

The Journal of the Canterbury Society of Arts

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No. forty seven January-February 1973

President: Secretary-manager: Exhibitions Officer: Receptionist: Editor of News Miles Warren Russell Laidlaw Tony Geddes Joanna Mowat Stuart McMillan



Christina's World (1948) by Andrew Wyeth, a collection of whose prints will be exhibited in the CSA Gallery from January 4-31.

Gallery calendar (subject to adjustment)

Jan. 7–31	Andrew Wyeth
Jan. 6–15	William Collison
Jan. 21-Feb. 26	P. Tompa
Jan. 30-Feb. 4	Hunter & Fielding
Feb. 10-26	CSA Annual Autumn
Feb. 7-20	Eva Ellis
Feb. 22-28	Potter Festival
March	Arts Festival
	Marc Way
March 24	CSA Fair
March 10	House Visits
	Brian Holmwood
April	Mary Darwin
	Bashir Baraki
	Art Students

New members

The Society welcomes the following new members: Mrs Jean Chambers Mr Ray Blake **Mrs Doris Barnes** Mr A. D. Bishop Mrs E. J. Charles Mr Jim Hopkins Mr M. L. Smetham Mrs Margaret Blacker Mr John Shanks

May June July August September

> Dr & Mrs R. A. Donald Mrs Wynn Rushbrook Mr G. E. Roth Mrs Jennifer Purdev Mr Marc Way Mrs E. F. Lester Mrs B. O'Donnell Mr & Mrs D. S. Barker Mr & Mrs M. A. Morison

M. Canaday

P. Kundvcki

A. R. Pearson

Kindergarten **Open Exhibition**

Ian Hutson

Louise Lewis

Don Peebles

David Cheer

Graphic & Craft

Jim & Sheila Tomlin

Barry Sharplin & Alan Clark

Thelma Muschamp

Neville Sinclair

University Centennial

	Annu
October	John
	Pat H
	Bill S
	Roy 8
	Colet
November	Bill C
	G. &
December	D. Fr
Exhibitions an	e mounte
Elizabeth II Ar	

lanly Sutton & Juliet Cowan tte Rands Cumming J. van der Lingen aser

al Spring

Oakley

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OTHER CENTRES

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Happenings at the Gallery

First things first and I must mention that we had quite a remarkable response to our building fund so it is very warming to know that the CSA members have the Gallery's interest at heart. Building will commence early in the year and we have visualised the extra space for so long we have it filled up already. Also the Gallery staff will have to learn to be tidy as without the "backyard" there will be nowhere to throw the rubbish — not that we are an untidy lot really, but with children's art classes being conducted at the rear of the building this activity requires a lot of extra gear, one item being a table 13ft long, so Hamish and Valerie Cameron, who have coped so admirably with their 40 budding young artists will be the first to appreciate a bit more breathing space.

The Gallery has been housing a "kaleidoscope," I will call it that as Carl Sydow doesn't seem to have a name for it. He and Barry Cleavin designed this fascinating collection of coloured reflections and this was made by their students at the Technical School. It has been a constant source of interest and seems to have become part of the furniture in fact. I don't think it has a home, so we may find we still have it for the holidays.

Speaking of lights, the Group Show has recently finished and on the Mezzanine floor Leon Narby was exhibiting a construction which features a Laser Beam. The laser is nearly invisible but became quite visible on opening night when it penetrated through a heavy atmosphere of cigarette smoke and so on, which indicated the success of the Group Show's opening night.

Recent exhibitions by Jeffrey Harris, Ralph Hotere and Colin McCahon provided much food for thought and the enormous success of Doris Lusks's painting was not unexpected.

Recent purchases by the CSA Doris Lusk's Oaro (collage and mixed media). Jeffrey Harris's Jillian with Calf and Ian Hutson's Nestling Figures. These will be added to the Hire Scheme which incidentally provides a hectic few days in the year when the paintings are changed over and this means collecting in all the paintings, sorting them out and distributing them again. This is done by Tony Geddes, Bill Cumming, and myself, and as well as a few frayed nerves we have a few laughs. If you can imagine a van filled with about 30 paintings, lunch being consumed between stops, Bill and Tony transporting paintings to the 8th and 9th floors of the BNZ building and struggling to stay in the same lift as the paintings and I am usually double-parked and trying to pacify traffic officers. If anyone would like to assist with this operation we would be very glad of the help.

