

Frozen Music

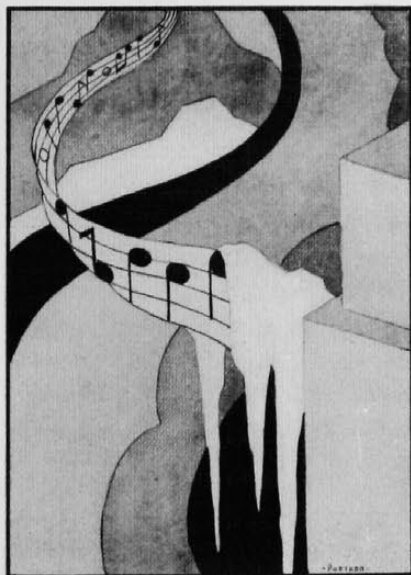
A frozen song—its transformation—an architectural masterpiece . . .

HOW Firm a Foundation," that powerful hymn, roared up from the barren Arctic wastes and hurtled its way to the loftiest reaches of a sullen Northern sky. Intensely cold air took effect on this musical invader, the song was instantly frozen and transformed. There took form a huge buff-coloured solid with tremendous wings. As this object fell it seemed to search for a spot worthy of receiving it, a site which deserved to be favored with its occupancy.

The noble crest of an emerald green hillside, which lay fast by a romantically picturesque wood, was suddenly, thunderously graced by this meteor-like guest. Quiet returned to enshroud the dignified facade of a proud building whose entablature bore the long-to-be-respected name "McMicken Hall".

An ice-bedecked colossus, safe in his Arctic retreat, shrugged his great shoulders, and indulged in a satisfied smile; but he did not want to sing "How Firm a Foundation" again—his music would have variety, no matter what the cost, no matter how intense the suffering . . .

Who is this immortal, you wonder: for surely one possessed of such powers must be immortal! What mortal explanation of this creature exists? And yet a mortal has rhymed "I breathed a song into the air, it fell to earth I knew not where," and a mortal has beautifully created the thought "Architecture is frozen music". Can you not see, our colossus is the Master Architect?



. . . A FROZEN SONG . . .

Many of his songs—songs of varied description—have soared aloft to be transformed into the campus structures of the University of Cincinnati. It may seem perplexing that the Master could have presented songs so harmoniously appealing as the refined lines of the colonial architecture of the University of Virginia indicate, and still be the almost totally despicable wag as portrayed, or betrayed by, his renditions for McMicken's campus.

Imagine a bold simple ballad, well proportioned in arrangement, and fine in spirit. Certainly such must have been the unfrozen ballad which gave the campus its excellent library. From the approach, its strength and solidity, enhanced by a slight entasis of the walls of the upper portion of the structure, give the observer a sensation of grandeur and well being. The well-studied sculptural panels of

the side balcony motifs on the main facade, the deftly executed modern door design, and the heavy retaining wall in the foreground compose a pleasing unity. Both interior and exterior details are aptly handled, and beyond question the general character of the work bespeaks the reserved calm and quiet reverence so desirable in a collegiate library. The Master is to be praised!

But rest! Can it be that this One too has his whimsical moments? Unless the frigid sound waves deceive, the last plaintive strains of "I'm No Angel" must have been solidified, and there fell near McMicken's right wing the Physics Building. Indubitably the song was Mae West's hit song for, lo, the parapet wall had the famous Mae West curve, unprecedented in architecture until this date.

The martial "Onward, Christian Soldiers" climbed into the icy air and the resulting structure proved to be the University Y. M. C. A., a building so ideally suited to its use and so handsomely erected, that the vocalist was obliged to repeat this selection for an European site.

An unmistakable favorite next mounted to the skies, "Alice Blue Gown", after metamorphosis, proved to be our ironically un-beautiful Women's Building. It was difficult to account for such an uninteresting design of a retreat for our alluring "true blue" (rushing excepted) co-eds. Perhaps the Colossus had had experience with deceptive feminine intrigue,