

# ART A.A.N.C. SHOW JUNK?

The exhibition in the gallery has all of the characteristics, good and bad, that one always finds in an open show. Many of the works should not be in a state organization which calls itself the Associated Artists of North Carolina. Clearly, many of the works are by nice ladies, wrong numbers people, and those school teachers whose claim to a position in the public schools is that they teach Art. It is hard to imagine how some of our school administrators could continue to employ a person whose production is of such low quality. It is obvious that these people are not dedicated artists who labor to perfect their craft.

Fortunately, many works in the exhibition are not country-fair quality paintings, and one looking closely will see that perhaps twenty works exhibited have been done by real artists and not amateurs. It is interesting that the first prize winner is eighteen, and the honorable mention winner is not much older. Both are from the N. C. School of the arts: Luciano Addis and Dexter Benedict. Two more of students, Lorna Frady and Richard Watkins show considerable talent and vitality in their painting. Mr. Clifford Earl, whose rocking-fish nearly fills the front hall, has really provided the exhibition with its most ambitious and craftsman-like work.

Mr. Sauer, the judge of the exhibition, who is himself a painter of considerable stature and a teacher of long experience, complained about the flood of junk that he was expected to judge. However, he did admit that from this exhibition a very fine show could have been assembled. What is your opinion?

we can, at least, endure them. Like the oak of the forest or the flower of the field, we can bend before the storm, and be all the stronger and nobler for it. Storms are not the general order of the natural world; they come only ever and anon. So with the real trials of life; they come only now and then, and, when they do come, we should meet them with patience and philosophy. To sit down and fret in the hour of darkness and trial is to reveal a weak and cowardly spirit; to do so is an absolute reproach to any head or heart. Then is the time for action and heroism: then

"It is Godlike to unloose The spirit and forget ourselves in thought; And, in the very fetters of our flesh, Mating with the pure essence of heaven."

DON'T FRET! Nothing is more unprofitable than fretting. All  
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And now for all you weary, worrisome, freaked-out friends at NCSA, we offer words of wisdom by the Rev. R. S. Cassady, hoping that you too will find contentment. Remember "the light joyous heart never frets."

## DON'T FRET

By Rev. R. S. Cassady

DON'T FRET! All nature is opposed to fretting. The stars are bright above us, and the flowers beautiful beneath us to gladden us with their brightness and beauty. With all the varied appointments of the natural world, and they are manifold, to minister to our joy and comfort, what else than an ingrate to heaven is the person who corrodes his or her life with fretful cares and consuming anxieties? Every flower that blooms, every stream that ripples, every bird that sings enters its protest, and pronounces against the monstrous ingratitude of such a character. And yet thousands, with God's bright, smiling heavens over their heads, pass their days in fretting over the little troubles and annoyances of life. With so many things in the world to yield them enjoyment, and with so little to take away from their happiness, they are nevertheless wretched and miserable from the mere habit of fretting.

Life has its trials and disappointments, it is true; but what are these compared to its manifold blessings? And even these are a positive good to those who have the philosophy to conquer or endure them as the case may be. All true happiness is conditioned on goodness and virtue, and these imply the conquest of the difficulties in the way of our happiness. But the greatest proportion by far of the unhappiness of the race results from imaginary, unreal evils -- evils that exist only in the brain and nowhere else. Literally true of thousands are the words of Burns:-

"When no real ills perplex them  
They make enou' themselves to vex them."

DON'T FRET! All reason, all philosophy is against it. If adversities and disappointments come, they come in the order of a beneficent Providence, and we should bear them. They spring not from the ground, but have a kindly, heaven-sent mission to us. And if we may not conquer them - and what may not be conquered by a brave spirit and noble action?

(con't next column)

Art by Lorna Frady

