

Family tradition: fine publishing in Oxford

People

Grinding their axes

IN THE Churchillian backs-to-the-wall, last-ditch atmosphere of Admiralty Arch, sit two old friends fighting the good fight against inflation—not to mention one of those interecine Whitehall struggles that normally surface only in Ministerial memoirs.

The combatants: from the Counter-Inflation Unit—loaned *Daily Mirror* man, Geoffrey Goodman, and Charles Birdsall, ex-Labour Ministry information chief ('retired but retained,' as he puts it). They've had part-time assistance from Lord (Sydney) Jacobson, who has put in some inspired editorial work on the unit's leaflet, due to drop through the nation's letter-boxes this week.

The tactical dissenters: Henry James, chief of the newly vitalised Central Office of Information, and his boys. Fresh from their successes of switching off something and clicking on seat belts, the COI (and friends) felt that it could do a moody media job on switching off inflation.

Among the more way-out creative brainwaves were suggestions for 'We're beating inflation' stickers to adorn supermarket cash tills, inflation thermometers for market squares and sleek television commercials to get the national shoulder behind the proverbial wheel.

It didn't go down well in Admiralty Arch or Downing Street. General verdict: the

issue is too important to be sold like pet food. So the hidden persuaders put away their plans, and all that's left of the counter-inflation campaign is the Prime Minister's pep-talk, some restrained, informative Press advertising (*Morning Star* excluded) and one leaflet that will share the doormat with football coupon offers and the latest mini-cab visiting card.

Every time you peer into a corner in or around Whitehall at the moment, you find people grinding axes. What is vital is that whoever comes out top this time must get it right.

Women and apartheid

WITHIN roaring distance of the lion house in the London Zoo, a small, grey-haired 60-year-old woman draws in her ground-floor studio and climbs to the top floor to write.

Hilda Bernstein left South Africa in 1964 with her husband, Lionel (the only defendant to be acquitted in the Nelson Mandela sabotage trial). Since then she has learned to etch and created a new career for herself.

On 2 September an exhibition of her delicate and moving etchings opens in London. Among the prints is one of three women weighed down by suffering—one, from the Sahel, is the victim of famine, another, from Cyprus, is the victim of war, the third, from South Africa, is the victim of apartheid.

But art is only one channel



for Bernstein's commitment to the shared experience of women. On the same day as her exhibition opens, the International Defence and Aid Fund publish her latest book, 'For Their Triumphs And For Their Tears.'

It's a devastating catalogue, almost a handbook, of the oppression all women suffer in South Africa. They suffer the double burden of disability—the white women live as trinkets without meaning, the black women are shuffled and abandoned along a life of drudgery. Only a few have the will and courage to resist.

Hilda Bernstein served her time in South Africa. She and her husband experienced the police dodging, the arrests and detainment without trial. Now, in exile, she has found another way to make a contribution.

Blackwell's Black Prince

IN 1913 a young lad called Basil Blackwell joined his father's bookshop and publishing firm in Oxford. Today, at 86, Sir Basil is presi-

Radical Tradition

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films

1900-1950

European and American Experimental

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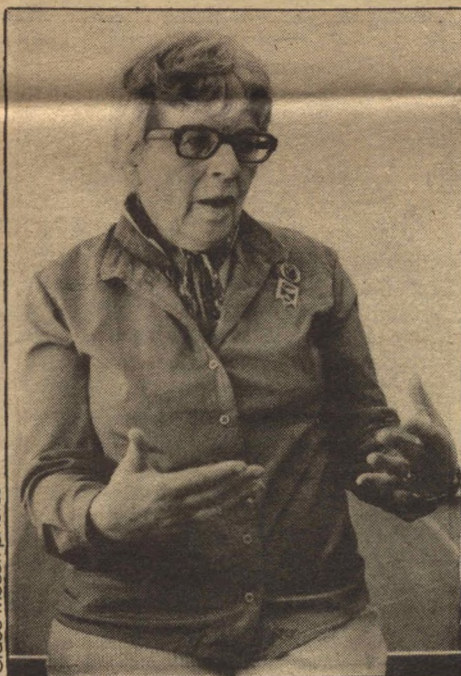
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Sooner than We Think?



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DATING SERVICES ARE strange and bizarre manifestations of alienation. What, indeed, compels a person to watch a prospective mate on video and listen to the subtle pleas for mutual attraction? What kind of society is it that plunges outwardly successful citizens into such desperate quests for satisfactory relationships?

Don't look for the answer in *A Perfect Couple*, the latest in a current rash of films forwarded by Robert Altman, whose work of late can be compared to fast food in both quality and quantity. The poor man ought to slow down and grant each of his films a vindication which at least hints at the artistic.

