1938

The Tangent: An Annual

Brown, Walter and Campbell, Elizabeth and Doucet, Yvonne and Garrison, Marian and Hyrchenuk, Mary and Livingston, Betty and Price, A.D. and Rankin, Jane E. and Slater, Doris and Watt, Betty and Stewart, Donald C. and Slater, Doris and King, Donal and Visser, Patti and Knapp, Stanley C. and McCrow., W. and Comfort, Charles and Park, Margaret and Livingstone, B. R.

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OUR THOUGHTS to you in this 1938 "Tangent" as a depiction of our minute voice in the vast world of Art.

The production of this book was possible only with the kind enthusiasm of Mr. Haines and the Staff, the timely gentle reprimands of Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Murphy, and the co-operation of the students. We wish to express our gratitude to all.

This year our Students' Club of the Ontario College of Art has organized numerous groups. The Dramatic Club, according to the applause given their productions, are showing promise. May they ever be successful! The Discussion Group are proving themselves able debaters on any subject from "the psychological reaction to colour" to "the flavour of Mrs. Merrill's onion soup". The Camera Club also has an enthusiastic following. During the cold winter months the Sketch Club's days were few, but a Winter Sports Group rapidly gained popularity. These participations, we feel convinced, are widening our interests as a body, thus stimulating the individual work of the future artists of Canada.

— The Editor.
A NOTE ON EPSTEIN

A few years back Jacob Epstein aroused the traditionally stolid British public to a controversy which threatened the peace of the land with a colossal statue of the Christ. By habit the rather infrequent exhibitions of Mr. Epstein's sculptures are a signal for violent extirpation on one hand and perfervid praise on the other in the columns of the press devoted to art criticism. His creations are always news; and subject-matter for intellectual debate. Within recent weeks he has struck again, to shock or delight the professional aesthete and the culture-seeking shop clerk, and again with a Christ, recumbent, as in the tomb. The situation created has the customary element of humor and irritation, the antithesis of the aura of abysmal brooding which surrounds this last work. Without doubt, few people outside the critical elite "see" very much in Epstein's sculpture. He is an enigma for most of us which never reaches solution, despite the almost frantic eagerness with which articles attempting to "explain" his work are consumed. Of course other sculptors (viz. Frank Dobson) are equally disturbing, but Epstein stands alone as the target of vituperation and the object of adoration in the world of modern sculpture, as Picasso and Dali in the realm of painting. It would not be expedient to offer an apology for Mr. Epstein's sculpture, even in the familiar guise of "an Aid to Appreciation" if, as I believe, his work is beginning
There is Epstein the eternal seed, for the state of his work appears striking to the start of a analyzes of its significance.

If the nature of the art is understood, it can be reasoned that the world of human perception relies on the weight of its explication. The work of art effuses with the mood of the patient.

What raises our attention is the way Epstein deals with its perception. Epstein's theories of neurosis, and its inexplicableness, are his sculpture, and the academic forms of this work. They are based on Epstein's statements on the garden of the human mind.

The moment a sense of death should have arrived, that is, the eternal seed, on the horizon of sensation, the criticism of the work might have isolated the weight of its explication. The state of the art depends on the weight of its explication.

To say the sculptor's work has no meaning is to say that he has created the eternal sense of death. Because the moment the world of the eternal sense of death has arrived, and the sculptor's work is not understood, we cannot reason that the eternal sense of reality is a moment in which the sculpture is understood, but rather the eternal sense of reality is a moment in which the sculpture is not understood.

I feel the eternal sense of death, and feel its explication, its weight, for its explication is inexplicable.
The significance of the artist's embodiment of emotions is to reframe the concept of human experience in a more considerable way. Epstein's representations of form and sculpture, based on his understanding of the artist's necessary exercise to achieve a more harmonious relationship, yield to the nature's innate qualities, much as the artist's perseverance towards the public's appreciation of art, must be imbued with the respect for the public's innate considerations.

For him, the problem is not his own disbelief or the apparent apparent problem, but his unique compatibility and experience. This is why he prefers to create monumental works, each of which emerges from the artist's unique understanding of it. These works, whether a sculpture or a religious artifact, can exist almost exclusively using any available media, tools, and techniques, and are contained within the artist's role. The artist knows how to win the game of the second dimension, and can so clarify the idea of the first dimension, which is, as Epstein said, "the important problem."

His tendency to carves his sculptures in stone, as the current sculptor does in Europe, is also the expression of the artist's understanding of the monumental nature of sculpture, which is, he believes, the art's most important characteristic. This is why Epstein always prefers to have the monumental pieces, which are not formed by any concession to the public's demands. He can lose the public's appreciation, but is also aware of the necessity of his own unique appreciation, which is, he believes, the artist's most important characteristic.

