

P116 Fonds Clarence A. Gagnon

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Baie St. Paul

Baie St.

Sept 21st 1922

Charlevoix Que.

My dear Mr Walker.

I am sending by parcel post to Olive some ground cherries to make preserves I did not get as many as last year, as they were started later and this early frost of Sunday stopped them short. We had a fine crop of tomatoes, they all ripened on the stem. Very few flowers in the garden were able to stand this touch of frost. It played the devil with the tobacco of the farmers.

Hutchison writes me that he saw Shilling at the Salmagundi he says that he ^{had} hunted look perhaps he knows that Hutch knows where he spends his summers. Hutchison on his way up passed by Gouvernville and he saw no sign of Alexander. So old Shilling must be coming down your way, wait some time so that you forget how he received us in New York last winter my factory is going at full blast! I will have to get a gramophone to tune up when I am grinding colors. They work so well! Juice says that these days I look like "Sunny Jim" they are making me forget how to swear. I am on to all the tricks of the color-makers I realize now that the grinding of colors should be done by the artist. He knows best how the colors should be ground to suit himself. I prepared some

canvas last winter with Windsor & Newton Foundation
White. This white is extremely poor. I put on two
coats of it. Even with two coats, it is terribly abso-
bent, so much that when you paint on such a ground
the oil shows right through at the back of the canvas.
It is almost as bad as painting on plaster. As long
as I live I will never buy another tube of paint.
Grinding colors is very simple. To give you an
idea of the strength of the pigment when the color
is ground by oneself. Take for instance, the Cadmium
Vermillion, if ground by the colors makers it is extre-
mely weak & dull. When you grind it yourself it
becomes stronger than Prussian blue which is
easier to clean away from the grinding-stone than
the Cadmium Vermillion. I have just ordered a
lot of powdered colors from Morin. I will be able
to work outdoors this winter without freezing.
Sketching will be then a real pleasure.

We have decided to remain over in Canada for
another year. Things are not bright enough in
Paris for artists. I hear a great many artists
have given up Paris and gone to live in the
country, where they can live much cheaper.
Rents are going up all the time and pictures
are selling very little. Anyhow a landscape
artist or any other artist other than a portrait
painter should not live in the city, if he wishes
to work. Can't you find a few days to come
down to the Baie? Do try and come.

Once sent her love to you both. Hoping to see
you soon down here. With the best of luck
Yours very sincerely
Lawrence A. Saffman

My dear Mr. Walker,

I am sending by parcel post to Olive some ground cherries to make preserves, I did not get as many as last year, as they were started later and this early frost of Sunday stopped them short. We had a fine crop of tomatoes, they all ripened on the stem. Very few flowers in the garden were able to stand this touch of frost. It played the devil with the tobacco of the farmers.

Hutchison writes me that he saw Shilling at the Salmagundi Club, he says that he had a hunted look perhaps he knows that Hutch. knows where he spends his summers. Hutch. on his way up passed by Louiseville, and saw no sign of Alexander. So old Shilling must be before coming down your way wait some time so that you forget how he received us in New York last winter.

My factory is going full blast! I will have to get a gramophone to tune up when I am grinding colors. They work so well. Luce says that these days I look like "Sunny Jim" they are making me forget how to swear. I am on to all the tricks of the color-makers. I realize now that the grinding of colors should be done by the artist. He knows best how the colors should be ground to suit himself. I prepared some canvas last winter with Windsor & Newton Foundation White. This white is extremely poor

I put on two coats of it. Even with two coats it is terribly absorbent so much that when you paint on such a ground the oil shows right through at the back of the canvas. It is almost as bad as painting on plaster. As long as I live I will never buy another tube of paint. Grinding colors is very simple. To give you an idea of the strength of the pigment when the color is ground by one self, take for instance the cadmium vermilion, if ground by the color makers it is extremely weak and dull. When you grind it yourself it becomes stronger than Prussian blue which is easier to clean away from the grinding stone than the Cadmium vermilion.

I have just ordered a lot of powdered colors from Morin, I will be able to work outdoors this winter without freezing sketching will be then a real pleasure.

We have decided to remain over in Canada for another year. Things are not bright enough in Paris for artists. I hear a great many artists have given up Paris and gone to live in the country, where they can live much cheaper. Rents are going up all the time and pictures are selling very little. Anyhow a landscape artist or any other artist other than a portrait painter should not live in the city, if he wishes to work.

Can't you find a few days to come down to the Baie? Do try and come.

Luce sends her love to you both. Hoping to see you soon down here.

With the best of luck

Yours very sincerely

Clarence A. Gagnon..

Basé St Paul

Nov. 9th 1924.

Charlevoix Que.

My dear Mr Walker.

I have been intending to write you much sooner than this but we have been upset by the floods and a continuous flow of visitors all summer. I have been working like a nigger painting during the day and grinding colors at night. My correspondence during that time was piling up all the time and the garden was quite neglected. I was handicapped all summer with a sore foot, and have resumed my

R.C.A. with a bunch of old-moss-bags! I see you are up on the Council this year, with all your enemies. I believe the meeting is to be important & stormy, as the charter is to be amended all the amendments in the world would not change anything. A stick of dynamite would be the thing!

Daie St. Paul has had a very trying time with the last two floods. It will never get over it. On the contrary the situation is so bad, that practically the whole villoge is doomed. The streams have broken away from their usual course washing everything in their path, causing landslides

long walks only these last few weeks, when I took my gun along & the dog. No partridge, and very few have this year. They have passed a new law in France which obliges a tenant to live in his house personally or give it up. I'm afraid if I cannot manage to make some arrangement about my studio I shall have to go over to Paris and see about it this winter. I may have to rush over there any moment; if I cannot get the courts to allow me a delay

I am going up to Ottawa Wednesday to act on the jury of the

It would cost over a million to keep them in their beds, and protect the village from complete destruction. I never thought that such small streams could cause such havoc. Boulders the size of a house have been rolled like marbles. The people of Baie St Paul here have many suits to account for. "The Lord don't like 'em!" The people are living in nightmare every time a drop of rain comes down. The high water next spring will play the devil again.

On my way through Quebec on Wednesday I shall call you on the phone. If you are going to Ottawa we can arrange to make the trip together from Montreal. Hoping that all's well with you Grace & myself send our very best regards to Olive & yourself
Yours truly
Clarence A. Ferguson.

