

## **Primer mensaje: Landscape Paper**

Landscape painting can be about scenic imagery. Landscape painting can also be about the mysterious relationship between nature, that is, visible nature, and the invisible forces which lend beauty to an otherwise static scene. There is a category of landscape painting which although it is mundane in its mystic pretensions is quite lofty in its artistic ones. The opposite is also true. That is, there is landscape painting which is imaginatively oriented and uses visual perception as a mere springboard, is also true. In other words, "art" does not necessarily need to flee from objective reality to have substantial merit. The artist who paints a close representation of what he sees, out there, in the view or landscape, must think in terms of the rectangle which is his canvas, the colors which are his tubes of paint, and the skills that he has in his hands. The mental disciplines which form the artist's system of beliefs can be objectively rational or deliberately subjective, imaginative, and interpretive of what he sees. Art can develop out of each of these ways of approaching the work, or neither of them. The rules for beauty, order and form have long since left our critical evaluation of a work of art. Art in our present time is largely recognised for the degree of personal re-interpretation of the subject being painted, by the individual painter. Landscape painting, when it first began to be called such, was considered painting without subject matter. The mountains and trees of the countryside, without personages depicting some event or story, made the scene "subjectless". So, what was the artist doing? Well, one thing he was doing was earning a living. With the new market for landscapes and the opportunity for the artist to paint without a prior commission and sell his canvases to an intermediary art merchant, earning a living through one's beloved profession, became a reality. Needless to say there were artists who were actually only skilled craftsmen in the techniques of painting. "No toda pintura es arte." The fine hairline of separation between art and painting that isn't art, must have the addition of the "soul". It, if it is a painting of "nature", must include the artist's awareness, in visual terms, of the soul and its response to, and communion with, the world outside his own being. So, an artist must not only develop his skills as a draftsman, a colorist, a painter and an observer of the sensitive, silent world, he must also learn and become skilled in perceiving what he feels and what he thinks. This last addition to his knowledge may be instructed through religion or through the humanities. In either case it should elevate the painter to a cultural level similar to the educated musician or poet. It should encourage him to become a man who will use his abilities for the betterment of his fellow man, (as Alberti tells us). It should require him to use his artistic powers responsibly. And so we see, as we read the commentaries of the artists throughout the past several hundred years, to the present time, (Takies, for example), that the artist in his highest recognition, is admired first by his fellow artists and finally even by the state to which he gives his allegiance, (Piles even served as a spy, for example). When the artist left the status of artisan behind him, has been one of the basic researches of this course. The artist in his entrance to the world of enlightenment brought with him a new freedom of choice, as to representation of subject matter, as well as how he expressed this. The change from manual to mental conceptual categorization, socially and culturally speaking, permitted the artist to legally enter a social class, with all its benefits, in which imaginative freedom was valued as an attribute of notable acclaim. Even the guilds (St. Luke) recognised the artist's right to personal interpretation. How did this affect the paintings?

## **Segundo mensaje:**

Is the creative research of Turner, for example, a development of a process over centuries in which the artist sees himself as a scientist, an inventor a researcher in visual communication, or is the artist practically

