

FREDERICK GORE

RETROSPECTIVE II



FREDERICK GORE CBE RA
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Frederick Gore

Admired artist and administrator who rejoiced in the use of light and colour and led the painting department at St. Martin's School. Frederick Gore, painter, teacher, author and administrator, was one of that distinguished band of key figures in the arts in Britain who seldom receive wide public recognition because their time is divided between several important activities.

Freddie Gore was an artist of joy above all, life, light, colour, place and community; a vitalising teacher of remarkable breadth of mind and interests; an author who combined to an unusual degree analytical precision with lyrical enthusiasm in writing about art; and an organiser of keen intelligence and application, who could make an art school into a place of expansive creativity without losing sight of radical principles.

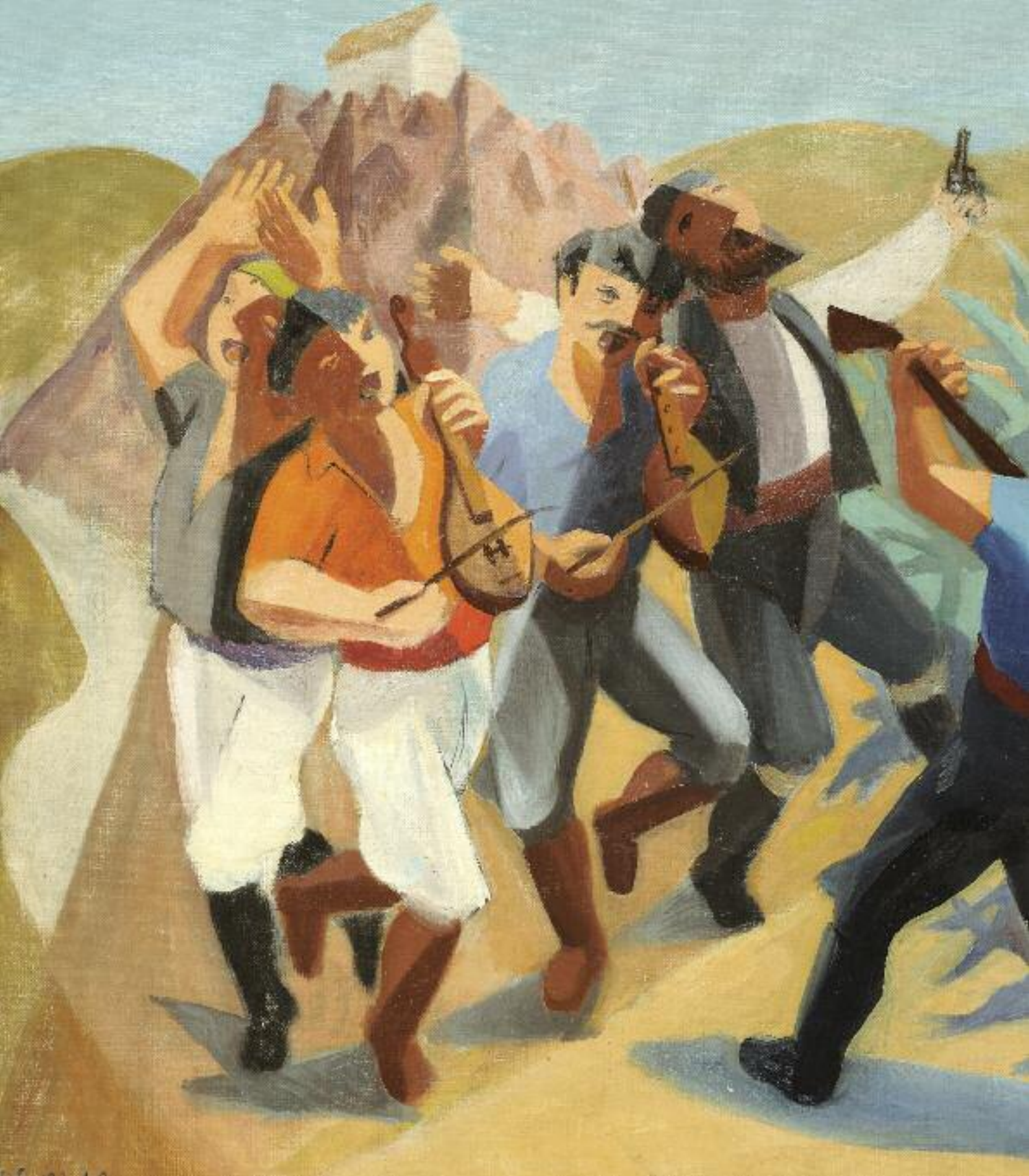
Frederick John Pym Gore was born in 1913, the son of Spencer Gore, the post-impressionist who was the leading light of the Camden Town Group and whose paintings were marked by strong colour, sensitivity to effects of light on that colour, and an enjoyment of vivacious scenes of communal enjoyment, such as the first appearance in London of the Russian Ballet under Diaghilev. He died four months after Frederick was born, so his artistic influence on his son was not personal; it was, however, strong and fruitful.

Frederick's first ambition in life, during his schooldays at Lancing, was to be a philosopher, and he fell in love with the 'golden pagan world'. To follow this through, he was sent on a scholarship to Trinity College, Oxford, to study classics, but he discovered the Ruskin School of Art in Oxford, under Albert Rutherston at the time, and neglected his studies to work with oil paint there - as well as taking to the running track. He came back to London and enrolled at the Westminster School of Art under Ian Brinkworth and Bernard Meninsky, and then at the Slade under Randolph Schwabe.

Gore began teaching at Westminster School of Art in 1937, and had his first one person exhibition the same year at the Redfern Gallery. The next year he travelled to Greece and had a show in Paris (the catalogue introduction being by Louis Vauxcelles, who many years before had coined the term Fauves for those painters of wild, strong colour). During the Second World War Gore served in the Middlesex Regiment and then in the camouflage section of the Royal Artillery, where he worked on the camouflage preparations before









PREVIOUS PAGE

**Les Baux de Provence:
Olive Trees, 1948**

Oil on canvas
24 x 32 inches

The Feast of St. Titus, 1948

Oil on canvas
28 x 30 inches

D-Day. He ended the war with the rank of major.

Gore taught at St Martin's School of Art from 1946, as well as at Chelsea and Epsom, and in 1951 became Head of Painting at St. Martin's, a post which he held until his retirement in 1979. From 1961 he was also the Vice-Principal. During this time he had five further exhibitions at the Redfern Gallery, and exhibited three times at the Tate Gallery in Contemporary Art Society exhibitions.

His ability to write about art, as well as practise and talk about it, led to two outstanding books, at a time when there was little published in Britain on or about art: *Abstract Art* appeared in 1956 and *Painting: Some Basic Principles* came in 1965. The latter book contains some of the most revealing passages about colour, and its effects under light, ever set down in words.

Gore became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1964 and a Royal Academician in 1973. He was appointed CBE in 1987. As Chairman of the Royal Academy's exhibition committee from 1976 to 1987 he presided over the expansion and contemporary relevance of the Academy's exhibition programme in its most revitalised era. The Royal Academy honoured him with a retrospective exhibition of his paintings in 1989.

"We rejoice in light", says Gore in his book on painting principles. He took joy in the interaction of light and colour, and found the visual world utterly absorbing. This is most apparent in his exuberant, almost ecstatic Mediterranean landscapes - he had a home in Provence. He followed his father in believing that an artist should paint the reality of contemporary life - in the language of art which has developed historically. His adventurous artistic abandon drew him to such scenes as the visual riot of Broadway advertising hoardings, the red and yellow plastic ceiling of the Bun and Berger on Lexington Avenue, New York, and to the band Ian Dury and the Blockheads in full bacchanal force.

Critics who recoiled at his uninhibited chromatic indulgence missed the skills: the strong structure, the sense of time, place and space, the human response, the truthfulness and the joy. Such paintings are typical of the man who was producing acclaimed art until very recently in his nineties, he also listed his recreation in *Who's Who* as Russian folk dancing.

The Times Obituaries

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Conversation between Sir Norman Rosenthal and Frederick Gore, 29 May 1989

NR: Did not knowing your father*, who after all was one of the key figures of modern art in Britain, have something to do with your decision to become a painter? How did you become a painter?

FG: I was brought up not to be a painter, because painters did not make money. It was taken for granted the son of an artist who had died penniless should take up some stable job with adequate remuneration. As I grew up at school, I really wanted to be a philosopher more than anything else, and that the way to be a philosopher was perhaps to write. So they said I must master Latin and Greek. I hated the detailed analysis of classical text, but fell in love with the image of a golden pagan world. So I did not do any work at Oxford. Rather, I drank a good deal, went to the Ruskin and drew, started to paint in oils. I also liked the running track. I found a rather inappropriate lady in the town, who I fell for and consequently, I didn't do any work!



I took up painting when I was at Oxford because I came to the conclusion that it was the thing I did most naturally. I found writing exciting and stimulating, but frightfully difficult, whereas I found I could paint under any circumstances whatsoever, however uncomfortable. I thought that maybe I was naturally disposed towards this by my background, having seen painting from an early age and looking on it as a natural activity for human beings and I thought that perhaps I was destined for this. However, I have never put aside the possibility of doing other things well.

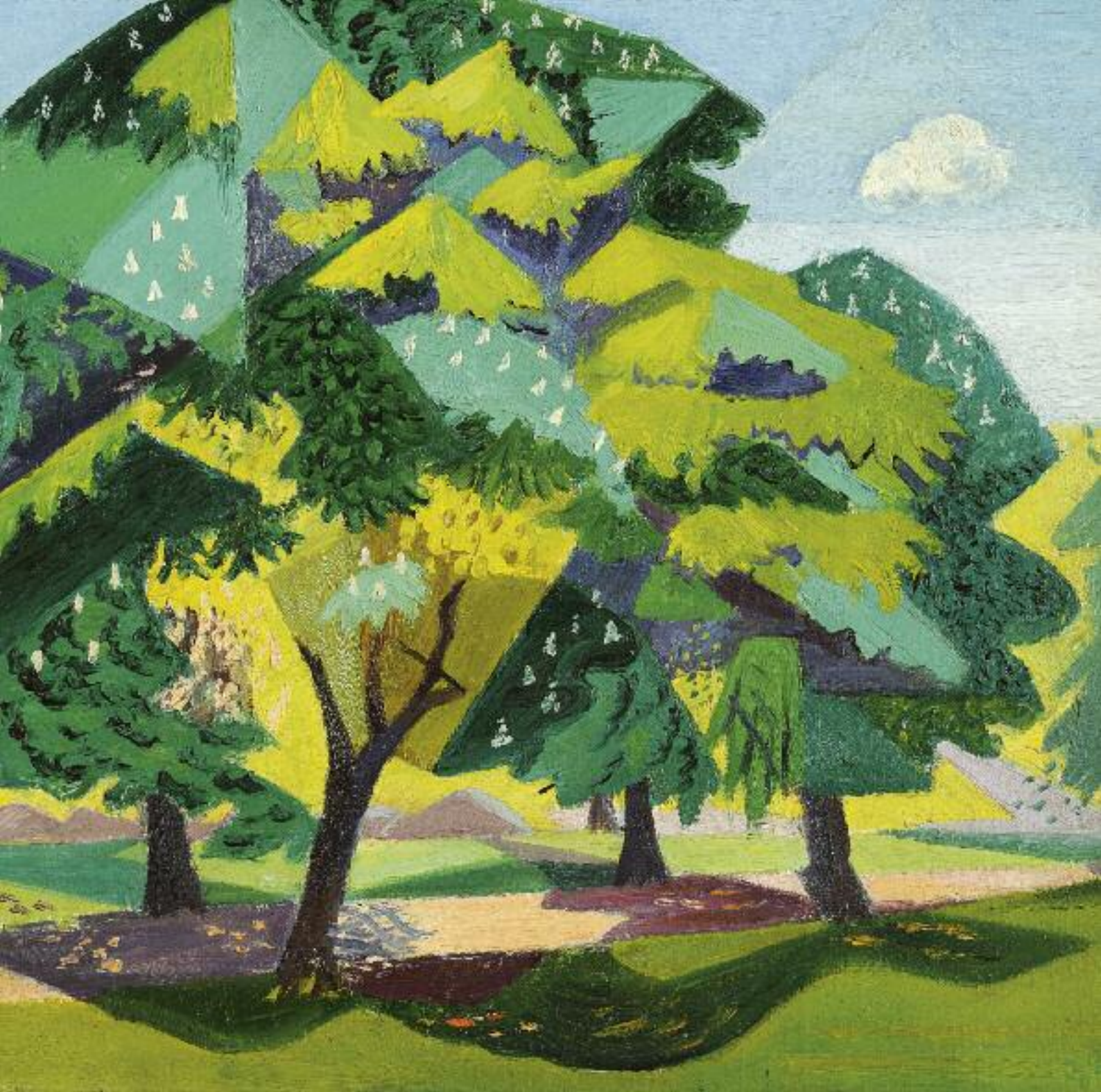
NR: How was your father regarded as a painter when you were young?

FG: My mother was an intelligent Scotswoman and sceptical by nature. She found artistic society in London pretty phoney and suspect. She thought the Sitwells, Ottolene Morell, Wyndham Lewis, laughable. My father died after a couple of years of marriage, leaving her with two children and of course she was desperately in love with him and thought he was absolutely marvellous. She was actually a very good judge of character. I was brought up to see my father as an

*Freddy's father, Spencer Gore, leading figure in the Camden Town Group of painters, died of pneumonia when Freddy was four months old (March 1914)



The Broad Walk,
Regent's Park, 1949 (II)
Oil on canvas
21 x 25 inches







extraordinary hero of art: whatever he did, his colleagues followed soon after, and when I came to London and met people like Gertler and Stanley Spencer during my studenthood, they all produced the same picture. They all looked at him as being an extraordinary leader of modern art, all those people from the Slade world of his generation and the next.

NR: Do you think you have taken your cue from Camden Town in a certain way?

FG: Yes. Most importantly, I find the logic of the Camden Town unassailable – not exactly Sickert’s version, but the original Impressionist point of view that what you should paint is the reality of contemporary life, or something derived from the reality of contemporary life. This is, I think, tremendously important and something very different from social realism, which is in fact socialist idealism and not very realistic at all. I admire the paintings of Luce, for instance, because he, in between the Italians and Van Gogh, painted factories and industrial scenes. The importance of this is that he is depicting contemporary life, not that he is socialist.

