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🛨 Wednesday, April 19, 1967 Honolulu Star-Bulletin B-1

# by Jean Charlot

### Masterworks

A public display of paintings from the Arthur Murray collection is current at the Contemporary Arts Center. It opened last Sunday and is to close soon, perhaps tomor-

Honolulans should not miss this chance to get acquainted with undoubted masterworks, mostly by Impressionist masters.

I understand that problems of security and of in-surance made imperative the short, short schedule. We should thank Arthur Murray for his selflessness in thus stripping his walls naked, for the benefit of the community at large.

The choice of paintings that make up a private collection is in its way a telltale clue to the owner. People collect paintings for varied reasons, some for prestige and some for profit.

In the present case, neither of these reasons holds good. Not a grain of snob-bishness intrudes in the choice. Not an ounce of computerization in regard to market values. It is a gentleman's choice.

Few canvases are of the obvious kind that strikes one at first sight. Vlaminck is the one exception. Most of the paintings have been chosen i n s t e a d because they would prove pleasant to live with.

### Century of art

The show roughly spans a century — 1860 to 1960 — with by far the strongest representation among masters of the 19th century.

Even though he follows as a whole the great lines of the history of art, Arthur Mur-ray can be quite a law unto himself. Great names are there but also lesser names. Marie Laurencin, the gentle friend of the cubists, hangs side by side with the half for-gotten French Academician, J. J. Henner.

The picture of a pond with waterlilies — a subject reserved as a rule for Claude Monet — turns out to be instead a good Sunday painting by Sir Winston Churchill!

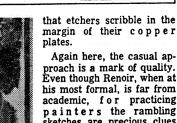
I would have preferred that the titles be set in English rather than in French to avoid perhaps a touch of snobbishness. It makes me ill at ease when in a restaurant chicken is referred to as "Poularde de Bresse."

On the labels, the French used is at times awkward and seems translated from the English. Pissarro's "Jar-din de la Ville" properly should be called "City Park."

# Wrong emphasis

My only other reservation as regards this beautiful show has to do with press re-leases that are not in tune with the lender's self - effac-ing character. Obviously money is needed to buy this kind of art. Obviously this kind of art is worth money.

Yet money and art do not mix easily. It would have been better if the worth of the collection — estimated at a million dollars — had been



The Pissarro of 1874 is a work in the discreet hues of later impressionism.



Outstanding a m o n g the works of our century, the small painting by Diego Rivera is quietly charming. It will come as a surprise to those acquainted only with his socially - conscious murals.

One should question the title "Rivera's Daughter and
Indian Nurse." It represents
Pico, Diego's younger daughter with a little Aztec
friend of the same age, probably Conch a, Concepcion
Hernandez, who was — who is in fact—my godchild.

The misleading title tends to void the point of the pic-ture. The white child and the brown child are friends, in a gentle urging for racial harmony.

Gentle though they may be, these paintings by great masters are not of a kind in-tended to lull one into sleep. They are doubtless pleasant to have around but they are not, to put it in contemporary terms, the equivalent of the so-called "idiot box."

The peace and plenty that know Renoir's working habits. He did not paint on a canvas cut to size and stretched on a wooden frame.

He preferred to thumbtack an unstretched and uncut canvas on a board. In its center, in time, the picture proper would emerge. This

## Not for playboys

In their bulk, in their carriage one senses instead an undertow of the heroic that would make any play boy

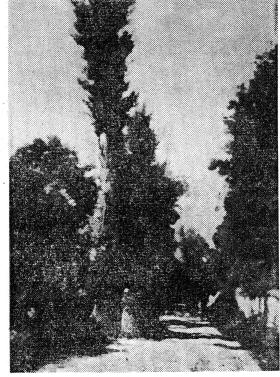
take to his heels.

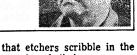
No wonder. When Renoir painted these assertions of superhuman vitality he was so crippled as to be jack-knifed into a wheelchair. Every morning before work the paintbrush was lashed to his masters orchestrated on can-

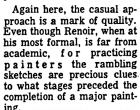
sen pictures for the lovely things that they are. I doubt that they will ever afford

vas are more in the nature of a muted lesson in heroism than an invitation to simple









his early manner. In the capsule history that this show constitutes, "Le Jardin de la Ville" stands midway between the delicate variations in grays of a Corot and the full - bodied chromas of a



Diego Rivera's "Rivera's Daughter"

pect a picture to assault us with all the fury of a bull charging at the bullfighter's

Corot tranquility Here nothing of the kind. Unaware of a spectator, Corot creates his own tranquil

thick piles of greenbacks or stashed in pirates' gold

First, let us wash our eyes

of contemporary sights, the better to appreciate these aging, if ever young, mas-ters. Op and pop have accus-tomed us to aggressively as-

sertive statements. We ex-

pieces!

left out of the publicity attendant upon the opening of the show.

In Washington, the Leonardo da Vinci recently actions at the suncast shadows of the shad In Washington, the Leonardo da Vinci recently acquired by the National Gallery will never again be looked at for what it is, the lovely portrait of a lovely girl. Between the small precious panel and the onlooker shall be interposed forever brutal images of what \$5 million looks like, stacked in thick piles of greenbacks or trees, and silence.

Renoir's "Tetes D'Enfants'

These tiny Corots are choice Corots. Today's connoisseurs rate them far above the many misty "Dawns" and "Dusks" that the painter produced tirelessly to answer the demands of the collectors of his day his day.

The larger Renoir, a bunch of heads spread at random and of unrelated scales, may puzzle those who do not know Renoir's working hab-

an unstretched and uncut canvas on a board. In its center, in time, the picture proper would emerge. This left a margin where, at the tip of the brush, the artist improvised at will. Unique in the history of pointing these Unaware of a spectator, Corthe history of painting, these ot creates his own tranquil doodles with the brush are universe. A pocket of space not unlike the "remarks"

deformed hand made into a fist by arthritis.

Arthur Murray should in-

deed enjoy his carefully cho-