disconnected to the theories of art and of art criticism and of the direct sources in works of art which have thus, little effect on him? That Gauguin felt compelled to go to Tahiti is, for me, an example of how deeply the artist is integrated and of how much he sometimes would like not to be. This paper touches upon many areas of concern relating to the art of landscape painting, especially with the artist's perception of himself with respect to other men of his own era. The more one learns, the fewer are the intellectual precepts that are of one's serious concern, as was pointed out to me by Dr. Merce Gambuz. This is the paper of a novice. Although I have been enthusiastically painting the landscape of the desert for the past twenty years, a landscape without verticals, without fading distance, without limits in depth or horizontal space, I remained ignorant of the concepts of landscape painting as a genre. Landscapes, which I began to paint because I lived there and had no other models who would sit for me (innocent as I was to the speed of light and its effect of form), was, for me, the same as figure painting, specifically action painting. Yes, I knew the "Orangerie" of the '60's. Yes, I knew Turner in the Tate. Ofcourse, Cezanne's original canvases were what my mind saw when I thought of him. Yes, the Poussin that I saw at the Fogg when I was 19 years old never lost its power in my memory...what color! What forbidden color! None of this helped me to compose the paintings. I finally gave up the attempt and painted with no order at all...continuous, immediate reactions to light or line that was alive or seemingly so, out there. Recently, quite recently, I have become a student of landscape not as a subject of my paintings, but as a genre in the history of art. It is too soon for me to narrow down my ideas. I just fell into the stream and I am suddenly, and delightfully drenched. Therefore, this paper is about, the bits and pieces of my meandering through books on the subject of art directly or otherwise as it relates to landscape, but only those selected streams of thought which touch my soul. Those ideas that ring a chord of truth in me, that were I to have a more scientific as opposed to creative mind, I would certainly love to research.

THIS IS THE END OF THE FIRST PART THAT I LABEL; PROLOGUE.

### **Tercer mensaje:**

Art, expression of the human spirit. The human spirit, a collective and personal element of human sensitivity and power that our western civilization and leisure culture has developed over the past five or six hundred years. Progress(1), the self-assertion, the conquest of an area in which the agent can freely develop and create by eliminating, (or absorbing), whatever obstructs it, both animate and inanimate. Expression, the painting (within a somewhat formal technique, (2), composed of symbols, (3), of the non-verbal need, "to say". The human spirit expresses itself through art because the mind, that guides our understanding of the world and ourselves is a learned mind, is an educated one, aware of the writings of our peers and of those philosophers, poets, musicians and other artists who went before us. Unthinkable, (4), amounts to undo-able. A learned, open mind uplifts the human spirit and permits the man to act upon his creative thoughts. The first chapter of Kenneth Clark's book, "Landscape into Art" deals with medieval understanding and expression of "nature". As I understand his basic point, which is further developed throughout the book, it is that religion (5), was the guiding light of the culture of medieval man, it was anti-sensuous and therefore very limiting in its permissive attitudes towards expression. In addition, the mental control which we were to have over our lives was not based upon personal conclusions from our learnings, but from an imposed dogma. I should like to dare to make a point of my own contrary to Kenneth Clark's position. Let us, instead, praise the specific aspect of medieval civilization in its repression of the senses. Perhaps, because of this, the mind, thought, the humanities rather than mere perception, became the line of progress for the renaissance artist. The first psalm of King David encourages man to be like a tree, (6).. This

reference is about the essence of a tree, not its visual appearance. It refers to the indomitable spirit of the tree which we can imitate because we have given our beliefs and therefore our lives, strong roots in learning. And again, Christ says that He is the tree and we are the branches, (7). The metaphor of nature is quite high in the order of things. Judeo-Christian thought says that man is God's highest creature, higher (meaning closer to God) than even the angels, and certainly than a tree. However, all of creation is wondrous and is valuable as a means toward human expression. Well, then why didn't landscape painting, and art form without "subject matter" (8), exist before it did, in the sixteenth century? END OF SECTION CALLED CHAPTER ONE...

