COMPETENT NUDES

The show has quite a flock of nudes, executed with a greater or lesser amount of competence. "Siesta", by Dorothy Stevens, belongs distinctly to the more competent. It has not the power and significance of Edwin Holgate's last year's exhibit, but it has a suave beauty of composition and a richness of modelling that cannot be—or at any rate are not—rivaled by any other Canadian painter of today. The amazing Mr. John F. Clymer, who leaps from crog to crog, so to speak, as he goes on from one exhibition to another, and always manages to maintain a footing in spite of the obvious slipperiness of that wherein he treads, has three big works much more accomplished than anything he has done before, and two of them are nudes. If somebody would start an Oxford Group of painters and convert Mr. Clymer to a belief in the three Absolutes—whatever they are in painting—he might be a very great man; he is already a very great stunt performer.

The portraits are also a surprising collection, nearly all of the subjects being interesting people and not mere magnates. For vitality Lilias Torrance Newton's Robert MacKay is easily outstanding; it is one of a scant half-dozen works from outside Ontario, and it justifies transportation. Sampson's Ivor Lewis and Evan MacDonald's J. V. McAree are good examples of the dramatic and the quiescent in portraiture respectively, and there are several other works by portraitists not frightened of their sitters.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT

The importance of the Central European element in our art community grows year by year. Nicholas Hornyansky's "Youngest of the Village" is a kind of thing that Canadians have not dared to tackle, largely because they have not the necessary amount of conviction about life. It hangs in all its Czechoslovakian or Jugoslavian demonstrativeness between two typically Canadian works, a "Bay of Chaleur" with an uninhabited-looking cottage by G. H. Griffin and a Gatineau Rapids scene by F. H. McGillivray, in both of which the human race seems no more than a negligible excrecence on the remains of the glacial epoch; and it proclaims that man is the measure of all things, and that the glacial epoch existed for his sake and that the end of the world when it comes will come for his sake and that the life process is a far greater thing than the orbits of the stars. It is not particularly beautiful, but it is terrifically impressive; and a few yards away a "Prospector" by Yulka Biriukova shows that same passionate sense of life and pulsing blood and tense muscle, that same interest in the human being as the greatest of the animals.

President Panton sees human beings also, but as something that the glacial epoch just laughs at. I am not sure about the rock structure in his "Sullen Earth" which looks to me too much as if it had been laid down in the molten condition, but I know what he is getting at and the suggestion is most interesting. Both the Haworths have several characteristic bits of Ontario country vigorously done. Carl Schaeffer has a "House on a Hill" which is highly stylistic but so effective that it makes one feel out of breath even to contemplate the climb. A. A. Macdonald has a "Deserted Orchard" which shows increasing mastery of design. Mrs. Proctor has two of her wonderfully individual still life compositions. Pegi Nicol of Ottawa contributes a note of fantastic humor with two water-colors of men in violent action, a note which Canadian art also needs. A very live show.

"SIESTA", by Dorothy Stevens (Mrs. R. de Bruno Austin), A.R.C.A., O.S.A., in the Ontario Society of Artists show at the Grange Art Gallery.