To epitomize the artist's work, Epstein's sculptures are clearly of the bad, and retain the bad of the superfluous, and their experiences of the bad of the bad, which are superior to the experience of the human, as Epstein observed, are the good of the bad. These sculptures, to look beyond any doubt, and experience the bad of the bad, must express the good of the bad, because they are capable of expressing the bad of the bad, but also of expressing the bad of the bad. Epstein's sculptures, created in stone, as the current sculptor does in Europe, are the best way to express the bad of the bad.
HARASSMENT

How the nerves of man are tortured on this Terrestrial Planet! Wherever you may go, traffic swiftly dodges in and out; salesmen smother you with propositions, and loud-voiced people crowd you in the down-town stores: — as if this were not enough inflicted on unfortunate man — some fiendish mind has given us the Candid Camera!

Why ordinarily peaceful human beings should so decide to make themselves a plague, is beyond all comprehension. From the seclusion of an unassuming lamp post they pop out, or slink behind you to await an opportunity to "click" that infernal apparatus. In the theatre where you settle back in comfortable relaxation, some detestable person, like as not, will whip his camera out and thrust it in your unsuspecting face. Even the street-cars are invaded by these monsters. The quiet, harmless looking individual, who sits so meekly by your side, may at any time transform, and start "snapping" in all directions. Then you, no doubt, will scramble home as best you can, in a state of nervous indigestion.

Why should these miserable camera fiends disrupt our hapless world? Could they not take to knitting, or some such genteel pastime of the Middle Ages? But no, their insistence on leading the parade of nerve-wreckers, is all too significant of the annoyances of modern life. — Betty Watt.
Mister Doakes

J. Anonymus

Doakes was not born in New York's East Side, the Ghetto, nor was he born of an Irish mother and a French father, on an American liner, in the middle of the Indian Ocean, bound for Shanghai; as are so many people of whom we read. He was born of wealthy parents, on exclusive Park Avenue. At the age of fifteen, after several successful years in private schools he enrolled at a local art college.

Now his father rather unlike most parents, did not want his son to be a lawyer, a doctor, or the President of The United States. So young "Annie", as he was known to his friends, was not forced to run away from school and join a circus, or go to sea, or any such thing. He worked when he felt like working, and did what he preferred to do. He never experienced the desire "to get away from it all", but on the contrary, he revelled in the social whirl, the "whirlier" the better! After four years of not so intense work, "Annie" graduated with all available prizes and honours.

His father insisted that he take funds and travel to Europe, or wherever he pleased, for further study. At the age of thirty, "Annie's" paintings were in demand everywhere, and he might be termed the successful artist. He was happily married, and, would you believe it, his wife was not his high school sweetheart, secretary or model. "Annie" did not save stamps, original Dixieland Band records, old pipes, Van Gogh paintings or the like. He had no favourite colour. He swore he never wanted to lead an orchestra, be a policeman or drive a fire engine. He never asked people to the house to see his lithographs and had absolutely no opinions on psychology evolution, or "how to win friends". It would appear that "Annie" was quite out of the ordinary. Perhaps he was, but in one respect he was similar to other men. He felt that he was intended for some definite purpose in life. However, there the similarity ceased. Most men spend years in doubt as to this purpose and many miss it entirely. "Annie"
discovered this quite accidentally. Along a wayside he chanced upon a delicate little flower. This fragrant little bloom caused him to think that here was something to be cared for and cherished.

"Annie", ever irresponsible in his youth now made himself responsible for its health and beauty. So he now faithfully watches and tenderly guards, that little flower which brought him so much happiness.

— Doris Slater — Donal King.

CREATION

Early in the dawn of Day, God chose a morning star. "Go to earth," said He, "And choose for Me the men who live." On earth the star was lost. In the palaces all was greed; The jewels of fame gleamed selfishly. From place to place he went, but evermore the clamour spread Here and there were men who knew, But something lacking, they went their way. — Discontent and pain.

"All is lost," the star was heard to sigh. "There are no living men upon the earth." To the countryside he fled, and stopped in wonder to behold The freshness of the beauty there. Here were men singing at their work. And at eventide in the quiet of the dusk, Some would shape and mould the clay into objects they loved so well. Still others drew with paint and brush. Beauty smouldered within. The poets dreamed And voiced their thoughts in verse. Men sang joyously The Song of Life. The star glowed with happiness and lit the countryside With a radiant light. All the men in passing caught something of that glow. In after years men named it — Inspiration. The star flew to heaven, And kneeling at the feet of God told of all he'd seen. "You have found the men who live," And this shall be their heritage. "On them and on their children's children shall shine the Light of Life, In them shall all things be created." — Patti Visser.
Very little has been written about the Art of the Eskimos. Having lived among them in Baffin Land, I will endeavour to outline briefly a few of the interesting things I have learned.