A Perfect Couple is Altman's version of the tearjerker. We have two vastly different people meet, fall in love, fall out of love, and then fall back into love. A dating service affords the initial confrontation, and Altman's sentimental notions of "true" love furnish the conclusion. In between, of course, is a confusing, incoherent cinematic narration that reeks of directorial disregard. The film appears to have been shot in a day and edited while en route to the set location of Altman's next undertaking.

Alex (Paul Dooley) is a middle-aged son of a Greek antique tycoon, whose dominance over his family can only be described as tyrannical. Alex, then, is a sniveling imp whose commanding visual appearance is undercut by his insipid submission to Daddy.

"What kind of man are you?" asks Sheila (Marta Heflin) when their lovemaking is interrupted by Alex's judgmental



VAPID AFFAIR

kin. It's a good question.

Sheila, on the other hand, is a member of an up-and-coming communal rock band whose values and lifestyle are worlds beyond the rigid patterns of familial domestication. Accordingly, a great deal of the intrigue of the film is supposed to derive from the immutable gulf which separates the lovers' backgrounds. Do opposites attract? Can a young hippie musician ever establish a lasting rapport with a businessman entrenched in the old ways who considers her cohorts to be outlandish freaks?

Difficult to Care

IT'S DIFFICULT really to care when both characters are so unattractive. Alex is still being spoon-fed and Sheila, whose screen presence is characterized by large, lifeless eyes and vapid stares, is a fragile creature just asking to be emotionally shattered. They are fine examples of the kind of confused—

and confusing—personalities which enter into the dating service mania.

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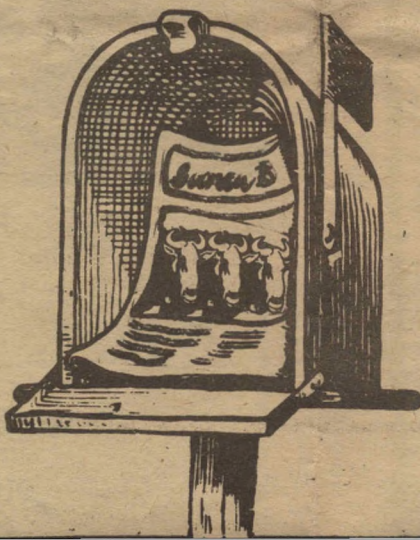
This would be acceptable if it weren't for Altman's insistence that they are really, truly, wonderfully, completely, ecstatically in love. It just doesn't ring true. Sheila's "I love you" to Alex must be considered one of the most incredible and ludicrous lines in recent film history. What is remarkably authentic is an early scene as they are saying goodbye following their first date. The look, the hesitation, the first slow, unsteady kiss: now *that* is what life is like. At this point, *A Perfect Couple* seems to be an emotionally potent look at struggling romance. But Altman is too concerned with the elements of the tearjerker to maintain an organic and credible narration.

The silly conclusion is reached most prominently not by character development, but through the symbolic use of music. Sheila's rock band and the LA Philharmonic, Alex's favorite, are combined onstage to signify the amorous fusion.

Such a tight and unifying ending by no means lends believability to the love affair. Furthermore, a few potentially fruitful thematic strains, which might have in fact enhanced the film's import, are neglected. A subtle criticism of the LA hype, for instance, and an interesting rebellion against her father by Alex's sister (Belita Moreno) are lost in the shuffle.

So, for that matter, is Altman's reputation. First *Quintet*, now *A Perfect Couple*. Both take intriguing subject matter and distill it through hasty, hurried production. The Altman Montage, Altman's Stylish Americana, Cinema as Life—these are all inapplicable references to the directorial achievement in *A Perfect Couple*. Altman had better get back on the track.

