

PREFACE '65

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA, SCHOOL OF ART, WINNIPEG, CANADA



Definitions of art as "nature seen through a temperament" and "emotion recollected in tranquility" sound good; fortunately, though, they are no longer valid. I say fortunately, because today's good art involves life with all its ugliness and doggishness. In fact, much of today's good art, like life, is not necessarily pleasing and pliant, but is often obstinate, persistent, and brash. Its beauty is truth, many truths, and thus it emulates life rather than imitates nature. It has no fixed ideals but it simply exists; in fact, its existence is its unpredictable essence.

The creation of such art implies, of course, courage and risk, and a constant desire for re-orientation. Graduation from an art school, therefore, is a ritual of beginning. It is a preface to freedom.

Thus, by necessity, this publication is a prologue rather than a summation. As such, it is neither official, formal, final, nor annual. (It is, of course, unexpurgated and, I am assured by the editors, completely unedited.) It is also a gesture of surprise and goodwill of the class of '65 — the final year of the "old" Art School building's physical existence — to express an uncalculated cohesiveness and, as such, it is a profession of faith in the miracle of existence, or in the puzzle of it, as the case may be.

Finally, this publication entails a dedication. Hence, a staff member, rather than the director, was chosen to write an introduction. For this privilege I am most grateful because it gives me the opportunity to profess my own faith in freedom and in search.

It would be utterly wrong to assume that young artists should produce art that is a distilled product of years of instruction and indoctrination. Instead, as artists, they are expected to go their own ways: revolt, development or, simply, continuation of the search for individual limitations called freedom.

In this sense, this little publication has become an important statement of young artists dedicated to creative work and to search for freedom and expression and not to style. Through their dedication, PREFACE '65 pays tribute to Professor R. E. Williams, the School's director, to whom we are grateful that we can spell his title with a small "d".

G. SWINTON,
Associate Professor, School of Art.

In this world of steel and stone,
No verdant blade nor courtly tree is known;
Yet chanced I once to see the sky
And saw something go winging by.

Cried I — “What folly’s this?”
“That soars so freely the Blue Abyss?”
“A Bird!” the Aged One replied
(And smiling now, the Old One died.)

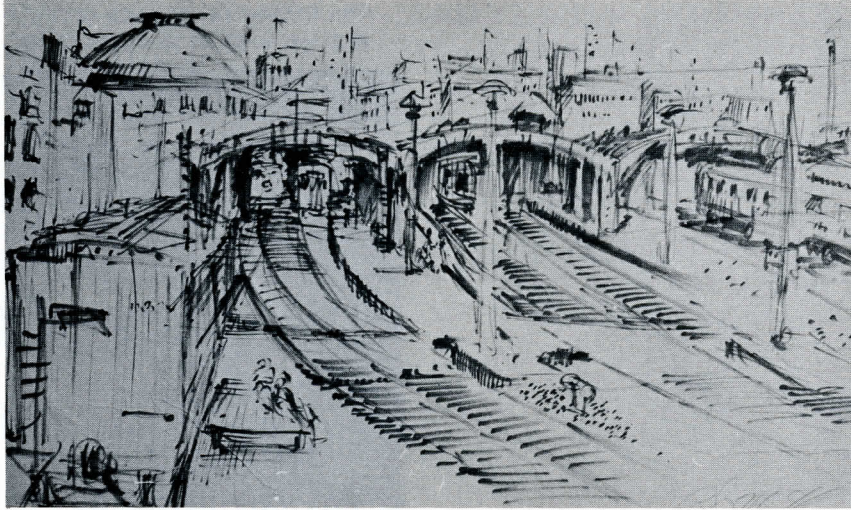
Round and round the little bird flew
And louder and louder the inner sound grew
Till mind and eye were mine no more
But fused with feather — the skies to soar.

I ran — as only I — Man; could do,
Laughing — crying . . . what joy I knew!
Faster and faster; till breath and bird had gone
And I became again Man —
In a world of steel and stone.

— GARY STYRCHAK

ROBERT McKEE





ink on paper 12" X 18"

acrylic on paper 12" X 13"



My sad little friend,
Don't be so
For I'll show you again
What a Little One knows . . .

