Perhaps the depression with its breaking down of machine domination of our life may restore some of the fundamentals of the home, such as art, Mrs. Groseclose, who is the wife of Dr. Elgin Groseclose, '20, a contributing editor of The Sooner Magazine, hopes. When a painting becomes just as important as a vacuum sweeper in the home, we will be on the way to a richer life. Arnold Hoffmann, celebrated artist, whose portrait appears at the right, is one of the modern artists who is enriching our cultural life

Art and the Depression

By LOUISE WILLIAMS GROSECLOSE

IT was a stray remark on the causes of the Depression made by an economist—my husband probably—that revived my summer fagged interest in the picture galleries and set me to revisiting those along Fifty-seventh Street with the idea of finding out just what Art could do about the business cycle. The remark in question—to put it in the delightfully ponderous phrases of the economist—was that there was a disequilibrium between light and heavy industry, and that we would not get back to normal until we rediscovered village handicraft.

Our factories, explained the economist, are geared up to produce giant things in a giant standardized way—such as steel rails, heavy cranes and machinery— but not individual things in an individual artistic way. And for just such little things there is a tremedous potential but as yet inchoate demand, and in the supplying of these things we have the outlet for the human energy now being relegated into disuse by the machine.

To put it in terms with which I am more familiar and which explains my warm August afternoons in the galleries, our houses, such as they are, contain a host of mechanical contrivances turned out in quantity by factories in Syracuse, South Bend, Philadelphia—automatic furnaces, electric refrigerators, incinerators, electric washing machines—all of which lighten the burden of housekeeping, but render our houses miniature factories in appearance, rather than homes. Things which make a home beautiful, artistic, and give it a personality and warmth, are at present unobtainable under our economic organization. A thirty-nine dollar vacuum cleaner—a mechanical beauty—is used to go over a ninteen dollar rug from Camden (in Persia I understand, where rugs are really treasured, a ten cent broom is considered sufficient) while the housewife saves her pennies to buy an electric clock that eliminates a three-minute chore of clock winding, and uses the leisure gained thereby to gaze at a lithograph print of Hope setting disconsolate on top of the world, which was picked up from a counter in Liggett's Drug Store for fifty-nine cents.

Why is it, I wondered, that we are so mechanically, rather than artistically minded? Is it because of the superior propaganda of the factories, with high priced advertising agencies at their service, that we are machine conscious and can discuss with the greatest familiarity the comparative beauty of this and last season's car styles, or respond to the beauteous perfection of a porcelain kitchen sink, but seem a bit awkward in remembering just who is Matisse or Cezanne?

Or is it because the artists have remained oblivious of their opportunities, or have isolated themselves from the human tide about them, and become wrapped up in abstruse questions of technique and style, rather than in the satisfaction of the human desire for beauty? Is our art genuine and sincere enough to warrant its universal acceptance in the American home? Is it because we are afraid of the modern painter that we still resort to the daguerretype in preference to the portrait painter, or to the lithographic reproductions of old masters rather than the perhaps faulty, yet genuine, efforts of contemporary landscape painters?

It must be admitted that the average examples of modern art which one sees in the galleries are not such as to cause them to be welcomed like a college chum into the house. Many seem to have been painted for the gallery—for the Grand Prix—rather than the satisfaction of the inner hunger of some simple art lover.

The portraits by Picasso may be stimulating when seen in galleries, but a face looking both ways at the same time would be a little disturbing in the home. Yet, after all the evidence is in, it must be admitted that modern art is more suited to modern interiors than are copies of old masters, even good copies, and one can find modern paintings which, if the price were not too high, the home maker would gladly save to acquire in preference to the new Ford V-8.

Art today being an expression of thought and mood, rather than a following along prescribed lines as it has been in times past when religion was the only subject dealt with, or later, portraiture, there is much in the galleries that is not easily understood, nor at all suitable for the home. Kuniyoshi's oversize nudes belong in this class of art, and on a cursory visit to a gallery are so overwhelming in effect that one is apt to overlook his smaller works, such as his etchings of circus performers, which would prove a source of constant delight in any home. One of these etchings can be purchased for as little as fifteen dollars. Laurencin's portrait studies are charming when one accustoms oneself to her stylistic omission of noses.

Arnold Hoffman has been called by critics a visionary, a philosopher, a profound student of the Oriental philosophies, a mystic. Such paintings as "The Midnight Review," a strange composition, or "Self Portrait" with the like-

ness of the artist's brother hovering in the background, indicating tragedy, painted at the time of the brother's execution in Russia by the Bolsheviks, make us aware of the artist's deep emotional feeling. "Awakening," a portrait study of adolescence, reveals his delicate understanding of emotions. One critic has said that Hoffmann "paints reminiscences of voyages of his soul." These philosophical studies that have found approval in gallery exhibits should find a place in permanent collections. One is justified however, in wondering if profound studies such as these are adaptable to the purposes of the home.

But there is another side to Hoffmann's paintings, a sweet expression of a kindly soul that loses itself in such works as "Magnolia Blooms;" a penetrating understanding of character that makes his portraits notable, and renders his work suitable for daily companionship.

Hoffmann is one of the contemporary artists I have the pleasure of knowing, and I spent many hours in his Lexington Avenue studio this summer.