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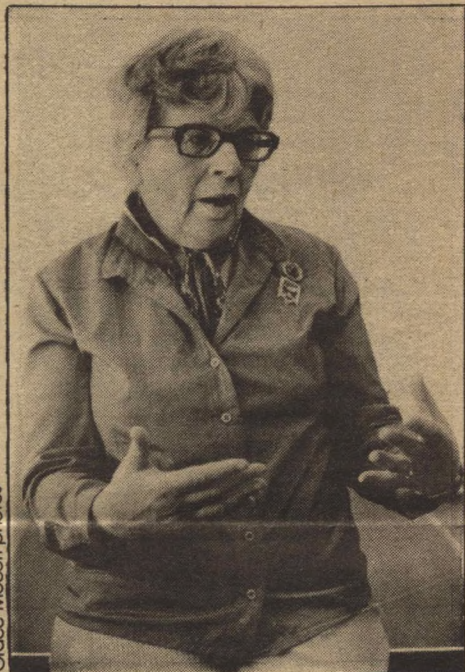
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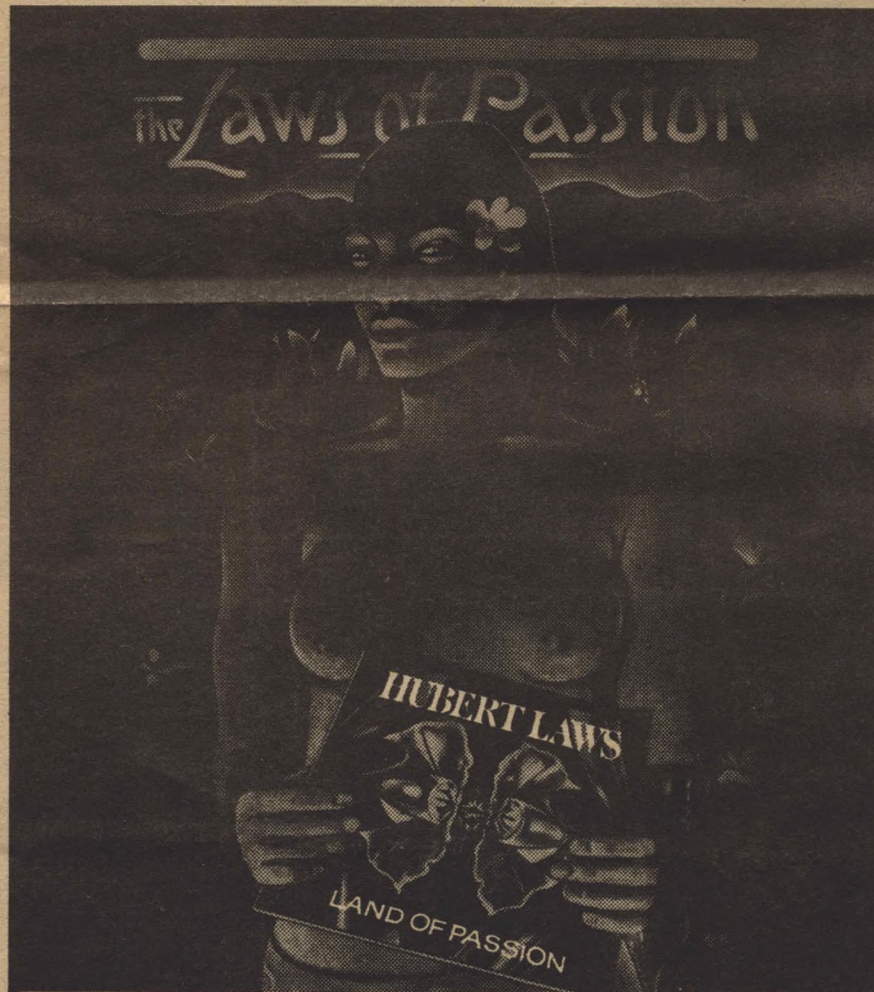
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The five third grade classes at Franklin Elementary school will be putting out a special "Mother Day" supplement in the May 10th News a Review. We will do all the stories, graphics, and advertisements in this special station. If you would like us to do an ad for you please call the News a Review at 966-3954. Ad deadline is May 4 so please hurry.

This ad was written by Lazandria Richey, in Mrs. William's second/third grade class at Franklin School.



Hubert Laws, the down beat poll's #1 flutist, has a new album. "Land of Passion." Featuring Ronnie, Eloise, Deborah and Johnny Laws. On Columbia Records and Tapes.

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EILEEN LEWENSTEIN
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SPOTLIGHT ON

ST. CHRISTOPHER'S PLACE has a head start when it comes to pleasurable shopping, for it is one of the few pedestrian streets in the heart of London. It is protected from traffic by the G.L.C. and one of the oldest rivers in the city reputedly flows beneath it. If you don't already know it then you really won't know what you are missing until you remedy the situation! But in my opinion it is probably the prettiest shopping street in town with a rather quaint atmosphere that is contributed to by the Victorian street lamps.

How to find St. Christopher's Place? Well, it is tucked away just behind Oxford Street and in fact you can get to it through a little signposted alley which is just near Selfridges. Alternatively you can approach it from the Wigmore Street end.

When you arrive make straight for the **PACE GALLERY** at No. 31, for this is a marvellous place in which to browse, and perhaps epitomises the artistic atmosphere of the street. It is one of the few galleries to showcase the work of young artists in jewellery. Last year five young ex-RCA students exhibited there. Most of the jewellery is silver, some of it using precious or semi-precious stones. Prices, of course, vary greatly but it is possible to buy something for as little as £3.75.

