—*detail from the mural* CRUSADE FOR EDUCATION

MURALS OF NORTH CAROLINA

painted by FRANCIS VANDEVEER KUGHLER

for the ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE JOSEPH PALMER KNAPP BUILDING

INSTITUTE OF GOVERNMENT

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT CHAPEL HILL

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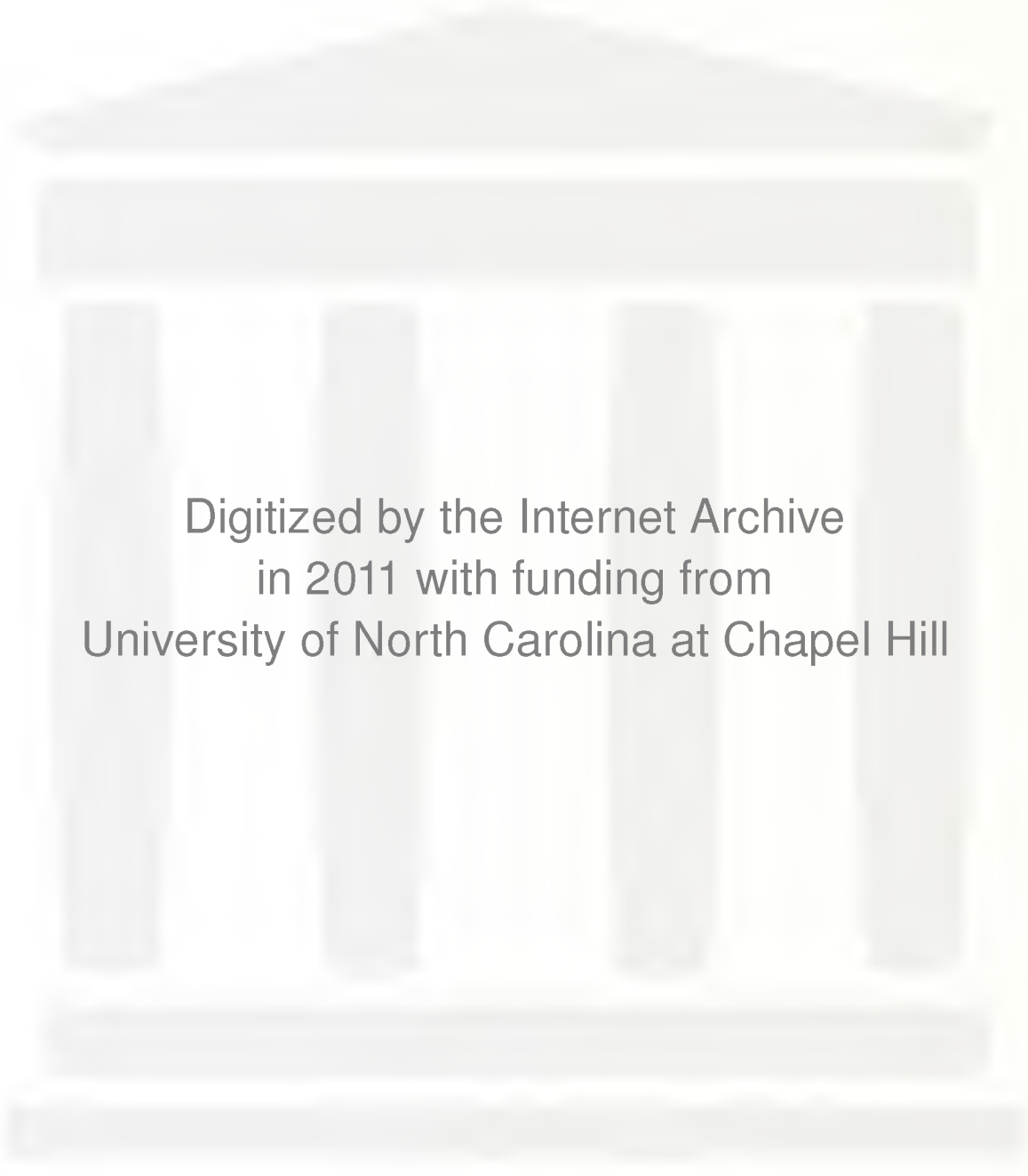

ARTIST AT WORK

We are grateful to Margaret Rutledge Knapp who inspired these murals. We are grateful to the Knapp Foundation which financed them. And we are grateful to Francis Vandeveer Kughler who painted them.

Twenty-five or more of us met with Mr. Kughler to look at North Carolina from colonial beginnings to the present day, and suggested a multiplicity of themes to guide him. But everybody soon found out, if he did not know before, that these themes were suggestive and not controlling. Many significant events in North Carolina's history did not lend themselves to his artistic purpose. From all the suggested themes, he chose what he thought best expressed the spirit of the state.

The execution of the murals was his to the last brush stroke on the canvas, the final coat of varnish, the mechanics of hanging, and all the details of lighting. No parent ever looked at his offspring more lovingly or more critically as it was growing up than he looked at these murals as they were going up and he was whipping them into line.

I found myself stealing moments from the Institute of Government to watch him at his work; it was a fascinating experience. He was all there, all at once, and all the time—instantaneous, explosive, and exhilarating. His changing moods would pick him up like a leaf in a whirlwind of his own making and leave him limp and his friends tired but never bored. There were no dull moments in him or around him, unless somebody else was in action; and not always then, for he could take flame and blaze from the fire of others as well as from his own.

Thomas Wolfe once wrote me in a moving letter: "There are signs and tokens of a growing power within me. A conviction is upon me that I shall one day do a great and secret thing—only when I do it, it shall no longer be a secret thing." And so it was with Francis Vandeveer Kughler. He could not in the beginning blueprint what was in him; he hadn't got it out. He was in the act of creation—with a power in him not himself which made for artistry. He, too, has done "a great and secret thing"; and now that it is done it is no longer secret.

Within these last six years I believe I have become acquainted with an artist. I know I have become acquainted with a man.

ALBERT COATES, *Director*
Institute of Government
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill

MURALS OF NORTH CAROLINA

BY

FRANCIS VANDEVEER KUGHLER

Every work of art is an exquisite expression of order, but the art of painting is the most complete of all. The impact of a painting is instantaneous because it takes no time at all to view it. On the contrary, hours may elapse before a book, a play, or a symphony can be entirely presented. In these latter artistic expressions a flaw can be forgotten or compensated. A painting once completed must always remain as it is, with all its qualities, its errors or virtues, intact.

A painting is final. It does not pass through later interpretative phases as a play in production or a symphony in recital. Many generations after a painter is dead his works still remain complete unto themselves. They are exactly what he intended them to be as on the day they were finished. A painter is not permitted a margin of error; he may not indulge in short cuts nor the slightest insincerity. If he does, it will brand him forever if indeed his works survive at all.

The emotional visualization that precedes a work of art is the result of inspiration, but the process of creation is utterly analytical and intellectual. It requires both the act of mating and the period of incubation. Great art is not produced by the dilettante. There is no such thing as ineptness or accident in art; the overall scheme can never be lost sight of. The essence of art is the flawless play of relationships.

My first concern with the mural project I had been commissioned to carry out for the assembly hall of the Institute of Government of the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill was to determine the painting spaces. The hall was of oblong shape, eighty-four feet long by forty feet wide. Four windows broke up the long east wall into five painting areas, each eight feet wide by eleven feet high. The opposite wall presented an unbroken expanse except that at each end the tops of doors protruded into the painting area. The two walls had to be brought into harmonious accord.

I first tried placing five murals on the unbroken wall directly opposite those between the windows. The effect was not satisfactory without the corresponding windows between them. The wall looked weak. I tried making the entire wall into a single mural. Now the result was lopsided. It was also desirable to plan as many murals as possible for a greater variety of subject matter.

Finally, I decided to make all the murals the same size—eight feet wide by eleven feet high—and place them close together on the long wall. Thus I had five panels on the window wall and eight panels opposite. The repetition of similar-sized paintings produced a special charm: the eye could easily turn from one wall to the other.

There was one flaw, however. While the long wall with its eight murals now presented a pleasant unity, there was no central mural. This was structurally not desirable, so I tried to bring a mural into the center by testing seven at first, and then nine murals. The result was either a crowded wall or a wall which was too empty—there would have to be eight murals. I would have to compensate for this lack of a center by special treatment in the painting design.

At the rear of the hall was a projection room in the form of a balcony; a mural was not desirable there. The front of the hall was mostly taken up by a stage. After much thought I placed a mural on the center of the stage wall the same size as the others. The resultant spaces on each side provided restful areas.

It had already been agreed that significant events in North Carolina's history should be the theme of the murals. While reading everything about the state I could lay my hands on, I sought help from state officials, the staff of the University of North Carolina, and people in every walk of life, probing for intimate human notes, flashes of insight, and moods of despair or exultation. I wanted these murals to express the vibrancy of life. In time I was ready to work out appropriate patterns of continuity and to select my subjects.

The murals on the window wall presented no particular problem of design at this stage; each could be handled as a separate unit. The murals on the opposite wall, however, had to be very carefully considered. Not only must there be a continuity of design with a well built-up center, but there must be a harmonious counterpoint of mood and meaning as well as a chronological sequence. If this were not thoughtfully worked out, a discordant note would be sensed in the symphonic flow.

The two murals in the center of this wall had to be strong in design and significant in meaning, or the murals would seem to bend in the middle of the series. I decided to have them deal with the two extremes of war and peace. At this point of North Carolina's story, the only possible theme could be one of the Civil War in which North Carolina had played such a heroic and sacrificial role.

To express the idea of peace the logical subject was the rebuilding theme of public education. I had no idea as yet how I was going to make the theme of education hold up alongside one of war, but the extremes they represented were correct in the sense of moods. I could take care of the rest when the time came.

Now that the most difficult spot in the whole mural series was solved, I let it drop and started planning the series from the beginning. I determined to alternate the mood of each painting and to contrast them as much as possible in color and subject matter so as to produce a rich over-all effect.

The first mural in the series is the one on the right wall nearest the stage and portrays the legendary meeting of Queen Elizabeth and Walter Raleigh. I decided to paint this scene because momentous things happened in early North Carolina as a result of their friendship. It furnished also a colorful start which allowed me to include famous figures of England who

thronged the court of the Queen and intrigued for power and patronage.

The second mural is the first English colony. It was unthinkable not to include somewhere in the series a painting of the wild and virgin territory of the New World with its aborigines and the adventurers who opened it up. The fact that this scene had never been painted before was an added inducement to select it.

The third mural is the center on this wall, and I selected for its theme King Charles II presenting a charter to the Lords Proprietors of Carolina. It is a worldly and sophisticated scene with a regal note that contrasts well with the adjacent murals.

The fourth mural portrays pastoral simplicity and faith in God. I wanted it filled with sunlight. The theme is one of immigration; it is called "Road to Carolina."

The fifth and last mural on this wall is the first to be seen as one enters the hall. I decided it had to be complex in treatment and stern in significance. The "Halifax Resolves" which fit chronologically at this point required just such handling. These "Resolves" for complete independence from England mark the beginning of the end of the colonial period pictured on this side of the assembly hall.

I have already indicated the dramatic themes of war and peace which constitute the central murals of the opposite wall. I decided to make each of the end murals also dramatic in design and content. This left a pair of murals on each side of the dramatically handled center which I treated in quiet and uncomplicated fashion. It portended a very good balance.

From now on the murals deal with North Carolina as part of the Republic. The battle of King's Mountain contributed largely to the defeat of Lord Cornwallis in the American Revolution and was an appropriate theme for the sixth mural. It is smaller than the others since it is above the entrance door. For this reason it needed to be simple in massing but dramatic in handling and meaning. A grouping of horsemen accomplished this purpose. I altered the theme slightly and the title became "On to King's Mountain."

The seventh mural is the founding of the University of North Carolina. It follows chronologically and supplies the tranquillity planned for this place.

The eighth mural also deals with a tranquil theme but in a different mood. Since the ninth on its right is a war scene, a gay picture lends a desirable contrast. Such a theme was readily at hand in the life of the South in the ante-bellum period and so I painted a social affair on a plantation and named it "Lafayette in the Old South."

The ninth mural is the Civil War scene—the charge of the Confederates on the third day at the battle of Gettysburg. The mural is called "Gettysburg."

The tenth mural portrays "The Crusade for Education," an educational theme, with Governor Charles B. Aycock as the central figure.

The eleventh mural is one of those intended to be tanquil in mood. Its theme is "Industrial Awakening" which follows chronologically in the series.

