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Personal ideas ...

The modern artist is led to believe, in his youth, that he is the vanguard of society. Unlike the musician or the actor, the young person who decides to dedicate himself to the plastic arts, believes that along with the development of his mastery over the materials he must master his ideological position regarding not only his artistic style but intellectually he must be able to stand before the world, much as does a writer. We cannot say that the artist rationally confronts or compromises his vision of the world, because as we know he is often dedicated to his beliefs more than he is concerned for his personal financial success or social esteem. However, we can say that from quite early on, in his career, he is tempted by the society in which he lives, to compromise, to give in, to see things less critically. But how can a person who is highly competent in "seeing" as is the artist, be asked to "not see"? So the tug and pull between recognition and acceptance, or profound self-expression, becomes an integral part of the artist's life. To some degree conformity versus freedom from control is everyone's struggle. In the case of art, however, conformity hinders the ability that an artist might have to discover his individuality and his ability to express it. It stands to reason that a critical force might have an impact, might effect change, and that the elements of the society that are not on the side of change will find a way to minimise, in this case, the power of the artist. The artist is told, "struggle is good for you", he is told, "an artist doesn't receive recognition until he is dead," he is told, "art is a luxury" he is told, "well, how do you expect to earn a living?" etc. etc. The attempt at demoralization on the part of the society as a whole toward the artist is one of the many things that the artist must become skilled at, in vanquishing. Just as the artist must conquer the technical problems of his craft, he must also learn to find his own inner strength which will allow him to continue in the face of adversity. And this strength, I have found, comes from the work itself. (1) (QUOTE GUSTAVE COURBET)

Let's look at things from the other side of the moon, so to speak. On the other hand, people love art. People love art so much, that they actually spend money to own it. People value art to such a degree that they consider a painting, for example, something to aspire to attain. And why? What can a painting be that it merits such a position in the hierarchy of "things"? Our subject at hand is not the work of art, but rather the artist, the person who makes the work of art, and his relationship to the rest of his world especially the society in which he lives.

*He will put his own goals for a life because*



Historically - Consecutive history (2)

Examples from my personal reading of the artist's rejection by society.  
Examples from my personal reading of the artist's reaction, confrontation and release.... Rembrandt, Goya even Velazquez... (Francis Parkinson Keyes... "I, the King")

- El Greco - painting for patron - but exactly how much?

One of the very good weapons that the society has in its effort to outsmart the artist is to pretend that the aesthetic of the era is in contra to his mode of expression. For example, if the art schools have been teaching a more naturalistic approach to painting, the galleries and the influential makers of "aesthetic taste" can exhibit and promote a non-objective style, <sup>Greenfield Lieh-</sup> can call it Contemporary art with a capital C, resulting in the minimization of the value of formal education. The musician, of course, will find it very difficult to fall for such a ruse. The painter, however, is more easily duped because basically his work involves the abstract elements of art anyway. A musician knows that he must practice his instrument every day, but the painter is encouraged to delay, to hang out, to develop his personality, that skill is secondary to expression. It is perhaps true, that skill is secondary to expression, but only practice can bring out expression. Only continued work can bring about a synthesis of technique and expressive <sup>form</sup> value. This kind of "hard work" is devalued, deliberately, by the society specifically the society of the art world. (It should not be a point of confusion that one of the best kinds of drawing and painting, after years of study and work, is produced like a prima-ballerina's piroette with ease and speed.)

Randomly Here!

Let us look again at the other side of the moon, so to speak. The artist, through his works causes the aesthetic of the time to change. This change brings about an acceptance of certain ideas which brings about changes in behavior and finally in the society as a whole. The artist is certainly a partner in the social structure of his world. The artist is an influential partner, ( and I am speaking about the honest, serious, uncorrupted artist in the social heirarchy).

(JOHN RUSSELL) One of the most important aspects of modern art was the imposition of the artist himself as a dominant factor in the work of art. The Action painter of the 1950's <sup>did</sup> ~~would~~ <sup>scribble himself</sup> not be separated from the object <sup>he</sup> created. The validation of the artist himself as expressed through the work of art, had been <sup>previously</sup> ~~more~~ thought of as pertaining only to the very great artists. This new aesthetic, that is, that the art work was important in that it was made by someone who achieved the competency to dare to make such a thing, is a conceptual fore-runner of Contemporary Art. <sup>Conception</sup> An art, which as I see it is a perversion of the values of beauty, harmony, all classical and modern values in art.



(JOHN RUSSELL'1-- last chapter?) Mr. Russell makes the point that the society demands of the artist that he be great. How many artists "fall by the wayside" because they do not see themselves as being able to achieve greatness? Is it merely another weapon for the dictators of taste ~~xxx~~ ~~xx~~ in order to control the varieties of creative expression? <sup>that respect emerge</sup> ~~that~~ greatness is held up as a minimum standard <sup>for artist?</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>+ discourage</sup> ~~of~~

So, if I am asked to express my opinion as to the relationship of the artist to society, I would say that it is one of effort, and care, and concern, and worry, and need. The relationship of society to the artist is however, another story altogether. The relationship of society to the artist is not good. At best society sees the artist as something to be used, and at worst the artist is ignored or utterly rejected by the society....I dare to say, "reviled and rejected".

