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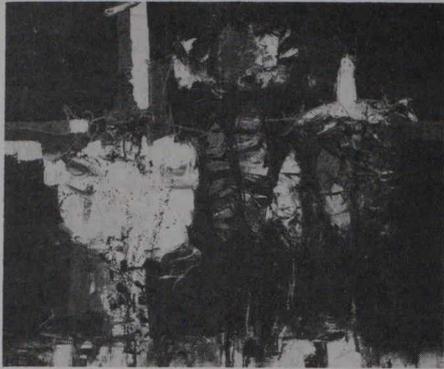
J Shadbolt '75

Contemporary art in Canada
"Winter Theme No. 7" by Jack Shadbolt


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Cover picture by Jack Shadbolt is in the collection of the National Gallery of Canada. The art scene in Canada is reviewed by William Withrow on page 7.

Canada Today



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French winters, les étés anglais

By Henrietta Partridge

I arrived in Montreal ten days before Christmas on the shuttle service from New York. A blizzard in Montreal delayed the flight. Seen from above, the mountains dividing the United States from Canada were bony rib after bony rib of an extinct rhinoceros. The occasional forest, the occasional lake. All were smothered in snow. The airport was covered in it. Caterpillar yellow snow ploughs were driving around and hoovering it up.

I had never before encountered such bitter cold. During the short walk from the plane to the terminal, my fingers and ears turned orange and blue and I thought they might drop off from frostbite. The snow nearly came up to the tops of my boots and they reached up to my knees. But the terminal itself was as hot as a Turkish bath with currents of hot air being blasted throughout the building by an extremely efficient central heating system.

The taxi was equally overheated. I settled myself on the back seat sweating profusely and almost unable to believe that the snow lying in deep drifts on the ground and falling through the air could possibly be real, and that I was not in some surrealistic, newly invented three dimensional movie.

English people arriving in North America are confronted with the confusing situation of landing on a continent where, although English is the spoken language, its usage is not the same as in England. The differences between skillet and frying pan, suspenders and braces, sidewalk and pavement may seem slender, but such subtleties lead to misunderstandings compounded by the fact it is difficult at first to imagine that one is well and truly abroad.

English people acquainted with the French language and arriving for the first time in Montreal are not only faced with this situation, but also with a spoken French — the official language of Quebec — that seems at first to have less relationship with the French spoken in France than the English language has with English as spoken in North America.

I spoke to the taxi driver in French. It was a mistake. He could understand me. I could not understand a single word he said. He spoke Joulal and Joulal was no more French than Greek to me then. Joulal is the French Canadian patois and sounds like Geordie must to a Parisian who has never been north of Newhaven.

As skillet is an older word than frying pan, so "chalupe" is the older French for a rowing boat. Both are obsolete in



Winter on The Mountain, Montreal. Henrietta Partridge is an English writer who recently returned to London after living two years in Montreal. The article comprises her personal impressions of life in this region of Canada, as seen through a perceptive newcomer's eyes.

Europe and both are still used in the New World. Joulal is a mongrel language; a cross between seventeenth century French, English and American. A steamed hot dog is called un " 'ot dog stemé," and "mon 'ockey est bien tapé" means "my ice hockey stick is properly bound with tape."

After 20 minutes driving through suburban wastelands sheeted in snow, we crossed the St. Lawrence River, drove through downtown Montreal, and then the taxi driver turned to me and said in English: "Where did you say you wanted to go?"

"Rue St. Claud," I said. Most French Canadians are bilingual. Not all English Canadians can speak French.

Montreal is not a large city, though it is the largest in Canada. It is inhabited by French, English and by more recent immigrants: Italians, Greeks, Poles, Chinese, Hungarians etc. etc. And Montreal is an island. On the island there are two mountains. One is simply called "The Mountain" and it belongs to nobody and to everybody. It is beautiful, steep and wild. Chipmunks and grey squirrels live there; maple trees and conifers grow there. In the winter, people ski and sledge, and in the summer they lie on the grass in the shade of the maple trees and read or talk or do what they like with wild flowers (trilliums, blue grass, wild raspberries) growing round them.

The other mountain is called "Westmount" and it belongs to the English. The English Canadians who live in Westmount are rich. The houses are late nineteenth century family houses with large gardens, big rooms, well equipped kitchens, children, dogs, several cars and at least one maid. The grand old French Canadian families live between Westmount and The Mountain. The more recent immigrants live around them in village-like clusters — miniature replicas of Italy, China, Greece and Poland. The young French Canadians have moved down to *Vieux Montréal*. *Vieux Montréal* is the oldest part of the city, built by the French when they originally settled there, and it is down by the river, by the port. It looks very like a port in the north of France.

Pale grey stone

The streets are narrow and cobbled, the houses built of large blocks of pale grey stone which keep out the cold in the winter and the heat during the summer, and the doors are made of thick, well-seasoned wood. *Vieux Montréal* is riddled with churches and chapels, from Le Cathédral to Notre Dame, Le Seminaire de St. Suplice, La Chapelle Notre Dame de Sonsecours, and they all echo on varying scales the churches and chapels to be found in France. There is the Château de Ramezay, a small pale grey, turreted but unpretentious building which used to be the house of the Governor in Montreal; it is now a small museum of French Canadian furniture, spinning wheels, cradles and shoes. Nowadays, apart from the docks, a few remaining old-fashioned lawyers, the odd seed merchant, the old grocers in their corner shops, *Vieux*

Montréal belongs to the young French Canadians.

The first winter I spent in Montreal I lived in *Vieux Montréal* and spent my time mainly with the young French Canadians who lived there too. It was a good time to arrive, just before Christmas. The French Canadians love Christmas, but (like the French in France) they enjoy even more the New Year. It was exciting, quite new, quite different, from any other Christmas I had spent before.

The young French Canadians are an exciting people. A re-emerging people, still slightly stunned by their renaissance which took place in 1967, the year of Expo. Before Expo, French Canada had been a forgotten backwater. Now it is in the process of becoming a very fast-moving cultural revolution.

Like all re-emerging peoples, the young French Canadians are highly politically conscious. They long for 'Québec Libre,' for a small, separate French Canada of their own. Like the Joul they speak, they are of mixed origins. A combination of French, of English, of American, they still retain their own intrinsic qualities. They despise the Americans, sneer at the English, laugh at the Queen and have uneasy relations with the English Canadians. They are proud of themselves and uncertain of themselves. They are mixed-breds who do not quite know if they wish that they were thoroughbreds. But when you think of overbred lapdogs, inbred Egyptian kings or Russian Tzars, a mongrel has its points. After all, a lurcher is more intelligent than a greyhound, can catch its own rabbits and is a much stronger animal, even though it may not run so swiftly after an electric hare.

I was very glad that I already spoke French, and it didn't take long to pick up a few phrases of Joul.

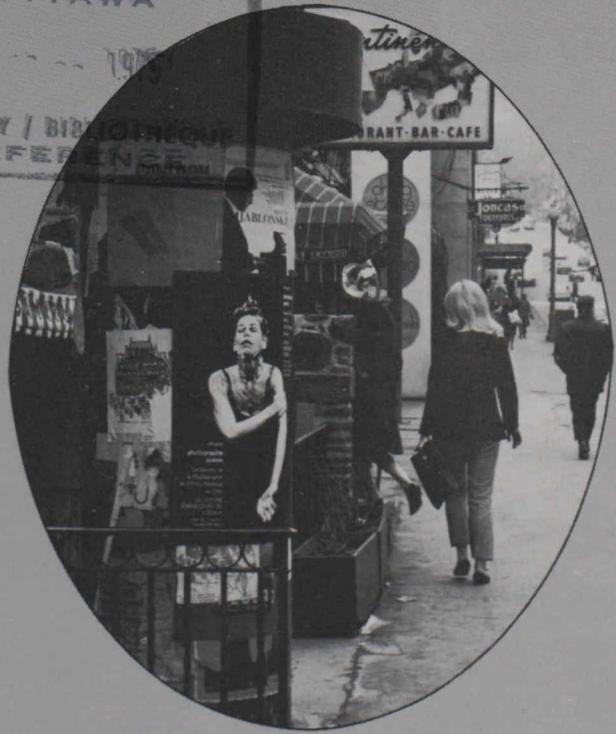
A friend and I had been lent the apartment of Robert Charlebois, the French Canadian pop star. Inside it was very pretty, warm and comfortable, with dried flowers, wooden spoons, a large stone fireplace stacked with maple logs (which we seldom burned because of the central heating), and Indian artcrafts. It was in the Rue St. Claud, a steep street of low stone houses just round the corner from the Hotel Nelson in the Place Jacques Cartier. The Hotel Nelson is the headquarters of the young French Canadians and most of our friends, who were musicians, writers and painters, lived in it rather in the style of Rip Van Winkle hippies.