Nov. 9th. 1924.

My dear Mr. Walker,

I have been intending to write you much sooner than this, but we have been upset by the floods and a continuous flow of visitors all summer. I have been working like a nigger painting during the day and grinding colors at night. My correspondence during that time was piling up all the time; and the garden was quite neglected.

I was handicapped all summer with a sore foot, and have resumed my long walks only these last few weeks; I took my gun along and the dog. No partridge, and very few hares this year.

They have passed a new law in France which obliges a tenant to live in his house personally or give it up. I'm afraid if I cannot manage to make some arrangement about my studio I shall have to go over to Paris and see about it this winter. I may have to rush over there any moment; if I cannot get the courts to allow me a delay.

I am going up to Ottawa Wednesday to act on the Jury of the R.C.A. with a bunch of old moss-bags!. I see you are up on the council this year, with all your enemies. I believe the meeting is to be important and stormy, as the charter is to be amended. All the amendments in the world would not change anything. A stick of dynamite would be the thing!

Baie St. Paul has had a very trying time with the last two floods. It will never get over it, on the contrary the situation is so bad, that practically the whole village is doomed. The streams have broken away from their usual course washing everything in their path, causing landslides. It would cost over a million to keep them in their beds, and protect the village from complete destruction. I never thought that such small streams could cause such havoc. Boulders the size of a house have been rolled like marbles. The people of Baie St. Paul must have many sins to account for. For the Lord don't like 'em!. The people are living in nightmare every time a drop of rain comes down. The high waters next spring will play the devil again.

On my way to Quebec on Wednesday I shall call you on the phone. If you are going to Ottawa we can arrange to make the trip together from Montreal.

Luce and myself send our very best regards to Olive and yourself

Yours sincerely

Clarence A. Gagnon

358. Outremont ave. Dec. 7th 1924
Montreal.

My dear Mr Walker; Lucile & I. were
very sorry not to see you on our
way through Quebec. We have been
rushed off our feet since, and
will be glad to get on the boat
and have a rest. I hope that
everything will be alright when
we get over, and that I shall
be able to get to work in my
studio right away. We brought
the dog up and left it with my
brother, my little four year old nephew
took possession of it in no time. It
will not be an easy thing to take
that dog away from him when we

Dahlia's —
Lucile Rodier Double peony. gold shading to
copper + old gold, tipped with
old rose, erect stem, large flower.

New Dawn. Single, orange center, petals gold
shading to buff, with salmon
rose markings towards the tips
of petals; very erect stems.

Sunrise Single, same as above except
a stronger tone of orange.

Horatio Walker Immense double peony, ground
vermillion, outer petals tipped
with straw color; strong plant
very erect stems.

Indian Summer. Single, red round petals
with gold markings.

Renoir. — Single, peony, old rose, orange
+ gold.

St. Paradiso. Gold, + orange. Single.

Florence Cote Single, long petals, orchid
color, yellow centre, with
lemon yellow markings at base
of petals.

1 box of Premier glads, see catalogue nos.

1 bag. of unclassified bulbs, tags were
lost.

G. 7.^s - bulb. Light pink, flesh color ground.

G. 5.^s " Strawberry pink with red & crimi-
son centre.

G. 2. Deep vermilion darker throat, with
light peacock eye.

G. 4. Light pink with crimson markings on
each petal. running deeper towards centre.

All bulbs with G. are seeds. put in hot
beds ~~last~~ in the spring of 1923.

return here. We are sailing by the
"Unidos" C.R.R. boat on the 10th
at St John to land at Cherbourg.
I hope you got the dahlias +
gladioli I send you. I am sending
you by mail 2 catalogues of
Denver with a package of gladioli
seeds. "Give them a try." It is interes-
ting!

Well, as soon as I will write you
and let you know all about it
over here.

Yours very sincerely
Clarence A. Gagnon

My dear Mr. Walker,

Lucile and I were very sorry not to see you on our way through Quebec. We have been rushed off our feet since and will be glad to get on the boat and have a rest. I hope that everything will be allright when we get over, and that I shall be able to get to work in my studio right away. We brought the dog up and left it with my brother, my little four year old nephew took possession of it in no time. It will not be an easy thing to take that dog away from him when we return here. WE are sailing by the Minnedosa C.P.R. boat on the 10th. at St. John to land at Cherbourg.

I hope you got the dahlias & gladioli I sent you. I am sending you by Mail 2 catalogues of Diener, with a package of gladioli seeds "Give them a try", it is interesting!

Well, au revoir, will write you and let you know all about it over there.

Yours very sincerely
Clarence A. Gagnon

Dahlias, ---

- Lucile Rodier Double peony, gold shading to copper & old gold, tipped with old rose; erect stem, large flower.
- New Dawn. Single, orange center, petals gold shading to buff with salmon rose markings toward's the tips of petals; very erect stems.
- Sunrise. Single, same as above except a stronger tone of orange.
- Horatio Walker. Immense double peony, ground vermilion, outer petals tipped with straw color; strong plants, very erect stems.
- Indian Summer. Single, red ground petals with gold markings.
- Renoir. Single peony, old rose, orange and gold.
- Il Paradiso. Gold & orange. Single.
- Florence Coté. Single, long petals, orchid color, yellow center, with lemon yellow markings at base of petals.

1 box of Diener gladioli, see catalogue nos.

1 bag of unclassified bulbs, tags were lost.

- G.7. bulb, Light pink, flesh color ground.
- G.5. bulb, Strawberry pink with red & crimson center.
- G.2. Deep vermilion darker throat, with light peacock eye.
- G.4. Light pink with crimson marking's on each petal, running deeper toward center.

All bulbs with G. are seeds, put in hot beds in the spring of 1923.

9 rue Falguiere.

Dec 8. 1925.

