

# UNDAUNTED AND UN-BEAT

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR PAGEANT

BY TED RUSSELL

IN ALL THE GREAT, crowded, cultural cities of the world, artists have traditionally searched, usually in vain, for spacious studios they can afford.

For a growing number of New York artists, the problem is now being solved in the most unlikely places: roomy lofts in old tenement buildings that once served as small factories.

Last year, a painter named Anton James leased one such building on Manhattan's Lower East Side. In subletting space (vast 40x100-ft. lofts) at low rent to fellow artists, he is helping painters, musicians, sculptors and actors, to find a dream. You'll meet some of them on these pages.

## PAGEANT

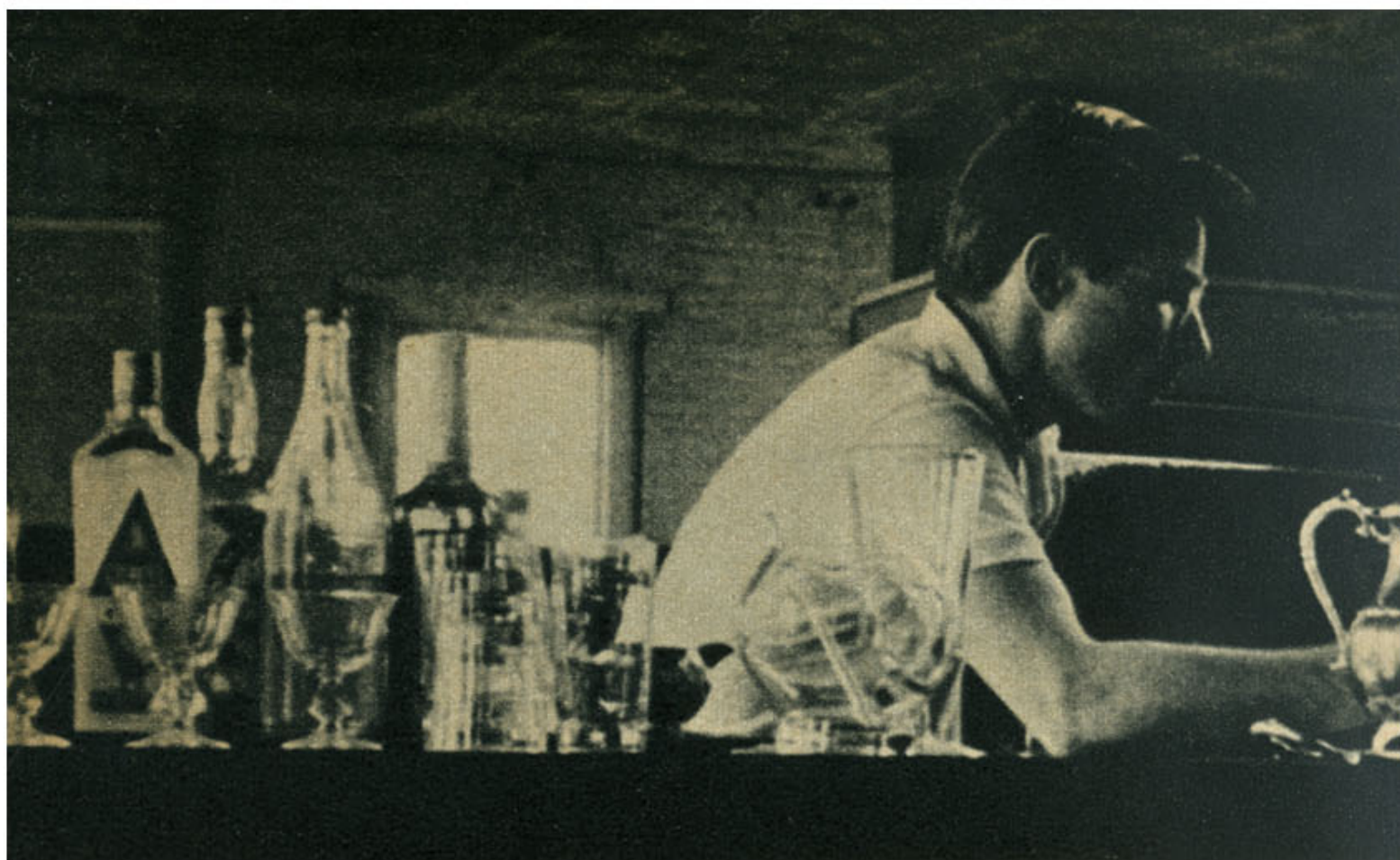
*April, 1960*

*p. 148*

[OldMagazineArticles.com](http://OldMagazineArticles.com)







