

MEMENTOS

#2 March 2025



Let's put on a show!

Friends and art 2013 to 2025



Soyal

MEMENTOS

#2 March 2025

D.M.Haggart
© 2025 by Dougal M.Haggart

All rights reserved.

Printed in Canada
First Printing, March 2025

The paintings reproduced in this magazine
were done in acrylic, gouache, or watercolour.

D.M.Haggart
278 Delaware Avenue
Toronto ON M6H 2T6

dmhaggart.ca
friendsandart.ca

Let's put on a show!

Friends and art 2013 to 2025



© 2025 Dougal M.Haggart
Toronto, Ontario

dmhaggart.ca

Retrospective 2013-2025

On the cover:

Sun light and lake time, 1999

Watercolour on art board, 9 x 12 in
2024

Underneath the willow

Watercolour, ink and gouache on paper, 11 X 8.5 in
2021

- | | | | |
|----|---|----|-------------------------------------|
| 5 | Morning Run
Underneath the Overpass | 47 | A lynx must live |
| 7 | Woman and dog, in step | 49 | Calling |
| 9 | Discovery, 1949 | 51 | It's all in your P.O.V. |
| 11 | Morning Light, November | 53 | Keeping watch |
| 13 | Flowers in February | 55 | Giant |
| 15 | Crane and Gable | 57 | The boys in the back yard |
| 17 | Beachhead | 59 | In Confidence |
| 19 | Rare day in November | 61 | Companionable Gesture |
| 21 | A hummy sort of day | 63 | Spring Surprise |
| 23 | Hang on! | 65 | Sailing home |
| 25 | Winter Ride | 67 | Winter Afternoon |
| 27 | Back to the figure | 69 | Home on the ravine |
| 29 | Far Shore, Brickworks | 71 | Away |
| 31 | Three | 73 | Irrepressible |
| 33 | Intrepid | 75 | Discovery, 1998 |
| 35 | The Geojacks go on an Adventure
(detail) | 77 | Roofless, with pigeons |
| 37 | A good day to saunter | 79 | Shining |
| 39 | Shorelines | 81 | Captured by the beauty of your line |
| 41 | Marie and Ellie reading the news | 83 | The understudy |
| 43 | Everything is GO | 85 | Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome! |
| 45 | A Girl and Her Dog | 87 | Flock! |



Time and space to work and a supportive creative community help us “do” art. Since I am retired I have time, in my home I have space, and since studying at The Art Centre I have enjoyed a network of artist friends: first at school, then working as a dog walker (day job for many artists), and for eight years at the Heliconian Club I have had the opportunity and motivation to exhibit. I enjoyed helping put on shows in the hall and using my skills to make promotions for club events.

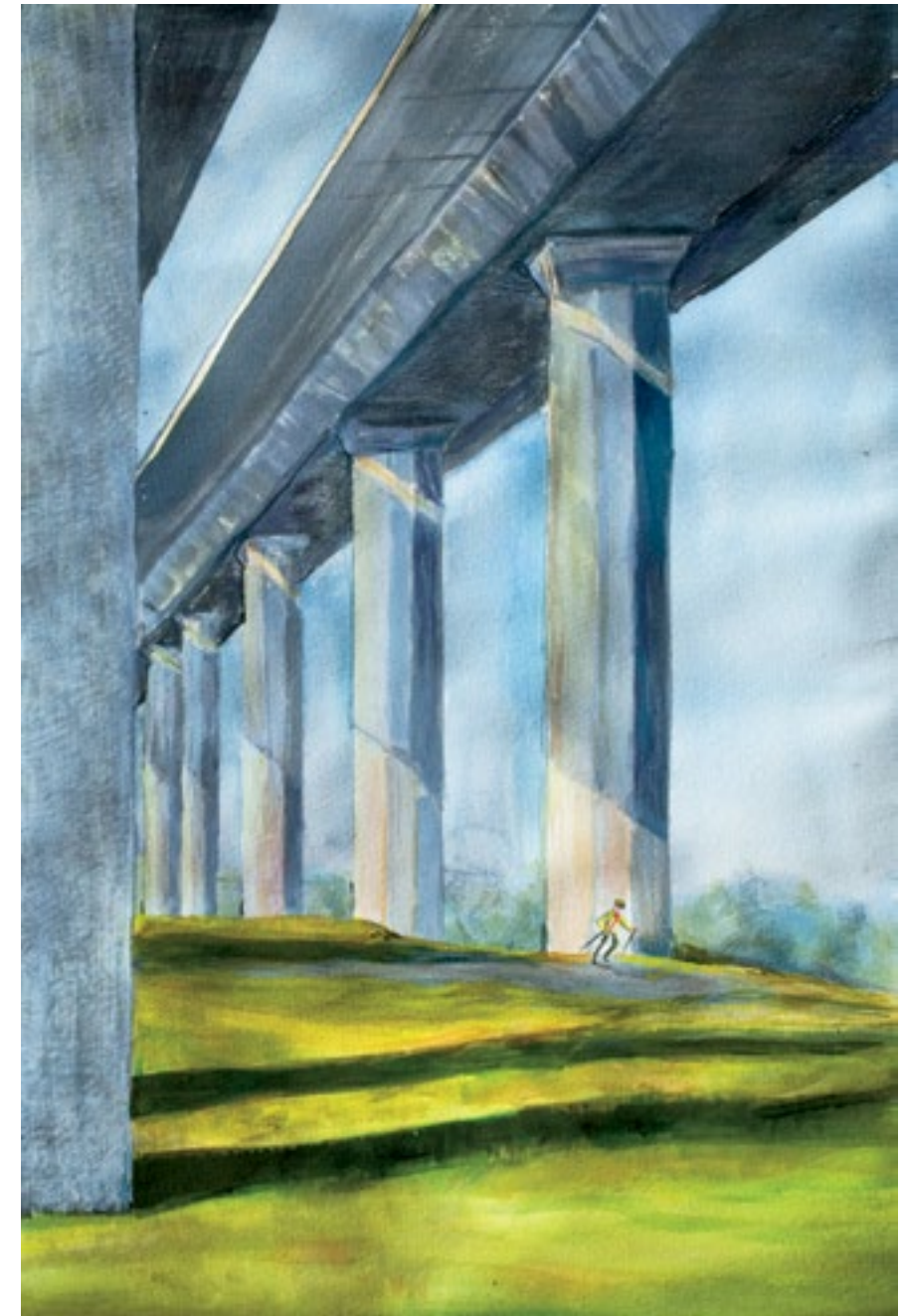
This collection features some favourite pieces made while part of that community. I put it together to deal with this chapter closing. The board of directors took a direction that I protest so I’m letting go of my membership in the club.