My dear Mr Walker,

I wrote you a long letter last Spring from London I wonder if you ever got it or if you are as good a correspondent as I am. I am sending you a small Christmas card of my own. It is a monotype in a new process. This card is rather small to give a good idea of the result one can get from it moreover I did some retouching with gouache. I paint a sketch in oils on a piece of linoleum, just as I would paint a sketch on canvas or panel then take a piece of chinese paper (which is absorbent) put it down on the sketch then over that sheet of paper apply another one which has been soaked with essence of petroleum (kerosene) then a piece of blotting paper over as backing paper and run it off the etching press. It gives the effect of a water-color and the broadness of the brush-work of oils with great brilliancy and transparency of tones which cannot be had with water-color or oils. Besides it can be retouched with pastels. By studying very closely Degas' work I found out that he first made a monotype then touched it up all through with pastels to heighten & accentuate the color. In my process the essence of petroleum draws all the oil out of the paper. Give it a try; it's worth it; it helps a great deal

in carrying out a picture. Finoleum is a better ground to make a monotype, it has not the smooth glassy surface of a zinc or copper plate. Sometimes up to three prints can be taken from the same sketch.

Since I returned from Hantley I have done very little painting, I have been constantly taken up by tourists and visitors. Thank God there is a lull just now! In a month or so the Decorative Arts Exhibition will be a thing of the past, and a good riddance. The whole thing was nothing else but a "Coup de jazz!!" The buildings were awfully ugly, the British Pavillon the ugliest of all, and also their exhibits. Denmark took the Grand Prix of all the Nations. The Scandinavian carried the honors. The furniture was bulky, showy and uncomfortable. Interiors fit for war profiteers and parvenus. Ceramics ~~etc~~ were ~~to~~ very good. The French tapestries, Gobelin's were screamingly horrible. Bernheim the art dealer had a pavilion arranged to show ~~at~~ ^{the} modern home of a great art collector. (Holy Moses! a worse show could not be ^{better} arranged, cubists, super realists, dadaists, unconsciousists, and all the "isms" of the world were there, except a decent canvas. French art which condemned years ago new departures in Munich, have not only caught up to Munich, but have gone beyond, what an appalling decadence! The dealers are organized like the stock-brokers, they have formed pools, and boost

Dec.8 1925.

My dear Mr. Walker,

I wrote you a long letter last spring from London I wonder if you ever got it or if you are as good a correspondent as I am I am sending you a small Christmas card of my own. It is a monotype in a new process. This card is rather small to give a good idea of the result one can get from it moreover I did some retouching with gouache. I paint a sketch in oils on a piece of linoleum, just as I would paint a sketch on canvas or panel, then take a piece of chinese paper (which is absorbent) put it down on the sketch..... and run it off the etching press. It gives the effect of a water color and the broadness of the brushwork of oils with great brilliancy and transparency of tones which cannot be had with water colors or oils. Besides it can be retouched with pastels. By studying very closely Degas' work, I found out that he first made a monotype then touched it up all through with pastels, to heighten and accentuate the color. In my process, ~~that~~ the oil is out of the paper. Give it a try, its worth it, it helps a great deal in carrying out a picture. Linoleum is a better ground to make a monotype, it has not the smooth glassy surface of a zinc or copper plate. Sometimes up to three prints can be taken from the same sketch.

I returned from Wembley I have done very little painting, I have been constantly taken up by tourists and visitors. Thank God there is a lull just now! In a month or so the Decorative Arts Exhibition will be a thing of the past, and a good riddance. The whole thing was nothing else but a "Coup de Jazz" !! The buildings were awfully ugly, the British Pavillon the ugliest of all, and also their exhibits. Denmark took the Grand Prix of all the Nations. The Scandinavians carried the honors. The furniture was bulky showy and uncomfortable. Interiors fit for war profiteers and parvenus. Ceramics were very good. The French tapestries, Gobelins, were sceamingly horrible. Bernheim, the art dealer, had a pavillon arranged to

show the modern home of a great art collector. Holy Moses! a worse show could not be better arranged, cubists, super realists, dadaists, unconscion- nists, and all the "isms" of the world were there, except a decent canvas.

French Art which condemned years ago new departures in Munich, have not only caught up to Munich, but have gone beyond. What an appalling decadence. The dealers are organized like the stock-brokers, they have formed pools and boost this sort of thrash, and then unload as fast as they can on the goats of nouveaux riches. Their Art is more messy than their finances. You thought I exaggerated when I used to paint French situation rather dark years ago. Well it is pretty black, and very likely will be blacker if these political demagogues have got nothing else to do but to fight between themselves. The cost of living is soaring at a tremendous rate. Things were rather serious the other day when the Painlevé cabinet fell, all the troops were confined to their barracks, a "coup d'état" was feared. We shall have an era of parliamentary crisis for several years to come.

Paris is not the Paris of the old days. Foreigners everywhere one has the sound of a foreign tongue continually ringing in one's ear. It is a mystery to me to see how certain categories of French people manage to live. There are thousands of cases of people living on air alone. The intellectual class is suffering a great deal.

I have been asked to illustrate a book "Le grand Silence Blanc" an Alaskan story in the style of Jack London, this book had a great success here, but it is not in it with Jack London. The French think it great. The Editor wants to make an édition de luxe, with illustrations in colors, wood-block in color. As he is leaving it entirely to me I accepted to do it; the wood-blocks are to be printed by Bouchet the best printer in Paris (hand-press printing). They also want Maria Chapdelaine illustrated the same way. Since the war the French have made great strides in book publishing. Their show at the Decorative Arts Exhibition was a revelation. Some very fine books have been brought out in 1920 to 1924 which were originally

sold from 90 to 200 francs, are quoted at 25000 to 40000 francs to-day, a great speculation for booklovers!

WE saw quite a good deal of the Scott's when they were here this summer, also Eric Brown and his wife. Lucile saw a great deal of her Canadian friends over here, She is enjoying Paris, and has quite forgotten the Bay St. Paul, not I, I get homesick for it, I console myself when I realise that I have a good comfortable studio to work in, and plenty of material to work from. I miss the fishing and outdoor life and my garden. I was quite dissatisfied with the flowers over here, at the Exhibition apart from roses, the exhibit was very poor my little plot at the Bay could have shown some better blooms than they had here. Dahlias were rather good; nothing here ever touched in gladioli those Diener bulbs from California. Everything I got from him is 100% of what I saw over here. As a matter of fact the flower show did not come up to anything I saw in New-York. How did the gladioli and dahlias that I sent you turn out? In Paris region the late variety of table corn did not ripen this summer, Baie St. Paul is not so bad after all.

Lucile joins me in wishing you again a very jolly Xmas and Happy New Year to Olive and yourself

Yours very sincerely

Clarence.

9 rue Falguère.

Paris Dec 13th 1926.