Now, in a free and democratic society it is the responsibility of the individual to make his own way in life. The society is not required to assist, to promote, to pave the way ~~for~~ for its artists or any other group of professionals. Let us take a look at some societies that did take a concerted interest in protesting and even nurturing its artists. (George Sand's descriptions of Liszt and Chopin at the estate homes..as guests...) (The Borgias)

Let's throw some words on the table. These words; soul, the sub-conscious, intuitive, play, "eikasias" (P.5 Iris Murdoch). Quite simply, I would like to explain in two or three sentences the essential relationship of these few words to art, and to explain carefully and completely why these relationships are terribly important not only to the creation of a work of art but their importance to the lives of we humans in general.

references, references, references...

Now quote Carmen Peña in her quotation of Rodin.....

An unknown, mysterious, inexplicable quantity of illogical elements are sometimes permitted to gain control of an artist during his time at the canvas. Depending upon his dexterity both mentally and manually these recesses of the mind can be communicated through paint. If at the same time nature "decides to show herself" and if the artist is "in tune" with the "revelation" then you probably come up with a work of art. This is not to denigrate a more logically or methodical approach to the creative process. Rather it is to ~~xxxxxxx~~ emphasize the value of spontaneity.

Artists, were they to believe in an aesthetic which required an immersion in the unknown, would be in conflict, emotionally, <sup>probably</sup> with other people who by their nature, employment and life style required a more rigid understanding and intercourse with the world. We can see where this is leading, already. Employment, employers, alarm clocks, automatization, profits, submission of "dreams come true", versus, anything from lackadaisical to disciplined development of the psyche. The work of art becomes the embodiment of the unattainable. "Oh, I can't draw a straight line with a ruler." So many people look at a painting and mentally wander into a dream state of "Oh, I wish I could paint." They do not do that when they are listening to music or reading a book. Artistic talent is by and large, considered to be something wonderful. (Quote Leonardo's Father) (Quote from the book of the Guernica about non-democratic everyone can't do it/)

As we all know there have been scientific studies made in order to find out if there is a brain function which is especially significant at the moment of release of sub-conscious thought and energy. It has been more than hinted at that there are those of us who are born with an extra amount of such and such a chemical, for example or a cell, chromosome or "ether" which permits direct or even indirect access to the unconscious....and that not everybody has this. So, it may very well not be so, that with proper education and technical training, anyone could become an artist. Let us accept this idea as a premise for the rest of this paper.



We continue our train of thought with the assumption that although many artists are lost to the world because those individuals do not receive adequate education and encouragement, not everyone cannot be an artist given the right conditions. Talent is a complex gift which must be nurtured, and not everybody's got it. At this point my mind is seeing those horrible paintings which seem to require no skill to make. I am envisioning large smears, colorless areas of texture, that world of art that is called Contemporary with a capital C. These things are painted. So, "toda la pintura, no es arte" as Pacheco tells us. But these Contemporary paintings are pushing the figurative art aside. The publicised aesthetic is in their favor. The accepted position for a person of culture is to revere the ugly, the unrefined, the unharmonious. Why? Do I dare mention the word socialism? Do I dare mention the fact that the socialist, political movement of atheistic philosophy, which loves to equate all people as equals, in theory, is fostering a style of art in which no schooling and no talent, is necessary. It is an accepted theorem of Contemporary art that if the artist says he is an artist that that makes him one and that if he says that his paintings are works of art then they are such ~~x~~ O.K. yes, there were corrupt judgements made about many paintings, beforehand, O.K. there were corrupt judgements made about who is an artist and who is not. However, I personally will not be rused into falling for the mistakes of the past as being excuses for the present. Art is still art only if it passes certain standards. Let's make some judgements. Let's make some definitions.

Art is a mediator between you and the unknown you that has been put aside or repressed and which the artist is still able to reach.

Art is a formal structuring of the multitudinal variances that assault our vision every day.

Art is intended to uplift the viewer, to involve him in the effort of appreciation and understanding.

Art can be pedagogical but it is higher or richer or more valid when its beauty is non-translatable <sup>non-verbal</sup> into a verbal message illustrating an idea, because beauty itself is an unquenchable need of man.

Art brings beauty into our lives.

Art has a history. Its continued tradition reminds us of who we are and to whom we owe our cultural heritage.

Those members of our society who are either ashamed of our cultural heritage or who are opposed to, for example slavery, aspects of our past history which is shameful would like to include the glories of our past, our art, in the shifting of our moral aesthetic and artistic values.



second day of writing page three...

So, what are we left with. Well we are left with a whole bunch of people who don't relate to art at all. They don't look. They know in their hearts that what they are being told is nonsense but rather than argue, they ignore. These people if they have enough money will buy something to put on the walls of their homes that will improve the look of their homes. In Spain, artistic culture is so pervasive that many families ~~have~~<sup>claim</sup> at least one artist. This relative's output is more than likely to beautify many a room. But, what about the "Art World".

The art world has become a big business venture that uses the artist and his productions for personal profit. The artist himself can immerse himself in the business of "pleasing the public". We can dilute the power of art so that no viewer is made to feel uncomfortable, or we can express truth and give a visual power to the silent voice crying out from within our souls.