What’s next? I’m exploring relief printmaking at the moment, and painting still lifes. When spring returns, I’ll be outside painting en plein air, practicing and sharing art with friends in a wider creative community.

~ Dougal M.Haggart

With my classmate Tina and Philip Conlon, Marie and I drove to Toledo to see the Manet “Portraying Life” exhibit in 2012. On the way, I caught sight of this solitary runner. He ran along a strip of pavement in the green space between immense poured concrete columns and in the thunder of cars on the road above.

It very often is the solo figure’s interaction with a place that, as artist Gillian Iles put it, “makes me stop.”



1

Morning Run Underneath the Overpass

Acrylic on paper, 21 x 14 in
2013

It's a curious thing how a dog makes a friend.
Of the dogs we walk at Cherry Beach, some
need leashes, Oscar does not.



2

Woman and dog, in step

Acrylic on panel, 24 x 36in
2013

This started from a black and white photo of my brother and sister, taken in August 1949 just before I washed in on the tide. They were on a beach in New Brunswick. The thick sweep of evergreens is more imaginary than documentary.



3

Discovery, 1949

Acrylic on canvas, 14 x 11 in
2014

Backlit leaves glow with impossibly intense colour in my front garden in the morning, their glory the flourish before winter. To use Joni Mitchell's words: "red, green and gold to welcome you ... there's a sun show every second."



4

Morning Light, November

Acrylic on panel, 18 x 18 in
2014

A bouquet on Valentine's Day.

*Three grand essentials to happiness in this life
are something to do, something to love, and
something to hope for.*

