PHILIP HENSHER worries about the terrible effects caused by our noblest ideals. WILLIAM LEITH watches a student turn into a threatening bullying nightmare.

SARAH BURTON finds that dropping sealing wax on a girl's bare shoulders doesn't make her a perfect wife. MICHAEL KENNEDY reckons that Britten is redeemed by the genius of his music.

LLOYD EVANS endures sheer torture in the bowels of Somerset House. KATE CHISHOLM is discomfited but not shocked by the swearing in Tony Harrison's poem 'V'.
what the Father of the Readymade and the
Quentin Tarantino of Conceptualism really
looked like.

Among the other sitters for Man Ray's
lens at this point were the Japanese artist
Fujita, in whose painting "Le Violon d'Ingres": a nude in a turban with
of photographs or framing himself like a picture and
Duchamp posing naked as Adam
tiful model and muse of Man Ray. Indeed,
Man Ray took some of his finest photo-
graphs of her, inspired as he was by love as
much as by the desire to make a memorable
image through technical experimentation.
He had already shown himself an innov-
ator with multiple exposures and inventive
lighting, but with Lee as his assistant he dis-
covered solarisation (legendarily when she
turned on the light in his darkroom after a
mouse ran over her foot), a process of revers-
al where dark appears light and vice versa,
and which led to some intensely haunt-
portraits. There is a particularly celebra-
solarised profile of Miller, but for me some of the nudes of her and the less formal snapshot
are more affecting. A portrait shot of
her looking dewy-eyed published in the sur-
realist magazine *Miniature* in December 1933 is particularly beguiling.

There are many other photos worth
mentioning, but viewers will discover these
for themselves. The series of the Surrealists, either together or singly, repay study;
aughty boy Dalí, Tanguy the sensual loon,
the famous heap of artists in strangeholds,
Miro with a nose of flex, and the iconic nude of Meret Oppenheim with printing
press. In among those black and white imag-
es, Man Ray's first colour portrait in 1933,
of Genieca Athanasiou, comes as something
of a shock, a vulgarity. The works from Hol-
lywood (1940–50) show him struggling a bit,
though there are some fine shots of Juliet
Brower, whom he married in 1946. Insip-
ration diminishes, and the last section (Paris 1951–76) is even more disappointing: best to return to the earlier rooms to see again the
tream of his achievement.

If you have time, and feel in need of a
dose of painting after all this photography,
pop upstairs for an excellent mini-display
devoted to Patrick Heron's portraits of
T.S Eliot (until 22 September). There are 11
items here, from drawings to oil paintings,
and at least one of the oils (a cubist ver-
ion of the poet) has never previously been
exhibited. Along with the paintings, there's
a beautiful monotype I'd never seen before
(from the British Council Collection) and
half a dozen drawings including one in blue
crayon which intriguingly combines profile
and full-face.

I have been a judge on the Lynn Painter-
Snaithers Prize this year, an award for repre-
sentational painting now in its eighth year.
Founded to promote the skills of draughts-
manship and 'realism', it attracts a very wide
range of work, and the usual quota of hope-
fuls who never read the rules but are pre-
pared to pay the entry fees. To give hundreds
of paintings the concentration they deserve
is draining, but our panel of five was
about equal to the task, consisting of the
highly experienced jurors Ken Howard and
Andrew Wilton, together with last year's
prize-winner, the tempera artist Antony
Williams (about to have a solo show at Mus-
sum's), and that painter of mysterious city-
scapes Nina Murdoch.

Without betraying the secrets of the jury
room, I shall merely say that we had a very
strong short list from which to select an over-
all prize-winner (Ruth Stage, see page 39)
and five runners-up (Robert Dukes, Danny
Markay, Jennifer McRae, Cherry Pickles
and George Rowlett). The exhibition is at
the Mall Galleries, SW1, until 2 March; see
if you agree with our choice.

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