

BULLETIN
OF THE
NATIONAL ART ASSOCIATION
OF NEW ZEALAND

A RECORD OF INFORMATION FOR MEMBERS

Wellington, February, March, April, 1926



ALFRED WILSON WALSH
(1859-1916)

From the pen and ink drawing by L. H. Booth. In the
possession of Dr. G. W. Harty, Wellington



Mrs. Chas. Perry.
[31 x 25]

From the Oil Painting
by A. Elizabeth Kelly

Exhibited at the Canterbury
Society of Arts Annual
Exhibition, 1926.

EXHIBITIONS COMING

The Association's series of Exhibitions for 1926 will begin with one at Nelson, now being arranged by the Suter Art Society, to open on the 12th of April.

An exhibition at Blenheim will follow later. This will be arranged and controlled by our local Secretary, Mrs. H. R. de Castro, who successfully conducted the exhibition held there during last year.

Artist members having works available for these exhibitions are requested to forward them to the Secretary, c/o Dominion Museum, Wellington, or C.P.O. Box 1414, not later than 7th April.

An exhibition, to be held in the Sarjeant Art Gallery, Wanganui, is being arranged to open about the 21st April, and the pictures on circuit last year, along with others now in hand, will be sent there.

Members desirous of having new

works included in the Wanganui exhibition, are requested to include them with those being forwarded for exhibition at Nelson and Blenheim, and to mark them accordingly. All works should be suitably mounted in white or cream mounts, with the edges bound with "passe parbout" binding. Each should have title, price, and name of artist legibly written on the back.

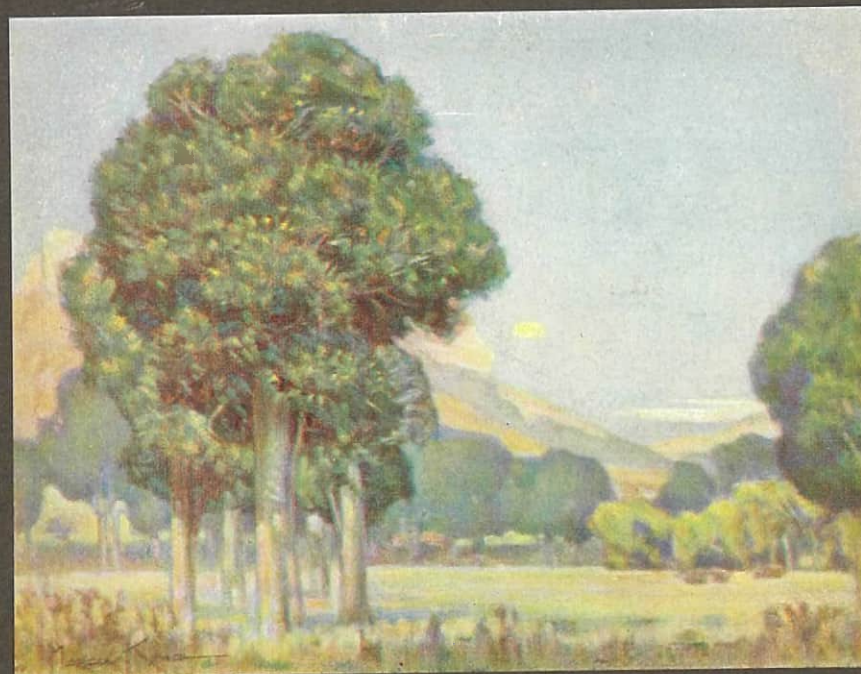
A label, with particulars, will be attached to the front of each after receipt by the Secretary.

An exhibit of members' work will be despatched to Whangarei during May.

The Annual Sketch Exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts will open in Wellington on 14th May.

Arrangements are in hand for an exhibit of members' work at the Waikato Industrial Exhibition at Hamilton in June.

The Annual Exhibition of the Auckland Society of Arts will open on June 10th.



Karaka Trees, Waikanae.

From the Oil Painting by
Marcus King.



Trees at Hayward's, Hutt Valley.

From the Water Colour
by Ann P. Hewitt.

The open country—"Te-awa-kai-rangi"—at Haywards and Silverstream, through which the Hutt River meanders, is a favourite field for Wellington artists, and from here many pictures have found their way to Public Art Galleries and private collections. Mrs. Hewitt's water-colour is an expert rendering of wind-swept native trees, near, and distant hills, and its vivacious washes of fine colour invest it with distinctive charm.

POETRY AND PAINTING— THEIR RELATION

(By Johannes C. Andersen).

