

1st MAC Type pen revised; but lacked the last 6-7
42 pp here
SYMBOLIC HISTORY
Through Sight and Sound

36. Atomic Age: Frontiers New and Lost

at Detail of 1: Picasso and Françoise Gilot 1946; first V, closer detail

1) Photo of 1946, Picasso with Françoise Gilot, Cote d'Azur; *V detail*

~~1a) Same detail of photo~~

Whole

Music: Charlie Parker (1920-55, Saxophonist & Composer), Bird Nest, from Jazztone LP ~~1954~~ *J 1214*

Our search is into the strange euphoria of the post-war world. With what release of spirit Picasso, after the immurement of occupied France (and as the saxophone harmonics of Charlie Parker, miraculous bird, sounded the rebirth of jazz), with what release Picasso moved to the Cote d'Azur with Françoise Gilot, new mistress, then wife, for his storm-happiest years (until she broke off, with their two children in 1952). Though the tensions under all that liberation were to seize on one such sun-bathing day, when former model-love, Dora Maar, also walking the beach, would drive a crucifying heel into the sleeping Françoise's outstretched hand.

2) Picasso, 1946, *La Joie de Vivre*, Grimaldi Museum, Antibes; *first, V detail*

Had not jazz put off the old chord-norms of the humanist claim (music) for an energy as stripped to the radical as in nuclear fire — all particles accelerated? So with Picasso's abstractions: whether of satyr delight, this *Joie de Vivre*, also of 1946; or the converse its bacchanal held in retrospection (music skip toward close)

3) Picaso, 1944-45, *The Charnel House* (Museum of Modern Art Exhibition); + V detail

(music) this oil and charcoal summary of world outrage, *The Charnel House*, from a year earlier — "painting," as Picasso said, "an instrument of war," and, "In former times... a painting was the result of additions. For me, the painting is the result of destructions."

So by the acid bath of jazz, ghetto squalor, and Parker's addiction turn to rhythmic drive, keen for the abandon of either Picasso extreme. It is the flame leap from "No" to "Yes," Existentialist Sartre: "Man is condemned to be free."
(end Bird Nest)

- 4) *Joseph Wright of Derby, 1775, Fireworks for the election of Pope Pius VI (Menen, Rome); A V detail*
first

Trace that Chain-reaction of the West: as the 18th century veered toward Storm and Stress, Wright of Derby revelled in this papal firework. So Goethe, in the Elective Affinities, would seal with a firework festival the fate of his balanced couple, Edward and Charlotte, now drawn like chemicals to Ottilie and the Captain:

Rockets roared skyward, bombs thundered, fireballs traced the night, squibs coiled and crackled; there were spouting wheels of sparks...crossing and weaving together. Edward, whose heart was afire, fed eager eyes on the spectacle of flame. But to Ottilie's gentle and volatile spirit, this roaring and blinding birth and decay gave less pleasure than pain.

- 5) *Turner, 1834, Burning of the Houses of Parliament, Museum of Art, Philadelphia; A V detail*
first

Music: Liszt, 1853, Sonata in B Minor, Allegro, near close, (Arrau) Philips 6500 043

And when Turner, learning that the Houses of Parliament were ablaze (1834), passed the night in ecstatic sketching of that catastrophe, did not the storm-topographer of an England veering from Austen to the Brontes, also seal the fire-compact, as of Liszt's B Minor Sonata?
(cut Liszt)

- 6) *Turner, 1834, Burning of the Houses of Parliament, watercolor, British Museum, on view at the Tate, London; + V detail*
6a) *Turner, 1835, The Burning of the Houses of Parliament, Cleveland Museum of Art*

But Listz's heavy chords, the spatial rhetoric of even the Turner sketches, bare the Promethean complicity, the half-god struggle of consciousness which J.H. Miller's Poets of Reality would make a post-romantic syndrome, from Faust and Melville, through Conrad's Heart of Darkness:

How many powers of darkness claimed him for their own... Never before did this land... river... jungle, the very arch of the blazing sky, appear so impenetrable to human thought, so pitiless to human reason...

through Yeats — of man,

Ravens, raging and uprooting that he may come
Into the desolation of reality...

down to Eliot:

. . . De Bailhache, Fresca, Mrs. Cammel, whirled
Beyond the circuit of the shuddering Bear
In fractured atoms...

- 7) *Currier and Ives, 1865, Fall of Richmond, Virginia, fired by Confederate rioters; + V detail*

Such Currier and Ives' attempt at the Civil War burning of Richmond — reaching in Faulkner's Absalom to the combustion of Sutpen's Hundred:

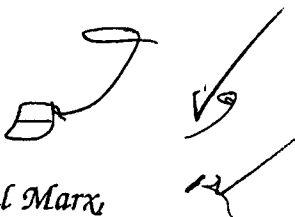
The entire staircase was on fire. Yet they had to hold her... (Miss Coldfield)... clawing and biting at the two men who dragged her back and down the steps as the draft created by the open door seemed to explode like powder among the flames, as the whole lower hall vanished... Clytie... in that window from which she must have been watching... for three months — the tragic gnome's face... against a... background of fire.

From such exsufflicate and blown surmises (that war of romantic values)

- 8) Japanese Buddhist, Heian, 2nd half of the 10th cent., Fu do, Fire-guardian, Shoren-in, Kyoto
- 8a) Same, Fu do, upper detail; ^{with a closer video detail} ✓
- 8b) Same, ~~another detail, with various video details~~

William Carlos Williams seemed to have taken a direction as diametrically opposed as, in art, that of the ancient Buddhist Fire-guardians — this 10th century silk-painting from Kyoto. So William's "Burning the Christmas Greens" from about 1945, a time as serious as any for fire-death poems, yet when all that unmistakably symbolic Christmas foliage — "Green is a solace/ a promise of peace.../ those sure abutments" — roars into "a landscape of flame," "a world! Black/ mountains, black and red.../ ...and ash white/" — "in/ that instant," we break (as Williams, in the college crisis of which long after he would write Marianne Moore, must have broken, from programmatic morality and swelling utterance into the "inner security" of "despair... I resigned, I gave up") so in the poem, by a leap of sheer immediacy, we break:

breathless to be witnesses,
as if we stood
ourselves refreshed among
the shining fauna of that fire.

How do the arts of our century attest that transformation?  ✓

- 9) Miro', 1917, *The Man in Pyjamas*, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Marx, Chicago, IL; + V detail ✓

Music: Bartok, 1917, from 1st Movement, 2nd Quartet (2nd forte passage)
Concert Disk CS-501, Rec. 1, Side 2

Consider — with three excerpts from the quartets of Bartok — Miro', early, middle, late. 1917, *Man in Pajamas*, a First-War attack in the mood of Kafka and with the weapons of Van Gogh, Expressionist, Fauve. From the same year, Bartok's Second Quartet twists comparable dissonances.
(fade Bartok 2nd Quartet)

- 10) *Miró, 1924, Maternity, Collection of Roland Penrose, London, + details* ✓

Music: Bartok, 1928, from 4th movement (pizzicato), 2nd half of the 4th Quartet, CS-501, Rec.2, side 2

By 1924 Dada and the Surreal have led Miró into a shorthand of ironic play: Maternity — left and above, the mother's haired head; right and below, a skirt-pelvis with a displaced hole; two children, as in Charity, a bald male below at a profile breast; above, a girl with hair, at a breast full-view — these elements tied with Calligraphic wire, the vertical, crossing a pluck like a floating worm. In Bartok of the 1920's, the Pizzicato from the 4th Quartet seems to distill such cleverness.

- 11) *Miró, 1960, The Red Disk, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Klam, NY* ✓
 11a) *Same, Red Disk, detail; with various video details*

Music: Bartok, 1939, from the last Movement of the 6th String Quartet, CS-501

Bartok barely lived into the Post war; but his Sixth String Quartet of 1939 (here from the close) has already found in avant-garde the mythopoetic renewal of transcendental. And in this Miró Red Disk of 1960, Dada Rorschach is launched into an orbit of cosmic excitement, as of the death-birth explosion of a star. Here is the flame-tie to William Carlos Williams' effortless acceptance:

as if we stood
 ourselves refreshed among
 the shining fauna of that fire.

- 12) *Blake, 1825-27, Dante drawings, Purgatory 27, Dante before entering the fire, National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne; first video detail* ✓
 12a) *Same, Purgatory 27, detail; video shows ~~off~~ details, then the whole* ✓

More than a century before, Blake had hymned Regeneration by such blaze. Would he have found it strange that the Second World War, under deepening materialism and after the disillusion of the First, should grow so yeasty with the now mass ferment — as if

this Tharmas-Dante, entering at the summit of Purgatory the liberating fire ("*poi s'ascese nel foco che li affina*"), were also for our charnel house a passage through the threefold sleep of vegetative Beulah into the fourfold kindling of creative desire? So N.O. Brown's Life Against Death is furiously impelled, from its Resurrection close, toward the chapter sequences of what would become almost a Hippie Bible — Love's Body; beyond "Boundary," through "Fire" and "Freedom" to the "Nothing" of Cage's Silence.

a13) Samuel Palmer, c. 1829, *In a Shoreham Garden, detail*, Victoria and Albert Museum, London

13) *Same, Shoreham Garden, whole*

Music: Schubert, 1818, from *Litaney auf das Fest aller Seelen*, (Schwarzkopf) Angel 35023

And when in Palmer (before 1830) Blakean vision touches a Shoreham garden — as Schubert's "*Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen*" loads the litany for the Feast of All Souls with sensuous promise: The kingdom of Love is within you — (fade Schubert)

14) Bonnard, 1946-47, *Almond Tree in Blossom*, National Museum of Modern Art, Paris; *first, video detail* ✓

14a) *Same, Almond Tree, detail; + various video details*

Music: Benjamin Britten, 1962, from War Requiem, near close, Decca MET 252-3

Again, it is strange, in the pure flame of Bonnard's 1946 flowering Almond Tree, to open the curtains of war and Dachau searing to such a renewal, in the shimmering now of modernity.

So the close of Britten's War Requiem of 1962; so from St.-John Perse, the Seamarks (Amers) finished 1957, its austerity swayed to the groundswell of Blake and Whitman: Titles ✓

...We who perhaps one day shall die, proclaim
man as immortal at the flaming heart of the instant.

-- l'homme immortel au foyer de l'instant.