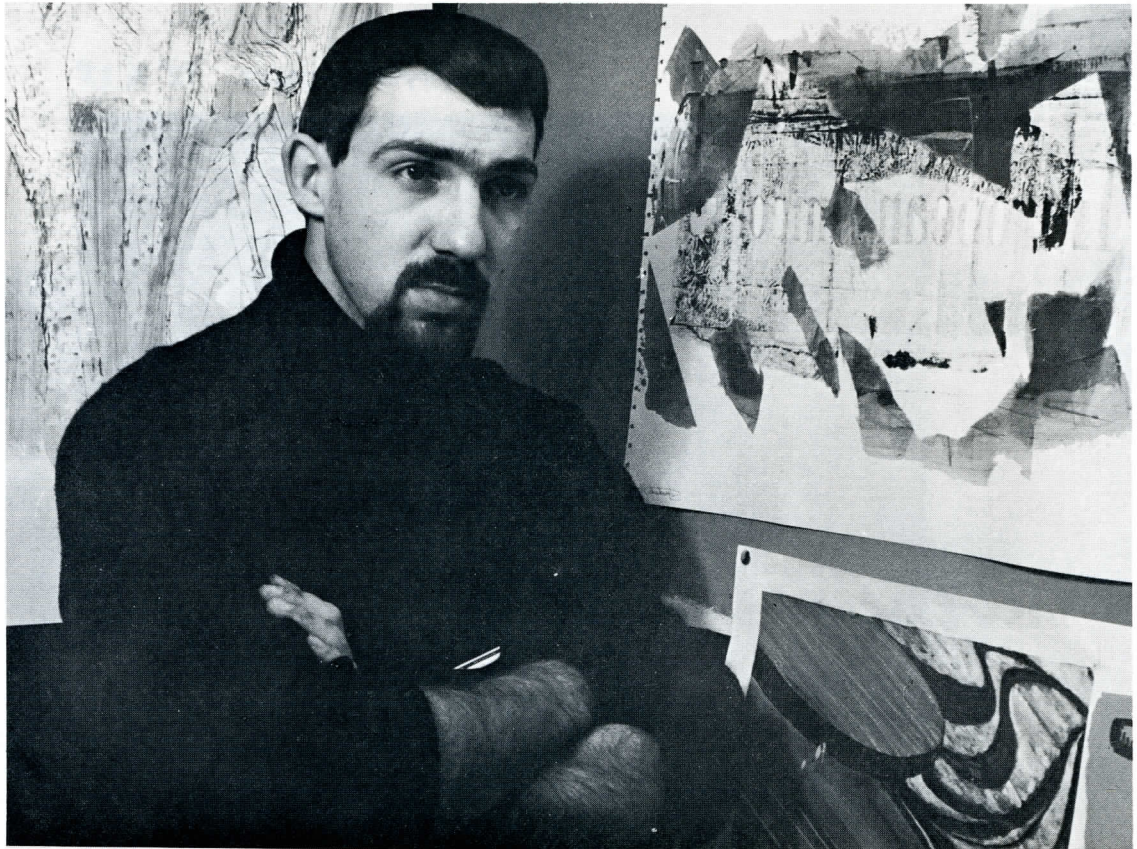
The wide bright eyes of a little fawn
And the rising sun of a dew-fresh dawn
The tinkling ice, flashing on the trees
And the voice of an angel, in an April breeze.

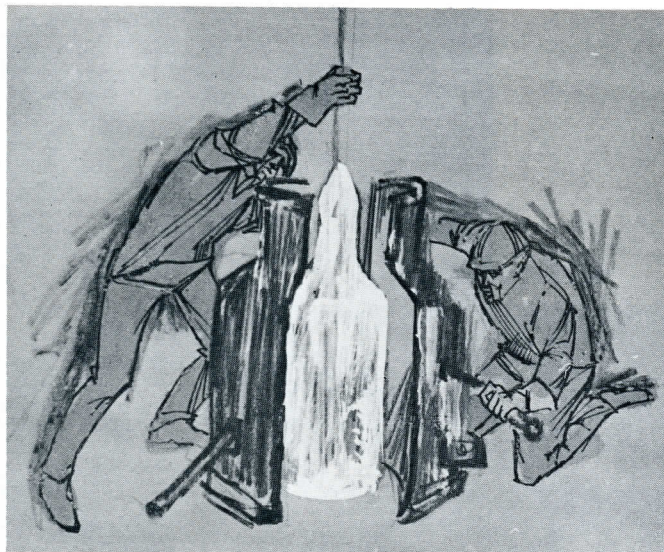
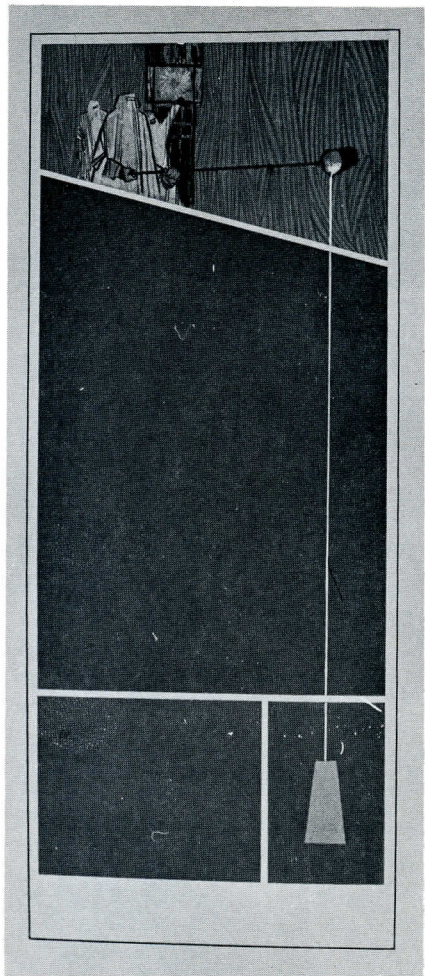
The patter of rain on cheeks flushed with joy,
And the distant, deep call of a wave — swept buoy.
A dog softly padding, on a beach all alone
Then laughing the Sand Pipe's down to the foam.