My dear Mr Walker,

I was delighted to hear from you, and that you had a very good summer, and things were going well. I am sorry I was not at the Baie to receive you when you went down with Suicard, who wrote me about it. You do not mention having seen our "Old Friend Arthur" "He will be sore in the heart" when he hears you went to the Baie and you never called on him. My Swiss trip gave me a lot of "pep" but am losing it all in house-cleaning. I am having the studio done over again and the vacuum-cleaner has been steadily going and swallowing the dust of 17 years, and the dirt that my painters made no matter how much these fellows strike they will never get any sympathy from me; the more so when one is a Gascon and the other a Corsican, the devil and the deep sea. On account of the impossibility of getting proper wood-blocks I gave up the idea of illustrating the book "The Grand Silence Blanc" besides it would have tied me down for nearly four years engraving steadily every day, and the printers tugging away at my coat-tails to hasten things. Instead I am doing a series of monotypes which will be reproduced by the Sande Stencil Process, which is far superior to any printing in color yet invented. They can reproduce a water-color to perfection so well that you cannot tell which is the original. All the fine "éditions de grand luxe" books are being done with illustrations by that process. I got Rouss & Mann the printers in Toronto to take it up. Printing inks which are permanent are done away with and water-colors such as used by the artists are used instead. Artist materials over here are getting very expensive and very poor quality. I got some poppy oil from Heumann; it seems good but very thin. There is a new ~~white~~ white on the market it is guaranteed not to turn black and to have a great covering power. I am making experiments with it. As far as I can judge it has a triple covering

quality than zinc white, but a great deal less than
Blanc d'Argent. It behaves in the grinding just like zinc
white, and has a tendency to dry with a skin, and likely
to become brittle like zinc white. After all no white has
yet been found to equal the lead white. I discovered that the
last oil I got from Blockx was adulterated with Cotton-seed
oil.

The Salon d'Automne is on just now, very poor show. All
the modernists are split up in as many parties as are
in the the French Chamber. Although some of that "crazy
stuff" forced its way into the Luxembourg gallery, ~~and~~
there is nevertheless a reaction against it coming on.
A few dealers who dealt exclusively with that "crazy stuff"
went bankrupt. The sale of the Durim collection in
which figured "Rousseau's (custom-officer) "Bohemienne en-
dormie" which was supposed to have been knocked
down at 5/5,000 francs was never sold. It was a put-up job
by the dealer who had sold it to Durim. He simply had
to buy it back. He had started the bidding at 370,000 francs
to "epater" the bourgeois. It turned out that the bourgeois
would not allow himself to be "epater".

I hear that "little Wiley Grier" has gone over to where he
really belonged to the Home-Russell & Co camp, and wants
Eric Brown's head. Poor Eric, who would have thought
that he would be compared to Mussolini. I always found
Eric to be too meek about things. I suppose my
head also will be demanded by the Home-Dynamet
when they hear about a Canadian Art Show in Paris
in April. During these last two years, I managed
to get the French Government to invite the Wembley
exhibit over to Paris, and I did through Armand
Dayot, Inspector General of Fine Arts, and a great friend
of mine. Eric Brown was afraid to bring it up to the
Trustees of the National Gallery, fearing another row

this sort of thrash and then unload as fast as they can on the goats of nouveau riches. Their art is more messy than their finances. You thought I exaggerated when I used to paint French situation rather dark years ago. Well, it is pretty black, and very likely will be blacker if these political demagogues have got nothing else to do but to fight between themselves. The cost of living is soaring at a tremendous rate; Things were rather serious the other day when the Poincaré cabinet fell. All the troops were confined to their barracks, a "coup d'état" was feared. We shall have an era of parliamentary crisis for several years to come. Paris is not the Paris of the old days. Foreigners everywhere one has the sound of a foreign tongue continually ringing in one's ear. It is a mystery to me to see how certain categories of French people manage to live. There are thousands of cases of people living on air alone. The intellectual class is suffering a great deal.

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hand-press printing

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Yours very sincerely
 Clarence

at the trees now. Be sure before you come over to have Suzanne teach you the latest steps of the Charleston and the Black Bottom.

By the way did you ever receive the seeds of alpine flowers I sent you from Interlaken? I was glad to hear my gladioli turned out alright. You should try Diener's seed the California man the same one from whom I got those gladioli. His petunias are simply wonderful I have not see anything like them over here. And so are his pansies. His tomatoes are wonderful absolutely devoid of acidity. Except the roses I do not see any flowers around here to compare with New-York Flower shows. In Switzerland they were simply wonderful specially geranium begonias which ornamented every window of the chalets. I think the reason they seem to bloom so wonderfully well must be due to the soil being composed of mostly blue stone silt and very cool nights with heavy dew! I have seen in Savoy & Switzerland phloxes over 8 ft in height.

Well here's another Xmas ^{over} here, I hope before long to spend the others in Canada these people over here get on my nerves they are always squealing!

I wish we could have an ice-bridge directly to the island, and jolly up for Christmas

Gracie joins me in sending you and Olive our very very, very, ver ve v. jolly Xmas and Merry New Year. Plentea pictures!
With an best love. Yrns very sincerely

Clarence A. Gagnon

P.S. Where can you get a slice of those 22 million dollars of that Gagnon left in California when he died 50 years ago. Kill off all the other Gagnons; start on your island.

-3-

with the R.C.A. I urged him on, it was an opportunity which we might never come across again, as it is not an easy thing to get such an invitation, I managed to get ahead of Sweden Denmark Greece and Tchecho-Slovakia. Just when Holland had her show, it was not much I am convinced that a Canadian Show would be better, specially if carried out on the same lines as the Wembley one. However Brown gathered all his courage and put it up to the Trustees expecting to be turned down. It turned out that they gave their full approval and the show is to take place at the galleries of the Jeu de Paume in the Tuileries Gardens, where they have housed the foreign section of the Grosvenour galleries. So far everything went on very smoothly, I have been entrusted with the task of its organization and will be able to carry it through. I saw Vincent Massey a few weeks ago, and he thought that no matter what the R.C.A. would try, that the show will be carried out as planned. After his last "stunt" Wiley Guer is most likely to be left out of the show. We are to include in the show, a retrospective of Morrice + Thomson each a set of 15 pictures. Besides your Wembley exhibits, I wish you could let us have a few of your crayon studies of "habitants", they would improve our black + white section tremendously. Armand Dayot is going to publish a special number of "L'Art et les Artistes" on Canadian Art which will come out at the same time as the show, which will open on the 10th April to continue on till the 10th of May, ideal time of the year for a show of this kind, just before the Salons. I hope you will be here then, bring Olive along to see Old Paris. The "petites foules" are far more numerous, and attractive than when you were last. Their skirts do not bag

My dear Mr.Walker

I was delighted to hear from you, and that you had a very good summer, and things were going well. I am sorry I was not at the Baie to receive you when you went down with Simard who wrote me about it. You do not mention having seen our "Ole Freund Arthur" "He will be sore in the heart" when he hears you went to the Baie and you never called on him.