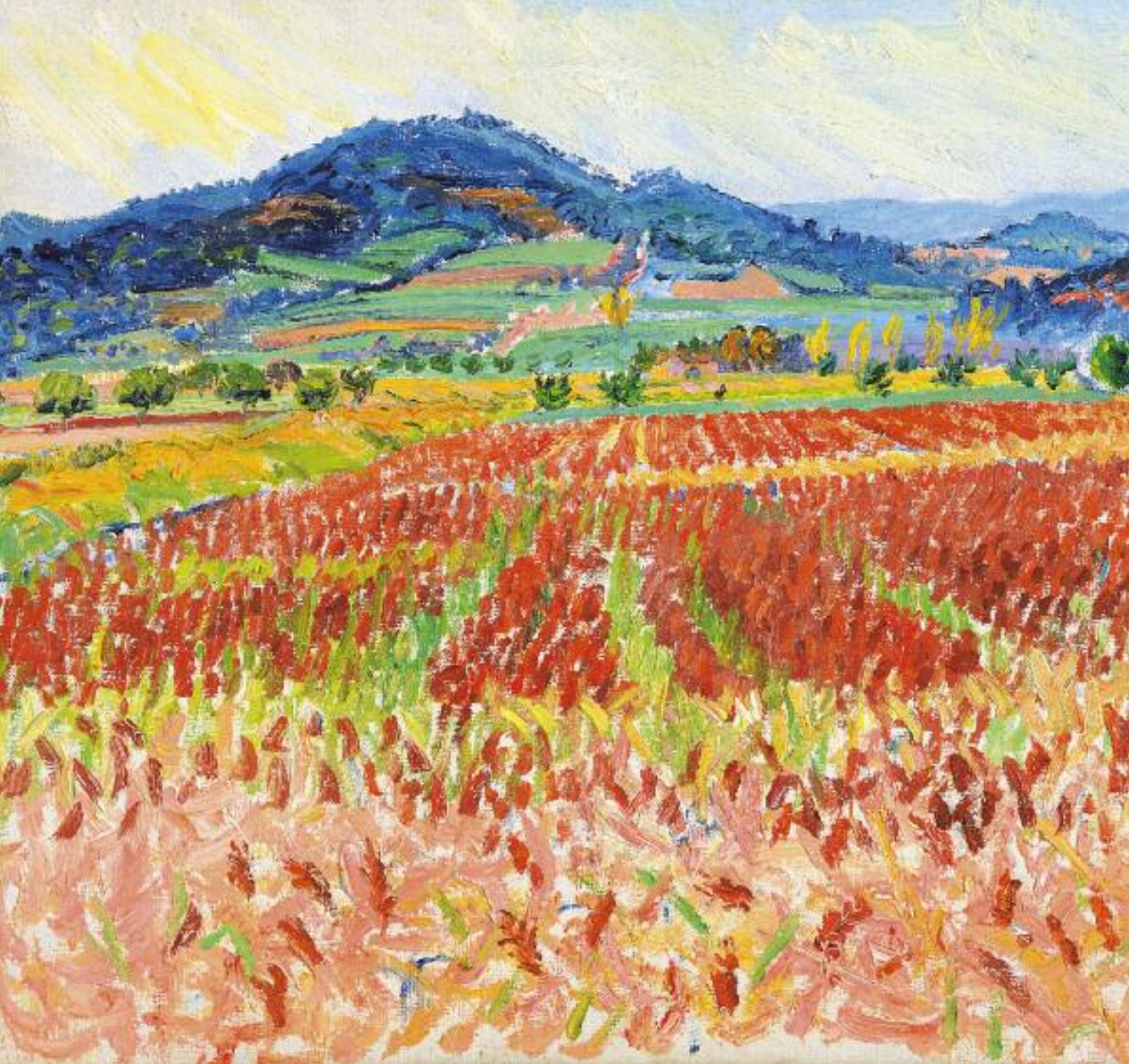
NR: Is this perhaps why you never became an abstract painter?

FG: I have to tackle that question from a different point of view. My affections in modern painting are for abstract painting, rather than for figurative painting, because I think that on the whole figurative painting in Britain has been ‘off the rails’ and far too dominated by art school practices, making it very academic, and old fashioned in methods, and in ideas far too concerned with idiosyncratic fantasies. I love the work of my eccentric companions in the RA and I think that there are some extremely good painters amongst them, but I think that there are here many false directions for painting as a whole. I believe in a craft on the one hand and a point of view on the other, which makes it possible for a painter to paint anything and not just certain kinds of things which he feels are a clue to his style, or which his style dictates.

This takes me back to the business of abstract painting. The great thing about it is that it is about the formal means of expression. There has been much debate on the proper use of line, of form, of colour, of intervals of scale, and other relationships. This seems to me the most important thing for painting in modern times, particularly in this country, where the relationship between medium and message is misunderstood and the public do not respect ‘pure’ painting. I am on that side and might easily have been an abstract painter. However, that starts a philosophical discussion which I have perpetually with myself about the nature of art, etc.

**Paris from the Pont
Neuf, Winter, 1979**

Oil on canvas
30 x 36 inches



Field of Sorghum below Bonnieux,
Vaucluse, Provence, 1995
Oil on canvas
25 x 32 inches



NR: Indeed, with regard to your own paintings, they have abstract implications, particularly through your use of colour, which is obviously the most important thing for you.

FG: Yes, but colour and drawing mean little without, what I think of as a sense of image. I think that all important art is the result of dichotomies which have to be resolved. Painting is a synthesis of reality and abstraction – all art has to do that. Man's perception of the world and his shared experiences are more important than starting with the materials and playing with them which in our age seems to have become an end in itself, i.e. the basic thing of starting with the box of colours and finding out what you can do with them. I think the real starting point should be the world of perceptual experience, and I think that it is wrong in an age which has developed from scientific observation as experiment and from rational theory to go against science. A lot of present day art is a retreat into the irrational.

NR: Most of your painting in recent years has been topographical.

FG: Yes, although there is obviously a romantic interpretive element in it, fundamentally I am interested in the thing itself, the landscape, the flower, the face, the light. Things are more important than Art. All the fuss about Art is rather a bore, making art for its own sake nonsense. I don't see art as a moment recollected in tranquility: what matters is the moment of impact when we see or realize something for the first time.

NR: What do you think you have done that Van Gogh has not done?

FG: That is not something that matters, because my interest in Van Gogh is partly that, facing the problem of my father's painting and the work of Gilman and Stanley Spencer, and all the other English painters who I have come to regard, in order to escape from them, I felt I had to go back to their masters, to Gauguin, Cezanne, Van Gogh, Degas and start again from there. And also partly to escape tonal painting. You cannot go back to Wilkie, for example. Painting is not painting without colour. Van Gogh falls into place in my life because in order to escape from influences which were too English, I went to France, ended up in Provence and Van Gogh is a great example of someone who paints portraits of places. If I had ended up in Aix, I might have been more interested in Cezanne! In some ways, in fact, my work is closer to Cezanne's than Van Gogh's because Cezanne tackled the formal structural elements in a more logical way, more conceptually. I have not done anything in a sense which is at all like Van Gogh, I have never set out to imitate him, I have taken the same kind of countryside, and found similar problems. I don't think painting is about doing something different or new.

NR: You are not in any sense a travelled painter, even though you paint many different places, are you?

FG: No, I am not a travelled painter. In order to follow any consistent line, you have to keep going back to the same place, becoming more and more analytical. I have painted only a few places over and over again, although I nearly always paint the same view twice, and sometimes a third time. When you know you have not done the place justice and you have sold that work, then you have lost it forever. I would like to have kept all my pictures, really, and never sold any. I think that when you lose sight of your pictures and have no record of what you have done, you want to paint the same thing again, because you want to have it. Painting is in one sense the only way to possess a place – a view, or a person...

NR: That is a very good reason for painting, to keep a record of something you have seen.

FG: Painting is not just a record of your life, it is like the houses you choose to live in. It is not the painting which is the possession but what the painting is about and once you have lost it, you have lost part of your history, the record of a train of thought, which is absolutely maddening.

NR: Do you actually paint in the open air?

FG: Yes, I paint more in the open air than anywhere else.

NR: That is not very common nowadays, is it?

FG: No, I suppose it isn't, but I do it because I enjoy it, and to be painting during the moment of experience and discovery: to be possessed by something outside myself.

NR: You say you very nearly became an abstract painter. Who was the central abstract painter for you?

FG: Well, I have never liked Klee very much. I saw Kandinsky as the great starter of abstract painting, and then Mondrian, but the Russians were not very well known in those days. I was also very excited by Riopelle and Jackson Pollock and thought that at last this was an escape from Picasso, that dreadful fellow who has ruined all our lives! For we had all been busy being, or trying to be, mini Cubists and of course it is frightfully difficult to be mini Cubist 'en plein air' and, I think wrong, because landscape must exist outside the frame of the picture and not just inside it, like Cubism, which always centres on a strictly, self-contained, cosmic view, an nature morte view, of the picture itself, whereas the whole point of a landscape painting is that it must not be complete in itself, it must stretch on outside the picture and I struggled for a long time to paint the landscape which





The Red Field below the Chateau,
Les Baux de Provence, 1958
Oil on canvas
34¹/₂ x 44¹/₂ inches

was a still life, the landscape that ended with the frame, which was a very stupid thing to do. After some months of painting abstract drip paintings I went off to Majorca and thought that I would paint one hundred pictures without thinking of Picasso or Van Gogh or Jackson Pollock; rather I would paint what I see, then I would be free to paint abstract. I did think that if you were not an abstract painter and you lived in the scientific age, you could not simply stand in front of nature and invent something which was rather like it; instead you had to enter into a sort of communion with this external world and for me, the most important thing was the moment of immediate perceptual experience. There is a curious sort of link between impressionism and abstract impressionism, between abstract expressionism and expressionism. Pollock gave me a liberation into impressionism.

NR: You have spent a lot of your time teaching in art schools. Has that been helpful to you?

FG: No, I have hated them! Of course, I think art schools have been very important – in London and in the provinces too; the meeting of artists and the discussion of art has had less and less social opportunity and art schools provided the meeting place of like minds, a place to discuss and for students to get together and meet artists. However, the pedantic side of art schools is an appalling thing.

NR: You have encouraged abstract art in art schools, particularly in the teachers you have appointed and also in the artists who have come out of the schools?

FG: Yes, not usually wholly abstract, but a modern art above all. But it made sense for there was always someone in the place to make people look at things.

NR: What about the Royal Academy, has that been a useful place to be?

FG: I was sent to an English public school, Lancing, with a very nice, but snobbish headmaster, and I ended up as head boy, from where I went to Oxford and into the army, after that teaching art in an art school, so, I have always been an institution man and I am rather good in them. I actually like the purely intellectual aspect of the problem of institutions and solving these problems. I like coolly assessing. This place needed intelligent thought. From the career point of view it has also been interesting. It seemed inevitable that I should send my best work to the RA and it was a great blessing for me.

NR: Do you think it was unfortunate that for a long time many artists did not take the RA seriously?

FG: If the Academy is to exist, it has to have a proper role and I have devoted a good deal of time and thought with others (Roger especially *) to seeing that it does have a proper role. Obviously, it cannot be the only forum, but it can be a very good one.

NR: You are obviously interested in history.

FG: Yes, I am, because history is a great part of thought and is as important as the thought itself. Modern painting is a development of historical painting. The arts to me are languages, although there is an element of pure experience, and language is a product of history. So that an institution with a history within a culture is tremendously important.

NR: A final question. You have had collectors and admirers, but in a certain way your painting has not been very fashionable in a critical way. Do you think there has been a barrier to seeing your painting as modern painting? If so, what do you think it is?

FG: This is my fault. Obviously one reason for my turning against abstract painting is that I did not want to be fashionable. To me, it is boring to be in the swing, I have that sort of mind. Every text I read, everybody I talk to, I stop to think out the contradictions and I cannot accept anything without testing it, how true it is. If everybody is going to paint abstract pictures, I immediately think that the fascinating problem is not abstract painting, but figurative painting. But the truth is I find the visual world utterly absorbing.

*Sir Roger de Grey, PPRA.



Luncheon with fellow RAs at the Royal Academy of Arts - across from Freddy: Sir Norman Rosenthal - far left Sir Hugh Casson, to his left Sandra Blow, to his right Renate Ponsold, behind Freddy: Robert Motherwell looking down and Sidney Hutchinson smiling at camera. 1978.

Extracts from Frederick Gore: Painting: some basic principles

Publisher Studio Vista 1965 © FG Estate

'The truth is that there is no such thing as 'pure' art... Art forms are continually changing. There is nothing absolute about their nature... Architecture, music, drama, painting, sculpture, poetry are not constants... Young painters gradually arming themselves with new materials and scientific knowledge restlessly and aggressively search for new forms... But what they do may no longer fall into the cosy categories of painting and sculpture. Environmental art, constructivism, pop art, kinetic art, auto-destructive art are pointers.

'...Mystery plays offered the medieval painter direct visual contact with his religious subject matter and the masques and carnivals on the streets of Florence or waterways of Venice gave the Italian painter the power to paint pagan scenes with the same tender and affectionate immediacy.

'Hokusai painting his gigantic bird before a vast audience with a broom dipped in Indian ink, surrealist high jinks (Dali in a diving suit), are part of the urge that painting has towards the theatre. Diaghilev has an effective influence on modern design because of the opportunities he gave to Picasso, Derain, Laurencin and the rest to work for the theatre in the Russian tradition of scene painting on the floor. It was here they learned to compose in the flat. Freddy learned this method from Vladimir Polunin at The Slade.

'Photography developed from painting and inevitably led to the motion picture and a return to drama in a new form with the dramatic action developed visually as much as or more than in words. If the cinema and television outpace the legitimate theatre for a century it will be parallel to the ascendancy of the mosaic over painting and sculpture in Byzantium. Both Pericles and Cicero would have been surprised if they had been told that the technique for decorating bathroom floors was to develop into a great art, a vehicle for deep emotion and profound religious concepts, a visible theology. In its classical form, tenth-century mosaic combined the essential characteristics of sculpture, painting and drama, ordered architecturally.

