

ART

by Jean Charlot

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THESE notes were mostly jotted down on Kauai, where I went last week as juror for the annual exhibition of the Kauai Art Group. The show hangs in the Lihue War Memorial Convention Hall, there to remain through March.

Having left the verticalities of our Oahu, I enjoyed the horizontals of the sugarcane fields.

At Lihue, the hanging of the show was in bustling progress, all entries having been accepted. My task as juror did not include playing the heavy. No artist was to know the anguish of having his child thrown into outer darkness, outside the well-lit exhibition hall.

ALL THAT WAS expected of me was a milder version of a last judgment. It was my task to distribute prizes. Best in show, first, second and third, such ratings smack of computers and numerology. Numerology and art hardly mix.

And yet how would the devoted organizers, minus the benefit of this outsider's divining rod, know where to hang the ribbons of different colors, gay with gold, each tied to a tiny painter's palette artfully cut and painted by hand. Such joyous penants were crucial indeed to make the opening night a

truly festive occasion. So I applied myself diligently to the task.

The show had none of the morose unity that plagues a strictly juried show. It was a relief and a pleasure to study such a mixed bag of art. Abstraction and representation, beginners' attempts and masterpieces of craft, rested side by side at peace, as will the lion and the lamb when this world becomes a better world.

KAUAIANS are proud of the gentle local sights referred to wistfully by some as "the last of old Hawaii." Yet the Garden Island is not only sugar cane, pineapple fields, nor cattle pastures. Kauai is also a partner in deep space heroics that even a Jules Verne failed to prophesy.

At Kokee, the satellite tracking station, Kauaians daily eavesdrop on sounds that the ancients spoke of as the music of the spheres. And, when the occasion arises, they bandy repartees with astronauts in orbit, or those landed on some other planet.

Thus, Kauai artists are favored with a heady mix of circumstances that already proves conducive to some stylistic uniqueness.

MY CHOICE for best in show was "Of Sea and Sails,"

by Leonard Herbert. It is discreet. It is muted. Artists who work with a group show in view too often tend to paint big and colorful, the better to stop the passer-by. In Herbert, not a hint of the loudspeaker complex. His approach bespeaks a mature aesthetic experience. It also preserves the sense of wonderment one associates with youth.

Sandra Briant's "Morning After" pleased me for its ties, perhaps more subconscious than conscious, with tradition. It was the one work, among its peers, that treated the classical theme of the nude, in Western culture the touchstone of great art.

The old-fashioned aloha is still Kauai's heartbeat. Elsa Holtwick's "Excursion" blends this spirit with puckishness and enough know-how with paint. Picknickers of uncertain age and shapes—no sex symbols they—sun themselves, equipped with sunglasses and shaded by frayed straw hats. An ever so slight pointillism reflects the sunlight without weakening the humane quality.

CONCURRENT with their entries in the exhibition, Roger Rogelstadt and Carol Ann LeGoullon held comprehensive one-man shows at the Lihue Museum. Rogel-

stadt elaborates polychrome montages, their emotional message mostly a dirge for our times. Typical of his artistry is "Peace on Earth," a dead man smiling, feeling relaxed at last in his coffin. Of his works, "Deanna's Delight" pleased me the most. It blends sophistication and purity. Its childish scribbles tell of a little girl's joie de vivre, untainted by any papa's despair.

Carol Ann LeGoullon's acute awareness of today's heroic quest in space is no pretense. Her husband, Roger, works at Kokee. "Hot Entry," more than an abstraction, is a felt statement of what lethal hazards plague spaceships and spacemen. While "Lollies," "A What's It" portray creatures not as yet met by astronauts, but perhaps yet to be met.

Though lesser works could not be singled out for awards, nevertheless they were rich in a quality that only genius may safely do without, that of innocence. Blessed be the undersea-scapes made of dried seaweeds, the gardens of glued pressed flowers, and as well the wonderment that clings to one's first hand-painted oil.

That pigment brushed on canvas may evoke, however sketchily, a blue ocean or a red rose is, for the beginner, a truly magical feat. Soon, he will be told that duplicating the model is not the sole end of art. Only too soon, he will pride himself in pictures with NO subject matter, elegantly titled "Untitled."

