

RAYMOND McINTYRE

An Appreciation by Roland Hipkins

THE recent exhibition in Wellington of Raymond McIntyre's work was a rare event for those who were fortunate enough to experience its charm and distinction. To pass from the pavement into the little McGregor Wright gallery was to find oneself in a different world.

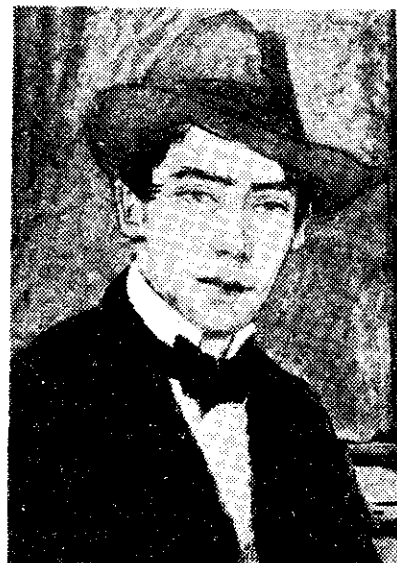
In such an environment, eloquent of a period so near in time and yet so re-

mote from present day thought and reactions, one could imagine that Oscar Wilde might drop in, perhaps to find Whistler protesting that this Antipodean painter had dared to sign some of his portraits with a cipher resembling his own precious butterfly; or it might have been Will Rothenstein, inveigled in by Charles Conder to share the lyrical loveliness of the McIntyre portraits, but instead murmuring something about lack of objective reality, and that, anyhow, the Japanese tradition belonged to Jimmie Whistler.

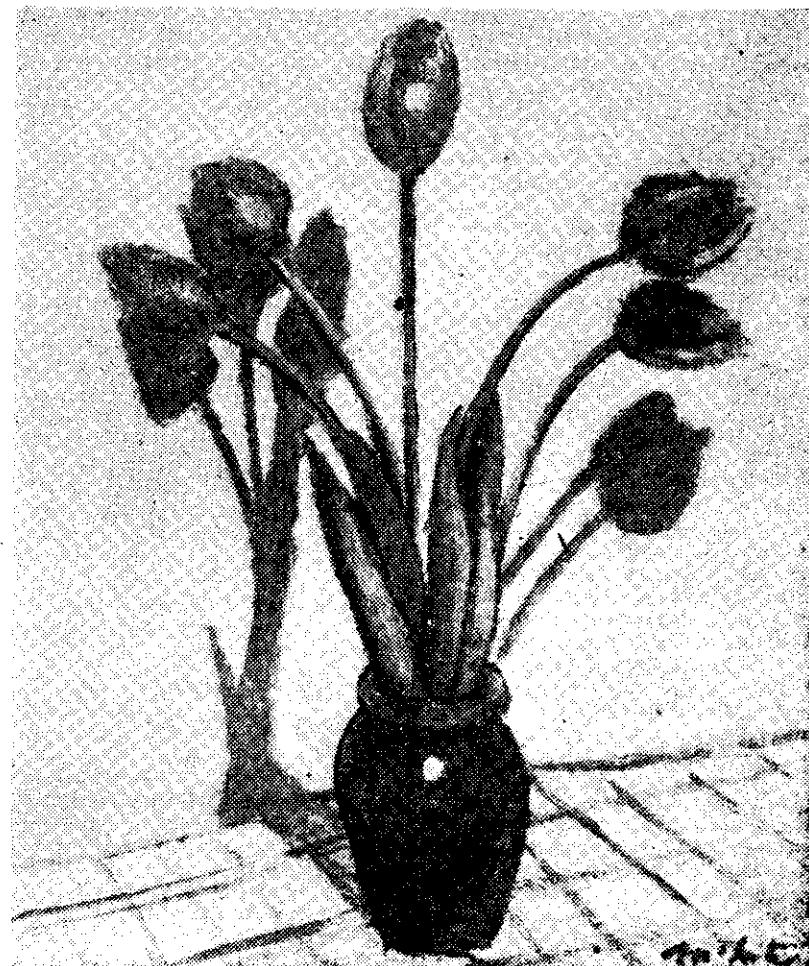
Benedetto Croce's saying, "the belief that a picture yields only visual impressions is a curious illusion," helps to explain why the presence of about thirty paintings and drawings should so completely transport one to a past age. Perhaps, also, it was because this exhibition was unheralded that it was a unique experience for us to discover, in the aftermath of this second world war, an art that possessed and intrigued one by qualities of reticence and elegance.

Though McIntyre reflected the spirit of an earlier period than that in which he lived, his work shows no evidence of the sentimentality or the descriptive naturalism of Victorianism. He was too sensitive an artist to identify himself with the popular art of his time.

(continued on next page)



Left: Self-portrait, by Raymond McIntyre. Below: "Tulips" (now in the National Art Gallery, Wellington)



Nice view of a taper heel, don't you think, Rags?

And notice, the converging fashion marks as well, Terry. Very slimming to the leg, and only found *together* with

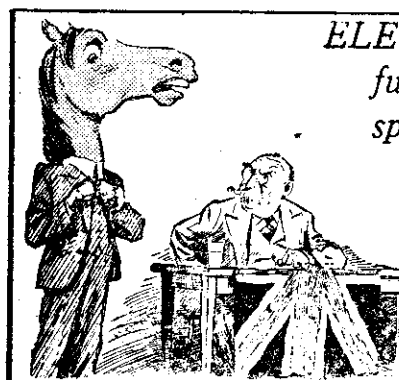
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