





I recall my first experience
of looking at Cezanne's *Montagne Sainte- Victoria*,
when I was a student at Chelsea College of Art:

It was 1961 and at the Tate Gallery, now Tate Britain,
following a tutorial with Michael Andrews:

"Line is a human invention - there are no lines in
nature, or anywhere;
go and look at Cezanne's watercolour at the Tate,
Montagne Sainte-Victoire,
and look at how little there is - the economy of
colour, line, space,
and where an empty space is in fact full".

and I have been back to look at *Montagne
Sainte-Victoire*,
each time a shock,
comparable to listening to Beethoven's *Opus 133*,
or being caught in extreme weather - wind, rain,
snow, things that disappear,
where remembering fails
the sentience of the experience.

Phyllida Barlow