—Joseph Addison

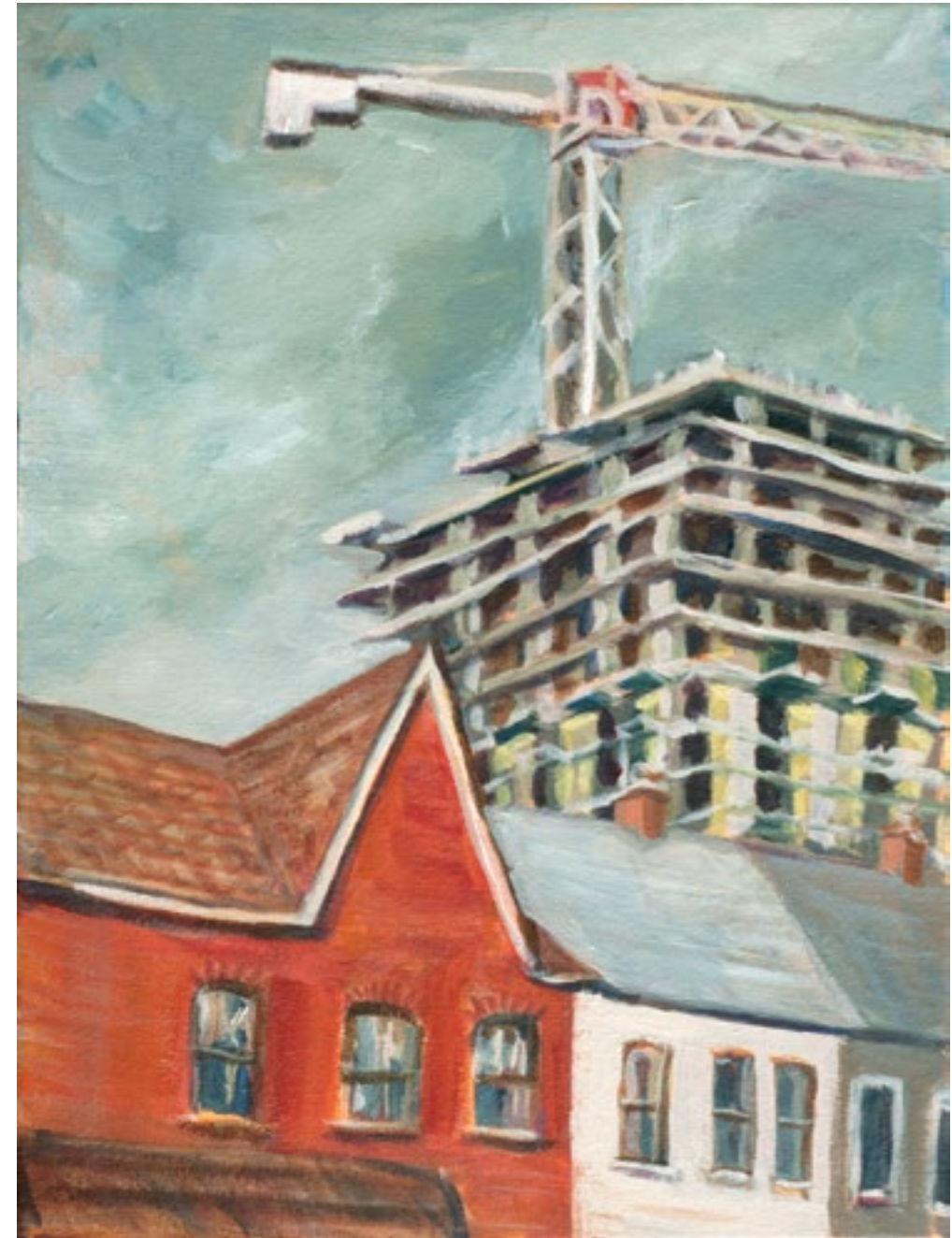


5

Flowers in February

Oil on panel, 18 x 11.75in
2014

I do like a play on words. Elegant Victorian “Bay and Gable” style houses are on more prosperous downtown streets; this little worker’s cottage is in the Kensington market area. Both are being surrounded by multistory boxes that supply the density the city needs. They usually lack the charm of the old two story neighbourhoods.



6

Crane and Gable

Acrylic on canvas, 16 x 12 in
2015

“The Beach,” in the east end of Toronto, is a neighbourhood named by its south boundary on the beaches along Lake Ontario. Pups and people, kite fliers and photographers come to enjoy the beach, and then pass on by. I delight to see how this resolute sapling has rooted itself in the stones of the breakwater, despite the winds and ice of winter.



7

Beachhead

Acrylic on canvas, 16 x 12 in
2015

The last of the green, before December turns
all cold and grey.



8

Rare day in November

Acrylic on canvas, 12 x 16 in
2016

I swear it happened - in her pink dress and sea green hat this little miss perched briefly on chairs painted as if to match her outfit, just as I was admiring how they shone in the sunshine. The deep dark green hat of the trees adds a nice contrast.

The title is borrowed from Winnie the Pooh's description of a perfect summer day.



9

A hummy sort of day

Acrylic on canvas, 12 x 16 in
2017

Crothers Woods, a remnant of native beech and maple woods by the Don River, hangs on in uneasy alliance with mountain bike users. Speeding down, barely in control, or sweating back up, riders miss the sapling's slower battle with erosion and gravity.



10

Hang on!

Acrylic on canvas, 12 x12 in
2017

Light raked through the bare branches and brush on a snowless February afternoon in High Park. As I sketched, the rider sped by, enjoying the unaccustomed warmth.



11

Winter Ride

Acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 in
2017

Drawing from “life” was forbidden to woman art students for centuries. Ironically, today many women artists forswear illusionism and figurative art and pursue the challenge of abstract art.

Our little Sketch Group, however, still bends earnestly to the task of drawing form, window, depth, detail, literal space.



12

Back to the figure

Gouache on paper, 10 x 13.625 in
2018

Joyce Wieland's feature film, *The Far Shore*, is filled with ever-so-looong loving vistas of wilderness. The heroine tries to swim to a far shore, hoping to escape to a place where she and her art can thrive. She fails.

In tribute to Joyce, and perhaps to her heroine as well, my painting of the marsh and pond at the Brickworks shows our beloved retreat from the city. A curated wilderness, it is easily navigated by paths and made safe for accidental dunkings with a life buoy and hook ... on the far shore.