The whole of the arts, poetry, music, painting and sculpture are closely related, painting and sculpture being the younger sisters. All are the expression of our inner idealistic nature, the means of expression becoming more perfect as man progresses from savagery to civilization, from war to peace. This inner nature is appealed to through the emotions and the imagination; poetry appeals through the sense of hearing, painting through the sense of sight.

The shapes and colours of material objects are more readily apprehended by the eye. The eye, in a few seconds, is able to take in far more than can be conveyed to the mind in many minutes of description. Almost all that is told by Thomson's "Seasons," for example, could be better told by picture, and in a fraction of the time. Scott, too, has been admired for the exactness of his natural descriptions—as in "The Lady of the Lake." But, how far are both poets from telling exactly what is to be seen? It is true,

they do not tell as much as is to be seen by the casual observer, they tell more. An average man, if questioned, will be found very ignorant of the detail of objects seen by him every day. Put before him the picture of a tree prominent in his walks, prominent even in his own shrubbery; and whilst he will recognise it as a tree of a kind he has seen before, he will probably be unable to say where this individual tree is to be seen. He will recognise a landscape by its general shape; a building or a person he will recognise because extreme familiarity has compelled him to take note of detail and individual characteristics.

In a painting or a description, then, the outline or indication of familiar objects is sufficient to call the whole to mind. When Scott speaks of "each purple peak, each flinty spire," no two persons will think of identical scenes; even if they be familiar with the country he describes, they may, unless he actually name the peaks, think of different parts of the scene; but the differences do not clash, for they are mental. A photograph of a known scene may even appear less familiar than a painting; for the camera reproduces everything, whereas the artist reproduces only the most

prominent features; and the human medium is more likely to illustrate what we commonly see than is the mechanical contrivance. The poet, again, necessarily indicates less than the artist, leaving yet more to the imagination.

Turner was able to create such exquisite illustrations to Rogers's "Italy," because he knew the features of the country so intimately—far more intimately than did Rogers himself—and he so far surpasses the poet's descriptions, that the illustrations have immortalised the poems, when the reverse should be true. Rogers was more familiar with the life of Italy than its setting; but even his knowledge of the life was less than Turner's knowledge of the setting, and the artist overtowers the poet.

Painting and poetry, then, are suggestions clothed in the individuality of the artist or poet, that appeal to the inner nature of others, awakening or setting free their imagination. If an illustration or a description be too minutely detailed, the imagination is fettered rather than assisted.

There is no doubt that painting and sculpture have far more power than poetry in the suggesting of natural and material objects. What amount of description could create the impression that is created by the Laocoon group? The events leading up to the moment, represented in the stone, may be told in poetry; the culmination of the events is best told in painting, or in stone, which is painting in the solid. Even without knowing the story, the Laocoon group is most impressive. Without the story, the minutest verbal description would be unimpressive. The painting of figures or groups of figures is a seizing of culminating moments; moments when emotion is at high pitch; and here the power of painting far exceeds the power of poetry.

Again, in depicting a scene like Turner's "Crossing the Brook," painting is pre-eminent. Pages of description could not accomplish what the brush has accomplished. Here the artist sees more eye to eye with the camera, still avoiding its hardness and excessive detail. On a flat plane, is represented a receding landscape, whose background lies at a distance of twenty miles.

But poetry has powers that are lacked by the sister art. A windy day, a rolling sea, may be shown on canvas, but the motion is indicated only; it is not actual—in poetry it may be actual. The old ballads were ballads of motion; of action. In them almost every stanza provided the imagination with material for a picture, the four lines of the stanza forming, as it were, the four sides of the frame.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

or

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:

They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

The whole of this modern ballad, the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," is practically a series of pictures; a wonderful moving picture it would make; and, incidentally, the moving pictures are a link between poetry and painting; they add motion to the latter, body to the former.

But poetry is able to lead the imagination yet higher; it is able to suggest pictures, whose capture is almost beyond the powers of the brush.

In Shelley's poem, "The Cloud," a great series of pictures is produced, largely by the personification of elemental powers—the winged and singing cloud itself, the wind, the lightning, the thunder, the moon, the stars—a pantheistic company appears in the changing phases of aerial phenomena; and the popularity of the poem shows how we love to allow imagination to run riot, and proves, too, that, at heart, we are still as pantheistic as were the old Greeks, or as are the modern Maoris. Painting can but feebly portray that which this poem portrays brilliantly, though Turner's "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" liberates imagination of a similar nature.

Turn to another of Shelley's poems, "The Skylark." In the opening he soars with the bird as he describes its song; then:—

What thou art, we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears if heeded not.

Like a glow worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden,
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass,
Which screen it from the view.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thy own kind?
What ignorance of pain?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought.
Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then
As I am listening now.



