

The Name of the Father

(s)he ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse¹ in the mouth.²

Lionel LeMoine FitzGerald,

You - and a cast of artists and writers, critics and enthusiasts, academics and collectors, students and teachers, patrons and administrators, colleagues and friends, newspaper reporters and radio broadcasters, spouses and their children - you have collectively bequeathed me a legacy as irrefutable and ever-present as blue prairie skies: FITZGERALD; a gift-horse cobbled together from much more than the marks you, L.L.F., inscribed on paper and canvas, the images you formed from paint and pencil, the life you lived in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Judging is selection; the means by which the breeder molds forms by mating the approved and culling out the undesirable individuals. It should not be understood to mean the placing of awards in the show ring only, although that is a most important function of the judge, imposing upon him the responsibility of establishing ideals and standards which are to lead or mislead the rank and file of breeders.³

"This exhibition honours LeMoine FitzGerald, one of the greatest painters western Canada has produced,"⁴ wrote Alan Jarvis, director of The National Gallery of Canada (as I do now). In 1952 you received an Honorary L.L.D. from the University of Manitoba.⁵ There were other accolades, too, and plenty of words spilled in your name. And later, letters you penned to family, friends

¹ "No man ought to look a given horse in the mouth [John Heywood: *Proverbs* (1546)] The proverb has been traced back to St. Jerome, 400 A.D. It appears in every European language. The saying is based on the fact that a horse's value depends on its age and its age can be determined by looking at its teeth, so that to look a horse in the mouth is to appraise its value. One form of the proverb - the one given here - says that we ought not to attempt to appraise a gift, but to accept it gratefully, and even more gratefully the spirit which prompted the giving. There is a subsidiary saying, however: 'Always look a gift horse in the mouth.' That is, there are no gifts; all acceptances acknowledge an obligation, so make sure of what you're getting before you feel grateful or even accept it." *Dictionary of Quotations, Collected and Arranged with Comments by Bergen Evans* (New York: Delacorte Press, 1968), p. 326.

In 1994 Winnipeg-based artist Jake Moore exhibited an installation at Ace Art, Winnipeg, entitled *The Gift Horse: I Trust You*. The legacy of this exhibition persists in my choice of metaphor.

² adapted from Samuel Butler, *Hubdras*, Pt.I, 1663.

³ Carl W. Gay, "Judging Horses," in *Lippincott's Farm Manuals, Productive Horse Husbandry* (Chicago: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1932), pp. 139-175.

⁴ Alan Jarvis, "Forward," in *L.L. FitzGerald 1890-1956 Memorial Exhibition 1958*.

⁵ Helen Coy, *Fitzgerald as Printmaker* (Winnipeg: The University of Manitoba Press, 1982), p. 110.

and lovers, in privacy and obscurity (and their replies, too), were collected and quoted in archives, in books and lecture notes. As for me, each day for four years a configuration cast in bronze, F-I-T-Z-G-E-R-A-L-D, marked my entry into the School of Art building on the University of Manitoba campus, where I studied art history; a school you directed between 1929 and 1949, Mr. FitzGerald, when it was called 'The Winnipeg School of Art' and located downtown. (You were the first 'home-grown' artist to assume the position of principal.⁶)

Judging is more than measuring to a standard or the analysis of the individuals under consideration; the element of comparison must figure in the observations, from which definite conclusions can be drawn. It is the balancing of the sum total of merit and deficiency of one individual against that of another, after the same fashion that a judge on the bench weighs all the evidence before returning a verdict.

FITZGERALD: the phenomenon is not identical with the man born in Winnipeg, Manitoba on March 17, 1890, the son of Belle Hicks and Lionel Henry FitzGerald. Nor is it interchangeable with this man's art practice or with a specific collection of artworks. (The questions always remain: what should be included in his oeuvre? What is worthy of consideration? Are doodles in the margins of grocery lists significant? What about Christmas cards made for friends? And then there are the unfinished works - a self-portrait, a painting, some drawings.)

And what of 'the man, himself'? Is he to be excavated, autopsied, from what he wrote and imaged; are statements proffered by others - the army listed above - admissible as well? Where does 'it' begin and where does 'it' end?

A systematic method of making observations contributes both to accuracy and dispatch in judging. By this means each look is made to count... the proportions and relations of the parts are kept in mind, and a more comprehensive conception of the whole is obtained.