New working members to the Society are Pat Mulcahy and Mrs R. A. Donald.

Exhibitions expected from the Engineering Library are Joan Fanning's portraits, two recently-commissioned portraits being Sir Ernest Marsden and Professor I. Cunningham. Then we will have paintings by Janet Paul from Wellington. Janet Paul is the mother of Joanna Harris and mother-inlaw of Jeffrey Harris, so exhibitions at the CSA seem to be becoming a family affair.

Last, but not least, our congratulations to my predecessor, Jill Goddard, who has successfully completed her first year at Art School.

Joanna Mowat

From the inside out

The Secretary-Manager writes: We, in the office, wish all members a pleasant and successful New Year. We are fully appreciative of the support we get and thank all those who, during times of stress, have so willingly helped us in the Gallery. We feel strongly that the Society is on the up and up and, believe me, it is most rewarding to work for an organisation where there is such a feeling of co-operation and forward movement.

Our sincere thanks are due to Hamish and Valerie Cameron who have unfortunately left us. Their enthusiasm for their duties in tutoring the Junior Art Classes has been unbounded.



The exhibitions

Phyllis D. Tompa Jan. 20-Feb. 6 Watercolours and gouache

Phyllis D. Tompa, born in India, educated in Swansea, South Wales. Trained as a teacher, specialising in Art and continued her art training at Swansea School of Art. Her medium has for many years been pure watercolour, but she now works with gouache to an increasing degree. In the present exhibition of Scotland and the Scottish Isles all the paintings are done with gouache and a felt-tipped pen. She has exhibited with groups in Swansea, Cookham, London and Brussels. Married with two married children (her daughter, Elizabeth Fleming, emigrated to Christchurch in 1971 with her husband), she now lives in Brussels, Belgium, with her husband. "Watercolour and gouache of proved technique and unaffected honesty"

Eva Ellis Feb. 12-28 Painting

Born U.S. and has now settled in Christchurch with her husband, Professor Everett Ellis.

Has exhibited in galleries throughout the United States and is represented in many private collections.

"Art to me is the challenge of seeking to express the truth in nature through the medium of painting. I attempt to transcend the obvious to the essence of life. Each idea is individual, therefore, a set style cannot express ideas adequately. Continual experimentation is necessary to portray my reception and reactions to experience and perception of subjects. There is much beauty in life in addition to much sorrow and ugliness; beauty, too, must be emphasised. Therefore, most of my work is concerned with joie de vivre."



Elaine, an ink and wash drawing from the recent exhibition of paintings & drawings by Doris Lusk, in the Long Gallery. The artist has been invited to show a retrospective exhibition in the North Island about the middle of 1973, and would be interested to contact owners of her work, particularly circa 1948-1960. Phone, or write, Mrs D. Holland, 528 Gloucester Street.





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Pottery News

Barry Brickel and Michael Trumic have returned from their Australian trip made possible by the invitation of the Sydney Ceramic Group. The School went on a high and enthusiastic note and the interest in the type of teaching was beyond their expectations.

After the School they stayed another week in Sydney systematically visiting most of the leading potters, ceramic institutions and galleries. The comradeship and friendliness of the professional potters was tremendous and a free exchange of ideas in that atmosphere was most fruitful. Shiga Shigeo, Peter Rushforth, Col Levy and many others gave their time so generously that it is difficult to know how to thank them.

Michael's trip to Canberra was full of happenings, the most important of which was meeting a young Japanese woman potter, Hiroe Swen, who whom Michael hopes to invite to Canterbury. She is different and in Michael's opinion would be a most exciting visitor and stimulating teacher for a school.

The whole trip finished with the commonly agreed opinion that there should be a bigger and better exchange of pots and potters across the Tasman.

Denvs Hadfield writes from Australia that he too is enjoying visiting galleries and potters. In Gladstone for a while he worked and helped a new and isolated potter, there being no other potter within a radius of 400 miles. While in Sydney he visited the Aladdin galleries, The Potters and the Bonythan. He also spent a very enjoyable day visiting Les Blakebrough's studio, which he says is a potter's dream.