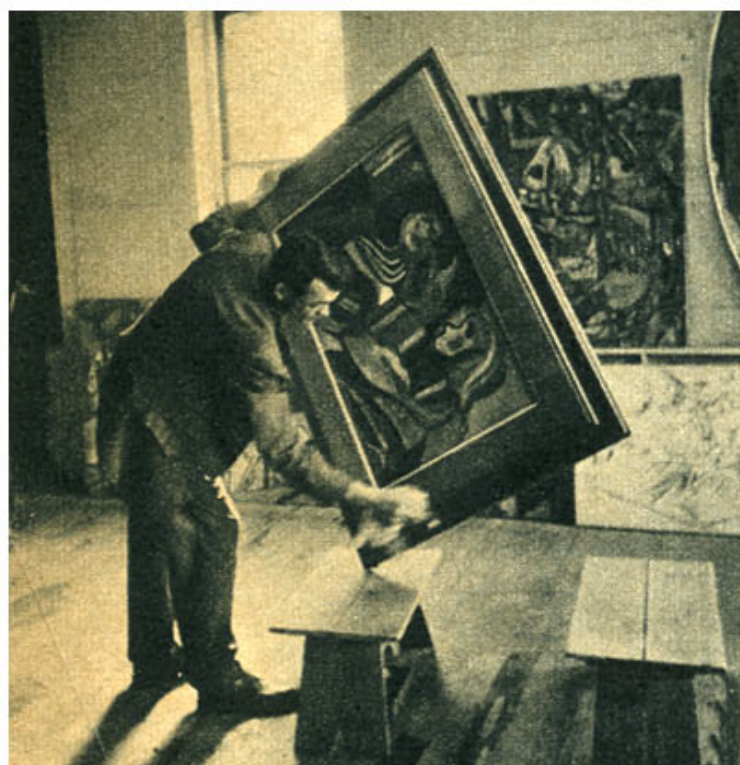
Actor Leland Hickman's loft boasts six-foot table-bar. Amid silver service and light

## WORKERS AND WATCHERS

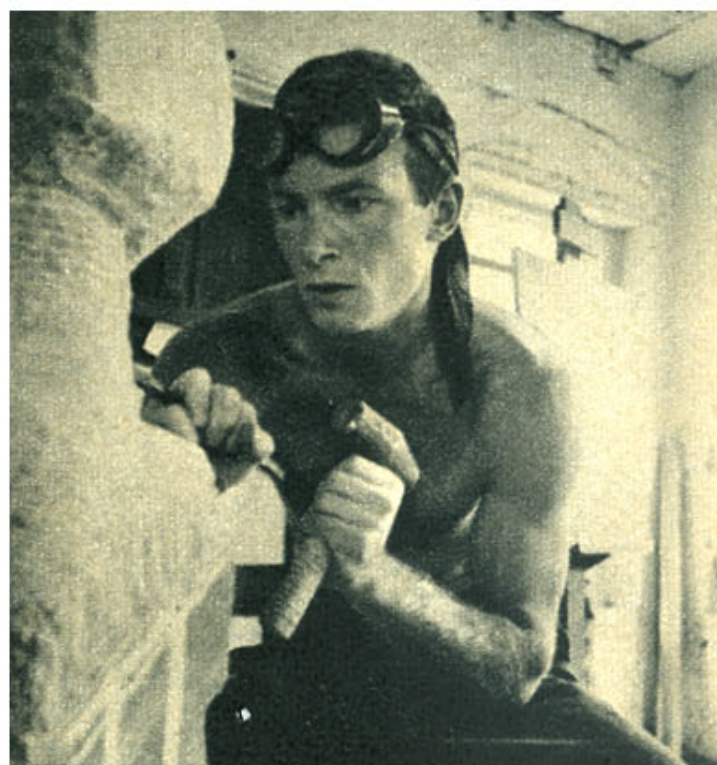
Much of an artist's time in his loft quarters must be spent alone, undisturbed. He's a hard, disciplined worker who is guided only by his own urgent creativity.

Measured in dollars, since he usu-

ally has so few, the life of an artist might be considered a failure. The artist himself, though, measures it differently: With each blow of the chisel, each stroke of the paintbrush, each addition to a musical score, he is ex-

