

James

Apples and Glass

(A Comment on Picasso's "Pomme et Verre")

CHARLES HOSTETTER

"No, Junior, the picture is not hung upside down."

"How does Mother know? They don't hang pictures upside down."

"The picture is called "Apple and Glass."

"Why do they call it that? Because that is a picture of an apple and a glass.

"You don't believe it? Why, Junior! Can't you see the apple?"

"No, here it is. This round object in the middle with the red on the bottom and the blue on the top is the apple.

"Yes, I know, Junior. I never saw one that looked like that either.

"The blue thing with all the white lines is the glass, not a piece of a crossword puzzle.

"Yes, Junior, perhaps the glass is broken.

"How do I know who broke it? Maybe the artist has a little boy like you at home.

"Well, er, eh—I guess the brown part is a table.

"The artist didn't want to put those things on the table.

"I know they can't stay in the air. This is sort of a fairy picture, Junior.

"There aren't any fairies!

"Yes, I did say it was sort of a fairy picture. Oh, Junior, don't mention fairies any more.

"The tan color is the background. Maybe he ran out of paint.

"Oh! Artists just draw things. They don't have any reason, Junior.

"Junior, we can't stand here all day. Come now. You must learn to appreciate art."

Jason

These Three: Beauty, Power, Knowledge

RALPH W. MORGAN

It is fitting and natural that I, who was born and have lived most of my life in Indianapolis, should think that this city is one of the most beautiful communities in the United States. However, if all of the other beauty spots of Indianapolis were excluded, the World War memorial plaza in the heart of the city would still give me a reason for a belief in the abundant beauty of my birthplace. Concentrated in this comparatively small space are the representatives of three of man's highest attainments; the DePew memorial fountain is esthetic beauty, the World War memorial shrine is righteous power, and the Indianapolis public library is universal knowledge.

The DePew memorial fountain, esthetic beauty, is the centerpiece of what was formerly University park. Now, however, this park is incorporated into the war memorial plaza, and the fountain lends its sculptured beauty to a memory of more valiant days. The fountain pool is enclosed by a low circular wall of smooth tinted marble. In the pool, scattered at regular intervals near the level of the water, are four pairs of grotesque cast iron catfish, from whose snouts issues a perpetual stream of watery defiance at the laughing, dancing, children at the raised center of the fountain. Clasp hands to form a dancing circle, with heads thrown back and young mouths wide with an eternally silent, yet loud and strong, merry song, these leaping net-clad or unclad fishermen's children or Neptunic nymphs are the ultimate anthitheses of the cold, lifeless metal of which they are made.