

Inédits de

John Lyman

JOHN LYMAN

Hedwidge Asselin





Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec





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Choix des textes et annotations de **Hedwidge Asselin Ph. D.**



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## Préface

**JOHN LYMAN (1886-1967)**

La vie et l'oeuvre de John Lyman se confondent dans une sorte de fresque dont on aborde l'étude avec un sentiment de curiosité, aiguillonnée par les questions qui se posent dès qu'on veut isoler un aspect particulier de l'homme et de l'artiste qu'il fut. Représentant d'une époque encore trop peu connue de l'évolution du Québec aux plans esthétique et culturel, John Lyman a vécu dans un climat qui, à mesure qu'on le découvre, s'avère beaucoup plus dynamique qu'on ne le soupçonne généralement. Au début du XXe siècle, de grands courants d'idées nouvelles, véhiculées entre autres par des peintres, des intellectuels et des écrivains, pénètrent chez nous, secouant dans bien des cas le conformisme ambiant et préparant déjà les changements en profondeur auxquels on assistera plus tard. Dans une large mesure, Lyman, par sa personnalité, sa vision du monde, son "internationalisme" et même sa façon de vivre témoigne de cette civilisation ambivalente qui existait dans plusieurs milieux québécois à une période de flottement où les élites étaient en quête de leur identité.

Dès son adolescence, Lyman entreprend l'heureuse errance des fils de familles bourgeoises du temps; il passera une partie de sa vie à l'étranger, la ville de Montréal demeurant son port d'attache et celui de ses parents. En France, encore étudiant, il côtoiera Henri Matisse dont l'enseignement lui inspirera à jamais le goût passionné de la couleur que la mémoire de Cézanne lui fera toutefois rationaliser. Admis dans les groupes européens les plus fermés, Lyman rencontrera nombre d'écrivains, de personnages et d'artistes qui allaient devenir célèbres: Othon Friesz, Foujita, Zadkine, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein comptèrent parmi ses amis. C'est également à Paris que Lyman connut James Wilson Morrice qui avait un atelier quai des Grands Augustins.

En 1931, Lyman revint s'établir à Montréal où il jouera un rôle important dans le milieu artistique. Fondateur de la Société d'Art Contemporain, critique d'art, il s'emploiera sans relâche à faire connaître l'art vivant, organisera ou participera à des expositions de groupes où on le retrouvera en compagnie d'Alfred Pellan, Paul-Emile Borduas, Goodridge Roberts, Marc-Aurèle Fortin...

Peintre et dessinateur dont on mettra souvent en cause les audaces, il "dramatisera" la couleur, pourchassera le bitume des peintres académiques et propagera les théories de l'art pour l'art.

Le Musée du Québec possède une intéressante collection de tableaux et de dessins de l'artiste, entre autres un auto-portrait daté de 1918 dont la facture vigoureuse comporte les qualités significati-

ves de ce qu'était l'homme lui-même. Au printemps 1973, le Musée prenait officiellement possession de quarante-neuf tableaux et de quinze dessins, légués à l'institution par madame John Lyman.

La démarche picturale de John Lyman a été appréciée diversement par les critiques, mais, quoi qu'il en soit des jugements qu'elle a pu inspirer, son oeuvre occupe une place dans l'histoire de l'art du Québec.

*Laurent Bouchard*  
Directeur  
Musée du Québec

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## Avertissement

Nous présentons dans ce recueil les inédits de John Lyman qui nous ont paru les plus importants pour éclairer l'artiste et sa formation.

En premier lieu, le journal décrit plus particulièrement la période de vie européenne de l'artiste, ses contacts avec les milieux artistiques et intellectuels européens. Lorsque l'auteur revient au Canada, ses entrées dans le journal se font plus rares. Peut-on spéculer qu'il s'engage d'une façon plus active dans la vie artistique canadienne, ce qui lui laisse peu de temps à l'introspection quotidienne.

Les carnets datent aussi de la période parisienne. Au hasard des croquis, le peintre note de façon brève quelques réflexions sur l'art. Le choix de lettres éclaire la personnalité du peintre et rend compte du climat artistique de l'époque.

A ce sujet il serait intéressant que l'on repasse une publication des critiques d'art de John Lyman parues dans le *Montrealer* vers les années 1937-1942 où l'auteur rend compte des événements artistiques tant sur la scène canadienne qu'europpéenne. C'est d'ailleurs à ce niveau que se situe véritablement l'influence de Lyman parmi les peintres et les intellectuels de son temps.

On retrouve aussi dans les manuscrits de la Bibliothèque nationale du Québec un traité sur l'architecture des Bermudes prêt pour la publication ainsi que les textes de conférences prononcées par Lyman à différentes occasions et qui témoignent de sa vaste culture.

H.A.



# Avertissement

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## Introduction

Méconnu, mais personnage important de la peinture québécoise John Lyman le fut surtout par sa culture, sa connaissance des milieux et des mouvements artistiques européens. En fait, il fut le personnage-clé d'un mouvement qui attira les peintres hors de l'influence de la peinture patriotique du groupe des Sept, peinture qui, selon Lyman, menaçait de devenir une "peinture-souvenir".

John Lyman, comme c'est le cas pour beaucoup d'artistes, est fortement influencé par son éducation et ses expériences personnelles. Il naît en 1886, aux Etats-Unis de parents d'origine américaine mais citoyens canadiens. Au cours de l'été 1886, son père quitte Vancouver où il habitait et vient se fixer à Montréal pour y monter une affaire de produits pharmaceutiques en gros <sup>1</sup>. John a eu un frère aîné qui est mort et sa mère meurt lorsqu'il a trois ans. Il fréquente l'école Abigdon puis, plus tard, le Montreal High School et il passe ses étés chez ses grands-parents maternels à Biddeford <sup>2</sup>.

A l'âge de quatorze ans, il part pour l'Europe en compagnie de son père et il visite la Méditerranée et le Proche-Orient. Il est à Paris au printemps de 1901. A son retour à Montréal, John Lyman s'inscrit à la Hotchkiss School à Lakeville Connecticut. Là, il devient assistant du rédacteur en chef du journal de l'école et il commence à montrer de l'intérêt pour l'écriture. En 1905, il entre à McGill avec l'intention de devenir écrivain. Seuls les cours de littérature de Paul Lafleur l'intéressent vraiment <sup>3</sup>. Un de ses condisciples, Guy Drummond, lui fait voir la magnifique collection de tableaux européens de sa famille.

Ce qui le détermine à peindre, c'est une exposition de peintres impressionnistes qui a lieu à Montréal en 1906. Il reçoit un choc et se met à peindre n'importe quel sujet par touches séparées, dans la technique des couleurs décomposées. Il est séduit par la qualité extraordinaire de la lumière chez les impressionnistes.

Le printemps 1907 retrouve Lyman en France pour ses vacances d'été. Dès son arrivée il visite le Salon National où il voit pour la première fois une oeuvre de James Wilson Morrice qui représente le fleuve Saint-Laurent au printemps, à la débâcle <sup>4</sup>. De là débute son admiration pour Morrice qu'il considérera comme un de ses "ascendants" spirituels <sup>5</sup>. Enthousiasmé par la peinture, Lyman s'inscrit aux cours de dessin de Marcel Béronneau, peintre de paysages et de portraits, élève de Gustave Moreau. Durant l'été il va en Bretagne, à Saint-Jean-du-Doigt, où il peint ses premiers paysages à l'huile.

A l'automne de 1907, Lyman entre au Royal College of Art, South Kensington, Londres. Son père désirait qu'il soit architecte ou décorateur, mais Lyman, qui suit des cours de dessin d'architecture et de dessin d'après nature, n'aime pas les méthodes d'enseignement du Collège. Il quitte donc Londres pour retourner à Paris où il s'inscrit à l'Académie Jullian en janvier 1908. A cette époque, le pro-

<sup>1</sup> Edward P. Lawson: Chronologie, dans *John Lyman*, catalogue d'exposition, Musée des Beaux-Arts de Montréal, Montréal 1963.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> *John Lyman* (catalogue) Introduction de Philip Surrey. Musée du Québec, 1966.

<sup>5</sup> Cahier d'essai, no 2, janv. 1960, p. 22.

blème de sa carrière revient très souvent dans ses lettres à son père. Les carrières d'architecte ou de décorateur ne l'intéressant pas; c'est alors qu'il prend la décision d'être peintre. Son père se montre très réticent. Dans une lettre à celui-ci, datée du 18 janvier 1908, il écrit: "*I feel that I am on the road I should go. As to going into landscape painting, I agree with you that it is too premature to decide to do so. At any rate, a decision is not necessary as yet. As I wrote before, whatever branch of art I may specialize in, I am going to do it as an artist, not as a Craftsman, and the training of the artist in me can go on apace without my making any decision as to which method of expression I shall adopt*"<sup>6</sup>.

Lyman étudie sous la tutelle de Jean-Paul Laurens et c'est alors qu'il rencontre James Wilson Morrice et qu'il lui rend visite à son atelier, quai des Grands Augustins. Toute sa vie il lui gardera beaucoup de respect.

Après un court voyage à Montréal, en automne, Lyman reprend ses cours à l'Académie Jullian et loue un atelier au 83 du boulevard Montparnasse. Au printemps 1909, au Salon des Indépendants, une toile de Matisse, intitulée "Forest de Fontainebleau" accroche son regard et le bouleverse. La puissance du tableau le hante et le pousse à vouloir connaître l'artiste. Il passe l'été à Etaples où il rencontre le peintre anglais Matthew Smith. A l'automne tous les deux s'inscrivent à l'Académie Matisse, installée depuis peu dans les bâtiments désaffectés du Couvent du Sacré-Coeur, boulevard des Invalides. Lyman<sup>7</sup> la décrit en ces termes: "*Matisse visited us only once a fortnight and then his criticism usually took the form of a long chat about fundamental principles and qualities. We were about fifteen in the school. The late Edward Bruce was massier. Besides Matthew Smith, there was Pekrog who became a leading painter in his native Norway, Hans Purmann, a member of other Germans and Scandinavians, and some Austrian women whose most memorable aesthetic gift was their own blond beauty. Once Matisse invited us to his house at Issy-les-Moulineaux, the house with the large studio where, besides the two versions of "La Desserte", the "Red Interior" and dozens of other well-known pictures, he painted "The Dance", which was there at the time. Later I came to know the model with the glowing skin (we nicknamed her the Italian sunset) whom Matisse had taken south with him in the summer and who, posing among green pines against the Mediterranean blue, had suggested the colour of "The Dance". Ces contacts avec Morrice et Matisse sont très importants dans le développement de l'art de Lyman. Matisse ne tolérait pas les trucs superficiels, les abréviations simplement décoratives. "La dévotion de ces maîtres à l'art pur de la couleur, de la ligne et de la forme, art dépouillé de toute référence anecdotique ou de concepts non artistiques, devait le marquer pendant toute sa vie"*"<sup>8</sup>.

Au printemps Lyman a une grave rougeole. Rétabli, il visite Pont-Aven avec Matthew Smith puis ils se rendent chez Smith à Manchester. L'automne le retrouve à Montréal où il rencontre Corinne Saint-Pierre, fille d'un grand couturier montréalais, personnage important de la société canadienne-française. Malgré l'opposition des deux pères, ils s'épousent au printemps suivant. Ils voyagent à Paris en mai, puis en Suisse pour l'été. Matthew Smith les rejoint à la fin de l'été pour visiter la Normandie. Puis ce sera Munich. Les Goya et les Cézanne de la collection Marzell Von Nemes à la Nue Pinakothek retiennent particulièrement son attention.

L'hiver 1911-1912 se passe à Montréal. Le vingt-six mars, Lyman expose quatre toiles à l'exposition du Printemps à l'Art Association of Montreal qui deviendra le Musée des Beaux-Arts de Montréal. Les critiques se déchaînent, à l'exemple de ceux de l'Armony Show à New-York six semaines auparavant<sup>9</sup>. Des articles paraissent dans *The Witness* et le *Dayly Herald* mais on retrouve les remarques les plus injurieuses sous la plume du critique artistique du *Montreal Star*, Mr. S. Morgan Powell<sup>10</sup>: "*Post-impressionism is a fad an inartistic fetish for the amusement of bad draughtsman-ship, imcompetent colorists, and others who find themselves unqualified to paint pictures. . . London is laughing to day at the latest freak of Matisse, the Post-impressionist leader in Paris. Paris, - insane, artistic Paris - takes Matisse as it takes most imitators. . . . If Montreal joins hands with London and laughs, the craze will soon pass*".

6 Lyman: lettre à son père, datée du 18 janvier 1908; document de la Bibliothèque nationale du Québec.

7 John Lyman: "Adieu Matisse" dans *Canadian Art*, t. XLL, no 2 (hiver 1955) pp. 44-46.

8 Charles C. Hill: *Peinture canadienne des années trente*. Galerie nationale du Canada, Ottawa, 1975.

9 New York, Sixty-Ninth Regiment Armory. 17 février - 15 mars 1913, International Exhibition of Modern Art.

10 *Montreal Star*, 29 mars 1913; document de la Bibliothèque nationale du Québec.

En mai 1913, Lyman tient sa première exposition-solo à l'Art Association of Montreal. Il présente quarante-deux huiles et dessins. Une fois de plus les critiques s'acharnent. S. Morgan Powell <sup>11</sup>, dans une lettre au rédacteur en chef du *Montreal Star*, publiée le vingt-trois mai, et sous-titrée *Extraordinary Display of crudities and Offensive Things at the Art Gallery* écrit: "Mr. Lyman dabbles mostly in greens of offensive hues. His colors are smeared on the canvas. His drawing would shame a school boy. His composition would disgrace an artist of the stone age, the paving-stone age. Crudity, infelicitous combinations of shades, unharmonious juxtaposition of tints, ugly distortion of line, wretched perspective, and an atrocious disregard for every known canon of sane art, are here. They leap out of the frames and smite you between the eyebrows. They simply ruin the neutral tint of the Art Gallery's well-kept walls". Dégoûté par l'accueil fait à son exposition, Lyman retourne immédiatement à Paris avec sa femme. Ils y passent l'hiver suivant.

La déclaration de la guerre les retrouve aux Bermudes. L'évolution de la guerre en Europe pousse Lyman à se présenter aux examens d'admission de l'armée canadienne où il est refusé pour raisons de santé. Mais résolu à l'action John Lyman et sa femme vont à Paris s'engager à la Croix-Rouge. Ils y travaillent pendant un an et demi jusqu'au moment où Lyman devient sérieusement malade à Marseilles. Cela oblige les Lyman à quitter la Croix-Rouge. Ils reçoivent tous les deux la Médaille de la Reconnaissance Française. Ils reviennent à Montréal puis passent l'hiver aux Bermudes. L'été 1918 le retrouve à Provincetown où il rencontre Maurice Stern et quelques autres peintres américains célèbres. Durant l'hiver il loue un atelier à Los Angeles. Au printemps 1919 il s'installe au 9 rue de la Grande Chaumière à Paris et loue un atelier rue d'Assas. Jusqu'en 1922 il passe tous les hivers à Hammamet, en Tunisie et les étés à Paris.

En 1922, il achète la Villa Blanche à Cagnes-sur-Mer. Il reprend alors contact avec Matisse qu'il retrouve sur le balcon d'un hôtel sur la Promenade des Anglais à Nice en train de peindre "La Fête des Fleurs à Nice". Celui-ci s'amuse à agiter son pinceau sur la toile au rythme d'une musique de fanfare <sup>12</sup>. A cette époque Lyman peint de nombreux portraits et paysages.

Puis en 1925, il achète un appartement à Paris, 71 bis rue de la Tombe-Issoire. En février 1927, Lyman commence à écrire son journal. ". . . and I have had to profit by a slight indisposition to-day to make a beginning in what I intend to be a daily discipline, resolved on weeks ago" <sup>13</sup>. Fin juillet, les Lyman sont au Canada. Ils y seront jusqu'à la fin d'octobre. Le trois août 1927, John Lyman écrit dans son journal: ". . . before even the flattest Quebec landscape I feel that I have more to say than before the magnificent sites of Europe. Two years ago should have thought this statement impossible" <sup>14</sup>. Durant son séjour au Canada il peint plusieurs paysages qu'il présente à son exposition du 1er au 15 octobre à la Galerie Johnson à Montréal. Cette fois la critique est favorable et S. Morgan Powell montre que son attitude a bien changé depuis 1913. Il écrit dans le *Star*: ". . . Mr. Lyman shows a range and a scope that mark in a very definite manner indeed the remarkable advance he has achieved. There are pictures in this little room that one looks at twice pictures that reveal an infinite capacity for taking pains, a respect for truth, and a resolute determination to adhere to a fixed and authentic métier". Mais il y a peu de vente et ce succès d'estime le laisse indécis quant à un retour éventuel au Canada <sup>15</sup>.

En janvier 1928, son père meurt à Pasadena en Californie. Les Lyman vont là-bas puis reviennent à Montréal régler les questions de succession. Puis Lyman commence des recherches en vue d'écrire un livre sur Morrice. Le retour à Paris se fait en août et les Lyman entreprennent un voyage en Espagne en automne puis ils passent l'hiver à St-Jean-de-Luz.

<sup>11</sup> *Montreal Star*, 23 mai 1913; document de la Bibliothèque nationale du Québec.

<sup>12</sup> John Lyman, "Adieu Matisse", *Canadian Art*, livraison d'hiver 1955, p. 45.

<sup>13</sup> John Lyman: *Journal*, t. 1, à la date du 20 février 1927; document de la Bibliothèque nationale du Québec.

<sup>14</sup> Ibid, à la date du 3 août (1927).

<sup>15</sup> Ibid, à la date du 27 octobre (1927), à bord du R.M.S. Alannia.

Il rentre au Canada à l'été 1930 et prépare sa troisième exposition à Montréal qui a lieu chez W. Scott & Sons en février 1931<sup>16</sup>. Septembre 1931 le revoit définitivement installé à Montréal<sup>17</sup>. Lyman rencontre rapidement un groupe de personnes à l'esprit ouvert en matière d'art et de littérature. Il organise chez lui des réunions hebdomadaires où l'on discute de l'art européen contemporain.

A cette époque, au pays, le régionalisme avait la faveur. Si un peintre n'était pas régionaliste, il n'était rien du tout. A.Y. Jackson, du Groupe des Sept, écrit dans un article de revue, que l'idéal pour la peinture canadienne, c'est d'explorer le Grand Nord. En réponse, Lyman lui écrit une lettre publiée dans *The Canadian Form*, pour dire que c'est d'explorer la réalité intérieure. Pour lui cet extrême intérêt que l'on porte au paysage pour ses particularités sentimentales s'apparente psychologiquement à la prédilection populaire pour la peinture anecdotique et de tableaux-souvenirs. Il trouve que l'accentuation a été mal placée et mise sur l'élément objectif plutôt que subjectif de la création artistique et que la véritable aventure se situe au niveau de la sensibilité et de l'imagination de la personne.

En novembre 1931 Lyman fonde l'"Atelier" avec Hazen Size, Elizabeth Frost, André Bieler et George Holt. Les premiers temps l'école s'installe dans le studio d'Elizabeth Frost, avenue Lincoln. Allan Harrison, à son retour de New York en janvier en devient le massier<sup>18</sup>. L'"Atelier" fournit aux élèves des modèles et un lieu de travail. Lyman s'occupe des cours, des expositions et des conférences destinés au public afin de stimuler l'intérêt vis-à-vis l'art canadien. Les objectifs de l'"Atelier" sont exprimés plus à fond par Hazen Size dans une brochure explicative: "*The essential qualities of a work of art lie in the relationships of form to form, and of colour to colour. From these, the eye, and especially the trained eye, derives its pleasures and all artistic emotion. During, however, most of the 19th Century in the period known as the "Romantic Revival", the prevalence of a literary and sentimental point of view coupled with a representational technique resulted in a degradation of all the "plastic" arts. The "modern" movement has been for most part the return to a "classical" or formal point of view. To-day we are still surrounded with Architecture, Sculpture and Painting which, through its subconscious influence, so strongly perpetuates the Romantic Tradition amongst us, that in its teaching the "Atelier" considers it necessary to emphasize the study of form, while at the same time allowing the student every other liberty*"<sup>19</sup>.

En octobre l'"Atelier" déménageait au 1461 avenue Union dans les locaux du Montreal Repertory Theater<sup>20</sup>. Parallèlement, Lyman ouvre une école pendant quelques étés dans sa ferme de Saint-Jovite dans les Laurentides. Harold Beaumont l'assiste dans ses cours de composition, dessin et de peinture sur le motif<sup>21</sup>.

Mais l'"Atelier" devra fermer ses portes, faute d'argent. Lyman continue à donner des conférences sur l'art, témoin celle qu'il adresse à l'Association des bibliothécaires du Québec en compagnie de Charles Maillard, directeur de l'École des Beaux-Arts et dont nous retrouvons le texte dactylographié dans les papiers Lyman de la Bibliothèque nationale du Québec. Dans cette causerie, Lyman insiste sur la nécessité de faire connaître toutes les tendances nouvelles.

En 1936 Lyman commence à écrire des articles pour le *Montrealer*. Dans une rubrique qui s'intitule "Art", il commente les développements de l'art canadien et les relie aux courants internationaux. Sa connaissance approfondie de l'histoire de l'art lui permet de démontrer l'importance des expositions annuelles d'art français contemporain, présentées à Montréal qui inspireront les futures tendances de la peinture québécoise. Il rencontre des artistes qui ont une grande ouverture d'esprit

<sup>16</sup> Montréal, W. Scott & Sons, (février 1931), Exhibition of paintings by John Lyman.

<sup>17</sup> John Lyman: *Journal*, t. 11, à la date du 28 septembre 1931, à Outremont; document de la Bibliothèque nationale du Québec, Montréal.

<sup>18</sup> Lettre de Allan Harrison à Monsieur Paul Duval, le 24 novembre 1972; document de la bibliothèque du Musée des Beaux-Arts de Montréal.

<sup>19</sup> *The Atelier A School of Drawing, Painting, Sculpture* (brochure) novembre 1931. Papiers Lyman, Spicilège 1, p. 32, document de la Bibliothèque nationale du Québec, Montréal.

<sup>20</sup> *Montreal Star*, Octobre 1932, document de la bibliothèque du Musée des Beaux-Arts.

<sup>21</sup> *The Lyman Summer Art Class*, 2 July to 10 September 1935, brochure.

vis-à-vis l'art européen, contrastant avec la xénophobie du Groupe des Sept qui domine à Toronto. Il dit: "*In Quebec and generally in the east possibly because we are accustomed to contacts, painters have never been greatly disturbed by the danger of influence. They have willingly recognized alien qualities and have hoped the exemple might be of use to them. They have tried to assimilate its fundamental lessons but they have not been inclined to imitation that they have learned they have made their own*"<sup>22</sup>.

Certains de ces artistes sont d'origine européenne, comme Fritz Brandtner, Louis Muhlstock, Eric Goldberg, d'autres ont étudié aux Etats-Unis, comme Goodridge Roberts, l'un des premiers artistes que Lyman soutiendra. Son cousin, Cleveland Morgan, l'incite à voir l'exposition de Roberts au Arts Club et il lui écrit aussitôt: "*I knew by my elation that I had seem some real stuff. I like your work immensely for its terse characterization in drawing and particularly for your rare ability to see colour, not merely use it illustratively or as a schematic ornament*"<sup>23</sup>.

Quelques années plus tard, au printemps 1938, Lyman réunit ces peintres et forme le Groupe de l'Est qui comprend outre Lyman, Alexandre Bercovitch, Eric Golberg, Goodridge Roberts, Jack Humphrey et Jori Smith. La caractéristique principale de ces artistes est leur ouverture à l'influence européenne, comme l'écrit Lyman dans le *Montrealer*: "*These painters have very divergent personalities yet have something unmistakable in common. (. . .) They are not busy about being of their own time or following any line - self-conscious regionalism, formalized pattern or social comment. They are not racing after the band-wagon of the "Canadian Scene" that was once good ballyhoo to get people away from foreign stereotypes, but to-day it is just sentimental rhetoric (. . .) What the group has affirmatively rather eludes definition. I should say they are after the "feel" of life, the savour of things*"<sup>24</sup>. La première exposition du groupe se tient en novembre aux Galeries W. Scott & Sons. Philip Surrey remplace Jack Humphrey en qualité de sixième membre du groupe l'année suivante et participe à la deuxième exposition qui a lieu cette fois à la Art Association en janvier 1940. Le groupe aura encore trois expositions en mai 1942, avril 1945 et janvier 1950. Mais déjà Lyman songe à une association plus importante pour promouvoir l'art moderne au Québec.

Au Salon du printemps de la Art Association of Montreal de 1938, Paul-Emile Borduas présente un tableau que Lyman semble avoir été le seul à remarquer. Celui-ci raconte ce qui a été l'occasion d'une rencontre entre lui et Borduas: "*I had noticed a small painting of his which had somehow been admitted to the Spring Exhibition of the previous year. It showed the influence of Maurice Denis, it was not very strong - in fact Borduas was never able to construct a strong figurative image: the path he was to choose escarped that difficulty - but the fact that it was expressed in true painter's language made it stand out. I liked it and wanted to meet its author*"<sup>25</sup>. C'était le début d'une amitié qui allait durer jusqu'en 1948.

L'association à laquelle pense Lyman regroupera les artistes progressifs, aux tendances divergentes et répondant aux intérêts de l'art moderne. Il en parle déjà dans un article publié à l'automne 1938 dans lequel il déplore le manque de soutien moral et financier aux artistes contemporains valables et il écrit à la dernière ligne non-publiée: "*We badly need active organizations in support of creative art such as the Contemporary Arts Society in England and numerous ones in the United States*"<sup>26</sup>. Un soir de janvier 1939, Lyman réunit chez lui quelques peintres et amis, entre autres Jean Palardy, Jori Smith, Eveleygh, Borduas, Roberts, Marion Scott, Bercovith, Golberg, Guy Viau. Ils discutent de la chose et décident d'organiser la Société d'Art Contemporain<sup>27</sup>.

L'annonce officielle de la fondation de la C.A.S. fut publiée dans *Le Jour*, le 11 février 1939: "*Un groupe d'artistes à tendances non académiques organisent en ce moment une association sous le*

<sup>22</sup> John Lyman: Art, dans *The Montrealer*, 1er février 1938.

<sup>23</sup> John Lyman: *Journal* t. 11, p. 109; document de la Bibliothèque nationale du Québec.

<sup>24</sup> John Lyman: Art, dans *The Montrealer*, 1er décembre 1938.

<sup>25</sup> Lyman: "Borduas and the Contemporary Arts Society" dans Turner, *Paul-Emile Borduas 1905-1960*, catalogue d'exposition 1962, p. 40.

<sup>26</sup> John Lyman: Art, dans *The Montrealer*, 1er octobre 1938, manuscrit. Document de la Bibliothèque nationale du Québec.

<sup>27</sup> *Je vis par les yeux* film réalisé par Fernand Dansereau sur la carrière et l'oeuvre du peintre John Lyman.

nom de la Société d'Art Contemporain (Contemporary Arts Society) dont le but sera de défendre les intérêts professionnels et d'affirmer la vitalité du mouvement moderne dans l'art. Peintres, sculpteurs, graveurs, etc., (. . .) sont invités à la réunion qui se tiendra sous la présidence intérimaire de John Lyman à Strathcona Hall, 722 rue Sherbrooke ouest, le mercredi 15 février à 8h 30 du soir".

Au début la C.A.S. ne comportait pas de règlements. Pour être admis à la société, il suffisait d'être peintre professionnel et de ne pas être académique, ni membre d'aucune académie. Plus tard, une section pour les peintres "juniors" est organisée et une autre pour ceux qui sans être peintres s'intéressent à l'art vivant. La société compte, à ses débuts, vingt-six membres, dont quatre sont des canadiens-français<sup>28</sup>. John Lyman est nommé président, Paul-Emile Borduas, vice-président. "It took exactly the position of an anti-academy, putting emphasis on the living quality of art - on imagination, sensitivity, intuition and spontaneity as opposed to conventional proficiency, regarding membership in an academy as merely a consolation for having died during one's own life time"<sup>29</sup>.

La première exposition de la C.A.S., "Art of Our Day" remplit un rôle éducatif. Elle a lieu du 13 au 28 mai à la Art Association. Elle est constituée d'oeuvres modernes non canadiennes empruntées à des collectionneurs montréalais, d'où limitation du point de vue de l'importance et de la qualité des oeuvres. Mais on note au catalogue<sup>30</sup> des tableaux de Lionel Feininger et Wassily Kandinsky qui apportaient un aspect nouveau de l'art contemporain à un public qui voyait surtout des représentants de l'École de Paris dans les galeries d'avant-garde.

Puis, à l'automne, une exposition de peintures des artistes membres de la Société d'art contemporain a lieu à la Stevens Art Gallery et la préface du catalogue ratifie les buts de la Société: *The object of the Contemporary Arts Society is to bring you the modern art of our time. (re: Art of Our Day) . . . .* *Entreprise of this sort is one function of C.A.S., but it has another equally important, - to awaken interest in our own tradition, which cannot thrive without moral and material support from the community. That is why C.A.S. is not composed of artists alone or of laymen alone but of both, who work together to give art a place in our life"*<sup>31</sup>.

L'association qui devient une force déterminante de la vie culturelle canadienne-française a une durée d'environ dix ans. Puis des tensions se révèlent entre deux factions, celle de Borduas et celle de Pellan, rentré au pays en 1940, et provoquent la dissolution de la société. De plus, Borduas rompt avec Lyman car il n'admet pas le refus de celui-ci de prendre parti pour l'un ou l'autre groupe. Lyman n'oublie pas la raison fondamentale de l'existence de la C.A.S., c'est-à-dire la liberté esthétique pour tous ses membres sans distinction et c'est la mort dans l'âme qu'il saborde son oeuvre.

A la même époque, il est nommé professeur associé au département des beaux-arts de l'Université McGill où il demeure jusqu'à sa retraite en 1957. Il se consacre désormais à l'enseignement et à la peinture. En 1951, il devient directeur du département.

A sa retraite, Lyman passe ses hivers aux Barbades, à Ste-Lucie, St-Vincent, à la Martinique et à Surinam. En 1963, M. Edward P. Lawson, du Musée des Beaux-arts présente une exposition rétrospective des oeuvres de John Lyman. Soixante-deux huiles, aquarelles et dessins sont présentés à Montréal, Ottawa et Hamilton. Le catalogue qui accompagne l'exposition offre d'excellentes notes biographiques.

Et c'est au tour du Musée du Québec de présenter une exposition importante des oeuvres de Lyman, préparée par Guy Viau à l'occasion du quatre-vingtième anniversaire du peintre<sup>32</sup>. Le Musée inaugure une salle John Lyman en présence de sa femme Corinne Lyman qui a bien voulu offrir au musée sa collection personnelle des oeuvres de son mari.

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28 Contemporary Art Society. List of Artists Members, 16 mai 1939; document du Musée des Beaux-Arts de Montréal.

29 John Lyman: "Borduas and the Contemporary Arts Society", dans Evan A. Turner, op. cit., p. 40.

30 Montréal, Art Association of Montreal, 13-28 mai 1939, *Loan Exhibition Art of Our Day*, Document de la bibliothèque du Musée des Beaux-Arts.

31 *Contemporary Arts Society, Exhibition of Paintings of members - December, 1939.*

32 *John Lyman*, catalogue d'exposition, Musée du Québec, Québec 1966. Introduction de Philip Surrey.

L'année suivante, John Lyman meurt aux Barbades, suivi de près par sa femme. Il lègue ses papiers personnels à Guy et Suzanne Viau qui, à leur tour, en font le don à la Bibliothèque nationale du Québec.

Le journal qui suit nous fait mieux comprendre l'homme que fut John Lyman, nous permet d'évaluer sa culture et nous rendre compte combien stimulants étaient les contacts avec lui par sa connaissance profonde des mouvements intellectuels et esthétiques parisiens de l'époque. Sa démarche intellectuelle ressemble à sa démarche picturale (dont nous n'avons pas parlé car ce n'était pas notre propos) en ce qu'elle est rigoureuse et honnête, sobre et mesurée.

*Hedwidge Asselin*

Faint, illegible text covering the majority of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.

Inédits de



## Journal

Paris, Sunday 20th Feb., 1927.

1927

Is a diary a morbid manifestation ? The resolve to keep one came to me during my last indisposition, and I have had to profit by a slight indisposition to-day to make a beginning in what I intend to be a daily discipline, resolved on weeks ago. The idea of keeping a journal was suggested to me by the following remark in the *Journal de Delacroix*: "*Je viens de relire en courant tout ce qui précède: je déplore les lacunes. Il me semble que je suis encore le maître des jours que j'ai inscrits, quoiqu'ils soient passés; mais ceux que ce papier ne mentionne point sont comme s'ils n'avaient point été.*"

Terrribly true ! How often, appaled at my slight production, at the slight apparent results of the <sup>1</sup> passing days, have I endeavoured to pick up the thread of the immediate past, to see what use I had made of my time, which neither the results justified nor contingencies excused. The weeks that have elapsed since I made up my mind, I know that I have work intermittently on my year's <sup>2</sup> canvases, that I have been interrupted for days by having the studio done over, by the purchase of the car, by the annoyance of the insurance affair and by Dad's letters, and that these things have prepared a nervous depression, which has culminated in the present laying-up, but all that doesn't explain the inability to begin the discipline judged necessary. It shows rather a *laissez-aller* in the command of my efforts. A record may seem to clear this up. It will bring <sup>3</sup> consolation <sup>4</sup> when a justified reason exists, it may help me to find out what is wrong, as a temperature sheet serves a doctor's diagnosis. In any case I count on it's bringing me pleasure and satisfaction. What would I give to be able to read to-day what I did - and still more what I thought - five or six or twenty, years ago !

Impress upon myself to need of inscribing every day; note briefly principal occupations, that is the essential, the rest only when I fell inclined.

Yesterday morning drew. Dismissed the model Marinette Lebeau. Odd little person; something shadowy. Budding Germaine Bertou ? Feeling very seedy. Dined at Welsch's. This morning spent in bed. Afternoon at Fanny Mita's - Yanni. To bed again before dinner.

Lesson of the Fauconnet exhibition in Luxembourg: Exaggerate whatever is dominant in a conception; reduce importance of subordinate mass, line, colour. Make series of sketches to progressively eliminate the latter.

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Feb. 20th

- 1- *Appo*, raturé.
- 2- Au lieu de years'.
- 3- the consolation, raturé.
- 4- of when, raturé.

Feb. 21st.

Worked at Balcony <sup>1</sup>, in vain. Fetched car from M.-L.-B. Not fit yet.

Feb. 22nd.

Trying out car all day - spring - like. Dropped in at Mita's in afternoon, then to Sautter's. First time I have seen his work: simple, distingué, delicate, but without vigour and form. Dinner at Helen's, afterwards to café at the Mosque. C <sup>1</sup> feeling poorly, so home early.

Nude on the divan, all in rose, yellow & blue green. Blonde preferably.

Feb. 24.

Yesterday C's birthday.

Took out an old nude to look at the frame, and was led to work on it. Time lost? Errands in afternoon. Jacob-Hians and Welsches to dinner.

This morning worked at "Balcony".

Sunday, Feb. 27th.

Thursday eve. Hughes to dinner, and with them to Aurel's literary Salon. When we arrived someone of the Théâtre Français was braying and bellowing "des vers". House illustrates worst tastes of 1890. Crowd of round - shouldered women & "fausses beautés", noisy giggling young people of doubtful habits. Paper on Jean de la Ville Mirmont by young "paysan pédéraste", who never knew him, and who was trying to obtain a post under <sup>1</sup> the Prefect of Nantes <sup>2</sup> the son-in-law of M<sup>me</sup> de la Ville mère. Conversation between M<sup>me</sup> Aurel & Rosny ainé <sup>3</sup>. "Dites-nous, notre cher <sup>4</sup>, grand Rosny, on dit du mal des Salons littéraires <sup>5</sup>, que pensez-vous de ces manifestations mondaines?" "R. - "Les mondains ne sont pas plus méprisables que les vidangeurs". (Admirative titter) Hugues silently indignant <sup>6</sup>.

The eloquence of form depends on the expression of what is not form. - Painting is like a grape-vine: to bear fine fruits it needs a prop, a spiritual support.

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Feb. 21st.

1- Balcony: titre d'un tableau.

Feb. 22nd.

1- C.: Corinne Lyman, femme du peintre.

Feb. 27th.

1- a post at, rature; under, ajouté.

2- Au lieu de Prefecture of Nantes: held by the son-in-law. . . , raturé

3- Rosny ainé, ajouté.

4- cher & grand Rosny, raturé.

5- Correction.

6- Correction.

Feb. 28th.

C's visit to clairvoyant on Friday <sup>1</sup>. Remarkable precision and truth of clairvoyance, so much so that one scarcely seems to have the right to doubt the spiritistics sauce. Are the prophecies hocus-pocus or conclusions based on vision of existing facts? Somewhat impressed in spite of my scepticism.

Friday afternoon visit of Fernand Demeure of "le 7e Jour", in connexion with exposition "Les 4 coins de France". Invitation for Salon des Tuileries. With the Jacob-Hians run to Villacoublay & Versailles.

Saturday bad day. Tired and bad tempered. The Mitas to dinner.

Sunday, excursion in car with the Hugues to Meulan, Mantes. Mild windy day with showers. Country along the Seine fine, but between the beauty of Winter and that of Spring. No vivid impressions, but invigorated by air. Slept well for the first time in weeks. I need a fortnight of open air and absolute tranquility of the nerves.

To-day blithe sun and spring-like air. Felt their effects, though upset by Dad's letter of yesterday.

Friday, March 4th.

Started on Tuesday massage three times a week by Kalicharan Varma, at home, which saves me the enormous loss of time incurred when I went to rue Marbeau. Prepared canvases for "Les 4 coins de France" in morning, and hunted frames in vain near Ecole Militaire.

Wednesday, tea at Mlle Conwenberg's. Théâtre Beriza: Fonctionnaire MCMXII, les Malheurs d'Orphée, Angélique. Might have seemed decent enough farces on a tréteau de foire, but somewhat irritating when presented with solemnity as the Vanguard of Art. Music and (&) stage - settings sophisticated abstract, but the acting remains discordantly human. Florent Schmid's music <sup>1</sup> formless wailing, Ibert's caricatural pot-pourri, Milhaud's more pleasant, but with all his intelligence, ingenuity & wit he fails to touch the heart. It is useless to go to the theatre nowadays.

To-day worked at the car <sup>2</sup> in morning. C. in taxi collision. What a close call I had. C. bravely accompanied me to Welsch's vernissage & afterwards to that of the 4 coins.

March 5th.

C. suffers less the effects of her accident than I feared.

Worked at Interior of Doria. Hunted frames in vain, but the delicious spring weather filled me with gladness. Helen, Juliette & her sister-in-law, Varma.

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Feb. 28th.

<sup>1</sup> C's visit to clairvoyant on Friday, ajouté.

Friday, March 4th.

<sup>1</sup> I raturé dans le mot music.

<sup>2</sup> The car this, raturé.

March, 6th.

Hians & Cicette here last evening. The only French people we know who haven't <sup>1</sup> at least a tinge of xenophobe hysteria.

A dull Sunday. Simon-Levy borrowed his drawing for reproduction. Interior Doria, and a walk around the Parc Montsouris.

*"Je suis frappé en voyant un lieu quelconque. Tout en cherchant l'imitation consciencieuse, je ne perds pas un seul instant l'émotion qui m'a saisi. Le réel est une partie de l'art. Le sentiment complète. . . "* Corot.

March, 7th.

Lost my morning trying to get my dog's licence (carte d'étranger) at the Préfecture. Already too many people; *"revenez à 2 heures"*.

. . . and my afternoon taking the car to have the carburetor changed.

Odette des Garets. Massage. Helen & Mme Champcommunal to dinner.

Aunt Annie's letter did me immense good. Act in accordance with one's conscience as one way, it is still an undeniable comfort to feel that those who all concerned find my conduct even more justified than I do myself. She writes: *"I can imagine many reasons besides "climate" for you not wishing to live there even to be near him <sup>1</sup> from a sense of duty. It would simply be impossible from every point of view and would utterly distort any intention to do your work. There would be no inspiration and always a drag."* etc. I suppose the whole matter appears to others very much clearer than I dare imagine, and that I torment myself too much.

March, 9th.

Yesterday lost my morning going to the bank & for the car, which not ready. Afternoon Renoir exhibition at Bernheim Jeune gallery. A few of his good paintings, several of his poorest, if one can apply the word to such magnificent unity of conception, even in the early periods. An ébauche for the picture of girls at piano in Luxembourg. Drawn delicately in pencil and entirely ébauché very fluid.

Next canvas begins <sup>1</sup> by simple washes of general tones of half-tints, rather darker than intended finish & transparent. Mass with greatest simplicity. Finish background without detail in order not to predominate over simplicity of figures. Then paint figures with as little detail as possible to remain in note of background.

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March 6th.

<sup>1</sup> Who don't snare, raturé; haven't, ajouté.

March, 7th.

<sup>1</sup> Il s'agit de son père.

March, 9th.

<sup>1</sup> begin, s oublié.

This morning for carte d'identité. Two hours & a quarter in file. Thought I should collapse. When I entered the bureau one of the two fonctionnaires, who had frequently snarled at the crowd as though we were a pack of dogs, was spending his time, while the people who had been waiting for 2 hours were still <sup>2</sup> outside the doors, in cutting up paper to repair torn banknotes. He had the eye of the "Fonctionnaire MCMXII". They make us feel how much we are étrangers. We shall not forget it in a hurry.

Rested all afternoon; still poorly, Rupert & Juliette for tea. Varma. Yanni came in the evening.

March, 12th.

Thursday morning finished the Interior of Doria. Lunch at Stryx with Dawsons. Got the car: running better now.

Beginning to feel better.

Friday tinkered at the car. Errands. Dawsons came to tea also Paul & Germaine. Varma, Juliette massaged.

Went to the Mita's after dinner. Fanny's account of her baptism in the Orthodox Church. Mita leaves for Cagnes to-day.

This Saturday morning errands on the right bank.

To the Hian's for tea. M. & Mme Sébastien Voirol, M. & Mme Claude Perret, Mariquette.

Took the Dawsons & Marcelle Wilson to La Renaissance for dinner. Afterwards we went to the Hermitage Moscovite or some such boîte de nuit, to dance. Emptiness of emptiness, dreariness of dreariness <sup>1</sup>, inanity of inanity! I had completely forgotten that people of such perfect nullity existed. God preserve me from ever meeting them again! To bed at 3.

March, 15th.

Got up late on Sunday, and cut down the stretcher of the "Balcony". It is much better with most of the balustrade cut off. Rain in the afternoon. Went in the car to call on Gimmi & Abranski for a few minutes, or the Hugues who were out. Took Germaine W. to Versailles & tea chez eux.

Monday tinkered all day. At 4.30 to S-L's, who was just going out. He came after dinner, and unburdened himself of his extraordinary accusation of buying his good services. The whole milieu of painters in France is so corrupt and "intéressé", that no one can imagine that anyone else can act from other motives.

He telephoned this morning to ask us not to speak of the matter to anyone until he would be able to give us further particulars for fear it would make (us) and him ridiculous in their eyes. He is ridiculous enough to have made the first correlation. He says the W & J-H are not concerned. I fancy I was not far wrong when I said "*Il y a du slave là-dedans*". I answered that I would consider his request but promise nothing.

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<sup>2</sup> still, ajouté.

March, 12th.

<sup>1</sup> dreariness of drearyness, correction.

Corinne has seen Odette, who says she is quite convinced, and has told S.-L. that he is on the wrong track. He is not much of a psychologist. There is no further doubt about the Slave at the bottom of it. She says she hopes S.-L. "*lui mettra le nez dans sa crotte*".

After all it is rather a joke to be suspected of that which we despise beyond all things.

March, 16th.

Wasted the whole morning in stupid explanations with Simon-Levy. He who at first wanted at all costs to get at the truth and would admit no alternative acceptation of Mme Abranski's statements between the truth or a mischievous intention, now thinks only of avoiding anything which might cause a falling-out with Gimmi, and he would be glad to leave everything in darkness, for fear of the ridicule which would fall on him should the affair be known<sup>1</sup>. "*Histoire de femmes*" he says. Yes, an excellent definition, but which obliges one to class him & Gimmi among the "*vieilles femmes*".

By a petit bleu Gimmi spontaneously renounces coming with Mme A. to dinner to-night. Not strange ?

Mlle Couwenburg came to tea. Varma.

Friday, March 18th.

Spent the morning of yesterday over insurance papers. In the afternoon picked up Yanni, I went to the Renoir exhibition. Hunted models. Tea at Hians'.

Wrote Dad to-day. Académie Ranson-grouped models. Hians to dinner, & with them to cinema: "*Carmen*", - magnificent landscapes of Spain and agreeable remembrance of Mérimée's tale.

Monday 21st March.

On sat. <sup>1</sup> errands. C. went to see Mme A. but could get nothing definite out of her. A murky cloud of words constituted her defence, in the manner of the cuttle-fish.

A model Marie-Rose Tible was sent by Fanny. Though I was determined<sup>2</sup> on having a blond or red-haired one, and her hair is raven-black, I engaged her indefinitely. A beautiful little full form, pure line & full of life.

Varma.

With the Hians to the English players in Hindle-Wakes. Very poor acting generally, yet very refreshingly far from the boulevards.

Yesterday motored to Giverny. Mme Champcommunal's country house, La Ferme de la Dime, a labyrinth of delights. None but the English could have made of the old farm what she has<sup>3</sup>. In spite

March, 16th.

<sup>1</sup> Yes, raturé.

Monday 21st March.

<sup>1</sup> On sat. morning, raturé.

<sup>2</sup> Determined, correction

<sup>3</sup> she has done, raturé.

of certain questions of detail she has excellent taste. Lunched with her, also Helen & "Charles". At 4 took them to Les Andelys where took tea at the Hôtel de Normandie on the bank of the Seine. The first heavenly day of Spring. The valley of the Seine in the soft veiled sunlight. The castle at Les Andelys very fine. Fruit trees beginning to blossom. What compensations does Paris offer for the lack of a country home. Why am I destined to always live & do by rational persuasion differently from what I desire? Home at 8.15.

After dinner Yanni & his friend Théo. Discussion of the subconscious. Yanni wishes to deny name & existence of whatever cannot be satisfactorily defined. Interpretations of C's Cabalistic gnostic ring. 4th to 5th century.

This morning Marie-Rose.

Warm fair weather, lassitude.

Varma.

Thursday, March 24.

Tuesday & yesterday Marie-Rose engaged elsewhere. Tuesday hunted frames. Insoluble problem. Yesterday with Yanni, Fanny & Paulo motored to Giverny where lunched. Uncertain weather turning to rain. Very fine from Vertheuil to La Roche-Guyon.

The Hugues to dinner.

To-day Marie-Rose. Trying a composition for an Odalisque. Short promenade with the Hians to Bièvres.

Theo Zaliskis' interpretation of the outward <sup>1</sup> sense of the Gnostic ring:

̄Iw̄Kvpiw Vuwv Jntōv  
A  
Yōw Πátus  
Aumioupyias

A notre seigneur Jesu l'A et l'A de toute création.  
Le dieu Ischara(?).

26 march <sup>1</sup>.

Yesterday Marie-Rose. Changed the draperies in the composition.

Saw Gagnon <sup>2</sup> about the Canadian exposition. Met Eric Brown, the director of the National Gallery at Ottawa. Unpleasant looking schemers. Full of verbal goodwill and sham excuses. All the crowd in Canada full of jealousy, trickery & backbiting. The society of painters offers a ridiculous spectacle irrespective of countries.

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March 24.

<sup>1</sup> The evident sense raturé; outward, ajouté

26 march.

<sup>1</sup> 26 march, correction.

<sup>2</sup> Maurice Gagnon.

Varma.  
The Hians to dinner & spent evening with us.  
To-day Marie-Rose.

Dinner with Helen & M. Mespoulé, and most pleasant evening at the café of the Mosque.

Sunday, 27th.

Gagnon came in morning, & went away full of cordial promises, which I expect go no further than words.

Antoinette Young to dinner & Champs Elysées music hall.

28th.

Marie-Rose telephoned she was unable to come. Hunted frames. Evening with the Hians To Dôme, where saw Pearce, just back from U.S. "*Magnificent country, hard life; work hard, drink hard*".

29th.

Marie-Rose. Errands.

30th.

Marie-Rose. Refused entrance to Bal du Grand Tam-Tam by Guy Arnoux. "*Je ne suis obligé de recevoir personne; vous ne me plaisez pas*"! Exquise politesse française!

31st.

To the Louvre in morning. Felt more than ever before the miraculous vitality of Rubens. Even beside some of his <sup>1</sup> perfunctory compositions interior in solidity and in execution to the neighbouring Jordaens, Delacroix seems theatrical & declamatory. Conception, conception! Admired anew the latter's Femmes d'Alger, and for the first time the Liberté. But in view of the conservative opinions <sup>2</sup> on politics & sociology expressed in his *Journal*, find it difficult to reconcile this composition with his integrity. Was even he a toad-eater until he felt securely supported by his reputation.

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31st.

1 some of his, ajouté

2 opinions, correction.

April 1st.

Marie-Rose. In poor spirits. Worked to no intent, and lost my view of the whole. Curious now in a day or two I go from lucidity into a thick fog.

Walked to the rue de Seine about frames.

Varma.Mita paid a visit.

2nd.

Marie-Rose. In even worse form than yesterday. Execrable chilly fickle weather.

Went out with C. & tea at Cercle Interallié. Dropped in on Cicette.

As I expected, no results on Gagnon <sup>1</sup>.

A letter from Dad who is better physically & morally.

3rd.

<sup>1</sup> Wrote Dad. Odds & Euds. Short walk. The <sup>2</sup> Hians came to tea, the Mitas to dinner. They belong to the sterling few. I look with apprehension on their plans to remain in Greece. When they and Yanni are gone, who of the genuines will remain for me in Paris, except Helen? But why foresee calamities, which may not arise.

4th.

Tried to infuse into my canvases some of the qualities of the sketch. I always go too fast and start the canvas before everything is precisely determined. A rapid sketch is more to be relied on than the first study. Once the qualities of reflection have been introduced they can never be pushed too far. Immature reflection is worse than impromptu, which, however, in serious composition needs to have its qualities charted by studies pushed to the point of utter satisfaction.

In the afternoon went to see Yanni, who told me of the grotesque suit for plagiarism against Vernon <sup>1</sup> Blake (of Les Baux). An astonishing character. See his books.

Errands. Very tired, and a quiet evening.

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2nd.

<sup>1</sup> cf 26 et 27 mars

3rd.

<sup>1</sup> Marie-Rose, raturé.

<sup>2</sup> The Hians, ajouté.

4th.

<sup>1</sup> Vernon Blake, ajouté

5th April.

Framed pictures for Tuileries. Helen & Miss Ross. Johnson to tea. Varma.

In evening to Olympia with the Mitas. Les Andreu, remarkable clowns, who also provided another comic acrobatic act. Something lacking to be absolutely top-notch, but still full of the drollest <sup>1</sup> inventive Talent.

6th.

The Mitas & Yanni brought Blake in after lunch. Curiously proficient in angular rudeness, the rudeness of the timid. Talks badly and tiresomely, and it is difficult to grasp the trend of his thought, which often seems at least obscurely idiomatic. Impatient to read "Relation in art". However he suggested some very true & useful reflexions.

Tea at Hians.

Yanni & Zalikis came after dinner conversation on <sup>1</sup> Blake, the political situation, etc. Have a great liking for Zalikis, charming fellow.

7th.

Spurred by Blake's remarks, entirely changed my composition.

Varma.

Must remember to avoid as far as possible all remarks <sup>1</sup> relative to money. A suggestion or <sup>2</sup> a joke may have the most unforeseen reaction. It is the one point, I think, on which we seem absolutely blind to the sentiments one of the other <sup>3</sup>. Is it a question of sex or personal? But it seems strange that I cannot at all discern a sentiment though different to my own. I think there must be something purely - not of the entire sex - but of sex in it: the pleasure of drawing something from the man. But then why base it on the fully explained reason of being hard up? Which annuls that pleasure. Mystery.

8th.

"En vieillissant, il faut bien s'apercevoir qu'il y a un masque sur presque toutes choses, mais on s'indigne moins contre cette apparence menteuse, et on s'accoutume à se contenter de ce qui se voit".

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5th.

<sup>1</sup> full of the most comic, raturé; drollest, ajouté

6th.

<sup>1</sup> conversation of Blake, raturé; on ajouté.

7th.

<sup>1</sup> all remarks to C., ajouté puis raturé.

<sup>2</sup> A suggestion of a joke, raturé; or, ajouté.

<sup>3</sup> one of the other, ajouté.

*"Si tôt<sup>1</sup> que le style, le caractère, le sérieux en un mot, vient à se montrer, le reste disparaît".*

*"C'est par la manière qu'on plaît à un public blasé et avide par conséquent de nouveautés; c'est aussi <sup>2</sup> la manière qui fait vieillir promptement les ouvrages de ces artistes inspirés, mais dupes eux-mêmes de cette fausse nouveauté qu'ils ont cru introduire dans l'art".*

Delacroix.

*"Ayez toute entière dans les yeux, dans l'esprit, la figure que vous voulez représenter, et que l'exécution ne soit que l'accomplissement de cette image possédée déjà et préconçue".*

Ingres.

9th.

Evening chez Hians. The excessive remarks of Simon Kra. A saving sense of humour would often spare the French much ridicule. Afterwards with the Mitas to Triboulette cabaret. Made possible by it's unequivocalness. The whole thing seemed to go with spontaneous<sup>zest</sup> but every one was studied & rehearsed. Any where but in Paris such a thing would be wholly offensive.

10th.

In the afternoon took the Hians to the Vallée de Chevreuse & Versailles.

11th.

Envoi au Salon des Tuileries. Varma. Marie-Rose not returned. Engaged Mlle Bouchard, Mitas, Yanni & Zalikus to dinner. Couscous.

14th.

Took water-colour to the Hugues in evening.

15th.

Tea at Helen's. Welsches to dinner.

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8th.

1 (Sic)

2 c'est aussi par, raturé

16th.

With Mitas & Paulo to Houdan. A lovely Ile-de-France day of pale watery light. During lunch terrible accident to <sup>1</sup> little girl withered our pleasure.

17th Easter.

Did a still life -pineapple grapefruit etc. - last week; finished it this morning.

In the evening to café of the Mosque with Miss Ross. Johnson & her friends.

Have been extremely nervous & irritable for the last few days. As soon as I am not actively occupied I become painfully fidgety.

May 9th.

Three weeks since I have written a word! And the longer I let it go the harder it is to resolve to find time to start again. But this time the reasons for not finding time are on the whole satisfactory: steady work, promenades in the country favoured by the fine weather, & also errands necessitated by approaching trip to Canada now decided for the 25th of June. On April 18th began with Mme Bronchard, most satisfactory model. Finished a N<sup>o</sup> 10, "The stocking", made sketch for N<sup>o</sup> 30 (narrower than Marine) "A la Fenêtre", and while waiting for stretcher to be made am doing a nude contre-jour, N<sup>o</sup> 6.

Apr. 26th, vernissage Salon des Tuileries, where we took Cleve.

May 1st, Sunday, to Gisors with Hugues & Mlle Hang.

April. 21st, Henry Morgan & his wife to dinner & to the Mosque.

May 5th, the Perrets & Hians to dinner.

"6th, Soirée chez les Vildrac. Japanese music & nô.

Apr. 30th to Dourdan in the M.-L.-B.

May 8th to Chantilly. The Poussins & the Livre d'Heures by Fouquet. The stables grandiose.

To-day withdrew my "fruit" still-life from Germinal Gallery. Painters are poisonous people to deal with.

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16th.

<sup>1</sup> accident to little girl, correction, of, raturé.

May 11th.

Yesterday & to-day worked at the nude contre-jour. Yesterday bought 3 frames rue de Seine. This afternoon took Helen to Versailles. Last night "Empire"; mediocre programme.

Sat. May 14th.

Poetry is born of memory. That is why a direct study never rises

above { a sense<sup>1</sup>  
the sentiment of character  
characterization.

Investigate the right angle inscribed in an oblong composition.

Monday, May 23rd.

The 16th, vernissage of "Hians" exhibition of drawings. Very depressing, the art bazaar.

Saturday, took Mrs Vinant & Gauvin to lunch at the "Roi Soleil" at Marly. The former, charming young man.

Yesterday to Guinville, lunch at Claude Perret's<sup>1</sup>. The arid surfaces & miserable texture of contemporary architecture. Lamentable comparison of Perret's house with the Priory close by. And the modern architect has to fall back on toile de Jouy and antique furniture to make his rooms livable. Lovely landscape, & the view towards the valley of the Eure.

Model every morning but one for "At the window". Began to paint Friday. Bring more light to the colour schema.

To-day the chimney-sweeps; unable to work.

May 24th.

And to-day model failed to turn up. Repainted somethings in "the Gulf of Hammamet", which Cleve thinks he may sell to the University Club. Wrote yesterday to W.R. Watson in London.

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May 14th.

<sup>1</sup> a sense, ajouté.

May 23rd.

<sup>1</sup> Claude Perret, 1880 — 1960, initiateur de l'architecture du béton-armé: théâtre des Champs-Élysées, église du Raincy, Garde-Meuble national.

"... ce bon savoir sans lequel le sentiment n'est qu'un trouble inutile..."

A. France

(The sound knowledge without which feeling<sup>1</sup> is merely a useless disturbance of the spirit.)

June 2nd.

Working intermittently at "At the Window". To-day Madia Bronchard unable to pose. Put a few touches to the two last nudes.

It is in painting the nude that one feels fully the affliction of faulty craft. Oh! happy painters of former times, who learned first and foremost the accumulated acquirements of a method! Free to improve, alter or neglect it if they would or could. To-day everyone fears to jeopardize his little personality in accepting for long enough to be useful the lessons of another.

- Bear in mind not to seek to work out the passages in and between essential masses until all these have been grossly determined throughout in comparison one with the other & with the background. Then what seems so difficult <sup>1</sup>, the transitions, lights & reflections, just in the variety of their play yet not weakening the unity of the figure - will come easily.

Last Friday to the Spanish Ball. Maria Dalbaicin indifferent, but Vincente Escudero magnificent in rapidity, precision, expression.

Saturday dinner & dreary evening at the Sautter's.

June 5th.

- Ebaucher with the darker <sup>1</sup> tone of the light <sup>2</sup> planes, warm or cool according to the quality of the light, & thus cover all the canvas. Then the intermediate tones, which can be determined justly

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May 24th.

<sup>1</sup> The sound knowledge ability, ajouté au-dessus du mot "knowledge"; without which Feeling, ajouté; perception, raturé.

June 2nd.

<sup>1</sup> seems so difficult, ajouté; different, raturé.

June 5th.

<sup>1</sup> Ebaucher with the darker tone, au lieu de darkest, correction  
<sup>2</sup> of the lights planes, rature du s final

only after the former have been fixed on. Then the lighter tone of light planes & high-lights, finishing with dark accents & reflections, which are apt to be exaggerated if done before the last. Never concentrate on any part, especially before surrounding parts are brought up to at least an equal stage, for <sup>3</sup> it is impossible in so doing not to lose the value of general relations. Ebaucher by rubbing the brush strokes, becoming up to the last ever more definite & decided. Otherwise one is apt to <sup>4</sup> work in fear of marring happy brush work.

Stop working by zones <sup>5</sup>.

June 17th.

A letter from Watson says he was in Paris, but he did not know my address, & Gagnon could not give it to him. The lowest creatures ! How sickening it is to have to do with such contemptible beings, particularly when they are nullities.

" Je n'ai commencé à faire quelque chose de possible qu'au moment où j'avais assez oublié les petits détails pour ne me rappeler que le côté frappant et poétique; jusque là j'étais poursuivi par mon amour de l'exactitude que le plus grand nombre prend pour la vérité".

Delacroix. Journal

On board R. M. S. Ansonia in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, July 3rd.

Left Paris June 25th. Dull slow passage. Four days of dense fog, which we have just come out of.

Unable to finish "At the Window" before leaving, Madia B having deserted me on account of her brother's illness & death.

Read while on board Capek's *The Absolute at Large* : Stupid; Sinclair Lewis' *Mantrap* : amusing as usual; Hugh Walpole's *Harmer John* : excellent. Put him on the same shelf with Hardy & Galsworthy. Characters that are not only living individuals but types, who assembled, symbolize an English town, which in turn symbolizes the world of humans. Scandinavian social idealism: Harmer John, Pelle, all Ibsen. Reading also Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey* . Strange that I should like him whom I go scorned a few years ago. I now esteem as childishly ineffectual much of what seemed recently to be cleverly expressive, and admire some of what I judged to be milk & water. Old age or mellowed judgment ?

Problem no 1. Are the high-lights in the local(warm or cool)<sup>1</sup> tone of the illuminated part of a nude, or are they in opposition <sup>2</sup> ? Perhaps generally the former outdoors, the latter indoors (as lemon <sup>3</sup> yellow or reddish-brown flesh). And in the former case is not the general mass of shadow opposed in tone to the lighted mass, in the latter case of the same tone ?

Problem no. 2. Are the half tones assimilated in value to the lights or the shadow ? Perhaps in first case to the lights, in second case to the shadow.

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June 5th.

<sup>3</sup> fort it is impossible, rature du t final

<sup>4</sup> apt to be afraid to work, rature.

<sup>5</sup> stop working by zones, ajouter au crayon dans la marge.

July 3rd.

<sup>1</sup> in the local (warm or cool) tone, ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> or are they in opposition of tone ?, raturé.

<sup>3</sup> as lemon yellow, y raturé ou le e.

Outremont, July 28th.

All these days no heart for recording. Waiting on other people; discussing interests, papers, wills; duty visits, and all the most wearying material & sentimental preoccupations. Weather rainy one day out of two, & always humid; though the thermometer only 70° to 75°, absolutely melting. O ! our bracing Canadian climate !

To-day made a sketch for "buildings" seen from old Notman <sup>1</sup> studio window. Sky green-yellow to violet gray, roof of church coral. Can I profit by the brush-handling of Van Gogh & La-prade ?

The pictures I brought unpacked, and the fastidious criticisms & praise of the "connaisseurs" listened to. Arranged with Johnson for an exhibition at the beginning of Oct. on commission basis.

July 29th.

*"Respect for tradition so often ridiculed by the superficial, seems to me to originate in a profound knowledge of human nature".*

Un pays n'est pas un être abstrait dont on puisse déduire les droits par une simple opération de l'esprit.

(The Art of a people is not an abstract thing whose {rights & duties<sup>1</sup>  
laws} can be deduced by a mere mental operation.) Tradition is a work of racial genius & of time. It conditions the theories of innovators. But innovations that are a product of its spirit are the visible form of its vitality.

Suggestions from Maurois' Life of Disraëli.

*"... l'action et le rêve ne se peuvent mêler".* Disraëli.

August 2nd.

Have done two pochades, and am working on the view from the old Notman studio, which Harold <sup>1</sup> has so kindly placed at my disposition. Always the same difficulties with technique. Shall I never work out a method adequate to my needs ?

There is plenty of "material" even here in town and in the flat country round about, as much as anywhere else, when one is untrammelled enough to see, but hobbled as I am to both the material and sentimental pegs, it is impossible to be myself long enough to find out what could be done with in.

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Outremont, July 28th.

<sup>1</sup> William Notman, photographer to the Queen, died in 1891. He had a studio in Montreal.

July 29th.

<sup>1</sup> tendency, characteristic, raturé.

August 2nd.

<sup>1</sup> which Harold, écrit au-dessus d'un mot illisible.

C., who is feeling very ill used at "doing<sup>2</sup> her duty", suddenly reproaches me to-night, on the pretext of my<sup>3</sup> having played bridge badly and consequently not being agreeable enough, with "it is not my<sup>4</sup> fault if we are here". It is curious how woman - all of them probably (except Mrs. Dizzy) - can sometimes<sup>5</sup> - backbite in the difficult moments, forgetting that there are always a thousand things (even character, disposition or health) accepted in concert which are "not the fault" of the one or the other. Lack of occupation - that trite diagnosis of vapours - is perhaps here bearing its fruit. When interest in life depends on contingent pleasures, as soon as the latter lack, one is left high & dry.

Learn to keep a more amiable exterior, never make reproaches, but learn from misadventure to foresee & calculate better how to keep the inner self free.

Aug. 3rd.

Motored to & pick-nicked at Chambly. Came back bredouille as to sketches. Saw two subjects at Longueuil on return, but sensibility so wearied with all-day search that had not the courage to paint. Nothing so discouraging as a raté excursion. However before even the flattest Quebec landscape I feel that I have more to say than before the magnificent sites of Europe. Two years ago should have thought this statement impossible.

Have an eye above all for the pattern of the composition when making the "ébauche".

J.W. Morrice, b. 1864, d. 1924.

Aug. 17th.

Alas ! Alas ! Enthusiasm for work, material conveniences and well-disposed nerves have all vanished as by magic from the moment that family illiberality and discrepancy<sup>1</sup> suddenly reasserted it's away. When shall I learn that it (is)<sup>2</sup> pure illusion to believe in the possibility of work when the conditional circumstances lie in the hands of others, and that a complete surrounding vacuum<sup>3</sup> is a necessary defence against all contingencies other than those issue of one's own nature<sup>4</sup> and<sup>5</sup> of one's own circumstances, which are already more than enough to cope with ? Alas !<sup>6</sup> ?

Aug. 19th.

Dad left to-day for Pasadena.

- 
- 2 "Doing her duty", écrit sur un mot illisible, (having ?).
  - 3 on the pretext of my having, ajouté.
  - 4 it is not my fault, écrit sur her.
  - 5 can sometimes, ajouté au-dessus de at moments, raturé.

Aug. 17th.

- 1 that family illiberality and discrepancy, ajouté.
- 2 (is) ajouté car le mot semble avoir été oublié.
- 3 vacuum, en premier lieu écrit avec deux c puis corrigé.
- 4 nature, au pluriel puis raturé.
- 5 and écrit sur or.
- 6 Alas ! ? point d'interrogation ajouté à la mine de plomb.

Aug. 20th.

Did a pochade at the turn of the road before St-Joseph-du-Lac as one comes from the Ottawa road. A very interesting subject.

Saw very fine northern lights at & returning from Laval-sur-le-Lac: an immense cone of gauze over our heads on which mauve shimmers rippled up & down, again the appearance of a thunder-storm <sup>1</sup> with luminous rain, and again that of the ghostly illumination from beneath of a huge fringed curtain hanging <sup>2</sup> in heavy folds low over the earth.

When the half-tones of flesh <sup>3</sup> are warm, wash in with the same tone the lighted parts, where it will serve as a vivifying note under the cool high-lights.

Aug. 22nd.

Conceived the desire to paint some of the great smelters & mining camps of Canada. I should like to spend all my summers here if I could do so independently: I am fed up with trying to give a new accent to the trite old sayings about old world villages and landscapes. The romantic industries of the new ones <sup>1</sup> or their "pendentif" the savage isles! And what bold scenes of enterprise in this country, mines, pulp, fisheries, lumber & the rest. And what engaging names! Ste. Emélie-de-l'Énergie! l'Anse-au-Gascon! le Bar-à-Plouffe! <sup>2</sup> l'Anse Pleureuse! Trois-Pistoles! Ste. Rose-du-Dégel! St. Louis-des-Ha! Ha!! Kazabazna!

The smelter at Trail, B.C. Copper Cliff in Sudbury nickel field. The Porcupine Camp. Cobalt. Crow's Nest Pass, Cap Breton mines.

(Christian name: Exelaphat.) Abondius. Read the Letters of Machiavelli.

Aug. 28th.

Yesterday with the Vaillancourts to the Art Gallery. Much occupied with certain canvases of Morrice & the thumb-nail sketches for same. After seeing canvases first, sketches appear extraordinarily material & even vulgar. From the latter to the former his subject is transferred from physical light into a spiritual light. Not a self-emanating radiance like Renoir or Redon, but an immaterial suffusion. Compared to the sketch, his picture of the Tunisian marabout bathed in sunlight <sup>1</sup> is as one might see it in a dream. And from the sketch to the picture the material elements are signally reduced while at the same time the emotional elements grow to fullness. [Instead of painting directly <sup>2</sup> the emphasis of his sensibility before his subject or his intellectual commentary, he made his

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Aug. 20th.

<sup>1</sup> of a thunder-storm of with, raturé.

<sup>2</sup> hanging, correction: g sur s.

<sup>3</sup> When the half-tones of flesh are warm, ajouté

Aug. 22nd.

<sup>2</sup> le bar-à-Plouffe: l'Abord-à-Plouffe

Aug. 28th.

<sup>1</sup> the Tunisian marabout "bathed in sunlight", renvoi.

<sup>2</sup> Instead of painting directly from his subject, raturé.

sketches principally to record the material elements of his composition, while the subject proper is distilled & concentrated by memory, only to be condensed at the end of the long subjective process<sup>3</sup>.]

I had been inclined to think that the greatest change in his style was in his latter years; but as one looks closely at canvases of different periods (after the earliest) the perception of change vanishes almost completely under the impression of unvarying<sup>4</sup> personality.

The greatest change after first period & from then on<sup>5</sup> one can only measure road covered between early & latest works<sup>6</sup>. The greatest change after the very early manner. Owed to Whistler by two-dimensional "arrangement"<sup>7</sup> rather than the balanced values<sup>8</sup> of chiaroscuro or an architecture of line & form<sup>9</sup>. To the Impressionists the vivacity of quality of lighting and the interdependence of reflection. To Matisse the bolder accent of<sup>10</sup> impressionism of sentiment<sup>11</sup> (as apposed to impressionism of senses<sup>12</sup>.) But latter must not be overestimated.

Of all Can. painters the most genuinely representative because he eminently represents an important element of our racial temperaments, i.e. Eng. & Celtic modified by American contacts more open<sup>13</sup> to French influence than is England.

See Gauthier's preface to Villon on minor poets.

Was of his age, with Boudin, Whistler, Gauguin, Degas & Bonnard, nephew of Boudin. Shared in their inheritance & has something of all these disparate natures.

Was he European or Canadian painter? Tradition is a function of race. Tradition is "a way of thinking or feeling & expressing that is transmitted over a long period from generation to generation". See Disraeli's remarks<sup>15</sup>. Van Gogh was as truculently Dutch when painted a café at Arles as when the<sup>16</sup> worn-out godillots of a Dutch evangelist. What were Poussin, Greco ineradicably Byzantine, Bonington? M. being the outstanding Can. painter, a more pertinent form of the question would be "Does a Can. art<sup>17</sup> exist?" Let us say tentatively & hopefully that M. was the first remarkable figure of the Can. school, & that if after a long period there appears to have been a<sup>18</sup> Can. tradition, M. will appear as its father, for, sharing in the artistic accomplishment of his generation, he crystallized a part<sup>19</sup> according to the aptitudes of a Canadian & therefore capable of touching the emotions of a Can.

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3 Ce texte mis entre parenthèses est renvoyé à la suite de: the emotional elements grow to fulness, p. 46. Dans le manuscrit il suit "under the impression of unvarying personality, p. 47.

4 of unvarying personality, ajouté.

5 The greatest change after first period & from then on one can only measure road covered between early & latest works, ajouté.

6 from then on, ajouté à l'encre bleue.

7 by two-dimensional distribution, rature; "arrangement", ajouté au-dessus.

8 rather than arabesque, rature; the balanced values, ajouté au-dessus à la mine de plomb.

9 of line or mass, rature; & form, ajouté au-dessus à la mine de plomb.

10 the bolder accent of spirituel impressionism, raturé.

11 of sentiment, ajouté à l'encre bleue.

12 as opposed to Physical, rature; impressionism of senses, ajouté au-dessus à l'encre bleue.

13 in closer touch with, rature; more open to, ajouté.

14 french: France corrigé; influence, ajouté

15 see disraeli's remarks, ajouté dans la marge.

16 the pair of worn-out godillots, raturé.

17 "Does a Can. school exist?", rature art, ajouté.

18 to have been a distinctive Can. tradition, raturé.

19 part écrit sur un mot illisible; of it in a form, raturé.

Prolonged painting from the subject is useless for it certainly ends in plodding application to correct it's <sup>20</sup> true spirit according every contingent fact. Make sketches as quickly & vivaciously as possible of essential colours & movements, which done they may be supplemented by any necessary data. In the case of beginning a canvas "sur le motif", treat it as a sketch, making haste to note only, & trust to memory for the rest. "Models are difficult - enslave one - efface from one's mind a conception or reminiscence which was better". W. Blake, Dicta <sup>21</sup> .

Sept. 7th.

Saw the Morrises again on Sat. The Tunisian marabout seemed to me nothing at all, & the Ice Bridge raté. Matter of mood, but they are not painting "in the Italian & French plastic sense". Nevertheless there is art there, and at another moment I should find their charm again. [A painter of mood. Signorelli opposite pole <sup>1</sup> .]

*"Il en est des livres comme du feu dans nos foyers; on va prendre ce feu chez son voisin, on l'allume chez-soi, on le communique à d'autres et il appartient à tous".*

Voltaire

Working every day on a canvas after sketch "the turn of the road" near St. Joseph-du-Lac.

Sept. 11th.

In places where everything is beautiful I come to find everything indifferent: nothing emerges signally enough to strike the faded emotions. Here where almost all is ugly, I see beauty everywhere.

Yesterday did a pochade of a farm in the valley of the Rivière-du-Chêne. Today an excursion in the same region. The outing did me a world of good. I can't stand an indoor routine of work. The spirit become asphyxiated. I need the changing spectacle of nature (human as well).

Magnificent old elm by road on right bank of the Rivière-du-Chêne.

Old Couvent mill (?) by <sup>1</sup> the river between l'Abord <sup>2</sup> -à-Plouffe & the Pont-Viau would furnish an excellent composition.

Sept. 17th.

Cafard to-day. My canvas doesn't go. It is necessary to leave an absolutely different technique for <sup>1</sup> a canvas than that used for the pochade study. Without that, one tries to reproduce happy passages in the sketch.

<sup>20</sup> to correct it's true spirit, écrit sur the.

<sup>21</sup> Citation écrite dans la marge.

Sept. 7th.

<sup>1</sup> "A painter of mood. Signorelli opposite pole": ajouté à la mine de plomb dans la marge.

Sept. 11th.

<sup>1</sup> "by the" écrit sur mot illisible.

