New Artists' Group Holds **Initial Show**

By JEAN CHARLOT

The Hawaiian Watercolor and Serigraph Society's initial public show is on display this week in the lobby of the downtown First National Bank.

It's an exhibit of water-

It's exhibit of an watercolors.

Bankers as patrons of the arts are not a novelty.
Famed in Renaissance Italy were the Medici, enriched by international banking activities. They loved art and in the second of the seco riched by international banking activities. They loved art and collected art. Should our local people wish to emulate these fa-mous ancestors, some of the watercolors exhibited may change hands and grace walls of our money.

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Unlike oils, watercolor is a technique traditional to both East and West. Unaware of the more ponder-ous medium of oils, Oriental masters used ink and watercolor washes to translate their deepest concepts. In contrast, Western masters limit watercolor to the role of scout for forthcoming oils, jotting down first thoughts jotting down first thoughts

Journal down first thoughts or elusive effects.

There are attempts at the traditional Chinese style, rhythmical bamboos and philosophers philosophizing in the shade of an ancient tree. philosophers philosophizing in the shade of an ancient tree. There also are paint-ings that force the fluid medium into renderings solid enough to presuppose a Western awareness of the

Western awareness of oil medium.

oil medium.

Most successful are the pictures that blend both attitudes, thus tuning up subconsciously to the locale. Such is Nena Takacs's "Nuuanu Waterfalls." Thin reserves of paper delineate rivulets that meander down dark green slopes, their tip oppressed by cushions of dark green slopes, then tip oppressed by cushions of clouds. The sight is Hawaiian, Oriental the relation of man to nature, Occidental made man to nature, Occidental
the wet technique, made
possible by a thick grade of
English watercolor paper.
Most majestic is "The
Pali," by Ida Tollinger,

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Most majesue 12
Pali," by Ida Tollinger, with delicate traceries of white tree branches against the serried folds of cliffs.

Most charming is Marjorie Hee's "After School": the little red house spills out its noisy load of youngsters, a witty squiggle of the brush summing up each wiggling summing up wiggling child.

To the new artists' group, good wishes.