

The exhibition and catalogue provide a detailed year-by-year description of the artist's output from 1895 to 1942. Its chronological arrangement is revealing in itself with its postage-stamp reproductions.

Of less value is the last part — six pages of chronology, exhibitions and bibliography. It is of less value because of small inaccuracies and larger omissions so that it cannot be used as authoritative. In the chronology on page 89 it states that Emily Carr was in England from 1889 to 1904. But she was in San Francisco from 1889 to 1894 and didn't go to England until 1899. This is confirmed on page 9. Her bibliography omits such important references as Harper, *Painting in Canada; Journals of E.C. Hundreds and Thousands*; Duval, *Canadian Water-colour Painting*; Mellen, *The Group of Seven*; and the National Gallery of Canada, the Mr. and Mrs. Jules Loeb Collection.

The problem of dating appears in the self-portrait which adorns the cover. On page 83 it is dated "1934-1935," on page 51 it is dated "about 1938," while Mrs. Hembroff-Schleicher refers to her interest in portrait painting in 1932. Other references by the artist herself (including letters) would support the earliest date while comparisons with photographs would seem to rule out the latest date.

The book itself is a commendable one but it suffers slightly from the appearance of a team production.

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Joe Plaskett and His Paris. In Search of Time Past, Vancouver and Ottawa, Fine Arts Gallery, The University of British Columbia and the National Gallery of Canada, 1971; pp. 35, illus. \$2.00.

This attractive book is intended as accompaniment to an otherwise uncataloguable exhibition. Its novelty and imagination are its most striking features. It seems to capture the essence of the subject to the point where one wonders if the book is the "real" Joe Plaskett (if he is real) or a colourful romantic vision of the author. It is from beginning to end a character study. As such it is revealing and intriguing. We see a man who paints like a mystical poet, enjoys poetry like an epicure, wines and dines like a painter, lives like an impoverished prince.

Plaskett reveals that there is still a dream in many of us to live an unfettered sophisticated life such only Paris can provide — a dream that many thought was destroyed by the first world war.

But in review we are concerned principally with the book. It is remarkably successful in achieving its aim — creating an image of a man with the greatest economy of words, supported by many quotations (not all of them relevant), a kaleidoscope of photographs and some well-reproduced paintings.

The designing is not so successful or imaginative. Somehow the format isn't the same homage to Plaskett as the content is. The distinguishing feature of the book is the centre fold — a reproduction of a six-panel painting of the artist's studio. This indeed shows ingenuity and reflects the image of artist and author. The rest of the book seems to depend on this — particularly in its proportions. The cover, with its startling magenta colour is not Plaskett. Somehow the long list of the Honourary Committee seems inappropriate for the book even though many of them are his patrons. The type-face and layout don't seem to reflect this reflective artist and his inner and outer spirit. The format drags it down.

The question arises, is this novelty justified or even significant?

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