FITZGERALD: a legacy as amorphous as a cloud; a hologram generated by activities and subjectivities issuing from, towards and around a particular man and his art practice. Despite my best intentions, 'it' keeps slipping away from me; like a bank of cumulonimbus, like the waxing and waning of the moon, 'it' is forever changing form.

The most logical system of examination begins with a view of the horse from in front, noting the temperament and disposition as indicated by the expression of the countenance, all features of the head, the width and depth of chest, the station, the direction and conformation of the forelegs and feet.

Forty years after FitzGerald's death his name is as familiar and innocuous as the street sign on the corner of Wardlaw and Daly where I live in an apartment erected in 1912; the year he married Felicia, the year much of Wolseley was

⁶ Marilyn Baker, *The Winnipeg School of Art* (Winnipeg: The University of Manitoba Press for Gallery 1.1.1., School of Art, 1984), p. 71.

constructed, the year the Titanic sank killing 1,532 people, the year the Winnipeg Art Gallery opened its doors, the year Marcel Duchamp made notes for the *Large Glass*,⁷ the year Freud wrote *Totem and Taboo*, the year Nellie McClung and her gang organized the *Political Equality League* at Jane Hample's house on Wolseley Avenue,⁸ the year FitzGerald left the relative security of salaried employment to freelance his design capabilities.⁹

Then passing to the side, near side usually, consider the stature and scale, length or compactness, station, depth (especially in the flank), the carriage and shape of head and neck, the shortness and levelness of the top line, the length and straightness of under line, height and shape of the withers, the slope of shoulder, direction and conformation of forelegs and feet, the back, rib, loin, flank, coupling, croup, tail, stifle, thigh, direction and conformation of hind legs and feet.

I can't locate you, Lionel, the man, the man next door, 'Fitzie,'¹⁰ as one of your students called you. I know only this: Lionel LeMoine died in his home Sunday morning, August 5, 1956,¹¹ suddenly, a heart-attack; only 12 months and a couple of weeks after I was born. (Silverman's Dairy was still delivering glass-bottled milk door-to-door by horse-drawn wagon in Regina. I remember reaching up up up to stroke hot velvet noses - ever mindful of their bucket-sized hobbit feet - the guttural murmur of wet leathery lips parting to reveal teeth as big as my toddler-sized fist. How fear and wonder co-mingled with the musky scent of sun-warmed horse-flesh and the ripe odour of horse-shit freshly plunked.)

From the rear the symmetry, levelness, width and rotundity of hips, fulness of thighs and quarters, direction and conformation hind legs and feet may be determined. Viewing from the opposite side to confirm the original side view would complete the examination of the horse standing.

Our lives brushed against one another only briefly, and even then we were separated by a railway line of geography, social position, gender and generation. You lived here in Winnipeg and I in Regina; you were an established Canadian artist by the time of your death and I a mere girl-child of working class immigrants. As I dozed in a cradle bathed in pale autumn light, you finished the last of your still lifes with quick staccato pen marks (you finally achieved that 'overall effect' you so desired). As always, you worked diligently in your studio at 160 Lyle Street, in sunny St. James, the home

⁷ Anne d'Harnoncourt and Kynaston McShine, editors, *Marcel Duchamp* (New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1989), p. 14.

⁸ Linda Rasmussen, Lorna Rasmussen, Candace Savage and Anne Wheeler, *A Harvest Yet to Reap: A History of Prairie Women* (Toronto: The Women's Press, 1976), p. 228.

⁹ H.C., biographical notes in Marilyn Baker, *The Winnipeg School of Art: The Early Years*, p.97.

¹⁰ Patricia E. Bovey, "Lionel LeMoine FitzGerald The Man," in *Lionel LeMoine FitzGerald (1890-1956) The Development of An Artist* (Winnipeg: The Winnipeg Art Gallery, 1978, p. 16. From a C.B.C. interview with Vinia Hoogstraten, *Morning Comment*, November 18, 1959, FSC.

