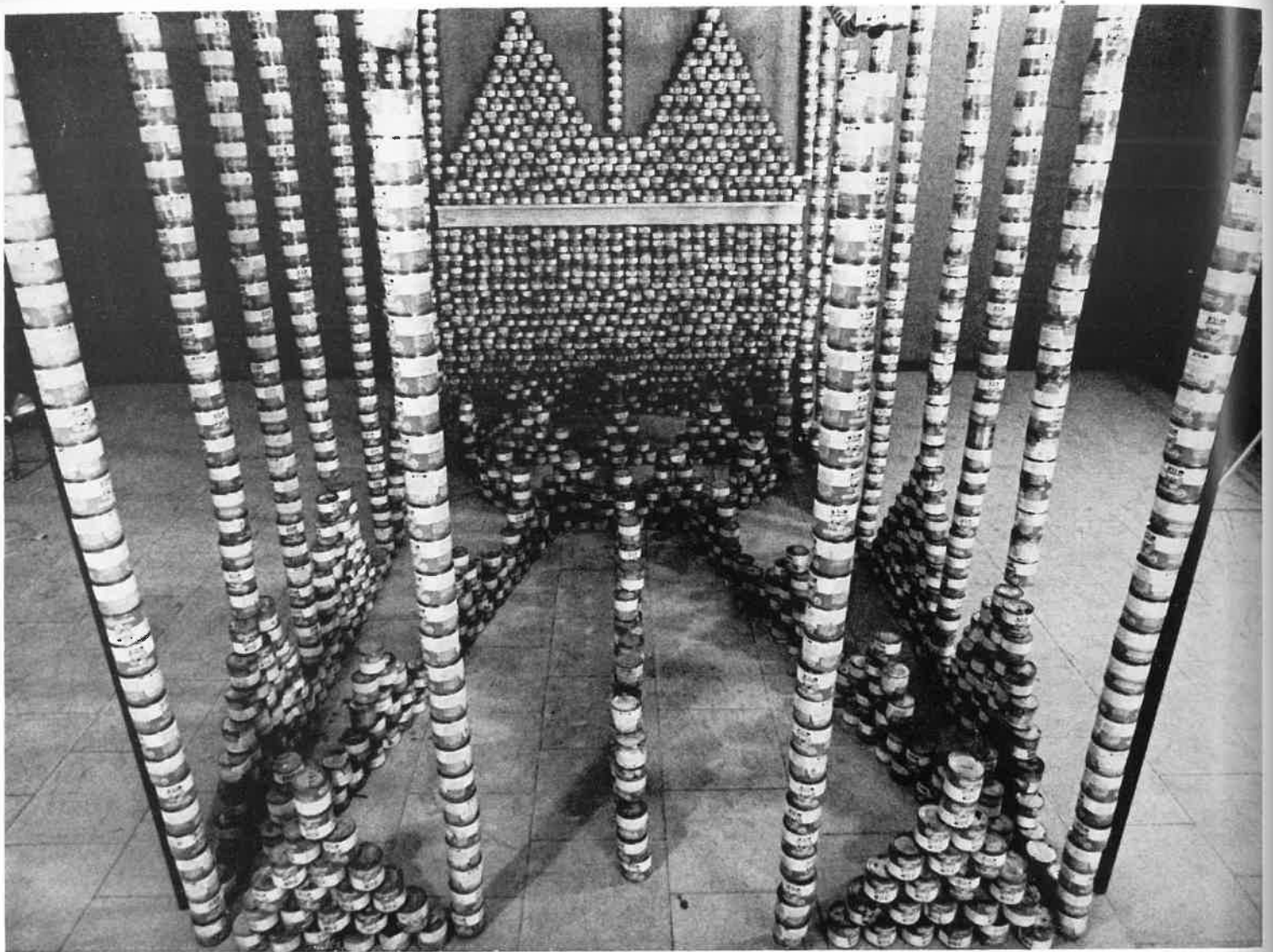
A steam engine with no connecting rods.

"An old guy who knew a lot about steam was down here a while ago," says Stansell, "and he said if I'd got these ideas 75 years ago I would have owned half of Canada."

"Would you have liked to own half of Canada?"

"No," he immediately replied.

"I couldn't have used it. In those days a ten dollar bill was bigger than a horse



Patterson's tins in Czechoslovakia

by Pierre Théberge

The *Second Triennial of Naive Art* organized by the Slovak National Gallery opened in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, September 18, 1969. Twenty-one countries including Canada participated in the Triennial, which, according to its statutes is devoted to "innate, primitive, untrained ingenious creation." Following the opening, a two-day symposium was held to discuss problems related to the preservation and interpretation of folk painting and sculpture. Five hundred and forty works, mostly paintings, were displayed in the halls of Bratislava Castle.

Concurrent with this enormous display of naive art, the Slovak National Gallery had prepared four exhibitions intended to provide points of comparison: *Stone and Wood in the Popular Arts of Slovakia*, *The Tribal Arts of Africa and Oceania*, *Children's Artistic Creations*, and *Psychic Changes and Artistic Expression*, the latter, an exhibition of paintings and drawings done by the patients of a mental hospital.

Canada's participation consisted of one work only, an "environment" made of more than 1,500 empty Carnation Milk cans constructed between 1947 and 1963 by Dan Patterson (1884-1968), a farmer of St Thomas.

Ontario, in the back room of his kitchen. Patterson's work had been dismantled and sent to Czechoslovakia by the National Gallery of Canada. It was reconstructed according to diagrams and photographs made at the time of the dismantling.

Dan Patterson's environmental sculpture differed sharply from the other exhibits in the *Triennial*. Most countries showed "traditional" naive paintings, that is to say paintings done by individuals who have a knowledge of traditional Western painting and who see their own activity as belonging within the realm of art. It was amazing to see how naive paintings from so many different countries commonly shared characteristics of style and subject matter. Most of the paintings were narrative, describing in detail scenes of daily life, festivities of one kind or another, or myths, folk tales and legends. It was as if figurative narration, which has all but disappeared from "non-naive" painting, had taken refuge in the minds of naive artists. It seems that nothing, stylistically, has happened since Henri Rousseau; and most of the works exhibited tended to look rather pedestrian compared to his own magnificent paintings, of which France had sent one example.

Dan Patterson's work thus stood out incongruously and magnificently alone in its eccentricity. He had done his work privately and as far as can be gathered, never intended it to be seen except perhaps by a few friends. He

does not seem to have had any notion that his activity could have been defined as artistic. Clark McDougall, a good friend of Dan Patterson and himself a painter, described in a letter to Jean-Paul Morrisset of the National Gallery a conversation he had with sculptor Roydon Rabinowitch about Patterson's involvement in art:

-Did you or Mr Patterson ever discuss art?

-No.

-What would Mr Patterson talk about?

-He would talk about how his beans were growing.

-What would you talk about with him?

-I would ask him how his beans were growing.

Patterson made his construction for no apparent reason other than that he enjoyed doing it. It is totally abstract and it does not seem to have any kind of symbolic significance. He simply used Carnation Milk cans because they were readily available and he drank the milk because he had no refrigeration. It is both simple and mysterious. His work has the character of a compulsion, totally unreasoned; and it is much more closely related to something like the Watts Towers than to the hundreds of narrative naive paintings with which it was displayed.

Patterson's work was seen in Bratislava as a kind of "folk-pop" work of art; yet Patterson's affinity with the pop artist seems remote to me. So much of the ironic social com-

mentary which seems present in the work of the pop artist is totally absent from Patterson's work. His use of Carnation Milk cans seems to have been fortuitous. He surely bought the milk cans because it was practical; he may however have bought them also for their bright red and white labels which do create a particularly amazing display of colour when seen en masse. In any case, the confrontation between Patterson's milk cans and the naive paintings at Bratislava was interesting. The catalogue of the *Triennial* included essays by the commissioners who had chosen the works representing each country. Some of the essays presented naive paintings as an expression of innocence, as depicting a way of life which is simple and pure, as an antidote to the hardships of contemporary life. In this respect, Patterson's presence was ironical: he had used the waste products of an industrial civilization to create an abstract work of art in a rural environment traditionally seen as serene and uncomplicated.

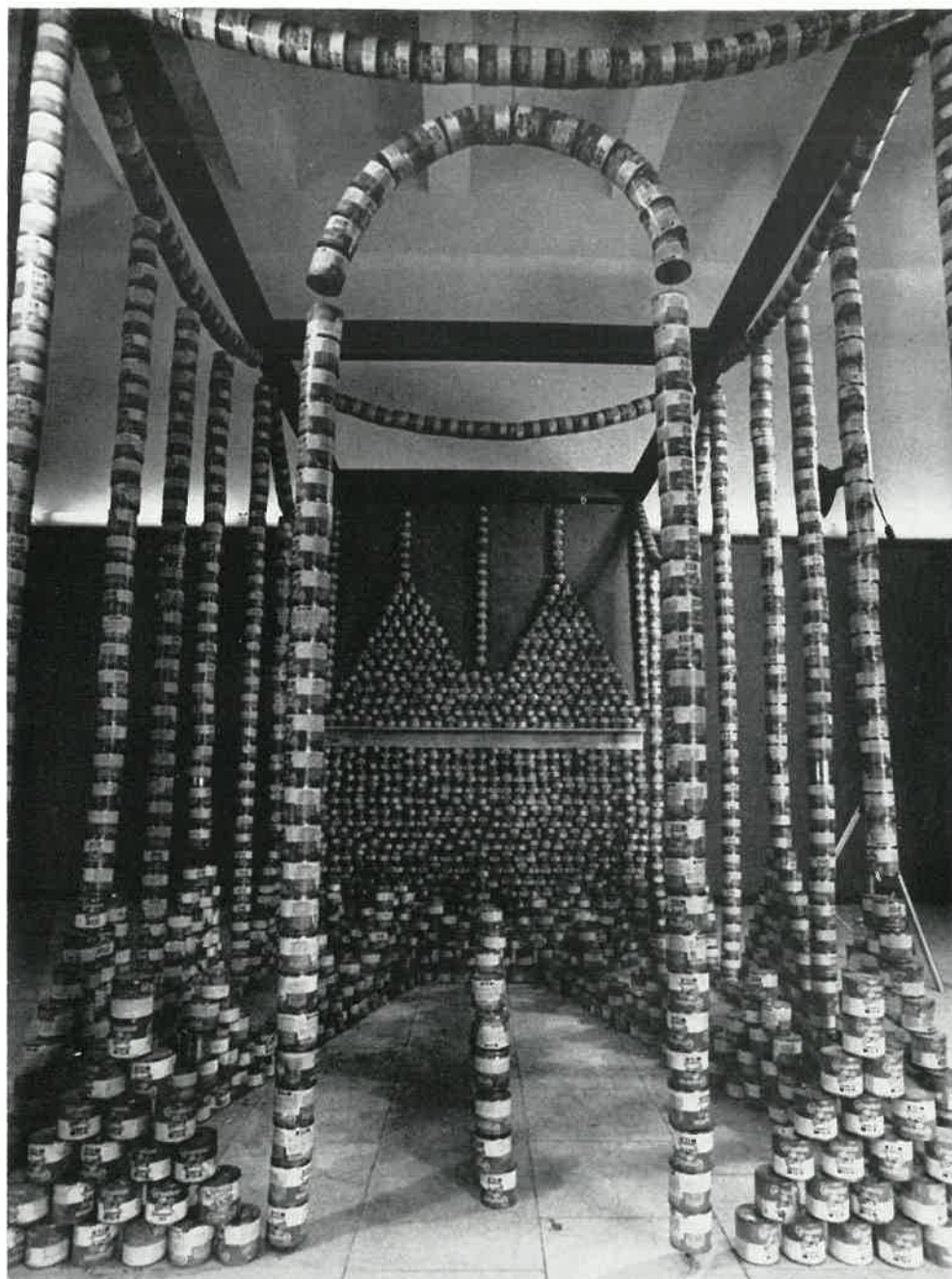
The four exhibitions parallel to the *Triennial* proved to be useful, even if they revealed that naive painting has little in common with them. Naive painting naturally appeared to be much more sophisticated technically than the art of children or the mentally ill. It also appeared unrelated to the arts of Africa or Oceania which are the highly sophisticated manifestations of religious civilizations, and could be compared to Western or Oriental religious art if any comparison is to be made at all. Most of what is defined as naive painting is a very definite genre that has its rules and that fulfills a certain societal role.

Dan Patterson's milk can environment does not fit any rule. It is the eccentric gesture of an individual, done without reference to an artistic tradition.

The jury of the Triennial saluted Dan Patterson by awarding him a second honourable mention with a prize of 5000 Czech crowns.

Installation views, Bratislava, Milk Tin Environment (1947-1968) 7'6" high x 5'9" wide x 10'6" long

Detail in Patterson's home. Photo: Don Vincent (below)



THE PRAIRIES

"to assert man's presence"

by Ronald L. Bloore

Under the bleached brilliance of the prairie sun, surrounded by unreachable horizons, sheltered from cold clear winters man in the three western provinces has struggled to tame his environment and adjust his life to spartan and rigorous regional demands. Upon occasion he has marked his progress with simple artistic means extending beyond immediate necessities and the conventions of North American culture or overseas inheritance.

Principal prairie cities have schools of art, conservatories of music and auditoria. Concessions to high art abound to make life tolerable for a few. There are art galleries, museums, collectors, architects, painters, sculptors and craftsmen. Survival is hard. Once isolation was a refuge, later it was an invigorating stimulus; but now with an acute sense of internationalism that awareness of being distant from major centers is frustrating and spiritually debilitating. Nevertheless art is shaped there; and some of the

most interesting forms are created in a few of the numerous towns and villages.

The Trans-Canada Highway transient recalls the countless village grain elevators. They are common, obviously dominant and slowly changing in appearance. But virtually each village has striking, varied forms: the churches. No two appear to be derived from the same plan. They are statements of tradition from early in this century. Simple, severe with single towers and unadorned windows these churches seem to reflect accurately the aspirations of the early homesteaders who had just moved from sod or log and chink houses into more permanent quarters: a harsh life with few joys except the triumph over environmental adversity. Some towns have an exotic element: the beautiful multidomed Eastern Orthodox churches which are a direct architectural reflection of the ethnic complexity of the West. In the villages false fronted stores seem to be more than naive

deception, they tend to assert man's presence in limitless fields of waving grass and grain.

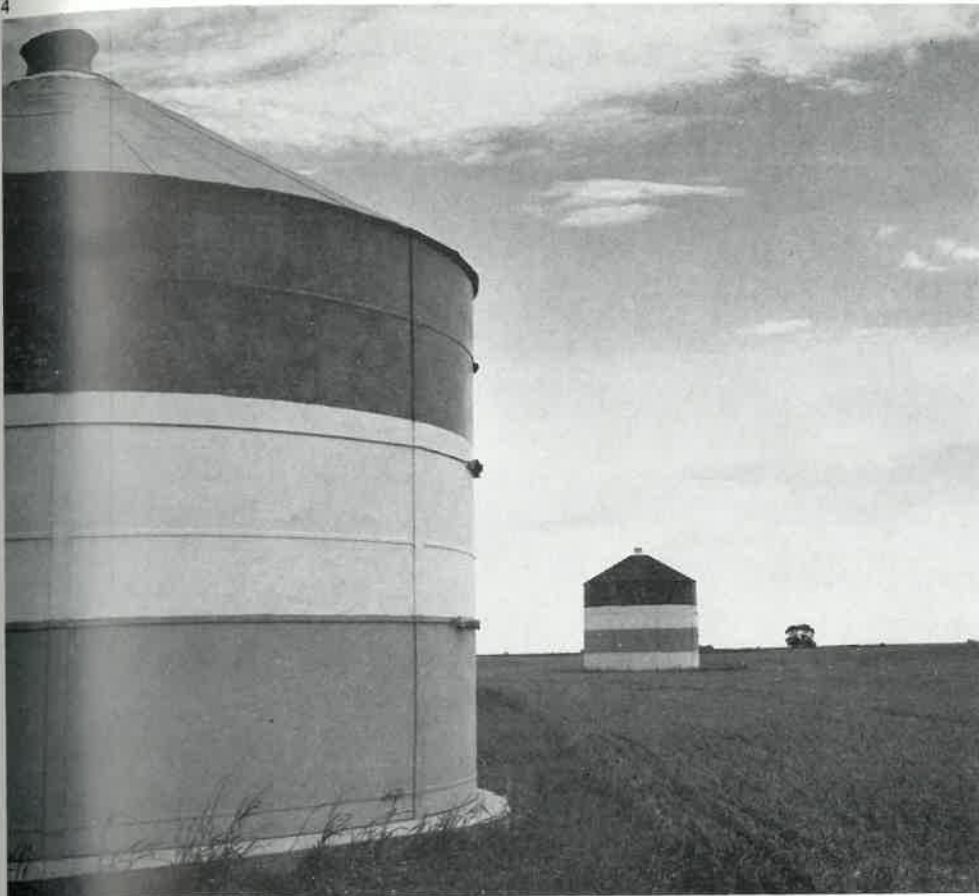
A few individuals have revealed themselves in a personal manner through unselfconscious activities in response to basic needs encountered in working on the prairies. In the fields, unprotected by windbreaks, a few modern small suburban houses, ill-adapted to the sweep of a summer wind or the long darkness of the winter hours are painted in horizontal bands not unlike a painting by Kenneth Noland. Some barns, painted in an almost orthodox hard-edge style, read brilliantly from a great distance: decorative art on a grand scale punctuating the inhospitable prairie space.

Other elements in the scattered prairie pattern are less immediately apparent: a simple painted wooden grave marker or a curious war memorial in Dundurn, Saskatchewan. The directness of these forms always has a peculiar urgency and some-

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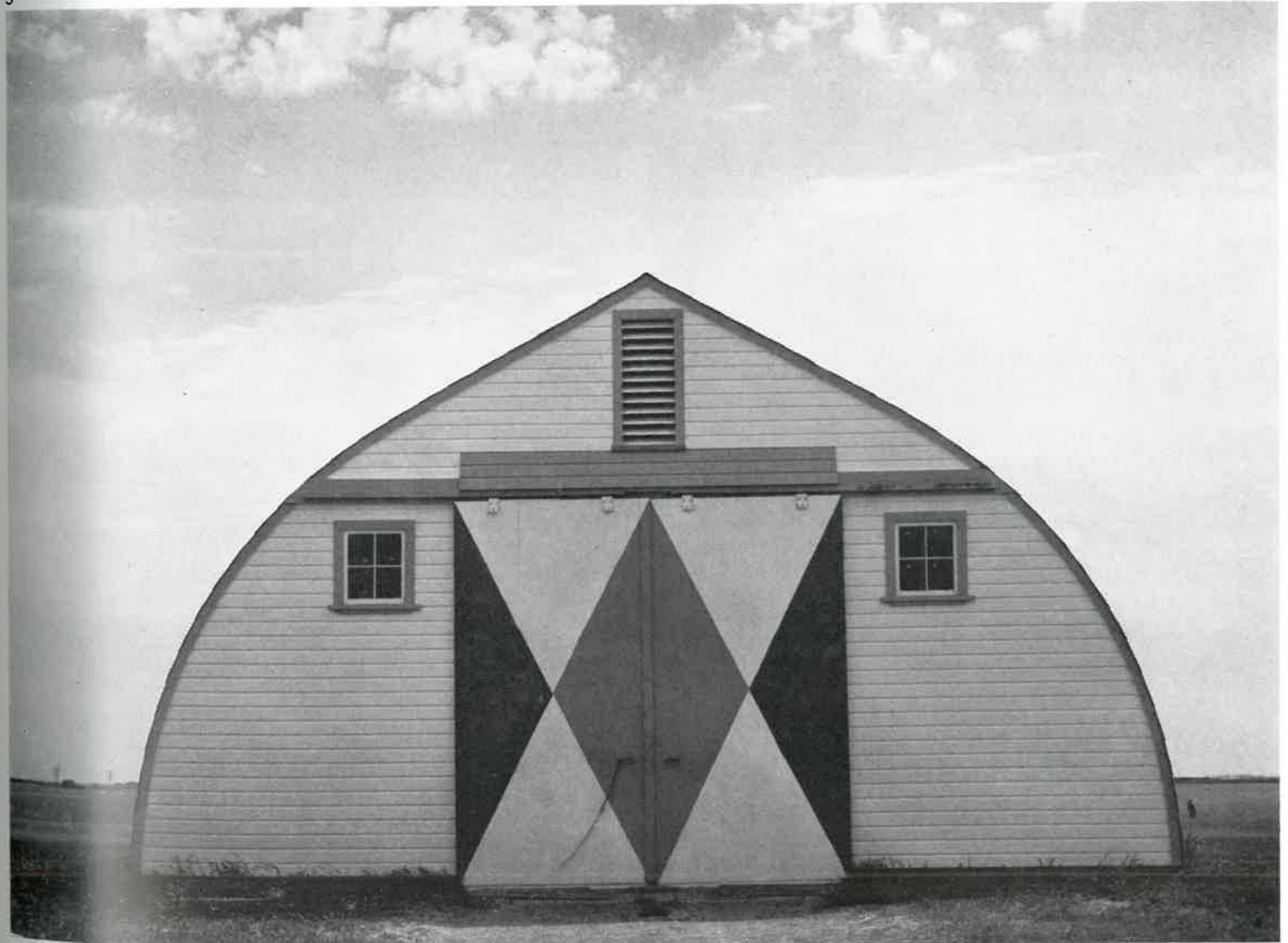
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1 Grain elevators at Estlin, Saskatchewan

Photo: Eberhard Otto

2 Orthodox Church, unidentified village, Saskatchewan

Photo: Ronald Bloore

3 Log building near Wakaw, Saskatchewan

Photo: Ronald Bloore

4-8 Farm buildings at the Senkbeil Brothers Farm, painted by

Howard Senkbeil, near Brandon, Manitoba

Photos: Kenneth Lochhead

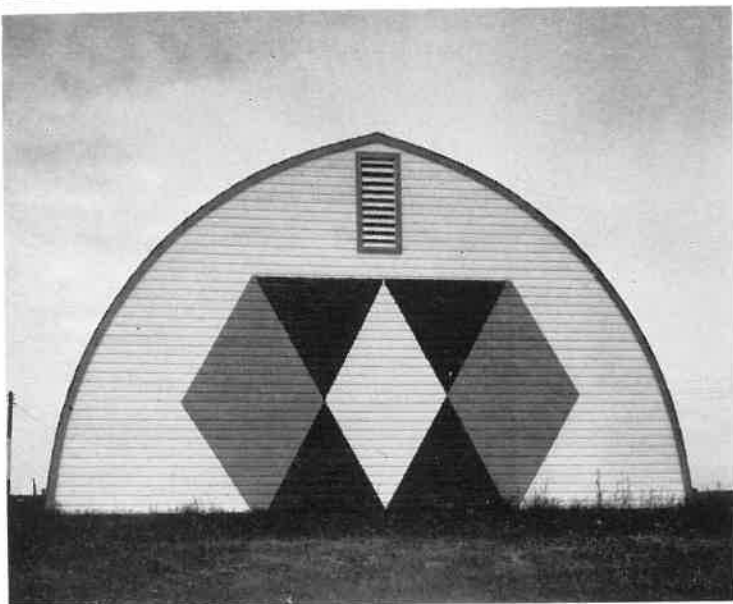
9 Wooden grave marker at Candiack, Saskatchewan

Photo: Ronald Bloore

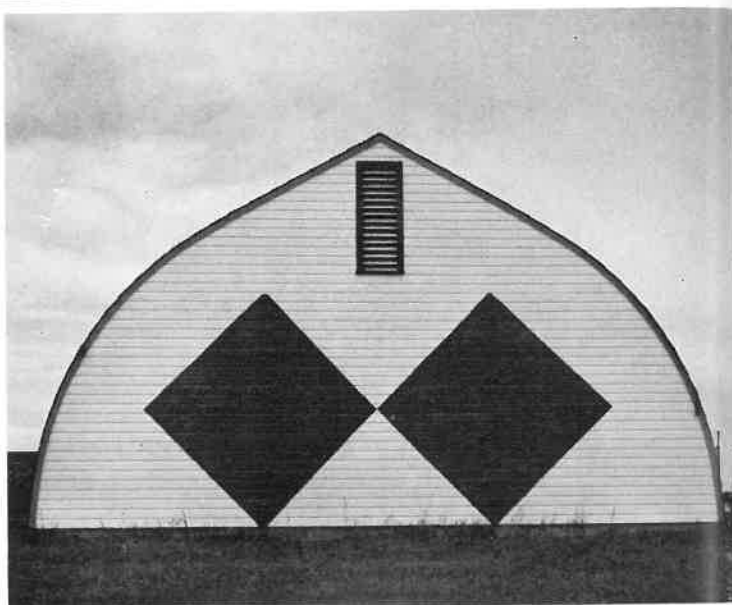
10 Centennial Fountain, Imperial, Saskatchewan

Photo: Eberhard Otto

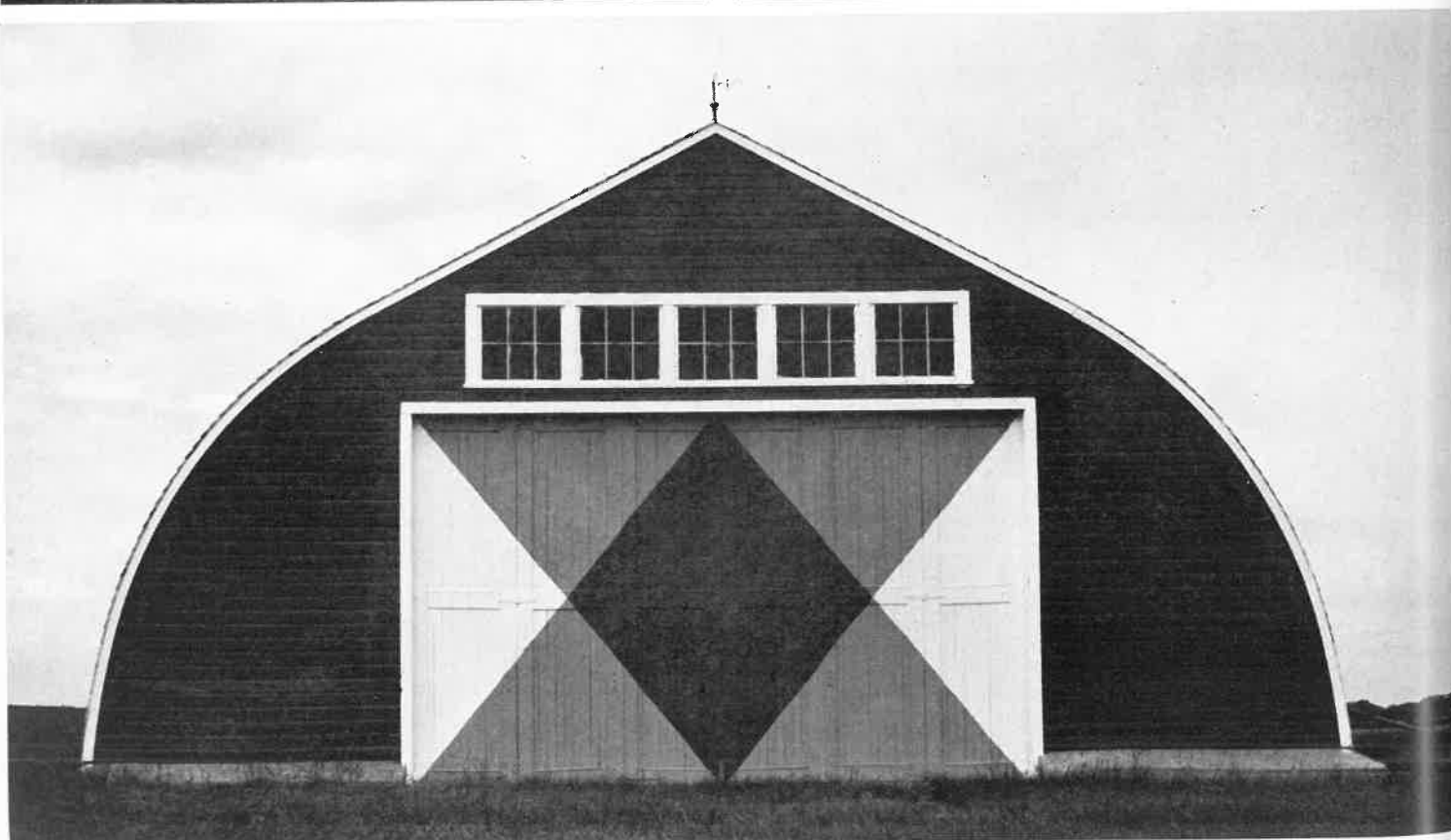
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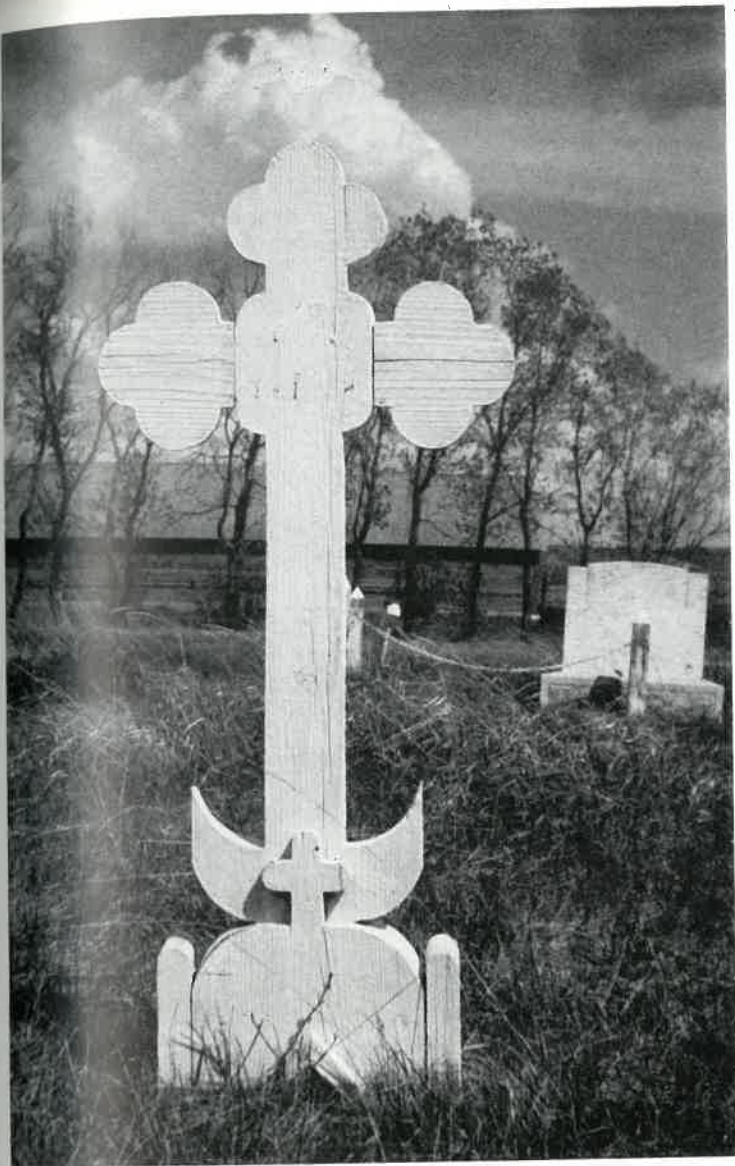


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times a spirit of mystery as in an overrun Roman Catholic complex of formal gardens, ponds and a cement block terminal tower with its glassed-in statue of the Virgin Mary near Candiac, Saskatchewan. The prairies are rich in surprising visual images. The triumph of the pioneers is not just found in the number of oil wells, newly opened potash mines or bushels of wheat grown. Individuality, the quality of the human spirit and changes in values are found in imaginative forms flanking the dusty streets, in abandoned graveyards, in parks and backyards.