<sup>2</sup> "l'Abord-à-Plouffe, correction

Sept. 17th.

<sup>1</sup> for, écrit sur mot illisible

From the 13th to 15th excursion en auto. Along Riv. des Prairies and Riv. de l'Assomption fine willows & houses. Church of l'Assomption from behind, right or left, afternoon.

Steeple & roofs of yellowed tin, like <sup>2</sup> faded & discoloured <sup>3</sup> gold background of Jap. screen. Between l'Epiphanie & St-Jacques, barns & silo reflected in river by curve of the road; 2 o'clock Tobacco harvest; leaves drying in frames in every barn. Strange undulated stratus clouds.

Joliette, factories & couvent by the falls. Night on Lac Maskinongé at St. Gabriel-de-Brandon.

St. Emélie-de-l'Energie, all new, having been burnt in forest fire. Several fine grouping of blue roofed farms on the road going up to St. Gabriel towards sunset.

Sketch of curious hill near Lac Noir between St. Emélie & St. Félix. Nice grouping of village & odd fat church spire at Ste. Elizabeth. Slept at Berthier. Sketch of the river near l'Assomption, - & home.

The-in-law is getting seriously on my nerves. I never had to do with a more illiberal person, or who had so continually "a chip on his shoulder". In everything it is "think as I think or quarrel". He thinks he knows more about everything than all the specialists in their professions. He says how the writer should have made his article <sup>4</sup>. He criticises plays, acting, painting. He picks out my subject for me etc. etc. And he is becoming every day more irritable & choleric I should enjoy Canada intensely, were it not for him.

Sept. 20th.

The storm has broken. Sometime ago there was the row with C. about the car. Then he was continually "rowing" with her because I didn't talk enough and didn't "like his company". Last Sunday night there was the explosion about our not knowing that he wanted us to lunch at Laval with Dorziat et al. Monday because C., cold & indisposed, didn't want to stay for dinner. My resolution is taken: never again. This sort of thing wears out C.

Oct. 2nd.

My exhibition opened yesterday. Ouf ! It is easier to paint pictures than to show them. It makes me literally ill.

I managed to finish "the turn of the Road" canvas in time. 10 pochades & canvases done here.

If they don't sell I shall be thoroughly disgusted & if they do I shall not have much satisfaction.

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<sup>2</sup> like, ajouté

<sup>3</sup> discoloured, correction.

<sup>4</sup> "he who will never understand the first thing about mechanics knows all about cars", raturé

On board R.M.S. Alaunia.  
Midocean, Oct. 27th.

The exhibition is over and the trip almost over & still I am thoroughly bewildered by the question of what course I am to follow. As an indication the exhibition was utterly useless. The calculated treachery of Johnson & his determination to sell nothing has been thoroughly explained by Paul Leclair and others, but that still leaves a negative answer, which the sales made by Heaton & Watson do little to modify. So much for the practical; & as for the critical aspect my "succès d'estime" of course means less than nothing. Am I to bear in mind foremost the exhibition offered for next year by Watson, or am I to plod on as before without ulterior thoughts? The worst is that I haven't much faith in the sincerity of Heaton & Watson, particularly the latter (I don't suspect H. from the business point of view), and there is little doubt that the confiseur Gagnon is my enemy, & would like to eliminate me from the market. As to my other dear fellow artists I strongly suspect most of them to be much like the chers camarades in Paris.

I am quite incapable of coming to a decision now, I shall need a more positive recreation than the vacuum of the crossing before I shall be myself again. The last week in Montreal was a trying one, complicated by Dad's telegram about the power of attorney he wants for Martha. His anxiety is a sure proof <sup>1</sup> that he has some crooked arrangement at the back of his head. Sad, sad!

Cleve took so long in getting the authorization of W.J. Morrice & Mrs. Law that I was unable to use it, which knocks that part of my project of a life of Morrice on the head for this year.

The one solid satisfaction that I carry away with me is the acquaintanceship with Paul Leclair, a man of unquestionable ability and I judge, of perfect sincerity. I hope I shall be able to take with him the trip that he proposed down the right shore of the St. Lawrence.

A dull trip, 40 passengers, on a not very comfortable boat. Some very heavy sea. Not sick but seedy. Expect to make Cherbourg the night of the 29th.

Brand, young barytone of Montreal, on board. Very fine voice & nice chap. Shouldn't wonder if he were talked of before long.

*"... tout cela est si beau qu'il n'y a rien à y ajouter. L'âme satisfaite n'a que faire de troubler cette majestueuse harmonie, qui lui impose le geste de se replier sur elle-même pour méditer".*

Albert Besnard. *Sous le Ciel de Rome*

\* \* \* \* \*

Feb. 9th Outremont - Feb. 9th 1928.

1928

A long gap with much action, and little thought, though considerable cogitation. Dad's death, trip to California, now back here. A sea of papers, tangled affairs, idiotic correspondence, every step deeper in the bog of legal contradictions, tortuous procedure, meticulous involved bookkeeping and murky intentions. Will this ever come to an end?

Strange to be able to travel for four days across a continent & for four days back by a different route without ever seeing anything that exalts the desire to paint! In Arizona & New Mexico indications that there might be something to do, as in the unseen part of California, but San Bernardino & Los Angeles counties as lamentable as ever. Uniform monotony. And a population of gags, gogos & escrocs, the gogetters being mostly in the latter class. And what desolation in the Gopher Prairies & Zeniths of Kansas, Missouri and Illinois! New York seemed to have improved architecturally, and to be a calm provincial town compared to Paris. Chicago's art gallery growing space. Many fine things though very incomplete representation.

Oct. 27th.

1- proof, correction.

April 3rd.

Still waiting to live, and in order to make existence possible degrading myself in every possible way, cradling all my impulses, preferences and opinions until they can awake and cry out without provoking hammerings of protest on the walls of the inhabited cells that surround my prison.

I calm my ennui with researches into the life & work of Morrice. The most characteristic thing of his family & friends if not of him, is that they know no more about him than if they had been foster parents to <sup>1</sup> a demiurge <sup>2</sup> who had soon slipped away to join the invisible life in the ether of olympus.

Yesterday, I called on Dr. Shepherd. He is an old totem-pole. He has no good examples of M's work, & instead of facts fed me on detestable caraway-seed cakes. I have dug a few dates and names from the Art Gallery library with the assistance of Miss Pinkerton.

The winter is coming to an end, and I have not found it too trying. Cleve is in Spain, where I hoped to be at this time. A long letter from Louis at St. Paul-en-Provence where he has taken refuge after a stormy trip in Spain undertaken too early in the season.

Last night we went to the Gayety theatre. One does not see such lasciviousness of the French stage where the nude move, if at all, with religious dignity, nor amongst the Arab dancing girls, whose movements are stately symbols compared with the ignoble libidinous Frenzy of these Aframerican monkeys <sup>3</sup>. What fun for a Lautrec !

Last month the splendid exhibition of West Coast Indian art. I was allowed to kodak some of the best sculptures and masks.

The nearer it approaches perfection, the less outline form has. Outline is lost in imperceptible modeling. It may well in beginning to paint, {if allowed to remain} {it becomes a shackle on form} {it is a schakle from } {which form must be freed. }

April 5th.

*"Après plusieurs heures de marche, la première halte a lieu près d'une Koubba, dans un massif d'oliviers, nous sommes à Sidi-l'Hanni, et je n'ai jamais vu le soleil faire d'une coupole blanche une plus étonnante merveille de couleur. Est-elle blanche ? - Oui, - blanche à aveugler ! et pourtant la lumière se décompose si étrangement sur ce gros oeuf, qu'on y distingue une féerie de nuances mystérieuses, qui semblent évoquées plutôt qu'apparues, illusoires plus que réelles, et si fines, si délicates, si noyées dans ce blanc de neige qu'elles ne s'y montrent pas tout de suite, mais après l'éblouissement et la surprise du premier regard. Alors on n'aperçoit plus qu'elles, si nombreuses, si diverses, si puissantes et presque invisibles pourtant ! Plus on regarde, plus elles s'accroissent. Des ondes d'or coulent sur ces contours, secrètement éteintes dans un bain lilas léger comme une buée, que traversent par places des traînées bleuâtres. L'ombre immobile d'une branche est peut-être grise, peut-être verte, peut-être jau-*

April 3rd.

<sup>1</sup> foster parents to, ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> a demiurge born amongst them, raturé.

<sup>3</sup> dancers, rature; monkeys, ajouté au-dessus de "dancers".

ne ? Je ne sais pas. Sous l'abri de la corniche, le mur, plus bas, me semble violet; et je devine que l'air est mauve autour de ce dôme aveuglant qui me paraît à présent presque rose, oui, presque rose, quand on le contemple trop, quand la fatigue de son rayonnement mêle tous ses <sup>1</sup> tons si fins et si clairs qu'ils affolent les yeux. Et l'ombre, l'ombre de cette koubba sur le sol, de quelle nuance est-elle? Qui pourra le savoir, le montrer, le peindre? Pendant combien d'années faudra-t-il tremper nos yeux et notre pensée dans ces colorations insaisissables<sup>2</sup>, si nouvelles pour nos organes instruits à voir l'atmosphère de l'Europe, ses effets et ses reflets, avant de comprendre celles-ci, de les distinguer et de les exprimer jusqu'à donner à ceux qui regarderont les toiles où elles seront fixées par un pinceau d'artiste la complète émotion de la vérité?"

de Maupassant. *La Vie Errante*.

The best painter's page in all literature. Nowhere has a writer shown himself so nearly <sup>3</sup> a colourist.

Morrice was sensible <sup>4</sup> to this subtle iridescence, but like de Maupassant's his vision was that of a poet <sup>5</sup>. He saw this elusive play of tints independently of form, whose expression he abandoned to simple light & shade, and he <sup>6</sup> mingled them somewhat <sup>7</sup> indiscriminately over the whole surface. (Marquet does not even do that: he melts them into one flat tone with a dead gleam.) A really un-literary, plastic eye recognizes the place of each in its own zone of influence, where absorption and reflection sing in duet <sup>8</sup> or singly according to the texture & the exposure <sup>9</sup> of each face to the sky or <sup>10</sup> surrounding objects, - and thus brings form to its fullness.

Subject: Hermaphrodite <sup>11</sup> at the fountain of Salmakis.

Finished Dusty Answer by Rosamonde Lehmann: Things about a girl no man could write. Pleased me greatly. There is a delicacy and purity of tone in the life of the English Upper classes <sup>12</sup> that is quite unknown to Latin literature with the exception of de Vigny, who was bitterly reproached for being anglicised.

Carborundum stones with one edge double bevelled for sharpening wood-cutting tools. A high, narrow canvas: two standing figures filling all the surface.

152 rue Broca  
Paris 13<sup>e</sup>  
30 avril 1928

Mes chers amis,

en ouvrant cette lettre, n'avez-vous pas dit: "ah, à présent qu'il nous sait rentrer à Paris, le voilà qui nous écrit en toute hâte quelques lignes pour décharger la conscience". Oh, je me rends compte, mes chers, que j'ai été très peu gentil envers vous et je le regrette sincèrement; mais au-

April 5th.

- 1 Le deuxième s est oublié.
- 2 la syllabe - si - oubliée, est ajoutée au-dessus.
- 3 "nearly": n écrit sur s.
- 4 "Morrice was to a certain extent sensible", raturé
- 5 "a poet", ajouté; literary colourist, rature; illuminator, ajouté puis raturé.
- 6 "and he mingled," , ajouté
- 7 "somewhat", ajouté à l'encre bleue.
- 8 unisson, raturé, duet, ajouté.
- 9 orientation, raturé.
- 10 and, rature; or, ajouté.
- 11 the fountain of Hermaphrodite, raturé
- 12 Upper middle classes, raturé.

aujourd'hui où je sais que vous êtes sur un prochain départ, tous les reproches que je me faisais à moi-même, s'effacent devant le plaisir de vous revoir bientôt.

Pourquoi ne vous ai-je pas écrit ? Ce n'est pourtant pas que nous vous oublions. Mais cette Amérique, ce pays avec sa vie dont vous nous aviez raconté tant de choses curieuses vous avait tellement éloignés de nous qu nous n'y retrouvions plus les Lyman de Hamamet, de Cagues ou ceux de la rue de la Tombe-Issoire. Evidemment c'était de notre faute. Mais si nous ne vous suivons pas là-bas, dois-je vous avouer que c'est probablement parce que nous n'aimons pas vous y voir vous-mêmes ? Non pas par exclusivité d'amitié ou un autre genre d'égoïsme mais parce que nous vous considérons comme étant des nôtres pour qui la vie a une signification différente. Et alors nous nous demandons: qu'est-ce qu'ils font dans ce monde qui nous paraît être: sinon une caricature, au moins une si profonde déformation.

Mais je me trompe peut-être. Et je pense trop à nos propres retours en Alsace, où l'on revoit d'anciens camarades et amis, avec lesquels les premiers instants sont réjouissants, mais desquels on se sépare en emportant avec soi un abominable vide. Et puis il y a eu naturellement la cause qui vous a fait retourner si précipitamment là-bas. Vous savez combien nous souffrions avec Jean du malentendu auquel lui-même avait été la victime si longtemps et j'espère qu'il ait pu oublier tous ces moments pénibles.

Ne m'en veuillez pas, si je vous écris si franchement, mais cela m'a aidé à vous retrouver.

Vous savez probablement que Germaine a dû se faire opérer d'urgence de l'appendicite. Elle est encore à Strasbourg, mais sur le point de me rejoindre ici et nous passerons quelques jours à Marly ensemble afin qu'elle se remette entièrement. Les Hugues m'ont fait connaître dernièrement ce charmant pays, où l'on est grandement tenté de peindre.

Cet hiver a été de nouveau très morcelé pour nous et j'avoue que je me réjouis déjà pour les mois à la campagne, pendant lesquels on travaille tellement mieux qu'à Paris. Les belles expositions de Delacroix et de Manet et celle de Corot qui s'ouvre dans quelques jours, en plus la diversité toujours plus affirmée de la vie ici, empêchent une concentration entière. Et puis, toutes les histoires d'expositions de salons, de nouveaux salons (on essaye d'en former deux, comme s'il n'y en avait déjà pas suffisamment) rendent souvent la fréquentation des milieux peintres assomante. Je ne vous parle pas de l'excitation que produit la vente d'un des grands as à l'Hôtel Drouot. De sorte que l'on est content, quand on retrouve quelques intimes avec lesquels on se rencontre sur un autre terrain. On vous y attend, mes chers amis, ne nous mettez pas trop longtemps dans l'impatience et croyez à notre sincère affection.

Paul Welsch

N.B. Lettre glissée à cet endroit du *Journal*.

Since writing the last, to California a second time, - another stay in Montreal, where the bulk of the business was concluded with a judicial partition. Arrived in Paris Aug. 1st. After a series of obstacles and delays, the Spanish trip finally begun. Left Paris Sunday Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> 23rd. Found the Basque country as enchanting as ever, and was loth to depart from the calm joy of St. Jean-de-Luz.

Miranda de Ebro, Old Castille  
Hotel Troconiz, Oct. 1st, 1928

General seediness of the party induced us to stop off here. Surprised to find a good clean hotel and good table. The names, faces, atmosphere and landscape of the Basques have disappeared. Before dinner Helen and I explored the rather ordinary town and climbed to the ruined castle, whence we had a lovely view of the course of the Ebro across the plateau, with its circle of mountains moulded by the horizontal light.

Hotel Paris, Segovia, Oct. 3rd.

Burgos was disappointing, the town generally unbeautiful in spite of a few fine details, the cathedral an elaborate panoply without volume or proportion. I was beginning to be disappointed in Spain until today's drive, which was one of the finest in my experience: from Burgos to Segovia via Bocequillas, across the Castillian plateaus under a very Castillian sky.

South of Burgos the <sup>1</sup> soil changed from chocolate to red and the villages from stone to brown-red adobe. At Lerma, 37kms from Burgos, the fine palace & collegiate of San Pedro, and a little further on looking backward, a magnificent landscape of burnt-sienna rolling table-lands backed by distant mountains, Sierra de las Mambias, of that queer Leonardo blue.

An unexpectedly excellent lunch at the Hotel Castilla in Aranda de Duero. Soon after leaving the Madrid road at Bocequillas in a landscape of little interest, that gave no presage of anything unusual, we suddenly spied the town of Sepulveda on its hilltops, crowned by its brown church, - simple, massive romanesque. At every yard forward our astonishment & enthusiasm grew. At its foot a torrent has worn a fantastic seam in the rock. At every turn & from every vantage point a lovely view, - everything exquisite in colour. The inhabitants seem dignified & good-natured.

We came into Segovia by the Roman aqueduct, & had a lovely panorama of it while descending the hill to the north-west. On first impression an agreeable town, the cathedral much finer than that of Burgos.

Spain, not in its landscapes and villages, but in its towns & towns-people very different from what I imagined it. The people more agreeable than I had expected. All sorts of military everywhere. We dined last night at a table near that of Prince de Rivera, a handsome man of warm complexion, black bushy eyebrows & gray hair "en brosse".

Oct. 4th.

Segovia is truffled with beautiful subjects. Mansions and churches of ochre stone, tinged in places with rose. The cathedral of flamboyant gothic style has nothing gothic but its ornamentation. The masses and proportions, especially of the bell tower, are Moorish. The latter is a minaret with its octogonal lantern. Its windows are round-arched, the ogive merely applied as a surface ornament. The Moorish influence is everywhere alive to-day, in decoration of facades, saddle-bags, songs, etc.

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Oct. 1st, 1928.

<sup>1</sup> Sunday, ajouté.

Segovia, Oct. 3rd.

<sup>1</sup> Villages, raturé.

The Roman aqueduct is very fine with its massive appearance given by the time-rounded\* stones set without mortar. The Alcazar gives a poor effect, so rigidly restored is it; the interior quite without interest.

\*(En marge: Why are stones with their corners worn off more ponderous than ones of similar dimensions whose geometrical perfection is unimpaired?) <sup>1</sup>

Spent the day walking about; have seen most of the town, but none of the numerous suburbs. The weather fine, but rather too fresh.

5th Oct.

This morning visited the interior of the cathedral - handsome but quite lacking the spirit of the fine cathedrals.

This afternoon La Granja. The facade of the palace and parts of the park very pleasant, with some charming details, but everywhere terrible mistakes in taste. All the lead urns, statues and parts of the fountains white-washed or painted bronze-colour (penny-colour)! No doubt an agreeable retreat in Summer, but now getting a bit chilly.

Hotel Nacional, Madrid, Oct. 10th.

Aside from the Ermita de San Antonio de la Florida, with its fresh & joyously profane frescoes by Goya and the painter's tomb, Madrid does <sup>1</sup> not seem to have a single monument of any interest. A rather ugly but withal pleasing city. The weather is glorious. Every morning we go to the Prado, and that in itself suffices. The best painters are generally well lighted, and in good condition.

Velasquez is the great revelation, - not Goya & still less Greco, who made his maximum impression on me in the Von Ne mes loan collection at Munich in 1911. Velasquez I had always slighted as the greatest master of the poorer sort of painting, the inspirer of Orpens Laverys <sup>2</sup> and other slick brush-workers. But how little the sort of painting matters when the greatness is there!

The great characteristic of Spanish painting is the absence of artistic-ness. It is likewise the characteristic of the people. They have no taste and apparently never had. They delight in atrocities that shock every sensibility. They have no sense of proportion, but a passion <sup>3</sup> for the excessive. The small part of their architecture that attains greatness (aside from picturesqueness) <sup>4</sup> does so through this channel, for when the excessive is touched by genius, its character becomes formidable.

The Spanish are not artistic nor literary. They live unintellectually, the men for money & power, the women for family and earrings <sup>5</sup>. They are "live" animals, and when the artists that such a race produces reach greatness, they are life itself. They have produced few great artists; for wi-

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Oct. 4th.

<sup>1</sup> Ecrit en marge vis-à-vis le passage ci-dessus.

Oct. 10th.

<sup>1</sup> does écrit sur not.

<sup>2</sup> Laverys, ajouté au-dessus à l'encre bleue.

<sup>3</sup> love, raturé; passion, écrit au-dessus.

<sup>4</sup> (aside from picturesqueness), ajouté au-dessus.

<sup>5</sup> pearls, raturé; earrings, ajouté au-dessus.

thout genius their artists are nothing, lacking everything that can agreeably replace it, intellectuality, esprit, taste.

I shall never forget the shock I got on seeing Tintoretto on leaving the Velasquez rooms in the Prado. Who could have imagined that Tintoretto could look cold, artificial, aesthetic? Titian appeared very empty and uninspired, - the prince of academicians. Veronese held his own better, and Rubens entirely. He has many of the living qualities of the Spanish masters in a different character.

Madrid, Oct. 11th.

When yesterday I wrote that Greco had made his maximum impression on me, I thought to myself that I had not been to Toledo. It was a wise mental restriction. Today no one could persuade me that the nine apostles and the two Christs in the Museo Greco in Toledo, are not without any exception the finest things in the world. The canvases in the Prado are magnificent, and the Burial of Count Orgaz in Santo Tamé likewise, but the series of Greco's last period in the Museo are beyond all words. They possess every supreme quality in the supremest degree. The ease, simplicity, vitality and passionate form of these figures are beyond all comparison even with Greco's other work. They were surely painted without models, out of the pure richness of the master's knowledge and imagination <sup>1</sup>. The luminous gray Christ is Life and Light themselves. Here analysis loses its right & reason; there is no fissure <sup>2</sup> by which the mind can penetrate to separate the elements of greatness. Reason trembles before the augustness of unity.

With all my admiration I did not feel this before his canvases in the Prado. I was able to study the construction of the picture by itself. There is infinite continuity in Greco's composition; no line, no movement, no colour is broken off; nothing comes to an end. Goya has immense qualities in this respect: lines & movements are prolonged; but in Greco they continue <sup>3</sup> (perpetually, visible or potential Goya's composition is more in the order of pattern, Greco's is the rythm of life itself. Rythm! - we heard & use the word too often without a very precise certitude of it's meaning, but the rythm of life is not easily tabulated. Goya's rythm can be noted; his composition is rounded out; but it is just the fact that there is a point <sup>4</sup> where Greco's rythm becomes inscrutable that give us the <sup>5</sup> feeling that Being has emerged into light, complete yet without boundaries.

The colour of the large composition in the Prado and in the court Orgaz is <sup>6</sup> more varied and pictorial; in the series of the disciples there is <sup>7</sup> only Greco colour: - the grays of the lights and cool shadows of the flesh, within the warm shadows <sup>8</sup>, the maroon of the preparation coming through reinforced by reddish blacks; his peculiar yellow, occasionally <sup>9</sup> an orange, his green-blue, purplemadder, high <sup>10</sup> yellow green, and the reddish or greenish browns of the backgrounds. All are painted on a maroon foundation, which in some unintended <sup>11</sup> places of the gray <sup>12</sup> Christ has come through.

Oct. 11th.

- 1 vitality; raturé; imagination, ajouté au-dessus.
- 2 "fissure between the elements of great painting," raturé.
- 3 to the end of life, écrit à l'encre bleue au-dessus de "perpetually".  
infinitely est écrit à l'encre bleue, sans le premier n.
- 4 the fact that there is a point, ajouté.
- 5 give us the, ajouté; we, rature; -ing, ajouté à feel.
- 6 Correction: is au lieu de are.
- 7 Correction: is au lieu de are.
- 8 in the warm shadows, renvoi
- 9 occasionally: écrit avec deux s.
- 10 light, raturé, high, ajouté
- 11 unintended, ajouté à l'encre bleue.
- 12 gray, ajouté

Goya likewise painted on a brown foundation, though lighter - practically Venetian red <sup>13</sup> - and I have noticed no unforeseen cropping through.

Madrid is the Frontier between Europe and Africa. To the north of the capital there are occasional Moorish reminiscence, but as soon as one gets out of the Toledo gate <sup>14</sup>, Africa is prevalent in landscape, houses <sup>15</sup> and customs. The lines of the plains, reddish soil, olive trees & grapevines; patios, ( . . . ) <sup>16</sup> charabias and nail-studded doors; caravans of muleteers and songs, whose music, whatever the words may be, has not been altered in the slightest degree. At many a spot on the way I might have thought myself at Grombalia or Bir-bou-Reckba. And on the way back there were those after-sunset tints that I had never yet seen out of Africa, - that peculiar violet - green to the east & rose to the west of the sky, with the double lighting of the white & brown houses.

Oct. 12th.

Columbus Day to-day: battalions of children marching to military music. Spain appears very militaristic, uniforms on every hand, in every town military establishments, barracks and soldiers of all arms.

But the Spaniards are on the whole charming on first appearances. Their unmercenary spirits is what strikes me most forcibly. They show a dignity <sup>1</sup> and honesty to which I have become disaccustomed in France. In Segovia the hotel - keeper, instead of applying the pension rate to our last incomplete day, charged only for what we had. In Madrid a cinema usher refused a tip, saying that everything was paid for with the ticket of admittance, and a waiter in a boîte-de-nuit refused a tip, pointing out that a percentage for service had been added to the bill.

One night before Helen left we went to a low dance hall - the Kursaal Magdalena - to see the flamenco. A public of filles et maquereaux and a few patrons. On a slightly raised stage a couple of gipsies in costume, and a few other women, one dressed in traditional man's costume of Andalusia <sup>2</sup>. Orchestra & guitars. Dancing rather poor & perfunctory, though in no sense done for tourists, of which breed we were the only & apparently unfrequent specimens. Another night C. & I went to the Pelikan Kursaal, a slightly more pretentious boîte de nuit. From 11 to 1 dance & song on the stage, from 1 to the madrugada "gran souper tango". When we arrived all the boxes round the dance floor were filled with girls very much like some that one sees in Montparnasse, with a touch of added bestiality <sup>3</sup>. They vacated the boxes as the clients arrived unless retained to share their company. On a small high stage a series of dancing & singing members mostly of the cosmopolitan sort, with an unconscious native touch in the costumes. Just as we were beginning to think that it was hopeless as anything but an exhibition of picturesque heads, the "reina del canto andaluz", Pepita Llaser, with handsome head and remarkable round cat-like eyes, took the boards <sup>4</sup>. Mistress of herself & of her audience, she sang a number of Andalusian songs with great effect. During the last one the back curtain was parted revealing a painted drop <sup>5</sup> of a crowd kneeling before a calvary, to which the singer also kneeled <sup>6</sup> & sang her prayer with supplicating arms. This scene surprised no one but ourselves in this semi-brothel. Some of her songs were extremely Arab. (saëtas).

<sup>13</sup> more achre, raturé; lighter-practically venetian red, ajouté.

<sup>14</sup> "out of the toledo gate" au lieu de "out it on the Toledo road".

<sup>15</sup> rature: "caravans of meleteers" et "nail-studded odors" écrit au-dessus

<sup>16</sup> mot illisible.

Oct. 12th.

<sup>1</sup> "a dignity": ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "of Andalusia": ajouté.

<sup>3</sup> Ecrit dans la marge de la page 78: "Leur oeil, qui n'avait nullement la naïve prétention d'annoncer une âme, nageait, plein d'une ingénuité bestiale et magnifique, dans un teint couleur de fumée et de rose."

<sup>4</sup> "took the boards" écrit après Pepita Llaser, est renvoyé à la fin de la phrase.

<sup>5</sup> Le s écrit sur un p dans "drop".

<sup>6</sup> "n" oublié dans "kneeled".

Fonda Cubana, Trujillo, Oct. 18.

A brilliant cloudless day. We left Madrid in the morning. The countryside more and more African. Everything wears a familiar look in spite landscape, costumes & customs that actually are different. But from afar the peasants sitting Arab-wise on their asses, the horizontal lines of the villages, the white cone-covered wells that look like small marabouts, in fact almost everything, lent <sup>1</sup> an impression of the déjà vu. The peasant men <sup>2</sup> wear broad-brimmed, cone-crowned fur hats, the women broad skirts <sup>3</sup>, blouses & shawls, very much like the subjects of the Le Nain. The latter favour Velasquez rose blouses & Naples yellow shawls. One drew her shawl across her face in an atavistic gesture. Talavera moderately picturesque. Walked across the town to see the 16th cent. bridge.

The crossing of the Tagus on the 16th cent. bridge thrown across the gorge, was one of the finest things that can be seen. The low sun shone across the foreground & on the bridge <sup>4</sup>, while the river beyond, deep in the shadow of its chasm, reflected the rich dusky blue of the evening sky. On the other side of the river began a long climb of 1400 ft. during which we had a glorious panorama of the country we had left.

Trujillo has nothing extraordinary except its very pleasing aspect. The hotel as clean as a pin & the table good. A very possible place to stay & work.

The weather much milder than at Madrid.

Hotel Paris, Seville <sup>1</sup>, Oct. 21st.

We had a fine view of Trujillo on its hill as we left it in the morning under a tropical blue sky<sup>2</sup>. Its outskirts remind me of those of a town like Nabeul. Merida is <sup>3</sup> interesting and paintable. We crossed the Roman bridge & looked back at the fortifications along the river bank. We did not stop. There is no good hotel.

After Merida the character becomes markedly Andalusian. The fur hats disappear before the Andalusian high felt hat, the skins are swarthier, the houses more & more Arab: - vaulted rooms, white wash, blind walls & tree & flower-filled patios. We passed various villages, some ancient, some new, some slovenly, some neat and industrious. Light red earth, deep blue sky, yellow & rosy greens of vineyards studded with gray olive trees. Decidedly I like the earth lighter than the sky.

At Almendralejo we had some difficulty in getting directed to the hotel, & even more in reaching it over the age old pavements, but we had an unexpectedly excellent abundant and clean lunch with some local, sherry-like wine. The vintage was in full progress, and we met lines of two-wheeled carts filled with grapes, white or white and blue mixed.

Now the earth became darker than the sky, - dark brown, with the houses the same brown even darker. And the landscape changed. It resembles that of Provence, with abundance of cork-oaks,

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Oct. 18.

- 1 "lent" écrit sur "gived".
- 2 Raturé le s à la fin de "peasant" et écrit "men" au-dessus.
- 3 Raturé "-ed" et ajouter un d.
- 4 "on the bridge" ajouté au-dessus.

Oct. 21st.

- 1 raturé "Madrid" et écrit "Seville" au-dessus.
- 2 "under a tropical blue sky" ajouté après
- 3 Écrit "is" sur "was"

- the least interesting we have seen in Spain. We crossed the Sierra Morena, & gradually ran out of the mountains, & after dark came precipately <sup>4</sup> into Seville.

Seville requires a book or nothing. Its legend is rhapsodic, but it is quite below the mark. Its charm is extraordinarily <sup>5</sup>, and consists in a constant variety of details that escape analysis. Islam is all-prevalent. The two architectures side by side incorporated together are comparable to <sup>6</sup> the hybrid character of all Arab building. The chief characteristic of Arab <sup>7</sup> architecture is that all the ornament can be wiped out without touching the construction.

Last night went to the Kursaal. As usual a lot of poor numbers until the last, Maria Antinea a very good dancer. A beautiful body, & movement & poses full of expression. All the Spanish dancers have shiny faces as though oiled, the intended effect of their cosmetic. <sup>8</sup>

To-day I alone went to a bull-fight. Better than at Nimes in fact a first class corrida <sup>9</sup>, but still an ignoble spectacle. I cannot be indifferent to that side of it in spite of its beauty. Before the fight a procession of personages & calèches & landaus costumed & trapped as 100 years ago. Shall never see another.

Hotel Reina Cristina, Algeciras,  
Tuesday, Oct. 23rd.

We left Seville yesterday morning. The weather had freshened a good deal after the light rain of Sunday evening. We have been chasing up the departing summer. Three times we have caught up with it, and three times it has slipped away from us - at St. Jean-de-Luz, Madrid & Seville. I saw one charming spot to paint in Seville - the Plaza de las Mercenarias -, but its distance away and the general difficulty of painting in town streets made it seem wiser to go on where there would be more and more accessible subjects.

A detour occasioned by road-mending took us to Utrera, a very pleasant looking, clean & prosperous white-washed town. The country slightly rolling, with bare fields, olive groves & some vines. We lunched well at the Hotel de Los Cisnes at Jerez is a comfortable, cosy, shady place, set in verdure. San Fernando, all white, looked as I expected Cadiz to look, and Cadiz looked quite otherwise, & by no means white. The weather, which had been cloudy all day, settled down to be definitely grey as we crossed the salt marshes with their pyramids of salt. The sea had none of the rich <sup>1</sup> colours of bad weather, just a muddy gray, and Cadiz surely looked its worst.

Cadiz frankly disappointed me. Its lack of antiquity shows in the lack of fineness and distinction of its buildings. However there might be plenty to paint along the sea-front, by the ports & in the Extramuros if the weather were favourable, but to-day everything was a dim gray, and there <sup>2</sup> was neither colour nor form.

We left Cadiz shortly before noon to-day. The weather settled into an almost persistent drizzle. We lunched on bread, cheese & fruit on the way. After Vejer de la Frontera the wild, hilly coun-

4 Raturé "unexpectedly" et écrit "precipately" au-dessus.

5 Écrit "extradinarily" puis ajoute un "o" et oublie le "r".

6 Écrit d'abord "compare to" et corrige ensuite "are comparable with".

7 "like greek" écrit dans la marge.

8 "the intended effect of their cosmetic", ajouté.

9 "in fact a first class corrida": ajouté.

Oct. 23rd.

1 "rich" ajouté

2 Il écrit "their".

try was quite fine. Tarifa was a delightful surprise, - very Arab & very paintable. A splendid subject in the gate & street seen from beside the citadel. The weather very lowering, but no longer colourless; and the white houses with their mossy-green tile roofs & the deep green acacia trees against the blue storm sky were very fine. There was a good <sup>3</sup> view of the town as we climbed the hill on leaving.

As we <sup>4</sup> got up into the sierra we found ourselves in the clouds, and it was very wet and dark. But coming down towards Algeciras we saw the sun glinting on Gibraltar & the headland on the west of the bay, while the foreground was still in the deep murk.

Oct. 25th.

Summer-like weather again yesterday & to-day, - but not entirely. The season changed Sunday night at Seville, and though there is hot sun & the sky is blue, it is not the rich summer blue, but the faint blue of winter.

Walked to the town & mole in the morning & after lunch motored to La Linea.

Gibraltar did not look particularly well from La Linea, being in contrejour, - a flat grey mass, & I found no foreground to compose with it. Morrice must have done his sketch in the morning early, but I couldn't discover from where - perhaps from the middle of "neutral ground".

Hotel Regina, Malaga  
Sunday, Oct. 28th.

Thursday was a pale fine day. C. went to Gib. in the afternoon with Léonie, while I loafed about and did nothing. There is plenty of fine land - & sea-scape round about, but depending greatly on atmospheric conditions for relief. Friday a north wind sprang up, & it was chilly. Spent the afternoon greasing car & adjusting tappets. Sat. morning there was a thick fine rain that hid Gib. In the p.m. I drove away on the road to Tarifa. The light rather misty & feeble, & I could not get up any enthusiasm for painting.

This morning we left Algeciras. A bright, sparkling, windy day, and the sun warmed the air deliciously. Where the road first comes down to the sea after San Roque there was a fine view, though rather distant, of Gib. rock. This early part of the trip was the finest. We took our bread, ham & cheese down on to the sandy beach, & ate it with the rich strong smell of the rising tide (such as I have not smelt for many a day) as relish and the purely Arab-air of a song from a (. . .) as accompaniment <sup>1</sup>. The latter part of the road was a rather tame bit of classical corniche. Malaga, too, is not impressive at <sup>2</sup> first sight. After arriving there was a fine thunder cloud over the eastern mountain with a complete rainbow, and a little rain. The office clerk says that October is often a rainy month in Malaga, & that it has been unusually fine this year.

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<sup>3</sup> "good" écrit sur "fine".

<sup>4</sup> "as we" écrit sur "a be. . ."

Oct. 28th.

<sup>1</sup> "and the purely Arab-air of a song from a (mot illisible) as accompaniment".

<sup>2</sup> "at" écrit sur "on".

Wed. Oct. 31st.

The weather has continued fine & warm. An English man of the firm of Bevan, who cashed my letter of credit assured me that it is little colder in the daytime even in Winter. There is nothing to see or do in Malaga, & without work one could perish of ennui. But it is an agreeable enough town, & I saw several things to paint around & of the Gibralfaro, Pargue & harbour. I did a stupid pochade (unfinished) from the window of our room, & a better one of the Alcazaba. If I use the latter study, keep the walls of the Alcazaba dark & brown, & the mass of foliage at the base of the hill rather darker; also the chain of walls running up the hill to right upper corner a little less vertical in direction. Perhaps a very light gray donkey would be better.

Spanish tiles are much rounder than the Roman model, - practically the shape of the horse-shoe arch <sup>1</sup>. In color they have all the shades of the soil from sand and light ochre red tints to greenish & chocolate browns. They are usually largely mottled with light & dark moss.

Hotel Almaneda, Granada, Nov. 1st.

Malaga has little attraction in itself, - a small villa quarter, La Caleta, a small low-class quarter, La Alcazaba, & all the rest rather nondescript, business, shop keepers & populace. There is not a handsome building. Neither are the people handsome, but very indifferent in appearance. Granada is quite different, much more metropolitan <sup>1</sup> in appearance, though the pop. is slightly less. The University no doubt has an influence. The people are wide-awake, often handsome, many visibly professional or intellectual.

Still Malaga offers with its climate great possibilities for painting. The environs are magnificent.

We left it this morning. Immediately on the edge of the town, the road begins to climb steeply, - 1000 m in 15 kms. The views are magnificent. Thick clouds are driven across the sky by a violent wind, seen flocks scurry <sup>2</sup> across the tilled <sup>3</sup> ochre & reddish slopes, lying in curious rythmical folds & bumps, and the blue crags lower in the deep shadow. There are several scenes that tempt me, but the wind is so fierce & the sunny rifts so few that (as always in a new <sup>4</sup> region) I decide not to stop. But the weather could not be finer for this landscape. The air is cold but not chill. There is a great variety of texture in the tilled fields & various formations of the mountains. The colours are those of fine tapestry, - yellow & red ochres, gray greens & dull blues.

Just at the boundary of the provinces of Malaga & Granada the character of the landscape changes. Less beautiful & more cultivated, very prosperous looking, with young plantations of olive trees on every hand. The latter are more thriving in appearance & darker green than any I have seen. Loja looks rather a nice town, & would perhaps be fine under another sky than this, now uniformly gray. The fonda looks as though it might be possible, & the people clean & agreeable. After Loja we ran into a plain that extends to Granada. Here it is chilly, and it rains from time to time.

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Wed. Oct. 31st.

<sup>1</sup> "the", raturé.

Nov. 1st.

<sup>1</sup> Sic.

<sup>2</sup> Correction: s'écrit avec deux r.

<sup>3</sup> "tilled": ajouté

<sup>4</sup> Ecrit en premier an puis corrigé: "a new".

Nov. 2nd.

Granada is as marvellous as its legend, - that one can realize, though one cannot loiter & relish its pleasures in this bad weather. The cold & showers continue, & the central heating, put on to-day, is more than agreeable.

We seized this morning the only sunny hours of the day to visit the Alhambra. It must have been more agreeable to visit it last century, when Irving wrote his tales in its courts & Gauthier established his head <sup>1</sup>-quarters in the Court of the Lions, than in the present time of tickets & guides.

The raison d'être of all Arab architecture is the hot sun, & without it the Alhambra is a beautiful dead object. Its beauty was obvious, but we felt no living contact. It is better not to return to it again this trip, and leave it to be a fresh discovery the next time.

The surroundings are magnificent, & there were some dramatic effects on the town & hills with the play of storm clouds & rifts. But we are half torpid with the cold, & can appreciate only objectively.

Nov. 3rd.

The favourite play in Spain seems to be <sup>1</sup> Don Juan Tenorio by Zorilla. We have seen it & on the posters in every town, on the stage or the screen. Spanish films are very bad; they show complete ignorance of the art. In the cines they are shown at break neck speed.

This hotel is excellent. It is clean & heated, the beds are not too bad, which is saying a lot in Spain, the table is excellent & over-abundant. The legend of bad cuisine <sup>2</sup> in Spain is as absurd as that of French politeness. The table has been good everywhere but in St. Sebastian & Madrid, & many native dishes are delicious. The materials employed are generally of the best quality, & coffee is everywhere good. Few small-town hotels in France are as good as they are here except for beds, which are poor everywhere but in Madrid. One of the characteristics of Sp. hotels is that the communicating doors are riddled with peep-holes.

We were surprised to see a bright sun this morning. We walked through the Albaicin & out the road to Sacro Monte. Many lovely corners & views, especially from the terrace of San Nicolas. Saw a splendid subject between San Nicolás & San Salvador, (10.30 a.m.), going down zig-zag street from S. Nic.

There are few gitanos living in the cave houses, mostly pale skinned riff-raff. The gipsies must have retired to less policed regions Guadix, etc.

This afternoon I walked across the Puente Verde & up a small hill, whence a mediocre view of the town & Sierra; then back to the flank of the Monte Mauror. It would take a month to explore the resources of this place.

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Nov. 2nd.

<sup>1</sup> Ecrit sans trait d'union.

Nov. 3rd.

<sup>1</sup> "the", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "cuisine" écrit sur "food".

Hotel Simon, Almeria, Nov. 4.

Disappointed to wake up under a thick pall of cloud & rain. Impossible to do my subject by San Nicolas, & considering the poor chances of having a sunny day soon in this period of unsettled weather, decided to go on. The rain stopped, but thick clouds were lying on the mountains all the way to the sea. There the sun was shining brightly, though a few clouds straggled out over the intense ultramarine blue. The view from Boabdil's Last Sigh was not impressive in the dull light, but the country was magnificent all the way. We lunched on a rocky hillside near Velez de Benandalla, watching the play of light on the fresh snows of the Sierra Nevada. We mistook our road, & instead of branching off by Orgiva, went straight on down to Motril. The mistake was a fortunate one. Many of the happiest things of our lives result from our mistakes. The road from Motril to El Pozuelo, narrow, winding en corniche & dangerous, is magnificent beyond words. Castell de Ferro is a fantastically beautiful spot, & there were other lovely places <sup>1</sup> in depressions where arroyos run into the sea. After heavy rains this road must be impossible. It was fine, too, along by La Rabita & El Pozuelo. After the Playa de la Rambla, the inland road was straight & flat. The setting sun was intensely red, & threw beautiful lights on the foot-hills. Came in sight of Almeria as the short twilight was failing. It look very pretty at that hour as it came in view of <sup>2</sup> the short bit of corniche road that leads into it.

Nov. 5th.

There is nothing to see in Almeria, & everything to paint. A flat-roofed, palm-dotted African town topped by its Kasbah, the house lime washed every shade of mauve, blue, rose, ochre, very much like the new parts of La Goulette or La Marsa. The populace, with a change of costume, would be perfectly Arab.

Unfortunately the sun only showed itself at intervals & long enough to be tantalizing. I was going to paint in the Streets under <sup>1</sup> the Alcazaba this p.m., but an inspection of the sky deterred me, & well it did, for presently squadrons of clouds from the mountains invaded the western sky, & the evening was very gray. They say that this is the rainiest month of the year<sup>2</sup>.

The Spaniards are the greatest roamers in creation. All day there are bands of young <sup>3</sup> men roaming the streets with no apparent object, and after seven o'clock the whole citizenry is in the promenades.

As the shawl of Grenada is red, so the one of Almeria is burnt orange, with a black kerchief on the head.

Gran Hotel, Cartagena, Nov. 9.

Almeria grew & grew on me the more I saw of it & I didn't see all of it by any means ! I didn't get up into the Alcazaba nor the other fort, I didn't explore half the streets nor the western quarter

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Nov. 4th.

<sup>1</sup> "Spots", raturé ; "places" écrit au-dessus.

<sup>2</sup> Mot illisible raturé, "of" écrit au-dessus.

Nov. 5th.

<sup>1</sup> "near", raturé; "under", écrit au-dessus

<sup>2</sup> Cette dernière phrase ajoutée en caractères plus petits entre lignes.

<sup>3</sup> "young", ajouté.

of the town, nor did I go back on the corniche road or out on the mole. (I think there must be a good subject from the mole looking west ward across the harbour in the morning.) However on Tuesday, Wed. & Thurs. I managed a sketch each day. The weather was uncertain & windy until Friday, which was beautiful. Plenty left for the next time. Temp. about 66° - 67°.

We left this morning. Seven kms. out some splendid landscape. In fact there was scarcely a foot all the way that was not fine material. Extraordinary colour & fantastic forms. The <sup>1</sup> telling effect of Spanish landscape in these regions lies in the vivid contrasts one meets as one journeys. After winding dizzily through a <sup>2</sup> chaos of pale ochre & white hills <sup>3</sup> blazing <sup>4</sup> under the blue sky that Leonie called the land of gnomes <sup>5</sup>, a final turn brings one suddenly in face of sombre blue & purple mountain landscape, & in <sup>6</sup> the same way without warning one emerges into a fertile valley, green with trees & crops, against a background of red hill.

Sorbas was magnificent, surrounded by a vast natural moat, crossed only by a single causeway. After Cuevas de Vera there was some more splendid landscape, & as we approached the Punta de la Galera there was an entrancing view of the bay seen through a depression of the foreground.

And from there on to Aquilas a crescendo beyond all words. Aquilas is simply an astonishing little port of some exotic imagery, & there was a continuous succession of views of it, each as perfect as the other. I never saw <sup>7</sup> anything to approach it.

Mazarrón was very extraordinary in its way: mines among hills of peculiar peaked formation, & in the town a ruined citadel on the apex of one peak. The earth of the hillsides was a tapestry of every rich shade of ochres & browns <sup>8</sup>, of cool grays & mauves, with heaps of bright red earth (safran) <sup>9</sup> or are lying by the mines. After that we approached the deep blue sea again, but one would have to go a little nearer the shore to get good views of the bay & the Capo de la Subida. From there to Cartagena the scene was rather indifferent.

To enjoy the beauty of this trip it is absolutely essential to do it from S. W. to N.E. with the sun behind one. And a cloud flecked sky throwing shadows on the hills accentuates the profiles & colour contrasts.

Cartagena seems likely to disappoint me. My faith in it is founded on Baedeker's plan showing a land encased harbour & hilly promontories. But dark came on soon after arrival, & when I walked out I could only see the flashes of the light houses.

Sat. Nov. 10th.

Cartagena is a disappointment, & not worth a visit. To be sure the day was not the most favourable - a cold pallid blue sky & white light -, but allowing for that nothing is happy for painting. The town itself is very uninteresting. I tried a pochade from the window in the p.m., but the sun setting too rapidly, I wiped it off. It's queer that I can't learn anything of sensible conduct of work: when I undertake a sketch in a trivial way to choose a trivial subject, not one with a lot of construction. I ought to carry a small box for the occasions without a certain purpose.

A cold north wind to-day, & nothing engaging.

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Nov. 9th.

- 1 "extraordinary", raturé.
- 2 "blazing", rature, "chaos of", ajouté.
- 3 "sea of", raturé.
- 4 "gleaming", rature: "blazing", ajouté.
- 5 "that Leonie called the land of Gnomes", ajouté.
- 6 Correction du manuscrit qui comporte "in & in".
- 7 Correction de "say" pour "saw".
- 8 "with sport", raturé
- 9 "safran" ajouté entre parenthèses.

Gran Hotel, Albacete, Nov. 11th.

A still, cloudless day with <sup>1</sup> bright, golden sunlight in a violet haze, like a late September day in the north. We made an early start (for Spain). A gleaming white, barren country to the Sierra del Puerto, where there were some pretty turns of the road amongst the hills, & views of Murcia & its violet & dark <sup>2</sup> green vega <sup>3</sup>. As we climbed a little towards Cieza, the landscape somewhat like the Californian desert <sup>4</sup>, lost its charm of form & colour, & took on a scraggy coat of dry vegetation. Adieu, strange Mediterranean shore. It was pleasanter to recall its beauties than to look at our surroundings. Lunched well enough at Hellin.

Albacete is quite without interest.

Murcia seemed a most uncongenial town, the people ill disposed, stubborn & lowering. At Espinardo in order to force a passage <sup>5</sup>, I had to bump a donkey, who lurched against his master, who in turn fell under his beast. A little further on the spirit of the inhabitants <sup>6</sup> became more amiable.

Here the people look already quite Madrilenos compared to those of the south, - & handsomer somewhat. Their complexion is more orange - more ardent at any rate - than the sallow tints of the coast. Madrid has the handsomest women of any town we have seen, & many of them. In Seville there were few.

C. who has had a liver turn ever since we arrived in Almeria, is better, but not quite herself yet.

Hotel Alfonso XIII, Madrid, Nov. 14th.

The country & towns near Albacete were dull, but nearer Madrid they, particularly the towns, showed much more character, and lent a little interest to the straight road, which in the clear air seemed to lead to the foot on the snowy range of Guadarrama until the smoke cloud over Madrid <sup>1</sup> rose to blot it out. We lunched poorly at the Hotel Pastor in the decayed glory of that Madrilenos Chantilly-Aranjuez.

Madrid is much more lively & metropolitan than it was a month ago. We are lucky in having such glorious weather.

This morning we went to the Archeological Museum. It contains some important collections of all kinds of stuff from Phoenician grave ornaments to "Empire" Spanish costumes, and from Inca & Aztec sculpture to a charming collection of stone & wax models of Mexican types. There is no Maya art. Was struck by some very lovely small religious pictures done in Mexico with feathers on copper plates. And indescribable softness & at the same time strength of colour obtained with almost no colour at all, - due, I suppose, to the infinite variation & play of the tiny feather hairs. Also saw some masks & mask-form headdress brought back from lower California & the Coast north thereof <sup>2</sup> by a Spanish expedition 1791, that are absolutely identical to those of the Canadian West Coast Indians. Barbeau really knows nothing at all about the latter.

Nov. 11th.

- 1 "a", raturé.
- 2 "dark", ajouté
- 3 "vega": mot espagnol qui veut dire plaine.
- 4 "somewhat like the Californian desert", ajouté
- 5 "in order to force a passage", ajouté
- 6 "of the inhabitants", ajouté.

Nov. 14th.

- 1 Ecrit "Midrid" au lieu de "Madrid".
- 2 "from lower California & the coast north thereof", ajouté.

Hotel Norte y Londres, Burgos. Nov. 15.

This morning a thick white fog covered Madrid, but one felt a blue sky & sun overhead. He made a late start, than which it is difficult to do otherwise in Spain. In the sierras the chilly <sup>1</sup> fog was backed by a cloudy, sky, which remained after the fog cleared away. Nearing Burgos it was rifted enough to let the sun stain the heavens with madder. The camelean towns, brown pink or chocolate, or dun in the mountains, which seemed interesting enough when we first saw them, appeared tamed after the marvels of the south.

When I do a canvas from my studies in the south, try the experiment of limiting my palette to 5 or 6 colours.

I don't think I shall feel that this trip has dispelled the mystery of Spain by bridling the wings of my imagination with hard facts. The facts were so much finer & so different from what I had expected that I feel my desires launched on new trails with fresh enthusiasm.

Hotel de la Poste, St. Jean-de-Luz, Nov. 16th.

Milder this morning but a fine rain. By dint of strenuous pushing we got away early - 9 o'clock. Burgos is another frontier - between <sup>1</sup> the <sup>2</sup> bare, ravaged looking Spain of red earth & camelean towns and the northern, Basque landscape of trees, green vales & tumbling streams. And even after the strange marvels of the south the Basque country appeared to me as charming as ever. It has a hospitable, cheery harmonious & serene air that is good to live in, & which is reflected in its population <sup>3</sup>. The south is too dramatic, too extravagant to make daily bread of, & it would be a pity to become familiar with it.

The clouds were clearing ahead of us, & when we passed the Puerto de Etchegarate on the line between Navarra & Guipuzcoa we came into a fair sky, golden Basque sunshine & a summer-like warmth<sup>4</sup>. The colour of the hillsides was exquisite, the tints of the autumn foliage of a rare richness of yellows & brown reds on which the fine, gray <sup>5</sup> twigs of the stripped trees laid a velvety bloom. The villages have a fine character too. We had gone from St. Sebastian to Miranda da Ebro <sup>6</sup> by the Deva road; we chose to return by the Tolosa one. An excellent lunch with native cider at Tolosa. Arrived at the frontier in good time, & passed without delay. Got here at 4 p.m., & immediately went to a house agent to inquire about a villa for the winter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Villa Itsas Goity  
St. Jean-de-Luz, Feb. 16th 1929.

The less I have to do, the harder it is to do anything, and it is never so hard to write my journal as when boredom and poor health leave me many free but dull hours. Yet I should like to have a record of how all these weeks were wasted.

Nov. 15.

<sup>1</sup> "chilly", ajouté.

Nov. 16th.

<sup>1</sup> Ecrit "betwen" au lieu de "between".

<sup>2</sup> "sp", raturé.

<sup>3</sup> "which is reflected in its population", ajouté.

<sup>4</sup> "& a summer-li ke warmth", ajouté.

<sup>5</sup> "gray", ajouté.

<sup>6</sup> "Burgos", raturé; "Miranda da Ebro", ajouté.

Up to Christmas they were occupied with Christmas shopping, business decisions and correspondence, repairs to the sempiternal M.L.B. <sup>1</sup> and preparations for leaving Paris on Jan. 2nd. Then very cold weather and a new invasion of the carbuncles forced us to postpone. Dr. Ayrignac diagnosed albumin, exhausted reserve of strength, & put me on a strict diet. Finally seizing a moment between an almost cured carbuncle and a new one beginning, in spite of very cold weather we left Paris on Jan. 26, & arrived here on the afternoon of the 28th.

With disappointment & rage we put one foot in a very underheated villa. The furnace grill was broken, and a new one was on order since November! Very French. So we stayed at the Hôtel de la Poste until the 5th or the 6th of this month, shilly-shallying with the agent, until the new grill came. Then a fight over the indemnity for staying at the hotel. We won, but how much time lost.

After getting in it took me several days to get up enough confidence in the new installation (eternal weakness) to unpack my things. Since then I have been rather seedy (though the carbuncles are gone), and we have had a touch (- 1 cent. ) of the extraordinary cold wave that lies on Europe, and a great deal of nerve racking storm & wind. I hope to get to work to-morrow <sup>2</sup>. We are comfortable enough at last, with the villa well heated, & with Leonie & Madeleine to look after us <sup>3</sup>, but it is slow getting accustomed enough to new surroundings to be able to do composition work. One can work "sur le motif" in almost <sup>4</sup> any surroundings.

March 7th.

After doing a water-colour esquisse I began a canvas (no 20) of the Alcazaba of Almeria (fishing nets), which I have now laid aside for further ripening. As an experiment I laid in the whole canvas with burnt sienna. The method has some advantages as a warm undertone and as a quick way of general establishment of values, but with a single pigment (except black) it is physically impossible to obtain all values. And if one is only approximate, there is a risk of the others, to which it serves as touchstone, going wrong. This method also has the disadvantage of giving the subsequent painting in colour the nature of a repainting.

And now trying a flat coloured preparation, and have prepared two canvases with Roman ochre. Am starting a water-colour from the other Alcazaba of Almeria, adding a horseman and other figures, and shall try to make it less descriptive & oratorical, put in more poetry & synthesis.

My health improved signally for about a week, & I thought I was on the high road. But fatigue and lassitude & depression have come back again, and my ideas are correspondingly dull.

Mar. 8th.

This afternoon to Bayonne, strolled under the arcades, took tea at Durands and nosed about the antiquaries' shops. There is no pleasanter town to roam in.

The real touchstone of the genuine innovator among artists is whether he is conscious of being one or not. If he is, he is only a novelty seeker. In his *Journal*, Delacroix appears as a most reverent conservative.

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Feb. 16th.

1 "repairs to the sempiternal M.L.B.", ajouté.

2 "to-morrow", sic.

3 "to-look after us", ajouté.

4 "almost", ajouté.

Apr. 10th.

A bad sign, these long intervals, - a sign of indifferent activity. I feel that there is little worth recording or, even more, that recording it is of no importance. In periods of greatest mental activity and fertility, I can always find time to note events, but my principal reason for keeping this journal was to analyse the barren periods I have struggled a lot over the technique best adapted to studio painting from studies in working on the Alcazaba of Almeria (with horseman, which made the execution slow).

Two or three days of conviction that I had fallen into the method best adapted to my nature and the needs of long-winded painting were brought up shortly <sup>1</sup> by a wave or irritation (provoked by a casual event). Two or three days devoted to business & letter-writing have put me plumb again. I destroyed the Alcazaba (fishings nets), and have little remorse, thought doubt of painting certain parts of it as well again. Though "happy" fragments are a dangerous delusion. The Roman ochre preparation is superior to the monotone ébauche <sup>2</sup> though too positive in colour & too dark. Next time I shall use a ground more similar to the colour of a natural wood panel.

Did a fair sketch of the fort & basin at Socoa. There is material for a composition.

Sunday excursion to Biriaton. Several subjects.

Allegorical subjects for decoration: - Satiety leading Charity by hand. Divinity of Idleness accompanied by knowledge <sup>3</sup>. Nobility of Pleasure. Triumph of Poverty, followed by Envy, Injustice, Acrimony, Hate, etc. Triumph of Wealth, followed by Gentleness, Forbearing, Sympathy, Beauty, Poetry (Art).

Apr. 15th.

Yesterday the blue wind <sup>1</sup>. Went to Socoa in p.m. An unbelievable ominous richness of colour. The sky that strange intense steel blue <sup>2</sup> swept in strange motions, with grayer clouds in long rolls; the sea greens & purples, or bluer steel blue. An intense dull luminosity. Never did the gorse look so yellow - though scarcely illuminated the foliage gleamed light against the sea. When the next south wind comes I must not fail to get out there to paint. Wind & rain coming upon us in a sudden squall drove us scuttling to the car.

Dr. Orgogoze to lunch.

To-day to St. Etienne-de-Baïgorry with C., Helen & Violet <sup>3</sup>, where lunched on the terrace beside the Nive between the fowls & the ducks. A freshly washed, bright warm day, an absolute anti-thesis to yesterday in atmosphere. The lovely colour of the violet-red granite houses and brown-red soil. The misty new foliage brown-pink and tender green.

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April 10th.

- 1 "were brought up shortly", ajouté.
- 2 "ébauch", correction
- 3 "accompanied by knowledge", ajouté.

April 15th.

- 1 "(south)", raturé.
- 2 "with grayer", raturé
- 3 "with C.; Helen & Violet", ajouté.

After lunch to St. Jean-Pied-de-Port. Lively with a foire. But St. Jean's charms, more obvious seem to soon peter out, while St. Etienne's only reveal themselves gradually. Bidarray lovely in contrejour on the way back.

In the church of Lonhossoa, one of the most harmonious of the region, the sort of palanquin on which coffins are carried, was standing in the central aisle, surrounded by unlit candelabras <sup>4</sup>, a coffin on it covered with a black pall embroidered <sup>5</sup> "en appliqué" with black & <sup>6</sup> white skulls & cross-bones. As we first caught view <sup>7</sup> of it through the open door, a skull <sup>8</sup> placed just at the top of one gabled end of the coffin appeared to be a sinister savage mask. In fact in the dimmer light of the church it seemed rather an actual death's head wrought by some savage artifice into a formal style. The sight was so grim that Violet could scarcely muster courage to enter.

At St. Etienne we met an old woman, who bid us good day in a loud high voice, and as we passed on made some incomprehensible remark followed by dry, cackling laugh. She was apparently a simple. She entered a decayed, blind old cottage clinging to the bank of the graveyard & overhanging the rapids of the river, where we later saw her in the doorway with her staff, her wide-brimmed flat, black hat, her purple cheeks & nose & white circles round her eyes. Fit material for the popular conception of a sorceress.

I love this country so that I hardly know how I shall ever be able to tear myself away from it.

Thursday Apr. 25th.

Last Thursday was a day of crystalline perfection, such as usually precedes a blast of the blue wind, which began the next morning. When we came out from the cinema that evening we saw glowing clouds of smoke & flames on the mountains to the SW. Quickly we jumped in the car & tore along the road to Spain. It was a feerie night, a witches' night, and the wind so furious that at times the car was almost pushed into the ditch. When we got to the top of Behobie <sup>1</sup> hill, we saw that the frontier was between us and the fire. The silhouette <sup>2</sup> of the Trois Couronnes was fringed with fire, and we could see the flames leaping in the hot, dry blast.

The day before yesterday the Perlis turned up unexpectedly. Went with them to Biarritz, & had them twice to dinner.

Have finished the Horseman of Almeria, - all but a few things which I prefer to come back to later. Whether it is good or bad I have no notion at the present time. I have no regret of having destroyed the fish nets of Almeria. It started on a false note.

No amount of services rendered with bluffness will please a woman, but she may be taken advantage of indefinitely if it is done with urbanity; and even <sup>3</sup> if the deceit is exposed to her she will scarcely resent it.

4 "surrounded by unlit candelabras", ajouté.

5 "with", raturé.

6 "black & ", ajouté.

7 "of one end", raturé.

8 "at one end of the", raturé.

April. 25th.

1- "Beherobie" au lieu de "Behobie".

2- "outline", raturé

3- "even", ajouté.

I sometimes wonder whether we ever really perceive anything at all, or whether we simply have sensorial (perceptive) habits crystallised by sentiment. Lying awake early this morning I heard a sound that I took at first for crunching of gravel underfoot. Presently I realized that it was the twittering of birds, and it seemed then much more musical. Poetry, in order to find a new aspect of things, begins by changing the sentiment with which they are considered.

We are victims of fashion in all our perceptions. How the new fashion grows is sensed contemporarily here & there, faintly and confusedly then formulated by a few insurgents, whose nature keeps them pitched to receive unorthodox sensations and ideas, is an inscrutable process.

May 6th Monday.

Violet & Helen left on Friday: the Hugues arrived on Saturday. Bad weather all week kept us from the intended excursion in Spain.

Yesterday bright sun, but another blue wind promised several days of bad weather, so we seized the occasion to take the Hugues to Hernani, Tolosa (delicious lunch), Azpeitia, Loyola, & return by Zumaya & the corniche road. Rather disappointed by the scenery & greatly by Loyola. At Guetaria a game of peloti with palas. A pleasant day however and very warm.

Rather weary from continuous changes of weather, - working lazily at large horseman with background of Alcazaba of Almeria. Cloudy dull day.

May 12th.

The Hugues left on Sunday. To-day a good pelota match at Guétary. Hot-cold changeable weather. Slight continuous headache for the last ten days.

*"Il reste plus de vérité qu'on ne croit dans les idées convenues  
que chaque peuple se fait des autres".*

Abel Bonnard.

May 16th.

Working with the greatest delight on esquisse for the Horseman of Almeria, due to the splendid qualities of Canson paper for painting on. It gives the finest qualities of surface <sup>1</sup> and modulation, can render any texture, and whatever one does refuses to get in a mess. The only difficulty with paper is its preservation by a suitable support. Rag paper is as enduring as canvas.

The whole country is blown with acacias.

Move to-morrow to La Chaumière.

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May 16th.

<sup>1</sup> "texture", raturé; "surface", ajouté.

La Chaumière, May 20th.

Settled in the new house. Tried to work this morning, but it didn't go: moving has put me off.

Fêtes everywhere yesterday - Whitsunday <sup>1</sup> - and to-day, - traditional fête on the Rhune etc. Went this afternoon to Dancharinea where there was a game of pelote à main nue <sup>2</sup> on the Spanish fronton, between 2 Spaniards & 3 Frenchmen. The Sp's won.

The fronton's two walls (Spanish type) reproduce the right angle formed by the brook that here marks the frontier and a tributary stream from the Spanish side. It is one of the most prettily situated small frontons. To the S., opposite the end wall, is a vista of the stream and a pointed peak, to the W. verdure, to the E. behind the tier of seats a house with a recess traversed by a balcony, under which on a wide ledge were seated the musicians - accordeon and flute, and another house adjoining the end wall of the fronton with an overhanging balcony filled with spectators.

After the game when the musik struck up a one-armed, one eyed sort of village buffoon, who had sung the score of the game, and a lame man with two club feet danced a grotesque fandango. Only in Spain is there so little sense of the indignity of deformation.

There were many dancers for the fandango. Lithe tall <sup>2</sup> chaps in their short black blouses, with long handsome faces, dances with town-clad young men and girls in satin. The Spanish dancers accentuate the movements much more than do the French.

It is difficult to believe that a brook ten yards wide marks such a difference from one side to the other. But the aspect of the country, of the road even, was different from that to the north. What struck me the most was how much more intensely marked were the Basque types on the Spanish side. Perhaps their more primitive secluded life has fostered better their personal characteristic, which in turn have a plastic influence on their features.

May 23rd.

*"La volupté mettait sur elle ses deux marques inséparables. D'une part la facilité, la largeur d'esprit, une complexion plus humaine. D'autre part la mollesse, l'inconsciente <sup>1</sup> fourberie, l'abandon des principes"*. Consider in its application <sup>2</sup> to puritanism and to <sup>3</sup> the contrary temperament.

May 30th.

A letter to-day from Bessie announcing Aunt Annie's death, her end as peaceful as could be desired. *"She just went to sleep"*.

May 20th.

1 (Sic)

2 "a main nue", raturé le pluriel.

May 20th.

2 "tall" ajouté.

May 23rd.

1 "inconsciente", deuxième c oublié.

2 "application", deuxième p oublié.

3 "to" ajouté.

A delicious trip into Spain to-day, decided on the spur of the moment, the weather offering signs of fairness. Though it was sunny here the sky was overcast where we were.

We arrived at Vera just in time for the Fête-Dieu procession. The town is charming - houses of exquisite tonality, which was keyed up by the - not tasteful, for the Spanish never have taste - by the happy richness of the clothes that adorned their balconies for the occasion, a house of <sup>1</sup> dusky rose having wine - coloured brocade, a white-washed <sup>2</sup> house with ochre stone coins white linen embroidered with red houses of violet-red grès yellow drapery ! The way was laid with a path of white home-spun linen, bordered by strewn ferns. By chance we selected the best vantage point, looking down on the little place. First came the wine-coloured <sup>3</sup> banners of the brotherhoods and a great banner with radial stripes of faded gray-greens and yellows, probably the banner of the population, which here took its stand behind a red & white cloth laid on the ground surrounded by a sprinkling of rose petals in front of the great dusky rose house. When the Sacrement came up under its dais it halted, & the bearer of the banner, after making his obéissance, swung it while kneeling in a great wheel of graceful and ritual gestures. This act of submission of the population to the clergy is undoubtedly the origin of the similar "dance" given by Saski Naski as its performance at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées last Winter.

The church stands on an eminence surrounded by terraces. Interior uninteresting. Numerous motives to paint.

The view of subilla as we approached, looking down on the river & bridge, very fine. The country here gets more beautiful than lower on the Bidassoa.

Lunched well at Hotel Aizpurn at Oronoz-Mugaïre. Could put up here comfortably.

Elizondo has numerous subjects & is spacious enough to give a distance necessary to compose. Its houses are magnificent in colour & volume, all bearing the arms of its noble farmers.

After the Maya summit a lovely view down on Urdax.

Before leaving this morning finished my Horseman at Almeria (on paper). My best thing, I think. Very happy to-day.

June <sup>1</sup> 4th.

Much less confident to-day in my Horseman. The whole thing looks to me rather ridiculous. Time to put it out of sight and start something else.

C. left for Paris this morning. All day a "Scotch mist". The last one we had I rather enjoyed its effects and walking in it; to-day it bores me.

On Sunday, when the Fête de Dieu <sup>2</sup> was celebrated in France, went to Bidarray. In the procession were a drum-major in scarlet followed by drums & bugles <sup>3</sup>, sapeurs with busbies and axes <sup>4</sup>, fellows in white with red berets & coloured ribbons falling from their shoulders, holding staffs topped

May 30th.

- 1 "dark" rature.
- 2 "washed", ajouté.
- 3 "wine-coloured", ajouté.

June 4th.

- 1 "may", raturé.
- 2 sic
- 3 "followed by drums and bugles", ajouté.
- 4 "and axes", ajouté.

by bouquets from which fell a mass of ribbons, and the rank & file with red berets & carrying guns. Before the reposoir four chaps carrying banners waved them from side to side in an atrophied form of the obeisance tradition that we saw at Vera. The whole thing was rather a masquerade, while at Vera it was a splendid ceremony.

At St. Pee, on the way back, we saw the youngmen in similar costumes <sup>5</sup>, though restricted to busbies and axes, with ferocious black beards in addition, going to vespers. The followers carried makilas instead of guns.

The <sup>6</sup> costumes are evidently a reminiscence of the Peninsular War. At Vera there were a number of complete costumes of grenadiers.

The interior of the church at Vera presented a curious aspect. Strewn over the flagging were dozens of low oblong stools, on which & promiscuously on the floor lay the <sup>7</sup> yellow wax papers, coiled or wound on a small board, that worshippers burn before them during mass. The first impression in the half shadow was of an Arab Café with sweetmeats and pipes lying on tiny tables.

June 12th.

A lonely week with C. away in Paris since the 4th. And detestable weather since Sunday, no since earlier: a sullen, heavy, drenching sea-spell that fishermen say lasts 30 to 40 days, which confirms the St. Médard doctrine. This evening for the first time can the mountain be seen.

Repainted the figures & foreground of Horseman of Almeria (on canvas). Drew self-portrait before the window reflected in mirror, but lacking weather to paint it. Did chromopochade at Socoa, & started to draw another Alcazaba of Almeria (fishing nets).

To-day went to Pan to get Guillaume's name put on Certificat International de Route. Drove at 100 an hour, & the movement & getting out of the house did me good. Coming back took the detour by Salies-de-Bearn. Salies one of the nicest looking thermal stations. Sorde-L'Abbaye <sup>1</sup>, near Peyrehorade, a very lovely ancient village. Church remarkably beautiful outside, part romanesque part gothic, interior restored & cold but harmonious, and abbey <sup>2</sup>, part ruined, part inhabited, on banks of the gave d'Oloron. Pretty corniches in this region.

variations on their theme.

Walls white-washed, roofs <sup>3</sup> rust-coloured tile "slates".

Friday, June 28th.

The Welschs here since Saturday. On Wednesday went along the Spanish corniche as far as Lequeitio. The group of the church & town of Orio lovely in contre-jour of morning. The balustra-

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5 "going to vespers", ajouté puis raturé.

6 "countr. . .", raturé.

7 "the", ajouté.

June 12th.

1 Ajouté un "s" à "Sorde".

2 "ruined", ajouté puis raturé.

3 "roofs", écrit roofes.

des of the leafy square silhouetted against the harbour of Lequeitio in the late afternoon. The point at Motrico. Boats at the quayside close to the road bridge at Zumaya.

In the morning stopped at Zuloagas's <sup>1</sup> Museum at Zumaya. Magnificent Saint Anthony Kneeling in supplication in left foreground. One of Greco's very fine canvases & rather a late one. The earlier crucifixion <sup>2</sup> with the tiny procession of departing soldiers in lower distance. Several Goya portraits. 2 wooden angels from Eibar. Quantities of other lovely things of all sorts. In the chapel the clothed mater Dolorosa & the Christ on cross of poignant 18th cent. realism.

The Welschs leave to-morrow.

July 5th.

The Mitas and Sarejannis arrive.

July 12th.

Yesterday with Mita & Mr. Sarejanni to Pampelona. Left in morning, lunched at Mugaire, returned about 3 a.m. Very hot, very fine day. It was the fiesta of San Fermin (7th to 12th July).

About 20 kms before Pampelona the Basque landscape ceases and Spain begins. Spain is - Spain. The country was not, of course like any I had seen, but had an essentially Spanish character: dry, baked and glowing, - pale hills of strongly accented outline with patches of ripened wheat.

Nothing extraordinary about Pampelona, but the colour and animation of Spain. Some fine things along the remparts behind the cathedral. Made a pencil sketch. The cathedral interior thoroughly French gothic, & beautiful. Some remarkable wooden statues & reliefs, giet & coloured. A few monumental private palaces, one with an XVIII cent. coach, gilt & lacquered & furbished like new, under the entrance vault.

Nothing extraordinary about the fiesta either except the intense festive <sup>1</sup> spirit. The others went to the corrida novillada, while I was satisfied to watch the crowd pouring into the arena. Magnificent dusky beauty in one of the <sup>2</sup> municipal Landaus. "Récréative" societies with banner & flutes & drums danced their way in. The youth of the populace in white trousers, blue shirts, red sashes & flame-red kerchiefs round the neck. Berets country youths in black blouses longer than in this region. Much wine drinking from skins.

The encierro <sup>3</sup> takes place the morning of the bull fights at 7, when the beasts are driven through the streets barricaded off, & charge the amateur toreros. Too bad we missed this.

After the fight, the parade in the paseo. After dinner fireworks & music for fox-trots & waltzes in the plaza. We hoped for fandangos & jotas, but were disappointed.

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June 28th.

1 Ecrit "Zuluaga".

2 Ecrit "crucifixion".

July 12th.

1 ". . . al", raturé.

2 "imper. . .", raturé.

3 "s" final raturé.

After the intense heat & glare of the day a pleasant & cool drive home in the night.

The administrator of the Spanish custom-house asleep. After much discussion the employee with great <sup>4</sup> trepidation decided to awaken this <sup>5</sup> gentleman, who was in black humour. The courageous subaltern <sup>6</sup> firmly refused the douro I offered, & would accept nothing but my package of cigarettes.

Altogether a grand day.

14th July.

Guns, bunting, La Marseillaise.

Did a pochade on the beach yesterday and this morning. The bay is a marvellous spectacle in this fine hot misty weather, fantastic with movement glow and colour. The light notes stand out <sup>1</sup> with soft incandescence in a mist of black blue and violet haze. I fancy there is no lovelier sight in the world. No time nor place can have offered a fairer assemblage of human bodies in the perfection of form & colouring, lounging, sporting, diving. Tents, pontoons, awning-covered launches, canoes, yachts, coast-guard boats chasers garlanded with pennants, the break waters and the hills of Bordagain and Ste. Barbe play with varied brilliance in the glaucous haze. A painter who knew how to make something of this would have as enchanting <sup>2</sup> a subject as any fabulous Venetian fête, but fantastically difficult with its mad movement and colour. However I find an intense joy in it, and am going to concentrate on it at present and make of it what I can.

The Mitas are installed in Etchechoa next door. After firstly feeling but slight taste for the country Mita seems to have found some subjects for enthusiasm.

August 11th.

I have never seen such wretched summer weather in St. Jean. Apart from the glorious second week of July we have rarely had a beautiful day, either fair or gray. It has stormed and rained for five days until to-day, which doesn't yet show signs of clearing.