'There is no separation between the arts but an infinite (existing or potential) variety of art forms which use a selection of means from a common pool. The means develop from the factors of sense perception: visual, tactile, auditory, vocal - the movement of the body; rhythms, pulsations, balance - combined with such materials as wood, plaster, pigments and metals. (Perhaps I should say olfactory too: perfumery, tea blending or cooking are surely arts. Claude Lorraine is reported to have declared there were only two arts: painting and ornamental pastry.) The grading of fine art and applied art, folk art, industrial art, domestic art is nonsense (although a colloquial convenience). Yesterday's industrial or domestic art is tomorrow's fine art.

'Certainly fine art must mean art which has outstripped its utilitarian purpose and which communicates as well as decorates. But many applied arts have had

**Carnival Figures and
the Tetrarchs, 1995**

Oil on canvas
30 x 24 inches





Les Alpilles, Bouches du
Rhone, Provence, 1956
Oil on canvas
24 x 32 inches



their turn as fine art – pottery in China, tapestry in the Middle Ages, carpets in Persia. For desert nomads in lands where Mohammedan iconoclasm in any case forbade figurative images, woven tent hangings and carpets provided decoration. These became fine art because their imaginative significance transcended decoration, and yet they remained folk art since they were woven to the composition of an itinerant pattern caller, from thread dyed by the tribal wise woman, by children (after twelve the girls were said to be distracted too easily by adult interest). Fine art is not necessarily an act of individual genius.

‘Painting embraces both acting and making – the dramatic and the architectonic, the expressive and the formal – it is wrong to consider one as expressive and the other as formal.

‘In drama the conflict is first between man and the forces outside man (natural forces, deities), then the conflict between men themselves, and finally the conflict within man. Painting also has been concerned with the relationship of man to his environment.

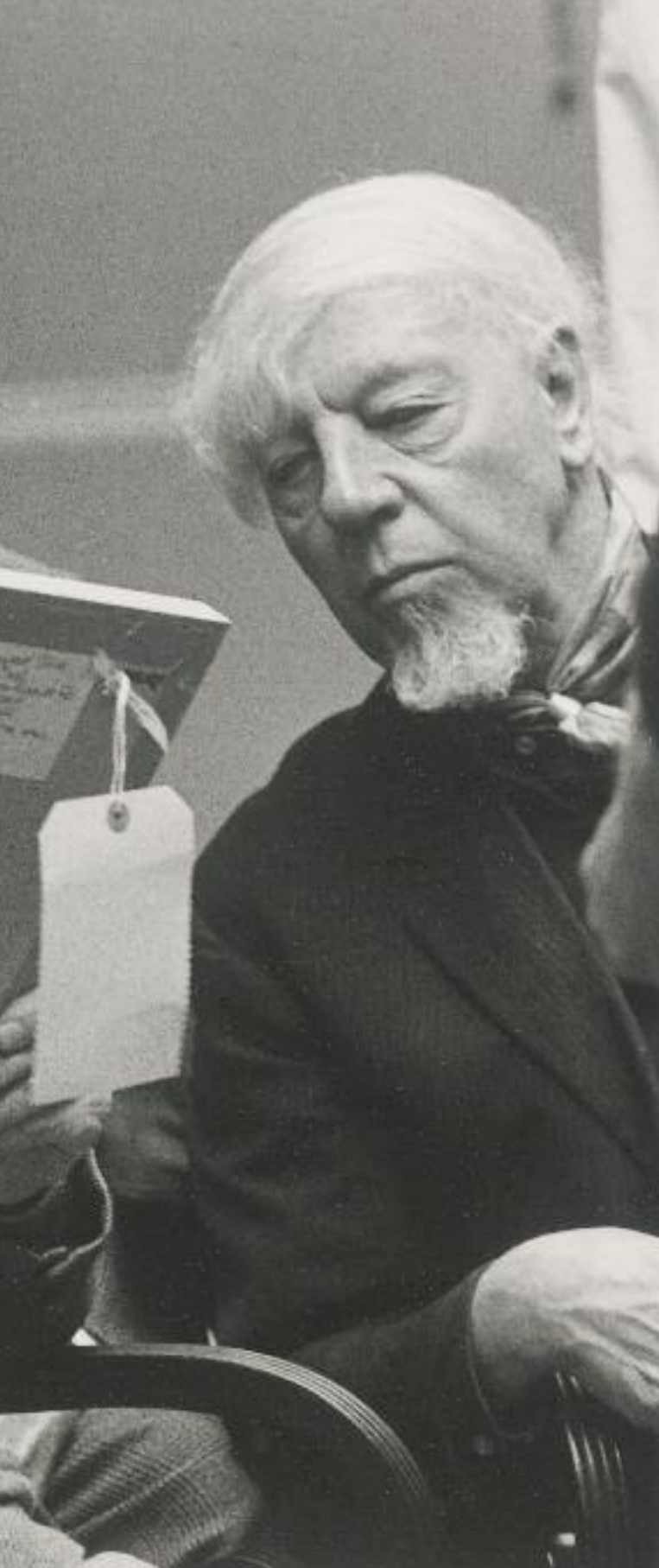
But the conflict in modern terms is not the physical conflict between man and nature, but that between psychological forces within man and the forces of environment, which are both physical and psychological... Painting has become concerned with the interior landscape (which is part of man) as much as the exterior (of which man is part). The subject of painting is a state of mind. The difference between figurative and abstract painting is in the degree to which the appearance of objects is retained or eliminated. The extent to which they should describe objects and the way in which they should describe them has become the special problem of all painters.

‘It may also be true that we can never know exactly how other ages have thought about what they saw and what they painted, but that they actually saw quite differently from ourselves. Speed of movement from early childhood may be altering our way of seeing things, as well as our way of thinking about what we see. As well as this acceleration of movement in ourselves and the things round us, an increased range of appearances from the air, under water, or through cameras, microscopes, extended knowledge of physical and biological patterns which correspond to visual and tactile experience even though we cannot see them, the consciousness of our existence in four dimensions are all altering the psychological background to vision and even the actual machinery of perception.

‘Yet we probably admit that the eye sees what the mind is seeking; men will depict the same objects quite differently because they see them in relation to a different order of reality. Physical appearances are not absolute.

‘The problems of modern painting... are caused not by an attempt to find a new kind of painting, but to come to terms with the new and changing ways in which we already see... we read remarks that from the Early Renaissance until the invention of the camera painters were busy attempting to imitate nature. The literal imitation of appearances for its own sake has never at any time been the aim of respectable painting: every painter knows that if he uses certain means to make his work more like in any one respect, it will be less like in some





Freddy with the selection committee at the Royal Academy of Arts for the Summer Exhibition March 1974. From left to right: Sir Basil Spence, Freddy Gore, Ruskin Spears, James Fitton.

© Thompson Newspapers

other respect. Painters are concerned with ideas, not with an anecdotal inventory of visual details... Only a tree can look like a tree. If we could sit down with paint and brushes and paint a full copy of a tree, we would produce a tree, not a painting of a tree. It only takes a few false starts at painting to discover that this is impossible. At this point someone will say: 'What about photography?' But we can only photograph some aspect of a tree, its shape in silhouette or the detail of tangled leaves and branches, or contrast of light and shade, or depth and richness of texture. Even with a camera we cannot make a tree.

'The more representative of some truth in nature that a painter... wishes his work to be, the more selective he must be and the less can he literally copy nature.

'Art is not life but the interpretation of life. A haphazard stringing together of detailed observations is meaningless in the theatre and equally meaningless in painting.

'But whatever way we paint we are committed to an abstract activity. It is then the total of interacting lines and shapes and colours, of planes and rhythms, of plain and patterned areas, of mass and weight and movement, of space and solid, which make manifest at one and the same time the visible drama and the thoughts and emotions which lie behind - the overriding idea which gives coherence. The forms in painting cannot be copied from nature, but must be equivalents to nature, plastic signs and images built up from simple formal ingredients which both separately and together have intrinsic meaning - that is the meaning of red and black, curve or straight, smooth or rough, of swift movement or slow, dark or light - and which, while they indicate events, are also composed musically.

'The work of art is the creation of the spectator as well as the artist. The representational meaning is contained by and gains profundity from a wider imaginative connotation. This may be an intellectual field... or emotional, but is presented in a plastic and concrete form which allows the spectator to contribute his own thoughts, his own ideas, emotions, associations and latent imagery... Far from wishing everybody to interpret his painting in the same way, the painter hopes that each will see something different.

'Art is illusion, not in the sense of optical illusions but in the sense that the theatre sustains an illusion. By accepting certain glaring artificialities (conventions), we are transported into a world which is consistent with itself, and commands belief. It is consistency and correspondence to reality which causes us to accept conventions. For a work of art is not reality: it is a model of reality. It is a play on reality. It is a toy. We are able to play with it: we are able to play round it with ideas; we come to understand it, and through it to understand reality. This is necessary because we cannot by a direct approach understand reality. A work of art is convincing to the degree that it is a model of reality and that our ideas can play round it as if it were reality.

'But a conflict will also be implied - the dramatic presentation of alternatives... We can only understand a situation by comparing it with



**The Broad Walk,
Regent's Park, 1949 (I)**
Oil on canvas
22 x 26 inches



alternatives. Reality is either becoming, in which case we are chained to time and space and the alternatives are all in the future, which we cannot know; or it is being, in which case there are no alternatives since a thing which is cannot be other than it is. Alternatives can only be seen in models and the ideas which are attached to them. In plain words, the closer to reality we are the less we can see...

'The conventions of art must be sufficiently artificial or they will not convince. A condition of art is that it should allow us to consider the possibility of things being other than they are (as well as what they are). Fantasy is the criticism of reality, before it is an escape from it. It is only in detachment that reality can be discussed.

'...The conventions of painting must be appropriate to coloured images on a flat surface. The flat surface provides the essential artificiality which separates painting from life, and it must always be respected.

'On the other hand, because we live in three dimensions and the things which we wish to discuss derive from the experience of three dimensions, painters have always been particularly preoccupied with space - the problem of representing three dimensions on a simple surface. Because we move in time, they have also been preoccupied with movement. Different ages and artists have found different solutions, but it is clear that the relationship between the painting and what it represents (whether a physical event or a psychological state) is symbolic.

'Artists in dissociating a colour from its environmental condition appear to treat it as an abstract quality but it still carries over into painting, to be used inventively in new contexts, factual information, symbolic meaning and emotional associations, some of which are common to mankind, some local to a particular culture, some personal to individual experience, some primitive and others highly cultivated. The language of colour is not at all abstract but extremely concrete and universal; meanings appear most uncertain when we are ignorant of their cultural background, most precise when we have a common history and personal sympathy with the colourist.

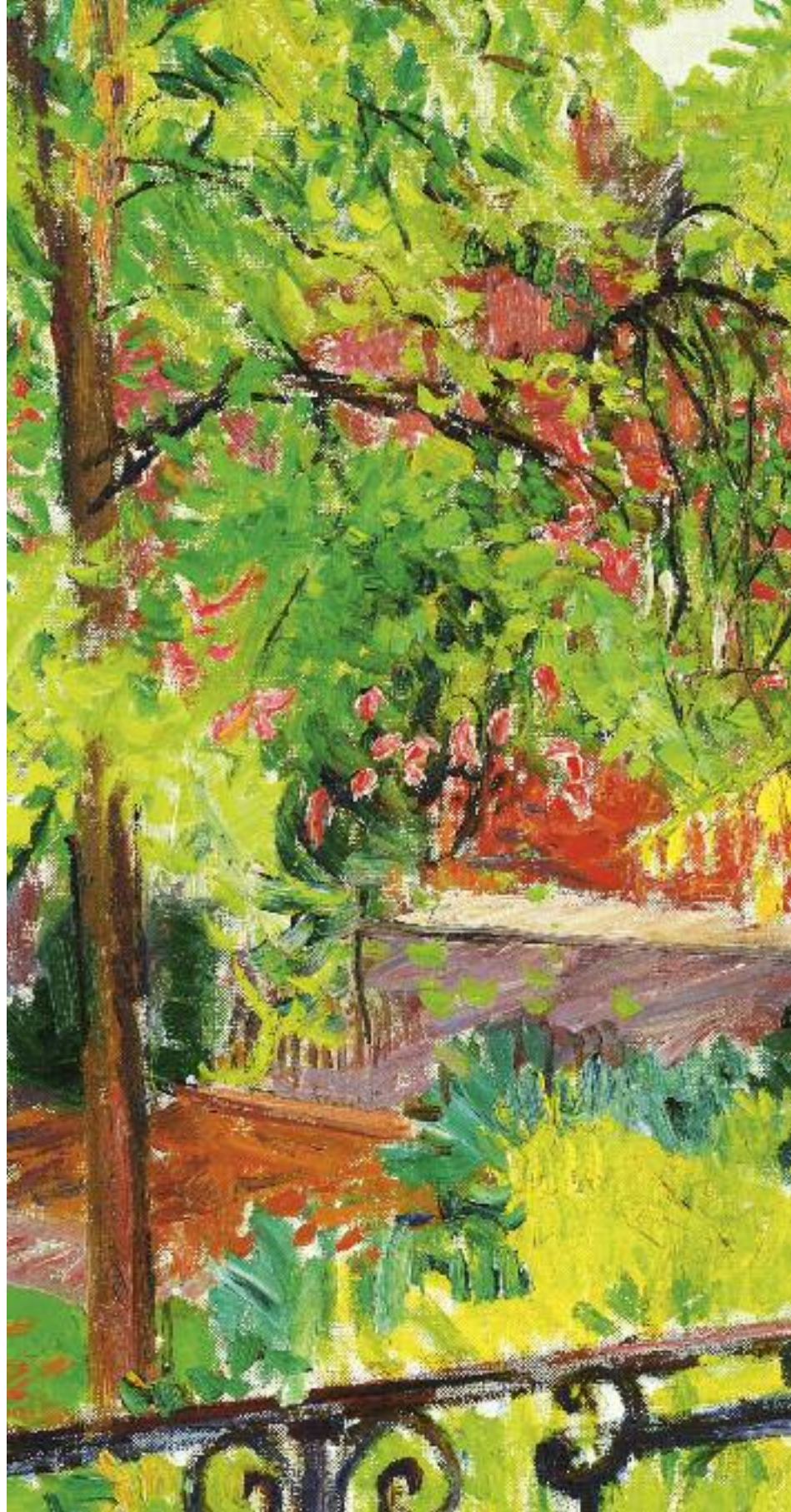
'If I am asked whether everyone sees the same colour my answer is 'of course not'; objective colour judgments are recordings of observed information: a man who can extract more information from a landscape will see more differences of colour; we do not *see colour* but acquire information which we record as colour. Local colour informs us about chemical structure, tone about physical structure, a certain quality of hue and tone about texture or weather or light. Equally someone with rich emotional responses and strong visual imagination will see more colour, and give to colour greater meaning related to historic or personal associations. Colour, like line, is not something we see, but a way of seeing. We see colour according to our ability to read and understand and relate past to present experience. A colour sense increases with practice. In painting, colour is always interpretation. The origins of emotional and symbolic colour like the language of dreams presents an idea in the form of a concrete example; the meaning is concealed from the intellect, but instantly grasped by intuition.