#### **Cuarto mensaje:**

Lluís Rigalt: One landscape painting, "Ruinas", by a Spanish painter of the nineteenth century, appears in the guidebook of the Museo de Arte Moderno, a museum of Catalan Art in Barcelona. The painting represents an ancient ruin, standing isolated in the countryside, beneath an afternoon sky of white billowy clouds. That's it! Let's read the picture together. I see that it is afternoon and not morning because the clouds are lit from afar and above, and because the light is absorbing itself into the stone with the heat of the day. A morning light with that same amount of shadow would sparkle in the freshness of the dewy, clean air. The afternoon is a symbolic representation of a period of time, either in man's life, or in the longevity of a civilization. In this case we could say that the time of day represented in the landscape is also representing the waning of Roman civilization whose great Corinthian columns rise before the medieval fortress castle, up to the clouds. The architecture is positioned at such an angle that we see it as the great protagonist of the landscape. On its ruined upper storey, above the frieze, along the horizontal where the pediment should be, we see a lovely foliage. The storks have made their nests over the preceding centuries. The green leafy branches touch the white paint of the clouds in actuality, but we see the illusion of foreground, of kilometres of mountains and valleys in the distance. The greenery is symbolic of life. The renewal is further emphasized by the representation of a nest, a place where life begins. Do I see a person in the foreground? And there in the middleground, another. They are the people who live there now. The people who use the land for their flocks. The ruin isn't painted with remorse. It in itself is a magnificent thing. Notice, by the way, the maturity of the artist in the positioning of the horizon low on the canvas(1). The ruin doesn't represent, as in Romantic poetry, the dissolution of all greatness. Quite the opposite, it represents the waiting period. The stone receives the light and heat of the nurturing sun and the period of gestation, long though it may be, will birth a new life, a new culture, what they now refer to, as the New Spain. Lluís Rigalt had time to learn his profession. Spain had time to re-emerge once again onto the European scene, not as it was, but as it has become. Aside from a casual acknowledgement to the greatness of Velázquez, and a bone thrown to the great Picasso, Kenneth Clark doesn't include Spanish Art in his book "Landscape into Art". His book "Civilization" doesn't mention Lluís Rigalt. I must mention Kenneth Clark in this paper, but silence would be a more sincere and pertinent form of ostracization. The significance of visual post-war England, and its effect on teachers of the liberal arts, is of notable concern to this reader. I assume that the blitz made irreparable changes in the English landscape, so much so, that one's appreciation of landscape painting was re-evaluated. Where were the recorded images of England? Well, where were they? Kenneth Clark, in his book "Landscape into Art" asks this question and answers it. Nineteen-forty-nine, the year that "Landscape into Art" was published, was the beginning of a period of creative architectural reconstruction. Legislation in the United States, such as the Marshall Plan, permitted funds to be sent to Europe for "new

horizons". War torn, bombed out England was going to get a new face, but this procedure would erase the old one forever. The British landscape in 1949 must have been quite a sorry sight. Even movies made a few years later, such as , "Room at the Top", with Lawrence Harvey, succeed in portraying the depressing landscape of destruction. (Remember the scene where he goes back to Wembly, and his house is no longer there?) So many times have I seen England through the artistic vision of film directors, and so many songs about England's natural beauty were natural for me to sing, that when I saw the whit cliffs of Dover for the first time, from Calais, as I moored into the Channel on the Queen Elizabeth, in 1959, from New York, I was able to realize that they were the things that Bing Crosby was singing about, but they had no relationship at all to anything that I had imagined. "The White Cliffs of Dover" of the song were a mere language indication of future peaceful times , whereas the vertical power of the rocks coming out of the sea was visually in tension with the land behind it, and gloriously connected to me, the human being who was looking and responding to nature. I remember the blast pf visual experience on seeing that view from across the water as clearly as if it had been yesterday, although it must have been a very quick look since I had to go through French customs and get on the train to Paris, door to the universe. Kenneth Clark meanders throughout the paintings of European land portraiture devoting some minor part of the book to English Landscapes. He travels vicariously through the Sinai, emphasizing those rocky cliffs, rather than the British ones. Jerusalem, not London, is mentioned on numerous occasions in the book that was published only one year after England retired from the Middle East. The uniqueness of this landscape history has permitted it to become a kind of classic, not only for the loving concern for art that is expressed throughout the chapters, but for its selected chronology. We might ask, then, where is Spain in the history of art? Because according to Clark's book, Spanish art is historically invisible.