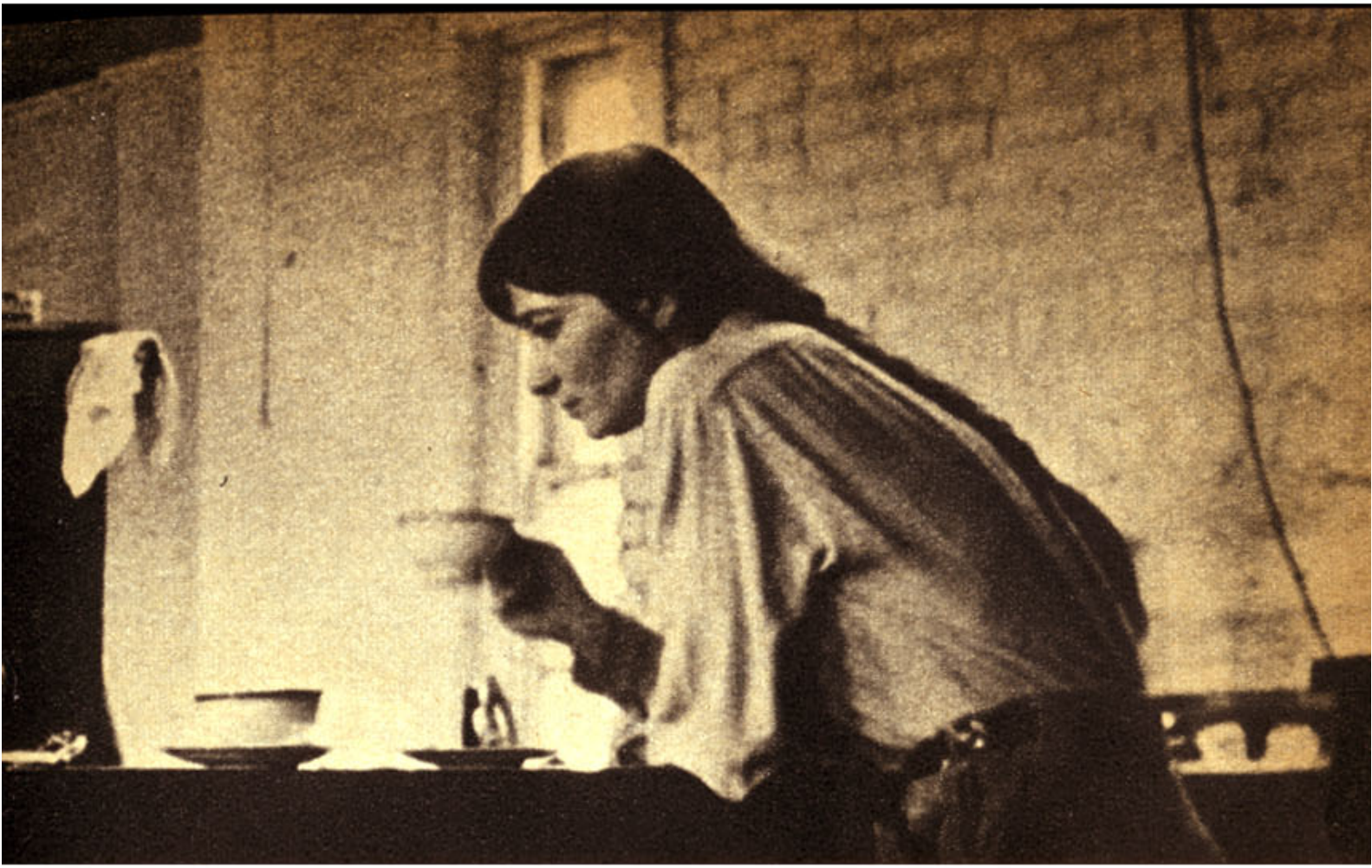


Anton James has two main interests: painting, and the renting of loft space



Sculptor Lothar Wuerslin has shown in N.Y. City Center, sculpts stone, wood





from windows, he, acting student Jane Churchman, join in talk, quiet reflection

pressing his idea of beauty or power. For him, this is payment enough.

But it's not all work and no play in this building. Visitors (tenants, or other friends) often drop in.

They find themselves climbing the

one wood-walled flight of stairs to artist-leasing agent Anton James' own quarters, where giant paintings seem to spill color from their surfaces, yet where modern office furniture reminds the visitor that the business of renting lofts must go on.

On the third floor, it's necessary to sound the metal gong that hangs at the loft door of sculptor Yasuhide Kobashi before being ushered into a completely recreated Japanese house where mats, bamboo and Oriental sculpture nestle within the white-brick walls.

The loft of sculptor Lothar Wuerslin, by comparison, is severe. Uncut slabs of stone or half-carved stone-and-wood pieces are its only decorations.

With this building as a successful pilot project, Anton James hopes someday to be able to construct a big, new building where creative people may work as they do here. For many more artists, then, the long search for a dream-studio will be over.



Terra-cotta sculptor Yasuhide Kobashi 28, is also painter, print-maker, designer





When host Sammy Joseph (first sax on left, above) has a jam session, the walls rock

## SOLOS AND COMBOS

Besides composing and arranging music, Sammy Joseph plays the clarinet and the flute professionally. As he says, "A musician must work with other musicians." So, in one small corner of his sprawling loft, a 2 A.M. jam session is not unusual. Since the other tenants are musicians and other artists who generally are in their lofts only during the day, the playing is loud and uninhibited.

On the other hand, painter Dale Wilbourn (right) works in soundless solitude. Unmarried, his hours are many and long, and, like Sammy Joseph's, sometimes extend far into the night. Though he spends some time in instructing art classes, his quiet hours at the canvas remain the most rewarding. Engrossed in his project, he hardly hears the soft purr of a friend's cat who only came to rest.





[OldMagazineArticles.com](http://OldMagazineArticles.com)



## LOFTY PICNICS

Some days the only way the wife and children of a married loft-dweller get to spend a few daytime hours with him is to invade the building where he works. One family's arrival often results in a rooftop gathering of other tenants and friends for an impromptu hot-dog-and-beer picnic in the shade

of the Manhattan Bridge which extends from the city's tip to Brooklyn.

But the intermission can only be brief. Soon the artists go downstairs and the lofts that once were factories again become a world enriched by creative people creating.

—Madeleine B. Karter