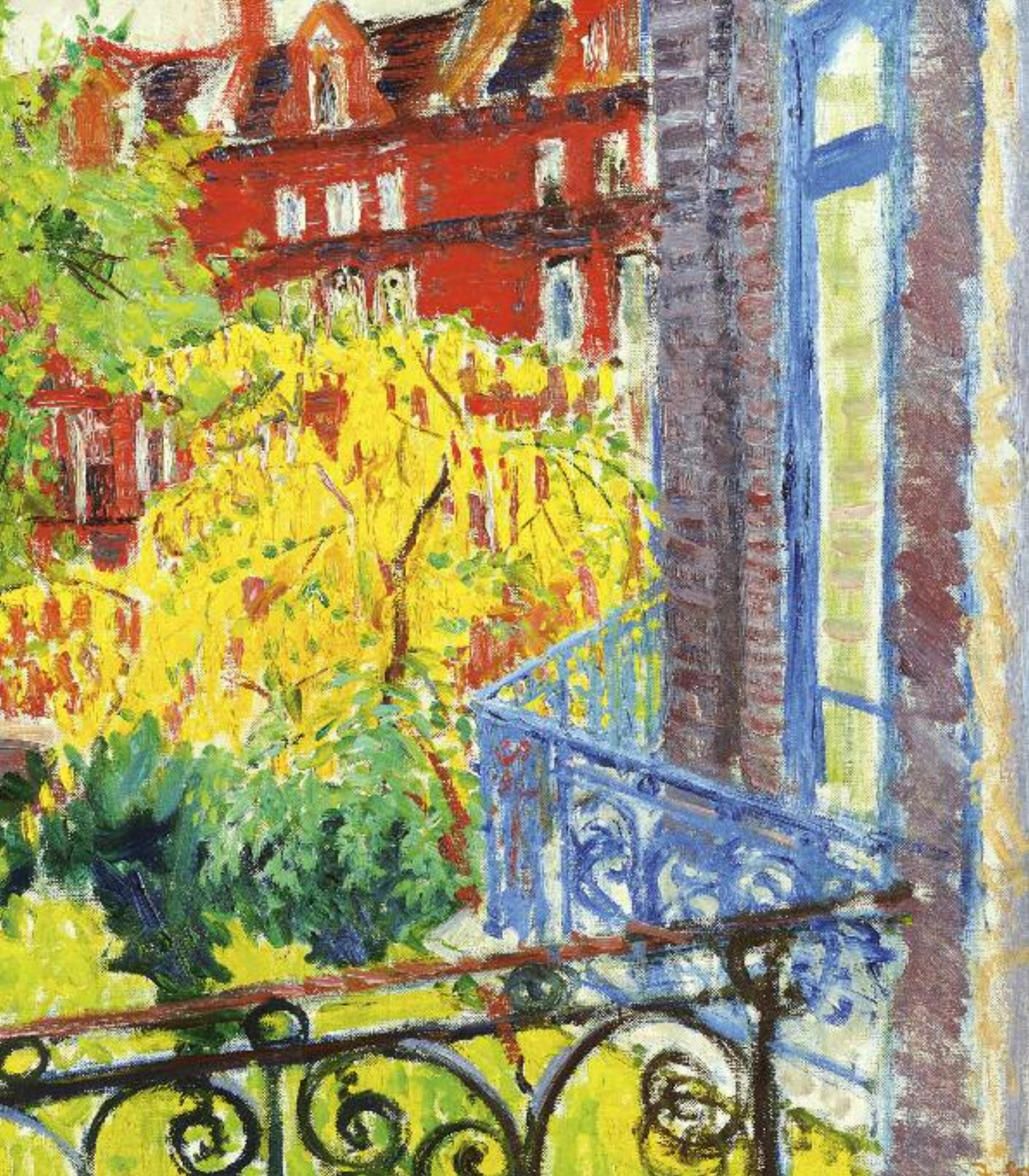
Mix for example in the range of red ochres a colour which corresponds to 'rust'. Ponder the associations with earth, iron ore, rusted metal, the colour of animals, lichens, autumnal vegetation and so on; then the corresponding man-made objects - ploughshares, ships, cranes, ancient artifacts discovered in gravel beds, cowhide, harness; the abstract ideas for which these might stand - industry, maritime adventure and wealth, decay and poverty, the curbing of natural forces. The same colour may take on a friendly or menacing aspect according to context. Alter the colour slightly to correspond to 'chestnut' or 'dried blood', and try again. Some nuance may prove too painful to allow an easy flow of images; the meaning is intense but buried. Free association of this kind demonstrates that our power to give shades of meaning is as acute as our powers of observation. There is nothing esoteric or mystical in colour symbolism.



Freddy with Gillian Ayres OBE RA and family at De La Warr Pavilion, Bexhill-on-Sea at Gillian's Solo exhibition.

Labernum, Elm Park
Gardens, 1975
Oil on canvas
26 x 36 inches







Cote d'Azur, 1986
Oil on canvas
24¹/₂ x 34 inches



How Freddy Taught Me How To Paint by David Black

I met Freddy in September of 1986. Freddy and Connie came to our apartment in New York to deliver a wedding gift from Janet Nathan and Patrick Caulfield. The day before Freddy's visit, I had done a painting of some women bathing in the Ganges. For three hours I followed my instincts, breathing the magic air of creativity where it was impossible to make a mistake, but when I stopped and looked at the painting, I was horrified. The women's heads were too big. Their arms and legs looked like tree trunks. Everything was distorted. I was disgusted and embarrassed and I threw the painting out with the garbage. The next morning I went to collect the empty garbage bin, but the garbage bin was full and the painting was still there. When I asked the janitor what was going on he told me there was a garbage strike. I had to bring the painting back into my studio.

That morning Freddy came for his visit. After looking at my paintings on the walls Freddy said, "I'm going to arrange an exhibition in London, and we'll have that one there, the one leaning against the wall with the wet paint. What's it called?" I managed to blurt out, "Indian Bathers."

The critic for Arts Review wrote, "Mr. Black's inspirational approach works when design combines with color intensity in 'Indian Bathers' where the overall pattern of figures strongly suggests the exotic generosity of Hindu Temple carving." Thus was born Freddy's artistic mission: To teach me the difference between art and garbage.

Freddy's teachings were sometimes so well disguised they were confusing. I felt as if he was testing me. For many summers we painted in the beautiful French countryside near Freddy's studio in Bonnieux. We were painting in an olive grove. Freddy was creating a masterpiece with perfect perspective and amazing colors. I was concentrating on the color of the earth leaving the olive trees understated. "You can't get away with that!" said Freddy in an angry voice. "You have to learn to draw before you can learn to paint! The trunks of your olive trees look like crow's feet!" I felt as if I were back in Miss Murphy's math class and she was about to have me expelled.

I had become fond of Freddy and I wanted to make amends. "What are you doing?" asked Freddy. "I'm going to get rid of the crow's feet." "Leave it exactly as it is," said Freddy, "Some people might like it!"

Here was a dilemma. It seemed Freddy did not like my paintings but he thought others would. Of course Freddy's method was totally different than mine. He usually spent half an hour creating his "painting area" before settling into it to paint. In addition to the canvas facing to attract maximum light, his brushes were carefully aligned in pages of newspaper primed for action and his paints were methodically arranged near each other to be ready for his favorite color combinations. Freddy's seat miraculously commanded a better view than any one could imagine. Before he began Freddy would hold a brush up in the air

over his head as if he were an Indian Chief calling on the spirits to bless his efforts. I knew better. Though related to a Bishop, Freddy was never very religious. He was testing the light by throwing a shadow over his face. The minute the light changed significantly Freddy announced, "It's time to go home." The next morning he would wait until exactly the same time before resuming work on the painting.

Every now and then Freddy would treat me to a new idea. "The problem for the modern painter," said Freddy, "is to make an arrangement where shapes and colors and lines are important and interesting, regardless of what the painting is all about. The colors and harmonies must be exciting, and at the same time say something. Try and make your painting correspond to a personal experience."

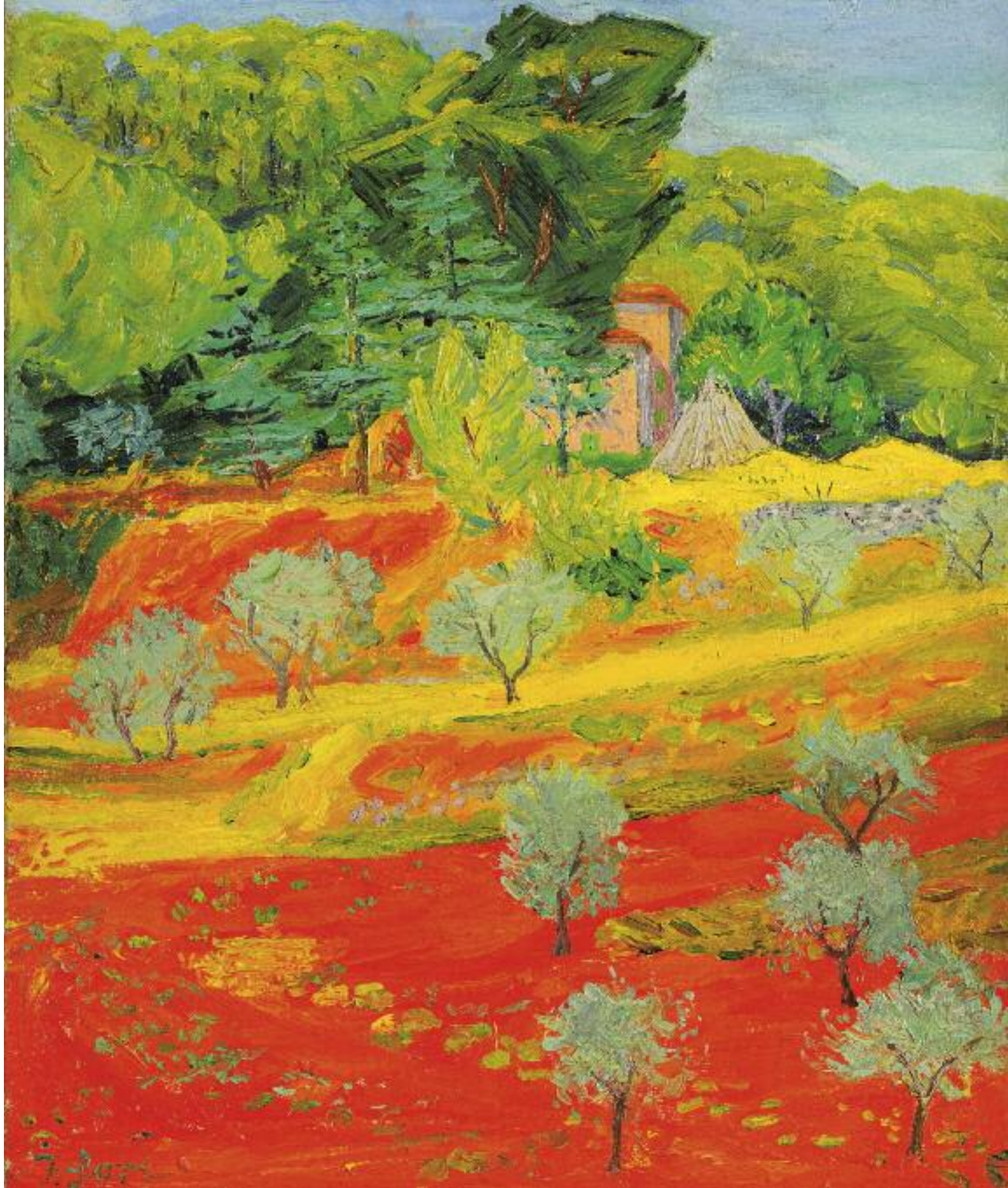
We were painting in an olive grove. Each of the olive trees was closely surrounded by four or five others. While I was painting I imagined I was an olive tree, forced to look at my relatives for the next hundred years. "You're beginning to get the knack of it," said Freddy. "Your painting is coming to life."

Painting in a field of tall petunias all I could see was Freddy's hat. However, I could hear his voice: "You only have to paint one petunia and it will look like you painted all the rest." Then Freddy added, "I have to paint according to the rules because I am giving you lessons." Here was new information. Freddy did not like painting according to the rules but he felt obligated to do so because of me! In analyzing his own paintings at the end of the day Freddy would say, "I didn't do the right thing. The color is off and the perspective is not correct but I will wait until tomorrow in case I decide not to change it."

Freddy told me if I wanted to be a successful artist I would have to figure out which historic period I belonged to. I was having enough trouble dealing with "My Freddy Period." To help me place myself in the history of art Freddy arranged field trips to historical places. One day he announced, "We are going to see the Virgin Mary today." On the way to our destination, Freddy explained how religion follows sociological patterns: "The Virgin Mary was elevated to the status of a fourth member of the Trinity in the 15th century. Women were the ones who stayed home to run the castles and make all the important decisions. The Virgin Mary was no longer represented as a peasant but as a lady of rank and society. She wore beautiful and expensive clothes and a golden crown on her head." Our destination was a Musée Pierre de Luxembourg in Villeneuve-lès-Avignon and there was the painting Freddy wanted me to see, Couronnement de la Vierge (Coronation of the Virgin), an altarpiece painted in 1453 by Enguerrand Quarton. Just as Freddy had promised The Virgin Mary was dressed in sumptuous clothes. The Father and son were placing a golden crown on her head and The Virgin Mary was smiling as if she had heard everything that Freddy said.

After several summers of painting with Freddy in Provence I was feeling more confident of his approval and I was experiencing a new sense of freedom and confidence. We were painting in the Luberon mountains of Van Gogh. I moved my painting closer to Freddy so he could have a better view. "You're getting

**A View on the Route
de Cezanne, 1956**
Oil on canvas
28 x 23½ inches





better," said Freddy, "but not in the way I would like! Stop drawing! Let shapes be defined by color!" I was crestfallen.