This word "power" is a very important one. It is crucial to our discussion that we understand and accept the fact that a work of art has a power to effect change by the mere creation of it. Just as an idea has power whether it is carried out or not, so a painting has power by the mere fact that it has been made. Ofcourse, the more that it is exhibited, the more that it is seen, the more that it is taken into account, then the more its power will effect change. This change is most certainly feared by the status-quo. So, I repeat an earlier point. The powers that be, the leaders of aesthetic thought, the cultural monarchs of our society are more interested in weakening an artistic statement than in encouraging the power of the non-verbal message that a work of art might be expressing...  
(Quote the Rembrandt Book here)



New words to throw onto the table...Preconceived, planned, calculated, developed through stages, conceptualization. I don't want to give the impression that the only good art is an art of spontaneous impulsivity. A man's personality guides his working methods. Not everyone must ..... I am thinking of Constable. This man painted in more or less his own back yard all his life. The paintings are glorious. The paintings sing of a response to nature. To paint from nature as he did, to represent nature, requires a patient dedication of relatively selfless design. *Forth writing day - Page 1* To imagine a painting and then to execute it, is not as different a kind of expression as the more organic technique because the surprise is always there. Something happens during the making of the object, the painting that is not preconceived. The film (look up precise video number) that ~~the~~ Tapies made is a good example of methodical planning accompanied by a relaxed response to accident. Here we see the artist, while painting an enlargement from a smaller work. We how he ~~fixxxxxfixxix~~ allows himself to casually accept accidental changes in his original design, and how the final result is much the better for it.

Now introduce the book written by John Russel on the Pierre Matisse Gallery?, as compared to The Baroque and the Jesuit Contribution.

It seems to the outsider that famous artists have it good, but even in the lives of the greatest giants of art (Michelangelo (footnotes to landscape paper) we see that the relationship between the artist and society is an extremely painful one.

There is ofcourse the othe side of the moon, so to speak, as far as one's concern for the opinion of others. Although the community at large invites, and to some degree includes the artist, he is free to refuse this invitation. What happens if he does refuse? Look at the lives of the artists who have actually turned their backs on society, on the patrons of art, and see what became of their careers. Take Goya or Rembrandt as the most famous cases...~~xxxxixxxxxixxxxx~~ the iron hand of ostracization befell those artists who chose independence rather than submission to what seemed to them to be humiliation.

In other words, if the artist wants to be left alone to do his work, he had better expose his private world, even if it doesn't result in financial success. The community wants to see what is going on in the artist's atelier. The rational amount of co-operation from the artist will pave the way for anything from a hands off policy from the community to actual support and success.

The relationship between the society and the artist is one of quiet vigilance which might become illuminated and open the doors to all



that is meant by success.

There is again, another side of the moon. Kitaj wanted to ~~xxxx~~ open his first New York show with nothing on the walls or in the gallery at all, except himself. Although this ~~was~~ not was actually took place, his audacity was valued and respected and possibly even understood. His fine qualities as an artist certainly ~~ou~~<sup>+</sup>weighed his games in front of the art world. (am I going to mention the fact that Kitaj went to England to learn, instead of to Israel...after all he is an American Jew???) = (Earthly rewards of the Galut)

And Rothko..dear Marc Rothko, so much success, so great a body of work... then why, dear G-d? Why? Why does the man slash his arm pits with a razor, in his beautiful New York studio, one lovely day, and bleed to death? (Reference word of mouth of friends of the artist)

At best the realationship between the artist and society is one of superficial misconception, lack of understanding and misinterpret-~~x~~ation. At worst it is one of hostility, exclusion, rejection and punishment. And so what. In the last analysis the artist finds defense mechanisms that ~~xx~~ permit him to do his creative work without regard to the public. The artist discovers for himself, along with his technique, as I have mentioned before, a means of dealing with the world(of observers or back turners). If an artist believes in "beauty", then he must train himself to paint in response to nature and not in response to social acceptance or rejection. If an artist is enslaved by what the society tells him that he is, then perhaps ~~he~~ is going to give the world the ugliness that ~~ixxy~~ it has been thrusting upon him.

And now a poem...in continuation of the paper on landscape..and in the same format...the writer of this paper will now become the painter who is equal to the poets....

The paint box has a cord handle that fits exactly into the hand and is neither cold nor hot to the touch.

It is a wooden box with a sliding cover. A slight indentation has been carved in a moon~~/~~shape so that the cover slides out easily. It is a new box for bottles of wine.

Inside is a shiny metal paint box divider made by Talens, an extra from the paint store. Horizontally, it just fits. Vertically its size it contained by two small carons of juice. The kind that they sell with the straws.

And then the contents. The paints, the brushes, the linseed oil, the rag, the oil tin(which is a chromium wax receiver from an antique



candleabra. And two beautiful boxes that fit snugly into the Talen's  
dividers, one for very used paint tubes and the other, the larger  
one, for newer, more full tubes of paint.

I've been using Titan colors. Bizancio Red. Cadmium Yellow, Blue  
and Green Cobalt, Titanium White. Black too. Ivory Black a color  
whose name speaks the truth for to make a good white you have to first  
paint in black and then gaze the lighter color.

a week later continued ideas.... page 1...

This most academic book that you have recommended, dear Professor.  
refers to Kandinsky as a . noy quitw a Cabbalist. but as a n  
artist interested in a system for srt, concerned about a formula  
"something like the caballists". I say to you that Cabala, like  
every other Jewish philosophy, is a means to find a closeness to  
G-od. One who succeeds in faith and love and service to the Almi hty  
it stands to reason, will seem to have powers of unusual strength  
or brilliance. There is no formula. There is no clever, per-designed  
training, in loving G-d. In addition it is a primary tenet of Cabb ala  
that one's learning may not ever be used for earthly gain. Your  
author is unacademic in his casual mention of Cabala. Were he my  
student I would make him rewrite his paper.

