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.”

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. Clasping 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.
In the center of this dancing circle rises a graceful column that is topped by a large dripping basin whose cool spray is the evident reason for the impromptu dance below. Upon a pedestal in the center of the basin is the crowning subject of the fountain. Clad in filmy Grecian robes with arms upraised to clash cymbals stands a slightly more mature feminine figure. She smiles down on the dancing children. Perhaps she is the goddess of joy and dancing; perhaps she is just an older girl of the fisherfolk, but whoever she is she approves with her cymbals and her smiles the dancing innocents below. Truly the De-Pew memorial fountain is the very personification of esthetic beauty.

The World War memorial shrine room is housed in a massive structure that is the embodiment of strength. However, the exterior of the war memorial building does not contain in its heavy architecture the lofty spirit of idealism which is expressed in the shrine room. Upon reaching the shrine room one immediately gains the impression that he has entered a magnificent cathedral. Ethereal blue light flows from the tall slender windows as if to flood every corner with the intangible echoing phrase: “Greater love hath no man . . .” Misty silence reigns around the central cenotaph in which is contained the spirit of all those who fought and died that others might live in a safer world. Above the cenotaph, in eternal majesty, hangs a great American flag which in rare moments ripples a benediction upon the enshrined spirit below. Half way up the walls of the shrine room, circling to form a continuous panorama, are sculptured murals depicting the five major offensives in which American troops took part. Upon the east and west sections of the wall, below the murals, are niches in which to hang oil portraits of all the Allied commanders. Looking far up into the azure, stepped dome one can see many tiny star-like lights. The major source of artificial illumination is a many sided electric lamp-star hanging from the center of the dome. As one’s gaze drops, however, all sense of artificiality fades. Again only the silence bound cenotaph, bathed in misty blue, is visible. Surely no more fitting tribute could have been built by man, which would embody righteous power as this shrine room does.

The Indianapolis public library, the symbol of universal knowledge, stands overlooking the war memorial plaza from the north. Upon observing the library one is struck by the beautiful symmetry of its form. Much of this quality is derived from the modified Grecian style in which the library is built. Eight massive columns grace the front of the building. Between these columns and on the side of the library are tall, spacious windows. The interior of the library carries out the plan of the Grecian exterior by being beautifully plain. The painted murals on the ceiling of the main reading room are rightly the only exceptions to this general plan. To me it is unfortunate that the library is so busy; otherwise the Greek temple incense of quietness would permeate the atmosphere of the library to a greater extent than it does. Even as it is, however, the massive chandeliers, the bemuraled ceiling, the book-massed walls, and carved names of great writers lend to the Indianapolis public library a sense of reverence above the rush of busy book borrowers. This same sense of reverence that befits a temple of knowledge makes this library, unlike most such institutions, an ideal place to read, study, and meditate. The wide windows and the adequate artificial lighting lighten the reader’s task to a great extent. The very spaciousness of the building, and the calm serenity of the architecture are conducive to the search for knowledge. In architecture, atmosphere, and content the Indianapolis public library is an altar of
universal learning.
So it is these three: beauty, power, and knowledge, that make Indianapolis more than just my birthplace to me.

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Mistake by Noah
LOUISE RYMAN

It might have changed history—but it didn't.

Noah was happy. A home-loving body was Noah, content with his lot. He had his wife, and he had his pigs. He had his garden and a house full of in-laws.

Noah had a hobby. He liked to build arks. In his house were arks of all descriptions; big and small, round and square, red arks and blue arks.

Noah was a dreamer. One night he had a dream about a great storm and rising water. A plan for a magnificent ark took shape in Noah's mind. In the morning he told his wife and his in-laws about the dream. The in-laws laughed at Noah, and his wife made him stop drinking coffee.

But Noah started building. Each day there was sawing, pounding, and hammering in Noah's home. Noah's wife held her head and moaned. She cursed the day that she ever married Noah.

Then it began to rain. The in-laws looked worried; so did Noah's wife. Not so Noah. Confidently he led his wife, his pigs, and his in-laws down to the ark. The name of Noah would go down in history as the preserver of mankind.

But Noah's cause was lost. So was Noah, his wife, his pigs, and the house full of in-laws. Noah had built the ark in the basement.

Pittsburgh—Slightly Wet
NORMAN BICKING

Pittsburgh's Great Flood of 1936 was the most perfectly staged catastrophe it has been my misfortune to witness. Only one being could have been capable of such a deed, and that being none other than Old Mother Nature herself. She planned it, and provided the characters. Two great rivers, the Alleghany and the Monongahela, join at Pittsburgh to form the still greater Ohio. A situation like that is always loaded with potential dynamite. Last March 17 this charge went off with terrible results.

It had been raining rather heavily prior to that date, but no one was even slightly perturbed. This might have been reasonable, but those downpours had been not only local; they also were occurring simultaneously over the vast watersheds feeding two of our main actors. Then entered the final addition to the cast. Snow in the mountains melted abruptly with the sudden appearance of warm weather. Immediately the weather bureau issued flood warnings.

Now keep this in mind; flood stage at the Point in Pittsburgh is twenty-five feet. The warnings predicted a stage, or crest, of thirty-five feet. On Tuesday evening the rivers had begun their rise. The swiftness of the ascent caused veteran rivermen to glance at each other questioningly. There was a tenseness about; even the air felt laden with menace. Anxiously observers at the Point watched the gauge. The onrushing waters crept steadily, silently upward. Low places were submerged many feet before the thirty-five foot mark was reached. Thousands of tons of muddy waters were even now paralyzing the life of the Golden Triangle. Cars were engulfed. Hundreds of workers trapped in the upper stories of skyscrapers called for help. All that