At his elbow is always a tall glass of Russian tea. At his meals, which he usually takes on the roof terrace of his studio, I watched him handle the chop sticks which he invariably uses—a custom learned years ago from Japanese friends.

Some years ago before Hoffmann was as well-known as today, he made a bargain with a dentist. This young man wanted a portrait of his fiancee. "I will give you anything for it, Hoffman, but I have nothing. I will take care of the teeth of every member of your family free as long as I live." Hoffmann executed the portrait and the grateful dentist has never forgotten his agreement.

To Hoffmann, there is no world outside. He lives with the heavy curtains of his sudio always drawn. He never accepts an invitation (though I have reason to know that he violates this official rule of his at will). He does however, entertain his friends in delightful studio parties. On one of these occasions a Russian composer of popular music, after concluding some really lovely songs, ended by a wild outburst of harmonies, and by plumping his two hundred pounds of weight square on the piano keyboard. Hoffmann still likes to tell about picking up the next day the bolts and screws that were scattered about the studio.

But to return to his art. There is a beautiful quality of color and light that sets Arnold Hoffmann's work apart from that of any other contemporary painter, and makes him unforgettable. And the sombre, the unfathomable side of his nature, gives to his work a peculiar depth, a sweetness that can transform the plainest room.

Why is it that more rooms are not transformed by similar works of contemporary art?

Leon Dabo, the art critic, says, "No painter will go on unless he has an audience. It may be small, one, two or three, but he has got to have that."

In an artist's life there must be someone who believes in him. This does not mean that an artist will not commence his art career alone—the creative impulse being stronger than the man—but it does mean that if we are to get the most from our artists we must let them feel the stimulus of our appreciation.

We have all thought that pictures are fine for those who can afford them, but if the economist is right, and it is a return to village industry that will pull us out of our economic depth, now is the day to begin possessing art for ourselves. The artist needs us for the finest expression of his art, and we can "do our part" in the present crisis by helping the "little industry" of art, as well as the mills. And long after our washing machines and automobiles are worn out or obsolete, our paintings will continue to be valuable. Selecting a picture is, after all, an exciting game—more so than selecting a car—and one that is no longer limited to a Freer, a Clarke, a Morgan, whom we have envied so long for their expensive hobbies.

For Admiral Byrd

BY HOWARD VAN DYKE, '32

In The Norman Transcript

SHOULD Admiral Richard E. Byrd discover land beneath the ice at the south pole and claim it for the United States, a large part of the credit for the discovery will probably belong to William Gladstone Green, '25ex, former Norman resident.

Green is the president of the Seismograph Service corporation, with offices at Tulsa. Seven days before the founder of Little America was to sail the corporation bundled up a 300-pound package and sent it to Byrd.

That small package contained one of the most compact instruments of its kind ever built in six weeks time—a seismograph. It is much different from the ordinary 1,200 to 1,500-pound instrument used by oil companies all over the United States.

One of the main facts which the highly skilled workers of the Tulsa firm kept in mind at all times in constructing the equipment was that it would be manipulated by men with numb fingers.

Many other changes also were necessary to meet the handicaps of ice and snow and subzero weather.

In this age of service, the duties of the Tulsa firm do not end with the shipment of the seismograph. A high-powered short-wave radio transmitter is to be installed by the corporation for contact with the Byrd expedition any time it is needed.

Anticipating that difficulties might easily arise in the interpretation of the records made by the instrument, Green will be ready to transmit instructions for any necessary adjustments, to the expedition's main camp.

The seismograph is a complex set of instruments for registering the reflections of sound traveling downward through layers of rock. The waves are started by dynamite explosions.

Changes in rock layers, as the sound travels downward, set up a reflection, just as with a ray of light striking water, and this reflection is received back again on the surface.

The reflections are registered on a film in the seismograph. The depth of the point of reflection, or rock layer is represented on the film by the distance between markings caused by the explosion and those caused when the sound is returned to the surface of the earth.

If Byrd finds earth under the layer of ice but above the level of the sea, he can claim it for the United States. Sound traveling through the ice will not be reflected until it reaches rock. Should land be below sea level there would be no object in claiming it.

The set was constructed by Green's corporation with the idea of easy transportation in the Curtis Condor airplane being carried by the expedition.

Estimated cost of the instrument was $7,000. Work was started shortly after the visit of Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, chief scientist of the expedition, to Tulsa nine weeks ago.

Green is the son of Mrs. Alene Green Stuart, 927 South Flood avenue. He is 29 years old, and attended the University where he was a charter member of Alpha Sigma Delta, radio fraternity.

Green lacked only a few hours of receiving a degree in engineering physics when the Mexican government, attracted by his unusual inventive ability, offered him a large salary to come to Mexico as a government radio expert.

During the four years that he spent in Mexico, Green built a large number of powerful radio stations in various parts of the country. In 1931 he went to Tulsa and established the company of which he is president. Last year the firm manufactured $75,000 worth of equipment for oil companies and the business this year has more than doubled.

The Byrd expedition's ice-breaker ship will sail from Boston probably next Sunday, and a week later the *Jacob Rupert*, Byrd's flagship, will leave the same port for New York, according to a United Press dispatch today.

The flagship was renamed the *Jacob Rupert* in honor of the brewer, one of the principal sponsors of the explorer's second voyage to the south pole.