Ha, Ha! What joy Little Friend, you'll know
For this, and much more — to you, I'll show.
So come let us walk, as friends; you and I
Nevermore, Little Friend, shall you cry:

This sun now casts a Golden Ray,
And so begins the Endless Day.

GARY STYRCHAK



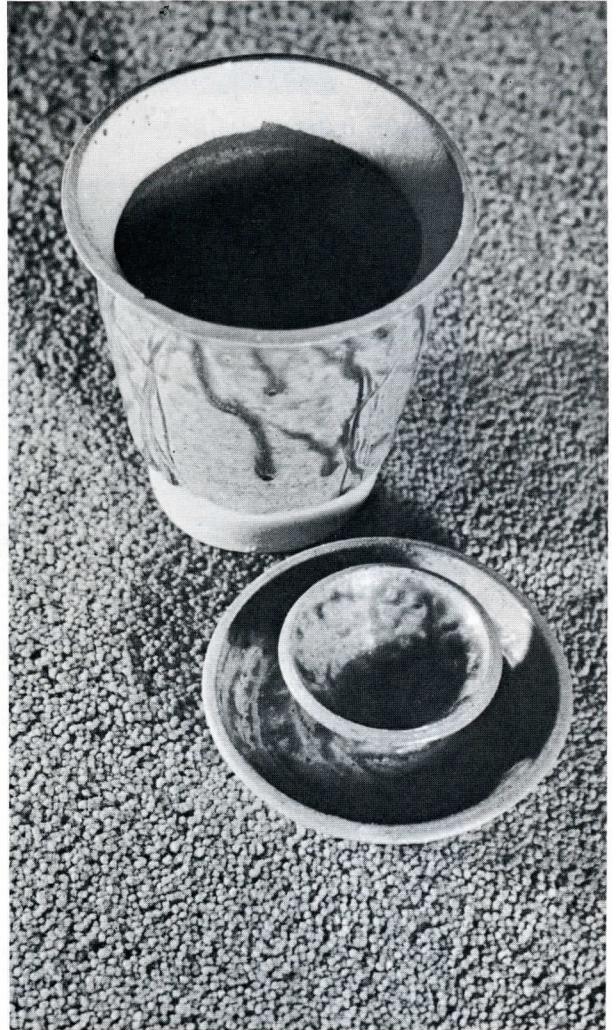


ink and gouache 12" X 10"

silk screen ink and designers colors 9" X 22"