Stephen Foster has returned home after about a two-year's absence. He spent some time in Canterbury, England, working with potters and gaining experience. We have not seen anything of him since his return as he says he has had trouble with his kiln.

Doris Dutch, from Auckland, had an exhibition at Several Arts which was much enjoyed and appreciated particularly by the number of pots that were sold.

It is with pleasure that we congratulate Edna Hanifin, Freda Newfield, Larrence Ewing, and Rex Valintine in qualifying for membership of the New Zealand Potters' Society. There were 17 Canterbury potters who had pots accepted for the NZ Exhibition in Wellington in October. Canterbury potters should remember and think ahead and put aside good pots for the Exhibition during the Festival in Christchurch in March, 1973.

Mari Tothill

Letter

Sir - We like Doris Lusk's paintings. We were eager to go to her recent preview. Our planning was masterly: seven minutes from home in which to dispose of the children. twelve minutes by car allowing for red lights. We timed it beautifully, and were at the C.S.A. just before opening time. Ah, the innocents had come late - the show was progressing merrily. Friends and acquaintances nodded "hullo" with the distracted look of a Marty Feldman torn between this or that remaining painting without a sticker. We were delighted to see Doris sell so well, and we did enjoy the show, the chat, and the wine. We didn't like so much the sour grapes.

We've mulled over various solutions. The only one we've found is really none at all. Yet if a preview opened at the stated time at least we could join the frenzied free-for-all from the front foot. Perhaps someone would think about it? Meanwhile, you other innocents, to your starting-blocks! Maureen & Barry Williams

5 December 1972

CSA gallery hours

Monday-Thursday: Friday Saturday & Sunday

10am-4.30pm 10am-7pm 2pm-4.30pm

NOTICES FOR PUBLICATION MUST BE RECEIVED IN FIRST WEEK OF MONTH PRIOR TO ISSUE. NOTE- News is published bi-monthly.





An exhibition of Andrew Wyeth prints supplied by the United States Information Service will be on show in the North Gallery from January 4-31. We regret that no original work is included but the 23 reproductions at least give some idea of the Brandywine school and include Andrew Wyeth's precursors, Howard Pyle, N. C. Wyeth, and his son James.

The Brandywine School, which is in the Brandywine Valley 25 miles from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is unusual in 20th century American art in being rural, the painting skills of one generation being handed down to the next. Both Andrew and his son, James, were educated at home, which is not unknown in that part of Pennsylvania where traditional rural communities like the Amish live a nearly 16th century life. The Amish are a religious sect who live in rural communes and do not use modern technology. Wyeth's painting occupies a unique place in American art. It relates at the same time to the American nostalgia of Norman Rockwell whose Saturday Evening Post covers typified an age, and the other extreme to the super realists of the 1970s. While he meticulously employs the ancient technique of egg tempera the spareness of his images and their dynamic and often extremely asymmetrical composition began in American photography of the 1920s and '30s. The evocative quality of Wyeth's painting makes it part of modern painting, while to millions of Americans his work is a picture of a simpler, better life which American industry is destroying forever.

Tony Geddes



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House Visits

Members are reminded of the next house visit arranged for Saturday, March 10, 1973. Tickets will be available at the Gallery from February 1.

Weather side (1965) by Andrew Wyeth

Pessimistic notes by John Coley

The juxtaposition of two pieces of information recently set me thinking about the position of the visual arts today. The pieces of information were, the fact, recorded in an art history text, that in nineteenth century France, the hanging of a painting in the powerful Paris Salon could be the starting point of riots and endless vituperative correspondence in the Paris newspapers, and two, that a clutch of Governmental ministers were reported as having attended a showing of the film "The Clockwork Orange" in Wellington to vet it as being suitable or otherwise for consumption here. The point that was obvious to me, was that the film was being hotly discussed, argued, analysed, supported or condemned by many thousands of people whereas painting today simply does not invite this kind of reaction or involvement.

To enthusiasts in the 19th century to paint the image of a woman in the open air, stark naked with two dressed men as companions was to scandalise a nation. Critics were not afraid to lambast and pour scorn on an artist's work. The earth shook with their fury - these were real rows - tooth and nail.

Think of Whistler's great court case against Ruskin that set London on its ear. Ruskin accused Whistler of "Flinging a pot of paint in the public's face," Whistler sued for slander and won.