The gallery also features ceramics and graphics. A new exhibition begins today showcasing the work of Hilda Bernstein (woodcuts and woodblocks) and Eileen Lewenstein (ceramics). Hilda Bernstein's wood blocks are not wood carvings, nor are they used for making prints. The block itself is the original picture and each one is, of course, exclusive. The nature of the cuts are controlled to an extent by the wood itself, and some of the resulting effects are really intriguing. The blocks are not only pictures. Hilda Bernstein has designed some for custom-made furniture, a dividing hatch and a cupboard. The possibilities are endless. The exhibition will continue until April.

Make **THE BUTTON QUEEN** your next port of call. It's No. 23. The Button Queen is an unusual shop that draws visitors from far and wide for it specialises in old buttons and cuff-links. Buttons begin at 2½p each and go up from there depending upon how

old they are and how hard to come by. Some of them are really very beautiful—the kind you would remove when the life of a dress had ended and put them on something else.

I particularly liked a set of fine Art Nouveau silver ones. They are French with the London hallmark of 1900. Yours for £4 each!

Equally desirable were a set of late 19th century French enamel ones with hand painted centres in a delicate floral design.

Cuff-links are pretty special too! One pair that took my eye date back to the early 19th century. They are hand-painted enamel plaques mounted in silver. A floral design on black. Don't miss this shop—it is literally packed full of intriguing pieces (plus a small selection of modern rings) and is a collector's haven.

The **THIRD EYE** boutique is perfect for the individualist. The clothes are all designed by the owner who gets marvellous exclusive fabrics (lots of them are hand-printed) from Katmandu. One dress I would love to own is in a fine georgette. Two prints—one red, one purple—are combined and it is subtly see-through. It is midi length and sells at £14.70.

Historics and Militaria Ltd.

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Why not visit us now for that unusual gift item and see the wonderful range available with prices to suit every pocket.

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Art & Antique Weekly

give 27/2/71

chairs, tables, sideboards, and delightful miscellanea. The teak items are down to a few quid or up to £100. They tend to become rather more expensive in Rosewood or Bubinga.

What is striking is the line and assurance of design (often blended with comfort). Furniture of this nature can 'stand on its own', but that is a fate too straightforward and commonplace.

The whole project takes on a glamour bonus when paintings and sculpture occupy a corner of the limelight.

Good taste in total isolation can be deadly in effect – a kind of graveyard grandeur and simplicity. The Scandinavian Room is alert to this contradiction and has let 'art' offer the effective contrast.

PACE GALLERY

Hilda Bernstein and Eileen Lewenstein

HILDA BERNSTEIN wrote a book called "The World That Was" (published by Heinemann at £2.10). Now she shows the visual side of something upon which her book closed the door. Here, in her woodcuts, are the people of South Africa leading a 'separate development' long before the apartheid system became law.

Eileen Lewenstein's ceramic 'bricks' and objects (much appreciated in Czechoslovakia where she has works in the permanent collections of the Museum of Contemporary Ceramics at Bechyně and Prague's Museum of Decorative Arts) are basic statements in an art material which somehow gives them an added stature they would never experience in their traditional state.

These two artists create a dif-



One of Hilda Bernstein's works at the Pace Gallery.

ferent mood at Pace Gallery which recently showed prison interiors, drawings by Pat Arrowsmith made during one of her 'direct action' incarcerations, and now made available to the world outside for £50 a drawing.

JOHN WHIBLEY GALLERY

Maurice Jadot

JADOT is off on yet another new tack. His seventieth birthday already a matter of history, even his staunch enthusiasts might have assumed that he would now settle down to confirmation of a long and steadily developing career.

Perhaps that is what he is

doing anyway, but his latest direction takes him into the area of coloured lights. He is now making doors' which have at least four characters – two opaque (each side when it is unaffected by light), and two transparent (when the light pierces through the colour areas and gives a soft tinted illumination – again, different from each side). And he has also been working on sculptures which can be lit from within so that the colour areas change character with illumination.

These free-standing sculptures come in two guises. Their original wood carvings, and the fibre-glass casts made from them. A



Picture by Anastosios White

Rhythms from Black Africa

Hilda Bernstein; Eileen Lewenstein (Pace Gallery).

SOUTH AFRICAN Hilda Bernstein is best known to our readers for her vital experience and contribution in the long struggle for Black emancipation in Johannesburg, and through her fine book on it, "The World that was Ours."

