Musings of the Muralist

Dear Twisted Tube:

The powers that be suggested that it would be a good thing to write you to deny rumors that I returned to New York, fell from a scaffold, or generally speaking that I am not at the Art Department anymore. Students that will cross the few yards that separate our building from the Journalism building will find no trace of the new art center covering 700 sq. feet of wall with Mexican, pacifist, and other jolly inventions. Dean Drewery has become an art patron on a big scale. The tenuous link between the art department and my activities is Mary Taylor who cumulates the office of displaying art objects in our showcase and of catering to my rural whims. When on my scaffold she dons the elegant overalls of the Savannah Playhouse and the spectacles that leot at the foot of our boards have thus the illusion that a play is enacted.

The other night I had a dream that arriving at the Journalism Building I found both my scaffold's swarming with art students all busy with the many pursuits of the muralist. Some were mixing plaster, some sifting sand, others troweling the mortar on the wall, pounding designs, and still others putting the colors in fresco. At what must have been 3:50 A.M., the mural was completed. But when I arrived that morning to see it, alas it was only a dream!

Other activities are lectures, either to classes or to what we like to call the general public. From what people remark after each lecture, the most conspicuous thing they remember is my accent. Some think it charming, or vice versa, I am in those lectures to make the Old Masters live again, to make people feel that they were real human beings and not museum exhibits; and some of my hearers become Old Masters in their turn and then the turn and I will feel well repaid.

Now call my friends, those artists and student artists that I met here three seasons ago, and follow their progress with great hope. Ruben Gammell has sent us water colors of a style seasoned and clarified by the harsh experiences of his martial life. Wilmer Wallace has blossomed into an excellent painter of the kind that is born and not made.

Sincerely,
Jean Charles

P.S. Twisted Tube, Nov. 1947