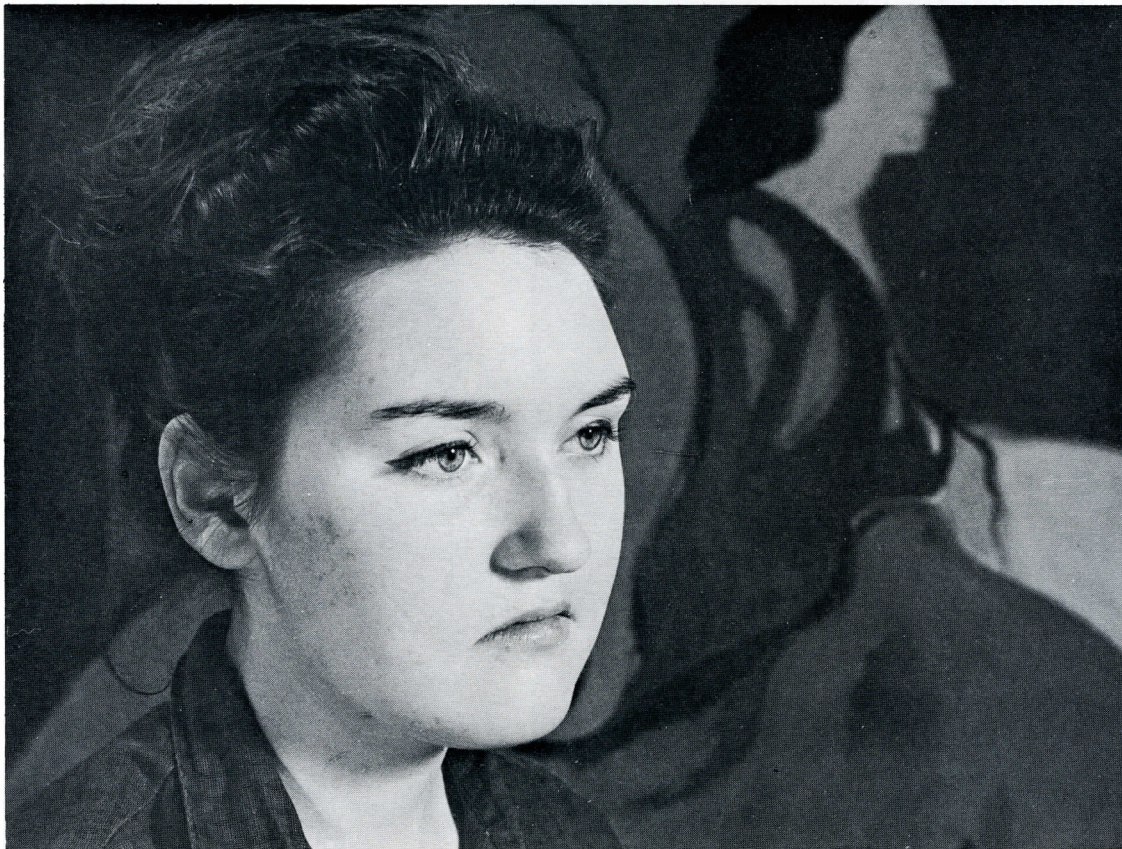
ANN FALLIS



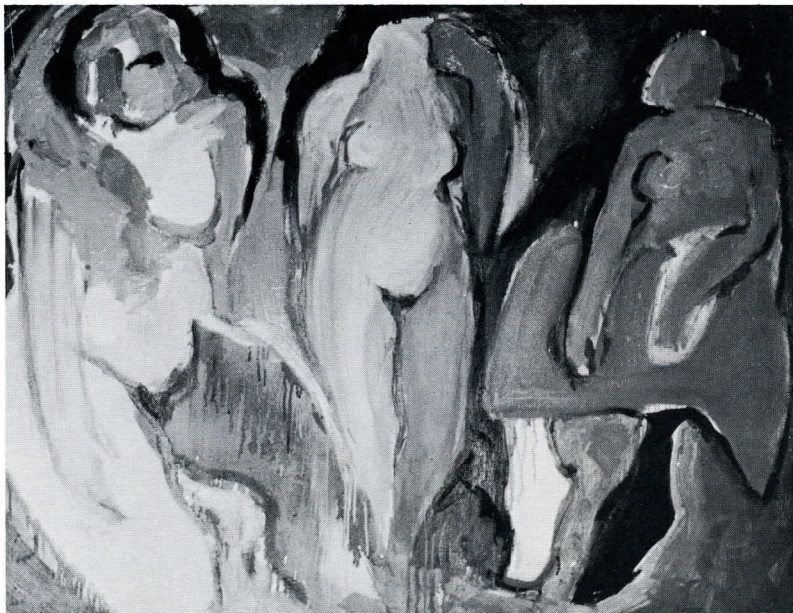


Exaggeration for effect alone is too easy an escape.
The grotesque doesn't lead to the sublime,
but to the ridiculous, unless you're another Goya.

SEONAIID CHRISTOPHERSON



33



oil on canvas 36" X 40"

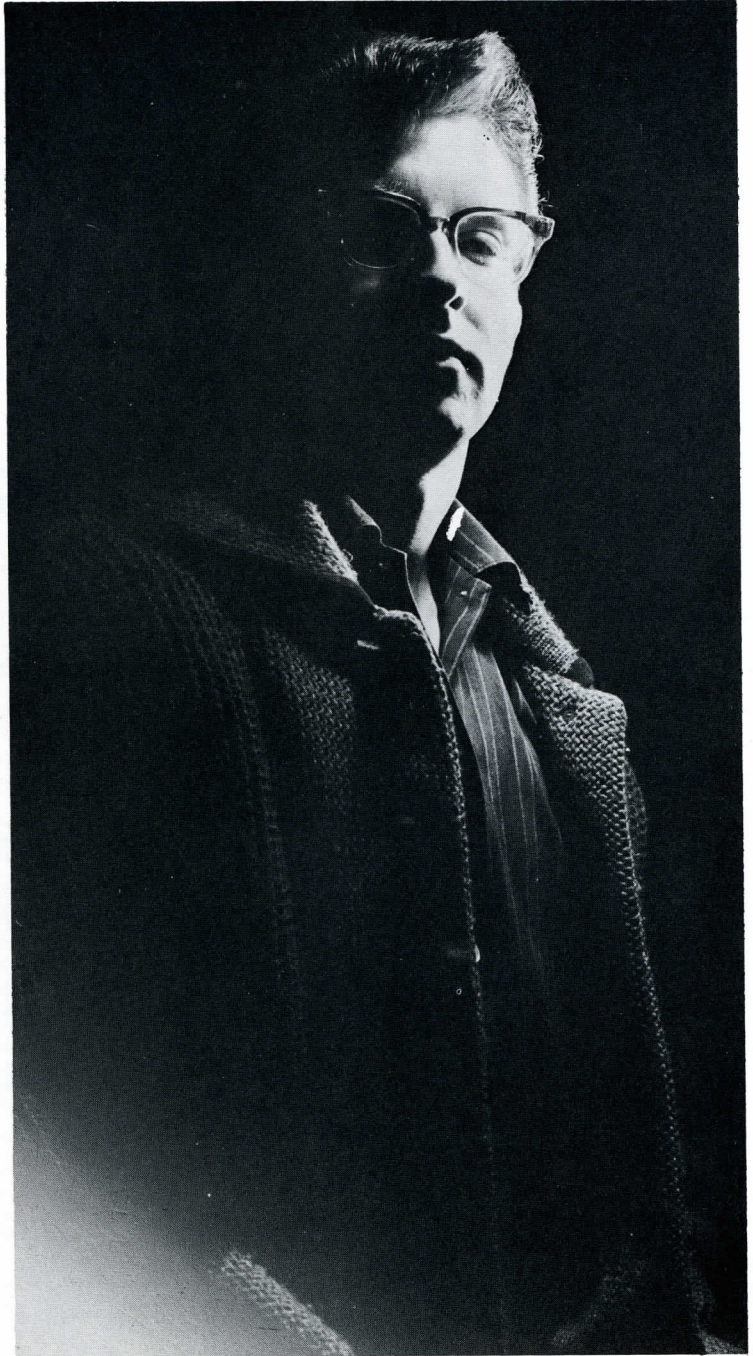
gouache on paper 32" X 40"