The twelfth mural also intended to be of tranquil character is "Pageant of Dreamers," and under this heading I grouped many events in the arts and sciences that could not be handled separately for lack of space. It crystallized the theme of aspiration in direct balance with the "Founding of the University of North Carolina" on the other side of the same wall.

The thirteenth mural, dealing with our contemporary period, takes us "Into the Space Age." It is a theme that allowed the dramatic handling I needed and most appropriately completes this wall.

The fourteenth mural, above the stage, is somewhat apart from the others and permitted a wider latitude of theme. Chronologically it had to deal with the future. The idea of the godhead entered very naturally, a quotation from Job supplying the key, and the mural became "Pleiades, Mystery of the Future."

When the problem of the mural subjects had been settled, I still had to consider the scale of the figures and the focal phases of the design. Since the murals were not to be far above the spectator's eye level, I decided to paint the figures full size in the foreground and in related perspective further away. I then decided to establish my focal point and main interest near the center of each canvas about two-thirds of the way up from the bottom. Any lower visual point would have produced extreme foreshortening of the perspective with a consequent sensation of distortion. I incorporated also a secondary play of interest in the foreground of each mural so that interesting aspects of the scene would be visible from a close-up view as well as from a distance.

I was then able to work with assurance since all details of procedure were solved. My next step was to establish a play of local and overall design. I made many thumbnail sketches as ideas occurred to me. When I struck something promising, I made larger studies in charcoal on transparent paper which allowed great flexibility. With a rub of my finger, I could produce new patterns or reverse the paper and study the effect backwards. When this proved satisfactory, I arranged groups of figures to conform to these masses. After that, I combined the effects in pastel drawings which allowed me to use color without much commitment.

My preliminaries were now over. I made paintings in oil color of the whole mural scheme to the scale of one and one-half inches to the foot, and continued to refine it by using cut out colored paper which I pinned to the paintings, experimenting with color masses without losing what had already been achieved.

Now everything was in order. I could start to work on the full-sized murals, confident that all main issues were soundly grounded. I had complete flexibility and could give all my attention to the painting.

There is a special mood of pleasure that takes hold of the artist at this point in the technique of creation. For the first time the vague cadences of feeling have achieved articulate order. The wilderness is no longer uncharted and the ultimate beauty begins to shine forth.

It is true that only the rough scale sketches were complete. They would doubtless be vague and meaningless to others, but to me they were dripping with the genes of formation. All that was needed from now on was the enthusiastic application of skill to round them into joyful existence.

The mood of the entire work was now defined, inexorable, triumphant, and clear.

I would paint the glory of North Carolina.
I would paint a fabric of design that would move
like a symphony across the walls.
I would weave the panels together like a string of pearls,
each an entity unto itself, yet each an
integral part of the whole.
I would weave patterns of time and space.
I would blend secrets of mystic knowledge with
clarions of clearest vision.
I would fill my canvas with the moods of light
and the nuances of the hours.
I would blend wistfulness and force, the widest abstractions
and the tenderest patinas.
I would make textures of the faces of her people,
I would make patterns of their limbs and of their lives.
I would paint romance and austerity and great achievement,
But most of all, the lyrics of life and the will to dare.
I picked up my brush.

MURALS OF NORTH CAROLINA

Mural One

MEETING OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND WALTER RALEIGH

WHEN IT CAME TIME for me to start the mural depicting the meeting of Queen Elizabeth and Walter Raleigh, I felt a strong desire to roam the streets where they had lived to absorb at first-hand the aura of that period. And so I went to England taking with me a huge aluminum easel especially designed by a friend to hold the murals. The canvases I brought with me were already laid out roughly in broad color masses but without any detail and with only general indications where the figures were to be placed. One of my main objectives was to make character studies of all the models I used. In order to do this I had to design the murals so that I could see the faces of most of the people in each scene without producing a forced or artificial effect in the arrangement. This was particularly awkward to do in this mural. The scene shows Raleigh helping the Queen to cross a mud puddle in her path over which he has spread his cloak. As the center of interest, the Queen is facing outward and court etiquette required that courtiers be represented as looking at her. The result would have been that they would have their backs to the spectator or, at the most, show partial profiles.

After trying many experiments, I got around this stumbling block by incorporating into my design a stone staircase leading into a sunken garden. By the device of placing the Queen and Raleigh already in the garden and the courtiers descending the staircase to the side of them, I avoided having to paint the back views of all the courtiers.

As soon as I could find my way around England a little, I started a tour of all the palaces and places where the Queen might have been in those days, searching for a site that would fit my composition. At long last I found what I wanted at Hampton Court, the Queen's summer palace; it was ideal for my purpose. There was the old Elizabethan garden still carefully maintained with a wall where the staircase could have been, and in the background the old castle itself just as it was in the days when the Queen ruled over England.

The painting of the Queen did not present much difficulty. There were plenty of portraits of her around but, in all instances, the Queen could hardly be seen for her jewels. I was lucky enough to find a model who could be used with very little adaptation; I handled the garments as simply as I could. I had more trouble with Raleigh's figure, particularly since I had to paint him in profile and yet make him sufficiently dominant to hold attention in competition with the mass of the Queen's voluminous skirt. The bright color of Raleigh's cloak lining is used to give the group the necessary cohesion and stability. It was not a simple matter to make it clear that it was Raleigh's cloak on the ground. I solved this by clothing him in garments of positive pattern and picking the same pattern up in the outstretched collar of the cloak.

The lady leaning over the balustrade, staring intently at the scene, is one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, Elizabeth Throckmorton, whom Raleigh later married much to the Queen's displeasure. Above her on the stairs is John Bull, the Queen's court organist—quite a handsome young man and not the caricature figure of John Bull by Thomas Nast with which we have become more familiar. He is reputed to have written the melody, "God Save the King."

At the top of the staircase the man with the long beard is Dr. John Dee, the Queen's astrologer. I had trouble finding a model for him until one day I happened to see a man who had most of his characteristics, according to the old prints, sitting in Trafalgar Square feeding the pigeons. Fearing to risk a refusal, I sketched his likeness without his being aware of it.

The man with arms akimbo on the staircase is Sir Christopher Hatton, a friend of the Earl of Leicester and a special friend of the Queen. The bearded man in the plumed hat behind Elizabeth Throckmorton with his hand on his sword is Sir Francis Walsingham. He and Raleigh were friends long before the Queen took notice of Raleigh. The Queen disliked Walsingham because he opposed her. I painted him as a somewhat surly character as the portrait I saw of him indicated.

The woman below him with the braids around her head is Katherine Ashley, the Queen's early governess. The woman in front of her is Lady Holland, a maid-of-honor. Below her to the right is William Cecil, Lord Burghley, the man who probably had the greatest influence with the Queen and who for most of her long reign was her principal Secretary and Privy Councillor. Below him, with his head turning to look at the Earl of Leicester, is Henry Carey, Baron Hunsdon, cousin of Elizabeth. He is curious to see how the Earl of Leicester will take to the advances of Raleigh, the latest aspirant to the Queen's favor. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the dapper man in the foreground with his arm extended and hand resting on the top of a cane, was for many years the Queen's favorite. The courtier pointing out Raleigh to Leicester and maliciously interested in his reactions is Charles Howard, the Earl of Nottingham, also related to Elizabeth.

Next to him at the lower righthand corner, holding the plumed helmet on his arm, is Sir Francis Drake. To the left of Leicester, touching his hand to his hat, is the Earl of Sussex, a noted connoisseur and patron of artists. The last man at the lower left is the celebrated Francis Bacon, then a youth of eighteen. He was considered a noted occultist and holds in his hands a pattern of mystical significance. The serious-faced man holding his hat with both hands is, if I remember correctly, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. The most distinguished man of science of his time, he was later appointed Elizabeth's physician. The woman above Francis Bacon, at whom Gilbert is looking so intently, is one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting.

Mural One—Meeting of Queen Elizabeth and Walter Raleigh

Mural Two

FIRST ENGLISH COLONY

THIS MURAL WAS PAINTED at Manteo, Roanoke Island, on the site of the original settlement. The governor of the colony, Ralph Lane, had erected a fort there as protection against an attack from the sea by the Spaniards. The fort has lately been reconstructed by archeologists who were able to trace its contours in the anciently disturbed earth.

Roanoke Island was just as it had been described in the early writings of the explorers. The island was covered with heavy undergrowth, and everywhere on sand and brush and trees the wild grapes grew in profusion. Indeed, some trees were so laden with grapevines that the masses of leaves seemed to be those of the trees themselves. There were some striking omissions in the glowing reports of the early writers, undoubtedly in the interest of salesmanship; no mention was made of the snakes and mosquitoes.

To make the pattern effective, I had planned in a scale sketch to place the central group in the shade and silhouette it against a light background. I was delighted to find that this would be easy to do since the gleaming pink sand and the purple shadows provided an ideal contrast. Going over the area, carefully studying the compositional possibilities from all angles, finally I decided to paint the scene from a point near the fort where a narrow inlet, mentioned in the old manuscripts, must have been.

The mural depicts the Indian chieftains, Manteo and Wanchese, bringing gifts to the colonists. Walter Raleigh had first sent out navigators to find a place suitable for a colony; they had selected this site and returned to England, taking with them Manteo and Wanchese. An expedition was then sent out to establish a colony and develop the new lands. Some noted men of the day joined the expedition, and the two Indian chieftains were brought back to their homes.

There was only one thing that perplexed me about this mural—I wasn't at all sure of how to paint the aborigines. The first artist who made paintings of the Indians in this part of the world came with this expedition. His name was John White, a distinguished water colorist, but I wasn't at all sure that I could trust his work. His natives looked very much as though they had been idealized to conform to classic Greek proportions; I wondered at his reason for doing this. I was sure that John White was too capable a craftsman to be indifferent as a definite procedure and purpose marked all his work. A large part of the material he had produced on this expedition was decidedly diagrammatic. Camp sites and villages were shown in projections such as an architect might draw to make clear the arrangements of the huts and compounds. White's work was carried out with full knowledge and intention. It was a question with me whether his interpretations of the Indians were faithful to life.

In spite of all probabilities against it, I decided that the Indians had been of the type he recorded. I had to believe him; he was too good an artist to be a fraud. I had to accord his work the same confidence I would expect people to have in mine. With due allowance for his anatomical style and the repetitious nature of his work, I would paint my Indians according to his index. I would make the original inhabitants of the Outer Banks of North Carolina appear to be of the same type as the Englishmen who had newly arrived on this shore. My mind felt much more at ease after this conclusion, and I proceeded without further delay to get to work on the mural.

Since Ralph Lane had the distinction of being not only the governor of this first English colony, but thereby also the first legal head of North Carolina territory, I accorded him the central place in the mural. On one side of him I placed Philip Amadas, navigator and "Admiral of the country"; on the other side, Manteo. Manteo, chief of the Hatteras Indians, had been baptized a Christian, so I hung a chain with a cross around his neck which served also to indicate his more active friendliness to the colonists. I have made him appear somewhat heavy and soft from easy living; and as red copper was highly valued by the Indians I hung a square of it from his belt.

Since I had to have a theme to tie the group together, I painted the two Englishmen examining pearls that Manteo has brought them. In their search for profit out of the enterprise, no gold being available, they had concentrated on collecting pearls which the Indians also regarded very highly.

To the right of Philip Amadas there are two men-at-arms, one fat and one lean. These characters served to add a colorful note and were authoritatively conceived from individuals mentioned in the writings of the day. The Falstaffian individual is Captain Stafford whom Governor Lane called an excellent soldier. In true military fashion from time immemorial, he is shown ogling the squaws. The thin man holding the mastiff by a leash is John Twyt. There were two mastiffs with the expedition but I had room for only one. These dogs later served as food for the starving colonists who were lured into the interior by treacherous Indians. I had a hard time finding out what a mastiff looked like in those days, or even what was meant by a mastiff. From the sparse material available I think I struck a good approximation.

In the left foreground seated at a table are Thomas Hariot, mathematician, and Master Allyne, who may have been Master Thomas Allen, a learned man of the day. Thomas Hariot is slapping at a distracting mosquito on his arm and Allyne is examining the scrolls.

