

Children of the Cold War era know this expression: the longest undefended border in the world. It may no longer feel that way, as we file shoeless between stanchions in airport lines or sit in our cars inhaling fumes from the tailpipes of others, but the border between Canada and the United States used to be something rather more notional; in some parts of the continent it was an arbitrary line, easily crossed.

This issue contains many such crossings. People and pictures are on the move, and whether the travel is actual or armchair, the effect is nearly the same. Modernity's mobilization of people and images cultivates affinities between artists; images from the past, that other country, foster the impression of seeing Canada as others saw it; reproductions allow a nearly free exchange of forms and techniques. And what is the tender of this exchange? Major works of art, of course, seen in exhibitions and engravings, but also, as Sara J. Angel has discovered, clippings from mass market publications, iffy reproductions that end up in an artist's scrapbook, confirming or guiding new directions in his work.

As Louise Vigneault and Isabelle Masse argue, borrowings become a matter of cultural survival for the Huron-Wendat painter Zacharie Vincent. Through easel painting Vincent enters the frame of the other, becoming an icon so as to be seen. Other journeys may seem less pressing, but they are no less crucial to our understanding of art makers. Think of Mariette Rousseau, a daughter of Trois-Pistoles, Quebec, picking up and moving to San Francisco in 1948, on the strength of an article in *Life* about the Dorothy Liebes studio. Not quite so amazing, when Anne Newlands explains that Rousseau's father, a cultural maven in his community, subscribed to the magazine to encourage his children to learn English. Rousseau's confidence was home-grown, but even taking into account the mobilization of the postwar years, her decision was remarkable; she was passionate about weaving and had guts.

To understand the construction of an independent artist's mind – what is allowed to enter, what is barred – Liz Wylie reads *The Optimism of Colour: William Pehudoff, a Retrospective*, the catalogue accompanying the Mendel Art Gallery exhibition. Pehudoff and his wife Dorothy Knowles spent summers near the artists' workshop at Emma Lake and so the outside world, including some notable Americans, came to him, not the other way around. Although the effects of these contacts are imprecise, they are felt to have been crucial. François-Marc Gagnon reviews Louise Vigneault's comparative study of Tom Thomson and Jean-Paul Riopelle, in which other kinds of crossings are made and affinities are found in the nomadic natures of these artists, their hardy pioneer or trapper personas.

If borders are being crossed in this issue, they are also being noticed as more than lines in the sand. In a new section of the *Journal*, Kristina

Huneault reflects on the work of the Canadian Women Artists History Initiative, risking the thought that such gendered projects may, in the minds of some, have run their course. She refers to Marilyn McKay's recent survey of Canadian landscape art, which, coincidentally, is reviewed in this issue by Karen Stanworth. The criss-crossing of concepts in this issue continues in Stanworth's exploration of McKay's notions of territory, including the nomadic mode that, for her, does not include the Group of Seven. Huneault, for her part, notes that McKay has opted to integrate the work of men and women in her account; boundaries are territorial, as they are in this *Journal*. But Canadians are also curious, so we have invited the American print historian Georgia B. Barnhill to share her research on views of Canada published in the United States. Here, a two-way mirror replaces the border.

All of this hopping is making me quite giddy, so I will close with the hackneyed observation that travel is broadening – it has broadened the scope of this issue. As you contemplate your next move across the field of Canadian art history, or maybe a trip across its borders, I am daring to hope that a copy of the *Journal* has replaced your diary as sensational reading on the train. Travel safe and write if you see work.

*Martha Langford*