¹¹ Felicia FitzGerald in L.L.FitzGerald's journal, FSC.

where you and Felicia lived from the 1920s with your two children, Patricia Edward.¹²

He should then be moved away from the observer, in order that the directness and rapidity of his stride, especially behind, may be seen. Then he comes back, or "meets you," note the directness, rapidity, and freedom of the stride in front, the boldness, courage, and manners displayed. As he is led past determine the length, the height, spring, regularity, and balance of the stride, together with the placing or set of the horse in action.

FITZGERALD. The name resonated for me long before I set eyes on your work - I can't recall the first time I heard it spoken, read excerpts recounting your life story, experienced one of your art works 'in the flesh,' indulged in a little idle (art historical) gossip. To be sure, over the years I have looked at, and even handled, your paintings, sculptures, drawings and prints, here and there, in exhibitions and in Gallery 1.1.1.'s vault where I worked as a student. But in the main, I recognize your images from reproductions in books. (The other day at McNally Robinson, I stopped in my tracks; *At Silver Heights*, 1931, graced the cover of a recently published collection of poetry.¹³)

Though your images seem to be everywhere (but nowhere specific), and though your name is known to the community of visual artists and cultural workers who call Winnipeg home, your work is exhibited here only on occasion. Not to worry. FITZGERALD is a permanent house guest that's moved into my preconscious,¹⁴ uninvited, without any effort on my part at all. Such is the power of every cultural legacy, whether it takes the form of a person, a biography, an art practice, a text, an image, gossip, a story, an idea(ology) - or a combination of them all.

The score card consists of a word picture of the ideal horse in which a numerical value is attached to each part for the purpose of indicating its relative importance... Scoring is the application of the score card as a standard of merit to the individual, for the purpose of determining and expressing numerically his degree of perfection. Applied successively to a number of individuals, it affords a means of determining their relative merits.

I have to confess: until now, I wasn't compelled to address your work, dig around the archives (my own, that is), take a closer look at 'it', at what binds us one to another. I didn't quite know what all the fuss was about: the FitzGerald Study Centre; a modest pile of monographs; mentions in virtually

¹² Helen Coy, *L. LeMoine FitzGerald Exhibition March 7 to 29 1977* (Winnipeg: The University of Manitoba, Gallery 1.1.1., School of Art, 1977), p. 9. The address was later changed to 30 Deer Lodge Place.

¹³ Neil Besner, Deborah Schnitzer and Alden Turner, editors, *Uncommon Wealth: An Anthology of Poetry in English* (Oxford: University of Oxford Press, 1997), cover illustration: Lionel LeMoine FitzGerald, *At Silver Heights*, 1931, oil on canvas board, 35.8 x 40.2 cm., Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto; reproduced with the permission of Patricia and Earl Green.

¹⁴ A term "(u)sed by psychoanalysts with reference to material, which, though at the moment unconscious, is available, and ready to become conscious; also topographically or a region, as it were, in the mind, intermediate between consciousness and the unconscious as such," from *A Dictionary of Psychology*, Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1952.

every Canadian art history survey; an invitation to join that icon of Canadiana, The Group of Seven, in 1932. So what am I to make of this gift I've inherited by virtue of my citizenship and vocation (if not my gender) I ask myself, when I am actually inclined to decline the offer(ing)?

FITZGERALD. Seems as though I've been gently lulled into contempt - or is it ignorance - by way of familiarity. This legacy has settled so comfortably in my preconscious (feet on the coffee table, channel-changer in hand) that it's acquired an aura of the mundane: how boring. I see that it's come to represent, for me, reticence and restraint. Politeness to a fault. (I heard somewhere that you're a really nice guy.)

I am pained by the incredible ordinariness of it all.

However, this system is not applicable to show ring judging or sales ring selection. The chief use of the score card is in the classroom, where continued practice in scoring affords the best means of training the eye in making accurate observations, while there is being acquired, at the same time, a mind picture of the ideal.

The vulnerability of every cultural legacy: how quickly 'it' ossifies into marble and bronze; how readily 'it' incites rebellion and rivalry; how easily 'it' spawns complacency, even while 'it' generates ideological effects - invisibly, silently, slyly - without any awareness on my part, on your part, on his part, on any one's part at all.

What I want, instead: to ride a conceptual roller coaster; to be puzzled and perplexed, pushed to my limits intellectually, psychologically, existentially, ethically. I want to go home after the exhibition, fretting and bothered; to be grabbed by the scruff of my intellect, wrestle with some ideas: "I can't stop thinking about you."