Some manifestations of the need to create assume startling shape, incongruous at first glance because they come so directly from the experience of the land rather than art. The Centennial Fountain in Imperial, Saskatchewan, is such a construction. Designed and made by a fantastic man, Nels Berggren—barber, poolhall operator, boat builder, archer and painter—of that small town north of Regina. It is best described in his own words for they are as immediately revealing of the essential spirit of the people as the fountain itself:

"The Bell which was our curfew and fire bell, and served the town of Imperial for many years, was erected over the old fire hall so long ago, we have no definite record. There is

no doubt it was by pioneers. So we placed the Bell at the top of the Fountain, in memory of the many men and women who did so much to defend our Town against the destruction of fire and curfew the young. Many thanks to them.

Just below the Bell to form the top circle, we chose a drill wheel and discs of farm one-ways and discers to commemorate the men who sowed the first seeds and worked the raw prairies into farm land and the many other developments it took to transfer a wilderness into what we have today, words could not express our thanks.

Now let us drop down to the pan, just above the main stem, this pan was once the end of a big railway tank, this we felt was very appropriate to represent the pioneers who worked with their horses on the construction of the railroad that passes through our town and the many railroad employees who have lived in our midst and have certainly done their share in the development of our Country.

As for the water, what can we do without water? In the pioneer days as any pioneer will tell, when he had found his section markers, the very next thing he looked for was water. To the pioneer women, who cooked the foods, washed the clothes, incidentally by hand, brewed the tea and coffee, good water was a blessing. Water, was very essential, as most pioneers in those days had oxen or horses who could not survive the long days of hard work, breaking the sod, without water. Even the water of Long Lake proved very helpful in floating the Steamboat that delivered the lum-

ber and other supplies to build the first homes, many of which still stand, although transplanted and refaced.

Now let us go back to the central sprocket or gear, this sprocket was chosen in honor of a man known and respected by every pioneer, but also by every man, woman, boy or girl who has ever lived in our community. We felt this sprocket could illustrate the terrific drive this man possessed in his will and eagerness to keep the wheels of progress always turning. But not that alone, as in a departing gesture he left fuel so that the wheels may turn for some time to come. We therefore, without hesitation, decided the main stem that should hold all these memories erect, for all to see, for many years to come, should be chosen and placed in his honor. So what could be better than the cable spool of Saskatchewan's first oil exploration derrick, at which he spent many years, in fact the best years of his life, labouring with every ounce of strength that any man could be expected to produce, sometimes in weather that no man should be expected to endure. The elements, were not his worst enemies, we feel certain had it not been for the depression years of the Thirties he could well have been credited with the discovery of Potash thirty years ago.

So in this small but lasting way we hope to say thanks over and over again to O. L. ETTER.

There are others to thank, Though we won't all agree They're the Chippewa, Blackfoot and Cree."

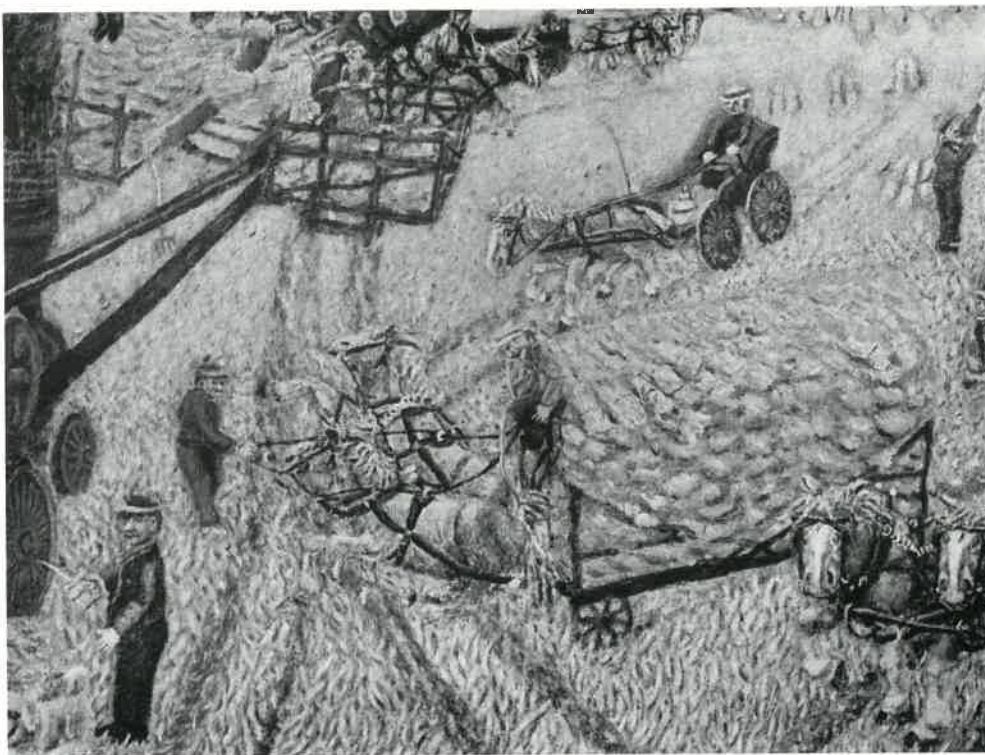


The finest artist to have emerged from the prairies, distant from the cities, is the retired farmer Jan G. Wyers of Windthorst, Saskatchewan. In a few paintings, probably executed during the fifties, Wyers created some truly memorable images of prairie life. One or two must be regarded as major monuments in Canadian art. For example, *These Good Old Thrashing Days* (titled in crayon on a hand-cut metal label on a frame shaped and grained by the artist) which details harvesting activities in the field, is a great work of art timeless in its radiance of thanksgiving. Wyer's need to paint can be found on a window blind with a dog's head executed in water color or in the waterproofing of a hat with four colts silhouetted against a cloudless prairie sky as well as in numerous, sometimes repeated compositions of horses in the snow, at the end of a work day, or pulling loads of winter wood.

In the early works Wyers painted slowly during the winter months, adapting his sources and discovering with difficulty techniques to make visual images correspond with his memory of events. Sometimes he copied from atrocious calendars the King and Queen, dogs and cats, or birds from childrens' coloring books. For a village celebration he pulled his farm cart by tractor in a parade. He cut and placed in the cart tree branches and around the outside he hung his framed paintings: an artist's float! His icon-like self-portraits reveal the man rather than his outer appearance: something of the spirit, like the simple integrity of the churches, which was necessary to develop the prairies.



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1 Jan G. Wyers. Photo: Kenneth Lochhead

2 Jan G. Wyers

Self-Portrait

Coll. Ronald Bloore, Toronto

Photo: Eberhard Otto

3 Interior view of Jan G. Wyers' house,

Windthorst, Saskatchewan

Photo: Ronald Bloore

4 Jan G. Wyers (Detail)

These Good Old Threshing Days

Coll: The Norman Mackenzie Art Gallery,

Regina. Photo: Eberhard Otto

5 Jan G. Wyers

Winter Scene

Coll: Ronald Bloore, Toronto

Photo: Eberhard Otto

Photo (below) shows a float entered by

Jan G. Wyers in the Sports Day Parade,

1956, Windthorst, Saskatchewan

Photo: Mrs. Veronica Steele, Windthorst



BRITISH COLUMBIA

"I've got to get backed up against the bush"

text and photos by Thomas Garver

1



George Sawchuck, forty-one, a labourer, has lived on Riverside Drive in North Vancouver for the last seven years. By his own admission a drifter, Sawchuck has been "a little bit of everything": railroad man, hard rock miner, merchant seaman, fisherman and construction worker. In 1956 he was seriously wounded when a pile of heavy sheet steel fell on him. His legs were badly injured; and he lost one of them in 1968 as a result of that accident. Although he collects a disability pension, he likes to work and currently holds a job as a foreman for a construction company. He oversees the installation and maintenance of playground equipment for the North Vancouver School System.

Following his accident Sawchuck settled down, married and now has a six year old son, Nick. His modest home, one of the first in what was until quite recently a rather rural area, backs on a heavily wooded hillside, the property of North Vancouver. The developers however, have been moving in rapidly during the past several years and the district is quickly becoming "woody-suburban."

Sawchuck's experiments with sculpture and assemblage in the woods began rather covertly. He would make objects or carvings while on camping trips or on trips to the woods, but would leave them behind as an anonymous memento of his visit.

His work is clearly based on a philosophy of life and much influenced by children rather than any preconceptions of form or style. Sawchuck began to expand his activity and acknowledge his work only after meeting Iain Baxter who moved to Riverside Drive, across the street from Sawchuck, about three years ago. Mutual curiosity about one another's work did not bring them together until some time later. Baxter, whose N. E. Thing Co., Ltd. has been much involved with a reshaping and re-perception of landscapes and ecologies, gave Sawchuck advice and lent him art books. Baxter's interest and encouragement convinced Sawchuck that his activities and constructions were not odd and he began to develop new projects.

An aesthetic or historical evaluation of Sawchuck's work would be out of place here. He is not a "naive" artist in that he is an intelligent man, if unlettered, and he is aware of certain current and historical aesthetic directions. Sawchuck makes these objects for naive reasons however; he delights in the materials and pure pleasure in their assembly. Many of the ideas he expresses in the interview indicate the classic dilemmas of the working artist.

The statement that follows is excerpted from a conversation between George Sawchuck and the author in late May, 1969.

I've always been kind of a gypsy or a hobo; you can call it what you want. The longest I've held one job is 18 months. I used to ride the freights too, just bumming around, you know. Ride the loop, go from here to Kamloops, to Calgary, north to Edmonton and back down. Just bumming around, and you meet all kinds of people who have the same idea as you do, who are able to work but they are not fussy about it and they've got a few bucks. You've always got a few bucks you know, not much, but enough to get you between two divisional points, maybe two or three hundred miles.



1 A Mask in Red and White made from Scrap Steel Hangs Above the Trail, 1968-69

2 A Bicycle Wheel in a Fallen Tree, 1968-69

3 A Bicycle in a Tree, 1968-69



I worked for the railroad for awhile, but that's for the birds. You get stuck in a little town; in a little town you're nothing, no matter what you are, you're still nothing, because it is just an outpost for the railroad. I came to Vancouver to join the Merchant Navy during the War. I took a course on the Oerlikon gun, but I never did get on a ship. My money went quicker than the ship.

Now, when I don't work, I don't work. When I do work, I work, you know. It's just my nature. It's one extreme to the other.

I started woodcarving, you know, totem poles and a whale. I did a number of different objects but I've always left them where I've done them. I just nailed them to a tree; some of them were pretty bad, some were sun-shapes, some were abstract shapes. You get an idea in your mind to do something and you don't know what it's going to be like, so this idea stays with you, and then in order to see what it's like, get the real feeling, you must do it and step back and look at it; then you see it after it's put together, so to speak. It's almost gets like an obsession with me at times — when I get something real good. I think about things and then I forget what I was going to do, and then I change it, so it's not even original anymore, you know. You keep adding or you don't do it right now, so tomorrow you have a different idea of what you'll do. You'll do it this way instead of that way. You're losing something because I believe you should do exactly what's your first impression.

They don't take a long time to make Tom,

because I tell you, I think about them for a long time and I know exactly what I'm going to do and I go up there and all it takes me, at the most, is half an hour or an hour to complete the pieces. Because, you see, I know what I am going to do beforehand. Right now, that's it, no delay. I even go up with a flashlight sometimes to put something on or to take something off. I don't like to change things because it's pretty hard to hide a scar on a tree. You can't erase it, see, unless you destroy the whole thing or get a bigger object to cover the hole.

I'm constantly on the hunt for objects to put in my work. I never miss a thing, no. I'm driving along forty or fifty miles an hour, I want to see what's in that guy's car or what fell off the back of that truck. I pick up stuff from the jobs I'm on. Iain has given me some things; but I never buy anything to use up there on the hill. I have to find it.

I love woods — a tree is a living thing. All trees are warm, you know what I mean? There's nothing cold there, like a piece of steel. Nothing ever stays the same, it's always changing. One thing I would like to see is how the trees take on these things and start to kind of cover them up, because you can always see where there has been a clothesline tied to a tree, how it's choked the tree but yet it comes together again.

I like seeing the reaction of children to these things, to see what they think. I put so many temptations in front of them. I put glass, — no one's broken it; I put money in the tree,

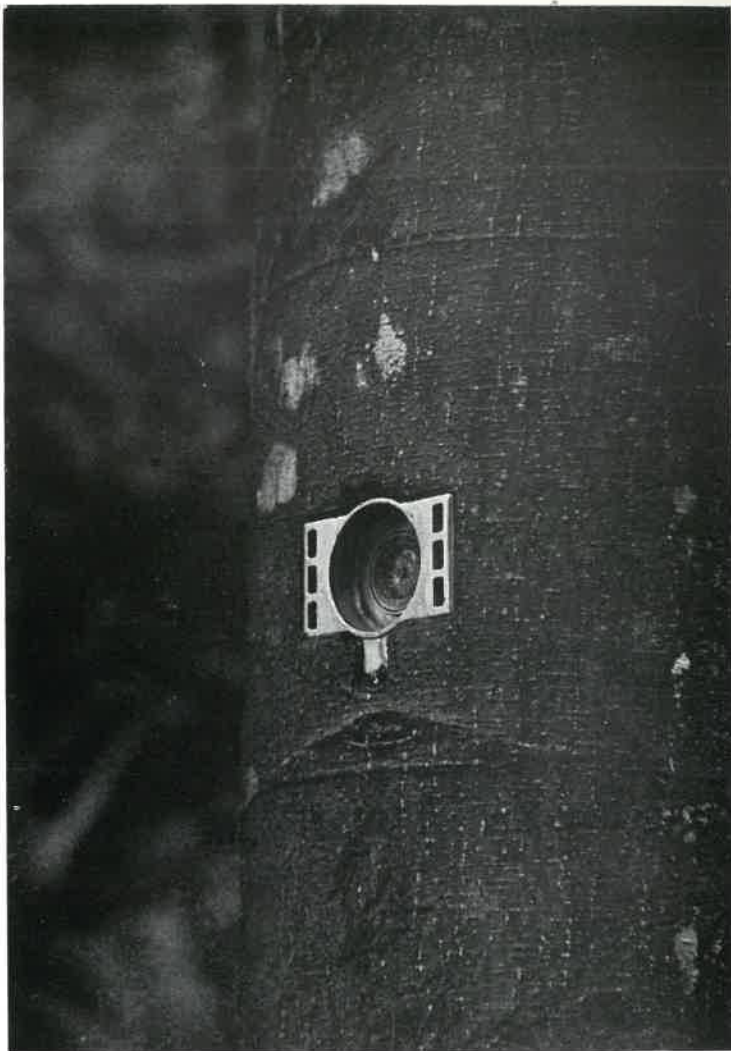


4 A Box Mounted in a Tree. Inside is A Bone for The Dog, 1968-69

5 An Electrical Tree. There are several of these in the woods. The numbers are cut from old B.C. license plates, 1968-69

— no one's come and taken it. A quarter looks awful big to a child; but it seems to be very sacred to children because none of the things have ever been damaged. Just the weather has damaged some of it. When the kids see me working in the woods they never ask me questions. Not any more, no, because children understand me. They're all my friends, even from the time they are walking. I think the first word the kids around here can say is "George."

I always talk with the kids. I get a lot of my ideas from children you know. When I'm working around the schools I'm always inquiring. I don't ask the kids for ideas, I propose something to them and ask them what they think of it. Maybe they say, "gee that's great." All right, that's great, now we'll go see what the reaction is of the kids on the other end of town. Are all children the same or different? I've found age groups are the same but some children are more withdrawn, that's a natural trait, I guess. Well maybe it's due to an age group too, because young kids, say from age three to six or seven will sit and watch me when I'm working in the woods, and talk with me; but beyond that group they just come by and watch for a second, casually as though it's a natural thing I'm doing. I think kids have a lot of this fan-



6 Forked tree with 7 Up bottle and union joint. 1968-69
7 Toothbrush Monument. A bathroom glass holder set into a tree.

tasy anyway and I think that they just accept what I'm doing as natural. Now maybe if you had older kids like fourteen or fifteen, all that is kind of taken out of them at school. Too much of the "sir" and "mister" business. I think kids know, even very young kids know if you're putting them down, or if you're patronizing or not treating them as equals. You have more wisdom than the children but it's only because you're older. Along on a certain plane, a level plane you know, then we can communicate, but if I'm too far away, I can't hear what the kids are saying.

That man in California who built those towers [Simon Rodia, T.H.G.], I liked him very much because he was like me. Nothing is worth buying. I believe if you have to buy something you are losing something. It's got to be kind of a found object, or something for this purpose, and this is what I stress to children. Not everything costs money. You can make something beautiful out of something ugly or make something out of nothing, if you can find the right combination. So I say, I'll accept any object from the kids, but if it's bought, I don't want it. I don't want anything to do with money whatsoever because money, money, money is so stressed these days, Tom. I just want to show these children that you can do things that are free.

I was at school the other day, the Bremer School in North Vancouver. They have special classes there, fourth, fifth and sixth grade. The kind of kids that are advanced, you know, science and all that stuff. So I was talking

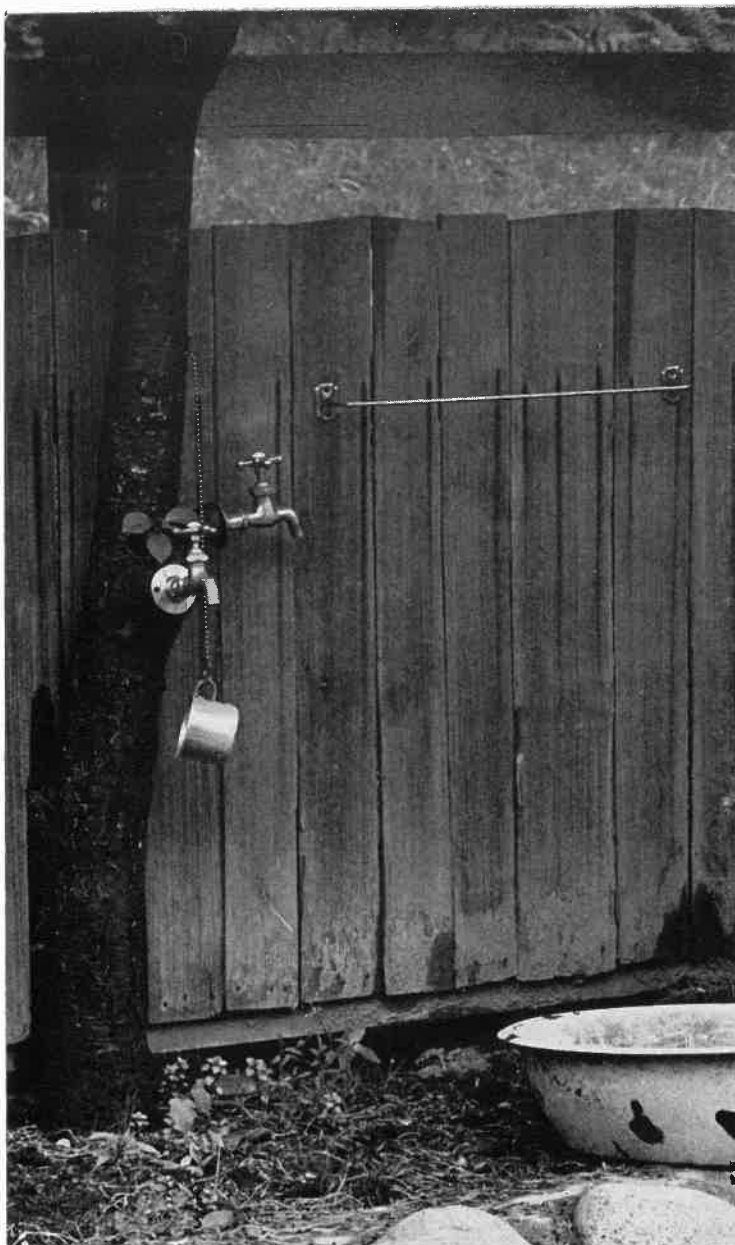
with them, the whole group was out there as I was putting in a tether ball post – just a simple thing. I was joking with them you see, and there may have been twenty or thirty of them around; and they weren't there but about three minutes, and I asked them a few riddles – embarrassed a few, praised a few – and they said, "you're a neat guy." It's funny, a tether ball post hole is maybe a foot round. You pour fresh concrete around the post to hold it. A kid said, "Can I put my name in there?" I said "Do whatever you want, it's yours now boys, I'm finished with it." Then they all put their initials there; there was no more room for initials. I said, "Well okay now, I'll have to trowel it out again and get a fresh number of initials in there." A boy said, "Yeah, but ours won't stay there." And I said, "It doesn't matter. You see them when you put them in?" He says "Yeah." I said, "It's in your mind, eh?" He says "Yeah." "Well it's still there, it hasn't changed any; it's still there. All I'm doing is just covering them up a bit."

Well these kids, they thought "that's true," it's still in their mind. When they're seventy years old they still might remember this little incident. One little fellow stayed till the end, and as there was no room I troweled the whole thing off, so he was the last one, and he wrote a nice little "J.C." there. What happened after I left, I don't know. Like I told them. My job is to come and put them in; when I leave they're theirs, so they do what they want to do.

You feel you have to do something; you go and do it. You're not hurting anyone by it, you know, and you get this thing in your mind and you find the right thing that you think will fit here, and away you go and you do it, you see? You never know what it's going to be until you've done it, like I said earlier. The kind of job that I've got, Tom, is no food for the mind whatever. It's just plain simple work. You can work all day long but my mind is always going somewhere else. I mean it's not what you're doing, what's doing needs no thought, so my mind goes up there in the woods. Some day they'll clear that land for development, and the whole thing will go; but the thing is it will never be forgotten, because there are forty or fifty children in the neighbourhood and it will be with them all the time. It will stay with them like the initials in the concrete.

Well, I've got to revert now and start all over again. Get myself a little land up near Fraser River Valley just about 70 miles from here. Start now again and prove to myself that I don't need this. Bright lights, they have no attraction for me anymore. I'm going further than the small town, I'm going right back to the sticks again and start from scratch. I've got to get backed up against the bush – don't like to be the center of something you know. I'd like to be out in the perimeter looking in.

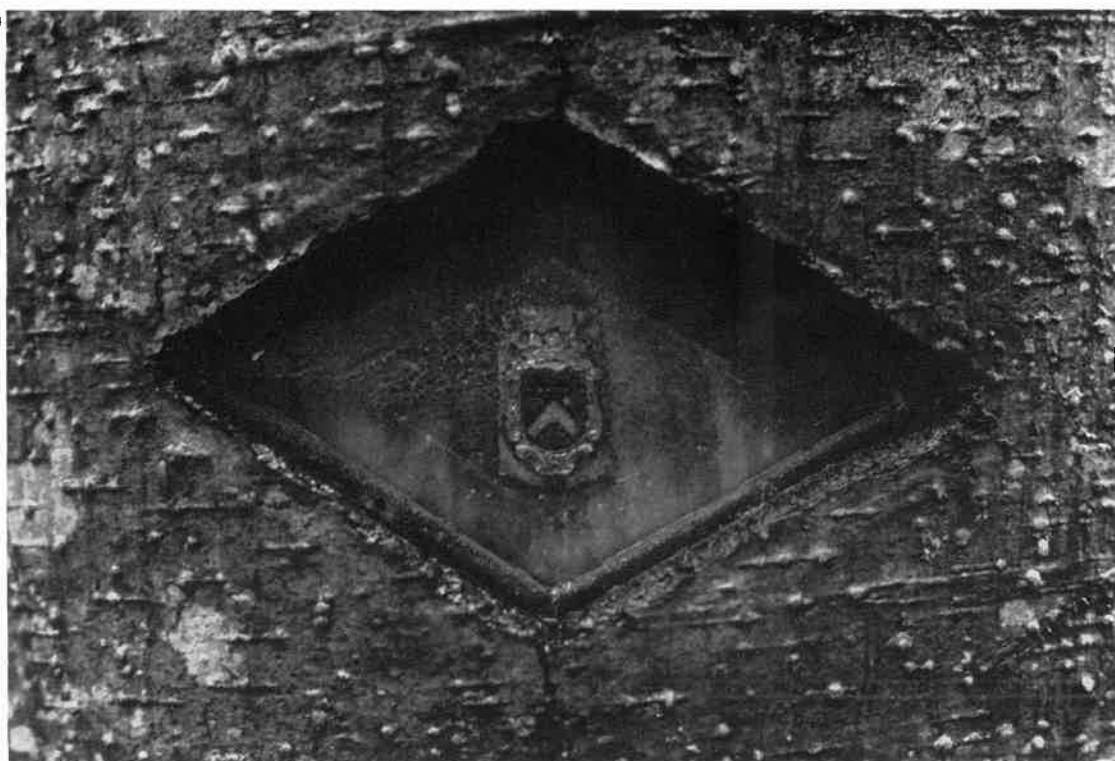
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8 *Two Taps in a Cherry Tree* This is mounted in Sawchuck's back yard and is his favourite. 1967-68

9 A conch shell set into a peeled log. An unusual piece in that it can be moved about. 1968-69.

10 Medallion set behind a bit of leaded glass. There is another one of these, with a quarter behind it, on another tree. 1968-69

From junk heap to castle

text and photos
by Eberhard Otto

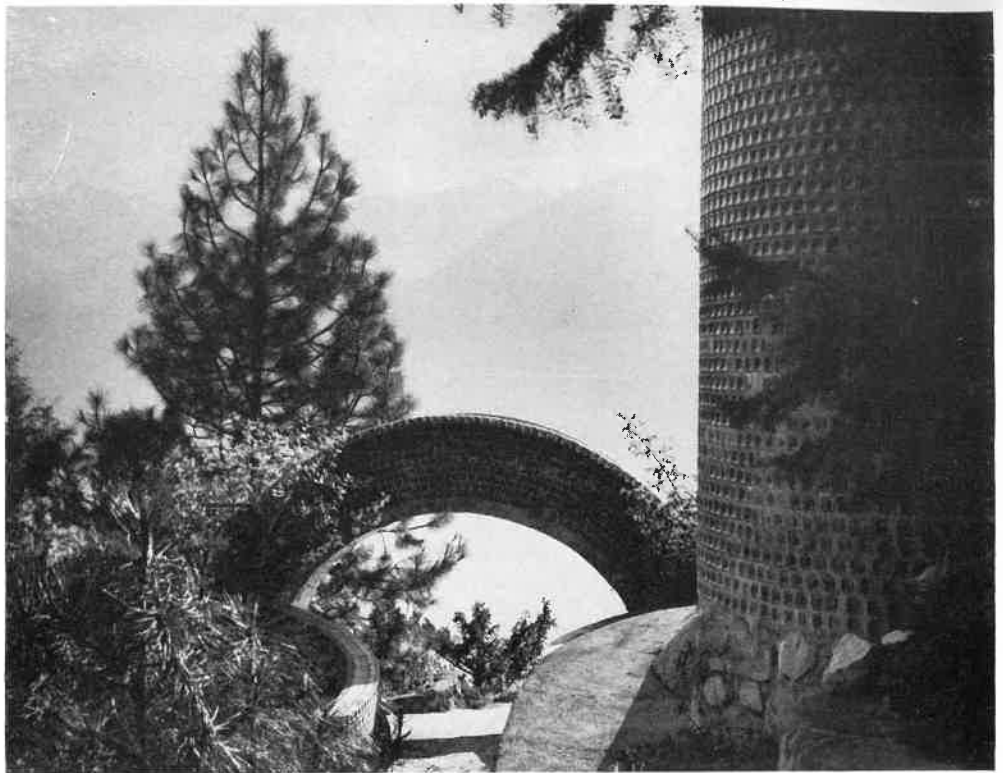
On the remote shores of beautiful, but now somewhat polluted Lake Kootenay, B.C., lies a rugged piece of real estate, for years considered useless as a homesite until one man came who could see the great possibilities this land offered for the construction of a home in which he could retire.

David H. Brown set out to do what he had wanted to do all his life: to build a home completely on his own. Actually, the house resembles an English castle in miniature, but that is no coincidence since the builder indeed wanted to create a castle-like dwelling. He admits to not being a great authority on castles, never actually having seen one, but knowing them from pictures, of course.

During construction, which lasted two seasons each starting in April and ending in November, he lived in a trailer and worked 12 hours a day. Success, however, was not instant for Mr Brown, as the walls used to crumble with such regularity that it would have discouraged a lesser man. One of the factors that contributed to his early failures can be ascribed to the building material which was less than conventional. The house is built of bottles, 85 tons of them or 36,000 to be exact. All bottles are of one shape and size and a great number of them originated from the builder's earlier career as an undertaker and formerly contained 16 ounces of embalming fluid each. Naturally, he could not have gone through so many bottles in his own career and therefore took to the road from Victoria to Regina in pursuit of this strange building material. He wore out one truck in the process but had no trouble in getting enough of the discarded containers. Since they were a strictly "no deposit no return" item, the bottles always ended up on the garbage heap. This fact troubled Mr Brown at a time when waste disposal was not yet a national issue. He considered the importance of employing waste rather than a conventional building material, thereby doing his small share in the struggle of man against his garbage.

The result is a well-balanced structure which over the years has completely merged into the landscape. Located on the highest point, the building and several terraces step down towards the lake. There are bridges, narrow passes and towers also built of bottles that constantly open up new prospects to the viewer. An upside-down potbelly stove made into a fountain fed by a mountain stream splashes away in the front yard. The building has three circular rooms on the main floor, each room 12' in diameter, and one on the second floor 20' across; the roof is supported by only two bottles, surely no small engineering achievement in itself. The only person troubled by all this is the local tax assessor who has referred the job to his boss; after all, how does one assess the value of a dwelling built of other people's waste?

Mr Brown has, of course, plans for the future, and barring such unforeseen disasters as an embalming bottle manufacturers' changeover to plastic bottles, he will very likely realize them.



In the mainstream. . .

by Ronald L. Bloore

Victoria Island, South Coast of Wollaston Peninsula looking west from Simpson Bay from *Arctic Canada from the Air*, Queen's Printer



Certain Haida, Kwakiutl, Tlingit and Tsimshian painted wooden carvings are among the finest works of art produced in Canada. In the field of sculpture they stand in qualitative isolation between the decline of church sculpture in Quebec and the rise of contemporaries such as Hugh LeRoy and David Rabinowitch. Although today these haunting masks and totems are no more strange than a saint by Philippe Liébert we have rarely recognized the fact that they belong to the history of Canadian art. Is a silver chalice by Laurent Amiot better than a Haida wooden ceremonial grease dish or simply different? Both objects were formed in response to living in this land. One is a provincial variant of a dominant European tradition and the other is the product of an historic non-European culture.