Yesterday finished an exquisite for a beach picture (no 10) Drew a No 25, Corinne in the garden Etchechoa, but have not had a second fair evening to continue it.

Have almost finished M. Latour's *Théories des Emotions*. If he has the energy to do it over & present it in a way that will force attention, I think his name will go down with those of the great philosophers & psychologists. It gives me complete satisfaction except for the dual form in which the object of artistic representation is presented, le Beau & le Vécu. There is a subsequent effort to correlate the two, but it ought not to be difficult to find a unity of view embracing these two tendencies, true enough in themselves. I think one can say that the Beautiful is always the Known, and the Known always the Beautiful in the altruistic sense, that is without any personal repercussion, which is the case

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4 "much", raturé, "great", ajouté.

5 "him", raturé.

6 "employee", raturé.

July 14th.

1 "burn" raturé.

2 "marvellous", raturé.

of the artist. M. Latour's théorie seems to contain everything worth while that has ever been said about the emotions including the aesthetic emotion. And - special flattery - it contains my own théorie: Beauty = representation of the beneficent, ugliness = representation of the maleficent, though I didn't hit on his neat explanation that all the derivative forms of beauty are altruistic forms that have developed from immediate & personal benefit.

One can say that art is always based on the representation of the beautiful: 1 - either M. Latour's le Beau that is Every man's beauty - in the normal evolution <sup>1</sup> through the spirit of solidarity of the sensible <sup>2</sup> representation of the beneficent (capacité de favoriser), - and is correlated to idealism in art;

2- or M. Latour's le Vécu, only the artist's beauty <sup>3</sup> which may be everyman's ugliness - in spite of the spirit of solidarity a sensible representation of the maleficent (capacité de nuire) - and through an extreme will to socialization becomes in the effort to intensive penetration, of <sup>4</sup> the will to affranchissement and domination (in a sphere judged superior), a representation of <sup>5</sup> beneficent to the artist. This form of beauty is correlated to realism in art.

One may therefore say that <sup>6</sup> idealism is the tendency of the artist with less spirit of solidarity, realism that of the artist with more spirit of solidarity.

To-day saw Isidoro in an exhibition match of pelota with Chisteras. Slim, elegant, flexible, like a Matador. The other best players we have seen melt away.

Sept. 2nd.

Yanni left this morning after ten days with us. There is little likelihood of seeing him for a good while, as he leaves in November to take up his post in the Institute of vegetable pathology at Athens. In spite of his preference for literature I believe he is better adapted to science. He is subtle enough, but often fails to grasp the essential generalities, and gets delectably shoaled on side issues. He has a vast amount of minute intelligence.

Fay Taylor comes this afternoon from Biarritz to succeed to Yanni's room.

Fanny M. back for Bagnoles badly done up by her cure. But we fancy that her limp is somewhat imagined. She is putting her spoke in the wheel of our & Mita's plan for a trip in Spain about the 15th.

Have worked little. Some fine weather the last 10 days of August, but often sultry & incertain, & am not feeling too brisk with another carbuncle. Dr. Haristoy of Biarritz could find no cause, & Dr. Orgagozo is giving me the autohemotherapy treatment as a last resort. Have done some sketches for <sup>1</sup> beach scenes, but have been prevented by one thing or another from going on with Corinne in the garden of Etchechoa.

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August 11th.

- 1 "of", raturé.
- 2 "sensible", ajouté.
- 3 "only the artist's beauty", ajouté.
- 4 Ecrit "of" sur "or"
- 5 "the", raturé.
- 6 "the", raturé.

Sept. 2nd.

- 1 "pa. . ." raturé.

Sept 21st.

Too busy all these days to think of my journal. And I find that I have let lots of memorable incidents pass by without record.

There was a concert at Aquilera (Biarritz) by the Orfeon Donostiarra of St. Sebastian. Admireable Basque songs and fandangos. Chorus, Orchestra, flutes & drums. Some airs bear a remarkable resemblance to Greek songs.

Several toros de fuego, the best at the fête of Urrugne. The setting was superb with the houses round the place illuminated from beneath. Musicians in a high box screened with verdure in front of the mairie. Untiring fandangos. The chatelaine in the window of the mairie.

Cleve & Bessie here from 7th to 10th. Excursioned continuously. The 7th to St-Jean-P.-de-P. & St. Etienne-de-B. The 8th to the fête of our Lady of Guadalupe at Fontarabia. At 9.30 the procession came out of the town gate with many volleys of salutes and firing of two cannons, relics of the siege by Condé. Costumes of the period (approximately) & pretty cantinières, flutes & drums. Followed the procession up to the church on the mountain. Marvellous view. Ceremonies round the calvary, with the sappers to the fore in sheepskin & false beards. Everyone remarked the fine, handsome types of men.

Then out the corniche road to lunch at Ondarroa. Hotel crowded & lunch poor. On the way back visited Zuolaga's collection. Not favoured by afternoon light. The Mitas & Fay with us.

The 9th to Sare. The fête had attracted crowds of people but very few strangers. The Basques try to keep their fêtes to themselves. While Violet was at Sare the hotel-keeper had tried to tell us that Sare had no fête, and the posters announcing it were worded exclusively in Basque.

There were traditional dances of the same order as those shown by Saski Naski. The grotesque note was given by a short, fat bouffon imitating the dancers. Very warm glorious weather. To see anything we had to stand on tiptoe & crane our necks, braving the waves of heat & smell of sweat from the crowd. C. & Bess got a better view, though fitful, by mounting the round-about.

In the evening de Zogheb's to dinner.

The 9th or 10th to Bayonne, Biarritz, Biriaton etc. Lunched with Cleve & Bess at La Réserve.

Cleve bought wine-tasters, Louis XV table, fine oak Louis XIV bahut, quite unusual, and a fragment of Romanesque column & capital.

A few days later Fay returned to Biarritz.

Last Sunday went to St. Sebastian. Painted the regatta in the concha from M. Latour's mirador, & lunched with him. Ate lobster that must have been a corpse. In the afternoon began to have pains, & made our adieux as quickly as possible. By the time we got to the frontier was doubled up with my nose on the wheel. However got home before I gave over. Sick all night. Not feeling quite myself yet.

Finished the canvas of Corinne in garden of Etchechoa. Not very good but at least I put to the proof a satisfactory method for direct canvases.

The last few days weather rainy & cool, equinoctial storm.

Preparing trip in Spain. Fanny doing everything to prevent Mita going. However he is getting

her off to-night to Paris, & if <sup>1</sup> Doctor Jarvis wires that her state is not disquieting, he will come with us.

A letter from Mrs. Black in London. She & her husband one of the nicest Canadian couples we have met.

The Summer is over ! Happily here, unlike most places, the coming of Autumn does not overcome us with melancholy as though the end of life itself were approaching.

Cleve seems to think very decidedly that this is the place for us to settle. But if there is another war, not to consider a communist revolution ? A hard problem.

Wrote Welch, & a letter from him says both his parents are convalescent from their typhoids <sup>2</sup>.

Sept. 22

In point of weather this has not been a very good season. While most of Europe was suffering from drought, the Basque Coast was rather damp. Considerable rainfall & a great <sup>1</sup> deal of sultry weather. Only at the end of August & beginning of September did we have a period of any duration characterized by fine weather. Lately it is so damp that mildew invades the cupboards. The only red & yellow we saw on the hills was round St. Jean P.-de-P. & St. Etienne when we went with Cleve & Bessie. Down here the country looks as though Autumn had succeeded to Spring. Equinoctial storms have put an early end to the summer. Last year & 3 & 4 years ago it was still hot at this time.

Sept. 24.

— When I come back, do one stage of work on a canvas, then, leaving it to dry thoroughly, do a stage on another, and soon, doing each briskly without ever lingering over any part.

We leave to-morrow. Departure as usual in a rush, having received business letter demanding attention at last moment.

Hotel Alfonso XIII.  
Madrid, Friday, Sept 27/29.

Left St. Jean-de-Luz Wednesday morning <sup>1</sup> with Mita. Pamplona is the beginning of real Spain. Soon after the country became magnificent. I had no idea there was anything like it near the

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Sept. 21st.

<sup>1</sup> "the", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "typhoids", raturé le "e" final.

Sept. 22

<sup>1</sup> Ecrit "great", avec un "d".

Sept. 27th.

<sup>1</sup> "with Mita" ajouté au-dessus.

Pyrenees. It was finer than anything I have seen in Northern Spain. From Manem to Estella, pink <sup>2</sup> soil enamelled with the intense yellowing green of grape vines, golden and rosy towns, a Nile-green river and the verticals of cypress & poplar. The roads alive with donkeys & mules with red saddle bags, mule carts, caravans of peasants going to market and bands of gypsies. From Logrono to Guadalajara costumes unchanged for a century, and no trace of present fashions outside the towns. Faces from Velasquez's "Drinkers" and the head of a gipsy with curly hair close round the face and magnificent black-lined features.

Excellent lunch at Estella. From Logrono to the Puerto de Piqueras not so remarkable except for Isllana, a very fine town, and the fantastic overhanging cliffs near-by. Slept at Soria. Hotel quite fair. <sup>3</sup>

Thursday morning, after traversing a pine forest, Almazán. Extremely beautiful Country became less interesting towards Guadalajara. Lunched very well at Hotel Cervantés, Alcalá de Henares. At Jadraque, before Guadalajara, a fine ruined fort on a sugar loaf hill marked with slightly spiral lines from top to bottom.

This side of the Pyrenees there is never anything trivial or pretty in the landscape. The barest, most unpicturesque scene has a fine quality of beauty. "Europe stops at the Pyrenees".

Arrived at the hotel about 3.30. Took Mita's car to Chrysler to repair broken spring. Tea at a café in the Alcalá. To bed after dinner. Very tired.

This morning to the Prado. Same experience as last year with regard to the artificiality of Italians seen <sup>4</sup> after Velasquez. Tintoretto very dead & cold, but a magnificent Fra Angelico tempera that I didn't discover last year showed where the Italian spirit finds its real expression. Grace & subtle delicacy. Tender, vivid colour that no oil paint can preserve. However not feeling in a very good key to get deep impressions.

After lunch to San Antonio de la Florida. Then tempted, with Mita alone, to a bull-fight, the finest of the year. It was really a good one. The Infant Don Jaime & Infante Isabella <sup>5</sup> present. The first & last bulls fought by a Portuguese <sup>6</sup> on magnificent horses. The second horse, a magnificent red bay, round & strong like the horses in Velasquez's portraits. Dressed in 17th cent. riding coat crimson silk, vert-de-gris breeches, black tricorn bordered with white ostrich. After placing banderillas wheeled his horse dangerously before the bull. Martial Lalanda <sup>7</sup> did pretty well, made passes on both knees, & got both ears. No atrocities, thank Heavens! Hats, coats, ladies' furs & hand-bags & a gigantic "puro" in a wooden box thrown into ring <sup>8</sup>.

Delightful weather & beautiful Autumn skies since we left the Basque country.

Sept. 29th.

Yesterday a memorable day. In a.m. to <sup>1</sup> Real Academia de Belles Artes. A beautiful Fragonard, 2 studyheads of Philip IV & his wife by Velasquez, which, owing to their isolation from other

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2 "rose-colored", raturé.

3 "slept at Soria. Hotel quite fair", entre parenthèses après "remarkable".

4 "seen", ajouté.

5 "& infante Isabella", ajouté.

6 "Portuguese", oublié le 2e n.

7 "one matador", raturé.

8 "hats ? coats ? ladies' furs & hand-bags & a gigantic "puro" in a wooden box thrown into ring", ajouté dans la marge.

Sept. 29th.

1 "acade. ..", raturé.

Velasquez, seemed almost finer than those of Prado. Goya's most lovely portrait of "La Tirana", Maria Fernandez, & the 4 small compositions on wood: - Bull-fight, Madhouse, Flagellants & Carnival.

After lunch to Prado, where we discovered the three rooms in which Goya's tapestry cartoons are shown in an Empire setting of white & gold, not yet open last Autumn to public. For me it was a moment as stupendous as those when I discovered Velasquez & the Greco of the Museo at Toledo. Miracle of composition, luminous richness of colour, charm, grace, the limpidity of Madrilenian skies. This morning I saw again the same atmosphere and the soft silhouetting of personages on our way to Toledo. We stayed with Goya until the museum closed, only leaving the cartoons to revisit the "Dos de Mayo" & the grotesques on the 1st floor.

After dinner to the Pavón Theater <sup>2</sup> (théâtre de quartier) to see a comedia lirica "La Copla Andaluza". My delight was as poignant as unexpected <sup>3</sup>.

The comedy was simply a frame designed to supply the occasion & meaning for the "Canto flamenco". The setting was far beyond anything one could expect in such a theatre & felt little to be desired.

Two women <sup>4</sup> and three men singers, Noño del Museo, Angelillo, and Chato de Jerez, - le canard de Xéres. Chato's voice of marvellous purity. Very very Arab, and almost finer to our ears, more melodious timbre, but less biting <sup>5</sup> withal. The scene where the two vaqueros Gabriel & Pepe Louis defy each other with coplas, and at the conclusion of each rush for each other with their knives. The gipsy camp, the coplas by Chato, & the danse by Acha Ronia, followed by the inevitable grotesque note, which in Spain <sup>6</sup> is the necessary reaction to effort and the foil to beauty. It is the Spanish form of comic relief <sup>7</sup>. The exquisite beauty & variety of song in the scene of reconciliation.

A reddest-letter day.

To-day to Toledo with Mita in his car, leaving C. to go to the band concert in the Retiro with the Roldáns.

Christ & 12 Apostles of the Museo retained all their prestige <sup>8</sup>. Saw the "Burial" hastily & badly with a caravan. Saw for the first time the collection assembled in San Vincente: - a version of the "Espolio", somewhat dulled and blackened, but very marvellous, the Assumption, on a vague Y basis of composition, the Holy Family (of the early 2nd period, I should think) lacking the freedom of later works, but very appealing to me, several versions of the apostles, & several portraits <sup>9</sup>.

In San José, compositions badly preserved & of less interest.

In Sacristy of Cathedral "El Espolio", identical with that of San Vincente, but much better preserved & more vivid. However I almost preferred the former. The Arrest of Christ by Goya: infinite freshness & delicacy wedded with force.

Magnificent collection of sacerdotal robes, one of XIV cent., incomparably finer than anything I have ever seen; & 2 Arab stuffs. No wonder the masters loved to paint the backs of priests!

In the country S. of Madrid not a blade of grass; the soil treated in large masses as in Goya's pictures.

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<sup>2</sup> "I cannot describe our surprise and transport without ridicule", raturé.

<sup>3</sup> "unexpected", raturé au préalable.

<sup>4</sup> "women", raturé "one" et oublie le plur. de "woman".

<sup>5</sup> "mordant", raturé.

<sup>6</sup> "accompanies", raturé.

<sup>7</sup> "humour", raturé.

<sup>8</sup> [Mita, on entering the Museo Greco, contemptuously, : Ce n'est pas la peine de passer notre temps à Tolède à regarder des copies du Gréco". ] en bas de la p. 7.

<sup>9</sup> "the tapestries of Alexander the great" écrit en marge, p. 8.

Sept. 30th.

A.M. bought phono records of Coplas andaluzas, by Angelillo & others, & songs by Pepita Llaser, whom we heard last year. We learn that Chato is not very highly considered, though to our uninitiated ears he was very fine. Angelillo holds first place to-day.

P.M. Don Rafael Roldán took us to the private collection of the late Don Osma. Splendid pottery, glass, fabrics, carvings in stone & wood, statues, coins <sup>1</sup>, etc., Phenician, Roman, Hispano-mauresque, Spanish. Hispano-mauresque pottery of the greatest beauty. Statues of Santiago de Compostela <sup>2</sup> carved in a huge block object, very fine.

Then a too copious tea at the Roldan's. Rafaelito very charming. The Dr. presented me a copy of his book, and no protests would prevent him loading me with a huge album of reproductions of Goya's etchings <sup>3</sup> & lithos.

Hotel Wash. Irving  
Granada, Oct. 2nd.

Monday night Mita & I went to the Eden cafe cantante. Much more colour & better in every way than the Pelikan where we went Friday night. Many ridiculous costumes & modern songs & dances, but a few numbers good. Danses du ventre of extraordinary lascivity, and a marvellous girl with a wealth of accroche-coeurs.

The jota was invented by Ben Jot, Arab of Valencia <sup>1</sup>.

Yesterday a repair to the rear light prevented us from leaving until nearly noon, but good roads allowed us to reach Jaen, 350 kms.

Soon after Aranjuez very fine village, La Guardia, all white, & beautiful luminosity in shadows of the bare earth. From Madrideojos to Valdepeñas the peasants fine, handsome, cheery, full faces warm in colour, peasant costumes & black handkerchieves on heads, with ends falling on shoulder. Caravans of carts loaded with grapes; grape-harvesters in the vineyards.

Lunched under the shade of an olive tree. Delicious temperature, & nothing but perfect weather since we left. As we came south it got somewhat warmer. Mita tried to buy some grapes of a passing waygower, who gave him several large bunches but could not be induced to accept a perro <sup>2</sup>.

From Valdeñas on to Bailén the scenery rather indifferent. The type of peasant changes, no longer healthy, happy and picturesque. Tweed caps, & look more like, mine or factory workers. At Bailén another change, & the first Andalusian sombreros & sashes appear. From Madrid to Jaen

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Sept. 30th.

- 1 "coins", ajouté.
- 2 Écrit "Campostella".
- 3 Oublié le "t" à "etchings".

Oct. 2nd.

- 1 "The jota was invented by Ben Jot Arab of Valencia", écrit dans la marge.
- 2 Cette dernière phrase ajoutée en petits caractères entre 2 paragraphes.

scarcely a tree but olives, & from La Carolina to Jaen olives groves cover the land with their patterns as far as the eye can reach.

Hotels at Jaen indifferent. Chose the Central.

Leaving Jaen this a.m. lovely whitish hills, striped with olive trees, under a sky of a subtle rosy blue. The rest of the route mountainous, with here and there a fine landscape with red soil & blue distance. Arrived here before lunch.

P.M. Slept to make up for a night in a real Spanish bed, sent p.c's, & to a café in town. Saw more combs & mantillas than ever before. Temperature cooler than at Jaen, about same as at Madrid.

Oct. 4th.

Yesterday a.m. climbed up & down among the matutinal evacuations, dead cats & rats of the Albaicin, hunting for the subject I saw last November. When, after an hour's trudging in the labyrinth under the hot sun, I finally found it, there was naturally no interest in it. The composition I had seen had vaporized.

In p.m. with Mita on the Guadix road. Found a mediocre subject, but not sufficiently interested, & the progress of the sun effacing the shadows, soon chucked it. The landscape round Granada no finer than on almost any road in Spain.

Wednesday night went to La Montillana café cantante. Jazzband, girls, boredom. Made a sheepish exit <sup>1</sup>.

To-day visited Generalife in a.m. Alhambra in p.m. With the bright sun, twice as lovely as last year.

To-morrow to Almería.

Hotel Simon  
Almería Oct. 6th

Raining in Granada yesterday a.m., but towards the coast we ran out of the showers, and in the p.m. the clouds cleared away.

As last year saw a good subject at Castell de Ferro, but it was lunch time, and the sun was fast going round on it. Picked just behind Castell. Did a mediocre pochade at La Rabita, while Mita & C. proceeded to Almería. It turned out a good one <sup>1</sup>.

This a.m. showed M. the quarter near the Alcazaba, & found some splendid subjects on the hill (Barrio de las Melazas) <sup>2</sup> to the west of the Rambla de la Chanca.

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Oct. 4th.

1 "Made a sheepish exit", ajouté en petits caractères.

Oct. 6th.

1 "It turned out a good one", écrit dans la marge à la mine de plomb.

2 "Barrio de Las Melazas", ajouté au-dessus.

P.M. found nothing well lighted - started an indifferent pochade, (which turned out to be one of the best. [nov. 1930])<sup>3</sup>.

Impression of Almería no less fine than last year. Saw my old subjects again with pleasure, & found the people handsomer <sup>4</sup>, - numbers <sup>5</sup> of combs & mantillas & the poor people still wearing Summer dresses.

Oct. 14th.

Only half satisfied with my stay in Almería. It seems to me I have seized nothing of its beauty, and have worked slowly & badly. Not been very fit, which hasn't helped matters. Somehow selected poor subjects, & continued with them out of mere tenacity. Much bothered by swarming children & men who take an indiscreet interest, dust, smells & lack of shade. Done 6 panels, of which only 2 give me some satisfaction, though may make something of the others. Heavenly weather. Mita has done 6 canvases. He attacks them in the proper spirit but seldom realizes.

To-morrow to Aquilás.

Thursday 17th.  
Palace Hotel, Alicante.

C. & I too poorly to leave Almería till yesterday, though all of us still seedy, Mita & I colds as well.

Beautiful day, but a little flat; no clouds on mountains. Picknicked at Los Lobos. Everything one plans <sup>1</sup> goes wrong; only the impromptu succeeds, because if agreeable then is no <sup>2</sup> basis of comparison. One should loiter along this enchanting <sup>3</sup> coast. Impossible to find a bit of shade or place the car when I could paint the distant view of Aguilas or the preceding rocks & bays. Finally did a panel approaching Aguilas. Walked about the town in the twilight. No end of stuff for painting and situated as it is, at all hours of the sun.

The Hotel Central seemed, to our surprise, clean, and dinner was good. However in our room even before turning out the light two or three reckless <sup>4</sup> bed-bugs revealed the presence of the ambushed army. Re-dressed & lay on top of the beds, leaving the light on all night. C. managed to get some troubled sleep, but I read *Rien de nouveau à l'ouest*, while the light kept the bugs in their trenches most of the night. With this added to insomnia of night before not very fresh in morning.

Impossible to stay & work at Aguilas, so left for Alicante. Beautiful hills as far as Lorca, & Lorca one of the finest towns seen in the south.

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3 "[nov. 1930]", écrit dans la marge.

4 "than", raturé.

5 "mo", raturé.

Oct. 17th.

1 "to do", raturé.

2 "standard", raturé

3 "enchanting", ajouté au-dessus.

4 "reckless", ajouté

Scenery quite subtropical <sup>5</sup>, date-palms, mulberries, oranges, pomegranates, bananas, dust. Hills & ruined castles & forts. Lunched at Orihuela. Nice view on the river.

Albatera & Crevillente - cubic groups of houses glowing among date-groves. The renowned Elche comparatively uninteresting .

Approaching Alicante fine view of the castillo. Mita gets a wing crumpled by a mule cart.

Very tired; slept before dinner & to bed early.

Oct. 18th.

Thunder storm last evening. This morning very fine & warm.

Oct. 21st.

First rainy day. Our stay here has been very dull, with no motive but to give C. & Mita time to recover from their indispositions. To-day flat boredom <sup>1</sup> . Little to paint, though yesterday I passed my time at it. Marasme complet. To-morrow to Valencia.

Hotel Ingles, Valencia, Oct. 23rd.

Yesterday no longer rainy, but gray & lovely light in a.m.

Villajoyosa is not unworthy of its name, and from there to the little Gibraltar of Caspe, the country is magnificent, particularly Altea. C. was still poorly, after spending most of the stay in Alicante in bed, so did not prolong the trip by trying to paint.

From Teulada on the landscape quite ordinary & the roads bad & muddy. The last 30 or 40 kms. among rice & peanut fields. Lunched on a rocky hillside among wild thyme and anis <sup>1</sup> .

Valencia is the capital of the baroque baroquismo. There is an amazing example of it <sup>2</sup> opposite the hotel, the palace of the Marquess of Two Waters, in <sup>3</sup> marble & coloured stucco <sup>4</sup> ornaments in high relief. There is an icing of it on the Renaissance period in Valencia <sup>5</sup>, and its spirits is already awake in the spiral columns of the lofty Gothic silk-ball.

Last night Mita & I went to the Bataclan, something like the Pelikan, in Madrid, but (. . . ) <sup>6</sup>

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5 "sub", ajouté.

Oct. 21st.

1 "boredom", raturé le "e" final.

Oct. 23rd.

1 "anis", raturé . . . eed.

2 "of it", ajouté au-dessus.

3 "imitation", raturé.

4 "stucco", ajouté au dessus

5 "period in Valencia", ajouté.

6 mot illisible

and the galant & performing element <sup>7</sup> confined itself <sup>8</sup> to the gallery boxes. The audience very participating and unsparing of ridicule. One dancer magnificent in profile, and the clou, Isabel Camaclio, had a certain talent though little voice. Innumerable girls succeeded each other for brief turns. Only the bad ones came on twice.

Costumes as baroque as the architecture.

Baroque the national weakness: love of grandeur (faste) <sup>9</sup> richness & ornament. Such things as the Escorial merely an austere effort to resist the penchant, and never attain real greatness, their cold constraint evidencing their resistance <sup>10</sup> to the sentiment of the race. Even Casanova noted the struggle between the moral immolation of the Spaniards & their human, too human <sup>11</sup> impulses. It is when they fail in greatness, in genius <sup>12</sup>, that <sup>13</sup> baroque indulgence <sup>14</sup> or some reaction takes place. What is grandeur & fantastic daring in the greatest becomes vulgar extravagance in all but the greatest. Nowhere in great or small is taste or sense of proportion paramount <sup>15</sup>. This the reason why there has never been a real attainment in Spanish architecture. The Moorish Alcázar and French Gothic church are the monuments closest to perfection on the soil of the peninsula.

Bought some records of canto jondo <sup>16</sup>.

A great airship <sup>17</sup> over the town this eve. (Graff Zeppelin).

Oct. 25th.

Yesterday went to a zarzuela en matinée, "Copla de Ronda". It had nothing essentially different from an operetta. The subject a peasant romance in Guadalajara or Alcalá. Almost all the actresses pretty, or a least fresh, plump and succulent. The music pretty ordinary, with a slight Spanish flavour.

This afternoon drove to the Grao or port, & hunted for a beach, but found none.

At dinner every night a monstrous woman with a sagging facade lavishly ornamented with velvets, embroideries, appliqués and jewels. Fat enough to be the mistress of all the brothels of Spain.

All still fighting colds. Climate here humid and heavy.

To-morrow morning off for Tarragona.

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7 "of the performers", ajouté.

8 "galant and performing element" confined itself, ajouté.

9 "(faste)", ajouté au-dessus

10 "their cold constraint evidencing their resistance", ajouté après avoir raturé 2 mots.

11 "french. . .", raturé.

12 Raturé "o" à "genius".

13 Rature "the".

14 Rature "facility" et ajoute "indulgence".

15 "outstanding", raturé.

16 "flamenco", raturé.

17 "up", raturé.

Hotel de Europa  
Tarragona, Oct. 26.

Sagunto with its enormous citadel has a certain interest. The entrance to Almenara pretty with dark Venetian-red stone and rose badigeon. Thereafter little agreeable in landscape, resembling the barener parts of Provence. Olive, caroub & almond trees. Rice near Amposta- threshing with horses on <sup>2</sup> round threshing floors. Peasants with knee-breeches (brown & gray) leggings, black belt, blouse (tucked in) & kerchief on head knotted over left ear, open rope sandals <sup>3</sup>. The other side of Valencia they more white drill shorts (loose or under white leggings) & a loose short black or gray blouse opening in front.

Tarragona - old stones. Already a certain French character. The cathedral - late Romanesque - really very fine. Not counting the Alhambra, the first architecture I have seen since Pamplona. Saw it only after dusk. The interior artificially lit very impressive of massive order & stateliness. The pillars hung with fine Flemish Tapestries. [In the dusky vessel of gray masonry the illuminated chapel of the high-altar, all bright clear rose and gold, shone like a revelation.] <sup>4</sup>

But I doubt if there is much to paint here.

Catalonia not congenial, - not Spanish. Trying to be European. Not the same good natured <sup>5</sup> Spanish squareness.

Hotel Oriente  
Barcelona, 30 oct.

The Catalanian is well founded in his claim to be regarded not as Spanish but as Catalanian. And it is so much the <sup>1</sup> less in his favour. He is certainly no more Spanish than he is French. At Tarragona one begins to meet loud-speakers, doubtful food, obsequious head-waiters, a progressive and mercantile spirit with a corresponding decrease of comfort and quality. Country costumes disappear, while walls spring up round field & gardens. One begins to look for pièges à loups and chien dangereux signs.

On Sunday afternoon & evening we drifted over to the Paralelo. In the side streets queues outside the doors of the one-peseta <sup>2</sup> brothels. At one music-hall <sup>3</sup> Estrellita Castro won our enthusiasm with her loveliness & fine biting voice. Since then have been mostly laid up with bad cold, but C. & Mita have gone to a few other halls without discovering anything good. Now C. is succumbing to the infections cold.

Yesterday afternoon drove through the Exhibition, and visited the Pueblo Espanol. It is all rather well done for an exhibition, the site helping greatly. Lovely view in twilight of the port from

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Oct. 26

- 1 "tyre", variante britannique de "tire".
- 2 "a", raturé.
- 3 "open rope sandals", ajouté.
- 4 Écrit en haut de la page 24.
- 5 "easy-going", raturé.

30 oct.

- 1 "the", ajouté.
- 2 "one-peseta", ajouté.
- 3 "a", raturé

Montjuich. The illuminations & illuminated fountains very effective, if not entirely in good taste.

To-day a drive round Barcelona. The church of the Holy Family !!! How can the public, <sup>4</sup> so opposed to all novelty when it has any merit, be persuaded to pay for this delirium of stone? Without a doubt one of the wonders of the world.

2nd nov.

We have exhausted the Paralelo without finding anything better than Estrellita Castro. Saw her again. Mita kept his face turned upwards towards a box with rapt and appealing gaze for full 20 minutes until the appearance of Estrellita on stage revealed to him that the object of his attention bore only a slight resemblance to the Starlet.

Modern Spain has no architecture. Catalonia is worse off; it has one: the néo-<sup>1</sup> catalan style.

The characteristic of Catalan cooking is fat pork or ham in every dish. Food of poor quality & limited portions<sup>2</sup>, shady sauces, diseased and maltreated fruit, as in France.

In Valencia the women are small, in Barcelona almost all the population, at least of the populace. Handsome girls not rare. To picture a Barcelona beauty of the masses, imagine a pockmarked face, a dirty, bloodless, powdered skin, heavy dentition, greased hair cut semi-short to the shoulders & waved, much imitation jewelry and tasteless clothes, yet beautiful withal.

Barcelona must have changed enormously in the last 10 years. Relentlessly Granvias & office buildings are plowing out the old quarters. Squares, wide avenues and monumental constructions are opening up the popular rabbit-warrens. The Music-halls and cafés cantantes of the Mediterranean Gomorra are fast disappearing or being converted into cinemas.

More gipsies here than anywhere in Spain; some splendid in dancing fantasia, but unable to find their haunts.

Monday Nov. 4th.

Went alone (C. again in bed with a cold, & Mita left Sat. morning for Paris via Puigcerdá) yesterday to see again the huge exhibit<sup>1</sup> of Spain's artistic patrimony concentrated in the National Palace at the Exhibition. From paleolithic age to present. Inconceivable wealth of tapestries; one early Flemish of rarest beauty, & one apparently from Bayeux. Religions statuary & vestments from Middle Ages down. Several Goya portraits of the more ceremonious kind, & of Greco some replicas of the Christ & Apostles series, and an early St. Sebastian (somewhat battered) fine in composition.

Weather remains fine, though rather cool.

If C. is able to travel, tomorrow to Saragossa. Fear there is no further hope for work. Have been here over a week doing nothing. Must get it well into my head that travelling under these condi-

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4 "usually", raturé.

nov. 2nd.

1 "néo", ajouté.

2 "& limited portions", ajouté.

Nov. 4th.

1 "collection", raturé.

tions is <sup>2</sup> worse than useless. My own of robutness is burden enough, but I always manage to pull through without too much trouble, whereas C. is always ailing with one thing or another. Ten days of work in six weeks is not enough. Let this be a lesson, if not able to travel alone, not travel at all. C's utter lack of resistance has caused three enforced stays: - at Alicante, Valencia & here. And then when she is able to travel again, I am so hampered physically & morally by the need to <sup>3</sup> spare her all fatigue possible that it is impossible to paint on the way. Thus I lost some fine subjects between Alicante & Valencia, and Valencia & Tarragona. Now it will be impossible to work by the way from here to St. Jean-de-Luz. Only once have I been able to do so, - between Granada & Almeria. The game is not worth the candle.

Hotel Europa, Saragossa  
Nov. 5th.

Just two fine things on the way to-day: Lérida from the east, the mass of the castello & cathedral antigua a finely balanced silhouette; and Fraga, the first town in Aragon, very beautifully banked in ruddy yellows between the blue sky & flat, blue River Cinca.

Lunched at Lerida (Palace Hotel). Arrived at Saragossa at nightfall. Disappointing, though I could see little of it. In the Cathedral of Our Lady del Pilar curious impression of what a familiar & living thing religion is to the Spanish. During evensong groups walking, talking, looking at the chapels <sup>1</sup>, sitting down at the service or leaving it as at a café, some women pursuing their devotions, directed to this or that chapel often from afar, in the midst of the social animation, while the shadows of every pillar and confessional dissembled a more retiring (or conspiring <sup>2</sup>?) young <sup>3</sup> female.

La Chaumiere - Friday  
St. Jean-de-Luz, Nov. 8th.

Arrived Wed. afternoon; away 6 weeks to the day.

It was beginning to rain Wed. morning in Saragossa and cold <sup>1</sup>, so we didn't hesitate to proceed on our way. It rained even harder, & we arrived at the frontier in a violent downpour. Saw snow nearby at the Col de Velate <sup>2</sup>. Nothing note-worthy except Caparrosa on the river Aragón, the yellow green & orange vines on the rose-red soil & the rich golden ochre of the poplars.

Yesterday half fair, to-day again dark & wet. Gloom, cold, furnace, letters, complaints about leaking roof and garbage again dumped in adjoining field! No relish for anything.

I recall a very fine Roman mosaic in the National Palace at the Exposition, - the bust of a woman, almost a portrait. As truly as Byzantine mosaics are conventional imagery <sup>3</sup>, Roman mosaics

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<sup>2</sup> Raturé trois lettres incompréhensibles.

<sup>3</sup> Rature "do the rem. . .".

Nov. 5th.

<sup>1</sup> "dur. . .", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "expectant", raturé.

<sup>3</sup> "young", ajouté.

Nov. 8th.

<sup>1</sup> "and cold", ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "saw snow nearby at the Col de Velate", ajouté.

<sup>3</sup> ? no, ajouté au crayon.

are genuine painting. This one is in fact impressionistic painting in the best sense of the word as opposed to all graphic abstraction. The eyes particularly illustrate this. The disposition of the coloured mosaics reproduces in no way the lineaments<sup>4</sup> of these organs. Nor of the lips. The whole thing is modelled with warm & cool tones. It<sup>5</sup> differs little, essentially, from a painting by Cézanne.

19 nov.

Reason<sup>1</sup>, reflection, intellectual logic, when they come as afterthought - as correction - , are ever disastrous to a work of art. Witness the little water-color (Battle of Waterloo)<sup>2</sup> that Alex. Prochian (14 years) gave me last August. He conceived the Union Jack blowing in the contrary direction to the tricolour. It fitted the design perfectly. At the last minute he realized the material illogicality, and reverted it with the worst<sup>3</sup> results. Had his reason participated with his imagination from the beginning<sup>4</sup> as it may do when he is older there would have been no discordance between the two. When there is discordance, it is better to let the illogicality stand, or to abandon the whole conception in favour of a fresh one. Correction of a contradiction creates a far deeper contradiction.

Rain, wind, hail & storm every day since our return until to-day, and it seems that they prevailed for a month before our return. Very depressing, the chill<sup>5</sup> gloom and buffeting, - every night a night of witches' sabbath. Impossible to work seriously. Did a couple of charcoal drawings of the stars of the Paralelo.

To-day bright, mild, and crystal-clear, with a south wind. Started a No 8 of one of the stars. P.M. drove to Espelette, Ustaritz, Bayonne & home. Coming home before sunset the mountains were never so blue.

A<sup>1</sup> letter from St. P. announces his proposed marriage with his dressmaker. C. very upset - and with reason. Such events are universally calamitous to the daughter. In common justice he ought to make a settlement on her - she has never had a cent in her own right in all her life - though, or perhaps because, a settlement of affection is beyond human power. Nor did her mother leave her even a memento.

Nov. 21st.

Still the south wind, scarcely a breeze in the day but last night gusts of the wildest fury that shook the house and made the<sup>1</sup> flesh quiver. However I feel much better than during the ten days

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4 "drawing (in the academis sense)", raturé.

5 "might", raturé.

19 nov.

1 "logic", raturé.

2 "Battle of Waterloo", ajouté.

3 "worst", écrit sur un mot illisible

4 "from the beginning", ajouté.

5 "chill", ajouté.

19 nov.

1 "nov. 20th", raturé.

Nov. 21st.

1 "the", écrit sur my.

of storms of the ocean, as I notice I always do when there is a land wind from south or east. Under the influence of the ocean winds I feel as though half dazed or drugged, with a headache or rather a weight on my head and on my body. I get up tired and the slightest effort exhausts me. My faculties are half benumbed as though I had to struggle to perceive things through a veil. I am dully dreamy & stray-headed <sup>2</sup>.

This a.m. began a No 10 study for a beach scene.

C. got off a letter to her father asking <sup>3</sup> that he should make a settlement on her at the moment of beginning another family. The French law of inheritance is the best solution of the dangers that these situations produce.

Nov. 30th.

Still the wind blows from the south & s-west, especially at night, with scarcely a moment of respite, but there is little rain <sup>1</sup> ! I have rarely a day when I feel any vitality. My head aches during the night, and feels bruised in the morning, I have to will myself to face any effort. Even my movements are slow & unaffirmed. It is very difficult to produce any work. There must be something wrong, though no treatment seems to make any differences. A most discouraging state.

Yesterday started to paint a No 20 of the yellow <sup>2</sup> landscape near Almeria.

Alain Gerbault's *Sur le Chemin du Retour*. A Frenchman can't do anything without the gallery, not even flee the gallery <sup>3</sup> without the gallery to watch him do it. His book half spoils his exploit. It <sup>4</sup> is bad taste to express scorn of celebrity in the very act of <sup>5</sup> proclaiming <sup>6</sup> his celebrity.

Dec. 5th.

Still scarcely ever a respite from the mad wind. Last night & this morning the chimney-pots wail, the hearth-aprons rattle & the doors & windows creak as they never did yet. It is beyond belief. There have now been practically two full months of storms. Too dark to paint, though only occasional showers of rain, -& not cold.

Spent a couple of mornings on the Paralelo Star; was dissatisfied, & scraped.

Tuesday, to Biarritz for Xmas gifts. Yesterday walked up the left bank of the Nivelle, - a nice afternoon for once. But this swirl of the elements very wearying; one feels worn as after a rough night at sea.

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<sup>2</sup> "I am dully dream & stray-headed", ajouté au-dessus.

<sup>3</sup> "for a", raturé.

Nov. 30th.

<sup>1</sup> "but there is little rain", ajouté au-dessus.

<sup>2</sup> "yellow", ajouté.

<sup>3</sup> "it", raturé; "the gallery" ajouté.

<sup>4</sup> If he fears and despises celebrity as much as he writes he does, he would have done better not to proclaim. . .

<sup>5</sup> "act of", ajouté

<sup>6</sup> ". . . mation of", raturé.

When starting a painting after a study, at the first seance brush it all is exactly as though making a quick composition sketch, very thinly, summarizing colour, masses & modelling without much regard for anything but the most <sup>1</sup> general tonality and construction, the shadows rather diffused and understated. It is always time to add accents, which can only be done precisely at the very last.

—"Ebaucher " means vague generalising, not defining, with value color & form only emerging in their respective directions, values particularly restrained, though <sup>2</sup> form should be clearly affirmed. The method <sup>3</sup> of noting extreme values & colour is a pitfall. Impossible to begin too thin, fluid & melting together. Otherwise there is a deceptive initial brilliancy that further work only clouds, & the passages become impossible to establish.

The ébauche should be entirely glazed (or at least demi-glazed), and bear only an elementary <sup>4</sup> resemblance to the effect aimed at. For 2 reasons: - I - Otherwise one is tempted not to overpaint broadly,; II - The execution of the ébauche being usually free & happy, if it approximates the desired result one is apt to feel in working over it a doubt whether one is not weakening rather than strengthening the result.

Friday Dec. 20th.

The bad weather let up last Saturday. Bright, save for some fog, & freezing temperature. Today clouding & milder.

Tuesday to St. Sebastian. Bought records for Mita & Helen, and a serpent of mazapan coiled in a bed of candied fruit, sugared almonds and sugar roses.

Painting is an odd thing. Wednesday, not feeling any interest in the work on hand, and thinking I should only do bad work if I forced myself to it against my inclination, I turned to old canvases that needed retouching. Every stroke was to the point as though another person was guiding my brush without effort by myself. Thus quickly finished the small Horseman of Almeria.

Have worked out a new composition for a beach scene, superior to previous ones.

Feeling much stronger and lucid these days.

This p.m. walked to Yacht Club.

Letter from Marcelle asking if she may come for a week after New Year's. The indiscretion of these Jews is amazing to us. I suppose they expect us to treat them in the same way. They are not stingy but sticky.

Dec. 23rd.

Saturday <sup>1</sup> the rains & storms returned with a vengeance. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant . . . Now eleven weeks of atrocious weather.

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Dec. 5th.

- 1 "the most", ajouté.
- 2 "though form should be clearly affirmed", ajouté.
- 3 "theory", raturé, "method", ajouté.
- 4 Mot illisible raturé, "only an elementary" ajouté.

Dec. 23rd.

- 1 "yesterday", raturé.

Two fruitless morning on the landscape in yellow. These dark days impossible to find a place in the house where I can see both canvas & study without gleams on the strokes in one direction or another. Furthermore I don't know now to let well enough alone. . . and improve it later with fresh perception.

To-day package of books from Yanni: — *La Nouvelle Cythère* (Fresch), *Les Iles Marquises* (M. Radiguet), *Marion Delorme* (Joséphine Peladau), *Qu'est-ce<sup>2</sup> que la Peinture* (Jean d'Udine). Began to read the last. Just finished Seabrook's. The Magic Isle. Also received *Anthology of XX cent. Poetry from Violet*.

Dec. 25th.

Yesterday gales from the south, to-day rain from n.w.

Last night to midnight mass. The church with all its atrocious decoration (except the lovely high altar) was beautiful & in the candle glow, rich in colour. Some Basque singing & organ music, - the organ at times strangely like an accordeon. Every soul save a handful of strangers, at the communion table with all the signs of being penetrated by grace. The de la Tourasse, who came to see us last week, had amiably kept chairs for us.

Yesterday succeeded at last in writing the first page of my yellow landscape. The starts the rub.

This a.m. under influence of ocean wind woke from bad sleep with headache & trembling & oppressed, as though had fever. Rose late and lazed away the day at odds & ends.

Dec. 29th.

Black days; dark, wet weather off the ocean, physical & moral depression, in what relation of causality one never knows.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jan. 1st 1930.

Though the new year came in under a cold & tempestuous downpour, its first day was bright & sunny if a little chilly.

Yesterday was too dark to paint, but the previous day & this morning made progress on the 2nd Alcazaba of Almeria (Rambla de la Chanca).

Jean d'Udine's book (*Qu'est-ce<sup>1</sup> que la Peinture*) has pleasantly occupied several evenings. It's chief merit: to say nothing silly. Leaving aside the psychics<sup>2</sup> & techniques of art, steers a mid-

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<sup>2</sup> "Qu'est-ce", écrit "Qu'est que . . .".

Jan. 1st.

<sup>1</sup> "Qu'est-ce" écrit "Qu'est-que . . ."

<sup>2</sup> "physics", raturé.

dle course in drawing up a table of its modality. Common sense, but nothing uncommon. However, refreshing after the uncommonly subtle poppycock of our artistic scholars.

Enemy of "la peinture pure", d'Udine takes up arms for Subject, for abstraction, and for the <sup>3</sup> primitive "Illuminators" against the "Colourists" (as understood in modern art vocabulary).

To-day we cut our clothes too anatomically to make them of cloth of gold laden with gems; we pattern our forms too closely on nature to make complete abstraction of its colour. [Colour & form must be at equal distance from nature, and if in <sup>2</sup> arbitrary relations to each other, must each be in equal arbitrary relations to the world of presentation. This why colour of Ingres rings false while Van Eyck's rings true ] <sup>5</sup>. As biology, physics, medicine, morality, astronomy, etc. tend to seek correlation, so artistic perception tends to become ever more global in so far as holding up a mirror to nature, though not in so far as holding up a mirror to the spirit.

No doubt d'Udine is right <sup>6</sup> if we admit the pristine chastity of art as its ideal state. (It is something like the feminist questions: the material role designated by nature vs. complete emancipation) <sup>7</sup>. There are signs that many feel this as we near the recuctio and absurdam of our logic. But neo-primitivism is puerile. The question is not what art sh'd be but what it can be <sup>8</sup>.

What age ever saw art recover its virginity after it had deserted the house <sup>9</sup> of Faith <sup>10</sup> to fornicate with all the children of knowledge? Since the Dark ages of Christianity it has pursued sophistication, and will have no cease until the Dark Ages after <sup>11</sup> Communism shall have wiped out knowledge, - at least our form of knowledge.

Jan. 3rd. 1930.

A day of limpid sunshine, such as we have not had for months. Could not resist the temptation of an outing. Invited the de la Tourasse, but they were engaged.

To Vera by Col d'Ibardin. The valleys lovely. Brown velvet on the hills, green in the fields, blue streams tumbling between red bushes, pearl smoke hanging in the sunshine like a halo over the villages. View of Vera church against the hill from the Ibardin road. Visited Echalar and Sumbilla. Had a table brought out from the hotel at Oyeregui <sup>2</sup> and lunched in the sun. Took the road by San Esteban (nice village) to Zubieta, & after consultation of map, intended to push on to Hernani. Suddenly the road came to an end, we stopped just short of the brink of a precipice. Turned back & returned by Vera & Ibardin.

Nowhere are the inhabitants more agreeable to pass among; fundamentally reserved & probably impossible to know intimately, dignified and independent, but considerate, affable, always ready to render disinterested service.

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<sup>3</sup> "the", ajouté.

<sup>4</sup> "in", ajouté

<sup>5</sup> Phrases ajoutées au milieu de la p. 45 avec renvoi à la p. 44.

<sup>6</sup> "from the point of view based on what art is in the greater autonomy of its mode of formulation". raturé.

<sup>7</sup> (It is something like the feminist question: the material role designated by nature vs. complete emancipation), écrit en marge, p. 45.

<sup>8</sup> "the question is not what art sh'd be but what it can be", ajouté.

<sup>9</sup> "couch", raturé; "house", ajouté.

<sup>10</sup> "it had deserted the house of Faith to", ajouté.

<sup>11</sup> "of", raturé; "after", ajouté

Jan. 3rd. 1930

<sup>1</sup> "visited", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "Oyeregui", écrit Oyaregui".

Jan. 14th.

To-day one of those days when I seem not to know even how to apply paint, so dropped the attempt after a short struggle. However have made considerable progress on landscape in yellow and Rambla de la Chanca (fish-nets, Almería) in last 10 days <sup>1</sup>. The very mild, soft <sup>2</sup> weather has made me slack & fuddle-headed <sup>3</sup>. This p.m. the south wind again boisterous, and there will soon be a change.

Yesterday there was a heavy swell dashing high on the break-waters. It brimmed into the harbour entrance, where its encounter with the waters of the Nivelles emptying on the ebbing tide produced a wild surge. A crowd of sailors and others was gathered on the end of the jetty to watch the incoming fishing boats negotiate <sup>4</sup> the pass. They waited off the entrance for a lull in the heavy swell, then made a dash. The first one had the worst of it. At moments it hung unable to advance against the thrust of water, then half broached before the swells, which near overwhelmed it, rolling and swinging it first to one side then to the other. Six men sweated at the tiller, and could barely push & tug it <sup>5</sup> up and down fast enough to keep the sturdy little steamer off the Ciboure wall. Once they were through coats unbuttoned, caps off and brows mopped showed their relief. The lowering tide reduced the swell and made it easier for the boats that followed.

On Sunday after vespers <sup>6</sup> there was a pretty procession of the Holy Sacrament, the children of Mary and the three Wise Men following the silver star of Bethlehem, which was carried by a child angel. The black & the white kings, impersonated by boys, wore costumes of 18th cent. brocade, turban and richly embroidered <sup>7</sup> mantles carried by pages also in ancient costumes.

Visits on & from the de la Tourasse, who are very nice with all their piousness. But their painting is very stilted.

Sat. Jan. 18th.

Yesterday & to-day still, May <sup>1</sup> like weather.

Still seedy, & work only adds discouragement to wretchedness.

Mendes arrived Wed <sup>2</sup> night.

L'oncle Gaby to lunch yesterday, & went with him to movies last night. He divides the world into two classes of things: the "convenant" & the "inconvenant". And since, after all, there are a few things that it seems hard to put in either class, he has in readiness for them an overflow called "special". "*La peinture de Delacroix est bien spéciale*".

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Jan. 14th.

<sup>1</sup> "in last 10 days", ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "soft", ajouté.

<sup>3</sup> "fuddle-headed", ajouté.

<sup>4</sup> "weather", raturé.

<sup>5</sup> "from port to Starboard & from Starboard", raturé.

<sup>6</sup> "after vespers", ajouté.

<sup>7</sup> "richly embroidered", ajouté.

Jan. 18th.

<sup>1</sup> "summer", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "saturday", raturé.

On Thursday night a company of Cuban negroes gave a performance at the Pergola. The general character of their most typical music is Spanish with suggestions of cante hondo, American spirituals, African rhythms & jazz. Guitars, banjos, small double tom-toms played like derbonkas, gourds with pebbles, sticks & a small wooden (?) percussion instrument hit with a stick.

The costumes had the lack of taste elegance & freshness common to Spanish music-hall, in a word, picturesque & often effective dowdiness. The men had the better ones when they wore with their natural colour linen trousers & panama with huge up-turned frayed brim a short muslin blouse frilled & shirred (both body & sleeves) to the waist, with rows of tiny buttons down the front & the fore-arm, in rose, salmon, orange, & pale green. A bright kerchief round the neck completed the colour. The women wore muslin dresses trailing behind & split to the waist in front with flounces on the skirts vaguely reminiscent of "merveilleuses" & old-time Spanish dancers. The dancing negligible <sup>3</sup> save for a few of the helter-skelter extravagances & shiverings of the men.

This p.m. drove to Cambo, Arcangues & Ahetze. A lovely blue on the mountains & an orange luminosity in the sky. The country beginning to be with broom. <sup>4</sup>

Jan. 29th.

The fine dry mild weather held all last week much to the benefit of my health, work & pleasure. But Sunday brought a profound atmospheric depression followed by ocean storms, & I find myself again in a state of sullen lassitude, irritable & absent-minded <sup>1</sup>. Began a portrait of Mendes. Drawing, ébauche & painting of head went swimmingly, but since then have only painted to undo again.

A week ago went to Ondárroa with Mendes & the de la Tourasse. Mr. Elissagen operated of a cancer.

A ridiculous letter from Mr. St. P. It is amazing how few men can be frank. He affects wounded sentiment as a pretext for ignoring C's <sup>2</sup> request. But there is no use talking to an infatuated man, & there is no fool like an old fool.

This p.m. to Biarritz to <sup>3</sup> see the English collier, bound for Bayonne, broken in two on the rocks off the lighthouse in the storm of Monday night. She was anchored in the roads, probably broke her chains & not having steam up was driven on the coast. Eight men & women were rescued yesterday p.m. by life-line <sup>4</sup>, & the remaining fourteen this morning by a trawler from St. Jean <sup>5</sup> on was drowned <sup>6</sup>.

Jan. 31st.

Have considerably destroyed the composition & colour of portrait by putting in the stripes of the robe. Misled by electric light got the tone too cold and the blue too blue. And the shape of the

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<sup>3</sup> Ecrit "negligable".

<sup>4</sup> "bloom", raturé.

Jan. 29th.

<sup>1</sup> "apathetic", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "her", raturé.

<sup>3</sup> "the", raturé.

<sup>4</sup> "cable", raturé.

<sup>5</sup> "by a trawler from St. Jean", ajouté.

<sup>6</sup> "a few were", raturé.

light mass where bounded by shadow at the bottom has vanished under the pronounced stripes. A gross mistake. I might have known when the composition was so good as <sup>1</sup> in the ébauche that any addition would have spoiled it. A trifle more work the day I did the ébauche would have left the robe perfect in \*its summary modelling. A severe lesson.

The stripes also detract from the head. Only such patterns as can be subordinated to the head should be admitted to a portrait, except in the case where a pattern is beautiful & important enough in itself to form an essential part of the conception.

Feb. 10th.

Mendes left last Tuesday. To-day a huge packet of books & periodicals from him.

He seems to have gone back to his work with a healthier courage than the rather passive sort he had when he came. Montparnasse was undoing him. The only ones who thrive in its toxic breath are the intriguers. The others, if they have a little pride & sensitiveness, rarely fail to be infected with paralysing scepticism.

For all Mendes' superficial softness and delicacy, at a certain depth one meets a resistance & force of surprising strength. I can only judge his work imperfectly, but he seems to me to have the right stuff in him. In any case a friend of exquisite discretion & sincerity.

Cold weather (snow on the mountains) & a heavy cold over the week-end.

Feb. 21

Snow, rain & hail all the while. For over two weeks snow clinging to the mountains throws a damp chill on the air.

Slow work on a beach scene fumbling for colour & values.

C. has had bad cold, & both hers & mine hang on.

The de la Tourasse to dinner Monday night.

Yesterday a Soviet film, "L'Amour de Jeanne Ney" <sup>1</sup>. By chance all the communist characters are loveable people with winsome faces <sup>2</sup> & all the capitalist class, except the girl the communist hero loves, are fantastically vile, ignoble and grotesque. I don't know whether it is German or Russian (or both) - Brigitte Helm is in the cast - but it is just as well done as "Potemkine".

There is no acknowledged propaganda, but its power of insidious persuasion on a popular audience, incapable of analysis & of realizing that while <sup>3</sup> the communist personages act naturally the capitalistic ones act with caricatural extravagance, must be enormous. Even the bourgeois more irritated than amused at being shown that pure thoughts live only under caps bearing the hammer &

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Jan 31st.

<sup>1</sup> "ébauche", raturé.

Feb. 21.

<sup>1</sup> "L'Amour de Jeanne Ney", ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "with winsome faces", ajouté

<sup>3</sup> "while", ajouté.

sickle emblem is a trifle moved in spite of himself by such splendid acting. And one can suspect the effect on the mind of <sup>4</sup> the proletariat nothing loth to sympathize with noble comrades and to accept with relish any story of the rottenness of the bourgeois.

And thus the new gospel spreads as though with the favour of a complicity of silence.

"Aujourd'hui que nous jouissons de la perfection dans les arts, notre oeil dédaigneux n'admet presque pas de différences de Cimabue à Fra Filippo" <sup>5</sup>. Stendhal.

March 2nd.

C. back this morning from a week in the Capital of Decadence, pleased to have renewed contact with our friends and again thoroughly disgusted with the laboratory of the Arts & the life that is led therein.

Spent the week working on two esquisses for beach scenes.

Reading the *"Plumed Serpent"*. As always with Lawrence's books, at the beginning I said: *Not bad but not as interesting as his other books; half way through I was exasperated <sup>1</sup> by this hammering insistence on tone-words, the irritating, tiresome repetition of the sentimental dominants: She couldn't bear the . . . , the . . . was so and so, it was as if it . . . , she felt as if it would . . . , so and so it is, - ad infinitum. I was ready to throw the book petulantly into the fire. Three-quarters' way through I am utterly under its spell. He attains his end by the least seductive means, but he attains it indelibly.*

*"The dark races belong to a bygone cycle of humanity. They are left behind in a gulf out of which they have never been able to climb. And on to the particular white man's levels they never will be able to climb. They can only follow as servants.*

*"While the white man keeps the impetus of his own proud, onward march, the dark races will yield and serve, perforce. But let the white man once have a misgiving about his own leadership, and the dark races will at once attack him, to pull him down into the old gulf. To engulf him again.*

*"Which is what is happening. For the white man, let him bluster as he may, is hollow with misgiving about his own supremacy.*

*"Full speed ahead, then, for the débâcle".*

#### *The Plumed Serpent.*

The interest and admiration we feel for exotic arts, our efforts to discover new ones and the inspiration that many of the better artists seek in them, - the vogue of <sup>2</sup> Negro, Polynesian <sup>3</sup>, Kmer, Pre-Colombian <sup>4</sup> sculpture, of primitive imagery, of Asiatic and African music, are so many admissions of the white man's misgivings about his superiority on the aesthetic side. The first of their admissions, the attention given to Japanese art 50 years ago, was a very different thing from the appropriation of Chinese decoration in the 18th cent.

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<sup>4</sup> "mind of", ajouté.

<sup>5</sup> Ecrit "Filippo".

March 2nd.

<sup>1</sup> Ecrit "exasperated".

<sup>2</sup> "the vogue of", ajouté.

<sup>3</sup> "Ecrit "Polenesian".

<sup>4</sup> "Pre-Colombian", ajouté.

March 12th.

72 hours of ceaseless raging storm from the ocean. 48 hours of polite assault by the Greniers and Mme Mayet. Shall be indeed glad if to-morrow brings tranquility.

Helen arrived on Friday. The de la Tourasse & Dr. Orgogozo to dinner to-night.

Yesterday & to-day practically unable to work. Impossible to even open the blinds of my studio.

Latour to lunch yesterday, talked of the dualism (le Beau & le Vécu) in his emotions of art. He protested that of course there is only one art, & that somewhere he identifies the two, but as far as I can see he does not get beyond correlating them. . . . And of Mexico.

March 19th.

The end of last week saw the Nive overflowing as a consequence of equinoctial tides & rains. South winds in the mornings, west in the evenings. This week savage storms from the west. Ten days of cyclone. Everyone depressed and nightmarish. Yesterday cold as well & this morning shower snow on the Rhune & Trois Couronnes.

Sunday after lunch motored to St. Sebastian. Met M. Botton of French Consulate at Mr. Latour's, & took both with us to Zuloagas at Zumaya. Rain came on, & with the high tide waves frequently dashed over the causeway. M.L. took us to tea at San S.

March 20th.

At last a fine day, but the colour of the atmosphere shows the coming of the south wind.

As always the feeling that we are almost at the end of our stay is paralysing me and poisoning my spirit. I feel I must finish up the yellow landscape & Rambla de la Chanca <sup>1</sup> at Almería, yet the more I feel I must the less I can get up any interest in them. My desire is to start something new, but the realization that that means going away with a lot of unfinished work deters me. So I potter about with my beach sketches & accomplish nothing. The uncertainty of our future plans also preoccupies me greatly.

Tuesday, March 25th.

On Sunday & Monday another fierce storm from the north-west. Too dark to work in my room, and I foolishly spent much effort on my yellow landscape without advancing it. Swore not to touch it again until a bright day. This morning there was sun but before long found myself groping blindly again murk.

Yesterday the de la Tourasse to tea. This afternoon took them to see the 16th cent. house built by a bishop of Bayonne above Ascain. They thought it the finest in the region with its yellowed facade, flagged court, terraced & walled gardens and gigantic chestnut trees.

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Tuesday, March 20th.

<sup>1</sup> "fishing nets", raturé.

Mi-carême, Mar. 27th.

Three days without wind; what a blessing !

Slow work on Yellow Landscape.

When laying in a canvas, have much more regard for the exactitude of values, and decide with the greatest care exactly what will make the best undertone for each part. It would save a great deal of entire repainting.

Yesterday tea at Dr. Orgogozo's. His mother & sister, who beginning to paint, M. Mme of Cambo. Mme la mère, though Spanish Basque, has the profile of a 16th & 17th cent. French dowager.

Mar. 30th.

One of the really lovely days that the Basque country provides from time to time, so lovely that the memory of weeks of wind and rain is almost wholly abolished, (& the sixth without wind !). Under the benign influence all our love of the harmonious hills and the proud, unswayed people - the fresh sturdy lads and handsome lasses coming forth on the country side like flowers in the sun - dilated our hearts, and we came to the decision to settle here and give up the Paris apartments before going to Canada.

Getting on with the Yellow Landscape.

Apr. 3rd.

All these days very warm & generally fine, though St. Jean as ever the centre of a maëlstrom of winds.

This p.m. to St. Sebastian, with the de la Tourasse, to fetch olive oil. Went by Oyarzun. Things to paint there & about.

Working on Rambla de la Chanca of Almaria. Repainting the sky, wall in shadow & white house has pulled it together considerably.

Apr. 10th.

Harold & Gaby here over the weekend. Rained all the time.

Looking for house to rent preferably at Ascain. Both feel convinced that we would feel better at a certain distance from the sea. On days like this, rather soft, damp & windless, we feel sodden lazy & depressed. What a pity that no place we would enjoy living <sup>1</sup> in has a dry climate.

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Apr. 10th.

<sup>1</sup> Ecrit "livining".

Apr. 12th.

Last night saw "Dawn". Splendidly done in every respect. A quiet, solemn rythm, expression clear & adequate, the actors to the last one surpassing themselves. They were no doubt penetrated with the high mission of their role. It is after all the only way in which an artist can work, & it is a pity when he works in other conditions.

It is striking that the English could produce such a film, and that their general production should nevertheless be so low. In the case of "Dawn" what they had to say was very clear & imperative, and the fitting means of expression presented themselves almost inevitably. The whole lesson of art is there <sup>1</sup>. As Vernon Blake said, when you have a composition that is thoroughly worth-while, you execute it without struggle and almost without knowing how you do it.

In this respect the English <sup>2</sup> resemble the Spanish. They have little intellectual or aesthetic pretense unless they belong to the class of real thinkers. They have little facility to supplement the *feu sacré* with wit and taste as the French do, or to amuse with inventive extravagance in the manner of the American scenarios. It is the more remarkable since virtuosity is not lacking among them.

Ill disposed to work to-day. Spent most of it poking about Fuenterrabia and Pasajes. Delicious lunch with calamares at Panier Fleuri, Renteria. Not very pretty weather.

Finished "Rambla de la Chanca, Almaria" yesterday.

Apr. 22nd.

Tuesday eve. lightning struck the church during a service for men. Guillaume was there. During the crash & blackness, the 6 or 7 foot Christ fell from the third gallery unnoticed between the rows of chairs. No one hurt.

Good Friday went to see the Procession at Fuenterrabia. A poor affair.

All week a cold northwind. Snow on distant mountains. Yesterday fine; to-day violent south wind. Yesterday went to San Sebastian. Basque dances in morning. Lunched with Latour & nephew. Toro de fuego in Place Louis XIV.

April 25th.

South winds until to-day <sup>1</sup>, howling at night an Wednesday a thunder & hail-storm of great violence. This is beginning to read like a seaman's log. We are very preoccupied with the weather at present, wondering if eternal fickleness on the low side of the barometer is outweighed by the charms of the region. Sunny this morning, but clouds soon swept in from the ocean.

This will be the first time I shall not be in a hopeless rush to finish my work before leaving. Principal canvases finished; all but the gipsy in Yellow Landscape, with which having trouble. Repainting layer Spanish dancer, retouching pochades and esquisses.

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April 12th.

<sup>1</sup> "the whole lesson of art is there", ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "the y", raturé; "English", ajouté.

Apr. 25th.

<sup>1</sup> "yester. . .", raturé.

April 27th.

Finished layer "danseuse". Salvaged view of Aguilas by cutting off most of sky & darkening it.

May 2nd.

Have finished practically all the work on hand, & must now devote myself to packing.

At the first opportunity I want to do another version of Yellow Landscape, - on paper-very <sup>1</sup> much simpler, beginning with nothing but the light masses quite flat & the shadows; then developing as broadly, & as little as possible, the other features barely indicated <sup>2</sup>. Somewhat in manner of a gouache.

By the way, I want to take up gouache. It is a medium to my mind.

And Still never a day's respite from the bad weather. After two reeking days of fine drifting rain, yesterday promised improvement: barometer slowly and steadily up, sky all clear at sun-down, north wind, not an unfavourable sign. Yet to-day woke to another: dismal sky, with rain off & on. It is prodigious. Paris 24°, here 12°.

May 4th.

At the moment of packing them my compositions (except the Alcazaba with white horse) seem hopelessly gray & gritty. Every kind of spirit, of freshness, of decision seems to have left them for utter weariness in the long elaboration. I fear <sup>1</sup> they are no improvement on my last exhibition, though C. assures they are not bad <sup>2</sup>. If it were possible I should start them over <sup>3</sup> again tomorrow.

Such work ought to be done very quickly, - in a very few days or, better still, one day. As <sup>4</sup> far as possible everything should be completed at one go while the paint is fresh, working as long as I have strength. And if it is necessary to add anything later, then paint for shorter & shorter time as it nears completion, & only when fresh & <sup>5</sup> well-considered reflection shows very exactly what is to be done. It is in the course of long repeated paintings that one loses the spirit of the thing & the sense of the ensemble.

On an ébauche so transparent & vague as to offer no criterion of execution, paint very broadly without stopping at incidentals, as I mentioned on May 2nd. The detail in a small pochade is always too much for a large canvas! <sup>6</sup>.

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May 2nd.

- 1 "very", ajouté.
- 2 "the other features barely indicated", ajouté.

May 4th.

- 1 "if", raturé.
- 2 "though C. assures they are not bad", ajouté.
- 3 "over", ajouté.
- 4 "on am. . .", raturé.
- 5 "reflected thought", raturé.
- 6 "see May 6th", note ajouté par J. Lyman au crayon.

This p.m. poor Peggy run over by a motor. Nothing broken, no pain, only a slight internal injury from which she will certainly recover.

The first day of anything like fine weather. A weak & hesitating sun in a cloudy sky. Not warm for the season.

Saw the end of a (. . . ) <sup>7</sup> game this morning, followed by the Sunday cocktail at Bar Basque.

May 5th.

Must become thoroughly penetrated with the need of greater decision in drawing, absolute simplicity & the realization that there is not the slightest need for insisting on or "explaining" incidentals.

Saw the Tourasse. He just back from bringing his mother. Drove to Sonraïde. Several things to paint there.

Cloudy & cool, but no wind or rain.

Am well primed for beginning another canvas. Pity I can't do it.

Another version of "Rambla de la Chanca" should be fresher & brighter. The one finished is too dusky & "baked" <sup>1</sup>.

May 6th.

And remember that in the transposition from sketch to composition <sup>1</sup> much material content must be relinquished in exchange for greater <sup>2</sup> spiritual content. (See \*May 4). In particular must be much less respectful of the sketch in distributing the constituent element of values.

Still rain & cool.

Gaby reports discovery of two beautiful sisters, fine basque types, ready to pose, in the café at Amots.

Paris, May 28th.

Yesterday, chez P.J.H., Urbain gave me a receipt for entoilage of paintings on paper. Dextrine blonde, add gradually cold water to make a thick paste, some bicarbonate of soda; let stand overnight.

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<sup>7</sup> Mot illisible.

May 5th.

<sup>1</sup> "see June 8", note ajoutée au crayon par J.L.

May 6th.

<sup>1</sup> "the material content must diminish be compensatory diminution of", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "must be relinquished in exchange for greater", ajouté.

In morning warm somewhat if necessary to make even & fluid. Use a paper as light as possible. Stretch well a linen or jute canvas on key stretcher; cover thickly with paste. Moisten slightly back of paper; roll it & begin by carefully applying one side, rubbing forward with cloth to squeeze out excess paste. Then turn over & squeeze out excess paste with roller. This must be difficult on account of stretcher. Perhaps better to squeeze out from front through mesh of canvas.

June 8th.

For another canvas of Rambla de la Chanca. Begin with dark dull blue sky (ultramarine & black or viridian & violet) to give quite another key-note <sup>1</sup> for values. Would give more gleam to lights.

Generally - have more care to avoid the "silly" blue. I usually do so when working from nature. Strange that I find it harder in reflection of studio work. This the chief fault of several recent pictures.

June 13th.

Varnishing day of Salon des Tuileries. La pagaille ! A hundred or two canvases not yet hung, amongst which mine, obliterated <sup>1</sup> with spattered <sup>2</sup> mud. C. phone me to come & withdraw them.

The Secretary: *Mais je vous assure, Monsieur, je ne suis personnellement responsable en rien. Je ne suis qu'un simple travailleur, moi.*

*No one is ever responsible for anything in France.*

The Sec'y.: *Ce n'est pas notre faute s'il a plu !!!*

*Nor if there was no roof over the Salon.*

The Sec'y.: *Faites-nous une réclamation écrite, voilà comment il faut procéder. Exposez-nous votre demande, nous enquêterons <sup>3</sup>, nous constituerons <sup>4</sup> un dossier (!), ensuite le comité l'examinera et statuera dessus.*

This passion for paperasserie !

However (probably because I made no claim to refund of dues) <sup>5</sup> I managed to withdraw the canvases without giving them too much discursory pleasure. The portrait of Mendes is in a sorry state.

We can never really come to understanding with the French. They attach very little importance to acts and very great importance to words, while we give the preponderance to what one does, not

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June 8th.

<sup>1</sup> "of", raturé.

June 13th.

<sup>1</sup> "so spattered", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "spattered", ajouté.

<sup>3</sup> "nous enquêterons", ajoutés.

<sup>4</sup> "examinerons", raturé; "enquêterons", ajouté; "établirons", raturé.

<sup>5</sup> "(Probably because I made no claim to refund of dues)", ajouté.

<sup>6</sup> "qualities", raturé; "traits", ajouté.

says. The 23 years that I know them leave me farther from them than at the beginning, and the Lord knows I began not only with an open mind but with prejudice in their favour. They have a few very superior qualities, but they have almost all the every-day traits <sup>6</sup> that I most despise <sup>7</sup> : mercenary, niggardly, rapacious, petty, jealous, pettifogging <sup>8</sup> , slovenly, slanderous, tricky <sup>9</sup> , - more or less & in varying combinations.

The last words of the sec'y: *Evidemment, si on n'est pas du petit comité...!*

Mrs. Glasgow's apartment.  
The Acadia, Montréal, August 11th.

Here since first of July. Wasted much time. Twice to Lac de la Montagne Tremblante without finding any subjects. Waiting for good weather to go to Shawinigan & Island of Orléans.

Arranged with John Heaton for exhibition & presentation over a period of time. Exhibition probably in February.

A good deal occupied with business; & read a good bit of 18th cent. English dramatists.

Cascade Inn.  
Shawinigan Falls, Aug. 14th.

Left Montreal yesterday.

x <sup>1</sup> Follow Sherbrooke St-east to end, down to Hochelaga St., turn east to cement factory. Perhaps something to make of it.

Dullest grey weather yesterday. Drizzle all day to-day. Visited Grand'Mère, Shawinigan "bay" La Gabelle. Perhaps much to do if light were good.

Château Bélair,  
Ste-Pétronille, Ile d'Orléans.  
August 17th.

When isn't foggy, there is a drizzle; when it doesn't drizzle, it pours. High tides, - as bad as at St. Jean-de-Luz in winter.

There were a few glints of stormy sun this a.m. Did a pochade — Sortie de la messe à <sup>1</sup> St. François - while at work the rain started again, & lasted most of the afternoon. Shall go back to-mor-

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<sup>7</sup> "avarice, venality", raturé.

<sup>8</sup> "erratic unreliable", raturé.

<sup>9</sup> "roguish", raturé; "tricky", ajouté.

Aug. 14th.

<sup>1</sup> Endroit retenu par Lyman pour peindre.

Aug. 17th.

<sup>1</sup> "at" raturé le "t"

row if there isn't a radical change.

The food is loathsome. When we come to a new place C. & I pathetically try to encourage each other and work up our optimism. "It looks quite clean, don't you think so?" "This soup isn't at all bad". "That was a far better meal than we had at —", etc. But after a day or two my gullet begins to balk at swallowing, & C. must feel it even more.

After going round the island a couple of times, I thought I wasn't going to be able to bring myself to a subject. After a long break, one's aspirations to composition are on such a high plane that the gulf between them & the facts of nature seems a hopeless <sup>2</sup> abyss. But with the first study the wanton <sup>3</sup> magic of putting forms within a small rectangle gets its hold on you again.

The island is really the prettiest place I know in the province. Parts of it - the downs & small steep - roofed cottages over - hanging the river - remind me of the softer parts of Brittany on some calm arm of the sea.

Montreal Sept. 5th.

M <sup>1</sup> Form & colour are the spiritual expressions corresponding to matter and light in the material world. We now believe to have established the identity of matter and light as different groupings of the same energy. It was without a <sup>2</sup> doubt the <sup>3</sup> imminence of this discovery by the scientific mind that revealed to the aesthetic mind in the individual Cézanne the identity of form and colour <sup>4</sup>, as W<sup>m</sup> Blake drew in "The Creation of Adam" the gradual development of man from the elements many years before the theory of evolution dawned on science. "What is now proved was once only imagined" (*Marriage of Heaven & Hell*). And these expressions (form & colour) <sup>5</sup> having thus <sup>6</sup> been ruined as means by which the spirit could abstract the significance of the world, the new conception of form-colour must seek an expression in which the aspirations of man can recognize the new world of matter-light, - (energy).

Oct. 1st.

Too busy to record, not too apathetic. Now getting some work done thanks to a little fine fall weather.

Prof. Ramsay Traguair suggests Horses - Hippocrates as central figure of C's gnostic ring.

If the ability & the spirituality of artists are rarely balanced, the self-taught, or half-taught ones are the more interesting. Giotto, Blake, El Greco, Rousseau (le "douanier"). Nothing equals in horror those productions that show that their author knew more than he felt.

2 "a", ajouté; "hopelessly", ly, raturé.

3 "fool les. . .", raturé; "wanton", ajouté.

Sept. 5th.

1 Morrice (?)

2 "there can be no", raturé; "it was without a", ajouté.

3 "that", raturé.

4 l'astérisque renvoie à la fin du par. p. 84.

5 "(form & colour)", ajouté.

6 "lost", raturé.

"The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom".

"Joys impregnate, sorrows bring forth".

"Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth".

"If the fool would persist in his folly, he would become wise".

"Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believed.

*Marriage of Heaven & Hell.*

"The eyes sees <sup>1</sup> more than the heart knows" (*Daughters of Albion*) but the surplus <sup>2</sup> should not be painted. The mind's eye is the only eye to be trusted.

