

YOUNG SCULPTOR WINS £1000 SCHOLARSHIP

IN July *The Listener* drew attention to a travelling scholarship in art valued at £1,000, which was to be awarded annually by the Association of New Zealand Art Societies. Applications closed on September 1, and the decision of the judging committee has now been announced. The first annual award of this scholarship goes to William Robert Allen, of Wellington, whose work was selected from 16 entries from all parts of the Dominion. The judges were artists of high repute drawn from all the major New Zealand Art Societies.

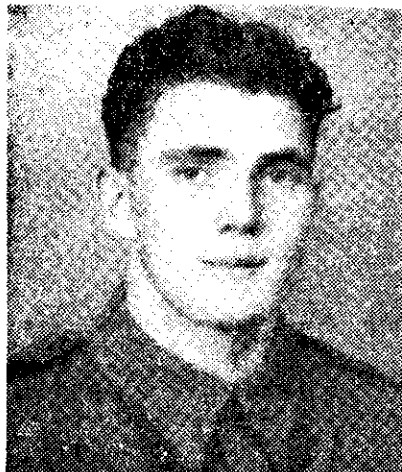
A feature of the award is that it enables the successful artist to choose his place of study abroad, and W. R. Allen proposes to study at the Royal College of Art, London, for two years. At present he is a sculpture student at the School of Art, Canterbury University College, and he intends to

continue his work in the field of sculpture and ceramics.

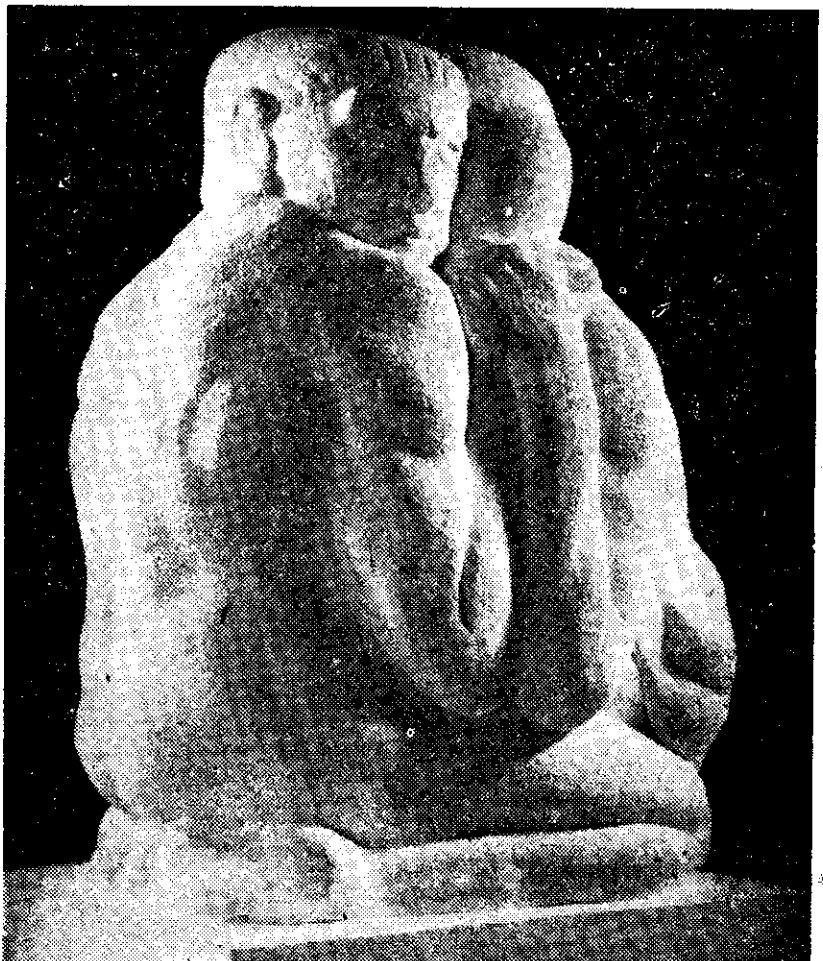
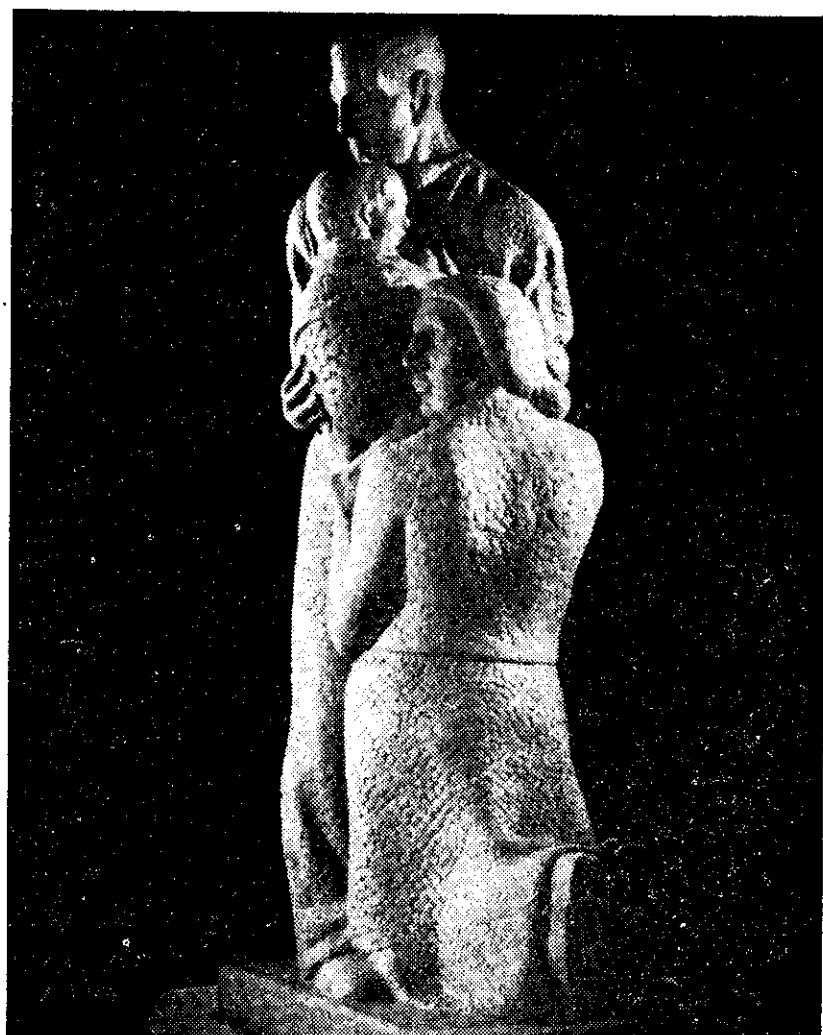
He went to primary school in Wellington and then took an art course at the Masterton Technical High School. At the age of 18 he joined the army and served in Egypt and Italy with the 27th Machine-Gun Battalion. At the end of the war he studied for two months at the Institute of Art in Florence, on a course organised by the British Army and attended by several other New Zealanders. After this he was offered a chance to study in London, but he returned home to get married. In 1946 he received a Rehabilitation bursary to study art at Canterbury University College. He hopes to graduate with a Diploma of Fine Arts at the end of this year. He is now 26 years old and has one child.