Now a few words about the fine artist Mr. Kandinsky...  
The show must go on. We open, and wait. What will they say, and d o?  
Will they like it? And then they do like it and another level of  
"so what" begins. Money! Money! Money! That's what. Ah, to be paid  
for one's work, is simply wonderful.

Matisse p.166

"17 Notes of a painter on his drawing 3"

In 1943, Matisse told Aragon: "I do not paint things, you  
I paint only the difference between things....

And then to paint again. A tree  
a simple tree. A tree from Africa. "It grows well here because of  
the climate."

Seeing the other artists' work!



First we make a little prayer to the memory of the twentieth century artist, painter, teacher, intellectual, Wassily Kandinsky. 'May G-d bless the immortal spirit of Wassily Kandinsky in its heavenly path to unity with the Almighty' And may G-d protect me from writing anything that might defame this giant of a man, who painted. What did he paint? Kandinsky painted what we call easel paintings. That is, paintings of a size (for example 80 x 70 or 90 centimeters) that will fit on an easel, to be painted while standing or sitting at the easel. These canvasses or in the case of water colors, pieces of paper are ~~conceived of as~~ <sup>perceived as</sup> a vertical and horizontal ~~point reference~~. The size or dimension and the horizontality or verticality of the rectangle is to be imposed upon by the artist untill a new space and ~~dimensionality occurs~~. ~~She~~ evolves. Unlike murals; and easel painting and its frame can be moved from place to place. It hangs on a wall in a room with other objects to decorate as well as to be used as an object of meditation. Kandinsky sat in his studio and thought about color and line and points of division on a flat plane. When he actually sat down to paint he used the ~~bbjects~~ objects of this world as a point of reference, not to be represented but to be merely pre sent on the canvas. Thus, while looking at a painting of a town at night, we are not looking at a town at all. We are looking at an abstract composition of color relationships, geometric shapes working together with the tradional goals of the artistto re-create volume and space on a flat surface. Unlike the "Expressionists" whose paintings may superficially look like a Kandinsky or a Kandinsky for its red and blue houses may look expressionistic, Kandinsky was not expressing his response to the "townscape" but rather his response to the needs of the rectangular canvas. His is ant of intellect not of emotion.

We must assume, however, that if a man dedicated his entire life to something that he has alot of emotional energy or "ethos" involved in this 'something'. His personal energy is what is expressed in color and line, notthe energy of the object painted. On the other hand, Kandinsky says that In his studies on Spiritualism, he found that each object as well as ofcourse each person, has a aura, and that these auras have color. Kandinsky wanted to paint the air that surrounded something, to separate the 'something' from the surface of the canvas, and to do this through the use of the natural color of the aura. So ofcourse, he had to immerse himself in an abstract and intellectual study of color. We cannot see the colors of the auras of things, usually, but we can make a theory as to what they might be given certain aparent facts. What was her name, again, that Mme. Blavetsky or Blatevsky with whom Kandinsky studied spirituality. ?



In any case he made for himself a color hierarchy. Yellow, a chromium, or a lemon yellow, he said, after much study was the highest color of the intellect. Blue he said was.....bla, bla, bla and red was another bla, bla, bla. And then he put this theory to use.

We must recall that Goethe also had color theories, and these color theories are not in fashion now but that in order for Kandinsky to be free of Goethe he had to ~~make~~ <sup>make</sup> his own list of color meanings. So lets get on with it...what's next... Well basically the man is an artist, which means that he loves to paint. He goes to his easel with his ideas superimposed upon his tubes of paint and with his superior talent and he paints the town. What we have is a small, magnificent masterpiece, not because yellow is higher than green, but because the vibrant intellectual, emotional and creative life of the artist kept him pure as a child and happy too.

We are not to get stuck with the idea that Horizontal is feminine and that vertical is masculine, as we are told by Kandinsky. No, rather we are to introduce ourselves to the secrets of our own individual learning. In discovering the deepest me I am following the theories of Kandinsky.

So what is the "changed aesthetic" that Kandinsky has imposed upon our era? It is the search within ones-self for the difference and the sameness between me and my neighbors, and the means of expressing this. It is not a patch of yellow next to a scribbly patch of blue in oil paint. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Kandinsky did not change the aesthetic of our era as is stated in our readings. No more than did Matisse or Modigliani. What these people did was to retain their individuality in the face of cultural pressure, even by the "art world" to the risk of poverty...in the case of Modigliani...to the point of starvation....because the vibrant soul of man could not be contained in these men who were artists.

Our readings speak of Plekanof (Plejanov) Our readings speak of Marx... I can only remind you of the famous quote from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar....<sup>Such men are</sup> ~~That man is dangerous, he~~ <sup>thinks</sup> too much." Yes, dangerous, thoughts are powerful. I believe that the artist must direct his thoughts to the beautiful, to the harmonious to the positive because with his gifts goes a power that could definitely be dangerous. During the late Medieval period of western European history we take note that the Church opened its arms to the artist, to the image to artist works. At the same time there developed a theory of art during the early Renaissance based upon the vital importance of beauty, harmony, order and yes propriety too. The great thinkers of those days truly understood the power of art. The aesthetic of the time was based upon religious thought. Today the aesthetic of our time is also based upon our religious thought. This is a



thought in which destruction of the individual for the so called good of the society is superimposed upon the lie that ugliness is the door to freedom. That inspiration is best expressed in shadow rather than in light. We are living in a world that is ecologically trying to destroy itself and this is only one aspect of its madness. The artist can protest, can ignore or can balance the horrors with a beauty so strong that the rest gets lost in its own shadow. Praise G-d and perhaps he will raise us.

