Horror and Experiments

Deck Walls at R.C.A. Show

Usual Formality of Treatment and Subject Enlivened by Strange Painting and Sculpture

Those who, in the name of Art, pat at mud balls, hammer stone, and spread expensive paint on canvas have not yet heard of that animal, part wolf and part panic, which is called "Depression." Nor has the current exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy.

In greater number than ever before, artists, and apparent artists, come to the Rockies, have sent their work for judgment by that jury of academicians whose "Yes" means glory and a place on the walls of the Toronto Art Gallery, and whose "No" means disappointment, if not defeat, and a place in the dust and darkness of the cellar. This year the jury said "Yes" to two hundred paintings, and to two sculptures. So many times as to tax the capacity of those of us artists call "The Morgue." It did not, according to its members, "No" often enough. "Twenty per cent. of the paintings should never have been hung."

BEST IN YEARS.

And yet the show is an unqualified success, and the most interesting in years.

What price depression? The exhibition of the R.C.A. one has come to expect the art of tradition. In those of the Ontario Society of Artists one looks for experiment. In this R.C.A. is such excellence, a blending of both of that one is left wondering just what is left in this land's studios for the coming O.C.A. exhibition. No matter what one's taste, or art education, the walls hold a feast. Does he like genre, there is "Street in the East" by J. M. McPherson. Does he like landscape, "The White Clouds" by W. C. H. McPherson. Does he like portraits, "Madam X in Mood Y" by J. W. H. McPherson. Does he like sculpture, "Linda," which stands in its white majesty, in the adjoining marble court.

MISTER EXPERIMENTS.

Near the model is a plaster bust by Emmanuel Hahn titled "Madam X in Mood Y." He might as well have called it "Enigma," or, "What Have You?" It is the strangest thing Hahn ever did. Done in a manner new to him, it has many wondering if he has seen the "Arthurs." To the many who have never been in a very long tongue in his cheek. You may not like it, but you won't forget it. That is sure.

One of the most heartening aspects of the collection is the representation in it so many of the younger Toronto sculptors. Lucille Ollie, 69 Avenue road, Toronto, and Phyllis Walker, 36 Avenue road, Toronto, are both shown here. In the light of present world conditions it is horrible.

After these turns thankfully to a burst of color by Willy Ogilvie, 36 Avenue road, Toronto. It is one of the best women working, barbaric, even in its design. The predominant tone is a warm red, resilient of the tropics it portrays. It achieves magnificence by that which Dorothy Stevens, also of Toronto, attempts in "Colored Nude," a study of a naked negro standing between banana trees. The figure is excellently done. The background is disappointing.