Oct. 11th.

Such a glowing day that there was no resisting an excursion into the country, - to St. Benoit & St. Hermas. It was all a glory of ruddy foliage, finer this year than usual, having been ripened by a gradual withdrawing of the sap instead of being pinched by early frosts, as it often is, in to shrill <sup>1</sup> reds and yellows. The country-side was in a harmony <sup>2</sup> of smoky blues and the whole gamut of honeyed amber, topaz and cornelian, in the most intricate modulation, with a weaving of pale transparent greens as tender as those of the earliest Spring.

Started a sketch of the Rivière-du-Chêne, but unable to finish it before sun-down.

Oct. 13th.

M <sup>1</sup> Yesterday finished sketch at La Frenière.

To-day charming afternoon with the Arthur Morrises. Their daughter Eleanor pet niece of J.W.M. They have a quantity of thumb-nail pochades of J.W.M., and some good canvases. A beach scene & a winter view of Quebec citadel of early period (Quebec very early) and a Fête at St. Cloud by night of 1st part (Whistlerian) of <sup>2</sup> middle period, - very good.

The painter who works with pleasure is an amateur. The real painter works with anguish. Painting is a drug to him: he hates it but cannot leave it alone.

Flaubert. - "*C'est terrible d'écrire*".

Georges Sorel.

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Oct. 1st.

1 (Sic)

2 "it", raturé, "the surplus", ajouté.

Oct. 11th.

1 "shrill", ajouté; "of empty brilliance", raturé.

2 "gamut", raturé; "harmony", ajouté.

Oct. 13th.

1 Morrice (?)

2 "1st part (Whistlerian) of", ajouté.

M<sup>1</sup> There is nothing sinful or dangerous in influences, which result in imitation only<sup>2</sup> when they go no deeper than a hard & shiny surface.

Painters to-day in general undergo less influence than in the past. Witness the wrong attributions<sup>3</sup> of work of almost all the historic masters. In our time resemblances in style are rare, which is nothing to our credit<sup>4</sup>.

[*Note en marge:*

same pictures attributed in turn to Van Eyck, Nemling, Van der Weyden -  
same pictures attributed in turn to Giorgione, Tintoretto, Titian.]

Cobalt (or cobalt & ultramarine) and darker verdaccio".

All great art has wooed & possessed Nature, but the art that is seduced by Nature is doomed. Like all her sex she emasculates those who cannot dominate her even at the height of their passion.

*"The difference between a bad artist & a good is, that the bad artist seems to copy a great deal, the good one does copy a great deal".*

Imagination & Invention.

Former is a faculty which busies itself with the subtler realities, not with fictions.

For the Impressionists -

*"The wiseman, I affirm, can find no rest. In that which perishes: nor will he lend. His heart to aught which doth on time depend".*

Wordsworth. Michael Angelo's

*Sonnet*

Vol. ii, p. 179, Edition 1815.

More strength ! Dominate nature !

On board S.S. Minnewaska  
Mid-ocean, Dec. 24th 1930.

Comfortable boat, good passage in spite of unforeseen call at Halifax, few passengers. Chaperoning Mel Thonmyre, a most well-brought-up & pleasant girl.

Left Montreal very tired by rush of last 10 days. Left everything ready for exhibition.

5 pleasant days in N.Y. at Uncle Burt's. Saw Mendez, Jeannotte, Helen Rose & husband (impossible !) & Picabias, - the latter with the very greatest pleasure.

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Oct. 13th.

1 Morrice (?)

2 "only", ajouté.

3 "of Giorgiones, Titians, Corregios, Tintoretos", raturé.

4 "to absorb & repact spiritual rays take reflections requires density of substance", raturé.

2 mornings in Metropolitan. Greatest joy was in the old Breughel's "Harvesters". The distribution of the Havemeyer Collection has greatly helped the general tone of the gallery, but high quality is still very piecemeal. Periods best represented are Dutch 16th and French 2nd half of 19th Courbet, Manet in profusion; good Renoir. Many <sup>1</sup> Poussins in A1 condition. All Spanish very poorly represented. A certain canvas of Tintoretto made me think that Greco took his Italian influence more from him than from Titian.

Two magnificent Cranachs, "Judgment of Paris" and man's portrait all in black with Chinese red background,  
- the latter one of very best,  
- and a fine portrait by Düner.

The Italians from trecento to Renaissance represented generally by secondary painters. A few Tiepolo, Guardi, Canaletto.

Radio to-day announces Suzanne operated successfully, appendix & 47 gall-stones being removed. Save for C's insistance she might never have been examined.

Reading "*Humanity Uprooted*". If the Soviets had come 20 years sooner I should probably have been a bolshevik.

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1931

s.d. (1931)

Exhibition in Montreal, Feb. 21 - March 4, turned out better than I expected in these hard times. Heaton has done very well by me.

Villa Argizabal  
St. Jean-de-Luz  
Thursday, April 16th '31.

A third of a year since the last entry, and nothing to look back on with satisfaction save a few evenings of pleasure and incipient friendship with the Nells. Time and spirits wasted in French "Chinoiserie". Paris flats liquidated, furniture stored, and then endless trouble with the villa here & the tergiversations of the agent.

Poor Peggy died last Friday. She who had weathered distemper, congestion of the lungs, meningitis and being run over by an auto, was just quietly effaced from life. The vet. was certainly wrong in attributing her fever to the presence of milk following a *grosse* nerveuse. Unlike most dogs who are about to die, she did not try to hide herself away, but seemed to be glad to be near us. She slept all afternoon, seemed glad to see us when we came back, and then entered the last phase almost without a struggle. It seemed almost unbelievable that she was gone. And knowing full well that she was cold, I couldn't prevent myself before going to bed from going out to the garage to see if after all she wasn't living. Even now it seems to me at moments as though something could be done, as though

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Dec. 24th.

<sup>1</sup> "all spamar. . .", raturé.

she must be somewhere about <sup>1</sup>. Death makes damned fools of people. She suffered little, but I can never forgive myself for having mildly teased her for "putting it on".

Chief memory of Paris is the concert of music & dancing by Shan Kar's troupe. Music closely allied to Arab music but incomparably superior. Many strange & complex instruments. One a combination of lute <sup>2</sup> and viol. Another string instrument had a sound like whisperings of the ghosts of leaves. The beauty of Shan Kar and his dancing, & the principal woman dancer <sup>3</sup>, exceeds anything I have seen.

Mita gave me "La Batteuse". He has made an enormous stride in his last paintings of Greece. It would give him a material compensation for the loss of his money if one could live by one's painting without being published as a vedette.

Saw <sup>4</sup> the Hugues, Welsch, Violet, Helen, Dorziat, Mme Vildrac, Mrs. Champcommunal, and rare pleasure, Smith, the Dawsons. Also met handsome Hilary Waddington.

"La Folle du logis" (Frank Vesper's "People like us") admirably done by Germaine Demoz.

On good Friday to join <sup>5</sup> the Nells at Pamplona & see the procession of penitents.

As for the southern Italians, for the Spanish their real god is the Virgin. Of the Trinity, the immaterial two are too abstract to be considered and even the Christ is less human and awakes less sympathy than St. Peter and Judas. "Bye-bye, Jesus", The crowd said, "see you next year. He died, to be sure but all must die. Povero San Pedro, povero San Pedro!" But reverent silence and bending of the knee attended the passage of the Dolores. Andalusia is not the only home of Maria Sanctissima.

Apr. 17th.

Yesterday afternoon to San Sebastian to see the Nells. The only signs of revolution were <sup>1</sup> the ugly republican flags and toilet paper stuck over the arms on the royal box at the theatre. Brought the Nells back with us.

Apr. 28th.

Being impossible to undertake anything important as long as the chicanes about this villa last (the French still remaining true to form in business matters), am amusing myself hugely with some small compositions of Spanish music-hall numbers.

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April 16th.

<sup>1</sup> "as though she must be somewhere about", ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "luth", raturé.

<sup>3</sup> "& the principal woman dancer", ajouté.

<sup>4</sup> "frequently", raturé.

<sup>5</sup> "s" raturé à "join".

Apr. 17th.

<sup>1</sup> "on", raturé.

June 10th.

Our quarrel with the proprietor still drags on, & is becoming more of a diversion than anything else. Every two or three weeks some little development results in a visit to the avoué. It begins to look as though we might get the upperhand. We shall almost feel lost when a decision is arrived at.

From May 25 to 30th away at Pamplona. The ficklest kind of weather all the time. Found one big subject, of which did 2 panels, & which have since been composing.

At present day after day of marvellously fine weather. Spend most of my time sun-bathing<sup>1</sup> on beach & postpone Pamplona landscape to next rainy spell. I seem to be losing the thread of it, to be a little confused. Perhaps after a few days rest it will come back more vividly. However I go about a job, the result is always the same. If I start it in a favourable disposition, too great precipitation can do as much harm as diminished enthusiasm.

C. went to Paris on 7th to meet her father & Suzanne.

An integral part of Lawrence's vision formulated in *"The Woman who Rode Away"*: *"Her kind of womanhood, intensely personal & individual, was to be obliterated again, and the great primeval symbols were to tower once more over<sup>2</sup> the fallen individual independance of woman. The sharpness & the quivering nervous consciousness of the highly-bred white woman was to be destroyed again, womanhood was to be cast once more into the great Stream of impersonal sex & impersonal passion"*.

July 5th.

Realism of latter part of XIX cent. - holding up to<sup>1</sup> life<sup>2</sup> a dark reducing mirror that reduced man to ant-like proportions, - ants struggling aimlessly in a hard & hopelessly black world. Romanticism had used an enlarging, & often a distorting glass. Both forms of baroque (Eugenio d'Ors) expressing man's doubt & disquietude as opposed to classicism's confidence serenity & affirmation of eternity<sup>3</sup>.

St. Pierre here.

Anxious over possibility of tumor in C's breast.

Fitful work collecting impressions & documents.

Fine morning on beach. Weather very fickle. 21 consecutive<sup>4</sup> hours of thunder - storms.

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June 10th.

1 "sun-bathing", ajouté.

2 "of", raturé.

July 5th

1 "looking at", raturé; "holding up to", ajouté.

2 "in", raturé.

3 "Phrase ajoutée après 1ère rédaction

4 "consecutive", ajouté.

July 12th.

Man labours incessantly at his own destruction as well as his salvation. While art brings him increase of confidence, serenity & vitality, science undermines them. The greatest calamity that ever happened to man was the discovery of the heliocentric universe to replace the geocentric system with man as its paramount expression. From there on he began to lose faith in himself. Even his art, in the tormented and wandering forms of the baroque, began to voice his doubt. Truth is only another word for doubt.

St. P. left to-day.

Still uncertain about C's breast & staying on here.

Outremont, Sept. 28/31

Art for art's sake, for Christ's sake, for obscenity's sake or for no sake is not worth taking sides for so long as it is the work of an artist completely endowed, one who is capable of sentiment <sup>1</sup> formed or informed by sensibility & analysis <sup>2</sup>, figured & transfigured by <sup>3</sup> imagination & synthesis.

Art for life's sake !

Anglo-Saxons believe that man (or man of their own race, at least) is on the whole an estimable creature. They try to live up to this ideal, but they only half succeed.

The French on the other hand believe that humanity is a <sup>4</sup> not very clean, not very noble <sup>5</sup> breed, whose <sup>6</sup> institutions & conduct when closely scrutinized prove to be rather unsavoury, and which is at its worst when it professes <sup>7</sup> virtue (hypocrisy). This makes it fairly easy for them to live up to their conception !

The conception of <sup>8</sup> a national tradition is the recognition in a group of personalities of a common factor or factors beyond those constant in all such groups.

S.D.

October-November. Decoration of apartment, business etc.

December. Ditto, organization of the Atelier.

January - February. The Atelier, work & the thousand & one things of town life.

March - April. Exhibition of group at Morgan's, & ditto, ditto, ditto.

Friday lunches at Samovar & now chez Ernest.

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Sept. 28th.

1 "mighty", raturé.

2 "intellectual", raturé.

3 "by", corrigé.

4 "a", ajouté.

5 "not very noble", ajouté; "rather a" plus 2 mots incompréhensible raturé.

6 "in fact", raturé

7 "professess", rature le dernier "s".

8 "the conception of", ajouté.

Aujourd'hui pour sauver la face à ( . . . ) <sup>1</sup> m'a brisé le plus bel élan de ma vie de peintre.

April 28th.

Started portrait of C. abandoned two months ago, but with little impetuosity. Doubt if it is successful.

At no time have found it so hard to find a few moments for my journal as these last months. Have been enmeshed in various activities, perhaps not excessive & normal in one's own town, but unaccustomed in my bucolic life of recent years. The Atelier school developing slightly but progressively, the exhibition attracting much interest & comment.

Our Wednesday evenings in the studio have brought together a goodly number of the more intelligent, and proved that in certain circles at least "doing something" is not necessary and conversational intercourse is enough to pass a few pleasantly in Montreal.

The visitors: —

George Holt, Eliz. Frost, Hazen Sise, Dick Bolten, Kenneth & Mrs. Crowe, André & Jeannette Bieler, Edwin Holgate, Pegi Nicol, Michel Seymour (Tripier), Mens & Alan Black, Liette Nickles, Margaret Wright, Mr. & Mrs Perkin, Mr. & Mrs. Frank Scott, Mr. & Mrs. McFee, Miss Mckenzie, Mr. & Mrs. R. McCall, Ronald Irvine & Mrs. (mother), Miss Williams-Moore, Miss Yvonne Sutherland, Prudence Magor, Miss Kennedy, Richard Eve, Cleve Morgan, Emile & Blanche Vaillancourt, Hon. Justice Surveyer, Mlle Auclair, Frances Porteous, John & Mrs. Byrd, Jacques Biéler, Pamela Steed, Patou, Mlle Riberger, Sidney Carter, Mr. Shering, Mr. Soltandick, Miss McGee, Mr. & Mrs. Sherrard.

Exhibition of Prudence Heward. When an idea becomes explicit it dies. Terrible tension of a nature which realizes it is unequal to the task.

She has so stiffened her will that it mutes the strings of her sensibility. Only now & then do they give a too taut vibration. She is so concentrated on the volitional effort that she is numb to the lack of consistent <sup>1</sup> fundamental organization <sup>2</sup>, relations and rhythms. Many values do not stay in their places, and the passages are frequently lacking. "*Je ne peins pas l'objet*" said Montaigne "*je peins le passage*". It is there that the comprehending mind gets a glimpse of the universal & eternal <sup>3</sup>. Landscapes of The Riviera awake echoes no way different from those of Canada. One does not ask for the sun's illumination on the streets of Cagnes, but one does ask for it in her soul.

Her latest canvas unfortunately shows the influence of Lauren Harris, new Torontonian academician <sup>4</sup>, in mistaking shape for form, - design, surface pattern, for construction.

Paradoxically enough this hard inflexible insistence occurs chiefly in feminine work. It seems to denote lack of tempérament, insufficient resources of nervous energy to support the intelligent will <sup>5</sup>, or perhaps rather wasting of it in wrong channels, leaving the emotions parched. One sees it

Feb. 27th.

<sup>1</sup> Raturé.

April 28th.

<sup>1</sup> "certain", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "organisation", ajouté

<sup>3</sup> "the", raturé

<sup>4</sup> "new torontonian academician", ajouté.

<sup>5</sup> "to support the intelligent will", ajouté.

in Maria Blanchard <sup>6</sup>, Hélène Perdriat, Georgette Agutte, who will be better remembered for refusing to survive Marcel Sembat than for her painting.

Oppressively conscientious \* & conscientiously particular. No good art without generalization or synthesis <sup>7</sup>.

Discordance of figures & background. Disconcerting to find with extreme <sup>8</sup> analytical modulation of figures unmodulated & cloisonné treatment of background, without interrelation, Bougureau nude against Cezannian background.

The particular. For her the world is a selection of objects, not a series of universal relations. Power of analysis of particular, "*l'anatomia presuppone il cadavere*". D'Annunzio <sup>9</sup>. To seize the sense of life it's necessary to synthesize, to integrate the particular in the universal, to paint le passage <sup>10</sup> ? (Montaigne). To dispense with le passage is for many a sign of strength. In reality it is a sign of a dry & systematic mind - the results clash <sup>11</sup>.

\* She makes a picture as a Puritan woman keeps her house. The corners are even better kept than the surfaces. There is no humbug about it but it is not a good place to live in. The habitable house is the one that is reasonably well-kept, but whose management is adapted to <sup>12</sup> human habits.

Aug. 14th.

This summer have painted nothing but a fantasy, "Souvenir of Spain", unfinished, and a portrait of Magaret Wright quite the most banal thing I have ever done. Energy turned towards finding farm. Now packing to move there. Financial situation very bad. St. P. in a terrible state now he has to face the facts.

For the next week shall be entirely engrossed digging ourselves in & making plans for house.

La femme ne vit que de l'équivoque.

1509 Sherbrooke St. W.  
Montreal, Nov. 13th 1932.

Dear Mr. Roberts,

Mr. Cleveland Morgan drew my attention to your exhibition at the Arts Club, and I dropped in to see it the other day, as I drop in to see most of the exhibitions that are put on; but I came out in a very different mood from the usual one. I knew by my elation that I had seen some real stuff. I like your work immensely for its terse characterization in drawing and particularly for your ability to see colour, not merely use it illustratively or as a schematic ornament.

6 "Suzanne Valadou", raturé.

7 "or synthesis", ajouté. Citation renvoyée plus bas.

8. "extreme", ajouté

9 Citation renvoyée.

10 "to seize the sense of life it's necessary to synthesize, to integrate the particular in the universal, to paint le passage ?" ajouté.

11 "to dispense with le passage is for many a sign of strength. In reality it is a sign of a dry & systematic mind & the result clash.", passage ajouté.

12 "harmonious with", raturé; "adapted to", ajouté.

I know from experience what apathy and incomprehension any new vision encounters in this prosaic town, and I shall enjoy supporting my opinion of your work on all occasions.

If you come to Montreal I hope you will look me up. I should like to have a chat.

Yours sincerely,

Goodridge Roberts, Esq<sup>re</sup>  
Ottawa.

Nov. 19th [1932]  
c/o Mrs F.L. Willson  
Strathcona Apt 5, Ottawa

Dear Mr. Lyman,

I feel greatly honoured by your letter as, needless to say I appreciate the value of your criticism.

I am very much out of touch with contemporary work in Europe, and look forward to talking with you on the subject, and seeing some of your own contributions to it - as yet I know of you by repute only.

Sincerely

Goodridge Roberts

Nov. 20th.

Reading "Son of Woman". (. . . ) <sup>1</sup> is a louse. He is a petty schoolman trying to explain Prometheus. But there is a good passage: - "He really did tower by a head and shoulders above his contemporaries by this very recognition that the necessary conditions of great "art" are lacking in our age. Unless society is an organic unity, in which the artist feels & knows himself spiritually secure, the undisturbed concentration of his artistic faculty upon the created object is impossible. The necessary condition of great art is that the artist should be able to take elemental things for granted, the artist needs to serve an authority which he acknowledges to be greater than himself, whether it be God or King or both together; he does not question the powers that be [*Vie de Cézanne.*] Then, & then, & then alone, is he free to be an artist, with all his heart and all his mind & all his soul. These conditions do not exist to-day, & they will not exist for a long time to come. The artist to-day finds no spiritual authority which he instinctively acknowledges. [*Elie Faure - L'Esprit des Formes.*] If he acknowledges any it is the authority of Art itself, which is mere wordy nonsense. Art is not an authority, it is the means by which authority may be revealed & expressed. So that the artist who is conscious enough to be capable of great art is inevitably involved in the endeavour to discover or to create the authority without which his activity as artist is either trivial or anarchic". [15 years later: Inclined to view this whole notion - an almost generally accepted one - as a complete sophism. The key to the fallacy is the words: "Arts . . . is the means by which authority is revealed or expressed". Art is not an inert vehicle for conveying anything, it is an action incited by instinct, which imposes its own authority ( & a more lasting one).]

R. de Gourmont said the whole effort of a sincere man is to make his personal impressions into universal laws.

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Nov. 20th.

<sup>1</sup> Mot illisible.

Nov. 27th.

Also - "It is truly a spectacle unique in history, this furious preoccupation with sexual morality which, under our indifferent eyes, destroys the sensibility of so many kindly men & so many amiable women".

Probably the old Gallic (from the Latin & Oriental) <sup>1</sup> tradition of woman the temptress woman the unsatiable, the unchaste, cuckolding, inflammable, needing to be satisfied and guarded, a tradition so different from the facts of the idealize frigid <sup>2</sup>, man-ostracizing woman of to-day, dates from before this wave of Moral <sup>3</sup> morbidity. From it results all the frustated perversity, frigidity, repressions, hysteria and contranatural complexes of present day woman, and the devil-cheating sensual <sup>4</sup> scavenging of man. Who can live without sex can live without art. The postering of sterility.

s.d.

"Lawrence... repudiated 'character' entirely, and retained only the merest crust of outward form sufficient for the telling of a story... What is even more baffling... is his refusal of the whole modern machinery of psychology".

Catherine Carswell. *Savage Pilgrimage*.

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Feb. 4th. 1933.

Last Wed. evening an animated crowd in studio. Besides the habitués, Jean Nolin, Mlle Nolin (sculptor) Mlle Camille Bernard, Jean Lallemand, Miss Scott (of Paris) Mr. & Mrs. Pearce & Mr. (. . . ) <sup>1</sup>

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1843 Dorchester W.  
Feb. 6th 1937

Dear Lyman

Thank you very much for the criticism of my work in the Montrealer. I needn't say that I hope it continues to merit your interest.

I am holding a show of about thirty water-colours at the Toronto Picture Loan Society gallery from Feb 12th to 25th. If you would put in a good word for me to any of your friends in that town who might feel that they could form a judgement a little more viably with such assistance as you could give. I would be most grateful.

I am very sorry that you couldn't come over the other night and hope you're feeling well again.

Sincerely yrs

Goodridge Roberts

Nov. 27th.

- 1 "(from the Latin & Oriental)", ajouté.
- 2 "supine", raturé; "frigid", ajouté.
- 3 "morbid", raturé.
- 4 2 mots raturés: "wies of" ?

Feb. 4th. 1933

- 1 Nom illisible

1933

1937

s.d.

*"Oualah! je le jure, l'homme n'a rien à attendre de ses amis. Que la misère fonde sur lui et le voici renié de ses parents eux-mêmes".*

*1000 Nights & 1 Night.*

Apr. 4/37

Line is to a painting what words are to music; it defines <sup>1</sup> the sentiment, the action <sup>2</sup>, the contours <sup>3</sup>.

\* \* \* \* \*

1943

June 1943

– Stayed with the Borduas at St. Hilaire.

\* \* \* \* \*

1946

Nov. 27, 1946.

Je m'intéresse à toute réalité intérieure quelque soit son rapport manifeste ou obscur <sup>1</sup>, avec la réalité extérieure. C'est la seule manière possible d'avoir une vue d'ensemble sur les arts. Il n'y a donc opposition de principe (l'évaluation est autre chose) qu'entre l'authentique et le faux. Sur-réalisme n'est pas anti-réalisme et le réalisme est aussi oeuvre d'intuition et d'imagination <sup>2</sup>.

Les peintres qui disent oui à la vie ont un point de départ dans la réalité. Ils conservent des rapports avec la substance et le jour <sup>3</sup>. Surréalisme, forme moderne du romantisme.

Nov. 28.

L'imagination qui se tourne vers l'extérieur se meuble d'objets en service, celle qui se tourne en dedans se meuble d'objets désaffectés.

Apr. 4th

1 "particularizes", raturé; "defines", ajouté.

2 "characterizes", raturé.

3 "draws", raturé

Nov. 27, 1946.

1 "proche, lointaine", raturé; "manifeste, obscur", ajouté.

2 "N'(est) pas conçu que par l'(intuition) et l'(imagination)", raturé. # "imagination", au crayon rouge entre les 2 paragraphes.

3 "ils conservent des rapports avec la substance et le jour", renvoi.

Dec. 11

A painter has only one problem: to be himself. He will then rank ultimately according to the substantiality of that self. Otherwise, no matter how talented he may be, he <sup>1</sup> will only hold his position as long as his assumed self <sup>2</sup> fits with the fashion of the day <sup>3</sup>.

Dec. 21

Toute oeuvre de peintre est un effort de reconstruction du monde qui est toujours en désintégration plus ou moins évidente. D'aucuns, émus d'équilibres condamnés, se retranchent dans une révolte orgueilleuse. Plus on est orgueilleux, plus on s'éloigne du réel. On n'y voit que de l'illusoire; on se réfugie dans le moi - dans le songe. C'est le romantisme - le sentiment oppressif de l'équilibre qui se perd.

Mais aussi sûrement que l'équilibre est toujours en train de se perdre, il est toujours en train de se renouveler <sup>1</sup>. Sous les aspects changeants du monde, on peut reconnaître des rapports <sup>2</sup> éternels. Le classique est celui qui les accepte et les célèbre <sup>3</sup>.

Ceci n'est pas une évaluation. On ne juge pas un artiste <sup>4</sup> selon <sup>5</sup> le genre de son sentiment, mais selon sa puissance <sup>6</sup> dans ce genre.

Le romantisme est toujours le signe d'une société désillusionnée.

Dec. 27.

To be humble is indeed the most useful virtue an artist (or a scientist) can have. No one is without vanity, but when it reaches a certain degree it is an <sup>1</sup> irresistible menace to integrity of thought & feeling. It is a continual incitement to exploit deliberately whatever aspects of his work <sup>2</sup> may have proved successful.

The quickness with which I tire now may be useful to my painting, by preventing me from behaving a part. To turn to account & make the most of one's limitations. . . Physical energy can

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Dec. 11.

- 1- "his assumed self", raturé.
- 2- "qu'il affecte", ajouté à la mine de plomb.
- 3- "moment", raturé.

Dec. 21

- 1- Ecrit "renouveler". Rature: "si on ne croit pas au. . . motill".
- 2- "aspects", raturé.
- 3- Au lieu de ". . . les acceptant et les aderant ? Cherche à en dégager la beauté".
- 4- "oeuvre", raturé; "artiste", ajouté.
- 5- "le genre de", ajouté.
- 6- "dans son sentiment", raturé.

Dec. 27.

- 1- "almost", raturé.
- 2- "Qualities", raturé; "aspects of his work", ajouté.

make one rejoice in mere performance.

" - état de connaissance sensible dans lequel sont abolies pour nous toutes les notions et émotions à la fois qui ne peuvent entrer dans la composition d'une vie harmonique momentanée". Valéry. Quelle meilleure définition de ce que procure le genre d'art que j'affectionne le plus - classique?

Progress as conceived in America, is the science <sup>3</sup> of making life progressively less pleasant <sup>4</sup>. Progress always ends by defeating itself. How much longer will the human spirit put up with being <sup>5</sup> increasingly "processed" ?

\* \* \* \* \*

1947

Jan. 8, 1947.

People in America who claim to be cultured are always ill at ease when <sup>1</sup> confronted with art and immediately look for some side issue to which they can turn with relief. That indeed, is what gives the middle-men of art <sup>2</sup>, the professors, curators, lecturers and many so-called artists, the chance to flourish in their parasitic calling.

Not long ago the new director of the Metrop. Museum said in so many words that the museum should be looked on as an iconography of social history. Lectures can find us better reason for interest in the arts than that "*they help to an understanding of different cultures*". They talk about "*understanding the meaning of art*" <sup>3</sup>, never about being exalted by its *penetration* & its beauty, about *significance*.

"*how to look at works of art - to understand their meaning & purpose*".

*Always something extraneous to the action of the art itself.*

This attitude is nothing less than escapism - is in fact the real & only escapism. It is fear of <sup>4</sup> life, of <sup>5</sup> poetry, above all fear of <sup>6</sup> instinct that make people retreat into institutional rational, into system & ideology.

The "purpose" of art is to be art, not a vehicle for thought or sentiment of a different order. Its "meaning" is clear, it is there in coloured form. It is seen or not seen. It cannot be explained without misrepresentation <sup>7</sup>. Interpretation <sup>8</sup> denatures it literally "deforms" it, transposes it into <sup>9</sup> a lesser, a less vital meaning: a logical <sup>10</sup> in place of an aesthetic meaning, a rational in place of an organic one. What is expressed is expressed nowhere but in the expression. As E.E. Cummings puts it, "*A poem, a painting, lives in itself*" <sup>11</sup>.

3 "art", raturé; "science", ajouté.

4 "more uncomfortable", raturé; "less pleasant", ajouté.

5 Ecrit "being".

Jan. 8th.

1 "they" raturé.

2 "middleman of art": dealer

3 "arts its", raturé; "the meaning of art", ajouté.

4 "escape from", raturé; "fear of", ajouté.

5 "from" raturé.

6 "escape from" raturé; "fear of", ajouté.

7 "it cannot be explained without misrepresentation", ajouté

8 "or explanation", raturé.

9 "literally "deforms" it? Transposes it into", ajouté; "reduces its meanings", raturé.

10 "meaning", raturé

11 Cette dernière citation ajoutée le 25 fév. 51.

Jan. 31.

Always the problem of getting away from conditions prejudicial to health & work, conditions imposed by a society hell bent on enslaving itself. Working only à bâtons rompus, which enervates me, & disperses my ideas. Happy those who withdraw into themselves, who do not seek happiness, who occupy themselves with ideas & wait for death without exhausting themselves in vain struggles to improve their lot!

Feb. 12.

Yesterday finished a pretty good canvas ("Verdures") a second version, much more alive than the first. Shall I do a third . . . and a fourth?

. . . *"Car il n'y a pas besoin d'être théologien pour constater, par simple expérience, que peut-être l'homme n'acquiert rien qu'il ne perde par là même et du même coup quelque chose, et que c'est se faire une idée bien fautive de l'homme que de croire par exemple que tout progrès technique soit nécessairement pour lui un gain . . . Il ne serait peut-être pas non plus très difficile de montrer que plus l'homme progresse dans la conquête de ce qu'il faut bien appeler ses pouvoirs seconds, qui sont d'espèce mécanique, plus il recule dans la possession de ses pouvoirs premiers, qui sont d'espèce intuitive, et qu'il va sans cesse déperdant"*.

Ramuz-Taille de l'Homme.

pp. 76-77

*"... la simplicité consistant dans la résolution harmonieuse d'un ensemble de complexes, le "simplisme" au contraire procédant par l'élimination de ceux d'entre les éléments en cause qu'il n'arrive pas à concilier".* p. 60.

*"La grandeur spirituelle est de telle nature qu'il faut pour qu'elle existe que l'homme y croie; il faut donc qu'il soit constitué de manière à pouvoir y croire, alors qu'au contraire chaque jour la qualité est un peu plus niée au profit de la quantité."* p. 186.

Feb. 17 Slide-rule Culture.

Yesterday, during the intermission of the N.Y. Philharmonic concert (of all times! Typically American) a professor of anthropology from (I think) the University of Michigan, said that the basic factor in culture is energy. Primitive man had only the energy of the human body, averaging about one twentieth of one horse power. Presumably then, since Americans to-day dispose of the vastest amount of energy of any people, their culture is the greatest of any. No doubt the proof thereof is that they employ minds of this calibre to teach the young.

March 4.

To scorn what is easy is the first thing an artist's self respect demands: effect, dexterity, fashion.

Pas de système: Mais malheureusement c'est presque toujours là que le public cherche la personnalité. Chez moi c'est l'absence de système qui caractérise la personnalité <sup>1</sup>. D'ailleurs je n'ai pas de vertu à n'en pas avoir <sup>2</sup>, je l'évite instinctivement, même s'il faut recourir à des moyens de fortune <sup>3</sup>.

*“. . . les gens qui ne se sont jamais donné la peine de penser à ce qu'est réellement l'inspiration. Ils la font trop souvent dépendre de l'originalité des sujets.*

*Or, il n'y a pas de sujets originaux. . . Le talent ne saurait donc se prouver par la nouveauté des thèmes, mais seulement par une sincérité, une vigueur et un éclat qui nous donne l'impression de cette nouveauté”.*

Francis de Miomandre.

March 5.

This is the "easy" age; for anything to be attractive it must be offered as easy-to-get, easy-to-take, easy-to-cook, easy-to-buy, easy-to-wed, easy-to-read. . .

On n'atteint au général que par le particulier, à la simplicité qu'à travers la complexité, à l'aisance (je ne dis pas dextérité) que par la gaucherie laborieuse, au style qu'en se refusant toute recherche volontaire de style.

Painting - transubstantiation.

(Au père Couturier)

4038, rue Tupper  
Montréal 6, le 15 mars 1947.

Mon cher Père,

Vous vous souvenez sans doute que lorsque vous m'avez parlé pour la première fois de votre projet d'une exposition québécoise <sup>1</sup> à Paris, je vous ai exposé l'inconvénient qu'il y aurait à ce que Gagnon assumât <sup>2</sup> le rôle d'agent de publicité de l'exposition. Comme vous le savez, mes pires prévisions se trouvent confirmées dès à présent.

Dans les déclarations de G. publiées dans *Notre Temps* du 1er mars, il y a trois choses à retenir:

1ère: Il n'a tenu aucun compte de votre demande de ne pas parler de l'exposition avant qu'elle ne fût officiellement autorisée. En outre, il s'annonce comme chargé de choisir, avec vous, les tableaux, quand d'après ce que vous m'avez dit, vous lui avez demandé de collaborer au même

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March 4.

<sup>1</sup> "chez moi c'est l'absence de système qui caractérise la personnalité", renvoi

<sup>2</sup> Ecrit d'abord: Ce n'est pas une vertu chez moi de ne pas avoir de système.

<sup>3</sup> "makeshifts", écrit à la mine de plomb.

March 15th

<sup>1</sup> Sic.

<sup>2</sup> Ecrit "assumat"

titre que moi, c'est-à-dire vous aider à trouver les oeuvres <sup>3</sup> parmi lesquelles vous pourriez faire votre choix. Pas un mot sur votre initiative, on pourrait croire que c'est lui qui a décidé toute l'affaire. Je ne conçois pas que vous puissiez tolérer ce manque de respect.

- 2e En se donnant comme votre seul collaborateur, il me fait également affront. Il me semble que, vu tout ce que j'ai fait pour le mouvement d'art vivant, dès avant même que vous soyez venu parmi nous pour nous prêter votre sympathique et précieux appui, il me devait à moi aussi un peu de respect.
- 3e En même temps qu'il s'attribue le rôle de juge de l'exposition - rôle qui suppose une attitude impartiale - il se permet d'émettre des évaluations préjudiciables sur les artistes qui seront invités, ce qui est de la dernière inconvenance. Ces propos ont soulevé de l'émoi et des colères chez les artistes visés.

On n'est pas enchanté par l'idée que Gagnon continuera à représenter l'exposition comme étant principalement pellanienne et borduassienne. . . avec un peu de remplissage. Car pas plus qu'ici vous ne pourriez <sup>4</sup> l'empêcher de faire des siennes à Paris, où on a naturellement toutes les complaisances pour un canadien-français.

Je crois que vous reconnaîtrez que l'attitude de G. envers moi et plusieurs de mes amis rend ma collaboration impossible. Je vous le dis avec beaucoup de regret - avec d'autant plus de regret qu'à cause de votre dévouement généreux et désintéressé aux peintres canadiens, nous vous devons tous beaucoup de reconnaissance et de respect. Il faut vous en prendre à celui qui y a manqué.

Je vous prie de croire, mon Père, à mes sentiments bien amicaux.

Rév. Père Marie-Alain Couturier  
Couvent of Our Lady of Prouille  
Ashborne Road & Juniper Ave.  
Elknis Park, Pa.

(En note au 15 mars 1947.)

Mardi,

Mon bien cher John

Vous savez toute l'affection que j'ai pour vous et vous devinez certainement aussi tout ce que votre amitié, fidèle et délicate, a représenté pour moi toutes ces dernières années. Cela passe avant tout.

En ce qui concerne Maurice Gagnon vous savez très bien qu'entre vous et lui, je n'hésiterais donc pas: Nous en parlerons de vive voix - et soyez sûr que, pour ou contre, rien à son égard ne sera fait sans que vous le sachiez et l'approuviez.

Par ailleurs et je vous demande de bien vouloir garder cela secret, les conditions préparées par les autorités de Québec (et qui, par suite d'une erreur postale me sont parvenues hier avec un mois de retard) me semblent inacceptables. Je vais donc tout remettre en question, par une lettre qui partira aujourd'hui même. Je vous tiendrai au courant de ce qui sera décidé. D'ailleurs je ne tarderai guère à revenir à Montréal.

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<sup>3</sup> "tableaux", raturé.

<sup>4</sup> "pas", raturé.

Donc à bientôt, veuillez dire à Madame Lyman, mon respectueux souvenir, et croyez à ma très reconnaissante amitié.

P.M.A. Couturier

Mar. 31

Dear John

I enjoyed your show very much.

I would of course have been there the first day had I known of it but didn't get an invitation.

When I told Guy Viau that I hadn't received notice of the show he went through his cards and discovered that the one with my name on it was missing.

I hear that you have not been well and hope you are feeling O.K. now.

Yours

Goody.

April 2.

Classicism is not an intellectual system or a canon, it is an attitude & discipline <sup>1</sup>.

May 1947 <sup>1</sup>

Visit from B.F., down from Toronto. The conversation leads me to say that, of the four principal museums in the country, The Toronto Gallery is the only one that has not acquired any examples of my painting. "Well, you know why, don't you?" asks B.F. Since I reply in the negative, he continues: "Why A.Y.J. has always opposed it", and as I raise my eyebrows, he adds: "I ought to know, I was on the acquisition committee for several years, and A.Y. blocked every proposal to acquire one of your pictures".

By coincidence, about a week later another Torontonion who is familiar with these things, P.D., pays a visit. This time I deliberately bring the conversation on the same subject, and get on <sup>2</sup> identical answer.

Shortly after I go to the Dominion Gallery & tell the story to M.S. "Oh! I can't believe it Mr. L., J. is such a nice fellow, & so forth." At last he says: "Well I'm going to Toronto next week, I'll find out; I know people, they will tell me."

And his report is: "You are quite right, Mr. L., I couldn't believe it, but you are quite right."

Psychologically speaking, this is no great surprise to me. I have never been able to have esteem

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April 2nd.

<sup>1</sup> Note à la mine de plomb: Romantisme - société désillusionnée.

May 1947

<sup>1</sup> Texte écrit sur une feuille volante et insérée à la page 134 du 2e cahier du journal.

<sup>2</sup> "the", raturé

for A.Y. To anyone who has eyes & ears & intuition, either his painting or <sup>3</sup> his writing is enough to show a lack of integrity - indeed <sup>4</sup> that he doesn't even conceive what aesthetic or intellectual integrity is. But so contemptible an attitude is a little more than I should have expected.

May 24

"... dites-vous bien que, en art, l'on n'atteint au général que par et à travers le particulier".

A. Gide (*Interviews Imaginaires*)

Nov. 14

Facility is the most dangerous quality a painter can have, as glibness is the greatest enemy of thought. It may be objected that a painter does not think in the logical sense, and feeling may be instantaneous. But feeling must be formulated imaginatively and such formulation <sup>1</sup> except in the happiest and rarest moments and in a <sup>2</sup> limited application, meets impediments. Let expression meet none, let its ease outstrip that of formulation, and it can hardly escape superficiality. Thus when we see a display of unerring virtuosity, the chances are very great that the artist's <sup>3</sup> source is <sup>4</sup> outside and not within himself. (In Pellán there is nothing but rhetoric and bluff.)

Dec. 13.

Who has better described the futility of academic art than Goethe (*Truth & Fiction*) in four lines? "*The highest problem of any art is, to produce by semblance the illusion of some higher reality. But it is a false endeavour to realize the appearance until at last only something commonly real remains*".

And his "... Resolution to preserve my internal nature according to its peculiarities, and to let external nature influence me according to its qualities. . . "

Note, too, his remarks about the gulf between public & author, p. 223-24.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jan 21, 1948.

Ramuz's novel

"*Farinet, ou la Fausse Monnaie*" keeps haunting my mind with its bigness - the bigness of a greek tragedy. It is indeed a modern Antigone - the tragic destiny of free conscience in conflict with

<sup>3</sup> "articles a", raturé

<sup>4</sup> "even", raturé; "indeed", ajouté.

Nov. 14.

<sup>1</sup> "imagination", raturé; "such formulation", ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "a", ajouté.

<sup>3</sup> "pain. . .", raturé.

<sup>4</sup> "was", raturé.

the expediency of government, of personal liberty with organized society. For Farinet the counterfeiter is no swindler, his coins are made of better gold than the government's. It is also the tragedy of love, the devoted love that dares all to save him, but which he cannot requite & which then in desperate resentment <sup>1</sup> betrays <sup>2</sup> him. For a moment Farinet softens and entertains the idea that real liberty would be freedom to live & love within the conventions of society, but his betrayal drives him back to obdurate resistance. Neither he nor the remorseful woman can escape their tragic destiny.

Through the setting & the language Ramuz has realized the miracle of making the story both real without limiting particularity <sup>3</sup> & universal without symbolism <sup>4</sup>. The language is that of the peasants, or rather a decantation of it which sheds all suggestion of dialect. It is poetic language, without "literary" fluency, that means more than it says, of biblical simplicity & repetition. Used equally for the description & the narrative, it creates a work that is all of a piece.

Feb. 3.

For an artist to get notice to-day the main requisites are to be free of any inner necessity, i.e. free to deliberately choose a "line", and to hire Jean-Paul Sartre to write a preface to his catalogue <sup>1</sup>. If he wants to keep right up to date, to have an edge on the next fellow, to "make" Time - the newspapers he has to change method continually, and of course a well-anchored personality could only be an obstacle. Giacometti went from impressionism to cubism to surrealism - "*was dissatisfied with them all*" <sup>2</sup>. So now he models figures elongated to the limits of material possibility. The only thing unsatisfactory about that is that the next fellow can still make news by modelling figures an inch high & twenty inches wide.

[Jerome Frank <sup>3</sup> - *CONFESS that I highly esteem this book in part because it manifests a trend that in my own writings I have done my best to foster: a trend towards an emphasis, relatively rare in occidental thinking since Aristotle, on the need for recognition by government of each individual's uniqueness. Rules and principles addressed to average behavior, although undoubtedly indispensable in a civilized society, we have excessively valued. We have insufficiently heeded the irrepressible human longing for governmental responses to the unique aspects of each individual's motivations and character. Without those responses, the talk of individual human dignity becomes a shame, almost an indignity.*

*The sense of injustice* by Edmond N. Calin ]

Feb. 7.

Thinking in abstractions is perhaps the clearest reflection of the hollowness of our society <sup>1</sup>.

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Jan. 21st.

- 1 "resentment", ajouté; "desparation", modifié: "that", raturé.
- 2 "deliv . . ." raturé.
- 3 "without limiting particularity", ajouté.
- 4 "without symbolism", ajouté.

Feb. 3.

- 1 "to his catalogue", ajouté.
- 2 "any of them", raturé; "them all", ajouté.
- 3 Coupure de journal.

Feb. 7th.

- 1 "civilisation", raturé; "society", ajouté.

The common man, the average citizen, the worker <sup>2</sup>, the capitalist, the tax-payer man <sup>3</sup> income bracket, the white-collar class, the producer, the consumer, the patient, the student, the college graduate, the average reader - are all abstractions - abstractions that are taken as a blue-print for society <sup>4</sup>. Thus society becomes increasingly unreal, and the individual worth of the human being increasingly meaningless, for no human being corresponds to an abstraction. In reality the strength of a society can only result from the cumulation of gifted individuals.

To <sup>5</sup> the same extent to which society accepts and promotes its own unreality, it is satisfied with hollow nominal culture. It thinks that culture can be promoted by planned use of leisure and institutional methods, and as proof thereof points to <sup>6</sup> quantitative statistics on art gallery activities, book circulation, concert attendance, etc., etc. As art, it accepts anything that looks like the real thing, (the bogus in preference to the real) <sup>7</sup>, and holds that all that is necessary to make the "common <sup>8</sup> man" "art conscious" is propaganda. The truth is, as Herbert Read says, "*the common man, such as we produce in our civilization, is aesthetically a dead man*".

Abstract art is an expression of this attitude.

As it is easier to plan for the welfare <sup>9</sup> of an abstract class than to promote the development & happiness of whole and <sup>10</sup> gifted men, so it is easier for the artist to formulate an abstract diagram than to create an organic reality.

Small wonder then that the surrealists reject such a society and seek a new reality in the <sup>11</sup> irrational and instinctive processes of the mind. But, beside this romantic gesture of refusal, then also remains the classical attitude of acceptance - acceptance of nature and of man as a part of nature.

Feb. 19.

Surprise and recognition - the dual effect of the genuine work of art.

Feb. 28.

but surprise must come from unexpected recognition, not from aroused curiosity. The attempt to arouse curiosity means that the work loses all interest the moment that curiosity is satisfied.

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2 "proletariate", raturé; "worker", ajouté.

3 "tax-payer man", ajouté.

4 "abstractions that are taken as a blue-print for society", ajouté.

5 Paragraphe renvoyé à la suite de "gifted individuals". Note au bas p. 141: "insert following page".

6 "it is content with", raturé; "points to", ajouté.

7 "(the bogus in preference to the real)", ajouté.

8 "average", raturé; "common", ajouté. - retour à p. 141.

9 "happiness", raturé; "welfare", ajouté.

10 "noble & highly", raturé; "whole (au lieu de integral, raturé) and", ajouté.

11 "the", ajouté.

Feb. 29.

At the age of 45 Maillot was condemned for being entirely at variance with the character of our "feverish & distracted age" - which did not prevent him from becoming <sup>1</sup> the greatest sculptor of modern times <sup>2</sup>.

Quant aux lettres de Paul et Gaby Borduas - non, décidément, je ne joue pas.

( *Refus Global* est publié, 1948).

Mon cher John,

Devant votre manque d'enthousiasme, non à permettre, mais à réaliser les résultats des élections de lundi dernier, devant l'insulte, involontaire mais réelle, de votre appréciation littéraire du texte passé par amitié (texte engageant ma vie entière sans échappatoire possible). Je suis dans la pénible obligation, pour sauvegarder mon besoin d'espoir et d'enthousiasme, à clore mes relations longues de bientôt dix ans avec vous.

Votre connaissance fût un bienfait des Dieux mêlé de cruelles déceptions.  
Je leur rends grâce.

P.E. Borduas.

Saint-Hilaire, 13 février 1948.

Mon cher John,

parle

je vous écris comme citoyenne de l'univers, après avoir entendu mon témoignage, jetez-le au feu, je suis disparue ou portée disparue dans la bataille (après j'ai ajouté ceci où je n'ai pas parlé de Corinne c'est que vous et Corinne c'est un, comme moi et Paul c'est un en tant que cellule) mais ce sont les chefs qui discutent au moment des batailles.

j'ai parlé à Robert, ce matin, ce qui arrive, je l'ai vu, même favorisé, pour le triomphe de la Liberté, dans la société et le triomphe de la Justice, et de la Liberté, dans un individu, et l'individu dont je parle, c'est de Paul, mon cher Paul, que j'aime de tout mon coeur, c'est quelquefois dans l'injustice, dans l'ingratitude, que triomphe la Justice, Paul est honnête, mais très jeune, très peu expérimenté, il n'a eu jusqu'à maintenant, sauf quelques rares fois, quelques rares exceptions, qu'à s'attaquer à des forces, à des hommes, à des institutions qui n'étaient en réalité que des épouvantails; ma joie dans ma grande misère aujourd'hui c'est qu'avec vous, avec Robert, avec quelques autres, ils s'attaquent à des hommes libres, et désarmés, à des forces humaines, les seules qui me font m'incliner, et à qui je donne mon estime, mon admiration, je ne viens rien demander, ni rien quêter, je ne fais, en toute justice, que vous dire l'immense regret que j'aurai à ne pas vous rencontrer sur mon chemin, car depuis toujours j'ai le sentiment de marcher dans un chemin bien aride, bien rocailleux dans le désert, j'y avais aperçu malgré tout un bon jour quelque végétation, et voilà que la vie, car il faut marcher, me les a fait dépasser, et on ne peut retourner en arrière, jamais, ni pour retrouver des joies, ni même pour s'engourdir dans nos misères, les unes et autres sont amolissantes, il faut marcher, je marche dans ce chemin aride il n'y a pas de fleurs, évidemment, mais je suis prudente, comme

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Feb. 29.

<sup>1</sup> Correction: "becoming" au lieu de "being".

<sup>2</sup> Note au crayon rouge: x see 7 pp. further.

toujours, j'ai pris dans ma main, une petite fleur de rien du tout, qui est immortelle (l'espérance). je regarde dans mes mains, je l'ai toujours. j'ai foi en la vie, en vous en Robert, en Paul, en la Liberté, en la Justice.

Gabrielle

son geste vis-à-vis de vous lui était nécessaire; comme moi et vous, nous recevons les coups et comme d'autres sur les champs de bataille y trouvent la mort,

je puis vous dire en toute honnêteté, que son sentiment, son estime pour vous, son admiration pour vous est intouchable, il m'en a exprimé le sentiment, ceci n'était pas pour se justifier, ni moi pour le justifier.

je bénéficie de sa confiance et de la vôtre, c'est pour ça que je vous l'exprime.

March 10.

Quelque faible qu'elle peut souvent être et malgré sa tendance à répéter les clichés nouveaux <sup>1</sup> la peinture de Borduas et de ses disciples est au moins honnête, tandis que <sup>2</sup> de Tonnancour <sup>3</sup>, Pellan et leurs élèves n'emploient leurs talents que pour faire de l'effet, point pour exprimer quelque chose.

March 13.

The exhibition of Dutch pictures retrieved from the Nazis. What a pleasure to see Rembrandt's "Dead Peacocks" after all the commercial portraits, among which it is impossible to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit. This is called a slight work, because it is unconventional & free, - the sort of thing only a genius would compose. The boy's head at the left painted in the most delightfully unexpected and direct manner (almost like Manet) <sup>1</sup>. This picture is both Dutch & great while the rest of the collection is merely Dutch. A Ruysdall is separated into two parts by the isolated blue of the sky. I much prefer the earlier Van Goyen, in blue-gray & bistre. His is at least a single & coherent language. Steen's "Drunken Girl" a pretty good picture but how wearisome is so much <sup>2</sup> versimilitude!

Muhlstock's show at the R.V.C.M. is not bigger than himself but at least he is himself - & in slow progress.

March 23.

Noticed a reproduction of Hogarth's "Nall at Wanstead Assembly". Wonder if it is not his best picture, better than that free fluke - the "Shrimp Girl"? Composition arresting & figures simple &

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March 10.

- 1 "pleine de reflets d'autrui", raturé; "et malgré sa tendance à répéter les clichés nouveaux", ajouté.
- 2 "celle", raturé
- 3 Ecrit "de Tonnancourt".

March 13.

- 1 "(almost like Manet)", note ajoutée à l'encre bleue.
- 2 "all this", raturé; "so much", ajouté.

alive. Hogarth certainly had some real gifts but unfortunately he was also English using painting as a vehicle <sup>1</sup> for moralizing, caricature or description. An English painter is a painter in so far as he is not English.

The English & American mistrust of instinctive rightness & ability & the corollary <sup>2</sup> reliance on training "skills" & certificates... Result in this country: people are either stupid or intellectual, seldom intelligent. Scientists make investigations & experiments, seldom discoveries. Without skill, one may be a very great artist & with much skill & training one is almost certain to be a bad one <sup>3</sup>.

May 16

Just as there is a limited number of dramatic situations, so composition falls into a limited number of categories. To give attention to these types or situations may be of interest to the critic but it is no concern of the artist <sup>1</sup>. His composition suggests itself spontaneously, and it is only afterwards, sometimes long after the work is finished, that he is indeed able to recognize consciously all <sup>2</sup> its formal relationships & their character. (It took four days to find time to jot this brief note. Under such conditions how is it possible to work effectively ?)

May 20.

Quotes from Burckhardt, *civilization of the Renaissance - Development of the individual*:

*"In the Middle Ages both sides of human consciousness - that which was turned within as that which was turned without lay dreaming or half awake beneath a common veil. The veil was woven of faith, illusion, & childish prepossession, through which the world & history were seen clad in strange hues. Man was conscious of himself only as a member of a race people, party, family or corporation - only through some general category. In Italy this veil first melted into air; an objective treatment & consideration of the State and of all the things in this world became possible. The subjective side at the same time asserted itself. . . etc."* But it took a long time & a long scientific development before "copying" & "expressing" leaped altogether to over lap.

The Discovery of the Beauty <sup>1</sup> of Landscape:

*"The Italian are the first among modern peoples by whom the outward world was seen & felt as something beautiful.*

*"The power to do so is always the result of a long & complicated development. . . Among the ancients, for example, art & poetry had gone through the whole circle of human interests, before they turned to the representation of nature, . . ."*

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March 23.

1 "language", raturé; "vehicle", ajouté.

2 "the corollary", ajouté.

3- Cette dernière phrase est soulignée en rouge dans la marge.

May 16

1 "who", raturé

2 "all", ajouté.

May 20.

1 Mot illisible raturé; "beauty of landscape", ajouté.

May 24.

The artist who is ultimately recognized as "representative" is not he who conforms to the current national trends, but one who stands outside or above the collective fashions and manners & in the eyes of his contemporaries <sup>1</sup>, seems to oppose them or even to contradict them.

*Culture, says Valery, means to prune, to graft, to plant cuttings.*

*Objectivism, says Remy de Gourmont, is but another <sup>form</sup> of subjectivism.*  
*manner*

Whether the artist is attentive to the image of the outside world or to that of his fantasy within, it is always an inner reality to which <sup>2</sup> he gives form in his work.

Marcel Proust to Marie Nordlinger March 1900

*"Don't complain about not having learned. There is nothing to know. Even what is called technical competence is not properly speaking knowledge, because it does not exist outside of the mysterious association of our memory and the skill acquired by our own inventiveness. . . Knowledge in the sense of a thing that is all done outside ourselves and that can be learned as in the sciences, counts for nothing in art. . ."*

Tell me what you think of French Canadians & I will tell you what you are.

M. Proust to Antoine Bibesco, Nov. 1912.

*" - My novel is not a work of ratiocination; its least elements have been supplied by my sensibility; first I perceived them in my own depths without understanding them, & I had as much trouble converting them into something intelligible as if they had been as foreign to the sphere of the intelligence as a motif in music.*

*Style is in no way an embellishment, as certain people think, it is not even a question of technique; it is, like color with certain painters, a quality of vision, a revelation of a private universe which each one of us sees & is not seen by others. The pleasure an artist gives us is to make us know an additional universe."*

\* \* \* \* \*

April 7. 1949.

1949

The greatest artists use ready-made "subjects" (Virgil, Corneille, Racine, Goethe, Shakespeare; & all painters & sculptors of any consequence) <sup>1</sup>. What makes these subjects forever new is a new vi-

May 24.

<sup>1</sup> "in the eyes of his contemporaries", ajouté à l'encre bleue.

<sup>2</sup> "that", raturé; "to which", ajouté.

April 7, 1949.

<sup>1</sup> Note à la mine de plomb, ajoutée en haut de la page: The ready-made religious subjects of Middle Ages & Renaissance.

sion, a new warmth of feeling, a new texture & emphasis: i.e., the real subject is the mind & understanding. It is only the mind of small calibre that searches for new subjects in order to establish a claim to originality. It is this kind of artist who is <sup>2</sup> consciously & deliberately concerned about being "of his own time", of "expressing his age". This, of course, he <sup>3</sup> can only find in the man-made complicated system of his <sup>4</sup> artificial environment (the machine, the city, economic conditions, etc). Immersed therein, he loses sight of the great system not subject to man's control.

Advice to students: Prefer the subject that chooses you to any you may choose yourself.

The painter of modern life is the modern painter of life, & the sur-realist is the modern romanticist.

April.

As there is nothing so dangerous as knowledge without wisdom, in art nothing is so dangerous as proficiency without understanding.

To understand is to unify.

An abridged form is not a synthesis.

Naivety that is aware of itself is the most disingenuous of affectations.

The better a painting is, the less there is to be said of it (though not about it). And, of course, the worst painting of all is that which needs verbal elucidation to make its meaning clear.

*"Le concret et l'abstrait s'entretiennent et se justifient l'un l'autre". Paulhan.*

Marcel P. to Lucien Daudet: (1916)

*"... for the aesthetic discovery of realities we must place ourselves outside them & know, for example, how not to be a Parisian when we speak of Paris".*

To Walter Berry (1918)

*... as Chardin enabled me to enjoy all the still lives in actual life".*

One may be quite unable to distinguish good painting from bad and yet reason excellently about aesthetics (Latour, Proust).

The "great English gift for compromise" is simply the great English gift for dishonesty: - abandoning one's principles for the sake of one's interests <sup>1</sup>. Even artists not exempt: Gainsborough, Constable. Gainsborough know he was debasing himself as his letters show. But like so many English painters, he put economic independence ahead of spiritual independence.

Honesty doesn't redeem stupidity.

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<sup>2</sup> "is", ajouté.

<sup>3</sup> "he", ajouté; raturé entre only & find.

<sup>4</sup> "his", ajouté.

April

<sup>1</sup> Ajouté puis raturé: or, to put it more charitably, placing one's economic independence ahead of one's aesthetic & moral independence.

Sept. 25, 1949.

I sometimes deplore that I have no faith, no fixed point around which to group my ideas in a gratifying pattern, that no "authority" speaks through me. But <sup>1</sup> knowledge begins with scepticism, which is opposed by faith.

Oct. 10, 1949.

Mme de Sévigné wrote:

*"When I listen only to myself, I do wonders"*. Yes, but the "myself" <sup>1</sup> must be somebody. The development of the self, the whole man, is the only training of the artist.

That which is almost a term of opprobrium today: the ivory tower, is nothing else but oneself. Until one builds up that tower, one has but a short-sighted view.

Nov. 12, 1949.

Conversation <sup>1</sup> : - *"Your work isn't "modern". - "Even if it were, it would no longer be so fifty years hence, & <sup>2</sup> it is only when work no longer appears modern <sup>3</sup> that it becomes evident whether or not it is of any consequence"*.

"Art appreciation" means: attempting to explain the emotion one would have felt it <sup>4</sup> the effort to rationalize had not excluded emotion.

Malraux says that the bourgeoisie has never had its painter. The real reason is, I think, because bourgeois society, as opposed to any form of aristocratism, republican or otherwise, has no aesthetic values. All it recognizes is utilitarian values to which its moral values are made to conform.

*"It wasn't until I saw them again that they lighted up. I admire that sort of awkwardness, of heaviness in the execution. No manual dexterity; no dash; in no other artist has the head so completely dominated the craft"*. Gide ou Poussin.

There is a quality that is purely pictorial - that resides in color alone. Delacroix called it *"l'exquis"*, Bonnard *"le séduisant"*.

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Sept. 25.

<sup>1</sup> "skepticism is the beginning of", raturé.

Oct. 10

<sup>1</sup> "are", raturé; "the myself", ajouté.

Nov. 12.

<sup>1</sup> "conversation", ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "only if it should appear as good then, as it", raturé.

<sup>3</sup> Note ajoutée à la mine de plomb: "perd toute apparence moderne".

<sup>4</sup> Ecrit "it", ce devrait être "if", pour l'intelligence du texte.

Feb. 3, 1950.

"Il n'y a pas de meilleure manière d'arriver à prendre conscience de ce qu'on sent soi-même que d'essayer de recréer en soi ce qu'a senti un maître" (Proust via Maurois).  
applies to copying masterpieces.

Abstract thinking omits the most vital part of our being. And abstract art. . . ? Generalisation carried to the point where it no longer evokes any concrete images. (" . . . those preconceptions that seal our eyes to the infinite possibilities of life": referring to opinion of E.E. Cummings.)

Picasso is one of those freak geniuses (like James Joyce) who stand outside the line of evolution. He can only be avoided or imitated <sup>1</sup>. Nothing comes through him, no one can derive from him.

May 21, 1950.

Why is that North American humanists are so extravagantly overrated? Mark Twain no doubt, has a homespun shrewdness & sense of fun; no doubt he wrote engaging tales for boys. But what a crude and puerile mind! His "humorous" books & essays are a motley sequence of sarcasm, irony, smoking-room jokes, prejudiced mockery, naïve ridicule and slapstick fun (of the-of-limberger - cheese variety) <sup>1</sup>. He exhibits every inconsistency that he teases other with. He swallows every naïve belief about American virtue and foreign <sup>2</sup> vice (mostly French: adultery <sup>3</sup>, avariciousness, etc.). In fact he is little more than a small-town jokester. In *What Bourget thinks of Us*, Sam' I has fine sport, but what a fool Bourget makes of him in his reply and to what acrobatic stretchings does Sam' I need <sup>4</sup> to have recourse in *A Note to Mr Bourget!*

Oct. 10, 1950.

Like Robert Frost,

"I took the [road] less travelled by,  
"And that has made all the difference".

I have never followed the fashion in painting, but rather recoiled from it; I have never cultivated a manner, that mimicry <sup>1</sup> of style. This is why, although when I was young I was thought scandalously "modern", today I am generally called a conservative, and even sometimes taken for an academic by those for whom <sup>2</sup> modernism means nothing but popular patterns of <sup>3</sup> abstraction or

Feb. 3

<sup>1</sup> "copied", raturé.

May 21

<sup>1</sup> Parenthèse, ajoutée.

<sup>2</sup> "(mostly french)", raturé

<sup>3</sup> "the", raturé.

Oct. 10

<sup>1</sup> "mockery", raturé; "mimicry", ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "for whom", ajouté.

<sup>3</sup> "stunts on", raturé, "popular patterns of", ajouté.

neo-primitivism <sup>4</sup>. The so-called abstract & non-representational movements were genuine enough, for they were founded on an intuition <sup>5</sup> of nature, but latterly <sup>6</sup> they have simply become an easy way out for those who understand nothing & cannot attract attention any other way <sup>7</sup>. Every day we see painters who were getting nowhere, who lack the gilt to conquer their language, turn to abstraction and, too often, in the eyes of the silly would-be cultured, attain some sort of ephemeral success. When all the froth has subsided, perhaps it will appear that I, the unclassifiable, have wrought something more durable.

It is hard for an insensitive public to recognise a work that does not depend on a  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{manner} \\ \text{system} \end{array} \right\}$  while a  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{manner} \\ \text{system} \end{array} \right\}$  gets immediate recognition even though the painter changes from  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{manner} \\ \text{system} \end{array} \right\}$  to  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{manner} \\ \text{system} \end{array} \right\}$  to keep up with the fashion. (Bieler, who now adopts the Dufy system; Marion Scott a prehistoric cave (followed by a Byzantine) <sup>8</sup> painting system, etc.) This is supposed to show his progressive spirit.

No one, however, will ever attach my name to a system, and no one will ever be able to resemble me except in a basic way. I want my work to be recognized for nothing but its subtle & discreet quality, & that its execution - or what is usually called in America its technique <sup>9</sup> - be inseparable from the work itself, so that it is absolutely impossible for anyone to isolate it or to imitate it.

The artist who hits off the taste of his own generation too exactly is certain to be neglected by posterity.

Note à la page 164.

On se demande le pourquoi <sup>1</sup> tant de peintres cherchent à tout prix à faire dernier cri, tout comme s'ils étaient <sup>2</sup> couturiers ou modistes, quand toute l'histoire démontre que l'artiste qui représente trop exactement le goût de sa génération est certain d'être négligé par la postérité. Par contre, c'est souvent celui qui aux yeux de ses contemporains, se conforme <sup>3</sup> le moins à la vogue <sup>4</sup> qui survit à son époque même <sup>5</sup> qui en <sup>6</sup> devient représentatif. Il y a eu de grands maîtres réactionnaires - ou qui paraissaient tels, comme dans les rapides il se forme des vagues qui paraissent remonter <sup>7</sup> le courant.

The real subject of a painting is how you paint it, now what you paint. The meaning of art is deeper than subject matter which is only something equivalent to the sculptor's armature. The artist <sup>8</sup> chooses the subject that will enable him to carry out (instinctive) intent. Subject-matter - all subject - matter belongs to every body. There is no original subject: what is personal is what adheres to it in its passage through the artist's mind.

Painting like music, like poetry, loses its real meaning in trying to have too explicit a meaning.

When a work of art is complete, anything added to it is something taken away.

4 "or neo-primitivism", ajouté.

5 "understanding", raturé; "intuition", ajouté

6 "today", raturé; "latterly", ajouté.

7 "do anything else", raturé; "attract attention any other way", ajouté

8 "(followed by a Byzantine)", ajouté à l'encre bleue.

9 Voir note.

Note

1 "s'étonne qu'il y a", raturé; "se demande le pourquoi", ajouté

2 "fussent", raturé; "étaient", ajouté.

3 "semble se conformer", raturé; "se conforme", ajouté

4 "aux tendances prévalentes", raturé

5 "même", ajouté

6 "en", ajouté

7 "aller à l'encontre de", raturé

8 "painter", raturé

1951

Jan. 16/51

They say that the day of easel painting is over, - easel painting, that bauble of rich patrons. Let us return to the age of Giotto & Mantegna. They forget that Dürer never painted on a wall in his life.

Feb. 25, 1951.

How much more do I prefer an art that seems to be "made with nothing" than one that is <sup>1</sup> accomplished only through gesticulation & vociferation.

Nobody can explain anything that is unique, for things can be "explained" only in terms of a more common experience.

Art appreciation : receipts how to feel without feeling at all <sup>2</sup> .

Coleridge: Receipts how to think without thinking. . . <sup>3</sup>

The thing that renders me the greatest disservice is my own stupid modesty. I don't assert myself, nor feel that I have a right to anything. I hardly ever make a gesture to get anything unless it is offered to me <sup>4</sup> .

\*\*\*\*\*

1952

March 9/52

In an epoch of disorder, it is the perverse, deranged & ominous that is popular in art. The quiet forces of equilibrium, sanity & beauty, which in spite of all are the thread of continuity, are temporarily overlooked. The romanticism of the hopeless is more titillating <sup>1</sup> than the classic faith of the yes-sayers, hallucination more seductive than vision.

May 3, 1952.

B <sup>1</sup> - doesn't fecundate his subject, he rapes it.

Feb. 25.

- 1 "has", raturé
- 2 Ecrit à l'encre bleue
- 3 Ecrit à la mine de plomb
- 4 : Note glissée à la page 166.

March 9.

- 1 "enticing", raturé; "titillating", ajouté.

May 3rd.

- 1 Brandtner.

Sept 10, 1952.

*"Il ne peut y avoir, d'un côté, la forme, de l'autre, le fond. Un mauvais style, c'est une pensée imparfaite".<sup>1</sup>*

Jules Renard; Journal, 1898.

Academies ! In 1804, when Goya was 58 years old & at the height of his powers & fame, 8 members of the Academy of San Fernando voted for him as candidate for the office of Director General, 29 voted for . . . Gregorio Ferro ! Ever hear of him ?

Sept. 14.

I am getting completely fed up with <sup>1</sup> this continual hammering on the word "creative". (Phil Surrey said he supposed the course in creative writing at the university was so-called to distinguish it from a course in penmanship.)

At my age I suppose I ought to be able to say that I am anti - "progressive", that I am sick & tired of hearing about "creative" art, of painters who play at being God by "creating" a whole new world of their own - to say that if they would try to perceive the world in which they live, they might construct something essential. But if I did say so, I should be completely misunderstood & behind to condemn not only the "dead-end kids" of abstraction and so-called automatism, but also that which I most admire.

In art, nothing worth while is obtained except at the price of illimitable patience. (Matisse says that young painters today are avoiding the slow & painful process that is necessary for the education of an artist - even a contemporary one.

What nonplusses many people in my work is that they don't know, where to place it, and consequently what to "think" about it, since it doesn't conform to any of the fashionable <sup>2</sup> patterns of abstraction, non-objectivism or neo-primitivism (archaism) which constitute the general connotation of "modern". So they think it must be academic until they realize it resembles the academy of the right as little as that of the left, - so what the hell is it ?

All this condemnation of "realism" in art ! in favour of oneirical images. But who knows what reality is ? I really pity those who can see nothing irresistably fascinating in the world around us, nothing mysteriously potent in its beauty. And perhaps never, at anytime, did man so need to calm & refresh himself with its eternal rhythms and harmonies: "non-objective" hallucinations can only exasperate his distress.

Probably we lay too much stress today on spontaneity & freshness in art; indeed we have done so since Manet, and immoderately with the wellings of the unconscious in the patterns set by Klee, Miro and the stampeding herd of non-objectivists. We could do with a good deal more diligent application. Why should not our work be as gently & delicately laboured as Fra Angelico's ?

Sandy Calder ? All good clean fun.

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Sept. 10

<sup>1</sup> Note à la mine de plomb: cf. Oct. 15.

Sept. 14

<sup>1</sup> "everything called creative", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "pop. . . .", raturé.

Oct. 6, 1952.

Peter Quennell on Jane Austin "Wars & revolutions, she might have argued. . . are disturbances in <sup>1</sup>, but not the stuff of, human existence which at bottom is always wonderfully the same". And so is nature in all its forms including the human form.

Oct. 8.

" . . . classicisme. En l'envisageant comme un état, comme un moment nous le qualifions déjà. . . Il est le point de la plus haute convenance des parties entre elles. Il est stabilité, sécurité. . . Ainsi la vie. . . des styles atteint et rejoint le style comme valeur universelle, c'est-à-dire un ordre qui vaut pour toujours. . . Mais il n'est pas le résultat d'un conformisme. . . Brève minute de pleine possession des formes, il se présente non comme une lente et monotone application des "règles" mais comme un bonheur rapide, comme { l'akun des grecs. . .  
acure

Ainsi l'état classique se sépare radicalement de l'état académique qui n'en est que le reflet sans vie".

H. Focillon: "Vie des Formes" p. 25ff.

Oct. 15.

"les grandes périodes classiques. . . limitent de toutes parts ce que nous appelons contenu, terme faux, du reste, car le contenu en art, c'est la forme elle-même. H. Focillon "Piero della Francesca". p. 57. cf. Sept 10 <sup>1</sup>.

Oct. 17

From "Vie des Formes". Focillon.

"L'intention de l'oeuvre d'art n'est pas l'oeuvre d'art". p. 4. "Le signe signifie, alors que la forme se signifie". p.5. "La forme. . . a un sens, mais qui est tout d'elle, une valeur personnelle et particulière qu'il ne faut pas confondre avec les attributs qu'on lui impose. Elle a une signification et elle reçoit des acceptions". p. 6.

"Le style" et "un style". p. 14. Les âges expérimental, classique, de raffinement, baroque. p. 22.

"Les vieilles antinomies, esprit-matière, matière-forme, nous obsèdent encore avec autant d'empire que l'antique dualisme de la forme et du fond" . . . p. 67

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Oct. 6

<sup>1</sup> "in", ajouté.

Oct. 15

<sup>1</sup> Note ajoutée à la mine de plomb.

Nombre limitée de "sujets". p. 105.

*"L'époque qui se détourne le plus violemment du passé est construite par des hommes qui ont eu des ancêtres"*. p. 110.

Influences, infiltrations, caractères ethniques. p. 118.

*"La notion de milieu ne doit donc pas être acceptée à l'état brut. Il faut. . . reconnaître qu'elle est une variable, un mouvement" . . .* <sup>1</sup> p. 126ff.

Oct. 22.

Oh ! these literary men ! Jules Renard, extremely sensitive, keenly observant of nature which he evokes with vivid imagery has to acknowledge that for him the imagery of painting is a closed book. In a Chardin still-life he takes eggs for onions. And speaking of Chardin & Velasquez he says: *"none of that excites me"*.

Why is it that a painter's faculties are so much better rounded out? He is usually as sensitive to the language of literature & music as a writer or a musician, while both of these are frequently blind to painting, even when they can write or speak intelligently of it in theory.

Goodridge's annual show. Sad, sad, sad ! He has made the complete concession to the dealer and to success. Of course he has never had any moral fibre. In the days when as <sup>1</sup> the independants of l'art vivant, we were fighting against academic domineering, we could never count on Goodie to stand by us if he thought it to his interest to do otherwise. A born painter, a quivering organism responding to stimuli but without any discipline, aesthetic or otherwise. He <sup>2</sup> has been gradually sinking over the last 5 or 6 years with an occasional spasm of resistance. Now he seems unable to do anything but pot-boilers.

In this show were 14 to 16 medium sized landscapes practically indistinguishable one from the other: an upper band of blue unrelated to anything else on the canvas, a lower band of brown green or brown gray representing ragged shores of Georgian Bay, completely formless, unogarnized. The only tolerable things in the show are a few still lives of previous years and a mild example of the stereotype he has come to adopt for figures. When I think that I practically launched Goodie. . . !

Dec. 5, 1952.

Reply: -

I look more at what I take to be nature than at other people's paintings. Abstraction has become too academic to interest anyone except those who think the most important thing is to be in the swim. I am so absorbed in the wonder of the earth & of the life upon it that I can't think of whip-

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Oct. 17

<sup>1</sup> Ecrit "movement".

Oct. 22

<sup>1</sup> "as" ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "now he seems", raturé.

ping up forms supposed to express the generation's dismay & confusion. This is far from the first time that man has gone through such straights. But it is the first time that he has forgotten (or is blind to) <sup>1</sup> what is permanent, - that, in short, he and his world have changed but little. I feel with Van Gogh, that "It is a wonderful thing to draw a human being - a living thing".

Christmas, 1952.

I have little sympathy with the agonized and agonizing spirit that rules much of today's art. It is a fit expression only for the mentally ill or unstable. Our need today is the contrary disposition. "Notre vie difficile et troublée a plus que jamais besoin d'images sereines", writes Colette (*Journal à Rebours*) <sup>1</sup>. Where is man to find the necessary self-possession & calm if not in art. Pessimist though I may be, my pictures are without volition or motivated choice, as sunny and clear as the country itself; they bring light & serenity into the room with them.

\* \* \* \* \*

March 10, 1953.

1953

G. R's big landscape in the academic section of the Spring Exhib. is a mess, - a ragged, completely unorganized mess. He ought to be ashamed to exhibit such tripe.

Too much knowledge can be dangerous - destructive of the primary experience of work of the imagination.

March 18.

