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ALL SEASONS AND EVERY LIGHT was the main title of a show subtitled "Nineteenth Century American Landscapes/from the collection of Elias Lyman Magoon" which Your Faithful Editor saw at the Norton Museum of Art, West Palm Beach, Florida. It was excellent documentation of a point we have made repeatedly in this column: those small and medium-sized art museums with knowledgeable, energetic and adventurous staffs frequently mount shows rich in social and cultural implication, important for people in our field—and, frequently, aesthetically wonderful, too. The Norton is certainly such a place, though the present show is not one of its own inventions. It consists of paintings acquired by an interesting mid-nineteenth century author, orator and clergyman, who, recognizing the importance of the collection he had put together out of his own modest financial resources, allowed Matthew Vassar to house it properly in what became the art gallery at Vassar College. The show opened in October of 1983 at the college in Poughkeepsie, moved to the DeCordova and Dana Museum, Lincoln, Massachusetts, from February through March, to the Norton from late May till July 1 of '84, and then to the Mary and Leigh Block Gallery at Northwestern University from mid-November until January 13th of 1985.

The Norton mounted it handsomely and spaciouly. The show-book (Poughkeepsie, 1983) includes a thoughtful essay by Ella M. Foshay on Magoon as a collector and as a reflector of mid-century aesthetic ideals, and a superlative catalogue by Sally Mills which ties each artist and painting to contemporary thought. National self-consciousness in the arts, attitudes toward the landscape, the impact of tendencies in European art and aesthetics, relationships with other paintings by the same artist and by other masters as well, intelligent speculation where documentation is not available: the whole project is exemplary.

A show I missed—the directors insisted that I have a copy of the catalogue by E. Robert Hunter (West Palm Beach, 1984)—illustrates

what this smaller museum can do by itself: from March 18th to April 29th of '84, the Norton showed "Masterpieces of Twentieth-Century Canadian Painting," a show its staff put together entirely on their own hook, at the cost of a tremendous expenditure of their time and resources. Apparently nothing comparable had been done in Canada; they had to define their scope, grant-write themselves blue in the face to get together the financial support (Richard Mattigan, their director, told Y. F. Ed. that the show cost a hundred thousand dollars), talk sometimes very reluctant Canadian institutions and individual collectors into lending the works, and so on. The paintings, chosen for aesthetic reasons only, cover what the Norton's staff thought were the best of those works produced from the impact of Impressionism until about 1960. Two painters in the group, at least, are well known to Americans: Ernest Lawson and Maurice Prendergast, both Canadian born, though they worked variously in New York, Kansas, Paris and Boston. If the show and the handsome catalogue by E. Robert Hunter taught us no more than that some of these Canadians do work which looks very much like the work done by contemporary Americans, it would have been worth mounting, for despite all we know about the international nature of painting from at least Washington Allston's generation, it is difficult to separate broad international tendencies from national characteristics when we look at our paintings in isolation. Several relationships seem strong; others are tenuous; some bridge media. But looking at certain pieces by David Milne, John Lyman, Tom Thomson, J.E.H. MacDonald, Lawren Harris, Lionel L. Fitzgerald or A.Y. Jackson *does* make you think of some aspects (or several) of Charles Demuth, John Marin, Edward Hopper, Marsden Hartley or Charles Burchfield. The viewer is reminded that European art is not the only relevant "connection." YFE's devious journeys have taught him that there are forceful national schools in this same era in countries as unexpected as Uruguay and Mexico, whose artists not only did beautiful work (virtually