But in music we are confronted not only by an upheaval in the classical tradition, (fade Britten)

15) Pollock, 1947, *Galaxy*, Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska; ^{just} A V detail ✓

Music: Schwarz, Dietz, Mooney, and Sarah Vaughan 1956, *Dancing in the Dark*, Merc. MG-P-2-100 and Smithsonian P6 11891

but by the fertile anomaly of jazz, where a primitivism attested from Negroid to Pop received world-conquering idiom. By 1947 Pollock had moved into transcendental rapture, this *Galaxy*, absorbing Tobey's white-writing in the cosmic unleashing of "I am Nature!" Also in American poetry the visionary claim opens to the Howl of Ginsburg's 1955 banana dock and rusted locomotive, with the smog-dried Sunflower of that child-affirming Sutra:

16) Pollock, 1949, photographed while painting "Number Two" (with the painting below) LIFE, November 9, 1959; ^{just} A V detail ✓

— We're not our skin of grime, we're not our dread
bleak dusty imageless locomotive, we're all beautiful
golden sunflowers inside, we're blessed by our own
seed & golden hairy naked accomplishment-bodies
growing into mad black formal sunflowers in the sun-
set, spied on by our eyes under the shadow of the mad
locomotive riverbank sunset Frisko hilly tincan
evening sitdown vision.

Yet who could forget that behind Pollock's star-cloud drips,

17) Triple, Pollock: [A] early 1930's, painting of figures, Lee Krasner; [B] c. 1933, *Painting, same*; and [C] 1943, *The She-Wolf*, Museum of Modern Art, New York City; ^{with} A V singles of A and B, then ✓✓

17c) ~~Again~~ C of 17, Pollock, *She-Wolf* ✓

lay a violence abstracted (early 1930's, top) from his realist master, Benton; heightening (c. 1933, center) through the impact of Orozco; so through Picasso and the Surreal (with African masks and Indian

totems) to the fury of the wartime She-Wolf (below, 1943)? Could the dance of galactic action sublimate such an explosion of self and world — (end *Dancing in the Dark*)

a 18) *First B of the double 18, Persephone*

18) *Double, Thomas H. Benton: [A] 1917, Still Life, Fine Arts, Columbus, Ohio; and [B] 1938-39, Persephone, Rita Benton, Kansas City; + V of 18A, detail*

18a) *Thomas Benton, 1938, Susannah and the Elders, Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco CA*

Benton, of Pollock at art school: "not an exceptional student... incapable of drawing logical sequences. He couldn't be taught anything" (*LIFE*, Nov.9, 1959) — Benton, who had begun in Paris, 1917 (left), with awkward abstraction, and then come round, as in this 1938-9 *Persephone* endangered by Gloomy Dis as farmer, to American scene (avant garde and reaction buffeting each other through the century like Dante's misers and spenders in the Fourth Circle of Hell: "*Tieni!*" and "*Burli!*") — Benton, staggered in age by the Abstract Expressionist outbreak: "The art of today is the art of the 1920's, which we repudiated" (had not the 1940 *Life* collection of American Painting pronounced: "The wave of French modernism had spent its force by late 1929"?) — Benton had voiced the pioneer myth where Pollock began:

A windmill, a junkheap... a Rotarian in their American setting have more meaning to me than Notre Dame, the Parthenon, or the heroes of the ages.

19) *Periclean (Ictynos, Phidias, etc), 447-32, Parthenon from the Propylaea, Athens (CGB '77)*

19a) *Same, detail of South side (CGB '77)*

In his *Preface* and *Essays* (1853 and '65) Mathew Arnold blamed our poetry, from Shakespeare down, for sacrificing architectonic order to a brilliance of impression, image, effect. It was the Greeks, he says, who understood "the poetical character of the action in itself... They regarded the whole; we regard the parts." So it was not our "poor, starved, fragmentary, inadequate creation," but criti-

cism, that "disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," which must point to such epochs of affirming wholeness — though "we shall die in the wilderness."

- 20) *Phidias, 477-32 B.C., Parthenon, East Pediment, Head of Selene's Horse, British Museum, London (CGB '77)*
 V20a) *Same, Parthenon, North Frieze, detail, Youths with sacrificial ox, Acropolis Museum. Athens (CGB '77)*

Selene's horse from the Parthenon keeps Olympian repose, even as he sinks, restive, with the moon-chariot, into the sea. It is easy to project Arnold backward to the Greeks — the 4th Ode of Sophocles' Antigone (Fitts and Fitzgerald):

She raced with young colts on the glittering hills
 And walked untrammelled in the open light:
 But in her marriage deathless Fate found means
 To build a tomb like yours for all her joy.

Hard to apply him forward. What would he have condemned; what allowed?

If spirit builds against entropy, it is by complicity with flame, whether in Greek tragedy or the atomic West.

- a21) *Pollock, 1948, Number 1, Museum of Modern Art, New York City*
 b21) *Irish MS., c. 800, Book of Kells, f 34, detail, Trinity College Library, London*
 c21) *Leonardo da Vinci, 1498, Sala della Asse, Sforza Castle, Milan* [above] ✓
 21) *Double: Pollock 1955, Search, Sydney Janis Collection, New York; and a21* ✓
 Pollock's Number 1 (glazed original in video file)
 21a) *Again, 21A, Pollock's Search*

And what if abstraction, fragmenting the wholeness Arnold desired, might purge the sickness he deplored — that private loss, become a laughter to the gods?

What Arnold invoked is the oldest polarity of thought and perception — from Heraclitus to Plato, one and many, form and flux.

It was the field in which Pollock came to the breakthrough of his drips — as if the interweaving line of the Book of Kells, of Leonardo's branchings in the Sforzesc^o ceiling, had been seized on to compose a personal agony. Yet how could the triumphal abandon of that apocalyptic wallpaper, in euphoric balance from 1947 to '50 (this significantly entitled "Number One," above), exorcise the frustrations it rooted in? Inaction would recur, with works of fiercer struggle this "Search" (below), his last, before he challenged death on a dark road.

Was the consuming passion of the New York school the simultaneous overthrow and mastery of form in flux?

22) Cezanne, c. 1860, mural landscape found under wallpaper, Jas de Bouffon^a near Aix-en-Provence; ^{first} detail

Music: Mendelssohn, 1843 (Overture 1826), Midsummer Night's Dream Music, Nocturne

Cezanne, archetypal modern, began before 1860 with a classical commitment like Arnold's. This oil-mural found under the wallpaper in the Jas de Bouffon, then being built by Cezanne's father, leans to the style the Carracci and Claude received from late Renaissance. It was a love which would affect music from Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream Nocturne to our time. (fade Nocturne)

23) Cezanne, 1867-70, The Murder, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool; + V detail

Music: Borodin, 1876, close of 1st Movement, 2nd Symphony, MHS 4013

But Cezanne, through the 'sixties, countered the classical with as lurid a violence as any of the Russians — here from the First Movement of Borodin's Second Symphony.

Would Arnold have heightened the condemnation he made of his own Empedocles, against a morbid distress, without catharsis, of which the representation is painful, not tragic? (end Allegro)

- 24) Cezanne, 1885-86, Mont Sainte-Victoire, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City; ^{first} A V detail ✓

Music: Borodin, 1876, Opening of Third Movement., 2nd Symphony, MHS 4013

Marvellous, how Impressionism, absorbed into Cezanne's ground of primitive force, houses the Poussin dream, but in a fabric of always more daring modernity. Surely the great calm paintings of the '80's, this Mont Sainte-Victoire, confront Arnold with radical recovery of classical dignity. In music the third movement of the Borodin Second is at least comparably aimed; while the abstract imperative in fiction must have pushed Tolstoi to War and Peace, Melville to Moby Dick and Billy Budd. (fade Andante)

- 25) Cezanne, 1904-06, Mont Sainte-Victoire, Kunstmuseum, Basel; ⁺ A V detail ✓

Music: Borodin, 1876, close of Fourth Movement, 2nd Symphony, MHS 4013

But Cezanne continued, up to the year of his death in 1906, the more shimmeringly cubistic analysis of Mont Sainte-Victoire. In this rendition, perhaps his last, the dissolution of forms in a quilt of color binds flux itself into compositional patterns, startling as the new mathematics from Lobachevsky through Riemann, Dedekind, Cantor, Hilbert, to Russell and Whitehead.

While the same Borodin Symphony moves ^g in the last movement toward a comparable suspension of tonality. Already such aerobatics stirs euphoria. (end Borodin)

- 26) Double: Picasso [A] 1895-96, First Communion, Museum Picasso, Barcelona; and [B] 1969, Large Heads, Gal. Rosengart, Lucerne (video ^{shows first detail of A; se} has shown first ^{has the single} of 26) ^{single, B} ✓

- 26a) Again, the single ^{of 26} of 26: Large Heads. Rap, ✓

Meanwhile, the 14-year-old Picasso had begun (1895) with this First Communion (left), against which we set from 73 years later (four years before the artist's death) an oil sketch called "Large

Heads". Here the demolitions of world and art have come, in Nietzsche's phrase, "as a cleansing wind" to the Romantic charnel house, blasting its sentimental verisimilitudes. After two wars, with totalitarianism, earth-rape and nuclear juggling — paradox and indignity fuse in the death-life of energy. Would that tragic return have pleased or troubled the author of "Dover Beach"?

- 27) Franz von Stuck, c. 1900(?), *Abendstern*, old Seemann Print, + V detail of the sky, then of the lovers from 2nd 27) ✓
 27a) Same, detail, left, lighted house and stream
 27b) Same, ^{cropped} whole (video adds various details of the stream and lovers) ✓

Music: Mahler, 1883-5, *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (from the last: "Ich bin ausgegangen...") VOX PL9100

For the clinging heart's miasma that wind had to clear away, let Franz von Stuck's "Evening Star," with Mahler's early "Songs of a Wanderer," join the clandestine brew of Browning's "Porphyria's Lover":

And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
 And all her yellow hair displaced,
 And, stooping, made my cheek lie there —

to curdle in Meredith's Modern Love:

Ah what a dusty answer gets the soul
 When sick for certainties in this our life!

