

## Semi-Annual Exhibit by the Vancouver Sketch Club

(By Alice M. Winlow)

"The artist is the man who cuts up the loaf of his own heart and butters it with beauty and at tuppence a slice hands it to the hungry children of the world." And what are we to say of the artist who gives of his heart to a hungry world for a smile?

The members of the Vancouver Sketch Club are united by the bond of an intense love of beauty. One feels it in the atmosphere of their social gatherings. One is conscious of it in looking at the work displayed on the walls of their club-rooms.

The semi-annual exhibit this year, held early in June, contained much to delight and to inspire.

What fragrance and freshness in "Pansies"! What velvet texture of petal! What purple melody of color; An altogether spiritual impression of beauty one receives from Miss Wrigley's flower pieces.

In "After the Storm" by Mrs. Gilpin, purple clouds seem to disperse before one's eyes, and trees are still slightly swayed by the wind.

"Roche Point" by Mrs. McKenzie shows rocks vigorously painted, trees in the broken rhythm of a forest invaded by storm, and gray peaks rising through clouds to a strip of pale daffodil sky.

"Sunset" by Mrs. Kyall has the misted purple, rose and orange fires we so often see over English Bay. The flaming reflection in the water runs the gamut of passionate color, then leads the eye to a cool rippling pool of green encircled by rocks.

In "Spring Flowers" by Mrs. Baron, sturdy pine cones are contrasted with fragile white trilliums.

Miss Wake's "Shacks at Lund" in oil, shows splashes of sunlight in a shadowy retreat. It strangely gives the impression of certain bars in the Andante Maestoso of Tchaikowsky's Symphony in F Minor.

The veiled fires of an orange-colored moon make a vivid pathway of the water in Miss Adamson's "Reflections." A picture to dream of.

A portrait of Mrs. David Spencer by Miss Nora Southwell is an expression of the temperament of the artist as well as a likeness of the sitter. The hair is beautifully painted powdered ivory in color, silk in texture. Gray-blue kindly eyes and slightly smiling lips.

"An Indian Girl" by Miss F. Keeler is remarkable for the treatment of hair and hands, the coloring of the jade bracelet and of the feather of flame.

Mrs. Irene Stephen's "Butterfly" modelling in low relief, has a suggestion of gauziness in the wings that defies the density of the material used. "The Rose" and "The Opal" in high relief, by the same exhibitor, are delicate and poetical.

"The Opal" was used to illustrate a line in a poem in "The Rosary of Pan" by A. M. Stephen.

"Poised for an instant, then she stayed her flight o'er the abysmal deep."

To achieve such an impression of lightness and delicacy in clay shows artistic temperament.

"Grief" by Miss Anabelle Edgar is virile. Study will bring better proportions. Her modelling of a head, with features showing agony, is strongly conceived. Her work is all done in minor keys and in the tempo and mood of tragedy.

A bust of Sir John MacDonald with a votive offering of forget-me-nots, by Mrs. Walter Winning is so well done that one receives the impression of looking at a piece of Statuary.

"Nocturne" by Mr. J. Radford is in dark blue and crystal-line green. A boat, almost lost in the reflections of trees, is discovered by its head light, a vivid note of red reflected in the twilight-green of the water.

"Eventide" by Mrs. Harvey, is a scene in Switzerland. A gray and primrose sky leans to the green-gray water, where a boat with billowing sails is speeding silently.

Mr. Blake Hunt's "Rocks" in wet pastel, has the accuracy of a photograph, with the reflections and coloring of an artist. The delicate green of overhanging branches suggests spring. The whole picture has the charm that Macdowell might have caught in a sketch in the key of D major.

"Golden Autumn", is by Mr. C. H. Rawson. Here the artist's palette was composed of yellow ochre, gamboge and the glowing combinations of these with vermilion. Those flaming trees are like gorgeous chords of music in a prelude, with a diminuendo of falling leaves and quivering shadows.

"Ambleside" a water-color by Miss Jessie Beldon shows a purple mountain in the background. An alluring path cuts through the forest. The trees in the foreground are excellently done.

A delightful sense of contentment is in Mrs. Wattie's "Spring." There are trees in pink and white blossom throwing cool shadows. These trees surround an old-fashioned rambling cottage. One is sure that the people who dwell there are of tranquil spirit. It is a picture to recall when the mind is tired and needs a refreshing experience.

What can one say of Mr. Fripp's work that has not already been said. Miraculously he paints cloud and mist in an exquisite "shimmering scale of pearl-grays and delicious silvers."

"Stamp River" by Mrs. Gilpin, shows the power and swiftness of a rapid. Water dashes like shattered crystal from a wide pool of molten green glass.

"Winter" by Mr. C. H. Rawson has no hard sparkle. One feels the soft flakiness of the snow. The footprints on the path through the trees show that the snow is newly fallen.

"Chiron's Farewell" a pen and ink sketch by Miss Beldon is delicately done. It seems a study in exquisite curves. Sail, bow of boat, strands of hair, clouds, the fabulous animal, flowers, all curve and undulate into pictorial presentation.

Mrs. Hudson's "Sun Shower" has atmosphere, motion, life.

"The Portage" by Mr. McEvoy is vigorous and wholesome. Drenched with sunshine. It has the charm of outdoor life. To the writer, a native of Ontario, it suggests the psychology of the country.

"The Lions" by Mrs. Rankin is in white, vandyke brown, sepia, and blue. There is rhythmical delicacy in the treatment of individual trees and an unerring sense of spacing.

Mrs. Verral's "Bouquet" is charming, with chromatic delicacies of mauve and rose and pale blue.

"Winter Morning" an oil by Mrs. S. Frame has clear frosty atmosphere. There is a freshness and keenness about the picture that is delightful.

"Spring" is a water color by Mrs. Gilpin. This artist is a lover of luminous spaces. Trees appear magically out of a mist irradiated with light. In the foreground the trees seem powdered lightly with emerald dust. The morning light has been caught by the mist and shattered into fragments of fleecy gold. "The chief person in a picture is light" is the dictum of art, and in "Spring" light is the motif, the person, the music. The whole picture suggests the shimmering crystal music of Debussy.