The foundations have been poured for the extension to the back of the CSA Gallery. The additions will provide much needed storage area and space for the children's art classes on the ground floor, a service space for the Mair Gallery on the first floor, with a small print gallery in the south-west corner. The additions will cost more than $20,000.
New members

We welcome to the CSA:

- Mrs Ruth Priestly
- Miss Sarah McBeath
- Mr & Mrs K.O. Plunkett
- Colonel & Mrs C.N. Chamberlain
- Mr S.P. Cullen
- Mrs R.F. Elworthy
- Mr Ronald Gibson
- Mrs R.F. McPherson
- Miss C. O’Riley
- Mrs Feme L. Every
- Miss Phillipa Clements
- Miss Ann Culy
- Mr Barry Ryker
- Mrs Elsie M. Lynch
- Mrs M.J. Turnbull
- Miss Catherine Handley
- Mr David G. Morrison
- Mr John N. Laver
- Mrs G.C. Gibson
- Mr A.F. Finnerty
- Miss Joss Brown
- Mr & Mrs A.D. English
- Mr James W. Melville
- Mr Peter Brooke

Mr J.H. Walter
Mrs Eileen Nolan
Dr D. Liddell
Miss Jackie Chapman
Mrs Anna Wilson
Mr Kevin Burgess

Fair notes

We are very grateful for the sterling work by Derek Hargreaves and his committee for the organising and running of the fair from which the Building Fund has benefited, after deduction of expenses, by over $700.

We appreciate the many gifts for sale from our members and also from:
- Kaiapoi Textiles Ltd
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For the theatrical costumes parade, we are indebted to Mrs Helen Holmes for compering costumes from:
- The Court Theatre
- The Operatic Society
- The Repertory Theatre Society
- and to Mr Tom Taylor’s team for designing and building the staging for the display of theatrical costumes.

We thank Messrs Ballantyne & Co for the use of their racks and the Town & Country Art Club for their support.

Happenings in the Gallery

Our junior artist who made the front page in our last News issue I feel deserves to be named. After much research I find that our budding artist is 10 year old Esther McGrath who has been in the art class for the past year and unaware of her recent publicity. It is interesting to note that the majority of art class pupils are non-members of the CSA. And while on the subject of art classes, this vital operation so much in demand probably won’t resume until the third term as our building programme has just begun.

I must say the building activity has been quite painless so far; we have had very little noise to fray the nerves but daresay that will come later. A coming event to complement this anticipated new part of the Gallery is the planned Commonwealth Games Exhibition. Leading artists from all over NZ have been invited to exhibit painting, pottery, sculpture, printing, and jewellery. Even at this early stage there is much planning to be done for this worthwhile exhibition.

Printing of the News was rather rushed over the holiday period and the last two issues seemed to suffer a few defects, one being the reproduction of Doris Lusk’s collage “Mickanui & Amuri Bluff” without a caption. This work was recently purchased by the CSA and displayed in the foyer during the Arts Festival.

No need to mention the success of the Arts Festival. Our exhibitions seemed to cater for all tastes with Contemporary Australian Painting, Canterbury Pottery, and...
Pessimism and optimism

A number of members of the Society found the articles in the last two issues by John Coley and Tony Fomison interesting and said so. A few thought that Tony was making an attack on artists who taught. This came to the knowledge of Tony as well as the editor of this newsletter.

In an effort to correct any wrong impression, Tony said that he had intended his comments lightly, though he has a strong personal belief in full-time painting. His article was never intended as an attack on John or others who taught and painted, for he did not want to divide teachers from others. He would not presume to tell others how to run their lives. (Editor).

Photography Exhibition

IAN LAUGHLIN

The relationship of nature to the figure by way of form and space is an important part of my work. I have related forms by association in differing planes. This has taken me to the bush, beach and in and around my home. Recently I have been developing my photographs further into paint.

OPENING 8th JUNE, 1973 7 P.M.