Last night, Judkin's lecture on the role of cubism in modern art. Was never so depressed and bored. He bases his teaching on the false assumption that we can have a <sup>1</sup> "photographic", instantaneous, total <sup>2</sup>, representation of nature from which art then <sup>3</sup> diverges in various ways & to various degrees. How anyone who has ever looked at (not to say studied) <sup>4</sup> historic art - pre-Renaissance in the West oriental or pre-Columbian - (or who knows anything of the psychology of vision) <sup>5</sup> could propose such a premise is more than I can understand. And to begin his argument, J. showed on the screen slides of Vermeer's "Artist in his studio" as an example of instantaneous photographic representation, and Boccioni's sculpture of "Man Walking" as an example of protracted "time-space"! Incredible, I know, to say nothing of the pedantic language, Vermeer, a complete synthesis of only <sup>6</sup> the

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Dec. 5

<sup>1</sup> "(or is blind to)", ajouté

Christmas, 1952.

<sup>1</sup> Citation reportée

March 18

<sup>1</sup> "that we can have a", ajouté

<sup>2</sup> "total", ajouté

<sup>3</sup> "then", ajouté

<sup>4</sup> "nothing of", raturé; "not", ajouté

<sup>5</sup> Parenthèse ajoutée

<sup>6</sup> "only", ajouté.

most enduring, eternal aspects ! (It is even fashionable to talk about his abstract qualities. ) But I suppose that to Judkins, a gesture of the subject constitutes instantaneity; what then of the gesturing figures in an Egyptian bas-relief ? An Boccioni, whose sculpture looks like a snapshot taken with a slightly too slow shutter.

I can't get over it; Vermeer photographic ! When every rehabilitation of him has emphasized the contrary ! There was never any conception of photographic representation until the camera was invented and the only art to pursue the ephemeral was impressionism & futurism.

All my "hunches" about Judkins have been ultra-confirmed. I didn't have a good impression of him at the first meeting; I had a distinctly bad one when I phoned him after his appointment; and when I saw him look at pictures & heard him talk I said: for him a painting is nothing but a diagram to be analysed. How right I was !

His teaching can only do incalculable harm. How frivolous of James to have appointed this pseudo-scholar (or scholar-technician) <sup>7</sup> for 3 years without getting the advice of the only person in the faculty competent to judge, and without even considering the candidate recommended by him.

H.F. says James' policy is: divide & rule. He is more concerned with petty university politics than with having a coherent & effective department. If we had a united staff, we might accomplish something, & that of course, except for scientific research & commercial methods, would be dangerous.

Feb. 28, 1953.

So G.R. <sup>1</sup> has become an A.R.C.A. ! and the honour doesn't stick in his throat. After selling his soul little by little to the dealer to success, he has now dumped all that remained on the counter.

Eric G. <sup>2</sup> is furious because G. didn't notify him of his intention, thus breaking once again his engagements to the other members of the Eastern Group.

And now Goodie <sup>3</sup> has accepted a commission to do a publicity painting for the Bootleggers' travelling show !

April 12, 1953.

*"Are you a modern painter ?"*

*"No, Madam, I am a posthumous painter".*

The painter's job is to persuade nature to collaborate with him.

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<sup>7</sup> "this pseudo-scholar (or scholar-technician)", ajouté; mot illisible raturé.

Feb. 28

<sup>1</sup> Goodridge Roberts.

<sup>2</sup> Eric Goldberg

<sup>3</sup> "Goodie", ajouté à l'encre bleue.

July 5, 1953.

I am a sceptic and a misanthrope and for 20 years have not spared myself in helping my profession, fellow painters & students. If that is a contradiction it is perhaps a less usual & objectionable one than that <sup>1</sup> exhibited by those who proclaim their "belief" (what does that mean?) in man & their devotion to society and use their office or position for the sake of promoting their personal ambition.

As long as man was the center of the universe, art was anthropomorphic; now that the slob machine is the centre of the universe, art has come to be a sort of un-playable juke-box.

Cézanne: you can't find two quarter inch areas of the same colour. In spots, the colour reaches the intensity of pure pigment (e.g.: vermillion, ultramarine, cobalt), yet when you move away from the picture you do not see any particular colour any more, just form. This statement can be qualified when we consider his latest work, where really, "when colour is at its richest, form is at its fullness."

\* \* \* \* \*

Feb. 8/54.

"Do I paint from nature? " One always paints from nature and one never paints from nature"; two ways of saying the same thing.

Feb. 13.

I have been killing myself ever since I attained the age of reason.

Mar. 17, 1954.

Yesterday Hubbard <sup>1</sup>, in town to open the Spring Exhibition <sup>2</sup>, visited the Dominion Gallery. Mrs. Stern said she proposed my "Interior" as an acquisition for the National Gallery. Hubbard said it was all right but that he was superstitious about cats ! The Nat. Gallery remains true to form.

At the Spring show, the water-colour awarded the first prize was a steal from Morris Graves.

A title: Sight and Insight <sup>3</sup>.

When I was a youth my ambition was to become a nautical <sup>4</sup> designer. The exquisite profile of a prow or stern, the subtle curves of a cross - section ( . . . ) <sup>5</sup> filled me with delight. I subscribed to the nautical magazines.

July 5th.

<sup>1</sup> "of those", raturé.

March 17th.

<sup>1</sup> "was", raturé

<sup>2</sup> "at the", raturé

<sup>3</sup> Ecrit à l'encre bleue

<sup>4</sup> "naval", raturé; "nautical", ajouté

<sup>5</sup> Mot illisible.

1954

November/54.

During the R.C.A. show (with ball) it has been repeatedly suggested to me that I ought to join the "royal" body. Pfu! Both Guy <sup>1</sup> & Gilles <sup>2</sup> say there isn't a single good painting in it (even by painters who used to have something: effect <sup>3</sup> or cause of becoming an academician?) All either trite or bogus. I haven't seen it; why bother?

The cubists freed us from the fixed point of view. It is a question whether a fixed point of view does not eventually take in more than can be done by a constantly shifting point of view.

Je <sup>4</sup> n'invente jamais, je découvre. Invention n'est pas la même chose qu'imagination, la faculté de faire image. Tandis que l'invention opère à la surface des formes, l'imagination cherche à dégager leurs essences. L'une présente de nouvelles apparences, l'autre trouve de nouvelles vérités sous les vieilles apparences. Pour moi, l'inventeur est essentiellement un ornemaniste, le chercheur d'images un poète.

Un peintre qui veut rester "non-objectiviste" ne devrait pas prendre le risque de regarder par la fenêtre.

L'art apocalyptique n'est plus une prémonition mais une pâle et servile imitation de la vie. "In this situation", says Lewis Mumford, "the artist has a special task and duty: the task of reminding men of their humanity and the promise of their creativity".

Dec. 24, 1954.

A poem by Han-Shan (8th & 9th cents.)

*The poet.*

*"Having nothing to do takes to writing poems,  
He grinds the (. . . ) <sup>1</sup> till his thoughts refuse to work.  
For a starveling's words no one has any use.  
Accept the fact & cease your doleful sighs.  
Even if you wrote your version on a macaroon  
And gave them to the dog, the dog would refuse to eat".*

Every where & always, his isolation the necessary condition of the artist. It is the price of his perceptive concentration his non-conformity, his unruly insight & image-making power. If he were accepted and absorbed by the community he would soon abandon himself to the community-way or common-way <sup>2</sup> of thinking-in commonplace ideas and visual habits.

Paul Klee was a German toy-maker.

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Nov. 54.

- 1 Guy Viau ?
- 2 Gilles Corbeil ?
- 3 "of becoming", raturé
- 4 See June 6, 1955, Note ajoutée dans la marge.

Dec. 24th.

- 1 Mot illisible
- 2 "(common-place way)", raturé.

April 9, 1955.

Jori got the Jessie Dow prize in the Spring Exhib. If she had been on the jury, she would have rejected even the pictures of those who "honoured" her with the award.

Bob Ayre, the "critic", seems to sprinkle ashes on everything he touches. He always writes <sup>1</sup> "I like. . ." of whatever is thin, contrived, spurious. He <sup>2</sup> looks the other way when he meets anything that has any organic guts. Is it because he is, as Jori says, impotent ?

Most <sup>3</sup> effort is directed towards propaganda rather than towards an attempt to recognize values. Man has developed language in order to be able to persuade himself that what isn't is and what is isn't.

Apr. 28.

Of my paintings in the Museum, one was given <sup>1</sup> because the owner <sup>2</sup> was going to commit suicide, another <sup>3</sup> because he was re-marrying.

June 6, 1955.

A selection from the Solomon Guggenheim Museum at the M.M.F.A., mostly work of the 1910's & 20's. General impression: how <sup>1</sup> much less vital it all appears now than it did when it was produced ! Most of the canvases seem crude, vulgar, puerile, forced and empty. Two of the Chagalls hold up well (one "The Betrothal" exquisite); a third rate Rousseau looks fine in this company, and an abstract pattern by Jacques Villon exerts a certain fascination. The three Modiglianis, none of which is of his best, still live, but little else, not even Picasso's early cubism. The Mondrians completely sterile, but the Feininger holds comparatively well.

*"A une époque où rien de ce qui n'est pas révolutionnaire de façon ou d'autre n'a chance d'attirer l'attention, je n'ai été aucunement révolutionnaire dans mes ouvrages. L'esprit révolutionnaire a cet immense avantage qu'il vous libère de toute espèce de scrupule à l'égard des idées".* Conrad (translation G. Jean-Aubry) Des Souvenirs (A Personal Record) written in 1908-9. How I would have scorned Conrad's attitude at that time <sup>2</sup>.

April, 9

- 1 "writes", ajouté
- 2 "when", raturé
- 3 "every", raturé; "most", ajouté

Apr. 28.

- 1 "by a man", "the owner", raturé.
- 2 "owner", ajouté
- 3 "and another by a man", raturé.

June 6

- 1 "how trivial", raturé
- 2 Ajouté à la mine de plomb: Comme à ce moment-là, j'aurais méprisé l'attitude de Conrad !

"Ce n'est que dans l'imagination des hommes que toute vérité trouve une réelle et indéniable existence. C'est l'imagination, non pas l'invention, qui est maîtresse suprême de l'art comme de la vie". Ibid <sup>3</sup>.

Abstractionism is becoming so popular (it absolves the public from the need of any appearance of understanding) that we shall soon have "Abstract Dry Cleaning", "Abstract Breakfast Food" (with abstract box covers) "The Abstract Trucking Co.," etc.

How shallow seems all the glib talk about the necessity for art to reflect the scientific discoveries (Freud, Einstein, the interchangeability <sup>4</sup> of matter & energy) and technical inventions of our age when one listens to Carlyle saying: "Is any thing more wonderful than another if you consider it maturely?"

It is pretty generally held that our epoch is witnessing the disintegration of civilization. That it reflects the era is the justification of abstract expressionist painting (like concrete music, obscure incoherent poetry) advanced by its advocates. And they are right: a slavish imitation of crumbling ideals, it is itself a crumbling art. Art, it has often been said, is what remains when the ruins are cleared away but, in its very nature, most contemporary art will be swept away as part of the ruins.

The low level of intelligence in this country (and of course in the U.S.) is one important reason for its prosperity. When people have daytime leisure, they don't <sup>5</sup> know what to do except to go to the stores & buy goods that soon <sup>6</sup> are thrown away or have to be replaced.

June 1955.

(note glissée à la page 1)

Au Musée des B.A. une sélection des toiles du Musée Salomon Gug., des toiles des années dix-neuf cent dix et vingt <sup>1</sup>. M'attends à un régal. Déception. Impression d'ensemble <sup>2</sup>: combien moins bien tout cela paraît aujourd'hui qu'à l'époque qui l'a produit! La plupart des toiles cubistes, orphistes, constructivistes, futuristes, <sup>3</sup> - ainsi que celles des expressionnistes allemands et des faux fauves <sup>4</sup> - se révèlent <sup>5</sup> crues, vulgaires, puériles, forcées et creuses. Deux des Chagalls tiennent bien (un = Les Fiançailles, exquis); un Rousseau de troisième ordre paraît très beau dans cette compagnie; une composition abstraite de Jacques Villon exerce un puissant charme; les trois Modi-s, dont aucun n'est pourtant de meilleur cru, se défendent. Mais à part cela, peu de chose tient le coup, pas même l'exemple du cubisme de la première heure de Picasso pas même <sup>6</sup> les Mondrians, généralisations si <sup>7</sup> absolues qu'ils ne touchent plus <sup>8</sup>, quoiqu'au contraire <sup>9</sup> la toile de Feininger, que je ne tenais pas en haute estime alors, semble garder des qualités solides. La perspective <sup>10</sup> corrige bien <sup>11</sup> des jugements.

<sup>3</sup> Noté dans la marge: "See Nov. 1954"

<sup>4</sup> Ecrit: "interchangeability".

<sup>5</sup> "they don't don't know", raturé

<sup>6</sup> "that are soon", raturé.

Juin 1955.

<sup>1</sup> "1910 et 20", raturé

<sup>2</sup> "générale", raturé; "d'ensemble", ajouté

<sup>3</sup> "combien moins bien venues paraissent aujourd'hui ces toiles qu'au moment de son apparition," raturé.

<sup>4</sup> "expressionnistes allemandes", raturé

<sup>5</sup> "die Brücke et Blaue Reiter", raturé; "semblent", raturé

<sup>6</sup> "ni", raturé; "pas même", ajouté

<sup>7</sup> "d'une stérilité", raturé; "généralisations si", ajouté.

<sup>8</sup> "qu'ils ne touchent plus", ajouté

<sup>9</sup> "au contraire", ajouté.

<sup>10</sup> "dans le temps", raturé

<sup>11</sup> "bien", ajouté.

Oct. 9.

The academic thinker is a secondhand thinker.

Letters From Our Readers <sup>1</sup> .  
Abstract Art and Discriminating Criticism.

Sir, - That was a very sensible editorial you published on Nov. 14 on the subject of abstract art. (I use the objective only in its colloquial sense because among non-figurative painters, abstract is a fighting word). I have been struck several times lately by the fact that its defenders often talk as great non sense as its assailants. (Of course it has its intelligent critics, but they are not usually the ones who make the news headlines).

Recently Gordon Washburn, organizer of the Pittsburg International Exhibition, was quoted as saying, "*The custom of painting sweet and simple pictures has dropped out of fashion. Styles in art (he means fashions; style is something else) keep changing just as they do in architecture, wallpaper and automobiles.*" This won't please serious abstract painters for it implies that their work is designed only to catch the trade and that in 1965 it will look as effete and quaint as will today's autos. What has all this to do with quality? And what are the "sweet and simple pictures"? Cézannes, Van Goghs, Rouaults? Indeed has any painting worthy of the name ever been sweet and simple? Washburn continues and concludes: "*Therefore, an abstract work of art is a projection of the mind artist . . .*" Does he really think that an authentic artist's work was ever anything else?

It would be superfluous to multiply quotations of the same order: they all seem to point to the assumption that abstraction can only be defended by opposing it to what was most trivial and trite in earlier academic art. Its serious protagonists must be saying: "*We can deal with our enemies but Lord protect us from our friends.*"

Only yesterday, official "authorities" tried to put a brake on a new movement (quite ineffectually, of course in the long run); today they give it such an enthusiastic push that it goes skidding into the abyss - that is to say a considerable part of it does. When I was a student, you were either an approved conventional painter or a horrid radical; the academic ilk did not imitate the avant-garde, today a large portion of it does-the "academy of the left." So most of what is being promoted in the name of abstraction is still academicism. Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. What abstract painting needs for its own good is more discriminating criticism, not lumping it all together as a collective manifestation but as something that is still the creation of individuals.

John Lyman

Montreal, Nov. 17.

Not just pretty post-cards <sup>1</sup> .

No doubt what they say is not quite intended. But there is a seeming tendency in defenders of so-called abstract art to use the word "representational" almost as a word of reproach. It is suggested (no doubt with unconscious exaggeration) that those who are prepared to adhere to recognizable forms are adhering to inferior production.

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Oct. 9

<sup>1</sup> (Coupure de journal glissée à la p. 6).

Nov. 17.

<sup>1</sup> (Coupure de journal glissée à la p. 6).

This has appeared in the dispute stirred in Winnipeg by an exhibition of "modernistic" painting in the Art Gallery. One artist, defending the exhibition, says: *"Some people want paintings that are some sort of pretty picture postcard. People who are interested in art don't want to see that sort of thing"*.

If this statement were really directed toward art that looked like pretty picture post-cards it would be quite justified. But there is in such a remark an uneasy feeling that it may be stretched to cover all art that is not quite abstract.

Possibly there is just a hint of the same excess of zeal in a recent statement by Mr. Alan Jarvis, director of the National Gallery of Canada. *"People should be sufficiently concerned about abstract painting at least to look at this new art and be upset about it"* he says, *"because these artists are becoming less and less concerned with merely depicting photographic scenes. They are using their new patterns and techniques to show us themselves and their own impressions."*

It may be quite true that the new abstract painting has its place. But it certainly does not follow that all that is not abstract is merely photographic, any more than it is merely a pretty picture post-card.

There has surely been in art, still is, and always will be a tradition of painting that uses recognizable forms to interpret the deeper nature of reality. Let the abstract art have its place. But in defending it against its detractors there is surely no need to take up exaggerated positions.

The major galleries of the world have many masterpieces which are not in the abstract school. It is possible, it is true, to buy post-cards and even photographs of these paintings. But the paintings themselves can scarcely be dismissed as post-cards or photographs. In these non-abstract paintings great artists have also shown us themselves and their impressions, and have even done so profoundly.

Nothing may be further from the intention of those who defend abstract art to depreciate what is not abstract. But they would strengthen their own case by not adopting (or seeming to adopt) the easy extremes of language that they find so unfortunate in some of those who are out of sympathy with abstractions.

*Gazette* Nov 14/55.

Oct. 16.

Nicolas de Staël s'est tué <sup>1</sup>. Il ne serait pas surprenant que tous les peintres sincères de cette "école" (pas les exploiters de la mode, bien entendu) arrivent à une crise morale - suicide ou folie - ou se réfugient dans <sup>2</sup> la vie pratique.

The attraction of the Group - for those unable to stand on their own feet.

A minor and commonplace artist in a group often gets more attention than an original one by himself. It is probably none too good for his individual talent, but it is certainly good for his reputation: he gets discussed, admired, abused, remembered by contemporaries and posterity in a way no individual artist does unless he be of remarkable quality.

Oct. 16

<sup>1</sup> suici: raturé; tué, ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "ou le néant de", raturé; "se réfugient dans", ajouté.

A l'interview radiophonique (C.B.F.) du 10/10 on m'a demandé si je préférais peindre le paysage français ou le canadien. Le canadien, mille fois, répondis-je. J'ai fait très peu de paysages en France, et seulement des sujets inconnus en peinture. Qui pourrait peindre la vallée inférieure de la Seine sans penser à Manet, Monet, Bonnard. . . ? Ou les environs d'Aix sans être hanté par <sup>3</sup> Cézanne? Ici, il n'y a pas de tiers dans le dialogue entre moi et les formes visibles de mon pays.

Dans la marge: "information controuée".

Riopelle, à bout de ressources, a cessé de peindre. Très déprimé, craignant de perdre la raison celui-ci confesse qu'une fois la tension maximale atteinte, il faut ou faire marche arrière ou cesser.

26/11.

Jori broods over her neglect which she attributes obsessively to the abstract vogue. Yesterday she comformed herself by letting me know that, if the automatists express appreciation of my work, it is not because <sup>1</sup> they think it's good. "Have you notice <sup>2</sup>, she said, that they (Gilles Corbeil, Noël La-joie, etc) always speak respectfully of your work & of Surrey's ? You know why, don't You ?"

— ?

— "they are afraid of your sharp comments."

— "But I don't write any more".

— "No, but they think you might".

— "And why Surrey ?"

— "Because he is picture editor of Weekend of course".

And that explains everything although Surrey was not included in the present predominantly abstract exhibition, & they esteem my work enough to buy it.

Poor Jori !

Dec. 24.

Christmas ! A couple of more days & it will be over. I don't suppose that at any previous epoch people were assailed by such a flood of slobbering nonsense. All the means of communication combine to swamp with commercialized <sup>1</sup> sentimental hypocrisy. Dickens & the New Testament are ruined for ever and ever.

<sup>3</sup> "en ignorant", raturé, "sans être hanté par", ajoute à l'encre noire.

Nov. 26

<sup>1</sup> "it is not on because of its quality", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "don't you know", raturé; "have you noticed", ajouté.

Dec. 24.

<sup>1</sup> "commercialized", ajouté.

La peinture  
BEAUTE, MON BEAU SOUCI. . .

**Un musée des horreurs**

J'espère que les jeunes gens qui sont actuellement en vacances n'auront pas l'idée de visiter le Musée des Beaux-Arts. Cette institution qui devrait concourir à la formation du goût risquerait de dévoyer celui qu'ils ont déjà acquis. Le Musée regorge d'horreurs ! Deux de ses plus grandes salles sont encombrées par le Canadian Group of Painters. Ceux qui ne seraient pas assommés de dégoût après avoir regardé tant de croûtes innommables n'ont qu'à pousser jusqu'à la salle XII, où mesdames Irene Shaver, Elizabeth Delafield et Catherine Gensonnet leur donneront le coup de grâce !

**Le Canadian Group of Painters**

Parmi les soixante et onze tableaux qu'expose le Canadian Group of Painters, il n'y en a qu'un seul qui mérite de retenir notre attention: celui de Patrick Landsley. Ses "Factories on Leek", toile abstraite qui rappelle celle de Singier, avec lequel monsieur Landsley a étudié, s'imposent en dépit de la médiocrité générale qui risquerait de la camoufler. Ce tableau nous rappelle ce que ceux qui l'entourent voudraient nous faire oublier: qu'il y a encore de la bonne peinture, qu'un peintre peut encore se livrer à un travail net et sérieux. Il y a bien, ici et là, dans les toiles de Jacqueline Gilson, de Kasuo Nakamura, de Marthe Rakine, de Gordon A. Smith des qualités appréciables de coloris, de structure, etc., mais aucun de ces artistes ne présente une oeuvre qui emporte l'adhésion, aucun ne réussit à nous émouvoir. Les tons chauds et la finesse d'organisation qui se trouvent dans "The Evening Market" de J. Gilson ne suppriment pas la banalité du sujet. Cela a été pensé plutôt que vu. Le dessin ne manque pas de netteté mais il est mou. "Nightfall in Woods" de K. Nakamura attire par sa simplicité et sa fraîcheur. Le coloris se résume presque à un camaïeu et, sur la pâte fine, appliquée, avec soin un graphisme libre figure des arbres. Seulement, cette même simplicité qui nous attire semble un peu faible. Marthe Rakine n'atteint pas l'expressivité dont on la sent capable parce qu'elle se laisse limiter par le sujet. Cela est très sensible dans "The Rocking Chair". Son autre tableau, "Landscape", ne nous convainc guère, en dépit d'une plus grande liberté, précisément parce que c'est un paysage, genre qui permet des libertés faciles.

On arrive à se tirer d'affaires avec un paysage: qu'il y ait plus ou moins d'arbres, une maison ou une clairière, peu importe. Les verts, les ocres, les jaunes finissent par s'organiser. Toutefois, le coloris de M. Rakine est franc, net; les harmonies sont justes. Il y a plus de justesse encore et, surtout, une organisation plus souple et plus rigoureuse dans les tableaux de G.A. Smith. "Painting" et "Rocks on the Shore" sont finement peints, expriment un sentiment neuf.

Quant au reste de l'exposition - et, dans ce reste, il ne manque pas de noms connus - il ne vaut même pas la peine d'être nommé. On n'a que l'embarras du choix entre des balbutiements informes et des prétentions stupides: entre le figuratif qui sombrerait dans le trompe-l'oeil si Ghitta Caiserman était plus habile et le non figuratif qui ferait croire à la fameuse histoire de la queue de l'âne si l'on pouvait prendre au sérieux l'infantilisme d'un J.W.G. MacDonald ou d'un Rolph Blackstad.

**Académisme piteux**

Essayons tout de même de tourner à profit ce flot de laideur. On ne peut s'empêcher d'être frappé par l'extraordinaire faiblesse de toute cette peinture que l'on peut considérer comme la plus misérable sorte d'académisme. L'exemple le plus frappant, sans doute à cause de la plus grande quantité de spécimens, nous est fourni par madame Catherine Gensonnet. Madame Gensonnet a bonne compagnie d'ailleurs dans la salle XII du Musée car on y voit aussi les oeuvres d'Irene Shaver et celles d'E-

*Le Devoir*, 30 décembre 1955.

<sup>1</sup> (Coupure de journal glissée à la p. 8).

Elizabeth Delafield. Mais elle l'emporte haut la main en ce qui concerne la prétention niaise et le mauvais goût. Ses tableaux sont exécutés à la spatule: les coups de couteau se répètent, se superposent inlassablement, ajoutent à la sécheresse de la matière la monotonie de la touche. Tous les genres sont abordés; nature morte, portrait, scène de ville ou de campagne, etc. Dans une toile intitulée "Le droit de vivre", une femme laisse passer hors de sa tunique une main d'assassin. Là où le peintre voulait nous émouvoir, on a envie de fuir. "Old Quebec" et "Old Street in Quebec" se veulent évidemment pittoresques. Dans l'une, par je ne sais quel défaut de proportion et de perspective, un jeune garçon qui enfourche une bicyclette semble coincé entre les deux roues de sa monture. Dans l'autre, un groupe de personnages, à l'avant-plan, n'ont pas plus de présence que des sacs de légumes. Les rues sont crevasées, les maisons vacillent. Un malaise nous saisit devant "Bread and Wine" car on a l'impression que l'assiette va tomber par terre. Dans "Shawbridge Farm", c'est une moissonneuse dont l'assemblage bizarre met au défi de s'en servir le paysan le plus ingénieux. En un mot, jamais les objets ne tiennent en place, les plus lourds ont l'air de flotter. Aucun sens du dessin les formes s'évanouissent; aucun sens de la couleur, les teintes se chevauchent les unes les autres sans que des rapports s'établissent et "Harmonie en jaune" n'est qu'une plate dissonance; aucun sens de la composition, les parties retombent en arrière ou en avant mais ne s'équilibrent jamais. Dessin, couleur, composition n'existent pas. La peinture de madame Gensonnet n'existe pas, elle ne se défend d'aucune manière, elle n'est que tromperie et boursoufflure, exploitation d'une fausse liberté. Quand Cézanne, Bonnard ou Matisse peignent un objet sur une table, l'objet tient sur la table. Ils peuvent se permettre des libertés parce qu'ils possèdent un métier solide. Leurs tableaux sont organisés parce qu'ils procèdent d'une pensée. Chez C. Gensonnet, rien ne se tient, le tableau n'a aucune signification car il ne répond à aucune nécessité.

#### Assimilation douteuse.

Ils sont innombrables, ces tableaux qui affichent une ignorance bête des plus simples notions de l'art. Toute une séquelle de peintres imbéciles prétend qu'il suffit de copier les célébrités d'hier pour faire oeuvre valable. Encore devraient-ils apprendre à copier ! Mais ils n'ont aucune habileté, aucune patience laborieuse. Cela n'a guère d'importance quand il s'agit d'une Catherine Gensonnet, mais que signifie ce pillage de Vermeer par Ghitta Caiserman lorsqu'elle ne réussit qu'à accumuler les emprunts, qu'à nous faire presque regretter l'habileté, réelle celle-là, d'un Salvador Dali ? Que signifie ce pillage de Bonnard par une Jori Smith ? Elle aura beau se rafraîchir la vue en feuilletant tout un album de reproductions avant de peindre un tableau, jamais la fraîcheur des toiles de Bonnard ne passera dans les siennes. De même, Goodridge Roberts pourra exploiter la manière de Cézanne et celle de dix autres peintres impressionnistes ou cubistes, ses tableaux restent lettre morte et ne nous touchent pas. Je ne vois partout qu'académisme sans envergure car aucun de ces peintres n'a vraiment compris les maîtres auxquels ils vouent une admiration niaise et fausse. Ils ne sont sensibles qu'à l'aspect et ne pénètrent pas l'esprit.

#### Manque de discernement

Les directeurs de musées ne connaissent ordinairement pas grand chose à la peinture. Peut-être qu'à force d'en voir ils ne parviennent plus à distinguer les bons tableaux des mauvais. Je m'étonne cependant qu'on puisse composer une gerbe comme celle que nous offre actuellement le Musée des Beaux-Arts. Comment ne pas attribuer à un manque de discernement sinon à un défaut de compétence la présentation d'oeuvres aussi nulles ? S'il y a des limites à tout, il devrait bien y en avoir au mauvais goût. . .

*"Beauté, mon beau souci. . ."* Que le vers de Malherbe vienne chanter dans nos mémoires et qu'il en chasse tant de laideurs.

Le 1er janvier, 1956.

Mon cher Noël,

Il est bien intéressant (et illuminateur) de voir l'image qu'on laisse dans l'esprit d'un autre quand il est aussi finement sensible que le vôtre. Que cette image diffère de l'idée qu'on se fait de soi-même est inévitable. Je me rends parfaitement compte aussi de la difficulté qu'il y a à saisir la pensée de quelqu'un qu'on a peu connu préalablement (puissions-nous pousser plus loin la connaissance ainsi amorcée) par le moyen de questions et réponses, et j'admire que vous ayez pu réussir aussi bien à y mettre de l'ordre. Je me reproche de n'avoir pas répondu plus clairement à certains sujets (j'improvise très mal), ce qui n'a pas facilité la tâche que vous aviez si aimablement entreprise.

Une seule petite rectification, si vous voulez bien me la permettre: je ne voulais pas dire que les Fauves évitaient les contrastes heurtés car c'est le contraire qui est vrai; je voulais simplement opposer leur conception de la couleur lumineuse au luminarisme des Impressionnistes. C'est un bien petit malentendu.

VIII, p. 9

New Year's day 1956.

"*My function is to disturb*", wrote Gide. Mine may be to disturb the commonplace eye but it is more specially to rejoice with unexpected vision.

Montreal, Jan. 6th. 1956.

Dear John Lyman,

I am most deeply touched by the gift of your drawing of The Chess Players.

It shows you at the top of your form in this medium, and I cannot tell you how glad I am to have it.

With best regards, and many thanks,

Sincerely,

John Steegman

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 Le 1er janvier, 1956.

 Lettre écrite sur 1 feuille volante, rose, adressée à Noël Lajoie et glissée à la page 9, du *Journal*, 3e cahier.

Jan. 29.

The greater the artist the more particular is his instinctive choice among the multiplicity of material that nature offers him.

The exhibition of painting & sculpture which the Museum of Modern Art has sent to Paris & London to support American claims of leadership in this field has not evoked much admiration. One London critic finds <sup>1</sup> that it all has an air of impermanence and aimlessness <sup>2</sup> and refers to the representational painting as the school of the "Aching Void". Which reminds me that some 15 years ago, in writing of a show of American painting at the M.M.F.A., I spoke of illusory facades backed by nothing, "*knock, knock, nobody there*".

It is light that creates the mysterious halo which metamorphoses realism into poetry, gives to objects the prolongation of a symbol.

N.G. Times 29/1/56<sup>1</sup>

## MAJORITY PRESSURE

### A Psychological Experiment Suggests Application in the Art World

By Aline B. Saarinen

What makes Artist X, practically unheard of three years ago, a success? Why is his work loaded with prizes, acquired by lectors, widely reproduced and imitated? Why does the public flock to his shows?

Is his success the result of spontaneous agreement of a large number of informed, independent opinions? Or do fear and ignorance simply result in unquestioning submission to the judgments of others?

Sometimes one wonders . . .

If social pressures can sway public opinion strongly in other areas, how susceptible opinion must be in the field of art where there are admittedly no absolutes, where the artists' language is both new and difficult, and where social prestige attaches to being "in the know."

The least reassuring evidence of the individual's power to resist the pressures of the respected majority is contained in an article by Solomon K. Asch, recently published in "Scientific American." The author lucidly reports a series of expertly controlled experiments conducted at three universities.

In brief summary, the experiments work like this. Seven to nine young men are shown a series of pairs of cards. One always has a single vertical line. The other always has three vertical lines, two of which vary substantially from the line on card number one, the third of which is exactly as long as that on the other card. The students are to choose the line on card two which is the same length as that on card one.

Jan. 29.

<sup>1</sup> "finds", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "and aimlessness", ajouté.

Janvier 29.

<sup>1</sup> (Coupure de journal glissée à la p. 11).

## ONE AGAINST MANY

For two or three rounds everyone agrees. Suddenly there is one dissenting opinion. As this situation continues during successive rounds, the dissenter becomes worried, hesitant, embarrassed.

The dissenter does not know that all the other members of the group have been instructed to give wrong answers in unanimity. Thus, while the dissenter is actually giving "*correct answers, he finds himself unexpectedly (and publicly) in a minority of one, opposed by an unanimous and arbitrary majority with respect to a clear and simple fact.*"

Mr. Asch explains details, mechanics and variations of the tests. Some dissenters held out; some resisted for a long time; some yielded quickly and completely. The distressing fact is that in 36.8 per cent of the selections the dissenter submitted to the misleading majority's wrong judgment.

Many who submitted weakly assumed "*I am wrong, they are right*". For a frightening number of dissenters, their difference became a sign to themselves of a deficiency which they must hide at all costs. Others who capitulated were suspicious of the majority but had too little confidence in their opinions to support their suspicions.

## NEED OF INDEPENDENCE

As Mr. Asch points out, "*when consensus comes under the dominance of conformity the social process is polluted. Consensus, to be productive, requires that each individual contribute independently out of his experience and insight.*"

Independence for its own sake is, of course, a fruitless affair. And in the field of art, the flagrant statement, "*I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like*" is meaningless unless the value judgment grows from experience, sensibility and comprehension.

But agreement under dominance of conformity (especially, to the fashionable) is dangerous, too. In the art world, the pressures are not those of the majority, but of a powerful, influential few "tastemakers."

When an unenlightened public yields blindly to their dicta it is sad, but not tragic. But when other museum people and other writers, publicists, critics and members of the interested public submit unquestioningly, it is a matter of grave concern. These are the people who should have the intelligence and insight to form opinions independently and the confidence to defend them staunchly and explain them.

There has been so much nambypambiness of opinion in the art world in general that a few persons in high and low places - by strong statements and clanging repetition - have been able to exert strategic pressures and "put over" Artist X, Y or Z with comparative ease.

Perhaps the consensus of his greatness is truly sincere and independently arrived at. But I suspect that it is time for us all to question how much our value judgments are being manipulated. We must examine carefully the basis on which our judgments are made and remember that the only way to informed independence is through experience, sensitivity and understanding. With such a background comes the courage and confidence to maintain and, if necessary, defend an opinion.

Feb. 5.

The David Milne retrospective: he certainly deserved it more than any of the others (except, of course, Morrice) who have been given one. At first glance very pleasing, even charming, but it soon begins to wear a little thin. There is considerable sensibility, but it is delicate and superficial, remains on

the surface, does not penetrate. In other words, in Matisse's phrase <sup>1</sup>, it lacks density. At the same time, a tendency towards systematization gives it a sort of commercial flavour. Many of the Laurentian landscapes very stereotyped & the worst of them are almost as tiresome as those of - Norwell (!) And how tiresome, too, is the continual repetition of those blackish drab tones ! Nevertheless, among the top three Canadian painters.

Also saw the show at l'Actuelle. Either I am an old fuddy-duddy or this is "de la foutaise". And all the blatant, meaningless verbiage written about it. Why talk of light because Sam Francis uses yellows & compare his work to those bad picture the Nymphes. <sup>2</sup> Et la matière qui devient de la belle vomissure. La matière has its place, but if it is an aim in itself, the painting is only non-utilitarian pottery.

Sophistication is the hall-mark of present-day art. Besides its fluent, inctious or gritty cleverness a Bonnard, a Gauguin, a Cézanne look like the work of an amateur art group. Everywhere in the "movement" the means of art have outrun its ends (or have become the end) <sup>3</sup>. A generation ago it could be recognized that only a small proportion of practicing artists possessed ability. Today 3/4 of them at least can put up a devastatingly proficient show. Become a juggling act <sup>①</sup>. As more <sup>4</sup> & more of them attain to adroit performance, fewer & fewer have anything of their own to say. As new technical devices are developed they immediately become clichés, seized upon & reproduced with variations (which pass for personality from Chicago to Bombay & from Paris to Tokio. For no avant-garde painter or sculptor <sup>5</sup> ever looks at nature, only at the recipes of other painters & sculptors, and the principal preoccupation of every one is not to be outdated by even a month. The second preoccupation is not to be understood for in obscurity they see a sign of complexity & profundity.

Of course it is in the nature of avant-gardes to go astray, & in misleading <sup>6</sup> them the public plays a part - the public & particularly its shepherds: the freemasonry of modern gallery directors & critics, all so pathetically afraid of missing the boat. The public is divided into two groups: the diehards who want nothing changed, who want merely to recognize objects & anecdotes & consecrated manners; and the distracted, agitated, snobbish public who cannot bear the idea of being a jump behind the Jones in keeping up with the latest excitement (even if it means buying their mobiles at the department store), with the work of the newest genius in projecting himself into welded metal or dribbled paint. As a result, art today is suffering as never before from over-estimation of false talents and mediocrities.

Quoted from the College Art Journal: "Up to now, the process (sic) of 'signification' (sic) was: a thing was given & a sign was invented for it. Now a sign will be given; it will be valid (sic) if it finds its incarnation." Statement by Arthur Deshaies "who is currently teaching in a midwestern university". And so the insanity grows.

A sign will be given by whom ? how ? Up to now "sign" has meant a mark, a conventional, non-artistic pictograph, a hieroglyph. Is that what painting is to be reduced to ?

Most abstract painting today has a firm command of colour and of the manipulation of pigment, but thematic aimlessness. As Pritchett spoke of the "scholar-technicians of the American universities", so we may describe the American Abstract Expressionists as painter-mechanics.

① un tour de passe-passe.

Feb. 5.

1 "words", raturé; "phrase", ajouté.

2 "& compare his work to those bad picture the Nymphes", ajouté.

3 "(or have become the end)", ajouté.

4 "as more of", "of", raturé..

5 "or sculptor", ajouté.

6 "misleading its", "its", raturé.

De Kooning and his fellow American Abstract - Expressionists say that "*the very effort of painting is what painting should be about*". (It is the method of Aliboron without the intervention of an ass.)

In thus reducing the theme of art to its irreducible minimum, they have reached the final stage in the abolition of subject matter that was begun by Courbet.

In rebelling against the noble, the grand subject, C. substituted for the beau ideal the beauty of the commonplace. True, when Titian painted Venus and the Lute Player, Rembrandt St. Matthew, they were not painting ideal Olympian and biblical characters; they were painting the beauty of the humanity they knew, but they represented in natural form its profoundly eternal aspects of which the classical and scriptural myths were the prototypes.

Courbet's rejection of the classical, historical or romanticist subject was followed by the Impressionist's proclamation that the nature of subject-matter was of no importance at all, that the subject was only a pretext,<sup>1</sup> that light<sup>2</sup> was the principal personage in the painting, and when pre-occupation<sup>3</sup> with recording luminous phenomena had diffused both form and composition, the Post-Impressionists, in restoring unity to the picture, put almost exclusive emphasis on what had always been generally but not exclusively true, that the real subject but the way - the personal & unique way of seeing, feeling and understanding. In<sup>4</sup> Surrealism subject matter<sup>5</sup> became private, esoteric, in Abstraction<sup>6</sup>, obscure and incommunicable. "*My painting is not a picture, it is me*". From the putative projection of the painter's self, it was only a step to the final elimination of everything but the act of painting itself<sup>7</sup>, the irreducible minimum of subject-matter<sup>8</sup>.

In Impressionism, the long trend towards naturalism reached the ultimate limits of contingency and evanescence; likewise it seems that when the mechanics of its production are the sole theme of the production, the present movement must have reached a dead end, that further<sup>9</sup> developments can only be in a different direction. Impressionism was the end of naturalism and at<sup>10</sup> the same time, the beginning of what followed; Abstract-Expressionism is the end of thematic aimlessness and the beginning of what?

For a choice prophesy, see Salomon Reinach, *Apollo*, pp. 315-16, on B. Leader.

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Feb.18.

1 "that the subject was only a pretext", ajouté.

2 Il ouvre ici des guillemets qu'il ne referme pas.

3 "the", raturé.

4 "earlier abstraction carried this doctrine to the point where personal insight", raturé.

5 "subject-matter", ajouté.

6 "in Abstraction", ajouté.

7 "so-called action-painting", écrit dans la marge.

8 "the irreducible minimum of subject-matter", ajouté.

9 "that further", au lieu de "further".

10 "and the", raturé.

March 2, 1956.

#### ARTIST DIES

La Crescenta, Calif. - S. Seymour Thomas, internationally recognized portrait painter, died here at 87. Thomas' work earned him the Paris Salon Gold Medal in 1895, 1901 and 1904, a bronze medal at the 1900 Paris Exposition, and France's Legion of Honor in 1905.

March 11, 1956.

I was invited to attend the Canadian Club luncheon last Monday, at which Alan Jarvis spoke. Jarvis is the perfect contact man, well-built, handsome, well groomed, with a good speaking voice, and is - generally - a very superior opportunist. (To counteract any notions that might be suggested by his celibacy, carefully waved hair <sup>1</sup>, peaches - & - cream complexion and soft manners <sup>2</sup>, he acquired, when appointed director of the Nat. Gallery, a ready-made wife & family.) Apparently without any artistic judgment of his own, he gives a whole hearted build-up to whatever has, rightly or falsely, acquired a reputation. He praised Lismer fearsomely as a hero of Canadian painting & the "greatest in the world" teacher of child art. Lismer, of course, has perverted the whole idea of art for children (cf. Victor d'Amico), destroying the value of art itself to the child & the adult he will become. The poor character of the work of L's children compared <sup>3</sup> with similar work in New York, France & England should open the eyes of anyone not blinded by Loewenfeld's (? Penn. State Univ.) text books <sup>4</sup>. (The theory is not even original with Lismer).

Jarvis praised the recent acquisitions of the N.G. (Fillipino Lippi, etc.) & particularly St. Francis Praying attributed to Greco. If <sup>5</sup> he looked at it, he would see that the robe above & below the cord girdle <sup>6</sup> was painted by two different painter, probably neither of them El Greco.

In the afternoon, Jarvis paid us a visit. He went into ecstasy over the Morrises indiscriminately and admired extravagantly the Smith landscape (which is an abortion) because it was painted by Matthew Smith. He had agreed with me that S's colour is often falsome, and this is an obvious example of that defect.

In speaking of Roberts, he said the N.G. had <sup>7</sup> acquired the immense Georgian Bay landscape because R. had been able to execute so large a canvas with liveliness; scarcely a sound reason, it would seem, for a national collection, but no doubt sounder than that for many other acquisitions.

But the strangest thing of all - after barn-storming the country in defense and praise of abstraction ("not pretty postcards". . . ) he spoke of it with the greatest contempt. Even of Borduas all he could say was that he painted with a splendid energy, but that he had ruined countless young painters.

Jarvis revealed that there is a strong combined effort to build up the reputation of English art, hitherto "unjustly" overshadowed by the French. At Steegman's <sup>8</sup> gallery, several groups of English painters, Henry Moore, Barbara Hepworth, etc. promoted by the British Council. Soon, at the Mus. of Modern Art, a British show, followed, J. hoped, by a Sickert show, which would finally do the trick !

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March 11

- 1 "waved hair and", "and", raturé.
- 2 "and soft manners", ajouté.
- 3 "is enough", raturé.
- 4 "text theory", raturé.
- 5 "he", raturé
- 6 "belt", raturé; "girdle", ajouté.
- 7 "an had", raturé.
- 8 "at the", raturé.

*Journal*, 3e cahier, Coupure de journal glissée à la p. 26.

Le Devoir, Montréal, Samedi, 14 avril 1956.

### La peinture

#### LE SALON DU PRINTEMPS

par Noël Lajoie

Il faudrait être féroce pour rendre compte comme il convient du Salon du Printemps ! Je ne crois pas avoir visité jamais une exposition aussi mauvaise, aussi nulle. A tel point qu'on se demande pourquoi l'on est venu, car on a l'impression qu'il n'y a rien sur les murs. Une visite consciencieuse ne prend guère plus d'un quart d'heure - économie de temps et de peine dont on se dispenserait toutefois volontiers.

Où sont donc les tableaux dignes d'intérêt ? Voilà cent cinquante toiles ou aquarelles choisies parmi plus de mille envois. Comment se fait-il que le jury n'aie retenu rien que de très médiocre ? Doit-on l'accuser d'incompétence ? Doit-on convenir que tant de peintres produisent tant de déchets ? Je crains fort que les deux suppositions ne se révèlent, à l'examen plus justes qu'on ne souhaiterait. . . Il est impossible, en effet, de ne trouver qu'un seul bon tableau sur plus de mille envois. Pourtant, il n'y a que celui de Patrick Landsley, parmi tous ceux que l'on expose, qui présente la qualité que l'on est en droit d'attendre des oeuvres figurant dans une manifestation annuelle aussi prétentieuse que le Salon du Printemps. Je me persuade qu'il devait se trouver au moins une dizaine d'oeuvres "honnêtes" parmi celles qui ont été écartées.

J'avoue que ce ne devait pas être très excitant d'être juré de ce 73e Salon du Printemps ! Surtout lorsqu'il s'est agi de décerner un premier prix ! Tous ces tableaux, en effet, sont interchangeables dans leur laideur anonyme, dans leur inexistence plastique. Il n'y a plus même, aujourd'hui, les champs naguère si fortement démarqués de l'art figuratif et de l'art non figuratif. Cela nous réservait toujours quelque surprise. Les artistes que l'on a bien voulu admettre semblent pratiquer l'une et l'autre esthétique, l'une ou l'autre, peut importe; de sorte qu'à la fin ils ne doivent plus savoir où ils en sont rendus - et nous ne le savons pas plus qu'eux ! Dès l'entrée, nous tombons dans une pâte épaisse et mal fermentée dont nous ne sortons plus.

Est-il rien de plus désespérant que la médiocrité monotone et soutenue, que la tiède fadeur que dégagent des dizaines d'oeuvres avortés ? Les académismes de toutes sortes triomphent, ici avec insolence. Qui exploite Picasso; qui exploite Matisse. Le culte le plus formaliste est rendu à ces deux puissants dieux ! Un autre copie Klee: le dessin, l'organisation, le coloris même, rien ne manque. Ce n'est qu'à la pauvreté de la matière, molle, floue et grossière que la fausseté éclate - et dès lors, dessins, organisation, coloris, détonnent drôlement auprès du souvenir des oeuvres si pures de Klee. . .

Le reproche d'académisme est rebattu, je sais bien, mais pourquoi ne l'adresserait-on pas quand il est juste ? Le pis, dans l'exposition du Musée, c'est que nous avons affaire à des académismes inconscients. A des emprunts de style qui s'ignorent et manquent totalement de caractère. Ouvrez n'importe quelle revue, n'importe quel journal d'art et vous verrez des centaines de tableaux tout à fait semblables à ceux d'E. Alleyn, de Paul Beaulieu et de Claude Picher. Cette peinture a beau se donner de grandes allures, elle n'est qu'un odieux pillage de trucs et ne se prostitue même pas avec talent; elle sollicite tout au plus notre faveur avec une impudeur bête !

Eh bien c'est M. Claude Picher, de Québec, qui a obtenu le prix Jessie Dow pour une toile intitulée "L'hiver". Misérable croûte qui n'atteint, malgré toute la prétention que j'ai dite, aucune existence plastique et qui aurait dû être rejetée dès une première sélection. Le jury, s'il n'avait été aussi obstiné dans son mauvais goût, aurait pu, au moins, couronner l'autre envoi de monsieur Picher: "La neige", tableau moins convenu, si l'on peut dire, d'une construction moins simpliste, d'un coloris

moins vague que "L'hiver". Mais c'est faire trop d'honneur à monsieur Picher que d'analyser ses "oeuvres" - son ami, monsieur Lemieux n'y a pas regardé d'aussi près avant de lui accorder sa voix. . .

Qu'y a-t-il encore au Salon du Printemps ? Des peintres du dimanche. Laissons-les en paix puisqu'ils n'ont pas d'avenir. Il y a aussi les "professionnels", les "haut cotés": G. Roberts, Cosgrove, Lismer, G. Caiserman, Jori Smith. Ils se répondent d'un mur à l'autre, béatement assurés du succès que leur vaut leur petit arrivisme régional.

Je ne parle pas des aquarelles (il y a également un premier prix pour cette catégorie d'oeuvres) car il n'y en a pas une seule qui vaille la peine d'être regardée, y compris celle qui a valu à son auteur le prix Jessie Dow. Petit jeu significatif: on distribue des bulletins de votes aux visiteurs de l'exposition et on leur demande d'indiquer les oeuvres qu'ils auraient eux-mêmes couronnées. Je n'ai pu me résoudre à choisir une aquarelle d'entre les autres. . .

Avant de terminer, signalons un fait important: les artistes de quelque valeur semblent s'être donné le mot pour ne pas exposer au Salon du Printemps cette année. Lyman n'expose pas. Surrey n'expose pas. Le groupe Painters Eleven, de Toronto, n'est pas représenté non plus que l'Association des Artistes Non Figuratifs de Montréal (si l'on excepte l'envoi de P. Landsley). Ne pourrait-on conclure, à partir de ce fait, que les peintres sérieux sont dégoûtés de la traditionnelle médiocrité du Salon du Printemps ? Ne pourrait-on conclure surtout, que le Salon du Printemps a connu une vie assez longue et qu'il est temps qu'on le supprime ?

April 15.

It is <sup>1</sup> Sunday morning <sup>2</sup> and all the sheep bells are tinkling.

April 27.

Des paroles de peintres <sup>1</sup> - c'est celle de Bonnard que j'aime entre toutes, - très modeste mais qui résume <sup>2</sup> philosophie, discipline et métier - : "*Beaucoup de petites erreurs et une grande vérité*".

Nous avons déjà un Conseil des Arts municipal, on nous promet <sup>1</sup> sous peu un Conseil des Arts fédéral et si cela se fait, nous aurons sûrement un Conseil des Arts provincial. La protection officielle <sup>2</sup> amène fatalement un art officiel, mais alors trois protecteurs officiels. . . Qu'arrivera-t-il ? Un art triplement officiel, trois arts officiels <sup>3</sup>, ou rivalité - diversité ?

16/5/56.

One of the most discouraging & revolting thing we have in this country is the number of bogus reputations, supported by official legend and propaganda <sup>1</sup>. In the window of the D. Gallery is a

April 15.

<sup>1</sup> "it is", ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> Virgule raturé; "and", ajouté.

April 27.

<sup>1</sup> "cons. . . en tant que considérations sur l'esthétique, la discipline, les méthodes", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "englobe les trois chefs", raturé ; "résumé philosophie, discipline et métier", ajouté.

April 27.

<sup>1</sup> "aurons", raturé; "on nous promet", ajouté.

Jackson <sup>2</sup> and some canvases by Mabel May. Of the two Mabel is the better painter with at least some sense of organization though Heaven Knows she doesn't amount to much <sup>3</sup>, while A.Y. Jackson, C.B.E. (or whatever it is) is a national hero. Jackson is a worthy successor of Krieghof.

And all these bogus reputations are supported by the National Gallery & its associated galleries, by their subventioned magazine, [cont. on second page].

16/5/56 cont'd

Canadian Art; they are <sup>4</sup> imposed on publishers, propagandized by the clique of <sup>5</sup> yes-men, taught in the schools, circulated in exhibitions, reproductions, etc. It is a systematic corruption of public opinion, a traffic in reputations & in spiritual values.

18/5/56.

I really pity those painters who have lost contact with the world around them & have to look for their initial impulse in the work of other painters. What delights are they deprived of, the joy of response to the vibrant touch of life ! I <sup>1</sup> look at nature much more than at others painting & even then at nature through their expression <sup>2</sup>.

1/6/56.

Je veux peindre le monde; peindre la petite cage de mon cerveau n'est pas assez pour moi.

10/6/56.

Bob Ayre reviews the shows on St. Helen's Island. He no longer asks himself if a painting is good: he asks is it new ? is it novel ? is it a scoop ? Time magazine style. Thinking to admire the new, he admires only conformism, - international <sup>1</sup> contemporary conformity <sup>2</sup> - as he used to admire Canadian regionalist conformity.

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<sup>2</sup> "la protection officielle" au lieu de "un protecteur officiel".

<sup>3</sup> "trois arts officiels", ajouté.

16/5/56

<sup>1</sup> "it is amazing how many . . . we have in this country", raturé; "one of the most discouraging & revolting thing we have in this country is the number of", ajouté.

<sup>2</sup> "is an A.Y. Jackson C.B.E. (or whatever it is)", raturé.

<sup>3</sup> "though heaven knows she doesn't amount to much", ajouté.

<sup>4</sup> "they are", ajouté.

<sup>5</sup> "by them", raturé; "clique of", ajouté.

18/5/56

<sup>1</sup> "Je regarde la nature be. . .", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "of others", raturé.

10/6/56

<sup>1</sup> "international", ajouté

<sup>2</sup> "in place of the canadian", raturé.

17/6/56.

Saw the Mendel collection yesterday; decidedly second-rate. The only paintings that really stirred me were the 2 Dufys and the 2 Mary Bouchards, in their sophisticated and naïve ways. There is a middling Marc and the rest is middling or worse. The <sup>1</sup> Lismer & the other Group-of-Seven are atrocious except the Jackson, which is the best Jackson I have seen. It is <sup>2</sup> a landscape of Assisi, done <sup>3</sup> under the strong stimulus of his discovery of Impressionism, before Jackson became Jackson.

Thinking of this picture led me to reflect that, excluding from consideration the younger contemporaries who may not yet have given a full account of themselves, there isn't a single Canadian painter except Morrice whose work didn't go down hill during his lifetime. They did their best work under the first strong impulse of one movement or another, L. Harris under <sup>4</sup> the Ash can school, Jackson under <sup>5</sup> Impressionism, Tom Thomson under American derivatives of Impressionism (Redfield), others under various elements of the Post-Impressionist movement. Even D. Milne, the nearest authentic painter of them all was at his best under the first Fauve influence, later tended towards stereotypes. They all sank back into their mediocre rut.

19/6/56.

With the Industrial Revolution & the rise of a powerful middle class, aesthetic standards of conduct crumbled away. It was this - and not the subsequent developments in art - that opened the great rift between art & public.

"Criticism, especially in America, is becoming more and more like a mincing operation".

15/7/56.

Marion Scott is becoming an extremely clever artisan; she ought to be doing high-class fake antiques. But the pretty, patina-like surface can't compensate for the poverty of the images.

19/7/56.

Quoique je n'ai cessé d'évoluer - et de la seule manière possible, sans choisir - je suis resté contemporain de ma jeunesse (combien de temps a-t-elle duré ma jeunesse ?). Au moins j'ai eu la vertu de ne pas me moderniser, comme une vieille maison avec une devanture de glaces et d'acier inoxydable <sup>1</sup>.

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17/6/56

- 1 "excep. . .", raturé
- 2 "an impressionist", raturé
- 3 "before Jack became", raturé.
- 4 "under", ajouté.
- 5 "under", ajouté.

19/7/56

- 1 "inoy", raturé.

26/7/56.

Le mérite à présent n'est pas d'être bon peintre, c'est d'être jeune peintre <sup>1</sup>.

On a reproché à Guy <sup>2</sup> de s'occuper de peintres établis (moi), de ne pas s'occuper des jeunes (peintres non-figuratifs), mais ce n'est pas un titre d'être jeune.

*"Failure so often lies in the poverty of our artists' images, for which no ingenuities of texture or stylisation can compensate . . . drollery of tartness, the conventional oddities of notation, the absence of any very urgent impulse are evident enough in many . . . that yield nothing further after brief inspection".*

8/7/56<sup>1</sup>.

Deux dames venaient de visiter l'exposition au restaurant Hélène de Champlain: l'une disait: *"La nature c'est <sup>3</sup> la vraie peinture"* <sup>2</sup>.

12-8-56<sup>1</sup>.

Sensitive to the exterior world, but the existence of which is a state of perpetually though equilibrium is always recovered <sup>2</sup>. (Subject matter counts for little).

*"Ce sabotage que l'on nomme éducation et école, et qui dépouille l'enfant de ses propres richesses, pour leur substituer des lieux communs".*

*"et- sont pour moi les deux maîtres inépuisables. L'un et l'autre ont ce regard insistant qui, tout en la pénétrant, se donne tout entier à la nature. L'un et l'autre ont le pouvoir de transposer ce qu'ils ont vu en une réalité mille fois plus intense".*

*"Fenêtre, toi, ô mesure d'attente  
Tant de fois remplie. . ."*

Rilke.

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26/7/56

- 1 Souligné en rouge dans la marge
- 2 Guy Viau.
- 3 sic.

8/7/56

- 1 La date devrait peut-être être 8/8/56.
- 2 Ce passage est écrit à l'encre noire.
- 3 "c'est de la", "de", raturé.

12-8-56

- 1 Ce passage est écrit à l'encre noire.
- 2 "though equilibrium is always recovered", renvoi.

7/10/56.

Maria Scott's show drives home my previous impression. Her pictures pretend to have a religious significance (like her mural "Tree of Life" in General Hospital) but they are not religious, they pretend to an appearance of abstraction but they are not abstract. What are they really <sup>1</sup>? They are mostly pretty: they <sup>2</sup> are really superficially decorative, a sort of fake antiques on a mediaeval note.

An art correspondent of the London Times says that in everything concerning celebrity, our times have almost perfected the trick of making smoke without any fire.

Am beginning "War and Peace"; I feel as though I were starting to wade through an illimitable marshland.

25/11/56.

Having finished this stupendous masterpiece, one gradually disengages oneself from a sticky morass of historical & moral elucubration.

The most disquieting trait of most contemporary abstract artists in their repudiation of their predecessors contrasting their own work only <sup>2</sup> to the most academic & insignificant art of earlier periods, ignoring everything else and confounding the best with the worst.

The great Post-Impressionists did not repudiate the Impressionists, Matisse did not deny Delacroix nor, most certainly, did Picasso refuse to acknowledge his debt to preceding art.

This most unattractive trait of so <sup>3</sup> many present day artists, coupled with their haste to exploit any new technical trick, with their world-wide mutual imitation, their conformism <sup>4</sup>, which seems to be related to the gang-mentality of today's youth, suggests <sup>5</sup> that they have an aching void to hide. No one can any longer doubt that abstraction is already extremely academic: the fact that is now backed by all the museum directors proves it.

One thing is certain: that which has no past has no future. The kind of originality that will endure has very deep roots <sup>6</sup>. Det - superficial bravura.

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7-10-56

1 "really", ajouté

2 "boil down", raturé.

25-11-56

1 "one of", raturé.

2 Au lieu de "of all those who preceded them, opposing their work to the most. . .", raturé.

3 "coupled", raturé.

4 "conformisms", raturé.

5 "with", raturé.

6 "it is easy enough to see", raturé.

New York, Dec. 21-29.

Saw the Whitney - the annual show - an enormous exhibition of very efficient facades fronting on <sup>1</sup> nothing.

Then the Modern (twice). Balthus, whom I only knew through reproduction (he emerged after I left France) really splendid. It's the artists who don't swim with the current who will endure. But of course the Museum couldn't find place to hang all his canvases, while in adjoining galleries they hung dozens & dozens of canvases (many of which were almost duplicates) by that drunken sot, Pollock.

[Too bad that Balthus has been careless of his métier ! a number of canvases in bad shape & suffering premature cracking.]

The Modern now has a magnificent late Renoir reclining nude. The two Lehenbrucks still top the sculpture section. One can get the true measure of Van Gogh in the room where his "Starry Night" is hung beside Gauguin's "Moon & Earth" (Tahiti) and among other greats of his generation: one can't help seeing its vulgar magniloquence, inflation & turgidity (emphase vulgaire). And this experience was exactly duplicated at the Met. where V.G.'s "Cypresses" is hung beside examples of <sup>2</sup> all the great Post-Impressionists. Van G's forced expressionism sings really hollow.

The difference between the <sup>3</sup> classical spirit & the expressionist is that the former likes to paint fresh sunflowers, the latter wilting or dead ones.

At the Modern, a Preudergast hung along with Post-Impressionist masterpieces ! How hard the U.S. is trying to get in on the game. A Morrice would have held its own far better.

Overheard at the Modern: ". . . no, because they wanted to be quite sure that art was taught objectively" !

Saw the Frick for the first time. The great revelation: Georges de la Tour's "Education of the Virgin". Oh ! what a lovely perfect thing ! Too lovely to talk about. De la Tour the far-away ancestor of Balthus. And at the opposite pole of expression, Rembrandt's "Polish Rider"; I think I enjoy it better than the finest of the portraits.

A small Greco sketch for "Cleansing of the Temple", not included in the 1938 Phaidon book.

Then the Met. A lot of new loans & gifts. The great discovery was Tintoretto's "Ecstasy of St. Francis", a huge canvas and as great as it is big. C'est vraiment grand.

Vermeer at times almost like Matisse in the Met. Now there is a whole roomful of Corots. "The Sibyl" almost like a Manet especially the hands.

I forgot to mention the very late Monets (recent acquisitions) at the Modern. Incoherent & meaningless enough to please the Abstract Expressionists.

In the elevator at the hotel, having just bought some paper-back books <sup>4</sup>, we were talking about their lurid covers. The elevator boy took out of his pocket and showed us the paperback he was reading: *The Great Religions*. "They all run along the same lines", he said.

"Yes", I replied, "they are fundamentally similar".

"Fundamentally all alike", he continued, "just like soup".

Dec. 21.

1 "hiding", raturé; "fronting on", ajouté.

2 "examples of", ajouté.

3 "a", raturé; "the", ajouté.

4 Au lieu de: "in the elevator at the hotel, we were talking about the lurid covers of paper-backs".

9/2/57.

Je viens de remarquer que mes toiles récentes représentent chaque une <sup>1</sup>, Edge of the lake, The Rocking Chairs, The Lake, Ecuyère de Cirque, Phare du Port, un lieu ensorcelé, qu'il soit désert ou peuplé, humain ou inhumain (comme mon sentiment du port), où la vie, le mouvement, le temps semblent suspendus, actuel mais où rien n'arrive, où rien n'arrivera jamais. Est-ce un effet de l'âge ?

10/2/57.

Il devient difficile de discuter une idée avec G. Il cherche, au lieu de s'éclairer <sup>1</sup>, à vous confondre. C'est sans doute une tactique qu'il a adopté à la T.V. pour subjuguier son adversaire. Il faut à tout prix faire triompher la bonne cause, mais cela décourage une discussion amicale. Il amoncelle des mots, des phrases dont beaucoup auraient besoin d'être mis en question. Sous cet éboulement verbal on se dit "*à quoi bon?*" et l'on abandonne la discussion qu'il croit sans doute avoir emportée. D'ailleurs cela n'a aucune importance; quand on change de sujet, sa gentillesse revient.

On ne peut pas arriver à quelque chose dans la <sup>2</sup> peinture figurative sans posséder une véritable personnalité unique; dans la peinture abstraite une technique inédite suffit. Et on a tôt fait d'exploiter <sup>3</sup> toutes les possibilités techniques mais le monde, la nature, on ne les épuise jamais. Ne répondez pas que le peintre non-figuratif lui aussi <sup>4</sup> puise dans la nature; il y a longtemps qu'il a cessé de le faire, ou, au moins ça compte beaucoup moins que les suggestions qui viennent des inventions des autres, des documents cocasses sur la nature et des accidents de la manipulation de la matière.

En ce que je viens d'écrire, il y a <sup>5</sup> matière à des disputes interminables et infécondes.

March 11, (1957)

This is the bluntingage; everything, instead of sharpening, tends to blunt the sensibilities, thinking and sentiments - not to say the imagination.

April 6.

I shouldn't wonder if contemporary tendencies in art, music, poetry, stemmed, at least in part, from incapacity to formulate, that is to condense impressions & emotions, to reduce generalizations to anything definite.

Art results from the confrontation of an ideal form with an <sup>experience of</sup> <sub>knowledge</sub> reality. In other words, there must be both an appetite for life and a mastery of style.

9/2/57

1 (Sic)

10/2/57

1 "de s", ajouté.2 "faire de la bonne", raturé; "arriver à quelque chose dans la", ajouté.3 "épuiser", raturé; "exploiter", ajouté.4 "lui aussi", ajouté.5 "a", oublié.

Jarvis is one of those people who look with their ears; what he sees is names. I noticed when he was looking at pictures that a really terrible painting by a well-known name aroused the greatest admiration (the name convinced him that it must have some hidden qualities), while he saw nothing if a name didn't excite his attention.

18-4-57

Last day of my courses at McGill. Magnificent present from the students. Sorry to be cut off from young people.

The world doesn't change; the only thing that changes is the measure of our acceptance or refusal of it.

11-5-57

As Poussin said, *"My natural disposition forces me to seek and cherish orderly things, avoiding confusion which is as contrary to my nature as is light to obscure gloom"*.

It is all the fault of the Greeks, who invented our civilization. If they hadn't, it wouldn't be crumbling.

Today art has come to the stage when it feeds on itself.

*The Montreal Star, Thursday, May 16, 1957.*

ARTS COUNCIL TO AID YOUTH, SAYS CLAXTON  
Canadian Press

OTTAWA, May 16 - The Canada Council is planning to put its money on promising youth rather than on older Canadians with a record of performance. Hon. Brooke Claxton said today.

Mr. Claxton, chairman of the council established last month to spend \$100,000,000 on the encouragement of the arts, humanities and social sciences told the Canadian Club:

*"We are going to seek out the young with promise rather than the old with performance."*

Mr. Claxton said the 21 member council fully expects that it will be criticized for its actions and that it will be controversial.

However, the council was "an exciting adventure" in helping in the development of Canada, and if one out of three choices for grants turns out to pay dividends for Canada "it is going to be worthwhile."

The council also planned to help prospective teachers in all fields.

Many problems still had to be decided, he added.

For example, he asked, would it be better to make a \$50,000 grant to a research body for a particular project or 50 scholarships of \$1,000 each to potential teachers and artists ?

He said the council will seek out individuals that may benefit from financial assistance because it is the individual that produces something, not organizations and buildings.

Canada Council <sup>1</sup> is planning to "put its money on promising youth rather than on older Canadians with a record of performance". In conforming to this position which is already so prevalent today, it is perhaps overlooking something fairly important, viz: that artists <sup>2</sup> can't eat a record of performance. In supporting only the very young & turning attention away from "older" artists, it is depriving them of the security & rewards that they would seem to deserve after a lifetime of work.

The National Gallery supports only those who have made an impact since the war: in other words the time at which the impact is made is more important than its quality.

I don't see <sup>3</sup> other countries entirely neglecting <sup>4</sup> their older artists because younger ones spring up.

Youth <sup>5</sup> is not a { value  
quality  
title

Youth in itself is not { merit  
credit

20-5-57.

L'art est, bien entendu, le reflet de la vie intérieure, mais comment juger de la vie intérieure autrement que par l'image qu'elle se fait de la vie extérieure ?

21-5.

Départ pour Cape Cod.

Cummaqnid, Cape Cod, Summer 1957 <sup>1</sup>.

On invoque beaucoup "l'accident dans la peinture contemporaine. Une <sup>2</sup> idée semble bien nous venir d'une façon accidentelle (ce qu'on qualifiait <sup>3</sup> autrefois du terme aujourd'hui démodé d'inspiration) mais il faut distinguer entre cet accident-là et celui qui provient de la trituration de la matière.

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May 16th.

<sup>1</sup> Ecrit sur une feuille volante à la suite d'un article du 16 mai paru dans le *Star*.

<sup>2</sup> Au lieu de: "in so doing, it imitates the general tendency today. What is perhaps forgotten is that one. . . "raturé.

<sup>3</sup> "I don't see", ajouté.

<sup>4</sup> "have not ceased to back", raturé; "entirely neglecting", ajouté.

<sup>5</sup> "(in itself)", raturé.

Summer 1957.

<sup>1</sup> Ecrit sur la feuille volante collée à la page 47.

<sup>2</sup> "l'", raturé; "une", ajouté.

<sup>3</sup> "appelait", raturé; "qualifiait", ajouté.

Les Américains ont horreur de l'effort s'il n'a pour but le gain (le golf l'a). Ainsi dans cette région du "Cap" où presque toutes les espèces végétales, sauf les tropicales, prospèrent, les jardins n'ont plus <sup>4</sup> ni arbres ni arbustes fruitiers. Car il faudrait cueillir <sup>5</sup> les fruits, les préparer et conserver; pourquoi donc, quand c'est tellement facile de sauter dans son "char", acheter <sup>6</sup> les fruits tout prêts à manger, frais ou en boîtes ? La vie sombre dans une mollesse incroyable dont seulement l'excitation des sports peut réveiller les jeunes. On se jette la balle mais on ne cueillerait <sup>7</sup> pas les framboises. Toute appréciation de la qualité, de la matière, du goût et du style s'en va. Les femmes s'attifent, les jeunes comme des gonzesses de foire, les vieilles <sup>8</sup> comme des épouvantails (de ce qui est le plus commode, le plus pratique).

The lack of genuineness in American painting no doubt derives from the general "as if" mentality - "as if" religion, "as if" culture, objects that look "as if" they were made of something substantial, clothes that look "as if" they were made of something substantial, clothes that look "as if" they hadn't been worn, rooms that look "as if" they were not lived in.

Cummaqnid, July:

I am not sure that I like a studio with a view. When I <sup>1</sup> have seen something, I like to go indoors & dream about it, evoke it & formulate it. An ever changing expanse outside the windows keeps intruding & I see so many things that finally I see nothing. No, a studio should not have more than a limited & very familiar view.

August.

1913 was a landmark. It is strange how the same things will crop up at the same time in widely different places. In that year occurred the "Armory Exhibition" in the U.S., my first exhibition bringing the modern movement to Canada and now I read in Wyndham Lewist that "The first case to be reported in these islands was mine, around 1913. You may inquire the sensation created - it was like the first Colorado beetle to be spotted in our rich brown fields, clinically free of odious sub-tropical pests" A good description of the sensation created in Montreal. W. Lewis was trying "to transmute the art of painting into music". Vide the musical titles of my pictures at that time !

18/10/57

The nonsensical thing about the abstract-expressionists erection of Monet into a father-image is that Monet's late painting was completely subordinated to nature to the point where it expresses little but nature's chaos, in fact copies nature servilely. Even his brush strokes reflect the rhythms of the objects he was painting.

- 
- 4 "plus", ajouté.  
5 "Ecrit "cueillir".  
6 "les acheter", raturé.  
7 "Ecrit "cueillera".  
8 Ecrit "veilles".

July

- 1 "one", raturé; "I", ajouté.

The abstract painter claims he is projecting on the canvas the impulses & rhythms of his personality. But these rhythms & pretended impulses are so various over a period of several years as to destroy all evidence of a personality. There is merely the simulated personality evoked by the changing fashions.

19/10/57

Last Saturday, on reading Bob Ayre's column, I said: either the man is very tired or he is scared stiff or saying the wrong thing in the opinion of his colleagues. Today, in *The Observer*, just received, I read in Harold Nicolson's review: "*The worst about these art historians is that they are so frightened of each other. 'What will Berenson think of this?' they ask themselves, 'or Sir Kenneth Clark, or Mr. John Pope-Hennessy, or Mr. Douglas Cooper, or Janina Michalkowa, or the editor of the Burlington Magazine?' At this frightful thought the shy birds of enterprise scatter like the pigeons in Trafalgar Square and out comes the old dice box-rattle, rattle, rattle. . .*"

(In America, the names would be: Sweeney, Barr, Washburn, Ritchie, if contemporary, not historical art were in question).

29/10/57

The observer, the listener has always seen or heard in art much that the author did not intend & indeed did not put in it. Most <sup>1</sup> of today's abstract arts are <sup>2</sup> so ambiguous that almost all meaning and feeling are put into them by the listener or observer. It is this that proves so fascinating to many; they <sup>3</sup> are a sort of "do it yourself" art.

\*\*\*\*\*

23 March, 1958.

1958

December & January in Bermuda: chilly (40°), damp, stormy from Christmas on. Living-room cramped, no light to work by. Gave up & came home much sooner than expected. However have done half a dozen canvases from sketches, of which M.S. has bought four as well as four older pictures.

After periods of frustration I sometimes find it impossible to become interested in painting, don't seem to know what it is all about, but lately, on the contrary, I scarcely think of anything else and, in spite of interruptions caused C's illnesses & a cold, I return to work with zeal unabated.

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29/10/57

1 "in", raturé.

2 "almost everything", raturé.

3 "it is a", raturé.

Clement Greenberg claims that painting in New York is "at least eight years ahead" of that in Paris. For Americans, art has obviously become a steeplechase (or a rat race). Therefore Delacroix must be greater than Tintoretto <sup>1</sup>.

Great art illustrates a general truth through a specific instance, and it is not an unusual paradox that the more specific the instance the greater the truth <sup>2</sup>.

Very few people buy painting, most buy a subject, a few buy a name but more buy a fashionable label. And yet we poor painters go on offering painting!

Apr. 3.

It seems curious that expressionism has never made much headway among the English in spite of their well-known leaning to romanticism <sup>①</sup> & religiosity <sup>②</sup> and of their lack of Latin <sup>1</sup> rationalism & positivism. But they are still farther away from the Norwegians & Germans, among whom expressionism really flourished, than from the French. "The Latin" wrote Kirschner, "attain his form from the object, from the form in nature. The German creates his form out of fantasy, out of his inner vision. . . For the Latin beauty lies in appearance, the other seeks it behind things." If analysed, this vague verbiage means strictly nothing, but it characterizes Teutonic yearnings (& plastic weakness). We in America <sup>2</sup> are apt to forget to what extent, with all its obvious difference from the French, the English mind is conditioned <sup>3</sup>, through its language & literature, by its inheritance of Latin culture, to forget how very, very deep is its classical formation.

Apr. 15.

I couldn't stand anybody looking over my shoulder, not even God.

"Tachism" - a sort of colourful vomit. There is hardly a "contemporary" painting without some carefully accidental dribbles.

July.

Membership in an academy is a consolation for having died during one's own lifetime.

Americans live like highly mechanized savages - under tribal conditions.

① (though without emotionalism)

② (though without mysticism)

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March 23rd.

1 "Therefore Delacroix must be greater than Tintoretto", ajouté.

2 Note dans la marge: see Feb. 5, 1956.

Apr. 3.

1 "fren. . .", raturé.

2 "in America", ajouté.

3 "formed", raturé; "conditioned", ajouté.

14 oct. '58.