13

Far Shore, Brickworks

Acrylic on canvas, 24 x 18 in
2018

One rainy day I caught sight of this private moment in a public space. I identify with being on the edge, slightly outside the special pair. A Primary experience.



14

Three

Acrylic on canvas, 30 x 30 in
2018

What the mind records is not what meets the camera's eye. I noticed a wee boy fearlessly attempt the climb to the lofty heights. In my initial sketch, I kept shrinking the tree to the size of my page and losing the idea of indomitable ambition of the boy. I had to let a photograph firmly correct my proportions for this painting.



15

Intrepid

Acrylic on canvas, 16 x 10 in
2019

Rosie and Willow joined us in 2003, when Bucky was 5. Seven years after Bucky died in 2012, Rosie said goodbye in January 2019, when Willow too, was slowing down. This story painting in 16 “windows,” of which this is the first, came from wanting them back.

The painting is the source of the illustrations in the picture book *The Geojacks go on an Adventure*. An early version of the story, *The Geojack Pack has a Picnic*, was written for one of Marie’s geocaches.

It opens: “Three friends pack a Very Special Lunch and set off.”



16

The Geojacks go on an Adventure (detail)

Acrylic on canvas, 30 x 30 in
2019

For the show “Four seasons in climate crisis,” I painted a picture for each, all with one aspect of the season dominating in the foreground. For summer, I thought of the magnificent arbour of roses in the garden of the Spanish lady up the street.

The late afternoon cornfield and farmer in overalls came after I saw Suzanne’s neighbour Roxanne hauling out the garbage in the heat of the day.

“It’s too hot to work.”

She agreed, “Yup, it’s a good day to saunter.”



17

A good day to saunter

Acrylic on canvas, 10 x 16U in
2019

On a grey New Year's morning, I was walking along a curve of Cherry Beach in a cold wind. Laura Smith's song "*Shorelines*" prompted this painting for the show "Liminal Spaces," plus I wanted to show the startling patch of cyan water and the wind blowing around.

I had to add the tiny human element of the lifeguard station, so still on the edge of all that wildness.



18

Shorelines

Acrylic on canvas on wood panel, 14 x 22 in
2020

During the Covid 19 pandemic lockdown we stopped work and the Internet became a lifeline. I attended an online workshop, “Watercolour Drama,” with Laurie Richards.

The instructions for this sketch were:

Draw the outer edge of a silhouette of something you love. Draw it large and in light pencil. Then fill the shape created with colourful washes. Forget what the subject is! Just play!

I’m inevitably non-compliant: I do not forget what the subject is...



19

Marie and Ellie reading the news

Watercolour on paper, 8 x 8 in
2020

Practicing sketching “en plein air” at home my eyes wander to the wind in the evergreens, the turkey vultures high in the sky, the Virginia creeper reddening, the hydrangea flushing pink as her leaves become spotted with brown. Bright yellow leaves spin down; the little birdhouse is empty.

Jan Hughes taught us this idea of connecting vignettes on one page to reflect a moment. This is lock down, the end of another summer, and I feel old. The title is from a poem that Paul Child wrote at age 60.

It starts: “Life’s rocket streaks towards nothing”
and ends with “there are no mooring hawsers in the sea of time.”