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Friday: 10am-7pm
Saturday & Sunday: 2pm-4.30pm

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The exhibitions

Some aspects of our University—May 1-14

On 2 May, 1873, William Rolleston announced: “An Ordinance will be submitted to you providing for the establishment of a College, and for bringing under one body the administration of the Trusts and the management of the several departments of Superior Education, for which you have made provision.”

So was established the Canterbury College, later to become the University of Canterbury, which this year celebrates its Centennial. The occasion will be marked by an extensive programme of events in Christchurch.

Included with these a special exhibition, composed of equipment, models, photographs, books, visual aids and historical mementos from a number of University departments will be presented at the CSA between 1 and 14 May.

Neville Sinclair—Painting May 7-31

Born in Kaiapoi, Canterbury, 1951. No formal art training and embarked, with misgivings, upon a “fitter and turner” apprenticeship. It was at this time that I started painting seriously. Upon completing my apprenticeship I left my trade, bought a house in the country, near Cheviot, and have lived there for the last nine months, working solely on my painting.

Earlier paintings were primarily concerned with the problem of perspective and the concept of infinite recession, the convergence of parallel lines and the creation of ambiguous space. I am now endeavouring to utilise these results to convey ideas somewhat more profound.

Lily Lewis—Painting June 3-15

LILY LEWIS writes:

“I was born at Hokitika and brought up on my father’s large farm in South Westland, parts of which stretched from Jacobs River to as far south as Lake Paringa and the Blue River. My father taught school for about eight years before taking over my Grandfather’s farm. My parents were Scottish/Irish (father and English (mother). I was their only child. We had lots of animals, mostly Hereford cattle, and horses and I roamed the riverbeds and bush-clad hills freely. I had an uncle who wrote poetry and painted watercolours, but feel I was more influenced by the sheer poetry of the yarns spun by the drovers as they came through from Haast and Okuru than I was by him. At our small country school which looked much like one of Bill Sutton’s churches, I was fortunate in having a teacher who was tremendously interested in art, particularly modern art, which was unusual for those times. I went to High School in Greymouth at thirteen and at seventeen came to Christchurch and enrolled at the School of Fine Arts and spent approximately two years there part-time being taught by Cecil Kelly and Colin Lovell-Smith and later John Oakley, but can honestly say I have gone my own way most of the time. I admire the work of some of the Australians, particularly Drysdale and like the ambivalent features of his work where planes converge instead of overlapping. Chagall, Braque and Rousseau all interest me as I have a wayward tendency and enjoy experimenting and am not very interested in painting a factual account of things, but rather prefer to use my imagination and intuition.”

Kevin K. Burgess—Sculpture June 7-21

Born 1951. Educated Nelson College, Canterbury School of Fine Arts, gained Diploma 1972, now following an honours course there in sculpture.

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A name and a role

At the last Annual General Meeting of the Society, Notice of Motion was given to change the name of the Canterbury Society of Arts to the CSA Gallery. The reasons for this provocative proposal were twofold, neither of them having to do with acronymic trends. In the first place, most people refer to the Society in this way; secondly, the change in name would reflect the changing role of the Society's Gallery in the community.

It is useful to look at the first of the "Objects of the Society" in the Constitution.

"To promote the study, practice and cultivation of the fine arts in New Zealand and to encourage the production of works of art by periodical exhibitions at Christchurch."

It is also quite useful to refresh one's memory on the meaning of the term "fine arts" which Chamber's Dictionary defines "painting, sculpture, music, those arts chiefly concerned with the beautiful, as opposed to the useful or industrial arts."

What do we find taking place in the Gallery these days? Instead of just periodical exhibitions we have a near continuous succession of one-man shows, music workshops, national exhibitions, poetry readings, fairs, pottery and weaving shows (watch that definition of fine arts but unthinkable that these delightful exhibitions were intended to be excluded), as well as the Society's own "Autumn" and "Open" exhibitions. The Society has its own selling gallery of growing importance and an active and successful picture hire scheme. During the Games in 1974, the Society will be staging a really important exhibition of New Zealand art covering painting, sculpture, printmaking, pottery, weaving and jewellery.

