

memory any more. Except some watercolours, what I saw at eighteen excited me less than I would have liked it to. It was the Suter Art Society's spring exhibition in Nelson in 1928. It must have been a typical sample of New Zealand painting of the time; most of the exhibitors lived and painted in Nelson. If not they had and, moving away, had retained their membership.

The exhibitor I was most interested in, because I hoped to have lessons from him when I had saved up enough money to afford them, was an Englishman, Hugh Scott. He had lived in various places in the South Island, lastly Motueka, where I was working on an orchard, before coming to Nelson city. In Motueka he had known Mina Arndt, a notable painter who had died there in 1926 just two years before my arrival. I wasn't to become aware of her work till some time later. In the Suter Gallery is a fine 'Mother and Child' of hers painted in magnificently strong swipes of surprisingly delicate colour. It seems only an accident that her work should have been done in New Zealand, it belongs entirely to Europe. Her figures are like European peasants, though modelled from local people. I should think Millet might have been her example. They are extremely good pictures. But her landscapes tell me nothing at all of Motueka except how the old hop kilns looked, buildings that I loved myself because of their old-world appearance. She painted them so much better than I ever would; and now they are almost all gone, replaced by tobacco kilns. But from her landscapes other than these I can get no feel of the place as I know it. Motueka, in those I have seen, is only a romantic European dream.

The picture I looked at hardest, those two days I stayed in town to see the exhibition in 1928, was Hugh Scott's 'Interior of Nelson Cathedral'. The exhibition being closed by the time I got there the day before, I had filled in time by going up Church Hill and into the old wooden cathedral, painted outside with the Nelson Paint Company's orange ochre. Inside I had a sense of green, religious gloom, very like being in deep bush on Mount Egmont. But next day I could find no green in Mr Scott's picture. Its shadows were brown. And, in the arrangement of pews and rafters, there was an intimidating display of vanishing perspective; an advertisement of the desert of disenjoyment that, I had no option then but to believe, lay between me and the fulfilment of my desire to be an artist.

But two years later when I did come to live in town and had my long-awaited lessons, they were pleasanter than I might have expected. In outdoor landscapes, at which before long I began to excel in watercolour, vanishing perspective seemed to look after itself well enough. What they had dinned into me at primary school seemed to work well enough for ordinary needs. And apparently I paid sufficient attention to it in my choice of architectural subjects;