The trumpeter swan flourished in great numbers in early North Carolina, so I thought it should be represented here. A huge stuffed one was brought in for me to work from. It was too large for my composition and I had to compromise by making the bird a young one. I still don't know where such a huge specimen had been preserved on the Outer Banks. I placed the swan on the knee of a scientific member of the expedition, Captain Vaughan. The young man beside him in a student's gown clutching a paper and looking over the scientist's shoulder, more intent on the squaw than the swan, is Thomas Bookener. Hariot died at the home of a Thomas Buckner who may have been the same man. I might mention here that Thomas Cavendish, who later circumnavigated the globe, was also with the expedition, but since he had returned to England it seemed best not to include him.

Near the center of the painting, obscured in the shade and resting in a small inlet, is a canoe laden with gifts of corn and the carcass of a deer.

Characteristic of the North Carolina coastal waters is the drum fish or channel bass. I have painted a young Indian woman alongside the canoe with a spear in one hand and a huge drum fish on her shoulder. When it was rumored along the Outer Banks that I needed a drum fish for my painting I was literally swamped with them. I used them all, however, for the days were very hot and a fish didn't last long out in the broiling sun where I had to paint it. In front of the canoe is another squaw carrying a basket of oysters which in those days were very abundant in the area. These two squaws are consorts of Manteo.

At the left of the painting is the Indian chief, Wanchese, who later became a foe of the colonists. He is depicted as already betraying his feelings, for he is contemptuously sneering at Darby Glande who shows the ill effects of his first attempt to smoke tobacco. Darby Glande was also possibly Governor Lane's "Irish boy."

In the foreground, posing for the sketch that White is making, is the squaw of Wanchese with a papoose astride her back; on her lap she holds a conch shell. Conch shells are still found to this day along the Carolina coast, especially after severe hurricanes which tear them loose from the ocean bottom. They were used as cooking utensils by the Indians and placed directly on the embers of a fire to warm soups. The tapered end of the shell was used as a spout and babies could be easily fed from it.

In the lower right hand corner is John White making sketches of the mother and child. The hat he wears is an authentic one of the period, and I think that an artist working out of doors would have been happy to wear one to keep the glare of the sun from his eyes.

Despite my protestations of confidence in John White's water colors, uncertainty continued to gnaw at me. One day I heard that a prominent archeologist who had done much excavating of Indian graves in the area was vacationing in the neighborhood. Perhaps he might have some ideas on the subject; with considerable apprehension I invited him over to look at my work.

To my great relief and delight, he told me the way I was handling the Indians was right. The aborigines of the area had been long-heads, people of the Cro-magnon type, and quite European in character. He must have been somewhat surprised at the sudden burst of appreciation I showed for him, but he understood it all when I told him why I felt so joyful.

* * * *

Mural Three

CHARLES II AND THE LORDS PROPRIETORS

THE PAINTING OF KING CHARLES and the Lords Proprietors was one of the two murals that I took to England to carry out.

As a youngster I had read many tales of Prince Charles and his hair-raising escapes from Oliver Cromwell's men. It was exciting after all these years to have the pleasure of making him live again. The mural portrays him, after his kingdom had been restored to him, presenting a charter to Carolina to eight distinguished men who had aided him in coming to his throne; they became the Lords Proprietors of Carolina. I felt the King might have used this as the occasion for a feast, and so I set the scene of the mural in the banquet hall at Whitehall.

In the painting, the moment for more serious business has arrived. The table has been cleared of dishes, the goblets filled, and the philosopher, John Locke, who later drew up an elaborate constitution for governing the Carolinas, stands behind the King ready to hand him the charter for bestowal. The King has just risen to his feet, about to propose a toast, and the Lords are rising after him.

At the King's right hand sits his mistress, Barbara Villiers, Lady Cleveland, and at his left, his wife, Catharine of Braganza. I have painted the Queen with a rather sullen expression for she certainly had no reason to be happy. Barbara Villiers had originally been brought to the English court as the Queen's lady-in-waiting. As the mistress who was bearing a succession of children to the King, a feat which the Queen was unable to accomplish, she had acquired a position of great influence.

Ranged around the table are the eight Lords Proprietors. Next to the Queen, and still seated since he has not yet seen the King rise, is Edward Hyde, the Earl of Clarendon, who was Lord Chancellor and the King's first Minister. Standing next to Barbara Villiers, with his left hand on the back of a chair, is Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Chancellor of the Exchequer and member of the Special Council for Foreign Plantations, who later became the Earl of Shaftesbury. Standing at the far end of the table is Sir William Berkeley, at that time Governor of Virginia. The man to his right is Sir George Carteret, Privy Councillor, Treasurer of the Navy, and famous in the recent English Civil War. Across from the King, in the act of rising with his right hand on the back of a chair, is John, Lord Berkeley, Privy Councillor, active in naval affairs, and brother of Sir William Berkeley. Further forward, with glass raised upward anticipating the King's toast and with his right hand on the table supporting his weight, is the Earl of Craven, an old soldier of the King and a man of great wealth. Prominent in the left foreground, with his hand on the arm of his thoughtful young woman partner, is Sir John Colleton, also a member of the Special Council for Foreign Plantations. Standing with his back to the spectator at the near end of the table and looking to the left at the couple who are turned away from the King is George Monck, Duke of Albemarle, Master of the King's Horse, and Captain General of all his forces. At the right of the Duke, a buxom lady reaches over to touch the shoulder of the young lady, trying to call her attention to

Mural Two—First English Colony

the fact that the King has risen and is waiting for their attention.

It was only after much study that the composition of this banquet scene was solved. Once again the problem was how to present the people so that their faces could be seen. I must have made dozens of sketches to work out the arrangement of the table with the people grouped around it.

I studied many lighting effects in sketches and then tried to reproduce the actual lighting so as to give me the same pattern effect. The angle of the table with the King standing upright against it became very weak in the center. I tried throwing the shadow of the King across the table at the opposite angle to its edge, but this was over positive and brought the eye too much off center. At length I solved the problem by placing a globe on the table within the shadow and strengthened the design by a judicious accent of the map spread out on the table; I then put a goblet in the hand of the Earl of Craven. I think I placed Craven's hand in at least fifty places before I found the spot that would bring attention to the King and stabilize the movement. The globe and map on the table also give a good idea of what the party was about, aided, of course, by the charter in John Locke's hand and the secretary behind him with quill and ink held ready.

I had much trouble getting correct models for this mural as there are not many plays or pageants built around Charles II and his court; in consequence, models resembling courtiers of the period are not easily available, and in some instances I had to wait until I returned home to find them. In the models of the King and Barbara Villiers, however, I was extremely fortunate. My good friend, Lady Patricia Cottenham, introduced me to a man who looked just like King Charles. He was her cousin, Commander, the Honorable John Maurice FitzRoy Newdegate, a direct descendant of the King by Barbara Villiers, Lady Cleveland. When he heard what I was after, he very willingly consented to pose for me. I learned that his daughter, Joselyn, greatly resembled Barbara Villiers. In short, I was soon painting both of them at my studio in Warwick Gardens. As I painted Joselyn, I reminded her that she was posing for her grandmother of three hundred years earlier. She was a jolly girl and told me that she would rather have been a descendant of another of the King's mistresses, the flower girl and actress, Nell Gwynn.

Both FitzRoy Newdegate and his daughter, Joss, were wonderful and cooperative models, and their likenesses to the King and his mistress were almost perfect. The only alteration in the family features that had occurred over the centuries was that their noses had become shorter. All I had to do was to lift the upper half of the face, drop the lower half, and introduce in between the additional length of nose I needed.

In the mural Charles II holds one of his favorite spaniels. He was rarely seen without one and had been known to leave important affairs of state in concern over their welfare. The particular breed he developed is called by his name today. I had an awkward time with the dog in the mural since the King Charles spaniels of today have shorter and less pointed noses than the original breed. Consequently I had to refer to paintings of the King made in his day, in which they were almost always included, to get the right kind of nose on the dog.

If I have painted King Charles somewhat severe, I planned it that way. It is recognized now that he was not the simpering dandy he appeared to many of his contemporaries, but in fact a man of great astuteness not only in politics but also in science and art.

If the way I have painted the ladies of the court is not entirely in accord with the portraits of Lely, the fashionable court painter of the era, I can only say that I do not regard official portraits as particularly authoritative. All the portraits of these beauties look almost identical to me. I am sure they represent the artist's style rather than their actual likenesses. And the same goes for the way I have painted the Lords Proprietors. Also, I may add that it is one thing to copy a portrait outright, but it is quite another to paint that same person in an action pose. The only way it can be done is to get a model who resembles the portrait and use him freely.

I was at my wit's end to get a model for the Queen and made many sketches of existing portraits, but I knew I had seen her exact living counterpart somewhere. It was only when I showed these sketches to my friend, Anders Jordahl, that he reminded me I must be thinking of a neighbor of his in New Jersey. As soon as I returned to the States, I painted her in.

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Mural Four

ROAD TO CAROLINA

LONG BEFORE THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, many peaceful groups moved into North Carolina to establish new homes for themselves and their families. They were religious groups and sometimes political refugees, comprising many nationalities —Scotch, Swiss, German, and Scotch-Irish. They were not animated by greed or adventure or the desire for wealth, but came to set their roots in the land; ready to till the soil and live by the sweat of their brows; to build and not to destroy. To them the virgin land was the land of hope and new bright destiny. They were imbued with great moral convictions and faith in Divine Providence. These were the qualities I set out to capture on this canvas.

My composition in this painting is a somewhat similar arrangement to the one I had in the painting of Queen Elizabeth and Raleigh—a design with only one or two persons in the center and a large group to one side treated as a single mass. The two murals are not in exact relation to each other—the Elizabeth and Raleigh being first and this the fourth of the five murals. But the off-center repetition and the syncopation produced an effect of freedom I considered essential to the wall.

I did not anticipate much real trouble with the painting of the theme; I knew my subject pretty thoroughly and had gone to great trouble to acquire factual and detailed informa-

Mural Three—CHARLES II AND THE LORDS PROPRIETORS

tion. My wife and I had been to Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where we talked to lay leaders and bishops of the Moravian Church.

The scene depicts two caravans on the road to Carolina. It is morning and the Moravian group, led by Count Nicolaus von Zinzendorf, is already on the march. The count is riding a brown horse and shaking hands with the leader of the Scottish group which is in process of breaking camp. In the distance the Moravian caravan winds over the mountains and to the far right, near a deep gorge, horses are being hitched to the covered wagons.

The center group is composed of a young married couple astride a white horse. The husband rides with a gun across his thighs for, despite the presence of friendly Indians in the area, deadly attacks occurred on the Moravians as well as on others. Behind him in the saddle is his pretty bride who smiles happily. My original plans for the mural called for friendly Indians accompanying the Moravian line of march as well as mingling with the Scots. But somehow as the painting developed this did not express the mood I had in mind.

I thought of many ways to eliminate the Indians but nothing I could think of was an improvement. It was not only that the Indians seemed wrong, but something vital was missing. I hadn't caught the quality of exultant faith I had in mind when I started. I left the mural hanging on the wall and studied it day after day while working on other things. Almost a year passed but time didn't change my feelings.

Then one momentous day my wife read in the newspaper that the oldest Moravian Church in America at Lititz, Pennsylvania, the heart of the Moravian community, had burned down. We decided to visit the church; I wanted to see if some idea would develop. The pastor had been on vacation at the time of the fire and had hurried back, arriving just as we got there. The castastrophe had not been his fault, but it was a great blow to him. Even though pale and upset, the determined way he took the situation in hand impressed me. We did not have the heart to bother him at that time but wandered across the street to the Moravian Girls' College where we interviewed some of the instructors. While there a beautiful, brazen chord sounded from a room beyond us, and in resonant harmony an old hymn, rich with the praise of the Lord, filled the air.

"For God's sake, what is that?" I asked our escort. "It is magnificent."

"That's our trombone choir," he said in pleased tones. "Would you like to watch them play?"

He led us along the hall, while the mellow chords rang ever more clearly in our ears, and we entered a large room. Seated in a group were four persons with different sized trombones—a young girl, an elderly man, and two youths. They were so intent on their playing that they didn't notice us; their sheer joy in the profoundly exalted music was apparent on their faces. We silently withdrew.

Our escort told us that these trombone quartets were traditional and were called "Trombone Choirs." He said that the earliest Moravians to arrive in North Carolina had many skillful musicians and composers among them. This was exactly what I had been looking for; I had my idea. The combination of the distressed but purposeful pastor and the sound of the glorious music of the trombone choir gave me just the right key. I knew that I could use this motif in place of the Indians in the original plan.

Now I am at ease, for on the canvas the people of the caravans move into the promised land to the harmonies of a trombone choir and the skirling of bagpipes, singing hymns of praise to God with the exhilaration of religious freedom in their nostrils, and in their hearts the everlasting music of the spheres.