Indeed it is "promoting the study, practice and cultivation of the fine arts in New Zealand" but on a scale certainly not envisaged by the writers of our present Constitution and far beyond the image conveyed by the phrase "Society of Arts" elsewhere in New Zealand. We are a vital, stimulating Society of national significance, and our name must reflect that fact.

It is possible that we should amend our Constitution as well, but readers of Constitutions are few, and our letterhead is seen by many.

It would be pleasant if we could describe ourselves simply, as I have done in this article, as "The Society."

Unfortunately, there would be objections to this, and, in any case, we are proud of the way the Society has grown from its origins: our initials happily coincide with the basic figures of circle, square and triangle, while the Gallery embraces all our activities now, and for the foreseeable future.

There is an axiom which says: "If it is not necessary to change it is necessary not to change."

This is the crux of the question. Have we reached the point yet when our growth and diversification of activities make it necessary for us to recognise formally that we are no longer the Society that we were on foundation, or is that fact of insufficient significance to warrant a change?

At any rate, we should have a livelier and better attended A.G.M. in 1973 than we had in 1972.

J.G.R.
Pottery notes

All too quickly the visit of Urigami has passed. The Bizen tradition is a totally different facet of Japanese pottery, and Urigami’s friendliness and willingness to share his great knowledge was a joy to all who had the pleasure of attending his demonstrations.

Potters seem to have a universal language and understanding and we were delighted to see potters from as far afield as Invercargill and Paraparaumu present. Urigami’s magnificent gifts to the city of a large flower container and the tremendously vital water buffalo ceramic sculpture will always remind us of a stimulating and enjoyable visitor. No longer are the terms “Hidasuki,” “goma,” “Yoohen,” mysterious to us — the Urigami exhibition at the Canterbury Museum has brought them to life.

Canterbury Potters’ Exhibition Mar. 3-17. This Arts Festival exhibition attracted much attention. Whether this was because the Gallery entry covered three exhibitions or whether it was the much higher standard than our last purely local exhibition, it was very well attended. Our sincere thanks go to all who helped in any way in mounting this fine exhibition.

Our president, Mari Tothill, is en route to Brisbane and Taiwan, and we await her return, we hope with a feast of slides of Chinese ceramic antiquities.

Music workshop

The “Music Workshop” performance, given during the Christchurch Arts Festival at the CSA Gallery, was the culmination of the efforts of a few musicians to bridge a gap that can sometimes exist between individuals and groups working in different areas of music.

The workshop concept grew from a chance meeting of David and Dorothy Scott with John Densen and Kevin Nicholl. The Scotts are active in orchestral activities in the city, Kevin is a leading jazz guitarist and bass player, and John, pianist with a pop group — Marcus.

The initial aim of “Workshop” was to provide a forum for musicians and composers to perform together, to listen to the music of others, and to talk. Though there was no thought given to the interests of an audience, workshop performers think the concerts given reflect an international trend in music — to provide in one programme, truly contemporary music — the presentation of rock, jazz, folk, and the so-called classical forms.

The first workshop was held last May at a university venue, the second at the home of Pete Davey, scene of many stirring musical encounters. The third concert, which saw some growth in support from musicians and an audience, was back at the university.

Late November saw a workshop meet in the Limes Room at the Town Hall. This was different from the others. The Christchurch Chamber Music Society had approached the organisers with an offer of assistance, hoping to encourage this group of young musicians who don’t want to pigeon-hole their music. The assistance was accepted, but the musicians remain unpaid, and somewhat surprised at the commercial success of the CSA concert.

Probably the major difficulty facing the workshop group is one of organisation. At present concerts are still almost true “happenings,” arranged at whim by one or other of the performers, most of whom hold regular jobs as well as performing professionally. Many concerts too, face the difficulty of last minute changes as individuals or groups pull out after promising an appearance.

But for all this, workshop has the appearance of a group that will continue to prosper, giving benefit to the performing musicians, and much pleasure to its audience.
Reviews

The opinions expressed in the reviews are those of the reviewers, and in no way represent those of the CSA.

Books

Kakahi. By Peter McIntyre, A. H. & A. W. Reed. 68pp, $12.50.