Janet, Patrick, Connie and my wife Anne joined us for lunch. "How is your pupil doing?" asked Janet. "He doesn't listen to a thing I say!" said Freddy. "Then why do you put up with him?" asked Janet. "Because I love him," said Freddy "and I have a maternal instinct."

**West 23rd Street at the Corner
of 7th Avenue, New York, 1989**

Oil on canvas
50 x 42 inches



**New York Buskers,
Now Forbidden, 1956**
Oil on canvas
24 x 36 inches

I painted with Freddy in the French and English countryside. We painted in nightclubs in New York and London, and we painted musicians at the Jazz Festival in New Orleans. We painted in the swamps of the Bayou, in Louisiana, and we painted fishing boats in Connecticut. We painted at rodeos in Nevada and in casinos in Las Vegas. Freddy continued to challenge me every day. Sometimes he sang a song; and sometimes we sang duets. Sometimes he danced in front of his painting; and once he danced in front of one of mine. Sometimes we sat in the presence of great beauty, while Freddy pointed out our imperfections in trying to paint it. I think this is what made Freddy a great artist. He knew that imperfections are part of art. When we look at Freddy's monumental landscapes with their great sweep and movement and their astounding color, Freddy himself is there, adding his miraculous presence and making us care.

© David Black, Stonington, Connecticut, November, 2010



Freddie and Connie have been good friends since the middle 70's when I first saw his paintings at the Summer Exhibition and was dazzled by the sheer joy of life he painted into his pictures. I promptly visited him and came away with a wonderful view of the countryside surrounding Les Baux.

One picture led to another... today we have 5 oils, 4 watercolours, 3 lithographs, 1 poster and one of his palettes. These works with vibrant colours, compositions and delicious brushwork have been among our most precious possessions, flooding our London winters with Mediterranean sunshine.

We went on holiday to Provence near Bonnieux, where he painted (and we ate!) cherries in an orchard. Later he painted an enormous field of poppies under the shadow of Lacoste. We spent two holidays with Freddie and Connie in Paxos in 1987 and 1989 where Freddie painted oils and watercolours of olive trees, seascapes and flowers. We sailed a boat around the island, anchoring for a swim in a pristine and deserted beach in Antipaxos where Freddie, deprived of his painting tools, could only express his joy by breaking into Russian dances.

Year after year we joined family and close friends to celebrate his birthday, every time in a different venue. A treasured privilege. Freddie loved life, was generous in his advice and always kind and constructive in his approach. But I often remind myself that his accomplishments were achieved together with his tireless and devoted wife, Connie.

Marinos Costeletos

© Marinos Costeletos, London, 2010

Beach at Villa Delphini, 1989

inscription on back: "Super Holiday"

Oil on canvas

36 x 24¹/₂ inches



Delphini Tryptich, 1989
Watercolour
36 x 66 cm



Delphini Sea View, 1989
Watercolour
36 x 51 cm

SOUS LE HAUT PATRONAGE
DE LADY MENDEL ET DE
S. E. MONSIEUR POLITIS
MINISTRE DE GRÈCE A PARIS

FREDERICK GORE

EXPOSE
DES
VUES DE GRÈCE

A LA GALERIE BORGHÈSE
35, AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES
(MUSEE MODERNE)

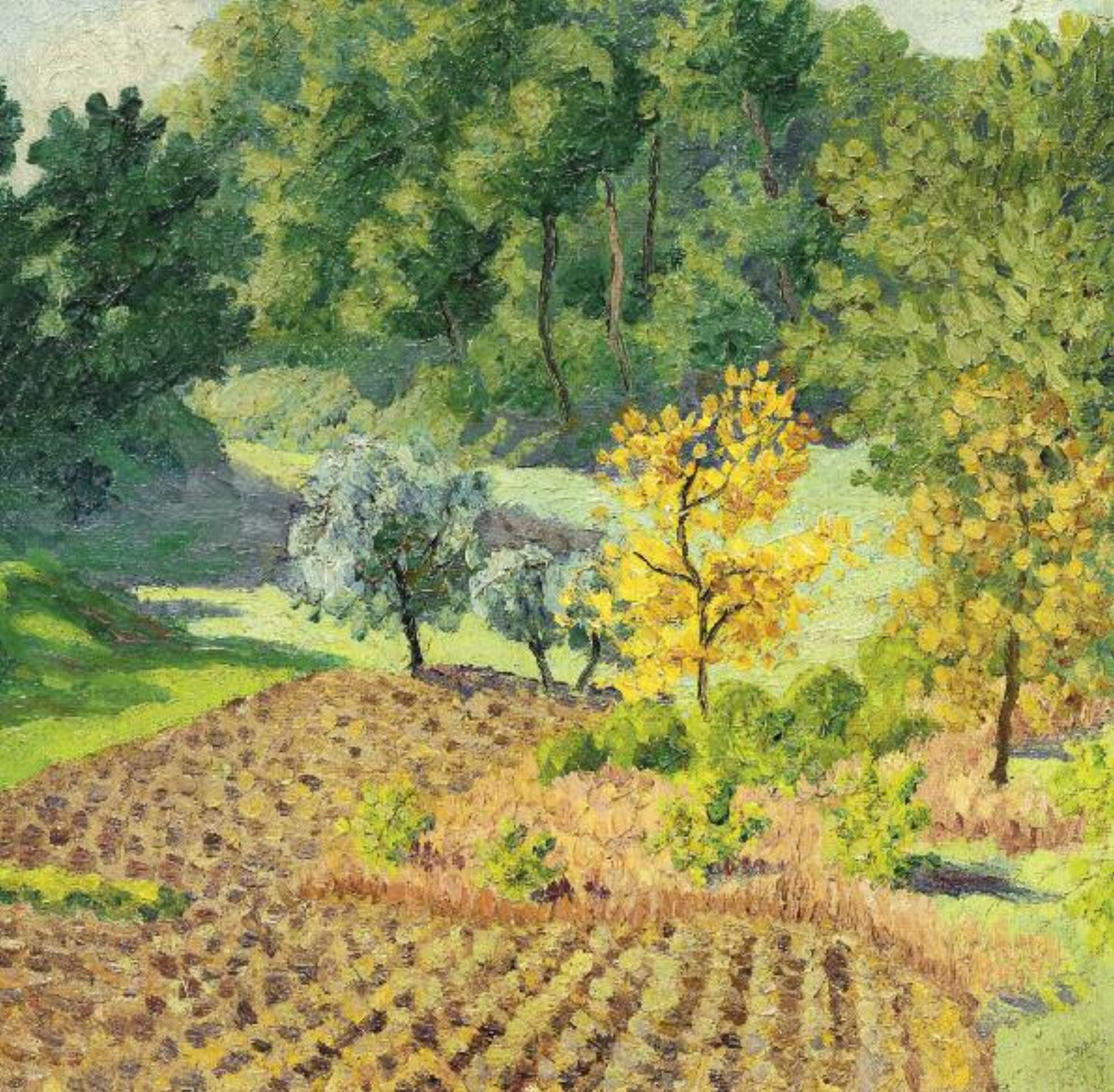
DU 4 AU 13 NOVEMBRE 1938

AVANT-PROPOS

Deux ans après l'ouverture de son musée de la ville de Londres, le peintre britannique Frederick Gore a exposé ses œuvres en Grèce. Cette exposition a été organisée par Lady Mendel et Monsieur Politis, Ministre de Grèce à Paris. Les œuvres exposées sont des paysages grecs, peints par Gore pendant son séjour en Grèce en 1936 et 1937. Elles sont caractérisées par une palette riche et une composition dynamique. Gore a capturé l'essence de la lumière méditerranéenne et des formes architecturales uniques de la Grèce. Ses œuvres sont une célébration de la beauté naturelle et humaine de ce pays. Les œuvres exposées sont des paysages grecs, peints par Gore pendant son séjour en Grèce en 1936 et 1937. Elles sont caractérisées par une palette riche et une composition dynamique. Gore a capturé l'essence de la lumière méditerranéenne et des formes architecturales uniques de la Grèce. Ses œuvres sont une célébration de la beauté naturelle et humaine de ce pays.



EGRE



Olympia, Greece, 1937
Oil on canvas
22 x 26 inches

Cretan Dancers at Easter, 1947
Oil on canvas
28 x 36 inches

GREECE

Having left the Slade School of art, Gore decided to go to France to paint landscapes, and Provence was the area that appealed with its promise of a relatively dependable climate and a famously brilliant light.

He had to produce enough paintings for an exhibition on his return to England which had been promised him by the Redfern Gallery in Cork Street. At this exhibition in 1937, a Greek collector, Stephen Vlasto, admired these debut works and proposed that he would subsidise Gore for a six month trip to Greece to be followed by exhibitions in Paris and London. (It was during this period that Gore visited and painted the view from the ancient site of Olympia, where it is said that the first Olympic Games were held in 776BC.).

These were difficult times politically, and in 1938 when galleries were closing or changing location, an exhibition finally took place at the Gallerie Borghese in Paris. Returning urgently to London, he exhibited at the Stafford Gallery, financially assisted by Peggy Guggenheim's sister.

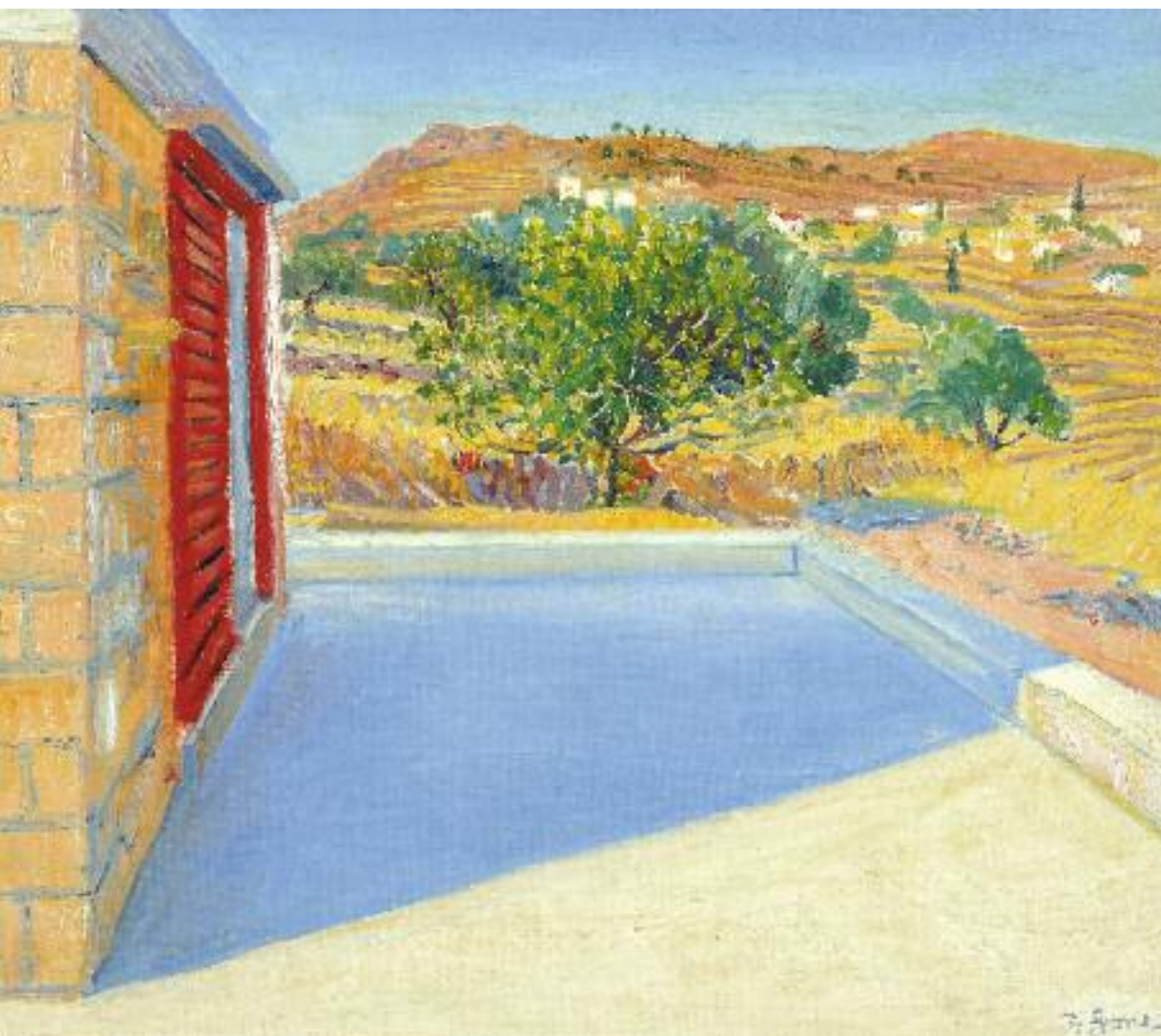
Living at 28 Charlotte Street in a flat shared with his sister Elizabeth he was in the heart of the West End: a nearby neighbour was Stais, owner of the renowned restaurant "The White Tower," who asked him to paint murals there on the first floor, payment to be mostly free meals at this Greek restaurant, reputed to be one of the finest in London. Gore included among dancers and landscapes of Greece, a portrait of Lord Byron copied from a postage stamp. The murals remained in place for a great number of years until eventually the restaurant changed hands, and they were auctioned off. George and Soulla Metaxas who had been house managers there wrote December 2010 about Freddy "We will never forget him especially myself serving him at the restaurant for many, many years, he was a gentleman and very easy to please."

Gore travelled to Greece again after World War Two: he loved the idyllic atmosphere that he found there in the countryside and villages; the horse fairs, and the generosity of the people: the many islands with their quite different environments. In Crete fishermen would dance in the evenings when they had had a good catch and Freddy loved to watch and to sketch, and if asked he would join in. After painting, dancing was the second love of his life.

Here he has painted a centuries old dance called Kastrinos, a dance of triumph with fast, precise steps and kicks. It is said to represent the passion of the Cretan people and their "eternal will for freedom": there is the celebratory dancing on Easter Sunday when traditionally lamb and goat are eaten. The fiddler makes the music and dances at the same time.