Von Stuck's lighted house on the horizon (left) among trees, the stream along which a wife (surely) and lover have walked to kiss in the glow of Venus — such visceral fullness as Mahler drew from Brahms and Bruckner — fills a bog of romantic identification, where tragedy drowns in wish and waste. (fade Mahler)

- 28) Double: [A] Picasso, 1900, *Lovers in the Street*, Museum, Barcelona; and [B] Brancusi, 1912, *The Kiss*, Museum, Philadelphia; + V details, of A, then of B; and again the double ✓

Music: Webern, 1913 (Pub. 1924), *Bagatelles 1 and 2*, Opus 9, V-LM 2531 ✓

By 1900, in Picasso (left), the embrace shifts to a public street, shedding romantic resonances: nature, morality, poetic ideals — a detachment which, with Brancusi's 1912 Kiss, achieves physio-chemical crystalization. Is this minimally altered block of stone (right) carved in earnest, irony, or play? Such indulgences have been erased. So in Webern's 1913 Bagatelles, attenuation of melody and chord precludes the moods of Mahler. (end Bagatelles)

2nd 27) Again, von Stuck Abendstern, detail of the lovers. ✓

Even O'Neil thought in Mourning Becomes Electra "to see the transfiguring nobility of tragedy in as near the Greek sense as one can grasp it." Though his lacerations wind the gut out on a spool: "staring into the sunlight with frozen eyes."

2nd 28) Again B of 28, Brancusi's Kiss

Here, before the first World War, that feedback howl was damped. Though Arnold's Greek baby may have gone out with the bath.

29) Helen Frankenthaler, 1957, Eden, Collection of the Artist

29a) Same, Eden, detail *while video takes two details from 29* ✓

Music: Morton Feldman, 1968, from False Relationships and the Extended Ending, Composer Rec. Inc. SD 276

In the Post-war indeterminacies of graphic music — Morton Feldman's, "False Relationships and the Extended Ending" — in the huge stained-canvas improvisations of Helen Frankenthaler, we find ourselves spaced out from the old human condition. If this 1957 Eden, by its love-garden title and playful "hundred-hundred" calligraphy (is that God caught above, red-handed?), plays at passion, passion's involvement has melted away — albeit in a world of cold war, Silent Spring, Korea, Vietnam. (fade Feldman)

30) Limoges Enamel, c. 1200, Fiddler and Dancing Woman, from a Chest, British Museum, London

30a) *Same, Fiddler and woman, detail*

Music: English, 13th cent., from Bryd one brere (at words), SAWT
9504-A Ex

In early Gothic, iconographic distance had been as automatic as the suspension of earthly loves in ascetic creed. Yet passion, (in this Limoges enamel of fiddling and dancing, or the English love song "Bird on the briar") burns through that denial with a flame sharper for its cowl of modality, bare intervals, the vacancy of yearning faces. Who could conceive at that remove the danger of romantic abandon?
(fade Bryd one brere)

31) *Tintoretto, 1557, Susanna and Elders, detail, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Wien*

31a) *Same, ~~Susanna~~^{close} detail of Susanna (while video draws two details from 31)*

Music: Giovanni Gabrielli, c.1585(?), Canzona a 5 (New York Brass)
CPT 503 *Esotro CPT-503*

Same size?

In the Renaissance (here Tintoretto with Giovanni Gabrielli) the expansive celebration of flesh is held in the transpersonalities of allegory, drama, myth, where the fires of life and love can be at once raised and sublimated. The boundary condition for Shakespearean tragedy — Romeo and Juliet:

Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks...

Antony and Cleopatra:

Your crown's awry,
I'll mend it, and then play —

is that cleanness of combustion.

(fade Gabrielli)

32) *Feuerbach, 1864, Paolo and Francesca, Schack Gallery, Munich (CGB '59)*
32a) *Same, Francesca, detail (glazed CGB original in video file)*

conceived); but the old vulnerabilities are distilled into color-forms. The curtain has been drawn on the loading of the post-romantic bed.

35) Wesselmann, 1967, *Great American Nude #98*, Wallraf-Richartz Museum, Köln

After the Second War, in the always rising market for novelties, however corn-porny the pop-art titillation of Wesselmann's *Great American Nude*, number 98, mouth and tit disclaim the hunger of the *femme fatale*. Euphoric euthanasia!

a36) Ford Maddox Brown, 1857, *"Take Your Son, Sir,"* detail, Tate Gallery, London

36) Same, *"Take Your Son, Sir,"* whole; A V close detail
first, ✓

What had been intolerable in romantic pain, its arrogation to so much, when, on the scale of Oedipus or Lear, it deserved so little, Ford Maddox Brown's 1857 protest "Take Your Son, Sir" (womb-cloth, crass father reflected in the mother-haloing mirror) brings home. So Charles Bovary's bungling operation on the clubfoot (of the same years). He has cut the tendon and strapped the foot for straightening in his famous machine.

The strethopode was writhing in hideous convulsions... the box was removed. ...the livid tumefaction spread over the leg, with blisters... whence there oozed a black liquid.

a37) Edvard Munch, 1885-86, *The Sick Child*, detail, National Gallery, Oslo
37) Same, *The Sick Child*, whole

Gangrene, in fact, was spreading more and more. Hyppolyte looked at Bovary with eyes full of terror, sobbing: "When shall I get well?... How unfortunate I am!"

The amputation follows:

A heart-rending cry rose on the air. Bovary turned white to fainting... he listened to the last cries of the

sufferer... like the far-off howling of some beast being slaughtered.

Thirty years after that Flaubert, Munch, in *The Sick Child*, began with the lacerative heritage.

38) *Edvard Munch, 1940, Between the Clock and the Bed, Self-Portrait, Munch Museum, Oslo; + V detail*

By Munch's 1940 Self Portrait, "Between the Clock and the Bed," a pain no less, goes almost funny-paper grotesque.

So in Faulkner's As I Lay Dying, where Cash has broken his leg and the father has poured cement on it "to ease hit some," the scene, through the eyes. of a boy (Vardaman), turns to idiot laughter:

Cash's leg and foot turned black. We held the lamp and looked at Cash's foot and leg where it was black. "Your foot looks like a nigger's foot, Cash," I said.

a39) *Francis Bacon, 1964, Henrietta Moraes, detail, Ian Stoutzker, London; + V ^{clow} ~~clow~~ detail*

39) *Francis Bacon, 1964, Double Portrait of Lucien Freud and Frank Auerbach (artist's collection?); + V ~~clow~~ detail*

"I reckon we'll have to bust it off," Pa said... They got the flatiron and the hammer. Dewey Dell held the lamp. They had to hit it hard. And then Cash went to sleep.

"He's asleep now," I said. "It can't hurt him while he's sleep."

Music: Stockhausen, 1961-65, from *Momente*, voices, instruments, etc., Nonesuch H-71157 (into 2nd record face)

Though for Francis Bacon — this so-called double Portrait of Lucien Freud and Frank Auerbach (1964) — we should advance in literature (perhaps with Stockhausen's *Noise Momente*) to the most mutilated post-war extension of Faulkner's picaresque — Molloy.

Beckett's fiction of a crippled anti-hero — as germane as the new mathematics of fractals bridging order and chaos, to the mauled flesh

- 40) Double: [A] Picasso, 1939, *Portrait of Sabartes as Spanish Grandee*, Artist's Collection; and [B] Francis Bacon, 1972, *Self-Portrait*, Marlborough Gallery, New York (glazed original in video file)
- 40a) Single ~~400~~ Bacon, *Self*
B of 40,

A
B of 40

Bacon singled out from the infinitely varied brilliance of Picasso (this 1939 Sabartes as Spanish grandee, left) — Bacon struggling through a lifetime, doggedly (as in his 1972 self-portrait, right), to hang the old carcass between abstraction and the pathos of touch — like Socrates, asked in the Parmenides if dung has an eternal form.

title ✓

- 41) Francis Bacon, 1964, *Three Figures in a Room*, Fonds National d'Art Contemporain, Paris; + V detail, *Center*
- 41a) Bacon, 1954, *Two Figures in Grass*, Private Coll'n, Paris
- 41b) Bacon, 1953, *Two Figures*, Private Collection, U.K.

✓

So from Beckett's Molloy, with one of Bacon's life-of-a-salesman triptychs:

So you get up and go to your mother, who thinks she is alive... But could I crawl, with my legs in such a state, and my trunk? And my head... Flat on my belly, using my crutches like grapnels, I plunged them ahead of me into the undergrowth, and when I felt they had a hold, I pulled myself forward by the wrists... And from time to time I said, Mother, to encourage me, I suppose... The forest ended in a ditch...and it was in this ditch that I became aware of what had happened to me...

I lapsed down to the bottom of the ditch... Molloy could stay where he happened to be.

- 42) Double: [A] Picasso, 1940, *Woman Dressing Her Hair*, Museum of Modern Art, NYC; and [B] Francis Bacon, 1964, left detail of 41 (of glazed V42)
- 42a) Bacon, 1973, *Triptych*, Artist's Collection (video: left detail only)
- 42b) Bacon, 1946, *Painting*, Museum of Modern Art, NYC

SV
A

For body too, it is on the bitterest malformations of Picasso (left: this 1940 Woman Dressing her Hair) that Bacon (right: detail) has seized. How far down both he and Beckett root the Existential claim: (Molloy) "deep down is my dwelling... somewhere between the mud and the scum."

Even Beckett, Bacon, Stockhausen — in their agony — are post-war equilibrists. (fade Stockhausen)

- 43) Gentile da Fabriano, 1423, Night Nativity, Predella, Uffizi, Florence (CGB '48); ^{first} V detail (glazed original in video file: V43)
V43a) Same, detail of Shepherds from Nativity (copy of CGB '48, 15th cent 51) ✓

Music: Brasart, c. 1420-30(?), from *O Flos Fragrans*, near close, (Cape) AS 27-a

How many centuries the arts of the West have been wooing and now breaking with Vala, Blake's luring goddess of Nature. After that action, what can reattachment signify? Consider Night. In Gentile da Fabriano and Brasart of the 1420's, how poignantly the Burgundian loves of earth harmonize Gothic mystery. (end Brasart)

- 44) Gossaert (Mabuse), c. 1512, Agony in the Garden, Staatliche Museen, Berlin; first V details ✓

Music: Senfl, c. 1520(?), Asperges me, Domine, opening, MHS 1390

By the 16th century the wonders of the moonlit world, the en-fleshed passions of man, have filled almost to plenum the old mystical realm. In what Mabuse drew from Leonardo, Senfl from Josquin (*Asperges me* — Cleanse me!), we approach a divide of spatial and humanist transformation. (fade Senfl)

- 45) Van der Neer, c. 1650(?), Canal Scene by Moonlight, Wallace Collection, London; ^{first} V details (glazed original slide is in video file) ✓✓

Music: Buxtehude, c. 1680(?), Viola da Gamba interlude from Solo Cantata, *Jubilate*, Lumen 32030, Side B

With the 17th century (this Dutch Van der Neer), with the corporeal harmony of Buxtehude (a viola da gamba phrase from the Cantata "Jubilate"), one cannot say the mystery has been annulled, though miracle seems almost resolved; wonder has taken its seat in the moonlit expanse of nature itself, formulated, as by an experimental science — Milton: "And o're the dark her silver mantle threw."

