THE catalog for the sixty-first annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy contains 18 pages, of which 4 are devoted to the elaborate hierarchy which makes up this venerable institution. This, however, is nothing new. What is new is that officialdom fails to crush the show. Of 125 exhibitors at the Art Gallery of Toronto over 70 are non-academicians, and most of them have been hung on their merits. I have seen six Academy shows; this is in many ways the broadest in scope of them all, and full credit should be given Mr. Haines and his jury.

As usual, there are many more portraits than you will see in any other exhibition. This is in the tradition of academies, and besides, some of the portraits are very good. One of the most striking is John Alsens's "The Reader." Alsens gets right at the inner structure of his subject. So many portraitists give you surface attributes; they expect you to accept the empty glove for the warm flesh and blood of a human hand. This Alsens never does; nor does Lillian Newton in her sharply rendered portrait of T. F. M. Newton. A sensitive newcomer is Marie Davis, whose two sad little faces, in cajolery, knit tones, are most eloquent. André Bieler's superb Gatinneau Madame should also be included among the portraits, though truly she is part of a landscape.

The landscapes are rich and good. They reflect the extraordinary variety of the Canadian scene, a variety we are apt to forget. Henri Masson, in succulent, tight woven brushstrokes, gives us the derelict prettiness of a small Quebec town: not the romantic spires of the Lower St. Lawrence, but the Quebec of tar-paper shacks and "Buvez Coca-Cola." L. A. C. Panton's Woodland Hilltop is entirely successful in its attempt to organize into stylized line and low keyed color. Carmichael's "Late Evening" has a sweeping breadth; while Jackson's "Road to St. Simon" has the subtle luminosity that comes, not from slickly applied highlights, but from true structural painting.

The water color section is stronger than usual, the work of Mrs. Haworth, M. A. Bain, Leonard Brooks, Frank Hennessey and F. C. Cross being noticeable. There are seven pieces of sculpture, perhaps scarcely enough to give the showing the necessary breadth, especially as most of them are in a little cul-de-sac between two galleries. But you will notice Elizabeth Wyn Wood's head, and the gleaming strength of Jacobine Jones's "Black Cavalry".

Upstairs in the print room at the Art Gallery of Toronto, we start a new season of the small four-man shows, so successful last year. The opening exhibition consists of paintings by Goodridge Roberts and Eric Goldberg of Montreal, Jack Humphrey of Saint John and Lowrie Warnere of Toronto. It is a varied and interesting show, and leaves you a good deal cheered about the future of Canadian painting. Lowrie Warnere is the inveterate experimentalist. Personally, I don't find his color pleasing, and I can't yet see that his surgical simplification of landscape gains the desired end—presumably strength and forcefulness.

Eric Goldberg turns his back on his environment and paints with a warm, delicate glow that sings of bygone days, and of a world whose graciousness is rapidly vanishing. Nostalgia is, indeed, the keynote of Goldberg's work. It is a mélangé of Watteau-esque gardens and the dream haze of Redon, painted with great sensiveness and subtlety.

After Goldberg's seductive opiate, Goodridge Roberts is like a douche of cold water to set you all at aingle. Roberts advances at a great rate, and seems to me to be emerging as one of half a dozen men in their thirties, who will shortly be leaders in Canadian painting. In fact, risk ing a brick from imminent posterity, I would name, as these leaders: Schaefer, Masson, Muhlstock, Humphrey, Roberts and Pepper. Roberts' painting has become freer, without losing its range, while it has narrowed, has gained in strength; his handling of paint is genuinely plastic. If you feel, in looking at the portraits, that they are on the heavy side, examine "Laurentian River," "Hill and River", Road and Hill." If these three landscapes lies a strong new idiom, blending the best French influence with the authentic Canadian landscape tradition.

Humphrey, too, gains in stature with this show. Comparing the gorgeous color and sure mood of "Mair Street, Saint John", with the stiffness of his earlier still life, you realize how much easier he now is. With "Duke Street", it seems to reach that hair-line so difficult of attainment—between the distillation of a mood in paint, and that recognizable delineation of a well-known scene. In other words, representation and form seem about equally blended, and the binding agent is a warm humanity. This is a great little show.