Non-Western art played a significant role in the development of modern art when African sculpture became known to French and German artists early in this century. If the arts of the Pacific Northwest had been discovered at the same time the history of art would not be different but our awareness of their intrinsic artistic merits would have been altered long ago. The best carvings, shaped by adzes and boldly painted, still live as profoundly moving statements evoking the sensed and the unseen. They speak directly through a collective style which sprung from the inner necessity of tribal organization. In these consummately executed objects, fashioned for the fundamental needs of the people, the search for unity evolved form and quality to the level of ancient Egyptian, Aztec and Medieval works. The occasional stylistic resemblances are the result of basic human feelings having been given three-dimensional existence in arresting images of wood, stone, paint and iridescent shell. The Northwest Coast Indian sculptures are not just artifacts from an alien culture unrelated to ourselves, they are visual symbols for mankind in which past and present are one.

A stately wooden crest, the remnant of a helmet, is a compact, boldly simple shape uniting with visual and symbolic logic the fin of a killer whale and a human head in profile. The reduction of possible elements to an expressive minimum, particularly with the frontal eye, creates a conceptualized image strikingly suggestive of Egyptian reliefs. In both arts are subtle surface variations which respond to every change in light conditions.

The moon mask from the Queen Charlotte Islands is the Mona Lisa of primitive art. Enigmatic and readily accessible this gentle, tragic face slowly unveils its secrets. Other aspects of its character are revealed with each alteration in illumination. Sometimes it is imperious, at others, white-powdered, it is fragile



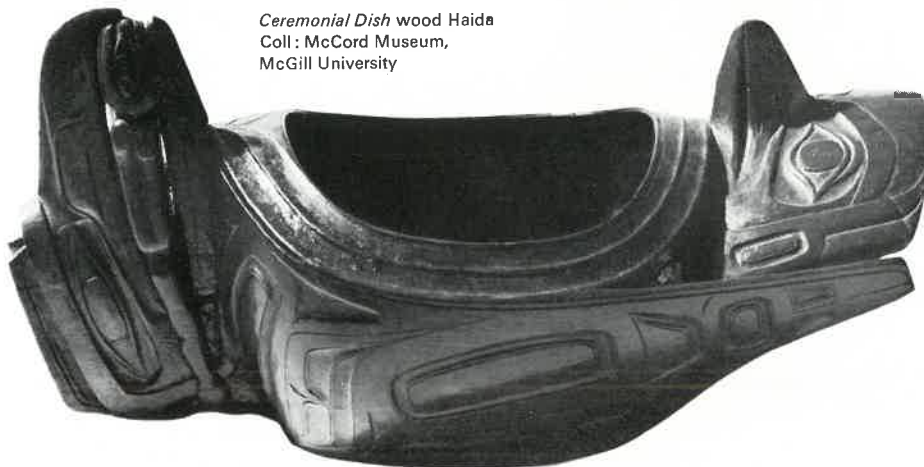
Philippe Liébert (1732-1809)
St John 1792
Wood 2' high
Coll: La Fabrique de Saint-Michel-de-Vaudreuil

Grave Figure, circa 1880, wood
Kwakiutl
Coll: Glenbow Foundation, Calgary

Laurent Amiot (1764-1838)
Chalice silver gilt 11" high
Coll: The National Gallery of Canada



Ceremonial Dish wood Haida
Coll: McCord Museum, McGill University



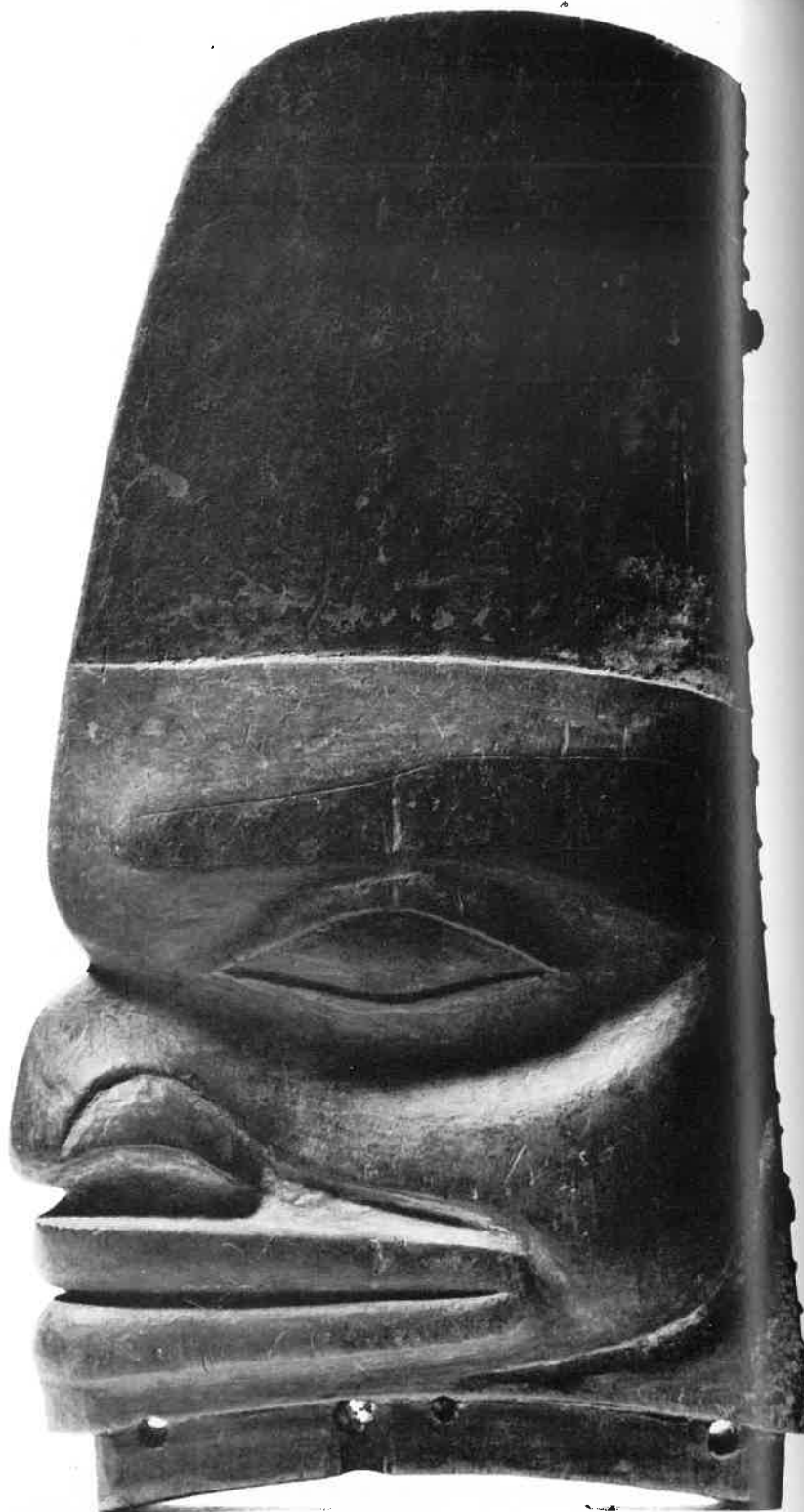
and apprehensive; the spirit world in human form or the spirit of a human. In this mask the broad carving contrasts sharply with the bolder, less constrained forms, vigorous outlines and pronounced features common to the other works.

A Tsimshian mask, one of two carved in stone, with only faint traces of paint suggests the sublime peace of Buddhist images. As originally painted it was closer to the aggressive power of pre-Columbian Mexican sculpture. Some carvings, such as shaman rattles, rely upon a greater use of incised lines, all-over pattern and shallow relief. Without a compensating strength in basic form they are decorative and less profound although the surface design solutions are reminiscent of Shang and Early Chou bronzes cast three thousand years earlier in China. Other unconnected stylistic parallels constantly come to mind – a Tsimshian frontlet with its eleven repeated heads recalls Jasper Johns' less visually complex *Target with Four Faces*. Regardless of these unconscious allusions the art of the Pacific Northwest remains unique, the result of a long evolution known in its earliest phases only through a few durable stone, antler and bone objects fashioned before contact with white explorers.

Now some of these carvings and other works have been exhibited in Paris as *chefs-d'oeuvre* in an exhibition organized for the Musée de l'Homme there by Marcel Evrard. This selection of nearly two hundred works *Masterpieces of Indian and Eskimo Art*, will open late in November at the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa because the National Museum of Man does not have sufficient space.

This important international focus upon little known works developed from an earlier exhibition at the Musée de l'Homme. In 1967 Evrard, a specialist in primitive art, documented the continued interest of twentieth century artists – even those of widely divergent aesthetic persuasion – in these non-Western art forms in an exhibition titled *Arts Primitifs dans les Ateliers d'Artistes*. The surrealist Max Ernst owns four of the six pieces from the Northwest Coast Indian art included among some one hundred and fifty-eight chosen items. In certain but not always quite the same ways primitive sculpture has replaced as vital studio objects casts of classical statues which fascinated earlier generations. Classical copies transmitted ideal cultural values, primitive art is admired for its imaginative translation of organic forms into powerful abstract and expressive shapes.

Western artists' interest in non-European art began in the nineteenth century when traditional cultural systems were gradually challenged. As understood and used by artists these newly found forms



Crest of Helmet wood British Columbia
Coll: McCord Museum, McGill University



Crown Tenantry Metjetjy painted wall-sculpture from his limestone tomb at Saqqara, about 2400 B.C.
Coll: Royal Ontario Museum
Purchased with funds from the Reuben Wells Leonard Bequest



Moon Mask wood Haida. Coll. National Museum of Man, Ottawa

Mask stone Tsimshian
Coll: National Museum of Man, Ottawa

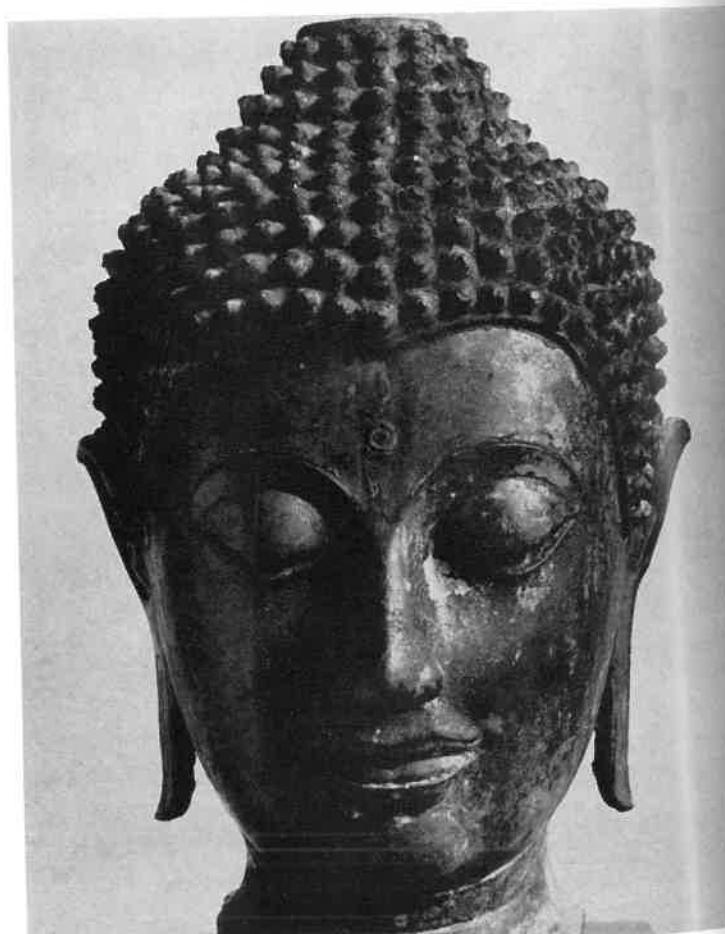


Chac Head stone Maya-Toltec
Coll: The Museum of Primitive Art, New York

(below left) *Sun Mask wood Kwakiutl*
Coll: The Provincial Museum of
British Columbia, Victoria



(below) *Buddha Head bronze Thailand*
14-15th century B.C.





Shaman's Rattle wood British Columbia
c. 1350 B.C.
Coll: National Museum of Man, Ottawa



Tripod bronze Chinese, Shang dynasty,
c. 1350 B.C.
Coll: City Art Museum, St. Louis

were an aid to breaking the bonds of established patterns of visual structure and organization. The status of these works, once regarded as ethnographic curios, slowly shifted under the impact of new ideas to become highly prized as works of art.

An impressive bilingual catalogue with specialized introductions and numerous reproductions in colour and black and white accompanies the show. Unexpected publication problems encountered in Paris resulted in the English catalogue descriptions generally being less complete and therefore less accurate than those in French. The significance of an historical exhibition is usually limited to the time and place of the event. The quality of arts of the Pacific Northwest requires the publication of a handsome volume designed to introduce these works permanently and popularly to a world-wide audience.

Exhibitions inevitably raise aesthetic, theoretical and practical problems; overseas exhibitions naturally involving questions of national prestige require special thought and care. This one was not an exception yet as selected and displayed in Paris it appeared as a curious mixture of archaeology, ethnology and primitive arts. The initiative for the show came entirely from France and its nature and character were determined by the tradition and collection of the originating institution. Perhaps the breadth of the show was admirable but the cultures involved could have sustained greater in-depth study. Canadian authorities apparently did not question the original concept. The inclusion of unrelated fields: Eskimo and Indian, and a mixture of major and decorative art forms should have been avoided. It was a "Canadian" show—loans were made only from Canadian collections consequently qualitatively fine works from American and other collections which would have enriched it were ignored. The arts of the Pacific Northwest can stand alone as the magnificent *Arts of the Raven* exhibition at the Vancouver Art Gallery clearly demonstrated in 1967. Eskimo art and archaeology cannot be understood in terms of current political boundaries. Or if it was to be a Canadian sculpture show why not unite those superb pieces which have been created in Canada regardless of time or origin: prehistoric Eskimo, eighteenth century French Canadian, Northwest Coast Indian and contemporary sculpture? Sculptors in Canada have produced a diversity of memorable images reflecting man's adaptation under varying cultural patterns to this land.

The prehistoric Eskimo carvings are tiny, white, silent forms whose scale seems to echo the remote past and evoke a lonely landscape of endless miles. Numerically few in this exhibition — only

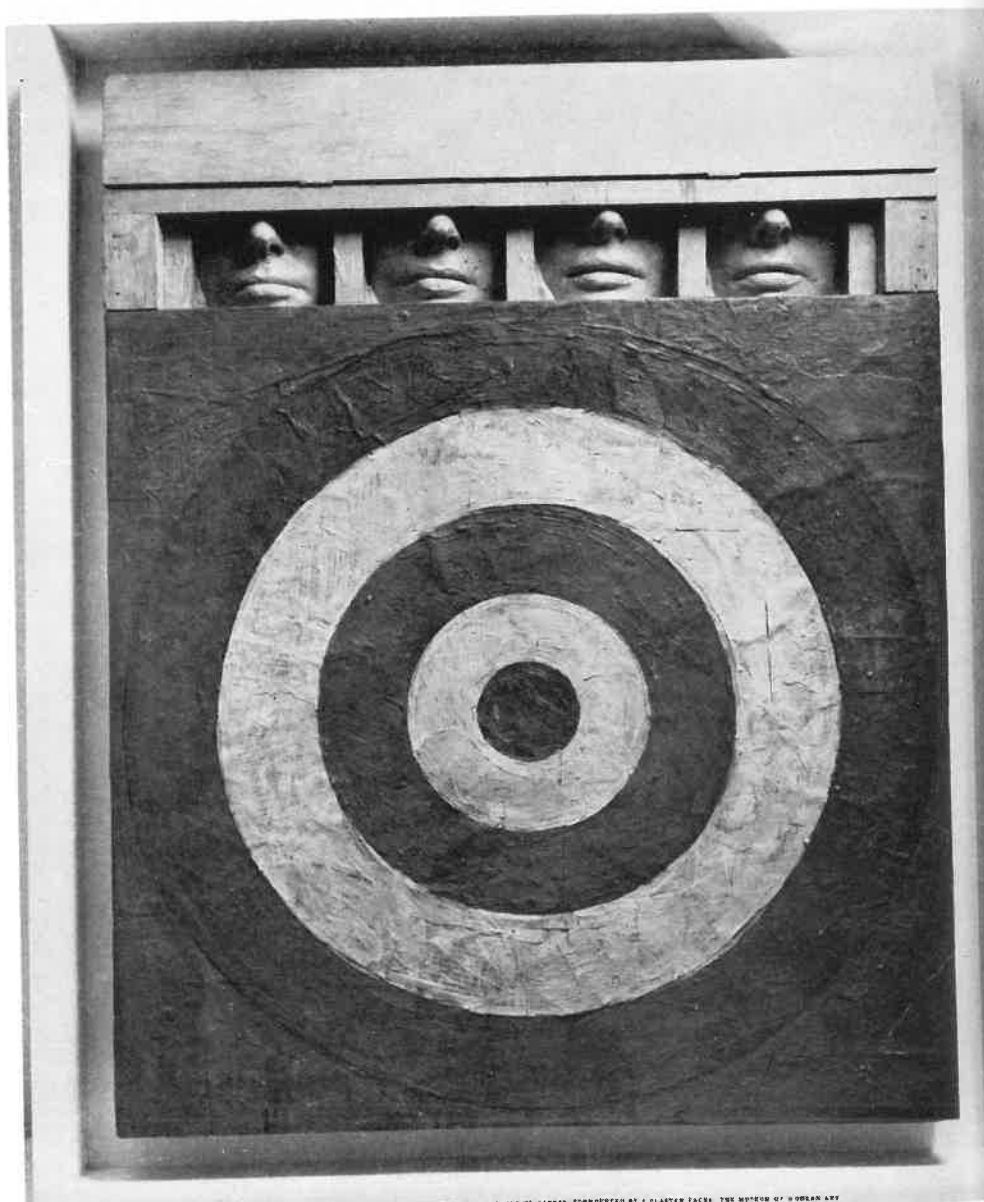
twenty-one shaped in ivory, bone or stone — these minor works speak eloquently of peoples and their migrations over barren rocks, snow and frozen water. The rudimentary images are of men, birds and animals.

As a country we should have the will to conduct major natural resource surveys and more intensive archaeological investigations in the far North. This area into which we are slowly moving contains a human heritage for us to reveal as well as mineral wealth to exploit. Many sites are known, others undoubtedly await discovery and all when dug will enrich our awareness of mankind. The images help to sanctify life and the objects of material culture add to the history of man.

The Indian art from British Columbia gave the French audience another view of the American Indian than that provided by the Hollywood stereotype. The elaborate headdress, buckskins and magnificent beadwork were seen as representative of the Plains and Eastern Indians with the exception of two prehistoric stone buffalo from the Prairies. Because of the nature of the material petroglyphs and earthworks which could have been shown photographically were not included.

At best our attitudes toward Indian art of the Pacific Coast have been ambiguous. They have ranged from total disregard to patient study, from special exhibitions to exclusion from our cultural history. Positive reaction by Canadian artists and curators to these imaginative creations has been rare.

Alone among major Canadian artists Emily Carr demonstrated the universal relevance of the native forms. Like her sculptor predecessors she responded directly to a certain physical environment. In isolation she used trees and skies and they in an ordered society had employed human, animal, fish and bird symbols to transmit history, legend and myth from generation to generation. A few other Canadian artists influenced by primitive art adapted Parisian formal interpretations of African sculpture. Carr's response was to find in Indian sculpture forms capable of evoking her spiritual immersion into a splendid and awe-inspiring landscape and to find herself in the moving immensity and continuity of the life-cycle. Others knew this art but could not use it to broaden their vision. According to Naomi Jackson Groves it was in contact with this area that A. Y. Jackson "reaffirmed his native realism." Carr accomplished her new vision, not by copying totem poles on canvas, but by learning something from them of powerful surfaces and spaces, something of the suppression of details in favour of essential shape and movement. In her forest paintings, that approach evolved until form, space and being coalesced into one. [Continued p. 46]



opposite page:
Frontlet wood Tsimshian
Coll: The Provincial Museum of
British Columbia, Victoria
Photo: Eberhard Otto

Jasper Johns (1930-)
Target with Four Faces
Encaustic and collage on canvas
with plastic casts
Coll: The Museum of Modern Art. Gift of
Mr and Mrs Robert C. Scull
Photo: Leo Castelli Gallery, New York



Bowl with Human Head soapstone
Prehistoric British Columbia
Coll: The Provincial Museum of
British Columbia, Victoria



1. Studio of George Braque (1881-1963)
Paris, 1911

2. T. Rowlandson/R. Cruikshank R.A.'s of
Genius reflecting on the true line of Beauty
at the Life Academy Somerset House aqua-
tint 1824

3. *Miniature Mask* ivory Tyara site, Sugluk
Island, N.W.T. Dorset culture, early phase,
c. 770 B.C.

Coll: National Museum of Man, Ottawa

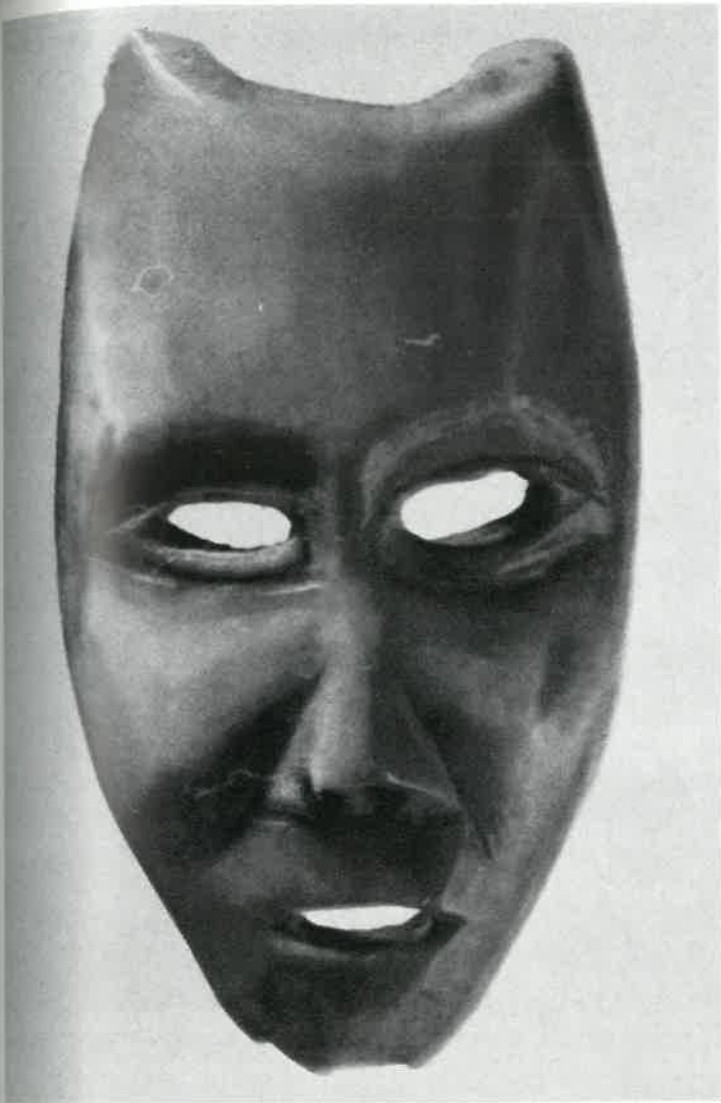
4. *Comb* walrus tusk Pelly Bay region, N.W.T.
Thule culture

Coll: Eskimo Museum, Churchill

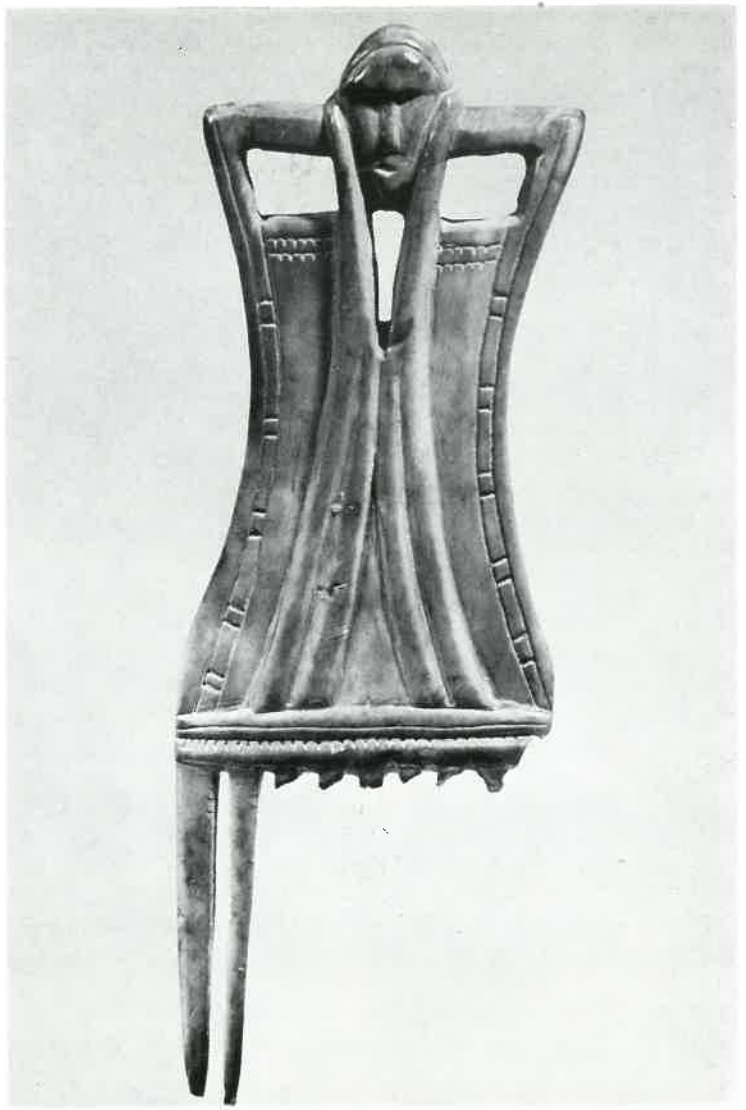
5. *Blanket Strip* buckskin Blackfoot
early 20th century

Coll: Glenbow Foundation, Calgary

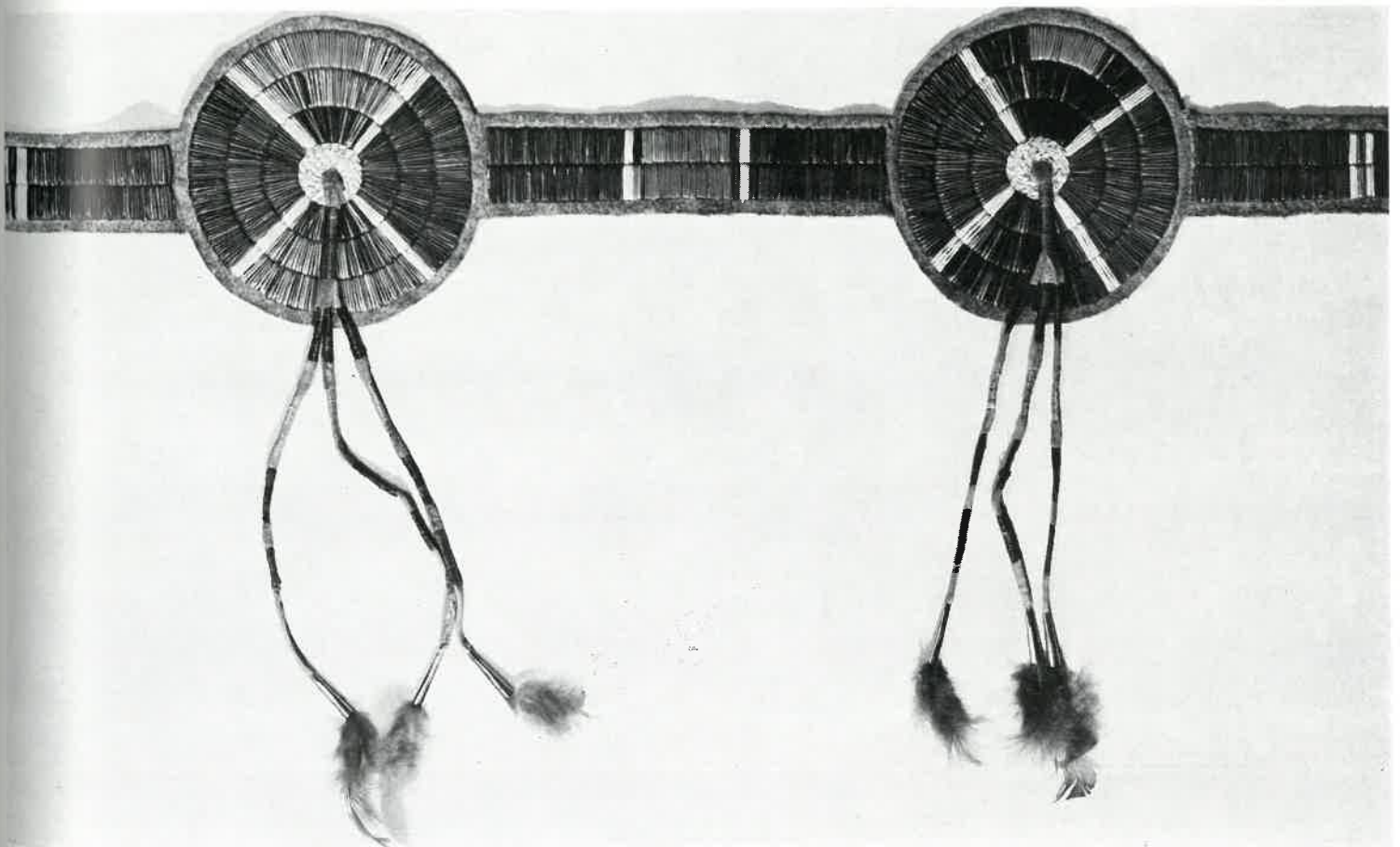
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5



The Vancouver Art Gallery has shown ¹ two major exhibitions of Indian art from British Columbia. The first, *People of the Potlatch*, was held in 1956 and the second, *Arts of the Raven*, was organized eleven years later to focus attention upon the totems, masks, rattles, boxes and other objects as works of high art. The latter exhibition was made up of five hundred and forty-six works selected for aesthetic worth. It was important also because it demonstrated that the traditions are not dead today in the skilled and sympathetic hands of Bill Reid, Robert Davidson and others.

Most major Canadian public collections are based upon the prestigious art of Europe and, to be contemporary, the dictates of current American art criticism. Purchases have not reflected the significant growth of interest elsewhere in the so-called primitive arts. The core of acquisitions and display is the Renaissance and its immediate tradition. Other cultures, when included, are found in peripheral areas or in the basement regardless of comparative artistic value. Habits of scholarship, the tyranny of chronology and the European bias tend to exclude from our art galleries valuable works of world culture.

The National Gallery's catalogue of the Canadian School lists only one work by an Indian, an argillite totem pole attributed to Charles Edenshaw (1839-1924), acquired in 1927. No Eskimo carvings are listed in it. *Three Hundred Years of Canadian Art*, the National Gallery's centennial exhibition, included only four pieces of West Coast Indian sculpture and two arrowhead sashes. Additional examples from other sources could be cited to demonstrate our tendency to ignore the arts of Canada's indigenous population.