- 46) C. D. Friedrich, c. 1820, ^{Night:} *Swans in the Rushes*, Freies Deutsches Hochstift, Frankfurt-am-Main; + ^V details ✓

Music: Beethoven, 1826, Quartet 14, C-Sharp Minor, op. 131, 1st movement, midway, 2v etc., Columbia M5L 277

In Friedrich's night scene of swans in the rushes (about 1820), of which he said, "The divine is everywhere, even in a grain of sand. Here I depicted it for once in the rushes" — representation both maintains and etherealizes the phenomenal. Nothing in the music of that time so disembodies harmony as the passage in the opening fantasy of the C Sharp Minor Quartet, where Beethoven thins the fabric to a Renaissance-inspired polyphony of two and three.

(fade Beethoven)

- 47) Paul Klee, 1935, *Walpurgis Night*, Tate Gallery, London; ^{with} ~~V~~ details ✓

Music: Alban Berg, 1926, from Lyric Suite, close of 4th movement, Adagio, Deutsche Grammophon 5 LP Stereo 2713066, Rec. 5a

Paul Klee is prolific in night scenes where the spatial content has flattened to the visionary, as in this "Walpurgis Night" — Baroque and Classical given over for inspired child-doodling. Marvellous what related magic Alban Berg has brought from the 12-tone rows of the Lyric Suite, though with the twist of Between Wars. (fade Berg)

- 48) Mark Rothko, 1957, *Brown, Black on Maroon*, Estate of M. Rothko; ^{first} ~~V~~ details ✓

Music: Messiaen, 1940, from Quartet for the End of Time, 5, *Louange à l'Éternité de Jésus*, Deutsche Grammophon St. 2531 093

Messiaen, in a 1940 prison camp, had already entered (under the designation "Quartet for the End of Time," here from the Movement "*Louange à l'Eternité de Jésus*") into the orbit of weightlessness — what, in Rothko a few years later, subsumes night and fire in color-field voids — this Brown, Black, on Maroon — like Roethke's dark come-through: "Ye littles, lie more close"; and, "The right thing happens to the happy man."

- 49) Blake, 1793, "I want, I want," *Gates of Paradise 9*, British Museum, London;
first V details

first

Take a theme — as central as any to the world action from the Age of Revolution through our Wars — let it be Blake's from *The Gates of Paradise*, 1793, a little engraving labeled "I want, I want" — a ladder through the night sky reaching to the moon. For all Blake's revolt from logic, this symbol of fallen desire is literal — the temporal folly of an eternal delight.

- 50) Miro, 1926, *Dog Barking at the Moon*, Museum of Art, Philadelphia;
+ V details video: whole, detail, whole

In Miro's 1926 *Dog Barking at the Moon* (though one thinks of course of the nursery rhyme about the cow and "The little dog laughed"), the surreal has cut loose from daytime moorings. Yet the rift between dream and waking still flexes consciousness to weird defiance, as symbolist-loaded as when atonality warred on tonality in the music of those years.

- 51) Georgia O'Keefe, 1958, *Ladder to the Moon*, Artist's Collection, ^(+ of V 51) V details ✓
51a) Same, Ladder, ^{upper} detail, while video has shown, lower, upper, & middle details ✓

Of her "Ladder to the Moon," 1958, Georgia O'Keefe writes:

At the Ranch house there is a strong handmade ladder to the roof and when I first lived there I climbed it several times a day to look at the world all 'round...

One evening I was waiting for a friend and stood leaning against the ladder looking at the long dark line

of the Pedernal. The sky was a pale greenish blue; the high moon looking white in the evening sky. Painting the ladder had been in my mind for a long time — and there it was — with the dark Pedernal and the high white moon all ready to be put down *the next day*.

(omitted somehow by scanner)

Though she must have known the Blake and the Miró, her picture is as free of symbol or surreal tension, of any directive gravitation, as if it existed in interstellar space. Of an abstraction so automatic, what account can be given but hers of the visible: "I was leaning against the ladder... and saw it so"? More detached than William Carlos Williams "so much depends/ upon// a red wheel/ barrow// glazed with rain/ water// beside the white/ chickens.//" Was that letting go enough?

52) *Soviet Art, W. Serov, 1937, Lenin's Arrival in Petrograd 1917, USSR*

Enough? even in Russia, that a society which had lived, for better or worse, through the embattled polemic of the thirties — in art, this Serov, of Lenin's 1917 arrival in Petrograd —

53) *Piotr Fomine, 1965, Horses on the Coast, "Le Musée Russe," Exhibition*

should settle for Fomine's 1965 contented horse realism of a coastal scene — happy days are here again?

54) *Chinese Communist, c. 1947, Li Hwa Woodcut, "Flood of wrath"*

Or in China, that the Marxist "Flood of Wrath" Li Hwa climaxed in this 1947 woodcut, and which Malraux had seen in Man's Fate as drowning backward dreams —

55) *Worker Gouaches from Huhsien County (Li Keh-min), 1958 ff., "Well-Digging, Snowy Night," Fine Arts Pub., Peking; + V detail*

should yield to the peasant gouaches from Huhsien County — Well Digging on a Snowy Night — every personal concern put off for the cartoon smile of achieved togetherness?

- 56) Double: [A] Kandinsky, 1910, *Abstract Watercolor*, Mrs. Kandinsky, Paris; and [B] Archile Gorky, 1945, *The Unattainable*, Museum of Art, Baltimore, MD; + V details (See V 56 A + V 56 B) ✓

One did not have to be a died-in-the-wool reactionary to wonder — when Archile Gorky, New York Armenian, in his 1945 "Unattainable," (right) restaged Kandinsky's first total abstraction of 1910 (left) — how the global search, shooting the rapids of two great wars, had come full circle to the glad frenzy of plucking the feathers off outwardness. Let fly! ✓

- 57) Double: [A] Schwitters, 1920, *Hair-navel Picture*, Lords Gallery, London; and [B] Rauschenberg, 1964, *Whale*, Joseph H. Hirshhorn *
 57a) Giotto, 1297-99, *Detail of fresco: Devils driven out of Arezzo by St. Francis*, Upper Church, Assisi Picture
 57b) Again Schwitters, *Hair-navel* (video: details only) *
 57c) Again, Rauschenberg *Whale* (video: detail only) J cap P

Or when Rauschenberg's 1964 *Whale Composition* (right), with its ocean-bobbing space capsule, met Schwitters' *Hair-navel Picture* from forty years before — to question such Dada stacking of the cards for the mass let-go of American Pop — "warmed over Schwitters." x Schwitters

Compare poetic nonsense. Dante had used it for the fury of Minos, hell guardian: "Papa Satan Aleppe," and again for Nimrod over lowest Hell: "Raphèl may amèch zabì álmì."

But we have made more of Babel, from Morgenstern's early century "Laleu, lalou, laloo," through the same between-wars Schwitters —

bee bill/ bii bell/ baa ball/ bimm bimm//
 bii bill/ bei bell/ baa ball/ bumm bumm//
 bemm bemm/ bumm bumm/ bimm bimm/ bemm
 bemm/// —

to international clagues of such, who, adding belches, smacks, and whistles, cluck the Art of Body-sounds.

- 58) Double: [A] M. Tobey, 1958, *Harvest*, Marian W. Johnson, NY; and [B] Jean Dubuffet, 1958, *Marmalade-Matter-Light*, DBC Coll'n, Paris; + V details (original glazed) double and single in video file ✓

And when, in 1958, with no indication of directional influence, these granite mottlings would appear — left, an amber *Harvest* by Mark Tobey, child of Wisconsin and the Pacific; and right, French Dubuffet's gray *Marmalade-Matter-Light* — both as far as quantum mechanics from the emergent shapes of nature — what could one surmise, but that art-prophecy, in the globe-rounding of modern vision, had somehow closed on itself? Nietzsche: "Who stares into the void long enough, the void will stare back at him."

- 59) ³Waldmüller, c. 18³⁰0, *Spring in the Vienna Woods* (*Kunst*, volume 75)
59a) Same, *Spring*, detail; + V closer details

Music: Copland, 1944, *Appalachian Spring* (Ormandy) RCA LSC-3184, near close

Yet who could believe that the romantic delights of bourgeois and Biedermeyer (this 1830 Waldmüller *Spring* in the Vienna Woods) could be revived again in Between-~~W~~ and Post-War America, however the New Deal leaned that way; while Copland, who had begun with tough experiments, by the 1940's was harmonizing *Appalachian Spring* for those "soft ears" Ives had cried down. Could romantic cultivation be called valid, as long as endangered wood-lots remained for picnics and love-meetings? (fade Copland)

- a60) Georg Kolbe, c. 1936-38, *Nazi Sculptor, Dancer*, formerly *Kronprinzen-Palais*, Berlin; + V detail
b60) Adolf Wamper, c. 1938, *Fellowship*, from *Kunst*, Volume 81
60) Georg Schrimpf, c. 1933?, *Osterseen*, from *Kunst*, Volume 69
V60a) Grant Wood, 1930, *Stone City*, Iowa, Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska (video returns to a detail of 60, Schrimpf and then of b60, Wamper)
60b) Hitler, Goering, etc. admiring "honest German art," *LIFE*, Oct 2, 1939
60c) Hitler and Mussolini, 1938, *In Florence*

Music: Richard Strauss, 1940-41, *Capriccio*, Overture, Angel 3580 C/L

new
(K)

Could one build on those cinder-cones of reaction — everywhere romantic nostalgias to be whipped by King Fish rant, "Share the wealth" (and share the women), into will and power: to prop up the big-top of the West? From Germany in the early 1930's, George Schrimpf's hundred-year-landscape-flashback, curiously tied to Grant Wood — and why not to Strauss's wartime Capriccio (music) — harmless, as the name Schrimpf —

(Sound: From "I can hear it now," Columbia MM 800
(Narrator:)

1933 was dark all over the world... Japan was already in Manchuria, and the League of Nations was dying in Geneva...
(cannon)

until one sees Hitler, pinning the swastikas on all such echt-deutsch confirmations.