My Swiss trip gave me a lot of "pep" but am losing it all in house cleaning. I am having the studio done over again and the vacuum-cleaner has

been steadily going and swallowing the dust of 17 years, and the dirt that my painters made, no matter how much these fellows strike they will never get any sympathy from me, the more so when one is a Gascon and the other Corsican the devil and the deep sea.

On account of the impossibility of getting proper wood-blocks I gave up the idea of illustrating the book "Le Grand Silence Blanc" besides it would have tied me down for nearly four years, engraving steadily every day; and the printers tugging away at my coat-tails to hasten things. Instead I am doing a series of monotypes which will be reproduced by the Sauté Stencil Process which is far superior to any printing in color yet invented. They can reproduce a water-color to perfection, so well that you cannot tell which is the original. All the fine "édition de luxe" books are being

being done with illustrations by that process. I got Rous and Mann the printers in Toronto to take it up. Printing inks, which are not permanent are done away with and water-colors such as used by the artists are used instead. Artists materials over here are getting very expensive and very poor quality. I got some poppy oil from Neuman's it seems good but very thin. There is a new white on the market it is guaranteed not to turn black and to have a great covering power. I am making experiments with it; as far as I can judge it has a trifle more covering quality than zinc white, but a great deal less than blanc d'argent. It behaves in the grinding just like zinc white, and has a tendency to dry with a skin, and

likely to become brittle like zinc white. After all no white has yet been found to equal the lead white. I discovered that the last oil I got from Blockx was adulterated with cotton-seed oil.

The Salon d'Automne is ~~just~~ on just now, very poor show. All the modernists are split up in as many parties as are in the French Chamber. Although some of that "crazy stuff" forced its way into the Luxembourg gallery there is nevertheless a reaction against it coming on. A few dealers who dealt exclusively with that "crazy stuff" went bankrupt. The sale of the Quinn collection in which figured "Rousseau's (custom officer)" Bohemienne endormie which was supposed to have been knocked down at 575000 fcs. was never sold, it was a put up job by the dealer who had sold it to Quinn. He simply had to buy it back. He had started the bidding at 370000 fcs. to "épater" the bourgeois, it turned out that the bourgeois would not allow himself to be "épater".

I hear that "little Wily Grier" has gone over to where he really belonged: the Horne Russell & Co. camp; and wants Eric Brown's head. Poor Eric, who would have thought that he would be compared to Mussolini. I always found Eric to be too meek about things. I suppose my head also will be demanded by the Hoorn-Dyonnet when they hear about a Canadian Art Show in Paris in April. During the last two years I manage to get the French Government to invite the Wembley exhibit over to Paris, and I did it through Armand Dayot Inspector General of Fine Arts, a great friend of mine. Eric Brown was afraid to bring it up to the Trustees of the National Gallery, fearing another row with the R.C.A. I urged him on, it was an opportunity which we might never come across again, as it is not an easy thing to get such

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By the way did you ever receive the seeds of Alpine flowers I sent you from Interlaken? I was glad to hear my gladioli turned out all right. You should try Diener's seed the California man, the same one from whom I got those gladioli, his petunias are simply wonderful, I have not seen anything like them over here and so his pansies. His tomatoes are wonderful absolutely devoid of acidity. Except the roses I do not see any flowers around here to compare with New York Flower shows. In Switzerland they are simply wonderful specially geranium begonias which ornamented every window of the chalets. I think the reason they seem to bloom so well must be due to the soil being composed of mostly lime stone silt and very cool nights, with heavy dew, I have seen in Savoy and Switzerland phloxes over 8 ft. in height.

Well here's another Xmas over here, I hope before long to spend the others in Canada, these people over here get on my nerves, they are always squealing

I wish we could have an ice-bridge directly to the island and jolly up for Christmas.

Lucile joins me in sending you and Olive our very very very jolly Xmas and Merry New Year! Plenty pictures!.

With our best love. Yours sincerely

Clarence .A. Gagnon

P.S. Where can I get a slice off those 22 millions dollars of that Gagnon left in California when he died 50 years ago. Kill off all the other Gagnon's, start on your island.

9 rue Falguière

Dec 12th 1928.

My dear Mr Walker.

O ye Gods! sparks are flying all around. Before the year ends I am working overtime answering all the letters I have received during the last three years. By the time this reaches you you will have gotten a lot of news from the Simards who left in a violent gale. That will do Simard's liver a lot of good after his high-living over here. We took him over to Puy Moyon in the suburbs of Angoulême when his ancestors lived there it used to be called Puy Royal, now it is just plain Puy Moyon, the cream of the Simards is overflowing both banks of the St. Lawrence. Make him confess that drink of cognac of 1868 that was given him at Puy Moyon, just think of what would happen if all the Simards around Quebec treated one of their cousins from France in the same manner. He never would be able to get back to France to tell the tale!! Both Guide and myself were exceedingly sorry not to have seen Olive. Had we known a week earlier we could have arranged to meet. But I had previously arranged to call for a friend in Savoy. We just got back at the beginning of November in time to see the Simards. We did have a great trip. We covered a distance of 22000 kilometers since last April. When we got the car, we went with Fred Hutchison to Italy by way of Central France, the Riviera to Rome, then by way of Assisi, Perugia, Siena, Padua, Venice, Milan, the Italian lakes up by the Gothard Pass, The pass being blocked by fire