# Ellen Lapidus on Matisse

To quote a Biographical Note by Jack D. Flam in a book entitled "Matisse on Art" on page 3 we are told that Matisse abandoned his studies in law in 1892, when he was twenty-three years old in order to dedicate himself to painting. He had decided to become an artist. Such a decision could only happen in a France that had already experienced an aesthetic change. The change, basically said, I do not illustrate the times for the clients whom I might have, but rather, I make a visual statement about the things that I love in my life. Matisse himself admits that his paintings are a bit of a lie, in the sense that his personal life was often full of family problems. However, in the tradition of goodness, of beauty, of harmony and love as expressed through visual images Mr. Henri Matisse chose to dedicate his entire creative life. I for one, as a young student of art in the 1950's fell in love with his work and have to be one of my mentors all these years.

Some quotes from the Flam book.

# Ellen Lapidus on Marc Chagall

oh! ah! ooh! oh my! wow! Oh my G-D! Ohh!

Reading his ~~bi~~ auto-biography "My Life" we discover that Chagall's sister died of Carbon poisoning. As a child she was so hungry that she ate the coal meant for heating and cooking. Then later in life can we wonder that Chagall held on to the joys of living. (quote John Russell)

# Ellen Lapidus on Picasso

I take my brush and I am you. I do not see the world as you did but I cannot paint without remembering you, your supposed style is my first grade handwriting lesson. Thank you, Sir.

# Ellen Lapidus on Miro

I believe you. I respond to you. I trust you.



# "The Relationship Between the Artist and Society"

Edgar Lapich

First paragraph of paper . . . . Scene : It is a classroom, a televised round-table - classroom, and sitting around the table is the commentator, or master of ceremonies, and four or five painters.

Last paragraph of paper . . . . Scene : The tape begins to strip and we are told that we have been watching a twenty years old re-run.

Edgar



# NOTAS

1. DAN CAMERON, *NY Art Now, The Saatchi Collection*, Lib., 1997, op. cit., p.40. Halley: I'm skeptical about the idea of any historical lineage in art. I think, within my own value system, that I can create such a lineage. But for all we know, in fifty years, the ruling cultural power structure might be fascist storm troopers, and they certainly wouldn't take much of an interest in anything like the work I do. It might, on the contrary, create a new historical lineage in which things that we consider negligible today are seen as significant. To assume that the future might take an interest in one's work is to assume that the future will have the same values that one has in the present – which I've never been too sure of.
2. ELLEN LIPTON, *The ABC's of the Bauhaus and Design Theory*, London, 1997, op. cit., p. 26. The term translation appears in Kandinsky's Bauhaus textbook, *Point and Line to Plane*, where it refers to the act of drawing correspondences between graphic, linear marks and a range of non-graphic experiences, such as color, music, spiritual intuition, and visual perception: "every phenomenon of the external and of the inner world can be given a linear expression – a kind of translation" (88). Kandinsky hoped that one day all modes of expression would be translated through this visual script, their elements charted on one vast "synthetic table" or "elementary dictionary".  
■● is a central example of translation. The series ■● represents Kandinsky's attempt to prove a universal correlation between color and geometry; it has become one of the most famous icons of the Bauhaus. Kandinsky conceived of these colors and shapes as a series of opposition: yellow and blue represent the extremes of hot/cold, light/dark, and active/passive, while red is the intermediary between them. The triangle, square, and the circle are graphic equivalents of the same polarities. While few designers today would accept the universal validity of the equation ■●, the visual "language" as a grammar of perceptual oppositions remains the basis of numerous textbooks of basic design.
3. WILLIAM DESMOND, *Art and the Absolute, A Study of Hegel's Aesthetics*, New York, 1987, op. cit., p. 71. When great artists sometimes speak of creating for posterity, some intimation of this peculiar futurity of the art work is present.
4. MICHAEL R. ORWICZ, *Art Criticism and its Institutions in Nineteenth-Century France*, Manchester, 1997, op. cit., p. 124. ... the Manet retrospective reveals the continuity of the liberals' earlier programme to dismantle the Academy and undermine its bases of institutional power...
5. ROBERT PAYNE, *Lenin*, London, 1964, op. cit., p. 434. The voice was Sverdlov's, but the words were Lenin's. He had written the declaration at least two days earlier; it had already been adopted by the Central committee and published in *Izvestiya*. Written hurriedly, with a good deal of scratching out, it was not among Lenin's more precise and trenchant documents. He grapples with the problems of the Constituent Assembly, tries to find some reason for its existence, finds none, and then attempts to placate it by offering it "the fundamental task of suppressing all forms of exploitation of man by man and of completing the abolition of all class distinctions in society." In the original draft he proclaims that Russia shall become a socialist republic, then for some reason he scratched out the word "socialist".
6. RICHARD G. MANN, *El Greco and His Patrons*, Cambridge, 1997, op. cit., p. 40. Greco described his design as "transparent" – apparently because he intended to use only two columns in the upper storey of the tabernacle so that it would not block the view of the paint. However, Monegro wanted to change the height of seven pies (seven Castilian feet, about 1.95 m.) proposed by El Greco. If Monegro respected El Greco's measurements, his tabernacle would have been less than half the height of the Chicago painting (4.01) and would have allowed a clear view of the Virgin, although it might have partially covered the lower section.
7. LINDA SEIDEL, *Jan van Eyck's Arnolfini Portrait*, Cambridge, 1997, op. cit., p. 102. This rivalry between systems, which lies at the heart of Jan's construction, obligates us as viewers to participate in the event we attend as witnesses in a twofold sense. We stand before it in the present, as though it takes place before us, and we encounter it as a remembered scene from the past.
8. MICHAEL R. ORWICZ, *Art Criticism and its Institutions in Nineteenth-Century France*, Manchester, 1997, op. cit., p. 73. Delacroix has gone down in history as having been especially brutally vilified by the critics.



