



Copse, Evening

From the War Memorial Painting by Lieut. A. Y. Jackson

out being more than vaguely understood. Something like this might be hoped for on behalf of Nash's picture. The number of those who can find ready spiritual values in the collision of lines of composition is a small one, as is also the number of those who can interpret the tone and texture of colour spaces in terms of human adventure. It is perhaps necessary to do both of these things in order to grasp the full meaning of Nash's work. But there are intermediate stages. One might—after a first general inspection—begin close up and examine the data of the picture, the tangible objects in it, the shattered trees, the implements, the men, and then with these clearly seen and retained in the memory withdraw a little, losing, it may be, the minor details from view, and reflect upon the lines and tone of the whole, remembering that the artist has painted with his ears and nose as well as with

his eyes. The collision of lines in this Ishmael of linear composition is deafening. Each crashes upon its neighbour; there is no safe circuit, no escape. The numbing tones of the picture, uninviting as they are, mitigate somewhat the disruptiveness of the whole; they relieve the sense like a dentist's freezing-mixture.

After this admittedly difficult study with its violent synthesis of repeated impressions under shell-fire, it is not difficult to realize the intention of Wyndham Lewis in his "Canadian Gunpit", in which nothing is introduced that does not strengthen the feeling of some deliberate, inexorable, metallic enterprise. The massive piling of the composition, the strong, unperturbed colour, the slight dehumanizing of the human figures, all contribute to a single effect. The point of view is not as with Nash a strictly human one; it is rather the point of view of the gun. Nash tells