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Mural Five

HALIFAX RESOLVES

THE "HALIFAX RESOLVES" came out of the Provincial Congress of North Carolina leaders held at Halifax, April 12, 1776, and authorized North Carolina delegates in the Continental Congress "to concur in independency." This was the first official *state* action for independence. The "Resolves" were not a manifestation of hysteria, but a determined and carefully considered decision. The delegates knew that what they were doing would be regarded as treason and could lead to the forfeit of their property and their lives. For this reason, it seemed to me that the painting would be most effective if the emotional quality of the scene were played down rather than emphasized. I would paint relentless determination, but lighten it with little human touches indicating a balance in the mood of the patriots.

I could not set the scene inside the meeting house which was quite small, for I should not have been able to get far enough away to obtain a view in conformity with the organization of the mural scheme I had set up. By painting the men emerging from the meeting house, I had a better chance to get front view portraits. Also, I wanted to give an overall impression of something affecting the entire family by including women and children.

The picture shows the delegates leaving the meeting house at nightfall. The interior of the house and the lantern over the door are lighted; lights are flickering through the crowd, and one man is holding a flaming pine torch.

In the central group, Cornelius Harnett, the courageous Revolutionary patriot, stands with another delegate and a militiaman carrying a long Kentucky rifle. They are in consultation, possibly already making plans to present the "Resolves" that have just been drawn up; Harnett has a copy of them in

Mural Four—ROAD TO CAROLINA

his hand. A serving woman is placing a cloak on his shoulders and below to the left a liveryman stands waiting.

In the lower center of the canvas near the head of the line of emerging delegates is Samuel Johnston, one of the leaders of the meeting, who later became governor of North Carolina. In one hand he holds a gold-headed cane and in the other the minutes of the meeting; he carries himself with an air of assurance. In front of him in the line are a grim-faced clergyman and a bareheaded man who gaze contemplatively ahead. They are evidently thinking of many serious things that might occur as a result of the meeting.

At the extreme lower right, a tall gentleman with a long clay pipe bows flirtatiously to a wistful young girl who appears much impressed by his attention. In front of him a liveried servant carrying a lantern leads the way to his carriage. Next to the young girl a stern-faced elderly couple, possibly her parents, are deeply moved by the action the delegates have just taken. He is a tall mountaineer type, as is his wife; perhaps someone dear to them has been involved in a violent incident rising from the oppression of the king.

Behind Samuel Johnston is Thomas Burke who became a governor of North Carolina during the Revolution—an eloquent speaker and a fervent patriot. The records describe him as blind in one eye. Behind Burke is a delegate of more tranquil mien and to the left of this group a serious-faced man is about to be embraced by his anxious wife. Their two little girls are near by. A gallant young man carrying a lantern bends over to kiss the fingers of one of the little girls who seems much pleased to be treated like a grown lady. To the upper right of Samuel Johnston, a bailiff holds back the crowd. In front of the bailiff a man holding a lantern acclaims the delegates with upraised arm. Below him an apprentice with his sister, who is holding a small lantern, applauds Samuel Johnston.

To their right a perky young lady looks on approvingly, and above her an elderly woman wearing a kerchief over her head is watching Harnett. In front of her a substantial citizen showing concern raises a hand to emphasize something he has overheard; and behind him to the right another citizen raises his hand in a gesture of approval. To the right of the central group a fur-capped woodsman listens intently, and to his right is a man wearing spectacles; further along are three other men—an Indian and two mulattoes. Behind the central group, a glare of light floods from a pine torch held by a riverman wearing a bandana. Over the door of the meeting house hangs a huge lantern. A group of men emerges from the door and the young man in the lead waves his arm in exultation. In the background sits a coach with its driver on the seat; a footman stands at its door and people are entering the coach. In the background only a glow of the day is left and lights are coming on in windows of the distant houses.

The principal pattern used in this mural is composed of three angular masses which incline downward in the center of the canvas. These are formed by the three groups of the emerging delegates and the waiting crowd, and constitute most of the area of the painting. So as not to be too forceful, these swags are broken here and there by patches of white and black—the costumes of the people. The whole triad group is sustained by a white mass near the upper center of the canvas and by an upward pointed dark mass just above it. These patterns are the flames of the pine torch and the dark silhouette of the seated coachman.

To do away with the sensation of too equal a balance, the whole arrangement is thrown off-center by an inverted L-shaped mass of white in the upper left hand corner formed by the open door and the large lantern above it. This off-center pattern is itself brought into stability by a narrow horizontal mass of light at the upper right, the last vestige of the declining day.

To express unrest, a cross-grained or counterpoint textural effect is achieved by contrasting treatment of hands, faces, and hats, and by larger spottings of lanterns and clothes. Staccato emphasis is given by long and sharply-shaped patterns, such as outstretched arms, the gun, and the railing. The resultant overall sensation is one of turbulent but unified movement expressing the spirit of rebellion which brought the people together.

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Mural Six

ON TO KING'S MOUNTAIN

THIS MURAL WAS PAINTED at Chapel Hill. It represents the celebrated ride of the mountaineers to make a surprise attack at dawn on the Tories who were encamped on King's Mountain. Since this painting formed the left end of the west wall and was smaller than the others, it needed exceptional strength in emotion and design. I had no trouble finding these elements in the happening.

Owing to the shape of the canvas, it is square and not oblong as are the others, I could not handle the center in the same manner but had to carry out in the design a less centralized interest. I wanted to express the feeling of retribution in this mural. In a general way, the sense of inevitability would be conveyed by the development of sweeping movement, and inflexible determination by a counterpoint of rigidity. As a matter of unity, I had also to confine the movement within the canvas.

The design phases were achieved by arranging a number of interesting horizontal patterns broken judiciously in the upper right hand area by the perpendicular pattern of tree trunks. I accomplished the sweeping yet taut sensation by playing up the nervous, rangy movements of the horses with the men on their backs tense and upright in design.

Because of its relatively small size, the lower part of this canvas is treated in a broad, simple manner. To accomplish

Mural Five—HALIFAX RESOLVES

this I painted all white horses. I had painted them all black in my earlier studies but this tended to produce an undesirable monotony since the riders, because of their wet clothes, had also to be painted in dark tones. Then, too, I found by experimenting that the most acute dramatic effect was achieved in playing up the spectre-like aspect of white horses.

I had considerable trouble finding the right horses. I wanted them to convey a specific nervous sensation without any distortion. The proprietress of the riding stable where I went for my equine models was most cooperative. I hung my full-sized canvas on one wall of her stalls and she tied a horse in the yard for me to paint. Every once in a while she would ride a horse round and round past the entrance so that I could study the movements of horse and rider together.

I soon found out that horses have just as many varieties in personality as human beings and their anatomical differences are more pronounced. I tried many horses but could not get the effect I wanted; they were all too phlegmatic. I tried various devices to impart the agitated quality in them I wanted; still I didn't succeed. It was not alone a matter of anatomy, but of spirit or personality as well. As a last resort I had almost decided to paint imaginary animals when one day the proprietress led out a horse to exercise I had never seen before—a thoroughbred, sensitive and high-strung. It had just arrived the night before, and as she led it around the yard it shied at every falling leaf. A weirdly beautiful creature with a skull like a camel's and a neck about as long, it was exactly what I had in mind. I persuaded the proprietress to let me paint it but it would not stand still when tied, so she had to continue leading it around the yard. In a very short time I caught what I was after. Now I could deal with the details of the riders, at this stage only roughly blocked in.

On the fatal night of long ago preceding the battle of King's Mountain, the men with the best mounts were selected to ride ahead to the attack before the enemy could be alerted. They fastened identifying sprigs of pine to their hats and rode hard through the cold rain with their rifles wrapped in their coats to keep them dry. Feelings had run very high between the Loyalists and those determined on independence. Many brutal incidents had occurred—the honor, homes, and very lives of the insurgents were at stake. This scene had to depict the faces of men filled with the fury of retribution and the desperate determination to do or die. It was this vital spirit on which the Republic was founded.

My principal worry now was that I might not get my models to feel the role intensely enough, for this was no place for restraint. I picked my first model with the utmost care. He was a professional man, not young, and that was good for he fitted the type of substantial and outraged citizenry. As he put on the costume of the period and mounted the horse, I handed him a heavy rifle and began to talk of the dawn attack. His eyes glared malevolently from under his tricorn hat, and he grasped the rifle so tightly that his knuckles became bloodless. His ancestors had been in that battle and he was living the role. I didn't have to worry any more. The spirit of King's Mountain was still alive in North Carolina.

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Mural Seven

FOUNDING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

IT HAS BEEN SAID BY learned men since ancient times that one picture can say more than many thousands of words. The simplest and most convincing way to tell the story of the founding of the University of North Carolina was to depict the laying of the cornerstone of its first building. No other picture could tell the story in so direct a fashion. The thing that troubled me was that I had always had a deep-rooted aversion for formal affairs, and throughout these murals I had tried to avoid them. I knew that I could never get off to a proper start on this mural without removing that mental block; I had to find an exciting springboard somewhere.

I took to re-reading the description of this ceremony written shortly after it occurred. There was something in the way the writer was stirred by the beautiful colors of the autumn leaves on that day that struck a responsive chord. It could not be the reference to the trees that aroused me because they could only be used in the background of the painting; if used in the foreground, they would obscure the scene. Nor could they appear in the middle distance since the builder would of necessity have cleared the immediate area of all vegetation including trees regardless of their beauty.

I took to wandering around Old East, the building whose cornerstone laying was my theme, seeking for inspiration. One day in a particularly frustrated mood, I wound up on a bench staring up at the ancient Davie Poplar. This tree, named for the founder of the University, was a large one when the cornerstone was laid well over a hundred and sixty years before. When I had made my preparatory sketches for the mural I had tried to include it, but the perspective would not permit it.

As I sat on the bench, a flurry of leaves glinting like gold in the sun came whirling down from the Poplar. No other tree was shedding its leaves I noticed idly, and there seemed to be no wind stirring. The cascade must have been caused by a leaping squirrel; there were many of them about. It made an attractive picture. Some day I would have to paint something like that, I mused—a windless day with gleaming leaves falling mystically from a motionless tree.

I caught myself up. What was I thinking about? Some day, indeed! This golden shower of leaves touched off a spark in me. I could do anything with that motif . . . sunlit leaves falling across the canvas. I could paint in as many or as few leaves as I liked and spot them wherever I desired. But it wasn't the leaves alone that was so exciting; the idea of light also seemed to be involved in some mysterious way.

Mural Six—On to King's Mountain

But what a relief! The feeling of dullness about the idea of the cornerstone laying had disappeared from my mind. It suddenly became quite clear to me that this was not just another tiresome ceremony with pompous people making boring speeches, but a significant and important occasion. The people of North Carolina had just finished fighting the Revolutionary War. Much blood had been shed and many loved ones had been lost in this fight for freedom; their greatest impulse now was to preserve that freedom. Higher education had been made the duty of the state, and North Carolinians had set up the first state University as a bulwark of their liberty. The seal of the University had been engraved with the head of Apollo, the god of light and manly beauty, and bore the motto "Lux et Libertas."

My inertia was gone; I had the note I needed. I went enthusiastically to work and laid out the details of a scene of quiet but intense nobility, of neighbors gathered together in a simple but deeply earnest rite. When the time came to finish the central group, I felt my way with the utmost care; this would be the keynote of the entire picture. The mood of the whole painting would be established by the personality of the central figure. The man who had officiated at this ceremony was the dashing cavalry officer and Revolutionary War hero, William Richardson Davie. I wondered if there was a descendant of Davie living today who resembled him; if so, I would recreate him from his own flesh and blood.

I found my Davie, but it was not a man; it was a woman. I learned that there was a female member of the Davie family living in New York City who greatly resembled her ancestor. I sought her out and found that she would be the ideal subject. She was the exact feminine counterpart of the early Davie, a most attractive woman and a brilliant writer. Not only her face, but her form had the grace and imperious quality I had associated with Davie. I asked Emily Davie, for that is her name, to pose for me as her ancestor. Much to my disappointment she refused. In a poem entitled "A Family Affair," which she wrote declining the honor, she gave me the following reason:

> As an artist of course you're aware
> This descendant looks like her forebear.
> In his grave, however, he'd spin
> If a female for him should sit in.

Changing the form of my request I persuaded her to let me paint her as herself to represent a relative of William R. Davie. She acquiesced, and she is the woman in the striped dress and tall plumed hat at the right in the painting. Later on it was very easy to transpose her features into those of her ancestor as well.

