



Around the New Shows

By ROBERT AYRE

AMONG THE OPENINGS this week is the exhibition of some 25 paintings by Albert Henry Robinson at Walter Kinkhoff's gallery. These have been lent by private collectors in Montreal and many have not been shown publicly. Some were in the Robinson retrospective in 1955, seen in Hamilton, Toronto and Ottawa but not, for some reason, in Montreal, where the painter lived for so many years. The duration of the present exhibition is unfortunately all too short, ending next Saturday.

Estelle Hecht has gathered together drawings, water colors, pastels, etchings, linocuts, woodcuts, lithographs, monotypes and serigraphs by 27 artists in different parts of Canada for the new exhibition in her print gallery at 1640 Sherbrooke West.

ACCEPTING THEM for what they are, and not asking more of them, the paintings and constructions by Guido Molinari and Claude Tousignant in Gallery II come as a spring tonic for jaded spirits. Their lines are straight, clean and exact, their colors pure and bright. Mr. Tousignant's white structure "Module claustratique" is dedicated to Le Corbusier. This suggests that he is thinking in architectural terms and that the best way to look at these two designers is in their relation to architecture. "Le jeux des ombres" is a maze of boxes, or rooms without a roof. The designs may be treated as color schemes for buildings and as decorative panels and three-dimensional screens or space-occupying objects.

Armand Vaillancourt performs the same function in metal, as you will see in the exhibition at Galerie Libre — plates beaten flat and scored, hanging singly, fitted together in assemblages; clusters of short steel rails, sheaves of steel rods, a small clipped tree, all black and glistening and lively. Sculpture may not be the name for them, but they take the place of sculpture, as reliefs against plain walls, as figures suspended in air or standing in the midst of an open court.

The Beaudin photographs of wooden mallets and playing cards, shells and pebbles, the structure of the sturgeon greatly magnified, go very well with them.

COLIN HAWORTH is a public relations executive who has been painting intensively for about 10 years. A friend of his has likened his approach to that of a bulldozer, the "positive-thinking gadget" that doesn't often stop, unless to find a new course of attack, but keeps pushing ahead with strength and purpose. I wouldn't think the description complimentary,



Gully. Oil by Colin Haworth in his one-man exhibition at Agnes Lefort's gallery.

especially for an artist, though it does take strength and persistence to be an artist, all the more when his painting is shared with a demanding business career. However, something other than ambition and the blunt drive of the bulldozer was needed to get Mr. Haworth into the exhibitions and into a dozen collections and to win him the prize in the Concours Artistiques in 1958.

His first one-man show, at Agnes Lefort's gallery, gives evidence of his seriousness and hard work, but it reveals the other qualities, too. There are about 30 paintings in oil and casein, as well as a folio of the lampblack drawings he made for two books of R. G. Everson's poetry. All are non-figurative, based on natural forms and rhythms, such as roots, stumps and stones, easily recognizable despite the arbitrary and emphatic patterning. There is a tendency in the oils to work from intelligence rather than emotion and the result strikes me as contrived rather than felt. The compositions are well organized, but there is too much consciousness of design, the forms sometimes too hard, the color dry and cold. He is warmer and freer, if a little closer to nature, in "Forest Floor", with its autumnal tones, and in "Sunday Morning", breaking into flowery color,

than in the larger formalizations.

But he quickens me most in his small casein paintings. Here, in a painting of pots, in evocations of summer, flowers and the sea, in a little composition called "Lombardi", he is relaxed, spontaneous and personal.

DAVID MESSER, the Israeli painter who was born in Carpathia in 1912 and is now working in Paris, is introduced to Montreal in an exhibition of about three dozen paintings at the Waddington galleries. He paints people, landscapes, interiors and still life with a warmth and love that call forth an immediate sympathy. He reminds you at times of the intimist painters of France, of German painters like Nolde, of Soutine, Chagall and Ensor. He takes from all of them and incorporates them in his own vision, his sensuous sharing of the rhythms and volumes and colors of the sunburnt earth, his affection for men and women, who are always part of the life of the earth.

Everything flows together in the harmony of the whole. The figures in the landscapes may be twisted into Chagall-like attitudes to fit into the rhythms of the earth, but there is no strain. Their bodies may seem to have no weight, no separate exist-

Soutine figure in pale blue, as for your pity; you share the happy drunkenness of "L'Amoureux"—so does the clo on the wall. All is one.

"PLAISIRS ILLUMINES" the title of one of Luc Morin's paintings at Deny Delrue's gallery, and it speaks for all 37 oils and gouaches. They are all illuminations—the aurora, fireworks, the dazzling starry sky, flowers burgeoning in the water. Mr. Morin paints by drip, but he leaves nothing to chance; he drips with the most care, knows exactly what he is doing with his infinitude of tiny white spots, his bursting blossoms, his tracers like the silver tracks of meteorites, and the result is an individual and exhilarating expression.

The exhibition of graphics of Eskimo women of Cape Doris in the Stable Gallery continues through next Thursday. Eskimo prints will be part of the third annual exhibition of the Bez Zion Congregation in Cote St. Luc from April 23 to 26. Fort five Canadian artists will be represented in 70 painting drawings and prints, to be sold by ballot with a ceiling price of \$200.

ence, they may be like rag dolls; their faces may be no more than masks; but somehow their humanity remains. Looking at the crowds, at the grinning masks and shapeless trunks, you think of Ensor, but there is nothing sinister here; there is, rather, innocence and — as in the lovers and the newly married couple, with bouquet—pathos. "L'Homme a la Casquette", a