

## REVIEWS OF SOME OF THE NEW SHOWS by MAX CHAPMAN

# ART

of a "back to sanity" campaign or simply as offering the skilled fruits of a professional jobber.

Furniture pictures come in many styles and lines. They are to be found, for that matter, as often among the *avant-garde* as among the rear-guard. Their effectiveness demands a certain standard of technical know-how, but it is axiomatic that they should not obtrude by disturbing us with original ideas or any too personal idiosyncrasies. Voyet meets these requirements. With assurance and assiduity he brushes in the clichés that delighted our parents and grand-parents: vivid café awnings, coloured boats and their reflections, the leaning jumble of cottages. These delights need not of themselves be accounted clichés, but must when, as here, the painter has not re-lived the experience of them as visual adventure. Voyet, then, with all his French flair, only occasionally peers out, from behind the jobber, as Artist. A still-life of a fish, a painting of flowers and a general view of Tours could be named as showing intimations of an involvement with personal vision, for in these his skills stand at the threshold of art.

MOLTON. Georgiadis has come to pure painting via architecture and stage decor (his brilliant sets for the Garden and elsewhere are widely known), a fact which, if not crucial, is relevant to an appreciation of the present paintings with their aloof, even minatory, presence.

—continued on page 35

## ART

—continued from page 33

Ranged around the walls, they impinge with the even tempo of their spacing, each contained in an ample square or near-square framework. They offer a richly elaborated surface that is nevertheless self-effacing, held in constant quietude with the wall surface, as a mosaic might be. Here, perhaps, the architect speaks.

But there is a smoulder of emotion under the ordered calm. As their images take on a figurative connotation we seem to confront a series of Personages in full panoply, with, at one and the same time, X-ray views of their viscera. Is this the drama of basic man enmeshed in position and privilege? Is it the conflict of ego and society? The dilemma of man the actor

under the trappings of his role? At anyrate something of portentous detachment seems to be aimed at, something perhaps developed from the formal passions of the Stage. What could more directly conjure up the *dramatis personæ* of High Tragedy than such titles as "The Pontiff," "The Pretorian Guard," "The Empress of Harlem" or "The Black Regent"?

Finally, there is Georgiadis' heritage from Greece. The ochres, blacks, greys, whites and ox-blood reds are its immediate and unmistakable embodiment, the suggestion of hieratic art its more deeply operative manifestation. But above all these pictures carry the mark of a complex and contemplative individual, engaged to discover the outward and concrete nature of his dreams.