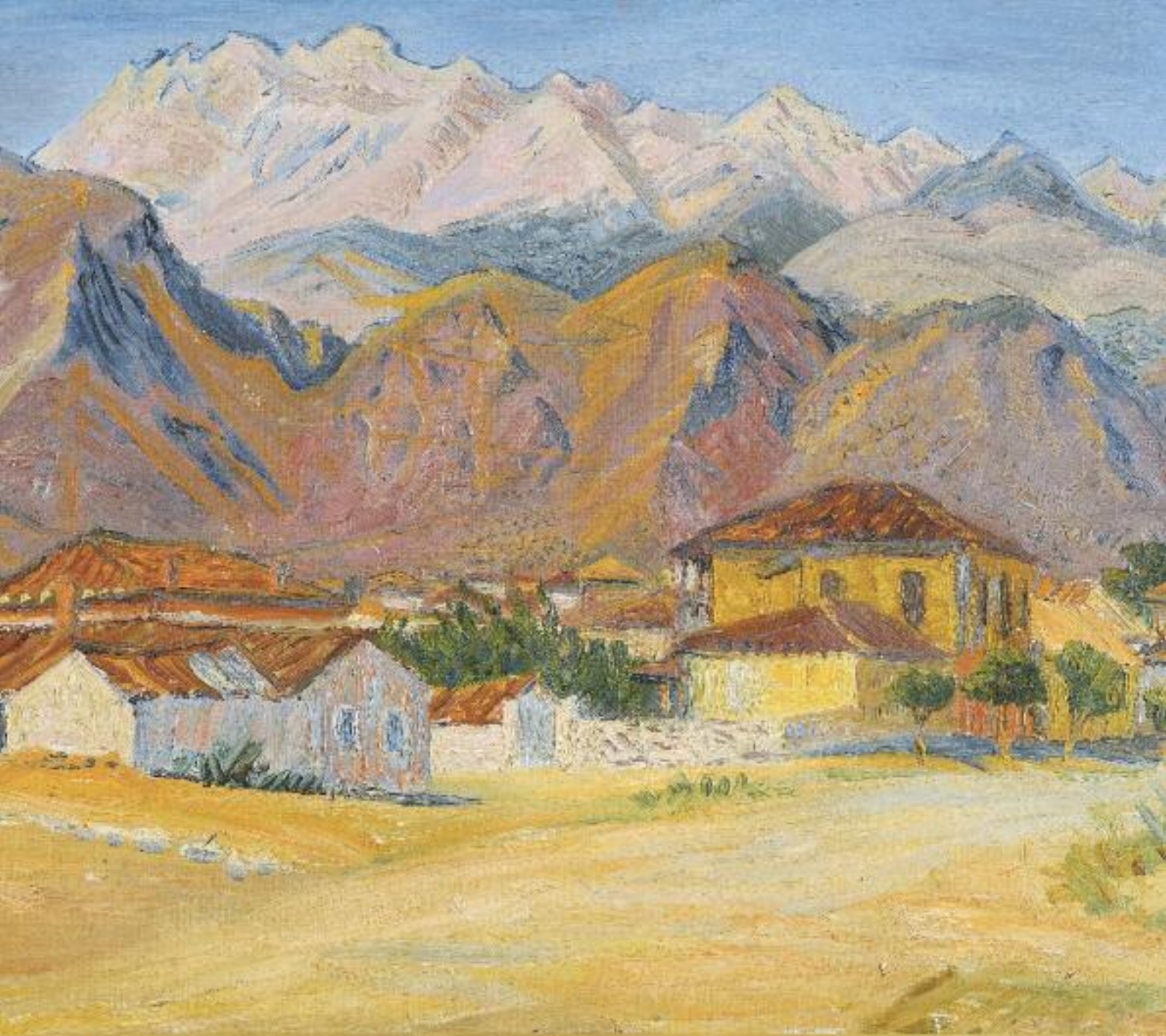
In 1958 Gore was given a grant by the British Council to tour selected museums and galleries of Italy and Greece to write a report on them: during this time he stayed for a week to paint on the island of Paros. Later he again went specifically to paint and often stayed on the island of Aegina at Sfendouri with his former student and friend, the distinguished artist, George Hadjimichalis.

Aegina is the nearest island to the Piraeus, and therefore also to Athens. It seems to be divided into two parts: one cultivated, where the main crop is pistaccio nuts, and the other side quite barren except for terraces on the hills where sometimes there are olive trees. It is on the barren side where the architect Konstantinidis built Hadjimichalis his house, concealing it in the countryside, where it overlooked the Aegean Sea and the islands of Moni and Methana.

**The Fig Tree, Sfendouri,
Aegina, Greece, 1988**

Oil on canvas
27 x 31 inches





**View of the Taegetus Mountains,
above Sparta, Greece, 1958**
Oil on canvas
24 x 30 inches

February 2001

Freddy Gore writes of his discussion one night with George Hadjimichalis

'George Hadjimichalis' affection for simple Greek domestic architecture led him to ask the architect Dimitris Konstandinidis to build a house on Aegina at one of the most beautiful and wild corners of the island, above the sea and facing Methana, beautiful by day and by night when the stars are echoed by the lights of the fishing boats, tracing their course...

'...Methana across the water... from the terrace where we had watched the moon and those stars and the lights of villages, the little spots from the lighthouses while we talked late into the night of the neglect of Byzantine art by Western historians (the fault of Vasari), or wondered why Piero in "the Baptism" and "the Resurrection" follow so precisely 11th century Byzantine models; why did he in his great murals at Arezzo tell the legend of Constantine and his mother finding the true cross?

'Two strands of thought seem woven together. One strand discusses the nature of painting: first the work of Piero, timeless, metaphorical and realistic, platonic - then the words of St John Damaskenos maintaining that the image must be about something positive. Piero would surely agree? The other strand concerns perception. St John Damaskenos extols the search for a full intellectual understanding of the thing which is the subject of the image, but separates that from what the artist feels with his senses. He argues that the impression we get when we respond to our senses - sight, taste or touch - is "a long way from the full intellectual grasp, which follows from the use of the words. He was of course speaking for the artists whose mosaics after the iconoclastic controversy were to usher in a full classical revival as important as that of Masaccio, Donatello and Piero della Francesca six centuries later.

'As a post-script to this discussion Hadjimichalis quotes a poem by Wallace Stevens 'Description without place' which speaks of an inner vision which bypasses both the senses and the intellect:

**Description is
Composed of a sight different to the eye
A little different from reality.
The difference we make in what we see
And our memorials of that difference,
Sprinklings of bright particulars from the sky.**





Terraces below Sfendouri,
Aegina, Greece, 1987
Oil on canvas
28 x 37 inches

To talk about Freddy in the past tense is to scramble the picture at the outset. He was such a presence, such an icon that the past tense is discomfiting. He once wrote about Juan's work, "It is." So it is with him: he is, not was.

We first met on a hot summer evening in Mallorca when he was climbing a hill carrying a couple of canvases and a burden of painting gear. Juan stopped the car and offered a lift to Fornalutx, the beautiful mountain top village where we had just bought a house. Freddy and Connie had been going there for years.

We began a conversation then which went on for another four decades.

There was a spark from the outset. Juan was a sculptor, after all, and had started out as a painter. From the glimpse he got of the paintings being stuffed into the trunk of the car, he was immediately struck by Freddy's daring use of color. They were to talk about color and daring, in equal parts, from then on; Juan never failed to be impressed with Freddy's audaciousness and skill.

We travelled so easily in those early years. Looking back, I am amazed at that ease considering the children, the schedules, the constant scarcity of funds. Connie and he would come to Paris to promising parties, to gallery openings or shows at the Grand Palais where Freddy's eminence got us tickets thus avoiding the intimidating queues. We once went to a New Year's Eve party in a flat overlooking the Seine, rooms spectacularly dotted with contemporary art. We walked in to be greeted by a neon sign ordering us to LOVE.

In London we saw great theatre as well as exhibits at the RA. Freddy introduced Juan to the Summer Exhibition despite a Kafka-esque adventure to retrieve a sculpture from Her Majesty's Customs where bureaucracy held it hostage. After that I brought the sculptures over in a black carry-all topped with smelly French cheeses to deflect official curiosity. We stayed in their treasure trove Chelsea flat, full of color, talk and affection, - we and all our children, and they stayed at our house in Paris where Freddy once painted the view from the bathroom window, a warehouse yard. He stood in the tub to do it.

A reproduction of the painting is hanging on our wall now, a reminder of those Paris days, the little house at the tail end of Montparnasse and all our nonchalance in living them.

When my first book was to be published in London, something of a triumph in an untried writer's life, I stayed at Elm Park Gardens. I was there alone, the Gores and Juan and the children were still in Spain. It seemed fitting that I would be there, albeit on my own, to start a new chapter.

There also seemed to be no end of new chapters. We came over for the markers, - Freddy's 70th at Queen Elizabeth Hall set the tone. The others followed, joyous and defiant. Age seemed to spur him on, nothing less.

The New York paintings, superb in their vision, celebrated light and life, brilliant color in a new sky. New York and its electricity were tonic to him. I was particularly pleased with that, being a drum-beating New Yorker myself.

Oddly enough we were on our way to their house in Bonnieux when the Twin Towers were destroyed. We sat through those taut hours together, ears glued to spindly radios and the trans - atlantic phone with Geraldine who lived only blocks away. A timelessness hung over us then and I shiver at the recollection



now. Theirs was probably the only house in Provence that didn't have a television at the time. That appeared right, too.

Freddy championed Juan's work from the earliest days. When in 1984 he was given the Prix Bourdelle, one of the rare French honors for sculptors, Freddy wrote the introduction for the catalogue, a text which has been reproduced many times since. He had a sharp sense of Juan's abstraction, his depiction of space and silence. There was a complement to each other's work that I found particularly rewarding and for which Juan was extremely grateful. Freddy was Juan's most valued champion.

No one notices that we are no longer young, it just happens. Despite the decades marked, age seemed a non-concern. On his 90th birthday he still did those whirling Russian dances. I saw him, I know. And so when the end came it was still a jolt, no matter how high the numbers were.

Freddy was distinct, the usual rules didn't really apply. There hadn't been enough time, no matter what the calendar claims. A look at the painting is enough. Of how many people can you say that?

Dolores Pala

© 2010 Doleres Pala, Paris
Author, wife of sculptor Juan Pala.

**Early Morning Coffee,
Bonnieux, Vaucluse,
Provence, 1946**
Oil on canvas
48 x 40 inches

FRANCE

Extracts from the introduction to the catalogue '80 Paintings'

Gore is most familiarly associated with the Provençal landscapes which he paints near his home at Bonnieux.

A profound understanding of the legacy of Post-Impressionism, inherited from his father Spencer Gore, leader of the Camden Town Group, permeates the sun-drenched landscapes. The paintings would be unimaginable without a study of Gauguin, Cezanne and van Gogh, all of whom painted in Provence. The structural landscapes of Cezanne, the high keyed palette of Gauguin and in particular the technique and spirit of van Gogh, which hovers overall, inform Gore's landscapes, painted, as were van Gogh's, 'devant le motif'.

In Gore's paintings of olive groves the silvery leaves of the olive trees, in the Alpilles or under the Chateau at Les Baux, contrast with the red earth which is the source of bauxite. Rich colours are applied with short, stubby brushstrokes, sure and confident in their touch, spontaneous and fresh in their appearance: minor adjustments may be made in the studio to present a satisfactory pictorial whole.

Besides the landscapes Gore also paints the occasional "set piece", which is meticulously arranged on the terrace of his house. The set pieces are cooler than the landscapes, perhaps even a little ironic, a compromise between reality and reinvention. Although he says "they are not just about beautiful things" they are nevertheless radiant evocations of Provençal life as well as being formally satisfying.



Mary Rose Beaumont

September 1993

© Mary Rose Beaumont, September 1993





Harvest Field near Arles, Montmajour
in the distance, 1980-86
Oil on canvas
30 x 36 inches



Arles: Mistral's Statue and
Van Gogh's Cafe de la Nuit,
Place de Forum, 1980-86
Oil on canvas
24 x 32 inches

**The Haute Luberon seen
from the Petit Carluc, 2001**

Oil on canvas
30 x 40 inches

Freddy first went to Les Baux de Provence in 1937 and stayed at the Hotel Reine Jeanne. He was deeply impassioned by the village itself and above all by the surrounding countryside with its scattered fields of olive trees on the red earth divided by windbreakers of cypresses, the views across the Crau, and the strange formations of the Alpilles. This was too the famed land of the troubadors and the 'courts of love'.

In the painting 'The Red Field below the Chateau' (page 13) Freddy had walked with his canvas, paints and easel through a rough lane off the road below the village leading to a deserted spot before a field of olive trees where he could look up at the majesty of the ruined chateau. His emotions while painting this canvas seem to have been intense and he had to hurry to get them down before the night closed in on him and before the sky changed from red to black. At the same time the dangers here were not only the pragmatic ones of mosquitoes arriving at dusk, of plants whose leaves may poison when brushed against the skin, and always 'the heat of the sun', but also of forest fires which would spring up quite without warning and spread with great speed: fire engines are always at the ready, and in fierce fires planes are employed to fetch water from the Mediterranean to shower it down hoping to quench the flames. Police arrive to question those standing alone in this deserted landscape who may be suspect pyromaniacs.





Frederick Gore

R.A. 1972

Born: 1913. Studied: Ruskin, Westminster and Slade Schools. Head of Painting Dept.,
St Martin's. Works in various public collections. Published: Abstract Art, 1956;
Painting, Some Principles, 1965

At the beginning of the war waiting to be called up, I shared a studio at the top of Constable's House with my sister. She taught in Sidcup so I had to learn to do the cooking. It had a Greek flavour since I had been forced home from Greece by the war. Also there was John Stais, newly established at The White Tower, to give culinary advice as well as interested in paintings of Greece. It was open house in Charlotte Street and I cooked for quite a throng. I was helped by a secondhand cookery book from the Phoenix Library by two ladies (Lyall and Hartley - The Gentle Art of Cooking) who mingled French and Eastern

dishes. Munkaczina, an hors d'oeuvre which still pleases and surprises me, is from their section of dishes from the Arabian Nights.

I never mastered British cooking although I continually bless all good English Puddings and especially Summer Pudding (as eaten by the angels in heaven after long mornings of Tennis or Croquet). Nowadays I hardly cook at all (seeing it as a trap like gardening to destroy painters). But in my household I do prepare mayonnaise and aioli and sometimes soups. Aioli is the garlic mayonnaise originally eaten in Provence with boiled salt cod - but now best with cold fish (especially cod) and meats

together with a collection of cold vegetables and of course, potatoes. It is also an ingredient of the fish soup Bourride (Bouillabaisse without crustacea) spread on the floating crusts of bread and with the fish itself.

