

PICTURES ON EXHIBIT
NEW-YORK
FÉVRIER 1964

the blackskinned innocence of the male nudes is a fresh departure. For the rest: naked ladies sit or stand like wraiths in a limpid atmosphere far from the hurlyburly of contemporary life, landscapes of Tulliallan are rural-ly remote, and the Crucifixion series is as magic as the dully-glowing raiment of the Angels attending the Cross. Aitchison's exhibition is like the still centre of a typhoon where the lit wick of a candle stands rigid in the midst of noise and destruction.

The Australian Brett Whiteley, who follows Tilson at the end of the month at the New London Gallery, is somewhere between the two. Whiteley, who was seen at Matthiesens in a series of carnal romps, is investigating the bourgeois bathroom. The colours — ochres, greys, flat pinks and browns — have not changed, but the tempo has cooled down. *Papier collé* has been abandoned, but strips of applied linen persist. *Le Bain* has been a well-worked theme since the ancient Greeks and before. Whiteley has wrung out a new variation.

Another Australian — less well known here — gets a first one-man show at Zwemmers. Perceval, brother-in-law of David Boyd (another of Zwemmer's artists), is the latest in the line of Melbourne artists to visit Britain. At one time a ceramicist collaborator with Boyd, his work is often, as John Breck said, like "Furniture made with an axe". This is a clue to an artist who has more than one side to his nature. Perceval is a stormy petrel, torn between an idyllic modern impressionism and a fierce kind of expressionism in which many Australian painters have dabbled.

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AT GIMPELS: Karen Appel's Nudes! Gone are the *vapeurs* of Aitchison. Appel introduces us to a gay troupe of hoydens — *Machteld*, *Christiane*, *Janine*, *Solange* and *Issa*. More figurative than the familiar maelstroms of



Machteld: KAREL APPEL
At Gimpel Fils Gallery, London



Dance: ALLEN JONES
At Arthur Tooth & Sons, London