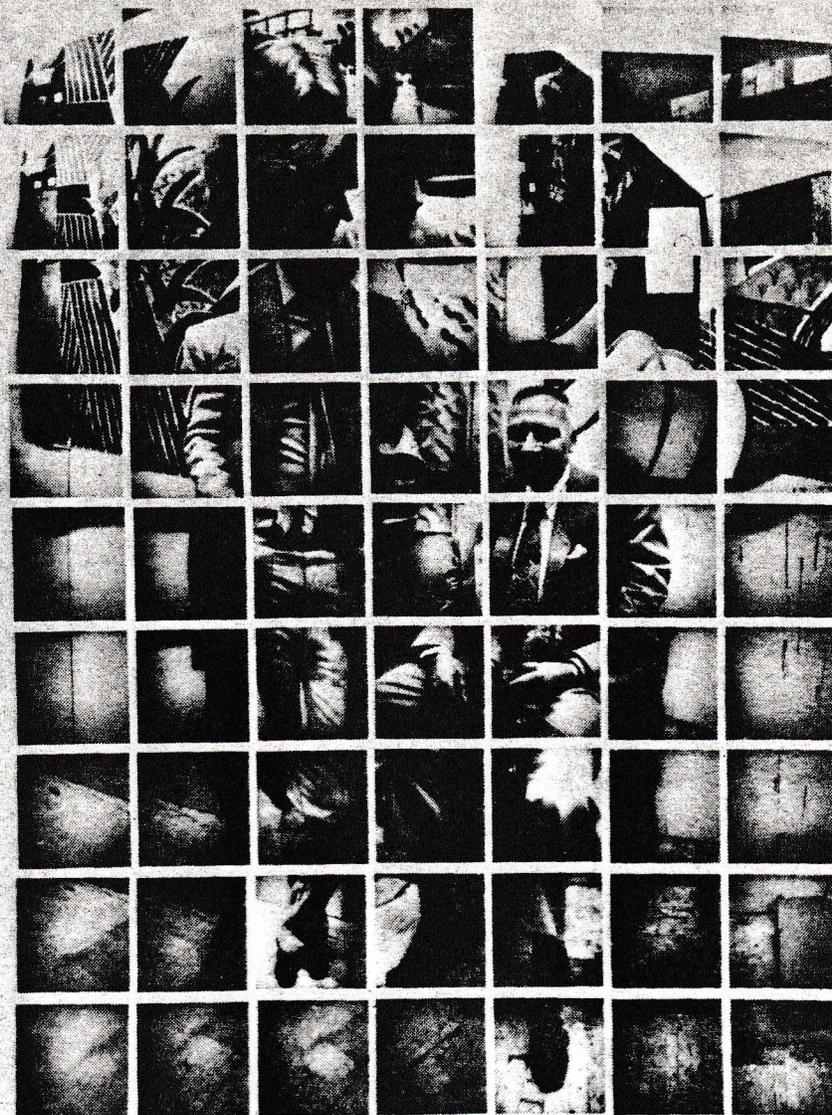


Pick On



David Hockney's surprising new exhibition, "Drawing with a Camera," reinvents Cubism in the unlikely medium of Polaroid photographs. Grid compositions are built of Polaroids, each capturing a fragment, an angle, a single part of the whole image. The entire piece comes off as being greater, somehow more "real" than the sum of its parts. The pictures embrace the miracle of Cubism, reflecting the act of seeing rather than just that which is seen. The first print in the show, *Yellow Guitar Still Life 3rd April*, features newspaper headlines, red and yellow fruits, and a guitar. It is a kaleidoscope still life of Polaroids in obvious homage to Picasso and Cubism. The rest of the pictures in the show are portraits, all of them taken at Hockney's house, many employing the subjects of his earlier paintings — Celia, Gregory, and swimming pool with nude boy. This is interesting as a contradiction to the canon of such photographers as Arnold Neumann and Richard Avedon, that the sitter's true personality is revealed in the single instant that the shutter snaps. Hockney's portraits are built up like paintings and though fragmented, somehow convey the remarkable depth, dimension and character of each person. Formally fresh, they are portraits of familiarity and empathy. *Don and Christopher, Los Angeles, 6th March*, shown above, is a portrait of artist Don Bachardi and writer Christopher Isherwood. Don's face is composed of no less than six Polaroids, but the viewer's eye unites them as a whole. The many fragments present him as a center of energy so the viewer's attention is naturally drawn there first. He is standing, smiling down at a seated Christopher, whose face is contained in a single Polaroid. The viewer's eye is directed to his wise, gentle expression and he stares right back, creating a three-dimensional delta of observations and involvement. Though the image is shattered, made of many angles, it is a picture of absolute completeness, intuitively beyond mere accuracy.

Now every once in a while, I confuse my schedule and don't get to a show until it's too late. This is just such a case. One of the most compelling, lovely exhibitions in recent months, it remains on view only through July 3. Don't leave town without it. At L.A. Louver, 55 N. Venice Blvd., Venice.

—Hunter Drohojowska