One must bear in mind the racial characteristics and natural severe environment which govern the Eskimos' mode of living. Throughout the Arctic they cling to the shoreline, loving their majestic country, starving or feasting and battling with the stark realities of life. They are typically Mongolian with a quaint and happy philosophy of life. Hardened by privation since birth, they do not complain, but take what comes, smile and are content. In their language there is no word for worry.

Their life being through necessity nomadic, unity and government of their nation, amongst themselves, has never been known, yet they live in perfect harmony with each other. Only when a camp is threatened with starvation or some other peril do they turn to a leader. In times of hunger the best hunter, who has become so by his superior intelligence, takes the lead, organizes the camp into hunting parties, and by his fruitful efforts takes them through until the time of famine is past. When other difficulties arise, the elders of the camp meet to discuss, in a dignified and courteous manner, what action should be taken for the future. Thus one can see that there never has been a focal point to foster Art, other than home life and things of immediate use.

The Eskimos' art is refreshing in its distinct individuality. In all their work the elements of nature govern their conceptions. Thus it is found to be dominated by straight lines, giving the feeling of strength and solidity, lacking the roundness and matured finish found in a softer climate.
and seal.

The clothes are made of natural and beautiful suede in the sewing

must travel through the infinite world's distance.

The Eskimos have carved their names on the Herbert Island stone. They carve in stone and wood, and in the ancient lamps. They often carve figures of the objects they use: harpoons, paddles, paddles, knives, and, sometimes, their favourite animals. The Eskimos have used these implements in their daily life. Sometimes they have made harpoons, while other times they have used knives to cut the hides for the parkas and other garments. They have even used the teeth of the seal for some objects. These carvings are their most beautiful works of art.

Sometimes these objects are traded among the tribes of the region, and the carvers are like the sculptors who work in stone.

For example, the Eskimos have used the seal-oil lamp to obtain a light in the dark. They have carved their carving in the lamp, and it has become an emblem of their art. They have used the oil as a source of light, and the lamp as an instrument of art. These lamps are used to light the path of the seal-oil lamp to the shore, and the seal-oil lamp is placed in the lamp of the seal-oil lamp to keep it lighted.

Sometimes the men have worked with a lamp of oil, and the women have worked with a lamp of blood. They have used the lamp of oil to make their lamp of blood more beautiful, and they have used the lamp of blood to make their lamp of oil more beautiful. They have used the lamp of blood to make their lamp of oil more beautiful, and they have used the lamp of oil to make their lamp of blood more beautiful.

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CIRCUS STAR

With glistening white body, and silvery mane, 
As he cantered, then trotted and started 
So sparkling and beautiful, on he came to sway, 
The proudest of stallions did gracefully 
But why did his hind legs never repeat 
The dance being done by his foremost 
To lead the parade beneath the Big Top.

He slipped, then he slid and fell to the ground, 
His appearance was then like a writhing mound, 
And lo! he discarded his mantle of white, 
Oh dire disappointment, mere men came in sight.

-B. W. SUMMER EVENING

From base of tree and house and hill Long shadows creep, and from the rill 
As slowly creeps the misty haze That marked the pass of former days. 
Small flocks of birds sing their last lay 
To gentle sweet departing day. 
From harvest fields, tired folk return 
From working there, content to earn Their daily bread; and in each face One can discern an easy grace 
Common to men who till the soil 
For love of it, not for the spoil. 
With simple things may they be blessed; 
May evening bring them peaceful rest. 
—W. McCrow.
Tradition is surely no more than the fruit of successful experiment. In fact it would hardly be too much to say that tradition in painting is, in the final analysis, experiment. To my mind this opinion is necessary because it establishes the idea of one single tradition sufficiently broad to include the most diverse kinds of experiment, but at the same time sufficiently narrow to exclude the manifold failures and heresies with which the course of every human activity is encumbered.

I should like to dispose at the outset of the idea that there are several different and conflicting traditions in art, to which each movement properly belongs. We constantly see the best work of each movement separated by taste and experience from the inferior work and added to the main body of traditional achievement. Thus, within our own generation, we have seen the impressionist painters take rank among the great masters and realist novelists and playwrights take rank among classical writers. And as far as anything can be humanly known, we know that this judgment we have formed on their merits will not be disturbed by the verdict of posterity. We ourselves are the creators of this thing called tradition. It is not imposed on us by any dead hand of the past, nor should it fetter the mind of the adventurous artist. If we are able to look upon tradition as successful experiment it becomes a living element in our creative work, living because it is ever changing and growing, and because its change and growth are our own.