Christmas itself in *Vieux Montréal* is rather quiet. Up in Westmount, Christmas is a big day for the English Canadians. But down in *Vieux Montréal*, we just had a small party and some wine to drink and because, as everybody knows, Christmas isn't Christmas without them, we had presents. And we had Cauchemar.

*"Envoyé Alban, un aut' p'tit shot de whiskey blanc,
"Encore un aut' au plus sacrant,
"Si t'étais moi t'en f'rais autant,
"Toi t'es o.k., un homme santé,
"Moi chu racqué, mal amanché,
"Sais-tu pourquoi, ben moi je l'sais.
"T'as pas d'belle-mère pis moi j'en ai.
"Cauchemar! Mauvais sort!
"C'est pour ca qu'aster je bois du fort,
"Cauchemar!"*



Among the immigrant groups in Montreal are the Chinese.



Places of entertainment are sprinkled across the city.

Cauchemar was the current top of the French Canadian charts. Both the lyrics and the tune had been written by Michel Choquette and they were sung by Robert Charlebois. That Christmas we heard the song over and over again in every single bar and café we went into.

On New Year's Eve we drove down to Richelieu, a small suburb almost in the country, on the other side of the river. It was a low, whitewashed house down by the water; plain, simple, built of wood. There was a dog and several children, but no maids. We ate abundantly and well. There was *tourtière*, a kind of minced beef and carrot pie, a delicious homemade beetroot pickle, red wine and cider, *tarte au sucre*, and conversation in French, English and Italian. Later on there was music.

*"M'en revenant de la jolie Rochelle,
"J'ai rencontré trois jolies demoiselles,
"C'est l'aviron qui nour mène, qui nous mène,
"C'est l'aviron qui nous mène en haut."*

People sang with unself-conscious freedom; the young still remembered the tunes and words to their own folk songs, many of which I recognised from France, but the words were slightly different and they had acquired an identity absolutely of their own. Many of the songs, ("*C'est l'aviron, par derrière*", "*Chez ma tante*", "*La rose en bois*,") had been used in earlier times by the French Canadians as boating songs and sung as they paddled up and down the St. Lawrence River.

There was also a strong Celtic element in their music. Ireland, Brittany, Scotland — all had made their marks, left their traces. In between dancing to ubiquitous modern records, snatches of conversation, a drink, someone started to play the spoons. Teaspoons are held back to back between the fingers and rattled rather like castanets. In Europe, the spoons are played in Ireland and in Spain. Here in Richelieu, these influences were amalgamated.

It grew late. The dog came in from the snow and wagged its tail, spreading snowflakes on the floor. It had been a simple and delightful evening. We drove back to Montreal as it was beginning to grow light. On the way home a girl in the back of the car began humming "*J'ai du bon tabac*," an old French nursery song which Tony Roman had rewritten and which Madeleine Chartrand had recorded.

Torrents of spring

The snows continued until the end of April. Sometimes there were blizzards; sometimes the skies were clear and the light beautiful. But it was a long winter and the ice did not melt from the pavements until everyone was longing for the coming of spring.

It came with a swiftness that took me quite by surprise. The snows on the mountain melted; the gutters were filled with water. For the first time I understood

the meaning of "The torrents of spring." And then the sun came out with a bursting of new life; buds turned into leaves, it seemed almost overnight — green and delicate like the hearts of young lettuces, dandelions sprang up between cracks in the cobbles. For the first time in months there was green grass in Montreal. Almost as soon as spring came it went and then there were days and days of heavy rain and storms, thunder, lightning and hail. Suddenly it was summer.

I moved from the apartment in the Rue St. Claud to downtown Montreal on the corner of Peel and Maisonneuve. The new apartment was in a high rise building within walking distance of the mountain and a stone's throw from the Place Ville Marie. The Mountain is instant country. The Place Ville Marie is a large modern pedestrian area with office blocks, fountains, banks and shopping facilities. The streets in downtown Montreal are built on a grid system like most of the towns in North America. And yet they still retain a certain quiet charm which distinguishes them from other North American cities. Interspersed between the skyscraper buildings and the glass office blocks are the older, lower buildings. Nineteenth century townhouses, tree-lined streets, old-fashioned shops which have preserved a colonial dignity — shops like Dionne's in St. Catherine street, a shop not dissimilar to a tiny version of Fortnum and Mason.

The English Canadians are possibly more English than the English are themselves.

Mythical summer

By the beginning of June the weather was perfect, like childhood memories of mythical English summers. Sunny, not too hot, no rain. The English Canadians in Montreal have their own translation of London's silly season. During the day I was working very hard. In the evenings I often went to parties given by the English Canadians up in Westmount. They were rather old-fashioned, very elegant, hospitable. One evening in Westmount was particularly delightful, given in one of those late nineteenth century family houses. The house was filled with vases of lilac blossom and the french windows opened out onto the garden. We were given a delicious light supper and a great deal of chilled champagne and afterwards were treated to a recital between flute and harpsichord. Later we continued to talk and to drink champagne, everyone merry and gently happy.

Below: Jewish Orthodox children playing on a balcony of their Montreal home.



On work days I usually had a picnic lunch either in the shade of a maple tree on The Mountain, or in a small public garden, the Percy Walters Park with trees, mown grass, dogs, weeded flower beds and children. The atmosphere was quiet and gentle and suburban.

By the beginning of July the weather had grown much hotter and had become very humid. One weekend I took the train to Sherbrooke to visit an old friend from England whose husband was finishing his medical studies in the hospital there. They lived in a small apartment on the edge of the town with several cats and two small children and they had the use of the garden. Early in the morning I stood on the balcony and watched two cats chase a grey squirrel up into the highest branches of a tree. The squirrel was frightened; the cats prowled upon the lower branches. The squirrel made a bold leap onto a light twig. The cats slunk back down the tree trunk and sat morosely upon the grass. Already the day was very hot.

We drove into the country and picnicked on a hillside. The children filled baskets with wild strawberries which grew so plentifully that it was difficult to sit down without squashing them. My friend picked armfuls of wild flowers for her house and I picked several specimens to dry for myself. The countryside is surprisingly unspoiled and is still pastoral without trappings of modernity. The roads are small and have verges instead of kerbs, the fields are rife with poppies, Indian paintbrush, wild lilies and bedstraw because they have not been sprayed with insecticide. In the valleys the cows mooch and chew cud and vetch, and the milk tastes of wild flowers like the milk on the Isle of Mull.

White roads

The following day we drove to Lake Memphremagog along tiny white roads little more than tracks through mountains and forests. The lake was large and the waters dark. We stopped at a small jetty deserted except for single fisherman who had already caught a couple of bass. We swam in the lake. It was cold but refreshing. After we had towelled ourselves dry and bundled the children into the back of the car, the weather suddenly broke from a prolonged and intense heat into a violent storm. Lightning. Then thunder. After a tremendous downpour of hail and rain. It was more like lions and tigers than cats and dogs.

We drove on through the storm and across the mountains until we reached America where we crossed the border, and being very hungry after our swim, we searched for a restaurant in the first town we reached in Vermont. We had both entirely forgotten that across the border it was Independence Day (July 4).

Independence Day is a national holiday. All shops were shut. Only one tiny restaurant was open. We went in and sat at a table close to a large stuffed polar bear and ate fried bass fresh from Lake Memphre-

magog. The children drank Coca-Cola and my friend and I drank Planter's Punch.

We left the United States and returned to Canada.

Back in Montreal it was still oppressively hot and humid. Everyone in Montreal was finding it difficult to work under such conditions. We were all in the same chateau or boat.

Towards the end of July I took a train to Quebec. Quebec City is French. Built in the seventeenth century by the French and captured by the English in 1759, it has changed little since. In Quebec City, French is the predominant language, although the inhabitants are a *mélange* of Scots-Irish, English and French Canadians. The food is French. Coffee and *croissants* for breakfast; excellent dinners. I spent the day walking through the Plains of Abraham which were the battlefields where both French and English had fought. Quebec is a beautiful town; a citadel with a splendid view overlooking the St. Lawrence River. It is hard to believe one is not in a town in France.