Now, displayed at the Pace Gallery you can see another aspect of her expressive force and talent. She is showing incised wood panels, all of them deriving from collective dynamic rhythms of Black Africans in work, play or dance.

The line incision made by her

ART

tools is used for drawing on the wood; the panel is a single product, not for producing a print. The wood's surface is often deeply stained to give the mobile pattern of the dark bodies; sometimes the surface is light with the line coloured as in the "Work Ballet" we reproduce.

The whole panel offers a rich surface in substance and colour; it becomes a picture which can also be embodied in surfaces in the interior of a home, such as cupboards, doors, what you wish.

The prevailing mood is, in fact, of a kind of ballet of varying aspects of Black life and struggle, done with a free flow of line, a deep knowledge and sympathy for the movement they depict, and a decoratively dynamic

rhythm in approach as well as in subject.

The moods vary; some of the build-ups of moving bodies are light, some loaded with depth of feeling. I found one of "Boys at Play," an elaborate game in space with ropes from above, particularly successful.

At the same time, Eileen Lewenstein is showing fine and very individual pottery notable for its sculptural character and organic quality.

The glazes are beautiful; there's a metallic black, a bronze brown and a quiet light blonde which completely belong to these heavy, stone-like curved shapes, spheres and columns.

The whole exhibition is on till April 2. The Pace Gallery, just at the back of Oxford Street, West London, is in St. Christopher's Place, most easily reached from Wigmore Street.

Barbara Niven

MORNING STAR

WILLIAM RUST HOUSE
75 Farringdon Road, London, EC1M 3JX
01-405 9242 (15 lines)

Telegraphic Address: Workadal,
London, Telex.

Registered as a newspaper at the G P O

17/3/71

with a strongly developed internalised rhythm which compels attention.



The programme contains an excellent skid on a banana skin, and some prolonged funny business in which two drunks attempt to put a crooked sword back into its sheath; another old gag, but still funny.

However, the company claims to do more than entertain. It has philosophical pretensions, stated in the programme: "By descending to the very depths of human existence, it (the company) has helped to shed light in dark places usually by-passed in a great art."

Such light was never apparent to my innocent eyes, which emerged baffled and distressed by the sick, senile, inebriated and otherwise mentally disorientated characters with which the young performers populated their claustrophobic world.

JANE KING



Picture by Anastosios White

Rhythms from Black Africa

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STAR 17/3/71

ty houses 'edy' in rspill areas Suffolk

AL, or even a tragedy in some eyes, was the fact that several houses in "overspill" Haverhill empty, said Lord Garnsworthy yesterday.

from the Haverhill, homes heating, conveni- the over- dbury— of places ilies in ff living

Colchester Recorder halts trial

COLCHESTER Recorder Mr. Frederick Crowder, QC, stopped a trial at the Borough Quarter Sessions yesterday commenting, "This is a matter for a County Court Judge to try and a matter for civil action."

He directed the jury to acquit Eric Noel Gurney, 55, of no fixed address, of four charges of theft of money and two charges of theft of money by deception.

Prosecuting, Mr. Martyn Ward said that in 1969 Gurney and Mr. Edwin Bradley, of Eastbourne, decided to form a partnership and start a car repair and panel beating business in Colchester.

Mr. Bradley gave Gurney £50 to buy some tools and opened a joint account at a Colchester bank, depositing £300. Gurney was to run the business, with Mr. Bradley as a sleeping partner.

Gurney was given a cheque book to draw money for equipment. He cashed all the cheques and eventually over-drew the account by £68, but money was not used for the business, alleged Mr. Ward.

At the end of the prosecution case, Mr. Crowder told the jury there was not sufficient evidence in law to constitute the alleged offences.

There was virtually no evidence to show where the money went.

"He had a perfect right to draw that money from the bank and he did draw it from the bank," said the Recorder.

ART IN EAST ANGLIA BY FREDA CONSTABLE



"Ostriches," a bold print by Hilda Bernstein.

Joyful paintings by an apartheid fugitive

ALTHOUGH she has a cause to be pessimistic about South Africa, Hilda Bernstein's work shows mostly the best side of life as she saw it there.

She worked in advertising and journalism in Johannesburg until she and her husband were forced to become fugitives because of their anti-apartheid views and she has told the story in her book "The World That Was Ours." But her paintings at the Yoxford Gallery express her enjoyment of people whoever and wherever they are.

Silhouettes

Vitality is to be found in large measure and the figures she depicts rarely keep still. Dancing, jumping, climbing or just simply moving, because they need to move to express a joy in existing, they

are for me best in her very unusual incised wood panels.

Making great use of the silhouette, these combine a cut line — sometimes also painted — and a surface plane with colours applied in soft tones so that the finished result is close in feeling to a bark picture or rock painting.