Once the ideal expressed on the score card is indelibly fixed in the mind, the card may be given up and the mental picture take its place as a standard judgment.

It says somewhere that you had to quit school at age 14, LeMoine, like most working class kids in your day. You were employed as an office boy for a wholesale drug office, Martin, Bole and Wynne, and later, at a brokerage firm, Osler, Hammond and Nanton.¹⁵ Your education was pieced together from three-nights-per-week of drawing classes in the studio art school of A. S. Keszthelyi¹⁶ and regular visits to a public library that opened in 1904, where you found Ruskin lurking in the stacks. (I've heard you're an avid reader.) Later, much later, in 1921-22, you sent your wife Felicia off to Montreal¹⁷

¹⁵ Helen Coy, *FitzGerald as Printmaker*, p. 109.

¹⁶ L.L. FitzGerald, "Appendix B," in *In Seclusion With Nature: The Later Work Of L. LeMoine FitzGerald, 1942 to 1956* (Winnipeg: Winnipeg Art Gallery, 1988), p. 50.

¹⁷ H.C., biographical notes in *The Winnipeg School of Art*, p. 97.

(Toronto¹⁸ according to another account) with your two small children, so you could spend six brief months at the Art Students League in New York (rumour has it, she ran a tea room).

A horse is sound provided there be not a partial or total loss of function, preventing or likely to prevent him from performing the ordinary duties of his class.

Afterwards, you had to wait until the age of 57 for a solitary year of uninterrupted studio time. There were no artist's awards (only a John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation fellowship you applied for and didn't receive).¹⁹ Thanks to the generosity of a patron,²⁰ you finally enjoyed the luxury (rather, the necessity) of making art full time after a life time of juggling a demanding job, an after-hours studio practice and domestic responsibilities (though I suspect Felicia took care of that). Because you painted only on weekends and holidays, sometimes it took you two years to complete a single work; *Doc Snyder's House*, 1931, for example, which was bought by The National Gallery of Canada for \$500 in 1932.²¹

The importance of an existing unsoundness is directly proportionate to the extent to which it incapacitates a horse for the service to which he is otherwise best adapted. If it causes him little or no inconvenience, and is not liable to, it is of little or no consequence.

The cultural legacy Winnipeg offered you was skimpy, so very skimpy: it made for a pretty fragile and meagre holding environment for an artist.²² I, on the other hand, have FITZGERALD - and that's just to start with. I have ready access to international travel; an office bursting with art magazines and books I haven't time to read; a public gallery that has, in the past, brought me exhibitions from South America and artists from Switzerland. I have the Canada Council and the Manitoba Arts Council, artist-run centres and a network of curators and artists that stretches unbroken from sea to foaming sea and across both oceans. I have Helene Cixous and Jeanne Randolph, Joan Borsa and D.W. Winnicott, Griselda Pollock and Jane Flax, Michel Foucault and Daniel Stern. I have theory and ficto-criticism. I have television and the Internet.

¹⁸ Patricia E. Bovey, "Lionel LeMoine FitzGerald The Man," in *Lionel LeMoine FitzGerald (1890-1956) The Development of An Artist*, p. 14.

¹⁹ Michael Parke-Taylor, *In Seclusion With Nature: The Later Work Of L. LeMoine FitzGerald, 1942 to 1956*, p. 15.

²⁰ Michael Parke-Taylor, *In Seclusion With Nature: The Later Work Of L. LeMoine FitzGerald, 1942 to 1956*, p. 25. Mrs. Mary Ferguson approached the president of Montreal Star Publishing Company, J. W. McConnell, with a request for a year's salary for FitzGerald.

²¹ Charles C. Hill, *The Group of Seven, Art for a Nation* (Ottawa: National Gallery of Canada, 1995), p. 334. This purchase was made with funds donated by P. D. Ross, Ottawa.

²² 'Holding environment' is a term borrowed from D.W. Winnicott (1896 -1971), an object relations psychoanalyst. It refers to the relationship-environment by which a primary caregiver nurtures and psychologically supports their infant.

Therein lies our problem.

There is nothing mysterious nor empirical about the determination of the age by the teeth. Up to five years, it is simply a matter of the eruption of the teeth, which in the normal individual follows the same regular course that characterizes all other physiological processes. After the permanent teeth are all in, the indications are the result of wear, which is uniformly accomplished in the normal mouth on account of the extreme durability of the individual teeth and their arrangement.