Lunch Time.
From the Water Colour
by J. Palethorpe.

In this cleverly rendered synthesis of country life the artist has selected a theme common enough on the farm or by the wayside—the labourer and his servants must often make their mid-day meal where they toil and when they can. The breadth of vision and largeness of feeling expressed in this swiftly-drawn sketch befit the subject and complete the ensemble.

In these stanzas he is not describing the bird or its song, but is ranging away in other thoughts and emotions that are suggested by the bird and its song; and in these regions painting cannot follow.

In all poetry, certain definite forms are observed—however lofty the flight of the imagination, the suggestions causing that flight are confined within narrow compass—within stanzas of from four to eight lines in lyric poetry, and lines of five beats arranged in paragraphs of fluctuating length, in dramatic verse. It is commonly supposed that the poet observes no laws in his art; on the contrary, as regards the forms in which he clothes his thoughts, he is one of the most law-abiding of men. There are possibly, too, laws observed in painting; laws apart from elementary technique and the canons of line, grouping, balance of light and shade, and so on. Individuality creates great differences in otherwise similar work; each artist has his particular interpretation of what he sees; each has his particular range of colours. I can speak of the colour vision of certain of the Christ-church artists, and some of you will possibly recognise the very artists when I say that one shows in his pictures that he sees reds and yellows predominant; another purples; another greys; another blues; though he is no longer with us. One continually used a colour that caused a candid and critical friend to observe at the annual exhibition, "why the fellow is getting madder and madder."

It is the individual touches in colouring, in method of treating outlines, that causes the formation of "schools" of art. When we speak of the English school, the French school, the Dutch school, certain distinctive characteristics at once occur to us; the same subject is treated in a different manner. Each school, again, breaks into smaller

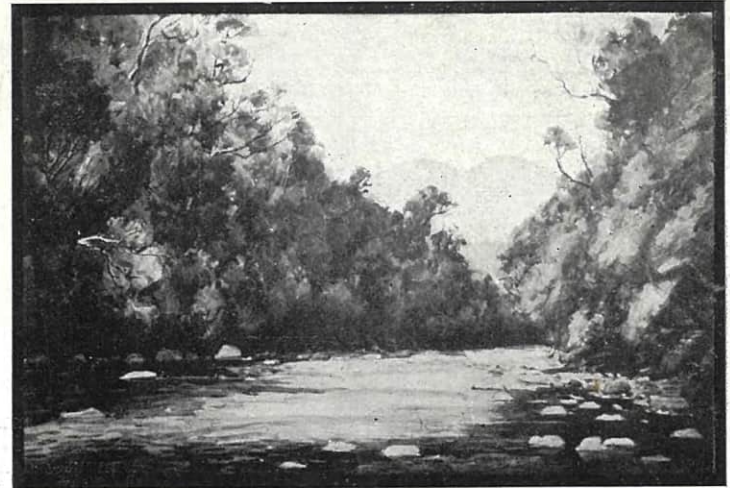
schools; Ruskin divided English artists, roughly, into a few classes, according to their treatment of foliage, for instance: the purist, the Constablesque, the Hardingesque, the Turner-esque, the blottesque.

Poetry similarly divides into schools, each with its own characteristics, but each basing its poetry on a few simple fundamental laws.

In painting, too, apart from chromatic idiosyncrasies and variety of individual interpretation, there is always, in a series of good pictures, some quality of form common to all, even as in poetry, there is a common form. Whether the laws of painting are as definite as those of poetry remains to be discovered.

There is a species of verse that has latterly come into vogue—imagist poetry it is called—in which form is discarded; and with it, in many instances, the spirit of poetry also. I can find in its unequal lines and abrupt phrases nothing but prose, and bad prose. There is likewise a species of painting—futurist, cubist—that seems to me to have cast off form, and with it, truth. Its exponents surely do not see Nature as they paint her—if they do, they live in a disordered and, to me, entirely unappealing world, and their work is an utter intelligibility that smother's imagination—or if it incites it at all, it is to cry with the fallen angel in the realms of gloom—hail horrors, hail!

Painting and poetry are windows of escape for the flight of the imagination into the regions of the ideal; every picture, every poem, provided it does not offend, opens the way to another world; and it is the beauty and buoyancy of this ideal world, a world that is different for every one of us, though the many entrances be common, that gives us new strength and purpose for our daily sojourn in the real.



Totara River, Westland.
From the Water Colour
by E. Baird Friberg.