(Sound: From "I can hear it now," continued:
(Narrator:)

In Germany the Reichstag fire was history; so was the Weimar Republic... In Italy Benito Mussolini had translated a people's search for security into savage conquest... (cries: "Duce")

- 61) Double: [A] Arno Breker, 1930, nude, from ZEICHNUNGEN; and [B] Joseph Thorak, c. 1938, The Muse, plaster, from Kunst, Volume 81 (V61 for Video)
V61a) Arno Breker, 1940-43, The Herald, plaster for bronze, Die Kunst im Deutschen Reich, November '43
61b) Again, Thorak, Muse, B of 61 (while video returns to 61, the double)

Arno Breker (left), three years before Hitler came to power, crayonned the life-urge that would shoulder his climactic sculptures, "Preparedness" and "Hero," to the cliff of Nazi acclaim. While sensuous nudes hardened (right) to this astonishing Muse by Thorak. If only the benighted Chancellor, bestowing the accolade, could have divined, that it was for the Allied occupation they were stripping those girls down.

- a62) Reginald Marsh, 1936, Monday Night at the Met., Arizona Museum, Tucson

new
(K)

new
(K)

62) ^{a)} Reginald Marsh, 1940, *Etinge Follies*, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Luce III, NYC ✓
(video puts this between 62 and a detail of 62)

62) Reginald Marsh, 1945, *Strip Tease in New Jersey*, Senator William Benton, New York

~~62) Etinge Follies~~
62) Detail of 62: Marsh, *Strip Tease in New Jersey* ✓

Sound: From "I can hear it now," continued:

(Narrator:)

in rich fertile America, fear and uncertainty lay heavy upon the land... (Roosevelt): "For first of all, let me assert my firm belief, that the only thing we have to fear is — fear itself."

From Hart Crane's "Winter Garden":

Her eyes exist in swivellings of her teats...
We wait that writhing pool, her pearls collapsed,
— All but her belly buried in the floor...

through Reginald Marsh's paintings of Burlesque — down to Farrel's
masturbating Studs:

leaned forward in his seat... he watched... four beefy
women... legs spread, orgiastically shaking their wob-
bly bellies. Washed out, painted whores. But they
sure could shake that thing...

— what cataleptic will conjures exuberance out of waste of life:
"nothing to fear but fear itself?" *This belongs here* —

a63) Nazi Night Rally, 1938, Party Day, Nuremberg

b63) Chamberlain in Munich, 1938

c63) WWII, Blitzkrieg, Sept 1, 1939, German tanks invade Poland

Vd63) WWII, April 1940, German troops on a Norwegian Mountain Railroad

e63) WWII, Dunquerque, May 1940, Painter: Charles Cundall, detail, Imperial War Museum, London ✓

Vf63) Photo, June 1940, WWII Germans in Paris, through Arc de Triomphe

63) Photo, World War II, 1940, Hitler's "Dance" in the Forest of Compiègne
(after the surrender of France) ✓

Sound: From "I can hear it now," continued:

(Hitler's rabia over the Sudeten Germans, then cheers)

But who would have chosen a dream recovery, hunting "Peace in our time," through Rhineland, Austria, Chekoslovakia, Poland, through the Phony War behind the Maginot Line (*imaginaire*), then Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland Belgium, France —

Sound: From "I can hear it now," continued:

(German radio announcement of the French surrender)

(fade)

to Hitler's dance in the Forest of Compiègne for the French Surrender — if photo-faked, no wonder it has the look of Tolstoi's child in the carriage, pulling the strap and thinking he is guiding the team.

Since the Chaplinesque drollery of The Great Dictator

- a64) *Fire Bombing of ^{London} St. Paul's, 1940-41, through smoke*
 64) *Photo, WWII, c. 1940, Battle of Britain: Planes above, antiaircraft below*
 64a) *Photo, WWII, c. 1942, U.S. Navy shelling North Africa*

rode a physical and psychic release, which neither the arch-bungler nor anyone else, once it was revved up, could steer, much less stay. Like the rise and fall of dinosaurs, that roar of planes warping in over the meager air-defenses of England was what we would live through — in fact and in the rhetoric of Churchill: their darkest and "their finest hour."

Music: Wartime song, Lily Marlene, (Marlene Dietrich) MCA-60137
 7" 45 RPM

→
 Then the counter-rallying —

- 65) *Photo, 1943, Dive-bomber assembly line (Alistair Cooke's AMERICA)*
 65a) *Beauvais, Destroyed Area Around the Cathedral*

irresistable thunderhead of war production, backing the myth of the free and peace-loving peoples — this California assembly line of dive

new
⊗

bombers, 1943; with the Europe I would travel to under occupation ("Fire-scarred gaunt cathedrals out of ruins"):

I had seen you before, now after, when the last storm
Romantic recklessness involved you in
Broke over you, and your Atlantic children
Backlashed on the wind clouds of detonation...

Dead

- a66) Photo, 1945(?), ^{Dead} Slave Laborers, Nordhausen
66) Photo, 1945, Belsen, SS men made to bury Jewish victims

Dead ✓
✓

Hitler's talk of realpolitik, his masterminding, fomented a Europe more visionary than actual:

"Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord; "I will repay." These SS guards at Belsen Concentration Camp, set to sort and bury the rotting corpses of Jews (fade Lily Marlene) — surreal as the art the Führer had condemned — what a slide, to this,

- a67) Moritz von Schwind, 1850-60, Knaben Wunderhorn, Schack Gal., Munich
b67) Spitzweg, c. 1850, Bookworm, Sammlung Schatzer, Schweinfurt
67) Double: [A] von Schwind, Wunderhorn, (a67) and [B] Spitzweg, Bookworm,
b67 (note glazed original, v 67)

✓
✓
✓

Music: Mendelssohn, 1826, Fairies from Midsummer Night's Dream
Overture, Philips (Festivo) 6570 021

from the Germany of a century before: Mendelssohn's Dream Overture of Bottom and the fairies, Moritz von Schwind's woodland rapture of a Boy's Wunderhorn (left), (right) Spitzweg's playful irony of the Bookworm tottering on his ladder with more books than he can manage. Does all history attest a change so swift — and terrible?

(fade Mendelssohn)

- b68) Bosch, 1500-04, Ascent to Heaven, Doges' Palace, Venice (A of 68 double
a68) Photo, WWII, London Subway as bomb shelter (B of 68 double)
68) Double: [A] Again, Bosch, Ascent (a68); and [B] Again, London Subway
(a68); + V various singles and details
68b) Henry Moore, 1940-41, WWII, London Tubes, Drawing of Sleepers

new
⊗
Boy's
I can't
change the
inversion
✓

But hope had
(or Henry Moore's drawings) the tubes of fire-bombed London match
Bosch's tunnel to Paradise. Spender's

I think continually of those who were truly great...

Born of the sun they travelled a short while toward
the sun

And left the vivid air signed with their honour —

was reaching out for Dylan Thomas's "Cry joy," "And death shall have
no dominion," the paean of "A Refusal to Mourn...":

Deep with the first dead lies London's daughter,
Robed in the long friends,
The grains beyond age, the dark veins of her mother,
Secret by the unmourning water
Of the riding Thames.
After the first death, there is no other.

69) Motherwell, 1954, *Elegy for the Spanish Republic XXXIV*, Albright Gallery,
Buffalo; first, video detail

69a) Motherwell, 1965, *Elegy to the Spanish Republic #102*, Robert Mayer,
Chicago

69b) Franz Kline, 1960, *New Year's Wall, Night*, Sidney James Gallery, NY

Music: George Crumb, 1970, from *Black Angels*, Electric String Quartet,
SVBX 5306 (3)

What a Godsend Hitler was to that world, uniting Capitalist and
socialist, haves and have-nots in a crusade as beyond formulation as
that of Kurtz in Africa — neutron-flux of fellow-traveling opposites,
with all iconoclasms of new art, music, poetry, down to Fascist Pound:

The Ant's a centaur in his dragon world...
Learn of the green world what can be thy place...
Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.

To what program do these marvellous utterances subscribe?
Or George Crumb's *Black Angels*, in electronic disruption of the String
s

Close space
(dots are
through)

the c =

thy ✓

cap or
(he)
but
like

New ④

Quartet? Or Motherwell's giant sixty or so variations on an Elegy for the Spanish Republic — belated insistence that avant garde (even as it rode a growth market of art-investment) remained loyal to the left? Though one could have asked the Weathermen about that. Or Diane Broughton hoisted by her own bombs, who had seen through the light in Peace Corps Guatemala? Would her ghost have answered, "Energy is the only life"? (fade Crumb)

- 70) Double: [A] Joseph Cornell, 1940-55, *Three Boxes, Private Collections*; and [B] N. Korean Communist, before 1977, *Chollima, Juche symbol, Mangyongdae*
- 70a) Again, Cornell's Boxes (A of 70); + V various details
- 70b) Again, Korean Chollima (B of 70)
- 70c) Slide show and video repeat the double 70

Over all convergences a rift was widening between West and East. Had the two exchanged art roles? — the arcane, refined opium dream of the Chinese sage in Malraux's La Condition Humaine, is somehow paralleled by Joseph Cornell's 1940 to '55 haunted souvenir boxes (above): Portrait, then Egypt (with bugs and red sand glazed in under the bottles); and below, a Swan Lake for Tamara Toumanova; while our old assertive outwardness now pylons up the sky in this Chollima, symbol of Communist Korea, over the city where Kim Il Sung was born.

Was it, for the West, "not with a bang but a whimper"?

- a71) Alfred Einstein, 1947, photo Philippe Halsman, Hastings Gallery Collection
- b71) Ribemont-Dessoigne (Dada), 1920, *Grand Musicien*, André Breton Collection, Paris (same as A of 71); video: detail only
- 71) Double: Again, [A] Ribemont-Dessoigne's *Grand Musicien* (b71); and [B] Wols (Wolfgang Schulze), 1945, *Bateau Ivre*, Kunsthhaus, Zurich (note V 71)
- 71a) Wols', *Bateau Ivre*

Here, off the shoreless harbor of Now, perhaps it is time for a confessional Gesture. After the Apocalypse of the war, I was in Princeton, drawn to those exiled great Europeans who hoped, in thought and act, to redeem the atomic age.