Like your romantic predecessors, you revered 'nature' - the clarity of light on an autumn day, the sensuous line of a naked tree trunk, the scene just beyond your window.²³ You fed on its rhythm and erotic intensity, walks along country lanes, the subtle hues of the prairie landscape seen from a train window.

On February 23, 1943 you wrote to Irene Heywood Hemsworth, a former student and confidante:

*To me it is always there, a primitive urge to cast away the symbols of our daily existence and for a few minutes to be one with the newness, to divest the mind of all the accumulation and feel one's body as belonging -- akin to the trees and grass and clouds and warmth of the sun, the gentle pressure of the passing breeze.*²⁴

I, on the other hand, am obsessed with the 'social,' how bonds are formed and sustained between people and in groups; how images are interpreted; how cultural legacies are constructed and how they affect what we think, what we feel, what we value. For this journey, I've chosen psychoanalytic theory to be my intellectual companion.

Certain general features must be understood before any attempt is made to differentiate the appearance of the mouth at various years. The permanent teeth may be distinguished, after their eruption, from the milk teeth, which are shed as the permanent teeth come through, by greater size, a boarder neck showing no constriction, perpendicular, parallel grooves and ridges on their face, and a white color.

You devoted yourself to developing a pictorial means of representing unity and integration. You adopted the rhetoric of transcendence. On June 29, 1930, you wrote in your journal:

...An eternal contact with humanity and nature and a greater sense of unity. This has been very strongly impressed on me

²³ Michael Parke-Taylor, *In Seclusion With Nature: The Later Work Of L. LeMoine FitzGerald, 1942 to 1956*, pp. 15 - 45.

²⁴ Michael Parke-Taylor, *In Seclusion With Nature: The Later Work Of L. LeMoine FitzGerald, 1942 to 1956*, pp. 20 -1.

during this trip, the sense of unifying all the elements in a picture to the making of a création. The picture a living thing, one great thought made up of many details but all subordinated to the whole. ²⁵

On May 23, 1952 you wrote to Irene Heywood Hemsworth:

We can only develop an understanding of the great forces behind the organization of nature by endlessly searching the outer manifestations. And we can only know ourselves better and still better by this search...I pray that I shall never [lose] the inspiration that comes from the constant communication with living forms... I want to walk in the light that is never ending with open heart and open mind. When slipping into the great unknown I want to move always upward, ever seeking. ²⁶

Age plays an important part in determining a horse's market value. Statistics show the best selling age to be from five to eight years, while, on the contrary, experience has demonstrated that the best wearing and most serviceable age is from eight to twelve. After a horse passes eight and has had some city wear, the market classes him as second-handed and discounts his value accordingly.

Your quest took you to the West Coast where your grown daughter lived, across the United States, to Toronto and to Mexico, where your adult son resided. But for the most part, the little house plant on the window ledge, the garage across the alley - the view from your window - was good enough. (Unlike your pal, Lawren Harris, you felt no need to climb mountains or sail to the Arctic.) You wrote:

*It naturally requires more thought and concentration to discover the beauty in a common thing, but the very search reveals the artist to himself in a more intense way...*²⁷

(Your friend, the art critic Robert Ayre, referred to you as "The Man Who Looks Out of The Window." ²⁸)

This is more in response to demands of buyers than to any real depreciation in the serviceability of the horse. The average horseman reckons the probable period of usefulness as the difference between the present age and the age to which the average horse lives; but there are too many other influences which may impair a horse's usefulness or terminate his existence altogether to make this a sound line of reasoning.

²⁵ L. L. FitzGerald Journal, FSC. In 1930, FitzGerald travelled across the United States to New York and back, on behalf of the The Winnipeg School of Art, to research art school programs.

²⁶ Michael Parke-Taylor, p.17.

²⁷ "FitzGerald on Art," unpublished notes in L.L. FitzGerald 1890-1956 Memorial Exhibition 1958.

²⁸ Michael Parke-Taylor, *In Seclusion With Nature: The Later Work Of L.LeMoine FitzGerald, 1942 to 1956*, p. 28.