Westland and West Canterbury are rich in subject matter for the painter, and in the vicinity of the Bealey and Otira magnificent views of swiftly-flowing rivers and lofty snow-capped mountains abound on every side. Into these wild and picturesque regions Mrs. Friberg has wandered with brush and colour, a keen eye for the beautiful, and has brought back many delightful sketches of this rare scenic paradise.



Otira River.
From the Water Colour
by E. Baird Friberg.



The Guardians
of the Coast.

By
M.E.R. Tripe.

ART CRITICISM

In the "New Zealand Herald" of March 6th, Mr. W. Page Rowe, the well-known Auckland art critic, has an article on the subject of "Art Criticism," and states:—

"Criticism means summing up both good and bad qualities, and delivering impartial judgment thereon, and it is a very difficult and complicated process. Judging Art is not like judging machinery. . . . Criticism of Art, or of anything else, is shaped by experience and environment. . . . Experience is the raw material of judgment, but any amount of just looking at pictures will not qualify us to judge them, although many people think it will. So long as anyone has it firmly fixed in his mind that likeness to the object represented is the proper aim of Art, or that every landscape must have topographical interest as its leading intention, or that every figure subject should tell a story, and that the story is the most important part of it, so long will he misunderstand Art as expressed in painting.

But that is not all. When those errors are corrected he is merely in the right frame of mind to enter the place of Art, but he must have a larger equipment if he is to judge the merits of its treasures. He must know what are the main essentials for the making of a good picture; the meaning of composition, or design, tone values, and so forth; he must be able to discriminate between good and bad drawing, good and bad colour schemes; he must develop the faculty of putting himself at the artist's standpoint, which is by no means easy.

The only way to fit oneself out in this manner is by long and earnest study of the great examples of Art in all ages, which is a never-ending task. Only by knowing and appreciating what has gone before can one hope to judge correctly that which is being done at the present day, because each new development is rooted in the past." . . .

PALETTE SCRAPINGS

Properly organised form must be a thing of three dimensions (sometimes four); it must orientate in depth as well as laterally.

The practice of crediting Frenchmen with the invention and discovery of painting methods has scant authority with which to justify itself. Cubism was imported from Spain, Futurism is an Italian product, Synchronism hails from the land of the Stars and Stripes. Impressionism was born in England, the honours go to Turner and Constable for its discovery. Luminarism—the divisionistic method of painting—was developed in France.

The true key to a man's genius lies in his ability to organise as well as, or better, than others.

"A Good Painting, says Max Meldrum, the accomplished Australian artist, "is a painting that resembles, as closely as the medium will allow it, what the artist sees in front of him as he paints. Nothing more, nothing less."

ART AND SCIENCE

Science is an art, it is the art of establishing truth. Art is a science, it is the science of truthfully relating one thing to another.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

By WALSH and HANSON.

At the Academy of Fine Arts Public Art Gallery, Wellington, there was opened on March 17th a fine exhibition of the works of two artists, who have both passed away in recent years, Alfred Wilson Walsh, who died at Tauranga in 1916, at the age of fifty-seven, and Albert Hanson, who died about fifteen years ago. Walsh was born at Kyneton (Victoria), in 1859, and came to New Zealand with his parents when they settled in Otago. He was educated in Dunedin, and it was there he acquired the intense love of Nature, the mountains and the bush, which was his until he died.

His friend, Mr. W. S. Wauchop, who was a student at the Christchurch School of Art, while Walsh was teaching there, has contributed an interesting biographical sketch to the catalogue issued in connection with the Exhibition, and from this we learn a good deal of the man Walsh and his artistic career.

"It was at Kaikoura that some of his best work was done, for the place had "a call" for him, and he always said he thought he would "finish up" there. He loved the mountains and the bush. "I paint mountains! You see, I'm tall and wiry . . . military figure . . . can climb . . . run like a deer. W——, he paints plains. He wouldn't paint hills . . . never climb them . . . too fat . . . like a young crow, all seat and pockets!"

What a picturesque figure he was! Tall and handsome, with blue eyes that betrayed his Irish breeding, and almost prepared one for his loud outbursts of merry laughter. He had a keen sense of humour, and greatly appreciated a funny story, especially one of his own. The Maoris who knew him (and he had many friends among them), called him "the funny man." In many ways he was as ingenuous as a child. He was genial and chivalrous, too, with a gallantry that was often irresistible, as when, in offering his seat in a crowded car to one of a group of ladies, he remarked in a loud voice, "You'd better take my seat, you look the oldest," and, mark you, there was no malice in it.

In the appreciation of criticism of the work of fellow artists he was kindly and generous, but of his own efforts he was a stern critic, and many a sketch was destroyed as unsatisfactory. As a teacher he took keen interest in any students who showed promise, and especially in those who studied landscape with him. For the student whose interest flagged he had no time, and usually took little trouble to hide the fact; but to those who were anxious to learn, what an inspiration he was!