Applicants for the award had to submit three examples of original work and three drawings. W. R. Allen submitted a figure composition called *Polynesia* carved in a half-ton block of Oamaru stone and intended to personify the Polynesians' mythological heritage (a photograph of which appears on this page), a modelled figure composition for bronze called *Unit* (right), which consisted of a family group of man, woman and child, the figures being four and a-half feet high, and a modelled life-size head for bronze called *Youth* (see front cover).

C. Lovell-Smith, Director of the School of Art at which W. R. Allen is at present studying, considers him an exceedingly hard-working student of great ability, who should go very far. Under the conditions of the A.N.Z.A.S. Travelling Scholarship, he will return to New Zealand for two years after completing his studies abroad.



W. R. ALLEN



(continued from previous page)

"Did you see any of the other eastern cities—Philadelphia, for example?"

"I spent a day and a night in Philadelphia, but I'm not going to say that I saw it. I saw the Republican Convention, and when that was on it was impossible to see anything else. It happened that my hotel was headquarters of the candidates for nomination, and it is difficult to explain what that meant and still be believed. I would hardly believe it myself now if I'd not made some notes—14,000 people in the convention hall, shouting and waving flags and banners; bands playing and celebrity artists giving items whenever there was a hush or a pause; hundreds of reporters, photographers, and newsreel men; pandemonium after every nomination speech—all this going on hour after hour and making the maddest scene you could imagine. Some time after midnight I went back to my hotel and saw the rest by television. To my surprise it was all extremely clear.

Even the voices were far more distinct than in the hall itself."

"Did you get any impression of the American countryside—farms and farmers and rural workers generally?"

"No. I travelled by air, except between Washington and New York, and most of the long distance flying is done at night. I saw California in daylight, and Honolulu, but they are no more like the rest of America than Tauranga is like Taihape. 'Frisco seems to have no smoke day or night, and never to rest day or night. It looked to me like a city without dust or dirt, without weekday or Sunday, the traffic never still, the shops and hotels never closed. I saw nothing so sunny, so gay, so cheerful, and so efficient, except the hostesses on the planes whom no traveller ever forgets. It's all very well to cultivate indifference to danger. Everyone who flies has to do that. But nearly everyone, when a plane begins to bump, wonders why he left home—until he sees the air-hostesses going on with their work quite unmoved. Then he pulls himself together and feels a little ashamed that his morale was escaping so fast."