I still wonder a little about that windless day when the cascade of leaves came whirling down from the Davie Poplar.

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Mural Eight

LAFAYETTE IN THE OLD SOUTH

THE CAREFREE WAY OF LIFE in the prosperous ante-bellum South, with its graciousness and charm, was considered by the rest of the world to be the ideal expression of American culture. In the mural, "Lafayette in the Old South," I have endeavored to present the romance, the gaiety, and the brilliance of the period.

In 1825 the great Frenchman, the Marquis de Lafayette, who had rallied so nobly to the cause of the American Revolution almost fifty years earlier, visited these shores. He toured the country and was greeted with the greatest acclaim, feted and honored wherever he went. North Carolina was particularly warm in its appreciation and even named a city, Fayetteville, in his honor.

The mural depicts a reception given in Lafayette's honor at a prosperous North Carolina plantation. In the distance the pillars of a famous mansion of the period rise above a mass of wisteria that forms a background for the central group. Lafayette stands between his hosr and hostess while being introduced to the guests as they arrive. At the moment depicted, a shy belle of debutante age is being presented; filled with awe, she looks up at him. The gallant Frenchman, appreciative of her youth and admiration, is holding her hand and about to bring it to his lips in a gesture she will always cherish. Modestly in the background, the sister of the hostess watches the proceedings with an appraising eye.

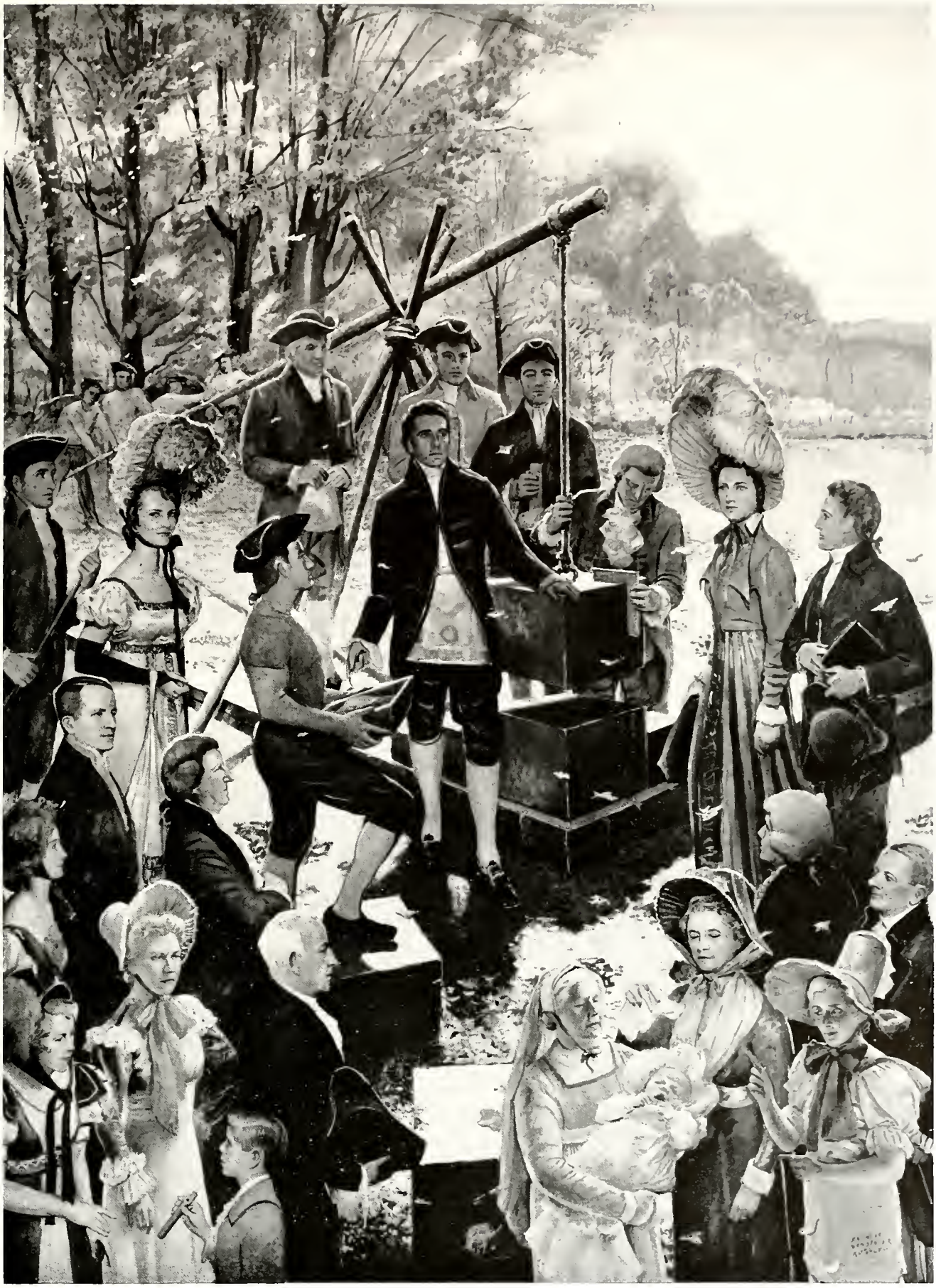
To the right of the central group is a tall brunette beauty with an officer of the militia clinging to her arm, intent on winning his way into her affections. In an aside he is prompting a servant with a fiddle to play some love lyric that will soften her heart.

Below this group there are three young women who have already been presented to the guest of honor and are now on the look out for beaux and further entertainment. The one in the center is clearly more worldly than the others; the one on the right seems more concerned with food than flirtation. By her side a woman servant wearing a bandana carries a tray of mint juleps, while in front of her a little boy looks up at them longingly.

In the lower right corner a field hand is holding a board on which some hands of tobacco are piled. The young son of the family is showing the tobacco off to a visitor who holds a bundle of the leaves aloft and examines them with a critical eye.

In the lower left corner, a Negro mammy, obviously very dear to the household, entertains two little girls with an imitation of a rabbit by means of a handkerchief she folds over her hand. To the left, another little girl wanders restlessly off into the crowd.

Above this group is what appears at first glance to be a casual introduction of two strangers. Closer examination of the man in the center who is bringing the others together indicates that it might be something more than that. Perhaps he is bringing men who are enemies together. This would not be unusual for at that period a strong rivalry existed in North Carolina between the inhabitants of the lowlands of the east and those who dwelt in the mountains of the west. Behind them a sweet-faced house servant is standing.



Mural Seven—Founding of the University of North Carolina

Further up is a couple obviously very much in love. The man, an officer of the militia, is gazing quizzically at the beauty who coquettishly clings to his arm. In the background behind the hostess are two other officers in attendance on Lafayette.

In a technical sense the composition is composed of three slightly diagonal lanes of dark, light, and dark, with the light pattern rising into a pyramidal shape near the center in the person of the young girl being presented to Lafayette. This device spreads the interest over the whole mass of people while bringing the accent upward in a staccato way to the group of which Lafayette is the center. Near the top of the canvas, the distant trees and plantation house bring the eye structurally upward. Long trails of Spanish moss hanging from above keep the eye pleasantly aloft despite the compositional weight of the large group of people below.

The figures of the host and hostess in this mural are those of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Palmer Knapp. Their love of North Carolina and what they did for the state made them the logical choice for me to paint in this role. The beautiful home they maintained for many years at Mackey's Island near Currituck, in the great tradition of grace and ease and hospitality of the period depicted here, was also one of the reasons for making them the hosts.

Most of the models I painted in this particular canvas were members of Mrs. Knapp's family, and the servants were all old family retainers and friends who had been with them for many years.

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Mural Nine

GETTYSBURG

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG was perhaps the last of the great battles fought mainly in hand-to-hand combat. Many acts of individual and regimental bravery were performed on both sides. It was a grim and yet, in a certain sense, a chivalrous conflict.

The charge of the Confederates on the third day of the battle is unparalleled in history. A battle-line of 15,000 men in regimental formation charged for almost a mile across open farmland in the face of devastating cannon and rifle fire. This was not a wild romantic rush of horsemen, but the slow grim plodding of determined men across tilled ground. Most of them were poorly clad and wore shoes with cumbersome wooden soles. Leather was scarce in the South, for the Union blockade had cut off many of their necessities.

The objective of the charge was a long low ridge on the opposite side of the battlefield near the center of which was a clump of trees. In front of the ridge and all along the line of the charge was a stone fence behind which the Union forces were waiting. The fence at the extreme left was indented to follow the contours of a farm, a square of which was set back at this point. It was here that the North Carolina troops, who were part of the left wing, came in. In order to reach the setback in the stone fence facing them, the North Carolinians had to advance perhaps sixty feet further than the rest of the charging Confederates. Sixty feet isn't much ground under ordinary circumstances, but it must have seemed like a tremendous amount of extra mileage to the battered but still oncoming North Carolinians.

I decided that I would paint the charge at its height just before the line broke. Then I had to decide what mood I should catch on my canvas. I could stress the horrors of war, filling the scene with bloody and broken limbs. I could stress the exultation of the charge, or the anguish of defeat. Finally I concluded that it would be artistically more desirable if I painted a picture that embraced both latter phases. To accomplish this there would have to be some overall quality or mood that would blend these phases and govern the technical handling. How could I determine what this overall mood should be? Could I get into the same spirit as the men who had charged over that battlefield so many years ago?

There was only one way to find out; I had to follow in the footsteps of those valiant soldiers. I drove my car over to the Confederate position from which the charge had been launched, got out, and started walking across the field as fast as I could toward the fateful clump of trees. It was not too hard to place myself in the role. The vegetation clung to my legs as I stumbled over the uneven ground and I could feel the stiff, unyielding wooden soles under my feet. I could hear the bellowing of cannon and the screams of my comrades as grape shot tore through our ranks. My steps hastened with the rest of the line, but the ground beneath me seemed to pass slower than ever. My rifle became very heavy and my hearing dulled from the bursts of artillery fire. I became an automaton with a mechanical brain, moving in a world of which I was not a part. My sight became glazed and rainbow halations appeared around the edge of things. It seemed as though my eyes were unfocussed as my brain worked divorced from the happenings in the world about. Occasionally the clouds in my head seemed to part in a rift through which I could see familiar figures in uniform at my side and hear commands clear and alert and meaningful. Then the clarity faded out to be replaced by the steady plod, plod of the automaton and distant salvos of thunder.

After a long while, I became aware that the ground was sloping sharply upward. I was moving among rocks, piled up rocks. My mind became alert again; we must have reached the stone fence. A burly figure in blue rose from the barricade and swung at me with his rifle butt. I lunged forward with

Mural Eight—LAFAYETTE IN THE OLD SOUTH

my bayonet. For a moment all was dyed red—then red-grey—then grey—and finally my vision cleared.

The ridge was empty. I was standing alone on the ground where the charge had broken, my easel still near the stone fence where I had left it. I picked up my brush and made notes while my sensations were fresh.

The painting is finished now, and I think I achieved my end. The texture of carnage and death is visible everywhere in the painting, but the sun is bright and cheerful. A sense of eerie detachment, of static electricity, of bated breath, pervades the scene. Across the cannon in the foreground lies the grey-clad body of a non-commissioned officer. The heavy bronze gun is searing hot and smoke rises from his charring flesh and clothes; but I do not think it seems gruesome. The smoke diffuses lazily into the motionless air. Behind the cannon the bloodless face of an unconscious Union soldier is turned calmly to the sky.

In the foreground lie two men who have just inflicted mortal blows on one another. The blue-clad cannoneer is still conscious but oblivious of his own wound. He gazes with pity at his dead opponent and seems to be recalling someone dear to him who looked much the same.

At the right of the painting, behind a youth who still surges forward, a bearded man is hunched in agony but he is in the shadows thrown by the bright afternoon sun.

Across the field in the wake of the charge, a straight line of dead marks where the North Carolina troops have passed. In the background Union troops are closing in on the flank of the stricken line. The smoke from their muskets produces a series of flower-like puffs. All along the faltering line men are killing and being killed, though they are beginning to realize that the end is at hand.

The central figure in the mural is Brigadier General James Johnston Pettigrew. He looks frail and more like a poet than a warrior. The men near to the general are turned to him for leadership. He is calm and poised, for an officer does not give in to his emotions before his men. His sword is beginning to signal "Fall Back." The flag of the Confederacy is still held aloft by a soldier who desperately loads his revolver to protect it to the end.