feet of snow we had to put the car on the train to Coschenen, and continued by way of Lucerne, the Bernese Oberland, to Sausanne Geneva, Dijon back to Paris. On the trip Hutchinson gave us a few lessons in driving, mine were interrupted at Ferrara where I passed a railroad crossing without stopping. Result Mussolini's soldiers made me pay a fine of forty liras. It was paid with a very mild protest I had to keep rather quiet otherwise they might have added another fine for driving without a permit. If I had had a permit I would have raised Cain, a Union Jack pinned on the car does the trick. On our return to Paris we took additional lessons and when Lucile got her permit the very first ^{day} she was driving around in the full of the traffic. My first experience was not so good, I bumped into a tramcar, with a slight dent on the mudguard. Then we left Paris for the 14th July holidays with a friend of Lucile Mrs Cote. The holidays turned out to be a fortnight vagabonding along the Valley of the Seine, the whole Brittany coast up the Loire visiting the chateaux of Touraine. On that trip just as I was leaving the gates of Paris while going up a hill, a pack of maps in the rack above my head fell on my nose, so I went up on the sidewalk, between two trees, back again on the road, my companions had a cold sweat! Enjoyed Brittany very much, That's a trip we will make when you come over next year. If you fear the chauffeur, Simard will tell you what to do about it. We shall see that a puncture proof tyre is put on the side that Madame Simard shall sit. Anyhow it will be alright Simard is good at changing spare tyres, he can even change them in the worse blizzards! In the middle of July we started ~~again~~ again.

with our friend Mrs Cote making straight for Belgium + Holland, as soon as we got to Rheims we remembered that Holland was having its Olympic games, we veered around and made for Verdun, Nancy, Strasburg, zig-zagging through Alsace-Forraine then crossed the Rhine at Bâle, through the Black Forest, Stuttgart, Rothenburg, Nuremberg, Dresden, into Tcheco Slovakia, Prague and Vienna. We gave up the idea of going to Buda Pesth as we were told the roads were very bad, those of Tcheco Slovakia were enough for us. In Austria we came across some of them. From Vienna we came along the Danube and made for Salzburg and thence to Munich where we stayed two weeks with some German friends of mine. From there we made several excursions in both the Austrian + Bavarian Tyrol. We pushed on to Innsbruck through the Brenner Pass, to Meran, then we tackled the Stelvio Pass, the highest carriage road in Europe 9100 ft high. A good place to test a car! There are 49 hairpin turns on the Austrian side and 27 on the Italian, with barely room to turn around these turns two of them we had to back wheel barrows had been left in the turn by roadmenders. The brakes held good, if they had given way Juile + Clarence would have had pick themselves up a thousand feet below on a glacier. After that all the other passes were child's play. Were fit now for the roof of the world, up the Himalayas! From the Stelvio we went to Italy and came up through the Bernina Pass, to the Engadine and down to Italy again by Chiavenna, up the Splügen Pass, in Segantini's country through the Julier Pass, the Oberalp to Andermatt, then through the Furka Pass, passing

within stone throws of the Rhone Glacier and into the Rhone Valley. We made several trips into the valleys of Anniviers + Herémence, both very primitive and very picturesque. Lucile here refused to drive, the roads she said were not safe. After the Stelvio we can go almost anywhere, so I took the wheel. The costumes and the peasants of these remote Alpine villages are really fascinating for an artist. From the Rhone Valley we crossed into Savoy through a devilish steep narrow pass, the Forclaz. In Savoy we met a young chap studying art in Paris. He comes from the Barren Lands in the Delta of the Mackenzie where he had been trapping. He has a great talent. His great ambition is to learn to draw + paint and return to the Barren Lands to paint the stuff up there. I shall be greatly mistaken if that chap does not make good. He did not take long to see all the humbug in this modern stuff. Unfortunately he has been greatly handicapped in his studies over here by the lack of funds. It is a damn shame to see how little the Alberta Government does for such talented young chaps. In Savoy I did some sketching with him. When the weather got + rainy we made for South + Central France where we zig zagged for a whole month. One day on the way to Grenoble in an awful rain storm, going around a curve the car skidded and went into a ditch, but we did not overturn, nothing more than the smash of a shock absorber. With the help of the peasants I got her up on the road again, and we continued along. The peasants told me, several motorists had been killed around that curve, which is banked

the wrong way. The French roads are hog backed and very skiddy in wet weather. Simard will tell you what he thinks of the French roads. In Germany they are making perfect roads.

Central France is very fine, you would enjoy seeing it. The tourist has not yet begun to overrun it.

Hotels are very poor, and the roads very bad. The peasants drop the nails of their heavily hobnailed sabots as fast as they hammer them in. Tires look like pin-cushions. You would find fine models for razor back hogs, that are used for hunting truffles. It is the only place where one can still find them. They are ^{all} colots, these pigs, and cleaner than their masters. too. It was a revelation to me, this part of the country. I never realized that there could be such spots in France that the tourist had not reached, but there it is!

Well! we are quietly settled down in the studio for the winter. I have been asked to illustrate "Marie Chapdelaine", and some other books dealing with Canada, one which has come out written by a Frenchman who has lived eleven years out West. It has just been awarded the Goncourt Prize. It is greatly inferior to "Marie Chapdelaine". I am through with book illustration for some time. I have lost enough time crossing the printers + colorists. I want to get back to my painting. The book on the Ile d'Orleans is very good, and I was delighted to see a great many of your pictures in it. Some of the colored illustrations could have ^{been} reproduced better.

Smard has it all down, we are in two cars going
sometime next year to Spain. The Gagnons, the Smards,
yourself + Olive with Jos Bellean as interpreter
Now, remember, Arsene is capable of looking after
your belongings. Smard, will engage a special
government constable to help Arsene and "On
to Andalusia, "à nous les Senoritas!"

I am sorry we are not around Quebec, what
a Christmas we would all blow in.

Annie joins me in sending yourself and
Olive our very best wishes + greetings for
Xmas + the New Year; Remember us to
Bellean

Yours, very sincerely
Clarence A. Gagnon

Dec. 12th. 1928.

My dear Mr. Walker,

Ye Gods! sparks are flying all around. Before the year ends I am working over-time answering all the letters I have received during the last three years. By the time this reaches you you will have gotten a lot of news from the Simards who left in a violent gale. that will do Simard's liver a lot of good after his high-living over here. We took him over to Puy Moyen in the suburbs of Angoulême. Where his ancestors lived there it used to be called Puy Royal, now it is just plain Puy Moyen, the Simards is overflowing both banks of the St. Lawrence. make confess that drink of cognac of 1865 that was given to him at Puy Moyen. Just think of what would happen if all the Simards around Quebec treated one of their cousins from France in the same manner, he ~~xxxx~~ never would be able to get back to France to tell the tale!!