Music: Satie, 1913 (produced 1921), from *Le Piège de Méduse* (#6), MHS 1475/6 (3)

I scrupled that the Dada Cynicism of the First War (this Ribemont-Dessoigne, Grand Musicien, left) — which Satie had anticipated in *Le Piège de Méduse* — dances for a stuffed monkey — should stage a wilder comeback, (fade Satie)

Music: Hiller (and Parman), from *Avalanche*, section 1, Heliodor St 2549 006

as in Wol's *Bateau Ivre* (right), or Hiller's *Avalanche*. Like Pound's bedevilling his Cantos with political nonsense.

a72) *Andrew Wyeth, 1947, Wind from the Sea, Professor and Mrs. Charles H. Morgan*

72) *Andrew Wyeth, 1949, The Revenant, Museum of American Art, New Britain*

72a) *Andrew Wyeth, 1965, Monologue, William Weiss*

72b) *J.I. Gilbert, 1949 (or before?), detail from Chicago River, C.G. Bell Collection*

72c) *Again 72, Wyeth, Revenant, detail*

72d) *Andrew Wyeth, 1956, Chambered Nautilus, Mr and Mrs Robert Montgomery; + V detail*

Music: Douglas Allanbrook, c.1954, from slow Movement of 1st String Quartet, tape

I had stared at the Decline of the West too long to require optimism, nor in art the ghostly revival of realism by which Andrew Wyeth perceived himself through the dusty mirror of a Maine farmhouse; or in music even the rich overlappings of Allanbrook's First String Quartet. What I was fixed on could have grown out of Arnold, or of what Faulkner (from my native state) would espouse in his Nobel acceptance: "No room in his workshop for anything but the old verities..." — verities for me no less of head than heart — a philosophic reconstitution of tragedy, transcending the art-poles of New York modern and romantic person.

new
(*)

Yet when a student, Galway Kinnell, appeared, not unlike this Revenant, in my Princeton study with his first poems — "all willing worlds at once," "Darkness swept the earth in my dreams," and "We were not misers in our misery" — it was as if a Vesuvius fountain had gone off in the room; or to use his own Yeatsian words:

It seemed a star went burning down the sky.

(fade Allanbrook)

- 73) *Six sculpted heads: French Gothic 1200; Parler c. 1385; Vischer, c. 1515; Puget, c. 1670(?); Dannecker, 1805-10 (Schiller); Wildt 1909*
- 73a) *Again, A of 73, French Gothic*
- 73b) *Again, C of 73, Vischer head*
- 73c) *Again, E of 73, Dannecker's Schiller*
- 73d) *Again, F of 73, Wildt head*
- 73e) *Wilhelm Lehmbruck, 1918, Seated Youth, Hamburg (CGB '87); + V detail*
- 73f) *Lehmbruck, 1918, Heads of Lovers, Duisburg Museum*

(*)
1 note

That was soon after Kinnell had chanced on a poem of mine, dark with the cyclical burden for which I was photographing slides: here (above): 1200, Gothic mystery; 14th century, Chaucerian pilgrimage; 1515, a Christian saint in humanist pride; (then below), 1670 France, Baroque cradle of irony; 1810 bust of Schiller, ego as defiant hope; early 20th century, Wildt, pain, on the road to abstraction.

That consciousness speaks in the poem:

I, Flame of God, took flesh in the flame
Of earth's delight — pride, glory, fame.
With earth unsatisfied, the bleeding heart
Spent itself in romantic passion's part.
Worse-fevered now, passion beats at the gate
Ghiberti sealed, lost paradise of faith —
Last delirium, where self-pitying soul
Licks its own secretions, ooze of wounds,
Into the wished immortal ghostly balm,
And soiled with lust, leaps the inviolable One.

9

So all paths lead me to myself and home;
 And but for some faint whispering from the caves,
 Some half-spelled message of the Sibyl's leaves,
 I would quit hope. One promise holds hope green:
 "In the rank of its own bubbling filth grows clean."

- a74) J.I. Gilbert, 1950, *March Dunes, Indiana*, cropped, C. G. Bell Collection
 74) J.I. Gilbert, 1950, *Portrait of C.G. Bell at the Dunes*, Bell Collection;
 - *And, V detail* ✓
 74a) *Astronomy, Planetary Nebula 'Crab' in Taurus, Hale Observatories*
 74b) *Tibetan Tanka, 16th cent., Mahakala, Terror-God of Northern Buddhist*
Pantheon, detail, British Library (Add. 8893), London (CGB '84)
 74c) *Polar Star Tracks, Southern Hemisphere*

But the Spenglerian war was over. With Wyeth and Rothko, I had staked out a new life — mine in Hutchins' Chicago. That winter at the Dunes, in the cottage over Lake Michigan, Jim Gilbert, who tied art affirmation and denial to the deepest realities of man and world, painted this picture of me — Galway Kinnell in the same room, sketching his "First Song" ("Then it was dusk in Illinois"), while I wrote, undismayed — though New Deal, Stalinists, even Nazis had hawked such programmatic goods:

Armageddon has always waited around the corner. Whether for the individual or culture, the bombed earth or sun-exploded solar system, or the assumed world of matter crouched before Judgment — what difference... The film over the meaningless and void is no thinner than ever, the spectacle of life on that film grander than before. The spiritual malady of our time is mostly of faint heart — a kind of green-sickness in girls.

- 75) Andrew Wyeth, 1946, *Winter*, private collection
 75a) *Again, Wyeth winter, detail; ^{not} return to the whole* ✓
 75b) Samuel Mason, 1939, *Susquehanna River Hills*, from Gilman Paul's "Land of Promise," Bell Collection, Santa Fe ✓
 75c) Samuel Mason, *(Woods, Little Pines Farm, Bell Collection, Santa Fe*
(1929, Our North) ✓

If Wyeth had been in Chicago, teaching and painting, as Jim Gilbert was, I would have shared in the release of his "Winter" — this depicted recovery from his father's death: "A neighbor boy all topsy-turvy like a rolling stone," running downhill. "The boy," Wyeth tells us,

"is really me, at a loss... That hand drifting in the air... my free soul, groping. Just over the hill was where my father was killed. For the first time I was painting with real reason to do it."

For me, too, some such recovery had led from Spenglerian war to the Susquehanna River Hills, Little Pines Farm, Sam Mason ("He dips the water from his own spring"), his daughter (*Sub Regno Dianae Bonae*) —

This fall is my spring; down lost forest ways
Your frank eyes guide, the daughters
Of laughter run ...

that promise of a Married Land.

But Wyeth was by the Brandywine

- a76) J.I. Gilbert, c. 1934, *Self Portrait*, Laura Gilbert Coll'n; *video, detail only* ✓
- b76) Gilbert, 1950-51, *Indiana Dunes Road*, Bell Collection ✓
- c76) Gilbert, 1943, *The Blue Stream*, Martha's Vineyard, Bell Collection; *video, detail only* ✓
- 76) Gilbert, c. 1962(?), *The Red Stream*, Laura Gilbert Collection; *video, detail only* ✓
- 76a) Gilbert, c. 1938, *The Cellist*, viola Manderfelt Collection, Chicago; + *video detail* ✓
- 76b) Gilbert, 1950(?), *Indiana Dunes Bluff*, Bell Collection *watercolor:* ✓
- 76c) Again 76, *Red Stream*, *video* ✓

And there was Gilbert, fighting the post-war like a battle of his own, from such dark Spanish realism as Manet had begun with a century before, through Impressionist lightening, to Cezanne's more and more radical search for color form: Gilbert's rock streams, gray-in-green, blue-in-brown, this (a few years after) red as Dante's Bulicame, here was representation, abstraction, symbol, all in one, so, incredibly right, yet so cloaked in verisimilitude, that when, in the

New
(5)

painter's absence, I lugged canvasses to Chicago dealers, they glanced and said "too academic for us." And what did they have on their walls? imitations of Dufy, little Klee's, little Albers'. The fools didn't know where the Academy was. Could the Cezanne problem be dated or was it perennial? The market answered unreliably: "today blue cheese is good, tomorrow yellow". As for the Gods, they did not answer at all. What could one do but trust inner conviction? For me, this Red Stream became Nature itself.

- a77) Harold Haydon, 1950, Vermont Landscape, Bell Collection
 b77) Harold Haydon, 1947, Conversation in the Street (with binocular effects), Artist's Collection - Estate
 77) Harold Haydon, 1961, Dream of Flight, Block Print, Bell Collection
 77a) Double: Harold Haydon 1960 & 1959, Mosaics, [A] The Legend and [B] The Law, Temple Beth El, Gary, Indiana; A V detail (S) first.

✓
 (S) (X)
 not fix

Also in Hutchins' College was Hal Haydon, exploratory spirit, aware of what has slowly come to light, that our age is eclectic. If he liked a landscape, he gave it the palette-knife. His lighted cities reeled with white-writing, his close-ups with his own bifocal doubling. Perhaps a block print will catch him as well as anything. A girl, so doubled, dreams of flight — Icarus over the sea. How many fell in love with Hal for this image?

Place after
 sl. 78b

Music: Harry Partch, 1952, from *Castor and Pollux*, forte climax; Col. ms 7207 side 2, into fan

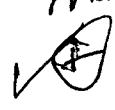
Like Picasso taking to the beach after the war, like the breakthrough of the New York School, like Adlai's speeches — we were all lured from dark to light. But my response was in the context of teaching Thucydides and Greek tragedy, those Chicago years.

- 78) Buckminster Fuller, 1967, Geodesic Dome, Montreal Expo; first V detail
 78a) Victorian, Fallen Angel, Highgate Cemetery; + V detail
 78b) Supernova 1987A, Cover of *Scientific American*, August 1989

→ Music: Harry Partch, etc.

In Buckminster Fuller — whose hand I shook admiringly at the 1933 Chicago Century of Progress Fair, I then at the height of my scientific rapture, he exhibiting the streamlined Dymaxion car under his energy-saving Dymaxion house, building seems already launched

✓
 (X)

into the colonizing orbit of other worlds. Though this wonderful geodesic dome, erected for the Montreal Expo of 1967, surely left its prophet-designer with doubts about the use of his vision, even on planet earth, much less on the moon or wandering stars. *(fade Partch)* New. 

Of course, Arnold's program of disciplined responsibility for the balanced whole made sense, both for art and world. Though his Empedocles proved rebellious to that aim, and his "Dover Beach" found another close: "Where ignorant armies clash by night." Coleridge too, for Christabel, had aimed at a reconciling marriage; but what opium-inspired possibility gave him was a fragment of demonic possession:

In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell
Whis is lord of they utterance, Christabel ...

