

LAST Sunday Edwin Morgan, poet and Hon President, formally opened the Glasgow Group's 29th Annual Show at the McLellan Galleries. The presentation of paintings, sculpture, drawings, prints and a special video item is the best one for some years and is further enhanced by a newer, more imaginative use of exhibition space in terms of comparative grouping of work, variety of scale and the use of screens to mask intrusive doorways.

Half of the 30-odd exhibitions are group members, the rest being invited artists. Among the new members are Mary Armour who offers some typically rich flower pieces, McKendrick, whose painterly landscapes are deliberately paired stylistically with those of Hutcheson, and Thomson with his huge, impassive heads. Bet Low has some subtle rendered pencil work as well as an unusually darkly moody landscape. Spence successfully breaks new ground with greater freedom in mixed media seascapes, while in *Meat Van*, Anda Paterson portrays grey, anonymous prisoners filing out of a police wagon. The late

Tom Macdonald is remembered; one of his *Bluebeard* series works hangs alongside a Baconesque figure in semi-dissolution.

The invited artists have been well chosen; they add an extra note of vigour and colour to the scheme of things. Whiteford and Kelly, for example at once pare their imagery to the elemental and scale it up to the graphically symbolic. Howson's expressionistically teutonic view of Glasgow low life contrasts with Behren's and Ironsie whose respective still lifes and prints are subtly haunting inventories of associated objects. In photography, Muirhead's mundane interiors are transformed into timeless, balanced tonal compositions.

*Pictorial Heroes*, namely Robertson and Aubrey have constructed in video and endlessly repetitive image of last-resort stone-throwing violence which is apolitical and universal, and protests the filtering process of television which neutralises or trivialises all it absorbs. This is accompanied by a symbolic debris of destruction and a continuous and disturbing cacophony of sound—the fearsome drumming on riot shields.

In sculpture Wyllie wittily lays a trail of identically "authentic" and portable *Stones of Destiny*, whilst Cosgrove has created huge painted raucous creatures of wood and metal. More restrained are the fragmented musical instrument concoctions by Connell and the Dada-like Shields, who models wax accretions on an electric iron and a carpenter's saw.

As usual, I can't quite manage to list all present, but I have surely noted enough to give something of the flavour of one of the Glasgow Group's more lively shows. Try and look in before it closes on 21st June.