

its contradictions: between the infinity of nature and the smaller, necessitous, human sphere; between the emptiness of highways and the social connections they signify; between the acceptance of modernity and the loss of insular identity. And there is, perhaps above all, the paradox of beauty in austerity — an attribute of Newfoundland's land- and seascape and of Pratt's art. His elimination of detail and flat application of oils manages to

achieve a luminous patina, a convincing glaze of light that makes us feel that we are seeing something truthful and real.

Pratt considers a painting finished when that light finally seems "right" and he feels a "thirty-second rush."³ Pratt's ability to bring the viewer to the same conviction speaks not only to his impeccable technique but also to a precise and honest understanding and the unflinching analysis of his gaze.

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REFERENCES

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2. Dytnerka B. Life is not a rehearsal [interview with Christopher Pratt]. In: Drouin-Brisebois J. *Christopher Pratt: All my own work*. Ottawa: National Gallery of Canada; 2005.
3. Drouin-Brisebois J. Christopher Pratt in the political landscape. In: Drouin-Brisebois J. *Christopher Pratt: All my own work*. Ottawa: National Gallery of Canada; 2005.

One thousand words



Sayali Tadwalkar

The belated grains of sustenance. This photograph, taken by first-year McMaster University medical student Sayali Tadwalkar during an 8-week clinical elective, was among the entries exhibited at McMaster's International Women's and Children's Health Symposium last fall. *CMAJ* has selected 3 for publication; the first appeared in our Dec. 6, 2005, issue (*CMAJ* 2005;173:1514). This photograph captures the repetitiveness, hardship and social bonds of manual farm labour, and leaves us pondering the health consequences of these women's working conditions. The photographer writes: "In the district of Gadchiroli, India, farming is the main profession of the people, and rice is the primary agricultural product. Regardless of pouring rain or scorching sun, the women of the nearby villages spend entire days manually planting rice seedlings in the hope that the crop will be productive. The women in this picture are wearing protection on their heads from the rain overhead, while their feet are submerged for hours under water as they work to finish planting all the bundles that are seen in the background into orderly rows. Depending on the whims of Mother Nature, their labour will not bear fruit until several months later."