By the hard lesson of Machiavelli, history has a gradient of its own — for us of the post-war, earth as exploding star, our supernova of spangled dysecology; and what is the art-gradient of that, but a supermarket of widening the sphincter to the flux: "Look, Ma, no hands!" *emphasis*

79) LIFE, December 28, 1959, Double Cover of Good Life issue; + V details

79a) Same, LIFE cover, ^{another} detail, with ~~video~~ return to whole ✓

Music: The Beatles, 1967-70, from "All You need is love," Capital SEBx 11843 //

At the turning point between the Fifties and Sixties, the society of opulence and joyful leisure stuffed the Xmas issue of Life Magazine with nothing but THE GOOD LIFE; and already the Beatles were warming up for the Magical Mystery Tour, where "It's easy... All you need is love" (though love seemed often the thing most wistfully and wishfully lacking). (fade "All You need is love")

Music: The Beatles, from same record, "Strawberry Fields"

Would not those same Beatles' invitation to "Strawberry Fields" be made on condition that "nothing is real"?

Surely the dream ship of past and future — New Deal, New Frontier, Great Society —
(fade "with eyes closed")

80) Double: [A] *Aerial Spraying of Pepper*, *Smithsonian*, January, 1979; and [B] *Titan Intercontinental Ballistic Missile*, Glenn Martin Co., c. 1959

80a) *Again, Aerial Spraying of Pepper*, A of 80

80b) *Again Titan*, B of 80

was heading full speed for the simultaneous rocks of Silent Spring and Dr. Strangelove — eternal boom as ecology crisis, free-enterprise as missile race and Vietnam War.

What speculative vacuum! A world crying to be steered from exploding star into steady-state; yet no mind in politics or the media could rethink any priorities. Against the life-and-death need of an organic theory of economics, one party pushed an overstretched Keynesian debit welfare; the other flopped like a headless chicken all the way back to what they called Adam Smith; while communists insisted on the blind-bridle of Marx's axiomatic materialism. Where were the visions the crusade of war had kindled — or damped?

Music: Conlon Nancarrow, c.1950 ff., Study No. 3a for Player Piano 1750, Arch Records S-1786 (1)

81) LIFE, May 17, 1963, Birmingham, Alabama: 'They fight a fire that won't go out'; ~~just~~ ^{detail} ✓

Yet the photographed news, that global nerve-net still not attached to any brain, went on, in wild fibrillation, atomically, thrillingly active (Birmingham, 1963, the Black protest-marches, against Bull Connor's hoses

82) Same, LIFE, Blacks versus Police and dogs

and dogs).

While the composer Nancarrow, laboriously cutting into player-piano rolls criss-crossed jazz-based rhythms, with time ratios beyond the commensurate — of root-2, π , or e — a year maybe of cutting,

83) *Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley, California, 1969, J.N. Brown photo, RAG THEATER; + V detail, breast, etc.* ✓

to produce a three minute bomb-burst of body-compelling yet body-defying dance — as wierdly on target for the hippie wave of impossibility (*Telegraph Avenue, 1969*), as if Chaplin and the Marx Brothers had been lashed together haywire, cyclotron accelerated.

84) *People's Park, 1969 (April 20th and after), Berkeley California; Ballantine Books*

People's Park, that Berkeley 1969 junk lot confiscated from the University of California for the free-work, free-speech, free-love flowering. My daughter Charlotte, called Frankie on the Street, was there, in euphoria.

85) *National Guard take People's Park, 1969 (May 15-20), Ballantine Books*

Until the cowboy governor sent the troops with guns and tear-gas — as the man said in the Woodstock film: "It never should have happened." But it did.

86) *Barrier fence around People's Park, 1969 (May 20 ff.), Berkeley, Ballantine Books*

✓ 86a) *Trooper Uprooting Plants, 1969, People's Park, Berkeley, Ballantine Books* *replaced in the slide show with the Street shooting of May 16)* ✓

86b) *Tear Gassing People's Park, 1969 (May 20), Berkeley, Ballantine Books* *the University* ✓

And all around the forbidden paradise the high chain-link fence was set up, like hymen — Cherubim versatilem... gladium. Woodstock. . . (fade Nancarrow)

Sound: From Woodstock, August 1969, Cotillion SD 3-500:
voice: "draft resisters... Raygun."
then song: with Joan Baez, etc.

(fade)

✓
✓
✓
Dash & underline
re Quote m...

- Va87) Vietnam War, c. 1968, Execution of a Viet Cong Prisoner (from Va 87A, of doubt) ✓
 687) Vietnam War, March 1968, Village burning after the Massacre, My Lai, Vietnam
 87) Nick UT, AP photo 1972, Napalm Strike, Vietnam, Tung Bang Village
 87a) Vietnam, March 1968, Slaughtered peasant and boy, My Lai, Vietnam

Music: Woodstock, August 1969, Country Joe and the Fish, Vietnam Song, (Fixin' to Die Rag), Cotillion SD 3-500

Here the famous picture of a Napalm Strike on Tung Bang Village (friendlies, it turned out); and Galway Kinnell, in The Book of Nightmares:

Lieutenant!

This corpse will not stop burning!

(fade Woodstock)

- 88) Double: Charlotte Bell (Frankie) [A] during and [B] after ~~the~~ People's Park; with video singles; detail of 488 before the double and 06, 88B after. ✓
 (+ the little dog between Frankie's feet)
~~88A) Single B of 88, after~~

With a wave, one formulates at least the physics which makes a crest yield to a trough. In society the Hippie climax of People's Park (Charlotte, left, in Blakean delight playing and singing: "I was as clean," she said, "as a new-born child.") — the yielding of that crest to a long trough of reaction (Charlotte, right, fallen back to the closure and heroin of the Street, where I sat with her for three days and wrote "The Prodigal Father": Christ later, by her testimony, to lead her away) — such social breaking takes wave-riders by surprise.

- 2nd 89) Repeats of the same double 89A // 89B) Single Zuniga, detail (note v. 89, gloves & rings in video file) first, video closer detail.
 89) Double: Parler c. 1385, bust, King Wenzel, Dom, Prague: ~~and (B) 1~~
 (and) Zuniga, 1966, "Solitude", detail, Mexico City (?) // 89A) Single: Parler etc. head of King Wenzel

Though SYMBOLIC HISTORY might have foretold the odds of that now mass eruption of romantic wish, against the gas and guns of the beast with heads and horns. As if the dawn dream and life-disillusion of the West had gathered itself into two images: (left) the

~~At 89~~ 89 A
 young King Wenzel of Prague, from the time when Chaucer wrote of
 May:

I leave my books and walk to the mead
 To see those flowers, white and red,
 Which men call daisies in our town...

again 89 Doubt
 Come from that spring of liberation to Zuniga's Solitude (right) — or to
 Borges, who returns blind to the books (from In Praise of Darkness):
 (El hombre que está ciego sabe...)

The man who is blind knows he will not decipher...
 the books he ranks on the shelves, parchment, leather,
 cloth... 89 B

From south and east, west and north
 the roads have led me to a secret center...

My wish is to die wholly;
 to die with this companion, my body —

Quiero morir con este compañero, mi cuerpo —

where was the courage to go on? 193 years

90) French, from Liege, 1200-15, Miracle of the flowering lances, from Chasse of
 Charlemagne, Cathedral, Aachen; + V details

(Spin the roulette of courage in ten slides.)

Like the Roland, this 1200 Miracle of the flowering lances
 raises battle death to sainthood. Certain knights of Charlemagne
 wake to find their lances rooted and flowered, a sign they will be
 holy martyrs that day. Roland's father, Milon, smiling, plucks his
 lance from the earth, is embraced by Charles (in the tent), and rides
 joyfully to battle.

91) Piero della Francesca, 1452-60, victory of Constantine over Maxentius, detail,
 Holy Cross Frescoes, San Francesco, Arezzo; + V detail (V 91 a)

new
(*)

The victories Piero della Francesca frescoed in his Legend of the True Cross, after 1450, have expanded sacred myth to Renaissance drama. One would be tempted to stage Shakespearean war with this Homeric clarity, a dignity beyond the here and now. Shakespeare, although a century and a half after Piero

92) Velasquez, 1634-35, *Surrender of Breda*, Prado, Madrid; + V detail (V92a) (K)

and only a generation before Velasquez' *Surrender of Breda* — ties Piero's mirage of early Renaissance to the weight and swelling consciousness of this Baroque. Though such willed heroics of earth admits now a satiric converse —

93) Double: Jacques Callot 1633, *Les Misères et les Malheurs de la Guerre*, large format, [A] etching 5 and [B] etching 11; + V details

Callot's bitter etchings of the 30 Years War: below, an attack on a farmhouse where a man is being roasted in the great fireplace, horrors Moscherosch and Grimmelshausen would describe and Voltaire parody in the Candide. Yet Callot's captions still vindicate heroic morality. Could our disillusion voice what is inscribed under his famous oak of corpses? — (B)

these ignoble thieves, hanging from this tree like evil fruit, show that... vicious men sooner or later experience the justice of Heaven.

94) Goya, 1810-20 (pub. 1863), *Los Desastros de la Guerra*, #7 (Dover)

As Goya approaches the existential stripping, a revolutionary heroism, this "Que Valor!" "What Courage!" remains possible. Yet how lonely such war-martyrs of heart. Chenier, of Charlotte Corday: "You thought by your death to revive France... Brave girl... One reptile the less crawls in this slime."

95) Kaethe Kollwitz, 1903, *Outbreak*, Library of Congress, Washington D.C.; + V detail

- 90) *French, from Liege, 1200-15, Miracle of the flowering lances, from Chasse of Charlemagne, Cathedral, Aachen; + V details*

(Spin the roulette of courage in ten slides.)

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- 95) *Kaethe Kollwitz, 1903, Outbreak, Library of Congress, Washington D.C.; + V detail*

We think of the Great War as a breaking point; but when Kaethe Kollwitz in 1903 cut her print of blind "Outbreak," no more battle-strength remained than in Yeats' 1922 "Phantoms of Hatred":

The rage-driven, rage-tormented, and rage-hungry
troop,
Trooper belabouring trooper, biting at arm or at face
Plunges towards nothing, arms and fingers spreading
wide
For the embrace of nothing...

But those terrors were metaphorical.

- 96) *Kirchner, 1915, Mutilated Self as Soldier, Allen Museum, Oberlin, Ohio; first, video detail*

Trench warfare enforced a break-down reality. Kirschner, on garrison duty at Halle prefigured his later suicide in the imagined mutilation of this self-portrait with a nude model and lopped-off right hand. Not even the English war poets, piercing "the old lie: Dulce et decorum est...", seem as faith-blasted as this German.