9. DAGMAR EICHBERGER, *Dürer and his Culture*, Cambridge, 1998, op. cit., p. 37. After the middle of the sixteenth century more and more private collectors expressed their understanding of the universe and the way in which they arranged their treasures, attempting to create a microcosm in macrocosm, to produce *De wereld binnen handbereik*, as an exhibition in Amsterdam put it. Dürer's acute interest in nature and the universe manifested itself in different ways. The paramount value he attributed to the direct study of nature is clearly expressed in his own writings and in his extraordinarily beautiful watercolors of plants, animals and the natural environment. Dürer's role as collector of *Naturalia* and *Artefacta* revealed another less recognised facet of his interest in nature. In the world of the collector, the real object exists next to the image based on nature. By arranging and ordering these remnants of the real world, the collector defines man's place in the universe according to his own set of values and beliefs. Dürer undoubtedly shared the rising interest in rare and precious objects. In addition to collecting *Naturalia*, he also expressed his view of the world by translating what he saw and experienced into works of art.
10. PETER ADAM, *Arts of the Third Reich*, London, 1992, op. cit., p. 10. A number of Belling's works were confiscated and destroyed in Germany in the late 1930s. Ironically, his two works in *Entartete Kunst*, the Cubist-influenced *Dreiklang und Kopf* (Head, fig. 179 both impounded from the Berlin Nationalgalerie, were quickly removed from the exhibition when it was pointed out that his bronze of the boxer Max Schmeling was on view at the same time in the officially approved *Grosse Deutsche Kunstausstellung* (Great German art exhibition).
11. PETER ADAM, *Arts of the Third Reich*, London, 1992, op. cit., p. 10. This selection is the harvest of the artistic will.
12. EILEEN MARTIN, *Feininger*, Munich, 1989 op. cit., p. 12. As he moved away from commercial cartoons Feininger increasingly felt the need to go to Paris again and continue his own artistic development without pressure from his publishers.
13. LIAH GREENFELD, *Different Worlds*, Cambridge, Mass., 1987, op. cit., p. 47. In relation to the education of the painters, the points worthy of consideration are the following: in all the groups, with the exception of Expressionists and Realists beginning their careers during the last decade, there is a certain percentage of artists with no formal education. This proportion increased twofold among the lyrical and Geometric Abstractionists who began their careers in the 1970's. Among the representatives of all styles there is a certain percentage of artists who in addition to formal education had some experience of apprenticeship. Especially notable is the proportion of Realists who had such an experience.
14. SVETLANA ALPERS, *Rembrandt's Enterprise, The Studio and the Market*, Chicago, 1988, op. cit., p. 88. But he was beholden instead to the market – or more specifically to the identification that he made between two representations of value, art and money.
15. WILLIAM DESMOND, *Art and the Absolute, A Study of Hegel's Aesthetics*, New York, 1998?, (lib. UIB 111.85 Heg Des), op. cit., p. 119. This then implies that not only is there to be no seriousness about law, moral and truth, but that there is nothing in what is lofty and best, since, in its appearance to individuals, characters and actions, it contradicts and destroys itself and so is ironical about itself.
16. VALERIANO BUZAL (ed.), *Historia de las Ideas Estéticas y de las Teorías Artísticas Contemporáneas Volumen II* Visor Books?, op. cit., p.143. Jaime Brihuega, Estrella de Diego, Jesús García Gabaldón, Carmen González Marín, Vicente Jarque, Laura Mercader, Francisca Pérez Carreño, Carlos Piera, José Luis Prades, Juan Antonio Ramírez, Ricardo Sánchez Ortiz de Urbina, Julián Sauquillo, Guillermo Solana, Carlos Thiebaut, Gerard Vilar y J.F. Yvars.
17. SVETLANA ALPERS, *Rembrandt's Enterprise, The Studio and the Market*, Chicago, 1988, op. cit., p. 121. When Courbet copied a non-autograph Rembrandt self-portrait, or stretching things a bit, when Reynolds's self-portrait mimics Rembrandt's in lighting and in expression, or when Picasso portrays himself Rembrandt-like but as a child, they are playing the game according to his rules.
18. JOHN RUSSELL, *Matisse Father and Son*, New York 1999, op. cit., p. 74. It was not until April 23, 1933, that Henri Matisse wrote to Pierre and said that the decoration was finished at last. He had cabled to Barnes to say that he and the decoration would arrive in New York, on board the liner *Rex*, on May 1.
19. NIKOLAUS PEVSNER, *Gateway to the Twentieth Century*, McGraw Hill, New York, 1967, op. cit., p. 232. But while iron and glass, and the new aesthetic vocabulary which its extensive use entailed, went on in exhibition buildings and train-sheds and also in factories and office buildings, where much light and a cellular structure were demanded, the architect continued to keep away from the new materials and to be satisfied with the trappings of Gothic, Renaissance and – more and more – Baroque. Neither the aesthetic possibilities of defeating the limitation of past



styles by means of the new possibilities of skeletal construction nor the social possibilities of mass-produced parts were taken seriously by the profession.