After a couple of days in Quebec, I travelled further down the St. Lawrence River and arrived in Murray Bay. The French call Murray Bay "La Malbaie"

Below: There are moments when it could be in France . . .



because at low tide there is a distinctly unpleasant odour coming from the river. The English call "La Malbaie," Murray Bay, after a Scotsman.

Northern Lights

La Malbaie is beautiful; mountains reminiscent of the Scottish Highlands, the St. Lawrence and the Murray Rivers, an enormous Victorian gothic grand hotel, a collection of quiet and picturesque houses. The river is so wide at this point of the estuary that one cannot see to the opposite shore. Murray Bay has been a seaside resort since the eighteen sixties. It is still very small and has not altered much.

I stayed with English Canadian friends who had a delightful holiday house just outside the town with a wonderful view overlooking the Bay. The house was furnished with early French Canadiana (patchwork quilts, wooden furniture, painted shutters and beams), the garden profuse and sweet smelling.

One night we sat outside late and watched the Northern Lights. It was an extraordinary sight. A beautiful aurora.

During the days at La Malbaie we swam, went for long walks over the steep hillsides covered in wild flowers and we visited friends. One of the most beautiful houses I saw belonged to Pat Morgan, a landscape gardener working in New York and living at home during his holidays. His house is simple, built of wood and stone. His gardens remarkable. One is a perfectly enchanting wild garden planted with specimens from the immediate countryside, running with streams and underground springs. The other is a formal garden where there is a pond.

Evening music

During the evenings we quite often went out and sometimes we were visited by friends. Every evening there was music.

The French Canadians are an intensely musical race. So are the Scots-Irish. One of the barriers between the two races is the language barrier. Equally, one of the things that unites them is their music which belongs to them both.

*"Par derrier' chez ma tant'
"Il lui ya-t-un étang,
"Je me mettrai anguille,
"Anguille dans l'étang."*

Another version of this song is also found in England:

*"Then she became a duck, a duck all on
the stream,
"And he became a water-dog and fetched
her back again.
"Then she became a hare, a hare upon
the plain,
"And he became a greyhound dog and
fetched her back again.
"Then she became a fly, a fly all in the air,
"And he became a spider, and fetched her
to his lair."*

*"A la claire fontaine m'en allant promener,
"J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle que je m'y suis
baigné.
"Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
"Jamais je ne t'oublierai."*

Both the tune and words come from France. So does this other version which is much older, sung to a different tune, and now forgotten in France but still widely sung amongst the French Canadians.

*"Au beau clair de la lun' m'en allant
promener,
"J'ai recontre Nanett' qui allait s'y
baigner.
"Gai, faluron dondaine,
"Gai, faluron dondè."*

One of the loveliest songs of all is "Un Canadien Errant" — "A Canadian in Exile." The tune is plaintive and melancholy. The words, describing the homesick yearnings of an exiled Canadian, were written by Gérin-Lajoie during the troubles of 1837.

*"Un Canadien errant
"Banni de ses foyers,
"Parcourait en pleurant
"Des pays étrangers.
"Un jour triste et pensif,
"Assis au bord des flots,
"Au courant fugitif
"Il adressa ces mots:
"Si tu vois mon pays,
"Mon pays malheureux,
"Va dire à mes amis
"Que je me souviens d'eux.
"Non, mais en expirant,
"O mon cher Canada,
"Mon regard languissant
"Vers toi se portera."*

*"A Canadian in exile
Banished from his haunts
Wandered in tears
Through foreign lands.
One day, sad and pensive,
Sitting by a riverbank,
To the fleeing waters
He addressed these words:
Should you see my country,
My unhappy land,
Go and tell my friends
That I remember them.
No, even though dying,
O my dear Canada,
My downcast gaze
I shall bend in your direction."*

I heard all of these songs sung and a great many more during the time that I spent at La Malbaie. And the evenings were lively ones. Spoons, violins, accordions were played and handclapping and tapping of heels and toes created rhythms.

It was sad to leave La Malbaie. I returned to Montreal. The songs I had listened to, the houses and countrysides I had seen, the mingling of dialects and the ways of living which I had observed during my trip made me feel more sympathetic to both the French and the English Canadians and gave me a better understanding of the barriers between them. ♦

Mrs Pearson remembers

Maryon Pearson, widow of the late Lester B. Pearson, is one of those rare public figures beloved of the Press for the habit of making tart, to-the-point remarks at moments when most wives would supply the final touch of boredom with a comfortable cliché.

There was a famous moment when the former Canadian Prime Minister concluded a major speech in Toronto and turned to his wife asking "How did I do?"

She replied: "You missed several opportunities to sit down."

To strangers this might seem unnecessarily blunt: in fact, this barbed humour was a basic ingredient of their relationship. They laughed together over the remark on the way to Toronto airport, going home.

When she looks back now, Maryon Pearson can still laugh over the lighter incidents in the life of a warm, witty and devoted wife. She was her husband's constant companion on his travels abroad as well as on his political campaigns.



Photo by Capital Press Service

Above: The late Lester Pearson and Mrs Pearson returning from a worldwide tour in 1955, when he was Secretary of State for External Affairs.

The public has seen little of Mrs. Pearson since her beloved "Mike" died two years ago. She has been quietly reconstructing her life, like any other widow — but those who know her say she has been bouncing back recently. She appeared for an interview at her home in Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa recently with the same crinkly smile, the same tart comments — now directed at herself as they once were at her husband — and the same sharp sense of humour.

She began by carefully fitting a cigarette in the familiar gold holder. She was surrounded by family pictures, including ten grandchildren, and personal mementos — she has already let her husband's collection, including his Nobel Peace Prize,

go to his reconstructed library in Laurier House. "All his things are part of history and I guess they should be in Laurier House, but I rather miss them," she said.

What she misses even more is being informed about happenings in high places. "Even when Mike dropped in for a quick lunch, he would chat about everything that happened during the day. I was plugged into everything. I miss that. There are lots of things I miss." She paused briefly before adding: "He was one of the most entertaining men I have ever known."

Only those who travelled frequently with the Pearsons during his years as party leader — or who knew them at home — recognized the depth and affection of their relationship. As they exchanged those friendly barbs it was easy to see Mr. Pearson's face burst into a boyish grin. But one had to be close to see that her more austere expression masked laughter.

No stock phrases

She never seemed comfortable in large crowds — and her vocabulary did not include stock phrases to cover up this fact. She did not say "I am happy to be here" unless she really was happy to be there. In 1965, on her third election campaign in four years, she was asked if she was enjoying the campaign. "No!" she replied, unequivocally.

The record is full of such moments of disarming honesty. The classic was on the 1962 campaign when Mr. Pearson asked a small audience at the end of a long day whether anyone had anything else to bring up before he finished. "Three doughnuts and the last 10 cups of coffee," she muttered to reporters sitting near her.

Her husband was frequently embarrassed by flattering introductions. Her advice to him for these occasions was: "When somebody talks like that about you in an introduction, don't let your head hang and look shy and diffident — put your head up and make people think that at least you deserve some part of it."

He once remarked: "I couldn't get carried away with my own importance. Maryon wouldn't let me." Those election campaigns still are not exactly a fond memory for her — but I do wish I had kept a diary. I think I could have written a very interesting book."

Puffing on that cigarette, she smiled as she remembered the 1964 Klondike Parade in Edmonton in Alberta where Pearson seldom won seats for his Liberal party — when the Pearson convertible was swamped by cheering thousands. She had to make herself heard above the roaring crowd as she asked her husband: "If they can clap for you like this, why don't they vote for you?"

As the Prime Minister's wife she used to look forward to the day when she could browse in a department store without being recognized. Today she says: "It's surprising how many people still recognize me — and, oddly, I rather enjoy it now." ♦

Art has lost its innocence and come of age

By William Withrow

Introduction to Contemporary Canadian Painting by William Withrow, reprinted with the permission of The Canadian Publishers, McClelland and Stewart Limited, Toronto, Ontario. Revised and edited by Research and Writing Section, Department of External Affairs, Ottawa.

The past quarter-century has witnessed radical changes in the state of art and the artist in Canada. For one thing, it was the period when Canadian art finally caught up with the twentieth century. In Europe abstract art was firmly established by the start of the First World War but in Canada the Second World War was over before abstract art was anything much more than a rumour.

