
The above reads like the legend of "The House of the Golden Windows." For we are always searching for the "true art" elsewhere and cannot realize its existence beside our own doorstep until the more distant world brings to light its value.

We come back at length, in humility, recognizing the features of the Great Stone Face in one who has so modestly lived and quietly worked among us.

In Oscar Jacobson, we have such a person, respected in such cities as Denver, Madison, Chicago and New York, honored abroad and "taken for granted" in Oklahoma.

Our women's clubs think they honor him when they invite him to provide them with an evening's free entertainment (his lectures are entertaining) and they think that they flatter him further by asking him to donate one of his paintings to the community center, but the state lacks the good sense to consult an exceptionally well-trained and recognized specialist when they wish to select a monument or to place paintings in a state building. But we mustn't expect too much from so young a state, especially when older states are often even more patronizing, altruistic and insincere.

I have not been asked by the editor to chastise our well meaning citizens but to eulogize Mr. Jacobson.

From his extensive study of the past and his understanding of the present he has an uncanny power to diagnose the future. He is the first to recognize genius, quick to lend encouragement or financial aid, shrewd enough to purchase a picture which redoubles its value in a couple of years. He has taught a little group the pleasure and power of developing a selective taste.

A foreign publisher would be quick to see the permanent value of Mr. Jacobson's development of this native Indian culture which has been said to be the most significant thing that has occurred in America in the world of art and which was sent to represent our country in the international exhibition at Prague in the summer of 1928.

The Kiowas have been a powerful race proud and fearless, roaming free, from Canada through the Dakotas, and now living on a reservation near Anadarko, Oklahoma. It is logical that a little friendly interest would stimulate these boys and arouse their spirit for the Kiowas in early days kept a calendar illustrated with pictographs—and this art is not so new.

These boys, only one generation removed from the most stirring scenes in the history of our southwest, can yet give us documents upon their tribe. Around the campfire, under the starry skies, they have heard the tales of Satank and of Custer. They give us an art which we must respect and, if we love movement and rhythm and color and we admire sincerity and originality they may be ours to enjoy.

You wonder how much they have been taught. I will tell you. They need no classroom definitions of rhythm—for they dance. They need no theories of color— they have been at home with nature long enough to know instinctively how to create harmony. As a substitute for instruction, encouragement and appreciation of the native subjects which they paint showing them the value of suitable mounts are sufficient. What right have we to impose our little theories upon their free spirits.

We do not try to turn them into white men. They enjoy most of the phases of college life like the average student and yet they are intensely interested in collecting the meaning of their traditional designs. Very probably until the present generation the Kiowa would not have cared to share this knowledge with us, so independent is his spirit.

As the religious zeal of the middle ages is reverently expressed in the Gothic churches, so (when he has...
turned white) will these pictures of the buffalo hunt, the flute players, the marriage ceremony, the medicine man, the sun dance and the war dance, give the real red Indian back to us in the place of the vaudeville substitute already held up.

I venture to say that every scrap of their work will find its way, some day, through the unyielding doors of our museums. The greatest value as I see it—to us—is that it should awaken in us a confidence in ourselves, a faith in that which is our own. It is a heritage—the logical source from which we might draw inspiration.

I do not mean we should all turn Indian. We have enough of the white man's sentimental Indian. Let us accept a red-blooded Indian one that savors of the old days. Let us help by supporting this art not by gifts (he's had enough of charity) but by purchase—and you will be the one to gain. You build a warehouse for your cotton; build a warehouse for your art and it too will redouble its actual money value.

You should buy their paintings and this book, which is already rare, since it was to be a limited edition. You should order early since a number of copies are reserved for France and for South America. Investments are in order!

It takes a powerful stimulant to arouse us to an appreciation of our own creative force in art. Heretofore our best ideas have found their inception in Europe and we have smuggled them into this country along with our antiques. Our art has been one of adaptations from borrowed styles exactly as the ancient Romans borrowed from the Greeks.

We have a heritage in our American Indian, a logical source from which we might draw inspiration. This art as simple as it is sincere, teaches us the real meaning of art—to be ourselves, to be original, to look to our own back alleys for beauty and into our own beliefs for truths to paint. If we will be sincere the world will be interested—we dress alike and talk alike, the movies and the radio help to make us more alike, but why should we paint alike? We should try to be ourselves, to have something to say and say it simply.—Edith Mahier.

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**Alley to Return in Fall**

Prof John Alley, head of the department of government, now on leave of absence in Grenoble, France, will not return to Norman until the opening of the fall semester, he has notified university friends.

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**No Loss**

Not a penny has thus far been lost to the Lew Wentz student loan fund, although loans have been made to 450 students totaling $90,000. Sixteen thousand dollars has been repaid to the foundation. The money loaned bears six per cent interest per annum while the students are in school, and ten per cent after graduation.