Evrard has written of the "valeur absolue" of these potent sculptures. The auspices of the exhibition should make us re-examine our scale of values not only associated with these works but also of all arts not belonging to the mainstream of European culture or modern movements. Should there be a sharp division between art galleries and museums which collect ² cultural objects? Should we not evolve solutions to unite the visual aspects of human creativity in more broadly based institutions of contemplation, learning, pleasure and preservation? As facilities are expanded to embrace all facets of contemporary expression others should be developed to encompass the wide spectrum of world history. The changes already necessitated by rapidly shifting values in our society must be enriched by bold and constructive innovations to restructure our cultural institutions into centres where the past is not dead or sacrificed on the altar of the moment.



1. Emily Carr (1871-1945) *Wood Interior*
oil on canvas 51" x 34"

Coll: Vancouver Art Gallery
Photo: Eberhard Otto

2. A. Y. Jackson (1882-) *Skeena Crossing, or Gitsegvulka, B.C.*

pencil on paper
Private collection
from A. Y.'s *Canada*, Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited 1968

3. Bill Reid, (1920-)
Box 4 1/4" x 4" x 5 1/2" high
22 K. gold

4. *Buffalo* stone Prehistoric,
St Paul, Alberta
Coll: Glenbow Foundation, Calgary



Some notes on Indian culture: A review

by Douglas Pringle

Book of the Hopi by Frank Waters, 1969 (Bantam paper \$1.25)

The Teachings of Don Juan: a Yaqui way of knowledge by Carlos Castaneda, 1969 (Bantam paper \$.95)

Technicians of the Sacred Edited with commentaries by Jerome Rothenberg, 1969 (Anchor paper \$4.50)

Primitive art leaves one reeling with the intensity of its forms, which speak of an ordered universe, yet continually probe the boundaries of the unknown; to approach it as we do modern art is to ignore the social coherence which it represents, and to read into it the dissociated consciousness and "free" imagination of the contemporary artist. This is conservative art, which works to bring the unseen forces in the world into perceptible forms, which could then be stabilized by human will/prayer. Object art put handles on the unknown, and its significance becomes much clearer in the light of recently published explorations of primitive cosmology, particularly so among the American Indians.

Indian culture retained its complexity and wholeness longest in the Southwest, where the land occupied was least desirable to invading whites. Frank Waters' *Book of the Hopi* is a history of the people from the Indian point of view, as dictated to him by several chiefs: a careful study of origin myths, and their continuance in the ritual societies in which Hopi men participate. Hopi culture sustained an extremely stable, just, and productive society and at the same time, admitted the inevitability of change, and the destruction of the world as we know it, as it had been destroyed before. Perhaps the most attractive aspect of the book is the rendering of the graphic symbols which served as the focus of the cosmology for its transmission; some photographs taken by a missionary/profiteer in 1900 suggest the extent of the transformation beliefs of the Hopi, which however find little support in the text. A useful adjunct is *Sun Chief* (Yale, paper) the autobiography of a Hopi recorded by John Simmons in the thirties, in



which the extent of magic in the fabric of one Hopi's life is revealed. The spirit-beings described in the *Book of the Hopi* are real presences in the environment; spirit-world and human world are in constant interaction. Taliesva, the Sun Chief, recounts his power visions as the primary events in his psychic life, determining his selection as a leader, and allowing him both social and magical powers; shaman-healing and a socially viable vampire cult emerge as important aspects of the everyday life of the tribe. Taliesva ("twins twisted into one") manifests neuroses which are perhaps magnified through

the conflicts with encroaching white culture, but Simmons suggests that the Hopi understanding of the psyche deals with this at least as efficiently as any social mechanism we have defined. While Hopi beliefs establish patterns of behaviour for the individual, the system allows for a wide range of aberrant behaviour, and even the vampires ("two-hearts") are dealt with within the social order, rather than by exclusion.

Further insight into Hopi thought is provided by Benjamin Lee Whorf's study of Hopi language (*Language, Thought and Reality*, MIT, paper), in which he

Blood Indian
Sacrificial Rite at Sun Dance Camp,
N.E. of Cardston, Alberta, August 1968
Photo: Ian MacEachern

suggests that Hopi and other Indian languages are more accurate models of the phenomenal world than Western languages. In Hopi, "time disappears and space is altered"; and descriptions polarize around two tenses rather than our three: events either have the significance of completed, realized actions, or exist in imminent unrealized space, expressed by "hoping or praying," the involvement of the human will in the unfolding of life. Sound

corresponds to meaning, and speech becomes a magical act, summoning the powers of nature to man's aid.

Together these books suggest the precise nature of the Indian's perception, and the fluidity of a system of thought which provides both a simple but accurate world view for an entire culture, and a harmonized path of higher exploration for the visionary or shaman.

The Teachings of Don Juan suggests the depths of this enquiry. It is presented as the initiation of the author into a peyote cult by an old Indian shaman. While Indian culture has obviously been long influenced by psychedelic plants in the environment (an American government study recorded over two hundred different species), the peyote cult was not widespread until the Ghost Dance of 1890, an apocalyptic communion of most tribes in the midwest in the wake of the white victory in the Indian Wars (see *The Ghost Dance Religion* by James Mooney, University of Chicago Press, paper) which sought to restore the peace of the pre-colonial era either by the

willed destruction of the whites, or by integration of the races on a higher plane.

Don Juan recounts the spirit-world of the shaman as he reveals it to his pupil, through three plants: peyote, which he calls a friend, "a protector, a teacher" through which the novice contacts the higher world; jimson weed (Devil Weed, the mandrake of Old World witch cults) and a mushroom mixture, possibly psilocybin. It is between these last two that the initiate must choose, for they present different paths open to him. Though both are "allies," jimson grants power, is the ally of the leader, but is flattering and deceptive, and may lead to madness; the mushroom frees one from the human form, strengthens the "heart." But both must be mastered by the will, and both frighten the author in his narrative pose. The ritual attitude of Don Juan towards the plants and their spirits corresponds to that of the Hopi: the psychic quest comes to discover a symmetry of powers, which demand of the shaman strength and self-knowledge. Mescalite, the peyote spirit, when he makes his appear-

ance in Castaneda's vision, asks "What do you want?," while the sky roars the answer. The fragmentary experiences of the white narrator are always poised against Don Juan's stabilized intuition. An interesting comparison can be made with the account of visions in *Black Elk Speaks* (Bison, paper); Black Elk was a Sioux and a contemporary of Sitting Bull, and his visions have a mandalic structure, and seem to contain as many cultural conventions as painting or music, without any diminution of their shimmer of uniqueness. The power and knowledge which he derived from these visions structured his whole life, and culminated in the Ghost Dance, as did the visions of many other shamans.

Technicians of the Sacred is an anthology of "primitive poetries," which focuses on the figure of the shaman; material from Asia and Africa coherently extends the patterns of American Indian thought, and Rothenberg presents the material in a series of overlays, so that the vivid images recede into balance with the raw forces they embody. Beyond this,

the commentaries draw together materials from contemporary arts which manifest these same forces obliquely, often with remarkable coincidence in the image patterns, from Rimbaud, Blake, the Surrealists, to McClure, Snyder, and new dance and theatre; work which recognizes a spirit world interwoven with normal reality. This is a large collection, but Rothenberg is aware that he has only scratched the surface, and he is more involved with defining cultural distances clearly than in making pronouncements on the nature of art.

All of the works mentioned go beyond the conventional limits of anthropology in their respect for psychic data; and all carry the conviction that the Western world view has insulated and debased direct experience in ways that are hardly universal. The artist shaman has been defrocked by a society of men no longer interested in the workings of their own psyches, the lines of access have been redefined, cut off. When the artist dons his horns, no one will be taken in. But I suspect another Ghost Dance is in the making.

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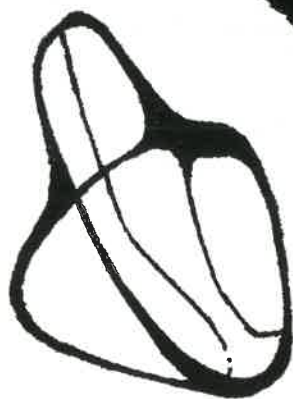
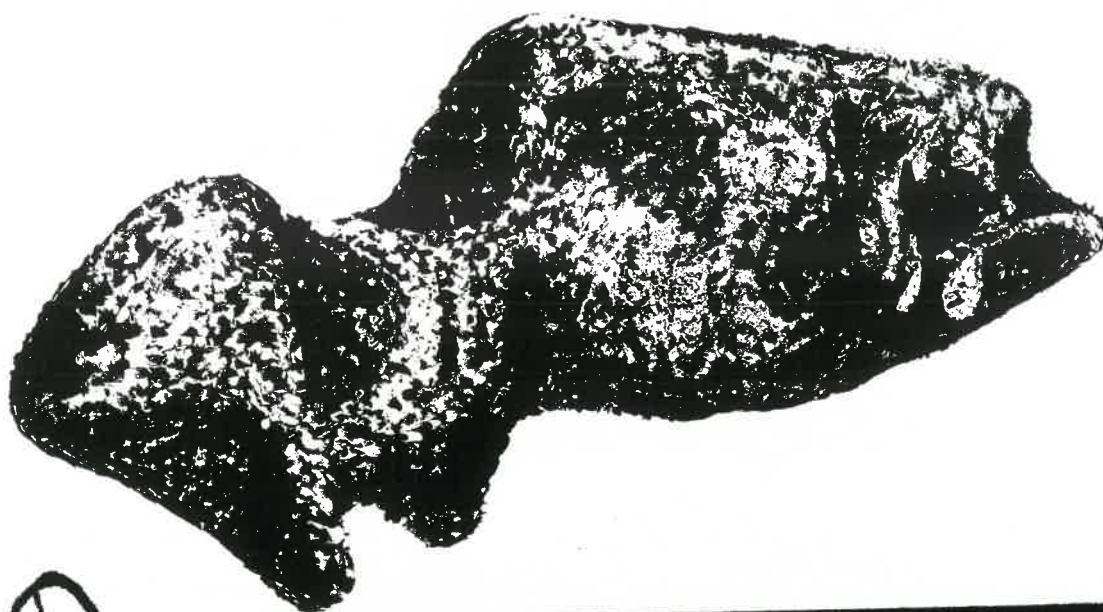
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*My child is like a stone
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or toss it down —
only a hollow sound
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it warms, it curves
softly into the palm:
even a stone takes on a pulse
in a warm hold.*

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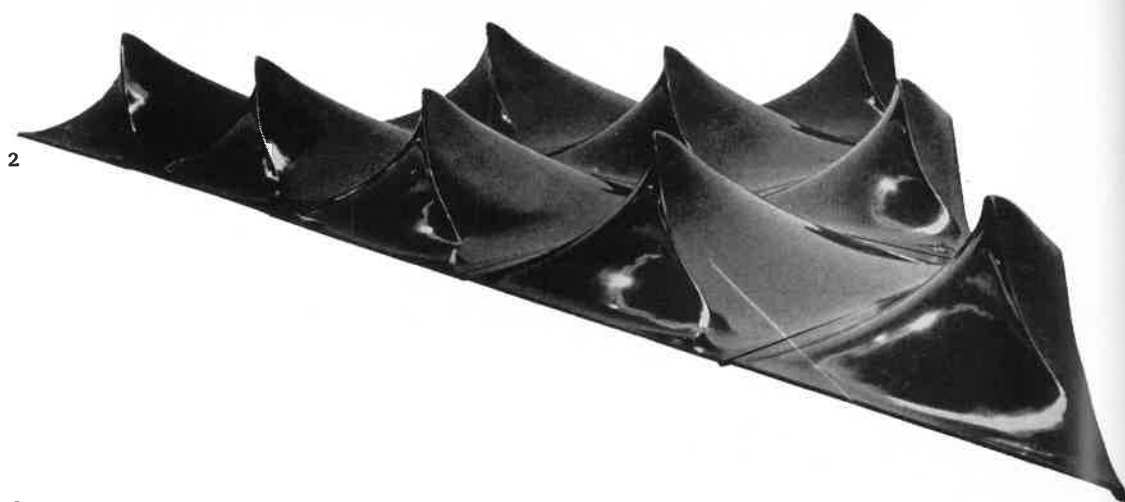
Directions '69
The Vancouver Art
Gallery
September 9-October
5, 1969

by Charlotte Townsend

The directions are best followed when taken within the Vancouver situation; if not they could be misleading. This is not to say that *Directions '69* is an exercise in regionalism, it just proves again that regionalism exists.

In the last three years, under the impetus of Intermedia, Dennis Vance has been experimenting with sound, the receptivity of sound waves to movement and human presence. The three works in this show represent the most technically accomplished fusion of his sensory ambitions with sculpture, broadly defined, to date. Their contribution to the general movement to which they belong is perhaps not even significant, and the theories with which Vance reinforces his work have, like much Intermedia theorizing, had a wider and more sophisticated airing elsewhere. Mixing media, breaking down barriers and definitions, advocating the public and communal experience over the individual as the way to revitalize perception and tune into the environment so that the technological takeover can be fought, etc. All this is promoted with evangelizing zeal and happy utopianism, happy because the "organic culture" which Artaud called for is believed possible, a culture in which the mind would be envisaged "in its relationship to the organs of sense, bathing in them, responding to each of them at the same time."

It's the optimism that saves the situation. As so often in Vancouver, or anywhere relatively isolated yet with drive, there is the prob-



1. *Wave*: Wall piece approximately 6 x 10', consisting of 16 chromed tubular bars, 1" in diameter and varying curvature; capable of producing a spectrum of sound according to the way it is touched — by Dennis Vance.

2. *Black Night Rip*: Floor sculpture designed for corner position consisting of 9 modular units in the form of three-dimensional waves, black polished fibreglas; assembled dimension 11' x 13' x 16' high by Dallas Selman and Glen Toppings in aesthetic and technical collaboration.

3. *Fat Emma*: Suspended spherical fibreglas module, 5' diameter and faceted in construction; designed to carry three passengers rotating in energy zones of inductive loops activating the transmissions of four radio stations. Concept and sound by Dennis Vance, visual realization by Glen Toppings.

lem, crudely stated, of whether to cite the "outside" world's version and quash or delay that drive, or whether to forget it and take the place on its own terms, if those terms can be identified.

Possibly *Directions '69* helps identify them. (Incidentally talk of simultaneous development can't always be used to charm away the dilemma because it isn't always simultaneous.)

Speaking for himself Vance says: "I create sound energy, and I do it as a sculptor. But it's people that interest me more than anything else, their ways of relating to each other outwards. I want to turn this into sound energy, or rather locate the energy that's already there. Everybody is an artist: all movement is dance: all presence is theatre: what I care about particularly is that all sound is music, and by making people aware of this I want to make them aware that they are all artists." With his altruism and enthusiastic if limited investigation of the aural/tactile, Vance fits McLuhan's definition of the artist as "an expert in sensory awareness" better in theory than in practice.

One piece, *Electronic Irwin*, involves six eyes, set in two, polished chrome discs near the ceiling

and opposite one another, which monitor the space in an otherwise empty room. Just how insensitive were we before that our awareness of a space can be significantly extended if a slight perpetual buzz is disturbed and varied in intensity as one moves in it? Slight isn't the same as subtle. Similarly, *Wave* whose chromium curves respond to touch with sound, has a very limited tonal range. Vance makes something of an overstatement when he calls it, "A metaphor for what I'd like to see happening, people more together and more aware of it. You can 'play a tune' alone on *Wave*, but so much more is possible if you do it with others. It's more difficult, but it's richer and more together. People can make very nice music alone, but they aren't good at making nice music together yet, or at least I haven't heard too much of it."

In his book *Beyond Modern Sculpture* Jack Burnham makes a case for at least the temporary survival of sculpture through the transition from object to system; in a systems-oriented world the artificial system is the logical extension of the object as a symbol of the intellectual domination of

the environment. *Fat Emma*, Vance's third piece, is a system designed to initiate a dynamic mutual tuning between man and environment. The participant must both control and be controlled by *Emma* for her to function.

With three people sitting inside, and close to the microphones, she can be swung in any way through several sound areas, each programmed with a different radio station. Information is, as Drucker has put it, "the cornerstone of our modern society"; *Fat Emma* is, in theory, transforming the information that society puts out non-stop into a new language, one we have never heard before because we have never been forced to listen to it like this. *Fat Emma* is fun, but just one of her problems is that communal awareness tends to get hamstrung on its own self-consciousness in an art gallery, and to say that that is what we are fighting doesn't really answer the present situation.

Glen Toppings, who was responsible for the physical realization of *Fat Emma*, also co-operated, but in a different way, with Dallas Selman on *Black Night Rip*. The collaboration ran smoothly from the shared initial idea to the completion of a floor sculpture

that both artists felt was better than anything they could have done alone. High-gloss black fibreglas was moulded over stretched canvas to produce a sinuous wave form. At present it consists of nine wave modules but, while its axis depends on a corner, there is no reason why its area should not extend indefinitely. As sculpture, its role is somewhere between the active and passive; in reference somewhere between the literal and metaphorical; spatially it whips up the horizontal and interferes with the rectilinear geometry of the room. It is, in several senses, *sensuous* and very elegant. The best sculpture for quite a while in Vancouver. What it has in common with the rest of *Directions '69* is that it works towards what Rilke referred to as "an extension of the region of the individual senses."

Hydra Cross, made by Selman alone, is much less successful. It consists of cobalt blue fibreglas units, each six feet by six feet by two feet. The fact that there are two of these awkward things seems neither interesting nor relevant. The little bits of modelling on top get lost. I found myself invoking grace and proportion, or otherwise real Selman funk.



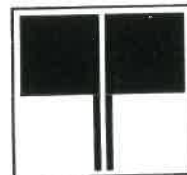
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Extensions: Revolutionary directions in photography
**Fine Arts Gallery,
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October 4-25, 1969

by Ross Mendes

Today, most photographs we see in magazines and advertisements have been taken by a professional photographer but ultimately they are selected and presented by an editor or art director. This has forced the photographer into the position of middleman, instead of being the artist in control of his final print and its cropping.

In *Extensions* at the Fine Arts Gallery of The University of British Columbia, Bob Flick, Fred Herzog and Jack Dale take photography away from the art directors and present it to us the way they want it to be seen. Their combined show of work raises many interesting questions. Where does the art in photography really reside? Is it only a photograph if it can be easily duplicated? Is it in the image? Is it in the negative or is it in the mind of the photographer? Each of the photographers on show has his own answer.

Bob Flick's unique prints are interesting and even exciting depending on how your eyes have been educated. For myself the overall impression of his work is reminiscent of Rauschenberg's. The fundamental idiom of Flick's style is really a form of collage. Images are not cut and pasted on top of one another, but multiple negatives and printings produce a similar effect of abrupt ambiguities and transparencies. It is interest-

ing to recall that it was the poets in France who developed the climate for collage before Picasso actually used it in painting. They were working with that transparent material, the sound of words, to knit together images that were different.

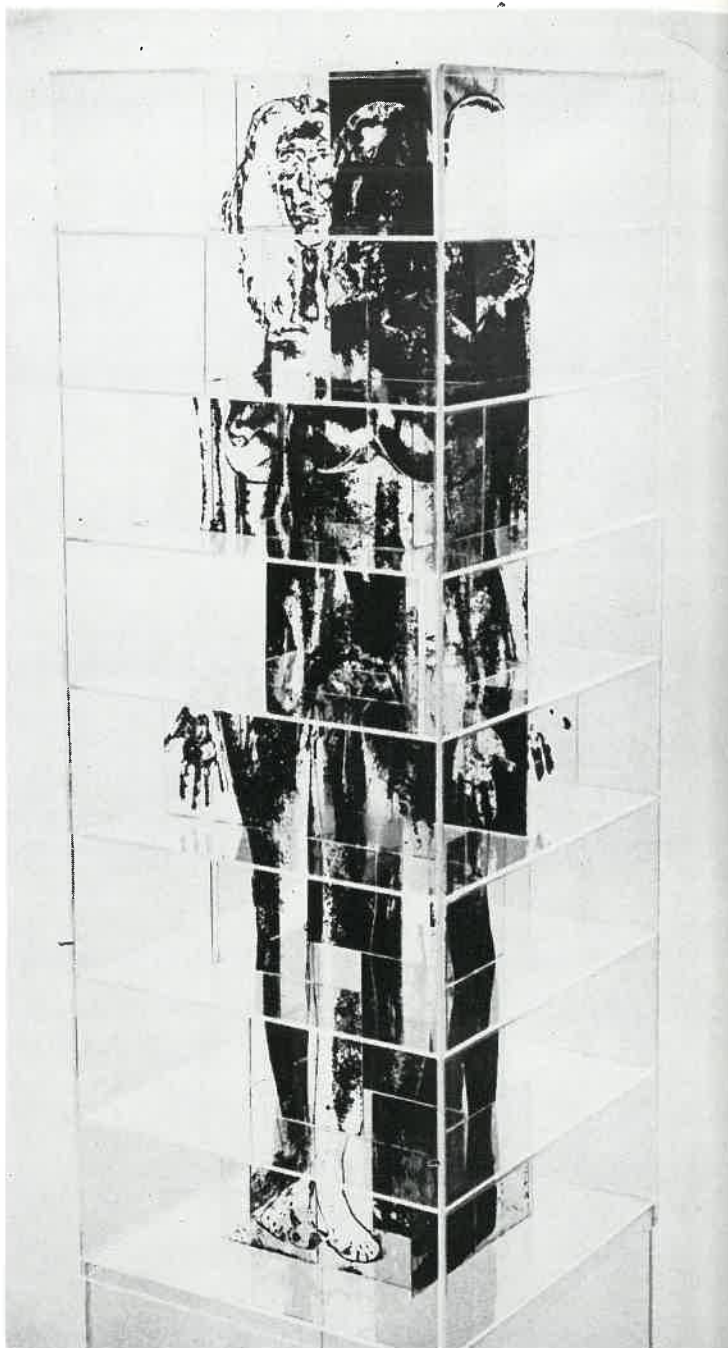
Overlapping is the basis of Flick's approach. Another is his graining effect, something like the texture of a lithograph. He converts a continuous tone into a line negative, eliminating the middle tones. But explanation of technique does not describe the power of his images, images that convey more than a little dread. Cars, highways, windshields are printed over people, mixed at times with dogmatic signs and idyllic images of young people in free fields with horses.

The most striking aspect of his prints are that they have been done in two colours, but no dyes have been used. He has found a feature of photography that is inherent in the medium itself. Depending upon how long the print is left in the fixing bath, the photographic paper turns a salmon colour. It reminds one that photography besides being an optical process is a chemical one that involves fluids.

[Since the Herzog photos were available to us only in colour, we felt it would be a distortion to reproduce them in black and white. Ed.]

Jack Dale
Plastic Women Cubed No. Two 1969
 Photosensitized glass/Plexiglas
 5'6" high x 20" wide x 20" deep
 (Recently purchased by the
 Stratford Art Assoc.)

Jack Dale
Reclining



Fred Herzog, born in Germany, did all the photographs on exhibition with the help of a Canada Council Bursary, as did both the other photographers. Herzog's work is crisp, clear and bright. He has a remarkable eye as evidenced, for example, in the full colour shot of a sea gull blurred white behind a red, rigid railing. Many of his other photographs are of signs, buildings and walls, closely cropped like a really fine advertisement image or more accurately like the editorial photographs in the German magazine *Twen*.

Several soft drink signs like the Pepsi Cola trademark bent around the corner of a wall, a glass Orange Crush insignia that has fallen and shattered, the rusted, countless repeated images of long forgotten Canada Dry signs, echo the insights of Jasper Johns and Andy Warhol. In his other photographs of walls spattered with paint, or road signs judiciously out of focus to become shapes of colour, his graphic and spatial approach has not yet stretched the syntax of photography beyond the painted originals.

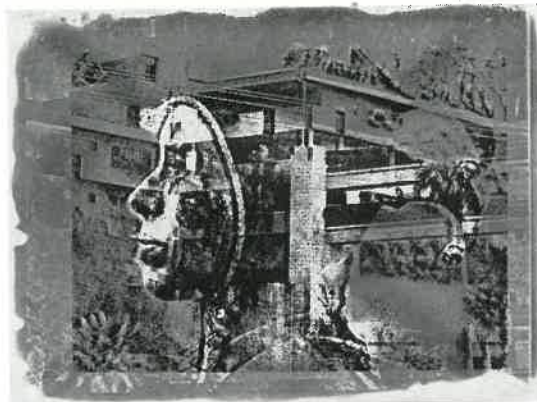
Jack Dale is exploring several areas with his photography: positive black and white transparencies, mirror surfaces, three dimensional structures and flat photographic surfaces. In *Walking, Running, Leaping, Jumping* he has constructed a horizontal Plexiglas box with a mirror background. Near the front of the box he has placed the continuous, transparent positive images of a nude girl in the sequence of the actions of the title. It immediately recalls the Muybridge series of nudes. However Dale's sculpture box is more complex, shifting and fugitive. It is a very subtle rendering of an

aspect of the cinematic experience. It doesn't move but it feels as though it does. Another example of this is found in a reclining nude. The photograph (a positive black and white transparency mounted on a mirror surface) is interrupted by mirrored vertical slats so that as you walk past the figure jumps.

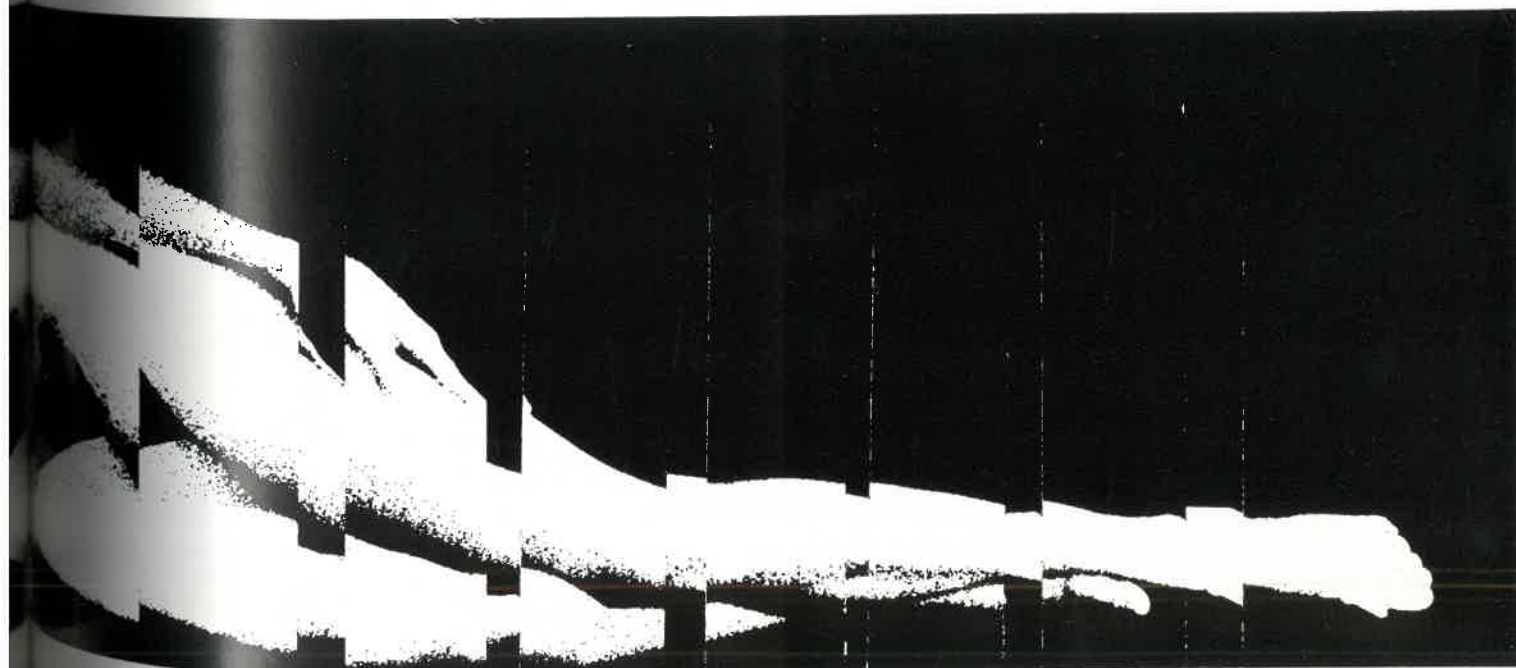
In some flat works he has used life-size, bleached-out photographs of nude women doing household chores. These are pasted onto mylar, which is a plastic mirrored material, so that when you stand in front of them you become part of the picture. They are very much like the works by the Italian painter Pistoletto. In another flat work he is following Warhol's use of butted together images of a semi-nude girl running forward. Dale's images are sequential, so the closer she gets the nuder she gets.

In essence, *Extensions* is three men's views through the ground glass of a camera at our contemporary society. Bob Flick apparently feels it is going to hell and we should do something about it; Herzog suggests that it is beautiful if we will only look and Jack Dale reacts with sublimated eroticism.

Bob Flick
R-26-D, Excerpts from an L.A. Book of the Dead Black and white photograph on salmon background (above right)



Jack Dale
Contact



**The New Art of
Vancouver
Newport Harbor Art
Museum Newport,
California. October-
November, 1969**

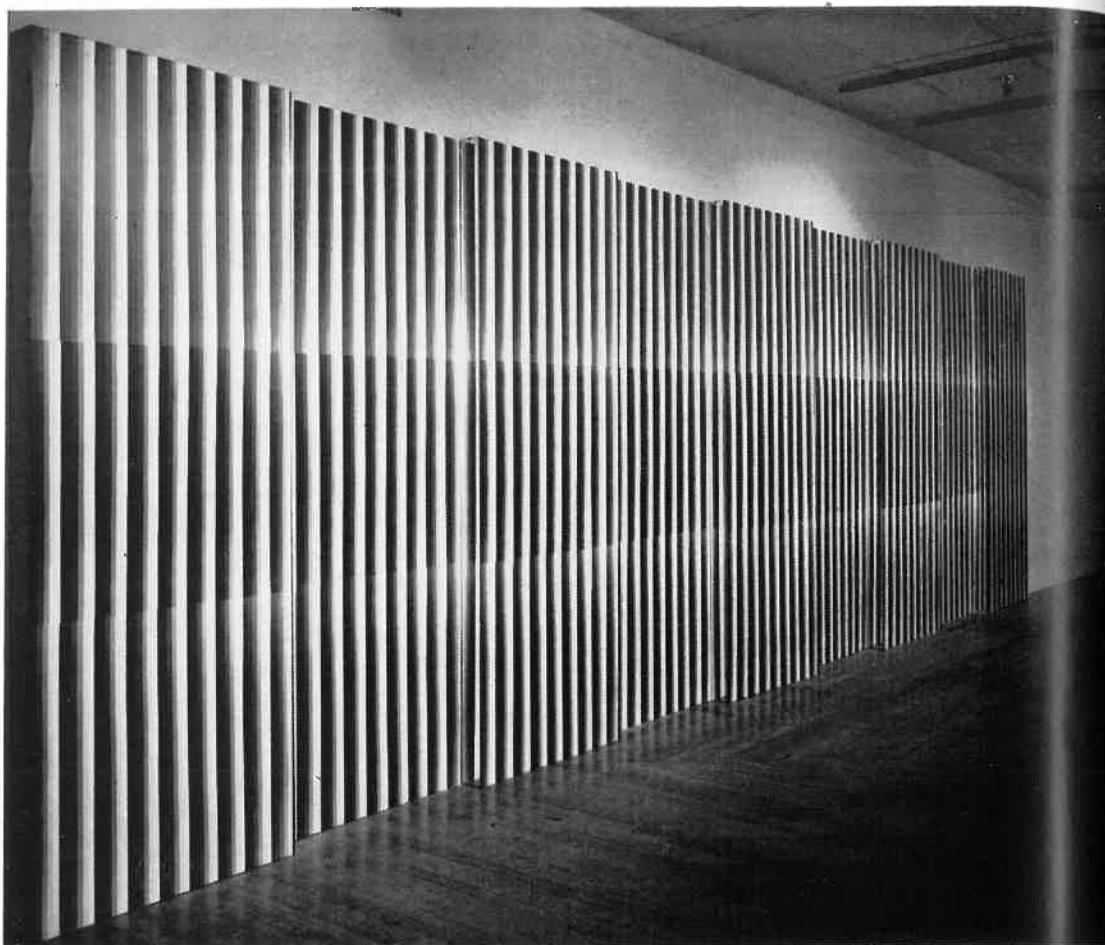
by Susan Ginsburg

Presently on view until November 9 in the Newport Harbor Art Museum is *The New Art of Vancouver*, a show organized by Thomas Garver, director of the museum. The exhibition will then travel to the Art Galleries of the University of California at Santa Barbara (November 16-December 21). The exhibitors were chosen to represent some of the recent tendencies in the art being created, in Vancouver now as well as some work from the immediate past. The show is not about new art; it really has more to do with seven artists from that geographic area, namely Gathie Falk, Brian Fisher, Gary Lee-Nova, Glenn Lewis, Michael Morris, The N.E. Thing Company with Iain Baxter as President and Bodo Pfeifer.