I have read that you didn't espouse any religion in particular, though Theosophy was 'in-the-air' in the 1920s and 1930s when you were formulating your ideas and corresponding and conversing with your colleagues, Lawren Harris and Bertram Brooker. (Much as deconstruction and Lacanian psychoanalysis circulates amongst cultural workers today.) You came of age professionally and intellectually as (cultural) modernism scrambled to set up house in the youthful Dominion of Canada. I, on the other hand, cut my teeth on post-modernism, digitalization, the return of spiritualism by way of New Ageism and the demise of nation states. We are separated by a flight path that traverses a continent of ideas, LeMoine, and it's only recently that air travel has been an option for cultural workers like you and I.

A horse that has withstood ordinary wear so well that he is comparatively fresh and sound at twelve years of age gives promise of having more years of usefulness ahead of him than the average six-year-old just from the country.

Your images leave me uneasy, troubled. You were so intent on integrating figure and ground, on producing an effect of oneness, perfection, solitude, harmony - you sought to perform a humble and domesticated version of the sublime.

But now it's late in the 20th century, and oneness and perfection have come to hold other meanings for me. I associate them with monoliths, with political and ideological regimes that attempt to squelch or mask dissent. I read harmony as a move towards homogenization, the hegemony of multinationalism and corporate capitalism. Consequently, I place more trust in ruptures, in disturbances, in collisions and unstable forms, in constructions teetering on the brink of collapse. I am certain only of my uncertainty.

Both city stables and the farm afford numerous instances of horses that have been from sixteen to twenty years on the job and still give little evidence of the infirmities that are supposed to come with advancing years.

I am amazed at your tenacity and the relentlessness of your commitment. After two world wars and a Cold War, the battle for women's enfranchisement, a Holocaust and Hiroshima, a succession of local economic booms and busts, personal illnesses, a world-wide Depression and several depressions - you remained hopeful enough to believe in the symbolic potential of a single apple on a window sill, a silhouette of trees lined up before the dawn, an old Fedora hat transformed. Somehow, some way, for yourself you secured a still, small and silent place - a calm within the eye of a storm.

Disposition and intelligence have much to do with a horse's usefulness. Together they determine the character of his performance, within the limits of his possibilities as fixed by type, conformation, and soundness.

FITZGERALD. So what am I to do with this visitor, this legacy, that's moved in

uninvited, drunk the last of the coffee, used all the clean towels. Toss 'it' out unceremoniously, clean the house thoroughly, call for an exorcism, purge the place of 'its' (romantic) excesses? "A (wo)man's home is her castle," after all. But as I opined before, cultural legacies are as illusive as clouds, as persistent as blue prairie skies; more like shadows than stinky draft horses. They don't take well to such ruthlessness; they're inclined to disappear temporarily - then stage a dramatic return - by way of the repressed.

Or perhaps I could redecorate, rearrange things just a little, be more accommodating, make it comfortable for my visitor (and myself), serve up some elaborate dinners, accept things as they are; do obeisance, build a shrine, look the other way. Who's to care? What does it matter?

A good, honest, game horse will oftentimes give more satisfactory service in spite of some physical infirmity than a sound horse that is sour, crabbed, or deficient in horse sense. Whether one rides or drives for profit or pleasure, that end is greatly enhanced by the cheerful responsiveness with which the horses do their work.

It's too late to pursue either option now; too much analysis has babbled beneath the bridge that connects us, one to another, Mr. FitzGerald, Lionel, LeMoine, L.L.F., Fitzie. And FITZGERALD is clearly here to stay. So I'll do what I wanted to all along, what I'm compelled to do. I'll take up the responsibility of interrogating those lurking ideological visitors, those metaphoric apples on the window sill that have quietly (sub)merged into the ground that is our preconscious, by virtue of their spectacular familiarity.

It is something more precious than gold, a gift to you of a better understanding of yourself and those you live with, a keener joy in your surroundings, given to you by one whose mind has taken the time to penetrate a little deeper into the meaning of things.²⁹

L.L. FitzGerald

Sigrid Dahle
September 1997

²⁹ L.L. FitzGerald, unpublished notes, in Helen Coy, *L. LeMoine FitzGerald Exhibition March 7 to 20 1977* (Winnipeg: Gallery 1.1.1., School of Art, University of Manitoba, 1977), p. 5.