A large white cloud floats in tranquil grandeur above the battlefield.

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Mural Ten

CRUSADE FOR EDUCATION

THIS MURAL PORTRAYS GOVERNOR AYCOCK of North Carolina addressing an audience in the state capitol in his crusade for education around 1900. The painting was perhaps the most difficult one of the whole mural series to carry out. The theme did not allow the rich paint handling latent in colorful costumes, nor did it have direct emotional appeal. The need for general education is poignant enough as an idea to evoke sympathetic response, but it is hard to present that idea appealingly on a canvas by painting an orator making a speech about it. There is a vast difference between listening to an orator and seeing him perform without hearing his words. His posture and gestures alone can give little indication of the content of his speech. At the most they can only reveal whether it is tranquil or exciting.

There was another major difficulty. This mural and the one next to it were the central paintings on a long wall. They had, therefore, to be so combined as to form a dual center of strong dramatic interest. This posed a problem because the first mural was a war scene depicting the climax of a desperate charge in a famous conflict; while the second, portraying Aycock's speech on education, did not have the emotional drama of the battle scene. The only solution was to contrast extremes of light and darkness in the elements of its composition to produce a similar dramatic effect on the spectator; and after much travail, I worked out an idea.

I sketched a photographer in the foreground of the mural exploding an old fashioned pan of flashpowder. The resultant glare allowed me to throw a massive purple shadow of Governor Aycock looming high on the wall behind him. This very dramatic effect solved the main part of the problem and supplied me with the key to the rest. As I look back now over the finished murals, I realize for the first time that in each mural a major problem developed which produced in its solution the intricate organization of the entire picture. This is what happened here.

The shadow behind the Governor was still not sufficiently massive and so I placed a handsome school boy on the stand with the Governor's hand on the boy's shoulder. This served a two-fold purpose because now the shadow was enlarged and the intent of the Governor's speech was beginning to emerge. To emphasize both developments further, I added a little girl on each side of the group. Then I distributed children of different ages throughout the audience.

The group was now improved but it still lacked sufficient force, and the subject of the speech was still vague. I then re-sketched Governor Aycock with one arm stretched forward in a demonstrative gesture, holding a bundle of school books by a strap. The strap around the books gave meaning to his speech for most people can recall the days when they hurried off to school with books slung over their shoulders.

The effect was now much more satisfying. It clarified the meaning of the speech, and Aycock's outstretched hand added an important extension to the massive shadow on the wall.

Mural Nine—GETTYSBURG

It was just at the right place to give an accent to the entire arrangement. I used other subtle devices. Since the group on the dais still seemed too stiff and formal, I made identical twins of the two little girls I had already sketched in; twins are always a matter of special interest anywhere. To animate the whole group even more, I made them vivacious and endearing little girls. This did the trick.

There was still another problem to solve. The people in the audience could not be allowed to stand out too prominently or they would draw attention from the Governor. This was not too difficult a matter, for an audience could be a single entity to a painter as well as to an orator; I would handle them all as one big mass. I could not obscure the people by a shadow or a similar device, since they comprised by far the largest area of the canvas. I therefore decided to treat the heads and figures as though they were pieces of colored glass and put the whole audience together as a mosaic.

I still had one more thing to consider. Each of the components of the mosaic was an individual personality and had to be treated as such. Who should they be? Should I paint an audience of people who did not share the Governor's views and who needed persuasion in his crusade for education? Or would it be better, instead of using models of no significance, to paint in the audience some of the prominent educators of the state, of earlier times as well as of the present, and also some of the prominent businessmen. The latter solution was my choice.

So far I have been writing of the unusual problems that confronted me in the organization of this painting. Awkward as they were to handle, they were to be expected and were in a sense legitimate problems met with in some degree in all works of art.

What I could not expect or cope with by the usual procedures was the problem that rose when it finally came time to start the actual likeness of Governor Aycock. There are only a few photographs of him in existence and these are not very clear; besides which, they date back to a youthful period and were not of much help to me. The Governor's son was supposed to resemble him and so I asked him to pose for his father. I caught a good likeness but it was criticized on the ground that Aycock was heavier and that his head was much more impressive. Those who made these statements were devotees of Aycock, and, presuming that they knew what they were talking about, I worked hard to capture their image of him. I painted the Governor's head over and over, while I finished all the many portraits and figures in the audience, trying to discover what was lacking. I widened the face as much as I possibly could without making it grotesque; still they insisted that it was not yet right. Finally, I disregarded the expostulations of my critical friends and returned to where I was in the beginning. Using another model to get a heavier figure and a more assertive stance, I called the Governor's son back and painted him in again. At long last I felt I had achieved my objective in painting the "Crusade for Education."

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Mural Eleven

INDUSTRIAL AWAKENING

THIS MURAL REPRESENTS the great development of industry that occurred in North Carolina after the turn of the century. Lack of space limited me and I had to confine myself to a painting of only one industry as representative of all the others. I elected to paint a scene embodying the textile industry since its ramifications constitute a far-flung marshalling of the varied skills and talents of the people.

The painting shows the interior of a textile factory in North Carolina around the year 1920. A group of visitors headed by a distinguished committee is seen on a tour of the factory. In the central group at the back, the plant superintendent is displaying a fabric of which the plant is especially proud, holding it over his outstretched arms. Facing the superintendent stands the owner of the factory, the well-dressed figure in a dark suit pointing his finger at the fabric being exhibited. He seems to be asking a pertinent question for the benefit of the visitors surrounding him. The head of the delegation, between the owner and the superintendent, listens intently. To the left of the superintendent is a capable looking grey-haired man with his hands in his pockets; perhaps he is a publisher or trade journalist. To the right of the plant owner are two men examining the extended fabric with quiet authority, testing the texture of the weave.

The group of three men at the top right are part of the throng walking through the aisles of the factory. Next to them stands a white-haired woman watching what is taking place around the fabric. To the right in the space between the lower spindle frame and the loom saunters a group of six persons. In the foreground to the left of the couple standing arm in arm is a group of three important industrialists—one of the present day and two of the past.

At the loom behind them, a young woman worker peers timidly from under her curls at the visitors. In front of this group, adding a lightsome touch to the scene, are two children sucking on candysticks—not at all impressed by the awe-inspiring company.

On the far side of the loom which the young woman is operating, a child, fascinated by the moving strands, places her finger on one of them much to the concern of her mother who pulls her away. Behind them a calm-faced woman surveys what is going on at a distance. Against the left edge of the mural a burly factory hand carries off a bolt of material that has already been examined. Above him to the top left of the superintendent stands a woman supervisor.

Through the large open door in the background the falls of a power dam are visible; the power plant itself is on the

Mural Ten—CRUSADE FOR EDUCATION

other side of the river. In the nearer distance, just outside the textile factory, a workman hauls a bale of cotton on a pulley system to the upper story. The bale is slashed open in places with the cotton protruding. This was always done by distrustful jobbers who from the earliest days of the industry wanted to be sure the quality of cotton was the same throughout the bale—a practice the industry has been unable to stop to the present day.

The mural is particularly rich in subtle design nuances. Since I wanted to convey a sensation of mechanical force and power, a design woven of angular and diagonal elements seemed most appropriate. Jagged edges meant agitation; agitation implied sharp movement; and such movement implied cutting edges, gears, and toothed wheels—in effect, the machine and the activity of industry. Much use is made of perspective to achieve this result. The racks of repetitive spindles add to the effect. Their design mass on the right is balanced by a tall dark mass at the left, the slanting side view of a large case.

The principal background motif is a spacious open door. The design itself separates into two horizontal groups of people— one across the central area, the other across the foreground. These are connected by less compact groups at each side of the center.

The lower central area is held together by the diagonal rolls of the loom, and the lower left corner is stabilized by the white mass of the forward part of the loom. The whole design is held poised in equilibrium by the dark mass of the cotton bale suspended high in the design against the sky. An off center shift of movement over the whole canvas is established by placing in counterpoise the dark clothed central groups, the dark clothed foreground group, and the dark cabinet at the left.

In secondary phases there are many counterplays, such as the bolt of cloth in the arms of the factory hand which balances the leaning mass of the case behind him, and the play of the protecting partition board between the foreground figures and the loom. The latter serves also to quiet and add weight to an area that might otherwise have been too broken up.

Another touch in the design is the piece of white paper resting on the top of the loom to bring the eye upward to the focal center composed of the dark clothes of the central group and the rich red fabric. The small figure of the laborer hauling up the cotton bale is another one, for it brings into activity an area that would otherwise be somewhat monotonous. The distant building behind the bale of cotton integrates the bale into the design and lets the eye flow down without too positive assertion. The painting is subtly and logically woven together, the implication of mechanical force sensed in the ensemble rather than seen separately.

The carefully thought out problems of this mural design led me to a realization that a great analogy exists between industry and art. There are far more things involved in the expansion of industry than the development of natural resources—it is a vast utilization of the skills of people. This is of vital importance in many profound ways. Every individual is an artist at heart; though his skill may not always be utilized in the making of a livelihood, in most cases it is. It is necessary to the human spirit that each person manifest in some form the skill of a great perfection.

An industrialist once described industry to me as the creation of necessities. At the time this did not seem to cover really important things, but now as I turn the phrase over in my mind I realize that even artistic aspirations fall into this category. It is only a matter of what one regards as necessity for on a wider interpretation nothing can be exempt. Things that man regards as necessities are continually changing. To a primitive culture the bow and arrow, crude textiles, and improvised cooking utensils constitute necessities. In our culture the telephone, the automobile, cooling and heating systems, and countless other refinements of living are regarded as necessities.

In Person Hall where I worked on this mural, I was surrounded by evidence of the earliest North Carolina industries as unearthed from prehistoric Indian graves. There were ancient textiles, implements of clay, arrowheads and spearheads—all representing industrial skill and expression. But aside from the mystic aura of antiquity they left me cold. They were works of sincere skill but they were primitive skills—the starved vistas of those without horizons, without flexibility, frozen in the repetition of harsh survival patterns.

In the vistas of these savage skills, there were few aspirations toward higher levels as evidence of great culture. Today's industries are the plateaux that lead to new horizons. Each discovery in science, each impetus in art or invention, becomes a higher necessity of the nation and thence the world. Man lifts himself ever higher by his own bootstraps.

Many of today's industries have come into existence within the last generation, the results of basic research, and the great possibilities of the future are only beginning to be realized. Near where these murals hang at the Institute of Government in Chapel Hill, a great organization of basic research has been founded. It is named The Research Triangle, and already scientific departments of large industries are at work with three surrounding universities in an extensive program of research. The work is dedicated to the principle of creating higher levels of necessity, safety, and comfort for man. Its ever expanding vista is a far cry from the primitive idea of security where only the simplest survival patterns were fulfilled.

The time is approaching, with an ever accelerating speed when the increasingly higher level of man's necessities will bring the great basic identity of matter, energy, and mind to the threshold of the soul.

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Mural Eleven—INDUSTRIAL AWAKENING

Mural Twelve

PAGEANT OF DREAMERS

THERE WAS NOT SUFFICIENT space to handle as separate murals many important events of a creative nature that have taken place in North Carolina. I determined, therefore, to combine them into one mural and call it "Pageant of Dreamers." I came to this decision because these events were in some way the fulfillment of long-fostered dreams.

Since in this mural, only a very few of the many dreamers in the world can be included, I dedicate it to those who are not represented, to those whose dream fulfillments have been acclaimed, and to those as well whose dreams have been fulfilled in less conspicuous ways. I dedicate it also to those whose dreams have not come true.

The mural portrays some of the creative firsts in North Carolina. One of the more outstanding examples is the first flight of man in a machine heavier than air which took place on Kill Devil Hill thereby opening up the never before conquered vistas of space. Another is the founding of the first state University at Chapel Hill which established the ideal of higher education as a duty of the state, a theme already dealt with in an earlier mural. Still another epochal happening is the founding of the Institute of Government in the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Another is the purchase of works of fine art by the state of North Carolina, with its connotation of making the cultural development of the people a responsibility of the state. Finally, there had to be embraced many important achievements by gifted individuals working in the creative arts and sciences.

At first it did not seem a simple matter to bring all these themes from different periods together in the same mural. As a matter of artistic unity I had to adhere to a plausible reality. The only way I found to transcend time and space was to disregard them entirely, and make actors out of my people taking part in a pageant.