Starting in the forties (in Montreal) and the early fifties (in Toronto), Canadian art joined the mainstream. In less than two decades from the end of the Second World War, Canadian painting was overwhelmingly non-figurative, and a few non-figurative Canadian painters were even established firmly on the international scene. Jean-Paul Riopelle was the darling of Paris, and William Ronald was selling his total output in New York. (In 1956, Ronald had won a Guggenheim Award against international competition. In 1958, Jack Shadbolt of Vancouver won the same award, and the 1960 winner was Paul-Emile Borduas.) In 1971, Jack Bush was being called, by an American critic, "one of the important non-figurative artists painting today."

Painters multiplied

During the same period, and under the same stimulus of fresh ideas and larger ambitions, living artists became much more visible in Canada. There was an odd but definite effect of the number of Canadian painters having multiplied. The sense of increased artistic activity was reinforced by the appearance of work by living Canadian artists not only in galleries and in the annual society shows but in many unlikely public places. Furthermore, the work itself often became the subject of healthy comment. Art made news.

So did artists. They appeared on television, ran radio programmes, were profiled in newspapers and popular magazines. This was all part of another change that the same quarter-century witnessed: the raising of the artist's status. The story of the years 1945-1970 is thus the story of art in Canada's coming of age,

beginning at last to be accepted as a vital and meaningful element in Canadian society.

It is also the story of the end of an epoch. Until recently, painting completely dominated the visual arts in this country. These days, almost all the important artists in the country are experimenting with other forms and other means of expression, ranging from poetry to film, photography and even to sound or multi-media creation.

A period that has brought such a quickening in the country's art cannot be chronicled easily.

People — individuals — made some of the difference: displaced painters from war-torn Europe bringing news of the latest fashions in art; a handful of inspired teachers at home, pariahs as like as not in the Establishment art schools; here and there a crucial, imaginative gallery director/commercial dealer/civil servant/collector/patron. The painters themselves, of course: their stories are worth knowing about.

Social influences

Conditions made a difference, too: social and economic change, affluence, the rise of radicalism. Some institutions and associations played a part, and so, most importantly, did communications, including television and even the popular magazines. But if it is true that "creation comes from an overflow," perhaps it is simply that Canada at least had energy to spare for the arts that older cultures take for granted.

The beginning of change came with the end of the Second World War for two reasons. The first is that Emily Carr died in 1945. In her isolated, desperate struggle to express herself, and to survive as an artist in Canada, she stands as a symbol of what it was like in the first half of this century. The prejudice against the artist was almost complete. The art schools themselves were hidebound and conservative. Technique was everything; experiment, and particularly "modernism", was firmly quelled. The art societies were not much more daring. Scarcely a painter, of whatever degree of safe competency, could make a living from his "fine" art alone. The idea seemed to be to postpone buying the work of a Canadian artist until he was safely dead and his reputation reliably established. As for any "modernistic" painter, he could scarcely get exhibition space, let alone a one-man show or a commercial dealer to handle his work.

And yet, terribly belatedly, and just before her death, Emily Carr had been recognised by the then-official art world of Canada, in the person of the National Gallery director. That, too, was a symbol. For, at war's end, events were stirring in this country. Something was afoot.

It was in 1945 too that a group from the Arts and Letters Club (in Toronto) began pushing actively for government support for Canadian culture. From this small germinal endeavour sprouted such ramifications as to alter significantly the situation of the arts in Canada. The first step was the organisation of the Canadian Arts Council, which became in 1959 the Canadian Conference of the Arts. Through the efforts of this council, the Canadian government agreed to set up a Royal Commission to investigate the National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences. The Commission's report was published in 1951 and led directly to the establishment in 1957 of the Canada Council.

But the flowering of contemporary Canadian painting is a complex phenomenon, and long before that landmark event all sorts of other things had happened.

They happened first in Montreal. Alfred Pellan had returned from Paris and almost before his first Canadian exhibition was over, he was attracting students and experimenting with fresh techniques. Meanwhile the Montreal artist-teacher Paul-Emile Borduas began painting his first abstracts, using a sort of automatic, action-painting approach. He soon had a group of disciples, Les Automatistes, with whom he exhibited, and it was this group, along with other like-minded young radicals that in 1948 published the collection of rebellious plays and essays called *Refus Global*. It was not a document of aesthetic theory but of political and social protest. Borduas was strongly critical of the repressive forces of organised religion and of the Quebec government of the day. The publication of *Refus Global* caused a furor. And somehow the episode was a magically liberating force for young Quebec painters.

When Les Automatistes waned in influence in 1954, their place was quickly taken by Les Plasticiens: four young Montreal artists who had been exhibiting together and who in 1955 issued a manifesto. French-Canadian artists differ from their English-speaking colleagues in one main respect: their love of manifestos. The

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Right:
*Sous le vent
de l'île*
by Paul-Emile
Borduas
(1905-1960)



Below:
Green Fire by
William Ronald
(1926-)





Above: *All things prevail*, by Jock MacDonald (1897-1960)

Below: *Pavane (Triptych)* by Jean-Paul Riopelle (1923-)



inspiration for Les Plasticiens was mainly Piet Mondrian and their aim was to purify art by emphasising the formal elements.

Two artists, Guido Molinari and Claude Tousignant, though never members of Les Plasticiens, had very similar aims and, with others, formed a second plasticien group about the time the first one was breaking up. The important difference between the first group and the second was the change in orientation: away from the European tradition and towards New York. The most important post-war development in international art had been the evolution of the so-called New York School and the consequent shifting of the art world's focus from Paris to America. This new generation of Quebec painters had been quick to recognise the shift. The Quebec art scene remains a vigorous and experimental one, which seems only fitting since twentieth-century Canadian painting was born there in 1948.

Toronto was slower off the mark. As in Montreal, the embattled non-figurative artists took the most important step. A group of them had been quietly assembling themselves although they scarcely knew each other or each others' work. But in 1953 William Ronald talked his department store employers into building a home-decoration promotion around abstract art. The seven participating artists began discussing the possibility of gaining impact by other joint exhibitions and in due course, along with four other artists, formed Painters Eleven. Their first exhibition in 1954, consisted of thirty-three works by Jack Bush, Jock Macdonald, Harold Town, William Ronald, Kazuo Nakamura, Tom Hodgson, Oscar Cahen, Alexandra Luke, Roy Mead, Walter Yarwood and Hortense Gordon. The show drew the largest crowds in the gallery's history.

American show

During the next five years Painters Eleven exhibited regularly together, as well as separately. In 1956 they exhibited as a group at the annual American Abstract Painters Exhibition in New York, to so favourable a press that their own compatriots were at last impressed. And in 1958 the Quebec artist, Jacques de Tonnancour, arranged for the group to have a show at l'Ecole des Beaux Arts in Montreal. Up to that time there had been no active co-operation between the revolutionary artists in the two cities. The next year, Painters Eleven formally disbanded. Their work of forcing public recognition and acceptance of abstract art was, they felt, done. It had been, in so short a time, a formidable accomplishment.

A contribution to change on a wider scale was the appointment, in 1955, of a new director for the National Gallery of Canada, who had great sympathy for living Canadian artists and who, in his first year as director, not only purchased the work of twenty-six Canadians for the

Gallery but undertook a cross-country tour during which he made 158 speeches promoting contemporary art and the National Gallery.

Almost as though it were springing up in his wake, the artistic flowering that had begun in Montreal in the forties and sprouted in Toronto in the early fifties, now appeared in the west. In the late fifties the focus shifted from two older art centres to one of the most unlikely locations in Canada: Regina, Saskatchewan. In the fifties The University of Saskatchewan's art school conducted an arts series with guest lecturers, those guests being leading American painters, critics and even composers. The two who seem to have had the greatest impact were the late Barnett Newman, an important colour-field painter from New York, and art critic Clement Greenberg, also from New York and undoubtedly the most influential exponent of colour-field painting, or, as it was later called, Post-Painterly Abstraction. Newman's personality and convictions seem to have fired the school's participants with new and more serious ambitions. In 1961, an exhibition called Five Painters from Regina was organised and proved so important that the National Gallery reorganised it and circulated it across the country. Greenberg came to Regina in the summer of 1962, profoundly influenced most of his artist colleagues in colour-field painting.