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Simars has it all down, we are in two cars going sometime next year to Spain The Gagnons, The Simards, yourself & Olive with Jos. Belleau AS

interpreter. Now remember, Arsene is capable of looking after your
belonging, Simard will engage a special government constable to
help Arsene, and "Ontto Andalusia," à nous les señoritas".
I am sorry we are not around Quebec, what A Christmas we would all
blow in.

Lucile joins me in sending yourself and Olive our very best
~~Wishes~~ Wishes and greetings for Xmas and the New Year; Remember
us to Belleau

Yours very sincerely

Clarence A. Gagnon

Hotel Bandak Dalen i Telemark den Oct 5th 1933.
Rutebiler Dalen-Hauklidsæter

My dear Mr Walker.

I meant to write you long before this, but I was so fed up with "Marie Chappelaine" that as soon as the last illustration was done, I made a bee-line for this country, to forget all about printers and publishers. I'm through and through with them and with book illustrations, and realize that it is impossible to get a perfect book even with the best printer in the world. Color reproduction of pictures is still pretty poor.

We motored here, by way of Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden. The Nazis in Germany were very nice to us. It was the only country, that did not ask for our passports, and all very quiet all the way. The Belgians could take from them some lessons in politeness and cleanliness. I had another

good^{work} at the Rycks Museum, I think
the old Dutch Masters had the last
word in the technique of painting.
In the suburbs of Amsterdam they
are carrying out beautiful garden
cities, far ahead of any country we have
been through. Paris suburbs have
been spoiled by disgusting pill box
houses, without any planning of any
kind. French "bon goût" is a thing
of the past. Sweden has got them
beaten in modern house decoration.
We spent several weeks at Olden
on the Hardfjord, where there is an excel-
lent hotel, where we met some very
interesting people. I fished for sea-trout
and the largest I got weighed $5\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.
and measured 26 inches. The scenery
around is magnificent; the best I have
seen in Norway. Singer the artist has
made his home there. He has built
himself a fine comfortable home and
studio, and with all his money, he
is a regular Viking in the place.
We spent a few weeks up in the moun-
tains where I also fished. Then we came
to this part in Telemark the country of

Hotel Bandak

Dalen i Telemark den 193

Rutebiler Dalen-Hauklidsvoter

the best skins. Our Saguenay scenery makes a poor showing in comparison with this country. To-day we had moose venison and capercailzie for lunch, and stood to-day on a beaver but fishing for trout. I could not believe it when I was told there were beavers hardly 20 yds from this village, which is situated at the head of Bandak lake, there they were. At Baie St Paul there would not be there one second. I have caught some fine trout here measuring up to 28 inches. I have seen some jump that must have weighed around 20 lb. but I came here too late in the season July is the time to get those fellows. I have tried to tempt them, but nothing doing! The autumn foliage was simply gorgeous, the maple trees and blueberry bushes, a flaming red, it rivals our Canadian autumn. The peasants here are very much like our "habitants", slow as molasses, but more honest. I cannot get over it; they are so honest. In hotels

there are no keys to the rooms, doors
~~to~~ are never locked at night. Everywhere
you can leave your case with all your
belongings, you never miss anything.

You can forget your purse on an
hotel table and come a week later and
find it there with everything in it. You
are never overcharged in hotels or res-
taurants. You never see a beggar or a
policeman outside the large cities.

Beauty is seldom to be found among
Norse women, They work very hard
as the soil is very ungrateful, something
like our Baie St Paul country. In

Sweden, the country looks very much
like around Montreal. Driving a
car in Norway is no easy job. Roads
are narrow, many of them have
restrictions traffic one way only at
certain hours. Any amount of short
steep hills. The peasants use the roads
to pasture their cattle, so they put gates
here and there on the roads, the poor
motorists has no show. The peasants
rule in Norway. Hotels are generally
kept by rich farmers, so do not
come up to the Swiss standard.

Hotel Bandak Dalen i Telemark den..... 193

Rutebiler Dalen-Hauklidsøster

The food is good and more than plentiful.
In fact, hotel rates are much lower
than in France and Switzerland.

It's a long way from Paris. One must
have long holidays to travel in Norway.

The few painters that Norway boasts
of have not to my mind grasped the
real character of their country, they
have been far too influenced by the
French school, and strange to say

not one good snow painter amongst
them. Modern painting has taken
root here, but somehow it does not
fit in at all in this country; there
is quite a revival in domestic arts.

They do a lot of weaving, exactly the
same patterns of India, also rag
carpets and catalogues. A great
many things ^{here} recall the Laurentians
to me.

We are chinking of a trip to Canada

next year, but I'm afraid I shall
find my dear of Baie St Paul
very much changed and not for
the good either, I doubt if I will
ever stay there again. I don't think
I shall ever enjoy such good days
as we had there in the five years
we spent there. Lucile loves Paris, but
I don't care much for it, I'm too fond
of the country, but in Paris I can
work without being tempted by fishing
or hunting; there I can get down
to work and put on canvas, the studies
that I have done around Baie St Paul,
Lucile is her old self again, but is
no fatter. She is the kind that will never
get fat

I gave orders to my publisher to send you a
copy of "Maria Chapdelaine" I hope you
receive it allright.

Lucile joins me in sending Olive and
yourself our very best regards.

Yours very sincerely

Clarence A. Gagnon,

9 rue Falguère

Paris Dec 8th 1933

My dear Mr Walker.

Fast gone as soon as I had put the last touch to the last illustration of "Maria Chapdelaine", I made a bee-line for Scandinavia, and terribly relieved of the thousandth + one annoyance that the printers showered on me during the last three years. Before leaving I gave orders to the publisher that when the book would come to send a copy of it specially printed for you immediately. To my great surprise, when I returned a few weeks ago, the book was still in his place. He said I had not given him your address. It was discovered that his secretary had forgotten or mislaid the address that I had given him before I left. So I had him send the book immediately and hope it was safely received by you. I was hardly back into my studio that the publisher turned up to ask me to illustrate another book. He did even had the chance to open his mouth to tell the title of the book that I told him that in these hard times it would be good thing to illustrate it himself. I am fed up with printers + publishers absolutely disgusted with them. Just think I shall have to waste a good six months to rid my originals of the coat of elbow grease that the printers have honored them with. Color reproduction is still far from perfection; it is still at the messy of hand retouching. In my book the landscapes were well done but the interiors and all those with figures were pretty poor. I spent more time supervizing the printing than I actually gave to the illustrations. Besides that, they were too much reduced. The size of the book should have been larger.