I had not far to go after that. The Carolina Playmakers of the University of North Carolina is a distinguished drama group with a long and enviable record. I decided to paint the group rehearsing a pageant of dreamers. There was much poetic justice in this for I had made use of their costumes and props from the very beginning of the mural series, and their players and instructors had served as models and supplied me with advice.

The details of the composition quickly took shape in my mind. I would place Frederick Koch, the beloved founder of the Playmakers, in the foreground directing the rehearsal. Another coach, with his back turned, further up in the composition conferring with Cecil B. DeMille, the motion picture director and a native of North Carolina, would establish the fact that this was a play.

A positive theme to tie the whole thing together was not hard to find. The idea of aspiration had always been identified with flight and the symbolism of wings. The winged flying machine of the Wright brothers would suggest the same idea and readily tie all the diverse elements together.

I fancied that the Players had chosen the Florentine Leonardo da Vinci—artist, theorist, and engineer—as the central and ideal figure to represent all forms of creation. Beside him I placed a young girl, symbolic of creation, with a dove in her cupped hands. Leonardo is holding a wing of the bird while expounding his theories of flight to the Wright brothers, the wings of whose aeroplane spread across the upper area of the canvas behind them.

On the other side of Leonardo is Icarus, the legendary Greek, who made wings of feathers and wax and lost his life when he flew too near the sun. In front of him is the world famous American flyer, Charles Lindbergh, and just below him a great aeroplane builder whose plane Lindbergh used in his early barnstorming flights. In front of this man is Reginald Fessenden whose important experiments in wireless were made on the Outer Banks. Kneeling before Icarus and fastening his wings is a Cherokee Indian wearing a ritual bird dance costume. In the foreground are persons who represent the arts.

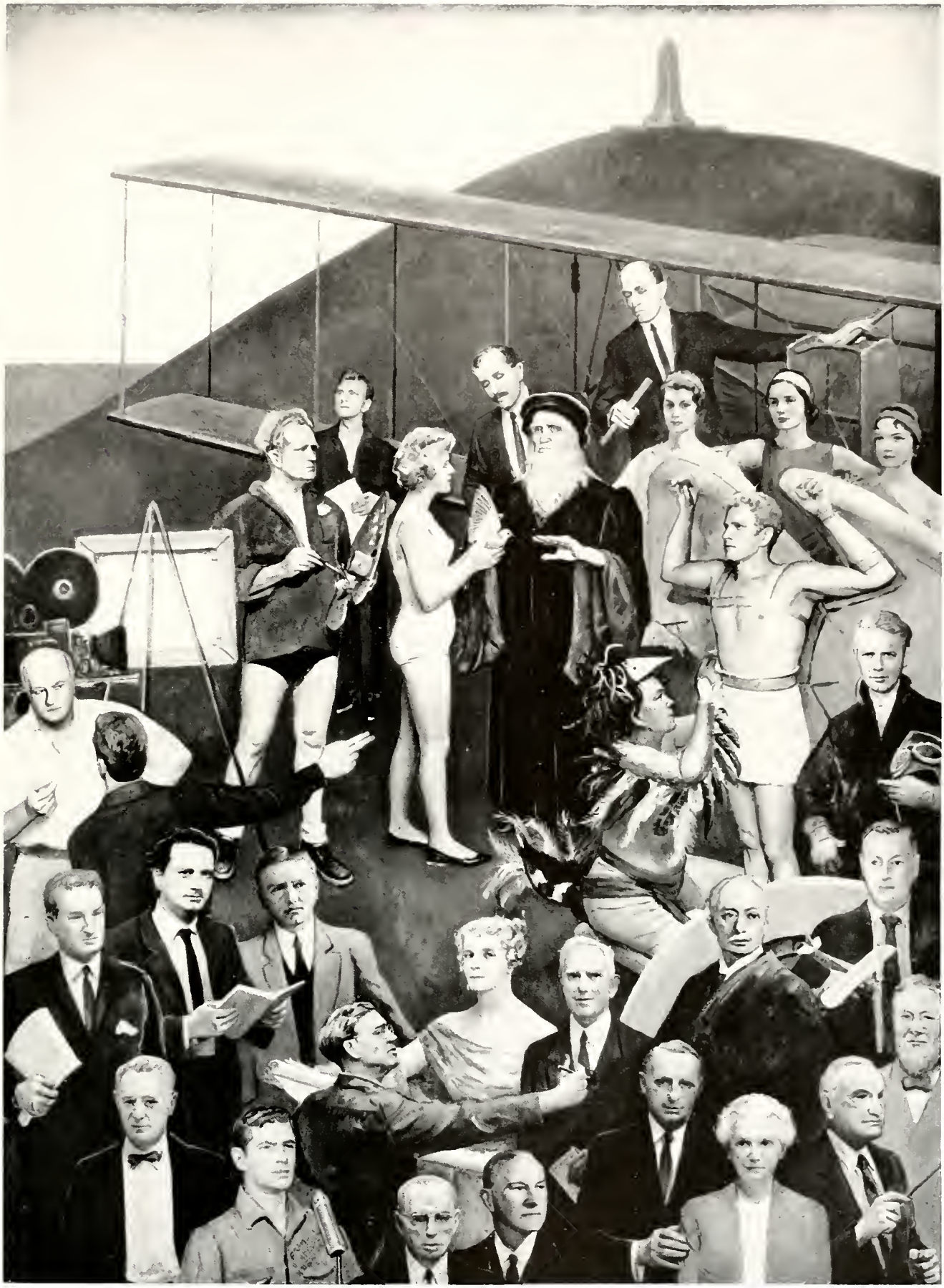
I chose to paint the pageant on a grey and forbidding day. The pathways of dream fulfillment are both glorious and grim, and it seemed to me that an austere mood of nature would be more indicative of the drive and intensity of dreams and dreamers.

When it came time for me to paint the dove that Leonardo is examining, a man came from the State Forestry Department bringing with him the live dove I had requested for a model. He wore a forester's brown uniform, and carried the dove in a small wooden cage. I told him I was worried about how I was going to paint the bird. The girl who was supposed to be holding it was not there, and even if she were I didn't know whether she could keep it from escaping. The forester said he would be happy to hold it for me; in fact, there was nothing that he would like better. He took the bird from the cage, and I showed him how I wanted it posed with one wing held upwards. I could see that he was familiar with birds for he held it tenderly and with assurance. It was difficult to hold the bird in such an awkward position for any length of time and so I painted as fast as I could; but it didn't come quickly.

After a while I wanted him to rest but he said, "No, I'm afraid I couldn't get my fingers in the same position again, and it wouldn't do the bird any good to take it in and out of the cage."

After painting for a long while, I could see that his hands had become bloodless from the strain, for he had not moved them in the slightest. I never thought it possible for anyone to hold a pose like that. Finally I quit. I had most of what I needed and could work out the rest by myself. He told me he was going to mount and keep the bird when it died, and asked me if I would mind writing on a card that this was the bird painted in the mural; he wanted to keep it in the same globe with the mounted bird.

He lingered at the door to say again how proud he felt, and I had a distinct impression that he was on the verge of tears. I couldn't figure out what it was that stirred him. Was it the fulfillment of some long cherished dream? Had he once hoped to be an artist? I didn't know what it was. I don't even recall his name. His face is not in the mural nor his figure, even his fingers are not in it—but something of his spirit must be.



Mural Twelve—PAGEANT OF DREAMERS

Mural Thirteen

INTO THE SPACE AGE

THE PATTERN OF REALISTIC plausibility I had laid down for all the murals was quite a handicap in dealing with the idea of the Space Age. All the different approaches I made to the topic wound up as a missile launching. At length I yielded and decided to paint an astronaut about to be shot into outer space. Since it was not possible to guess which one of the seven American astronauts would be selected for that honor, I determined to include them all in various assisting roles. This would also constitute a portrait record as a tribute to the men as a group.

I intended also to paint in a woman to represent the wife of the astronaut being launched. This was to serve as a reminder that no matter how far from the earth man may plant himself, the family will still remain the basis of the species. I intended to paint the man and woman bidding a fond farewell to one another and to contrast the frail femininity of the wife with the scientific spectacle of the husband in his space suit.

By talking to people who had worked on the missile program, I learned that the missile would become coated with ice and the air around it filled with steam when it was being loaded with oxygen. I had seen photographs of the men in the grotesque suits they had to wear while doing the servicing. All this was just the sort of material I wanted to use. I started adding weird icy oxygen effects to the mural then already enlarged in a rough form.

In the meantime, I got in touch with the Bureau of Aeronautics and Astronautics to see if they would arrange to have the astronauts pose for me. They were reluctant to do this and gave a number of plausible reasons why it was not a good idea. This did not disturb me too much; I could do the painting without the astronauts. What I really wanted was to see a missile launching, but I did not suppose it could be arranged. Nevertheless, I went to Washington to see the men in charge of the Bureau. Here I was shown motion pictures as well as still photographs of missiles being fired. All this, however, told me nothing that I did not already know, as such things had been widely publicized; I had no desire to be influenced by what had been done in any other medium. One thing, however, did bother me. I found I could not use the weird effect produced by the oxygen coating on the missile because the oxygen would not be introduced into the missile until the astronaut was sealed in the capsule. Naturally, the time I had wasted over this misleading information made me more anxious than ever to witness a launching.

One day an executive of the Bureau casually asked me if I would like to see a missile launching, and offered to arrange a way for me to do so. Of course I was delighted since that was what I had been after all along; but all I said was, "I certainly would!" He mentioned that a shot was coming up which he thought would be of particular interest for me to see. It was agreed that he would let me know about a week or so before it happened in order that I could make plans to be there.

After several months a notice came that the date for the launching had definitely been set and that arrangements had been made for me. I flew down to Florida, hired a car, and drove out to the motel near the military reservation. A tour of the missile installations at Cape Canaveral had been arranged for the next day, and the following morning I was to witness the actual firing of a missile. I explained to the aviation officer who was my guide that I would like very much to get a close-up view of what went on in the vicinity of the missile for about an hour or two before the shooting. He said he would see if he could persuade the higher-ups to let the barrier down a little.

At two o'clock on the morning of the launching he called for me and said that he had cleared the way. He had tried to get me into the blockhouse during the launching but had not succeeded. He had, however, managed to get permission for me to be on the launching pad for five minutes, one hour before zero. In the meantime, I would have a chance to study the scene from the area around the gate which was about one hundred feet from the missile.

When we arrived at the fence, we had to identify ourselves all over again and were provided with crash helmets; no one was allowed inside the gate without one. We stepped into the guardhouse and looked through the window. The missile was just in front of me glowing with a yellow light. The men conditioning the missile from a succession of brilliantly lighted levels of the gantry, or scaffold, looked like small ants inside of a huge segmented glow-worm. The missile, with its service casing, seemed like heraldic emblazonry against the black sky.

I was taken into an adjoining open shed where coffee and rolls were being served and introduced to Lieutenant Commander Powers. My guide told him what I was after. Commander Powers was responsible for the task force which the seven astronauts comprised. He told us that the astronauts were already in the blockhouse where they would observe the launching.

In response to my inquiries, he went on to explain how the scene would look on the morning of the first astronaut's launching into space. A van carrying the astronaut in his space suit, accompanied by five men, would drive up to this last gate. One man would be a doctor, one would be carrying an air cooler in a small box attached to the astronaut's suit, one would be an engineer, another a technician, and the last one would be a man like the Commander.

At this point a loud speaker began to blare. Announcements of what was to take place next were being made, and orders were given over the speaker. As translucent curtains protecting the men at work on every level were pulled back in unison, the shining length of the missile was cleanly revealed. My guide plucked my sleeve.

"Now is the time," he said.

We walked forward until we reached a chain. The guard let us through and warned us that we could have just five minutes on the launching pad, but not to go beyond the head of the staircase. We mounted the steps.

The missile loomed high overhead. I stared avidly around, memorizing every essential detail. A sense of alertness, of tension, pervaded the scene. There were no wasted motions, and cautioning signs were everywhere. All too soon the time

Mural Thirteen—INTO THE SPACE AGE

was up. Off in the dark I could see the guard holding up the hook of the chain suggestively.

"I've got all I need from here," I said to my escort.

We descended the staircase and thanked the guard when we passed through the gate.

I turned around and leaned on the fence to study the scene. My choice was made; this was the spot from which I would paint my picture. It would include everything needed to tell the story. Drawing out my sketchbook I bent over it to protect it from the rain and made notes of the essentials of the scene before me—the distant missile, the steps of the launching pad, the perspective, the size of the figures, and notes as to color. In a few minutes I had all the material for the mural.