There has been a flood of pictorials, by photographers and painters, about New Zealand in recent years. To this flow McIntyre already had contributed a book, Peter McIntyre's New Zealand; he has also published two others: Peter McIntyre's Pacific and Peter McIntyre's West. Peter McIntyre's early career was taken up with work as an illustrator and stage-decorator; much of his subsequent work reveals his inclination for this type of work. Kakahi is the description, through illustrations with a connecting text, of life in a small North Island community, and its physical environment.

The black-and-white sketches are surely drawn, with great vitality and vividness, and these confirm the craftsmanship demonstrated by McIntyre in his previous work. The quality of the paintings is uneven, but the best of them still suffer from the tendency which makes the sketches so strong: they are mere illustrations. At their worst they emphasise the dangers of it, and these paintings are superficial and reveal a lazy technique. Peter McIntyre obviously loves New Zealand and its people, especially the Maori people, and the book is a testimony to his sympathy for the New Zealand countryside and the folk and animals that populate it. He also clearly believes that this is the way the world should be arranged, and that we all should live in villages. Kakahi, with its tranquil life close to nature, and its human contacts, provides a sharp contrast to the vastness, impersonality and violence of the city. Browsing through the book is an experience similar to that well-known New Zealand institution, the slide evening — with the over-exposure not just confined to the pictures, and the running commentary adding but little to one's insight.

On this level the book gives a good picture of the atmosphere of a King Country village, but no better than if one went to look for one's self. However, it is sufficiently compressed to hold one's interest, and makes a good present for those who can only indulge in armchair travel.

Adrian Brokking

Architecture


A.H. and A.W. Reed. New Zealand Art series. 107 pages. Index. $4.95.

When the planners of Church, State, and Commerce in early New Zealand needed a building they apparently thought of culture and reached for their architect, who more often than not harked back and revived say, a Gothic style. Some were better buildings than others; the rare one a delight. Some of this work has been put on record by John Stacpoole and Peter Beaven. Both are architects, the former of Auckland and the latter of Christchurch.

They cover 150 years in three divisions: from 1820 to 1880, from 1880 to 1920 (eclecticism), and from 1920 to 1970 (transitional). Each period is dealt with in four pages of text and a collection of photographs with captions (about 80 in all).

There has been little enough published about New Zealand architecture, and a book that seems to promise a cover from the beginnings of European settlement almost to the present day would be eminently worthwhile. The promise is not fulfilled. It has its virtues certainly. If what you want to know is who designed the Dunedin Railway Station, Christ's College, the Government Buildings in Wellington, or the Supreme Court Courthouse in Auckland, when the buildings were built, and what some of the architectural influences are, then this book will give you that much and an assortment of other information (a few incidental bits of which may be questioned on the ground of accuracy). It would be useful to help explore a new city, or your own; and it occasionally causes a new thought about ways of looking at buildings. But in the end it amounts to nothing more than a desultory collection — the sort of thing one might get at a staid, conservative, dull, slide evening.

A pity, especially when it is partly the work of Peter Beaven, who to this reviewer's senses provides some of the most interesting and exciting architecture in New Zealand. It is worth asking why.

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It seems to me that too much was attempted in too little space. An alternative would have been to produce something like that other Reed book, *Two Hundred Years of New Zealand Painting*, which, with the occasional quaint idiosyncrasy, is an excellent piece of work. It is, of course, big and expensive, and the publisher has to consider whether the market is able to take a work of such a size. But the alternative should not have been to turn out a hasty, limited work that sounds as if it is intended to be authoritative. Two suggestions come to mind: a book in which the interest lies in the personal reaction of the compiler, if done by an architect then something that delights the architect’s eye; or something which tries to unselfconsciously explore the contrasts of nostalgia and rhythm. From the intellect exploring all the possibilities of the music — and is left with a sense of wonder that there can be such rediscovery in the midst of familiarity. It is something of the sort of excitement one can get from a concert performance if a little-known work comes across on a record; to have a pianist who has done more than any other pianist to make the music of her native country known. In parts the piano almost assumes the characteristics of a guitar, a throbbing rhythm sounding as if it comes from plucked not struck strings. It is a glittering performance in which the pianist and the orchestra are in full rapport. There are sinuous sounds and passages of a vibrant terseness. Both the piano and the orchestra have a bright quality to their sound.