### **Quinto mensaje:**

There is one question that keeps repeating itself to me. What, if any, is the connection between the exile of the entire Jewish community from Spain, and the change from iconographic to pastoral art in Western Europe? I was going to leave this alone. After all, I'm a painter not really an art historian. Plus, it's often been dangerous to delve into the influences of Jewish culture on the Christian world. Dangerous, that is, for Jews, my people. But my endocrines are starting to jump around, poking through the "neblina" of depression that my daily reading is laying on me. I have decided to confront the problem because I am now convinced of the truth of it. Before I further comment on Kenneth Clark's writings, I should like to place two quotations on the table, cards up, as in a game of poker called Joker's Wild. The Joker, as we know, is a derogatory word for the leader of the Jewish community, the Rabbi. This point of information in addition to the use of the word "xueta" a screech owl, and a derogatory term for a jew in the Mallorquin culture (as explained by George Sand in her book "A Winter in Mallorca"...i.e. "Jews, who form a special sect amongst the inhabitants of Palma under the ridiculous denomination of "chuetas" (screech owls)..." will add up to a bit of evidence in our search for "Jewish influence on landscape painting" . he second quotation is found on page 64 of the Schocken publication of Max J. Friedlander's book "Landscape-Portrait-Still-Life, Their Origin and Development". I quote, "Van Mander relates that de Bles sometimes applied his owl so cunningly that it gave rise to elaborate games of hide-and-see, and that people put bets on each other not finding it." It is absolutely stated that the owl was de Bles' signature. It is incomprehensible to me that Kenneth Clark was not aware of the above information. Yet, at no place in his attempts at making "art aficionados" out of his students, does he make mention of this. We may recall that traditional Jewish culture forbid the depiction of any

graven image, and that this prohibition had for centuries guided the creative Jewish child away from the visual arts, into music( Mendelsohn, for example), or literature (Marcel Proust, for example). Did the idea for painting landscapes partially, at least, develop out of the Jewish love for the land, appreciation of a new one, and the repression of the painting of figures? Is it a mere coincidence that the beginning of the sixteenth century in the North is precisely where we note the emergence of Landscape as a genre, and the new refuge for the exiled Spanish Jew? ..... Hew is a minor transition for the reader. Think of a sunset. Think of the Lluís Rigalt painting an hour later than that which is painted. It is now after the shadows, another time of day. Another impulse for creative thought. And we find ourselves thinking about the astonishing piece of information that Roger de Piles served as a spy for France. That art is relegated to a lower strata of importance in the hierarchy of the elements of civilization is common knowledge. That art has been used as a front, or a disguise for political advantage is also nothing new. Roger de Piles was one such artist and theoretician. Rejected by the academy as far as his theories and ideas concerning art, only later to be made director of the Academy, we begin to see the career of this man emerging from the pages written about him. What exactly was the "Principle of Vraisemblance" that he fought for? What kind of a man would uphold a theory about art at the risk of his career. A man who could be trusted, that kind of a man. The following is a poem that this student of landscape art has composed, not for its superior literary content, but rather as a means of identifying with the noble standards required of artists in the time of the Great French Academy. The title of the painting, like the title of the conference of French Art Theoreticians in the days of de Piles, is "The Gathering of the Manna". The "manna" was the symbolic abundance of culture and learning which the academy offered, and if there was a new Jew out there he was welcome too.

I am a poem.

I am a painting.

I am a landscape at rest.

There are no automobiles, no trains, not even donkeys or camels walking my trails.

The afternoon sun, low, casts a long shadow from the only cloud in the sky almost a kilometre away from the cloud itself.

And you, and your easel, and your paint brushes and your eyes, and your humanity becoming a part of me, do not see yourself.

I preen myself, I expand, I shoot my colors at you.

I sharpen my edges. I flick my dust away. I pose.

You are very quick.

I compete. Wind changes, shadows, angles of light (rays and reflections), humidity.