His work speaks for itself. Broadly and directly painted in strong and beautiful colour, excellent in drawing and

design, his mountain and bush subjects breathe the very air of New Zealand and romance. He conveys the rugged beauty of our scenery in a manner unsurpassed. Who else has painted with such artistic effect the dark silence of the bush, or the queer wooden huts of the backblocks—the homes of the pioneers? There is a vigorous spontaneity in the handling of his medium which helps to catch the spirit of this young country, and, combined with great strength, there is a delicacy of touch which is delightful.

He could convey, too, the charm of the shipping in our New Zealand harbours, the rigging of the ships, skilfully suggested by deft brush strokes, standing in effective contrast to the vigorously painted cumulus clouds he loved so well. "It is possible to make a picture out of anything," he would say; and who could doubt it when looking at his work? He had the poetic vision, and knew just what to select in each subject, yet he was withal a realist, for it was the essential that he selected. All his work was the result of keen study of nature out of doors, and was marked by great originality, both in conception and treatment. His favourite sketching grounds were Little River, the Bealey, the West Coast, and Kaikoura."

Thirty-nine works in water-colour are exhibited, and to the fortunate possessors of these fine pictures the thanks of both artists and art lovers are heartily due for their generous loan of them for public exhibition.

Albert Hanson, also born in Australia, came to New Zealand about 1898, with his artistic reputation already made. The exhibit, comprising fifteen works, many of which have been loaned by Sir Truby King, is an extremely interesting one, and includes paintings done in Australia, the South of England, and in New Zealand.

Several of his best works are in the Public Art Gallery in Dunedin. While in New Zealand his health failed him, and he returned to Sydney, where he passed away, a victim to Bright's disease.

Hanson had a pleasing personality, was genial and likeable, intensely affectionate, and had a rare sense of humour.

ART AND RELIGION

Art and religion have each inspired the other in the highest development to which the capacities of the race were able to bring them. If this is true, we might expect to find that the greater the hold religion has on a people (given the average aesthetic feeling in which primitive people are certainly not lacking) the more developed will be their art.



Golden Harvest
Canterbury.
From the Water Colour
By E. Rosa Sawtell.

During the harvest time Canterbury provides a rich feast of golden colour to the painter, and in the long days of shimmering summer heat when reaping, stooking, stacking and threshing are in progress no artist need lack of subject matter for picture making.

NEWS AND NOTES

The Birmingham Art Gallery is a monument to the public spirit of Birmingham people, and it should be a valuable object lesson to other cities throughout the Empire. The Lord Mayor stated recently that the Art Gallery collections, valued at £400,000, had not cost the rate-payers one farthing to acquire. Birmingham's Gallery of Art treasures is one of the finest in the world. The latest gift, which was the occasion of the Lord Mayor's remarks, was one of 72 pictures, chiefly water-colours, by David Cox. The Art Gallery is already exceptionally rich in Cox's art, and this addition will make the Birmingham collection of his work fully representative and unrivalled.

An interesting sign of the times is the reaction now apparent in London art circles regarding the once apostheosized cubist stunts. W. H. Nevinson has withdrawn his picture "La Mitrailleuse" from the Tate Gallery, and contemplates consigning it to the limbo of things unworthy and objectionable. There are others in the Tate Gallery worthy of the same fate, and the offenders will, no doubt, soon be removed and will not be missed.

The illustrated official catalogue of the Durban Art Gallery has reached its seventh edition, a practical evidence of the strong interest felt in Natal for that institution, which also publishes a set of pictorial postcards illustrating its chief art treasures.

Wake up, New Zealand Art Galleries!

ART PUBLICATIONS

A new work on Raeburn, written by E. Rimbault Dibdin, and published by Philip Allan and Co., at 5/- net, is a welcome addition to the British Art Series. The author has made full use of his opportunities for research, and corrects many of the errors of his predecessors. He displays a sound knowledge of psychology in his analysis of Raeburn's attitude towards his art. According to him, Raeburn painted simply as a means of making money; he was not in the least interested in the technique of painting, or in what his contemporaries were trying to do, but he was interested in the appearance of his sitters. As Mr. Dibdin says:—"He went to his studio daily like a tradesman to his shop, and was only a painter from 9 to 5.30; the rest of his



Colin Cameron.
From the Painting by Raeburn.
In the possession of
Mrs. James Stuart Holmes,
Wellington.

time being given wholly to various hobbies, athletic games, family intercourse, and social pleasure."