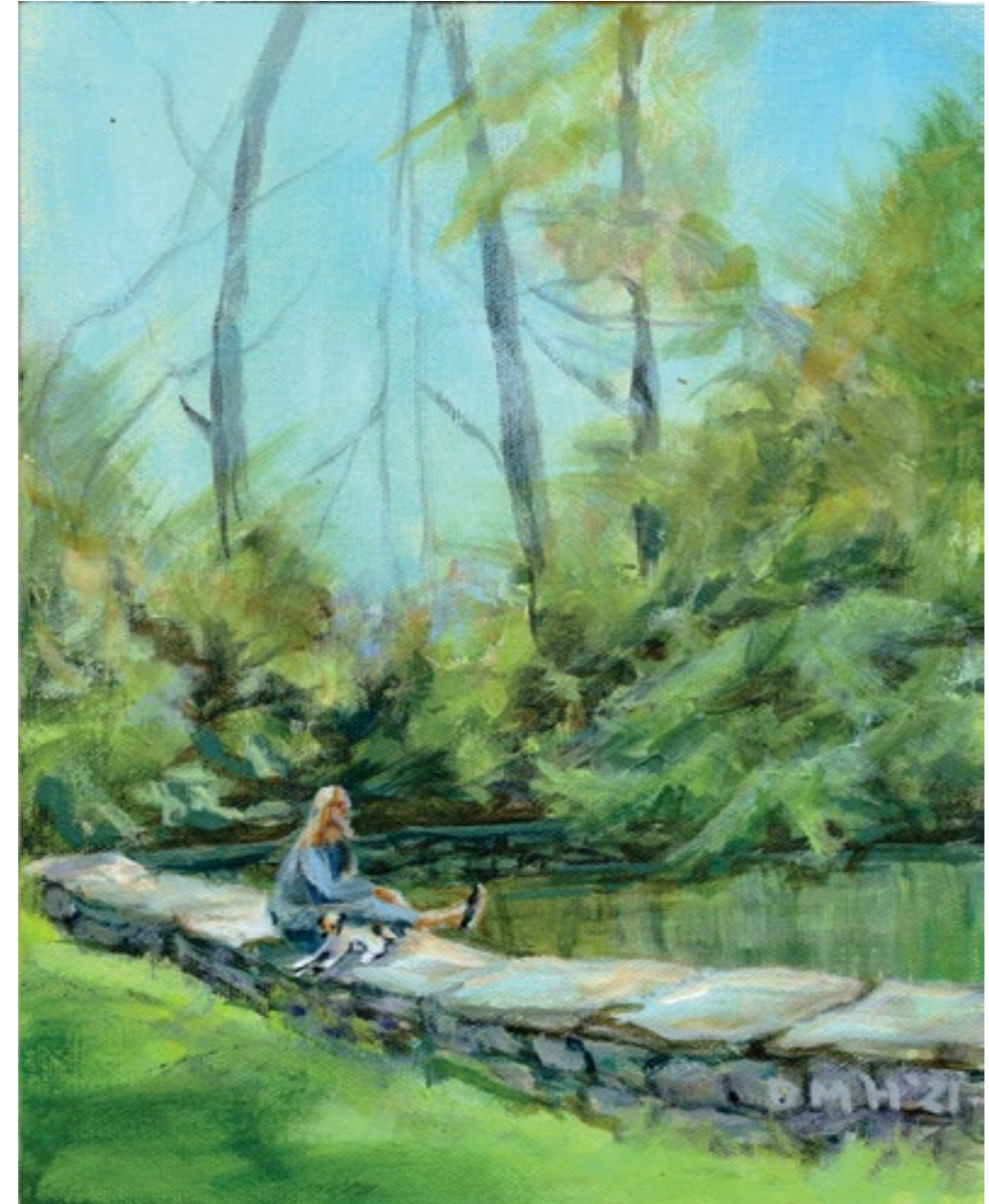
20

Everything is GO

Ink and watercolour on paper, 15.25 x 10.5 in
2020

With all my gear packed very handily on the e-Trek bike, bright October takes me to a favourite spot: Spring Road in what my friend Michael calls “the Higher Park.” Found a shady spot to lock up and sat to watch strollers and kids and puppies.

A young woman and her rat terrier paused, and sat, just *there*.



21

A Girl and Her Dog

Acrylic on canvas board, 10 x 8 in
2021

The boreal forest, named for Boreas, the Greek god of the North Wind, makes up almost one third of the world's forests. It covers 60% of Canada.

Prompted by our focus on trees for our show "The Company of Trees," I read about the boreal forest. I learned of the interdependence of lynx and hare populations in the north, out of which came this imagined encounter.

Many now revile the fact that we eat living beings, from carrots to cows. Some say "there's no excuse now to not be vegetarian."

In answer, my title borrows the robin's apologia for making a worm his breakfast in Don Marquis's *Archy and Mehitabel*.

"a robin must live."



22

A lynx must live

Watercolour on paper, 11 x 8.5 in
2021

This cardinal is madly calling, morning and evening, rain or shine, from the same tip top branch of the tree out back.

I fussed over planning a composition and mixing the colours, and then in an hour it was done! With diagonal strokes of blue in the sky, and dashing on the branchlets with two colours on the brush, and ...stop!



23

Calling

Acrylic on canvas on wood panel, 16 x 12 in
2021

In late September, I set up my artbox and easel in the back yard to paint this, and so tongue-in-cheek I can say the work was done “en plein air,” if not from life. I had made a small sketch on location the week before, but this one is a memory painting.