THOUGH the Foundation on Culture, and the Arts has been most conscientious in helping artists on other islands, still there are problems left unsolved.

The Kauai Art Group sent choice contributions to the 22nd Annual Hawaii Painters and Sculptors show, only to have the expensively packed pictures returned in toto!

The following letter, written by Kauaiian artist Elise Train gives voice to some of the group's misgivings:

Dear Dr. Charlot:
The artists who live on the outer islands have recently received entry blanks for the Windward Artist's Guild Easter Art Festival. This year, the directors of the Art Festival have volunteered to

pay the return shipping cost of all crates shipped by Neighbor Island groups, which is intended to make possible "truly representative works of the creative art currently being done in the entire State of Hawaii."

The prospectus announces a juror, Arnold Herstand from Minneapolis. Since there is no way of knowing

Mr. Herstand's personal outlook and tastes in art works, we can only hope that as a juror he will attempt to judge the work from as unbiased a viewpoint as he is able.

Too frequently a one man jury makes impossible a truly representative show since the Juror frequently selects art works which confirm his

point of view on art or else will simply make for cohesion on the walls... If the artist's work doesn't easily fit into OP, BOP, POP it is juried OUT.

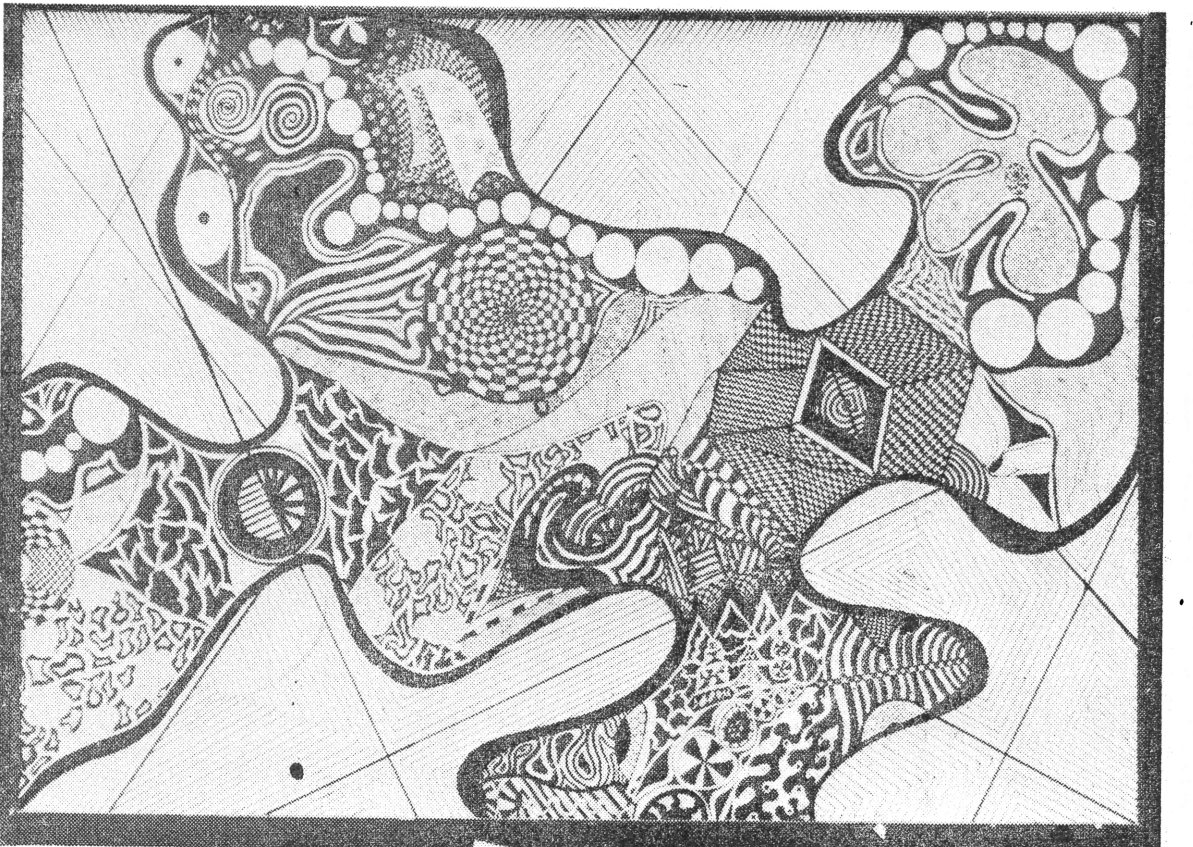
Maybe the solution would be to invite each artist to submit one work if hanging space is limited... Thus the exhibit would truly represent a cross section of art