20. NIKOLAUS PEVSNER, *Gateway to the Twentieth Century*, McGraw Hill, New York, 1967, op. cit., p. 232. London to him was not only 'a whole county covered with hideous hovels' but also a 'beastly congregation of smoke-dried swindlers and their slaves'. The Middle Ages were not only pleasing to his eyes, they were also – as they had been to Ruskin – right in their social structure, or what he believed to have been their social structure. In the Middle Ages, he said, art was not 'divided among great men, lesser men, and little men', artists were not, as they are now, 'highly cultivated men whose education enables them, in the contemplation of the past glories of the world, to shut out from their view the every-day 'squalors that most of men live in.' Artists were plain workmen, 'common fellow' who worked away 'on the anvil' or 'about the oak beam' with 'many a grin of pleasure'.
21. GIL PERRY, *Women Artists and the Parisian Avant-garde*, Manchester, 1997, (lib. UBF 759.4 Per), op. cit., p. 31. *Woman in an Armchair*, from the late 1890s she depicts another young woman in a middle-class interior, seated in front of a decorated screen. But this protagonist is slumped in her chair in evening dress, with disheveled hair and a brooding expression, she seems to clasp a handkerchief. Next to her on the table is a tissue, a syringe and a medicine bottle. This is most likely as somewhat morbid image of female morphine use – or perhaps addiction, a theme with which Charny would have been familiar from her father's addiction, and perhaps from contemporary literature which addressed the problem.
22. MARCO LIVINGSTONE, R.B. Kitaj, *An American in Europe*, Oslo, 1968, op. cit., p. 47. 'After 1945, the world changed for the Jews. If your world changes, your paintings change. Your hand, changed by heart and mind, goes at its tasks in new ways. Of course, I only mean those painters who have been affected, those who don't refuse my idea that their world changed after 1945. In that version of Diasporist painting within which I pretend to speak, each of us reflects only upon our own singular reactions to what we learn about the events of 1940-1945, from one vantage place or another. The great tried and true aspects of our painting art we attempt to preserve – those eternal hard-fought sanities like formal and thematic daring and invention, probing drawing skills, touch and gesture, experiment, delight in paint and color, reverence for pictures by other artists, and so on.'
23. NIKOLAUS PEVSNER, *Gateway to the Twentieth Century*, McGraw Hill, New York, 1967, op. cit., p. 236. It was to convey connotations of the Middle Ages and of Co-operation instead of exploitation or competition. Mackmurdo's guild brought a journal *The Hobby Horse*, and the title-page and typography of this also is worth remembering. It preceded by six years Morris's more famous venture into typography and book-making, the Kelmscott Press.
24. JOHN RUSSELL, *Matisse Father and Son*, New York 1999, op. cit., p. 285. There was also the question of monies due to Dubuffet. Pierre Matisse was probity itself, and he always paid up. But he did not always pay up on time. Not to get the check could be traumatic for Dubuffet, as for many another, and the subject came up more and more often in his letters. Already on July 27, 1954, Dubuffet put it as plainly as he could. Once he had painted his pictures, he sometimes had to wait for months until Matisse came over and made his choice. Meanwhile, the currently favoured dealer in Paris would also be kept waiting. After Matisse had made his choice, Dubuffet often had to wait once again, month after month, for payment. 'You really should understand,' he said finally, 'that this cannot go on. I can well imagine that you have difficulties, but I have difficulties of my own, and I think that I am entitled to more consideration.'
25. JACK FLAM, *Matisse on Art*, Oxford, 1973, op. cit., p. 56. 'I have simply wished to assert the reasoned and independent feeling of my own individuality within a total knowledge of tradition.' The effort I made to penetrate the thinking of each one tired me out. I reached the point where I thought a student was heading in the wrong direction and he told me (revenge of my masters), 'That's the way I think.' The saddest part was that they could not conceive that I was depressed to see them 'doing Matisse'. Then I understood that I had to choose between being a painter and a teacher. I soon closed my school.'
26. CAROLINE TISDALL, *Futurism*, Toledo, 1977, op. cit., p. 24. Segantini was a pantheist and a socialist, a painter who believed that the artist should be educated not in the academies but in the streets and fields. In true Symbolist fashion he declared the artist should live as an aesthete, abandoning family and wealth to devote himself to the cult



of beauty, and that 'the thoughts of the artist must no longer turn to the past, but forge ahead to the future which he preconceives.'