24

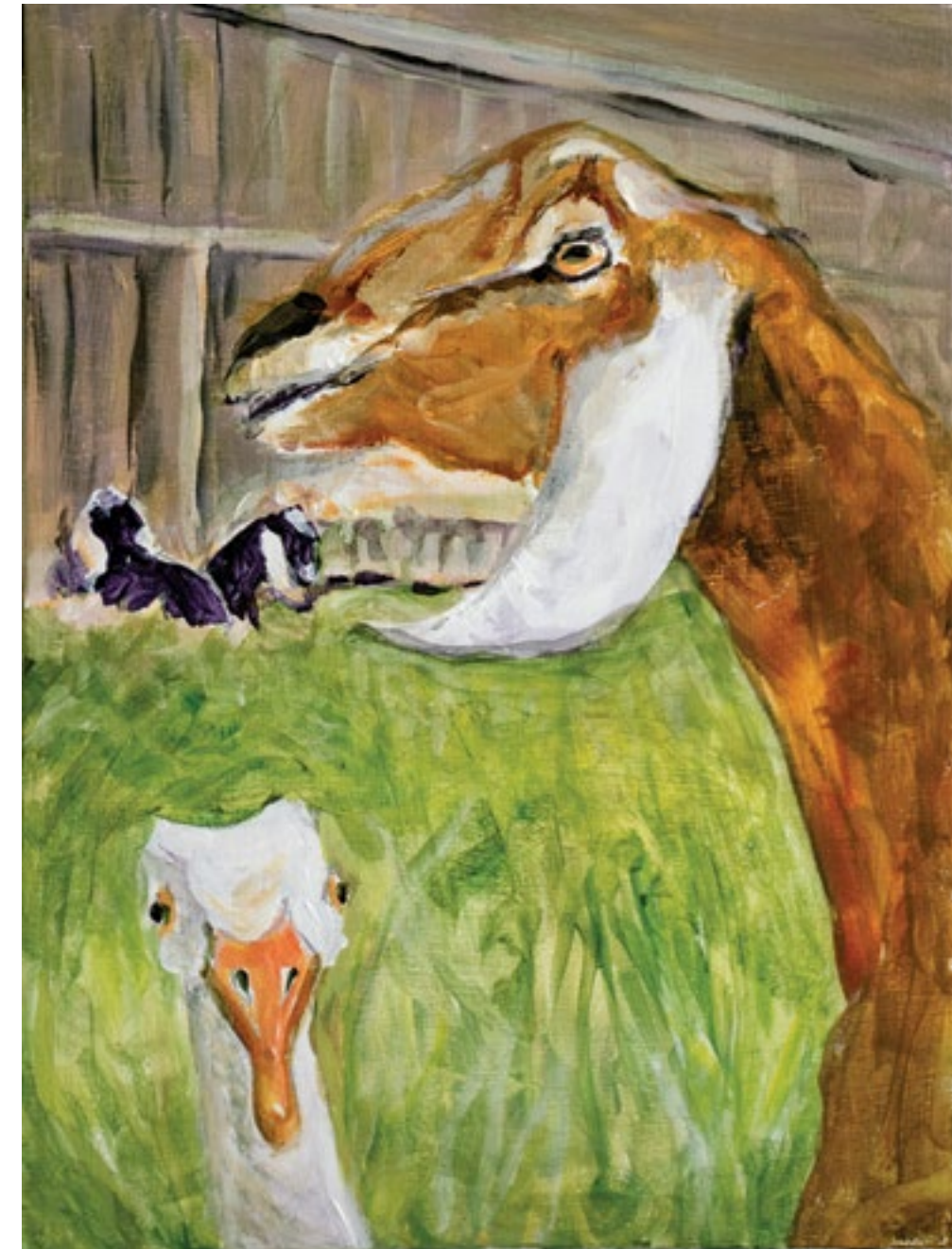
It's all in your P.O.V.

Acrylic on canvas board, 10 x 8 in
2021

At the initiative of Marsha Brown and the “Toronto Plein Air” FaceBook group, sketchers gather each Monday morning at Riverdale Farm, where city kids can see cows sheep horses ducks pigs turkeys hens and ... Nubian goats and geese. I sit peering between split rails to sketch them. One fearless young goose kept coming up to watch me watching her. She probably was expecting a treat but I heard

“WTF are YOU looking at?”

The watchers are just as I sketched them on location. In the painting, I added the two goatlings napping on the hill beyond, indifferent to my intrusion, secure with the Watch on duty.



25

Keeping watch

Acrylic on wood panel, 12 x 9 in
2022

A long time ago I went with friends to camp at China Beach on Vancouver Island. There were 15 of us, but my brother still worried at my being “unprotected.”

That nostalgic memory of young women gathering in numbers, fearless, and Stan’s chant with this title are woven together in “Giant.” All from the prompt of a show theme “Nocturne.”

*“It’s the blood of the druids that never will rest,
the Giant will rise with the moon.”*

- Stan Rogers



26

Giant

Acrylic on canvas, 18 x 24 in
2022

And this is summer now, 50 years on. The world shrinks to this: heat, rampant garden, flaked out dogs, green.

“Don’t touch my blue ball,” says Ranger.

“Not planning to,” says Howie.



27

The boys in the back yard

Gouache on paper, 8 x 11 in
2022

Great midsummer day. Bike ride. Sketching
with Sue Gorenflo near the Pratt Library.

Three chairs lean together on a sunny green
lawn at St Mike's campus. I almost hear them
gossiping. "And then *she* said..."

Tell it like it is ... who knows who's listening.
That big ol' beech tree has likely heard it all.



28

In Confidence

Ink and watercolour on art board, 12 x 9 in
2023

One of my tulips decided to cuddle up with
my Christmas snowman / candle.

“I think I’ll just rest here with you,
I hope you don’t mind.”



