PICTURES! PICTURES! WHO'LL COME AN' BUY?

1921 Exhibition of Royal Canadian Academy Ready for Varnishing Day.

A VARIEGATED SHOW

Casual Revue From Memory of a Collection That Will Satisfy Many.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE.

In one of the Psalms of David's written, 'Establish thou the work of our hands, establish thou thou.' And in all the generations since those words were written, never have five men been so bewitched with beauty as are the three who saw yesterday sitting amid the almost hung exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy.

Three hundred and sixty frames canvases were sent in to the hanging committee, who rejected more than 100 and still have too many left for the space on the walls of the three rooms in the Art Gallery. The committee of this year are Messrs. Watson, Archibald Browne, Curtis William- son and J. W. Beatty. They are all exhibitors among nearly a hundred others. The catalogue is not yet printed, but will be formally opened to-morrow evening. It will remain open until January 5th, nearly two weeks longer than usual.

The Best R. C. A. Show.

One might say this is the best R. C. A. show ever hung. But every year this may be said. Even an academy must keep up with the times. But you will find no hyper-emotional swagger on those walls. The presence of all the species of the neo-Hippocrates from crowded cities gets short shrift at the hands of these Canadian conservatives. The academy must reflect the average of the nation, not Canada; but not the revolutions in art.

Even now there are too many pictures. Where to begin? Suppose, speaking from memory, alphabetically—

Snow-wrapped Symphonies.

Cullen, you never mistake his winter scenes. Here is a man who paints snow white as a common eye sees it. He has three or four of these snow-covered symphonies, all cold, tense, and consciously Canadian, and one of the frozen St. Lawrence, which he knows better than any other artist. Cullen's idiosyncrasies are few. He gets his effects in small space. He has no eye for pink snow and washing water. He has no eye for pink snow and washing water.

Carmichael, of Toronto, has two here that will arrest any pair of eyes. This young painter from Orillia has a keen sense of beautiful color and a bold conception of pattern and design. His chief defect is that he is less a pictorialist than the story of a picture than he is with the fabric of his painting.

I must deviate from the alphabet and pay my respects to the lady Mrs. Newton of Montreal. She did some lovely little mutes in pink frocks that seem to be sitting on the front edge of the frame ready to jump into your arms, and are only marred by the morose indigo blue that forms the background. In this case, the story of the picture is told, and the story in the picture is told. In the picture, the story is told. I have no visible means of support. I call this a real creation of both fine and gabled house and naked apple-trees catch the red glow of the late afternoon, and the snow is bathed in all colors but white.

Works of Bell-Smith.

One will not soon forget that one called the fine restful tonality of Bell-Smith's picture of the Rockies. One of the old man's very best; a picture which for fullness of detail and suggestion of space and of immensity as well as superb finish of technique marks a sharp contrast to the younger Canadian landscape right beside it.

Again in contrast to this, observe the Reckitt's Blue treatment of a couple of winter scenes by Robinson, the wonderful study in color effects which was done by Jackson, who takes a wild bower rockscape with its crimson foliage and deep blue water as a subject for design in pattern and color. Similar to it in Macmillan's landscape designs and textures. Different and much more true to subject is the fine landscape of J. W. Beatty which has a wonderful brightness of light and colors, an enchanting sky and an air of mystery that should be the work of a man much more wisely engaged on such things as Beatty seems to be.

Splash of Gothic.

I forget who wrote of New York it is that 'fnings such a pool of raw colors into the tenement district with the cold skyscraper behind. But it is a fine example of huddling figures with their improbable walls. Not forgetting the jazzylike near Brown—

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