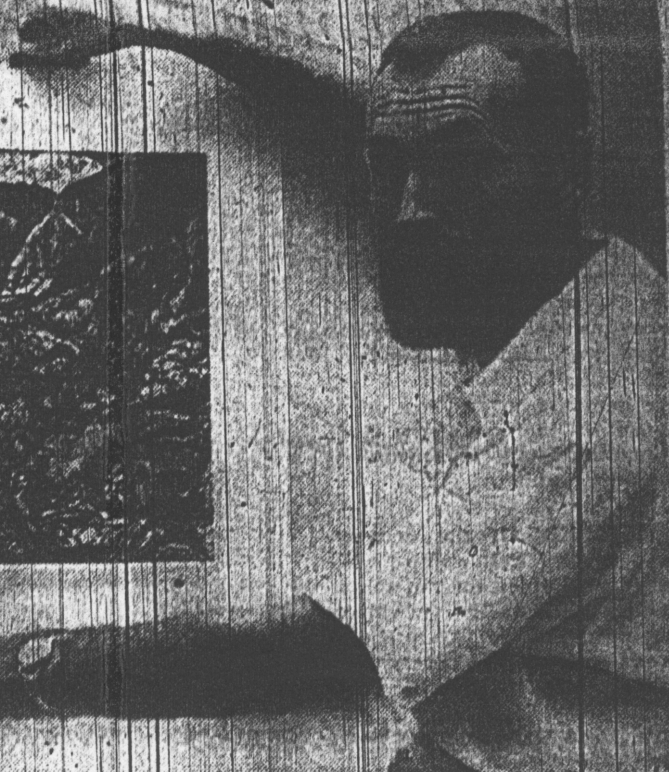
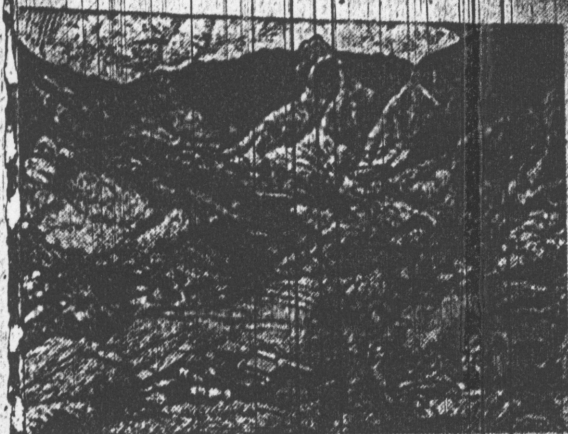




Raymond M. Sato

PRIZE PRINT—Murray Turnbull, associate professor of art at the University of Hawaii, hangs David Thompson's prize-winning print, "Manoa Valley." Mr. Turnbull served on the Award Jury with Miss Alyse Hoogs and Edward Brownlee of the Academy staff. The exhibition of the Honolulu Print-makers is open to the public through Nov. 30 at the Academy of Arts.

Print Makers Hold Exhibition

By JEAN CHARLOT

The prints in the annual exhibition of Honolulu Print Makers are characterized by a diversity of styles that span from the primitive to the sophisticated, from the old-fashioned to the fashionable. Perhaps because of the acute awareness of a taste faded by art facsimiles now on the book market, a doubt assails one as to what is old-fashioned and what modern.

Astraction being so firmly entrenched today, it is no paradox to suggest that, if it be today's academy, then any print with Victorian connotation opens windows toward forgotten vistas and a breath of new air.

SOME OF THE prints refresh by their very straightforwardness, a haste, or what seems a haste, in the execution that left no time for recondite pretense. Among these are Barbara Wolfgang's "Picnic," cut in linoleum with as much ease as if it were improvised at the tip of the brush; and Ruth Guins-

burg's "Plant Form," a vital scribble.

Sara Baylor's "Big Brother" is amber-toned, its cuts flecked along the functional line of the tool. It shows simple acceptance of what the linecut will give and comes close to some Zen wood sculptures.

SISTER ANNE PIERRE'S "Sacred Heart," a performance equally humble at heart, touches one as do New Mexico Santos.

Perhaps a perverse appreciation of minorities made me rate high prints that lag behind the demanding strictures in fashion today. They are David Thompson's "Manoa Valley" an exacting performance that makes one sigh for the long forgotten wood engravings of a Timothy Cole; L. G. van Loon's "St. Peter's Church," as patient a rendering as the once-famed engravings of John Taylor Arms.

THE DRAWINGS also follow a variegated pattern. Heavily "leaded," Karawina's "The King" suggests the stained glass technique of

which she is a master.

This timelessness contrasts with the split motion of Trudy Robert's "Marcia Watching TV," a young girl caught in a gesture as quick as that of a bird landing.

One singles out the geological logic of Maynard Harris' "Blow Hole Area," the accident turned to profit in Sueko Kimura's "Pali Cliffs," the rich gamut of textures in May Fraser's "Saint and Friends."

THERE ARE straightforward renderings: Jean Boone's "The Dancer," as factual, if more delicate, than a Walt Kuhn; Helen Gilbert's "Japanese Girl," and Martha Alexander's "Tahitian Girl," both having in common an economy of line reminiscent of Mi-Fei's admonition, "Use ink as if it were gold."

Two beautiful dynamic blobs are John Young's "Europa and the Bull," and Stasack's "Kealahakua Bay." Is it as a sort of melancholy homage to the past that these obvious abstracts have been given by their makers descriptive titles?