The same brightness is found in the more classical Chopin. Here too, though in a different way, the rapport of pianist and orchestra is pronounced. Usually the orchestra has a clean clear sound, though in the larghetto the 28-bar tremolo made me fear a humming fault in the equipment. But this is minor. Otherwise no fault. B.C.D.


**Schubert.** Moments Musicaux, Op. 94.

**Clifford Curzon** (piano). Decca SXL 6523 $5.75.

Clifford Curzon made his name as a player of Schubert but will seldom agree to make a record. So there are two immediate reasons for welcoming him here. There are many more. One understands quickly his reputation with Schubert — the lyricism with which he imbues every piece, the freshness and the spontaneity, the fact that it is intellectually satisfying playing, that one is aware of an intellect exploring all the possibilities of the music — and is left with a sense of wonder that there can be such rediscovery in the midst of familiarity. It is something of the sort of excitement one can get from a concert performance if a little-known work comes across on a record: to have a popular and well-known work given such clarity is a delight. Perhaps it is all most clearly appreciated in the Allegretto, the sixth Moment Musical.

The *Eroica Variations*, written in 1802, a year before the *Eroica Symphony*, was considered to be revolutionary. Beethoven wrote of it: “I can myself assure you that I have done nothing in the same manner before.” It is a measure of this record that Curzon plays this again familiar piece as if the ink were scarcely dry.

These seem to be qualities that will wear well. It would be an excellent record to have in the house for children or adults learning the piano. No quarrel with the recording. B.C.D.

**Mahler.** Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen, Kindertotenlieder.

**Hermann Prey** (baritone)

**Concertgebouw Orchestra** conducted by Bernard Haitink.

Philips 6500 100 $5.75.

This is the first stereo record of these two cycles sung by a baritone and it is an extremely beautiful one. Hermann Prey gives a more restrained rendering than we have been accustomed to from the mezzos. This is particularly so with the *Kindertotenlieder*. The beautiful voice is held steady, mostly as if in quiet conversation, and where the mezzos and Fischer-Dieskau sweep into almost uncontrolled grief Prey holds back giving the songs a different and no less moving intensity. But if one misses the catharsis or whatever of those gloriously sensual plunges from the voice the *Concertgebouw Orchestra* makes up for it, the strings and woodwinds in particular making the sounds of sheer loveliness that we associate with Mahler. It is conducted by the Dutch conductor, Bernard Haitink.
From the outset the Modern Jazz Quartet members deliberately modelled themselves on classical chamber music groups. They insisted on stage discipline, punctuality, formality of presentation.

This Prestige re-release of the first two LPs recorded by the MJQ (as the MJQ) features both their original drummer, Kenny Clarke, and Connie Kay, who replaced him in 1955. Cerebral but lyrical, complex but with free, loose improvisations, it is typical of the unique and individual music which has established the MJQ now, and then, as one of the most consistently creative jazz bands extant.

The first two sides of this set are almost uniformly good — the music varies from the formal, composed classical orientation of “Vendome” to the bebop swing of “La Ronde,” which features the MJQ’s first drummer, Kenny Clarke, in some really exciting drumming, from the sinuous interplay of instruments on “Concorde,” with its subtle, quiet joyfulness to the featuring of one of the players in an extended solo, as in the Dizzy Gillespie composition, “One Bass Hit,” which has Percy Heath doing all sorts of jolly things on his bass; from the quiet, reflective, tranquil grace of “Milano” in which Milt Jackson provides some truly beautiful vibes playing to the structured, but exuberant improvisation contained within the band’s version of Jerome Kern’s “All the Things You Are.”

But the stand-out track on these albums is that Jackson digs into his speciality, the blues, and it’s a fine finish to a great performance. John Lewis and Milt Jackson stand out as performers but, less obvious, yet just as necessary, Percy Heath and the two drummers contribute their abilities to the striking ensemble playing of the MJQ.