“Art, like morality, consists in drawing the line somewhere.”

— G. K. CHESTERTON

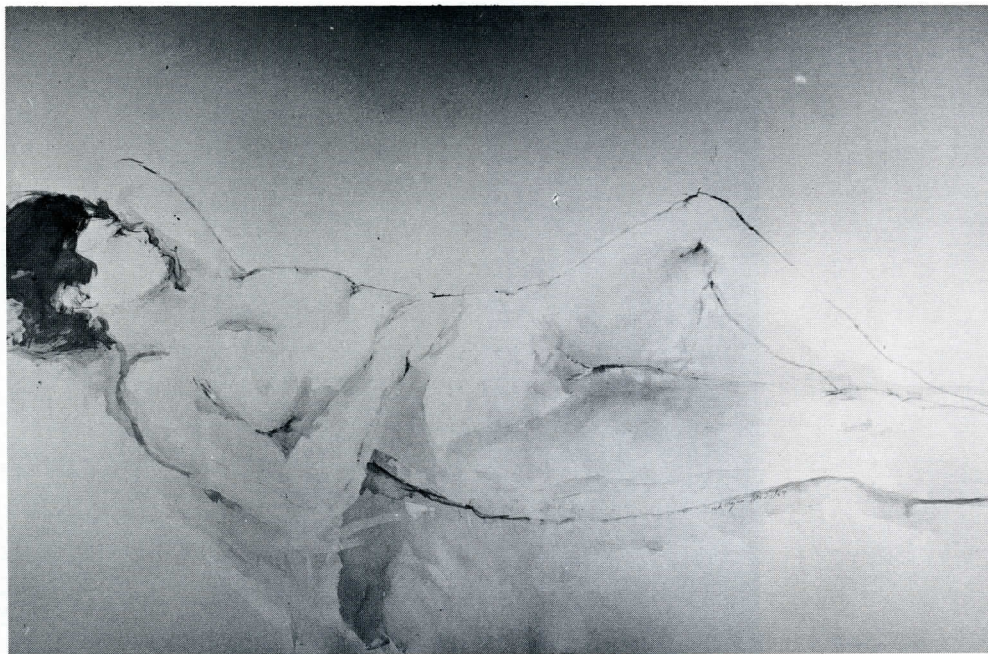
NICHOLAS HRYCIW





pastel on paper 23" X 35"

gouache on paper 23" X 35"



"The way to be an excellent painter is to be
an excellent man, for painters paint themselves."

— JOHNATHAN RICHARDSON

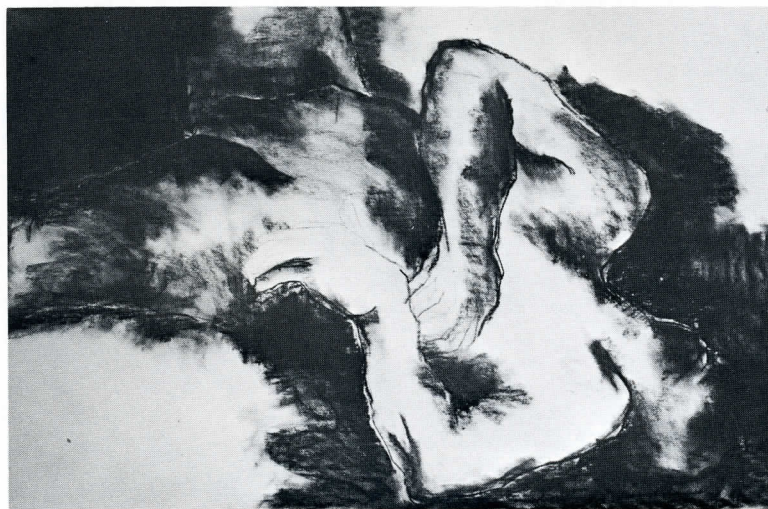
JOAN WALTERS





charcoal on paper 9" X 15"

charcoal on paper 32" X 35"