An aioli d'honneur is the communal village banquet which holiday makers may join (sometimes it is a pistou when the special dish is a grand mixed vegetable soup liberally flavoured with basil). Beware the pratis and even the 10% wine or you may find yourself afterwards in the arena chased by young bulls or "vachettes" through a mini swim pool.

Munkaczina

oranges

onion

stoned black olives

red pepper

salt

olive oil

Take one or more oranges and cut them in slices crossways. Peel the slices and remove the pips and white in the middle of the round. Arrange a bed of slices of orange at the bottom of the dish, and cover with finely chopped onion.

On the onion place a bed of stoned black olives, and sprinkle with red pepper, salt and olive oil.

Aioli

2-6 cloves of garlic

2 egg yolks

olive oil

salt

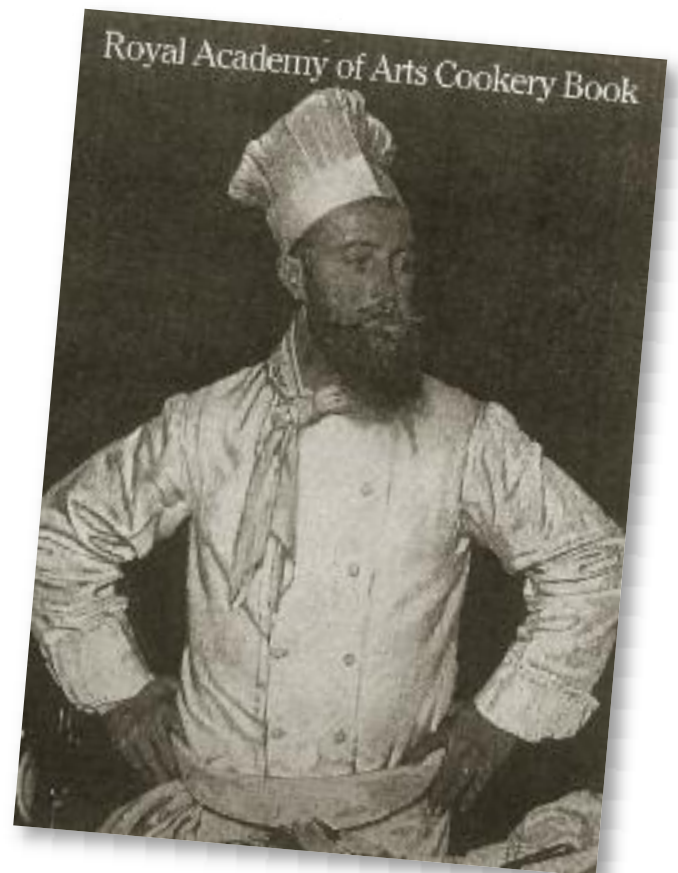
lemon juice

Six (or at least 2) cloves of garlic crushed in a garlic crusher or pounded in a mortar. Add the yolks of two eggs, mix well and add the olive oil bit by bit as for the mayonnaise. When the sauce is very thick, add salt and lemon juice.



A man is what he eats,
A man is what he thinks,
A man is what he wears,
And sometimes what he drinks.

FG.



VENICE

Freddy met Peggy Guggenheim in 1938 when her sister helped arrange his exhibition at the Stafford Gallery in London. In 1958 he made Venice his first port of call when he began his tour of museums in Italy. The Palace on the Grand Canal which Peggy had bought soon after WW2 was transformed by her into an important art gallery to house the avant garde paintings that she had bought (one a day) with the advice of the critic, Herbert Read. It was in contrast to the other collections in Venice which were mainly of old masters such as Tintoretto, Titian, Bellini... Among these were the Longhi and Tiepolo paintings of carnival, always exciting, strange and evocative of the theatrical history of the city. However, having made reports on most of the numerous galleries, there, Freddy found himself entangled in Peggy Guggenheim's social circle, and decided it was not possible to remain with the heavy socialising which was not conducive to serious work.

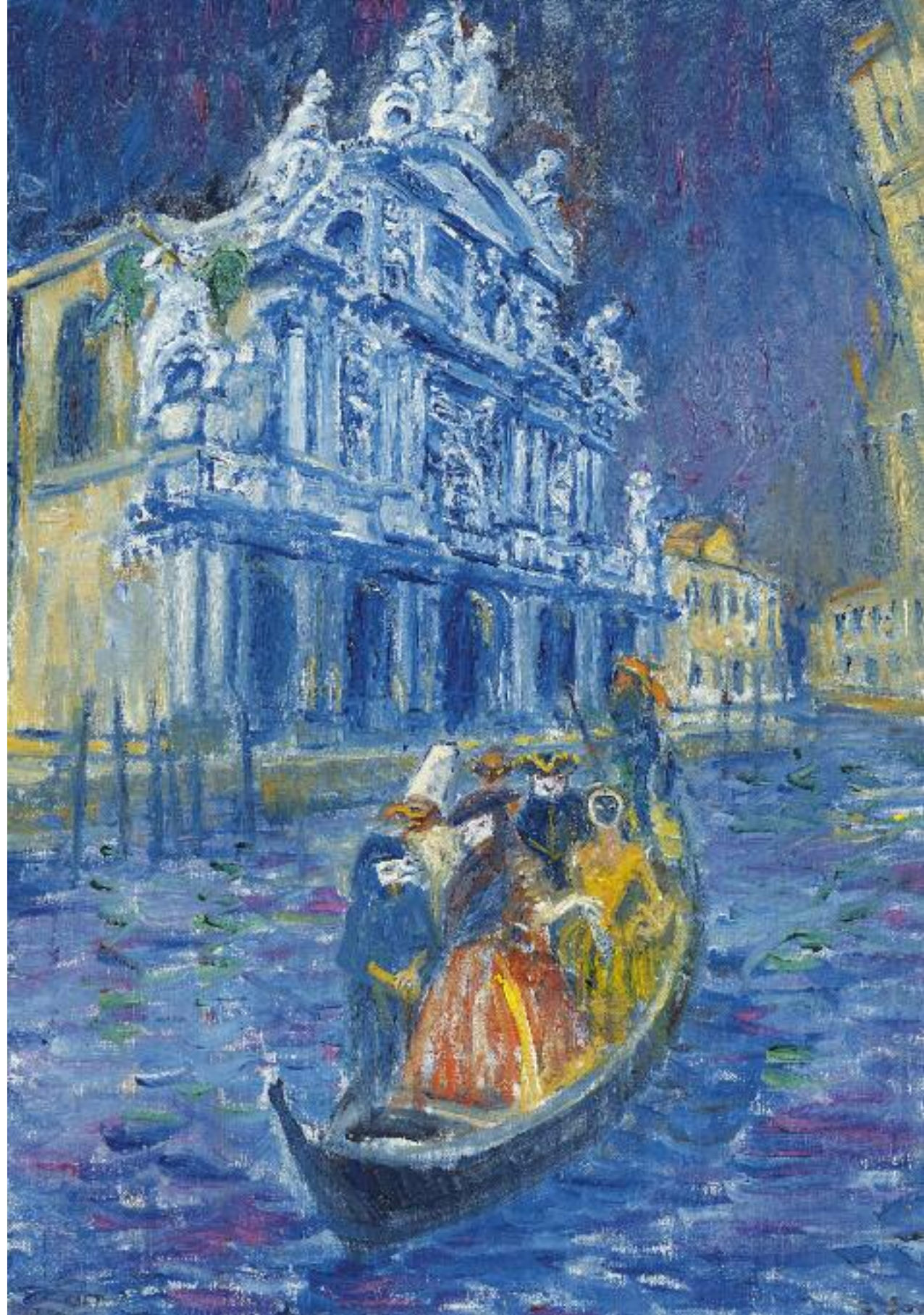
He did not return to Venice for many years: in February 1989 he visited at the time of carnival: he stayed at Pensione la Calcina, called Ruskin's house, because part of the 'Stones of Venice' had been written there. He also rented a studio opposite, a ferry ride away, on the Giudecca, owned by Geoffrey who would only let artists that were recommended to him stay at his house. Freddy was thus able to draw in the mornings, and paint in the afternoons, and here are three of his paintings of that period.

The Tetrarchs, statues of four figures embracing, signifying unification and peace, stand in a corner of St Marks Square, near the Porta della Carta of the Doge's palace. The statues were carved during the fourth century in porphyry, purple red in colour, which came originally from Constantinople.* They represent the four rulers of the Roman Empire. In 1204 during the fourth crusade this sculpture was taken from Constantinople and famously too the four bronze horses which hold a dominant position on the facade of the Basilica of San Marco. It has been suggested that the Tetrarchs here represent Constantine and his three sons. (page 17)

*A 15th century manuscript codex states that "... from 1204 onwards many marble and porphyry slabs... were brought from Constantinople as well as four excellent bronze horses" (Catalogue of the RA exhibition 'The Horses of San Marco').



Capriccio, 1995
Oil on canvas
32 x 23 inches



Carnival in Venice is remarkable: morning until night it seems that the entire population wear masks and often costumes which have changed very little for many centuries.

Masked figures, once seen in many societies as a means of social control, in Venice for the two weeks before Ash Wednesday and the beginning of Lent, hide identities, and allow the celebration of a different world with different norms and social priorities, where conventions can be overturned. Venetians may spend all year making their masks and costumes in anticipation of the freedom of carnival; while visitors feel compelled to choose one to suit their fantasies or aspirations from a selection in local shops. Mask wearing is de rigueur for all during this privileged time of carnival. Although possibly useful for criminal activities, it is probably awaited with anticipation for those hoping for a romantic rendezvous.





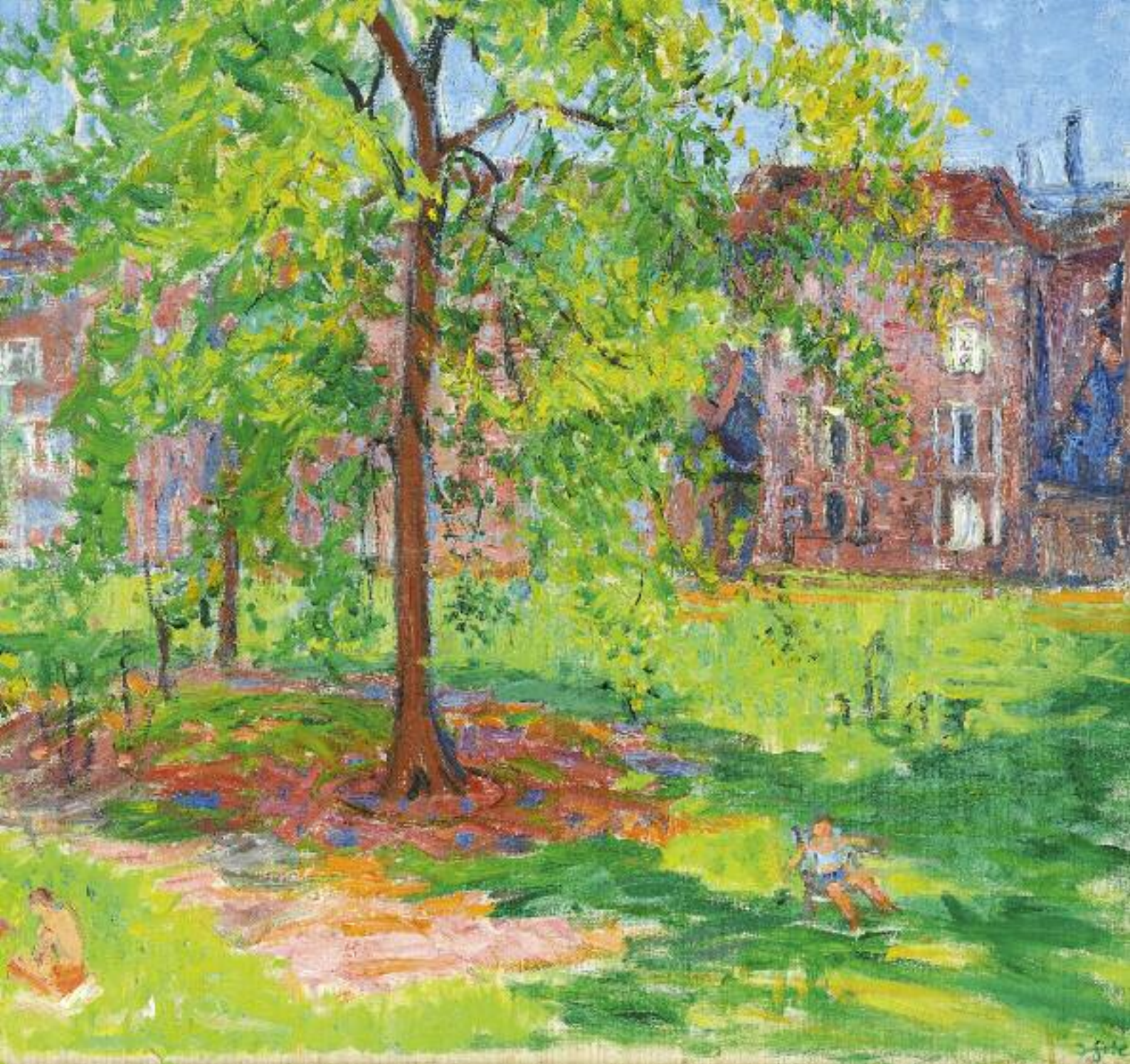
Carnival in Venice,
The First Day, 1995
Oil on canvas
33 x 45 inches