Tout cet été, impossible de m'amener à noter quoi que ce soit malgré tous les événements survenus - le film (à Cape Cod et à Montréal) retour à Cape Cod, voyage à Québec pour le concours de la Province. Aussi déplaisant, cette dernière corvée, que la précédente (pour un concours) <sup>1</sup>, quoique M. Martin fut aimable et correct, mais quel ignoble papelardise chez Morricet, quel grotesque prétention chez Bruchési !

Je ne peux pas m'imaginer ce que sera ce film; je crains quelque chose de ridicule, quoique l'on semble faire foi aux conceptions "poétiques" de Fernand Dansereau. En tout cas je l'aime beaucoup - et Guy a été très chic (comme toujours).

Nov. 9 '58

Am just finishing Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*. I approached it with misgivings, fearing disguised communist propaganda or else a mediocre book to which the circumstances of its appearance had lent undue importance. But no ! It is the most moving work I have read in a long time. It is however, ridiculous to compare it with "War and Peace"; it is the saga, not of an epoch, but of an artist's spirit. Pasternak writes, not as a novelist, but as a poet; the only person he creates is himself. There are few love laments as touching as the chapters that follow Lara's leaving. But even she exists only in his "crystallization" of her. And under the lash of his grief, he writes <sup>1</sup> most beautifully <sup>2</sup> of his other love, art & poetry. " *It had been the dream of his life to write with an originality so covert, so discreet, as to be outwardly unrecognizable in its disguise of current, customary forms of speech. All his life he had struggled after a language so reserved, so unpretentious as to enable the reader or the hearer to master the content without noticing the means by which it reached him.*" I could subscribe to that. I have striven to paint in the vernacular, not in an artificial phony stylistic manner, in a way in which only the truly sensitive person can recognize as un-commonplace, unconventional.

Dec. 1, 1958 to April 7, 1959, in Barbados.

Brought back 39 pochades - 6 lbs - (note book entries) as well as a sheaf of pencil sketches. Plenty of work ahead.

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May 2, 1959.

Painting in America (followed by that in France & Britain) has been driven up a one-way street to a dead end. It was driven there by the Museum of Modern Art, the Pittsburg Institute and the Guggenheim Collection, and the cliques they have formed, or one could say by Barr, Washburn <sup>1</sup> & Sweeney. Today scarcely any gallery director dares to differ from the ukases of this triumvirate. And, of course, whatever gallery directors agree on in contemporary work is academic and phony.

Oct. 14

<sup>1</sup> "(pour un concours)", ajouté.

Nov. 9

<sup>1</sup> "finds", raturé.

<sup>2</sup> "movingly", raturé; "beautifully", ajouté.

May 2nd.

<sup>1</sup> "Ritchie", raturé; "Washburn", ajouté.

1959

May 5.

The most imperfect and irresponsible artists are those afflicted with a strong sense of public responsibility or public self-importance, Keats: "*Poetry should surprise by a fine excess and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance*".

May 15.

Picasso, the 20th century medieval painter. A realist: even for his most obliquely transpired portraits, he required the frequent presence of the sitter.

Canadians are very clever workmen; they succeed in getting more noise out of their machines than any other people - with the possible exception of the Italians.

1509 Sherbrooke St. West <sup>1</sup>  
Montreal (Canada), Aug. 31, 1959.

Emily Genauer  
Art Critic, New York Herald-Tribune  
230 West 41st St.  
New York, 36, N.Y.

Dear Miss Genauer,

I have long thought you were almost the only American art critic with independent ideas and would like to congratulate you warmly on your article in the issue of August 30. It is indeed a pity that the French have been provoked into thinking that they must compete with the Americans on their own terms. But, remember, about two years ago Clement Greenberg wrote that painting in New York was "at least eight years ahead" of that in Paris. It's the Americans who have turned art into a rat race.

Yours very truly

John Lyman

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Aug. 31st.

<sup>1</sup> Copie d'une lettre de J.L. à Emily Genauer, glissée à la page 58 du *Journal*, 3e cahier.

New York, September 18, 1959.

Prof. John Lyman  
1509 Sherbrooke St. West  
Montreal, Canada

Dear Prof. Lyman:

Thank you for your kind letter commending me for my article on the Paris Bienale.

You have a point when you say *"It's the Americans who have turned art into a rat race."*

Very sincerely,

Emily Genauer.

Sept. 20.

A retrospective of Automatism in the Museum at present. Read today, Borduas's Manifesto is absurd and childish. Loin d'être un prophète, Borduas était un romantique attardé, un <sup>1</sup> romantique qui partageait <sup>2</sup> toutes <sup>3</sup> les caractéristiques des tendances conjuguées <sup>4</sup> de Rose-croix, apôtre-victime, sadiste byronien <sup>5</sup> (envers sa famille), etc. Il étudiait naïvement Du Bos, Lautréamont <sup>6</sup> et de Sade sans avoir aucune vue d'ensemble sur le mouvement depuis Jean-Jacques - Longtemps je suis resté indécis sur la valeur de l'ensemble <sup>7</sup> des esthétiques récentes, mais les évidences me convainquent, de plus en plus qu'elle a été <sup>8</sup> très éphémère, et qu'elles ont presque cessé d'être une force. Dieu merci que malgré toutes les incitations je n'ai pas donné dans ce panier.

1509 Sherbrooke St. West <sup>1</sup>  
Montréal 25, Oct. 22, 1959.

Dear Time,

Your references to art in the Canadian section have almost always been away off the beam. In the Oct. 26 issue you say the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts *"shunned . . . the abstract and the controversial . . . and the museum collection had no painting by an artist more avant-garde than Portraitist Bernard Buffet"* (who, by the way, is not a "portrait painter"). The Museum has had in its collection for several years paintings by Borduas, Riopelle and a number of other abstract and controversial artists and in the last 15 years has held a number of exhibitions predominantly avant-garde.

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Sept. 20.

- 1 Le texte inclus entre les deux traits provient d'un renvoi au bas de la page 60 dans le journal.
- 2 Ecrit: parageaient.
- 3 Oublie le féminin.
- 4 Oublie le pluriel.
- 5 "byronien", ajouté.
- 6 "Lautréamont", ajouté.
- 7 "l'ensemble", ajouté.
- 8 "était", raturé.

Oct. 22.

- 1 Copie d'une lettre de John Lyman à Dear Time glissée à la page 62.

8 nov.

Looking at the photos of "*the Private Life of Pablo Picasso*". His smile so charmingly roguish so charmingly dissembling authentic roguery. He loves to put on a mask in play and his face often looks like a comic or wistful mask. What a ham ! What a fantastic mixture of genius and mountebank ! Beside works of genuine expression he produces, so great has become his assurance, objects that are utterly stupid, meaningless and amorphous, - and the world falls down & worships.

But he still remains a marvellous draughtsman, as witness the series of drawings of 1953-'54.

\* \* \* \* \*

March 1960.

Wright's Guggenheim Museum is typically an example of American sensationalism. The whole thing is a colossal mistake - in design, lighting, hanging. The building might be impressive on the prairies but incongruous in a city. It achieves the maximum waste of space, its parts are incoherent, its surface and texture already look shabby. And, principally, it is not designed to exhibit art but to exhibit the architect. The inclined plane keeps the viewer feeling off balance, on the point of falling, never at ease. The glaring white walls and blinding light add to his discomfort. Sweeney does everything to prevent enjoyment of the collection (which, incidentally, is rather indifferent in quality); he hangs in a recess side by side two paintings, Rousseau's Football Team, which needs to be seen from ten feet away, and a blaring Léger, which needs a viewing distance of thirty feet. And so in recess after recess, eg. a Miro coupled with a Bonnard.

The Springold Collection, on loan to the Metropolitan, shows a remarkable collector's taste and a very high level of quality. Includes one of the nicest Bonnard landscapes, a fine Cézanne portrait.

The Montreal Star, Saturday, June 4, 1960.

Alan Jarvis: "*The things We See*".

- Pathos Accompanied  
Borduas' Immolation -  
p. 21, col. 4-5-6  
p. 23, col. 1-2

WHATEVER else 'modern' art may be, it is no joke. It is unfortunately true as Herbert Read has said that modern art - both painting and sculpture - of the avant-garde is so far out of touch with the man in the street that "*he has an obstinate feeling that his leg is being pulled. . . that the whole thing is a racket of some kind*". I know from years of personal experience how wide-spread this feeling is and probably no artist provoked the innocent gallery goer more often than the late Paul Emile Borduas.

One of Borduas's canvasses, "Seagulls," which used to hang prominently in the old National Gallery's Canadian collection, a large area of white paint with a few great blobs of black, constantly caused outraged reactions from the public. On one occasion a well-corsetted lady who had clearly had a martini too many at lunch time, literally caught me by the lapels and dragged me over to this painting demanding in heated tones to know what in heaven's name it means. More often, the visitor would shrug his shoulders and mutter that he could do as well himself, or, as one man wrote to me, his daughter could do better with a rotten orange and a burnt stick.

This latter kind of criticism is easy to answer, the lady's question not so easy. To those people who say, I could do as well myself, the answer is, Go ahead and try. The resulting fiascoes are the perfect rebuttal, visible, tangible and humiliating to their begetters, for, suprisingly enough, nothing is so difficult to do as a successful abstract painting. (If you don't believe me, go ahead and try.) I often used to threaten that I would buy fifty painting kits and give them to the first fifty people who said to me. 'I could do as well myself, ' and that I would then organize a travelling exhibition of fifty paintings called "They Tried." I am very sorry now that I didn't do this when I had the chance. (Perhaps the Canada Council would like to take this idea up?). I am more than ever convinced that this would have been a salutary thing to do in Canada where the modern movements in art have been sprung on a wide public, thirty years later than their first European impact, with all the weight of the mass-media behind them so that these movements have been 'popularised' if not accepted.

Although the outraged bewilderment of the lady when confronted with the Borduas is perhaps quite understandable, nevertheless, I recollected the incident with a deep, sickened sadness the other day when I read of the untimely death of Borduas, at only 55, in Paris. My sadness was for the artist, his desperate loneliness, and his isolation from ordinary folk. I met Borduas only once and it was not a moment when conversation was easy for we were on a motor-launch going from the piazza San Marco to the Giardini to visit the Venice Biennale of 1958. We talked warmly, if briefly, then Borduas was lost in the crowd of the vernissage, but I remember very vividly his intense, limpid eyes and his air of total dedication. I thought at the time that had he been wearing a monastic habit one would have associated his strange ethereal quality with some aspiration to sainthood.

As it was, Borduas aspired in his painting toward a kind of purification. I believe he hoped to achieve in his work - and that the understanding spectator should share it - a kind of distillation of aesthetic experience which can only be called pure painting and in order to do so he deliberately worked in a trance-like state. Indeed, he formulated his views, and founded a school of painters in Montreal, in 1948 in a now-famous manifesto, *Refus Global*, in which he defiantly turned his back on all tradition and declared that painting must be the product of the unconscious, a form of automatism (the name given to his followers). This was a gesture of real defiance for it cost him his job and, I believe, his wife. Turning his back on Canada he went first to New York then Paris where he remained until his death.

Critical acclaim accompanied him all along the way in the past dozen years and his work entered many distinguished collections. It is worth nothing that Dr. Hubbard and Dr. McCurry of the National Gallery bought his work as early as 1948. But Borduas remained unsatisfied and self-tormented. I have read a sad letter this week from an acquaintance of his who saw him shortly before his death who describes his terrible spiritual loneliness in his Paris studio and his latter-day feeling that perhaps white alone could be the only substance of his painting.

When I read this I was shaken to remember that one of the earliest pioneers and revolutionaries of the modern movement had come to the same conclusion more than fifty years ago. It was ironically enough, a Russian, Malevitch who established a movement which he called 'suprematism' explaining, without great clarity as far as public was concerned, that he painted pictures out of the "supremacy of pure sensitivity." At first he painted black squares on a white canvas: finally he ended with the famous white square on a white square. It was as if a musician had decided that there is but one perfect note in music and that his "composition" should consist of a perfectly played high C on a single string. Borduas' work was, of course, less attenuated than this and his painting has a strangely compelling power, even for the lady who had too many martinis for she was, at least, moved to anger. Looked at dispassionately, calmy and sympathetically his works communicate something more than the pretty decorations which they certainly are. There is something slightly hallucinated about them, as there should be from works created in a trance, but one also feels an intensity behind their creation which reflects the immense sensitivity of the artist, and of his intuitive understanding of a universe which, presumably, he found fundamentally hostile and of a human condition which he found, in the end, tragic.

It is no comfort to Borduas now, but his painting "L'Etoile Noire" will be Canada's prize-winning entry this autumn at the most important exhibition of contemporary art in the world, the Guggenheim biennial. The critics and the experts and, perhaps even my post-luncheon lady, will take pride that Canada should achieve international acclaim as a result of Borduas' immolation. But, thinking of that lonely, dedicated man dying in his Paris studio, I shall be very angry at the next person who says that 'modern' art is nothing but a gigantic hoax.

June 6/1960 <sup>1</sup>

I read your <sup>2</sup> article on Borduas in the Star. This was the second time in a few days that I read that Paul's *Refus global* cost him his wife (though you prudently added "possibly"). There seems to be a legend building up of Paul's martyrdom, but there was nothing there in that he didn't choose deliberately. In any case Gaby did not leave him and <sup>3</sup> the manifesto had nothing specific to do with their separation.

When we stayed with them in St. Hilaire in 1943 things were already going badly; Gaby half the time in tears, Paul in great state of irritation. I hold no brief for either of them, and there were many reasons for their incompatibility; one was that Paul was an atheist, Gaby fanatically devout; another, P's intolerance of family responsibilities.

I have a letter from G. written after the appearance of the manifesto hotly defending P's action. I <sup>4</sup> don't think she would ever have left him <sup>5</sup> of her own accord. Paul sold their home, went to N.Y., leaving <sup>6</sup> G. to fend for herself & the children, and <sup>7</sup> he certainly didn't want her to follow him. And when his eldest daughter was headed for the asylum (partly as a result of maternal domineering <sup>8</sup>) he did nothing to help her. In his own eyes, his immense egotism appeared apostolic.

It is all too easy to adopt an over - simplified <sup>9</sup> legend in such a case.

Ottawa, July 8th, 1960

Mr. John Lyman  
1509 Sherbrooke St. West,  
MONTREAL 25, P.Q.

Dear Mr. Lyman:

Many thanks for your letter regarding Borduas. I am sorry to have helped perpetuate a false legend about him.

Yours,

Alan Jarvis,  
Editor.

June 6th.

<sup>1</sup> Copie de lettre de L. à A. Jarvis sur un article de celui-ci dans le *Star*.

<sup>2</sup> "your price", raturé.

<sup>3</sup> "refus global", raturé.

<sup>4</sup> "their physical separation. Perhaps she revelled in her suffering more than Paul did", raturé

<sup>5</sup> "Paul", raturé; "him", ajouté.

<sup>6</sup> "and left", raturé; "leaving", ajouté.

<sup>7</sup> "and", ajouté.

<sup>8</sup> "tyranny", raturé; "domineering", ajouté.

<sup>9</sup> "explanation of such a situation", raturé.

Aug. 5/60

L'aristocrate est celui qui agit sans calcul.

Oct. 27/60.

Bed, which once had the connotation of a Musulman's paradise, begins to seem an anteroom to the tomb.

Shape is in the physical world, form in the mind.

When the doctor ordered me last spring to stop standing at the easel, I thought I would never get used to working sitting down, that I would get hampered, constricted & paralysed. But I don't think that my work has suffered in that way. Probably the avoidance of fatigue and pain compensates for restriction of movement. Of course when the canvas is anything but very small, I find myself continually hopping off my stool, but I return to it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Feb. 14, 1961.

"To imagine is not necessarily to invent". . . indeed rarely or rather <sup>1</sup> very little. What can one really invent? The most one can do is to discover.

Feb. 25.

Says Coleridge: "*Reliques of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state in the very same order in which they were impressed.*" Yes, and be <sup>1</sup> revived by some particular reminder. On this process, I think, is based my present method of work.

Feb. 27.

From middle of November to Jan. 17 at St. Vincent, A lovely isle, people uncalculatingly amiable, Sugar Mill Inn best in the W.I. & managed by the nicest of people, good bathing, good temperature though rather rainy. But - C. had-flu, followed by two bouts of "tummy", (water contaminated), was rather sick & we had to charter a plane to get out. Five days in B' dos<sup>1</sup>; then a week in N.Y. waiting for cold spell to break. But it continued. Sudden change of climate did me down: almost

Feb. 14

1- "rather", ajouté.

Feb. 25

1- "be", ajouté.

Feb. 27

1- Barbados.

1961

crippled by rheumatism & very tired & depressed. Did small painting on basis of pencil sketch in B'dos: "Nannies on the Terrace". Thought it dry & cramped & generally execrable. Now it appears (as usually) no worse than general level of work (as painting which at first I think very good ends up by seeming not so very good).

A few days ago suddenly took a turn for the better, & am beginning "The Phantom Islands", the mysterious isles that <sup>2</sup> glow attractively on the horizon but that one never reaches.

May 23.

Nothing could better describe contemporary painting than E.M. Forster's characterization of Ptolemaic Alexandrian literature: "*full of inventions but no adventure*".

Sept - Oct. 1961.

Three operations; 30 days in hospital. C. was an angel.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nov. '61 - May '62.

Barbados.

26 August <sup>1</sup> '62.

The Venetian count O. quoted by Lawrence Durrell in "*Prospero's Cell*": "*Suddenly one day you awake and realize with complete certainty that ninety-five per cent of the activities of the human race - to which you supposed you belonged - have no relevance whatsoever for you. What is to become of you?*"

Which does not prevent you observing said activities with growing dismay.

Sept. 20.

C. is a very wise woman. She listens to everybody & believes nobody.

---

<sup>2</sup> "that attract", raturé.

Aug. 26

<sup>1</sup> Correction du manuscrit: *August*

Sept. 23.

One thing is abundantly clear: contemporary painting does not speak for itself; it needs (& gets) <sup>1</sup> an enormous amount of propaganda. The young painters are forever crying for more, and more "efficient", advertising. What a contrast with the <sup>2</sup> unassuming attitude of the good painters of fifty years ago !

June 9/6

Art. glissé à la p. 68 du 3e cahier du *journal*.

Jacques Villon, A Master Of Printmaking

Special to the *Herald Tribune*  
Paris

Jacques Villon (real name: Emile Duchamp), 88 one of the masters of the School of Paris, died Sunday at his home in nearby Puteaux after a long illness.

Stanley William Hayter, the famous English engraver and teacher, once called him "*an unacknowledged father of modern printmaking.*"

Originally a member of the cubist movement - he headed "The Golden Section" in 1912 - he broke away from Picasso and Braque to develop a spare, geometric technique and a prismatic sensibility toward color. Rather than pure cubism, his forms were often recognizable; he was an ardent disciple of the Impressionist Cézanne.

In later years, as both he and his metier mellowed, his arid style of rigidity dissolved in an increasingly evident preoccupation with the joy of living itself, and his works assumed a vibrancy often missing in his earlier productions.

### PYRAMIDS

Oddly enough, as a cubist he was a rapt student of Leonardo da Vinci, the 15th century Florentine immortal, who said: "*Art consists of representing in pyramids the forms and colors which the artist contemplates.*" To the end, the pyramid remained one of his favorite forms of expression.

Villon was born at Damville, Eure. His father, a stern Norman notary, wanted him to prepare for the law, but his grandfather, Emile Nicolle, an etcher, encouraged his artistic bent.

"*At an early age I was accustomed to handling copper plates, to the smell of etching acid and the sound of melting varnish,*" he recalled.

He bowed to his father's wishes and became a law apprentice in Rouen but at 19 decided to study art, went to Paris, and adopted his nom de guerre to conceal his choice of profession.

Raymond, a younger brother, already was studying medicine in Paris, but followed Emile's footsteps and became the sculptor Duchamp-Villon. He died of typhoid fever in 1918. Another brother, Marcel, famed for his painting. "Nude Descending a Staircase," was the father of dada and lives in New York. Works of all three brothers were exhibited at the famous Armory Show in 1913.

Printmaking first attracted Villon to art. Describing his early attempts, he said:

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Sept. 23

1 "(& gets)", ajouté.

2 "the Goo", raturé.

## PORTRAITS

*"In 1891 I made my first print. We were in the country and I had neither ground nor mordant for biting the copper. I prepared my plate with melted candle wax and purchased acid at the pharmacist's. I used the acid undiluted and the result was catastrophic. I was obliged to begin all over again. After some reflection, I diluted the turbulent solution with water.*

*"The result, a portrait of my father, was my first etching - signed and dated G. Duchamp 1891. My second print done in the same year was a portrait of my grandfather. After that I did no more etching until 1899."*

In Paris, Villon studied at Fernand Cormon's atelier and supported himself as an illustrator and cartoonist for newspapers. When lithography, long dominated by commercial printers, blossomed under the riotously colorful creations of such masters as Toulouse-Lautrec, Willette, Bonnard and Guillaume, he became interested and produced more than 30 lithographs, most of them in color, between 1895 and 1907.

In 1899 he joined a group of painters who were exploring the medium of colored etchings under Eugène Delatre, the master printer. The lessons of his grandfather proved invaluable here, and between 1899 and 1910 he turned out 175 intaglio plates, many in color.

## PROSPERITY

When cubism burst upon the art world, he turned to painting, and, with his brothers, was represented at the first cubist exhibition in 1911 at the Salon des Independants.

During World War I he was in the Army, fought at the Battle of the Somme, then served as a camouflage artist.

After the war, he returned to Paris. In need of money, he turned to printmaking rather than painting, turning out copies of works by other artists by reproductive engraving. He undertook two monumental projects: 30 architectural renderings engraved for *Architectures*, published by the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, and 40 intaglio plates in color after paintings by modern artists for Bernheim-Jeune, the publisher. The copper plates for these are preserved by the Chalcographie du Louvre.

After 10 years stained by the etcher's acid, Villon's financial situation improved to the point where he could devote most of his time to painting. He also continued to create prints in which he displayed his constant bent for experimentation curbed by reserve and balance.

In 1934, he did some landscapes for the first time; the following year he drew two lithographs of the New York skyline while on a visit.

## PHILOSOPHY

When the Germans advanced on Paris in 1940, he and his wife moved to the south of France and took up residence near Toulouse. Under the influence of this region's brilliant sunlights, his handling of prismatic color, considered perhaps his greatest contribution to art, became even more skillful.

Villon received many honors, including membership in the Legion of Honor and in several French artists' societies. His works have been shown in many American galleries, including the Museum of Modern Art, Knowdler, Galerie Nicole, Peter Deitsch and the Guggenheim. He was awarded first prize at the Carnegie International Exhibition in Pittsburg in 1950.

He spent his last years at his garden studio in Puteaux, surrounded by drawings and notes from his early days in Paris, his paintings and prints, and sculptures by his brother, Raymond.

He once compared the painter with a man who stands before a mirror and tries to lift himself up to dominate his reflection, but finds he can never quite make it.

*"When I was young I believed, with the man on the street, that painting was a sort of reaction which reconstructed the spectacle before our eyes, preserving our memory of it,"* he said *"But now (as an elderly man) I think that painting is rather in the domain of philosophy. The painter makes his choice out of whatever moves him the most and most stirs his deepest responses."*

*"Villon . . . has always been the complete classicist, reasoning almost, rather than painting, his pictures."*

\*\*\*\*\*

1963

Réclame ou valeur artistique ?

*Le Petit Journal*, semaine du 13 janvier 1963

*"Où sont nos bons peintres ?"*

par Paul Gladu

De nombreux artistes ont poussé un soupir de soulagement en apprenant le départ de M. Charles Delloye, conseiller culturel à la Maison du Québec, à Paris. La personne même de M. Delloye n'est pas en question. C'est un monsieur de bonne famille, qui a beaucoup d'entregent et qui est d'agréable compagnie.

Mais le rôle qu'il jouait était équivoque. Sa fonction sur le plan publicitaire lui faisait prendre des décisions hautement arbitraires. Les artistes canadiens dont il choisissait les oeuvres afin de nous représenter en Europe étaient sans doute de bons artistes, en général, mais leur choix même reflétait un parti pris.

Dans un plan de campagne plus ou moins secret préparé par M. Delloye, la valeur artistique de nos peintres (même les plus connus) était moins considérée que leur importance au point de vue de la réclame. L'attention y était cristallisée autour de deux ou trois noms hautement discutables. Par exemple, quel que soit l'intérêt de notre groupe "automatiste", historiquement parlant, c'est une aberration que d'en être obsédé et de croire qu'aucun autre peintre de talent n'a vécu. Ensuite, il a peut-être été de mode de ne jurer que par la peinture non figurative; mais qui prétendra que tout notre art canadien y soit contenu ? Enfin, est-il sage de ne pousser toujours que la peinture des jeunes (d'une jeunesse souvent discutable) ? Je ne crois pas être une vieille barbe, mais je garde les yeux ouverts sur ce que nos aînés ont produit.

Ce n'est un secret pour personne que M. Delloye défendait une certaine école. . . Sa réaction, publiée par les journaux, et des plus éloquentes: il parle vengeance, et menace de faire boycotter les artistes canadiens en Europe ! Il ajoute qu'il continuera de plaider la cause de deux ou trois de nos peintres, qui sont de ses amis personnels. . .

Il faut féliciter notre ministère des Affaires culturelles de cette décision, certainement dure à prendre. Elle est justifiée par l'inquiétude de plusieurs artistes - qui se sont trouvés dans le coup de vent qu'a produit M. Delloye, lorsqu'il est passé en trombe à travers notre ville - qui n'ont pas prisé ces jugements à l'emporte-pièce, cette étude sommaire, cette tendance étroite.

Cependant, M. Delloye n'est qu'un symbole. Il représentait un état d'esprit très regrettable et très dommageable.

Vu sous une certaine optique, l'art (et ceci ne signifie que la peinture, en ce cas) est devenu ici, pour plusieurs, une sorte de Bourse dont les ficelles sont tirées par un groupe réduit. L'imagination, le talent, la sensibilité ne comptent plus qu'en fonction d'une cote arbitraire - déterminée par des considérations d'ordre pécuniaire. On voit des peintres banals portés aux nues. On constate que de

grands talents sont systématiquement entourés de silence. Tout est devenu une affaire de publicité: certaines trompettes font entendre les mêmes airs en même temps. Généralement parlant, ou plutôt officiellement parlant, la peinture dont on parle le plus est la moins originale, la moins typique, la moins sincère. Nous avons abouti à une impasse. Nous piétons sur place. Nous imitons naïvement les peintres à succès de Paris et de New York (avec le traditionnel décalage). Certains de nos peintres nous ramènent même en arrière, adorant ce qu'ils ont brûlé, brûlant. . . On se veut à l'avant-garde, et pourtant l'on ramasse les miettes de la production étrangère. Jamais nos peintres connus ne nous ont offert tant de banalités, d'insignifiances, de déjà-vu.

Il faudrait ressusciter Ozias Leduc, rajeunir Marc-Aurèle Fortin, rappeler Lyman, recréer Morrice, réveiller plusieurs jeunes et tirer Pellan de sa tanière ! Il faut dire à tous que la sculpture est un art merveilleux. Il faut se pencher sur l'art indien du pays afin de redevenir canadien. Il faut cesser de regarder avec dédain les produits du passé.

Quelques coups d'argent et des articles intéressés ont pu nous faire croire que nous étions arrivés. . . Hélas ! de cette montagne de déchets, nos enfants ne retiendront pas grand-chose. . .

Pendant ce temps-là, les oeuvres de nos peintres décédés sont négligées, des toiles irremplaçables se détériorent par faute de soins, une étrange et bizarre paresse d'esprit nous fait contempler avec indifférence la lente et sûre disparition de notre patrimoine artistique.

La Barbade, le 13 mars 1963 <sup>1</sup>.

Un inconnu m'a fait parvenir une coupure du *Petit Journal* du 13 janvier. C'est un article de Paul Gladu commentant le renvoi de M. Delloye, conseiller culturel (quel titre pédant!) à la Maison du Québec à Paris et les menaces proférées <sup>2</sup> par celui-ci contre ses ennemis. M. Gladu écrit avec beaucoup de bons sens et de. . . courage, car il en faut pour oser s'attaquer aux méthodes inavouables de la clique des profiteurs de la nouvelle nouvelle vague en peinture. M. <sup>3</sup> Gladu fait bien d'exposer les ruses des partisans intéressés (collectionneurs, marchands et leur criticaïlle) qui aiment à se couvrir d'une représentation officielle, à l'encontre de leurs aînés qui s'en défendaient comme de la peste; mais que M. Gladu se rassure: le plus grand nombre des amateurs éclairés gardent leur indépendance <sup>4</sup> de jugement et refusent d'accepter les formules stériles et d'admirer les réputations fabriquées de nouveaux nouveaux peintres. Un de ces jours leurs vaines, creuses et stupides prétentions seront saluées par un rire homérique. J'en aurai des regrets pour mes amis collectionneurs qui perdront de l'argent, mais en hommes d'affaires qu'ils sont ils doivent connaître le risque qu'il y <sup>5</sup> a à acheter le papier de mines qui n'ont pas de minerai.

Chaque époque a ses folies: naguère c'était l'académisme qui empêchait d'admettre les Cézanne, les Gauguin, les Renoir; aujourd'hui c'est le contraire, l'on veut être "avancé" coûte que coûte <sup>6</sup>. Mais on n'a pas de chance: avancé, de cette façon-là, ou retardataire on est également ridicule aux yeux de l'histoire. Les critiques et directeurs de musée semblent pouvoir rarement y échapper.

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13 mars 1963

<sup>1</sup> Texte écrit sur deux feuilles volantes, paginées 1 et 2, et glissées à la p. 68 du 3<sup>e</sup> v., commentant l'article de P. Gladu.

<sup>2</sup> Correction du manuscrit où il est écrit "proférés".

<sup>3</sup> Correction du manuscrit où il est écrit "Mr."

<sup>4</sup> Correction du manuscrit où il est écrit "indépendance".

<sup>5</sup> Correction du manuscrit "y" ajouté.

<sup>6</sup> Correction du manuscrit où il est écrit "coute que coute".

Faint, illegible text covering the majority of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.

## Carnets de notes

Painting the struggle to reject futile appearances. But what is its aim: purity of appearance  
 {return to psychology from p. -s. of impressionism - & the reaction there to: conceptual Cubism <sup>1</sup>.  
 {reform of pseudo-science.

The two meet at points; wherefore Apollinaire <sup>2</sup> baptized the psychological Impressionism of  
 to-day: instinctive Cubism <sup>3</sup>.

Pseudo-metaphysics ? Are the masters to-day those on the margin of the movements ?

Truth is a sensation which is not contradicted by the intellect. Beauty is the artist's intellec-  
 tual criterion. When only those sensations are admitted that are confirmed by the mediocre uniform  
 common intelligence sensation is eliminated as rudimentary & unnecessary process. Sensation per se,  
 personal & poignant, vanished. The source of art, of love, of joy, of life is wiped out: the compensa-  
 tion is - comfort.

We see simultaneously in society two contrary evolutions; in sensibility from communistic to  
 in individualistic, in concept from individualism to communistic. Diffused sensibility dwindles, concepts  
 are {standardized; the stream ramifies & disappears in the dry wastes, the sand drift <sup>1</sup> uniformly over  
 }lived  
 all: the desert.

Why is it worse to sell one's body than to sell one's wits ? It is less immoral to put a price on  
 the beauty there is in one's spirit than on the beauty there is in one's flesh ?

In question of art is is a stronger assertion than is good. That alone is bad which lacks the cha-  
 racteristics of vitality. Art's purpose is - to be. Of all justifications this alone is final.

We can tell what people themselves are like by what their idea of God is like.

The business of art is not to paint what you see, but what you think about what you see.

Genius is being oneself.

### Carnets de notes

1 "metaphysics of", raturé.

2 "Appolinaire", corrigé.

3 Renvoi du parag. à la suite du premier.

[cf. Cahier (bleu-vert) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

[cf. Cahier (bleu-vert) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

1 "silt", raturé.

[cf. Cahier (bleu-vert) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

[cf. Cahier (bleu-vert) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

[cf. Cahier (bleu-vert) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

[cf. Cahier (bleu-vert) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

[cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

[cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

Professional models were quite unknown to the Greeks & almost to the old masters of Europe.

---

Beauty to be found every where by art, as it was by Rembrandt in the ghetto of Amsterdam, who lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks.

---

There is as much individuality & difference in work of different Egyptian or Indian artists as to-day. Distance from our mentality <sup>1</sup> accounts for them all falling into one plane, like distant interchain.

---

All a myth about the Greeks being an artistic people. Phidias flung into the common goal of Athens & there died for having used a living model (Pericles) for a religious bas-relief. Aeschylus, Euripidus, Socrates & every poet & thinker of the day attacked for immorality in art.

---

An exception amongst the ready-made phrases usually so empty is that of the artist "finding himself".

---

Art not an emulsion of "real" & "ideal", things & ideas.

---

Artists copying personalities. A copies him, B copies him through. A like a string of dogs in spring trailing after a bitch.

---

Nothing remarkable that every new artist should evoke the anger & ridicule of the public, that in the intellectual world as well as the material the new sh'd affright. It is as obvious that Cézanne, Van Dongen, Turner <sup>1</sup>, sh'd be abused as Columbus, Darwin, Geo. Stevenson <sup>2</sup>. In art the majority are devout faithful on the great established church & when they are instructed by their critic priests that an artist <sup>3</sup> is a heretic devoid of all sanctifying grace & damned for eternity they are as zealous to persecute a Gauguin as a Galileo.

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[cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]  
[cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

1- "from our mentality", ajouté.

[cf. Cahier de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

[cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]  
[cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]  
[cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]  
[cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

1- "Gauguin", raturé.

2- "Galileo", rature.

3- "Gauguin", rature; "an artist", ajouté.

[cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

The average oystershell contains a healthy, normally developed organism, but only in the rare instance do we find that the requisite concurrence of circumstances have generated that other natural production of this shell-fish, the pearl. The normal man may exhibit a sound, averagely developed intuitive animal but we must pry open many a shell, as tenaciously (secretive) as (not illisible) protect all the nacre of (not illisible) before we shall find even a small instance of that pearl of the intellect, on overstanding.

---

Time is motion outside of us, space is motion in us.

---

- You are very revolutionary.

- No, evolutionary.

---

Everything issues from the individual. The canons of to-day's majority are the protests of yesterday's minority: the protests of to-day's minority are the heresie of yesterday's individuals. The iconoclast of to-day will tomorrow be elected official builder of idols <sup>1</sup>.

---

Does the necessity of struggling with med. give an incentive to an artist & prod him on to attainments that he would not have otherwise performed? - Possibly in some cases. But not because the necessity of making a picture saleable ever produced a good one: on the contrary. But for the following reason. A man never reveals in <sup>1</sup> life so much as when it's <sup>2</sup> safety has been jeopardized, a man never is so desperately in love as when he has incurred the risk of loosing his mistress. A man is never so rapt in his art as when he has been on the brink of abandoning it in last resource for some more remunerative work or of succumbing with it in the fangs of privation. Privation whets the will but not the intellect. Thus poverty or whatsoever, endangered health, parental opposition, popular disparagement <sup>3</sup> or even subjective difficulties to be overcome, while they cannot create genius, may be favourable <sup>4</sup> conditions for its full flowering <sup>5</sup>. Sun burus <sup>6</sup>.

Tempestuous <sup>7</sup> natures wilt in a genial warmth while others are dashed <sup>8</sup> in the storm but thrive in the warming emotions. Love, ambition.

---

Imperfection <sup>1</sup> is the hallmark of vitality. Perfection is invariable, & since life is change, what is perfect is dead.

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[cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]  
cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]  
cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

1 "is the idol builder of tomorrow", raturé; "be", renvoyé après "tomorrow", "official", ajouté.

1 "clings to", raturé; "revels in", ajouté.

2 "it's", "s" ajouté à l'encre.

3 "abuse", raturé.

4 "the most favourable", raturé.

5 "in flowering", raturé; "full", ajouté.

6 Suivi d'un espace blanc puis d'un mot illisible.

7 "thrive", raturé.

8 Le texte se termine ainsi.

1 "Incompleteness", raturé; "Imperfection", ajouté.

[cf. Cahier de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

The only artist who has the right to make his works look life-like is the taxidermist.

---

La peinture est comme la vie: ce sont les plus belles couleurs dont il faut abandonner l'emploi à cause des désastres qu'elles provoquent. Le bitume est l'amour, le bleu de Prusse l'amitié et le vert Veronese la société; il finit par corrompre tout le reste.

---

La sensibilité se dépense en <sup>1</sup> l'effort physique aussi bien qu'en poésie ou passion. Les races qui font un culte de l'exercice <sup>2</sup> physique défendent leur sensibilité goutte à goutte, et en fatiguent la source.

---

Paris supplies the questions; the answers are not to be found there more than elsewhere.

---

The Christian moral has endured far beyond all others of accidental history because it attached an egoistic element <sup>1</sup> to its observance. Preceding moralities exacted the sacrifice of self to the dominion of custom, (morals), Christianity added to that sacrifice a personal advantage, - personal salvation. Speak to the Christian of all sorts of altruistic sacrifices commanded by the interests of his salvation, he will understand you thoroughly, speak to him of the sacrifice of his salvation from an altruistic motive, he will understand you no longer.

Christianity credits itself with being the first emancipator of the individual. To obtain his freedom it subjected him to a more enveloping subjection than did other moralities to thrall him.

---

The desire for immortality is an indelicacy: the polite man would fear to { outstay his welcome  
by staying too long. } lose his neighbours

---

L'essentiel pour un peintre est de toujours trouver des choses à apprendre.

---

The artistic person is the { extreme  
direct } opposite to the artist

---

The essence of the Puritan spirit is the horror of excess. It is this that epitomises its antithesis to the creative spirit. "Waste not want not" is not true in art. Horror of superfluous effort of waste of the useless, of the extravagant, the fantastic, the unpractical. "Waste not want not" is not the motto but the conclusion of generous vitality. Puritanism ends in spiritual ungenerousness & physical debility. (Fear of enthusiasm, ecstasy, poetry, of passions appetites, tastes, decided flavours & strong meat, rich colour & bold form, of play, caprice, pranks <sup>1</sup> .

To judge from Hardy's & Galsworthy's books the more serious & moral & principled one is, the more havoc one works in the world. No epicurean riotousness, bacchic, Cyprian or sadic, ever pointed so immoral a moral as the revolt of the Puritan against puritanism.

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[cf. Cahier (bleu) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.]

cf. Cahier (vert) de notes et d'esquisses, n.p., s.d.

1 "par", raturé; "en", ajouté.

2 écrit: "exercice".

1 "a personal advantage", raturé.

1 Inachevé.

Inédits de

*John Lyman*  
JOHN LYMAN

## Correspondance

50 ave de Saxe  
Paris, Déc. 24  
1907

Dearest Pater,

Here I am again at the old address & happy indeed to be here. It is almost like getting home. At 99 Queen's gate I have to fight for everything I get but here I simply walk in; no talk about rates or anything of the sort; but am treated just as though I were an invited guest. But I will recount things in a chronological order. Your letters of the 7th & 11th came before leaving London; which I did on Saturday 21th morning via the New Haven & Dieppe route. The day was reasonably fair & mild but the channel fairly rough. Was slightly upset, but soon got over it. The train from Dieppe to Paris, contrary to formerly, was the most comfortable part of the trip. The carriages were new, corridor, steam heated ones & there was an excellent dining car, which was a comfort for we didn't reach the gare St. Lazare until 8.30 & as usual it took an hour to get the luggage examined & drive to the house. And who do you think I should find here when I arrived ?? Mr. & Mrs. Harrow ! They had left London on Thursday & were stopping at the Palais d'Orsay until Sunday morning when they were to leave for Switzerland. They had just dropped in for the evening. Mr. Harrow seemed brighter already. It would be hard for anyone to be blue in Paris now. I thought I had seen the streets crowded & gay but never until yesterday. The boulevard sidewalks are lined with little booths selling all sorts of novelties. Xmas trinkets, etc, and all the central portions of the city are so thronged that anything but the slowest progress through them is possible. And the good humour of the people is without parallel. Nothing annoys them, & they seem to get more pleasure out of life than one would think it possible to obtain in such a simple way. I am enjoying the change hugely. Everybody says I am looking thin, so they are determined to restore me to my former state of obesity with the result that I do little but sleep & eat, they insist that I shall sleep as late in the morning as I can & that it is no trouble at all to leave my milk & rolls on the table for me, so I am revelling in the greatest luxury, all the Palmer McTerney family are here, & also the people from Toronto who book the upper Flat for the winter. There are three or four others, but not particularly interesting people.

Sunday afternoon I dropped in at the Thomases. They were just going out to tea at the Suttons & took me along. Mr. Sutton is an American figure painter of considerable ability, his wife is a beautiful & charming woman. They have a cosy & prettily furnished studio flat on the quay just this side of the Institute looking across to the Louvre, an ideal location. Yesterday morning I did two or three little errands, one of which consisted of sending an Xmas card to Mrs. Van Pelt who is still at St-Jean & finds the weather there balny and delightful. (Mr. Southworth went to America before Thanksgiving). In the afternoon I went up to the church of the Sacré-Coeur. You remember we often noticed it standing up on its bluff way up in Montmartre, but we never visited it. It is not yet completed. It stands all by itself on the top of a high rocky eminence & looks very imposing from a distance, [the style is Byzantine & Romanesque] but the interior suffers in comparison with the Gothic cathedrals, its proportions being rather & heavy. Afterwards I wandered along the boulevards, drifting with the crowd & eating roasted chestnuts (& such bit, delicious ones too !) & enjoyed myself

I advised you in my last of the receipt of the draft; which I deposited to my account Marian's letter addressed to the S. Kensington art school was not received. All mail for students is exposed in the doorkeeper's office.

I wish you could be here to eat chestnuts & enjoy the holiday season with me. It is so much nicer here than it would have been practically alone in London. Everybody enquires about you & the Thomas & Palmers & Mr. Ferneys all send warmest regards. Cousins Henry & Marie also asked me to send you their love. Cousin H has sent me a letter of introduction to this namesake Mr. Henry Lyman Sayen which I hope to be able to present in a day or so. I am to take Christmas dinner with the Thomases at 7.45 tomorrow night. A number of people have been invited.

Last evening I had a very helpful talk with Mr. Thomas about work. He advises me to come over here in Feb. & start work in some studio painting the figure. He says whatever branch of art I go into, he thinks it would be the most useful preparation. The difference between applied & fine arts is simply the difference of expression of the artistic spirit, & the main thing is to cultivate the artistic spirit. It is easy to go from its expression as a fine art to its expression as a decorative art, but the reverse process is much harder. It is easier to step down than to step up. Almost any artist could with a little attention be a good decorator, for example Bracquemont, but it is rare to find a decorator who could without many years of work become a good artist that is Mrt's opinion & advice and I think it good. I had expressed exactly the same view to a fellow student a few days before & naturally was delighted to have it corroborated.

Please tell Martha the wristtets (?) are splendid in every way, & I am sure they will be of great use & comfort. I am sorry I couldn't sent her anything for Xmas, but if I didn't it wasn't because I didn't want to. I sent her a Xmas post card some days ago, & will write her in a day or two & thank her myself.

Glad to have the picture p.c. of the toboggan slide. It is nice to show people.

Interested to know that Waring & Gillore (?) had opened a branch.

Must post this now. I think it will get a boat tomorrow. With love.

John

You haven't told me how your health is lately. Mine is first class. It seems as though I had a very small share of the sorrows of life. I ought to be the happiest person alive, I don't think I am far from it.

99 Queen's Gate  
Jan 12 (1908)

Dearest Pater,

Yours of the 31st came Thursday. No I don't think the proof of the photo in a sitting position is good enough. There is a reflection on the left-eye that is very disagreeable.

You may as well give up worrying how I "*avoid getting soaked by the rain & staying in damp clothes*", because I never get wet with an overcoat & umbrella, which accessoires I always provide myself with when I go out if it is raining. Only once or twice have I been wet at all & that was when I had been out and was caught getting back. My heavy boots never get wet through. You have a rooted imagination that a winter here is something terrible but such is not the fact. It is much more supportable than a winter at home. Lately we have been having what is considered very severe weather, but it has not been uncomfortable. Twenty (far.) is about the lowest point the mercury has touched in London.

Glad the pianola piano gives increasing satisfaction. I often wish I could sit down at it for a while. No I didn't go to any plays or concerts in Paris. A couple of times. I proposed to myself that I go to the opera Comique, but when the proposed time came around, somehow I fell more like staying in & talking than going out. This afternoon I went to the Sunday afternoon concert in Albert Hall. Cost me 1 shilling. The vocalist, (. . . ) Maria Gay, I didn't care very much for, but some of the orchestral members were good.

Got a letter from Mrs. Harrow the other day. They are at Zürich, where Mr. Harrow seems to be improving. Dropped in on Cousins Henry & Marie Thursday night Cousin H's ankle is very slow improving.

Speaking of painting, you ask what my plans would be, in case such a course might seem advisable? It is very difficult to discuss these matters by letter and I don't think we can come to any definite conclusion till we see each other in the Spring. It seems to me the problem must be approached in a methodical way. What is the most important feature for us? I think you will say my preparation for a career. I don't want to appear selfish I don't think I am on this point; I never realized as fully as I do now all that you have done for me; but I am sure that would be your answer. Taking it for granted, the next question is "*what is to be my career*". To that I may answer that I am going in for some branch of art just which branch only time I think can determine. Now let me refer again to Mr. Thomas's recent advice to me. He said that it wasn't so much training in the mode of expression (any man who loves his work can learn that) as training of the artist within that was essential. Whatever branch of art whatever mode of expression I am going in for it as an artist, not as a craftsman. With such an intention, Mr. Thomas says the best training is painting the figure under an artist of ability. This being granted, it seems inevitable that I should spend the preponderance of my time in Europe. Further than this I am not prepared to carry the argument at present for no very brilliant scheme has come to me but as far as I can see it is the only course, - in fact I don't see any way out of it. Of course we don't want to & can't live apart, and if the mountain won't go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. I think the only thing is for you to come over in the Spring, & with the Thomases' help perhaps we can decide something. In the meanwhile try to enjoy life & preserve your good health which gives me almost as much pleasure as it must you. Personally (recurring to my work) after these months of indecision & wondering what I shall do, I am beginning to feel firmer in purpose & more self-confident. What I need is encouragement to much greater self-confidence. No man ever succeeded who didn't feel that he had it within him to do it. Look at Whistler. No uncertain spirit could have accomplished anything amid the brutal criticism & ridicule he was treated to. Encourage me. I am determined to succeed, and much of the credit, if I do, will be due to you. Good night, dear dad,

With love,

John.

Don't worry about these matters too much. It's all in a lifetime, and we must take things as they come & whistle. Everything will turn out all right. I want you to be happy, and if it involves the spending of every cent we have to do it, I don't mind. I am prepared to fend for myself.

99 Queen's Gate  
Jan. 18  
Sat. eve. (1908)

Dear Pater,

Your letter written at the Milton on the 5th with the postscript of Monday came this morning. The several papers arrived duly & I was interested to read of Gagnon's wedding, your case against the aldermen, etc. I wrote you three letters from Paris, one on the seventh, & one last Sunday. Sorry to hear that you have had to resort to the dentist so much lately, but there is always a consolation, - in this case that you were near Dr. Stevenson instead of over here. You have mistaken the spelling of the name of Cousin Henry's namesake in Paris. It is not Sawyer but Saÿen, pronounced "Sy-en". I am to dine with Cousin Henry to-morrow night. I imagine the Misses Martin will be there.

You say "I cannot help thinking what a changed & enlarged sphere of interests have developed for you within a year". That is just the thought that was most forcibly claiming my attention about the time you wrote the above sentence. I think I made mention of it in my letter written at New Year's. At any rate I do not feel inclined to feel dissatisfied with the change. I feel that I am on the road I should go. As to going into landscape painting, I agree with you that it is premature to decide to do so. At any rate, a decision is not necessary as yet. As I wrote before, whatever branch of art I may specialize in, I am going to do it as an artist, not as a craftsman, and the training of the artist in me can go on apace without my yet making any decision as to which method of expression I shall adopt. No man can be too great an artist for any form of art work, whether it be painting the figure or carving the backs of chairs or hammering brass or decorating a room. And while a man who has spent half his life painting can in most cases decorate a room admirably, a man who has for a similar period confined his attention to decorating rooms (with usually very doubtful results) is not likely to attain anything in a higher field of art. It is easy to step from the more exacting to the less, but the reverse process is much more difficult. Almost all great painters from Raphael & Michel Angelo to Whistler have been great decorators, but who ever heard of a man educated as a decorator amid fustian stuffs and pseudo-antiques who became great as an artist. You say that "*Reubens & various others of the world's great painters were the better for their diverse attainments.*" Better say their attainments were diverse because they were great. But where did Reubens get his training? In the studio painting. Where did Michel Angelo get the training that enabled him to do the finest decoration the world has seen in modern times? In the studio painting & modelling. That's the answer everytime.

I was at the International Exhibition of paintings, sculpture etc. at the new gallery to-day. Whistler was the first president of the International Society. Many of the most distinguished artists the world over are on its membership list. Rodin is the present president. He exhibits several busts & a plaster study of a walking man. Morrice has three things hung, one of them a writer scene, presumably in Montreal. I liked it & one of the others fairly. There were canvases by Cottet, Blanche, Claude Monet, Shannon, Maurice Denys and many other well-known men. I liked a few, but did not think the level of the exhibition high, although it is better than any other I have seen in London. Do you know that Fritz Fhaulow, several of whose paintings of running water we admired in the little Salon last spring, is dead? Watch his prices go up.

#### Sunday a.m.

Thick yellow fog this morning, the first in some time, hence enforced quietude. I have seen thicker & denser fogs, but never a blacker one than this. Your letter of the 9th with the enclosed interesting excerpt from "Fräulein Schmidt & Mr. Austruther" (?) came late last night. In regard to investing the \$2,000 for me, I feel almost positive that I answered your question concerning it by saying that whatever you think best is of course the most satisfactory to me, for under the conditions I am hardly qualified to have an opinion on the subject. Why not leave it in your name for the present if it can this be invested to better advantage. I should think Dom. Coal bonds or something like that would be good, though.

Coming back to the subject of art; your example of Chardin beginning as a decorator is very interesting but does not confute the arguments in the first part of my letter. On leaving decorating & adopting painting, Chardin had to devote as much time to fit himself for a painter as though he had worked with that intention from the beginning. His decoration did not train him for painting except in so far as it partook of the latter in character, i.e., mural painting, and that is quite a different matter from designing fabrics or chairs. When using the word "decoration", we must distinguish between that practiced by the commercial "house decorator" and that practiced by such men as Puvis de Chavannes. The latter was the original sole *raison d'être* of painting and the training for it is fundamentally the same as for the other branches of painting that have since developed.

I imagine Bracquemond has a school, nominally, but he is a very old man now & is probably very inactive. I imagine, too, that the work would consist in executing glassware, ceramics, and other "objects d'art" I will try to find out about this.

My return ticket to Paris, second class train & first boat, cost L 2.17.1. Other travelling expenses about 16 shillings.

By the way, if you can get hold of it, I should like you to read R.S. Stevenson's essay "*Crabbed Age & Youth*". It is published in the collection of essays by R.L.S. entitled "*Virginibus Puerisque*". I think you will find it interesting. Also, let me quote some bits from another essay by the same author, "*The Morality of the Profession of Letters*". By substituting the word "painting" for "letters", we can make it very applicable to present problems. Stevenson is referring to an article by a writer who encourages young men to adopt his profession because he claims it is well paid, and says: "*I do not think we need to be at all glad to have this question, so important to the public & ourselves debated solely on the ground of money the salary in any business under heaven is not the only, nor indeed the first question. If the writer to whom I refer succeeds in persuading a number of young persons to adopt this way of life with an eye set singly on the livelihood, we must expect them in their works to follow profit only & we must expect in consequence a slovenly base, untrue, and empty literature. . . . .*"

*"There are two just reasons for the choice of any way in life: the first is inbred taste in the chooser; the second some high utility in the industry selected. Literature, like any other art, is singularly interesting to the artist. . . . I shall not say much about the wages. A writer can live by his writing. If not so luxuriously as by other trades, then less luxuriously. The nature of the work he does all day will more affect his happiness than the quality of his dinner at night. Whatever be your calling & however much it brings you in the year, you could still, you know, get more by cheating. We all suffer ourselves to be too much concerned about a little poverty; but such considerations should not move us in the choice of that which is to be the business & justification of so great a portion of our lives; and like the missionary, the patriot, or the philosopher, we should all choose that poor & brave career in which we can do the most & best for mankind."*

You would probably enjoy reading the rest of this noble essay, but I have quoted the parts that have the most import for us at the moment.

Well, enough matter for thought for the present. The fog is disappearing & I must go out for a walk.

Lovingly,

John.

83 bd. Montparnasse,  
Paris, Wed. May 26 (1909)

Dearest Pater,

Your letter of the 12th came Monday, and that of the 15th (postmarked 17th) yesterday, the latter being record time. I think the postal service here was responsible for the delay in dispatch of my letter of the 3rd for I think I put it in the box promptly. There has been quite a little trouble since the last strike with letters being delayed and even lost. The postiers are apparently rankled by their inglorious fizzle and are taking out their ill humour on the innocent letters that pass through their hands. I see in the paper to-day that some of the ring-leaders who were brought before the correctional board were given from 3 to 6 months' imprisonment.

I received Aunt Jennie's letter. Nine francs would probably be the very lowest she could get board for at this season. I should think Apt. 4, rue 29 Juillet would suit them very well. I never heard of the Universel in the rue de la Victoire. The Hôtel des Saints-Pères in street of same name is a very nice little place, but would probably charge at this season 10 - 12 fcs. The Hôtel de Nice in the rue des Beaux-Arts is very well spoken of & is lower in price. There are plenty of cheap & fairly comfortable places in the Latin Quartier but they would hardly be suitable. I shall write Aunt Jennie at London.

Glad to hear that the land deal is satisfactorily concluded. Your advice to have my teeth looked into is good but superfluous. A filling came out at dinner to-night, so I have to go to the Torture Chamber willy-nilly.

In a letter Douglas received from Aunt Annie she says that Uncle James is very much upset about Harold and says things are all going wrong, a very unusual confession for him to make. He has evidently heard something of H's silliness. Douglas is very indignant about H's absolute disregard for everybody else but himself, but says it is absolutely impossible to reasoning him or deal with him in any way. Had dinner with Douglas last night. He seems to be working hard on special subjects and is getting together a huge collection of references as well as pamphlets and books which it is impossible to get hold of on the other side. He is thinking of going to England soon to look up some work at Cambridge.

The art articles from the Women's Edition of the "*Witness*" interested me very much, particularly Mr. Harris's very sensible (even though only common-sensible) letter. He takes a couple of good shots at the "*painful excess of good nature of the selecting committee*" and at the "*determination of a large part of our small picture-buying public to like only things of a certain brand as though they had to do with manufactured goods*". Mr. Greenshields tries to express more than mere common sense, and consequently says things which have no sense at all, like most literary people who try to write about a subject they know little about, and consequently plunge the conscientious, knowledge-seeking public into uncertain images which otherwise their natural bump of art-location might have led them to avoid. The common-sense of the man who knows is worth infinitely more than the superior nonsense of the man who only thinks he knows. It is all very fine to talk about "*the real & higher aim of art*", to swell one's chest and declare with high priest-like accent, "*But. . . art must speak; the artist must have something to say*". Such statements are sufficiently "bromidic" to be safe, but when your critic sentry challenges with this formula the artist who attempts to cross the picket-line of conformity, he must make sure that he is not too deaf to hear the countersign when it is given.

I have been to the old Salon three times and Champ-de-Mars one twice. I suppose the general average is about the same as usual. As usual, being more democratic, the old Salon has a larger proportion of pot-boilers. Democracy seems to favor pot-boiling in governments as well as Salons. For myself, I enjoy J.W. Morrice's exhibit more than anything else in the two Salons. One is a picture of a Canadian village in winter in a tone of remarkable perfection in a pearly-pink note, perhaps the most pleasurable thing of his I have seen; another looking across from Quebec to Levis in winter, in wonderful blues. There are also several smaller pochades. Morrice's art is so perfect, so pure, so unadulterated by versimilitude, the episodic, "smartness", etc., and refrains so completely from appealing to the literary of the "fleshly" senses / His work seems to me to be as pure "painting poetry" as Monet's.

The canvases which interested me most next to Morrice's are two landscapes and some still lifes by Auguste Lepère. Very different in character, yet there is no doubt Lepère is one of the most personal living painters. After these two, there was very little else at which I felt I could debase myself to look.

Ménard has a huge decoration for the law school which is entirely too exclusively Ménard's style & nothing more. Bernard also has a decoration, for the cupola of the Petis Palais, very huge & very horrible. Luckily it will be seen from very far off. Bernard O'Sterman (a well known Swede) has a clever portrait of the King of Sweden by electric light; Blanche a portrait of Henry James, one of himself, & several still-lifes, all as clever as usual; Bouvet several small panels similar to the one we have but not as good (Bouvet will never be any better than he is); Cottel several "études" of figures etc., very strong & very clever; Maurice Denis a very interesting decoration in a much warmer and richer color scheme than hither to; Frieseke (the American whose green & yellow harmonies you remember at the Georges Petit Gallery) several canvases in the same genre; I will 6 canvases which didn't distinguish themselves enough to be observed; La Touche four canvases not up to the work; Le Sidaner some sunsets and moonlights on the Italian lakes. Marcel Béronneau sent a canvas to the old Salon & was very indignant when the jury said it was not a painting and relegated it to the section for water-colors, drawings, etc. Mesdag has three marines at the new salon in the same old mould. Every time I see a Mesdag I thank Heaven we didn't waste money on one at the Salon 2 years ago. Miss Nourse has some strong Brittany peasant pictures, better than hitherto. Simon's portrait of himself is perhaps the best in the Salons in portraiture. A whole room is devoted to the drawings of Dagnau - Bouveret. Many of them might be mistaken for hand tinted photographs. It's getting late, so I think I'll leave the old Salon until my next letter.

I treated myself to a six franc seat at the opéra Comique last week to hear "La vie de Bohème." Enjoyed it tolerably well. It was extremely well sung. Next week am going with Isabel Palmer to hear "Ivan le Terrible", a Russian opera, at the Chatelet.

Saturday afternoon I went to St. Cloud. Did a study of a tree for the sake of drawing & construction and then another quick sketch at sunset. Came home by the eight o'clock boat. There are few things more delightful than a sunset at St. Cloud.

Friday, Saturday & Sunday the thermometer mounted into eighties, - the hottest weather in May for 35 years. Of course I had to get on Summer clothing. Now it is quite cool again and stormy. Was at the Thomases for a while Sunday afternoon; the Howlands were there. Am enclosing a rather interesting and keen editorial from the *Eclair*. This seems to be all the news.

Good night, from your loving

John.

Paris, June 17th. (1909)

Dear Dad,

Your letter of June 4th is before me. Perhaps it would be better not to send the plans over to me in order not to waste any time, but you might at least make me an approximate drawing showing the main features. You haven't even told me whether the drawings Shannon is working on are to include the conservatory & studio on the top story, or the conservatory downstairs. I have changed my ideas somewhat lately regarding studio lighting, and I should like to see what you are going to make out of the problem. I think the main difficulty will be to make the windows (side & top) large enough. It is easy to reduce the light with curtains, but if the windows are already too small there is nothing to be done. Those red tiles that they have here would make a splendid floor for the studio. The floor of the studio that Hurd has taken for the summer is made of them, and they are ideal for the purpose. They have a fine tone; paint and other things can be cleaned of them much better than off hard wood; and when they are not waxed they are not a bit slippery. They would be splendid for the conservatory too, for the kitchen, - and, in fact, I should like them all over the house except in the reception room.

Aunt Jennie & party arrived last night. I met them at the station. Since I wrote you I gave up the reservation I made for them at the Hôtel Tête and took three rooms for them at a pension in rue Chalgrin, near the Etoile at 26 francs per day for all four, "tout compris". The rooms are large, pretty, and clean, and the table not bad, - I had dinner with them last night. This morning I took them to the Am. Express Co & to Cooks where they bought tickets for the "seeing Paris" & Versailles trips. It's the best way to get around for an unmanageable party that doesn't know the ropes and has only a very few days to "do it" in.

Many thanks for the ragor & the pen. Not being a stub, the latter unfortunately does not fit my hand very well, but the former will be extremely useful.

Douglas sails Saturday. I am sending by him a sketch of the Quai des Grands Augustins. It is not the best I have done this spring, but the others are not yet dry or else are things that I need to keep as notes. - I have had a period of the "blues" lately, as far as work goes. I suppose everyone who paints is bound to have them to an unutterable degree. It is the price of the supreme joy of creation. "Spiritual labour pains", someone has aptly called them. The problem is how to dispel them. Morrice apparently resorts to Scotch. A cup of tea is good, but its results are ephemeral. A little exhilarating country air and scenery would be what is needed. As soon as your draft comes and I can pay my quarter-rent and get my things together, I will be off. The Thomases have definitely taken a cottage at Etaples and expect to move in early in July. If I leave before they do, I will go first to Fécamp or St. Pierre-en-Corps near by, and then move over to Etaples.

I have been experimenting with various new (to me) colors of various makers, trying to reduce my palette to a more consistent and simple scheme. At present it is very undecided. In fact "chaotic" is the only word to describe me in my present state, - from my palette to my ideas.

The sketching stool I had with me in the South ripped out day before yesterday. There are a lot of things I have to get before leaving, - colors galore, more canvas, stretchers, easel, stool, and sundry small articles.

I have been keeping remarkably well physically. Aunt Jennie tells me you were looking extremely well when she left, which makes me very glad. With much love,

Your son,

John.

P.S. The sketch needs varnishing.

Etaples, le 6 Sept. 1909  
Monday

Dearest Dad,

As I mentioned on the postal card I sent by the last mail, your letters of Aug. 18 & 23, posted at Cream Hill & Litchfield, were received together. I am glad that you had such fine weather at Cream Hill, but am rather envious too. Here there is always the same complaint. We have had no summer at all, only about a solid week of warm weather, and there bids fair to be not pleasant weather this fall in this part of the world. At the most, I have not been able to work out of doors than one third of the time. Tuesday & Friday were fair, but cold & windy, Saturday was stormy with a hurricane wind, yesterday was fine again but still windy, & to-day it is raining again. So it goes.

Saturday I went to Boulogne & the dentist. He filled the tooth in question & formed nothing else requiring immediate attention. I like him & his work very much, & thought his charge of F. 20 for two visits reasonable enough. He advises me to have crowns put on several of my cuspids in the near future. He says they are very unsound, one in particular having four large fillings, and certain to go with a crash some of these days; and as a fracture would increase the difficulty of crowning them satisfactorily, it would be much better to have it done when the dentist can choose his own conditions for doing the work.

Yesterday afternoon went with the Thomases to tea at the Leonard's at Trepied. The L's. are delightful people & very artistic. Mr. L. does not work much, but has done some rather charming little things. Mrs. L. plays the piano & her daughter, Miss Stewart, has a voice. Afterwards we dropped in at a cottage occupied by two English women. They have taken an old tiled cottage, added a big studio on one end, adapted the rest of it, and made a delightful home out of it. They have altered the original character as little as possible. In the living room is a large chimney place about eight feet wide. Across the ceiling runs a huge beam supporting smaller beams perpendicular to it. The walls are simply wood & plaster. Everything has been kept as simple as possible, & the result is the very essence of comfort and beauty.

Due to the bad weather, I have taken a studio, so that I can paint heads, & do composition and memory work, when it rains; and later on work up a couple of pictures if the weather permits me to get sufficient material therefore. The studio I get for f. 15 a month, and models are much cheaper than in Paris.

Last evening I went to the Casino de la Forêt in the woods of Le Touquet. The Casino de la Plage at Paris-Plage is very bourgeois & common, but Le Touquet is quite different. The hotels at Le Touquet are very chic, frequented by the people who go there for the tennis, golf, and riding, and consequently the casino partakes of the same character. Of course there is the regulation "petits chevaux" & baccara which is rather dull, but the grounds are beautiful, when illuminated at night.

I have just found out that the river here, La Conche (. . . -pond) is the boundy between the old provinces of Picardy & Artois, so that Etaples was in Artois & Trépiéd in Picardy. It was in this region that the first wells were driven, whence their name of "puits artésien".

It seems that Etaples is on the site of a large cavalry camp established by Julius Caesar in preparation for invading Britain. These "étables" are responsible for the present name of the town. It is one of the oldest towns in France. Centuries later when Napoleon was preparing for a similar exploit, less successful in accomplishment, he established a large camp at Le Faux, a quaint old village three miles from here.

The weather seems to be clearing up a little & I may be able to make a sketch, I will make an end of this.

The Thomases asked me to send you their best regards. Perhaps you may see them in New York this winter.

With best love & remembrances to Martha,

John.

Etaples, le 11<sup>e</sup> Oct. (1909)

Dearest Pater,

This is my last day in Etaples. I leave in a couple of hours for Amiens by the 2.30 train. Will stay a day or two at Amiens, and then up to Paris. As I of course expected, the weather has turned fine on the eve of my departure. But now that I am all packed I am not going to change my plans. The "beau temps" probably won't last for more than a day or two. If it does, I can go out to Moret or some such place near Paris for a fortnight. It is rather an uninteresting Autumn here. The trees have hardly turned color, and the days are short, and the air, except at midday, cold.

I received from Aunt Annie a birthday present of a \$5- cheque in the form of a Bank of Montreal dividend. I suppose I can get it cashed in Paris by giving them a month to do it in. I wrote Aunt A. yesterday.

Your letter of Sept 27th gave another instance of our remarkable telepathic system. Just at the time I was making a note to tell you in my next letter not to address any more letters here, you were writing me that you would send my letters thence forth to Paris in case I was driven back there by the weather. Very soon we won't have to write at all to communicate: just thinking things will be sufficient.

The various newspapers you sent arrived and were very interesting.

The Autumn Salon is on now in Paris. I hear that it is very interesting, in fact more vital and full of conviction than the Spring Salons, which have shown lately little but good work without any dynamic power behind. J.W. Morrice has several canvases in the Autumn Salon. I read in a critique also that Lawrence Fellows (whom you met at the Thomas, - a big fellow, recently married to Miss Erbin) has some things exhibited too.

Amiens, Monday evening -

Smith has come as far as Amiens with me to see the cathedral and the Puvis de Chavannes' in the local gallery. You know the latter are the finest examples of his early work.

Smith is a very fine chap and we have gradually established quite a friendship. He apparently comes of a family of parts. His father, though a business man and a keen motorist, has a strong interest in literature and has written a book of quite excellent poems, which I have read. Smith intends to spend all winter at Etaples, perhaps longer.

Upon arriving, we took most luxurious rooms in this hotel at the price of three francs, and went immediately to Cathedral. As we got our first view of it, it was transformed by the setting October sun into a fabric of gold, and when with haste lest the effect should vanish, we gained the interior, the windows of the south transept blazed forth in a sheet of tiny, multicolored flames. But soon, like all the beauties of elusive nature, it was the more unreal the more it had been vivid. Like the cooling ash which preserves yet a moment its form after the quick flame which consumed its fabric has expired, the grey walls and shafts, mounting into the shadowy vastnesses of the twilight, seemed scarcely palpable.

A walk in the old part of the town, by the river and its adjacent canals where they were poling in gondola-like boats of vegetable for the morrow's market, brought dinner time around.

By the way, I read in the paper that a company in Venice are putting a plaque of motor boats for hire in the canals and driving the gondoliers out of business. That is quite the monster crime of the era. None but a foully diseased mind could justify such an act of \_\_\_\_\_ progress.

To-morrow afternoon I am going on to Paris and Smith returns to Etaples. This must be put in the box the first thing in the morning, so I will bid you now "Good night".

Much love from

John.

83 Montparnasse  
Nov 15 ('09)

Dearest Dad,

Your letter of the 2nd came duly.

Last week I sent you by parcel post 8 panels, sketches that I did this summer. I don't know that they are particularly interesting ones, but thought they might give you a little pleasure.

The first time I took the parcel to the ry. office (you know the p.o. here has nothing to do with the colis postaux) they told me it had to be cacheté, so I had to buy some wax and seal it. Then of course there were sundry papers stating contents; value, etc. to be made out for the ry. co. and the customs. I suppose you won't have to pay and duty if you explain the nature of the sketches.

I don't think it would be worthwhile to send you the magazines with articles on Branguryn and Tuloaga. They are rather bulky and the critique of B's work is simply a résumé of what everyone knows. It was more particularly interesting to me on account of the reproduction of drawings & paintings by him.

Had tea at the Archibald's yesterday. There were just a few people there. Mrs. Archibald says she wants to see my work, I think I shall ask her & Mr. A. and the Mathesons & of course Isabel P. to come to tea some day next week. My circle of acquaintances increases at an alarming rate, and if I kept all my promises to "*drop in very soon*", I shouldn't be home and evening in the month. This partially answers your question as to how I put in my "*time these days - evenings as well as day-times*". As you know I work at Julian's in the mornings. Several afternoons lately I have had errands to do or engagements to meet but usually I work at the several things I have on hand until it gets dark, usually at 4 o'clock. As a rule I try to get to the sketch class. After cleaning up after the day's work I often try to get in a little walk before dinner. Then I go to see someone, or someone comes to see me, or I write a letter, or, if I am lucky, read a bit. A couple of times lately I have been to Café Concerts in the "*ouvrier quartiers*". I try to go to them as often as possible, for I find in them a character and color that is more entertaining and instructive than you can probably realize. I wish I had time to knock around more. Observation and contemplation of life at its sources is profoundly educating. To understand the qualities of woods, one has to handle them in the carpenter shop before their surfaces have been filled and polished. No amount of inspection of the varnish or gilt which makes them presentable in a drawing room will reveal how they will act under chisel or plane.

I went with Louis Hurd to see his wife a few days ago, at the hospital known as Holy Trinity Lodge. It is run by Trinity Church on the ave. de l'Alma. One couldn't imagine a more delightful place to be ill. There are too very small wards (one men's & one women's) and a few private rooms, operating rooms, etc. It is delightfully quiet (near the observatoire) and fresh and white and comfortable. There are English and American nurses, and three excellent doctors (one of them considered tip-top in his specialty of appendicitis) in attendance. In fact it is a model hospital. Enid Hurd looks very well and seems to have quite recovered from her attack. (I think I told you last time that she had appendicitis). They keep her in bed, however, and in a fortnight intend to operate. Of course under those conditions there will be no danger.

My last esquisse at Julian's took about 37e place, next to the last. You know Jean-Paul's esquisse judging is notoriously humorous to all except the old standbys who have been at the academy for the last 10 or 15 years & have driven themselves into his rut. He insists on his conception of the subject rather than setting a premium on individual & personal conceptions. He insists on an esquisse being dark and dirty and ultra-formal and more artificial than a stage setting. Anything high in key invokes his censure to such a degree that he doesn't even criticize its composition; air and light in an esquisse are sufficient to make him throw it on the floor and sunlight in a canvas gives him an apoplexy.

The subject this time was Herod's death. Unfortunately I was rash enough to conceive of the affair as happening in the sunlight. 'Nough said. Then too, I didn't make the angel a grosse Margot with black, bat-like wings and a red rose behind her. I don't mind their insisting on academic drawing in an academy, but any such process as that described whose whole effect is to repress sincere effort on natural and proper lines is too absurd. I don't intend to waste my time doing any more esquisses which forfeit their right to a critique because they are the result of my sentiment rather than J.-P's. It is my business to try to develop my personality rather than to repress it every time it comes into play.

I will try to find time to do something on the calendar leaves for Marjorie.

Tuesday. I expect to take up an afternoon course, probably at the Grande Chaumière Academy, shortly. Shall paint heads and figures.

Until ten days or so ago we had rather good weather. But now it is the regular inter sort, raining most of the time and very hard. Today could hardly see all day long.

Since I last wrote you I have had and entirely recovered from a cold, without its having affected my chest in the slightest or given me a single cough. That shows in what good condition I am. Last year, you remember, a cold always got into my bronchial tubes and hung on for weeks.

Must hurry & post this.

Much love

from  
John.

Sunday, Nov. 25th (1909)

Dear Pater,

I have just done one of the leaves of the Friendship Calendar, in water color, and I made an awful mess of it. You may find it hard to understand, but the farther I get on, the more difficult I find it to do the Christmas calendar sort of thing, and the more boring. Watercolors don't work well on that paper, and I can't do anything on such a miniature scale. I shall try the others in pen & ink, I think.

I spent this morning, at the Louvre, studying the 14 & 15 cent. Florentines, then the Spaniards El Greco & Goya, and also a special collection of ink drawings by Rembrandt temporarily on view. After eating an excellent lunch for 24 cents chez Procope (an old house on the rue de l'Ancienne Comédie where celebrities from Voltaire and Condorcet to Marat and Gambetta have eaten) I went to see the exhibition of the November concours at Julian's. I did not go in for any of the painting concours, but got a 2nd mention (4e place as the prize was divided between two) on the drawing I did week before last, the only one I sent in. I thought it rather poor & J.-P. was doubtful about marking it for the concours as it was incomplete. I never saw an unfinished drawing classed before, so I almost gasped when I saw a 2nd mention on it. I have never been able to understand J.-P.'s whims in classing drawings. They are most unaccountable. Last week my drawing was much better, but J.-P. forgot to mark it and I didn't think about it until too late. Otherwise I might have divided the prize.

**Monday.** Your letter of the 17<sup>e</sup> came to-day, with Leacock's verses (very droll) and the sketch of the location of our lot. According to it, the sun would shine on the side of the house in the a.m. and on the back afternoon. A window in the back would be excellent in the studio to receive the warm afternoon light. Sketch out roughly how it could be arranged, and let me see it. Mrs Hurd has been getting on so well that they have postponed the operation until after Xmas. She has left the hospital and is staying with her parents.

Your remark about an Xmas present finds an echo here. I have been wondering what remembrance, I could send you. It would be silly to send anything just for form's sake, and one doesn't always come across something exceptionally interesting when one wants it particularly. I have already sent you a package of sketches, so they are out of the question. Any time I happened on anything that I thought would please you, I should send it whether at Xmas or not and the motive thought would be just the same. Similarly I don't see why you should worry about sending me anything. The thought that prompts the gift is more lasting and potent than the object given. The book becomes read, the necktie worn, the sweet eaten, but the transmitted kindly thought can be conjured up each day afresh, and exists more surely than the material thing.