But you're good. You barely look at your palette, or the canvas for that matter, staring at me, finding the divisions of height, finding frontal planes, finding that very distant color that brings the distant moment forward, making three dimensions, two/ Modern art. Art. Landscape art.

You and I together daring to invigorate the day.

Mr. Three. The viewer. The later on. The bibliography of landscape with subject, papers. Historical, Biblical, mythological, Romantic, expressionist.

Page twenty-eight in Alberti.

A Football game. Someone's kicking the ball around in the shadow of that cloud. He runs with it. The shadow runs with the wind. The ball goes up. Another shadow far away.

Subject matter: (Sophia Loren, in her auto-biography says, "It's not what's in the landscape, but what's in front of it, that counts.")

Innocuous subject matter. Paint. The non-aesthetic.

The doing. Paint.

Mr. Three. The viewer. The later on. The Bibliography of landscape

with subject, papers. Historical, Biblical, mythological, Romantic, expressionist.

I am a poem.  
I am a painting.

I am a landscape that has been painted.  
There are no longer any scenes, but that you don't see them through me. I am your memory.  
Ramon Llull has been re-defined. God no longer is seen as inimitable.  
The painted canvas is the new topography.

The artist is the poet. He is the music, not the composer. His hands express his knowledge. His eyes use nature so that he is free of the burden of invented "composition".

Composition.  
We have no verticals in our valley.  
No limit to the periphery.  
Do we see as it, the objects of nature, call to us?  
Training. Response. Belief. Affirmation.  
Ropdin said, "Anyone who's been out there, in nature, is fully aware that it has a consciousness much like ours."  
I am a landscape at rest/  
I TAKE MY CONSCIOUSNESS FROM YOU HUMAN.  
IT THRILLS ME TO BE PAINTED.  
My particles dance and reveal themselves to you through color.  
Flaming sulphur. Verde Bizancio oscuro. No. 71 in Titan oil colors.  
A title for a magazine article at the Notary's office...."No pude haber arte sin moral",  
A sale of paintings by Constable..by Aureliano de Beruete. The same Constable painting sold again by Dario de Regoyos.  
Add beautiful art.....  
Wait a minute.. go back to that Tapies article.....  
The artist is responsible to Mr. Three.  
The artist is the reason for Mr. Three.  
Mr. Three appreciates, bestows.

I am the poet. I am the landscape painter. The poet, the painter.

The ibex and the hogla replace the football players. The landscape is at rest. It waits, from era to era, From Claude to Claude, awakening to you, the artist.

Oh, sweet and noble horizon on which the sunlit concave pinks appear as vertical frontal planes, show me the essence of your form that I may reveal it in my composition, and thus, myself become composed.

### **Sexto mensaje:**

The genius, the individual, man, breaks through. We see things his way. Ofcourse, the time is ripe for him, but he sees that it is so. He doesn't fit into his time. He is an objective, emotionally objective, observer. He is born. He excels. He surpasses. He finds his own power. His own vision. Although he expresses himself within the confines of the limits of his world, he also says something new. He is not "in the scene of things". He is not the historic bla, bla. Even Plekenov allowed for such a kind of man. History, as a forward, progress path, permits for the variant genius, even in Communist theory. History doesn't make a landscape into a work of