Coastal awakening

At almost the same time as the Regina phenomenon, Vancouver also earned the attention of the Canadian art world. It was Jack Shadbolt whose powerful personality and effective leadership as a teacher and painter provided the main impetus to the coastal art awakening. Roy Kiyooka arrived in 1959 with his ambitions, New York-oriented work, and through it and the stimulus of his guru presence, broke down the barriers that had tended to separate the British Columbia artists from the main stream. From that time to the present, Vancouver has been given equal status with Montreal and Toronto/London as a major centre of creative activity, consistently producing work of international interest.

This scene has been aided by the vigorous and imaginative management of the Vancouver Art Gallery and by the programme of the Fine Arts Gallery of the University of British Columbia.

These days, in the view of many, one of the greatest contributions to West Coast development in the visual arts is being made through Intermedia — a loosely organised group of some sixty artists who got together in 1967 to form a vehicle for co-operative ventures in related arts; for example, the combination of the visual arts with poetry, dance and music. Intermedia has not simply limited its endeavours to technologically-oriented art. Not only has it contributed to the widening of intellectual

and aesthetic horizons for both participants and audiences, it has stood for a rarity in the arts, creative co-operation.

If Regina as a centre for innovative artists seemed unlikely in the early sixties, London, Ontario seemed unthinkable. But, in the mid-sixties, this is what happened. With the return of Jack Chambers and Greg Curnoe to their home town, a quiet artistic revolution began, which soon became noisy enough and exciting enough to dominate the consciousness of the whole Canadian art world.

Curnoe and Chambers were joined after 1965 by a lively group of young artists, including John Boyle, Murray Favro, Bev Kelly, Ron Martin, David and Royden Rabinowitch, Walter Redinger, Edward Zelenak and Tony Urquhart. This creative group grew to include poets, photographers and film-makers, so that an unselfconscious cross-pollination stimulated the imaginations of all and multi-media collaborative efforts evolved.

Psychologically at least, centennial year and Expo 67 were the climax of the post-war artistic awakening in Canada. The drama had gained momentum all through the sixties.

First there was the Great Art Boom. Its centre was Toronto, since Toronto was where the money was, and it was detected and labelled by the media at the start of the sixties mainly as the result of Harold Town's extraordinary near-sellout show in 1961. Actually, it had been building for two or three years, as the industry's dollar volume quintupled and the market share of non-figurative art, on a pictures-sold basis, jumped from about ten per cent to somewhere near eighty-five per cent.

It certainly looked like a boom. Suddenly, too — as if someone were trying to make up overnight for years of neglect — no fewer than three exhibitions of contemporary Canadian art were mounted at the Commonwealth Institute in London, England. What's more, in the very same year the Department of Transport initiated its ambitious programme of art for the airports of Canada. This project was encouraged to follow the European example of providing a percentage for works of art in all new government buildings.

Travelling jury

It was during the sixties, too, that the Canada Council at last paid off for artists. In 1966, a travelling jury system was instigated. The first jurors travelled across the country, coast to coast, talking to artists and looking at their work. Before this time contact with Canadian artists had been by mail alone.

The Canada Council made some further policy departures by directing money for the first time to art museums and by arranging short-term grants for artists for special projects. Few artists in Canada until the mid-sixties had had an opportunity to meet each other, let alone to gather nationally, but, beginning in 1966, a series

of meetings, called Soundings, which were paid for by the Council, changed this.

At the beginning of the sixties, less than twenty-five per cent of the moneys from the Council went to the visual arts. By the end of the decade the ratio was approaching forty-five per cent.

The excitement and achievement of the sixties reached its peak in centennial year. The national consciousness, the new sense of national identity and purpose with which Canada had emerged from the Second World War, had been growing quietly, steadily. Now it exploded in joyous celebration. And, for the first time, the Canadian public visibly shared the excitement and pride in their nation's creative achievement.

Expo art

And yet, Canadian painting played only a minor role. It was limited to a modest exhibition called *Painting in Canada*, displayed in the entrance foyer of the Canadian Government pavilion. The most important art exhibition at Expo was *Man and His World*, a selection of international art covering the full range of art history down through the ages. It included two Canadian paintings, one by Paul-Emile Borduas and one by Jean-Paul Riopelle.

From the perspective of 1974 it is possible to see that centennial year was not just a climax but another turning-point in the history of Canadian art.

The Great Art Boom, of course, turned out to be, in the words of Robert Fulford in the *Toronto Star*, "the art boom that never really happened." Dealers began to admit privately that sales of Canadian art had almost dried up. Some commercial galleries had to close down. What had happened? The main fact that escaped the art journalists during the golden years was the real size of the market. Those who cared enough to buy numbered only a few hundred. At the same time gallery operating costs were rising sharply and though the average price-tag on a painting had risen in the same decade, survival had become a hand-to-mouth affair.

And yet art is more than ever alive and well and living in Canada. The facts are clear:

1. Toronto continues to be the commercial art centre of Canada and one of the major centres for contemporary art in North America.
2. Artists in Canada have formed a union, the C.A.R. (Canadian Artists Representation) which is currently pressing the art museums of Canada for rental fees for exhibiting and other "fair exchange"

practices, including copyright remuneration for the reproduction of their works.

3. No living artist has stopped contributing, in one way or another, to the sum of our collective aesthetic experience. Some are painting better than ever, reaching new heights. Some are blazing important trails in other, related, fields. And, what's more, the new technology embraced by the artists is being matched by a public acceptance of new forms and aesthetic modes.

The title of this article might more accurately be called "Painting in Canada" and yet it would appear that "Canadianism" is absent in contemporary Canadian painting. The nationality is simply not there. Contemporary Canadian paintings remain both individual to their creators and international in their approach. But if Canadian art has gone beyond any current definition of nationalism, perhaps more important than this, it has lost its early innocence and come of age.

Yet, paradoxically, there is a kind of nationalism in Canadian painting. A non-objective painting by Borduas is Canadian — not because anyone other than a knowledgeable critic could recognise it as such. That doesn't matter. What matters is that as a Canadian I know it was painted by a Canadian: I know that such a Canadian painting exists. ♦

New policy puts art in public buildings



'Haida' by Robert Murray, outside the Lester B. Pearson building. House in the background, left, is the official residence of the British High Commissioner in Ottawa.

In 1973 the federal government of Canada decided to establish a policy to deal with the installation of art works as part of building projects undertaken by the Department of Public Works (DPW), the agency responsible for most federally funded building. Under a cabinet-level memorandum, guidelines were established allowing for the expenditure of up to one per cent of the cost of a building used by the public for fine art. The programme, however, really got underway in 1968 when a Fine Art Advisory Committee was established and the first members appointed.

Since 1966 the federal government has spent over \$700 million on new buildings, of which over \$2 million was spent on fine art. This is only about three-tenths of one per cent of the total of all capital construction but of course not all construction was for buildings with artwork.

Chief architect for the DPW, Kelly Stanley also administrates the Fine Art Programme. Recently he was asked about the motivation for the programme: he replied, "I don't know if I can answer directly why it came about except that we had a sympathetic atmosphere (in Canada) at the time."

Continued on next page

It is possible that much of that sympathetic atmosphere was created by events like Canada's Expo '67 in Montreal.

Under the DPW programme, the architect must submit a proposal and select the artist to be commissioned. The submission must be approved by the DPW Fine Arts Advisory Committee, an independent board made up of 11 members including two architects, two artists, two critics and one representative each from the National Gallery of Canada, the Canada Council and the Department of Public Works. In addition, two members of the non-professional "public" were appointed members last fall. Tenure on the committee, which meets four to six times per year, is for three years, the terms being staggered.

After the committee approves a submission, contracts are signed. The artist is engaged for a sum that is intended to cover the cost of producing the work, costs of transportation and installation, and further expenses which may arise up until such time as the work is finished and in place.

It is important to remember that the DPW programme deals primarily with the construction of buildings, not with art. Hence, its concern is with a specific kind of public art, that linked to architecture. The special feature of the DPW programme is that it depends on, and even encourages, a close link between the architect and the artist.

After over six years of operation, results of the DPW Fine Art Programme are beginning to be visible. Three major projects exist in the capital of Canada, Ottawa, which suggest the course the programme has been taking. In order of completion these are the Department of National Defence Building, Department of External Affairs (Lester B. Pearson Building), and the National Science Library.

At present the DPW programme is not the only means of generating public sculpture in Canada. It is, however, the most systematic programme. Following the federal government lead, provincial governments are beginning to investigate similar methods for incorporating art works into public projects.