The Scotch aristocracy of his time live on his canvases as they lived in their drawing-rooms, or on their moors. Raeburn lives because of them, and his fame increases as the years pass by.

The Raeburn portrait of Captain Crawford, R.N., in the possession of Mrs. H. D. Crawford, and of Colin Cameron, in the possession of Mrs. James Stuart Holmes, are reproduced in this issue, and we have to thank these Wellington ladies for the privilege of reproducing their splendid pictures.

NINA JONES

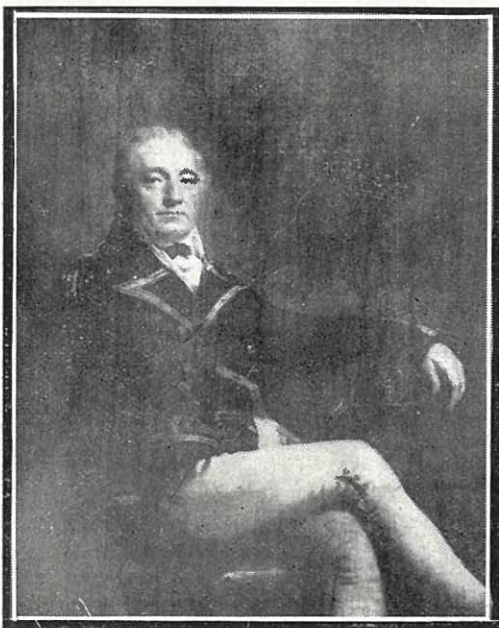
Much regret will be felt at the death of Miss Nina Jones, of Franklyn Rise, Nelson, who passed away on the 8th of February. Miss Jones was born in Christchurch, but at an early age went with her parents to Nelson. Of a highly artistic temperament, she soon became prominent in art circles, and probably no one in that town has done more than she to foster an interest in painting. For 25 years she filled most capably the position of Honorary Secretary of the Suter Art Gallery, and at the time of her death was still a mem-

ber of the Trust Board. For an even longer period she acted as Secretary of the Bishopdale Sketching Club, which afterwards became the Suter Art Society. Both the Gallery and the Society owe much to her indefatigable labours on their behalf. Miss Jones was herself an artist of considerable merit, and her paintings were widely known and highly esteemed. She was particularly successful with a really wonderful series of native flowers and fruits. About 30 of these formed part of the New Zealand exhibit at Wembley, and are now being displayed in the Art Section of the Dunedin Exhibition. Some years ago she was awarded gold and silver medals at various exhibitions for her carving. Though of a retiring disposition, Miss Jones had a large circle of friends by whom she will be deeply mourned.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Blundell Bros., Ltd., for the skilful work of their Engraving and Printing Departments in the reproduction by the three-colour process of the picture by Marcus King.

We also wish to thank the Canterbury Society of Arts, and the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts for the use of blocks reproduced in this issue.

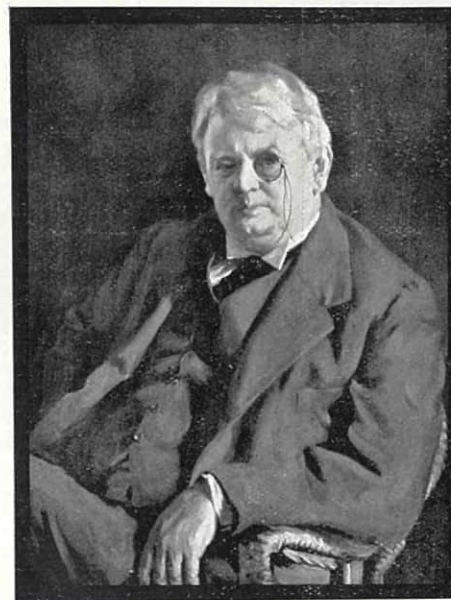


Captain Crawford, R.N.
From the Painting by
Raeburn.
In the possession of
Mrs H. D. Crawford
Wellington.



My Lady's
Garden.
From the
Water
Colour by
W. S.
Wauchop

Nestling snugly against the bush-clad hills at Muritai, on the eastern side of Wellington harbour, are many homes with delightful gardens in which flourish a wealth of richly coloured flowers, and here the artist has found the setting for a finely-done colour scheme of rare beauty and charm.



His Honour, Mr. Justice
Alpers.
[36 x 28]
From the Oil Painting
by Archibald F. Nicoll.