art. An artist does. Our artist, the one that we care about in this paper is gifted. He is touched with the divine. He is followed. Other artists continue his work and call this a movement in art. All of the books that I have been reading point to "one way only". The artist was, at one time, an artisan. Professions were segregated according to the materials that one used in one's work. 1) The birth of Leonardo da Vinci, and the path that his life took, changed history. 2) During the fifteenth century, and certainly in the sixteenth, the artist was understood, by the cultured people of his time, to be more than a mere technician. He was educated in the liberal arts, etc. etc. The best artists were chosen, says Vasari, 3) to paint the requirements of the patron. 4) Like the actor of the famous New York Stanislavsky School of Acting, the painter identified with the commissioned subject matter, and, thus, found the images that would best express the requirements of the patron. 5) The Church, the leading patron of art, even in the early Renaissance, had a few conflicting points of view about art. People died for ideas about weather or not angels influenced historic moments. These moments, represented in paintings were ideologically biased. In some cases, they were commissioned by a patron who also believed in "beauty" as a means of nourishment for the soul of man. The artist was, therefore, the expert in "beauty", not in "ideology". 7) The books continue to point, "one way only". Next, we see that the role of the patron underwent a serious cultural change. A market developed for which the painter could produce and hope to sell through the intermediary merchant. 8) An idea which personally strikes me as, loathsome, enters the written texts, at this point. 9) It seems to be an accepted point of view that the crafty, but uncouth North, was the recipient of ideas about art, specifically about landscape as an art form through which the artist, who could be a mentally free creative man like unto a poet or a musician, and therefore equated with the legally as citizens and professionally, from the cultured South, Italy. Were this true it would lay out the carpet for several assumptions. For example we could say that this Southern superiority was due to the weather. Most probably we would attribute it to the educational success of the Catholic as opposed to the Protestant philosophies of the time. It certainly would not allow for room about thoughts relating to the influence of the Jewish artisans from Spain. Italy, thus being a point of continuation in the hierarchy of precedence. 9) At this point in my research I'm not saying that Italy isn't "better". I am simply responding to what strikes me as a historic bigotry. 10)

### **Séptimo mensaje:**

11) (Friedlander) Nationalism, racism and historicity, replacing the origins of creative power, as art history and theory and criticism were taken from the pens of the artists and subsequently written by the objective intellectual, the scholar. 12) This idea of mine comes out of my observation that non-painters have their own way of minimizing the importance of creative, artistic activity. We all know about, "divide and conquer". Well, If we say that an idea from the South motivated the artists of the North we detract from the mysterious creative impulse that thinks, paints and feels, all at the same time, making what I have been calling, "artistic expression". We have to go back a century or so to the Academies. In France, the School of Beaux Arts which developed out of the Royal French Academy, was begun by the Sun King, Louis the Fourteenth. In Italy, the Garden School of the Medici, was the beginning of formal education in the humanities, as well as the art of drawing and the sciences for the talented novice, the painter. 13) In Spain, as Mozart said, "Ay, en Espana..." Pacheco's book upheld the standards of art, in his claim that drawing was the highest form of expression for the visual artist because it required the least amount of laborious preparation of materials permitting it to enter into the world of simplicity, the path to the spirit. And also, because drawing could combine scientific, perceptual observation with creative freedom. My intuitive and personal reaction to Pacheco's writings, is a

positive one. As an artist who loves to draw, and has been trained in the art of drawing, his words come to me as truth. His ideas continue into our own time, although as a sub-dominant chord, in the art school of New York, Madrid and around the world again. Speaking of "world", we must give some recognition to the appearance of Eastern art on the European scene. With the return of ships from the orient during the sixteenth century, as described in James Clavell's novel "Shogun", 14) and even earlier, Marco Polo and his caravans undoubtedly brought back the concept of nature as a means of expression for the visual artist. May God bless the memory of Hokusai. What about the influence of Jewish thought and Jewish culture on the art of western Europe from the years prior to the expulsion of the Jews from Spain to the Napoleonic period of legal equality for the Jewish citizens of the West? Let me first say that the most important book for the Jewish people, "the Bible" is replete with references to nature. The stories of Jacob's sheep breeding, the details of the differences in natural landscape appearance, the skipping gazelles as a metaphor for human joy, all speak of nature as a wondrous thing not a forbidden and oppressive thing. So, the vacuum the Kenneth Clark thinks is the forerunner of landscape as an art form is not at all the way Gombrich describes the situation. 15) And even Alberti would disagree with Clarks opening statements about nature as an example of the sensual, forbidden world, 16), in his declaration that painting restores the soul, restores physical health. 17) And then, even Leonardo states that the painter can be a genius...like unto a musician. 18) Wow! even Pliny! 19) 20) In Gombrich's point of view that we see in nature what art has prepared us for us, an idea developed earlier by the Royal British Academy of Painters (21)....

