

president, Mr. Sickert. On second consideration, however, it seems that the "New Broom" has allowed himself to be swept away by a besom of somewhat ill-applied logic wielded by the members of the society who decided "as an experiment . . . to place the pictures by lot." What a dangerous thing a little logic can be is here proved. We seem to be in a second-rate auction room rather than in an art exhibition, for all the pictures are hung higgledy-piggledy, watercolours and oils, together—all "pushing and shoving" each other to such an extent that the president's picture seems to hang on to a corner of the mantelshelf by the skin of its frame, so to speak. Even a president's "lot" is not a happy one in circumstances where formal logic has defeated both common sense and æsthetic sensibility.

Apart from Mr. Sickert's picture, a shop window called for no obvious reasons "Easter," there are few that give evidence of creative vision. The best collective exhibition is, without a doubt, Mr. Adrian Hills', and his two paintings of "Ship at Sea" and "Village of Corfe, Dorset" in particular prove by their differences that he is an artist who is not satisfied with merely imitating Nature more or less efficiently. Once more, as always of late, Miss Florence Asher's paintings stand out from the generality by reason of their slightly cubistic construction and their very agreeable colour—"The Aisle of Trees," a composition of a half-length figure in a landscape, and "Yudenberg Alp, Salzburg," a pure landscape, are both distinguished. Another good collective exhibit is Miss Sylvia Gosse's—serious art, all four pictures, rather Sickertish; as is also Mr. Arthur Stewart's "Study" and Mr. Heaton Cooper's "Interior," and none the worse for it. Mr. Otway McCannell's "Faith, Hope, and Charity" is a satirical but effective commentary, I imagine, on the Prayer Book controversy, or perhaps on the clerical mind in general. It is rather a pity that this kind of art is *démodée*. His "Study" and "Mrs. Kennedy" are also worth noting. Mr. Stafford Leeke, to whom one has come to look as the only representative of "modern" art here, is this year less so than usual. Mr. Laszlo's "Duke of Northumberland" has this artist's usual, somewhat cloying elegance. Cloying, too, in their sweetness are Mr. Hely Smith's "Calm of Eventide," a watercolour, and "Whither, O Splendid Ship . . ." an oil. I have tried hard to put myself into Mr. Flight's shoes whilst contemplating his geometrically abstract "Pedestrians," but, frankly, they pinch. Mr. Flight, so to speak, in bare feet, as he is in the sketch "Reflections," is more satisfactory. Other works which it would seem a pity to overlook are Mrs. Granger Taylor's "Midsummer," Miss Stuart Weir's "Boxing Day in London," Mr. Charles Harvey's "Level Crossing," Mrs. Mimipriss's "Woolworth Snacks"—a little slice of life, Mr. Hoyland's "Head of a Man" and "Head of a Boy," Mr. Clarkson's "North Wales," Mr. Richmond's "Path to the Farm," and, above all, Mr. Padwick's collective exhibit, in particular "The Portsmouth Road." Nor should Miss Trench's two paintings, "At Garda" and "Rio del Piombo, Venice," be forgotten. One of the best watercolours is Miss Grace Rogers's calligraphic "Whitesands," and one of the most satisfying prints, Mr. Boxsius's "October"—a charming woodcut in colour.

International Press-Cutting Bureau, London, E.5.

Extract from  
"APOLLO"

6, Robert St., London, W.C.2.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.  
£1 12s. 6d. per annum.

JAN 1920

Date .....

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

This one hundred and seventieth exhibition of the R.B.A. gives one at first the impression of a "New Broom" at work. The "New Broom" is, of course, the new