We got into the car and drove out to the press box, arriving there at the same time as a bus full of newsmen. The officer in charge opened a door under the press stand to let those in who desired. I sat in the car making compositions of what I had just seen while my impressions were still vivid.

The countdown was going on steadily over a loud speaker. As the zero number neared, I mounted the steps to the press stand. The rain was coming down in dense sheets. Along the back of the stand was a row of telephone booths on each of which was printed the name of the news company to which it was connected. The dawn was coming up. I stood against the rail trying to see through the rain to get a view of the missile. The countdown cautioned a delay and after a few minutes resumed its cadence.

Ten minutes to go!

Newsmen and photographers rushed up the stairs and entered the telephone booths. The sky was getting lighter; I could see the missile now. The crane and gantry were pulled back from it. The count was now being called in seconds. Finally . . . five, four, three, two, one! A perceptible pause and from far-off on the horizon a blaze of red light, a muffled boom, and the missile rose through the mist and rain. Slowly at first and then faster and faster until it was lost in the low hanging clouds.

The count had now reversed and the seconds were being counted steadily upward. After awhile the loud speaker calling the count halted. Something had gone wrong. I looked into the grey dawn and at the damp and dejected group around me. It had not been a successful shot for scientific purposes, but it had been a success for me—I had my painting.

A catastrophe like this could happen again. If it did, a man's life would never be more dependent since the world started on the flawless functioning of a mechanism. The rocket release, the last reprieve, could not be absolutely guaranteed against failure. If anything went wrong, the astronaut would be blown to bits. Now I realize why any woman in the scene would be frowned on by the authorities. This was no place for a wife to be. She was the wistful symbol of hope, and should be waiting at the other end where her husband was expected to return to earth.

I looked at my sketches again although I knew already what I was going to do. Yes, I had my picture. When the astronaut was led up the iron stairs in his helmet and space suit, prepared to go into orbit, there was only one thing I could use in the painting that in its poignancy could take the place of a woman with a brave smile on her lips and an aching fear in her heart. It was the sign that hung on the last gate by the launching pad of the missile. It read ironically:

NO LITTERING
NO LOITERING
MAXIMUM SECURITY

* * * *

Mural Fourteen

PLEIADES, MYSTERY OF THE FUTURE

THIS PAINTING IS THE CENTER of the entire mural scheme. It is the only one at the front of the hall, while the two side walls are filled. Below and to the front of it is the lectern at which the speaker would normally stand. The mural in this area had to be treated somewhat differently from the others. It could not be too vivid in color or it would overpower the speaker standing below it. It was logical, therefore, to use quiet color—cool blues and greens.

Since I could not use a large red mass in the mural and I had to have a red spot somewhere up front to harmonize with the rich color of the rest of the murals, I decided to paint the lectern itself a russet red. A red mass in this location, below both the mural and the speaker, would have the effect of creating a focus that would draw the attention to the speaker rather than away from him. The lectern would form a pedestal for what went on above it, whether a speaker were there or not.

To carry the eye over from this red center area to the side walls, I painted the two small ventilators on each side of the stage the same russet color. The device proved effective, correct, and tranquil. The eye could move around the room in perfect acceptance of balance and focus.

On the russet face of the lectern I painted the seal of the University of North Carolina, re-designing it in accordance with the original idea. I translated the Latin motto into English. It now reads, "Light and Liberty." Instead of the original unconvincing design of a head supposed to be that of the sun from which rays emanated, I painted the head of the Apollo Belvedere. This statue is the most famous and beautiful of those raised up in worship of the sun god in the days of classic Greece.

The mural above the lectern, which follows the one called "Into the Space Age" representing the present day, had chronologically to deal with the future. It was fitting also that in its central place it should have some general relationship with all the rest of the murals. These requirements could be

Mural Fourteen—PLEIADES, MYSTERY OF THE FUTURE

fulfilled by designing a mural that would deal with the godhead. It would also be a theme that could readily be treated in cool colors.

The most suitable way to do this, it seemed to me, was to paint a mural with occult connotations—one deriving from ancient times and with Biblical authority.

The number seven has always been identified with the godhead. In Revelation IV:5 we read: ". . . and there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne which are the seven spirits of God." The seven stars that constitute the cluster of the Pleiades were the first zodiac and were considered the source of heavenly influence. They are part of the constellation Taurus, the bull. Always associated with Taurus is Orion, the great heavenly hunter, who is conceived to be waging a fierce battle with Taurus. I decided to make this my theme.

Orion is depicted in various ways in ancient star charts. In his right hand he is conceived as holding aloft a huge club and in the other, a lion's head shield, or sometimes just the skin of a lion with the head left on it. This ancient sky picture seemed incongruous to me, for a shield would obviously be no protection against a charging bull. It took me sometime to figure out that the scene depicted a bullfight as it is carried on in Spain to the present day. Instead of using a cloak to excite the bull, as does the toreador, Orion was using the skin of a lion. The head of the lion was not removed, possibly in the belief that the bull would consider it a real lion and respond accordingly. It is even probable that it was not known at that time that any moving object would have had the same effect of arousing the bull's anger. The heavenly battle between Orion and the bull became my background. I painted the form of the bull's vast bulk looming ominously above Orion from the heavens, and on his back the small star cluster of the seven sisters of the Pleiades. In the center of the canvas are the seven Pleiades in the form of human beings a little larger than life.

The heavenly influence attributed in ancient times to this constellation derived from the mystical qualities latent in the number seven. However, at most times only six stars are visible to the naked eye, because one of the stars is so near to another as to seem part of it. This was made much of in ancient legends, for the seventh star was presumed to have hidden herself for various reasons. The blending of seven with six is noted in Genesis where the world is created in six days and finished on the seventh which is the day of rest. The same connotation exists in the six days of the week with the observance of the seventh day as the day of rest. It is also preserved in the beaten gold candelabrum of the Bible with its six branches and seven lamps, the central stem constituting the seventh.

My seven Pleiades, as representatives of the godhead, had to be awe-inspiring and embody both the fecund and the austere aspects of divine purpose. They had to carry the sensation of great power as well as of human suffering and experience. From an artistic viewpoint, I wanted an unusual type—one that had not been established in art before.

Since the heavenly influence attributed to the Pleiades is essentially of the geometric nature of the godhead, I determined to use the symbolism of kabbalistic lore which clearly defines these categories. They are listed in the "Sephyr Yetzirah," the Book of Formation, and in the "Zohar," the Book of Splendor. This symbolism has also, in a popular sense, been embodied in the "Tarot" cards, the precursor of our present playing cards.

In ancient Hebrew there were no separate symbols for numbers. The letters themselves carried this connotation—the first letter *aleph* being one, the second letter *beth* two, and the third letter *gimel* three, and so on. Aside from its literal meaning, the sum of all the letters of a word give its numerical value and, consequently, its geometric meaning. The fulfillment of a name, and in particular a Holy name, was the sum total of its geometric permutations, which in the correct ensemble produced the unified godhead.

In the mural, I endowed the four lower sisters with the attributes of the four worlds of the elemental scheme, the Kabbala. The Pleiad in the center represents Atziloth, the World of Emanations, from which all things derive. The Hebrew name of this world, the number of its name, and part of the secret key numbers of its geometric pattern are inscribed on the tablet she carries.

The Pleiad to the left of her, holding the lightning flash in her hand near the lion's head, represents the second world, Briah, the World of Creation.

The Pleiad to the lower right, holding the symbol of the tongs in her hand, represents Yetzirah, the World of Formation.

The Pleiad at the lower left, holding the symbol of the frog, represents the lowest world, that of Asiah. It is the World of Action, also of the shells which is the World of Matter, and is comprised of the grosser elements of the others I have painted her as a wooden mannikin since the manifestations on the material plane are almost devoid of soul.

The triad of the three upper sisters holds symbols of force of which the universal pattern is comprised. The glowing white spots scattered over the mural are the major stars of the two constellations in their true astronomical relation. At the foot of the Pleiades, but not necessarily in correct relation to the surrounding stars, our own solar system is represented by radiating rings of red light.

There is little further that need be said here about this particular mural, except that it represents the culmination of a great many years of research in the sublime realm of the geometry of creation.

It is now over six years since the murals were started. The seventh year cometh; the year of rest is at hand, and I have laid aside my brush.

* * *

I HAVE LEFT TO THE LAST *what perhaps I should have said in the beginning. This is my tribute to Gladys and Albert Coates, who worked so long and faithfully with me over the subject matter of these paintings, and without whose trust the mural series would not have come into existence. It was at the Coates home in Chapel Hill that the idea for this last mural came into existence. We discussed particularly the Biblical theme that should be its basis, Job 38:31. The theme is now painted in Hebraic letters on the tail of the cycling comet that curves across the canvas. It is the voice of the Lord out of the whirlwind proclaiming the existence of the great enigma of the universe that must everlastingly be the sublime challenge to man.*

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

JOSEPH PALMER KNAPP

I knew of Joseph Palmer Knapp but never saw him while he was living in the flesh. I have followed his tracks in Currituck County and looked at him through the eyes of friends and neighbors who knew and loved him. And I have seen his spirit, form, and features come alive with all the stinging freshness of demonstrated truth.

In the vacant place he left against the skies of Currituck, there is coming into focus the form and figure of a man who went *local* when he saw the ducks in Currituck; went *native* when he saw that hunting guides respected him for the shots he could make rather than the checks he could sign; went *North Carolinian* when he built his home on Mackey's Island and turned from a periodic visitor into a resident citizen; went *Southern* while reading Claude Bowers on *The Tragic Era,* and started doing what he could to right the wrongs of Reconstruction at his doorstep; went *American* in wanting a child on Knott's Island in Currituck to go to teachers in buildings with equipment as good as any child would have in Brooklyn where he was born and raised.

In the form and figure of Joseph Palmer Knapp, coming to us through the noise and fog and static of the years, with a face rugged from the wind and weather of Currituck winters, we see the spirit and image of a man:

Who loved to try a marksman's skill against the curve and speed of a duck in flight;
Who loved to test his mettle in a battle of wits with trout, salmon, friend, or foe;
Who loved excelling to the point of quitting violin lessons after hearing Kreisler play;
Who hated cruelty to the point of firing a keeper from his job for leaving a dog to suffer with a cankered ear;
Whose poker face in a business deal became an open book in the fellowship of friends;
Who lived and died with the look of eagles in his eyes, the sweep of wings in his spirit, the love of human beings in his heart, and left this building signed with his name and "the vivid air signed with his honor."

MARGARET RUTLEDGE KNAPP

Margaret Rutledge Knapp came into the life of Joseph Palmer Knapp in the 1920's with a spirit as proud, imperious, and independent as his own, and moved in his orbit in a pattern of point and counterpoint.

From the beginning she folded her life and interests into his. She shared his duck hunting, trout fishing, salmon sport and other outdoor interests, and with his teaching acquired an amateur's skill which a professional could respect. She turned his hunting lodge on Mackey's Island into a home and the grounds around it with their formal plantings into a southern garden.

As slowly failing eyesight took her husband out of duck blind, trout stream, salmon river, and business office, he saw through her eyes as she followed him into the privacy of their home in New York City. In the prolonged and agonizing frustrations of spirit unbearable to him, and bearable to her because of him, he never called her that she did not come—bringing new and deeper meaning to the age old words she had spoken to him long ago, ". . . for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part. . . ."

His spirit became her spirit as she brought his ashes to the Currituck County he loved, and picked up the unfinished interests of his life. His voice became her voice as she stood in the board room of the Knapp Foundation in New York City, saying: "Joe Knapp pulled his weight in everything he did as long as he lived, and he will keep on pulling it in everything done in his name, as long as his name is in my keeping," and with this single sentence lifted the Knapp Foundation gift from a quarter to a half million dollars. Her will became her own as she pushed through the Knapp Foundation a gift of one hundred thousand dollars for the murals of the Joseph Palmer Knapp Building—the crowning glory of its walls.

MAGIC WORKS ITS WAY

Magic often works its way in Chapel Hill. Years ago I was looking from the sunlight into the deep glades of Battle Park and with my own eyes saw a swarm of white butterflies turn into a tree of dogwood blossoms. All my life I have been told to "read between the lines" and I would see things not in the lines. If you look around you in this building, you may now and then catch fleeting glimpses of Margaret Rutledge Knapp, and over her shoulder you may see the face of the man whose name is carved on the doorway of this building—still pulling his own weight in the work he started in Currituck County Courthouse forty years ago—Joseph Palmer Knapp

—Albert Coates