However that settles it No more book illustration for me !
We had another delightful four month's sojourn in Scandinavia, without the least motor troubles, except on the way home in Sweden, a Swedish car driven by a well known Swedish actor, crashed into ours on a bridge, and went down into a deep ditch, he and his wife crawled out without even a scratch. It was a miracle that nobody was hurt. We were delayed two days for the repairs to our ^{car} which the insurance company of the Swedish offered to pay without comment, and bickering as is usual in France, I take my hat off to the Swedes ! All Scandinavians are very square in their dealings, and honesty is the thing in Scandinavia especially in Norway, and that makes it the most agreeable country in Europe to visit. They mind their own business and leave you alone. You never meet a beggar or a policeman.

In Norway we stayed three weeks at Olden, I think the most beautiful spot of the Nordfjord. I met there the American Minister to Norway (Hofman Philip, who owns a salmon river there. He invited to go and fish with him. Not having the equipment for salmon fishing, I fished for salmon trout. Several disciples of Isaac Walton in the shape of English generals and doctors told me that my tackle was far too light for the kind of fish there, and what was the idea of fishing without landing net or gaff, and they were sorry for me and offered me all the classical stuff that is possible to purchase in the matter of fishing tackle. But it did not take long before they found out what a Canucks can deal with fish even if it is of Scandinavian trout. Trout is trout. After they had whipped the pools all day long and tried every fly, unimaginable and returned to the hotel blaming their ill-luck to the height of the water. They could never agree about it. It was too low for some and too high for others. So while they were putting on their undertables gait for dinner I quietly would go the pools let go a wooden minnow, which I had painted with luminous

painted ground with my own paint, no trout could resist that, and use to turn up at dinner time with some specimen of the funny trout measuring up to 26 inches long, and landed without net or gaff; the latter are far more dangerous than useful they hamper your movements and likely to play you a dirty trick on these swift rivers. So the "British" all gathered around to quiz me about the tackle that I used I answered "you gotta use brain oil and smear it on your lures" I told Major General Sir Percy Cox a veteran of Indian Wars, who found out it was far easier to pull down Afghan natives than to pull out a salmon trout. After that they offered me their cards to visit them in Dear Old England. One of these generals had fished all over the world and "he knew" what fishing was he spent more time changing his flies than he did fishing. Owing to this wave of nationalism all over Europe I was not able to get any trout flies in Norway, the native stuff would not even catch a gold fish in the punch bowl even if you rubbed its nose with it, and my false pride could not be tickled to accept some from the general; who for all I know had the responsibility of having snapped that Hindenburg line. So one evening while they absorbed in the "Angling Notes of the Times" I took some bare hooks cut a tuft of hair from Guede's hair, a little red wool from Lady Cox's sweater and resin from the log that was burning in the chimney and in a few minutes I had half a dozen flies. With Sir Percy, I went to his pool where he had made his headquarters and in less than half an hour ~~had~~ pulled out seven trout which he had tried to tempt without even a wink from for a good five days. I don't think he has got over it yet! and probably is searching all over England for "brain oil"!

When the leaves started to turn we made for Telemark and stayed in a very picturesque and fishy place called Dalen where I am ashamed to say I got more trout than statches. Why

worry. Art has reached the saturation point, anyhow. There is trout in that spot weighing up to 26 lbs. Some fish; unfortunately the season was too far advanced. But some of those whoppers that dared to provoke me while I was sketching will get their Waterloo soon, as I have made up my mind to use some "brain oil" on them next summer.

Norwegian artists have never been able to paint their country they have never been able to rid their eye of the French school. The color of the water of those fjords is a problem for an artist, a little brain oil in your paint is also necessary there too. Our Laurentian country cuts a poor figure in comparison to Norwegian scenery. I visited the Norwegian Autumn Show Rotten! Morbid & poor imitation of the Moulparnasse school same in Sweden and Denmark. In Holland they are trying to put a little Japanese flavor into this modern hash.

We found Germany very quiet, and no sign of what the papers have published. We were warned not to go to Germany with a French car. The Nazis went out of their way to be nice I wish I could say half as much of the Belgians. All the tourists we have met say the same thing.

I hear that Baie St Paul is overrun with painters from all over America, and the Gaspé coast will see them too. The whole Salmagundi Club will take root there.

What about that famous Quebec Museum of art? Is Curi Paradis cooling down on the Hollywood stuff? Hasn't Jos Belleau found a wife yet? I doubt if Arsene can remember all the birth-dates of his kids, as he could only ^{count} up to 26, when I last interviewed him. Tell Jos Belleau he better hurry up to marry, if he wants to get any fun out of it.

Jucile is trying hard to get fat, when all other women are trying to get thin. She is well however. She joins me in sending Olive and yourself Greetings for Christmas, and all very kind thoughts for the coming year.

Yours as ever
Clarence A. Gefum.

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Last June as soon as I had put the last illustration of Maria Chapdelaine, I made a bee-line for Scandinavia, and terribly relieved of the thousandth and one annoyance that the printers showered on me during the last three years. Before leaving I gave orders to the publisher that when the book would come to send a copy of it specially printed for you immediately.. To my great surprise, when I returned a few weeks ago, the book was still in his place. He said I had not given him your address; it was discovered that his secretary had forgotten or mislaid the address I had given him before I left. So I had him send the book immediately and hope it was safely received by you. I was hardly back in my studio that the publisher turned up to ask me to illustrate another book. He did even had the chance to open his mouth to tell the title of the book that I told that in these hard times, it would be a good thing to illustrate it himself. I am fed up with printers and publishers absolutely disgusted with them. Just think I shall have to waste a good six months to rid my originals of the coat of elbow grease that the printers have honored them with. Colour reproduction is still far from perfection, it is still at the mercy of hand retouching. In my book the landscapes were well done but the interiors and all those with figures were pretty poor. I spent more time supervising the printing than I actually gave to the illustrations. Besides that, they were too much reduced. The size of the book should have been larger. However that settles it: No more book illustration for me!

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