It would be very nice for you to give Martha those handkerchiefs as my present, but I may send you a little sketch to have framed and give her. I think it would please her & then you could give the hands yourself.

*The Am. Magazine* came & also the clipping in the exhibition of the cart horses of British Art. It must have been a most comfortable, undisturbing show for the public.

Had Thanksgiving dinner at 80 ave de Saxe. No one was invited but myself, but we had turkey & cranberry sauce and "punkin" pie, so it was the "real thing".

On Wednesday called on the Bailleul's. We related our Summer's doing over the tea. I like them much better now that I no longer live with them. But they are really very nice & were extremely good to me when I was quartered there.

Friday I asked the Archibalds to see my sketches, & also the Palmers & Mathesons, & Southworth and Ballantine to drop in for tea. It was already almost dark when the A's arrived, so they wanted to come again when there was light. So to-day I met them for lunch at Foyot's and then we came over here.

Am reading Anatole France's *Crainquebille*. He is a master of style. Haven't had time to finish my translation from the *Jardin d'Epicure*".

Got my second supply of 4 sacks of coal on Saturday. Thirty-two francs gone on coal already!

The weather has been remarkably fine for the season lately. The sunshine has not hurt the eyes with its glare, but still it has been unusually dry for Paris. To-day it is mild, but a bit wet again, however.

Just think, the Kardomah tea I got when you were here is just finished ! Expensive tea is cheap.

#### Tuesday

Nothing to add to-day except that it is getting colder.

Heaps of love, from

John.

Paris  
May 20<sup>e</sup> 1910.

Dear Pater,

My bad luck doesn't seem to have run out yet. When I last wrote from Pont Aven the extraordinary wave of bad weather was spreading all over France. In some parts there were drifts of snow several feet deep, and all over crops were damaged and ruined. Brittany escaped more lightly, but it got very cold and there was continual rain & hail. At Concarneau there was no means of keeping warm, & not being very strong, I felt it considerably. Then some sort of intestinal fermentation came to bother me. After spending a couple of days in bed unable to eat anything, I pulled myself together & came back to Paris. Smith offered to come too, but I made him stay his month out. Over half our time had already been spent without having done any work, so I thought that under the circumstances I had better give up. If the weather had been anything like normal it would have been delightful and invigorating. The doctor at Concarneau didn't seem to be able to help me but Dr. Chaussegros after purging me gave me an intestinal antiseptic with the result that I am very much better.

Since I have been back the weather has turned warm & pleasant. I have still enough money saved from the wreckage of your last draft to last until the time comes for taking my passage and paying the next quarter's rent.

My clothes are all giving out together like the one hiss shag. My woollen underwear is just holding out till the warm weather, my pyjamas are ready for panel rags, my old winter suit (single breasted, - I still have the double breasted & of course the blue) is falling to bits & the old summer gray one likewise. Shirts are not quite so desperate, and of course minor articles have been renewed from time to time. I think I can make shift with boots until I get home. What would you think of my going home by way of England, & getting a summer suit & raincoat in London? I should be very glad of another look at the National and the Turners in the Tate too.

I suppose it would be a good idea to sublet my studio if I can, but it is difficult in the summer. Everyone is trying to do the same thing.

I have had no luck about seeing Morrice. He was in Paris when I left & imagined would be here all Spring, but now I am told that he left for Concarneau again the very night I returned.

I think that certainly we had better give up the arched scheme for the dining room. By all means don't use cement for the fireplaces if you don't like it. I thought it would be the simplest and best material. If you could get lustrous black tiles they would be very beautiful with the oak panelling.

Certainly it was an error on my part to write "white paint & cream walls" for the living room. I never intended that combination for any room. Some word misused must have distorted the sentence.

I no longer have the *N.Y. Tribune* clipping. Sorry!

I feel very doubtful about sending Marion that "Dirigeable". It is so long since I did it it must be rotten. Better send perhaps one of the sketches I did last Summer. They are bad enough.

When I returned got a note from Phillips who is in town. He dropped in yesterday & I am to dine with him & his wife to-night.

The maple sugar came to-day. It was melted solidly into the end of the box, which had to be split open to give up its charge, but it was none the less delectable.

In my letter to which yours of May 5th (which arr'd the morning of the 16th) replies, I made some allusion to the inestimable treasures of thought represented in objects & intellects that the art student has within his reach in Paris, in expression of my satisfaction at being permitted to enjoy these rare opportunities. It elicited some remarks on Canada's greatness & other things, almost resentful in tone, - no I won't say resentful, - but distinctly correctional. Of course I understand the reason for these & many other remarks, at other times but you do my affection for you an injustice if you think it not sufficient motive to make me glad to stay at home as long as you thought it best for me to do so.

Canada is a great country in many ways. I like to hear about its particular greatness as much as you ought to like to hear about Paris' particular greatness. But it is as unreasonable to claim for Canada any intellectual realm (I mean intellectual for its own sake & not for any ulterior reason) as for Paris rich natural resources. Canada may leave great financiers & scientists, but not a Thinker of note in Literature, Music, the Plastic Arts or Philosophy: it may be admirable in resources, industry & wealth, but in Art it is negligible. There is nothing surprising in that, but it just happens that art is the one thing in the world in which I am supremely interested. Consequently, while Canada is an oasis for my heart, it is a desert for my intellect. I am more than thankful to it for having afforded your beloved ability & integrity the success which makes it possible for me to cultivate art, but as I turn my face towards it, I am laying in a store of photographs of masterpieces, as a traveller in a savage land does of dried meat, to replace the juicy roasts of the Louvre, the entrées of the small exhibitions, and the salads of the stimulating talk of teachers and friends.

You "fail to see why some of the best minds are not to be found here". It is quite possible that a scattered handful of exceedingly keen minds exists in Montreal & I shouldn't dream of denying the cleverness of those you mention in their particular lines, but it just happens that the subject under consideration was art and not one of them is an artist practical or philosophical. The diletantism of Sir W<sup>m</sup> Van Horn, Greenshields, etc. bears as much relation, to art as does the bibliophile's occupation to poetry. It is a perfectly admissible & admirable avocation, but such mere antiquarianism & connoisseurship has little in common with the knowledge (in addition to great antiquarian information) possessed by such people as the Steins, whom I visit almost weekly in their studios filled with a perhaps unrivalled collection of modern masters, & a wealth of beautiful things, furniture, books, photos, & documents of all kinds. And moreover I can't see why you should quote Van Horn, the Lafleurs, etc as "associates of unusual quality & ability!" In reference to Cleve you say "experience & observation have given... an understanding of some thing that study does not provide" to make so extravagant a statement as that. If that is so, where in the name of Heaven does all the art, poetry, music philosophy, scientific & industrial progress come from! Cleve may be a 'rare avis' in Montreal or in America (to which part of the world your experience of men is pretty well confined), but, without depreciating his admirable intelligence, I venture to think that he would not be unique in any way in the circle of my acquaintances here. Anyone pedantic enough to let 'brush-work' enter into his judgment of a painting would be laughed out of countenance by the group that gathers at the Stein's. Saÿen is infinitely more intelligent than Cleve in every way. Before ever coming here he had made a reputation for himself in science, had gained a competency for life, and had painted decorations in the Capitol at Washington. After spending about three years here, he perceived that he had hitherto had no idea of what art was, and settled down to reside & study. Aside from his admirable work, he has made psychological investigations of great importance. Can you cite any parallel accomplishments of Cleve's? True, as you say, Saÿen is from America, but there is no one who would second my statements (except on his personal merit) more heartily, and like most Americans of his stamp he prefers to live here & intends to do so always. His reasons for so doing would be a complete defence of my stand point.

Please note that I presume to no opinions outside of the province of art. In all other spheres I am ready to bow down to the observation & experience of others, and hope I shall continue to do so until I die. Naturally it is a mistake to arrogate any consideration outside one's particular interests. Smith's father is a noted connoisseur of violins. He would be much amused if I pretended to more than naïf admiration for his instruments, but when it comes to art, of which he knows almost as little as I do or ever shall of violins, he fancies he must speak with authority on that too. His presumption costs him much discomfort. Even in art my knowledge is excessively embryonic, - that is why I so appreciate & feel called upon to defend Paris' unique privileges.

A statement of these privileges seems almost too obvious. America never could have a collection approaching that of The Louvre, unless the Louvre were transferred bodily to America. Then think of all the other musées, the private collections of Durand-Ruel, Vollard, the Norwegian Consul, Stein, Bernheim. Why one El Greco in the Louvre, one Cézanne at Stein's, are worth the entire Metropolitan. Then let me mention a few of the artists who have been given small exhibitions this winter alone, - Toulouse - Lautrec, Gauguin, Manet, Renoir, Matisse, Valotton, Cézanne, Delacroix, Manguin, Courbet, Nadelmann, Van Dongen, Van Gogh, - I have picked out only the notable ones. Perhaps it would interest you to know that all the greatest painters since the XVIII century, with a couple of isolated exceptions such as *Von Marees & Turner*, were more or less by adoption, if not by birth, Parisians: - Ingres, Delacroix, Millet, Chavannes, Courbet, Manet, Renoir, Cézanne, Whistler, Lautrec, Van Gogh, & Gauguin. Naturally their memory & example (with exception of Whistler) flourish greenest here.

A catalogue of Paris' treasures for the artist would be endless. I have said nothing of the numerous collections outside the Louvre of objects d'art; of Japanese prints (there were 3 huge exhibitions this winter of the 3 great periods of Jap. art); of Chinese paintings; of drawings, etchings, woodcuts, from the Italian primitives & Holbein & Dürer down; of the magazines & reviews with instructive articles & pictures; of the chance to buy cheaply reproductions of inspiring masterpieces; of the concerts, the theatres; of the beauty of the city generally; - in short of the surroundings stimulating to the mind & soul of an artist. And when all that is enumerated there still remains that unutte-

rable attachment which is analogous to the affection one has for a person whose virtues would not in themselves arouse more than admiration.

You rather misquote me in saying, "*It is doubtful if simply the locality causes the breathing deep you speak of*". If you will look up my words, you will see I said something like this: - "*Whose ancestral intellect has not breathed deep that atmosphere [wherever found] for generations*". But when that atmosphere is restricted in locality, locality conditions the 'breathing-deep'.

You remind me that I am in the formative period when development would take place anywhere. Yes, but that is just the period when the best atmosphere is of the greatest necessity. I know only too well on what lines I was developing the two years I was at McGill, & I know it was the luckiest thing in the world that I came away, when I did. I also know that that danger is past now.

I have let myself run on to this length in "booming" Paris for no ulterior reason. Something deeper than my preference for art & for Paris is my rudder, & may be counted upon to steer me across the Atlantic even when the artist-breeze blows towards Paris. Love is stronger.

Paris, May 31st (1910)

My dearest Pater,

On the 25th came your letter of the 10th and this morning the one of the 22nd enclosing the draft for 7.250 - which you were very thoughtful to send. Eight days in transit seems to be the usual time for our letters, but that one from Britany certainly made a record.

Am sorry to hear about the rains delaying the house work. It hasn't rained very much here, but the weather is cool, usually cloudy, & it showers occasionally.

Finding that my digestive troubles didn't seem to disappear and feeling rather unfit generally, I went last Wednesday to see Dr. Gros, a noted American doctor here, who used to attend at Trintiy Lodge & is now connected with the new American Hospital. He gave my whole organism a searching examination from head to foot (to be more exact, from mouth to knees), & said I was perfectly sound except for a slight congestion in the liver & some intestinal dyspepsia due partly to my liver & partly to the general atony following on the measles. He said my respiratory organs are in good condition & I have no vestige of a cough. But he said that for grown people & particularly in Europe, measles is an illness which greatly fatigues the system, & that, while I may have been well in a sense, I ought not to have been let out as soon as I was, & that I ought not to have made any physical or mental effort for a couple of months. He prescribed me a diet of plain grilled or roasted meats, fresh vegetables & cooked fruit (also milk & raw eggs), & biscottes or rusks & grilled bread in place of fresh bread, & gave me cachets of pancreatine & salol, & also comprimés of lactic ferments for my intestines. He advised me to take a complete rest, physical & mental, & said I needn't expect to feel very vigorous before August. He said that, while I might not have consciously worked very hard, the intellectual nature of my work was very exigent & taxing, & that, having been at it more or less steadily for some time until I had the measles, I was probably suffering from mental as well as physical atony, that the two reacted on each other, & that I needed to be intellectually frivolous for a while.

This being the case, there is no advantage at all in my staying in Paris, and as soon as I can get things arranged without hurrying & your draft comes, I shall leave. Very likely I shall sail from England about the 25th, & will take a week in London to get a suit, so don't send any more letters, unless one to the Bank of Montreal, London.

In your letter of the 16th you complain that I "*have got to a too advanced 'stage'*" in my judgment of pictures & remark that I "*can't say there is no reason for other intelligent men's opinions*". Surely you don't think me silly enough to think I am expressing everybody else's opinion

in the guise of my own, to say that the men who paint the "trash" think it anything but art. You question the sense in which I used the word "trash". I employed it to denote "*without real value; meaningless*", which in this connection is equivalent to "no art". Because you approve of a lot of work extremely clever in its way but which to me is no art, you mustn't mind my hinting my admiration to what I think is best. Of other people enjoy & desire to possess the above-mentioned kind of work, I don't object anymore than I envy them, but your interests & mine are so closely allied that when you proposed acquiring a certain work I felt inclined to express my opinion there on. Because my views are rapidly changing is no reason to suppose that my present judgment is inferior to previous judgments, but rather that my present judgment is likely to be supplanted by superior judgments. Change is the sign of growth, vitality, & health. This may sound self-complacent to you. The artist is continually being taxed with being conceited because he disregards other people's opinions on his own particular activity, but who ever heard the poor artist attempt to give an authoritative opinion on finance or economics, while every man — in-the-street thinks his opinion on art more or less sensible, even though he has never even reflected on the distinguishing character of a work of art nor on the relation of art to thought.

From a purely debatched standpoint, you must own that an enormous percent of the pictures produced are pure "trash", lacking a really artistic intention. In intentions, if not so clearly in results, a strict line can be drawn between art & non-art. Art is the expression by signs of an intellectual state; - in painting, the expression of an intellectual perception induced by visual phenomena. Anything lacking in this intention verges on the "trompe-l'oeil" which is the antithesis of art. The least successful attempt at art is worth infinitely more than the most accomplished "trompe-l'oeil". This is interesting philosophical matter to think over. When you know that the more extended dislikes among mediocre pictures which mark my "too advanced 'stage' " are accompanied by greater & more extended likes among the Masters, you will see that I am not on a dangerous & mistaken track.

Now I am going to completely bannish art from my thoughts until further notice, and recreate.

Miss Helen Mcl. is expected back from Oberammergau to-morrow. Yesterday I went to stay at 50 ave de Saxe until the room may be wanted. It is certainly most kind of them, as you say, to invite me, & I appreciate it very much, particularly under present conditions. Your letter to Miss Helen arrived this morning & awaits her. Next Sunday the Mathesons leave for London & Isabel P. goes with them for a visit. She will probably be there when I am.

A letter from Marian to-day. Quite flattered by the commission from Mr. McC.

Heaps of love,

John.

Bermuda, (. . . ) 3rd (1914)

Dear Pater:

Another week without a letter from you ! I hope you haven't caught a bad cold or grippe or anything like that.

The weather is appreciably milder now, & has been superb. To-day is the first showery day in the week. The bathing has been splendid.

Cleve & Bessie leave next Tuesday a.m. On Tuesday they & Mrs Notman lunched with us. Otherwise we have been very quiet. I have been working a little every day, whenever I have had time I have just finished the portrait I was doing of Corinne. I have been working at it off & on for three

months. Rather different from my usual method. I find it hard to keep to original conception fresh for so long a time. I find short sprints more suited to my constitution than long-distance races. I am aesthetically short-winded.

To-morrow completes the 7e week of work on the cottage. Most of the plumbing, the floors, plastering, stairs, etc. still to do. I think it is going to be extremely pretty. We are hard put to it to find a name. Can you suggest one; preferably something with a Bermuda smack to it - sub-tropical or Atlantic? Of course not knowing Bermuda, you may think it difficult. But names are such capricious things; one never knows from what quarter they may appear.

I have just heard from the Hurd's that Enid is recovering from a bad attack of jaundice, - her second illness this winter. Even the strong people occasionally have a bad time of it.

Later: I have just been to the P.O. & there was no mail for either of us by the "Bermudian" to-day. I am anxious to know why I haven't heard from you in so long.

Heaps of love from

John.

Cannes, April 4th/16.

Dear Pater:

I was very glad to get your letter of March 17th to-day. I was getting discouraged with writing and not getting any answers. You speak of having received a letter of mine the 1st of March, just after you had sent a letter to me. I didn't receive this letter, the last one having come some time in February.

It is good news that you are getting over the effects of your grippe. I hope Martha continues to improve too.

It is still uncertain where we will go. In the Red Cross ambulances at the front they admit - besides the nurses - only military infirmiers (mobilized "auxiliaires"). Mme Jammes has now written to ask for a post in any base hospital where they get the seriously wounded, and Mrs. Riddett is making inquiries through another channel. If I had gone to a front ambulance, my travelling & board would have been free, but not otherwise, I believe. In any case I shall ask for it. I might get a reduced railway fare.

Cannes has received 500 wounded, of which 97 are at the Continental, but they are all convalescents evacuated from hospitals in the north to make way for the Verdun harvest, and need few dressings. They are all able to go out. It is certain now that Cannes being so far from the front, will be reserved for convalescence, so there will be little work to do.

If my health continues as it has been going in the last few months, I shall be very pleased. The one thing, however to which I have firmly made up my mind is not to compromise it and in consequence everything life offers again for any sentimental wild goose chase. I have changed a good bit lately, and my experience has impelled me to look at things in a more realistic way than I used to. You often told me that I was not willing to profit by other people's experience. There is one thing that is worse, which is not to learn from one's own experience.

I wish I could hold out to you some hope of my success, but it is a thing that I have no more assurance of than you have. One cannot promise it before one has attained it, and there are few except geniuses and mountebanks who know it. It is a very ambiguous thing anyway, and the most resounding success often appears very petty & pitiful to another generation.

The reason that I seem so indifferent to painting is that I have been discouraged - not by criticism & opposition - but by your regret to have let me go in for that art your impatience to see me produce something marketable, & my desire not to complicate your financial burdens. You want to know what I am doing & thinking, I have to tell you the truth. With my mentality it was totally impossible for me to degrade myself to doing a mock, pot-boiling art, & so I turned to literature, in which it is easier to find profit for a mediocre, though sincere talent, in the hope of reconciling art & income. What the result will be, I have no more idea than you have. It isn't possible to do 'good' art just because one wants to. While I am trying to do my insignificant duty during the war, I am using my spare time to do what literary work I can; and after the war is over I hope to go to London to try to find out what it is worth. If it is worthless, nothing remains but to take any kind of work I can get. If I were a thorough artist, I suppose I should rather starve than abandon art, but as I am, I expect I shall ultimately - though more laggingly - follow the example of Cleve & renounce the life of ideas for that of material interests.

Architecture seems out of the question. To-day it is scarcely at all an art but almost wholly engineering. It requires years of mathematical & technical training. I don't feel at all fitted to be an engineer, even an architectural one and rather than the compromises of a pseudo-art, I would rather something that were frankly no art at all. I had a letter from Babcock the other day. My MS. was, when he wrote, in the hands of Doubleday, Page & Co. from whom he was expecting an answer. He is very anxious to place it, as you can imagine. He writes that his engagement is broken off. I am rather pleased, as I wasn't very fond of his fiancée.

The letter you forwarded was from Smith. He enlisted under the Derby scheme. He had sent me some books, too, to Bermuda. If they are forwarded to you, keep them for me. You might like to read them.

I must be going out now, as it has been raining for several days, and I haven't been able to take the air. Now that I have told you - as much as I know them myself - my ideas & intentions, you have as much to hope for as I have. If the outlook doesn't seem very gilded, I am taking it as cheerily as possible, believing implicitly that happiness depends much less on events than on our temperament & attitude towards life.

Will write again soon, going more news & gossip.

Your affectionate son,

John.

Sunday, Apr. 23rd.

My dear John,

Last eve. I was surprised to receive yours of the 4th so soon after the one of Mar. 26th. But the surprise was a pleasant one & the contents of the letter has done me "a world of good". I am so glad to know how you have felt & am doubly glad that your health has so markedly improved - this is evidenced by the tone of your letter.

As to "*holding out some hope of your success*" that, I understand is quite the impossible & I have not looked forward to your attaining "*recognition*" as an artist for years. What has seriously troubled me has been a seeming lack of interest in painting. I had to continually remind myself that your health since you had measles impaired your fitness to work & I understood from my own experience what that meant.

Your reading & other literary work has been good & worth while, but it has worried me to see you leave aside as secondary all attention to the art work you chose as a career. To my mind fi-

nancial success in painting isn't necessarily important, usually it helps an artist who is not a mountebank to greater confidence in himself. We must remember that even geniuses are subject to the same weaknesses as other mortals. I KNOW that you have sufficient ability, or genius, for success if backed up by insistent work of the right sort. With this opinion it has been a worry to me that your talents have seemed to be rusting.

As to giving help in this war, you know I am in full sympathy and if able should feel inclined to take an active part myself.

I am interested to hear that Babcock may yet get some N.Y. publisher to take the Bermuda mms. When you do go to Eng. I trust your writings may meet encouragement. Of ordinary War Books the printers hands are full. Some will live either directly or by incorporation in to history.

I am rather surprised that your offer to go as a nurse to the field has not been accepted. France is supposed to be short of men for all positions & not to use an efficient one in any capacity he may offer for looks stupid.

Your philosophy that happiness depends on one's attitude towards life than upon events is about right. I regret that I was so devoted to certain things as to overlook this & now it is too late to reform greatly & consistently. My poor physique has always been a handicap, but I ought to have done better than I have.

I am glad that you see things somewhat differently now and hope it may contribute to your happiness. I do not think you need to think of renouncing the life of ideas for that of material interests alone.

As the world is we must adapt ourselves to it, but you have not established the expensive ways of life that Cleve has. His father saw his need of money & persuaded him to go into business to supply that need. One of my ideas in bringing you up was to avoid having such a condition exist & in that respect I feel I have succeeded. Both Uncle Jas. & Aunt A - were too lavish with their boys when they were young. It was done with great affection, but I saw it as a mistake.

A spring shower has brought vegetation to life, the ferns & tulips are making quite a show already & the grass is green.

Last night something, Goyette thinks a mink, killed three kittens of the black cat's & to-day she follows me about mewling, evidently pleading with me to bring back her babies. We have one small brood of chickens out & have three little pigs to contribute to the food supply. Eggs are still 35 cts. a dozen in Mont'l.

There has been a very good crop of maple this spring & the price has dropped to 1.25 a gal. We made a little syrup which is fine.

Have some lettuce & other early stuff growing in the conservatory.

Some of my flowers are very fine.

Hoping you & C-will have a great deal of satisfaction from the work you are doing there, with much love.

Your Aff. Father

Paris, June 8th. (1918)

My dear Dad:

[to Pasadena]

It is so hot to-day that one hardly has the energy to collect one's thought. It was very cool for a couple of days at the beginning of the week, but it has since been getting warmer, & to-day it is absolutely torrid. Of course it won't last for more than a day or two. As long as there is a bit of air stirring - as there always was in Bermuda I don't in the least mind the heat, but when there isn't a breath of breeze stirring the only satisfactory occupation is a book outdoors.

After its effervescence in the States, Canada & England, the strike contagion seems to be spreading to France. There has been no tendency to violence yet requiring military intervention as in so many places in England & America, for instance Glasgow, where machine guns were used & Cleveland, where tanks, patrolled the streets. But the movement is gaining assurance. The Metro & Nord-Sud & train & omnibus employees have been on strike for several days, a great many metal workers & some other less important trades. The RR. employees threaten a general strike &- what will affect us more than anything else -the restaurant hands talk of knocking off work.

The underground & train companies have managed to keep up a reduced service on several lines during certain hours. But Tuesday night when we went with Hurd & Stuart to see Sacha Guitry's play at the Vaudeville, we had to walk home afterwards.

Smith has been in town for a few days. I have seen a good deal of him, & it has done me an immense deal of good. There is no one who can do as much to revive a genial flame of enthusiasm in me as he. We wallow together in art & the humanities to the exclusion of everything else.

Smith has given me a book - just out - of the letters of Gauguin to his friend Daniel de Monfried, mostly written from Tahiti. They are most interesting & terribly pathetic. Every letter reveals Gauguin's continual torment on account of lack of money. The words that close the postscript to a letter written in Tahiti in 1903 are: "*Toutes ces préoccupations me tuent. (All these anxieties are killing me.)*" That was his last letter.

Smith is going back to Grey Monday or Tuesday. I shall probably go down to visit him one of these week ends if the railroad men don't strike.

Louis Hurd has gone to England for ten days to visit some cousins in Essex to get some mufti. He is to bring us back some tea, which costs here fcs 10 a pound.

I have obtained Morrice's address & count on going to see him soon.

We have been to several art dealers' with Smith to see their exhibitions. During the war Smith bought two Gauguin drawings & a Matisse lithograph. If I had only had the wherewithal to buy a few canvases before the war. I should have a very valuable little collection now. As you remember, I often prophesied them this result. Matisse are now bringing very high prices.

The fourth Degas sale will be held in a few days. The three previous sales have produced a total of ten million francs. It is rarely profitable to be a good artist, but it is sometimes profitable to be heir to one.

There is just room enough left to say good-bye - with a great deal of love.

John.

(A Madame Corinne Lyman)

The Periwinkle, mercredi le 23 juin (1918)

Ma chère petite:

Que je t'aime et que j'ai envie de te rejoindre ! Si mon travail n'aura pas été terminé pour le 3, j'ai bien peur de ne pas pouvoir résister au désir de partir, et de laisser mon livre aller au diable. Ce serait trop dur.

Le temps ne nous favorise pas trop. Hier il faisait assez bon avec une brise du nord-ouest, mais aujourd'hui encore chaud et humide, avec quelque pluie. Hier matin nous avons été à Blomfield". Presque toute la beauté de la maison est au dehors, dedans rien que quelques meubles et boiserie du commen't du XIX<sup>eme</sup>. L'après-midi à "Rosemont" (Mme Smith, soeur de Alf. Smith) - quelques meubles et la maison. Pas le temps de nous baigner ce jour-là! Ce matin à "Chester Cottage"; déçu ! pas de meubles, mais la maison très vieille, 1650 environ. Nous voulions aller chez Mme Alf. Smith cet après-midi, mais elle nous a prié de remettre notre visite. Alors nous avons été à "Southlands", photographier un meuble que B. n'a pas réussi la première fois. Puis un bain, que c'était bon!

Ensuite j'ai fait le dessus pour l'ouverture de la citerne. Pendant que j'étais ainsi occupé, Winifred Black est venu avec son oncle, le M. Darrell, qui doit nous conduire chez sa tante à Norwood". Il m'a dit que la maison est très ancienne, ayant été la demeure de Richard Norwood, celui qui le premier a arpenté et divisé en portions les îles en 1622, et les a arpentées encore quand elles étaient bien colonisées en 1662-63. J'ai vérifié ce soir dans les documents publiés par Lefroy ses prétentions, (sic) et en effet sur la carte de 1662-63 j'ai trouvé que la terre où est maintenant situé "Norwood" appartenait alors à ce monsieur, et qu'il y fait mention d'une maison. Si c'est la même, elle est antérieure à 1662.

Il paraît qu'il y a beaucoup de vieux meubles à "Norwood", j'en ai grandes espérances. Ce monsieur Darrell est très gentille, (sic) le plus gentilhomme de ceux que nous avons rencontré ici.

Demain s'il fait beau nous irons à St-Georges. J'ai bien peur de ne pas pouvoir avoir permission d'aller à St-David's. Nous ne passerons pas la nuit là-bas, ça coûterait trop cher. Nous irons très de bonne heure, et reviendrons au clair de lune. Nous avons plusieurs personnes à voir at Bayley's Bay, etc.

Il est déjà 10 heures 20, il faut me coucher. Il faut excuser ce griffonage, tu sais comme je suis pressé. Je t'envoie toute une bande de baisers ailés.

**Jeudi:** Il faisait un temps très incertain ce matin, et nous avons dû remettre notre randonnée à St-Georges. Nous sommes allés chez Mme Smith (Harmony Hall) ce matin, et j'ai passé l'après-midi en arrangeant un tas de choses, - entre autres j'ai démonté le hamac et l'ai mis dans l'atelier.

Mme Smith nous raconta un mot très drôle de la petite France. L'autre jour elle demandait à propos de quelqu'une qui lui avait envoyé une carte postale, "*Mamma, is she an American or a Canadian or a Smith ?*"

Le baromètre monte cet après-midi, et peut-être nous pourrons aller à St-Georges demain. Mr. Dance va porter ceci à la poste demain matin. J'espère que ce sera le dernier mot que je t'enverrai avant d'arriver à N.Y. Si je ne parviens pas à partir le 3, tu sauras que c'est seulement parce que autrement il faudrait sacrifier quelque chose de très important pour le livre.

Bonsoir, ma mie, - ma douce petite amie. Si tu ne te guéris pas assez maintenant pour pouvoir désormais rester avec moi partout où je serai, je — je ne sais pas ce que je ferai. En attendant, je t'aime infiniment.

Ton booby

Paris June 29th. (1919)

Dearest Dad:

These are memorable days in Paris, - ones that I wouldn't have missed at the price of almost any privations. If I can't give you a very good picture of them it is because I am as weary & sleepy as I am filled with contentment. I am sending you a to-day's paper, which gives a little sketch of the rejoicings, to which I could not add much. When we just arrived Paris was silent, sad, reticent, but since the Germans agreed to sign the treaty there has been a swelling elation in the air, which yesterday burst into enthusiastic festival. This happens to be the day of the Grand Prix - the first Grand Prix since 1914 - & the fête continues in one form or another, to wind up on the fourteenth of July in the great official celebration.

I was standing in front of the théâtre du Vieux Colombier yesterday at four o'clock before going in to a matinée organized by the review "*Les Lettres Parisiennes*", when I heard the Salvos of guns announcing the signing of the treaty. It was nothing in itself; it had been expected for several days; & no one knows what may ensue. But it was a symbol that could not fail to move anyone.

The matinée, for which my profession secured me a "billet de faveur", was very interesting. The first part consisted of dances & music by Granados, Debussy, Erik Satie, Ravel, Chabrier, Boellmann, & Honegger; the second of a play called "*Le Soleil Enchaîné ou la Dame au Champignon, a fable*" by Jean Casson & Georges Pillement. It was a sort of literary & histrionic cubism.

After dinner we went over to the Grands Boulevards towards which all Paris was surging. The papers say the gaiety was more unrestrained than at the signing of the armistice. We could not judge of that, but we compared the brawling din of the Angelenos on that occasion with the trilling, tinkling, effervescent joy of last night. We roamed about until late in the night & of course had to walk back across the city.

This morning there was a mad dance of church bells & still this afternoon there came over the roofs & in at the window the shrill sounds of gladness.

Your letter of May 30 & the post card from Chicago came this week. It would have been economical, no doubt, to have had Mr. Thomas's studio, but we talked of both it & the apartment when in California, & the Thomases didn't seem to wish either to be used. Now, as I already wrote you, I have engaged a studio for the summer. I have made up my mind to stay in Paris while I can, until autumn or winter. Every day I feel more & more satisfied & delighted to be here. Each minute is rich in food for the senses & the spirit, each week brings new acquisitions in acquaintance or experience. If the stomach is a little rationed, intelligence & sensibility are richly nourished, & when the personality feels itself vitally nurtured a little leanness of the belly passes unperceived. Above a certain minimum of well-being material privations count little against one's happiness, much less than spiritual luxuries do for it. It is only when they prevent material freedom in working that they are depressing.

My new address will be: 68, rue d'Assas.

Smith came up from Grez for a couple of days. He showed me the Gauguin drawings he bought. He will come to Paris from time to time during the summer, & may share a model with me in my studio. That would be a great benefit & pleasure to me. Smith is the friend I esteem above all. He is the most generous, golden-hearted fellow I know. His mere presence does me good.

Please tell Cleve I received the \$1000. he had sent. \$700. of it are Corinne's "furniture fund", & \$300. balance of principal which I shall probably invest in "bons de la défense".

As ever, dear Dad, your loving son.

(à son père)

19/7/19

#### CARTE POSTALE

Have come down here with Smith for a few days. There are several nice subjects for sketching. I did a pochade yesterday afternoon. To-day we are going over to Nemours, about three miles away.

The weather, which had been cool & showery lately, turned fine again on Thursday & is pleasantly warm. Smith has a charming little house here with a studio. He is comfortably off since his father's death in 1914. He is able to devote all his energies to painting. He has showed me some of his work done since we last parted in St. Jean-de-Luz, though most of his paintings & all the best ones are in London when he had an exhibition. He was invited by Epstein the well-known sculptor to exhibit with a group of advanced artists. He sold some things, had some good critiques from the emancipated critics & has had requests from dealers for his work. He has developed a good deal just recently. His wife & children are in England.

20/7/19

#### CARTE POSTALE

Yesterday we biked over to Nemours for lunch & explored the beauties of the town. It is no finer than hundreds of other towns in France, but what French town is not a treasure of delights. The good abundant provincial table is not yet dead, & we gorge sumptuously. If stayed here for sometime I should soon weigh 145 lbs. again.

Grèz, you will remember, was a favourite haunt of R.L.S. and his friends.

Grèz-sur-Loing, 20/7/19

Dear Pater:

I promised to tell you more about the fêtes. They lasted for three days from Saturday to Monday.

Saturday & Sunday I was very busy, getting installed in my studio, but late Sunday afternoon we went with Smith to the Champs Elysées to see the decorations. At the Etoile there was a huge cénotaphe to the dead soldiers. No doubt you have seen photos of these things in the papers. We had dinner in Montmartre & spent most of the evening watching the "foire" which was in progress. The cafés stayed open until 2 o'clock & there were music & dancing at most of the carrefours. We finished the evening by visiting a number of these in the Montparnasse quarter. To bed about 3. Most people who wanted to see the parade & could not pay thousands of francs to rent a point of vantage spent the night on the line of march in order to keep their places. I had heard that the Can. Commissioner's offices would be open, so I got up at 6.30 & , after a bit of breakfast, went there. There were only 30 or 40 people there all told, so everybody got a very clear view from the several large windows. The défilé took a little over two hours to pass. I don't need to rehearse the order of it: you of course read it in all the papers. The weather had been very showery for the last few days, but Monday morning was cool & bright, ideal for such a show. It was very impressive, & many faces in the crowd were much nearer crying than laughing with the intensity of the emotion. The troops were greeted less by shouts than by an awed, deep acclamation. Foch was pale with suppressed feeling: Joffre laughed freely.

In the evening the Seine embankments were illuminated. The public buildings were outlined with gas jets, windows & street corners hung with lanterns, quays & bridges lit by various coloured flares & geysers of fireworks sit off from the Pont Neuf & other bridges. You can perhaps imagine the fantastic beauty of such a display in such a setting. The cafés remained open all night & there was dancing everywhere.

I hope that my short stay here will start me firmly on the road to painting. Grèz offers a number of obvious motives, which afford good help in getting under way, & Matthew's company is very stimulating. I wish I could stay longer, but I feel that I ought to profit by what Paris offers specially before winter begins. At any rate I feel thoroughly enthusiastic & happy at "living" art once more, & I wish you could feel this joy with me.

Very affectionately

John.

Paris, August 3rd. (1919)

Dear Dad:

Still no letters from you. I am at a loss to know why, for surely you must have received at least most of mine. I have written every Sunday without fail. If yours have been lost, I don't think the fault can be here, for I go regularly to the old address for my mail & get other letters duly. I got a nice letter from Martha last week.

Time still flies past furiously & yet every day is full enough to fill a volume if one had the language for all the cerebral life that it represents. A mere account of one's comings & goings can give barely a suggestion to those who are not familiar with what these things can mean. I have found in the studio a volume of George Moore's *"Memoirs of my Dead Life"* & have begun reading it. It is most attaching with the picture it gives of the artist's Paris in his time - the time of the Nouvelles Athènes, the Elysée Montmartre & the Symbolists. - A sentence I have just come across resumes a great deal of what Paris can mean to the Anglo-Saxon. *"I cannot look upon this city without emotion; it has been all my life to me! I came here in my youth, I relinquished myself to Paris, never extending once my adventure beyond Bas Meudon, Ville d'Avray, Fontainebleau - & Paris has made me. How much of my mind do I owe to Paris? And by thus acquiring a fatherland more ideal than the one birth had arrogantly imposed, because deliberately chosen, I have doubled my span of life. Do I not exist in two countries? Have I not furnished myself with two sets of thoughts & sensations? Ah! the delicate delight of owning un pays ami - a country where you may go when you are weary to madness with the routine of life, sure of finding there all the sensations of home, plus those of irresponsible caprice"*, etc. And this quotation makes me think of a line of Maurice Boissard's: *"Là où a été le bonheur, là est la vraie et seule patrie"*. One evening last week we went up to the Lapin Agile. We had gone a couple of time with Louis & had met some of the habitués. This time we were with a model who knows many personalities of *"Le monde des artistes"*. Le vieux Freddy sang a number of charming old ballads & songs, among them a lovely thing by Ronsard & Verlaine's *"La Lune est au-dessus des toits"*.

All July the weather has been dull & cool, but Thursday it turned fine & warm, so yesterday I took the occasion of going with a friend - Ricois - to Robinson, the famous resort "de banlieu". It was delightful along those coteaux crowded with a gamut of greens such as one can find only in the île de France, & whence one can see all the way up to Paris. What is more entrancing than - towards sunset - a view over a great city of domes & towers so far away that it seems wholly unreal?

I went to an exhibition at the Galerie Cris, but was not interested. I went chiefly because an old acquaintance Riguy - was exhibiting. He is an American, but has been serving in the French army & has just been demobilized with the rank of aspirant.

My studio is very large & cheerful & good to work in. But of course I am a good deal of a derelict still; I haven't yet taken satisfactory observations, still less laid a course. It is bound to be like this for a time until some contingency discloses the sud. In the meanwhile I try one thing & another & continue to learn at least what I ought not to do.

We are expecting Ricois & perhaps some others to tea, & I must break off.

I am very anxious for a letter from you.

Very affectionately your son

John.

Note du père de John Lyman.

Rec. - Sept. 11th

Ans. - 17th

Paris  
August 24th (1919)

My dear Dad:

Your letter from Beachwood came last week. It was the first word from you in over six weeks, your previous letter having been written on June 11th. I have written you every week.

I must dash off just a word in haste this morning, for I took the chance of a Sunday to stay in bed late, being rather tired, & Smith is coming presently to lunch & this afternoon Stuart is bringing a petite amie for me to do a head of her.

You are mistaken in saying what Mrs. Thomas told C. about the apartment. Of course you couldn't know for the matter was thoroughly discussed the day the Thomases lunched with us at Los Angeles when you were not present. We pressed the matter as much as we could politely, but Mr. T. said that he didn't think anybody but himself was capable of cleaning it. He explained that it was he - not Mrs. T. - who did those jobs, & went on to describe his method of going about them.

I am keeping the old watch carefully, but I can't afford to get it refitted at present. I can't even afford to get painting materials of a sufficiently good quality to avoid all sorts of unnecessary technical difficulties, so you can imagine other things have to take a secondary place. I have a long task of persevering work before me, & everything must be considered in its relations to that. As Smith pointed out yesterday, I have a certain sentiment of style & personality, but my plastic knowledge has had so little development & is so lamentably weak in science than I am virtually still at the very beginning of art.

The chief episode of last week was a visit to the Rodin museum which has just been opened. It is a perfect treasure. In the Hôtel Biron are his statues, his drawings, his paintings, his collection of Greek & Egyptian piece & of modern art, including 2 Van Gogh's & a Renoir. In the adjoining chapel are casts of the rest of his statuary. The whole thing is of enormous value (not \$. of course) & I shall go often.

It is twelve, & I must hurry to lunch in order to be ready for work this afternoon.

Very affectionately

John.

Note du père de John Lyman

Rec. - Sept. 16th.

Ans. - 17th.

Paris, August 31st (1919)

My dear Dad:

Your letter of the 16th with the pretty photo of Greystones came yesterday.

I should have explained the food tickets to you. They are distributed every 6 months. The coupon I sent was the second half of a 6 month's card, vig: April, May & June. The top & bottom rows are for the 1st month, the rows next to the top & bottom for the 2nd month, & the two middle rows for the 3rd month. The numbers correspond to the kinds of food or fuel rationed. No 2 is for sugar, the only one still in use & allows 750 grammes per month per person. No 1 was for bread. The first of each month the number was exchanged for bread tickets, averaging so many a day & each one permitting the purchase of so many grammes of bread. These were given up the first of June. I eat much more bread than I ever did before, for at the restaurant the portions are so small that they are often merely a pretext for eating bread dipped in the sauce. Butter didn't have to be rationed: the price did it. It still costs 6.80 fcs. a lb. Eggs have gone up to 11 sous a piece.

No 3 was for milk & no 4 for coal, I think. Special ration cards were given to children, the aged & invalids. Artists, I believe, had a special coal ration. Autumn has arrived. Friday was very hot, but in the night it turned very cool & since then there has been a succession of heavy showers. Up to now the summer has been unusually dry.

This morning I took a walk to the Sunday "Flea Fair" & the old quarter of the Montagne Ste. Geneviève. I didn't remember it so marvelously rich with the colours of humanity. A walk in Paris is, instead of a duty an enchanted dream. Every step brings a discovery or a rediscovery, there is always a fresh interest on the horizon stimulating & enriching one's ideas. Every day I stop before some building, some street turning, some gateway, before which I have often passed, & wonder how it is that its beauty has not previously arrested me. Its frank logic, its measured sureness or its sentiment embodies the race, & I draw a deep lesson of beauty or humanity. This is my country - a country in which - in spite of the seeker after money & comfort & usefully regulated automatism, the seeker after beauty still lives. Elsewhere I seem to be waiting, - waiting for something: here I live. All I believe in & aspire to is here.

I am working from a nice & beautiful little Roumanian girl. Work has been rather discouraging hitherto, & I am still at the very beginnings but you must remember that in the twelve years I have been engaged in art this is only my ninth painting of the nude, - the equivalent of a little over 2 months of school painting. I am, however, getting into the period of intense interest & desire to work continually. Usually when I have got to this period I have had to break off.

I shall keep this studio for one or two months more. It is too big, has too much glass, too much roof & exposed wall & leaks too much to use in rough weather, & I have to carry my water from the court yard up four steps, winding flights of stairs. I wish I could stay on in Paris & keep at the nude, but the added cost of coal will make it impossible. Where to go I don't know; in many places in France living is dearer than in Paris. In Spain living is much cheaper, but I would lose by the exchange. In Italy conditions are said to be rather bad. There remain Tunisia & Corsica, but it means a long journey & when one doesn't know if one would find it good for work, one hesitates.

Awfully sorry to hear of Henry's heart trouble. I have yet to hear of any one who has done active service who has benefited by it.

C. has been pretty well but at present has a severe attack of enteritis, the result of unfit meat or catching cold, I don't know which.

Much love,

John.

April 5th/26

Dearest Son;

This is Monday morning, it is raining heavily as it did all night. Yesterday it was preparing the soil by gentle showers to absorb the water; no other way of irrigation could equal this process. Sometimes nature operates to perfection, yet it may be cruel: I know a man here who was farming near the Grand Canon of Arizona, he had put great effort & all his money into a grain-crop & just before it was ready to harvest a great bank of clouds suddenly came over & dropped hail that cut the whole of his fields down, killed nearly all his chickens & ruined him. This part of the world seems to have been especially favored this past winter & spring, there was not an approach to frost in any section; there have been distributed rains & for a fortnight past we had cloudy, damp weather similar to Bermuda. The mountains instead of the light colour of the time you were out, are dark green & they seem to have grown higher, with the several ranges more distinctly outlined. One is never indifferent to the grand effects the storms give; - partly due to the feeling of safety in this particular section.

The newspapers report heavy snow-storms & fierce weather still, all the way across the continent. It must have been a boon to the milliners in having such an Easter. Even here many head-baskets were spoiled.

I feel more comfortable to think of you as in Paris rather than in that insanitary & picturesque Tunisia. Ever since you had measles I have had a fear that you might take typhoid; that you know killed your mother. I recall how distressed your Grandfather Goodwin was when he first learned that your mother was ill with typhoid, he could not sleep nights with his anxiety. The death of your mother depressed him greatly & hastened his breaking down.

In your last letter you spoke of our being neurasthenic & implying that you thought you were physically similar to me; I have frequently felt glad that you inherited from your mother far more: your hands & feet are markedly like her's & Grand-pa Goodwin's. The condition of your eyes I regret to say is largely due to the Hotchkiss School; I was not watchful enough of what existed there, that was only one of my mistakes.

I have been thinking that it is most inadvisable for a person to try to or even admit to, any sort of classification; mental attitude leads to the development of what is accepted.

Had I stopped to theorize on myself, it is doubtful if I should have pulled through the tense years.

I hope you will give me some explanation of the pictures that you did last winter, about when they will be sent to the Salon etc.

As before said, I think your skill is suited to portraiture, the paint-of me when at Cagnes seems to improve with time. You depict in it even the sultry condition of the weather. I wish you would get some sitter there & if an interesting person, it must make the work go easier.

Do you ever see the Archibalds or other Montrealers?

I am going to send to you by mail a lithograph of my portrait, and I seem to think you will appreciate having it. The frame is a perfect harmony to the chair, an old-gold tone, & is perfectly distinct from it by reason of it being corrugated. The painting is GREATLY improved by the frame.

As far as you can judge by this reproduction, what do you think of the style of the frame. I had it made here & the cost was \$19. How would that compare with Paris price?

Also, on French politics, taxation etc.

71 bis, rue de la Tombe Isoire  
Paris, April 20th (1926)

My dear Dad,

I am afraid I have been very slow in answering your letter of March 23rd. We were naturally very much taken up by all sorts of things when we got home, and we are only just beginning to breathe. Mr. St. Pierre arrived about ten days ago, with Fanny. I don't think I ever wrote that he was retiring from business and giving up his home in Outremont, because he has never expressed that intention, though he occasionally talks of it. But he has arranged his business so that he can stay away as much as he likes. He seems to have made a number of friends here, and he finds a good deal to do for he is out practically all the time.

We expect to make a short trip to St. Jean-de-Luz pretty soon to hunt for a summer house before they are all taken.

I suppose if I haven't said much about the subjects of my painting it is because I thought their nomenclature wouldn't mean much by itself. I have been intending to get some pictures photographed, but I have been waiting until I got them entirely finished, and that they were dry enough to be varnished (which is supposed to require a year). And I continue from time to time to find something more to do to them. In Hammamet I did a full-length painting of an Arab wrapped in his ber-nous, 2 girls' heads, 6 landscapes, and at Monastir I did a small view of the Kasbah, as well as some water-colours at Tunis and Sidi-bou-Saïd. At present I am working again on these canvases, which almost all require improvement.

I hardly know what you mean by "full recognition at the Salon". You know I don't send in to the Salon, only to the Salons d'Automne and des Indépendants. These do not give any recompenses. The Salon des Indépendants has been getting very poor, and I have given up sending to it. I have seen it. I have seen it since I came back, and there is little good work in it. Most of the better painters reserve their work for group or individual exhibitions, and I hope that I shall soon be ready for a "one-man show". I have a few paintings at the Vildrac Galleries.

Apr. 22nd.

I had to stop here, for we were going to dine at the Hugues' on Tuesday night. There were a number of people there, and we danced until late. The Hugues have a splendid apartment in the Isle St. Louis, with spacious rooms overlooking the Seine.

Yesterday I was starting again to write when I was interrupted by something else, and in the evening Mr. St. P. took us to the Olympia.

Your letter of April 5th & the "lithograph" have just come. I am very glad to get them, but if you will permit me I am going to criticize the latter rather severely. I take it to be a photolithograph very freely touched up by the operator, but I don't admit that any photographer has the ability or should have the impudence to take liberties with a decent painting. His business is to take an accurate photo of it, which is an extremely difficult thing to do, & which few are capable of. It requires technical knowledge and special apparatus to reproduce correctly tone values in polychrome. In this case, aside from false tones, the operator has taken the form out of everything by his gross retouches, and made my portrait look like a poor newspaper reproduction. A real lithograph of a work of art was made by an artist, & was therefore in itself a minor work of art; a photo or photolitho is made by improved mechanical methods, and its purposes is accuracy, but it takes American assurance to think that one can do something "artistic" by taking a bad photo and then making a worse mess of it by adding manual botchery to mechanical inability.

You see I haven't minced matters.

I should like very much, if you could get it done, to have a good photograph of your portrait, for the several reasons that you can imagine. The frame seems all right. As to the price, it is hard to judge without knowing the materials. If it is what they call here "baguette chimique", i.e. wood moulding and brass leaf, it cost double the Paris price. I shall try to get some photos taken before the summer of whatever canvases can be varnished, and shall send you prints.

I am glad you are again quite free from the effects of your infected tooth. I have been wondering if you wouldn't do well to get all of them or at least the dangerous ones, out, as Uncle James did. You said he was very satisfied at having done so.

The Arabic inscription on the vase I sent simply means "Nabeul", the name of the town where it was made.

If I were you I wouldn't attach too much faith to all you read in the newspapers regarding French unwillingness to pay taxes. If I had cut them out, I could have sent you quantities of clipping from various sources of an opposite sense. You must remember that even long before the war and present events total incomprehension of & lack of sympathy with the French was very general in America and England, and that such a spirit is aggravated by international difficulties. Also that there are 20 millions of German race in the states, and that they are carrying on intense anti-French propaganda. They find it easy to forget that a Frenchman can't turn around without paying all sorts of indirect taxes, which are unknown to Americans & English. Official figures seem to show that the French pay per capita heavier taxes in proportion to their incomes than any other people. Of course with the fall of the franc the taxes paid here don't increase much when calculated in dollars, but the franc means much more than 3 1/2 cents to a Frenchman; it means 6 to 20 cents according to the nature of his revenues.

One pays indirect taxes twenty times a day. I had to pay 12% *taxe de luxe* on the paintings I brought from Tunis, though there was no duty. Every sale of real-estate pays 15%, etc. ad infinitum. I have to pay state, municipal, & income dues. What the latter amount to I don't know yet; I have to see the "contrôleur" on Saturday.

I hope the length of my letter will make up for its delay. There have been such a lot of things to do since we got back. I am getting a new vaccine treatment against carbuncles.

Good night, Dad. Best love —

John.

P.S. Take one of the "lithographs" in front of my portrait, and compare the arm of the chair on the left, and all of the chair for the matter of that, and you will see the most flagrant aspects of the botchery I spoke of.

Paris, June 14th 1926

My dear Dad,

I haven't had a letter from you, but I got a number of the *Geographic Magazine* a few days ago. I sent you a couple of water-colours a few days ago, which I hope you got safely, and I wrote you a little later. I have been working a good deal on my Tunisian canvases, and am hunting frames for my Salon d'Automne canvases before I go away, so that I shall only have to come back to varnish them at the moment of sending in. I am also hunting for a model suitable to pose in one of the Arab costumes I brought back from Tunis, but it is hard to find the right type, and fat enough.

Everybody is leaving for the country early this year. Mlle des Garets has gone, Simon-Levy and the Hians go in a few days. Gimmi and the Mitarachis and Helen Hewitt go early next month. Gimmi is going to the Basque coast, and Sarejanni too, and we hope to see the Dupas there later on, as well as some other friends. We had a card from the Vildrac from Japan. They are on their way homewards now via Pekin and Moscow. We went to see Vildrac's new play "Le Pèlerin" at the Comédie française recently.

Mr. & Mrs. de Picabia, who spent last winter in Paris, arrived recently from New York. We had tea with them once, and last Saturday night we invited them to a dinner and theatre party that Mr. St. Pierre gave. He also invited his friends Dr. & Mrs. Lignac. M. Lignac is a banker & his wife the daughter of senator Michel. We dined at the Cercle Interallié, and saw "Mozart" by Sacha Guitry at the Théâtre Edouard VII.

Last Thursday Mr. St. P. & Dr. Lignac took us to the St. Cloud Golf & Country Club to a dinner-dance. Aside from these evenings and a dinner at the Sautter's at Bourg-la-Reine, we have indulged only in friendly visits, given & received. Poor Mme Hugues has been laid up for a month and a half with sciatica. She is beginning to recover at last. Loulou Dupas is also laid up with what may be scarlet fever, but the symptoms are vague.

There are two very fine exhibitions just now, one of Cézanne in aid of the Cézanne monument fund, the other of the Belgian painter James Ensor. It is the first time that a comprehensive view of the latter has been given in France.

I hope a letter from you will soon be forth coming.

Mr. St. P. sends his kind regards.

My best love, dear Dad —

Ever, John.

Paris, July 3rd 1926

Dearest Dad,

I am afraid that again it has been a long time since my last letter. I have been intending often to answer yours of June 4th, but I have been up to the ears in a composition, which has obsessed me even in my dreams. When one is brooding a thing of that sort there is no way of getting one's mind off it. Everything that one's senses perceive only exists as a suggestion of pattern, form or colour, and it is hard even to force on oneself a distraction, which one has to try to do occasionally as the only means of getting a rest. However I have now made up my mind as to a tentative study, and when that is done I will lay it away to ripen until next winter. The subject is a group of Tunisian musicians and dancers.

We expect to leave for Ascaïn in 9 or 10 days. Mr. St. Pierre has made up his mind to stay on in Paris until he sails in August. He hasn't quite decided how he wants to arrange his life, but Paris seems to please him for part of the year, and he talks now of taking an apartment here.

The house at Ascaïn seems fairly comfortable in spite of its ancient walls. It has running water (hot & cold), bathroom & central heating. It would be nice if we could have a visit from you there, for I am sure you would enjoy the beautiful country. The Atlantic climate is not debilitating like that of the Riviera, and with the car I could give you a chance to go about without much fatigue. September and October are usually fine months on the Basque Coast, and we have leased the house until Jan. 15th. so we can stay on as late as we like. I am sure that the region would please you much better than that of Cagnes, and we are only 15 minutes from St. Jean-de-Luz, and 1/2 hour from Biarritz & Bayonne.

I am glad to hear that you have a good dentist. I have an excellent one here, & he is keeping my teeth in such good shape that I have had practically nothing to do to them for the last year or two.

The photo of your portrait is very good, and gives a true idea of it.

I am sorry to hear that Jack is not well. I hope he may pull through.

I'm afraid I must have explained myself badly if you understood that we are giving up the apartment here. It is not ideal, but until something better turns up, we are lucky to have it. It is cheap for these times, though the rent is being raised to 5000. frs. plus 12% for the 6th floor, and 3300. plus 12% for the 5th.

It has been sultry with thunderstorms to-day after a spell of fine warm weather. I am tired & must go to bed.

Affectionate remembrance to Martha, & to you, Dad, ever best love.

John

Address: - Doria  
Ascaïn  
Basses-Pyrénées

P.T.O.

July 4th

I was just going to send this off when your letter of June 19th came.

The photos of Doria look very "soft" because they were taken at 7 o'clock p.m. on a cloudy day with hazy atmosphere. The country is not rugged until you get way up into the mountains, but it is vast, simple & very harmonious.

I have been intending for a long time to get photos taken of a number of my paintings, but I wanted to varnish them just to bring out the true values. And every time I take out a canvas to varnish it, instead of doing that I begin to paint on it again, & of course that postpones varnishing for a considerable time again. I have worked thus on almost all my good paintings lately, and those I did in Tunis are not dry enough yet to be varnished. However in September I shall have to varnish some for the Autumn Salon, & will get them photographed then.

I thought I told you long ago what "style" our car is. It is a four-seated touring-car. The seats are comfortable & we carry an auto-trunk at the back. It does 30 to 35 miles per gallon. Weighs 1100 kgs. You ought to come & take some rides in it.

I have just enough room left to say good-night.

Affectionately — John

Doria, October 17th 1926

My dearest Dad

I have your two letters of Sept. 22nd and 29th; the second came yesterday. I am very glad to hear that you are satisfied that you are making substantial progress. I thank you very much for your birthday wishes. To you 40 years means the turning point from youth to mature age; to me it seems more like that from middle age to old age. But the actual count of years means little, and in mind I don't think I am much older than I ever was-happily. But as one realizes that the flower of one's age is slipping away, one is seized with an almost frantic sense of the necessity of using every day and every hour to the best advantage in furthering one's progress.

I haven't been able to write these last days, for the weather has been just what I wanted for my work, and as I had two canvases going, they required almost continual preoccupation. In fact the problem during such periods of effort is how to get recreation without any fatigue of attention, and often without physical fatigue as well, when one has been standing up all day.

The question of exhibiting my work is one on which I have sometimes thought, but I have so far dismissed it on account of the expense which it would involve and on account of what Morrice told me of its uselessness in his opinion. You know he gave up entirely exposing there. And even after his death, while his pictures sold well at the London show, they sold poorly at the Montreal one. He has a reputation in Montreal (and not such a shining one either) because he was esteemed in Paris and London. And Montreal prefers his earlier work, while his later and far superior work, which his contact with French painters led him to evolve, is looked on askance. His family even wanted to destroy a number of his last canvases. Whether they did so or not I am unable to say. What do you think of that? Mr. St.P. bought for me at the Montreal sale two of these last pictures.

Certainly we are all very much interdependant in this life. The artist for instance is always at school his life long, and always finds things to learn from his confrères. It is important therefore that his lessons should be of the best, unless he is one of those rare geniuses, who seem to spring up out of time and space. And even then, when one investigates their lives closely one finds the influences that come to bear. Even Raphaël declared that he had acquired everything he knew by adapting what he learned from his contemporaries & predecessors.

I have two canvases done last summer at St. Jean-de-Luz at the Salon d'Automne, which opens on Nov. 5th.

I have no idea yet when we shall go back to Paris. The weather remains delightful, and I see no reason to leave yet. I am entirely guided by my work in the question.

The political situation remains pretty quiet while the houses are not sitting. The exchange is pretty stable preparatory to stabilization of the franc, but prices keep going up, and generally speaking have almost caught up with the exchange. Prices are from 5 to 7 times what they were before the war.

I hope to hear in your next letter that you are still making progress towards better health. Ever best love.

John

Paris, January 26th 1927

My dear Dad,

I have been trying to find a moment to answer your letter of the 2nd, but every day I have had to shelve half the things I intended to do. I was laid up for a couple of weeks with the grippe, and during that time so many pressing things accumulated that I have been completely submerged. I haven't been able to go to a single exhibition this month.

I am indeed sorry that your health had another set back. It is curious that after the septic condition is recurred the toxin should continue to invade the system. Couldn't you explain to me better what is taking place? It seems, however, as though most of the toxin should be eliminated now, and you must be glad to be able to eat some solid food with teeth that can't decay. I hope the return to normal conditions may be progressive and uninterrupted now. I am sure Martha's care is beyond all praise. No one could understand you or do as well as she does.

You say that you have lost considerable money in the last two years. I am very sorry to hear it, but you probably remember that when I was in California I advised you most strongly to keep out of such affairs. You replied that you were going in it only as an occupation, and that you were engaging very little money. I urged Martha too to discourage such interests, but she held that they were good for you, and said too that you were putting in very little money. Apparently I was the wisest. I know that you naturally have little esteem for my advice in such matters. It is true that I have no business experience, but I can sometimes recognize a crook when I see one. It is unfortunate that you are getting \$200. a month less than you should from the Holland. If I had \$200. per month reduction in income I should be getting exactly zero.

You ask if I am still dependant on associations to be able to work. Yes, and on many other things too such as a stimulating mode of life, congenial environment, intelligent comprehension, good humour, absence of depressing influences, competent recognition, etc. etc. etc. Your theory of the interdependence of all things and people finds here an excellent illustration. And even under these conditions the anxiety and doubt which are at times the artist's lot are about all that a human can endure.

I don't know that "*inconvenient houses and unfavourable weather attract me*". But beautiful houses although inconvenient, and stimulating surroundings, even though the weather be not perfect, do attract me. You must try to understand that for a painter convenience etc. are of only secondary consideration. He thinks firstly of whether it will be a fine place to work.

I asked you in a recent letter whether it was Aunt Annie's intention that I should know of her decision to leave me the Lyman furniture. I should like very much to know. I also asked you whether you had given or only lent those fine Starr portraits to Cleve.

I haven't the ghost of a notion as to where Murray may be. I haven't seen him for 18 months.

I have told you several times who the Hugues are, the last time when they were visiting us at Ascain. Hugues is the "*chef du secrétariat général*" in the Bank of France, and a writer as well. He is said to have a brilliant future before him in the Bank. They were both here last night, as well as the Welsches, and Charles Vildrac, the well-known poet and play-writer, and his wife, the well-known picture dealer.

I am finishing my summer canvases. Everyone thinks that my work has improved greatly in the last 18 months. I am considering at present an agreement with a picture gallery.

I hope you will be able to go to Montreal this summer, and I hope you will tell me as soon as you know whether you will be able to do so.

I must go to bed now, for it is getting late, & I was up very late last night.

Very affectionately,

John

71 bis, rue de la Tombe Issoire  
Paris, Feb. 13th (1927)

My dear Dad

I am very glad to hear that your health is considerably better, and I am sure that with the approach of spring you will, as you say, continue to improve.

I have got over the effects of influenza, and am very well again. By a severe discipline of working methods I am keeping my energy at a higher point than on the average heretofore. I went recently through a phase of horrible suffering from anxiety about the progress of my work, and consequent depression, but the criticisms of people who know, amongst whom a couple of painters recognized as among the foremost to-day, (who by the way don't exist in California) contributed to launch me in the direction of what will be, I hope, a new advance. You don't even half suspect in what measure progress in art depends on absolute submission to all the conditions that one's problems and one's personality impose. Often the artist himself is scarcely conscious of why he is dominated by the need of this or that. Fortunately he has his subconscious instinct, which is a surer guide than any reasoning voice.

My dear Dad, I have no doubt that the California climate is excellent, and I understand that you consider it a question of the first importance, but for an artist climate alone is very little. There is another sort of atmosphere that is far more important, and you scarcely seem to suspect its nature. You know, of course, that such a thing exists, since people talk about it (usually without knowing what they are talking about) I might say in a rough way that it consists partly in an attitude of mind, which is at the antipodes of yours or that of Americans generally. When California does become an art centre, or the people show that they have even a ghost of a notion of what genuine art is, we will take the subject up again.

As to the comparison with Murray, I prefer to pass it by. He was born what he is. There was a taint (thank God!) in the Goodwin family, and I have enough of it to be abnormal in a fertile way.

I don't think anyone can give me points on having an interest in life.

I have often thought of selling my painting, as you saw in my last letter, but I hope I may never think of "commercializing my abilities". I see too often the results of that, men abandoning their artistic integrity from necessity or from the lure of success. I could name several of great promises who lost the real incentive as soon as that of success came to them. But of course it is a satisfaction to sell to people of discrimination. Perhaps that is what you mean. I hope to soon be able to tell you if an arrangement with a dealer to make a modest beginning in that way.

I hoped to be able to squeeze this letter in between my outing yesterday afternoon & dinner, but Yanni came to dinner & Simon-Levy afterwards, so it had to stand over till this eve. - Monday.

I hope your next letter may bring still better news of your health.

Ever affectionately

John

P.S. What are "the great laws" that rule humanity? Cézanne was a millionaire, never had to earn a centime, yet he was the hardest worker that ever lived & became one of the greatest painters. How do you explain it? And a dozen other great painters who were born on Easy Street? How do you explain them? Glad to hear that Cleve is coming over. Shall look forward to seeing him.

Feb. 15th/27

My dear John;

I am sorry to learn by yours of Jan. 26th that you have had influenza; had you not told me so I think I should have suspected it - judging by the tone of the letter. The Paris climate seems to compete with London along that line, furnishing germs with opportunity. Newspaper reports mention the number of deaths in G.B. as running up to 600 or so per week.

About my own health, it was a weakness & mistake of mine in having told you anything about the close call I had. To partially answer your question about re-intoxications etc, after carrying poisons in circulation for such a number of years a "habit" was established which delays return to normal functioning. The false-teeth are quite a help in eating solid foods, yet the gums remain too tender to bear much pressure.

Doubtless a trip to Montreal next summer would help re-establish my condition & have a wholesome mental effect; but I am not very optimistic about myself. *"The mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small & if they have nothing else to grind they must themselves be ground"*. Each of us seem to be small mills.

For years it had been a hope that circumstances would develop so that I sh'd have you near when my strength & courage ran low: now it seems quite impossible. Your dependence on others was unforeseen, but what is must be accepted, habit will help me to the last.

As to my understanding of your attainments, it seems necessary to remind you that I have had little opportunity to see for myself what you have done, my portrait & a couple of Tunisian paintings (subjects not in themselves of interest) are about all recently seen. On the qualities of the portrait I feel convinced you might succeed at portrait painting. The drawings which you have sent at different times I often study with satisfaction: the latest, of Doria, is a charming composition & the finished picture sh'd attract people.

How far you have succeeded I have to accept what you yourself write: you will realize on second thought that I want to believe in your accomplishments & to have favourable news from you is good medicine for my health.

It does not seem necessary explaining about financial troubles; the man you saw here proved false, as you suggested he was. My loss through his was not much, & there was a compensating condition in the matter: it resulted in bringing suitable connection to a sterling fellow who came here with a delicate wife. As to your business opinions, devoted artists are not supposed to waste time on such minor things.

Aunt A - gave no intimation of whether the matter of old, Lyman furniture sh'd be mentioned to you or anyone else: I hardly care to enquire by letter about it. If in Mont'l next summer there may be a chance to find out.

In sending the item about Chas. Russell I thought you would be interested humanly at least in so original a character; he certainly was not in any degree a copyist. The small lines were about what you once said to me.

I sincerely hope that you will have entirely recovered from the flu before this gets to you: there is in Laxative Bromo-Quinine the most effective remedy yet discovered; always have it on hand.

A considerable experience is back of this recommendation, it is not just a druggist's theory.

This winter has been very unlike any that I have experienced here; we have had a good deal of Bermudian-style clouds & wet. The humidity has often run up about 80% of a possible saturation; the temperature has also been averaging lower because we have seldom had clear, bright days. How widely

different the mountains are from the summer you sketched them, now they are green & dark. Although the storm effects over them are grand, I shall be thankful when we again have the perfection of sunshine which is the usual & normal of this country.

Two weeks ago M. Allardice & his (second) wife came up to pay me a visit, he is employed in a Finance Co. office here.

My young fox-terrier, we call him Pat, is very interesting; I think his motions more graceful than any dog I have seen; he throws a ball or orange up & catches it, turns backwards with almost the same ease as forwards etc. when passive there is vitality expressed in attitude & face. I think I sent you some photos including him; but you never have remarked about any of the photos forwarded at different times, - do you feel interested in seeing these things with which I am living?

That wire-haired fox you had at Cagnes was a nice dog; it seemed cruel for you to turn him over to strangers, disregarding his affection.

Reverting to your letter, I want to again say that I feel great sympathy with you in having the grippe in that climate, I know it depresses the mind with the body: but I want you to re-read my letter of Jan. 13th and re-adjust your thoughts. I grind myself hard when so much alone & what I said was meant to express doubts of my own actions & the effect I had on your life. In future years it would be impossible for you to be able to write such words as that "reproachful allusions" from me. At any rate, who but a father who has given generously of himself, may make suggestions?

I see things now which I did not years ago & you certainly will reach view-points as you advance in years, which were not suspected previously.

When I first read your letter it stabbed me, but I tried to feel with you & to excuse it. Some time, in after years, the understanding of certain things will be surprising to you.

I can understand that your social contacts & the time taken by your wife absorb much of your strength & shorten working hours; - whether or not to advantage you only can know.

Possibly the enclosed draft may make for convenience.

Hoping you will have got free of the germ of "flu" before this reaches you.

Affectionately

A tired old father

Where is Mr. St. Pierre this winter?

#### DYING WISH OF CHARLES L. RUSSEL, COWBOY ARTIST, TO BE GRANTED IN FINAL CEREMONY

GREAT FALLS (Mont.) Oct. 25 (AP)

In accordance with one of his last requests, a horse-drawn hearse, in storage for fifteen years, will replace the motor car in conveying the body of Charles M. Russel, famous western painter, to its grave here Wednesday. Russell, internationally known as "the cowboy artist," died last night.

Born in St. Louis March 18, 1865, Russell as a lad 15 years of age, came to Montana. For two years he hunted and trapped, mingled with frontiersmen and indians and acquiring a knowledge of their customs and dress that later was to make his painting famous for their detail. As a cowboy and "wrangler" his love for horses was born.

Deserting the range in 1892, he moved to Great Falls where he went seriously about the work of painting which hitherto he had confined chiefly to caricature work. As he matured he depicted on canvas many of the scenes of the ranch, mining camp, hunting and indian villages that he knew and loved.

Recognized as an authority on western life, Russell's paintings have been in demand all over the world. The first collection is owned by Malcolm McKay of New York City. The Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught also possess originals, while the Saskatchewan legislature at Regina has accorded a canvas by the American artist, a place of Honour in the Provincial capital. Many prominent Americans also own Russell paintings.

The artist leaves a wife and son Jack here and a brother, S. Ben Russell and a sister in St. Louis.

Was not this man more of a creator than one who had opportunities ? <sup>1</sup>

He wasn't a creator at all, for he wasn't even a painter worthy of the name. And probably he was given a robust constitution, which is the greatest of all opportunities.

I don't quite grasp what you are driving in these continual reproachful allusions to the opportunities you gave me. Have you no satisfaction in having done what you could to make something worthwhile of me ? But no opportunities can make a poet of a man who is not born a poet. Do you feel now that I wasn't born with the necessary gifts, or that I don't strive to develop them ? It is rather bitter amid the encouragement of other people to find that one's own father alone feels dissatisfied.

Does this apply to me ?

## STIFLED DESIRE

The most dangerous - the most devastating cancer that can eat into your soul is stifled desire of one sort or another.

A man who is really and truly certain he wants to spend his life hunting butterflies should do so at any cost. <sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Coupure de journal insérée dans la lettre.

<sup>2</sup> Coupure de journal insérée dans la lettre.

**PURCHASER'S RECEIPT**

Dear Sir: We have this day sold you a draft on

LYONNAIS

*Name of Foreign*

PARIS, FRANCE

*Name of Foreign City and Country*

No 55962

Date FEB 14 1923

2000 Francs

79.25

*Foreign amount of check*

In favor of John G. Lyman

*Name of payee*

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
of Pasadena, Calif.**

By \_\_\_\_\_

\$ 3.95

*Rate sold*

\$ 79.25

*Equiv. in U.S.*

Purchaser — J. G. Lyman

Address —

Paris, 1st March, 1927

My dear old Dad,

Why is it so difficult for us to avoid misunderstanding? Your letter of Feb. 13th certainly shows a supposition as to my sentiments that is very far from fact. Otherwise you could never have written that it was a mistake and a weakness in having told me about your health. I can't understand it at all, and I think the mistake is quite elsewhere. If my wishes count you will keep me informed much more regularly and immediately. It isn't necessary to write a letter, just a few lines as often as you can to keep me in contact. And do stop that awful grinding and turning over of everything past and present and supposing that everything is all wrong and ought to have been otherwise. We are all born with a certain assemblage of spiritual and physical elements, which determines our course, and even conditions the will, which we like to think free and in control of our destiny.

You say that what you wrote in your previous letter was meant to express doubts of your own actions & the effect you had on my life. I am sure that I didn't understand it otherwise, but don't you see, dear Dad, that if in letter after letter you seem to regret what you did for me, it also seems evident that you are dissatisfied with the results. When you say that you believe you did wrong in saving me from having to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, you are surely dissatisfied with what I am. And do you realize that my brow and my soul sweat as much as those of many bread-earners? If you had done otherwise, do you think you would be more satisfied to see me a very inferior and dissatisfied business-man than a fairly able painter, and as much a slave to my job as I am to my calling? After all one can't exact success of any one. If he works as sincerely as he can, the rest depends on his endowments and on time.

I had a visit last week from the editor of an art review who organizes exhibitions. He asked me to contribute two landscapes of Ascaïn to an exhibition entitled "Les Quatre Coins de France". (The four Corners of France) at the Galeries Germinale. I also had an invitation to exhibit at the "Salon des Tuileries" in April. The Salon des Tuileries is a small closed society, which invites a certain number of artists of its choice to exhibit at its annual show. It is considered the best and most exclusive Salon. I haven't yet received the visit from the dealer who was to come to see my work. I believe he is away in the South. I hope these things may be the entering wedge of reputation, but they will have to be followed up with persistence, otherwise all will have to be begun over again.

There is no reason in the world to enquire of Aunt Annie's intentions in the matter of the furniture. All I wanted to know was whether she had expressed them in her letter to you.

It is a mistake to think, as you say, that "*my social contacts and the time taken by Corinne absorb much of my strength and shorten working-hours*". On the contrary they contribute largely to my working ability. I can't imagine what suggests such ideas to you.

I do hope your health will continue to improve, and I hope you will be able to take a trip to Montreal in the summer. I should be very pleased if you could, because I could so much more easily manage to go to stay with you while there. (I have to think of producing work for the Autumn exhibitions. You know even better than I do that when one is beginning to get a footing one can't afford to let one's wares be forgotten.) I might be able to help you, too, in doing something about the Holland apartments. However keep me posted frequently, if only by a line, as to how you are.

I am sorry in a way that you sent the draft for Fcs. 2000. in that particular mood, but I don't want to let that interfere with my thanks. I will imagine that it is a birthday or Xmas present, if you don't mind.

I like very much to get your Kodak photos, & I think I have said so several times. Perhaps I forget to speak of them each time.

It is very late, & there is a boat to-morrow, so I must close.

Ever your affectionate John

March 15th/27

My dear John;

Yours of the 1st. inst. made pretty good time coming & I am acting on the suggestion of writing oftener, if not at length. It certainly is good news that things with you are reaching points of satisfaction; for it has been a long period of waiting for me. It probably was unwise that I realized my accumulating age & felt anxiously for evidence of accomplishment. "*To grow old gracefully is one of the most difficult in the great art of living*", — & I must acknowledge my short-coming in that art.

While the fact is evident, some excuse for it may be found in health conditions ?

For several weeks I was not well, with accompanying depression and physical weakness. Now I seem better & as the weather brightens I shall try to be in harmony with it. This has been the wettest & dullest season I have experienced here & while it is good for vegetation I don't allow to being herbaceous. I rather think you might enjoy studying clouds, with their relation between visible points as to distance etc., but I seem to need the tonic of sunshine & clear atmosphere.

