

artists, and so it was not actually Molinari's invention.

Like Jack Bush's *Dazzle Red* (p. 208), *Mutation Sérieille* is a painting that depends on the effects of colour. But there are some important and interesting differences between the approaches of the two artists. Molinari used an acrylic paint, applied in brilliant bands of flat colours that look deliberately artificial. Bush, though, has used more subtle oils and in some places has applied his colour with an uneven texture to suggest a sense of life.

In Molinari's painting every band is the same width and every edge is straight; the entire work has a strict mathematical, even mechanical, order. In Bush's canvas the bands of colour vary in width and their dividing line is often an unstable diagonal. Molinari's painting honestly acknowledges the modern, man-made world of technology in which we live. Bush, though, suggests a more natural world, neither even nor constant, in which he can find a state of balance by opposing one force against another.

By making these visual statements, it may seem as though these artists are concerned with meanings outside their subject matter, even though they claim not to be. All real art has meaning. Otherwise it would be pointless and no more than mere decoration. But the meaning of *Dazzle Red* and *Mutation Sérieille* is conveyed by forms, colours, and their relationships alone, rather than by any definite connections with outside objects.

The pleasure that comes from *Mutation Sérieille* can only be felt after looking at the painting over and over again. In doing this, the eye will find ever-changing patterns and rhythms that resound like musical notes, then fade away. The eye groups and regroups combinations of colours that give different effects of their arrangement in space. Some sections, or even individual bands, loom forward;

others fade back. Some combinations of colour seem to soothe the eye, while others vibrate and, like waves of sound, spread outwards from their source.

*Mutation Sérieille Verte-Rouge* is not a symbol for anything; it has no stories to tell or connections to make. Because of this it is a very personal work that must be experienced by each viewer individually.