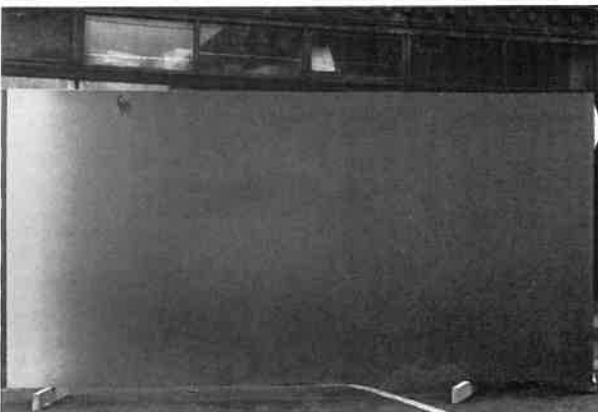
Stylistically the work exhibited ranges from the highly optical paintings of Fisher and Pfeifer to conceptual or "idea" art of Iain Baxter. There is no common sensibility in the art from Vancouver which makes an exhibition of this sort difficult in terms of the spectator's necessarily different reactions to the works by the individual artists, all really within the same exhibition space.

In his most recent work, Glenn Lewis contends with this problem by creating his own space for the works. In the "closet pieces", a room was constructed of pine large enough to hold one, maybe two people. On a Plexiglas stand within this structure, is a coated Plexiglas box that recalls the delicacy of Larry Bell's work. However, instead of chrome edges or other such "fine art" material, Lewis holds these boxes together with ordinary scotch tape so that the rather funky ceramic objects inside are easily accessible. The titles of the works are referential to automobiles, but not to the specific work of art. However, like a closet or a box a car is a container as are rooms, buildings, and other bodies.

As Lewis controls space with actual containers, Michael Morris controls our perception of space with a new work made for this exhibition. The piece was made through a photographic process of light exposure so that the vertical bands of equal width appear in a grey-black-white pattern. Long strips of mirror placed at right angles to the two-dimen-



Michael Morris *Newport Project 1969*
Mounted photograph and mirror 96" x 324" x 4" deep



Bodo Pfeifer *Untitled 1969*
Acrylic polymer on canvas



Gathie Falk *Room 1969*

sional surface reflect the papered surface as well as everything else in the field. Hence light, objects, forms, and ultimately we the spectators become the content of the work of art.

Gathie Falk's work poses reality problems in the nature of art and life. She created an Environment for Newport that overflows with playful inconsistencies. What is more real in this space—the wooden table, a ceramic checker game, a fabric chair across from a ceramic one, plastic lilies-of-the-valley in a porcelain vase, or the Plexiglas framed print *Liz* by Andy Warhol?

Conceptual art or ideas are the content of the output of the N.E. Thing Co. The work is essentially serious, concerning problems of art; yet, the medium of communication is fun and irony. A sense of humour can be a very radical approach to ideas, for change is

brought about without the intense feelings, purpose and message. A sense of humour however, does not negate a thorough understanding of the problems, in this case the essence of creativity, art and the "visual unknown." When presented in a gallery space, this work seems to lose its immediacy, especially the most recent work of the Company for this show—a teletype machine that sends messages back and forth between Newport and Vancouver for the duration of the exhibition. This usage of a machine of communication as art is marvellous. It has nothing to do with traditional space for the viewing of fine art, for the work has less to do with observation than with active participation between artists in an attempt to re-orient our visual and mental sensibility.

Gary Lee-Nova's film, *Steel Mushrooms* (1968), also points to

the incompatibility of the traditional art space with that of the more radical art of the 60s in terms of new media. This is a very sophisticated work which tends to blend technique with subject matter and content. Juxtaposition and multiple image cutting of the film whose subject matter is the utilitarian, industrial objects from our environment is done in a way so that the viewer becomes totally involved within the visual experience. The film acts as an assault on both our visual and aural sensibilities; however, in the contrived viewing space at Newport the soundtrack was completely inaudible. Projected from a small 16 mm machine, the film loses its power and vitality as a work of art which challenges the validity of a painting and sculpture space for the radically new art.

The recent paintings by Bodo Pfeifer work with qualities of col-

our and form in a definitely fine art sense in that they have to do with traditional aspects of painting. The intense opticality of the work of Brian Fisher is due to the highly structured patterns of line which were first combined with colour in the *Odyssey* prints from last year. The new paintings examine this combination in large scale and with very interesting results in the experimental nature of these works.

The Newport Harbour Museum show is valuable in that it allows us to see some very good art from Vancouver that we might not ordinarily see. The viewing space poses problems to the viewer's relationship to some of the works, but this is true of any traditional gallery space and some of the art of the past decade that poses a challenge and a threat to the continuance of the use of that space for experiencing art.

The Open Alembic

by Michael Greenwood

Curator of the art galleries, York University

'... And the coming Romanticism is a piece of ice in which a flame burns.' (W. Kandinsky)

The old dream of alchemy approaches fulfillment at last—can we not already transmute dull soot into shining diamonds? To restructure basic particles is now more than a possibility, though not, of course, to be achieved by magic. But if traditional alchemy has a poor future, the need for magic continues to ache in the human psyche like an old wound. Many a disciplined rationalist conceals within him a frustrated magician gasping for breath. Among the many benefits bequeathed to our time by Marcel Duchamp, not the least is the freedom conferred upon our modern neo-Paracelsans to legitimately explore areas beyond the previously defined limits of art.

Today, the concepts of science, magic and art commingle more than ever, as Mr Dennis Young makes clear in his acutely perceptive and carefully reasoned preface to the catalogue of *New Alchemy: ELEMENTS SYSTEMS FORCES*.¹ The four artists whose work Mr Young assembled for this remarkable demonstration would no doubt readily subscribe to such a proposition. Each in his own way

assumes it in his work, whatever his declared intention. Each disclaims any aesthetic value attaching to the form or appearance of his work, thus emphasizing its ultramundane, even sacerdotal, aspect. The artist, in fact, celebrates a kind of phenomenological ritual to which the spectator is both witness and participant. Yves Klein's claim to authorship of the cosmos by putting his signature to it appears now to have been a gesture more reverential than hubristic.

This position clearly stems from the hermetic, Nietzschean world of metaphysical reality which gathered momentum with the *Blaue Reiter* group and was carried a stage further by Duchamp. With such antecedents we cannot dismiss these tendencies as merely regressive, fatalistic or wilfully arcane, since they have entered the mainstream of Western art and indeed, in various guises, lyrical or rationalized, become its central preoccupation.

Despite the artists' declared indifference toward the objects they create and their rejection of conventional channels of communication with the public, the exhibition is nevertheless more stimulating, thought-provoking and visually compelling than any science museum apparatus carefully designed to demonstrate some aspect of natural phenomena could possibly be. For one thing the works are far from anonymous; in practice the artist cannot escape his personality and remain merely a passive agent or catalyst of the forces he is involved with.

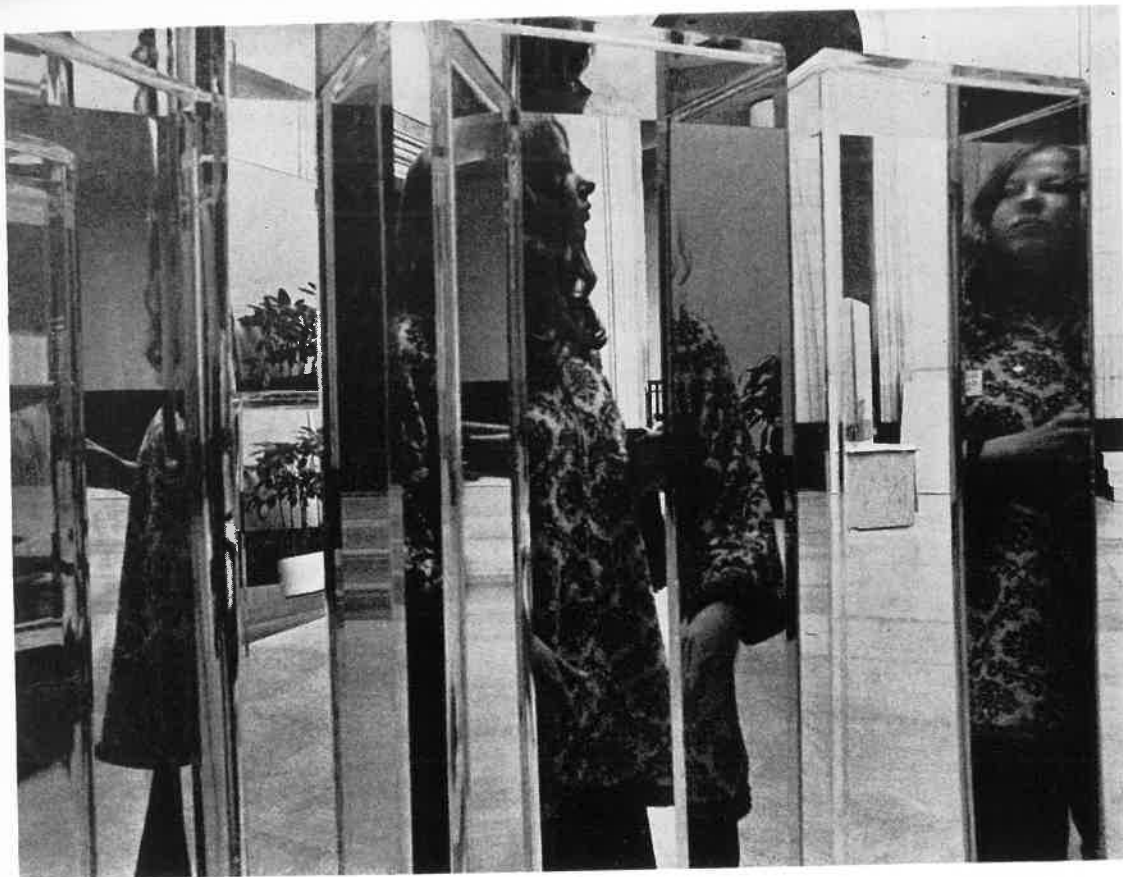
Protest as he may, qualities of individual intelligence, emotion, wit, insight and sympathy in some degree cling to every single work. The objects, it is true, may be casual, even nondescript vehicles for the concept, but the fact remains that personal tokens of active intervention abound in the works and identify their makers inescapably. John Van Saun's statement that, "Anybody could do my work..."² avoids the issue, "Anybody" didn't! As always, of course, factors of personal choice, decision and judgment apart from sheer creative imagination, deny the claims of anonymity and set the artist apart.

Charles Ross offers a variety of Plexiglas prisms which combine the dual functions of window and mirror, ageless symbols of the quest for reality beyond appearances. These prisms, passive in themselves, concentrate attention upon the nature of visual perception. By questioning the basis of our habitual way of seeing things they imply that our sense of scale and space is established upon a mental convention which, doubtless for reasons of adaptation and survival, we humans all share. But it must be remembered that there may be infinite variations on the theme of perception, that our biologically conditioned viewpoint is related only to a limited set of requirements, that, in a wider sense, our eyes are unreliable witnesses. Ross is clearly not concerned with fragmenting images of the environment as an analogue of contemporary experience. He may be proposing that our specific and

localized perceptions are materialized images of some archetypal "perception theory." In any case Ross creates the conditions necessary "to undergo the interrogation of shop windows."³ Whatever responses the windows arouse in us, Ross's reflections, reflective at many levels, will contain at least some of the answers.

Takis dwells upon the nature of the invisible, ubiquitous forces that surround and penetrate us, that bind all matter in a continuum of time and space. His hidden magnet (Cat. #31), willing agent of an unseen draughtsman, traces intricate curves and contrapuntal rhythms of energy weirdly defined by swarming colonies of captive nails. His solemn, nodding signals (Cat. #26-29), pulse messages that will surely carry, like mindless quasars, to the rim of the universe. They command an ecstatic void of silence only disturbed by the occasional echo of colliding galaxies. Between ungainly lumps of iron, taut extensions of wire, ignoring gravity, remind us of Duchamp's undying preoccupation with the erotic overtones of "electricity."

John Van Saun is more concerned than the other participants with the actual and visible nature of phenomena. He maintains that what is *there* is all there is and all we need to know. But despite this disavowal of conceptualizing motives it is difficult to avoid finding them in his work. The processes of decay and transmutation deliberately accelerated in the mould (Cat. #36) and corrosion (Cat. #35) boxes generate changing images



Charles Ross *Serial Wall* 1968
7 units 60" x 120" x 18"

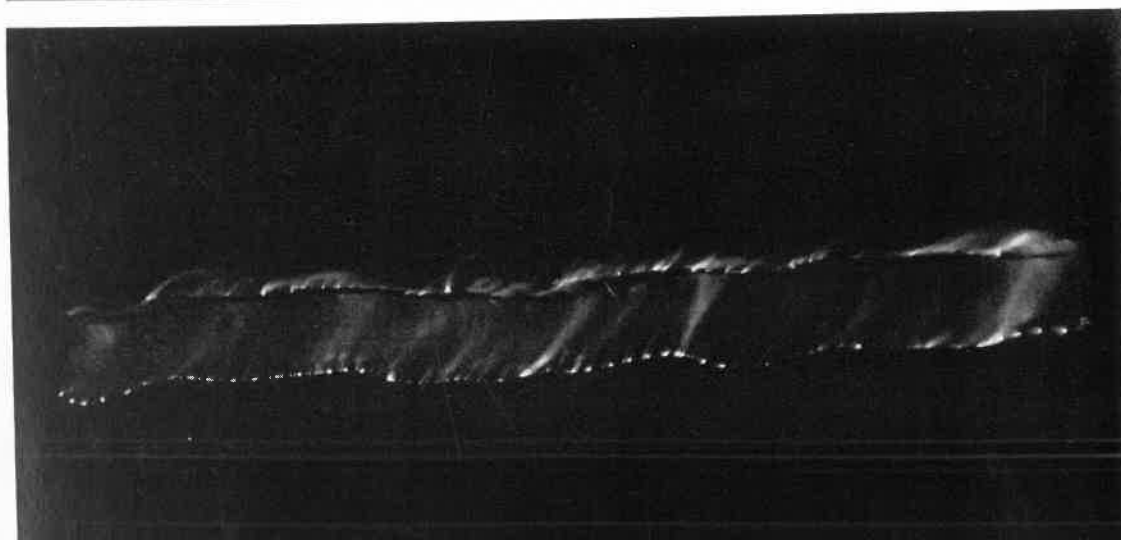
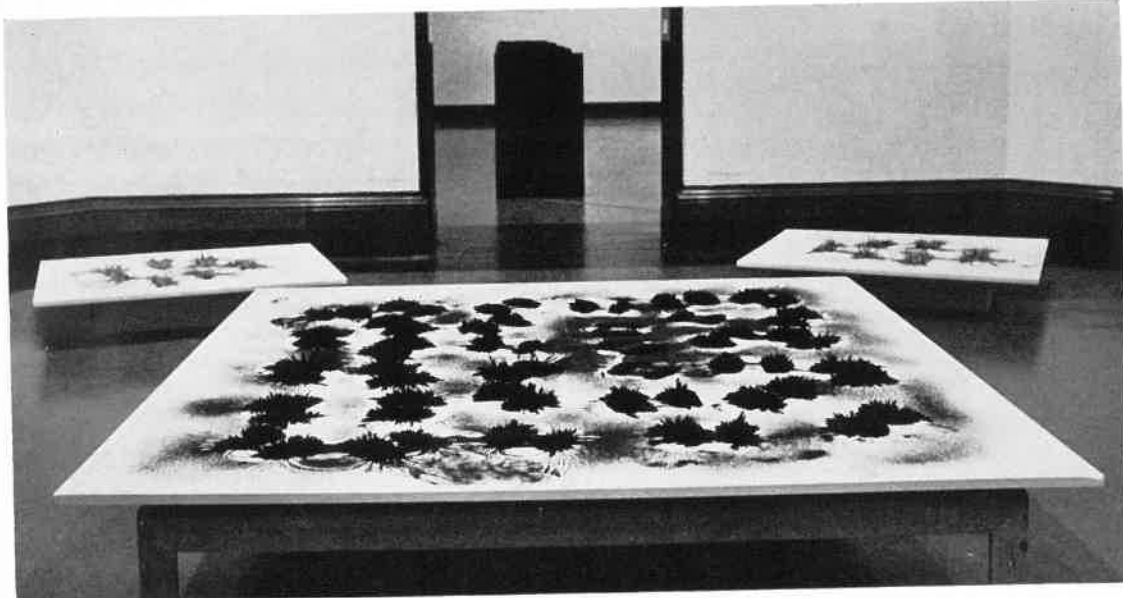
of a distinctly nostalgic and picturesque nature, like Wordsworth's musings over Tintern Abbey. Van Saun, however, seems by implication to link the categories of time and metamorphosis (or life and death) to all matter, and thus to extend the concept beyond its purely lyrical and elegiac connotations. With his sputtering polyethylene fuse (Cat. #38) leaving formless, irregular traces, Van Saun creates an image of the infinite monotony of time, in which the distinction between "being" and "nothing" is hardly definable.

Hans Haacke is the Prospero of the group, immaculate conjuror of the Elements, calling them to order with gestures of aristocratic restraint and authority. His *Grass Mound* (Cat. #6) is all that Earth must be, inertia and fecundity, continuous change harboured in formal boundaries – Caliban subject to the laws of necessity. Gross matter again serves as a medium for the process of metamorphosis, the relation of phenomenon to noumenon held in delicate balance.

Fire (Cat. #7) is no searing combustion but a poor spark nervously fizzing its way through the darkness like an uncertain tightrope walker, its feeble journey doomed to premature extinction. Endless repetition of the same event establishes the idea of continuity rather than change; and the potential banality of the image is countered by Haacke's unswerving tact, his iron sense of purpose.

Air, the capricious element, invisible yet immensely potent, makes fun of gravity, inertia and all earthbound pomposities, its spirituality harnessed to stern or antic functions, playing Boreas or Zephyr at the Master's will. (Cat. #5 and #12).

Water, flowing, volatile, frozen, dripping, is casually regulated to assume its multiple roles in the theatre of phenomenology. *Ice Stick* (Cat. #4) slowly takes nourishment from the atmosphere, growing like a stalagmite on minute accretions of water vapour. In this simple image physical and chemical processes are equated, the artist merely providing an elementary source of energy for "nature" to enact the metaphor. Haacke can somehow make a glowing virtue even of casualness. Elsewhere he confines the element within a narrow plastic



Takis *Fall Out in Magnetic Fields*
Magnets, iron filings, wooden base 96" x 96"
Hans Haacke *High Voltage Discharge - Travelling* 1968/69. 16 KV transformer, electrodes, insulators, fan
All photos by John F. Phillips

sheath (Cat. #3), severely limiting its mobility. When the box is swung like a pendulum the surface of the water responds with rippling arpeggios of movement, suggestive of oceans and tides. Again the theme of captivity and kinesis is disclosed in *Circulation* (Cat. #13), in which the flow of water can be traced by an endless procession of bubbles through a jumble of transparent tubing of varied widths. According to the relative freedom or constriction of the passage the flow changes in velocity from sluggish meandering to flashing mobility. Although dependent on movement, the image is self-sustaining and inviolable. Haacke again refers, with consummate elegance and total absence of fuss, to the interrelation of different systems and forces, their chance alliances and syntheses. Curiously enough, it is the German, Haacke, not the Greek, Takis, who emerges as the most "classical" figure in the group. Haacke's agile imagination nimbly surmounts the onto-

logical barrier and overcomes the dualism of "being" and "otherness" which to many artists poses an agonizing dilemma. His work is refreshingly unshadowed by the clouds of melancholy which so often gloom over metaphysical speculation. By contrast, Haacke's composure and indeed almost cheerful acceptance of the ultimate paradox is in itself a creative act which leaves us with a sense of exhilaration.

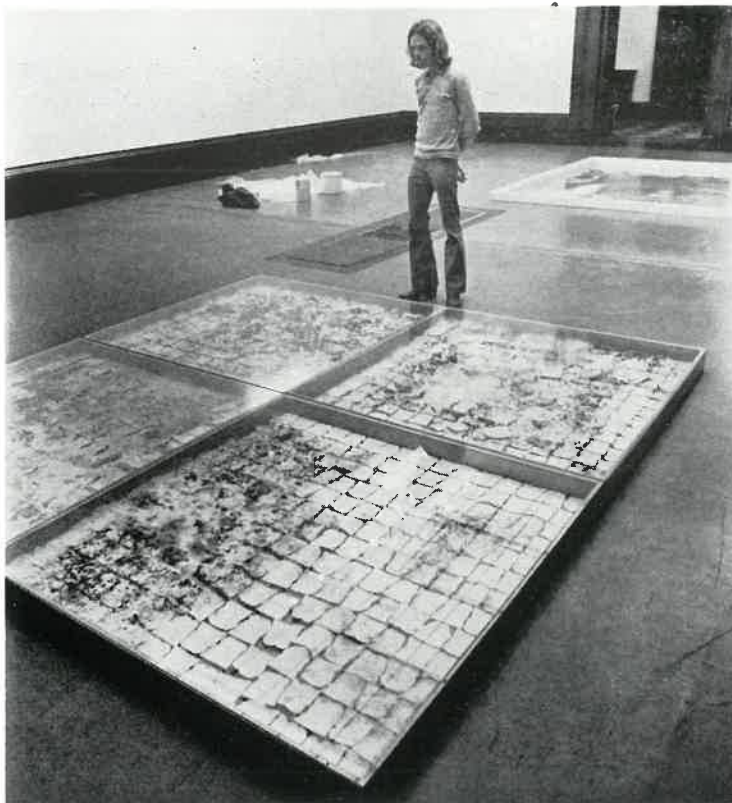
Dennis Young, by cleverly matching the temperamental attributes of the four artists to those of the Four Elements must be given recognition as the "onlie begetter" and Archalchemist of a most illuminating séance.

1 Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto (September 27-October 26, 1969) Musée d'art contemporain, Montreal (November 5-December 14, 1969)

2 Quoted in *Fire: John Van Saun* by Wilmoughby Sharp (*arts/canada*, June 1969, p. 24)

3 Marcel Duchamp, *À l'Infinifit*, Neuilly 1913

John Van Saun *Bread Mould*
Wood bases, bread, glass cover
4 units each 60" x 60"



In the Galleries Toronto, Early Autumn

by Barry Lord

Toronto's early fall season began as dull as a day in Etobicoke.

At Isaacs, *Don Jean-Louis* opened in September by playing back the tapes and presenting a few blown-up stills made from the "media experiment" of his show last spring, proving only that wonky mirrors and closed circuits soon pall. Vancouver's *Reg Holmes* followed to mid-October with shaped-canvas clichés, hard-edge colour stripes with depth illusion made to order for the safe money in New York, where he now lives.

More expensive games with geometric patterns could be played at Dunkelmann, where Parisian operator *Victor Vasarely* showed how trivial the notions of constructivism could be made. Earlier, veteran Montreal painter *Jacques de Tonnancour* had opened the season there with his weary manipulations of surface.

Out at York University, structuralist *Elizabeth Willmot* tidily arranged her pieces of painted wood, aluminum and Plexiglas into decorative relief panels that evidently should be architectural if anything. Even the usually dependable *Carmen Lamanna* Gallery sagged,

suspending the inflated plastic modules of *Jean Noel* from its walls and ceiling. The young Montrealer's pieces in this show were lightweight in every sense, the plump little S's, Z's and V's in puffed-up plastic too inconsequential to be art, too cute to be objects that matter to us, and too few in number to suggest a sleek production-line aesthetic of quantity.

Hart House promised five bright new names in a group show, but all we got were Ontario College of Art students and drop-outs, about equal in ambition and ability to ape fashion. Roger Piotrow minimized, Ric Evans energetically shaped and stained, and Robert Reid reached all the way back to Rothko for the most handsome colour-field effects, producing several "well-made" paintings. Shirley Wiitasabo rather uncertainly stained some crumpled canvas, looking like drop-sheets over some other paintings, while her husband Robin Collyer tried some variants on Karl Beveridge's sculptural ideas, his materials too flimsy for his concepts. All five working hard, but still dependent on their influences and so not really ready to show.

In desperation, the *Telegram's* Jared Sable proclaimed *Paul Fournier's* canvases at Pollock "best of the season" thus far, but in fact they were patent — and

poor — imitations of Olitski. Fournier, known for his earlier etchings and landscapes, has adopted the manners of misty atmospheric abstraction, but remains innocent of the structural uses of colour. His paintings are pretty though, and popular.

To find really interesting shows, the hard-working gallery-goer had to look to more distant sources. The Royal Ontario Museum borrowed 33 works from the New York collection of Earl Morse and put them with 23 others from Toronto private collections in its Far Eastern Gallery to provide an absorbing exhibition of Chinese painting from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. Entitled *In Pursuit of Antiquity*, it offered sen-

suous delights of brushwork and masterful representation of space and incident.

Gallery Pascal went east the other way for its show of about eighty works by 18 *Printmakers from Yugoslavia*, a representative selection from the world capital of graphic art, Ljubljana. Chosen by Zoran Krzisluk, who organizes the great Biennial there, the Pascal show had originally appeared at Vancouver's H. & S. Canvas Gallery last spring, and as critic Joan Lowndes said of it there, it was full of international prizewinners.

Technique in all these prints — even the dubious traditional-motif woodcuts — was impressive. With incredible freshness of bite and command of the plate in the etch-



Installation view of Jean Noel's works at Carman Lamanna Gallery

ings, consummate control of tone in the aquatint, precise line and clear colour everywhere, the show was a demonstration of the highest standards of production. But that was about all: as in so much print-making almost everywhere today, media were brilliantly employed to little purpose. And conceptually, no one seemed the least disturbed about the *beaux-arts* connotations of the fine print. The N.E. Thing Co. has no office in Ljubljana.

Comparable in technical quality, but much more powerful in statement, were the prints of *Kenojuak* shown at the Jerrold Morris Gallery. This complete set of her graphic work came from a Toronto private collection, and revealed the Cape Dorset Eskimo woman as a Canadian artist of first importance. Her organization of pic-

ture space is a subtle and spirited variation on the heraldic, and she works exquisite colour changes through her images. Colour and composition give depth of expression to her subjects, which are drawn from legend and dream. Their magic comes through visually, even for those quite ignorant of their mythical significance.

Morris's retrospective represents the first time since Niviaksiak that an individual Eskimo print-maker has been recognized as a major artist. It was certainly the strongest show of the young season, and should have been accompanied by a definitive catalogue. Which of our large public galleries is *unsophisticated* enough to show us the lifework—not just a few carvings or prints—of the greatest Eskimo artists?

Kenojuak Birds and Woman's Face 1963
stone cut on paper 30" x 19"
Photo: John Ayris for the
Jerrold Morris Gallery



Janez Bernik *Telefon* 1969 copper etching
Winner of the Grand Prix at the 8th International Graphic Exhibition, Ljubljana, 1969
Photo: Gallery Pascal

Janez Bernik *The Chair* 1968 copper etching
Photo: Gallery Pascal



Paterson Ewen The Carmen Lamanna Gallery, Toronto November, 1969

by Barry Lord

Paterson Ewen, at 45, is an important Canadian painter still hardly known to the Toronto art public. Two years ago his retrospective at the Dunkelman Gallery

showed a sustained probing of consistent themes over two decades, from his beginnings in the landscape and still-life painting of English-speaking Montreal through vigorous abstract expressionism, partaking about equally of New York gesture painting and Montreal *automatisme*, into brilliant colour-field canvases like the *Life Stream with Time Intervals* series, in which the gesture was intensified to a single broken curving

line of one hue in a large even expanse of another. There were strong paintings from all periods; but the weather was bad, and although there were eventually some sales, Toronto largely stayed away.

In the past year Ewen has moved himself to London, Ontario, and his paintings to the Lamanna Gallery, where this November he showed the best of his recent work. Judging from the opening

and the first week's lack of critical or public response, Toronto was frostier than ever, without even the excuse of the weather.

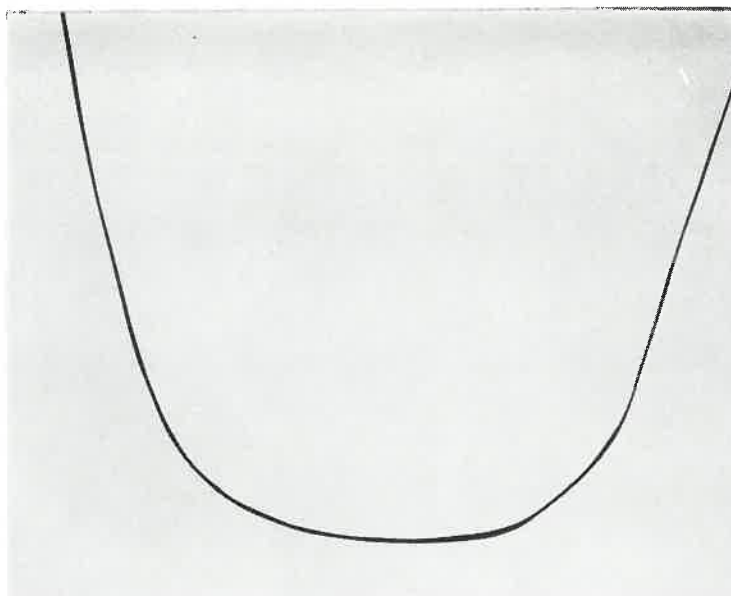
Yet there were major paintings here. Two 1969 *Life Streams* hung at the rear of the gallery linked the exhibition to Ewen's earlier work, maintaining his characteristic synthesis of alternating colour areas through interrupted continuity. But in London the stream had grown broader until in these two

paintings it engulfed the field, and in the six untitled 1969 works in this show Ewen boldly abandoned alternation and pitted everything on the eloquence of a continuous stream coursing through the colour field.

