

# Daily Rand Mail



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## No. 188 steals art show, but what is it?

STAFF REPORTER

**EYE-STOPPER** Number One at this year's Spring Show is—without a doubt—the contemporary art exhibition. It's in the hall where you normally see prize roses, gladioli, orange trees and the more understandable things of life.

Any other year, you'd walk into the hall and decide whose tulips, hyacinth, daffodil or gladioli bulbs you were going to buy.

But not this year.

Go in through the doors and there is a piece that looks as if someone had got awfully annoyed with their breakfast bacon and eggs and plastered them over the table cloth.

Then there is what resembles an architect's plan for the new

Civic Centre built in ice-cream and angel food cake.

But pride of place must go to Exhibit No. 188. It's by Mr Herman Wald, who, in case you don't remember, is the man who did the statuary for the Oppenheimer Fountain just behind the old Post Office in Rissik Street.

It's a bronze and there's no price on it.

But, from nine in the morning until nine at night it attracts more attention than the horses in the ring or the teenage idols in the "Bop Inn."

Pause a while and listen to

what the passing parade has to say about Number 188.

Miss A, obviously a school-teacher on a day out, says: "It's symbolic—the struggle of the masses against the masters."

Behind her, Miss B., a teenager in skin-tight slacks and stiletto heels, says: "Coo! Look at the crab eating the lobster."

Mr. C., a man who knows what he likes even if it is not art, turns to his wife and says: "Eeh, luv, I don't know about you but that would look grand on top of the mantelpiece."

So it goes on.

There's never a minute when Number 188 is left to itself—or herself—or himself—or themselves.

It's an enigma that's drawing the crowds from dawn to dusk. What is it?

Well, Mr. Wald wasn't available last night but here goes...

It's a bronze. It looks as if there's a man in it somewhere—or it might be a lobster—or even a horse.

Above it, there's another bronze. Or it might be a crab, a polo pony, an arum lily or a woman.

But whatever it is, there's not a person who walks into the exhibition of contemporary art who can walk past it without some comment.