

FESTIVAL

Cordelia Oliver reviews exhibitions and plays

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the information and accumulated wisdom it contains. But since this exhibition, unlike the Festival, will run till March 9 there will be time to review it in greater depth.

Pat Douthwaite's large paintings are necessarily hung in crowded conditions, with right-angled screens dividing up the room. None the less, her images, at best, emanate such theatrical vitality that they tend to take over and dominate whatever space they find themselves in. Basically Douthwaite's vision is expressionist, her perennial theme the darker, even the more melodramatic areas of the female condition and personality. Her immense natural gift as a designer, however, her ability to fill a given space with seductive shapes and colours and linear movements, runs in opposition to the subject matter, and sets up creative tensions, like discords in music.

The Cecil Beaton exhibition at St Andrews is virtually identical with

the National Portrait Gallery Exhibition, but a few previously unexhibited likenesses are included. Garbo, elbows on chin, lounges with informal elegance, and David Hockney sprawls, huge feet crossed in a rococo basket chair, his tow head — so it seems — sprouting horns of twisted, plaited cane.

Ceramics predominate in the exhibition at St Mary's Place (look for Ian Godfrey's Pierced Plates, John Maltby's tall Brown Tower with Figures, Deirdre Burnett's Porcelain Crown, like a pale sea anemone, and stoneware by Tony Hepburn, Joanna Constantinides, James and Nan McKinnell, and several others) for the Scotts' intention is to make their gallery a centre for ceramics of all kinds. I liked some of the freeform glass, and the selection of tapestries (by Archie Brennan, Maureen Hodge, and Ellen Lenvik) from the Edinburgh Weavers' Workshop is, as always, worth seeing.