CHARLOTTE AMUNDSON



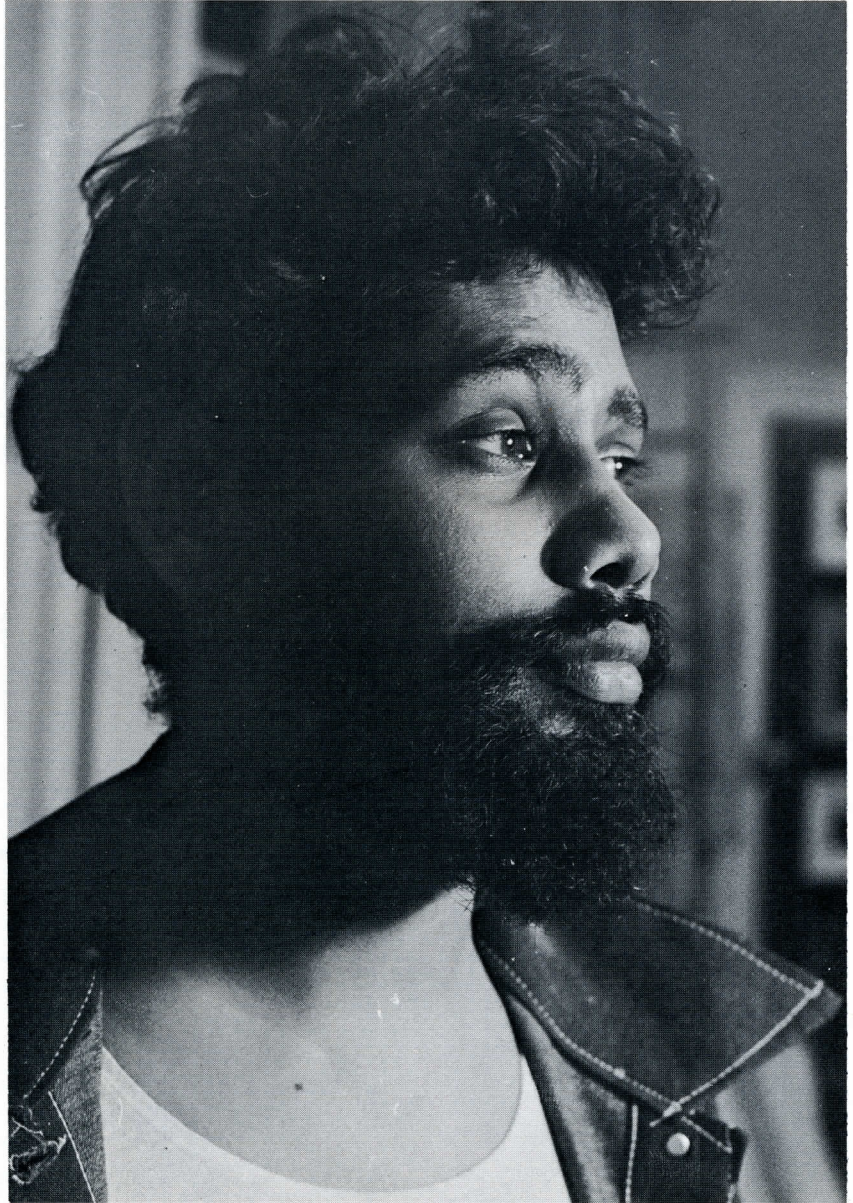


oil on canvas 45" X 28"

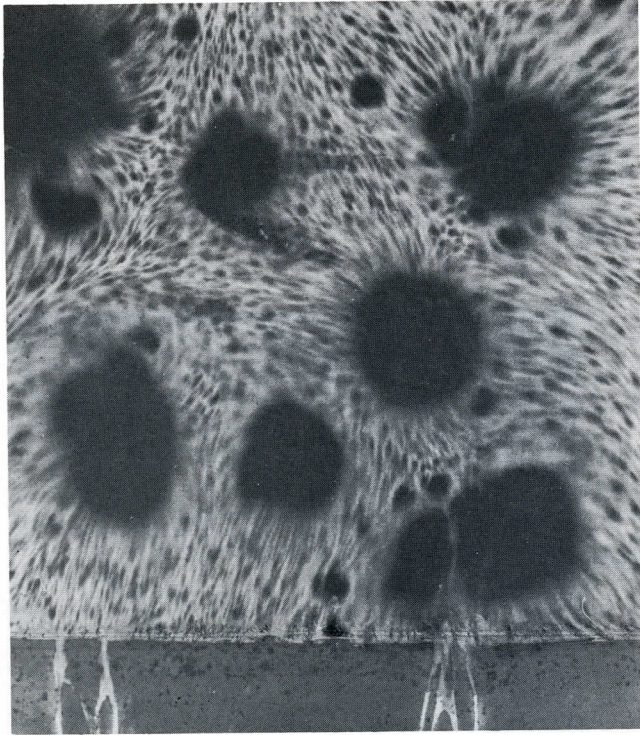
oil on canvas 39" X 32"