currently being done... This would make entry fees and shipping cost seem less of a burden and make for a varied show... Taste changes rapidly and the laughable this year may well be next year's epitome.

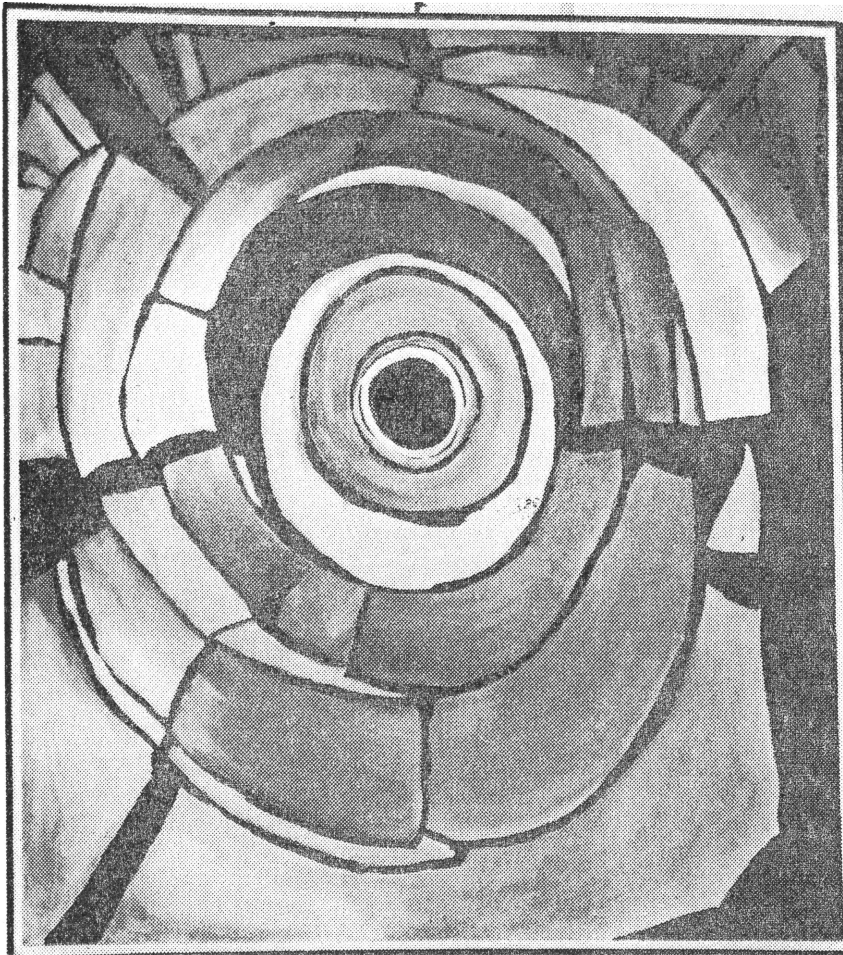
Affectionately,
ELISE TRAIN
Spouting Horn Studio
Koloa, Kauai



JEAN GREGG — "Old Pine,"—judging this show was "a milder version of a last judgment."



NORMAN LE GOULLON — The 12-year-old son of Carol Ann LeGoullon painted "Tinker Toy World" for the Kauai show.



CAROL ANN LEGOULLON — Today's heroic quest in space is no pretense. Here is her "Hot Entry."