Recently, the Canada Council has been exploring ways of commissioning large works of sculpture for purchase by Canada's Art Bank. Up to now, Art Bank has purchased mainly existing works and the majority of these have been in media other than sculpture, such as paintings and prints. The new commissioned works will not compete with the DPW programme, but will complement it. In addition, the works could possibly be located in non-architectural situations such as public parks.

The Department of Transport, within whose jurisdiction comes the building of airports, has also had an involvement with the commissioning of public works of art. Their programme, begun in 1958, was at its height in the early 1960s, when most airports were built in Canada. ♦

Stress scientist preaches a new moral code

Dr. Hans Selye, the scientist who became world-famous through his work on stress, has now turned prophet and come up with a new moral code. Being a scientist, he rather predictably believes that the salvation of humanity lies in setting up a moral code based on scientific observation of how people actually behave — rather than on unrealistic notions of how they ought to behave. He calls the result "altruistic egotism."

Dr. Selye, 68, has been head of the department of experimental medicine and surgery at the University of Montreal since 1945. In a recent interview there he blamed scientists for many of today's problems because, he said, they had shattered the old, safe standards. Therefore science must replenish the moral vacuum. To this end, he offers a code of ethics that grants huge concessions to the ego and marshalls a whole army of scientific data to support it. "Altruistic egotism" is defined in detail in his best-selling book, *Stress Without Distress*.

He remarked in the interview; "I'm just saying what many religions have said, only I'm using scientific language."

Flash of enlightenment

Looking at it from a detached point of view, that may be just a little oversimplified. The "altruism" sounds familiar enough, but the "egotistical" bit does have an untraditional ring. Here is where science has been at work and making massive inroads into what the old religions were on about.

The premises of Dr. Selye's doctrine are rooted in a flash of enlightenment he had as a medical student at the University of Prague in 1925. When he was only 18, he observed that people suffering from widely different sicknesses frequently displayed symptoms of amazing similarity — a general syndrome that even his professors seemed to overlook. His regular studies prevented him pursuing this observation for eight years, but he then returned to it in the course of post-graduate research with hormones at Montreal's McGill University.

He embarked on the definitive medical study of "stress," publishing his major treatise in 1950. He gave the word new meaning, taking it away from engineers and bridge-builders and applying it to the nagging anxiety that produces symptoms like indigestion, hypertension and high blood pressure. In the next five years, 19,000 scientific papers on stress were

published around the world. Dr. Selye himself has published 31 books and 1,529 scientific papers. His theories have appeared in 56 English-language journals, from *Time* magazine and *Harper's Bazaar* through *People* and *Playboy*. He has received 19 honorary degrees and dozens of international citations. He commented: "If I wanted to open a private practice to treat people for stress, with my international reputation I could become a multi-millionaire — but that's not important." The important thing is to proclaim the morals he has learnt by discovering new laws of nature. Beside this, he dismisses the rest of his work as "piddling detail."

World famous theory

Basically, his chemical stress theory says this: When cell A attacks cell B, what happens depends not only on cell A, but also on how cell B reacts to the pressure, or the "stressor." Just as gravity exists only if it has something to pull against, Dr. Selye found stress exists only if it obtains a reaction. Hormone studies showed cells could be induced either to fight against attack or to remain passive — sometimes the best way to beat an infection.

This was the theory that gave Dr. Selye world fame — helped along by his extraordinary ability to give lectures in 10 different languages.

Then at a convention of social scientists in Stockholm, Dr. Selye had another "flash" that linked his chemistry with social behaviour. The common denominator was the psychological structure known as the ego, that self-protective device that forces us to defend ourselves and fight for survival. Like a single cell, the ego is impinged upon by stressors and it often reacts like a single cell.

Dr. Selye told the gathering that cellular stress is like an encounter with a drunk. By over-reacting to the drunk you may harm yourself — even have a heart attack — while the drunk may be harmless. Logic tells you whether the drunk is a homicidal madman. Just as single cells often react passively — syntoxic reaction — to infection, sometimes the best way to deal with a drunk is to ignore him. On the other hand, a show of violence or a weapon may call for an attempt to repel him, just as cells fight disease with catatonic reaction.

Stress, says Dr. Selye, is a biological necessity. It keeps us breathing, digesting,

pumping blood through our veins. Without stress we would be dead. The "bad" stress — distress — is often self-induced by over-reacting to a stressor.

So the objective is to recognize your maximum stress level: in other words, learn to identify which type of reaction is needed and don't fight when it's not required. Everyone is different, so if you're a turtle don't try to be a racehorse.

These are the theories which he developed into his code of "altruistic egotism," a reconstructed version of the old adage about loving your neighbour as you love yourself.

Dr. Selye says of the original version: "I knew there was something wrong with that because I could never do a good job of it." His scientific amendment recognizes the self-preserving function of the ego. "Altruistic egotism" means getting your neighbour to love you in order to protect yourself — and if that means loving for personal gain, "who's to blame you for that?" It is, he claims, a prescription for peace, harmony and personal security.

One hitch is that love is not given on demand — it has to be earned. Dr. Selye urges that humans should hoard this rare quality, love, as bees hoard honey: earn

their neighbour's love and, just to be on the safe side, earn a wealth of it.

Hans Selye rejects the idea that he is now becoming more prophet than scientist. "I don't want to become an oracle whose word is accepted as the word of God. If I'm thought of as an infallible god, my code won't survive any longer than I do."

He decries "pseudo-modesty" and says you should be proud of your achievements. He has been nominated in previous years for the Nobel Prize and concedes that he "could find a place for it" in his crowded medal cabinet, though he adds "I am sufficiently immodest to say I don't need it. Many people have won the Nobel Prize and remain unknown. I know my work is recognized by scientists all over the world."

Since the success of *Stress Without Distress* on the best-seller lists in Canada, he seems to have been caught up by that machinery which today turns certain people into oracles and star gurus. Giving an inaugural address to McGill's Physiological Society recently, he encountered the fawning attention of some 700 enthusiastic undergraduates. They paid rapt attention, clapped and cheered his truisms, laughed a little too heartily at his slightest attempt at humour — making

it difficult for Dr. Selye to avoid becoming a god for that occasion.

"I think I did avoid it — though perhaps you didn't notice!" he remarked afterwards. He was referring to what he calls his "theatrics" — a show of mock braggadocio, which included playfully scolding a colleague for improperly enumerating his achievements. He also lost his temper over technical foul-ups of his slide display. It was almost as if he were making a concerted attempt to appear human.

In the privacy of his study there is more solid evidence of his mortality. One of his hip joints sits bottled on a shelf, a monument to his victory over arthritis. The fight took both hips, but he still swims or cycles every day.

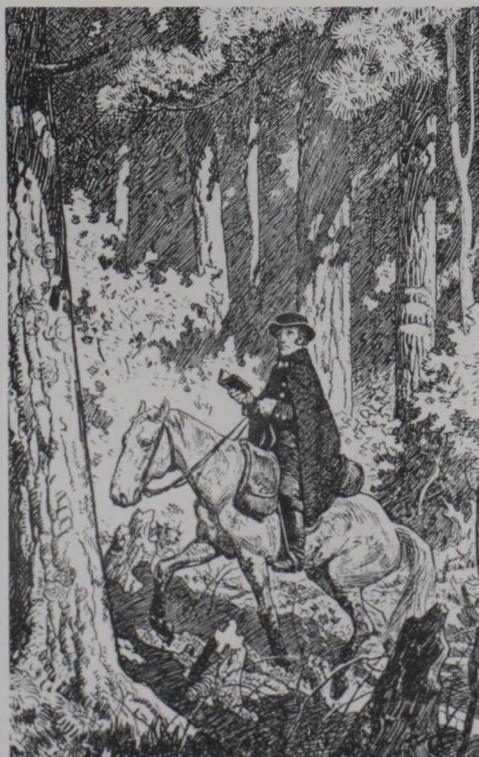
Has Dr. Selye personally conquered distress in his own life? Not quite. The niggling chores connected with writing sometimes give him those familiar anxiety symptoms. "Going through 150 abstract references to choose perhaps five — that causes me distress. It's very boring work."

Times are a-changin' in the United Church

By J. M. Greene

Fifty years may seem a very short time in the history of Christendom for a major turnaround in the attitude of a religious group — but as Bob Dylan has told us, these are changin' times. When the United Church of Canada was founded in 1925, its purpose was by no means as ecumenical as the name sounds in the context of today. A non-conformist union embracing Methodists, Congregationalists and about two-thirds of the country's Presbyterians, one of its main objects was to join forces across Canada's unmanageably vast geography and thus keep a grip on souls that might otherwise drift towards Roman Catholicism.