The most recent cause celebre that comes to my mind was Spike Milligan's releasing, what was it, a bowl of goldfish? to spare them from being electrocuted as a kind of artistic expression. You must agree that this must be the nadir of revolution in the visual arts when Spike Milligan defends the status quo by smashing a bowl of goldfish. While we applaud his action we have to admit that the scale of outrage is diminished - the whole affair lacks the sweep of those earlier confrontations which had at their kernel an elemental force of drama as great reputations were made and destroyed - history was being created. In the welter of change that this century has brought to us, I can't help but feel that the artist and art have lost their place in the order of human affairs. My concern is that the visual arts have been pushed to the periphery of human involvement by the massive assaults of the media and the change in the nature and pace of life, bringing about an alteration in our perception of the world around us. A year or so ago, I attended a showing of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" in the company of an artist. When the vast screen filled with great, coloured, moving images - pulsing and glowing in the dark theatre - he turned and said: "How can you compete with that kind of imagery, with a canvas, colours and brush." I had to agree that the experience was powerful and direct and very real. But it's not only at the movies that art can overwhelm your eyes turn on the television, even on that small screen in black

and white, the images change, flicker and are absolutely riveting.

The film and television have a very real effect on our perception which I suspect has had, in its turn, an effect on the condition of the visual arts. Because of the high rates charged for advertising time on television, producers have had to devise effective methods of getting a message across to viewers in the shortest possible time. They have invented techniques which enable us to grasp the main points of their sales pitch almost instantaneously. Because of the competition for attention in the average room, the rustling of the newspaper, a request for a cup of tea, etc, the television image must transfix the viewer. Because of the limitations of time on the length of plays scenes are set in a few frames, characters laid out and developed in a few minutes. Watch a telly play, you will see that the image is changing on an average of once every 7 seconds. You may see only one person speaking on the screen, but before your attention wanders, you will see her from her left side, then from her right side, then close up, then middle distance and so on. At the cinema, with no other distractions the scenes average 15 seconds. Then when you leave the theatre, your eyes sort out a thousand pieces of information. You work your way through the crowds, signs everywhere, neon glowing, you judge the distances and speeds of approaching traffic, behind the wheel you watch the corners expecting to have to brake

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and at the same time admiring the new lines of the latest model overtaking you. New information hammers at our eyes with incredible rapidity — what happens to the contemplative state of mind when it is being influenced by such potent forces? You may say that in a free world one can choose not to have television, choose not to visit the cinema, choose not to open the newspaper, visit the city, etc. To do so is to withdraw from reality and set oneself in an essentially unnatural situation, trying to hold off the changing patterns of life by ignoring them.

I maintain that one of the reasons that has led to a dimunition in the power of painting to movep people is that in a society saturated with advertising imagery and highpowered, instant communication techniques - people are simply not trained to spend time contemplating painting now the experience must be, as a visiting American graphically described it in somewhat erotic imagery "Slam! Bam! Thank you Ma'am! Those subtle rhythms which revealed themselves gradually in the Cezanne, became more insistent with Braque and Picasso; became frenetically intense with Pollock and de Kooning (and with these artists we see an increase in size of canvas corresponding to the chronological progression as if people distractedly were turning their attention elsewhere and painting were trying to attract attention back to itself). These paintings are not lesser works for their darting and nervous arabesques and their socko impact for they will

proclaim to historians 500 years hence an accurate record of the psychological temper of the times. But what is perhaps lost is the sense of wonder that a viewer could bring to painting before the technological marvels of today so dazzled the senses that the most powerful images of artists are taken for granted by the satiated eye and minds that can afford no more than one minute to ponder on them. Art Buchwald, the American humourist, wrote a skit about a tourist who was attempting to break the fourminute Louvre tour — training to zip around those vast halls of treasures in under four minutes. I did not laugh — I have seen eyes glaze at many exhibitions after a thirty second scan.

