

AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

IT would be interesting if statistics could be obtained showing the relative number of people who attend concerts and of those who visit exhibitions of painting, sculpture, etc. I am always amazed at the fewness of the latter, except in the case of the Royal Academy, when I am equally amazed at their number.

We cannot measure the enjoyment received from music and the graphic arts, but there is an element of adventure in most exhibitions which is almost entirely lacking in a concert. The concert can vary little from its published programme; in an exhibition every work may be a surprise. I will take the April exhibition at the Leicester Galleries as an example.

The advertisements announced only that there would be work by Mr. Mark Fisher, R.A., and Miss E. Fortescue-Brickdale, R.W.S. No hint was given as to what the third room would contain nor as to what bronzes, etc., would fill up the odd corners. These unannounced items were a most varied collection of drawings, paintings and sculpture, ranging from Gainsborough to Epstein. The works shown in the window were alone worth a pilgrimage. I will mention a few of the exhibits as they occur to my memory.

In the window stood two delightful paintings by Mr. Philip Connard. All his work infects us with his own enthusiastic enjoyment of clean pigment and of firm but unhesitating brushwork. I doubt whether any painter since Frans Hals has shown such joy in his medium.

In the side window, amongst many good things, were three of Mr. John's most beautiful pencil drawings.

Inside the gallery, a whole wall was occupied with drawings by the great pioneers of English water-

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colour, beginning with two Gainsboroughs and including works by Paul Sanby, John Varley, Rowlandson, etc. Of these the most surprising were two superb landscapes by Rowlandson. In breadth of effect, they can only be compared with Rembrandt, and the bold use of pen and brush shows far less mannerism than in his better known figure subjects.

Opposite these, hung two water-colours by J. D. Innes, who saw nature from the serene standpoint of Tom Girtin and interpreted it in the rich colour-harmonies of Hokusai. In the early death of this master we suffered as great a loss as in that of Tom Girtin, a century ago. I suspect that in the years to come the name of Innes will be one of the landmarks in the history of English painting, and that the influence of his few years' work will loom larger than that of any of his contemporaries.

One of the most important developments of modern art is the revival of sculpture, largely in the form of small bronzes. Here were beautiful and varied examples. A number of portrait heads and busts remained from Mr. Epstein's recent magnificent exhibition. Reminders of other recent exhibitions were three very fine bronzes by H. Gaudier-Brzeska, and some half-dozen of M. Maillol's wonderful little terra-cotta statuettes. Beside these, the work of Mr. R. F. Wells and Mr. Reid Dick seemed a little academic but by no means lifeless.

I think it was hard on Mr. Mark Fisher that paintings by George Morland and Henri Matisse were left on chairs in his room, but to the entrance-and-tax-paying public these were an added pleasure.

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