by Jean Charlot

exhibition Currently held at the Honolulu Academy of Arts, the 18th Annual Exhibition of Artists of Hawaii. It includes paintings and sculptures, prints and drawings and, as

is unavoidable nowadays,

An annual

mixed media.

The sole juror entrusted with the delicate task of separating the esthetic sheep from the non-esthetic goats was this year, as in previous years, a museum man: Paul Mills, curator of the Oakland Art Museum.

Though as a rule mild and well mannered, museum men may be as drastically explicit in regard to their taste as any archangel on Judgment Day. I know. More than once on similar occasions I have felt their steel at the nape of my neck.

At such a juncture I find myself communing by mail and phone with rejected artists, those who are symbolically thrown into the outer darkness. There they are left to gnash their teeth until the coming year. Then, with renewed hope, they shall again pay their entry fee.

There were times — some refer to them as the good old times - when a juror could win the praise of sophisticates by the simple expedient of rejecting all representational paintings while accepting all abstractions.

Today, styles are mixed

Not any more. Today, esthetic currents, far from flowing in one direction, are more in the nature of an eddy. Styles are so thoroughly mixed that the rule of thumb concerning abstractions holds sway no more.

In fact, in this show, some of the most "progressive" entries, by some of our most aggressive artists, are unmistakably representational!

Given this variety of approaches, is it not time to reassess past estimates? When the abstract movement was at is zenith, a roomful ofthe proper kind of art could prove rather monotonous.

I for one craved for distraction, for the sight of an apple or of a face, some recognizable part of objective

Nowadays the new Roman- drawing.



BY DUANE PREBLE-"Dying Woman," a charcoal drawina.

of Kimura's goddess one

reads its word equivalent:

homage to ancient ritual."

'Modern technology and

Lawrence Kaneshiro also

mixes visual effects with

elaborate literary captions.

In his case, decal transfer -

the up-to-date form of col-

lage - brings together illus-

trations culled from newspa-

pers and magazines.

ticism reinstates subject lierature. The new art courts matter. It tugs heartily at the power of words assiduour viscera. It tackles ously. Tattooed on the chest Wagnerian themes unabashed. Man, in his nakedness, is shown pursued by modern Furies, as in Sueko Kimura's "Paradox." Its tiny figures, wondrously drawn, could be escapees from Auguste Rodin's Gates

The awesome goddess, its many limbs rotating like those of a Hindu deity, assails the unhappy humans.

I reproduce. "To undo Abstract art shunned punc-swhat has already been untiliously the least shade of done



BY MEYER CUMMINS - "Ho'ohiwahiwa," an ink



Incongruously thrown together are the blonde head of a wistful female and an army of bishops in full regalia. The female could be construed as a lost sheep. The herd of good shepherds could be searching for her. And maybe not.

Kaneshiro uses photographic "ready-mades" to plunge us in the thick of representation. This, and his unabashed use of words to strengthen the visual meaning, forces us to realize how drastic the changes in the esthetic winds.

Compared with Kaneshiro, Duane Preble, only yesterday deemed our bad boy of the arts, acquires a sort of classical hue.

Discreet and eniamatical

His drawing, "Dying Woman," entirely wrought by hand, is discreet and even enigmatical in its portrait of human plight. Its dynamic elegance suggests some of the flowing elusiveness found in Rodin's bust portraits.

Doubtless, Art Nouveau, a half-century in eclipse, is now historical enough to make news!

Statewide.

in art history.

true.

When abstract art alone

reigned sovereign, one

wished for new trends to rise

and challenge its dictator-

ship. The wish has come

The new objectivity clam-

ors for a place in the lime-

light. In this new context,

abstract art grows in stat-

ure. A museum aura already

surrounds it. Its place is safe-

Only artists may go "on a

trip" without need of an arti-

ficial stimulus. Neither ab-

stract nor realistic, some of

the works exhibited pack

Richard Carse's "Unti-

tled." though leaning to Art

Nouveau, departs from the

decorative. The colors are

psychedelic: liver green and

lemon yellow flashing

against electric blues. Wrig-

gling curves, suggestive of a

bucket of live bait, stop mov-

ing long enough to expose a

The theme of Medusa,

here a head expressed on a heroic scale, is also seen in

haunting Medusa mask.

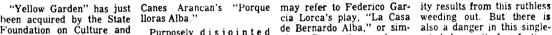
hallucinatory powers.

Set against the new esthetic, abstract art acquires added dignity. Before, its scrupulous care in avoiding representation could have been construed as an affectation. Now that, thanks to decal, one small picture contains more news events thanthe eye can encompass, the relative emptiness of abstractions allows us to ponder over the laws of rhythm and color that are the very stuff of which the visual arts are made.

Granted that our minds are clogged by blood and blows by Vietnam and racial strife, abstract art underlines the fact that these will not remain with us as long as art will.

Timelessness, away from headlines is of its essence. One contacts it in Joan Gima's "Two," a near monochrome rich in Oriental insight.

One contacts it in John Kjargaard's "Yellow Garden," based on Occidental values. Its balanced aloofness tells us much concerning human dignity, as much as would outspoken cries of rebellion



Purposely disjointed the Arts. It will eventually brushstrokes, a classical fladecorate one of the State vor distorted through terror, buildings. The choice is an are, in their mad way, cuauspicious beginning for a riously reminiscent of late program meant to become Roman mosaics.

As to its Spanish title, it

fusing to light still another

rejected over 300 e n t r i e s. Doubtless, professional qual-

cia Lorca's play, "La Casa weeding out. But there is de Bernardo Alba," or simalso a danger in this singleply to Dawn, timorously re- minded pursuit of perfection.

This year, the sole juror sorrow.

BY RICHARD CARSE—Untitled, an acrylic.



BY LAWRENCE KANESHIRO—"To Undo What Has Already Been Undone."

I do not refer to the sorrows of rejected artists. It is said that artists thrive on But as art is concerned.

the accent on technical pulchritude may lead to impoverishment. Professionalism is too often coupled with a loss of innocence.

Praiseworthy as the Academy annual show proves to be, I would suggest as an antidote to the taste of this quasi-official event a visit, on a weekend, to the outer fence of our Zoo.

Of the artists that exhibit along this fence, not all achieve esthetic absolutes.

Innocence, oftentimes, proves more precious than academic knowhow.