Today, however, the United Church celebrates its Golden Jubilee in an ecumenical mood that might well have horrified its founding fathers and that even some of its current members have difficulty in accepting. It is officially committed to seeking organic union with the Anglican Church of Canada, in spite of some latent opposition in the ranks, and last year some of the more traditional members were stunned when the Commissioners approved a private motion in the general council which directed their leadership to "begin the long journey to reunion with Rome".



Above: Early Methodist ministers in Upper Canada rode their circuits on horseback, holding services in pioneer shanties and schoolhouses.

The first large group of Protestants to come to Canada, the "New Light Congregationalists" as they called themselves, arrived in 1745 sword in hand, breathing fire against the Roman Catholicism of French Canada. Stirred by the "great awakening" in New England, their motto confidently declared "Christ is our leader". They also had a practical eye on the rich fisheries off the coast of Newfoundland, long dominated by France. Under their leader William Pepperell, they stormed the French fortress of Louisbourg on Cape Breton island and for almost three years worshipped in the King's Chapel of the Chateau of St. Louis of Louisbourg, converted into a New England meeting house. Pepperell was deeply aggrieved when Britain returned Louisbourg to the French in 1748, after which the New Lights retired to Halifax and held services in the Mather Meeting House, built by the British Government in 1750.

The Mather Meeting House became a Presbyterian Church in the nineteenth century and is now known as St. Matthew's, the oldest congregation of the United Church of Canada.

The New Lights of New England, whence came the fighting Congregationalists under

William Pepperell, were the result of a religious crusade by the Rev. Jonathan Edwards and the Rev. George Whitefield, a confrere of John Wesley — though Whitefield was a Calvinist (believer in predestination) where Wesley was an Arminian (believer in free will). In time, most of these early congregationalists in Nova Scotia joined other denominations.

The first Presbyterian congregation to take root in Canada was founded at Truro by Scots-Irish Presbyterians from New Hampshire in 1760. (Two previous settlements by French Presbyterians in the early seventeenth century failed through famine or disease and through a change in French colonial administration prohibiting Protestantism after 1627).

Methodism reached mainland Canada with immigrants from Yorkshire who settled in Nova Scotia, about 1770. Earlier it had been established around Conception Bay, Newfoundland. It received its greatest impetus after the American revolution, when many American Methodists fled to Canada, among them Barbara Heck, acknowledged founder of Methodism in colonial America.

These American Methodists were among the Empire Loyalists who came to Canada and became firmly entrenched in what is now Ontario. Though their patriotic fervour was to the Crown, their religious structure remained for a long time tied to the United States. Early Methodist ministers were sent to Upper Canada from the United States by the famous Bishop Asbury, whose monument stands near the Capitol in Washington. They held services in pioneer shanties and in schoolhouses, linked in circuits, and remained part of the American church until the formation of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada in 1828.

Because the British authorities didn't like the American connection, Canadian Methodist preachers were not allowed to perform marriage ceremonies. After breaking the link with America in 1828, they found they could not go it alone and tried to form a union with the British Wesleyan Methodist Conference. However, there were difficulties and it was not until 1884 that all Canada's Methodists except two small dissident groups were brought under one banner.

Rival synods

Scottish immigrants, mainly to Nova Scotia, formed rival groupings of Presbyterians which remained at odds with one another from the eighteenth century until 1844 - 45, when three vigorous and militant Evangelical Free Presbyterian Synods were formed and became the Presbyterian Church of Canada — a union which was only partially successful. Minorities broke away and formed what were known as Kirk Synods outside the main Presbyterian church. Though these eventually disintegrated, a similar minority arose in 1925 to oppose the formation of the United Church of Canada — using arguments often reminiscent of those used against

Presbyterian union 50 years previously. When the decision to join the United Church was taken, about one third of the 279,000 Presbyterian communicant members left the 51st General Assembly in protest.

Almost all the 418,000 communicant members of the Methodist Church went into the United Church, as did all but half a dozen congregations of the 11,000 member Congregationalist Church.

Grace Lane, widow of a United Church minister, has written historical papers to mark the first half-century of its history, recalling that "The new church started with a great wave of enthusiasm and missionary outreach. There was a rather naive opinion that, with church union, the Kingdom of God might now be built in Canada."

In fact, circumstances all but forced union upon its quibbling participants. In the sparsely settled West, flooded with immigration from Europe early in the twentieth century, clergymen were few and churchgoers willy-nilly worshipped where they could. Being the social activists of their day, the non-conformist churches were concerned with the problems faced by the immigrants and more than a little with the possibility that the Roman Catholic church might pick up more than its fair share of immigrants.

Mrs. Lane writes: "As the CPR (Canadian Pacific Railway) snaked across the West, village after village sprang up. At first the churches were intensely competitive. Ministers were in such short supply that the denominations were forced to co-operate. Methodists and Presbyterians agreed not to plant congregations within six miles of each other and working boundaries were set, based on alternate railway stations. A family leaving the train at Y automatically became Methodists — another at Z, Presbyterian."

Friendly to Rome

"Local unions were established at such places as Kindersley, Keerobert, Frobisher and North Portal. The Union churches were a mighty impetus towards organic union on two counts: first, they proved that harmonious amalgamation was possible — second, it was clear that unless the parent bodies moved they would become a new denomination."

The United Church of Canada now claims 2.1 million members and adherents, and is Canada's largest Protestant denomination. Now it is seeking union with the Anglican Church in Canada and beginning to make friendly overtures towards Rome. Of the latter, General Secretary Rev. George Morrison says that first responses have been "favourable."

Archbishop Edward W. Scott, primate of the Anglican Church, has commented; "I was sure this was the direction in which they would move. The United Church is both a united church and a church which believes in moving towards union with other groups." ♦

continuation from page 16.

He insists that he is not making the familiar protest of the representational artist against the abstract, though there is no question where his own commitment lies. Rather, he feels that the art produced in Canada is for the most part unremarkable in its own terms. "My impression on going back while I was teaching at Colchester was that the style, the standard, the experimental thing which was being exhibited in Toronto as developed artists' work was what our students were doing over here. I found this shocking, in a way . . ."

Personal vision

Having studied as a young man with one of Canada's great school of landscape painters, he is understandably sad that today Canadian artists seem to have little interest in painting the country. His own paintings of Canadian landscape, mostly done rather quickly on short visits, have a candid nostalgia for the style of the Group of Seven. This is his most derivative work: his painting in Europe reflects a more personal vision, realised in a variety of landscapes: "Sardinia, France, Italy, Malta, Sicily, Majorca . . ." he says, turning over the canvases stacked in his studio.

Having persisted so long on his own path, philosophically and in his work, Cronyn at 70 finds himself surprisingly close to thought patterns prevailing among much younger people: meditation, the Sufis, a deep interest in Yoga which began when he read Paul Brunton back in 1937.

"It seems to me that it doesn't matter if art is abstract or figurative, as long as it has, not a reason, but a generating power," he reflected. "You can see that coming out in a painting or a piece of sculpture or a drawing. Mine started as a search for truth: I wanted to get back to nature by myself, not to have to play tennis and bridge, because I was looking—I am *still* looking—for something more important than what one is handed out."

"Sometimes it seems impossible. You can't paint truth. But there is a moment that comes when you are able to dislodge all previous running thoughts, conventions, obligations to society, and see exactly what is right and what is wrong. It lasts such a short time that it's terribly difficult to hang on to, but my personal thing is to *try* to hang on to it."

"I have a feeling that art is much more a search than a quality of design. The exhibitions of Canadian art which come to London and Paris are — well, they're boring. They've got no statement. It reflects, probably, the Canadian intellectual, but I don't think it reflects the soil or what I think of as Canada. They have no leading figures to take it away from international leadership. I look to Canada for a painter as great as Francis Bacon, whether he is painting in plastics or blowing up balloons. I'm still looking . . ." ♦

Buffalo "are beautiful"

Buffalo-fancying appears to be on the up-and-up in North America. While 99 per cent of Canada's buffalo are at present found in government-protected parks, in the United States about 99 per cent are on private ranches — and the ranching of these huge animals is just beginning to take a hold in Canada.