There are three areas in each of these paintings, the stream itself and the two field areas it distinguishes and binds; there are two colours in each, that of the stream and that of the field, and each involves two formal elements, line and plane. The line is the sides of the stream, painted with tape that is cut and applied so that the shape of this gestural passage is constantly changing, narrowing, swelling, surging, sagging, taut but expressive of the human hand, its tensions, uncertainties, decisive resolutions. In an exciting discovery painting, a fairly broad gun-metal grey stream crosses a pumpkin-orange field from the left edge to the top, and on the latest, a big black canvas,

a narrow light brown loops from edge to edge; in the other four paintings the stream is relatively narrow, and plunges down from the top, curving across and out the right edge.

The interaction of these factors Ewen today finds necessary and sufficient for the production of a strong, personally expressive image integrated with a flat, all-over colour field. The stream articulates not only its own shape, but also that of the field it delimits, and this is a graphic equivalent to the interaction of the colour areas, so that declarative image-making gesture and structural organization of the picture plane are literally accomplished at one consummate, premeditated stroke. Not surprisingly, the paintings are most successful when most absolute – the big (95 x 120) white canvas with its deep-dipping bright red ribbon is a masterwork that risks and rescues everything.



Paterson Ewen *Untitled #2* acrylic on canvas
96" x 120"
Photo: Carmen Lamanna Gallery

Hugh MacKenzie The Jerrold Morris Gallery, Toronto December 6-20, 1969

by Ross Mendes

"The human body is the primary reality" (Theodore Thass-Thiennemann)

With the moon landing, scientists have said that unless the lunar structure is similar to that of earth they will not be able to read the seismic signals accurately because they will have nothing to compare them with. If they do not see any patterns they can recognize it will leave them without a frame of reference.

Hugh MacKenzie in his exhibition of paintings and drawings at the Jerrold Morris Gallery presents us with his frame of reference for reality. We can compare his careful observations of a nude girl or children moving, with our own.

In *Parking Lot*, the bundled shape of a young lad contrasts against the towering brick wall of an old Toronto building. But the painting is as much about structure and form as about a winter moment in a little boy's life. It really shows MacKenzie's logic of shape. Pompous brick arches swing across the top of the painting, ellipses within ellipses, adjust to the span of intervals much as

Bach states a musical theme and then pursues its development. The edges of the brick columns are felt as opposed to being clearly outlined. Buff tones move across the wall under a filigree of mortar marks.

His paintings, generally modest in size, are executed in egg-tempera on masonite, emphasizing his preference for drawing over colour. Although in MacKenzie's works there is no sense of ease of drawing, there is no sense of striving either. Somewhere between them both there is a zone of deliberate achievement. His precise touch with fine brushes enables him to describe subtle variations in a surface without over-emphasis using the tonal hatchings of brush marks "that cross and cross across" his forms.

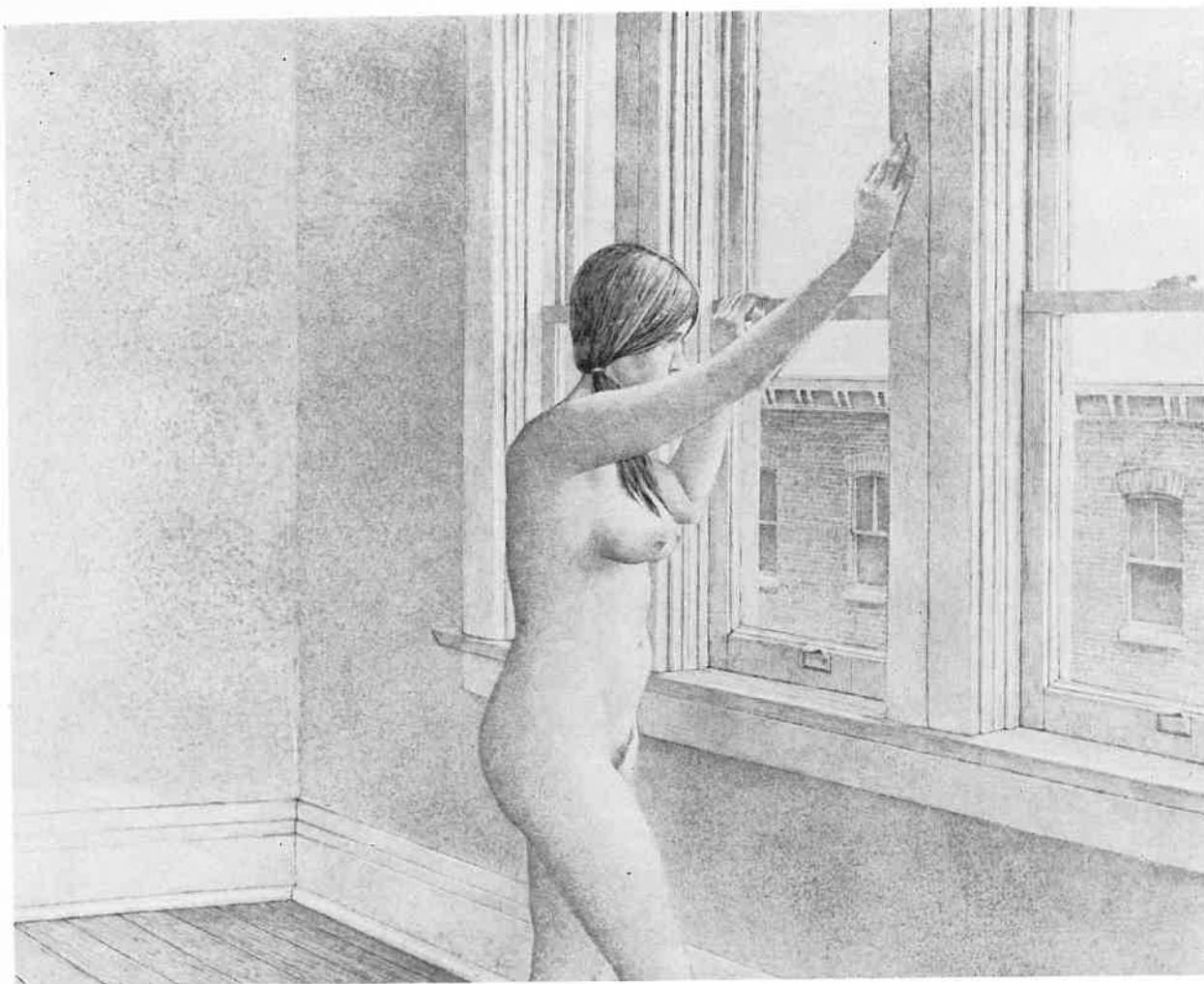
He has a preference for dusty colours: brick, flesh tones, ochres, rusts. The egg-tempera medium complements this with its characteristic chalky quality. MacKenzie's tightly controlled colour is an antidote to the uncontrolled technicolour of most movies or the shiny colours of slick magazines. If you have ever taken a colour transparency you have probably noticed that the front porch, or whatever it may be, appears freshly painted even when you know it's not. The distortion in film and in reproduction tends to sweeten everything.

MacKenzie has undoubtedly studied Andrew Wyeth's paintings, but only occasionally leans towards Wyeth's illustrated sentiment as in the painting of a ma-



75. *Staircase*, 1969, 28" x 20" Photo: John Aronson

The Window 1969,
20" x 25"
Photo: John Ayris



The Parking Lot 1969,
16" x 20"
Photo: John Ayris



rooned streetcar. And even in this case the scented colour is given bite by the Vivaldi-like cross bars of the empty windows counterpointing the surrounding softness.

Bamboo Poles is of children balancing poles in front of a fugue of bricks, an immense wall with the bricks more clearly defined than you would normally notice. And the whole painting is playfully accented by the surprise of sky at the top on the right.

In *The Window* a nude girl's skin is caressed by the soft light from a window. In another we see her coming down stairs. A beautiful combination of the structure of straight lines in a stairway and hall with the roundnesses of the nude. The perspective is not just diagrammatically accurate, it has been shifted and twisted for MacKenzie's personal reality. And light suffuses the painting in gradations as subtle as the changing rhythm in an Indian morning raga. Mellow seems too liquid a word to evoke the feeling. For me his dry affection is sparse and lean, almost akin to the abrasiveness of

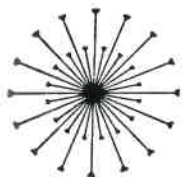
some of Ben Shawn's tempera paintings. This basically tactile quality I suspect is the touchstone of MacKenzie's urge to paint.

Consider his love of weathered bricks and women's flesh. Compare his minute observations with those of Alain Robbe Grillet, the French "new novel" writer whose books and films change conventional plot to a series of precisely noted images: "Now she has stepped back, a little to one side, to fasten the buckle of her sandal, made of slender gold straps which crisscross several times around the bare foot. Sitting on the edge of a sofa, she is leaning over, her hair, fallen forward, revealing more of the delicate skin with its blond down."

The eroticism in MacKenzie's work is suppressed and muffled as is his colour. It hovers just beneath the surface growing stronger for not being obvious. I believe he is investigating and defining the erogenous zones of our eyes. A frame of reference we all experience but usually deny.

The Bamboo Poles 1968, 15" x 18"

Photo: John Ayriess. (A Detail)



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**Rita Letendre and
Kosso
Galerie Sherbrooke,
Montreal
September-October,
1969**

by Gilles Hénault

Two very stimulating exhibitions took place at Galerie Sherbrooke, in Montreal: Sculptures by Kosso; paintings and serigraphs by Rita Letendre.

Both artists have more in common than the fact that they are husband and wife. As artists, they have a sort of metaphysical if not a mystical approach to art. By this I mean that for them "the medium is *not* the message" since, as Kosso puts it, "the idea is larger than the material."

I have been acquainted with the works of both for many years, especially with Rita Letendre's paintings.

In the 50s and early 60s, this Montreal girl was already considered to be one of the most promising Canadian artists. She had found in the "automatiste" movement the craving for self-expression that befitted her undaunted, yet disciplined temperament. At that time, she was mainly concerned with impasto and colour. Her paintings were like scorched earth with deep black, singing yellows and passionate reds. But earthy as they were, they embodied a sort of protest against the limitations of matter itself. Their abstract lyricism expressed a tension between inward implosion and outward explosion. As Guy Viau wrote in his book *La Peinture moderne au Canada français*: "The painting of Rita Letendre is impetuous yet as thoughtful as it is passionate; the gesture as rapid as the reflection is slow." This slowness of

reflection can actually be called meditation.

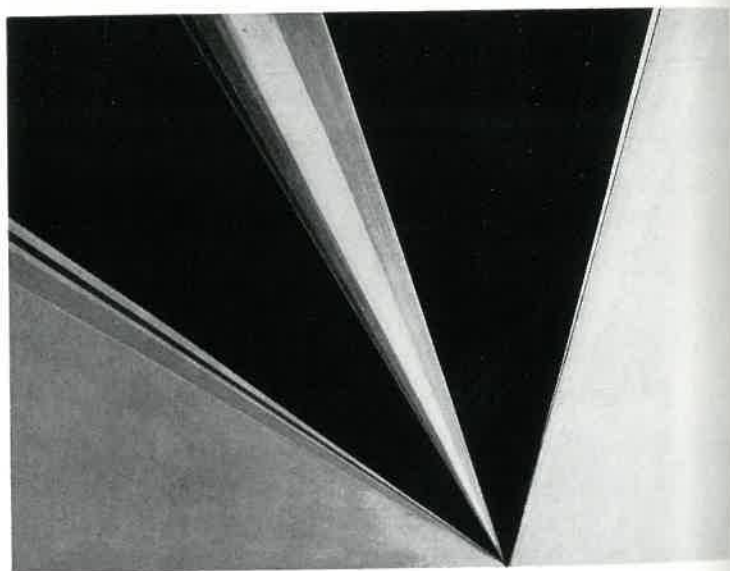
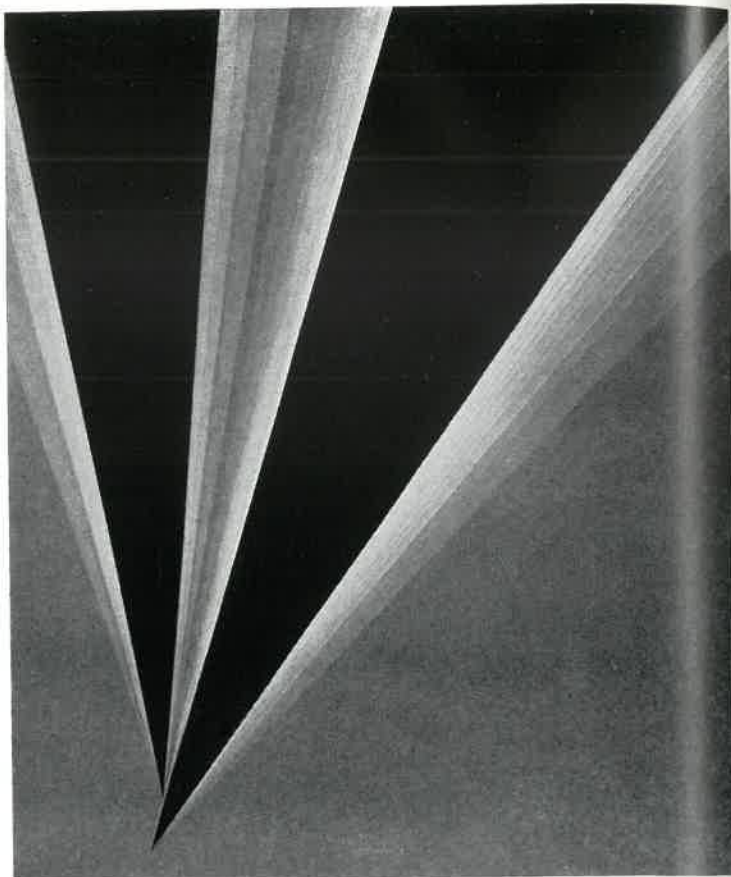
Her evolution has followed the path of an inner logic. The chaos of her early paintings was only apparent at first sight. A second look would reveal a search for light and form. This she tried and succeeded in achieving through a series of black and white canvases where the triangular masses of black inherent in her previous paintings took a geometric shape. These masses, however, had a weight, and often acted as wedges that tended to bend a line in the lower part of the canvas. They met at a focal point and exploded the light. The impasto was disappearing and the black as well as the white were becoming pure light. Now she was ready for her new adventure with colour.

As is often the case, a change of medium liberates the new, incoming, surging mutation in style. Rita Letendre began to master silk-screen technique and to modulate the light by adding colour to it, so to speak. In fact, as evidenced by her latest works, she was still concerned with speed, not of the gesture, this time, but of light/colour itself. She felt free to use her trademark colours of black, deep red, yellows and whites to create, with the same power of meditation, in serigraphs or paintings that would vibrate and explode in a very concerted way. Rays and radiations appeared. She mixed her colours with powder of mother of pearl in order to intensify the iridescence of the shafts of light radiating across the whole surface of her canvases.

Rita Letendre's recent works are radiant. This is, I suppose, how force is transformed into energy, in art as in life.

Rita Letendre
Speed (top) 1969 acrylic on canvas
84" x 60"

Starthrust 1969 acrylic on canvas 42" x 60"



anna leonowens gallery
ralph pomeroy director

exhibitions
september 69/january 70

ian baxter
michael de lisio
art green
bruce parsons
michael upton
nicholas krushenick
joseph kosuth
guenther karkutt
robert rohm
herman rose
christmas trees
gene davis

nova scotia college of art
and design
halifax nova scotia
canada

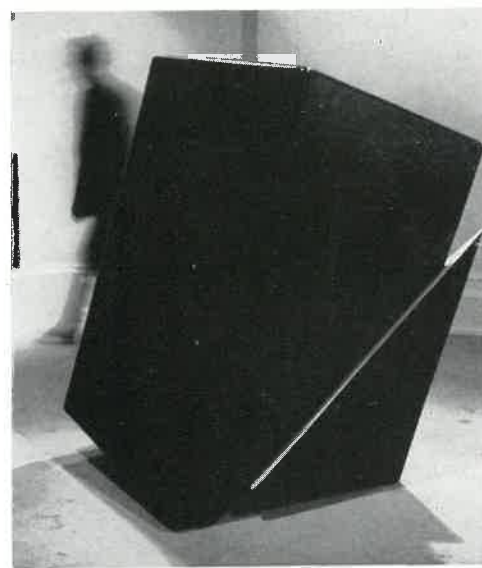
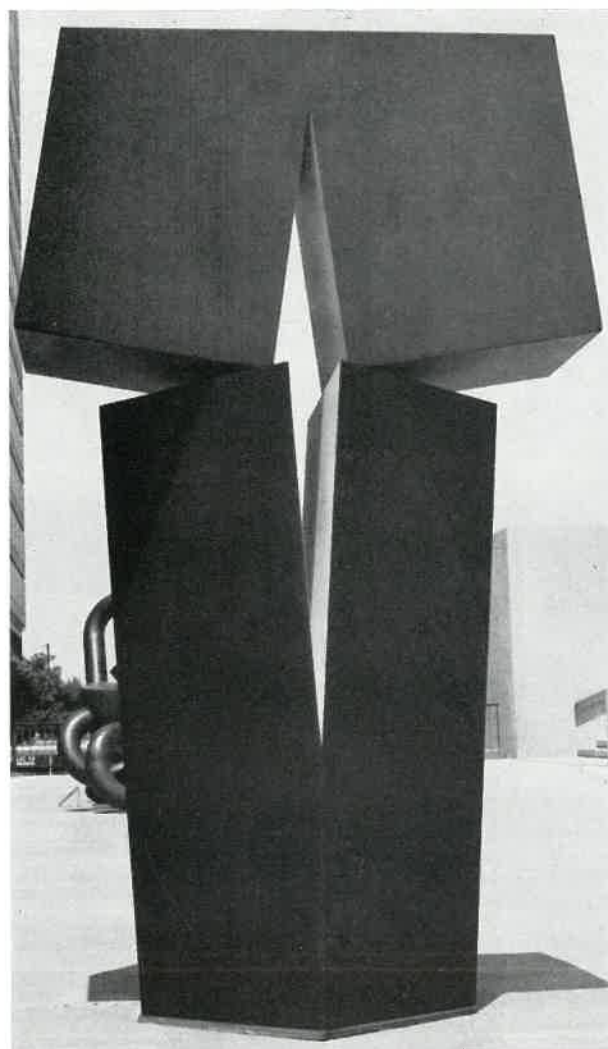
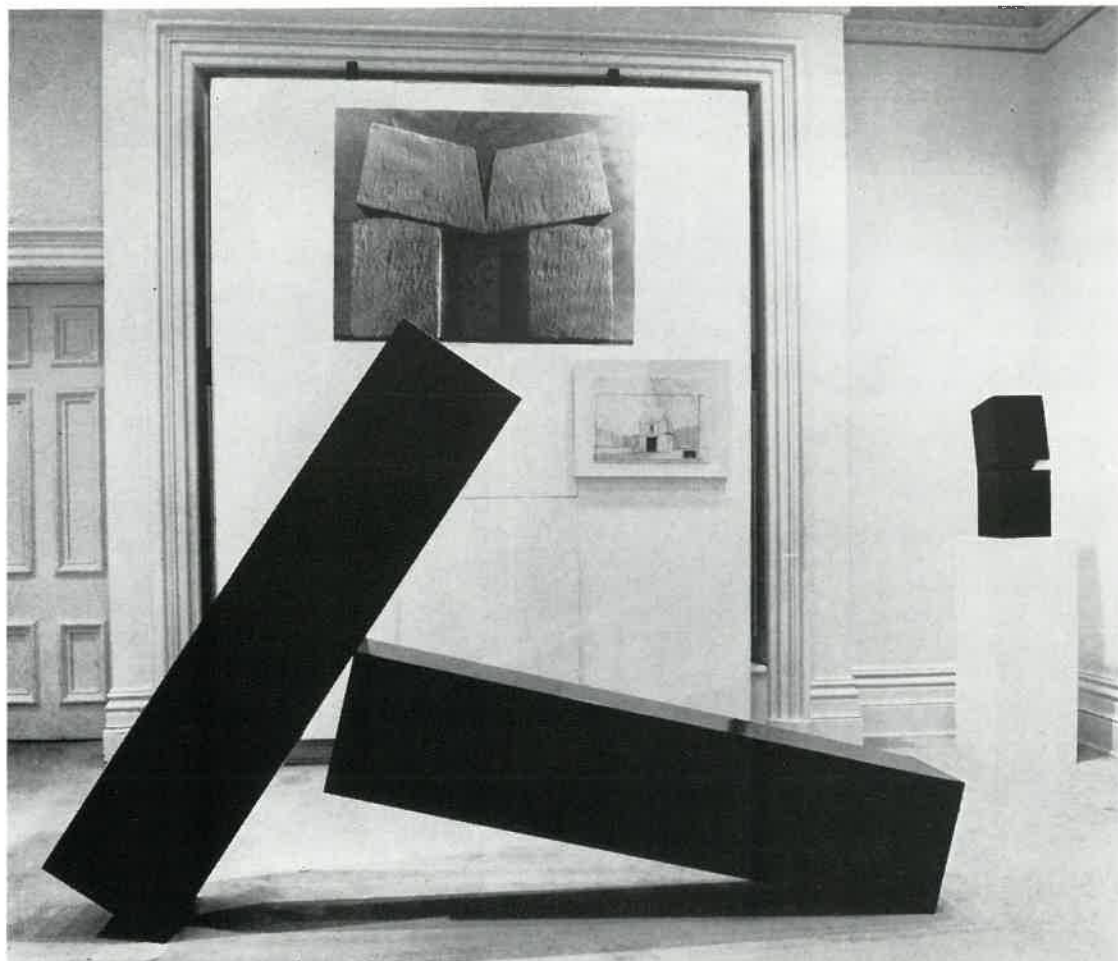
I saw for the first time some works by Kosso at a gallery in Montreal, in 1964. That same year the sculptor had been invited to an international symposium of sculpture on Mount Royal. He was representing Israel. One of the most disturbing and efficient pieces of sculpture of the whole symposium was his; it stands like a sphinx on the mountain.

It could be said that each work by Kosso is a sphinx. They ask questions, basically the same, but in a different way each time. To my mind, Kosso is asking, through his sculptures: "Is the world as stable as you think? Can we challenge the laws of nature? If I split a block of granite or of metal, can your mind heal it, can you see it as a whole again? And if so, will it be the same entity?" And in his most recent projects for "earth sculpture," he asks a different, although related set of questions, namely: "How do you feel when your outlook is becoming narrower and narrower? Can you not see your life from above or can you imagine that it will open again on a promised land?"

For Kosso, contradictions are inherent in life, they make things move forward. Equilibrium is death. A split in a block is an opening, an imbalance, a question, sometimes a yell or a cry. The gap could be closed again and the status quo would remain. But as long as it is yawning, there is a hope for a new opening, for a change into something else. If a block is sitting on another one, both at a slant, is the part on top sliding down (as it should by virtue of gravity) or is it going upward (as it could, if some energy would lift it up).

Such ideas transcend the pieces of sculpture, but they are nonetheless derived from them by the viewer. Kosso is first of all an artist; and that includes, of course, the man of ideas. But for a sculptor, ideas must be embodied in actual creativeness, in tangible objects. This Kosso does with mastery. The size of things, their volumes, their relations to themselves and to the environment are not immaterial to the "message" that the artist wants to convey. Even the colour of the material can be very important, not merely as an aesthetic component, but as a means of making the statement clearer, more understandable or more impressive.

His sculpture, like his three-dimensional drawings are opened questions, and at times, very disturbing ones. They are also statements of belief in the dynamic forces of life.



Kosso

Installation view (top) showing Zero-G in foreground with a model and photograph of a projected work, *Arch*, appearing behind it

Slide wood and automotive finish 5' x 33" x 33"

Shalom (left) 1966 painted steel 7' 6" high.

Edition of three in the collections of Mr and Mrs Percy Waxer, Toronto; Brandeis University, Mass.; and Century City, L.A. (pictured).

X Sao Paulo Biennial

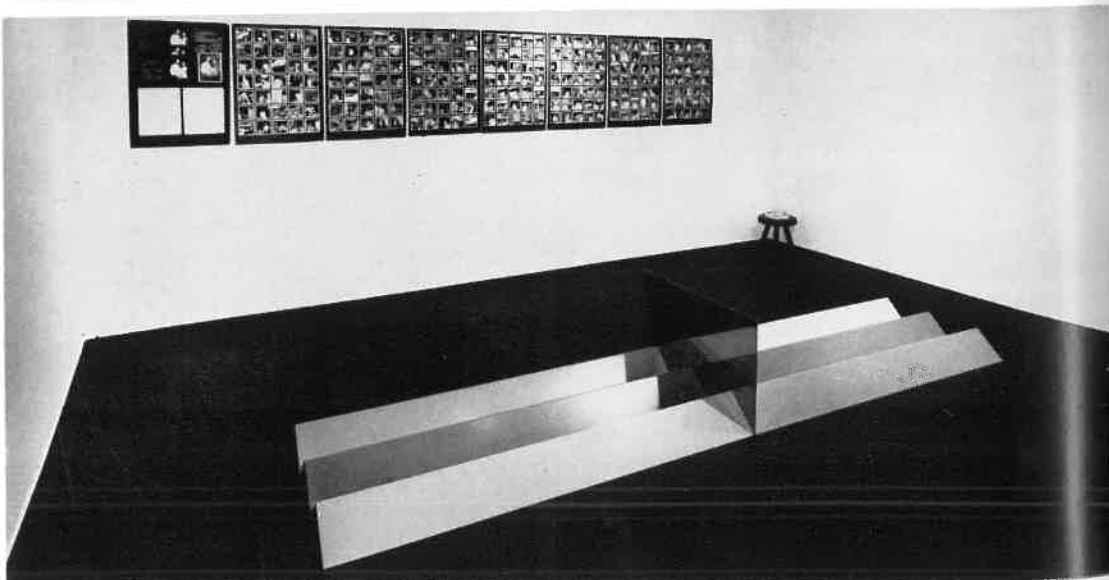
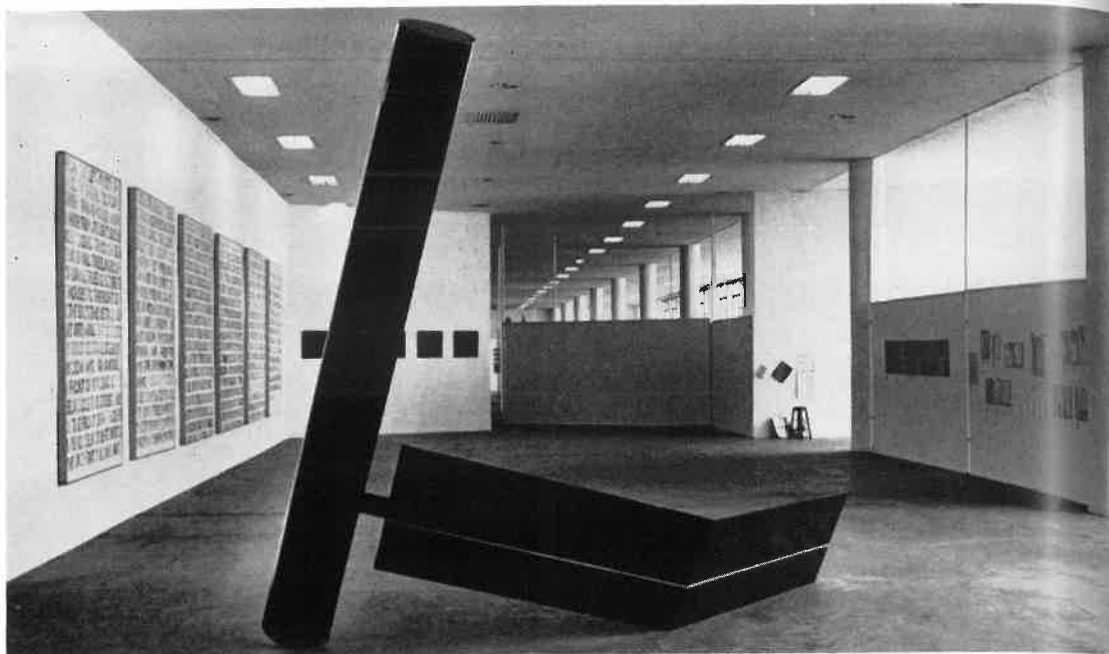
View of the Canadian Exhibition, *X Sao Paulo Biennial*, September 1969 to January 1970. Artists represented: (foreground) Robert Murray, (left to right) Greg Curnoe and Iain Baxter.

Sixième Biennale des Jeunes and Canada-Tendances actuelles, Paris October 1969

by Robin Skelton

1969 may possibly be remembered as the year in which Canadian Art made a definite impact in Europe. With Yves Gaucher at the White-chapel in London, Les Levine representing Canada at the sixth Paris *Biennale des Jeunes*, and he and six others presented as a group in the Galerie de France, it certainly seems that Canada has at last "made the scene." Unfortunately, however, as I looked around the two Paris exhibitions I found myself thinking rather that the "scene" had "made" Canada. The only difference between the Canadians and the other young artists in the *Biennale* is that the Canadians are, on the average, less adventurous and less productive of joie-de-vivre in the beholder. Les Levine's two environmental pieces at the *Biennale* are pedestrian when placed beside the *Lumière fragmentée* of Venezuela's Ravello Martinez; they lack real sculptural interest and are conceptually naive. Levine's contributions to the Galerie de France show are pretentious, modish, and boring. A 42-frame photographic series of the artist sticking up scotch tape on a wall is accompanied by (guess what) — scotch tape on a wall. The hour of the vision is given: September 29, 5:30 p.m. Half an hour earlier he played with a large tangle of string: the photographs of the game and the string itself are presented in evidence.

One must ask here "in evidence of what?" The answer is not easy to give. I, personally, cannot see any reason whatever for such silly and egoistic posturings. I can, however, see a great deal of reason for Michael Morris' superbly decorative panels of Plexiglas, in which the colours vibrate gently



Les Levine *Body Color* 1969

Les Levine *Electric Shock* 1968

(foreground) Serge Tousignant *Guillotine*, 1968 and Les Levine *Wedding Piece* 1969

but authoritatively, and in whose strips of mirror the observer finds himself fragmentarily reflected as part of a complex visual sensation. Serge Tousignant's contributions are equally pleasing. His *Bulle Stéréoscopique*, 1968, a big Plexiglas semisphere painted with blue stripes and standing upon polished steel becomes a sphere as one nears it and the steel reflection completes the form. It is perhaps no more a major work of art than a Venetian glass paperweight of huge size; but it is superbly decorative. Ed Zelenak's various sculptural "convolutions" are less satisfactory. They remind one more of intestines than of anything else, and their texture is modish without being novel. Jean Noel's Plexiglas constructions have little to commend them but the clarity of their forms and the sensuality of their textures. Of Karl Beveridge it is better not to speak. Triviality calls for silence. Walter Redinger, on the other hand, has created a series of untitled wall discs in white, each of which writhes into life at one or more points upon its surface or periphery as if some gleaming-toothed god had squeezed out toothpaste, and each of which is curiously impressive.