This year's precipitation has amounted to about 24 inches so far, & is over double any recent season.

I am very much interested in the proposed exhibition of paintings of Les quatre coins de France. It seems fortunate that you have subjects which are suitable & that your work is recognized as worthy of aristocratic society: & further to exhibit at the Salon des Tuileries. In case you have photos of your pictures can you send me prints ?

In regard to Ascaïn; I want to say that I framed the drawing of Doria & hung it in my upper room where I can study it easily; and I may tell you the drawing, as well as composition, is charming, - different from any previous work.

If the finished picture is in harmony with the drawing then it must be your BEST production?

In regard to the Holland, I had an offer for it & telegraphed to accept it, but to the present have heard nothing more: I do not know if Cleve has gone away, but he had intended going early this month. The manager of the Morgan Realities is a good book-keeper, but I fear his ability is limited in practical matters.

It seems now as if I shall be well enough to go East this summer: but at 76 one has not the independence of a younger man. Being so much alone leaves me time to analyze, consider & reconsider - quite too much. I shall look forward to the trip more if you can be there too. I cannot yet decide as to a date. Should expect to stay about a month.

Martha is feeling pretty well now, but she had a cold & was not right for a few days last month.

I had a letter from Mr. St Pierre, in answer to a letter I wrote him some weeks ago, suggesting a trip out here - if he was not going abroad. He is such a golfer that he would get plenty of exercise & company here. He said he expected to go to France next month for a trip. If you go to Montreal can you bring another toupet for me ? I shall need to specify size & shade.

Your loving father.

(stamped 4th) F. Lyman  
Paris, May 3rd 1927

My dear Dad,

Your letters of April 8th & 18th were received with pleasure. I am delighted to have such good news of your health. You will no doubt soon be able to decide when you will be able to go to Montreal. However I have to look ahead on account of the necessity of booking passage long before sailing & of planning work, I have decided to cross in the latter half of July, and I hope that date will suit you

Henry & his wife were here about ten days ago. He finally called us up on the phone, and we had them to dinner, & afterwards took them to the café at the Mosque. They were to take a trip to the Italian Lakes, & were to be back in Paris on Sunday.

Cleve, Bessie & Lorraine arrived a few days later, & we took Cleve to the vernissage of the Salon des Tuileries a week ago to-day, and afterwards all of them took tea with us at the Cercle de l'Union Interalliée, of which Corinne is a member. Cleve told me of his difficulties with the would-be (or would-not-be) purchase of the Holland Apartments. He has to deal with a slippery Jew, and seems to be doing all he can in your interest.

Cleve hasn't much to say in favour of my having an exhibition in Montreal. He thinks it improbable that I could even make my expenses, & bringing over enough canvases would cost a good deal. I can manage with not making much with them, but I am not in a position to afford losing much. Everyone seems to be of the same opinion on the matter. However, a Montreal picture dealer is coming here in June, & I shall be able to talk the matter over with him.

You said about the same thing with regard to Murray Williams wanting to buy a picture the last time I was in Canada, but when I went to see him no request to see my work was forthcoming. Few Canadians have even yet learned that J.W. Morrice was an honor to his country, and in a class by himself as far as Canadian art goes. Henry's wife was much surprised & rather shocked when I uttered that opinion. She thinks Cullen & Brymner better! It seems incredible, but such is the case. Even Canadian painters try to say that Morrice was not really a representative of Canadian painting, in order not to see themselves diminished by comparison, the perfidious brutes!

I am very glad to hear that the Stan portraits were not given to Cleve. I am not more demonstrative of my attachment to heirlooms than to people, but my affections are pretty well anchored.

Cleve liked my canvases at the Salon des Tuileries, & thought I had made considerable progress. He & Bessie & Lorraine are on a motor tour of Normandy now. We are having superlative Spring weather.

I am working with model. Have just finished a small canvas & am about to start another.

On Saturday afternoon we motored to Dourdan & Etampes with the Hians, and on Sunday with the Hugues & Mlle Hang (sister of the director of the Strasbourg art gallery) to Gisors. The country is exquisite, & these outings do me a lot of good. The new car is a Morris-Léon-Bollée, 12HP. (French count), closed, 5 passenger car. We - or rather Corinne - bought it second-hand after running 6000 Kilometres, 35,000. frs. It is stout, comfortable & well-sprung.

Enough for now. As always, dear Dad, my best love, & an affectionate message to Martha.

John

Paris, May 5th (1927)

Dear Dad,

Your letter of April 21st came just after I sent my last letter to you. I am glad that you feel able to make plans, and that you will travel with the Scotts. You did well to let me know as soon as possible, for it is almost too late already to get passage for the end of June. We are trying to get it for the 25th of June.

Shall order the toupet immediately.

Cleve has just been here this afternoon. He seemed to like my work, & spoke a little more optimistically of an exhibition in Montreal though he thought there were slight chances of selling much at the first show.

He leaves for England in a couple of days.

In haste & with love

John

May 20th/27

Dearest Son:

Only two days ago I wrote, enclosing a draft on Paris, & now your letters of the 4th & 6th are rec'd - three weeks is rather good speed for mail to make the journey.

I am interested to learn that you had both Henry & Cleve, with their worse halves, & that you could show them about a bit. Cleve certainly must have been pleased to have been at the vernissage of the salon des T. - and have your ideas of the "art-world" of Europe.

In reference to you having an exhibition of pictures at Montreal, my suggestion is to defer it for another year at least: to try to get ready for the coming fall would take considerable time (& expense) and would not allow you to do yourself justice.

If you can conveniently carry two to four canvases, preferably of the same size, with you it may be enough for this trip. Quite possibly work you are not fully satisfied with might suit the taste of some, even better than your last & best. If you have all of a size then a single frame will answer to show them in.

Regarding the works of Morrice & the local men, as Bremmer, Cullen, etc. . . you know few people in Canada have had the opportunities to make careful comparison: with only such limited ability as Mr. Abbott to give advice & make criticisms, the ordinary citizen is not stimulated to study & learn.

A casual glance over pictures is not enough, people MUST become intimate with an artist's production to realize it's quality.

By constant experience the eye grows expert & quick, - you must understand better than I can, how it is. Henry's wife may have her good points but they could not be in the line of art; I knew her father & mother well & understand about the sort of capacity she inherits.

When you do have a showing of paintings in Canada, it might be well to have at least two "exhibitions", one in Mont'l & the other in Ottawa; - using the same pictures for both - those that might be sold could be marked "sold" & transferred to the second place with the rest.

I sh'd say Nov. & Dec. the most favourable season.

Considering that the Holland cost nearly \$70,000., the figure that Jew arranged to pay was very small; but, in view of the over-built condition of the city, it seemed advisable to let it go at that. With the heavy repairs & two suites vacant last year I was without anything from it, almost "out" on carrying the property. If I might manage it myself, it would be different.

Yesterday a letter came from Uncle George, & he says Aunt Grace has just had a cataract removed from the right eye; last year she had the same experience with the left eye - pretty trying. They both feel the loss of Marian, & the manner of her death. I may go to Biddeford to see them. Their summer house is at Grand Beach.

I am glad you now seem to have a confidence in your powers, it will give an advantage you have lacked.

Hope you have accommodation for June 25th ?

Outremont, Oct. 15th. 1927

Dearest Dad,

I have had your letter of the 5th for several days without finding time to answer it. You will have learnt by my last that what you say about it being politic for me to be at Johnson's most of the time concurred with my own view, and I have gone there morning & afternoon every day. But all to no avail. This has been the last day, and not a thing is sold. It is of course a great disappointment, but not at all surprising when you know that soi-disant connaisseurs have in their collections paintings by unheard of Dutchmen, illustrious only, in the shops of picture dealers in Montreal, for which they have paid 2 or 3 thousand dollars, and a fine & big painting by Morrice is going begging at Scott's for \$700. However I am not in the least discouraged, and I hope you won't be when you hear a little of the circumstances. Of course I have a better criterion than the Montreal public, but let us talk of Montreal only. In the first place I have been very ill-served by Johnson. I lay it down principally to stupidity & short sightedness. This is a sample of what has happened daily. A friend of ours goes to see my exhibition only. She asks questions & tries to make the salesman talk. He is quite able to when he wants to, but he hems & haws and winds up by saying "*Of course you know this sort of stuff doesn't appeal much to people here. Won't you go upstairs and see the fine things we have there ?*" And when she comes down: "*I thought you would like that.*" And I have heard & seen enough myself to believe her testimony verbatim. Now the encouraging thing is that, in spite of my failure to sell, Scott & Son asked spontaneously to give them some canvases, saying they thought they would be able to dispose of them. And Watson also has agreed to take some, and to give me an exhibition in his galleries next year. One always has to try a thing once before one knows how to go about it.

I note what you say about the disposition of the property, and I hope it will satisfy all laws & regulations. Uncle James said he thought it the most regular way of arranging it. He said he has had a letter from you telling him of your intention. As to the power of attorney, have you considered it from other angles except that of not wishing to oblige me to travel ? It seems to me rather premature to know what might be best to do when the time comes to make a decision as to disposal. Moreover I think we both expect and fervently hope that I shall be with you when that time approaches. There are many other lesser reasons. It would scarce be wise to sell the house in a hurry before I should have had time to see to the very proper & careful renewal of the heirlooms, - furniture, portraits, china, etc., and there will be formalities that will have to be complied with before they can be taken out of the country. I confided this to Mr. Gibb, & he said he quite got my point.

The SS. Alonnia sails from here. She is a Cunarder, a sister ship to the one we came in.

Uncle James spoke hopefully to me, too, of the Holland Apts. He says that as long as that property makes its expenses, though the revenue be small, it is better not to sacrifice it.

Aunt Emma fell the other day & broke her hip-bone. She suffers little now & has practically no fever, but that is an accident that seems to be usually of a fatal though slow outcome in old people.

Another remark about my exhibition, the subjects that seemed to attract most, in their respective order, are ①Nude & draped figures②Tunisian landscapes & Canadian landscapes. The familiarity of home landscapes, and the appeal to the imagination of very exotic scenes, each have their weight. If Watson keeps his promise of giving me an exhibition at the end of 1928 & I can get enough work done, I shall have to come back next year, and do some more Canadian stuff. And I shall have to work devilishly hard.

I must desist now. I hope to be able to answer Martha's letter to-morrow. Then you musn't expect another letter from me until we sail. For I am going to have 50 000 things to do next week, distributing my canvases, paying my losses, packing & saying good-byes.

Ever best love,

John

Uncle James & Aunt Anna sail on the 29th from N.Y.

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Third block of faint, illegible text, showing further details or a separate section.

Fourth block of faint, illegible text, continuing the narrative or list.

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Inédits de



## Expositions

### The Thirtieth Spring Exhibition:

Private View, March 25, 1913, at the Art Association on Sherbrooke street. cf. Spic. 1.

- A Brunette. (photo: spic. 1, p. 9).
- Humoresque - a Circus.
- Wild Nature. - "The lake" - (photo: spic. 1, p. 5).
- Bagatelle. (a cottage).

### 1913, From May 21st to 31st, 1913

Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings by John G. Lyman, in the Galleries of the Art Association.

### Catalogue

Avant-propos: Corinne St. P. Lyman.

42 - from 1908 to 1913, & dessins.  
df. Spic. 1, p. 19.

7 - apparently not exhibited.

cf. Spic. 1, p. 25. *Star*, 23 mai 1913, critique de S. Morgan-Powell.  
ou p. 19.

### 1908

1. French essay, no 1.
2. Canadian essay, no 1.

### 1909

3. French essay, no 2.
4. French essay, no 3.
5. French essay, no 4.
6. French essay, no 5.
7. French essay, no 6.

### 1911

8. Swiss Essay, no 1.
9. Swiss Essay, no 2.
10. Swiss Essay, no 3.
11. Swiss Essay, no 4.
12. Swiss Essay, no 5.
13. Swiss Essay, no 6.
14. Essay on a swiss village.

15. Swiss Impromptu, no 1.
16. Swiss Impromptu, no 2.
17. Colour Fugue.
18. Bagatelle, no 1.
19. Notion of Miss.\*\*\*
20. 1st word on a plaster cast.
21. Bagatelle no. 2.
22. Adventure in ocre.
23. Floral caprice, no 1.
24. Floral caprice, no 2.

#### 1912

25. 2nd Word on a plaster cast.
26. Canadian essay, no 2.
27. 3rd Word on a plaster cast.
28. Nude Girl, Scherzo.
29. Nude Girl, Largo.
30. Floral sensation.
31. 4th World on a plaster cast.
32. Humoresque.
33. Novelette in pink and yellow.
34. Canadian essay no 3.
35. Rural sensation.
36. Wild Nature Impromptu, 1st State.
37. Wild Nature Impromptu, 2nd State.
38. Improvisation.
39. Canadian Essay, no 4.

#### 1913

40. Golden sensation (portrait de Mad. Lyman).
41. Carmencita Maria Teresa.
42. Adventure in coral.

Drawings.

#### 1927

April, 26th vernissage.  
Salon des Tuileries, Paris. cf. J I.

#### 1927,

Oct. 1st to 15th.  
Exhibition of recent paintings and drawings by John Lyman.  
The Johnson Art Galleries Ltd, 634, Ste. Catherine St. West.

Catalogue

- 33 paintings .
- drawings in portfolio -
- picture of "In the Pyrenees".

cf. Spic. 1, p. 27, catalogue .  
p. 29, coupures de journaux, (2).  
dont 1 du *Star*, sig. S. Morgan-Powell.

1. Ile Bizard .
2. Ile Bizard .
3. Ile Jésus .
4. Sault-au-Récollet .
5. The City .
6. The turn of the road .
7. The farm .
8. Lac noir .
9. L'Assomption river .
10. In the Pyrenees .
11. Morning on the Nivelles river .
12. Afterglow on the Nivelles .
13. Vence-en-Provence .
14. Chapel of Ste. Anne, St. Tropez .
15. The Luxembourg Gardens .
16. The Arab philosopher,
17. Hammamet, Tunisia .
18. On the Gulf of Hammamet .
19. Tunisian Girl .
20. Tunisian Girl with a Derbouka .
21. The Marabout's Tomb .
22. The Kasbah of Monastir .
23. The approaching Storm .
24. The New Moon .
25. The Beach, Hammamet .
26. By the open Window .
27. Interior,
28. The stocking .
29. Girl with a pearl necklace .
30. The Hammock .
31. The Sunny Room .
32. The Book .
33. The Bead necklace .

**1931 Feb.**

Exhibition of Paintings by John Lyman, at the Art Galleries of W. Scott,  
& Sons 1490 Drummond street, Montréal.

cf. Spic. 1, p. 31 catalogue et coupure de journal .

1. Coming out of Mass (St. François, Isle of Orleans) [15F] .
2. Moulin du Crochet (Laval-des-Rapides) [6F. G.P. \$90.] .
3. St. Martin. [6F, J. Heaton] .
4. Buck wheat and Thunder [6F] .
5. Pumpkins [6F, H. Longtin] .
6. Fisherman. (St. Vincent de Paul) [6F] .
7. First Touch of Autumn. [6F] .
8. Rivière-du-Chêne [6F] .
9. Rivière des Mille Isles [6F. St. P \$90] .
10. Farm House [6F] .
11. Apple-tree [6F] .
12. Flowers [6F] .
13. Wayfaring Gipsies (Andalusia) [2 of Dr. Barber] .
14. Caballero (Almeria), 1st version [canvas 33" x 27"] .
15. Caballero (Almeria), 2nd version [paper, 25F] .
16. Carabinero [6F] .
17. Almeria (towards sea) [16" x 9"] .
18. Almeria (towards hill) [6F] .

19. Rambla de la Chanca (Almeria) [25F].
20. Barrio de las Melazas (Almeria) [6F, Mme Gadbois].
21. Oasis (Andalusia)[6F, Oliver \$90].
22. Malaga [6F, Oliver, \$90].
23. La Rabita (Andalusia) [6F, John Humphries].
24. Aquilas [18" x 10"].
25. Alicante [18" x 10", Mme Rubio].
26. Isabel Jesus at the Ba-ta-clan (Barcelona) [22" x 20", St. P.].
27. Regatta (San Sebastian) [6F, Watson, \$90. now E. Vaillancourt].
28. On the Beach (St. Jean-de-Luz) [Orange umbrella, 22" x 18"].
29. On the Beach (St. Jean-de-Luz) [medecine ball, 22" x 18"].
30. On the Beach (St. Jean-de-Luz) [beachtents, 6F, (W.A.B. jr.)].
31. On the Beach (St. Jean-de-Luz) [14th July, 6F, Acer \$90].
32. Socoa Fort (St. Jean-de-Luz) [6F Commd't Quedrue ?].
33. Basque Landscape [6F].
34. Urrugne [6F].
35. St. Pée [6F, St.P. \$90].
36. Portrait of the Pianist R-M- [2of].
37. Portrait of the Artist [32" x 18"].
38. Nude [6F].
39. The Model [10F, L.J. Tarte, \$200].

1932: Henry Morgan's Galleries: André Bieler, Marc-Aurèle Fortin, Elizabeth Frost,  
 Edwin H. Holgate, George Holt, John Lyman.  
 cf. Spic. 1, p.33.  
 30 mars (?) jusqu'au 9 avril .

57. Portrait of F.G.L. Esq.	-n.f.s.
58. Leila -	350.
59. By the window.	175.
60. Portrait of J.E.H. Esq.	-n.f.s.
61. The Beach .	160.
62. The Flagstaff, Bermuda .	150.
63. Still Life .	150.
64. Hibiba .	150.
65. Portrait of Mrs. W.A.B. Jr.	-n.f.s.
66. Ile Jésus .	50.
67. The Pearl Necklace .	125.
68. Sunday Morning .	100.
69. Yellow landscape, Andalusia .	80.
70. Hammamet .	80.
71. The Road .	80.
72. La Frenière .	50.
73. St. George's, Bermuda .	80.
74. Isle of Orleans .	60.
75. Socoa, Basque Coast .	80.
76. St. George's Bermuda.	20. water colour
77. Orio, Spain.	20. water colour
78. Sidi Djedidi .	15. drawing
79. The Abandoned Nymph .	15. drawing
80. Tunisian Village .	15. drawing
81. Nude Sitting .	15. drawing
82. The Pines .	15. drawing
83. Nude Reclining .	15. drawing
84. The Divan .	15. drawing

85. Nude Kneeling .	15. drawing
86. Arab Woman .	15. drawing
87. Sewing .	15. drawing
88. In the Pyreenes .	15. drawing

cf. 3 coupures de journaux .  
*La Gazette, the Star, La Presse .*

1933 Morgan, 6e étage. Exposition de groupe: André Bieler, Elizabeth Frost, George Holt, John Lyman, Goodridge Roberts, cf. Spic. 1. p. 35, 37, 39.  
 4 photos - jusqu'au 13 mai.

35. The Airplane (cartoon for decorative panel) .	300.
36. Souvenir of Spain (id.)	250.
37. Nu incarnat .	330.
38. Nu ivoire .	280.
39. Petit nu .	100.
40. Carmela, Spanish Dancer.	200.
41. The Beach .	100.
42. Threshing. (s.: Watson).	100.
43. La pinède .	200.
44. Figure Skating .	200.
45. The River (s.: Eliz. Fisher) .	80.
46. Courbes accordées .-dessin-	12.
47. Salome . -dessin-	10.
48. Salome . -dessin-	10.
49. Cat. -dessin-	10.
50. Arab Village. -dessin-	10.

cf. 4 coupures de journaux, dt 1 sig. Reynald (*La Presse*).

1936: Valentine Gallery, 69 east 57th street, New York. May 14 - May 28.  
 "Paintings by John Lyman". cf. Spic. p. 41 .

1. Marcelle .
2. Brown girl .
3. Nadia .
4. The Lake .
5. Flowers .
6. Hayfield by the Lake .
7. The Lake in Autumn .
8. The Beach .
9. By the Window .
10. Portrait of Mrs. John Bird (Lent by Mrs. John Bird) .
11. Renée .
12. Fleurette .
13. Jeannette (lent by G.R. McCall, Esq.) .
14. Hill Farm .
15. Saw Mill .
16. River Road .
17. Lac Supérieur .
18. Sunday Morning .
19. The Board Walk .
20. The Bath .
21. Helen .

- 22. Costume 1890 .
- 23. Interior .
- 24. St. George's Bermuda .
- 25. Arab Girl (lent by Mrs W.A. Black, Jr.) .

cf. 1 coupure de journal, plus 1 photo: *The Art News*, May 23, 1936.

**1937:** Arts Club Exhibition, Victoria street. Feb. 3 (?) through Feb. 19.  
 Eleven painters, Prudence Heward Alexander Bercovitch, Sarah Robertson,  
 Mabel Lockerby, John Lyman, John Humphrey, Fritz Brandtner Goodrige  
 Roberts, Jori Smith, Jean Palardy, Marion Scott.

cf. Spic. 1, p. 43 (coupure de j., *The Gazette*, sig. John Ayre) - also  
*The Montrealer*, Feb. 15, 1937. sig. John Ayre.

- a nude .
- two landscapes (Laurentian) .
- a self portrait.

**1937** W. Scott & Sons .  
 Exhibition de Peintures par John Lyman du 6 au 20 février 1490 Drummond .

cf. Spic. 1, p. 43, (1 coup. de pr. *The Gazette*, sig. John Ayre) .

- Lake serie. (Variations on the lake) .
- Nudes . p. 49, *Saturday Night* ((13/3/37) by G. Campbell McInnes
- Portraits .
- Saw Mill .
- Road by the River .
- Snow on Trembling Mountain.
- Road to La Conception .
- Railway by Lac Mercier.
- Two Crosses.
- Epilogue.
- Farm at Snodown.
- Presage.
- Beach, St. Jean-de-Luz
- Log Jam.
- Oats
- Head of a man.
- Threshing
- Girls on the beach.
- Reading.
- Lassitude .
- Costume 1890.
- Marcelle.
- Girl with red hair.
- Lady with white collar.

**1937** Greater Texas and Pan American Exposition, Exhibition of painting.  
 Dallas, Texas, from June 12th to August 25th, 1937.

cf. Spic. 1, p. 43.

- Costume 1890.

*The Gazette*, Mtl Sat. Sept. 4, 1937: "Mr. Lyman has the distinction of being the only Canadian invited to contribute to the exhibition arranged by the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts as part of the Exposition. Leading artists of the United States, Mexico, Central and South America are represented in the show."

#### ART ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL

Catalogue of the Fifty-sixth, Spring Exhibition, March 9th to April 2nd inclusive, 1939.

LYMAN, John

204 - Before the Bathe .

3625 Oxenden Avenue., Montreal .

\$225.00

1939 McGill University, Faculty Club, Musical and Art exhibition, Sunday, April 2nd, 1939.  
Exhibition of works by John G. Lyman.

cf. Spic 1, p. 49.

1. By the Window .
2. Arab girl .
3. Habiba .
4. Portrait of the Artist .
5. Portrait of Jori Smith in Costume .
6. Portrait of Mrs. L.C. Marsh .
7. Portrait of The Artist's Father .
8. Lassitude .
9. Déshabillé .
10. Flowers .
11. Figure Skating .
12. Procession .
13. Still Evening .
14. Haying by the Lake .
15. Log Jam .
16. Lac Supérieur .
17. Girls on the Beach .
18. The River .
19. Black Creek .
20. At Sundown .
21. Three on a Log .
22. The Serial .
23. Dean Birch .
24. Road to La Conception .
25. Montagne d'Argent .
26. Girl on a Crimson Carpet .
27. Marcelle .
28. Boardwalk, Verdun .
29. Les Abatis .
30. Dead Tree in Autumn, I .
31. Dead Tree in Autumn, II .
32. Snow on Mont-Tremblant .
33. Threshing .
34. Lachute Fair, water-colour .
35. The Two Orphans, water-colour .
36. Drawing .

Lent by H.M. Morgan Esq.

Lent by Mrs. W.A. Black, Jr.

Lent by Mrs. M. Seymour.

Lent by T. Grier, Esq.

Lent by G.R. McCall, Esq.

Lent by G.R. McCall, Esq.

Lent by Miss E. Fisher.

Lent by Miss E. Fisher.

Lent by W. Watson, Esq.

Lent by W. Watson, Esq.

Lent by P.H. Cumyn, Esq.

Lent by J.H. Heaton, Esq.

- 1941 Première exposition des Indépendants du 26 avril au 3 mai/41. Galerie Municipale, Foyer du Palais Montcalm, Québec, Canada, (Cat. 10) Org.: M.A. Couturier, O.P.  
[P.E. Borduas, Mary Bouchard, Stanley Cosgrove, Louise Gadbois, Eric Goldberg, John Lyman Louis Mulstock, Alfred Pellan, Goodridge Roberts, Jori Smith, Philip Surey].

cf. Spic. 1, p. 55

- 25. Aux Bermudes .
- 26. Tunisie .
- 27. Portrait de l'Artiste .
- 28. Tête d'homme .
- 29. Marcelle .
- 30. Plage Laurentide .
- 31. Route Laurentide .

- 1941 Chez Morgan, exposition de peinture indépendante organisée par le P.M.-A. Couturier. (vernissage: 16 mai) Artistes membres de la C.A.S.

cf. *Le Petit Journal*, 18 mai 1941.

c.-r. par Lorenzo Côté.

- Self Portrait .

cf. p. 41 Invitation (Peinture moderne, M.A. Couturier, O.P.) et catalogue Spic. 1. p. 55.

- 1942 Exposition de la Société d'Art contemporain à la Galerie des Arts.

cf. Spic. 1, p. 57. coup. de *La Presse*, 14/11/42, sig. Pierre Daniel (aj. au cr. Robert Elie).

- un nu .

- un paysage.

- 1944 Exhibition at the Dominion Gallery. Period from 1913-1943. 18 mars '44 au 1er avril '44.

cf. *Mtl Gazette*, March 25/44.

- 1913 { The Apple Tree .  
Varengeville: bl. - roofed pink bldg. w. wh. window frames.  
Swiss Landscape.

The School under the Fig Tree, Tunisia 1921 .

Le Minaret Hammamet, 1921 .

- 1925 { Arab Philosopher .  
Sur la Terrasse .  
Monastir, Tunisia .

- 1929 { Andalousie Jaune.  
Village basque .

Aleazaba, Almeria .

Snow on Mount Tremblant .

Black Creek, w. a train rounding a curve.

cf. *Mtl Standard*, March 18/44 .

Lac Mercier .  
Lac Ouimet .  
Self Portrait .  
John C. Hoare .  
W. St-Pierre .  
Portrait of his father (cf. *Gazette*, 25/3/44.) .  
Costume 1890 .  
Lady with white collar .  
Arab Girl .  
Interior .  
Hitch-hikers .  
Poète .  
Habiba .

Laurentian sketching { Threshing .  
Lake before storm .  
Hill Farm .  
En chaloupe .

Au tournant de la route .  
Presage .  
Lassitude (negro nude).  
L'école sous le figuier (Tunisia, 1921) voir fiche 1.  
Garden by the sea .  
Procession .

cf. *La Presse*, Sam. 18 mars '44, critique sig. Paul Joyal, Spic. II n.p. (7).

Lac, soir, calme .  
Nu au tapis cramoisi .

coll. M. Emilien Gadbois  
coll. M. Maurice Gagnon

cf. *Le Devoir*, le 21 mars 1944 "L'Exposition Lyman". sig. Eloi de Grandmont.

- Anémones .  
- By the window .  
- Voie ferrée au Lac Mercier ? (Est-ce le même que Lac Mercier?) .  
oui, cf. coup. Spic II, *Gazette* 25/3/44 .

cf. *Le Canada*, 18 mars 1944, art. sign. M.H.

Jardins du Luxembourg, 1923.  
Water-colors also included .

cf. Spic. II, coup. de la *Gazette* 25-3-1944. (p. 11) n.p.

#### 1944 "Adventure in Art" show held at Eaton's Toronto Galleries .

cf. *Sat. night*, Oct. 28, 1944, sig. Paul Duval.  
Spic. II. n.p. (p. 25) (Group exhib.) .

John Lyman .  
- Marcelle (illust. in art.) .  
- Oriental (figure study) .  
- Presage (symbolical canvas).

1944 Exposition de la Société d'art contemporain à la "Dominion Gallery of Fine Arts". (2e année) ca nov. 1944.

John Lyman: prés.  
- Portrait du Dr. Dumas.

cf. Spic. II, coup de presse, *Le jour*, "C.A.S. 1944", 18 nov. 1944,  
sig. Charles Doyon (p. 17, n.p.).

1945 John Lyman .  
Goodridge Roberts .  
Les philosophes de Sainte-Croix à l'occasion de la Saint-Thomas d'Aquin.  
du 4 au 14 mars 1945.

cf. Spic. II, cat. n.p. (p. 27)

1. Hitch-hikers .	\$ 150.
2. Jeune fille en rose .	\$ 150.
3. Scierie Brébeuf .	\$ 85.
4. Les Abatis .	\$ 85.
5. Rivière Rouge (aquarelle) .	\$ 30.
6. Présage .	\$ 250.
7. Anémones .	\$ 120.
8. Poète .	\$ 150.
9. Portrait, Dr. Paul Dumas .	\$ 100.
10. La lecture .	\$ 130.
11. Femme au Col blanc .	\$ 150.
12. Orage au large Tunisie .	\$ 75.
13. Paysage aux Arbres morts .	\$ 85.
14. Le lac avant l'orage .	\$ 85.
15. La Foire, Lachute (aquarelle) .	\$ 40.
15. a) La Rousse .	\$ 80.

1945 March 5 - March 14.  
Exhibition of John Lyman & Goodridge Roberts - The Externat Classique .  
Ste-Croix, 3820 Sherbrooke St. East.

cf. *Mtl Star*, March 3/45 .

1945 A selective historical exhibition of Painting in Canada.  
Albany Institute of History and Art 1946 Legislative Preview and Reception,  
Jan. 9th.

cf. Spic. II, (n.p. p. 37) .

1945 Contemporary Art Society at Eaton's Galleries in Toronto.

cf. Spic. II, N.P. (p. 39) *Saturday Night*, Nov. 10, 1945, Paul Duval.

- P.E. Borduas, Jacques de Tonnancour, Pierre Gauvreau, Fernand Leduc, Philip Surrey, Allan Harrison, Marion Scott, Jori Smith, John Lyman, Eric Goldberg, Charles Daudelin, André Jasmin, F. Bonin, J.P. Mousseau, Léon Bellefleur.

- Stella .

- Dr. Paul Dumas.

1946 Annual exhibition of the Contemporary Art Society, held in the Lecture Hall of the Art Association of Montréal. 14 fév.

John Lyman, Goodridge Roberts, Louis Muhlstock, Jack Beder, Louise Gadbois, Philip Surrey, Eric Goldberg, Mabel Lockerby, Marion Scott, Fanny Wiselberg, Jacques de Tonnancour; Jeanne Rhéaume, Daudelin, P.E. Borduas, etc. . . .

cf. Spic. II n.p. Coup de pr. *Gazette*, Feb. 2, 1946 (p. 39).

- Portrait of Jane Parkin, (illus. Spic. II) *Standard* .
- Portrait of a woman.
- L'embarcadère (décrit ds l'art. de la *Gazette*).
- Fleurs regardant le lac. (illus. Spic II) *La Presse*.
- Pencil drawings.

1946 Exposition annuelle de la Société d'Art contemporain, Dominion Gallery.

John Lyman, P.E. Borduas, Goodridge Roberts, Louis Muhlstock, Lucien Morin, François Leduc, Marion Scott, Jacques de Tonnancour, Pierre Gauvreau, André Jasmin, Roger Fauteux, J.P. Mousseau, Eric Goldberg, M. Lockerby, F. Wiselberg, E. Seath, Louise Gadbois, Denise Gadbois, Betty Sutherland, J. Beder, Piercy Younger, Jeanne Rhéaume, Peggy Doerubach Anderson, C. Vermette, M. Desroches, B. Mousset, F. Bonin, Léon Bellefleur, Marcel Barbeau, J.P. Riopelle, Sybil Kennedy (sc.) J. P. Tremblay (sc.).

cf. Spic. II n.p. (p. 43) coup. de Pr. *Le Canada*, jeudi 21 nov. '46, sig. Charles Hamel.

- La robe verte . illust. dans l'art .
- Lake Massawippi V.
- The Band Concert.

1947 Unesco: International Exhibition of Modern Art.

1947: The Gallery, 73 Albert street.

An exhibition of 25 new paintings by John Lyman, November 17th to the 24th.

cf. Lyman's file (Ottawa, NGL, libr.) Ottawa, Ont. *The Journal* nov. 19, 1947.

- Verdure II (corner of lawn w. Summer House nestled in trees) .
  - Saw mill at Brébeuf.
  - House by the lake .
- Massawippi series, 15-

1947 Dominion Gallery .

John Lyman - Louis Archambault .  
Du 23 avril au 3 mai.

cf. Spic. II, n.p.

4 coups. de pr. dt I sig. Charles Doyon  
*Mtl Star*, 28-04-47, sig. H.P.B.

JOHN LYMAN Paintings

1. Hugh MacLennan .	1946 25" x 30"	\$ 350.
2. Verdure .	1947 30" x 24"	350.
3. The Hammock under the tree .	1912 24" x 30"	275.
4. The green dress .	1945 27" x 24"	300.
5. Pink nude .	1946 22" x 27"	350.
6. The blue House-coat .	1945 18" x 28"	300.
7. Still life with fruit .	1946 16" x 25"	225.
8. Russian tulips .	1947 20" x 24"	200.
9. Negress .	1945 17" x 24"	300.
10. The Board-walk, Verdun .	1935 21" x 22-1/2"	200.
11. Portrait of the artist .	1945 22" x 20"	200.
12. Bouquet and lamp .	1946 22" x 18"	180.
13. Breakfast .	1945 22" x 16"	175.
14. Band concert, North Hatley .	1946 17" x 21"	200.
15. Still life with vegetables .	1946 16" x 20"	150.
16. The white blouse .	1947 20" x 16"	175.
17. Sarah .	1945 20" x 16"	175.
18. Lake Massawippi XI .	1945 16" x 20"	165.
19. Autumn, Lake Massawippi .	1946 13" x 20"	120.
20. Magog .	1945 15" x 18"	130.
21. The open door (reproduced) .	1945 18" x 15"	130.
22. The dock, Lake Massawippi .	1945 15" x 18"	125.
23. Hydrangeas and birch tree .	1945 18" x 15"	120.
24. Lake Massawippi II .	1944 15" x 18"	100.
25. Lake Massawippi IV .	1945 18" x 15"	125.
26. Lake Massawippi V .	1945 18" x 15"	120.
27. Lake Massawippi IX .	1945 15" x 18"	125.
28. Lake Massawippi X .	1945 15" x 18"	120.
29. The dining-room .	1945 15" x 18"	125.
30. The lake before the storm .	1942 15" x 18"	110.
31. Laurentian Hills .	1940 15" x 18"	100.
32. Threshing .	1933 18" x 15"	125.
33. The blue blouse .	1946 18" x 14"	130.
34. The Garden .	1946 14" x 18"	125.
35. Equestrian Act .	1940 15" x 16"	120.
36. Cloudy sky .	1931 13" x 16"	90.
37. "A la disposición de Vd." .	1931 5-1/2" x 7-1/4"	40.
38. Verdure II .	1945 7" x 5-1/2"	50.
39. Hydrangeas .	1945 7" x 5-1/2"	45.
40. The horse fair, Lachute .	1940 5-1/2" x 7"	40.
41. Lake Massawippi XIII .	1945 5-1/2" x 7"	50.
42. Lake Massawippi XVII .	1945 5-1/2" x 7"	50.
43. Lake Massawippi XXII .	1946 5-1/2" x 7"	50.
44. Lake Massawippi XXV .	1946 5-1/2" x 7"	50.
45. Lake Massawippi XV .	1945 7" x 5-1/4"	45.
46. The red cow .	1946 5" x 7"	45.
47. Lake Massawippi XXIII .	1946 5" x 7"	50.
48. Yellow trees .	1946 4-1/2" x 7"	40.
49. Lake Massawippi XII .	1945 4-1/2" x 7"	50.
50. Lake Massawippi XXIV .	1946 4-1/2" x 7"	50.

April 23 to May 3 Ten A.M. to six p.m.  
 Dominion Gallery. 1448 St. Catherine.

1949 Peintures de John Lyman, Guy et Jacques Viau - décorateurs - ensembliers  
425 ouest, blvd St. Joseph, Outremont, vernissage le 19 mars - 30 mars.

cf. Spic II, n.p. (p. 49-51) 2c. de pr. dt I sig. Adrien Robitaille (*Le Devoir*).

Env. 2 douz. de toiles, paysages et natures mortes de fleurs, 2 croquis de nus au fusain, un nu à l'huile.

- Adolescent, fusain.
- Orientale, huile.
- Paysages: 1 au lac Ouimet.  
env. 10: au lac Massawippi.  
La Véranda.

1949 March 19 - March 30.  
Exhibition of paintings by John Lyman, at the Galleries of Guy & Jacques Viau,  
425, St. Joseph Blvd.

1950 The Eastern Group.

Eric Goldberg • John Lyman •  
Goodridge Roberts • Philip Surrey •  
Painting and Drawings, January 28 to February 16 .  
Montreal Museum of Fine Arts 1379 Sherbrooke St. West.

cf. Spic. n.p. (pp. 53. 55) 3 coupures de presse.

19 oils & drawings.

- The Burning Bush (oil) - Fall landscape -
- Going up the Hill (oil) .
- Band Concert (ill. ds Star) .
- Vacation (man lounging on verandah) .
- Summer Morning .
- Tulips and Torso.
- Young Girl in Blue (oil) - Portrait - ill. in Standard.
- Carol (oil) - Study of Y. woman -
- Berryng (girls in green, red, and yellow. Dresses in Blueberry patch).  
(half a dozen drawings in brush and ink, wash & pen) .

1950 "Canadian Painting"  
Exhib. arr. by Nat. G. of Canada, at the National Gallery of Art,  
U.S.A. Smithsonian Institution. Opening 29th of Oct. 1950.

cf. Spic. II. n.p. (p. 57) invitation.

1951 Watson Art Galleries  
1434 Sherbrooke St. W.  
until Nov. 24.  
John Lyman & Philip Surrey .

cf. Spic. II, n.p. (p. 59). 1 coup. de presse. *Gazette*, Sat. Nov. 10/51.

- Bathers on the Dock. (ill. l'art.) .
- On the Beach .

- The Sewing Room (seated woman).
- Lac Ouimet (bathers in and out of water) .
- Breakfast (seated woman pensive) .
- The Yacht Club.
- Boat Race, North Hatley .
- Summer (fig. <sup>S</sup> on water-edged shore, shrubs) .
- The Berry Pickers .
- Young girl in Blue .
- Oatfield in the Hills .
- Lake Massawippi, the Fine Points .
- Barnston Pinnacle .
- North Hatley .
- Still Life with Mallows .
- Bouquet, Blue Background .
- Zinnias .
- Zinnias, Yellow Background .
- Peonies .
- Self-Portrait in Pencil .
- Varied subjects in ink.

1952 Arts and Crafts Exhibit, McGill. Opening Jan. 26th 1953.

cf. Spic. III n.p. ( p. 3)

2 photos publ. dans le *McGill Daily*, et le *Star* ? (27 janv. 1953).

The Hitch-hikers (ill.) .

1952 Main building of MacDonal College, Ste-Anne-de-Bellevue, until Feb. 15.  
paintings & drawings.

cf. Spic. II, (n.p.) (P. 59) coupure de pr. *Gazette* Feb. 2/52 .

1953 "Some Modern Canadian Painting".

Loan exhibition at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. (Aug.): John Lyman, Goodridge Roberts, Stanley Cosgrove, Jacques de Tonnancour, Eric Goldberg, Louis Muhlstock, Ghitta Caiserman, Eldon B. Grier, William Armstrong, Jeanne Rhéaume, Marion Scott, Jori Smith, Agnès Lefort, Louise Gadbois, P.E. Borduas, Alfred Pellan, G. Tondino, Paul V. Beaulieu, Mary Bouchard, Jean Dallaire.

cf. Spic. III, n.p. (p. 3) coupure de presse: *The Gazette*, Aug. 8, 1953.

- St. George's Bermuda .
- Nude .
- Troubles (nude man & w. seated on edge of bed).
- Beach, Lac Ouimet .

1954 Mi-avril, Lycée Pierre Corneille, (14-25)  
40 dessins de John Lyman .

cf. Arts et pensée, no 17, mai-juin 1954, p. 157.

M.B.A. acquiert une encre: "Le liseur et les sirènes".

cf. Spic. III. n.p. (pp. 4-5) *The Herald*, Mtl Apr. 17/54 Gallery Notes by C.G. MacDonald.

*La Patrie*, Avr. 20/54. sig. Pierre Saucier.

- *Notre Temps*, 17-04-54.

- *Le Journal musical Can.*, Juin 1954. p. G. Viau.

- Le peintre et son modèle.

- Reprisage.

- Baigneurs sur un radeau.

- Le liseur et les sirènes.

- Femme sans tête.

- Nu debout.

- Nu dansant.

- Nu accroupi.

- Nu penché en avant.

- Nu dans la cabine.

- Nu sur un divan.

- Vigne sauvage (encre).

- La fête Arabe.

Les Palmiers à Sidi Djedidi.

- Le Perrou (fus. plus cr.).

- Biriadou.

1955 Dominion Gallery. Oct. 5 to oct. 22. - 60 paintings.

{ Barnston Pinnacle.

{ Lake Massawippi, Bright Morning.

→ purch. by Nat. G. of C.

Blue Morning (Lake Massawippi).

Sundown.

September Light.

Vacation.

Regatta.

Waiting for the Wind. (ill. Spic. III).

cf. Spic. III, n.p. (pp. 11-12-13) coup. de pr. *Star*: R. Ayre. plus ill.

- *Gazette*, ill.; *Rev. des Arts et Lettres*, R.C. 4 oct. '55.

The yellow dress.

Young Girl in Blue.

The Farmer's Daughter.

Lady with White Collar.

Woman with Beret.

Girl in pink.

Blue eyes.

By the Open Window.

Self-portrait.

Bouquet and Lamp.

Hydrangeas.

Flower in glass pitcher.

Day Lilies.

Zinnias.

Tunisia no 1. (ill. spic. III).

Burning Bush.

The Pink Cloud.

The Lake.

- 1955 Exposition de peinture canadienne, H.E.C. → jusqu'au 30 nov.  
dans l'ancien Musée de l'Industrie, rue Lagachetière.
- Lyman: deux tableaux.
- cf. Spic. III. n.p. (p. 14).
- 1956 Exhibition (collective) in the restaurant plus barracks on St. Helen's Island.
- cf. *Mtl Star*, June 8/56
- Vacation - man sitting on a rocking chair, wearing a cap.
- 1963 John Lyman, Hamilton Art Gallery.  
62 oils, water colors & dr. selected by Edward P. Lawson.
- cf. *Hamilton Spectator*, Nov. 9, 1963.
- Also shown at the N.G.C.
- 1963 Dominion Gallery, Montreal.  
Exhibition of the paintings by John Lyman which the Dominion Gallery  
has acquired from the artist over the last twenty years.
- until nov. 15.
- 1964 Septième exposition annuelle et vente d'encre canadiennes sous les auspices du comité féminin  
du musée des Beaux-Arts de Montréal.  
- du 13 fév. au 24 fév.
35. Lyman John: The Grenadines, \$ 300.
- 1966 Dominion Gallery. (cat.)  
Exhibition coincide w. the Retrospective exhibition at the M.F.A.  
Intro. Guy Viau.  
71 works - 13 repr.
- cf. Cat.
- 1966-67  
Exposition itinérante à travers le Canada, organisée par le Musée du Québec.  
Cat. réalisé pour le Musée du Québec et le Musée d'Art contemporain.  
Préf.: Philip Surrey.
- 148 oils plus 46 water colors plus drawings.
- 1968 April:  
Paintings of John Lyman Confederation Center Gallery.
- cf. *Charlottetown Patriot*, P.E.I., April 6, 1968.

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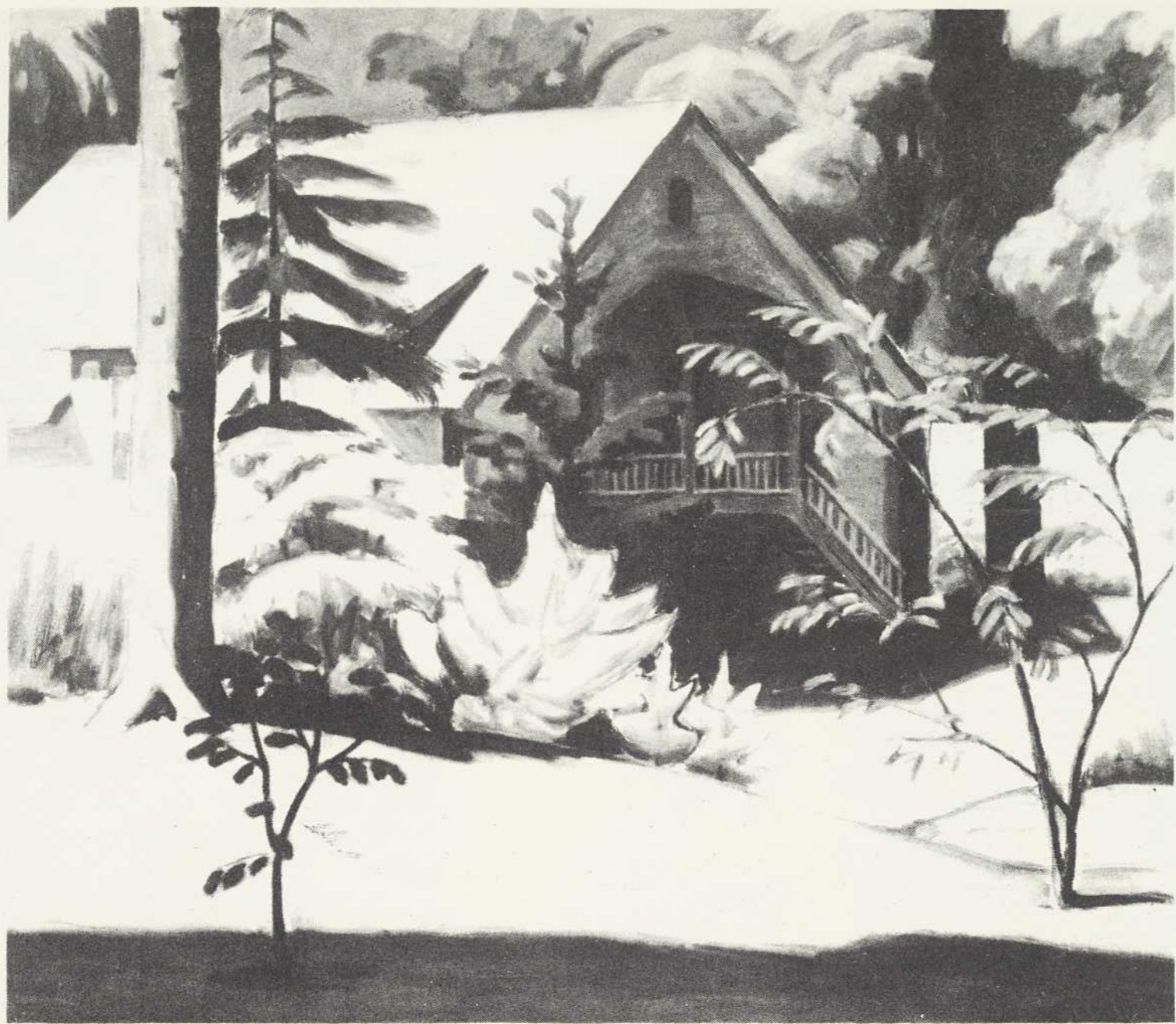
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Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.



Paysage à North Hatley II

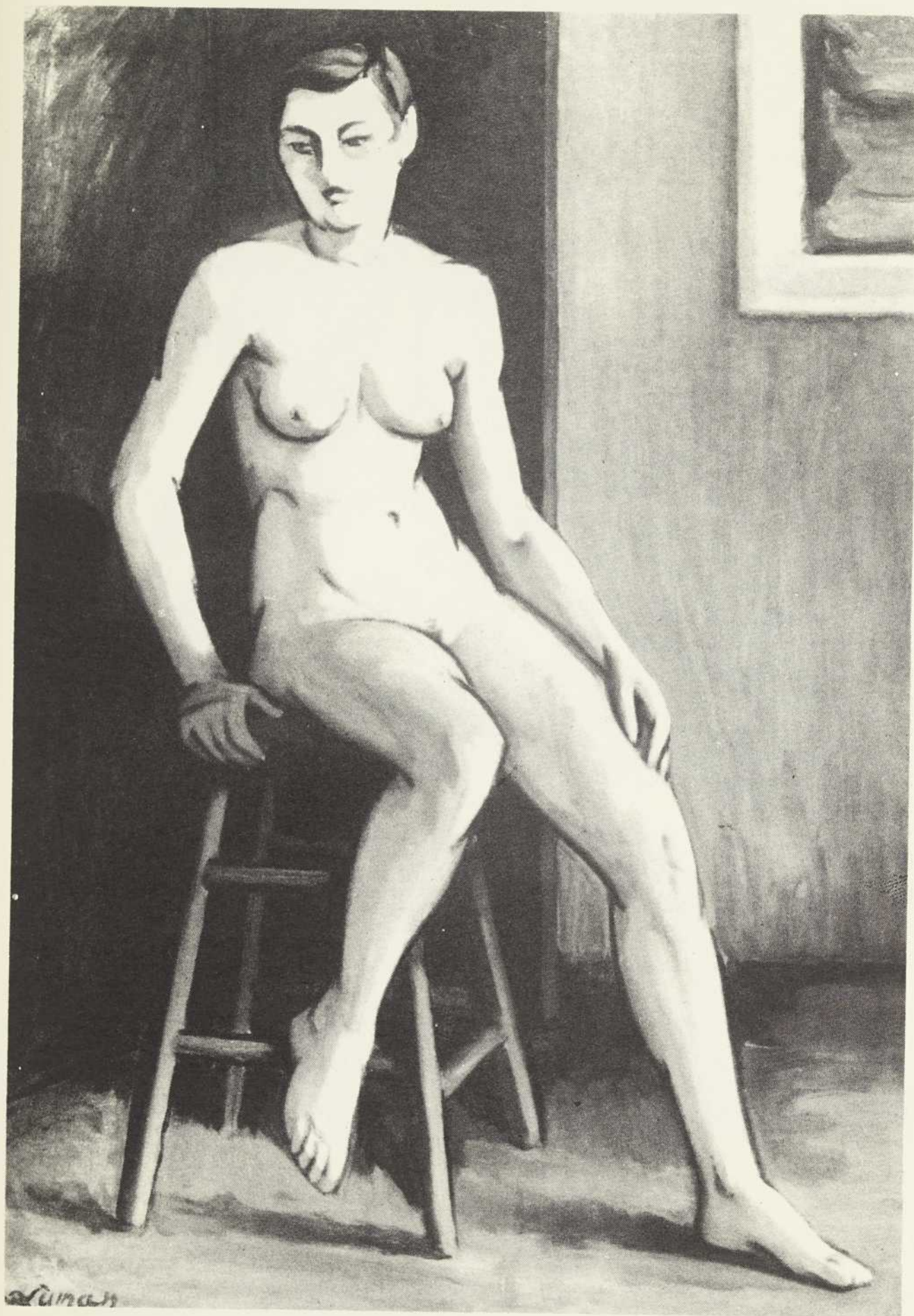
1875





La cabane rouge au lac Massawipi



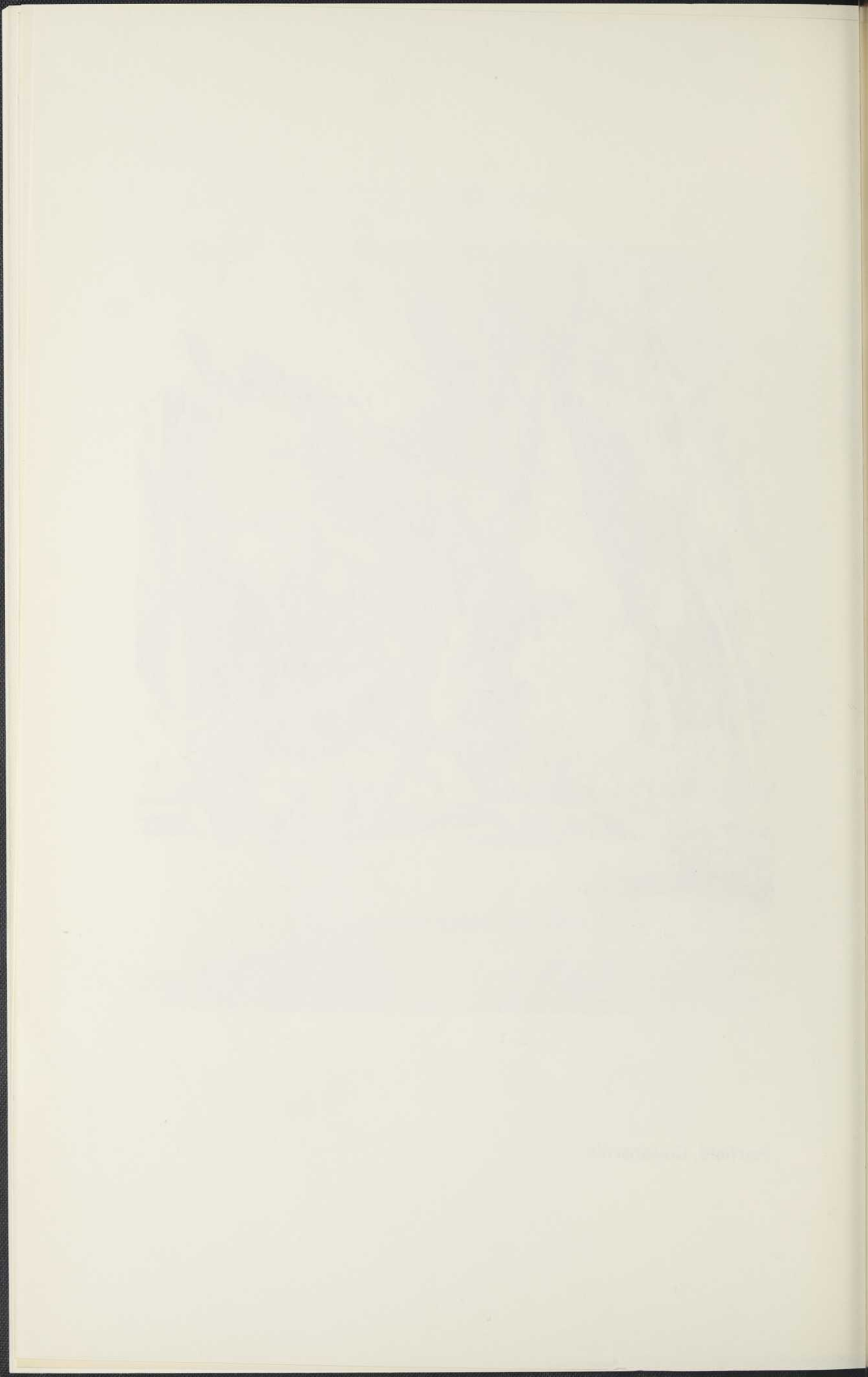


L'adolescente





Fairfield, Cowansville





La lecture (The Serial)



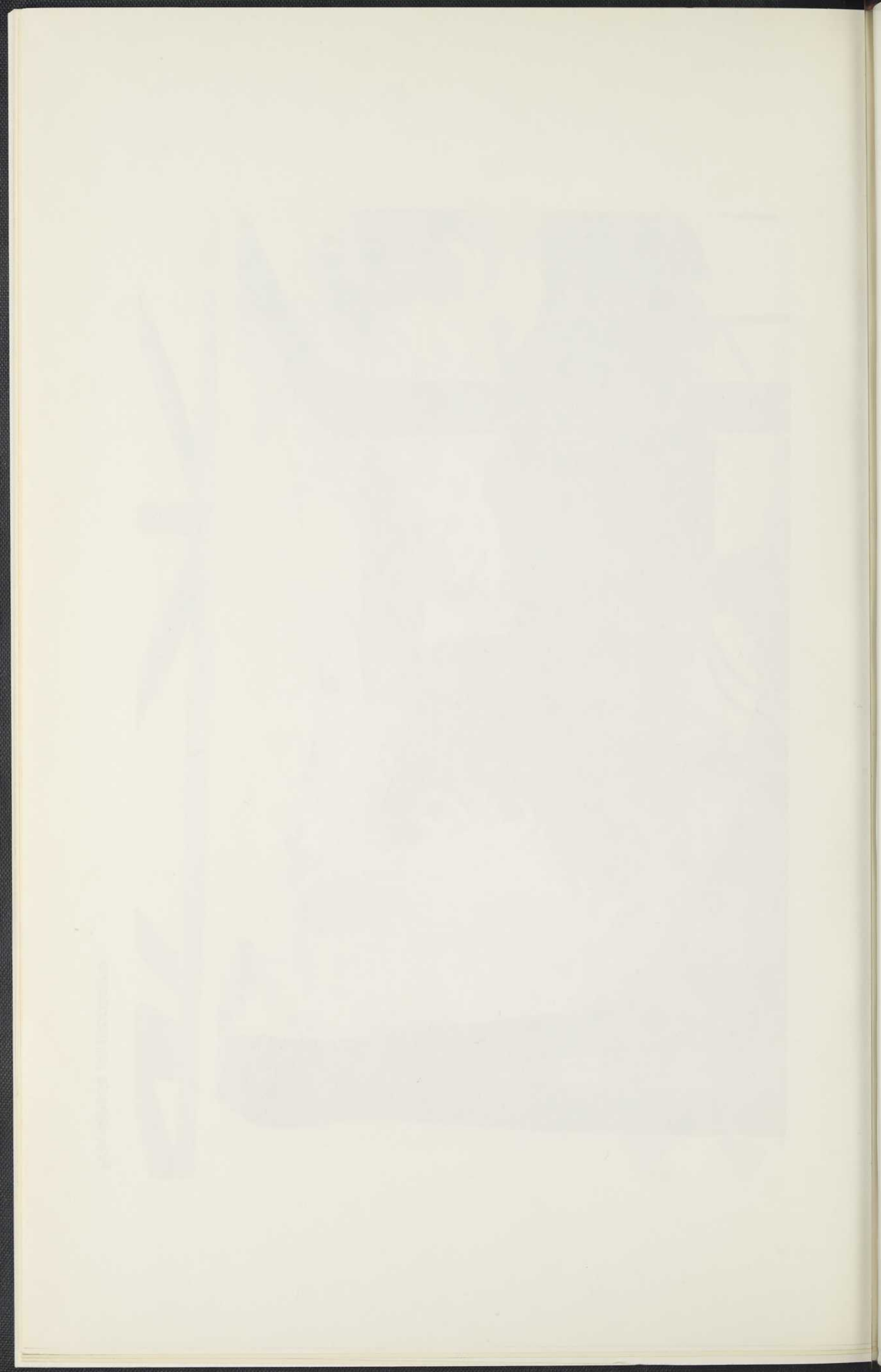


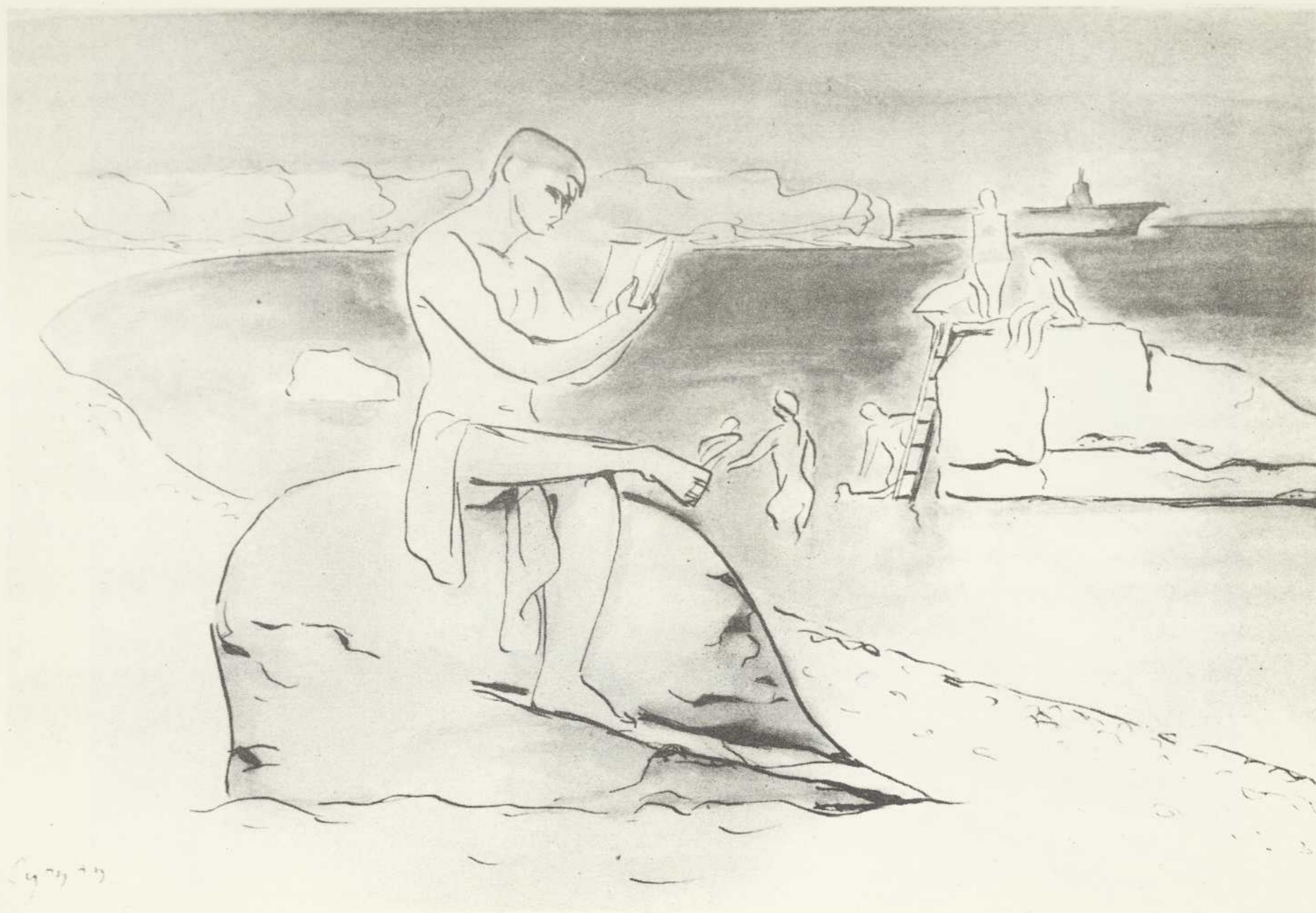
Maisons de Paris





Promenade en montagne



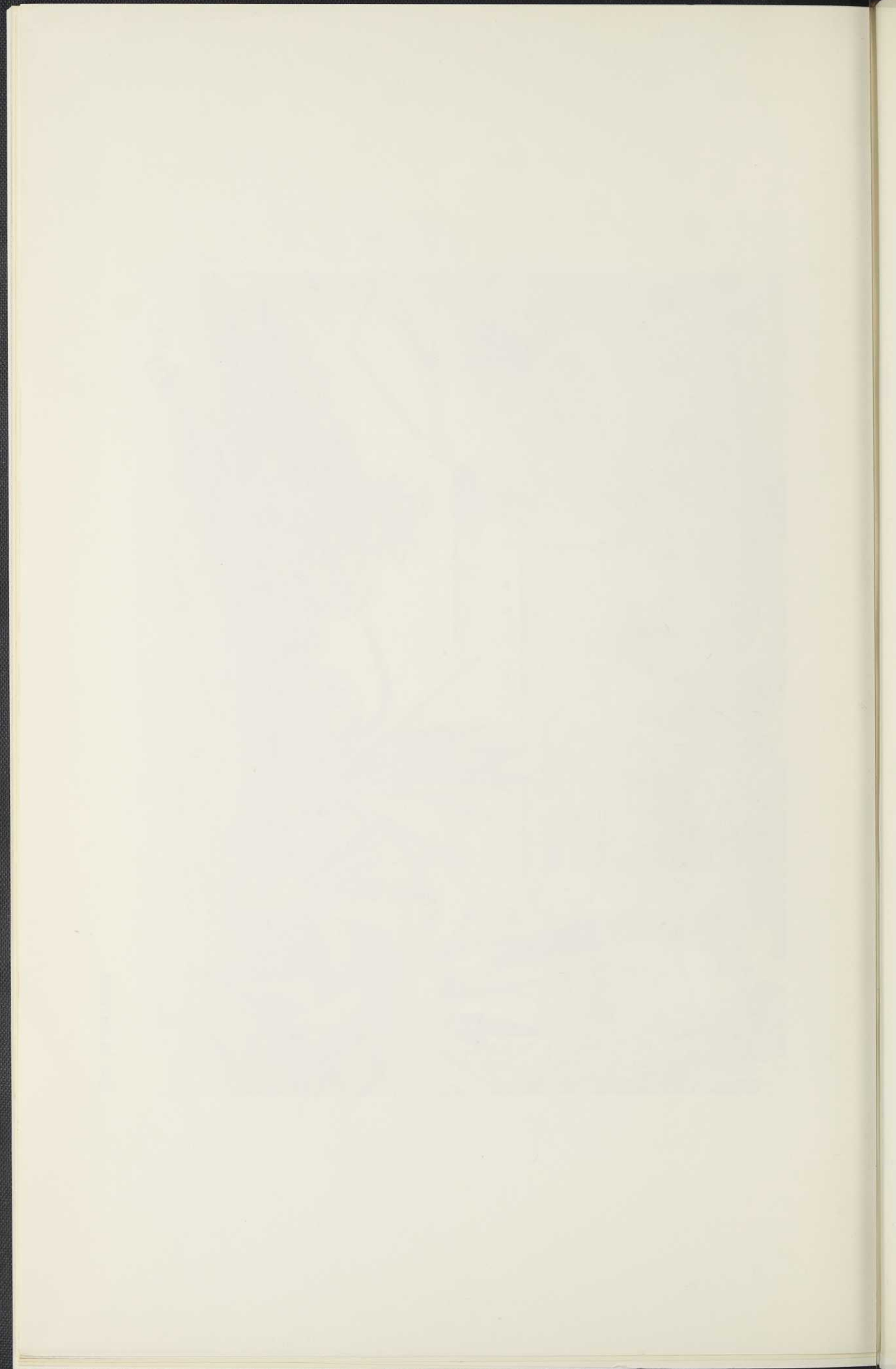


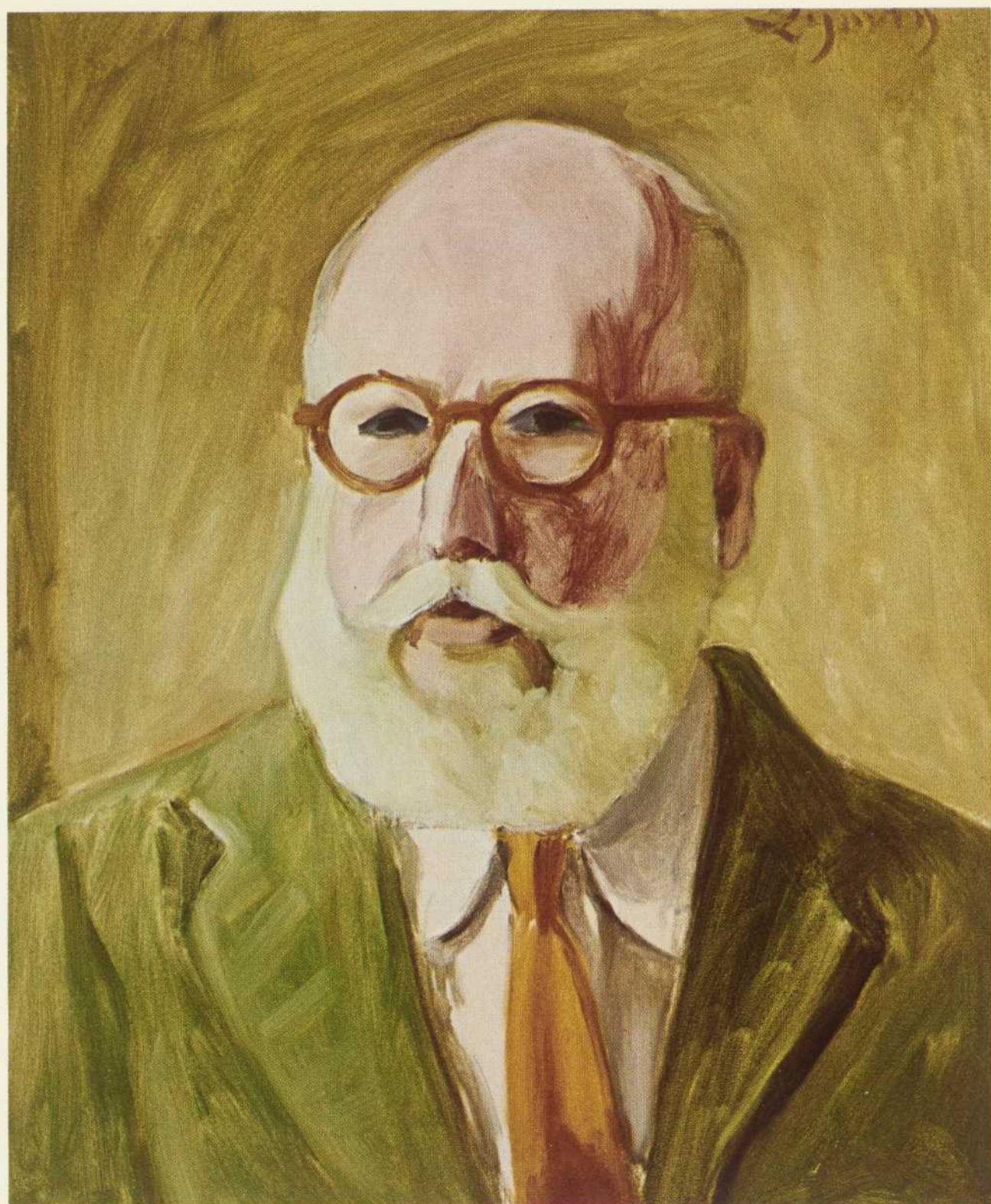
Le liseur et les sirènes III





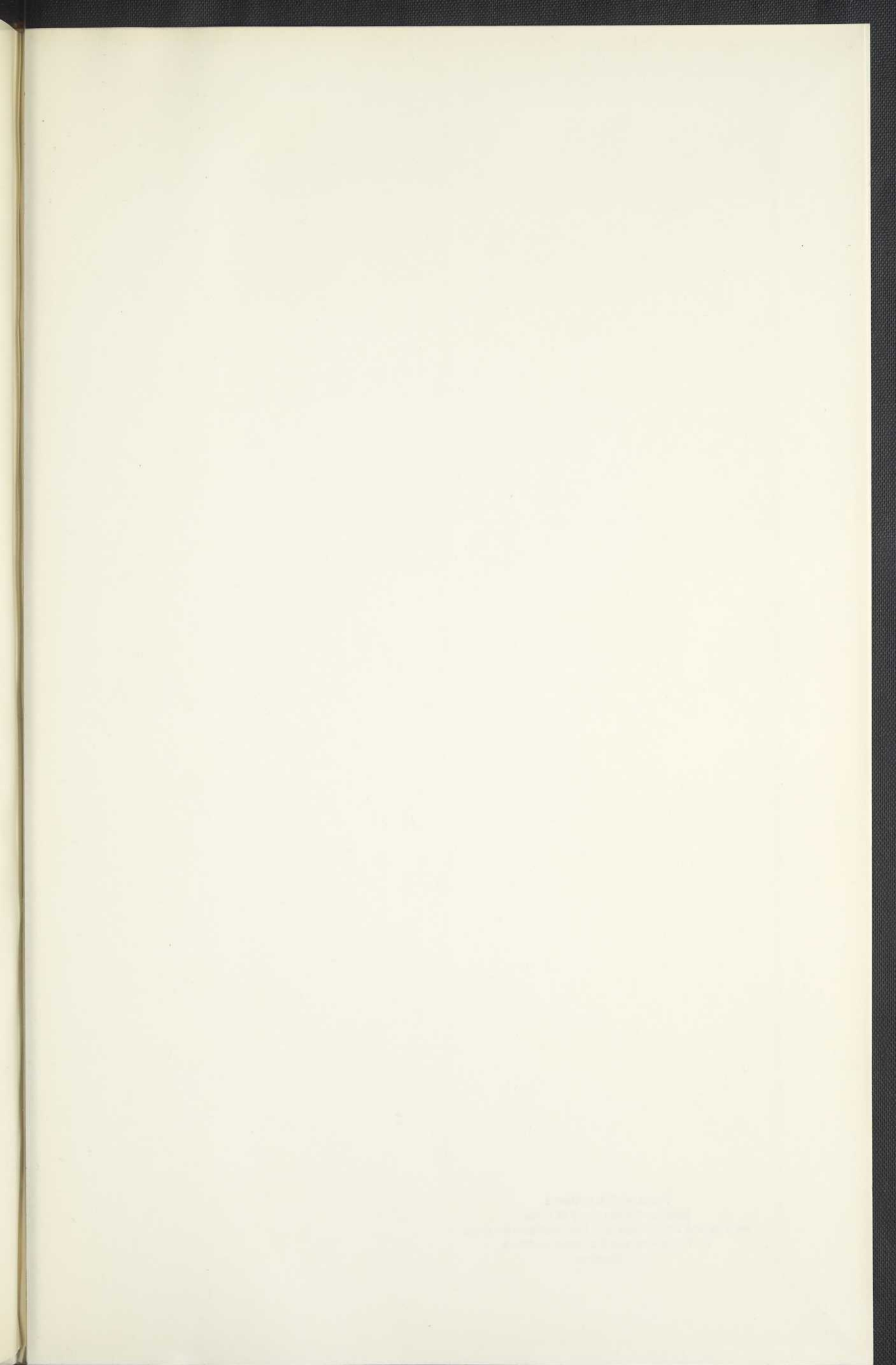
Sur la terrasse





Autoportrait





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