Wayne Cruikshank, owner of the Horseshoe Stables near Haney, some 40 miles east of Vancouver, is the proud owner of a buffalo bull. He declares: "I often stand and gaze at my bull and reflect what a magnificent and beautiful animal he is." He also reflects on a few economic considerations: buffalo meat, he says, is higher in protein and has less cholesterol than beef, as well as being cheaper to raise. He plans to begin by raising buffalo for breeding and then, in due course, to introduce buffalo steaks.

Mr. Cruikshank is a member of the American National Buffalo Association. He says there were about 35,000 head of buffalo in North America last year and the number is increasing by about 5,000 annually. The average buffalo calf sells for about \$575 and in the eastern provinces the price may be as high as \$1,000.

What are these huge beasts like to handle? They have, says Mr. Cruikshank, an independent temperament — and they are not as shy as most cattle. "I'm not saying the buffalo is dangerous, as you would regard a bull in a field as dangerous. It's just that the buffalo is a big animal — they can stand six feet at the shoulder and weigh an average of 2,000 pounds — and has a lively curiosity. And when you get an animal that big curious about you, it's a good idea to watch your step."

Library uses canoes

The rising cost of fuel has led the Wapisti Regional Library in Saskatchewan to abandon its motor vehicle temporarily in favour of canoes. Library officials are engaged in a short-term experiment to find an alternative to the "bookmobile" which carries books to branch libraries from their headquarters in Prince Albert. The canoes are being used to take them downstream on the Saskatchewan River to Nipawin.

Ken Jensen, the chief librarian, says a number of options have already been ruled out. "For instance, we already have figures which show hot-air balloons are far too expensive." He has also rejected saddle horses because of the high cost of feed. The library serves 53 branches over 20,000 square miles.

Economic Digest

Economic future

High and rising jobless rates accompanied by continued rapid price increases are forecast by the Conference Board in Canada in its latest quarterly review of the Canadian economy.

The private economic research group says unemployment will average about 7.3 per cent of the work force this year and the rate will rise to 7.8 per cent in 1976. Consumer prices will rise by about 11 per cent this year over 1974 levels, and a further 11.5 per cent in 1976.

Although the economy has "turned the corner from recession to recovery," new problems have arisen that are affecting the strength of the recovery, the Board says.

Accordingly, the Board has scaled down its earlier estimates of 1976 economic growth. The value of Gross National Product (GNP) — a measure of all goods and services produced in the economy — is expected to rise only about five per cent over 1975 levels, rather than by the 6.3 per cent forecast in July.

It is predicting 1975 GNP will be about one-half of one per cent lower than in 1974, when it was valued at C\$141 billion.

Inflation persists

Inflation that is "much more persistent than had previously been expected" is one reason for the research group's downward revision in the economy's 1976 outlook.

Food, rents and fuel and other energy-related products likely will continue pushing consumer prices higher. In addition, economic conditions no longer appear as bright for many of Canada's overseas trading partners.

There has not yet been a major liquidation of inventories built up during late 1974 and in the early months of 1975, the statement says. The initial economic recovery, which started sometime during the summer, has been fuelled by increased spending for residential construction, gradually recovering consumer spending and by a modest improvement in Canada's trade balance with foreign countries.

Capital spending

Capital spending is weak, the Board says, and investment in machinery and equipment declined during the second quarter and will show no increase during the second half of 1975.

The forecast sees a substantial recovery during 1976 for corporate profits because of better use of productive resources, lower labour costs and stronger market demand.

Average weekly wages will continue to increase rapidly because of continuing price pressures, the Board predicts. But because of productivity gains, labour costs for employers will be lower in 1976.

Personal disposable income for consumers is predicted to rise to C\$102 billion this year from C\$89.3 billion in 1974, and to increase to C\$117.3 billion next year.

The forecast for new housing starts has been revised upward slightly to 198,000 units this year from the earlier estimate of 191,000 starts. The latest forecast includes the prospect that starts will decline slightly later this year because of higher mortgage interest rates.

GNP increase

Canada's gross national product increased by 0.3 per cent in real terms during the second quarter of 1975, Statistics Canada reports. The increase is primarily the result of a modest rise in personal spending and a considerable improvement in the balance of foreign trade. The gross national product is the value of all goods and services produced by the economy.

Manufacturers' sales

The value of goods sold by manufacturers in July was up 3.3 per cent from June, Statistics Canada reported at mid-September.

The increase in value of goods shipped by manufacturers, and a reduction in the ratio of goods held in inventory to the amount shipped, continued a four-month trend, indicating stronger demand as the economy moves out of recession.

Shipments in July were C\$7.351 billion, up from C\$7.117 billion in June. Most of the over-all rise was accounted for by shipments of durable goods, such as appliances and automobiles, which were up 6.7 per cent to C\$3.346 billion. Shipments of non-durable goods increased six-tenths of one per cent to C\$4.005 billion.

Manufacturers owned C\$2.07 worth of goods in inventory for each C\$1 worth of goods shipped, down from a June ratio of C\$2.14 of inventory to C\$1 in shipments.

The inventory owned totalled C\$15.201 billion, a decline of four-tenths of one per cent from C\$15.265 billion in June.

New orders for goods in July totalled C\$7.178 billion, up 2.2 per cent from June.

The backlog of unfilled orders was C\$9.762 billion, down 1.7 per cent from June.

Looking back from Europe

By Jenny Pearson

A Canadian artist, now working in London and southern France, talks controversially about the art scene back home.

Hugh Cronyn is the kind of artist who provokes art movements to their most withering generalizations, while commanding a stubborn admiration among those people who can look at a painting with fresh eyes. He is a loner. He is not concerned to be "international" in the fashionable sense of an Esperanto art which speaks the same language across continents. Rather, his paintings speak of places he has known and loved, but with an intensity that distills the experience of awareness itself — whether they reflect a London interior, an incandescent Canadian scene or the fields and poplars of southern France.

Born in Vancouver in 1905, Cronyn has been ploughing his own furrow for 50 years with the indifference of a Gulley Jimson to external considerations. Success has been strictly on his own terms, more in Europe than in Canada, where he has found dealers on the whole less sympathetic and art schools prevented by red tape from employing an artist who lacks a provincial qualification (this in spite of his having studied in New York, in Paris with Jean Despujols and Andre Lhôte, and in Toronto with Franz Johnson, one of the original members of Canada's famous Group of Seven).



Above: Self-portrait in the studio.

Below: North to North Bay, Canada, 1967.

Foiled in his attempts to find a means of supporting his family in Canada, he settled for working and teaching in England: first at the Architectural Association School of Architecture, where as director of art he served a three-year contract to rewrite the curriculum after the war (1946-49) and then as teacher of



Photo by T. R. Archibald

diploma painting at the Colchester School of Art. Now he has given up teaching and divides his time between the Lot valley in France and a studio in Hammer-smith village.

Cronyn bristles with impatience at the administrative narrowness which, in his view, inhibits the art scene in Canada. Perched on a high stool in his studio overlooking the Thames, he declared: "If you don't have this qualification, you can't teach art. If you're over 65, you're a senior citizen and no one takes you seriously any more. They keep you in compartments in Canada. My message is, don't be so insular!"

Rowing boats were flicking by on the river: and there they were, also, arrested in a jigsaw of colour on his easel. His connection with this part of London dates to pre-war days, when he had a series of ramshackle studios near the river and drank in the Black Lion with A. P. Herbert and Julian Trevelyan.

"Pale imitations"

His complaint against the Canadian art scene is two-edged: that it promotes home-grown artists without being sufficiently critical about the quality of their work, and that the painters themselves tend to be "international" to the point of palely imitating Europe rather than giving authentic expression to the experience of living and painting in Canada.

Historically speaking, his criticism of contemporary abstract painting has a recognizable parallel in the revolt of the younger artists at the turn of the century against the curious tradition, then prevailing, of painting the brilliant Canadian scenery in the muted style and sombre palette made fashionable by painters in The Netherlands.

He protests: "When one sees the paintings that get chosen for the Canadian Art Bank — like the little girl who places red spots on a canvas, asking herself 'Is that the right place for it: No, I don't think so, no, just a little bit to the right . . . ' — that is not Canadian art. It's an intellectual concept derived from a European idea of what art is."

As he talks, Cronyn suits the action to the word, dabbing the air with an imaginary brush. The zany acerbity, grizzled beard and peaked cap are suddenly familiar — a flash of Spike Milligan, the tone he uses to express his aversion to cats.

continued on page 14.