29

Companionable Gesture

Acrylic on paper, 12 x 9 in
2023

A surprise gift from Barbara Muir inspired me to sketch this bouquet. Later that morning, Don Boutros held a class for three of us from Monday life drawing group on how to make silkscreen monoprints. I drew with liquid dyes on a screen propped up over my tulips sketch. When it was dry, with paper under the screen we squeegeed adhesive slowly and with great pressure along the screen to transfer the image. The intense colour of the result was another exhilarating surprise.

In the fall, after months of bitter and often unfair complaints split the club community, my friend Emma left to work for another arts organization. She bought some art from the last summer art show to go with her.

I am so pleased that she included this in her collection. It's an outlier, not my usual thing, but appropriate. It came out of the best collaborative experience.



30

Spring Surprise

Liquid dye monoprint on paper, 14.5 x 9 in
2023

In early summer, I drove to Sam Smith Park with Suzanne on a bright Sunday morning.

As we sketched, the boats were all at dock, but overhead “vees” of geese were flying north, cormorants rested on the still water and — if you look long enough *something will happen* — a tiny yellow warbler perched briefly before rejoining the great spring migration.



31

Sailing home

Supracolor Pencil and ink, 12 x 9 in
2023

I once was the girl speeding around a night rink at the foot of Valley Avenue, in the suburbs of Montreal. Here, I am the one sitting at the north end of a community rink, with little Ranger, watching joyful skaters wearing bright colours to brave the cold.

I used a view of Withrow Park with the Bain Co-op beyond to frame this imaginary scene; Toronto rarely sees such snow. The striped leggings were inspired by Claude A. Simard's painting "*In Pursuit of Beauty*."



32

Winter Afternoon

Acrylic on canvas, 18 x 24 in
2023

I could not finish Vincent Lam's novel *On the Ravine* about being slowly engulfed by addiction, it was too real. Seeing these wildly opposite homes on the ravine at Wellesley Park brought it to mind. My title melds his with "Home on the Range," where a nomadic life is made to seem romantic.

No deer or antelope, just joggers and poodles play here, while an abandoned tent billows in a slight breeze and a homeowner busily sweeps her path to a grand establishment, on the hilltop above.



33

Home on the ravine

Watercolour on art board, 9 x 12 in
2024

Sometimes the story appears just when it's wanted. Having been told to "go away" when I had frustrated Marie, I did. I escaped to Coronation Park to sketch by the water and let tempers cool.

Earnest dinghies were out practicing to and fro in the calm waters behind the breakwater but what I focused on was of course this yacht, with its so evocative name, peacefully rocking at anchor.



34

Away

Watercolour on art board, 12 x 9 in
2024

Tulips are cool characters, defying human control. Cheeky mutations can appear in a one-colour mass of blooms. I was delighted when I caught sight of this rebel in Anusia's garden down the street.

The power of random events to shape all of life can be a great consolation, sometimes, as Sean Carroll writes in his book *A Series of Fortunate Events*.



35

Irrepressible

Acrylic on paper on wood panel, 12 x 18 in
2024

Prompted by a call to enter work in the show “A Portrait by Any Other Name,” I painted this double portrait after a very old photo.

I think it is her small camera my brother Laird was examining with my sister Leslie, in Toronto on a rare visit for his 52nd birthday, a year before he died. This is the bookend to an earlier painting “Discovery, 1949,” where they were toddlers on a beach in New Brunswick.

I substituted sundown for mid day and moved our falling tree, with its lost limb, into the scene, because for decades Laird could not use his right hand. It’s a busy picture and not a good likeness of either of them, but it’s a reminder of them.