Primitive vigour

"Mine Dance," "Work Ballet," and "Games in Space," are bursting with figures that have a primitive vigour as they stretch through space, overlapping one another sometimes or spinning through planes to make a maelstrom whirling into human patterns.

This energy is not confined to the wood panels. Her oils, especially the large "Street Market, Addis Ababa" have a vigour, quieter perhaps, but their own.

The baskets of fruit in the market, with their glowing colours, support the figures, who may be stationary but have a latent energy that could burst out at any moment.

Very different are her gouache paintings of people in a street market in London, where she now lives. A keen eye is at work searching out the characters she depicts but their harshness and vulgarities are highlighted.

Contrast

Hilda Bernstein's charcoal drawings of the nude are a complete contrast. Quietly drawn with a restrained line, they bring Pascin to mind.

Some very attractive prints complete the exhibition and include a number of animal studies boldly executed and unsentimental.

The exhibition closes on August 1.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

An 'essay' on a love affair with Suffolk

SUFFOLK. John Burke Batsford. £1.80.

THE fashion for writing love stories about English counties is fairly new, even if being in love with the countryside is as old as the hills. In Suffolk, Julian Tennyson was perhaps one of the first some 30 years ago, with his passionate — "Suffolk that I would not change for any other county in England." Since then the number of admirers has been steadily growing.

John Burke's is the latest in a new Batsford series, and he is quite frank about his affair with Suffolk. He was neither born nor brought up here but knew that — "sooner or later I must make my home here." He tells us that in fact he settled in Southwold.

He writes with fluent enthusiasm of the county (the few places that he dislikes, such as Haverhill or Ipswich, are dismissed with a contempt that is rather less than fair — has he never discovered Ipswich Docks, the Customs House or approached the town from up river?).

It is not so much a guide book as an essay to be enjoyed in the garden on a summer afternoon, or before the fire on a winter's evening. Mr. Burke is fond of folk and his "Suffolk" is seasoned with tales from fact and legend, including quite a clutch of ghost stories and some pithy local sayings. (Could he by any chance be an Irish emigre?).

He has an eye for a good landscape, but is perhaps less at ease when it comes to buildings. Nevertheless, he manages to mention almost everything that matters.

Well — almost everything. He is uneasy about widening fields and disappearing hedges with their disturbance of wild life, the spread of electricity and the decay of

religion — of the old churches anyway.

But can anyone writing about Suffolk today fail to mention the colossal tensions generated by the attempt to preserve some of the traditional countryside — the battlefield of planning applications and public inquiries, the corps of vigilant societies, Preservation, Naturalists, Nature Conservation and local Amenity groups.

The book could well have included an appeal to each and every reader to support one or other of these bodies — mostly badly in need of funds.

There are some good pictures but also quite a few dull ones, and you get the anomaly of an excellent interior of St. Mary's Church, Ufford, with its staggering late 15th Century font cover ("The most beautiful cover in the world" — Munro Cautley), but the church itself is not mentioned.

Thorington Hall — page 28 — is mis-spelt and there are a few proof reading mistakes.

In fairness, the impulse to restore Holton Mill came from that remarkable enthusiast, Mr. Christopher Hulcoop, and he, with a band of volunteers, did a great deal before East Suffolk County Council completed the restoration.

The book starts with an entirely clear and well drawn County map.

ERIC SANDON.

Paradise on Brook Farm

AN EARTHLY PARADISE. Doreen Wallace. Collins. £1.60.

THIS latest of Doreen Wallace's novels with a setting in East Anglia has as its theme the permanence of Nature and the impermanence of Man — whether of the farming, the family or even the Development species.

As might be expected of so accomplished and practised a hand, the theme is developed with a sure touch, a compassionate but unsentimental observance of human nature, and an underlying passion for the land and all who serve it faithfully.

If the dialogue seldom rises above the merely convincing, the Suffolk dialect and intonation are exactly captured and delightfully presented; and the reader follows the fortunes of a solitary smallholding on the Suffolk-Norfolk border, and the lives interwoven with it over a span of three generations, with an interest that grows with every page.

Gracefully — as the inspiration of the story is surely Tennyson's "Brook" — the author has bestowed upon her "paradise" the title of Brook Farm.

HENRY MAXWELL



CHESS BY D. MAYERS

Diary

Aims

Ham & High
June 2 -
72

The show goes with a series of bangs

THE SOUND of tinkling glass launched the Hampstead open-air art show on Saturday, as pictures were hurled to the ground by high winds, their frames smashed.