- 97) *Soviet War Poster, 1941, 'The Enemy shall never escape our wrath'; with video details*

Music: Prokofiev, 1944-45, close of Eisenstein's Ivan the Terrible

In a people's reversal of that, the Russian defence of the Second War, revived, with all the blatancy of conviction, the old heroism of righteous will: "The Enemy shall never escape our wrath." While Prokofiev and Eisenstein (under invasion) could make a warhorse film of Ivan the Terrible voice that resistance — its closing chorus: "At the scene of the great fire unified Russia/ Gathers upon the bones of the enemy!"
(end Prokofiev)

Though it is hard to distinguish patriotism from propaganda.

98) *Joe Rosenthal (Associated Press), 1945, Flag Raising on Iwo Jima, Eastman House, Rochester, NY; + V detail*

98a) *WWII, c. 1943, Bougainville Beachhead*

The most rallying American image of that war, first in photograph and then in bronze, was the raising of the flag on Iwo Jima, said to have been staged after the event. While the American radio was advertising candy bars: "What are those boys on the atolls fighting for? For peace and the American Way — with Butterfinger!"

All that time I was writing "Studies in the Future," to feel out the "rising and falling motions of a culture" — the rising, like the Greek, where individuality empowers a colonizing free expansion; until (in the disillusion and strife of that enterprise, the need changing from release to an ordering)

2nd 97) *Again, Soviet War Poster, detail*

2nd 97a) *Chinese Communist, 1958, Student parade in Tien-an-men square, Peking*

comes (as with Rome) the falling or constrictive motion, where revolution itself takes on the character of regimen. Power shifts from the liberators and developers to a new nation, born in discipline, which can slowly loose itself as it binds the world.

For 2nd 98) *NASA Space Shuttle Launching, 1981*

So I wrote. But how did the assumed crisis of free confidence in the West, the predictable malaise and self-question, go with that euphoria of art and life which remains the subject of this study?

a99) *James I. Gilbert, c. 1951, Swamp, Indiana Dunes, near Chicago, Bell Collection*

99) *Izapa (Chiapas), c. 300 B.C., Stela 50, Skeletal Earth Mother, National Museum of Anthropology, Mexico City; + V details*

99a) *Same, Stela, detail; + V return to the whole*

As when Galway Kinnell, after the glowing pioneer projections of his Chicago years — "the cries of the prairie and moan/ Of wind through the roots of its clinging flowers" — went abroad, plumbed the avant-garde and came up with the prophetic nightmare of "The Supper after the Last," for which comparisons might range from this Pre-Maya Stela — a skeletal Earth Mother of death and birth, placenta and fetus floating above her on an umbilical cord — through the Beatus Commentaries of 11th-century Spain, to who knows what in Picasso or Miró. In token of which range, let 1912 Schönberg launch the musical invasion.

Music: Schönberg, 1909-12, from 1st of Five Pieces for Orchestra, Col. MS 6103

In our world such demonic seizure has recurrent reality — Kinnell: of that company eating chicken on a Dali shore, where the

...bearded

Wild man guzzling overhead...

who has not yet smiled...

Devours all but the cat and the dog, to whom he slips scraps,

The red-backed accomplice busy grinding gristle,

'You are the flesh; I am the resurrection, because I am the light.

I cut to your measure the creeping piece of darkness

That haunts you in the dirt. Step into light —

I make you over. I breed the shape of your grave in the dirt.

- a100) Stuart Boyd, 1979, *Collapsing Systems*, etc; A of the double 100; which the video trims to a detail (tade Schönberg)
- V6100) Pedersen, "Manic Healing" (as in B of 100, below)
- 100) Double: [A] Stuart Boyd, 1979, "Collapsing Systems, Lost Message, and a Sudden Strange Light," Bell Collection; and [B] Doug Pedersen 1985, "Manic Healing," one of 5 mask allegories, Collection of the Artist; here the video adds the whole of Boyd, "Collapsing Systems," A of 100
- 100a) Again, Pedersen, "Manic Healing," B of 100

With the New Directions of the century over-extended, as if to call us back to nature and man; yet nature and man always more ominous, what was the substance of reconstructive return? Walker Percy's novels, for all their ease and delight, fix on characters whose world seems already to have experienced catastrophe. That foreboding has been shared. Here are two painters, perceptive and powerful, though hardly known. Stuart Boyd gives his working life as psychologist and teacher to upholding the civilized fabric; but when he puts brush to canvas (above), he becomes a medium for what Kinnell has lately burned into a poem: "When a flash a white flash sparkled": — this glare of reeling cruxifix telephone poles, entitled "Collapsing Systems, Lost Messages, and a Sudden Strange Light." While Doug Pedersen might be painting the aftermath of that irradiation, a charnel rite of healing by laying on of masks: when the sick shall heal the sick, they shall all end sicker.

- a101) Joseph Beuys, 1962-67, *Hasengrab*, Beuys show
- b101) Art-doctored Photo of Beuys, February 1983, *ART*, cover
- Vc101) Beuys, 1964, *Chair full of Fat*, Beuys show
- Vd101) Beuys, 1966, *Felt covered Bechstein Piano for "Infiltration,"* Centre George Pompidou, Paris
- 101) Beuys, 1969, *The Pack*, Herbig Collection, 1979 in Guggenheim show; + V detail and return to the whole
- 101a) Beuys, 1982, *Pile of Dirt*, Memorial for Lively Stags, Berlin; *Zeitgeist* show

No European of the '50's and '60's has received more attention than the North-German Beuys, in whom the furthest reach of avant-garde becomes a protest against society and finally art. Shot down

Bell

over the Eastern front in the winter of 1943, he was saved by the Tartars who covered his "body in fat to help it regenerate warmth, and wrapped it in felt... to keep the warmth in." So fat and felt have dominated his neo-Dada constructions. Here, *The Pack*, of 1969, photographed ten years later in the Guggenheim show. A Volkswagen bus has disgorged 20 sleds, each carrying a flashlight, felt and fat — like Tarzan's elephants called to world rescue.

In style, and even in financing, the European post-war modern has owed much to America. Disturbing to that backing when Beuys climaxed his political defiance by dumping down a pile of dirt for the Berlin Zeitgeist Show of 1982, at the same time announcing disgust with all pretences of the art scene: "I am no artist" — "Ich bin kein Künstler".

- a102) Christo, 1969, *'Packed Coast,' near Sydney Australia*
- 102) Christo, *Same, another view*
- 102a) Christo, *Same, yet another view*

Music: Phillip Glass (and Godfrey Reggio), 1983, from *Koyaanisqatsi* Antilles tape ZCASTA 1, near beginning of Pt. 3, "Cloudscape"

In a final overflow of the art-frontiers of opulence and euphoria, come the staggering projects of landscape-and-earth alteration. Christo's first such was the "Packed Coast" of 1969, almost a mile of cliff and beach near Sydney Australia draped in canvas, to become for a brief time (transience of the essence with Christo) a stage drop, as for some cosmic post-Wagnerian action — ephemeral, yet looming to preternatural permanence in the photographs.

In music such packaging of pathos-elation stretches before us in the program scores of Philip Glass (here from *Koyaanisqatsi*) — computer patterns of chord and figuration protracting and complicating themselves almost indefinitely, media-fruit of William Carlos Williams' "I let go."

- 103) Robert Smithson, 1970, *Spiral Jetty, Great Salt Lake, Utah*

A year after Christo's Coast, Robert Smithson, reverting (as others were doing) to the mystery of prehistoric earthworks, piled this rock jetty, spiraling into Great Salt Lake. Here permanence was no doubt intended, though it is rumored that the sidereal anchorage is already covered by the rising water.

104) *Spiral Galaxy M 81 in Ursa Major, Photo, Naval Observatory*

104a) *Spiral Galaxy M 83, Rice University; or, better, NGC 2997, D.F. Malin, Australian Telescope Board*

And above, our own milky way, with countless such galactic systems (here M-81 in the Great Bear), put off their nebular sun-condensing whorls — as in my Delta Return I saw the Mississippi from the air, in curves and reverses, fling off ox-bow lakes on either side — the whole flood-plain

(fade Glass)

...patterned still —

On the spiral shapes of melting, infinite seal
Of home-returning time on the transient floor,
Under star-cloud night, first matrix of that swirl.

a105) *Astronomical distances given as train-times, c. 1911, detail, Book of Knowledge, Volume I; + V closer detail*

105) *Same, whole*

105a) *Pierre-Paul Prudhon, c. 1804, Head of Vengeance, Art Institute of Chicago*

105b) *Orozco, 1936, El Hombre, detail, University of Guadalajara*

Music: Glass, same, late in Part IV, "Pruit Igoe"

No wonder as a boy I pored over this illustration in The Book of Knowledge — astronomical distances conveyed by the travel times of trains arcing from the earth-globe to moon, sun, planets, the nearest star — imagining such star-wars as the great space-powers would gravitate toward.

In Chicago, 1950, I waked from a dream not unlike the present show, and wrote:

To perceive in the scope of its profligacy the history — that is the self-destruction — of the West, is to glimpse no mere human folly, but one of those terrifying openings out of the organically wild and wasteful, the more dire for its satanic sense of direction.

To see a group of living Christian nations, fostering within their contradictory self-seeking and Machiavel-
lian policy a cradled bourgeoisie of idealistic hope and criticism, bringing to bear on the faith that sustained them the acids of the liberated mind — to see those nations, as birds crack the shell, break through the medium of protective tradition, the inheritance of paradox unrecognized, into the vast of a valueless freedom; to see that well-born folly change its nature in the face of all it confronted and meeting became, to the temporizing waste of violence —

- 106a) *Aztec, 15th-16th cent., Goddess Tlazolteotl in childbirth, detail of head, Dumbarton Oaks, Washington, DC*
106) *Same, Tlazolteotl, whole statue*

the technically giant and spiritually withering nationalities, as pettily suspicious as each business and free-enterprise man (though all were culturally one), undermining the other and debilitating the other, as if by mutual murder to clear a space for the alien regimen that would feed upon their ruin: this is the phenomenon we have observed and lived through and been part of, the whirl in which all values have changed; it is the turning of liberation upon itself. The compelling question remains, was this our avoidable, even now correctable folly, or is it the jealous law of every time-birth?

In The Book of Nightmares Galway Kinnell grows reconciled to birth:

...Sancho Fergus,
my boychild, had such great shoulders,
when he was born his head
came out, the rest of him stuck...

(over)

He squinted with pained
barely unglued eyes at the ninth-month's
blood splashing beneath him
on the floor. And almost
smiled, I thought; almost forgave I all in advance.

But here, under the spiral galaxies, the suns and
circling worlds, on atomic earth's draped and
spiral-jettied shore — to what was this
Aztec goddess, Tlazolteotl (carved on the
even of the Conquest) now to give birth?

(end Koyaanisqatsi)