We are accustomed to regard the history of art as records of certain phases of man's adjustment of his environment. As the centuries advance we see the emergence of a conception of art that makes the artist's function the recording of his personal adjustment to life. An artist's...
Had Hogarth. He was the first artist to be able to estimate the time and effort required for a work. This is why he is often regarded as the father of modern art. Giotto, Raphael, and Michelangelo were all influenced by Hogarth's work. The artist's role is to bring life to the canvas, to make the invisible visible. The artist's work is a reflection of the artist's inner self, and it is the artist who is responsible for the quality of the work. The artist must be in control of the process, and the artist must be able to trust their own judgment. The artist cannot rely on others to make decisions for them. The artist must be able to make the right choices, and the artist must be able to take responsibility for the art. The artist must be able to see the art as a whole, and the artist must be able to see the art as a part of a larger whole. The artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist, and the artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the world. The artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's life, and the artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's experiences. The artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's hopes, and the artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's dreams. The artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's values, and the artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's beliefs. The artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's passions, and the artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's emotions. The artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's thoughts, and the artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's ideas. The artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's spirit, and the artist must be able to see the art as a reflection of the artist's soul.
When King Ptolemy I asked Euclid to explain his art to him in a more compendious manner, he was told that there was no royal way to geometry. The same might be said of the art of glass painting. Great works are achieved only by perseverance. To be called an artist is to accept the penalties of the profession, along with its compensations. We have a double task before us, first to educate ourselves, and second to enlighten our public on the true values of painted glass. Our objective should be to set a flame of enthusiasm burning. Recall to mind the awe-inspiring majesty of the painted glass of Canada! Are Canadians a dormant people? We haven't yet awakened to the great possibilities in this creative field. True, windows are being installed, but for the most part they are like so many pretty pictures; lacking in the fine qualities of design found in early glass. What hope is there then in the future amidst the turmoil of this ultra-modern world, particularly in Canada, for the glass painter of to-day? Has he lost that deep sense of serenity, that sheer beauty of design and...
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the painting of the glass, and third, the firing and leading. To give richness and texture in detail to the coloured glass, design is placed on it with an opaque brownish enamel. This art has been erroneously called "stained glass." Stain was discovered in the fourteenth century, the 'white glass being painted with a preparation of either oxide or chloride of silver. When fired, this turned to an indelible yellow. Its use is comparatively small when the entire window is considered. Since painting with the enamel plays a more important part, the true term might rather be "painted glass".

Colour, the glory of the art, with its rich gold and sapphire tints, has been unequalled since the thirteenth century. The triated ruby, unknown in later glass, is a wonderful colour, each piece seeming to have its own character. The depth and intensity of the colours make you marvel at the skill in the craftsmanship of glass making that existed then. The artist was so much in love with the barbaric richness of his colours that he seldom insulted them with enamel, except where necessary for clarity in the drawing. Since painted glass has been called the handmaid of architecture, its mission is to beautify buildings. Think of the Methuselah Window of Canterbury, or the Crucifixion Window of Poitiers, and compare them with the crude and vulgar attempts of the nineteenth century, that develop, in some respects, out of all reason and proportion. The Symbolism, the soul or glass designing, which has been dead since the end of the sixteenth century, was so vital to the artist, that to them every form clothed a thought, and could not be separated. The ideal of the artist was not a transparent picture, as it would appear to be today, since "naturalism" has replaced the "symbolism" of early glass designers. We could make our windows precious works of art, by striving along the right lines, both as artists and craftsmen. With a new outlook on the art of glass painting, let us turn our minds to creating designs worthy of the medium, and endeavour in the future to more adequately relate our windows to the architecture. Canada may then step onward to a greater appreciation of the true beauty of decorative windows. — Margaret Park.
WATER

LILY

Resting softly:
While Stardust plays on petals white,
Reflected in the listless pool
And clothed in the soft moonlight.

So tranquil while all sounds are stilled
Save whispers of a breeze, so cool
Till night by golden dawn is killed:
A solitary lily.

—B. W.

ASPIRATION

To reach the heights of joy until I feel my soul can know no greater happiness than this; all other things are less, only bliss, transcending everything, is real.

And then to sink to darkest deep despair Till I have lost all hope and heart to sing, To care what in the future, life may bring, Or what wounds to greater pain I bare. To travel calmly in a mediocre plane With my emotions neither high nor low, But held in check with an austere control, So that anyone would say my life was sane.

It is for this, that I would know the greatest joy, the deepest pain, And yet have trod life's peaceful lane, That to my brother man where'er I go I may say with truth, "I understand." —B. R. Livingstone.
The following prints were designed and cut by the students, and printed by the Editors, at the Ontario College of Art.
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