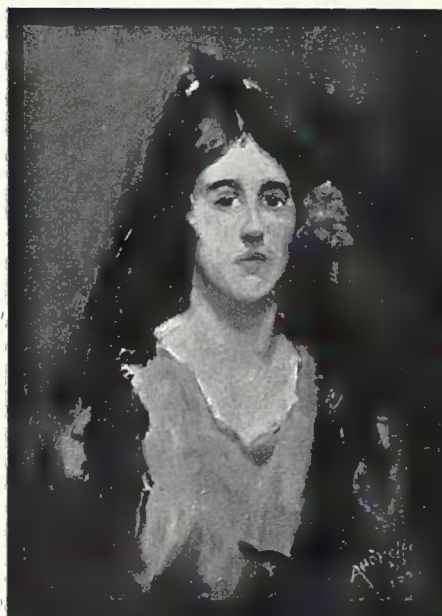
In the Canterbury Society
of Art's Annual Exhibition,
1926.

And thus spake the critics, Dr. G. M. L. Lester (The Press):—

Mr. Justice Alpers is painted with great firmness and sincerity, and the picture is as convincing as Reynolds's great picture of Dr. Johnson. The learned judge is painted in mufti, if that is a proper expression to use of a judge, and in dispensing with the adventitious aids of wig and gown, I think Mr. Nicoll has chosen rightly. Mr. Nicoll has done well, too, in painting in the characteristic eye-glass. Like many of the celebrated old Scottish judges, Judge Alpers's personality far transcends his official position. If, as the cynics said, many an eighteenth century wit owed much to the graceful handling of a snuff box, who can tell how much of his social success the learned judge owes to the ever-present monocle. The modelling of the flesh in this picture seems to me to be very fine. The absence of bony points of emphasis, the mobility of a full-fleshed face which for years has been the servant of a quick and humorous brain, present points of great difficulty which have been triumphantly encountered. Nor was the restful pose, so characteristic and so excellent a foil to the alert face, easy of attainment. As a portrait, No. 55 will stand the test of exhibition in a town which knows Judge Alpers so well, and as a work of art it fully deserves its place on the line.

Professor J. Shelley (Lyttelton Times):—

"The most interesting thing of the year is the portrait of 'His Honour Mr. Justice Alpers' (55), by the greatest of our portrait painters, Mr. Archibald F. Nicoll. It is interesting for its qualities as a painting no less than for the fascinating personality of the sitter. Mr. Nicoll put before us last year a somewhat similar outstanding personality in Archbishop Julius upon his retirement from his see, this year it is fitting that he should have painted Judge Alpers upon his leaving Christchurch to be raised to his legal "see." But Mr. Nicoll has not painted the "Judge" with the rigid formality of the Bench and its dignity—he has painted the Alpers known so well and loved so well in Christchurch, sitting in a far-from-rigid wicker chair ready to creak out its appreciation of the barbed wit and lyrical invective that may fall at any moment from the mobile lips. This is no superficial likeness, it is a portrait of the very life-energy which makes the man what he is—a portrait of the genius of the race to which he belongs, and which has contributed so many outstanding men to the life of our time—the Scandinavian. That penetrating eye, searching you through the monocle, might be the eye of Henrik Ibsen if the glint were somewhat less kindly. One feels



The Black Mantilla.
From the Oil Painting
by A. H. O'Keefe.

This portrait of a lady in the national costume of old Spain is one of the most successful the artist has produced. The fine impasto of rich and juicy colour in the flesh tones contrasts admirably with the brilliant rendering of the blacks in the mantilla.

in looking at it as one did in the actual presence of the man, as if the eye were saying to one, 'You're a worm, Sir, a crawling worm—but as you're alive I suppose it's necessary for you to go on crawling—here's a fiver for you!' Mr. Nicoll has chosen a daring pose of the head for such an expressive face, but he has pulled it off in fine style—it would have been easier to have adopted a set of countenance more in repose, but it would not have been as true to the personality of the sitter. Not only the face, but the clothes, the hand—all are full of character—even to the chair which is too small for him. Judge Alpers will always be too large for any chair that can be offered him in New Zealand. Mr. Nicoll goes from height to height in his portraiture, and he is fast establishing a standard for us, as did the great painters of the 18th century for England—and his work is in the same great tradition, too. How wise are the Canterbury College Board of Governors in encouraging the director and his staff to practise their art 'in the field.'

P.S.W. ("Sun") :—

"His Honour Mr. Justice Alpers will not take it amiss when we address ourselves to the personality of the man who looks out of canvas No. 55—as seen by that able painter, Archibald F. Nicoll. This is obviously not the judge—but that lovable fellow of infinite jest—so rich in the humanities—known as Oscar Thorold Johann Alpers. For the sake of that jest which he dearly loves remove the monocle, raise him to his feet, envelope him in the spacious folds of a Roman toga. You see him, of course, standing in the forum of Ancient Rome—about him the assembled throng tense with suppressed excitement, beside him the dead body of the great Caesar. You hear him speak:—

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts
And men have lost their reason—
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage
I should do Brutus wrong—

Glorious humbug!