RANJAN SEN GUPTA



Born 1941, died ?



acrylic on canvas 32" X 35"

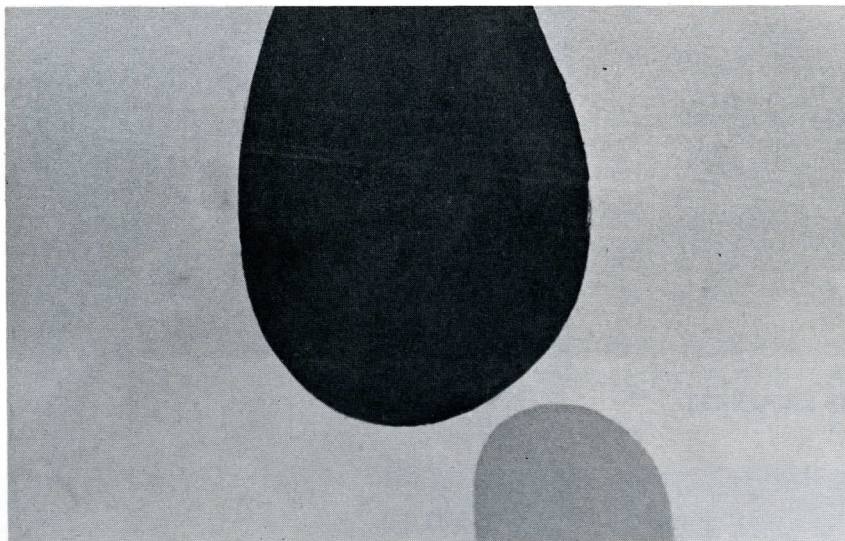
acrylic on canvas 50" X 47"



Why not concentrate on the beautiful?

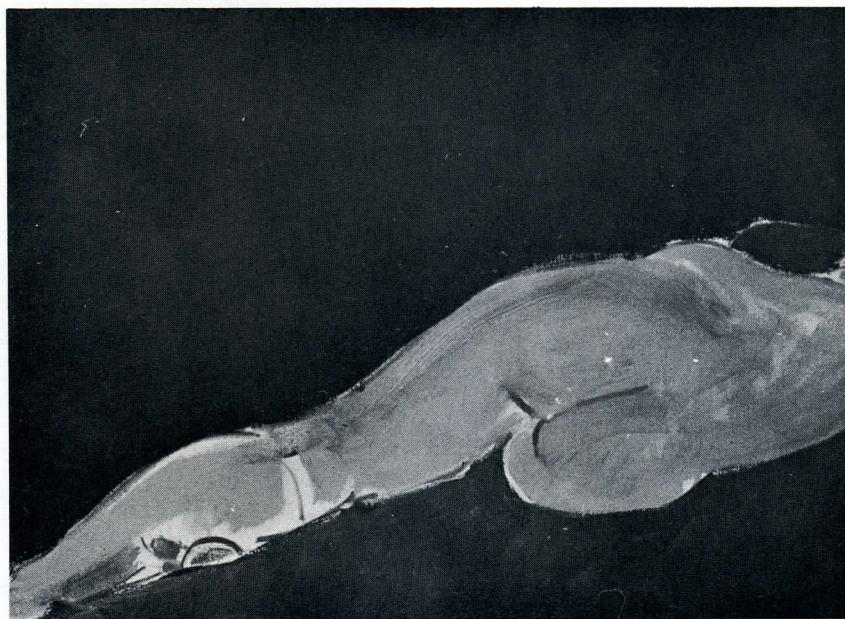
JUDITH HYNES





oil on canvas 53" X 35"

oil on canvas 24" X 18"



LINDY MARGOLESE





oil on canvas 15" X 22"

tempera on paper 32" X 40"



Concerning the mystery of art

We propose to let several artists speak for themselves:

"He who judges pictures by the likeness of shapes
Must be thought of as a child.
Poetry and painting are rooted in the same law
The work of heaven and of the first cause."

— CHINESE POET, SU TUNG-PO

"Bring the invisible full into play,
Let the visible go to the dogs, — what matters!"

— ROBERT BROWNING

Hamada says that he wishes the flames over
the melting glaze to take charge, rather
than his preconscious will.

"Art does not render the visible, it makes visible."

— PAUL KLEE

Hans Arp comments on Kandinsky's poems:
"They disclose the nothingness of the world of appearance."

Kandinsky defines the purpose of Art as
"the expression of mystery in terms of mystery."



DOROTHY PAINE JOHNSTON, M.A.