The impressiveness of Redinger's works, and those of Michael Morris and Serge Tousignant is undeniable. It is not, however, enough simply to impress or even

awe the viewer with one's flawlessly contrived presentation of a simple idea. It is not enough to produce pleasing decorations. These works lack any kind of commitment to a vision of the human predicament; they involve the spectator in games rather than explorations. They lack any coherent metaphysic and there is no urgency in them. If they imply any faith at all it is one in the importance of pleasurable novelty, yet their novelty is no longer very considerable; and the "coolness" of their manner outlaws passion. Of all these artists only Michael Morris provides more than an initial superficial disturbance. In his *Rome Letter*, 1968, the greens, the pink and the mauve, are related to each other with a deftness that produces as much unease as pleasure. The fragmentary reflection of the viewer that changes as he moves does go some way towards suggesting a metaphysical perception; the human creature is at once trapped and enlivened by these impulses towards abstract perfection. His image disrupts the world of Ideas, but also justifies it.

Even though this may be so, however, Morris' work retains a certain cosmetic elegance which prevents one from believing that his metaphysical implications are more than incidental and casual digressions. The chief intention is decoration.

On the whole, however, the new Canadian art as shown in Paris in 1969 is modish rather than moving, decorative rather than disturbing, and fanciful rather than imaginative. I wonder why these particular artists were picked to represent us. I fear that it may be because, yet again, someone wishes to prove that we are as "with it" as the others and just as devoted to trendy affectation. The point has certainly now been made. Perhaps next time someone may wish to prove that Canadian artists are individuals and originals with vision to match their technical expertise, and therefore make a different selection. I hope so. Canadian art in

Europe in 1969⁶ may have made an impact, but it is that of a powder puff on an already over-powdered smile.

Les Levine awarding *Le Prix Levine* at the opening of the *Biennale* to François Dallegret and Gilles Larraine.

Levine (representing Canada) and Dallegret and Larraine (representing France) face each other. In foreground with back toward camera, is Pierre Théberge. Centre, second from left is Teeny Duchamp. Two members of the Spasm Band in rear.

Levine sees his presentation of a prize of 1,500 francs as "a new work of art, using the information and 'software' of the art system itself as its raw material." He stipulated that recipients of the prize would have to return half of the money to him.



Confessions of a Nihilist Spasm Band Addict

(An excerpt from Ch. 17 of Théberge's memoirs)

by Pierre Théberge

On September 28, 1969 I went to Orly Airport to greet the members of the Nihilist Spasm Band. The plane was half an hour late, so was I; and at 8:00 a.m. promptly the whole band appeared behind the desks of the customs officers. I greeted John Boyle first, and we all went downstairs to get the luggage. While waiting, Boyle asked me where Paris was.

The bus ride from Orly to Paris was punctuated by the comments of various Spasm Band musicians who found that Paris suburbs and super-highways resembled those of Toronto. Finally, amidst murmurs of satisfaction, the Eiffel Tower appeared in the blue Paris sky. The Nihilist Spasm Band of London, Ontario was now really in Paris, France.

The Band was to give four con-

certs in Paris at the *Biennale des Jeunes*, as part of the Canadian participation which also included *Body Color* and *Electric Shock* by Les Levine and a selection of films.

The Spasm Band instruments had arrived safely in Paris, a week before the arrival of the Band. On the evening of September 30, the owner of Galerie de France (where an exhibition parallel to the Paris Biennial called *Canada - Tendances actuelles* was being held) gave a reception for the Spasm Band and Les Levine. Mme Prévot's table was laden with all sorts of exotic delicacies and there were several kinds of wines and liquor. The Spasm Band surprised the hostess by asking for beer. Nevertheless, the evening was a succès mondain for everybody concerned.

The first concert was held Wednesday, October 1, at noon, in the courtyard of Galerie de France during the opening of *Canada - Tendances actuelles*. The Paris prefect of police had been warned about the volume of the noise that the Spasm Band would

make, and the police had promised not to intervene, even if the whole neighbourhood complained. The first concert was extremely successful. The audience, even if at first surprised by the level and the quality of the music, really enjoyed the event. The music could be heard a block away and large crowds came into the courtyard to listen. A nervous policeman kept coming to me and asking me to ask the musicians to play a bit more softly. Unfortunately, after barely an hour of playing, Hugh McIntyre's amplifier gave up, so the concert was abruptly terminated.

That evening, the Canadian Ambassador gave a reception at his residence for the Canadian participants in the Biennial. It was an extremely crowded and pleasant *mondanité*. Some members of the Band had brought their cameras. Numerous photographs were taken showing them in the splendor of the *grand salon*. They were also among the very last guests to leave. The Ambassador and Madame Beaulieu had been very patient.

The second concert was given the next day, Thursday, October 2 during the official inauguration of the Biennial. The Band was installed in the empty basin at the esplanade between the two museums of Modern Art where the Paris Biennial was held. After expressing a certain anxiety about the danger of electrocution, the musicians started to play and gave a magnificent performance. Crowds listened with great intensity, and some people rushed out of the two museums to listen. The numbers played by the Band included a rousing interpretation of "La Marseillaise," the French national anthem, "God Save the Queen," "O Canada," and a song in which the lyrics were "I hate the U.S.A." After the concert John Boyle was asked by a member of the audience if he was an American. That particular number was not played again. The French and German television networks had excitedly filmed the event while the C.B.C. radio network was recording excerpts. I had been invited to play the drums for one of their numbers. I was of course

tremendously flattered by the invitation; and I privately hoped to discover the secret of their success. I discovered that, faced by the volume of the sound coming out of the other instruments, each member of the Band can only play louder so that he can hear himself play. It creates a constant escalation of the noise level. I beat the drums as hard as I could.

From the outside their music is tremendous: each musician plays the way he feels like playing, and rhythms are created spontaneously during each number. The Band plays with enormous passion and conviction. It is also extremely funny to watch and everybody has a good time. The sound of the Spasm Band, I think, can only be described in terms of energy and conviction. It works because each member of the Band plays the best he can, and as long as he can. Each concert lasted much longer than expected because once the musicians start playing, they get so hooked on the music that they cannot bring themselves to stop. The Band only stops after exhaustion. It has also a very tonic effect on the audience. It tends to make people relax and become quite talkative. It creates a system of energy that the audience itself becomes addicted to.

The third concert was to be held the next day, again in the basin of the esplanade. When I told the musicians that they were to play again I faced a vociferous opposition. Bill Exley was one of the most vocal opponents, since he had planned to go to Versailles that day. I calmed them down reminding them that they were bound by contract to give four concerts in Paris.

Friday's concert was again very successful. It had however started on a note of high anxiety. A few clouds had appeared in the Paris sky and again members of the Band expressed great anxiety that they might suffer electrocution by rainfall. I sternly told them that it was not going to rain, and it didn't. John Boyle, playing his amplified kazoo with his usual vigour, kept glancing worriedly at the sky hoping of course rain would come so that they could go visiting monuments. Bill Exley who had mastered some parts of the French language during the summer, gave a solo rendition of an especially composed song in French, much to the delight of the audience.

Saturday night's concert on October 4 was a more formal affair. It was held in the auditorium of the Biennial and the French radio network recorded it. The concert had been advertised as jazz. Dur-



(left to right) Archie Leitch, Greg Curnoe, Hugh McIntyre at Galerie de France

Spasm Band at opening of Biennale

Photo: Michel Sanouillet

Photo: Joanna Marsden

ing the first minutes of the Band's first number, a few members of the audience complained rather loudly that the Band should have practised and tuned their instruments. Paper airplanes flew towards the Band. Later on, the audience grasped what was involved and the concert was a triumph. The Band gave its best yet. It had tremendous energy, vitality, and humour. Bill Exley, the vocalist, gave a memorable performance; first, by doing a silent number on his instrument which was greeted by cries of encore amidst deafening applause and second by doing something which he had done only once before in the four years' history of the Band: he got so involved with the performance that in a fit of creative passion he took off his right shoe and sock and played a solo on his theremin with his toes. That brought the house down.

A week later, *Le Monde*, the influential Paris daily, opened its

review of the *Biennial* with a paragraph dedicated to the Nihilist Spasm Band saying that they had contributed to making it the most relaxed opening of the year.

The Spasm Band had been invited by the Institute of Contemporary Art in London to play on Tuesday, October 7. Its first concert in England was greeted by what could best be described as English reserve. The I.C.A. had done little publicity. The fifteen members of the audience left slowly one by one or two by two. After an hour, I was the only one left. The music stopped.

Thanks mainly to the efforts of Richard Hamilton a second concert was organized at the I.C.A. on October 9, which proved to be much more successful. The Band had recovered from the disaster of the previous Tuesday and it gave a very good performance. At one point Bill Exley and Archie Leitch started to argue virulently on the stage. Exley was

accusing Leitch of not having tuned his theremin for him properly, and Leitch was answering with various epithets. The audience thought that their act was splendid. Little did they know that the anger on the stage was genuine. As usual, the concert lasted longer than scheduled, and the I.C.A. staff got very nervous since an amateur theatre group was to occupy the stage after the Band. Finally, someone unplugged the amplifiers, hoping thus to end the concert. His efforts were fruitless. The noise level hardly weakened. The concert ended when I got up on the stage and told the musicians that they had to stop. They did.

I do not know what effect the Paris and London concerts will have on the Spasm Band as a whole, but I am sure everyone, the musicians and their audiences, enjoyed themselves tremendously.

POCA and the visual arts: between officers —a view of the campaign

by Vera Frenkel

This year's 1.3 million dollar budget appropriation for the Province of Ontario Council for the Arts (POCA) is not much more than the sum required to run a big city high school. About 16% of the budget has been allotted to visual arts programming. Thus, despite the Province's commendable vision in setting up the Council, and its leadership vis-à-vis other provinces, despite the difference the Council has made and can make to the texture of life in Ontario, this assessment of its visual arts programme must concern itself with decision-making problems and enforced compromises that arise from lack of funds at a time when coping with contemporary forces in art, as elsewhere, requires tough, long-term thinking.

We don't have a retrospective view of our century, but we do know enough about our problems to recognize that an arts council's dilemma is one that touches citizen and statesman, artist and administrator, and that its arena of concern must go deep into the roots of the future. Its conference table, like others, suffers in a cloud of moral groping lined with silver intentions.

This discussion of POCA's current visual arts policy takes place between régimes. Paul Summerskill, Visual Arts Officer of POCA from January, 1967 until his resignation this September, has, as I write this, still no successor. It is valuable, however, to view in retrospect Summerskill's three-year contribution as, hopefully, a foundation for work to come.

Drawing Summerskill into POCA at a hyperbole-ridden time is to Executive Director Milton Carman's credit, and has resulted in the beginnings of a stroke-by-stroke province wide awakening to art needs. Summerskill, with Paul Bennett of the now defunct Ontario Art Institute, was instrumental in the organization of the Centennial Art Exhibition, and acted as co-ordinator of the *Canadian Artists '68* show, both major exhibitions of contemporary visual art, which opened at the Art Gallery of Ontario. He argued the need and joined the steering committee for Seminar II, (documented in *Are Art Galleries Obsolete?* Peter Martin Associates) the conference which

brought together artists, administrators, educators, gallery directors and media people from across Canada.

It was at Seminar II that Summerskill presented the need for art galleries to organize effective regional centres and a central agency which "could speak to the government with one voice in everyone's interest." Within ten months the Ontario Gallery Directors' Association was formed. The group, in an unusual move, invited Summerskill to hold its key position of Executive Secretary; he declined, however, preferring not to take on a dual role while with POCA.

In many ways more difficult, and certainly less publicized, was Summerskill's work in support of community resources and projects, such as the Kitchener-Waterloo Art Gallery ("from bicycle shed to present quarters"), the Dundas Valley School of Art, the Three Schools of Art, ("I decided to spend a few days there, and got responses from everyone; instructors, students, administrators. That way I could tell first-hand the quality of the job being done"), the McLaughlin Gallery of Oshawa, ("Things are really humming there, now") and the Elliot Lake Winter Recess School [*arts/canada*, June 1969].

Providing him with a constellation of skills and sympathies almost destined for the work he found most satisfying while with POCA, Summerskill's personal history plots a traverse through Canada's vertical mosaic and physical terrain at the same time.

During Summerskill's foundation years with POCA provincial visual art activity centres were enabled to develop as they envisioned, new centres emerged; and in several regions, through a matching grants approach, community response was awakened to visual arts projects thus preparing ground for their future autonomy.

Summerskill has chosen to leave POCA at a time when he could truly enjoy the flourishing of projects over which he has laboured. He describes his decision to work directly with students and to learn from them what they think a good art educator might be, in terms similar to the way in which he talks about his work for POCA: "I could try to broaden visions, objectives, targets, but I had no wish to impose a policy or concept which wasn't theirs to begin with, otherwise the energy that might implement something unique to that community, reflecting that particular environment, would be lost. I feel that the work I was doing in the communities as a resource

person or catalyst, with all the real grass-roots activities from amateur art clubs to societies, as well as the work with galleries, was the most effective part of what I did."

Summerskill became more the unpretentious and trustworthy confidant than a flash-and-filigree Medici during the Arts Council's initial proving period. His steady regional work has established an important precedent in both style and substance, complementing his achievements in the professional or nouveau-establishment sphere. While Summerskill is re-establishing his own roots as an educator, he who inherits his province-combing notes, (Summerskill suggests they be read beside a map, and that the first trip to the North be made by car in winter), will have much to consider.

Our generation has again found it necessary to reject the notion that art is, among other things, continuity, and has not acknowledged that several art continuities exist simultaneously in our century. Katherine Kuh has written commenting upon the recent exhibition of Ch'ing paintings at the Royal Ontario Museum, that Western devotion to youth and change are two obsessions often confused with growth, whereas Eastern art "is sustained by the very continuity we mistrust." We mistrust it because we associate it with an elite. Yet in our arts we imagine ourselves becoming orientalized and democratized at the same time.

This must affect the art agency because of government concern with realizing a mass audience for the arts before the spectre of longed-for leisure gets us. A cultural fear of excellence and a time perception suspended between longer life span and hovering holocaust both have their effect on policy. The danger is that art agency decision-making can easily embody the guilt of the knowledgeable few pandering to the imagined innocence of the uninitiated many. Pandering isn't the same as working, seeding, teaching; pandering is appeasement, and everybody knows it. There is risk, therefore, of everyman as hero being breaded and cursed with circuses.

Multi-media immersion, in stressful times, poses an opportunity for self-realization. Yet icon-is-dead incantations as expressed in POCA's current report, suggest a lack of awareness that the art-religiosity implied in "icon" has for us merely changed locus and form. As part of the West's action-reaction



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tradition, man is now icon, as passive in the swirl of a light show as the wall painting has been to the sweep of his eye. There is occurring a change of position, not of principle; a palace revolution marketed as a new era. What this may represent spiritually, or whether a prolonged shift of emphasis could result in cultural change, is outside the domain of this article. The icons are real, here, now, and we're turning ourselves into them. To imagine this shift as a leap off the see-saw is to mistake narcissism for one-ness.

In this context, the problem of POCA, caught, through lack of funds, between the Ad Reinhardt exhortation to "support the unsupportable," and the need to justify its existence to the legislature via giving the public its projected "wants," is that a hybrid policy is forced to emerge. The conflict of obligations is resolved by endorsing the popular while painting it radical. The chips are moved towards art-as-environment/environment-as-art, art-as-entertainment-cum-therapy (will it replace weekend hockey?), art-as-identity-seeking on the rim of a denied past overlooking a fearful future.

POCA's last two annual reports, copy-written by a hired expert have earned predictable enthusiasm. "... We want to start at the bottom where no one's been for a long time, if ever," states the current report, not quite accurately in the light of its visual arts record, and somewhat patronizingly. A five-year plan is announced, offering programme rather than operating grants, a reversal, in part, of a visual arts policy in which grants initially given for specific operations were changed to general operating grants, to give groups the autonomy they needed.

Funds are to be administered via four super-schemes consisting of 1 Co-ordinated Arts Services, 2 the Regional Arts Service, 3

the Centre for Arts Research Education, and 4 a mobile activity centre described as "The all stops travelling pleasure factory . . . both an entertainment and a locus for a new kind of art education." This would "reflect the interbreeding of forms, the cracking of icons, the immediacy, the mobility, the involvement." Given the relatively small portion of its budget allotted to the visual arts, it appears that POCA's primary support in this area is destined for approved or suggested programming, and education-entertainment, which, together with Milton Carman's statement that POCA is "tired of pouring money into failing institutions" brings us back to the notion of continuity.

In its 1967-68 report POCA having grappled with the realization that good-doing implies with every move the superiority of the mover states, "What we're aiming for is to put ourselves out of business," by creating, or investing in self-supporting art scenes - those that, in effect, feed a majority aesthetic.

The report of 1968-69 suggests that available funds will be applied to the increase of that potentially responsive majority. This policy may encourage osmosis between two of the art continuities at work in Ontario; that of the student, Sunday painter or gallery-goer, and those professionals that work with him during the week. Where the valuable work that can be considered "unsupportable" by a general public or "un-self-supporting" will disappear to, is anybody's guess, but everyone's responsibility.

We may through lack of funds, be jeopardizing the ideal of juxtaposed, mutually enriching differences of aspiration, competence, appeal, believed by some to be possible in a democracy. Roy McMullen (*Art, Affluence and Alienation*, Mentor, 1968) suggests at least five active art continuities which co-exist today;

primitive, folk, popular, traditional-elite and modern-elite, with the museum art continuity embracing inactive traditions. We might add to that the hybrid; vanguard-popular. A certain amount of bewilderment, even hostility, marks their interfaces. However, in the absence of a totalitarian aesthetic, the ethos of each can be respectfully retained, while creating insight from one value system into another.

If presently struggling institutions are required to be self-supporting before a public is initiated (assuming that this readying, as stated, is the desired process), the long-term thinking is still to be done. Our country is so young that we are cavalierly self-denying when we can least afford to be. Whatever their range or calibre, our evolving galleries, art schools, art journals, art centres and workshops constitute a seminal source. A government truly concerned with crises of leisure and identity - let alone *art* - must be concerned with other than solely financial criteria.

Ten years after Columbus' voyage, the uproar over Michelangelo's David in the cathedral courtyard of Florence differed somewhat from the uproar, centuries later, over its reproduction mounted in a new world shopping centre; gut-soul enthusiasm versus puritan ethic rage. The serious question of government decision-making in the visual arts if contemporaneous continuities are *not* considered and funded on their own terms, reveals its absurdity once formulated as follows: If figleafing a nude expresses popular culture, and calling the figleavers philistine expresses elite culture, on which side of the figleaf does the commitment of the government art agency lie?

To establish a figleaf-carving cottage industry in the interests of mental health, however noble an enterprise, would be to mask the issue.

Art Museums: recent acquisitions

The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts

by Leo Rosshandler

Mayan and Greek exert a practically identical fascination on the student of their respective cultural realms, pre-Columbian America and the Mediterranean world. Both, furthermore, suffered identical vicissitudes in aesthetic and cultural appreciation, ranging from uncritical admiration to a brutal realization of their shortcomings, although these are mainly confined to matters of a historical nature. When the dust settles, the Greek stands revealed in his pettiness and the Mayan no longer enjoys a claim to the creation of a golden age. There has, however, been no downgrading of their art. If anything, it has gained in stature

through the years, as systematical or accidental discoveries enrich our knowledge and understanding.

Leaving now these general terms of reference, we turn to a Mayan object recently added to the collection of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

The plate on a tripod (fig. 1) is said to come from Uaxuctún (Petón) in northern Guatemala, on the upper Chixey River. This site has yielded a number of splendidly decorated ceramic dishes and vessels, the most famous of which is a plate, now in the Museum of Guatemala,¹ showing a dancing priest in a circle, surrounded by glyphs which run along the raised edge. Comparing these two works, it becomes apparent that the Montreal dish represents a dancing priest, in a similar stance, perhaps drawn by the same hand, or at least produced in the same workshop. The high quality of the drawing is such that it defies de-



Tripod Orange Slip Plate Mayan Culture, Uaxuctun, Guatemala, shortly after 731. Pottery 13" diam.

Beaverbrook Art Gallery

by Ian Lumsden

When the Beaverbrook Art Gallery opened its doors on September 16, 1959, the Gallery had already been endowed with a large and impressive collection. The nucleus of this collection consisted of Lord Beaverbrook's personal collection as well as numerous gifts from friends and associates of the Gallery's benefactor. Hence the collection was a testament to the personal taste of Lord Beaverbrook and his friends.

Fortunately, from this unbridled generosity there emerged the foundations of a fairly representative collection of British and Canadian artists, with several notable omissions. Because of this initial bountiful harvest, attention was never given to the formulation of a viable purchase policy; and consequently a fixed purchase fund was never established.

The Gallery must now endeavour to maintain the development of this collection. Omissions should be remedied and the "contemporary" acquired.

With the assistance of a Canada Council Matching Grant, Stuart

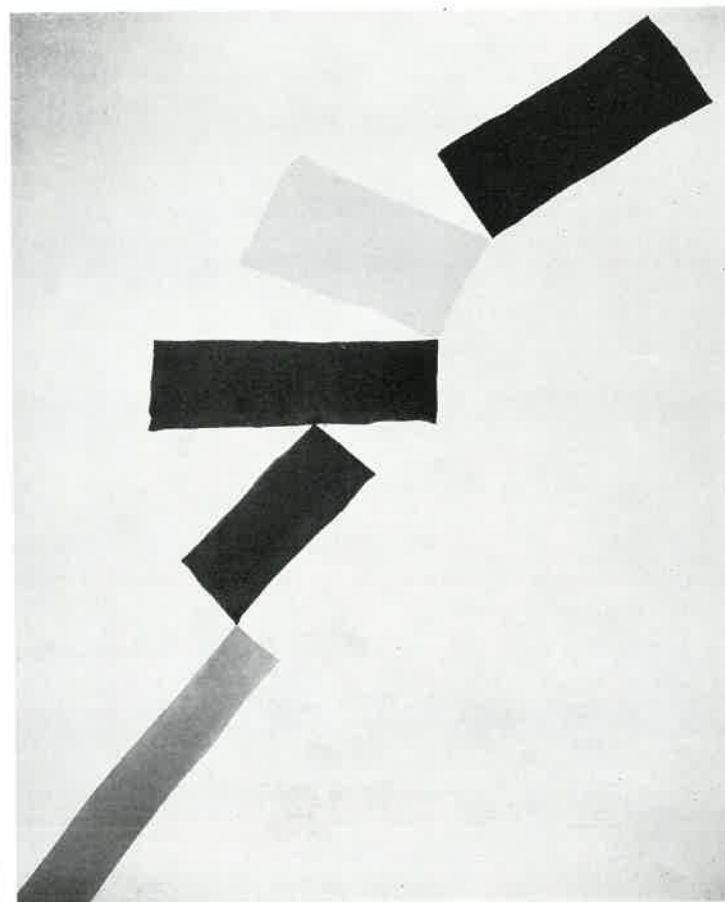
Smith, former Director of the Beaverbrook Art Gallery, recently extended the horizon of the Canadian collection into the present decade.

Acquisition of contemporary western and central Canadian works has been the focus of concern within the last year. Vancouver artist, Donald Jarvis, is represented in the Gallery now by *Portrait of Somebody*.

Paintings by members of the "Regina School" of the early 1960s were recently acquired to make representation in that area more complete. The influences of such visiting American artists at the Emma Lake Artists Workshop as Noland, Newman and Olitski are evident in these paintings by Kenneth Lochhead, Ronald Bloore, Arthur McKay, Ted Godwin and Douglas Morton.

Two fine examples of Lochhead's recent "colour-painting" titled *Ascending Colour* and *Spartan Tribute*, both acrylic on raw canvas, exhibit the dexterity with which Lochhead handles the colour-field on a large scale. A recent "white-on-white" work, *Untitled* by Ronald Bloore, has been added to the collection along with *Executive Tartan* by Ted Godwin, executed with a Frankenthaler-like bleeding of colour on the

Kenneth Lochhead *Ascending Colour* 1964
Acrylic on cotton canvas 89" x 72"



Male figurine, Mayan Culture, Jaina type Terracotta 7 1/2" high

scription. The lines are fluid and free. A strong feeling of style overwhelms the viewer, who falls under the spell of distortions obviously intended to give a powerful sense of movement and to integrate the figure in a circular frame. The colour scheme is severe. In order to bring into perspective the strength inherent in the distortions (shortening and thickening of the arms, stylistic drawing and positioning of hands, exaggeration of the dancer's foot as it rests on the rim), a Mayan clay figure (fig. 2) from the island of Jaina, off the coast of the Mexican State of Campeche is shown for comparison. It represents, hopefully, another dancing priest in a similar stance. It is quite evident that the drawings show more freedom and imagination, revealing an understanding of and feeling for the bidimensional, always an abstractive factor, as against sculpture in the round, which tends to the imitative.

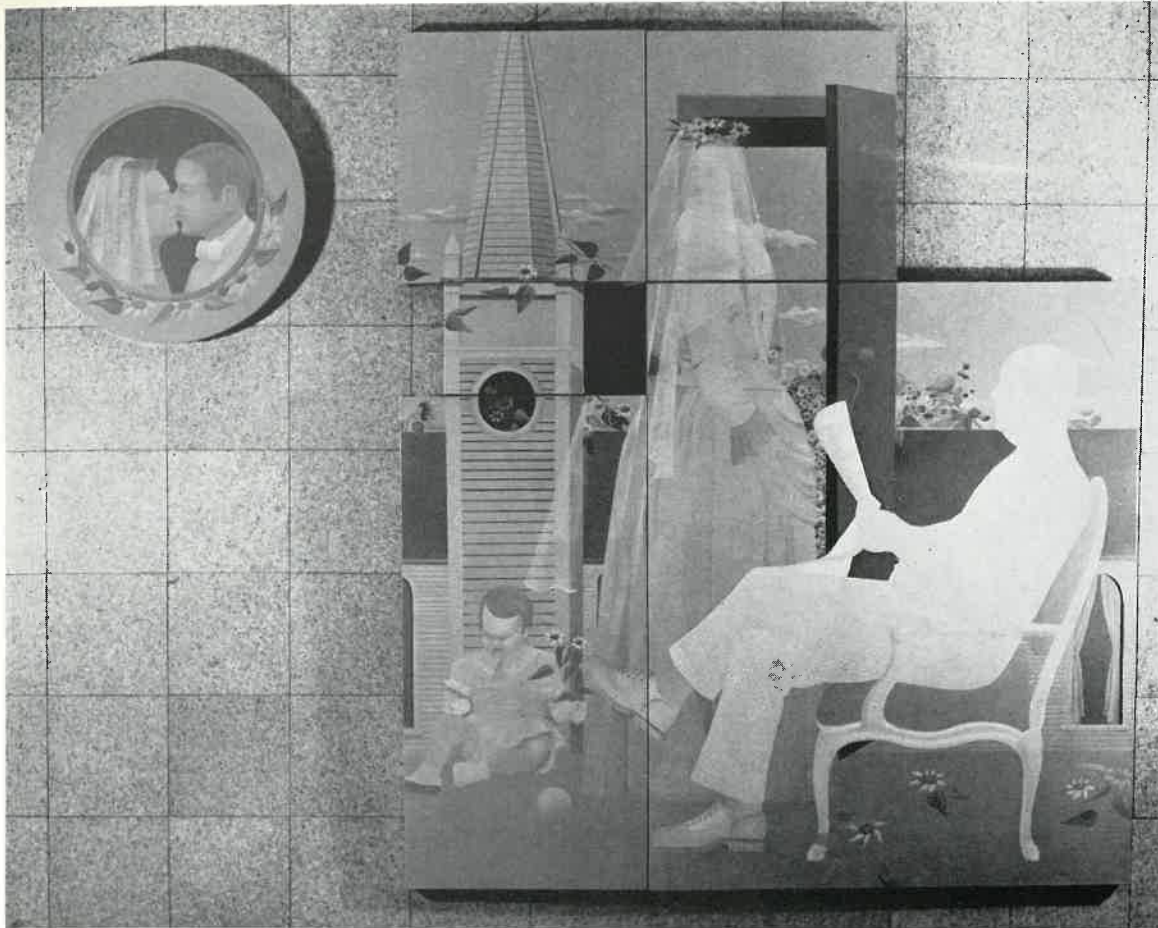
The Montreal tripod can be dated with confidence around the middle of the eighth century, to-

wards the end of the classical Mayan style. There is no reason to assign to it a date different from that advanced by Dr Sylvanus G. Morley for the plate in the Museum in Guatemala, when he states that stylistically it must be placed shortly after the year 731.²

In connection with these new acquisitions, it can be pointed out that the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts possesses a pre-Columbian collection of a high calibre mainly due to the initiative and generosity of the late Cleveland Morgan, the museum's president from 1948 to 1957. Additions such as the Mayan plate described will play an invaluable role in Canadian research, now that our country begins to recognize its place and role in all of the Americas.

1 See: *Arts Mayas du Guatemala*, catalogue of an exhibition held at the Grand Palais, Paris, June-September 1968. (Catalogue No 73) and also colour reproduction in introduction.

2 See: *La Civilización Maya, Fondo de Cultura Económica, Mexico-Buenos Aires*, 1947, pp. 457-458; also fig. 49.



Esther Warkov *Memories of an Autumn Day* 1968 Oil on canvas 62" x 82"

Ted Godwin *Executive Tartan* Oil on canvas 78" x 52½"

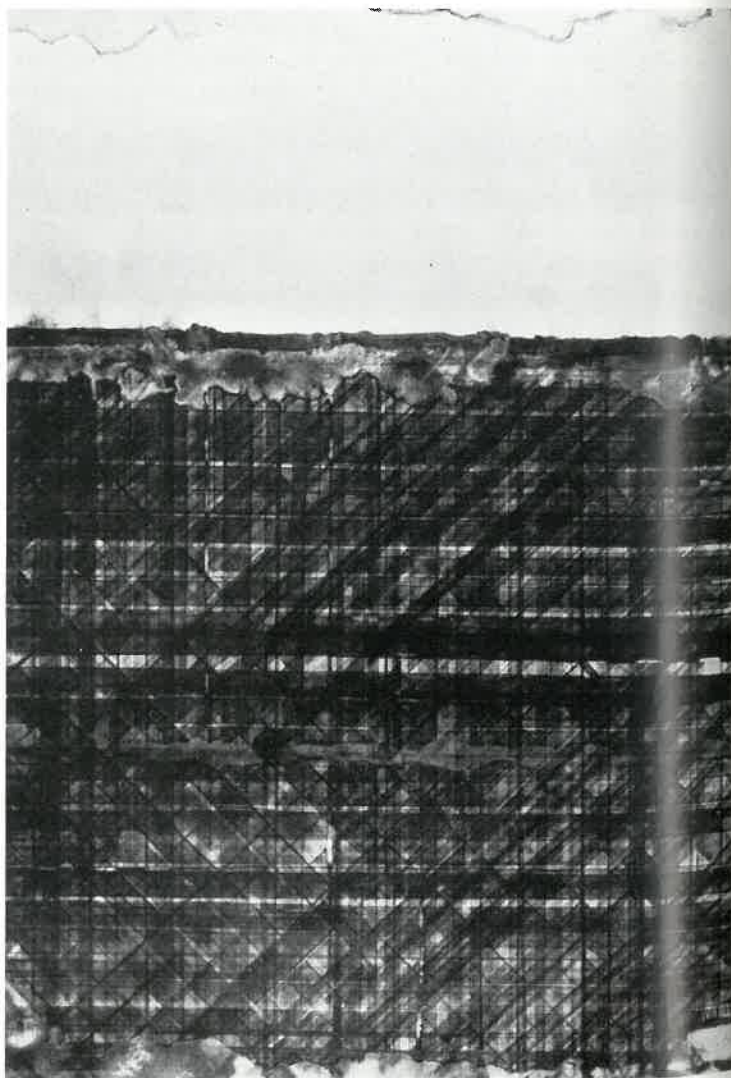
canvas. Douglas Morton's hard-edge canvas, *Pink Band* is notable for its whimsical use of colour and sensual shapes. *Image of a Green Presence* by Art McKay, one of the rectangular-perimeter series, completes the group — with the exception of work by Roy Kiyooka.