LONDON

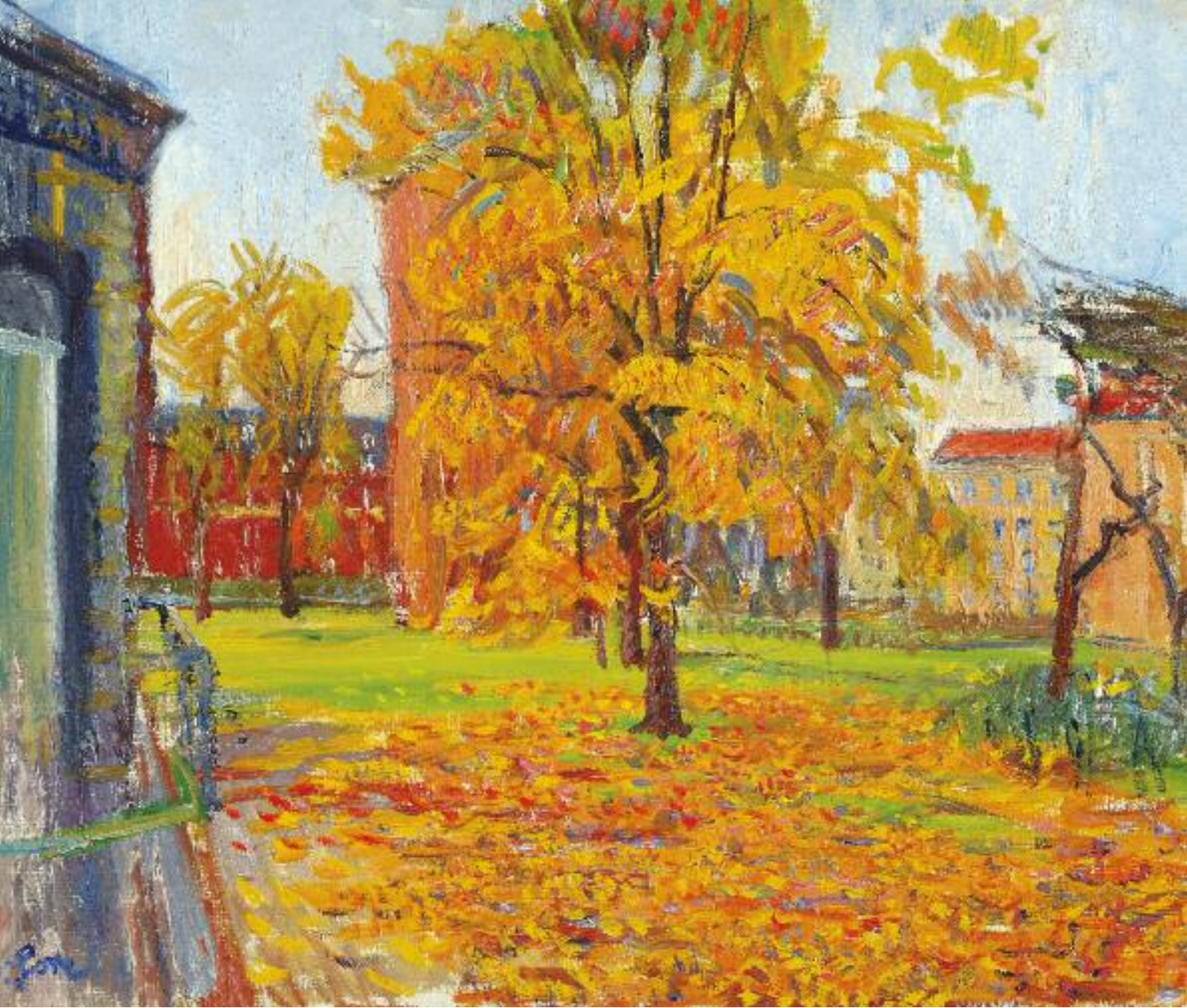
There are a number of parks in London designated Royal Parks and Regent's Park is one of them. It is Crown Property, and in 1811 King George IV, then Prince Regent, asked the architect John Nash to propose a plan for the area: the park was included and in 1845 opened for use by the public on two days a week. It is known as the 'jewel in the crown'. Soon it was opened every day of the week, and now includes children's playgrounds, sporting areas for tennis, cricket, running and football. It has a summertime open air theatre, and a zoo whose aviary was designed by the husband of the late Princess Margaret, Anthony Armstrong Jones, Earl of Snowden.

Before moving to Elm Park Gardens, Freddy lived for many years in north central London close to the park, often going there to make sketches which later he used as the basis for oil paintings. (page 7 and 23)

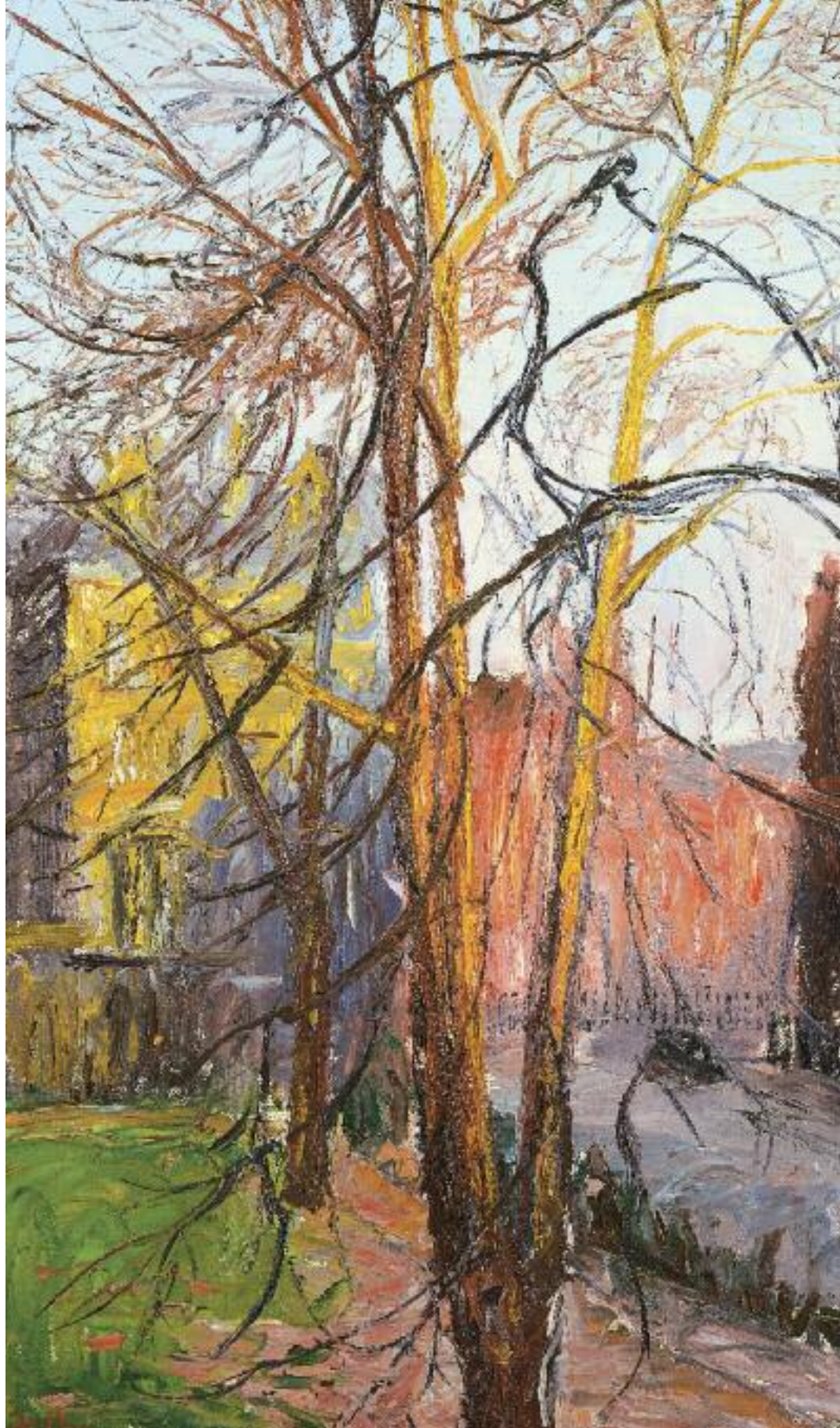


**Geraniums and my
Neighbour's Car, 1986**
Oil on canvas
25 x 30 inches

**Midsummer, Elm Park
Gardens, 1975**
Oil on canvas
25 x 32 inches



Elm Park House, circa 1960
Oil on canvas
28 x 36 inches



Trees, 1986
Oil on canvas
33 x 19½ inches

Frederick Gore

Biography

- 1913 Born Richmond, Surrey
- 1914 His father, the painter Spencer Gore, who with Walter Sickert, was one of the Founders of The Camden Town Group, died of pneumonia
- 1932-4 Studied painting at the Ruskin School while reading Classics at Oxford
- 1934-7 Westminster School of Art, influenced by Mark Gertler and Bernard Meninsky
- 1934-7 Slade School of Art
- 1937 Summer painting in Les Baux de Provence
- 1937 Redfern Gallery, London - One man show
- 1938 Painting in Greece
- 1938 Galerie Borghese, Paris, Exhibition of his Greek paintings with introduction by art critic Louis Vauxcelles who was the first to use the expression 'Fauves'.
- 1939 Stafford Gallery, London - Greek paintings
- 1940-1946 Army Service
- 1946-1979 Taught at St Martin's School of Art, Chelsea School of Art and Epsom School of Art
- 1949-1962 Redfern Gallery, London - Five one-man shows during this period
- 1951-1979 Appointed Head of Painting Department, St Martin's School of Art
- 1954 Tate Gallery, Contemporary Art Society Exhibition
- 1956 Tate Gallery, Contemporary Art Society Exhibition
- 1956 Published 'Abstract Art' (Methuen)
- 1958 Tate Gallery, Contemporary Art Society Exhibition
- 1958 Mayor Gallery, London - One-man Exhibition
- 1960 Mayor Gallery, London - One-man Exhibition
- 1963 Juster Gallery, New York, One-man Exhibition
- 1964 Elected Associate of the Royal Academy
- 1965 Published - 'Painting, some Basic Principles' (Vista/Reinhold)
- 1969 Published - Piero della Francesca: 'The Baptism' (Cassell)
- 1973 Elected Royal Academician
- 1976-87 Chairman, Exhibitions Committee, Royal Academy
- 1979 Gainsborough's House, Sudbury, Suffolk - Retrospective Exhibition
- 1979 Bury St Edmunds Art Gallery, Suffolk - Retrospective Exhibition
- 1983 Phoenix Gallery, Lavenham, Suffolk - One-man Exhibition
- 1983 Fosse Gallery, Stow-on-the-Wold: Ten Royal Academicians
- 1985 Phoenix Gallery Lavenham, Suffolk - 'Paintings at Home and Abroad' - One-man Exhibition.
- 1986 Musee de la Boulangerie, Bonnieux, Luberon
- 1987 Phoenix Gallery Kingston-upon-Thames - 'Eight British Artists' (opened by Roger de Grey PRA)
- 1988 Awarded C.B.E.
- 1988 Gallery 10, Grosvenor St., London, 'Paintings of Greece since the 1930's'
- 1989 Royal Academy - Retrospective Exhibition
- 1990 Fosse Gallery, Stow-on-the-Wold: One-man Exhibition

1992	The London Transport Museum, Covent Garden
1993	Gallery at John Jones, Finsbury Park London, 'Frederick Gore at Eighty'
1996	Fosse Gallery, Stow-on-the-Wold: One-man Exhibition
1999	Fosse Gallery, Stow-on-the-Wold: One-man: 'Paintings of the South of France'
2003	Fosse Gallery, Stow-on-the-Wold
2006	Jonathan Wylder Gallery, Belgravia, London - in Association with Highgate Fine Art One-man Exhibition - 'Frederick Gore 2006'
2007	Richmond Hill Gallery - One Man Exhibition
2009	Richmond Hill Gallery - One Man Exhibition
2010	Richmond Hill Gallery - One Man Exhibition
2011	Richmond Hill Gallery - One Man Exhibition

Work in Public Collections including:

Southampton Art Gallery
Plymouth Art Gallery
Beaverbrook Foundation, New Brunswick, Canada
Leicester County Council
Doncaster Art Gallery
Contemporary Art Society
Department of the Environment
Reading Art Gallery
The Rutherston Collection
London Transport Museum
The Royal Academy of Arts
Hotel de Ville, Bonnieux, Provence
The Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art
The Government Art Collection
Arts Council of Great Britain
Saatchi Collection of Modern Art

Publications:

Abstract Art 1956
Painting: some basic principals 1965
Piero della Francesca: The Baptism 1969
Unpublished translation of the poems of Baudelaire

Text Acknowledgments

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Page 2	From The Times Register – Obituaries – Sept. 2, 2009
Page 6	Conversation between Sir Norman Rosenthal and Frederick Gore, 29 May 1989
Page 16	Extracts from Frederick Gore: Painting: some basic principles
Page 29	David Black
Page 34	Marinos Costeletos
Page 38	Greece – Connie Gore
Page 42	Freddy Gore writes of his discussion one night with George Hadjimichalis.
Page 45	Delores Pala
Page 46	France – Mary Rose Beaumont
Page 50	Connie Gore
Page 54	Venice – Connie Gore
Page 58	London – Connie Gore

Photographic Acknowledgements

Page 1	Freddy in 1940
Page 2	Dressed and ready to go to the Annual RA Dinner standing in front of painting Freddy did during the Kosovo crisis now in Saatchi Collection (G. Gore)
Page 5	Freddy painting in the wild (Connie Gore)
Page 6	Freddy (Connie Gore)
Page 15	Freddy with Gillian Ayres OBE RA and family at De La Warr Pavilion, Bexhill-on-Sea at Gillian's Solo exhibition (Connie Gore)
Page 20	Selection Committee, Royal Academy of Arts – 1973-74 (Thompson Newspapers)
Page 25	Luncheon with fellow RAs at the Royal Academy of Arts – across from Freddy: Sir Norman Rosenthal – far left Sir Hugh Casson, to his left Sandra Blow, to his right Renate Ponsold, behind Freddy: Robert Motherwell looking down and Sidney Hutchinson smiling at camera. 1978
Page 42	Freddy (Connie Gore)
Page 45	On the terrace in Bonnieux
Page 46	On the terrace in Bonnieux
Page 52 & 53	Freddy's recipe, illustration and poem from the Royal Academy of Arts Cookery Book
Page 54	Drawing in the streets of Venice (Connie Gore)
Page 1, 25, 65	several attempts have been made to contact copyright owners for permissions. We are willing to insert any corrections on discovery of further information.

We would like to thank the family and friends of Connie Gore for all the contributions made to this book.

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FRONT COVER

**The Broad Walk,
Regent's Park, 1949 (I)**
Oil on canvas
22 x 26 inches (detail)

BACK COVER

**Carnival in Venice,
The First Day, 1995**
Oil on canvas
33 x 45 inches (detail)