To the eye of a connoisseur a century ago, a visit to a gallery was an experience to be savoured. Paintings were to be looked at and their secrets unfolded at leisure. There is ample evidence that many have found an absorbing interest in the visual arts today, probably more per capita than in France in the 19th century. But it is not numbers which make a healthy art scene, it is the quality of critical awareness that these viewers bring to art, a discerning eye, a receptive and open mind, an experience of paintings, a knowledge of the techniques and compositional dynamics that the artist brings to bear in his work and above all passionate involvement in the visual arts that transcends mere interest. A viewer should possess a kind of a sense of awe about paintings and sculpture. Something of the attitude which can best be characterised by paraphrasing Christopher Fry who maintained that one should approach the work of an artist with a humility and wonder that "a man has actually picked up his brush and created this." I do not mean that one should maintain an obsequious posture in the face of the meanest daub; but a sense of respect for the creative impulse and work of originality and merit that bestows the authority to condemn the meretricious.

There will always be enlightened viewers as long as there are artists to create pictures for them to look at. But I have the uneasy suspicion that as a vehicle for moving people with visual imagery, painting may, in the future, relinquish the centre of the stage to film and television, media more suited to the breakneck tempo of life and perception to which we have become accustomed.

When Renoir's son, Jean, decided to become a film maker, he may have sensed the pattern of the future. A new age and a new technology would require art forms more immediate in their impact upon the eye and mind. Today the "Clockwork Orange" involves half the world in controversy, the Benson & Hedges prizewinning work, for all its virtues of toughness and uncompromising originality, raised eyebrows but not real, outraged ire.

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Two paintings forming a series by Tony Geddes, exhibitions officer at the Gallery. They are frequently to be seen in the office, as are other paintings bought by Rusty Laidlaw, the secretary-manager.

Nixon's support for the Arts

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21. — One of the campaign planks on which Richard Nixon won re-election was a pledge to continue rigorous support of the Arts. During his first term, Mr Nixon emerged as perhaps the foremost arts patron ever to occupy the White House.

In 1971, the President told the Associated Councils of the Arts that he was asking the heads of 63 Federal agencies how the arts might be used to enhance Government programmes and also what more the Government could do to assist the arts.

The answers he relayed to the ACA convention a year later outlined a new and extensive role in support of the arts for the Federal Government.

Mr Nixon announced that an annual design assembly for national government administrators and artists would be held to establish methods to assure that the Government made use of the arts in developing its public image. For the nation, this means a renewed effort to have national government buildings embody the finest contemporary American architectural thought. Mr Nixon has set up a task force to spell out in detail how the "guiding principles for Federal architecture," drawn up in 1962 and then largely ignored, can be implemented. It will also mean an effort to improve the design of government publications and the efficiency with which they communicate.

The expenditure of one-half of 1 per cent of the construction cost of government buildings to commission art work — sculpture, murals and fountains — was authorised by the General Services Administration (GSA) after the President's call for increased emphasis on good design by the Government. GSA is responsible for most

Federal Government construction.

This will mean nearly \$US4million in direct commissions from the national Government during the next three years. These commissions come on top of the financial support already being channeled through the national endowments for the arts and humanities. Since Mr Nixon took office, funding for these agencies has increased five-fold to a total of nearly \$US60million.

Mr Nixon's efforts on behalf of the arts grow out of 40 years of Presidential initiatives in that field. Franklin Roosevelt first outlined a role for the national government with the establishment of the Federal writers, artists and theatre projects for the support of artists during the economic depression years of the 1930s. The Federal Artists Project (FAP) also established the principle in the United States that public buildings should be landmarks of prevailing culture.

That principle is, of course, at the heart of Mr Nixon's directive on Federal architecture. It is perhaps worth mentioning that during Mr Nixon's administration, the Federal Government has begun a programme to locate, catalogue and preserve the many thousands of art works that were produced under FAP auspices. President John Kennedy appointed the first White House arts consultant, who drew up the architectural guidlines that Mr Nixon is now trying to implement. The same consultant also recommended the establishment of the national endowment for the arts, which was created during the Administration of President Lyndon Johnson, although

it remained for Mr Nixon to budget enough funds for it to

have a real impact on United States culture. United States Information Service

CSA Fair

As already announced, we are holding the CSA Fair on March 24, 1973. All proceeds from the Fair go to the Building Fund and will help to pay for the proposed extension to the Gallery. We hope that as many members as possible can help with this venture, either by donating suitable objects for sale or volunteering assistance on the day.