This is the only time on these albums that Jackson digs into his speciality, the blues, and it’s a fine finish to a great performance. John Lewis and Milt Jackson stand out as performers but, less obvious, yet just as necessary, Percy Heath and the two drummers contribute their abilities to the striking ensemble playing of the MJQ.

A.H.J.

**Jazz**

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The Modern Jazz Quartet grew out of the Dizzy Gillespie band of the late ‘40s, its four original members (John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Kenny Clarke and Ray Brown) comprising that band’s rhythm section. Since their first recording session in December, 1952, the band has produced more than 30 albums.

Its trademark is the gifted combining of composed and improvised music, these two facets of playing being personified by the composer-pianist-musical director, John Lewis, who provides the sophisticated, intricate musical framework within which the band operates, and Milt Jackson, one of the great jazz vibrapharists, whose blues-based solo improvisations provide much of the quartet’s thrust.

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Two examples of this are available on Charisma Records: "Foxtrot" by Genesis, Charisma 6369 922, and "Dingly Dell," by Lindisfarne, 6369 921. Both have texts.

"Foxtrot" is a highly imaginative work, different from the usual run of rock music in just about every way. It is all one work rather than a collection of songs: it is a musical setting of some very free verses, and this entails a wide musical variety; and the verse itself is provoking, occasionally slipping into being a little pretentious but not frequently enough to grate too much.

The theme of the record is a look (from after Armageddon) at the ways man tried to destroy himself and his world before he finally succeeded. The first side of the record is divided into three songs, and a short oratorio railing against the social evils caused by property developers and the authoritarian, anti-human methods the world looks like adopting to counter the threat of overpopulation.

I liked particularly the song "Can-utility and the Coastliners," in which the legendary figure of Canute at the seashore takes on a Christ-like character and is crucified, not with nails, but with people's laughter at his wet feet. The song ends: "See a little man with his face turning red. Though his story's often told, you can tell he's dead."

The second side of the record is one piece and it's in this side that the record's lapses occur. The verse itself falls down in places, and the music so closely tied to the verse isn't developed as much as it should be in a work of this length.

If you are looking for an intellectual rock record, something to set you thinking and scare you a bit, don't miss this one.

The only thing "Dingly Dell" set me thinking about was why they bothered making it. The title track nicely conjures up a fairy (in the old sense) atmosphere and some of the other songs have some moderately sharp criticism of some of our social ills — but nothing you wouldn't hear at any factory tea-break. Ah, you might say, but our factory workers don't put their social criticism in musical form. I reply: neither do Lindisfarne. Musically this record is a load of junk — with the exception of the title track, and $5-odd for a bit of fairy atmosphere is not worth it.

DENIS McCAULEY

Discoveries

Groups of people fascinate me. People stand differently when with others and for one instant a strange force may be there or a gentle rhythm has arrived. This the camera may contain in its instantaneous movement, yet the difficulties of pencil medium does not halt the persistent attempt to cope.

There are groups which I can remember. There were the botany students in gorgeous colours seen against Constable's own Flatford Mill. Again, some elegant people in a richly-carpeted gallery in Italy and with them,
unexpectedly indeed, an equally elegant dog. Then some wonderful shapes made by visitors at the Goya exhibition in London. All were looking in different directions but seated in the centre of the gallery on benches, very like our own at the CSA. No wonder I supported Miles Warren in his wish to provide us with our so versatile benches that have no backs.

The gentle rhythm of spinning has its own appeal. It also brings people together. There are also many approaches to the subject matter. The rhythm itself can become the subject matter. Then the individuality of the wheels and their users provide an incentive. For there are short people, with little wheels on stubby legs and other people with entirely different movements come with their cathedral-like edifices.

One problem is the space taken on the ground by chair, person, wheel, and wool container which once again separates the people into their own world.

The environment itself can be an incentive. I can remember my friend spinning in the mountains and hills. Tussocks and spinners became a thought.

So here are some drawings, some done in minutes, but just because I was entertained and quite without reproduction in mind and so how they come out is bound to surprise.

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