Something of Yorick? Yes. But more of Antony. (A thousand pardons, your Honour.) It is a living thing this portrait. One is not disposed to discuss it in detail, it is enough that it lives."

For the information of Members, Statements of Receipts and Expenditure during 1925, Returns from the various Exhibitions held, and the Balance-Sheet as at 31st December, are set out below.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT
For Period ending 31st December, 1925.

| EXPENDITURE. | | | INCOME. | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|-------------|----------------------|-------------|-------------|
| | £ | s. d. | | £ | s. d. |
| Bank Charges | 1 | 14 0 | Donations | 5 | 0 0 |
| Printing & Stationery | 101 | 19 11 | Subscriptions | 153 | 0 0 |
| Postages & Freight .. | 10 | 15 0 | Profit on Blenheim | | |
| Rent and Sundries .. . | 6 | 15 3 | Exhibition | 15 | 4 4 |
| Balance, to Accumulated Fund | 61 | 16 9 | Commissions on Sales | 9 | 16 7 |
| | <u>£183</u> | <u>0 11</u> | | <u>£183</u> | <u>0 11</u> |

BALANCE-SHEET
As at 31st December, 1925.

| LIABILITIES. | | | ASSETS. | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------|-------------|---------------------------------------|-----------|------------|
| | £ | s. d. | | £ | s. d. |
| National Bank | | 5 0 | Artists' sub- | | |
| Sundry Creditors .. . | 18 | 8 3 | scriptions due | 17 | 10 0 |
| Subscriptions paid in Advance | 2 | 0 0 | Subscribers' do. | 16 | 0 0 |
| Accumulated Fund .. . | 61 | 16 9 | Sundry Debtors | 4 | 0 0 |
| | | | Cash in Hand | 2 | 0 0 |
| | | | Cash in Post Office Savings Bank .. . | 43 | 0 0 |
| | <u>£82</u> | <u>10 0</u> | | <u>45</u> | <u>0 0</u> |

Audited and found correct.
C. D. MORPETH, F.C.P.A.,
Auditor.
Wellington, 11th March, 1926.

J. McDONALD,
Hon Secretary.
WILLIAM E. TILLER,
Hon. Treasurer.

SALES OF PICTURES AT EXHIBITIONS
Held during 1925.

| | £ | s. d. | £ | s. d. |
|--------------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Whangarei | 7 | 11 6 | | |
| Nelson | 30 | 2 6 | | |
| Blenheim | 56 | 13 0 | | |
| Greymouth | 16 | 0 0 | | |
| Wellington | 3 | 0 0 | | |
| Masterton | 54 | 6 0 | | |
| Amount paid to Artists | | | 157 | 16 5 |
| Commission on Sales | | | 9 | 16 7 |
| | <u>£167</u> | <u>13 0</u> | <u>£167</u> | <u>13 0</u> |

BULLETIN OF THE NATIONAL ART ASSOCIATION.

THE
NATIONAL ART
ASSOCIATION OF N.Z.

WELLINGTON

President:

NUGENT WELCH
Studio, Boulcott Street, Wellington

Treasurer:

WILLIAM E. TILLER,
Wright Street, Wellington.

Vice-Presidents:

Wellington—Mrs. M. E. R. TRIPE, MAR-
CUS KING.

Canterbury—RICHARD WALLWORK,
A. R. C. A., A. E. BAXTER.

Otago—A. H. O'KEEFFE, MISS MABEL
HILL.

Nelson—Miss MINA ARNDT.

Secretary:

J. McDONALD, Assist. Director,
Dominion Museum, Wellington.

The Secretary should be notified by
members as early as possible of any
change of address. All communications
should be addressed to Box 1414, G.P.O.,
Wellington.

MEMBERSHIP

The following new members
have enrolled from January 1st:—

Avery, Mrs. A.
Brockett, Mrs. A. E.
Cockerill, Miss C.
Eyles, Cecil W.
Greenwood, Miss M. Elizabeth.
Hinton, Howard (N.S.W.).
Meadows, G.
Morpeth, C.D., F.C.P.A.
Sherriff, Miss P.
Watkins, Miss C.
Woods, M. G.

An Exhibition of the works of Archibald
F. Nicoll is being arranged by the
Academy of Fine Arts. This will be held
in the Public Art Gallery shortly after
the close of the Annual Sketch Exhibition,
which will open on 14th May.

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