Despite this, the show in Heath Street, organised by Hampstead Artists Council, was one of the most promising ever, with 65 pictures sold for a total of £1,106 in three days.

High winds continued to wreak havoc on Sunday, when the show was officially opened by Joan Rhodes, the strong-arm woman who is also a keen artist.

She ripped a number of phone directories to shreds to amuse her audience, although her talents stretch to driving six-inch nails into walls with her bare hands.

Joan, who lives in Belsize Park Gardens, Hampstead, has a number of pictures on show at the exhibition. Each portrays owls which she claims are caricatures of people.

At the exhibition opening, 200 plastic windmills were given away free to children, and unframed prints and

posters were introduced for the first time. There were 300 pictures on sale, ranging in price from £5 to £60. An interesting feature of this year's show is that pictures are being bought in sets, as well as singly.

Familiar local scenes have been faithfully reproduced in rich colours by Ints Bulitis and include Steps to Hampstead Grove, and Church Row.

Anne Bulitis has also submitted some very powerful pictures based on character studies of daily life in Brixton.

There are two delicate silk screen prints by Taiko Suzuki which use Japanese calligraphy as a basis to great effect. Of the unframed prints, Hilda Bernstein's etchings are particularly good and reasonably priced at around £10.

On a slightly more unusual note, Pierre Noel Martin's linear sculptures are strikingly beautiful, with complex spiralling nylon thread held taut like the strings of a guitar.

A great range of pottery, jewellery, leather work and sculpture are on display. Polished stones set in stain-

less steel are a remarkable contribution from 65-year-old Lionel Wells.

Mr Wells' yearly visits to Cornwall, in particular to the old tin mine of St Juste, have produced some really beautiful stones, including amethyst, quartz, agate and jasper. Even a flint is beautiful in his hands.

Three students who studied under Mr Mahomed Abdalla, a Sudanese potter at Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Road, Hampstead, are exhibiting a wide range of ceramic pottery and jewellery. They are Susan Bennett, Doreen Arenstein and Gaila Gasin-nas.

Posters taken from original silk screen prints are on sale for 60p and are printed in four colours on heavy paper.

There will be three changes of pictures during the exhibition, which runs until August and is open on Saturdays and Sundays. The organiser is Mrs June Fenby, a member of the Hampstead Arts Council, who has run the show for the last six years.

—JENNIE OUTHWAITE

Art by Linda Talbot

A suitably sad summing up of the show

A RAINSWEPT IMPRESSION by Erica Adams of Hampstead's open air show at Whitestone Pond sadly sums up this year's paintings and pottery displayed, for the most part, in the pouring rain.

And the new works—on show when the exhibition was changed on Saturday—do little to dispel the gloom.

One might expect the show to be the hub of Hampstead talent. But no. Our artists apparently either show elsewhere or dispose of their most disappointing work at the open-air show.

But regarding the contributions generally, there are the usual exceptions. Liz Sherburne defines nature with a sure instinct for the thrust of growth; Hilda Bernstein conveys character and the despair created by deprivation with intricate detail against great expanses of white, and Sara Singh contributes figures that float in a formal and delicate dream.

Susan Bennett's pots are particularly appealing and, as she points out, the bad weather works in her favour because people feel like buying something to cheer themselves up, while on a hot day they cannot be bothered to carry a pot home. Gaila Gasiunas also offers some intricately unusual pottery.

The show is open every Saturday and Sunday until the end of July.

At Camden Arts Centre, Hampstead, until July 23 there is a show of sculpture organised by Hampstead Artists' Council. Nothing very new emerges in this selection of predominantly small pieces, but Donald Locke makes a significant point with great simplicity. His small sausage-shaped figures sit in sad lines of uniformity or are trapped in boxes—a symbol of the way we bow beneath restriction.

Ann Casimir is acutely aware of an elemental force that has great weight and is womanly in concept, and Nadin Senft is forceful and intricate yet within her love of piecemeal balance retains a warm regard for humanity.

Artists Laszlo Gyemant and Magdalena Zeisel were invited by Mari and Michael Winton to show work at their home in Redington Road, Hampstead, last weekend.

Mr Gyemant combines formidable force with a dream-like quality that can give his people a sensual yet vaguely unearthly air, while buildings glow like a symbol of optimism often in the wake of widespread destruction. Among other subjects, his wife is strongly attracted to butterflies but is just as likely to paint them black, broken by alarming streaks like shafts of light slanting on their wings, as in luminous bright colours. Both artists deserve more recognition.