The purchase of Esther Warkov's hinged canvas, *Memories of an Autumn Day* affords an example of one of the dying breed of figurative painters in Canada. The ethereal, almost luminous, monochromatic treatment of colour combined with the ever-present floral motif reflect a nostalgic evocation of times passed, a mood

not at all dissimilar to many of Jack Chambers' canvases.

On the recommendation of the Director, "Friends" (supporters of the B.A.G.) purchased *Male and Female* an oil executed in 1957 by the late New Brunswick artist, Miller G. Brittain. Although certainly a significant painting of this period, Brittain never seemed to be the master of the medium of oil. His best works are in pastel and pencil.

The graphics collection was also strengthened through the addition of three ink drawings by Phyllis Godwin, four monotype-transfer prints by Ted Godwin and four woodcuts by Alistair Bell.



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science in art in science in art in science in art

by Leslie Mezei

The Federal Department of Communications is initiating some 70 studies for a "Telecommission" before it brings in its recommendations for legislation in this increasingly vital area. It deserves credit for involving a wide range of people at this early stage of its development. One of the studies will aim specifically at Telecommunications (including computers) and the Arts. Let me know if you have some ideas to contribute to this study; it's better to be heard now than to complain about the recommendations later.

This issue of *Science* (164,19,1969) contains an article by L. D. Harmon and K. C. Knowlton which reviews the picture processing field. On a recent visit Knowlton showed us some films he made with Stan Vanderbeek combining live action with computer generated effects. He reminded us of the great amount of involvement necessary from both sides in a science-art project. It is not enough to let the artist near the computer, a great amount of a programmer's time is needed to realize his ideas. He also showed a fascinating abstract colour movie made by John Whitney in Los Angeles. On the sound

track the artist explains the joys and agonies of this type of work. The film is available through the New York Museum of Modern Art.

The University of Toronto just accepted delivery of a microfilm plotter, the equipment required to produce computer generated moving pictures directly on film. This is the first in Canada. The plotter is a marvelous tool to help us visualize the invisible, particularly dynamic processes. I will write at a later time about our plans for Dynamic Data Display and Graphic Simulation.

Kar Liang won the award for Technical Contribution to the Film Industry for the automated animation table he developed at the National Film Board. The animation table was connected to a process control computer, so that its various motions can be pre-programmed.

Dover Books has come up with another gem. This \$3.50 book includes 194 plates of "controlled randomness" and explains the methods by which J. F. O'Brien obtained these tree forms, crackle and crawl patterns, dribbles,

splashes and runs, marble effects, wrinkle lines, flower patterns, contours and waves. The similarity to many of the effects we created using a computer program are striking.

Information about where to buy tools for various activities such as for industrial and craft work is published twice a year by the non-profit Portola Institute, 558 Menlo Park, California 94205 for \$5.00. Many current artistic efforts are in reality large engineering projects. What is often lacking is planning, budgeting and project control. Yes, I know, one cannot decide on all the details in advance, the concept will change during its development. The same is true of most research and development endeavours. An organized approach to predicting the materials, manpower, and money needed — with revisions as the project proceeds — would save a lot of grief. Most engineers could easily give one a short course in these techniques, and one does not need a complex critical path chart calculated by an expensive computer. A course on project proposal writing to grant-giving agencies would also be beneficial.

Jonathan Benthall is writing a monthly Art and Technology column in *Studio International*.

Sydney Paulden (16 Cambridge Road, Hampton, Middlesex, U.K.) is conducting a monthly feature on Computers and the Arts in *Computer Weekly*.

The fourth and last issue of the *International Science-Art Newsletter* is now available free of charge (Dr. John Holloway, University of Aberdeen, Meston Walk, Aberdeen, AB 9 2 UE, Scotland). This service will be taken over by *Leonardo*, *The International Journal of the Contemporary Artist*, available for \$6.48 per year — four issues — to subscribers in Canada. Order from Pergamon Press, Maxwell House, Fairview Park, Elmsford, N.Y. 10523.

Since I shall continue to contribute my information to the Newsletter, which will now be more widely available in *Leonardo*, I will discontinue the information service in these pages. These things are best done internationally. This column, will however, be continued in *arts/canada* on a regular basis.

artscalendar

BRANDON

Brandon Allied Arts Council 1036 Louise Ave George Buytendorp: *One Man Show*, Dec 15-Jan 18; Manitoba Society of Artists Travelling Show, Jan 18-Feb 15.

BRANTFORD

Art Gallery of Brantford 20 Ava Rd: *Decorative Ceramics (Nativity)* by Jose Spralja, Toronto and Recent Glenhurst Accessions, Dec 5-Jan 4; *Annual Exhibition of High School Art*, Jan 7-Feb 1; *The Photograph as Object*, Feb 4-23.

CALGARY

Calgary Allied Arts Council 830—9th Ave S.W.: *New Paintings in Art Rental*, Jan 8-25; *Emily Carr*, Jan 29-Feb 15. Gainsborough Galleries 611—8th Ave S.W.: *One Man Show: Mario Moczorodynski*, Dec 15-27; *Western Canadian Painters*, Jan 12-30; *One Man Show: Harold Lyon*, Feb 9-21. Glenbow-Alberta Art Gallery 902 11th Ave S.W.: *Christmas Toys and Cards*, Dec 18-Jan 3; *Northwest Coast Indian Artists*, Jan 7-Feb 1; *Vincent Massey Bequest*, Jan 21-Feb 8; *Yugoslav Naive Paintings and Sculpture*, Jan 24-Feb 22; *Sculpture by Malvina Hoffman*, Feb 11-Mar 8.

CHARLOTTETOWN

Confederation Art Gallery & Museum Hines and Hancock, Dec 1-21; *Bobak Exhibition*, Dec 1-21; Joel Smith, Jan 1-21; *Plaskett Pastels*, Jan 1-21; *George Angliss*, Feb (tentative); *Wasa Exhibition*, Feb 8-28; *Norman Pottery*, Feb 1-21.

EDMONTON

Department of Art, University of Alberta Masuo Ikeda: *Prints* (organized by the Museum of Modern Art, NY), Dec 7-21; *New Geometric Art Group of Japan* (organized by the Western Assoc. of Art Museums), Jan 4-31; *Walter Diethelm: Typefaces* (organized by the University Art Gallery & Museum), Feb 8-28. Edmonton Art Gallery #2 Sir Winston Churchill Sq: *Jock MacDonald Retrospective*, Dec 1-31; *Piet Mondrian and*

Hague School Landscape Painting, Dec 3-28; *The Inflated Image*, Jan 5-26; *Eugene Atget Photographs*, Jan 5-Feb 1; *Ten Washington Artists (1950-1970)*, Feb 5-Mar 8.

FREDERICTON

Beaverbrook Art Gallery Young Quebec Painters, Dec 8-26; *Forme-Couleur*, Jan 23-Feb 15; *On the Bias*, Feb 15-Mar 15.

University of New Brunswick Art Centre Kashetsky Drawings, Dec; *Blackwood Etchings*, Lorcini Sculpture, Jan.

GEORGETOWN

House Sol 45 Charles St: *Toys and Things*, Dec; *International Prints*, Jan; *Frieda Nelson: Photos*, Feb.

HALIBURTON

Highlands Guild of Fine Arts Local Pottery and Paintings Dec 15-23; *Local Arts and Crafts*, Jan 19-31.

HALIFAX

Dalhousie University Joseph Kashetsky: *Paintings and Drawings*, Jan 6-22; *William Blake*, Jan 26-Feb 12.

KINGSTON

Agnes Etherington Art Centre Queen's University *Batik* by Louis Steyn, Dec; *Carl Schaefer Retrospective*, Jan 7-Feb 1; *Pop Art*, Jan 11-Feb 8.

KITCHENER

Kitchener-Waterloo Art Gallery 779 King St W: *Canadian Printmakers*, Dec 1-18; *Lascaux Cave Drawings*, Dec 1-18; *Canadian Society of Painters in Watercolour*, Dec 19-Jan 11; *Forme Couleur*, Dec 19-Jan 11; *Robin King Photography*, Jan 13-31; *Early Canadian Portraits*, Jan 22-Feb 15; *Canadian Batiks*, Feb 2-22; *Ontario Society of Artists*, Feb 2-22.

LONDON

20/20 Gallery 68 King St: *Perpetual Motion Machines and Inventions*, Dec 9-28; *Group Show: Artists from around London*, Dec 30-Jan 18; *Jerry Pethick*, Jan 20-Feb 8.

University of Western Ontario McIntosh Collection, Dec 15-Jan 5; *Contemporary Canadian Indian Painting and Fine Craft*, Jan 5-Feb 1; *Don Bonham: Recent Works*, Feb 3-15.

Public Library & Art Museum *Things*, Nov 26-Jan 5; *C.P.E. Annual Exhibition*, Dec 3-29; *Shiryo Morita*, Dec 15-Jan 15; *Gems of Textile Handicraft*, Dec 30-Feb 2; 4

Winnipeg Artists: Mikuska, Reichert, Leathers, Head, Jan 6-Feb 2; *Goodridge Roberts Retrospective*, Jan 18-Feb 15; *4 Centuries of Master Drawings*, Feb 4-23; *Eva Bradshaw Retrospective*, Feb 4-Mar 2; *Jewellery by Daisy Bailey*, Jan 5-Feb 2.

MONCTON

University of Moncton Art Gallery New Brunswick *Finecrafts*; *Lawren Harris*; *serigraphs*, Bernard Chaudron, Dec 3-21; *Pierrette Lanteigne*, Jan 14-Feb 1; *Joel Smith, Tom Forrestall and Seven Halifax Artists*, Feb 4-Mar 1.

MONTREAL

Elca London Studio 4120 Badgley *International Prints: Boulanger, Friedlander, Dali, Picasso, Miro, etc.*

Gallery 1640 1445 Crescent St: *Pat Martin Bates*, Nov 25-Dec 20; *Group Show*, Dec 27-Jan 17; *Helen Piddington*, Jan 20-Feb 14.

Galerie Godard Lefort 1490 Sherbrooke W: *Walter Schlupe: Experimental Jewellery*, Dec; *Vermette: Tapestry*, Dec; *Light and Movement by contemporary young European artists*, Jan; *Christopher Pratt*, Feb.

Galerie Libre 2100 rue Crescent: *Ronald Chase: Montages*, Dec 3-24; *Georges Delrue: Jewellery*, Dec 8-24; *Artists of the Gallery*, Jan-Feb.

L'Art Francais 370 Laurier West: *Petits Formats*, Dec-Jan; *Michel Perrin*, Jan-Feb.

Montreal Museum of Fine Arts *Works by Jean Dubuffet: The Common Man*, Dec 19-Jan 31.

Walter Klinkhoff Gallery 1200 Sherbrooke St W: *The artist in the Arctic: Lorne Bouchard, R.C.A.*, Nov 24-Dec 6; *S. Cosgrove, R.C.A.*, Jan 27-Feb 7.

MOOSE JAW

Moose Jaw Art Museum Crescent Park: *Tony Urquhart Drawings: British Watercolours*, Dec 19-Jan 11; *Canadian Ceramics '69: Skerbinic Tapestries; Contemporary Canadian Paintings*, Jan 14-Feb 1; *Cape Dorset Eskimo Prints: Lomen Bros Collection of Eskimo Photographs*, Feb 3-22.

NELSON

Kootenay School of Art *British Council Exhibition: William Blake*, Feb 9-27.

NEW WESTMINSTER

New Westminster Public Library 718—6th Ave: *W. J. Phillips: Woodcuts*, Dec 8-29; *Student work from Chappell*

School of Art, Jan 4-23; Honoré Daumier: Lithographs, Feb 2-21.

OTTAWA

The National Gallery of Canada Masterpieces of Canadian Indian and Eskimo Art, until Jan 11; Drawings from the National Gallery of Canada at the Louvre, Paris, until Feb 2. Wells Gallery 109 Metcalfe St: Prints, multiples and Christmas things, Dec; John Tappin: Sculpture and Roslyn Swartzman: Prints, Jan 22; David Blackwood: Graphics, Feb.

PRINCE ALBERT

N. Central Sask Reg Library A. F. Kenderdine: Paintings of Indian Life.

QUEBEC

Musée du Québec Goodridge Roberts, Dec 14-Jan 4; Visages de France, Jan 23-Feb 15.

REGINA

Norman MacKenzie Art Gallery Artists from Saskatoon, Nov. 21-Dec. 20; Master Drawings, Jan. 16-Feb. 15. Regina Public Library 2311-12th Ave: Agnes Gallus: Paintings; Ric Gomez: Sculpture, Dec. 17-Jan. 9; Jack Wise: Paintings, Jan. 11-Feb. 4; Terry Marner: Paintings, Feb. 6-28.

SACKVILLE

Owens Art Gallery, Mount Allison University On the Bias, Dec. 15; Gary Saunders, Dec.; Alvin Balkind: Photos, Jan. 1; David Blackwood: Lorcini Sculptures; E. B. Pulford, Feb.

ST. CATHARINES

Rodman Hall Arts Centre Art for Architecture: The Wall, Dec. 5-29; Four Centuries of Master Drawings, Jan. 2-25; Prints and Drawings of Artists by Artists; Canadian Cartoon & Caricature 1849-1969, Jan. 30-Feb. 25.

SAINT JOHN

Morrison Art Gallery 221 Union St: Mary Pratt: Paintings; John Shaw: Pottery, Nov. 17-29; Catherine McAvity: Recent Works, Dec. 1-13.

The New Brunswick Museum Joel Smith; Carla Lauffer, Dec.; Forrestall Sculpture; Young Quebec Painters, Jan.; American Posters, Jan. 23-Feb. 15.

ST. JOHN'S

Memorial University Art Gallery Contemporary Prints from Czechoslovakia; Miller Brittain Exhibition; Robert Chambers Drawings; Christopher Pratt Exhibition; On the Bias; Allan Wylie Landscape Paintings; Gary Saunders Exhibition; Sherman Hines Photographs.

SARNIA

Public Library & Art Gallery Three-Man Exhibition of Paintings: Peter Goetz, Tilde Pederson and Doris Murray, Dec. 12-31; Milne War Sketches, Jan. 18-Feb. 8; Canadian Paintings of the 60s, Feb. 2-23.

SASKATOON

Art Centre, Mendel Art Gallery & Civic Auditorium Canada Council Collection, Dec. 1-Jan. 10; Edvard Munch, Feb. 10-Mar. 6; Young Sculptors from Montreal, Feb. 15-Mar. 8.

TORONTO

Art Gallery of Ontario The Bauhaus: 50 Years, until Feb. 1; Michael Snow: A Survey, Feb. 14-Mar. 22. Carmen Lamanna Gallery 840 Yonge St: Belly: John Neon, Dec. 11-29; Royden Rabinowitch, Dec. 30-Jan. 20. Dunkelmann Gallery 15 Bedford Rd: Picasso, Nov. 25-Jan. 10; Ralph Humphry, Jan. 13-31; D. P. Brown, Feb. 5-21.

Walter Engel Gallery Suite 133, 2100 Bathurst St: Grant Hillman: Moods of Ontario (Magic Realism), thru Dec.; Canadian and Latin American Paintings and Sculptures; International Collectors' Graphics, thru Jan.

The Isaacs Gallery 832 Yonge St: Indian Miniature Painting (Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries), Dec. 9-23; Daniel Solomon, Jan. 14-Feb. 3; John MacGregor: New Works, Feb. 4-24.

Jerrold Morris Gallery 15 Prince Arthur Ave: Hugh Mackenzie, Dec. 6-20; Ron Bloore, Jan. 10-24; Robert Hedrick, Jan. 31-Feb. 14.

The Nightingale Gallery 17 St Joseph St: Dan Rice, Dec. 5-22; American and Canadian Group Show, Dec. 22-Jan. 12; Joseph Floch, Jan. 12-Feb. 2; Raimonos Staprans, Feb. 2-23. (Dates are approximate.)

Gallery Pascal 104 Yorkville: Friedlander, Jan. 13-31; Tony Onley: New Lithographs, Feb. 3-21.

Penell Gallery 13 Hazelton Ave: Tony Tudin: Wall Hangings, Dec. 12-Jan. 3; Agda Ewert: Collages, Jan. 15-31; Alex Wyse: Constructions—Oil on Woods, Feb. 5-19.

Picture Loan Society 3 Charles St W: W. Hubert: Paintings, Dec. 8-20; Gallery Artists, Dec. 22-Jan. 8; Alexander: Paintings and Sculpture, Jan. 10-24; Hendrie and Baillie: Watercolours, Jan. 28-Feb. 12; George Pollock, Feb. 15-29.

Royal Ontario Museum Indian Children's Art, Dec. 16-Jan. 18; Batiks, Jan. 5-Feb. 13; Made of Wood, Jan. 12-Feb. 15; Focal Forum, Jan. 13-Feb. 9.

Albert White Galleries 25 Prince Arthur Ave: Group Show from Athens, Dec.-Jan 1; Menton Biennial, Feb.

VANCOUVER

Bau-Xi Gallery 555 Hamilton St: Eric Metcalfe, Peter Daglish, Paul Wong: Prints, Dec. 8-20; Sybil Sparling, Pat Kembell: Paintings, Jan. 5-17; Phil Harrison, Jan. 19-31; Pat Martin Bates: Prints, Feb. 2-14.

The Dutch Galleries 619 Howe St: Ronald Jackson, David Lam, Raymond Chow, Ronald Okly, Robert Genn, Robert McVittie, Jack McLean, Dec. 12-31; Karl Wood Exhibition, Jan. 30.

ACE Gallery 1724 Davie Ave: Glenn Lewis "Graph Walls", Nov. 30-Dec. 7.

Fine Arts Gallery, UBC 24 Free-Play; Gary Lee-Nova, Bob Arnold and Herb Gilbert, Jan. 7-24; Tom Burrows, Jeff Wall, Ian Wallace, Duane Lunden (no title has been given yet), Jan. 30.

Gallery of the Golden Key 761 Dunsmuir St: Izzard, Dec. 1-31; Ewart, Jan. 1-31; Markell, Feb. 1-28.

Vancouver Art Gallery Dan Flavin, Nov. 12-Dec. 14; Nine Hundred and Fifty Thousand, Jan. 14-Feb. 8.

VICTORIA

The Print Gallery 1509 Wilmot Place, Oak Bay: Selected Drawings: Grove Pottery; de Castro Sculpture, Dec.; New Oils by Maxwell Bates, Feb.

WATERLOO

University of Waterloo The Biologist as Artist & Power,

Nov. 18-Dec. 14; Sixty Years of Picasso, Jan. 7-18; Alex Millar, Jan. 21-Feb. 1; Ancient Buddhist Paintings from Japan, Feb. 4-15.

WHITEHORSE

Yukon Regional Library 4 Yukon Painters, Dec. 1-20.

WINDSOR

The Art Gallery of Windsor Four Winnipeg Artists: Tascona, Head, Mikuska, Leathers, to Dec. 28; Scultura Italiana, Jan. 4-23; 30th Annual Essex Regional Exhibition; Harold Town Drawings, Feb. 1-25.

WINNIPEG

Fleet Galleries International Inn: Luther Pocrant, Dec. 15-Jan. 2; Ivan Eyre: Woodcuts, Jan. 7-Feb. 15.

Gallerie Fore 405 Selkirk Ave: December Choice: Gallery Artists, Dec.; Donald Harvey of Victoria: Oils, Feb. 15-Mar. 14.

School of Art, University of Manitoba The Inflated Image, Dec. 4-20; American Art Through Posters, Dec. 22-Jan. 13; Alex Brunning: Recent Paintings, Jan. 16-Feb. 7; Incunabula: Manuscript pages and book illustrations of the 15th and 16th century, Jan. 17-31; Graham Coughtry, Feb. 9-28; Edward Miller: Photos, Feb. 9-28.

Winnipeg Art Gallery Civic Auditorium: Winnipeg Sketch Club, Nov. 27-Dec. 21; Edvard Munch Graphics, Dec. 24-Jan. 27; 140 Years of Danish Glass, Jan. 24-Feb. 22; Canada Council Collection, Jan. 31-Feb. 22.

U.S.A.

BUFFALO

Albright-Knox Art Gallery John D. Graham, Dec. 6-Jan. 4; 69th American Exhibition, Jan. 10-Feb. 22; Talavera Pottery, Jan. 17-Mar. 22; Chiang Er Shih, Feb. 7-Mar. 29.

NEW YORK

The Jewish Museum A Plastic Presence, Nov. 19-Jan. 4; Anna Ticho: Drawings, Nov. 19-Jan. 4; Dan Flavin, Jan. 27-Mar. 20.

The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Constantin Brancusi Retrospective, Nov. 21-Feb. 15.

Metropolitan Museum of Art Prints by Four New York Painters, Dec. 15-Feb. 1; The Year 1200, Feb. 12-May 10.

Museum of Modern Art Drawings by Eric Mendelsohn, thru Dec. 28; Pioneering in Art Education, thru Dec.; Eugene Atget, Dec. 1-Mar. 22; A Salute to Alexander Calder, Dec. 17-Feb. 15; Spaces, Dec. 22-Mar. 8.

Museum of Primitive Art The Herbert Baker Collection, Nov. 19-Feb. 8.

Whitney Museum of American Art Martin J. Heade (1819-1904), thru Dec. 21; 1969 Whitney Annual: Contemporary American Painting, Dec. 16-Feb. 1; Alvin Loving: Paintings, Dec. 20-Jan. 25; Stephen Von Huene "Rosebud Annunciator", Jan. 27-Mar. 1; Realism Today, Feb. 10-Mar. 29.

SYRACUSE

Everson Museum 401 Harrison St: American Tapestries, Nov. 30-Dec. 31; Portraiture and Still Life from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wm. Middendorf II, Dec. 7; Beverly Pepper Sculpture and Drawings, Jan. 14-Mar. 18.

WAITSFIELD, VERMONT

Bundy Art Gallery O. H. Hajek: Aluminum Sculptures; Judith Nelson: Paintings, Dec. 1 thru Feb. 2.

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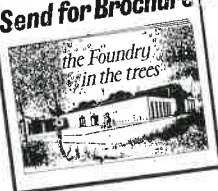
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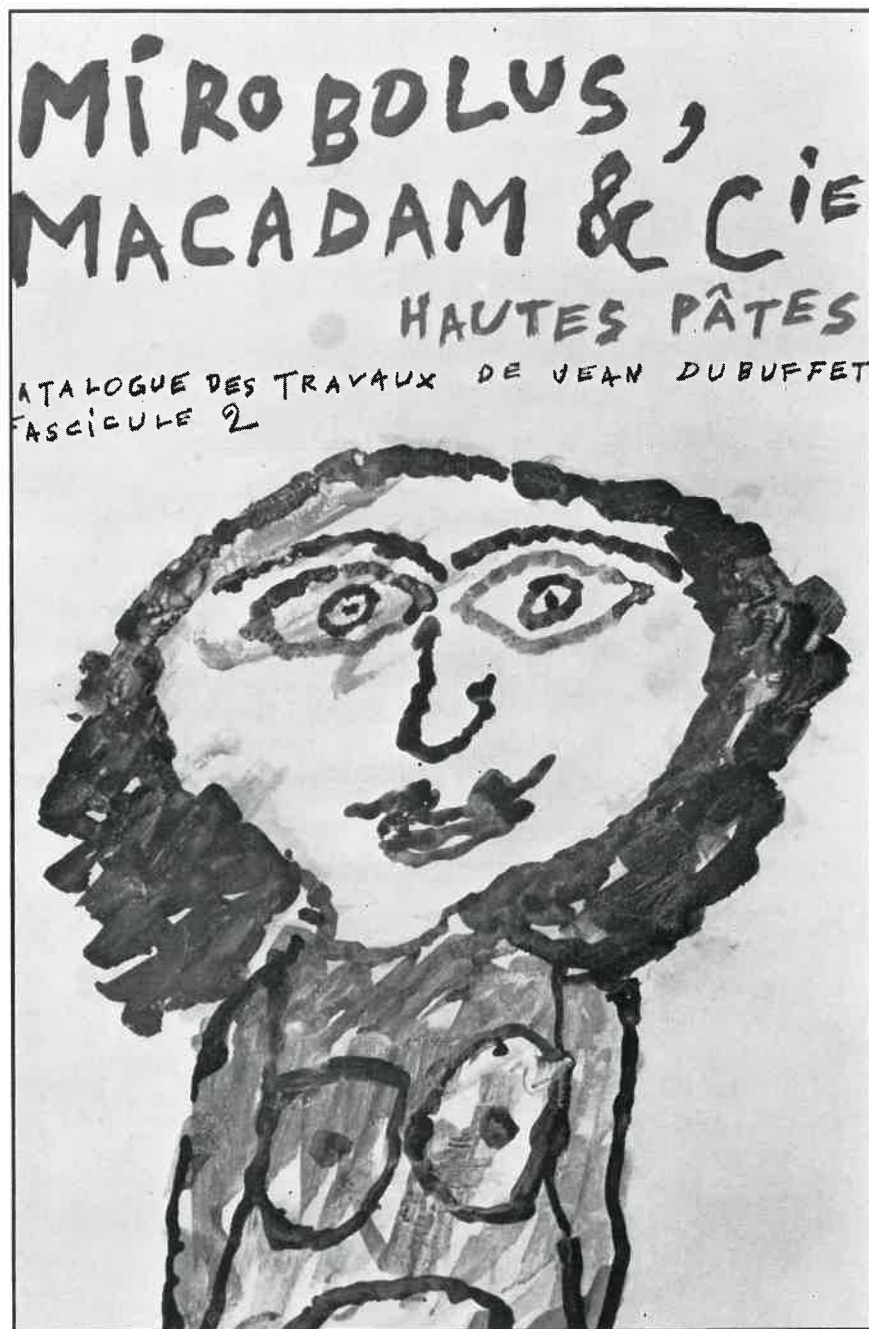
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Post-war art in Canada – a new scene and its artists

CANADIAN ART TODAY

A Studio International special survey edited by William Townsend

This publication represents the first serious and comprehensive study from outside Canada of post-war Canadian art. The unique value of CANADIAN ART TODAY lies in its illustration of the work of some 150 artists covering the whole spectrum of the Canadian art scene, combined with an assessment of the growing international impact of their work. The background to this situation is chronicled in a series of articles on the key centres of development.

Contributors include such recognized authorities as R. H. Hubbard, Andrew Hudson, Dennis Reid, Doris Shadbolt, David Silcox, Pierre Théberge and David Thompson.

Eli Bornstein, Jack Bush, Greg Curnoe, Roy Kiyooka, Harold Town and others contribute original statements, while a number of other notable artists are considered in a series of brief commentaries. William Townsend, who has twenty years of close association with Canadian art and artists, introduces the publication with a personal and retrospective essay. There will be a biographical index covering approximately 200 artists, a bibliography and other documentation.

We believe that CANADIAN ART TODAY will be a significant source of reference for those involved or interested in the great and important upsurge of art in Canada.

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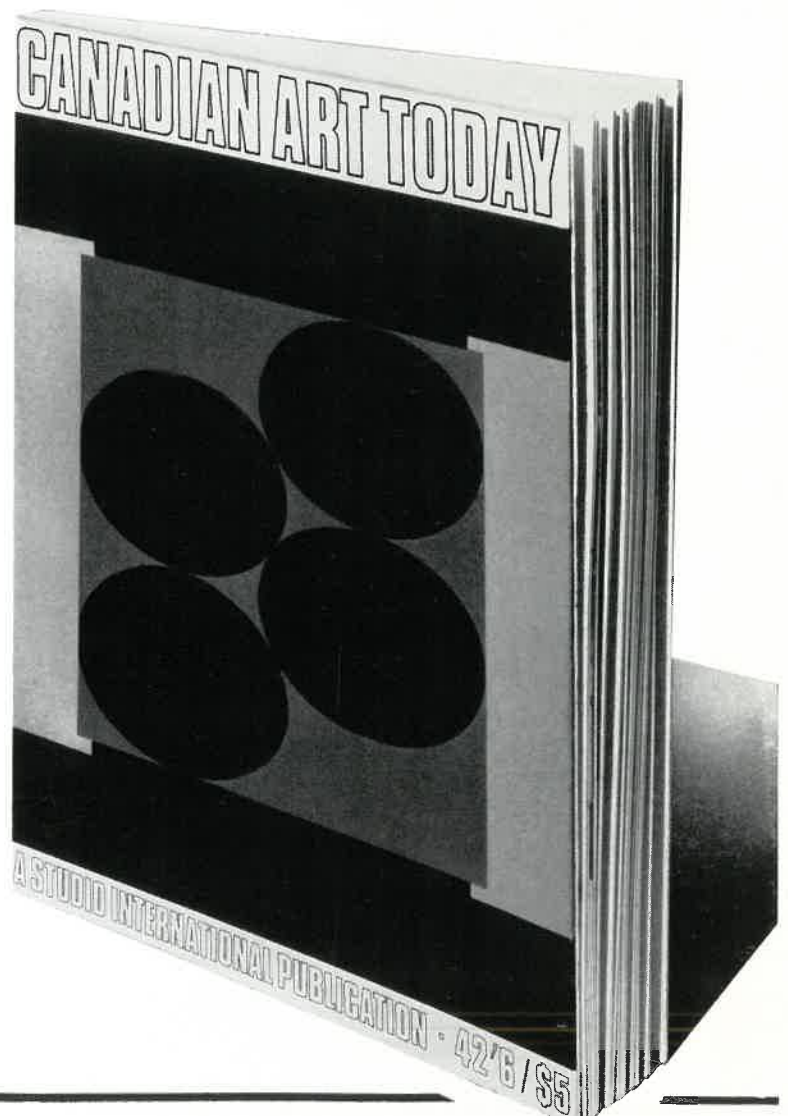
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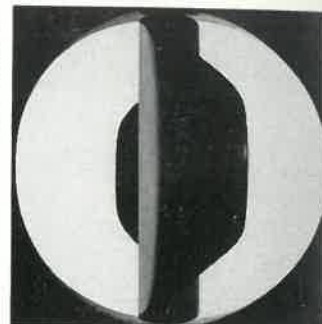
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