"MAY WE NOT ASSUME THAT THE SIGHT OF THE CATASTROPHE HE WITNESSED WOULD NOT HAVE STRUCK HIM A "PICTORESQUE" IF HE HAD NOT BEEN ACQUAINTED WITH THIS CATEGORY OF PAINTING."

Nature is not about God's world, if we chose not to see it that way. Nature does relate to us by means of our senses (not that senses are unholy). We see a tree. We taste it's fruit. We smell the grass and the flowers. We touch the warm rock along the paths in the countryside. We hear the wind and the birds singing. We want to paint what we experience through our senses. We want to paint the beautiful world. Does my soul grow in response to beauty or does it remain the same upon observing the repulsive and disgusting negative association with ugly things ? Does my physical well being come from within me, or from angels and stuff? and if so, then what about my art. The world that we do not see, or smell, or feel, or hear, or taste within the world of nature is the material for the landscape painting. We follow the forms, the colors, the distant horizons and the areas shaping before us as we paint so that we don't get stuck in our own thoughts. We do not lean on, or copy. Our energy comes from the scene out there as even Rodin, The sculptor knew. (22)

closing thoughts

Robert Motherwell paints "Elegy to the Spanish Republic No. 171, and it's not the last. 1)

### **Octavo mensaje:**

Again, and again, Robert Motherwell paints his "elegy to the Spanish Republic". 1) And Constable paints his "Rainstorm off the Coast of Brighton", and I see connections between the two paintings that I might let go of had I not noticed that Constable's "Stoke-by-Nayland" was purchased by Aureliano de Beruete and then sold to Dario de Regoyos. 2) Spanish painters buying paintings! For what? For inspiration, only for inspiration, from the English landscapist. Does the Spanish Republic require such a dedicated eulogy? Is Motherwell's patron commissioning...hey wait a minute...what am

I thinking? "...and Courbet, who was a communist by conviction, painted some of the most literal transcripts of nature ever offered as art..." 3)  
..And where did I read that Cezanne was a great admirer of Courbet ? And so what?(4)

Communism. Nominalism. (5) Nicolas of Cusa. (6) Altimra . We are riding along the conveyor belt of history. The cry in the wilderness of the world of many young people of today, "I want to make a difference". Is it ripeness or difference, that is all?

## TOMORROW THE BIBLIOGRAPHY

### **Noveno mensaje:**

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### **Décimo mensaje:**

I just sent the general bibliography to you. Next week I'm going to send you the detailed bibliography. My phone number at home is 00-972-8-6588354 call me anytime I'll pay you back for the calls. Have a beautiful vacation.

The title page of the paper can be taken from the landscape paper that we did last may with the following changes:

Name of course, in Catalan (like before) COM GENRE  
Profesor: Francisco J. Falero Folgoso

course number 8589

my name, Ellen Lapidus

your name, Ana Sancho (translator)

when I send you the rest of the bibliography remember that you aren't permitted to translate what I've taken from a book.

Thank you. I appreciate, and bless you and praise G-d, that it started raining that day in the student dining room and that we started talking...or I wouldn't have gotten to know you. Miracles happen all the time but we don't always notice them. Thank you, Ana. And thank G-d. Abrazos,

Ellen Lapidus  
Post Office Box 209  
Mitzpe Ramon 80600  
Israel

**Onceavo mensaje:**

Ana,  
Please add the Museum Guide Book to the Bibliography.

GUIA, Museo de Arte Moderno  
Museu Nacional de Cataluna  
Merce Donate y Cristina Mendoza  
Barcelona, 1996.

Thanks,

Ellen

**Doceavo mensaje: Footnotes por correo normal. No traducir.**