Portrait painter John Riches has a show at Kings Gallery, Hampstead, until July 22, and has already received



● One of the sculptures on show at the Hampstead Garden Suburb Institute's Open Week, held to display students' talents.

six commissions for pictures. He is most impressive when painting older people; there is Jock who sits pensively, perhaps deep in the past, and Charlotte the flower seller, who is clearly more concerned with the present.

Some of his portraits are more plastic—like Edy of the Clarendon, who seems permanently sealed in an agreeable social position.

There are paper collages by Taiko Suzaki at the Everyman Foyer Gallery, Hampstead, until July 30. One is unfortunately more aware of the pieces of paper than her underlying ideas, but there is a distinct love of fantasy among the latter.

It is not every day that one sees a black snake flying through green clouds, and on a more mundane level some of her hillsapes seem charged with an undulating life not usually associated with simple geology.

Lotte Dorner, of Oakwood Road, Hampstead Garden Suburb, is showing a selection of landscapes with a distinctly luminous quality at the Polytechnic of North London until July 14.

There are 80 works, comprising an impressive travelogue of countries, from Spain to Scotland. In many ways Israel proved most hazardous—when she was faced with a free-for-all from children, jostling for the privilege of mixing her colours.

The Holiday Arts Study Centre will open for its summer session in Hodford Road, Golders Green, on July 31 until September 1. Planned for children between three and 14 years, activities include painting, modelling and dancing. Contact Mrs R. Urdang at 455-6930.

g the unearthly models that set the mood for his show at
Camden Arts Centre.

Hamet 3/11/72

the beginning of this week and the show is open until November 11.

sentational, Hilda Bernstein, who lives in Rothwell Street, Regents Park, is never folksy or trite.

AFRICA is an ambiguous country. But her separate entities, whether savage, strange or purely pathetic, have been transcribed by Hilda Bernstein into a land of grace and subtle integration.

Swimming women become almost a means of abstract expression; through angularity and a coarser use of colour, a town acquires those man-made qualities that can aggravate animosity.

In her prints and wood blocks on show until December 4 in the Everyman Foyer Gallery, Hampstead, the contours of this uncompromising country flow in long lines while people move against them as though in rhythmic affirmation of an affinity with the earth.

To express anger she opens her men's mouths wide and tautens their bodies, as though stretching humanity on every level to its limits.

Most of her works have the happy imprint of elemental harmony. But even beneath these compositions lie discipline and deliberation—and above all, a formidable grasp of man in motion.

Although largely repre-

ARTISTS
FOR
THE
DEFENSE
OF ...

*political
prisoners*



"Dialogue" by John Wilson

United States



"Pregnant Woman" by Lea Grundig
German Democratic Republic



Untitled by David Alfaro Siqueiros
Mexico

A MOST UNUSUAL ART SHOW WAS HELD IN BERKELEY, CAL., DURING THE FIRST TWO WEEKS OF FEBRUARY. IT CONSISTED OF THE WORKS OF 165 ARTISTS FROM 13 FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND THE UNITED STATES. THE WORK ON DISPLAY WAS NOT UNITED BY MEDIA, STYLE, SEX, AGE OR WORLD OUTLOOK OF THE ARTISTS. IT WAS UNITED BY THE FACT THAT IT HAD ALL BEEN CONTRIBUTED BY THE ARTISTS TO BE SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DEFENSE OF POLITICAL PRISONERS. PROCEEDS OF THIS PARTICULAR SHOW WERE EARMARKED BY THE NATIONAL LEGAL DEFENSE FUND FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE SAN QUENTIN SIX.

THE SIX MEN, INCLUDING SOLEDAD BROTHER FLETA DRUMGO, ARE BEING HELD IN SAN QUENTIN'S NOTORIOUS "ADJUSTMENT CENTER," ACCUSED OF A MURDER ALLEGEDLY COMMITTED THE DAY GEORGE JACKSON WAS KILLED.

THE SHOW CONTAINS WORKS BY SUCH INTERNATIONALLY ACCLAIMED ARTISTS AS CHARLES WHITE AND ANTON REFRIGIER (UNITED STATES), DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS (MEXICO) and LEA GRUNDIG (GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC). WORK WAS ALSO CONTRIBUTED BY ARTISTS IN THE SOVIET UNION, UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA, CHILE, ECUADOR, ENGLAND, FINLAND, ITALY, JAMAICA, JAPAN, KENYA, MEXICO AND SCOTLAND.

Photos by Phiz Mezey and Don Jacobson



"Zebras" by Hilda Bernstein

Union of South Africa



"Homage to George Jackson" by Antonio Frasconi
United States

Collection Number: A3299

Collection Name: Hilda and Rusty BERNSTEIN Papers, 1931-2006

PUBLISHER:

Publisher: **Historical Papers Research Archive**

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