



The Paris Exhibition of 1937 is fresh in all our memories, and we are still able to retain it for the present thanks to the twofold avalanche of eulogy and criticism which it called forth in the minds of its numerous visitors. One group of pavilions in particular gave rise to widely contradictory opinions, namely, that on the banks of the Seine exhibiting "L'Elégance", "La Parure" and "Les grands Magasins du Louvre". The whole group was the work of a phalanx of youthful architects, sculptors and decorators all closely united by ties of friendship, tastes and by age;—they were all only about twenty-six years old. François Ganeau was one of them. He is a born sculptor whose talent would appear to have developed on the delicate earth of that Tanagra tradition which so skilfully blended the lithesome grace of line with the uplift of the heart. In the forms of his figurines there is no trace of weariness, of laborious effort or of a too heavy pressure of both hand and tools. His fingers have glided over them with a sensitive delicacy of touch, boldly too and unerringly, with a happy ease expressive rather of tender feelings than of ardent passion. François Ganeau sees everything in its gayest and most blithesome aspect. His plastic figures whether standing or seated or recumbant do not weigh heavily on the ground, nor do they appear to be rooted in it. They spring boldly and eagerly from it to meet others who likewise have