We hope to have stalls for the sale of paintings, books, ornaments, clothes, bric-brac, food, gardening items, weaving, soft goods, pottery and many other items. We also plan to feature demonstrations of weaving and other crafts. We would like to feature musical items as well. The committee appointed by the council to manage the Fair is:

Council members

Mr Derek Hargreaves, Convener Mrs A. J. Mair Mr Tom Taylor Co-opted members

Mrs Rona Fleming Mrs B. H. Miles Mrs M. E. Gray Mrs Lily Lewis Mrs Isabel Hudson Mrs M. Pettit Mrs G. Keeley Mrs A. E. Craig Mrs Paree Ott

The committee has already met once and has many interesting ideas, but would always like more assistance and would ask that if you can help in any way, either personally or by bringing in items for sale, please get in touch with one of the above.

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by Jim Hopkins

(To be declaimed)

Ah, Golden Cadences of Summer,

- Yonder lie caravans reposing at the beach.
- The fruit hangs heavy on the trees, and even Pufrock eats a peach.
- All human kind is stirring in these days of tepid bliss As bumbles buzz (as bumbles does) and blushful maidens
- kiss
- Yet I sit alone in darkness, thinking "Has it come to this?" For, reader dear, where e'er you be (on sun-stroked shore or storm-tossed sea)
- Look now from out your casement high and take ye pity, please, on me.
- For I, the one who now stands speakling, Unveiled, reveals a skinny weakling
- Of but 90lb in weight and bestowed of slimmest girth Truly 'tis a diresome fate which merits not your mirth For when I walk upon the beach, much to my disgrace Large-bicepped men in leopard trunks kick sand into my face
- And maidens' bosoms tremble in humour mean and base. And although my wizened ligaments I've striven to expand No Studio can make me strong, or make my muscles grand I remain a flag-pole's shadow on the contours of the land. Scarce able to support the transistor in my hand. Now pause, I pray, to wipe that tear from moistening eye. For I had no will to tarnish your sweet summer reverie. But, truth to tell (and might as well) physique's not all I lack.
- For when I face myself I know there is no tan upon my back
- And, for that matter, and if it please you, I'll be blunt When I turn around to find it, the tan isn't on my front. My tone it is not copper, my skin's a grub-like white I slink along in shadows, hateful of the light. Others of my generation are basking in the sun and others
- of my generation are having all the fun.
- I've tried greasy tanning lotions from every brand of bottle But still I will not brown become, I simply sort of "mottle" I need the good life, sun and surf, my fantasies to furnish But how can I be a surfer when I cannot even burnish

- And how, Oh palest face, can I impress a maiden When, in trendy summer gear, I look like a sand-pit thats been played in.
- And this long lexicon of woes is not yet at its nadir
- For (if I might stretch a rhyme) there lies yet still some food for thought in misery's full larder.
- I turn your full attention to my lank and fetid hair which stubbornly resists all blandishments and care
- Tossed by every zephyr it's a gnarled and tangled pile Heaped untidy round my scalp and back, it makes all
- strangers smile. They smile that cool, insouciant smirk that speaks of blithe
- contempt You can't drink Coca-Cola when you're looking, thus
- unkempt. I've tried all kinds of unguents, lathers, creams and oil
- But, e'en I stand anointed thus, my locks still toss and coil.
- And lest some Brylliant thought hast just occured to you Tis sadly that I must report: I've nowhere to come back to. And so you now can see me
- In my full and sorry rout
- The heady scents of summer
- Have thus now sniffed me out
- I stand, accursed, before the tribunal of summer's days And for my closing statement I'll employ a Yankee phrase For unlike distant Adam, the first born of us all I, as pleasure's failure, look forward to the Fall.
- Because then I can wear thick woollen socks and long thermal underpants with oil-fired central heating and golashes and big checked bush shirts and huge woollen jerseys that hang down round my knees and long scarves wrapped all round my face and balaclavas and gloves and I can blow my hands and say, "God, its cold," "It's going to be a long winter" and I'll shiver and say, "Ah well, summer will be coming round soon enough" and I'll wear huge overcoats right down to my ankles and no one will ever guess my guilty secret, and maybe there'll be another ice age, before long.

ROBERT McDOUGALL ART GALLERY CHRISTCHURCH