27. GASPAR SABATER, *La Pintura Contemporánea en Mallorca, Palma*, 1981, op. cit., p. 105. Dentro una línea del más puro valor plástico – estético, en el fondo – se nos presenta Gaspar Riera (Estallenchs, 1922), uno de los paisajistas mallorquines con más acusada personalidad. Gaspar Riera, artista plenamente dotado para captar el paisaje y ambientarlo, nos ofrece una obra densa, conceptual y técnicamente hablando. El artista que hay en Gaspar Riera se nos presenta despojado de todo aquello que es accidental y accesorio. De todo aquello que no constituye una auténtica necesidad – y realidad al mismo tiempo – en la obra de arte. De ahí su esteticismo, de ahí sus valores puramente plásticos. Porque no hay que olvidar que la obra de arte requiere de esta simplificación como requiere también, de la nitidez – técnica y conceptual – para que el mensaje llegue a nosotros con toda la fuerza que el artista quiere.

Dear Parents,

As I was thinking about my duty as a teacher, I realized that we've never before had such a cohesive group of students. I think we can get a lot out of this and I'll be tailoring the classes to the songs. I suggest that each time we have dinner on Shabbat we rotate and one set of parents sits in with their child. Nice for the parents, I think, and I know the children will look forward to it.

Very reluctantly I concede my rights to the kitchen in order to be able to escape that is to say, dedicate my attention fully to the children during the meal (and then back to the wall I'll take a cake). Please sign up for what you'd like to do for the next dinner on May 17<sup>th</sup>, 2002.

Set the table

Bring a dish of food

Stay and help during the meal

Other

Finally, in my role as a parent, I would like to call your attention to the state of the kitchen. Frankly, I am convinced that it is a health risk. I understand that a member has pledged funds and I suggest we urge the other members of the community to look for an immediate solution.

Cordially,

Judith

I thought they would throw me from the top of the fourth floor!  
Life in uniform trembled life an autumn leaf.  
But in the end, I went back to my seat.  
In the distance, the professor's hand drew a very distinct "two".  
I could still see that.  
Through the classroom window I saw trees, the school for young girls.  
"Nicolas Antonowitch, may I be excused?" I say. "I have to go."

I had one thought only: when will I be through with my classes, will I have to go on much longer, and couldn't I leave without completing the course?

On days when I wasn't called to the blackboard, when all the pupils were in an uproar, I really didn't know what to do.

Rooted to my desk, pinched and prodded from every side, I didn't know where to turn. I twisted and squirmed, rocked back and forth, got up and sat down.

All of a sudden, I put my head out of the window to throw a kiss to a pretty stranger.

The inspector comes towards me. He grabs my hand, raises it.

Caught! I turn red, pink, white!

"Remind me tomorrow, you rascal, to give you a 'two for conduct.'" It was at this time that I reveled in drawing. I did not know what that portended.

My sketches flew over our heads, often even hitting the professor's.

S..., the boy next to me, indulging in his favorite pastime, thumped under the bench with ...

A muffled sound which, sometimes, attracted the professor's attention.

Everyone keeps still. Everyone laughs.

"Skorikoff!" the professor calls out. S... gets up, blushes and, having received his "two," sits down again.

What I like best was geometry. At that I was unbeatable. Lines, angles, triangles, squares carried me far away to enchanting horizons. And during those hours of drawing, I lacked only a throne.

I was the center of the class, the object of attention and an example for all.

I did not come to myself till the next lesson.

At the end of the year, after fencing with singlesicks and doing special exercises with the twenty-kilo weight, I was obliged to stay in the same form a second term.

What happened after that, I've forgotten.

No matter! What's the use of being in a hurry?

I had plenty of time to become a clerk or an accountant, let time pass, let it drag along!

Once again I'll stay up late at night, hands in my pockets, looking as if I were studying. Again I'll hear Mama call from her bedroom:

"You've burnt enough oil! Got to bed. Haven't I told you to do your lessons in the daytime? You're crazy! Let me sleep!"

"But I'm not making any noise!" I'll say.

I look at my book but I think of the men who, at this moment, are walking along the streets, I think of my river, of the floating farts, bumping about at the end of the bridge, sometimes breaking up against it.

The planks crack, rise up in the air, the rowers escape...

"Well, how are you getting on?"

The editorial room was full of my canvases and sketches. It didn't look like an editorial room now, more like a studio. My thoughts on art mingled with the voices of the editors who came to discuss and work.

In the intervals and at the end of the meeting, they would walk through my "studio" and I would hide behind piled-up copies of "Dawn" that lined half of the room.

Vinaver was the first person in my life to buy two pictures from me.

Lawyer and famous member of Parliament that he was, he nevertheless like those poor Jews who come down with the bride, the bridegroom and the musicians from the top of my canvas.

One day, panting, breathless, he runs into the editorial studio and tells me:

"Quick! Get together your best canvases and come up to my apartment. A collector saw your pictures at my house; he's keenly interested in them."

Exited and dismayed at seeing Vinaver himself come to my room, I couldn't find anything good.

Once, at Passover, Vinaver invited me to his house for dinner.

The reflection of the blazing candles, their odor mingling with the dark ochre of Vinaver's complexion, glowed in the room.

His wife, giving orders smilingly, looked as though she had stepped out of a fresco by Veronese.

The table shone in anticipation of the prophet Elijah.

Later, Vinaver came to see me many times and, smiling, would ask: "Well, how are things going?"

I dared not show him my pictures for fear he would not like them. He often used to say he was a rank outsider in matters of art.

But the outsiders are the critics I like best.

In 1910, after he had selected two pictures, Vinaver guaranteed me a monthly subsidy that would permit me to live in Paris.

I set out.

Four days later, I arrived in Paris.