thoughts on the new hayden gallery ..!

Ed. Note: The show described is presented under the supervision of Professor Stanford Anderson and was assembled in Hayden Gallery by students working under his supervision.

By Charles Mann

An exhibit, a show, a structure, an answer to the question of form in architecture? No, a question, a question mark of flashing slides and girders. The eye traces right angles that break into lines leading everywhere in an orderly and haphazard fashion. The broken rhythm of the girders is set against a background of the steady beat of rock music. The speed with which the images appear and vanish makes the mind concentrate and the eye grasp at a glance. As at every turn the meaning of and the language of structure cry out, geometry hidden in utility is revealed.

The cold cubic box of Hayden Gallery is transformed from floor and walls into a space and a place above and below all around the viewer. No, viewer is too loose a term. Participants would be better. The mind is challenged to respond to image and view. The sight of buildings, streets, a tank farm, sculpture, a painting is splashed against a dozen screens and scattered over time. A sylvan countryside clashes against the hard metal of a factory. Is the shape of trees to be preferred?

A student stands transfixed by slices of reality. The slices taken together form the loaf of architecture. The tools of the builder are scattered beneath the flashing impression of finished building. All the places that live around us and that we live in are captured for an instant.

Mind floats

The view is held up by the wild structure of fiberglass and wood and suspended by the transflection of his eyes by a screen, a tilted surface, in space. Getting away from the cold and solid floors frees the mind to float in the purity of line and angle. In the sparse clean setting the geometry of the architecture that is projected, pictured and modeled becomes apparent and a delight to the eye. Color becomes a fourth dimension that clarifies and adds meaning.

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