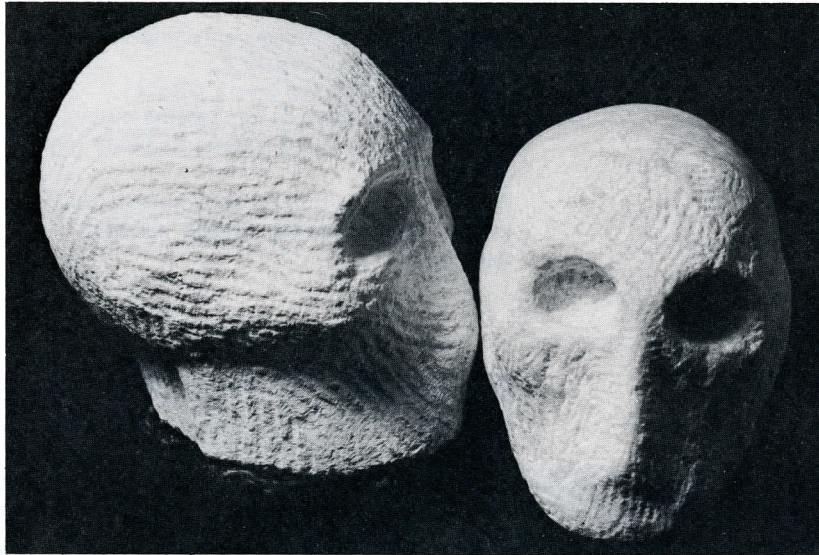
10" high ceramic sculpture

11" high ceramic sculpture



MARGARET O'BRIEN





alabaster 7" high 9" high



marble 28" high

And as we continued on our way,
the crowd slowly drifted from the bus,
but always others came to take their places
and our numbers remained fairly constant
until the journey was almost at its end.

I could not count those remaining
or those who had departed;
only through the increasing silence
that appeared like an approaching storm,
could I determine the relative numbers remaining.

Those who stayed on till the journey's end
slept or stared placidly outside into the
dark street.

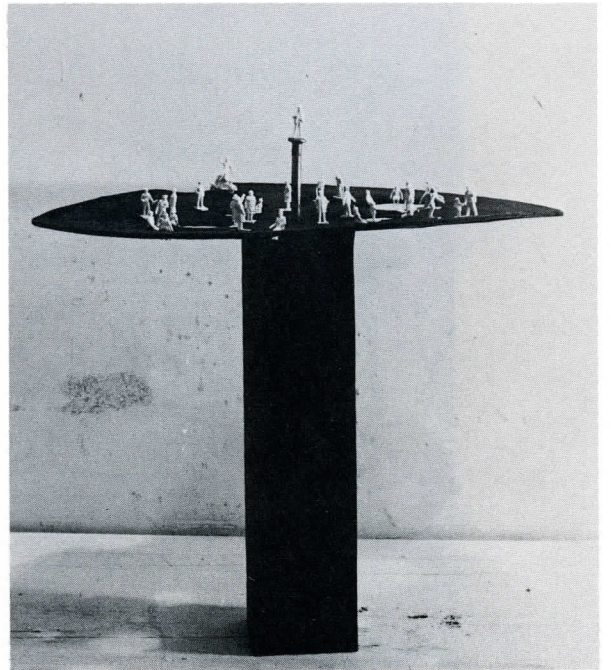


BARRY PERLES



19" high wood

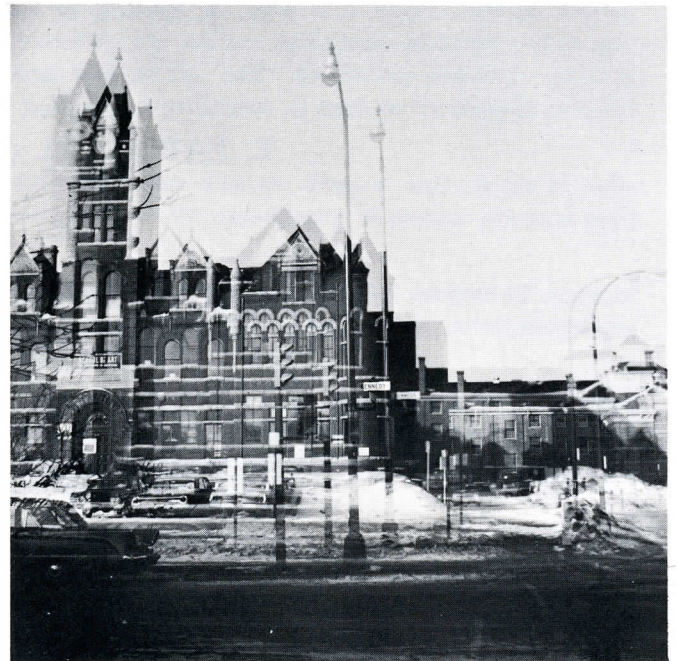
16" high wood and plastic











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