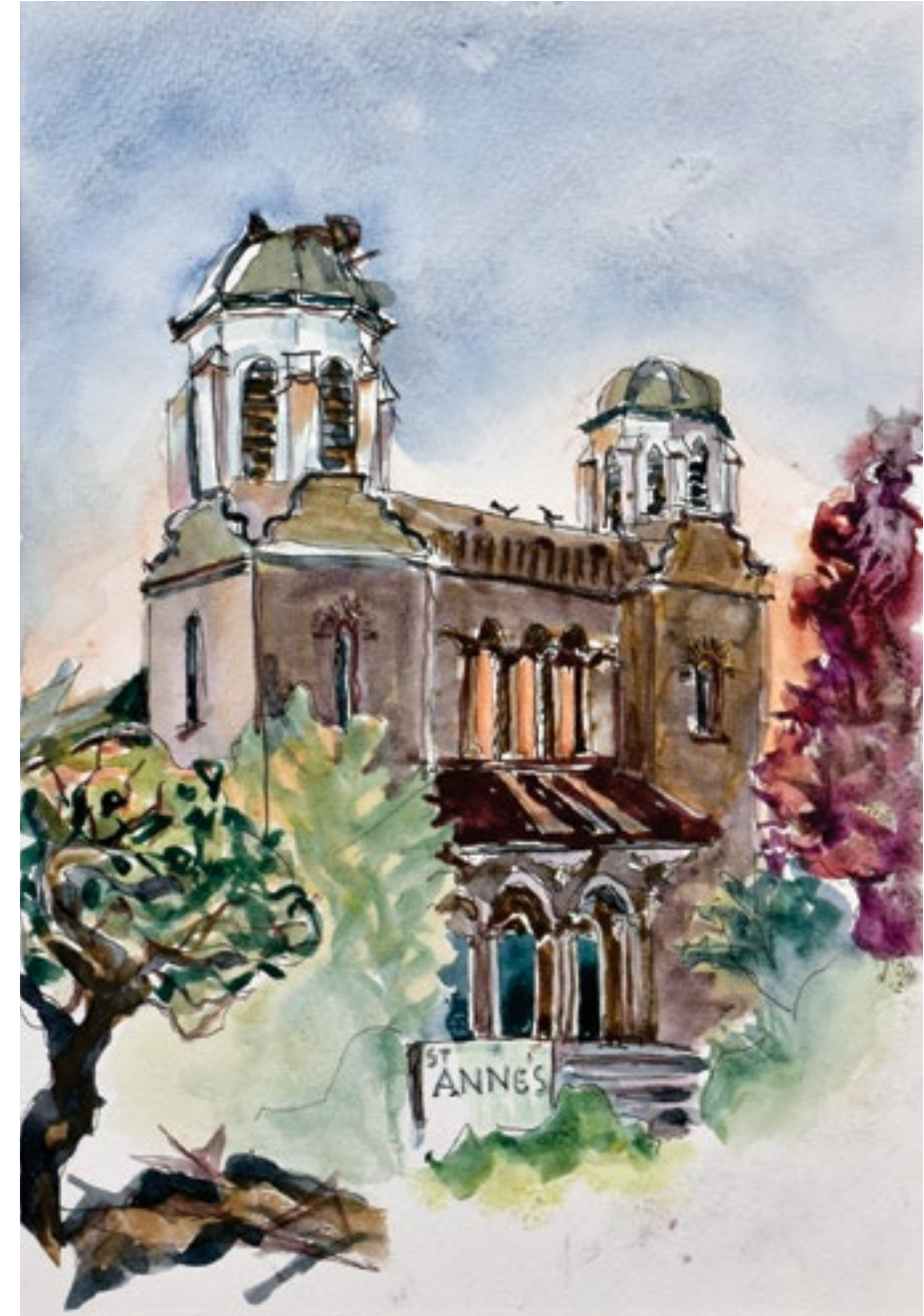
36

Discovery, 1998

Acrylic on paper, 15 x 11 in
2024

St Anne's Anglican Church, one of the oldest in the city, burned on June 9 2024.

In October, the rubble is still piled out front by the crooked tree and the sunset pours through the emptiness that was the nave and out the eastern windows, as pigeons promenade along the shell of the building's front facade.



37

Roofless, with pigeons

Watercolour and Ink on art board, 12 x 9 in
2024

I hesitated to attempt a painting of the bright glowing colour of delphiniums and geraniums in June. I was encouraged by reading Patrick Bringley's *All the beauty in the world: the Metropolitan Museum of Art and me*. His advice on taking on a challenge:

“Take big swings at whatever topic inspires you.”



38

Shining

Acrylic on paper on wood panel, 18 x 12 in
2024

As it happens, this sketch is an appropriate valedictory picture of my time with the club, showing the supportive and collaborative nature of the Heliconian community at its best. Musicians rehearse while visual artists sketch.

During the rehearsal, there was a sudden break in the flow of music. The cellist apologized to the group, explaining her unscripted pause. She smiled to the violinist:

“I was captured by the beauty of your line.”



39

Captured by the beauty of your line

Watercolour on art board, 12 x 9 in
2024

Late October and still warm enough to bike in shirtsleeves, but panic simmers at war expanding and the prospect of a demented narcissist holding keys to the empire. In her book *Get the Picture*, Bianca Bosker's words encourage me that doing and viewing art is OK: "embracing beauty [is] nothing if not a vote for life..."

I surprised myself evoking this bright sapling next to the soaring arc of the hipshot maple. The comfort of natural cycles: long after the century tree falls she will shine on.



40

The understudy

Acrylic on art board, 12 x 9 in
2024

At the end of summer come Hallowe'en's bright jack o'lanterns. They leer, grin or scream in ambiguous welcome, in the grey of November. Do they ward off evils spirits, or embody them?

I just had to add the lost shoe, sorry.



41

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome!

Acrylic on paper on wood panel, 18 x 12 in
2024

It's the Tuesday after the Orange Liar's inauguration, and a bitter cold day. At Arts on Adrian, we talk of these and other worries of daily life as I cobble together this sketch of an unlikely flock from the carved birds and birding paraphernalia in the still life setup.

I considered many titles, but this seemed appropriate, given the feelings of the day:

FLOCK!



42

Flock!

Watercolour on art board, 12 x 9 in
2025

