



display of drawings and gouaches by one of the fathers of modernism. Included are works from all periods of Leger's life which reveal the ideological vacillations characterising this humane painter's distinguished career. From *Nu* (1910), an example of his contemporary evaluation of Cezanne, through the hermetically abstract *Composition* (1924) to the resurgence of figuration in the late *Personnages* (1952) and the colouristic resplendence of *Trouville* (1952) the aesthetical essence remains unflinching.

'I group contrary values together; flat surfaces opposed to modelled surfaces; volumetric figures opposed to the flat facades of houses . . . pure flat tones opposed to grey, modulated tones or the reverse.' The inadequate reviewer before such purely visual creations is exonerated by Leger: 'One does not explain art. It is the domain of the sensibility.' Any votary of modern art should see this show.

D. G. Lee

Euan Duff, Tony Turner *Aberbach Fine Art*

Duff's photographs (black and white), though entirely of the vegetable kingdom, assume, in a cabbage, a sunflower, a dandelion, isolated, seen head-on, a persona of crystalline mineral geometry, while others, such as a series of horse-chestnut buds opening, become analogies for the spikey animation of insect life. The glint of light upon the heads of daffodils in a shadowy field makes explicit the controlled lyricism of all the works.

Much of the content of Turner's 25 drawings and nine oil paintings is that phenomenon, true surrealism, neither mere caprice nor carefully thought-out symbolism, but instead, the Joycean wanderings of a mind among the contents of its own attic - which here follows a spurt of alliteration with a dog, a dove, a ball, a bell, and is there seduced by the visual pun of an upturned clinker-built boat and the woolly curves of a sheep's back. This particular 'attic' has a Max Beckmannesque aspect of circus or cabaret, cloaked magician and leotard-clad girl companion appearing again and again. Very good, and as such, illustrative not only of surrealism's freedoms, but of its necessary limits too.

Richard Walker

Donald Locke, Siddig El'Nigoumi *Amalgam*

These two black potters, nearing their 40s and each with a distinguished background of training in Britain and of international exhibiting, make an interesting comparison. Their approach is quite different, El'NiGoumi's is that of a draughtsman, his moulded plates serve as a ground on which he draws by slip-tracing or incision designs which clearly emanate from his native Sudan as well as symbolised animals, decorative architectural features and Picassoesque figures. The drawings are delicate and precise, incised quotations from the Koran in Arabic calligraphy or traditional latticework designs, often smoked and burnished on plain earthenware.

Donald Locke's approach is that of a sculptor, his black stoneware pots are hand built, shaped rather like gourds and so sensitive that they seem to have grown rather than be made. They merge into the sculptures which are really pots that have evolved into organic fertility symbols.

Guy Burn

John Pelling *Drian Gallery*

The artist's wife is French and he has taken many holidays in the south of France where he has watched gradations of the sky. He has painted the technicolour aeri-form and the zeppelin pink cloud to propose, with naked natives, Tahiti in Gauguinesque patterns. A large canvas may have four nude girls on ladders amid leaves and sky, others have single figures and palm trees and blazing red soup-plate suns; but I like best the quieter pictures (upstairs gallery) in which the artist may have used areas of raw canvas. There's a fine nude sitting on a red cushion with her dusky back turned to us. The artist told me he is into colour fields and sought a way to exploit this interest with figuration. He thinks of the present show (two years' work) as preparation for figure compositions he hopes to tackle next. It is all theatrically striking with a sense of the offstage presence of Ramon Novarro singing 'Pagan Love Song'.

Oswell Blakeston

British Landscape Paintings *Richard Green*

Inevitably, in a show such as this, of 52

Top left, Folded Shield with Standing Form (ceramic and metal) by Donald Locke at Amalgam, centre, Venetian Balcony by Edward Seago at Marlborough Fine Art, right, Ian Friend at House

landscape paintings, mid-18th to early 20th century, one is drawn to comment on those landscapes one best knows, which in my case are the gentle river and hillscapes of Warwickshire, Worcestershire and Gloucestershire. There are four in the present show. Warwickshire is represented by Thomas Baker of Leamington (1809/1869) by a fine view of *Warwick Castle from the Avon* (1842) apotheosising the sylvan grandeur of the county, as Robert Gallon's *Reed Cutters on the River Sowe* is the epitome of its rural craftsmanship. Gloucestershire is also represented by a riverscape, Edmund John Niemann's *Hatherop Castle from the Coln* (1861) which makes clear that 'castle' is an exaggeration for this Jacobean manor house, the interior of which was redesigned, a few years before the painting was made, by the ecclesiastical architect, Henry Clutton. The city of Worcester is almost always exemplified by the view of the cathedral from the opposite bank of the Severn. This view by Benjamin Leader (1831/1923) from the Bishop's Palace Garden is, therefore, a pleasing novelty. Among other counties, Devon and Surrey are especially well represented, Devon by Frederick Lee, R.A., and Williams of Plymouth, and Surrey by George Cole, Henry John Boddington and E. J. Niemann.

Max Wykes-Joyce

Ernest Bottomley *Alwin Gallery* A pessimistic and disturbingly vivid vision of the insidious encroachment of technology into human spheres is the preoccupation of this artist. Interchangeable, mostly pint-size aluminium figures - *Techno-Virons* - inhabit a plexiglass world patterned with esoteric computer language which may be read as a metaphor for the wider dependency of man on machine in this progressively automated age. Tortured denizens struggle for freedom and natural expression like souls condemned to damnation in a medieval Last Judgement. *Techno-thinker* squats encapsulated vainly attempting the mental combat of forces